

LIVING

If You Want Someone Else's Man

by Sylvia Saleem



If you ask yourself why you want a man the answer "I just do" is enough. Of course you do: it's the way you're made. But "I just do" is not a good enough answer to the question: "Why do you want someone else's man?"

Let's say he's engaged to your friend Tasneem and makes her very happy. Or that he's married to your cousin Shahnaz and is a strong, kind, trustworthy husband and father.

children for you, then strong, kind and trustworthy is exactly what he won't be. He'll be shaken and guilty.

The point is, in fact, that if you got either of these men away from Joanna or Difruba, he just wouldn't be the same man.

You want him, you even love him, in his framework, probably because of his framework. Probably what you really want is a fiancé, a marriage, a boy friend — "just like that". Well then, remember that this is the one man in the world whom you can't have "just like that". The only way to do it would be to become the other girl.

Fears

There is another strong possibility: it may well be that you want this man simply because you can't have him. There are a lot of people like that, and it isn't sheer cursedness either; it's something else: it's fear. If you spend your life pining for men you can't have, it's probably because

you're afraid of the ones you can have, afraid of the rough and tumble of a true relationship where you may get hurt by the man, and not just by your own melancholy and unsatisfactory love.

If you're the pining type, then face the fact and try to throw away the bullet-proof waistcoat that you use as your armour against reality. You may feel a bit lost at first, but after a while the freedom of movement will be exhilarating.

Consider Everyone

If you fall in love with a man who has made a mistake and is truly unhappy with the girl he's got, that is a very different situation, especially if you know for certain that he has tried seriously, over a period of time, to put things right. You have to make up your mind then what everybody else's interests are: these are more important than your own, because you're in a minority. Difficulty here is that you are probably in no fit emotional

state to make a really sound decision. So go carefully.

If he's engaged, but wants to break it off and get engaged to you instead, work out what mistake he made about the other girl and don't accept him until you're sure he's not making one about you, too.

If he's married and wants to leave his wife and family for you, work out if he's just got tired of one woman and wants a fresh one. If so, steer clear, for the obvious reason.

If his wife has left him and he seems to all intents and purposes a widower, try to understand why she left. Remember there's at least a fifty-fifty chance that she may have had a good reason.

The Family

If he is unhappily married and has children remember that it is a terribly grave step to remove a man from his family, even if it is a family in ruins. Your first duty to him as a fellow being, and even more if you love him, is not to try to get him, but to do all you can to put things right. You, as a woman, may be able to show him how to rebuild his ruin. And for that you will earn his deepest respect and affection.

The Vows

Childless marriages, whether happy or unhappy, still represent a contract. For many it is a binding contract with God; for the rest it is simply a straight arrangement between two people. It is a bad act if you set out to make even a childless couple break their faithful promises to each other.

Your Motives and His

To sum up: mistrust your own motives for wanting someone else's man. Also mistrust the motives of a man who's got someone else and seems to want you.

Try, in the midst of the emotional confusion, to keep your sense of balance. Remember that something, or someone, that is difficult to get acquires a special charm, like diamonds. But diamonds can be very cold comfort. Circumstances change and life is always developing new and existing opportunities. The world won't come to an end without him. It really won't.

Venturing into a New World

by Fayza Haq

SHAMIMA Chowdhury, who has worked at both the east and west, and having brought up three sons, is now venturing into the world of interior decorations, along with her sister-in-law, Nehreen Rahman.

When asked what made her go into the nouveau world of interior decorations, Shamima replied, "What I am going into is party decoration services that will comprise making exclusively designed 'shaminas', flower arrangements, fruit baskets, crockery and knick-knacks for the table-wear. I feel that there is a tremendous lack of aesthetic sensibility in the average catering done today in Dhaka. In weddings, people are fed in a harum-scarum manner, quite often. Just by planning, using one's ingenuity, and spending, perhaps, a little more, one could organise a function in a more methodical manner."

Dwelling on the project that she had in mind, Shamima elaborated, "I plan to make 'shaminas' of patterns different from what has been witnessed before in Dhaka. I propose to use pottery, more exclusive presentations, in the form of baskets of fruits or flowers, as the clients desire, along with potted plants — it is entirely up to the people to decide what exactly it is that they want and how much they wish to spend."

Talking about the clientele that she hoped to get, Shamima continued to say that nowadays, many people are 'throwing parties for 'gal-holds', engagements, weddings, anniversaries and birthdays, or even functions at private, and public offices, where there are board rooms, so that they do not have to necessarily go to the expensive local hotels or restaurants. Instead of spending thousands of takas, with the help of selective and small attractive items, the entire scenario can be changed."

Elaborating on how the interior decorator proposed to go about her work, she said that this would again depend on the clients. Shamima proceeded to explain, "I have mustard, yellow and gold 'shaminas' in mind, for instance, napkins and table cloths to match and suit the clients' fancy. Mind you, the floral decorations that the Dhakaites witnessed earlier at Gulshan, recently, is not my only expertise."

The interior decorator went on to say, "Abroad one has parties for special occasions of the year, like Thanksgiving Day, Christmas and Boding Day. In the same fashion, the well-to-do at Dhaka, during Eid or any other occasion, could do the same, keeping in mind the budget of the client. There are big organisations, both private and public, and they too could be my clients if they so wish. With my exposure to the western culture, I believe I can bring in more sophistication and apply myself to the task

with more imagination. I assure you, I am prepared to earn my living by the sweat of my brows for the task ahead of me, if I should get the chance."

She said, furthermore, "My patrons will have to guide me while I use my imagination and know-how. They have to provide me with a plan. I cannot have everything and anything I want. It has to be their liking, and I will have to confine myself to the budget that I am given. My clients have to rely on my judgement and once they see the work, they will definitely be impressed."

What made Shamima venture into the party decor catering exhibit seen earlier, with her sister-in-law, Mahreen Rahman, in the first place? To this Shamima replied, "I could not have a display of 'shaminas', 'kolshis',

where I was provided with a transport, and had no work environment problems, while I worked for the Scientific Director. I put in eight hours and never felt weary with my job. This was when my husband, now Group Captain (Retd.) B.A. Chowdhury, was posted at Kuwait. I worked at Kuwait too. However, I had a number of Pakistani and Bengali colleagues, who were always helpful. I had to work extra hard there, even though the children were at a boarding school, at Malta, while I served with a pharmaceutical industry — which was a collaborated project of the Kuwait and Saudi Arabian governments. Fortunately, I had to deal with the queries in English only. I preferred my life abroad because that was more organised, and I was too

domestic help, as one has the aya, 'chowkidar', and the chauffeur. I have been lucky to work in organisations where the bosses have been extremely understanding."

A mother of three boys, the oldest one being Riad, aged 27, who teaches computers at a school in USA, the second being Ziad, 26, who is doing practical electrical engineering training abroad, and Fayaz, 20, the youngest, who has joined the US Army at Hawaii, Shamima is now free to follow a career of her own choice.

Talking about the exhibit once again, that she had held at Gulshan, Shamima admitted that the average middle-class in the metropolis could not afford it. However, Shamima reminded, that it had been a mere display of what she could provide in future. Nehreen has already established herself with her decor display with



Shamima Chowdhury seen with Nehreen Rahman at Gulshan

and other items for occasion such as 'gal-holds' and 'weddings', and other paraphernalia, it had been an exposition contrived at a short time. Coming back from Ohio, after three and a half years, I have work experience and am not afraid of work. I have handled teenagers in driving lessons. I have worked as a secretary for various organisations in Bangladesh too, since '71.

I worked for the Marketing Manager at 'Squibb' of Bangladesh. I enjoyed the work as the operators gave me the exclusive phone calls. I then worked for the ICDDR,B,

busy to worry about 'minor matters which sometimes ruffle me here at Dhaka.'

As to how she topped with the house-work and her career, which remains a major problem both in the east and west, the interior decorator replied without a pause, "It depends on one's understanding between oneself and one's husband. Both husband and wife may follow careers, and yet have a happy home, as long as there is give and take. At times, I had problems with the servants and the children themselves. In Bangladesh, one tends to depend largely on

her 'Tutty's Potter's Hut', while Shamima hoped to have a flourishing project with her own called 'Interflora'."

This will be a new venture in which Shamima will experiment, and she looked forward to playing the role of a 'boss', specially as the children had now flown the nest.

Today, people being far too busy with their work at home and at office, they would like to have decorators like Shamima Chowdhury, who can be reached on the telephone, and provide one with sophisticated decor to one's taste.

Almost Everlasting Irritation

by Mujibul Haque

O-o-wah! That errant sound was made by my brother-in-law, a five foot tall being (human being of course). Now, who has ever heard of such a sound made by any human being that roams the earth? I wondered at times, whether or not, he had come from some unknown planet, to dispirit us at a time, when we all tried to enjoy something. At the TV room we were watching a feature film on the mini screen, never expecting any kind of disharmony. Despite this there he was, making a noise that destroyed the harmonic atmosphere of the room. My niece jumped up.

Yet like her father, she too had to do something quite similar to what he had done. She began crying, as usual, in a most repulsive tone. My daughter who loved her at times yet had tried to prove often how much she "hated" her, for no reason, at that time started to console her dear cousin. I wondered why she should have felt so sorry. After all, my niece had no justification in doing what she was doing, just because she got jolted by the sound her father had made. Did he not do such things

quite often? One should get used to such things, I believed.

My brother-in-law, began to giggle for no reason at all. That is the trouble with him. After making sounds that no human being does, he began to find his behaviour funny. The brother-in-law remained unconcerned about his crying daughter. I jumped from my seat and turned off the VCP. I simply could not bear it any more. I had to know what that "O-o-wah" was for.

My wife was angered by what I had done. As if I was the only person who had done something and the rest were all innocent! What about our daughter who had been saying so many consoling words which did not please my niece; while she kept howling like a coyote and it was better that I was not bothered about. Yet I could not rest until I knew why my in-law made that sound! "So, say what you have to say?" I demanded of my in-law, looking at him, without bothering to listen to what my wife had been saying in displeasure. Then, suddenly my niece stopped crying and ordered me to turn on the VCP. Our daughter too joined her.

"Ants bit him," said my sister-in-law, as she entered the room. She had been busy feeding her infant who had lately discovered a novel way of showing his indignation for being left alone as he slept. So, after about every five minutes he would make ear-piercing noises as though the wolves had attacked him. "You mean mosquitoes?" I asked or maybe corrected her. But all she said was, "ants."

"Ants," I said, and I almost fainted. When all living beings were getting bitten by mosquitoes here was my brother-in-law, who got bitten by ants, what incredible nonsense ensued! Yet my sister-in-law has seldom been found to have made a mistake. The only time she talked nonsense was when she was antagonized for taking her bathing at odd hours, specially in the months of January.

"Why, maybe she is right," said my in-law.

"Yes why not?" I questioned sarcastically. The mosquitoes of the city had turned into ants. But my brother-in-law was paying no more attention.

The shirt that he is wearing had been hung on the wire in the kitchen and there were

ants all over the wire," my sister-in-law said.

"What are they doing there?" I asked in surprise and began to feel uneasy for some unknown reason. Now, why should not there be ants any way?

"The shirt hadn't been checked properly. So there might be ants," the lady explained. By then our daughter had put on the VCP and I could not enjoy the movie at all. My sister-in-law was never interested in video films. Of course she loved BTV dramas, no matter whether they were good or bad. As far as she was concerned, all BTV dramas were "excellent."

And my brother-in-law made the same sound once again. "Will you take off your shirt," I then screamed. My wife looked at me suspiciously. I felt disgusted. My brother-in-law appeared to be fearful, naturally, as he was thinking that I had gone mad after all. "Take off your shirt before I kill you!" I exploded. But he simply kept staring at me in bewilderment. Only then did rescue arrive. My sister-in-law explained. And then he understood. The others were not interested in the least. Ants or mosquitoes



Pakistani Snack

Samosas

These are stuffed savoury pouri filled either with a meat or vegetable stuffing.

For the pour:

4 oz white self-raising flour
1 oz butter or cooking fat

For a meat filling:

1 lb minced meat
1 medium onion
Chilli powder to taste
Fat for frying

1 teaspoonful turmeric
1 teaspoonful coriander

For a vegetable filling:

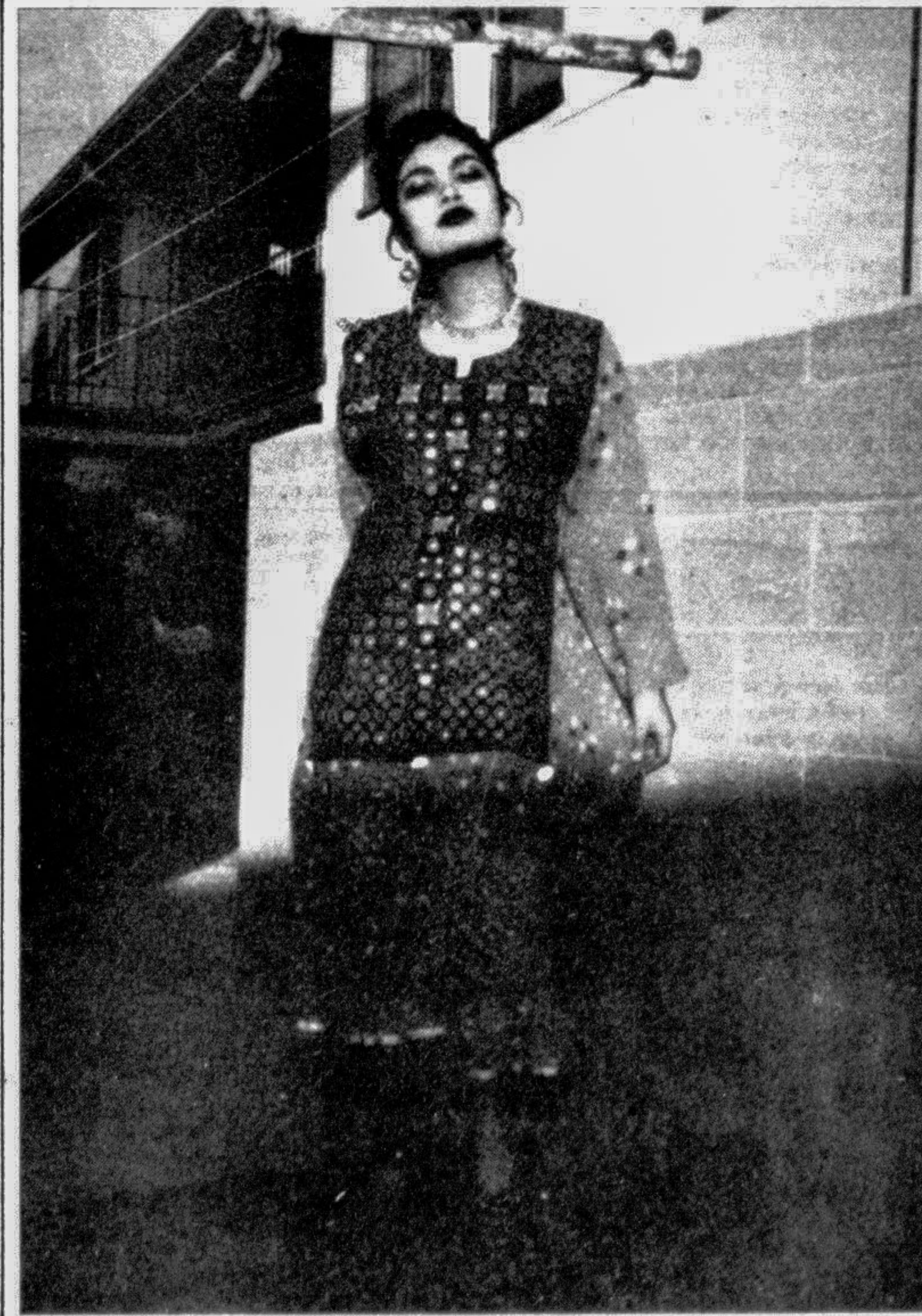
1 lb potatoes
1/2 teaspoonful cumin grey
salt and chilli powder
1 oz butter or cooking fat
1 teaspoonful lemon juice

Make the pouri as already described, roll out into circles and cut each circle in half.

Fold the half-circle across in half again, and stick the two halves of the straight side together by damping with water, thus forming a cone shape.

The filling — If using meat, fry the chopped onion till golden brown, add turmeric, coriander and chilli powder to taste, stirring all the time. Add the meat and cook slowly for about 20 minutes.

For the vegetable filling, peel and slice potatoes into tiny pieces about the size of large peas, cook in melted butter or cooking fat with cumin grey, salt and chilli powder until golden brown, adding lemon juice. Fill the little cones with the mixture, fastening their tops by damping and pressing edges together. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Serve hot as an afternoon tea dish or with cocktails.



Bangladeshi models are a match for any other in the Subcontinent. Charm, poise, intrinsic beauty are all found in them.