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Aryan drama company gives first winter play

By Amin Saikal

The first production of the Aryan company of the Culture Department this winter was "The Charm of a Woman". It was presented at the Pohani Theatre last Tuesday night. The play is about a charming but deceitful wife who cuckolds her husband, and the couple's honest and faithful servant who is helpless

Saturday Evening Post dies

A general circulation magazine died in the United States Friday. There was no loss of real life, no body to be buried—just a group of businessmen deciding to scrap a failing business still, there was the emotion that someone loved had died.

The Saturday Evening Post died at an age of 147 years. During its middle years, its prime of life, the Post featured writers unmatched anywhere in the world. The characters that floated off its pages and into the imaginations of millions and onto the screens and stages included Charlie Chan, Turbott Ammie, Rumple, of Red Gap. There were Ring Lardner's baseball stories, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's detective Sherlock Holmes, Bret Harte's hard-bitten Westerners.

Many writers of 20 or 30 years ago had one goal: make the "Evening Post". If a writer got published regularly there, he became famous, often wealthy.

The Post was owned by the Curtis Publishing Company, which also turns out two specialty magazines, Holiday and State. In recent years the Post has been in financial trouble. Losses have been estimated as high as ten million dollars a year. Magazines in America live off advertising. The Post was not getting as much as it needed to maintain its economic life.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis bought the Post in 1897 for one thousand dollars. (Continued on Page 4)

to prevent the injury done to the husband.

The play begins as the servant, Jano, comes on stage and begins to relate directly to the audience the story of his wife. When he reaches the time he was employed by Mrs Sharif and his wife Mahila he invites the audience to watch this episode played out on the stage. With this invitation the other characters enter and the action begins.

The audience soon learns that Mahila has fallen in love with a close friend of her husband, a man named Mohsin, and when her husband leaves to look after his harvests in Herat she plans a tryst with her lover.

The servant who is left at home to take care of the household affairs becomes suspicious but Mahila orders him to return to his own wife and, reluctant as he is to go and betray his master's interests, he is forced to heed the command of his mistress.

The servant is further grieved because he has tried to warn Sharif of his wife's deceit but the man is so beguiled by his wife he refuses to listen to his servant's admonitions. Jano leaves with misgiving one night and Mohsin comes to the house for a rendezvous with Mahila. While the latter is embracing Sharif unexpectedly returns. He knocks on the door and Mahila hides Mohsin in the closet.

When she opens the door, Sharif is furious. He accuses her of adultery. She laughs at him and tries to wind him around her finger. But he continues to accuse her of deceiving him with another man and begins to search the house.

When he finds Mohsin in the closet he kills him. Then he denounces his wife and divorces her giving her Af. 500,000 and a beautiful house. At this time Jano returns and Sharif frees him and gives him a gift of Af. 100,000.

The play ends as Sharif is left alone without wife, friend or servant unhappily commenting on the general demoralisation of society. The servant then comes back on stage to finish off his tale and at the end pays to God to save him from the deceits of women.

The play was an adaptation by (Continued on Page 4)



These are two of the pictures by Yahya Asefi now on exhibit at the American Centre in Share Nau. The exhibition which opened Wednesday will remain on view until Tuesday.

A professional photographer with Afghan Films, Asefi's work most recently featured in a show at the exhibit hall at the Jashen grounds in August of 1968. This current one-man show, another in a series of exhibitions by Afghan and foreign artists at the American Centre, is his first at the Centre. Admission to the exhibition is open to the public at no charge. Because of his skilled and imaginative use of photographic equipment, materials, and techniques, Asefi might be correctly termed a photographic artist rather than a photographer. His studies of Afghanistan and the Afghan people are as much works of art as oil paintings or charcoal drawings would be. His pictures are a mastery of the photographic arts but a deep understanding and appreciation of his subjects as well.

PROTECTORS OF NATIONAL TREASURES

With many ancient temples each with a history of 1,000 years, Kyoto is a comparatively quiet city for its population of 1,400,000. And in a corner of the Higashiyama quarter where roads are lined with old houses, mud walls of temples and trees, there is the National Treasure Repair Office adjacent to the National Museum of Kyoto.

Every year, several broken down Buddhist images and those of Shinto deities with facial features already due to corrosion are brought to the repair shop, and after some time, leave there covered with white bandage. Though visited by few people, the repair office has never ceased to give off the sound of chisels and the smell of lacquer for the past 70 years.

Japan abounds in cultural heritage because of its ancient history—not only in variety but also in numbers—such as Buddhist and Shinto images, swords, ornaments, pictures, writings and curios, let alone shrines and temples in all parts of the country. In 1929 the national treasure system was established to accord national protection to cultural assets of especially high cultural, artistic and historic value.

But the enemy of such cultural property is not limited to mischievous tourists and children alone. With the passage of time over 500 or 600 years, the connected sections of wooden images fall away and they are weathered and eaten by worms. Bronze images rust, corrode and become disfigured.

If our cultural heritage from our forebears is to be handed down to posterity both at home and abroad, constant repair is indispensable. And it is the "National Treasure Hospital" for important cultural property that is performing this role.

This "hospital"—that is, the National Treasure Repair Office of the Institute of Art—has a staff of 20, including Director Kocho Nishimura. The task of these men is primarily the repair of wooden images, Buddhist and Shinto images brought to the repair shop are all aged more than five centuries. Some of them can no longer stand because of rotted pedestals, while the faces of

others are pock-marked with traces of worm eating.

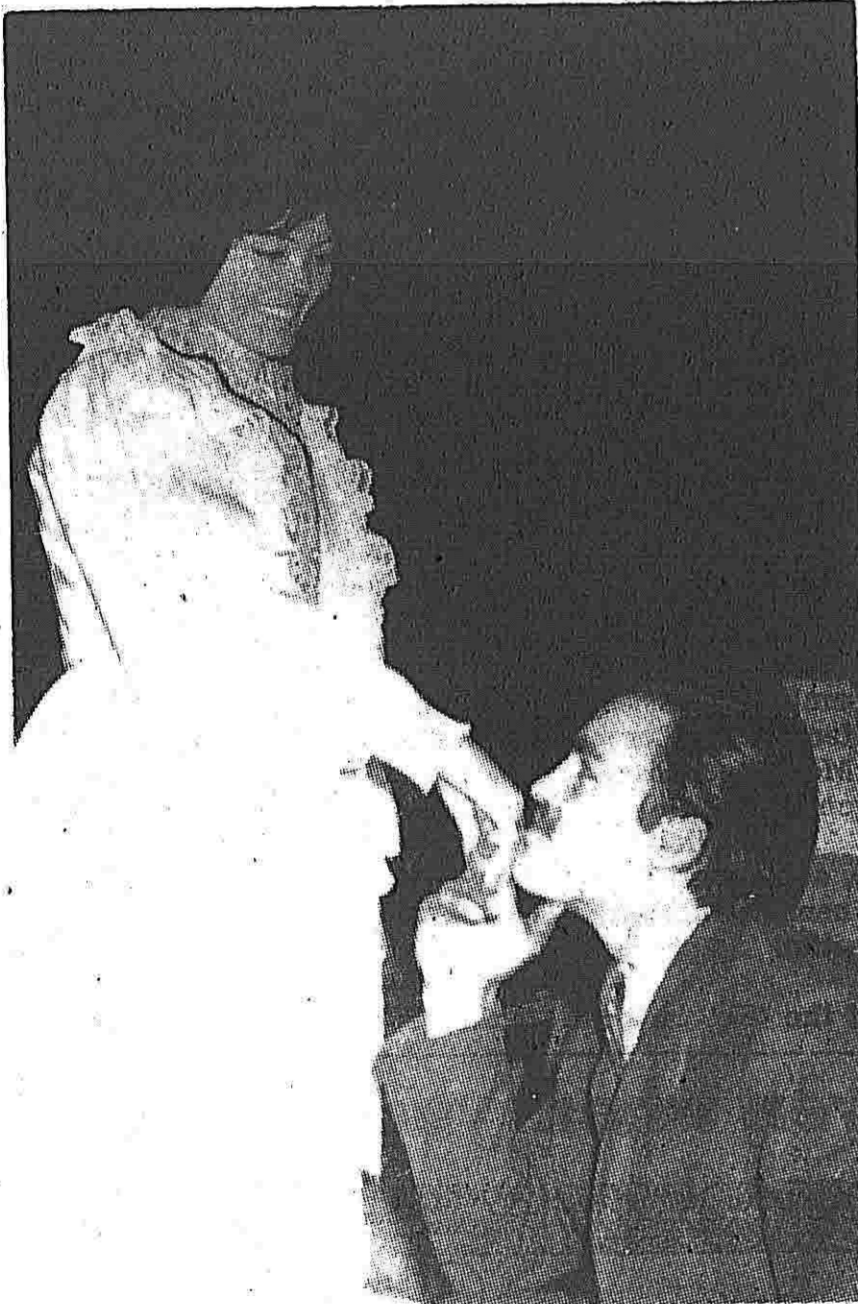
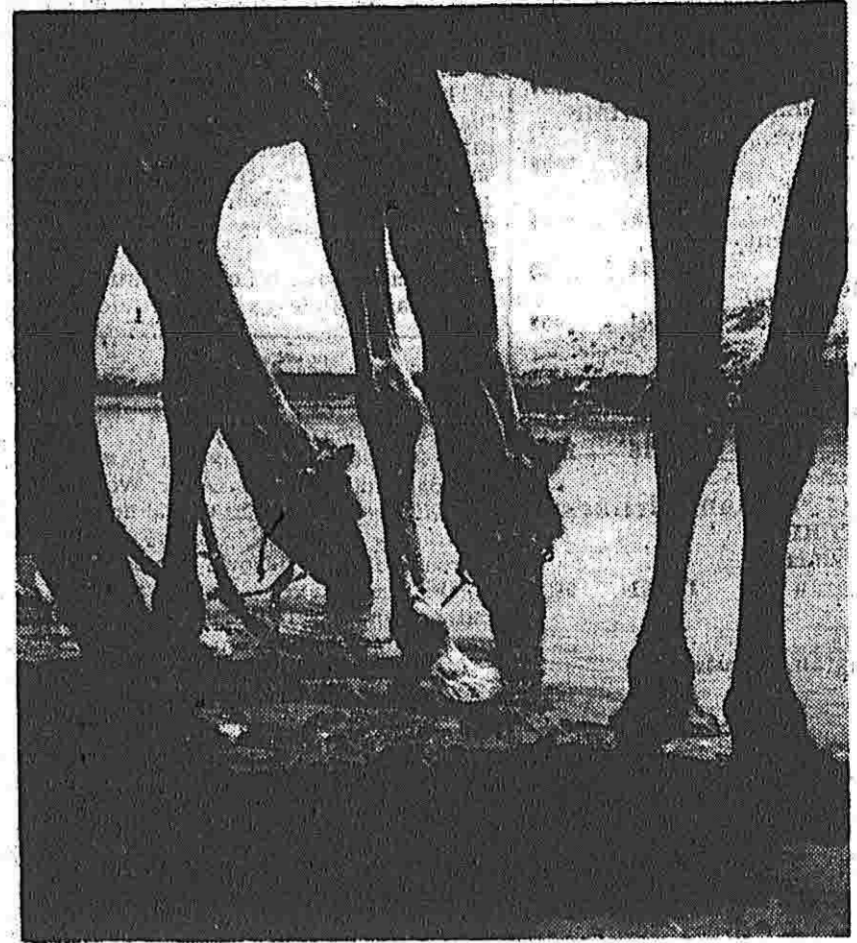
These are not usual cases, and there are even images with their heads detached and those which are so badly disintegrated into 10 or 20 small wooden splinters, if touched by hand. The mission of the repair shop is to prevent these images from being damaged any further and to convey them just as they are to posterity.

When a new "patient" arrives, the first task is a conference of all persons concerned to examine the state of damage at great effective method of repair. The material, state of drying and repairs made in the past need to be studied and clarified, and the form of the repaired part determined.

For instance, let us suppose a Buddhist image with one of its legs gone is brought to the repair shop. The image cannot stand again unless provided with a new leg. What was the lost leg like? It probably was not much different from the remaining leg, but in what direction were the toes turned? This is surmised from the trace of the foot remaining on the pedestal as well as the shape of the clasp that linked the leg with the pedestal. At the same time, old records are examined for a clue.

Then a drawing of a new leg is made and proper wood material is chosen, followed by chiseling. The repair staff tries to make this chiseling work as close to that of the original sculptor as possible. The other sections of the Buddhist image are pock-marked with countless small worm-eaten holes. To stop eating by worms, plastic is injected into each hole with a syringe. The number of holes reaches several thousand sometimes, and the repair of a life-size Buddhist image takes even three to five years.

The techniques of painting and coloring are particularly difficult. That is, the colour must be made completely identical with that of other sections which have already spent hundreds of years. Moreover, the colour of the repaired part must be prevented from changing differently from



Mrs. Habiba Asker and Qadir Faruq in a scene of the play.

A most enduring kiss ... all to sell Tabu

New York (NYT). The violinist in the flowing tie clutched his well-tended accompanist around the waist and planted a passionate kiss on her mouth back in 1899.

By 1941, he was kissing her for American magazine readers, and he's still at it for what is undoubtedly the longest commercial kiss in history. Although the advertisement doesn't actually say so, it is assumed that the lady is wearing Tabu perfume, a brew so potent it causes the man to forget both music and decorum.

The musician and the object of his ardent affections have been lampooned by cartoonists through the years and currently are reenacting the scene in a television commercial to the laughter of sophisticates who think the idea pure camp. But the ads sell Tabu, a fact that pleases the

family, owners of the house of Dana perfumes.

Dana's founder, Javier Serra, a stocky man with the courtly manners of Spain, was 70 years old on Saturday. This week he officially banded over the presidency of the company to Javier Serra Jr., his 33-year-old son. Waiting in the wings is Javier Serra 3d, a lively 7-year-old with big black eyes and extravagant eyelashes who is currently torn between growing up to be a policeman and "selling cologne". Dana is one of the few family-owned perfume businesses left, and it has all intentions of staying that way.

Tabu has been a phenomenon in the annals of perfume. It has been scorned by women who find it overpowering and not quite ladylike and adored by others who think it is sexy. It keeps seesawing for top place in the

company's roster of seven fragrances competing with Ambush and Canoe.

The latter started out as a man's fragrance but has become a unisex thing with teenagers, to whom smelling alike is one of the badges of going steady.

"Tabu peaked in the late 1940's but it's back strong now", says Javier Serra Jr.

What delights him most is that Tabu is capturing a new young audience, who write in for samples and reprints of the Rene Prinet painting, which was done in 1898. (Letters addressed simply to "Tabu Violinist, New York" have reached the company).

Serra attributes the revival to the bolder aspect reproduced by Magazine. Copyright 1963 by HMH Publishing Co., Inc. of fashion. "If a girl is wearing three pairs of eyelashes," he said,

"she can't smell delicate and flattery."

Also, he adds, women are competing with today's highly scented male. If a woman is going to assert her femininity, she's going to have to smell stronger than he does.

In 1941, when Tabu was first introduced to this country, the situation couldn't have been more auspicious. For several years, travelling to the Caribbean, particularly Havana, had been bringing it back. Since it could not be bought in the United States, it developed a certain cachet of rarity. The name—implying that it is forbidden—also helped.



