

I feel like someone else...

By: Venita Coelho

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Ever feel like a brand new person? Some weeks ago I was the Maharaja of Patiala's third wife. The Hashers had invaded Goa for the International Hash run. I went over to visit friends and suddenly there were men of every size shape and nationality hitting on us. In desperation we pointed to a turbaned friend and announced we were his wives. All of us. And he, of course, was the Maharaja of Patiala. The Firangis believed us and quizzed us about how we all got on together. We declared that we wives got on fine. The only one we couldn't stand was the Maharaja. His Highness swelled with pride as men from around the world looked at him in awe and envy.

I have in the course of an eventful life been a cartoonist, a clown with a sticky nose, the Sunsilks girl, a dognapper, a Hot Potato and Anu Agarwal.

Desperate Deepa was born at a very boring party with very boring company. Tired of being asked for the umpteenth time what I did for a living, I declared that it didn't matter in any case. I was shortly going to be dead. My life was a mess and I was just sitting here quietly in the corner trying to make up my mind whether it should be pills or a quick cut across the wrists. You should see men run for it when they think they are going to shortly have to start mopping blood off the floor. Desperate Deepa still surfaces at boring parties and debates the efficacy of rat poison versus razors.

Lady Singleton was invented as a cover for a story on dating on the web. I put her stats up on a site and waited to see what happened. God help single women who hope to find men on the web! All that are available are 'God loving and God fearing' chemical engineers from Maine, and sundry lumpens from Bihar who are available for 'any kind of friendship and play'.

To get permission to shoot at sundry places, I have been 'Mrs Roy Choudhury the Child Therapist', the Secretary of the Consumer Unity and Trust Society, and Mona Singh. Mona was a complete bimchette, burst into tears at random and looked dewy eyed at men to get things done. She was so effective that it got scary and on principle I dropped her from my repertoire.

For a while I did a tell all column for the Indian Express on Television. The inside story on who was groping whom came to you courtesy 'The HOT Potato — the Spud with the inside news bud!'

Anu Agarwal I saved for the late nights when it was impossible

to get a cab. I'd tell the cabbies I was Anu, desperate to get home after a late shoot. When they looked at me strangely I'd say I'd just taken my make up off. It always worked, despite the fact that I looked nothing like her, nor was I anywhere as blessed by nature. There are several cabbies roaming around Bombay convinced that Anu Agarwal took a whole lot more than just her makeup off every night.

The moral of the story is that if you can't get an alternative life — just get an alternative. Life is too short to be just one person. Go on. Who do you feel like being today?