

JULY 29 — AUGUST 4, 1978

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Evie's Weekly

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SHEER DIGNITY

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AND SHEER DIGNITY IS WHAT ICG
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IT ENVELOPES YOU TENDERLY AND
CLINGS ON YOU LOVINGLY. TO CON-
VERT YOUR BEAUTY, YOUR CHARM
INTO SOMETHING FABULOUSLY
FEMININE.

SHEER DIGNITY IS WHAT ICG DOES.



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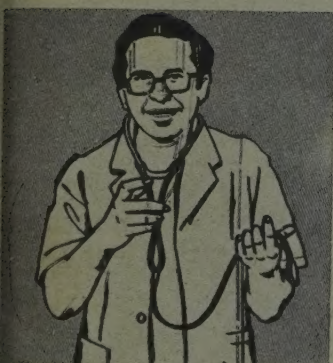
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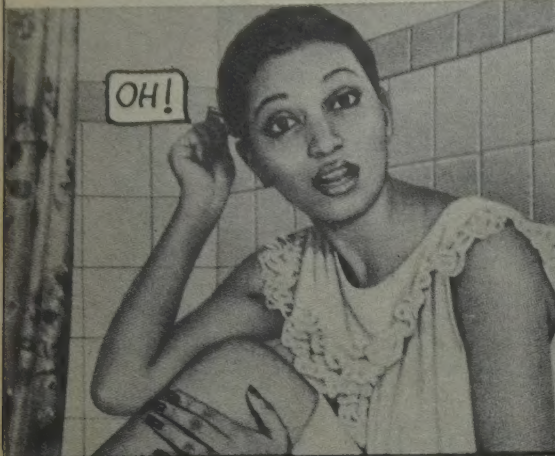
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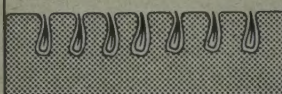
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Anne French
SMOOTHNESS



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RAZOR STUBBLE

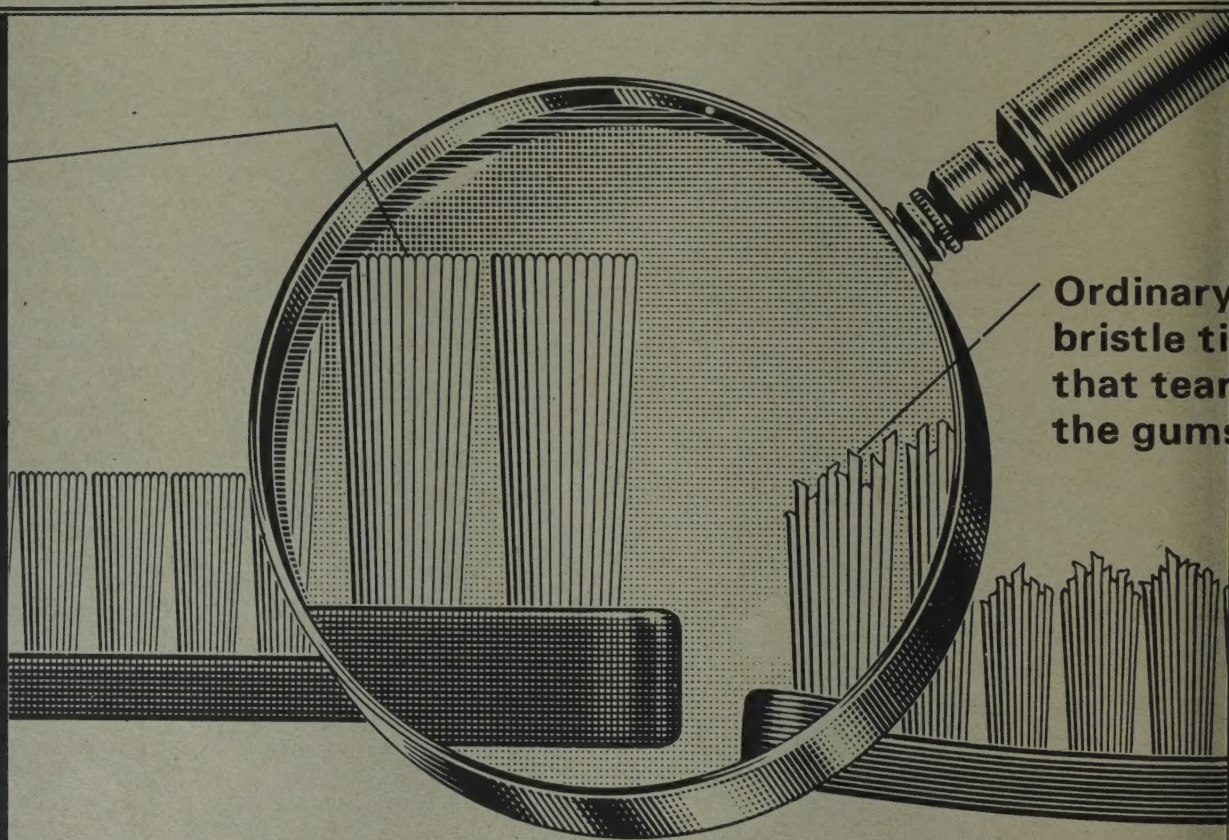


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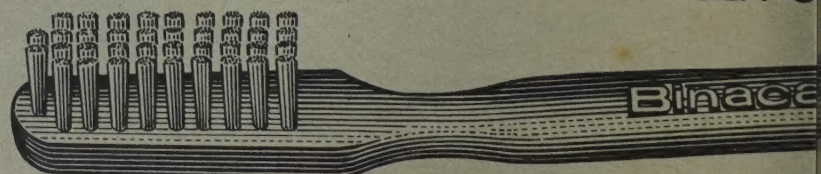


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JENNIFER ALMEIDA

Pretty, blue eyed Jennifer was on a short visit to India recently. Though born in Bombay, she has been staying in Canada for the past fourteen years. She finished school from Georges Vanier Secondary School, Toronto, and is at present doing her B.A. Major in Commerce at the University of Toronto.

Her interests extend to travelling, ceramics, beadwork, baking, ice-skating and other outdoor games.

Plans for the future? "I would like to attempt to become a C.A.," she says. "Women today should be educated and self sufficient. If a marriage doesn't work, they can depend on themselves and lead an interesting and rewarding life."

Jennifer models for our fashion centrespread inside.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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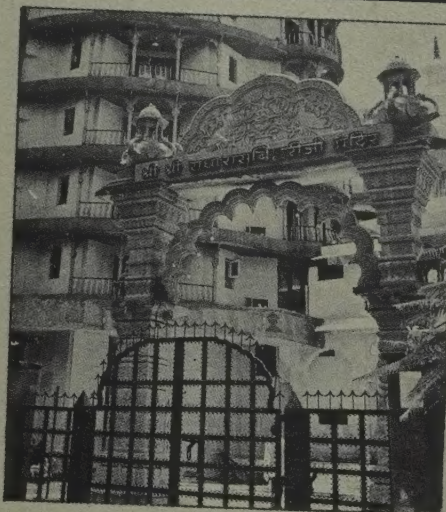
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THE IMPORTANCE OF PRE-SCHOOL EDUCATION

While formal education, especially at the high school level, is in a state of numerical confusion, care must be taken to see that pre-school education does not suffer from lack of attention because the pre-school years are vital, formative years in the life of a child.

Page 8.



TROUBLE IN KRISHNA LAND

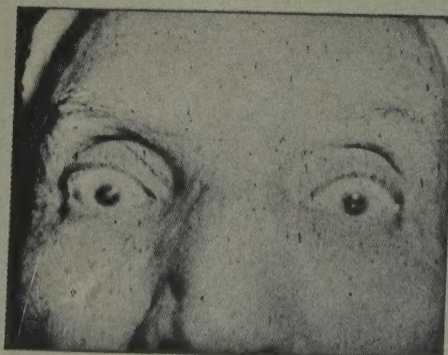
The alleged murder of Dilip Malhotra in Hare Krishna Land has brought into focus the many suspicions about and tensions surrounding the ISKCON centre and temple in Juhu, Bombay. At the moment, press reports are more or less made up of allegations and counter-allegations, but the trouble brewing in Krishna Land appears to be moving towards something major.

Page 12.

MAIDEN AUNTS

Maiden aunts are more often than not taken for granted and, with spinsterhood continuing, unreasonably, to be considered something unnatural, it is assumed, with suitable pity, that maiden aunts are unmarried because they couldn't get a man. A tribute to maiden aunts and their often self-sacrificing service to their families.

Page 15.



PREPARING FOR OLD AGE

Old age brings with it many pleasures, but it has its share of problems too. And not inconsiderable among them are the physical ailments that often accompany it. A doctor's guide to the physical problems that could arise with old age and how to cope with them.

Page 40.

ALSO

A Winner: Shukla Das bags an international award for her documentary film, "Alap" — Page 11 Colour Feature: Four young painters from Delhi and their works — Page 20 The Convent Craze: Giving rise to imitators — Page 35 Film Interview: Rajesh Khanna, learning to compromise — Page 17 Profile: Shiromani Devi — Page 34.

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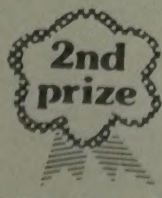
NO TRUER TALE

According to many people, 'True Confessions' and other stories of this genre are to be read but not to be believed; they make useful journalist-copy, provide interesting reading and boost up sales. It was a happy revelation, therefore, to find when I went to my hometown recently that at least one of them is true in every detail. The story dealt with the ill-treatment meted out to a daughter-in-law. The victim and her tormentors have been identified. Though the damage done to a young girl is irreparable, the guilty have had to face censure and loss of prestige — in fact they have had to leave the town and make their home elsewhere.

This incident shows that women are at last entering a brave new world and that women's lib, ridiculed though it is for its vociferousness, is making headway. Not long ago, women did not dare to talk about, much less make public, their suffering. The picture today has changed as it should. I, for one, say hurray to Women's Lib where it stands for justice, and more elbow-power to the journalists who make this possible.

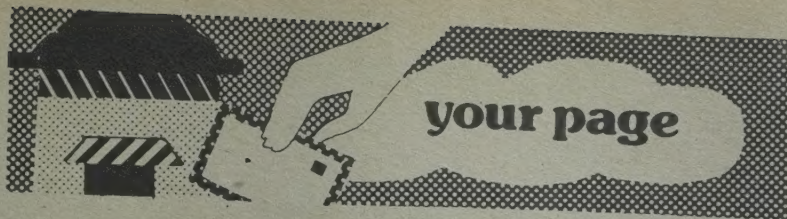
**Leela Ramaswamy,
Bangalore.**

People do not seem to realise that most of these 'true confessions' and 'real stories' are entirely based on factual, often lurid, happenings, in everyday life, among average people. There is a tendency to deride and ridicule these stories. We can only say that those who do so are terribly short-sighted — or more correctly, like the proverbial ostrich.



WOMEN LIBBERS

What do women libbers want? Do you merely wish to imitate men or do you want to create a better society? As a mere male, I sometimes wonder whether even the most ardent advocate of 'liberation' knows



what she truly wants. I've come across a number of young women who consider themselves 'liberated' merely because they sleep with their boyfriends. Yet, tomorrow, these same girls uncomplainingly marry a boy who demands a dowry. Moreover, they contemptuously label old-fashioned, those of their sisters who are virgins, even if they refuse to marry dowry-seekers! Similarly, there are 'liberated' women who enter the field of politics and then use the same weapons as men to acquire for themselves power which they dispense in the same corrupt way as men themselves! What are you trying to prove, ladies? That, if men are bad, women can be worse? Then may God help you.

I say this from a deep sense of bitterness and disillusionment. I was one of those countless men who admitted that a woman is a man's better half. You have had a long reign as the epitome of all the virtues. Surely your moral fibre ought not to collapse when you are given more rights? Unless you get your priorities right, you will become like Henry Adam's unfortunate woman: "She has failed to hold the family together. She has failed to create a new society that satisfies her. She has her own way, without restraint or limit, but she knows not what to do with herself when free."

A. S. Prabhu, Bombay

What long reign? Which moral fibre? You seem to be merely stringing words together. It has become a favourite pastime with men to brand the modern woman, a loose woman. And to whom do you refer when you talk of "liberated" women? Where are the liberated women? Have you ever looked beyond the small urban nucleus that is modern and merely "acting" liberated?



PREACHING MORALITY

The very concept of "morality" makes me vomit. Not because I am completely immoral but because of my awareness that morality is used by most people as a smoke-screen.

your page

The most ardent advocates of morality are those who have grown-up daughters. They will talk of the importance of morality in social life and the shame of premarital and extramarital sex; but, in actuality, they themselves are immoralists of the worst type. Every individual is certainly immoral in his or her own way; its practice is a matter of opportunity, and an admission of courage. It inevitably follows, therefore, that those who preach morality are hypocrites and those who denounce it, pragmatists. Really, I admire the film stars because they were the first to challenge this antiquated and primitive jargon.

Wake up pseudo-moralists, do a bit of honest heart-searching and you will be freer than you are today. When you have nothing to hide or to fear, your personality will develop in its most natural way — a healthier way, too. Let's all learn to be honest, even though belatedly.

Anand Mark, Hyderabad

Morality is an entirely subjective thing. No one can define it, nor can anyone lay down norms for its practice. You talk of moralists learning to be honest. That may not be entirely possible. But, at least they can learn to mind their own business.

OH, GOD

It is, indeed, strange that although modern people claim that they do not believe in God, still, at the first sign of distress they turn to Him for succour. They may sing the praises of science and its supremacy over religion, yet when difficulties hover near them, God is their chief mainstay. The recent cyclone here is an excellent illustration. The threat of impending death has certainly put the fear of God into everyone. Special prayers are offered everywhere — temples, churches, synagogues — asking God to have mercy. All are afraid to die and leave their loved ones behind. The rich are scared of losing their wealth and the vast properties accumulated by them. During the few days when there were frequent strong air-currents people were unable to concentrate on anything their faces were drawn with fear. At such times they instinctively seek consolation from the Lord,

just as a little child rushes to the outstretched arms of its mother, sure of being protected from all calamities.

**Mrs. Seeta Alavandhar,
Hyderabad**

This is so true. No matter how 'unbelieving' a person may be, he raises his hands and closes his eyes in prayer the moment ill fortune threatens.

READER'S VOICE

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

With reference to the article on Correspondence Courses (June 24) I want to guide readers in various professions, mainly those working in Industry, to a correspondence course in "Industrial and Labour Laws" being conducted by Industrial Consultants' Training Wing. This is a condensed, two-month diploma course and the nominal fee of Rs. 100 is payable to Mr. R. K. Rekriwal, 16/44 Civil Lines, Old Barakhana, Kanpur. The fees covers course materials, supplies et cetera. All you have to do is to send an application along with Rs. 100 by Bank Draft, M. O. or cheque. It is a great opportunity for women entrepreneurs. I am not campaigning for someone I know. I have also heard that the fees is Rs. 50 only for widows and servicemen or those unemployed but, for that, proof may be necessary. The minimum qualification is B. A. or work experience in an office for three years. (Sadhana Saxena, Kanpur)

COVERS

As a regular reader of your magazine, I find it quite boring to read through the "qualifications" and activities of your cover girls. Usually they seem to be picked up from some local college in Bombay, powdered, painted and then glamourised on the cover page. Most of the girls who have been adorning the cover of your magazine do not have any worthwhile ambition in life. Ninety per cent of them either want to become top models, actresses or airline hostesses. I do agree that some of them are cute. But, cuteness is not everything your readers are looking for. It would be highly appreciated by your readers if you could change the "face" of your magazine. (Adil Feroz, Jabalpur)

Pre-school years in the life of a child are of a great significance, as it is at this stage that the total personality of an individual is made or marred. Therefore, it is essential that a lot of attention is given to children when they are young, not only in the field of education, but also with regard to their health and nutrition.

Although there is evidence of concern for pre-school children in ancient India, yet they were not given due attention till recently. In fact, it was only after independence that Indian people woke up to the realisation that to have healthy and good citizens in future, proper attention must be paid to children in the age group of 0 to 6 years.

Educationists too realised that the needs of children could not be fully and effectively met by piecemeal services. The slogan, therefore, became "Total services for the total child." By the end of two plan periods, it was realised by our policy makers that children are "human capital" and that investing in them will in the long run lead to the socio-economic development of the country.

The third plan period thus ushered in the concept of the integrated approach and consequently a new cadre of field level workers were trained and a large number of institutions were opened both by government and voluntary agencies.

In India, the programme for the pre-school child is organised in institutions called by different names — kindergartens, nursery schools, "balwadis", Montessori schools and pre-basic schools. And since these vary in the type of services provided, population catered to, standards of education, equipment programme content, staff, etc. the qualifications and training of staff in charge of the programme for the pre-school child also vary.



TRAINING PRE-SCHOOL TEACHERS

Jyotsana Kapoor

While normal education begins when a child is six, pre-school education is essential for the child's growth into a good citizen. Hence the importance of training adequately those in charge of pre-school education

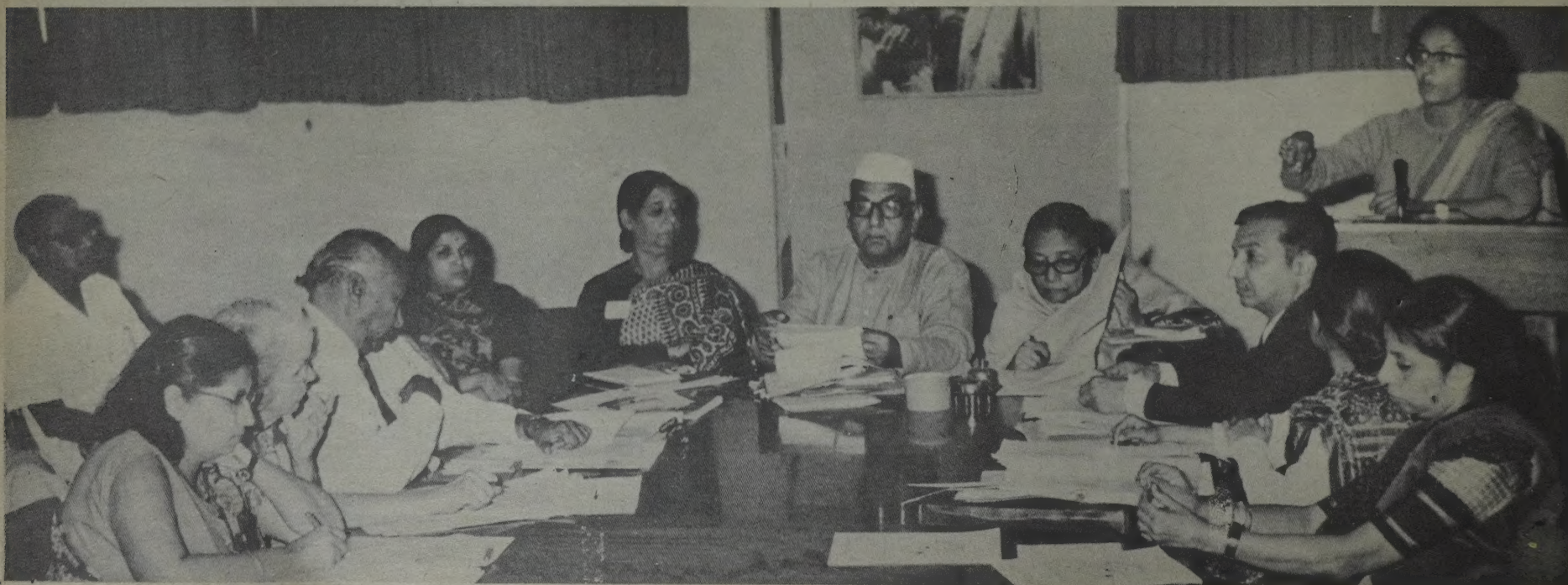
A three-day seminar was held recently in Delhi to obtain an evaluative consensus on the different kinds of existing programmes for the pre-school child and to find out if the existing types of teacher-education programmes bear adequate relation to the programmes for the pre-school child at the implementation level. The seminar was attended by 25 experts in pre-school education from all over the country representing different programmes for the pre-school child being followed in their States, and discussed the various teacher training programmes. The focus of attention in this seminar was the field level worker who in reality delivers the services in different categories of programmes and thus has great importance in moulding the lives of young children.

Speaking at the inauguration of the seminar, Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education, made a reference to the child rearing practices in ancient India and said that in the olden times, the child up to five years remained in the lap of the family. The child learned discipline at the age of ten and became a friend when 16 years old. The family thus played an important role in upbringing, training and the socialisation of the child.

Dr. Chunder said that in spite of the scientific knowledge available for bringing up children in the West, the children are going astray and there is a high rate of delinquency in the West. "Something must have gone wrong somewhere. Therefore, to avoid the same thing happening in our country, all care should be taken not to transplant ideas indiscriminately from the West."

The Minister was of the opinion that though a lot of attention is paid to the education of children (primary, secondary and technical) in India, the pre-liminary education has not re-

ABOVE: Mr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education, inaugurating the seminar on pre-school education. BELOW: Delegates participating in the seminar.



ceived much thought or consideration. It does not even touch the fringe of the problem. He said that the government had started 33 I.C.D.S. (Integrated Child Development Scheme) projects and an additional 66 such projects would start functioning soon. But, according to him, success of these projects depended on the workers who are responsible for delivering the services. "Therefore it is imperative," he said, "that the workers should have an adequate and carefully planned training." He also emphasized the need for training mothers in modern, scientific, child rearing practices because an enlightened family can go a long way in ensuring proper training and development of the child.

The seminar was organised by the Delhi Council of Child Welfare and was attended by representatives of the U.N.I.C.E.F. and the Central Social Welfare Board besides eminent educa-

Manmohan Kaur of the Haryana Council for Child Welfare said that "0-6 years is the most crucial period in the life of a human being, it is crucial not only by way of education but also by way of health, nutrition and, in the long run, the education of the parents and in fact the entire community on the needs of the child. The normal all round development of the child is a balanced mixture of all these components. The balsevika was and continues to play a pivotal role in the system of delivery of most child welfare services and we must not forget while teaching her that she is a multipurpose worker and not a teacher." Dr. Manmohan Kaur stressed the importance of good training programmes for all balsevikas who, she said, at the grassroot level, implement the programme.

Mrs. G. Pankajam of Lakshmi Teachers Training College, Gandhigram, pointed out that Mahatma Gandhi, the founder of the

group 3-5 years, and only about 1 million out of them were getting some assistance through various agencies. By 1981, it is estimated that the population of children in this age group may be 50 million. "Our responsibility is great. We must not look at pre-school education as just a social welfare service that needs sympathy and support. Pre-school education in the fast changing world and circumstances in our family life and society as a whole, has become a necessity. Without the foundation of pre-school education, the structure of primary education that we have built so far will become weaker and be devoid of quality."

At the conclusion of the seminar, certain recommendations were made on the basis of the views expressed by various speakers stating that pre-school programmes have to pursue an integrated approach to the child's needs, in content, method, and delivery of education, health and

All of them also agreed on the need to conduct regular workshops for refresher courses for field workers and supervisors to keep them in touch with the latest methods and developments. An important conclusion reached by all of them was that efforts should be made to revise the pay scales of the field level workers, and that more attention should be given to those who are conducting training courses for field workers.

The emphasis in the pre-school programmes should be on the development of skills in children rather than on the mastery of specific information. A necessity was felt by the participants to have relevant institutions for the pre-school child, attached as a laboratory, to the centres conducting training programme for the pre-school worker.

The eminent educationists at the seminar discussed with concern the low priority which continues to be given to early childhood and education resulting in the neglect of the overall development of the child and unanimously recommended that "the government be asked to review the priority in the areas of health, nutrition and education to give greater weightage than has been done hitherto, for the welfare of the young child, i.e. in the age group of 0-6 years."

It was further resolved that for the above purpose, the government be asked to appoint a commission of pre-school educators to study the conditions in detail and sanction necessary resources to provide a basic standard of health, nutrition and education for the welfare of children in the age group 0-6 years. The group strongly recommended that necessary measures be taken in time to make a beginning in providing the services during the International Year for Children, acknowledging that these children as tomorrow's citizens are the strength of the nation.

Mrs. Madhuriben Shah, Vice-Chancellor of S.N.D.T. University, Bombay, who had specially come for the concluding session of the seminar said that the pre-school age is very important in the life of an individual and therefore the teacher who handles the pre-school child builds the life, the character, the personality of the child and gives a good start for its growth.

No one can deny the fact that the pre-school education in the modern age has become a necessity. Higher education can be of no use without a proper base. The organisers of the Seminar have presented a copy of the resolutions passed to the government and are very hopeful about early action being taken, as without the help of the government nothing can be achieved and all efforts become futile.



A large audience interested in pre-school education attended the seminar.

tionists. It was organised to pool the ideas of various people involved in the education of pre-school children and from their experiences formulate certain basic rules essential for the training of pre-school teachers, and in order to exchange views and reach some definite conclusions which would benefit the maximum number of children. It was stated during the seminar that although in India there are 115 million children in the pre-school age group, only 4.5 million are covered by different programmes. There are 120 official and non-official institutions for training the workers and a sum of only Rs. 12 million is spent on them every year.

Most of the participants expressed their views in favour of giving an integrated approach to the welfare of the child. Dr.

basic education system in India wanted to give a type of education to suit Indian children, which would be based upon Indian culture. "Pre-basic schools aim at becoming instruments of social change in any community and hence involve community participation as essential for the running of these schools. The teacher as a social worker establishes a close link between the administration, parents and the community. But there are many obstacles to be overcome before the system is accepted in all parts of the country. Among the main problems are the low remuneration of teachers and the lack of a uniform pattern either in the administration or in the curriculum in pre-basic schools."

According to the 1971 census, she said, there were 47.5 million children belonging to the age

welfare services. Because of different needs of people in our society different models of pre-school programmes have to co-exist. The government should set up mobile short term training units throughout the country for local women as they are the best people to understand and fulfil the needs of their own community.

Classifying the various types of training programmes for field workers as (i) regular, meaning 1-2 years; (ii) short term, meaning 1-3 months; (iii) in-service refresher and continuing in-service courses; (iv) courses for mothers, sisters and local helpers, all the participants were of the opinion that as far as possible local people should be selected for training, as it would ensure job satisfaction, continuity and rapport with the community.

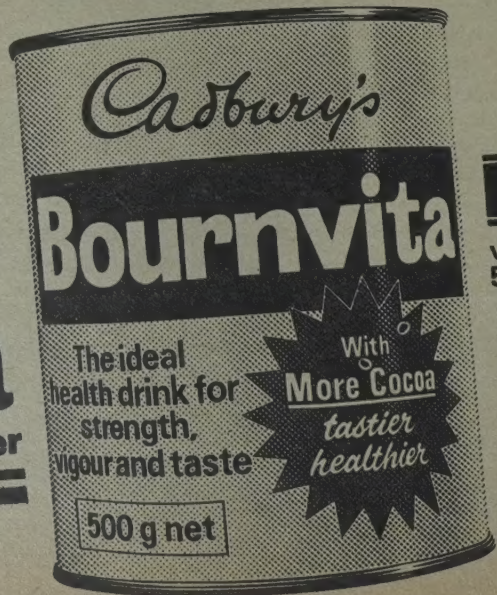
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to keep it factory-fresh.



An article in the Free Press Journal, Bombay, in February reported that "Alap," a recent programme on Bombay TV, featuring Sitar Maestro Ravi Shankar, the man and his work, made viewers go gaga."

Now, 16 months later, the film has been adjudged the best documentary on a musical theme at the XV International TV Film Festival, "Golden Prague," 1978, held in the capital city of Czechoslovakia. The producer, Shukla Das, had earlier won the Hoso



done her job quite effectively, by tight and creative editing and by not allowing any duplication of a particular facet. Speaking on the approach to making sophisticated films on leading personalities, Shukla feels that the filmmaker should not and cannot impose herself on her subject.

The two awards have given Shukla immense confidence in her work. Doordarshan has now granted her a bigger budget for her colour venture on Kathak with an eye on the overseas mar-

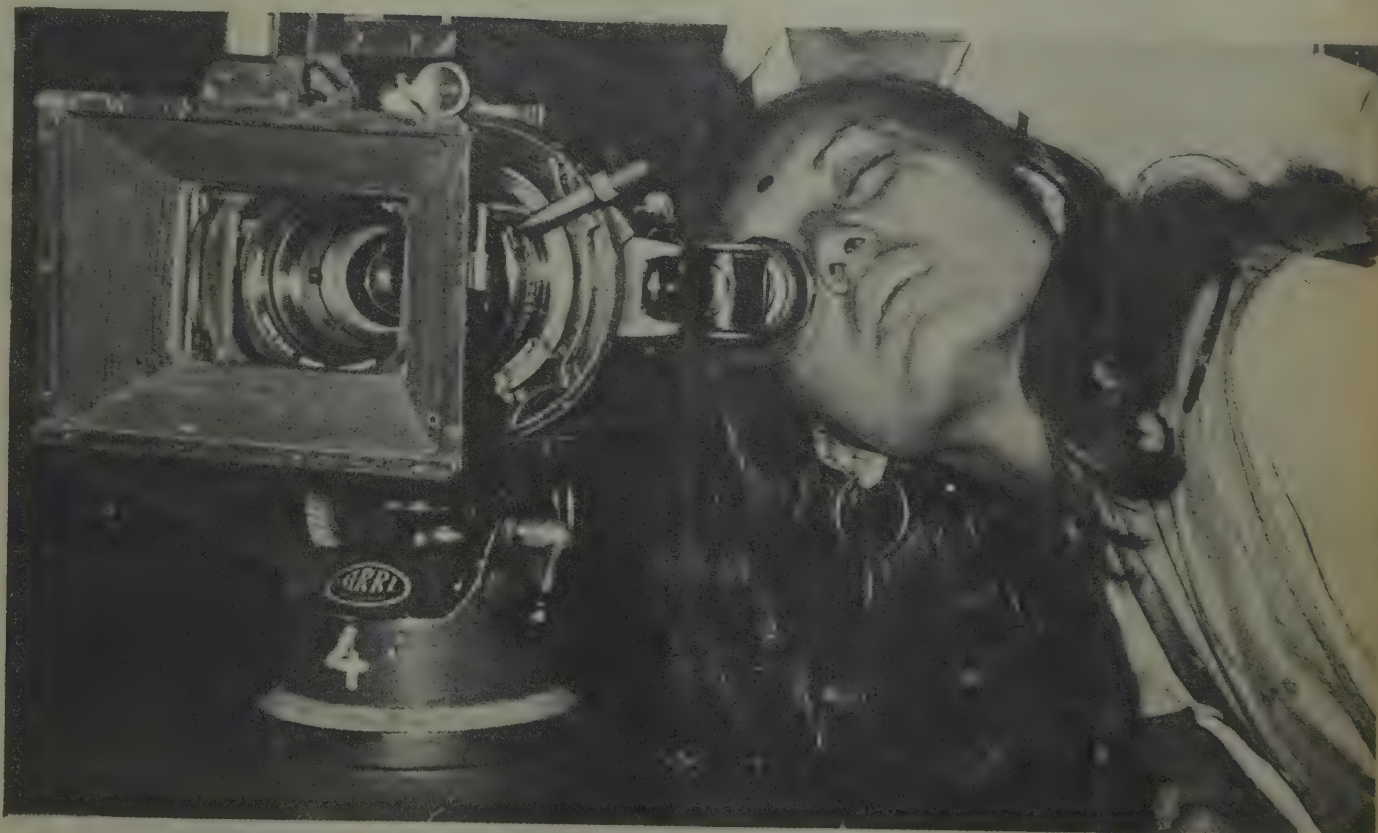
personnel in the different Doordarshan Kendras in the country. Further, films made by Doordarshan staff should be allowed to compete with those of the Films Division, and the best screened in cinema halls after taking care of the technicalities involved. TV uses a separate magnetic track system and makes only 8 mm and 16 mm films, whereas cinemas need at least 35 mm films. Surely there can be a way out of this technical difficulty.

The best of our TV films,

SHUKLA DAS:

PRIZE WINNING T.V. FILM MAKIER

*Her "Alap" helped
Indian T. V. films
win international
acceptance*



Shukla Das peering through the view finder during the shooting of "Alap".

Bunka Foundation Prize at Kuala Lumpur in 1976, awarded by the Asian Broadcasting Union for her TV film on Mother Teresa titled "A gift of Love".

The "Golden Prague" is the most prestigious award any TV producer can dream of winning, as the entries are received from all over the world, with well-known organisations like BBC participating.

Contributions from India have won awards earlier for camera work and the other technical aspects, but not for the theme and concept of the film.

This award has opened a lot of doors for Indian TV documentary makers, as well as for the set up here, and has given a great fillip and confidence to them. Considering the shoestring budget on which most films are required to be made, this is an achievement indeed. It is said that the budget here is 1:34 as compared to nearly 1:22 which the producers of BBC get.

Talking of how the idea of a documentary on Pandit Ravi Shankar took shape, Shukla said that initially she had an idea of making a film on Uday Shankar.

Ravi Shankar was in Bombay and came to Doordarshan Kendra to meet Director Shastri. Shukla was introduced to Ravi Shankar and asked by Shastri if she would like to do a documentary on the sitarist.

That is the story of the making of "Alap". To make her work authentic and in depth, Shukla, who herself belongs to a family of musicians and has a liking for classical music, read books on Ravi Shankar, on the sitar, etc. and acquainted herself thoroughly with his work.

The making of "Alap" was spontaneous, in that there was no script or format on which it was based. The camera work was candid and informal.

The purpose of the film was to give to posterity a thorough insight into the man, who is a creative genius. A conscious effort has been made to bring out every facet of one who interprets everything he sees in musical form, for music is so much part of him, and he of music.

Shukla, with her crew, spent 13 nights editing her monumental work, which was extremely difficult, as there was so much material on Panditji. Yet Shukla has

ket, which will of course feature Birju Maharaj the Kathak master.

Shukla said that the credit for the filming of "Alap", involving difficult technical problems, should most certainly go to her crew, prominent amongst them being Mapakshi who handled the camera under extremely adverse conditions, location sound recordist Kanta Rao, assistants Rashmi Pratap and Rekha Datar, editor J. S. Joshi, and to K. S. Ravi and Gangadharan who did the recording, though officially on leave.

Shukla, who has also done a film on Francis Xavier, was a little unhappy that she had no chance to meet the other participating film-makers at the festival, view their films and have professional discussions on various aspects of documentary TV film making, which would have stood her and Bombay Doordarshan in good stead.

Now that Indian TV producers have won worldwide recognition, a spirit of healthy competition should be fostered in the country by setting up a National Award exclusively for outstanding films and other work done by TV

dealing with contemporary Indian subjects, films like the ones on Francis Xavier, Mother Teresa, Pandit Ravi Shankar and the Rich Heritage series dealing with various Indian dance forms, should be made available to our missions abroad, to project India to the world. Further, foreign universities with departments dealing with Asian and Indian culture and civilisation, offering Indology, Indian culture, trade and customs for research and study, would be interested in procuring such films.

To conclude, it may be said that though TV cannot rank among our priorities, yet in view of the good work being done in this medium, a little more money should be sanctioned to encourage production. And the producers should be told to keep in mind that the cardinal principle in documentary film making is that what you have to say is most important, the style and manner of saying it being secondary.

With such triumphs behind her, Shukla Das should certainly enrich our Doordarshan with even better films.

Bala

TENSION AT THE TEMPLE

Tension blankets the air like low-lying clouds. A dying sun casts sombre shadows. The heat and sultriness of an evening in July symbolises the mood of Juhu's angry populace. The air is thick with rumours. Groups of young men and women huddle together. Whispering. Watching. Waiting. A black Maria, scores of khaki-clad State Reserve Police and the familiar blue of the Bombay Police Force maintaining an uneasy peace are more in keeping with the scene than the chanting from within the Temple.

The ringing of bells sounds mocking, melancholy. For whom do they toll? For Lord Krishna? Or for young Dilip Malhotra who was allegedly done in by the "devotees?"

On the second of July, after seeing a film, Dilip, his wife Iris, and their friend Geeta visited the Sri Sri Rasabihariji temple. As the three entered the temple, Adhikari, the security guard, allegedly nudged Iris. The ensuing altercation between Dilip and Adhikari is said to have turned violent, and with the help of other devotees and the use of an iron pipe, Dilip was allegedly hit on the head. He died at Cooper Hospital the next day. The first casualty in the six-year war between the residents of Nairwadi — now called Hare Krishna Land — and the members of the Krishna cult.

Disillusionment with materialism and the general climate of the sixties and early seventies in the West were fertile soil for god-men like Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada to plant the seeds of spiritualism. Hare Krishna temples built by the multinational funds of ISKCON (International Society for Krishna Consciousness) — believed to be the world's third richest religious trust — sprang up in Brindavan, Calcutta, Mayapur, Bhubaneshwar, Bombay and Ahmedabad.

ISKCON claims to bring in foreign exchange to the tune of rupees seven lakhs per month, besides earning in India rupees two to three lakhs from the sale of religious books. It also claims

that only five per cent of their funds is in the form of donations from industrialists. A devotee, Krishna Goswami, also says, "ISKCON gets 58 letters per month from scholars all over the world seeking permission to visit the Ashram."

In the Juhu of the pre-tourist boom days, the proposal of the Sri Sri Rasabihariji Temple was received with mixed feelings. Foreign exchange was always welcome. But there were many reservations as to how white men and women in saffron gowns, carrying spiritual coals to the birth-place of Krishna, following their own fetishes and fads, mouthing mantras mechanically and recently converted to Hinduism, would interact with the local population, the bulk of whom worshipped their Gods silently. Privately. Today, their worst fears have come true, according to local residents interviewed in the wake of the recent controversies, including the alleged murder of Dilip Malhotra, surrounding the Temple.

In 1972, on the land and property owned by the late A. B. Nair, former Sheriff of Bombay and one-time Editor of the "Free Press Journal," the foundation stone of a rupees two crore temple complex was laid amidst a howl of protest from the residents of the area. Ownership of the estate passed over to the ISKCON. The tenants of Nairwadi had new landlords. And a small piece of India became what local people call a mini-American colony.

"Thirty years ago, the late Sane Guruji installed a statue of Gandhi here. It has been our practice to bathe and garland the statue of Gandhiji on national occasions like Republic Day, Independence Day and Gandhi Jayanti," recounts a senior resident. "Permission to garland the statue was not given by the ISKCON, the reason being that theirs was an American society. Then, a few days before Republic Day this year, the statue was broken down, with only three inches of two legs remaining intact." The disappearance and alleged theft of the statue was reported to the Santa Cruz police station, the Chief Minister of Maharashtra, the President of India, the Prime

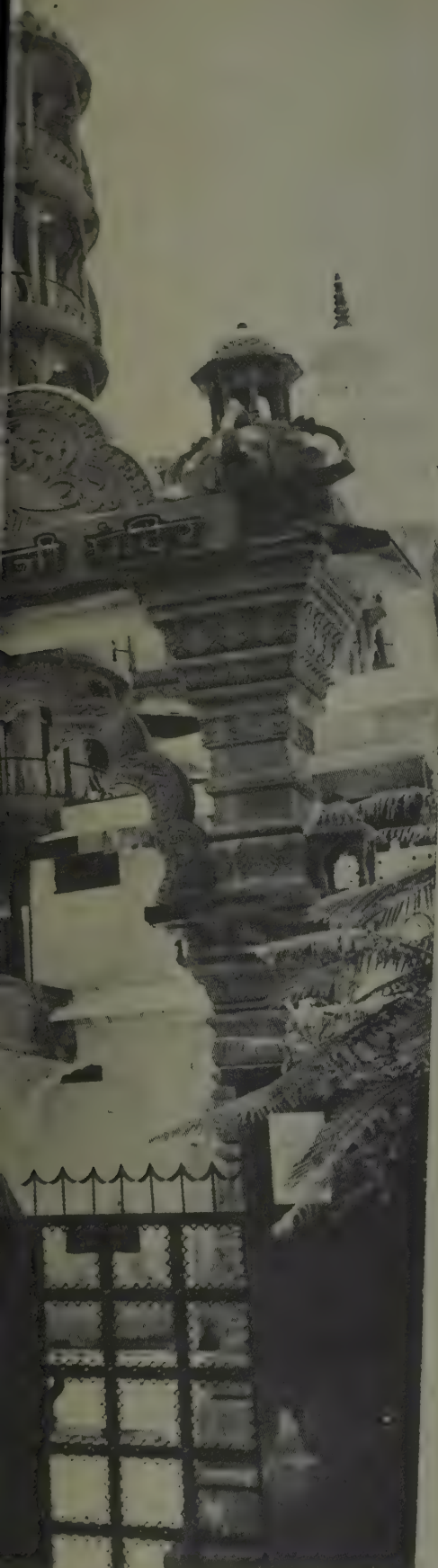
Minister, and Mr. Prabhu Das Patwari, Governor of Tamil Nadu. The writer has personally seen copies of these letters and Mr. Patwari's letter to ISKCON demanding an explanation.

The reappearance of the statue seems to be as mysterious as its disappearance. The Indian Express of July 5, 1978, reported that the statue, "missing for several months, was found in the toilets of Hare Krishna Land."

However, ISKCON stated at a press conference organised by them on July 8, 1978 in Bombay, that the statue was not found in the toilet, but on the terrace. The broken statue was, spokesmen for the organisation said, welded together and reinstated, at a pub-

lic function, the next day. Mr. Sadajiwatlal Chanderlal Halwai, the well-known owner of a sweetmeat shop in Bombay, speaking at the press conference, added that the allegation against ISKCON of having transmitters, etc. in secret basements was false, because a full scale police search had turned up nothing more incriminating than a radio valve. Admitting that there was a basement below the deities, he claimed that there was nothing suspicious about it. According to the Indian Express dated July 9, 1978, "The stress of the press conference was that a lot of interested parties were keen on blackmailing ISKCON for their own reasons."





only access to the outside world is the main temple gate, which is under heavy security. We are scrutinised and searched every time we come in with our shopping bags. Vendors and hawkers have to pay ISKCON an entrance fee of fifty paise, renewable every two months. Can you blame us for feeling hemmed in and insecure? These are violent men with vile tempers."

There seems to be an active undercurrent of racism in an organisation that on the surface is

An already tense situation at the Juhu ISKCON temple has reached flash point with the murder there of dancer Dilip Malhotra

Bharat Savur

retiring and religious. An Indian resident was reportedly told, "All Indians are dogs... Swami Vivekananda and Ramakrishna are fakes." The Board of Temple Trustees in Bombay is apparently all-white. One more bone of contention between the Indian residents and the ISKCON is whether or not Indians should be given a say in the administration of the temple.

The high incidence of violent crime associated with the members of this organisation is shocking in a movement that is supposedly dedicated to God. Last year, the New York Times, quoting a senior U.S. Government official, said, "A group like this can use mind control to create an army of zombies who could undermine the Government and law and order." An Associated Press (AP) report, dated August 27, 1977, stated that the Japanese police in Osaka, after keeping a watch on members of the Movement, had requested their Government to withdraw their visas. The Indian Express datelined London, December 10, 1977, carried a story from its correspondent, B.K. Tiwari, which reported that members of ISKCON were found guilty of duping the public. Out of 2.4 million Deutsche marks (approximately Rupees 8.4 million) that was publicly raised by the society for the "Hungry Children of India," only DM 15,000 (about Rs. 52,000) was sent to India. In 1972, two sisters of Asian descent, school-

ing in London, were reportedly induced into the Movement and brought to Bombay. It took some months before their frantic father in Nairobi could trace them and get them back with the assistance of the Bombay police. The rescue was reported in "Blitz."

"Sunday" magazine reported that on July 8, 1977, from the gates of ISKCON's largest temple in India — the Chandrodaya temple, situated in Mayapur, birth place of Lord Chaitanya — two .12 double barrelled rifles loaded with backshot were discharged at the angry mob that had collected at the gate to demand the return of Kata Sheikh, a fellow villager. Fifteen people, including two children, were injured in the shooting, which ISKCON explained was in "self-defence." But it could not explain the presence of weapons in the House of God. Eleven ashramites, including six foreigners, were arrested in this connection. One of them was the son of an American, a multimillionaire former film director, whose visa had not been extended. His presence in the temple on the strength of a Kenyan passport reportedly drew angry questions from Chief Minister of West Bengal, Jyoti Basu.

In early March this year, Bombay papers reported that the Canadian brother-in-law of film actress Sulakshana Pandit, David Anderson alias Bilwamangala, had run amok, allegedly stabbing three inmates of the temple.

From all these incidents it seems that the allegations that a movement that was started to propagate the work of Lord Krishna to the West has been penetrated by some members seeking, not Krishna, but new kicks, new trips, new "highs" in far-off countries, might be true after all.

At the recent press conference in Bombay on July 8, 1978, ISKCON denied the presence of potentially violent devotees. It blamed anti-social elements — who, according to them, were trying to embarrass the Movement — for the reported disturbances.

Municipal Corporator for the area, Mr. P. A. Mhatre, says, "I am not opposed to their temple or to their religious practices. My main objection is about the mockery of High Religion resorted to by these people in the name of God. Contrary to the practice of traditional Hindu saints, members of ISKCON lead a life of luxury. They travel by cars and cabs. They have a number of servants to serve them at home. Do we find such a picture at the Ramakrishna Mission or in Shanti Niketan? There should also be a strict control and regulations regarding the period of their stay in India on the strength of their passport and the period to be al-

lowed for the study of the Hindu religion."

Mr. Giriraj Swami, President of ISKCON, who came to India in 1974 on an entry permit, alleged that it was the Home Ministry that kept extending the period of his stay and all questions about his stay had been answered in Parliament.

At the ISKCON press conference, Mr. Ram Jethmalani, M.P., reportedly lashed out against newspaper reports criticising the Krishna Ashram. He compared the troubles faced by ISKCON to those faced by Father Ferrer, who was asked to leave Maharashtra some years ago despite the good work that he was doing.

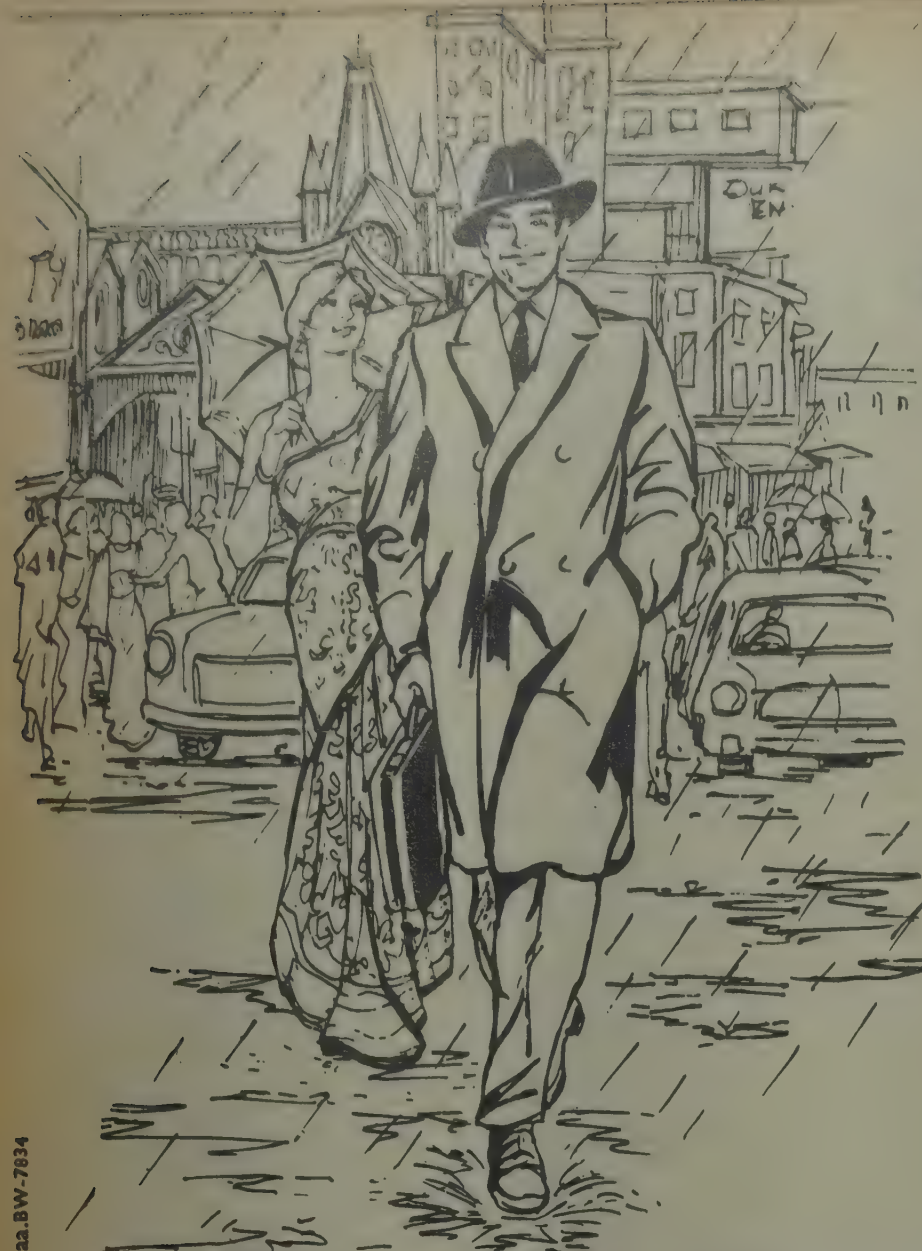
The latest report (before going to press) on the troubled Land appeared in the Free Press Bulletin of July 11, 1978. According to an FPB special report, fourteen wireless sets are alleged to have been seized by the city police recently from the basement under the marble temple of Hare Krishna Land. The report quotes a reliable source as saying that the seizure was made soon after the alleged murder of film dancer Dilip Malhotra.

According to the report, knowledgeable sources say that two luxury buses ordered by ISKCON from the U.S. arrived recently by ship in Bombay and that they have been detained in the docks by Bombay Customs as they are alleged to be equipped with wireless equipment.

Police sources do not deny or confirm the seizure of the wireless sets from the basement of the temple, according to the FPB report.

Another curious development, says the report, is the apparent disappearance of a devotee who called himself Karandhardas and was functioning as the manager of Hare Krishna Land. He is the American national who was allegedly stabbed by Bilwamangala, the Canadian national devotee (supposedly Sulakshana Pandit's brother-in-law) on March 6, 1978.

The situation appears to be fluid at the moment and no conclusion seems to be in the offing. However it is an interesting situation that appears to be developing towards something major. At the moment the controversies seem to revolve around the following points: reported violence; including the March stabbings and the recent alleged murder; violation of property or tenant rights; alleged racism and anti-national actions; corruption in various forms; and indulgent life-styles. What is true and what exaggerated remains to be seen. It seems at present to be a case of watch and wait.



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My aunt Sophie is an old maid now. The dictionary defines the "old maid" as an elderly or confirmed spinster. But then it continues with such adjectives as prim, prudish, fastidious—denoting a rather unlovely, unloved and unloving woman. Yet when I trace the life story of most maiden aunts, I find just the opposite to be true. Their whole life is a story of love—unselfish love and devotion. How did she come to be the old maid aunt, this girl who started out so bright and gay in her early youth? She didn't have a wart on her nose, and she was kind, understanding, and always serving others.

There's one perhaps in every family. She isn't necessarily the oldest, she can be the youngest, or the one in between. But there is one thing sure, she is the one to whom the rest turn when they have a problem, want a special favour or need something done. She is the one who stays home from the party if mother is sick, who irons Sally's blouse if she needs it in a hurry, or buys Jimmy's new shoes when the old ones get shabby.

At first everybody was so sweet and grateful to Sophie. She was such a dear. But after a while, everyone took her for granted. They didn't ask her any more; Sophie was expected to do it. Sophie herself was hardly aware all that was happening. She loved to do things for her brothers and sisters and she wanted them to be happy and get ahead. Then one day she woke up to find that life had passed her by. Her brothers and sisters had all married and she was alone. They didn't need her now, but her parents did. Who would stay with them if she left? You couldn't expect the married ones to look out for Mom and Dad. After all, sons and daughters are already on the way. Besides, Sophie needed a place to stay, so why not just stay at home?

This is the story of many maiden aunts, and it's a wonderful story—yet it is forgotten by those who should remember most. Sophie today is just the old maiden aunt who suffers the whispers, "She never married, you know."

The fact that aunt Sophie was once young and attractive and had dreams and plans of her own now seems too fantastic to be even imagined. Her natural interest in the lives of her adolescent nieces and nephews seems like an unholy curiosity and such subjects as love, marriage and pregnancy are strictly taboo when she is present.

Now, for the life of me I could never understand this sudden hush hush in the conversation when aunt Sophie came in. After all, we have to give credit to her for knowing the facts of life. She practically raised some of her younger brothers and sisters.

And how many times did she not stay with that married sister during her pregnancies? And several times she actually assisted at the birth of the babies. And how many times did she bathe those babies and tuck them in bed just so poor, tired Mama could have an evening out or a little peace and quiet?

And why is everyone so sure that aunt Sophie doesn't understand children if she dares to suggest that young Johnny needs to be disciplined? It just might be that young Johnny *does* need to be disciplined. And if she makes a remark that teenager Sally's dress is too short, why attribute

*They sacrifice
their own
happiness so that
those whom they
love can be happy*

it to the fact that she doesn't understand teenagers and modern styles? Maybe Sally's dress is too short. Those teenage nieces and nephews who have been reared to believe that aunt Sophie never married simply because she couldn't get a husband might do well to find out a few facts. The chances are, nine times out of ten, that aunt Sophie never married because she was too busy helping others at home.

And if I need an example of this kind of love I don't have to go any farther than my children's maiden aunt—*aunt Sophie*. She had the misfortune to be born the second oldest girl in a family of five, and when her older sister married and left home she became mother's second-in-command. She was a whiz at

housekeeping, could cook a wonderful meal and sew a beautiful dress. As needs became greater and money scarcer, she left home to get a job. At first she did housework, then switched to sewing.

From early morning until late at night she plied her needle. And my wife knew that never again would she have to worry about the children having a First Communion or Confirmation dress. Not only the children's clothes but their other needs fell to her lot. Even their tonsils and teeth became her responsibility.

When one needed an extra rupee, ten rupees or twenty, they turned to "Big Sister" and were never turned down. Whatever plans she might have had for herself were buried under the ever increasing needs of younger brothers and sisters.

But it didn't end there, for even before I was out of high school nieces and nephews were on the way, and when young families couldn't make both ends meet, they turned once more to aunt Sophie. I know of many an unpaid utility bill and doctor bill that was picked up and paid, and the distraught wife never knew until the receipt was placed in her hands. The children too have learned to turn to aunt Sophie. When they need a new dress for that special occasion, she always comes through.

And if at times these maiden aunts expect more than ordinary behaviour of their nieces and nephews, let's just attribute it to the fact that they love them more than ordinarily well. If at times they seem to be bossy or interfering it is just their way of expressing their affection, they have so much to give and no one to give it to. And if at times they seem a little cranky after their day of toil, well, it seems to me that married people get pretty cranky too.

I might keep one thing in mind when I speak of our children's maiden aunt; but for the sacrifices she has made for them she might have been married too, or even been in a convent. I know several maiden aunts who gave up their plans for a religious life because their help was needed at home. There is no doubt in my mind that these maiden aunts are as consecrated to God as if they wore the religious garb, for they are doing His work by remaining single in His world; not only by caring for the needs of their own family, but by choosing some worthwhile profession and devoting their whole lives to the service of others.

Yes, these maiden aunts have quite a love story; and it ought to be told and retold and never forgotten.

MAIDEN AUNTS: HEROINES, NOT FIGURES OF FUN

S. Perry



**"My mummy
sure can make
Rex Jelly
yummy!"**



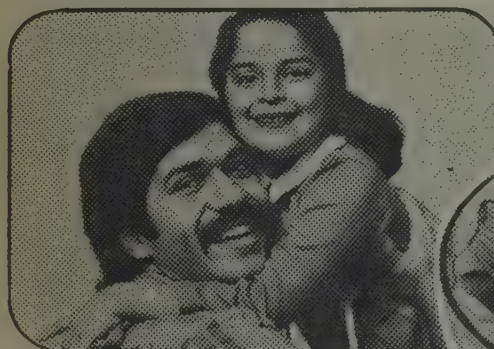
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Industrial Times

HIGHLIGHTS OF JULY 31, 1978

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**KEEP IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES
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Once hailed as the Super Star, Rajesh Khanna has fallen on evil days with a string of flops. But he is far from admitting defeat, and has adjusted to the new situation. He is accepting roles in multi-starrers, which he had earlier rejected consistently, and he is confident that he will stand up to formidable rivals

When he was a super star, Rajesh used to refuse to work in any multi-star film, though quite a few plum offers were made to him. He had even eased Vinod Khanna out of "Bhola Bhala" and compelled its director Satpal to let him do both the roles because he didn't want any one else to shine in a film in which he was the leading man. But today Rajesh Khanna is working in quite a few multi-starrers. Like Mushir and Riaz's "Rajput" along with Dharmendra, Hema Malini, Vinod Khanna and Ranjita; Madan Mohla's "Samrat" along with Dharmendra, Hema Malini and Zeenat Aman; Chetan Anand's "Kudrat" starring, apart from him, Raaj Kumar, Hema Malini, Vinod Khanna, Priya Rajvansh, Parveen Babi, etc.

MULTI-STARRERS

"I have learnt now to compromise and change according to the trends in order to survive in the industry," Rajesh admits commenting upon his decision to accept multi-star films. "There was a time when I felt that I could carry an entire film on my own shoulders, and hence I wasn't at all interested in working in any multi-star film. I refused every offer, even though some of them were quite tempting, for the simple reason that I didn't want

to work with any other star. But today times have changed. The distributors insist on buying only multi-star projects. And the layman also wants to see as many stars as possible for the price of one ticket. You have got to move according to the trends in the market if you want to survive."

Amitabh at the giving end. When Goldie went to sign him for Mushir and Riaz's "Rajput", Amitabh is reported to have suggested to Goldie to replace Rajesh in the film by Vinod Khanna. Goldie didn't because he was already committed to Rajesh Khanna. He decided to go ahead with the

RAJESH KHANNA:

"I HAVE LEARNT TO COMPROMISE"

Jyothi Venkatesh

Today the accent is on action. Gone is the romantic era when Rajesh Khanna was a rage. And Rajesh is aware of this transition. Yet it is pathetic to note that he is still maintaining that he is good in action roles just because "Chhailla Babu" clicked at the box-office. While his "007" has been shelved, "Chamatkar" is showing no signs of progress because the distributors are uncertain about the project. It is a costume drama in which Rajesh is playing a he-man. His "Chalta Purza" has been released all over the country except Bombay where it was produced because no one wants to release a film which has already flopped all over the country. Needless to add Rajesh has played an action role in "Chalta Purza", too.

TABLES TURNED

No wonder Simple Kapadia is hoping against hope that her "Chakravyuha" will be released only after "Janta Hawaldar" hits the screen. For industry reports insist that Rajesh Khanna has rendered a sterling performance in the film. Rajesh himself is pretty confident about "Janta Hawaldar". He is all set to stage a grand come-back with that film. In "Chakravyuha," Rajesh Khanna plays an extension of his role in "Maha Chor".

And like Hrishikesh Mukherji burnt his fingers making an action film like "Kotwal Saab" with Shatrughan Sinha, Basu Chatterji may with his "Chakravyuha". Simple hopes that the film will be released only after Rajesh Khanna has re-established himself.

There was a time when Rajesh was refusing to work with Amitabh Bachchan in the wake of Amitabh scoring over him in "Namak Harami". Today the tables have been turned and it is

project with Vinod Khanna instead of Amitabh Bachchan along with Dharmendra and Rajesh Khanna. Today Rajesh is keen on working with Amitabh, but Amitabh isn't.

Rajesh continues to maintain that he hasn't shelved his "Majnoon". "I'll be reviving the film soon. 'Majnoon' will be produced by me instead of Chuni-bhai Kapadia. Kamal Amrohi will be directing the film. The cast and credits of the film will continue to be the same."

Thanks to the series of flops that he has had, Rajesh is no longer surrounded by his hangers-on. No longer does he have his booze sessions till the wee hours of the morning at his residence resulting in his arriving late at the studios for the morning shifts. He doesn't even mind extending the shift should the occasion demand it, unlike in the past when he used to be quite stubborn about his dates.

A NEW POLICY

"My flops have taught me to forge ahead with greater confidence in my career. I have disappointed my fans somewhere some time. I have to undo my mistakes and gain their confidence if I want to stage a come-back. And that is exactly what I propose to do."

Like Rishi Kapoor, Rajesh Khanna also has adopted the one shift-one film pattern of shooting, which enables Rajesh to concentrate all his time and attention on one film a day and is hence less botheration for the producer.

But will this new attitude of adjustment and cooperation make him one of the favorite of producers? Time alone can tell.

—Gurish Shukla

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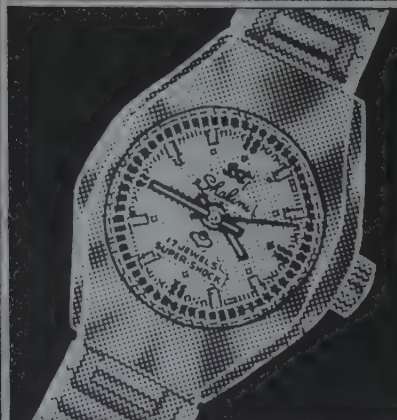
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women in sport

Veenu Bhushan of Dehra Dun is the first U.P. girl to be the National Table Tennis Girl Champion in 1974-75. She has also retained the U.P. State T.T. title for the past three years.

She took to table tennis at 13.

She improved her game tremendously under the expert coaching of Mr. Ranbir Bhandari at Patiala, and in 1972 she had the opportunity of learning under Korean coaches who happened to be in Delhi.

Then started her run of successes. She became U.P. girl No. 1, and No. 2 in the women's team for the second time and became National Champion in the Girls' Division.

In February 1974, she was selected for the two-member team for the Invitation Table Tennis tournaments held by Nepal in Kathmandu. The Indian team defeated Thailand, Malaysia, Burma, Sri Lanka, Hong Kong, Indonesia and Nepal, and finished third after Japan and China.

She was given the honour of taking the oath on behalf of all the players from ten countries, administered by the Prince of Nepal.

In April that same year she was chosen to play in the Asian Championships held at Yokohama, Japan, in the Girls Division, and put India on the T.T. map when she ranked World No. 3 and brought home the bronze medal.

In 1975 her dreams came true when she was chosen to play in the thirty-third World Championship held in Calcutta. She won two consecutive rounds against Thailand and Kenya, but lost in the third round to a French world-ranked player.

Now Veenu is India's No. 5 in the Women's Section.

She is still the ruling State champion, and

she has achieved the success she has in the midst of her studies. During her I.S.C., she was absent nearly the whole year (1974) from her school, the Convent of Jesus and Mary. Yet she secured a good second division much to her own surprise and that of her teachers. She has completed her graduation now and has not yet decided about going in for further studies.

Veenu puts in a lot of practice, and has drawn up quite a tight schedule for herself.

VEENU BHUSHAN AND PUNITA BHUSHAN

STATE CHAMPIONS BOTH



Veenu

She practises mostly in Delhi, and is at the table from early 6.00 to 11.00 and again from 3.00 to 9.00 in the evening. Her aim now is to be a world-ranked player.

Whatever time she can spare, she spends it with her family, on reading and music. She's quite good at flower arrangement and has won many prizes. She loves riding and swimming, and does a bit of classical dancing, too — Kathakali and Bharata Natyam.

About marriage, Veenu says, "I haven't seriously thought about it. But I'd like to go to a home where I'd be allowed to pursue my career. I've nothing against arranged marriages, but as yet I haven't really thought about it."

Among the many cherished awards she has won, she praises most highly the highest sports award of U.P. — the Lakshman award.

PUNITA BHUSHAN

Veenu's elder sister, Punita, is the State woman badminton champion of U.P. and has retained this title for the past three years since 1974.

She has been playing badminton since her college days. She was the Meerut University champion and captain of the women's team for two consecutive years in 1973 and 1974. She has represented her university in inter-university team championships continuously for four years from 1971 to 1974, and was the winner of the North India Championship in 1974 at Jaipur. She has represented U.P. many times in zonal championships and invitation tournaments.

In November 1975 she won the Gold Medal at the International Women's Year Sports Festival (U.P.) and also at the All-India Festival held in New Delhi the same month. She has also played in a number of international matches.

She is good at studies, too, securing a first division in Intermediate and B.A., a high second in M.A. (Economics), and was awarded the gold medal for standing first in Statistics. She was the vice-president of the M.K.P. College Students Union and has participated in debates and elocution contests.

In 1974-75 she and her sister Veenu achieved the remarkable feat of annexing two U.P. State championships — badminton and table tennis.

Punita is a little disappointed that she has not become the national champion. One of the major obstacles is the lack of a proper hall in which she can play for at least three-four hours continuously undisturbed.

Among her varied hobbies are flower arrangement, dramatics, and classical dancing and singing. And like her sister Veenu, she has a large collection of prizes and trophies to mark her achievements.

She is a lecturer in Economics at the Welham's Girls School, Dehra Dun, and also trains students in games now and then. It is a matter of pride for her that one of the girls was selected to play in the U.P. state team last year.

Veenu and Punita belong to a highly sophisticated and cultured family, keen on sports, art and music. Her mother played in the University basketball team in her days, and her father, Kunwar Brij Bhushan, was president of the Dehra Dun Municipal Board for a number of years and was its member for fifteen years continuously. The parents have encouraged their daughters all they could.

Umesh Gaikwad

Punita



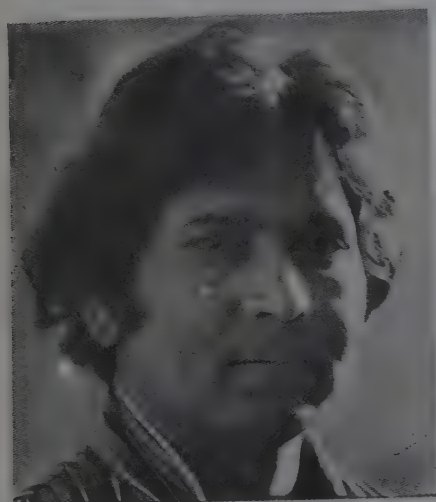
FOUR PAINTERS OF DELHI

"Priti"

*Interest in theme and style,
these four painters from Delhi share a
common youthful zeal*

Gian's life reads like an adventure. He suffered his first blow of tragedy at the age of 11 — the death of his father, a mill worker. Revolting at the thought of having to take on adult responsibilities, Gian left home. Gian's

GIAN



home had been near the Roshanara Gardens of Old Delhi, which had drawn him close to nature and provided inspiration for his first paintings. Now, in search of newer pastures, Gian started roaming the city, painting the statues (relics of the British regime) which then stood in the various gardens and discovering the alleys and little-known corners of Delhi. Today, Gian claims that his knowledge of the city and its environs is unequalled by anyone else — and challenges anyone to disprove this. Drawing on these sources, Gian made a reasonable enough livelihood by selling his paintings.

His vagabond existence drew Gian into contact with workers. Deeply affected by their life, he started writing poems, and even earned a little through his recitations.

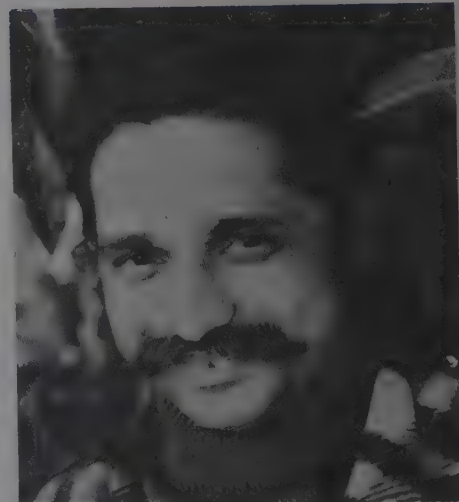
Around this time, Gian joined the Indian People's Theatre Association as their artist. Deciding

at the same time to study painting seriously, he did the seven-year diploma course at the Delhi Polytechnic as a part-time student, from 1958-65, and won awards for Portrait and Landscape Painting.

Gian took up Batik as a means of earning his livelihood. Till 1964, Gian ranked among the best Batik artists in Delhi and is proud of the fact that today, about 200 of his students are doing well in the capital. In 1974, Gian was commissioned by the Navbharat Enterprises to make 1,48,000 Batik paintings on the theme of Mira, to be bought by Japan. For these, Gian used a special semi-mechanised process of Batik painting.

Gian later took up a job with the USSR Information Centre, New Delhi. Today, he is the senior most in his section and looks after the art work of all the publications.

Gian has travelled extensively in India and has worked in eight documentary films with Ashok Sagar. He feels that acting and film-making help him in his painting. He has now accepted an offer by Pragati Films in Bombay to be the art director and even do the main role in their "Do Kadam".



NAREEN NATH

Gian has held group shows of his paintings in Raipur, Indore and Delhi. The All India Fine Arts and Crafts Society has acquired some of his works. Many of them adorn private and public institutions in the USSR, the USA, Britain, France and Italy.

To Gian, a painting has value only if it has "beauty", if it has "visual appeal". The painting should please even a layman.

From being a landscape painter, Gian has started doing abstracts. Of significance is the mixed technique he used in his recent exhibition — cyclostyling ink,



printing ink, oil paints and also, several layers of paper. His religious paintings, dominated by the saffron colour, are thought-provoking, while the Mira series in greys and whites are strikingly delicate. People, specially toiling people, are the spurs to his imagination.

NAREEN NATH

Nareen Nath is a lover of nature. Born in 1937 in Indore, he has had the good fortune of living in the picturesque settings of the Malwa Plateau in Madhya Pradesh. For him, nature can be both awesome and serene.

Nareen recounts how he went through the grind of formal training. However, today he paints "unconsciously". He does plan out the colours and the form of the painting, but does not sketch it first. And what emerges is a totally lyrical picture of soft hues and softer forms. Nareen rarely steps beyond the "pale" of monochromatic tones but even when he does, it is with such harmony that the canvases turn out to be pieces one can "live with" forever, without tir-

NIRMALA KUMAR



LENA ACHARYA

ing of them. Nareen has a particularly special touch with the difficult colour, red.

Nareen's ambition is to create works which should please every eye — both the connoisseur and the layman, and he has been successful in realising this ambition. He is determined not to give in to the dictates of fashion. He claims to know exactly what will fetch him "chunks of money" from foreign buyers, but he would rather be sincere to his feelings first. The artist Gaitonde is a source of inspiration for him.

Nareen has had seven solo shows and participated in several group shows. Many of his works have been acquired by leading art academies. A widely travelled painter, his favourite places are the Kulu Valley and the beaches of Goa. In 1975, he went to Europe for six months to study the art trends developing there.

Nareen's latest exhibition at Gallery Chanakya was inspired by Delhi's ancient monuments. But Nareen's constant support comes from his working wife,



who has given him the freedom to remain "essentially a painter."

LENA ACHARYA

Lena Acharya's recent solo exhibition of paintings — her first — at the Triveni Kala Sangam, had a very different and exciting theme — the 1857 Mutiny. A casual visit to Kanpur, recently the scene of violent industrial unrest, sparked off an image of

the 1857 Mutiny. She then visited all the places she could, in which reminders of the Mutiny existed. The 12 paintings at the exhibition were the manifestations of the images created in her mind. In keeping with the subject, she chose muted colours which looked rich and vibrant.

A self-taught painter, Lena was born in the famous Kolar Gold Field city in the South. Orphaned early, she looked after her younger sisters and brother. The discipline which these early responsibilities instilled in her is evident even today in her warm, gay and friendly personality. Lena feels it imperative for every citizen to be concerned with national affairs. She also believes that Indian women should fight for their rights and pleasantly points out the recent demonstration by women against the Prime Minister's disparaging remarks on women as a vivid example of this.

Like all working women in India, Lena has to fulfil a dual responsibility — to her family and to her art. Undaunted by these, she is also a freelance writer, a radio-broadcaster and is studying for her diploma in French. As she says, "Yes, painting is difficult and it sometimes takes me as many as 12 days to just get into the mood. But once the mood comes, a painting may emerge within two days."

A peculiar characteristic of Lena's paintings is that she very rarely brings in the human figure in them, yet they throb with life



The music pulsed through her veins. She wanted to weep, laugh, dance and indulge in a medley of emotions simultaneously — but such things were not done at a wedding! Her gaze intensified itself on Dalip. He looked — resigned? Frustrated? Fatigued? She tried to catch the right expression as he prostrated in traditional style to a continuous stream of elderly feet.

She was sorely tempted to tap him on the shoulder and say, "Hey, what thoughts are you fussling with now?" But that was impossible under the present circumstances. He was the groom; looking absolutely splendid in the traditional white, gold and red Coorgi garb. Suddenly her heart called out, to the beat of the throbbing drums, "Dalip my love." And the music continued to set her on fire. She flushed with the effort of restraining herself from undulating to the intoxicating music. Dalip had termed it very well when he had called this tribal music "the best jazz in the world."

The subject had come up at her cousin's wedding in Hyderabad. She had met him there for the first time. Knowing hardly anyone besides the groom himself, Dalip had earnestly asked her not to desert him. She had obliged willingly, ignoring the waves of raised eyebrows as they stood talking on the "no man's land" between the zanana and mardana sections. The groom had been called away just then to perform some particular salutations.

"Don't you have music at your weddings?" he had asked.

"Normally we don't," she had replied.

"But you should! What better expression of celebration than clarion calls and drums?"

"That sounds more like a battle than a wedding," she had retorted.

"Well, in a way I suppose it is also that," he had agreed with a smile and then with a far away look added, "a battle of personalities — his and her's."

Her attention, at that moment, had been drawn to his eyes. They were the colour of dark honey and when the light caught them there was a reassuring warmth there. A sketch imprinted itself on her mind — tall, wiry, and elegantly dressed. A broad forehead over a slightly beaked nose. Lips that smiled often with an endorsement in his eyes. She had a weakness for square jawed men with dark rough hair! "Handsome? No, not really. Attractive? Yes, very," she thought.

As a result of a mutual exchange of addresses they got in

touch with each other when they returned to Bangalore. They met again. And again. Their backgrounds were very different. She had this all-consuming desire to rediscover herself in his company. Her super rich world floated down to meet his humble but meaningful world. She had so far been aware of only the rich, the rest were a vague "others." But the "others" took on a definite form when she was with him. He was a free-lance writer and literary critic in his spare time, and the occasional pieces of writing he chose to show her assailed her with pain and pleasure. Then she had begun to write verse.

"Hmmm, it's good enough for someone who never tried writing poetry before, but tell me Shanu, do you really feel these words? When did you have the chance to observe: 'The raw pain dripping from her eyes/As her ripe body beckoned yet another?'"

"Are you trying to make me out as some sort of a pseudo?" she had flared up.

"No, but I'd like to tell you how gorgeous you look in a temper," he had soothed her, covering her small hands with his palm.

"Well, Mr. Critic, let me tell you it's far easier to free-lance as a critic than to write verse and have the guts to show it to one."

He laughed at her jibe, but realised how much it cost her to expose her inner core to him, not because he was a critic but because he was Dalip.

"Sorry Shanu, I'm humbled," he apologised. Then with unexpected temerity he had said, "When may I have the supreme honour of devouring your diary, Lady Shaneela Zaheer?"

"What presumption! I haven't shown it even to my closest pal, are you. . ."

". . . something more than your closest pal, perhaps?" he had interrupted with his captivating smile. Why did he have to smile like that? It crumbled her well stocked arguments to dust.

"Look here, Dalip Somiah, you are stuffing ideas into my innocent head," she said in the sternest tone she could manage.

"No, my love, I'm only helping you to articulate what is already there." Though she couldn't help laughing at his wit she had to get her mind clear on this.

"Dalip, I hope all this is a joke."

"Is that all this relationship means to you?"

He definitely wasn't light-hearted then. The profound implication of that question had shaken her up.

"Well, not a joke exactly, but . . . oh, Dalip, what is it then?" she had asked, more confused than before.

"Shanu, how many ways are there of saying, I love you?"

Silence.

"Tell me, Shanu," he persisted.

"Really Dalip, I feel quite reluctant to carry on this discussion till I'm absolutely sure of myself and a few other people

concerned." Was that her voice? What on earth had made her say such a thing?

"Shanu, I'm an ordinary person, and not particularly imaginative at the best of times. That is probably why I can't think of anything to substitute the over worked words, 'I love you,' but by God, I mean it."

His look, that warm and intense light of passion, love and respect had bowled her over completely.

She had murmured something incoherent as she looked at him with a mute appeal in her eyes to change the topic. She was overcome with emotion and felt herself on dangerous ground. Suddenly, all those young men

reality

Nimmi Bhimaya



in the past who had passionately expressed their love for her seemed like pathetic caricatures. She relaxed somewhere deep, deep inside and for that moment she was oblivious of every other thought save that of loving Dalip with all the abandon of her twenty-two years.

Time froze them into a welcome isolation from the world around. A waiter hovered somewhere in the background. He was an entity they could accept without acknowledgement. A jarring greeting tore in from somewhere and everything was set in motion again.

"Hi, Dalip, long time no see..." and the rest of the conversation had been in Coorgi. Shaneela was introduced to the young



*Their love had
been deep, and
each wanted the
other desperately,
but he had so
many doubts...so
many scruples...*

couple at once and Dalip made a valiant effort to steer the conversation into English, but his acquaintances seemed to derive a sadistic satisfaction out of sticking to their native tongue while throwing sly looks of curiosity at Shaneela. She had borne it with admirable calm, but that incident had spot-lighted the implications of falling in love with someone who belonged to a different setting.

"I hope they didn't put you off? These tribal folk have a long way to go before they catch up with common decency," he had apologised profusely. Suddenly she had felt the irritating incident melt into nothing. To her all that mattered was his sensitivity to the situation. He had understood! She dazzled him with a brilliant smile as she flippantly remarked, "My kinsfolk are no better, let's forget about them and return to our own world."

"Super idea, but let's take our little world somewhere else, this place is getting too popular for my comfort," he agreed and called for the bill.

Dalip could never resist comparing any scenic spot they went to with Coorg. He never tired of telling Shaneela of its seductive setting. "Shanu, it's out of this world, you'd flip over. There's this incredible place I know just made for a couple of love smitten souls. It's a gem. Nature at her generous best. Fields and meadows embracing each other, magnificent forests and hills surrounding them. There are wild flowers and fruits I don't even know the names of. Everything seems carefully planned to erase the ugliness of everyday sights. It's so beautiful you could go crazy..."

"And when will you take me there?" she would ask enaptured.

Why did he always evade a direct answer? All he had to say was, "When we get married of course."

It had disturbed her. She had often asked him to come and visit her parents. He had obliged her once, taken a great liking to

her father and only brother, Arun, but had never repeated the visit. He hadn't ever invited her to return the visit. He called her over the 'phone only when it was absolutely necessary. He had always insisted that she carry on with all her social commitments and friends sparing time for him only when she could.

"I think it is wrong to become distant and aloof from your former circle just because you have found someone special. It displays an unsavoury selfishness."

She had understood his point. Time flew on.

She had sometimes wondered if her parents and her very close uncle suspected anything. At a community engagement celebration her mother had pointed across the room to a rather obese and vulgarly bejewelled lady and said, "See that lady there? She has asked us to visit her tomorrow — I hope you haven't got anything particular to do?"

"Yes Mama, I have to meet a friend tomorrow."

"Can't you postpone meeting her for another day?"

"I can't," Shaneela replied calmly, ignoring the gender part of the conversation.

"You go, why must I tag along?"

"She was very keen that you come along too. I'll tell her you have some work for tomorrow and we'll go some other time."

"No, I won't come. I don't like her looks one bit, and why this sudden insistence on my coming with you?"

"They are new in town and I suppose she wants some company for herself and her daughter," her mother reasoned calmly enough.

"Looking at her I have very little reason to believe her daughter and I will get along."

Shaneela thought the matter closed.

"Oh, but they are very well-off with most of their relations abroad — very good connections," her mother had persisted.

"Pity she cannot use her wealth and connections to better advantage," Shaneela had retorted.

"Why are you being so rude and irritable? Is something bothering you?"

"Yes Mama, that woman!"

"Don't be difficult Shaneel. We must look her up."

She had acceded finally, more to end the argument than anything else.

"Hmm, so you have to visit some poor rich lonely lady and her daughter. Tell me, isn't there

some poor rich lonely son lurking behind the scenes?" Dalip had asked when she narrated the argument to him the next day.

"You Sherlock Holmes! I never thought of that. Of course, I shan't go!"

"Don't be a spoil sport. You must go. Who knows you might miss out on King Midas II," Dalip quipped.

"Croesus wouldn't drag me from you," she had declared with uncharacteristic exuberance. Another moment of uncertainty. An uncomfortable pause. Suddenly he had looked at her with an expression totally incomprehensible to her. The magic of the evening vanished irrevocably. Inconsequential conversation followed and one more question mark settled itself on the pile in Shaneela's mind.

The invitation for Taraki Sen's party had arrived out of the blue. Taraki was a well known playwright whose parties were very popular. Both Shaneela and Dalip knew the type of people who would be there. Dalip had decided not to go as he was firmly convinced that most of the people at such parties were poseurs whom he found intolerable. Shaneela had wanted to go because she liked Taraki and was not cynical about the crowd there.

"Okay, you don't like most of the types there, but am I not enough incentive for you to come?" she had asked, slightly hurt by his obstinacy.

"It may be your scene Shanu, but it is definitely not mine."

"Okay, let's strike a deal. If you find the place a drag we'll leave," she pleaded, still wondering at the unreasonable attitude he had taken.

"Shanu, you don't seem to get me. Look, why don't you just go ahead and forget about this unreasonable grouch? After all you have to lead your life, too."

"Like you do?" she had asked curtly.

"What do you mean?" he had shot back.

"Well, what do I really know about you except what you choose to tell me, which is really very little? I am not being inquisitive, but I get rather anxious at times. There is a veil around your personality which I yearn to push aside but dare not. How come you know every little detail about me — voluntary disclosure of course — while I know next to nothing about what you?"

"... Because you have nothing to hide," had been his surprising response. "Darling, there is so much I would like to share with you but do not dare. There are

Continued on page 26

JEANS GO-GROOVY

When you're out on a weekend trip or on a day's outing you would love the soft wind blowing through your hair, your body free and on the move. The clothes that you wear must be easy-fitting and casual. Jeans and jumpsuits are in much demand among the

young, trendy teenagers. Tailored to suit today's moods, these cotton denim casuals are cool, colourful and are ideal for any seasonal outing too! You can just roll them up when out in the sea or when the rain pelts down or be carefree when the sun shines.

Courtesy: Jean Junction, Bombay



T: Down to the sea in easy fitting tucked patterned blue denim trousers and a red ton jersey T-shirt. A broad brimmed denim sun-hat cools you off from the sun. Accompanying her the boy wears a handsomely led sunny yellow shirt with yoke and flap pockets. The tucked pattern repeats at back trousers which tapers to the front.

OVE RIGHT: For fun round the clock in ns and matching jackets. An offwhite rt co-ordinates with the outfit. Jacket has diamond pattern show machining while the n pockets are trimmed with plaited braids. match, the girl wears the hi-styled denim npsuit with a matching blue P-cap for a ual look.

LOW RIGHT: A long hike demands easy- e tops and trousers with carry-all denim ndbags Halter top and a body hugging rt keeps you cool through the long journey. gs have lots of roomy compartments to ry all your weekend knick knacks.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter



reality

Continued from page 23

situations in my life which scare the sleep out of me for nights on end, but I cannot tell you. . ."

"Have you embezzled your bank's funds?" she asked with mock horror.

"Wish it were that simple, Luv. My fears and complexes are slightly more involved than that, but I see no reason why I should burden you with them."

"Dalip! Tell me, tell me everything. I want to share it. I want to be part of you, not apart from you!" Uncontrollable tears rushed down her cheeks for a million reasons, the chief one being a deep sense of loss.

"Shanu, I can't! Do you still believe that I love you? That is the only truth I can keep repeating to you without reserve. I love you, so help me God! Strangely, it is this very love which makes me so enigmatic. Please, sweetheart, tolerate my unreasonable demands on you. Don't force me to speak. . ." and suddenly he had responded to her comforting touch on his arm. He had crushed her to him with a desperation which had frightened her. His lips tasted of salt too as he showered reckless kisses on her. She could not respond as there was something terrible about his display of passion. She had gently pushed him away and looked straight into his moist eyes.

The film of moisture could not curtain the aged agony in them. He looked at his watch, an incongruous gesture, but it saved him. It was very late and they were eight miles out of town. She clung to him silently throughout the ride back into Bangalore. The sound of the motorbike made impossible any attempt at conversation.

Strangely enough, he had decided to go for the party just to surprise her. She had not been there. He had scanned the assembled guests for her but she definitely had not come. He had left for Madras the day after their mutual outburst and ever since he had been in a state of acute depression. Questions knocked around in his head, but answers evaded him and when he had planned to see the pleasure in her eyes on noticing his presence she had not turned up! Just as he had tried to sidle out of the place and get to a 'phone he had been roped into a group of people he knew. By the time he had been able to disengage himself from the party it was too late to call up Shaneela. He felt unreasonably angry with everyone, in-

cluding her. There wasn't even a message from her at his office.

Three days later she had called him up. "Dalip I have so much to tell you. Can we meet this evening?"

"Sorry, being the end of the month I'll be working late." Why couldn't he help being uptight? He could have easily suggested meeting the next day.

"Will tomorrow suit you?" she had asked.

"Okay, where and at what time?" He had felt an absolute cad for being so brusque, but he justified his tone by telling himself that he always kept conversations over the bank phone short.

"At the public library at 6.30. Is that convenient?" she had asked so sweetly.

"Fine, I'll be there. See you." He disconnected the line first, more out of remorse than rudeness.

She had felt like a discarded rag as she heard the line go dead. She had rung up after a break of 12 days and he had behaved in the most unreasonable manner. At moments like these she felt that she was putting more into the relationship than he was. She had nearly given into a de-



flant impulse to call back and tell him that she wouldn't be able to make it the next day. But she wasn't made that way. She had made excuses for him and quelled her surging fears.

Seeing her in a leaf green chiffon saree framed in the brick-red entrance of the library his first impulse was to bound across the grass and compliment her. He was stunned afresh by her delicate face looking creamier than ever in contrast to her inky black hair, which she had left loose after a long time. Suddenly his better impulse had been submer-

ged by the memory of the party and Shaneela had encountered an uneasy Dalip. His usual effervescence had buried itself beyond her reach.

"It's been a long time hasn't it? How was your Madras trip?" she enquired.

"Why weren't you at the party?" he blurted out.

"You went to it?" she had been really surprised.

"Sure. I went there with the express purpose of surprising you and came back feeling a fool when I didn't find you there. Why the silence?"

"Oh Dalip, that's what I wanted to tell you. Arun had an accident in Mangalore and we got the news that very night and we flew there. He was in a very critical condition for nine days and Mama nearly collapsed, she was pretty critical herself, what with her B.P. shooting up every other hour and my father asking her to calm down and all that. It was hell. I got back late the day before yesterday and called you. . ."

"Shanu, will you ever forgive this imbecile?"

He had looked so contrite she burst out laughing.

"How is he now? Is he still in pain?"

"He will be shifted here in a couple of days. Meanwhile I do not intend forgiving you till you take me to our favourite spot and apologise," she had teased.

"With pleasure ma'am, and did I, by any chance, mention how ravishing you look here and now?"

He was his old self again as he kicked the starter with some force.

They reached their "exclusive discovery," as he called it just as the setting sun painted the temple ruins and verdant foliage around with its mellow glow. They sat on one of the steps, secure in each other's arms savouring their reunion.

"Dalip, let's get married," she had whispered. Simultaneously she had felt a sense of shock at her own temerity. A tenseness stole into the atmosphere. Dalip let his lips linger on her soft hair while he gently released her. The silence was stifling. Seconds turned into hours and after an eternity he had held her face in his hands and looked into her suspense laden eyes and said, "Yes, let us get married. Then you will encounter the realities of life. Your candy floss existence will scream with the shock of grating on jagged rocks. The world will come into focus. Then we will step out of our world of illusion and we will suddenly notice there are other people in the world besides ourselves. Our

mothers will hate us both for what we ask of them. My sisters will 'bless' me for ruining their chances of marriage and your father will in turn bless you for forcing a pauper on him for a son-in-law. . ."

"Stop it!" she had sliced into his intense monologue. "Are you telling me these things to frighten me, or do you really believe that your life depends so much on these aspects? What is all this nonsense about paupers and unmarried sisters? Why can't they find their own husbands? I know my parents will be upset by this decision of mine, but it won't be the end of the world for them. They will accept you quite happily once the initial shock is over, and what is all this about money? I don't see why it should matter who has the money as long as it's there between us to be used and shared, after all isn't marriage supposed to be a sharing process and. . ."

"Not everything," he had interrupted. "I can only have you without your money and the tragedy is I cannot make up for the loss. My mother has gone through hell to bring up six of us, and what kind of a son do I prove by doing this to her? If it was just a matter of you, I and my mother, I could have taken her to a quiet corner and somehow convinced her. But Shanu, I have five others to consider and I cannot afford to support them and keep you in style."

Shaneela tried to interrupt him and protest but he had continued covering her mouth with his fingers.

"You know that Dinesh has just got a good job, but it will be a while before he can help out and Ajit being a cripple doesn't lighten our picture. How can I consciously enmesh you in this complicated situation? The irony is that when I shall be financially in a position to keep you away from all this, it will be too late. . ."

"Dalip, darling, you are creating problems which don't exist! You are presuming on my inability to adjust, your sisters' ruination, and your mother's shock. Give me a chance with them, Dalip. Don't take Papa's money if you don't want to, it doesn't matter, but give me a chance to show you how well I can adjust."

"Why the hell should you adjust? Why ruin your chances of happiness chasing an impossible dream? Love is never strong in the face of adversities, my love," he had replied very softly.

"Listen to my chivalrous hero talk!" she had mocked. "Why does your view on life somersault when it comes to me? Where is your sense of humour? Your optimism?"

"All my self-propelled armour. My defence against turning bitter. Believe me Shanu, I never really thought about my quagmire of obligations till I met you. Marriage was something I had relinquished willingly till I had seen my sisters well settled. But, I've been weak. Weak as hell, since you entered my life. I've known all along that there was no miracle to look forward to and yet I hoped for it."

"Please don't say 'hoped' Dalip, say hope. Things will sort themselves out. Please let me talk to your mother. A year ago I wouldn't have had the guts to make such a move, but you've infused me with so much strength that I can face almost anything. I'll do anything to keep your mother happy. I'll find husbands for your sisters, men who won't be narrow minded enough to mind. . ."

"You love me so much, Shanu?" Dalip had asked in worshipping wonder. "But what sort of a guy would I be to let you do all those things? Ours is a very clan-conscious community and personally I would marry you this moment just to break the bondage of bigotry, but this marriage happens to involve too many lives besides mine, not counting the number on your side."

He couldn't look at her any more and his lips had unconsciously twisted themselves displaying bitter mockery.

"Does this mean you are asking me to break this up?" she had tried to keep the rising hysteria within check, but it had been evident in her high pitched voice.

"I wish to God I had that kind of courage. Which human being wants to deliberately cut off his fount of ecstasy?"

"This isn't the time for poetry, Dalip. Is this the end? Yes or no?" and flint had crept into her voice.

"I suppose this is it, my love, though I wish it hadn't come so soon. Coward that I am, I wanted it to go on and on..."

"Well then, I'm not made of steel. If there is anything I want with intensity it is you, but your attitude frightens me. You are so reluctant to give me a chance to prove myself that I'm left with this dreadful feeling that you have no confidence in me or our love. If I couldn't instill any faith in you in two years, then I suppose I couldn't convince you in ten."

Her limbs felt dead and her voice had begun to falter.

"My dear, dear Shanu, I am all for a trial marriage if it could be conducted in isolation. Unfortunately, there are a couple

of families involved, and you have no idea what you would be getting into. Utopia apart, I have seen too many soured relationships to believe in all-withstanding love."

"I wish you had thought of that before leading me into unattainable fantasia," she had retorted bitterly.

He seemed not to have heard her as he said with excruciating sincerity, "I had the conceit to believe that I will love you against any odds, but I had never dared to expect the same from you because loving me and living with me automatically includes my family. I love them too, Shanu."

It had been a simple declaration, but had told her all that she had wanted to know. Suddenly she had faltered. How could she be sure of her lonely strength against the six fold bondage which he had voluntarily surrendered to? Would she have fought further and...

"Shaneela, would you like to go up now?" Dalip's sister snipped her thought process. The music pervaded her consciousness again. She smiled at the radiant girl holding her arm gently. This was Damayanti who was happily married and expecting her second child. Her heart contracted with fathomless pain, understanding and love once again. She involuntarily scanned the crowd to spot the faces of his brothers and other sisters. All didn't fall into focus, but she saw three faces radiating the joy of the occasion. Their adored brother was marrying a girl they all heartily approved of. Dalip's sisters and brothers had taken great care to make Shaneela feel at home. She had been minutely briefed on every aspect of the ceremony. She had pushed the thought of marriage from her mind six years ago and had carved a career for herself in Calcutta. The wedding invitation had shocked her, but it had not stopped her from taking the first available flight to honour a long lapsed relationship.

She strangled the rising tears as she stood over the bowed head of the pink-veiled bride — Dalip's acceptance of the inevitable. She took a fistful of rice from the brass plate as the others had done and concentrated on the grains falling gently on the bride's head. She wanted it to last forever, but she knew with every falling grain of rice she was getting closer and closer to that moment of confrontation where she would ask, silently, no doubt, "What happened to that 'conceited' love which didn't think mine strong enough?"

RURAL WOMEN DENIED EDUCATION

S. K. Pande

There is still a long way to go before it can be said that the campaigns to eradicate illiteracy among women in the rural areas have succeeded

Are the women of India equal beneficiaries of our education system with the men?

Those who study in the urban areas, especially in the bigger cities and towns, would seem to think so; as perhaps would some of our planners, ensconced as they are in their cushy urban cocoons.

The real picture, however, is pretty grim, as a recent study by the eminent demographer and social scientist, Dr. Ashok Mitra, reveals.

In 83 out of 352 districts in the country, there is less than five per cent literacy among women.

Analysing the 1971 census, the latest so far, Dr. Mitra says, "As many as 40 million rural females out of a total of 214 million, lived in districts where the rural female literacy rate was five per cent or less; 43 million lived in districts where this rate was between 5.01 and 7.50 and another 34 million in districts having rural female literacy rates between 7.51 and ten per cent."

NEGLECT

Dr. Mitra's study reveals several other startling factors about the neglect of female literacy, specially in the rural areas.

It is clear that areas of low female literacy constitute large, continuous blocks of territory sometimes cutting across the boundaries of states, particularly where the lowest levels of literacy (up to ten per cent) are concerned.

On the other hand, a literacy rate of over 25 per cent is confined to Kerala, West Godavari district in Andhra Pradesh; Kanya Kumari and Tirunelveli in Tamil Nadu; Ratnagiri and Jalgaon in Maharashtra; Kangra in Himachal Pradesh; Hoshiarpur, Jullundur and Ludhiana in Punjab; Sibsagar in Assam and Mokochong in Nagaland. Taking the country as a whole only 34 districts claim a rate of rural female literacy over 25 per cent.

Uttar Pradesh shows a sadly vulnerable position. Out of a total of 54 districts, as many as 45 had an under ten per cent female literacy rate. This puts it at the bottom as far as female literacy goes. There are ten States and Union Territories which are below the national average of rural female literacy of about 13

per cent. They comprise more than 53 per cent of our rural female population and include almost all the States in north-west and Central India. The ten are Orissa, Andhra Pradesh, Haryana, Dadra and Nagar Haveli, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, Jammu and Kashmir, Rajasthan and Arunachal Pradesh.

LOPSIDED DEVELOPMENT

Female literacy figures clearly go to show how literacy efforts have been concentrated in the urban areas to the comparative neglect of rural areas. This is also clear from the census figures. The rate of literacy among 50 million urban women was 42 per cent, while that among 214 million rural women was less than 13 per cent.

In 1971, while the percentage of literate men was almost 40 per cent, as far as women were concerned, it was a mere 18 per cent.

As the Committee for the Status of Women has aptly put it: "The challenge of the widening illiteracy gap will have to be borne in mind in determining priorities in educational development in the coming years. The claims of the formal educational system which can cater to the needs of only a minority, and mainly the younger generation, will have to be balanced against the educational needs of this group of adult women who constitute the workers and the mothers of society."

POPULATION

What emerges from these studies is the grim reminder that the march of literacy has failed to keep pace with the growth of population.

Also to be noted is the underlying hypothesis strongly advocated by demographers like Dr. Ashok Mitra, and almost universally borne out by history. A literate mother would like her child also to be literate, a mother with some standard of education would like to see her child achieve an appreciably higher standard than her own. This aspiration increases the cost of bringing up a child as well as the satisfaction of the parents which will constitute a deterrent to unwanted children.

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PERSONAL CHOICE:

MYSORE DELIGHTS

Vegetarian cooking and meal planning is a difficult task, but not with

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Nothing gives her more pleasure and pride than a compliment on her cooking from her husband and seven loving children.

Her varied interests extend to both Carnatic and North Indian classical music.

Fond of nature, she also creates beautiful flower arrangement pieces.



CUCUMBER — MOONG DAL KOSAMBRI

- 1 cup moong dal
- A small bunch of coriander leaves
- 4 green chillis
- 1 tsp. oil
- Juice of 1 lime
- Salt to taste
- 2 red chillis
- 1 cucumber
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, grated
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. ginger, chopped
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds

Wash and soak the dal for about two hours. Grate the cucumber, chop the green chillis, coriander leaves and add chopped ginger and coconut. Mix all these together with the drained dal. Add salt and lime juice.

Heat the oil, add mustard seeds and red chillis. When they begin to splutter pour it over the cucumber and dal mixture.

BHENDEKAI GOJJU

- $\frac{1}{2}$ kg bhendi
- 2 tbsps. oil
- 1 lemon size ball of tamarind
- 200 grams jaggery
- 2 red chillis
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. mustard seeds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, grated
- Salt to taste

ROAST AND GRIND:

- 1 tsp. channa dal
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 4 or 5 red chillis
- Turmeric powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. asafoetida

Cut the bhendi to about half inch pieces. Soak the tamarind in warm water. Heat oil in a heavy bottomed vessel. Put in mustard seeds and red chillis. Add the bhendi pieces and mix well. Add salt and turmeric and fry for about 15 minutes. Squeeze out the tamarind pulp and add to the cooked bhendi. Mix the coconut with roasted

powder and grind with a little water. Mix this mixture with bhendi and jaggery. Cook on low heat till mixture thickens. Garnish with curry leaves and coriander leaves.

KOULAMB

- $\frac{1}{2}$ kg peas, shelled
- 1 cup tur dal
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- 1 tsp. raw rice
- 6 red chillis
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup grated, coconut
- 1 tbsp. mustard seeds
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. turmeric

Seasoning

Cook the peas and dal in a pressure cooker. Grind the rest of the ingredients with a little water. Add the seasoning to the dal and peas mixture with salt and bring to boil. Serve hot.

VANGI BHAT WITH LAPSI

- 2 cups lapsi (coarsely ground wheat) (pressure cook with salt)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ kg green brinjals (slice to 2" pieces)
- 1 onion, sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tamarind extract
- 4 red chillis
- 50 grams cashewnuts
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. jaggery

ROAST AND POWDER COARSELY:

- 2 tbsps. black gram dal
- $\frac{1}{2}$ " cinnamon stick
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, grated
- 4 tbsps. gram dal (channa)
- 4 tbsps. coriander seeds
- 7 red chillis

Pinch of asafoetida and turmeric

Heat oil in a wide vessel. Add onion and mustard seeds and

split cashew nuts. Add the sliced onions and brinjal with salt. Lower the heat and cook for 15 minutes stirring constantly. Add tamarind juice and half the ground masala and mix well. After the vegetables are fairly cooked, mix the lapsi with the vegetables. Mix well and add the rest of the masala. Cook for five minutes. Decorate with chopped coriander leaves and curry leaves. Serve hot.

MANGO OGRE

- 2 cups rice (pressure cooked)
- 1 coconut, grated
- 2 tsps. mustard seeds
- 8 red chillis
- Salt to taste
- 1 cup oil
- 1 tsp. Bengal gram (channa dal)
- 50 grams groundnuts
- 2 medium size raw mangoes
- 1 tbsp. turmeric powder

Curry leaves and coconut scrapings for garnish.

Remove the skin and seed from the mango and grate it. Grind it with coconut, one teaspoon mustard seeds, six red chillis, and turmeric powder. Mix this paste with the cooked rice and salt to taste. Heat oil in a vessel and add the remaining seeds. When it begins to splutter, add two red chillis, groundnuts, and channa dal. Stir for two minutes and add the rice mixture. Mix well. Garnish with curry leaves and a little coconut scrapings.

SAMBAR

- 1 kg ash gourd (cut into 2" cubes)
- 1 cup tur dal
- 1 cup tamarind paste
- 1 cup chowli
- Salt to taste

ROAST AND GRIND :

- 2 tsps. coriander seeds
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. fenugreek seeds
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 2 tsps. black pepper
- 4 red chillis
- 1 cup coconut, grated

Cook ash gourd, chowli, with salt in a pressure cooker. Add ground masala and tamarind paste. Boil for a few minutes. Temper with one tablespoon mustard seeds and two red chillis.

KHEER

- 2 cups Bengal gram, roasted
- 2 cups powdered jaggery
- 15-29 cashewnuts
- 1 tsp. cardamom powder
- 1 litre milk
- 1 cup roasted rice
- 2-3 tsps. ghee
- 1 cup coconut, grated
- A few strands saffron

Heat water in a vessel. Add rice and dal with a spoonful of ghee. When cooked add jaggery, coconut and cardamom. Dissolve the saffron in a spoonful of warm milk and add to the dal-rice mixture. Add the rest of the milk and cook on low heat. Heat the rest of the ghee and fry the cashewnuts. Add it to the kheer and serve hot.

TAMBOOLI (raita)

- 100 thymol (ajwain) leaves, finely chopped

- 1 coconut, grated
- 2 tsps. black pepper
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1 cup thick curd
- 2 tsps. cummin seeds
- 2 tsps. oil
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder

Heat oil in a vessel and add cummin, pepper and chopped thymol leaves. Let it cook till all the water from the leaves dry up. Add salt and grated coconut.

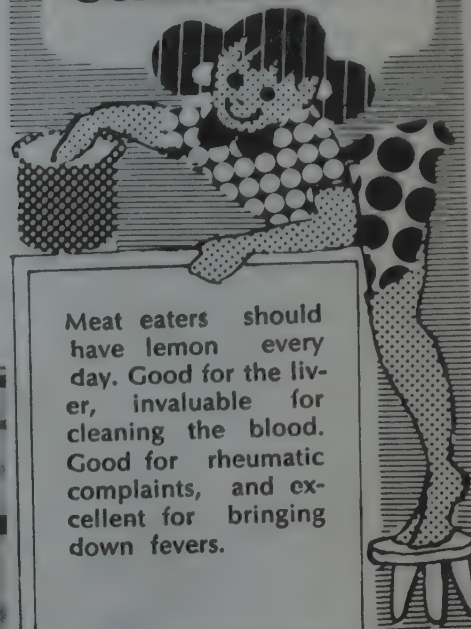


BAKED PAN PEAS AND MUSHROOMS

- 1 pack Pan Peas (soaked in water).
- 8 slices fresh bread cut in cubes.
- 1 medium sized tin Champignons (Button mushrooms) sliced.
- 1 cup melted butter. 1/2 teaspoon pepper.
- 4 tbsp. chopped onions. 1/2 teaspoon salt.
- 1 tin cream of chicken soup. 2 cups milk.
- 1 cup toasted almonds, sliced.

Toss the bread cubes in the melted butter and evenly line the pre-greased baking dish with half the mixture. Cover with mushrooms and sprinkle half the salt and pepper on. Cover mushrooms with boiled Pan Peas and finish with layer of onions and remaining salt and pepper. Blend milk and soup and pour over peas. Coat with the remaining bread crumbs and almonds. Bake for 1/2 an hour in a (pre-heated) moderate oven.

cuckoo lal



Meat eaters should have lemon every day. Good for the liver, invaluable for cleaning the blood. Good for rheumatic complaints, and excellent for bringing down fevers.

Grind with little water as possible. Remove onto a serving dish. Add beaten curds. Temper with one teaspoon mustard seeds and two red chillis.

DADHIYODHANA

- 3 cups left over cooked rice
- Curds (made from 1 litre milk)
- 1 tbsp. ginger, chopped
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- Salt to taste
- 5-6 green chillis
- 6-7 salted dried chillis
- A few curry leaves and coriander leaves
- 2 tsps. oil

Mix the rice and curds with salt and keep aside. Heat about two teaspoons of oil. Add the salted chillis. Wait till it turns black and then add mustard, ginger and pour it over the rice and curds mixture. Chop green chillis and curry leaves. Mix thoroughly and refrigerate before serving.

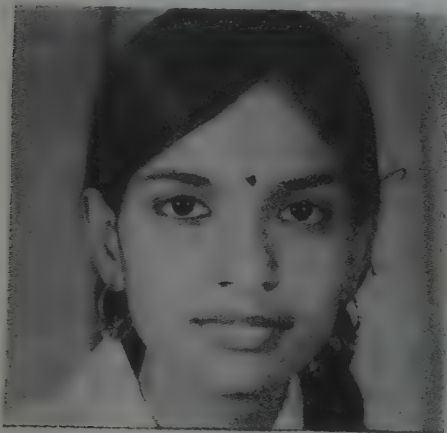
ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder, and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI (Aug.)

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A 230 mm non-stick Taper Fry Pan (Aug); a 185 mm non-stick Fry Pan (Sept); and a 185 mm non-stick Saucepan (Oct.) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A SUPER-COOK Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/s. GLOBE SUPER PARTS and, 4) A book "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI (Aug.).

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers



Miss Geetha Kalyanaraman,
Thana Dist.

JACK FRUIT PAN POLI

- 1/2 kg jack fruit peeled (ripe)
- 1/2 kg rice
- 250 grams jaggery
- 1/2 coconut, grated
- 2 cardamoms, powdered
- 1 plantain leaf

Soak the rice in water for half an hour. Drain the water. Grind the rice along with peeled jack fruit, grated coconut and jaggery. Do not add water. When this becomes a thick paste, remove. Add cardamom powder. Cut the plantain leaf into somewhat big square pieces. Make small balls out of the ground paste. Keep on the plantain leaf. Spread a little and fold it. Now prepare 10/15 pieces like this and keep aside. Steam for about 10 minutes. Remove and serve hot.



Mrs. Prem Sarin, Jullunder.

VEGETARIAN CUTLETS

- 100 grams potatoes, boiled
- 100 grams cauliflower, grated
- 100 grams green peas, shelled
- 100 grams carrots
- 1" piece ginger, grated
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 bunch green coriander
- 1 small pod garlic
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 100 grams semolina
- 1/2 litre milk
- Bread crumbs
- 1 tbsp. thymol (ajwain)
- 1/2 tbsp. red chilli powder

- 1/2 tbsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 tbsp. mango powder
- Ghee for frying
- Salt to taste
- 100 grams cheese, grated

Chop onion finely and fry with few cummin seeds in little ghee. Add the shelled peas to this and fry till tender. Then add chopped carrots and grated cauliflower to this mixture. Fry till light brown, remove from fire and let the vegetable mixture cool. Add to this, the mashed potatoes, finely chopped coriander, grated ginger, garam masala, salt, red chilli powder, and mango powder.

Heat milk and bring to a boil. With one hand stir milk and with other add semolina to avoid formation of lumps. Let the batter become thick and then add to it two tablespoons of butter or ghee. Remove from fire and let it cool down. Add all the vegetable mixture and blend nicely. Take a greased tray and pour half of the cool batter, till a thin even layer is formed. Sprinkle the top with grated cheese. Over this spread the remaining batter to form an even layer. Put in fridge to cool. After two hours, when batter hardens, remove from greased tray and cut cutlets in any shape desired either round, square, heart shaped or rectangular. Now add the ground garlic to flour. Add little water and make a thin batter. In this add one tablespoon thymol. Take the cutlets and roll in bread crumbs, then dip on both sides in batter and deep fry. Serve hot with green mint chutney.

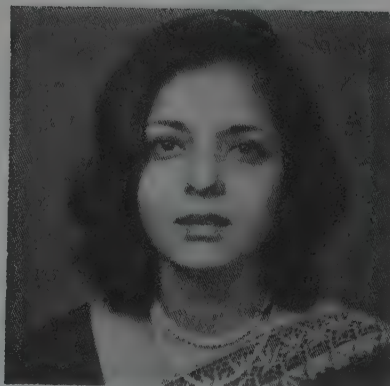


Mrs. S. Ram Kumar, Thane Dist.

APPALAM SAMOSAS

- 10 papads
- 1/2 kg potatoes
- 1/2 kg peas
- 2 large onions
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seeds
- 4 green chillis
- 6 cloves garlic
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1/2 tsp. mango powder (amchur)
- Oil for frying

Wash and peel the potatoes and peas and then boil them till soft. Dice the potatoes. Slice the onions very fine and also the garlic and coriander leaves. Put in a dekhchi two tablespoons of oil, add mustard seeds and finely chopped onions, chillis and garlic. When the onions turn slightly brown add turmeric powder, chilli powder and salt to taste. Add the potatoes and peas and mix it well. Lastly add the lemon juice, mango powder and coriander leaves. Allow it to cool. Take the papads and put a little of the filling in the centre and wet the edges with a little milk to seal them. Then fold it like samosas and press them lightly so that they do not open and fry them deep. Serve hot with chutney or tomato ketchup.



Mrs. Nina Mehta, of Bombay wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Welkfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

PATRA NO CHATAKO

- 600 grams corn (or 1 pkt, frozen corn)
- 12 small colocacia leaves
- 200 grams tomatoes
- 200 grams curd
- 200 grams gram flour
- 1/2 bunch coriander leaves
- 3 tbsps. oil
- A few green chillis
- A small piece of ginger
- 1/2 coconut, grated
- 1 tbsp. garam masala
- 1/2 tsp. sesame seeds (oil)
- (optional)
- 2 sour limes
- 1 tsp. ginger/garlic paste
- 1 small ball of tamarind
- 150 gram jaggery
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- 1/2 tsp. thymol (ajwain)
- Seasoning

- A pinch of soda-bi-carb
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seeds
- 2 cloves,
- Neem leaves

FOR BAGHAR :

- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 2 cloves
- 3 red whole chillis
- 1/2 tsp. sesame (oil)

Wipe and clean the leaves thoroughly after removing the stems. Now prepare the gram flour batter. Add salt, turmeric, thymol, soda bi-carb, tamarind and jaggery paste. Mix well and spread this batter on the wrong side of the colocacia leaf. Take another leaf and place in the opposite direction and once again spread the batter. Continue this process till you have spread the batter on four leaves. Now roll up the leaves and keep it aside. Similarly use up all the leaves, roll up and steam them. When ready slice and keep them aside.

Now chop tomatoes finely. Boil corn till tender. Heat oil and add mustard seeds, cummin seeds, cloves and neem leaves. Add tomatoes, ginger paste, chopped green chillis, chopped ginger, garam masala, corn and salt to taste. When the gravy is formed remove from fire. Add sliced patra and chopped coriander leaves and grated coconut.

Beat up the curds with little salt. Now spread the corn and patra mixture in a dish. Heat a little oil and put cloves, cinnamon sticks, red chillis, mustard seeds and cummin. Spread the beaten curd over the chatako and put the baghar on the curds.

Garnish with sliced tomatoes, lime juice and sliced green chillis.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

In response to requests, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

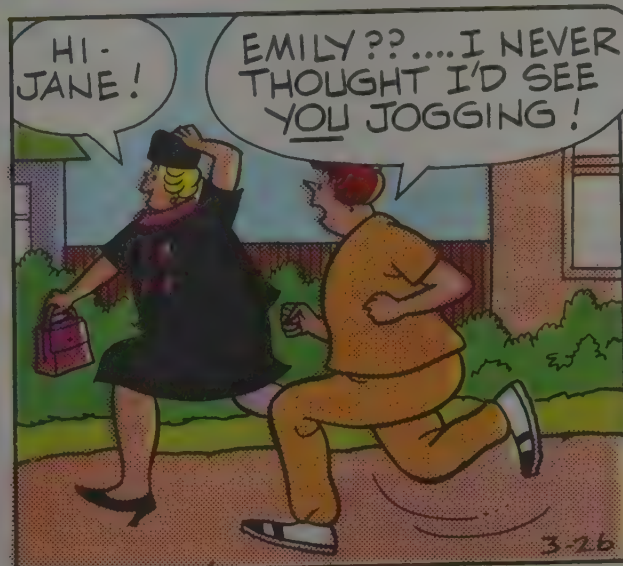
The author of each selected entry will be requested in advance for a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Originality is a basic criterion in our contest. Recipes that are picked up from cookery books and other published material will be DISQUALIFIED.

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

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



A boy entered a chemist's shop and asked for a box of pills.

"Certainly," said the chemist, and then wishing to be helpful asked, "Antibilious?"

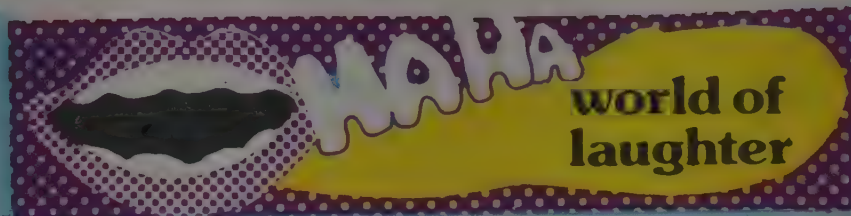
"No," replied the boy, "they're for uncle."

Have you heard the story of the grocer who backed on to the bacon slicer when it was in action? Now his customers are getting a little behind with their orders.

A provincial hardware firm made a special display of household labour-saving devices. In their window was exhibited a large notice stating: "Don't kill your wife with hard work. Let us do it for you."

A woman and her son were passengers on a bus and when the conductor asked for their fares, she asked for a half-ticket for the boy. "But he's too old for a half-ticket," the conductor said. "He must be about sixteen, he certainly looks it."

"Well, replied the woman, "can I help it if he worries?"



An old lady was visiting a prison. "And now, my good man," she said to one old lag, "are you allowed to smoke?"

"Oh yes, mum," he replied, "when we're lucky."

"What kind of tobacco do you get?" she went on.

"Three Nuns," he replied. "None yesterday, none today and none tomorrow."



A man arrived at the Pearly Gates and on being asked his name replied, "Charlie Graball."

"I don't think we have any notice of your coming," he was informed. "What was your occupation in earthly life?"

"Scrap metal merchant," the visitor replied.

"Oh," said the angel, "I will go and enquire."

When he returned Charlie Graball had disappeared. So had the Pearly Gates.

Two councillors were leaving the council chamber and as they came out into the road and turned a corner, one said to the other, "Wait just a moment, there's my wife and my mistress talking to one another at the top of the road."

Said the other, "You've taken the very words out of my own mouth."

Ann: "I suppose he grabbed you in his arms when the boat upset?"

Fran: "No. The boat upset when he grabbed me in his arms."

A Frenchman, having spent a considerable time in the U.S., was asked what he felt was the most striking difference between the Americans and the French.

"The real difference is perhaps in the fall of the year. The American is sad that the days are getting shorter, while the Frenchman is happy that the nights are growing longer."

Rich Suitor: "I suppose you know I've been making advances to your daughter."

Impecunious Father: "Yes. let me shake your hand. Now how about her poor old father?"

"Francis was afraid the girls wouldn't recognise her engagement ring."

"Did they?"

"Did they? Six of them recognised it."

Compiled by George Fegradoc

Like shiny hair and smooth skin, bright eyes indicate good health. They also reflect the state of your mind. The basic requirement for beautiful eyes is nutritious and wholesome diet. An adequate intake of vitamin A, B and C is very essential for eyes. These are found in butter, carrot, celery, parsley, spinach and yellow fruits and vegetables. Raw vegetables too do a lot of good to eyes.

One is prone to get eye trouble if the stomach is upset. A glass of hot water to which juice of a lemon has been added, taken first thing in the morning, is the best way to keep the stomach free from any disorder.

Sleep is vital for bright, shining eyes. Lack of it can make

Don't neglect your eyes—they are precious possessions.

Follow these tips and see how your eyes sparkle

eyes red and swollen. At least eight hours of sleep is necessary. Insomnia is one of the root causes of black circles around the eyes.

Watching TV for long hours or reading in bad light too, can cause eye strain. Also avoid reading continuously in bus/train. Do not stare too long at an object without blinking in between. Blinking provides lubrication and relief from bright light. If your eyes become tired easily and you get frequent headaches in spite of adequate sleep, consult your optician. You might have weak eyesight in which case you need glasses.

Smoking too has a bad effect on eyes. The nicotine can stain the whites of the eyes turning them into a yellowish colour. Refresh your eyes daily with eye drops. Two-three drops of rose water are very refreshing for the eyes.

Thin slices of cucumber kept over closed eyelids for a few

minutes is cooling and refreshing. Or add a pinch of common salt in a cup of ice cold water, soak two cotton wool pads in this, squeeze out the water and keep these on your lids.

Grated potato, tied in muslin and applied over the eyes, also helps to remove puffiness of

to darken the blood. You need both starch and proteins, but balance these with more anti-acid foods than you have been getting. Eat more fruits, especially citrus fruits, and leafy and yellow vegetables. Meanwhile, the dark circles can be disguised with a pale, light-textured foundation in liquid or cake form applied very lightly with a moistened make-up sponge.

The skin under the eyes is very delicate and sometime tiny lines may appear on dry skins. Although these lines cannot be removed except by surgery, it is possible to delay the line forming process by keeping the skin soft and supple. Never drag the skin when re-

care. A little almond or olive oil applied to the lashes will help their growth.

These eye exercises will make your eyes glow.

1. Without moving your head, lift your eyes to the ceiling, then to the floor. Repeat ten times.

2. Rotate your eyes clockwise — ten times. Rest. Now rotate anticlockwise ten times. Rest.

3. Cup your hands over your eyes and stare into the darkness for a few minutes.

Your eyebrows need extra attention. Too bushy or too highly arched eyebrows will spoil your looks. Always get your eyebrows shaped by a professional for the first time. Later on you can look after them by tweezing out the straggly hair only. Tweezing should be done at least twice a week to keep them neat.

It is an art to put on eye make-up. Make sure that your foundation covers the eyelids completely, then powder over with loose powder to give a matte surface. Always use a powder eye-shadow. Creamy shadow will tend to form creases on an uneven surface. The lighter the eye make-up the better.

If you use eye-shadows, select three shades — one for the lids, one for the crease of the eye, one for the brow bone. An eyebrow pencil, tweezers to pluck out straggly hair, mascara, an eyeliner and brush are required for eye make-up.

Apply shadow on the lid first using light strokes, then on the crease and finally on the brow. Now apply mascara very carefully in upward strokes on the top lashes and downward strokes on the lower ones. Apply two coats for extra thickness. Shape the brows with the pencil following the natural line in very light, feathery strokes, never draw a hard line. Then brush brows gently to soften the pencil mark. Use an eyeliner. Your eye make-up brushes should be kept scrupulously clean.

A little extra care will make your eyes sparkle. So start the routine now and keep it up.

FOCUS ON EYES

Abha Oberoi



eyes.

Take early morning walks. Fresh air does wonders for the eyes.

When you see dark circles around your eyes, it means your blood stream, instead of being bright red and full of oxygen and nutrients, is dark red with too much carbon dioxide and waste products. Some foods when digested liberate more carbon dioxide gas and acid products than other foods do, and tend to darken the blood. They are cereals, bread, pastries, — in fact all foods rich in starch. As proteins break down into acids during digestion they also tend

moving eye make-up. Always remove with a good eye make-up removing cream. Don't let astringent lotions, face packs come into contact with this area as all of these contain drying ingredients which could cause wrinkling and ageing of the skin. Eye creams are very light textured. Pat it in very sparingly with the pad of your forefinger, with a very delicate and light touch.

Eyelashes tend to become sparse if they are not well cared for. One of the causes is removing mascara roughly. Always remove with utmost



SHIROMANI DEVI :

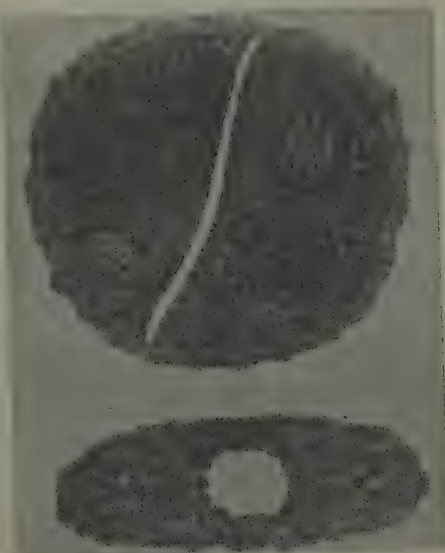
The Mandana Artist

Instead of allowing an early tragedy to overwhelm her, she used her talent for a Rajasthani folk art to find a place for it in art galleries and public buildings

Shiromani Devi is one of the very few dedicated practising artists in the country who are striving to keep alive the glorious tradition of Rajasthani folk art. A salient feature of her work is the combination of traditional with the contemporary art form.

Mandana is a Rajasthani word for Alpana or rangoli. It is customary in certain communities to decorate walls and floors of houses with attractive designs during festivals. Apart from their aesthetic beauty, they have a religious significance too. They are done with so much sincerity, devotion and fine workmanship that sometimes they look far better than some of the work we find in art galleries.

Shiromani Devi is one such artist. She learnt the intricacies



"The River" — an example of Shiromani Devi's intricate workmanship.

of this Rajasthani folk art right from her childhood partly by direct observation and partly from elders. Later she devoted herself exclusively to this art and achieved a high degree of mastery over it.

Born in 1941 at Neemuch (M.P.) she married Shri Hari Krishan Singh, but tragedy struck shortly after. He died at an early age. Her brother-in-law, Shri Vimal Kumar, who has been elected twice as an eminent artist of the country by the Lalit Kala Academy, recognised her creative talent and flair for the traditional art form. Under his able guidance and encouragement, Shiromani Devi started reproducing her work on plywood, paper and canvas. After gaining confidence in these media, she

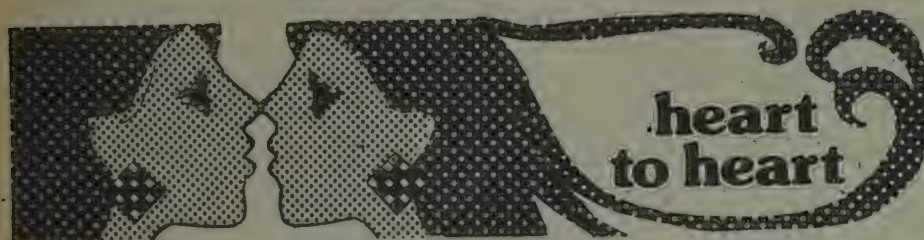
started participating in national and state art exhibitions.

One of her creations done in Mandana with cotton, matchsticks, and red earth, fetched her a prize at the Gandhi Centenary Exhibition. She also did her work on hessian for the M.P. Government stall as well as for the Gandhi Centenary Exhibition.

Her original compositions in the Mandana style without any influence of the West attracted art connoisseurs and have inspired others. She won a prize of Rs. 1,000 at the M.P. State annual art exhibition in 1976 for her composition, "Sun", done in her usual style. Two of her other works on canvas were selected for display at the National Art Exhibition, New Delhi, in the same year. Her work has been commended by one and all for its maturity, artistic appeal and skill. To draw in the Mandana pattern is laborious, time consuming and complicated. It requires patience and good workmanship.

Thus Shiromani Devi's life is the saga of a brave woman who, in spite of the cruel tragedy in her life, entered the competitive art world and with her talent, resolve and dedication she has carved an important niche in the world of art for herself and the folk art of Mandana.

R. Swaminath



CONSULT YOUR DOCTOR

I am 21 years of age. There is a boy who says he is in love with me and wants to marry me. But unfortunately of late I have not been keeping good health and I hate visiting a doctor. In spite of my telling him about it several times, he insists on marrying me. I don't want to wreck his life, as a sick wife is a burden to the husband. I am confused. Should I marry him or not?

If you can be cured completely, surely you can go ahead with the marriage — either with the boy who loves you or with anyone else you desire. If the nature of your illness is such that you are advised not to marry, then you can take him to your doctor who will explain everything. If he is still willing to sacrifice and bent on marrying you, then it is for both of you to make a decision.

But this neglect of yourself for no reason at all is unwarranted.

CONFIDE YOUR
PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO
DR. MABEL FONSECA
C/O EVE'S WEEKLY.
DR. FONSECA
IS A LEADING MARRIAGE
COUNSELLOR AND WILL
ANSWER YOUR QUERIES
EVERY FORTNIGHT

GO AHEAD, AND MARRY

HE SHOULD BE FIRM

I am a Catholic girl deeply in love with a Hindu Bengali boy for the past six years. My problem is that his parents disapprove of me because of my dark complexion and my religion. At the same time they are very fond of me.

They have already chosen a girl from their community for him. She has started writing to him after seeing him,

but he is not at all interested in her. Her parents are pestering him to get married fast, but he puts it off saying he is in love with some other girl and will marry only her — and that's me.

We intend getting married secretly. Please advise.

If both of you are deeply in love with each other and have finally made up your mind to marry, then you can have a registered marriage. It would be better if you take courage and let the parents know about your decision. If both of you are very

firm no one can force you into any other marriage. This approach would be better than a secret marriage. Your parents may resent it for a while, but will come round in course of time.

If you both still feel that a quiet marriage is necessary, then you can have a registered marriage quietly and announce it later. In any event, see that you have made arrangements to stay on your own and are financially well off to begin life well.

HANDLE THIS TACTFULLY

I am a young girl of 21. I visited my elder sister recently and was shocked to know that she is having an affair with her driver. She is 29 and has two children. I caught them red-handed once, but they do not know about it.

Should I suggest to my brother-in-law to remove the driver?
What reason should I give him? If he comes to know about this affair, he may divorce her.
Can you suggest a solution?

If you are very friendly with your sister and enjoy her confidence, it would be best if you can talk to her and get her to stop this affair. If she is not happy with her sex life with her husband, she will have to communicate with him — they could see a marriage counsellor if need be.

She herself can ask the driver to leave the job, telling him that she is getting too involved and that it will ruin her life and family in the long run.

If she is not willing to do this, then perhaps you can confide in your mother or any understanding elder person in the family, who will use his/her discretion and handle the matter with tact.

The last twelve years have seen a new phenomenon raise its head in the educational scene of Vidarbha, especially Nagpur. In almost every colony and alley, in private homes and rented buildings one sees schools — from KG to Class X — called "convents."

The children in these schools come mainly from the middle class. They are in uniform, tied and booted, but their general aspect falls far short of the overall smartness and polish of the convent students. It is more than obvious that these schools are not the usual Roman Catholic institutions like the St. Joseph's Convent, Convent of Jesus and Mary, or the Sacred Heart. Why then are they called "convents"?

The concept of the convent is purely Roman Catholic. Convents were first established by St. Francis de Sales. They were exclusively houses of prayer in which nuns lived, dedicated to a life of poverty, celibacy and obedience. Convents ministered to the sick by running hospitals. In 1650, Sister Angela, Principal of the hundred-year-old St. Joseph's Convent, Nagpur, says, her order was established by Father Peter Medaille. He first started the work of education. Young educated women and widows were trained as nuns for 5-6 years and then allowed to choose their area of work in education.

The new mushrooming "convents" do not fit in this concept. A visit to any one of them reveals that these "convents" are nothing but ordinary English medium schools.

Mrs. Jyoti Joseph, Principal of Indira Convent, describes her school in this way: "My school is just an English medium school like any other. Because of its medium of instruction it is termed a 'convent.' Here there are no religious connotations as in the traditional concept of the convent."

The name of her school too is amusing. While convents are all distinctly Roman Catholic in their naming, the new "convents" cover the whole gamut from Roman and Greek Mythology to personal names and ideas. So there are Jupiter Convent, Ideal Convent National Convent, Vivekanand Convent, Jack and Jill Convent, Chacha Nehru Convent, Manjusha Convent.

The christening of Mrs. Joseph's Convent has an interesting origin. It was established in 1972 when Mrs. Gandhi was at the peak of her career after the Bangladesh War. But the Congress had split in 1969; hence the school was named just "Indira Convent" and not "Indira Gandhi Convent." Chaitanya International's Red Rose Convent is so named because one of its trustees is a devotee of Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

EXPLOITING THE CONVENT CRAZE

Shobha Mane-Phanshikar

As a convent education is thought to guarantee a good job, "convents" are proliferating

But whatever the name, the new "convents" are flourishing. The large number of applications and consequent refusals of admission are a constant source of encouragement for people to start more "convents." Mr. Benjamin Joseph, a trustee of Indira Convent, explains this phenomenon. "As of old, there is glamour in taking English as the medium of instruction. For then one can stand in competition with one's neighbours."

But there is more to it. In wanting to provide "the best" for their children, middle-class parents often prefer Christian missionary schools. There is a historical basis for this choice. Mis-

sion schools have been known for their quality education (though or late their quality may have dropped). Out of them came the officer cadre; hence their reputation for general smartness, finish and neatness.

Now since Mission schools are associated with certain virtues and the word "convent" necessarily carries the connotations of those virtues, gullible and unthinking parents are led to believe that any school named a "convent" provides the quality education given by mission schools. It is a malady of our times that parents often do not know what they truly want for their children and in the process of

executing their parental duties are willing to settle for the pseudo virtues of life.

Chandrashekhar Gadgil, founder and secretary of the Hindu Dynanpeeth (Convent), puts the matter in plainer words. "The mushrooming convents are purely commercially based and their use of the word 'convent' is mainly a business gimmick. My school is the only one which can claim any proximity to the idea of a Christian convent."

The movement of "the secular convent" claims Gadgil, began with him in 1965 when as a countercheck to missionary schools he established India's first "Hindu Convent" at Akola. His thrust was threefold: the propagation of Hindu culture, modernisation (vs westernisation) and militarisation. Sanskrit is a compulsory subject, modernisation finds its expression in a school uniform and Military Science is for students of Class IV on. The staff of the school is like that of any other. "Unfortunately," rues Gadgil, "I cannot get wholly devoted people like the nuns; hence in quality I am still far behind the convents."

Two years later, one S. N. K. Patil of Nagpur started what he termed as "Indian Convent" a non-missionary, English medium school unaided from abroad. He called it Chacha Nehru Convent. Since then the idea of "convents" has caught on and "convents" have sprouted all over the city.

Several important factors emerge from a look at the new "convents." One is parental responsibility and duty. Generally, Indian parents are apathetic to where and how their child studies. They need to take the education of their children seriously for, entrusting their children to any institution called "convent" is entrusting them to the care of people who are out to exploit.

Two, the general public needs to remember that though Mission schools were once ranked as the best, today only some can be considered exemplars. They too have degenerated and convents no longer are the preserve of nuns. Their teaching staff often has raw, untrained hands.

Three, perhaps the department of education should stipulate rules regarding names of educational institutions. While the concept of a convent should not remain the monopoly of any one set of people, one must not allow the good to be exploited. This is ethically wrong. If "secular convents" cannot thrive on their own merits as just schools or as "muthas" (the Indian equivalent of a convent) they should not be allowed to misuse names and deceive the public.





My husband and I are on the streets today, with no money of our own. He doesn't keep too well and I have sold almost all my ornaments to pay for the medical expenses. We have found a shelter of sorts in a charitable institution, after being buffeted from relative to relative. No one wanted to keep us with them. I suppose the responsibility of looking after an old couple, one of them ill, is a horrifying proposition.

It was not always like this. There was a time when we had a car and bungalow of our own. We had three servants to do the chores. Yes, and we had children. What fond dreams we had that they would grow up and be assets to us in our old age! That was what we had been to our parents, whom we had fondly supported in the winter of their lives till they died. We had not reckoned with the changed trend now affecting youth, the carefree attitude, the shrugging away of responsibility.

We had been married three years when Kala was born. She was a beautiful child and I was so happy to lavish my care and attention on her, dress her in costly clothes and show her off to our host of friends. But Raj, my husband, was not content. He wanted a son. He said a son not only carried on the family name but also looked after you in your old age. A daughter only got married and went away. He was very happy when we were blessed with not one but two healthy sons in the years that followed. They were good boys, obedient and well-mannered. They excelled both in studies and gymnastics filling our hearts with happiness.

We were well off in those days and could afford to educate them in the best of schools. Raj's father had left him two cloth shops and they were a good source of income. My parents too had been well-to-do and they had given me ever so many saris and ornaments besides the entire household furniture that we never felt the lack of anything, except perhaps leisure. Business was brisk and work kept Raj fully occupied. We could rarely take holidays away from the routine and consequently I was left alone most of the time.

In the early days, the children kept me busy. They were dependent on me. I had to supervise their eating and dressing because I never entrusted everything to ayahs. But now I wonder if I did right. One would imagine a rapport would build up between mother and children which would grow stronger with the years. But nothing of the sort happened with us. As they grew older, they seemed to resent my interference in their lives.

They wanted to be left alone to pursue their careers the way they wanted. Suddenly I found I had no control over them at all. Where had I erred? I often asked Raj. Why were my children like this? He had no answer because he couldn't understand my personal involvement with them. He on his part had so cut himself away from the children with his long hours at work that he found nothing wrong in their independent spirit.

When Kala was eighteen, I tried to arrange a marriage between her and the son

of a childhood friend, who was well settled in life in a tea company. They were good people and came from a respectable family. Raj approved too. We arranged for the family to come over and see the girl and give their approval. When we informed Kala, she was livid with rage.

"Why didn't you tell me mother?" she demanded, "before fixing up all this? Do you think I am a cow to be paraded in this fashion?"

I was struck dumb by her attitude. It never occurred to me that she would be angry like this. After all, we were her parents and had her welfare at heart all the time.

I explained to her in the best way I could, and even showed her a photograph of the boy who was exceedingly good looking. But she just flung it away from her angrily. "Leave me alone," she cried. "I will marry

whom I please and when I please."

When the party arrived, I had to make foolish explanations to cover Kala's absence. I don't think they were taken in by the excuses I made. They left after an hour and relations between my friend and me were never the same thereafter. It was an insult of the worst kind to be suffered by the parents of an eligible boy.

Life was resumed, but there was an element of strain in the house. It was there in the way we sat at the dining table, in the forced conversation, in the sullen silences. The atmosphere was tainted with hostility and distrust and this got transmuted to the boys, too, Arun and Tarun. Having a precedent before them it was easy for them to follow their will in the matter of careers, which in our day we had left completely to the elders.

When Tarun finished college, Raj was

BETRAYED BY OUR SONS



anxious for him to take up the reins of the family business. The work was taking its toll of Raj's health and he was falling ill now and then. We had taken it so much for granted that Tarun would go into the business that it came as a shock to both of us when he said he wanted to proceed abroad for further studies.

Raj had to sell one of the shops to get the money needed for Tarun's higher education. All the money we had was tied up in our stock and there was no free cash with us. When he came back after selling the shop, I broke down and cried as if somebody had died. The shop was the only tangible link between Raj and his ancestors. His father had passed it on proudly to us, just before he breathed his last.

Raj didn't appear to be as upset as I was. Or maybe he didn't show it. When Tarun left, I told Raj I wouldn't come to the airport to see him off, but at the last minute I couldn't control the maternal instinct to which all womankind is heir. I got into the car with the rest of them. At the airport, there was a teeming crowd of friends and well-wishers and I could not hug him to myself as I wanted because it would embarrass him sorely. Tarun had always been offended by such sentimental display of emotion. So I waited at the side lines with the tears flowing down my cheeks. He saw me, came over and whispered, "Don't cry Mom. I'm not going away forever." I clutched at his hand but he disentangled himself, afraid of melodrama.

Tarun was the first bombshell in our lives. Kala proved to be the second a year later when she brought a long haired, untidy looking creature into our hall and announced her intention to marry him. I was benumbed, but Raj made polite conversation, offered the young man tea and asked him what he did for a living. He said he was a photographer, attached to some newspaper whose name we had never heard of in our lives. I made a scene. I ranted and raved, called the man names and said he was not fit to polish shoes. I think this more than anything else clinched the matter. The next thing we

had on our hands was an elopement. I was terribly upset and developed tremors which doctors warned were signs of an impending nervous breakdown. I was given tranquillizers to set me right and ordered complete rest. But it was not rest I needed so much as reassurance that my children still loved me.

Arun finished his graduation that year. This time we were wise. Raj didn't mention anything about the cloth business. Instead, he asked him what he intended to do. He wanted to go abroad too. In fact, he had been writing regularly to Tarun and had it all planned out. We were not surprised. In fact life had become such a series of disappointments for us that I was prepared for anything.

When Raj said he would sell the second shop too, I protested. "Let Arun go abroad on his own if he can, and make his own way," I insisted. "His brother can help him."

But Raj said, "I will do for him exactly what I did for Tarun. They are both our sons. We cannot differentiate between them."

"But what will we live upon?" I lamented.

"I have a little money saved up," he reassured me. "We will get by. Besides, Tarun will be back in a couple of years. He will get a good job with his foreign education and then we don't have to worry."

It was a mistake.

The very next year after Arun went away, we got a letter from him saying Tarun was going steady with an American girl and was thinking of marrying her. There was no way of dissuading him. If we couldn't control Kala when she was with us, what hope was there of swaying Tarun who was thousands of miles away in Illinois?

Raj said to me that day as he had a quiet smoke in the bedroom, "Be prepared for the worst Vimal. I don't think Tarun will ever return to India."

"I knew it when he went away," I cried. "We should never have let him go."

"He would have gone in any case," Raj said with conviction. "If not abroad then maybe somewhere much worse. . . like Kala has done."

We never discussed her much these days. With her husband's frequent bouts of unemployment, much of the romance had gone out of their marriage. In fact, she had come back to us on several occasions, subdued and chastened, sorely in need of money. We helped her as best as we could, but it was not enough. Our reserves of cash were much depleted. Tarun sent us dollar drafts occasionally. With his marriage even that would probably stop.

One day Raj came home and said, "Vimal, I feel sick." He had been having a terrible rasping cough for days. I had attributed it to his smoking, but the doctor to whom we went recommended an X-ray. The tests revealed traces of TB. When we got home, we sat sunk in thought. I was wondering where the money would come from for the expenses. He would have to undergo prolonged and expensive treatment, maybe go into a sanatorium, too. He probably had the same thoughts in his mind because he said, "Vimal, we may have to sell the house."

"Where will we go?" I asked dismayed.

"You can stay with your cousin," he replied, "while I go into a sanatorium."

It didn't work out. The atmosphere in the house where I stayed was charged with resentment. I could sense it the moment I entered. But I said nothing, wary of spoiling Raj's peace of mind. I travelled with him to the sanatorium in the bracing environment of the hillside. But I felt down in the dumps.

"Can't I stay with you?" I asked with tears in my eyes.

It was the first time in all these years that we were being wrenched asunder.

"It will be unhealthy for you," he cajoled. "When I am all right, we can get together again."

I went back to my cousin's house. I could not pay any money for my upkeep. What we had we were desperately conserving for Raj's treatment. Besides, Kala was taking a sizable part of our reserves for the up-

*We had been well off,
but we spent all we had on
our two sons, sure
that they would be our wealth
in our old age, but
now we are on the streets and
they are abroad, married
and happy*

keep of her family. The good-for-nothing she had married had deserted her and she was left to fend for herself and her three young children. Looking after them was a full time job for her, so she could not think of any other employment. I tried desperately for a job myself but was unsuccessful.

Kala said, "Stay with me mother. If you look after the kids, maybe I can go out and get some work." I stayed with her, not letting Raj know our many problems. I paid for his treatment, never letting out that we were in anyway short of money. Kala got a job as housekeeper in a big hotel. She had to keep odd hours because the work involved shifts. One night she didn't get home on time. I worried incessantly and rang up the hotel, but they told me she had left hours ago.

I never saw her alive again. The auto-rickshaw in which she was travelling was involved in a head-on collision with a bus which killed her. Even this I kept from Raj. I went to the hospital and identified her stiff form. Standing nearby was a familiar figure. I glanced up and recognised her ne'er-do-well husband.

"You!" I said.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I was chasing her on my scooter and she made the man drive faster to evade me. I was eager to make amends, but she didn't want to see me again."

"She won't now," I said coldly and turned away.

"Please mother," he said. "Please don't turn away from me. I loved her as much as you did."

I looked at him, touched because he had called me "mother". Kala had told me during the months we had shared, that he was an orphan.

"Let me look after the children," he said. "I have a job now." I let him take them because I knew I could not possibly manage them on my own.

I went back to my cousin, lamenting the grievous loss. I sold some of my ornaments, to be able to pay something for my upkeep. I didn't want to be a burden on anyone. A few months later we got a letter from Arun saying he had got his doctorate and was shortly marrying a Thai girl studying in the same University. The only remaining avenue of hope was thus closed forever.

The money from the sale of jewellery did not last very long. When Raj was a little better I fetched him from the sanatorium. As soon as she saw both of us, my cousin said, "I hope you are not thinking of staying with us."

"No," I replied. "We will go away."

I packed the few belongings and clothes we possessed and left in a taxi. I had no idea where we could go. I sat back against the cushions and closed my eyes. Raj looked at me. During our long train ride from the sanatorium, I had told him about Arun and shown him his letter.

"You are suffering a lot because of me," Raj said.

I touched his hand. "No," I protested with tears in my eyes. "Don't say that."

"Where are we going?"

"I don't know."

We found our way to the house of another relative who kept us for about a week, while we searched for alternative accommodation. We didn't find anything suitable for the rent we were prepared to give. From thence on it was a wandering existence, buffeted from one relative to another, none of whom were anxious to shelter a sick man and his old wife.

I did try one more time and now I am ashamed of even having asked. I wrote to both my sons, telling them our plight and asked if we could come and live with them. Both tried to dissuade us saying that medical treatment was fearfully expensive abroad and that we were better off in India. Their medical insurance did not cover parents. After that I didn't have the heart to ask them to send us money. If they wanted to they would do it on their own. They knew we needed it. I carefully destroyed their letters, not wishing to hurt Raj any further.

After many months of trying, we were at last able to secure accommodation in a charitable institution. This was only because the man who ran it had at one time been associated with Raj in the cloth business. It is not much of a place, but it is something.

CORRECTIONS

The photograph captioned "A working student busy at her job. . ." on page 10 of our issue dated July 1-7, 1978, showed, by mistake, not a working student, but a qualified, practising architect.

Also, the photo on page 15 of our issue dated July 15-22 was of Mrs. Sunanda Barlinge, one of the directors of the Mahila Bank, and not of Mrs. Sunanda Sonarikar.

The inconvenience caused is regretted.

Papu presents the winner!

Baby-of-the-month contest

April 1978



Congratulations Roopa,
(51, Lulla Nagar, Poona 411 001)
and your proud parents
Mr. & Mrs. Chowdhary

Your prize of Rs. 250/- and a presentation pack of babycare products will soon reach you by post.

Look at him. He's like every Papu baby—so beautiful, so healthy, so happy!

Papu

Keeps your baby happy

Elegant Feeder • Deluxe Feeder • Mini Feeder • Mixer • Nipples • Baby Soother • Spillproof Tumbler

Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

"I find Anacin of great help", says Nurse Angela Fernandes.



Nurse Angela Fernandes finds Anacin strong enough to give quick relief from the aches and pains of colds and flu.

What causes colds and flu?

Air-borne viruses from infected persons spread colds and flu. Normally, the body resists these viruses. But over-exertion or under-nourishment weakens the body and lowers resistance to infection.

What are the symptoms?

Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

Can it lead to complications?

Neglected cases may lead to pneumonia and infection of the upper respiratory tract.

How does Anacin help?

Anacin relieves the misery of colds and flu. Anacin is strong—it contains more of the pain-reliever doctors most recommend all over the world. Anacin is trusted by millions. It is a combination of medicines like a doctor's trusted prescription. So the first signs of cold or flu take Anacin four times a day.

What else should you do?

- Drink plenty of fluids, boiled water, orange or lemon juice
- Eat nourishing foods
- Rest adequately
- Gargle with antiseptic or salt water
- Keep rooms properly ventilated



Strong and trusted
MANNERS
ANACIN

India's most popular pain-reliever
From the Anacin Division of Geoffrey Manners

A 16-4/77 *Regd. TM

Do not let the Lice disturb your peace

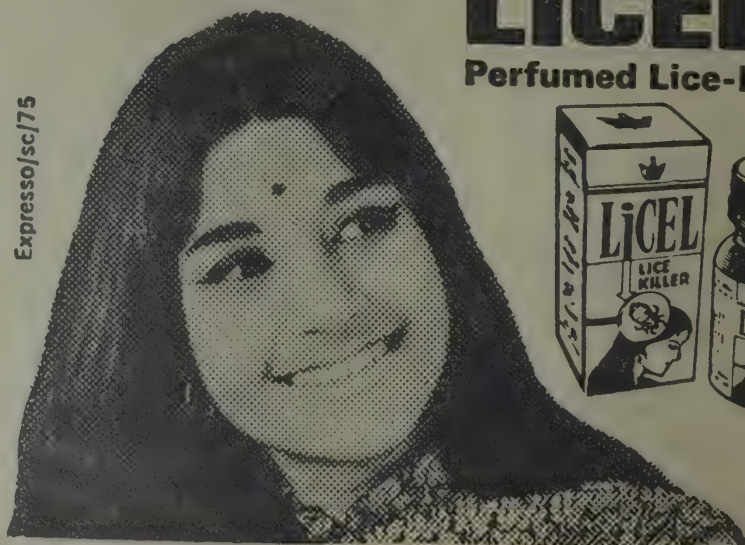


Lice are common hazard for children and women. They are bad but poisonous powders are worse!

Cleanliness alone cannot protect you against lice. Your children may carry them home from schools. Women too, get them easily. Remember, poisonous powders harm your hair, scalp and tender skin. Use of modern anti-lice perfumed oil 'LICEL', once a month is your best guarantee of protection from lice and nits. It removes dandruff too!

LICEL
Perfumed Lice-Killer

Expresso/sc/75



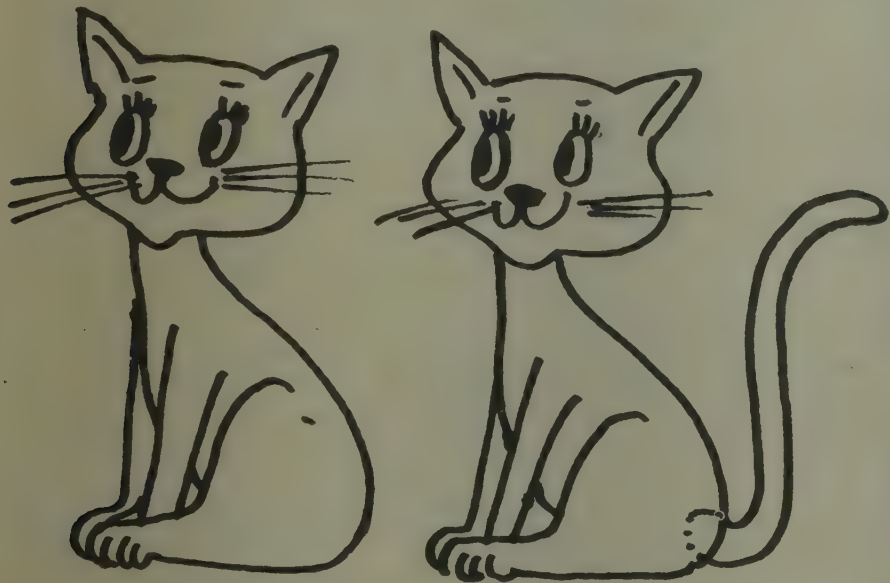
SUJANIL CHEMO INDUSTRIES, POONA-33

children's page

Kamal Aurora

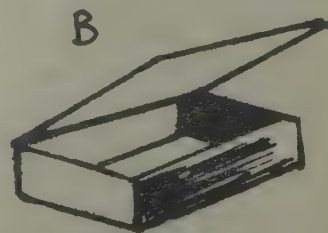
DRAW A TAIL

Here is a pussycat. Colour her any way you like. Now draw her tail where you think it should be. Check the answer to see if you have drawn her tail in the correct place and in the right way.

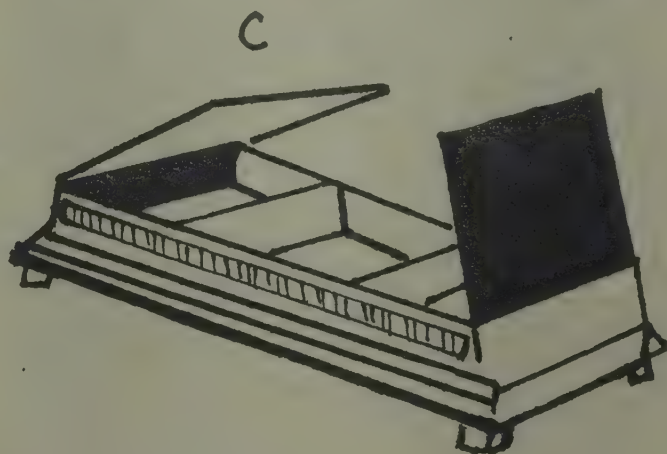


A TRINKET CASE

Take three match boxes. (A) Cut away the flat side which carried the name of the match box in the first box. (B) Of the two remaining match boxes, cut only on three sides and leave one side like a flap. Stick the three match boxes together and re-enforce the two flaps so that they do not tear when you move them up and down.



Make a two-tier base either out of cardboard or thin wood. Stick the bottoms of three match boxes to this base. Use four square cardboard or wood pieces to make the feet. Colour the trinket case as you like. If thin wood is used, try stronger sticking material.



FOLK TALES

The King was very angry. He ordered a meeting of his Council of Ministers. Very worried by this unexpected meeting, the Ministers gathered at the King's Court.

"Someone has stolen the royal jewels," announced the King. "If no one can find the thief and bring him and the jewels to me, I will punish each one of you," said the King, who was in a very bad temper indeed.

For a moment no one spoke. This was a very serious matter. Finally a Minister asked, "We will certainly search for the thief, Your Majesty, but we must know from where the jewels were stolen."

The King frowned. "Well, if you must know, the jewels were hidden in one of my dungeons."

"May I ask your Majesty a question?" asked a white-haired old

man who was the oldest of the Ministers.

"What is it?" replied the King.

"In which dungeon exactly were the jewels kept?"

"The one next to this room," said the King.

FOLK TALE FROM INDIA

A STRAW IN THE BEARD



"And there is a door that leads from this room to the dungeon?" enquired the old man.

"Yes, of course," said the King.

"So that any one of your Ministers who has a key to this room could have entered the dungeon?" asked the old man.

There was a stunned silence in the room.

"No one, other than one of us, can enter this room alone," said the old man. "The servants who come to clean the room, are never alone. That leaves one of us, as the suspect."

The King fingered his beard and nodded in agreement.

"The jewels were stolen last night," informed the King, "so they cannot have gone far. All we have to do is catch the thief and we will find the jewels before they are melted."

"In what were the jewels kept?" asked the old man, while the rest of the Ministers looked uneasily at one another, wondering which was the thief.

"The jewels were kept in an embroidered bag under a bed of straw," informed the King.

"Ah, straw..." The old man

came forward and whispered something in the King's ear.

The King walked to one side with the old man and the two men spoke in hushed whispers. Finally the King smiled, and returned to his throne. He fingered his beard and asked all his Ministers to stand before him. They did so, fingering their own beards which was the fashion in those days.

"It is quite simple," said the old man. "The thief, which is one of us and has only last night robbed the King... entered a chamber of straw."

"The minister who has a straw in his beard... is the thief!"

As soon as the old man said the words, one of the Ministers immediately closed his hand round his beard.

"Here's your thief!" shouted the old man. "Only a guilty man will feel his beard for straw."

True enough, when a search was made of the Minister's house, the jewels were found under his bed.

And that is how a straw, which wasn't even in the beard, helped the wise old Minister to catch the thief.

Ageing is a process which takes place during the entire life span of an organism. Though old age in man is often associated with ailments, ageing should not be regarded as synonymous with disease. Our average age has almost doubled since Independence because of better understanding of diseases and better health services.

Old people when sick because of their age are being discarded as unwanted burdens. And there seems to be a fixed idea that sickness in old age presents insurmountable problems. These persons often accept this decision and allow themselves to slip into loneliness, confusion, and unsociability. In some cases they are so badly and cruelly ignored that they neglect their appearance and hygiene, and when left to themselves they seldom change their clothes, or shave, or comb their hair, or even bathe.

According to the famous proverb, "If you forget time, time will forget you." This outlook on life proves that time, in terms of ageing, is in no way an enemy. On the contrary, old age can be a time of great pleasure and enjoyment, and should not be looked upon as the fading phase of life. Positive planning and activities with a purpose should be undertaken by elderly folks, which will improve their physical, mental and social health.

WHAT IS OLD AGE?

There is no proper definition of old age, but if we call the age after retirement as the beginning of old age, it will not be an exaggeration. It is true that physical prowess declines with advancing age. The resistance to diseases is at a low ebb, and certain changes occur in the body system that decrease vitality to the extent that these people succumb easily to various diseases, and certain diseases are common in this age. Doctors who have specialised in the treatment of the elderly — geriatricians — can help old people, and create a renewed interest in themselves and revitalise their activities.

BASIC CHANGES

According to nature's law, childhood is the growing age, vitality is at its peak during youth, and in old age it declines. Slowly, every organ in the body starts losing its strength and the reserves start depleting. Certain glandular changes occur in the body, which change the hormonal pattern, thereby affecting the entire body. These changes affect procreation in women and virility in men. The onset of menopause in ladies and the climatrix in men are natural processes that affect all of us.

During this age, the circulatory system is also affected and the blood vessels lose their elasticity,

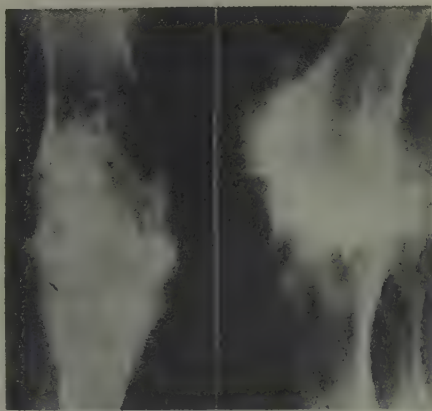


Dr. Padam Singhvi,
M.S., F.R.C.S. (Eng.),

Advisers: Dr. V. S. Palekar
Dr. R. K. Keri

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH OLD

*Old age is not
something to be
dreaded but savoured.
Wise planning can
make it a reward
for our earlier anxieties
and labours*



X-ray shows worn-out knees
causing arthritis.

resulting in poor circulation in several parts of the body. This in turn may lead to problems like high blood pressure with its accompanying complications. With these body changes, mental energy also diminishes.

COMMON DISEASES IN OLD AGE

The commonest problem of ageing pertains to improper circulation. Because of the hardening of the blood vessels and blockage, there are more heart attacks, cerebral strokes and hypertension. This is the stage when cancer develops most frequently. Other common ailments include diabetes, urinary

obstruction by enlarged prostate, anaemia, arthritis, bowel problems, etc. The mental faculties also start weakening with age and judgement diminishing.

THE PROBLEMS OF RETIREMENT

When one retires and all of a sudden finds that one has nothing planned for one's old age, it becomes a great problem for one to pass time. This is even worse in western countries where the joint family system is non-existent. These people find themselves lonely, without work, and find it very difficult to adjust themselves to these circumstances. Fortunately, in our country, because of the joint

family system, and because of respect for elders, retired people manage to retain good health and harmony and do not feel so lonely and wretched. The feeling of loneliness and a sense of uselessness prevail more among salaried people because professionals and people in villages continue to work until they are physically incapable.

Hence the need to plan retirement should start well in advance of the retirement age — when the person gets into his fifties. It must suit the needs of the individual concerned. If you do not have to worry about money, then you should acquire certain habits, hobbies and occupations which will keep you busy after retirement. If, however, earning a livelihood is necessary, then planning should include an occupation that will bring a sufficient income.

One can develop an interest in gardening if one has the facilities

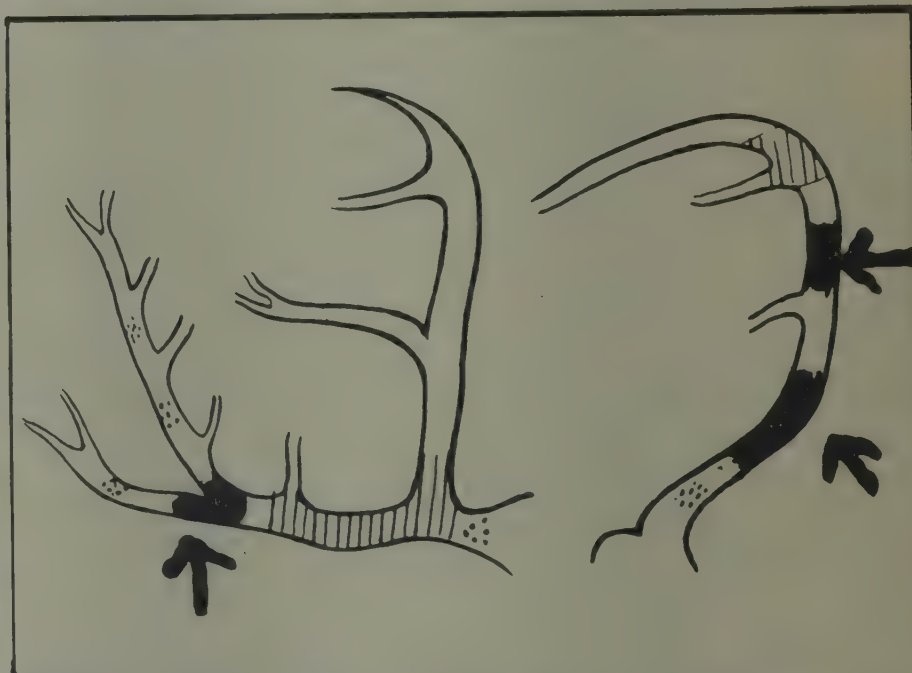
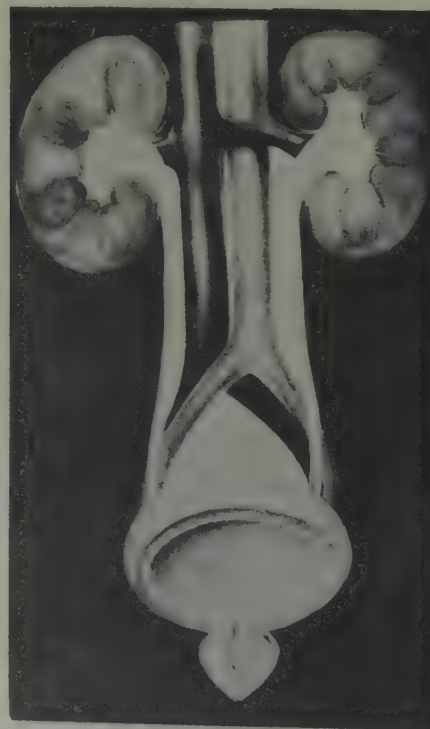


Diagram of blocks in arteries which cause heart attacks.



The prostate gland at the bottom
of the bladder enlarges in old
age causing urinary problems.

for it, or take up hobbies like painting, reading books, religious/social service, spread of education, etc. Hobbies like handicrafts, repair of small mechanical and electrical articles, will bring an income also. Or one may take up a part time job suited to one's training, experience and stamina. One must take care not to overdo anything and risk physical and mental strain, which bring in their train many dangerous ailments like high blood pressure, heart trouble, etc. Retirement should be a period of restful, relaxing activity.

ATHEROSCLEROSIS

Hardening of the arteries is a common feature in people over 60 years. When the arteries lose their elasticity, the heart has to pump the blood with extra force, which results in strain on the heart. Blood pressure in these people may rise, leading to hypertension. Because of the problems in circulation, heart at-

tacks can occur, because of block-ade in the coronary vessels. When this obstruction is in the vessels of the brain, it results in paralysis or hemiplegia.

The brain is enclosed in a tight bony cavity where everything fits so perfectly that there is no room for anything extra. Therefore, because of the rupture of the vessels of the brain, when blood collects, it causes pressure on the delicate brain cells, resulting in their damage and certain symptoms. These will depend on the area affected by either the bleeding or the blockade. Usually, nerves controlling muscle power are damaged, and when this happens, one side is paralysed.

The hemiplegia patient can usually recover a lot of muscle power and function if due care is taken, but it may last for nearly a year. Besides the physical disability, these attacks cause a lot of mental shock. Therefore, while his physical condition is

the diet of such people.

Arthritis, or joint pain, usually results from the wear and tear of the joints. As the joints are eroded in old age, one should not expect a total cure. However, if one takes one's medicines regularly, one can lead a fairly comfortable life. You can live with arthritis even if you cannot conquer it. A word of warning here about the misuse of the very potent drug cortisone. This wonder drug brings instant relief, but its prolonged use is capable of producing complications. Therefore, if you must use cortisone for joint pains do so under the guidance of a doctor.

Eyesight slowly deteriorates and cataract formation is common with ageing. Such people, along with their other physical handicaps, become more and more dependent. They should get proper corrective lenses and when the cataract is ripe, if

when the busy family members and relatives cannot find the time to sit with him and gossip. He starts thinking that because of his old age, family members, friends and relatives are ignoring him. This damages his ego and pride, and he tries to assert his authority by becoming more demanding and obstinate. This enlarges the gulf between him and the young, and mentally a communication block is created between him and the family members.

The old must realise that because of the generation gap, the patterns of thinking are different. They should try to adjust to the changing times and stop grumbling and nagging all the time. It is no use crying ourselves hoarse, "I am not looked after, I am not wanted, nobody cares for me and nobody listens to me," etc.

It only increases one's isolation and estrangement. The wise thing is to learn patience, understanding and tolerance and be a useful and therefore happy member of the family.

But it is equally the duty of the younger members not only to look after their elders well, but also to respect them and make them feel loved and wanted. It is not enough to take care of their physical needs. It is very essential to understand them and adjust to them.

SOME PRECAUTIONS

Obesity creates many problems and puts an extra strain on the heart. Therefore, by sensible dieting and regulated exercises one should try to reduce weight. A regular life is very important at this age. There should be a regular time for getting up in the morning, for eating and for going to bed. Too much of physical labour or exercise, which put an extra demand on the heart, should be avoided. One should try to work according to one's physical strength and stamina, and should avoid the temptation to show off one's youthfulness. Too many responsibilities, too much of running around and a lot of mental tension should be avoided. Diseases should be tackled in their early stage and should not be neglected. These people should also form the habit of going for a regular check up at least once a year.

Ageing can never be regarded as a disease and a period of loneliness and neglect. It is a natural process which calls for adjustment to a new tempo and a new way of life. Death is inevitable, but there is no need to die every day and every moment after retirement because of despair and despondence. Always remember: One is only as old as one feels.

FOUR PAINTERS OF DELHI

Continued from Page 21

NIRMALA KUMAR

Nirmala's petite and self-effacing appearance leads one to expect a gentle disposition. As a painter, she is the opposite — fiery and passionate, with a zeal inspired by that of her ideal, Picasso.

Nirmala's first serious attempt at painting was as recent as ten years back. She was in Bangalore, where her husband, a colonel in the Indian Army, was posted. With her three children growing up, she found herself with a lot of spare time. Out of this there emerged initially lyrical landscapes, portraits and seascapes.

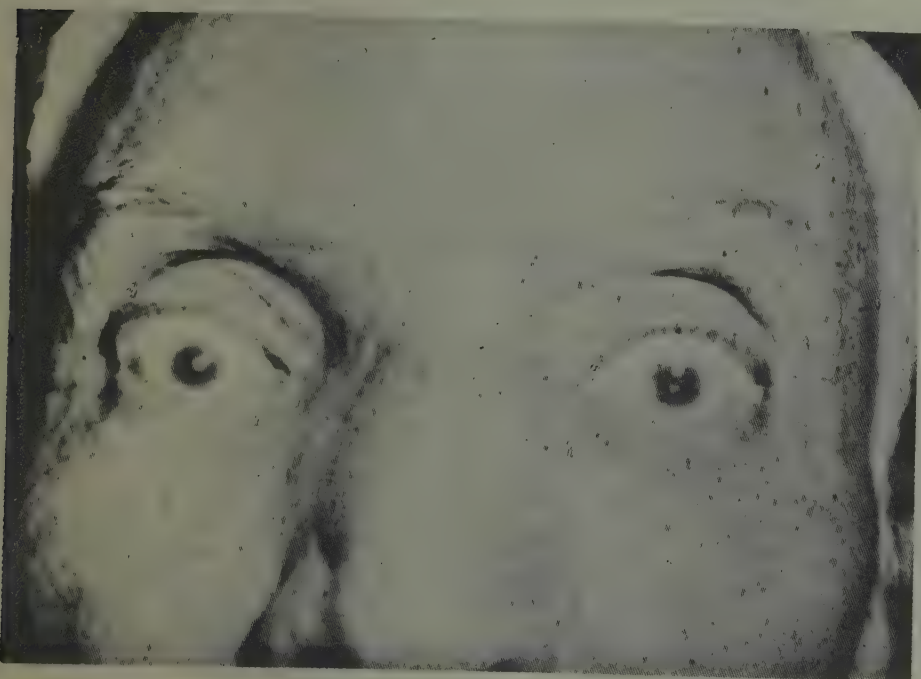
Nirmala's subsequent attempts met with success and she started participating in exhibitions. In 1971, she participated in an all India exhibition at the Vidhan Sabha in Bangalore. The Zonta International Club of Bangalore gave her an award for designing a card for the governor, which she later gifted to him. In an exhibition organised by the Director of Archaeology and Museums, she exhibited two paintings entitled 'Electronic Age' and 'Shirdi Baba'. Then in 1972 she held her first solo exhibition of 54 canvases at the Ashoka Hotel, Bangalore.

Nirmala came to Delhi in April 1976 and it is here that she has found a truly creative atmosphere. Putting aside her landscape work, she threw herself completely into painting abstracts. Nirmala defines her aim as being "to paint night and day — five paintings at a stretch." Nirmala first sketches her painting mentally (complete with the title) and only when the picture is complete, does she express it on canvas. She loves using fiery colours, and her work glows with bright yellows, golden browns, shocking pinks, reds and magentas. Her themes range from wildly imaginative to gentle and romantic.

Though Nirmala has been inspired by Picasso and the Soviet painter, Wellesley Kandinsky, she remains essentially Indian.

Nirmala says with pride that she is a professional painter. Her work can be seen in places as different as the CIL Mess, the 4th Guards' Officers' Mess, the Armed Forces Clinic, Delhi and the Alliance Francaise, Bangalore.

Nirmala took Delhi by storm with her solo show of 21 canvases at the AIFACS hall on February 28. A self-taught painter Nirmala wants to remain free of any external influences.



Cataracts form in the eye-lenses as a result of old age.

being attended to, care must be taken to help him recover mentally too. Physiotherapy and graduated exercises according to ability, will put him on the road to recovery. The aim is to keep the joints mobile and aid the muscles to recover. At the same time, proper care should be taken, and good nursing should be provided to prevent bed sores.

OTHER DISEASES

High blood pressure and diabetes along with arthritis or joint pains constitute the other major diseases that affect elderly people. Both in high blood pressure and diabetes diet control is very essential. It would be wise to reduce the quantity of salt and sugar after the age of 50. Fatty foods, fried foods, and rich diets which strain the digestive system and increase cholesterol are best avoided. Simple, easily digestible food with lots of vegetables should form the major portion of

should be operated upon.

Enlargement of the prostate causes urinary problems in people above 50 years of age, and this may need to be treated, but a few precautions always help. They should consume less fluid after sunset, because the extra fluid will produce more urine at night and the person will have to get up more frequently to urinate. Smoking, drinking and harmful drugs should be strictly avoided.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

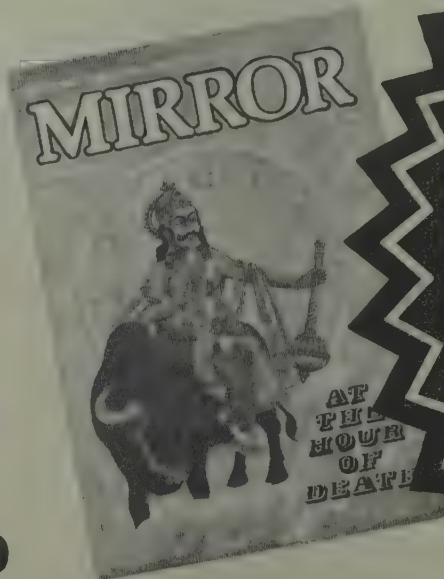
The moment a person passes his retirement age and is relieved of his work, he starts feeling old, as if he has added an extra ten years to his life all of a sudden. The very thought that he is now considered too old to work makes him feel dependent, and lapse into a feeling of depression, hopelessness and defeatism. He tries to converse with people to pass time and it hurts

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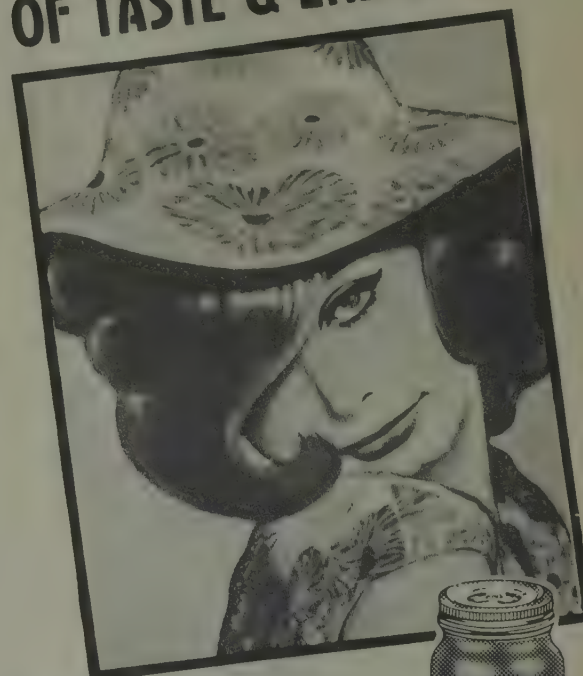
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madam im adam

I don't know, honey, if you've ever had one of those days when every single thing goes just right. Well, a coupla weeks ago, I had a little day exactly like that. I woke up in the morning feeling as fit as Menuhin's fiddle. For some unaccountable reason, I felt as if I had a sweepstake winner in my pocket and a rainbow round my shoulder. I had a needle-sharp shower and, while soaping myself, sang a lusty version of "She'll be Riding Six White Horses When She Comes."

Evidently, my mood made itself felt. Phyllis banged on the bathroom door and said, "I'm glad you're happy Confucius, but cut down on the volume — the cups and saucers are dancing."

Ten minutes later, the kids saw me. Elsa Joan said, "Well now, Pop, you look as bright as the cat that swallowed the canary." Kenneth Carl said, "Have you got a raise in the office, Pop, or has Aunt Esmeralda broken a leg?"

I felt much too good to work, so I phoned my secretary and said, "I'm not coming in today, honey. Tell the boss I'm dead. That'll make his day."

Of course, I didn't bother to read the newspaper. I wanted to keep murder and mayhem outa sight. I thumped my chest and felt my pulse. It was beating like a metronome in a music school. Whatta way to live, I thought! Then to ring in the only thing missing, I filled my fist with a glass of iced beer. I lolled in my favourite chair and raised a toast to the world. After all, God was in his heaven and all was right with the world!

When Phyllis reappeared, I said to her, "Quit cooking, angel, and let's eat out today. To hell with the rubles."

She said, "Fine, Confucius. Do you mind if we make it Chinese? It's been so long that I'm losing my skill with noodles."

"Chinese, it'll be," I said. "And make sure you and the kids bring your appetites. We'll eat till we burst and let the folks at other tables jump outa the way."

We haven't enjoyed a Chinese meal so much in years. But this I know — my insurance agent will have to whistle for his next three premiums.

When we got home, my wallet was empty but my stomach was full. And I was still feeling like a sultan watching a hundred new harem girls waltzing in through the palace gates. So I gave the servant a fiver and told him to chew his pan at an afternoon movie. He goes for the kinda flick that has the hero battle six thugs and come up smelling like a rose. Then I poured myself a pre-nap drink strong enough to fuel a bull-dozer and took my time drinking it. When I'd finished it, I went into the bedroom and flopped onto the mattress with a satisfied sigh.

When I got up at tea-time there was another nice surprise. Phyllis fed us with strawberry cake. I quirked an eyebrow at her and she said, "Carmen sent it — it seems she was presented with a Swiss recipe." Every slice of it was a slice of culinary success.

Carmen doesn't know it yet, but the next time we meet, she's gonna be kissed.

After tea, I sat at my desk and ogled a girlie-magazine. Phyllis came in and propped six envelopes against the penstand. Letters addressed to me, she never opens — I've got her damn well trained! The first five were bills which I tossed, with unerring accuracy, into the waste basket. After all, I've had years of practice.

When I read the sixth one, I thought I was dreaming. It was a letter from Lennie, a pal I hadn't seen in two years. Pinned to the letter was a cheque on a Bombay bank and the figure on it was better than Anita Ekberg's. His message said, "Years ago, pal, you saved my life with a loan. Here it is, and thanks a bunch."

Sweet Jerusalem! It was something that completely restored my faith in human nature!

G'bye now!

Adam

Devi

He adjusted the slight creases on his face, deliberately allowed his shirt to hang out for the youthful, careless look, pinned Tina Munim to his right arm and Dev Anand was ready for the flares, floodlights and fans at the muhurat of Rakesh Roshan's "Aap Ke Diwane." The pair looked the youngest and Chintu-Neetu looked the oldest. It was a refreshing change to have the muhurat in the night, over champagne, chandeliers, but the crowds and gatecrashers turned the night into day. The party was not quite starry, but enjoyable, and Pinky,

DEV-TINA: The Youngest Pair Around

Rakesh's wife, is one of those perfect hostesses, looking after everyone's minutest need, be it a glass of water, or a heady punch. In contrast, few days later, all the wives collected in S. Mukherjee's home for a party, retired to the bedroom, one by one. After the trial of "Main Tulsi Tere Aangan Ki," the Mukherjees had a cosy adda, to celebrate the re-discovery of Debu Mukherjee. I suppose. Rona's wife, Sunita, Javed's wife, Honey, and Salim's wife, Salma, yawned in one corner. Tanu, in spite of a headache, kept together with damp wafers and cold kababs, followed by colder dinner. The Mukherjee males are noisy and boisterous, they make up for the sleepy, thanda wives and thanda food. Salim told everyone his star observations, that is, everyone except me. Since most of his talk is inspired by my yesterday's talk.

Only a couple of months ago, they mentally butchered me when I insisted Rajesh is intelligent and they, together with an editor of a film magazine, insisted Rajesh was a fool. Reason, how did he lose all the talented folks around him. "Rajesh is like me, we have a tendency for self-destruction," I said.

And that night Salim very solemnly declared to an awed audience that "Rajesh Khanna is like us, Salim-Javed, who believe in self-destruction." Self destruction? They see to it that they run away from a falling ruin lest they get bruised.



people and events



At the installation of Anita Parikh as the President of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay, are seen from left, members Soonni Mehta, Shirin Petigara, Kanta Anand, Anita Parikh, Raksha Mehta, Usha Hari-bhakti, Veena Gandhi, Banoo Cama, Arti Mehta and Gool Mulla.



Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of Maharashtra's Governor, inaugurates a seminar held by the Pune Women's Council to celebrate their Founder's Day. Mrs. Mini Grant, secretary, looks on.



Dr. Nanditha Krishna, directress, C. P. Art Centre, Madras, seen with Mr. Prabhudas Patwari, Governor of Madras, who opened the Art Centre. At right is Mr. S. Narayanaswamy, chairman, the C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar Foundation.

BELOW: Mrs. Yashomathi Desai, president of the Inner Wheel Club of Hubli receives the Best Attendance Trophy from Mrs. Ansuya Venson, District Chairman 319, during the fifth Inner Wheel Assembly of District 317.



ABOVE: At a party held in Bombay to launch "Modele", a new magazine, brought out by Chic Publications, are seen from left, Mr. and Mrs. Kishen Kakkar, Mrs. S. K. Modi, Katy Mirza, Mrs. R. Johar, Mr. S. K. Modi, managing director, Chic Publications, Mrs. Raj Agarwal and Mr. Ramesh Johar, GM, the Taj Mahal Hotel, Delhi.



Seen at the inauguration of the women's consumer cooperative society, held at Coondapoor recently, are from left, Mrs. Hemavathi N. Hegde, Mrs. Rathnamala Soans and Mrs. Manorama Madhwaraj, Minister for Woman and Child Welfare, Karnataka State.

BELOW: Uma Basu, Principal of Kusumika, seen with her students at the Rathjatra floral exhibition held in Calcutta.



bombay

The media world of Bombay gathered for cocktails at the Taj Crystal Room to wish success to the latest venture of Chic Publications — **Modele**. **Modele** is a sophisticated quarterly magazine on design, which attempts to open new vistas in interior designing.

Prominent among the well-wishers were veteran journalists like Mr. R. K. Karanjia, Mr. S. Krishnamurti, Mrs. Gulshan Ewing and Mrs. Vimla Patil; the leading lights of the advertising world — Frank and Geeta Simoes and Gerson da Cunha; Katy Mirza, Protima Bedi and Poonam Dhillon from the film world, and from the world of modelling, Veena Prakash, Donna Almedia, Arti Gupta and Kiran Dholakia.

Copies of **Modele** were distributed to all the guests. Mr. S. K. Modi, managing director of Chic Publications, expressed the need for such magazines in the country.

A scintillating fashion show and beauty contest entitled "Highlight and Delight 1978" was presented by Sylla and Nargis Spencer, (the Sylmar Unit) at the Hotel President.

Participants in the fashion show were the Morarjee Mills Ltd., the Mafatlal Group of Mills, Century Rayon, Baroda Rayon Corporation, Krishna Embroidery and jewellers Tibhavadas Bhimji Zaveri.

Vice Admiral R. K. S. Ghandhi, F.O.C.-in-C. Western Naval Command and Mrs. Ghandhi were the chief guest.

The Community Service Programmes of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay, are in the fields of education, medicine and social welfare. The Club has adopted the Sutarpakhdi Village (near the airport). The Club runs a free clinic and offers primary education there. It also organises sports for the boys of the village.

calcutta

Uma Basu, Principal of Kusumika, held an exhibition of floral motifs, specially created on the occasion of Rath-jatra, the festival of Jagannath celebrated in July. This exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, portrayed Indian themes in the simple styles of Ikebana, using seasonal flowers and handicrafts as accessories. Most of the motifs were delicately symbolical.

The containers created out of scooped-out pumpkins and gourds made novel accessories as also the ordinary bamboo-weave fish baskets and slim miniature reed boats. The traditional **alpana** of ground rice-paste traced on the floor had been changed to a floral one, keeping the traditional motif intact.

madras

The C. P. Art Centre was opened in Madras by Mr. Prabhudas Patwari, Governor of Tamil Nadu. The first of its kind in Madras, it is the brain-child of Dr. Nanditha Krishna, and has been formed to publicise the various traditional, folk and contemporary visual arts of India. It will hold exhibitions of the arts and handicrafts of the different states, as also book fairs of children's books, exhibitions on art and archaeology, on batik, ceramics, photography, painting and sculpture, and slideshows and workshops on these subjects. Talented and little-known artistes will be given opportunities to exhibit their work at no cost. The Centre's first show was on the arts, crafts and fabrics of Andhra Pradesh.

chandigarh

A 24-member troupe from the Department of Cultural Affairs, Haryana, headed by Mr. S. Y. Quraishi, Director, Public Relations, Haryana and Achala Cowshish, Officer-on-Special Duty, Cultural Affairs, visited areas of Leh recently. They performed at many places and units. The highest altitude they visited was more than 17,000 feet — the first time that any troupe was able

to reach that place. The main emphasis of this programme was on Haryana's most famous "Shahi Lakhara". The jawans enjoyed the programmes thoroughly. In all, 12 shows were staged for the jawans.

The programme was sponsored by the Ministry of Defence, Government of India.

ahmedabad

The Ladies Club (Army Ahmedabad) organised a 'Mughal Nite' recently here. The variety entertainment programme included the 'Koli', 'Gidda' and 'Dandia Raas' dances and a few qawallis. About 15 children, all under 14, participated in a fashion show. Maj. Gen. Ranjit Singh Dyal was the chief guest on the occasion.

bangalore

The Karnataka branch of the Trained Nurses Association of India celebrated its Silver Jubilee, by holding a five-day conference on the theme of "Rural Health Needs" at the College of Nursing, Bangalore.

kerala

The Kerala Sangeetha Nataka Academy arranged an exhibition of paintings and sculpture at Palghat recently. They were about 150 exhibits at the exhibition. A three-horn shaped cement sculpture which made a laughing sound when touched by hand, created by N. N. Rimson, proved very attractive.

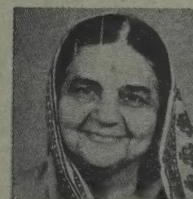
world of eve



'YASODA' YAADAV

Her having adopted a pseudonym is characteristic of 'Yasoda's' belief that an artist is revealed through her work alone. Essentially a landscape painter, 'Yasoda's' work is marked by a remarkable stylistic command, evident even in her earliest works, seen 12 years ago. An eminent critic had written about her then: "Considering that she... never had an art lesson in her life, her ability with the brush and the palette knife are alone astonishing, apart from that, most of her works... are excellently conceived images."

After her first and only exhibition in Delhi's Fine Arts Gallery in 1965, 'Yasoda' has been working dedicatedly in Sai Baba's ashram at Puttapatti, teaching the inmates' children in Telugu and attending to the sick. Had painting been just a hobby for 'Yasoda' she may have given it up in the rigours of her stoical existence at the ashram. But this experience has made her more sensitive. Her separation from her creative vocation has intensified the urge to communicate her experiences and made her painting more definite, her style clearer and purer.



VINODINI NILKANTH

At the age of 71, when most people retire from active public life, Mrs. Vinodini Nilkanth bubbles with enthusiasm. She is a social worker and a columnist of "Gujarat Samachar" and "Shree", both published from Ahmedabad. She is also the joint editor of "Ujas", the Ahmedabad All India Women's Council's magazine. Vinodini has also written 25 books.

The Gujarat Government awarded her a prize for her "Collection of short stories."

Vinodini has been helping the leprosy patients of the Kagdapith Hospital of Ahmedabad for the last 30 years.

Vinodini began her career as headmistress of a local municipal school. A product of the Gujarat College, she went to the USA for higher studies and was the first Gujarati girl to get the Levidarbour Scholarship for "Oriental Girls".

She has been to Japan and China. A freedom struggle activist, she was jailed in 1932.

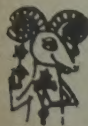
ANNOUNCEMENT QUIZ CONTEST

The popular Quiz Contest series by Hegman will continue as before every fortnight EXCEPT that, due to unavoidable circumstances, Corn Products will now be unable to offer their gifts of Rex Jelly and Brown and Polson Custard Powder packets. Eve's Weekly, however, offers a prize of Rs. 50 to the winner (the person who sends us the first all-correct entry by the deadline prescribed) each fortnight.

this week for you

For the week July 30 — August 5

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



You are a happy-go-lucky sort of person but you might find the next few weeks a strain on your good nature! For a start, you will suddenly have too much to do — and won't find companions very helpful. Get organised and make time for fun or both health and your love life will suffer.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)



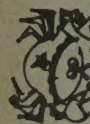
There will be plenty of delightful activities to tempt you but a lot of your time this week will be spent giving a helping hand to others. Or it could be that a new job opportunity has you in a hassle for a time as you get used to fresh conditions. Super trends in romance, so organise some play time!

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)



Get rid of the bits and bobs — and the duty-visits. The next few weeks, put the accent on romance and the fun scene and you will need plenty of free time! If single, a happy romance is on the way; you will find your social popularity rising. Extra money too and a bargain or two around in the shops.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)



If you haven't moved lately, you probably will soon. Should you be just thinking about it, get busy in a positive way now and August will throw something promising your way. The 1st and 4th are good dates for both money and social life, but watch where you leave your heart — and your purse — on the 5th!

A new moon in your sign, also strong influences from Uranus and Mars, indicate that changes cannot be avoided. Make up your mind to welcome adjustments, to seek and inquire, to go for new faces and places and get into whatever is going on, taking the lead when you can. This will be one of the best years you will ever know, one which brings unusual opportunities in several spheres of activity. By your next birthday you will have taken a step up in the world if you are clever as well as enthusiastic; you'll be in a prosperous phase — and also, if heart-free at present, be very much in love!

John Naylor

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)



A busy planetary picture this week especially affects you and heralds a new cycle in your personal life. You'll feel that things are going your way — and they are! The key to success will owe something to communication just now, so get around and be friendly. If unattached, travel could bring a romance.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



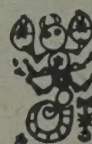
Life stays busy and lucky for you. Really, the remainder of this year looks good if you are alert to opportunities and give yourself an ego-boost from time to time. Get out of that pleasant rut! If you don't change your ideas, then your stars will do it for you! This is certain.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



Mars, that ardent and fiery planet, moves into your sign and stays with you for several weeks. This influence will bring vigour to all your activities and especially to your love life! If not already involved, a love affair will soon have you enthralled. However, don't neglect your more practical ambitions.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



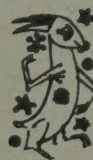
Two areas are favoured this week — your special ambitions and health matters. A splendid time to improve both your prospects and your appearance! There are bargains around in pretty things; it might be time to change your hair-do and make-up. A secret message will thrill you but may be misleading.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



This week starts a super few weeks for friendship and the lighter side of life. Things may not have been too rosy in the recent past but the picture ahead is loving and lucky! Travel stars are strong; get on the move whenever you can, especially if seeking romance — or just companionship.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



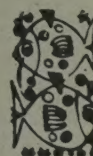
Be alert to chances to make your future brighter throughout August, but especially towards the end of this week. You may be lacking in confidence at present because of a series of difficulties which bug you, but try to pull yourself up. Look ahead to September which should be a super month.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Be cooperative and all sorts of good things can come your way! Forgive those who have been unkind or unfair to you lately and go all out to enjoy yourself in pleasant company and surroundings. Your popularity is rising; romance shows happier trends. There is luck in travel, new meetings, fresh activities.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Good news for you; Mars moves out of adverse position to your sign and other troublesome transits follow shortly! Your first priorities are to build up your vitality and to spruce up your appearance. Little problems and lack of time may have caused you to neglect these essentials.

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 29, 1978

WOMEN AND THE POLICE

- Often, tales of police atrocities are tales of atrocities on women. Why is it that the people who are supposed to be guardians of the law perpetrate violence on members of the public? Could the reason lie in the system within which they function?
- Women in the police force

are few and far between and they are often assigned to special duties, especially among women.

CAREERS IN THE GOVERNMENT

Interviews with women in various government services to elicit information about careers in the government — the possibilities, the advantages and the disadvantages.

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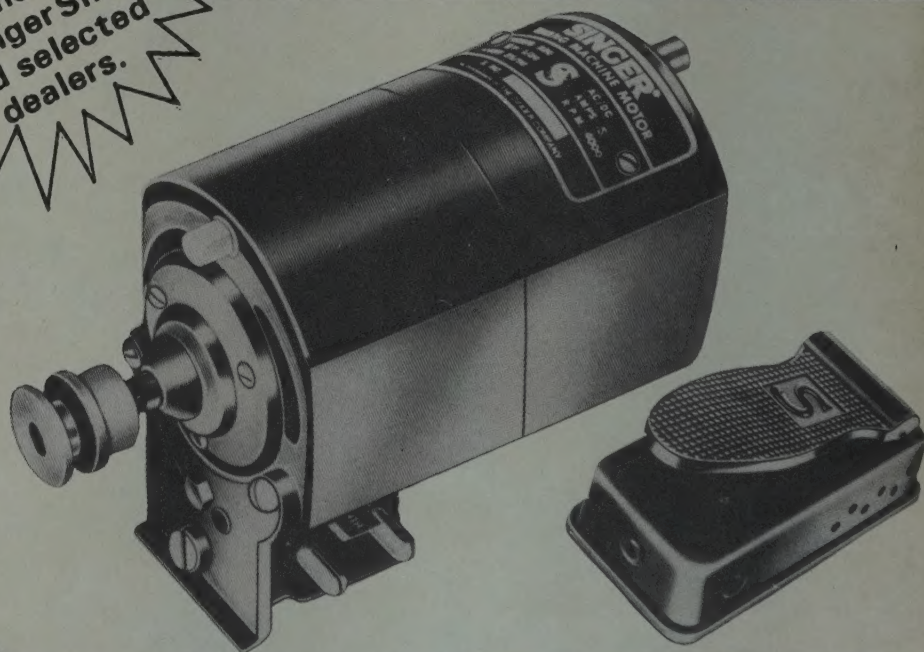
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*Best wishes
Hema Malini*



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