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February 1 — 15, 1993

*Sulabh and the Corporation
team up on a plan for...*

More toilets for the City

(by Venkatachari Jagannathan)

In no city in India are the roads more used as open-air lavatories than Madras. But is there at last a ray of hope for a cleaner Madras? That might just be the case if the plans of the Corporation and Sulabh International, a NGO, work out as projected.

The city has about 950 public conveniences (PCs) for a population of about 4 millions. However, the actual requirement is around 1500. An attempt at bridging the gap has just begun, but the experience of the past is not encouraging.

Of the 950 PCs, about 80 per cent are not working, according to Corporation officials and the result is what we see all over the city. Of the remaining 20 per cent, the less said the better.

Asked about the city's PCs, Corporation officials say water scarcity is the main reason why the PCs are not being used. The personnel who man them also have to look after other duties, like cleaning the roads etc, and have little time for maintenance of the PCs. Even the 100 toilets auctioned to private contractors by the Corporation suffer this sad state of affairs.

But now there is a ray of hope to be seen in the teaming up of the Corporation and Sulabh International (see box) to renovate/construct PCs in Madras. Already Madras has 33 new pay-and-use toilets with bath facilities, built by Sulabh International in the last one year at a cost of Rs. 132 lakhs. The land was provided by the Corporation and the cost of construction too will be reimbursed to Sulabh. The NGO will be responsible for maintain-

ing the toilets for 35 years. The revenues collected from the toilets will go to meeting Sulabh's maintenance expenses and other overheads. No

The cost of relief

There is no dearth of armchair critics of the charges being levied in the pay-and-use toilets. However, the opinions of the users — predominantly slum dwellers — seem favourable.

"We don't mind paying a small amount if there is sufficient light, cleanliness and water," said a woman in a slum. Her neighbours expressed similar views. One positive development of these new toilets is that the women bring their children with them so that they do not cultivate the habit of using the roads.

"Making people pay creates a community-consciousness amongst them," maintains Surendra Jha.

The charges at present are: Urinals 25 ps, Toilets 50 ps, and Baths Rs. 2/- (which alone seems on the high side).

— V.J.

royalty will be paid by Sulabh to the Corporation during the 35-year period.

Ten more such complexes are under construction under the Metro-

water World Bank Project, of which one will be in the Broadway Bus Station and one near the Madras Dental College. There is also a proposal for the Madras Corporation to hand over most of the free PCs to Sulabh on contract basis and Sulabh plans to convert them to pay-and-use types in a phased manner.

Typical of the problems ahead of Sulabh, however, are those faced by two of the 33 they've built. The one at Indira Nagar and another near the Park Sheraton are not functioning, "owing to delay in getting the sewage line connection", says Surendra Jha, Vice Chairman, Sulabh International, Madras.

Sulabh toilets can be identified by the reddish pink Bangalore cut stones (more or less like mosaic tiles of uneven shape) plastered on the outer walls. Every complex has mosaic flooring, clinically white-tiled bathrooms and latrines. Water is not scarce in these toilets because of the installation of jet pumps.

The average cost of maintaining a complex is 4000 Rs./m. Electricity charges, the bulk of these expenses, are borne by the Corporation. The salaries of two cash collectors (700 Rs./m each) and two sweepers (500 Rs./m each), who are employed to man the complexes round the clock, are met by Sulabh. In addition, monthly supplies of phenyl, acid, soap oil, brushes, brooms etc. are made by Sulabh.

The cash collectors at each complex have to daily remit a minimum amount fixed by Sulabh, a sum varying according to the area in which toilet is. Any



A Sulabh toilet in Madras, with in shrine a front of it (right). Its 'caretakers' are standing on the steps. Note the characteristic facading.

The Sulabh way

Pay-and-use toilets — everyone scoffed at the idea when Padma Bhushan Dr Bindeshwar Pathak propounded it. However, he was determined to put his idea into practice and there began the success story of Sulabh International in Patna in 1974.

A voluntary organisation, that is a registered society, Sulabh has been providing low cost sanitation systems in rural and urban areas ever since.

Sulabh's main aim was to relieve humans from the demeaning work of carrying nightsoil on their heads. As a result of its missionary zeal, about 30,000 scavengers have been freed from this practice and their children trained in leather craft. Now Sulabh runs vocational training centres in Madhya Pradesh, Bihar, Rajasthan, Maharashtra and Delhi to enable scavengers to spend their spare time more profitably. Today, Sulabh employs about 25,000 persons throughout India.

Sulabh also provides basic facilities to rural masses through a special cadre called 'agents of change'. These agents undergo training in construction, masonry, bio-gas units, repairs of hand pumps and maintenance of toilets. Then they go out to the villages and train the villagers. This scheme will provide employment to 2 lakh people — and Dr Pathak is banking on NRI support for this.

Harnessing energy through non-conventional sources is another Sulabh achievement. In Gaya, Patna, and Ranchi, electricity is being generated from human waste from public toilets. In Patna, 90 poles have been electrified as a result. In Lucknow, 33 street lights burn because of bio-gas. And about 60 biogas units in Bihar and UP and one each in Delhi and Haryana are being run on human waste.

In Madras, the initial reaction from the Corporation to Sulabh's proposals was one of indifference. But after a trial with two public toilets, later increased to four, the Corporation agreed to let Sulabh renovate/construct public toilets with bath facilities in the city.

The World Bank and UNDP have recommended the Sulabh model to many developing countries, like Indonesia, Pakistan etc.

— V.J.

shortfall in the remittance is adjusted against their monthly salaries. The practice is resented by the cash collectors, but, on the other hand, some of them admit to pocketing excess collections to offset deductions and to meet the cost of tooth powder, combs and mirrors which are not provided by Sulabh, but which help to retain the patronage of the early morning users. Collections are higher on Fridays and Sundays, due to the larger number of bathers from the slums. Women, say the collectors, use the PCs more than the men.

Asked about the economic viability of these complexes, Jha says, "It is based on feasibility studies, conducted by our consultancy wing over 3-4 months, that these complexes are built. However, some, like the one near Cenotaph Road, do not generate enough revenue. But, on the whole, we are not losing."

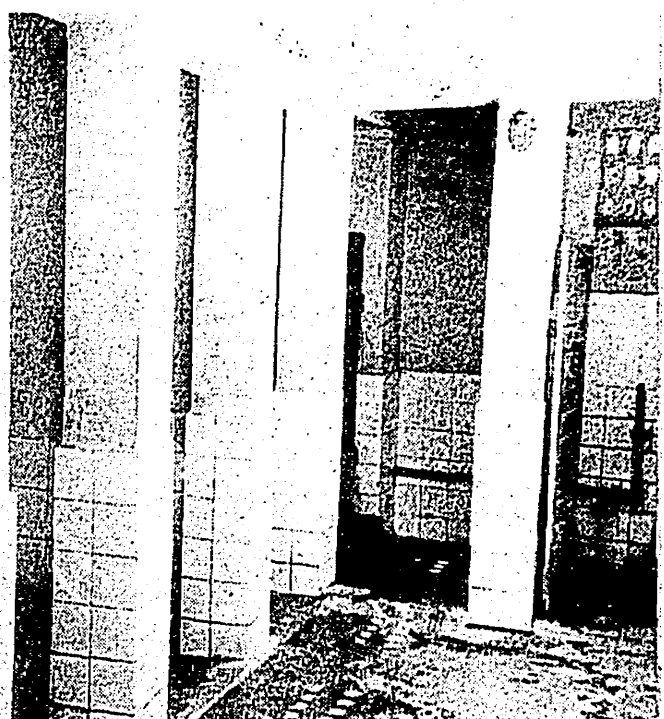
Response from the public for these pay-and-use toilets is good in South

Madras, says Jha, but in North Madras "anti-social elements use them for nefarious activities". Corporation officials say they are unable to tackle this menace.

The majority of the new PCs are built near slums. Nevertheless, the slum dwellers complain about the distances they have to walk to reach the toilets. But given the constraints of space — where every square foot is used for a hut — and providing electricity and sewage connection, building the toilets in the slums themselves is not feasible.

An answer could be mobile toilets. This was considered by the Corporation some time back and two toilets were bought. But they never became operational. "As in Delhi, Sulabh is ready to operate mobile toilets in Madras too, provided a fleet of at least ten vehicles is permitted, to ensure economic viability," say Jha. Mobile toilets are cheaper, easier to maintain and will not

(Continued on P5)



The interior of a Sulabh toilet (left) and on right, a mother and son pay before leaving one of these pay-and-use toilets. (All photos: V S RAGHAVAN)

CONNED but not forgotten

I am a compulsive sightseer. If the guidebook says, "Don't fail to see..." I don't fail. And I was determined to find the museum at Fort St. George in Madras. But we had wandered around and around the streets of the old fort and it seemed, this time, that we might fail.

Indian friends had warned us not to ask strangers for directions. "There's always the chance of getting wrong information," Ratna said, "or, worse, being victimised by some shady character."

At the time, we had laughed. After all, we were world travellers and had been exposed to the sickest of con men at home and abroad. We could spot a black marketer or a "five-will-get-you-ten" artist even in a button-down collar a block away. The secret, we boasted, is asking the right person: preferably a middle-aged man, graying, in a business suit and carrying a briefcase.

Now, on the streets of Fort St. George, we saw just such a man, minus the briefcase. Did he by any chance know where the Fort St. George Museum was?

"I'm very sorry," the gray-haired, well-tailored man said. "I too am a visitor here."

Naturally. "From Colombo, Sri Lanka...I have come to Madras on a sad mission." He moved closer; we could see tears in his eyes. "My beloved mother is in hospital — dangerously ill."

We clucked sympathetically and, embarrassed by his pain, retreated. His words pursued us.

"When I arrived early this morning I went immediately to see Mother and while talking to the doctor in the corridor..." He paused. We waited. We could see him struggling to control his feelings.

"Both my suitcase and my briefcase were stolen from Mother's room." The pause was barely long enough for the distressing facts to register. "My passport and my wallet were in my briefcase."

He pulled from his jacket pocket a hospital document with the patient's name, diagnosis and prescribed treatment. "The money was to be used for special treatment for Mama," he said

as he thrust the paper before my eyes. I tried to avoid reading it; it was too private, too painful and full of medical cases. I picked out a few words: "myocardial infarction...coronary occlusion."

"Have you been to the Sri Lanka Consulate?" Jerry was nothing if not practical.

"Naturally!" He gave Jerry a forgiving look. "They will reissue my passport but they refuse to advance me the money to cable Father for the funds to order the life-saving treatment Mother must have. But how can I cable Father? It costs 85 rupees to send a cable. All I have," he said, dragging a handful of rupees from his pocket, "is 20."

Ho ho, I thought, so that's your game.

He must have read my face. A gentle hand reached out and touched my arm. "You misunderstand, Auntie," he said. "I want no money." A surge of shame swept through me.

"No," he repeated. "I do not ask for money. Only that you go to the post office and send the cable for me. Here it is all written out." Yet another piece of paper. My shame was complete. "I will give you all the money I have — 20 rupees. If you will add the rest, I will pay you back when the money from Father is delivered. Let me only have your name and your hotel."

"Where's the post office?" Jerry was still being practical.

"That I do not know. Like you I am a stranger here. Please do not worry that I give you my last 20 rupees. I trust you both. I will manage. My father will respond at once."

Any misgivings that might have lingered evaporated at this offer of the stranger's last rupees. If ever there was a legitimate appeal, this was it. And yet standing in line at the post office was the last thing we wanted to do.

"If you do not send the cable for me, what am I to do?" His distress was palpable. "I cannot ask you for the money."

That did it! Jerry looked at me. I looked at Jerry.

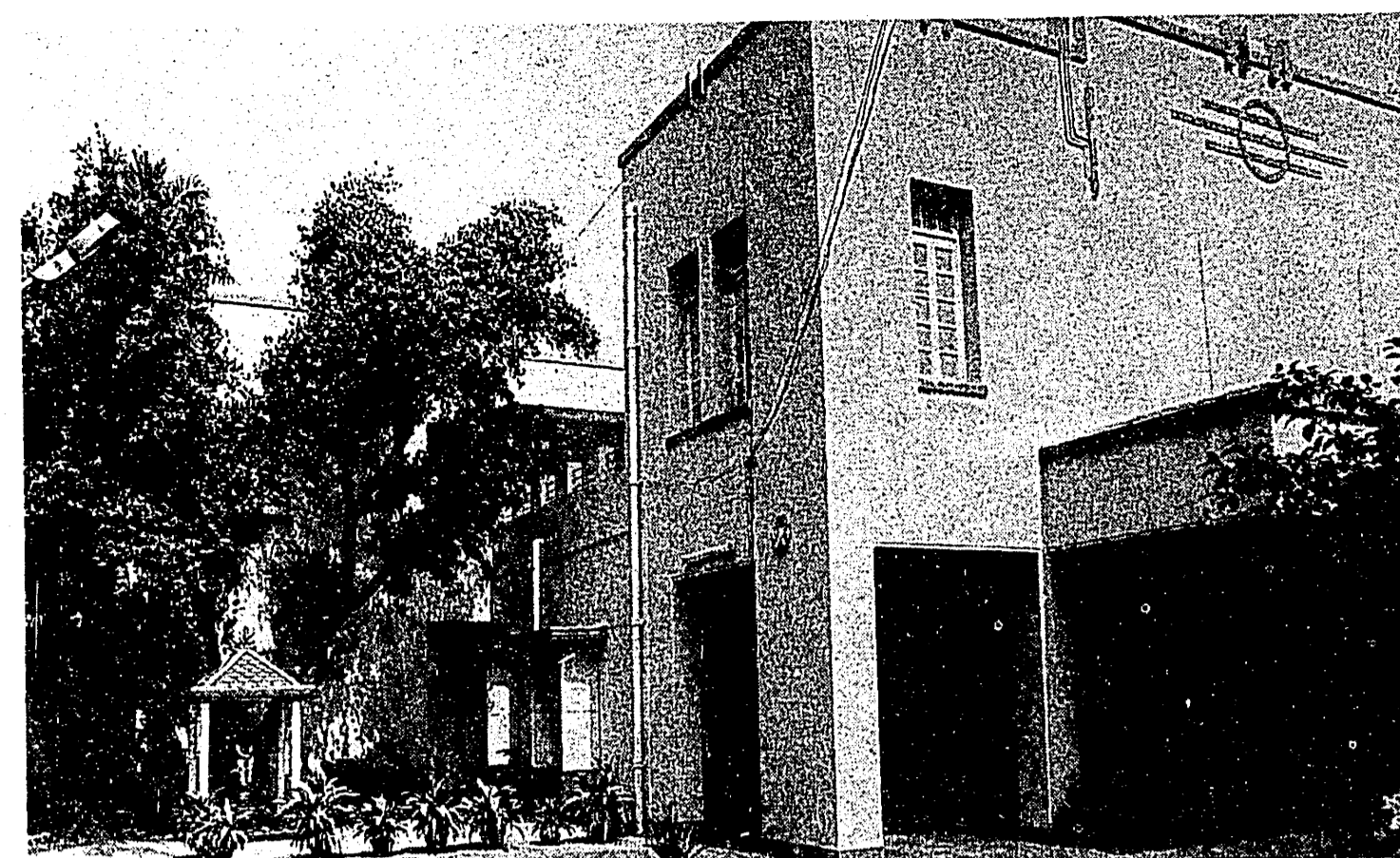
"It's only \$7," I whispered. Blessings flowed from the stranger faster than my tears as we exchanged names and addresses. Perhaps we would come to Sri Lanka. Perhaps he would come to California. First, of course, we'd meet at our hotel. While I searched for more tissues and Jerry put away his wallet, the suffering son vanished.

We suddenly began to wonder. "Why didn't he call his father and reverse the charges?" I said.

"That hospital record looked pretty worn," Jerry said. "I wonder how long he's been carrying it around."

Noticing I was a little pale, Jerry took my arm and walked me around the corner to the front of the building in whose shade we'd been standing for the last 15 minutes. By the broad stone steps an unobtrusive sign read: "Museum — Fort St. George."

(NATHALIE ZEIDMAN, a freelance writer from Santa Monica, California, who visited Madras not so long ago, contributed this piece to The Washington Post, Washington, D.C.)



Our OLD and NEW is once again very different from the usual. It started with a letter, progressed to photography by V S RAGHAVAN of ONE building and a peek into the imaginative way an OLD could be used for even the most modern. Excerpts from the letter first:

"I have always waited in pleasant anticipation for every issue of Madras Musings as I found the articles bringing back nostalgic memories of old Madras. More than a memory of things past is Kensington, at 857 Poonamallee High Road, Kilpauk, Madras-10. This building, over 150 years old, is where my father, the late Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, the former Vice-Chancellor of Madras University, lived for nearly half a century. The entire building was constructed like all buildings of the 19th Century with lime, mortar, country and Mangalore tiles. No cement was used anywhere in a building that has over 10,000 sq. feet of built-up space.

Since I spent most of my 40-year career with multinational organisations outside Madras, the building was let out to various government organisations. On my return, we took a searching look at Kensington. In today's spiralling real estate costs, it would have made good economic sense to develop it as a commercial complex, as it is located in a prime business district in central Madras. However, my family and I decided that the building should be used only in the service of education.

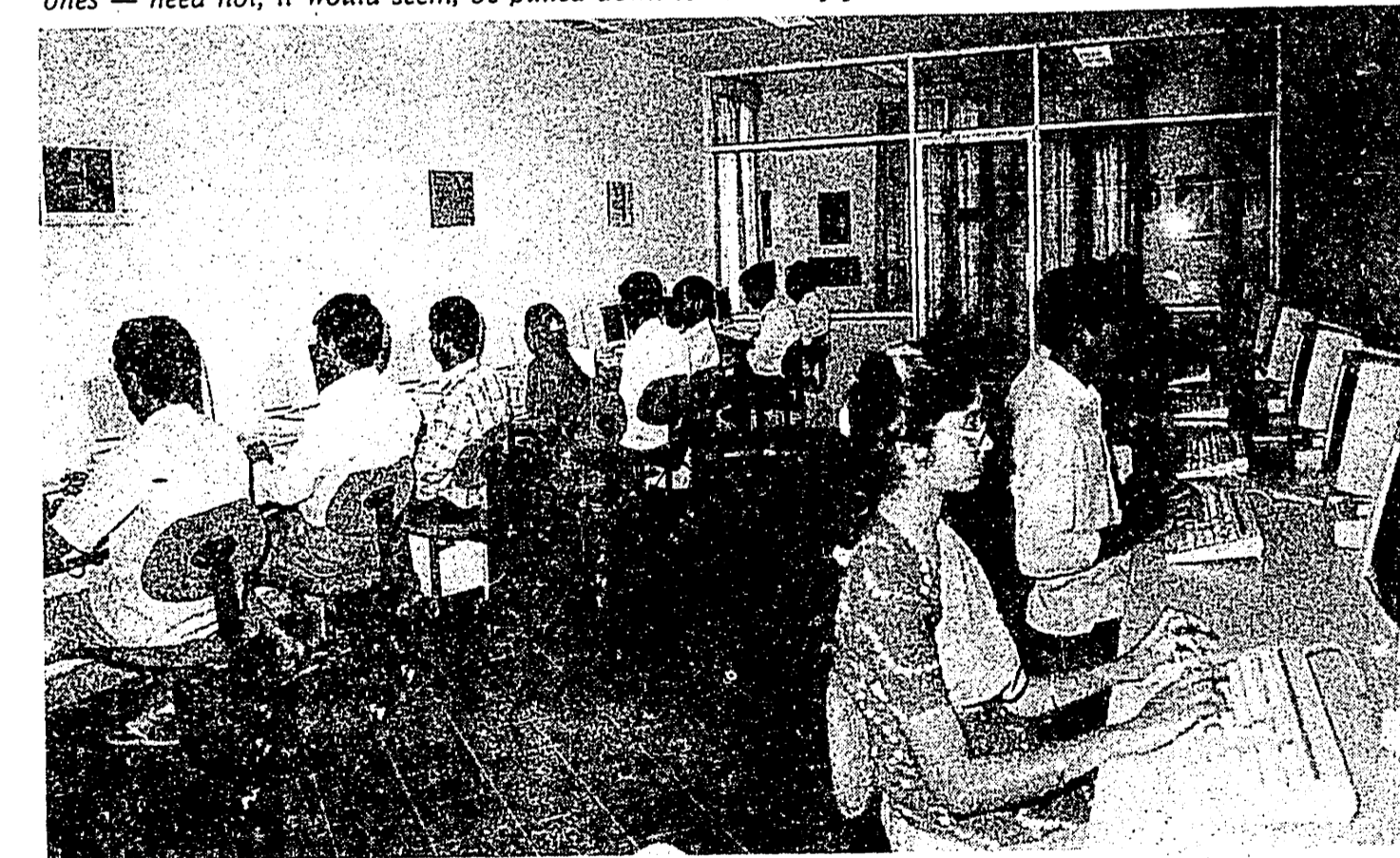
I founded Talking Technology, a premier educational centre in the field of information technology, after my retirement as Chairman, ICI, in 1985. ...& THE NEW It is now housed in Kensington.

Talking Technology started as a consultancy organisation with experienced professionals for engineering, computer science, finance and market research and established itself as a major centre for S/W development, consultancy, data processing and data entry. However, with the need to globalise, organisations have realised that they have to upgrade rapidly and conform to ISO 9000 standards. In an endeavour to make available state-of-the-art training in all areas of information technology in Madras, TTPL approached Digital Equipment Corporation, U.S.A., and Digital Equipment (India) Limited to partner them in Information Technology education. Digital, which until then had not believed that other organisations could match their strict quality standards, were convinced by TTPL's commitment to quality and TTPL was established as the world's first CDAT — Centre for Digital Authorised Training in February 1992.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that, when a large number of old historical buildings are being pulled down by realtors, Kensington is being preserved for posterity to serve the cause of education — and that too in THE MOST ultra-modern field calling for considerable hitech equipment."

— A.L. Mudaliar

The old building — there's a document in the possession of the Mudaliar family dating to 1796 — was bought by Dr. A.L. Mudaliar in the Thirties and refurbished then, getting a new facade (above) while retaining the interior. The interior has been refurbished now and sports the look seen below. Old buildings — even 150-200 year old ones — need not, it would seem, be pulled down to make way for the new.



Looking beyond the counter

Over-the-Counter Exchange of India, the stock exchange of tomorrow, is fast discovering that it is tightly enmeshed in the jaws of trouble today. Modelled on the famous NASDAQ of USA, the Exchange has been stumped by infrastructural snafus that have retarded its efforts in affecting quick transactions. But before further analysis, a quick look at what this wonder Stock Exchange is all about.

A company, which wants to get itself listed on OTCIE, has to have its issue sponsored by one of the 30-member bankers of OTCIE. The sponsor has to offer compulsory buy/sell quotes for the shares for a

period of not less than three years. This procedure not only ensures that good companies are listed on the OTCIE but also provides maximum liquidity to the scrips. National listing is another feature.

• BULL'S EYE

of the OTCIE, which implies that, once a company is listed on OTCIE, investors anywhere in the country have equal access to the shares of the company. This is ensured by the totally computerised trading, which continuously shows the prices of shares on the computer screen at any given time.

This ringless nature of the OTCIE eliminates the need for orders to be carried over for execution at a later date.

However, to a great extent, the current problem has arisen due to trading on only two issues so far, which meant almost every dealer chasing these shares. Interestingly, in the case of Vasundhara Rasayans, the first scrip to be listed on OTCIE, the market makers (two in this case) did not retain 5 per cent of the company's share, an option available, on the request of the company. This, say the dealers, seems to have proved strategically an unwise decision, as they found it difficult

(Continued on P6)

In Balarama's footsteps

The other day one of my friends abroad had a GIFT-Baby, a little bundle of joy perfectly formed, down to the littlest toe. Of course, no one should look a GIFT-baby in the mouth, but this baby is even more precious to its parents, for they had virtually given up hopes of having a baby.

For those uninitiated into the jargon of ART (assisted reproductive techniques), here is a glossary:

IVF: In vitro fertilization.
GIFT: Gamete intra-fallopian transfer.
ET: Embryo transfer (not extra-terrestrial!)

MIST: Micro insemination sperm transfer.

At first glance all this might seem like some high-faluting Western technology. But I've just discovered that, like the zero, assisted reproduction also possibly originated in India. Probably the world's first case of embryo transfer was Balarama, elder brother of Bhagawan Krishna. He was transferred as a foetus around the 25th week from the womb of Devaki to that of Vasudeva's other wife, Rohini, who was in Nanda's care at Gokul. This ensured that he escaped Kamsa's wrath and arrived on time to be Krishna's elder brother and playmate when He, in turn, came along. Today, 5000 years after Balarama, ET is back in India. The

first case was reported in Bombay, but Madras is fast becoming an ART centre with the lead being given by Apollo and G.G. Hospitals.

Basically, ART is a way of getting around the steeplechase that we all have to go through to get started as human beings. Nature's ways are out of this world; she tucks away human beings-to-be, in halves, in each parent-to-be. And while the male of the species can produce millions of potential halves

commonest obstacle is a blocked Fallopian tube. Other problems may be too few spermatozoa, no ova, "unknown causes" etc etc. The net result is **infertility**. And that is where ART steps in.

For a start, doctors now have medicines which ensure that many ova are released every month. And without so much as putting a needle through the abdomen there are techniques by which the maturity of ovarian follicles



I.V.F. twins (Photo: Apollo Hospital 'storks')

the ovum. Then doctor steps in to do some microscopic drilling and coaxes the reluctant suitor in (MIST).

In an attempt to mimic nature closer, the whole exercise is sometimes carried out in the Fallopian tube itself, the doctor's role being limited to giving the little cells a lift up to the tube (GIFT).

The next step in IVF involves gently picking up the baby-to-be (embryo), in 'Gynae parlance' and tucking it into Mama's womb to grow.

A few ethical questions arise at this juncture. Will this technology enable some wicked scientist to try interspecies reproduction with the human ova that he has access to?

What of the extra embryos produced? Allowing them to 'die' may be acceptable. But we know that these embryos can be frozen and thawed out later and allowed to grow. The case of the Australian embryos comes to mind. When a childless millionaire couple who had frozen their embryos died in an air crash, courts ruled that the embryos could be thawed out, allowed to grow in a surrogate mother's

womb and claim their inheritance at birth! Career women, who find that their reproductive clock is ticking away, might decide to bank a few embryos and 'carry' them later on when they are ready to take a break from career and do some mothering. Would such "advances" be good for society? Then there is the chilling possibility of experiments being conducted on helpless embryos.

The ethical issues that arise from ART are mind-boggling. In the UK, in fact, an entire parliamentary committee was appointed, headed by Dame Wamock, to go into the ethics of ART.

Mercifully, in India, we do not have the facility to freeze embryos. Yet! Our ART-obstetricians are, therefore, largely Good Samaritans who simply help half of baby-to-be to meet its other half and then transfer it to mother's womb.

Last year, the doctor-storks of Apollo Hospital helped a lovely set of twins to arrive (see picture). Today, they are cherubic toddlers. I guess this is what you mean by the ART of medicine, literally and abbreviated!

The ways of 'tecs

Eavesdropper Extraordinary
This master detective is an eavesdropper. And it was with electronic eavesdropping that he played several roles while in the Police.

Once there was a political leader who was in the habit of having powwows with his inner team on the sands of famed Marina at certain hours on certain days. He was so confident of himself, that he never changed this venue of his meetings, where many important issues were discussed and decisions taken. Little did he realise that sensitive microphones had been buried in the sand by this Eavesdropper Extraordinary (EE) and that all the conversations of the leader and his coterie were being heard and recorded — in a car resembling an 'accident victim' which had been left by the kerb-side for days. Those recorded conversations were to get that particular politician into trouble before long.

On another occasion, EE called on another political leader and recalled their old friendship. The politician opened his heart out — little knowing that in EE's briefcase was equipment* recording for posterity all he said!

Today 'electronic eavesdropping' is a fine art, with highly sophisticated

equipment being improved on every day. But whether it should be used the way EE had used it poses a major ethical question.

Play it again, Sam!

One of the methods used by smart detectives trying to solve a crime is to re-create it. Call it 'action replay', if you will, or by any other name, but it does help to provide answers, especially buttressing the leads the clues provide. C V Narasimhan, the former

by
Randor Guy

top policeman in the state and a brilliant detective; is a great believer in this method.

In one case of robbery and murder in broad daylight in a particular institution, CVN took over the investigation almost as soon as the crime was committed and decided to do an 'action replay'. He went to the scene of the crime the following day, exactly at the same time the incident took place, and observed the scene of action. He did

this on a couple of more days, taking careful notes of the surroundings and of the activity going on in the neighbourhood. As he had expected, many interesting things began to make sense. He noticed men and women who regularly passed that way at that particular time, people who came out to do their chores etc.

CVN then began speaking to them, asking friendly questions about the events of a few days before. Did they notice any strangers... vehicles... cars... scooters... their colour... the manners of such men... their clothes... or anything that struck them as unusual or odd in their neighbourhood. Under his disarming probing, many facts emerged which, in due course, paved the way for him to nab the culprits and bring them to trial.

He used similar methods to successfully **disprove** a murder. It prevented the wrong man from being arrested. He re-created the killing scene, with sounds and all, and easily proved that the so-called witness knew nothing of the murder, and that he was depositing against a particular man out of political rivalry. (This tale, the 'Sound of Murder', appeared in MM several weeks ago.)

In another case, one of theft in a house, the maid told the detective that during the night she had heard two voices in the compound just before she fell asleep. The police were led to believe that two thieves had been involved. But when two thieves seemed unlikely, a smart policeman wondered whether the thief was in the habit of talking to himself! That did it! There was in the records a habitual house-breaker who had the habit of talking to himself, and soon he was nabbed! (This case featured in a recent TV crime serial.)

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Strictly speaking, this is not a Madras-oriented piece. But with the city cricket crazy and yet another Test match around the corner, this particular bit of bitterness seems appropriate for these columns just now. The article, from which we publish these excerpts, first appeared in *The Telegraph, Calcutta*, under the heading 'Best Little Warehouse in the Nation'. It is by ASHOK MITRA and we publish the excerpts with acknowledgements to both *The Telegraph* and Mr Mitra. Sadly, we can't say that we disagree very much.

— THE EDITOR.

...Following their miserable display in South Africa, the Indian cricket team ... it is being freely stated — have not only let the country down, they have also contributed to a considerable lowering of morale amongst those millions in South Africa still fighting the grim battle against racial discrimination. The latter had such high hopes that our cricketers would give the Springboks a bloody nose.

... Success in cricket, as in other sports, and basically in all spheres of life, is a function of hard work and perseverance. Genius and natural talent by themselves cannot win laurels. What are additionally called for are grit, concentration and a fierce will to win.

A bitter bit of cricket

Our cricketers lack in each of these attributes.

They took the South Africa tour as a lark. Their approach to the matches ... supercilious. They had seemingly little pride in either their country or their individual performance. They played shoddily; they behaved in a much worse manner.

Dominating their minds is the passion, now rendered into an obsession, to make money. Their main concern during the past few years has been to play *masala* cricket in West Asia, Hongkong or Canada. They could earn fabulous amounts for a few hours' easy indolence on the field. They have come to dream money, breathe money and talk money. They compete with film stars in endorsing garments, footwear, perfumery, body-building tonics, what have you...

One particularly remembers the case of the young spinner who had the

cheek to take the field in Australia with logos of four different companies emblazoned on different parts of his anatomy. The prize is taken by a story from Durban, South Africa, uncontradicted till now... (about) "honoraria" (demanded) for accepting dinner invitations from families of Indian settlers. Glamour, these young people have understood well, is a marketable commodity. Since one's cricketing career has a finite time horizon, all opportunities have to be grabbed to make as much money as one possibly can.

Jealousies and pettiness are concomitant aspects of behaviour in such a climate. The free market philosophy extols the virtue of competition. The players have constantly engaged in a free-for-all amongst themselves, but not for raising the level of cricket they play. Sometimes the feud has been over capturing the most lucrative advertising

contracts, at other times over capturing the favours of the most covetable damsel in the city they were visiting. This is, of course, apart from the garden variety intrigues concerning who would make the test eleven or, more crucially, the team for the one-dayers. The latter ensure relatively greater exposure, and, therefore, prospects for greater revenue from endorsements for the media.

... The cricket matches themselves have thereby been reduced to subordinate and unimportant events. Our players have tended to slide into a "what do we care" attitude. One extra factor responsible for this development is their unceasing lionisation by the national press ... (a local achievement of two and) they are, it is immediately assumed, all world beaters...

... Consider the tragic case of the teenager, Sachin Tendulkar. His early promise is now almost laid to ruins. The reasons are not far to seek. If, at this tender age, one's earnings from various sources touch, who knows, the neighbourhood of millions annually, one's sense of proportion is likely to be seriously impaired. Cricket becomes subordinate to cumulative social pressures. The impression is fostered that one is divine, the champion of champions. How does it matter if one keeps scoring a duck in match after match? That is an aberration, accounted for by the fact that one has struck a bad patch. Meanwhile, to cheer one up, here is a telephone call clinching

the deal for another endorsement, sure to fetch another 500,000 rupees.

But then, why pick, it will be said, on the cricketers alone ... The point is well taken. Sloppiness shows up in our wretched record on the export front resulting in the ever-widening trade gap. It is equally reflected in sports other than cricket ... But precisely because of this awareness that in other sports our performance was nothing to write home about, little glamour has been attached to them in popular assessment. The media have not concentrated on any of these games to any appreciable extent and the participants have escaped the fate of being catapulted to celebrity status.

Cricket, in contrast, has till now been played by barely half-a-dozen countries. It is not impossible in such circumstances to throw up a Sunil Gavaskar or a Kapil Dev Nikhanj whose individual performance compares most favourably on the international scale. The advertisement industry in the country, now enjoying an annual turnover of around Rs. 15 billion, has therefore zoomed in on our cricketers ...

Curiosity killed the cat, but Indian cricket has been killed by the availability of easy money — and the assortment of secondary vices which easy money spawns. A query could yet be lobbed in the direction of the public; why single out the cricketers or sportsmen in general, are they not exemplifying the same attributes that characterises our politicians, businessmen, academics, film stars, or, for that matter, godmen? Making money by hook or by crook has become the overriding national preoccupation. Whoever becomes rich by whatever means — begging, borrowing or stealing — is immediately elevated to the status of a national hero ...

The Indian cricketers (only) mirror the society and the nation ...

Nearly 60 years ago

When cricket was lovely at Chepauk

"Walters is dead". The news item in *The Hindu* at the turn of the New Year would have meant to many only the passing away of just another old England cricketer. But to cricket lovers of my generation, the septuagenarians, the news brought back memories of the brilliant batting of Walters in the 1934 Test match at Chepauk between India and England.

When England and India meet again at Chepauk later this month, it will be 59 years since that memorable first ever Test at Chepauk, for which the venue had been specially spruced up. A wall had been put up on the Canal side so that the ground was enclosed on all four sides; a new, more informative scoreboard replaced the old, small one in front of the club house; to the left of the club house was a special, decorative tent for the Governor and his colleagues; and next to it was another for one of the royal patrons of cricket — if my memory serves me right, it was for the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram, or was it for the Maharajah of Patiala, whose son

was making his test debut for India? The inaugural test was indeed a great festive occasion, lacking only bunting and festoons. But what made it really memorable was the quality of the cricket played.

Walters scored 59 and 102. A handsome figure, he batted in the old classical style and pierced the field with such delightful strokes that I felt there could be no better innings. Played in the lovely setting of a wooded park that

Amar Singh was India's other star. His magnificent spell in the post-lunch session on the first day caused a collapse of the England middle order; Amar Singh took four wickets for 21 runs, and it took stern, disciplined straight-batted batting by skipper Douglas Jardine to halt the slide and retrieve the innings for total of 335. Amar Singh's final figures were seven for 44.

Crafty left-arm spin bowling by Hedley Verity, assisted by another left

• by P N SUNDARESAN

Chepauk was then, not the concrete jungle it is today, Walters' graceful batsmanship was an unforgettable experience. In the line of the great amateur cricketers, Walters would have captained England for quite a long time, but he quit the game after the home series against Australia in 1934 in which he substituted for Bob Wyatt as captain in the Trent Bridge match. His early exit for the game was widely regretted.

For India, two players left indelible impressions. The Yuvaraja of Patiala was a tall, handsome, athletic young man and as he came out to the nets for a warm up, quite a few members of the Indian team bent low to offer their *pranams*. The prince, bedecked in a colourful turban and studded eardroplets, also won admiration as he engaged in a duel with a fiery left arm fast bowler, Nobby Clark, and scored 64 thrilling runs, his off-drives superb. Earlier, he took a low fiery catch at gully off Amar Singh to send back Charlie Barnett in the England first innings. The Yuvaraja quit the game, obviously in disgust, when Vizzy was appointed captain for India's 1936 tour of England:

arm spinner, John Langridge, on the final day, enabled England to win by 202 runs, but not before Amar Singh had made a furious 48 in 40 minutes. Jardine had indeed out-manoeuvred C K Nayudu, the Indian skipper, who led India for the last time in this test.

Only one incident marred this in many-ways unforgettable test. In trying to hook a rising delivery from Clark at the start of the Indian first innings, Naomal Jeomal dragged the ball on to his face and sustained a bad injury. As Clark returned to his place in the deep at the end of the over, an irate spectator flung a stone at him. Luckily it did not hit Clark. There was an eerie silence as the fielder picked up the missile and slowly walked up to the crowd. But then there was almost an audible sigh of relief as he quietly placed it outside the boundary line and went back to his position.

Today, a concrete stadium has blotted out the beautiful park at Chepauk and cricket is no more a lovely game. But when Graham Gooch's England team meet India at the stadium later this month, there is likely to be only a handful of lovers of the game present who will regret the dual transformation.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. It split into 2 sovereign nations — Czech Rep. and Slovakia; 2. Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty; 3. The Swami Vivekananda Youth Movement of Karnataka; 4. Road Safety Seek; 5. Germany; 6. Rs. 15,000 (\$300 appx.); 7. Rudolf Nureyev and 'Dizzy' Gillespie; 8. Braer; 9. Sri Chinmoy Peace Delta; 10. 17 days emoluments; 11. Dr P C Alexander; 12. Tupolev; 13. Height under 5'8" and non-playing of the reverse sweep; 14. Endeavour; 15. Retrospectives on them were shown at IFFI '93; 16. Chile; 17. Rajeev Bagga (Men) and Manjusha Pawangadkar (Women); 18. Dr K J Jesudoss; 19. Incheon University, S Korea; 20. V Ravichandran.