

# Abracadabra



## Now Ayurveda With American Packaging !

**A**yurveda seems to have arrived in Mysore with an American packaging, in the wake of the country's Economic Liberalisation Policy opening doors to NRI's and Multinationals.

I have heard of one or two practitioners of Ayurvedic medicine in city and, of course, the Government Ayurvedic College located on Sayyaji Rao Road near the K.R. Hospital. I have always had a lingering suspicion of Ayurvedic doctors resorting to Allopathic medicine on the sly. After all Ayurvedic medicine takes a longer healing (or curing) time than the Allopathic. Take for example the misery of pain. Ayurvedic medicine will take longer with the promise the cure is for ever! Whereas the Allopathic cure for pain is immediate and the relief the patient gets is really heavenly.

Not only this, the Ayurvedic treatment seems to be messy as well. (Sometimes even sticky, what with all kinds of jelly like substances of medicines). A concoction of a variety of herbs, jaggery, honey, condiments — God knows what. Even gold and opium are used in its preparation. Once I was drawn into a discussion on Ayurveda and I could not help asking two questions about its efficacy.

**Will it stop the aging process of our body cells ?**

If this is possible, many dis-

**India to the sick world.**

I am musing on the subject after visiting a place at the foot of the imposing Chamundi Hills near Lalitha Mahal Palace Hotel, close to what is now called the K.C. Layout, a couple of days back. It was after sundown that I went there accompanying a patient. I didn't know anything about the place or the person who presided over it till that moment, nor did I bother to enquire with the patient who was going there to be admitted for four days or so for being, well, totally overhauled — like we do with an old or over-used machine.

With the magic of Ayurvedic medicine or treatment, one of which is called **Panchakarma Therapy**, whatever it means, she was hopeful of regaining her lost glow and health. As for me, I know only about an alloy metal called **Panchaloha**. Who knows, after this **Panchakarma Therapy** the person may come out looking good like an idol made of **Panchaloha** metal !

I reached the place driving through the unlit, serpentine road, away from the hustle-bustle of the city and entered a gate of this sprawling 15-acre farm land purring on the gravel, coconut trees lined on either side. It was beautiful. And there came into view a huge mansion with an open lobby. I pulled up the car

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