

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS MUSINGS

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App App Appy Madras Week

(By The Editor)

For a publication that is often criticised as catering only to the elderly and the elitist, being obsessed with preserving the past, a recent discovery has boosted our conviction that we are on the correct path and need not deviate from it. This is based on the statistics of the number of downloads for the mobile application that we developed and launched for Madras Week. We see that the number of Android phone users alone exceeded a whopping 100,000! It is not often that we thump our chests, but this is certainly a cause for celebration as we consider it a vindication of our stance.

Our cup of joy runneth over.



We take this as a sign that the current generation of youngsters are celebrating Madras that is Chennai in a big way, for it is well known that smart phones that support apps are used largely by people in the age group of 20 to 45. It also sends a strong signal that heritage is no

longer for the old alone. In fact, it is the youth of Chennai that is showing the way, with photo walks, heritage tours, food festivals and other events that only they can come up with to highlight the city's past and present culture. It also means that it is time that the Government stopped considering heritage to be a stumbling block for development. The new generation wants its heritage as much as it wants its future to be on the correct lines.

The success of the app also puts paid to the oft-repeated claim that heritage is elitist and is espoused only by a "handful of well-to-do people". If 100,000 is a handful then we do not know what is a substantial number. We must also not forget that this figure does not include i-phone users for which statistics is not available. If that were to be included, it makes the number that much larger. And, so, is the heritage movement in Chennai becoming broad-based? It would appear to be certainly doing so.

For those who came in late, Chennai Heritage, along with Broadgate Technical Services, a software company, developed the Madras Week app to give the people of Chennai easy access to details of all the events that took place to celebrate the 375th anniversary of the founding of the city in August. This was launched on August 13th and carried event details till mid-September. The app was sponsored by Sundaram Finance Limited, one of the consistent supporters of Chennai Heritage over the years.

The app had a city map with events highlighted on it. Clicking on the location pin gave details of the event scheduled to take place there. In addition,

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Madras Landmarks – 50 years ago



• One of the most enduring and endearing landmarks of our city, the Egmore railway station, is 106 years old. It stands on a historic site, for this was where the East India Company converted a standing choultry into a fortified redoubt, early in the 18th Century. It later served as a sanatorium for soldiers and then in the 1800s as a Government Press. The Male and Female Orphan Asylums functioned from here when they moved out of Fort St George in the mid-18th Century. By the late 19th/early 20th Century, a part of this property was owned by Senjee Pulnee Andy (1831-1909). A graduate of the Madras Christian College, he became the first Indian to go abroad for a medical degree, qualifying at the University of St Andrew's in 1860 and becoming a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons a year later. Returning to India, he was appointed Superintendent of Vaccinations, Government of Madras. He converted to Christianity in 1863 and established the Native/National Church of India, which proved to be short-lived. An avid Freemason, he helped establish the Lodge Camatic in the city in 1883 of which he was the second Master.

Andy's vast property in Egmore was eyed by the South Indian Railway Company (SIR) as a suitable location for its northern terminus. The SIR resulted from the amalgamation of three companies – the Great Southern Indian Railway Company (GSIRC) established in 1859, the Camatic Railway Company (CRC) established in 1864, and the Pondicherry Railway Company Limited (PRC) established in the 1870s. The GSIRC operated in the Trichinopoly-Negapatam area while the CRC had its lines in the Conjeevaram-Arkonam region. The PRC was much smaller, limiting itself to eight miles near its headquarters. The SIR was founded in 1874 and took over all three lines.

From then till 1946, when the nationalisation of the railways began, the SIR was a private company, headquartered in Trichinopoly. Its Madras station was Egmore and a photograph in the Sir Robert Stanes collection, now with the Amalgamation Group, testifies to the presence of a station here by the 1880s. But it was only in the early 1900s that the SIR decided to build a proper terminus in the city and negotiations were opened with Pulney Andy. He proved to be a reluctant seller. Spread over 1.83 acres the property had buildings that he considered memorials to his late wife. He wanted them to be used for his Native Church. Also dear to him was an orchard that he had tended on the premises. But with the Collector of Madras bringing pressure to bear, he parted with the land in 1904 for Rs 100,000.

Work began on the station, considered to be larger than London's Charing Cross, with dimensions of 300ft by 70ft. The design was by Henry Irwin and E. C. Bird. The contractor was T. Samynada Pillai of Bangalore who also constructed the Madura and Trichinopoly stations of the SIR. The Egmore station cost Rs. 17 lakh to build and was completed in 1908. It was one of the early instances of usage of concrete in Madras. The structure also had another first – incorporation of Dravidian motifs within the Indo-Saracenic genre. The station has had two extensions – one in 1930 and another in 1980. Rather surprisingly, the later addition is more in keeping with the original design than the earlier one – its pyramidal and truncated domes having been described as bulbous and squat and "far from an architectural masterpiece". The elephant logo of the

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Nokia – & afterwards

(By A Special Correspondent)

It came with a bang, but as it leaves, it has caused heartache all around. For Chennai, and perhaps the rest of India, it is a lesson on the good and the bad of liberalisation. What is certain is that life will never be the same for the 8000 former employees of Nokia and for the larger group that was employed by the ancillaries of the company, as they all wind up and leave.

When Nokia set up base in Sriperumbudur, it was held up as an instance of the positives that can be wrought by an open economy. The State Government bent over backwards in the wooing process – guaranteed power, land at concessional rates and fast track clearances of all approvals. The agreement was signed in 2005 and within a year, the first batch of cell phones was being shipped out. Nokia was then the world leader, controlling over 60 per cent of the international cell phone market. By 2010, when

its performance peaked, the Chennai facility was its largest unit worldwide and together with its ancillaries employing over 40,000 people.

And it took good care of them. Salaries were higher than what they would have got in the traditional auto ancillaries. Moreover, women were preferred for the jobs and that transformed the lives of several of those who lived in Sriperumbudur and around. Buses came to pick them up from their homes and drop them back. There was job security and some wonderful facilities such as crèches where mothers could leave their infants while working. There were some negatives too – not that many people were bothered about them while the going was good – farmhands were no longer available in Sriperumbudur and so agriculture declined. The land was divided into housing plots

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Cabs on call come to Chennai

From the old Fast Track call taxi to the new Taxiforsure, the Indian roads are now swarming with taxi service providers. In Chennai, where autos with meters were a distant dream until a year ago, the call taxi was one of the essential transport service providers. Capitalising on auto anarchy, the FastTrack call taxi service was the biggest beneficiary. Set up in 2001, Fast Track dominated the market for more than a decade. It barely had any competition, even when its service was not up to the mark at times. "There have been times, I had an appointment with my doctor, but my taxi booking would get cancelled last minute," said a home-maker.

While Chennaiites were waiting for better times, New Travel Lines (India) Pvt Ltd. set up NTL Call Taxi in mid-2012. NTL advertised the brand heavily and became an instant success. Despite this, the Chennai market was still wide open, with just two big players and a few small players.

This is not just the case in Chennai alone but everywhere in India. According to India Radio Taxi Services Market Forecast & Opportunities 2017, the radio taxi services market in India has huge untapped opportunities. There are very few players in the organised radio taxi services market. The market demand was not met due to the unavailability of the required number of cabs.

Sensing a good business opportunity, a new breed of service providers has emerged all over India. With funding from angel investors and leveraging modern technology, these new taxi aggregators have become a major threat to existing radio taxi providers. Start-up companies like Taxiforsure, Uber, Ola cabs and Meru cabs have set up shop in several metros and large cities in the country.

One of the first such providers to come to Chennai was Uber, a San Francisco-based company which has developed its own smartphone application and connects car owners with potential clients. This swanky app lets the customer book a cab even ten minutes before travel and lets the passenger track the driver. Uber revolutionised the taxi market and is the inspiration behind many such ventures set up in India.

Indian companies like Taxiforsure, Ola cabs and Meru cabs followed Uber and this has led to a price war. To beat competition, these taxi providers started offering heavy discounts and promotional offers. With all these service providers using phone and internet based applications, they offer considerable discounts for first time users to garner sign-ups. Even existing players like NTL have now started bringing online apps with promotional offers.

Understanding that cheap mode of transportation is the way to go in India, Uber introduced UberX, a cheaper version of their existing facility, UberBlack. UberX sends smaller cars and is 40 per cent cheaper than UberBlack. Ola has launched Olamini, a similar scheme offering its service for the lower end of the market.

Despite this plethora of providers, the overall opportunity in the market is huge. According to Ramaswamy Sankar, Branch Head of Taxiforsure Chennai, there is no big competitor yet when you compare the opportunity in the market. "The taxi market is a multi-billion dollar industry in India," he added.

With all this soaring competition and so many options to choose from, the consumer is becoming the king. The change is welcome to the Chennai commuter taken for a ride by autorickshaw terrorism. (Courtesy: *Industrial Economist*)

MADRAS LANDMARKS

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SIR can still be seen over the entrance porch. There were other attractions – a drive-in platform and a stained-glass-and-timber dream of a refreshment room, the latter operated by Spencer's.

The SIR was amalgamated into the Indian Railways in 1951, becoming the latter's Southern Railway, the 'I' on the SIR logo over the station being painted out to reflect the change. With its wooden stairways and vast cavernous interiors, Egmore remained a tranquil station till the 1980s when, with the population explosion and the burgeoning number of vehicles coming into it and the surroundings, it has become synonymous with chaos. The drive-in platform has vanished. And as for the refreshment room, its stained glass and wooden interior has been buried under tons of plywood and other accretions. The beauty of the station can now be detected only by the most determined observer. While congestion can be an excuse for the shoddy appearance of the station, there can be no forgiving the poor maintenance and lack of upkeep which point to a deeper and a normally common Indian malaise.

TV's grim hospital tales

Those of you who follow the writings of *The Man from Madras Musings* will know that he has contempt, only contempt and nothing but contempt for the Tamil serials that are beamed on the various channels every evening. He has written about their terrible production quality, poor acting skills, awful story lines and obsession with tragedy. You may want to ask as to why MMM persists in watching them. MMM assures you that he does not, but there are times when, while pacing up and down some regions of his house, he cannot but help overhear a dialogue or two. And such is the slow pace and trite plot of most of these productions that you can pick up the story line at any time and any point in the narrative.

which activity the heroine's mother, like Abou Ben Adam, led all the rest, the doctor pronounced that it was imperative that an operation be done on the hero for which, hold your breath, the family would have to cough up Rs. 12 lakh! MMM wonders what kind of a surgery it was, perhaps all the organs of the hero needed replacement.

This decree of the doctor was received in melodramatic style – old parents aghast, estranged wife weeping (though why she should weep after the way he treated her in episodes 203 to 243 beats MMM), her mother lamenting for the nth time as to why God had chosen her, like Mona Lisa, for all the world's sorrows, the evil sister-in-law pursing her lips in joy while her husband simpers, and the half-

those who are yet to get it. The last named category practises apartheid to the utmost, not wanting to even go near the other two varieties. As for the lot that has suffered and recovered, it goes to great pains to establish that it can no longer infect anyone. But catch the third category believing that. To them, both groups, one and two, are birds of the same feather or, to quote from a great political leader of the past from our State, planks that have marinated in the same tank. Rather aptly he said that about two political parties of our State, both of whose leaders wore dark glasses like Madras Eye sufferers.

Last week, MMM had barely entered a wedding hall when a good Samaritan came rushing up and whispered to

SHORT 'N' SNAPPY

But amongst all of these, the very nadir is an offering that rejoices in the name of *Divine Daughter*. The dramatic personae includes a short-tempered hero, his estranged wife, his aged parents, her bewildered and grief stricken mother, a well-meaning uncle, a half-witted sister, an evil sister-in-law with a submissive husband, and a couple of hangers-on whose existence, like that of the serial, has no meaning or purpose.

Whenever time hangs heavy on this cast, which is often, the producer or director or screenplay writer, if there is one, has a character fall ill or suffer an injury. The afflicted person (and by that MMM does not mean the viewer) is then wheeled into the ICU of a hospital where he/she rests for a whole week, with all the other actors weeping and moaning and saying how sad it is all. MMM wonders as to what kind of a hospital it is where not one but a whole dozen people are allowed into the ICU where they can talk loudly, quarrel, swear and even come to blows.

It is the considered view of MMM that the actors draw lots to decide on whose turn it is to get admitted to hospital next. A fortnight ago it was the hero who drew the short straw. Now, being a specimen of physical fitness, it was not easy to get him to fall ill or suffer an accident and so they had someone knife him. He was then rushed to the hospital with the weapon inside him with, of course, the entire chorus following him headlong into the operation theatre. After a couple of episodes of wailing and lamenting in

witted girl making a half-witted pronouncement as is to be expected. Last seen, each member of the family spent a full episode trying in vain to muster the Rs. 12 lakh though as to why they cannot each contribute just one lakh to make up the amount is beyond MMM. All this while the hero is still in the ICU with the knife or whatever it is stuck in his abdomen, fifteen days after the stabbing. MMM recommends the grandmother's remedy – feed him bananas and watch his stools. But that would mean the story-writer has to come up with some other plot, would it not? In the meanwhile, watch this space in 2019 for further updates.

Chenn-eye

The annual scourge is back. *The Man from Madras Musings* does not allude to income tax, which has much the same symptoms – suffering experienced during the period August to November with irritation and redness of the eye, followed by much watering. This is accompanied by the wringing of hands and a general sense of helplessness. You can only take precautions to avoid it and if you neglect it, there is a huge penalty to pay. There is no one-time amnesty either. MMM speaks of the notorious Madras Eye, which is sweeping through the city, sparing neither prince nor pauper.

It is the great leveller. And, at the same time, it also causes class distinctions to come sharply into focus. There are only three castes here – those who have had Madras Eye and recovered, those who are suffering from it and are therefore technically untouchable, and

him that the bride's father was best avoided because he was just recovering from conjunctivitis which, as you know, is the official name for the illness our city has claimed to be its own. There were several innocent people who assumed that the watery and red eye was owing to losing a daughter and gaining a son and so went up to embrace and shake hands with the supposedly emotional parent. MMM chose to stay aloof. This despite the best effort of the parent in question to envelop MMM with his affection. There is something in Madras Eye sufferers, MMM reflected, that makes them compulsive huggers, kissers and shakers of the hand.

In the dining hall, MMM did notice that several among the bearers who served food were festooned in dark glasses. He dismissed the notion that they were all into politics or recovering from cataract surgeries. As can be guessed, MMM came home hungry. But he has since then started, like Pontius Pilate, washing his hands every ten minutes and then checking his eyes in a mirror for any telltale signs of redness.

Tailpiece

Lotus smile, a popular actor of our city with a penchant for acting out multiple roles in his films, recently celebrated his 60th birthday with a much publicised cleaning up of a lake on the city's outskirts. But what of the walls in the city that have been defaced by posters put up by his fans? *The Man from Madras Musings* hopes the actor will soon be cleaning those walls as well.

– MMM

OUR READERS WRITE



It's a person

The term 'Printer's Devil' appears in two places (Letters, columns 2 and 5) in MM, November 1st, and in both places it would appear that you are perhaps equating the term to a typo. Could it be that 'Printer's Devil' is now accepted as a typo?

I was quite a bit disappointed with your very touchy reaction to Dr. G. Sundaram's well meaning criticism of the private sector and the fourth estate in his excellent letter.

H. J. Pavamani
126, Velachery Road, Guindy
Chennai 600 032

Editor's Note: In one instance we stated "the printer's devil was at work" and in the other "suffered at the hands of the printer's devil". To us the references are clear; the printer's devil is a person.

Re. our "touchiness", we still fail to see how the inability to contact one reporter can be considered a failure in the whole private sector. And if seeking clarification on what we fail to see is considered touchiness, then no question can be asked of anyone who has drawn a certain conclusion.

Traffic books

On completion of eighty years of age in 2013, I brought out a book titled. *Taking the High Road – Research in Transport in Developing Economies (1955-2013)*, summarising the contributions made by me in the field of traffic and transportation. This year, I have written a book titled *Traffic Engineering and Planning under Mixed Traffic and Other Prevailing Conditions in India*, bringing out the salient aspects of some of the important studies carried out by me in the field of traffic engineering and planning in India.

For the benefit of those who are interested in this field, the full text of these two books is made available in the library of the website: www.nssrinivasantraffice.com

For any clarifications or further details, I can be contacted at the address given in the website.

N. S. Srinivasan
tafsrini@yahoo.com

Mongoose encounters

I read with interest Ahana Lakshmi's article on mongoose (MM, October 16th) because of my own encounters with this interesting animal.

When my wife and I were

living in a colony of bungalows in Mehsana, Gujarat, there was a fairly good vegetation in the colony although it was certainly an urban setting. We found the milk in the vessel disappearing, without even a drop being left in it. In time, we discovered it was the work of a mongoose and not a cat!

Our second encounter – it was a real encounter – was in the house of the French Consul-General in Pondicherry in the late 1960s. When we visited them once, two or three mongoose appeared in the drawing room and rolled over there much to our consternation. The Consul-General and his wife assured us they were pets and not to worry!

As the pet dogs do, they also smelled us and disappeared. But that was the first time I realised that mongoose could also be pets. The French couple also told us that they were afraid of snakes and had been keeping the mongoose. But I told them that at the place they were living by the beach, there were no real snakes, but only a lot of human snakes!

Dr. G. Sundaram
IAS (RTD.)
Keshav Perumal Puram
Greenways Road
Chennai 600 028

Fantabulus!

The reference to Enfield India (MM, October 1st) reminded me of the Company's scooter 'Fantabulus' which was popular in the late 1960s in Bhilai Steel Plant township. Many owners were enamoured of the unique features of the two-wheeler: a sturdy design (118 kg), with a self-starter mechanism (a forerunner of all

present-day scooters), a four gear leg-operated system, instead of normal three gears, and clutch handle bar design.

However, due to low fuel efficiency and high operational and maintenance costs, the vehicle went into oblivion within a decade of introduction.

It was a sad failure of an in-house design by a renowned company.

Bhilai Gopalan
1/6 Sankara Flats
1, 6th Cross St, Shastri Nagar
Adyar, Chennai 600 020

APP APP APPY MADRAS WEEK

(Continued from page 1)

the app had date and event category based searches as well. It also provided for users to set reminders and post details on Facebook and Twitter. These are routine run-of-the-mill features and we don't think we have done anything earth-shattering. But the response certainly has been phenomenal. We believe that the success of the app was one of the reasons for there being excellent attendance at all Madras Week events this year.

We would like to thank all

those who used our app and also sent us feedback on it. The response has been overwhelming and strengthens our commitment to adopt technology to highlight our heritage. We also hope that schools and colleges will see this as a sign that the younger generation is interested in heritage and is, therefore, seeking information on it. And, so, can we hope for more heritage clubs under the banner of INTACH? And can the powers-that-be stop harping on how heritage is a useless baggage from the past and need not be preserved for the future?

Memories of advertising

Re. the article 'Growth of advertising in Madras' (MM, October 1st), after passing an advertising course I tried to join one of the leading advertising agencies in Madras, viz. D.J. Keymer's, but was told that I might have done well in my course but I should first join a small firm and, after gaining experience, try to join a leading firm.

To my good fortune, one fine morning in 1952, V.C. Sivaswamy dropped in our residence and informed my father, his friend, that he had started an advertising firm called Epoch Advertising in the Deepak Insurance Building, Errabalu Chetty Street, George Town. At Sivaswamy's suggestion I joined Epoch. I worked for them till the end of 1955. I learnt much about advertising from VCS.

In 1953, VCS took me with him to Vittal Mallya, the Chairman of McDowell's. He offered Epoch a spacious room in McDowell's premises and we moved there. McDowell's, within a few months, took over Epoch. Its other major clients were Bush Boake Roberts and Foods, Fats and Fertilisers.

P.S.G. Rao, the chief at Keymer's, Ramachandran of Efficient Publicities, freelance advertising stalwarts like P.N. Srinivasan, Chari and others were deeply involved in the growth of advertising in Madras.

Epoch also did considerable work for the promotion of the Santosh Trophy tournament for the national football championship.

One morning, M.K. Radha, the hero of the Gemini hit *Chandralekha*, and A.T. Krishnaswamy, eminent film director in the 1940s and '50s, suddenly turned up at Epoch, and told us that they were contemplating producing a film named *The Governor's Cup* and would like us to handle their publicity. To start with, they wanted our artist, R. Natarajan, to design a newspaper advertisement for the film. On the spot, Natarajan designed something which they

liked. The staff of other units of McDowell's were surprised to see the leading star of those days with us.

Sivaswamy left McDowell's to join as Advertisement Manager of *The Mail*. He stayed there till his retirement.

V. Theetharappan
32, VOC Street, Valasarakkam
Chennai 600 087

* * *

In his article on outdoors advertising, R. V. Rajan (MM, November 1st) has carefully avoided the names of agencies, clients and artists involved – obviously to dispel controversies.

Nevertheless, I would consider it worth mentioning those whose work has been well appreciated. M. F. Hussain once mentioned that the hoarding painters of Madras did an excellent job. He was himself a painter of hoardings in his early avatar and had watched the Madras hoardings with awe during his visits.

Baba Arts, Babu Bros. and Baktha gained fame for their numerous productions.

No one can forget the Avi India hoarding at the rear of *Dhun Buildings* and United India Insurance hoarding all over Anna Salai. Every passer-by had a hearty laugh at the humour.

There was, however, an accident case in the early 1990s in which a State Transport vehicle driver was hauled up in Court. With the aid of a sketch drawn by my draftsman on the scene of the accident, the driver referred to a 200 feet long hoarding on the walls of Church Park Convent and argued that the film artiste in bright yellow clothing distracted him from seeing the overbridge near Safire theatre and he lost control. He reported that the shining sun reflected from the bright hoarding and blinded him – hence the mishap.

S. Krishna
81/2, Fourth Main Road
Gandhi Nagar, Adyar, Chennai 600 020

Nokia - & afterwards

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and sold as real estate – but who cared?

Then came the swift descent. With smart phones making their appearance and Nokia having overlooked their potential, it began losing markets worldwide to companies such as Samsung, Apple and Chinese manufacturers. The behemoth was soon in the red worldwide and was acquired by Microsoft. All except the Indian plant that is. It remained outside the purview of the sale thanks to a dispute with the Indian Government over income tax. The IT authorities allege that the company evaded tax to the tune of Rs 21,000 crore while paying royalties to its parent since 2006. Microsoft made it clear that it was not interested in sorting out matters concerning complicated Indian tax laws and so the plant here was a clear untouchable. It continued manufacturing phones for its parent under a contract till earlier this year when Microsoft stopped releasing orders. With that there was no option but for the plant to close.

There are some firsts in this closure. Chennai has never before been impacted this way by something that it strictly had no

control over – demand for phones changed all over the world. Secondly, this is perhaps the first time that the Government is remaining silent when a large employer has folded up in the city. Earlier instances, such as Binny's and Standard Motors, saw the State intervening and messing matters up to a great extent. Lastly, beyond making a few feeble noises, the Unions have remained passive as well. They view the severance package to be quite generous and would not like to interfere in the process.

Some things have changed forever however – for instance, land in the area can never go back to agriculture. The clutter of real estate is here to stay. And most employees are finding it difficult to work for other companies, having become used to Nokia's good practices.

Can the plant be revived? That will happen only if another cell phone manufacturer is interested. And they are unlikely to come if the tax case takes its own time for resolution. If there can be a quick settlement, prospects can brighten. After all, India is the largest market for cell phones and it would make sense to manufacture here. Amma phones, anyone thinking?

The U.S. temple builder is no more

OBITUARIES

In 1968, on a trip to his native India, Alagappa Alagappan dreamed that an ancient Hindu god told him to visit a medium. So he did, and on his first visit the medium read palm leaves to tell him that the Lord Ganesha – another deity, this one beloved for his laugh and his elephant head – wanted to settle in a city beginning with the letter N.

On the medium's instruction, by his account, Mr. Alagappan returned the next day, and he learned that Ganesha had asked for more: He wanted temples to be established throughout North America. On the third day, the medium told Mr. Alagappan that it was his job to arrange that. So he did.

By the time of his death on October 24th at the age of 88, Mr. Alagappan, a retired United Nations official who lived in Queens, had become "the father of the temple-building movement in North America", as a Hindu leader in Texas wrote in an e-mail to Mr. Alagappan's family.

His work began in the wake of a landmark change in American immigration law in Congress in 1965: the replacement of a national-origins quota system, which had been in place since the 1920s, with a preference system, which favoured immigrants with skills or with relatives in the United States.

Mr. Alagappan helped form the Hindu Temple Society of

North America, which in 1977 opened a temple in Queens in 1991, credit Fred R. Conrad, *The New York Times*.

Today, there are 700 Hindu temples in the United States, serving a Hindu population that since 1965 has increased thirty-fold, to about 1.5 million.



The crowd at a Flushing Ganesha Temple chariot procession.

Mr. Alagappan started the project close to home, in his adopted city whose name began with N.

"With nothing but faith, I began the task of getting a temple

built in New York," Mr. Alagappan told *Madras Musings*, a newspaper published in Chennai, India, in 1998.

Meeting in his living room, he and others, some of them also United Nations officials, formed a planning group with the aim of making the increasing number of immigrants from India feel at home in their new country. In 1970 they founded the Hindu



Alagappa Alagappan

The journey was not always easy. Neighbours at first resisted the temple's presence in their mostly white, middle-class residential neighbourhood. As recently as 2002 vandals burned the chariot the temple used for an annual public procession.

But Mr. Alagappan never strayed from his commitment to ecumenism and tolerance. The circular logo he designed for the temple shows a Christian cross, a Star of David and an Islamic crescent and star, demonstrating what the temple's website calls a belief in "the totality and fundamental unity at the core of all religions." At the top of the circle is the symbol for "Om," which Hindus consider the primal sound of the universe.

Mr. Alagappan was born on December 3, 1925 in Kanadukathan, a town in southern India. He earned bachelor's and

Pittsburgh around the same time as the one in New York.

Mr. Alagappan helped start temples at first by contributing \$51, following the tradition that one extra dollar (or one extra rupee in India) is a good-luck charm to ensure that another \$50 will materialise. In later years, he gave contributions of \$1,001. He went on to start temples in India as well as in the United States.

Besides his son Arun, Mr. Alagappan is survived by his wife of 59 years, the former Visalakshi Vairavan, two other sons, Kumar and Vairam, a daughter, Meena Alagappan, and seven granddaughters.

Mr. Alagappan resigned as chairman of the Queens temple in 2000 in a dispute over bylaws. "In blunt terms, the older generation was being transitioned out," Arun Alagappan said.

• This obituary by DOUGLAS MARTIN appeared in *The New York Times* of November 1, 2014.

master's degrees from Presidency College in Chennai, which was then known as Madras. He went on to earn a master's degree in International Relations from the London School of Economics and Political Science. He also studied law and became a member of the British bar. While studying in London, he worked for the British Broadcasting Corporation and once interviewed a pope.

Returning to India, he became a reporter for the newspaper, *The Hindu*. He then went to work for the United Nations, first in Bangkok. He transferred to New York in 1961. His positions included Deputy Director of the Natural Resources and Energy Division. One of those who joined him in starting the temple society was C.V. Narasimhan, the UN Under Secretary-General. The group dedicated a temple in

But he saw the temple become ever bigger and richer, adding an auditorium and yoga classes and marrying more and more people. "He was very proud of it," his son added.

Mr. Alagappan chose Bowne Street as the temple's site because the man it was named after, John Bowne, had fought for and won the right of Quakers and followers of other religions to worship freely in New York in the 17th Century, when it was still a Dutch colony. Mr. Bowne's house still stands in Flushing and is open to the public.

"John Bowne was a great religious freedom fighter," Mr. Alagappan said in talking about the Queens temple in an interview with *The New York Times* in 1991. "Somehow all these things come together here."

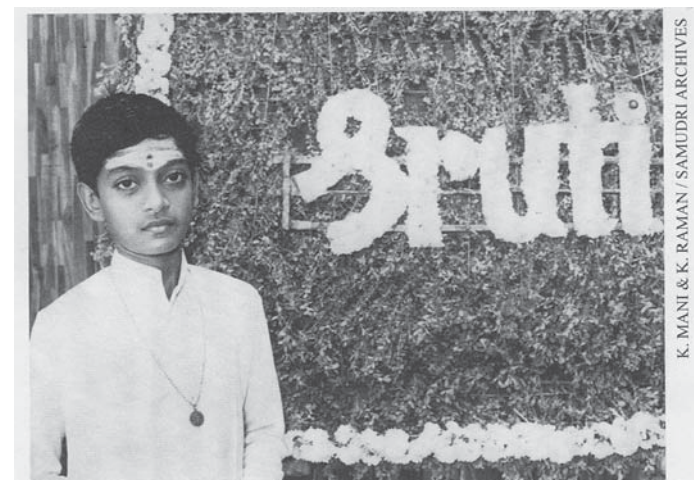
'Mandolin' Shrinivas – Is his best yet to come?

Much loved, much adored Mandolin U. Shrinivas, who remained a boy wonder all his life, was a frail, shy teenager when he appeared on the cover of *Sruti's* inaugural issue in October 1983, along with D.K. Pattammal, Lakshmi Viswanathan and Sonal Mansingh.

Founder-editor N. Pattabhi Raman concluded his profile of the child prodigy with the passage: "Meteors are transient: they describe a fiery streak in the sky and then burn themselves out. Stars stay with us, adding sparkle to our life. It is the hope of almost everyone who has been exposed to the luminosity of Srinivas's music (that is how he spelt his name then) that he will turn out to be a star on the firmament of South Indian classical music."

There are those that believe Shrinivas had accomplished so much in his brief sojourn of earth, that it should not matter that he was snatched away in his prime just as Srinivasa Ramanujan and Subramania Bharati were. It is hard to agree with such a sentiment. At 45, he had many years of glorious creativity ahead of him, his music poised for a greatness beyond what he offered the world over the last three decades. The way he approached *ragas*, his new interpretations of them in recent years, suggested that the best of Mandolin Shrinivas was yet to come.

He was all of 14 when *Sruti* first interacted with him. He had already floored the most demanding *rasikas* of Mylapore and Mambalam, Perambur and Nungambakkam, on their own home turf in concert after concert, with his spectacular *raga* essays and *swara* fusillades. He was tiny, tongue-tied, knew very little Tamil and less English. He was respectful, even deferential in his dealings with parents, guru, mentors, *sabha* secretaries and media persons, yet he was comfortable in his skin. Here was a boy com-



pletely free from self doubt, while at the same time totally bereft of airs.

The boy Shrinivas was a unique amalgam of modernism (in the electrifying speed and magic of his music), an almost rustic old worldliness (in the way he dressed and behaved), and pure genius (in his astounding mastery of both his instrument and *raga* music). He came from the West Godavari District of Andhra Pradesh, taught himself to play a mandolin that belonged to his father Uppalapu Sathyanarayana's light music band, and learnt Carnatic music from a vocalist in his native village of Palakol.

• by
V. Ramnarayan

The guru, Rudraraju Subbaraju, had been a disciple of Chembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavata. While he sang his lessons, the boy pupil repeated them on his strings. Shrinivas's grasp was astonishing, and he soon plunged into classical music and achieved spectacular variations, exploiting to the hilt a tiny instrument that no Carnatic musician before him had ventured to play. He did not have an orthodox *pathantara* but he made up with his intuitive talent to create a stunning impact on the listener.

His first concerts in Chennai were in 1980 or 1981. An amazing *kutcheri* at the Ayodhya Mandapam in West Mambalam is still remembered by listeners on whom he cast a spell that day. It was probably a testimonial to Chembai Vaidyanatha Bhagavata, his guru's guru. He really arrived with a bang on December 28, 1982 at a concert at the Indian Fine Arts Society. Soon senior artistes were gladly agreeing to accompany him, though it was often an uphill task for the violinist to keep pace with his

During an interview in 2008, I suggested to him that it was perhaps time to play what I believed must be music closest to his heart to select audiences in small intimate gatherings. After all, the mandolin was not a loud instrument and he was able to coax the most delicate glides out of it. He told me that he loved large audiences, that he wanted to continue to reach out to the greatest numbers.

Not only did Shrinivas convert an essentially folk music instrument into a mainstream instrument in classical music, he also took it worldwide and collaborated with musicians of several genres. His *jugalbandis* with Hindustani musicians were exciting crowd-pleasers. His forays into fusion with jazz and Western musicians of other forms



Mandolin U. Shrinivas.

were huge successes in front of varied audiences. He also continued to please Carnatic music lovers of the Indian diaspora. In all his collaborative performances, he tended to play second fiddle, letting his counterparts bask in the admiration of the audience rather than show off his own superior skills. When asked about this, his typically modest reply was: "No, that is not true. They are all great musicians in their own right. And fusion concerts are not competitions, are they?"

Thirtytwo years and many conquests in India and abroad after he first appeared in the pages of *Sruti*, with his ever increasing *raga* and composition repertoire, after scores of collaborative efforts that left his admirers wonderstruck by his virtuosity, Shrinivas retained the same simple, shy ways and humil-

ity unmarred by his supreme confidence in his art. His was not music for those of us who like it slow and soulful. It was fast, dazzling, breathtaking, awe-inspiring, with rarely a long stretch of quietude. Yet, it had soul. It was music that effortlessly bridged south and north, east and west.

Though Pattabhi Raman's prayer in *Sruti's* Issue No. 1 came true and Shrinivas did become a star in the firmament of Carnatic music, the end has come too soon. He was a role model among musicians, ever smiling, always modest, genuinely so. He brought thousands of new listeners in India and abroad into the fold of Carnatic music. His music touched both the lay listener and the cognoscenti. He thus played a major role in taking Carnatic music worldwide. There will never be another like him. (Courtesy: *Sruti*)

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– THE EDITOR

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Quizzin' with Ram'nan

(Current Affairs questions are from the period October 16th to 31st. Questions 11 to 20 pertain to Chennai and Tamil Nadu.)

1. Which high-profile athlete was recently sent to prison for five years for killing his girlfriend Reeva Steenkamp on Valentine's Day in 2013?
2. With whom did Sania Mirza win the season-ending, prestigious WTA Finals women's doubles title?
3. On October 28th, which country formally withdrew from Afghanistan to end a 13-year war that it was a part of?
4. Name the new Chief Minister of Maharashtra who was sworn in on October 31st.
5. Name the India-born executive who has been appointed Product Chief of Google.
6. What phenomenal feat did Alan Eustace achieve on October 24th?
7. After whom is the UK Government's new award to honour individuals who have worked to strengthen the UK-India relationship named?
8. Which Indian won a grand world billiards double at Leeds recently to take his tally of world titles to 12?
9. Beginning this year, what will the birthday of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel on October 31st be celebrated as?
10. What new electoral record did BJP's Pritam Munde set in the Beed Lok Sabha constituency?

11. What first did Capt. V. Sundaram achieve in 1936?
12. How is the *uchavar* referred to in the Parthasarathy Temple in Triplicane?
13. Who was sent by Mahatma Gandhi to Madras in 1918 as the first Hindi Pracharak?
14. By what simpler name is the Arulmigu Thiruvengadamudayan Venkatesa Perumal Thirukkoil in Sowcarpet popularly known?
15. Who founded the South Indian Liberal Federation in 1917?
16. Where in Chennai can you see a superbly sculpted statue of Kalaripayattu 'chekavars' in action?
17. What was established by an American, David McConaughy, in Madras in 1890?
18. There is a statue of first ICS Commissioner of the Madras Corporation at the Ripon Building. Name him.
19. Simple one. Which MTC depots in Chennai have the codes AM and PM?
20. The Indian National Congress has only one MP from the State in the Rajya Sabha. Name him.

(Answers on page 8)

• Nostalgia

● Madras Medical College, 73 years ago – as recalled by Dr. S. Ramaswamy, Professor of Anatomy (Retd). He was a 1941 batch student of MMC.

Of cricket and Saigal at MMC

(Continued from last fortnight)

The election to the College Association came up as usual in January 1945. Sampath Loganathan, my classmate, a University Blue in Tennis, was unanimously elected as the General Secretary. There was no President; the Secretary was all-powerful as far as the Association was concerned. Dr. P.V. Cherian had taken over as Principal. He was the Head of the E.N.T. Department in the Government General Hospital, but was better known as a brilliant E.N.T. Surgeon. Both Dr. Cherian and his wife, Tara Cherian, were actively involved in the political field. This led to Dr. Cherian becoming a member of the Madras Legislative Council and, much later, Governor of Maharashtra, while Tara Cherian became the first woman Mayor of Madras.

A memorable event was the organisation of a "Ladies vs Gents" cricket match. The Gents had to wear fancy dress and had to bat left-handed and bowl underarm. The Ladies won the match. It was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion for one and all after the disastrous College function in August 1944.

The summer vacation over, the academic ward postings and classes started. The subjects for the December 1945 examination were Pathology, 'Hygiene' (later designated Community Medicine) and Ophthalmology. Bacteriology (later designated Microbiology) was partly Pathology. The lectures in Ophthalmology and Obstetrics and Gynaecology were held in the Government Ophthalmic Hospital and in the 'Maternity' Hospital, Egmore. There were no restaurants in the area and refreshments had to be taken in a small 'wayside' establishment on Marshall's Road and a small tea shop in the Museum premises. Hotel Ashoka came years later.

☆☆☆

The preparations for the 'Graduates' Reception' function went on as usual, this time with the expectation of a very enjoyable evening, the political atmosphere having undergone a change with India well on its road to independence. The popular songs at the time were those of K.L. Saigal (particularly from the film *Tansen*). As usual we had two items in the orchestral part – one only instrumental, the other "Diya Jalao" wherein Saigal acting as Tansen finally accedes to the request by Akbar to sing the *rag Deepak*. The vocal refrain for the song was mine. After prayer and the instrumental part of the orchestra were over, the hall was darkened. There were shouts of 'lights, lights' which we had anticipated. As I began the song *Dina Sema*, the lights came on, but subdued.

As the song progressed and was nearing the climactic end, the lighting kept slowly increasing and as the song ended with the words *Diya Jalao*, sung three times with successive increase in volume, the lighting kept brightening till, at the end, it was almost blinding for a few seconds. There was a standing ovation with 'encore' being shouted again and again. We had decided against encores to ensure the audience remembering the experience. I was called "College Saigal" thereafter.

☆☆☆

Joseph Anthony was appointed cricket team captain though I was a strong contender. Our performance in matches was better than in 1944. Bhaskar Rao was the highest scorer and I was the second. Both of us were asked to attend the University Team Trials. As the dates of the trials were very close to my University examinations in December, I could not attend. Rathnakar Rai, who captained the University team, later told me that I would have had every chance of being selected, in the fifteen if not in the eleven.

In the practical examination at the end of the year in Bacteriology, of which staining of the Malarial Parasite was a part, the external examiner expected the candidate to do the staining meticulously and carefully and would not take kindly to the candidate if his/her fingers got stained!

There were Hygiene excursions on Saturday afternoons most of which I had to miss as I was involved in cricket matches. Dr. Shenoy used to be in charge of these excursions. I could take



Madras Medical College Orchestra group, August 1946 (X – S. Ramaswamy).

part in only two of them, one to Ooty and the Pasteur Institute, Coonoor, and the other to the Madras Milk Dairy farm. It was a proud privilege to have been taught by Dr. K.S. Sanjivi, Assistant to Col. C.K. Prasada Rao, in the fourth year and, later, in the final year by Dr. Rathnavelu Subramanian, Assistant to Col. C.K.P. Rao. The surgical posting was under Dr. Mangesh Rao who, unfortunately, fell sick. His Assistant was Dr. A. Venugopal, son of Sir A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, and it was a fine opportunity to learn from him. Dr. Subramania Iyer was our Hygiene Professor, a very jovial person who was popularly called "Mani Maama".

☆☆☆

I entered the final year MBBS course in January 1946. During the first three months there were postings in Medical wards, in Surgical and in the Maternity Hospital in groups. I belonged to the one allotted to Maternity Hospital, i.e. Obstetrics and Gynaecology which included outpatient departments and wards. We had very devoted teachers like Dr. E. V. Kalyani. One unit was headed by Dr. A.L. Mudaliar and other by Dr. Thomas. I had the pleasure of being posted in Dr. Thomas' unit. Dr. Thomas was ambidextrous and his lectures were illustrated by beautiful diagrams on the blackboard drawn with both his hands. Just listening to his lectures was enough to know the major part of Obstetrics. Our group had what was called 'internment', when we had to stay in the Maternity Hospital in dormitory type accommodation and take turns to attend to deliveries in the labour ward. Whenever a Caesarean Section operation was performed the announcement would come through the ringing of a bell when all the internees were expected to turn up to witness the operation.

Each one of us was expected to 'conduct' 21 deliveries and submit the records as a requirement for the final year examination in Obstetrics and Gynaecology. Anyone of us who at a particular point of time had delivered a baby weighing the maximum at that time had to extend a 'treat' to the other internees and I had the pleasure doing so once.

During one Caesarean Section conducted by Dr. Thomas, there was some delay in the arrival of the lady doctor who was to assist him. Dr. Thomas was a bit upset and made preparations for the operation calling upon one of us internees to assist him. Since he was not in his usual pleasant mood and appeared to be angry, my co-internees were afraid to volunteer to assist him. As I was the class representative, they pushed me to do the job and I "dressed up" for the occasion and went on to assist him. At the end of the Caesarean delivery he asked me whether I had assisted in such operations before. He was very surprised that I had not and complimented me for my contribution.

☆☆☆

The forensic lectures continued and the examination on that subject was held in April. Dr. A. Sreenivasulu Naidu was the Professor and Head of the Department of Forensic Medicine. His manner was enunciative while answering questions in Courts as a Forensic Expert and lawyers would never take liberties with him. Earlier, in 1944, he had conducted the post-mortem on Lakshmi-kantam's body in the famous Lakshmi-kantam murder case. The defence lawyer for the accused was none other than K.M. Munshi.

An emergency operation had to be done on Lakshmi-kantam after he came himself by rickshaw to the hospital with stab wounds in his chest and abdomen. He had a sturdy physical constitution and could withstand multiple stab wounds. He did not survive the operation. A senior doctor was expected to do the operation but it was conducted by his assistant and they had quite a bit of explaining to do.

As an examiner, Dr. Mangesh Rao appeared intimidating, but he was extremely kind and liberal in assessment. I had no problem in passing in the subject and had the pleasure of being in touch with him even after the examinations for quite some time. Unfortunately he died while driving his car at night, crashing into the wall of the fountain at the Edward Elliot's Road-Marina junction near Queen Mary's College.

(To be concluded)

● A page from California

ARANGETRAM

● A student of Cupertino High School in the Silicon Valley town where Apple is headquartered sent us a copy of the School's newspaper in which we found this material that we found fascinating. We were particularly impressed with the newspaper's policy as announced by it and which we reproduce below. We found the cartoon below quite telling, appearing as it did in an American student publication. Cupertino High School has a large number of Chinese and Indian students, and they form a significant number on the paper's Editorial Board.

– The Editor

Arangetram, Ah. Run. Gate. Thrum. Ah-run-gate-thrum. Arangetram.

An *arangetram* is the pinnacle of Indian classical arts. The history of the *arangetram* can be traced back to the days of dancing as a form of temple worship. However, as time progressed, *arangetrams* have expanded to involve all culminative performances of dancers of multiple styles, as well as classical Indian instruments and, on occasions, vocal performances.

The literal translation of an *arangetram* is "to climb upon a stage", while the figurative translation is "the first solo performance an artiste gives upon the completion of his formal training." Modern-day *arangetrams* encompass much more than the dancer's performance, however. Today, many *arangetrams* include *chaat* and *chai*, traditional Indian tea and snacks, for the audience to enjoy, as well as a banquet following the performance to celebrate the dancer's achievement. *Arangetrams* are not just a performance; for many dancers, it is their transformation into an expert in their art form.

As life-changing as an *arangetram* is for the dancers, it is also a truly unique experience for all involved. For many parents, their child's commitment to dance or vocals is often a commitment they make as well. Senior Ashni Shetty, who had her *arangetram* in August of this year, learned dance from her mother for ten years before holding an *arangetram* of her



\$ 5 0 0 0
for venue rental



\$ 2 5 0 0
for live musicians



\$ 3 0 0 0
for catering

Arranging one in the U.S.

by ANISHA DANGORIA

In *The Prospector*, the monthly student newspaper of Cupertino High School, Cupertino, California.

own, and credits both of her parents for encouraging her to have one.

"I wanted to do it because (my mother) did it twenty years back, and I felt like doing it twenty years later as something all wanted to do as a family," said Shetty of the experience she shared with both her immediate and extended family.

For the audience, the *arangetram* is an equally enriching experience: it is a chance to behold the talent of a friend, a classmate or a peer, and a dance to understand the significance of dance to that particular individual.

Senior Monica Nissen described attending her first *arangetram* as "a cultural experience."

"Going to (Shetty's) *arangetram* had me in complete awe," Nissen said. "I'm even more honoured to know her now, after seeing this momentous occasion in her dancing career."

More than anyone else, however, the *arangetram* is a once-in-a-lifetime experience for the dancer putting on the performance. The *arangetram* is the commencement of that person's career as a recognised dancer, a dancer who is now qualified to give solo performances and teach the art to others. However, in order to reach this stage, a dancer must prepare for months. According to junior Janany Subra, who also had an *arangetram* this summer, dancers must practise their routines tirelessly before their big day.

"I don't know the exact amount, but I definitely practised for hundreds of hours," Subra said. "It's like five to six hours a day the two months before your *arangetram*, and before that, it's ten to twelve hours a week."

The cultural and personal significance of an *arangetram* also makes the event a momentous occasion through the communities the dancers are involved in. For many dancers, an *arangetram* is a way for their community to acknowledge their hard work and success in the field of dance. It is a chance for them to show the world their talent, much like a final sport, game or an art exhibition. With each tap of the dancer's foot on the stage, during the two hours of an *arangetram*, the world gets to watch that dancer embark on the journey of a lifetime, a journey of cultural importance, not only to the dancers, but to their friends and family. The *arangetram* is not the end of a dancer's journey; it is only the beginning.



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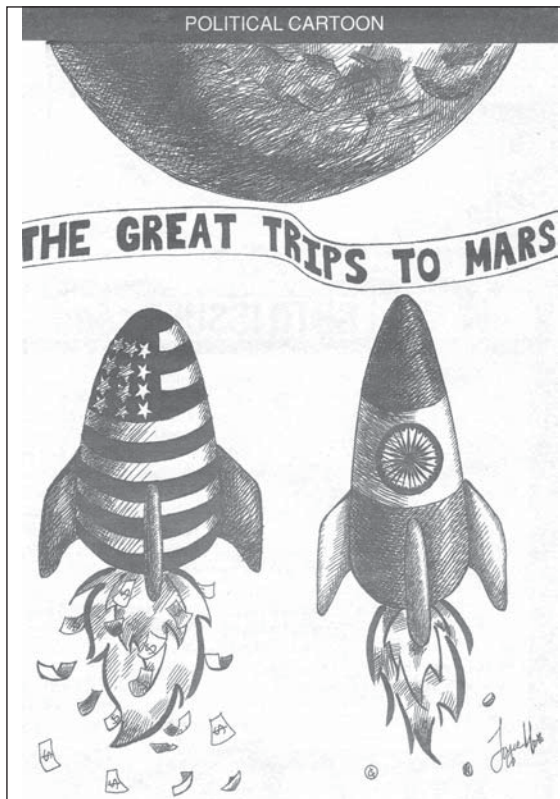
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– THE EDITOR

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Madras Musings is now on the web at www.madrasmusings.com

THE EDITOR

Mourning Indian cricket

The whole nation is distressed over what is looked upon as the demise of Indian cricket. I was actually surprised that there was no demand for an 'Ashes II' to mourn the happening! Even the most ardent Indian supporter will admit that the drubbing we received in the recent Test series against England was humiliating to the core, and there was no way we could condone the inept batting that we saw.

It is one thing to say that every cricketing nation goes through such a bad patch once in a while. It is an entirely another phenomenon to lose almost all the time we play a Test abroad on the bouncy pitches of England, Australia, or South

Africa. When such a calamity descends on us we attribute it to our inability to play either the deceptive bouncer or the vicious swing. Like a talented and experienced physician we have the diagnosis all right, but we don't know what the right treatment will have to be. Do we need just some medicine to take care of the ailment, or should we go in straightaway for surgery? As you know, surgery is

always tricky, and could lead sometimes to the collapse of the patient himself. This is why we need to hasten slowly and not tinker with the basics.

Anyone who claims the IPL has not done any harm to Test cricket is being squarely dishonest. Let us face it. Beyond the need for physical fitness that both traditional and instant cricket demand, there is hardly any commonality. While the former requires patience and perseverance, and therefore the ability to graft – almost the qualities of a sculptor or painter trying to produce a masterpiece

● by R.K. Raghavan

– the one who plays Twenty20 is a man in a hurry who has to draw on his wares instantaneously and will perish if he does not do so to the satisfaction of his thousands of supporters. This is why I do not buy the theory that the same player can be chosen for both versions and we can still preserve tradition.

The dilemma faces every form of art and entertainment. In my view classicism and modernity can coexist without adverse impact on either. Take for instance Carnatic music and the Western classical. Both have thrived despite the assaults of modern venality and crudity in the form of pop music. Barring a few Carnatic musicians, the rest who have tried their voices in the film world have been a flop, and have had their reputations besmirched. I, therefore, strongly advocate a system whereby an up-and-coming cricketer should take a decision early in his career whether he will stick to the longer version or migrate to the instant form of the game. This is where mentors would play a valuable role.

Narendra Babu, D. Ravi and K. Balasubramanian. Ravi's work is semi-abstracts in bright hues, Narendra Babu's work is in vibrant colours, many floating figures in a dream world, and Balasubramanian's work is in subdued hues reflecting the tantric forms (at Dakshina-Chitra).

December 19-25: Hybrid Modernism, photographs by Sabina Haubitz (late) and Stefanie Zoche on South Indian cinema halls. Their work features photography, video and installation. In three journeys between 2010 and 2013, the artists photographed movie theatres from the 1930s to 1970s in Kerala and Tamil Nadu. The photos of these buildings bear eloquent testimony to the rich cinematic culture of those times. (Woodlands Theatre, 11 am to 9.30 pm)

Till November 25: Resurgence, an exhibition of paintings, sculptures and installations by various artists (at Apparao Galleries @ The Leela Palace).

Till November 25: Pop People Forest Fantasy, an exhibition of paintings by P.G. Dinesh and Pravin Sawarkar (at Apparao Galleries at Sandy's, Cenotaph Road and at Sandy's Nungambakkam).

Till November 30: Exhibition of sculptures and paintings by late T.R.P. Mookiah (at Dakshina-Chitra).

Till November 30: Tale of the Talking Face, an exhibition of drawings by K.G. Subramanyan. These are drawings that the artist did for his children's book of the same name (at Dakshina-Chitra).

Till December 10: Triptych, a group exhibition by K.G.

We cannot abandon Test cricket because of the sheer poetry it offers. No one attempting it will ever succeed in this kind of vandalism or iconoclasm. The parallel is to classical music which has grown from strength to strength. It may not have the numbers.

But it certainly has the quality that speaks for itself. In a mundane manner of speaking, we will know what the irresistible South Indian filter coffee (sometimes known as degree coffee) offers and how Nescafe or Bru stand out in stark contrast. Ask any coffee lover in Chennai. He will explain and take the decision for you.

It is for the BCCI to make the vital move. We need to have two totally different teams for the two versions. M S Dhoni may be good for both. It does not necessarily mean he should lead us in both. Nothing else would help avert the ignominy that we suffered in England this summer. The huge income differential for the players in the two versions will have to be closed, so that no one opts for the IPL merely because of the power of lucre. The BCCI has enough in its coffers to do this.



M S Dhoni

This suggestion is nothing radical or airy. It is eminently practical.

I will necessarily have to end with what that master of words, Neville Cardus, had to say about a priceless innings of the famous Australian, Charles Macartney, in the 1926 Leeds Test when, after being dropped at 2, he went on to score a hundred, and many in the staunch English crowd thanked the English fielder who had butter fingers.

Such is the power of the artist-Batsman; his spells descend on everybody, and even the savage Competitive breast is stilled.

(Macartney scored three Test hundreds in the series and at Leeds he scored one before lunch!)

(The writer is Secretary, Kamyuth Club, in the TNCA League) (Courtesy: Straight Bat)



Answers to Quiz

1. Oscar Pistorius; 2. Cara Black; 3. United Kingdom; 4. Devendra Gangadharrao Fadnavis; 5. Sundar Pichai; 6. He broke the world altitude record for highest free-fall parachute jump with a fall from 135908 feet; 7. Dadabhai Naoroji; 8. Pankaj Advani; 9. Rashtriya Ekta Divas (National Integration Day); 10. Highest victory margin in Lok Sabha elections (6,96,321 votes).

* * *

11. He became the first Indian to get a commercial pilot's licence from Madras; 12. Venkatakrishnan; 13. His son Devdas Gandhi; 14. Bairagi Matam (or Mutt); 15. Sir Pitty Theagaroya Chetty and Dr. T.M. Nair; 16. Near the Gemini Flyover/US Consulate; 17. The YMCA; 18. Conran Smith; 19. Ambattur and Poonamallee; 20. Dr. E.M. Sudarsana Natchiappan.

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