

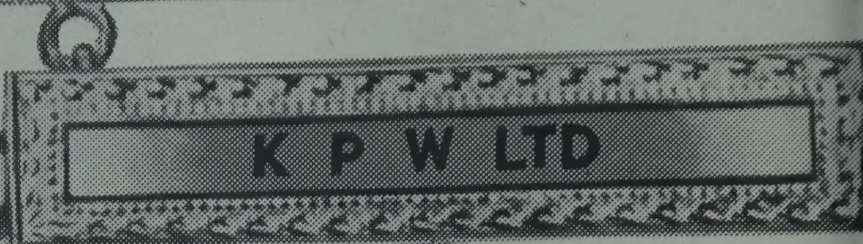
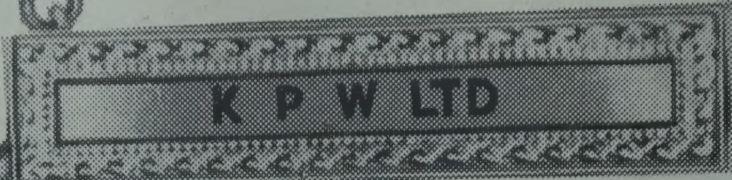
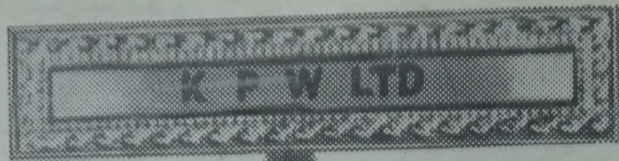
Joseph

Arden
L. J. Joseph

Eve's Weekly

**EXCLUSIVE
REVIEW
THE
BESTSELLER
"MESSAGES":
How Not
to Waste The
Money
You
Have**

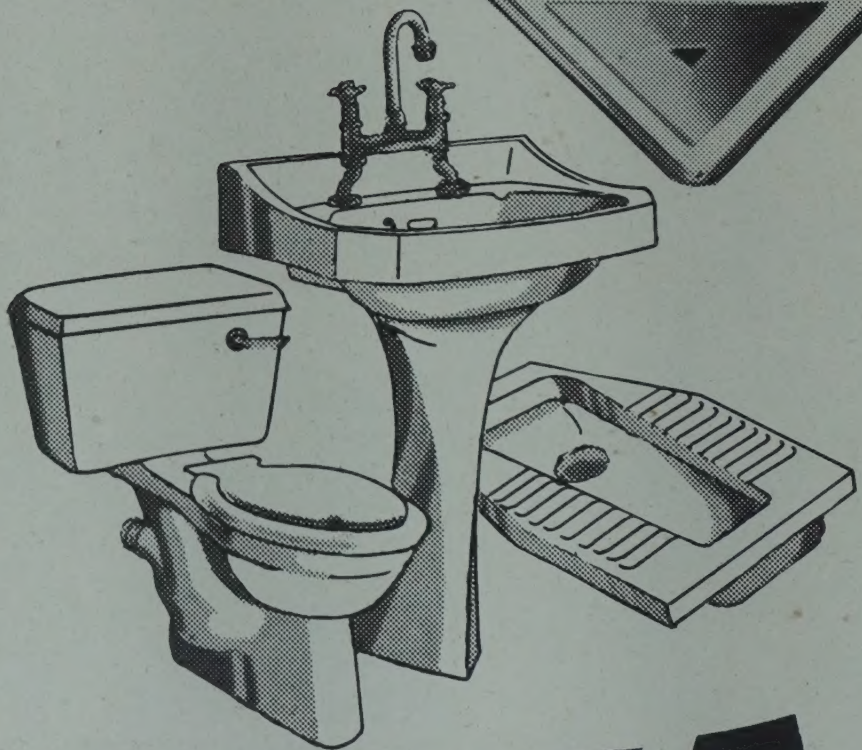




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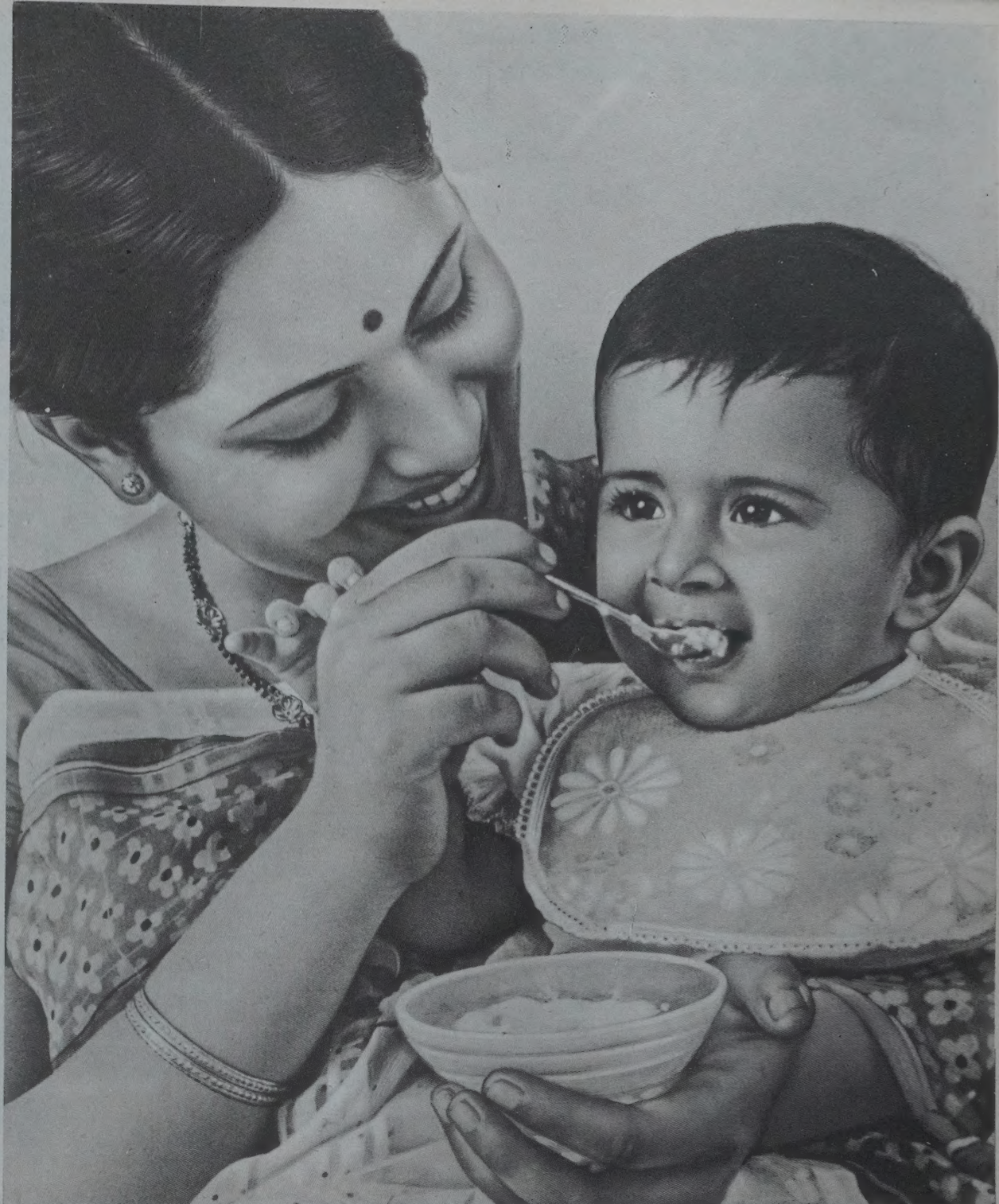
Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, you gave him a one-month supply of iron for his blood. That's wonderful! But it also means, doesn't it, that, by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his iron supply. It's urgent to replenish it. And Farex contains enough iron to fully supply your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Another thing: only Farex has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D₂ to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months on?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit. Otherwise, you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-ache—and also affect his growth.

If you give him Farex now, he will be better able to move to "grown up" food later on—and to chew and digest it properly.



Wouldn't mashed potatoes be O.K.?

Before you give your baby *any* solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest easily.

Besides, traditional foods are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, vitamin D₂. Specially iron.

These then are some of the reasons why doctors say that, 3 months on, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on "grown up" foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when he begins to accept "grown up" food. You can now give him fruit, vegetables, dal, eggs. But don't stop Farex. Your baby still needs its special goodness. So, till your baby is 3 years old, mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all your recipes for baby.



Baby's first solid food for rapid all-round growth.

Glaxo

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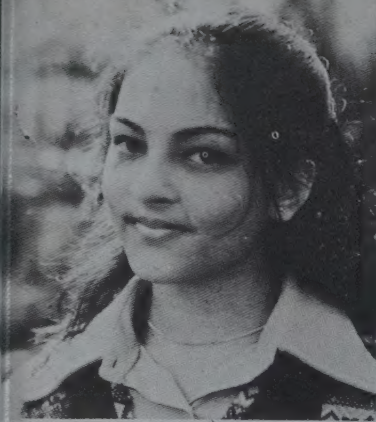
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Alfred Allan

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DIMPLE DHADHA

Mrinalini Dhadha, better known as Dimple, a first year B.Sc. Home Science student at Bombay's Nirmala Niketan, is fully involved in what she is currently doing.

After studying Science at The Lawrence School, Sanawar, Dimple decided to pursue a course in Home Science, specializing in nutrition and dietetics.

"An economical formula for a more balanced diet than is now available to the average Indian is needed," she feels. This science offers much scope for research.

Until recently she was an active sportswoman. While at Sanawar she won athletics' championships at inter-state meets and gymnastic championships in school.

Now her extra-curricular activities are restricted to swimming, reading and embroidery.

Photograph: Pankaj Shah

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SHEER DRUDGERY

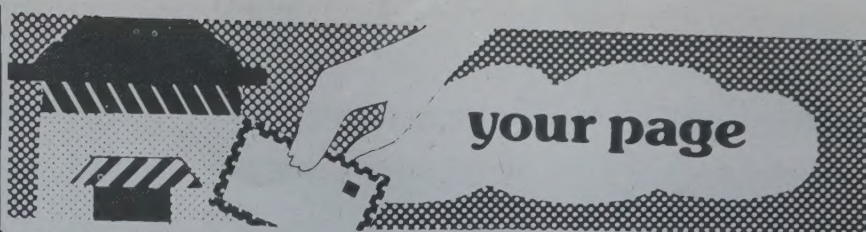
Apropos your article, "Housewives Work, Too!" (Oct. 15), I feel indignant that people believe housewives generally have an easy life, as compared with career women. I have been a career woman and am now a housewife and I say, with feeling, 'give me an office job anyway!' Housework is boring, tedious, and sheer drudgery. I cannot bear to spend the livelong day in cooking, cleaning, washing and so on, as it never comes to an end. It doesn't matter even if you have the most modern gadgets and efficient servants, you still have to be involved in housework, which is drudgery and nothing else. If you happen to put your feet up and enjoy a cup of coffee, you can bet your sweet life that your dear husband will pick that time of the day to telephone you, and ask you what you are doing.

In an Office, you work for a certain number of hours, and get 'breaks' for coffee, tea, lunch etc. If you are an efficient worker, you get recognition and possibly the bonus of a promotion. What do you get for being an efficient housewife? Your husband and children seldom even bother to say "thank you" or some such appreciation; in fact, when you are a housewife, hubby dear tends to take you for granted, and grumbles if things begin to slide.

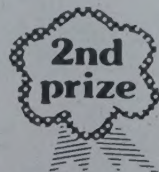
So, to all housewives who were once career girls, I say: if you can afford to get a good servant, do so, then chuck the household jobs in his lap and take off for greener pastures — in other words, a job where you will surely get "job satisfaction" and a good salary as well. I also guarantee that hubby will appreciate you when you assert yourself as an individual.

Mrs. Joanie Sircar, Calcutta

You make working in an office so hunky-dory. Well, maybe it is for those flighty young women who are merely passing the time of day — but not for those who slog with sincerity. Housework must, indeed, be drudgery for those who hate it. But you'd



be surprised how many women actually like it. Not every woman in this country is cut out for a job outside the home.



LOOK. NO BAGGAGE!

Hijackers seem to be on the rampage and the incidence of hijackings has increased frightfully in the recent past. Day by day the ransom demands are getting more unreasonable and vulgar, air travellers are terribly scared. The agonising experience of the innocent passengers is unimaginable.

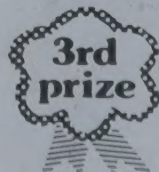
Is there no solution, then, to this horrifying problem? The hijackers' favourite weapon is, unfailingly, a revolver. Obviously, they manage to pass through the security check at the airport, smuggling the weapon in their hand baggage. There does not seem to be any other possibility.

I therefore suggest that no hand baggage be allowed to passengers at all, except of course the money wallet and medicines. Each passenger must pass through the security check with both hands free. This is bound to cause inconvenience to long-journey passengers but they will be compensated by a safe and worryless journey. Such a security measure will make hijackings almost impossible, unless of course the crew is involved.

And come to think of it, what is it that passengers must carry in handbags that cannot be supplied to them by the airline during the flight?

Anonymous, Goa

A very tight and very thorough security check is, of course, absolutely necessary. The trouble is, when the hijackings stop and become a dim memory, security becomes lax. We really do not know if the airlines will consider a total ban on hand baggage — but, really, very stringent measures are now called for.



NOT FAIR!

In matrimonial advertisements, the boys (grooms) always list a fair complexion as one of the requisite qualific-

ations. Do they ever mention the boy's complexion along with the details of his age, height, degrees, remuneration etc.? No, never. A lot of of injustice is done to our 'fairer' sex in the name of complexion. The moment a girl is born in the family, there is a label of dark or fair (even before she gets a name.) There is no such label for the precious boys who are pampered as sons, lovers and fathers. They are the bread-winners for the family and so they are elevated to higher priorities as they grow. It is high time our boys and young men shed this prejudice and accepted girls on their merits. Cleopatra was called the black serpent of Europe. The most celebrated star Rekha is not fair. In one of Arthur Hailey's best sellers the hero exclaims "Black is Beautiful". So let us march to a better tomorrow, shedding our prejudices.

Malathy Mahadevan, Bangalore.

O.K., so we are convinced. Now tell it to the countless Indian males who just flip at the sight of a gora, gora complexion. However, you must remember that a lot of Western men have got cheesed off with pale skins and long for proximity with the sunny, dusky look. So, perhaps it's all a question of "opposites attract"...

REVERSE GEAR

The early morning scene provides an unusual and incredible experience these days. A few years ago it was customary for loving and doting wives to see off their men to work — picking up their briefcases, or watches or glasses at the last minute. But now I see quite a few men along with their working wives waiting at the bus-stop just to "see off" their wives. Husbands of teachers hold bulging bags containing note books whereas husbands of receptionists and operators (with their eyes on their watches) throw furtive and anxious glances at the rather errant and erratic D.T.C. Surely one can gleam the beginnings of change and a slight reversal of roles!

Uma Subramanian, New Delhi
Good gracious! Are the men walking to the bus-stop just to see their working wives off? What do they do afterwards — walk home to clean the vegetables?

Executive



Student



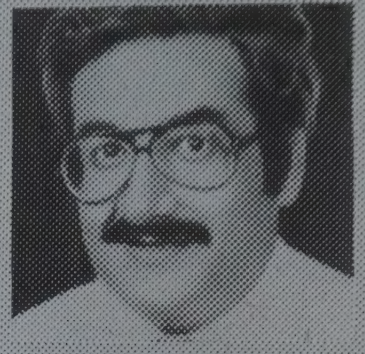
Housewife



Engineer



**Henpecked
husband**



Instant coffee more instantly with CORNING[®] CARAFE

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VARSHA AND ILA:

WRITING SISTERS

They have broken away from the conventional in their novels and Gujarati literature is the richer for it



In the Gujarati literary firmament, the name of Gunvantrai Acharya occupies a special niche of its own. A reformist writer, his pen upset quite a few hidebound people of his time, protesting as he did, against such evil practices as dowry, child marriage, enforced widowhood, etc. He started as a journalist, churning out article after article on the restrictive, narrow, outlook of his people. It was the golden period of Gujarati journalism, with writers like Zaverchand Meghani in its ranks.

In about the early 30s came to be founded the prestigious Writers' Club and even a more unique tradition got established — "Cha Ghar", where, over tea and snacks, a single burning issue was wont to be picked up and taken up for concerted attack. Gunvantrai Acharya was an active member of both these. He left journalism to turn a full-fledged writer, his pen proving a most fierce crusader. It is not therefore surprising that with him as the father, his two daughters, Varsha Adalja and Ila Arab Mehta are today such talented writers. The same zeal and urge to pull down constrictive barriers informs their writings... with the characters more dominant than the situations.

Varsha says their parents gave them full freedom and opportunities to develop. There was no discrimination whatsoever because they were daughters. When Varsha decided to act, the parents solidly supported her. "In fact, my mother never missed a play of mine," she says. This love, this understanding, received in early childhood is reflected in Varsha's optimistic approach, in her exuberant personality.

Ila, in comparison, is more serious but equally confident about life. When one reads Varsha it is like peeping at the world stage from the wings. In Ila, the lingering impression left is of infinite sympathy for human contradictions.

Both the sisters are radio and television artistes. Varsha's two adaptations for television: her father's novel, "Dardranarayan" and her own "Mare Pun Ek Ghar Hoi" were warmly received. Varsha is recipient of the Soviet Land Nehru award for her book "Atash" set in Viet Nam. Her another novel, "Atam Deep Na Ajvala" was adapted for the stage and did well. She is presently editing "Su-

dha", a woman's weekly, while Ila is a part-time lecturer at St. Xavier's College. There is also a third sister Binduben who runs her own school in Rajkot and a brother, Shishir, who is a chartered accountant.

When it was decided to interview Varsha and Ila, I thought of seeing them together and it proved a rewarding idea... for discussing things thus together, one was able to gather some significant strands of contemporary Gujarati literature.

J: Gujarati writers still seem to move within conventional grooves and their women characters are not that different from archetypal Sitas. Would you agree?

Ila: Unfortunately, yes. Tradition being still more acceptable, few writers have been bold enough to break fresh ground. The noted authoress Minal Dixit in "Adhraat-Madhraat" has a woman leave her home in assertion of her right to make what she wants of life. But such treatment is an exception... the majority of writers have been content to perpetuate the "Sita" image.

Varsha: Gujarati literature is largely dominated by the males view of woman. Sitas are continuously being recreated, but has any man undergone "agnipariksha" (test by fire) or faced the humiliating "vastraharan" experience of Draupadi?

When I became the editor, a friend had the temerity to approach my husband and seriously ask, "Why has Varsha to go out and work? Is your business not doing well?" That a woman is a person, an individual in her own right, has still to be accepted. I am afraid Gujarati writers are not doing much to change this situation.

J: I would like to ask both of you one question: What dominates your writings, the story, the characters or the form?

Ila: I like to place, visualise my characters in unusual situations. Man's inner reserves when caught in a corner fascinate me.

Varsha: In my writings, women dominate. I like to weave around them different situations and probe their emotional world.



Ila: Not so in mine, though I agree the new, emerging woman has yet to get her proper berth. Even today, in Gujarati, there are barely five to six writers like us, bold enough to break the bonds of convention. I will tell you an instance: a prominent male writer attending a literary seminar peevishly asked me, "Do you always have to go on harping on the plight of women?" To which I could only retort, "Try stepping into their shoes and you will have your answer."

Varsha: A woman, even when she is a wife and a mother, is also an individual. Even educated men in India are not wholly prepared to accept this. A Bhartiya Stree has come to mean the embodiment of all that is meek and docile. And despite all the rhetoric, the position of woman has not altered much.

J: When did both of you start writing?

V: Perhaps somewhere around 1966. My first attempt surprisingly was at detective fiction — "Panch Ne Ek Panch". I have by now written four novels of this genre. I try to build up my plots logically, intelligently, a la Agatha Christie rather than pack them with mysterious and weird happenings. I have also attempted a full-length play in "Avaj No Akaar".

Ila: I also started writing more or less at the same time. I very consciously avoid writing on women and their problems alone. My preoccupation is mental conflict, the inner, sub-conscious world. Take for example "Ek Pal Ni Parakh", "Indranil". In my books, the male characters are more interesting, more complex. "Thijepo Akaar", for instance, has as its central character a man who is very ugly and greatly in need of love and acceptance. In "Batrikshlakshano" my concern has been the conflict between science and superstition, between man's logical and his gullible self.

I have written love stories, but of altogether an unusual type. My latest novel is going to be entirely psychological, dealing with man's fears, phobias, antics.

One thing I have never understood is why contemporary Gujarati literature is not being as much discussed as our achievements of the past.

Jyotsna Sheth

**FOR THE
FIRST TIME
IN INDIA ...
"PASSAGES"**

Men must. Women don't have to.

A man in his twenties must funnel his energies into making an independent way in the world or else be ridiculed. He must continue this expansion at the expense of one illusion after another. Every guidepost tells him that the twenties and thirties are the years granted him to seek mastery, the time to earn the credentials that will win him approval from others and rewards from society. If he burns with the desire to gain recognition as well, a man must be faithful and endlessly attentive to his real loved one: the career. All our traditions and institutions help to pave the way by recommending, applauding, and giving full permission to men who pursue such a course.

A woman doesn't have to find an independent form in her twenties. There is always a back door out. She can attach to a Stronger One. She can become the maker of babies and baker of brownies, the carrier of her husband's dream. If she resists this pattern she runs into the contradiction between permissions for development given to men and women. The achieving woman has always been exposed to intimidation by the same threat that hangs over the under-achieving young man: **No one will want to marry you. You will end up 60 years old and all alone.**

How do any of us gain the confidence necessary to tackle the many tasks of the Trying Twenties?

Confidence is gradually built throughout this period on successes in proving competence. Men, and a smaller number of women, who are determined to gain a niche in the outer adult world, stick tightly to their chosen work structure — proceeding from law school to clerk to junior partner, for instance, or from typist to researcher to junior copywriter — and the tightness of this early structure makes it easier to stabilize.

The imprint of people and experience on those in their twenties who are out in the world, working at their expansion, is vastly different from the limited and repetitive imprint left on people who stay at home or remain in school. Eager beavers in business, quick to offer fresh ideas, are at first crushed when they are told, in effect, "Go away, kid, you bother me." The expectation that ability will be justly recognised bursts. A graduate student in a school of photogra-

phy, worshipful of the professor who is committed to art and above the seductions of crass commercialism, is conditioned to look upon editors and agency heads as the enemy. After some years of actual working contact with such people, the young photographer may look back on that same vaunted professor as a man who has never been outside the womb of self-perpetuating academia ("He's never covered a war or even worked!") and part with the illusion of the former hero.

By the time a man (or an achieving woman) reaches 28 or 29, a series of such jolts has weaned him away from many of the illusions he once needed. In working at his dreams, he becomes less of a dreamer. Soon he will be ready for the momentous step of converting the dream into concrete goals, or redefining it.

As Levinson pointed out when I interviewed him, a career timetable in itself delineates a series of stages and indicates the ap-

which the Dream can have a place." He added a passing acknowledgement: "Of course, the relationship will be durable and further his development only if it also furthers hers."

Surely that is one of the biggest "of courses" in the evolution of mankind. If women had wives to keep house for them, to stay home with vomiting children, get the car fixed, fight with the painters, run to the supermarket, reconcile the bank statements, listen to everyone's problems, cater the dinner parties, and nourish the spirit each night, just imagine the possibilities for expansion — the number of books that would be written, companies started, professorships filled, political offices that would be held, by women. Indeed, most women of high achievement have expensive housekeepers who perform many of these wifely services.

In recent years young people have been trying out important variations on the old sex roles.

WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE MORE LIKE A MAN AND A MAN LESS LIKE A RACEHORSE?

Gail Sheeny

appropriate time one should spend in moving from one stage to the next. It gives a source of order and shape to the individual life course.

The woman who marries early in her twenties with an undivided commitment to being a wife and mother is in a more nebulous position. She must improvise a timetable around the need of others. If she is a married woman with a small child and is also trying to balance an outside commitment, she can seldom be faithful to a career in the way a man can. She is not yet practical or confident enough in any area to integrate all her competing priorities. The career that provides her husband stability may throw her into pandemonium.

When Levinson introduced the "Dream" as a crucial element in the development of young adults, he also spoke of two key relationships for a man in his twenties: the mentor and the loved woman. "The loved woman may serve developmental functions similar to those of the mentor. She may help to define and carry the Dream, to create a life within

There are women who stay single until their careers are established and husbands who do a fair share of the diapering and vegetable dicing. There is even out-and-out role reversal: the artist-husband who stays home and works in between putting the children down for naps and whose wife calls from her office to say she's bringing someone home for dinner.

The instructions one culture gives to any one generation have a good deal to say about which parts of the personality, in particular, a person suspends in the early years. Too often such personality traits are associated with biases about the differences between masculinity and femininity. Even the terms active and passive seem sociologically loaded.

A more precise distinction is between behaviour that is **initiating** — in which one seizes the initiative, opens the transaction, seeks to implement one's wishes — and behaviour that is **responsive** to other people's needs and wishes. Neither characteristic is exclusive to one sex. That the two continue to operate, at variance, within each individual,

simply demonstrates the ongoing tension between the seeker and merger selves. But it is certainly true that our culture emphasizes initiating behaviour at the expense of responsiveness in young men, while the reverse is approved for young women.

Let us focus for the moment on women and men who made the decisions of their twenties before the sexual revolution...

The Bad Old Days

Young men bluffed their way into the adult work world. Only then began the long process of matching their skills and adjusting their expectations against actual experience. Gradually, as they gained and exhibited competence, they were given validation from many sources: from the older men who promoted them from the contemporaries who competed with them, and from the wives who depended upon them. By the time they reached 30, most educated men were generally confident that they were on their way in the world of accomplishment.

Most women went a different route. After a couple of working years to pay for her placemat and flatware, or attending college if she were so unusual, a woman married and retreated from the outer adult world to nurture one man and 2.9 children. She too was busy proving her competence, learning how to still the howls and train the bowels of a helpless infant, how to perform the organizational feat of turning out her first Thanksgiving dinner, how to live on the household allowance, and hundreds of other firsts that were novel and scary. For a time, it was satisfaction enough simply to master each skill of the caregiver. But the young married woman was isolated and dependent on very few sources of recognition and self-esteem; whereas her husband was proving himself in a sphere so large and remote that eventually he couldn't even explain it to her.

The evidence of how such disparate experiences of passing through the twenties shaped the personality development of men and women was revealed in a major longitudinal study conducted by the Institute of Human Development of the University of California at Berkeley. It focussed on a random selection of 171 men and women...

The trends that occurred for men only were these: Across the years from junior high school into their thirties, their personal confidence steadily increased. They became (in the words of the study) more dependable, productive, and assertive, increasingly valuing their independence and finding themselves capable of giving advice to their colleagues. By their thirties, the men were aware of their own social and sexual powers and quite satisfied with themselves. At the same time, their control was achieved with the loss of softness and self-expressiveness.

In contrast, the women in their thirties were less sure of themselves than they had been as young adolescents, when they were far ahead of the boys. They had become "submissive, fearful, guilty, over-controlled, and hostile." Their only developmental gains were those associated with being a wife and mother. They were more protective, introspective, and sympathetic. But even those gains were accompanied by reciprocal losses. Their sexual enjoyment had declined. They had lost their youthful assurance that they were exciting and attractive as women and by now felt secure in only one role. They were mothers.

The Brave New Days

But isn't this the unisex generation? Don't boys find it much easier to be tender and self-expressive? And how often people say, "It must be so much easier to be a young woman today."

It is certainly different. But easier? It all depends on whether one is looking at the external obstacles many of which are in the process of being removed, or at the battle to be done between a young person and his or her inner custodian, which can be truly fierce.

Beneath the contemporary young woman's most adamant rhetorical goals, there is still the quicksand of the old "you don't have to" message. Even when she is aware that the back door out leading away from the dangers of individuation may be a trapdoor, there is usually little in her childhood training that encourages her to resist the temptation...

Who on earth shall she be like?

The mother who has developed a strong grasp on her sense of self can offer the young girl a rigorous and provocative model. And there are more and more mothers like this all the time. Bleaker prospects are in store for daughters of those resigned mothers who have little identity of their own. The young woman who wants fervently to reject her mother's form must make haste before that comforting inner voice pulls her back into the old familiar sanctuary. The quickest way out of this danger zone is to jump into someone else's form. And where is the closest ready-made mold? He's across the living room reading his newspaper.

Eureka! I'll be like him. He has it all together. If I become his replica, so will I. I'll be inside him and charged by all his juice. Then I will be confident and respected.

Just listen to those women who exclaim they have suddenly found the way to complete themselves. You will often hear lawyers' wives consumed with the necessity to enter law school. Not necessarily to practice law, but to finish both law school and themselves. You will hear academics' wives yearning for their own advanced degrees,

businessmen's wives talking about running their own boutiques or real estate agencies. And often doctor's wives want that medical degree, too. Even when it fits over their own talents no more closely than a cloak.

Fear of Success

The fear of success in women was first demonstrated by Matina Horner in 1968. As a doctoral student at the University of Michigan, she showed that the motive to achieve in women college students was complicated by ambivalence. To be tops in academic performance, particularly under competitive conditions, and most especially when the competition was with men, might result in a loss of love and popularity. The more competent the wo-

Often described as a book that tells you how not to waste the only life you have, PASSAGES (Predictable Crises in Adult life) is a bestselling book that is soon to be distributed here by India Book House.

Extracts from selected chapters will be published in forthcoming issues also

man, the greater her conflict about achieving.

But there is more to it than the worry that no one will marry a woman if she's too successful and independent. We must remember that Horner's subjects were college freshmen. The evidence in the biographies collected here is that the combined fear of success and of failure can carry over even after a woman finds an encouraging mate (as Nita did) and often continues to inhibit women who have been married, either happily or miserably, for a decade or two.

The deeper psychological dilemma has to do with defying the inner custodian. A woman who was taught by her parents that her proper role is to please a man runs a great risk if she becomes too independent. Just as she is about to seize control of her own destiny, that inner custodian, thwarted by her disobedience, might run amuck. It might show its nasty tyrant side and make a fool of her. Or punish by causing her to fail: I told you so. In her darkest fantasies, she would be left stranded, lost, alone.

Fear of softness:

Boys, too, are invited to suppress certain aspects of their personalities, in particular anything that might interfere with action and complicate the display of virility. Added to the demand that a boy renounce the primary attachment to mother, he learns

that to please the traditional father and/or to gain approval in the world, he must cauterize many of his emotions. Men are to be strong, not soft.

One of the most useful defenses of the self is denial. When boys feel weak or fearful or about to cry, they are taught to deny the emotion, project it onto an outer obstacle, externalise it. When boys first scrimmage on the football field, they are not encouraged to admit any doubts about injury they might do to themselves or to empathize with the opposing players they leave in a heap of pain. And surely, no one in command of B-52 pilots in Vietnam encouraged those young men to think about the unseeable devastation they were leaving below. The B-52 may be the maximum technological expression to date of the militaristic man's continuing refusal to be human.

Although denial and externalization are immature defence mechanisms, they serve the young person's need to wall off inner doubts while the first major outer risks are run. Action is more easily possible when one is unencumbered by much introspection or empathy even though this means that fluency with one's emotions is forfeited, at least in youth.

Looking Past Our Noses

If our personalities and life courses were fixed for good by the end of our twenties, it would be a pretty dreary existence for us all. Bright young men might spend the rest of their days victimized by their own outer success, still racing like horses around a track with no finish line and possessing approximately the same capacity for emotional depth. Women who married young and had children, if they remained stuck in the coop, quite likely would become convinced of their inadequacies and grow fat on self-loathing. This happens. But it only happens to people who will not risk further growth.

Let's jump ahead.

For most of those in the twenties, a fantastic mystery story waits to be written over the next two decades. It races with excitement and jeopardy, fools us with false villains, diverts us from the real villains that are the divisions within ourselves, mugs us with surprise changes in our perspective, and leads us down secret passageways in search of our missing personality parts...

Somehow, the source of our identity moves from outside to inside, and it is this psychological movement in sense of self that is the key to the mystery. It causes many men and women to switch from the opposite poles of their twenties to a different set of opposites by their forties.

This switch is strikingly revealed by the way in which men and women tell their life stories. The differences were particularly distinct in the way all of them spilled out the histories of the

first half of their lives. The men talked about the actions they had initiated. The women talked about the people they had responded to.

That is, the men reconstructed their tracks according to the career line they had followed. They measured themselves at each step against the timetable approved for their particular occupational dream. Love partners were filled in as adjuncts to their real love affair; courting the dream of success and seeking their identity through their work. The men talked about their wives and children largely in terms of how they helped or hindered the dream, but they rarely spoke, without prompting, about the needs or nourishing of the human beings closest to them. These human connections seldom converged with what a man saw as his main track of development until he had reached his forties.

Women, by contrast, spun out their stories around their attachments to, and detachments from, others: parents, lovers, husbands, children. The central thread running through their young lives was the state of these human connections. The pursuit of an individual dream was most often a stitch that was picked up, dropped, perhaps picked up again. It was what they did before they married, between babies, or after the divorce. Women whose lives incorporated a vital career line generally described that line as the either/or choice they had to make, the profession they doggedly pursued instead of marrying Peter or the exit route they took from Paul or the detour they made from family commitments and for which at some point they feared they would be charged a toll. Loaned time. It was rare to find a woman under 35, even a talented and successful one, who felt complete without a man.

Until very recently in our culture, most men and women spent a good part of their twenties and thirties living one of two illusions; that career success would make them immortal, or that a mate would complete them.

Men and women were on separate tracks. The career as an all-encompassing end to life turned out to be a flawed vision, an emotional cul-de-sac. But did attaching oneself to a man and children prove to be any less incomplete as life's ultimate fulfillment?

Each sex seemed to have half the loaf and was uncomfortable about the half they were missing. Did the missing halves even belong to the same loaf?

The woman was jealous of the man's credentials. The man was disturbed by the woman's truth.

As men and women enter mid-life, the tables begin to turn. Many men I interviewed found themselves wanting to learn how to be responsive. And a surge of initiating behaviour showed up in most women. What happens?

Here is a sneak preview.

beauty

KEEP SLIM AND TRIM

Shahnaz Husain

Watch your calories and plan your diet so as to keep them within the permissible limits for a trim figure

greater tendency to put on weight than others, and they must strictly control their eating habits.

don't keep on eating between meals. It is an excellent idea to either fast completely one day a week; or only take liquids; or fix one day in the week when you will take only fruits and raw vegetables; or miss one major meal a week.

* Select which ever method you find most suitable. It is a good idea if working girls



* You must keep in mind that slimming is a gradual process. A sensible long-term objective is a daily calory deficit of 500 calories. For the average woman this means a diet of 1200 to 1500 calories a day. This should cause a weight loss of five pounds in the first week because fluid is lost as well as fat, and, then a steady fat loss of a pound a week after that.

* Sweating alone does not cause loss of fat — you lose water not fat.

* Don't be fooled by magic slimming foods. Nothing you eat can burn off fat. But some foods can be useful as part of your calory-controlled diet because they are low-calorie substitutes for ordinary food.

* You spoil your chances of getting slim by bad cooking — the way you cook is important. Concentrate on methods which avoid fat and try to remove fat out of foods completely. Anything fried contains more calories.

* Once the desired weight is reached, keep an eye on your weight always. It is much easier to avoid the odd pound than to have to lose it all over again.

* Don't forget that prevention is better than cure. If you look after your children's diet when they are young, they will become calorie cautious.

* It is important to remember that slimming is worth the effort. You don't only feel healthier, increase your chances of longevity but also look and feel attractive.

* The fact that your mother or father or grand-parents were fat is no reason why you should also remain fat. It is not a fact, in my opinion, that fatness is hereditary, but eating habits are.

* Organise your day well and keep yourself busy —



have a glass of juice or sandwiches rather than a regular lunch.

* It is a bad habit to nibble during the day. Fix regular hours for meals and the proper time to give stomach a rest. One does not realise that like every other part of the body the stomach too needs rest.



* Start lunch or dinner with a bowl of salad to cut out the desire to overeat.

* It is true that water drunk during meal helps add weight. However, plenty of water intake during the course of the day helps freshen stomach and kidneys. Constant care must be taken during slimming to avoid constipation. The best way would be to have curds made from skimmed milk. Regular exercise is essential to prevent the muscles from becoming flabby.

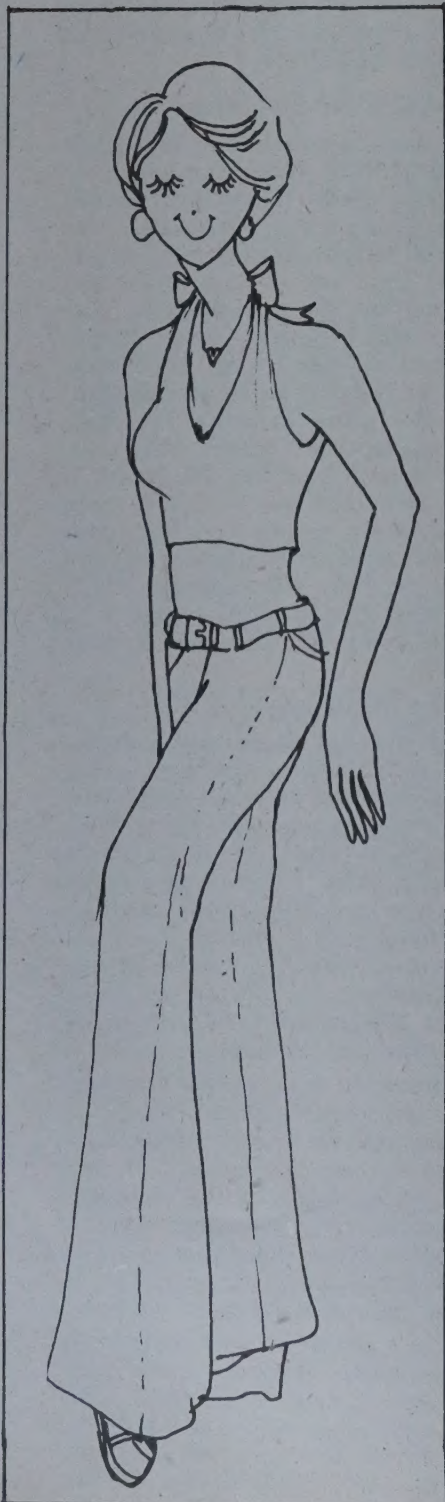
* Have weekly facials when you are slimming. What normally happens is that when the body loses weight, it also contracts the face and the skin loses its natural muscle tone.

* If you want to lose weight, you should take fewer calories than you use up. Only then will you draw on the fat reserves to supply energy.

* Don't get mixed up between low-carbohydrate and low-calory diet. All foods — carbohydrates, fats and proteins — contain calories and are potential fat. Foods containing carbohydrates are the easiest to cut down in a normal diet, by doing this, you are bound to decrease your fat intake.



* Don't make excuses for your fat. Some people have a



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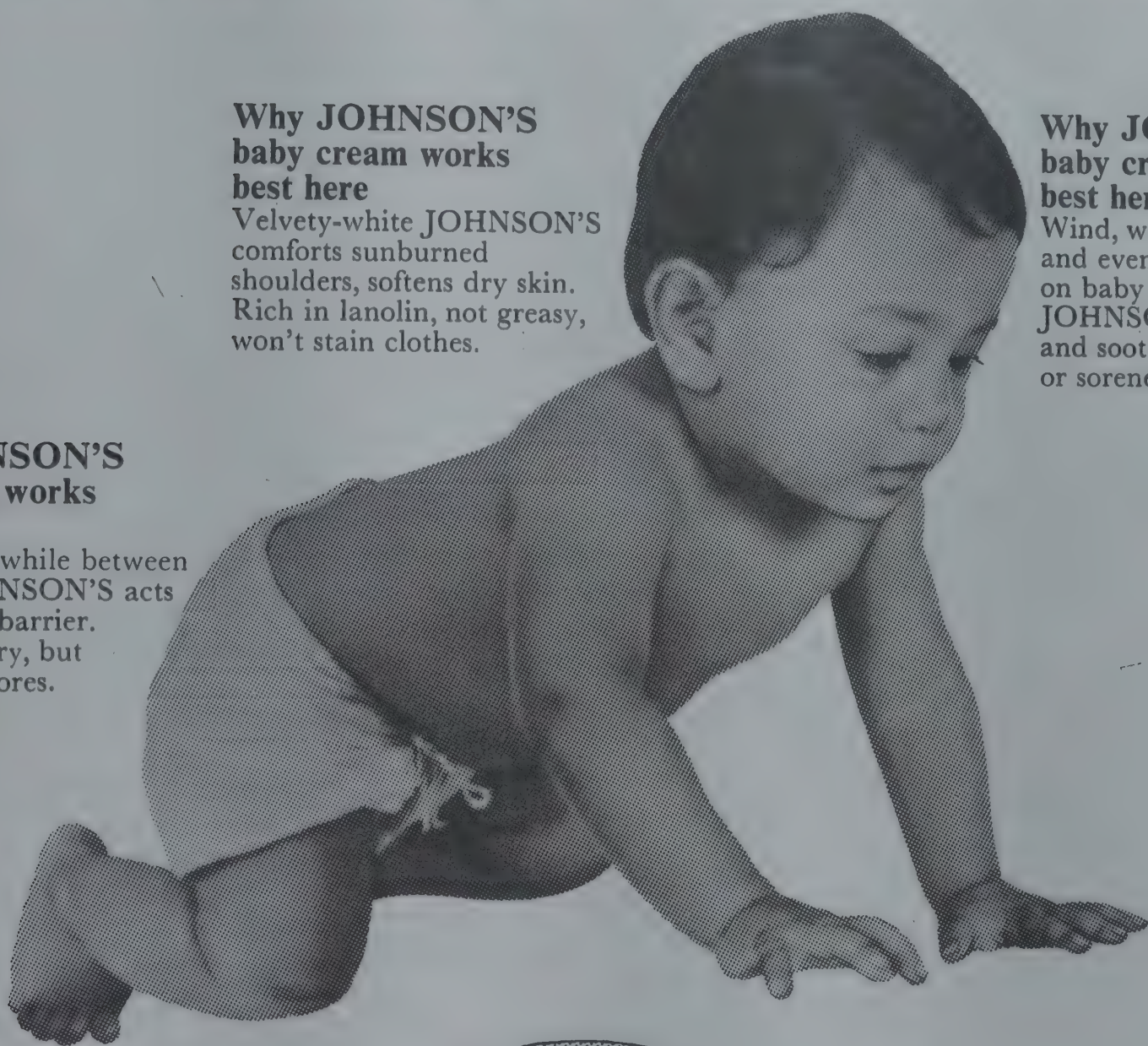
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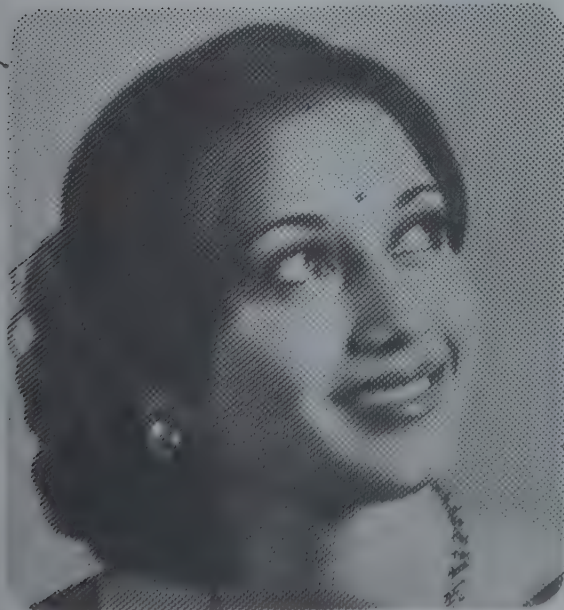


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How true it is! No human being can ever achieve his true potential until he is guided, taught and has his own inner urge to do his best.

Situated on the Hyderabad-Bangalore National Highway amid sloping hills, grape gardens and lakes, and spread over 202 acres of land is the Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel National Police Academy. Out of the 96 probationers (as the trainees are called) now here, five are women. Are women in the police stuffy, stern and dull? Not at all, if one is to judge by these women. Bright-eyed, alert, attractive and friendly, they talk enthusiastically about their training course. They come to the N.P.A. by selection on merit, on the basis of an all

**The weaker sex?
Well, women make as good police officers as men, and their training is equally tough**

India competitive examination. The examinations are conducted every year for the I.A.S, the P.S etc. About 25,000 students appear and about 600 or so only are selected. So it is very competitive indeed.

Why do these girls want to be part of the police? Is it just the glamour attached to a highly dangerous profession? By the time the training is complete, the girls assured me, the glamour wears off. No, it is just because this is the job they would like to do. It requires precision, long hours of hard work, and dedication. Besides, it is more challenging than any of the other ser-

They come from all over India. Manjari Sinha comes from Bihar,

WOMEN IN THE INDIAN POLICE SERVICE

Bilkiz Alladin



Renuka Bhatia from Delhi, Asha Gopal from Bhopal, Letika Dhar from Kerala and G. Thilakavathi from Madras.

"Our day begins at 6. A.M," says Manjari Sinha. "We have three periods of outdoor training

— parade, P. T. and weapon training. Then five periods of indoor training which includes law — the criminal and Indian Penal Code, laws of evidence, crime and detection, investigation with scientific aids and forensic medicine and detection of forgeries."

Do they find the training tough? "No, not actually," says Renuka Bhatia. "Many girls do believe that it will be a very tough training programme, and are therefore afraid to try it."

But once they have passed and qualified and become police officers, will they continue their work? Or will they marry and settle down and forget all about their training? "No," all the girls reply emphatically. "Marriage need not deter the girl from con-

LEFT: Presenting a bouquet to the late President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed.



ABOVE LEFT: Marching alongside the male probationers.

ABOVE: Doing election duty — Manjari Sinha and Letika Dhar.



LEFT: Manjari Sinha doing wireless practice.

tinuing this career," says Asha Gopal. "In fact, in this present batch of five girls, two are married, and would you believe it, one is the mother of two children!"

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WOMEN IN THE INDIAN POLICE SERVICE

The Indian Police Service, the successor service to the I.P., came into existence in 1948 and, to foster an all-India outlook, the Central Police Training College was started at Mount Abu in the same year. In 1972, a committee on Police Training with Dr. M.S. Gore as chairman and other professional experts as members, discussed the various aspects of police training in India. Why not move the Academy to a more central location? they suggested.

Mount Abu was out of the way and the accommodation insufficient. Also, professional men from whose talks the trainees could benefit were reluctant to come all the way to Mount Abu. So the Academy was shifted to Hyderabad in 1975.

The Academy is administered by a Director. He has the rank of Inspector-General of Police, and is assisted by two Deputy Directors, ten Assistant Directors, including a Judicial Officer, a Forensic Scientist, a Medical Officer, four Gazetted Instructors and an Administrative Officer. The other staff consists of 31 out-door in-

structors and 233 others, including constables and followers.

The object of the Academy is to equip the officers with the knowledge, skills and attitudes necessary to enable them to serve the community in all spheres of police work, with emphasis particularly on prevention and detection of crime maintenance of internal security, preservation of public order, regulation of traffic and other work of general help to the people.

The previous programme of training included physical training, infantry drill, musketry, equitation, legal studies and police science studies. Now yoga, unarmed combat, karate, and management and behavioural sciences are also included.

"Ours is a full-time course," says Letika Dhar. "Our afternoons are crowded with public speaking, Hindi, motor training, wireless training and scientific training."

"Yes," says Thilakavathi, "unless a Police Officer is fully trained in all these things, of what use is she?"

"We also include riding," says the Director, Mr. Mohamed bin Mahmood, proudly showing us the 50 odd sleek, well-fed and

well-looking after horses of the Academy. "In the evenings, our probationers are free to do what they like — reading, chatting or writing. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy — and presumably Jill a dull girl — so we also have entertainment programmes — plays, music, cultural programmes, talks, etc. We have a Polo-Club, a Film Club, Social Service League, Fine Arts Club, literary and professional study circles, Photographic Club and a Reporters' Club."

Before joining the courses in Hyderabad, the probationers attend a five-month foundational with the I.A.S. and Central Services at the Lal Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration in Mussoorie. Here they are taken on a three-week tour to different parts of the country to enable them to understand our large and diverse land. They also have capsule courses in effective public speaking, unarmed combat and rock climbing. Then they come here and do a one-year course here, and then spend one year in the districts.

The Academy buildings consist of, besides the main office, training and library blocks, a 30-bed hospital, messes, an auditorium with a capacity of 583, gymnasium, stadium, swimming pool. Quarter Guard, Armoury and re-

volver range. There are also the riding grounds, driving grounds and parade grounds, tennis-courts, play fields and hostels.

There is also a Post & Telegraphic Office, a branch of the State Bank of Hyderabad, an N.P.A. Railway Station, an N.P.A. co-operative store, a Thrift and Savings society, a Welfare Society and a departmental canteen. There is also a primary school, children's park and welfare centre for the families living on the campus.

Fascinating among the laboratories are those where the probationers learn how to decode messages, detect secret and invisible writing, detect forged notes, find finger prints, trace likenesses between photos of criminals and suspects, find small or insignificant looking clues which escape the lay person, discover and trace bullet wounds and the arms from which they are fired. An exciting yet creepy feeling goes down one's spine as one sees all these—foot-prints, bottles of poisons, skulls and bones — but the brave girls of the I.P.S. take them in their stride and will soon be going out to maintain law and order, and work for their country alongside their men colleagues unafraid of anything.

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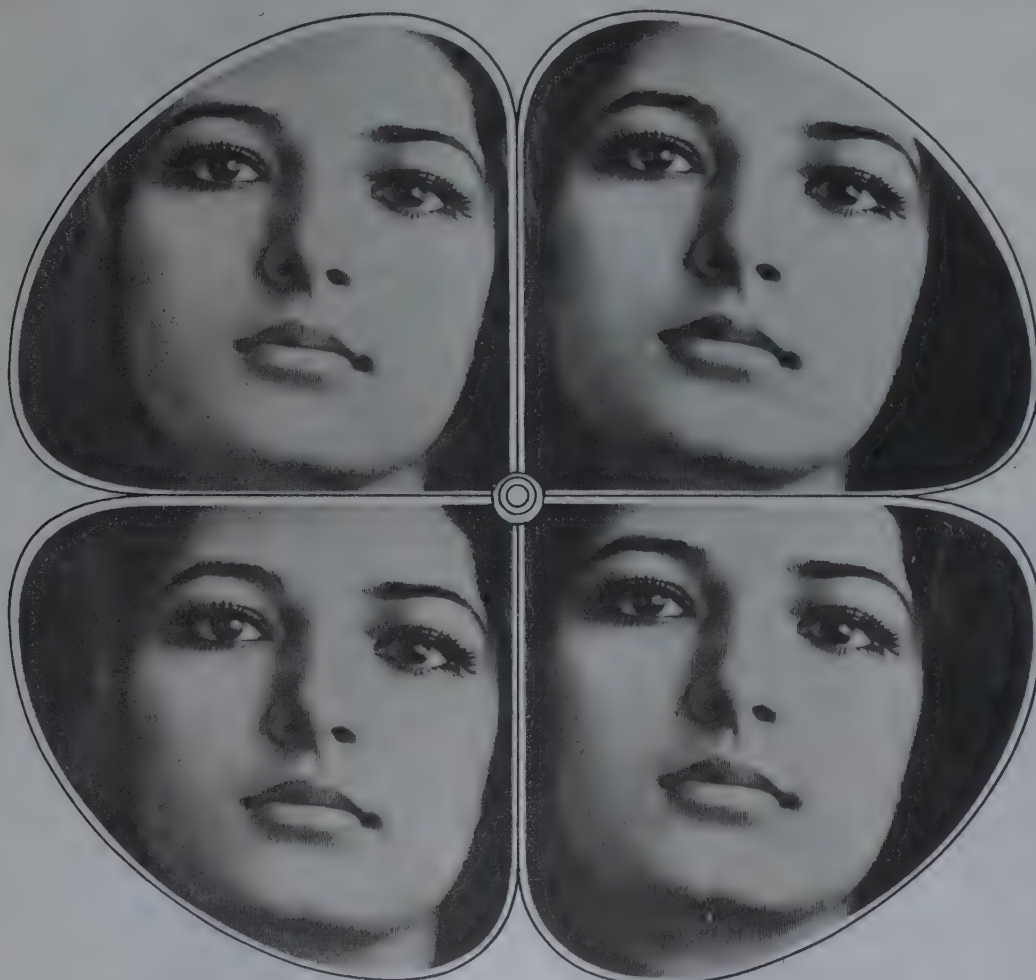


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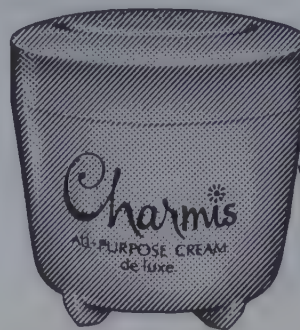
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"Charna vai madhu vindhati" which in English means, "Wandering, one gathers honey" is the motto of the Youth Hostels Association of India. In May-June 1977, the Association successfully put into operation its Seventh National Himalayan Trekking Programme.

And, being one of those wanderers myself, I can say that honey is not the only thing you gather!

We were determined to get away from sweltering Bombay this summer. And as determined to go as far away as possible from the madding crowd of tourists. So we decided to go trekking in the Kishtwar Himalayas.

We couldn't have made a better choice! For, in this mystic land of towering mountains, among people who welcome you with such heart-warming hospitality, the city and its din were only dim memories in the back of our minds. For about a month, one long glorious month, we were cut off from the world — a nuclear Third World War might have erupted and we wouldn't have heard of it!

With a burst of groaning gears, the driver manoeuvred the bus around yet another hairpin bend. We were on the way to our "Base Camp", Kishtwar, 5,400 feet above sea level and situated about 224 kms. from Jammu. As the road wound higher and higher into the mountains, we passed Udampur, Kud, Patnitop and Batote. After Batote, the road for Srinagar forks off. The road to Kishtwar is a **kaccha** road barely broad enough for one vehicle.

On one side, keeping us company all the time, was the Chenab river — greenish grey, fast flowing, churning over rocks with a muted roar. And on the other, the Himalayan foothills. Forests of pine. Terraced fields making a chequerwork of lemon green, interspersed with the darker green of conifers. Springs cascading on bare rock. Icy-cold water which has a different tang. A heady, velvety feel. The spray seems to whisper — of snows melting on far away peaks, of dark cool forests, of scented blossoms swaying in dappled shade. . .

And around each bend of the Chenab, you can see them: blue mountains blurring in the distance, their snow-capped tops glinting in the sun, their fir-crowned slopes etched against the sky. And you forget the sheer precipice a few inches away. Forget that queasy feeling in the pit of your stomach as you are juggled about like a pea on a hot shovel.

We reached Kishtwar after a bone-jarring, twelve hour journey. Our camp was situated at one end of a huge meadow surrounded on all sides by mountains. This circle of mountains separates Kishtwar from the Valley of Kashmir to the east, Ladhakh to the north-west and Himachal Pradesh to the south-west. We spent a couple of days at Kishtwar, getting acclimatised, learning the rudiments of rock-climbing and going out on mini-treks to warm ourselves up.

This year, we could take our pick of three different treks: the first a 100 km. trek to the 12,000 feet high Padri Pass, the second a 65 km. one to Margan Pass and the third a tough 200 km. long trek to the Sach Pass.

We had chosen the first of the lot. We left by bus for Bhadarwah, a town about 85 kms. away from Kishtwar. Bhadarwah has the magnificent Mt. Kailash as a backdrop. Mt.

Kailash, with its famous Kailash temple somewhere up on those snow-covered slopes — to which there is an annual pilgrimage some time in September.

The next day we set out for Jai. This, the first day of the trek was mainly a climb of about 3,000 feet. We reached Jai in the afternoon. It was a cluster of four huts in a valley ringed in by thickly forested mountains and bisected by a river meandering through a lush green carpet.

That night, we slept in a forest department building newly constructed of pine logs, with the scent of freshly cut pine in our nostrils and the distant murmur of the river in our ears.

Other villages, other camps — Kansar, Gandho, Kilhotran, Kanthi, Kanthi Dhar,

A HIMALAYAN TREK

Shivanand Karkal



Toko Padri, Bhal Padri, Padri Pass, Bheja — with the highest being Bhal Padri at about 12,000 feet.

Everything is a kaleidoscope of memories. Walking in the early morning through damp undergrowth with the aroma of pine cones and last night's rain in the air. . . plunging into the depths of brooding mountain silences. . . a hailstorm on the way . . . going for a dip in the freezing, ice-cold waters of hurrying mountain streams. . . talking to villagers who never failed to hide their surprise at our stock answer to their stock question: "Aap yahan kisi kaam par aaye?" "Nahin, aise hi, ghoomne!" So many of them asked us, "Aap kahan ke?" and nodded their heads, "Ah! Bahut bada muluk hai!" when we told them. "Ye to pahadi jagahen hain, janaab! Yahaan aap ko kuch nahin milega!"

They spoke wistfully of Bombay and wondered why we had come out there. What could we tell them? That we had come to look at their mountains? To bask in the mellow sunlight. To drink from mountain springs. To walk through the silence cloaking a pine forest, with strange birds calling in the foliage and the dull roar of a river pulsing in the warm air. We could tell them all this. But they wouldn't understand. . .

And you cannot forget their hospitality. Cannot forget how, after lugging that haversack up a steep climb with the sun beating down on you, they welcome you into their homes. Pull out charpoys and thick hand-woven rugs for you to sink on. You sit there, leaning against the centuries-old stone wall and drink ice-cold water from an earthenware pot. And marvel at the ordered symmetry of the village, perched atop a narrow ledge, with the valley bottom thousands of feet below. You look at the vast panorama of mountains and valleys shimmering in the sunlight, and you look and look. . .

After the trek, I spoke to Mr. Harish Saxena, the Hon. Director of the 7th N.H.T.P., a cheerful young man who teaches chemistry in a Delhi college. He confessed a "fondness for travelling and meeting people" and has visited 23 countries so far. He has done both his Basic and Advanced Mountaineering Courses (for the latter he climbed the 20,000 ft. high Frey peak), has led many trekking expeditions in the Garhwal Himalayas and Himachal Pradesh, including the Ronti Saddle expedition of 1974.

The Youth Hostels Association of India, which staged the 7th N.H.T.P., is an entirely self-financed, national organisation, Mr. Saxena informed me. "We don't believe in government grants and subsidies!" he said. At each camp, trekkers were provided with

two meals, breakfast and tea, and blankets, sleeping bags and tents or forest dept. bungalows for sleeping accommodation. The difficulties in getting provisions and equipment up to those heights and in efficiently managing those remote camps can well be imagined. Each trekker had to pay Rs. 200.

"We believe this is the best way for young people from all over the country to get together. Everybody talks of channelising youth energy. All we do is strap a rucksack to their backs and let them tramp through the mountains! We have found that, given responsibilities and guided in the right direction, our youth does not fail to respond. As our trekker's guide points out, one of the purposes of our organisation is 'to kindle in the hearts of our youth a deep love for the Himalayas.' And this we believe we have succeeded in doing!"

Mr. Saxena concluded with a broad smile, "You know, it's really worth everything, when you listen to each of our trekkers, on the verge of going home, thank us and tell us, 'I'll come again next year!'"

As the distant peaks were swallowed in the Himalayan night, I took leave of him, assuring him that I, too, would be back again next year!

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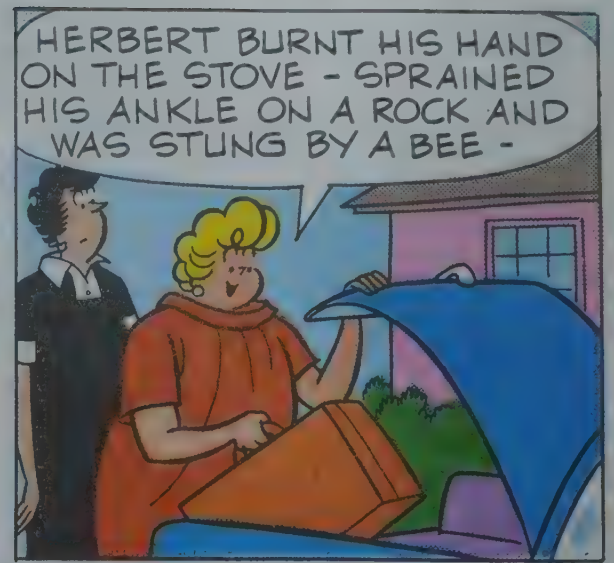
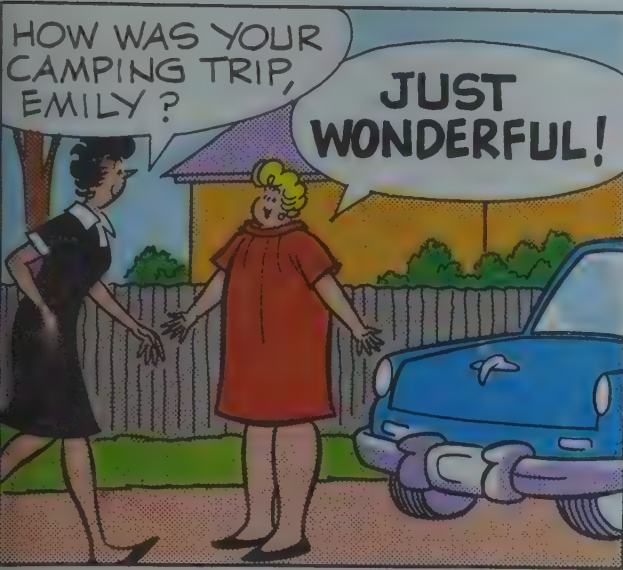


GALA[®]

of London makes you a natural beauty!

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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Visitor: "Doctor, I must congratulate you for your excellent treatment."

Doctor: "Well, I don't seem to recognise you."

Visitor: "That's true. The patient was my father and I am his only heir."

The doctor was examining a man eighty years old and asked: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

Old man: "To the fact that I was born so long ago."

Little nips of whisky,
Little drops of gin,
Make a lady wonder
Where the hell she's been.

A Russian was convicted by a Soviet court for having called the minister of culture a fool. He got 20 years — five for slander and 15 for revealing a State secret.

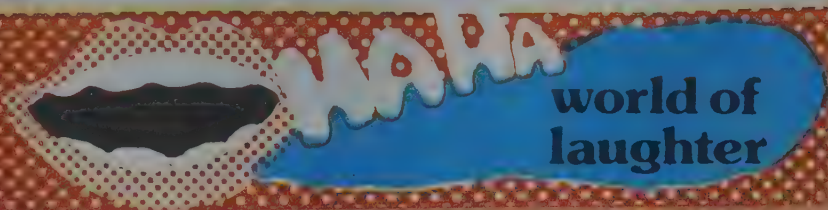
One friend: "What's your son going to be when he leaves college?"

Second friend: "An old old man, probably."

Bookseller: "This book will do a quarter of your work for you."

Student: "Good. I'll take four of them."

"Hey, Joe, a few months ago, when you went to San



Francisco, did you meet a rich widow there, and did you make love to her?"

"Well, yes, I did."

"And did you give her my name instead of yours?"

"Well, yes I did. I'm really sorry, Bill."

"Oh, that's okay. She died and left me all her money."

There are not very many women in the legal profession. After all, there aren't too many females around willing



to present their briefs to the court.

"Your Honour, my wife makes life unbearable. She keeps three goats and two sheep in the bedroom and it smells just awful."

"Why don't you open the window?"

"What, and let all my pigeons out?"

A nouveau-riche, just returned from a European holiday, was asked: "Did you pick up a Picasso or a Cezanne while you were over there?"

"No, I didn't. None of them have automatic gear shifts. Besides I have two Buicks already."

Venus de Milo, considered one of the best works ever discovered, has come in for her share of "humour in art." Here are some samples:

"You've got to hand it to Venus de Milo."

"How come?"

"How else can she eat?"

A sailor who stuttered ran up to an officer and started stammering in his ear. The officer yelled at him, "Sing it out, man, sing it out."

The sailor took a deep breath and sang:

"Should old acquaintance be forgot

And never brought to mind? The captain's fallen overboard;

He's half a mile behind."

Satan and St. Peter are arguing about the fence that separates Heaven from Hell. It was in sad repair, and each claimed it was up to the other to mend it.

"If you don't get that fence fixed by 10.00 P.M. Monday, we will sue," said St. Peter.

"Oh yeah?" said Satan. "Where do you think you're gonna get a lawyer?"

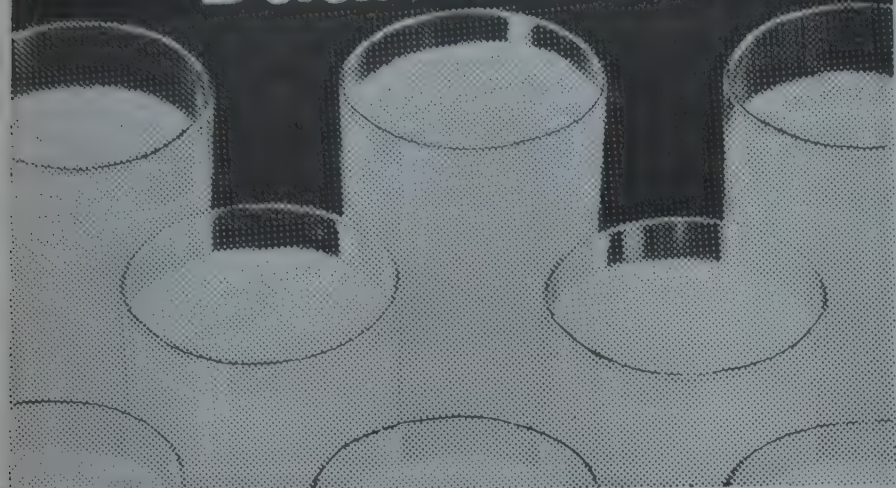
And then there was young Mr. Tate

Every weekend big mushrooms he ate.

Then a faraway cousin Once sent him a dozen. The funeral's tomorrow at eight.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe.

AMUL—Your Dudhwallah



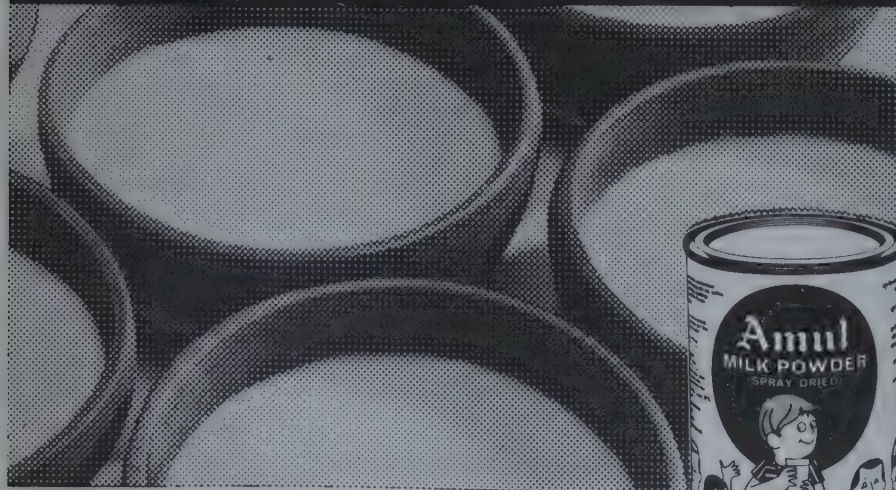
Put 2½ heaped tablespoons of Amul Milk Powder into a ¼ litre tumbler. Stir into a smooth paste with a little warm water. Add hot water up to top and stir. Your child's glass of milk is ready. (For detailed instructions see tin).

AMUL—Your Chaiwallah



Amul Milk Powder is ideal for tea and coffee. Make milk as above.

AMUL—Your Dahiwallah



Make milk as above and set for curds the usual way, as you would in the case of fresh milk.

Amul Milk Powder

It's like having a dairy in your home

Marketed by: Gujarat Co-op. Milk Marketing Federation Limited, Anand.

*Wouldn't it be great
if you could
simply erase
those
tell-tale lines?*



Lure Beauty Mask

*cleanses the skin,
restores youthful firmness
to your face.*

Tell-tale lines and dull, jaded skin are a sure sign of ageing and neglect. What you need is Lure Beauty Mask.

Lure opens your skin pores and cleanses the dirt and impurities clogged within. Then its astringent action closes the pores and tightens your skin to give you that fresh, youthful glow.

Her wedding was drawing near, there was just a week left, but to Kalpana it appeared like one whole year. Anything might happen in these seven days; supposing Kailash changes his mind. There is always the possibility, one can never trust a man; one moment they are all sugar and honey and the next moment harsh and dominating, she thought with a sigh. Only the other day her aunt, who was an inveterate gossip, had remarked, "Kalpana, don't think it is easy for girls like you to get married, you are lucky that Kailash agreed to marry you, but I would suggest you keep your fingers crossed till the marriage takes place, you can't say about men, they are easily influenced."

These were her actual words. "Easily influenced." And they kept coming back to her mind however much she tried to forget them. "Oh God! Let not Kailash back out from this engagement," she prayed with all her heart. Kalpana tried to relive the day Kailash came to see her. His tall frame, with broad shoulders and a very mobile face had attracted her. She also liked the relaxed way he went about asking her questions regarding her studies, her hobbies, interests, etc. From the moment he entered her house along with his elder brother, he appeared quite at home with its atmosphere and the people, unlike other men who were ill at ease all the time.

Her parents also liked him and said she would be very lucky if he agreed to this alliance. To the joy of everyone, word came within only a fortnight that Kailash had accepted the proposal. Needless to say, she was most excited and could not sleep that night; she was thinking of Kailash every minute. Her earlier suitors had come and seen her and it had ended there. After

going through several interviews she had almost given up hope, deciding that it was futile to entertain the very idea of getting married, especially for girls like her. She would remain a spinster all her life, she thought, there was no hope. "Amma, this is going to be the last boy I am going to see," she said, but never dreamt that he would be the last for the very opposite reason!

Well, now all the initial excitement was over and it has given place to some other feeling in her, the feeling of fear, fear that her pleasant dream would get shattered one fine day and she might after all have to remain a spinster all her life.

The sound of a cycle bell followed by the postman's voice awakened her from her thoughts and she ran down to get the letters. As the day of marriage was approaching, her fears and apprehension increased feverishly.

*She had to tell
her husband the
ugly secret.
Would he forgive
her or would he
recoil in disgust?*

Meera Raghavendra Rao

She dreaded to open the letters. One of them might be a few lines of rejection.

Picking up the letters, she found that they were all from her friends, saying they would come for her wedding. She was very happy at the prospect of meeting all of them again. They were all married and well settled. Here she was, the last to get married in her group of eight.

At last, it was March 23, the expected and much looked forward day. Kailash was tying the holy thread around her neck and she could feel his fingers touching the nape. Her mother was busy ushering in guests one moment, telling something to the priest the other. "What could she be saying to him?" she wondered. Her father was as usual cool and calm. Even his daughter's marriage didn't excite him, Kalpana thought and smiled inwardly. Oh! how indifferent men could be, or was it that they never show their feelings? she mused.

After the wedding her life was an ecstasy. Her honeymoon to Darjeeling, then the numerous parties hosted by Kailash's friends. Oh, it was a gay and carefree life, full of fun. She hardly had time to be alone with her husband. After a fortnight's stay in a hotel, they set up their own home. They took a two-bedroom flat near Kailash's office.

After the first few days of mad euphoria, Kalpana began

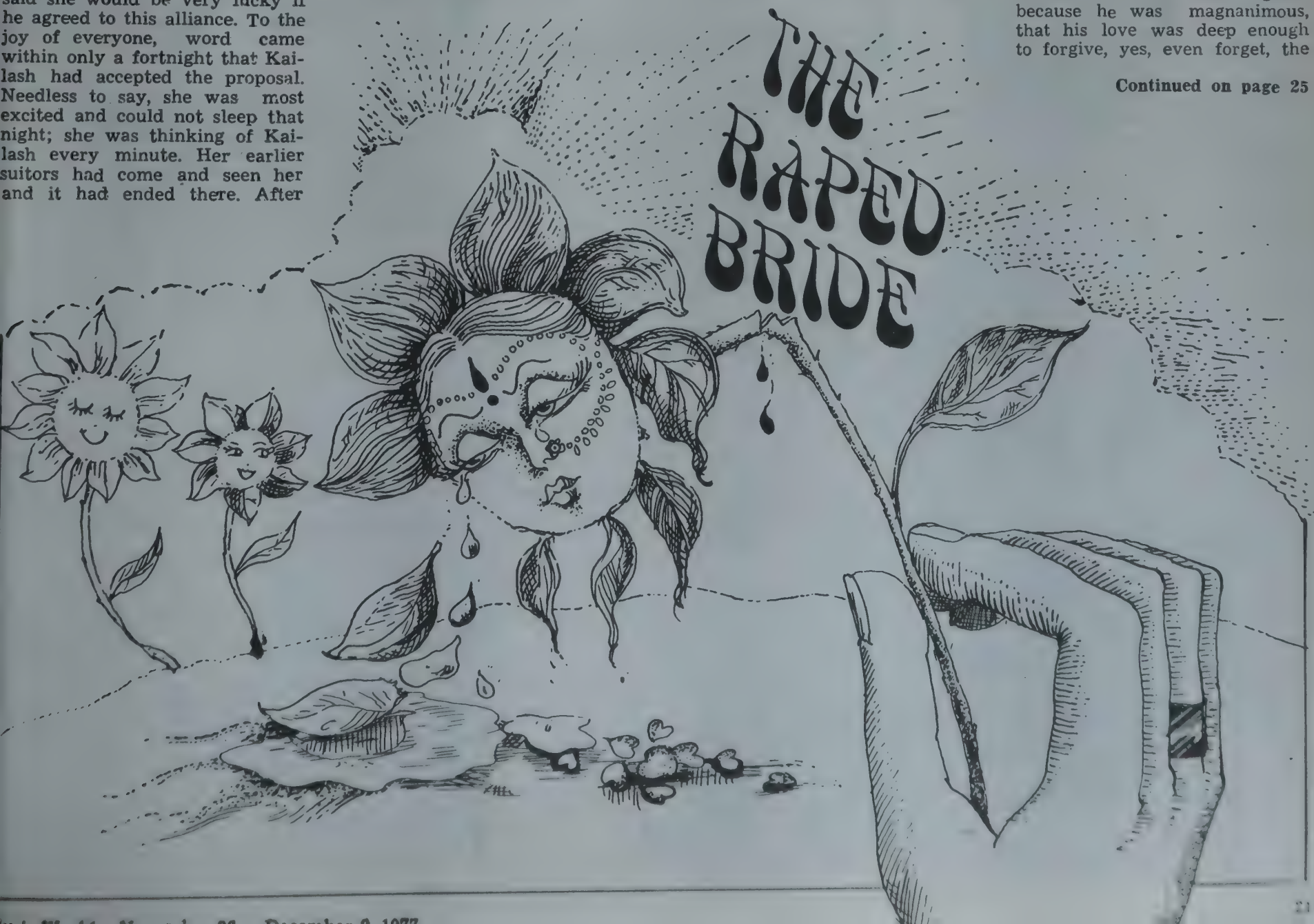
to feel uneasy again, fears coming back to fill her mind with dread and anguish. She had known Kailash for well over a month now and she seemed to like him more and more as days passed. His happy-go-lucky attitude appealed to her and his laugh was infectious. She noticed that seriousness had no place in his mental makeup; he always took things lightly. And he was devoted to her.

But the uneasiness persisted and several times she tried to say something which was gnawing at her mind, but he never gave her a chance to be serious. What was even more puzzling, the question she expected as inevitable one day or the other did not come at all. She was sure one day Kailash would corner her and find out the ugly truth and she would lose his love, his respect. Supposing, he was ignorant of it all, she wondered, but how was that possible?

Her mother would never have lied to her. She had said that whoever came to see her, did so knowingly, and Kailash could not have been an exception. But now doubts started creeping in and she feared that her mother had decided, in her anxiety to get her married, not to reveal the dread secret. Too many proposals had been wrecked on that hidden rock in her life.

When Kailash agreed to marry her, she had thought that he was not like other men, that he was broad minded and had agreed because he was magnanimous, that his love was deep enough to forgive, yes, even forget, the

Continued on page 25





Hand-made paper items
— courtesy: Chimanlals,
Bombay

Photographs:
Farokh Reporter

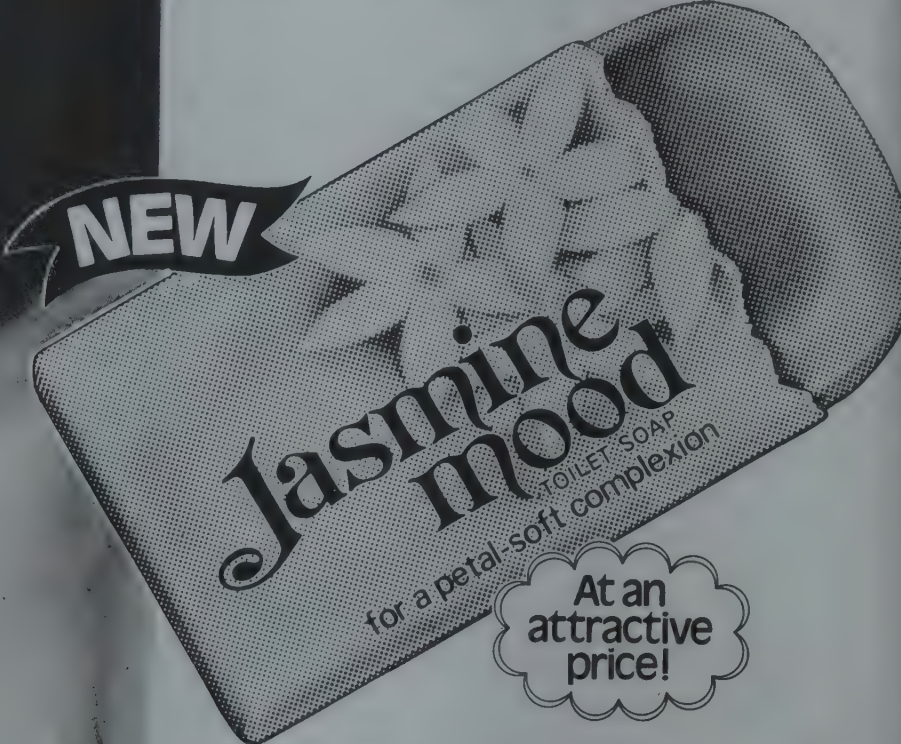




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the fragrance of jasmine too!

New Jasmine Mood.
The first jasmine soap
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Jasmine Mood...with rich emollients
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None of them is her own.

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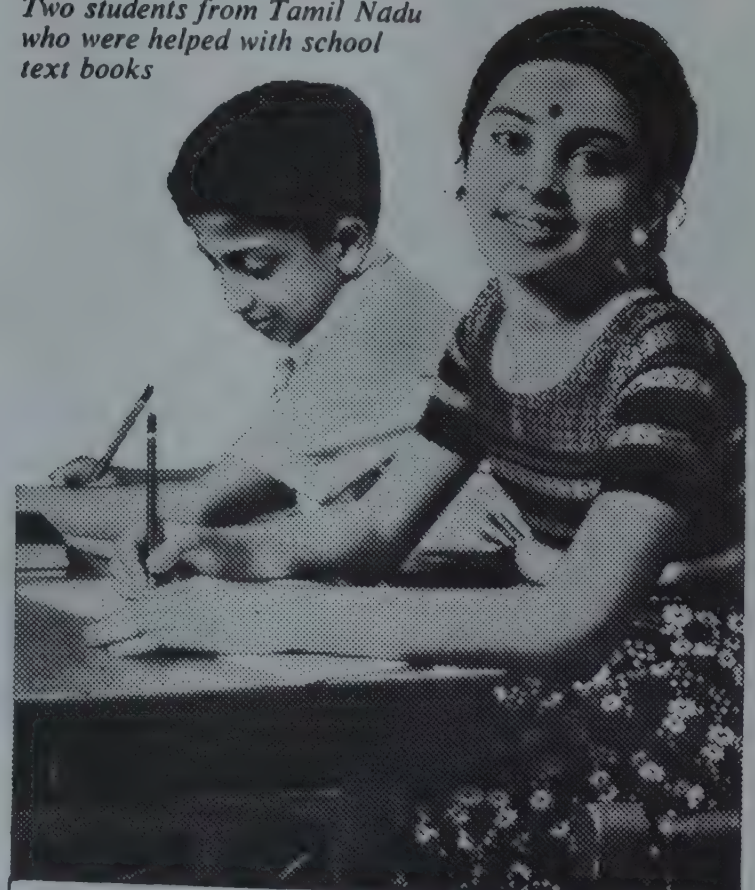
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*Two students from Tamil Nadu
who were helped with school
text books*



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| Recurring Deposit Scheme | Fixed Deposit linked
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Insurance Policy |
| Fixed Deposit linked with
Recurring Deposit Scheme | |



United Commercial Bank

Helping people to help themselves—profitably

Continued from page 21

ugly truth about her. Thank God a few magnanimous men like Kailash existed in this world, she thought, but this optimism did not last long. Most of the time it was dread and not hope that filled her heart.

Kailash's job took him on frequent tours. He was out half the month. In the beginning she had missed him a lot, but now she was slowly getting used to these brief spells of absence. But her loneliness only intensified the old memories and the gloom that encircled her.

No, she must ask Kailash and be done with this miasma of uncertainty once for all. She could not torture herself any longer and live in perpetual fear like this. She decided to talk it out with Kailash when he returned from his present tour.

The next evening she heard the cab drawing up at the gate and he was shouting. "Hai, Kalp, did you miss me too much?" as he entered the flat. But seeing her strained face, he sobered instantly and asked, "What's happened? Where has your smile gone? Why are you greeting me with a face so grim? What's wrong?" Untying his shoes, he went on and on firing questions at her and giving no chance for her to say anything.

"Are you not giving your husband some hot tea, darling?" he then asked with his happy smile and she went into the kitchen, her footsteps heavy. As she watched her husband enjoying the hot snacks she had prepared, her heart was almost breaking. But she had decided to end this ceaseless tension and, plucking up courage, she asked, "Kailash, do you know everything about me?"

This rather unexpected question took him by surprise, but in a moment Kailash was leaning back in the chair and laughing. "I think I've known you for the last eight months, my sweet—charming, shy, modest..." and he seemed to be searching for more adjectives.

"Please, Kailash, this is serious. I don't mean these past eight months, I want to know if you know anything about me before my marriage?"

"Well, if there is anything interesting, I shall be happy to know about it, although frankly, I am quite content with what I know."

He was making it difficult for Kalpana to carry out her resolve, but she was at the end of her tether and had to have it out.

"Oh, Kailash, I don't know how to begin..."

Again he interrupted flippantly, "Why not begin at the beginning? Simple isn't it?"

"You know, you were not the only suitor I had," she said, ignoring his levity.

"That happens with every girl, doesn't it? What's so important about that?"

"No, no, that's not what I meant. All of them rejected me and you were the first person to agree to marry me."

"Well, that's obvious, isn't it? I mean, otherwise, you wouldn't be here with me, serving me delicious snacks and tea. O.K., what's troubling you? What terrible confession do you have up your sleeve?"

"Kailash, be serious for once. You know why they rejected me?"

"Their bad luck and my good luck, I suppose."

"No, it was my good luck to marry someone so broadminded and kind hearted like you," she said. "And I don't know how to express my thankfulness to God for giving you as my life partner. But tell me, aren't all men possessive, suspicious and, whatever they may have done, don't they insist on their brides being virgins? So who would care to marry some one like me, who has been wronged for no fault of hers, that too when I was not yet out of school?"

The words had come out in a rush. She dared not look at her husband for fear of what his face would show. Fearful of his outburst of anger, she continued hurriedly, "Kailash, my mother obviously has not told you, and you don't know. Saying this, she looked up, ready to face his hatred and contempt. She had burnt her boats and must face her future bravely.

His face was serious, the smile and softness had vanished.

Suddenly she felt frightened. "Kailash, please don't look like that. I can't bear to see that expression on your face. I know you hate me, which man wouldn't. But I love you Kailash, believe me I do. What happened was not my fault, I didn't even see the man. I fainted away, and when I regained consciousness he had vanished. I realised what had happened because of the blood and the pain. I was..." and then she broke down, her sobs tearing her chest.

But Kailash, instead of a bitter tirade, instead of slapping her and pushing her out of his presence, was holding her in a tight embrace and saying, "My poor dear girl, did it never occur to you that although you were unconscious, the man must have been fully conscious and seen you, and also that there was every possibility of his recognising you if he saw you again? Don't think there are any exceptions to our sex, we are all alike—possessive, suspicious and harsh—but on one thing I am not like others. I do not believe in double standards and I have a conscience."

Slowly the words began to sink in and Kalpana felt faint and dizzy. As she was about to collapse she felt a strong pair of arms carry her to the bed, the same pair of arms she thought, and this was not the first time they were holding her in a state of semiconsciousness.



DO NOT BE ADAMANT

I have been in love with a boy whom I know for the past eight years. We broke up twice and have made up, but now I don't have the same feelings for him which I had eight years ago. I have been receiving many marriage proposals, but I have not found a suitable boy. I feel that only this boy comes up to my expectations—we are getting married soon. My parents have given their consent though they are against this marriage.

I am very fond of dancing, but he has never taken me to a single dance. Also he is quite tight fisted as regards money. I am used to city life and he wants to buy a house in the village. Do you think I will be happy with him?

The fact that both of you are together again shows that there is a strong attraction and attach-

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

ment for each other. Perhaps you do not have the same feelings for him because you have been hurt. It is likely that this mixed feeling is a passing phase, and you will grow to love him deeply as time goes by.

But if there are any personality differences and strong likes and dislikes on which both of you cannot agree, one of you will have to make an adjustment to live amicably. It would be wise, before marriage, to come

to an understanding on basic major issues — such as how both of you should work out your social life, finance and domestic affairs, where to stay, etc. A rigid approach will not help, but love, understanding and communication can go a long way to settle differences. And true love can surmount any difficulties.

It is important to know him and his qualities as a person, and not be totally blind to his faults.

DON'T RUIN YOUR MARRIAGE

I am a young married woman of 27. My husband is of the same age and we have a baby who is about 10 months old. My husband is

in the Navy and away from home for about eight months in a year. I live with my in-laws in a large joint family.

When my husband is here we have tiffs off and on, but then we make up. Before marriage he had disclosed to me that he had a number of girl friends but he talked of a particular girl very often and he had sex with her. I just can't get this off my mind

and I get upset although he tells me he loves me and no one else.

I don't enjoy sex with him and he even said that I am frigid. I really don't know what has made me like this. I am miserable. Please advise.

You should not act the way you are doing or you will totally ruin your marriage. The past is past and there is no need to rake it up every now and then. Your husband loves you and is faithful to you, so be at rest, and don't keep doubting or harassing him, or else you will force him into an affair and will have to repent. He has confided his past to you because he loves you. Make a sincere effort to forget what he has said and be a responsive sex partner. This is very essential. Your frigid attitude is the result of your building a psychological resistance to him. Being warm and understanding and cooperative, in matters of sex, is the only way to bring him close to you.

Write to him as often as you can when he is away; make him feel your presence and that he is wanted. Radiate warmth and goodwill and there is no need to be jealous or desperate. So change your ways and do not work with a negative attitude and break this relationship.

FORGET THE PAST

THE ROMANCE OF RESHAM!

The swinging crowd, aware of what's happening on the fashion scene, choose and match their ties, shirts and dresses from the wide, wonderful and "now" prints that cast a romantic spell in pure, soft silk. The adaptable silks—floral-splashed, abstractly designed, striking in stripes and checks or flashing favourite legends and racing scenes—make casual or sophisticated unisex ensembles or instant dresses. The men—from acid rock-fellers to roving-Romeos, from swinging socialites to self-righteous executives—have one common "tie" that binds them together, whether it takes a narrow course, is broad and brash or smartly scaled to the midway rule. These ties, shirts and dress fabrics ignite fashion with their myriad designs and hues that give a delightful twist to modern dressing.

Courtesy: Resham Creations,
Bombay.

RIGHT: The new upto-the-minute styles to choose from! A tie-up handkerchief hemline dress in black, red and white geometric design looks stunning and is matched with his smart, sophisticated tie.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter.





LEFT: The casual yet dressed-up look for an active day out in town. Admiring a painting he wears a black, navy blue and white geometric printed shirt; while she is cool in a throw-over knotted top worn over jeans.

BELOW: It's mutual admiration at cocktail hour! She dons a soft flowing evening gown with water-wave design in blue, black and white pure silk; while his tie echoes the same print in brown, black and white.



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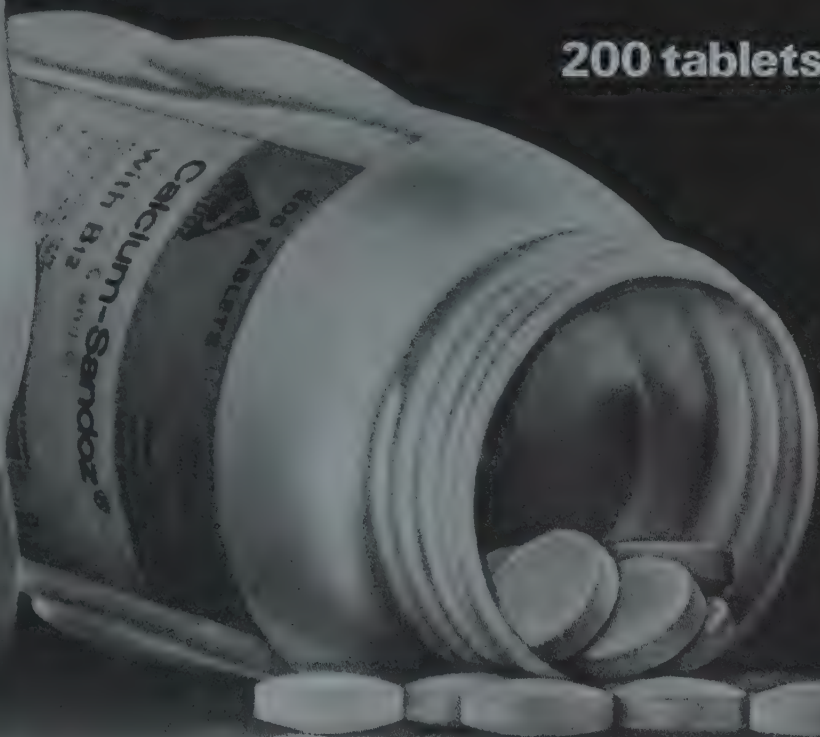
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SMOKELESS COOKING WITH COAL

While you cook, you need no more shed tears over smoke or heavy fuel bills. Here at last is an answer to housewives' prayers — smokeless coal, introduced by the Government-owned Coal India Limited.

Two types of smokeless fuel for domestic use are now available to consumers in India:

In the form of small, convenient-to-handle balls or briquettes, "Ushma" has been made from clean, high quality pulverised coal by Central Coalfields Limited (CCL), a subsidiary of Coal India. Managing Director B. L. Wadehra of Central Coalfields says it is "clean to handle, easy to light, pollution free, water resistant and capable of storage for long periods without deterioration."

Released for sale in five-kg. polythene packets, the briquettes are the first of their kind to be indigenously manufactured in the country and the cheapest fuel going today.

"Jwala," recently introduced, is another sophisticated smokeless coal produced by Bharat Coking Coal Limited, also a Coal India subsidiary. Similar to Ushma, Jwala, besides being smokeless and easily ignitable, is free from dust and has a low percentage of gas content. With the volatile element removed from the coal from which it is manufactured, the new product yields more energy than soft coke and burns longer too.

Both these products are the result of dedicated work by the fuel technologists of the Central Fuel Research Institute at Dhanbad and come as a pleasant surprise to housewives long accustomed to the inevitable nuisance of smoke in their kitchens and the messiness of soft coke, considered for various reasons as an ideal fuel for Indian conditions but for its smoke emission. In their bid to provide clean domestic fuel, the scientists have tackled the major problem of smoke generation by recently perfecting two techniques of pellet and briquette coke making. The strategy adopted is to remove the volatile matter that causes smoke, such as gases, tar and benzole, present in coal. Smokeless domestic fuel is also advantageously processed from cheaper sources by pelletisation and briquetting of surplus slack coal from mines and middlings from coal processing plants.

The test marketing of Jwala was successfully completed early this year in Delhi where the domestic sector consumes 30,000 tonnes of coke a month. The housewives responded with as many as 40,000 applications for

Shoukath Ahmed

The harassed housewife will welcome the new smokeless coal and smokeless chullah

smokeless coal, which is a measure of its instant popularity. The trail marketing was satisfactorily followed in Calcutta, Chandigarh and Madras.

The commercial production of smokeless coal has begun at Bha-

The process of manufacture employed here doesn't lead to atmospheric pollution and turns out uniform, efficient and hard domestic fuel. And when the current production rate of 3,000 tonnes of smokeless pellets at Jharia is doubled shortly, consumer

can reduce the cost of delivery to various consumer areas in the country. For direct use as well as as a substitute it can superbly replace soft coke or other unproductive conventional solid fuels being used for years now by the domestic sector, the largest single consumer of energy in the country.

While the urban housewife gets more heat at less cost with smokeless coal, her city gets a cleaner, soot-free atmosphere. The problem of pollution in densely populated cities is too serious a matter to be allowed to be aggravated by continued use of smoke-belching fuels. Coal India's keen desire to popularise smokeless coal in villages is intended to dissuade rural folk from using non-commercial fuels like cowdung, vegetable waste, firewood, which could be profitably utilised otherwise as manure to raise farm yield. The switch-over to coal also checks deforestation and forestalls the danger of weather and ecological imbalances now threatening us.

To complement smokeless coal, Coal India has brought another equally useful gift to users of solid fuels — India's first smokeless chullah (domestic oven) through entrepreneurs all over the country. Specially designed to suit local needs, the "smoke eater," as General Manager M. P. Narayanan of Coal India aptly terms it, completely eliminates smoke to reduce pollution and generate additional heat. For all its appetite for smoke, the chullah would cost the owner no more than about Rs. 10-12, a small price to pay for cleaner air in and around kitchens. One of the four designs Coal India has selected, the ovens in this price range are meant for consumers in rural and semi-urban areas. For sophisticated urban homes, there is also an elegant variety at a little more cost — approximately Rs. 35.

Entrepreneurs interested in taking up manufacture of smokeless coal and the different types of ovens can now get technical know-how and all help from Coal India as part of its plan to augment the limited output of the public sector units. Patent designs for smokeless chullahs are cost-free to encourage mass production and marketing over an extensive area in the country. Dispersal of production is sought to be achieved by routing financial assistance to entrepreneurs through banks and other institutions in various states.

Give your clothes more than just a clean wash



-a fresh smell, too! with CHAMAK

Chamak washes away all the dirt from your clothes. And gives them a fresh, clean smell, too. And Chamak is economical. So wash your clothes the traditional way. With a good soap like Chamak—safe for all your washing.

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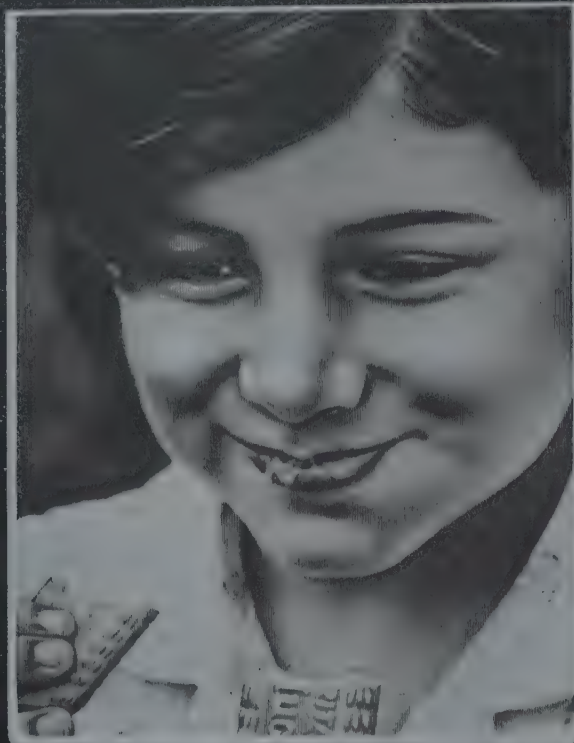
rat Coking Coal's Khas Kusunda plant near Dhanbad with a production capacity of 100 tonnes of Jwala per day, to be progressively raised to 1,000 tonnes, according to Mr. R. N. Sharma, Managing Director of Coking Coal Limited. This is the first pellet coke plant set up after successful pilot trials by this subsidiary to manufacture smokeless fuel from very low grade coal that has no market at present. Another plant is planned near Calcutta

demand can be met on a large scale.

Smokeless coal should be the best choice for Indian housewives for more reasons than one.

It's the cheapest fuel when you consider scientifically the efficiency of its heat utilisation for cooking or in terms of cost alone; definitely cheaper than kerosene and LPG. A ton of smokeless coal would cost only about Rs. 120-150 in the market and a national plan of distribution if evolved,

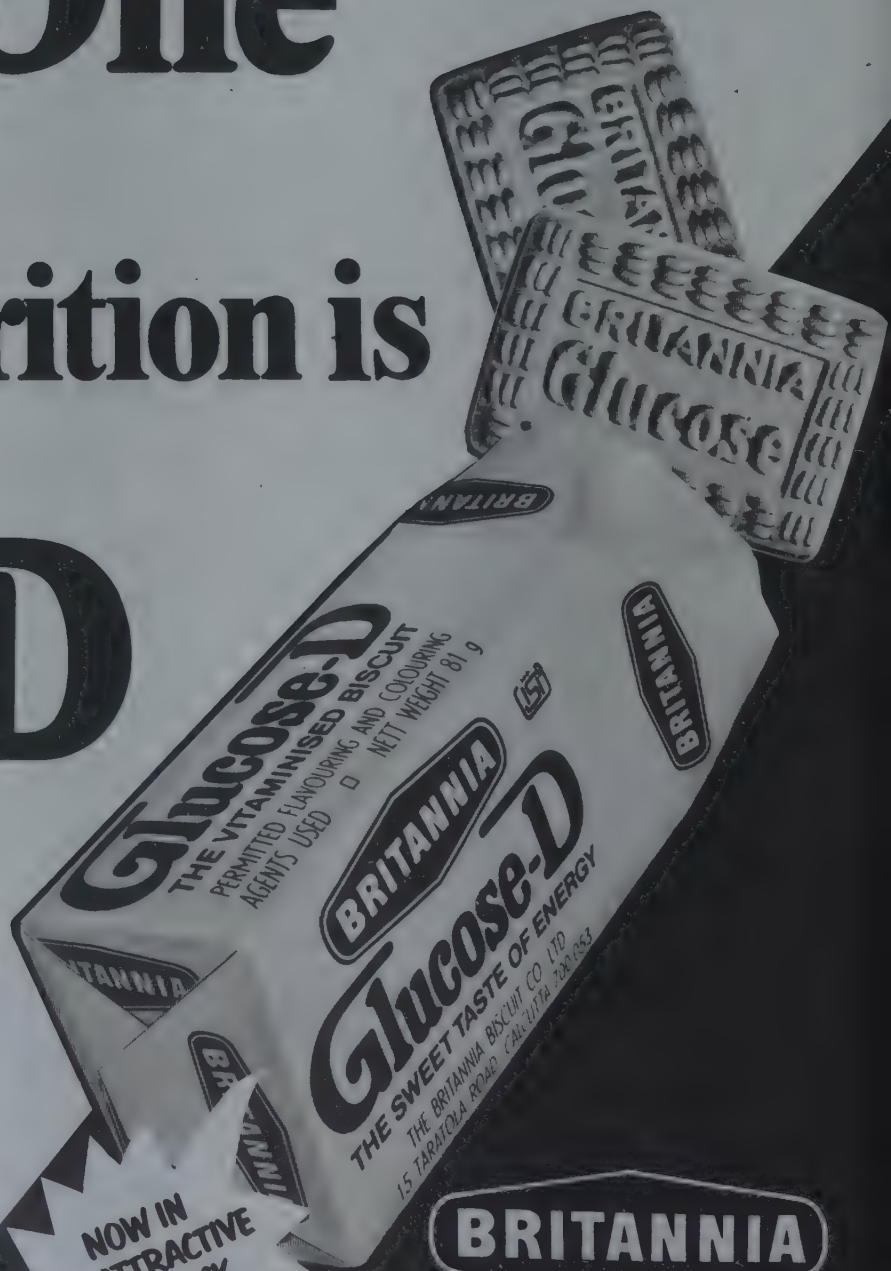
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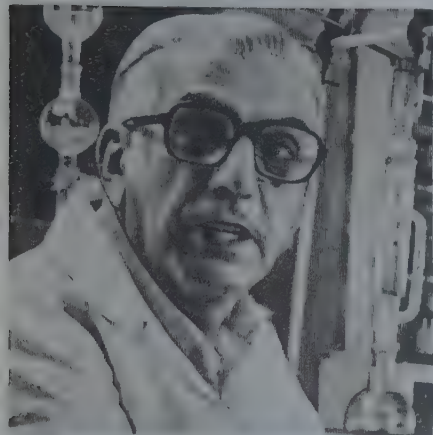


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**Britannia GLUCOSE D —
the sweet taste of energy!**



**That's why more people have switched to Britannia
GLUCOSE D than to any other glucose biscuit**

STAR OF THE BUFFET TABLE

Premila Lal

Want to be an impressive hostess? Then let your imagination loose—have a buffet and serve a sumptuous fare. Have one or two dishes as your star attraction and build your menu around them. Flavour them excitingly and garnish colourfully. But whether it is an elaborate main dish of meat or poultry roast, stuffed fish, a rich pulao, a platter of crisp, colourful salad or a luscious dessert, see that a cold dish is really cold and a hot dish sizzling hot, and you'll have a spread which will be long remembered after the party is over.

ROAST STUFFED TURKEY

- 1 turkey
- 10 stale rolls
- 4 medium onions
- $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. fat
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 10 gms. sage
- 3 whole eggs
- 2 stalks diced celery
- A little poultry seasoning

Chop onions and celery and cook in fat over low heat until the onions become soft but not browned, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile blend seasoning with bread. Add onions, celery and fat to it. Blend and cook with eggs.

Clean and dress the turkey. Loosen the breast side and stuff with prepared stuffing. Arrange the turkey in a roasting dish and roast at 250° F for an hour. Serve with vegetable bouquette and Cranberry sauce.

VEGETABLE SALAD WITH SARDINES

- 1 small head cauliflower
- 2 heads of crisp lettuce
- 450 grams red beans (cooked weight)
- 450 grams Kabuli channa (cooked weight)
- 250 grams cut. green beans (cooked in salted water)
- 1 bunch spring onions chopped
- 6-8 hardboiled eggs, sliced

Food Courtesy:
Taj Intercontinental Hotel,
Bombay.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter.



- 1 cup olive oil or salad oil
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsps. salt
- 1/2 tsp. freshly ground pepper
- 3 tomatoes, sliced
- 2 sliced capsicums
- 1 tin sardines

Break cauliflower into small flowerettes and parboil till just tender. Cook green beans till just tender, too. Drain and put in a salad bowl rubbed with cut garlic. Add channa, red beans (rajma), green onions, 4 eggs, capsicums, lettuce. Toss with dressing made of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Garnish top with tomato and egg slices and sardines. — Makes 10-12 servings.

COLD SLICED HAM WITH MEDITERRANEAN SALAD

- 6 tbsps. olive oil
- 3 medium sized onions, finely chopped
- 3 medium sized brinjals, cut in small cubes
- 3 tsps. salt
- 1 1/2 cups rice
- 3 cups water
- 6 tsps. ketchup
- 6 large capsicums
- Mayonnaise sauce

Heat oil in a large saucepan, add onions and brinjal cubes and cook for about 5 minutes or till softened. Add salt, rice and water. Cook till rice is tender and stir in the ketchup. Cut capsicums in halves, remove seeds and fill with rice mixture. Place in a baking dish and pour about 1/2 cup water in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a preheated, moderate oven for 30-40 minutes or till peppers are cooked but firm. Chill. Serve around a platter of sliced ham and top each capsicum with mayonnaise sauce. Season 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise with 6 tablespoons sweet mango chutney and a little lemon juice.

QUICK MEAT AND CORN CASSEROLE

- 2 large cans corned beef (about 450 grams each)
- 2 capsicums, chopped
- 2-3 large onions, chopped
- 125 grams butter or margarine
- 2 cans cream-style corn (450 grams each)
- 1 1/2 cups crushed cream crackers
- 1 1/2-2 tsps. salt
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. freshly ground pepper
- 1 tsp. minced parsley or
- 2 tsps. chopped coriander
- 2 cups milk
- 5 eggs, slightly beaten
- 250 mls. very thick curd
- 12 sliced capsicum rings

Cube the corned beef and saute in melted butter with the chopped capsicums and onions till browned. Put in a 2 litre casserole and stir in the corn, crushed crackers, salt, pepper, chilli, parsley, milk and beaten eggs. Bake uncovered in a pre-heated, moderately hot oven for 45 mins-1 hour. Arrange pepper rings on top and put a dollop of curd in the centre of each ring. Serve straight from the oven. Makes 10-12 servings.

CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 1 large head cauliflower (app-

- rox, 1 1/2 kgs.)
- 2 medium sized onions, chopped
- 2 small capsicums or green chillis, seeded and chopped
- 1 small can of mushrooms, chopped
- 5 tbsps. butter or margarine, melted
- 175 grams grated sharp cheese
- About 1 litre prepared white sauce with chopped coriander leaves
- 3 tbsps. sesame seeds, toasted on a tava

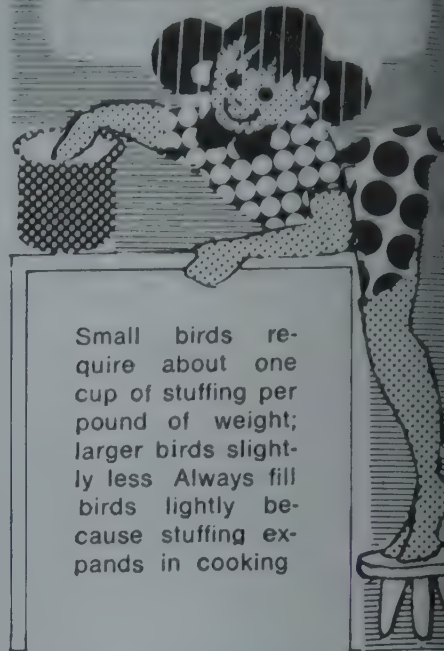
Separate cauliflower into flowerettes and cook in salted boiling water for about 10 minutes or till barely tender. Drain, saute

onions, capsicums and mushrooms in melted butter until onions are transparent. Alternate layers of cauliflower, sauted vegetables, grated cheese and white sauce in a greased 2 litre casserole. Sprinkle with sesame seeds and bake uncovered in a pre-heated moderate oven for 1/2 hour or till bubbly.

CRUNCHY CHICKEN SALAD IN PINEAPPLE SHELLS

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 tsps. prepared mustard
- 2 tbsps. sweet tomato chutney
- Flesh of 2 chickens, diced or shredded
- 2 cups sliced celery

cuckoo lal



Small birds require about one cup of stuffing per pound of weight; larger birds slightly less. Always fill birds lightly because stuffing expands in cooking.

- 2 cups sliced apples
- 1 cup cubed pineapple
- Salt, chilli powder and ground black pepper to taste
- 1 capsicum, chopped
- 6 large spring onions, finely chopped
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- Shredded lettuce
- 2 tomatoes, sliced
- 4 hard boiled eggs, sliced
- Sliced olives to garnish
- 1 large ripe pineapple

Mix mayonnaise with mustard. Use more mayonnaise if necessary, add mango chutney to make it pungent. Season with salt, pepper and chilli. Put chicken, celery, apple, pineapple, capsicum, onion, chopped coriander in a large mixing bowl. Mix in the mayonnaise mixture and toss lightly. Correct seasoning, toss lightly and chill.

Slice pineapple in halves lengthwise, scoop out the flesh leaving a shell of about 1/2 inch. Turn over and drain for about 20 minutes. At serving time, line pineapple halves with lettuce and turn salad into the two pineapple shells. Garnish with wedges of tomato, sliced tomato and olives. Use remaining pineapple pulp and juice to make a trifle pudding.

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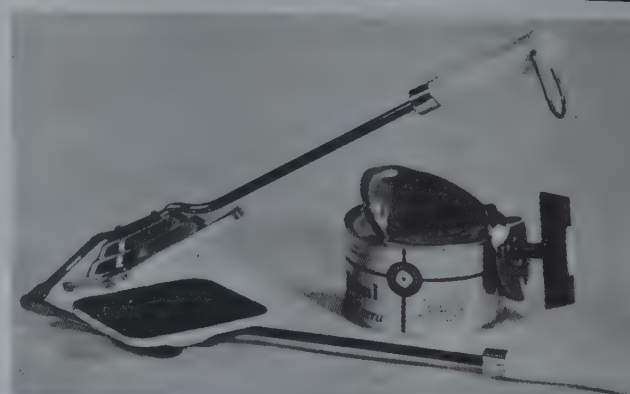
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SPECIAL PRIZES FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

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

All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapphire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware.

So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.



Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50. 00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

recipes from our readers



Miss Shashi Tiwari, Lucknow.

BAKED CHUTNEY-PANEER

Fresh paneer (prepared from 1½ litre milk)

½ tsp. turmeric powder
Banana leaves

GRIND TO PASTE:

1 fresh coconut

1 bunch fresh coriander leaves

5 green chillis

1 tsp. cumminseed

5 cloves garlic

100 grams roasted channa dal

Lemon juice and salt to taste

Make 1" pieces of the paneer mix with turmeric powder and apply a thick layer of the paste. Wrap each piece in a well-greased banana leaf. Fasten each with a toothpick or thread. Put all the pieces in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes. Unwrap the leaves and serve hot.



Chandra Dorai, Hyderabad

TOMATO PICKLE

1 kg. ripe tomatoes
1 kg. tamarind
1 tiny piece asafoetida (heeng)
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. fenugreek seeds
1 cup salt
1 tbsps. chilli powder
1 kg. til oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds

1 tsp. channa dal
Curry leaves

Wash, wipe and chop the tomatoes; sprinkle salt over them and keep in the hot sun in the morning. In the evening strain them. Soak tamarind in water. The next day keep the tomato pieces and the soaked tamarind separately in the hot sun. In the evening grind the tomatoes with tamarind water (free of seeds). Add chilli powder to this paste. Roast fenugreek seeds till brown and powder them finely. Heat the oil in a clean karahi. When the oil starts smoking, add mustard seeds, channa dal, powdered asafoetida, curry leaves. When the mustard splutters, add turmeric powder and the ground tomato paste. Stir very gently over a slow fire till the pickle is thick. Remove pickle from fire and cool. Bottle in air-tight jars. The oil should rise to the top of the pickle level. This can be preserved for six to ten months.



Mrs. Mala Katyal, Kanpur

ZARDA

1 kg. sela rice
1 kg. sugar
250 grams pure ghee
20 almonds, blanched
6 pistachio nuts
2 small sheets of silver or golden warq
5-6 cloves
½ tsp. saffron
7 small cardamoms
100 grams small raisins

Clean the rice. In 2 cups of water, mix orange food colour,

add rice to it, cook till rice is half tender, remove.

Make a syrup of sugar and water.

Heat ghee in a dekchi, fry cardamoms, almonds, pistachio nuts and add rice and sugar syrup. Sprinkle dissolved saffron and raisins. Cover the dekchi and cook for 15-20 minutes on a slow fire. Decorate with warq.



Miss Pooranima Naik, Bombay.

TOMATO MAHASHAS

1 kg. large red tomatoes
200 grams fine rice
1 tsp. ghee
100 grams paneer
200 grams green peas
1 onion
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
4 cardamoms
1 clove ...
1 cup grated coconut
Coriander leaves
1 stick cinnamon
Salt to taste

Slice off the tops of the tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp without damaging the outside. Keep the pulp clean and wash the rice. Heat ghee in a saucepan, add chopped onions and fry till brown. Add whole garam masala, turmeric, chilli powder, rice, green peas. Add sufficient water. Cook till rice is ¾ done. Add chopped paneer and fill up the tomatoes. Replace tops of tomatoes. Bake or arrange on waste cabbage leaves at the bottom. Cook on a slow gas till rice is cooked. Garnish with grated coconut.

Instead of paneer you can use more peas.



L. J. Fernandes of Madras wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

FRUIT NUT DELIGHT WITH CUSTARD PUDDING

1 large apple
100 grams sugar
50 grams walnuts, chopped
50 grams cherries, chopped (quarter and form flower petals)

Fresh cream, chilled, for piping
A few drops of pink colouring

CUSTARD PUDDING:

½ litre milk
2 tbsps. custard powder
4 tbsps. sugar

A few drops of green colouring

Make custard in the usual way, divide equally in two separate dishes. Colour one green, cool and chill.

Now prepare apple rings. Slice away the top and bottom of apple, cut into six equal slices as you do for pineapple. Using a biscuit cutter or a sharp-pointed knife, cut an inner circle removing pith and seeds. Make a syrup of the sugar, adding the pink colouring. Cook each slice of apple for five minutes on either side. Gently remove on to a flat plate. Allow to cool.

When the custard has set, take a deep glass bowl about six inches in diameter and, smear it with butter; spread a layer of green custard, ½" thick, place on this a slice of apple, fill in centre with walnuts and cherries. Now spread a layer of the other custard pudding and repeat until the last slice of apple is uppermost. Fill in the centre with walnuts. Place a flower made from the cherry quarters on nuts. Using an icing set with nozzle, pipe a cream centre. Pipe a cream border along the edge of custard pudding around the outer edge of apple and one around the nuts and cherries. Chill again. Use a sharp knife to cut portions and ease gently on quarter plates.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the week's and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

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


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true confession

friendship had ceased and we had lost touch with each other. And Mona's husband Anand was Ashok's colleague! Talk of the world being small! I was thrilled at having found someone I knew in Bombay since I was new and scarcely knew anything or anybody.

*Little did I imagine
when I met my
old schoolmate and
welcomed her home, that
I was inviting disaster*

MY HUSBAND IS HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH MY FRIEND

Where does one begin to tell the tale of an embittered young woman, utterly dejected and cynical, watching other women who, at my age, are carefree and unburdened like the birds that soar in the sky? I often ask God what I have done to deserve this torment, but I guess my question will remain unanswered.

Like the youth of today I was terribly enthusiastic, enjoying this super jet age, looking back with satisfaction on my yesterdays which had left a dream and the vision of a tomorrow, which made life seem a great surprise package to discover. Yes, I was looking at life through rose tinted spectacles and expecting the dusty road of life to be strewn with roses.

I was 21 when I finished my B. A. (Honours) and simultaneously got a diploma in French. By then I was bored with studying and wanted to discover life. Dad was one of the top executives of a leading firm in Delhi and we lived in high style to keep up the social prestige of the family. It was when Dad's friend Mr. Varma arrived from Bombay that the question of my marriage arose. After all, I was attractive and had all the qualifications that were required of a bride to be.

My dad was overjoyed — nice family and a responsible boy who would take care of his little girl were his words, but now as I think back on his innocent statement, I feel a stab of bitter frustration.

Ashok was tall and handsome — a girl's dream come true. He was well established in a reputed advertising agency with a nice flat, salary and future prospects. When we met, I felt there was immediate rapport between us. Both behaved naturally without any attempt on my part to play the blushing bride. We got to know each other and by the time he left back for Bombay I was blissfully in love.

There were letters and STD calls from Delhi to Bombay and I would wait near the phone refusing to let anyone use it lest it hinder him from getting through. We were married and when he lifted the red bridal sari which covered my face I could feel an upsurge of emotion I had never felt before. "Sheila," he said that night, "do you know love is getting old together? You and I are going to find a new found happiness together, aren't we?"

To which I had merely lowered my head shyly, unable to speak.

When we came to Bombay our heady love had quietened down. I had to convert his bachelor's den into a "home," a lovely word, and I vowed to make one. The first few weeks were hectic as we were invited to a lot of parties and had to entertain too, as is expected of someone in Ashok's position. It was at one of these parties that I met Mona. The moment I saw her there was a strange air of familiarity about her and suddenly I burst out, "Aren't you Mona Chaudhary?" and she nodded, a look of surprise on her face. A moment later there was a flicker of recognition, the next minute we were flinging questions at each other.

Mona was the same old Mona of Delhi. She had been my classmate all through school and for two years at college. Mona with her charm and easy grace had not changed with time but had added confidence to her every move. She had left college to get married and with it our

After our reunion we saw a lot of Mona and Anand. Often he used to drop Mona on his way to work in the mornings and we used to spend the day indulging in feminine gossip, shopping or discussing the good old days in Delhi. In the evenings she would get back home in time for Anand's home coming and later on in the evenings we would usually meet at the club. This became more or less routine with us. So much so that if Mona was late Ashok would tell me to ring up and find out why she hadn't arrived. Once in a fit of irritation I had shouted, "What's your problem? Looks as if you can't go to work without seeing her." An unfathomable look had momentarily flickered on his face before he said mockingly, "Do I detect a hint of jealousy?" And I had laughed, feeling ashamed of myself for doubting him and my own best friend.



As time slipped by I grew to love Ashok more than ever. On our first anniversary he had come home holding out a bunch of red roses. It was a day I wanted him all to myself, but Mona and Anand had come along and spoilt my day. Much as Mona was my good friend, her gay laughter and casual behaviour as she patted Ashok on his back annoyed me. What was I getting heated up about? I asked myself. I was living in this modern world where the segregation of the sexes was unheard of. I was just getting over-possessive and jealous about nothing, I decided.

The leaves that were green turned brown and another year drifted by and I was 23. Ashok, I felt, had changed from the starry eyed man I had married and become more staid, as if I no longer excited him, and doubts intruded into my mind. Then I chided myself saying that the intensity of my love was making me foolish. Mona kept coming and there seemed to be a new lustre on her face, a brighter sparkle in her dark kohled eyes. She looked radiant though Anand looked as impassive as ever.

One day things reached a climax. Ashok and I had a terrible tiff and he stalked off in a huff. My temper had got the better of me and we had the toughest fight of our married life. It was after he had gone that I had glanced up and seen the calendar — July 22, it said. Our second wedding anniversary. Tears well-ed up in my eyes and I was seeing myself as I thought of the bride of yesterday — my head covered by the glittering red sari, was bent as I walked around the ceremonial fire with Ashok. Where had the magic gone? What had happened to our love so soon?

I reached out for the phone to apologise to him, but put it down hastily. I wasn't going to let a mere machine convey the depth of my feelings. Mona had not come that day saying she had a bad headache and cold. Anand, she had said, had not wanted to leave her alone and had insisted on taking the day off, but he had eventually gone to work. I restlessly paced the room. I sat pondering on how to make up and make our second anniversary another memorable day, something we could look back upon when we were old and grey.

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TRUE CONFESSION

I told the cook that I wanted to make the dinner and began to make Ashok's favourite dishes. When dinner was ready, I changed to his favourite peacock blue sari and brushed my hair until it shone. The table was set — a bowl of red roses adorning the centre with two candles on either side, illuminating the table softly. The clock struck nine and Ashok didn't come. He had not mentioned that he would be late, but then he'd probably forgotten in his huff. I settled down on the couch and closed my eyes momentarily exhausted by the day's events.

When I eventually woke up the clock chimed one. I was worried sick and rang up his director. By the sound of his voice I guessed he had woken him up from deep sleep, but hearing my anguished voice he said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Varma, he probably went to a colleague's for a few drinks." I apologised and put down the phone. I tried Mona's number but there was a peculiar buzz. Probably out of order, I thought irritably.

I could bear the torment no longer. The striking of the clock seemed to intensify my tension and hurt my raw nerves. I dressed and drove out to Mona's house. There was a dim light in Mona's bedroom. I knocked on the

door. Tukaram, the servant came after a few minutes. "Is memsahib in?" I asked. He seemed terror stricken at the sight of me. I made my way to her room before he could reply, but stopped with a start. Mona had opened the door and I could see Ashok on her bed. I turned and ran as a sob tore out of me.

Mona was my best friend. Was it Ashok's charm that had lured and imprisoned her as it had imprisoned me? I stumbled out into the dark. "Sahib's not in town, memsahib," Tukaram's voice came, searing my ears.

Ever since then Ashok and I have been a silent couple, monotonously going through our daily routine. Mona rung up to "explain," as she called it, but I slammed the phone on hearing her honey dipped voice. As for Ashok, he was far too guilty to say anything, and a wild scene to add to the chaos in my mind was the last thing I wanted. Divorce is out of question as my parents would faint at its very mention. It would spoil the good name of the family, they would say. And it would be cruel to shatter my parents' illusion that their daughter's marriage was a fabulous success.

I often wonder whether it is still Mona or somebody else with Ashok, but Anand and I are two embittered people in this world, our lives broken by a false husband and a wanton wife. What is to happen to me I don't know and I shudder to think about my future. Perhaps I will go mad and end up in a mental hospital while my best friend has my husband in her arms.

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For December 3 to December 9.



ARIES (March 21—April 19) You will gain in games of chance. Success in competitive tests. Good luck for sportsmen, speculators. Favourable days: All days.



TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Provoked by a member of your family, a dispute proves a boon in disguise. No one can take you for granted. Favourable days: 3-4.



GEMINI (May 22—June 21) Surroundings and associates bestow optimistic outlook. You have easy success in whatever you undertake. Favourable days: All days.



CANCER (June 22—July 22) Impulsive decisions on financial issues invite loss. Rely on reason as Uranus is favourable. Favourable days: 4-8.



LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) From 5th stars favourable. Contacts at places of entertainment bring financial relief, status. Emotionally stimulating. Favourable days: 5-6.



VIRGO (Aug 24—Sept 22) Several planets enthuse your spirit. Mental and physical agility pushed forward. Help yourself. Favourable days: All days.



LIBRA (Sept 23—Oct. 22) Actors, music lovers, persons connected with associations, corporations and Government achieve success. Favourable days: All days.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Malefic Mars, Saturn, Uranus do not separate from encirclement. Jupiter gives wisdom. Act wisely and not rashly. Favourable days: 3-4.



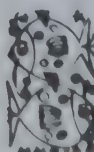
SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec 21) Success in gambling. Venus helps your personality and brings success in all that you do. Favourable days: All days.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19) Your dominating planet Saturn is now in harmony. You will achieve your ambitions with Mercury on your side. Favourable days: All days.

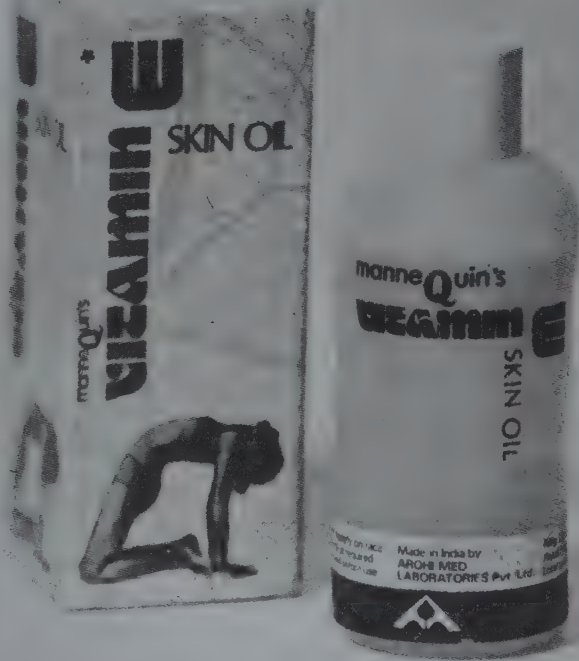


AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Confrontation helps despite its tension. Changes in surroundings and association. Progress for Aquarians. Favourable days: 5-6.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Only partial success in whatever you do. You are tense due to suspense and delays. Relax. Favourable days: 8-9.

what's new?



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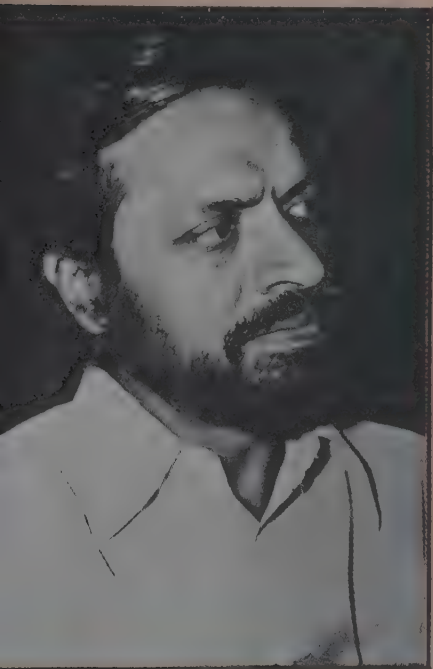


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It was Smita Patil's face which turned out to be her fortune. The face that came on the TV screen while she read out the day's news in Bombay, attracted people's attention — not so much because of its beauty, but because of the depth of character it shows. And in the mind of a committed filmmaker is aroused an interest that resulted in Smita making it to the film industry. It was Shyam Benegal, who had turned out a beautiful winner in "Ankur" with an unknown cast (at that time), who launched her on her new career. He was making "Nishant" and needed a girl for the second lead and chose Smita.

"Like everyone else, I saw Smita Patil on TV when she was a newsreader," he said. "She has a face which makes an instant impact. You know you are looking at a face on the screen, and then you look away somewhere else,



Shyam Benegal

and you want to look back at the face. You walk on the road and there are so many faces you see, some which don't affect you at all, and suddenly there comes a face which instantly attracts your attention.

"In filming, one depends a great deal on instant contact — a face that must identify instantly with whatever background or circumstances one is talking about; and two, there must be at least a small amount of talent. Of course, the willingness to cooperate and work with the filming set-up, in an effort to stretch that minimal amount of talent enough to suit the film, is what counts in the totality."

Shyam, who is fast becoming an expert hand at smelling out the kind of talent he wants for his film, confessed the same kind of beginning with the other two talents



SMITA PATIL:

A FACE TO REMEMBER

Vijaya Irani

The vivid individuality of her face on the T. V. made Shyam Benegal choose her for her first role in his "Nishant"

he launched: Anant Nag and Shabana. The minute they walked into his office and spoke to him, the faces of each one made the kind of instant impact he was talking about.

In Shabana's case, she was trained already at the FTII and has a filmic background in her parents, and Anant Nag had been on stage and Kannada films when someone suggested his name. Shyam had found himself at a loss when the original hero he had signed up for "Ankur" fell ill just four days before the shooting was to begin. But Smita's launching was based solely on personal merit. Coming from a family far removed from films, Smita's flicker of a talent, which Shyam spotted merely from the expressive mobility of her face, has come a long way in a short time in being recognised as a talent of great depth. Though instinct has a lot to do with the discovery of a talent, it is ultimately the director's technique which draws out the latent capabilities.

And Smita was lucky, her discoverer not only has faith in his ideas, but also has this ability of technique. Having cast her in all his films from "Nishant" (his second) onwards. Shyam knows Smita well enough to talk about her as a person.

"Smita has a very wide range of acting talent. Not only does she have a mobile facial expression, which is a boon to a director, but she can mould herself physically too, to suit whatever age she has to play — you know, a young girl, an old woman, a middle-aged woman — and whatever character she is supposed to play. Personally, she is very quiet, very unassuming and absolutely non-starry. Which is why I have cast her in most of my films. She fits my style of working. The themes I had for these films, 'Nishant', 'Bhumika' and 'Manthan' — which is showing currently in town — and a film called 'Kondura' which we have completed and is awaiting release, call for a girl of Smita's description. She has caught on very rapidly, and especially in 'Kondura' she has given a very brilliant performance.

"Smita does exactly what her director wants her to do, with no complaints. She has no problems adjusting with the place or the technicians and, best of all, she is not bothered with being given only the main leads. You give her a smaller role with another heroine, and she has no hang-ups. In short, the troubles, which I have heard other stars give to other directors/producers, are absent so far for me."

Photograph: Rahul

Bernard Shaw once remarked that more nonsense was talked about sex than about any other subject.

Sexologists agree that the majority of the fears and inhibitions which are responsible for sexual difficulties in adult life originated in childhood. Adult patterns of sexual and emotional response are laid down for children and often by ignorant people and ignorant parents. At a remarkably early age children have an acute awareness of sex and of much that concerns that part of their nature.

They are also extremely sensitive to their parents' emotional reaction to this subject, and these are not of a very helpful nature. From the very start a child may be given the impression that all sexual manifestations are expressions of a low and sinful character, things to be avoided at all cost.

It is not surprising therefore that having learned from childhood to regard sexuality and all that pertains to it as evil, many children encounter difficulties later on when they grow up and marry.

And of all the nonsense talked about sex, the most pernicious is that talked on the subject of masturbation. Till recently, we were raised up from childhood to look upon masturbation as the most degrading and damaging activity in which one could engage. And there are still those who believe that masturbation is destructive of body and mind. Some have been told that it tends to weaken and destroy the force and energy of the physical system and to impair the intellect, weaken the memory and debase the mind resulting often in early decrepitude, nervous affections, weakness, blindness, insanity, etc.

At one time, when there was so much 'hush-hush' on the topic of sex, few would have dared challenge what was said on the subject, even among physicians.

Today, however, there are scarcely any educated people who would not promptly dismiss this puritanical, fanatical nonsense as utterly erroneous and dangerous to the mental health of the community.

However, it takes a lot of re-conditioning to remove the negative aspects influencing some individuals and we find quite often the same sort of distorted comprehension of masturbation still prevalent in a watered-down fashion, due to faulty education and ideas picked up in one's early days.

Innumerable letters keep pouring in from the young and those married as well, troubled and anxious, going through a lot of unnecessary guilt feelings and wanting to clear their fears, doubts and to get over these when they have indulged in the so-called "excesses" of masturbation.

NEEDLESS WORRY

The individuals whose problems are mentioned here are troubled by the time-worn bogey raised about the harmfulness of masturbation. Some of the problems of individuals whose minds have been exercised over this question are mentioned here.

"I am a 26-year old unmarried girl and masturbate. Due to masturbation, gelatinous fluid is changed into a watery fluid. After marriage can I enjoy sex relations? I think I have lost my sexual capacity."

"I am an unmarried young man of 23 years, but I am lean, weak and tired. I have a bad habit, that of self-abuse. Please

MYTHS ABOUT

MASTURBATION

tell me the way to avoid this bad habit."

"I have a problem. I want to know if frequent masturbation is dangerous. I masturbate about two to three times a day, but I cannot stop it even when I try not to do it. I am a boy about 17 years old. Will I become sterile? Will it affect my growth? After how much time should it be done and what are its harms? I am frightened."

"I am aged 25 years. Due to masturbation my penis has become small. Will it be possible to get married, as my parents are now pressurising me to do so?"

"My son (15 years of age) used to lock himself up in his room. One day, I was shocked to find him masturbating. He told me that he developed that habit nearly four to five years ago.

"I have heard that masturbation weakens memory power, as well as kidneys and obstructs normal sexual relations, etc. But I have read in some books that it is harmless. Please explain.

"I suspect that my son still continues to masturbate. If it is harmful, will you please tell me which is the best way to stop him from doing so."

"From the time I was eleven, my maid servant used to play with my genitals. Being utterly ignorant of the consequences, I used to enjoy it. Gradually this led me into the habit of masturbation till about the age of sixteen. Then I found out from one of the old medical manuals that this habit wrecked health and happiness, causing tremors of the hands and extreme self-consciousness.

"Now I am forty-three, married, and have an eleven-year-old daughter. I am very unhappy because of the tremors of my hands and extreme self-consciousness. I have no interest in conjugal life, and my husband does not know why I am so cold. But the guilt is eating away into me. Is there any way by which I can lead a normal life? Can the tremors be stopped?"

"Though I have been married three years, the marriage has not yet been consummated because of the impotency of my husband. I am now 23 years old. This leaves me disappointed and dissatisfied. He can only have pre-play which creates in me strong sexual excitement and urge for sexual re-

*The very synonym
for masturbation,
"self-abuse,"
proves how
irrational we can
be in matters
relating to sex*

Mabel Fonseca

lations. In order to release sexual tension, in his absence I masturbate, though I know this is unnatural and not good."

"I am thirty-eight and my husband forty. We are both working and in ten years of happy married life we have three healthy children. We do not wish to have any more and neither do we approve of artificial birth control.

"Since we are young and share the same bed we indulge in mutual masturbation, a sublime pleasure we both share. But I always feel a little guilty and wonder if this pleasure is harmful."

Masturbation means stimulating any of the sensitive zones of the body in order to obtain sexual arousal and orgasm, and may be done in a variety of ways by both sexes, and it usually begins nearing puberty, and continues into adolescence and adulthood. A large number of boys

masturbate before they are ten years old. Quite a number are initiated by older brothers or friends, but the majority have discovered it for themselves.

It is an established fact that 90 per cent of all boys masturbate with a fair measure of regularity before they have reached late adolescence, say seventeen. During these years, masturbation is their chief sexual outlet. As they get married and have sexual intercourse, they masturbate with less frequency but most men masturbate all their lives.

In contrast, it is an equally established fact that far fewer girls masturbate in adolescence. Kinsey puts the figure at 20 per cent by late adolescence and with a fairly irregular frequency. The percentage increases during the mid-twenties, and strangely, the highest percentage is reached between the ages of forty and fifty!

If the man is sexually aroused by the chemical reactions that take place within his body—and not by his deliberate, direct stimulation of the penis or as a result of cerebral stimulation by sexual thoughts or sights—his feelings of tension and more often than not his erection will not subside until he has had an ejaculation and orgasm. The reason for this is that under the influence of chemical reactions the seminal vesicles become so full that they have to be emptied. The pressure of sperm plus seminal fluid on the seminal vesicles sets up sexual tension and the penis automatically becomes erect, and if the man does not then deliberately masturbate, the next time he goes to sleep he will have a spontaneous erection and during the course of an erotic dream he will have a spontaneous ejaculation and orgasm.

Though the woman is also sexually roused by chemical reaction that take place within her body, the mechanism is not the same. As she does not ejaculate, she has no equivalent of the seminal vesicles to become overloaded and set up tension which can only be relieved by orgasm. While it is true that some women do have erotic dreams during which they experience orgasm the experience is very very much less widespread and very much less frequent than is the man's experience. Because of this, the woman's spontaneous sexual arousal and experience of sexual tension will subside in time without her having obtained an orgasm. Unlike the man, therefore, the woman is far less tempted to masturbate. When the woman does masturbate, she does so more

often than not, not in response to the build-up of sexual tension, but from encouragement from sexual thoughts or a deliberate act carried out to experience the delights of orgasm.

What then is the truth about masturbation?

To quote a well-known German authority on this subject, Kretschner writes: "Masturbation or self-abuse is, in itself, no perversion but a harmless physiological transitional phase and by-product of healthy sexual impulse. It acts as a safety valve when sexual intercourse is prevented by one of the many inevitable obstacles erected by civilised communal life."

And yet masturbation has been condemned and forbidden for so many years that even today, when we should know better, many people continue to worry and feel guilty about this perfectly

proach many parents are advised to follow is to divert or distract the child when he plays with his genitals. But when he makes noises with his lips or plays with his fingers we don't hand him a toy or plaything. Thus we in effect teach him that touching his genitals is somehow bad and wrong. This is the beginning of the guilt feelings which sometimes afflict people the rest of their lives.

Of course, a parent may sometimes wonder: "What should be done with the child who seems to devote a tremendous amount of time and attention to masturbation, to the exclusion of childhood activities?" Naturally, if a parent is seriously concerned about this, he should by all means consult a professionally trained person.

From the physical point of view, the fear of "excessive" mas-

MASTURBATION AND MARRIAGE

Much has been talked about masturbation in general and specially among the unmarried, but very little about masturbation after marriage.

From the letters it can be seen that women face the problem equally if not more than men, perhaps because men consider it natural to their existence and are not so guilty about it. Besides, they may often have release through wet dreams.

Any guilt or worry is wholly unjustified. Modern scientists find that it often serves a useful and constructive purpose as a supplement to intercourse in balancing out unevenness in the sex needs of the partners. It is a positive safeguard to happiness in marriage and is entirely harmless.

Couples do supplement intercourse by masturbation in the form of manual stimulation of one partner by the other, or they perform it mutually and simultaneously. This is a variation in sex-play and should be regarded as a natural form of affectionate concern for each other. However, mutual masturbation should not be made an entire substitute from natural fulfilment through intercourse if possible.

Married men frequently supplement their marital relations by these means during the wife's pregnancy, abstinence after childbirth, and during the menstrual periods of their wives. During the later years, alienation from the wife, or the wife's sickness, are often mentioned as reasons. Young women may sometimes masturbate because sex relations arouse them but fail to produce the relief of an orgasm.

As the mates adapt themselves to each other's needs, masturbation is used rarely, but as the couples age, the husband's or wife's sexual desire may compel them to resort at times to this means.

There may be a real question of morbid psychological features only when masturbation is preferred over intercourse or is associated with sado-masochistic or highly pornographic fantasies rather than with the fantasies of an affectionate heterosexual relationship.

However, solitary masturbation is not a full and satisfactory substitute for mutually affectionate intercourse. As to mutual masturbation, or simply manual stimulation by the partner, this too is no substitute for intercourse, but may be a most valuable and desirable supplement when circumstances prescribe.

NEW LIGHT ON MASTURBATION

Although attitudes towards masturbation have become enormously more liberal during the

past decade or two, it is still rare for writers on sex to take a wholly unequivocal stand on autoerotism. Says Dr. Albert Ellis, "The point is continually made that masturbation is not as bad as it was once said to be; but the concomitant point that it is actually good and beneficial is rarely stated."

It should come as no surprise, of course, that Dr. Kinsey and his associates found that about 93 per cent of their male and 62 per cent of their female subjects masturbate at some times during their lives. It must be accepted, therefore, that the great majority of adult men and a great many adult women also, have masturbated regularly at a certain period of their lives.

It is perhaps more significant, however, when they inform us that the female tends to reach orgasm more easily and quickly by masturbation than by any other sex technique, that masturbation is the most important source of sexual outlet for the unmarried females studied, and that females who masturbate have a considerably better chance of achieving orgasm after marriage than those who do not.

As any serious student of sex knows, it is virtually impossible for most human beings to suppress their biological impulses completely, and if these impulses do not find relief through so-called "normal" manifestations, they will frequently take "abnormal" forms of outlet including 'perverted' and neurotic symptoms.

Obviously if children do get the idea that masturbation is dangerous, they get it from someone, and if this idea is a false one—as it most definitely is—it should be solidly annihilated, instead of being accepted and perpetuated, and children and adolescents must be taught and learn to accept masturbation in its true light.

There are similarly several neo-puritanical notions in regard to autoerotism which clutter even our most modern sex education. Some such quibbles are mentioned here and they need to be done away with.

For instance, sometimes masturbation has been condemned by lay people on grounds of "lost energy." They regard semen as a "vital fluid," the loss of which, either through masturbation or through spontaneous nocturnal emissions, depletes the body of energy. There is nothing to support this amateurish theory.

It is true that an individual feels depleted after the loss of semen. This is because the act of emission and the orgasm associated with it entails the expenditure of much nervous force. Nine youths out of ten are gravely disturbed and distressed by what has happened owing to the strong feeling of guilt associated with masturbation.

Continued on page 43

ATION

normal, natural practice. Even so-called "professional" books have wrongly suggested that masturbation caused all sorts of troubles and illnesses from pimples to insanity. Modern scientific knowledge has shown that these dire warnings are unjustified and that masturbation will not hurt you.

However, many people still have problems with masturbation. Little boys are still threatened with: "If you don't stop that, I'll cut that thing off!" Too many little boys and girls are ashamed unnecessarily for this perfectly natural and normal exploration and experimentation with their own bodies. It will not "ruin them for life," as some people continue to think.

Most of today's sex authorities admit that masturbation does not cause the harm people used to think it did. But there has developed a subtle, last-ditch stand against masturbation through vague warnings about "too much" masturbation. Even though most modern scientific books admit that masturbation is not the "danger" or "sin" it used to be considered, they still frequently end up with some such statement as: "It's all right if not indulged to excess."

But the person reading this nearly always jumps to the unwarranted conclusion that his masturbation is in "excess", whatever that is. And we are right back where we started from with self-sabotaging, self-defeating guilt feelings for what is a perfectly normal, natural act. Nobody ever spells out how much masturbation is "too much."

The so-called "modern" ap-

turbation is unjustified because the body has a natural built-in means to prevent it. When a boy masturbates several times, let us say, and reaches whatever happens to be his particular limit, his penis just refuses to perform any further—he doesn't get an erection any more for a while.

This continued worry about masturbation "to excess" probably indicates on the part of some "authorities" a continued basic objection to masturbation in and of itself. It can be traced back in most cultures to a longstanding hostile view of sex in general. This comes from the traditional religious views which have been the major influence on sex attitudes.

What is a person to do who has guilt feelings about his or her masturbation? He should dismiss all thoughts and ideas that masturbation is "bad." He has to vigorously challenge, attack, and get rid of all such unreasonable, self-defeating ideas, and accept masturbation as a natural phenomenon, a normal outlet for sexual desires when sexual intercourse is not available or not acceptable.

People continue to feel guilty about masturbation because they continue to tell themselves that masturbation is "bad." Not until that idea is wiped out of a person's mind will he be able to rid himself of guilt. This is the heart of the problem as far as masturbation is concerned. If the person has long-standing, deep-seated feelings of guilt, he or she probably should seek professional help in getting rid of them.

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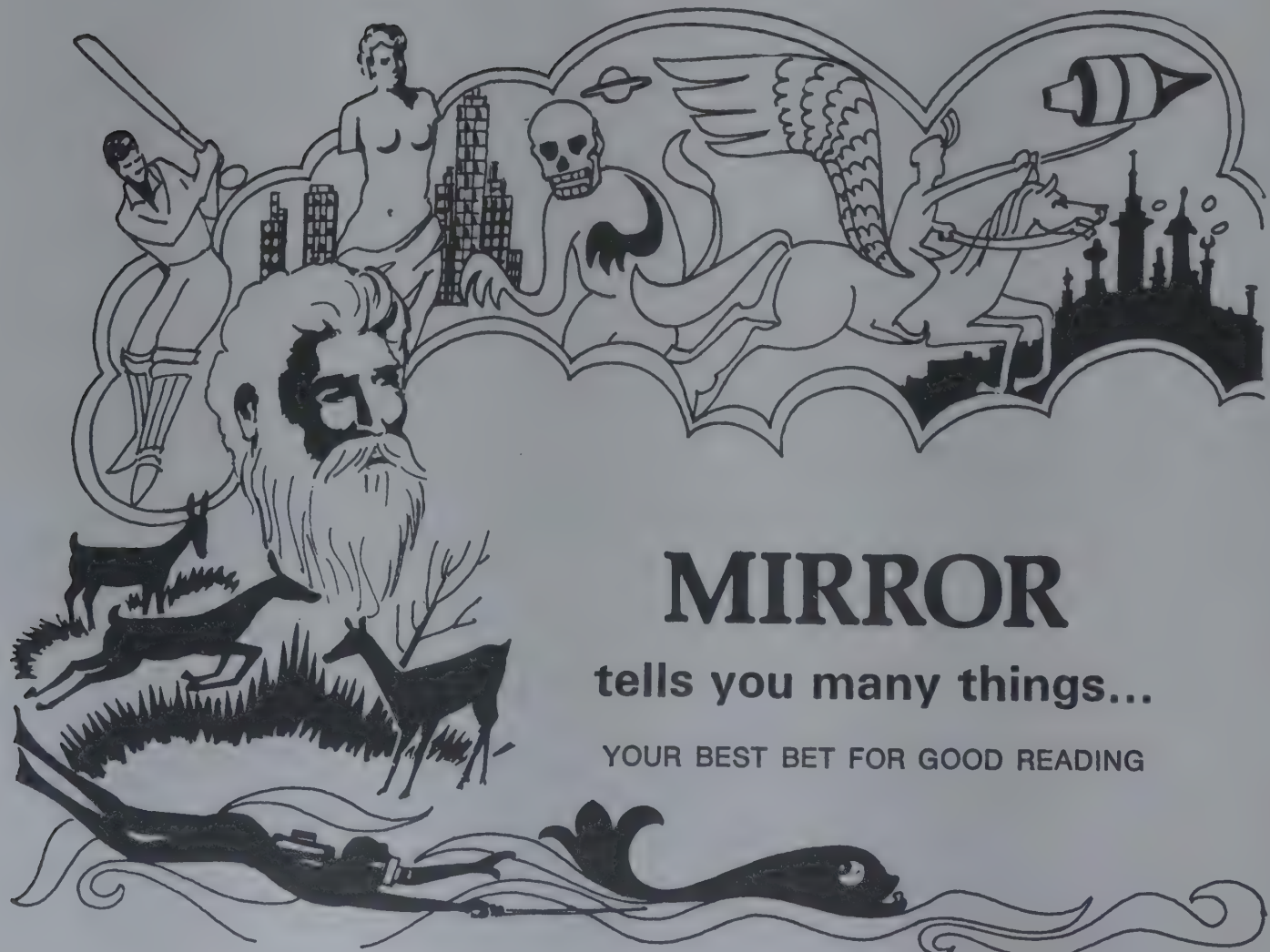
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MYTHS ABOUT MASTURBATION

Continued from page 41

The youth who has just masturbated is often frightened and ashamed of what he has done. He had resolved never to masturbate again and he feels that he has been so weak and so devoid of self-control, that he should not do it again. What should be done. A vast amount of nervous energy can be lost in self-recrimination and this explains why the masturbator feels depleted after the act.

Although it is based on ignorance, the Victorians for instance believed that if semen was not used through masturbation, it would go into the blood stream and enrich the health of the whole body, whereas we now know this cannot possibly happen. It was an attitude which caused much unhappiness and suffering, not only in adolescence, but throughout adult life. It sets up feelings of guilt, and shame which were carried over into adult sexual behaviour — adult heterosexual behaviour — which prevented the sex lives of far too many from being normal and natural.

There are several questions to which masturbation impairs normal enjoyment and/or sexual satisfaction.

Such questions have equally definitive answers. In the vast majority of cases, masturbatory activity at any age does not interfere with subsequent sexual satisfaction or enjoyment of sex. Certainly, masturbation by whatever method cannot prevent or give rise to difficulties of conception, nor can it harm future children in any way. Besides, no information of the organs will be lost.

Similarly false are such misbeliefs as that masturbation leads to impotence or frigidity, sexual excess and that it is a nature and unsocial.

Autoerotism maybe called deviant only when an individual does not have the choice of several alternatives, such as heterosexual relations finds that he or she can only experience satisfaction in masturbation, but while such individuals exist, they are rare.

MASTURBATION WITHOUT GUILT

Dr. Walter Stokes, a distinguished pioneer in sex education and marriage counselling says, "In light of these comments we hear that masturbation are strictly governed from the old irrational 'sex and sin' moralism. They have no justification upon a rational basis."

They have arrived at the view, after a lifetime of clinical experience with sex problems, that the time has come not only to

throw out all traces of our ancient negative ideas about masturbation but boldly and unequivocally to defend it and give it the important affirmative position it should have in any rational concept of personality structure and social relations. Such a view is by no means mine alone but is shared by many of my professional colleagues who are knowledgeable and clinically experienced.

I feel that we owe it to young people to give them our frank and warm endorsement of autoerotic pleasure as a completely desirable and acceptable end in itself and as the self-respecting basis upon which other sex experiences are built.

The self-discovery and self-enjoyment of sex should not be tainted by any sort of depreciation, direct or indirect. To do so is to create guilt, to damage the self-image in relationship to others and to impair the potential for affectionate heterosexual relations.

It would be wiser to emphasize that masturbation is always, in itself, a good experience, but one which may, under favourable circumstances be added to by the still richer and more completely pleasurable social experience of affectionate, mutual heterosexual relations.

Also it seems to me that adults owe it to children, as an element in the shaping of our culture and the promotion of mental health to give them clear information about the man-woman enjoyment of sex and thus provide material upon which they may build realistic and socially integrated masturbation fantasies.

If we do not accept this responsibility, children are left at the mercy of having to use in their fantasies distorted impressions of sex.

They will be influenced by these distortions to some extent, despite all that we can do, but we should not default on our responsibility to give them a basis for developing ideals and fantasies in which erotic emotions and genital sexuality are realistically integrated with ideals of mutual affection and social responsibility.

Dr. Alex Comfort, a world famous authority on sex, says, "We now recognize masturbation as a normal part of sex growth and sex life and the development of the personality, which can lead to harm only if the individual feels anxious about it." But now the scare is blowing over, and it remains as an unfortunate chapter in the psychopathology of medicine.

Today it is of very great importance that children should be given a much better introduction into the mysteries of sex, than former generations of children were given. It is evident in our sex education classes

in various schools that children are very much concerned about masturbation and have innumerable questions about it, and look forward to be instructed in a scientific manner on this topic, as they find they cannot speak to parents or teachers who are themselves ill-informed on the subject to talk about it. Hence guidance from experts and qualified sex educators is necessary.

At our clinic too we find several clients who come with complaints of sexual dysfunction in the form of premature ejaculation, etc. and these conditions are often traced to faulty sex education and wrong ideas given on masturbation, which goes a long way to impair their normal sexual functioning. Masturbation does not create the dysfunction; it is the guilt or negative projections and ideas that give rise to such conditions.

Therefore no individual from childhood should be made to feel that masturbation is evil and on no account must the individual be frightened that it will damage him physically or mentally.

In fact, the body won't let the man ejaculate to excess. As soon as it has had enough, a dragging sensation develops in the small of the back, and the scrotum begins to ache, and if these have been brought on by masturbation, the penis will become sore. If none of these symptoms occur, than you can be sure there is no excessive masturbation. When they do occur, a couple of days without masturbation will quickly restore everything to normal.

It is not possible then, for the average man or woman, to masturbate excessively but mention may be made here of the "compulsive" masturbator who is very rare. He is usually in his late teens or early twenties, and he is riddled with personality problems, which make contact with either a woman or a man absolutely impossible. More often than not the cause of this is what is known as "narcissism," self-admiration and love of one's own body.

All of us as children, go through a phase of narcissism, but the great majority move out of this phase during adolescence when we are sexually attracted to the bodies of the opposite sex. The narcissist, however does not adjust in this way, and continues to love his own body more than anything else, and makes it his sexual object. There is only one way in which he can satisfy his sexual urge in this situation, and that is by masturbation; and because his sexual object is always available he tends to masturbate with excessive frequency. Masturbation of this kind can undermine health and only prolonged psychotherapy can provide a cure. But such cases are extremely rare and no normally adjusted man or woman is likely to become such a compulsive masturbator.



Devi

No further news about Saira's "khatta mitha" mood. Whilst Dilip's real life father's role awaits doctor's confirmation, he has magnanimously stepped into fathers' roles on the screen. In Manoj's "Krantii" he plays the father. In Mushir-Riaz's "Shakti" he plays the father, an Inspector General of Police, with a tall, stooping, playboy son — Amitabh Bachchan. The original Tamil film had Shivaji Ganesan playing father and son. Bombay filmdom speculated whether Salim-Javed would change the father to elder brother to please Dilip. But Salim-Javed have become bolder with success — no compromise — and Dilip plays the father.

The mahurat was one of the sunniest and most stylish

A STYLISH MAHURAT

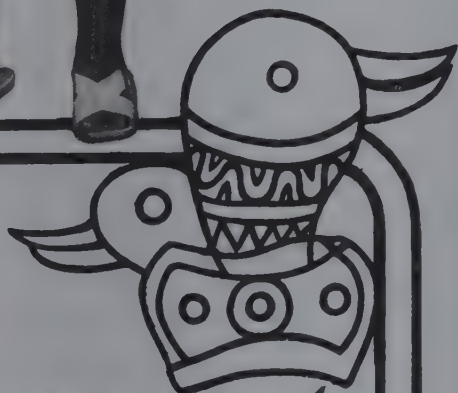
mahurats of the year. A few selected folks were invited to Holiday Inn for cocktails (only a sleepy ad man like Amarjeet would think of cocktails at noon) and lunch.

From the airconditioned comfort of the lunch room, I could witness Amitabh landing from the helicopter while Dilip got off from a jeep. The two artistes were pitched against each other in the blazing sun — Amitabh tall, taut, fierce; Dilip, short, subdued, subtle.

The sorry figure, standing near the lunch table, who was bypassed by everyone like she was last night's dinner, was Hema Malini. Looking moth-eaten in a crumpled saree and woolly hair, she just frowned and frowned again. She stood for the group photos, but was aloof like she was a bottle of antiseptic amidst folk with a contagious disease. G. P. Sippy, etc. treated her like the drop-out she is (she dropped out of "Shaan").

Said an onlooker, "Dimple says she has thrown a shaap (curse) at Mamaji, Bhatija, for having deserted Rajesh, that their 'Ashiq Hoon Baharon Ka' will flop."

Dumb as she is, it did not occur to Dimple that Rajesh is the star of the film. Then you don't need a Dimple to predict doom for "Ashiq Hoon Baharon Ka". The bazaar report is bad enough.



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ESSAY REVIEW

The Permissive Society is terribly concerned about getting the utmost pleasure from sex, not missing out on anything because of inhibitions; so much so that it's begun to look like human beings today have become extensions of their sex organs — forever craving satisfaction, which has to be achieved by any means. The human, feeling, part of sex doesn't seem to matter any more.

Sex is supposed to be a relationship between two people, involving a two-way communication. Masturbation is the satisfaction of an aroused organ. It has nothing to do with a person.

D H. Lawrence, who thought sex to be the pivot of our being, points out the difference between sex and masturbation in his essay, "Pornography and Obscenity" (1929):

"No matter how hard we may pretend otherwise, most of us rather like a moderate rousing of our sex . . . There are, of course, many people who are genuinely repelled by the simplest and most natural stirrings of sexual feeling. But these people are perverts who have fallen into hatred of their fellow-men . . . and they nearly always enjoy some unsimple and unnatural form of sex excitement, secretly.

"Pornography is the attempt to insult sex, to do dirt on it. The whole question of pornography seems to me a question of secrecy. . . Today, modesty is thrown to the winds. But secrecy is hugged. And the attitude of the grey ones is 'Dear young ladies, you may abandon all modesty as long as you hug your dirty little secret.'

"This 'dirty little secret'. . . is a kind of hidden sore or inflamma-

"The pornography of today. . . is an invariable stimulant of the vice of self-abuse. . . masturbation. . . When the grey ones wail that the young man and the young woman went and had sexual intercourse (after reading a book) they are bewailing the fact that they didn't go separately and masturbate. Sex must go somewhere, especially in young people. So, in our glorious civilization, it goes in masturbation. . .

D. H. LAWRENCE ON MASTURBATION

tion which, when rubbed or scratched, gives off sharp thrills that seem delicious. So (it) is rubbed and scratched more and more till it becomes more and more secretly inflamed, and the nervous and psychic health of the individual is more and more impaired. . . You can call this sex excitement if you like, but it is sex excitement of a secretive, furtive sort, quite special. The plain and simple excitement, quite simple and wholesome. . . is not for a minute to be confused with the furtive excitement aroused by rubbing the dirty little secret in all secrecy in modern best-sellers. This furtive, sneaking, cunning, rubbing of an inflamed spot in the imagination is the very quick of modern pornography.

the one thoroughly secret act of the human being, more secret even than excrementation. It is the one functional result of sex secrecy.

"In the young, a certain amount of masturbation is inevitable, but not therefore natural. I think, there is no boy or girl who masturbates without feeling a sense of shame, anger, humiliation, and the sense of futility. . . (which) deepens as the years go on into a suppressed rage, because of the impossibility of escape.

"The great danger of masturbation lies in its merely exhaustive nature. In sexual intercourse, there is a give and take. A new stimulus enters as the native stimulus departs. Something

quite new is added as the old surcharge is removed. . . But in masturbation, there is nothing but loss. There is no reciprocity. There is merely the spending away of a certain force, and no return. The body remains, in a sense, a corpse, after the act of self-abuse. There is no change, only deadening. There is what we call dead loss. And this is not the case in any act of sexual intercourse between two people. Two people may destroy one another in sex. But they cannot just produce the null effect of masturbation."

Masturbation is a dead, emotionless arousal of oneself for oneself — sex for sex's sake. The pornography that provokes it always treats people as mechanical sex organs which unite for the sake of orgasm. And it is not surprising that vibrators and rubber dolls satisfy the masturbator — she/he does not want a person — devices and objects will satisfy the sexual organ, the sexual itch, which has no feelings. A woman interviewed in the bitter, anti-male book called "Bitching" felt she could do without men because she had discovered masturbation. It cuts one off from people, whereas the natural creative sex flow makes one reach out for someone. It is, deliberate, sex is spontaneous.

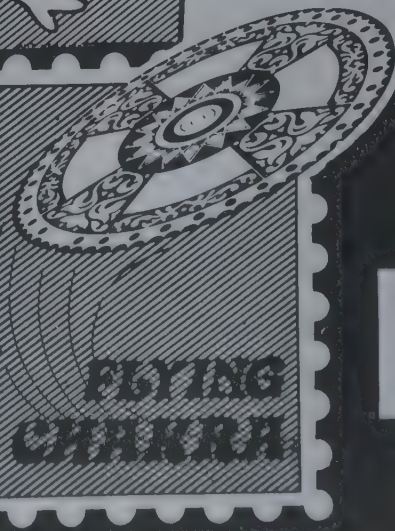
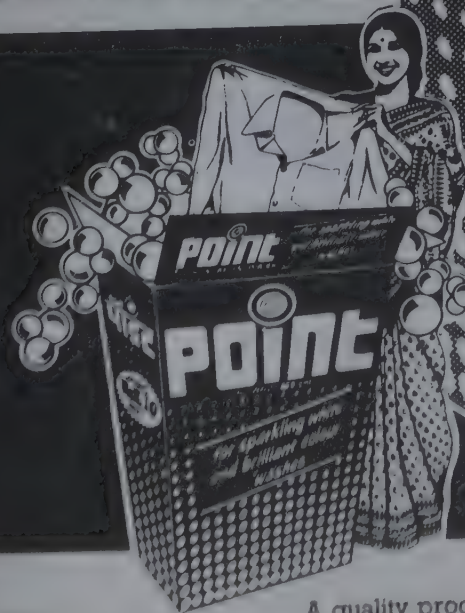
J. P.

Compare the price.
Test the quality.

Point pack prices:	1000g. Rs. 11-36	750g. Rs. 8-70	550g. Rs. 6-66	200g. Rs. 2-58
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(Local taxes extra)

IND-OUT-FOR-YOURSELF.



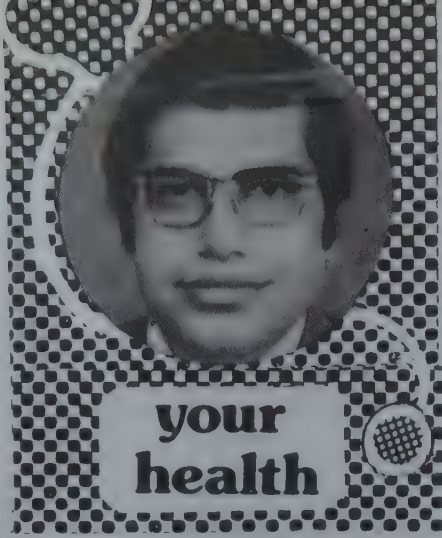
NOW!
Two new cut-outs
on 1000g packs!

INDU — with a colourful collection of Indian clothes.

Flying CHAKRA — an exciting battle game for boys.

POINT
PREMIUM QUALITY
DETERGENT WASHING POWDER

"I joined a merchant ship as a crew member and was totally ignorant about drinking. My friends called me a baby, a coward, and coaxed me into drinking. What started as a social habit grew into a regular addiction with plenty of liquor available on the ship. Gradually, I could not do my job properly because of alcohol and I was sacked. My addiction and craving for alcohol made me a thief. My family life, my children, my relatives, my friends and all my well wishers were very unhappy. There was no money for my children's education and at times they had to spend days together starving, they started begging. A beautiful home has been wrecked by this evil of alcohol."



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

reducing body temperature in fever. It is also injected into the nerves to reduce pain sensation.

It is a common observation that some mothers give half a teaspoon of brandy to children when they suffer from the common cold. Alcohol then is not that bad.

When is Alcohol Bad?

Alcohol is like a dagger of gold studded with diamonds. It is excellent to watch from a distance, but is deadly if misused. As long as you drink it as a tonic it is good, but when it starts drinking you, the downfall

Social drinking is very common in the West. It is catching up fast in our country as well. It is now considered as a status symbol to drink and offer drinks. It is unfortunate that women are also now getting more and more habituated to drinking. What starts as a casual habit slowly turns into an addiction. Once the habit starts it goes on increasing and usually there are very few chances of it abating.

Why is Alcohol Bad?

No organ in the body is immune to the bad effects of alcohol. The first place where it goes is the stomach. Here on repeated presence of alcohol damages the lining of the stomach resulting in gastritis, which in turn leads to indigestion. Slowly the digestive power is reduced and nutrition suffers. With malnutrition setting in, the person becomes weak and now he falls prey easily to a variety of diseases. The defence power is reduced remarkably. Such persons feel tired, they cannot work properly as they have no strength to go through the day's work.

This is the sorry tale of an addict who kicked this habit and survived to tell his story. Similarly, some fall prey to this evil because of desperation in life, to forget their miseries, and some just start drinking, considering it as an essential custom to become one of the social elite. Eventually, the majority of them become addicts and the final outcome for all of them is the same. They all lose money, health and family life. It is rather unfortunate that women are also now drifting towards this nasty habit in our country and now more and more women addicts are found in our country.

In our society alcoholism ranks as the third biggest medical problem — behind cancer and heart attack. Almost every one knows that alcohol damages the liver, but I am sure not very many people are aware of the magnitude of the damage to the liver and other organs of the body and the severity of the consequences. The basic purpose of this article is to tell you the facts and then leave the decision to your wisdom.

What is Alcohol?

Country liquor, foreign and Indian whiskies, various other drinks, wines, beer, polish, etc. are various preparations of alcohol that are consumed by people. In all these there is one chemical called Alcohol. It is of two types — Ethyl Alcohol and Methyl Alcohol. Methyl alcohol is commonly known as spirit and it is very harmful to the body. Ethyl alcohol is used in the preparation of various alcoholic drinks. The percentage of alcohol varies in different types of drinks. These are usually prepared by fermentation of fruits and other edibles. The quantity of alcohol in the drink decides its strength.

Level of alcohol

Foreign drinks	25 — 30%
Country liquor	30 — 60%
Wines	12 — 15%
Beer	3 — 5%

ALCOHOLISM

*Alcohol is poison to the addict,
and most of the those who begin as
social drinkers end up as addicts*



Drive or drink! Don't do both. It's an unforgivable crime.

(These are average figures and may vary according to the manufacturer.) The killer brew usually contains methyl alcohol or spirit.

Alcohol As a Tonic

It is not that alcohol is bad from beginning to end. It has medicinal value, too. In medical doses it is a good tonic, it tones up mental faculties and makes you alert and smart. It is a good appetiser and improves peripheral circulation. It is used as an antiseptic and is very useful in

starts. Slowly it starts engulfing our body in its evil effects and then a drunk slowly drowns himself in it.

Adolescence is when kids change into adults, and they want to try out everything without thinking and knowing about anything. They taste alcohol, sip it and enjoy it. Though they do not like the taste, out of curiosity and to show off, they try to develop the taste. Eventually, they start drinking openly and get into the habit.



Group therapy at an Alcoholism Anonymous centre.

From the stomach, alcohol taken to the liver through blood vessels where its ill effects are nullified, but in this struggle a host of liver cells are damaged each time. The liver has an amazing power of regeneration. Liver can run smoothly even with one-sixth of the total liver tissue. But because of consistent assault



Collection of fluid in the abdomen (Ascitis) of an alcoholic.



Alcohol is popular among adolescents.

in the liver, it is damaged gradually until it can no longer do its work properly.

Each time a person drinks he knocks off a few cells of his brain. And in the brain there is no power of regeneration. These cells are permanently lost. Chronic drunkards gradually lose their memory, their concentration power is reduced and their judgment and ability are reduced considerably. Quite a few such persons end up in mental asylums in their old age because of the drinking habit. These people have to lose their jobs, they become useless for their families, friends, relatives and society, and can hardly earn their bread. Besides, alcohol damages the heart, eyes and nerves directly.

Heart attacks and cerebral strokes are common among these people and they suffer from these attacks at a much younger age than normal persons. As a matter of fact, there is hardly any organ in the body that does not suffer from the ill effects of alcohol directly or indirectly.

Alcohol and Mental Tension

There is a common belief that alcohol reduces mental tension and is excellent for forgetting the miseries of life. On the contrary, it is a mental depressant. In the initial stages when one loses self-control, one feels great under the influence of alcohol, but as the brain cells are destroyed gradually, one starts feeling the pinch of its bad effects and all those brain symptoms that have been described earlier start appearing.

Under the effect of alcohol a person can't walk properly. He loses co-ordination and wavers while walking; he becomes quarrelsome, irritable and involves himself in crimes. His personality is changed and quite a few get fits and fainting attacks.

How much the effect of alcohol on the body system will be depends upon the amount of alcohol consumed and the rapidity

with which it is consumed. At 50 to 100 mgms per cent concentration in the blood, one becomes very talkative, at 200 mgms. he loses his self control, at 250 he becomes unconscious. The 300 mgms per cent mark may prove fatal by causing respiratory distress.

Alcohol and Sex

Yet another misconception is that alcohol enhances sexual prowess. It excites the desire, but affects the performance. Under the influence of alcohol the tendency to commit crime like rape, murder, etc. is increased. Therefore, if you want good sexual enjoyment, do not look for stimulation in alcohol.

Alcohol in Anginal Pain

It is a common belief that alcohol is good for anginal pain and that it reduces it. Actually, it masks the pain by decreasing the nerve sensitivity, but it does not improve the heart circulation. Therefore, it takes away the danger signal of pain and lures the patient into a false sense of security. When the pain is less, people ignore the problem and thus risk the chances of heart attack more than other people who go for treatment and rest when they get anginal pain. Moreover, alcohol directly damages the heart also.

How to Detect Alcoholics

In cold countries and in the West, people drink and offer liquor as a social custom. In our country what starts as a social habit, slowly becomes an addiction. When a person goes on increasing the quantity of alcohol, when he starts drinking daily, drinks during the day and neglects his duty and family then he should be considered an alcoholic. His behaviour pattern changes. He thinks that the whole world is against him, he becomes quarrelsome and gets involved in various crimes. It not only damages the body but also wrecks a person socially and mentally.

What To Do

With the introduction of team work, there has been a kind of revolution in the treatment of such patients. Physicians, psychiatrists, social workers, relatives, friends, etc. play a very vital role in getting these patients out of the clutches of alcohol. Those who have now become sober after years of addiction form a part of such a team. And, above all, the patient must be prepared mentally to give up alcohol. He should be consoled and enough will power should be generated in him so that he himself determines to keep alcohol away.

Admittedly, it is a difficult task, but if we try sincerely we do get success. Serious patients are admitted into hospitals where a thorough physical, mental and environmental analysis is done. Every effort is made to find out the hidden factors that compel them to drink. Free and frank discussions form a part of group discussion therapy. Here, those who have given up alcohol narrate their happy experience after becoming sober and this encourages other addicts to give up alcohol. A great help is now provided by the society called "Alcoholics Anonymus", which has branches all over the country. Drink addicts have meetings and group discussions that lead several of them to think about giving up alcohol. No force is used, it is a process of self-transformation by an addict.

At the same time, care should be taken to see that all physical ailments are treated properly. Any infection, if present, should be brought under proper control. These people should be given a

good, healthy diet and vitamins. If they suffer from any mental disease, then that must also be attended to properly. They must be treated for those conditions which may need electric shock therapy or insulin therapy. But all this should be done under medical supervision.

Quite a few alcoholics will develop withdrawal symptoms while they are under treatment. Their talk becomes irrelevant and they become rowdy and agitated. They are then given sedatives and tranquillisers to calm them. Now aversion therapy is also available for these patients. Under medical supervision some tablets are given which act for 24 hours or so. During this period if he consumes alcohol the addict will get intense nausea, at times vomiting, headaches, uneasiness, giddiness and palpitation. Such people will then develop a dislike for alcohol and repeated treatment will help them to give up this habit. Though there are some risks involved in this kind of therapy, it is worth trying where ordinary methods of persuasion do not work.

With all these efforts the success rate is just 50 per cent. But it is still worth while because at least these people and their families will live in peace and prosperity.

As far as the treatment of hangovers is concerned, it is a difficult proposition. Why create a fire and then try to pour water on it? The best thing is not to drink so that the question of hangovers does not arise. When people insist on treatment for hangovers we have to prescribe tranquillisers and tonics, but just as an eyewash.

Liver Tonics

"Liver tonic" sounds very nice and it may serve to console innocent people. No tonic can protect your liver from the ill effects of alcohol. It is a false sense of security, an eyewash to make you think that you can safely consume alcohol and save your liver by swallowing one or two so called liver tonics. This is only beneficial to the companies that make them and call them liver tonics. They reap a rich harvest for themselves.

It is very easy for an alcoholic to say, "I have given up drinking on several occasions," but the wisest thing to do is to give up drinking only once in a life time and stick to it. Those who are only talkers confess on close questioning that they drink only on occasions like when the weather is fine, when they are in good company, when they are offered a drink, or whenever they feel like drinking. Now what is left out? Such people deceive themselves and everyone around them. So, don't believe such statements until they are verified.

Alcohol is a drug, use it as a drug, any abuse of it in the form of drinking can only spell danger and disaster

people and events



At the foundation stone-laying ceremony of the new building of the Dadar School for the Blind, Bombay, are seen Mr. Sadiq Ali, Governor of Maharashtra, who performed the ceremony, Mrs. Sadiq Ali and Hrs. Hansa Mehta, chairman of the School Committee (3rd, 4th and 5th from left).



At the prize distribution function for the "Sponsored Knit" programme held by the Revenue Unit of the NAB are seen some of the prize-winners (standing) with the Director, Mrs. Rehmud Fazelbhoy (standing, 4th from left). Seated at extreme left are Dr. and Mrs. Rajendra Vyas, special guests at the function.



LEFT: Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkataki, Minister of State for Education and Culture, inaugurating Sheila Thadani's (left) exhibition of paintings at the Lalit Kala Akademi in Delhi.

BELOW: Mrs. Sarojini M. Kushe, president of the Anns Club of Mangalore, receives the Paul Harris Fellow Medal and citation from Rotary International president Mr. Jack Davis and Mrs. Doris Davis during their visit to the Mangalore Rotary Club.



Tanuja inaugurates the Twinkle Beauty Parlour in Bombay. Seen with her are Mrs. Bhiryani (left) and Mrs. Dadlani (right) partners of the parlour.



RIGHT: Participants of the tableaux "SHE" at the EME Officers' Mess, Bangalore. From left are Mrs. Bella Sood, Miss Sarita Katoch, Miss Asha Kapoor, Miss Maya Gokhale, Mrs. Minoo Choudary, Mrs. Inder Singh, Miss Lekha Belliappa and Mrs. Gayathri Kanan (seated), Mrs. Prabha Gokhale, director, Mrs. Shobha Belliappa, Mrs. Riter Dadhwal and Mrs. Sudha Bhatt.



ABOVE: Mrs. Kusum Kapoor and Mrs. Renu Miglani (1st and 2nd from left) seen at their exhibition of children's garments and ladies' nightwear at the Park Hotel, Calcutta.



bombay

The Dadar School for the Blind is celebrating its Platinum Jubilee (75 years) during 1976-77. As part of the jubilee programme, it plans to construct two four-story buildings out of funds collected by two charity shows held this year.

The foundation stone laying ceremony of the new building was performed by the Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. Sadiq Ali.

The school was set up originally to serve children blinded by the Sholapur famine at the turn of the century, and has since been catering to children, especially girls, even from outside Maharashtra. It gives them free education till SSC and free boarding and lodging.

The Department of Continuing Education, S.N.D.T., is holding short courses in public speaking, drama and interior decoration. The public speaking course started on November 26, and lasts till January 28, 1978, every Saturday, in English. Fees: Rs. 75. The drama workshop will be from December 2, 1977 to March 1, 1978, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 3.00 to 4.30 p.m. in Gujarati. Fees: Rs. 100. The interior decoration course will be from December 7, 1977 to January 28, 1978 on Wednesdays, 2.30 to 3.30 p.m. and Saturdays, 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. in English. Fees: Rs. 75.

For registration and further details contact the Department of Continuing Education, S.N.D.T. Women's University, 1, Nathibai Thackersey Road, Bombay — 400 020. Tel: 291879 Ext. 49.

The All-India Toy Manufacturers Association held their second annual exhibition of toys, games and dolls. Mrs. Shalinitai Patil inaugurated it.

At a press conference held in connection with the exhibition, the manufacturers complained about the lack of awareness among the public about the educational value of toys. Hence, they said, there was hardly any market for their products in India.

The exhibits displayed were priced from Rs. 3 to Rs. 800. However, most of them fell in the above Rs. 30 range.

The YWCA held a Funtasia Carnival at which Dr. J. Leon D'Souza, Minister of State for Protocol, Prohibition and Excise, was the chief guest. The Carnival had as its major attractions a prince and princess parade, a party-dress competition and a golden disc-o.

Eve's Books, Games and Records, Bandra, held an exhibition-cum-sale of children's books. The shop's aim is to give suburban-ites of Bombay a source of child-

ren's books in their vicinity, so that they don't need to go all the way to town for them.

Jean Junction are back in Bombay after a year's absence, with not one, but three, outlets—at Kemp's Corner, Worli, and Fountain, with the newest range in jeans, jackets and tops.

delhi

Sheila Thadani's exhibition of paintings at the Lalit Kala Akademi gave a great deal of pleasure to art lovers. Sheila has over the years emerged as a painter whose work shows excellence. This year her theme was "Huts." The creations showed maturity, craftsmanship and an imaginative use of colours. Sheila has held several exhibitions all over India. Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkakti, Minister of State for Education and Culture, inaugurated the exhibition.

The installation meeting of the Lioness Club of Greater Delhi was held at the Vigyan Bhavan. The Club is the biggest in Asia and has many charitable institutions on its list. Mr. Kohli, the Lt. Governor of Delhi, was the chief guest at the meeting.

Mr. Hans Sasse, Marketing Manager of Lufthansa Airlines, and Mrs. Sasse, hosted a get-together for the Press and some leading journalists from London. Mrs. Margaret Allen of The Times, Mr. Frank Dawes of B.B.C., Mr. Brian Jackman of Sunday Times, Mr. Martin O'Brien of Vogue and Miss Joanna Slaughter were on a trekking tour to Kathmandu and back. The trekking holiday was arranged by Lufthansa.

calcutta

Mrs. Renu Miglani and Mrs. Kusum Kapoor held an exhibition-cum-sale of children's garments and women's nightwear at the Park Hotel. They displayed an exclusive variety of party frocks, cotton dresses for daily wear and maxis. For newborns they had designed layettes in attractive colours and tasteful designs.

The Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. Jyoti Basu, inaugurated and flagged off the biweekly "super fast" Gitanjali Express at Howrah Station. Introduced by South Eastern Railway, it is the first "classless" train with all accommodation reserved. The Express will run between Howrah and Bombay and provide cushioned comfort to all.

The train will cover the distance between Howrah and Bom-

bay VT in 29½ hours and will stop at five stations on the way.

bangalore

The EME Officers' Wives' Association celebrated "Husbands' Night" with a cultural programme. The husbands came in fancy dress, and the wives presented a tableaux "SHE" representing women in various walks of life. Mrs. Prabha Gokhale directed the show, which was compered by Mrs. Bella Sood.

The Third Asian Conference on Mental Retardation (AFMR) was inaugurated by the Karnataka State Governor, Mr. Govind Narain, at Hotel Ashoka. The children from "Opportunity Section" of Sophia High School lighted the lamp. Mrs. Vasanthi T. A. Pai, president of AFMR, said in her address that delegates from 15 Asian countries, besides others from the U.K., U.S. France and West Germany, were attending the conference. An exhibition of items made by the retarded attracted attention.

Anita Ratnam Rangaraj presented an excellent Bharata Natyam performance for the delegates in the evening.

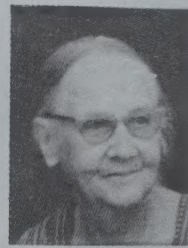
mangalore

A grand function was arranged in honour of R. I. President Mr. Jack Davis and his wife Doris Davis who visited Mangalore, by the Rotarians and their wives (Anns) of the Rotary Club of Mangalore. Later, a separate reception in the evening was given to Mrs. Doris Davis by the Anns Club in the auditorium of P.V.S. Kala Kunj. Mrs. Sarojini M. Kushe was made a Paul Harris Fellow of the Rotary Club of Mangalore.

sandur

The Mahila Samaj, Sandur, a prominent local ladies organisation which is striving for the socio-economic upliftment of the weaker sections, has recently undertaken work on the new model Ambar Charkha under the Khadi & Village Industries Board. The work was inaugurated on Gandhi Jayanthi by the Finance Minister of Karnataka and presided over by the founder-president of the Samaj, Mrs. Sushila Devi Ghorpade.

world of eve



ELLEN SHARMA

German-born Ellen Sharma, the daughter of a teacher, was educated in Odenwaldschule, and the universities of Berlin, Basle and Muenster. She became a teacher and married a scholar in Indian philosophy, Dr. Sharma, in 1931, whom she met in Germany.

From 1937-'67, Ellen worked as a part-time lecturer at the University of Madras.

Ellen's greatest achievement is the Children's Garden School Society founded by the Sharmas in 1937 as a Nursery School with a strength of seven, three of whom were the Sharmas' own daughters. Today, it is 1800. The Society imparts education till SSC and conducts training courses for KG teachers and creche and child-care helpers.

The Society runs a health centre for free medical check-ups of the children and medical treatment. It also runs a hostel for 205 children. Attached to the Society is a modern creche, the only one of its kind in Madras.

In 1972, the Federal Republic of Germany awarded the Order of Merit to Ellen for her services in education.



PADMAVATI RAGHAVAN

Padmavati Raghavan is a peripatetic musician. A resident of Bombay, Padmavati has busy schedules in Bombay, Ahmedabad and Madras.

She worked as an announcer in Tamil in the Madras Station of All India Radio. For some time she was also on the panel of Tamil Documentaries of the Madras Films Division.

She learnt music under Shri Krishna Bhagavatar and was assisted by Mr. Parvati Kumar of Bombay, to whom, she says, she owes her present status.

In 1972, Padmavati visited East Africa on a tour arranged by the Tourist Dept, along with Sucheta Bhide. She often sings at the Taj Intercontinental and also lends her voice for advertisements.

She has lived with music for the last several years and intends to continue doing so.

hi ya honey!

Put a man and a woman together—it's a bit of Heaven, let them marry, and wham! A fight.

Probably one of the best combinations for a fight is marriage. Any little argument, however small, can lead to a fight to the finish. Olga and Peter separated last year because, according to Peter, Olga had this irritating habit of going to bed with a mud pack on. When questioned by Peter, she said, "You look worse without a mudpack." One thing led to another, parents were discussed, old flames came in for a blow-out and eventually Olga went to her lawyers with a black eye and her arm in a sling. She now stays with her married sister in Marol, making mud lamps for Diwali and other festive occasions.

Even boxers who fight for a knock-out shake hands before and after, some even hug each other after a fight. Mary and Christopher separated over a hug. It appears Christopher used to give Mary a duty peck on her cheek every morning before leaving for work. One day in a fit of misplaced affection, he hugged Mary. She immediately said, "Why the hug? You must have done something wrong yesterday." It is not recorded what Chris replied, but neighbours recall the arguments went long enough for him to miss three trains. He got a blowing up in office. He returned home that evening with a temper even Muhammed Ali would have been scared to face. The way Chris was screaming that evening, the neighbours thought his shorts were on fire.

By an Alves called Johnnie

My advice to married friends is to treat each argument, fight, battle, call it what you like, as a temporary problem. Do not get into a fight to win. If we husbands try, it's no use. We don't stand a chance because women have been equipped with wiles galore, but even if we do win, she's in a huff for days and it takes only a day for you to realise that your victory was in fact a loss.

I'd think my wife graduated with honours from a school which teaches females to fight hus-

bands. She has not learnt the gentle way of pacifying and winning over people. She stands up for each argument fully equipped with boxing gloves filled with lead shots, and as soon as I open my mouth, either a left or right, I don't know which until it is too late, floors me down. Her boxing gloves are tears, tricks and a piercing voice that can shatter glass, taught to use in the right place at the right time.

Yesterday we were driving down to town, happy as could be. Then I said, "You are driving with the bloody brakes on." Do you know what she said? She

didn't say "sorry" or "I forgot," but, "It's your fault. You put them on last night when you put the car in the garage." I could have smashed my head on the windscreen, but it costs more than Rs. 100.

When I say, "Babs, you forgot to wash my shirt," the normal reply would be, "I forgot, I'll do it to-morrow," or "I was very busy," but she has to say, "What do you think? I was sitting all day? It's not like you having a good time at office."

Ask a pregnant wife, "So you are having a baby?" and ten to one she'll look daggers at her husband as if he did it single-handed, while she was out shopping.

Marriage counsellors have been shouting themselves hoarse asking couples to use a sense of humour. She does. When I come home late and tell her I dropped in at the stores to buy her a box

THE WIFE ALWAYS WINS

of chocolates, she looks up to the Heavens and says, "Ha! ha! ha! tell me another." If I give her the box, she'll say, "Somebody must have refused it from you."

I think my wife is the most alert female I have come across. She may be doing her own thing but her ears are tuned to a wave length that covers her husband, especially if he is talking to a pretty one. My little son asked me the other day, "Dad, did we descend from monkeys?" Within a second came the reply from the kitchen, "Yes son, from your father's side."

Until the next time then!

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 10, 1977

next week

FEAR OF RAPE

Rape is a crime that intimidates women and restricts our lives. Moreover it is a crime that the victim usually pays for because of the stigma imposed by society. In this issue we look at different aspects of the crime.

- * The inadequacy and irrationality of laws pertaining to rape
- * The psychology of the rapist

* The incidence of rape in India

* Homes for rape victims

* The rape of women from economically backward classes by "guardians of the law"

SNEAK PREVIEW: MEN AND WOMEN GROWING UP
Continuing the extracts from bestselling "Passages"

Plus our regular features

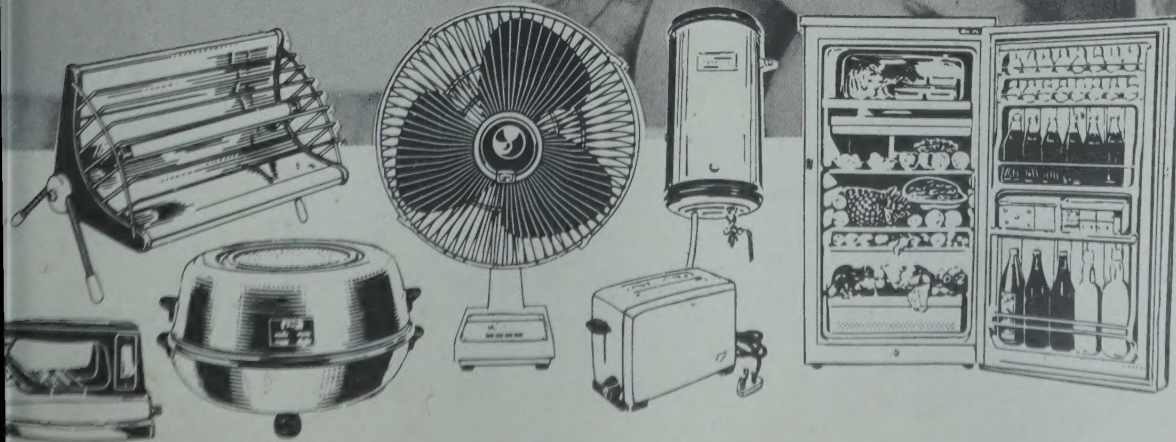
'He's like a baby when it comes to milk shakes.'

'Funny how we love eating out of the same plate.'



As lasting as your love...

Kleertone



In homes across the country, the Kleertone name is a guarantee that never expires.

With a diverse range of home appliances, fans and refrigerators to suit your every need, and over a thousand dealers to offer prompt and efficient after-sales service, we've built ourselves, over the past 25 years, a reputation of trust.

A
design
a day...

365
a year
to choose
from.

An exclusive selection of designs and colours in AMBER poly Georgette, textured INTIM and soft-as-silk MONICA 100% Terene sarees.

'Limited Range



Khata
TERKO
100% Terene Sarees