

## #DIETING

### Why Is It Hard To Lose Weight In Winter

Diets can fail if they're not aligned with the body's natural inclinations



After the holidays, many people make 'dieting' a New Year's resolution. But winter may pose challenges if your goal is to dramatically lose weight.

Natalie Thompson, a certified Nutrition Specialist and certified Wellness Coach at the University of Rochester Medicine's Centre for Employee Wellness, explains why you might be fighting nature when dieting in winter.

**Dieting**  
While the term 'diet' now suggests counting calories and skipping dessert, it also refers more simply to the kind of foods, a group of people eat. But 'going on a diet' suggests restricting certain foods, which can be counterproductive.

"Restrictive diets are very 'yes' or 'no,' and they often fail because of the lack of choice," Thompson says. "That's so hard to do, especially with something as necessary as food." Because restrictive diets lay out what you can and cannot eat in black-and-white terms, it can be difficult to stick with them for a long period.

**Losing Weight In Winter**  
Diets can also fail if they're not aligned with the body's natural inclinations. 'New Year's resolution diets' are a good example. Though the start of the year is an excellent time to reflect on lifestyle habits and make healthy changes, winter is not the best season to expect massive weight loss. That's because

our bodies hold onto calorie reserves and crave calorically rich foods when the temperature drops.

"In the colder weather, we're more inclined towards sleeping and resting for longer periods," Thompson says. "Our bodies crave more calorically dense foods, or rich foods. These comfort foods fill us up and give us heat from the inside out."

#### Listen To Your Body

"In the winter, there are ways to make healthy, nourishing, calorically balanced meals to suit those warm, comforting, cozy cravings," Thompson says. She suggests incorporating soups and stews into your diet using ingredients such as:

- Whole grains like brown rice, quinoa, barley, or buckwheat.
- Beans and lentils
- Winter squashes like butternut or acorn squash
- Root vegetables like beets, carrots, or parsnips

When the weather gets warmer, we naturally want to eat lighter foods. It's the perfect time to include more raw vegetables and fresh fruits in our meals. Recipes that coincide with cravings during the spring and summertime might also use:

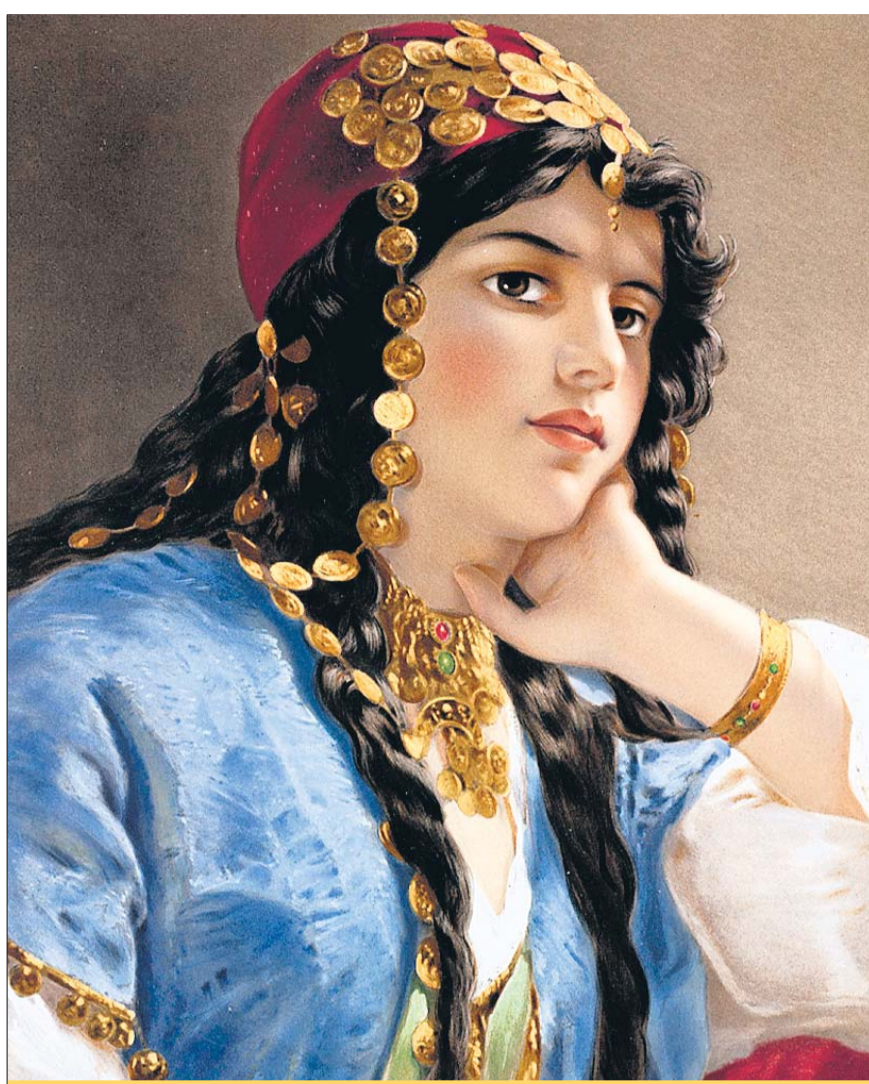
- Chicken and fish
  - Harvest greens
  - Quinoa and rice salads
- No matter the season, try to include protein, whole grains, and fruits and vegetables in each meal. "For the most part, our bodies are going to tell us what we need and what we don't need," Thompson says.

#### How To Start Changing Diet?

Instead of clearing your cabinets or cutting out entire categories of food from your diet, first look at your lifestyle and food behaviour patterns. Thompson encourages those who want to make a 'dietary change' to start by finding their own definition of 'diet.' "Ask yourself, 'What are the foods I choose to eat?'" and "What are the circumstances in which I eat those

foods?" Then, decide what you want to change.

"We're not always intentional with food. When we turn to food for any reason, without knowing that what we're doing, that's when we get 'lost in the food,'" Thompson says. "The key is to become attentive to our bodies and the person that we are, and listening to what it is 'that we need.'"



Odalisk or the Imperial concubine.



Shailaza Singh  
Published author, poet and a YouTuber

Jalpari and her god-daughter, *Anarkali*, entered the royal chambers of the Queen Mother, Valide Sultan Nurbanu, and mother of Sultan Murad III. With her perfumed hair, glistening down to her lower back in a river of red,

gold streaked with gray, Valide Sultan Nurbanu turned her head slowly to emphasize her power: The 'Ottomans' accepted that a *Sultan* could have many wives, but he could have only one head of his *harem*. Nurbanu, the mother of the *Sultan* occupied that unique place of honor. She was entrusted with the most intimate and private possessions of her son, his harem women, who would produce the *future sultans* of the 'Ottoman Empire.'

"Rise Jalpari, what is it that brings you to me today, after all these years? Who is this pretty *odalisk* with you?" said the Valide Sultan, who could not be expected to remember all the concubines.

"Your Majesty, I come to you with a heavy heart. I have enjoyed the gracious luxuries of the Seraglio, during my life, and have served three *Sultans*. As you might recall, I was sent to this palace by



Ottoman women enjoying coffee in Harem.

the Emperor Humayun of the 'Mughal' dynasty in *Hindustan*. In return, the magnificent *Sultan Suleiman* granted him amnesty from conquest by the powerful Ottoman armies.

"Yes, yes, I do recall. And I am pleased with the service you rendered to the three *sultans*. Suleiman, Selim, and now Murad, my son. What is your wish?" The *Valide Sultan* asked the *odalisk*.

"Your Majesty, this is *Anarkali*, a pomegranate blossom who dances for the *Sultan* at the festive occasions."

"Yes, I recall. She looks so different in her *harem attire*!" Nurbanu did indeed recall Anarkali's presence in the harem, once she was reminded of the *odalisk's* name. Anarkali was still young and held 'much potential' for a role in the *harem*.

"Your Majesty, *Anarkali* has been born in this *harem* from the union of the previous *Sultan*, Selim II and Safiye. She is a direct descendant from the love of Sultan Suleiman and her mother, the *first Anarkali*. She is of the royal blood from Sultan Suleiman. I adopted her when she was born and have taken care of her. We have a joint petition for you today."

"Before I listen to your petition, tell me, knowing that she has Royal blood in her, has *Anarkali* had her *Nöbet-Geces*, night turn, with my son, Sultan Murad?" Valide Sultan Nurbanu, from Venice, the former Cecilia Bafio, was always partial to the *sultan* tended to be.

But the decision made by Sultan Murad was not just a matter of simply granting Jalpari 'her sincere wish to return to her motherland.' No, the decision was a 'strategic one,' as most of the decisions made by the *sultan* tended to be.

You see, Akbar, the Great, the 'Mughal' Emperor, had written to the 'Ottoman' *sultan* and expressed his desire to offer the 'Sultan' one of his own concubines, a Persian woman of great beauty and status, Parveen. In return, the *Sultan* agreed to exchange concubines.

"After the *hammam* gedicils bathe and perfume, you should line your womb with the delicate rind of a pomegranate, so that you don't get pregnant," advised Jalpari. "If your womb lets his seed blossom into a life, you will not be allowed to leave."

# Anarkali's night with the Sultan

The world of *Anarkali* was a very different one from what has been depicted in the movies and popular literature. It was a world full of 'sensuality' and 'romance' where the women existed to pleasure their *Sultan* or the *Badshah*. Women of the harem vied for *Sultan's* 'green handkerchief' which meant a night with him and the possibility of siring 'a future king.'



So, Anarkali had not yet been granted the night with the *sultan*. "Not yet, my lady. The *Sultan* has not graced her with his green handkerchief."

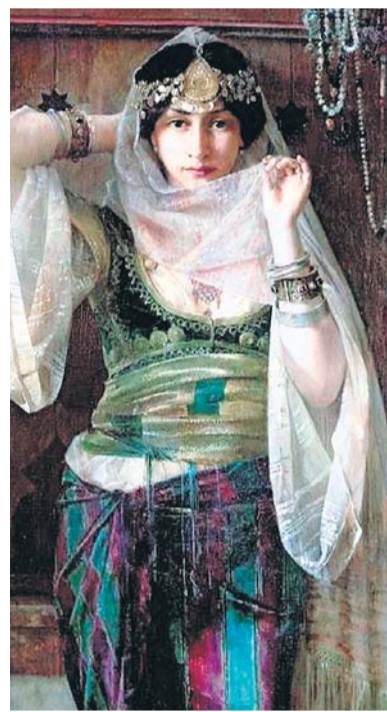
"Well then, I'll have to talk to Murad about her. I am surprised my son has not chosen her yet. She has such a beautiful face and body. I will ask the *Kizlar Agha* to disrobe and inspect her. Now, what is it that you wish to petition?"

"Your Majesty, it is my desire to die in the land I was born in, *Hindustan*. Should you grant our request, Anarkali and I would like to go to *Hindustan*, for she, as my adopted godchild, would like to be with me in my dying days." Jalpari then waited for Valide Nurbanu's answer.

"I will talk to Murad about the green handkerchief for Anarkali and whether this petition should be granted."

"Yes, your Majesty. We will wait eagerly," said Jalpari, as both the hours withdrew.

It was soon after that Jalpari



## #ONE CONCUBINE TWO EMPERORS

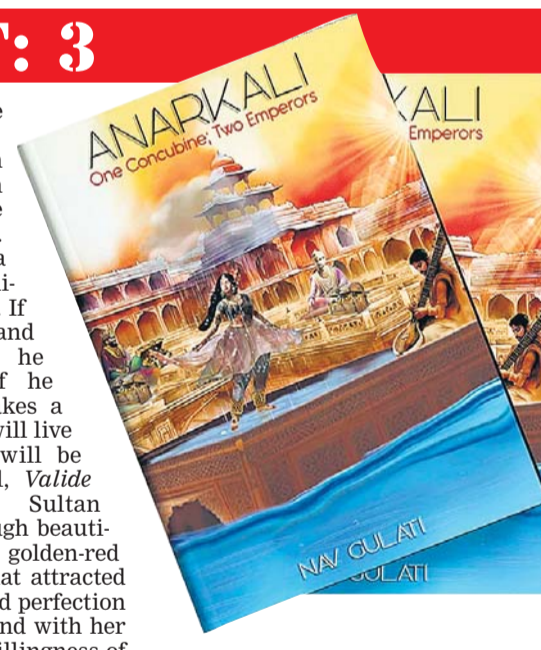


### PART: 3

body, and led her to the first hot chamber.

"The *Kiaya* rattled on in her Georgian-French accented Turkish, as she unwound her turban.

"If the *Sultan* wants a favorite for her sensuality," he chooses a Berber: If he wants 'handsome and numerous children,' he chooses a Persian. If he wants 'servility,' he takes a Greek. You, Anarkali, will live to be a *kadin*, who will be remembered. After all, *Valide Sultan Harrem* in Sultan Suleiman's time, although beautiful, started only with golden-red hair and green eyes that attracted the *Sultan*. She achieved perfection with a union of her mind with her body. She united the 'willingness of a Greek' with the 'virtuosity and adoration of an Egyptian,' the 'lascivious movements of an Algerian' with the 'hot-bloodedness of an Ethiopian.' She combined the 'shamelessness of a Frank' with the 'consummate science of a Hindu,' the 'experience of a Circassian' with the 'passion of a Nubian,' the 'narrowness of a Chinese' with the 'muscular violence of a Sudanese,' the 'vigor and delicacy of a Persian'...she became his wife. I



think you could meet or exceed these qualities, particularly, if you produce a son for the *Sultan*."

With all the tenderness in her fingers, the *Kiaya* began to explore her body with her hands. Anarkali had realized that the *Kiaya* was required to gauge the erotic and sensual possibilities within her. Her hands caressed Anarkali's innocent flesh, pressing and testing for firmness, texture, the rising of the blood, the odor, the beauty and



### Part 3

The *Sultan* was much taller and much more robust than she had imagined him. His eyes and beard glistened in the torchlight. Anarkali's darkened eyebrows arched over the limpid green of her eyes like the cloudy line of an approaching storm. Her cheeks were perfect ovals. She had an elegant nose, a graceful mouth and a strong neck.

color of its complexion, its softness. "It is a royal koush," the *Kiaya* pronounced *Anarkali* 'a worthy fit' for the *Sultan*.

Anarkali lay on a warmed marble slab while a black gedieli, slave, massaged her shoulder, her back, her thighs, and calves with a mixture of warm rice flour and oil. Heated water, steamed in pots, was kept beside her to keep the mud pack warm and supple. The curves and hollows of her body, their pulses and shadows, were all as perfectly proportioned as if they were fashioned by a master sculptor.

chains. Then the *Kiaya* of the *Jewels* began to drape her from head to toe, with the most gorgeous of the 'harem jewels.' She devised a way to attach tiny diamonds to Anarkali's tresses. She placed a diamond necklace in such a way that it covered her shoulders and reached down below her bustline.

She smoothed her hands across the delicate silks and lush satins, sifting through the chest of jewels, blood-red rubies, dark green emeralds, sapphires, as blue as the sea. She stepped into a pair of billowing red-and-gold-striped *salwar* in a silk, as thin as tissue, over her head. She slipped a low-cut filmy dress, and over that, a finely embroidered *yellow-tunic* that buttoned well below the swell of her curves. She slung a wide *cashmere sash*, covered with colorful stones and sequins, around her hips. From an array of gems, she chose *pearl-and-ruby clusters* that dangled from her ears, *ropes of pearls* to glisten her neck, *gold rings*, and *gold bangles*, encrusted with rubies, sapphires,

and pearls and *bracelets* of precious stones for her ankles.

She was ready for her royal lover. She had completed her preparation in the erotic arts. The *Kizlar Agha* then escorted Anarkali past the 'Golden Path' into the 'Sultan's chambers.'

The door opened into a huge penumbra chamber; where two ten-foot-high torches burned, one at the door and the other at the foot of a dais. On the dais, raised a foot above the marble floor, sat *Sultan Murad*, the 'Lord of the Two Seas and Two Continents.' He wore a simple white robe, edged in ermine. The dagger at his waist was studded with *opals*, and the plume of a *white egret*, in his turban, was held in place by a cluster of diamonds and rubies. The room was heavy with perfume, incense, and amber-scented coffee. The *Sultan* was much taller and much more robust than she had imagined him. His eyes and beard glistened in the torchlight. Anarkali's darkened eyebrows arched over the limpid green of her eyes like the cloudy line of an



There was a whole hierarchy of women within the harem.



The 'Ottoman' Harem.

approaching storm. Her cheeks were perfect ovals. She had an elegant nose, a graceful mouth, a long throat, and a strong neck. "Yes," thought the *Sultan*, "the *Kizlar Agha* had chosen well." His eyes tremors of 'scorching desire.' With a low groan, the *sultan* pressed his *kadin* back upon the myriad of cushions and pillows. Eyes closed, she began to tumble into her own 'abyss of pleasure.' He hovered over her as they clung to each other with a pleasure so great that it burned. For a while, he lay there, his hands caressing her. The pleasant odor had begun to recede. All sound, even the mysterious shuffling, evaporated into absolute silence until she was floating in a soft fog through the darkness, a wandering spirit held captive in a still body. The two slaves waltzed silently in the corner, ready to spring forward with whatever service was necessary to the *Sultan* and his *kadin*. At a sign, the slave pressed a gold-coated opium pill into the *Sultan's* outstretched hand. The next morning, *Sultan Murad* kept his word.

When asked about why didn't the 'Ottoman kings' marry, Nav Gulati says, "Until 1402, Ankara war: 'Ottoman' *Sultans* made marriages. After that decisive defeat, Timur took Bayezid's wife, Despina Hatun as hostage and humiliated 'Ottoman dynasty' this way. Therefore, it was forbidden for any *sultan* to get married with anyone till Suleiman married Hurrem. Only slaves were allowed as mothers of their children."

*Sultan* was different from the men whom she had gazed at, through latticed partitions. His kiss made her forget to scream. A thousand joyous bee stings rocked her, spiraling from her groin to her belly. In tremors of 'scorching desire.' With a low groan, the *sultan* pressed his *kadin* back upon the myriad of cushions and pillows. Eyes closed, she began to tumble into her own 'abyss of pleasure.' He hovered over her as they clung to each other with a pleasure so great that it burned. For a while, he lay there, his hands caressing her. The pleasant odor had begun to recede. All sound, even the mysterious shuffling, evaporated into absolute silence until she was floating in a soft fog through the darkness, a wandering spirit held captive in a still body. The two slaves waltzed silently in the corner, ready to spring forward with whatever service was necessary to the *Sultan* and his *kadin*. At a sign, the slave pressed a gold-coated opium pill into the *Sultan's* outstretched hand. The next morning, *Sultan Murad* kept his word.

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What mattered was that the

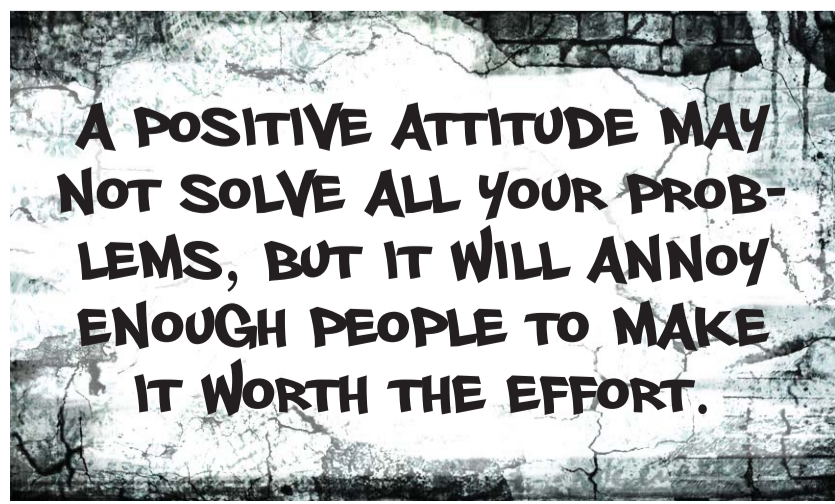
Nav Gulati

**ARBIT**  
Cordially invites you to an interactive talk session with  
**NAV GULATI**  
History Enthusiast, Researcher and Author of  
**"Anarkali: One Concubine, Two Emperors"**

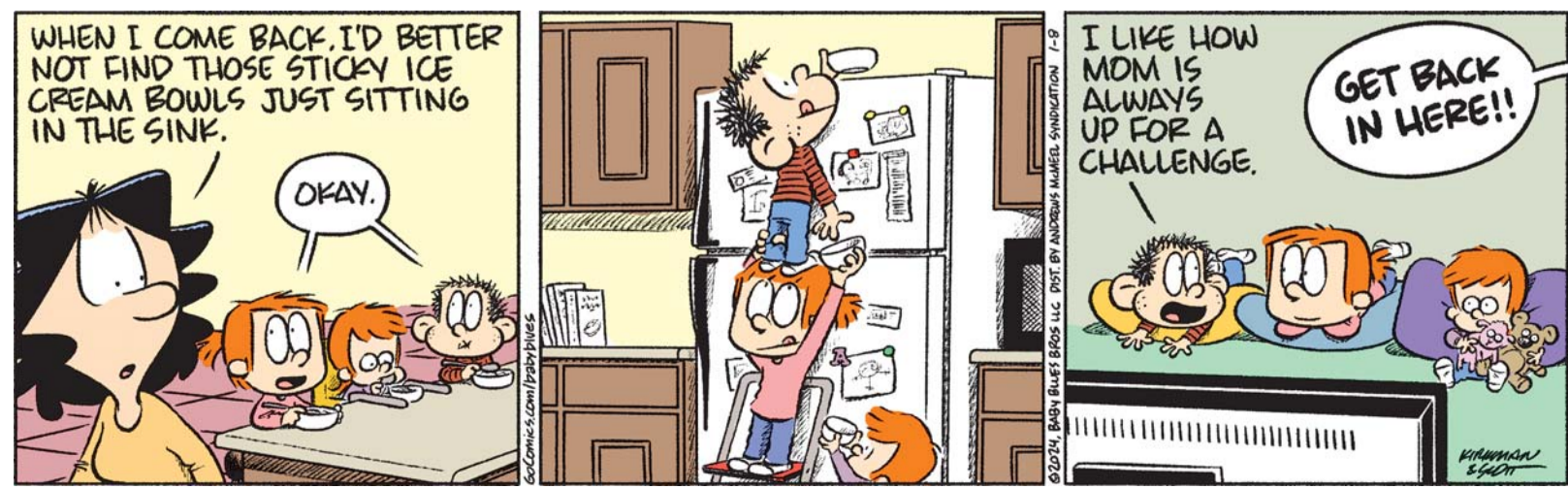
We welcome friends and readers of Arbit to get to know the author and his work in a Q&A and talk session at:  
**RASHTRADOOT**  
Chameliwala Market  
M.I. Road (Opp. GPO)  
On 4<sup>th</sup> February, Sunday, 3:30 p.m.



## THE WALL



## BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman