



## THE WALK

**As I saw the figure in the  
night.**

**I knew it could only be one  
person in sight.**

**As I drew closer to the shape,  
I knew the moment for us  
could not escape.**

**For you went out early in the  
evening.**

**Looking to have a good time  
with some meaning.**

**As I drove up and shouted  
your name,**

**You turned around and  
squinted your eyes.**

**Just to see who was this  
unexpected surprise.**

**You had your hot chocolate  
ready to head home.**

**Who knows if it was good  
night since you were walking  
alone.**

**You seemed tired. ready for  
bed.**

**But you probably had all kinds  
of thoughts**

**Running through your head.**

**We said our hellos and our  
goodbyes,**

**As I turned and continued my  
drive.**

**As I looked back in my mirror,  
happy we had our little talk.**

**But the most memorable part  
will be the sight of the  
way you walk that walk.**

—JK

## Monsoon Wedding—The Rain Is Coming and So Is the Family

*Movie Review*

**A**n exuberant family drama set in Mira Nair's beloved Punjabi culture, where ancient tradition and dot-com modernity combine in unique and perfect harmony.

As the romantic monsoon rain looms, the extended Verma family reunites from around the globe for a last minute arranged marriage in New Delhi. The movie traces five intersecting stories, each navigating different aspects of love as they cross boundaries of class, continent, and morality. The film celebrates a contemporary India never before seen on screen.

Nair and the writer Sabrina Dhawan, interweave the ancient and the modern, the old fashioned and the irreverent, the innocent and the sexual in today's globalized Delhi. The intimate, handheld camera welcomes the viewer into the characters' lives and into Nair's own beloved Punjabi culture robust, earth and full of life. The audience is swept into the bacchanalian revelry of kebabs, whisky, and Bollywood music that is a Punjabi wedding.

The family's hopes, anxieties and long guarded secrets emerge amid frantic wedding preparations, and are juxtaposed with the arresting montages of real life Delhi. The

relentless summer heat mirrors the story's building intensity as the city anticipates the cooling torrent of the monsoons. And when the rain comes, the cathartic downpour brings romance, revelation, and liberation.

The father of the bride, Lalit Verma, and his wife, Pimmi, have endured the ups and downs of a fairly traditional marriage for years. As their daughter, Aditi, prepares to marry and leave home, they reach out to each other once again, finding deep comfort in the history they have shared. Ria is the unmarried cousin of the bride. As she watches Aditi plunge recklessly into marriage, Ria begins to assert herself to her family, defying convention, and revealing a secret she has suppressed for years.

The film is filled with music, including ghazals, modern Indian pop, jazz, and bhangra. All of which help to capture the varied and joyful sounds of a Punjabi wedding. The music and dance of old and new style Bollywood is a constant presence in Indian life. The movie echoes this Bollywood spirit with its vibrant score and one of the character's climatic dance number before the wedding.

**Release Date:**

**February 22, 2002 in New York**

## Next month in Khush Khush Hota Hai...

- *More rip-roarin' fun from your favorite Khushies...*
- *Sweet and spicy recipes from our hot chefs...*
- *It wouldn't be a newsletter without a poem from JK...*

*If you'd like to contribute to KKHH, send your article, comments or questions to: [KhushDCKKHH@hotmail.com](mailto:KhushDCKKHH@hotmail.com)*

## Alternatives...

ARE you out there? Desi GM needs training. Claws not sharp enough to handle Helen or Sultana alone. Perhaps if we click our heels together, we can get a house to fall on them.

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DESI GM ISO esoteric professor-type Sikh man to put me down and make fun of my lack of sophistication. Must have sharp claws, quick wit and the ability to make the biggest insult seem like a compliment.

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STILL a touch wet behind the ears but sharp in the tongue SGM ISO GM, must know how to put on a sari and accessorize accordingly. Mummie must approve. South Indian a plus. Ability to deal with Auntie's cattiness required. Members of the House of Sultana need not apply.

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OVER-THE-HILL hijra, but passing off as reincarnated heroine, obsessed with Lataji's hits from 1950, ISO opera fanatic, tone-deaf non-sexual companion. Must be able to put up with fighting, yelling, screaming, high-pitched singing at all hours, and general verbal abuse. Has written and published 53 books, but can't seem to get her monthly column in on time.

## Glances...

YOU: Cute, shaved-headed Indian. Last see months ago galavanting around 17th St. wearing nothing more than a pair of low-cut booty shorts. Been a long time. Badlands this weekend?

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YOU: Fair-skinned Muslim boi. I passed through the revolving door in your bedroom and want a second go. Remembering my name a big plus! You promised something about a shower-scene?

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YOU: Blonde, blue-eyed (Southern?) princess last seen with tired old queen. Is she your mother? I hope so! Call me.

## Upcoming Events

### Chutney Fridays

**Friday, March 1, 2002 • 6:00 p.m.**

Relax after a busy week with your favorite Khushies at Titan's—upstairs from Hamburger Mary's (on the corner of 14th and Rhode Island). 1337 14th St, NW (202) 232-7010. For a map, visit: [www.khushdc.org](http://www.khushdc.org)

Do you have an event you'd like to have listed in "Upcoming Events?" E-mail it to: [KhushDCKKHH@hotmail.com](mailto:KhushDCKKHH@hotmail.com)

## AUNTY HELEN'S CLOSET

*Aunty Helen is tired of seeing all ye beautiful desis trying so hard to find that jaat in shining loongi for your lives. So, guess what? She has a solution (yes, even sarcastic bitches can be Laxmis at times). Ever seen those GWM advertisement and thought you didn't fit in? Well here's Aunty Helen's ad list for her choice of desi boys (she would love to add "desi girls" but you know our score on that card). I give the list of our illustrious Khush members, you guess the name.*

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GDM, under death threat from fellow muslims, seeks gun-toting blond GWM with NRA membership for personal protection and water sports. Me: eloquent and pretty, heading international non governmental organization.

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TWO IN ONE. Ever thought we are not capable of trashing our own. Join this Tamilian/Keralite/Scandinavian hissin', cussin', hate-speech ABCD duo for a three-way. You bring the body. We provide the abuse. Also into fist fucking, idlis, and burgers. We are, after all, so American, dudes!

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SEEKING co-dependence with anyone, except for those who like me (who need not apply). I will feed you (masaala fish), dance for you (like Krishna, but especially Radha), and keep your life organized. Me: GBC, good-looking, well-educated, career minded, into art, foods, literature, culture, and lots more. You: trailor trash will do.

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GFOBM into MP, FF, WS, MP, EK. Will write scintillating essays on your ethnic background and its implications for the homosexual lifestyle and then post it on the World Wide Web and on all the search engines. Currently unavailable for relationship. This is a PR announcement.

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FORMER hustler, porn-star, total bottom -- into underwear and Guyana - on this Valentine's Day thanks the male half of Du Pont Circle for making his life so ful-"filling" for the three years he spent without a boyfriend. You were there for me wherever I went—next to the dumpsters, crawling in the backrooms, rubbing on the dance floors, and many other places. I love you.

BLONDE, green-eyed, Maharashtrian seeks fellow Brahmin souls of German and New England descent. But, on second thoughts, please do not reply. I get offended as soon as I hear the sound of anyone's voice or if I read anything.

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WHINE, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine, whine. Former TV reporter, current Trikone writer, ISO soul-mate to "whine and dine."

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FORMER VEQ, Khush-leader type, now in hiding. Is seeking to give away her bras and purdah to handsome, aggressive top in exchange for MF. Come to Chicago, Baby!

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I WILL FOLLOW THEE, WHEREVER YOU GO. Desi lovin', capitol-hill totin', over the hill, 87, 6'8", 125. ISO Asian men from Tokyo to Ankara. No need to reply. I will show up, wherever you are.

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DO you know what Prince Charles ate for breakfast when he visited India in 1984? How many soldiers in striped shirts came from Babina to join Rani of Jhansi during the 1857 mutiny? My fourth grade history class in Fairfax, Virginia, would like to know. GWM puts his wrong foot forward in courting GDMs. Love me anyway!

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ZAIRE-BORN, Helen-hating, desi transvestite well-endowed with an English accent seeks to enchant you with orchids, jazz, and her many moods. Please to join the House of Ill-Repute.

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GOAL-ORIENTED, humble, honest, gorgeous, endearing, clean cut, girl-next-door (in-Amritsar) type lady of fashion thanks her fan-club for reading this column!

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SEXY sizzling blond Southern Boy tells all thee envious chutia desis to lay off. He's Aunty Helen's!

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*Happy Valentine's Day and many kisses from Aunty Helen!*

### KEY:

**Chutia:** fuckin'/horny

**GFOBM:** G - FOB- M

**GDM:** Gay Desi Male

**GBC:** Gay Bengali Canine

**MP:** Morning Pooja

**EK:** Evening Kirtan

**VEQ:** Very Efficient Queen

**MF:** Mercy Fuck