

Dr. Jung & Zeenat Aman

I've been seeing too many Hindi movies. Talk about the bus system, or the weather, or your television set, and I prefer to opt out. But initiate a debate on the Relative Physiques Of Hindi Heroines, and I can walk away with the Dale Carnegie plaque. Which is why a lot of friends advised me, it was time I visited a psychiatrist.

So I visited Dr H. S. Jung.

He's a psychiatrist.

Dr Jung asked me to relax on his couch. Dr Jung asked me what my problem was. I said his facial contours reminded me of Sanjeev Kumar in *Sholay*. Dr Jung sighed, got up, and began pacing up and down the room. I said his walk reminded me of Rajesh Khanna in *Anand*. Dr Jung's secretary poked her head in and asked him to hurry up with his appointment. I said she reminded me of Bindu in *Hawas*.

Dr Jung said, let's give you a word-association test. I'll read out a list of names, and you tell me what image you associate with each one. I said anything to rid me of the illusion that your nose is a millimetre more than Rishi Kapoor's.

We began.

Dr J : Randhir Kapoor.

Me : A geodesic dome.

Dr J : Sharmila Tagore.

Me : The Pyramid of Cheops.

Dr J : Why?

Me : I still don't know what she is, deep down inside.

Dr J : Dilip Kumar.

Me : The Cretean Maze.

Dr J : Amitabh Bachchan.

Me : A space-age cathedral. Chunky, towering, and a congregation-puller.

Dr J : Asha Parekh.

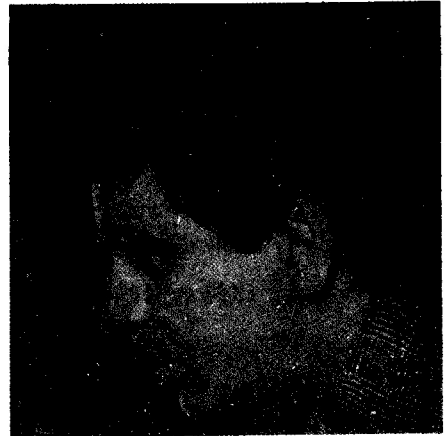
Me : A South Indian temple. Broad at the base, better towards the top.

Dr J : Shatrughan Sinha.

Me : Shatrughan Sinha.



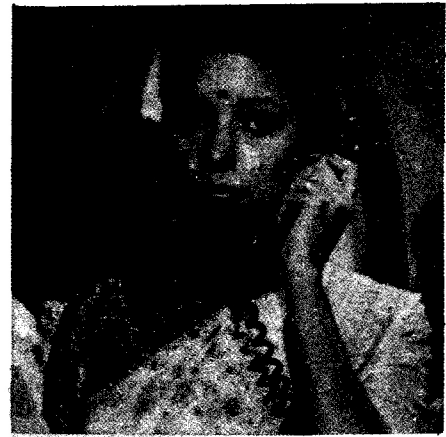
Amitabh Bachchan. A space-age cathedral.
Zeenat Aman.
The Hare Krishna Temple



Dilip Kumar.
The Cretean Maze.



Raakhee.
A Gothic arch. Perfectly designed curves.



Shabana Azmi. A fly-over.
Her success goes over my head!

Let's take a break, Dr Jung said. I said no, this is getting interesting.

Dr J : Dharmendra?

Me : A skyscraper — very hazardous when on fire.

Dr J : Hema Malini.

Me : Zhopadpatties. The beloved of the masses. And, Hema and Dharam make a great pair. Like skyscrapers and zhopadpatties.

Dr J : Raakhee.

Me : A Gothic arch. Perfectly designed curves.

Dr J : Dimple Khanna.

Me : Prefabricated houses. Built up in a day and then forgotten.

Dr J : Saira Banu.

Me : A Bantu hut. She's all thatched feathers.

Dr J : Shabana Azmi.

Me : A fly-over. Her success goes over my head!

Dr J : Zeenat Aman.

Me : The Hare Krishna Temple in

San Francisco, U. S. of A. Basically Indian, but with obvious Western influence.

Dr J : Mumtaz.

Me : The Coliseum in Athens. The orchestra's gone, but the melody lingers on.

Dr J : Moushumi Chatterjee.

Me : A foundation stone.

Dr J : Jaya Bhaduri.

Me : The Gnat fighter aircraft. Small, indigenous and a force to reckon with.

Dr J : Rekha.

Me : INS Vikrant. Always seen with a fleet of escorts!

Dr J : You may go now.

A week later, I got the report. It was short and sweet, unlike the bill that accompanied it. "You've got two options," it said. "Either be an architect, or stay at my Clinic."

Strange. His handwriting reminded me of Rishi Kapoor's in *Bobby*.

— CHAITANYA KALBAG