

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS

MUSINGS

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Living in fear of heritage

(By A Special Correspondent)

This is the centenary year of the mathematics genius Srinivasa Ramanujan's journey to the United Kingdom. This journey marked the beginning of the world sitting up and recognising his extraordinary abilities in his field and is surely a matter of pride and celebration for our city, from where he had set out. And yet, one of the commemorative plaques for him in this city has vanished. The reason? The owners of the property where it stood were afraid that this would lead to the house being taken over by the Government on the grounds that it was a heritage property!

There are, of course, plenty of other memorials to Ramanujan and, indeed, at least three other houses that he lived in in Triplicane. But this property, in Hanumantharayar Koil Street, was the only one that bore a plaque commemorating the fact, and it was from here that he set out to England. And so the plaque was particularly significant. Conversely, from the owner's point of view, this is what put his precious real estate at risk.

This is not the only instance of such a thought process. Several years ago, a marble plaque that commemorated a Mylapore house where the Indian National Congress was founded, was broken as soon as the property changed hands, the new owners being apprehensive of a Government take-over. A restaurant in Triplicane that had a slab recording Gandhi's visit to the building got rid of the stone a couple of years ago. The foundation stone of the rear wing of P Orr & Sons was smashed to pieces by Metro Rail

(Continued on page 7)



Ramanujan's house – as it is today, converted into an apartment block! (Photo courtesy: Sreemathy Mohan.)

Is pre-1947 architecture entirely British?

The last week of November saw *Ripon Building* completing a century. The coverage in the electronic media had at least one channel claiming that it was built "by the British for their administration". Considering that it was constructed in 1913 and therefore it was only 34 years old when the country became independent, surely that is somewhat of an overstatement! After all, the majority of its 100 years saw *Ripon Building* as the administrative

headquarters of a civic body for a city in an independent India. So how British is *Ripon Building*?

For that matter, how British are such buildings that have been built in the colonial era? Let us first of all concede that their designs, largely Gothic, Neo Classical and Art Deco, are foreign in origin. But then so are all the modern glass, steel and concrete structures that we build now! It is a well-known fact that very, very few architects in the country have evolved an indigenous style and even fewer clients want such designs to be implemented. So how does that make modern highrises Indian?

Yes, it is true that the architects who designed the old buildings and their several clients who commissioned them (most often Government departments) were British. But does that not make a post-Independence construction for the Indian arm of a multinational, with design by an overseas architect, also an alien? How do we consider that an Indian structure? The TCS building in

Siruseri was designed by a Uruguayan firm. To which country does it belong? And while on the same point, what about the German-designed Assembly building now turned multi-speciality hospital? Is it Indian or German? From its appearance it definitely looks alien as does the Siruseri office of TCS.

• by
The Editor

The colonial buildings may have been designed by British architects, but the execution was entirely in the hands of Indians. The contractors were all Indian (you can't get more local than T Namberumal Chetty, Nemali Pattabhirama Rao and P Loganatha Mudaliar – the three men involved in the construction of *Ripon Building*) as were the workmen. And it was this group that really helped in ensuring that the British-designs were translated into reality. After all, where would St Andrews Kirk, Central Station

and *Ripon Building* be without the terracotta well foundations, which were very much a product of local expertise? The British did not even know of this till Major Thomas Fiott de Havilland made a study of the technique in the early 1800s.

Next let us look at the material used. Old buildings had a mix of native and imported components. The steel was often from England (and, later, increasingly from local sources), the fittings were imported as well (as they often still are) as was the stained glass. The timber was largely indigenous (as opposed to the now increasing habit of importing exotic and unsuitable varieties from other parts of the world). Floor tiles were imported by those who could afford them, the rest made do with indigenous stone. This still continues. In short, components then were a mixed bag and they still are. Stone carving has remained indigenous. Gone, however, is the

(Continued on page 8)

Madras Eye



Their SMS language now is influenced by the World Chess Championship!

Discovering Mylapore

Over a year ago, a small group of us floated two ventures. Both had to do with Mylapore.

The first had to do with cycle rickshaws. The second, with home-based accommodation for travellers or visitors.

While we were hosting Heritage Walks around Mylapore, a related idea began to roll in our minds.

To use cycle rickshaws on local tours.

There are still a dozen or more that linger in the area and a few were keen to join us in the experiment.

That is how the Cycle Rickshaw Tour got started and it survives today because of two rickshawwallahs who are ever so keen to undertake a trip at short notice.

The Tour is kept simple. Guests are given a simple brochure listing a dozen sights that they get to enjoy visually as the rickshaw trundles along the streets and lanes. They can get off and walk a bit only at one point where a few old houses survive.

The sights vary – a procession headed to the Mundakanni Amman Temple, heated arguments between street hawkers, a goli soda vendor shuffling the bottles, and a greying *aasari* at work in a hole in the wall.

The second idea did not work. It was hard to convince even a few households to offer simple accommodation to people who were passing through the city and were looking for an 'experience'.

So we now suggest an alternative to those who seek the Mylapore experience – book yourself into Hotel Karpagam. That quiet, clean nook off South Mada Street.

• by Vincent D'Souza

Several guests have enjoyed the experience. They have chosen to walk down the *mada veeidhis* at dawn and after dusk, they had rambling chats with the priests on Tank Street, they have sat for *kutcheris* at the Navarathri Mantapam inside Sri Kapali Temple, and made friends with families in the Chitrakulam zone, some even learning to draw the *kolam* during the *margazhi* season.

Many 'seasons' ago our team at KucheriBuzz floated the idea of asking people who could offer accommodation to visiting *rasikas* to advertise their spices.

We did this because there were people who travelled to this city for the famed December Season of Carnatic music and classical dance who sought places to stay in houses or apartments inside or on the fringe of the *sabha* zone.

A dozen plus house owners come forward to offer their spaces on the KucheriBuzz website (www.Kucheribuzz.com) but I feel many more can get entrepreneurial at this time of the year.

A colourful neighbourhood with its unique character can offer an experience that visitors would enjoy and remember. (Courtesy: *Mylapore Times*.)

A big 'Thank You' to 7 of you

We publish below the list of donors who have, between 16.10.13 and 15.11.14, added to the support Chennai Heritage and its voice, *Madras Musings*, have already received. We thank all of them for their support for the causes Chennai Heritage espouses.

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MADRAS MUSINGS ON THE WEB

To reach out to as many readers as possible who share our keen interest in Madras that is Chennai, and in response to requests from many well-wishers – especially from outside Chennai and abroad who receive their postal copies very late – for an online edition. *Madras Musings* is now on the web at www.madrasmusings.com

THE EDITOR

Musing on the Music Season

Portia (unless *The Man from Madras Musings* is thinking of someone else) said something about music being in the heavens, which clearly indicates that she never came to this, our city, in December. For, as we all know, come December, there is music on earth and quite a bit of it. It affects different people differently. MMM, given to singing freely (and allowed to do so by his good lady, also known as She Who Must Be Obeyed) in his bath, becomes a *sabha* fiend, hopping from venue to venue, here savouring the music, there devouring a snack in the canteen and still further away trading some juicy gossip. In short, MMM becomes the Musical Mylapore Maama. The Chief, who usually reacts to music as Aurangzeb did, allows MMM quite a bit of leeway and looks on the proceedings with a benevolent eye. In

Chest of Music and the Modern Day Muse from the Carnatic Music Lovers' Association of Outer Mongolia (regd.), etc. Many claim that the profiled artiste has only one aim in life – to seek God through music. But as the saying goes, God is in the details; it is in the facts that such CVs are usually most lacking.

And, boy, are they vague about their own life details! This is where they differ from Solomon Grundy whose life, if you recollect, was an open book. The women do not like to reveal their year of birth. That is somewhat understandable. But what is unforgivable is the way most profiles sent in by artistes overlook their mothers' names. Most often the biodata will carry just the father's name as though he did it all by himself. Perhaps this is what they mean when they say that all music is divine. Pressed

City, that second city of the British Empire had similar problems. Huge trenches, potholes and craters greeted you wherever you went. The citizens sorted it all out by naming each pothole after a political personality. That way everyone had a good laugh and saw the brighter side of life. The roads remained the same, but at least negotiating them became easier because you could smile as you did so. Taking a leaf out of that, MMM recommends that our city (the first in the British Empire) rename its areas based on the condition of their roads.

Craterpuram is already taken. We can have 'Mauled'apore, Roy'a'pit'ah, Pe'ram'bore', Mound Road, 'All worn'pet, Gorge Down, T(errible) Nagar, Mound'a'valley, Go Fall Puram, Ravine'n'malai Puram, Now Gone Pakkam, God damn

SHORT 'N' SNAPPY

this he is one with She Who Must Be Obeyed.

But the Music Season is not all joy and jollity (is there such a word?). MMM puts in quite a bit of hard work as well. For, he is then CCC – the Carnatic Citation Chap. Rightly or wrongly, and more likely the latter, there are certain quarters that believe that MMM can spin out a nifty citation and command him to do it each year. The weary work begins sometime in October and continues till early December, almost till the morning of the awards night. Now what is so difficult in writing out a citation of 250 words, you may wonder. After all, is not Solomon Grundy's life story a good example to follow, you may ask. Ah, but that is where you make your bloomin' error.

The problems begin with getting the facts correctly from the musicians before writing the citations. Artistes usually respond by sending in dossiers about themselves, most of which run into several pages. These are usually filled with purple prose – the divine deity that has descended only to dance, or the celestial sage that sings, etc. These will be followed with quotes from what seniors in the field have said about the artiste in question – "If you don't believe in God, come and hear this one's music" attributed to a much decorated North Indian instrumentalist being a common one that is freely used across the board. Then follow a list of outlandish awards and titles – recognised as the Treasure

for the mother's name, most artistes will say that she was/is a 'simple' housewife and so could we please leave her out. Whereupon MMM usually sees red and then, having counted till ten, explains that it is most essential that a good citation carries the names of both parents, place of birth and date of birth. This is received with some shock and surprise. Then, after days of cajoling and wheedling, and following it up with a threat that the deadline for the citation is long over, the information is coughed up with reluctance. All this takes a toll on MMM who by December 1st becomes wan and has circles under the eyes. Only canteen coffee can revive him.

'Pits'burgh

The rains are poor and we are told that there is a 70 per cent deficit. But while *The Man from Madras Musings* and the rest of you are looking at the skies with hope and prayer, the roads below us have clearly had enough of the rains. There is not a single patch of smooth macadam anywhere in the city. Driving along Kotturpuram roads the other day, MMM wondered if it ought to be named Craterpuram. And this is supposed to be an upmarket locality! What of the rest of the city? And when these roads fill with water, it is impossible to distinguish between land and lake. There is really nothing that can be done other than to grin and bear it. After all, our city is Chennai only.

Many years ago, when MMM was a Child of Calcutta

pock'em, Slide-a-pet, Knoll-and-Bore, Vile Scary and No Go Nallur, to name a few. Going into the vernacular you could come up with many more – 'PaLLAvaram' being the first that MMM can think of. Now MMM invites contributions from his faithful congregation. The one area that need not change is 'Rut'land Gate. Once the list is ready, all we need to do is to pass it on to the city's civic body, which will take care of the rest. And as for the city itself, what better name than something inspired by the US of A? We wanted to be Manhattan. We can at least be 'Pits'burgh can't we?

Tied into knots?

Our city's civic body may have given the centenary of its headquarters the go by, but the media went to town on it, quoting statistics of length, breadth, height, size etc. So did at least one TV Channel which going by its name belongs to the people while in reality it is backed by a political party that once claimed to be a friend of trees before it cut several of them down for its annual conference.

But that is not germane to this issue. What *The Man from Madras Musings* had to say was that the newscaster kept announcing that 'Ribbon' Buildings, named after Lord 'Ribbon', was celebrating its centenary. This, MMM reflected, was perhaps because the place is eternally tied up in red tape.

– MMM

OUR READERS WRITE



Dangerous expansions

A dangerous trend is emerging in T'Nagar, where commercial complex owners, in a bid to expand their area of operation and quench their insatiable thirst to earn further, are targeting the nearby residential dwellings. The modus operandi is that they lure the owners of the flats to sell their property by offering them hefty amounts. Once they are able to trap a few flat owners to do so, they pressure those who are hard nuts to crack.

Though the constitutional provision enjoins upon the residents the 'right to live', the trend is clearly in violation of equality of that right. Government must view this seriously and help the residents who have been living in T'Nagar for decades. A suitable legislation must be brought in so as to put a 'cap' on any kind of development by commercial complex owners in and around T'Nagar.

The shopping hub has already grown beyond its size and any further tinkering at the cost of its primary stakeholders, the residents, will only help its deterioration. This should mean that the commercial complex owners should play only within their present area and no new complexes/extensions/activities be allowed to come up in T'Nagar.

This must be treated as an SOS from the hapless residents of T'Nagar who are already in dire straits due to excess commercialisation leading to poor sanitation, pollution of various kinds and a host of other civic issues.

K. Harihar

20, Venkatesan Street
T'Nagar, Chennai 600 017

The Anglo-Indians

The Indianised Anglo-Indian community was well perceived by Venkatesh alongside in the book by S. Muthiah (MM, November 1st). Anglo-Indian community does live not only in urban areas but in rural interior too. As I perceive, the identity itself, i.e. 'Anglo-Indian' derives from the fact that these people speak English. In other words, it means English speaking Indians. However, though hundred years passed, they retain their own lifestyle.

Their women still maintain wearing gowns. Still I remember one family which lived at our remote village in Tiruchy district. I am told, Anglo-Indian men mostly work in Railways. They do not seem to have involved in any quarrels in society as other communities do. Two Anglo-Indian aged sisters use to visit our Bank once in a week. They smile at me on entering and enquire about my health. It shows their behaviour in public even today. Though we change our lifestyle, I see no change in Anglo-Indians. They love gardening around their dwellings. They extend help to poor people. Let their lives go on in our Indian soil for many decades to come.

S.R. Rajagopal

7/12, Peters Colony
Royapettah
Chennai 600 014.

Some resemblance?

I have not known of the Madras sculptor Murugesan nor of his impressive creations. I am ashamed of myself on that score.

CHENNAI HERITAGE

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Growing up with Anglo-Indians

Having spent my academic years in Good Shepherd Convent, Christ Church Anglo-Indian High School and Loyola College, I enjoyed the benefits of a close interaction with the Anglo-Indian community. And *Madras Musings'* recent feature (MM, November 1st) made me recall my experience in those institutions.

The standard of education in South India would not have reached such high levels over the years but for such institutions.

The Anglo-Indian schools worked according to an agenda of grooming an individual to serve society at every stage. Discipline, proper study, prayer, physical activities, sports and games and music formed the matrix of a good social background if you were a product of such schools – and it showed!

To narrow the focus to my own individual experience, I still remember the days when the legendary Father Murphy visited Good Shepherd Convent on certain days of the week. It was sheer excitement to be in the presence of the aged Reverend Father who always sported a smile on his cherubic face even as he taught us how to lead a good life. (At the other end of the spectrum, he wrote book reviews for *The Hindu* on a regular basis.)

John Asirvatham, Headmaster of Christ Church, was a stickler for discipline and hard work as far as studies were concerned. (At the risk of being immodest, I will have to add that one day he called me to his room and said in his usual authoritarian voice that he had identified me for a State Rank; the next year I managed to come in second to his moderate satisfaction!). His Prayer Sessions at the beginning of the day were a great source of inspiration for all of us.

The Assistant Headmaster, Samuel, taught us the nuances of Wren and Martin. He selected a handful of us and made us visit his home on Sunday afternoons in order to put us through a course of appreciation of Shakespeare's works while his hospitable wife plied us with snacks and soft drinks! Gently persuaded by us, he would roll out a couple of songs on his stately piano. (He used to play both the piano

and the organ at Christ Church on special days when we attended Church for prayers.)

Christ Church prided itself on hockey and was a bitter rival to St Bede's on San Thomé Road. If hockey flourished in Madras it was largely due to the Anglo-Indians. Police officers from the community, even if they were of Deputy Commissioner's rank, used to play hockey with great enthusiasm.

A couple of names, such as Eugene Edmonds and Maurice Timms whose father was in Madras Police, come to mind when I recall playing hockey with the Anglo-Indians. With their exodus to Australia, Canada and New Zealand, hockey lost its sheen in the city. Crowds thronging the stadiums also at athletics meets began to dwindle thereafter.

Apart from studies and sports, music and dance marked every social occasion and the clubs used to swing to the rock and roll of Elvis Presley and others of his ilk. Young carol singers during pre-Christmas weeks were welcomed by the elders as they gave them cakes and puffs while they strummed their guitars. The Star of David shining from the roof-top made a pretty picture. That some of us were not Christians did not matter at that memorable moment!

At school, we not only picked up the mellifluous sounds of hymns and carols but were also exposed to Mozart and Beethoven.

Occasionally, in order to take a nostalgic trip down the Anglo-Indian route, my wizened old classmates from Christ Church, comprising a retired Army Colonel, the retired Chairman of a Bank, a fashion designer who now chooses to live with Uncle Sam, and I would meet and relish our sundowners in the musical company of Frank Sinatra (*Ol' Blue Eyes*), Bing Crosby (*White Christmas*), Elvis Presley (*Angel*), Cliff Richards (*On the Evergreen Tree*), etc.

I will for ever remember the Anglo-Indian community; may their tribe increase wherever they are!

V. Kalidas

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The photograph featured in MM last fortnight brought to mind our (me and my family) visit to the sculpture park created by Gustav Viegand in Frogner, near Oslo (Norway), while living in Germany in the early 2000s. There seems a reasonable resemblance in the work of Murugesan and the Norwegian creator Gustav Viegand.

Both have created artwork out of wood, stone, and bronze. More importantly, both have themed human sentiments in their creations. Murugesan who was born much later was influenced by Viegand, who died in 1943.

The sprawling open-air display of nearly 200 lifesize pieces of artwork of human emotions and behaviours by Viegand attracts even a dummy like me, who has no innate flair for any work of art,

having been trained in hardcore science and only equipped to see either the black or the white.

My short visit to the 'Viegand Park' (as it is known) in Frogner made me feel a soft vibration in myself, awakening the subtleties of life.

As I strolled in the Viegand Park, holding the tiny palms of my daughter, my lips were involuntarily murmuring the song starting *Nirpatuwe, nadap-patuwe...* by Subramania Bharati. I cannot explain why I was muttering that song.

Am I thinking correctly in telling myself that 'thought evolution' can occur concurrently and parallelly?

A Raman

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The centre piece at Viegand's park.

The Tamil Film in 100 years of Indian Cinema

• The South Indian film industry comprises four distinct film cultures, the Kannada, Malayalam, Tamil and Telugu film industries. Although developed independently for a long period of time, exchanges of film performers and technicians as well as globalisation have helped to shape this new single identity.

The first South Indian talking film was released on September 15, 1931. H.M. Reddy produced and directed *Bhakta Prahlada* (Telugu). This was followed by *Kalidas*

- The first-ever movie screened in South India was at Victoria Memorial Hall in 1897 by an Englishman, M. Edwards.
- Electric Theatre was the first purpose-built theatre. It was built in 1900 for movie screening on Mount Road by an Englishman called Warwick Major.
- *Keechaka Vadam* – the first South Indian silent movie was released in 1918, and marked the birth of South Indian cinema. It was the first Madras production.
- *Kalava* (1932) was the first full-length talkie made entirely in Tamil.
- Tamil cinema's first superstar was Thyagaraja Bagavathar, who was a producer, singing sensation, and great actor. He made his film debut in *Pavalakkodi* (1934)
- *Nandamar*, released in 1935 and directed by M.L. Tandon, featured K.B. Sundarambal, the first actor to receive Rs. 1 lakh as compensation for acting.
- T.P. Rajalakshmi was the first woman producer-cum-director in Tamil cinema when she made *Miss Kamala* in 1936.

- M.G.R. – Maruthur Gopalan Ramchandran – debuted in the movie *Sathi Leelavathi* (1936) directed by Ellis R. Dungan, an American whose first film in India this was. Both were to prove box office draws from hereon in.
- *Balayogini*, released in 1937, was the first children's film made in South India.
- *Chintamani* (1937) became the first Tamil film to run for more than one year in a single theatre.



K.P. Sundarambal.



Nataraja Mudaliar.

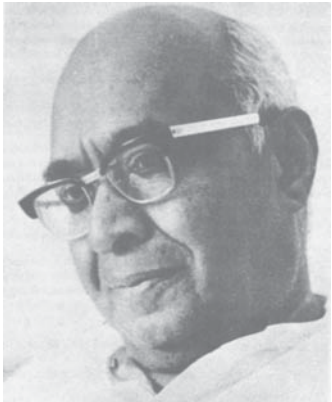


Ellis R. Dungan.

- D.K. Pattammal sang the first playback song for the documentary *Mahatma Gandhi* directed by A.K. Chettiar in 1940.
- AV. Meiyappan started a trend when he dubbed the Kannada film *Harischandra* in Tamil in 1943. Dubbing became a popular practice thereafter.
- The Madras Film Institute (1945) was the first film school in South India.
- AVM Studios (1948) in Chennai is the oldest surviving studio in India.
- *Chandralekha*, released in 1948, was the highest budget movie (Rs. 30 lakh). Its cost at present value will be \$30 million. *Chandralekha* was the first Tamil film to be nationally distributed.
- *Mamayogi* (1951) starring M.G. Ramchandran was the first Tamil film to receive an "Adult" certificate from the film censor board.
- *Ek tha Raja* released in 1951 was the only Hindi film in which MGR acted.



S.S. Vasan.



AV. Meiyappan.

- Sivaji Ganesan's debut film, *Parasakthi* (1952), scripted by M. Karunanidhi, was the beginning of dialogue dominating in Tamil films.
- *Jenova*, released in 1953, was the only Malayalam film in which MGR acted.
- *Koondukkili* (1954) was the only Tamil film in which MGR and Sivaji acted together.
- *Alibabavum 40 Thirudargalum*, released in 1956, was the first full-length colour film in Tamil.
- *Anandha Jyothi* (1963) is the only movie in which MGR and Kamal Haasan acted together.
- *Kathalikka Neramillai* (1964) was the first Eastman colour movie in Tamil.
- *Rajaraja Cholan* (1973) was the first Cinemascope film released in Tamil.
- The first 3D film in Tamil, *Annai Bhoomi*, was released in 1985.
- The first 70mm film released in Tamil was Rajinikanth's *Maaveeran* in 1986.

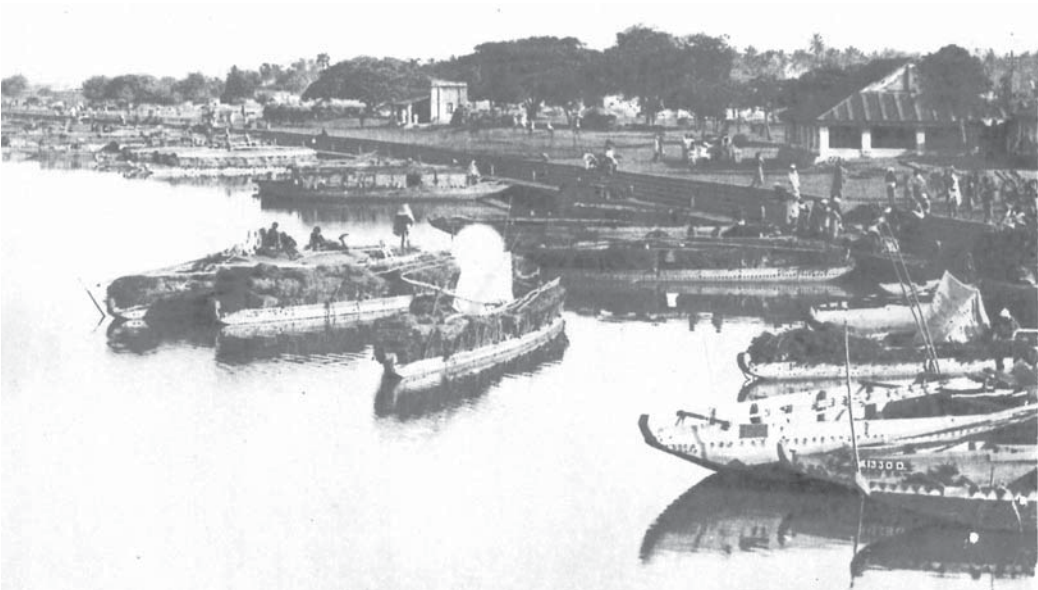
- Mani Ratnam's *Nayagan* (1987) was included in *Time* magazine's 100 best movies' list.
- *Swayamvaram* was the first Tamil film shot within 24 hours. It was released in 1988.
- *Muthu* (1995) was the second dubbed movie in Japanese.
- It is estimated by the *Manorama Yearbook 2000* (a popular almanac) that over 5,000 Tamil films were produced in the 20th Century.
- A.R. Rahman is the only Indian music composer to win an Oscar (2012).
- *Unakkam Enakkum*, released in 2006, was the first film to adopt a pure Tamil title in order to enjoy the entertainment tax benefit
- Actress Padmini is the only Tamil actress to be honoured by the Russian Government. It released a stamp with her face.
- Rajinikanth's *Enthiran* (2010) is the highest budget film in India till now.
- Kamal Haasan has been associated with seven films that have been India's official entries for the Oscars (one Hindi, one Telugu and five Tamil).
- Eight Tamil films have been India's official entries for the Oscar.
- Illayaraja and A.R. Rahman have both won the maximum number of national awards for music directors in India (four). (Based on an article in *TCC Digest*).



M.G. Ramchandran

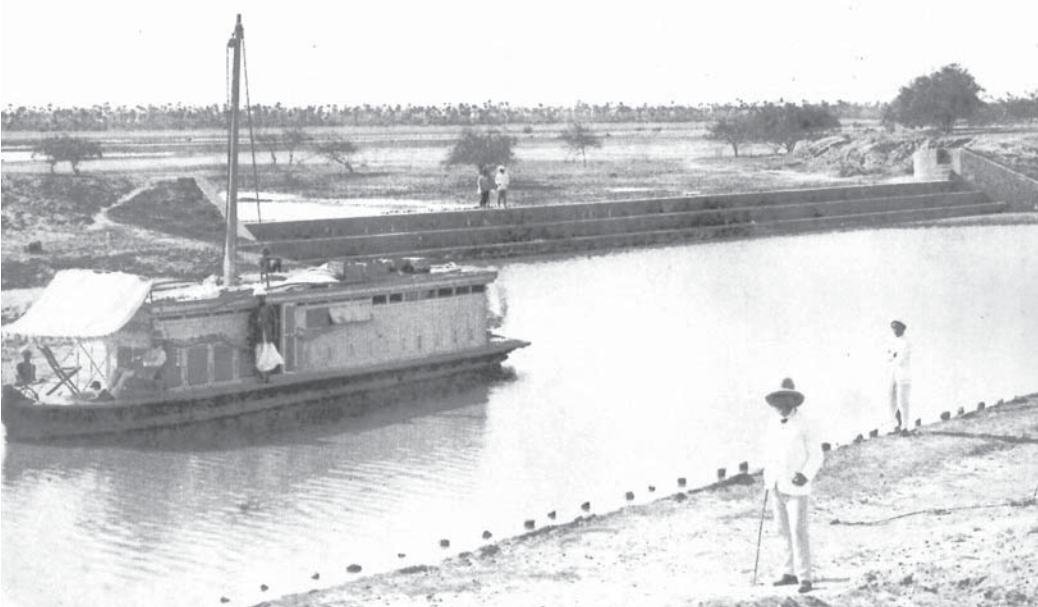
(Tamil) on October 3, 1931. *Kalidas* was produced by Ardeshir Irani and directed by H.M. Reddy. These two films were South India's first talking movies to have a theatre release.

Tamil Cinema has grown tremendously since those beginnings. Most of its films are produced in Chennai in Kodambakkam and, so, the industry is often referred to jocularly as Kollywood. Here are some highlights of the Tamil film industry story:



Madras Basin, an 1898 view.

Passengers on the Buckingham Canal



An 1898 view of a passenger boat in the inlet at 143rd mile (near Tummamalapenta, Kavali, Nellore District).

• Recently, S. Satyanidhi, formerly of the Salt Department and now of 44/3, Satyamurthy Street, Devaraj Nagar, Saligramam, Chennai 600 093, sent us these three pictures of boats that plied in the Buckingham Canal. And reader Ramineni Bhaskarendra Rao sent us this entry on the Canal in the *Asylum Press Almanac 1888* together with translations of excerpts (footnoted) from a few Telugu newspapers of the time.

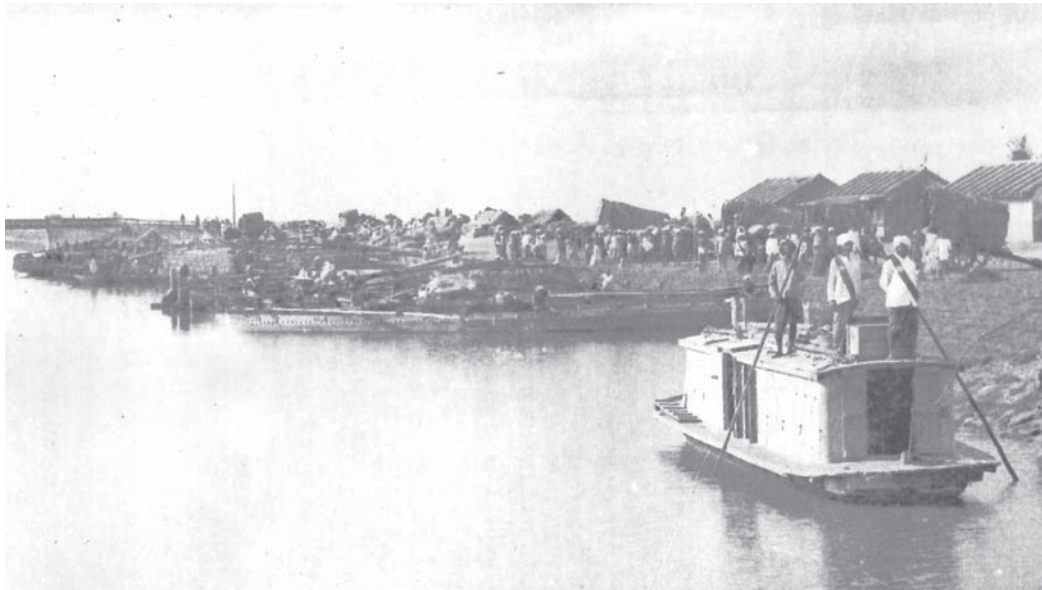
– The Editor

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D. Venkataswamy Naidu	... Overseer, Kotapatam.
P. Narayanaswamy Naidu	... Do. Sadras.

This canal is a salt water tidal channel; runs nearly parallel to the Coastline, and very close to it. It extends from Madras northward, 196 miles, where it joins the fresh water high level Kistna system of canals, the junction being effected by a two-chambered lock, the Kistna system being 7 feet higher: the Kistna system of canals being connected with that of the Godavari, through communication is therefore available to Coconada and elsewhere northward in the Godavari District, Southward of Madras, the canal is cut as far as Alambarai, where it is joined with the Mercanum backwaters, and by this backwater, which is some 12 miles in extent, there is water communication up to Mercanum in the South Arcot District. The total distance of navigable waterway is over 460 miles.

In the Buckingham Canal are absorbed the old Cochrane's Canal and the East Coast Canal. The extension of these canals during the famine of 1876-78 was one of the most important works executed during that period, when the northern and southern canals were also planned by means of the junction canal, the whole now forming one system of some 256 miles.



Iron girder bridge and wharf at Kottapatam, in 1898.

The canal is gradually approaching to a complete and efficient condition. A large estimate, over some 30 lacs of rupees, is now being worked out, which provides for completing the canal thoroughly and for making it a safe means of navigation. The estimate provides for abandoning all backwaters; for providing means (flood gates) at all river and large drainage crossings to shut off floods and for giving the canal a proper section, by which 3 feet depth, below the lowest tide level known, will be secured. The canal will thus have about 4 feet water at least except during the periods of the lowest tides of the year.

The total estimated cost of the project is Rs.63,87,100 including expenditure from its commencement.

The different descriptions of boats plying on canal are, the Madras top boat; the Madras open cargo boat, principally employed in the shell and firewood traffic; the Northern cargo boat, called Dinghees; the Northern Rahadaree boat, which are passenger boats, but carry cargo as well, and are of very large carrying capacity, and well protected. The great drawback on the canal is the want of suitable cabin boats for European travellers: there are a few budgrows so called, but these boats were originally built for short passages only, so offer no convenience for long journeys.

The Steam Company endeavouring to do business on the canal, has gone into liquidation. The time has not arrived for introducing steam traffic on the canal.

The following are the towns and other places of some consequence on the northern canal: Ennore, Pulicat, Coromandel, Doorgaraipatam, Kristnapatam (where the Nellore traffic is shipped and unshipped, Nellore distant 16 miles), Eskapally, Ramapatam (station of the American Baptist Mission), Kotapatnam, which is 2 miles from canal on east side while Ongole is 8 miles off on west side by road. The junction of the canal, with that of the Kristna Canal, is at Peddaganjam, on 196th mile of the canal.

The present toll stations of canal are at Shadeyancoopum Lock (8 mile), Kristnapatam (92), Kottapatam (178), on north canal. On the south canal, the only toll station is at Adyar.

On the southern canal, the most important places are Covelong (15), Mahabalypuram or Seven Pagodas (28½), Sadras (36).

There are bungalows on the canal at Sadras, Ennore, Coromandel, Kistnapatam, Eskapally, Ramapatam, Kanaparty, belonging to the canal.

Annual licence fees:– Cargo boats 2½ Rs. per ton of 50 cubic feet, which entitles the vessel to use all the canals, without any further payment.

Passenger boats,	1st Class,	Rahadaree,	5 Rs.per ton.
Do do.	2nd Class,	do.	3 “ “
Do do.	Budgrows		5 “ “
Do do.	Top boats		3 “ “

1st Class Rahadaree and budgrows, paying 5 Rs. per ton can charge any rate. 2nd Class Rahadaree and Top boats, 2 pice per mile per passenger, in the general cabin or roof, or 3 pice in the separate cabins. The space per passenger is 7½ square feet, a cooly head-load of baggage is allowed each.

Passenger boats are allowed to carry cargo as well as passengers.

There is no fixed tariff for cargo.

* * *

FOOTNOTE: The Buckingham Canal Project necessitated the Ferries Act to be introduced in Madras Presidency.

The Northern India Ferries Act came into force in 1878 (Act 17 of 1878). The Bengal Ferries Act came into force in 1885, only after the Buckingham Canal Project became fully operational The Canals and Public Ferries Act (Act II of 1890) of Madras came into force in 1890. There was some resistance from some quarters in the Presidency against the implementation of the Act. In 1928, when the Madras Government intended to ban the Steam Boats, citing an order of the High Court of Madras, between Narasapur and Razole in Godavari Dist under rule 29, which was framed in 1895, the people of Narsapur sent a memoire to the Madras Government requesting it not to implement the order as they would be deprived of cheap transport facility.

In the year 1920 Madras Government issued a notice saying that due to the repairs and development works to be undertaken at Pententiary Bridge(Central Prison Bridge), the boats plying in the Cooum River are stopped till further notice. The boats going towards Periamet and Chintadripet from North Buckingham Canal were advised to take Northern Branch Canal of Cooum till further notice. It is further informed the boat operators to maintain less than 20 tons of goods in the boat, while going under the Walaja Bridge, since the vertical clearance under the Bridge wont allow the boats with more luggage.

Government officials went by the boats to inspect the Canal during the early days.

The trees of Chennai

• This feature on the trees of Chennai is based on the book *Trees and Tree Tales* by Prof K.N. Rao, a renowned botanist, published by Oxygen Books, Chennai. It speaks of the biodiversity of the city in the form of trees that have survived continuous human efforts to decimate them. Though the city has more of the showy, colourfully flowered exotic trees than the less ornamental native trees, the latter yield a variety of utilitarian products. Examples abound of the multi-purpose coconut, neem, tamarind and palmyrah, all valuable in medicine, food, construction and other areas of human use. Here is a sample of some of the trees common to Chennai, with brief descriptions.

In the service of mankind

The neem tree, *Azadirachta indica*, is found in most compounds of Chennai homes. According to Brihat Samhita, neem is an "indicator plant" for the presence of underground water. Obviously, artificial watering is unnecessary. The rains meet its water requirements.

The neem has a special place in the hearts of Chennais because it flowers just before the Tamil New Year. The flowers form part of the New Year *pachadi* lending it a bitter taste and a philosophical message. The neem flower, though bitter to taste, is salutary in effect, because it is vermifugal and kills worms in the intestines.

The various palms

Stand anywhere in Chennai, and look around, you are sure to see coconut trees. Such is the visibility of coconut in Chennai and, indeed, all along the coastal belt of the country. Other palm tree commonly seen in Chennai are: Fish tail palm (*Caryota urens*), Royal palm (*Oreodoxa regia*) and Palmyrah plan (*Borassus flabelifer*).

The last of these is commonly seen on the outskirts of the city, but is not very common in the city itself.

The leguminous trees

The *leguminosae* is a family of flowering plants that exhibits a great diversity of habit and floral organisation. The *Gliricidia* is a medium-sized tree and its leaves make excellent, rich green manure. 'Gliiricidia' means 'rat-destroying' and the seeds seem to possess this power.

This is a tree commonly seen in all parts of Chennai, but you are likely to notice it only when it is in flower. But far the most gorgeous of the papilionaceous trees seen in Chennai are the coral tree, botanically christened *Erythrina indica*.

Agati Maram, botanically

known as *Sesbania grandiflora*, was, till a few years ago, a very commonly grown tree in the backyards of many a Chennai home.

Delonix regia is a native of Madagascar. It reached India via Mauritius. The tree is found everywhere in Chennai. *Gulmohur*, a close relative of *Delonix* (which, incidentally, is called by this generic name by some authors), is the small-sized *Caesalpinia pulcherrima* often



Mahogany tree

seen in the compounds of many houses in Chennai.

Ringworm cassia is seen in many home gardens in Chennai.

The tamarind tree, *Tamarindus indica*, is an evergreen tree of great economic importance. It yields *puli*, much-flavoured ingredient in South India's *sambar*. It lives for well over a hundred years and is, therefore, a favourite of the Road and Buildings wing of the Public Works Department.

The rain tree, which is easily the most common avenue tree in Chennai, is botanically called *Samanea saman*. *Albizzia lebeck*, the Siris tree mentioned earlier, is a tall tree, reaching up to 15 m in height.

Sacred trees

Calophyllum inophyllum, called *punnai* in Tamil, *Punnaga* in Sanskrit and the Alexan-

drian laurel in English, is a much-venerated tree as it is considered the favorite of Lord Krishna.

It is a small-sized tree often grown in many a home garden in Chennai.

A fast-growing tree, called *Kattumalli* in Tamil, the cork tree with the botanical name of *Millingtonia hortensis*, gets its name from its fissured bark, which is used as an inferior substitute for cork.

Unfortunately, the peepul is a calciphile (a plant that grows in lime-rich conditions) and is often seen growing on old walls, inviting the punishment of being uprooted. The Senate House of Madras University has been a victim of this tree and due to past negligence, permitting its growth cost a tidy sum to restore that beautiful heritage building.

Ala maram in Tamil, the scientific name of the banyan is *Ficus benghalensis*. For a Chennaiite, the banyan tree in the gardens of the Theosophical Society at Adyar is a landmark. Sometime in the 1980s, it fell victim to a cloudburst and all efforts at revitalising its main trunk proved futile.

Called *Pavazhamalligai* in Tamil, *Parijatam* in Sanskrit and Telugu and Coral Jasmine in English, it has a tell-tale botanical name – *Nyctanthes arbor-ristic*: 'Nyctanthes' means that which blossoms at nightfall.

The flower is very attractive, with a red corolla tube bearing unequally lobed petals at its top. The petals are snowy white and are usually dotted with dew-drops, for flowering occurs in December when the early hours of the morning are heavy with dew.

Trees with showy flowers

Quite a few of the city's trees bear large and showy flowers which, for some inexplicable reason, do not feature in local customs and traditions. Many of them are excellent shade-giving trees.

First among them is the Trumper flower, botanically named *Stenolobium stans*. It is a common tree growing in many home gardens. *Tabebuia rosea*, another tree of Mexican origin, bears pale mauve flowers also somewhat trumpet-shaped. The flowers are so lightly coloured that they are more noticeable on ground rather than on the tree.

The most common species is *Plumeria alba*, the white frangipani that often grows in the backyards of many homes in Chennai. *Thespesia populnea* is a



Mango tree

common roadside tree in Chennai. Called *Poovarasu* in Tamil and Portia tree in English, this salt-tolerant tree is more commonly seen in the coastal belt.

Attractive-leaved trees

Quite a few trees growing in Chennai are conspicuous by their foliage. It is the leaves and not the flowers that hold your attention.

Called *Asoka Maram* or *Nettlingam* in Tamil, the Mast tree is botanically known as *Polyalthia longifolia*. This tree is

• By A Special Correspondent

distinguished by its lofty central column, which grows dead straight with branches that grow in acropetal succession (the youngest branch is near the top and the oldest near the base).

The Indian almond is known as *Narvadam* in Tamil and botanically as *Terminalia catappa*. It is a favourite backyard tree in Chennai homes. It is a large deciduous tree with dark green leaves, narrow near the base and broad in the middle.

More commonly known as *Karuveppilai* or Curry leaf tree, *Murraya Koengi* belongs to the virus family and as such has leaves studded with oil glands, which are the source of the leaves' pleasant aroma.

The not-so-common trees

A tree around which a good deal of folklore abounds is *Terminalia Arjuna*, more commonly known as the Arjun or *Marutu* in Tamil. The Arjun is a large, evergreen tree with buttressed trunk and a spreading crown from which branches droop downwards. Its bark is smooth, grey on the outside, flesh-coloured inside and flakes off in large, flat pieces. The leaves are simple-somewhat sub-opposite, oblong, dull green above and pale brown beneath. You have quite a few of these trees on the Harrington Road-Spur Tank Road stretch in Chetput.

The White silk cotton tree, or *Illavampanju* as it is known in Tamil, is far more common in Chennai than the red silk cotton tree. Many a garden sports

this tree and Jeeva Park in GN Chetty Road, T Nagar, has quite a few.

The Mahagony tree is a member of the neem family, *Meliaceae*. Naturally, it shares several features with the neem. For instance, its leaves are feather-like, with the leaflets borne on either side of a central rachis with an unpaired terminal leaflet. However, the leaflets of mahagony are much smaller and have a smooth margin though, of course, a large vein divides them into two unequal portions, as in neem.

This is the rich biodiversity of the city – similarities and dissimilarities growing together within the same family. Teak trees are seen in many parts of Chennai. A few trees grown in the compound of the AG's Office on Anna Salai have been there for over a half-century now.

There is a full-grown wild almond tree in Chennai on the campus of St George's (orphanage) on Poonamalle High Road (now called EVR Salai) opposite Pachaiyappa's College.

Uncommon trees

The baobab, a tree introduced from Africa, by the Arabs, also called the African calabash, is *Adansonia Digitata*. Its Tamil name is *Annaipulli*. A couple of baobab trees can be found in the Chepauk cricket grounds, at the eastern end of Wallajah Road where it meets the Buckingham Canal.

Fruit-bearing trees

Called *koyya* in Tamil, this undertree, botanically known as *Psidium guavava*, is widely grown throughout India. It is found in many backyards of Chennai homes, receiving no particular care.

Second in popularity to the mango in Chennai is the *jack*. It is tasty and has medicinal and ritualistic value. The *jack* tree, botanically called *Artocarpus heterophyllus*, *Arto carpus integrifolia* and *palaphazham* in Tamil, is native to India.

The jack is a large evergreen tree growing up to about 12-14m. Often seen growing in the backyards of Chennai homes, the jack exhibits a variety of peculiar features. – (Courtesy: Matrix, the house journal of the Sanmar Group)

• Chuckle with Ranjitha

Empty nests re-visited

Look, you want to be a good Mom...

Okay, fine, at least a fair-to-middling one – no one's looking for medals here.

But sometimes that role can get a bit much, causing you to leap nervously at shadows, and collapse in bitter tears if someone drops a steel tumbler.

Remember those words "...and some have greatness thrust upon them..."?

Might have been written with Mothers in mind.

So there you are, tottering unsteadily on that vast pedestal created for the Spirit of Motherhood...hoping no one, least of all your children, will ever find out how hopelessly lost – and clueless – you really are.

But you do it. You work on developing that all-knowing aura, and train your mind and heart to offer unconditional love – which can wear a little thin every now and then, especially when a generous portion of something eminently stain-making is tossed carelessly into your brand-new-outfit lap....but you plod on, smiling bravely, knowing one day, the wings will sprout; the house will empty, and Life – and that last piece of chocolate – will be yours and yours alone.

Yes, the heart aches a bit; tears are shed, especially when favourite meals are cooked but, given connectivity these days, the twinge, always there, of course, is getting more manageable.

And thenthey come back.

Mostly in short spurts of visits....but....

They. Come. Back.

Now, let's make sure there is no misunderstanding here.

Of course, you are thrilled to see them; your maternal heart overflows with love, blah blah....

But...

Well, it starts with the cleaning.

At what point did you become this uber-paranoid creature who longs for a magic all-purpose cleanser that can sanitise everything – from every element in your house to the streets outside, all manner of buildings and transport, the pavements, food everywhere (not just in your kitchen), all water sources, the plants, escalators, theatre seats – the very air we breathe?

Near-psychotic?

Yeah – just a bit.

Then – the menus.

These kids, who once complained that the *avakkai* pickle wasn't spicy enough, now blanch at the sight of a single, tiny green chilli, and have eschewed coconut, root vegetables, sugar, rice, flour, wheat, and all things fried – so you're stumped for variety.

This is particularly tough on those who have reached the 'retired cooking' stage and now have to start getting innovative all over again.

Then there's the noise level.



He's come back after a year... I have actually forgotten the technology needed to clean up his room!

Did you even know that you....uhm...like, reelly, reelly talk loud?

After having been "Shh-ed" for the hundredth time from, ironically, the source that was at the receiving end of 'shushing' not all that long ago, you, now reduced to a timorous shell of your former self, are scared to even open your mouth.

That goes for TV volume too....apparently we 'listen too loud'. What does that even mean? For a minute, you are tempted to point out that your life too has suddenly become a lot noisier than what you've grown accustomed to – but decide against it.

You can't add hurt feelings to your list of must-take-care-ofs... it's too exhausting.

Speaking of TV, at what point did you start feeling a little foolish and apologetic about watching your favourite 'regional mega-serial' (yes, you read that right) in the presence of those whose own channel choices weren't exactly intense soul food back in the day when they lounged all over your house?

By the way, did you know your done-for-years 'isthri' guy

has always ironed clothes all wrong?

Makes you wonder what kind of image you've cut all over the city all these years.

This strange re-positioning from 'kid-about-the-house' to 'revered guest'.

When did that happen, you wonder, succumbing to this promising dramatic poignancy for a second, just before real life intrudes. Your 'guests' have sprung interesting red splotches all over thanks to the mosquitoes, and need solutions.

Of course, typically, your house decides to extract revenge right about now.

Internet breaks down; something goes wrong with the plumbing; the electricity gets cute and whimsical; the gas cylinder is late...and the kids knife you by being sweet and understanding...or, worse, offer you good advice on handling domestic dust-ups ("...seriously need to get less dependent on household help..."), while you seek out a quiet corner where you can succumb to a fit of why-are-you-doing-this-to-me-I-am-trying-so-hard-to-make-things-perfect.

The 'Happy Holidays' are

soon over – and your heart crumbles again. You regret those moments of slight touchiness....and admit you'll desperately miss everything that recently stretched your nerves.

You run into a friend.

She's just had an 'event' in her family. All her kids from all over were down she seems to have lost weight, the lucky thing.

You ask her how things are.

"Fine....they all left last night...", her eyes light up as she breaks into a trembling smile. Then she sees the look on your face, and quickly re-arranges her own to register sorrow.

Too late.

You know.

You know you've just spotted yet another member of that very secret, slightly ashamed-of-themselves Club called: 'How Mothers Really Feel Sometimes (And Must Be Allowed to Do So)'.

You nod gravely, silently expressing sympathy, and she nods back in understanding.

You both slink away, returning to your respective, now-too-quiet, depressing homes, trying to make some sense of your all-too-human contrariness.

LIVING IN FEAR OF HERITAGE

(Continued from page 1)

as soon as it began demolition work after obtaining the permission of the High Court of Madras.

Should the owners of such properties live in such fear? Not necessarily so. There are other cities in India such as Pune and Kolkata where blue plaques have been placed outside buildings where historic personalities once lived or where historic events took place. The residents continue living undisturbed in the premises and for several of them it is a matter of pride that their residence is

of historic importance. In foreign countries, where blue plaques and commemoration stones are commonplace, properties with heritage tags are more valuable than those of modern provenance. Why then is the situation different in Chennai?

Firstly, there is ignorance. Most owners do not know anything of the building's past and are perhaps even less aware of what history the property had. But more to blame are Government policies concerning heritage that are vague at best and intimidating at worst. The Heritage Conservation Committee of the CMDA sent a

letter to owners of the properties in the High Court's list. The letter was more of a threat than an encouragement to them. It forbade them from making any changes to their premises, including renovations, alterations and repairs. It is no wonder that those whose properties are not listed consider themselves blessed and are actively taking steps to destroy any traces that are left of their heritage importance.

That such fears are not well founded will be evident if these owners reflect on the Government's track record of taking over properties. In the past

many years, just two premises – those of K Kamaraj and Subramania Bharati – have been taken over. All the rest, were handed over voluntarily. The Government has had to step in only on the rarest of occasions and even in such cases, has paid compensation, though it must be admitted that the valuation is always according to Government norms and not based on market rates. In any case, Governments have a number of other things to focus on and, as is well known, heritage is one of its last priorities.

There have, however, been a few stories with happier end-

ings. The monument dedicated to Satyagraha that stands outside the Chola Sheraton continues to be preserved. A more heart-warming story is the preservation of the memorials to Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddy and Dr. Sundara Reddy. These were part of the property owned by the couple and when it changed hands, it was on the condition that the memorials would not be disturbed by the developer. The chronicler K R A Narasiah played a role in this, by explaining the importance of the stones to the buyer. They have been allowed to remain and are cared for. May the trend increase.

● The sixteenth in a series of profiles by V. RAMNARAYAN of cricketers who may have made an all-time Madras* squad.

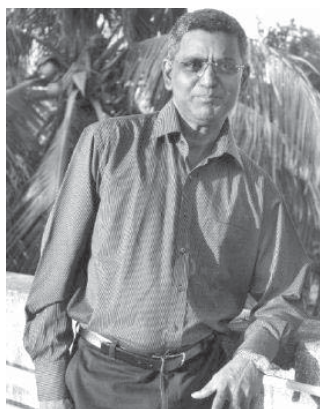
As I come to the 16th and last Tamil Nadu cricketer in this list of probables of the all-time State squad, I am acutely aware of the many splendid players I have had to omit. If old timers object to the absence of Milkha Singh and his younger brother Satvinder Singh, others may find baffling the omission of such stars as K R Rajagopal, B R Mohan Rai, U Prabhakar Rao, B Kalyanasundaram, T A Sekar and K Bharath Kumar, while I have also had to jettison so many brilliant cricketers of more recent origin, such as Sunil Subramaniam, D Vasu, Sadagopan Ramesh, L Balaji, Murali Vijay, R Ashwin and Abhinav Mukund.

To fill the 16th spot, I looked at an off-spinner, medium pacer

Making captaincy a winning habit

and left-arm spinner, and finally zoomed in on a left-arm spinner. Three players with this specialisation came to mind: M K Muruges, S Vasudevan and Sunil Subramaniam. The first two played stellar roles in Tamil Nadu's two Ranji Trophy triumphs, while Sunil was perhaps the best left-arm spinner of his era, very unlucky not to be selected for India. (Had I instead chosen an off-spinner, Ashwin would have been an automatic selection. His rise in international cricket has been nothing short of phenomenal, but Venkataraghavan and all-rounder A G Kripal Singh, both former Tamil Nadu captains, keep him out, for the moment. Ashwin may soon become the most successful international cricketer from Tamil Nadu, if he is not already so.)

Both Vasudevan and Sunil Subramaniam had longer runs for Tamil Nadu and won many matches for the State, which meant that Muruges, with only 20 first class appearances, had to be left out. Of the three, Vasudevan came closest to being a genuine all-rounder, though the other two could bat a bit, with Muruges playing a match-winning role in the 1954-55 final of the Ranji Trophy with 8 wickets in the match and 30 and 36 as a No. 11 batsman. Vasudevan took 214 first class wickets to Sunil Subramaniam's 285, but was a better



S Vasudevan

batsman. He too played a major part in a Ranji Trophy final – in 1987, when he led Tamil Nadu to victory over Railways, his own contribution 30 runs and nine wickets in the match, including 7/59 in the second innings. It is Vasudevan's calm, easy-going manner and people skills (that obviously helped him in captaining the side to the Ranji triumph) that, to my eye, tilted the scales in his favour.

A more laidback cricketer may belong only to the world of fiction, but for over a decade Vasudevan was an outstanding performer for Tamil Nadu, partnering S Venkataraghavan, his captain and senior by several years. From the moment he came into the side in 1976-1977 to the time he retired from first class cricket a year after leading Tamil Nadu to its second Ranji

Trophy title, he was a thorn in the flesh of Karnataka and Hyderabad, the two strong opponents in the zone. Batsmen like Brijesh Patel, Sudhakar Rao and G R Viswanath repeatedly faltered against Vasu's accurate, sharp spin. On the best of wickets, he made the ball hurry on after pitching, and on a bad one, he was well nigh unplayable. He had a decent arm ball, too.

Vasu was a delightful batsman too, though he often gave the impression that he was not interested in batting. Perhaps, it came too easily for him to take too much trouble over it, or he possessed a bowler's mind, like so many others before and after him, but whatever the reason, the upshot of it all was that he never fulfilled his batting potential. Two first class hundreds, one in the Ranji Trophy and another in the Gopalan Trophy, do not reflect his true batting ability. The century against UP was made when the frontline batsmen fell in a heap, and he rescued the team from disaster.

Vasu gave notice of his exceptional ability in university cricket. He was slightly overshadowed by fellow left-arm spinner and teammate SK Patel who broke the record for most wickets in a single Rohinton Baria season (1975-1976), but soon Vasu left his own imprint on university cricket. Succeeded-

ing Patel in the State team, just after V V Kumar quit the scene, Vasu established himself firmly in the side. He was unfortunate to belong to the South Zone, when the zone had an embarrassment of spin bowling riches, and therefore did not get to play Duleep Trophy cricket. When he was at his best, India was well served in his department, the younger Maninder Singh replacing his senior Dilip Doshi. With Ravi Shastri too contributing with the ball, Vasu was never a serious contender for a place in the Indian team, though, quality-wise, he was inferior to none.

Vasudevan's greatest moment was when he led Tamil Nadu to the title triumph in 1987-1988.

In the league, Vasudevan was the lead spinner for Alwarpet Cricket Club for a few years, before he switched allegiance to SPIC, which team he served for over a decade with distinction. For a while, with its powerful batting line-up that included V Sivaramakrishnan, P Ramesh, P C Prakash and Ravi Mishra and an all-round attack that at different times consisted of N Bharathan, T A Sekar, K Arun Kumar, Ravi Mishra, Vasudevan and Sunil Subramaniam, SPIC dominated the league scene. I have enjoyed several moments of friendship and good-natured competition with him on the field.

A software professional, Vasudevan belonged to a generation of cricketers who often had an alternative career to fall back upon after their playing days. He made a successful transition from cricket to a rewarding professional career.

*Madras Province/State/Tamil Nadu.

Pre-1947 architecture

(Continued from page 1)

completely indigenous technique of lime mortar and plaster. What we now have is reinforced cement concrete, which is not entirely suited for the local climatic conditions but then there are no alternatives.

Architecture and construction were always a combination of several influences and styles. It never was hundred per cent indigenous or foreign and never will be. Let us learn to appreciate whatever buildings are available and worth preserving as part of our continued heritage without searching for classification tags.

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