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MADRAS

METAL
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TOOLS

MUSINGS

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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 wreckers are getting ready to start work any day.

Meanwhile, the Madras Chapter of INTACH, the national organisation

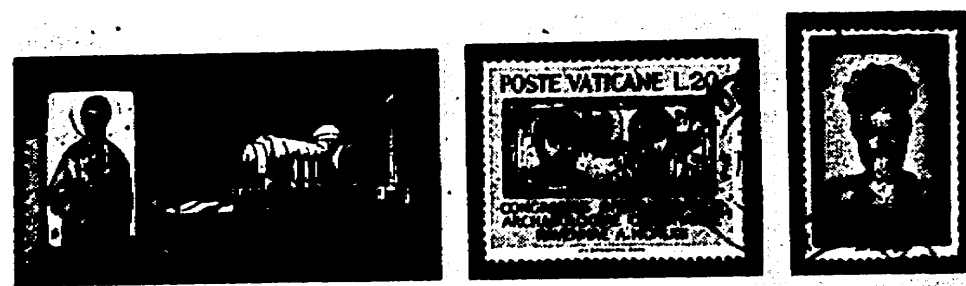
founded by Rajiv Gandhi to protect the environment and save the country's cultural and historical heritage, has made a last minute appeal to the Chief Minister. And its architects have been working on a plan that would demonstrate how the present structure could be incorporated into a four-storey structure 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?



1. St. Mark and St. Mark's Cathedral — Martyrdom of St. Mark 1900th anniversary — Egypt 1968. 2. "St. Paul and St. Paul" (From Graffiti on Child's tomb — Christian Archaeology Congress — Ravenna — Vatican City 1962. 3. "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 tele-serial might not have worked, but it could well work in the format your Editor came across the other day while calling on the Varghese 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)

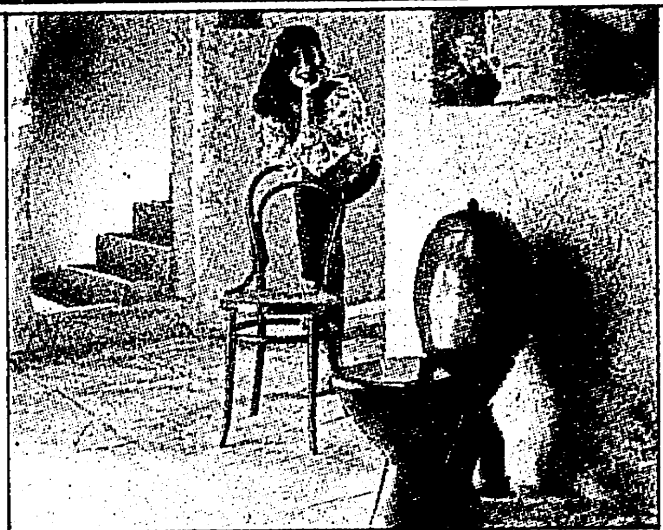


The American cheer arrives in Madras

The Rahl! Rahl! Rahl! 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 Rahl! Rahl! Rahl! 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. Rahl! Rahl! Rahl! Thompson's! And they were still at it, long after the show, as our picture shows.



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If you do,
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to page 8



No bathrooms for your house.
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Dated: 16-3-1994

Author	Title
AYCKBOURN, A	Time of my life
BAILEY, J	Trevor Bailey
BIRKETT, J	Wor power, 2nd ed.
BLAKE, A	SWOT Company Law, 4th ed.
BURTHORP, B	Long distance walker's handbook, 4th ed.
CLARKE, A	The hammer of god
E COLEMAN, V	Mrs Caldwell's cabbage war
EDELMANN, R J	Inter-personal conflicts at work
FEUD, E	Peerless flats
GATRELL, S	Thomas Hardy and the proper study of mankind
GEE, P	Financial reporting for smaller companies
GITTUS, J F	A health check for your business
GREGORY, D J	Statistics for business, 4th ed.
HARVEY-JONES, J	Managing to survive
HEALY, D	Images of trauma
HOBSBS, B C	Food poisoning and food hygiene, 6th ed.
KERSHAW, J	Murder is too expensive
MOSSBY, D	The Wisden book of cricket laws
SLUMAN, C	Practical guide for OSI management
STOPPARD, T	Arcadia
TAYLOR, G	Lotus 1-2-3 2.3 & 2.4
THEWELI, R	Structic environmental assessment
WARMAN, A R	Computer security within organisations
WILLIAMS, R	Drama from Isban to Becht
WINNIE, B	Effective FR management, 2nd ed.

The law-maker and the law-breaker

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

register a case against you and you can settle it at the police station with another Rs. 50!!" All I could think of was Maheswata Devi'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 pongu". 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 next flash of green."

His Veerapandia Kattabomman moustache twitched ever so slightly. I 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, "I moved towards me menacingly. I said, 'give-away' 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

enough. 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 scam." 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."

MANAALI RAMAN...



"Sorry, Saar, we sell only banners!"

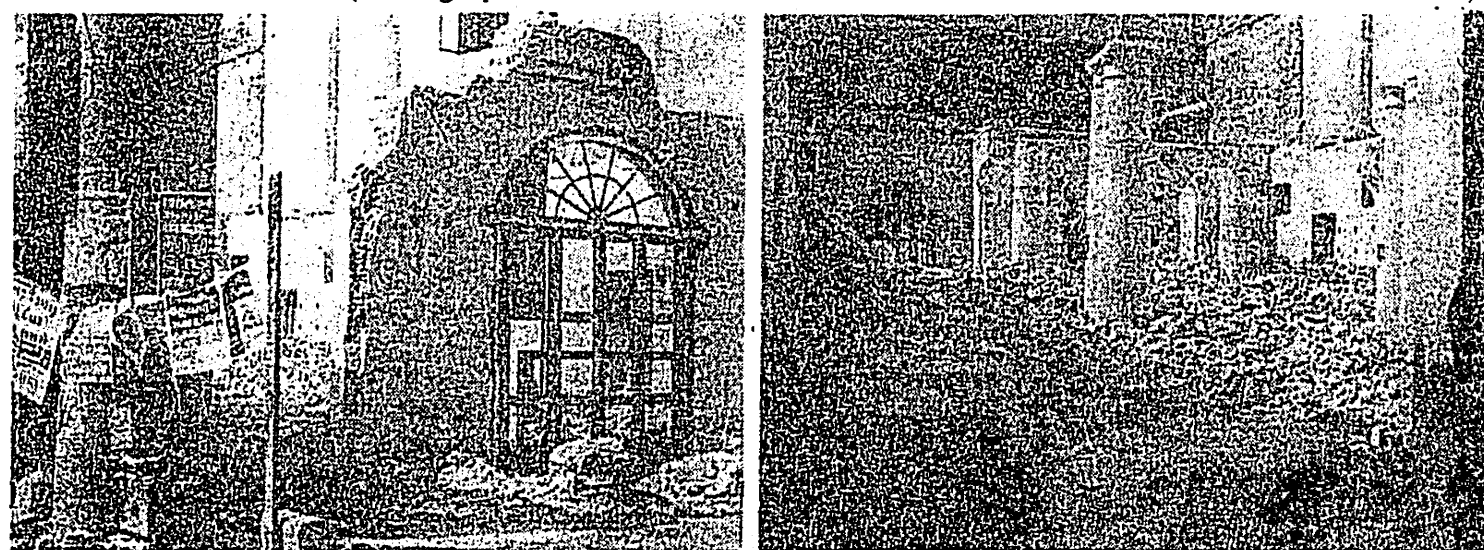
IN MAD. MAD MADRAS



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 Hindustan 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 Ranga Iyengar took over the paper and it was from here that A. Rangaswami 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).



A step in right direction

A budget, it is said, can't, won't and shouldn't satisfy all. And based on whether their interests have been met or not, our pundits, politicians and populists have variously described this Budget as 'reformist', 'risky', 'give-away' 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 enough. 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.

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

disappointing. Indian companies need to restructure themselves to be competitive in the global market — and it is here that **reduction of long-term 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' do for the stock market per 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-talked-

about 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 empowered

public issue of equity shares at par, aggregating 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 Vacap, 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. ICIPI approved 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



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 fortnight:-

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 part-finance this project, the company made a

The Sethu to Rameswaram

Rameswaram ... my great-grandfather, 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...

Railway dishes out on the BG routes. 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 Vaazhgal! Amaichar Chidambaram Vaazhgal!" But I woke up to find it was true; so we had been in distinguished company and not known it. "Karakudi", read the board outside.

"Number 353" in the Rameswaram 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 ums 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 ums with kum-kum as befitted a *samangali* 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 I felt the waves say, "Mum is very pleased..."

After a bath, Muniaswamy then took us to the temple. He carried a bucket with a rope. "What is that for?" nudged my husband. "Perhaps to keep the *prasadam*," 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 *sacrum sanctum* 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 shortcut! 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 hawk 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 was more than the waves that waved us good-bye as we hit the mainland once more.

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

One Man's Madras — HARRY MILLER'S

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 mentioned these curious people called the *Khatmal Khilais* performed their weird and — you might be excused for thinking — most uncomfortable profession. Anyone who, like me (as a very young man — well, 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 welts of bedbug attacks (as well as mosquito bites) will appreciate most profoundly the dedicated services the *Khatmal*,

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 Yongs*).

But even I would have had difficulty in swallowing the *Khatmal Khilais* 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 *moolai 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 unwelcome *moolai 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 spitte under the eaves of ancient village houses in Britain, especially those of the thatched-roof kind or others with

Khilais 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 *moolai poochies*, sensing darkness, girding themselves for their gory evening feast, while the *Khatmal Khilais* move swiftly and silently to their doile 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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Display Small
4 cms x 1 column, Text only
Rs. 200/- OR Rs. 500/- for three issues
All cheques to be made out to M/s. Lokavani Hall Mark Press Pvt. Ltd.

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 topped a small water-laden bicycle. 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 catch".

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 breaker.

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San-witchery, on the food front

If you're on the move, calorie-conscious 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 night-flyers aren't taking things a bit too far. And then proceed to dream of Delhi dhabas, Bombay pavements and Pune tapris..... until some obscure food-columnist puts you on to the Tao of Sandwiches (not copyrighted yet, but probably in the near future).

Available everywhere in little handcars, paan shops and outside shopping 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 gift-

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'll 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

at 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 would have found nearly half a century ago.

ABHINANDAN, the restaurant of the ASHOKA, is housed

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 approximately Rs. 60, if you keep safely to the *dosas-idlis* category. The diners are mostly families and the odd bachelor; the atmosphere is friendly — the

kind of place where you can, if so impelled, sit cross-legged in your chair and not activate any upwardly-mobile eye-brows.

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 accompanied 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 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 get-togethers and old boys' meetings — you definitely won't find your average, class-conscious, fractured anglicized Tamil-speaking youth here!

Bhavana Kay

Delicious spicy chicken and eggs. Serve with fragrant *Cauliflower* and *Peas Pulao*. Finish the meal with creamy, cold *Phirni*.

CHICKEN LIVER AND GIZZARD MASALA

6 chicken livers
6 chicken gizzards
4 onions, chopped fine
4 large tomatoes, chopped fine
2" piece ginger ground
8-10 pods garlic to a paste
2-3 tsp chilli powder
2 tsp *dhaniya* powder
½ tsp turmeric powder
½ cup mint leaves
½ cup chopped coriander leaves

½ tsp *saunf*
1 small bay leaf
1 small sprig curry leaves
3-4 tbs oil
Salt to taste

Garam Masala

1" piece cinnamon powdered
4 cloves coarsely
2 cardamoms

Method

Clean and cut the chicken liver and gizzard into medium pieces.

In 1½ cups of water, boil the liver, gizzard, chopped onions, tomatoes, ginger-garlic paste, *garam masala*, chilli powder, *dhaniya* powder, turmeric



powder, mint leaves and salt. When done, remove from heat.

Heat oil in a heavy pan. Add the curry leaves and *saunf*. Add the cooked liver and stir on a low fire till it reaches gravy consistency. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and serve with rice.

Mrs. P. Raghupathy

CAULIFLOWER AND PEAS PULAO

1 cup basmati rice, soaked in water for ½ hour and drained
1 small cauliflower, chopped into flowerets
1 cup shelled peas
3 tbs ghee
1 bay leaf
4 cardamoms (whole)
½" 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.

MASALA EGGS

4 hard boiled eggs, cut in half, length wise
½ onion, chopped fine
2 green chillies, chopped fine
1 small potato, boiled and mashed
2 tbs chopped coriander leaves
2 tbs *maida*

Salt to taste
Oil for deep frying

Method

Remove the yolks and mix with the chopped onions, green chillies, boiled and mashed potatoes, salt and chopped coriander leaves.

Refill the egg with the mixture. Mix the *maida* with water and make a smooth batter.

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

PHIRNI

4 cups good quality milk
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

Sumati goes to Vienna, for advising on books

(By A Staff Reporter)

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

TIME-LIFE books, produced by Time 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.

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

Quizzin' with Ramanan

(Quizzmaster V.V. RAMANAN's questions are from the fortnight Feb. 16-28.)

1. Name the two new ministers inducted into the Central Cabinet on February 17th?
2. Who will represent India, after a 40-year break, at the International Advertising Festival to be held in Cannes?
3. He was one of India's best fashion designers. He died recently of blood cancer. Name him.
4. Where was the 17th Annual and Western Astrological Conference held, the scene of a much reported clash amongst journalists, nationalists and the organisers?
5. Who were crowned the national champions at the recently held National Triathlon Championships in Madras?
6. How did Baruch Goldstein attain infamy recently?
7. What historic judgement did the Madras HC pass on February 18th in connection with medical practice?
8. Name the popular Kathak exponent and film choreographer who died on February 17th?
9. Who remarked: 'India's motto can well be changed from 'Satyameva Jayate' to 'Rishvatameva (corruption) Jayate'?
10. Name the 45th head of the Abovella Math who is at present visiting Madras?
11. What happens if you dial 567583 in Madras?
12. The British struck another blow for sex equality on February 24th by scrapping the WRAF. Expand WRAF.
13. February 28th was celebrated nationwide as...?
14. According to Tamil Nadu Government statistics, what is the sex ratio in the state?
15. According to the Union Budget, what is the fiscal deficit for the year 1994-95?

(How much of Madras Musings Feb. 16-28 do you remember, muses Ramanan in these questions.)

16. Who headed the high-powered industrial road show that scouted Bombay for investment opportunities in Tamil Nadu?

17. Which institution formed to popularise Sanskrit celebrated its silver jubilee recently?

18. Of what rare and delightful art is R. Ganesh an exponent?

19. On which film is the recently released book, *Malu*, 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)

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 turn-of-the-century music in intimate 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 music.

Singing with Viswa was Shashikiran, 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

and the sculpture made me think I was 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

The Tull Sound and the Jazz beat

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

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 multi-coloured 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, Ian 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 Kodakanal 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

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 memories.

A couple of weeks later, Madras was treated to a jazz treat by the 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 synthesis of East and West.

A large part of its success can be 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 jazz 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

Shakti and the Maha Vishnu orchestra (both of which featured McLaughlin and Company) have done a lot to popularise jazz both in the country and abroad.

Over the years, the most visible event publicising this music form in India has been the Jazz 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 Go-getters in charge of local arrangements.

The laws 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 Carlborg 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 own 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 hour-long repertoire of percussion-based jazz heavily influenced by African tribal music. In almost direct contrast was the next group, the youthful Makolo 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 gave it something of a home ground advantage.

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, my....!



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

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

Pina Bausch and the Wuppertal dance company were in Madras recently. Madras's own Chandralekha

is perceived by George Lechner, the Director of the Max Mueller Bhavan, Delhi, as India's answer to Pina Bausch and, as expected, Chandralekha presented her *Yantra* as a tribute to Pina Bausch's *Nelken*, or 'Camellias'.

Pina Bausch'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 camellias, each individually set in holes in the stage, the dancers use chairs, stumtlen fall from heights and there is a woman peeling potatoes, another pouring mud on her head with a spoon, children's games and real dogs on stage! An enormous production.

Mithran Devanesan, who helped with the stage and did a great job, looked exhausted. But the evening was worth all the effort, for its poignant and visual impact, even though there were grey areas most of us in the audience could not relate to, culturally.

Dates For Your Diary

March: Artist of the Month: *Avijith Roy* of West Bengal, currently living and working in Baroda.

March 17-19: Retrospective — Konrad Wolf (1957-1980). Of all the GDR-film 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 1953. 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.

March 17: *Ich war Neunzehn* (I 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 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 information environmental technology development and applications. (9.30 am. to 6.00 pm. American Center Seminar Room.)

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 Health 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 Zucker* (Black and No Sugar). Dir.: Lutz Konemann.

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 Söhne* (Land of the Fathers, Land of the Sons). Dir.: Nico Hofmann

April 4: *Laurin*. Dir.: Robert Sigi.

April 5: *Überall ist es besser, wo wir nicht sind* (Everywhere it's better Where We Aren't). Dir.: Michael Klier.

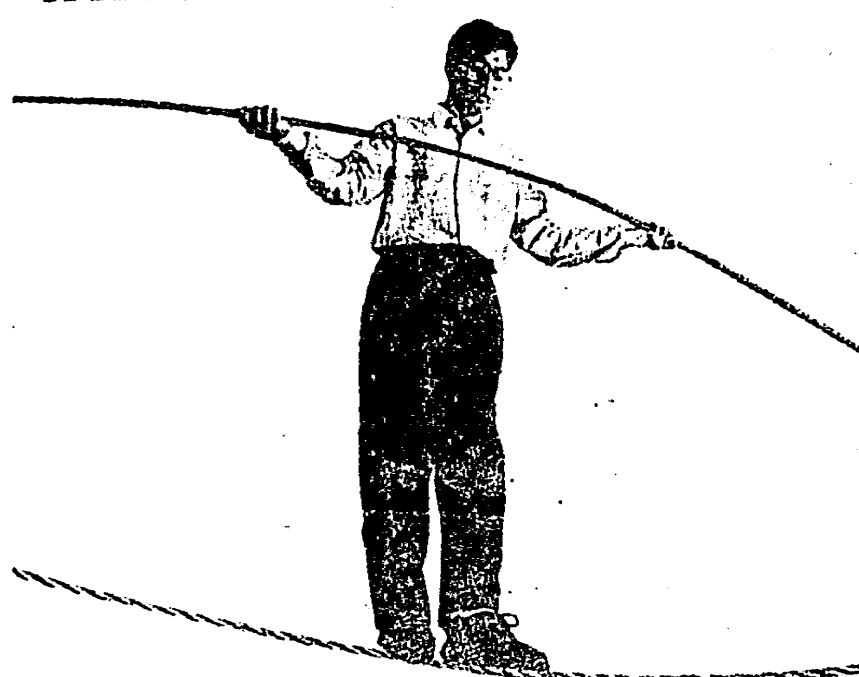
April 6: *Franta*. Dir.: Mathias Allary

April 7: *Wedding*. Dir.: Heiko Schier

April 8: *Motivische* (Motifs and Motives). Dir.: Dietmar Hochmuth.

March 29: Song Recital by Aruna Sundaral (Mezzo Soprano). Founder and Director of the Bangalore School of Music, Aruna Sundaral trained in Germany, Berlin and London. She made her debut in 1970 with the Bombay Philharmonic Orchestra and the Paranjoti Chorus under the German conductor H.J. Koellreutter. Her repertoire includes German lieder, opera arias, oratorio, 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 Council).

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A black day for Madras runners

The Department of Racing, Government of Tamil Nadu, has sadly had to eat humble 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 club.

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-year-old of the year. Unfortunately, even Splendid Role and Patron-in-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 heavily-backed Juvenile Cup favourite. But Madras's most promising juvenile from champion Robert Foley's stable proved a false favourite. He was unplaced.

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 well-backed 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 odds-on 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 Thanks-giving 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 State-level 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 meetings, 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 of.

Fortunately for Tamil Nadu, one of its up and coming cricketers, all-rounder 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 first-ever '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 Juniors

(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)

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. Ram Lakhan Singh Yadav and C. Silveira; 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 *Ashavadanam*. 19. *Girija* by Madhyam; 20. Purandaradasa.

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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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