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MUSINGS

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FREE ISSUE — EVERY FORTNIGHT

June 15-30, 1991.

The dilemmas
of the pictures

(By a Special Correspondent)

This is a tale of two photographers from Madras who went to cover an election meeting. One of them, a freelancer named Hari Babu, took a photograph of an alleged assassin and her accomplice and went up in the blast that followed. The other, M A Parthasarathy of the *Ananda Vikatan*, lived and kept his wits sufficiently to photograph what was probably her handiwork and produce some of the goriest pictures in assassination history. Both got their work published worldwide, but they also caused several anguished dilemmas.

Hari Babu's picture included half-a-dozen persons in his frame. When it was first published, only three women figured in the cropped photograph and, possibly, a fourth person hidden by one of them. Why was the full picture not published? Could it be that the investigators did not want it known that a

picture of the possible accomplice was in their possession? Then why release it at all later? And why was the picture released selectively, only in *The Hindu* among the English language papers getting it? Was it because it had the largest circulation of any Indian newspaper (English-language) in Sri Lanka? Or is *The Hindu* acquiring a new image?

Eventually, the complete photograph appeared in papers all over India and abroad. But despite what might be described as almost a miraculous clue — imagine the photographer dying but his camera and film surviving intact! — all that materialised for days on end was a long list of girls' names and not a single male one.

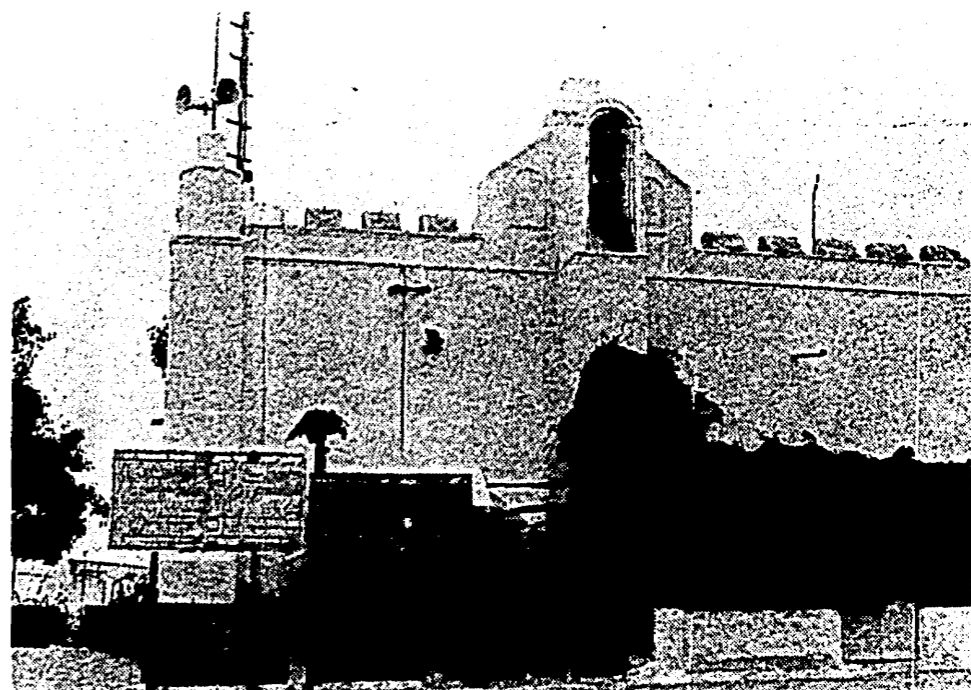
Parthasarathy's pictures, on the other hand, photographs taken by a man with cool and nerve, caused a dilemma of another sort right round the world. Should they be used at all in all their gory horror or should they be ignored? Surprisingly, the conservative *Hindu's* glossy, *Frontline*, the best-printed magazine in India, went to town with the pictures — in full colour and frightening detail. And in a unique bit of journalism published a first-page CAUTION that read: "Readers are advised that some of the pictures published in this issue relating to the assassination may cause emotional distress to some, especially children." Obviously, *Frontline's* Editor thinks of his magazine as an "Adults Only" one.

On the other hand, the world's most successful magazine, *Time*, decided not to go with the pictures that it had received from a photo agency with a note, "Tough call for a family magazine". When *Time* took its hard-to-make decision, it also considered the views of one of its Indian correspondents. Former Madras journalist Anita Pratap had said, "Fate denied Rajiv Gandhi dignity in death. It will be absolutely inhuman to sensationalise this". On the other hand, New Delhi Bureau Chief Edward Desmond argued, "If such images are kept out of the public view, it works to the terrorists' advantage, dulling the horror of their actions".

Commenting on its dilemma, *Time* wrote: "..... *TIME* faced a dilemma. How far should we go in depicting the carnage? The first photos were dramatic and stomach turning..... There was no question that a photograph of the assassination had to be used.... But there had to be a sense of balance.... (In the end) his death is rendered in the context of his career (a small photograph at the end of an illustrated time line of Gandhi's life)."

Time went on, "The world has lately presented some particularly vivid images of pain. And readers have objected to some of our picture choices. After we published a photograph....one reader complained that we 'overstepped the bounds of responsible journalism.... Don't exploit their pain'. But such images also touched hearts and helped mobilize a belated lifesaving US intervention. 'We cannot stop showing what's happening in the world.... but we try to show photos that are representative without exploiting the event,' says *TIME* picture editor...."

In this instance, *Time's* sensitivity is quite in contrast with that shown by *Frontline*. Is the house of *The Hindu* at last changing its conservative image? If *Time's* readers have reacted in the past, what are the loyal followers of *The Hindu's* stable now going to do?



The church on the Mount, dedicated to Our Lady of Expectations, has had its serenity shattered by loudspeakers over it (left) and all around it blaring 'pop' hymns all day long. — (Photograph by SUSHHEELA NAIR)

They're making
a pop hero
of Thomas

(by S Muthiah)

The Trail of Thomas in Madras is one route I like to take my guests on, especially those from abroad. It gives me a chance to astound many with the information that Christianity reached Indian shores — whether you believe in the legend of Doubting Thomas or not — long before it went West. I have often enough suggested that the Trail of Thomas in both Kerala and Madras be developed into a major tourist circuit welcoming those from the Latin countries.

I have, however, of late, been having second thoughts. And that's because two of the serene sanctuaries imaginable are being turned into a tamasha.

The quiet on The Mount used to be something sublime. And the little church, built by the Portuguese on what is believed to be the site of the martyrdom of the Apostle of India, was a sanctified retreat that encouraged such traditional reverence as unshod feet. But

in recent months, every time I've been up there, the silence has been blasted by a combination of taped hymns in pop style and blaring loudspeakers. How anyone could meditate with this constant cacophony is beyond me, but the Sisters in the neighbouring convent seem to be able to survive it and the 'conductor' seems to be impervious to it; the last time I found him fast asleep beside his deck. What it's however bound to do is to drive away anyone wanting to follow the Trail of Thomas in peace and piety.

Things are not very different at Little Mount. The last time I was up there, Christ (or was it Thomas) was in cut-out, as politicised as any of our leaders. The loudspeakers could not, in those circumstances, be far behind.

Perhaps the cut-outs and the din will draw a new faithful to these shrines centuries old, but I can't think of a faster way of obliterating the legend of Thomas from the minds of those who revere the truth in an article of faith.

MANAALI RAMAN...



Hurry! Hurry! Get more needles soon. We have to finish this before it is dawn.

IN MAD, MAD MADRAS

The wars smooth as velvet

(by Our Commerce Correspondent)

The contenders might hint at velvet gloves in their labels, but in fact they are preparing for a battle royal, at stake the upmarket whisky crown of India. The first to enter the ring, Jagajit Industries' *Black Velvet*. Six weeks later, *Royal Velvet*, from Vijay Mallya's Herbertson's stepped into the ring, weighing in at about Rs. 25 more a 750 ml bottle. Whoever the winner, the biggest loser might well be spurious Scotch, the knowledgeable say.

Till both *Velvets* appeared on the scene, the premium Indian whiskies were *Peter Scot*, *Royal Challenge*, *Bagpiper Gold* and *McDowell Vintage*,

in about that order. They might command about 10 per cent of the Rs. 2000-crore IMFL market, but they are no match for spurious Scotch in the marketplace; "more of the stuff is made in Delhi and Bombay than good whisky in the whole of Scotland," says an embittered premium IMFL sales executive.

Confident of squelching that illegal trade are the two *Velvets*. *Black* is claimed to be a product of international standard, developed by a widely acclaimed blender. *Royal* goes further, claiming to have been blended by one of the world's most renowned blenders,

James Lang of *Chivas Regal* fame; the hard sell is that it possesses "a harmony of body, flavour, aroma and taste, matching the smoothness and mellowness of genuine Scotch in every way".

Before either can grab the connoisseurs, however, there is, waiting in the wings, another challenger. A new Bombay company, City Cellars, is, it is learned, launching *Royal Oak* to take on the two *Velvets* and *Gentleman's Choice* to take on their less regal, less velvety cousins.

Which of these is Madras going to choose? Or will it be none at all, if certain election promises are kept?

Do Sri Lankan
Tamils look
different?

(By a Correspondent)

Immediately after the photograph of Rajiv Gandhi's assassin appeared, the Press — both on its own as well as quoting those who were on the spot and were shown the picture — was full of such comments as "She looks/looked like a Sri Lankan Tamil". Some even went to the extent of saying she had "the build" of a Sri Lankan Tamil.

What does a Sri Lankan Tamil — or Sinhalese, for that matter — look like? Is there any special physical difference between a Sri Lankan Tamil and an Indian Tamil (or even an Indian Tamil in Sri Lanka)? In fact, is there any special difference between a Sri Lankan Tamil and any Dravidian?

The woman in the picture was very probably Sri Lankan Tamil — something that might be deduced from other circumstantial evidence — but it is very doubtful whether there are any scientific tests that can tell a Sri Lankan Tamil woman from any other Dravidian woman. Yet a responsible newspaper reported that an anthropologist was being called in to test and decree that she was Sri Lankan Tamil! Would said anthropologist inform the world how this will be done.

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

(By A Medical Correspondent)

When one of my aunts developed acute back pain, I took her to meet Meera, who runs a physiotherapy clinic. "It would be a refreshing change to have a patient with an honest-to-god back pain at last," sighed Meera, looking wistfully at my aunt's no-nonsense face. Before I could ask her to elaborate, she went on to muse: "I wonder if I told you about the strange case of Mr Rajan?" She hadn't. So I braced myself for the story, for there was no stopping Meera when she was in the mood.

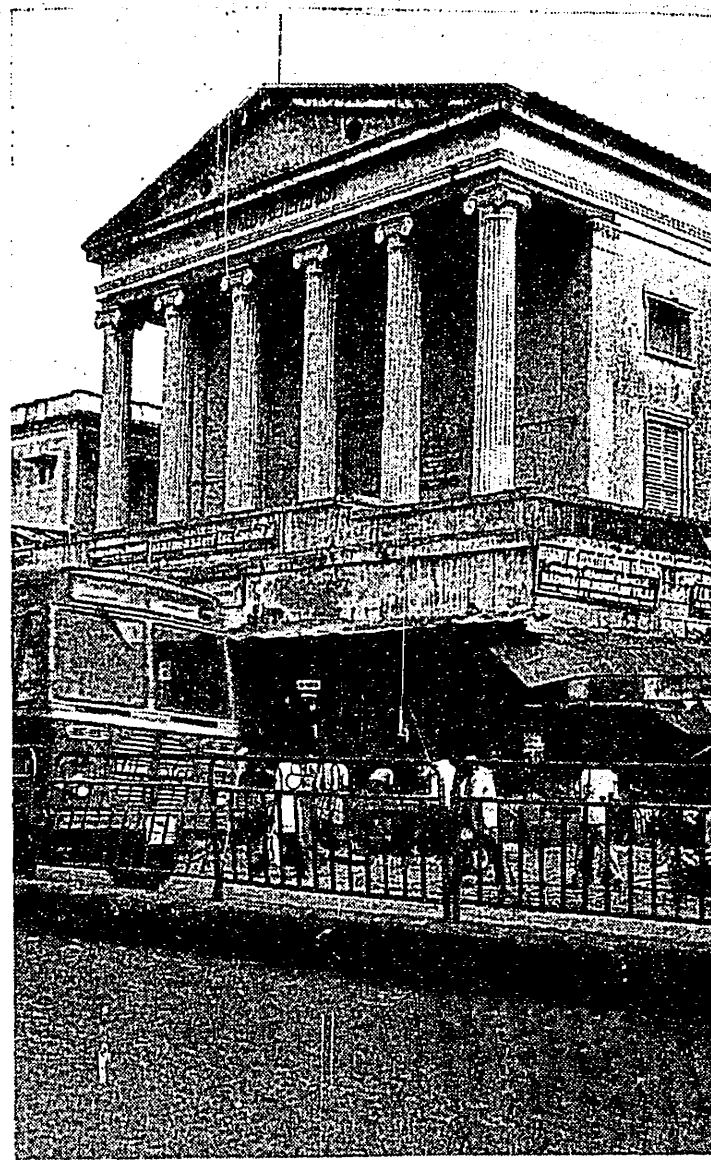
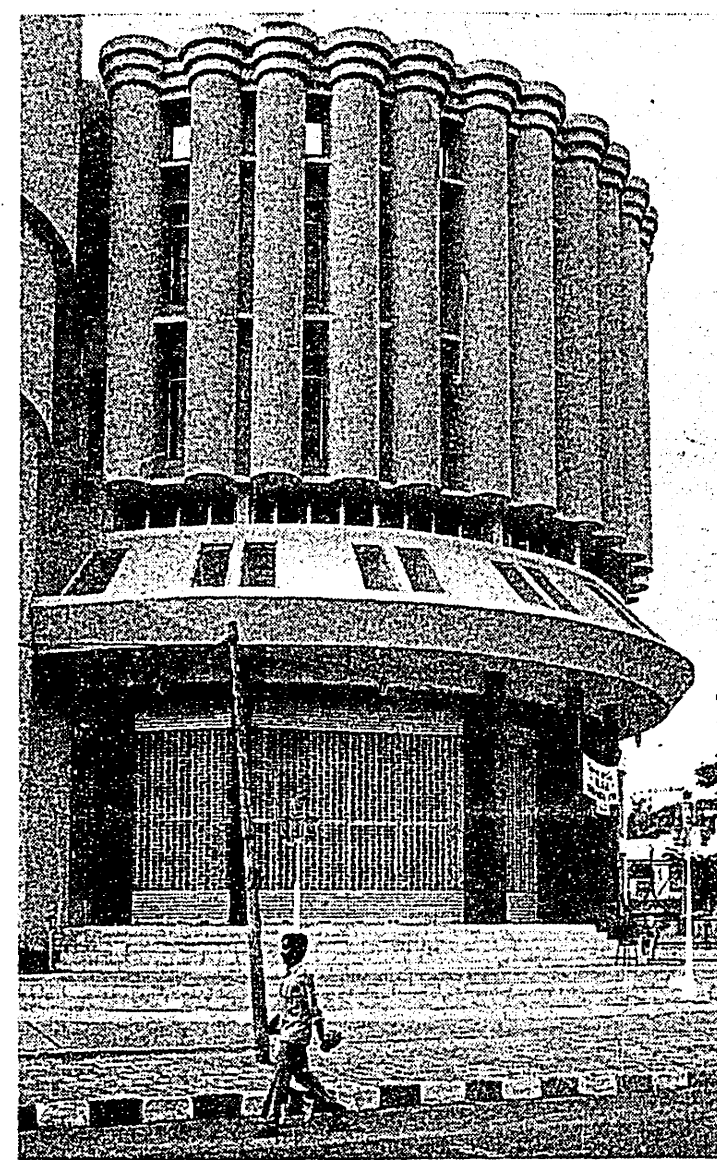
Mr Rajan (Meera recounted) had just managed to leave Kuwait before the war and joined his family in Madras. However, he was badly shaken, since all his money was in the Gulf and, given the grim scenario at the time, it seemed unlikely that he would ever lay his hands on it again.

When Mr Rajan first walked into my clinic, Meera went on, his haggard, grey appearance had me convinced that he was at least 50 years old. So imagine my surprise to discover he was only 38! He kept complaining about acute back pain, but, funnily, each time I asked him to locate the pain, he would invariably say, "Doctor, right now there is no pain. But every time I take off my T-shirt, I can feel it coming, you see!" Where exactly would he sense the sensation, I would persist, and he would aggressively reply: "Doctor, it is

such an acute feeling, it can't be wrong. I haven't got any pain now, but when I take off my T-shirt, I have this terrible fear I will shortly experience pain." But surely he must fix the 'pain-points' for the treatment, I would point out, but he would continue to be aggressively evasive.

I used my equipment on his entire back — but despite ten long and painful (for me) sessions, his complaints continued. As the weeks went by, he became a permanent fixture in the clinic. Much to my alarm, he lost no time in drilling my other patients on their ailments, making every effort to convince them that they would never be cured. Even my most enthusiastic and resilient patients began to develop severe anxiety symptoms. In short, he was becoming such a nuisance, I started dreading going to the clinic!

But every cloud has a silver lining, they say, and mine surfaced when the Gulf war ended abruptly. Mr Rajan suddenly disappeared from my life. A month later, a month spent calming the nerves of my other patients, he turned up again. But now he was as radiant as the morning sun, looking not a day older than 30! He was returning to Kuwait and wanted to say good-bye. I wished him luck and asked him about his back. "Why, Doctor, it's in perfect condition. Why do you ask?" he demanded, sounding genuinely perplexed.



Two buildings that provide a contrast in the way pillars are used. Across from Telephone House on NSC Bose Road in George Town is magnificent Pachaiyappa's Hall, built in 1850 and modelled on the Athenian Temple of Theseus. The hall was part of Pachaiyappa's Central Institution, a preparatory school that was the pioneer non-missionary, non-British-financed Hindu educational institution in the city. This school, founded in 1842, later became Pachaiyappa's High School and in its premises school education still flourishes. This splendid building with its imposing Ionic columns is now believed to be on the threatened list; there is talk of it being pulled down. Certainly it is in a dilapidated shape, made worse every day by the way it is treated by those who use it. Nevertheless, it is in sound enough condition for to be refurbished and retained as a monument to the first great philanthropist in Madras.

The pillars and pediment of this historic hall that is a landmark in George Town are quite a contrast to the modern use of pillars on Poonamallee High Road. On left is how new pillars have been used in a just-opened all-purpose building whose curved front provides additional reason for it getting attention.

(Photographs by SUSHEELA NAIR).

From bandh to cummer-bandh

Apparently you can tell a culture by the number of different words it uses to describe certain activities. Pastoralists will have ten different words on how to milk a cow, but no idea at all on how to harvest rice. Martial types will tell you twenty different ways on how to load a gun, but when it comes to making love they settle for a prosaic "Doing work" or "Having to perform one's duty".

Taking the analogy to the present times, one cannot but be struck by the number of terms used to signify a strike. We are all familiar with a "bandh", a day when there's no milk delivery in the afternoon. But what happens when a former Chief Minister removes half his clothes and is dragged off to the hospital protesting that it is his right to undertake a fast unto death, displaying in the process an impressive, hanging belly? Can this be called a "Cummer-Bandh"? After all, he did hope that the stale would grind to a sympathetic halt on seeing his plight.

This leads us to the realm of "National Bandhs" which signify a general constipation rather than the more localised ones. The papers have banner headlines which claim a "Complete stoppage of movement" or "Nation at a standstill". When it is lifted, both Radio and TV. take great delight in reporting, "Common man gets relief — Back in motion."

In between there are the small jolls that come under the title of "rokos" as in Road Roko, Rasha Roko, Plane Roko. Unsuspecting motorists and

commuters are suddenly faced with a protest. Often these are of a spontaneous nature, housewives waiting on the road with buckets. Air-India pilots hoping for a pay hike so that they can keep their swimming pools clean and so forth. Certain categories of people are at an advantage in such a situation. They just have to

The worst are perhaps the protest strikes, which are more in the nature of rallies. We had the Farmers' Rally in Delhi not long ago and the Saffron Rally. Then there are the silent rallies and the flag rallies, the cycle rallies and scooter rallies. Even though technically they cannot qualify as a strike or a bandh, since, in fact, everyone is

stop working and the garbage piles up, patients get cluttered in Intensive Care Units, post starts overflowing from postboxes, animals starve in zoos and airports get jammed with flights. This is the sort of situation when editors start talking of "holding the country to a ransom". The best thing about it is that it almost always pays.

Another category of strikes is the one that either starts or ends with the word "down". For example, there is "Shutters Down" which means that the shopkeepers and hoteliers are taking a small break, or "Pens Down" which is a polite way that clerks have found of telling their customers to get lost. If people are really desperate and can think of no good reason, perhaps it's just the heat that's getting them down, or the presence of the West Indies cricket team in the City, they just shout "Down, Down!" and presto, there's a strike.

moving around, usually shouting slogans, the effect is a complete paralysis of life in the city.

The last category is the most tragic, since it takes place under generally sad and at times traumatic circumstances. The passing of a favourite leader or an elder statesman, or the death of a charismatic personality, should not happen more than once or twice in anybody's lifetime, but we in this country or sub-continent appear to be making a speciality of the slain leader.

Under the Pharaohs of Egypt, entire armies of people would ritually join their king in his journey to the other world. Though we do not actually take our lives, the complete cessation of life for a couple of days is so extreme that we can only label it a state of "Amar Bandh", or Eternal Bandh. Is this the country that we want? A country that is grinding down to an Amar-Bandh?



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QUIZZIN' WITH NAVIN-5

The response to the quiz, with just one question to answer, was certainly much better. But we look forward to a still better response this fortnight. Question 21 is still easier, this issue. Meanwhile, try and answer the first twenty questions on your own, before turning to the answers on Page 8. Remember, Quizmaster NAVIN JAYAKUMAR takes all his questions from the local newspapers of the fortnight mentioned in the coupon.

To win a prize all you have to do is answer Question 21 correctly. Fill in the coupon given below — which leaves space for your answer — and mail it to MADRAS MUSINGS QUIZ-5, C/o Lakshmi Hall Mark Press, 62-63 Greaves Road, Madras-600 006 before 5 p.m. on June 25th. The first three correct answers drawn will be entitled to a prize of Rs. 100 each. We can't make it any simpler, than that, can we? So get to it; here are the questions and your coupon:

- Who described Rajiv Gandhi's birth on August 20, 1944, as that of the 400 millionth and first Indian?
- Where did Rajiv Gandhi first meet Sonia Maino?
- Which MP gave a moving first person account of the bomb-blast at Sriperumbudur from which she providentially escaped?
- Who is Prof. P. Chandrasekharan?
- What is the major constituent of the C1, C2, C3 plastic explosive used in the assassination?
- Why did the team of forensic science experts rule out the possibility of a bomb being planted in a garland or a flower basket?
- Why was Kevin Mason in the news recently?
- At which two places were the funeral urns containing the ashes of Rajiv Gandhi kept in Madras?
- Who is the Congress-I candidate for the Sriperumbudur Lok Sabha seat?
- Why would one call at Malligai, Greenways Road, Madras-600 028?
- Which of these constitutes both an Electoral Offence and a Corrupt Practice according to the Election Commission — booth capturing, propagation or glorification of Sati, or canvassing within 100m of a polling station on the day of the poll?
- To the memory of which saint was the 20th annual music festival held on May 31 and June 1 at Thirukalikulandram dedicated?
- Where is the National Institute of Port Management?
- According to new UNDP report, which is the best country to live in where human rights are concerned, and which is the worst?
- Two 'operations' were in the news recently — Operation Sea Angels and Operation Solomon. What were they?
- Niki Lauda, the former world motor racing champion, was in the news for a non-sports related tragedy. What was it?
- What is the Intertropical Coverage Zone?
- In which country did Mengistu Haile Mariam, the ex-dictator of Ethiopia, seek asylum after his overthrow in the recent coup?
- A veteran Communist leader who recently passed away was arrested in March 1929 and charged. What was the case?
- What raag did Amjad Ali Khan compose and play in memory of Rajiv Gandhi?

PRIZE QUESTION

21. Among the countless condolence messages Mrs Sonia Gandhi received was one from Vijita Rohana. Why would you consider that odd?

QUIZ COUPON-5

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Ans. to
Q. 21

(The Fortnight of May 19 to June 1)

We now look forward to a real, big response. Meanwhile, here are the lucky winners of Quiz 4 and the correct answers:

PRIZE WINNERS

- V. MAHALINGAM, Addison Paints, Sembiam, Madras-600 011.
- N. CHANDRASEKARAN, 11 Balakrishna Mudali Street, Madras-600 033.
- Miss. M Sree Gnana Prasoona, 36 Chengalvaraya Street Triplicane, Madras-600 005.

ANSWERS TO QUIZZIN' 4

M.A.K. Pataudi, the Congress (I) candidate at Bhopal on 5.5.91.

Prohibition — or not?

A futile hurling of arrows when the realities can't be changed

A few weeks ago, the hallowed pages of *The Hindu* carried an article on Prohibition. The writer, S. Guhan, a former Finance Secretary and Adviser to the DMK government, made out a cogent, well-reasoned case against Prohibition, taking his stance on the realities of the situation, without in the least minimising the evil consequences of drinking, ending his arguments rather dramatically with the resounding statement that "Prohibition is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Ironically his rhetoric is populist, while the reality behind it is anti-people". Rather strong words, perhaps, but one can't question his basic preference for the lesser of two evils.

The article raised the hackles of Prema Nandakumar, an acknowledged scholar, if conservative, whose sincerity and probity cannot be questioned. She lambasted Mr Guhan, but her dialectic was the well-worn one based on the authority of scriptures, the views of personalities from Vyasa to Gandhiji and Rajaji, and the never particularly well-documented social damage caused by alcohol. The two then had a brief exchange of letters which I particularly enjoyed as each threw quotations from the *Mahabharata* at one another exactly like the arrows we saw on TV.

I myself think that Mr Guhan got the better of the exchange, hands down, but that is not the point. The point is: is anything to be gained from discussing a subject over which attitudes are well-entrenched, and each proponent honestly believes that he alone is right? The ground reality is that drinking is here to stay, and all that the state can do about it is to regulate it.

Aspects of Prohibition

I have had a vantage point from which to view Prohibition from 1948. During what might be called its heyday in this state, from 1948 to 1971, it seemed to be very effectively enforced. Theoretically you could not get a drink unless you had a valid permit, given, laughably enough, on medical grounds. What actually happened was that many people got permits and sold the liquor at premium prices to those who wanted it badly. Liquor shops usually managed to obtain quite a few extra permits and obliged their regulars with extra bottles for extra prices.

There was another particularly unsavoury aspect to Prohibition during this period. If one had a grudge against

someone who was known to drink secretly without a permit, one informed against him, his house was raided by the police, and he was taken, at the least, to the police station where, after the usual pourparlers and exchange of cash, he managed to get away. Even Rajaji when he was Chief Minister was not above this kind of behaviour, and old-timers will remember at least one of the famous Prohibition raids he unleashed on a cove of several prominent citizens. And, of course, bringing in liquor from Pondichery was easy as pie, the check-posts settling for cash or kind.

The population has increased by a hundred per cent since those days without a commensurate increase in

looking
aSkance

police personnel, and any attempt to reimpose Prohibition, in however marginal a form, is foredoomed to failure.

Stabs at fasting

I have recently decided to become a professional faster — that is, to fast for a living. Considering the number and variety of people engaging in it, I think it can be developed into a fine art and, probably, a profitable one. I have taken a couple of stabs at fasting, but I have a long way to go before I perfect my strategy.

My first effort was a total disaster, tyro as I was in the PR aspects of fasting. I decided to go on an 8-00 am; to 6-00 pm fast, which seems to be the most popular form, and apparently much admired by the faster's supporters. Theoretically you could not get a drink unless you had a valid permit, given, laughably enough, on medical grounds. What actually happened was that many people got permits and sold the liquor at premium prices to those who wanted it badly. Liquor shops usually managed to obtain quite a few extra permits and obliged their regulars with extra bottles for extra prices.

I chose a spot on the parkside bank of the Cooum River, set up a banner behind me, and sat on the ground with an appropriate expression on my face. My grave mistake was in not surrounding myself with a clutch of followers. The only one who followed me, was my young nephew, straight out of *Malgudi Days*, who stared at me, curiously, got bored soon enough, and left. I sat on, with nobody paying any

attention to me. I took an occasional sip of water in a marked manner, but that also went unnoticed. (Incidentally, in future I shall switch to *tutsi jal* which, in addition to having minerals, will also counteract the effluvia of the Cooum. I may also mention here for the benefit of those who may be inspired by my example that the U.S. Army, while making a study of deprivation, came to the conclusion that Man can live on water alone for 70 days. A mere ten hours is nothing!) The final ignominy occurred when a few people who did notice me threw coins in front of me. I packed up and went home to lunch.

I next tried a relay fast. As I could not get anyone to join me, I decided to relay with myself, and this time I was better organised. This is how it was done. Corral a few groups who want to protest for one reason or another, and offer to go on a relay fast. Divide the day into three segments and dedicate your fasting during each segment to one of the groups. A relay fast, for that matter any fast, is incomplete without fruit juice being offered to the faster. At the end of each four-hour segment I was duly offered fruit juice by the sponsors of that particular period. When the day ended, I had had relay fasts with myself three times, and had enough Vitamin C to last me for a month.

S.K.

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MAKING THE BEST OF A POOR MANGO SEASON

Once again, the mango crop has failed. Despite the prediction of a bumper crop this year, the mango supply in the market is hopelessly inadequate. Our local soothsayers pointed out that last year's crop failed because of early and untimely rains, whereas this year's scorching heat would boost the mango production. Roast, we all did, this summer, but where have all the mangoes gone? Horticulturists refer vaguely to a fungus which has blighted this year's crop. Whatever the reason, those of us who do not have the luxury of owning a mango tree or two are obliged to shell out more than the we normally do at this time of the year for this luscious fruit.

Consider one of the most popular varieties — *Bangana-palle* from Andhra Pradesh. Usually, around this time every year, this fruit is available for Rs. 10-12 a dozen. Today, it costs nearly Rs. 50 a dozen. Then there are the more expensive varieties in the market, like the *Alphonso* from Maharashtra, the *Imam Pasand* and *Jahangir* from Andhra Pradesh, and the local *Malgova* — but even these are not comparable in quality or quantity with previous years' supplies. The *Ramani* has just started arriving in the market, along with several nameless (and tasteless) brands of mango, costing around Rs. 1.50 or thereabouts each.

New exotics

If you are not satisfied with the current mango crop, why not

try some of the more exotic fruits that have surfaced in the market? There is the *MANGO-STEEN*, for instance, which resembles an aubergine (egg-plant, brinjal), with a *pavada* on top. Remove its thick outer covering, and you will discover glistening whitish segments (as in an orange), each around a central stone.

There are also the *LEECHIS*, with their spiky pink skins covering shiny white, succulent pulp surrounding a big seed. You

FOODS and FADS

might want to splurge and buy *GREEN ALMONDS* — prices are astronomical — or, more modestly, try the *PLUMS* from the hills. As for myself, I shall stick to the mango which, even in its lowliest and cheapest form, remains the king of fruits!

Mango custard

Here is a new recipe for mango custard (*Flan á la mangue*):
Ingredients: 3 to 4 ripe mangoes, 1 orange, the weight of the fruit pulp in sugar, one small vanilla stick, 250 gm of *maida* (refined wheat flour), 125 gm of butter, a pinch of salt, ½ litre milk, 40 gm of cornflour, 4 eggs beaten.

Mix together the *maida*, the butter (cut into small pieces) and

the salt. Add about two tablespoons of water and work the flour with your hands in order to make a smooth ball of dough. Refrigerate for about half an hour.

Preheat the oven (thermostat No. 5). Grease with butter the inside of a round baking dish (24 cm diameter).

Peel and cut the mangoes into small pieces, and skin and cut the orange finely. Put the mango and orange pulp in separate pans, adding as much sugar as the fruit pulp in each. Add half a vanilla stick in each pan and two tablespoons of water to the orange pulp.

Cook each pan for 15 minutes. Mix together the fruit pulp. Remove the vanilla pieces and cook for another 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to cool.

Roll out the dough and spread it on the inside of the baking dish. Bake the shell for 10 minutes.

Boil the milk along with the vanilla pieces. Remove from fire and add to the fruit pulp. Dissolve the cornflour in a little cold water and add to the fruit-milk mixture, along with the beaten eggs. Allow the mixture to thicken while stirring.

Remove the vanilla pieces and pour the mixture into the baking dish and bake for about 20 minutes or until the top is golden. Allow to cool, remove from the baking dish and refrigerate for at least an hour before serving.

V.K.

The last word from Rabbit and Greene

Literary fiction is prominent on the bookshelves this fortnight, with new books from John Updike and Graham Greene and a first novel by a young Indian writer, Indira Ganesan.

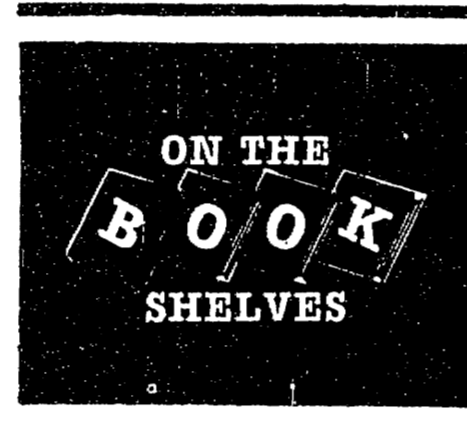
For many years, John Updike has been probing the American psyche in his novels and short stories. His greatest achievement has been the 'Rabbit' tetralogy (named after the main protagonist of the series, Harry 'Rabbit' Angstrom), of which the final novel, *Rabbit at Rest* (Penguin, £2.50) is in bookshops now.

Each of the Rabbit novels was written at the end of a decade, starting with *Rabbit Run* in 1959 and on to *Rabbit Redux*, *Rabbit is Rich* and, now, *Rabbit at Rest*. Together these four novels are a social history of America, capturing the events, mores and symbols of the last four decades. They also explore the complexity of human relationships and our muddled existence, as Rabbit and his wife Janice blunder their way through their lives and loves. *Rabbit at Rest* can be enjoyed even if you haven't read any of the earlier novels.

Graham Greene's *The Last Word and Other Stories* (Penguin, £2.50) is a collection of short pieces written between 1923-1989, most of which appear here for the first time in book

form. Together, the twelve stories in the collection represent the various facets of Greene's work. The stories range from "Entertainments" to more complex explorations of human nature, religion and morality. In Greene's world, 'nothing' is what it 'seems', as a traitor turns out to be an unsung hero, an innocent organisation is a wing of the secret service or a whole city refuses to acknowledge the disappearance of a famous monument. *The Last Word and Other Stories* is a parting gift from this great writer, who died recently.

Indira Ganesan's *The Journey* (Secker, £2.95) is set on an imaginary island Pi, 'a chunk of India that is not quite India'. To this island the two sisters



Renu and Manx return from America to attend the funeral of their cousin Rajesh. After living for a decade in the U.S., the sisters react differently to the land of their childhood.

Manx is more obviously American in her ways, while Renu veers towards tradition. Renu is also weighed down by sorrow over the death of Rajesh and the fear of retribution arising from a childhood incident involving the two cousins. The two sisters embark on a journey across the island, which ultimately leads to a revelation that helps Renu to break away from the past. *The Journey* is a fine literary debut of a very promising writer.

Turning to 'pop' fiction, there's Shoba De's *Starry Nights* (Penguin, Rs. 65), a novel set in Bollywood. The plot would do any Hindi film script-writer proud. A southern belle, Asha Rani, is the reigning queen of the silver screen. Her love for Akshay Arora, the No. 1 hero, is guaranteed to ruin her career. Add to this mix an 'Ammma' who will not stop at anything to make her daughter reach the top, a scheming sister waiting to displace Asha Rani and a 'friendly' gossip columnist preparing the ground for the ultimate scoop! With the RBI restrictions severely curbing the import of books, it is probably time for readers to catch up with a *desi* Jackie Collins.

While there are many imported books that feature the best of foreign graphic design, there has been no attempt locally to showcase Indian talent. *The World of Symbols, Logos and Trademarks* edited by Sudershan Dheer (Designscope, Rs. 595) aims to do just that. It captures the richness and diversity of Indian design that has evolved out of the unique requirements of our country.

GAUTAM PADMANABHAN

It's tough being a dancer!

It is said that there are, at a modest estimate, some 6000 Bharatha Natyam dancers clamouring for performance opportunities in Madras City! The handful of Sabhas and their all-powerful secretaries have to deal with every dancer in India (and the U.S. and Europe too) who thinks a performance in Madras is the golden gate to heaven.

Many of them will do anything to get a performance date here. Once that is fixed, the dancer gets exploited by her teacher — who quotes an astru-

Odissi in Madras

With Bharatha Natyam dance classes in every nook and cranny of the city, it is a pleasant surprise to find a charming Odissi class in progress in a quiet bylane near Kalakshetra. Kshama Rau, who runs the classes, is the daughter of Sivarama Karatha,

along which deflections of the head, torso and hips can take place. The characteristic feature of this dance style is the hip deflections which are almost taboo in other forms (though now many Bharatha Natyam dancers are adapting it). This makes it a very lyrical and graceful form.

The repertoire of Odissi is mostly Vaishnavite, with the lyrics of Jayadeva's *Gita Govinda* constituting the major content. There is now a move to get the particular musical mode of Orissa recognized as a classical stream. In recent years, the repertoire of Odissi has been greatly expanded and many new compositions have been added.

"I believe in imparting the Odissi in the same intense way I have been taught," says Kshama. "I also want to give my students a good orientation with painting traditions, archaeology and the culture of Orissa. I want to teach in an aesthetic and peaceful atmosphere. Dance adds grace to life."

The melody remembered

On May 6th, the legendary flautist Mali (T R Mahalingam) was remembered in Madras. People who had long associations with him gathered



Kshama Rau... the grace of Odissi

to recollect their own place in his life and followed it up with a flute concert by S Venkatarama Iyer who had a 40-year association with Mali.

Despite his advanced age, Venkatarama Iyer's concert was warm, energetic and organic. Its rhythmic excellence provided a melody-filled evening that was a worthy tribute to Mali.

Mali was tearless. There will be no musician like him. A musical prodigy

as a child, he later constantly searched for new vistas. Mali would be in a trance as he played and soon the audience would be in a trance too.

Given to eccentric ways, there was no guarantee he would honour a concert engagement. Yet tickets would be sold out days in advance and people would wait hours for the Mali magic.

V.R. DEVIKA

THE VIEW FROM THE WINGS



nomical sum for conducting the programme — and the musicians, who want to be paid for every rehearsal attended and expect to be pampered as if they were the *sambandis* (the groom's people) at a wedding.

Meanwhile, the dancer and her parents go round rounding up all and sundry for an audience. And then they go and sit at the feet of the critics, many of whom actually write P.R. pieces on the dancers from the right families!

Oh, yes, it certainly is a hard life being a dancer! Especially for a dancer lacking influence. I wonder why many want to perform!

hailed as the person who brought the vibrant Yakshagana of Karnataka to the national and international stage.

Kshama is, basically, a quiet housewife — and a traditional painter. She began to learn Bharatha Natyam as her daughter grew up. She is said to have charmed Rukmini Devi. Later, Kshama went to Bhubhaneshwar to learn Odissi from that legendary guru Kelucharan Mahapatra.

Odissi claims to be the earliest classical dance style of India, offering archaeological evidence to substantiate its claims. In technique, it treats the human-body in terms of the three

My dear husband's 'centre forward'

My husband came whistling down the stairs, taking them two at a time.

"Isn't it nice to look and feel young again, darling?" he remarked.

I said 'yes' indifferently, without lifting my head from the detective novel I was absorbed in.

"Why don't you also try me, dear?" he asked in the same happy vein.

"Try what?" I asked quite disinterestedly as I raced to finish the novel.

"Then why did you say 'yes' without listening to me?" He sounded accusing.

Sensing that the poor man was upset, I forced myself to look up and see what he wanted me to try. For a minute I thought it wasn't my husband standing before me; there was a total stranger with a weird sense of fashion and a peculiar sartorial taste.

His receding salt-and-pepper hairline, which gave him a distinguished look, was now replaced by a jet black wig accentuating the wrinkle or two on his fair face. The striped orange-and-white 'Tee' shirt was tucked in baggy pants of a lighter shade of the same colour, bringing his 'centre forward' into greater prominence than the loose bush shirt he normally wore. His white shoes were meant to team with the trendy clothes.

"Have you finished your scrutiny?" he asked eagerly, expecting me to compliment him on the transformation. But noticing that I still looked aghast, he asked plaintively, "Don't you think your husband looks more handsome and much younger?"

"You look atrocious and that's an understatement," I answered bluntly.

Thinking that I was joking, he asked me again, "You mean I really don't look handsome and young in these clothes?" and pulled in his 'centre

forward', as he stretched to his full height of five feet eight.

"Sorry, darling, you can't go about with your tummy tucked in like that! People would think something is wrong with you," I said.

"You women are all the same, always critical of whatever we say or

BY
N. MEERA
RAGHAVENDRA
RAO

do," he muttered under his breath.

"By the way," I went on, "what is all this talk suddenly about looking young and handsome? What's got into you? I hope you are in your right senses."

"That I am, only all wives are averse to change. What's wrong in trying to look modern and fashionable? Why don't you do something about your greying hair and stop wearing all those Kanjeevarams like an old-fashioned you know what!" he spluttered angrily.

I thought his behaviour too was undergoing a transformation along with his appearance. Which further puzzled me.

"What's come over you, dear? I always thought it would be nice to age gracefully when one reached middle age," I explained, trying to put some sense into the man.

"You women always talk of ageing, true to the saying, 'A woman counts her years when there is nothing else to count.'"

bought those clothes for me at the new showroom the other day."

His father laughed in embarrassment. "My boy, I just wanted to surprise you all. I don't think they look too bad on me, do you?" he said, looking querulously at the three of us.

"Yes, Dad, but your 'centre forward'....." my son's voice trailed away.

"Just you wait and see," his father snapped back. And the next day, he announced, "I'm on a diet from today."

I'm still trying to 'work out a menu drastic enough.

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COINING A SOCIETY TO HELP

Life in the city has become one roller-coaster ride and, what with television cutting into our routine, few of us have time for worthwhile hobbies such as philately, notaphily (paper money collection) or numismatics (coin collection).

For those who do have the time and the inclination and are yet uninitiated, the problem is finding out where to turn for professional guidance. It is to help the new coin collector that the Madras Coin Society was inaugurated in the city recently. Although a coin club was started some years ago for the serious collector, several enthusiasts felt the beginner was still at sea and, so, the MCS came into being.

The President of the Society is D H Rao, a veteran collector known for his stamp, coin and currency collection on varied themes and topics. Other office bearers include A V Krishna Rao and G Bhaskar (Vice Presidents), O Harihariah (Secretary) and Vijayakumar Agarwal (Treasurer). Also instrumental in the birth of the Society were Paul Pandurangan, Jeysing and Lazer.

The Society, they say, aims at encouraging youngsters and beginners as well as seniors to go about augmenting their collection methodically. The Society will also promote exchange of surplus coins between collectors. It hopes to start a well stocked library as well.

Rao feels that collecting modern Indian coins offers tremendous challenges for a beginner as does collecting modern Indian currency notes. He stressed that it is absolutely essential for every note collector to know the names of the Governors of the Reserve Bank of India since Independence and lamented that the RBI does not give sufficient advance publicity when it issues new notes.

All coin-collectors-in-the-making who want to know about coins should contact: D H Rao, 'Nirupam', 2 Ilango Nagar Annexe, Madras 600 092. Telephone: 426 172

Sudha Umashanker

ANSWERS TO QUIZZIN' -5

1. His grandfather, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.
2. At Cambridge.
3. Jayanthi Natarajan.
4. Director of the Tamil Nadu Forensic Science Department, Madras.
5. RDX (Cyclotrimethylene trinitramine).
6. The blast would have left a crater in the ground. Suchi was not the case at Sriperumbudur.
7. He was a British mercenary who falsely claimed that some people had approached him two months earlier to carry out Rajiv Gandhi's assassination.
8. Sathiyamurthy Bhavan and Rajaji Hall.
9. Mrs Maragatham Chandrasekhar.
10. To pass on any useful information regarding the assassination of Rajiv Gandhi to the Special Investigation Team, CBI, at the address.
11. Booth capturing. Glorification of sati is a corrupt practice and canvassing within 100m is an electoral offence.
12. Thirugnana Sambandar.
13. At Uthandi, 20 km from Madras.
14. Sweden and Iraq respectively.
15. Op. Sea Angels — The relief operation in Bangladesh by the US Joint Task Force.
16. Op. Solomon — The airlift of thousands of Falashas — Ethiopian Jews — by Israel.
17. He is the chief of the Austrian Luda-Air airlines. An aircraft of that airline recently exploded and crashed in Thailand killing all 223 people on board.
18. It is an area where tropical cyclones form, where the tradewinds from the Northern and Southern Hemispheres meet.
19. Zimbabwe.
20. S A Dange in the Meerut Conspiracy Case.
21. Raag Kamal-Shri.

Unwise for this 'original artist' to make haste

(By a Sports Reporter)

As Madras's own Viswanathan Anand prepares for the quarter-finals of the Challengers tournaments, there's a word of caution for him from one Russian commentator. After watching him throw away an easy victory in the Linares tournament and then "become a shadow of his former self", Soviet Grandmaster Alexei Suetin advises our chess wizard "to be very serious in both examining his serious mistakes and in building up endurance". Writing for Novosti, the Russian reminds Anand that his new-found international status "imposes serious obligations" on him to be more careful in his play.

Reporting on the Linares tournament, Suetin wrote:

"The young Indian grandmaster (who) had struck the imagination of the

chess world by his brilliant victory in the Challengers' match...got off to a rapid, active start. In the second round he gained a sensational victory over the former world champion.

"Anand always plays easily and quickly. But it was precisely the last circumstance which had an adverse effect on his encounter with grandmaster Alexander Belyavsky... (after) he obtained a winning position... Instead of exerting a systematic effort to bring home his advantage, the Indian grandmaster unwisely made haste...played carelessly and ultimately was punished. Spending only 50 minutes of the time allotted, the young grandmaster blundered. As a result, instead of a well-deserved victory...came a vexing setback.

"This episode, as it appears, had unpleasant moral consequences for the

Indian grandmaster. After (it)...he was a shadow of his former self. Anand's later play was like a boat bobbing in the Indian Ocean, with ups downs all 'along...."

Commenting on Anand's final position, Suetin wrote, "Incidentally, till only recently, such a result would have been fairly honourable for Anand. But one must not forget that he has now become a challenger in the battle for the world chess crown and ranks among the ten best players in the world, according to an unofficial rating list. Hence the new demands made on the Indian grandmaster. Every step forward brings not only joy and satisfaction but also imposes serious obligations. Thus, he needs to be very serious...."

Speaking of Anand's play, Suetin said, ".....he is the least orthodox of all the players. He interprets opening

variations in his own way...He seeks his own road in every opening system. And, indeed, his way of thinking is unorthodox in the middle game too. In a word, he is an ingenious craftsman, making pieces of jewellery as he sees it. By saying this, I don't mean to reproach Anand for an amateurish approach, for he is, undoubtedly, an original artist.

"Anand's style has two sides to it. A positive factor is that he is almost guaranteed against being caught unawares by 'home-brewed' variations... At the outset, his play assumes an unusual characteristic, wherein one counts on one's own skill and quickness alone. But there is the reverse side of the medal.

"Opening theories have risen to an unusually high level, thanks to collective work. Therefore, a powerful dam has been erected, unfortunately for many gifted, yet not so hard-working, players. Indeed, they cannot avoid the most complicated specific variations in a number of openings, particularly when playing white. Any departure from the 'highway'...means a loss of speed (or even threatens one with finding oneself on the sides of the road)...."

Indian fans will be hoping over the next few months that 'a word to the wise.....

THEY AIM TO IMPROVE TAMIL NADU SPORT

Indian sport can look forward to a better tomorrow. That, at any rate, is the ambition of a group of Madras industrialists and business executives, headed by M A M Ramaswamy, which has, under the Tamil Nadu Societies Registration Act 1975, formed a society called Sports Foundation. Its sole aim is to make India more sport-conscious so that the second most populous nation in the world can erase its humiliating Olympic blank.

Announcing the Foundation's formation at a press conference on June 1, its various office-bearers emphasised the supreme need to unearth talent and give promising youngsters expert training and coaching, in addition to financial assistance. They emphasised that the Foundation would work independently and would in no way interfere with the working of State and National bodies.

Listing the Foundation's objectives, such as the conduct of coaching camps and seminars and provision of infrastructure and building of stadia, the office-bearers stated that they had decided to raise a Rs. 50 lakh fund to begin with.

Sports Foundation's immediate plans are:

- Sponsoring of Sharath, an up-and-coming left-hand batsman to the United Kingdom as a member of Ghattani's under-19 team.
- A monthly Best Player Award for the Madras First Division cricket league, with a cash prize of Rs. 2000 and suitable memento. At the end of the season there will be two Cricketer of the Year Awards — in the under-19 and senior categories, each worth Rs. 5000 and mementos.
- Table Tennis Player of the Month and Table Tennis Player of the Year Awards will also be given. The scheme will be similar to the one instituted for cricket.
- One hundred and ten boys from Muthialpet School, George Town,

will be groomed in sport, giving North Madras a chance to catch up with South Madras.

The office-bearers are: *President:* M A M Ramaswamy; *Vice-presidents:* G Venkateswaran, R Ramakrishnan, N C Sundararajan; *Secretary:* Ganapathi Subramanian; *Treasurer:* M V Anantharaman; *Members:* V M Ramalingam, S Venkataraman, N C Sarabeswaran, N Rangan and S R Raman.

A SPORTSMAN LOST

Rajiv Gandhi did not make a mark in any sporting discipline, not even in rifle shooting, perhaps the sport he loved most. Even his Doon School record was little to write home about. But he was a sportsman every inch. Sport indeed was in his blood. He had inherited it, as it were, from his grandfather and India's first Prime

Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and from his mother Indira Gandhi.

Nehru gave Anthony S. de Mellow and his organising committee all they wanted for the conduct of the inaugural

by
JAICI

Asian Games in Delhi in 1951. Over three decades later, Indira Gandhi emulated her distinguished father's gesture by giving Raja Bhalindra Singh, Aswini Kumar and others a helping hand in 1982 to see that the Asiad had a smooth passage on its first return to the country of its origin.


A keen follower of every sport, Rajiv Gandhi was perfectly at home in the company of any brand of sports-person — cricketer, footballer, athlete or

cueist — and acquitted himself creditably, both in word and deed, at every function sports bodies held to honour him. He moved freely with sportspersons, and cracked jokes not only with them but also with media-persons.

Behind all this wit and humour, he had an innate desire to help Indian sport reach world standards. He was not found wanting when he came to power in 1984. He lost no time in increasing the Plan outlay for sport and paved the way for bigger Indian participation in world competitions. If post-Independence Indian sport has made any mark on the world scene, it is in no small measure due to the helping hand it received from the Nehru family, with Rajiv Gandhi playing a bigger role than his grandfather and his mother. No wonder the entire sporting fraternity mourned this irreparable loss.

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