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MUSINGS-

METAL CUTTING TOOLS

Vol. III. No. 23

FREE ISSUE — EVERY FORTNIGHT

March 16 — 31, 1994

Is Police HQ doomed?

INTACH makes a last-minute appeal

(By A Special Correspondent)

Is the DGP's Office, Madras Police headquarters where the chief of police has sat from the very first days of a modern police force in the city, doomed? Will no one listen to the pleas of environmentalists and conservationists? *Madras Musings*, which first drew public attention to this sad state of affairs, now understands that the days of the former Masonic Grand Lodge are numbered and that the wieckers are getting ready to start work any day.

Meanwhile, the Madras Chapter of INTACH, the national organisation

Do you wish to continue receiving MADRAS MUSINGS

If you do, please turn to page 8

founded by Rajiv Gandhi to protect the environment and save the country's cultural and historical heritage, has made a last minute appeal to the Chief Minister. And its architects have been working on a plan that would demonstrate how the present structure could be incorporated into a four-storey structure in sympathy with it and provide adequate space for most, if not all, of the key departments of a **modern** police force.

While appreciating the Police's needs, INTACH at the same time quotes Rajaji who had once said what the MMDA now echoes: There should be no high-rise on the Marina. Is there anything uglier than the sore thumb which sticks out of Fort St George? Another thumb like that would ruin the fabled skyline of Madras.

But even more serious than the question of aesthetics is a fact that INTACH points out. Once permission is given to the Police to build in an area where high-rise is not permitted, it will be difficult to refuse permission to other institutions which wish to follow suit both from the point of view of extra floor space needs as well as to increase their coffers. Once the Marina gets a row of high-rise, the city will stifle, with the evening breeze from the sea unable to get past the barrier.

That had been pointed out at the time an NRI had offered to build a magnificent hotel on the Willingdon Teachers' Training College campus. It is a thought worth remembering again.

Madam Chief Minister, may we look forward to your protecting and renovating historical heritage in the same manner you have turned your attention to the religious heritage of this State?







St. Mark and St. Mark's Cathedral — Martyrdom of St. Mark 1900th anniversary — Egypt 1968.
 "St. Pear and St. Paul" (From Graffito on Child's tomb — Christian Archaeology Congress — Ravenna — Vatican City 1962.
 'St. Thomas' — after statue, Ortona Cathedral, Italy. India 1964.

'Then-God said, "Let us make man in our image after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth" Gen 1:26



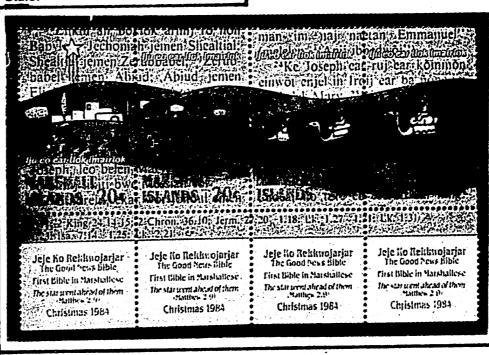


The two Indian contributions to the story of Christ in stamps (above) and the most striking stamp in the book (below), from the Marshall Islands.

Stamps of glory

By The Editor

The Bible in wide screen or as a teleserial might not have worked, but it could well work in the format your Editor came across the other day while calling on the Vargheses of Lokavani Hall Mark Press. The brilliantly Lokavani printed production that caught your Editor's attention was a slim coffee-table book that had arranged (Continued on P3)



The American cheer arrives in Madras

The Rah! Rah! Rah! of an American collegiate basketball match kept building up right through the evening as the third and fourth rows in the Taj Ballroom cheered every prize won as though it was a three-pointer. There were a couple of other bursts of cheering from other corners of the hall, but they were nothing like this. And then came the leaps from the chair and the most explosive Rah! Rah! Rah! of them all — possibly the loudest the stately Taj Ballroom had ever heard — as the overall winner, the 'Advertising Agency of the Year', was announced: HINDUSTAN THOMPSON ASSOCIATES. It was uninhibited cheering that convinced old-timers that Thompson's was now recruiting from American campuses. But if it wasn't, its exuberant youth are quickly acquiring the greater American image that might be expected from the new ownership pattern. Lintas, runners-up, tried hard to match the cheering, but trailed just that little bit, as in the race for **The Hindu** trophy, and O & M's cheering was something Ogilvy would have thought they'd got just right. But for Thompson's it was a competition to remember and a night on which to howl. Rah! Rah! Rah! Thompson's! And they were still at it, long after the show, as our picture shows.





WRITE

Why doesn't Govt. talk to the Press?

It was an excellent idea, the tenday workshop that was organised by the Southern India Federation of Working Journalists for junior journalists. And not only was the participation heartening, but the interaction lively. A common refrain, however,. heard from several senior journalists who spoke at various sessions, was the inaccesibility of the Government to journalists.

The Chief Minister would not meet them — not even those she knew well when she was not in power — the Ministers would not meet them, nor would the Government officials. They had, the journalists chorused, never met such a secretive state. A couple of journalists who had worked in other states pointed out how easy it was to meet the Chief Ministers, the Ministers and officials in those states, and how much openness there was. One journalist who had worked in Kerala recalled how he had written a story that had embarrassed Karunakaran Menon. The

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PERSONAL

Belated thanks to St Jude for favours received — W.S.

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alumni interested in getting together occa-sionally, please contact the undersigned:

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Musings, 62/63 Greams Road, Madras

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oving, caring home needed for highly pedigreed tri-colour Cocker Spaniel male --

Six-and-a-half years old. Mrs. D. Prasad,

188, Arcot Road, Chandamama Building, Madras-600 026.

(R) 8271582.

an alumnus and wish to join a group of

SMALLS

Chief Minister wanted the journalist to meet him at 5 p.m. to give him a rejoinder. The journalist said, "I'm sorry, Sir, I have an assignment at that time. Can I come at 6.30 p.m.?". "Certainly," replied the Chief Minister, who had made the call to the journalist himself.

Would there be a change of heart, making this possible in Tamil Nadu, wondered several of those present. Perhaps the dialogue several of them had with the Chief Minister on one of the days of the workshop would help to mellow the situation. That was the occasion when journalists facing a hard time with Government stories welcomed the Chief Minister at the inauguration of a journalists' housing project and hoped her blessings for the fruition of the project would be forthcoming. Whereupon they received a homily on journalism, based on her experience as a journalist and which would undoubtedly have gone down well in the

> Inauguration VASTU STUDY CIRCLE Salem Chapter

pecial Lectures on Vastu Science and Technology in Buildings. on Saturday 19.3.94 at Silver Jubilee Lecture Hall, Thyagaraja Polytechnic Salem 636 005. Delegate Fees: Rs. 500/ncluding Lunch and Tea. Lecture by Classical Architect and Renowner Sculptor/Sri V. Ganapati Sthapati Convenor: Er K.A. Natesan, Vastu Stud Circle, 496 IVth Cross Street, Indira Nagar, Madras 600 020. (Ph: 413523)/4, Second Cross, Brindavan Road, Fairlands, Salem

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HOBBS, B C KERSHAW, V MOSBY, D SLUMAN, C STOPPARD, TAYLOR, G

THERIVEL, F

WARMAN, A

WILLIAMS, R

Trevor Bailey Strategic environmental assessment Computer security within organisations

Word power. 2nd ed. SWOT Company Law. 4th ed. Long distance walker's handbook. 4th ed. Mrs Caldicot's cabbage war Inter-personal conflicts at work Thomas Hardy and the proper study of mankind Financial reporting for smaller companies A health check for your business Statistics for business. 4th ed. Managing to survive Images of trauma Food poisoning and food hygiene. 6th ed. Murder is too expensive The Wisden book of cricket laws

workshop where some downright journalistic heresies had been uttered by a few.

The consensus — bar one eloguent professor who sounded as though he would have been more comfortable on a political platform — at a whole-day seminar on the plight of fishermen in the Palk Strait was that there was no question of abrogating a solemn treaty but that, nevertheless, a solution had to be found to alleviate the plight of fishermen whose lives were in danger every day. The seminar organised by the Madras University's particularly active Department of Southeast Asian Studies, however, spent more time on the Kachativu issue than on the difficulties of the fishermen which perhaps had a lot to do with the three theme papers and the absence of a major presence from the Tamil Nadu Fisheries Department (echoing what The Man From Madras Musings had to say in the piece above) and the

Police.

The Man From Madras Musings noted speaker after speaker in the opening session laying down the law on Kachativu and narrating the island's history. That history seems to be on fairly solid ground post-16th century, with equal claims being laid to this Godforsaken no man's island by authorities on both sides of the Palk Strait in British times. But all those swearing by earlier documentation would have to be a bit more convincing about where and in what form that documentation is. Be that as it may and MMM does not want to get as much sidetracked as the whole morning session was the seminar did not quite come to grips with the problem till a couple of later speakers pointed out that the issue was not the status of the island, that treaties no matter how wrong were Madras advertising, and The sacred and could not be abro-Hindu Library. gated, and that the issue was the historical rights of Tamil Nadu

fishermen to fish in the waters

around Kachativu and break

journey there, even if only to

seek St. Anthony's blessings. At

which point it was pointed out

that even after the pact, in fact,

until 1983 and even for a while

after that, Indian fishermen had

fished in Kachativu waters and

lit candles to St. Anthony on the

island without any problems.

The 439 attacks on Indian

fishermen near Kachativu since

1983, the 75 killed and 150

injured — figures dramatically

announced by the Fisheries

Department's sole representative

at the seminar - were, on his

own say, all after 1983, in fact,

mainly after 1990. And this

brought to the fore Shri Lanka's

security considerations as it

battles the Tigers in northern

Shri Lanka. And though every-

one present was prepared to, off

the record, admit the supplies-

smuggling nexus that exists on

both sides of the Strait, no one

was prepared to put it on the line

at the seminar and wonder

what, given Shri Lanka's prio-

rities, could be done to ease the

situation in this context. The

high-powered naval and coast

guard presence at the seminar

were particularly silent of this

pleasure that there had been

little sabre-rattling and that a

At the end, MMM noted with

Arun Nanda, the President of the Advertising Agencies Association of India and head of Rediffusion,

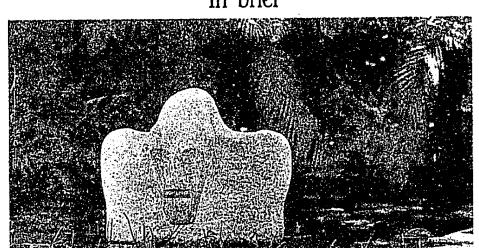
reasoned agreement had emerged which included suggestions speeches being tacked on to good wishes and preferred to answer for immediate Indo-Shri Lanka questions. There were few questions, but Nanda — whom the audience discovered had gone to MCC School and Loyola College with The Hindu's business head, N Murali, who shared the dais with him - offered the most interesting answer to a question that shot off at a tangent. Arun Singh, he said, is up there somewhere in the mountains writing a book about them, Arun Nehru is twiddling his thumbs trying to decide what he wants to do and Arun Nanda has decided that neither he nor Rediffusion will ever have

> political advertising! A few days later, MMM was at the Advertising Club's 17th Advertising Arts Exhibition where almost all the 493 entries in 40 categories from five southern cities crowded the walls of the Taj ballroom. It certainly looked very impressive, but the overcrowding didn't do anything for the best. It might have been better to highlight only the best and have a selected display of only the best

anything more to do with

Packaging was a disaster, annual reports and posters were a disappointment and films and TV films were far too Westernised. But the print material was excellent and it was a pity that the best printed material didn't have the best designs or winning messages. Indeed, there was deserved prizes — a thought the Club might keep in mind next year. And Mudra, Madras's, colourful Macos papad campaign Lintas' Sportstar campaign and Hindustan 'Thompson's Citibank

however, were the Fountainhead films which opened and closed it. 'What's creativity?' asked the film of various agency personalities, to open the show, and the answer at the end was the crowd trickling in to find the answers in the Taj Ballroom.



One of Raj Thiagarajan's sculptures in a garden-setting

★ In Madras Musings Sept. 16th, The Man From Madras Musings had made mention of a mysterious businessman who was intosculpture and was planning an exhibition. It can now be revealed that K M Thiagarajan, Rai to his friends and Chairman of the Bank of Madurai, is the mini-sculptor whose maxis are chiselled by the sculptors of Mamallapuram. The rather spectacular stonework that has hitherto dotted his garden have just been exhibited at the Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay.

A Heritage Act for Tamil Nadu

March 16-31, 1994

Keep up the fight!

SIMON JENKINS, columnist with The Times, London, was in Madras recently under the auspices of the British Council. The main purpose of his visit was to exchange ideas with Indian journalists and talk to the public. His exchanges with journalists in Madras were on newspaper freedom, owners. government and journalists, while the public heard him say that newspapers are far from finished despite the dawn of the electronics era. Enough heresies were uttered by call-a-spade-aspade Jenkins to leave veteran journalists gnashing their teeth and the rest cheering. But all agreed that the former editor of The Times and Evening Standard

was a delightfully entertaining

speaker. Off the podium, however, this Journalist of the Year (1988) and Columnist of the Year (1993) revealed another side to him. As a former deputy chairman of English Heritage, he tried to squeeze as much time as possible into looking at some of the old buildings in Madras. "What splendid buildings they are, but what a sorry pass they have come to! Every one of them should be declared a Heritage Building," he urged. And then, so incensed by the neglect and decay he had seen, he shot off this letter to me. Will someone

— THE EDITOR

read with great interest your news tem about a Heritage Act for Tamil Nadu. Could I plead with you to sustain your campaign? My recent visit to Madras and Bangalore was one of vivid contrasts. The beauty of the landscape and charm of the people on the one hand and, on the other, the disregard of your heritage. How can Indians worry so much about "cultural" colonisation" in the media when they seem to welcome it in architecture and town planning?

There are two essential features to heritage buildings' protection. The first is research and listing. That is easy. The second is legislation to forbid demolition, without compensation payable. If the state is liable to pay compensation, it will never forbid demolition. Those who destroy Tamil Nadu's heritage should not only be fined, they should be compelled to reconstruct facsimile what they have destroyed. This is the law in Britain and it has proved most successful. Some grant should be available to assist in

restoring old buildings, but the first need

I was truly shocked to see how little the people of your State seemed to care for their history. To build modern Soviet-style office blocks in both Fort St George and Government House was outrageous, as is the metro train running on stilts through the Government House grounds. The demolition of half of Spencer's for a high-class shopping arcade and the deterioration of Madras's astonishing store of Indo-Saracenic buildings is equally sad.

Every great city that allowed its old buildings and history to disappear has regretted it. Hong Kong, Singapore, Birmingham, Bradford, Athens, Madrid. Old buildings are not just beautiful in themselves. They are vital to the economic future of cities. They are not just why tourists come, they are nowadays why new businesses come to settle. A beautiful environment is critical to modern development. Keep up your fight:

Simon Jenkins The Times, London.

A moving story in philatelic glory

(Continued from P 1) stamps from all round the world in

The themes include 'The Beginning', 'Birth of Jesus', 'Visit of the Wise Men', 'Virgin Mary and the Child', 'Miracles', 'The Last Supper', 'The Resurrection' and 19 others. They are presented through over 300 stamps from 81 countries ranging from Burundi to Yemen, the Emirates of the UAE to The Vatican. Curiously, India with its 1800-year-old, and possibly older. Christian tradition has only two representations in this beautiful collection: 'The Creation' based on a Michelangelo painting and issued in 1975 in full colour, and a single colour of 'St Thomas' — "after statue, Ortona Cathedral, Italy" and issued in 1964, both rather poor reproductions compared to those gloriously colourful ones from such places as Burundi and Equatorial Guinea.

of Cherian Poonolly, who started collecting stamps in 1942, when he was 18. A teacher in Kerala, he became virtually a professional philatelist after his retirement. His collection of over 100,000 stamps included special collections on the plant and animal world; Christianity and every single post-Independence Indian stamp. The last five years of his life were devoted entirely to preparing this "Saga of Salvation Sung in Stamps" collecting the stamps, researching the text and preparing the presentation of this volume. Sadly, he died in 1992, a year or so before the book went into

This labour of love was the effort

With the printed stamps proving a feast for the eye and the brief text a mine of philatelist information, this Cherry Books publication will indeed prove a treasure for library or drawing room.

OUR READERS

Support promised

It is sad to see that your laudable endea-Lyours to continue Madras Musings as a free mailer have not succeeded due to lack of advertising support. This support could have been given without much cost by many agencies to keep 'the journal that cares' viable. However, I am sure that many readers like me, who have received the journal free for so long, and enjoyed reading its contents, will now come to your aid by taking out subscriptions so that you may continue your valiant efforts with greater

Dr. H.D. Singh Retd. Dean Kilpauk Medical College & Hosp. 3362-O. AE. 8th Street Anna Nagar, Madras 600 040.

No apology needed

Tread somewhere that there is nothing like a free service... someone else pays for you! I therefore felt that to ask those who care for Madras, to pay a small sum to get unquantifiable value for money (VFM). MM need not be apologetic. Do not give up hope. We wish MM a long and healthy

K Viswanathan Dy. Regional Librarian British Council Library Madras 600 002.

For a special audience

A well-wisher who wishes to remain anonymous writes: The announcement in MM Feb. 16 that

a subscription will be levied wel from the April 16th issue is not unwelcome by readers At least in our part of the world,

voluntary and free services, devoid of any pricing whatsoever, is not valued. Madras Musings can now isolate a

readership that is conscious of its obligations to society and human fellowship You will still need the support of

advertisers/sponsors. They will come, when the circulation grows... meanwhile, commercialism must get them within the contribution orbit. Not yet tragic

t's sad that Madras Musings has not been viable as a free-circulation newsletter I hope it succeeds on a subscription basis (a situation I hope can be avoided). For it would be a tragedy (for Madras) if this newsletter were to cease publication.

> 122 Wallajah Road Madras 600 002

Help offered, in vain

Reference your news item in *Madras Musings* March 1, on encroachments, while we congratulate you for you writeup on shops for the street vendors by the Corporation of Madras on the pavements of Sardar Patel Road, Adyar, in front of our city centre, we wish to inform you that we have made several representations to the authorities concerned and have even offered to convert the place into a nice garden, but our offer was not accepted. We have made a lot of hue and cry, but in vain.

T D Sadasivam Vice-President Tamilnad Hospitals 439 Cheran Nagar Perumbakkam, Madras 601 302

C.J. not C.M.

Phough the Tamil Nadu Assembly has passed a bill to make the Chief Minister the Chancellor instead of the Governor, may suggest that it would be better to nominate the Chief Justice of the Madras High Court as the Chancellor of the Universities, as an alternative to the Governor holding the said post. Sir Maurice(?), a Chief Justice of the Federal High Court, was, if my memory serves me right, the Chancellor of Delhi. Iniversity during pre-Independence days. C A Reddi

57 Rundalls Road Vepery, Madras 600 007

Poor cousin

Book Reviews in Print Media' meticulously covered every aspect of the 'maligned species' except the viewpoint from libraries — a big consumer of books — first highlighting the problems faced in relying on reviews for selection due to limited coverage and delay in appearance and. second, on the quality of reviews, viz., a review must be readable and prompt a reader to read the book or, in other words, "you know enough to want to know more". Was the omission deliberate? Or are the librarians considered 'outsiders' to the topic of discussion?

The report on the panel discussion on

Well, libraries are thought of only when information is needed and forgotten soon after by many and therefore the omission did not surprise me or my fellow pro-

> K Viswanathan Secretary, Madras Library Assn.

Illusion, unless...

Vour article and photographs in MM December 16, could well be a forum for suggestions to Vision 2000. I offer these further suggestions. If not considered, Vision 2000 could well be termed 'Illusion 2000'. - Can the slaughterhouse at Perambur, on

Dr Ambedkar College Road, exist except for archaeological reasons? It's the biggest eyesore under the very nose of the Corporation. - The area north of Binny Mills on

Dr Ambedkar College Road upto National Highway 5, with its slum culture/outlook, wasted open spaces. ramshackle leeva Vysarpadi Railway Station, open sewer-cum-railway underpass and congested appearance is an everpresent sorry sight.

- Does Dr Ambedkar College need to exist in such conditions of a slum culture and hooliganism?

- The open expanse, near Basin Bridge, and NH5 itself are neglected places. The

area is a model for traffic accident schools and road indiscipline.

- With Basin Bridge-Elephant Gate Road opened for traffic, cannot Walltax Road and its round circuit be made ONE

These only indicate the long indifference and neglect towards this area by the authorities. Somebody has to give Vision 2000 a fillip to this side or else the illusion will remain and a village constitutency should

be formed for this urban city. 295, 1st Main Road Madras 600 039.

Not interesting?

have been reading Madras Musings these past several months. You have been giving only news how the streets of Madras City streets are being desecrated: We would be grateful if you would publish some information about economics, genera knowledge containing latest information sports like inter-college cricket, football etc., 'Situation Vacant' column etc. I would also like to suggest you publish information about everyday science. So I request you to take some effort to make your issue more interesting than now.

K S Ramaswamy T.Nagar, Madras 600 017.

Habit to be stopped

M has suggested several measures to improve Madras. In Madras there is a pernicious practice of breaking coconuls and pumpkins in the middle of roads, which is a traffic hazard. The madness reaches its peak during the Puja festival. During the last . Puia lestival. I was a witness to a gruesome scooter accident involving a couple with a baby; pumpkin pieces in the middle of a road were responsible for the skid.

Nobody seems bothered about this practice. MM may educate the public about the evils of this. G Ramanaiah

Prof., Dept. of Mathematics A.U. Staff Quarters-P 11-1 Madras 600 025

STATEMENT ABOUT OWNERSHIP AND OTHER PARTICULARS ABOUT THE NEWSPAPER

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: Mr S. Muthiah, Indian, 2-F First Cross Street, Vijayaraghavachari

Ltd., Indian, 62/63 Greamed

Rd, T. Nagar, Madras-600 017. : 1. Mr C.O. Varghese, 20 East 6. Name and address of in-

Abhiramapuram, III Street dividuals who own the Madras-600 004. newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more 2. Mr V Abraham Kurien, 110 than one per cent of the Velacherry Road, Madras

> 600 032. 3. Mrs Gracy Varghese, 20 East Abhiramapuram, III Street

Madras-600 004. 4. Mrs Ammukutty George,

3930 Anna Nagar, Madras 600 040.

5. Mrs Mary Punnoose, 110, Velacherry Road, Madras

600 032. 6. Mrs Susan Venglet, 110, Velacherry Road, Madras

600 032. 1. Anu Varghese, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Sd. ANU VERGHESE

Dated: 16-3-1994

Publisher

Recent Additions

Time of my life

Drama from Ibsen to Brecht

Effective PR management. 2nd ed.

Practical guide for OSI management Lotus 1-2-3 2.3 & 2.4

Troubled island

talks to clarify the clauses of the Kachativu treaty and make sure the clause referring to the historical rights of Indian fishermen, on and around the island, is recognised again. The second suggestion was the setting up of an Indo-Shri Lankan Maritime Commission to implement the clauses mutually agreed on and tackle any problems as and when they might arise.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The lines above were written before the recent, hurriedly convened Indo-Shri Lanka talks on the plight of Tamil Nadu fishermen in the Palk Strait. Ad persons celebrate

Madras Musings might not be getting the advertising support a journal which cares for SHORU

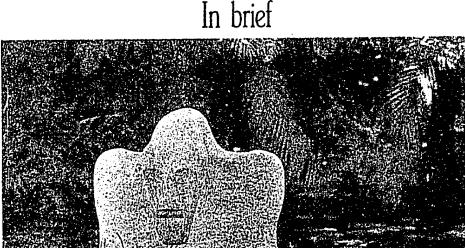
SNAPPY the city deserves, but The Man From Madras Musings continues to remember with pleasure the long years he had spent working with adpersons at all levels. And so he cannot refuse any kind of celebration organised by adpersons — even though there are

few of them he recognises today. There were two such occasions this past month. The first saw "a dream come true" when the 37-year-old Advertising Club Madras got its own premises after long years of talking about it. 'The Centre for Advertising', as the Club calls its new home, will, it is hoped, become a Centre for Advertising Excellence by establishing something the city, nay, in fact, the entire industry, sadly lacks - a full-fledged training programme. Certainly the Centre has got going with the basic infrastructure for such a programme - the R K Swamy Hall, named after the doyen of

Inaugurating the Centre,

some excellent printing that was a worthy 'Campaign of the Year' winner, though it must have been strongly challenged by

The winners of the show,



Thiagarajan's first show was a runaway success. It's been quite a leap for Thiagarajan, from academics to business to chairing a bank to sculpting, but what began as restful drawing and plasticine maquettes has grown into giant rock-hewn sculptures with a strong tribal bias to them. But when is Madras going to see Thiagarajan's work, is what MMM wonders. Why did Thiagarajan go to Bombay first for his first exhibition?

- MMM

Mid-afternoon one recent Saturday, I drove with my daughter down Dr. Radhakrishnan Salai, I stopped when the traffic lights turned red and sat 'Patience on a monument', lost in reverie. Through an ecstatic haze I saw a faint glow of amber. The idling engine declutched and I locomoted, as gently as my thoughts, a few feet forward beyond the stop line. Reverie be damned! The amber turned another man's green but a flaring red for me.

Clad in tery-khaki a Chennai-Kaval glided toward me, a joyous glint of achievement bouncing golden shafts off



my number plate. I can hear the retrain now: "kill the catch, kill the catch!" He admonished me for my driving iniquity, then thanked his god for having saved me from all kinds of terrible things that could have happened and concluded with a question, "Have you heard about spot fines?" Yes, I had. I apologised for my transgressions behind the wheel, joined in the hymn of thanksgiving and bid him fine me quick so I could speed for dear life at the next flash of green.

His Veerapandia Kattabomman moustache twitched ever so slightly. flipped open my wallet and counted out five crisp ten rupee notes. His left hand whipped a slim receipt book out of his left pocket. It moved towards me menacingly. I said, wrong again. This was the stuff bilateral agreements were made of. His left hand with receipt book and my right hand with its five crisp ten rupee notes moved simultaneously. Then, in a flash and rustle, like some legendary pistol-wielding cowboy he slid both the money and the receipt book into his slim pockets. He was a free man again and of the benevolent type.

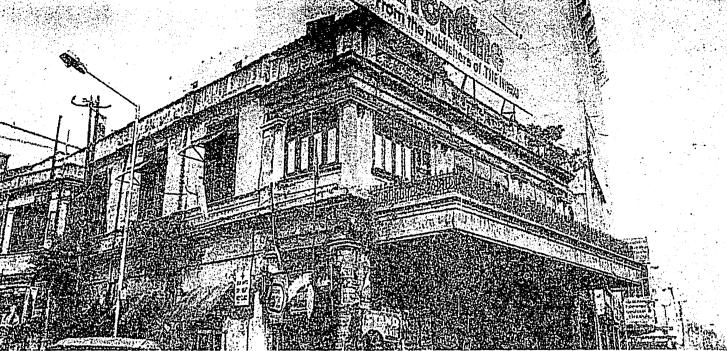
I demanded the receipt. I wouldn't get off the road till I had got that. The Kaval sweetly smiled. "You gave that to me from the largeness of your heart and your happiness. We are both happy, so shut up and scram." I told him I was educated, I was aware of my rights and responsibilities. I was a practising Christian. "Aha, appadiya?" he said. "Then you don't know that only an S.I. can spot fine and I'm not one. If you insist, I'll keep the money.



settle it at the police station with another Rs. 50!!" All I could think of was Maheswata Devis's 'Draupadi'.

By then an amused afternoon crowd had gathered around me. I got out of the car and held forth to humanity in general and my Kaval in particular. I deliberated on the mutability of honesty, of integrity, of pride, of the rise and fall of India. and of how some policemen stink. The crowd was entertained. Somehow I seemed to have filled the void created by a fall in the current political animation. My daughter draped a blue dungaree over her face and giggled delightfully. My Kaval kept his cool. His hypertensive possibilities a steady 120/80, he said ever so gently, "Traffic jam avadhu, pesama pongo". I did!

I dropped my giggly, simpering offspring a few metres down the road, checked for assorted lights and took a U-turn. As I passed the historic spot, there was my Kaval again, flagging down a sand-laden lorry. His left hand waved a receipt book even as the lorry driver fumbled for his wallet. The wind from the sea caught the refrain "kill the

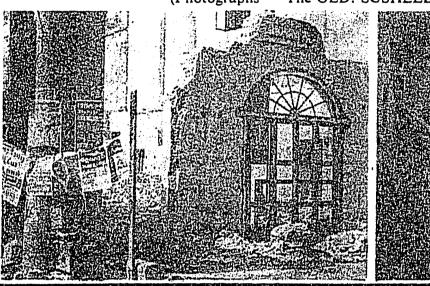


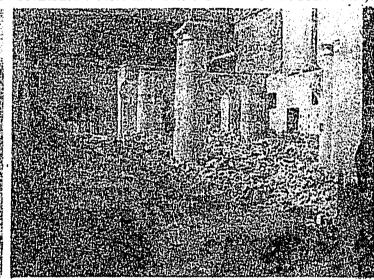
Our OLD is a picture we carried in a June 1992 issue of Madras Musings. Our NEW is of the same building in March 1994. The building, for those who've forgotten, is at the corner of Wallajah Road, Ellis Road and Mount Road and was once known as 100 Mount Road. That was an address of renown from 1883, when The Hindu moved in there, till it moved out to its present home in 1939. Some of The Hindu's most glorious

years were during its occupation of 100 Mount Road. It was here that Subramania Aiyer thundered against orthodoxy, it was here that Kasturi ... & THE THE Ranga Iyengar took over the paper and it was from here that A Rangaswami NEW Iyengar, S Rangaswami Iyengar and K Srinivasan took on the British.

Surely, it was a building fit to be retained as a memorial to an era of greatness, hidden though it might have been behind hoardings and the walls of entrances to a subway? Surely high-rise is not a compelling necessity for the owners? With the bringing down of this building — later occupied by the Indian Express — an era has ended in Madras journalism. Now let's look at the newspaper as a business!

(Photographs — The OLD: SUSHEELA NAIR and The NEW: V S RAGHAVAN).





step in right direction

A budget, it is said, can't, won't and disappointing. Indian companies need shouldn't satisfy all. And based on to restructure themselves to be whether their interests have been met or not, our pundits, politicians and populists have variously described this Budget as 'reformist', 'risky', 'giveaway' and 'deceptive'. Some have even gone to the extent of calling it 'a Narasimha Rao budget in the FM's clothing'. However, as far as the stock market goes, we'll stick to the simple encomium: "progressive". The dominant merits are that the Budget is clearly part of our ongoing fiscal plan and, clearly, it is an acknowledgement that budgeting is not a mere revenueearning exercise but is meant to govern economic progress. These two objectives can only further the goal of a north-bound index number.

Reduction of interest rate by one per cent for both short-term and long-term loans is, by and large, the biggest sop to the corporate sector and the stock market, since a large proportion of corporate total fund requirement is still debt-financed. This fall in interest rate would signal a general fall in their rates in the unorganised as well as the black money sectors, both of which also finance industry and business in the country. The reduction will help raise companies' bottomlines and profits, and influence their decision to undertake long-term growth plans. Fears about banks working on lesser margins need not be entertained, as the recent policy of enabling them to entertain hire purchase and leasing business and enter the capital market are more than

balancing measures. Slashing of corporate tax and elimination of discrimination between closely-held and widely-held companies through a uniform rate of 40 per cent is a very welcome move, as it will leave more distributable dividend with the companies. However, that the surcharge on corporate tax should continue is

competitive in the global market — and it is here that reduction of longterm capital gains tax on domestic companies from 40 to 30 per cent will be a stimulant to corporate entities.

Treating the UTI units and Mutual Funds as long-term capital asset, even if held for only twelve months (instead of 36 months now), is a bonanza for the capital market, considering that MFs are becoming an important channel of investment for the small investor.

Large reduction of customs and excise duties and rationalisation of tax structure are planned to elevate the entire industrial economy to a plane of superior performance. which, in turn, will spur activity in the stock market. In customs duties, while the peak rate has been brought down by 20 per cent to 65 per cent, what is deemed as a more discerning step is the removal of an anomaly (an anomaly which has been rather pressurizing profit margins) — that of raw materials and components carrying a higher duty than finished goods, in several areas. The FM has pinned his hopes on the buoyancy in excise' collection to contain the fiscal deficit in the next financial year. A number of excise duties have been reduced by half and an attempt has been made at charging uniform rates for similar products. The basis of levy has also been changed for some commodities from specific to ad valorem so that they can command higher revenue.

Now comes the million-dollar question; "What will the Budget 1994-95' to do for the stock market se?" National Stock **Exchange**, the paradigm of scripless trading, is to be initiated by mid-1994. A separate legislation is in the offing for setting up depositories, which will supplement the much-talkedabout concept of twin-track trading, if introduced. The spoke in the wheel is. however, the 5 per cent service tax on brokers, which cannot but be seen as a punishment singled out for the community, and also as a deterrent to a fast-maturing market. This tax, to be collected on the revenue, has caught the brokers unawares and their misgivings are more about the administrative hassles and accountability involved, than the amount itself. SEBI the watchdog, is to be enpowered



further, which means further investor protection.

Last year, Dr Singh laid emphasis on exports and, this year, on infrastructural development — the staple of industrial development. Fiscal policy is a process, and there is no such thing as a single budget alone being a panacea for any socioeconomic evil. But to know that a step is being taken in the right direction is enough to boost the morale.

Here are three excellent bets for this

Kings International (CMP: Rs. 24.75): Kings International, an offshoot of the Kerala-based Kings Group, is setting up an integrated project comprising hatchery, farm and processing plant at Tuticorin and Nellore at a cost of Rs. 27.50 cr. To partfinance this project, the company made a gating Rs. 6.30 cr during Oct.-Nov. 1993. This was over-subscribed 4.75 times. The performance for March 1993 showed a decline of 23% in income to Rs. 11.11 cr and 27 per cent in net profit to Rs. 0.63 cr. For March 1994 and March 1995 it has estimated the income at Rs. 24.92 cr and Rs. 66.82 and PAT at Rs. 0.35 cr and Rs. 3.75 cr respectively. Existing holdings can be retained. Fresh purchases can also be considered for long-term gain. Saptarishi Agro Industries (CMP

Rs. 16): This is the first project of its kind to be promoted in India for raising mushrooms under controlled atmospheric conditions created specially. The project is set up jointly by TIDCO and Ram Krishna Jajoo, in technical and financial collaboration with Dalsem Vaciap, Holland, with a capacity of 3000 t annually. Cultivating mushrooms in the plains with the aid of humidification and air-conditioning facilities will be helpful in raising over five crops yearly. The entire output is being bought-back by the Dutch collaborator for five years. To fuel this project cost, SAI made a public issue of equity shares aggregating Rs. 5.15 cr during June-July 1993 which was over-subscribed 5.12 times. ICICI appraised the projections, forecasting a turnover of Rs. 8.90 cr and Rs. 10.39 cr for 1994-95 and 1995-96 with an EPS of Rs. 0.17 and Rs. 1.08 respectively. At the current price of Rs. 16 it is a scrip to watch indeed.

MAC Industries (CMP: Rs. 67.50): MIL is a part of the M A Chidambaram group of companies which includes SPIC, South India Sugars and SPIC Agencies. It was set up in 1982 under the aegis of Rural Services and Consultancy Ltd. The company has four divisions, namely warehousing and food products, plantations, chemicals and edible oils, and marine export and aquaculture. The company also holds Export House status with effect from April 1, 1992 for a period of three years. For the half-year ended Sept. 1993, MIL had achieved a turnover of Rs. 27 cr and a PAT of Rs. 1.76 cr. For 1995, the turnover is projected to touch Rs. 90 cr and PAT is expected at Rs. 9 cr. The EPS for the above period is estimated at Rs. 9.90 which will yield a price of Rs. 120 for March 1995. The share offers scope for appreciation. Buy.

K Gopalakrishnan

The Sethu to Rameswaram

ameswaram ... my great-grand-father, a Kerala Namboodiri, was a priest there. My grandmother grew up on those sandy beaches learning Tamil at the local school. Cholera claimed great-grandfather when grandmother was six and, so, after his ashes were immersed in the Bay, she returned to Kerala with the rest of the family. Decades later, Mother made a pilgrimage to the same rocks, carrying Granny's ashes for immersion. And, in turn, my seven year old son, escorted by us, was headed the same way with his grandmother's ashes...

After the mandatory trip to the bathroom (which was much bigger and more spacious than on the BG trains). everyone spreads out his sheets and called it a day. The Sethu chugged on into the night carrying her all-India load of passengers bound for slumberland. I thought I was dreaming when I heard "Paa Chidambaram Vaazhga! Amaichar Chidambaram Vaazhga!" But I woke up to find it was true: so we had been in distinguished company and not known it. 'Karaikudi', read the board outside.

O EY H RAMALINI SESHADRI

Wrapt in emotional memories we boarded the Sethu at Egmore. To us veterans of the broad gauge (BG) routes, the metre gauge (MG) carriage seemed tiny and lilliputian. As we sat down and pushed out suitcases and bags under the seats, I surveyed the scene. Could this be Tamil Nadu?! It seemed as if we had truly stepped into India that is Bharat; Bengali, Hindi, Gujarati, Telugu, Oriya... name it and the language was spoken in our bogey! Presently pleasantries were exchanged. The Oriya family had come on pilgrimage. The Assamese grandpa had come for a cataract check to Netralaya, the rest of the family had been "checked up" at Apollo, and Vellore for good measure, and now they were on the Rameswaram-Cape Comorin leg of their journey. The Telugu family had boarded the train with the same purpose as us — to immerse the ashes of a parent who had passed on.

Before we knew it, we were chugging out of Egmore, Tambaram, Chengalpattu, Tindivanam... Villupuram was the dinner-stop and the fare was much more than what Southern

Manamadurai greeted us at dawn with steaming hot coffee: Ramanathapuram was the "Pandaaram Stop"; pandaarams are to Rameswaram what the pandas are to Kashi. But I must hasten to add that our pandaarams are gems compared to the business-like pandas of Kashi. All the pandaarams who boarded were 'Hindi-speaking' Tamil pandaarams and they told us that they would put us on to a Tamilspeaking Tamil pandaaram at Rameswaram!

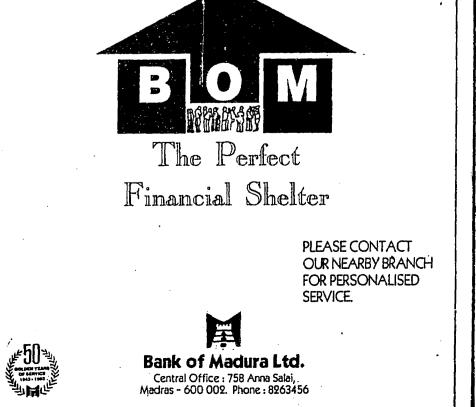
Next, our carriage-attendant came in and requested that all windows be. kept open "lest the traingets blown into the Bay of Bengal"! The skies looked angry and grey indeed; and the swirling waters of the bay rose into huge grey waves, as the Sethu slowed down and got on to that marvel of Railway Engineering, the Pamban Bridge. Thump-thump went our hearts and a train-load of thanks must have gone up to the maker when the train's wheels touched terra firma again. Soon Rameswaram station came along and we were put into the charge of Muniasamy — an ever-smiling, cheerful 23-year-old who told us he was

The law-maker

(Continued from P4) catch, kill the catch". Ninety minutes later. I was back there, en route to pick up my progeny. There had just been a minor accident. A small van had toppled a small water-laden tricycle. My Kaval was prancing around, bobbing and weaving, punching at a confused man shaking in his skeleton. The bemused crowd was back, satisfied they had got more than their fair share of

street theatre. They kept beat to my Kaval's punches, "kill the catch, kill the

For my turn I realised there was no cause for paranoia. The events of the afternoon had nothing to do with gender issues, had nothing to do with crime or punishment. It was a plain case of the law maker and the law



Guides' Union. In retrospect, I wonder what we would have done without him; he was a real godsend and, Man-Friday-like saw us through our sojourn at Rameswaram.

Escorted by Muniaswamy we walked down the platform and he showed us the Dakshinamurthy sculpture that workmen had run into while digging earth to make the platform. Thence it was to the TTDC Hotel in an auto that sped through the narrow lanes of Rameswaram. Breakfast over we took the urns and walked to the beach. Here and there, on the sands and on granite steps, were huddled families in little groups listening to priests reciting mantras and then performing the rites for immersing ashes. Unconventional folk that we were, we decorated the urns with kum-kum as befitted a sumangali and, after the grandchildren recited the Adithya Hridayam, led by our seven-year-old we waded into the sea and immersed the ashes. As simply as that ... and felt the waves say, "Mum is very pleased...'

After a bath, Muniaswami then took us to the temple. He carried a bucket with a rope." What is that for?' nudged my husband. "Perhaps to keep the prasadams," I answered in abject ignorance. Once we entered the temple, we realized why. There were 22 wells where the devotees were expected to bathe! Blissfully unaware of these rituals we had gone sans change of clothes. So at the first two theerthams, we only washed our feet. But by theertham Three the children could resist it no more; everyone else seemed to be having great fun and having regular pour-on-the-head baths. Clothes or no clothes they decided to go the whole hog; and so we went from theertham to theertham with streaming wet clothes till, finally, we reached the sanctum sanctorum of Ramanatha Swami, i.e., Shiva. To expedite matters, and for a "close-up" darshan, we bought 'special' ten rupee tickets. But to our dismay, a VIP landed and we ended up languishing for over an hour; it was as if the Lord was chiding us for trying to take a short cut! The 'ordinary' queue moved on swiftly, though its members got only a door-darshan

Finally, darshan over, we had lunch. One last walk down to the beach and then we were station-bound to catch the Sethu back. "Two for seventy-five," tempted a hawker with mother-of-pearl chains. I thought I'd struck a good bargain when I clinched a deal at forty rupees. But my joy was short-lived. Inside the station the going rate was twenty rupees a pair!

We boarded the Sethu and soon were on our way back. This time it was blue skies and a calm sea that greeted us below the bridge. Great-grandfather grandmother, mother... I felt it wa more than the waves that waved u good-bye as we hit the mainland once

"Palace on Wheels to run from Madras to Rameswaram announces Tamil Nadu Government" - the newspaper heading caught my eye few days later. "Maharaja style interiors, vestibuled trains, on-board snacks..." it went on. But nothing car capture the nostalgia of a simple trip on the Sethu to Rameswaram.

One Man's Madras -HARRY MILLER'S

long, over-hanging eaves. Occasionally, even in chilly Britain, there suddenly appear population explosions of the avian parasites whereupon the rooms inside such houses swarm with bedbuss - — identical to our mootai poochies. So perhaps they do not transmit diseases to human hosts simply because they have not yet had the evolutionary time - which of course we reckon in

millions of years - to do so. Tackling the bugs!

India, which has been my home for over 35 years, is the home also of the most eccentric and bizarre customs and peoples; and I have become accustomed to exclamations from visiting foreigners to whom I tell my tales, "Oh, come on, Harry, you've told us so many things about India but that one, come on, old chap, don't expect anyone to believe that one, do you?" Usually 'that one' is the tale of how certain Andhra women in the tobacco growing regions, roll themselves heavy black cheroots and smoke them the wrong way round — with the lighted end INSIDE their mouths. Should anyone refuse to believe that, I refer them to the Cancer Hospital

Be that as it may, and be Tata-Fisons as and whatever they may be since I last had contact with them. among the wealthy community already

Tell me another, Harry!

situated (most foolishly and regrettably) in Guindy Park. Then there are tales of how Kashmiri girls keep earthenware vessels containing burning charcoal up their skirts to keep them warm (I've forgotten the name of those things, but they used to be popular as souvenirs with tourists in Kashmir). And how the Muria tribals of Madhya Pradesh live together throughout their adolescence in tribal dormitories called Ghotals where no adults are allowed and the only rule is that no boy may sleep with the same girl more than one night at a time (see Verrier Elwin's delightfully titled classic The Kingdom of the

But even I would have had difficulty in swallowing the Khatmal Khilai story had it come from anyone but the gentleman I have referred to. Whether this most bizarre of all occupations still continues he does not know, though the advent of those deadly and highly selective mootai poochi killers from Tata-Fisons twenty years ago may well have made them redundant.

Their duties, my friend informs me are, or were, confined to an extremely wealthy but distressingly unhygienic community better left unnamed. Their houses swarmed with our unwelcomed mootai poochies, and had done for many years, perhaps centuries, before the illustrious name of Tata-Fisons illuminated India and ended the wicked attentions of what were one of the most recent human parasites. They are recent from an evolutionary point of view, and perhaps because of that one of the few that appear not capable of transmitting to their human hosts any distressing diseases, such as malaria, filaria, and countless more. Bedbugs, it appears, became parasites on Man only when primitive Man — or some of his many even more primitive ancestors began to live in shelters shared by bats and birds.

You can find them today in their hundreds in the nests and feathers of birds, like swallows and martins, that build their nests of mud and spittle under the eaves of ancient village houses in Britain, especially those of the thatched-roof kind or others with

mentioned these curious people called the Khatmal Khilai performed their weird and - you might be excused for thinking — most uncomfortable profession. Anyone who, like me (as a very young man - well, very very young man) has tried making love to a beautiful young girl (see my next Penguin book, Jump, Boy, Jump to be published this year) while trying to scratch the intensely itching weals of bedbug attacks (as well as mosquito bites) will appreciate most profoundly the dedicated services the Khatmal

Khilai must have offered their patrons in the days before insecticides.

Imagine, then, the fall of night, those wealthy men still arguing over the qualities and virtues and prices of their wares, the mootai poochies, sensing darkness, girding themselves for their gory evening feast, while the Khatmal Khilais move swifty and silently to their docile but highly effective duties, which simply involved stripping naked and lying in the beds of their patrons, whereupon the multitudes of those little brown parasites descended to gorge upon their supine and wholly consenting hosts.

> Later in the evening, the crows as well as other noisy neighbours silenced for another day, the Khatmal Khilais would quietly clothe themselves again and disappear into the warm moist shadows of the night.

> "Oh, don't tell me another one, Harry Old Man! You're told me so many hairy yarns about this wonderful adopted country of yours, but come on Harry, this time you're going too far!"

Am I? Well perhaps you'd best ask my Bengali friend, at The Club.

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Quizzin'

with

Kamanan

(Quizmaster V.V. RAMANAN's

1. Name the two new ministers inducted into

2. Who will represent India, after a 40-year

3. He was one of India's best fashion

4. Where was the 17th Annual and Western

Astrological Conference held, the scene

of a much reported clash amongst jour-

nalists, rationalists and the organisers?

champions at the recently held National

Triatholon Championships in Madras?

. What historic judgement did the Madras

HC pass on February 18th in connection

Name the popular Kathak exponent and

film choreographer who died on February

be changed from 'Satyameva Jayate' to

9. Who remarked: India's motto can well

'Rishvatameva (corruption) Jayate?

10. Name the 45th head of the Ahobila Math

who is at present visiting Madras?

. What happens if you dial 567583 in

12. The British struck another blow for sex

the WRAF. Expand WRAF.

equality on February 24th by scrapping

February 28th was celebrated nationwide

statistics, what is the sex ratio in the state?

the fiscal deficit for the year 1994-95?

14. According to Tamil Nadu Government

15. According to the Union Budget, what is

(How much of Madras Musings

Feb. 16-28 do you remember, muses

Ramanan in these questions.)

with medical practice?

6. How did Baruch Goldstein attain infamy

5. Who were crowned the national

designers. He died recently of blood

Festival to be held in Cannes?

cancer. Name him.

the Central Cabinet on February 17th?

break at the International Advertising

questions are from the fortnight

Feb. 16-28.)

San-witchery, on the food front

If you're on the move, calorieconscious and down in the pocket in Madras, popping into a restaurant and ordering a meal is just not done, and for more reasons than one. Although becoming a fruit-bat and heading for the melons that have begun their summer sojourn is a very viable alternative (that is getting increasingly cleaner too - you buy your papaya in neat little chunks in opaque plastic containers, your melons are guaranteed fly-free), you end up wondering if these furred nightflyers aren't taking things a bit too far. And then proceed to dream of Delhi dhabas, Bombay pavements and Pune tapris..... until some obscure foodcolumnist puts you on to the Tao of Sandwiches (not copyrighted yet, but probably in the near future).

Available everywhere in little handcarts, paan shops and outside shoping malls, on pavements and near druggists -I have yet to figure out the last connection. You cough up anything from a minimum of Rs. 2/- to an all-Madras maximum of Rs. 5/- and you are in possession of a sandwich, comprising a liberal dollop of butter and pudina chutney, slices of carrot, tomato, cucumber, boiled potato and any other remotely sandwichable vegetable, all smothered in watered tomato sauce.

If you've gone in for the costlier kind, the much huger sandwich is deftly sliced into manageable pieces and giftat the DASAPRAKASH, and Indian ones at the ASHOKA. Not so long ago, their clientele found their way to their newer and more Westernized competitors and hardly anyone thought of the old guard any more. Both hotels are still around, serving very much the same menu you

ABHINANDAN, the restaurant of the ASHOKA, is housed

families and the odd bachelor;

the atmosphere is friendly — the

IN THE

powder, mint leaves and salt. When

Heat oil in a heavy pan. Add the

done, remove from heat.

FOODS & FADS

wrapped in grease-proof paper. Healthy, edible, and eminently carry-around-able besides providing you with enough stamina to reach your destination where you will encounter another stand of the same species. And should you have another one?

family haven

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when there weren't many hotels and restaurants around, foreign visitors ended up would have found nearly half a

in a large rectangular room with faded blue wall-paper, floral printed curtains and curlicued walls — an almost palpable aura of vanishing colonialism pervades the entire room. The fare is what you know will be there - no exciting surprises, no elaborate imports from the Continent. A filling a la carte selection for four works out to

hear the Air loud and clear. Inconspicuously and happily middle-brow, the ASHOKA still exists - and is just the place for those big, nostalgic family gettogethers and old boys' meetings - you definitely won't find your average, class-conscious, fractured anglicized Tamil-speaking approximately Rs. 60, if you youth here! keep safely to the dosas-idlis category. The diners are mostly

kind of place where you can, if

so impelled, sit cross-legged in

your chair and not activate any

The dosas are the so-called

vazhai elai ones, with just

melting white, unsalted butter,

as everyone who has lived in the

city long enough has discovered

at some time or another. Almost

all the 'tiffin' items are accom-

panied by the inevitable coconut

chutney (salavai chutney) and

sambar. The 'meals' still mean

heavy bring-on-all-that-you've-

got affairs topped by a yellow

plantain. All the while, you can

upwardly-mobile eye-brows.

Bhavana Kay

Pelicious spicy chicken and eggs. ½ tsp saunf Serve with fragrant Cauliflower and Peas Pulao. Finish the meal with 3-4 tbs til oil creamy, cold Phimi. Salt to taste

CHICKEN LIVER AND GIZZARD MASALA

- 6 chicken livers
- 6 chicken gizzards 4 onions, chopped fine
- 4 large tomatoes, chopped fine 2" piece ginger
- 8-10 pods garlic 2-3 tsp chilli powder

- 1/2 cup mint leaves
- to a paste
- 2 tsp dhaniya powder
- ½ tsp turmeric powder

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- ½ cup chopped coriander leaves

1 small bay leaf 1 small sprig curry leaves

Garam Masala 1" piece cinnamon

- powdered 4 cloves coarsely 2 cardamoms
 - Method Clean and cut the chicken liver and

1 230

curry leaves and saunf. Add the cooked gizzard into medium pieces. liver and stir on a low fire till it reaches In 1½ cups of water, boil the liver, gravy consistency. Garnish with gizzard, chopped onions, tomatoes, ginger-garlic paste, garam masala, chilli powder, dhaniya powder, turmeric

Mrs. P Raghupathy

CAULIFLOWER AND PEAS PULAO

- 1 cup basmati rice, soaked in water for 1/2 hour and drained
- 1 small cauliflower, chopped into flowerets
- 1 cup shelled peas
- 3 tbs ghee
- 1 bay leaf 4 cardamoms (whole)
- 1/2" piece cinnamon
- 2 or 3. cloves 1 tsp cumin seeds

2 onions, chopped fine

Salt to taste

Method Heat ghee. Add the bay leaf, cardamoms, cinnamon stick, cloves and cumin seeds. When the cumin seeds splutter, add the chopped onions and sauté for a couple of minutes.

Add the cauliflower and shelled peas and fry for another minute.

Add the drained rice, salt and two cups of water and bring to a boil.

low fire till the water is completely absorbed and the rice is done. Serve

MASALA EGGS

- ½ onion, chopped fine
- 2 green chillies, chopped fine

Salt to taste

chopped onions, green chillies, boiled and mashed potatoes, salt and chopped coriander leaves.

smooth batter

- 3 tbs sugar
- 2 tbs rice ½ cup water
- 5-6 cardamoms, powdered 10-15 almonds, blanched and chopped

Method

Soak the rice in water for 10-15 minutes. Grind to a smooth paste. Heat the milk, adding the sugar.

Gradually add the rice paste, stirring the milk, till it thickens to a smooth creamy consistency. Remove from heat and pour into a dessert bowl.

Sprinkle the chopped almonds and powdered cardamoms. Serve cold. Chandra Padmanabhan

When the rice is almost done, keep a lawa below the pan and cook on a

- 4 hard boiled eggs, cut in half, length

- 1 small potato, boiled and mashed 2 ths chopped coriander leaves

Oil for deep frying

2 tbs maida

Remove the yolks and mix with the

Refill the ess with the mixture. Mix the maida with water and make a

Heat oil. Dip eggs into the maida batter and deep fry in the oil till golden. Serve immediately.

- 16. Who headed the high-powered industrial PHIRNI road show that scouted Bombay for investment opportunities in Tamil Nadu? 4 cups good quality milk
 - 17. Which institution formed to popularise Sanskrit celebrated its silver jubilee
 - 8. Of what rare and delightful art is R. Ganesh an exponent?
 - 19. On which film is the recently released book, Mala, based?
 - 20. On whose life is the dance-drama choreographed by Janardhanan of Kalakshetra for Rukmini Devi's birthday celebrations based?

(Answers on p. 8)

Sumati goes to

Book Advisor Sumati of L B Publishers, Madras, is this year's best salesperson of TIME-LIFE Books in India and will represent India in Vienna. "All the sweat and tears have been worth it," she says jubilantly.

Over 500 men and women across the country have teamed with TIME-LIFE and L.B. Publishers (LBP) as Book Advisors, advising book-lovers, parents and educators alike to acquire

LBP Madras has been a consistent performer in both national and international conferences. Says Kamakshi, who participated in the Hawaii con-

"My 11-year stint at LBP has been the most rewarding period of my life. I opened new avenues for a person who was closeted behind the four walls of a home. I now feel young at heart thanks to LBP".

LBP offers a training programme and career opportunity that's varied, challenging and allows its Book Advisors the flexibility to work part-time or full-time, associating with quality educational books that have earned an excellent reputation over the world.

Song and music at Bala's house

The legendary dancer Balasaraswati's daughter Lakshmi and her husband Douglas Knight have moved to Madras from the U.S., where they have lived all these years. Bala's family's music has been hailed as the quintessence of Carnatic music for generations. Her brother T Viswanathan has been teaching music at Wesleyan University in the U.S. for decades now.

During a two-month visit to Madras, Viswanathan gave a chamber concert every Friday in the house where Bala lived on Ramanathan Street in Kilpauk. March 4th was the last of the concerts and it was delightfully soothing to hear the turnof-the-century music in initmate surroundings in the company of diehard purists and musicians. Viswa sang more than played the flute; it was an informal evening with requests for rare pieces of kiran, brother of Chitraveena Ravikiran. Shashi has great maturity in his

The View From The Wings by V.R. Devika

voice and expertise for one so young. Viswa encouraged him to elaborate and it was aural pleasure at its best.

Visual pleasure

It was visual pleasure at the Museum grounds in Egmore where a Tamil play, directed by Pravin, was staged. The imposing pink-stoned Jaipuri building that houses the National Art Gallery was backdrop. The soft lighting in Avignon, in the south of France, which celebrates an annual theatre festival where some of the plays are staged against great monuments or in a stone quarry.

While the visual impact was quite stunning, the slow-paced, unnatural delivery of dialogue made the play monotonous and dreary. I wish the play had some variation in the dialogue delivery, though Pasupathi did bring in some humour. On the whole, however, the production was of international standard.

The play, Caligula by Albert Camus, was first staged in 1945, just after World War II and the bombing of Hiroshima. The play depicts the confusion of Western intellectuals in the middle of this century confronted with the evolution of a society which breaks away from tradition. Caligula represents



A scene from Caligula, played in the Museum gardens. (Photo: S. ANWAR)

is perceived by George Lechner, the

Director of the Max Mueller Bhavan.

Delhi, as India's answer to Pina

Bautsch and, as expected, Chandra-

lekha presented her Yantra as a tribute

to Pina Bautsch's Nelken, or

Pina . Bautsch's choreography

seemed distant and morbid in the

beginning, but gripped as the evening

progressed. She spoke of child abuse,

a police state, rebellion against classical

ballet, not being able to express herself

freely in the modern world etc. In

Nelken, which is set amidst hundreds

of pink and white silk camations, each

individually set in holes in the stage,

the dancers use chairs, stuntmen fall

from heights and there is a woman

peeling potatoes, another pouring mud

on her head with a spoon, children's

games and real does on stage! An

with the stage and did a great job,

looked exhausted. But the evening was

worth all the effort, for its poignant and

Mithran Devanesan, who helped

enormous production.

'Carnations'.

power at play and image-building and destruction of dissent. He ridicules politicians, refuses God and massacres those around him, thus pressing the button of self-destruction, his assassination coming as deliverance.

Pravin has used the spectacle and seriousness of his French theatre experience to present Caligula. Jayakumar as Caligula was, as usual, very good, but it was George, in the small role of an old man, who captivated with his masterful acting. Hans Kaushik, with his magnetic movement as Death, was also mesmerising.

Pravin tells me he learnt his directional approach from Arianne Mnouchkine. She allows her actors to develop their roles themselves and work on their costumes and presentations. And this is what happened with Caligula. A truly dramatic production, with interesting movements (choreographed by Kilton), but too slow and too long.

Free expression

Dina Bautsch and the Wuppertal dance company were in Madras recently. Madras's own Chandralekha

Dates For Your Diary

March: Artist of the Month: Avijith Roy of West Bengal, currently living and

March 17-19: Retrospective — Konrad Wolf (1957-1980). Of all the GDR-film

March 17: Ich war Neunzehn (1 was Nineteen) based on the diary of Wolf during his time as Russian Lieutenant. (Screening followed by discussion.) March 18: Der nackte Mann auf dem Sportplatz (The Naked Man on the Playing Field).

March 19: Solo Sunny. (6.45 pm each

information environmental technology development and applications. (9.30 am. to 6.00 pm. American Center Seminar Room.

gave it something of a home ground

working in Baroda.

directors Konrad Wolf held the most intensive "dialogue with German History". The experiences of a youth in two home countries, Germany and Russia (his father, a Communist, had fled to Moscow in 1934), determined his approaches to German History after 1933. His most incisive experience may have been to take part - as a Soviet Russian lieutenant - in the liberation of Berlin. The antifascist theme thus became a kind of leitmotif for Wolf. After settling for good in Germany again, Wolf needed some time to have a closer relationship with his new and old home country, but he never forgot that in the GDR he was special.

day at the Max Mueller Bhavan) March 21 to April 2: Travelling Information Centre (TIC), an exciting exhibit on environmental technology. In addition to visuals, the exhibit also includes printed materials, computer programmes, and data bases of

March 24 and 25: Boardwalkers, an amateur theatre group started in 1991, will present Bill Manhoff's The Owl & The Pussycat. The play was first presented by ANTA theatre in New York City in 1964 with Alan Alda and Diana Sands. 'It was later made into a movie with Barbara Streisand and George Segal (7.00 pm., American Center Auditorium). March 28 to April 8: "The Product-

Testing of Hearth and Home". Recent German Films from the New Generation. Every year, approximately, 150 full length films are produced in the Federal Republic (not counting feature films for television). But the supply far exceeds the demand in the cinema market, which is becoming increasingly tighter and continues to be hard-pressed by Hollywood. Far too large a part of the annual domestic film output does not find its way into the normal programme of movie houses; these films barely manage to reach the screen at one of the ever more numerous festivals, only to disappear from sight and mind soon after. A selection by the young film-makers will be screened at the Film Chamber of Commerce 6.45 pm. each day. Entry passes for members and friends of MMB and members of FFSI from March 23 onwards.

March 28: Schwarz und ohne Sucker (Black and No Sugar). Dir.: Lutz

March 29: Die Nacht des Marders (The Night of the Marten). Dir.: Maria Theresia Wagner.

March 30: Schmetterlinge (Butterflies). Dir.: Wolfgang Becker. March 31: Land der Vater, Land der Sohne (Land of the Fathers, Land of the Sons). Dir.: Nico Hofmann

April 4: Laurin. Dir.: Robert Sigl. April 5: Uberall ist es besser, wo wir nicht sind (Everywhere it's Better Where We Aren't). Dir.: Michael Klier, April 6: Franta. Dir.: Mathias Allary April 7: Wedding. Dir.: Heiko Schier April 8: Motivsuche (Motifs and Motives). Dir.: Dietmar Hochmuth.

March 29: Song Recital by Aruna Sunderlal (Mezzo Soprano). Founder and Director of the Bangalore School of Music, Aruna Sunderlal trained in Germany, Berlin and London. She made herd debut in 1970 with the Bombay Philharmonic Orchestra and the Paranjoti Chorus under the German conductor H | Koellreutter. Her repertoire includes German lieder, opera arias, oralorio, English, French, Italian, Spanish and Irish songs, folk songs, Negro spirituals and popular songs. Her recital is cosponsored by the Association of British Council Scholars (6.30 pm. at the British

Vienna, for advising on books ference as the top-seller in the country TIME-LIFE books, produced by Time-

(By A Staff Reporter)

Warner Inc., USA

LBP Madras started in 1981, with just a few Book Advisors. Today, it boasts of the largest number of Book Advisors in the country. Its success is mainly due to its Area Manager, Mrs Radha Narayanan, who has herself been a three-time India representative at the Asia conference.

The Tull Sound and the Jazz beat

Anyone doubting the popularity of popular Western music in Madras would have been surprised by the enthusiasm seen at a couple of shows in and around town these past few

A four thousand strong crowd gathered at the YMCA grounds, Royapettah, on a sultry Sunday evening to hear a tall, bearded Englishman, clad in a colourful vest and black jeans, and his four-member group. A roar of applause rent the night air as the multicoloured strobe lights focussed on the

makeshift stage onto which they strode. For the next two-and-a-half hours Madras rocked to the music of Jethro Tull - one of the Western world's legendary rock groups. It was an occasion of special significance for Madras, for it was the first time that an internationally renowned rock group

was making its appearance in the city. Jethro Tull, which was formed in the late Sixties, has, in the 25 years of its existence, taken on the proportions of a near-cult following. Renowned for its off-beat but virtuoso approach to its music, the group has imbibed diverse music styles, such as folk, rock and jazz, to make up what is now known as the 'Tull Sound'. To a great extent, the group's success has centred on its flamboyant but incredibly talented vocalist-cum-flautist, lan Anderson. With million-selling hits such as 'Aqualung', 'Locomotive Breath' and 'Bungle in the Jungle' to its name, the group has established itself as one of

the all-time greats. The audience that turned up to listen to this differed considerably from the regular crowd expected at such concerts. The largest part of the turnout was, of course, the young crowd, from bubblegum chewing teenagers to slick yuppie types. But there was also an incredibly large number of foreigners present, some of whom had come from as far as Bangalore, Kerala and Kodaikanal to witness the concert. Predictably, most of them were long-haired and clad in jeans. In short, every bit quintessential rock music fans. A large number of diplomats from consulates in the city were present as well. And there were those who had come just

curiosity. These included sizeable number of parents who had actually come with their children for the show. Also present were a large number of local musicians, amongst them Ian Harvey of the group Maiden Voyage and Jim Sathya of the group

The younger 'MTV' generation, used to their daily quota of break and rap music, were introduced to an altogether new experience. And Anderson kept their attention with his musical virtuosity, on-stage antics and his very special British humour! His rendition of a Bach composition was greeted with resounding applause. But the real

by **JOSEPH FERNANDES**

aficionados of the group's music were those who had grown up to Tull's music in the 70's and 60's. For a good number of them, the music conjured up memories of college days back in the 70's when they grew up listening to Jethro Tull. For them, it was an unforgettable night filled with golden

A couple of weeks later, Madras Covelong beach.

Jazz, every bit a 20th Century phenomenon, was born in America of what is known as 'the Black Experience'. Now it has become a global phenomenon, with even an unlikely

attributed to its ability to merge with diverse music forms. Which brings us to the growing popularity of jazz in India. The first attempts at popularising it in India were in the Seventies when artistes like Zakir Hussain and John McLaughlin attempted a synthesis between lazz and Indian classical music. Today, we know this derivative music form as 'Carnatic (or Fusion) Jazz'. While the pros and cons of this musical style are argued by the music critics, the fact remains that groups such as

was treated to a lazz treat by the

synthesis of East and West. A large part of its success can be advantage.

Shakti and the Maha Vishnu orchestra (both of which featured McLaughlin and Company) have done a lot to popularise lazz both in the country and abroad. Over the years, the most visible event publicising this music form in India has been the lazz Yatra. Held

once every two years, this jazz festival attracts internationally renowned musicians from the world over. And this year, for the first time, Jazz Yatra came to Madras, jointly organised by Jazz India, Pepsi and The Taj group of hotels at Fisherman's Cove, with Gogetters in charge of local arrangements.

The lawns of the Fisherman's Cove proved to be an ideal venue for the festival and Jazz Yatra attracted a large number of fans and music aficionados. Distance proved no impediment to the enthusiasts who came to hear five jazz bands on the first evening. Prominent among them were an Indo-Finnish duo (consisting of award-winning pianist Frank Carlberg and Indian-born vocalist Christine Correa), the Karl Heinz Miklin Quartet (Austria) and the Bop Art Orchestra (Hungary). · Also adding variety and a local flavour to the evening were Madras's owns Frank Dubier Band and Nemesis Avenue The former enlivened the evening with its repertoire of old-time jazz hits, while the latter had the audience tapping their feet to jazz rock greats like Michael Franks and Steely Dan.

On the second evening, there was the Trevor Watts Moire Music Ensemble from the UK, who offered an hourlong repertoire of percussion-based jazz heavily influenced by African tribal music. In almost direct contrast was the next group, the youthful Makoto Kuriya Quartet from Japan with a distinct brand of 'hot jazz'. And then came that much awaited group, Mono Chrome. This six-member group from the world famous Berkley College of Music featured three Indians — which

Jazz Yatra '94 may have been one of the most musically spectacular events the city has witnessed, but Jethro Tull was something else altogether. Ah,

visual impact, even though there were grey areas most of us in the audience could not relate to culturally.

black day

The Department of Racing, Government of Tamil Nadu, humble has sadly had to eat pie. None of its nominees vindicated its trip to Bombay for the Classic Indian Turf Invitation Cup and the supporting events at Mahaluxmi over the March 5th-6th week-end. The blank the Madras contingent drew was indeed a sad commentary on the status of the country's oldest

Not to mince words, barring M.A.M. Ramaswamy's Splendid Role and Patron-in-Chief, none of the rest of the nominees was credited with a chance to be in the fighting line in any of the championship events, the Juvenile Cup; the Sprinters'

Classic, the Stayers' Classic and the Invitation Cup, the country's most prestigious race that decides the champion four-yearold of the year. Unfortunately, even Splendid Role and Patronin-Chief were found wanting. Both, surprisingly, suffered total eclipse.

Winner of all his three Madras starts, including the Madras Gold Vase, Patron-in-Chief, a fashionably-bred Common Land-Cedar Point colt, understandably started a heavilybacked Juvenile Cup favourite. But Madras's most promising juvenile from champion Robert Foley's stable proved a false favourite. He was unplaced.

for Madras runners

After Patron-in-Chief's eclipse, Splendid Role, winner of the Bagpiper Gold Bangalore Derby and the Kunigal Juvenile Million, besides the Mysore, South India and Indian 1000 Guineas, remained Madras's lone hope. But the Bombay odds told their own tale. The No Louder-Lady Treego filly was available at 10's. Nearly all the money was on the Bangalore wonder filly, Littleover, who started at odds-on. True to her surprisingly liberal odds, Splendid Role never went with anything approaching a winner's chance as Super Brave, a wellbacked second favourite and mount of the dashing Aslam Khader, stormed to victory in

the record time of 2 mins. 30.4 secs. A bigger surprise than Splendid Role's total failure was Littleover's tame third.

Though she was at liberal odds at Mahaluxmi, Splendid Role was not friendless in Madras. But, as at Mahaluxmi, Littleover was the rage at oddson in the Guindy ring, which was packed as never before for an off-course betting day. Laying a bet was an ordeal. Even so, money changed hands in lakhs.

The betting was more or less in keeping with the Bombay odds, announced in the Bombay commentary that came through the loudspeaker system. Came the race commentary, and as

usual, following it was a veritable headache because of the commentator's accent. But his full-throated "Super Brave is drawing away from Thanksgiving and Littleover'' silenced the noisy, overpopulated ring. While Littleover's army of backers stood dumbfounded, the layers of odds hailed the 1994 champion four-year-old with full-throated shouts of "Super Brave". Their celebration was understandable, for it was a black Invitation Cup meeting for the vast majority of Madras backers who helped the satchels swell of those making book.

- AJAX

A Test-before empty stands!

Madras city has never had a more hectic, or crowded, sports fortnight than the one it had in the last two weeks of February. Indeed, the National shooting championships, the Indian Bank trophy Videocon International Masters' chess tournament, Grindlay's Bank south zone cricket competition, Naidu Hall trophy Statelevel badminton meet, National and Asia Cup triathlon championships, Banks Sports Board's Southern India athletics, and the four-day India Youth XI v. Australian Youth XI first cricket 'Test', besides various local events headed by the Guindy race meelings, combined to give those in charge of the city dailies' sports pages a veritable headache.

But, wonders will never cease in the world of sport. All the competitions were not only well-organised but received adequate media coverage. The shooting meet at the Sivanthi complex in particular had an exceptionally

by JAICI

smooth passage despite the big entry it had received for every event. Unfortunately, the host State's performance was in keeping with its poor overall standards. Tamil Nadu, who could not find a place in the recent National cricket, football, hockey, badminton and other championships, finished a distant fourth with a beggarly 27 points as against the 114 with which the Army won the team championship for the fourth successive year - a fact the Tamil Nadu rifle chief, B. Sivanthi Adityan, himself a marksman of repute, will do well to take note

Fortunately for Tamil Nadu, one of its up and coming cricketers, allrounder S. Sriram, was honoured with the captaincy of the Indian Youth XI for the Test series against the touring Australians. India did well to draw the first Test at Chepauk after trailing by 92 runs on the first innings. V.V.S. Laxman and Tarun Kumar stole the batting honours with sparkling knocks which, unfortunately, were made before empty stands.

It was not known how the contests between junior teams came to be labelled 'Tests', when they were, in fact, junior Internationals. If indeed the Madras match was a 'Test', it had the dubious distinction of being the firstever 'Test' to be played on the ancient and historic Chepauk ground of the M.A. Chidambaram Stadium before empty stands and with a free gate. The virtual boycott of a foreign team was indeed a sad commentary on the attitude of Madras fans to cricket.

Only the Press box was populated. Incidentally, Pressmen forced to cover both the chess and cricket competitions, were amazed at the disparity between the Nehru Stadium's media centre, a sportswriter's delight that calls for superlatives, and the Chepauk stadium's antediluvian Press Box. It is time the Tamil Nadu Cricket Association woke up and gave the Press Box a new look, even if it cannot do anything to renovate the stadium and bring it to the level of the Nehru Stadium, the country's most modern infrastructure.

Kiddies'

now uniors

(By A Sports Reporter)

When the VI Junior Track & Field Championships of the Don Bosco Athletic Club were conducted recently, it was the 24th of a series which began as the 'Kiddies' Championship' in 1966. This year, the meet attracted 972 entries, from 25 schools in the boys' section and 23 in the girls, all schools associated with the DBAC programmes on an annual basis.

Sponsored by NEPC Agro Foods Ltd., the TRUPTHI Prestige Trophy, for the best team at the March Parade was won by St Francis Xavier's, who stole a march over Doveton Corrie Boys' and Girls' Schools.

Ten records were set at the meet and one equalled. The group individual champions were:

Boys

Under 7: D Yashwant and Sundar Rathnam (both Chinmaya Vidyalaya)

Under 9: Vasudeva Das (Don Bosco Primary)

Under 11: Swapnesh Sebastian (Chinmaya)

Under 13: Rohit Karumuri (Sir M Venkatasubba Rao)

Girls

Under 7: P Mythili (Vidyodaya GHSS) and R Preethi (Chinmaya)

Under 9: T Bhindu (Doveton Corrie)

Under 11: Archana Devi Mohan (St Ursula's)

Under 13: Giselle Igayemi (Doveton Corrie) and Divya Ramprasad (Sacred Heart MHSS)

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on't say we didn't try:We did try for three years and over several appeals. But the advertising response has not been forthcoming to enable us to remain a FREE mailer.

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In the present circumstances, however, we are not able to meet even a third of our costs with advertising. The only alternative appears to be to price Madras Musings, the only paper in the city that CARES for Madras. But even in arriving at a price, we are thinking of our readers who want to read about this metropolis of ours. To reach the largest possible audience, we are fixing a price that will cover only another third of our costs. We hope increasing advertising will bridge the gap over the next year.

And so, reluctantly, with Volume IV, No. 1, the April 16-30 issue, we will be pricing Madras Musings. The annual subscription (for 24 copies a year) will be Rs. 60/-. Madras Musings will also be available at selected outlets - bookshops, department stores, restaurants — at Rs. 3/- a copy.

In our survey a year ago, most of the 2000 respondents answered they would be willing to pay between Rs. 50/and Rs. 100/- a year for Madras Musings. We look forward to all of them — and many more — responding to our offer closer to the lower end of the scale.

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Ram Lakhan Singh Yadav and C. Silvera; 2. The Times of India Group; 3. Rohit Khosla; 4. Calcutta; 5...B. Arumugham and C. Amudha (both from Tamil Nadu); 6. He gunned down 43 Palestinians in a mosque at Hebron, West Bank, creating a great rift in the fragile Israeli-PLO peace agreement; 7. It has held that services rendered by medical practitioners would not come under the purview of the provisions of the Consumers' Protection Act; 8. Gopi Krishna; 9. T.N. Seshan; 10. H.H. Swami Satakopa Sri Narayanatheendra Mahadesikan; 11. It activates an interactive voice response system for enquiries at Madras Central regarding Arrival and Departure of Trains; 12. Women's Royal Air Force, set up as a RAF auxiliary in 1918; 13. National Science Day; 14. 972 females to 1000 males; 15. Rs. 6000 crores; 16. The state Industries Minister M. Chinnaswamy and Industries Secretary, C. Ramachandran; 17. Surabharathi Samiti; 18. He is a Shathavadhani, who recently exhibited his jugglery with his scholarship by performing an Asthavadanam. 19. Girija by Madhyam; 20. Purandaradasa.

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