

oh!!!

wo-(man-ia)

[woo-m-uh-nia] noun, abstract most of the times, raw, unadulterated, ridiculously suave

edition 9 - november 2014

From when did I...
ation for remarks...
to wear jeans only be...
y difficult for...
ens? It us...
er very...
ng that...
It wo...
y stud...
n techn...
self. I did not k...
ple with ut most...
dly did not happ...
cted so truly when I was dis...
d overcome a...
even felt that expressing my...
d affecting me, and my reaction...



राव
गान

anger ~ winter love
osho gyaan ~ kiss of love
poem for the martyrs
aids awareness
adoption month - november

...ens the sad humanity. If charity doe...
...vely evening, you are...
... beautiful garden and...
...picturing the wonderful days that have

editorial

DIBA
YAMINI

unfolding edition 9

- how i gave up on my anger
- winter love
- realisations
- AIDS- how we are still stuck up
- Osho gyaan
- Adoption month - November
- better trends of the west
- kiss of love
- remembering martyrs of 26/11



We are mostly through November, and this edition comes a little late. Well, we really can't help it. November is sweet, it's fun and it's all festive. Post all festivities, we were also in our state of slumber and the winter added to the coziness. Finally we are out, and wriggling in the warmth of sun, love and excitement. The year is wrapping up, almost, and we can't wait to get on to the New Year, new adventures and new quests.

Seasons are so analogous to life. There have been numerous poems on different season, yet we sing our own when we have our little experiences.

Imagine, a nice lovely evening, you are walking down a beautiful garden and picturing the wonderful days that have passed or are yet to come, in your life. Suddenly it begins to drizzle, leaving tiny droplets of water on your coat. Winter rains are unexpected but the beauty of those rains make you wonder about the inexplicable joys of life - A little pain sometimes, a little discomfort, and plenty of surprises.

And while walking, a palm slowly slips between your fingers, entangling them into a grip - A nice, earnest grip. You feel the warmth and wonder that winters could be easy too! And perhaps think about a few lines you read somewhere.

Or perhaps you break into a little jig and sing nice Bollywood songs, sipping rum with your friends and family around a bonfire. Or maybe just tuck yourself into a warm blanket and finish a book, with intermittent tea breaks in between.

It rained in my heart that day

as the city sunk in an unforgiving cold

the warmth began to dawn on me and you

as clouds began to unfold..

And you both walk to a few miles, hand in hand...

Or sit at work, staring at laptop, snuggling inside the sleeves of your sweaters, wishing to be home, instead of work.
Or just spend time lazing out on the porch, basking in the sunlight.

Or, just wish that the summers came sooner.

All for warmth! Sometimes winters can be rough. Rather, all seasons are. In their own way.

For all we believe, love is the only warmth we need this winter! Nothing else works, even when the brightest of lights burn, or strongest of winds blow, or warmest of fires flame.

So relax, forget all serious issues that ever were, enjoy a nice cup of beverage and feel the love!

Happy reading!

How I gave up on my anger.. Forever!



When I say I do not get angry, I mean it. It is very difficult for people to believe that a human can do away with this emotion altogether.

Isn't it unnatural to not feel a pang of anger or hurt and react instinctively when something he/she doesn't like, happens? It usually triggers us to react in ways which are categorized as 'outbursts' or 'rage'.

But there is another very easy way out – A way which is entirely based on time; to be precise on time delay.

If our reaction is delayed even by a few seconds, a lot can be changed, and our emotions can be correctly categorized. There have been numerous examples and stories on this. Most of us must have even read it, practiced it and have been unsuccessful in implementing it thoroughly. I was inspired by these tiny bits too. Reading them over and over again, would convince me that my temper was something that should be controlled, but there was no sure shot sign of progress or improvement.

I even tried the time-delay trick. It works for many, but for someone as impulsive as me, this was a difficult exercise too. I felt perpetually stuck in the negativity, because rage was something I desperately wanted to get rid of.

And then people talk about meditation, practicing breathing exercises, and focusing energies in the right direction. For many people, again, it works. These are amazing and proven techniques. But I still was looking for someone to tell me one simple, outright solution.

I wanted a very basic approach. Something as easy as scribbling on a black board and erasing it clean. Someone then, once asked me, if

I loved myself. I did not know what was meant by that. I did not have an answer. Did I love myself?

Slowly I came to believe that Self-love is very important. If you can't love yourself, you can't love other people with utmost honesty. You are nothing but a reflection of how you feel about yourself.

I remember how annoyed I used to be when something I wanted badly did not happen. My anger would in turn be directed towards other people and things.

If my anger reflected so truly when I was disgusted within, why wouldn't love work on the same principle?

One fine day, I decided to forgive myself and overcome all guilt I ever had. Surprisingly with more acceptances came more self-love.

I know my shortcomings, I know my weaknesses and despite that, I love myself. I spend time with myself, because I am the most important person. When this started happening, when I started realizing my own importance, I lost the energy and time to waste on trivial things. With that, I even felt that expressing my anger, my rage on someone was a waste of time and energy. Things stopped affecting me, and my reaction slowly changed from extreme, to moderate to very less.

I feel I carry less baggage now.

Best form of love, is self-love. And then what it reflects after that, is the love that brightens the sad humanity. If charity doesn't begin at home, then no one is doing any good!

Winter Love



'Weren't there times, when you felt jealous', she asked carrying forward the conversation, as she settled her specs promptly on her nose and looked through the frame.

'I did feel jealous. She would come to me, approach, like a magnet to a metal, and then talk to Vinit. I was like a transparent piece of human being to her', he explained.

'Lucky Vinit. But why wouldn't she talk to you?', she asked.

'Mm.. Well.. I would actually pretend to be engrossed in my notes. And Vinit would stand just looking at her, so she would approach him and talk to him', he said.

'Well, then why would she talk to you at all?', Amu said, laughing.

'Why not?', Kailash questioned.

'You need to have an eye contact first, to start a conversation. And you say you never looked at her', Amu retorted.

'I did, Amu, else how would I be able to tell her how she looked like?', Kailash recollected her face, as he related it to Amu.

'How clearly do you remember her. Describe her?', she asked further, laughing at his response.

'Very clearly. She would never get off my mind then. Neither now!', he replied.

'Hmm', she pondered

'Amu, do you remember that Urdu poetry, I used to recite in college', Kailash asked.

'Which one?', she questioned trying to recollect.

'Mohabbat mein kya kare..something something', Kailash said.

'Marna bhii jaazat lekar...', Amu added.

'Yaya, right! Ohh that was a good one!', Kailash said.

'Let's recollect it! I won't be able to sleep, otherwise!', Amu said.

'Hmm. I said it so many times on stage in college. Obviously for her..And now...', Kailash started thinking about it.

'You think about her again, I am sure you'll be able to recollect it clearly', Amu suggested.

'Well Well.. It began something like this, correct me if I am wrong', Kailash said.

'Go ahead', Amu added.

'Mohabbat mein kare kyaa kuch kisi se ho nahi sakta', Kailash said.
'Marna bhi kya...', Kailash struggled.

'I think it's 'Mera Marna bhi toh meri khushi se ho nahi sakta', Amu added.

'Na rona hai tareeqe kaa..na hasna hai saliqe kaa', Kailash recollected the lines.

'Pareshaani mein koi kaam', Amu added
'Ji se ho nahisakta', they both said it aloud together.

'There! Perfect!', Kailash laughed, feeling satisfied.

'So you said this on stage for her?', Amu asked.

'Yes. But obviously I did not take her name!', Kailash replied.

'Why? Was her name that provocative?', Amu teased.

'Prerna!', Kailash sighed.

Look at you...So you fantasized her all the time, huh!', Amu dug further.

'Who wouldn't Amu. She was so perfect. In all ways!', Kailash said.

'Her eyes were the best pair, I've ever seen. Her svelte figure was as enchanting as..Shakuntala. Her voice rung a bell in my heart. Her gait was so ecstatic, that I kept staring at her...even as she walked away...from me', Kailash sounded a bit low as he ended her description.

'But as a person? How was she?', Amu asked him.

'I never got to talk to her Amu!', Kailash sounded helpless.

'Then, how do you know she was perfect?', Amu asked again.

'She was. She just was. I know it', Kailash insisted.

'That's the problem with you men. You fall for looks, and then later regret over being in a relationship with a nagging female', Amu made her point.

'You are right! Well, I learnt it later, that it isn't just the exterior beauty that is important, but the beauty of the heart too is very important', Kailash sounded peaceful.

'So she was your first love, huh!', Amu asked.

'Yes, she was. I can never forget her. How can one forget their first love', Kailash expressed.

'Sure!', Amu said, as she slipped into a thought stream.

'Now it's your turn. Tell me about your first love', Kailash asked.

'Hmm.. Well, since that was the deal, let me tell you about him too. My first love..', Amu said.

'So I had been to New Delhi for NCC camp when I was 17', Amu started..

'Before you continue, would you mind me filling our cups with coffee again?', Kailash asked.

Amu smiled, as she took the mugs to get them filled with brewing coffee, fathoming the beautiful winter evening that had just gotten interesting.

continued on next page

Winter Love



'Nothing is as good as breezy evening, a cup of coffee and an interesting conversation. What do you think, Amu?', he asked.

'So we are already at it, aren't we?', Amu counter questioned.

'Sure, we are. So..NCC camp. New Delhi. Flashback.', Kailash led the conversation.

'So it was back in 1988. I was the leader of my troop and we were representing the Maharashtra National Cadet Corps', Amu started, as she sipped her coffee.

'Right madam, I know that. Further!', Kailash interrupted.

'Ok, straight to the point then. We were put up in Safdarjung, where we were led by Amit Sir. He was our trainer and guide and we were supposed to report to him', Amu said.

'So Amit was the guy? Eh?', Kailash sounded impatient and sarcastic.

'No. It was Amit Sir's son – Shekhar', Amu sighed as she talked about him.

'He was almost 6 feet tall. Dark, unlike the men I liked, and he had a dimpled chin', Amu said.

'Ok! And..', Kailash prodded.

'There was an evening when we were invited to Amit Sir's home for lunch. He invited more than 50 people. Shekhar was there too. He was probably preparing for his NDA entrance exams', Amu said.

'How old was he?', Kailash asked.

'He must have been 22 then, I think', Amu replied.

'Sweet.. Then?', Kailash asked.

'He was amicable and decent. The perfect guy any woman would dream of. Most of the girls were smitten by him. But he chose to speak to me', Amu said 'I had braces then, two plaits, and specs. Imagine', she added.

'You know how I looked, don't you?', she asked Kailash

'Hmm.. Ya.. I do remember those photographs that you showed me', Kailash replied.

'But we got along really well. For a week or so, he would come to the camp every evening and we would go to the India Gate and talk', Amu said.

'Just talk?? huh?', Kailash sounded probing. He smiled.

'No, not just talk!', Amu declared.

'Then?', Kailash sounded curious.

'He had a military jeep. I still remember my first kiss. Obviously it was with him, and that is the reason why he's my first love!', Amu smiled, relating the incident.

'So how was it?', Kailash sipped his coffee.

'Awesome! I never felt the braces came in between. It was gentle, yet nice. Surreal!', Amu slipped into the memories.

'And then. Did one thing lead to the other?', Kailash asked.

'Well, to tell you, we expressed in a way, which possibly was the supreme medium of expression. I think that's all you need to know', Amu said.

'So y'all had sex then?', Kailash asked upfront, and laughed.

Amu smiled, 'All guys are just the same! I was expecting you to get to that'

'Yes we had it', Amu said.

'What?? You did?? And you never told me?', Kailash sounded surprised.

'C'mon Kailash. I did not! I knew he just wanted to do it with me. So I stopped where I had to, because I realized, I was way too smitten by him, and nothing should go further. And if we were to do all that, I would have never been able to get over him', Amu said.

'So back then, you were the same sane, sensible female that I know now', Kailash sighed. 'How sad, nothing happened...'

'Sad?? I am happy I left it there. I really was in love with him for a long time. I kept thinking about him, would try and look for his name in the paper, but then, I got busy with my studies and life, as you know, went on', Amu said.

'How do y'all know where you have to stop?', Kailash asked.

'I don't know about the others, but I know about myself. After all, love is not just about having sex. It's about a lot more!', Amu said.

'Really?', Kailash asked.

'Well.. It's really difficult to explain it to men, you know!', Amu teased Kailash.

'Yeah... Wish I could talk just once, to Prerna', Kailash thought about her.

'Hmmm.. Grow up now!', Amu said.

'I really don't want to grow up, Amu. It's fun this way.. Isn't it?', Kailash suggested.

'Sure it is. So much fun. I couldn't be more in love', Amu said.

'With?', Kailash asked.

Amu gave him a cold stare as she picked up the coffee mugs. Kailash pulled her towards him, while she freed herself, giving him an elbow push.

'What?? Where are you going? The evening has just begun!', Kailash said.

Amu gazed at him without smiling. Her typical stare melted Kailash.

'Mohabbaton mein dikhaave ki dosti na milaa.....', Kailash began.

'Agar gale nahin miltaa to haath bhi na milaa', he ended.

Amu turned back and smiled. 'Gimme 10 minutes. I'll be back', she said, as Kailash got busy on his iPad.

continued on next page

Winter Love



'What took you so long?', Kailash asked, talking out loud, as he saw Amu approach.

'Nothing. I got something for you.', Amu said.

'What? Show me!', Kailash looked interested.

'Well, medicines. Nothing much!', Amu replied.

'Aah. I thought there was surprise', Kailash said.

'Why did you think there would be one? Are we teenagers or what?', Amu asked, teasingly.

'Never mind', Kailash sighed.

'What do you mean?', Amu asked.

'You should give me something!', Kailash demanded.

'And why would that be so?', Amu asked.

'Because I am gonna gift you something too!', Kailash said.

'Gift? Is that how you impressed girls in college?', Amu asked.

'Well, Yes.. Isn't that good!', Kailash asked.

'I don't trust you. You couldn't even talk to the girl you claimed to love, let alone be gifting her something', Amu teased him.

'Well... umm...err.. .Alright. I was way too shy then. I was afraid of being rejected', Kailash confessed.

'So..Really nothing happened on Perna front?', Amu teased again.

Kailash gave a drab look. 'As if you gifted stars to your army man, huh', Kailash questioned back.

'I didn't need to,. I have only given token of love to just one person in my entire life. You know it!', Amu said.

'Amrita, you better stop playing with words now, and tell me, what apart from medicines, do you have for me', Kailash asked.

Amu simply smiled, even more, as she heard her name.

'I have a gift for you, you inconsiderate female!', Kailash groaned.

'Really!', Amu's face brightened.

'See this', Kailash extended his iPad and showed a video he had made for Amu.

It played Amu's favorite track. Kailash sang along too.

Amu simply stared at him and sighed.

'Even if I tell you I am still in love with Shekhar?', she asked

'Yes, even if you tell me you have an affair with him, I would say I love you!', Kailash said.

Amu smiled, 'I love you too!', as she let Kailash pull her close.

'You've started to look even more beautiful with age', Kailash complimented her, as Amu revisited the video and Kailash played with her hair.

'Yes.. After discussing about the first loves of our lives, you want to tell me that I look beautiful? I know you can't get over Perna', Amu said.

'Stop being jealous. You are my wife. She's just a memory', Kailash said.

'This time we talked about our first love, next time let's talk about our last!', Kailash suggested.

'I always talk about you Kailash', Amu said.

'Am I your last love? Are you sure?', Kailash asked.

'I have been sure since we became best friends', Amu smiled.

'Since 20 years, I am your last love, eh?', Kailash sounded surprised, he added, '20 years, and you've been in love with me, ONLY?', he reiterated,

Amu hit him, pulled him close, and wrapped a muffler around his neck and said, 'Happy Anniversary!'

'I will sure have to mend my ways', Kailash said.

'Why, have you been naughty lately?', Amu asked, pulling his cheeks.

'No. But I can be if you want me to', Kailash hinted a mischief.

'Better be then!', Amu said, as they embraced each other and celebrated the togetherness, friendship and love.

'Oh, by the way, I haven't had a crush since 20 years either', he added. 'I know', she said.

Realisations

The other day, a hungry child, drew my attention. When I looked at him, I did not need an explanation that he was hungry. The silence spoke. I sat down and chatted with him.

Asked him if he was hungry. He cared not to reply. He was busy observing two dogs tussling for a piece of meat. There wasn't a smile, but a deep observation.

I further probed, if he wanted to eat anything. He nodded, not making any eye contact with me. I should have simply given him something to eat. You don't ask anyone if they want to eat or drink? You simply offer, and then it's their prerogative to refuse or accept. What was I trying to prove by asking him again and again whether he was hungry or not. Of course he was. His eyes spoke sagas.

I bought him an apple from a grocery store and a meal coupon from a tiffin center near the footpath. He looked at me, but did not smile. There was no response of gratitude. But it didn't bother me. Because he wasn't the one who had asked me for food. He was simply sitting there, in rags, minding his own business and enjoying a merry show of two dogs fighting over a meal. I interfered in his entertainment time and offered him food to boost my ego. He did not owe me any gratitude.

He hadn't asked me for a meal in the first place. He simply took the coupon I offered him, while I showed him where he could go and have food. He took it and sat shyly. I began to leave. After I covered a few feet, I saw him rush to the tiffin centre and lean over the counter for food. I didn't want to be anywhere close to him, lest he might feel embarrassed. I watched him grab the plate, sit on the road and gobble the food down. Perhaps he was hungry since a long time, and he was tired of asking for food and alms.

I did not get a feeling of helping someone or making a difference. Most of the times, when I do that, I feel so. I feel proud, happy. It boosts my ego. I wanted not to have that feeling any more. I didn't want to feel great or feel like I made a difference, or fed someone. I wanted it to be as subtle as breathing. I wanted it to be just another thing which I do when it doesn't create an impression and give me a useless sense of self worth. I wanted it to be as simple as an act of feeding myself, when I am hungry.



That peace I was looking for, and perhaps I found it. I realized, at times, there is no need for explaining things. Despite a lot of misunderstandings, fights and arguments, there should be a scope for silence. Denial. Self-denial may be, I don't know! Not allowing one to get into gory discussions leading to arguments and fight. Yeah, chances are there'll be a misunderstanding. Chances are even more, that things may never be cleared, and it may be kept hanging, ruining something very pretty and nice. But a long phase of silence makes that one person cross your path who simply understands you. He/She understands your silence and attends to it without making you feel bad about it. Nor does he feel great about having been around. It is subtle. Surreal. Very calming. Everyone perhaps yearns for that understanding in that phase of silence. But since it is rarely available, we don't value it. We go about explaining ourselves. We sometimes cry, beg, act, pretend, shout, fight or show anger. But seldom do we think of this peaceful way.

Silence leads to peace. Not everything needs to be cleared. Like the little kid thought that it was of least importance to scream out or cry out his hunger, it's least important to cry out and express love, or express yourself every time. Yes, it may be concluded as unnecessary attitude or pride when you don't talk. I have mistaken people too. Not once, but many times. But when you sleep, your mind is clear of doubt. You don't have to think over your reaction. You feel better as you realize that you have reserved an impulse. You have not reacted to a situation, and your response was a long, calming silence. You had taken the control of a situation instead of making it miserable! Silence may be disturbing too. I used to find it uncomfortable. The need to express arose so frequently, that if I had no audience I would feel suffocated. But not speaking at all is a greater bliss. Letting the storm within pass, let it escape your body like a vapor leaving a vacuum behind, is more satisfying. While the silence enraptures me, I make attempts to subdue the sound of the keyboard and peacefully sink in the essence of all that is unseen, unheard and unexplored.

**SPREAD THE WORD..
NOT THE VIRUS!
STOP AIDS!**

AIDS
– How
we are
still
stuck
up...



Millions of advertisements, thousands of associations, hundreds of volunteers, but the same old story! Stay away from the Pineapple wala, he has AIDS, and while cutting the pineapple slices, it has penetrated into it, and if you eat it, you will die of AIDS!

Don't touch that person, who is suffering from AIDs, you might get it!

Sex. Who needs a condom? I can have unprotected sex and still be fine!

Sex. I am a woman. What are the contraceptives for me? None. I cannot get AIDS

Syringes. Sex. Blood transfusion. – none of the concepts are as clear as they should be.

Sometimes we are ignorant. Sometimes we are so ignorant that we translate ignorance into fear and spread it amongst people around us.

Hence awareness is something that is very very important.

December is AIDs awareness month. Check out our next issue for more information on this.

Let's accept. The more we know about this, is always less.

OSHO Gyaan!

"My message is not a doctrine, not a philosophy. My message is a certain alchemy, a science of transformation."

In India we used to have camps where, in the afternoon, for one hour there would be a gibberish period, everybody saying whatsoever he wants to say—one thousand people together. It is not a conversation, because you are not talking to anybody, you are simply talking.

It was a rare experience—because I was the only listener and because of what people were saying! One day a man in front of me was phoning, actually talking on the phone. And I heard, "Hello, hello." Everyone looked: "What are you doing?" He was talking on a long-distance call with no phone, nothing. He was a businessman and just the habit...But it was a tremendously relaxing experience for people. After one hour talking nonsense...

One of my very intimate sannnyasins...what happened to him was that just

talking and shouting, he went and started pushing the car in which I had come. It was standing there on a slope. He was a very sane man but he was pushing the car and he was talking all the time against Jayantibhai, whose car it was that he was going to throw into the ditch. And they were friends—but something must have been incomplete in his mind. Somehow a

few people stood up and prevented him. Because he was prevented, he climbed up a tree...and he is not mad! He started waving the branch of a tree so strongly that it seemed that it would break and he would come down on the whole group who was sitting underneath. And all the time he was shouting at Jayantibhai.

With difficulty he was brought down. And nobody had ever thought that this man would do such a thing. After the hour was over he was so silent—more silent than anybody.

He said, "I am feeling more relaxed than I have ever felt in my life. Even though I have been doing stupid things...but you allowed us to do everything that we wanted to do, and I am feeling very relieved. A lot of burden is thrown away, and I am feeling so much love for Jayantibhai. All anger is gone."

The camp used to be for five days or seven days and that man on the phone continued for seven days, "Hello," and

he was very serious. As the meditation would begin he would start phoning and he was certainly listening to something, and answering, and deciding about business. "Put this money there, and do this, and purchase that. This is the time to purchase it. Prices are going up." And so serious that finally the last day I asked him, "How are you feeling?"

He said, "I also wonder...this meditation is strange. I am not mad, and I know that there is no phone but that is the only idea that comes to me. And you have said, 'You have to allow it.' And afterwards I feel for hours absolutely silent, joyous. A great burden..." It must have been his daily routine and he was missing it.

It has never been used by groups, but the very word 'gibberish' comes from the name of a Sufi mystic, Jabbar.

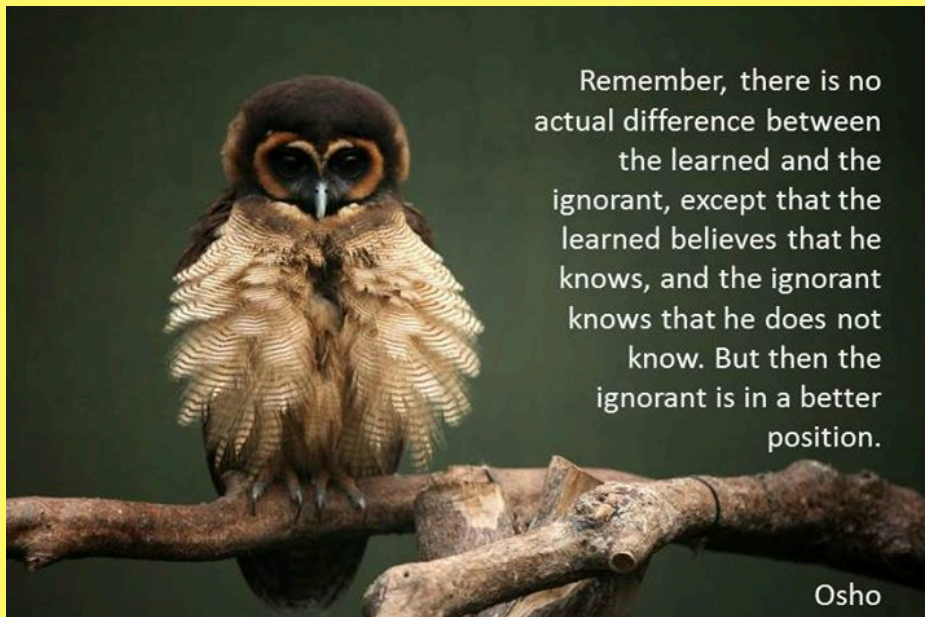
He used to talk nonsense. You would ask about the moon, and he would talk about the sun; he never answered the question he was asked. He would make up his own words.

It is because of his name, Jabbar, that the word gibberish came into being; it is the language of Jabbar. He is one of the enlightened Sufi masters. He used gibberish for others; otherwise he was silent. For days, if nobody

came, he would be

silent. If anybody came and said anything to him, then that person triggered him. Then he would say anything—sentences without meaning, words without meaning. You could not make any sense out of what he was saying. Jabbar was asked again and again by his disciples, "Why do you do such things?—otherwise you are so silent. Not only do people laugh at you, we all feel embarrassed that we are your disciples. And they think that we are idiots: what can we learn with this man?"

Only to his disciples would he say, "You know that these people are unnecessarily coming with questions. They don't intend to understand or to change, and my gibberish stops them from coming so I can work in silence with you. And it is good for my mind too, because most of the time I am silent. It is good, just as an exercise for the mind: if it is needed, I can use it. So just to check that it is still working, I use all this gibberish."



Remember, there is no actual difference between the learned and the ignorant, except that the learned believes that he knows, and the ignorant knows that he does not know. But then the ignorant is in a better position.

Osho

The better trends of the West!



We saw a crazy ramp up in the way we celebrate the Western festivals in India. It is a clear sign that we are taking the positives and adapting to things which make our lives better. I don't know in what spirit was Halloween celebrated in India. All I could see was people posing in weird costumes and putting pictures on social networking sites. The costumes were all western too. If it is a costume party, why not dress like an Indian? Or for that matter – a scary Indian! That's what it is all about, isn't it?

The idea behind Halloween is to remember the dead, the martyrs as per many countries. Most of the countries only celebrate this as an occasion where people get dressed in costumes and celebrate over an elaborate meal.

India has been the latest entrant in the list of countries who are taking up this tradition. In coming years, the trick-treat culture amongst the children will also catch up.

The next interesting thing that we want to see is how people celebrate Thanksgiving, knowing that it is the special festival of the US and Canada. Last year we saw numerous Facebook posts on thanksgiving and I was left wondering, why the Indians are celebrating it?

It is a good occasion, though, to take some time off and thank your folks and friends. Funny as it may sound, we are extremely good at imitating the west.

But as long as something good comes out of it, there ain't no harm, we believe!

So, Happy Thanksgiving! ☺

Kiss of Love



We have a specialty. Yes. We Indians. We love protests. Love to participate in them, conduct them and revolt in all ways possible. All for good though! I am not saying it is not the right thing. It is all relative. India has bestowed up on its citizens the freedom of expression, and how freely do we express now?

If any new law or rule is laid, we immediately protest. And then we talk about what a poor show the AAP put up for the DHARNAs they did. Let's accept. Dharna runs in our blood.

Neither did Kejriwal do it for fun, nor do we stay away from it, for even smallest of matters!

Lately, the blood is boiling so much so, that we want to protest any other thing that comes up.

For example, protesting against the law made by a college in UP where jeans were banned for girls! Well, fair enough! There is nothing wrong in wearing jeans, nor is there anything wrong in protesting against the rule laid down by the authorities. But how one protests, is very important.

The famous Kiss of Love row and the non-violent protests have taken the media and youth by storm.

All the Romeos and Juliets, who used to hide snugly in the botanical gardens amidst the greenery, or walk on beaches holding hand in hand, or simply sit at the benches and talk, are now patrolled for doing these things.

Let alone the couples who are dating or who are high on hormones, even married couples are targeted and asked not get intimate in public.

A married couple was caught in a compromising situation and was locked up in jail for this immoral activity. Despite mentioning that they were married, they were not released stating that the woman was not wearing any jewelry to prove that they were married. They would have faced a tough time, proving that, for sure!

What triggered this row was, when a couple was caught performing an 'immoral activity' in an uptown locality of a city in Kerala. A mob of attackers belonging to a renowned political party then attacked the café where the couple was caught hugging and kissing.

That was about the incident that led to this protest. Moral policing has always been a controversial topic. Now people all over India are gathering in public places, kissing, smooching and trying to prove a point.

Now what is the point?

Do we want to change the society and make it accept that smooching or kissing intensely in public should be considered a usual trend, like it is in the western countries?

Let's accept, we may try to ape the western countries, but sometimes, in certain situations we should be using our head! And brains, if we have any, after spending time and effort in conducting dharnas and protests!

Let's accept the fact that India has a certain cultural foundation, and some things, no matter how correct they are, no matter how western and modern they seem, need to be contained within the four walls of the house.

Let's accept that because there are other social evils, like Rape, and there are crores of people protesting against a crime like that, doesn't mean that women should start moving around in public naked. Just to prove a point.

Let's accept that some qualities or cultures that we Indians follow are really worthy of being in place. They define us. We proudly call ourselves Indians, only because of our rich culture and heritage.

Sure, we do not need any moral policing. Sure no one needs to hear the cops telling them whom to go out with and what to wear.

Sure, we do not need anyone telling us not to engage in intense kissing and smooching activities in public.

We should know that some acts are so private, that people should maintain the sanctity of feelings, the individuals involved and the audience who may observe it, if done publicly.

It's not about curbing anyone's freedom, or wearing clothes which the politicians demand. It's only about being responsible, and considerate about other's feelings and beliefs.

We do not support people who indulge in moral policing in the name of religion. Nor do we support people who cross their limits in a country like India trying to ape the western countries.

remembering our heroes

of 26/11 Mumbai



What my dear, is the 'TEST' of a man?

What is it that we call 'macho'?

Is it to flaunt Rippling Sinews like a matinee idol?

Or to be the fantasy of indecisive juvenile teens?

Or to walk the ramp in impractical attires?

Their vain glory is so puerile,

It reminds me of 'The Emperor & his clothes!'

Or is it the Carpet bagger,

The power lover,

Who makes fiery speeches and

Promises as vacuous as him,

Coz unlike dogs, men those who BARK

Do not WORK, they only BITE!

No, my Dear!

The TEST of a man is his VALOR, his Courage,

The audacity to see Death in its face,

Especially for a strangers sake!

His moxie ,his gallantry would inspire generations,

Somebody whispered.....

Like another Sandeep Unnikrishnan!!!

Contributed by - Saniya Inamdar

National Adoption Month – November

Every November we pose for pictures. They click us in group and individually and put our progress in the annual newsletter. I have been happily posing for the pictures all these years. I was told that if I look good in the newsletter, the chances that I find a nice home with good people would be more.

I wait for it every year, desperately. Couples do come; they choose someone amongst us, and take them. I feel very happy for the kids who are taken away to nice and happy families. I have realized that since I am much older now, I am not preferred. For Adoption.

Where there are 40 couples seeking children for adoption every year, there around 400 of us. So only 10 percent of us get a family. Most of us, remain here – In the orphanage. It is not uncomfortable or anything as such. It is good. The wardens are affectionate. The food is good. We have our celebrations. But I want to know what it is to live in family, with a mother and a father, perhaps a brother and a sister.

The other day, we had two more new-borns join us. They were taken by families seeking for a kid, immediately. Who takes 12 year olds? Back then, when I was an infant, adopting kids was not a thing that people opted for openly. They had their own reservations. They do that even now. They want fair ones, they want a boy child, and they do not want any kid with any ailments.

The law gives them the right to choose. And that's fair. Who would want a sick child? But what if they had a biological child who God forbid was born with an ailment? Would they let go of that child? I am left with so many unanswered questions.

We do have a lot of sponsorships from the rich folks. I am being sponsored by one of the richest businessman of the city. I am told that if I study well and get high marks, I will be sent to a very good college. But that doesn't enthuse me. I want a father and mother. I want a family to spend the festivals with. I want to celebrate my birthday, which I don't know is a real date or not.



There are many like me, who are past the usual age for adoption. But we are still hoping, someday, some couple, whether they have a child or not, can welcome us into their homes and make us experience the life what appears to be impossible.

This month is National Adoption Awareness month. We have had pictures taken, I also wrote an article for the newsletter. But I know, another year will pass, and we will be still here.

I am happy for my friends who have found a home. It is one of the biggest blessings one can get.

And I, wait for my time!

Hope this December is not too cold.

Have you ever?

Have you ever seen a dog hang his face out of a moving car, and feel the wind against his face?

Have you realised, that dogs, actually smile when they do that?
Have you done that yourself?

Has any infant stared at you, until you thought you were being ogled at?

Has the infant looked deep into your eyes, over his/her mother's shoulder and stared as if he/she knew you for ages?

Have you ever thought, that probably this little kid, in his last birth was my ...loved one?

Have you ever crossed a busy cross road, by taking your bike/car recklessly without watching either left or right?

Have you felt that mad rush of anger within when you wanted to hit yourself with something on the road and make it seem like a crazy accident?

Have you ever punished yourself?

Have you ever sung a karaoke in public, when you were obviously aware of your depressing singing abilities?

Have you thought about someone while singing a song?
Have you ever dedicated a song to someone?

Have you ever laughed so hard that your stomach hurt bad?

Has your stomach hurt so bad while laughing that you felt the need to pee?

Have you ever peed while laughing?? Or seen anyone do it?

Have you ever spent time with a friend and said nothing?

Have you ever sat silently and just felt that you've had the best conversation ever, like they say?

Have you ever done this, and missed your friend because it had been a while you experienced it and feel like doing it again?

Have you ever lived, wondering what is the purpose of life?

Have you ever thought whether it is necessary to have a purpose?
Do you have one?

Have you given up something (an activity) you love the most?

Do you miss doing it?

Have you put in efforts to take it up again??

Have you ever...???



To the aunties, who devoid uncles of morning chai, mid morning chai, after noon chai, mid afternoon chai, evening chai, night chai and warn about the ill effects of taking in more sugar and use the words 'Diabetes' like it were a terror attack.. We say, let them enjoy and as much tea as they like, you enjoy if you want...else ..

- Mind your business!

Mind your Business

To all those who call themselves Indians, and talk ill about Indian cinema, who talk as if they have been assisting Nolan in making Interstellar, who think Shahrukh Khan and Salman Khan are nothing as compared to George Clooney and Di Caprio... To you jingoists, we'd say, stop criticizing *Happy New Year* and
- Mind your business. ;)

To the parents and so called society members, if someone wants to quit a job and do something they like, or get married to someone they love, or stay single and enjoy, or spend extravagantly and go to Goa this December, or decide to flaunt a tattoo, or decide to study further.. to all the people who just impend the progress of their folks and do nothing else
- Mind your business !

Those who wear clothes that mismatch. Which have no sync of colour and texture. Which seem essential, because perhaps the weather demands it. And you believe that you can carry it like a queen and make heads turn. To all those hypocritical fashion heads who believe in stereotypes, who think only color schemes work... we have three words for you
- Mind your business.



DIBA

21 struggles that every person in a distant relationship will know

1. You get terror dreams most of the times wondering what if you never get to see him/her again
2. The amount of time spend on waiting for a text message or phone call is more than the time you actually spend together
3. You have a song for every situation. Be it waiting, calling, talking, fighting, traveling, meeting after a long time, and feeling loved.
4. You are always clicking selfies and sending it across to your partner. Even if it is the 'thinking-about-you-and-pouting-like-a-duck-pose'
5. Buying things keeping in mind you could share, give, gift, and wear when you see your partner.
6. Leaving texts even after you have spoken for over an hour on phone
7. Your Facebook statuses are all about him/her.
8. You hate it when someone else likes or comments on his/her status before you do.
9. You fear you would forget their face, so you have their pictures on your phone, laptop, and desktops.
10. You are in a relationship with your webcam instead. That's how you spend nights
11. You are inseparable when you meet and all teary-eyed when it's time to leave
12. You sometimes eat your partner's favorite food, or drink their favorite drink when you miss them
13. You fear you may find someone else.
14. You fear, they may find someone else
15. You keep track of each other, despite having 100 percent trust.
16. You love the low air-fare deals, so that you could go and visit your partner more frequently
17. You have a soft-toy or a pillow that serves well in place of your partner.
18. WhatsApp 'last seen' becomes a nightmare
19. Trust is an issue, but that eventually it develops as your biggest strength
20. The girls may agree to all the above points.
21. The guys may not, but would do it anyway!

Cover Speaks

ts November, with the changing season we thought of changing something. Some spring blossoms, some vibrance and some randomness, a just like that cover to go with the mood, the feel and the weather.

When we try to market Womania..

D: Bey, I Wana b a celeb
D: Nw
Y: :P
Y: : U will be a celeb.. fashion segment chalu hone de
Y: : We will click ourselves only n our fashion in mag

D: Ya lik pernia qureshi
D: She models for her stuff
Y: Ya.. I find her dumb.. Little
Y: But she models.. Thats true for her brand..
D: She is weird Bt well whtevr, it sells
Y: Yes.. True
D: Only v r not sellin
Y: Plch.. We come back to sq. 1 everytime

Until Next time:

Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!

Copyright: No content in this magazine is allowed to be published/reused without prior consent of Team Oh! Womania.

We welcome contributions/comments/feedbacks from readers and writers. For more details on the coming issue, please check the "sneak peak" section or write to us at ohwomania@gmail.com.

Follow us on our new FB page : <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Oh-Womania/469025103199711>
Visit our website to keep track of our activities - <http://ohwomania.in>

More light, more power to everyone!
Help spread the love with Diba and Yamini :)

Choli ke pichhe

Seriousness of the issue made us too philosophical, so on lighter occasions we discussed anything and everything.

When we go beyond human topics and discuss about spirits!

Y: Soul has no gender
D: Yes bt it chooses d body, ryt?
D: Ya mayb it wants that experienc
Y: I am not sure it chooses the body... It chooses a situatn
Y: Coz body takes shape way aftt the soul attaches itself t

D: Ur children r not ur children....
D: Gibran
Y: Yep.. Thats exactly what even osho says
D: Bt obvslly soul knws d gender
Y: Soul knows?? I dunno.. Never thot abt that
Y: May be will hav to read more or think on those lines..
D: Ys obvslly

When we face a terrible writer's block! Both of us, together!

Y: Coz again likhna nai jaming
D: Kalse sochri tujhe bolu
D: K Kuch bhej
D: I m also tryin to write

D: Wru
Y: : Wrk.. :(
D: Lost?
Y: : Ya.. U?
D: Wher lost?
D: M lost n find
Y: Lol

PS: We have read the comments and taken up a few pointers too. How much we follow and stay in our senses, is all up to the rotation and revolution of the earth! We are unapologetic, but we sincerely respect feedbacks and we couldn't have been more thankful! :)

So keep 'em coming.

Credits:

Design (cover & magazine):Diba
Content: Diba, Yamini,
Saniya Inamdar
Editing: Yamini
Proofreading: Yamini
Facts and Quotes: Wikipedia
Grammar Teacher:
MAC pages and MS word.