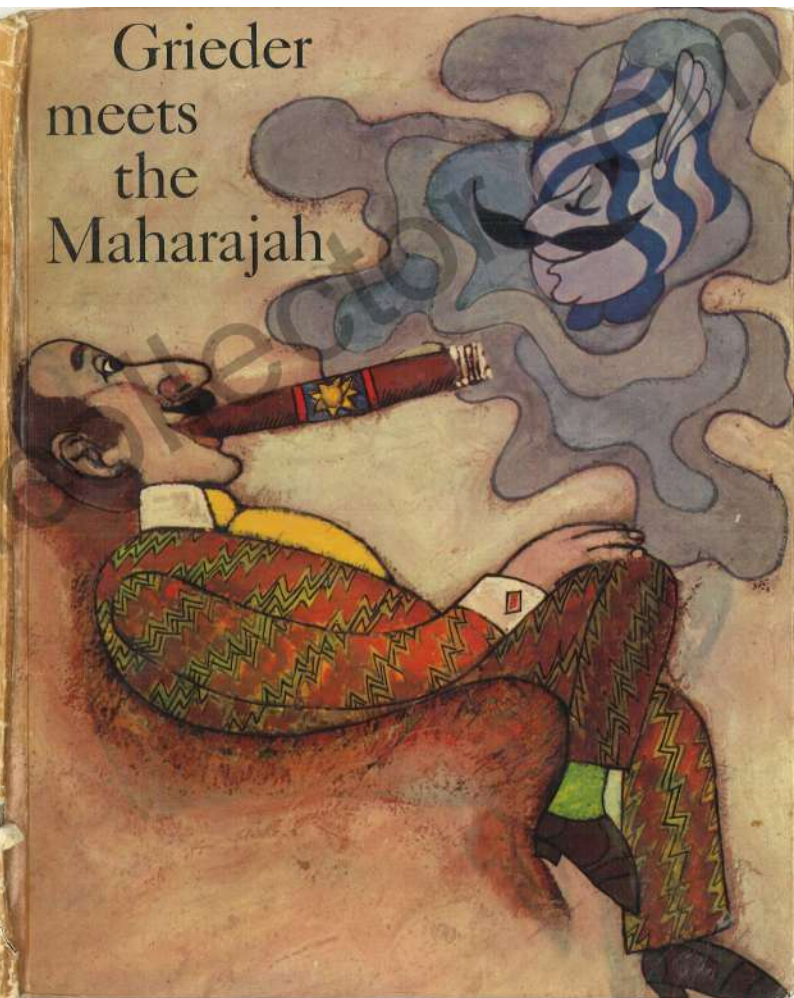


Grieder
meets
the
Maharajah



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An
AIR-INDIA
Publication
1969

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Text : Joseph Hanhart
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About myself.

I like to look deep down into myself. Sometimes it's all whirling. Sometimes it's a garden with moving stones, which like to express themselves. Sometimes it makes such a clatter from strange people who explain to each other the inconceivable and immeasurable. Sometimes it's a glow in the sky and intolerable music that rushes through. Sometimes it's a dark blue silence in which germs force me into a dialogue.

Sometimes it's a 'Marche aux Pucés' in which human faces stare at me waiting for a question. Then it curls up and vanishes into the air. There is an oppression of forms and if I can do what I like I am grateful. Air-India and I have something in common: We like that dreams become truth.

Walter Grieder



About myself.

I dislike uniforms, armies, restrictions, operas, monuments. Although I have no particular reason for it. I think men can do much better things, e.g. they can cook good food and prepare fine drinks.

They also have the wonderful gift of talking and they try to understand each other. They can play around with their children.

To me sitting behind a wooden table, eating black olives, having a glass of red wine, watching children play, is one of the great things in life.

There are others such as travelling, collecting cities like stamps.

Joseph Hanhart



NEW YORK

New York is 360 years old
and sometimes behaves like a youngster of 19½, or a girl of 18½.
And that is quite something, sometimes.

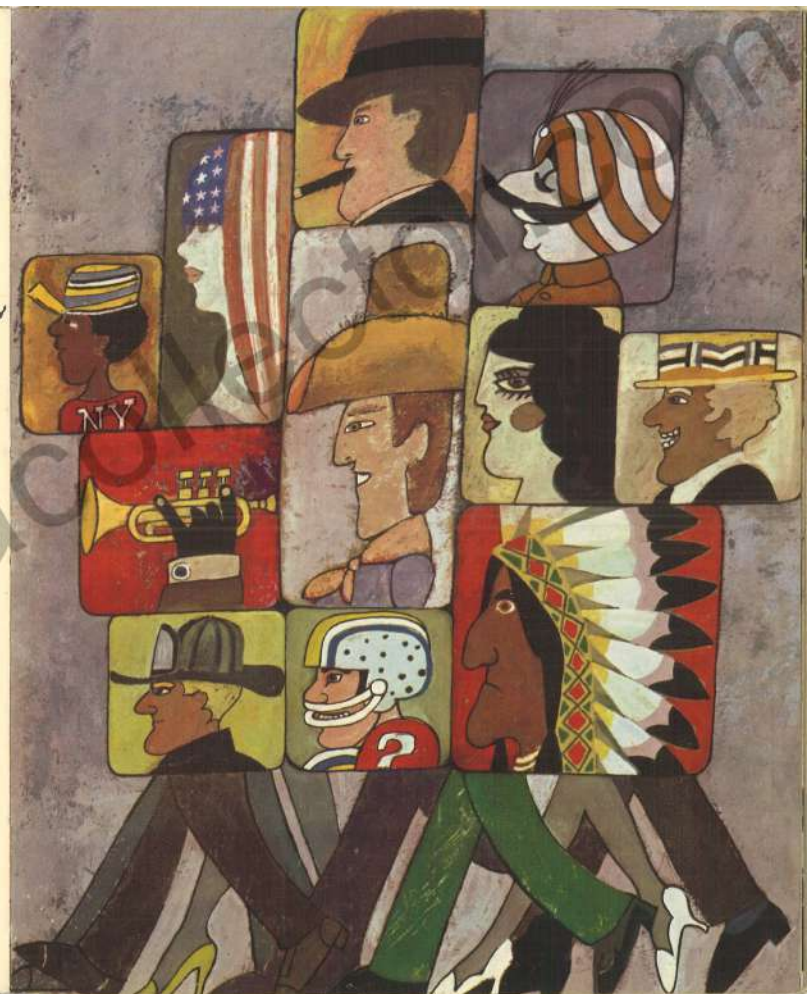
Because, let us be honest about it, occasionally one seems to feel
that mankind is 10,000 or 26,901 or 50,808 years old.
If you happen to be a historian and you have other figures in mind,
I fully agree with your figure.

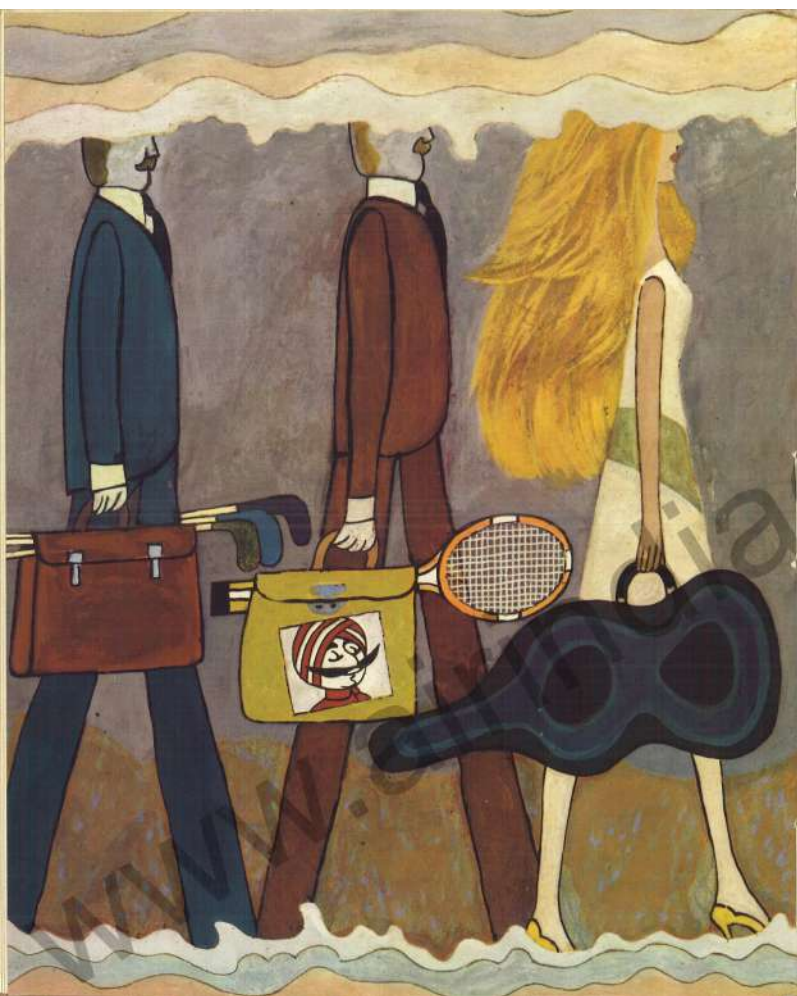
And life can be boring sometimes,
with all the scrambled things, paper-work, income-taxes, car problems,
working after hours, not even talking about politics.

And sometimes one becomes jealous, looking at more successful people,
wondering how they managed it as it seems without really trying hard.
But, if you ask them how they really built up their success,
they just laugh at you, hit you on your shoulder with a "take it easy boy!"
You will like it because they really mean it.

Nothing succeeds success like success.

And, you may be sure that 8 out of 10 chaps in the world acting that way
are from New York, or have been to New York or go to New York regularly.
Like Air-India they go there every day of the year.





LONDON

What is London made of ?

of gentlemen and brokers
 of bearded, hirsute men and women
 of miniskirts and Carnaby Street
 of crowded pubs which open and close at licensed hours with great precision
 of laughing and talking and fun
 of shopping and popping with a Maharajah doing business in New Bond Street
 of parties and halfpennies and jewellery and crowns
 of football and cricket
 of red buses and green coaches
 of queuing
 of road signs and tube stations
 of Hyde Park Corner and Petticoat Lane
 of headlines and St. Paul's behind Fleet Street
 of bricks and chimneys
 of the British Museum and bobbies
 of Queen's birthdays and holidays and Sunday mornings at
 Hampstead Heath and Serpentine Pool, and Democracy
 on Sunday afternoon at Speaker's Corner and tea and muffins and bed-and-breakfast
 of posters and buttons
 of betting and petting and losers and winners
 of landlords and ladies
 of sweets and trees
 of masses of lights in Piccadilly Circus.



PARIS

Do you know the little window in the little grey house in the Rue Git le Coeur ?
 Rue Git le Coeur is not a large boulevard.
 No parades pass through there on Quatorze Juillet. No shiny chrome armoured cars,
 no dazzling red, yellow, green, blue, pink lights turn nights into day.
 No uniformed "Maitres de plaisirs" waiting for guests and tips day after day after day.

The Eiffel Tower, Versailles and Sacre Coeur are far off.
 The waters of La Seine, not blue or fresh, are floating by.
 The silvery bells of "La Sainte Chapelle" and the iron bells of Notre Dame
 tell how the minutes and hours pass, by. Students sit in colourful chairs in the open air cafés,
 discussing and watching the fine ladies passing by.
 No bus or metro tickets are sold at Rue Git le Coeur.
 No famous art collection is located there, no Haut Couturier nor painter nor even a poet.

Rue Git le Coeur is 68 metres long.
 The pavement is like any pavement in any city in the world.
 The Epicerie at No. 7 is not exciting. The Bar and Café in the backroom
 are functional and simple. The little grey house in fact needs a wash
 and—talking of people—they are not charming at all.
 You might easily get into trouble with the concierge of the little grey house
 if you object to her ideas about how things should be.
 And the old barman at the café won't talk to you if he does not like your face.
 So you do not know the little window in the little grey house in the Rue Git le Coeur.
 Why should you after all !

By the way, on a clear day, if you look at the dark blue sky, your eye may catch a plane.
 It may be an Air-India plane. For Air-India brings to you "l'air de Paris".
 Air-India and "l'air de Paris" are two different things.
 But if you understand the one you will also like the other.





FRANKFURT

"Guten Tag in Frankfurt!" if you make friends in Frankfurt, which is not too difficult.

The Frankfurters will take you around Frankfurt and proudly show you the places and faces of their clean, modern city.

They will be nice to you, polite, charming.

But after some time, may be twenty minutes, may be two hours and eight minutes, they will leave you in a rush. Very politely and charmingly.

Do not blame them, even if you regret the loss of their company.

Everybody has his meetings. Everybody is serious, reliable.

Everybody is trying to make money. But not off you.

You'll never be overthrown in the pubs.

Not even after the tenth Mass of beer and Dornkaat brand.

Seriousness and reliability are not only virtues in Frankfurt but a vocation and a profession exercised by everybody, 24 hours a day.

So, please do not blame them if, after twenty minutes or two hours and eight minutes, they leave you on your own.

You can then leave the Kaiserstrasse and its pubs and bars named "Parisiana", "Nitribit", walk over the main bridge to Sachsenhausen, into another world.

The world of music, laughter, the world of Appelwei and Rippchen mit Kraut.

One of the homes of German Gemütlichkeit.

Gemütlichkeit—made in Germany as reliable and accurate as anything labelled "Made in Germany". Such things as cars, machinery, cameras, films, drugs, chemicals, not to mention the "Fräuleinwunder".

Talking of reliability, Air-India could be labelled "Made in Germany."

Of course this would be verboten for obvious reasons.

But Air-India has nine offices in Deutschland so the credit must go to Germany.





GENEVA

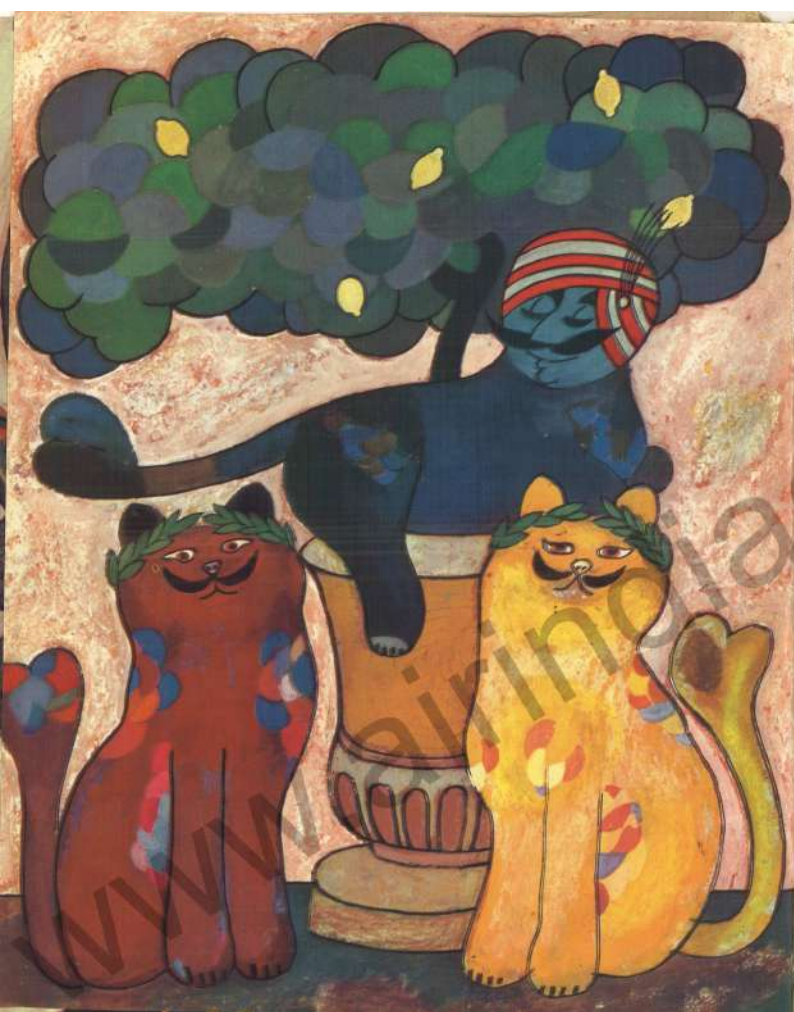
Geneva (Switzerland) is the world's watch capital. And together with Zurich and Basel the number one goldmarket. It is also a Headquarters of the United Nations, the centre of CERN, home of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Calvin.

Take a walk down to the lovely shores of the blue lake. Take a look at the mountains guarding the waters. Breathe the fresh air. Look at the majestic river Rhône. Nowhere in the world do boats cross the waters so gloriously, so effortlessly as in Geneva. The pride of the Genevois, they're the envy of any fleet in the world with their three boats of the "Société de Navigation".

Admire the most precise clocks in the world at the clean orderly new Cointrin Airport. It tells you the time with a margin of less than 1/10,000 of a second over a whole year. If you are fond of flowers you will be enchanted at seeing the unique flower clock near rue Mont-Blanc. Enjoy the wonderful sight-seeing, the local specialities, such as cheese fondue, filets de perche, chocolate. Yodelling takes place further up in the mountains.

We do know Geneva and the Genevois, but we are also familiar with the good people of Lausanne. And we're on the best speaking terms with the Swiss Germans in Trimbach, Zurich, Grosshöchstetten, Basel or Berne. Helas!

What is more, we've managed to gain the confidence of the Genevois and be on a first name basis with the Swiss Germans! And we have lots of friends up in the lovely Valais mountains and down in the sunny Italian speaking Ticino. Ask us: we'll introduce you to the whole of Switzerland.



ROME

Unbelievable. Just un-be-liev-able....

They tell you how great Rome was 2000 years ago. *The city of the world.* And they're sorry you missed Lucrezia Borgia, and Pope Alexander, and Michelangelo. But don't believe them over much.

The Roman travel guides tell you lots of stories, even extra ones, unknown to their colleagues in other places of the world.

They'll tell you so many details and facts and figures of how things were in Rome in Caesar's or Borgia's time that you might be tempted to ask whether *they* were present then. But don't.

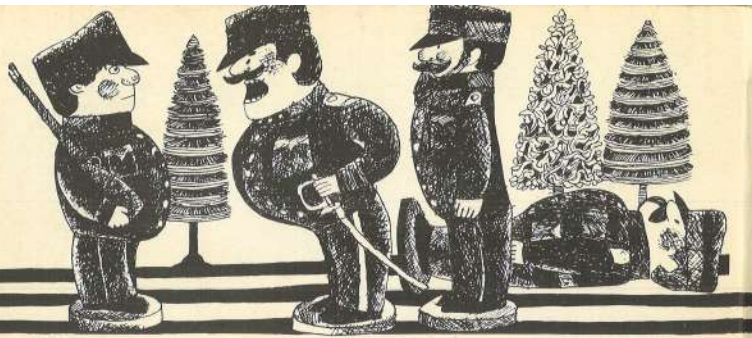
They might prove to you that they really were present, that they'd seen the pointed knives, the poison, the open heaven and the Glory of the Saints. And if you had your doubts you'd pass as a classical example of a barbarian slave. So listen to them after siesta.

But at eventide discover *your* Rome. The Rome of today. The Rome of Fellini and Maestroianni.

If at midnight a cat walks silently over Piazza di San Pedro, even a black one, don't be afraid. Take it in its stride.

These are the really great things about the great city of Rome.

Although Air-India's information about the Holy City might sound less fabulous than the travel guides' stories, you can rely on it because we do know the facts and figures about Rome as it is today, and we have reasonably reliable information about Rome when Caesar lived. You mustn't forget that India was already a highly civilised country at that time.



PRAGUE

Before landing at Prague Airport make up your mind about your role in the living theatre. Your choice may be influenced by the nature of your national monuments :

Nelson at Trafalgar Square The Red Square The Statue of Liberty
The Pyramids Fujiyama or the Matterhorn

Due to the strong backing your mind gets from national monuments you may end up in a role on the more heroic side. And you'll remember that you need it, because there are no stronger Nationalists than the Czechs, the Poles, the Germans, the Hungarians, the Russians, the Irish, the Americans and the good inhabitants of the Island of Diego Garcia.

After you land get in touch with the first Czech.

Buy things from them. They show you the wonders of the "golden Prague". Their wonderful houses. You eat at their tables. You discover their capacity and their passion for Cinema and Theatre and Music.

And when you are more familiar with them and you revise your heroic role in the living theatre, you'll discover that your performance is pretty poor. They excel you by far, And it is difficult to reason why. So we'll give you an indication: your personal talent and your charisma may be equal to the charm or talent of the average Czech.

There is nothing much wrong with you personally. But with your national monuments. Compare your Nelson, Garibaldi, your Arc de Triomphe, your Matterhorn or your Pyramids and your Kaiser Wilhelm with the Czech National Monument, which you'll not discover unless you've discovered the Czech.

Heard of Schweijk? There is no Schweijk in stone or steel or plastic in the whole of Czechoslovakia. The Czech national hero is the only one of Flesh and Blood. You discover him with the Czechs. You like his human sense, his warm heart.

And if you decide to inject a bit of Schweijk's human touch into your national monument, we congratulate you. Your national monument needs it badly.





MOSCOW

Talking Russian. Many people consider Russian a strange language.
The American does. So do the Chinese.
And if you're smart never play chess with a Russian.
Russian roulette we advocate.

If you are in Moscow, and not Russian, use your gift of improvisation.
Start talking to the next Russian in the street.

Start a conversation about chess;
this way, you'll find ways to make yourself understood.

And if you agree to have a game
and your Muscovite friend becomes bored or angry with your poor game,
try to make him laugh.

Tell him what the American guesstimate is about the number of spies in Moscow.
And your friend will have a good laugh.

A real good laugh.

After five minutes you may discover that his laugh has a slight American accent.

Later you notice a strange American accent.

and finally it's real good American laughter. No accent.

No language problems. Don't be surprised if the whole thing ends up
like a good American surprise party—with Vodka.

And on Air-India you get the best vodka.

If you don't, all you do is drop me a card.



CAIRO

The French invented love.
 The Romans law.
 The Germans efficiency and Mercedes Benz.
 The Italians the Opera. The Americans money,
 helped by some Swiss and Dutch and a few other individuals.
 The Portuguese the sardine. The Chinese chopsuey
 and the Indians can take all the credit for Air-India and the Kamasutra.
 All these inventions are outstanding,
 and unique in one way or another.

You might miss one thing or another whilst you stay in Cairo.
 But don't forget three immortals—
 the Pyramids, the Sphinx and the Dragoman.
 And Cleo invented the most important thing in life.
 The only thing you really need: Time.
 They have plenty of it. So, take your time when you're in Cairo.
 You'll discover that life is different
 when you have enough time at your disposal.
 Decipher the hieroglyphics
 Write on papyrus
 Drift down the Nile
 Stroll along Talaat Harb Street
 Where you will meet Air-India's little man.





BEIRUT

It started like a fairy-tale :

Once upon a time the Phœnicians
decided to look for a good spot,

a place where they could do great things.

They found one of the most beautiful hills on earth
and built a wonderful city named Beirut.

And they did great things : they invented writing and banking.

Centuries have passed since then.

Other nations have learned banking and writing since.

Some nations have even tried to outdo the old Phœnicians.

There are larger banking houses in Wall Street and Zurich today
and an electric typewriter may beat the skilled Phœnician in speed.

But Beirut is as beautiful as it ever was with the blue, blue Mediterranean
and the snow on the mountains a stone's throw away and immortal Baalbeck.

At dusk the "muezzin" calls the faithful to prayer.

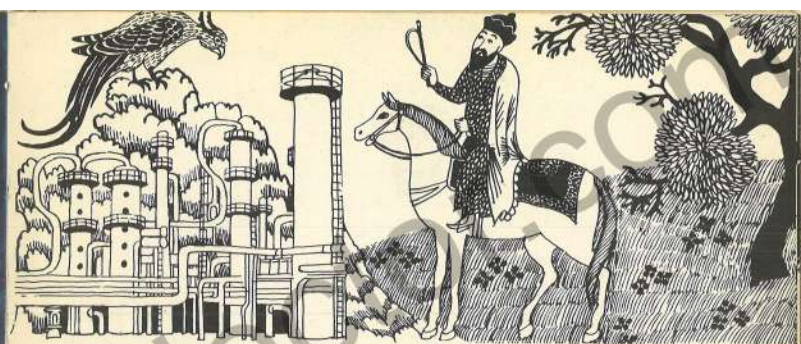
His amplified voice echoes from tall elegant minarets.

A distance away, the call of the croupier rings
through the Casino du Liban.

Suddenly the roulette wheels are set in motion.

Night has come to Beirut.





TEHERAN

Teheran, Teheran, Teheran,
 repeat it ten times,
 close your eyes and stop thinking.
 It sounds like music.
 Teheran—a dream amidst miles and miles
 of eternal brown, burning sand.
 Whisper the name and you get away from earth.
 It's like being airborne. You dream of the Caspian, of Caviar,
 of Shiraz and Persepolis and Tabriz
 and of the most wonderful of God's carpets,
 and you discover that it's not a dream.
 The only trouble about the whole thing is,
 that you discover it all after you've left Teheran.
 And then you're back on earth.
 Flying above the mighty Elbruz
 You see a tiny shooting star
 Race across the sky.
 You shut your eyes,
 You cross your fingers, and make a wish.
 To return to Teheran someday
 On Air-India of course.



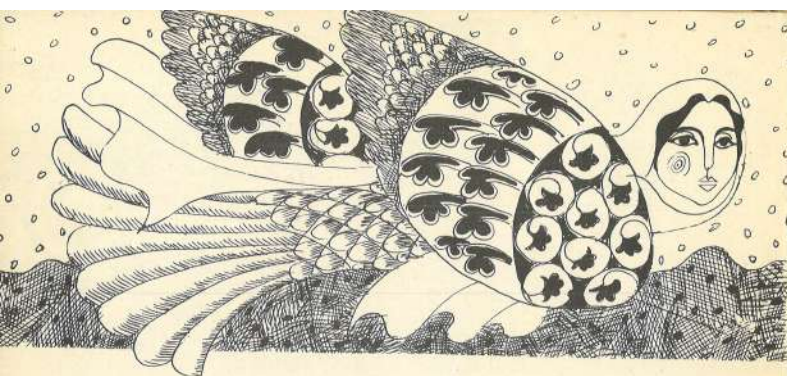
KUWAIT

Fahed al Salem is not so large as les Champs Elysées,
or Park Avenue, or the Kudamm in Berlin.
But the exquisite shops offer the same choice of goods and cheaper maybe.
But when you walk through Fahed al Salem, at night or day,
you feel as though you're in an orchard with nothing but burning sands
only hundreds of yards away.

You suddenly discover admiration for the men who created this wonderful street,
the thousands of lights, the houses, the shops
in the midst of God's vast brown desert.

On board the Air-India Boeing,
you gaze at the saree-clad hostesses.
They glide along the aisle gracefully,
smiling and in complete command of the situation.
You gaze at one and wonder at her sincerity,
her efficiency, her old world charm.

How, in the name of heaven, is this possible in this jet age ?



BOMBAY

Time stood still as we sipped the finest Lopchu tea—
the colonial way—with scones and “chutney” sandwiches.
Just across the Sea Lounge of the Taj Mahal Hotel was the magnificent harbour,
The Gateway and the Yacht Club—monuments of the British Raj.
Other glorious afternoons we spent on the Verandah of the Gymkhana.
Wide open spaces. Lush green lawns. Happy laughing children.

Over the week-end we hob-nobbed at the Turf Club
with Bombay's beautiful specimens. Thoroughbred horses, Dowagers and
smart young Maharanis in pastel coloured French chiffon saris.
In contrast, the strong vibrant colours
and textures of handloom cottons at the Chowpatty water front.
The musical sounds of numerous regional languages.
The heady fragrance of jasmine flowers. The seasoned spicy flavours
of food sold on stands.
A thousand faces. A million coconuts.

P.S.: Look out for Art Nouveau and genuine Victoriana in the narrow alleys
of Bombay's Chor Bazaar—the thieves' market.
Don't miss the handpainted sign-board:
“Cash today-Credit tomorrow.”





NEW DELHI

India Gate. The Red Fort.

The wonderland of Chandni Chowk.

Every brick of Delhi, every square foot is part of our soul.

We love Delhi with its million stupid cyclists.

We'd never miss it. So we've decided to take it with us, completely as it is.

With its sprawling charm and warmth and lovely winter cold.

If you believe in Clemenceau, hurry and come and see it,
for this cynic remarked that New Delhi would make
the finest of all the beautiful ruins the capital possesses.

A very special train—the Taj Express—runs
between Delhi and Agra everyday
especially for visitors.

If you were to observe these visitors
returning on that train late at night, you will find them a little strange.
Staring into space. A dreamy glassy look in their eyes.
Something, somewhere inside them seems to have happened.
Wonder-struck and speechless, they return
from the city of the Taj to their hotel room in Delhi.
That night their dreams are not ordinary dreams.
They are the dreams of an Emperor.



NAIROBI

Hey ! Been on a safari !

Seen the biggest elephant, Tree Tops, Born Free.

The longest serpent. Fought against seventy-nine lions.

Asked the hungriest crocodile for a piece for your shoes.

Seen a Bongo ? Or a five-ton rhino !

You've seen nothing.

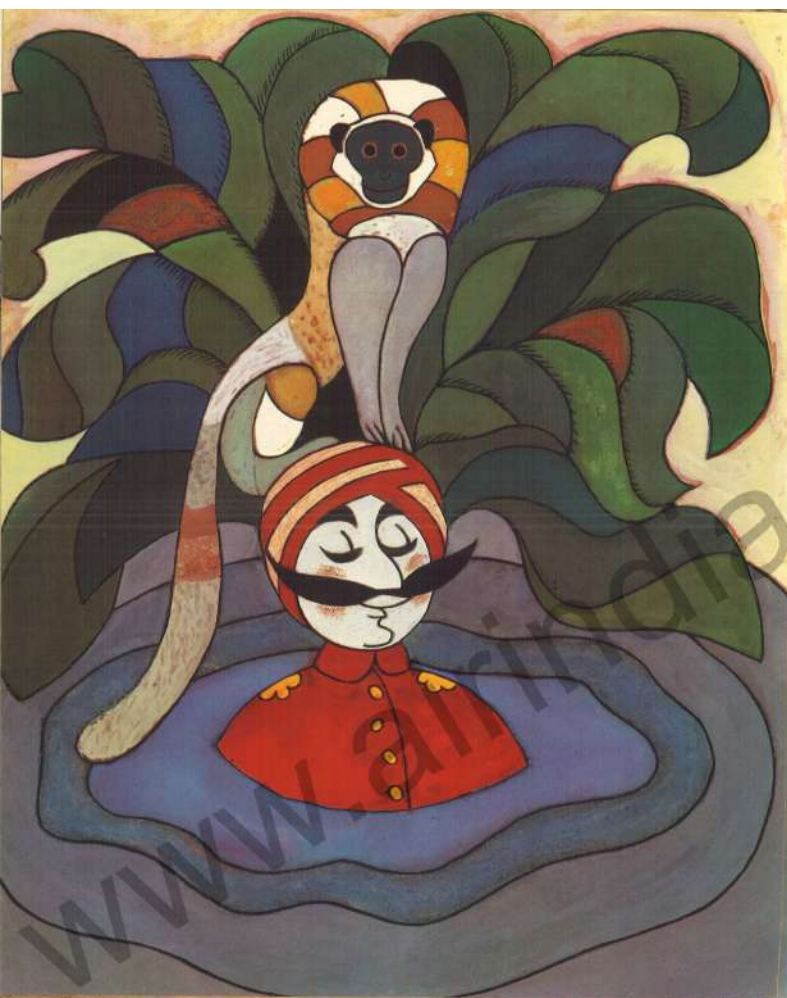
Nairobi is one of the wonders of the world
after the Taj Mahal of course.

And we don't mean the hotel at Bombay either
even if it belongs to our Chairman.

Air-India not only flies you to Nairobi
but goes beyond—to Entebbe.

They have services that also stop at Aden and Addis Ababa.

There's yet another exotic spot touched by Air-India—Mauritius—
that little green emerald in the Indian Ocean.



SINGAPORE

I lost my heart, I lost my soul,
 between seven thirty and half past eight Greenwich time,
 between Bond Street and hundred forty-seventh street
 and eight Gin tonics.
 I lost my heart and my soul and all my beliefs
 and I found them all again at sunrise in the harbour of Singapore.
 I went uptown to see the world—
 yellow, blue, red, gold and silver wonders in a thousand bazaars
 sparkling diamonds of the seven seas.
 I would still be there—if Air-India had not flown me away.
 A little dazed—and perhaps a little pensive, I boarded my
 Air-India flight.
 “Namaste” said the lovely looking hostess.
 And in her dark eyes I saw a million stars and
 once again I found I’d lost my heart.



SYDNEY

In 1788 the British Government wanted to get rid of some 300 convicts.
They were shipped out of the country—far far away to a lonely place.
Don't ask what they were found guilty of.
In those days it was usually high treason
Which meant speaking the truth.
This place is called Sydney today.

Remember the history of Australia's foundation
when you stroll through the avenues of Sydney
and admire the modern sky-scrapers,
the great bridges, the great city, the great Australian life.
The biggest showpiece of a country
with eleven million population
with about the highest standard of living in the world,
and all the sunshine and beaches and sharks in the world.
And the sharks are not imported from New York.
You can hug a Koala.
See the Great Barrier Reef, Ayres Rock,
Snowfields, canefields, boomerangs.
The Air-India Boeing berths in Perth
before it leaps on to Sydney.



BANGKOK

Red, yellow, blue, green, black dangerous dragons
high up in the silvery sky.
They keep away all evil from the lovely city—
where for centuries there was only beauty
and peace and joy and happiness.

The rice is whiter, the melons are sweeter, the bananas riper,
the waters deeper, the people happier,
the elephants friendlier, the grass greener, the winds more gentle,
and the prayers sound more human than in the rest of the world.

If you stand on the waterfront of the King's temple Bang Pa In
and the water reflects your face—face it.

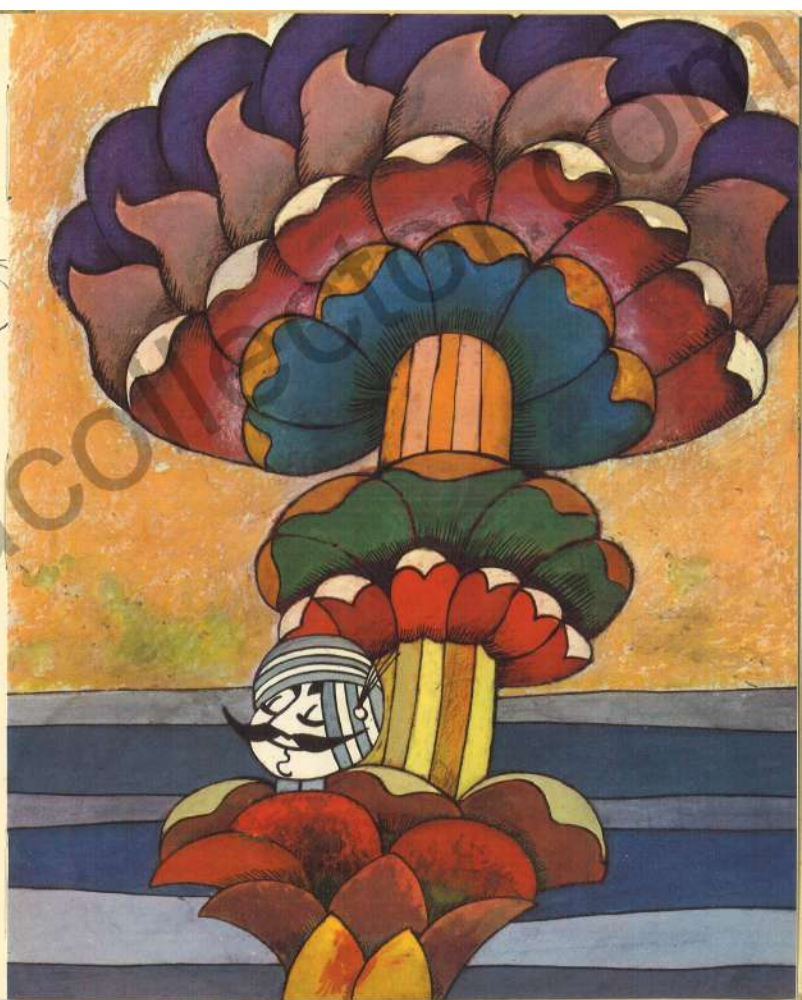
Think.

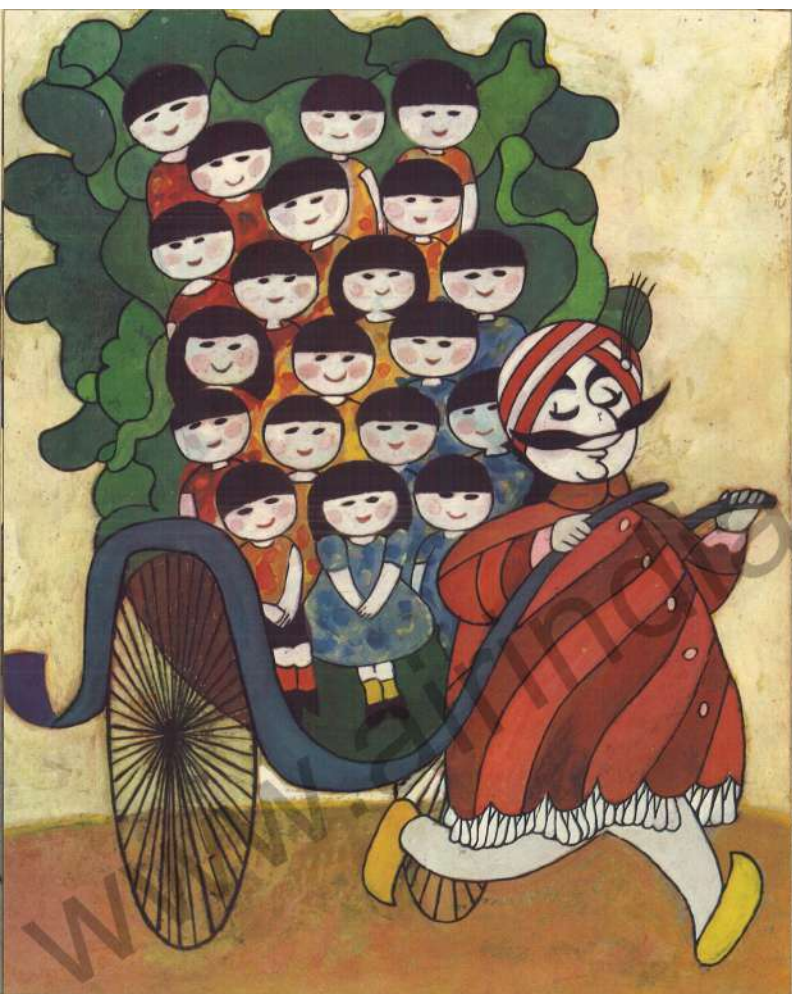
There is no beauty or peace or fortune or happiness in life
unless *you* create it.

A thing worth thinking about.

And high in the sky red, blue and yellow dragons
defend the world against all evil.

And higher up a great big silver bird—an Air-India jet
brings you to Don Muang Airport
where Bangkok begins.





HONG KONG

Give a square mile of rocky land to a Russian
and he'll build you a state.

The American will start a world-wide business.

The Frenchman will look for a girl.

The Englishman will wear his red school tie, then build a house and a pub.

The German will organise this rocky square mile into a vast industrial complex.

The Japanese will start fishing for all the produce the rest of the world manufactures
and will then better them. The Swiss will rent it.

The South American will start singing and dancing.

The Australian will install a pool and a beach in order to sun-bathe and swim.

And they will all succeed in their different ways.

That's why our world is so interestingly different.

And that's what the people of Hong Kong thought.

And because they couldn't decide for any one of these activities,
you can do everything there now
on just about a single square mile of rock
including flying there on Air-India.



TOKYO

Is there a city like Tokyo in the world ?

A city where everything is so dramatic
and so dynamic.

A city where the streets are so long and innumerable,
where business is so strictly efficient.

Where the manners of men are so fine,
and tradition still revered, and old age not a curse.

Is there a city in the world
where the cherry blossom is so white,
where the peaches are so sweet ?

Is there a land on earth where the snow is so white,
where the water-lilies are so beautiful
and where still waters run so deep ?

Is there another ceremony better than the tea ?

A tradition so gracious.

An act so symbolic, so very precise.

A way of life so soothing, so serene.

And is there another airline like Air-India ?



Published by S. K. Kooka,
Commercial Director, Air-India,
24/86, M. G. Road, Bombay-1

Printed by N. J. Ardeshtir,
Managing Partner, Bokan Fine Art Litho Works,
274, Tardeo Road, Bombay 7
PRINTED IN INDIA, 1969.