



## unfolding edition 12

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### PINK

#### Color of Feminism.

#### Color that symbolizes womankind.

I remember, in the last Volume of Oh! Womania, we had done an issue on how much we love our men and that edition was majorly pink! Was there any sarcasm in that? No, I guess. It is just to drive a point about equalism.

Feminism has been misinterpreted hugely. There are people who have started hating women who call themselves feminists. Why this bias?

What has really caused this extreme behavior or retaliation or reaction or conclusion or whatever you may want to call it. Could there be anything that could remain within proportions, limits, and make sense at the same time? Why are we pushing boundaries to the extent that the entire purpose is defeated and everything is converted into a fight!

**Yes, there is a fight for equality. But that applies to men and women, both.**

Humans are like this beautiful piece of Ice-Pop. No doubt they are beautiful. They are yummy. They are so attractive, that it could manipulate your integrity and indulge you into series of relishes.

But.... this little piece of beauty sustains when there is a proper temperature; else it melts away into colored liquid. Just like humans! It's a basic survival tactic. We know how to do it. Everyone does it. And when everyone is doing it, who are we to demand or dictate someone to behave in a certain way?

Now isn't this all about equality. About being able to have a say, about being able to live, survive the way one finds feasible? Then what is this fight all about?

**Mind you, this Ice pop would be as awesome, had it been blue in color!**

Let's look beyond these tiny things. There is a vast sea of understanding waiting for us to be explored.

Let's all grow up... shall we?

This new Volume of Oh! Womania, the next series of editions promises a dissection of all that has been and need not be anymore!



*Wishing you all a lovely and colorful Summer! Lick some Ice-pops and have fun. Simple pleasure of life! Sigh*



..like season

She is surreal.  
Sometimes sublime.  
As the droplets of water disappear after the wind washes its traces,  
so does she.

She does not want to be held, contained, and bonded.  
She wants to change, with every passing moment.

Sometimes fly like an aimless feather finding its ground  
and sometimes, flow like the rain on a glass,  
converging all shapes into none.  
Sometimes she wants to shine bright, like the sun  
and sometimes she wants to be that calming moonlight.

She is seasons.  
Not one. But all. One by one.

No one can stop her. Not even her.  
Nature takes its course, no matter what.  
And so does her desires.

She won't stop. Or hide. Or sulk in the waters of sadness.  
She may appear like there is veil, hiding her.  
But there is nothing that can hold her back.  
Nothing.

Do you feel like that, sometimes?  
I know, you do!



## Color me ... Life!

I am a woman...

Don't go by the color of my eyes....  
because no matter how pretty they appear,  
they hold dreams stronger than yours.

Don't go by the color of my skin.  
I may be dark, or light,  
pink or bright..  
Bleached or streaked..  
I may show it, I may hide,  
bare my shoulders or my sides..  
My skin is not what you see, it is my grit.  
And grit has no color!

Don't go by my hair.  
I may leave it loose, to wear a face,  
but when I tie them,  
I am almost ready for anything that is there.

Don't read the color of my lips.  
I paint them often.  
They are more than just being kissable.  
They hold the power of a smile.  
That smile, which hides the struggles that I go  
through,  
and despite that, I choose to put it on, bravely.

Don't tell me what color suits my skin,  
what I should wear and what I shouldn't!

**Don't color me with judgments.**

Color me,  
if you may..... With Life!  
That's all I ask for!

# The Religion Medicine

Imagine a cult which goes by a few rituals.. Like having ginger and honey. Or taking steam of niligiri oil.

Consider a few other cults which do not believe in ginger-honey and nilgiri at all. They'd rather believe in benadryl or vicks vaporub. Or another cult which believes in suffering and not taking any medicine.

All this for what? A simple Cough and Cold.

So, now when cough and cold is a way of life, my religion/cult asks me to take benadryl. But it is too overpowering and concentrated. It doesn't suit me. I decide to do something different. May be seek other ways of curing my cough and cold. I see every human being is suffering from this cough and cold, some are ignorant about it and some know very well and are on the way of treating it. I am one of them.

One day, I meet someone who tells me about having ginger and honey. I like how I feel after taking it. I realize that I am feeling lighter and I am able to breathe better. I resort to this practice because it is healing me. The person who suggested me this, did it only because he knows that it worked on him and it may be useful for me. So he asks me to resort to this practice henceforth. I agreed.

Now people who were always taking benadryl are offended and accuse this person of converting me into someone who takes ginger and honey for cough and cold. The fights begin. The sale of ginger and honey are sky rocketing and benadryl and vicks are getting out of business. So they think of ways to convert the ginger-honey takers into benadryl takers, because according to them, only benadryl can heal and is the most apt way of dealing with cough and cold!

Similarly, somewhere in the other parts of world, there are some folks who are propagating that benadryl is not good for health, ginger-honey is, so they are emotionally blackmailing and forcing people to take up what they claim is the cure for cough and cold.

But my question is, I will take what heals me. Right? Not what heals you!

So stop propagating and stop holding others guilty of converting people into different cults.

Most of the people do not even know they are suffering. And there are so many, who have risen above these petty cures of petty cults, and have sought solution to their cough and cold, by simply breathing positively and surrounding themselves with nature and fresh air. They do not need any ritual to cure. Because they have found the elixir. So, if you are suffering, we all are, take whatever heals you! No one has the right to tell you what you should take. If your doctor doesn't suggest you the right dose, change the doctor and take the right dose.

The doctors only show us the path, recuperating is all upon how we respond to medicines.

## **Choose wisely!**

Sometimes we do not even need doctors. Or Medicines.

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## Guest Article:

### Pressure cooker - By Malathi Iyer



If you happen to look up for pressure cooker in Wikipedia, you'll find that pressure cooker allows food to be cooked in a moist environment at a higher temperature than what is possible with conventional boiling or steaming methods. The food to be cooked is placed in the pressure cooker along with a small amount of water. Food is either cooked in the liquid or placed above the liquid to be cooked by steam. Steaming is done by using a suitable insert such as a metal steamer basket with a support trivet. The lid is closed and the pressure cooker is then placed on a heat source (if using a pressure cooker with a weight, the weight is placed over the steam vent pipe when steam is being emitted, as this ensures the air inside has escaped) until the cooker reaches full pressure, after which the heat is lowered to maintain pressure.

Now applying these principles to our lives, we get to learn a lot of things.

#### **1#. For anything beautiful to be cooked you need to feel the pressure first.**

One has to work hard to achieve what one desires. This is not an overnight process, it's a journey.

#### **2#. Everyones different**

Food is either cooked in the liquid or placed above the liquid to be cooked by steam. For some people this pressure works in a positive way, for some it's the opposite. Identify what works for you.

#### **3#. Releasing the steam**

One should not keep a lot of emotions to himself. There must be a way to vent them out. Building all that pressure inside yourself is very harmful.

#### **4#. Finding the right weight**

For releasing the steam, it's very important that you identify your weight. Some people write about them, some share them with their close ones, some sing them along. So identify your right channel to let go of all that steam.

That's what my pressure cooker taught me!

## Give me Pain

I happened to watch Rockstar yesterday again, and I thought how well the description of an artist was portrayed by Imtiaz Ali. I won't talk about the movie here. But let me put a question, how many of us take pain voluntarily?

I found myself doing that a number of times. I would get hurt and then deal with the pain and feel good about it, because unless it hurt, I would never come up with creative pieces to write, or a wouldn't understand the nuances of life.

My writer's instinct (the minimal that I have) are usually triggered when an emotion stirs. Most of the times, it is pain.

Let me classify pain.

Pain is not as miniscule as disappointment, or frustration or unhappiness. These emotions are borne by choice. You can be disappointed, or you cannot be, you can be frustrated, or you can be cheerful, you can be unhappy by choice, or you can be joyful. There is no pain induced, as such, when you talk about these emotions or moods.

Pain probably comes when, you lose a loved one, when you realize that you want to do something, and find yourself utterly helpless. Pain is associated with distance, the necessity to see someone to be with someone when you need that person the most. Not just lovers, but mothers, fathers, children they all face pain in some or the other way, when I talk about distances and urge to be with somebody.

A little boy in boarding school may be overtly happy, but feels the pain of being away from home (Taare Zameen Par), a mother may be helpless because she is not able to see her son while he works for the nation, in the army. Or talk about the pain of separation of two lovers, for that matter!

That's indeed pain!

What Rockstar put forth was that, in order to express effectively, an artist needs to go through that phase of pain; otherwise, he is never able to depict his art to the best of his ability. And after all we all are artists, in some way or the



other. So if you want to be an artistic liver, just endure the pain that comes your way, instead of running away from it!

It helps us grow. There is really no point in not facing what hurts.

My favorite philosopher has quoted it beautifully  
*"Much of your pain is the bitter potion by which the physician within you heals your sick self"*

I feel, we evolve as totally different people, after we undergo a phase of pain, and the struggle followed by it to lift up our spirits.

**That's why Rockstars are called Rockstars!! :)**

How many of us can take pain, deal with it and evolve?

## OSTHO gyaan

Man has used the woman as a sex machine just to relieve his own sexual tensions....

She has been used, and that is the ugliest thing in life: when you are used as a thing, as a mechanism, as an object. A woman is more capable of love than a man is... It is something greater and higher; it is a spiritual experience....

Love can exist only in equality, in friendship. The freedom of woman from man's slavery will also be freedom for man to experience love. So I call the women's liberation movement is not only women's liberation, it is also the men's liberation movement: both will be liberated.

Most of the differences between men and women are because of thousands of years of conditioning. They are not fundamental to nature, but there are a few differences which give them unique beauty, individuality.

And man's whole past has been a history of wars and wars. In the past three thousand years we have fought five thousand wars. It seems absolutely insane – five thousand wars in three thousand years – as if we are living here only to kill each other. What has gone wrong with man? No animal kills any other member of its own species. No lion kills another lion, never. No dog kills another dog, never. It is only man. Why has it happened to man?

Man has been taught to be just a man: never to show any feminine traits, never to show any softness of the heart, never to show any receptivity, always be aggressive. Man has been taught never to cry, never weep – because tears are feminine.

Women have been taught never to be in any way like the male: never to show aggression, never show expression, to always remain passive, receptive. This is against reality, and this has crippled both.

In a better world, with better understanding, a man will be both, a woman will be both – because sometimes a man needs to be a woman. There are moments when he needs to be soft – tender moments, love-moments. And there are moments when a woman needs to be expressive and aggressive – in anger, in defence, in rebellion. If a woman is simply passive, then she will turn into a slave automatically. A passive woman is bound to become a slave – that's what happened down the ages. And an aggressive man, emphatically aggressive and never tender, is bound to create wars, neurosis in the world, violence.

Man has to kill. To remain man, he has to kill. It seems that man's whole purpose here on earth is war. The war heroes are respected the most. The war politicians become the great names in history: Adolf Hitler, Winston Churchill, Joseph Stalin, Mao Zedong – these names are going to remain. Why? – Because they fought great wars, they destroyed. Whether in aggression or in defense – that is not the point – but these were the warmongers. But one thing is certain: that man puts his whole energy into war effort. The reason? – The reason is that man has been taught to be just man, his woman has been denied. So no man is whole.

And so is the case with woman – no woman is whole. She has been denied her male part. When she was a small child she could not fight with boys, she could not climb on the trees; she had to play with dolls, she had to play 'house'. This is a very, very distorted vision.

Man is both, so is woman – and both are needed to create a real, harmonious human being. The existence is dialectical; and opposites are not only opposites, they are complementaries too.

The psychology of the woman is corrupted by man telling her things which are not true, making her a slave to man, reducing her to a secondary citizen of the world. And the reason for that was that he is muscularly more powerful. But the muscular power is part of animality. If that is going to decide the superiority, then any animal is more muscular than a man.

Man is a mystery, woman is a mystery, everything that exists is a mystery.... the deeper you go, existence becomes more and more mysterious.... When heart and head are together, you are more complete and more whole. Heart is a part, head is a part, but together...if a communion is possible, your strength is not doubled, it is multiplied. How can the head and the heart come to a point of meeting? And it is a multidimensional question: It is between the woman and the man. It is between the heart and the head. It is between the East and the West....

Every man and every woman are both, because every child is born of a father and a mother. So something of the mother and something of the father is present in every child, whether the child is a girl or the child is a boy. The only difference can be that the man is a little more man, perhaps fifty-one percent man and forty-nine percent woman, and the woman is fifty-one percent woman and forty-nine percent man. But the difference is not much. That's why it has become scientifically possible to change the sexes – because the other sex is also present, just the percentage of hormones has to be changed. What was fifty-one percent has to be made forty-nine, or what was forty-nine has to be made fifty-one... then the man becomes woman and the woman becomes man....



# ANGREZ KÍ AULAAD

Apparently there was some fest/seminar going on at the Symbiosis college campus in Hinjewadi. I reached Wakad square and waited there for an auto.

An autowallah came by and started conversing with me in English. Neither did I look like a foreigner nor was I wearing something extra ordinary so as to make an impression that I only spoke English.

He began.

"Madam, Where you go?"

I ignored him. I thought he was drunk.

"Shaam-bee-o-Shis?", he asked.

"What?", I bursted out into a chuckle and asked him to reiterate.

"Shaam-bee-o-shis college, you go?", he asked.

"Nahi, bhaiyaa", I replied.

"Then? Info-shis?", he asked.

"Mc D, Hinjewadi square", I replied, considering the option of boarding that auto.

"Sit Madam. 10 Busk", he replied.

"10 Busk??", I laughed and said to myself, "10 bucks. Great!", and got into the auto.

I wondered what was all this effort about. While I was having a hearty laugh, he broke again and said, "Very winter it is"

"Yes", I replied.

"Weather said, 3 degree it go tomorrow", he added and I realised he was trying to get into a conversation.

I was reluctant initially, but then I thought, this would be something really interesting.

"Aap ko thand nahi lagti, bhaiyya. Aap ne sweater nahi pehna", I asked

him.

"No. Habit Madam. No winter, No Summer.", he replied.

"Yeh Symbiosis college me kuch hai kya?", I asked him.

"No Madam.", he said and gestured that he didn't know, finding no words to express.

"Aap English me hi baat karte ho kya?", I asked.

He laughed.

"Why, not good?", he asked.

"No, very good, very good", I replied.

"Passenger to Shaam-bi-o-Shis, daily comes to my Auto and talks Engliss. I shtart also. Eajy talk, lot passenger log, money get eajy.", he replied merrily, fluently and without a hint of the words he was speaking, let alone the grammar be.

"You want to learn English?", I asked, in English.

"No, Madam. I talk English. No learn. I know very much. Very much", he said confidently.

I still had no clue, why this fellow was speaking in English, where all the Autowallahs of Pune proudly conversed in Marathi.

"Bas yaha rok dena bhaiyya. Side me.", I said.

I have him a 20 Rs note.

"10 busk change?", he asked.

"No. Sorry", I said controlling my laughter.

"Why sorry, madam. Never sorry. Only Thank you", he said, realising that he had found a good listener in me.

He gave me coins in return and I left.

"Madam", he called out.

"Engliss, good no", he asked.

I showed him a thumbs up as he kicked his Auto and approached another passenger waving from the other side of the road.



## cover speaks

Throwback cover. We have come along way from just writing and discussing to blogging to now compiling our thoughts in our magazine. Our covers are our first impressions on you and through our writings we want to connect with your soul. In our humble endeavour of writing for a cause we are now a year old, a year wiser. Hope to get many more years of wisdom and your love so that we keep our ridiculous selves going.

### Who are to be blamed?

N: What are your views on AIB roast of ranveer n arjun Kapoor  
Y: Loved it  
N: See freedom of expression doesn't mean you have to character assassinate someone  
Y: But that is the genre of comedy  
N: If u take out negatives in what media n movies do then thr won't be anything worth presenting ever  
Y: The prerogative is of the audiences  
Y: Maa bachche ko. Cough syrup. Deti cough kam. Karne ko.. Par agar bachcha bada hoke samajh gaya ki cough syrup se neend aati and usme alcohol hai toh galti kiski hai

Y: Fir ek point aisa aata. Ki maa ko cough syrup chhupa. Ke rakhna padta coz she realises bachxha is misusing  
Y: Same is the case with Indian society  
Y: They will. Only pick up negatives frm the movies... And good thngs bhaad me.. Imagine pk ka. Itna simple subtle. Msg tha.par rai ka pahaad banane wale banaye na...  
Y: Thats why ab baat yaha tak aa gai ki instead of serving clean movies or entertainment sala serve hi mat karo coz waise bhi. Misuse hi hona hai  
Y: Samjhe?  
Y: So srk doing his shit.. Honey singh doing his.. And aib their own... They r not to be blamed  
Y: The audiences r

## choli ke peeche

### Why do they do it?

N: God knows where indians are heading!!  
N: Mujhe aajtak samajh nahi roadies main jane ko log itna marte kyu?  
N: Bike ke liye?  
D: Fame k liye  
Y: Experience ke liye  
Y: Aaj kal big boss n all bhi experience ke liye hi hota

D: Experienc  
D: Wt kinda  
D: It's jus fame n money  
D: N aib accepted d money d fame d evrytyn  
D: Plus evry1 signed up for d abuse  
D: Alia deepika sona as well  
D: Scripted abuse which is to amuse  
Y: Correct!

### Are we hypocrites?

N: So its ok to abuse right  
N: Womanika ka no cursing wal edition ka kya??  
D: No naa it's not ok to abuse  
D: Bt den tis ws hilarious  
N: Then what is aib about  
N: Ha yeh to double standards wali baat hui  
N: Its hillarious agar celebrity kare to  
Y: Nai its not ok to abuse.. Definitely not ok  
Y: But this wasnt just abt abusing.. I do not appreciate the abuses  
Y: I appreciate the fact that they all signed up for being abused.  
D: Nahi ye being human

D: more than anything, I liked d witty comnts  
N: Aur aam admi ke liye tum womanika main likhte dont abuse  
Y: Aam aadmi abuses without asking the person whether it is ready to be offended. There's a difference. Aam aadmi, just abuses. Here, the people signed up for being hit at.  
D: It came garbled wit galiya  
N: Kya witty tha usme  
Y: Everything about it was witty!  
D: It's like a movie. With disclaimer! Dekho,ya mat dekho, upto you!

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.

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### Until Next time:

Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!  
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Help spread the love with Diba and Yamini :)