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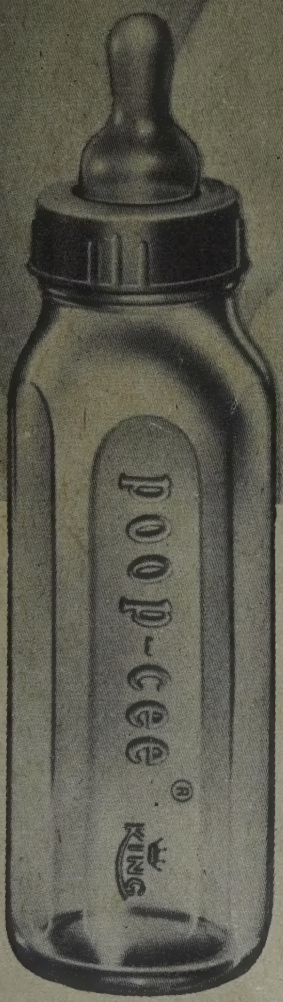
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ASMAT CHOUDHURY

Time hangs heavy on many young shoulders. Especially on those who hopefully wait for the right job to fall into their laps, after they've graduated. Asmat, however, is a youngster with a difference. Instead of being bogged down by time she has utilised it by cultivating a variety of interests, after finishing her B.A. with Psychology and Political Science. What has she done? Plenty. For a start she did a course in learning French, then went on to modelling for ads.

And she decided to utilise a natural asset—an attractive voice—for dubbing in Hindi films and for documentaries. She has received offers for acting roles in Hindi films which she has declined, thank you. A film career doesn't interest her. She adds to her many passions a fondness for books and the kitchen, singing light classical music, meeting people and travelling.

Photograph: Anand Mahajan

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

JUST LUCK?



When a person achieves something in life, people have a tendency to tracing it down to 'luck' and 'opportunity'. "Oh, he's lucky," I have often heard them say, "he got the right opportunity at the right time" But how many of us are willing to accept the fact that opportunities can be created through effort?

How many of us are willing to acknowledge the spadework which is initially necessary; the quiet, continuous, ceaseless effort that produces a successful result?

Whether at school or college, desk-work or sports, one always has to make a small beginning somewhere, which may later on lead to something big. Acknowledgement comes only through dedicated work. There is much quiet effort put in behind the scenes. But, unfortunately, not many people realise this, when censuring the 'lucky' ones.

Thrity E. Bharucha, Bombay No, it's never just luck. It wasn't just luck that brought Morarji the Prime Ministership or Jimmy Carter the Presidentship—or, even, Rajesh Khanna that phenomenal glory. Usually, a whole lot of aspiration, perspiration and determination is involved in the process. Nor is it just "bad luck" which unseats a person or brings him tumbling down from the pinnacle of success!

AN UNPLEASANT RIGHT



Of late we have come across many letters from readers to the Editor in various magazines questioning the propriety of the males to perform the last rites. Why are women barred from lighting the pyre? they ask. Many people may be happy to know that there is a major breakthrough in this custom. We hear that in Kerala Sri. A. K. Gopalan's daughter performed the last rites of her father.



These days it has become a fashion for ladies to clamour and fight for anything and everything a man does. Otherwise, why else would women who are allotted the pleasant duty of lighting the diya in front of the altar, and the fire in the hearth, argue and fight for the unpleasant right of lighting a pyre!

Sushila Mani, Poona

Men would have us believe they debar women from this 'unpleasant' task to protect their delicate souls from cringing and revolting—and breakthroughs, incidentally, have come earlier. Several years ago the young Mallika Sarabhai, daughter of the late scientist, Dr. Vikram Sarabhai, lit her father's funeral pyre. If women, as you say, can light the diya and the hearth, they must—if they so choose—also be able to light the pyre.

HELP! NO HELP?



A domestic servant—more as a status symbol than a necessity—has become an indivisible feature of Indian lifestyle. There was a time when only the very rich used to engage a servant. But, today, even families with limited income have developed a craving for this avoidable luxury. There lies some justification for employed women to seek help from an outsider, but what about the unemployed housewives? They certainly do not require a full-time attendant, especially when the discoveries and inventions of various electrical gadgets have made life more easy, comfortable and mechanical. In fact, in the context of privileges provided by modern science there is no need for a servant even for an employed woman.

How are the time, energy and labour ostensibly saved by having a servant, utilised by these women? In gossiping and gallivanting. In fact, these women are responsible, to a great extent, for the thefts and dacoities occurring in homes and endangering human lives. The money spent in maintaining a servant can easily be channelised to some other constructive purposes.

Bina Mukherjee, Goa

Fewer and fewer women are now "unemployed" housewives. Many work part-time outside, or run businesses from home or pursue hobbies in their spare time. And that spare time comes mainly courtesy of the household help. In any case, we won't have servants for long. Let the poor housewife grab what luxury she can before she becomes a complete drudge.

HAVE A SEAT

While travelling in crowded city buses, I have often noted the kind gesture on the part of some male passengers in offering their own seat to a woman especially if she has a small child in her arms. Moreover, many times women are allowed out-of-turn entry into the bus. However, not even once have I noticed any woman extending a like offer to another woman or man, in such a situation, by vacating her own seat. I had many occasions to travel with my small baby in my arms and if I ever got such an offer, it came from the male passengers only. I feel the position of an average woman is much better as compared to a man travelling with a small child in his arms and hence women should also come forward to display such a gesture.

Further, a similar approach needs to be adopted by us towards all physically weak, infirm and old people.

Hameed Khan, Nagpur

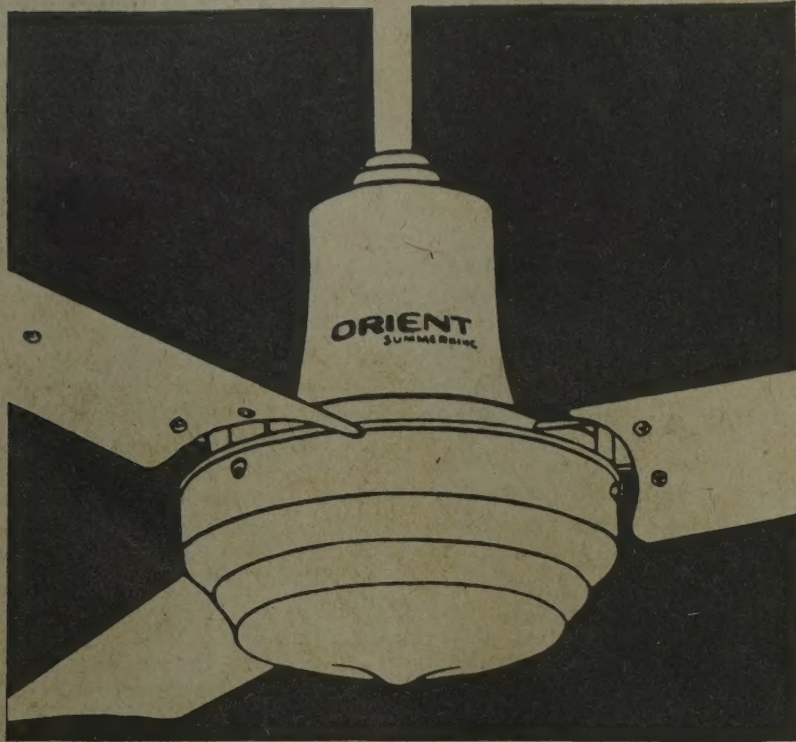
If you are really talking of city buses, maybe you just haven't observed enough. We have quite often seen young women getting up and offering their seats to old men and women and to pregnant mothers—thereby making a lot of adamant males very uncomfortable!

MORE CASH NOW

We have now increased the prize money for the three Best Letters to Rs. 25, Rs. 15 and Rs. 10.

We are, however, discontinuing the system of sending a complimentary copy to each writer.

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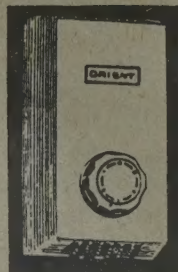
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Dr. Sundri Mirchandani is the first Indian woman specialist in tuberculosis and chest diseases. With a career marked with a string of "firsts," Dr. Mirchandani wanted to do something different. And since most women doctors specialised in gynaecology, she opted to specialise in TB and chest diseases. This field posed a greater challenge in those days when TB was not only a dreadful disease but a number one killer. She was selected for the All-India Women's Medical Service and was sent as a Government of India scholar for specialised training in T.B. After Partition she came to Bombay.

Dr. Mirchandani's work is multi-faceted, ranging from practising as a TB specialist, administering a hospital and a dispensary to running a nursery for the blind.

Tuberculosis, says Dr. Mirchandani, is still a dreaded disease. About thirty years ago, when she was still under training, modern life-saving drugs did not exist and TB victims were placed in health homes in hill stations, fed nutritious food and left to nature cure. With the discovery of life-saving drugs, a definite line of treatment was found. Today, in most of the western countries, TB is entirely under control and is almost unheard of, but in India it is still a widespread disease.

Besides being a medical problem, TB is also a socio-economic problem. Social stigma still looms large. TB has thus to be tackled at several levels—medical, social and economic. If a labourer gets tuberculosis, he has to stay away from work with the result his family suffers financially. With debts mounting, the patient hurries back to work as soon as he gets some superficial relief. At this stage financial assistance to the families of TB patients is very necessary, otherwise the afflicted work, thus not only worsening their own disease, but also endangering the health of those around them. Most patients discontinue treatment and carry the disease far and wide. You come across such "drug defaulters" in every sphere of daily life—a domestic servant who may have started working after initial relief, or maybe the milkman or the bus-conductor or a waiter who serves you food in a "good" hotel.

Our country has the hospitals, the facilities and the personnel to control the spread of this disease, yet it continues to spread. And TB now does not restrict itself to people from the lower economic strata alone. If all the patients take the complete treatment which, admittedly, is long, the spread of this disease can be controlled. On an average about 400 TB patients come to Dr. Mirchandani every day. "It is the follow-up in these cases which should be emphasised," she says.

In 1964, Dr. Mirchandani came across a woman who came to the Nair Hospital for treatment of TB. Accompanying her was her child who clung to her constantly. The child had to be protected while the woman underwent treatment. Dr. Mirchandani approached an orphanage which flatly refused to take the child unless she was admitted as an orphan. So, Dr. Mirchandani founded a foster-care home for such children and within a short time the home had many children who needed such care. She also admitted a few foundlings. When the parents were cured of the disease and rehabilitated, some children returned home while new homes were found for orphans. But this work was too demanding and involved a lot of police formalities. So, instead of expanding Dr.

eve today



## A T. B. SPECIALIST, SHE CARES FOR THE BLIND TOO

Mirchandani gradually closed down the foster-care home in 1968 when about fifty children had already been adopted.

The following year, a nursery for the blind was founded. Dr. Mirchandani's husband was associated with the National Association for the Blind and thought of this novel idea. With the co-operation of NAB, a nursery for blind children was established, the first of its kind in India. The Mata Lachmi Hospital, of which Dr.

Mirchandani is the administrator, houses the nursery which has about 20 children from the age group 3-7 years.

Asked how a TB specialist could work for the blind—two such diverse fields—she immediately replied that blindness like TB was a socio-economic problem and involved as much social work and need of rehabilitation.

Usually no fees are charged to the parents of these children unless they can afford to pay. The nursery houses children from all over the country and close and constant contact is maintained with their families. The children go home for holidays or festivals. After the initial Montessori training, they are sent to schools and study along with normal children.

Was it a difficult experience? Initially, Dr. Mirchandani was a little scared. Looking after blind children, she thought, would involve accidents, risks and illnesses. But it proved to be just the contrary. The blind children there are very careful about themselves and behave just like normal children. They have their likes and dislikes; their little attachments and hobbies. Their behaviour is an eye-opener to many who are prejudiced against the blind. When she sees the children running about, studying or quarrelling, she feels this venture has been most worthwhile. Dr. Mirchandani recalled an incident when a blind child recognised her voice amidst a large crowd and that too when she met the child after three years. Her work in this field, she feels, has been most rewarding.

Throughout, Dr. Mirchandani says, she has been inspired by the Reverend Mata



Dr. Mirchandani hands over a bouquet to a blind child at a function held in her home for the blind.

LEFT: Blind children have a joyous day as their benefactor Dr. Mirchandani looks on happily.

Lachmi who is about a hundred years old now. She has always sought her guidance and encouragement without which the Mata Lachmi Trust would not have been possible.

Vrunda Moghe Dev





"The Total Woman," a book by Marabel Morgan, with little or no claim to literary value, relates the author's successful struggle to save her failing marriage. Convinced that "a great marriage is not so much finding the right person as being the right person," she offers an ideal-woman formula for the benefit of all women who wish either to emerge from the morass that their marriages have become or to avoid disastrous marital situations altogether.

"The Ramayana," tells of kings and queens, demons and gods. Its heroine, Sita, is considered even today the embodiment of the ideal woman and an example to all women of India.

"Verily, unto women cognizant of virtue, a husband, whether he

has any merits or not, is a very deity."

"You wives must submit to your husband's leadership in the same way you submit to the Lord."

Two worlds, two religions, two ages—the former quotation is from "The Ramayana," and the latter from the Bible, upon which Morgan draws extensively in "The Total Woman."

The concepts of ideal womanhood portrayed by these two widely divergent works have much in common, and several significant differences. The fascinating point is, of course, that they can be compared and contrasted at all in spite of their seeming irrelevance to each other.

One of the points of similarity between the two concepts is their considerable influence over their respective societies.

Although conceived of more than 2,500 years ago, Sita is, even today, looked upon as the ideal woman in the Hindu way of life—which can, of course, be generalised in this instance to: the Indian way of life.

In the introduction to his translation of what is sometimes called "the Iliad of the East," Manmatha Nath Dutt says:

"Sita has become the grand exemplar to Hindu women as the embodiment of purity, chastity and wifely fidelity. She has furnished Hindu ladies with the highest and noblest conception of their duties in their various and manifold relations in life. Her empire is both wide and deep over the hearts of her sex, performing for their eternal behoof spiritual service of incalculable worth."

Elsewhere, another critic, S. L. N. Simha, comments: "Without doubting in any way the thesis of equality of the sexes and the responsibility of both in maintaining harmony of the home, it would not be incorrect to say that it depends a lot on the sagacity, patience and forbearance of the lady of the house. Let all womenfolk keep before them constantly the picture of Sita, the embodiment of feminine virtue and wisdom. . ."

Marabel Morgan's "The Total Woman," though it comes as a shocker in the midst of the liberationist movement, has managed to become one of the runaway bestsellers of the 1970s. Based on a formula which says, in essence, that when you become

What could there be in common between an ancient Indian epic such as "The Ramayana" and a modern American bestseller like "The Total Woman"? According to AMMU JOSEPH, it is their concepts of the ideal woman.

a total woman, as you presumably will if you act on the author's advice in the book, you help your husband to become a total man and that, in turn, guarantees a successful marriage. The responsibility is placed squarely on the woman and her ability to adjust and mould herself into the ideal total woman:

"You have the power to lift your family spirit or bring it down to rock bottom. The atmosphere in your home is set by you . . . You can decide now on what level you are going to live. . . Interior decorating on your attitudes does take a little work, but the results that come your way are more than worth the effort. . ."

Strange as it is nowadays to come across a bestseller with an anti-feminist stand, "The Total Woman" seems, nevertheless, to have found itself quite a substantial audience in the U.S.

Another point of similarity between the two is the emphasis on the lifelong inseparability of wives and husbands.

"The Ramayana" says: "According to the Vedas and various other sacred texts, wives are inseparably blended with their husbands."

Similarly, it is their quest for the ultimate ideal of long-lasting and happy marriages that women turn to the formula offered by Marabel Morgan.

The ideal of "husband, lord" is another common factor between the two concepts.

## AMERICA'S

Reaffirming the teachings of other Hindu scriptures, "The Ramayana" says that a wife should revere her husband as if he were a veritable deity.

"The Total Woman" quotes the Bible as saying: "Love your husband and hold him in reverence." It goes on to expand the idea with a definition of the word "reverence": "to respect, honour, esteem, adore, praise, enjoy and admire."

The concept of loyalty to and complete acceptance of the husband is also brought out in both works.

"I have been taught," says Sita, ". . . to follow my husband in all conditions of life. . . I know that a woman's spiritual guide is her husband. Even if a husband should be poor and of disreputable character, he should be ungrudgingly obeyed by the likes of me. . . A woman must always look upon her husband as a god, and pay him every token of respect, quite regardless of what his character or conduct may be."

Also advocating this kind of wholehearted acceptance of the husband, Marabel Morgan explains:

"A man needs to be accepted as he is, just exactly as he is . . . Accepting your husband is the first step in making your man come alive, and it works. It frees him to become a Total Man. . . Accept him, just as he is today. Accept his strengths and his weaknesses. . . for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. . . from this day forward."

The dependence of the wife on the husband is another point emphasised in "The Ramayana" in various ways.

"Neither father, mother, son, friends, nor her own self is the stay of a woman in this or in after life; it is the husband alone that is her only support."

"The veena without strings does not sound; and the car without wheels does not move. So, although having a hundred sons, a woman without her husband cannot attain happiness."

What is more, a wife's service to her husband is said to be the best method of attaining heaven:

"The woman who serves not her husband, being engaged in





# BHARATIYA NAARI

excellent religious rites and fasts, shall fare wretchedly in the life to come. And a woman gets at the excellent abode of the celestials by serving her husband."

As another part of the tradition set by Sita, the wife also shares the fate of her husband, whatever it may be.

"The Total Woman" is asked to take note of and follow "the four A's" in order to fulfil her role as the ideal woman and mate: accept, admire, adapt and appreciate.

Accept him, says Marabel Morgan. A man needs to be accepted just exactly as he is, because "this kind of all-out acceptance convinces him you really love him." And acceptance is needed most of all during times of apparent failure.

Admire him, she says, because men need to be admired: "Psychiatrists tell us that a man's most basis needs, outside of warm sexual love, are approval and admiration. . . What nagging cannot do, admiration will!"

Adapt to him, she says. "Adapt to his way of life wholeheartedly, even if he doesn't come home for weeks. . . The Biblical remedy for marital conflict is 'You wives must submit to your husbands' leadership in the same way you submit to the Lord.' God planned for woman to be under her husband's rule. . . man and woman, although equal in status, are different in function. God ordained man to be head of the family, its president, and his wife to be the executive vice-president."

And, finally, says Marabel Morgan, "Appreciate him."

There is a strong emphasis in "The Ramayana" on wifely fidelity and faithfulness, and, on chastity and purity.

Sita, ever and immovably faithful to her husband, Rama, in spite of the severest of trials, is described as "spotless like unto the rays of the moon on the first lunar day." Various exalted as "O stainless one," "O gentle damsel," "O exceedingly fair one," "O noble lady," "Worshipful dame," and "Illustrious wife of Rama," Sita embodies, for the traditional Indian, the ideal of absolute chastity and devotion.

There is no mention of the issue of chastity and purity in "The Total Woman." The only moral dictum in connection with sex is

that it is for the marriage relationship only.

Conversely, there is little discussion of sex in the "Ramayana" except indirectly with reference to chastity, abstinence and such concepts, while the entire Part III of Marabel Morgan's book is devoted to matters of sex under headlines such as: Fizzle to Sizzle, Costume Party, Rocks in the Mattress, Fireworks at Breakfast, Super Sex, Luncheon Special, Secrets of a Mistress, and so on.

Marabel Morgan advises women to be good listeners and to refrain from criticising and putting down their husbands. She also suggests that women not attempt to give advice, good or otherwise. According to her:

"By advising him, he thinks you're condemning him and holding him irresponsible. . . Who's running this ship, anyway? Save your lectures. He doesn't need your advice or your leadership in times of trouble. . . Once you begin accepting your husband, you can stop worrying about your role as his chief advisor. He doesn't need your advice; he needs your acceptance."

On the other hand, Sita, according to S. L. N. Simha, was not merely a companion to Rama, but also an advisor. However, at the conclusion of one of her major advisory discourses, "uttered in gracious and gentle" tones, Sita remarked (very tactfully), "After all, I am a woman; I cannot advise you much. Besides you know everything. . ."

In addition to these, the more obvious of the similarities and differences between the two concepts of ideal womanhood, there are some differences which are not immediately apparent.

For one thing, "The Total Woman" is aimed specifically at the saving of marriages and, consequently, a distinct "how-to" flavour pervades the entire book. "The Ramayana" was, of course, not written with the aim of propagating an ideal of womanhood—the character of Sita as it developed happened to embody the ideal. It is, therefore, a remarkably more all-round treatment of the concept of the ideal woman.

Another thing is that "The Total Woman" rings somewhat phony. There seems to be an over-emphasis on cultivating the desired qualities. Marabel Morgan is speaking to American women who have been brought up in one

role system and according to one set of social norms; women who seem to feel the need to change their entire approach if their lives are not to end up in disaster. As a result, there is an air of artificiality and shallowness about the whole concept.

The qualities lauded by the writer of "The Ramayana" were inborn traits in Sita. And they are expected to come naturally to present-day Indian women. This is not as unimaginable a prospect as it seems, because the influence of the epic is fairly well-established in traditional Indian society.

Another feature of "The Total Woman" is the negative attitude that seems to pervade. For example, it says:

"If he's already low don't put him down further. Never compare him with another man."

On the other hand, in Aubrey Menen's irreverent "The Ramayana as told by Aubrey Menen" he says of Sita:

"She was not determined to make her husband a famous man—she looked upon all other men as unfortunate failures beside him."

All told, the general impression of the total woman is one of a person desperate enough in her disillusionment with her societal upbringing and her concepts of rights and roles to be willing to completely divest herself of all powers of discernment and all individuality; a person willing to submerge her own personality completely if she could just achieve some kind of conjugal bliss; a person willing to sacrifice integrity and accept hypocrisy in her dealings with her husband and to rely on a set of superficial codes of behaviour. However rosy the picture presented of the total woman and her husband, there is no getting away from the unsavoury fact that "total womanhood" is cultivated through a series of set assignments (home-work) such as:

"Accept your husband just as he is. Write out two lists—one of his faults and one of his virtues. Take a long, hard look at his faults and then throw the list away; don't ever dwell on them again. Only think about his virtues. Carry that list with you and refer to it when you are mad, sad or glad."

"Admire your husband every day. Refer to his virtue list if you need a place to start. Say something nice about his body today. Put his tattered ego back together with compliments."

The general impression of Sita, on the other hand, is one of a definite, tangible individual. Although she is an originator, as it were, of a traditional concept of ideal womanhood and the woman's role in marital relationships, she does come through as a free, wholesome and sincere person. She emerges as a whole personality.

Also interesting is the fact that, of the two concepts of ideal femininity, the ancient Indian one, which would normally be expected to be the more traditional and conservative ideal, is, in actuality, the more many-faceted and liberal one.

It appears that "The Total Woman" thus represents a modern American step-back from the age-old Indian ideal.



33) \_\_\_\_\_  
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With the cards stacked against you, at least for the time being, withdraw gracefully. Remember, he who fights and runs away, lives to fight another day. Your position is perilous but not impossible. You have locked horns with a strong adversary. Try to change the adversary into a friend. Do so without hatred and ill-will. It will leave you untarnished. Withdraw with great dignity. Be not perturbed. An opportunity for something better will certainly come before long.

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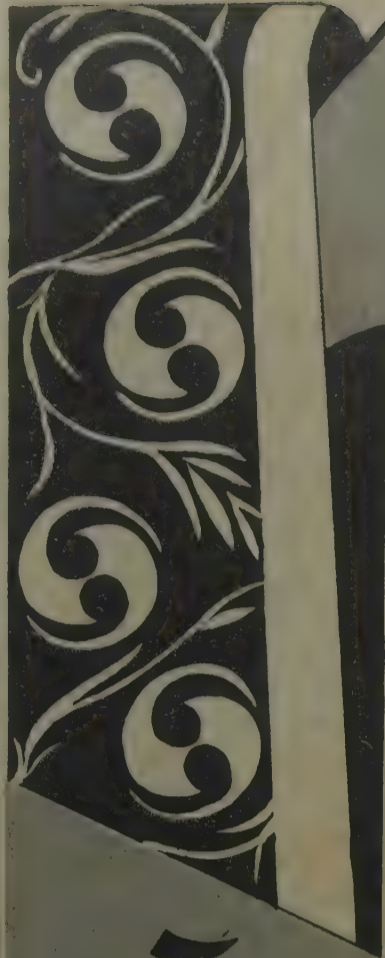
Make judicious use of your great strength. This can be best illustrated by an example. The world's strongest man, in the days of yore, tried to uproot an oak tree. He did do so. In the process he died. Yes, you have the strength to do mighty things. Do not therefore waste it. Be not arrogant. The really strong do not throw their weight about. Do not shirk your responsibilities. Oppression, suppression are vices you can do without. Be generous. Use your creative faculties, and these you have in abundant measure, in a well-directed, resourceful manner. Then all's well. Do not thwart success by personal egotism. Play it cool, play it smooth!

35) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Take courage and push forward. Do not fear rebuffs and slights, but take them in your stride. Even exposure should not be allowed to curb your style. This hexagram states categorically that the blessings of your grandmother are with you! You, probably a passive member, should team up with one more active and vibrant. Both will gain tremendously by it. Be magnanimous. There's a cryptic prophecy, namely, thrice in a day will you be interviewed. It means that you will be tested, your steel tempered. A hexagram of coupling your interests and your life with those of another in a mutually profitable partnership. Take positive action.

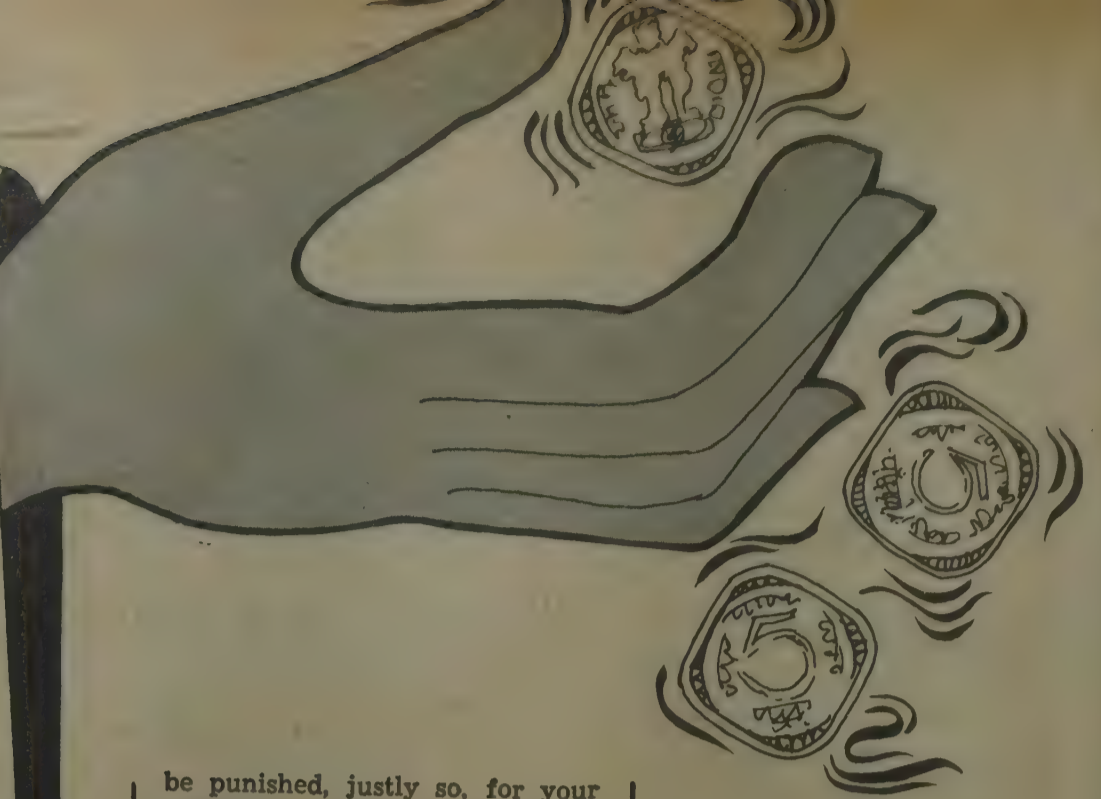
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A tough hexagram! You will



# I C H I N G

## the book of changes



be punished, justly so, for your misdeeds! There is no way of avoiding retribution. Better learn to like the medicine! You will be reviled and slandered. Slowly and very painfully will success come your way. There are Karmic overtones here. It seems you have hurt others badly in this or the previous birth, and they are out to get you, and probably will too! The fates and the furies are against you, at least for the time being. Lie low.

37) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Happiness and concord in the domestic setting are ensured, at least finally. Stern discipline is necessary to keep the family in line, but you don't have to be tyrannical. Both husband and wife should take their duties seriously and work for the benefit of the family. This is within the bounds of reason and fate. Husband and wife make a team. Never forget this simple fact. Work with, not against, each other. The same holds good, if you are in a business partnership. Your sincerity and goodness should pave the way for success.

38) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Though things might appear dark and gloomy at the start, the end-result will be good. Discord will soon end. Trust your friends. They do desire to bale you out of a tight situation. An emotional attachment is very likely. Do not shun and neglect a person who has sincere love and regard for you. Learn rather to accept him. That way lies happiness. Take a firm hold on yourself, and though you might be under the lash, the wheel of fortune will turn in your favour.

39) \_\_\_\_\_  
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You are surrounded by fire and brimstone. Do not move ahead. It won't pay in more than one sense. The South-West direction is favoured, the North-East brings obstacles and hurdles. Take the help and guidance of superiors. Best to be stationary, form lasting alliances. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Do not be a fool. The harder you try, the more likely you are to come a cropper. Take it easy! Relax.

40) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Act this very instant. Cut the Gordian knot which binds you. Take aid and help from those who are noble and selfless. Aim high, take chances, but see to it that you are free—body, mind and soul. Note well that friends and well-wishers will help you, release you as it were from a bondage, a trying situation. Success in the South-West is predicted for you. Yes, an easier time awaits you once your slavery, your obsession, is over.

41) \_\_\_\_\_  
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You will succeed. If not on the material plane, at least on the spiritual and ethical one. Be generous NOW. It will pay very handsome dividends in the future! So, invest in it. Many persons from different races, religions and creeds will be ready to lend a helping hand. In other words, support and cooperation are predicted for you. Out of three persons, one drops out. He who drops out, finds an ally. Do not do anything against your principles and inclinations. Be firm. Good fortune is bound to follow you like a faithful hound! So, why worry?

42) \_\_\_\_\_  
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You will profit handsomely. A major project or plan or enterprise should get under way, and the results will be very gratifying. Expansion at all levels is therefore indicated. Travel stars are also on the horizon. A major undertaking can be carried out. Great and imminent changes are foretold for you. You are innately generous. Generosity is always its own reward. Focalise your efforts for maximum gains. Have faith in God and keep to your course.

43) \_\_\_\_\_  
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A strange oracle this! Attack the forces of evil without active violence. Express your fears and troubles to your friends and supporters. Stand firm and speak the truth. This could be the hexagram of the eternal conflict between good and evil. Be perennially on your guard as your opponents have only been seemingly and not actually vanquished. DO NOT TRY TO WEED OUT EVIL IN A SINGLE DAY OR MOVE. You will miserably fail. Rather attack in stages! If you are caught off guard, you are done for, finished. So be vigilant. That is the message.

44) \_\_\_\_\_  
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A bad woman, strong as steel, is bending others to her will. It would be a wrong policy to wed her, to give in to her. Do not indulge in pleasures and luxuries, or you will come to a sorry pass. Evil persons in authority should be opposed, thwarted, or they will be a real menace. If you are fond of comforts and use authority to browbeat others, better mend your ways. Or, evil shall certainly befall you. This is the hexagram of seduction either by a woman, or by your own selfish pursuits. Your salvation lies in humility. There is a strong fatality about your actions. It just cannot be otherwise. You are just fulfilling your destiny. You will be forced to fight others.

45) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Put up with your irksome condition for the time is not ripe. Rest assured also that it will change for the better. So, chin up! It is predicted that faith and goodwill will prevail in the

end. The chances of amity and friendship, so dear to your heart, will increase with the passage of time. You will be accepted, totally and unconditionally, in the group. Everything has a price, nothing is free, even love and friendship. So pay it gladly. Have no regrets or rancour over it. The omen is, that of union, fulfilment. Learn to promote relations.

46) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Attainment after many, endeavours and quite a few hurdles. But why lose courage and hope? Advised very strongly to work to a plan, and NOT grope in the dark: This hexagram is suggestive of success crowning attempts. Yes, you have influence and are very well placed. Use it for public weal. Your in-

***Th concluding  
part of the  
Chinese way of  
foretelling the  
future—with just  
three coins***

**Bejan Daruwalla**

ner reserves should stand you in good stead. The oracle speaks of your stepping into a lonely city. It could signify loneliness, success, a moving forward, an ability to create something from almost nothing. You will ascend the ladder of power and fortune. You will win awards. Power will be your handmaid.

47) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Confinement and repression are the undercurrents of this oracle. At least for three years, you shall suffer. It is not a very happy state of affairs, but there's no go! A separation from a loved one is probable. You will have to concede much to the other party. Though unselfish and generous, punishment is your lot in this world. People will get on top of you. Finally, your oppressors will cease their tyranny, leave you free to act as you choose. In affairs of state, it indicates a country passing through a crisis, a revolution. Final emancipation for the country is predicted through a great and powerful personage. An omen of suffering and sacrifice. Seek help of those in power.

48) \_\_\_\_\_  
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The continuance of life and development is the underlying theme of this omen. The well has served generations before, and will generations to come. That means the same profession, business, tradition, way of life, can be followed by this generation also. But the rope may break before the water can be drawn. It means an important break with the existing order of things, resulting in a flux, a change, a transitory period. Be open. See the other person's point of view. See to it that everything is shipshape in your family, profession, business. Leave nothing to chance. Attend to all details. And success is yours! A hexagram of happiness if you are attentive to undertakings. Succour your people. Be of strength to them.

49) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Change is the law of life. It is useless to resist it. If you do, like revolution, it will be thrust upon you. So, do not resist the winds of change, if you have your own astrologer, you can consult him before deciding on a new course of action. The astrologer comes in because a mention has been made of "consulting the oracles." Transformation is the nature of institutions, organisations, Government. So, who can stop it? Deliberate thrice before you decide on a new course of action. Be the spearhead of a new movement.

50) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Security within the family, and progress in the outside world are the double message of this omen signifying the cauldron. An opportunity for leadership should be firmly seized. Luck is in the air. The cauldron or cooking pot favours change and transformation. By sacrifice and rightful action you will attain your goals. A worthy ambition, ably satiated. You will be the source of goodness, joy and help to countless people. An illegitimate child will make good. Change and a new order is predestined. That is for the best.

51) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Events sudden and violent are foretold. The repercussions could well be worldwide. Wars, calamities, upheavals are pre-

dicted. This change might raise alarm but it will end to the ultimate advantage of the people. You too will be in the gravy. Withdraw from the scene of action and catastrophe with dignity and a sense of timing. You will be caught between two strong contending forces. Do not be dissuaded from your chosen path. Be tranquil in the midst of turmoil.

52) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Be at rest. Relax. Be still. Take no action. Difficult as this might seem, it is for the best. You are at a stalemate. Any action proves your undoing. The wise know when NOT to act. That's the secret. Be wise. Meet people by all means but be not influenced by them. Keep your own counsel. Desist from action. Meditate. Practise Yoga.

53) \_\_\_\_\_  
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A young person celebrates marriage. A leader sets an example to his flock. Like the flight of geese, you too do take off in your work, project. It also means that a social order changes for the better. The tide is turned to your advantage. Progress will be gradual, but it will be felt all the same. Exercise caution before taking the final plunge. For three years the wife will be barren. The hidden meaning could well be that you have failed in your duty. It is a period of considerable tension. But finally there will be a break with the past. You veer to a different course. It is as it should be. You will find fulfilment after delay and dalliance.

54) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Sorry, but you are only a cog in the wheel. Individuality has been denied to you. You at best serve a purpose and that's all there's to it. You are a maiden offered for sacrifice and marriage, like it or not. You are in an ancillary position. Otherwise also, marriage alliance is clearly indicated in this omen. But it will be the subsidiary sort. A blindness, physical or emotional, is also hinted here. The outcome of this tie will not be rewarding. Better not be deceived by glamour. It could spell tragedy. It is a hexagram of unfulfilment, struggle, of something lacking in life.

55) \_\_\_\_\_  
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# FUN WITH GEMS

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maa



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"Like the sun at noon" improvement and power and abundance come your way! In the words of Dryden, expect "God's plenty." Honour, status and power are yours. Money and success are in order for you. Use them wisely and well. This is not as easy as it seems. But you have the mental equipment to do so. This omen is essentially of fullness, and not mere affluence. Have faith in yourself, be prepared to use your power and wealth constructively. If your right arm is broken, or if you suffer a temporary eclipse do not brood. Your place in the sun will eventually come. Do not guard your wealth like a miser. Be sure that you will not lose it. You could be shut off from active life for three years if you fall a prey to your imaginary fears. Have faith in yourself.

56) \_\_\_\_\_  
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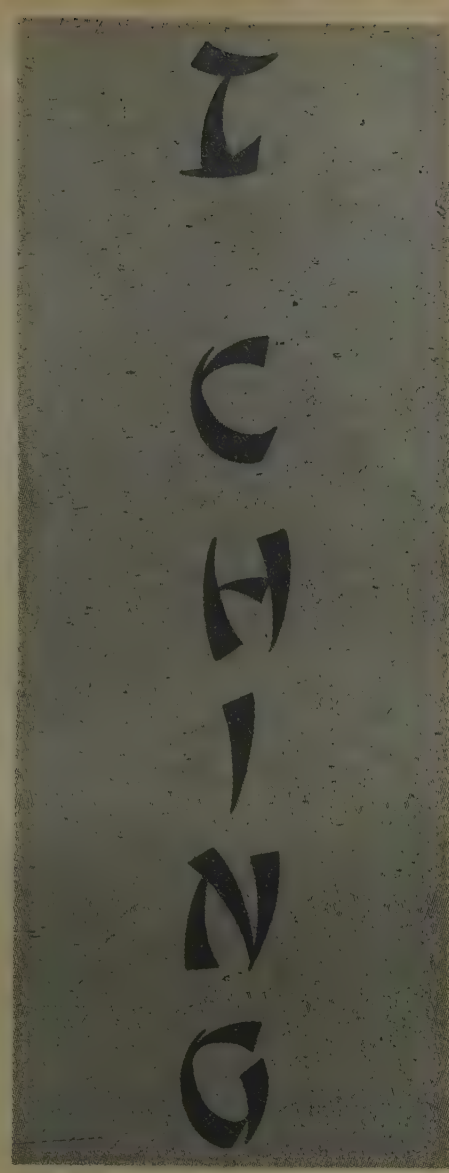
You are a wanderer, a researcher, a wayfarer. You may not gain materially, but the experience of a journey will leave you the richer for it. Men of pronounced ability will surely help you. But do not be deceived by apparent security and glamour. Motion for you is life, stillness is death. As long as you are agile and alert all's well. Keep moving, doing, acting, thinking, planning. A permanent settlement is not for you. That's your fate.

57) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Like the wind, blow hot and cold. Attack the problem from different angles. Be ready to retreat when the going is very tough. It is an omen of dexterity, skill, fast manoeuvres, check and counter-check. Avoid stalemate. The omen asks you point-blank to consider for "three days" before making a change, and to "reconsider" it for a further three days after the change. In other words, avoid haste and hurry. Deliberate, weigh it in the balance. Material, emotional and spiritual life should be aptly blended and fused into one by you. That is your Tao. The hexagram promises advancement and progress up to a point. Having reached it, be satisfied.

58) \_\_\_\_\_  
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The concourse of friends is undoubtedly pleasing. The confluence of allied minds is pleasurable. That is granted to you. But, indulging in bouts of sensuality is a virus which wriggles like a worm and destroys. There's the rub. Over-indulgence will be your



ruin. Nip it in the bud please. Pleasure seeking is endless, like chasing your own tail. Make this your rule — have the imagination and the will power to cut yourself lose from friends and pleasures at a moment's notice. That way, you will have the best of both the worlds! Attain inner harmony. That's what life is all about — specially for you.

59) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Be selfless and all will be added unto you. You will escape miraculously. The refrain here is on being saved from a perilous and explosive situation. You will be untouched by danger though it will hover around you. Your escape is providential. Your advice will be sought far and wide. You will be respected. Travel will be a boon for you. You will gather again people who have scattered far and wide. They will rally around you!

60) \_\_\_\_\_  
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It falls on you to curb others as yourself. Surely, a thankless, often painful task. But that is your fate! You may have to enforce law and order, muzzle the vicious. Naturally, they are not going to take it lying down! There will be howls of protest! The paradox is that, though you may

succeed in crushing rebellion, you may fail to control your own inner mad urges. Be therefore harsh with your own self too. This is vital. Proceed with caution, a step at a time, and you will attain your objectives. Remember, somebody has to gag others. It just happens to be you!

61) \_\_\_\_\_  
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The gift of the gab, an ability to size up a situation in the twinkling of an eye; yes, these are your natural assets. You will have a very dear friend. The chances are that you will also lose a soul-mate through no fault of your own. Do not despair. It was so ordained. At times, you will be the cementing force holding people of different attitudes together. The moment you are absent, the bond will disintegrate, you are not responsible for it. So, don't feel guilty about it. Have faith in yourself. Be ready, and you usually are, to share your good fortune with others. Luck may not favour you all the way, but you will have the satisfaction of doing your sincere best, of loving and being loved by many.

62) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Be modest. Wear the badge of humility. It suits you to a T. Luck rather than ability has placed you near the top. Be very grateful for it. You will be successful in small enterprises as benefits your ability. It is not for you to attempt the impossible. Leave it to others with greater skill and daring and acumen. Enough is enough. Be content and of good cheer. Overvaulting ambition will bring disaster.

63) \_\_\_\_\_  
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Don't rush things. Let them come of their own accord. And in case they do not come, don't despair. Take it in your stride. Enjoy and savour what you have NOW. The future may not be so pleasant. It appears that you have completed something useful and substantial. Success in the future may not be so solid and so permanent. Best to rest. Best not to seek pastures new and green. Be watchful. Have sincerity. Be satisfied with what you have. The course of your life has been more or less fulfilled. At least that's what the omen proclaims.

64) \_\_\_\_\_  
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"Beware of foolish excess" is the warning in red for you. Yes, success will be yours. See that it does not go to your head! Go slow. That way, you are sure to arrive, to have made it. Remember, there's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip. Surely, you don't want that to happen. Be vigilant. Do not down your guard. Overconfidence has been the bane of those greater than you. Think. Assess. Then wade in. Success for three years, that is, for quite some time, is assured if you act with prudence and courage. Be a man. Face a crisis with dignity and restraint. And when success comes, take it with equanimity. That's the way it should be.

The hexagrams of the Chinese are divided into two trigrams of three lines each. It is the alchemy of these two trigrams making one hexagram which is utterly fascinating. Also, the relationship of each of the lines to the other, and their inter-relationship and action, test and stretch to the utmost the divination power, imagination and intuition of the soothsayer.

An interesting side-light are the various elements used by the ancient Chinese in their trigrams. These are:

a) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Heaven

b) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Earth

c) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Thunder

d) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Water/The Deep

e) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
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Mountain

f) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Wind/Wood

g) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Fire/Sun

h) \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

The Marsh/Mist

The secret is in their blending. Happy reading!

Concluded

"Are you sure you are doing the right thing?" For an indefinite moment the hand that held the teapot remained suspended in the air, then Sudha continued to pour the dark liquid contents into the cup.

"I am quite sure, daddy. You have always said that I am growing stagnant in my present position as an assistant accountant. Well, now I have asked for a transfer and a post in our U.K. branch is falling vacant, so . . ." Sudha let the voice trail off.

Her father was one of the directors of The New Bank of India and she knew she would have no difficulty in obtaining that particular post.

"Your decision is rather sudden, isn't it?" her father persisted.

"Not really. I have been thinking about it for the past one month."

"You mean since Veena joined the bank as the new receptionist." Her father's remarks was deceptively casual.

Startled, Sudha looked at her father. It seemed at that moment she saw her father as others saw him—tall, thin, sharp featured and extremely shrewd. How could he have guessed?

"You know who she is?" her voice rose hardly above a whisper.

Mr. Mathur looked at the bent head of his daughter and deep compassion filled his being. Tall and slim like him, she seemed to him hardly more than a child. The pale oval face and large soft eyes—what had they seen? Love, a broken marriage, a divorce.

"Yes, beti! There is hardly anything that happens in the bank which I don't know. Also it is my duty to interview any new entrant and give the final decision."

"I know she is Sudhir's wife." He rose from his chair and laid a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"I thought you had got over him," he added thoughtfully.

Sudha gave herself a mental shake. Why had she lost her confidence all of a sudden? Must have been the shock of her father's knowledge. No more sentiment for her. She got up briskly.

"Of course I have. Only your unexpected words surprised me," she answered truthfully. "You know Sudhir and I parted without rancour. Our marriage wasn't working, so we just decided to part while good feeling still existed between us. That's all." Her words sounded loud and forced.

"Then why the sudden decision? You have spent eight years working in the bank and that is a long time. You are also due for your promotion. If you go to our new bank abroad, you will go only in your present appointment."

"But father," Sudha's voice grew impatient, "you are the

one who had told me about this post."

"Beti, that was four years ago, when you had just got your divorce and your mother and I felt a change would do you good. Not now when you have such an excellent record and are well settled in this comfortable flat not too far away from us. Anyway, as you have already decided and there is nothing to stop you, I suppose I will have to sign the papers, but I don't know what your mother will say." Her father began collecting his coat and brief case.

"Sudha," her father's voice sounded reluctant. "I sometimes wonder if your mother and your childhood friend Geeta were not to blame for your separation from Sudhir. Yes, I do wonder . . ." But he did not complete his sentence. He closed the door gently behind him.

For a moment Sudha watched the closed door with amazed eyes. That her father should have voiced aloud the thoughts which had clamoured for expression ever since the day Veena had entered the office.

*When Sudha found her husband's second wife working in the same bank, she had to make a quick decision*

Veena, short, plump and dark, and now Sudhir's wife. She had entered the bank one humid morning, hot and breathless.

"Excuse me, but do you think the manager will see me?" she asked, obviously flustered. "I had to wait a long time for the bus. I am the new receptionist." Veena had added in haste.

Sudha had liked the frank open admission of the newcomer and laid a friendly hand on her shoulder.

"Come, take my seat. I will see Mr. Sethna. Nothing to worry about. It is your first day and everyone here is most kind and understanding."

It had seemed most ironical later on when Sudha came to know who Veena was. To think Sudhir had also originally come hurrying to her one hot morning to open his account! They had been mutually attracted and their love was born. In no time they had got married, despite her mother's warnings—"He is no good, you will see for yourself. Do you know how demand-

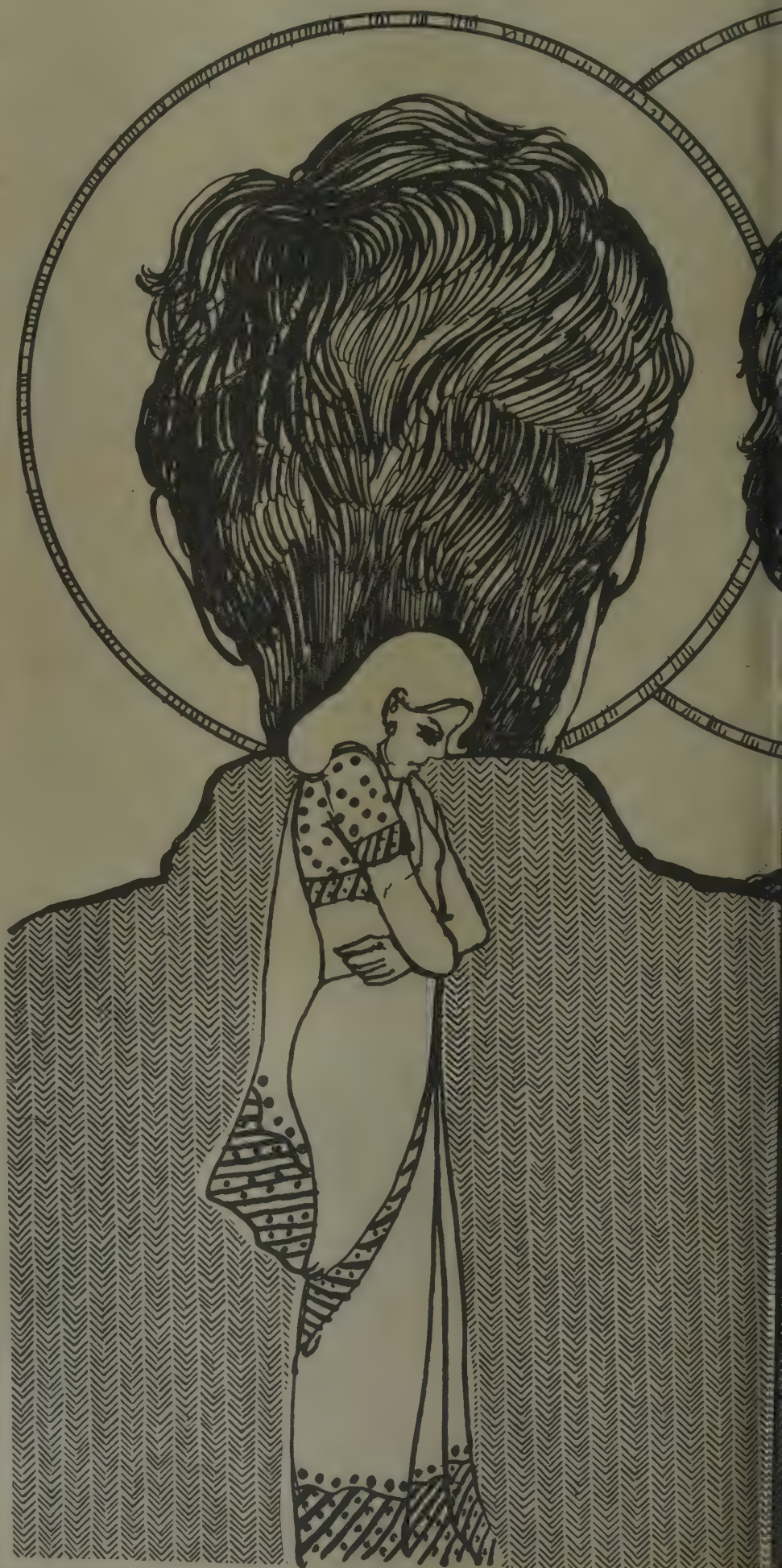
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Pramilla Bharat Singh

ing a widowed mother can be of her only son? They are not of our standing, he wants you only for your money and looks." Her best friend Geeta had added angrily, "You are a fool. I know he is good looking and his job at the engineering firm is not too bad, but do you know of his reputation? A first class woman chaser, only you are too blind to see."

But see she did—right from the first day when they had just settled in and her mother-in-law had moved in with them.

"Sudhir darling," she had pleaded with him, "why cannot



she stay in her room instead of meddling in everything?" And so the differences had grown, the vicious quarrels with Sudhir a silent spectator.

"Sudha, she is my mother. She is only trying to be helpful. Be patient, you will adjust to each other with time. She is old and she has nowhere to go," had been his only explanation.

How right her mother had been! Two years of it and she had had enough of it. And what about his roving eye? The charm he turned on when they attended parties. She had become tired of the inevitable comments. "Sudha, you have the most attrac-

tive husband. My, if I had a husband like him I wouldn't allow him so much freedom. Look at the way he is dancing . . ." and so on and on. It continued until one night he had said bitterly, when she had been cross about a particularly outrageous flirtation.

"You would like to own my soul also. Do you suppose I flirt with every woman I meet—when I love you so much?"

Jealousy had gnawed at her, she had not liked his behaviour and Geeta's words had re-echoed in her mind.

Divorce had been the only answer and two years later they had parted. She had never heard from him. Her job and friends had filled her life—until now.

The past month had made her restless—a persistent feeling of loneliness, wakeful hours at night, a longing for loving arms and endearments, the emptiness of the flat.

Had her father been right? Her mind shied away from probing too deep into his meaning. So he also knew who Veena was? Did he also know of the friendship she had developed with her? A friendship she should have not encouraged, for although Sudha liked Veena she knew that deep down it was the knowledge that she could gain information of Sudhir which had made her more friendly to the other girl.

At first it had been sheer curiosity. What was Sudhir's second wife like? Over a cup of tea during a fifteen-minute morning break she had casually asked Veena, "Where do you live?"

"R. K. Puram." So Sudhir had retained their flat.

"Er . . . only the two of you?"

"No, my mother-in-law lives with us," Veena replied. "She is such a dear soul. I don't know what we would have done without her. She prepares our breakfast and packs Sudhir's lunch and by the time we return home dinner is also ready." She leaned forward to whisper in an intimate manner, "We really enjoy our evenings out together."

Sudha tried to picture Sudhir's mother in such a benevolent role and failed completely. A few days later, during the lunch break Veena entered her office in a preoccupied manner.

"Anything wrong?" asked Sudha.

"Oh yes." Veena looked unhappily at the other girl. "My daughter is not well and I am worried."

"Daughter!" ejaculated Sudha. "You have a daughter?" She felt a queer pain in her stomach—Sudhir's daughter.

"Yes, she is only one and half years old. How funny, her name is also Sudha. Do you suppose I could leave office early today?" Veena was too preoccupied to notice the varying expressions on her friend's face.

"Go Veena, I will look after reception today."

Conflicting emotions arose in her mind. How dare he name his child Sudha? Or did he still feel some affection for her? He had wanted a child, but she had said they must enjoy their early married years first, they had all the time in the world. Children demanded attention. She was only twenty. And they hadn't enough money and there was his mother also.

Next day Veena appeared her happy old self.

"You are a dear Sudha. Your namesake is well today. All the same I am going to ask Mr. Sethna if I can leave at 5.15 today instead of 5.30 so that I can catch the early bus."

"Why don't you ask your husband to pick you up?" Sudha asked, preoccupied with the papers before her.

"How silly that would be! Why, he would have to make a detour. Not at all on his way. In fact, I can reach home in the time he wastes coming here. See you before leaving."

Sudha watched with relief Veena disappear. It was as if a new Sudhir was appearing before her. Why, he had always picked her up on his way home and if he did not, she would always be annoyed with him and he would try and mollify her by kissing her. "Darling, I had some extra work. You would have got fed up waiting for me, and anyway, coming in a scooter is not a bad way of travelling. It is worse in the D.T.C. bus."

Did Sudhir know she was still working here? Was that why he never came for Veena? Or was Veena telling the truth?

To Sudha the days assumed a new kind of importance. One half of her lived the old independent self, the other lived on Veena's disclosures. She knew that once again Sudhir was assuming an importance which would destroy her peace of mind. And what would happen if Veena came to know that she had been Sudhir's wife? Still more important, how would she feel if she came face to face with Sudhir?

It was only a month since Veena had joined their office and already her life seemed filled with misgivings and disquiet. Should she leave? Her question had been answered by Veena herself later in the day.

Sudha was looking at her watch.

"Veena, you will be late for the bus again."

"Oh no, Sudhir is coming for me today. I am working overtime, the boss is going on leave. What about some tea?"

Automatically Sudha nodded. Sudhir coming to the office. She must leave before him.

"How late are you working?" she asked Veena as the latter handed her a cup and settled herself comfortably on the edge of the table.

"Oh, about 6.30 or so. He will pick me up by seven. Plenty of time." Veena looked at her friend. "Sudha, I believe you were also married. What happened?"

Sudha looked at the other girl with narrowed eyes. Did she suspect? But Veena's eyes were innocent of any deception.

"Do you mind if we don't talk about it? It was just one of those things best forgotten. At least yours is a happy marriage."

Veena lowered her voice, "Sudha, do you know Sudhir was also married before? I believe she was a very smart girl from a very good family. No one talks about her at home, but Sudhir did tell me one day that maybe they had both been too young to understand the responsibilities of a married life."

Sudha wondered. Had they been really too young? He had been only two years older than her, but twenty-two had seemed quite grown up then.

"Do you know Sudha," Veena had no idea what effect her words were having on the girl opposite her, "my husband is quite good looking. In fact, many of my friends try to get friendly with him, but he never encourages them. He is charming to them, that is his nature, but he very firmly tells them, 'no further, I am a very happily married man.'" Veena giggled as if at some hidden joke.

What Veena might have further divulged was stopped by a persistent bell summoning her to Mr. Sethna's office.

Sudha felt a warning bell ring dimly in the deep recess of her mind. Day by day Veena had evoked a picture of Sudhir which had been once her own dream. She had wanted Sudhir to be what Veena had made him. Had it been all her own mistake then? Could she now lay the blame at her mother's and Geeta's door? Had her ideas of Sudhir and his mother been so preconceived that she had allowed herself only too willingly to believe what had been instilled into her mind and had lain dormant?

Her mind balked at the thought. No, she must not try and analyse the past. It was better she should remember Sudhir as he had been. There had been no sentiment or regret in their parting. Veena was a nice girl and she did not want to hurt her. Maybe Sudhir had not changed, it was only Veena's idolatry which made her blind to his faults. Years ago she had made a decision and it had been right. She did not need to meet Sudhir again to confirm it.

Her decision was made yet once again. She submitted her application for a transfer to London the very next day.



# WOMAN AUCTIONEER

Amita Sarwal

Bhanu Parekh is the only woman auctioneer in the country, and not of fancy household articles but of massive items like heavy earth moving machines, cranes, metal scrap, industrial plants, vehicles, Customs confiscated goods, even mules and dogs. "Actually, I've auctioned practically everything except human beings," she remarks, with the touch of humour which is very much a part of her nature.

The Egbert Andrews Auction Mart which had been established by a British businessman in 1888 was purchased by Bhanu's father, Mr. J. K. Parekh, about 60 years ago.

By and by, the company changed over to become exclusively Government auctioneers. In 1959 Mr. Parekh had a stroke and became bedridden. So the burden of the business fell on the eldest member of the Parekh clan, Bhanu, then just 22 years old. She has two younger brothers and a sister, but the eldest among them was only 12 then. So, single-handed, she took over the business. Looking back, she reminisces, "The faith my father had in me was what gave me the confidence to take over the business, and the determination to make a success of it."

And she was really fascinated by this business. For example, while at college, she had once gone on a trip to the Chittaranjan locomotive factory with her college mates. While all of them were busy sight-seeing, her mind was busy with other plans. "Why not try and get an auctioneering contract for my father," she thought. And she didn't stop with thinking. She marched up to the Chief Mechanical Officer and spoke to him. He was impressed by her interest and knowledge of the trade and so took down the particulars. A few years later her father got the contract.

Discussing the difference between the auction of furniture and household goods and those handled by her, she said, "The former is comparatively tame. It's conducted in a show-room, and the public is generally a sophisticated one. My auctions are usually in the open, and my clients are tough, not very urbane businessmen. I am exposed to the elements completely. One auction could be selling vehicles standing atop a hot, burning metal body, with the gruelling sun beating down upon me. The next day I could be at an Army camp, where the temperature could be below freezing point, and another day, I may be conducting my business in water-logged grassland, rain streaming down upon us and, more often than not, snakes moving amongst us.

"No place for a woman, wouldn't you think?" she paused to ask, and then continued, "Actually all it needs is grit. I have been hearing so much about the equality for women, but why aren't there any other women who have taken up this profession? I wish they would. They would find it so much more inter-



Bhanu Parekh at home surrounded by the objets d'art she has collected.

*A woman takes up an unusual career and makes a success of it*

esting than the routine, traditional careers they take up. Of course, they will have to leave behind all their glamour and sophistication and concern for their complexion. Thoughts of a sunburnt skin should not worry them, nor a voice gone hoarse from shouting and making yourself heard over a crowd of 500 to 1000 without the benefit of a mike."

One has to be on the alert while conducting an auction. The seasoned buyer makes very discreet movements, be it of the head, the eyes or the hand, and a good auctioneer spots just that sign to raise the price. Before they could become approved Government auctioneers and valuers, and secure registration with the Directorate of Supplies and Disposals, Egbert Andrews Auction Mart had to undergo a rigid "test."

A strict scrutiny was conducted of the firm — whether they have their mailing lists up to date, whether they know their potential market and, of course, whether they have experience and credentials.

But the commission earned for all this gruelling work is very unsatisfactory according to Miss Parekh. She laments the lack of a union or organisation of the members of her profession. "That is why we are still getting the low commission government fixed

about 20 years ago," she says, "You can well imagine how drastically our rates need to be revised."

This auction house has many "exclusives" and "firsts" to its credit. They are the exclusive approved auctioneers for the Calcutta Port and the steel cities of Bhilai and Rourkela, and are valuers for the Calcutta High Court. Among their firsts: it was she who introduced the idea of auctions to all the steel plants and also to Hindustan Cables. Earlier, the scrap and other disposable items were sold by tender. "I had really to fight to get my ideas accepted, and then when they were accepted, I really had to struggle for my survival."

She is established now, naturally, considering that by her method of disposal the industries concerned are earning much more than the book value of the scrap and obsolete machines.

Speaking of the people on the other side of the fence, Miss Parekh said, "As I mentioned earlier, they have always shown me due respect, and I in turn hold them in high esteem. They may look simple, but they can compete with any weighing scale or laboratory in estimating the weight and quality of the scrap they buy. They have their old fashioned methods, but they are nearly fool proof. Now I too can distinguish between gun metal, bronze, or bell metal. I have learnt a great deal from them.

"Nothing is given in writing. But these bidders are honest people and they honour their word; even if by mistake a man bids higher than he intended too, he still honours that bid."

Besides being the senior partner of Egbert Andrews, this lady is also running Purse and Co. with her younger brothers as partners. Bharat, at 29, is better known as the car racing champion. He has walked away with numerous trophies at car rallies and races. The younger boy is Ashok, who is firmly established in the family business. "You must mention about how the name for our second auction house came into being. Once, while sending a tender for a certain deal, we weren't too sure of our rates, so we sent in a second tender, too. Now, on the spur of the moment, we couldn't think of a suitable name for the company. I have a habit of swinging my purse — my brother saw this and said, 'I've got it, Purse and Co.'"

One complaint that she wants to air is that during the much talked of International Women's Year, she wrote to the various Ministries concerned — Work and Housing, Defence, Steel, etc. "I presented my credentials on the merit of which I hoped to be given consideration for future government contracts, more so, because I was the only woman in this profession — but I did not receive as much as an acknowledgement, despite the fact that several women M.P.s personally recommended my application. So much for IWY and a woman ruling our country then," she says in disgust.

Bhanu is literally on the go for over three weeks every month. "I sleep on my bed only about 5-6 nights, the rest are spent in travelling by car, train or plane. Sometimes, it's so bad that I arrive on a certain flight and my mother is waiting at the airport, my bag packed to take me straight to the station to catch the train to my next destination."

Of course, this tells on her health, but her strong constitution helps her survive this gruelling pace of work and the variety of food and water she comes across.

Language has never proved much of a problem to her. She speaks English, Hindi, Bengali and, of course, her mother tongue Gujarati.

The Parekh home is a collector's delight. There is a gorgeous collection of antiques and contemporary pieces. Dresden china, Ming, Italian marble, cut-glass, rosewood, mahogany and Burma teak furniture, and objects d'art of great value. Bhanu inherited some of these from her father, and she's been adding to them. Special mention must be made of her collection of Dresden figurines and teapots.

A gracious forty, basically Bhanu Parekh is all woman. She loves perfumes, attars, sarees and jewellery, but can indulge in these very rarely on the few days she is not working. Miss Parekh has a very strong streak of religion and charity. The second she indulges in most discreetly.

All that glitters these days is not gold . . . but silver! And the fashion cry for summer is soft colours sparked with a touch of silver jewellery. Old, traditional, silver jewellery is very much in vogue. So soothing to the eyes, you can effectively team them with casuals. These essentially rustic and village ornaments marked by quaint and exquisite designs and skillful craftsmanship lend themselves to the youthful fashion scene. So, add a few to your trinket box and jingle them through summer.

Courtesy: Pukhraj Jawanmal Surana, Mumbadevi Road, Bombay.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter.

# ALL THAT GLITTERS...

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**Deposits at the base of your teeth:** that's tartar which irritates your gums, causing inflammation and swelling.

**Receding gums:** if gum recession is not checked, teeth may loosen and even fall out for lack of a firm foundation.

**Bleeding gums:** weak and spongy gums may become infected, and bleed during brushing.

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# AROUND THE WORLD IN 87 DAYS

Have you ever dreamed of a world cruise? Of course, we here may not realise what it is like to leave a cold, foggy port during an English winter and take off for warmth and sunshine — on the contrary some of us may right now be dreaming of taking off for the North Pole — but we must all have dreams of the places we would like to visit.

Madeira, Acapulco, Los Angeles, Honolulu, Sydney, Hong Kong, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay, Suez, Naples, Gibraltar . . . P and O had something for everyone during the 87 days between leaving and returning to Southampton, in which the liner "Canberra" visited 16 countries with 21 ports of call. At Hong Kong four hundred of her passengers even made a three-day overland trip into China.



P & O's 45,000 tons of luxury — the "Canberra".

*Visiting 16 countries in 18 days, their stay in Bombay had to be brief, but they covered a lot of ground*

**Joan Khurody**

followed by a cultural programme presented by the Yogendra Desai Kala Bhavan — a show that had to be given twice because of the large number of passengers.

Shopping, the ever popular tourist activity, was not forgotten. Despite the fact that most shops — including the Cottage Industries Emporium — were closed, passengers were able to buy such things as handicrafts and post cards from shops set up for them on Ballard Pier itself. These shops did very well and the reception that was accorded the passengers was much appreciated. For some it was perhaps a unique experience of Indian hospitality.

On the 16th itself, fifteen launches took passengers to Elephanta. Forty buses were chartered and there were both morning and afternoon sightseeing trips around the city. One group went to the Sun N' Sand Hotel

at Juhu and another group of a hundred spent the day at Marve. Other groups visited the National Park and Kanheri caves. Meanwhile, 90 passengers who had off-loaded at Colombo and flown to Jaipur, arrived in Bombay on the sixteenth evening, after bus tours of Jaipur, Delhi and Agra. For them, there was a special dinner and classical dance recital at the Centaur Hotel. At the same time, a highly successful cocktail party for the diplomatic corps and industrialists was held on board "Canberra".

One might question the value of such hurried and crowded tours, but even if all the passengers were unable to do everything or see even a fraction of what is to be seen, a varied and interesting picture could be pieced together in their conversations and discussions.

What sort of people were they who paid us such a flying visit? One must of course have the time for such cruises and they were mostly retired people in the 60—65 age group. One also needs money — the cost of this trip ranged from £ 1,500 to £ 7,000. Of the 1700 passengers, 50—60 were American, 15 German and 1200 British.

Despite the "gloom and doom" stories from U.K. there are still apparently many people there interested in these long haul holidays and possessing enough money to spend on them. One British tourist even wanted to charter his own plane to take himself and his wife to Agra. This proved to be impossible as no plane was available. For those like the group who hired a car for a day trip to Pune in search

of old haunts and friends, it was something of a sentimental journey.

Mr. De, shipping manager of Mackinnon Mackenzie, was hopeful that this maiden voyage of the "Canberra" and the stopover in Bombay would mark the beginning of an increased flow of British and continental people into India. Much could be done to open new tourist spots and develop new tourist attractions. A cruise up the Brahmaputra or along the backwaters of Kerala were possibilities to be explored and developed.

What of the ship herself? "Canberra" is about 45,000 tons of luxury. She has a sun deck, games deck with two swimming pools, paddling pool, table tennis room, children's playroom, card room, stadium and bars; seven decks with a variety of accommodation; promenade deck with restaurants, shop, hairdressing salons, library and writing rooms; adequate launderette and ironing facilities. The most luxurious cabins have a twin-bedded bedroom with verandah, attached bathroom, sitting room and separate refrigerator. Family cabins provide two extra short berths for children that can be screened off from the rest of the cabin and folded away when not in use. The whole ship is air-conditioned and the air can be cooled, warmed or dried as necessary.

So it's a sentimental journey with all mod cons. A voyage round the world in 87 days in a far greater degree of comfort than Phineas Fogg was accustomed to even if at times it might seem to echo the hectic pace of his famed journey.

Since this was the first time in a decade that a P and O liner had called at Bombay and she was carrying the largest number of passengers ever to arrive on one ship, everyone involved was anxious to make it as pleasant an occasion as possible. The ship arrived at 8.30 p.m. on March 15 and Port Trust authorities, who do not normally cater for night docking, were on board by 9.30 and had completed all health, customs and immigration formalities within 1½ hours. One passenger then disembarked to spend the night at the Taj.

The ship was accorded a rousing welcome by the Tourist Board. First there was a presentation of roses by girls in the costumes of India and then a Fashion Show in collaboration with Taj Treasures and Burlingtons. This was



A psychiatrist advised his timid little patient to assert himself. "Don't let your wife bully you. Go home and show her who's boss."

The patient went home, slammed the door loudly and roughly seized his wife. "From now on," he snarled, "you are taking orders from me. You're gonna make my supper this minute, and when it's on the table, you're going upstairs and lay out my clothes, see? Tonight I'm going out on the town—alone, and do you know who's going to dress me in my tuxedo and black tie?"

"You bet I do," was the prompt answer. "The undertaker."

Frances Perkins, former U. S. Secretary of Labour, tells about turning to a gentleman seated behind her at a movie and saying, "If my hat prevents you seeing this picture, I'd be happy to take it off."

"Please don't," said the man. "The hat's much funnier than the movie."

Emmy came home with a new hat, beaming with happiness. "What do you think of the latest model from Paris?" she asked her husband.

He took one look at the creation and replied, "That's not a model. That's a horrible example."



Bridesmaid: "She's the angriest bride-to-be I've ever seen. I just can't imagine why; the newspapers carried a complete account of her wedding plans."

Maid of Honour: "That's just it—they even included the fact that the groom is a well-known collector of antiques."

"Well, my dear," said a businessman who had married his secretary. "I must get someone to replace you at the office."



"I've been thinking of that," replied the bride. "My cousin is just leaving school."

"What's her name?"

"George Burns," said the bride.

The club bore was boasting of his ability to distinguish between different beverages. Finally, one of the listeners took a flask from his pocket and asked the connoisseur to taste it and tell him what it was. The man took a mouthful and promptly yelled, "Great Scott, that's gasoline."

"I know," came the curt reply, "but what brand?"

The young father-to-be, registering his wife in the maternity ward, asked anxiously, "Darling, are you positive that you want to go through with this?"

Investigator: Are you a natural-born citizen of the United States?"

Anxious Witness: "No, sir, I'm a Caesarean."

Child psychologists say the modern child treats his parents with awe. This confirms our own observation. It's always, "Aw, why can't I have the car?" or "Aw, why can't I have a bigger allowance?"

During the beginning of an earthquake, a couple sent their small son to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A few days later, they received a telegram reading, "Am returning your boy. Please send earthquake instead."

A Roman Catholic priest was showing Charles W. Gilkey, former dean of the Chapel, University of Chicago, through the new Church of St. Thomas. Finally, they came to the place where the priests lived. Dean Gilkey looked on it with envious eyes. "It's better than our parsonage," he said.

With a twinkle, Father Shannon replied: "You Protestants have better halves; you surely would not begrudge us better quarters."

A book and a jug and a dame  
And a nice cozy nook for the same,

"And I don't care a damn!"  
Said Omar Khayyam,  
"What you say, it's a great little game."

Compiled by: George Fegrado

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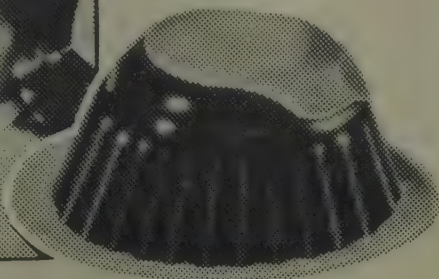
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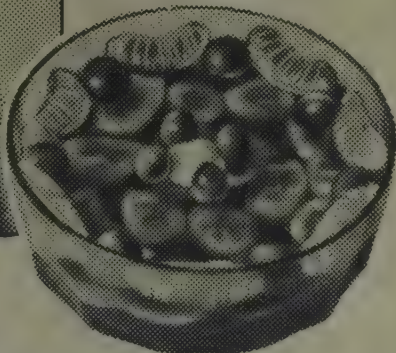
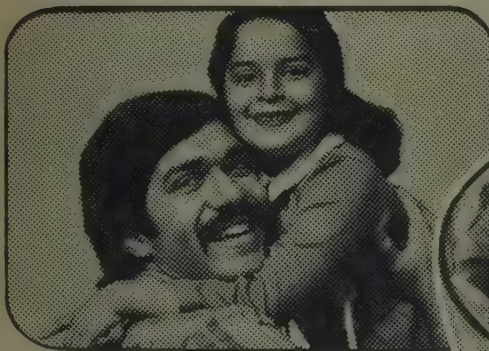
Our twin treat  
—Rex Jelly with custard



Guests get rainbow  
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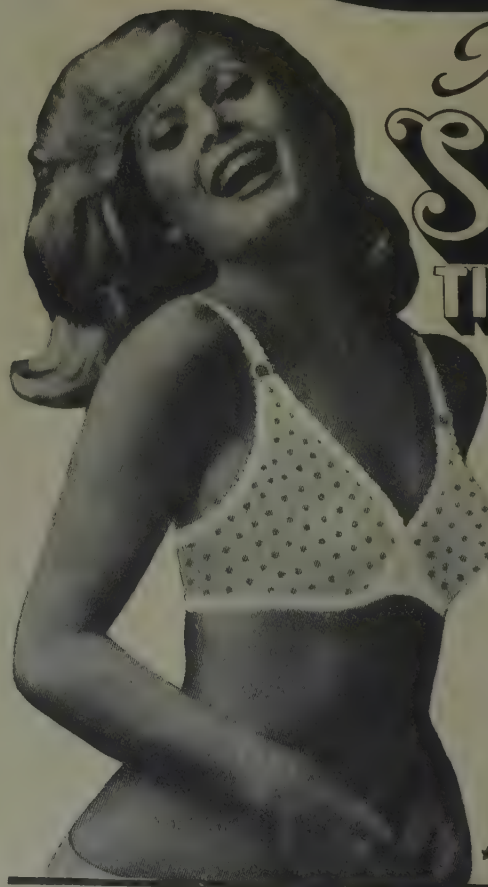
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| 2. Commercial Art (Graphics)         | 3 YEARS |   |
| 3. Interior Decoration & Display     | 3 YEARS |   |
| 4. Secretarial Practice              | 2 YEARS |   |
| 5. Beautician & Hair Dressing        | 2 YEARS |   |
| 6. Home Science                      | 2 YEARS |   |
| 7. Senior Secretarial Practice       | 1 YEAR  | } Minimum Qualification : Graduation.   |
| 8. Senior Home Science               | 1 YEAR  |   |
| 9. Senior Beautician & Hair Dressing | 1 YEAR  |   |
| 10. Textile Designing                | 1 YEAR  |   |
| 11. Advance Office Management        | 1 YEAR  |   |
| 12. Interior Design                  | 1 YEAR  | } Minimum Qualification : Matriculation or its equivalent.  |
| 13. Secretarial Certificate          | 1 YEAR  |   |
| 14. Beautician & Hair Dressing       | 1 YEAR  |   |
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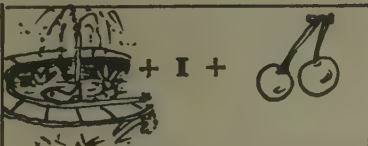
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PUZZLES FOR JUNIORS

WHAT TOWN IS THIS?

1. MY+  **CLUE: It hurts**
2. TRI+  **CLUE: Crackers go..**
3.  +ALORE **CLUE: Crackers go..**
4.  +HAR **CLUE: It can sting.**
5.  + I + **CLUE: Crackers go..**

Answers at the bottom of the page.

THE  
ADVENTURES OF

omphy-  
momphy  
tak tak

One day, Omphy-Momphy was sitting in his nursery classroom. The teacher was drawing on the black board. She was drawing a cat like this:

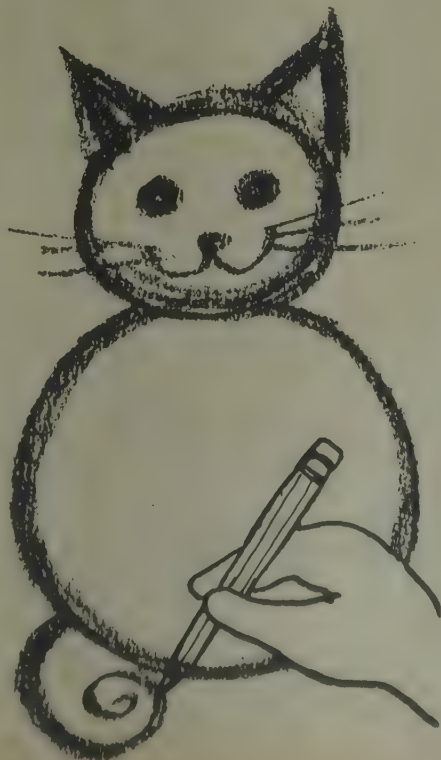
Omphy-Momphy also drew a cat with a pencil on the paper in front of him. It did not look like the cat the teacher was drawing, but Omphy-Momphy liked his cat better.

He liked his cat so much that he even gave it a name. Pussy. He coloured it in different colours although his teacher's cat was white in colour with black whiskers. Omphy-Momphy's cat was blue and green and red and yellow. What a beautiful cat it was.

"Purrrr!" said Omphy-Momphy softly to himself. This was the sound he had heard a cat in the park making. "Purrrr!" said Omphy-Momphy a little loudly.

The teacher was drawing something else on the black board. Her back was to the class. So she did not see what Omphy-Momphy was doing. A little girl sitting near Omphy-Momphy saw his drawing of the cat. She read the name of the cat. "I like pussy," she said.

Omphy-Momphy was very ple-



ased to hear this. He began to make even louder noises — "Purrr-Purrr — Pussy cat," he said.

He saw two other children looking with interest at his pussy cat. "You want to see my pussy walk?" he asked.

"Yes!" laughed the little girl. "Yes! Yes!" agreed the other two children.

So, Omphy-Momphy got down on his hands and knees and began to crawl in between the desks like he had seen the cat do. "Purrr-Purrr," said Omphy-Momphy.

The children in the class began to laugh.

"Look!" they said, "Omphy-Momphy's pussy can walk!"

"So can mine!" said another child and began to crawl like Omphy-Momphy.

By this time the teacher had turned around from the black-board to face the class. She saw the children laughing with excitement and Omphy-Momphy on the floor.

But Omphy-Momphy did not see the teacher. He saw the other little boy also crawling like a pussy-cat. So, Omphy-Momphy said, "My cat has a tail also!" and put one leg up to show that it was pussy's tail. The class lau-

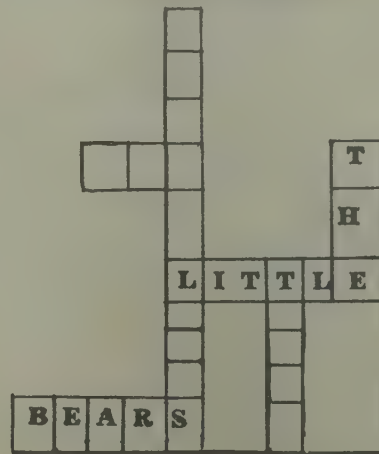
ghed even louder. "Purrr!" said Omphy-Momphy and tried to crawl without one leg. Wham! Omphy-Momphy fell flat on his face!

The teacher came running but Omphy-Momphy had already got up. His nose was very red. He looked at the teacher and thought, "Oh, Oh, I'm going to get a scolding."

But all teacher said was, "This pussy has a very red nose!"

Omphy-Momphy said, "Even teacher likes my pussy cat — Purrr! Purrr!" Which made even teacher smile!

WORD LADDER



CLUE: A character from a book you have that has a family of bears.

A. B. C. OF THE ANIMAL WORLD

The first and last letter of each word is given to you. See if you can guess the names of the animal. All correct answers means you should rightly be in the zoo!

- |         |               |               |
|---------|---------------|---------------|
| A * S   | F * * G       | L * * N       |
| B * * L | G * * * * * E | O * L         |
| C * T   | H * * * E     | S * * * * * L |
| D * G   | P * G         | T * * * R     |

A B C of the animal world  
Ans: Ass, Bull, Cat, Dog, Frog, Giraffe, Horse, Pig, Lion, Owl, Squirrel, Tiger.

Word Ladder:  
Ans: Goldilocks and the three little bears.

What town is this:  
1 Mysore, 2 Tirumangalam, 3 Bangalore, 4 Bihar, 5 Pondicherry.

# FASHIONED

# FROM

Dinoo Va

Here's the third feature in our series guiding eyes to fashions to match their personalities of course, their



**SAGITTARIUS**  
Nov. 23 — Dec. 21

Sporty, frank and friendly, they go in for a sporty blazer over pencil slim skirts which can later team with dress or trousers as well. Colours — Violets and pinks. Stone — Amethyst and topaz.



**CAPRICORN**  
Dec. 22 — Jan. 19

Conservative and traditional, she chooses the latest in salwar kamiz. Printed salwar in coffee shades teamed with cool cafe au-lait kamiz with print insert at the waist. Colours — Brown, grey and black. Stone — Dark sapphire.

With they go in for ethnic look! A striped print has a bolero with match. A Colours

E

# STARS-3



**PISCES**  
Feb. 20 — Mar. 20

Imaginative, creative, artistic! Here's a lovely maxi in chiffon with identical prints in different combination! A little cape covers a shoestring maxi! Colours — Lilac and purple. Stone — emerald.

*Handwritten signature*

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## true confession

Mine is a strange story. The circumstances which led me to stray from my wife may seem odd to you. To me they were only symptoms of a fierce persecution complex which had beset me from early manhood. In fact, for years I walked under a cloud, considering myself only half a man.

I was doing my post-graduation studies abroad when I realised I was impotent. I was a good looking man and had no dearth of admirers among the fair sex. This was a point I always got ragged about by my classmates in the campus, who were not so well endowed where physical beauty went. They said I should feel on top of the world. They said, what was I waiting for? They suggested I should go all out and have as many affairs as I could. The morals here permitted that, but back home the girls were another kettle of fish.

Marie was particularly persistent. She was a slim, fair girl with sandy hair and freckles on her nose. One evening she took me home, telling me she wanted me to meet her parents, but when we got there, we found not a soul in sight.

She laughed at my discomfiture and closed the door behind us.

"You're afraid of me, aren't you?" she asked with a smile that was far from coy.

"No," I protested.

"I've been watching you these past few months. You seem to avoid girls like the plague, though they go all out to lavish their attention on you."

"Marie," I pleaded. "Please let me go. Open the door."

She stood with her back to the closed door, one outstretched arm placed on each of my shoulders.

"That's what I like about Indian boys. They're so sweet and innocent."

"Let me go, Marie."

But she stood against me and kissed me full on the lips.

It was so unexpected that it fairly took my breath away.

When I surfaced again, she said, "Bet you're a virgin."

At the end of the skirmish I still was.

I could see she was disappointed. The worst of it was she might tell the others which would make me the laughing stock. I needn't have worried. She kept the knowledge to herself. She was, if anything, kinder than she had been before and even introduced me to a friend of hers called John, who was a psychoanalyst whom she credited with impossible feats. She said he would help me. She said my failing was purely psychological and that there was really nothing physically wrong with me.

I did go for one or two sittings but only to please her. The treatment did me no good. In fact, it only heightened my depression. When I went back to India at the end of my course I was very morose and introspective. I suppose my parents thought I had some kind of affair in America and was still moping for the girl. That's the reason they made frantic efforts to get me married. I didn't know how to tell them my problem. Every time I felt the moment was opportune, somebody called to see the foreign returned eligible who had

just descended on their town after a gleaming career abroad.

I finally staved off the evil day by promising to consider marriage after I had landed a job. This gave me some respite to consider my next step. I applied for jobs half-heartedly hoping at least a year would pass before anything materialised. But contrary to my expectations, I got dozens of calls for interviews. Electronics Engineers with first class foreign degrees weren't exactly a dime a dozen.

In between going for interviews I also visited doctors with the intention of finding some cure for my malady. When this failed to produce results, I even tried homeopathy and ayurvedic medicines. I bought aphrodisiacs from disreputable quacks on the quiet. I got a job but the cure evaded me.

Sujata was the poor unfortunate picked by my parents from a bevy of beautiful girls in the matrimonial line-up. She did not have any expression on her face when her people brought her to be viewed. It was only in later months when our marriage woes began that pain became etched on her face, born of my inadequacy.

### I LACKED THE MORAL COURAGE TO CONFESS MY IMPOTENCY, AND MY WIFE HAD TO PAY A HIGH PRICE FOR MY POLTROONERY

I suppose I should have refused marriage outright. Then so much heartache might have been avoided. But how does one get up and make such a shameful statement to people whose whole future hinges on you? I kept silent for their sakes. At least that was how I deluded myself. In later years I realised I had been a coward.

On the first night of my honeymoon I smoked cigarette after cigarette sitting near a window, hearing Sujata toss and turn in an agony of suspense which I didn't help lighten. The next morning her red rimmed eyes told me volumes. I wanted to touch her shoulder and say: "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have married you and then tortured you like this." But the words didn't come. When we walked side by side along the winding roads we didn't even talk to break the brooding silence of the hills. We were perfect strangers to each other and by my withdrawn behaviour the previous night I had put a wall between us.

We had dinner in a dismal corner of the dining room. There were hardly any people in the hotel because it was off season. The emptiness heightened my despair to such a point that it became a pain in my chest and I wondered for one dreadful instant if I was going to collapse with a heart attack before a strange young woman whom I could not treat like a wife. But the spasm passed and I found my bearings again. I glanced at Sujata and found her looking queerly at me.

Upstairs in our bedroom we were two strangers locked away from the world, uselessly.

The night passed in much the same way as the previous one, except that I sat on the

## I WAS HALF A MAN



randia instead of by the window. The next morning when I came out of the bathroom, having risen early, I saw her sitting up in bed, very prim and serious.

I tried to avoid her eyes. "Why did you marry me?" she asked. I didn't reply.

"If you were not willing," she said in an accusing voice, "you should have told my parents right then and we would have gone away. Instead of which you have sentenced me to this living death."

"Sujata," I said, "I'm sorry."

"What's the use of being sorry now?" she asked, her eyes swimming with tears. "They warned me how it was with foreign returned boys. They pine after some white woman they had known in their sojourn abroad, they told me. I didn't believe them. But now I know the truth. You'll always pine for some slut who seduced you there. You'll never settle down with a good Indian girl who's been kept in cotton wool for your sake."

I protested that I hadn't had any affair. I told her I had purposely kept girls at bay. She didn't believe me. When we went back some things were no better. The presence of other people in the house kept Sujata a bit quieter and saved me the embarrassment of open confrontation with her. A picture postcard from Marie congratulating me on my marriage stirred up the hornet's nest again. Sujata saw it even before I got back from office. The few words Marie had scrawled there in all innocence made Sujata flare up with suspicion. Marie had asked me if everything was fine and ended with a hope that I wasn't finding my marriage too difficult.

That night Sujata wouldn't sleep. She railed and railed and sobbed into her pillow. And though we had an independent room I was afraid the sounds would penetrate to my parents in the next room and expose me. It was strange, but I would rather they learnt of my impotency than discovered my link with Marie. Not that there was anything the least untoward between us, but there was every possibility of my relationship with her being viewed with suspicion.

I thought Sujata would leave me for good the next day and go back to her parents. But I suppose Indian girls are not made that way. They are long suffering and patient and will go to the ends of the earth with the man they have wed.

This was why Sujata's pregnancy came as such a shock to me. One day, about two years after our marriage, I came home to find an air of festive rejoicing in the house.

"What's the occasion?" I asked.

It was my mother who broke the news to me with a sly smile.

"Sujata is pregnant," she said.

"What?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"What's there to be surprised about? Married women get pregnant much sooner. Sujata took two years. Still, now the happy event has occurred by God's grace, I must take her to Shambunath Mandir for a thanksgiving puja, I had taken a vow there three months back."

"Where's Sujata?" I asked.

"She's gone to her parents," she said. "She has quite overcome at the news."

Her parents lived in the same town some miles away. I got on my scooter without stopping to wash or change or have a cup of tea. My mother shouted after me, but I was ready whizzing away.

She was frightened when she saw me. Perhaps on account of the furlous look in my eyes. I told her parents I had come to take her home. I tried my best to smile though it took all my efforts to muster the self-control needed to keep a straight face. Her brother and father poured out their congratulations.

It seemed ages before the coffee went down my throat and I was able to get away with my errant wife.

As soon as we were out of earshot, I stopped the scooter by the roadside and asked her who the father was. She burst into tears.

"Tell me Sujata. I've got to know," I insisted.

What she told me reads like some tale of horror. She raised her tear-stained face and looked into my eyes.

"It happened in the house of God," she said, "where your mother took me. There were a lot of people thronging the hall, all saying mantras. They asked me to go into a room for a special ceremony. There was a very strong smell there of incense or something similar. It made me sick. I must have blacked out because I recall nothing else. When I regained consciousness I was lying before the idol outside and women were singing bhajans loudly."

"Why did you go in? Why?"

"Your mother had taken me there and I was afraid I'd hurt her if I refused."

"Who led you in?" I queried.

She described the man, a middle-aged saffron-robed fellow whom I'd remembered seeing from the time when as a child, I was going with my mother to this same temple. Rage filled my heart and my whole body was trembling.

"He raped you!" I shouted. "Do you realise that? They're a bunch of scoundrels masquerading as holy men."

She was terrified.

"What do we do now?" she asked.

"Get an abortion," I said.

"No," she cried recoiling from me in horror. Some stern morality reared itself inside her to my consternation.

I was as adamant. I was damned if I was going to let some phony sadhu's ill-begotten bastard masquerade as my son.

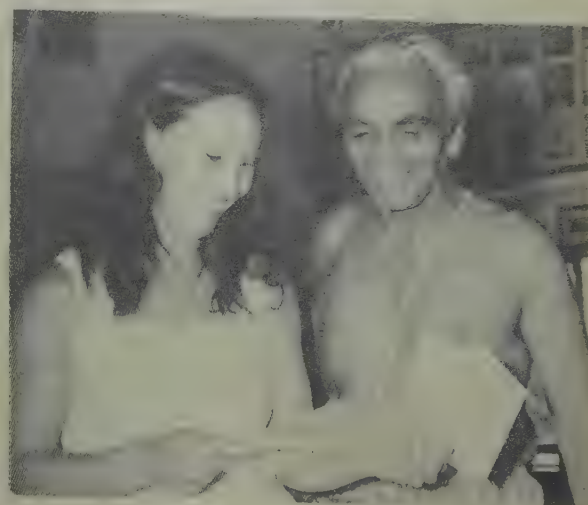
"If you don't agree to an abortion," I said. "I will have no alternative but to divorce you."

"Then do it," she said. "Deliver me from this hell which is a mockery of marriage."

One day, a few months later, I just resigned my job and left for the United States on an employment voucher. I pretended I would send for Sujata and the child when I got a job and found my feet. Only she knew that I wouldn't keep my word. We had thrashed it over so many times within the closed walls of our bedroom that she knew every detail of our plan. She knew what part she had to play in the drama of my desertion. She had to be the tragic heroine, forsaken by her husband. She had to keep mum about my impotency, our sorry marital life together, which had never found fulfilment and lastly the paternity of the ill-starred child she would bear. This last was for her own self-respect, because rape had hideous implications.

Five years have passed and I am still alone. Back home my image is blackened beyond repair. I have not written home once, though there have been many requests from my parents to send for Sujata. In a few months they will know about the divorce. Then they may imagine all kinds of things about me. That I've fallen prey to a white woman. That I've been brutal to my quiet sweet wife. Anything but the truth. That will be hidden from them as long as I live. And what of Sujata? She may marry, or who knows? She may bear the harsh consequences of my negligence and callousness in her typical long-suffering, timid way, leading a sexless and solitary life, sacrificing her every pleasure for the child she brought into the world.

## U. S. SINGER TAKES UP YOGA



Julie with yoga teacher B. K. S. Iyengar

"I can hold my own in the world, I'm quite independent emotionally, psychologically and financially. I've been to many countries, been rich and poor, been young . . . and getting older, single, and together with people. It's the other world which holds fascination for me now. I'm interested in astrology, yoga, mystical things."

And it was yoga that brought Julie Felix, an outstanding folk singer, to famed yoga teacher Mr. B. K. S. Iyengar in Pune. Born at Santa Barbara, California, on June 13, 1941, of a Mexican father, a one-time musician who taught her to play the guitar, and an American mother of Welsh descent, a school teacher and lover of poetry, Julie obviously grew up in a highly artistic atmosphere.

She said that after graduating in speech and drama from the University of California, she arrived in England in 1964, having travelled the musical roads of Europe for a year. Julie made her debut singing in a Greek cafe for a meal a day, at the same time finding friendship with a young Canadian poet, Leonard Cohen.

By 1971 Julie Felix had 44 shows, toured the world, and won a substantial share of the international singles and album sales. Then she decided to relax and took a break. She at last had time for her small daughter Tanit who, she claims, is the best thing that ever happened to her. And for a change, Julie said she had time on her hands to write plenty of new material, which turned out to be some of her most scintillating lyrics.

Julie said that she was a one-time protest singer, although she believes that this type of song is a little old-fashioned now. But she had developed other strong beliefs. She said she was a vegetarian and practises yoga for physical and emotional relaxation. She knows what she wants from life and how best to appreciate life.

How much does she travel during concerts?

She said during January, last year, she toured Belgian Universities and appeared on TV there. An extensive tour of Britain occupied February and March, coinciding with the release of the EMI single; "I dreamed I saw St. Augustine".

In April Julie returned to Europe and toured Germany, playing in concert halls and clubs, the last week being spent recording a special TV show in Zurich, Switzerland. Julie said she enjoyed working in East Africa and Seychelles from May to mid-June.

Julie was in Pune for three weeks in August and then went on to tour Denmark and Norway, before a U.K. tour in October.

Shodhan Bhatt

beauty

Superfluous hair, can be a very vexing problem, more so during the summer months, as hair grows faster during this time.

Hair on the legs is unsightly and gives a masculine appearance, especially if you favour skirts and dresses. In a swim suit or shorts the problem is aggravated.

There are several ways of removing hair, but the commonest is waxing. This may be done either at the salon or at home.

If you really want to economise, since the problem recurs, make the wax at home. Heat one kilogram of sugar to which juice of two lemons have been added. When the sugar has caramelised it is

### The many methods of removing unsightly hair

ready. To test this, drop a little water into the mixture. If it lumps at once, it is ready. You may add a little glycerine to it.

Apply the wax fast using a spatula. Press strips of cloth over the area and pull in the opposite direction of the hair growth to avoid inflammation or skin irritation. Keep the wax container in a bowl of hot water to keep it warm and prevent it from hardening. It is always better to wax in an air-conditioned room or under the fan because sweating makes the wax slip from the hair.

It is a good idea to use a softening cream containing lanolin or skin food after waxing. Readymade cold wax is also available in the market, but it is not very economical.

Another and even simpler and definitely cheaper way of removing superfluous hair is by shaving it off. A word of advice here. Never use a razor on your face—you will be asking for trouble.

## AWAY WITH UNWANTED HAIR

Shahnaz Husain



Depilatory creams dissolve hair and the result lasts much longer, but they are more expensive, especially when you use cream on your legs. Besides, if your skin is very sensitive you might be allergic to it.

The effect of waxing lasts longer than creams because hair is pulled out by the roots. After some time the skin and nerves in the upper layer of the skin become insensitive to some extent, but at no stage is it completely painless.

Electrolysis is the most lasting and permanent method of removing hair, but if the grow-

th is strong, it may require further treatment to kill the roots.

Threading is cheap and good. On the upper lip it can be done once in two weeks or at more frequent intervals depending on individual growth. Do not thread facial hair unless you really need to—especially the sides of the face.

If your growth is not very heavy but just looks a little dark, the best method is to bleach it. Take a few drops of hydrogen peroxide (500 ml.), a few drops of ammonia and bleaching powder and cover the hair with this paste. Rinse it after a few minutes. But this leaves the skin papery by dehydrating it. Too much bleaching affects the skin too. Test a little peroxide on your leg or arm before applying it on your face to see if you are sensitive to it.

## NEGLECTED AREAS

**NECK:** It is one of the most neglected parts of the body. And it is this area that gives away a woman's age faster than her face. Include neck in your everyday beauty ritual when toning, cleansing, nourishing, using a facial pack, etc. Use a good nourishing cream on the neck every night.

**UPPER ARMS:** If they are thick with rough skin they may be affected with a condition known as cellulitis—often found on the thighs and stomach also. A brisk massage can help break up the deposits of fat. Whiteheads which often appear in this area are usually due to acidity of the skin. Hot olive or almond oil massaged into the area and covered with a hot towel helps to soften the skin and loosen the whiteheads.

**ELBOWS:** Use a good hand cream on this area every day. It is also essential to use a bleaching cream on the elbows on alternate days to remove the dark, scaly look. They can be bleached by rubbing on them fresh lemon halves. Oatmeal mixed with hot milk is a good conditioner for shabby elbows. Apply, wait till dry, then wash off with tepid water.

**BREASTS:** Alternate rinses of hot and cold water help accelerate blood circulation. A good moisturising cream rubbed daily helps to keep breasts firm.

**STOMACH:** Stretch marks appear when fibres under the skin surface become weak. These marks are commonest at childbirth, but often they appear at puberty. Daily application of olive oil throughout pregnancy and immediately after delivery helps.

**BACK:** A spotty back is common with those having an oily skin. Dandruff and greasy hair can aggravate the condition. Overactive sebaceous glands and increased hormonal activity also tend to irritate the condition. A bath with a good medicated soap is essential. An acne lotion dabbed on the spots at bed-time helps to dry them. Wear a fabric that does not irritate the sensitive skin of the affected area.

Take care that water from the hair does not fall on the back if you have dandruff, as this will re-infect the skin.

**HEELS:** Rub lemon halves on cracked heels. Massage in a good nourishing cream every night and use a pumic stone to remove dead scales.

S. H.

# PREETI GANGULY: THE SANYASIN COMEDIENNE

Vijaya Irani

It is really not so funny when you meet a comedienne who has become type-cast just because she is overweight. This is Preeti's plight. Of course she has a sense of humour, but so do others. And this happens in spite of her being Ashok Kumar's daughter, a graduate of the FTII, and has talent.

Preeti was ensconced in a tiny cabin near the Playmate Club's swimming pool. She had reported at ten for the nine-to-six shift and she was still waiting at 2.30. It was a blazing hot summer afternoon, and she was lying on a tiny bed with a book. And when the unit-boy knocked on

her best. "It has to strike me just here, if I have to really take interest in what I am doing. If it doesn't come from within you can't kid anyone, it shows on the screen. You can't fool the audience. It's there and people can see you bungle through a scene—your lack of interest becomes so obvious!

"Like this stupid, unbelievable scene I had to shoot with a director. First of all, I hated every bit of the scene because of its very silly frame. You know, ridiculous actions which you know are not going to raise any laughs, but that's the screenplay, so you

## *Comic roles, but little to laugh about*

the door, she jumped up eagerly, happy that the call had come at last. But it was only an invitation to join the unit in the club's restaurant for Chinese food. Thoroughly disappointed, she waved him away.

"I have been sitting here with make-up, which I hate, since morning," she complained. "And you just won't believe it, I don't even know which scene I am supposed to be doing today, or what my lines are, except in a vague sort of way that my director had described to me a fortnight ago, when they were planning this schedule! This is just one instance. Things get much worse at times. There is hardly any work being done and when it is being done, it is so haphazard, illogical and generally silly."

"I imagine you have a lot of offers, and that you are very busy?" I asked her although it was clear she was not enjoying the work she was doing.

"What's that now?" she asked sarcastically. "Offers? They are the same old thing with the same dull unimaginative scenes. And I am working only 15 or 20 days in a month—not really a hectic pace. But I like it that way. I need a lot of time for my non-film activities." Preeti is a voracious reader.

She has to feel involved with the role she is playing to give of

do it. Then the director—he was the limit. At every shot, I would ask him if I could do the scene in a particular way, and he would give the suggestion a great deal of thought and then consult his assistant, ask his advice, and the fellow would give his okay and then the director would look back at me and nod his assent. And by the time I could give the shot the spontaneity would be lost. You know, my attempts to inject a little more life and originality into the role were so solemnly considered and discussed that it was funnier than the screen-comedy!

"So you see, I know what 'work' we do. And when folk come up to me and say, 'Oh, Preeti, you were real great in so-and-so film!' I could just bash them for the crap they're talking."

"Was your family responsible for your joining films, or the Institute? And how did they take your initiation into sanyas at the Rajneesh ashram?" I asked.

"My family consists of beautiful people. They have never controlled or interfered in what we children ever wanted to do. Of course, my father has this set idea that all girls must have a good school education, then join The Nirmala Niketan, go through a Home-Science course, get married and ultimately settle down



Photograph: Samil

with a home and kids! But this is just an idea he has—he doesn't impose it on us. When I joined the Institute, no one objected.

"There were certain problems weighing on my mind—it was a confused phase in my life, wanting to know the meaning of certain things. I didn't know where exactly I was or what I wanted. Browsing through a book by Bhagwan Rajneesh in a book shop one day, my eyes fell on a sentence which explained in a flash what I had been searching for. I felt I had to meet him. This was after my initial distrust of all God-men and preachers, etc. And one meeting with him was enough—all my confusion was wiped away. He said this is what I want, stop going around in circles, what you are looking for is there and not here. And that was it!

"When I took to wearing orange, so many other boys and girls didn't do it—at least at home or even outside. So many were planning to wear it only in the ashram and using ordinary clothes at home and outside, for fear of their parents. I, on the other hand, just walked out of my home, got into the ashram, wore orange and went about in that robe without so much as asking my parents or even letting them know. I mean the thought never occurred to me to ask, or that they might object. My mother's first reaction was of course a loud wail—what will happen to your good clothes? Who will marry you if you wear this orange?

"My father preferred to be more discreet. He didn't show any adverse reaction. But then, as I

told you, he never interferes with us. When it comes to choosing roles from among the offers I get, there is very little choice because they are usually not very different from one another. And what you are told about the role earlier is always different from what you see on the screen. The producers have this weird habit of narrating your role as though it is the most important role in the film and that the entire story revolves around you all the time. Later you find that you are just a minor cog. So you can't really judge your roles before the film's release.

"There are two extremes among these offers—one, as I said before, they boost your role during narration so much you are left feeling you're more important than the leading lady. Then there are the ones who tell me that only if I lost some weight, I would be suitable for this role or that and I would look so good! If and when I lost weight, is a long way off. I know it, they don't have to tell me. Fact is, that right now I haven't. So why can't they talk about what I can do right now rather than give me a lecture on the virtues of slimming?"

Preeti who had been groomed for serious, dramatic roles at the Institute, has one director she looks up to and says is the very best—Basu Chatterji, who knows exactly what he wants, describes it in definite terms and doesn't keep changing during the actual shooting. They worked together in "Swami"—and he is the one director who has managed to keep her sense of humour intact.

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# THE STREET CRIES OF DAMASCUS

Najma Heptulla

*The cries of the  
hawker were  
nowhere more  
piquant than in  
famed Damascus,  
but today they  
are getting stilled*

Do you remember the lovely "Who will buy" sequence from the movie "Oliver" when a London square woke to the cries of a score of dancing street vendors, or the chimney sweepers?

"From the bottom to the top  
Sweep chimney sweep  
Then shall no soot  
Fall in your porridge pot."

Street vending with rhythmic poetic cries are not unknown to Indians, specially in North India. In Delhi and Lucknow they are still very popular. A street cucumber vendor in Lucknow attracts the purchasers by crying "Laila ki ungliyan hain, Majnoo ki pasliyan hain, khub kakriyan hain" (they are the fingers of Laila and ribs of Majnoo, how good these cucumbers are). The water melon is described as "Laloon ke lal hain" (they are the children of the red).

As cities grow, these cries are becoming fewer. In West Asia, too, nostalgia may set in, for even in the crowded byways of Damascus markets the traditional cries are fading away. Foreign travellers have always been fascinated by the street cries of the vendors in Damascus not because of the goods they sell, or their exotic costumes, but for the lyrical and picturesque quality of their cries.

Fruits of all kinds are sold in rhyme and rhythm and not by their mundane names. The hawker selling black grapes shouts, "From under the dew I gather them." "Like a Bedouin this dark one," sings the man with a sack of earthy brown truffles. The



vendor carrying refreshments in a wide two-handled jar with a narrow neck or a vessel made of glass, rattles brass cups he holds in his hands and shouts, "Refresh thy heart," "Allay the heat."

Many kinds of vegetables are pickled in vinegar or brine and carried through the streets for sale in wooden tubs on the backs of donkeys. The commonest are beetroot, turnips, and cucumber, and the cry of the sellers is, "O father of a family, buy a load of them."

In the past there used to be a mention about the mother-in-law, specially the flower vendors would cry, "Salih hamatak" (appease your mother-in-law by presenting flowers). But they cry "Salih hamatak," no more, maybe because people no more have to please their mothers-in-law. When prick-

ly pears were most succulent, the vendor would cry, "Food for aristocracy," or "Don't search elsewhere, the lovely one is here." Chick peas boiled in water and served with salt and onion were sold to the cry, "O you on the boil, seven servants have prepared you."

The vendors of ice-cream cooled by the snow of Mount Hermon begged children to "cry (for ice-cream) and don't be hushed," and halva was offered, particularly to pregnant ladies for whom "sweetness is desirable" to lessen the hardships of confinement. On feast

# THE MONEY WE SPEND!

When you shell out your hard-earned money for rent, taxes, food, clothes, electricity, fuel, conveyance, cosmetics, etc. have you ever wondered what they would amount to during your lifetime? If you had, you would have been shocked by their gigantic proportions!

How much you would regret when you realise that for the total rent you would have paid during your lifetime, you could have purchased at least two decent bungalows.

And when you calculate the amount of money your hubby would have smoked away, you will wish that he should have used that money for purchasing a car or at least a scooter. Stopping smoking would have also improved his health and brought down the medical bill. He may even retort by pointing out the amount you spend on beauty aids!

Are you sure that you are getting the best out of the enormous amount you are spending on food—that is, whether they satisfy the nutritive demands of your entire family? You may also wonder whether your children realise the need to get a good education when you are shelling out so much money for that purpose.

Tabulated below are the staggering amounts that one usually spends during one's lifetime on important items. To give a better perspective, two income groups have been taken up for study.

Average Monthly Income	Rs.	
	1000	2000
Rent	90,000	2,40,000
Taxes	10,000	1,20,000
Food	3,10,000	4,20,000
Clothes	36,000	55,000
Electricity	9,000	30,000
Fuel	18,000	24,000
Conveyance	30,000	80,000
Entertainment	15,000	30,000
Cigarettes	30,000	40,000
Cosmetics	30,000	45,000
Children's Education	30,000	60,000
Magazines, newspapers, and books	10,000	20,000

The above figures are, of course, only representative. They will change, even within each income group, according to the tastes, expenditure pattern and size of each family.

Apart from amusing and surprising you, it is quite possible that these figures may make you think of diverting some of the expenses from unproductive to productive channels.

Shamila Raghunathan



# SOUPS AND SALADS

## PINEAPPLE — CHEESE SLAW

- 4 cups shredded green cabbage
- 1/2 cup sliced radishes
- 1 cup canned pineapple-bits, drained
- 1 large carrot, scraped and shredded
- 1/2 cup slivered green pepper
- 1/2 cup finely diced cheese
- 1/2 cup buttermilk or yogurt
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. celery seeds
- Salt to taste

Toss cabbage, carrot, radishes, green pepper and pineapple bits. Cover and chill. Combine next four ingredients with salt to taste, and beat until well blended. Pour salad dressing over slaw, and toss until well blended and moistened. Serve with thinly sliced ham, chicken or tongue. Makes 6-8 servings.

## SWISS WALDORF SALAD

- 3 cups diced tart apples
- 2/3 coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup cheese, cut in slices
- Lettuce
- Lemon juice
- 1 cup celery
- 1/2 cup sour cream or top of curd

*Premila Lal*

Cool pineapple, grapefruit, glistening grapes, juicy citrus fruits in a pineapple shell — who would have thought a salad could be so delicious! Crisp lettuce, crunchy radishes, pearly onions, luscious tomatoes can be combined with meat, eggs, poultry and sea food. The secret of tossing a delectable salad is to play it cool, crisp and colourful. Cold soups are also most refreshing during the hot, dreary months. Try some vegetable or meat soups and enjoy soups and salads during the summer — and don't forget they're good for your complexion and figure! All you have to do is serve them in tempting ways for lunch and dinner. Salads also make good sandwich fillings.

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 3 tbsps. raisins
- A dash of salt

Sprinkle apples with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Toss with celery, nuts, sour cream and mayonnaise and chill. When ready to serve, add cheese, raisins, salt to taste. Serve on a bed of lettuce. Makes 6 servings.

## PINEAPPLE-CHEESE SALAD MOULD

- 2 envelopes unflavoured gelatine
- 2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup shredded cheese
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3 tbsps. lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Soften the gelatine in cold water. Heat the crushed pineapple (do not drain) and stir in softened gelatine until dissolved. Add the lemon juice and sugar, chill until mixture is partially set. Then fold in the whipped cream, cheese and nuts. Pour into moulds, and chill until firm. To serve, unmould and garnish with walnut halves. Makes 6 servings.

## COLD SALMON WITH GREEN SAUCE

- 2 tins salmon, flaked
- 4 spring onions, chopped
- 4 stuffed olives, chopped
- 2 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
- 1 cucumber, seeded and chopped
- 2 radishes, chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 dill pickle, chopped
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tsps. minced parsley
- 2 tsps. minced dill
- 4 spinach leaves, ground or blended to a paste
- 2 dstsps. sour cream
- 1 head lettuce
- 1 lemon, quartered
- Parsley sprigs for garnishing

Combine first 8 ingredients. Beat mayonnaise with next 4 ingredients, season to taste and pour over salmon. Arrange in lettuce lined bowl, garnish with lemon quarters and parsley. Serve very cold.

## SHRIMPS ON GRAPEFRUIT

- 2 large grapefruits
- 500 grams peeled, cooked shrimps
- 2 dstsps. minced onion
- 1 cup thick mayonnaise
- 2-3 dstsps. grapefruit juice
- 2 dstsps. apricot or peach jam
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 2 dstsps. minced parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cut grapefruits in half and cut out centre with a sharp knife leaving a 2-inch hollow. Loosen sections and retain all juice. Fill centres with shrimps, pour over them a sauce made of the remaining ingredients and serve very cold.

## PARADISE PRAWNS

- 24 peeled and cooked prawns
- 2 dstsps. tarragon vinegar
- 2 tart, red apples, cored
- 1 celery heart with root and yellow leaves
- 1 cup French dressing
- 2 dstsps. chopped parsley
- 1 cup thick mayonnaise
- 1 lemon juice and grated rind
- 1 dstsp. minced chives
- 1 cucumber, sliced paper thin
- 1 small lettuce

Sprinkle cooked prawns with vinegar and chill for one hour, stirring several times. Chop apples and celery and mix with dressing. Stir mayonnaise with lemon and chives and pour over prawns. Line salad bowl with lettuce leaves, place apple salad in centre and cover completely with cucumber slices. Surround with a border of prawns, sprinkle with parsley.

## GRAPEFRUIT CREAM CHEESE MOULD

- 2 envelopes unflavoured gelatine
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 large grapefruits, peeled and divided into sections
- 200 grams soft cottage cheese
- 2 tsps. light cream
- 1 cup chopped peanuts
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- A few drops red food colouring
- 1 tsp. sugar

## A dash of salt

Soften the gelatine in the cold water; add the boiling water and stir until gelatine dissolves. Add 1/3 cup sugar, 1/4 tsp. salt, grapefruit and juice and food colouring. Pour half this mixture into a 6-cup ring mould and refrigerate until set. Beat the cream cheese with the cream, one tablespoon sugar and a dash of salt. Stir in the nuts; spread mixture over the set layer of gelatine. Pour the remaining gelatine into the mould and refrigerate until set. Unmould and serve with whipped-cream mayonnaise. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

stir in the gelatine, vinegar and sugar. Pour mixture in ice-trays and freeze till set. Cut into squares and serve on a bed of lettuce.

## CHICKEN SOUP

- 1/2 a chicken cut into pieces
- 2 litres beef stock
- 3 level tsps. flour
- 3 level tsps. butter
- A stick of celery, sliced
- 1 carrot, chopped
- 1 small turnip, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 3 rashers bacon, diced
- 2 tsps. sugar

Test for seasoning and add the lemon juice.

## GIBLET SOUP

- Giblets from 2 chickens
- Bones from leftover roast
- 2 1/2 litres water
- 1 carrot, chopped
- 3 spring onions, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 1 tbsp. flour
- 1 tbsp. butter

Put the giblets, bones, water, carrot and onions into a large pan and bring to a boil quickly. Reduce heat and simmer very gently for 2-3 hours until the liquid has been reduced to less than half. Strain and remove the giblets. Cut giblets into very thin strips and put into the strained stock. Melt the butter in a pan and stir in the flour. Blend, but do not brown. Remove pan from fire and very gradually add the stock with the giblets. Return to fire and simmer until smooth and slightly thickened. Serve hot. A few boiled noodles may be added if desired.

## ONION & TOMATO SOUP

- 1 1/2 cups onions, chopped fine
- 3 tsps. butter
- 2 1/2 cups tomato juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 bay leaf tied in cheese
- 8 peppercorns cloth
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 tsps. cornflour
- 2 tsps. water
- 1 cup croutons (fried pieces of bread)
- 2 tsps. cheese, grated (optional)

Saute onion in butter until tender but not brown. Keep aside. In a saucepan simmer for 15 minutes tomato juice, salt, bay leaf, peppercorn and black pepper. Remove bay leaf and peppercorns. Reduce heat. Mix cornflour and water thoroughly. Add to tomato juice mixture, stirring constantly. Simmer for another 10 minutes, stirring all the time. Add sauted onion. Place croutons in six soup bowls. Pour soup over croutons and sprinkle grated cheese, if desired.

## SPINACH SOUP

- 1 bunch spinach leaves
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves
- 1 bunch spring onion with leaves
- 1 small lettuce head
- 4 large cups consomme or vegetable stock
- 2 tsps. butter
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 cup cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Break up the lettuce, onion with tops, and spinach, and put them in the mixer together with coriander leaves. Add enough water to cover the greens and run the motor till the vegetables are finely chopped. Drain vegetables in a sieve.

Heat butter and fry the vegetables, add salt, pepper and chilli and simmer for 15 minutes. Pour in the stock and cook for another 15 minutes. Before serving add the cream, bring to a boil and serve with crisp toast.

# eat low cholesterol MUSTARD FISH

VOCUE SC-8177

FISH (FRESH WATER FISH e.g. HILSA) ... 1 Kg.  
CURD (OPTIONAL) ... 50 gms.  
WATER ... 3 tea cups  
P3 MUSTARD FISH

### HOW TO COOK

DISSOLVE THE RECIPE POWDER IN 1 CUP OF COLD WATER AND SET ASIDE TO MATURE FOR 30 MINS. CUT AND WASH THE FISH IN COLD WATER. MIX CURD (IF USED) WITH THE FISH PIECES AND ARRANGE THE PIECES SIDE BY SIDE IN A FLAT-BOTTOMED PAN. ADD 2 CUPS OF WATER AND COOK OVER A LOW HEAT FOR 10 MINS. OR TILL THE FISHES ARE TENDER. REMOVE PAN FROM BURNER AND ADD THE DISSOLVED RECIPE-POWDER. MIX WELL, ALLOW THE DISH TO COOL.


### GARNISHING


FLAVOUR OF RAW MUSTARD OIL IS A MUST FOR THIS BENGALI DELICACY. SO, GARNISH WITH 1 OR 2 TBSP RAW MUSTARD OIL, CHOPPED CORIANDER LEAVES AND GREEN CHILLIES. SERVE WHEN COLD.

### PLEASE REMEMBER

DO NOT FRY, DO NOT ADD OIL, SALT, ONION, OR ANY KIND OF MASALAS WHILST COOKING.

DO NOT USE VINEGAR, TOMATOE ETC. IN PLACE OF CURD.

	MUSTARD FISH (50 gms)	Rs. 2.85
	FISH MASALA (50 gms)	2.85
	MUTTON CURRY (50 gms)	3.25
	MUTTON DO PIAZA (50 gms)	3.25
NO POSTAGE CHARGED FOR VPP ORDERS FOR 10 PKTS ON MORE		

 B SPICES & CONDIMENTS 41 BALLYGUNGE PARK, CALCUTTA-19

## CHILLED TOMATO ASPIC

- 6 medium sized red tomatoes
- 1 bunch spring onion (leaves removed)
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves
- 2 tbsp. gelatine (soaked in 1/2 cup cold water)
- 2 tbsp. white vinegar
- 1 1/2 tsps. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1-2 green chillis

Dip tomatoes in boiling water, peel, quarter and put in a mixing bowl together with onions, garlic, chillis, coriander leaves and salt. Heat the gelatine mixture and stir till dissolved. Put the blended tomatoes in a bowl,

## Salt and pepper to taste

Fry the bacon on a very low fire until most of the fat has melted and collected in the pan. Add the chicken pieces and fry. Add the onions and fry for a minute, then add the stock, celery, carrot, turnip, sugar, salt and pepper. Cover tightly and simmer for 3-4 hours. Strain off the liquid. Remove bones and chop the meat very fine. Add meat to the liquid. Heat the butter in a pan and add the flour. Cook but do not brown. Remove pan from heat and very gradually stir in the liquid with the meat pieces. Return to fire and simmer, stirring constantly, until thickened.

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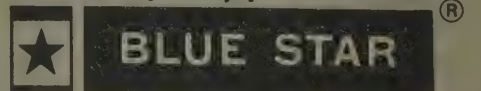


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# recipes from our readers



Sushma Narang, New Delhi

## ROAST CHICKEN SUSASH

- 2 chickens
- 50 grams mustard powder
- Salad oil
- 8 rashers bacon
- SAUCE
- 50 grams capsicum
- 50 grams carrots
- 75 grams potatoes
- 75 grams peas
- Seasoning to taste
- 300 grams tomato puree
- 50 grams butter
- Salt to taste

Clean the chicken thoroughly. Remove the back bone and flatten the chicken by pressing on the breast bone. Make a paste of mustard and salad oil and apply on the chicken. Roast in oven with bacon rashers till cooked. Carefully debone the chicken taking care not to spoil the shape. Serve with Susash sauce.

### SAUCE:

Cut the vegetables into cubes, boil them. After boiling, saute them in butter and add tomato puree to it. Cook for a few minutes and serve with the chicken.



R. Rozario, Madras

## FISH AND VEGETABLE PASTES

- grams fish
- cup finely diced vegetables (peas, carrots and beans)

- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 2-3 sprigs mint leaves
- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1/2 cup coconut milk
- 1 tbsp. chopped cashewnuts and raisins
- 3/4 kg. potatoes
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 kg. breadcrumbs
- Salt to taste
- 200 grams oil for frying

Wash and flake the fish. Wash diced vegetables. Chop mint leaves. Mix fish, vegetables, garam masala, mint leaves, tomato puree, coconut milk, cashewnuts, raisins and salt to taste. Cook till vegetables are tender and no gravy remains. In the meantime, boil potatoes, skin and mash them well. Beat eggs. Make mashed potatoes into balls, the size of a small orange. Flatten each ball in the palm of the hand and spoon a tablespoon of the fish mixture into it. Close up and shape into "bolsters". Prepare all the balls in this manner. In a shallow frying pan heat 2-3 tablespoons of oil. Glaze each "fish bolster" with beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs and shallow fry till golden brown on all sides, adding more oil if necessary. Serve with salad, rings of cucumber, onions, tomato and beetroot.



Miss Veena Agarwal of Indore (M.P.) wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

## MUSHROOM PATTIES

- 50 grams mushrooms, chopped
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 3 tbsp. boiled rice
- 1 egg hard-boiled, chopped



Mrs. Dorothy E. Francis, Mysore

## MUTTON CHOPS IN CURDS

- 1 kg. mutton
- 1 cup thick curds
- 2 onions
- 1 pod garlic
- 2" piece ginger
- 4 cloves
- 2 1/2 tsp. pepper powder
- 1 piece cinnamon
- 2 cardamoms
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- Ghee for frying
- Salt for taste

Wash and wipe the mutton. Cut slices and flatten with the blunt end of a chopper. Slice the onions finely. Grind the garlic and ginger to a smooth paste in vinegar. Powder the cloves, cinnamon and cardamoms. Soak the meat in the curds, vinegar, ground and powdered masala, pepper powder and salt for about one hour. Heat the ghee and fry the sliced onions till golden brown. Put in the meat with all its liquid and allow to simmer on a slow fire till the meat is tender and the gravy dry. Remove and serve hot.

- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 tbsp. ground masala
- 2 tsp. yeast
- 2 tbsps. warm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 8 tbsp. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 2 tbsps. oil

Mix yeast, water and sugar in a bowl and let stand for sometime. Add flour, salt and egg. Mix to a soft dough. Add a little water if required. Add fat and knead well. Keep the bowl, covered with soft cloth for about half an hour, aside.

Fry the onions till light brown, add mushrooms. Remove after few minutes from heat. Stir in rice, chopped egg and butter. Keep aside. Take a portion of dough and roll it like a chapatti. Cut small rounds with cutter. Put a teaspoon of filling in the rounds. Fold and press firmly. Keep for sometime. Then keep on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven, at about 400 deg. F. till light brown.



Shivali Hansi Hingorani, Bombay

## GINGER PUDDING

- 250 grams maida
- 125 grams butter
- 125 grams sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1 large egg
- 1 tsp. cooking soda
- 1 tsp. finely ground dried ginger
- 1 tbsp. thick syrup made from jaggery (or a tbsp. of golden syrup)

Cream the butter and sugar. Add the golden syrup and mix well. Gradually add the maida and ginger, beating all the time. Dissolve the soda in the milk and stir into the pudding. Turn pudding into a buttered mould, cover tightly with foil and steam for three hours. Serve with a ginger flavoured syrup or hot custard.



Sunanda Ghosh, Kurnool.

## EGG PAKORA

- 5 medium sized potatoes
- 1 egg
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 6 green chillis, minced
- 1 medium sized tomato, chopped
- A small bunch of coriander leaves chopped
- Salt to taste

1. peel and mash potatoes. Beat the egg well and mix with mashed potatoes. Add rest of the ingredients and continue mixing with a fork till well blended. Heat oil in a karahi. Drop spoonful of the mixture in it and fry till light brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

# THEY REMEMBER THEIR PREVIOUS BIRTH

Aruna Jethwani

## *Rebirth: Is it fact or fiction? But enough cases have been revealed to merit scientific investigation of this phenomenon*

Can one remember one's past life? Is time a purely "earthy" concept? Are birth and death merely physical phenomena? These and many more questions have baffled the scientists of today. Many studies are being conducted in life beyond death, communion with the dead and, of course, reincarnation. Dr. Ivan Stevenson of U.S.A., who has studied parapsychology, and Dr. V. V. Akolkar, whose investigations are so scientific that you can't but accept the facts, have for a number of years worked together on various cases of reincarnation. Dr. Stevenson was in India in the sixties to investigate the case of Rajul, and again came here in November last to help in what is called the "Search for Sharada". Both these cases are of great interest to the layman as well as to the scientist. We narrate them here after having gone through the original investigation and verification reports available at the Institute of Parapsychology, Pune.

Rajul, daughter of one Parvin Shah, was born in Vinchhia, a village in Saurashtra, on August 14, 1960. After her birth she lived with her parents at Keshod (a town near Junagadh). Then she went to stay at Vankaner with her grand-parents in March 1963. At this time many relations had gone to stay with the grand-parents as there was a religious function in the town. One of the relations casually asked Rajul where she came from. To this the girl replied, "From Junagadh, Aunty." As she was very small, the family did not attach much importance to her answer, but gradually it became evident that Rajul had something to do with Junagadh. In May, 1965, the family went to Rajkot to attend the consecration of the idol of a Tirthanker in a temple. Seeing this, Rajul said to her grandmother, "Grandma, we used to make such a model of Girnar in Junagadh. We used to do garbi around it. No, I didn't do garbi. I only watched."

When Rajul and her grand-parents returned to Vankaner, they began to ask her about Junagadh. Rajul said she came from Junagadh. Her name had been Gita. Gita's house was not as big as the one in Vankaner. It had only two rooms and a kitchen. Rajul, who was very fond of pedas, often said, "Here we make white pedas, but in Junagadh we made yellow ones. We arranged them in a cupboard."

Being Jains, the Shahs eat their supper before sunset. One day Rajul told her grandmother,

"Grandmother, we eat very early here. In Junagadh we used to eat late." To the enquiry as to on what they ate, Rajul replied, "In our house there was only one steel thali. My papa ate from the steel thali, the rest of us ate from brass thalis." Rajul often commented, "Here we take milk in a small saucepan. In Junagadh, we took milk in a big pot and we poured some of the cream on top into a small saucepan, and from the milk in the big pot we made pedas."

Rajul's uncle once asked her, "Rajul, if we go to Junagadh would you show us Gita's house?" Rajul answered in the affirmative.

"Will you show us Gita's mother and father?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Will you show us Gita?"

To this she said, "How can I show you Gita? I am Gita."

And so began the search for Gita...

There was one difficulty about making inquiries in Junagadh. Rajul did not remember the names of Gita's parents. However, Rajul's grandfather took a chance and made enquires in Junagadh. There was a death recorded in the Municipal Register of a girl named Gita on October 28, 1959. Her father's name was Gokuldas Luhana. Her mother's name was given as Kantaben. Their address was Talao Street.

On November 1, 1965, Rajul and her grand-parents went to Junagadh to verify Rajul's recollections. They had some difficulty in locating the Lhanas as they had moved to a new place. It was found that they had had a daughter named Gita, who had died at the age of 2½ years; that their previous house had two rooms and a kitchen, that Gita's father ate from a steel thali—that the family in fact had just one steel thali. Next to their house was a peda shop, where Gita used to go and eat pedas. It was also found that during the "Navratra", they used to make a model of Girnar in the public square and the girls would dance the garbi in a circle around it. Gita's aunty used to take

her there, and she (Gita) would watch the dance.

Rajul was absent during the investigations. However, the next day Rajul's grand-parents took her to the spot for identification. They met Kantaben in the street and when Rajul was asked if she knew the woman, she said no. But having walked a few steps, she turned back and said, "She is my mother of the previous birth." Kantaben on hearing those words, seemed overjoyed and very excited. Rajul was taken to Gokuldas, whom she identified as "Gita's papa."

Rajul also identified the house on Talao street. She took her grand-parents to a house with a temple, of which she had often spoken. She was also able to identify various relatives and neighbours correctly. The only "fact" which could not be verified was "Jyotsana" whom Rajul referred to as a dear friend.

At the age of nine, in 1969, Rajul again recalled her previous life (Dr. Ivan Stevenson and Dr. Akolkar visited her around this time), but she did not speak much about it.

She is now a seventeen-year-old college student. She considers herself perfectly normal and is good at her studies.

### SEARCH FOR SHARADA

By now, the "Search for Sharada" has become widespread. The case has received a lot of publicity and is the subject of much controversy. Nevertheless, all the findings substantiate the view that Uttara is Sharada Mukhopadhyaya.

Miss Uttara of Nagpur is a Marathi speaking girl, highly educated and formerly a lecturer at a local college. At the age of 33, she began to have frequent spells of change of personality during which she became a young married Bengali woman. She usually has these spells on the eighth day of the lunar half of the month. The longest spell lasted for forty-one days. For about five years before the spells began Uttara's health had deteriorated, and she experienced severe emotional frustration. About that time, a physician, who

is an elderly spiritual seeker, happened to examine Uttara. His touch had a mysterious effect on her. Uttara was deeply drawn towards him and felt she needed him as her guide. An agonizing disappointment however brought her to breaking point, and she began to have in her own words, "Visions of towns and people I had not previously seen... Mother-in-law bathing in a river... his returning home at night on horse back... then a touch... pressing close to his body... and moving away..."

During these spells, Uttara speaks and writes only Bengali and worships only goddess Durga. My friends Dr. (Mrs.) R. D. Bhattacharya, has met her once and can vouchsafe that the Bengali Uttara (Sharada) speaks is typical of the language spoken during the earlier part of the last century—such pure Bengali is not spoken today—and no one could have taught it to her. Besides, she is able to identify various Bengali dialects—but only during the spells. It may be mentioned here that Uttara has never visited Bengal, nor does she have Bengali neighbours or close friends.

Uttara speaks of herself as "Sharada", daughter of one Brajesh and Renuka Chattopadhyaya of Burdwan and wife of one Kaviraj Vishvanath Mukhopadhyaya of Shivpur near Khulna (now in Bangla Desh). In her interview with Dr. Akolkar (who is investigating the case) she is reported to have talked of her childhood visits to Burdwan palace, a secret mantra her grandfather had taught her, her uncle's devotional compositions, a solar eclipse she had witnessed, and the temples and rivers in her region. She is reported to have drawn a sketch of her Shivpur house. She states that during her third pregnancy, at the age of 22, she was bitten by a snake and lost consciousness in her maternal aunt's garden at Septagram. During the spells "Sharada" speaks as if everything belonged to the recent past and that she is still living in Bengal under East India Company rule.

As a result of living two lives, Uttara is facing much trouble. She has been condemned as "possessed," abnormal, and mentally ill. Her services at the college have been terminated. Uttara is in conflict with herself. She is still unmarried.

(Case histories — courtesy: The Institute of Parapsychology, Pune).

They are sitting face to face, groping for words. He looks at her furtively. "Hasn't her charm faded a bit? Perhaps it's natural under the circumstances. She notices that his hair has become a shade whiter. "Though handsome still, he doesn't radiate that much of masculine charm now. Where is the mischievous glitter in the eyes?"

When the silence becomes unbearable, he speaks.

"So you've settled down at last. How are Rekha and Rita?"

Though matter-of-fact, he tries to know about his — no, her child. Good. "But, how I wish to be called Sunu!" she thinks.

"They're all right. Now they are at their music class. They might return any time now."

**Looking after two daughters was a difficult task, but she could not accept the alternative**

**Kamala Subramanian**

She adds, "I somehow managed to save enough for their music."

"Very good, very good. I know you find it difficult. . . difficult to manage everything alone."

"No. . . not so much. . . Perhaps, if there's a will, there's a way."

"She is still attractive. When she quotes the proverb (be it a cliché) the way she tilts her head to one side and blinks the eyes continuously. . . And her ego adds to her seductive charm." Sunu, Sunita I am aware of your onerous responsibility. Two teenage daughters and your receptionist job. . ."

"Has he realised his mistake at last? He seems to be quite concerned."

Tears roll down her cheeks. He senses. His tall form bends near her. He presses her small face against his belly and wipes her tears. "Ah, I can see her breastbone. The fullness remains the same."

She clings to him like a creeper. It's comforting, reassuring.

"Can't the rift be bridged?"

• • •  
Their first night.

She entered the room with hope and fear, expectation and reluctance. Her aunt and married friends had told her what the night's experience would be like.

**ONLY A SEX OBJECT**



Though a graduate, she had kept her mind as well as body pure, to be given to her husband, full and whole. In spite of being in a co-ed institution, she had never allowed herself to fall into the web of love.

Theirs was an arranged marriage. She had only a glimpse of him when he came to see her. She tried to lift her eyes and enjoy a full sight of his face, but she couldn't. All that she saw was, a pair of perfectly tailored trousers, an athletic body.

On their wedding night, hiding behind the curtains, she saw him whole. He looked like a prince who believed in keeping fit. Her heart throbbed. She wanted then and there, to press her tender form against that big, manly chest and whisper into his ears how much she loved him, how she had been waiting all the years to give herself totally to him. . .

In the decorated double bed he was waiting. She stood near the closed door, twisting the end of her pallav. He got up from the bed and slowly walked towards her. When she touched his feet, he lifted her up and carried her to the bed in his strong arms. She wished to talk to him about hundreds of things — about cinema, books, her college-life, their future, home, music, children, etc.

He didn't give her a chance to open her mouth. He suffocated her with kisses—kisses that were warm and passionate. She liked this outburst of passion. He covered her with hot, biting, hurried kisses all over her body.

"Sunita, I like you. You are very lovely."

With trembling lips she said, "I love you, too."

She wanted the conversation to continue. But he was feverishly peeling off her garments. "O, not so soon, please not so quickly," she wanted to beg him, but being too scared to say anything, she yielded.

In the darkness, she struggled against his muscular form — her pain turned into agony, while she muffled her sobs.

She had so wanted that before beginning their lives together they must understand each other, know each other. He didn't bother over any such preliminaries. When his desire was satisfied, he just rolled over into a deep slumber.

The new bride spent her first night in pain, shock, sleeplessly. She felt choked and a feeling of disgust and shame filled her.

But she tried to console herself that perhaps he had behaved like that in the first flush of passion, that he would be gentle and tender in the morning. No, all he did was to repeat the brutal assault.

• • •  
He is sipping tea. "Ah, her tea has a special flavour, it al-

ways had." She looks at his happy face. She too feels happy that he enjoys her tea. "Shall I pour some more?"

"Yes, yes, Sunu, have you to ask me? Come on, we shall have it together." She expects him to say, "Let's patch up the rift over a cup of tea," but he doesn't. She silently mixes tea to his taste with less milk and less sugar.

"Sunita, I presume you don't have any problems. . . I mean financial problems. If at all you need my help. . ." She has indeed lots of problems but her ego makes her say, "Oh it's all right." She will confide in him if and when he regains her confidence. Let him tell her frankly that he needs her as a wife and not as a mistress — or, as a concubine. When he accepts her as the mother of his teenage daughters, she'll tell him how the growing daughters are becoming more of a problem, how her salary is just enough for a hand-to-mouth existence, how she has had to sell some of her ornaments and how at times she is worried, insecure, and depressed. Above all, she will tell him that she loves him still . . .

Their honeymoon was a tempestuous experience and even after settling to domesticity it continued to be the same. His younger brother and sister were staying with them. She requested him to be reserved in front of the 22-year-old boy and 18-year-old girl. But he didn't have any sort of "inhibitions" (as he termed it). His problem seemed to increase day after day and it knew no restraint of time or place.

She had to face embarrassing situations. He embraced, kissed and lifted her in their presence. At times he even fondled her breasts. When she remonstrated, he shouted that she was frigid.

She felt ashamed to face her in-laws. She knew that they considered her a shameless wanton. It was the firm belief of his family that she had enticed him completely and to do that she had forsaken all decency and shame.

Her pleadings and protests had no effect on him. He seemed to live only for sex — open, uninhibited. He freely cracked vulgar jokes with his male friends in her presence. It was not that she objected to sex with him, but she wanted it as the culmination of understanding and love and in the privacy of their bedroom. But he wanted it like an animal, as a purely physical act.

When she became pregnant, she couldn't tolerate it any more. She put him off unless there was some show of love and tenderness, which was seldom. The

more she remonstrated, the more wild and beastly he became. She badly needed sympathy and affection in her delicate stage, but instead, as her pregnancy advanced, he seemed to lose all interest in her. Once she opened out her wounded heart to her mother-in-law, but she merely shrugged it off. She said that though she sympathised with her, she was helpless in the matter. She actually boasted that in their family, the men were most virile and the best way to live happily with them was to accept them complaisantly.

A wide chasm was threatening to open between them. She could

strokes her wavy hair and whispers into her ears, "O Sunu, I love you. I can't love anybody else."

O, God is it true?

He wanted to call their first daughter Rekha. It was a good name. The kid was a replica of her father with his fair complexion, big grey eyes and strong, well-proportioned body.

For a brief time, things seemed to go smoothly. Perhaps fatherhood had changed him, she thought — and hoped. She was wrong.

He had taken to drinking late-ly. He saw pornographic films.

were off suddenly and her partner (his boss) took undue vantage of the situation. He pressed his lips against hers and squeezed her breast. Furious, she wriggled free from him. She wanted to tell him about this incident, but before she could begin, he berated her for her lack of manners and etiquette. "I'm ashamed of you. You don't know the art of pleasing people. That's to you, I'm in the bad books of my boss." He went to the extent of calling her an arrogant bitch.

She couldn't stand it. She refused to attend any more parties.

The chasm widened. She withdrew from him more and more and he didn't seem to bother about it. Only when he didn't have an alternative did he urge her for satisfying his biological urge.

Then their second daughter was born. He named her Rishi. She had wanted to name her Meera, but he objected to it. Her name started with R and hence the name, he said. After Rishi's birth, her physical health too deteriorated. Whenever he demanded sex from her, she grudged and he resented it. He became beastly. She became more ill.

Fortunately, before it was too late, she realised that she was mentally in a bad way. She wanted to escape from the shame and resentment that festered in her mind. So she took up a job as a receptionist and spent her spare time in music and painting. Soon her talent in music was recognised. Her success gave her more confidence and she made herself as busy as possible. Soon she was a popular and much admired singer. Her singing companion was a dashing handsome youth, Umesh. They liked each other. They had a lot of common interests. His friendship was now the oasis in her arid life.

Her husband became more and more jealous of her, but despite the widening rift, he came to her to sate his biological urge. He would come at odd times and demand it. If she refused, he would make a lot of noise. The daughters were growing and they had to be all the more careful in these things. But he didn't bother. He wanted his sex when he felt the urge.

He kissed her on her cheeks. She looks at him with her clear dark eyes. He plants more kisses on her quivering lips. Ah, the warmth of the kisses! She allows him to fondle her. All the feelings which have remained latent in her for two years now surge up again.

Her mother had fallen ill when she was in the first year of her degree class. Uterine cancer. Father gave Mother the maximum care and love. She knew that for years, father had had no physical connection with mother. Still

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have avoided it if she were more practical and less sentimental, but she couldn't change her nature. Ultimately, what she feared, happened. She found condoms in the inner pockets of his trousers. And his late arrivals became more frequent.

He tells her, "Sunu, you have become thin and dark. These soft cheeks have lost their roses along with their flesh. Why d'you torture yourself? Why, my Sunu?"

Is she getting back her lost Heaven? She nestles closer to him. Ah! What a comfort. He

When she told him that he was straying on the wrong path, he put the blame on her. He said that as she put him off without satiating his sexual urge, he had become a perverse personality. "You and only you could reform me, Sunu," he said sententiously.

She decided to try that. She attended parties, donning mod dresses. She became beauty-conscious. Men praised her for her poise and charm. She even danced with his friends. He was pleased with her. Their life became placid.

Once, while dancing, the lights

he loved her, cherished her. She had seen him wash mother's stained clothes. He read books to her, played chess and bridge with her and bought her trinkets. Mother died happy and contented, her head cradled on father's lap.

Father didn't live much longer. He used to weep over things left by mother. He was pining away and within a year he joined his wife.

Her father had been the embodiment of masculine charm. Mother was dark, puny and weak. Still father had doted on her. Her uncle, father's elder brother, lost his wife at 25 and remained single even after. Her own elder brother had waited seven years before marrying her sister-in-law because she belonged to another religion and he hadn't wanted to hurt his parents' feeling.

And she had never seen her father, uncle or brother in inti-

mate physical contact with their wives.

She didn't understand why he should be so brutal and vulgar. She resented her fate. It was as if he wanted to show to the entire world that she was his possession, instead of being a friend.

At last, the inevitable happened.

One day he came a bit early. It was raining heavily. He was drunk. Rekha and Rita were reading. She was giving finishing touches to her painting. After the evening bath, she looked fresh and clean. Her lovely hair was loose, and dress a casual midi.

He came near her and, unawares, took her in his arms. He started kissing her all over the body. Her midi had gone up, revealing her fair shapely thighs. "Oh leave me, please. For God's sake, don't you see the girls wat-

ching us?" she pleaded. The girls, in fear and confusion, were watching the scene. When he started pulling at her dress, she tried to push him away, but he was as strong as a bull.

He carried her into the room and threw her on the bed, and without even bolting the door, he began to make love. "Oh, no," she shouted and jumped out of the bed. He snarled at her, shouting, "Dirty slut, I know why you won't allow me. You have enough with Umesh."

She closed her ears. What a beast he was! She had never even thought of having an affair with Umesh.

He pounced upon her and pushed her back into the bed and pinning her to it, had his way and grunted, "Imagine you are with Umesh."

She slapped him on the face, hard. Infuriated he beat her until his hands tired. Within a

week she found a separate place for her and her daughters.

The buzzer sounds. The girls have come. Ah, how long they've been in tight embrace!

She wakes from the trance and looks at herself. God, she is bare breasted! The blouse is thrown in a corner. She goes to take it.

"Wait Sunu, darling," his urgent voice commands her. "Wait, Let us enjoy ourselves first. The girls can wait."

Now he tries to pull her sari off. She pushes him away and hurriedly draws on the blouse. He tries to catch her, but she slips out of his reach. She takes his trousers, shirt and banyan and throwing the clothes at him pushes him into the adjacent room. "Rajaram, wear your dress," she tells him and goes to open the door. One can either come in or go out through the door.

All that she needs is a pair of scissors and a few sheets of white, coloured and velvet paper. Outlining beautiful mythological figures with live expressions young Jayashree Shah cuts out intricate designs which she pastes on velvet paper. On a background of different colours her work turns out to be amazing compositions.

This art of paper stencilling is not unknown in Gujarat and Rajasthan. In the Vaishnavite temples, stencils are cut out from banana leaves or paper to decorate the "hindola" (swing) of the courtyard of the sanctum. It is somewhat like rangoli and figures and motifs are cut in exquisite designs.

Using and developing this, Jayashree has managed to create pieces of art which appeal to modern as well as traditional minds.

It took her over three years to create the 45 pieces which she has displayed in her solo exhibition recently held at Kalabhavan, and inaugurated by the acting Governor of Andhra Pradesh, Mr. Divan.

"I have never had any formal education. In my childhood I used to watch my grandfather, who was good at this paper stencil art, at his work. But he used to make only mandirs and other ancient motifs. Soon I found I could cut and shape as deftly as he with the scissors," says the charming Jayashree.

She used to cut and paste some lovely designs when she was in school and college and present them to her friends. Later someone suggested that she should hold an exhibition of her work. She liked the idea and created a few pieces and the exhibition proved successful.

Some of the pieces in her collection are very original and her presentation and mingling of different colours are very artistic. She has sold a few pieces and

## JAYASHREE SHAH: STENCIL ARTIST

Kalyani Shankar



bagged orders to make some more.

27-year-old Jayashree is a housewife with three children. She combines her household duties and her creative work in a practical manner. "I am first a housewife and mother and then an artist," she says with a smile.

Talented as she is, Jayashree claims that she is hopeless as a painter. "If you give me a brush or pencil and paper I am hopeless," she admits.

But her stencils are a thing of beauty. Inspired by an etching in the Udaipur palace, Jayashree has created a very beautiful peacock and this is the pride of her collection. Some textile designers have now approached her for designs. "But where is the time?" she complains. "I get hardly an hour or two in the afternoon. Perhaps when my youngest child

goes to school I may be able to take this work seriously."

Fortunately for her, her husband and in-laws are very understanding. "But for them I could not have achieved even this much," she says.

Does she intend holding classes for this unusual art? "I have no such intention at present. Besides, I don't know why, but my own sister tried this paper cutting and she couldn't do it." And she is doubtful if it would appeal to many.

Then what is her next project?

Since this exhibition has clicked she is thinking of holding another in the Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay, in a few months. She has already decided what is going to be the main attraction. "I want to create the whole of Krishna Leela," she says and she is already outlining the figures involved in this immortal story. The young artist intends to put up few of her pictures for sale at the various Government emporia.

The Peacock'



"You must avoid the snares and pitfalls that come before those who have studied too much. That is worldly wisdom," Mary said heavily, turning over the pages of her Hindi Bible with thick stubby fingers to the right verse: 'Let no man deceive himself. Let no man deceive himself; for the wisdom of the world is foolishness with God.' Then she translated it into English for Malina's benefit, repeating herself often as though she thought anyone who could not understand Hindustani must be dim-witted. George rose from the table and excused himself saying he had letters to write.

Malina put her cup down and sat with her chin in her slender hands, listening politely. She's close to Kashmiri in colouring, Mary thought as she talked with her heavy eyebrows moving up and down. She noted, too, the oval face, the small tip-tilted nose, high arched brows and almond-shaped eyes, slightly slanting. Probably some dreadful Chinese blood in her, Mary concluded, talking volubly, and turning over pages to quote chapter and verse.

When her husband's younger brother, George, wrote from America to say he was marrying Malina, a fellow-student from Singapore, Mary had been very annoyed. She had always planned that George should marry her own sister Dolly, a slow, heavy-footed and ponderous girl who was a Social Worker. In her disappointment Mary was prepared to dislike Malina even before George brought her home to Delhi.

Malina was twenty-one and Indian in origin, for her family was from Ceylon and Madras, and her great-grandfather had gone east to settle. She therefore had a barbarous and unpronounceable 'Madras' name which in Mary's estimation was a point against her. On her mother's side, Malina came from a mixed racial background, but even that could not win Mary's commendation who had a typical Indian suspicion of miscenegation. The fact that Malina knew no Hindustani whatsoever she put down to her inherited backwardness. And she had even been prepared to find that the girl had what she thought were typical Dravidian features—a dark skin, broad flat nose, thick lips and even prominent teeth. But Malina was very different, a fact which almost dis-

appointed Mary. Well, she concluded, physical beauty was in itself a carnal snare. No wonder poor George had succumbed.

The two Massey brothers were in sharp contrast to each other. Joseph, married to Mary, appeared enervated and aged beside George who was tall, broad and clear-eyed, full of a healthy vitality, even though there were only two years between them. And where Joseph had plodded very hard to make himself into a schoolmaster, George had excelled effortlessly in sport and study, finally winning a scholarship to America.

It made Mary uncomfortable to see Malina and George together. Something ran strong and deep between them. Her own marriage was singularly joyless and it was in a moment devoid of passion and commitment that she had conceived their only son, John, a sullen boy now in his teens whom she had pampered and spoiled.

Indeed, for a newly-married woman, Malina did not observe any of the traditional proprieties. She was immodest and forward. In fact, she liked nothing better than a sharp argument on topics which were beyond Mary's understanding, and in these discussions which often took place in the presence of guests, Malina not only disagreed with George, she refuted his arguments with spirit, her colour high.

Malina on her part found the atmosphere in Mary's home stif-

ling. Conversation seemed to hang heavy in the air. Even their silences were uncomfortable. Joseph's silences were an emptiness, as though he had gone away and there was no telling when he would return. John's silences were secretive and nasty, and Mary's were sullen and disapproving.

Malina's ready laughter and sense of fun jarred on them. It threw them into a self-conscious confusion. They smiled uncertainly, as if they were not sure whether it would be decent to laugh. It was with a sense of relief that George and Malina took the train to Lucknow where he was returning to his old College

as Head of the English Department.

She grew to love the spacious old-fashioned bungalow they had on the campus, with high, echoing ceilings and red-tiled roof deep verandahs and a porch shaded with jasmine. Inside, it was dim and cool with whitewashed walls and sky-lights set high. The courtyard behind was fenced with wide stones, blue with new-washed by the rain. In spreading peepal crows kept a desultory conversation, or the verandahs gossiped at the top of their screechy voices.

He had not known how much she was a creature of impulse. Nothing left her untouched, and she moved. She responded with a pride that surprised him because of her apparent frailty. But she never expended herself trivially, insincerely. Deep within her he discerned a fine, clean vein of integrity. She made him feel as complete as he had often wished to be, yet had never succeeded in being.

He knew, too, that the weakness which she replenished in herself was their love. And he was gentle, as though he feared to bruise the fragile flower of her body. He had often watch-

## all flesh is as grass

Margaret Bhatt



## Death of a beloved seems to be the end of the world, but life renews itself and goes on

beloved face beneath his own the pillow, the eyes closed and long, dark lashes sweeping the silken skin drawn back taut from the high cheek bones. Passion moved and transformed the lines of her face, sharpening and dissolving the features, drawing the eyes more slanting. Afterwards, he lay quiet, feeling the strength returning to his limbs and throbbing through his veins. Resting lightly, his face buried between the small orbs of her cheeks, he knew that the strength he now had was what she had given him. Once before, somewhere in dim beginnings which had nothing to do with his present existence, he had known such moments. And it seemed that he had come full circle and returned to this completion. He marvelled that he could have thought to live any time of his life without her.

The time cycle that moved minute by minute, and the sweeping swing of the season's pendulum—found a ready response in her. Each new season was a mood with her. She had an instinctive and almost primitive feeling for earth and its changes. When spring burgeoned, the golden larkspur flashed out into the sun, and the jacarandas stood hazy blue and mauve, she took hold of them all and imprinted her fingers on them.

It was shortly before Christmas that year that old Padre Mas died and George brought his woman home to live with them. And unobtrusively took over myriad small household tasks. Malina now found herself able to do for she was expecting a child. She carried it awkwardly and had lost the former flowing motion of her limbs. Her back arched tautly as her frame braced itself against weight. Her face was puffy, dark circles shadowed her eyes. Her feet and hands were swollen.

"Nothing unusual," said Mary when Joseph brought his family from Delhi to spend Christmas. "In Hindustani 'to have heavy feet' means to be pregnant. You should dip them first into very hot water and then into very cold, with a lot of salt dissolved in the water."

She silently studied Malina's small hips and looked skeptical. Had she been seeing a doctor regularly? What kind of foods was she taking? If she preferred sour things, then it would be a boy. Of course, childbirth was terrible and painful; there was no avoiding the ordeal. And turning over the pages of her Bible she read in a voice of doom: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception. In sorrow and travail shalt thou bring forth children. This is the curse God laid upon Eve, and do you think you can avoid it? The pain of childbirth is part of the punishment laid on us women for Eve's sin."

Malina was silent, her head bent over the tiny garment on which she worked. She closed her mind to what Mary said, for a great weariness engulfed her. Cloying, heavy fingers of fatigue dragged at her body. A vague disquiet possessed her. Fear was alien to her, for she had learnt to lay hold on life and grasp it firmly. Yet now she was afraid.

She had lost the thread of her existence, the continuity of her living was lost. She could not relate her present disquiet and unease with the free feeling between George and herself that had willed into existence this new life that stirred within her womb.

The thought of Spring sustained her a little, for it was spring when George drove her to the hospital. But she was empty of feeling as she lay on the bed while swift pains racked her and she breathed deeply, trying to remember how to relax. But it went on for too long. And finally she lay with her eyes closed, her face strangely still. Only the small blue vein in her neck jerked and faltered under the transparent skin.

They had taken the child from her — a girl. It was a contingency for which they had prepared George. But for the other contingencies they had not prepared him. Perhaps that was why they sounded apologetic as they stood over him in their white coats where he sat in the window-seat outside the operating room, crowding his senses with the sharp smell of ether and antiseptic. They spoke with an impersonal kind of pity as though they regretted having to speak to him at all. He listened with a strange compulsion to hear more, and held them back with his hands, watching their mouths as fear tore at his entrails and his love was a great yawning emptiness in his throat so that he feared he would cry out.

They allowed him brief glimpses of her small slight form in a darkened room, dominated by tubes and cylinders. He felt they were monstrous tentacles draining her of her vitality and sapping her strength, so that her skin was now a pale gold, and her eyes heavy with blue shadow. He had a wild impulse to wrench it all aside and carry her out to lay her on the green, green grass. She will respond to the sun, he thought. She had always responded to the sun.

And after it was over, he emerged to find that nothing had changed outside. People brushed past him on the street, unaware of any change. He walked a road lit by the harsh glare of an unreal sun, and all spring was a shouting mockery round him. He turned in at his own gate. He could see his mother sitting on the porch steps — as he had left her that morning. Her white head was turned towards the road up which he came. She had known death so intimately, and had out-distanced many midnights. So he went to her as he had gone so often for the comfort

of her brown hands. He recalled with surprise that those early searing hurts of vulnerable childhood had been almost as lacerating as the grief that engulfed him now.

He had his work, and while that lasted he reasoned he could hold despair at arm's length. He was conscious from sounds in the house when the baby was awake, and could hear his mother crooning to the child and comforting it in gentle undertones. She was careful to see that they did not disturb him as he sat late over his work, or fell into a heavy drugged sleep at his desk where he sat correcting and marking examination papers.

Summer came and the campus was deserted and quiet without the familiar shouts of the students on the playing fields. Sitting one evening in the shade of the mulberry, he wondered whether they should go away to the hills for the summer. It was then that his old mother emerged from the house, shuffling slowly along. She came up gently behind him and placed his daughter in his lap. He did not speak, but stared down at the child curiously.

Then she began to speak, and the words she used were familiar ones, framed into the Biblical expressions which had sustained his boyhood and nurtured his faith. There was a quality of healing in them as though they still carried some of the promise he believed they had when life was so much simpler and bitterness but of a moment's duration.

"My son, it is written that there is a time and purpose for everything under the heavens — a time to be born, a time to die, a time to plant and a time to harvest, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time to mourn and a time to rejoice, a time to get and a time to lose. The Lord took away; but He also gave. . ."

She placed a gnarled hand on the child. They were hands that had touched both life and death. Straightening the little frock, she smoothed it over. "Her name is Malina," she said, smiling gently as though it was something she had known all along.

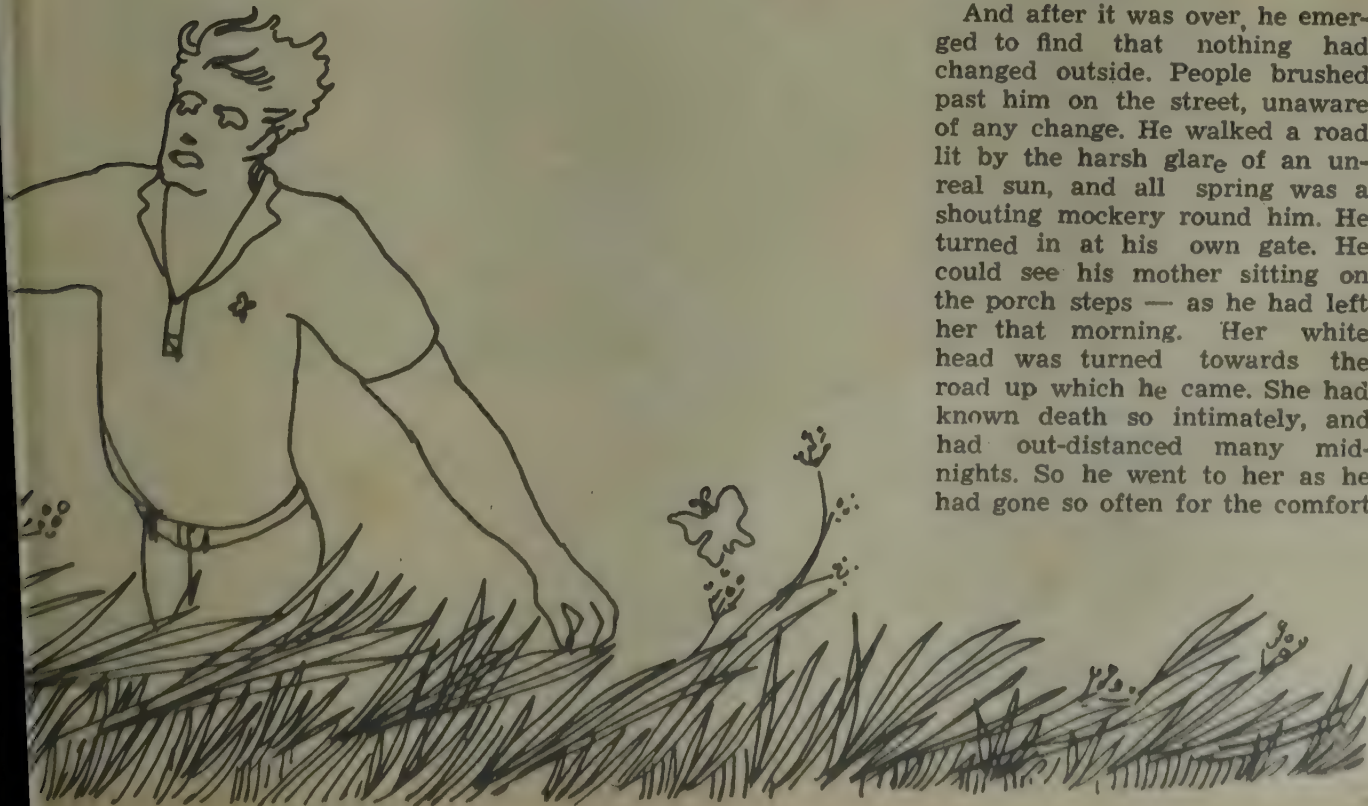
Malina, he thought, repeating it like a new name which he had never heard before, and which he needed to fix in his mind.

"Look," she said, opening the small curled fists, and spreading the fingers on the palm of her hand. Each nail was a perfect shell, each finger tapering and slender. He saw the same dark hair, the same arched brows, the dark lashes sweeping the cheeks and the skin a light gold in colour.

Malina, he thought in surprise. Her name is Malina!

The child opened her eyes and blinked against the glare of the sky and he saw the same small flecks of light in the brown irises.

"Malina," he articulated, almost painfully. And thus he came to terms with life again.



# THE UNFAIR SEX

"My doxy is orthodoxy, my wife's doxy is heterodoxy." This, in a nutshell, sums up what men believe about themselves and women.

They have two yardsticks — one with which they measure the liberties they think they are entitled to and the other to measure those allowed to their better halves. And you can be sure the two yardsticks are nowhere near equal. They also have a different dictionary for the two sexes, and you'll be amazed to see the pejorative synonyms for women, the "weaker sex," as they have christened us in typical masculine vanity. How should they know that a "woman's strength lies in the irresistible might of her weakness"? If they choose to believe otherwise they are only living in a fool's paradise!

Talking of liberty, I should say men have a monopoly of it even in this day and age of Women's Lib. You have cabaret dances to delight them and redlight areas winking a welcome to them. With no qualms of conscience (this is a commodity they have generously handed over to women) they have their fling while their poor wives imagine them to be working overtime to earn a little jam for their daily bread. They feel that cakes and ale should relieve the monotony of their labours. The wife in her innocence keeps fasts on Mondays and visits temples on Tuesdays to pray for the husband's well being and he keeps well indeed!

The male executive has a luscious steno to whom he dictates letters, and quite often terms. His female counterpart has a seedy looking clerk who is all the time thinking of either the kerosene queue or the baby food scarcity. Where is that good looking secretary who used to be her right hand man? In all probability the husband rang up the boss to shift him to the outgoing mail department, while dangling his own steno on his knee!

When women get together for a chat they are said to be "gossiping", the lads on the other hand are only "talking shop." What an apt example of two sides of the same coin! My husband is very particular about his things and he is called "methodical." My friend is equally so, only her husband says she is

Chaya Srivatsa

*To retain their  
unfair male  
privileges, men  
continue to  
use different  
yardsticks for  
themselves and  
women*

"finicky." When milord goes about with his shirt unbuttoned and hair ruffled, he is "trendy" but milady is "vulgar," indecent," if she wears a plunging neckline. Two men have a heated argument and fall out, and they call it a "difference of opinion;" a similar situation between two women is called "bickering." It looks like Roget took a lot of trouble to give two sets of words to describe the same action in his Thesaurus.

Pick up any book of quotations and open it at the chapter headed "Woman" and you have wisecracks strewn all over the pages and they list all the basic qualities women are expected to be endowed with. By sheer repetition of these they almost convince us! Leaf your way back and you will read about the glories of manhood and even the few uncomplimentary references are made in such indulgent terms that you start believing it must be nice to be a scoundrel!

My friend jilted her fiance and ran away with her father's chauffeur, her infidelity was decried by his friends (the fiance's, not the chauffeur's) and she was labelled a libertine. The fiance however did not waste time brooding over his disappointment and had a number of affairs with a number of girls, promised to marry all of them, and finally, with the hope of a rise in his career, married the cross-

eyed daughter of his boss. People applauded him as a wise one. Talk of double standards!

When my son brings his annual report from school my husband swells with pride and says "atta boy! You are my son," and if our daughter's report isn't too flattering it is attributed to her mother's low I.Q. Actually, my daughter goes more often to her dad for help with her homework and my son prefers mama's coaching! But for domestic peace I let him get away with this.

Why are we called the "fair sex"? Is it because we are the opposite of the unfair sex? The

Women's Lib movement has been misunderstood by them. Men think we are fighting for liberation from wearing bras, but that is only symbolic. What we want is liberation from the unfair division of rights and duties. Even a cartoon on a mother-in-law should be accompanied by one on the father-in-law; the lady with a rolling pin should have next to her a man with a crowbar. We want them to accept that a husband who "gives advice" is no better than his wife "wags." Womanhood is indeed a difficult role because as Confucius said, "It consists principally of dealing with men."

## FICTION TO FACT



During the 1960s, pretty Nichelle Nichols portrayed a crewmember (left) on the spaceship Enterprise in the popular television series "Star Trek". Today she is involved with another enterprise, the first Space Shuttle Orbiter. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has hired her to acquaint potential minority applicants throughout the United States with the opportunities available to them in the Shuttle Astronaut Recruitment Programme. At right, she familiarizes herself with the treadmill, one of the devices used in the pre-flight testing of the crews.

Lovely tribal jewellery, rare pieces of carving, and beautiful embroidery among many other antiques have been preserved for posterity thanks to the efforts of Mrs. C. N. Mangala, Principal of NMKRV College for Women, Bangalore, and its students.

"We want to collect whatever relates to the cultural contributions of women," Smt. Mangala said. She feels that the cultural achievement of Indian women should not be lost. When asked why her mission was restricted to women, she replied that men's handiwork receives enough attention already. A few students and one lecturer form parties and go on padayatras collecting old and unusual kitchenware and handicrafts. They also take a well-known resident of the locality with them so as to win the confidence of the people.

"The response has been extremely good," said the Principal with a smile. They were able to collect something of value from practically every house. They set out with small bags, but discovered that only trunks could hold the large number of articles they were able to collect.

A prized carving of Shakuntala and a 300-year-old Kamadhenu are some of the things these enthusiastic bands of teachers and students have collected.

They have held four exhibitions

"SASHWATHI":

## A UNIQUE MUSEUM



Mrs. Mangala (second from the right) is taking visitors around the "Sashwathi" museum.

so far—three in Bangalore and one in Mandya (a small town situated about 61 kms from Bangalore). "Even in a place like Mandya huge crowds visited the exhibition," Mrs. Mangala said. Some persons even brought their

own contributions when they visited the exhibitions.

All these objects will soon be on permanent display at the museum "Sashwathi" which is being constructed in the new campus of the NMKRV college. Sashwathi is the name of one of the oldest Brahmavadians and it also means eternal, Smt. Mangala

explained. This building will be formally thrown open to the public very soon.

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Almost 3000 Kannada books, all written by women writers, form part of the collection. The authors willingly parted with copies of

their books and a few manuscripts. Some of the prominent writers like Anupama Niranjana and M. K. Indira also took part in the padayatras. "We have got extensive reference material with regard to women writers of Karnataka from the earliest times," Smt. Mangala said. They have collected photographs of many of these writers.

A library of tapes is another unique feature of the museum. Recordings of traditional songs, sayings of eminent women and speeches of freedom fighters can be heard. "It needs a lot of money, but most of the cassettes have been donated," the principal said.

Their aim is to make this museum not only the best of its kind in India but in the world. At present their project is restricted mostly to urban areas, but they plan to go extensively into the villages.

They intend to have a research centre where a study of civilisation with regard to the various facets of women's life can be made.

If you possess any antiques of interest to women don't let them gather dust in your attic. Even if they are broken they will find a place in this unusual museum.

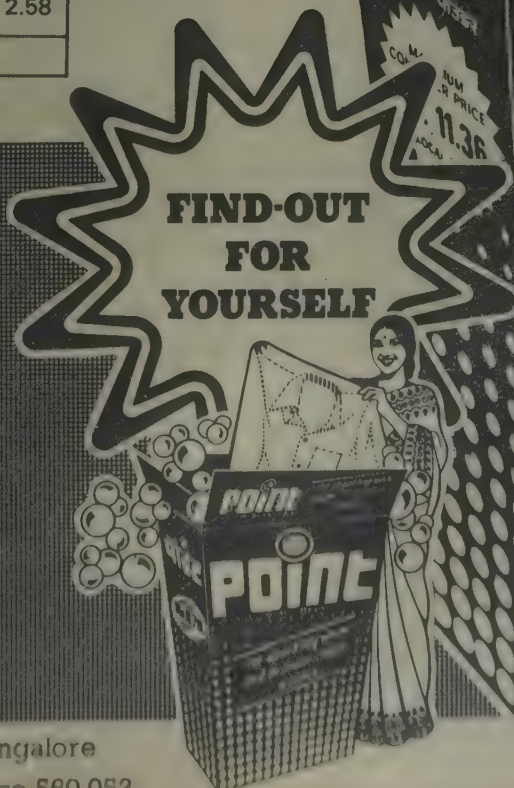
Sandhya Rao  
and Shobha Jayaraman

# Compare the price. Test the quality.

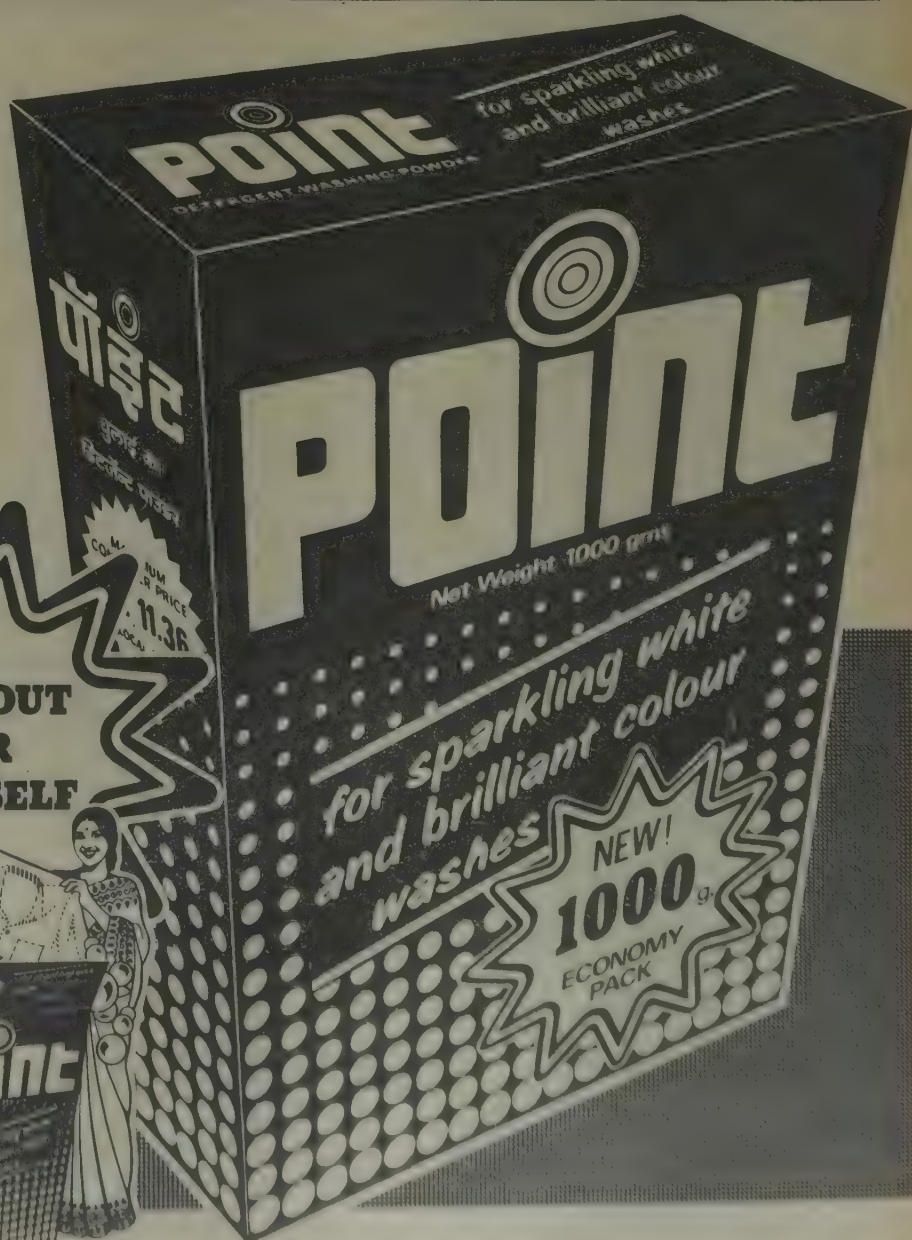
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# POINT

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# people and events



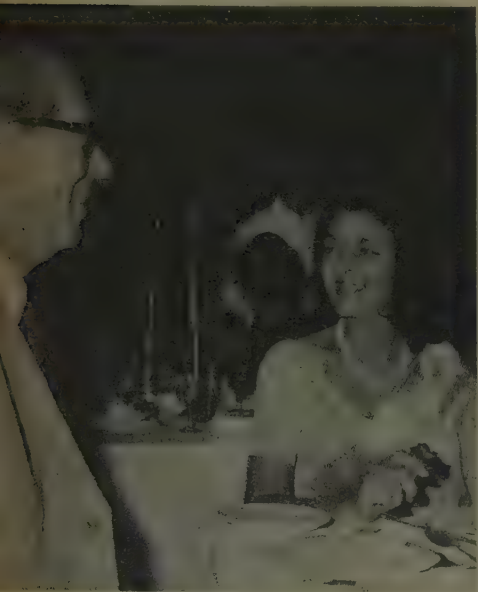
Mr. Vittal Mallya, Chairman of Hoechst Pharmaceuticals Ltd., Bombay, was presented the Order of Merit of the Government of the Federal Republic of Germany, for his services rendered in promoting Indo-German relations. Seen at the presentation ceremony held in Bombay are (from left) Mrs. Helena Schoettle, the Consul-General who presented the Order, Mr. D. Cron, Managing Director of Hoechst, Mrs. Mallya and Mr. Mallya.



Under the auspices of an exchange programme, the Zonta Club of Bombay-I organised an exhibition of paintings by the school children of Yuma, Arizona, and of Miniland School, Bombay. Picture shows Mrs. Freny Irani, president of the club, speaking at the function. To her left is Mrs. Rosenthal, wife of the U.S. Consul in Bombay, and Mrs. Mitha Shroff, proprietress of Miniland School.

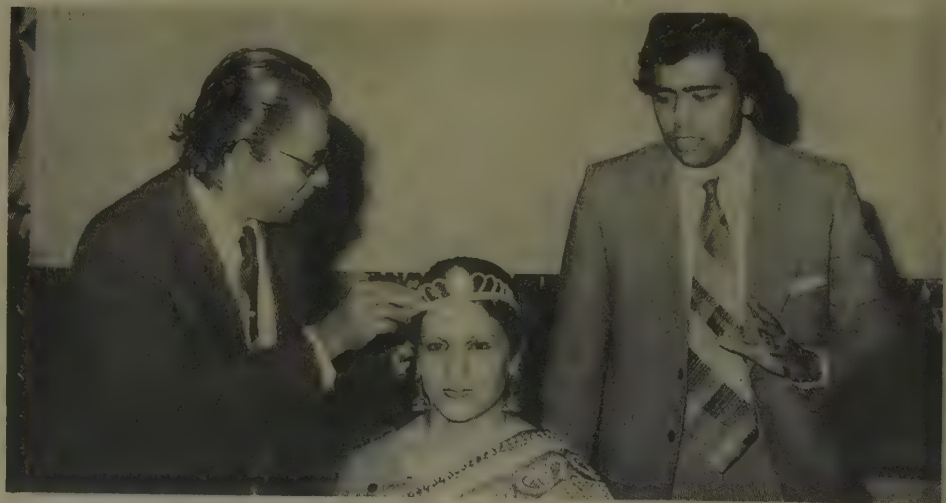


Members of the committee of the Calcutta Port Trust Officers Wives Association organised a charity dance recital by the Uday Shankar Institute of Culture in Calcutta. Seen in the picture are among others, Mrs. Joan Dias, (4th from right), and Mrs. Mitra, wife of the Chairman of Calcutta Port Trust (3rd from right).



LEFT: At the Diplomats Nite organised by Hotel Oberoi Intercontinental, Delhi, are seen Mr. Leo Poldo Martinez, Ambassador of Spain, and Maharani Gayatri Devi of Jaipur who was the chief guest.

BELOW: Mrs. B. D. Jatti, wife of the Acting president of India, lights a lamp to mark the opening of the Sri Satya Sai College hostel, at Whitefield near Bangalore. Looking on are the President Mr. B. D. Jatti, Sri Satya Sai Baba and Mrs. Elsie Cowan (extreme right).



At the May Queen Ball organised in Madras by the Madras Round Table No. 42, Mr. Haji Gulam Haniff Karim, Assistant Malaysian High Commissioner, who was the chief guest, crowns Shireen Namazie as the May Queen. Mr. Sivaram, chairman, Madras Round Table No. 42, looks on.



RIGHT: At the annual get-together in Cochin of the Cochin Shipyard Officers Association, M. Padmini Menon gave a Bharata Natyam recital. Picture taken on the occasion shows (from left) Mr. N. Sreedharan, Vice Admiral N. Krishnan, the artiste, Mrs. Sita Krishnan and Mrs. Radha Sreedharan.



## bombay

The International Affairs Commission of the Bombay Jaycees held an International Cultural Evening recently, wherein West Germany, Indonesia, Austria, U.K., Iran, Poland, USA and India were represented.

Mr. Nana Chudasama, chief guest of the evening, and Mr. Raman Rajan, president of the Bombay Jaycees, spoke on the need to foster goodwill between India and other countries. Miss Hoori Marolia, chairman of the Commission, said that it is planning many more such projects to bring people closer culturally.

Mr. Chudasama presented the Bombay Jaycees miniature emblem flag to the participants as a token of appreciation by the Bombay Jaycees.

Madhulika Jha, a talented housewife from Cochin, made her debut in the city with her solo exhibition of oils at the Taj Art Gallery recently. The theme of her paintings was Nature in her varied moods, and human figures—all executed in a subdued blending of colours.

Mrs. Vimla Patil, editor, "Femina", inaugurated the exhibition.

## delhi

The Palam Branch of the Air Force Wives Welfare Association held a fashion show displaying the costumes of India which were designed and stitched by them. The proceeds of the show are being used to rehabilitate the needy families of the Air Force personnel. It was produced and directed by Mrs. Sushma Vasisht.

A coffee party was hosted in Delhi by the Air Force Wives Welfare Association, to bid farewell to Mrs. Sudha Pandit, wife of Air Marshal A. R. Pandit, Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, who is retiring from service. Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar, wife of Air Chief Marshal H. Moolgavkar, while presenting a silver chalice and a bouquet of flowers to Mrs. Pandit said that she was one of the main pillars of the AFWWA. Mrs. Pandit said that under the guidance of Mrs. Moolgavkar she had been able to do a lot for the welfare of the wives and families of the I.A.F. personnel.

This ardent social worker also translates English Braille books into Hindi and Marathi for the blind schools in Delhi.

Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister for Education and Social Welfare, released the first volume of "Women, Know Your Rights"

— the first publication of the golden jubilee series by the All India Women's Conference. Present on the occasion were Mrs. L. Raghuramaiah, president, A. I. W.C., and representatives of social organisations in the capital.

## calcutta

The West Bengal Spastics Society held an exhibition of handicrafts by the children of their school at the Calcutta Information Centre. It was inaugurated by Mrs. Joan Dias, patron of the Society.

Among the various items on display were leather bags, pouches, spectacle cases, wooden coasters, table mats and cut-outs in the form of fish, ducks, dogs, cars, etc. for the nursery.

The Nature Clubs of India (NCI), the youth movement of the World Wildlife Fund-India, were launched sometime ago. Children from the U.K. belonging to the Wildlife Youth Service (WYS) recently sent a very thoughtful gift for the children of India — 110 copies of the "Atlas of World Wildlife" produced by Time/Life. This gift is to be given to the first 100 NCIs having more than 30 members. There are 150 such clubs in the country having a total of over 4500 registered members.

For further details send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Education Officer, World Wildlife Fund-India, Great Western Building, (near Lion Gate), S. B. Singh Road, Bombay 400 023.

Selections Boutique held an exclusive exhibition-cum-sale of their garments at the Hotel Hindustan International. On display were nightwear for ladies, a collection of summer clothes for boys and girls, toilet and linen sets, delicately hand-embroidered items for the nursery, beadwork of Bhopal, tea-cosies as well as sandal tops in velvet. The boutique is run by Mira Chowhan and Gulshan Kapoor.

Anita Roychowdhury exhibited her recent paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts. Concentrating on abstracts in oils, her sweeping brush-work creates a very impressive effect.

"Dynamics of Democracy" was the subject discussed at a seminar organised by the Ladies Study Group. The panel of speakers consisted of Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit whose topic was "Tomorrow Begins Today." Mrs. Parvati Krishnan spoke on the changing patterns in an expanding economy, Mrs. Rami Chhabra discussed social

programmes in a democratic society, and Dr. P. C. Chunder, Union Minister, spoke on a dynamic educational policy.

## madras

The May Queen Ball organised by Round Table No. 42 was held at the Hotel Taj Coromandel. A panel of judges consisting of film stars Gemini Ganesh and Sowcar Janaki selected pretty Shireen Namazie as the May Queen. She received several gifts. The Malaysian Assistant High Commissioner, Mr. Haji Gulam Hanif Karim, was the chief guest. Mr. Sivaram, chairman of the Madras Round Table No. 42, welcomed the gathering.

## bangalore

Acting President Mr. B. D. Jatti cut the ribbon and Mrs. Jatti lit a lamp to mark the inauguration of the Walter Cowan Block of the Sri Satya Sai College Hostel. Col. Joga Rao, president, Satya Sai Central Trust, welcomed the gathering. Mrs. Elsie Cowan of the U.S.A. who donated a sum of rupees 12 lakhs for the building in memory of her husband, spoke on the occasion.

The function ended with a benedictory address by Sri Satya Sai Baba.

## kerala

The Trivandrum Public Library which has a good children's section organised a series of literary and art competitions for children which evoked wide response. Over 300 children from different schools participated in the various competitions.

A three-day Teachers' Arts Festival, the first of its kind in Kerala, conducted at Palai, helped to bring out the hidden talents of the teachers. The initiative for the festival was taken by the Teachers' Club formed in various schools in the Palai educational district. Over 700 teachers participated. Competitions were conducted in light music, classical music, group music, etc. The thiruvathiraikali competition for women teachers was one of the colourful items of the festival.

## world of eve



CHAMPIKA NANDA

One of our most promising young lady golfers, Champika Nanda has won the Golconda Cup in Calcutta, the Jehanara Cup of the Northern India Ladies Championships in Delhi, the Calcutta Challenge Trophy at Gulmarg and several other runner-up prizes.

Champika started learning golf in Gulmarg at 13 from her father, a keen golfer himself.

Champika joined a German course at the Max Mueller Bhawan after finishing school. About six years of her childhood were spent in Singapore and Malaysia, where her father was posted as a military attache.

Champika is now working with one of the leading travel agencies in the capital. She finds time to practice golf at least three times a week. Her ambition? To win the All-India Ladies' Tournament. "You need hard practice, stamina, grit, determination and, of course, luck," she says.



AMMU BALACHANDRAN

A one-time lecturer in Zoology, Ammu Balachandran is today a promising lawyer practising in the Kerala High Court. She studied for her M.Sc. at the Madras University. Then, after marrying an executive from Dunlop's, she did her L.L.B. from the Kerala University. Ammu got a First Class in the Ist and final L.L.B. examinations. She was awarded the Chandrashekar Gold Medal for debating and the Miss Walts Memorial Gold Medal for Essay-writing.

Ammu feels that law is a more challenging profession than teaching.

Ammu is a good painter and as a child she won a prize in the Shankar's Weekly International competition. Her paintings have been exhibited. She has done a Certificate Course in French and German and stood first in an examination in French. Ammu is also an executive of the State Committee of the National Forum of Legal Aid to the Poor. Now she is planning to practise in the Madras High Court.

hi ya  
honey!

**TWO MARRIED  
PERSONS MUST BE  
REGARDED  
AS ONE, BUT OF  
COURSE THEY AREN'T**

Every man expects his wife to be different, but it's a great shock to find that yours is like everybody else's—perhaps worse. I got into marriage thinking that I had found someone ideally suited, someone different, loving, kind and everything a man looks for. I could have had such a partner for life, but then I went and married her. Marriage changes a gentle female into a battle-axe. I want my young friends to profit by my experience and thus avoid total disillusionment. Marriage in the eyes of the law, makes two persons one, but it seldom does so in the eyes of the married.

One moment the wife looks and acts like a doll just arrived from up above and the next, she could be tough competition for one of Shakespeare's witches. One evening after bath I was whistling a tune. I can't remember which, and she came into the room and said, "I heard whistling."

"Oh yes, I was."

"What tune was it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just any. Never mind."

"What do you mean never mind?"

While I was wondering where I had rubbed her the wrong way, the conversation restarted.

By an Alves called Johnnie

"It's nice to know someone can whistle. But what have you got to whistle about?"

"Nothing, damn it! Have I to have something special to whistle about?"

"The way you are shouting shows you are guilty of something."

## SHALL WE TRY TRIAL MARRIAGES?

I raised my hands and eyes to the roof.

"You must have met someone on the way to make you happy enough, to make you whistle a tune."

Heavens, what a mind! This is a typical marriage. One moment you are on the top of the world, you think God's in Heaven and all's right with the world, but the next moment, wham!

I believe I was born at least two decades too early. I am told the young in the West are now living together, not as man and wife but as lovers. Some call it trial marriage, others just call it living without any mention of marriage. Whatever one is inclined to call such living, it is Heaven compared to this existence in the present set up. There are no ties, no promises, no strings attached. Women's lib and the pill have made things easier.

Of course, trial marriages would mean a lot of clerical work, with no conclusions reached. It would be a job to remember if it was Myrtle who slept with her curlers on, if Priscilla liked her tea in bed. But then would you prefer to have a life-time partner who has a hereditary tendency to scare the scales or one who perpetually looks like a rolled up umbrella? But then there's another thing. If you make the choice after a trial marriage, you have only yourself to blame. Today, I can blame my bad luck, my mother-in-law for not acquainting me with all the

facts and her other boy friends for not trying harder and beating me. It looks like we men are always between the devil and the deep blue sea, aren't we?

If trial marriages were introduced, the questionnaire in triplicate of course could be rather long and exhaustive. What is your view on the superior role played by the husband in marriage? Would you at the slightest sign of ill-health run to the specialist or would you follow the age old custom of the women in the neighbourhood and rub an onion on the affected part? Should married women have pocket money? Would you in times of stress compare your husband to your father, boy friend or ex-husband?

This questionnaire, I believe, would dissuade a large majority of females from rushing into matrimony. Which would be a good thing.

Until next time then!

next  
week

**Eve's Weekly**

ISSUE OF JUNE 11

**EXPORT OF GARMENTS**

Successful women in the industry

**SEX EQUALITY**

Will the family survive?

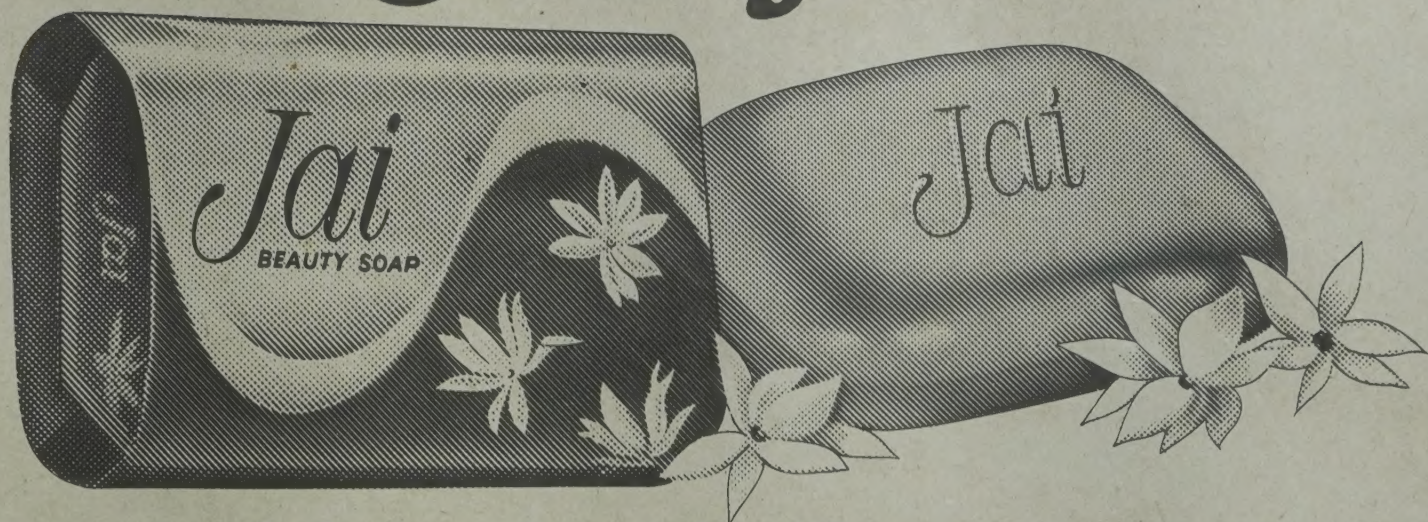
**VEGETABLES WITH A DIFFERENCE**

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**SHARADA MUKERJEE:**  
Governor of Andhra Pradesh

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**PARLE**

# Krackjack

## the konversation opener

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"Yes—but it's salty!"



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sold loose  
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imitations!

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Others swear it's salty.  
All agree it's tasty,  
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