

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS MUSINGS

INSIDE

- A mercurial problem
- Leading leather exports
- 21 in the 60s' Madras
- Himalayan rediscoveries
- The Unsport's lament

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Looking at temple tanks again

The Tamil Nadu Chapter of the Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage (INTACH-TN) has begun a survey of 36 of the 45 temple tanks in the city and will document the condition in which each is. Sponsoring this survey is the Rotary Club of Madras (Main), which has signed a Memorandum of Understanding with the Corporation of Madras to desilt these 36 tanks in a phased manner.

Speaking to *Madras Musings*, Dr. A. Srivatsan, Project Co-ordinator, INTACH-TN, said the study would take three months and tanks in Velachery, Nungambakkam, Purasawalkam, Tiruvottriyur, Triplicane, Saidapet, Mylapore, Tiruvanmiyur, George Town and Tirumullaivoyal will be surveyed by his team. The documentation will record the existing condition of each tank and its precincts, accessibility to the tank, the open space around the tank and its current utilisation, the height of the tank bed and the stormwater drains, the ownership and the portions encroached upon. Details and visual documentation will be included in each report. This will help in looking at the restoration of the tanks in terms of the environment, ecological relationship and spatial use, heritage value and public use.

Verghese Chummar, President, Rotary Club of Madras, told *Madras Musings* that restoration of temple tanks was important for improving the water situation in the city. The tanks allow rainwater to percolate into the ground and thereby recharge the ground-

water which, in turn, facilitated the recharging of the wells in the neighbourhood of each tank. Rainwater conduits getting blocked and poor maintenance have led to the tanks getting silted.

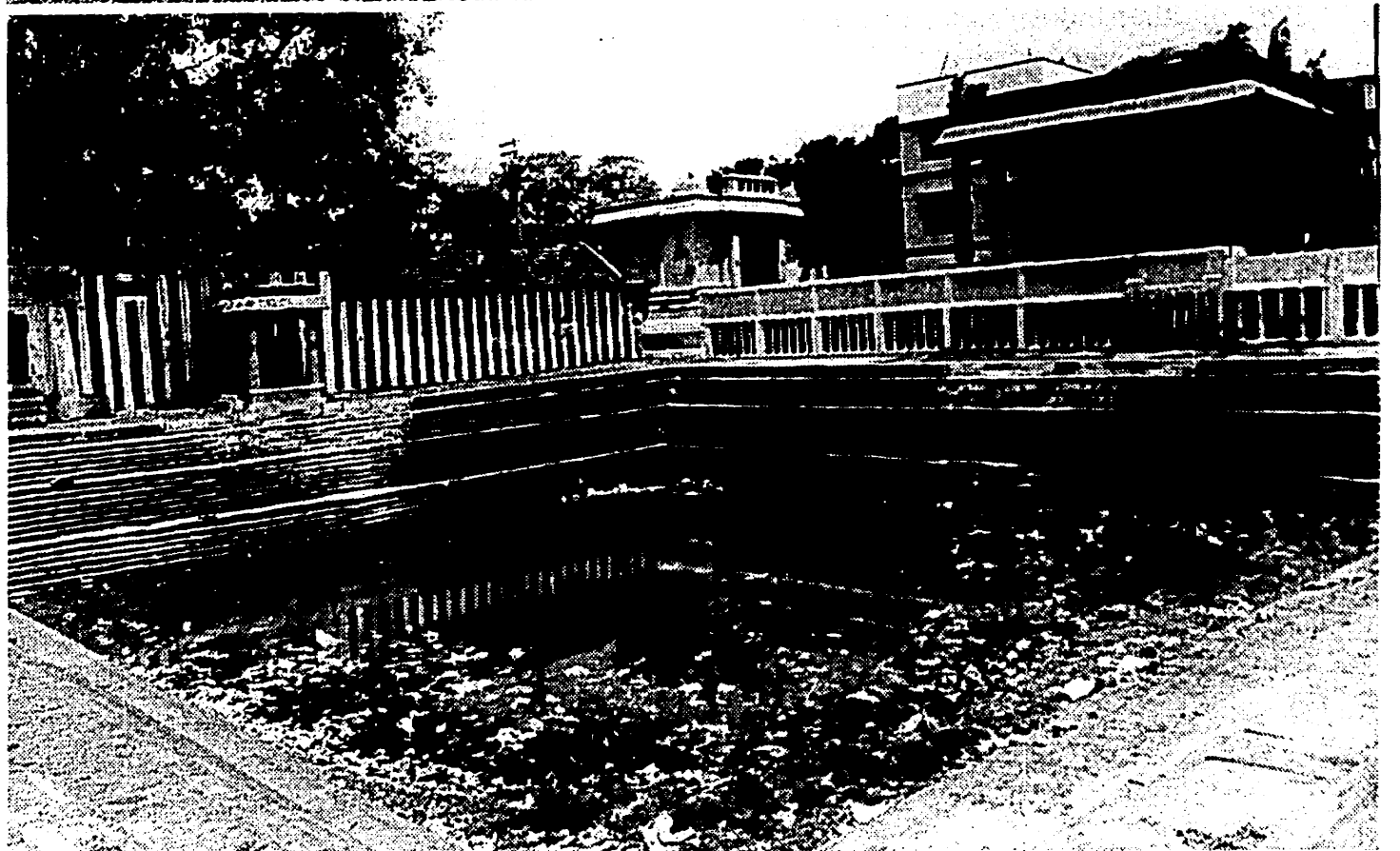
After the renovation of each tank and ensuring enough collection of rainwater, the tanks would be handed over to the temple authorities who, it is hoped, would work with the local communities in maintaining and ensuring the upkeep of each tank.

Rotary Main has in the last few years restored the Marundeeswarar Temple Tank, Tiruvanmiyur, the Virubhaksheeswarar Temple Tank, Mylapore, the Ganghadeeswarar Temple Tank, Purasawalkam, the Raveswarar Temple Tank, Vyasarpadi, the Karneeswar Temple Tank and the Chittrakulam Temple Tank, Mylapore. Work is on at the Agatheswarar Temple Tank in Nungambakkam. Sadly, some of the tanks that were restored have returned to a state of neglect the moment the Rotary teams left the scene, with neither the temple authorities nor the local communities willing to play a role in maintenance and upkeep of the restored tank.

There are in Tamil Nadu around 39,000 tanks that recharge groundwater. About 20,000 of them are minor irrigation tanks. The level of water in these small tanks is dependent on the vagaries of the weather. Most farmers in the area near such tanks are dependent on this irrigation system for raising their crops.



The Nungambakkam Temple Tank that the Rotary Club Main is restoring. The surrounding wall has come up, but a lot more is yet to be done. Below is the Ayanavaram Temple Tank, its bed no longer visible. With buildings on all four sides of the tank, even the square depression is not easily visible. And at bottom is the Chintadripet Temple Tank, now a waste-dump rich with non-degradable waste and a mosquito breeding centre. (Photographs by RAJIND N CHRISTY.)



• by
**Rajind
N.
Christy**

A madrasa with a research library

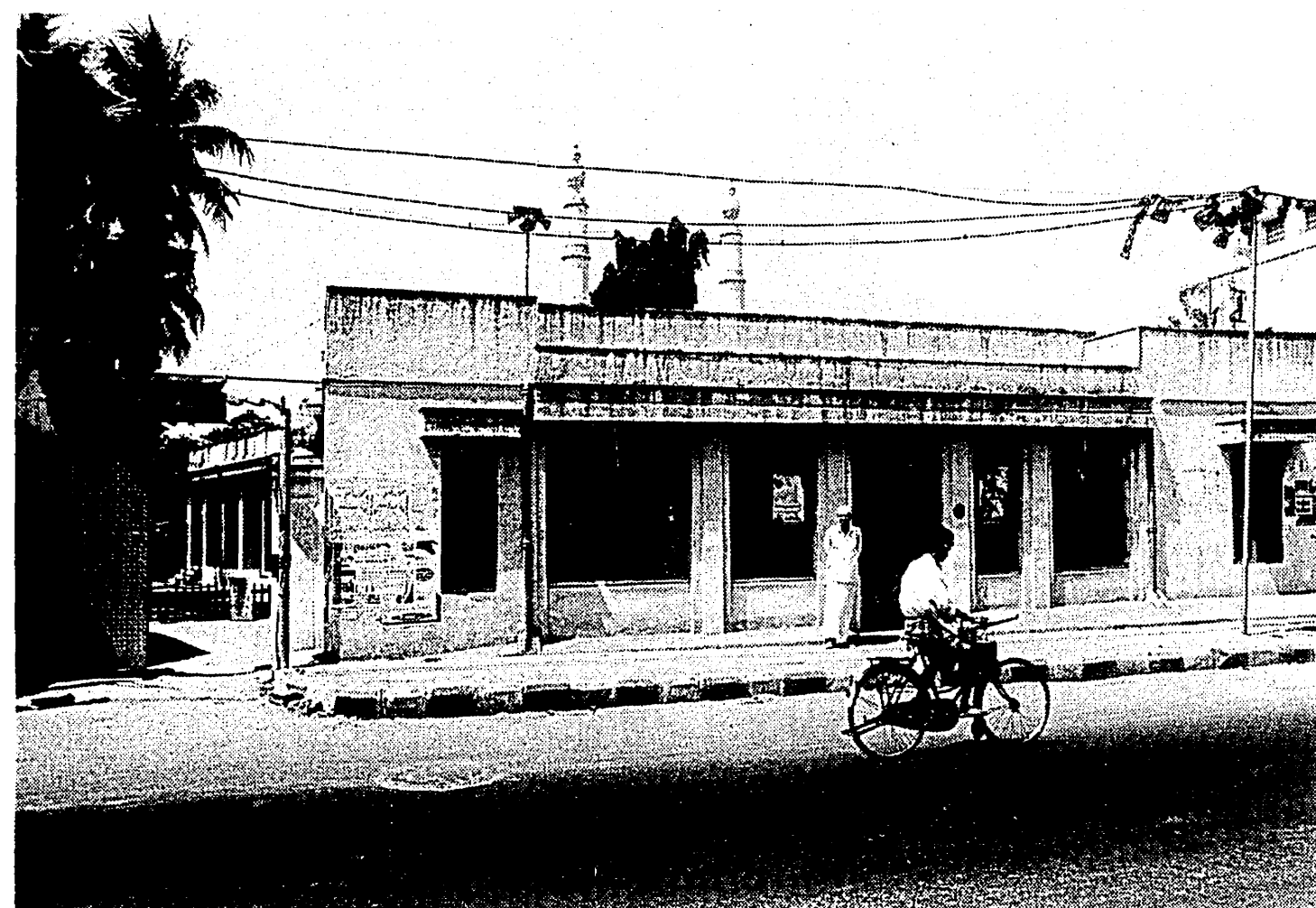
From 1400 AD onwards, the ancestors of Qazi Mohammed Sibgatullah known as Badrud Dowlah (d. 1861) have been continuously doing service in education and religion. There is no other family known, which has continuously served in the field of education for 17 generations, states Prof. Mohammed Yusuff Kokan, the former Reader and Head of the Department of Arabic, Persian and Urdu of the University of Madras (1960), in his book *Khanwadae Qazi Badrud Dowlah* (The history of the family of Qazi Badrud Dowlah). This family of scholars established a madrasa known as 'Madrasa-E-Mohammadi', which still offers education at Dewan Sahib Garden, 323 T.T.K. Road.

The 'Madrasa-E-Mohammadi' was established in 1888 by the then scholars of the Qazi Badrud Dowlah family, Syed Mohammed Ishaq titled Tirazish Khan, Mufti

Mahmood, Ghulam Mohammed titled Sharfad Dowlah, Shamsul Ulema (Sun among Scholars), Qazi Ubaidullah, Moulvi Ahmed Ali, Haji Abu Muhammed and Ghulam Mohiuddin. The madrasa was inaugurated by the famous Sufi saint of South India, Hazrath Syed Shah Burhanuddin Chisti Wal Qadri. The Nawab of the Carnatic Muhammed Munawar Khan Bahadur graced the occasion.

The madrasa since its inception was in the forefront of the social and cultural boycott of British rule. Its principles attracted the attention of North Indian scholars, who regularly visited it.

Religious, moral and literary books are published from time to time by this madrasa. It has a library of international repute. It has a large collection of books, manuscripts etc. in Arabic, Persian, Urdu and English. These have been catalogued by



The madrasa and library seen from the road. (Photograph by RAJIND N. CHRISTY.)

a former librarian of Osmania University, Haji Mohammad Ghouse Sahib. Research students from various universities in India refer to the material here for their dissertations. For instance, Dr. John Guernsey of Oxford University did research here in the 1960s in the revenue accounting procedures of the Nawab of Arcot. The reference material here was in Persian. So,

he went to Teheran University (Iran), learnt Persian and returned to Madras to work on his thesis which obtained him his Doctorate degree.

The Madrasa-E-Mohammadi also houses the Department of Qaziship. This was established in 1880 under the Qazi Act by the Government. The Qazis appointed by Government, Mufti Qazi Ubaidullah, Mufti Qazi

Muhammed Habibullah, Mufti Sha Muhammed, Mufti Muhammed Azizuddin and the present Chief Qazi Dr. Salahuddin Muhammad Ayub, have all belonged to this family. Dr. Salahuddin received his degree in Arabic and Islamic theology ('Aliya') from the Al Azhar University, Cairo, Egypt in the 1970s.

S.G. Mahmood

A mercurial situation in the Palnis

In the late Seventies, Pond's India Ltd. planned three non-related diversifications to earn foreign exchange to pay for essential imports and for repatriation of dividends. There was also the difficulty of exporting its main products, cosmetics and toiletries. Leather, clinical thermometer and mushroom were the non-related products planned by Pond's.

The US and Europe, eager to shift the polluting industry of clinical thermometers, gladly helped Pond's India evolve, in quick time, as the largest producer of clinical thermometers. Pond's, later merging with Hindustan Lever Limited (HLL), has been waging a continuous battle with the local population and environmentalists over the damage caused to the environment by dumping toxic mercury waste. There was also a recent report of such waste recycled material from advanced countries being shipped to Kodaikanal, Tamil Nadu.

The HLL plant is one of the few remaining mercury

thermometer production units in the country and a totally export-oriented unit with markets in Europe and the US.

In early 2001, activists from the Palani Hills Conservation Council (PHCC) discovered bags of glass scrap containing mercury (broken thermometers from the production line) at a local scarpard in Munjikal. Subsequently, mercury contaminated wastes were found dumped behind the factory

● by
Rajesh Rangarajan

wall. The slopes on which the factory is located leads to Pambar Shola, a highly productive watershed and one of the last remaining pockets of mega-biodiversity in the region. These tropical montane forests are endemic to the Palani hills, and many plant species that are found here are endemic to the shola. Recently, the shola was officially designated as a sanctuary area.

The Toxics of Mercury

Mercury is present in many chemical forms. Elemental Mercury, the simplest, is highly toxic. When in contact with micro-organisms in soil or water, it becomes methyl mercury, which through air and water enters the skin and severely affects the central nervous system (brain), kidneys and liver. Even in the US, 60,000 children develop neurological problems and learning disabilities each year because their mothers consumed mercury-contaminated

Owing to its toxic qualities, mercury has the potential to destroy (if most of the damage is not already done) the entire environs of Kodaikanal, rendering not only the tourist town,

fish during pregnancy. (National Academy of Scientists.)

Exposure

Environmental exposure is through different sources of mercury, such as chlor-alkali plants, smelters, and incinerators. The mercury ultimately gets transported to waterbodies, a source of exposure. Workplace exposure occurs through inhalation of contaminated air, direct skin contact with liquid

high in some sections of the factory."

HLL's admission

The PHCC and Greenpeace with support from local groups conducted a protest march in Kodaikanal recently. Consequently, HLL suspended its operation, though only temporarily, and the Tamil Nadu Pollution Control Board sent an inspection team to assess the situation. Meanwhile the company admitted not only dumping mercury-laden waste near the factory and at Munjikal, but also it has sent this waste to many glass recycling units and light bulbs manufacturers all over Tamil Nadu, confirming the worst fears. HLL has hired international consultant Dames and Moore to offer advice on how to clean and rectify the damage.

but also parts of Tamil Nadu, toxic.

Apart from the environmental problems associated with mercury, the factory has been exposing its workers to toxic vapours creating a serious occupational health issue. Dr. Kolhatkar, a medical doctor and member of the Kodaikanal Consumer Action Group, states that "workers were certainly exposed to mercury vapours, very

mercury or oral exposure through contaminated hands, food, etc.

Health effects & toxicity

The degree of toxicity depends on the chemical form of mercury. For example, elemental mercury is absorbed minimally by the body, while methyl mercury is absorbed extensively. Elemental mercury is most hazardous when inhaled.

R.R.

Subsequent to these events, the Tamil Nadu Alliance Against Mercury (TAAM) was formed under the aegis of PHCC, Greenpeace and Toxics Link. The alliance, comprising about 20 NGOs, seeks to eliminate mercury in all forms of present usage and urges switching to cleaner alternatives. TAAM recently stated that the admission by HLL that it had dumped mercury waste in different locations outside the factory has fuelled concerns about the long-term impact on waterbodies in those areas. — (Courtesy: Industrial Economist.)

The Man From Madras Musings is on holiday. His column, Short 'N' Snappy, will be resumed on his return.

— The Editor

OUR
READERS
WRITE

Not wasteland at all

As an ecologist, I want to comment on a recent story (MM, April 16th) pertaining to wastelands. India is the only country where we refer to some land as wasteland. This is an unfortunate reference. No land by itself is a wasteland; but it can be a *wasted* land, because of our greed and consequent abuse of land. We need to identify a better word that will not insult the land.

The General Hospital story (also MM, April 16th) was wonderful; I enjoyed seeing the delightful 1935 aerial photo of the GH complex. The quality of the photo is excellent, given that it is a 1930s photo. I was struck by the cleanliness of the hospital, which came out brilliantly in that photo. I only wish that the story had included some references to the surgeons of yesteryears: S. Rangachari and Guruswamy Mudaliar.

In this connection, I also wish that every doctor who qualifies for his/her MBBS in Madras (even Tamil Nadu) should read the Tamil biography *Doctor Rangachari*, written by the charismatic writer Rajam Krishnan. I think the book is out of print (*Suadesamitran* Press), but fortunately Loyola College library has one copy at least. I would have read that copy at least twenty times. Every time I read the book, I have always felt emotionally rewarded. Brilliant descriptions of the villagish Madras of the 1920s and 1930s are also found in the *Sarukkai Rangachari* biography.

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Illegal & unethical

It is the season of college admissions. All colleges insist that the students surrender their original certificates (HS/Degree) at the time of admission.

This is presumably done by the colleges to ensure that the students do not leave the college without paying their fees. I cannot understand the logic behind this. If a student leaves the college without paying his fees, he will not be given a TC (Transfer Certificate). Without TC, other colleges will not admit him. Why then do colleges insist on students surrendering original certificates? It is immoral, unethical and illegal and nowhere else in India is this obnoxious practice followed.

To add insult to injury, most of these colleges do not have proper

PLEASE NOTE

- All letters for The Editor's attention should be addressed to The Editor, c/o Lokavani Hall-Mark Press Pvt. Ltd., 62/63, Greames Road, Chennai 600 006.
- All business correspondence should be addressed to The Director, Chennai Heritage, 260-A, TTK Road, Chennai 600 018.

Recalling the family man

We have during the last few weeks been eulogising R.K. Narayan as a master storyteller, but the other aspect of his life – that of a family man – has been little touched upon.

As a member of a family that has been friends of his family for four generations, spanning a period of over a century, I have known the closeness and togetherness of a large, close-knit family he engaged and which he in turn nurtured.

During his boyhood days in Vellala Street, Purasawalkam, Narayan was a good grandson to his protective and doting maternal grandmother. According to him, she also set strict standards of discipline and conduct; often, after a visit to the beach with friends, he would actually run home all the way to be back at the stipulated time! His uncles, under whose care he was, happened to be of a literary bent and influenced him greatly. One of them, Seshachalam, was a gifted writer in English and Tamil and had translated several English books into Tamil,

including Sheridan's plays. He had also edited a Tamil journal called *Kalanidhi*. However, the themes covered and the language were far above the grasp of the average reader, and the magazine never took off. His other uncle, who wrote under the pseudonym of Bhagirathan, was well known for his travelogues. The young nephew had great admiration and respect for his uncles.

Narayan had a close rapport with his mother, 'Gnana Mami' to everybody. She had a fantastic sense of humour and would regale us with a fund of anecdotes spiced with Tamil proverbs and *vachanam*s. If only she had tried her hand at writing fiction, she would have taken the Tamil world by storm, such was her command over the language. It was no wonder that Narayan turned out to be what he was.

It took Narayan a long time to recover from the loss of his young wife, Rajam. He was able to overcome his loneliness by donning the mantle of care-giver to his daughter Hema, and to

the entire family – his younger brothers, nieces and nephews. A lively lot, they sported unusual nicknames like Dodo (R.K. Laxman), Dubbu, Thumbi, Nokki and Korea. To the children in the house Narayan was a playmate sharing in their fun as well as a teacher helping them with their lessons. When any of them fell ill, it was the calm and caring 'Kunjappa' who bought them medicine, somehow coaxed it down reluctant throats and spent sleepless nights by their bedside, ministering to their needs. In short, he was a pillar of strength in every respect.

The people – close or distant relatives, friends and acquaintances – who enjoyed the hospitality of that joint family were a legion. Musicians and artists stayed with them during Dasara and Rama Navami. R.K.N. was a connoisseur of Carnatic music and used to play on the veena, time permitting. He arranged musical evenings in his house, when close friends like Venai Doraiswami Aiyangar would perform for a select audience.

Mrs. S. Rajagopal
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storage facilities. When the students get back their certificates after a few years, they are moth-eaten, damp and in a pathetic condition. It is a Herculean task to get a new certificate from the University.

Will the new Education Minister stop this unholy practice?
V. Chandrashekhar
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"Whither has it fled....?"

'Presidency Tops' (MM, June 16th) warmed the cockles of the heart, as the saying goes. The parameters of academic input, reputation, student care, curriculum, infrastructure, admission norms and job placement are praiseworthy. However, it omits an essential ingredient that drew many boys to Presidency's portals in the 60s – the beauty quotient of the girls. Yes, our girls were decidedly superior to the QMC girls who used to stand at Pycrofts Road bus stop next to the College. Another crucial contribution to the Presidency atmosphere, especially between classes, was the Marina Buhari's situated opposite the College. In my opinion that too is a heritage site and should be restored. Maybe, as Arun Ram says, Presidency's academic excellence is unwithered but that princely feel and unique charm have gone never to return.

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Law's loss

'Presidency Tops' (MM, June 16th) gladdens one's heart, but the fact that the Madras Law College does not figure in the top ten law colleges makes one really sad. Before the State Reorganisation, Madras Law College was perhaps the only institution which was responsible for the most illustrious Bars in almost all the Courts of South India. How I remember the

creation of the Law College at Visakhapatnam around 1954 or 1955, by the then Chief Minister of Andhra, Sri Prakasam, by taking Prof. K.S. Venkataraman from Madras Law College to Andhra and appointing him the first Principal of Andhra Law College.

Madras Law College had been an institution of excellence and it

is quite unbelievable that it does not find a place in the Top Tens. May we hope that it regains its original glory in the years to come and attains its due place in the field of Law of our land befitting its reputation.

creation of the Law College at Visakhapatnam around 1954 or 1955, by the then Chief Minister of Andhra, Sri Prakasam, by taking Prof. K.S. Venkataraman from Madras Law College to Andhra and appointing him the first Principal of Andhra Law College.

Madras Law College had been an institution of excellence and it

The sounds of English

'Beware of English' (MM, May 16th) points out some of the many pitfalls in that language. Particularly merciless among them are words with different meanings but identical sounds. These may cause a problem so long as they are used in spoken English, but when written, some of them could cause havoc; while others may cause nothing more than a little welcome humour.

For instance: 'Government Guilt Securities' or 'Hare cut for Rs. 20', 'Deer Sir' or 'Going to the poles' come election time, 'The route cause of it was' or 'He was baled out by his lawyer', 'The slow

passenger train was hauled by a male engine' or 'The speaker was a boar', 'That was the peek of his success' or 'Pore me some tea', 'Fetch that pale of water' or 'Do not jump up the stares', 'Please peel that apple' or 'She is the soul heir', 'He is my solemate' or 'The kite sores high' or 'Caddies cry four on the golf course', 'The yoke of the egg was yellow' or 'Witch shirt did you select?'

I'm sure there'll be readers who can keep going on and on.

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Unforgettable moments

My father was the teacher in Eernakulam of Gopalamudram Narayana Iyer Ramachandran. G.R. Narayanan was Principal of Maharaja's College and was a close friend of our family. My father had predicted that G.N.

Gnana Mami was an excellent hostess whose filter coffee was appreciated by all, and sorely missed by Narayan during his travels abroad.

I have happy memories of the many days he spent with us in Hassan in the Thirties, writing about Halebid and Belur for a book commissioned by the Government of Mysore. He appreciated the tranquillity of our spacious house and sprawling garden and always said that it was an ideal place to sit and write undisturbed. When my daughter visited him a couple of years ago, he reminisced about his stay with us.

Years earlier he presented my daughter, then ten, with a copy of *Swami and Friends*. I still remember how she leapt several feet in the air in excitement when she realised that the family friend, who often dropped in with his daughter, was the famous writer.

Mrs. S. Rajagopal
'Ramasraya'
20 Rutland Gate, IV Street
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invariably, hawkers and vendors would sell their wares in the bus before it started.

S. Ganapathiraman
8, Kasthuri Estates Fourth St.
Chennai 600 086.

Photographic record

Heritage buildings are being demolished one by one even as drawing up guidelines to preserve them is taking its own time. With no hope of demolition letting up, I suggest that, before all our heritage buildings disappear, they at least be photographed for the record. These photographs should be exhibited in all conspicuous places in Chennai to give future generations an idea of what Chennai was like.

P.S. Krishnamoorthy
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Gobichettipalayam
Erode District 638 452.

Signals needed

The roads in the city have been widened and new overhead bridges built. Vehicles plying on the roads have trebled in number in the last few years. Many roads have been made one way. But the irony is that in many places, traffic is still managed manually by a traffic constable.

The Mada Street junctions by the Mylapore tank need immediate attention. North Mada Street intersecting the R.K. Mutt Road, and South Mada Street intersecting Venkatesa Aghraham near Mani Ammal Textiles where the MTC buses take reverse directions to reach their respective stands (12 C, 3A, etc.), are maddening. Pedestrians and the vehicular traffic need to be controlled with electronic signals. A School Zone is close by and the children have to pass this junction daily during peak hours. The lone traffic constable at the spot is unable to control the chaos here.

Padma Thyagarajan
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Chennai – the leader in leather exports

The recent List of Export Award Winners for the year 1999-2000 included many firsts for Chennai, in the various categories. I spoke to a few of the winners.

Rekha Goenka, proprietress, A.B. Sale Corporation, was awarded the Best Woman Entrepreneur Award for the second year in succession in the Leather Goods category. Aditya Goenka, the company's spokesperson says, "We've been in this business since 1989, dealing in wallets, purses and small flat leather goods. Our exports have gone up substantially over the last ten years. On the export scene, there is tremendous potential, especially in leather garments, shoes and other goods. Most Indian-made leather goods are increasingly being exported at this point. Chennai

with all the prevailing uncertainty in the country, political, natural or man-made. Countries in the Far East, like Taiwan and Vietnam, have cheap labour and are more committed to supply on demand. It is difficult for us to compete, especially with China, for the sheer volume of supply. Of the major share of the national leather export market, about 85% is from Ambur, Vellore and Ranipet."

This Company also won an award for 'Brand Promotion' in this year's list of Export Award Winners. Ahmed relates, "In this industry since 1957, we started as a family business, making leather components, and got into shoe-making in 1979. We market the 'Norwood' brand for South Africa. Brand promotion is very expensive and very difficult, but it is

● by
Shobha Menon

handles about 45-50% of the total overall leather sector exports from India. Before 1980, the emphasis was definitely on raw material, or leather export, not on finished goods. But there has been a dramatic change in the last 15 years, as Government is giving more incentives for finished goods exports, which are value-added, so there is more emphasis on leather products.

"China is definitely our biggest competitor, because labour costs there are very low, and the Government Labour Policy is very helpful. In fact, the total Indian export market handles a meagre 3%, while China gets a massive 40%. Brand promotion is not feasible unless you are a very big exporter. For small and medium promoters, unless they form a consortium and handle it jointly, it's just impossible. More labour reforms are also needed."

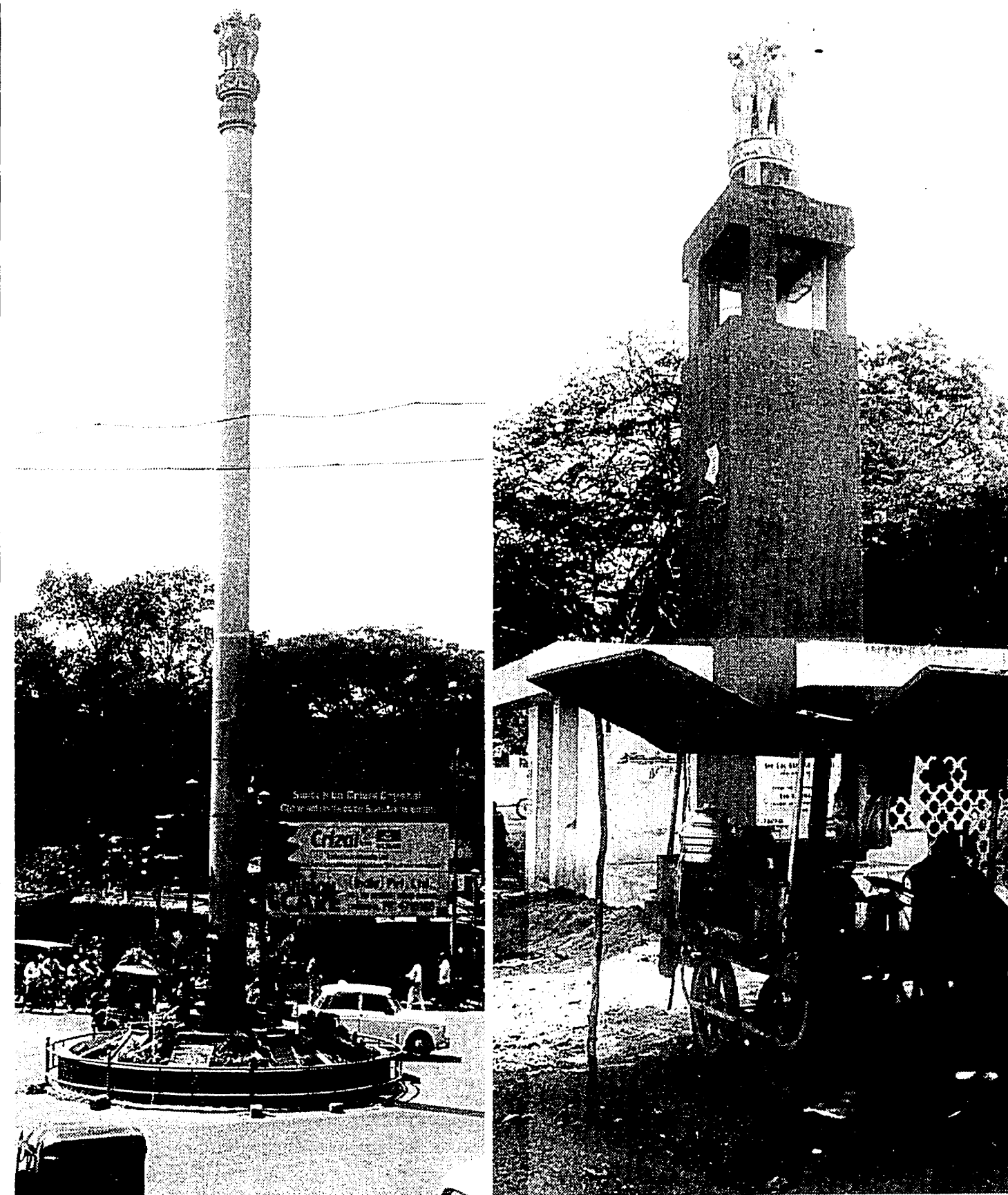
Farida Shoes Ltd., Chennai, bagged the Export Award (above US \$5 million) for the Leather Footwear category. The Company's General Manager, Imtia: Ahmed, says, "About ten years ago, advanced countries like America used to import a lot of leather and shoe uppers. When labour costs started affecting their market, it became easier to import finished products from countries where cheap labour was available, and our export market began to pick up. Unfortunately India is not the country they are looking at,

also very important in helping to sell your product. Nowadays we are looking at the options of reaching customers with less expensive catalogues, or we ask the buyer to handle the brand promotion and pay him a commission. On the export scene, things are looking up of late, with a lot of support from the Central Government."

In the 'Leather Garments' and 'Leather Footwear' (US \$1 million to 5 million) categories, RSL Industries of Purasawalkam bagged awards. The General Manager of their Garments Division spoke on the current export scene, "We have been in the leather business for the last 10-15 years. Currently we are into products. As an integrated outfit with tanneries and production outlets we export a lot of finished products. Chennai leads in the percentage of export products because of the tanneries that are centred mainly near Ambur, Vellore and Ranipet, which also supply the finished leather raw material to other leather goods manufacturers all over India. Indian leather goods are very popular abroad, and I'm positive of a slow but steady Indian growth in the export market. Encouraging Government policies with more incentives could accelerate these trends."

Pointing out that the chosen Export Award Winners need not be top exporters (since they

(Continued on page 7)



Chennai has its fair share of Ashok Pillars, both old and new. We offer two of the OLD today in the pictures above. On left is the disproportionately tall Ashok Pillar raised by the State Housing Board in the Kodambakkam Pudoor neighbourhood. The pillar was inaugurated on August 25, 1963 by the then Chief Minister, K. Kamaraj, at a meeting presided over by the then Minister for Industries and Housing, R. Venkataraman. Allowed to deteriorate in the 1970s and 1980s, the pillar was a favourite with those pasters of political posters and stringers of political bannings. In October 2001, it was re-inaugurated by Mayor Stalin as part of his 'Singara Chennai' programme after it had been re-painted and floodlit, with the area around it landscaped and 'enriched' with a fountain, all of which Saravana Bhavan agreed to maintain.



The pillar on right, a more proportionate one but inelegant in its squatness, belongs to the same era as the above-mentioned pillar. It was raised as part of the entrance to the Central Institute of Technology's campus in Tavarnani. What was opened as the Central Polytechnic was inaugurated by the then Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri in November 1964, Kamaraj, then President of Indian National Congress, presiding over the function. Not much attention has been paid to the pillar since, and today a food-cart finds it a convenient resting place, with 'dimers' seeing it as a convenient space for their left-overs. Kamaraj has a role in the NEW as well. It is on Kamaraj Salai (South Beach Road, Marina) that the City's newest Ashok Pillar was inaugurated on January 25, 2001, to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Indian Independence. By itself, the new pillar is much more elegant than the older ones and, juxtaposed with the famous statue of Gandhiji, is located in a more meaningful and attractive setting. But with the elegant clock gifted to the city by Annamangalam already on this site for some years now — and having lent a touch of aestheticism to the junction over this period — the addition of the tower in proximity to the clock only crowds the area and creates an usage of space that is anything but aesthetic. (Photographs and text by RAJIND N. CHRISTY.)

THE
OLD...

...& THE
NEW

Nostalgia

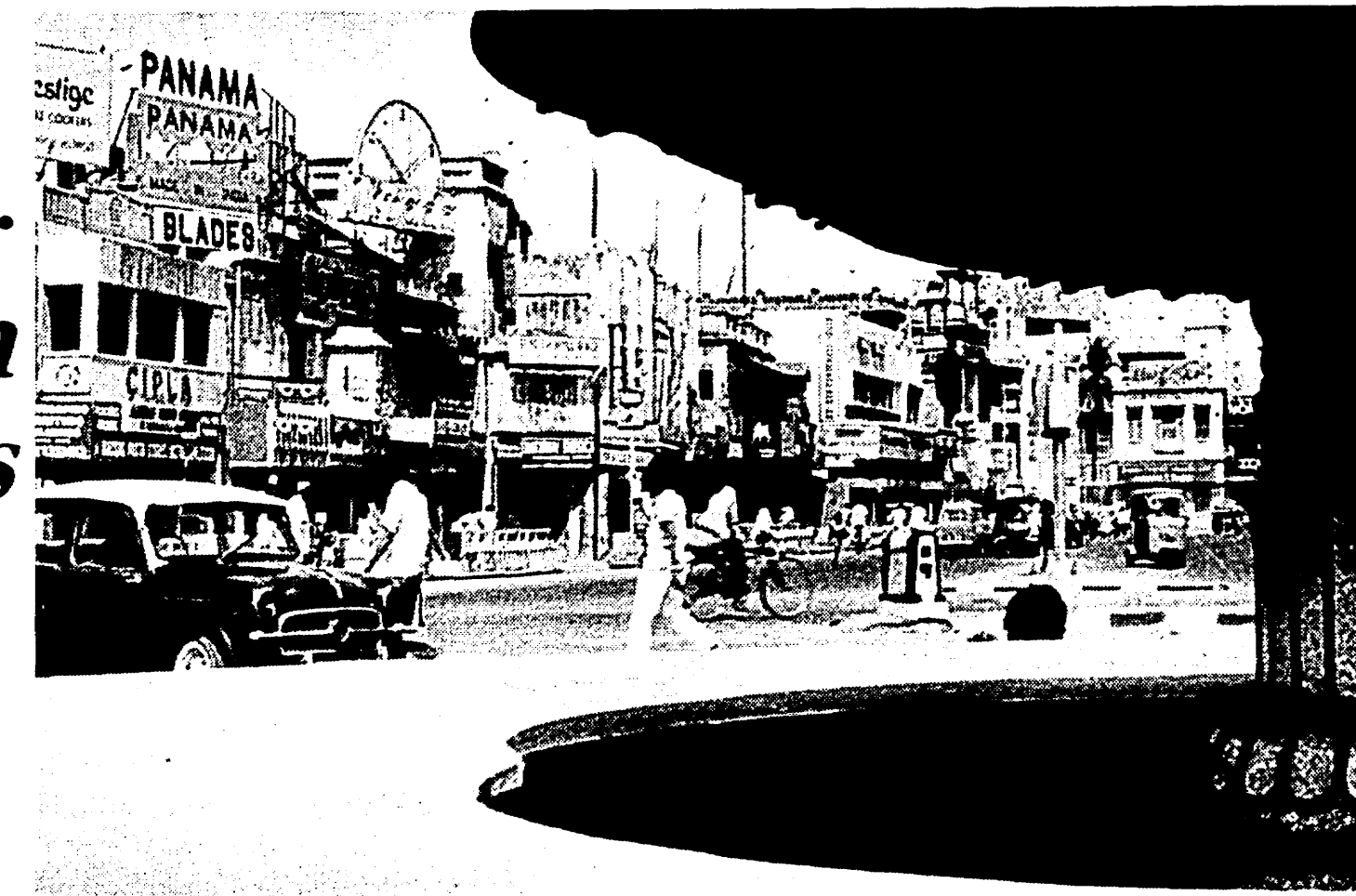
• Oh, what fun it was... ... to be 21 and in Madras in the 60s

I've just been re-reading my letters to my mother from Madras (I lived with my father and stepmother there). They are frightfully dated, and some make me cringe, but perhaps a few will find the nostalgia interesting.

My father, stepmother, little brother of six and I travelled out on s.s. Orsova in February 1964 and at each port my father knew somebody, and so we were met by a private boat and taken round Gibraltar/Athens or wherever. I celebrated my 21st birthday within a week of arriving in India and at that age my sister (who joined us during school holidays) and I seemed to spend our time going riding and sailing and swimming and following the bachelors up to the High Range, Nilgiris or Anamalais to watch them play the planters at rugby. We (my

father was with the Deputy High Commissioner) entertained H.M.S. Centaur and partied on the Indian ship *Vikrant* where the captain lent us his cabin to dry ourselves off as we'd been caught in the rain. I was chased round Mahabillipuram by an amorous Sikh and sat next to a General at dinner. We had a holiday with 'Tiger Tim' in Coorg where we rode an elephant, borrowed his horses and ate breakfast with a life-sized stuffed leopard looking on. We celebrated Deepavali at Harry Miller's home, complete with baby porcupine.

I acted in a play, rode in the races (having been taken for a terrifying practice gallop on the racecourse by Govind Swaminathan) and organised an English 'gymkhana', i.e. mounted games. Simon, my husband-to-be, borrowed a police horse and



Round Tana in the 60s... when a fountain dominated the area where the Anna Statue came up. Photograph by Simon Felton for 'Premier Cards', Madras.

actually won his race, for which he was given two lovely silver tankards which we still have. We went with the riding club down the coast for Pongal and camped on the beach, swam the horses in the sea and sailed our Dublin Bay Waterwag in Madras harbour. My sister fished with my father at Pulicat and I gave Leonard Cheshire tea when he came to visit the Cheshire Home at Covelong. Simon had to give up his bed for

the great man when he visited (remember there were no posh hotels then, only the clapped out Connemara in which no one stayed) and I had to do likewise when the High Commissioner John Freeman came down to pay the South a visit and stayed in our house. In between, I did work, very inefficiently, for the Trade Commissioner. I sent invitations for one party and invited people of the same name, but the wrong ones,

if you see what I mean, so no one had any idea who these people were when they arrived. I've no idea why I wasn't sacked.

My father and my boss fell out because Daddy was acting D.H.C. and being pompous my boss refused to acknowledge any higher authority other than London! My stepmother went to Canada for a couple of months and I did my father's diplomatic entertaining, after a fashion. My little brother got dengue fever and had to be packed in ice cubes. Daddy fell down the hatch of a submarine, lost his trousers and cracked his ribs. Then he and two friends rowed across the Adyar, the boat sank and they had to rescue the man with a wooden leg. They came home looking as if they'd bathed in pea soup.

Then, Simon and I came back to England, got married, returned to a flat off Nungambakkam High Road, acquired a cat, a parrot, a rabbit and a cage full of hens (what trouble I had getting those hens — I was an expert in poultry rearing in South India by the time I'd finished) and I worked as Secretary for Harrington House School. We had a split-windscreen Morris Minor, which a previous Chairman of Wilson and Co. had brought out years before.

I queued for our rations when there were shortages, and shopped in Moore Market once a week. Groceries came from a shop somewhere in Madras-1, right the other end of the city, and sometimes we went to that wonderful 'Evening Bazaar' with its hissing lamps and mounds of gleaming and unknown-to-me fruits and vegetables. I learned to wash salad in 'pinkie pani' and switch the kitchen light on fast to see if any cockroaches were scooting back to their hiding places. We bought oysters from a lovely old

So the British gave us the English language and we hoist them with their own petard. We wrested our Independence from them and then a couple of Booker Prizes and are now selling computer software to the world in the English language. So, why be afraid of imports? Anything imported so far, we have made our own.

(Continued on page 7)

Imports – in 2001 – and all that!

There is thunder in the air about the flood of imports that came into the country post April 1st. Everyone seems to think that, with all kinds of exciting goodies coming into the country, a good time will be had by all!

To old-timers, who have passed seven or eight decades in India, all this sounds rather amusing considering that in the first half of the 20th Century, apart from the food that we grew, everything from a sewing needle to a road roller was imported. We drove in Chevrolets, Citroens, Vauxhalls, Standards, Austins and Morris Minors. V.L. Ethiraj, that barister of grand repute, drove in his Rolls Royce, his hair flying. We shopped at Whiteway Laidlaw on Mount Road and Wren Bennett next to where VGP now stands. We walked across the road to Bosotto's for confectionery (now housing Bata) and gorged on delicious imported chocolates. Cadbury and Nestlé were there, but each slab came with a lovely picture and with a collection of these we filled albums supplied by the companies. Rowntree was chocolate. Soap was Vinolia and what lovely calendars they brought out every year, each with a Ravi Varma reproduction, many of which are still

preserved for devotion and worship!

The best of Lancashire cotton mill shirting cost from 13 annas a yard to Re.1 a yard. We thought nothing of dressing our young sons in velvet. Everything that was engineered came from *vilyat*, although we knew by the early Twenties that the Germans were superior in their technologies. Grundig radios

● by
V. R. S. Raghavan

were known before the original Murphy came on the scene. One German company was everywhere, namely Siemens, because they were into telephony and India had got into telephony by the commencement of the 20th Century. Of American manufacturers, however, we knew very little because it suited our masters to have everything imported from Britain.

By the turn of the 19th Century, most educated Indians were not only aware of their political subjugation but were also keenly conscious of the economic slavery, which resulted in our producing the raw material and exporting it to Britain to feed the Industrial Revolution

there. Our benign masters gave us a lot of good infrastructure — the Railways, the Posts and Telegraphs, the Telephones, the Indian Penal Code and so on. They gave us peace and law and order as should obtain in any self-respecting slaveyard. And they gave us our greatest gift — Lord Macaulay.

Lord Macaulay was as shrewd an imperialist as could have been thought of. He knew that to sustain the grand empire they had built and to enable Britannia to continue to rule the waves, the country needed a continuous supply of clerks, *gumasthas*, overseers, *munshis*, *vakils* and petty officials of all kinds. So he produced his famous Minute and gave us our educational system. English it was to be for the good of the Empire on which the sun would never set.

To a people with a 10,000-year-old culture, a new language was like manna from heaven. Within decades, Indians were becoming barristers-at-law from Lincoln's Inn and graduates from Cambridge and Oxford. And spouting the political philosophies and legal abracadabra of the Englishmen at the Englishmen. It was probably written in our stars that we should be conquered and colonised. The French tried, so

did the Portuguese, but it was the English who succeeded by wheeling, dealing, treachery, downright double-dealing and force of arms. And they brought into being Queen Victoria's Indian Empire. Some lucky aspect of our collective horoscope gave us the British as our rulers.

Because the British had a weakness. They had a hang-up about democracy. Right from the time of the witenagemots, their Magna Carta, the Cromwellian Revolution and their Parliamentary system, they could not get a respect for *vox populi* out of their system. Hence we got a relatively benign imperial rule notwithstanding Jallianwala Bagh. Imagine what the situation would have been if the Spanish or Portuguese had colonised us! South America and Mexico are standing examples. The indigenous population would have been either decimated or hybridised.

Anything imported so far, we have made our own.

Quizzin' with Ram'nan

(Questions 1 to 9 are from the period June 1 to 15. Questions 10 to 12 pertain to Chennai. Questions 13 to 20 relate to Tamil Nadu.)

1. What is common to the words Bollywood, The Full Monty and Homer Simpson's trademark 'doh'?
2. Name the three leading software exporters of the country for 2000-01, according to NASSCOM.
3. Who regained the men's National 'A' chess crown?
4. Name the 'Oklahoma Bomber' who was given a lethal injection as punishment in a much-publicised case.
5. Whom did Leander Paes and Mahesh Bhupathi beat to regain the French Open doubles crown?
6. The largest individual punitive damage award against a cigarette maker was made to Richard Boeken. Name the tobacco major and the amount.
7. Name the multiple Oscar winner and star of such classics as *Zorba the Greek* and *Lawrence of Arabia*, who passed away recently.
8. Simple. Who has been accused of assassinating King Birendra and Queen Aishwarya of Nepal?
9. Name the creator of the comic strip *Dennis the Menace*, who passed away recently.

10. Name the new, colourful group of crimebusters added to the City police recently.
11. Name the main reservoir at Poondi which went dry recently.
12. Who is the new President of the Madras Chamber of Commerce and Industry?

13. Simple. Who became the latest cricketer from the State to don National Test colours?
14. From which two major places in the State was water to be initially sent to Chennai to meet the scarcity?
15. What feat did Tamil Nadu's Vijayalakshmi achieve in winning the National 'A' chess title?
16. Name the head of the Tamil Nadu Special Task Force chosen to lead the joint (along with Karnataka) force for nabbing Veerappan.
17. Who is the new Advocate General of the State?
18. Nearly 46 per cent of the 5519 sq. km. Nilgiris Biosphere Reserve is in Tamil Nadu. Over which districts is it spread?
19. Where is the State Fire Service Training Centre located?
20. Who is called the founder or father of Ooty?

(Answers on Page 8)

Rediscovering India's flora

The Himalayan work of Wallich & company

(Continued from last fortnight)

After the retirement of Dr. William Roxburgh, there was a short period of uncertainty at the Calcutta Botanical Gardens till Dr. Nathaniel Wallich was appointed Superintendent of the Gardens in 1815. Wallich was a Dane who came to India as Surgeon of Danish in Serampore. He was taken prisoner when Serampore was captured by the British, but his reputation as a botanist secured him the charge of the Botanical Gardens. During the 30 years he spent there, Wallich added enormously to the collection. In 1824 he commenced the publication of his *Tentamen Florae Nepalensis*. In 1828, Dr. Wallich arrived in England with an enormous collection of medicinal plants, which he distributed among the principal botanists of the day. He lithographed with his own hand a catalogue, consisting of 253 folio pages, of the plant specimens which were then retained in the India House, together with their localities and collectors' names. In 1832, Dr. Wallich's original herbarium was presented to the Linnaean Society by the East India Company. It consisted of about 7000 species and became a standard work of reference. While he was in England, Dr. Wallich also completed his *Plantae Asiaticae Rariores*, a

magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing 300 coloured plates. It was published by the East India Company in 1832. In 1833, Wallich returned to India to resume his labours at the Calcutta Botanical Gardens. From 1836 to 1840, he distributed no less than 189,932 living plants to 2000 different gardens in India and the British Empire!

Dr. William Griffith was another great botanist of Bengal. He was appointed assistant to Dr. Wallich in 1835. An indefatigable traveller and collector, Dr. Griffith was unquestionably the most learned botanist and acute investigator in British India. His various papers, communicated to the Linnaean Society of London, and other publications, were models of scientific research, and his drawings, microscopic analyses and descriptions of plants and their organs, made chiefly during his travels, always in hot and often in malarious regions, and preserved at the Royal Gardens of Kew, are living evidences of astonishing industry and great knowledge. The fruits of his life-long labours were edited in five volumes by his friend Dr. McClelland of the Bengal Medical Service.

In 1823, Lord Hastings, the Governor General, ordered the conversion of the public garden at Saharanpur into a Botanical Garden of 400 acres. Dr. Forbes

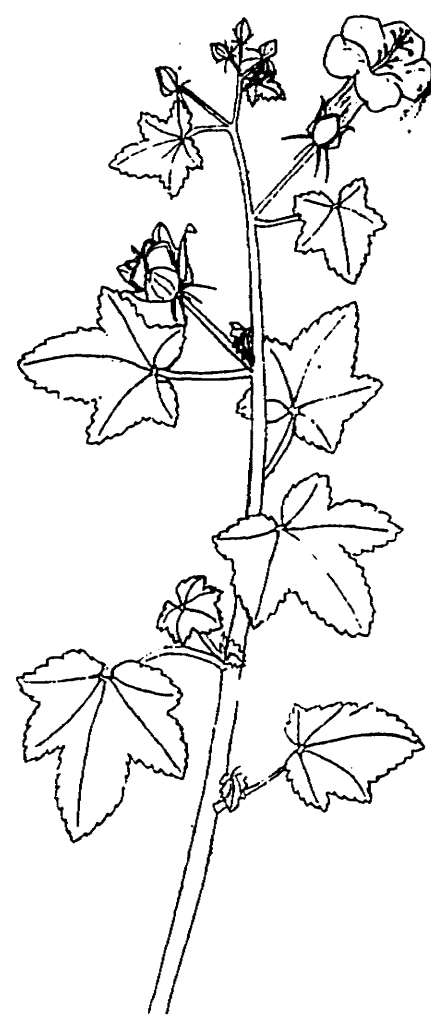
Royle was the first Superintendent and his *Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalayan Mountains* was the first to attempt to demonstrate the prominent features of the geographical distribution of North Indian plants, with reference to the elevations and climates they inhabit, and to the botany of the surrounding country. Dr. Wight was the leading botanist of the Madras Presidency. His *Prodromus Florae Peninsulae Indiae Orientalis* was rated the most able and valuable contribution to Indian botany. In 1853, Dr. Wight returned to England with an enormous collection of plants, chiefly from the hill districts of South India, which he presented to the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens at Kew. In 1830, Dr. Graham made a catalogue of the Bombay plants.

After the tireless exertions of these and several other British botanists in India for over 100 years, starting from the latter half of the 18th Century, there only remained the production of a standard work of reference. Roxburgh's *Flora Indica* referred to earlier was far from comprehensive and was, anyway, incomplete. Several other works on the flora of particular areas had appeared and it was by using these sources, as well as drawing of their own collections from North India and the Himalayas, that Thomas Thomson, a medico-botanist,

and Joseph Hooker set about their work on a new *Flora Indica* in the 1850s. Volume I appeared in 1855, Thomson himself covering the costs. Thomson and Hooker gave a comprehensive view of Indian Botany, dividing the country into 18 botanical provinces, including Ceylon, with reference to physical features. It was hoped that the Government would see the value of the work and finance the remaining volumes. The Government procrastinated. Thomson was called away to take charge of the Calcutta Botanical Gardens in 1856 and the whole project lapsed.

It was not, however, forgotten and in 1870 Sir Joseph Hooker revived it on a reduced scale. In 1872, the Secretary of State for India gave instructions for a flora of British India to be prepared under the editorship of Sir Joseph Hooker. The first volume was completed in three parts in 1875 and contained 740 pages, with 44 natural orders and 2258 species. With official backing and a new staff of collaborators, Sir Joseph Hooker laboured away at the Royal Gardens at Kew for further 27 years until the last of the seven volumes of *Indian Flora* was published. He was acknowledged as one of the greatest of British botanists, a man who represented all that was modern in terms of science and scholarship.

The Himalayan work of all these great scientists does indeed constitute an inspiring story. In acknowledging their contribution, we must ever keep in our minds the bracing words of Winston Churchill: "If we choose to ignore the past, we run the risk of not only losing our control over the present, but also forfeiting our right to the future."



Hibiscus vitifolius. (Courtesy: Madras Naturalists' Society. Sketch by Sandhya Iyer.)

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(Concluded)

V. Sundaram

Year-long centenary celebrations begin

The Birth Centenary celebration of the late Prof. P. Sambamoorthy began on the morning of his birthday, February 14th, at Queen Mary's College and was followed in the evening with a programme at the Music Academy in Chennai. The Department of Indian Music of the University of Madras began a series of lectures focussed on the professor whose contributions to the study and promotion of Carnatic music are recognised as monumental.



P. Sambamoorthy.

At Queen Mary's College, Dr. Primula Newsam, the College's Principal, recalled that Prof. Sambamoorthy was not just the first music lecturer of the College, but was also instrumental in establishing the B.A. (Music) course there back in 1930.

Chief guest Dr. N. Ramnathan, Professor and Head of

the Department of Indian Music, University of Madras, cited the various innovations made by the professor in the context of institutionalised teaching of music.

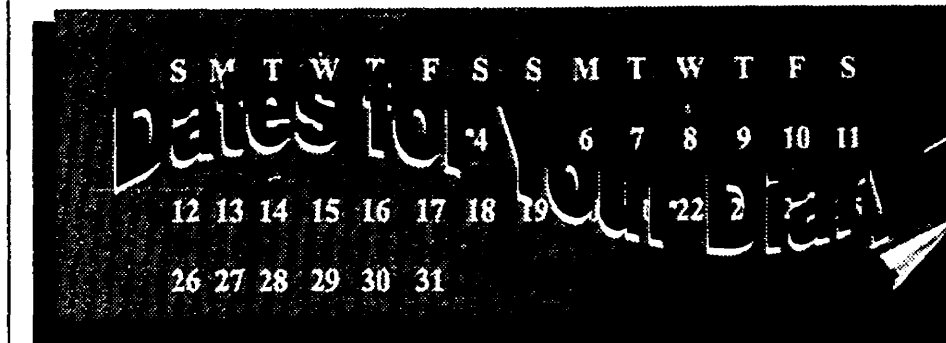
At the Music Academy, a book titled *Professor Sambamoorthy: The Visionary Musicologist* was released and a cho-

ral presentation made of some of Sambamoorthy's own compositions by selected students of the Academy's Teachers' College of Music.

The book on the musicologist, who had been awarded the title of Sangeeta Kalanidhi in 1972, was compiled by Carnatic vocalists Sanjay Subrahmanyam, T.M. Krishna and Bombay Jayashri (calling themselves collectively as Brahma).

Professor P. Sambamoorthy had much to do with the inception and development of the music education programmes of the University of Madras. He was Head of the Department of Indian Music for nearly quarter of a century, 1937-1961.

The Department of Indian Music of the University has launched a year-long series of activities to commemorate the birth centenary of its 'founding father'. — (Courtesy: Sruti.)



Marlene Dietrich.

Till July 7: *Marlene Dietrich - A Legend in Pictures*, a documentary exhibition with selected portraits of Marlene Dietrich, one of the renowned filmstars of the world. What we witness here is the world of a true star retold. Most

of her film collaborations with directors like Fritz Lang and Josef von Sternberg, Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Jean Gabin, photographers Cecil Beaton, Ray Jones, Horst P. Horst, John Engstead, William Claxton, Francois Gragnon *et al*, are represented in pictures here. (11 a.m.-6 p.m. at Lalit Kala Akademi.)

July 6-13: An exhibition of paintings and sculptures by T. Vishwanathan, Manoharan, Anjani Reddy, Ebenezer and Rajasekhar Nair. (At Artworld.)

July 15: Carnatic music concert by Gayathri Venkatraghavan accompanied by Akharai Subbalaakshmi and Manoj Siva. (At Raga Sudha, Luz Avenue, organised by Music Circle. 6.00 p.m.)

July 16-20: An exhibition of aesthetic utilitarian objects by Vikram Sardesai. (At Apparao Galleries.)

July 20: Exhibition of sculptures and paintings by C.A.B. from Brittany, France. (At Alliance Francaise, 6.30 p.m.)

Born in 1952, in Paris, C.A.B., a native of Brittany, is living in Mahabalipuram with his wife. He is here to continue his research in art that he began in Paris in 1978 after an encounter with the artist Margerie. Poet, sculptor, painter and musician, C.A.B. will exhibit his creations of the past two years: bronzes on soap stone base and oils on canvas.

July 28-August 4: An exhibition of paintings by Kavita Deuskar. (At Artworld, 6.30 p.m.)

July 28: About dance... Lecture by Patrick Gleyste and Nirmala, choreographers and dancers. (At Alliance Francaise, 6.30 p.m.)

Patrick Gleyste, choreographer and dancer, former member of the famous Maurice Bejart's "Ballet of the XXth Century" and Opera de Marseilles, state-qualified teacher of dance, and Nirmala, choreographer and danseuse of South Indian tradition, disciple of guru Muthuswamy Pillai, propose a discussion on the universality of dance. Illustrated by a film of Erich Hornagl.

Oh, to be in Madras and 21 again

(Continued from page 5)

the man who opened them for us on the back verandah step and we got pork from the Air Force at Tambaram, where they reared them as a sideline. The first time I ordered a chicken for dinner from our cook, I found the poor creature sitting blinking at me under the sink. I learned that the lamb to be collected at 6 a.m. at the station from Bangalore had to have its tail hanging down, as otherwise it was a goat. I'd never kept house in England, so this was a very exciting way to start.

John Eva (of Wilson & Co., Simon's stepfather) had bought a house in Kotagiri and we spent Christmas one year up there, wondering if the amazing old English lady down the track, Sally Lyle, really was the lady friend of the late Duke of Kent and had been exiled with an allowance, as she said. Her house was full of horsey oil paintings

and a signed photograph of the Duke on the mantelpiece. We bought sausages up there from Brother William, as we were very careful not to eat any pig meat unless we were absolutely sure how it was reared.

Then I had a baby in the Kalyani Hospital, in May 1968, having rejected the Lady Willingdon because I wanted a nice kind woman doctor and Dr. Satya fitted the bill, though there were absolutely no facilities if anything had gone wrong. We left India for good in July, an extra long journey to Britain, by train to Bombay, s.s. *Chitral* to Colombo and then s.s. *Iberia* to London, round South Africa because Suez was closed.

When we were due to come home, Gresham, our son, was toted round to all our farewell parties. We didn't have an ayah, so we left his carry-cot in the car and the various chowkidars looked after him. No fear of

baby-snatching, or any harm coming to him — we were always so safe in South India, even in the language riots. I wrote reams about all this, but my mother had hardly ever left Britain so what she made of her eldest daughter living this highly privileged and exotic life I'm not sure! My mother died in 1980, the letters have been

stuffed in a drawer and I've only just got round to looking at them.

Simon and I were amazed by the amount we had forgotten and reading the letters out loud was like hearing a period story about some other family on BBC Radio 4 in the afternoons.

Josephine Felton

Chennai — the leader in leather exports

(Continued from page 4)

are chosen only from among those who apply), one of the Directors of the CLE, the Council for Leather Exports, said, "Finished leather components were first exported as recently as about seven years ago. That was when incentives for finished leather were withdrawn and given for leather goods. Thereafter, there has been a marked rise in export of shoes, garments, saddlery and so on. The Government is providing many subsidies and marketing development assistance, and the CLE organises strategic Buyer-Seller meets in key markets abroad. If you consider a market like Japan, for instance, they prefer branded products, which they procure mostly from Italy. Cheaper quality stuff comes from China. The Indian market is in between these two extremes.

"But Indian quality is definitely better than that of China's and our leather goods have been very well received. The only problem is, because of gaps in labour and infrastructure we are not able to cater to foreign markets, which require enormous supplies. Our 8-hour work input per day cannot compare with a Chinese worker's 12-20 hour input! However, things are definitely looking up. We're focussing this year on the US market and the Council plans to appoint consultants, identify products and prospective buyers. Also, the Asia Pacific Leather Fair held in Hong Kong in March was organised by the ITPO (Indian Trade Promotion Organisation) and coordinated by the CLE. Such promotions will go a long way towards increasing our exports."

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The Unsport's lament

Generalisations are odious. I agree... generally!

You have to admit, though, that people can be divided into groups.

Like those who invariably get stopped at every signal light, and those who always breeze through.

Those who are always in the fast lane at the supermarket and those who always end up with the billing machine that runs out of paper.

It's a long list.

And when Sports Freaks and Unsports belong to the same family and are forced to share a roof... things get real ugly. Battles are fought, shrill arguments abound and the TV remote becomes the main weapon of control.

If you are an Unsport, and are surrounded by Sports Freaks, you, like me, are probably looking for the guy who created cable TV. You are looking, hatchet in hand, for the person who came up with this bright idea that your life ought to be a never-ending line of sporting events, with channel after channel devoted to sports, games, sports-related events...

Now, don't get me wrong. I have nothing against sports.

You want to stand around in the noonday heat of sunny Chennai, desperately chasing a dusty red ball someone has inconsiderately hit all the way to the boundary, feel free to do so. You decide to throw yourself time and again into chlorinated water that turns your hair an interesting shade of green, who am I to stop you? Or smash a hard little ball against a wall for

hours on end (and they say Human Beings top the Evolution ladder!)... hey, it is your life... go right ahead.

I merely speak for all those wives/companions/significant others who are left out in the cold every time a Sporting Event comes around. And these Events, thanks to cable TV, come around with such dizzying frequency these days, the chill is getting into our very bones.

You can always tell the Unsports from the Sport Freaks. The Unsports are the ones with the distinctive air of helpless boredom, with a sort of

example, you will find that you only speak to your partner's profile. That's because in the war between the TV and you, guess who loses. Your conversation will probably sound like:

Unsport: We just have another half-hour to get to the airport.

Sports Freak: Don't worry... we'll make it. What-A-Shot!

Unsport: The roof just caved in...

Sports Freak: Yeah, yeah, I know-OF-COURSE-THAT'S-LBW-ARE-YOU-CRAZY?!

This can get a little monotonous after a while.

● by Ranjitha Ashok

"What's-happened-to-my-life?" look on their hapless faces. The Unsports do occasionally clap their hands, and cheer... the alternative being becoming mummified, and losing all sense of feeling in their limbs. The Unsport never knows when major games are around the corner, and is invariably caught planning movie-watching or dinner-going on the wrong evenings. The Unsport never knows who is playing whom, and cannot tell one team colour from another.

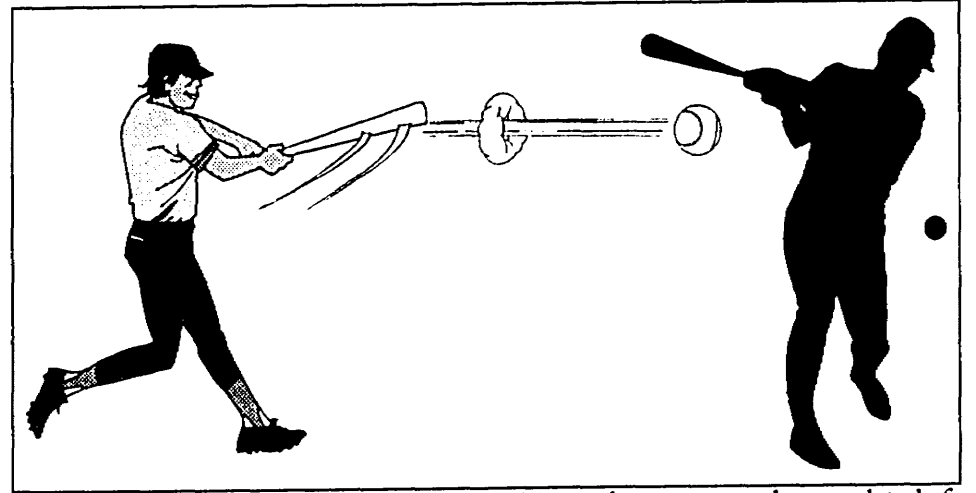
Although tempted to merely cheer the prettier colour, the Unsport is also smart enough to keep these opinions and lack of knowledge very quiet.

If you are an Unsport who, in a fit of unwise and misplaced enthusiasm, has linked your lot with that of the Sports Freak, you are condemned for ever to lie in a special world. For

All your holidays will depend on the answer to the question: "Do they have cable TV?" Your making it on time to weddings, receptions, plays, dinners... whatever, will be based on when the whistle blows for a break.

Sounds tough? Yes, but Unsports managed okay until... Until, dear 24-hour TV from all-over-the-world came along.

Take cricket... considering it is the game that has the distinction of being the ewe-lamb and Chief Favourite around here. For many years, the Unsport merely viewed those five-day events like some sort of necessary evil. So it disrupted your domestic routine a bit. You galloped around in the morning, packed breakfast, lunch, and tea, and responded positively to agonised shouts of "Where-the-hell-are-the-xxx-tickets-I-had-left-them-right-here?" Or parti-



ipated in frantic searches for Car Passes that went AWOL. No big deal. Most Unsports would never admit it, but they actually enjoyed having the rest of the day to themselves.

But today... this game is "On" all the time. From all parts of the globe, it comes right into your homes. Time zones no longer matter. Only an Unsport who has been shocked out of sleep by the explosive (unrepeatable) curse uttered by a disgruntled Sports Freak, who now watches matches during unearthly hours, thanks to cable TV, knows the true meaning of the words "Baffled Anger".

It is amazing the information that dwells in the mind(?) of the true Sports Freak. This is the person who forgets his wallet, glasses, tomorrow's dinner invitation, and the class his second child is studying in... but he'll remember that X took the most amazing and acrobatic catch off Y during the Blah-hah Series way back in 1935. Go figure.

And have you heard those endless discussions analysing

A's technique at placing his left foot, and the pure science displayed in the bend of B's elbow? Today, their minds are filled not merely with facts-you-cannot-live-without-about-cricket... it's baseball, football, ice-hockey, basketball, motor-racing... and all those horrific extreme sports that make you feel like suggesting hypnotic therapy for the participants.

The Unsports know that they fight a losing battle.

The other day, someone announced that one more of those something-angular series begins next week... you know the ones I mean. The winning team of the first round plays the losing team of the second round, who plays the winning team of the third round... while yet another team languishes in the sidelines, forgotten completely in all this confusion.

Okay, Unsports... time to reach for those hatchets! — (Courtesy: *The Cricket Clubman*, the Madras Cricket Club magazine.)

Answers to Quiz

1. All have been accepted into the *Oxford English Dictionary*; 2. TCS, Infosys and Wipro; 3. Dibyendu Barua; 4. Timothy McVeigh; 5. The Czech Republic's Petr Pala and Pavel Vizner; 6. Phillip Morris, \$3 billion; 7. Anthony Quinn; 8. Crown Prince (later King) Dipendra; 9. Henry 'Hank' Ketcham.

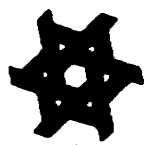
* * *

10. The Yellow Brigade; 11. Satyamurthi Sagar; 12. N. Ramachandran of India Cements.

* * *

13. Hemang Badani; 14. Neyveli and Erode; 15. First to win four successive crowns; 16. W.I. Dawaram; 17. N.R. Chandran; 18. Coimbatore, Erode and, of course, Nilgiris; 19. Tambaram; 20. John Sullivan.

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