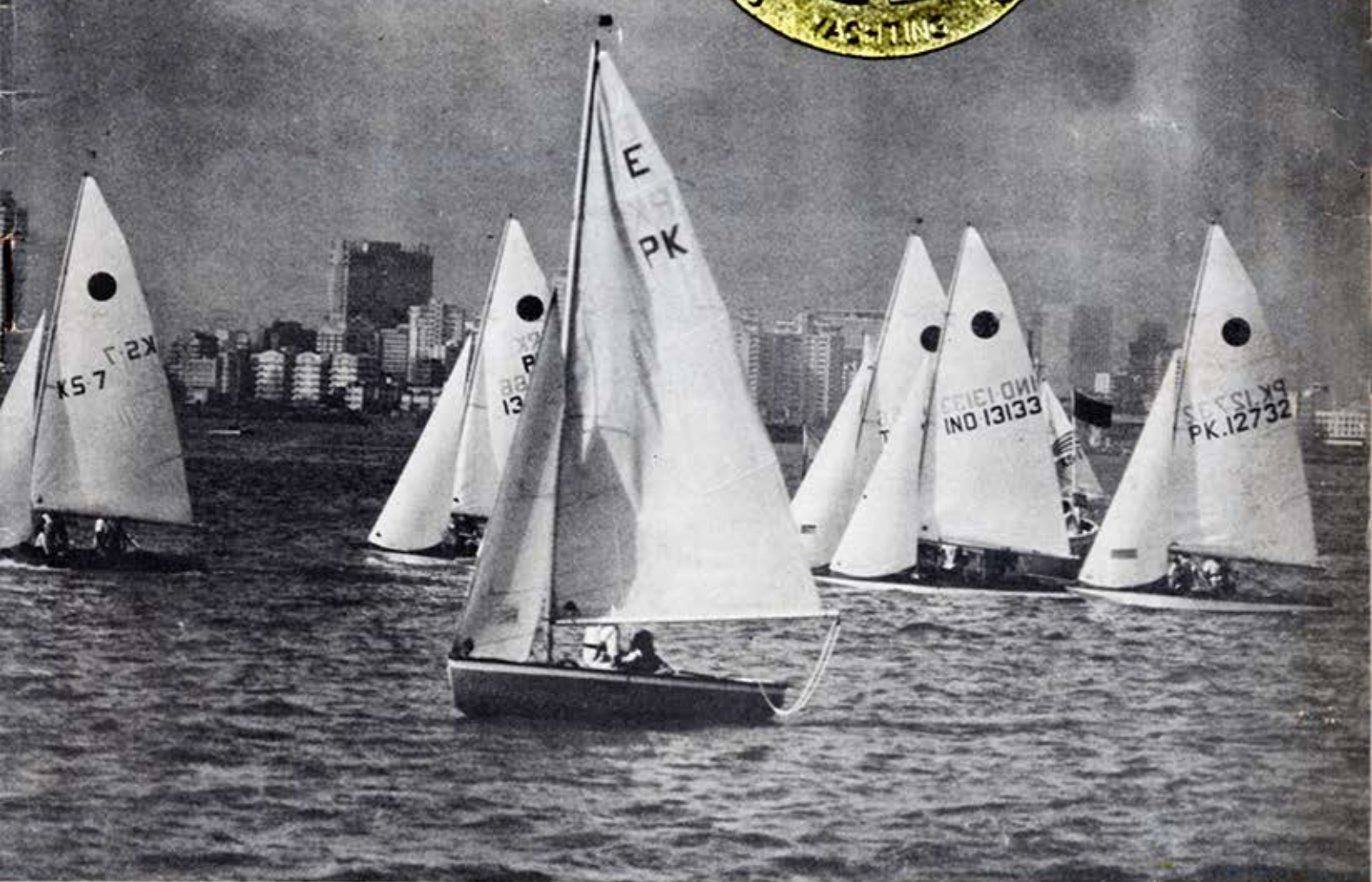
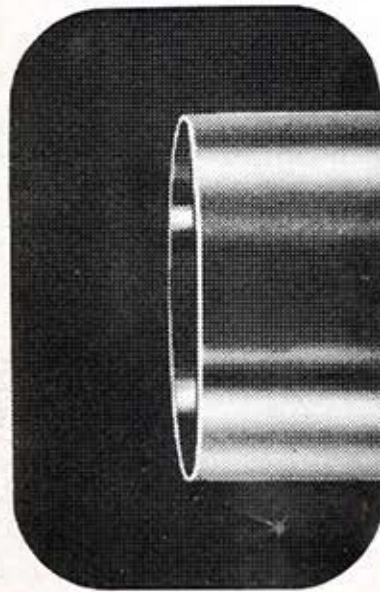


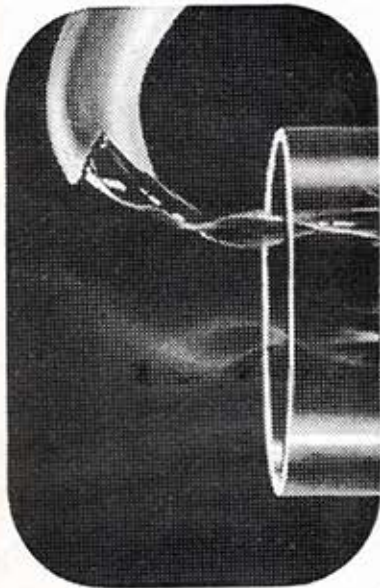
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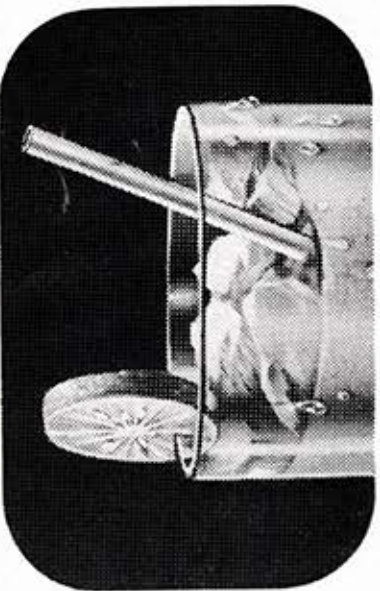




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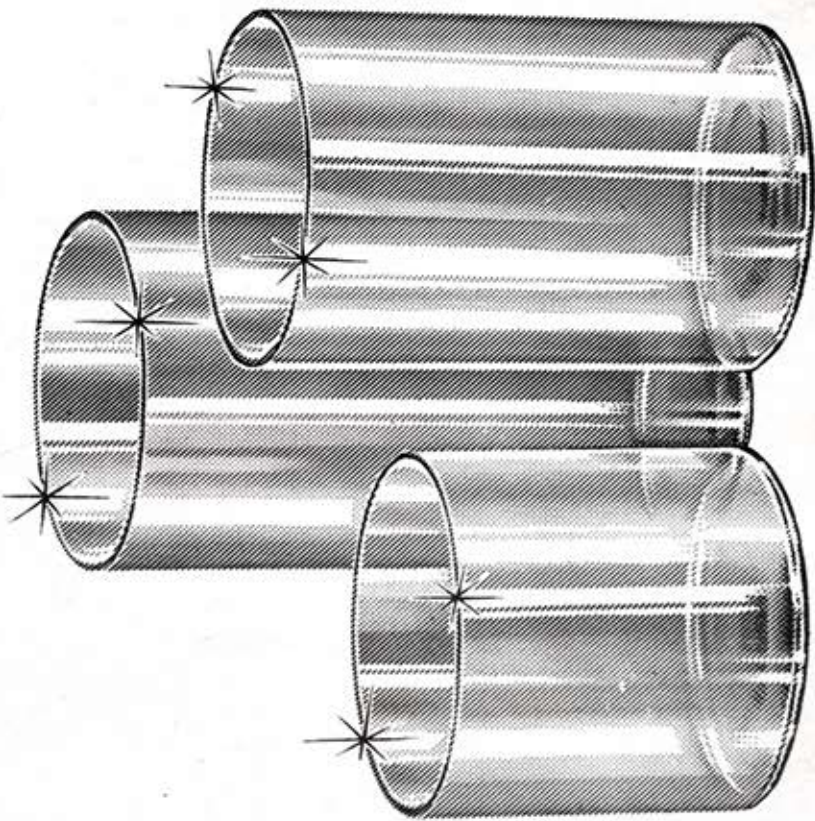
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Parsiana

January 1983
Volume 5 Number 7

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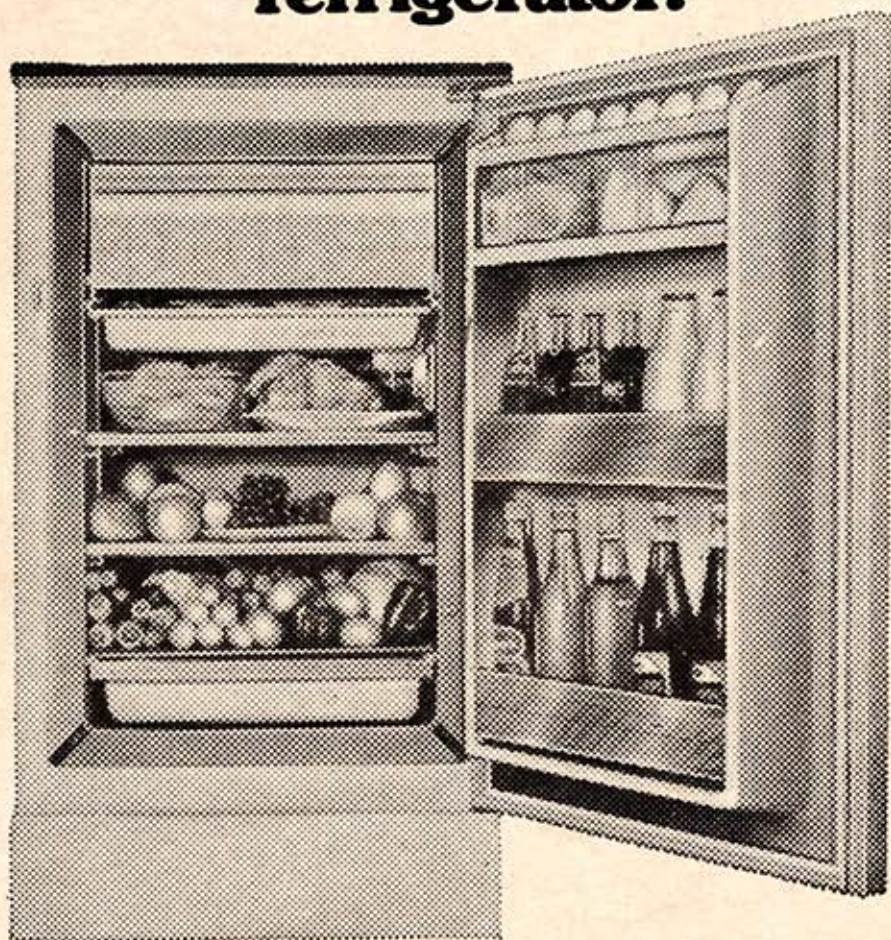
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Readers' views are welcome on any subject of interest to the community and should be sent to the Editor, Readers' Forum, Parsiana, G.P.O. Box 892, Bombay 400 001. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.

Head for Australia

The majority of the Zoroastrians residing in India today are concentrated in and around Bombay.

Inflation, corruption, adulteration, pollution and black marketing are some of the major factors that are having a disastrous effect on the community.

May I suggest that all enterprising boys and girls of our community take up professions that are currently in demand in Australia thus making it easier to make an entry inspite of strict immigration laws, though you don't need to have a family relation to sponsor you as is necessary to enter Canada.

Australia does not have a fire temple as we are too few in number to make it possible, and if a large number succeed in making an entry I suppose we may have one in the near future. Greeks, Italians and the Vietnamese are surprisingly in a very large number and make their presence felt as a community, and I see no reason why we cannot succeed to a

certain extent, except of course it should be considered a religious duty to marry within the community to preserve our identity and culture.

Some of the professions that are currently in demand are: accountant, air-traffic controller, chef-cook, chemical engineer, computer programmer-systems analyst, draftsmen (mechanical, waterwell, oil and natural gas), electrical fitter, electrical engineer, electric power linesman, electronic engineering technician, skilled electroplater, engraver, machinery fitter, geologist, geoscience technician, metallurgist, motor vehicle bodybuilder, motor vehicle mechanic, patternmaker, multi-colour offset printers, prosthetic and orthotic technician, experienced EDP sales-person, sewing machine mechanic, skilled sheetmetal worker, experienced stenographer-secretary, word process operator, skilled upholsterer, skilled waiter, skilled welder.

Keep in regular touch with the Australian High Commission in Delhi or its centre in Bombay for all details on immigration.

And before I close, may I request the Zoroastrian community of Bombay to make an all-out effort to restore the Shirinbai Cama Convalescent Home for Men in Bombay (Bandra), which is in a shocking state at present due to 'lack of funds', before it crumbles and the price-less land sold off.

KURUSH N. BILIMORIA
Australia

Jamva Chalo!

The Parsees are considered a community of good taste and refinement. In their dress and mode of living, they have given ample proof of this. But one social aspect speaks volumes against them and is a slur upon their well-earned reputation.

The attitude of the Parsees when they participate in dinner parties, in connection with weddings, navjotes, gambhars, etc. belies the high opinion the other communities have of them.

No sooner the function is over, regardless of the fact that the dinner arrangements are not yet complete, the old and the young, the healthy and the feeble, make a mad rush to the place where dinner is served and race to secure their place. The winners take their seats and the losers are content to

stand behind the chairs, thus reserving their seats for the next turn.

Sometimes you feel that somebody behind you (may be counting your morsels), has grown impatient and is kicking your chair. You turn and give him or her a look askance; you feel angry and awkward, but soon you hear an apology "Mai dheeray khajo, koi jaldi nathi." You feel relieved but soon you find that you are one of those unfortunates who are not served properly. The dish is empty when it reaches you and the waiter forgets to come back to you, and the host is too busy to notice this. If you are modest, you just keep quiet, but God save us from the loud, rowdy ones. They bring the roof down to get their due.

It is but opportune to mention one unforgettable incident. On one occasion, the dinner tables were spread over a vast area enclosed by walls and a gate. But our diners somehow found out the place (most probably smelt the biryani, fish, roast etc.), stood for a while with great impatience and then the gate came crashing. While the waiters were still busy laying the tables, an impatient crowd rushed in and succeeded in securing their seats. The hostess was a picture of despondency and helplessness. But soon the guests began doing full justice to a hurriedly served dinner.

To make it worse, the confounded band plays loudly or some amateur artist with extra strong lungs is asked to sing with a loud accompaniment of four or five musical instruments. No one can hear what the other is saying. Thus the most talkative and scandalous remain quiet. This sort of behaviour results in caustic remarks from the non-Parsees who are quite baffled to see their cultured and westernised friends behave in a manner not befitting the reputation they have gained.

Can't we take up this aspect seriously and act in a more comely manner? This is not one person's job; everyone has to join hands to improve matters.

MUNEEZA BANO KAVOSJI
Hyderabad

Gathic Scholar

An original scholar of Zoroastrianism, Jotin Babu had a rare breadth of vision, (*Parsiana*, May 1982). His contribution to an all-embracing interpretation of the Gathas vis-a-vis the Vedas deserves to

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be widely known in our community. We owe the great Hindu scholar a debt of gratitude for throwing fresh light on the precepts of Zarathushtra Spitama. His enlightened exposition of the Prophet's message is very timely and relevant today as a beacon for promoting national integration.

No one who is just conversant with Avesta Pahlavi can be said to be fully equipped to make pronouncements ex-cathedra on Zoroastrianism. It is also incumbent on him to be equally proficient in contemporaneous Sanskrit scriptures as well as the history and the way of life of early Aryan settlers in North India. Of course, this criterion applies with equal force to Hindu scholars who know only the Vedas and other allied scriptures in Sanskrit.

In this respect Mr. Chatterjee was like an eagle soaring skyhigh in the firmament of religious study. He had a universal outlook which enabled him to approach a given subject objectively, be it Hinduism, Zoroastrianism or Islam.

It was by dint of circumstances that the two Aryan groups had separated geographically on grounds of religious incompatibility. But despite that so-called "schism" among the early Aryans in Central Asia there was an almost unbroken contact between the Iranians and the Indians. This historical reality suffered an eclipse in the succeeding centuries. It goes to the credit of Mr. Chatterjee that he attempted to bridge the gap between the two groups of Aryans who have been deviously treated as belonging to two irreconcilable camps.

It is an irony of history that all religions have subordinated their respective ethics by paying an over-importance to rites, rituals and ceremonies.

Suffice it for me to say here that in my opinion the best way to glorify Zoroastrianism lies in a dispassionate evaluation of the ethical teachings of Zarathushtra Spitama as enunciated by him in the Gathas. They are of a high philosophical nature and have a permanence of their own; whereas the eschatology of Zoroastrianism, as that of any other religion, is bound to come in conflict with the proven facts in many sciences. It is only an enlightened approach to the subject that will help us to weed out the chaff and retain the grain. Such an approach will work as a catalyst to a liberal revival of such abiding values in our religion as are in consonance with the spirit of the times.

J.B.H. WADIA

Rayomand Appeal

The Accounts of the Rayomand Committee for the year ending December 1981 have been audited and the total collection up-to-date is Rs.11,94,281.22.

The Rayomand Committee has been assigned one building consisting of ten flats of two rooms plus kitchen in the Godrej Baug area and work is in progress. A part of the Rayomand Committee funds collected will be utilised for the construction of this building. Once this building is ready for occupation the Rayomand Committee will have the right to recommend allotment of five flats according to certain norms laid down by the Parsi Punchayet.

The Rayomand Committee is proud of having the opportunity to serve the community. It is dedicated to the cause of alleviating housing shortage in the community. Depending on the availability of land for construction, if required the Rayomand Committee may consider construction of one room plus kitchen flats at Mahim and Andheri.

The Rayomand Committee is putting in renewed efforts and its members once again appeal to the general public for their financial support and to one and all to give generously towards its housing fund.

Cheques or cash in the name of the Rayomand Committee will be accepted at the office of the Parsi Punchayet and official receipts issued in due course.

G.R. BILLIMORIA
Chairman, Rayomand Committee.

The Baba Cult

Brigadier N.B. Grant had raised the question "Where is it that the Zoroastrian faith has failed the Parsi Community for them to turn to a Baba Cult?" in his letter, 'Mixed Priorities' (*Parsiana*, May 1982).

Our religion is not taught to the young in its easy and beautiful form. The keynote of teaching the religion should be, "Tell me the story simply as to a little child."

It is not that our youth does not want to learn the religion but rather that, not being able to quench his thirst on his own, he turns elsewhere. Very often the result is 'Babaism' which is an insult to our Prophet Zarathushtra, the World Teacher who gave us the message of Love and Truth.

Agreeing with Brig. Grant I wish that *Parsiana* would give more space to spiritual matters from our scriptures instead

of printing pages from the Parsi Punchayet Case of the past. To my mind this might encourage our youth in an indirect way to veer away from intermarriage, another serious menace to our community.

FRENY A.F. DALAL

Tithal Sanatorium

In November I went to Bulsar with my family. A Hindu friend of mine took us to visit the Tithal Village in Bulsar district (Gujarat) where we witnessed the condition of the Parsi Sanatorium built by Seth Dhanjibhai Hirjibhai Patel, on 20 acres of land near the sea-shore.

I found four large one-storeyed buildings and one residential bungalow (for the donor), three or four clean water wells and long large outhouses with a kitchen and servant quarters.

The dilapidated state of the sanatorium shocked me. It has such a haunted look that one doesn't dare venture into the sanatorium.

I want to bring to the notice of the present trustees residing in Bombay and Bulsar that I have personally seen the doors and windows with the frames and the bricks surreptitiously removed and sold out by interested parties to villagers and fishermen.

If the trustees cannot manage the sanatorium and decide to dispose of it, I would suggest at least one or two acres of land be given out to needy and interested Zoroastrians who can afford to pay a reasonable value for the land to build small houses and use it for poultry farming and gardening.

If this issue is not taken up soon, the entire structure and the 20 acres of land will be reduced to the state of the desert of Kutch.

J.F. DRIVER

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Advertiser wishes to buy OLD picture postcards, photographs, cigarette cards, playing cards, posters, prints, illustrated books, albums and other related material. Willing to pay top prices for single items or entire collections. Please send, detailed list with expected prices to The Advertiser. (OLD) C/o. Parsiana, G.P.O. Box 892, Bombay 400 001.

Events and Personalities

Madhiwala's Medicine Nanavaty's Value

Munchershaw Madhiwala, who practises osteopathy in his native Madhi, 35 miles from Surat, has been known to get some nocturnal visitors—other doctors who visit his residence late at night to take his treatment, because they do not want to be seen taking his treatment officially.

Osteopathy is the science of treating physical disabilities by the manipulation of bones. And perhaps, it's because the Indian Medical Association has not given official recognition to this discipline, that some medical practitioners take it as a forbidden art.

Madhiwala has been practising osteopathy since the last 53 years and once every two months he comes to Bombay to treat thousands of patients here.

Vijay Merchant cites one particular case treated by Madhiwala, where the patient had an almost miraculous recovery. A goal-keeper and football captain of the Mafatlal Sports Club while playing in the South a few years ago was hit in the head by mistake by an opposing player, resulting in paralysis. He was attended to by Madhiwala, and 18 months later the footballer was resuming his duties at the Hindoostan Mills and was even able to drive a car.

Merchant, who is president of the Bhatia General Hospital, said in a press statement today that this hospital is the first in India to introduce osteopathy as part of the treatment given to patients.

The times when Madhiwala comes to Bombay, he'll be treating patients at the Bhatia Hospital. At his last camp from October 21 to 26, 748 patients came for treatment, some even from East European and Gulf countries.

Merchant has added in his release that in future the hospital will introduce herbal medicine and raw vegetable diet as part of the treatment.

Courtesy Free Press Journal
6 November 1982.

An author and an expert in educational thought, Professor **J.J. Nanavaty** has been appointed member of a working group on value-oriented education recently set up by the Ministry of Education, notes an article written on Nanavaty by a Delhi-based freelance journalist Taj Rawat. In the first phase the working group will try to inculcate moral, ethical and spiritual values in the various teacher training programmes, says Nanavaty and in the second phase the group will strive to introduce these values in educational institutions at the school and higher secondary level.

"There is a growing realization of the need for a reassessment of the aims of education," writes Nanavaty in his Introduction to 'Educational Thought' (Volume I). The second volume is under preparation. "There is a substantial core of opinion in America and even elsewhere, which is strongly in favour of reviving and revitalising old ideals and values in knowledge," he continues.

Professor of English and Education at Wadia College in Poona for several years, Nanavaty at 70 is still a visiting professor there and at some other universities in the country.

In recognition of his work in the field of education Nanavaty, a holder of the Post-graduate Teacher's Diploma (London), was made a member of the Royal Society of Teachers, London.

A PRO with a difference

For efficient press relations in the gubernatorial service, very few can match the governor of Sikkim, Mr. **Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan**. And the latest in his PR coups is sending Raj Bhavan newsletters all the way from Gangtok to Bombay. Among Bombay's newsmen, Mr

Taleyarkhan's pursuit of publicity is well-known. When he was a minister of the Maharashtra government, and he held a record number of miscellaneous portfolios (including fisheries), he would address three meetings in a day.



Nanavaty: Revitalizing education

coming late for the first meeting and the lateness increasing thereafter.

And, in the night, he would ring up the night reporters in the different papers and dictate his reports to them.

In all fairness, it must be stated, Mr. Taleyarkhan maintained excellent relations with individual pressmen and they did not mind being bothered in the night. And it must also be admitted that he did justice to all his portfolios.

Courtesy MID-DAY,
23 November 1981.

Chibber Welfare Head

Ms **Aloo Jal Chibber**, a member of the ruling Congress (I) party in the Maharashtra Legislative Council, was appointed chairman of the Maharashtra Social Welfare Board, a semi-

government organisation, in September 1982.

A former member of the Maharashtra legislature, Ms Chibber is on the panel on minorities, scheduled castes, scheduled tribes and weaker sections, amongst other organisations.

A history and economics graduate from Bombay University with a law degree from the Government Law College, Ms Chibber entered politics in 1972.

Patrawala's Politics

Rising in the ruling Congress party hierarchy in Maharashtra is **Marazban J.A. Patrawala**, secretary of the ruling party's apex body, the Maharashtra Pradesh Congress Committee (I).

Patrawala has been recently



Chibber: Social welfare

and trophies in elocution, debating and oratorical competitions in India, England and The Netherlands. Patrawala is, according to the write-up, the only Indian to win the first prize in the Annual Grand Debate of the Four Inns of Court of the U.K.

Philatelic Award

Philatelist **Vispi S. Dastur** was awarded a gold medal and a special prize for his exhibit, "India Used Abroad - Aden Victorian Era", at the recently held Philatelic Exhibition in Armenia, U.S.S.R., according to press reports.

Medical Award

Gynaecologist and obstetrician **Dr Feruza M. Sherdiwalla** was awarded the Lovejoy-Jubilee Scholarship. She represented the Bombay branch of the Association of Medical Women and presented a paper at the 18th Congress of the Medical Women's International Association in Manila in November.

Sherdiwalla's trip to Manila was partly financed by the A.H. Wadia Trust and the Sir Cowasjee Jehangir Trust.

Sherdiwalla completed her M.D. in Obstetrics and Gynaecology from the Nowrosjee Wadia Maternity Hospital in Bombay last October. In June she won a gold medal and the B.N. Purandare Prize for topping the diploma examination in Gynaecology and Obstetrics held by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Bombay, notes a



Sherdiwalla: Representing Bombay

report in the *Jam-e-Jamshed* newspaper.

A student of the Alexandra Girls' English Institution, and later the Jai Hind College and the Seth G.S. Medical College, Sherdiwalla has won several prizes in the course of her career.



Patrawala: Coordinating policies

appointed secretary of the MPCC (I)'s 20 Point Programme Committee and senior vice-chairman of the MPCC (I) legal cell.

The programme committee has been constituted with the purpose of co-ordinating the policies of the Government of Maharashtra with those of the ruling party in the state.

Advocate of the High Court of Bombay and the Supreme Court of India, Patrawala is a board member of the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris.

A student of the Bharda New High School, Bombay, Patrawala was awarded postgraduate degrees from the Universities of London Sussex, The Hague, Paris and the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, notes his bio-data. Having won 55 first prizes, medals

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Godrej: Environmental Sheriff

Well-known industrialist, conservationist and social worker Sohrab P. Godrej was sworn in as the Sheriff of Bombay on 18 December 1982 by Governor I.H. Latif at the Raj Bhavan. He will hold this post for a year.

Chairman of the Godrej group of companies, manufacturers of items ranging from office furniture to chemicals, Godrej intends to play a more significant role than that of a mere ceremonial head. He is reportedly keen on tackling city problems, particularly those of pollution and population.

A Friend of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources and a founder trustee of the World Wildlife Fund, India, Godrej has a wide range of interests which include ecology, mass media, international affairs, scientific management, social welfare and the arts.

We reprint here an interview conducted by the well-known Bombay journalist Behram Contractor which appeared in the Bombay evening paper MID-DAY of 12 December 1982.

As a rule I do not take cognisance of sheriffs. They are like Padma Shris and Padma Bhushans, titles bestowed for services to the ruling party. The post also is totally ceremonial and very misleading. The sheriff carries no guns and rides no horses. At the most, when the chief minister, governor or mayor are not available, he presides over some functions to distribute prizes.

There are, of course, notable exceptions, one of them being the late Frank Moraes, the other, the sheriff just appointed, Mr. Soli P. Godrej, chairman of the vast complex of Godrej enterprises, one of the two most progressive managements in the country.

So this interview is about the man, not the sheriff.

I met him the day his appointment as sheriff was announced. He was as unconventional as always, not at all cast in the mould of the successful Indian industrialist, one of the top five. Cotton trousers, a little baggy, a tie loosely-knotted, Pathani chappals, no socks, he was using a phone in the typist pool outside his executive office. Everybody could hear him, something about the appointment of a piano teacher.

Telephone over, he took me to his office, a large executive desk, not a

Bombay, the apex club of the rotaries in India). I wish to concentrate on the problem as a whole, not take up individual cases, picking up a hawker here and there. That would be frittering away energies and one year can go so quickly."

Mr. Godrej is an old Bombayite. His forefathers are among the pioneer industrialists who built the city and brought it to its present eminence. I quote from a brochure brought out by Hindustan Thompson Associates:

"Bombay 1897. Where sunhatted horses pulled trams through steamy streets and Gothic gargoyles looked out over frenzied bazars and serene maidans to the sea. It was in this commercial, cosmopolitan city that the eldest son of a Parsi family decided to switch from law to lock-making.

"His name was Ardeshir Burjorji Godrej. His dream — economic and political self-reliance for India. With his little lock shop grew Ardeshir Godrej's visions of large scale industry. From locks he went to safes and soaps, selling his products in open competition with similar items which were imported. And to every product Ardeshir Godrej brought something special — an identity ... a refinement ... a dependability ... a pioneering difference."

The work started by the first Godrej has been carried down the family line.

The original Godrej factory is in Lal

Baug, one of Bombay's most congested areas. Says Soli Godrej: "It was good that from the beginning we were living in a slum area, so we knew how bad things were. It was my father's idea to shift from Lal Baug. How can workers work effectively if they do not have good surroundings to work in. And it is not only the factory, but housing, schooling."

From these sentiments has grown the industrial garden township of Vikhroli. "Avenues of Ashoka trees standing to attention, the bower power of flamboyant bougainvillea, fountains gurgling

"No environment in the world is as bad as that around the Bombay airport."

paper on it, as the desks of successful executives, with efficient secretaries, should be.

And he agreed with my views on sheriffs. "I can only reflect what people say. My friends have been wondering why I should take up such an office as the sheriff's. In the public eye, it is so much a ceremonial thing. I have been active, busy in so many ways, and I have been wondering if being a sheriff would come in the way of my work. However, I was told I could carry on with my normal activities. So I accepted."

Mr. Godrej pointed out: "There have been some very worthy sheriffs, I do not wish to mention names. And I believe once you accept office, you should do justice to it. By that I do not mean running to the airport all the time, socialising, having dinners, giving dinners. I do not mean to be unsocial or unfriendly, you understand. But I would like to tell my well-wishers that they would do me service if they keep me off the dining and wining circuit."

In fact, Mr. Godrej has been told whom to meet at the airport in his new role as sheriff. It boils down to only heads of state (he has been given a list of people he can leave out).

Soli Godrej's plank during his year as sheriff will be environment. And he believes that environment and population control go together, the one complementing the other. "I want to go about it systematically. Make a list of people who can help out, get involved nice organisations like the Rotary (he is a past president of the Rotary Club of

"You can't think of the progress of India without thinking of a healthy Bombay."

contentedly. At Vikhroli, the garden grows up to every factory plant. Trees and flowers blossom a few yards from clamouring machines. Almost every block is surrounded by lawns — acres that show that the grass is really greener." It has schools, houses and a rose garden with 358 fairytale blooms.

Soli Godrej, who is associated with the World Wildlife Fund — India, Bombay Natural History Society, International Union for the Conservation of

From left: Ex-Chief Minister Bhosale, Governor Latif and Godrej at swearing-in



Nature and Natural Resources, Friends of the Trees, says: "No environment in the world is as bad as that around the Bombay airport. It is the introduction of Bombay to foreigners. And the conditions are not because of poverty but acute shortage of housing."

"There is no reason why we should not be able to improve things. We have a good team, a very good team, the governor, the police commissioner, even the chief minister, at least he is honest. If with all these people we cannot make the secretaries work, what does it mean!"

Mr. Godrej blames the shortcomings on a feudal society. He says: "We are just that, I am sorry to say. If you break rules and get away, you are somebody, if you comply with rules, you are a nobody. Very often those who complain the most are the most indisciplined, it is the upper class, owning motor cars, who break the traffic rules."

The new sheriff is upset about certain things and his sincerity is quite clear. "Comparing Bombay with Calcutta, I find it very offensive. But it is a danger signal. Pity if Bangalore also goes the same way, it seems to be. I do not want a day to come when I will feel ashamed to be a Bombayite and an Indian. The PM is aware of what is happening. You can't think of the progress of India without thinking of a healthy Bombay. Some 35 to 40 per cent of the nation's revenue comes from Bombay and it is still a dynamic city, in spite of the present labour situation."

Mr. Godrej talked of the recent transformation of New Delhi, because of the Asiad. "The French foreign minister was telling some people that Monsieur Mitterrand pulled up his officials, point-

"There is no reason why we should not be able to improve things. We have a good team, a very good team."

ing out how fast India had built up its facilities while they wanted so much time to do these things in France."

And about Mrs. Gandhi, he says: "She knows what is best for India. She has feeling, guts, she goes abroad, sees what is happening there. Whatever the

reasons, she wants that India should have a good image. If the prime minister can come here and stay for a month, Bombay may change."

And for years now Mr. Soli Godrej has been voicing his own proposals. "If a building falls, immediately declare the area as an open space, do not allow another bigger building to be put up on it. Unfortunately, the greed for land has led to what I can describe only as a Mafia in the city. The development is ominous. And, at weekends, all traffic should be stopped on the wide major roads so that children may play on them. Mr. Pasricha has good ideas, at least he thinks of the city. He needs better help from the citizens."

The suggestions can only come from an unusual man and Soli Godrej is unus-

"If you break rules and get away, you are somebody, if you comply with rules, you are a nobody."

ual. He dresses simply, almost slovenly ("I have no time to dress"), eats frugally ("you can spend a lot of money on food, but it is all gone, you have nothing to show for it"), travels in an Indian car (all the Godrejs do).

It is not that he objects to comforts. He sleeps in an air-conditioned room, because in dry air you may sleep fewer hours and be refreshed and thus have more hours to pursue your activities.

And he has several activities. He is interested in music, dance, both Western and Indian, architecture, has visited more churches and monasteries than anybody else, speaks a dozen languages ("Russian, a lovely language to hear"), is a great traveller ("Africa is my weak continent, it has 50 countries and I know only 30").

He started travelling in 1937, on a small budget. "Then I had more time and less money, now I have more money and less time." And he has been almost everywhere, including Antarctica ("that was on a gracious invitation in return for what the Godrejs do for environment").

I am looking forward to one year of Soli Godrej as the sheriff of Bombay. He may not be able to do much for the city, but he will not at least harm it.

Selling a Name

By James Leung

The hostess of a Hong Kong television talk-show recently introduced Dadi Balsara to her audience as an astrologer, palmist and numerologist. "He is also a yoga master, a karate expert and a jet pilot," she added.

"What else do you do?" she asked jokingly, not quite expecting an answer. Mr. Balsara sprang the surprise: "I make perfumes."

He already has surprised many businessmen by doing well in the perfume business long monopolized by the prestigious French houses and the giant American conglomerates. His company, Perfumes of Singapore (Pvt.) Ltd., employs 400 people and has an annual turnover of \$25 million in the year ended last June 30, down 25% from a year earlier, Mr. Balsara says. When he took over the company from his wife, Christina, its sales totaled only \$4 million, he says.

Well Known Mystic

The secret of his success doesn't lie entirely in the ingredients in the Dadi line of perfumes. He doesn't merely sell perfumes, he said. He sells a name - his own - and Mr. Balsara is apparently a good salesman.

"He is one of the most well-known mystics in this region," says a longtime friend, Pritam Mahtani, chairman of a long-established Singapore-based Indian trading house. That helps sell a lot of perfumes. "Many people buy my perfumes because they have heard of me," says Mr. Balsara, who describes

"I always remind my salesgirls that they aren't just selling a product, they are selling the creator's name, Dadi."

himself in one of his company's television commercials as a "shrewd" businessman - not just a mystic.

A 1980 survey sponsored by Mr. Balsara showed that his company's perfumes outsold all the 140 or so imported brands in the Singapore market.

Exports have also increased, Mr. Balsara says. "Now we're selling in 27 countries, including the U.S., West Germany and Japan."

But not France. "I don't think I'm ready to take on the established giants on their own ground yet," Mr. Balsara says. As for now, he has his eyes on the Soviet Union, which he describes as the biggest untapped market for perfume.

Mr. Balsara also is teaming up with a Belgian partner to make cosmetics in Singapore. Cosmetics have a much bigger market than perfumes, and they don't sell on just the name. "I reckon I can undercut the world major cosmetics producers by at least 25%," Mr. Balsara says.

Not Alchemy

The 49-year-old Mr. Balsara learned pricing as well as other business skills in the past decade. Born a Parsi in Bombay, Mr. Balsara studied chemistry ("not alchemy," he insists) at an Indian university.

After a stint in the Indian civil service, Mr. Balsara went to the U.S. "to pursue my study of the human nature," he says. In academic terms, he studied psychology at the University of California in Los Angeles.

His keen interest in "the human nature" brought him to Honolulu, Hawaii, where "numerous races of people live harmoniously together," Mr. Balsara says. He says he gave counseling for personal problems in Honolulu for several years.

Christina and Dadi: Fortune from fragrance



PARSIANA: JANUARY 1983

During the time in Honolulu, Mr. Balsara also says he hosted a TV show and wrote a column for a local newspaper about "the science" of prognosis.

"It's a science," he emphasizes. "I learn it from my master." The way he describes it, his "master" is a recluse living in the jungle somewhere in the middle of India. "My grandfather and my father were the master's followers," Mr. Balsara says. "So am I." He says he spends a few weeks every year in the jungle with his master "for spiritual renewal."

When he isn't making that pilgrimage, Mr. Balsara travels frequently to his markets, always flying first class. He usually spends about half of his time with his agents on those trips. "I've got many spiritual friends in many countries," Mr. Balsara says. When they meet, they talk about the cosmos — not business.

Such friendships can be useful for his business too. Through his friends or his friends' friends, Mr. Balsara sometimes gets some free publicity by being invited to look into the future on local TV programs.

When he was in Hong Kong last August, a local TV station asked Mr. Balsara to predict the future of the colony. After introducing himself as a perfume maker, Mr. Balsara got down to the serious business of "calculating," based on his knowledge of astrology and numerology. His prognosis: Hong Kong will do fine in the immediate and the distant future. Mr. Balsara claims the sale of his perfumes in Hong Kong has

risen at least 15% since his TV appearance.

Warm Water

In Singapore, Mr. Balsara "moves around in the business and diplomatic circles," says his friend Mr. Mahtani. Mr. Balsara says he goes to cocktail parties quite often, but "I always ask for warm water," he adds. "That's the only thing I drink." At those parties, the tall, slim Mr. Balsara, who has deep-set eyes and a hooked nose, sometimes is asked by other guests to read their palms or horoscopes. "I don't mind giving some free advice," he says.

As a well-known mystic, Mr. Balsara is a popular guest speaker at meetings of the numerous Singapore social clubs. Recently, he gave a speech at the break-

Like poetry, perfumes
appeal to individual
tastes... people buy a
particular perfume for its
fragrance as well as
for its image.

fast meeting of the English Women's Association. The subject: "You and your destiny through you and your palm." He says he has talked about similar occult subjects at several other women's associations. "I want to tell them it is a science not to be laughed at," Mr. Balsara says.

He doesn't keep count of his converts. But "I know when they see my perfumes on the counters, their minds will click," Mr. Balsara says. "This is human psychology," he says and adds that he finds knowledge of psychology useful to his business.

He might have continued his counseling practice in Honolulu if he hadn't met his wife, the widow of a Singapore film magnate, Loke Wan The. They got married in 1973. Instead of going back to Honolulu, he stayed in Singapore and took over the management of his wife's floundering perfume company.

Unique Perfume

"I wanted to create a perfume unique to Singapore," Mr. Balsara recalls, helped by his knowledge of chemistry.

Instead of one, he "created" four perfumes and named them "Singapore Girl," "First Lady," "Bali" and "Christina." He also produces a cologne for men called "Dadi 7."

Feeling inspired, Mr. Balsara composed a few lines to commemorate the market launching of his perfumes:

*"An exciting waft of new different fragrances,
arising from the East
is sailing steadily westward
for a re-awakening."*

Like poetry, perfumes appeal to individual tastes. And, as Mr. Balsara says, people buy a particular perfume for its fragrance as well as for its image. "I always remind my salesgirls that they aren't just selling a product, they are selling the creator's name, Dadi," Mr. Balsara says.

In Singapore, his perfumes are selling through more than 300 outlets including airport duty free shops and major department stores. The typical arrangement with his retailers is that he employs and pays the salaries of the sales-girls and sells merchandise to the retailers, which provide counters in their shops free of rent.

In the export markets, all Mr. Balsara's sales are handled by agents who

guarantee to buy a specific quantity each year. Mr. Balsara shares the advertising expenses with his agents.

Like many other perfume manufacturers, Mr. Balsara buys most of the ingredients from a few specialized firms, mostly Swiss. He then mixes these ingredients with other chemicals in Singapore according to secret formulas that

**He spends a few weeks
every year in the jungle
with his master
"for spiritual renewal."**

he says have been insured at Lloyd's of London for more than \$70 million.

He buys the bottles for his perfumes from the U.S. Packaging, he says, which accounts for 50% of his production costs. "We can't save money on this item even when sales aren't doing well," says Mr. Balsara.

Mr. Balsara says his company's revenue fell 25% in the year ended June 30 because of the world-wide recession. But "sales are now picking up. More and more people have heard about Dadi," he says.

An Affluent Life

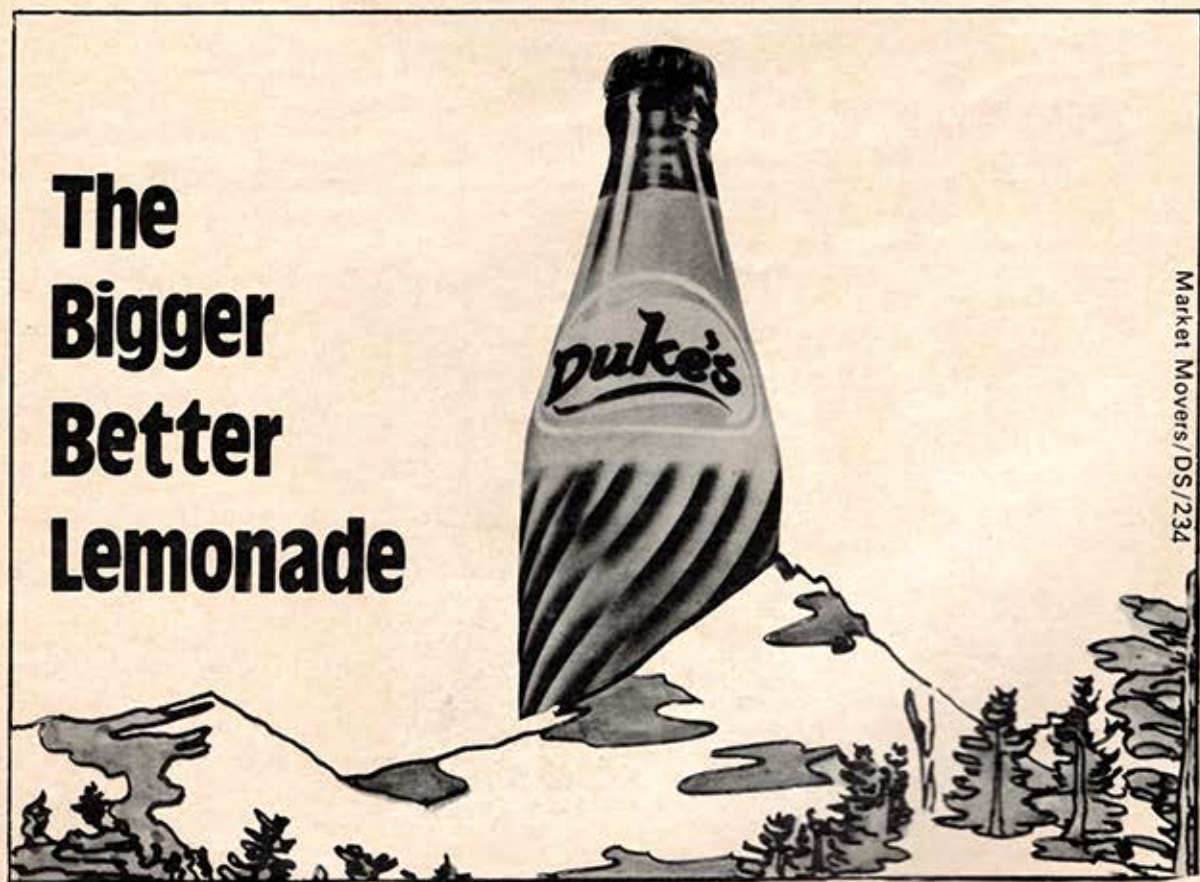
"I am making money," Mr. Balsara says casually. That money has bought him a huge house in a plush residential district, two cars and a vast array of Asian antiques. His wife is a keen collector of Buddha heads in marble, stone and bronze. Dozens of them sit in their living room on plant stands, table tops or window sills.

Mr. Balsara says he lives a simple life with his wife who is now "assisting" him in the perfume business. (The Balsaras have no children.) He goes to work at 10 o'clock in the morning. After dinner, Mr. Balsara practices karate for one hour, yoga for one hour and meditates in front of a framed photograph of his master until he goes to sleep at four in the morning.

He says he can communicate with his master who imparts new knowledge to him bit by bit during those meditations.

"I know it's difficult for an ordinary person to understand," Mr. Balsara says. He may not be an ordinary person but his business thinking isn't all that esoteric. The more people know about Dadi the mystic, the more perfumes he sells.

Courtesy The Asian Wall Street Journal (Singapore Mystic Dadi Talks His Way to Success by James Leung.)



Business Image Award

Noted jurist Nani Palkhivala has been nominated for the Jayaramdas Patel Foundation Endowment Award instituted by the Indian Merchants' Chamber in recognition of his outstanding contribution in enhancing the image of the business community, according to the *Indian Express* of 22 December 1982.

The award, which will be presented at the Chamber's 75th annual general meeting in February is one of seven Indian Merchants' Chamber Diamond Jubilee Endowment Awards for outstanding achievement in 1981, notes the report.

Parsi Charity

Charity nowadays is a term often synonymous with the "degeneration of the poor through pecuniary help," but two local organisations have given it a different character by making people stand on their legs.

The Women's Zoroastrian Association (WZA) and the Ratan Tata Institute (RTI) are two pioneering institutions engaged in providing succour to the needy.

Founded in August 1903, the Mandal offers a variety of services including catering, laundry and sewing. The income from these provides a decent living to about 350 Parsee women.

Ms. Aloo F. Desai, secretary of the RTI, said the institute also offers guidance to its workers and their families to tackle problems which make them consider the RTI as their home.

The employees of the RTI, besides salaries and other allowances, get free lunch and gifts, Ms. Desai said.

RTI's catering department provides the luncheon needs of Bombay House, the head office of Tatas, besides marketing a variety of confectionery through various stalls and restaurants in the city. Its reputation is such that it had the privilege of providing food at a reception for Prince Charles in 1980, she said proudly. With its annual turnover of about Rs. seven lakhs, RTI provides scholarships under the Bai Dinabai Patuck Memorial Fund to deserving students, mid-day meals to 30 children of Girton School, and runs an employment bureau whose services can be availed of by non-Parseees also.

Clothing and lingerie manufactured



Palkhivala: Boosting business image

at the institute are also in demand as they have been able to maintain a high standard, Ms. Desai added.

The first building donated by the Ratan Tata Trust (RTT) to the Mandal to house the institute, is undergoing renovation to provide a hostel for women from outside Bombay.

Strangely, the institute does not get enough women staff to expand its activities. "It is difficult to get Parsee girls because of the craze for white collar jobs," Ms. Desai said.

Apart from this, running such an institute has some handicaps. "Many of the women working here have domestic problems — children for instance." "We have no creche, so, the women are encouraged to take work home — in fact, a lot of sewing and embroidery work is done at home."

Courtesy The Daily, 13 December 1982.

Central Bank Head

Veteran banker Noshir Maneckshaw Mistry took over as the General Manager of the Central Bank of India in November 1982.

Mistry, who joined the bank in August 1956, has held senior positions in India as well as abroad. He served in the London office and other foreign cor-



Mistry: Proved his mettle

respondence offices from 1959 to 1962. Being a chartered accountant, Mistry was put in charge of the balance sheet department from 1965.

He showed his mettle in the famous Sami Patel fraud case. He investigated the case and also appeared in the court as a witness in the case involving a fraud of Rs. 2.5 crores with international ramifications.

Mistry became manager and secretary to the Board in 1974 and then got promoted as Assistant General Manager. He was put in charge of the Bombay main office, the biggest banking office of the Central Bank.

In March 1980 he was made Deputy General Manager in charge of the entire credit department.

Courtesy The Daily, 11 November 1982.

Sethna's Car

From the outside, Larkson College Associate Professor Beheruz N. Sethna's new car looks like any other 1982 Ford Escort.

But under the hood and beneath the dashboard it's quite different.

The reason? It's an electric car rented as part of a 10,000 dollars Federal Department of Energy (DOE) Electric Vehicle Demonstration grant.

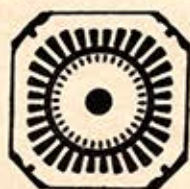
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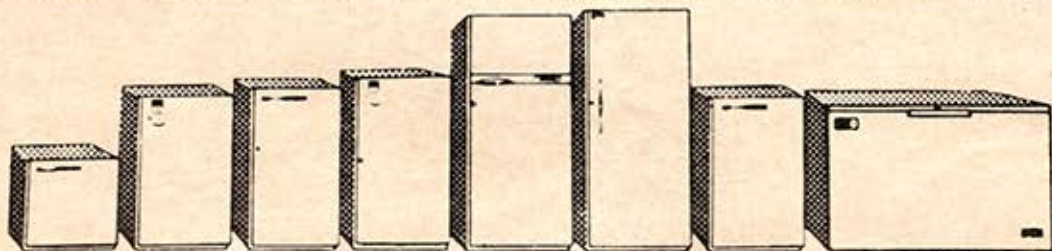
**CASH REGISTER
DIVISION**
(Electro-Mechanical &
Electronic)



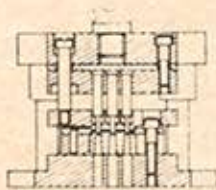
**AUTOMOTIVE
DIVISION**



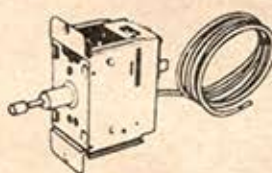
**LAMINATION
DIVISION**
(Electrical Motors &
Stampings)



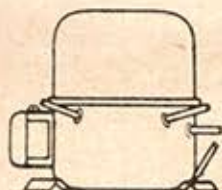
REFRIGERATION DIVISION
(Refrigerators & Deep Freezers)



**CENTRALISED
TOOL ROOM DIVISION**
(Sophisticated Tools,
Dies and Fixtures)



**CONTROLS
DIVISION**



**COMPRESSOR
DIVISION**

Kelvinator
of India Limited

The grant is to teach people about electric vehicles and determine why people might buy them.

"Electric prices are rising less than gasoline, so the future car could conceivably result in cost saving," explained Brian Maxwell, one of four School of Management students working on the project under Professor Sethna.

The electric car costs about 15,000 dollars compared to about 9,000 dollars for a gasoline powered version.

But with an operating cost of 1.5 cents per mile — compared with about 5 cents for gasoline — the savings would pay for the car after 100,000 miles, he said.

Batteries fill the space under the hood and much of the rear trunk space. Unlike a gasoline engine there is only one moving part resulting in reduced maintenance expenses.

When Professor Sethna starts the car, it hums. He shifts it like a traditional vehicle.

When the car stops, it is silent because no electric power is being used, leading the first time rider to believe it has stalled.

Inside, under the dash, a digital readout and special gauge tell the driver how much power is left.

After being plugged into a 220 volt outlet overnight, the car can travel 30 to 70 miles, depending on the speed, before it runs out of power.

Noting the United States imports 45 per cent of its oil, Professor Sethna says one million barrels of oil would be saved if 15 per cent of all vehicles were electric.

Under the grant, the students will be testing the vehicle to ensure it meets the operating specifications claimed by its manufacturer, Electric Vehicle Associates, Cleveland, Ohio.

Courtesy The Daily, 26 November 1981.

Building Bhatsai

It is not every day that one comes across employees of the Bombay municipal corporation who describe their jobs as "exciting, exhilarating, often full of frustrations but one that I would opt for all over again."

It is also not often that one comes across men like Mr. Temool Maneekshaw Kandawalla, chief engineer (water supply projects) a post he has held since February 1, 1972, and which he will relinquish on his retirement after 34 years of service, tomorrow.

And interviewing Mr. Kandawalla about himself can be pretty frustrating as the man keeps coming back to the

Bhatsai scheme, stage-I. Which is hardly surprising, because he has been responsible for its full implementation, from the time it reached the World Bank appraisal stage in 1973, through planning and design, construction, commissioning of the augmentation stage and finally the commissioning of water in 1981.

In short, he was directly responsible for the execution of 54 contracts involving Rs. 145 crores with a staff of 300 engineers working in the water supply project division.

Small wonder, then, that he has been living, eating and breathing Bhatsai so that the project is inextricably entwined with his life, taking priority over everything else.

"It is not every day that one gets the opportunity to handle the biggest water augmentation scheme in Asia and the biggest water treatment plant (at Bhandup) in the world," he says.

The city supply before Bhatsai was 350 million gallons per day from six sources: Vihar, Tansa, Tulsi, Ulhas river, Modak Sagar and Upper Vaitarna. In fact, when he became chief engineer, it was in time to complete the Upper Vaitarna project which was commissioned in 1973.

Bhatsai has three stages and each will bring the city an additional 100 million gallons per day. Water from this source has been coming into the city from 1980, but by the end of January, the 450 million gallons pouring in to meet the needs of citizens will be filtered water. Filtered mind you, not fully treated, for while the treatment plant at Bhandup is ready, there are a few snags that are still to be smoothed out.

But by the end of the monsoon, Bombayites should be getting their 450 million gallons fully treated and it will be goodbye to the nightmare of turgid water streaming from taps, almost visibly teeming with germs that should not be there. What better farewell present could Mr. Kandawalla give the city he has served well and faithfully for so long!

Yet Mr. Kandawalla is the first to say this is not enough. Between 550-600 million gallons per day is more like it, with 2,00,000 people coming in each year. The second phase is in full swing, the designs are over, tenders are out, construction should start in a couple of months and by June 1986, it should be completed, he says.

Courtesy MID-DAY, 30 December 1981. (Engineer who built Bhatsai by Carol D'Souza)

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Two little boys recited their prayers against a magnificent backdrop of white-robed priests. It could have been a scene from 'The Magic Flute' but was a real Navjot ceremony being filmed for 'A quest for Zarathustra' at a Parsi agiary in Bombay last week. Zubin Mehta in white trousers and dagli explained the initiation rites to the camera. Later he recalled how his own Navjot had had to be cancelled when he lost his voice the previous evening having spent all day at the Oval Maidan playing cricket. Zubin Mehta talked to Amrita Abraham about the film, music and politics.



Zubin Mehta: "A Quest for Zarathushtra"

What sort of music do you imagine would be right for "A quest for Zarathustra?"

You know what? We have not even discussed that. More absolute music would be preferable to me. Not programme music, not music with a name. There's a suggestion that we end with the end of Stravinsky's Firebird. Just off the cuff, I would say Bach. Some of the non-choral music of Bach. In other words, I don't want to put Christian, Latin words on to this film.

People are going to have special expectations about the music seeing that you are concerned with the film.

I'll tell you what scares me. I've heard

it from two or three people in the last couple of days. 'After the success of Gandhi Zoroaster's film has to be as good.' But, for god's sake, we're not making an epic here. We're making an educational film.

It's a pity, of course, that you won't be able to do any location shooting in Iran.

Iran won't let me in. Because of my Israeli connection. Cyrus Bharucha (the director of the film) asked them. They said they wouldn't allow me in. I wanted to go to Cyrus' tomb. Zoroaster's birth place is near the Sea of Aral. Russia might allow me in. Russia has nothing against me. In the time of the Shah they would have allowed me in to Iran.

Could the present refusal to allow you in have anything to do with the religion of the film? They have, for instance, persecuted the Baha'is.

No it is me, and the Baha'is because they have no books. The Iranians accept all religions that have books: Christians, Jews. Zoroastrians are tolerated. A Zoroastrian is discriminated against today in Iran in that he is allowed to hold no civil service job. Zoroastrians were slightly discriminated against in the Shah's time—they could never be prime minister, they could never really get to the top positions. A couple of months before the fall of the Shah, a friend of mine who belongs to the Zoroastrian community of Iran, Far-

hang Mehr, was going to be made ambassador to India and, of course, since he was nominated as ambassador by the Shah, he was blacklisted, he was on the shooting list, and he escaped on foot through Turkey.

You talked earlier about the link between Judaism and Zoroastrianism. Are you going to emphasise this in the film?

There's a lot of mention in it. You know there's the Book of Esther. Esther was married to a Zoroastrian. The man who led the Jews out of Babylon was a Zoroastrian king. We're just taking the facts. Our trinity of good thoughts and good words and good deeds goes right through all religions. We believe that ours was the first religion to point out the difference between right and wrong in a world of paganism and idolatry. There will be a great amount of argu-

And I am very cynical in the film in the beginning about the whole thing.

Is the conflict of identities, or Zoroastrian living in America and the paranoia or schizophrenia connected with it that you spoke about earlier today one reason for your interest in this film? Is it a quest for your identity, so to speak?

Identity—or non-identity—with me, living outside, is a way of life, I'm afraid. But yesterday when I sat on a plane from Delhi to Bombay, I said, my god, I'm really one of them. I felt wonderful. I felt so surrounded, so protected. It's just my imagination. But that's the way I felt. Because, anywhere I am ... I'm a very assimilated person. When I'm in Vienna, I'm very Viennese. In Israel I'm very Israeli. In America, because of my family and everything, I'm American, in that sense. But culturally I think I've always remained an Indian.

Indian (and I know I'll get it on the head for saying that). The distinction is in the religion but not in my nationalistic feelings.

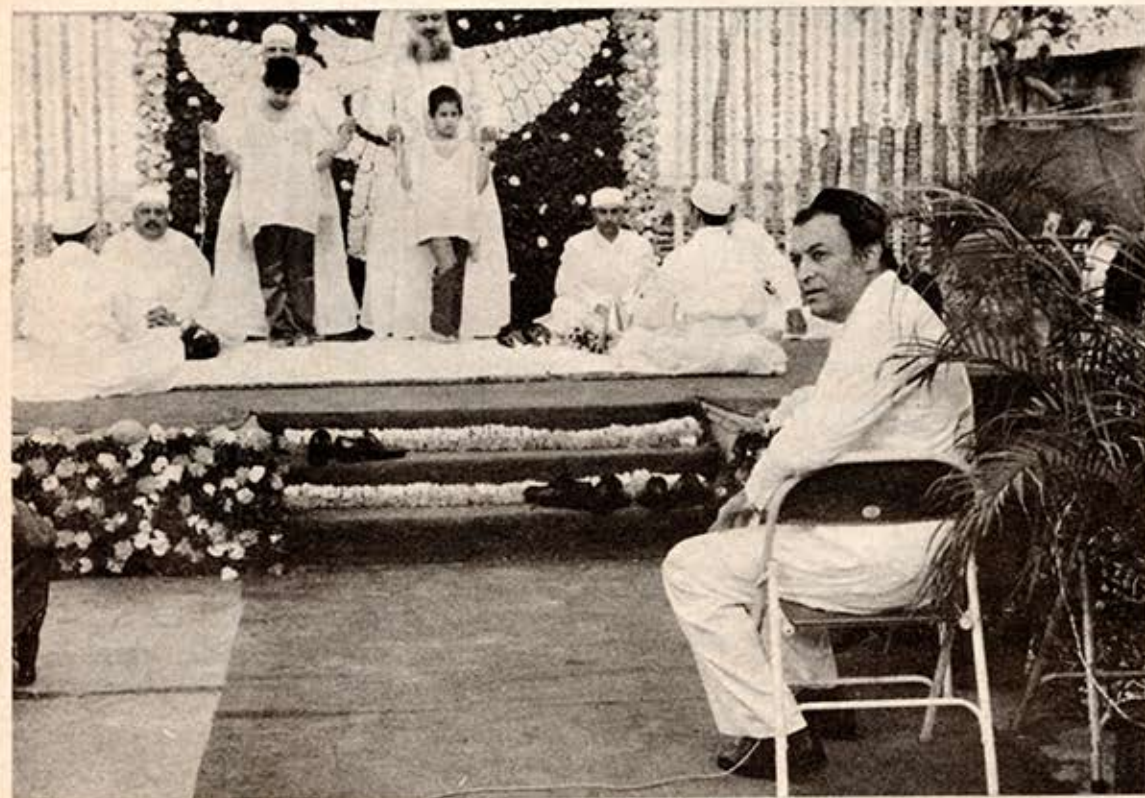
When you met Mrs Gandhi at the White House during her visit to Washington, when you played there...

I didn't really meet her. I asked for an appointment which never really materialised.

I would have thought that this project would interest her personally.

I didn't want to meet her only because of this project. I asked to meet Mrs. Gandhi in London, New York, Washington and Los Angeles. And ten minutes were not found for me. You know, I didn't bring up this subject. You brought it up.

Why do you think a meeting was not



Mehta attending a Navjote: "These are my people."

ment from the Jews because we also believe that ours was the first monotheistic religion.

The conflicts among Parsis today over reforms in religious practice and so on—will you try and bring this out in the film also?

Yes. It all comes in the later part. The priest in the film will bring out one point of view. And I will keep goading him.

Earlier on this afternoon, when the film was being shot here, you had a line 'These are my people'. What did you feel when you said that, what did it bring up?

I'm glad he (the director) asked me to say that. But you see that is where my conflict is with the Parsis. When I say 'my people' I mean the people on the aeroplane really. When I leave India there is no distinction between Parsi and

arranged?

I don't know. I'm not going to speculate. She's very nice to me. I played for her at the White House and all that went well. (Was that shown here?) In 1967 when I came with the Los Angeles Philharmonic I went to her home and had a little audience with her. She's always been very nice to me. So I have no complaints. But I wanted to talk to her. Ten minutes. I had problems that I wanted

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**2,04,000 who peep
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of the hard-core
readers agree.**

**1,02,000 who borrow
from the hard-core
readers agree.**

Asked to rate the Sunday editions of major Bombay-based dailies, the readers of The Sunday Observer placed their paper ahead of others on 8 out of 11 specific attributes.



% of respondents

	Daily	Indian Express	Sunday Mid-day	The Sunday Observer	Times of India
Best for news coverage	7	31	4	22	36 ✓
Best for business coverage	4	10	16	38 ✓	33
Best film/theatre reviews	3	9	13	53 ✓	22
Best city news	34 ✓	15	19	11	21
Best book/other reviews	2	9	4	48 ✓	37
Best sports coverage	6	16	20	31 ✓	27
Best political commentary	3	30	3	50 ✓	14
Best investigative articles	8	45 ✓	7	33	7
Best layout and printing	10	12	5	66 ✓	7
Best value for money	3	8	11	64 ✓	14
Most objective	5	16	17	53 ✓	19

(Based on IMRB Survey)

The Sunday Observer
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to discuss with her. I've solved that problem now.

What was it about?

About South Africa. I wanted to ask my prime minister her advice. That's all. In the end I never went. There are two ways of looking at it. I feel as strongly against the South African ethic as any Indian does. I don't have to go into that. In 1971 the Israeli Philharmonic was invited there and I refused because they refused to have any mixed audiences there. So I said, fine, I don't have to come. I asked them 'why not' and they said because Johannesburg doesn't have any toilets for Indians in the hall. So, I didn't go. The Israelis went with another conductor and I was very conspicuous by my absence—everyone spoke about it.

Last year they came and asked us again. These are the Jews of South Africa who pay for the trip and everything. They are a very rich community there. Now, tours mean a lot of money for orchestral musicians. So if you refuse a tour they don't take it so easily because they lose all that money, individually. And although I read and know that things have slightly improved in that country, very slightly, in that kind of ultra society, slightly is not enough for me.

I said not only do I want mixed audiences I also want 200 tickets per concert that I will give to the Indians. I don't want you to tell me that they didn't come to the box office. And I said I want a letter from the prime minister's office confirming this, thinking, of course, that all these conditions aren't going to be accepted. But they called my bluff and accepted all the conditions this year. That put me in a spot. And Mrs Gandhi came to London in April. I wanted to talk to her about that. Now the point is, emotionally, I still didn't want to go. But there's the argument put forward by a lot of people who sympathise with me who say, 'but, look they've accepted your conditions, you will be the first Indian that would go there and make that breakthrough. You will be the first Indian that maybe they would give a standing ovation to, and that would break a lot of things. You would, sort of, show them up for their ignorance all these years'. That's a valid point. I tried to discuss it with her. I never got to her.



Mehta with Bharucha: Refused entry into Iran

So, you decided not to go.

I just couldn't do it on an emotional level. Except for emotion I have no reason. It's like the people in Israel who don't want to hear Wagner. They can't give me a solid reason. They just don't want to hear it. I did play Wagner in Israel. But I'm not programming it any more because I'm hurting too many people.

Were you trying to show with Wagner in Israel and the attempt to bring the Israeli Philharmonic during the Janata regime that music is above politics?

I don't even say that. I think music is very important for politics. In Argentina, two months ago with the New York Philharmonic, through our concerts in Buenos Aires, which is a very culture-conscious city, we made a complete breakthrough in relations between the United States and Argentina.

We had four completely packed houses, standing ovations—not at the end of the concert, after the first piece! It's literally the best music public in the world in Buenos Aires. It's completely indescribable. The love. The enthusiasm. The numbers. And what we did, that really put an end to all frustrations, was that we gave a free concert in an indoor arena for 12,000 people, at Lunar Park. This time it wasn't a musical success. It was a success of the spirit. People standing up and saying, 'gracias'.

Do you think that as one of the most

prominent Indians in America you could do something for Indo-American relations which have not been so good?

Not too much. I do the best I can when the opportunity arises. But Mrs Gandhi was terrific in America. Oh yes. Listen. I was there for most of the speeches, for most of the talking backstage. They admired her. She spoke honestly. I thought she did a terrific job. Is hope both sides follow through with this.

Do you think relations are getting better?

Yes. Nixon hated India and I have a friend called Henry Kissinger and he openly tells me how much he hated everything. He's a very astute politician but he's a man who sometimes lets his own feelings conduct his policies. And in the case of Indira he didn't like her. I don't know why. It was a personal thing. He didn't like her. She used to go out of her way at the Vietnam time to lambast the U.S. Carter was very friendly towards India. And now ever since her visit it's gotten better.

When did you last see Arthur Rubinstein?

I was with him fifteen days ago. I knew when I left him it was the last time I was seeing him. He was so shrunken. I played more with Rubinstein than any other soloist in the last ten years. Because of our Israeli connection. There

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was almost a father-son relationship.

Do you know some of the new young Indian talent, Daniel Nazareth, the young conductor, and others?

I'm waiting for someone! I know Nazareth. He's starting to do quite well. I've never observed him. He studies in the same school as I did in Vienna. He seems to be doing well. Yehudi also told me about a young violinist; he even brought him here. A very talented young kid. Chinoy, who died—he was very talented. By the way, that Ravi Shankar record is coming out now, sitar and orchestra, with the New York Philharmonic and me. It's the second one.

How does it feel to be a grandfather—almost—at 47?

I'm 46! Wonderful. I love it. I was the one to tell her to hurry up. My daughter had been married two years and I said 'when are you going to do it?' I love it.

Versatile Musician

The only other woman percussionist I have heard till now (the first being Yogamaya Shukla), is the bespectacled Aban Mistry, daughter of a veteran Bombay journalist. Aban's name is very

familiar to the city's music lovers. Presently she is one of the promoters of a music school, known as Swara Sadhana Samiti, located in the crowded Dhobi Talao area.



Aban Mistry had her initial grooming in vocal music from Lakshmanrao Bodas, a senior exponent of the Gwalior gharana, and attained proficiency as a young vocalist.

However, her urge for learning instrumental music brought her under the influence of Keki Jigina, a noted sitarist, percussionist and teacher (who also heads the Samiti). His intensive training for seven years laid for Aban the strong foundation for her future career as a versatile musician. But it was after the six-year tutelage of the venerable maestro, the late Amir Hussain Khan, that she blossomed into a virtuosic tabla player.

Besides being a "Sangeet Visharad" in tabla playing, Aban also holds a "Sangeet Alankar" in vocal music, which is equivalent to an M.A. Amid her hectic schedule of teaching and performing, she has been able to do a voluminous thesis on the tabla, which has earned her a doctorate from the Gandharva Maha Vidyalaya. She also gives concert performances. That is not all. Aban's interest in Hindi and Sanskrit literature is equally profound. She is a "Sahitya Ratna" of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan. Yet, the tabla remains her first love — and last — and it is as a soloist that she excels in her percussion music.

One shared experience with both Yogamaya Shukla and Aban Mistry is the kind of derisive, almost cynical, reaction they had to face in the early days of their concert career. Strange as it might seem, we no longer find anything amiss if a Sharan Rani or a Zarin Darwalla wields a heavy instrument like the sarod, which has also long been regarded as the male's monopoly. But our audiences are still a long way from conceding the woman's claim to singing styles like 'dhrupad' and 'dhamar' or the playing of percussion instruments like the tabla!

An extract from "Women percussionists" the Free Press Journal 20 December 1982 by Mohan Nadkarni.

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In the waters off Pilot Bunder, not far from the Gateway of India, 39 yachtsmen from 13 countries sailed for the top honours at the IX Asian Games Yachting in November. Among them were six Parsis—Faroukh Tarapore, Zarir Karanjia, Byram and Goshpi Avari—the husband and wife team from Karachi and the Unwalla brothers—Jeejee and Fali.

Faroukh Tarapore and Zarir Karanjia, with the former at the helm, won India's first gold medal in the Asian Games Yachting in the 'Fireball' class, the fastest boat in the Asiatic fleet. The Avaris successfully retained the gold medal won at the 1978 Bangkok Games in the 'Enterprise' class, a boat that is not as fast or as physically demanding as the Fireball, while the Unwallas took the silver in the Enterprise class.

AT THE HELM

Hutokshi D. Doctor

Tarapore and Karanjia

"For two years you've been keying yourself up for something and when you've actually done it you can't believe it's happened. Suddenly you find it's over... It's over and you've won," smiles Zarir Karanjia (20), the slim and boyish marine engineering apprentice at Bombay's Mazagon Docks, highlighting in his simple fashion, both the eventual triumph and the months of tense training that preceded it.

The success of the Fireball pair is underlined by the fact that, besides winning India's first gold in this discipline, they won all seven races with zero penalty points, their Fireball, the 'Chanceless Spirits' forging ahead time after time. "The best part about it is that

nobody can better the record," says Zarir.

The Fireball pair were undoubtedly the favourites of the cheering, enthusiastic spectators, with Faroukh Tarapore generally referred to as the Indian sailing wizard, his dextrous handling of every boat, and especially the Fireball, introduced in Indian waters only a year ago, widely acclaimed.

Faroukh, after ten years of sailing, strives not for the medal but to perfect his skill. A sub-lieutenant in the Indian navy, Faroukh was not altogether

smacks in the village of Satpaty in Thana district where he was born, his father being employed in the Fisheries Department. A student of the St. Sebastian High School and later Don Bosco and Khalsa College, Faroukh joined the National Defence Academy in Poona, winning several awards including the sailing trophy. In the Asian Cadet Championships in 1975 he took the gold medal, in the 10th World Cadet Championships in Bombay in 1976 he won a bronze, and in 1977 he won the national championships in the cadet



Tarapore and Karanjia: Dextrous handling

happy with his performance and is reported to have said, "We made a lot of mistakes we shouldn't have." Another press report quotes him as saying, "I have been sailing for the last ten years and I no longer get (a) childish thrill after winning another medal. What I aim for is perfection. I get a personal satisfaction if I've sailed correctly."

The wind in their hair and the irresistible fascination of the blue sea all around isn't all that makes these sailors take their sport so seriously. As Zarir puts it, "Racing dinghies and their operation isn't just physical but also mental activity... It requires intelligence," so that the mental challenge is far greater than the physical.

Faroukh grew up watching the fishing

class. With Zarir as crew, Faroukh won the bronze in the 1981 Asian Regatta.

When Faroukh and Zarir won their fourth successive race in the Asiads, a member of the press who watched them win reported, "Tarapore is head and shoulders above the others. He sails with the audacity of a champion, almost making a mockery of the rest of the fleet," and when they won the fifth race, claiming the gold he wrote, "The manner in which Tarapore helms the boat is a lesson in yachting... Tarapore raced ahead as though challenging the wind."

An emphatic "Naturally we are all proud of it, no doubt about it," was Faroukh's father, F.R. Tarapore's reaction when asked how he felt about his

son winning the gold medal. He proudly stressed the fact that the Bombay Parsi Punchayet, the Mancherji Edalji Memorial Trust Fund and the Borivli and Suburban Zoroastrian Association have sent Faroukh and his family felicitating letters.

"Today he has won the gold because of the navy and the Sea Cadet Corps," said the senior Tarapore. Faroukh being presently at sea. The navy has promised to send Faroukh on an European circuit in preparation for the Olympics where, should he qualify, he will sail the 470

continuing involvement with sailing, from those childhood days when they'd spend their Sundays sailing together.

"Faroukh has joined the navy for sailing, and I'm pretty sure he's going to make it to the Olympics," says his friend Zarir, a student of Campion School and later the K.C. College, and as for himself, "It had to be something to do with the sea." Trying to put into words the feel of the sea and the waves and the sails, Zarir says with a shrug of his shoulders, "It's got a lure of it's own".

Byram and Goshpi Avari

The Avaris' victory followed a furious battle with the Unwalla brothers and the Japanese team and as the veteran yachtsman sailed through his fourth successive win in the Enterprise, he kissed wife and crew Goshpi, (reportedly the only Pakistani woman participating in the Games), in jubilant triumph.

"Our entire lifestyle had to change after we'd decided to compete at the IX Asiad," Goshpi is reported to have said. "We had rigorous practice hours and nothing except the prospect of clinching the gold medal kept us going. We were obsessed with winning."

"Beat the Jock" was what their boat was called and determined to win, Avari has been training systematically for the Games. In the Wills Asian Regatta in 1981 Avari failed to secure a medal, but this time he arrived ten days earlier and spent his time studying the tides and the wayward light winds with Goshpi and his coach, Ian Pinnelli, the fourth renowned English coach to sail with Avari in 1982 alone. Strangely enough, Pinnelli's employer, the noted sailmaker and sailor Robert Storrar has been the Unwallas' coach. Both teams sailed identical Oventon boats at the Games both being models designed by Jimmy Unwalla, elder brother of Jeejee and Fali.

Avari (41), a millionaire whose family owns the Beach Luxury Hotel in Karachi, the Lahore Hilton and the Karachi Hilton is a man of varied interests, as proficient on the violin as he is at the helm, according to press reports. Having won the President's gold in 1979, the Canadian gold in 1981, and positioning runners-up in the World Sailing Championships in Canada in 1981 and in the U.S. Open National Sailing Championships, he was awarded the President's

Medal last year in recognition of his impressive sailing record.

"Sailing is a rough and strenuous sport but we do it for relaxation... I don't take tranquilisers for frayed nerves, I go yatching," Avari is reported to have said. "According to Avari, his finest moment came when, in appreciation of his sailing prowess, the Pakistani government nominated him as a member of the federal council (Majlis-e-Shuria), a post he still holds," notes a press report.

The Pakistani government has recently announced a grant of Rs.11 lakhs for an institution to promote sailing, but the story goes that at the Bangkok Games in 1978 Avari and his crew did not even possess adequate sailing gear, and when they won the gold, they had to delay the medal presentation ceremony while they shopped for track-suits. But Avari is today the president of the Enterprise class association of Pakistan, and plans to stage the world championships in this class in Karachi in November this year.

This is the first time the Avaris have teamed up for an international event, though Goshpi (36) has twice accompanied Avari at the national level. It is

"Our entire lifestyle had to change after we'd decided to compete at the IX Asiad."

also reportedly their last appearance on the international circuit, and Avari will now be coaching his son Xerxes (14) for the next Asiad and Olympics in the 470 class.

Jeejee and Fali Unwalla

"Sailing involves theory, physics, hard work - all the time you've got to be thinking," says Jeejee, a tall and good-looking second year B.Sc student at Wilson College. "It's more thinking that gets you ahead, not speed. It's a continuous thought process - you go from one thought to the next. It's a game of chess played physically - getting ahead yourself plus stopping the other person. Anticipating the wind - the tide - innumerable variables."



The Avaris : Victory kiss

class yacht. "This time the government bought all the equipment abroad," said Zarir, and even sent the competitors for the world championships to gain added experience. "Our drill had improved with the experience," said Zarir, "but home waters, to sail in the place where you learnt sailing helps considerably, because you have prior knowledge of tidal waters and wind shifts." The 'Chanceless Spirits' belonged to the navy and has now been preserved for championships.

Both Faroukh and Zarir started sailing at the Sea Cadet Corps, a voluntary organisation managed by Commodore G.S. Ahuja, which trains youngsters between the ages of 10 to 16 in various aspects of seafaring. There has been a

This is one sport that affords no dull moment; rather it's one big learning process, says Jeejee who's also been sailing for the last ten years, his father and three elder brothers including Fali, who was his crew for the Asiads, all being yachting champions. "Experience always teaches you how to do things the correct way... Upto now I've never come across the same situation twice. At the spur of the moment you've got to make the final adaptation and that's half the fun."

But competitive sailing can be a strain too, demanding concentration for two and a half hours at a stretch, according to Jeejee. There is no room for error since each error gets magnified throughout the race, and the sailor must keep covering and recovering his losses.

The organisation of the Games was good, the light wind suitable, but the sailing was mediocre, said Jeejee. Of the nine boats in the Enterprise class, the first three were always far ahead, while the rest struggled for the minor placings. The world championships, where the first 20 or 30 participants are equally good, he finds more challenging and educative.

Besides winning several medals at the national level, Jeejee, who started sailing in 1972, has participated in several world championships. In Canada in 1980, Jeejee and Fali (the elder of the two and an architect) won the last two races coming seventh in a fleet of 45 and winning the junior world championship. In the Enterprise World Championships at Tynemouth, England, they positioned 15th out of 150 starters, bagging the "Conch Trophy" and a prize in the junior category. At the Wills Asian Regatta they took the gold.

"We'd been given quite an intensive training which could have led to some staleness," said Jeejee. "There's the psychological aspect to any race. You psyche yourself before, during and after the race." What constitutes success in a race is, according to Jeejee, 90 per cent practice, the rest "psyching." A little bit of luck can go a long way too, and sometimes, though not too often, you happen to be in the right place at the right time and the wind shifts in your favour.

Talking about himself Jeejee is as diffident as Zarir, but they both lose that diffidence in trying to explain the sailing experience to the layman and in speaking of their desire to popularise sailing as a sport in India. "Sailing isn't given the right sort of publicity," says Jeejee. "What we want to do is get yachting started in India, get more people to



The Unwallas : Physical chess

enjoy the sport," says Zarir, describing its popularity in the West where families fasten their boats on the tops of their vehicles and drive to the sea-shore. "They're a lot more seafaring than we are."

"It's more thinking that gets you ahead, not speed."

Sailing for pleasure is neither an exclusive nor an expensive sport, according to Jeejee. Besides the Sea Cadet Corps which provides excellent training to young sailors, Jeejee recommends membership of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club and the Colaba Sailing Club in Bombay, junior membership of which, according to him, is fairly reasonable. But to be a good sailor it isn't sufficient to like the sport, emphasises Jeejee. "You've got to really go for it." "Besides, you've got to have dedication and the ambition to make it good in sailing," advises Zarir.

Competitive sailing is, however, expensive. "The only thing that enables us to sail is the support of sponsors," says Zarir, and once the sport is popularised Zarir hopes it will be easier to find sponsors. Air-India for one, he says, always provide free tickets to participants at international championships.

And Jeejee, like Zarir, plans to give up competitive sailing as it is time-consuming, requiring hours of daily practice, but they will continue to sail for pleasure because, as Jeejee says, "Once the bug bites, you can't leave it."

Engineer's wicket, wicket life

Shirish Nadkarni

He whacks the white rubber ball with the same explosive power that he used in his salad days to despatch the shiny red sphere to the ropes. The same aggressive mien that characterised his showing on the cricketing field, either in front of, or behind the wickets, is apparent these days on the tennis courts. And although there is ample evidence of prosperity in the central vital statistic, the same flashy athleticism of old is very much present when he moves like quicksilver at the net to demolish a loose ball.

"I firmly believe that the ball is meant to be hit, and hit hard," grins Farokh Engineer, one of India's greatest Test stumpers, who is currently in India on holiday. The wicket-keeper-batsman, who dominated India's efforts in international cricket during the late sixties and early seventies, has been in England for almost 17 years but still visits his home shores when he can.

On the present occasion, he is here to spend Christmas and the New Year with his family. "I haven't been here for nearly four years now," he says. "I was here very briefly last year for the Ramchand benefit match, but that can hardly count as a visit. I want to spend time on this visit with my brother and my wife's mother." Accompanying Farokh (or 'Rooky', as he is affectionately known to one and all) is his wife Shernavaz (Sherry), and the younger of his two daughters, Tina (Teenaz).

The three landed in Bombay on Monday, and two of them promptly made a beeline for the Bombay Gymkhana tennis courts. Farokh, who took up the game 18 months ago when his busy schedule as the Marketing and Sales Director of Textiles in the Jules Simon group of companies left him with time only for weekend cricket, has got rather good at the game in a very short while. But then, that could only be expected of a man whose phenomenally good eyesight made him the scourge of even the quickest bowlers in the world.

Farokh is eleven-year-old Tina's coach at tennis. On Wednesday evening, the rosy-cheeked youngster was radiant. "I beat Daddy at tennis today," she bubbled excitedly, while her father looked on with an indulgent smile. "This was the first time I beat him! Oh, I'm so

excited!" It is perhaps the first of a long series of defeats on the courts for Daddy, though he is not likely to be so generous when he takes on any other opposition.

The Engineers have prospered in Blighty. Farokh, who began with the Jules Simon group eight years ago, was upgraded to his current position two years ago. Obviously, with the number of calls on his time, he has had to give up county cricket, but still manages to keep in touch with the game by playing Lancashire League cricket on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. Wife Sherry owns a boutique ('Sherry's Fabrics'), the dress materials for which are contributed by Farokh—he buys the stuff at discounted rates from the warehouses of the firm for which he works. In fact, the boutique business has proved so lucrative that the Engineers have just acquired an additional shop, which will be run as a branch.

The girls, Meenaz ('Minnie') and Tina are also doing well at school. While the 16 year old Minnie had to be left behind as she faces an examination in a few days' time, Tina has been able to accompany her parents to India because the visit has been made to coincide with her end-of-term holidays. The tousle-haired youngster was enrolled this year at an exclusive boarding-school, mainly for the excellent all-round facilities it provides.

"We have lots of riding, hockey and tennis at school," says Tina, "and next term, we will be starting on cricket as well. Tina is the one in the family who takes after her sporting father, the elder girl being more studious and inclined more towards the gentler pursuits as playing the piano. The girls however, share a love of horses, and Farokh takes them riding whenever he can.

It was easy to reconstruct a typical day in the Engineer household (they live close to the industrial town of Manchester), with the uninhibited help of Tina. "Daddy's a late riser," she volunteered, drawing a heavy frown of mock-



disapproval from the maligned individual, who hastened to add, "I go to sleep late, you see; I invariably have dinner engagements, and at least twice or thrice a week I am busy distributing prizes at

some school, or judging beauty contests, or doing some sort of charity work." He agreed with alacrity that he enjoyed the beauty shows the most!

"Daddy always has tea in bed," butted in the irrepressible Tina. "Whenever I am home, I bring it to him." Engineer enjoys three to four cups of tea in the morning—which forms his total daily quota of the beverage. Obviously, later in the evenings, he goes in for something stronger! "And then, I cook him his favourite breakfast—bacon and eggs. But before he comes down to breakfast, he takes at least an hour." And Tina rolled her eyes suggestively at her father.

"Okay, okay, you might as well say it, you little horror," commented Farokh. "I read all my newspapers in the toilet; in fact, I have a bigish library there. I catch up on all my reading on the pot in the mornings!"

"He is at work the whole day," went on Tina, "but he phones a couple of times during the day. He almost never has dinner at home, because he comes back only in the middle of the night! On the days he is not going to some function, he takes us out to dinner. He loves hot curry with lots of chillies in it; none of us can eat it!"

"And, oh yes," added Tina, before Farokh could come in, "Daddy loves westerns. He can watch Clint Eastwood on the video for hours!"

"Well, there isn't much that you have left for me to say, is there?" asked her father, ruefully. It was amusing to see the belligerent scourge of the bowlers so firmly under someone's thumb! But it is quite clear that Farokh dotes on his daughter; and it is equally clear that the sentiment is heartily reciprocated.

The Engineers will be in Bombay until around 12th January, when they will have to leave because Tina's school opens after the vacation on the 17th. While in India, Farokh hopes to solicit support for the benefit match he has been awarded for the forthcoming year. The match is likely to be held sometime in November 1983.

"I promise you really top-class cricket," he asserted. "I hope to bring over a genuine world-class International XI, with players whose names are household words already. They will be the players the people want to see." And of course, Rooky will be behind the wickets—he is not all that short of practice, for he keeps regularly on weekends.

The 1000 runs that he has piled up this season show that he is still stroking the

The Engineers: Prospering at Blighty



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ball well. And while his big hitting with the bat will also be a big draw, what may well come as a bonus for spectators is to see the famed stumper having a bowl: "I bowl leg-breaks in league games sometimes," he said, "and I have a few wickets to my name."

Despite the fact that they are doing extremely well in England, Rooky is quite willing to leave it all and come back to India—"if the right opening presents itself." It is going to be a hard decision, for he is unlikely to get the facilities here that he enjoys in England. "I am a well-respected citizen there," he says, with pride. "But I have always been proud of being an Indian. And I would love to come back for good—especially for the sake of the girls. I may be broad-minded for myself, but I would like my daughters to grow up with Indian morals, and imbibing our culture."



Govadia : Wheeling around the world

1983 by twenty-seven-year-old Adil Govadia of Nagpur. Govadia has chalked out a tentative itinerary which will take him through West Asia, Europe, Canada and the U.S.A. in time to attend the 1984 Olympics at Los Angeles, from where, according to his

project report, he will proceed to Japan and South-East Asia.

Govadia proposes to travel 120 kilometers a day, weather permitting, and will stay at youth hostels, earning his way as far as possible. His tour is being sponsored by the Rotary Club of Nagpur, several Parsi organisations and Air India, he says.

Among Govadia's aims and objectives is the desire to "promote a spirit of goodwill" and to raise funds for health-care programmes. Govadia hopes to learn more about the lifestyles of people in the countries he visits, to talk and write about his experiences, and with the help of lectures on India and pictorial photography, pay part of the expenses of the trip. The world tour is estimated to cost Rs 1,45,000 or U.S. \$18,000.

Recently he traversed a distance of 6,672 kilometers from Nagpur to Nepal (via the Himalayan route) on a motorbike in 22 days, even travelling through the dacoit-infested Banda district, accompanied by his friend Gurubachan Singh Renu.

"I like to be in the open air," says Govadia who has led an active outdoor life. "Since school I have had a passion for travelling and collecting road maps."

*Courtesy The Sunday Observer, 26 December 1982.
(Engineer wants to come home, by Shirish Nadkarni).*

Motor-Biking the World

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The Parsi Punchayet Case

No Converts

THE JUDGEMENT SO FAR

In 1903 R.D. Tata married according to Parsi rites, a French lady, after having her navjote performed. Tata claimed his wife "had become a Parsi professing the Zoroastrian faith and consequently she was entitled to participate in all the charitable and religious Funds and Institutions of the Parsis including the right to enter fire temples and have her body consigned to the Towers of Silence.

Thus the scene was set for the historic court case of Petit vs Jeejeebhoy, also known as "The Parsi Punchayet Case."

The question before the two judges of the Bombay High Court, Justice Frank C.O. Beaman and Justice Dinshaw Dhanjibhoy Daver, was whether a person born in another faith but converted to Zoroastrianism was entitled to the benefits of certain community trusts.

The Plaintiffs (Sir Dinshaw Maneckji Petit, Tata and others) contended Zoroastrianism enjoins and practises conversion and that converts are entitled to all the benefits provided. The defendants (Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy and others) while admitting that Zoroastrianism permits conversion state that "ever since their (Parsis) advent into India (they) have not admitted a Juddin (person belonging to another religion) into their fold. They admit, however, that children born of a Zoroastrian father by an alien mother have been admitted into their fold by the performance of the Navjote ceremony.

Daver, in his part of the judgement discredited the evidence, past and present, of conversion in India.

In the last instalment, Daver stated that the defendants took a stand against conversion not on religious grounds but on caste.

Let us now briefly examine the contemporary documents relating to the immoveable properties. They are 28 in number. I will just quote the material words of each: (1) "Need of another Dockma in consequence of the great rise of the Zoroastrian population of Bombay." (2) "The entire Zoroastrian Anjuman." (3) "For the people of the Zoroastrian Community." (4) "For the use of the people of the Mazdiasni religion." (5) "For the people of the Mazdiasni religion." (6) "In accordance with the tenets of the Mazdiasni religion," by the "people of the Anjuman of the Mazdiasni faith." (7) "Persons of the Mazdiasni religion." (8) "Whole Anjuman." (9) "People of the Holy Zoroastrian Community of Bombay." (10) "People of the Zoroastrian Community." (11) "Dasturs and Mobeds and Hurbeds and Behedins of the Mazdiasni religion of the Holy Zoroastrian Community." (12) "Dasturs and Mobeds and Hurbeds and Behedins of the Mazdiasni religion of the Holy Zoroastrian Community." (13) "In the service of the entire Zoroastrian Anjuman of Bombay." (14) "To the Anjuman for the use of all Zoroastrians." (15) "People of the *firka* of the pure and the best Mazdiasni religion." (16) "By the people of the whole Zoroastrian Anjuman." (17) "Holy Zoroastrian Community of Hindustan." (18) "For the use of the Zoroastrians." (19) "For the use of the people of the Mazdiasni religion." (20) "For the use of the Anjuman of the Zoroastrian people." (21) "Anjuman of the Zoroastrian Community." (22) "For the use of the Zoroastrians on the land of the Anjuman." (23) "Khas-o-Am of the Zoroastrian Anjuman." (24) "For the use of the Zoroastrian Anjuman." (25) "Relating to the Zoroastrian Community." (26) "For being used by the Zoroastrian Anjuman." (27) "For the entire Zoroastrian Community." (28) "By the entire

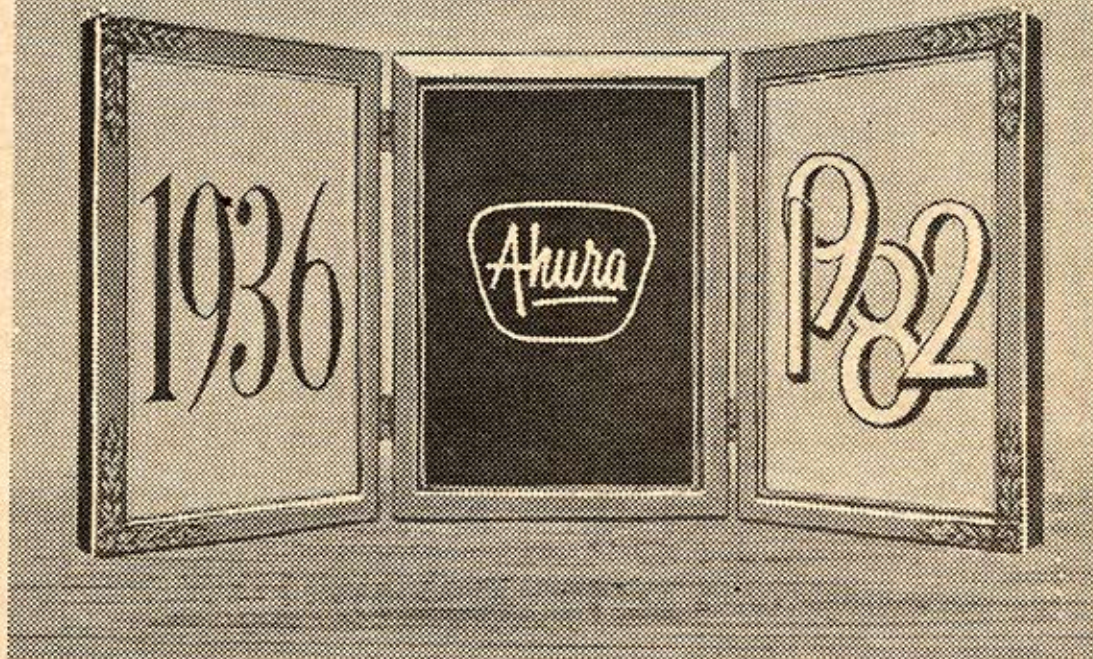
Zoroastrian Alum (world)."

It is evident that several of these are couched in the most general terms, and it is principally on these that the Plaintiffs rely. Others, and a larger number, contain expressions indicating that the caste spirit was active, such as the Zoroastrian Community, and the constant references to the Anjuman. But in not one do we find the word Parsi. In their own solemn religious utterances, the Indian Zoroastrians had not, even so late as this, thought of designating themselves, or their religious communion, by the popular caste appellation of Parsi. Such a term in such a connection would probably have had no meaning for them.

The Zoroastrian Anjuman (has) given birth to the Parsi Punchayet, the latter of course being essentially a caste institution and working (for) the development of the caste sentiment.

On these expressions the Plaintiffs have argued that the various religious endowments were clearly intended by the Founders for all genuine professors of the Holy Zoroastrian or Mazdiasni faith. And there are among these extracts some that certainly support that contention. Here it is said: "We know that the Holy Mazdiasni religion recommended the making of Converts: we have before us contemporaneous proof of what the Founders of these Trusts really meant. They say that the Trusts are created, not for born "Parsi"—a word with which they were

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It seems to be reserved for the Christian Missionary
alone, in this country, to invite into his
communion the lowliest, the most despised,
the very scum of Eastern humanity.

not familiar—but for all members of the Holy Zoroastrian Church. And since that Church enjoined Conversion, they must have contemplated the extension of those benefactions to Converts, who, properly admitted would, of course, profess the Holy Mazdiasni religion."

The cumulative effect of all these expressions is rather in favour of the view, that the prevalent idea at that time was to provide the Community with suitable places of public worship and burial and to place those Institutions under the control of the communal Anjuman. This term Anjuman, with its allied notion of "panchayet," deserves attention. In the first part of his fine Judgment, my learned brother has traced these Institutions from their birth in India to the period where one of them, at any rate, vanished. Both, however, suggest an assimilation of the prevalent Indian sentiments relating to caste and the management of caste and communal affairs. The Anjuman is the tribal or caste body politic. Amongst Mussulmans, whence the term must come, there is, of course, strictly speaking, no caste in the Hindu sense, and the Anjuman came to be identified with representative committees of responsible elders and so forth. But it implies control by the whole body, when used as it is used in these inscriptions and documents. And in Western India, even Mussulman ideas have been deeply tinged by infusion from the customs and sentiments of the Hindu population. It is not therefore in the least surprising that the Zoroastrian Anjuman should have given birth to the Parsi Panchayet, the latter of course being essentially a caste institution and working the development of the caste sentiment.

The question is how far—at the date of those foundations, say, 150 years ago—the caste had superseded the early religious sentiment? We are not now

dealing with an antiquity so remote that all events and personages in it are obscured by the haze of vast lapses of time. The community of 1750 could not have been so very different from the community of to-day. The sentiments which animated it are probably very much the same—substantially as the sentiments which animate the Parsi community to-day. If anything, we should ordinarily expect the latter to be more, not less, liberal. Of course, it is not safe to generalize too rashly on such points. All sorts of conflicting interests may have come to the surface: changed conditions may have given birth to changed notions of policy. But if I am right in believing that, long before the foundation of these Trusts, the Parsis had virtually become

It cannot be denied that
there are many among
them who would not
hesitate to sell
their priestly functions
to any good bidder.

a caste, saturated with caste prejudices, then it is certain that natures reared in that atmosphere do not change rapidly.

It takes long periods, and the continuous pressure of an altered environment, to eradicate the bigotry of caste. Two hundred years ago, the Indian Zoroastrians, though by no means as advanced in culture and wealth and status generally as they are to-day, were still a people who might well be proud of themselves. They still retained, in all its purity, the religion of their fathers; they commanded universal respect as honest, law-abiding citizens; above all they prided themselves on the "theoretical,"

at any rate, purity of their morals and the uniform thrift of their people. It has often been said that in no other Eastern Community are so few beggars and prostitutes to be found. In a word, they had by that time very good reason to respect themselves as a Community, to be jealous of themselves as a caste, and to dislike intensely the idea of contamination by too close social intercourse with the inferior classes of the Hindu population.

Such I take to be an indisputably true picture of the Indian Zoroastrian Community about 150 years ago. And the question is, whether leading men of that Community, men of conspicuous piety, would have intended to open the doors of their churches and burial towers to any and every one who might choose, for whatever motives, to profess the Holy Zoroastrian faith, and had money enough to get some venal priest to formally admit him into the fold. It is not as though the admission of Converts could have been effectively regulated by the sense of the Community. It has become abundantly plain in the course of this enquiry that the priesthood have practically a free hand. And while, as a body, they probably do not compare unfavourably with the priesthood of any other great religion, it cannot be denied that there are many among them who would not hesitate to sell their priestly functions to any good bidder.

My learned brother has dwelt forcibly on this aspect of the case. And no one can deny it has a direct bearing upon the central question, what was in the minds of the Founders of these Trusts? Would they have been blind to such a vital consideration? Would they, proud of their people, religious community, caste, call it what you will, have left it at the mercy of any unprincipled priest? How strongly the caste sentiment has entered into,—how completely it has



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**Unscrupulous European women would pretend to
be Converts, in order to marry eligible
Parsi young men, and so there would not
be enough husbands to go round.**

obliterated—the original religious sentiment in this important matter, has been made plain to me over and over again in the course of this suit.

We learn with what fierce jealousy the Indian Zoroastrians observe the complicated rights of burial, or rather exposure of the dead on their Towers. We hear of priestly, and for that matter family, restrictions, which are virtually universal in many of the smaller details of life, as well as at the celebration of its great events. And all these are clearly the growth of a highly developed caste spirit. Looked at from this and not from the purely religious point of view, it would be sacrilege—the worst kind of profanation—to allow any Juddin—that is, a person of another religion,

**It takes long periods, and
the continuous pressure
of an altered environment,
to eradicate the bigotry
of caste.**

literally but really born outside the caste—to participate in the most preliminary of the death ceremonies. It would undoubtedly horrify the orthodox Indian Zoroastrian to allow such a one in his Fire Temples. It would be idle to tell him that he had been formally admitted to the Holy Religion. That might appeal to his reason, but his caste instincts would at once rebel.

To test this we have only to suppose that, instead of a well-bred cultured European lady, the proposed convert had been a Bhungi. No amount of religious conviction, no sincerity of belief, however profound, could, in the eyes of the Indian Zoroastrians—brought up as they have been for generations under the influence of caste prohibition—purge

such a one of the inherited taint of his foul caste, or make him an acceptable fellow worshipper in their Temples. Of that, no one who has heard the evidence in this case, who is acquainted with the sentiments of even the most liberal and advanced sections of Oriental society, could entertain the smallest doubt.

It seems to be reserved for the Christian Missionary alone, in this country, to invite into his communion the lowliest, the most despised, the very scum of Eastern humanity. But, then, the Christian Church has never come under the dominance of caste. It developed in the West, among free peoples, and it has remained—in its proselytizing enterprises, at any rate—truly Catholic. The same cannot, of course, be said for Zoroastrianism. And the Bombay Zoroastrians are the last people in the world, it would appear, to put forward any such claim. The furthest that the most liberal of them seem disposed to go is that, if undesirable Converts of that kind must be made, they must be segregated, for purposes of worship and burial, from those who are born into the faith. In other words, while conversion, as a religious dogma, is not denied, it, as every other social and religious observance, must fall under the rigid regulation of caste.

It may, of course, be said that these are the sentiments of to-day, while we are to ascertain the sentiments of 150 years ago. In the interval, the Community has expanded, has flourished, grown wealthy, and politically influential. There are many reasons to-day, which did not exist a century and a half ago, why the Zoroastrians of Bombay should wish to keep themselves to themselves and sternly repel any external invasion. To some extent, that is of course, true. The learned gentlemen who gave evidence for the Plaintiffs afforded some examples of the lengths to which partially informed opinion will go in the

direction of social precaution.

We were told, amongst other things, that one reason why the conversion of aliens to the Holy Zoroastrian faith was no longer permissible in Bombay, if it ever had been, was that unscrupulous European women would pretend to be Converts, in order to marry eligible Parsi young men, and so there would not be enough husbands to go round. The Parsi maidens, we were told, would be deserted; and one high priest even assured us that, owing to this lamentable tendency, he knew of a Parsi virgin of forty still looking out in vain for a husband. This is the merest absurdity. No doubt, the point of view shifts with circumstances. What might have been thought desirable in a struggling and not too influential Community, might be

**The Trusts are created,
not for born 'Parsis' but for
all members of the Holy
Zoroastrian Church.**

thought very undesirable after that Community had progressed and stepped into the first rank.

And I am quite sure, that the good men who founded these Trusts, even if they had, when the matter was fully laid before them, declared that they did not wish them to be available to Converts, would never have had recourse to such unsubstantial reasons in support of their decision. Let us now suppose that these men, when they were founding the Trusts, had had the question fairly and squarely put to them: "Do you intend that these Towers of Silence and these Fire Temples shall be used by Converts as well as members of the Holy Zoroastrian Community?" What would their answer have been? We have abundant

Continued on page 37.

Shanghai in 1949 was a city of fear. The Red Army was sweeping across China and the city stood by itself awaiting the onslaught. Peking had already fallen and the residents of Shanghai were prepared for another Battle of Stalingrad.

In the midst of it all, camera in hand, wandered Sam Tata. He was a man who happened to be in the right place at the right time. With his friend and companion, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Tata roamed the streets documenting all he saw around him. "There was fear and panic everywhere," recalls Tata, in town for the opening of his photographic exhibition, *End Of An Era, Shanghai, 1949*, at the Canadian Centre of Photo-

graphy. "Nobody knew what was going to happen next."

A small man with an almost courtly manner, Tata instinctively dislikes being called anything as dramatic as "an eyewitness to history." Nevertheless, that's exactly what he was. The closer Mao Tse Tung's massive Red Army drew, the greater the terror of the Shanghai masses. For several months before and after the

final curtain fell on Chiang Kaishek's Nationalist government, Tata was free to wander and record the unfolding drama.

The eldest son of a well-to-do Parsee family, Tata was himself born in Shanghai in 1911. His father managed a couple of large cotton factories and Tata grew up accustomed to the kind of lifestyle most of us can only dream about.

Tata's Photos

Christopher Hume



Sam Tata, photo by Johanna Brown.

Child evacuee at quayside ready to leave Shanghai.



Every floor of the family mansion had its share of coolies cleaning and cooking. Young Sam was allowed to do more or less as he pleased. So, in 1936, at the age of 25, he took up photography. Strictly an amateur, Tata travelled to his ancestral homeland, India, to take pictures. While there he ran into the then-unknown French photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson. The two became close friends and to this day, Tata is quick to point out the enormous influence Cartier-Bresson had upon his work. "He was my guide and I was his," says Tata.

Going through the large rambling exhibition with Tata, one is regaled with the stories behind the story. "It is Mr. Everyman who attracts me most," announces Tata, and the truth of his observation is not hard to see. The 80-odd photographs that comprise the show form an encyclopedic record of the impact of the events of 1949. Tata's camera captured it all — the line-ups of people desperate to get exit visas, beggars writing their sorry tales on the pavement, and Nationalist soldiers trying to escape before the imminent collapse of their master's regime. On one particularly gruesome occasion, Tata recalls seeing two men shot to death. "I went back to the Shanghai YMCA and ate a three-course meal. I was rather annoyed at myself for being so callous." By his own admission, Tata was "a dilettante before coming to Canada in 1956." At that time, he became a photojournalist whose pictures appeared in everything from Life Magazine to National Geographic. Despite his supposed lack of professionalism, Tata's Shanghai work is never anything less than absorbing. Often the subject has been framed less than perfectly, but somehow this lack of perfection serves — even enhances — the drama. People rush in and out of the frame oblivious of its existence. So caught up are they in the struggle to survive, they cannot disguise their emotions or their desperation.

"The thing I respond to," claims Tata, "is the single image." His intentions were not those of either a propagandist

or a historian. Instead, he went looking for the kind of human activity that makes for great photography. "Instant compositions like these happen so quickly you don't have time to deliberate," he says.

The time to reflect comes after the event. Tata's self-imposed dilemma was to record what he saw as honestly and as accurately as possible.

Although there are as yet no plans to publish Tata's body of work in book form, they cannot be far off. In the meantime, his exhibition remains on display until August 9 at the Canadian Centre of Photography (596 Markham St.).

Courtesy the Toronto Star, 10 July 1982. (Career born in the ashes of old Shanghai, by Christopher Hume.)



Top: Women of the Peoples Liberation Army on parade.

Below: Propaganda cartoons used by Communists showing a soldier of the PLA routing Chiang Kai-shek.

Khandalavalas' Collection



Painting from Pahari Hills in Punjab

18th century bronze of Nepali goddess



"A Magnificent Obsession", an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, woodwork and ivories from ancient and medieval India, part of the art collection of eminent lawyer and chairman of the Prince of Wales Museum in Bombay, Karl Khandalavala and his wife Meherbai, was held in December/January at the Coomaraswamy Hall in the museum premises.

Khandalavala describes the exhibition as the "joint collection" of himself and his wife, a collection acquired between 1937 and 1950, one that he himself reportedly rates as "a good but not a great one."

Of the 164 paintings on show, the "Basohli paintings (from the Pahari hill state of Basohli, Punjab), are the most valuable, among the finest that exist," says Khandalavala.

The collection is "strong in Gujarat wood sculptures and in Nepali bronzes," he says. Of the bronzes, two stand out—the 18th century gilt bronze of the Nepali goddess 'Prajnaparamita', and the 16th century bronze of Siva. One art critic describes the latter as "probably the finest statue on display."

Though most of the collection has been acquired from dealers, purchased at the time at remarkably low prices,

Khandalavala referred to "a beautiful fifth century Naga Head from the Gupta period, very important," which he found lying unrecognised in Madhya Pradesh.

"This is perhaps the finest exhibition of a private collection after the introduction of the Antiquities Registration Act," notes the press release issued by Sadashiv Gorakshkar, director of the Prince of Wales Museum. The Act made private collectors hesitant to display their collections. "We hope this will serve to inspire other private collectors to hold exhibitions of their collections," adds Gorakshkar.

Having graduated in history from the Bombay University, Khandalavala was interested in historical monuments and later found an added interest in sculpture and painting. Khandalavala was a friend and distant relative of the famous collector Burjor Treasurywala, whose collection, after his death, was purchased by the National Museum in Delhi and formed the nucleus of the Museum. Having access to this collection, "I learnt a lot from it," said Khandalavala who is on the Expert Purchase

Committees of the National Museum, the Salar Jung Museum in Hyderabad, the Simla Museum and the Prince of Wales Museum.

Better known as a famous criminal lawyer, currently defending Maharashtra's ex-chief minister A.R. Antulay, Khandalavala (79) reviewed art exhibitions for *The Bombay Chronicle* in the 1930's. Khandalavala has an "international reputation as an Indologist particularly in the area of Art History," notes Gorakshkar. Winner of the Padma Shree and member of the Lalit Kala Akademi since its inception in 1954, and its chairman from 1973 to 1975, according to his bio-data, Khandalavala is the author of several books on Indian Art and the honorary general editor of the Lalit Kala Publications including its journal. He has been the chairman of the Prince of Wales Museum for the last 25 years.

According to Gorakshkar, Khandalavala is the "only scholar who can speak authoritatively on any aspect of Indian art — any era — any province — and that is no exaggeration."

Continued from page 33.

evidence to show with what disapproval the better class—the class from whom these Founders come—regarded the lax morals of the Mofussil Parsi. It was not only because that conduct was irreligious—though that, too, doubtless weighed with them—but because it was lowering to the status of the Community. Keeping Dubri mistresses and having Dubri children, was not only shocking to the correct Zoroastrian, as a marital offence—an offence, too, against his religion—but because the Dubri woman belonged to a very low caste.

It may be very well doubted whether at that time the same disapproval would have been extended to intermarriages—

The caste sentiment has obliterated the original religious sentiment.

real marriages—with men of equal or superior rank. The early history of the Parsis, or rather the Zoroastrians, shows conclusively that such marriages often did occur, and that no one dreamed of stigmatizing them as religious sins. But that was before the community had become a caste, while still the Zoroastrians were a nation; and the alliances were with people of their own or higher rank. At the time, however, that these Trusts were founded, it was hardly likely that any Parsi would intermarry with superior races, while there was a constant and growing danger that he might intermarry with inferior castes. Probably the Founders of these Trusts would at first have replied as all the priests and doctors have consistently replied: "By all means let Converts use our Endowments, if they are Converts who will be a credit to us." But that would not have done. It would have had to be explained to them that they must admit all or none. And they would instantly have realized that for one Akbar who was ever likely to become a Convert, there were a hundred Dubras or Bhungis. And with that terrible possibility before their eyes, no one can doubt—I am sure that I do not doubt—that they would unhesitatingly have replied: "No Converts, then, on any terms."

To be concluded

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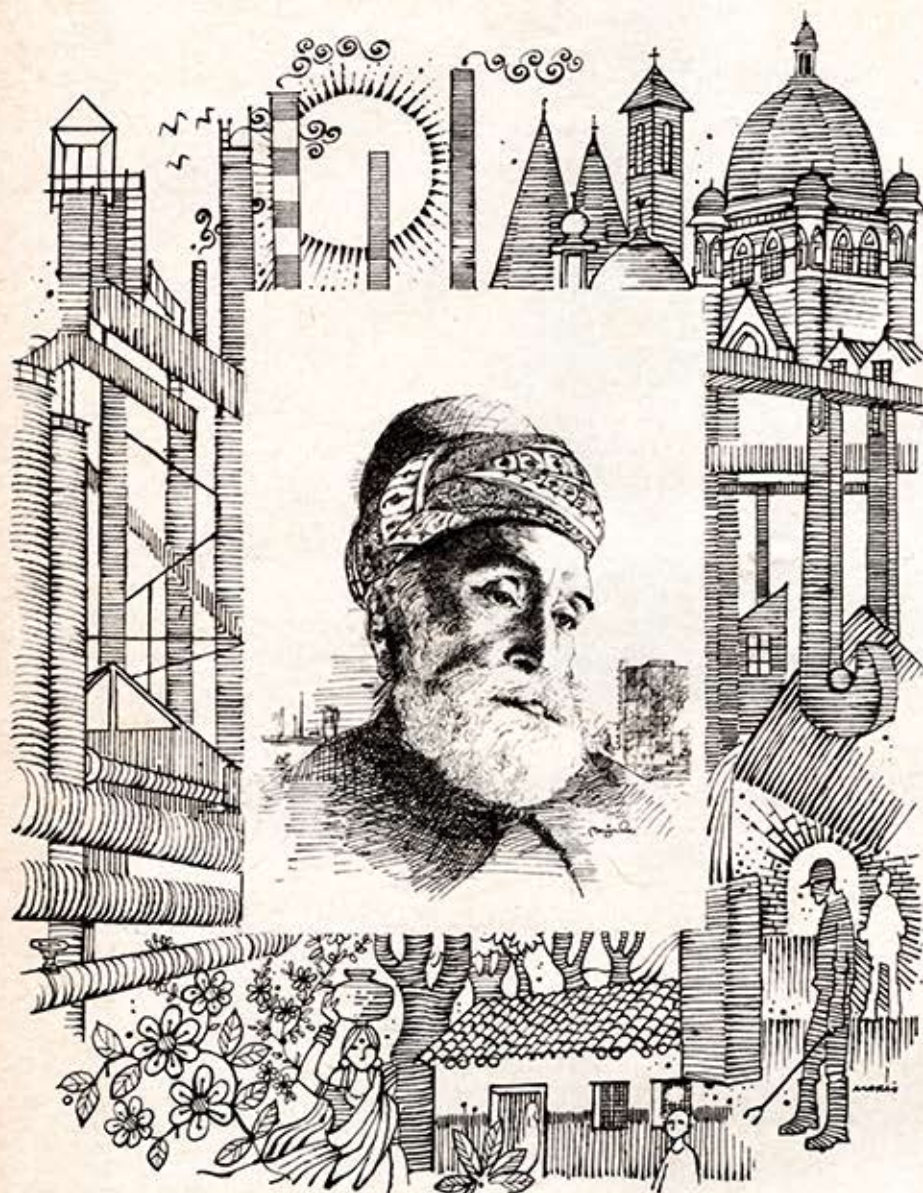
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The Empire Builders

Rusi J. Daruwala

The Creation of Wealth — A Tata Story
by R.M. Lala. IBH Publishing Co., Bombay.
Pages 211, Price Rs.45.



"What advances a nation or community is not so much to prop up its weakest and most helpless members as to lift up the best and most gifted."

India has not lacked sons who created wealth for others, who pioneered advances in economic and industrial development and transformed her landscape into opportunities for growth. But the Tatas and the enterprises begun by them have been unusual in that they introduced for the first time into this country a global view of and approach to life, be it in industry, medical research, energy or the arts.

Lala's book is a well-documented and extremely readable survey of the Tata empire from its modest beginnings in 1868 when Jamsetji Tata started a trading firm with a capital of Rs.21,000 to 1980 when the enterprises promoted by the Tatas recorded a turnover of Rs. 1,880 crores.

Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata was born in a family of Parsi priests in Navsari, Gujarat in 1839, the year that Lord Macaulay returned to England. He graduated from Elphinstone College, Bombay and at 29, in 1868, he started a private trading firm with a capital of Rs.21,000. He and his associates obtained a contract to furnish supplies required by the Expeditionary Force of General Napier in Abyssinia. His share of the profits helped to launch him on his career in textiles.

Jamsetji bought an old mill in Bombay in partnership with friends and converted it into a textile mill, selling it at a profit two years later. In 1874 he floated the Central India Spinning, Weaving and Manufacturing Company later called the Empress Mills. His intuitive mind quickly grasped that there were three basic ingredients to the industrial development of the country — steel, hydro-electric power and technical education and research.

Sir Stanley Reed, later editor of *The Times of India* described Jamshetji as "a sturdy figure whose voice was sonorous and rather harsh; he conveyed to my mind the impression of the energy and force of a man of action rather than that of an industrial seer."

Possessed of a voracious appetite for knowledge, Tata's mind spanned almost every area of human endeavour. His extensive travels all over the world gave him the opportunity to study steel plants, coal mines and factories at first hand. Jamsetji installed the first humidifiers and fire sprinklers in India. In 1886 he instituted a Pension Fund and in 1895 began to pay accident compensation. "He was," writes Lala, "decades ahead of his time and miles ahead of his

competitors. The Empress Mills experiment showed that not only profits but people mattered to him."

Lala goes on to describe the sage of Jamshedpur — how Jamsetji mustered together the men and the resources to realise this dream of his. The chairman of the Railway Board, Sir Frederick Upcott had said "Do you mean to say that Tatas propose to make steel rails to British specifications? Why, I will undertake to eat every pound of steel rail they succeed in making." By 1916, production at the Tata Iron and Steel Company, Jamshedpur was up to the mark and during World War I Tatas exported 1,500 miles of steel rails to Mesopotamia. Dorab Tata commented dryly that if Sir Frederick had carried out his undertaking, he would have had "some slight indigestion."

The stories of the establishment of the Institute of Science at Bangalore, the Tata Hydro-Electric Companies near

ified in the establishment of the Tata trusts which have aimed to build the educational, social and scientific infrastructure of this nation. Lala devotes two very interesting chapters to the Tata assets and how the Tatas function today. J.R.D. Tata has eminently carried on the traditions of the House of Tata and one hopes that this shy, self-effacing person leaves us his own clear record of a colourful life. The spirit of the man is typified in his remark to Lala, "If I have any merit, it is getting on with individuals according to their ways and characteristics. In fifty years I have dealt with a hundred top directors and I have got on with all of them. At times it

involves suppressing yourself. It is painful but necessary ... To be a leader you have got to lead human beings with affection."

Because he has exercised authority with affection, the Tatas are today a force to reckon with. It was in the 1920's that the eminent economist Alfred Marshall wrote, "I do not think that manufactures are more conducive to prosperity than agriculture is unless they evoke initiative. A score of Tatas might do more for India than any Government, British or indigenous, can accomplish."

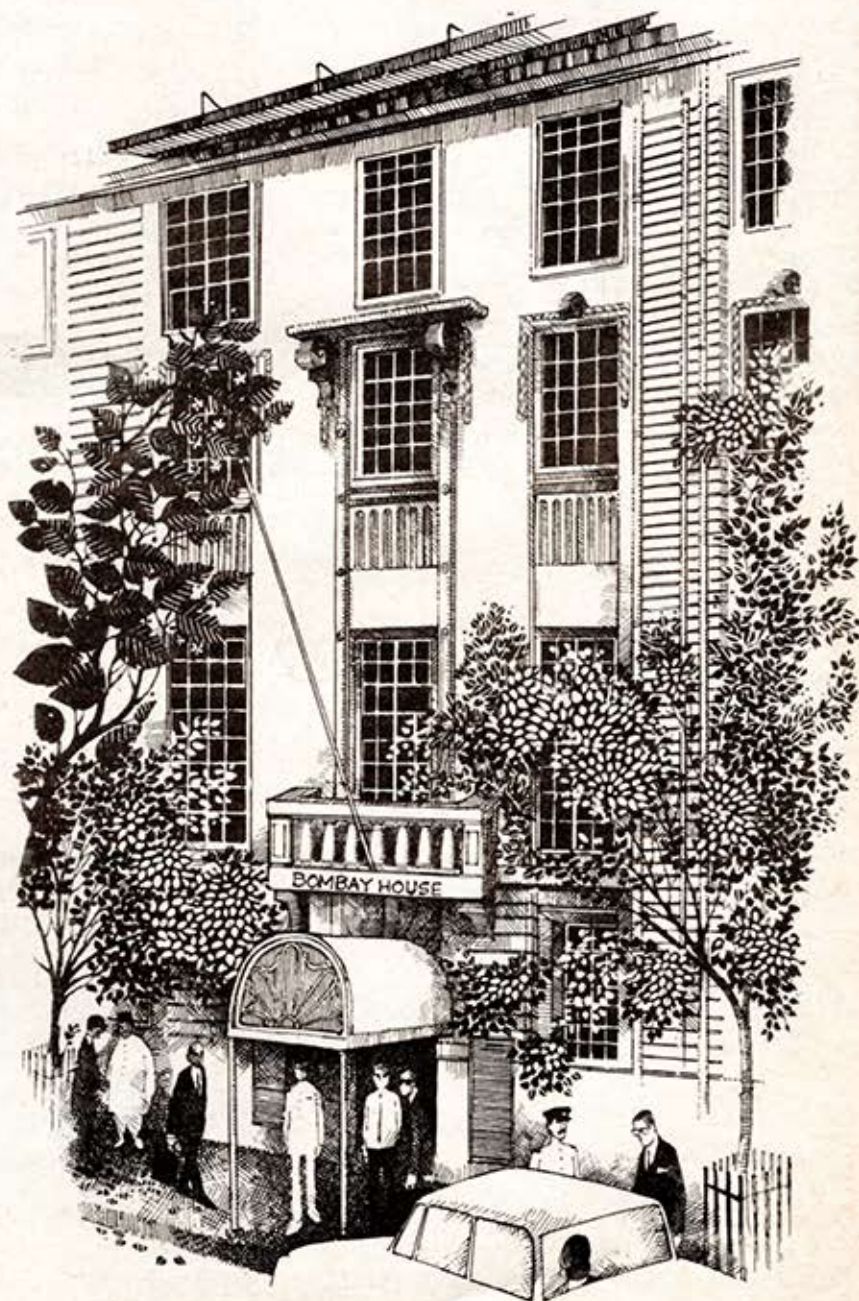
It proved to be the trumpet of a prophecy.

"To be a leader you have got to lead human beings with affection."

Bombay and the building of the Taj Mahal Hotel all make fascinating reading. Lala goes on to describe the founding of Telco, the Tata Oil Mills, the New India Assurance Company, Tata Airlines and Tata Chemicals.

In an interview in the *West Coast Spectator* of 9th February 1899, Jamsetji Tata spelt out his views on philanthropy. "There is one kind of charity common enough among us, and which is certainly a good thing, though I do not think it the best thing that we can have. It is that patchwork philanthropy which clothes the ragged, feeds the poor, and heals the sick and halts (sic). I am far from decriing the noble spirit which seeks to help a poor or suffering fellow-being. But charities of the hospital and poor asylum kind are comparatively more common and fashionable among us Parsis. What advances a nation or community is not so much to prop up its weakest and most helpless members as to lift up the best and most gifted so as to make them of the greatest service to the country. I prefer this constructive philanthropy which seeks to educate and develop the faculties of the best of our young men."

This constructive philanthropy is typ-



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Bharucha's Saga

Late Barjorji Framji Bharucha: A Saga Of Service, This Was A Man by Minoo B. Desai translated from Gujarati to English by Berjis M. Desai, published by the Late Barjorji Framji Bharucha Centenary Memorial Trust; 28 pages, for free distribution.

A biography of Barjorji Bharucha, social worker and reformer, joint secretary of the Indian National Congress, and a staunch Gandhian, has been translated into English "as a first step to acquaint the younger generation of Parsis who are not able to read Gujarati," notes Dr. Sarosh Wadia, managing trustee of the Bharucha Memorial Trust. The book has been translated by Berjis M. Desai whose father Minoo, a former editor of *The Bombay Samachar* authored the biography.

A 'close associate' of Mahatma Gandhi, Bharucha was well-acquainted with other national leaders of that time — Jawaharlal Nehru, Lala Lajpat Rai, Maulana Azad, Pandit Malaviya, Sardar Patel and Vithalbhai Patel.

Barjorji was a religious crusader whose progressive views on the 'Vansda Navjotes' created a furore among the orthodox Parsis. According to the booklet, several Parsi farmers were living with or married to non-Parsi women in Vansda, a small village in southern Gujarat. Barjorji wanted the children of these Parsi fathers to be admitted into the Parsi community. In spite of strong opposition, he had the navjotes performed.

Bharucha made Udwada his focal point, and travelled from village to village in Gujarat, establishing sewing and knitting classes to enable poor Parsi women to learn some trade and make themselves economically independent and self-reliant.

Barjorji's entry into the political arena was when the non-cooperation movement was at its peak. He established the 'Parsi Rajakiya Sabha' in Bombay and organised several meetings which were addressed by Gandhiji and other national leaders. It is believed that he "galvanised the Nagpur Parsis for the national cause" and "influenced Gandhiji to call off the Disobedience Movement after the violence at Chauri Chauri (Uttar Pradesh)."

A simple man, Barjorji gave up his "luxurious flat in Natvarlal Mansion at Peddar Road and shifted to a one-room tenement at Fort (Bombay)," notes the

book. He wore only khadi and travelled by third class.

"A man who had nourished the life and spirit of many was himself a victim of malnutrition," writes Desai. Barjorji's death on 24 June 1963 was mourned by many including former prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. "Barjorji's death has saddened me," Nehru said in a message. "His enthusiasm and patriotism were noteworthy. Truly, he was worthy of our respect and honour."

The printing cost of the booklet was borne by The Lotus Trust of which Nani Palkhivala is chairman. The booklet is available from the Late Barjorji Framji Bharucha Centenary Memorial Trust premises at Alipore Building, Colaba, Bombay 400 005.

Missing Person

Courtesy MID-DAY, 20 December 1982.
(Adil — a bit of a "Missing Person"
by Menka Shivdasani)

In the late 1950s, a 17-year-old boy left Bombay to study architecture in London. England then was fantasy land, a mirage made visible by films and books. But the boy's experience didn't coincide with the fantasy and four years later, he was back. He'd given up architecture long ago, taken to writing poetry instead.

It wasn't long before "Land's End" appeared and the book was the beginning of the poetic career of Adil Jussawalla. He was 22 then, very eager to see his work in print.

Those days there weren't many publishing houses apart from Writers Workshop that accepted poetry, so Writers Workshop it was.

Come to think of it, in those days there weren't very many Indo-English poets on the scene. Dom Moraes, Nissim Ezekiel, a few others. "In fact," says Adil, "just to discover that someone else wrote poetry meant we would become friends. There was no sense of competition then, because we felt ourselves so rare."

"I think perhaps, the situation has changed," he says with a laugh. "I don't think the younger writers are so friendly with each other today."

Adil freely admits that his work has been influenced by other poets. Not imitated, just influenced. Which holds true for most poets, for one can't deny the import of what one has read. For

instance, Adil's poem "Poker-faced" was in a sense, modelled upon Dom's "Card Game."

The poet who really influenced him — "one could hardly escape a poet like him" — was Eliot. "Eliot confirmed our adolescent cynicism about the world. We didn't know poetry could be about 'real life.' We'd been exposed to romantic poets and here was this one talking about the city. Many of us were urbanised, we could recognise it. I realised that D.N. Road — it was then called Hornby Road — was a fit subject for poetry."

There is this impression that poetry is only for intellectuals. Adil disagrees. "I wouldn't call a person who reads poetry intellectual any more than I'd call someone who listens to music intellectual."

"I think," he says, "people still read poetry in secret. I don't know why, maybe it's because they feel uncomfortable ... I don't think they like to admit that a few lines can have the power to make their hair stand on end."

But many people think that poetry is too complex to be enjoyed. In fact it's kind of fashionable to say "Poetry goes above my head."

Adil's poems have certainly been considered complex, but then, he's found that most critics have understood the work. It doesn't matter if the critic doesn't praise you. I don't think the



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artist wants only praise. He wants a response from the other person, to be understood. The critic can say "I hate what you're saying, but this is what you're saying."

Anyway, after his second book, "Missing Person" published by Clearing House, Adil's been working towards a simpler style. "I'm relying less on a cultural pre-knowledge, on the readers making fewer literary allusions. Maybe it's because the subjects I'm working on — family, domesticity and so on — require a more direct approach."

Adil isn't writing much poetry now. He chucked up his job teaching at Xavier's College, to write a novel, got stuck and gave it up. He's now working on some "fictional narratives," writing a few articles ... he'd earlier tried his hand at writing plays too.

He's been involved in publishing as well. Clearing House, to be precise. Adil and his poet friends discovered there were a lot of worthwhile manuscripts waiting to be published which no big publisher was willing to touch. So they decided to publish their own work and with the number of manuscripts waiting, Clearing House seemed an apt name. Then he says, big publishers like Oxford University Press started bringing some out and "took some of the load off us."

He's edited two books too, one, "New Writing in India," a prose anthology and "Statements" for college students along with Eunice de Souza.

But he's best known as a poet, a bit of a "Missing Person" himself. Anyone trying to get him to agree to an interview will know what I mean!

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Unique Tenure

Died: Maneckji Dhunjibhoy Petit (82), philanthropist and president of the Bomanjee Dinshaw Petit Parsee General Hospital in Bombay on November 5, 1982, following a heart attack.

His 25-year tenure as president of the hospital was described as "almost unique" and "a record" by Dr H.S. Mehta, honorary medical superintendent of the hospital.

The grandson of Seth Bomanjee Dinshaw Petit, founder of the Parsee General, Petit became a member of the Executive Committee in 1947, and following the death of his father, Seth Dhunjibhoy Petit, he was elected president. He donated several lakhs of rupees for the establishment of a physiotherapy department and the Dhunjibhoy Petit operation theatre at the 283-bed hospital, according to N.M. Akolawala, honorary secretary of the hospital.

As a member of the House of Petits, he used his wealth to benefit the poor, notes Mehta. He was the vice-president of several Petit charities, chairman of the Avabai Petit Girls' High School and the Petit gymnasiums.

A student of St Xavier's School and College, after graduation Petit assisted his father in managing the Maneckjee Petit Textile Mill at Tardeo.

Interested in sports as a youth, Petit participated in the annual all-India tennis competitions and, according to Mehta, would never miss a cricket or billiards match in the city.

Petit's wife Perinbanu, expired ten years ago.

Gracious Lady

Died: Lady Soonoo Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, 67, philanthropist and social worker, of cancer in New York, on October 7, 1982.

Lady Jejeebhoy, wife of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Sixth Baronet, was involved in the activities of several charitable and welfare organisations. She was the chairperson of the N.M. Wadia Charities, one of the city's oldest and largest charitable trusts, the Rustom J. Vakil Institute of Cardiology, Bombay, the Masina Hospital in Byculla and the J.J. Dharamshala, a home for the aged and destitute of all



Petit: Benefiting the poor

communities, notes a spokesman from the Dorab Tata Trust.

Serving "not only members of her own community but all communities," Lady Jejeebhoy was a founder-member of the Aruna Chaudhari Trust, an organisation which provides scholarships to the children of defence personnel.

Lady Jejeebhoy was born on March 10, 1915 in Bombay and studied at the Cathedral and John Connon School, Bombay.

She is survived by her daughters Shireen, Deanna and Geeta and sons Ratan and Jimmy Tata from her first marriage to Naval Tata.

Fire Death

Meher Postwala, the 22-year-old sales executive who had joined the Everett Travels (India) Pvt. Ltd. only six months ago, had braved the inferno which engulfed the Handloom House on Dadabhoy Naoroji road, in a vain bid to retrieve the cash-box for her employers.

Speaking to her broken relatives, *The Daily* learnt that Meher's earlier attempts to enter the Fort House were thwarted by the police.

However, "her dedication to duty" prompted Meher to defy warnings and enter the blazing building around



Jejeebhoy: Serving all communities

2.00 p.m., her brother-in-law, Dr. Keki Turel, a neurologist, said.

Meher is reported to have entered the building with a Salvage Corps officer, Kuthe. He was lucky to have escaped with injuries which are reportedly serious. The salvage officer was reported to have been removed to Breach Candy Hospital.

Kuthe reportedly overruled warnings by security men who tried to prevent him and the girl from entering the premises.

Meher's family had gathered at Kataria Opticians near the gutted building. The girl's mother and sister, with tears streaming down their faces refused to speak to anyone.

Keki Turel said that the reason for Meher's actions was to retrieve passports for which she was responsible.

Rashid D. Bamanbehram adds: A gregarious, well-mannered girl, Meher had earlier worked at Mackinnon & Mackenzie and later at the Kenyan Airways for a short spell.

An ex-student of the Sydenham College from where she graduated in Commerce, Meher was to have attended a party with her friends to-night.

Her father Adi Postwala is currently in Germany for an eye-operation.

*Courtesy: The Daily, 17 October 1982.
(She dared the fire and died by Richard Valladeres.)*

It's here!



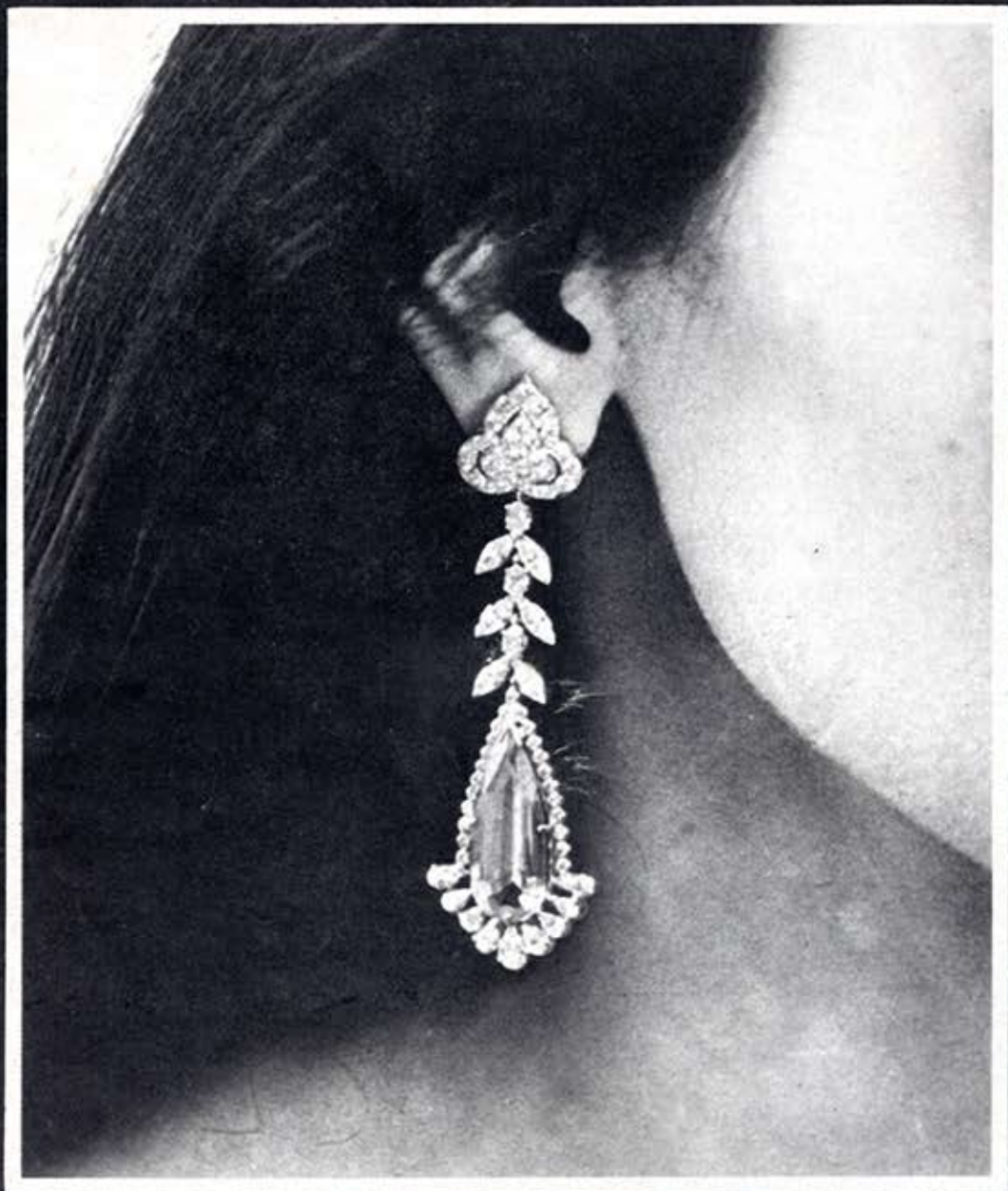
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