

SEPTEMBER 23 — 29 1978

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Evening Weekly

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ASTROLOGY:
Science
Or
Fake?

WOMEN
IN
THE POLICE
FORCE

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An entirely new concept in beauty for your kitchen.



CHRYSAL—only at the better stores.

CHRYSAL
beautility ware

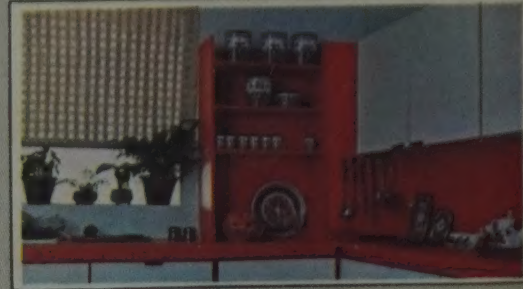
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**A touch of colour. A look of
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of beauty and utility.**

Chrysal is the new name of beauty and utility in Kitchenware. We call it beautility ware. And we call this design 'Porcelain'. Chrysal comes in six alternative "set" combinations and you can proudly own one or more sets and keep building up; once you own a set you'll want to buy more.



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sizes upto 10kg. Then there are 5kg., 2kg., 1kg. and smart little spice cans.

A refreshment tray. And cork-backed Chrysal mats for your table.

Plus, there are exquisite cork-backed table mats, with a larger centre-piece



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Free stickers and labels with each set.

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SAFE FOR DIABETICS AS TROPHOX CONTAINS NO GLUCOSE OR SUCROSE.



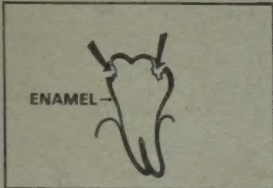
RAPTAKOS, BRETT & CO. LTD., BOMBAY 400 025

Now you can save his teeth
from painful cavities

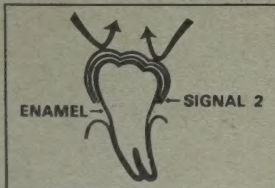
Get Signal 2

with the most effective Fluoride formula
to harden teeth against decay

A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

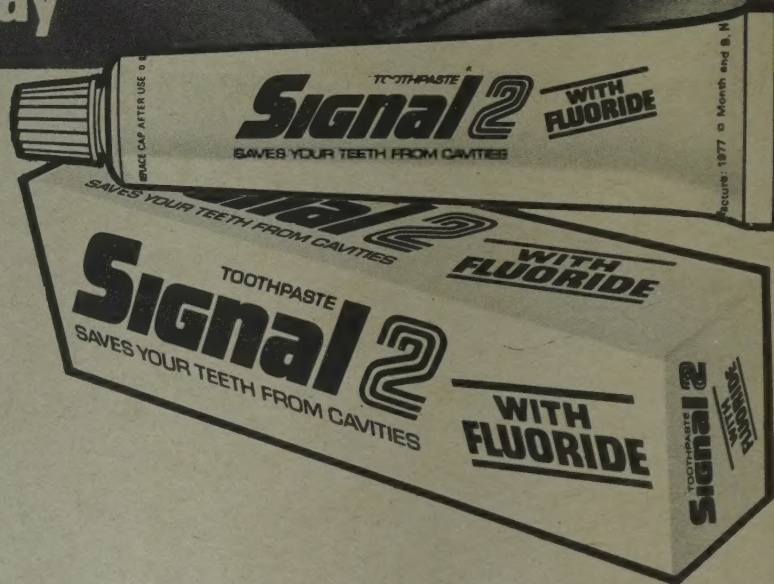
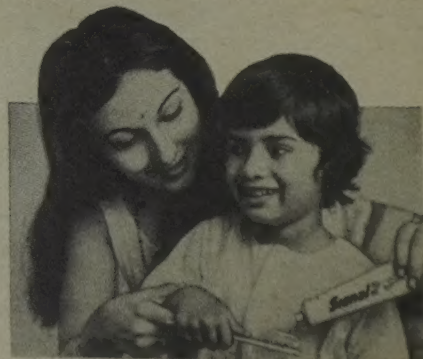
The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

Don't just take our word. Check with your dentist.

Signal 2 WITH FLUORIDE

your family's
cavity-fighter



this week



YASMIN ANTIA

Lovely, tall and slim, Yasmin is essentially an outdoor girl, fond of swimming, water skiing, bowling and long car drives. Fond of clothes and modelling, she participated in various fashion shows in London, Singapore and Bombay.

Widely travelled in Europe and Australia, Yasmin loves travelling for which she had a vast scope as her father is a senior pilot with Singapore International Airlines. She lived in London for three years after doing her General Council of Education from Singapore, and further took her training as a primary school teacher. Back in India she is eagerly looking forward to a job with the airlines.

She loves Bombay and enjoys the hustle and bustle of this exciting city.

Photograph :
Farokh Reporter.

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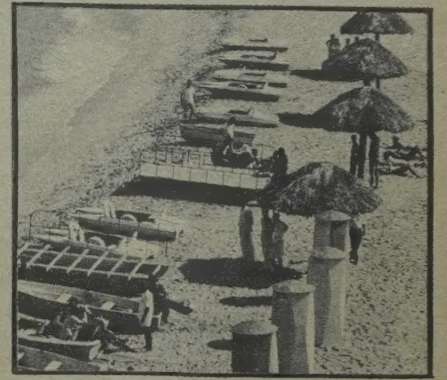
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Volume 38, No. 38, Edition No. 127 (5th Mail)

TOURISM

India offers more to the foreign tourist than almost any other country, yet its place in the tourist industry is quite low. Efforts have been made and progress has been achieved, but as yet we have only scratched the surface. The vast potential is yet to be exploited fully.

Page 8



SANJUKTA AND RAGHUNATH PANIGRAHI

This husband and wife pair has brought the beautiful Odissi dance with its infinite grace and fluid charm to the forefront of Indian dance.

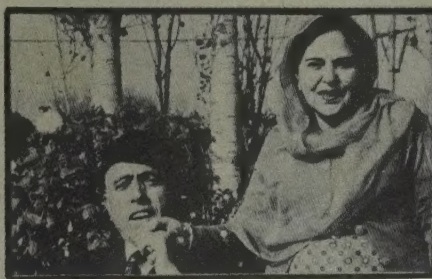
He sings and she dances and the music and dance merge into an ecstatic aesthetic experience.

Page 12

ASTROLOGY

Though only a few admit to faith in astrology, the horoscope pages of our popular journals are the first to be read. An in-depth discussion on whether astrology is a science or a means of fleecing the gullible.

Page 14



SHEIKH ABDULLAH AND HIS BEGUM

The happy family life of the Chief Minister of Jammu and Kashmir, based on deep affection and mutual respect. An interview with the Sheikh Sahib and his wife.

Page 40

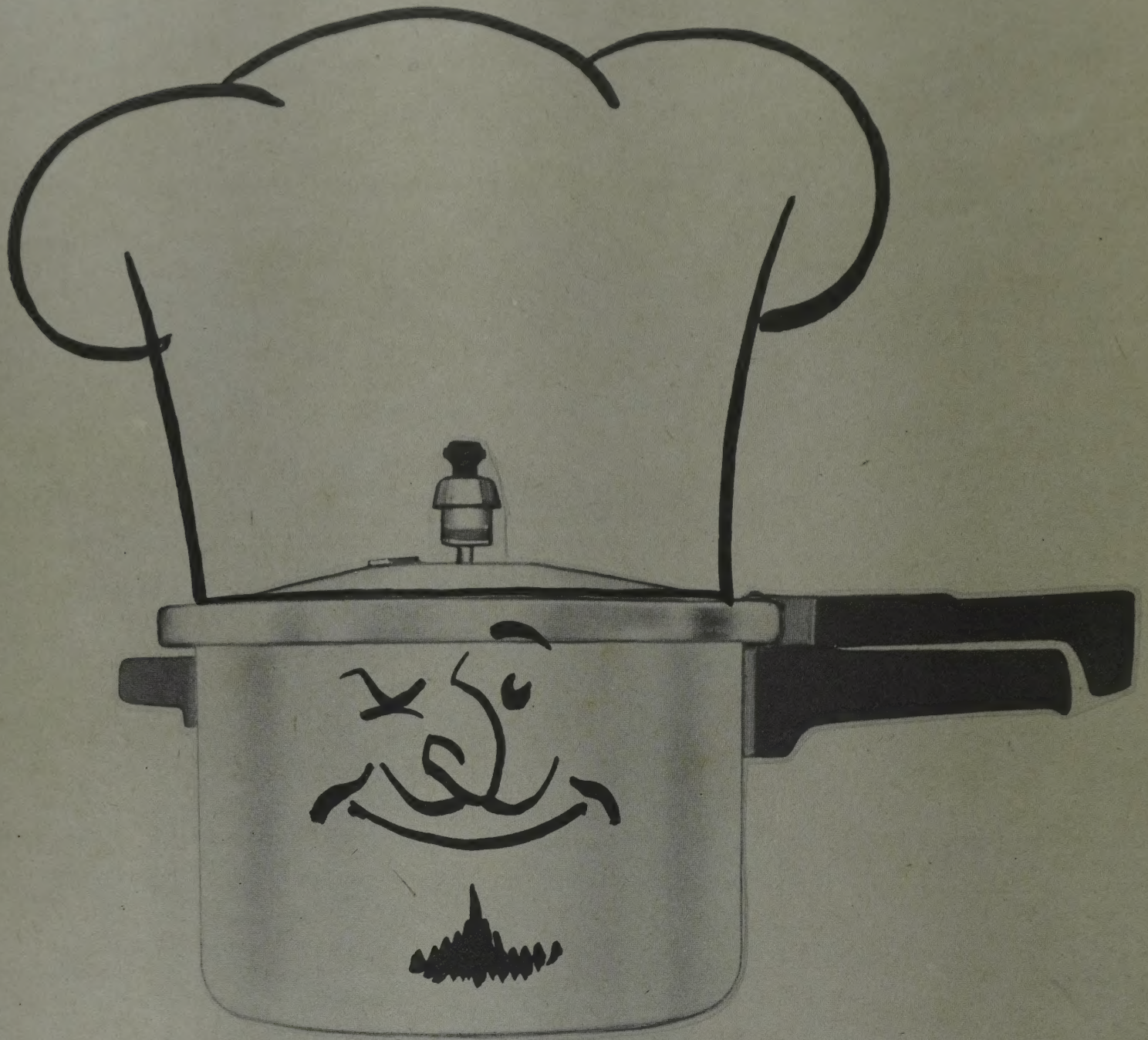
ALSO

Vera Jennings' rocks/Page 16, How to cook your chicken tender—a step by step lesson/Page 17, Striped sweater with matching scarf/page 21, "To Begin Again" Part III of the new Mills & Boon story/Page 22, Women in our police force/Page 31, A woman cricket umpire/Page 39.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Beauty/16, Hiya Honey, Quiz No. 8/19, Fashion/24, Profile: Indian scientist-dancer in U.S./27, Comics/28, Films: Moushumi/29, Youth page/36, People Known and Unknown/37, Frankly Speaking/43, People and Events/44, This week for you/46.

She loves me for the cook in me.



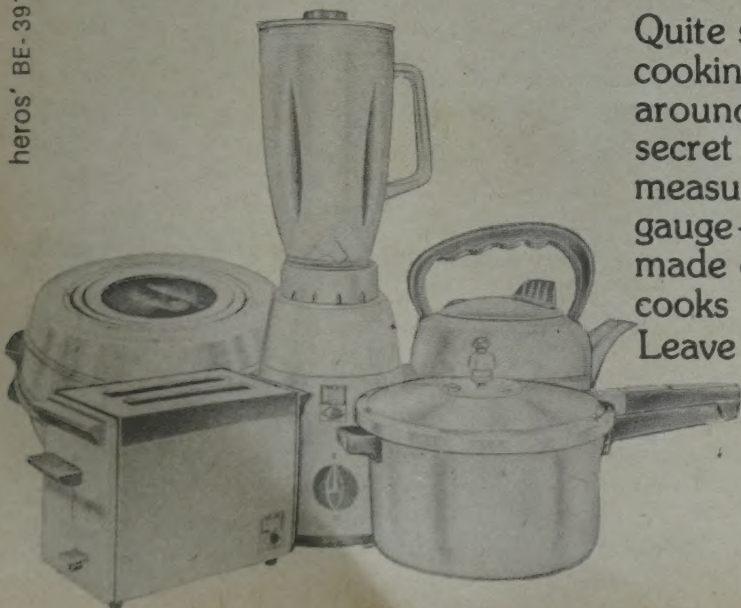
Quite simply for I help her out in cooking food so good, everyone around is all praise for her. The secret of her success in good measure lies in my extra-thick body gauge—the sterner stuff that I am made of. By virtue of which she cooks food much tastier. Leave alone the speed

I cook with, the time and fuel costs I help her save on!

And she's one housewife among lakhs who trusts me for a kitchen mate. For I am the Bajaj Pressure Cooker.

Little wonder, I've earned my keep over the years in lakhs of kitchens—along with my other family mates.

heros' BE-391



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

1st
prize

TO INTERFERE OR NOT TO...

"People pass by as girl is attacked in broad daylight" screamed a headline. I double-checked the item, astonished that the place referred to was Bombay and not a city in America. One of the nicest facets of Bombay life so far was the way a crowd would gather immediately at the least sign of trouble and champion the cause of the underdog. Perhaps the recent spate of news items about mediators being killed, influenced the crowd that passed by the screaming girl without helping her. In that case, it cannot really be blamed. Yet, once this kind of disregard for others' suffering takes root in a people, the decline in their civilisation begins. This has been amply borne out by Western cultures. It is therefore to be hoped that this policy of non-interference is a temporary lapse on the Bombayman's part and that he will soon revert to his former, helpful self.

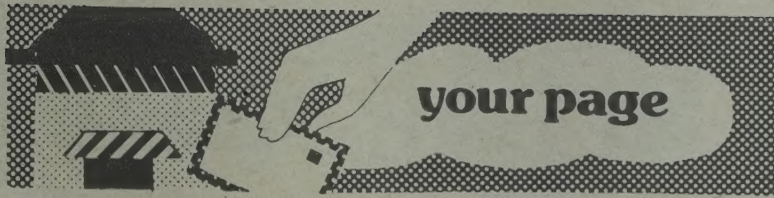
Pushpalatha Prabhu, Bombay

Yes, that news item was shocking... shameful. A child was openly assaulted and no one went forward to help, no one raised a rumpus. But then, as you say people are scared today — scared of themselves being assaulted, scared of being involved with the police and lawcourts and, maybe, hardened goondas. Nevertheless, we cannot be silent spectators to crime. Good citizenship may today involve some discomfort or danger but we cannot abandon humanity and courage.

2nd
prize

THE HAVEN OUTSIDE

Most of the irritations and frustrations that stem out of the daily domestic lives of women-folk are because of their 24-hour attendance at home. I have found that career-women have very little, or no time at all to feel bothered about the petty misunderstandings of the family members... they are only too happy to ignore such things and get along with their daily routine. The reason is, the moment they



are out of the house and at the place of work they are cut off from all the domestic worry and household drudgery; as the evening nears, they are eager to get back to their havens and so they are willing to reconcile themselves to any situation. They neither want to carry office-politics into the home, nor do they want to bother themselves about household irritations. The housewife who is forced to stay at home has all the day to herself to ruminate over what's happening around her, which adds up to her already tired mind. The only remedy for a 'stay-at-home' housewife is to have a serious hobby of her own which gives her enough mental occupation to forget the petty irritations.

Mrs. Srijaya N. Char,
Bangalore

True, in a way, but not entirely the pretty picture you paint. The working woman doesn't have it all that easy at her place of work — there's a boss there, too, remember! The difference is that by being out in the great, wide, competitive world, she is able to get her priorities right and sift the petty from the worthwhile.

3rd
prize

ATTA GIRL!

The Ahmedabad edition of the Times of India recently had a news item of a young jean-clad girl who used to be teased by a boy daily, on her regular visits to a local library. This sort of behaviour on the boy's part continued unabated with the girl simply ignoring him. But on that particular day, he tried to take a little more liberty with her. He followed her as usual, and passed a remark which infuriated her. She rained a number of Karate blows on him, making him fall to the ground gasping for breath. After this, she stood over him, asking him to get up — just like in the Hindi movies! The passers-by tried to intervene to come to her aid, but she would not accept anyone's help. She would tackle him herself. What is most important is that she boldly declared that if he had courage enough, he should fight her and she would marry him or else he should beg forgiveness. The boy preferred the latter course. He begged forgiveness and disappeared from

the scene. Isn't this a very good example of Women's Liberation? Women should learn to fight it out when some wrong or injustice is done to them by the men.

Miss Claudina Vaz, Ahmedabad

Well, we don't know if it can be done all the time. Karate practised by women may be effective just so long as there is a "surprise element" in it. Once, all women learn to use Karate the men will find other means...

IN DEFENCE OF TEMPLES

In spite of being Muslim, I have been to both temples and churches, besides mosques, and have yet to be turned out from any one of them. I have raised my hands in prayer at the Mosque, rung the bell at the Temple, sat amongst the Sikhs in a Gurudwara and lighted a candle at a Church, but no one has ever even questioned my actions, leave aside asked me to stand outside!

I am sure, many readers will agree that mosques and temples do not turn out anyone... neither Muslims, nor Hindus nor anyone else. The letter you published recently (Eve's Weekly, July 1, 1978) by Jyoti Lajmi about her friend not being allowed into a temple, is an unfortunate case of one in a million. While in India I, too, have been to Goa, and to both temples and churches, as to a mosque. No one ever asked me what religion I followed. And I can assure you that no one ever asked me to stand outside either. Not the mosque, not the church and certainly not the temple! I repeat that I am a Muslim.

Yours is a magazine which encourages social understanding and faith of one human in another. Let us understand each other without hitting at religions. That is one thing, left in today's world, to call our very own.

Miss Sabira G. Damji, Dubai

One in a million can become two in a million, then three and four and five. Another woman's magazine here recently published a letter about entry refused in a temple in the South because the lady was wearing salwar-kameez, and was not "properly" dressed in a saree! These may be stray instances but they surely cannot be dismissed lightly.

ENCOURAGING DISHONESTY

About four hundred students backed by faked marks certificates were eligible for admission to the Industrial Training Institutes in our state. When this came to light, however, these students were suspended. "Government Condones Cheating by Students" is the heading of a news item that now tells us, that the state has decided to condone their action and has accordingly revoked the suspension order, going to the extent of 'instructing' heads of concerned institutes to overlook attendance shortage that resulted from suspension!

The Government no doubt has very grave and sound reasons for an action such as this. We are told that the decision was on 'humanitarian considerations'. But, what are to be the consequences and repercussions of such a step? Will this not tempt our youth into further deception? By encouraging deception and taking the dishonest under its wing does the Government plan to nurture, or does it hope to rout this social evil. We come face to face with the ugly monster of dishonesty in the garb of fraud, cheating, theft, bribery — you name it, we meet it in every walk of life but I see little hope for a brighter future, not when the powers-that-be take a stand like this. I fear dishonesty is here to stay.

Daphne Khan, Hyderabad

This is something we feel very strongly about and we have often referred to it in these columns. Without going into the pros and cons of this particular case, it is imperative that, as a nation, we realise the grim aftermath of continuous corruption and dishonesty.

READER'S VOICE

NOTHING TO CONVEY

"How urbanites spend their leisure time" (Aug. 5) has nothing to convey worth its name. It is doubtful whether the "series of interviews" was well thought of and pre-planned. At least no analysis of data collected seems to have been done.

A person is said to enjoy leisure time if he is not at work, and is at liberty to do anything. Many a time a person is subtly forced to conform to a set pattern of spending non-working hours, for example, "Going (to discotheques)", "Mr. M. — a gardener who chats and drinks with friends and more often than not gets drunk." Is this a leisure time activity or an act of escapism?

(Mrs. Simrat Sethi, New Delhi)

SOCIAL FUTURES:

VAST POTENTIAL OF

After the much-publicised and well-attended Conference of the Pacific Area Travel Association (PATA) in New Delhi this year, it is time to take stock and both review as well as project our infant tourist industry. Its successes and failures, future plans of action and the role it will play in revising and determining our economics.

It cannot be denied by even the most rabid critics of tourism that the industry has brought in enormous foreign exchange, nor that it has taken pains to learn and avoid mistakes made by other nations in the race to make a fast buck. The fact that achievements have been made despite red tape and bureaucratic pomposity only adds to the kudos the industry deserves.

It is easy to be impressed by statistics and for those who will not accept other arguments, a few such exercises in numbers have been added, but in the main, we will merely discuss the probable future of tourism as it appears to common sense.

Soon after India became independent, the emphasis in our economics was (legitimately) on production, both industrial and agricultural. An effort was made, and to a very large degree succeeded, in bringing about a very radical change in the image of India as a "developing" country, from its former abject picture of a feudal land of petty princes and peasants, beggars and snake charmers.

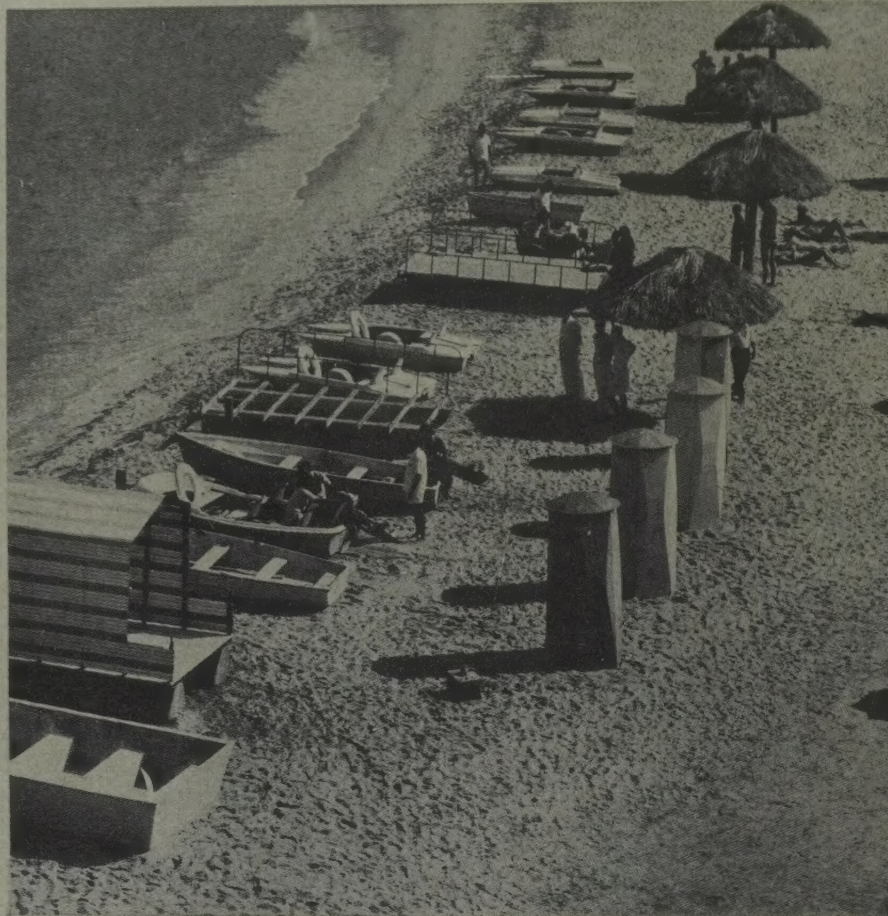
We already had the basics of the best and largest railway network in Asia to support which, the infant steel and coal industries were already operative. Then came our national airlines, with its international wing, and we were on our way to taking the first shaky steps towards the business of tourism.

Tourism has always existed of course, if we are to give that word its primitive meaning. But we cannot seriously believe that people like Genghis Khan or Alexander the Great were tourists. The modern interpretation of the word rests solely on its commercial value to the host country. That is to say, the operative word is "money."

It is to our gain that we entered the field only recently. The western world had already learnt the hard way of the disasters of chopping down trees to build housing complexes, the unfavourable effects of crowding beaches, and all the various lessons on ecology. Suddenly the world realised that if we abused nature long enough, nature would turn around and refuse to cooperate with us.

The fifth article in the FUTUROLOGY series deals with our tourist potential. While much has been done to attract foreign visitors, and the industry has improved vastly, we have only scratched the surface so far

Bharati Chatterji



Kovalam: where you can "claim a private stretch of sand on the beach" — unlike in other famous beach resorts.

Suiting tourism to all pockets — ITDC brochures attract travellers of all types.



The tourist industry in India was able to for instance, in keeping with standards of ecology, build a beach resort in Kovalam which is unique. Compared to the much publicised beaches of Miami or Hawaii, Kovalam is heaven. It is possible there to claim a private stretch of sand while you are on the beach. Compare it to Miami where you may, if you fight hard and long enough, find just about enough space to rest your backside.

In the same vein, another discovery to our advantage has been the many faces of India itself. We learnt to incorporate Indian designing, crafts, motifs, cuisine, arts and traditions instead of importing standard material. Thus, the foreign tourist, when staying at one of our luxury hotels, does not wake up the morning after a long flight out of home, to wonder if he's still in Portland city or Hong Kong or Marseilles.

So, besides saving enormous amounts of foreign exchange in buying alien material we also add to our "charm." A case in point is that of the Philippines where, all the money earned from foreign exchange is spent in buying foreign knowhow and material.

Since the growth of tourism is inexorably tied to the general politico-economic atmosphere, a truly accurate prediction of the future would be essentially academic. But taking global trends into consideration, it would be safe to assume that from now until the turn of the century, tourism will progress favourably for India, adding not only to our earnings, but also to various basic needs of the nation.

INDIAN TOURIST INDUSTRY

Unlike most western countries, our tourist industry is not an extension of a prevailing domestic infrastructure geared to travel. Domestic travel in our country is limited by obvious economic factors, and the middle classes who do have the interest and curiosity to travel, prefer to spend the money on acquiring luxury goods to enhance their living standards. We have to cross many

Having removed the ugliness from railway travel—the crowds, filth, squalor, you are left only to enjoy its romance. India's vastness, its geographical, cultural and ethnic varieties, remain mostly untapped. The potentials of development are therefore so much greater than say, a present-day tourist Mecca like Singapore or Hawaii or even for that mat-

ter, continents like Europe and North America.

We still carry the aura of the mysterious East and frankly it is indeed a "mystery," even to us. Every so often, we keep stumbling onto places of potential tourist interest and it will be many years in the future before we will have exploited even partially what we already possess.

The present Minister for Tourism has laid emphasis on domestic travel as an approach to the plans of the industry in the next decade. A start is being made with the building of the first "Janata" hotel in New Delhi with a provision for 1,250 rooms. Theoretically, it is a sound proposition, so long as the Ministry does not insist in merely putting up or subsidising so many hotels to meet a required record.

If a follow-up maintenance and sustenance plan of action is not carried out, the entire project will end up as an exercise in futility and decay into slothful much-criticised similar "public utilities." Again, it is useless to build hotels for domestic travellers, no matter how inexpensive, unless the general economic progress makes it possible for them to take holidays. However, such hotels are welcome and, hopefully, along with the price factor, they will not cut down on such basic amenities as cleanliness and hygienic conditions.

Since air travel will remain the most popular means used by foreigners, it is being seriously considered to add to our international airports and increase our domestic air facilities. Meanwhile, another aspect of air travel demands prompt attention. It is essential to speed up our reservation facilities, reduce check-in times, delays, etc. The tardiness, and often, total irresponsibility of airline "information" officers is the butt of many jokes. It ceases to amuse if you are a tourist with a fixed itinerary or even a domestic traveller in a hurry.

The Civil Aviation Department has many ambitious plans on its agenda for the '80s, in collaboration with the Indian Airlines proposal to extend its airbus services to Gauhati, Srinagar, Goa, Hyderabad and Trivandrum. Boeing operations are proposed to be extended to Agartala, Cochin, Bhavnagar, Silchar, Coimbatore, Jammu, Rajkot, Indore, Baroda, Bhubaneswar and Chandigarh.

The private sector was understandably upset by the present government's decision not to actively support the construction of new five-star hotels. Although the government will not actively support it, it is understood that there will not be any restrictions either. Nevertheless, the step may not after all be a very progressive one.

Tied to the prohibition factor, the building of such hotels becomes a grave risk for the entrepreneur. Supporters of the move will argue that prohibition is a positive step against a social evil and to hell with wealthy entre-



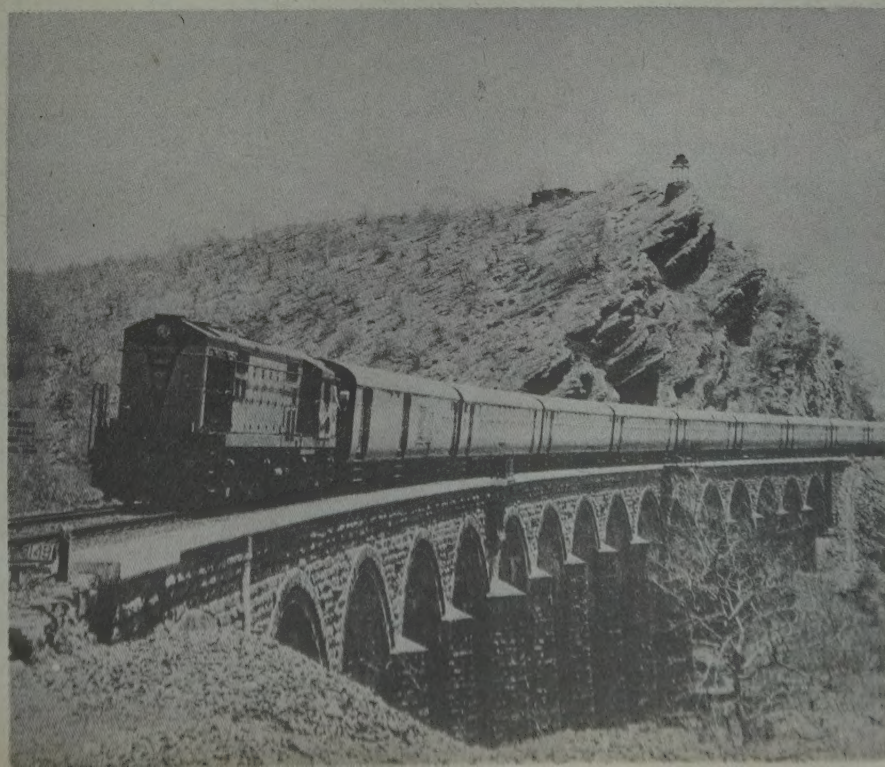
Incorporating Indian design, crafts and cuisine in our hotels.

milestones in socio-economic movement before an atmosphere is created to generate a genuine interest in domestic tourism.

In the meanwhile, considering the growth of volume in international tourists as our priority target, we are able to build a suitable infra-structure which can be later utilised by domestic tourists. For instance, the present Chairman of ITDC, Mr. Dave, is trying actively to introduce luxury railway coaches as an alternate and certainly more creative mode of travel between one tourist destination and another.

Besides doing away with the hassle of travelling from the centre of the city to a remote airport, waiting, delays, the boredom of the flight itself, plus other things, it adds to the holiday spirit and education of travellers to travel gradually through the countryside, actually "see the country" in comfort and at a more natural pace.

The base on which our tourism rests — the best and largest railway network in Asia.



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VAST POTENTIAL OF INDIAN TOURIST INDUSTRY

preneurs. It is not necessary to stretch the memory much to remember that prohibition was a catastrophic failure wherever it was imposed and that it is just such "wealthy" entrepreneurs who have made employment possible for millions of people.

It is basically faulty logic to believe that the restriction of

anything wipes out the need or desire for the restricted item. In fact, it has been proved many times over that the opposite is true. Anyway, so long as the law is in force, we have no choice but to work around it and hope for the best. It will, if it is enforced with any further rigidity, ring the death knell, not only for the owners and employees of breweries but of a considerable part of the dream of a future in tourism.

WORLD TRENDS IN TOURISM

a) World population will double between 1960 and 2000 from 3000 million to 6000 million. The increase will be significant even in developed countries which send us tourists, viz. from 1080 to 1600 million in 2000 A.D.

b) Between 1965 and 2000, the per capita income of the developed countries will rise between 2 to 4 times attaining an average of 5775 dollars.

c) Travel formalities will be simpler and increase in travel costs will lower in relation to income increases.

d) 30-hour work weeks may be adopted by the advanced countries equivalent to 147 days of work per year. Most of the holidays will be in the form of long week-ends although annual vacations will also be longer than the present two-four weeks.

e) Tourist expenditure between 1965 and 1985 is estimated to increase between 3-4 times.

f) Increasing urbanisation will call for more holiday outlets within the region.



Our handlooms and handicrafts continue to be among our chief tourist attractions.

TOURIST ARRIVALS IN INDIA

| Month | Year | | | Percentage change | |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|-------------------|---------|
| | 1976 | 1977 | 1978 | 1977/76 | 1978/77 |
| January | 44,880 | 55,811 | 63,600 | +24.4 | +14.0 |
| February | 43,201 | 49,968 | 60,014 | +15.7 | +20.1 |
| March | 45,962 | 55,358 | 64,481 | +20.4 | +16.5 |
| April | 36,747 | 44,570 | 50,130 | +21.3 | +12.5 |
| May | 32,997 | 38,278 | 43,538 | +16.0 | +13.7 |
| June | 33,035 | 38,464 | 45,541 | +16.4 | +18.4 |
| Total | 236,822 | 282,449 | 327,304 | +19.0 | +16.0 |

TOURIST ARRIVALS 1966 — 1977

| Year | Tourist arrivals | Percentage increase |
|------|------------------|---------------------|
| 1966 | 159,603 | 7.9 |
| 1967 | 179,565 | 12.5 |
| 1968 | 188,820 | 5.2 |
| 1969 | 244,724 | 29.6 |
| 1970 | 280,821 | 14.7 |
| 1971 | 300,995 | 7.2 |
| 1972 | 342,950 | 13.9 |
| 1973 | 409,895 | 19.5 |
| 1974 | 423,161 | 3.2 |
| 1975 | 465,275 | 10.0 |
| 1976 | 533,951 | 14.8 |
| 1977 | 640,422 | 20.0 |

FOREIGN EXCHANGE EARNINGS

| Year | Foreign Exchange Earnings (in crores) |
|------|---------------------------------------|
| 1966 | 22.60 |
| 1967 | 25.18 |
| 1968 | 26.42 |
| 1969 | 33.11 |
| 1970 | 39.03 |
| 1971 | 40.38 |
| 1972 | 48.32 |
| 1973 | 67.50 |
| 1974 | 69.70 |
| 1975 | 104.20 |
| 1976 | 225.00 |
| 1977 | 270.00 |

INDIA TOURISM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION — FINANCIAL PERFORMANCE

Rs. in millions

| | 1969-70 | 1970-71 | 1971-72 | 1972-73 | 1973-74 | 1974-75 | 1975-76 | 1976-77 | 1977-78 Provisional |
|-------------------------------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|------------------------|
| Paid-up Capital | 23.79 | 59.68 | 72.18 | 90.18 | 105.18 | 119.18 | 133.18 | 138.18 | |
| Gross Block including Capital | | | | | | | | | |
| Work in progress | 16.36 | 100.10 | 127.08 | 164.66 | 193.43 | 227.99 | 259.21 | 278.90 | |
| Turnover | 11.12 | 56.51 | 65.58 | 93.44 | 108.85 | 131.20 | 150.34 | 185.51 | 215.64 |
| Gross Profit | 1.17 | 10.75 | 11.73 | 18.46 | 21.23 | 26.32 | 23.70 | 33.11 | |
| Profit before tax | 0.26 | 0.25 | 0.16 | 2.68 | 3.81 | 7.34 | 5.99 | 13.2* | 16.00 |
| Net Profit | 0.26 | 2.25 | 0.16 | 2.68 | 3.81 | 7.34 | 5.99 | 7.82 | 7.50 |
| Gross Return on Equity Capital | 0.49% | 1.80% | 1.62% | 2.04% | 2.01% | 2.20% | 2.22% | 2.91% | |
| Estimated Foreign Exchange Earnings | 2.50 | 29.50 | 31.00 | 42.00 | 52.50 | 66.00 | 70.00 | 80.00 | 95.00 |
| Internal Resources Generated | 0.90 | 7.29 | 9.52 | 14.60 | 15.99 | 19.55 | 21.95 | 23.60 | |

* First year of tax liability

Orissa furnishes the earliest evidence of dance in India because, according to the late Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, the Jain cave temples of Udaigiri and the rock edicts of Hatigumpha in Orissa are the earliest representations of Dance in this country. Dance was a deep and vital expression of devotion and an indispensable item in the daily rituals of worship in the temples.

Hundreds of artistic dance-poses that crowd the temple walls of Bhubaneswar, Konarak and Puri bear ample testimony to the fact that Orissa had its special style of dancing since ancient times.

Maheswar Mohapatra mentions this as "Odra Nritya" in his treatise, "Abhinaya Chandrika" (12 century). Odra was the ancient name of Orissa. There were hundreds of dancing girls attached to all the important shrines in this land of magnificent temples. These girls, known as the "Maharis" were held in great respect because they danced only in temples.

Later on, the ascetic followers of Vaishnavism disapproved of women dancers and introduced the system of "Gotipuas" or boy-dancers who dressed up as girls and danced according to the "Sakhi-Bhava" philosophy of Vaishnavism. The passionate bhakti of Vaishnavism gave it an essentially aesthetic dimension transforming "the mighty sex-impulse into a passionate religious emotion." In the 12th century its popularity and aesthetic appeal were greatly enhanced by the great poet Jayadeva and his dancer wife Padmavati.

Sanjukta, who is easily the most outstanding exponent of the Odissi style of dancing today, and her husband Raghunath, the noted "Geeta Govind" singer, have been hailed by dance lovers as the twentieth century incarnations of Padmavati and Jayadeva.

The rediscovery of Odissi has been one of the most exciting events in the field of Indian dancing in recent times. Indrani Rahman under the guidance of Dr. Charles Fabri, was a pioneer in this revival.

Sanjukta Panigrahi was the first Oriyan girl from a respectable, well-to-do and orthodox Brahmin family to dedicate herself to the revival and popularisation of Odissi. Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra spotted her rare talent when she was barely five, and accepted her as his pupil. In 1953 when she made her debut at The Children's Little Theatre in Calcutta, dance critics hailed her as a child prodigy, "a truly God gifted genius whose wonderful dance captivated the audience."

With an Orissa Government scholarship, Sanjukta underwent

rigorous Bharata Natyam training in Kalakshetra, Madras, under the guidance of Rukmini Devi. About her Kalakshetra years, Sanjukta said to me:

I was only eight when my parents took me to Adyar. At first, everything seemed so strange—the food, the language, the very atmosphere—and my parents wondered if I would ever be able to adjust myself. But I imbibed the fine culture of the place in no time, and enjoyed the training immensely.

Kalakshetra training and discipline are superb."

She emerged as a fine Bharata Natyam dancer and toured all over the country as a leading participant in many of the Kalakshetra ballets. After obtaining her Nritya Praveena diploma in 1959, Sanjukta proceeded to Bombay on another scholarship, and after undergoing Kathak training under Guru Hazarilal at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, she got her Nrityasri diploma in Kathak.

It was after her marriage to the well-known Geeta Govind singer Surmani Raghunath Panigrahi in 1960 that Sanjukta's chosen path became clear to her.

When I asked her, after all that rigorous training in Kathak and Bharata Natyam, why did she give up these styles so completely? Sanjukta explained, "When I went back to Orissa, I felt that I must devote myself exclusively to the Odissi of my land, and work hard to bring it before the public eye and pre-

SANJUKTA AND RAGHUNATH PANIGRAHI:

The Dance-Music



sent it in an attractive manner. If I had tried to keep up all the three styles that I had learnt, my effort would have been divided, and I would not have been able to give to Odissi the time and concentration needed to make of it a great dance style."

Under the constant guidance of her guru and with the encouragement of her husband, Sanjukta delved into ancient treatises on dance, studied temple-sculptures depicting hundreds of dance poses, met many gifted maharis and gotipuas, and also did a great deal of research. Her contributions to the revival and enrichment of the long neglected Odissi are considered outstanding.

Since 1962, Sanjukta has been giving an almost uninterrupted chain of Odissi performances not only all over this vast subcontinent and in neighbouring countries like Nepal, Sikkim, etc. but also in distant lands like U.K., U.S.A., Europe, Philippines and Japan.

My first chance to interview

the young Panigrahis came just after their extensive and successful tour of the U.S.S.R. as members of a Government sponsored cultural delegation many years ago. Some of her endearing qualities that immediately won me over were her unspoilt simplicity, hum'ility, warm and sweet nature, and her obvious dedication to the art.

Raghunath, with his boyish charm, his admiration for his "Sanju" and her great art, and his highly religious temperament, wins friends easily. Sanjukta told me, like an excited child, "We performed in so many cities and saw a lot of their dances, but it

sincerity as an artiste. "The applause means something to me. I feel elated only when I have given a good recital. If I am not satisfied with a particular performance of mine, no ovation is going to cheer me up."

Apart from her technical mastery and superb grace what makes her outstanding is the utter absorption with which she dances. She uses techniques as "an instrument by which she convincingly transforms her body into an electrical conductor for artistic energy."

For Sanjukta, the Odissi dance is a medium of worship, and on

all accurate and graceful, but most enchanting are her bhangis (karanas). Odissi is rich in Bhangis. In no other style of dancing is the fascinating Tribhanga concept of Hindu sculpture and iconography exploited as it is in Odissi. Few can equal Sanjukta's perfect tribhangis, the sculpturesque and utterly feminine (full of laalitya) three-bend poses (hip deflected, head tilted, knees flexed) into which she "freezes" after a series of nritta movements.

The mridangabhangi, the darpān, murali, deep-kanya and veenadhari are some of the typical tribhangis of Odissi. The

c.) lays great stress on the expressional aspect of Odissi. In order to excel in the distinctive abhinaya aspect, the dancer has to be a real saadhak steeped in both the Vaishnava and the Jagannath cults.

Krishna is conceived of as "the total personification of the Supreme Being," the sole Purusha of the Universe, and Radha as "the manifestation of the highest form of love for God."

It is this passionate bhakti of Vaishnavism that sublimates the entire Radha-Krishna theme from the sensual to the most highly sensuous, aesthetic, and religious emotion.

For a just portrayal of Radha's love for Krishna, which is far beyond and above the intellect, the dancer has to have not only consummate histrionic talent, but also a sensitive and highly religious temperament. This is where Sanjukta excels. The religious mood is built up by Sanjukta and her troupe in the Poorva Ranga Pooja which they perform in the green-room with music, chanting, lamps, and agarbatis in front of a small improvised little temple.

Among their many additions to the Odissi repertoire, special mention may be made of Surdas padams, episodes from Ramcharitmanas, the Yugma-dwanda and so on.

One of the favourite Ashtapadis of the Panigrahis is the famous one beginning with the words "Yahi Madhava! Yahi Keshava!". Sanjukta's abhinaya brings out the deep anguish and pathetic despair of Radha, the Khandita Nayika. The hauntingly sad refrain in Bhairavi is poignantly rendered by Raghunath while the subdued and dignified pakhawaj accompaniment of the Guru builds up the atmosphere.

Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra's Pakhawaj and Raghunath's music can hardly be called "accompaniments" because both of them participate in the dance as passionately as Sanju herself. Sage Markandeya said, "Dancing can only be understood by someone familiar with music. Without music, dancing cannot exist at all".

The revival of Odissi owes much to dedicated gurus and artistes like them. For an artiste like Sanjukta, there is no such thing as resting on her laurels. With her deep humility and highly religious temperament, she is ever striving for perfection in her art. I fully agree with the critic who wrote recently after watching Sanjukta's recital:

"The last time I saw her, I felt that she was the last word in Odissi. I realised my mistake on seeing her now — she has bettered herself!"

Couple of Odissi

was Uzbekistan that particularly fascinated us because their dances are so akin to Kathak, their folk music is similar to ours, and some of their tunes reminded me of some Carnatic ragas like Keerwani."

After seeing Sanjukta's Odissi at the India pavilion of Expo '70 in Osaka (three shows daily for 60 consecutive days!), the leading journals of Japan groped for words to express their intense admiration for this dance which is "something unique, with a magic power in it, expressing the unification of the universe and rhythm."

"Draw pictures of an oriental goddess in various stances," wrote "The Japan Times," "breathe life into all these; the entrancing smile coupled with bewitching looks came to life in the ecstatic movements of lovely Indian dancer Sanjukta Panigrani, a versatile enchantress on the stage."

After her recent prolonged stay in Paris, Sanjukta said, "I found the Parisian audiences very eager to learn to appreciate Odissi in an intelligent manner. What they admire most is the purity of our traditions in dance, music and costumes. At their request, I had to substitute the violin accompanist in my orchestra by a flute, because the connoisseurs of Paris felt that violin is more of a Western instrument, whereas the flute is more Indian."

I asked her, "Did you find the standing ovations of the enthusiastic Western audiences more exhilarating than the usual applause of admiring Indian audiences?"

Sanjukta's simple answer revealed to me her maturity and

A unique husband-wife team whose music and dance fuse to provide an ecstatic aesthetic experience

Susheela Mishra

stage she becomes the very personification of man's urge to identify himself with the infinite. Whenever I watch her dance, I recall Beryl De Zoete's words: "The dancing body is but another instrument of music." Music seeps through her body and echoes in her flowing, sinuous movements. The Vishnudharmottara says, "Dancing is merely an embodiment of music in the medium of the human body."

For Sanjukta, Odissi is the ideal choice. No other style would have suited her serene, deeply emotional personality so well. Tall and slim, and with a sweet face and smile, Sanjukta has an attractive stage personality that "soothes, rather than dazzles." While breathing life into the frozen, voluptuous dance poses of the Konarak and Bhubaneswar temple sculptures, she conveys the spiritual and devotional message of Odissi.

She has mastered Nritta, Nritya, and Abhinaya, but it is in the last that she is supreme.

Sanjukta's padavedas (feet position), charis (different kinds of steps), Bhramaris (leaps) are

remarkable "symphonies in stone" in the Nat mandir and temple walls of Orissa which have preserved the perennial beauty of Odissi dance poses have greatly helped creative artistes like Sanjukta in reviving the old glory of this lovely style. "Aesthetic sensuousness, flowing movements, and a rare lyrical grace within a strictly classical framework" have won for Odissi an ever increasing clientele during the last two decades or so.

Besides the usual Odissi items such as Mangalacharan Bhoomi Pranam, Bighnaraja Pooja, Palavi, Batunritya, Geeta Govind-Abhinaya and Mokshya, Sanjukta has choreographed many new items and enriched the Odissi repertoire while Raghunath's music and Guru Kelucharan's pakhawaj create an ideal background of haunting music and rhythmic accompaniment.

For all her items, Raghunath's resonant singing creates the right mood and atmosphere. Trained from early boyhood under his scholarly father, he confides that he has had many mystical experiences while he used to sit and practise his singing inside the temples of Puri and Bhubaneswar. With convincing simplicity he claims that he learnt many Ragas like Puriya, Adi Basant, Sohini, etc, from a disembodied voice in the temple! A born linguist, Raghunath can sing and talk in a number of languages. His music has the same emotional absorption that characterises Sanju's dancing. He gets lost in his music and persuades his listeners to follow him. His singing has been hailed as "a personal communication with God."

The same ethereal and spiritual mood pervades Sanjukta's Odissi. In his "Abhinayachandrika", Maheswar Mohapatra (circa 12th

ASTROLOGY:

SCIENCE OR FAKE?

Shivanand Karkal

Astrology, an ancient Oriental heritage, has a tremendous hold on the minds of men even today, if the avidly read astrological columns in almost every magazine and newspaper, and the refusal of many people to plan anything (from marriages to melas) without first consulting an astrologer are anything to go by.

This dependence on astrology and astrologers has assumed a virtually pathological level in two professions — the tinsel “illum” world, and the power-oriented world of the politician. It appears that no film director, producer, distributor, etc. will move an inch without getting the “go-ahead” from his astrologer. Politicians also share this pathetic faith in astrology.

I need quote only a few instances to prove my point. Apparently all of India's past Prime Ministers believed in astrology — and so does the present one. Indira Gandhi is supposed to have arranged the date for the March '77 elections after “astrological consultations.” Almost every Congress leader had his own astrologer to guide him along the starry way to power.

With the overthrow of the Congress government, most, if not all, of their astrologers have switched camps (they aren't the only ones to do that!) and are now patronised by Janata leaders.

The recent Charan Singh-Morari Desai confrontation and the former's precipitation of the famous “crisis” is supposed to have an astrological basis: apparently Charan was “advised” that if he wanted to become PM, he would have to do so before August 1978 — after that, his stars were “unfavourable.”

He has his own astrologer, who even decided what room he would stay in at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences after his heart attack. Charan was reportedly shifted into a room actually occupied by an MP as per his astrologer's “divinations.”

Raj Narain, possibly the most comic figure to have starred in the Indian political pantheon,

also shares his mentor's faith in astrology, numerology, etc. He had the unique distinction of living in the only house with an even number on a street where all other residences had odd numbers: his “advisers” had warned him that the odd number 9 was unlucky — and so Mr. Narain changed his residence to 8, Race Course Road.

The stories circulating in certain circles about the role astrology played in recent political “crises” — quite a few of them apocryphal perhaps — appeared to be the inspiring force behind one of R. K. Laxman's inimitable “You Said It”s. Possibly the most humorous offshoot of it all is a report which appeared some time ago in a weekly published from Bombay, according to which an astrologer had predicted that Karan Singh — of all persons! — would be India's next Prime Minister!

It is easy to dismiss such charlatanism — after all, every profession and science has its charlatans — but quite another matter to arrive at an answer to the more abiding question: Is astrology a science?

To find out, I first met Mr. R. N. Purandare, an eminent authority on astrology. Talking to him is an experience not easily forgotten. A spry old man in his seventies, Mr. Purandare has devoted the last forty years and more to what he describes as a scientific study of astrology. “I have no wish to be known as a great astrologer. I have never commercialised my knowledge,” he says. People from all over the country flock to him with their horoscopes, or their sons', or their daughters'. His guidance is granted free, he keeps open house for the high and low of the land. “In 40 years, I have not charged a single paisa from anyone!” Mr. Purandare declares.

Deploping the class of professional astrologers who put up imposing plaques proclaiming “Astrologer: Consulting Hours...” Mr. Purandare says, “These are the type of astrologers who, if someone comes to them asking if they'll get a job, say ‘Your Mars

is in the 6th house, so you may, but your Venus is in the 8th house, so you may not’ — and then put out their hands for their fees. Astrological columns in newspapers and magazines also misguide the public, and because of all these, there are a lot of misconceptions about astrology in the lay mind.”

Hoping to clear some of these misconceptions, Mr. Purandare says, “Let us begin with the definition of astrology. As Fowler defines it, astrology is the science of foretelling the affairs of human beings as affected by heavenly bodies. There are two main systems of astrology — the Western and Eastern. Again, there are various Indian systems — the Aryan, the Dravidian, and so on. The basic tool of the astrologer is the horoscope. To understand how predictions are made, you'll have to understand how a person's horoscope is charted.

“Now, the zodiac is divided into 12 different parts and each part is called a House, or a sign, or a rashi. Each house had its own characteristics and the 12 houses as named by Western astrologers are: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Pisces and Aquarius. To draw up a person's horoscope, the exact time, date and place of his birth are essential. The horoscope is based on the configuration of heavenly bodies at the time of his birth. The person's 1st house — called the Ascendant — is that division of the zodiac which is rising on the horizon at the time of his birth (every division stays on the horizon for 2 hours so that all 12 divisions complete one revolution in 24 hours or one day).

“Western astrologers draw up horoscopes on the basis of the Sun's position at the time of birth, whereas Indian astrologers do so on the basis of the Moon's position. In addition, there are 27 nakshatras or stars, and while the moon revolves around the earth in about 28 days, it reflects the rays of these stars on to the earth. Every type of radiation has a specific effect on human beings. And, the distribu-

tion of these star-rays could be either beneficial or baneful to human beings on earth. This is known as the ‘Ray Distribution Theory’ of astrology.

“According to this theory, heavenly bodies are classified as good or beneficial and inauspicious or baneful. Bodies like Moon, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, etc. belong to the first category while the Sun, Saturn, Neptune, etc. belong to the second. The presence of each of these in any of the 12 houses is called a transit and astrologers interpret transits in a particular way. For this interpretation, each of the 12 houses is associated with certain qualities. For instance, the first house is the person's ascendant, and there are three classes of ascendants of which Leo, Libra and Sagittarius occupy the first or best class. To give another example, those born under Gemini or Aquarius are extremely intelligent; with the smallest effort, they can achieve a lot, whereas others have to put in much more effort and achieve much less in life.

“So much for the 1st house. The 2nd is the house of wealth. The 3rd is the house of ability, and happiness from one's brothers and sisters. The 4th is the house associated with possessions like residence, vehicle (‘vahaan’) and happiness from one's maternal side and general happiness. The 5th is the house of education, and happiness from one's children. The 6th is the house of enmity. The 7th indicates happiness from married life. The 8th is the house of longevity, indicating accidents, diseases, etc. The 9th is the religious house, as also showing one's fortune. The 10th is the house of career, and happiness from one's father. The 11th is the house of earning and employment. The 12th indicates expenditure (losses), reputation and peace of mind.

“These are some of the fundamentals of astrology. Now, on the basis of these and many other principles too complicated to explain here, astrologers draw up a person's horoscope, and can predict in a general way, about his future. Often, businessmen come

to me and ask me, 'Will I make a profit if I begin such and such a venture?' or someone with a fancy for the fillies comes to ask me which one to back to clean up big. To all these people I say, 'I can only look at your horoscope, judge your character, and predict in a general way what is likely to happen, by the position of your stars. I cannot tell you which horse to back, and how much you'll win. All I can tell is whether or not your planetary configuration indicates monetary loss in the future and warn you not to be careless with money if it does. Also, all persons belonging to the same Rashi do not have the same experiences,' and according to Mr. Purandare, hardly 2 per cent of the predictions made by astrologers in newspaper and magazine columns are true.

Is astrology a science? A number of people I spoke to believed it is, though there were others who dismissed it as junk. A voluble spokesman of the latter group, Mr. Suhrid Parikh, says, "I think astrology is all humbug. I know its apologists claim that there's a lot of mathematics involved in it, and that anything based on an absolute science like mathematics must be logical and scientific itself. But then, no science remains a science if it is based on wrong premises. However logical and scientific your subsequent deductions and extrapolations may be, so long as you have them based on untenable basic principles, what you've got is not science but humbug.

"Astrology is, I believe, based on—if not based, revolves around—certain fundamental axioms like for instance, that when Mars is in the fourth house (or whatever it is) it is supposed to have a 'malignant' effect on the lives of say, Scorpios. Now, I just cannot believe that planets and stars millions of miles away exert any influence on us except possibly a purely gravitational one.

"Again, why should some of these combinations be evil and others beneficial? Astrology may present a formidable facade of science and deductive logic, etc. but it crumbles like a pack of cards when you remember the absurd notions on which it is based. Most, I won't say all, scientific men don't believe in astrology."

On the other hand, there are others, like Mr. Rupin Shah, who says, "I don't believe the many trite astrological predictions that flood our magazines. I mean, you can make any broad statement in general terms, and something may just hit the spot, especially because of the human tendency to pick the fortuitous coincidence and forget the other million predictions that did not turn out true.

"Secondly, every 0.3 per cent

of total humanity that is born on a given day cannot have the same experiences. Even if one were to believe in some astral influence, it must be acknowledged that it is just one part of a multifactorial, extensive force affecting man. Thus, a more complete astrophysical diagnosis would be that a man born under such a sign, now in such a zone, with such environmental conditions and such karmic values, etc. is prone to the following... good, bad, etc. events.

"Last, and most important of all, thanks to the excursions by

Do the stars in their cosmic course shape our lives, and can astrology predict their influence? Or is astrology only a means to fleece the gullible?

modern physics into the realm of concepts like negative time, anti-physics matter, relativity, etc. we now realise that a complete world description is not possible from just one frame of reference. Thus for the first time, science and 'mysticism' are in a position to reconcile themselves to each other as merely different ways of describing in part the same reality, which is larger than both."

Mr. Prakash Vaidya is another of those who adopt this "There-could-be-a-lot-of-science-in-astrology" attitude. He argues, "Theoretically, I can quite believe that astrology is a science, though I've had no practical experience of its success. If you are willing to be open minded, I believe there's nothing inherently ridiculous about astrology, as many people feel. It is a well-known fact that the biology of man can be influenced by his environment. This in turn can be influenced by many other forces. For instance, it is a well-authenticated fact that solar flares ('sun spots') exert a profound influence on the earth's weather, just as the moon causes tides.

"Man is extremely sensitive to magnetic fields, force fields, cosmic rays, call them what you will. These forces could depend on the activity of sun spots and possibly other cosmic bodies as well. I believe stellar influences could affect people, that cosmic rays, and other forces we are not even aware of, can induce long-term changes in the history of the world. Astrology could thus indicate the future of large masses of humanity, but not, I think, on an individual level. To that extent, astrology could be something of which we can truly say, it works but we don't know how!"

Generally, attitudes to astrology vary through a spectrum ranging from indifference, scepticism and ridicule to abject belief and dependence (particularly film stars and politicians).

"I believe in astrology to a certain extent," said Miss Uschi Rajgopal, "because a lot of predictions made to me have come true — both individually and those made in newspapers and magazines. Maybe that's because I'm what I like to call a double Scorpio. Forecasts I've read have turned out correct at times, week after week. They can't all

be coincidences, but I don't believe in it to the extent that I'd let it rule my life."

And now to turn to what might be termed the "journalistic astrologers" for their opinions.

Mr. John Naylor certainly needs no introduction to regular readers of Eve's Weekly's last page. Relating the evolution of astrological columns, Mr. Naylor says, "Popular journalistic astrology was started in 1930 by my father, R. H. Naylor, who was commissioned by John Gordon, editor of the London 'Sunday Express' to write a feature on the horoscope of the new born Princess Margaret. The feature proved so popular, producing many thousands of letters from readers, that it was continued for 11 years, discontinued in 1941 because it was said to be spreading alarm and dependency because of the accuracy of its predictions in regard to the course of events in the early stages of World War II.

"Due to the popularity of the feature it immediately spawned a host of imitators. Nowadays a large proportion of newspapers and magazines carry an astrological feature. However, these features differ from those my father wrote inasmuch as they contain no serious prediction in regard to mundane events. The vast majority consist of 12 Sun-Sign forecasts. Newspaper and magazine astrological journalism is, these days, 95 per cent popular astrology for amusement and does not touch on the serious business of astrology — astrology as applied to weather, earthquakes, economic and political events."

Mr. Bejan Daruwalla is another familiar name to readers of astrological features in Indian

magazines. He is also the author of India's first set of horoscopes in English (a publishing venture launched in 1976).

Individual forecasts are made on the basis of one's horoscope. How are the 'mass forecasts' of magazines made? How accurate and authentic are they, considering that they are often at variance with each other in different publications?

Says Mr. Daruwalla, "Mass forecasts, as you put it, are based on the position of the sun in a sign (solar scopes), and the position of the moon in a sign, by Indian astrology. Obviously they cannot be as accurate as an individual horoscope. But even in a general forecast, a really skilled astrologer can do a decent job because the sun and the moon are the two key planets. The relationships of the other planets (for the week, month, etc.) to the sun and the moon, is the foundation of the forecasts in newspaper and magazine columns.

"They could illuminate in a broad, general way, the trend for the week, month, etc. I agree that forecasts in one publication might not tally with those of another. Doctors, scientists, poets, politicians, all differ! Please extend the same right to astrologers.

"Every astrologer worth his salt follows the rules, the mechanics, of astrology so to say, but the interpretations are his own. Hence the variance in forecasts."

Mrs. Vimala Lonavat, another eminent astrologer, is joint secretary of Calcutta's Visva Jyotirvid Samgha. Managing editor of "Vidya", an astrological journal, she also lectures on astrology at the College of Jyotirvidya. This institution conducts courses in astrology and also confers diplomas, degrees and scholarships besides publishing books and periodicals on astrology.

She said, "Nature is expressive by time. So on the basis of time, the events of a life can be followed. The same procedure is followed in forecasting the weekly events that appear in newspapers. Persons having similar attributes of nature are considered as belonging to one sign of the zodiac or a division of nature and having similarities in them. Astrologers differ in deducing results just as physicians differ in diagnosing the same disease."

In reply to the same question, Mr. Naylor said, "It is inevitable that there will be variations in the forecasts of different astrologers. Not only will they word themselves differently, according to their background, education, literary ability, but there will be a variety of indications of which they can only deal with one or two because of the limited space allowed."

VERA JENNINGS :

A WAY WITH ROCKS

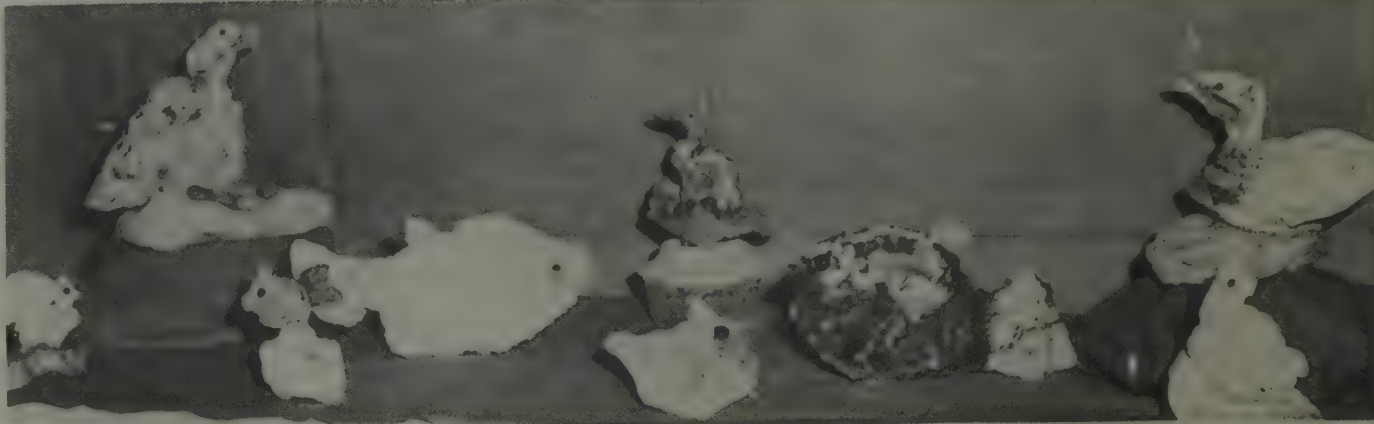
To the casual stroller they appear to be ordinary stones scattered over dried-up beds of lakes, over barren thorn-scarred mountainsides, over winding paths leading to cave-shrines. But Vera Jennings does not pass them by. She stops, examines them, gathers some into a haversack slung across her back and chucks the others away. At home she washes and sorts them out. One is an onyx, another an agate, yet another an amethyst.



"It takes years to develop a way of seeing to be able to recognise a valuable stone when you see it," says the sultry, salt-and-pepper-haired Miss Jennings. "My garden is simply littered with my mistakes." These "mistakes" turn out to be jagged-edged, sparkling crystals that flash rainbow colours as they catch the setting sun's slanting rays.

Vera Jennings has been a rock-collector for over 40 years. In her sixties now, she lives alone in a comfortable cottage at Lonavla about 80 kms from Bombay, and tramps through hills, swims, cycles and plays tennis with all the verve of a sprightly 20-year-old.

Wealth, in the form of stones, is literally strewn over vast areas of the Deccan Plateau. There are jaspers, cornelians, zeolites, ranging in shade from green yellow and orange to red, purple and black. Many, called geodes, are round, hollow and innocuous looking from the outside and only when cracked open



do they reveal the luminous inner crystal.

Vera keeps large chunks of rocks just as she finds them — still encrusted within the grey matrix. A selection of amethyst

ranging from deep-purple to light mauve are displayed on a shelf in her drawing room. These, she tells us, were found in paddy fields near Aurangabad. Their semi-precious value fails to impress Vera. "To me they are just pieces of beauty which I find and like to keep."

Vera's hobby does not end with rock collection. She mixes and matches stones for colour, shape and size to make decorative articles — a flower, a bird,

make it fit a design. Nor do I use paint or decorative materials. My artifacts are made of just rock and adhesive. Often I have to wait months before I find a piece that matches appropriately."

The other fascinating thing about rocks, Vera tells us, is that they duplicate almost every organ of the human body in miniature. Vera produces a grey lemon-size stone which looks remarkably like a human skull. Another is shaped like a kidney. Yet another portrays the crinkly waves of the cerebellum. Eyes are fairly common and associated with various superstitions.

"It's a world in itself," says Vera. "A rugged world of natural beauty. Over the years rocks

and I have developed a special affinity for each other. Sometimes I wonder whether I look for rocks or the rocks find me."

"I like to preserve the rock's raw nakedness," she says flatly. "I never chisel or chip a stone to

and I have developed a special affinity for each other. Sometimes I wonder whether I look for rocks or the rocks find me."

Meher Pestonji



beauty bulletin

PROMINENT EARS

I have large ears. Please suggest a suitable hairstyle for me. My hair is short.

A.P. (Bombay)

You should grow your hair. It should be long enough to cover your ears. With short hair they will be all the more conspicuous. Also hair should have body to do the trick.

FOLLOW THESE SUGGESTIONS

I am 5' 6" and quite thin. I have tried to put on weight by eating fatty foods, yoga and so on, but to no avail. Both my parents are lean, also my brothers and sisters. Please sug-

HAIRSTYLE FOR A LONG NECK



gest what I should wear so that I can minimise the thinness.

M. C. (Hyderabad)

It appears that you have not been able to add weight because of the hereditary factor. You can disguise your thinness to some extent by wearing the right clothes and accessories.

You should avoid wearing clinging clothes, materials having vertical stripes or small prints and V necklines. Also don't have ruffles, bows and buttons on your dresses.

In accessories, avoid long necklaces, long handbags and high heels. Avoid a tight line that emphasises your thinness and a high hairstyle that will add to your height.

Full skirts and blouses are best for you as they will make you look fuller. High necklines will camouflage your bony neck; and half or three-quarter sleeves will disguise your thin arms and bony elbows.

You should wear materials having bold prints, horizontal stripes and bright colours. To cut down your height, wear contrasting colours; wide belts in contrasting colours are best for you.

FRENCH TWIST

I have a long neck. My hair is long and I don't like to wear it loose. I am 35. I have been told to wear my hair in a French Twist. What style is this?

I have another query. I have read that before buying a perfume, it should be tested on the skin, just sniffing will not help. Is this true?

T. K. (Madras)

French Twist is for the mature woman and gives her a dignified look. It goes well with a long slender neck and sharp features.

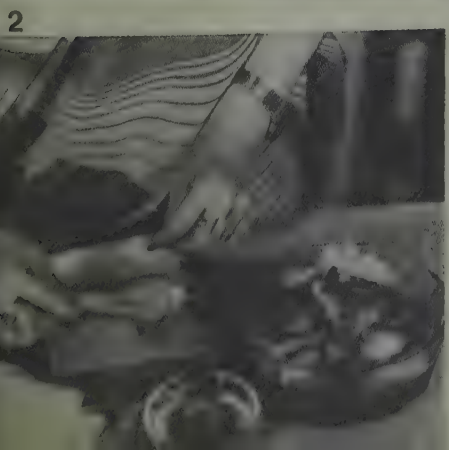
In this style, the hair is pulled tightly at the back from the temples and sides, gathered and curved scroll-fashion at the back of the head. This is not for teenagers.

The final test of a perfume is in its meeting, warming to and blending with your skin. The right fragrance literally and chemically becomes a part of you and this depends on the chemistry of your body.



STEP BY STEP COOKERY

PAPER WRAPPED CHICKEN



A delectable recipe for you to try this week! A fabulous way to make your chicken tender and delicious in taste. SUSHILLA VASWANI shows the right way to wrap and fry in four easy steps.

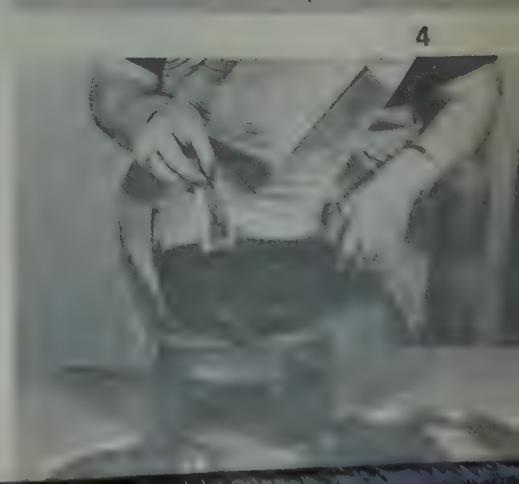
- 1 Kg chicken, cut into 15 pieces
- 2 cups vinegar
- 1 cup soya sauce
- a pinch of salt
- 1 tsp. crushed garlic
- ½ tsp. ajinomoto
- oil for frying
- salad leaves for garnishing
- grease paper or butter paper, cut in 3" x 3" square.

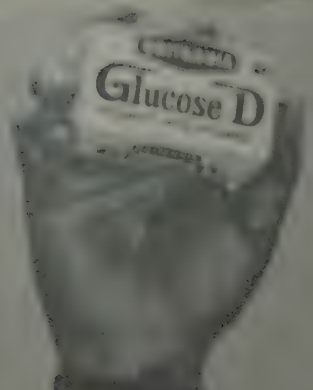
Clean and wash the chicken pieces well. Apply crushed garlic, salt and ajinomoto. Mix well. Marinate these pieces in two cups of vinegar and one cup of soya sauce for 24 hours. Remove the chicken pieces from the 'marinade

mixture and keep aside.

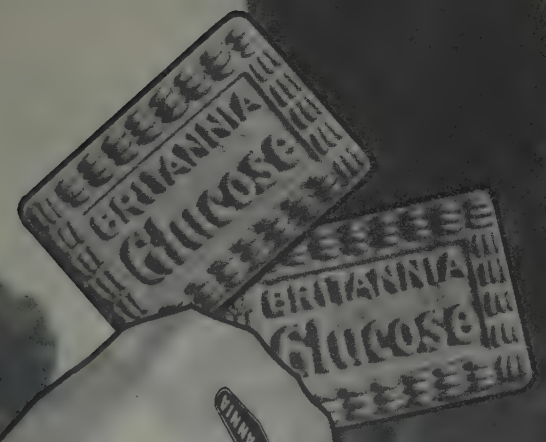
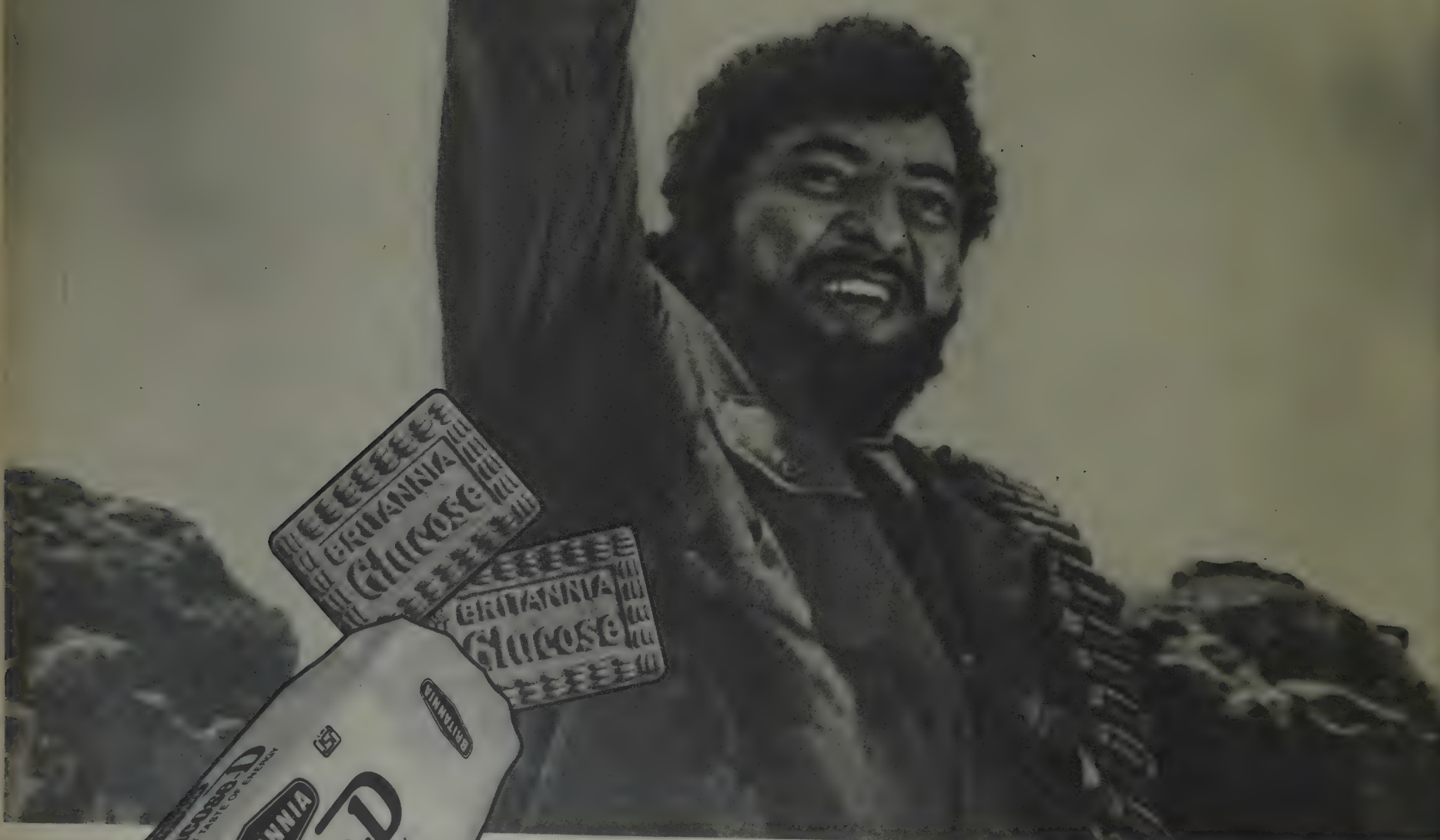
TO WRAP THE CHICKEN PIECES:

1. Apply oil on the butter paper.
2. Place the chicken pieces one at a time in the centre of each paper.
3. Fold the paper over the chicken piece on three sides.
4. Deep fry on slow fire till golden brown. Serve these fried chicken pieces on a bed of salad leaves, garnished with spring onions and red radish.





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hi ya
honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, why do friends have to say the wrong things at the right time? The other day my wife and I were seated, having tea and talking about the happy times we have spent together. In walks her good friend Yvonne. We offered her a cup of tea and I casually remarked, "Babs, there's not enough sugar in my tea."

My wife fetched some, as a good wife should.

Then a few minutes later I said, "Babs, how about some biscuits?" and immediately Yvonne piped in and said, "Johnnie, how you nag your wife!"

Honey, until then things were sailing smoothly. My wife considered it a pleasure to do small errands for her husband. That night the atmosphere was not normal and we had a few exchanges because she refused to bring me my nightly cup of cocoa and added, "Even Yvonne has noticed that you nag me."

Now at every opportunity Yvonne is quoted as if she were an authority on marriage. So luv, you should be careful what you say in the presence of married friends. One slip, and behold! A hairline crack in an otherwise happy marriage.

Some people think that they are born comedians, and believe that anything they say sends people into gales of laugh-

ter. Last week we visited our old friends, the D'Costas.

day we were headed for a film and dinner in town and it was my turn to drive. Everything was going well until he said to me, "Why don't you keep your eyes on the road? You looked at that girl just now and almost hit a pedestrian."

That was enough for her. From then on, her mouth was in top gear. "I have told him several times, but he thinks he is a 21-year-old Romeo...blah...blah...blah."

While this lengthy lecture was going on, I could see in the rear view mirror this idiot friend of mine having a whale of a time holding his sides and laughing.

The next time he was driving, I tried the same and his wife said to me, "You are no better. All you men are the same." And my wife added, "Mario just looks, but I know your thoughts."

It does not matter how much you do in your own home, the wife always feels you are not going enough. Honey, I go to the market, come home exhausted after bargaining. I paint the walls occasionally, I take her out twice a week to the films and dinner, but if some henpecked husband happens to mention that he takes tea to his wife in bed, she immediately weeps and says, "Nobody ever does it for me."

I believe that a husband who takes

MARRIAGE IS LIKE A PAIR OF SCISSORS

- DON'T GET IN BETWEEN

ter. Last week we visited our old friends, the D'Costas.

Nice folk, but the husband thinks he is Asrani. He pats me on the back and says, "Lucky chap, who was that cutie I saw you with last evening?"

I could see my wife's jaw muscles bulge and harden. I tried to laugh it off, but the damage had been done. The look in her eyes gave me a clear "you-come-home" warning.

I was in fact late that evening, and she thought she knew the reason. No amount of explanations could help. Tempers rose, one thing led to another, and before we knew, our parents were involved. The point, honey, is that when it comes to a husband and wife relationship, cut the comedy. It may end in tragedy.

We have another self-appointed joker in our circle of friends. Nice chap, friendly and full of life, but Mario wants to have fun — at everybody's cost. One

tea to his wife in bed must either have something to hide, or he must have his head examined. The way some husbands let other husbands down!

Why do wives earnestly have to correct their husbands in public? I do not subscribe to the saying, "A man has no business to marry a woman who can't make him miserable." In my case, luv, if you want to know the truth, I am underfed, and overwifed.

Wives make a scene over the flimsiest cause and I think that the only reason they promise at the altar to honour and obey is because they don't want to make a scene in the presence of all those wedding guests.

One way or the other, all of us husbands are like my good friend Leslie. He is one husband who does not permit his wife to have her own way. She has it without his permission.

Until next time then.

Eve's Weekly- Quiz Contest -8

HEGMAN

1. Name the French writer, companion of Jean Paul Sartre, famous for her book on women titled "The Second Sex".
2. Two Russian engineers, Mikoyan and Gurevich, have given their names to what?
3. Hebrew is one of the official languages of Israel. Which is the other?
4. Which island both experienced nuclear testing and gave its name to a famous item of beachwear?
5. What is the sum of all the whole numbers from 1 to 100 (1 + 2 + 3 + ... + 97 + 98 + 99 + 100)?
6. After which scientist are radiation belts surrounding the earth, discovered in 1958, named?
7. Which strait separates the U.S.S.R. from Alaska?
8. How many times a year do peacocks lay eggs?
9. Which fabled bird rose from its own ashes?
10. Which famous literary detective had a brother called Mycroft?
11. When Los Angeles hosts the Olympic Games, it will be the fourth city in the world to have the distinction of holding the Olympic games twice. Name the other three.
12. In which year did India liberate Goa, Daman and Diu from Portugal?

This is the eighth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner—i.e. the person who submits the first all-correct entry by the deadline prescribed.

The deadline for Quiz Contest 8 is September 30. The fixed deadline is to facilitate matters for contestants from out of Bombay.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 8' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 7 will appear in our issue of September 30. The answers to Quiz 8 will appear in our issue of October 14.

A woman expresses
herself in
many languages.

Vimal is
one of
them.



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STAIRING STRIPIES

*An attractive three-toned
striped sweater
with a matching scarf*

Materials: Raymond's knitting wool "Popular Deluxe" 4 ply: 13 balls Black 535, 5 balls White 501, 2 balls Red 548. Crochet hook no. 12 and no. 14 and 3 press buttons.

Measurements: Sweater — to fit bust 81.5 cms., length 53 cms., sleeve seam 44 cms.; Scarf — 102 cms. x 18 cms.

Abbreviations: ch, = chain; tr. = treble; st. = stitch; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; alt. = alternate; s.s. = slip stitch; dc. = double crochet; h. tr. = half treble; tog. = together; rep. = repeat; beg. = beginning.

BACK

With Black wool and crochet hook no. 14 work a row of 112 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

Work 4 rows of tr. then dec. 1 tr. at each end of next and every alt. row till there are 100 sts.

Then work 14 rows of 1 tr. in each tr.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row till there are 106 sts. Continue straight till work measures 32 cms. from lower edge.

Shape Armholes and divide for back opening:

1st row: s.s. over 10 sts. work till centre of row, 2 ch., turn.

Keeping centre back edge straight, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next 2 rows, then continue straight till work measures 16 cms. from start of armhole shaping, end at centre back edge.

Shape Neck: s. s. over 14 sts. work to end.

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 2 rows, end at armhole edge, 1 ch., turn.

Shape Shoulder: 1 dc. in each of next 8 sts., 1 h. tr. in each of next 5 sts., 1 tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn.

Next row: 1 tr. in each of next 10 sts., 1 h. tr. in each of next 2 sts., 1 dc. in each of next 5 sts., fasten off.

For left side work 5 tr. (for button band) from wrong side at centre back edge and work tr. across the row to last 10 tr. turn and work to match first side, reversing shapings. (Dec. 19 sts. instead of 14 sts. to shape neck).

FRONT:

Work as for back till armholes. Fasten off.

Yoke worked in Black and White stripes:

With Black wool work a row of 56 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, join White wool 2 ch., turn.

Work 1 row White and 2 rows Black alt. inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge in every row. Continue to work in pattern as before till 4th White row is worked at shoulder edge (12 rows).

Next row: With Black wool work 1 dc. in each of next 22 tr., 1 h. tr. in each of next 2 tr. 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

Next row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end.

Now work (1 row White and 2 rows Black) 4 times more, remove hook, join a length of Black wool to where last st. was worked and work 24 ch., fasten off. With the main wool continue over the ch., 1 h. tr. in each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. in each ch. to end.

Complete the other side and shape shoulder to correspond with first side reversing shapings (dec. in place of inc. at shoulder).

Join Yoke in position to top edge of front.

Join side and shoulder seams.

With Black wool work a row of dec. along neck edge and 6 rows of dc. round lower edge.

SLEEVES:

With White wool and crochet hook no. 12 work 4 ch. and work 4 tr. in 4th ch. from hook (5 sts.), 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: Right side of work facing, work in tr. inc. 2 sts. at each end (9 sts.).



Continue to work in rows of tr.

Join Black wool and work next 2 rows, inc. 2 sts. at each end of every row (17 sts.).

Next row: Join Red wool work as 2nd row (21 sts.). Fasten off Red wool.

6th and 7th rows: In White work as 2nd row (29 sts.).

8th row: (Right side of work facing). In Black, work as 2nd row (33 sts.).

9th row: In Black inc. 2 sts. at beg., inc. 1 st. at the end (36 sts.).

10th row: Join Red wool inc. 1 st. at each end, work in tr. to end (38 sts.). Fasten off Red wool.

11th row: In White. As 10th row (40 sts.).

12th row: In White as 2nd row (44 sts.).

13th and 14th rows: In Black as 2nd row (52 sts.).

15th row: Join Red wool and work as 2nd row (56 sts.). Fasten off Red wool.

16th row: (Right side). In White inc. 2 sts. at beg. work in tr. inc. 3 sts. at the end (61 sts.).

17th row: In White as 2nd row (65 sts.).

18th row: In Black (right side) inc. 2 sts. at beg. work in tr. inc. 1 st. at the end (68 sts.).

19th row: In Black as 2nd row (72 sts.).

20th row: Join Red wool as 2nd row (76 sts.). Fasten off Red wool.

21st and 22nd rows: In White as 2nd row (84 sts.).

23rd and 24th rows: In Black as 2nd row (92 sts.).

25th row: Join Red wool work as 2nd row (96 sts.). Fasten off Red wool.

26th row: In White as 2nd row (100 sts.).

Keeping continuity of pattern dec. 2 sts. at the end of shorter side and inc. 2 sts. at the end of longer side, till 42nd row has been worked. Then dec. 2 sts. at shorter side and dec. 1 st. at upper end in next 24 rows.

Last row: Dec. 2 sts. at shorter end and dec. 8 sts. at the upper end, fasten off.

Work 5 rows of dc. with Black wool at wrist of each sleeve.

Join sleeve seams and set sleeves into armholes.

Sew press buttons to back opening.

SCARF:

With Red wool and crochet hook no. 12 work 6 ch., turn.

1st row: 2 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch., 2 tr. in last ch., join White wool, 3 ch., turn (7 sts.).

Continued on page 31

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

THE STORY SO FAR

Young Andrea MacKinlay's troubles began one night when her employer's son, Ronald Martin, tried to molest her. When surprised by his mother, he claimed it was Andrea who had taken the initiative. Angry and disgusted, she threw up her post and found herself on the streets in a raging blizzard. She was almost run over by playwright Stuart Kent, who took her home in his jeep and offered her a job as his typist.

Andrea discovered he had two children — twins — Bruce and Heather, in boarding school, and had lost his wife Barbara four years ago. He in turn learnt of the accident that had damaged her leg and kept Andrea from winning the skating championship two years ago, and of her aunt Cynthia to whom Andrea owed money for training expenses. Stuart was a man of moods, sometimes tender, often withdrawn. Andrea was drawn to him and came to love the children.

NOW READ ON . . .

The rest of the week passed quite swiftly, although neither Andrea nor the children saw much of Stuart. He was apparently rewriting a scene of the play, as a result of a number of phone calls he had received from New York. At the end of the week he asked Andrea to type the work he had rewritten.

'I'm sorry, I realise this is asking for more than we agreed, but I'll pay you for the extra work,' he said formally. 'Do you think you can complete this tonight?'

When she had completed the manuscript, Andrea took it to Stuart's study. His desk was scattered with papers; he was seated in the deep leather chair behind it, turned at an angle away from the desk, staring through the window into the blackness beyond, his long body motionless. 'Thank you, you've been very prompt,' he said.

'Are Heather and Bruce settled?' Andrea questioned.

'Yes, they were quite tired, they've been asleep for an hour or so now,' he responded dully.

Andrea said nothing more, wanting only to escape to the silent refuge of her own room. Turning to leave, however, she was stopped by his voice continuing in the same lifeless tone. 'The children tell me that you're taking them shopping and to the library in Valleyfield tomorrow afternoon. Would you mind mailing the revised manuscript for me while you're there?'

She turned on him suddenly and angrily retorted, 'They're your children, Stuart Trent, why don't you take them to town

yourself, and mail that precious manuscript yourself!' Now that she had started, all the resentment that had been building up over the past few days exploded to the surface. 'For heaven's sake, spend a little more time with them! They love you so much—more than you deserve—and they need you. They certainly need more of your company than you've seen fit to share with them this week. Which is more important to you—your play or your children?'

He came towards her, his face pale, his hands clenched into white-knuckled fists. For a moment she thought he was going to strike her, but as if tottering on the edge of a precipice, he drew back, releasing a long harsh breath.

'What's the use of trying to explain to you anyway?'

Stuart did not eat with them at breakfast the next morning, for he had risen early, saddled the stallion, and had gone to check

on some cattle. Yet how could she leave him? She needed to be near him, she loved him so desperately. Yes, it was a desperate love, shadowed as it was by a dead wife he could not forget, who would not allow him to love another woman.

That evening Andrea retired early, choosing the privacy of her own room rather than another stress-filled evening of strained conversation with Stuart. She read to the children, tucked them in bed, and walked quietly along the thickly carpeted hallway to her bedroom. Outside the wind had increased in fury and a few snowflakes were falling; Stuart had said at supper that a storm warning had been issued.

She was dreaming...it was scarcely daylight and she was being shaken, a hand rough and warm on her bare shoulder. She tried to push it away, murmuring, 'Go away, it's not morning yet.' But a hand fell on her other shoulder and she was being pulled to an upright position.

It was his hands that were gripping her naked flesh, and his voice that she now realised was repeating something for the third time. 'Where are the children?' he demanded.

'What do you mean?' she asked drowsily.

'They're not in their beds,' he said roughly, 'and they're nowhere else in the house, because I've looked. I thought that may be they might have been afraid of the storm and come into bed with you... God help them if they've gone out in this.'

Fully awake, she stared at him, horror-stricken. 'Gone out? Oh, Stuart, they couldn't have!' For now she could hear the angry shriek of the wind, the lash of ice, pellets against the window.

'They're nowhere in the house, Andrea.'

They made it to the stables, the wind slamming the door shut behind them. But the children were not to be found in the sweet-smelling gloom.

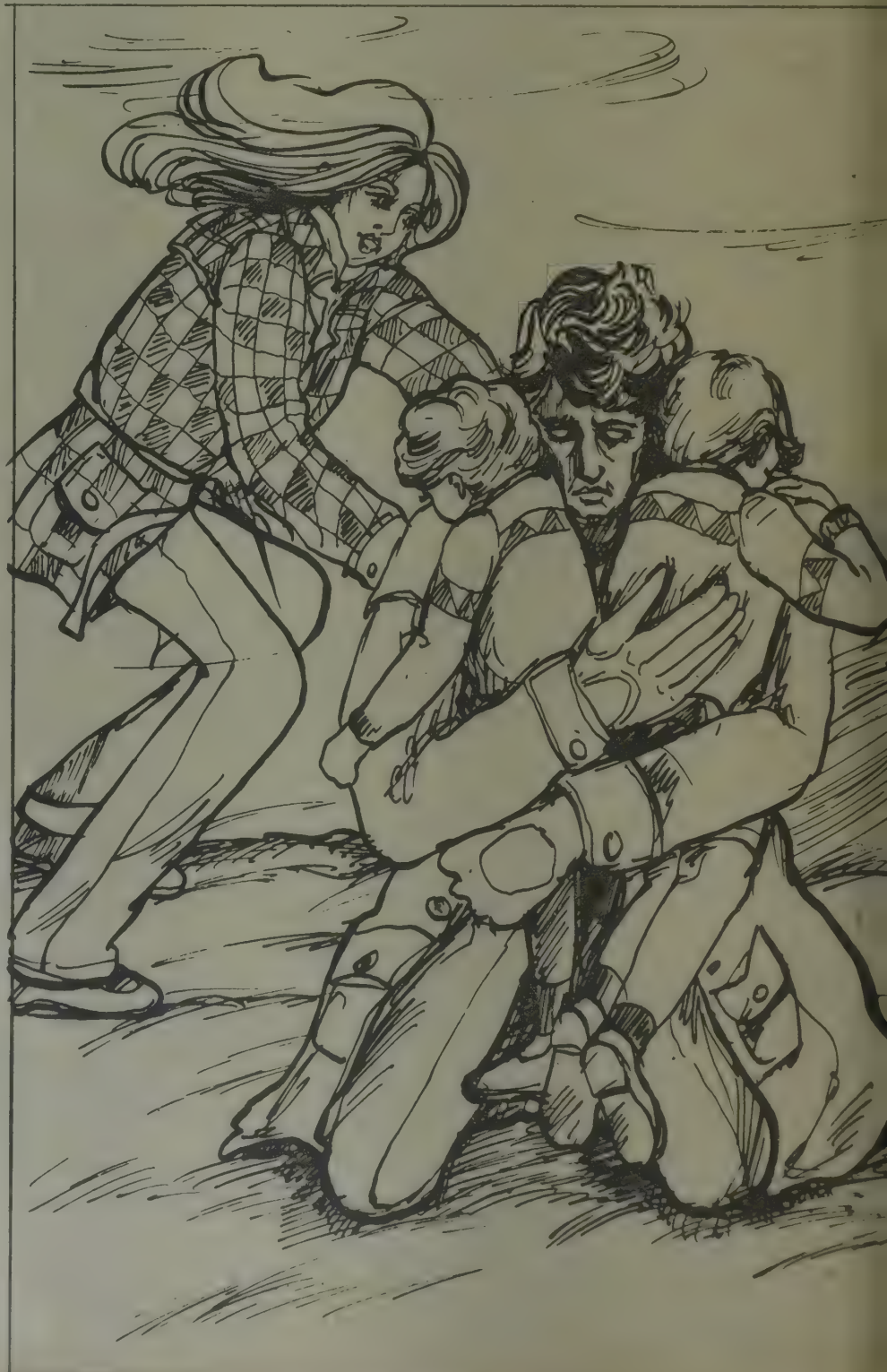
PART THREE

TO BEGIN AGAIN

TO BEGIN AGAIN by Jan MacLean was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London (C Jan MacLean 1978.)

on some cattle. This Andrea learned from the children. Later in the morning, taking the sealed and stamped manuscript with her, she drove Heather and Bruce into Valleyfield. Despite a restless night that resulted in little sleep, and the cold cloudy weather she enjoyed being with the children. She admitted to herself that she had grown more than fond of these two innocent and loveable creatures, so like and yet so unlike their father. Her strained relationship with Stuart was torturing her; things had worsened with last night's argument.

Perhaps when the children returned to school in Calgary, it would be time for her to leave too. It was obvious Stuart did not need her, since Maggie would be coming back next week, and he could surely find another ty-



Clutching his arm, and remembering the time he had found her in just such another storm, she shouted, "The jeep! Why don't we take the jeep?"

"It's worth a try...it's something."

He returned shortly with the jeep, the hood and sides of the windshield already piled high with snow. She ploughed through the drifts towards him.

It was difficult driving. Andrea strained to see the edge of the road, to discover some indication that they were at least heading in the right direction. But she could not distinguish anything outside the jeep.

But as this thought brushed her mind, the jeep slid sideways. Stuart swung the wheel with the skid, but the vehicle didn't respond. With grim-jawed concentration he accelerated in an attempt to drive out of it. Neither action worked. The jeep careened into an unseen ditch, Andrea being thrown forward, striking

AN ACCIDENT IN A BLIZZARD, A CHILD'S NIGHTMARE, AND STUART TELLS ANDREA THE STORY OF HIS WRECKED MARRIAGE, AND THERE IS A NEW EMOTIONAL INTEGRATION BETWEEN THEM

her forehead on the dash with painful force. Fighting to catch her breath and stop the darkness that was closing in on her, she heard Stuart speak. He seemed to be so far away, his voice such a long distance from her, that she had to strain to hear his faint words.

"Andrea? Are you all right? Are you hurt?"

"No. I'm fine," she reassured him, momentarily winning the battle for consciousness and not wanting to delay him further. "What do we do now?"

"We get out and walk. The bunkhouse is just ahead," he directed. Because the jeep was on its side in the ditch, she had to clamber over Stuart's side to get out. He half lifted and half pulled her out into the storm. They reached the safety and protection of the bunkhouse. Once inside Andrea leaned against the door, trying to clear her blurred vision. It was a nightmare. She wanted desperately to sleep, to escape the terrible pounding and throbbing in her head.

She was startled back to the reality of the moment when she heard Stuart exclaim, "Heather! Bruce! Thank God we've found you! But what are you doing here?" He knelt, his arms spreading with an almost imploring welcome. Andrea saw the children run to the kneeling figure, and knew Stuart was overcome with the relief of having found his children alive. He held them to his lean body with a fierceness that threatened to crush them, his face buried in their black curls.

Then like the changing of the wind, he lifted his face, relief submerged in a furious and violent anger. He pushed them from him and stood over them like a towering sentinel.

"And how did you two get here? What do you think you were doing going out in weather like this? Nothing short of stupidity could have taken you out in it in the first place. Do I have idiots for children?"

The children began to cry, terror glistening in their eyes.

At this point Clayton the ranch hand, moved towards him, speaking slowly and calmly, his hand resting on Stuart's arm in

an attempt to restrain him. "I found the kids, Stuart. They were pretty well shaken up when I got to them, and I'm sure they realize that what they did was both foolish and dangerous. They don't need your anger now, they need reassurance."

Somehow they managed to make it back to the house. Heather and Bruce clung tensely to Andrea all the way home. After they arrived Stuart sent the twins upstairs to have a hot bath, but when Andrea started to follow them, she was prevented by the cold steel of Stuart's voice. "No, they can do it themselves. Maybe you would be so kind as to get us all something hot to eat."

She reached out, grasping at thin air. In a single movement he was beside her, holding her close to his strong body. She weakly pushed at him, mumbling, "Let me go... I can't... You can't..." but she could neither continue nor fight his overpowering strength. He lifted her gently in his arms, walked quietly and carefully through the living-room, and up the stairs to her bedroom.

He softly placed her on the bed. "Don't move. I'll get a cold cloth."

"What is it? Are you hurt?" he questioned, his fingers pushed aside her hair, to reveal an already purpling welt. "Andrea, you struck your head when the jeep went off the road, didn't you? Why didn't you tell me the truth when I asked you if you were hurt?" She looked fearfully at him, expecting to see another flash of anger, but there seemed to be none.

He drew the comforter around her, looked down on her for what seemed a very long moment, and then silently left the room. She was asleep before the door clicked shut.

Stuart checked on Andrea often during the day and early evening, observing how her restless sleep gradually became more relaxed and easy.

Suddenly, cutting like a knife through the peace and solitude of the night, came the screaming of a child.

"Oh no! No! No! I don't want to be locked in. Please don't lock me in. I want to get out. Please don't leave me alone in here..." words rushing and crying, terror pulsing in the child's strained voice. It was Heather.

Not pausing a minute, Andrea rushed down the hall to the little girl's room. The door was closed, but not locked. Opening it quickly, Andrea saw the small figure sitting upright in the middle of the bed, almost as if she were in a trance, tears streaming down her white face. Andrea

picked her up, held her close, and walked with her around the room back and forth, attempting to soothe the frightened child, so small and helpless in her arms. "Hush, baby, nothing's going to hurt you. Andrea's got you now. Hush... that's my girl..." Murmurs, over and over again in the stark quietness of the house.

Heather clung to her, gradually relaxing the strength of her grip around Andrea's neck. Her eyes were closed.

"Please, Barbara," she whimpered, "please, Barbara, don't lock the door. Don't lock me in again. I promise..." her small voice trailed off... "I promise I won't..."

In that moment Andrea turned to see Stuart standing in the doorway.

Heather finally slept. Andrea lowered the child back in her bed.

"Oh God, Andrea," he whispered, "I thought it was over. For them, at least, I thought it was over."

"I'm sorry. I don't understand, Stuart."

His hand reached for hers. He held it lightly, moving his fingers back and forth over the creamy smoothness of her skin.

"I wanted to tell you... before. I wanted to share it with you. But somehow, I couldn't..."

"It's about Barbara, isn't it, Stuart?" Andrea offered.

He paused, then began slowly, "I started writing when I was in my early twenties. When I was twentyfive I wrote my first play. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately...I'm not sure which sometimes...it was an instant success, an instant huge success. It was being produced in New York, and I went there to live for a while. That's when I met Barbara; she was one of the actresses in my play. She was well known, talented and beautiful. I was a young and promising writer with a bright future in the theatre. We first met at a party and four months later, we married. I thought at the time it was love — although infatuation was more like it. Anyway, it was short-lived and the most destructive thing I've ever experienced. The honeymoon barely lasted a week. I wanted to live in Alberta, and raise a family there. I couldn't see living in New York — I just wouldn't fit. We'd talked this over before we married, and Barbara had agreed totally with my views, but as soon as we came here to live, it was a different matter, and the marriage was as good as over. She seemed to try for a few days, then became possessed with hating the place and me with it. We began



FASHION OF THE MONTH

WIN-A-WARDROBE!

This is the tenth of the 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-A-Wardrobe from Delhi's popular SOPHISTICATION boutique. This unique scheme was announced in our issues dated December 3 and 10, 1977.

A complete wardrobe of fashions in super salwar-kameez sets, knee length tunic tops and fabulous mul sarees — all in go-together fabrics that let you mix and match in any number of attractive combinations.





10

Eve's Weekly / SOPHISTICATION

WIN-A-WARDROBE COUPON

Name _____

Address _____

1. Prizes are in the form of readymade garments.
1st Prize: Rs. 5000; 2nd Prize Rs. 2500; 3rd Prize Rs. 1500
PLUS ten consolation prizes Rs. 100 each.
2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly around February 1979. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons must be sent in one lot, latest by **December 20, 1978**, after the publication of the 12th feature in November, to the Editor, **Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay 400023.**

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

formed by several readers that they were unable to start the coupons from the beginning of this contest. Therefore hereby revising the rules: those who have missed out earlier coupons will now be eligible to participate in the draw by collect two coupons each from this month onwards from the 12th feature (in November). This will give them a chance to collect the minimum of 10 coupons necessary to enter the draw.

on boutique will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of their styled garments on September 29 and 30 and October 1 at Hotel Hindustan International, Calcutta, and on October 7, at Cama Hotel, Ahmedabad.

Photographs: Harbans Mody



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complexion*

*yours with Emami
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Every passing day your skin grows a little older, loses a little of its freshness. Drenched with creamy protective emollients Emami Vanishing Cream enriches and rejuvenates your skin.

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a big difference.

eve today

Pretty Malini Srirama works in the field of information science as an Assistant Professor at Seton Hall University, New Jersey, U.S.A. Well-known as a Bharata Natyam dancer, she also teaches Indian culture, dance and music at the graduate and undergraduate level.

When I met her, Malini was on a holiday visit to her home town of Bangalore. Talking about her dancing life abroad, Malini said, "I feel I have become more aware of the spiritual and artistic greatness of our country because of living outside. I have been able to observe also many other cultures and many ways of thinking of people."

An intelligent young woman, Malini wants to contribute her best to society during the best years of her own life. "I feel very conscious of time, as I am a dancer. Every year counts in the life of a performing artiste, who has to take into account her physical appearance, fitness and stamina. We can give of our very best only when we have youth and energy."

An M.Sc. in zoology from the Mysore University, Malini took the M.S. degree in Information Science from Drexel University, Philadelphia, U.S.A. She studied computer science and first worked as research assistant in a pharmaceutical industry firm before taking up her present assignment as Assistant Professor in 1972.

She has been trained as a classical dancer from her childhood. Music has been a forte of her family, and she received full encouragement to pursue classical dance and music. Malini has given several solo performances in all the cities of India, and has also taken lead roles in important dance ballets. She had several opportunities to dance before dignitaries in Bangalore as well as at the Rashtrapati Bhavan in Delhi. She also learnt the theory of dance and about *nattuvaangam* (or how the guru should organise the dance) after her marriage, and thoroughly equipped herself to stand on her own in the field of dance.

Malini said that "once you have the right knowledge and the correct attitude towards the fine arts, it is not difficult to keep up what you have learnt."

Her dance performances got her very good reviews from the press and the public, and she found herself busy with programmes and engagements to give lectures-cum-demonstrations. Her innate love for dancing made her work hard to find the time for it as at that time she also studied for the M.S. degree.

"It was hard work and lot of struggle, but I am happy, I have been able to keep pace and make a name," said Malini, whose dance assignments increased when she came into contact with the famous Indian film star Padmini, who retired from films but continued dancing through ballets. Malini was constantly roped in by Padmini to play the lead pair with her and they gave many shows like Radha-Krishna, Shiva Parvati, etc.

It was only after six years that Malini decided "to have a family," and is now the happy mother of a daughter and a son. Nevertheless, Malini continues both



MALINI SRIRAMA:

"I was pleasantly surprised that University libraries in Princeton and Columbia housed a good collection of books on Indian dancing and music. Also, there is an excellent library lending system abroad and a very good communication system. Even over long distances we can telephone for books and get books on loan very easily from any library in any city. This is indeed a great boon," she explained, "for time is a very important factor abroad."

Audiences prefer live music, and do not care much for taped Indian accompaniment. Malini's accompanists on flute and mridangam are also Indians in careers, who have kept up their interest in music. So both the practice and programmes are all week-end features.

Malini feels that it would be a great help if in India there are more dance-music records or even tapes available on

Scientist-Dancer in the U.S.

She is an M.Sc., M.S. and Asst. Professor at an American University, a dedicated and talented Bharata Natyam dancer, and she has proved a first rate cultural ambassador of India in the U.S.



her career and her dancing, but is now thinking seriously whether she should not devote all her time to dancing as she gets plenty of offers to go on cultural lecture tours, which she is unable to take up because of her job.

Malini gives private lessons at her dance studio in Morris Plains, New Jersey, for students in Bharata Natyam, on week-ends. She has added another feather to her cap, by getting a grant for research on Indian dancing at the University.

sale for people like her to learn new numbers. "We need recorded music/tapes for our practice. It would be wonderful if 'gurus' or dance schools in India offer short-term courses or work shops for dancers to brush up their dancing and learn new numbers," she says.

In that case, many dancers like her stationed abroad could come over for such courses, and also feel confident that they are in tune with the country's trends. "Now I make it a point to see as many shows of good dancers as possible, when I come to India, mainly to have an idea of the current Indian trends. For though I try so much, it is extremely difficult to get our 'gurus' to teach us more numbers during the time we are here. . . And recording new songs at a studio is even more difficult.

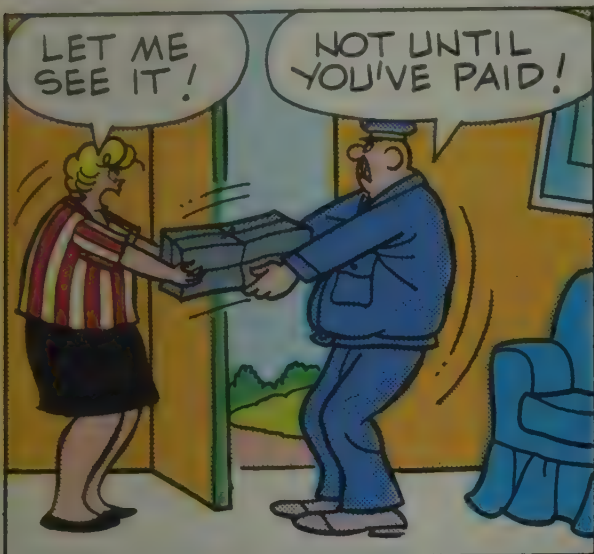
"Though dancing is remunerative, in part-time dancing, you only make money to cover your expenses. All of us in the States do it more for the love of the art than for financial gain," says Malini, who feels happy whenever she is asked to give dance recitals for fund collections with a social purpose. She has danced many times in aid of the Hindu temple at New York.

Malini has achieved a lot as our cultural ambassador, as press reports of her special performance at New Jersey's 200th Anniversary and the certificate presented to her by the New Jersey American Revolution Bicentennial Celebration Commission prove.

Shakuntala Balu

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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Mamma (with concern): "Effie, Paul brought you home very late last night."

Effie: "Yes, it was late, Mamma. Did the noise disturb you?"

Mamma: "No, my dear, it wasn't the noise. It was the silence."

Sylvia: "When I applied for a job the manager had the nerve to ask if my punctuation was good."

Mildred: "What did you tell him?"

Sylvia: "I said I'd never been late for work in my life."

The president of a large business concern bought a number of signs reading: "Do It Now." He had them hung up all around the office, hoping to inspire his employees with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterwards, a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff.

"Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with thirty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper



eloped with the private secretary and three clerks asked for an increase in salary."

Mrs. Fozzle (to bridge expert): "In the same circumstance, how would you have played the hand?"

Bridge Expert: "Under an assumed name, madam."

One carrier pigeon caught up with another carrier pig-



eon and said, "Are you carrying the Lancers' movement order number 859/74b?"

"Yes, I am," said the second.

"Well, you'd better get a move on. I'm carrying the cancellation."

"Who was that you were dancing with?" a girl asked her friend at the ship's dance.

"I think he said he was the Chief Petting Officer," came the ingenuous reply.

"Strip off," growled the MO. So the soldier stripped off and joined a shivering line of totally nude men.

"This is daft," he said to the chap in front of him. "He makes me strip off and I only want him to see about my ear."

"You can talk," said the chap in front of him. "I only came here to deliver a telegram."

"You forgot your wife's birthday?"

"Yes, I did."

"Crikey! What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"That's right. Nothing for three whole weeks."

One advantage of old age is that you can sign and brush your teeth at the same time.

"I don't look thirty, do I?"

"No dear, but you used to ..."

"Actually, I've been on that ship myself. They really try to make you feel comfortable. My first night, the captain knocked on my cabin door. He said, 'Have you got a woman in there?'"

"I said 'no', so he threw me one."

There was a young lady named Wright

Who could travel much faster than light.

She set off one day

In a relative way

And returned on the previous night.

Compiled by George Fegradoc

MOUSHUMI: WIPING OUT THE PAST

N. Bharathi

Moushumi was looking pale and tired, sitting at home with her little daughter. Payal is a bright little kid, and much to everybody's surprise, is obedient and well brought up. Considering that people often think of Moushumi as a spoilt, badly behaved actress, it's natural to wonder how she can make such a good mother to her daughter.

Moushumi was running a fever and hence the paleness of her face. One refreshing quality in her is that unless she is facing the camera, she doesn't touch make-up. Not surprising, therefore, that she looks younger off-screen (she is just about 22 now).

Her husband Babu (after whom the daughter takes feature by feature), is always cheerful and pleasant. In fact, while the mistress of the house is unpredictably moody, the master is a man of one mood—large hearted and warm. But this morning, Moushumi looked cheerful and talkative while Babu's smile didn't have the usual warmth. He, very obviously, was worried about something.

"He is," confirmed Moushumi. "Babu's film 'Do Ladke Dono Kadke' is ready for release and after a flop like 'Mazaak', he needs a successful film." And then Moushumi said something which smacked of sincerity and came out in a sweet, touching fashion. "I pray for the success of his film so much that, honestly, I wouldn't mind if I had four flops in a row if there's a chance that his is a hit."

It was quite apparent that she was being sincere and genuinely concerned about her husband's film. You can't feign these emotions easily.

"The problem," she went on, "is that Babu is so straightforward and honest that it's the easiest thing in the world to take him for a ride. That's why he's so poor in business. Anyway I am keeping my fingers crossed for his film. If he's successful in this, then he'll be finally settled in the career of his choice."

TROUBLED

Of late, Moushumi has acquired the habit of giving interviews against her in-laws—not a very pleasant pastime, any way you see it. "It is a fact that I spoke out against them in an interview. It was one of those days when I was brooding and after bottling up so much within me, I suddenly came out with it when a journalist came to see me. I take full responsibility for that article," she said.

Vinod Mehra dropped in suddenly, looking for Babu. The two friends went into the next room for some whispered conversation before both of them went out of the house together. Moushumi watched her husband and Vinod talking together and almost sighed like some burden was on her shoulder. There has been so much gossip



linking her with Vinod that Moushumi was reacting very sharply to any conversation about it.

"His wife Meena is a very nice girl, and she seems to be very understanding. But I often wonder whether, in the long run, everything will go on as smoothly as it used to between the two families. Look, Vinod's family members — his sister, his mother — and Babu and I have been very friendly. We all know each other and have been friends long before I became Moushumi Chatterjee, the film star. All of us have consistently turned a deaf ear towards gossip. But Meena is new to the Mehra family and she is Vinod's wife. I hope everything will be all right..."

Meena, on her part, is very relaxed in Moushumi's company and has a simple solution to everything. "I just keep away from magazines. So gossip doesn't bother me in any way," she smiled. Meena glows with happiness and contentment — it's so obvious that she's deeply in love with her husband and can't see anything beyond Vinod!

NEW IMAGE

Moushumi, on the other hand, was quite put off with people who said that she was frustrated because Vinod had finally settled down with another girl. "How can people talk such rubbish? If I had felt that way, would I have done the shopping for Meena's wedding? Would I have helped them choose the jewellery and the sarees for the bride?"

Given a choice, says Moushumi, very often, she'd like to see Babu established in his career and then go easy with her own career. But, as things stand, it is not easy

to do anything but to concentrate on her commitments. Like it is in Parveen and Rekha's cases, Moushumi had acquired the reputation of a troublesome, temperamental, tantrum-throwing heroine. But, like Parveen and Rekha again, a new awareness is apparent in her.

Moushumi is no longer considered a troublesome girl. On the contrary, she seems keen on wiping out the past reputation and building for herself the image of a sincere, hard working actress. In fact, that very day, Moushumi was getting ready for an outdoor, night stint in the outskirts of the city to be followed by an early morning schedule in Bombay. "I've got used to living out of suitcases and spending half the day in travelling," she grinned.

PRIVILEGES

At the moment, Moushumi lives in a three-bedroom flat with a Fiat, a Mercedes and a van at her disposal. She has roamed around several places of interest (Canada, New York, England, etc...) and is planning to take her daughter to London for a holiday. Exhibiting a child-like pride, she talks of her membership at exclusive places and refers to the side benefits of being famous by saying, "The airlines' people take good care of children. Of course, it helps that I'm recognised as Moushumi Chatterjee!"

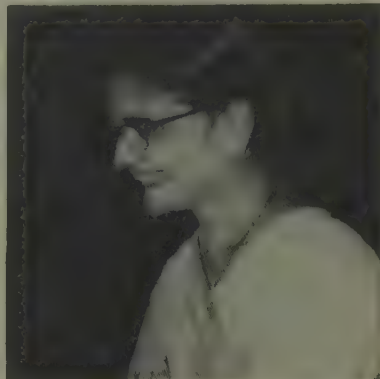
All the money, glamour and fame of her profession are received with frank ecstasy. But Moushumi is quick to point out that the profession is not without its disadvantages. "When my car stops on the road and the crowds collect to look inside, I get the awful feeling that I'm like an animal in a zoo!"

I won't be catty and comment on that!

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

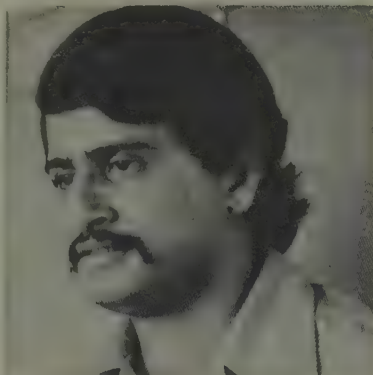
Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap



Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.



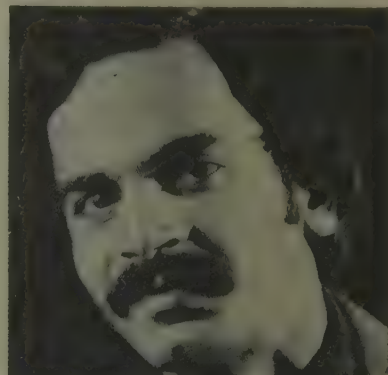
The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.



The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.



The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?



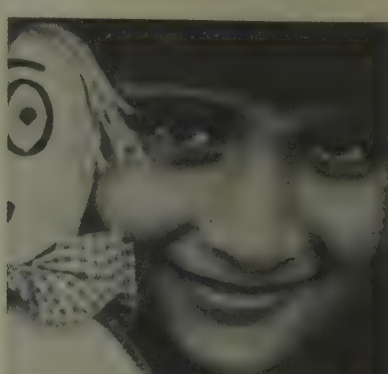
The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's 'Pen Pals' column opens out new worlds to him.



The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.



The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.



The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.



MIRROR

The record of achievements of the Bombay Police has always been noteworthy. Of this large and tough force, the fair sex forms an important constituent. At present, besides one woman Assistant Commissioner of Police, there are approximately one head inspector, 19 sub-inspectors, 49 havaldars and 206 constables. The figures vary from time to time depending on the vacancies that remain to be filled. Unlike in Andhra Pradesh, there is no police station in Maharashtra which is entirely run by women police. Most of the recruits in the city's Police are "direct recruits."

Mrs. Inamdar, a sub-inspector, was directly recruited to this post in 1969. Her N.C.C. and Home Guards background had engendered her interest in this career. After her degree in Commerce, she joined the Bombay Police. Her work is manifold and interesting. Her main job is investigating and following up enquiries regarding missing children. When a child is found by the police, it is taken to the Children's Home in Dongri. If the child is above 16 years of age, then he or she is kept at the Receiving Centre at Deonar. Follow-up work entails a lot of investigations, contacting other police stations, and at times even travelling out of Bombay to remote places. When she travels, Mrs. Inamdar said, the police personnel in other towns are very helpful. So far she has had no trouble in her out-station work.

The other interesting aspect is interrogation, rehabilitation of women and court work. Sometimes after a missing child is returned to his parents, they bring him back to the police saying that the child has experienced something very serious. Here, one has to master the art of interrogation. In most cases, the child's imagination has worked up something wild and exciting and he cooks up stories of adventure and horror. When properly questioned, the truth is out in no time. Even statements made by women who are deserted or kidnapped are always taken subject to proper verification.

If a police woman is pregnant, she is generally given light duties. Usually, she is not given bandobast duties at morchas or gheraos. All police women are entitled to three months' maternity leave. The authorities have a very humanistic schedule of duties for those who have a small child to look after.

When there are V.V.I.P.s visiting, women constables are sent on escort duty, especially so if the dignitary is a woman. For security arrangements too women constables are required. Some of them are posted at the airports for security check ups.

A head constable, Meenakshi Rajput, joined the Bombay Po-

lice in 1964. She has miscellaneous duties of escorting women offenders, bandobast, etc. She has to visit the courts in missing children's cases. Her job also involves interrogating little children with a lot of patience and imagination. She works in night shifts too as most police women do. They rotate their duties every week. Handouts of reports and descriptions of missing children have to be given to mass media like radio and television. Scheduling these reports also forms part of her duty.

When there is a raid on red light areas, women police are accompanied by police inspectors and policemen. Women rescued from such areas have to be rehabilitated.

Every Tuesday, a session is held in the ACP's office. These women are questioned, those willing to go back to their homes or villages are sent back at the government's expense. Those who have been deserted by their husbands or are alone are sent to rehabilitation centres where they are taught embroidery, etc. Those who are a little educated are given specific job training.

Another head constable, Kamal Prakash Bansode, was recruited in Satara in 1971 after her Intermediate. She was transferred to Bombay after her marriage in 1974. There is a lot of difference in the work at Satara and in Bombay. At Satara the work is far lighter, mainly because the number of women criminals is almost negligible. While in Satara, where there were only eight women constables, she went on a raid only once. The raid was on a narcotic hideout where women were also dealing in charas, opium, etc. Some street walkers were also rounded up. But when compared to Bombay, the incidences are far fewer.

In her present capacity, she had to assign duties to other women constables. These duties have to be assigned according to the needs of every police station. There are no women constables permanently attached to any police station. If a particular police station has some woman offender, then women

police are required to accompany the criminal to the police station or to the court. There are women pick-pockets, thieves, etc. Even if such an offender is to be put in police custody, a woman constable is required. If the offender has to be locked up overnight, a police woman is always posted at that particular station.

There is another branch of the police called the Social Security Branch which has to be very vigilant and active in Bombay. Miss Sushila Abnave is a constable working in this branch. Members of this wing are posted at Bombay V.T., Bombay Central, Dadar—Central, and Western—and Borivili railway stations. They are also posted at the city's main bus depots. They have to keep a close watch on all in-coming trains that bring thousands to this city in the hope of employment, etc.

To those who are poor and deserted, helpless, or ambitious about stardom in the city's glittering film industry, Bombay seems the only answer. Many men bring them to Bombay giv-

ing false hopes of jobs. These girls are so helpless that they usually land up in the city's red light cages. The Social Security personnel have to be alert enough to spot them and bring them to the police headquarters. Minor girls are usually sent back to their parents after verifying all details. Others are sent to rehabilitation centres.

If women police are posted in the Welfare section, their main job is welfare of the police fraternity. They have to supervise the canteens run by the police, welfare centres where sewing and other crafts are taught to the wives of policemen and such other activities.

When one police constable was asked about her reaction to women offenders when they are captured, she said that all unlawful deeds have to be punished. In this sense, she was only doing her duty to maintain law and order. Was it true that there were cases of misbehaviour with the women criminals? These are usually baseless rumours as no woman offender is left in charge of a policeman.

Even if she has to be taken to the court, a woman constable has to escort her. Where the female offenders are kept in custody overnight or during the day, a woman constable is always put on duty. Many women criminals give wrong statements, but it is upto the police to verify everything. Most of the constables whom I talked to did not face objection or opposition at home to their joining the police. They all felt that they have a social responsibility towards the people. All actions and decisions regarding women and children are taken by them keeping this sense of responsibility in mind.

WOMEN IN THE POLICE FORCE

Vrunda Moghe Dev

WOMEN HAVE NOW BECOME AN INTEGRAL PART OF OUR POLICE FORCE, AND SOME OF THEM HOLD IMPORTANT POSITIONS IN THE FORCE. WHAT ARE THEIR DUTIES AND WHAT ROLE DO THEY PLAY IN MAINTAINING LAW AND ORDER?

STARRING STRIPES

Continued from page 21

2nd row: 1 tr. in first tr., 2 tr. in next tr., 1 tr. in each of next 3 tr., 2 tr. in next tr., 1 tr. in last st., 3 ch., turn (10 sts.).

3rd row: In White, 1 tr. in first tr., 2 tr. in next tr., 1 tr. in each of next 6 sts., 2 tr. in each of last 2 sts. (14 sts.).

Join Black wool, 3 ch., turn.

4th row: Work in tr., inc. 2 sts. at each end (18 sts.).

5th row: In Black. As 4th row (22 sts.).

6th row: In Red. As 4th row (26 sts.).

7th row: In White. As 4th row (30 sts.).

8th row: In White. As 4th row (34 sts.).

9th row: In Black. As 4th row (38 sts.).

10th row: In Black. As 4th row (42 sts.).

11th row: In Red. As 4th row.

12th and 13th rows: In White. As 4th row (54 sts. at end of 13th row.).

14th row: In Black. Inc. 2 sts. in the beg. (as above), work in tr. to last 4 sts., (work next 2 sts. tog.) twice, (2 sts., dec. at the end).

15th row: Work (2 tr. tog.) twice, 1 tr. in each tr. to last 2 sts., 2 tr. in each of last 2 sts. Rep. 14th and 15th rows, till work measures 98 cms. on the longer side.

Now dec. 2 sts. at each end of every row till 6 sts. remain.

Next row: (Work 2 sts. tog.) 3 times, fasten off.

With Black thread work 3 rows of dc. on all 4 sides of the scarf, working 1 dc., 1 ch., 1 dc. in each of the 4 corners.

Arnavaz Dhondy

FROM THE CHEF'S COOK BOOK

The Executive Chef of Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay,

Mr. SUNIL CHAKRAVORTY, shares with us some of his recipes with foreign flavours, for you to try out at parties and get-togethers. An excellent cook, he has been with the chain of Oberoi Hotels for the past sixteen years. "The most elaborate dish will tend to look dull if served in a careless way," he says. "All you need is to devote a little bit of time and imagination and transform an ordinary dish visually to delight the family."

Food Courtesy: Oberoi Sheraton Hotel, Bombay
Photograph: Farokh Reporter.

STUFFED TURKEY

- 1 turkey
- 300 grams veal cut into 1" thick strips
- 300 grams ham cut into strips
- 300 grams ox tongue cut into 1" thick strips
- 100 grams pork fat cut into 1" thick strips
- 1 tin gherkin (small cucumber used for pickling)
- 500 grams chicken, boneless

FOR THE FORCE MEAT:

- 500 grams veal, chopped
- 1 kg pork, chopped
- 1 kg pork fat, chopped

- 3 whole eggs, chopped
- 1" dtop, brandy

SPECIAL SPICES

- 10 grams clove
- 10 grams ginger powder
- 9 grams white pepper powder
- 9 grams black pepper corns
- 9 grams paprika powder
- 10 grams bayleaf
- 10 grams nutmeg
- 10 grams basil
- 10 grams thyme
- 4 grams marjoran
- 10 grams mace

FOR THE PASTRY:

- 1 kg flour
- 6 egg yolks



A pinch of salt
250 grams butter

Mix together the above ingredients for the pastry to a smooth dough. Roll out and cut into a shape of an open fan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Mix together all the ingredients of the force meat with the above given spices. Clean the turkey. Stuff the force meat in the throat of the turkey. Stitch it up. Stuff the turkey with the rest of the ingredients. Blanche for half hour, cover it with silver foil and bake in a moderate oven for 2 hours. Let it cool. Make thin slices from the breast to decorate the surroundings. Fill up the breast with orange segments and seedless prunes. Dress up the turkey at the back with a puff pastry as shown in the photograph. Decorate with stuff tomatoes, eggs, and rolled out ox tongue, veal and ham.

GATEAUX MAIZE

1700 grams flour
20 eggs
75 grams yeast
400 grams sugar
200 grams butter
1 litre milk

Mix together the flour, eggs yeast, sugar and milk into a smooth dough. Pour out the dough onto a tray and bake in an oven with a temperature of 180°F for 35 minutes. Let it cool. Cut the cake in a shape of a maize. Top it with dots of butter and cover the other half of the maize with green maziapan paste to resemble the leaves.

TOMATO A LA MONEGASQUE

100 grams onions, chopped
15 grams parsley, chopped
5 grams tarragon, chopped
5 boiled eggs
2 tins tuna fish flakes
150 grams mayonnaise sauce
½ dtsp. diluted vinegar
8 large tomatoes

Scoop out the tomatoes and season with salt for 5 minutes. Mix together the above ingredients. Fill up each tomato with this mixture.

STUFFED PRAWNS IN BUTTER

12 large prawns
2 tbsps. peanut butter
3 cloves garlic
1 tbsp. parsley chopped
1 tbsp. tomato sauce

FOR THE BATTER :

125 grams flour
1 egg white
3 tsps. peanut butter
Water

Wash, shell and clean prawns leav-

ing the tails intact. Split in two without separating the two halves, wipe dry.

Combine together the peanut butter, chopped garlic, parsley and tomato sauce to a fine paste. Stuff each prawn with this paste held together with tooth pick.

Prepare a thick batter of flour, peanut butter and water. Fold in whisked egg just before dipping the prawns and deep fry till golden brown.

SPECIAL ISSUE CONTEST

The issue of Eve's Weekly dated October 21, 1978 will be a Special Cookery Issue, wherein we propose to have a special contest for our readers. All you have to do is to let us know — in 250 words or less — about your kitchen and cookery problems and how you have managed to solve them, in relation to any other work you have been doing.

Have you devised a routine which works best for your family? Have you hit upon a plan or idea which lessens your burden and which you might like to pass on to other readers? Write it all down and send it along with one original recipe — either vegetarian or non-vegetarian — which has delighted your family. A passport size photograph must accompany each entry.

Judging will be done initially on the basis of the best letter submitted and all selected entries will be published in Eve's Weekly.

Fabulous Prizes (see box below) to the best three entries. Also Consolation Prizes for the next five best entries.

Please note that the recipes and photographs submitted for this contest and not selected will not be retained for subsequent Readers' Recipe features, but will be returned to the entrant.

Send your entries to the Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023 to reach positively by SEPTEMBER 26, 1978.

Cookery Queen of the Month



Miss Salrabanoo Mohammed of Bombay wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 185 mm Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a Supercook Gas Tandoor from M/s Globe Super Parts and a cash prize of Rs. 101/- from Welkfield.

MUTTON KHICHDA

1 kg wheat
100 grams gram dal
50 grams tur dal without oil
50 grams moong dal
50 grams masoor dal
50 grams vaal dal
50 grams rice
1½ kg mutton
½ kg onion
A piece of ginger
A pod of garlic
10 greens chillis

Turmeric powder, chilli powder, salt, coriander and cummin seed. Ghee as required.

Sprinkle a little water over the wheat. Pound and re-

move the husk. Soak in water overnight.

Boil the wheat and dals separately till tender with the addition of salt, turmeric powder and chilli powder. Grind them separately into a paste.

Chop onions. Grind ginger, garlic and chilli into a paste. Fry the onions. Put in ground masala, salt and meat pieces with addition of water. Mix in turmeric, chilli, coriander and cummin powder with enough water. Cook till the meat is tender. When ready mix in all the dal and wheat paste with a little water and cook for a while. Serve hot garnished with fried onions and coriander leaves.

ANNOUNCING GIFTS FOR THE SPECIAL COOKERY ISSUE CONTEST

The prize winners of our Special COOKERY Issue Contest will receive the following gifts from BAJAJ ELECTRICALS LIMITED, Bombay:
1st Prize: No. 1 Bajaj Junior Mixer — two speed
2nd Prize: No. 1 Bajaj Round Oven with Thermostat
3rd Prize: No. 1 Bajaj Pressure Cooker — 6.5 litres
5 Consolation Prizes: The next five best entries will receive a copy each of Four Seasons Cook Book.

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recipes from our readers

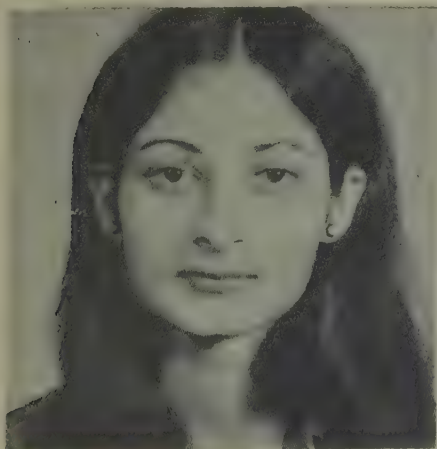


Mrs. Olivia Brady, KGF.

SEMIYA BRINJI

- 500 grams mince meat
- 500 grams vermicelli
- 1 tsp. ginger paste
- 1 tsp. garlic paste
- 2 tsps. chilli powder
- 2 green chillis
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 onions, sliced
- 3 tomatoes, sliced
- 10 cardamoms
- 10 cloves
- A piece of cinnamon
- A little coriander leaves and mint leaves, chopped
- 1 lime
- 4 tbsps. oil

Fry the vermicelli till golden brown and keep aside. In the same container pour oil and fry the onions, tomatoes, dry spices and all the ground masala, coriander leaves and mint leaves. Later put in the mince meat. Let it cook for some time. Add sufficient water and let it boil. Add the fried vermicelli, cover with a lid and cook on slow fire. When cooked add lime juice. Serve with curd pachhadi.



Miss Chitra Raghavan,
New Delhi.

POTATOES AND BREAD CRUMB HALWA

- 1/2 kg potatoes
- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1/2 kg sugar
- 1/2 kg ghee
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs

- 8 cardamoms (powdered)
- 1 tbsp. coconut, grated
- 1 tbsp. cashewnuts (optional)
- 1 tbsp. currants
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla essence

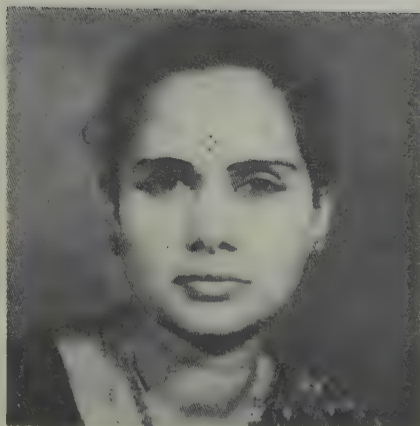
Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them. Heat a thick bottomed vessel and pour 125 grams of ghee. Put the mashed potato and keep on frying till it is brown. In the meanwhile fry the bread crumbs using the rest of the ghee. Make syrup with half a cup of water. Now add the fried bread crumbs with the fried potato with syrup and stir the contents for a little while. Beat eggs with milk. Add to the above mixture (in place of eggs, you may add two tablespoons of corn flour or custard powder). Keep on stirring till it resembles halwa. Now add cardamom powder or vanilla essence, spread it on the plate and garnish with grated coconut, currants and chopped cashewnuts. Halwa is now ready to be served.



Miss Gloria Gonsalves, of Goa wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

EGG ROLL RINGS

- 1 kg beef steak
- 1" piece ginger, crushed
- 5 cloves garlic, crushed
- A large piece of turmeric
- 1" piece of cinnamon
- 8-10 pepper corns
- 4-6 cloves
- 1/2 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 6-8 green chillis



Mrs. Juliana Gaspar,
Madras.

PIN WHEEL MEATPIE

FOR THE DOUGH:

- 2 cups flour (maida)
- 3 1/2 tsps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. sugar (optional)
- 1/2 cup ghee
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup milk

FOR THE FILLING:

- 2 1/2 cups cooked meat, ground
- 1 medium onion, ground coarsely
- 1 bunch coriander leaves

- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 kg. tomatoes, sliced & salted
- 1/2 kg. potatoes, cut lengthwise and salted
- 6 hard boiled eggs, shell-ed.

Ghee

- Coriander leaves
- 6-8 onions, sliced

Flatten the piece of beef to about 1/2" thickness and apply salt, vinegar, crushed ginger and garlic. Grind turmeric, cinnamon, chillis, cloves, pepper corns, cummin seeds and sugar to a fine paste and apply this paste to the surface of the meat. Let it marinate for about half an hour.

Put the meat flat on a board and arrange the whole eggs lengthwise. Roll the meat from the top edge where the eggs are placed until the whole meat is rolled up. Tie both the ends with a string and also bind the roll tightly with a string. Heat ghee in a dekchi, carefully lower the roll into the pan and fry on a slow fire, until tender and brown all sides. Remove and set aside to cool. Fry the potatoes and onions separately. Cut the roll with a sharp knife into thick rings. Arrange in a plate with tomato, potatoes and onions, and garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

- 6 green chillis, cut into tiny pieces
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt to taste
- 2 tsps. lime juice
- 1 tsp. ginger & garlic paste

FOR THE CHEESE SAUCE:

- 3 tbsps. butter
- 3 tbsps. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup cheese, grated
- Salt and pepper to taste

Sift together flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add the melted and cooked ghee. Lightly rub in till flour resembles bread crumbs. Combine egg and milk. Add to the dry flour mixture. Knead into a dough, gently on a floured board. Roll out to a 12"x10" rectangles.

FOR THE FILLING:

Mix ground meat with ground onion, chopped coriander leaves, chillis, salt, garlic ginger paste, well beaten egg and lime juice. Mix thoroughly and spread evenly over the rolled out dough. Roll as for swiss roll starting with the 12" side. Cut into 8 slices. Place the cut side down on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (425°) for 25 mins. until light brown. Serve hot with cheese sauce.

FOR THE CHEESE SAUCE:

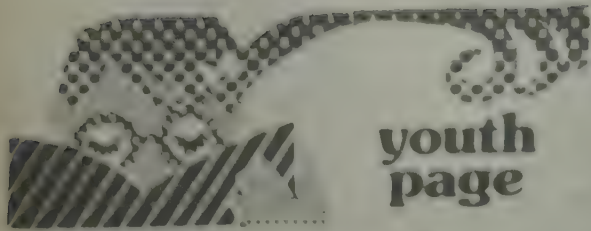
Melt 3 tbsps. butter in a saucepan. Blend 3 tbsps. flour gradually with 2 cups milk. Cook until thick. Add 1/2 cup grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cook till cheese melts.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

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

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



youth
page

NOORJEHAN SIDDIQUI:

A PROLIFIC WRITER

Just 18, going on 19, pretty and petite Noorjehan Siddiqui of Delhi already has an impressive number of successful published works to her credit. A dozen or so of her children's stories in Urdu have been published in booklet form by Taj Publishing House, Delhi, and almost all the copies are completely sold out. Several others, written by her in Hindi, have become popular with children all over India, through the pages of the children's magazine "Hasti Duniya". Besides this, Noorjehan has also published two novels, "Yasmin" in Urdu, and "Aahat" in Hindi, brought out by her own little enterprise N.M. (Noor Mahal) Publishing House. A third novel, says Noorjehan, is almost ready and waiting to go to press.

What makes lively, young Noorjehan, spend so much time writing almost to the exclusion of other activities of her age? What prompts her to write so prolifically?

Born in a fairly large Muslim family in the Jama Masjid area of Delhi, Noorjehan admits it has not been loneliness, or a lack of playmates, which makes her turn to writing.

There was, however, something else, something unfortunate, which made her turn to writing, not only as an escape but in an effort to try and seek the truth for herself.

Till a few years ago, she was a student at the Bulbul-e-Khan School, very near her home. In class IX, however, in order that she might take up science, her parents transferred her to the Khalsa School where the majority of students were Hindus and Sikhs. On several occasions, she had differences with her schoolmates on religious issues. This

made her somewhat unpopular and, on one occasion, when there was a petty theft at school, she found herself being accused as the culprit.

Unable to prove her innocence, Noorjehan suffered taunts and sneers for almost a year. During this time, she wrote her first poem



'Shikayat'. Several short stories for children followed, in each of which she explored the different facets of truth. It became an obsession with her and even now, as she says in her simple English, her stories are concerned chiefly with the "Truth of Life, Truth of Love, Religion, Death and Humanity."

Her schoolmates had told her that as Muslim King Aurangzeb had had no mercy towards Hindus, so they too would show none to her, a Muslim.

"Through my stories for children," says Noorjehan, "I try to give expression to what I have myself come to believe. I write, for instance, about the true meaning of religion. I believe it is silly to practise hatred in the name of religion. God is Love, we cannot reach Him through hatred of other religions. Any religion, whether Islam or Hinduism, when properly practised, should serve only to increase one's compassion for others and tolerance for the differences. It is on this theme that my first novel 'Yasmin' is based. My second novel 'Aahat', written in Hindi, is also a result of the misery I went through. The complex plot of this novel tries to expose what true fri-

endship and true love really mean. In my third novel, 'Parakh', in Hindi, I have tried to show how the ideals we proclaim are not always what we practise."

Despite her being such a relentless and prolific writer, Noorjehan is the first to admit that she still has a long way to go. Her published work has earned her the respect of her classmates and others at school. The simplicity, clarity and the ring of truth in her short stories cannot but have endeared her work and conveyed her message to them. According to Noorjehan herself, they now regret their ill treatment of her and realise now how sensitive and gifted she is, and how much they must have hurt her.

But all this is behind her now. Studying to improve her English and Punjabi, Noorjehan hopes to be able soon to express herself in these languages too, and through the study of great works to improve her own writing and novels. With both the talent and the will to succeed, Noorjehan may one day well be one of India's best-selling popular fiction writers.

Poornima Prasad

SANJAYA SAWANT:

Governor's Gold Medallist



Sixteen-year-old Governor's Gold Medal winner Sanjaya is studying in the First Year B. Com. this year. She comes from a lower middle class family and her father is the only earning member, supporting seven members including five school-going children. His meagre bus conductor's salary could not provide for his children's school requirements, hence, Sanjaya's education was sponsored by the India Sponsorship Committee. She has helped ISC as a volunteer, has worked on the magazine, and is actively associated in Sponsored Students' Association work. She helps in the office work and has proved herself as a Group Leader in camps and excursions.

Hitch-Hiking From Kanyakumari To Kashmir



"It is more hiking than hitching as it is tough to get a free ride," says Ashok Beera

a hitch-hiker from Andhra Pradesh. According to him, the only exception are Punjabi truck drivers, who are very friendly. He has been on the road since 8th June '77. So far, he has seen "every nook and corner of the South." He reached Bombay in the middle of August '78.

Ashok covers approximately 50 kms. in a day at the rate of five to six kms. per hour. After every hour of walking, he rests for 10-15 minutes. Unless interested people detain

him, he stays in a place for a week, or less. Very rarely does Ashok carry food. He is quite accustomed to different types of fare.

He carries the bare essentials — a rucksack and a sleeping bag. There are times when he has to sleep out in the open. According to him, "It is an enchanting experience." But it is not roses, roses all the way. On one occasion, he had to spend three rainy nights on a footpath. On another, he starved for sometime till a kind professor made arrangements for his stay. Talented and resourceful, Ashok gives talks, sells his paintings or photographs and plays the mouth organ to finance his trip.

His trip has been sponsored by the Nehru Yuvak Kendra of the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare. In places where the Kendras don't exist, he approaches the Tehsildar

or the District Collector, who provides accommodation for him in a guest house. By showing his identity card, he can even stay in a police station.

Although he knows only English and Telugu, he was received very well in Tamil Nadu, thanks to the press. "A hitch hiker" in Ashok's opinion "has to be a sliver-tongued person."

Ashok wanted to know his country, "not just eat and live." Commenting on his solitary travel, he "finds it more thrilling to go alone as it is a unique experience."

Ashok intends hiking through Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh, Rajasthan, Haryana, Punjab, U.P., and right up to Kashmir.

"From Kanyakumari to Kashmir" is his goal, and not even his family's entreaties to return home have shaken it. He might relinquish his journey at Kashmir, but "If I still have the stamina, I'll go to Calcutta," he declares cheerfully.

Maya C. Malani

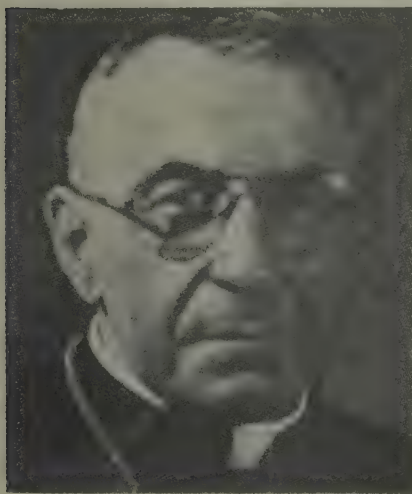


people known

Eight among the 111 cardinals attending the Conclave in Rome to elect the new Pontiff were considered likely candidates for the world's most important religious office. And the election was widely expected to be a difficult and prolonged affair.

Yet it was over within 24 hours. And the Catholic world had a new Pope — Albino Cardinal Luciano, now **Pope John Paul I** — a man never considered a "papabili", possible Pope.

The new Pope's origins are humble. His father Giovanni



was a labourer and his mother Angela a peasant. He was ordained a priest in 1935 and within two years he was professor of dogmatic theology. He was made a Bishop in 1958, Archbishop in 1969 and Cardinal in 1973.

In the death of **Jomo Kenyatta** in his late eighties, the third world has lost an architect of its present freedom, and Africa a charismatic leader who gave to Kenya political and economic stability for over 14 long years as its President, a stability so rare in most other African countries.

But for his courage, leadership and sagacity, Kenya might well have been another Rhodesia, so determined were the white settlers to make its fertile highlands their permanent home. But the panga wielding Mau Mau had them on the run and the man whom one arrogant British Governor had described as "the leader of darkness and death" wrested his country's freedom in 1963 and the next year he became its first and life long President.

Mr. Karpuri Thakur, Chief Minister of Bihar, has enough trouble ruling that backward,

caste ridden State. And now, to add to them a Nepalese lady, named Premlata Roy, has surfaced accusing him of reneging on his promise to marry her. She claims that during his stay in Kathmandu where he had gone underground during Emergency, he had declared his eternal love for her.

Now, with the proverbial fury of the woman scorned, she has published an open letter "to let the whole of Bihar know how good and honourable their Chief Minister is." Mr. Thakur is maintaining a tight lipped silence, but his supporters claim that it is just one of those dirty tricks, now so popular in our politics, to discredit Mr. Thakur.

As a Delhi wit put it, "son stroke" has become an occupational hazard for our political leaders. And now it is the turn of Defence Minister **Jagjivan Ram**. His 40-year-old son, Suresh Kumar, has become involved in a malodorous scandal that has seriously threatened his father's chances of one day becoming Prime Minister, and the general opinion is that this is precisely the objective of Mr. Charan Singh's men who are involved in the case.

Suresh Kumar, a married man, lodged a complaint with the police that Om Pal Singh, office secretary of the All-India Kissan Sammelan, of which ex-Home Minister Charan Singh is the leader, and K. C. Tyagi, general secretary of the All-India Yuva Janata, with several other burly men kidnaped him and his girl friend, Sushma Chowdhury, a Jat college student, as they were driving late in the night in Suresh Kumar's Mercedes, beat him up and, under threat of death, made him and Sushma pose for some porno photographs.



The accused claim that they got the photographs from the car by accident and that the kidnapping charge was only a ploy to get back the photos with police help.

Peter Ustinov, the internationally renowned actor-director-playwright was in Bombay recently to film an Indian episode for a special documentary on the lives and hopes of children in Asia and Africa. This visit came after Ustinov's whirlwind itinerary through Egypt, Kenya and Jordan. The film is being produced by the UNICEF, whose "goodwill ambassador" Ustinov has been for the last nine years.

Describing the film at the crowded Press Conference in Bombay, Ustinov said that it would be "a visual essay on children — more subjective and reflective than impartial and unbiased." The idea of the film struck Ustinov when he was shooting for "Death On The Nile" (incidentally, with our very own I. S. Johar, whom he described as "one child that UNICEF will not dare to adopt").

Ustinov has donated his services as a star and narrator to the UNICEF. His biodata, which runs to over 12 pages, describes him as an author (two novels, two collections of short stories and an autobiography), playwright and director and in films: writer, producer, director and actor. He has been awarded honorary doctorates by the Cleveland Insti-

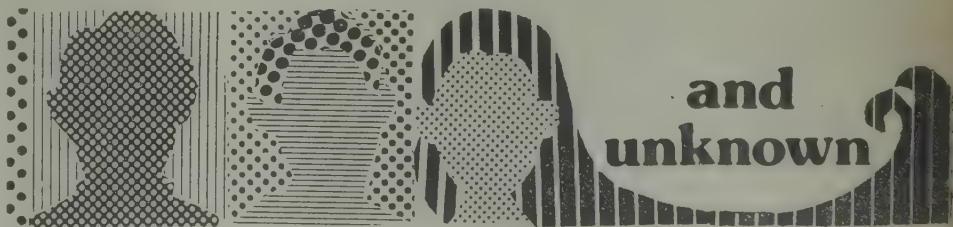
tute of Music, University of Dundee, University of Lancaster and the La Salla College of Philadelphia.

He began his work 16 years ago without any support from any quarter, spent Rs. 2.25 lakhs, most of it borrowed, walked thousands of miles searching for ancient manuscripts, epigraphs, temples, deities, was his own photographer, and all this during the hours he could spare from his teaching post, first as a Professor of History in Udupi and then as Principal.

And when at last he completed his monumental 900-page "Studies in Tuluva History and Culture", he had to print it (with 500 plates) himself, and then even sell it himself because book-sellers demanded a commission of 50 to 55 per cent. He sold 900 of the 2000 copies he had printed — no mean achievement considering the price, a hefty Rs. 250.

And after triumphing over obstacles that would have driven a less dedicated man to suicide, **Dr. Padur Gururaja Bhat** ended his life by drowning in a well. Why he did this is not known even to his widow and ten children, six of them daughters.

And while neither the Central Government nor the government of his own State, Karnataka, extended even token help, the U.S. Library of Congress bought 30 copies of his book. We need foreign aid even to identify the great among us.



and unknown

She is an ignorant, illiterate Santhal woman identified only as being her son's mother — **Sumadara Mai**, a toothless old dai serving the Santhals living at the foot-hills of the Vindhya range in Bihar. But she might, if investigations confirm her claim, become a benefactor of her sex the world over and have her name in future pharmaceutical text-books.


The search for a safe, easy, effective and cheap contraceptive is on all over the world and millions are being poured into research on this. **Sumadara Mai** may give to the world the solution it seeks. She is now at **Jaya Prakash Narain's Sobhodira Ashram**, administering a decoction to women to prevent pregnancy, with doctors checking on the results.

It is extracted from the leaves of a plant, banjhauri, and so far none of the women to whom it has been administered has conceived. But the investigations have yet to be acceptable scientifically and then possible side effects have to be studied. But there is enough ground for optimism, and this obscure daughter of an "ojha" (witch doctor) may yet beat the million-dollar research of the scientists in finding a contraceptive that the poorest can afford and the most ignorant use.

Compiled by K. S. Rao

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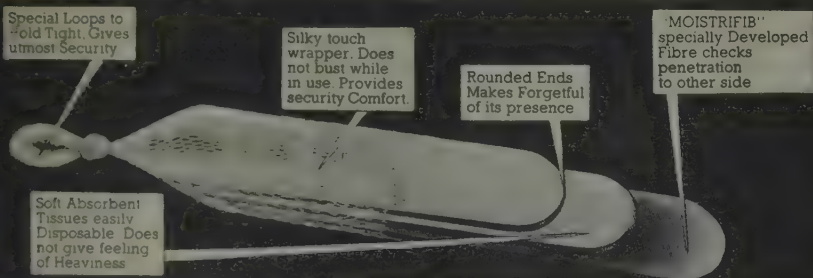
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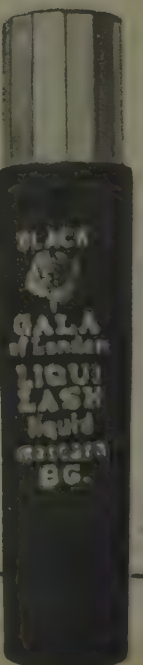
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APEX K/78



PADMA IYER—

KARNATAKA'S FIRST WOMAN UMPIRE

She is petite, charming, and sixteen — Padma Iyer of Bangalore, who has stormed the male stronghold of cricket umpiring in Karnataka by becoming the first woman cricket umpire in that State this season. The K.S.C.A. (Karnataka State Cricket Association), the examining body, deserves congratulations for appointing this lone woman candidate out of 94 applicants. With this Padma attains the distinction of being one of the few women umpires in India. Among the others are Miss Anjali Shivdev from Bombay, Dipika from Delhi and three others — Sumathi Iyer, Mrs. Prabha Ramakrishnan and Vijayalaxmi from Madras. However, Padma has the distinction of being the youngest woman umpire.

Padma was born in Bangalore on November 16, 1961, but her family moved to Madras when she was hardly a month old. Before returning to Bangalore last year, her family had stayed at various industrial towns and cities. Thus Padma has had her education in Madras, Nasik, Aurangabad and Pune. Presently she is doing her second P.U.C. at the Bangalore University.

While Padma's father is an ardent cricket fan and used to play industrial league cricket in his younger days, Padma herself has never wielded the willow. Actually she played hockey, representing her district as a right winger.

But Padma showed a liking for cricket ever since she could read newspapers and follow world cricket, and her active interest in the game blossomed, while they were in Pune. Along with her elder sister she had begun cricket scoring while watching cricket on T.V. in Pune.

Impressed by her knowledge of cricket, Ranji Trophy umpire and a family friend,

Mr. Deshpande, advised Padma to take the umpiring examination.

She took a course under the well-known Test umpire Mr. Mamsa in Pune and appeared for the theory exams in 1976 when she was barely 15. She passed it, but could not clear the practical examination as once again the family had to move.

All novice umpires have to officiate at



ten league cricket matches during which they are on probation, and senior umpires who co-officiate at the matches watch the performance closely, and after satisfactory completion of these matches the new umpire moves into the higher grade.

Padma began her career on July 27, 1978 when she was asked to umpire at a men's match (a Y. S. R. Trophy fixture) and her co-umpire was none other than renowned Test umpire Mr. Nagendra. Incidentally, it was he who had coached her before she appeared for the examination.

A woman umpire at a men's match did raise a little heat and dust, recalls Padma, but otherwise the match went on fine. She remembers with a reminiscent smile her first decision, which came in the very second

over when there was a confident appeal for L.B.W. and she raised her finger.

Her next two assignments followed in a couple of days. She umpired two women's exhibition matches between Karnataka and Bombay, and according to reports showed good judgement and took swift and correct decisions.

The little girl had made the grade. Local newspapers flashed her photographs. Many questions were put to her. Could the fact that she belonged to the fair sex come in the way of a male bowler expressing his resentment over a decision? Would she not succumb to psychological pressures on the field? Should women be restricted to umpiring only women's cricket? We added to the queries. Not having played cricket herself, how could she be a good judge of the game?

After hearing her answers one must admit that the girl has great presence of mind and full confidence in herself. "If the bowler feels angry it is his privilege. Sports should be above sex. If fielders try to bring psychological pressure, I will act in such a way that they will learn a lesson. Why should women be restricted to umpiring women's matches? Don't men umpire women's matches? This discrimination would be absurd. About playing cricket and then learning the rules and regulations of umpiring, it is the other way round. If you have learnt the rules fully, you could use them effectively while playing. It becomes a good asset for a player. In one of the women's matches, for example, there was a very clear L.B.W. case, but as nobody appealed, I could not give the player out."

But there is a very likely possibility that she will umpire only women's matches for some time and women's matches are very few and far between. A new umpire needs a good deal of practice in the initial stages. We hope that the K.S.C.A., which has appointed the first women umpire in Karnataka, will give all the encouragement she needs to become a seasoned umpire. Padma is confident that one day she will be asked to umpire at a Test, and she also hopes to give running commentaries over the radio and T.V.

She plans to take up engineering after her P.U.C. She dabbles in painting (here she takes after her mother) and music, and plays the veena, harmonium and guitar. She loves reading too.

K. N. Malathi & Dilip Patel

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Continued from page 23

to argue, not only over that, but also about having children. Barbara had changed her mind about that too. She said she couldn't stand to be tied down by babies or to lose her good looks and figure for nine months.

"Then we discovered she was pregnant. It was ironic really that we had twins, two babies when Barbara hated the very idea of even having one child. After she gave birth to Heather and Bruce, that was it; our marriage became a marriage in name only. Barbara went her way, I went mine."

"But what about the children? Didn't Barbara care for them?" Andrea asked, appalled by this stark recital.

He went on, "That's what Heather's nightmare is about. Barbara would lock the children in their rooms when she wanted them out of her way, which was often."

"The ultimate irony was that she did finally decide to leave me, and two weeks later was killed in a car accident with the man who was her latest diversion. That was four years ago. Heather was left with her nightmares, although they're less frequent now."

"Oh, Stuart, what a dreadful

story! I'm so sorry for all the pain you've been through." Almost unconscious of what she was doing, she brought his hand up to her lips; a tear dripped on his palm. "Have you ever told anyone about it before?"

"No, never. How could I share something like that?"

"Then perhaps just sharing it will help to banish Barbara's ghost," she suggested hopefully.

His hands slid down her arms to her elbows. "I know how to lay the past to rest, Andrea."

"How?" she whispered, searching his serious face with her deep brown eyes.

"You can do it for me."

"I?" she breathed.

"Yes, you. Dearest Andrea. . ."

"I want to marry you, Andrea... right away, if you'll have me."

"Yes, I will marry you," she replied, joy resounding in her voice.

"This week?"

"Tomorrow!" she said recklessly.

(To be continued)

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SHEIKH ABDULLAH & HIS BEGUM:

a happy family

A robust 73, Sheikh Abdullah is not only the most secure Chief Minister but also enjoys a happy family life thanks to his gracious Begum and affectionate children

Pushpa Hans

I met them on the lush green lawns of their house with the fragrance of roses all around, and in an atmosphere that was relaxed, informal and casual. Perfect hosts, they served sabz chai (green tea), and freshly baked sweet bread (the Kulcha), which every Kashmiri loves, right from the Chief Minister to the farmer in the fields.

Pious Muslims both, they get up before sunrise to say their first namaz (prayer) of the day. Their eating habits are simple fruit, milk, honey mainly, and simple meat dishes. They entertain lavishly and often and the Begum likes to supervise the menu and the table decor. All their children—three sons and two daughters — live in Srinagar. Farrukh Abdullah, the eldest son, is a highly qualified doctor and is married to an English woman, Molly. Farrukh is the Director of the National Medical Institute in Srinagar. Tariq Abdullah, the second son, is the Managing Director of the Jammu & Kashmir Tourism Development Corporation. The third son, Dr. Mustafa Kamaal is the Block Medical Officer at Tangmarg, near Gulmarg. Daughter Khalida is married to Khwaja Gulam Ahmed, Minister for Food & Supplies in J. & K. Mr. Ahmed was in jail with the Sheikh. Daughter Suraiya is married to Dr. Ali Mohammed and is a lecturer in the Government Girls' College, Srinagar.

After the day's work is over, around six o'clock in the evening, the children and the grand children come to see Sheikh Sahib and the Begum. They are a close-knit family and I could see that Sheikh Sahib dotes on his granddaughter. I met Aliya Khalida's daughter. She is a blue eyed beauty studying for M.A. Molly walked in with her two daughters Hina and Sofia.

There is something magnetic about Sheikh Sahib's personality and I wasn't surprised that he is loved and worshipped by his people.

Begum Sheikh Abdullah has a romantic background. Her father was a Britisher married to a Gujjar woman of the state. The Gujjars are mainly shepherds and lead a nomadic existence. Some are both tough and beautiful.

I asked both Sheikh Sahib and Begum Abdullah several questions. My first question was addressed to the Begum Sahiba, and was naturally about the women of Kashmir.

P.H.: I find the colleges full of young Kashmiri women, and the rate of literacy has obviously gone up. Is the Kashmiri woman now breaking the shackles of tradition and conservatism?



B.A.: Not only the shackles of tradition and conservatism, but also the bonds of poverty. She is now emerging out of the dark ages. Not only are the colleges full of women but also offices. The Urban Kashmiri woman is today a working woman. She is self-reliant and independent.

P.H.: And the men? Do they mind?

B.A.: On the contrary! When a Kashmiri lad goes looking for a bride these days, he shows his preference for a working woman. He knows that with two people earning they can have a far better standard of living. This in itself is an incentive for the girls to go out and work.

P.H.: And the village women?

B.A.: A great deal is being done for them. Every village has now a crafts centre. With the great demand for Kashmiri handicrafts, and especially Kashmiri carpets all over the world. Rural women get training in various

crafts and in carpet weaving. They earn a substantial amount.

My next question was to the Sheikh Sahib.

P.H.: Pakistan has passed a law forbidding more than one wife. Islam allows four wives. Do you think Kashmiri Muslims would agree to follow Pakistan's example?

S.A.: We are a conservative people. We have to go a long way to educate our people to make such reforms and laws possible.

Begum Abdullah (laughingly): "Left to Muslim men, they would make the number of wives eight rather than four."

S. A.: That is very unfair Begum. Look at me — you never let me have even a second one.

B. A.: But seriously speaking there is a very small percentage of men in Kashmir who have more than one wife.

P. H.: But the few who do marry twice or thrice. What about their earlier wives? Do they get alimony? Enough to live on?

B. A.: Not at all. They are literally left begging on the streets. To get alimony you have to go to court, it is never given willingly. The divorced wife has neither the means nor the guts to go to courts.

P. H.: Do they get any help at all?

B. A.: Yes it is for women like these that we have started the Miskin Bagh Complex in Srinagar. About 400 to 500 women take training in carpet weaving. Besides needy women, there are



young girls also who join the training which lasts about a year. Once they have learnt the craft they can earn Rs. 400 to 500 a month.

P. H.: What about family planning?

S. A.: One of our biggest problems. We have to educate them. The word operation sears them, so it has to be contraceptives and pills and a mental climate to want to limit their families.

P. H.: I am told Family Planning is forbidden by Islam?

S. A.: That is a myth which we are trying to explode, there is nothing in the Muslim religion against family planning.

P. H.: Let us digress a little Sheikh Sahib. What is your opinion on Prohibition? Is Kashmir going dry?

S. A.: As Muslims we are not allowed to drink, but mine is a state that thrives on tourism. We get a large number of domestic and foreign tourists. They come to the valley to enjoy themselves. I cannot possibly impose prohibition and starve my people. Ethically, I am all for prohibition. But let's create a mental climate among the people so that they themselves want prohibition. In its present form it is only likely to be a boot-leggers' paradise.

P. H.: One more question to you Sheikh Sahib. What do you think of Mr. Bhutto and the verdict of death, and the wave of sympathy for him in India and Kashmir?

S. A.: What happens in Pakistan is their own affair, but deep down we Indians are true democrats. We are also an emotional people. Mr. Bhutto's trial and the verdict of death were done in a most undemocratic and cruel way. That is why there is such a wave of sympathy for him in India, and in the press particularly.

P. H.: Begum Sahiba, what about your role as an M.P.?

B. A.: My people — The National Conference — selected me, and I am there to represent their interests.

S. A. (Teasingly): She is learning to be a politician. Basically she is a good mother — a good wife. My inspiration and my ray of hope throughout my dark times, but now she is becoming a politician, too.

And at this point the family started coming in. Molly, with her two young girls, and Aliya. There was a lot of excitement about photographs and Sheikh Sahib and Begum posed with their family happily. I left them then — Sheikh Abdullah, the beloved leader of his people, who had fought all the way through to give his people a place in the sun, and his gentle Begum who was his inspiration and solace always.

It all started when the sales of product X began to decline. The poor manufacturer lay awake nights wondering how to boost sales and increase profits. Then it hit him. Why not offer something "free" with each item sold? His brilliance was rewarded with increased sales.

The others caught on. Soon, one after the other advertisements announced free glasses, free soapboxes, free spoons. . . One lady I know bought a whole year's supply of washing powder in order to obtain a set of vessels which sparkled all the more because they were free.

Then someone came up with an even more brilliant idea. Cash in on the consumer's gullibility by organising a competition and offering fantastic prizes. So we had a lady walking into a shop and wondering which of those expensive bags she could afford. She settled for a vanity case, finally, the least expensive of them all. What did a mere hundred rupees matter if it could win her a trip to America? She'd see her daughter again, maybe give her the vanity case. . . It lies useless today while the company itself has made another sale.

Maybe she, like so many others, feels the judge's decision was unfair. "But," says Marzban Sepoy, an advertising executive, "there is no possible room for injustice." He gives the example of a contest held recently, sponsored by a shampoo manufacturer. Contestants were required to send snapshots of themselves with the hairstyle prominent. "Top people from quite a few professions were asked to judge. It was not the decision of one person alone."

What about the lucky ones who win the prize? That's wonderful. Take the case of Mr. R. He received a very exciting letter one day. All he had to do was think up a brilliant slogan (an easy matter), fill in the entry form and, oh yes, include the cash memo — that golden key to eligibility for entry. But again, what did that matter if it could win him a prize? He was thrilled when he got a letter informing him he'd won. Would he please send Rs. 51 to cover

FREE GIFTS AT YOUR COST!

Menka Shivdasani

the cost of licence fee, leather case and postage for the transistor he'd won? When he did so, he got another letter asking him to contribute half the price of the transistor. Disillusioned, he refused and asked for a refund of the money he'd sent earlier. There was no reply. On making enquiries, he found the "organiser" could not be traced.

An interesting and even more daring variation on this brilliance was narrated to me by Ramesh Kalwani, Chief Executive, Western Outdoor Advertising. His brother received an entry form in mail which he filled in and sent. A little while later he received a letter of congratulations. "Would you please send Rs. 45 for the transistor you've won?" it added. "Thinking it was worth it, even at that cost, my brother sent the money. He received a second letter that said the total cost of the transistor was Rs. 145. He was asked to pay the remaining hundred."

This is not to say that all competitions are a hoax. But more often than not, they are a very brilliant method to promote sales. The gullibility of the educated consumer is played upon, competition after competition is announced, letters (often printed!) are sent to thrill the entrant and everyone is left feeling generally very happy.

When a consumer wins a bucket worth Rs. 17 in the market, he feels he has received a gift from the gods. What he doesn't realise is that those buckets, being probably consolation prizes, are bought in bulk and cost the manufacturer only Rs. 10 or so, which is recovered anyway from the profits made when the consumer buys something he doesn't really need, only so he can enter the competition.

Sometimes, because more competitions are organised with even more fantastic prizes, the price of that product is increased. The consumer doesn't feel more than a mild twinge, if even that, because the prizes offered are breathtaking and apparently free.

To be fair to the manufacturer, he must, of course, use all the means at his disposal to increase sales. It's not his fault if the consumer, educated though he may be, loses his head when he hears the word "prize."

He may as well take advantage of the fact and in true "filmi" style give the consumer what he wants — at least give the consumer the impression he's getting what he wants.

The instalment scheme, perhaps, is one of the very few sales promotion techniques which cannot be called a gimmick. Manufacturers and retailers alike are quite blatant about the fact that the consumer ends up paying more in instalments than when he pays cash down. However, the middle-class man does not mind this as no overwhelming cost bombards his pocket when he acquires a status symbol such as a television set.

But the catch? Though the consumer's debt slowly diminishes with each successive instalment, the interest charged is still on the basic sum. So the ignorant middle-class man ends up paying considerably more interest than he believes he's paying.

Sales promotion gimmicks don't stop at competitions, "free" gifts, etc. How often have you turned to take a second look at the board which announces a "fantastic 50 per cent reduction in price" before actually going in and buying what you probably don't really need? Even if a board announces a mere 10 per cent discount, the fact doesn't stop you. The magic words — "SALE, REDUCTION, DISCOUNT" ram straight into your head and blind you momentarily, by which time you've parted with your hard earned money and someone else is licking his lips counting the notes you've given him. It's not till later you realise the discount was probably not genuine and a large profit has been made anyway. But by then, it's too late.

A prominent textile retailer at Colaba feels that "on the whole, sales are not genuine. Heavy, clever advertising attracts the customer." He gives examples of certain "discounts" advertised in the papers, which he knows definitely to be fake. He adds, however, that sales, genuine sales, are sometimes necessary.

And the cat-and-mouse game goes on. Sometimes, desperately in need of strength, the cats devise all kinds of strategies to appease their genuine hunger. At other times, they hunt to satisfy their greed. Isn't it time the mice devised techniques to beat these cats?

Make your baby's first solid feed with

Nestum[®]

baby cereal
cream of rice



contains
11 vitamins
plus iron

When it's time to give your baby solid food, start him on nutritious Cream of Rice, the solid food fortified with 11 vitamins and iron in addition to protein, carbohydrates and minerals.

Nestum Cream of Rice is gentle and easy to digest, so you can start your baby on it from two months onwards.

To make Nestum nutritionally complete, always prepare it with milk.

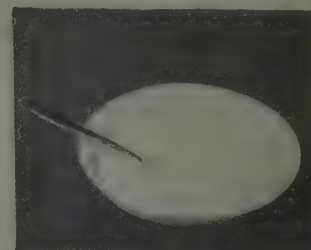
Maximum
Price
Rs. 7.00
Local Taxes
Extra



Pour pre-boiled milk



Add Nestum & mix



Ready to serve

Prepare with milk
for a gentle,
nourishing feed.

Nestum[®] baby cereal



ASTROLOGY: SCIENCE OR FAKE?

Continued from page 15

To quote Mr. Bejan Daruwalla again, "I must confess that astrology is not infallible, and consequently neither are astrologers. There's an element of error, a possibility of going wrong in the predictions. This has to be admitted. The horoscope could be incorrectly cast, the astrologer might not be in the right frame of mind (he is human too!), he might have missed out, or wrongly interpreted the function of a cluster of planets, a 'yog' forming combination, or he might have failed to connect different planetary positions and their correct results or effects. I mean, anything can go wrong. Therefore I admire 'The Astrological Magazine' of Raman for announcing just below the mast-head, "Those who know astrology can only indicate in a way what will take place in the future. Who else, except the creator Brahma, can say with certainty what will definitely happen?"

Many readers this writer spoke to complained that forecasts in magazines are always "vague, ambiguous and of the 'good-fortune-waits-for-you type.'" One reader said, "Even if something bad is forecast, it's not really bad!" How can this be explained?

In reply, Mr. Naylor said, "It is impossible to make specific predictions without (a) calculating an accurate individual horoscope from the time, date and place of birth, (b) without knowing the circumstances of the subject of the horoscope. The astrologer, like workers in most other academic/scientific fields, is using a crude technique and has a limited imagination and intellectual ability.

"Humanity needs encouraging not discouraging. How many billions of pep pills and tranquillizers are consumed daily? Most astrologers try to strike a positive, constructive note."

Some readers I spoke to claimed that they didn't believe in the forecasts, but admitted they made a beeline for those very pages of magazines first. Asked to comment on this apparent paradox, Mr. Naylor said, "The astrological forecast in a publication more often than not, will be the only item in the publication which has a specific application to the reader. This is its attraction.

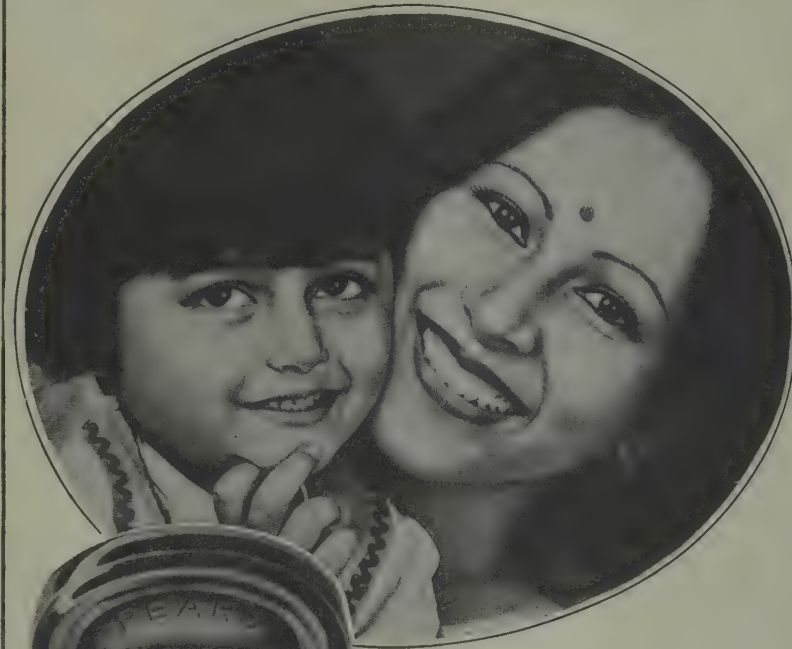
"Until the last century, the earth was, to all intents and purposes, the centre of the universe, regarded as such by the majority of mankind. In the last century

humanity has become aware of the universe, resulting in an immense and very basic change of attitudes. Currently, the vast majority of readers are torn between two modes of thought, the first relating to the traditional religions, customs, codes of thought and behaviour established over most of recorded history. The second, the miraculous technology of the 20th century, and all it implies — birth control and other aspects of medicine, space travel, satellites and solar radiation, the realisation that forces operating in outer space very directly affect terrestrial events,

of the present generation. This is because in the present state of knowledge it offers a realistic philosophy of life, namely, that the earth is a very small part of the solar system and an infinitesimal part of the universe. The earth and the people on it cannot be considered in isolation but are subject to the interacting forces of the universe which are inconceivably immense. Humanity is related to its environment.

"I am extremely interested in financial astrology. There is the general belief that the rise and fall of markets and prices are brought about by market forces,

Some complexions just never grow up!



Pears — the original glycerine soap

Give your skin the gentle care of Pears. A century of soap-making experience goes into every transparent tablet. Pears is so mild—and so pure, you can actually see through it.

Pears keeps your skin young, innocent.

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electronics and computers and the extension of the human intellect.

"As instanced in India, China, Africa, there are two cultures existing side by side — one primitive, the other highly technological. Is it surprising that in regard to astrology — and many other subjects — an ambivalent attitude prevails?"

Mr. Naylor concluded with, "Astrology is a serious scientific study which is gaining the attention of an increasing proportion of the general public and (in particular) of scientific academics

a balance between supplies, buyers and sellers. Nothing could be less true. Planetary factors stimulate or diminish human activity, business confidence. Because the planetary/stellar factors are so complex and no method of quantitative assessment is yet known, it is impossible to produce forecasts which are 100 per cent accurate, but anyone with a knowledge of financial astrology has no doubt whatsoever that free will is very limited, that humanity dances to a tune dictated by extra-terrestrial forces."



Devi

He loved luxuries — five-star hotels with day and night bars, good food where there was more asli ghee than dal in the dal, and more badam in the halwa than suji, and two-ton air-conditioners, so that everyone around him in the room sat with the kind of clothes one would wear during a Simla winter. He had trimmed and canned "Gold Medal" to a neat 13,000 feet and waited for buyers. During the wait Shyam Behl dreamt of a house like a hotel where his friends could stay free, he dreamt of halwa with pista, and extra air-conditioners.

That is when doctors told him he should stop drinking,

SHYAM BEHL: Giving Up The Fight

smoking, he should go on a liquid diet and should sweat more and not use air-conditioners. Dr. Bali and Vyjayanti, who paid him a visit two nights earlier, said he should live on Protinex and take brisk walks.

But he wanted suji halwa. So I suggested a cab drive to Juhu.

"It is eleven p.m., what about Billa?" he asked me. The day after that, Shyam Behl went to Juhu over the shoulders of his weeping son and hundreds of friends.

The night I had visited him, he had said, "I have given up the fight." He could not visualise a fight without the aid of good food, whisky, air-conditioners. "When I die, the air-conditioner will stop," he used to joke.

He had died in his sleep, after the doctor had given an all-clear report but for some minor trouble. His son Raj got up with a jolt at about 9.30 a.m. when he heard the air-conditioner conk out. He looked at his Daddy and found he was not breathing. They were not sure of the time when he had died. But when they removed his watch in the evening to bathe him for the funeral rites, they found that the watch, like the air-conditioner, had stopped ticking. The time on the watch was 9.23 a.m.

people
and events



At a party in Bombay given by Mr. S. M. Sachdev, director, Allied Publishers, (AP) and Mrs. Sachdev, for the Associated Scientific Publishers Elsevier (ASPE), North Holland Excepta Medica, are seen from left, Mr. Stan Rebello, sales manager, AP, Mrs. Maureen Rebello, Mr. Charles Ellis, managing director of ASPE, Mrs. G. Sachdev, Mr. Peter Straub, sales manager, ASPE, and Mr. S. M. Sachdev.



Nutan inaugurated an exhibition of Bengal sarees, organised by Shakuntala and Usha Haralalka (right), owners of "Shubham", a saree shop in Calcutta.

BELOW: Trustees Mrs. Sita Kirpalani (ext. left) and Mr. Ramesh Kirpalani seen with this year's winners of the Rajika Kirpalani Young Journalist Award in Bombay. From left, Ayesha Kagal, 1st prize-winner, Manohar Kamath, Special prize-winner and Shivanand Karkal, 2nd prize-winner.



ABOVE: At the Inner Wheel Club of Delhi Midtown, outgoing president Dr. Usha Bhargava invests incoming president Mrs. Pushpa Bhargava with the President's collar.



Shobhana Mehta (right), helped by Bharati Sanghvi, held an exhibition in Bombay, of household linen and jewellery designed by her.



BELOW: The Lionettes and Lions Clubs of Pimpri felicitated some freedom fighters recently. Mariyam Merchant, member of the Lionettes Club of Pimpri, presents a sari to Mrs. Dandekar, wife of freedom fighter Mr. Par-suram N. Dandekar, while member Chandrakala Shetty looks on.



At the "Teej" celebrations organised by the Western Railway Mahila Samiti, Ratlam Branch, are Mrs. Uma Pant, president (4th from right) and Mrs. Abha Wadhwa, secretary (4th from left) with other participants.



bombay

The Friends of Children Society is holding a charity premiere of the film "Abba" on September 28 at 9.30 p.m. at the Eros Theatre.

The Friends of Children Society was founded on August 23, 1961, "to promote the educational, medical, social, and general welfare of children in every manner and by all means."

Since then it has completed many building projects including two homes for destitute children, one for the Children's Aid Society at Mankhurd and the other in Andheri run by the Society of Jesus.

The Society has plans for building a dolls' museum, toy library and a recreation and a study centre.

An exhibition and sale of Amrapali sarees will be held from September 30 to October 2, at the Aakar Art Gallery, organised by Sabita Radhakrishna of 'Amrapali,' Madras.

At a function held in Bombay, Ayesha Kagal, Shivanand Karkal and Manohar Kamath received the 1st, 2nd and Special prize respectively of the Rajika Kirplani, Young Journalist Award 1978 from "Blitz" editor R. K. Karanjia. Mulk Raj Anand, chief guest, spoke of the duty of young people to find a solution to the crisis of deteriorating values today. Mr. Karanjia in a fiery speech, lashed out at the corruption in and callousness of the government, and asked young journalists to expose and speak out against it fearlessly. Both recalled Rajika Kirpalani's rebellious spirit and cited it as an example for young journalists. Mrs. Vimla Patil, editor, "Femina," welcomed the audience and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, "Eve's Weekly" and "Star & Style" gave the vote of thanks.

Two exhibitions which covered a wide range of items were held here recently. Mrs. Ranjit Surve's "Tho Thweet", displayed special children's dresses, beach and casual wear and nighties, while Mrs. Shobhana Mehta's exhibition displayed household linen and jewellery designed by her. Both exhibitions were inaugurated by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

delhi

The Air Force Wives Welfare Association (AFWWA) bid farewell to Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar, wife of Air Chief Marshal H. Moolgavkar at the Defence Services Officers' Institute, New Delhi.

Giving her farewell speech, Mrs. Moolgavkar said that she "appreciated the affection, loyalty and support everyone in the Air Force gave so generously." She said that as President of AFWWA she had "the ultimate satisfaction of being in the heart of the AFWWA activities."

The ladies of Air Force Station, Hindon, put up a short variety show comprising of a "Working Women's Fashion Show," an English skit and a couple of musical items.

Earlier in the week the Naval Officers' Wives Association and the Army Wives Welfare Association bid farewell to Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar at separate functions.

Under the Triveni Kala Sangam's generous scheme, any amateur artist, painter or sculptor, can exhibit his or her work at the gallery for a nominal fee of Re. one only. Many talented artistes have exhibited their work, some of which was outstandingly good.

calcutta

The editors and organisers of the little magazine 'Chitrak,' the Maddex Square 'Gharoa' literary club, held a literary meet to encourage young poets. Besides the new writers, others who read their own poems and stories were Sadhana Mukherjee, Shivaji Banerjee, Tapati Mookerji, Meenakshi Bandopadhyaya, Gargi Gangopadhyay, Bharati Gupta and others.

madras

Mrs. Rane Kuttiaiah came down from the Nilgiris with her troupe 'Natak' with a repertoire of dances: Bharata Natyam, Mohiniattam and Kathakali. The troupe presented a ballet composed by Rane herself, for which the music was provided by Ravi Shankar. It had for its theme, "Dream, Nightmare and Dawn." Among the dancers, Usha Raghavan and Aruna Sunderraj acquitted themselves creditably.

mysore

The Ladies' Fellowship and Talents Association, Mysore, celebrated their eighth anniversary recently. As per their Motto of We Share: We Serve, the members decided to share the evening with the Scholars of the United Nations University.

The President Mrs. Baby Abraham welcomed the guests and explained the objectives of the Association.

chandigarh

The Department of Cultural Affairs, Haryana, has started the Children's Movement a little before the International Children's Year. A couple of years back, a Children's Film Society was formed under the aegis of the Department and an auditorium was recently inaugurated by Mr. Prem Bhatia, editor-in-chief of The Tribune, Chandigarh.

Earlier, nearly 80,000 children in different villages and towns of Hissar and Sirsa saw 30 films screened by the Society. If the Chandigarh-based venture also proves popular, it will be extended to all district headquarters of the State. "All this is being done to meet a demand which commercial exhibitors do not seem to be in a mood to bother about," says Mr. S. Y. Quraishi, Member-Secretary, Haryana's Department of Cultural Affairs and Children's Film Society.

ahmedabad

Manjula Narasimhan of Geneva gave a Bharata Natyam recital here recently.

Her renderings included the Rang Puja, Alaripu, Jatiswararam, and Shabdham. Manjula who is just 14, did a "Kura-thi" dance which was highly appreciated by the audience.

The programme was organised by the Shree Narayana Guru Cultural Mission in aid of their building fund. Chief Justice B. J. Diwan was the chief guest.

The Darpana school of Dances run by Mrs. Mrinalini Sarabhai presented two dance dramas in the city recently, Manushya and Gita Govindam, both of which were highly appreciated by the audience. The programme was arranged for the seventh Dr. Vikram Sarabhai Festival of Performing Arts.

world of eve

PARAGI THAKORE

Architecture and dance are the two passions of Paragi Thakore's life.



Endowed with lovely eyes and a supple figure Paragi was applauded heartily at her arangetram in Ahmedabad recently. She learnt dancing under Ilakshi Thakore at the Nritya Bharati School of Classical Dances, Ahmedabad. She has even directed two ballets for her school.

Paragi has been a bright student all along. She got 80 per cent marks in her SSC examination, and received the National Scholarship for 1971 and '72. A keen student of music, she has passed two examinations organised by the Akhil Bharatiya Gandharva Mahavidyalaya.

While dance is her hobby, architecture is her vocation. Daughter of a leading architect of Ahmedabad, Paragi inherited her father's interest, and passed her diploma with a first class. Her thesis was on "Man-made Spatial Environment — A Study".

TARVEEN MEHRA

Enchanted by Bharata Natyam from childhood, Tarveen was spotted by



Guru Dakshina Moorthy at the Natya Kalalayam in Madras. Followed years of rigorous and disciplined training. When she performed her arangetram in Delhi, she was awarded the Natya Ratna by the late Dr. Zakir Hussain.

"I felt Bharata Natyam was more traditional and purer than Kathak, which is so much more popular in the North." Among the highlights of her dancing career have been, her performances in U.K., the two short dance movies for B.B.C. T.V., and her performance at the All-India Sadarang Music Conference at Calcutta.

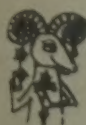
Now a mother of two, Tarveen is busy on a project very dear to her heart — the formation of an Artistes Forum in Delhi. The aims of the Forum are to look after the welfare of the artistes and their families, and to scout for new talent and try to earn recognition for it. "I feel that our folk music and traditional arts are dying. The government is helping but not to a great extent. So we must ourselves try to do something."

this week for you

A busy but very happy year, in the main. There will be the odd ups and downs of daily life, but you should progress well. Be sure to seize opportunities that arise over the next few weeks and between December 1978 and February 1979. There will be minor changes, these working to your benefit during this period. You will take a step in the right direction — upwards — in the year ahead. You may have already experienced major adjustments in important areas of your activities and will finally adjust to these. There is good luck both at work and at play; make the most of social opportunities if heart-free. There should be one quite spectacular personal success just before your 1979 birthday.

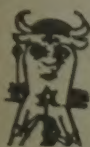
For the week Sept. 24 — 30

John Naylor



ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

The limelight is on people close to you, and you will have to fit in with their ideas. What they decide or do will affect your own plans very much. Luck is flowing your way, but don't try to push ahead too fast at present. There is plenty of fun and flirtation — if you can find the time!



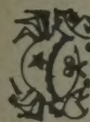
TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

It will be easy to step on people's toes, to upset those you are fond of. This will be your pattern for a few weeks. It will be hard to please, and others will not be sensitive of your feelings, will trample on you if you let them! Keep a balance — and make your romance sparkle.



GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

A super week in every way. You can earn extra cash doing something you enjoy, also improve future prospects. Start to widen out your social ambitions; this will be lucky to you as well as bring amusement. You must keep a promise mid-week. You may have forgotten it — but the other person concerned has not!



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

You are in a happy period for love and the lighter side of life. A lively week, good for having your own party, for meeting new friends. There will be plenty of outings, some pleasure travel, joy from youngsters. An unexpected compliment lifts your morale and, money-wise, you can chance your luck a bit.



LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Both personal life and more practical ambitions should be getting help from the stars, this happy trend continuing for many months. Make the most of your lucky aspects and go after what you want. An enticing romance is on the way; meanwhile, enjoy the many social distractions that are offered.



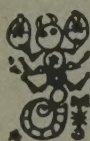
VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

A busy and changeable week — but a lucky one too! The accent is on communication and you may be hearing from someone who faded from your scene some time ago. Happy news comes in, but someone will keep you dangling for an answer on a minor matter. At home and in your job, be ready to adapt and improvise.



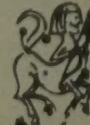
LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Mercury moves into your sign, promising a busy and amusing time ahead. Contact with others, especially new friends, will be lucky for you. A good week for travel, for getting into fresh scenes and activities. A success period on the way, both for money and in your love life.



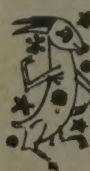
SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Vital stars are now influencing you, and luck is with you for some months to come. You will look and feel great, have plenty of appeal, that "come-hither" in your personality! You can do anything you want, so have confidence and act positively in all areas. There will be extra cash this week.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22)

You may be impatient to get a new scheme moving, but you would do wise to wait for a week or two. There will be sudden problems around the 25th, or perhaps a lack of co-operation from others. You could be starting a super new friendship which gets you into a whole new scene soon.



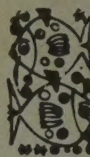
CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Have some time to yourself to consider what you want to do in the future. Long-term plans are under helpful stars and it is time for changes. You have not had much cooperation in recent months, but people will be nice to you now! A new friendship, perhaps a sudden romance, will bring happiness.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Good signs healthwise; you will have extra vitality, can sort out a beauty problem too. If you feel you are rather out of things, socially, there are good times on the way with new links forming soon. Travel stars are strong; a change of scene will stimulate and refresh — and will also bring you luck.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

You must take care to make extra efforts if you want romance to sparkle. Take the initiative in all directions this week; it is no good waiting for others to help you out! Try to add a surprise element to things; don't go on in the same old way. Busy stars fade now and life will be more manageable.

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 30, 1978

ADULT EDUCATION

Illiteracy mars the human personality, endangers democracy and impedes national progress. The adult literacy drive is therefore of the utmost importance to our country. How this is being implemented and what progress has been made.

THE WOMEN OF CHINA

Time was when Chinese women were a more oppressed lot than even the women of India, but now they enjoy a

degree of equality with men that their Western sisters may well envy.

FRACTURES AND HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM

The incidence of fractures has increased with our faster pace of life. Wrong handling may result in life long damage. What to do and not to do before you see the doctor.

Also all the usual features — articles, stories, fashions, cookery, etc.

"My English," she said, "is imperfecto. But your V.I.P. bagaglio is vero functionale. Vero beautiful. No?"



There she was. Signora Simonetta Silvana Stanzani-Spagnoletti* A woman of business, donna d'affaire, if you say it as the Romans do. "A woman in a man's world," we said, with respect.

Our smiling Mona Lisa changed, and how! All the fire of the Latin temperamento raged.

"It is all the faults of the Italiano womano," she said. "She lets the mans thinkare he rule the mondo. Now see. The idea travel to the Indiano peoples."

"Did you travel to India with V.I.P. suitcases?" we asked, trying to steer the conversation away gently.

"Why, is it only a man's suitcase?" was the prompt retort.

Suddenly, her mercurial temperamento was all sunshine again. "Sometimes," she said, "I gets little angry. But I likes your V.I.P. vero mucha. The combinazione locks is vero functionale. It always work. Except on una occasiona."

"What happened?" we asked, on alarm. "I forgets the numbers,"

she said, "totalie." "Then what?" we asked, aghast.

With a barely perceptible shrug, the elegante signora said, "When you carrys una 10 carata diamonda on una platino necklace, you remembers. You remembers!"

"Don't you find the V.I.P. bella, beautifula, and stronga too?" we asked, striving very hard to avoid any interviewer bias.

"Si, si," she said. "It is like a womano, no?"

Seeing our puzzled look, she explained. "A womano look vero delicato but she is made of..."

"Sterner stuff," we obligingly suggested, "Grazie," said she, with the graceful air of one who has grown up on compliments.

Magnanimously, she returned the favour. "Even in Italia you don't always get bagaglio as splendide as your V.I.P. See Giovanni, he leave Roma with one Italiano suitcase. He reach

Milano in two pieces!"



Always ready to spot a prospective V.I.P. customer, we were immediately alert. "Your husband..." we started. "Perhaps," was the enigmatic reply. "But now he carry your V.I.P.," she added with a smile.

"Your brocado lining is excellent. And your V.I.P. colore, I like all... red, blue, green and golden..." "And brown, gray and black," we added.

"For my Giovanni, yes. I prefera the brillante colore," she said. "Womano," she finally conceded, "are differente."

Getting our French and Italian hopelessly tangled, we said, "Viva la differente!"

*To protect the privacy of our V.I.P. customers, it has been necessary to conceal their actual identities.

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