

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS MUSINGS

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Thank you, says Musings

Indeed, 'Thank you' say *Madras Musings*, its contributors, staff, publishers, supporters and readers for the recognition given to the journal on National Press Day, November 16th, by the Government of Tamil Nadu.

The recognition may have come in the form of felicitation of your Editor as an 'elder in journalism', but the citation and felicitations made it clear that the awareness of Chennai that *Madras Musings* was creating, the catalytic action it had had in this regard on other publications and the contribution it had made to getting the DGP building restored were being recognised on this occasion. It gives *Madras Musings* great pleasure to acknowledge Government's appreciation of the role the fortnightly has been playing in Chennai.

That the Chief Minister, 'an elder in journalism' himself, wanted National Press Day celebrated for the first time in Tamil Nadu, was stated by State Information Minister, V. Mullai-venthan. The choice of *Madras Musings* for recognition would indicate the Chief Minister's interest in heritage and commitment to its preservation. We at *Madras Musings* and all those associated with the publication now look forward to Chief Minister Karunanidhi taking the next step: GIVING TAMIL NADU A HERITAGE ACT. The suggested Act has moved from the Town Planning Department to the Secretariat. We now look forward to its speedy enactment.

Madras Musings also takes this opportunity to thank its supporters and wellwishers. Without their support the journal would not have survived to see the recognition of its concern for the city. May their support of this cause long continue.

The 'elders in journalism', veterans all, who were felicitated on November 16th were A.N. Sivaraman, former Editor, *Dinamani*; S. Viswanathan, Editor, *Savi*; I. Mayandi Bharati; Journalist; Arandhai Narayanan, Film Journalist; I. Shanmuganathan, former News Editor *Dinathanthi*; A.M. Swami, Editor, *Rani*; and your Editor.

— THE EDITOR

● *As Ennore further industrialises*

Threat to island?

An island of approximately 125 sq. km in north metropolitan Chennai, a stretch described as 'a green lung', is under threat. The island, about 25 km in length and 5 km at its broadest, has the entrance to the Pulicat backwaters to its north and the entrance to the Ennore backwaters to the south, the sea to the east, and the Buckingham Canal (once the North River) to the west. Once this island was considered a holiday resort, having on it the building of the Ennore Club, the Binny holiday bungalows and the second Lord Clive's rest and recreation home.

A petroproduct park is what awaits about 7000 acres of this 'green lung', an ecologically sensitive, picturesque, man-made forest with its own flora and fauna.

Already on the island are the new North Chennai

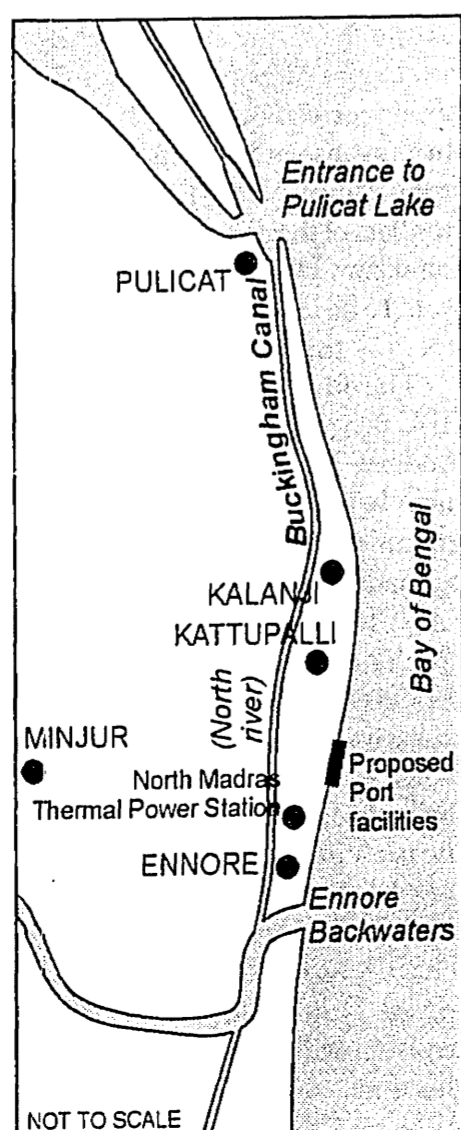
Thermal Power Station and many of the buildings for the new Ennore Satellite Port. The Tamil Nadu Industrial Development Corporation (TIDCO) now wants to set up here a Liquefied Natural Gas (LNG) terminal for a 2000 MW power generation facility and a petroproduct park.

Such facilities would affect the villages of Kattupalli, Kalanji and Vayilooruppam. A feature of these villages is their sand dune formations, which require study by scientists. Cashew, coconut, paddy, and casuarina groves thrive in and around the villages. The casuarina plantations are a natural barrier against coastal erosion and, if felled, will lead to sea erosion of the sort seen along the Ennore Expressway.

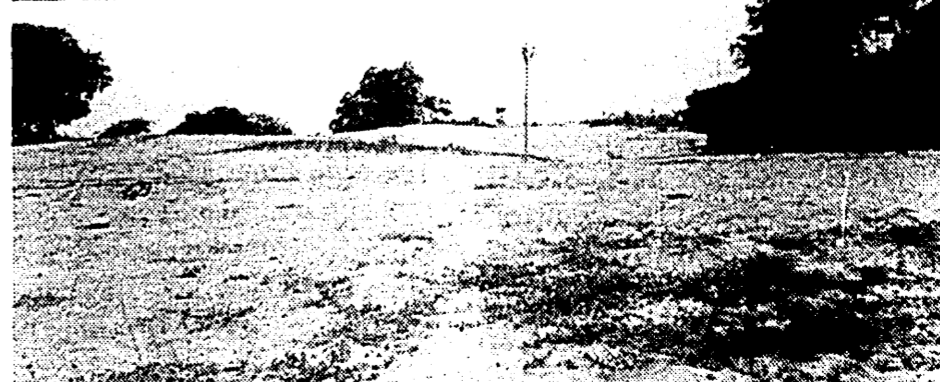
With the construction of the North Chennai Thermal Power Station, a road and a bridge have been laid on the island leading to the Ennore Satellite Port. Otherwise, there are only sand tracks here and transport is by tractor-trailer, Jeep and bullock carts. The villages were once accessible only by catamaran and boat from Ennore through the Buckingham Canal.

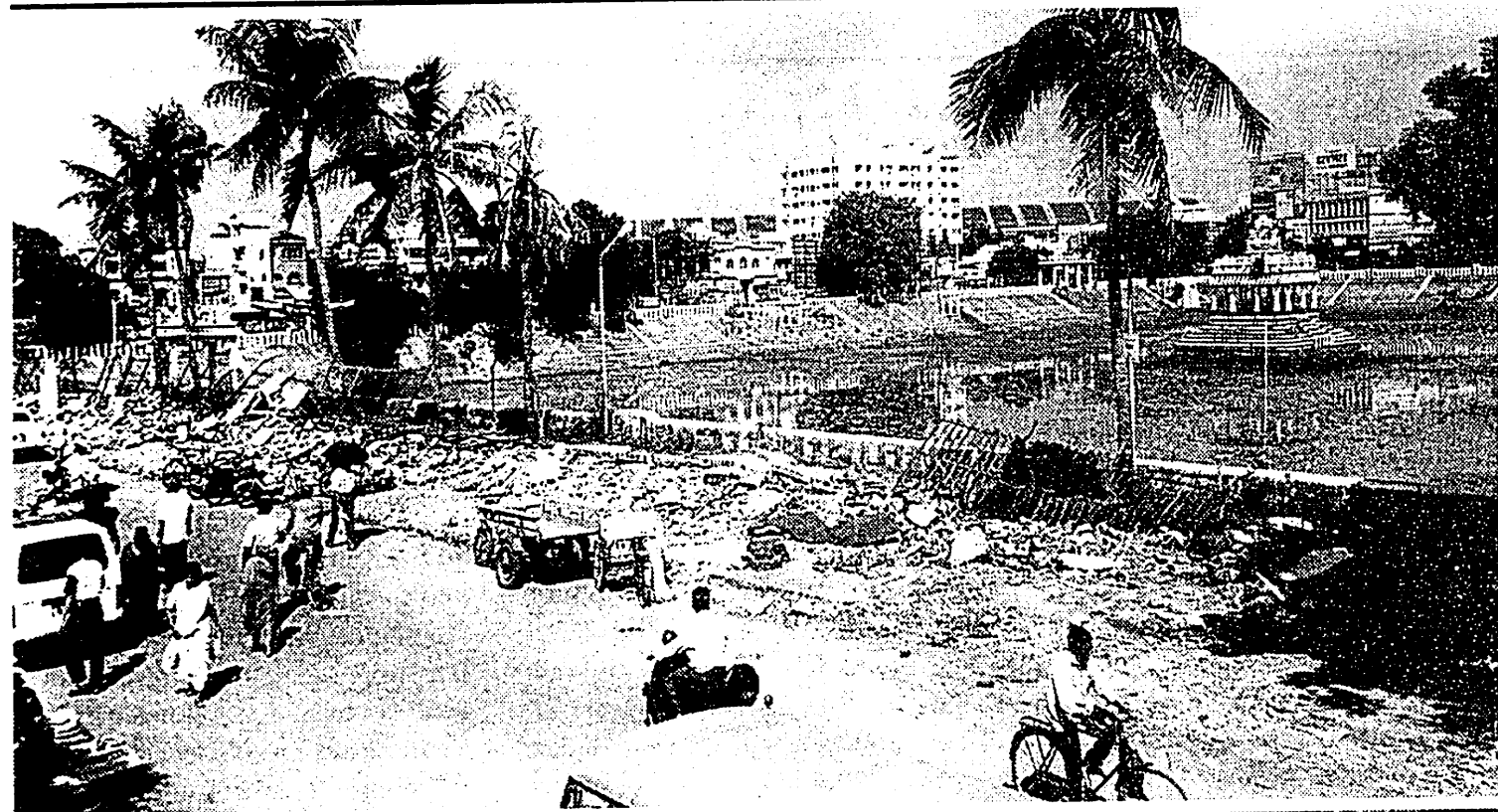
The Pulicat Bird Sanctuary, about 6 km north of the villages, is categorised under

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● These pictures (on right) by RAJIND N CHRISTY are from threatened Kattupalli village on the island between the entrances to the Pulicat and Ennore backwaters. From top to bottom: In India, you'll find cricket being played anywhere, even on a 'road' of beach sand; bullock cart and infrequent tractor-trailers provide the only transport you can hitch a ride on; cashew and casuarina are two of the 'crops' that thrive on an island of sand dunes.





Our OLD and NEW take a different shape this fortnight. They focus on plans to move a market. On top is the rubble of the vegetable market on Kapaleeswarar South Mada Street, Mylapore, that was razed to the ground. Already taking over the space as a parking lot is a variety of traffic, particularly four-wheelers of every description. No one says a word about their occupancy. Neither is a word said about the row of shops (on left in picture above, taken on North Mada Street). Why are they permitted, while the vegetable market is not? "None of your business," said a municipal employee!

Below are West Mada Street and East Mada Street (where work has started on rebuilding the protective wall that had collapsed) alongside Chitrakulam, a block away from the erstwhile vegetable market. Space is being allotted here for a new vegetable market, but the vendors are reluctant to move. The new area will be too crowded and people will avoid the market, they contend. The answer to that is to allow NO traffic at all along the four Chitrakulam Mada Streets, except residents with passes. As for the temple procession once a week, that would be the best day for the market holiday. All parking can be on Kapaleeswarar South Mada Street. And it is time this street and its three fellow streets are made one-way in a clockwise direction, with bus traffic alone being permitted two-way travel on West Kapaleeswarar Mada Street in dedicated lanes.

All this could be worked out amicably if only the Authorities sit down together with the traders' leaders and respected old-time residents of the area and discuss a solution which has and hasn't something for everyone.



THE OLD...

...& THE NEW

Welcoming another Music Season

What N PATTABHIRAMAN expects from young musicians:

'No prostitution of the art'

I speak as a *rasika*. I have been listening to concert music for some 61 years now. I became a *rasika* by listening to great stalwarts. They have opened my eyes to the beauties of Carnatic music with the depth and breadth of their artistic vision and the individuality of their music.

With this background, let me tell young musicians what I look forward to when I attend a Carnatic music concert.

Let me start off by saying: Don't sing or perform!... That is, don't give a performance on the concert stage unless and until you are equipped to do so. [To older musicians, I say: stop performing, if you are no longer able to do it well]. I don't like to listen to under-equipped musicians any more than I like to eat half-baked bread or undercooked idlis or rice. You may argue that you need to get practice. I understand that, but don't practise on the *kutcheri* platform. I don't like that any more than I would like a student of surgery to practise on me!

I expect you to sing *raga* music. You must grasp the fact that the concept of *raga* is unique to Indian music, that Indian music, that Indian music is *raga* music. Therefore, your endeavour must be to image the *raga*, using the *kriti* or composition as the focal point.

Concert music is *art music*. In art music, what must prevail is the element of art, as perceived and presented by the performer as artist. So you, as a performer, must provide your listeners with an elevating experience, through your art, through the expression of your artistic conceptions and sensibilities.

I expect you to have studied the composition well — its structure, and so on, specifically its *sahitya bhava*, so that, when you sing, you develop the *raga* taking into account the clues given in the composition. The *raga's* *bhava* as developed in the *manodharma* segments should accord with the *sahitya bhava* of the *kriti*, so that the entire *kriti* suite projects a single image of the *raga*.

The *kutcheri paddhati* or format that prevails today is, in a sense, largely the creation of the late Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar, but as it is generally utilised today, it is a travesty of

what he conceived and initiated. His purpose in fashioning the format was to introduce variety, to replace the earlier format in which the emphasis was on the elaboration of a single *raga*, with only one or two other compositions preceding it or following it. He himself preferred brief expositions of a number of compositions — in this, he was like a short story specialist. Other stalwarts like Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer and G.N. Balasubramaniam, who revered Ariyakudi as their *manaseeka guru*, grasped that the essence of Ariyakudi approach was variety and not brevity and they chose to make elaborate presentations of the main *kriti* suites in their performances. To present a string of *kriti-s* one after another, virtually jettisoning the *manodharma* aspect, is to misperceive Ariyakudi's approach and miss altogether the unique feature of Indian classical music.

Ariyakudi showed one way to present variety in a performance. There are other ways too. So by all means avoid the formula approach, but display your skills in a subtle manner.

I said art must elevate, but I guess you need to offer some entertainment in order to please the lay listeners in your audience. Don't overdo the entertainment bit, don't be beguiled into thinking that you must cater to the lowest common denominator at all cost. Strike a balance between art and commerce — and never favour commerce to the point that your artistic integrity is compromised or your artistic growth is arrested. In your quest for commercial success, don't prostitute the art.

Lakshana is generally referred to as the grammar. It is the tension between *lakshana*, on the one hand, and *lakshya*, meaning the current application of aesthetics, on the other hand, which invests a classical application of aesthetics, on the other hand, which invests a classical art with dynamism. It is *lakshya* that represents the dynamic element in the equation. But this does not give licence to every Ram, Seeta and Lakshman in the music field to be indifferent to the canons of music, to do what he or she pleases in the name of *lakshya*.

(Continued on Page 6)



Tiziana Leucci, of Rome, whose second home is Chennai.

The dancer from Rome, dedicated to India

The discussion we had gave me an opportunity to learn more about Tiziana Leucci, a familiar figure in Chennai art circles for over a decade now. She is everywhere... at dance programmes, art shows, theatre, lectures on yoga, other performances. At the Krishna Gana Sabha's Natyakala Conference she has always made her presence felt, but few have had the patience to listen to what she has to say; her passion and her Italian accent do not help her gain serious attention.

But there are few more serious scholars than Tiziana who learnt Bharatha Natyam from guru Usha Srinivasan and the martial art of Kalari from Raju at Hastha, Chennai, on an ICCR scholarship. Her PhD was on the *devadasi* tradition of South India which she compared to the priestess cults of early Mediterranean cultures. The high priestesses of Greek and Roman temples were also dedicated to the temples. Their moral rules were much more liberal than those of other women. These rules were related to the earth and fertility cult and the priestesses had children out of wedlock. They were also warriors.

Tiziana's introduction to India was when she was 16 and learning ballet in Rome. She had enrolled for a summer ballet camp and was going to attend a lecture-demonstration by a visiting ballet dancer from Paris when she walked through the wrong arch at the University of Rome. A lecture on another topic was in its last minutes there and she found herself fascinated by it. The

'This won't do', a wider view

'God has Changed His Name,' a theatre production by Avanti Meduri is being presented around the country. Chennai saw it a few weeks ago and here it created a small stir. A European from the audience rushed on to the stage and is said to have screamed. "This won't do". This incident went almost unnoticed by the audience. Many, so confused by the form of presentation, thought it was part of the script.

Many in the audience left early, unable to understand what Avanti was trying to say. Others thought it was crude. Several of those who stayed and had understood what it was all about, disagreed strongly with the view that the British and the Hindu reformist movement

were the villains of the piece who were trying deliberately to destroy the *devadasi* system. Avanti's presentation was based on the work she had done for her Ph.D. on the *devadasi* and the abolition of the system.

A few days later, a few of us met at home to discuss the performance and the theme. Tiziana Leucci's Ph.D. was on the same topic and I wanted to hear her views. Usha Srinivasan, Tiziana's guru, had her own ideas. We ended up hotly debating the subject. But we all agreed that there could be no one opinion on the complex subject of the *devadasi*; every view will be partisan and limited. Avanti Meduri's, placing the blame squarely at the British, was, we felt a naive and simpli-

fic point of view. While there is evidence that the British did bring in laws in the light of women who did not marry and who were dedicated to the



temple having children, the higher-ups had no interest in touching the *devadasi* system, calling it an internal matter. One Viceroy even wrote to the Governor that these were artists and should be considered artists and treated as such; their

young woman speaking was demonstrating beautiful gestures with her hands. Someone told Tiziana they were from an Indian dance. And, from that time, the memory stayed with Tiziana and she kept dreaming of learning the form.

Years later, the dancer Kamadev was visiting Rome for a three-month workshop on Indian dance. Tiziana made sure she was there and, after the workshop, decided she was going to devote herself to Indology, doing her post graduate dissertation on the *Tandava* and *Lasya* aspects of dance and life and the *devadasi* system for her doctoral thesis.

Wanting to learn the art form of the *devadasi*, she applied for a scholarship to go to India and was successful in her second attempt. She came here and became a student of Kalakshetra on an ICCR scholarship in 1987. She felt very comfortable in Madras. "Roman and Madras cultures seem to have a lot in common and I felt very much at home," she says.

Feeling the need to learn from a traditional *nattuvanar*, she went to the late Muthuswamy Pillai. Muthuswamy Pillai was skeptical in the beginning but was very helpful later. While learning dance from him, she spoke to him at length about the *devadasi* practice. While the priestess cults had been abolished centuries earlier in Greek and Roman cultures, it had survived into the 20th Century in India. She

worked on anthropological, sociological and historical material. She went to the Chidambaram temple. She began to cry and laugh at the same time. Though the temple did not touch her in the same way the aesthetics of the Brihadeeswara temple or Hampi had done, she had a strange feeling of belonging at Chidambaram.

Tiziana one day went to a Nadi Josiyar. He located her palm leaf and began to chant some facts from her past which were very accurate... like the violent death of her father's first wife, her mother's upbringing and the death of her siblings. He then went on to tell her about her previous life. "You were the first born girl in an Iyer family in a village near Chidambaram. Your mother had more girls and then the family decided to give you up to the temple as a *devadasi* to get the boon of a boy. They did not get a boy but you were trained in music and dance to be a *devadasi*. You fell in love and ran away from the temple and were drowned at sea. You have come back to finish your debt to Nataraja..." Tiziana danced in the Chidambaram Temple one day and experienced fulfillment.

Tiziana is fascinated by the things that happen to her in India. Ten years ago, she was walking on Mount Road and saw a little boy with a sad face with a book in front of him. He said he wanted to sell it for food. It was obviously stolen property. She paid him five rupees and took the book. It was a book on

personal affairs were not the problems of the state. Muddu Palani's poem, which was banned by the British, was known only after a translation was available. A century later, another *devadasi*, Bangalore Nagarathamma, published these poems. Tiziana says the British banned *sati* because they considered it murder. But the *devadasi* system was too complicated for them to handle. The puritan attitude of 19th Century however, did have its effect on some educated Indians who called for a ban on the system and the ban on it came after India got Independence.

The debate goes on. 'Devadasi' was a word not uttered by people in the Seventies and Eighties. Now it has become fashionable to invoke the name of the *devadasi* in every study. Avanti is the latest to study her showing her in such a poor light as to make a ragdoll of her.

"What fascinates me about Chennai is its mingling of the present with the past... the Kapali temple and all the plastic shops around it... swank cars in small gullies... it is like going to school in Rome... waiting for the bus by an ancient monument... the activity in the streets. The vendors, their rhythmic cries while selling, the mixture of garbage with unbelievable beauty. Like in Rome, everything is alive here, even garbage has its own reality, it is all so sensual."

She has a dream of going back to Rome and founding a cultural centre that will try to bring the two civilisations closer. This Indo-Italian centre will look at Arikamedu inscriptions, Marco Polo's observations as well as today's realities, emphasising the similarities in culture.

Muthuswamy Pillai had made her promise that she would finish her studies and not give them up. She dedicated her Ph.D. thesis to that unknown Indian girl at Rome University into whose lecture she had accidentally walked. But for that mistake...

— V.R.D.



Until December 6: The Other Festival presented by the Arangham Trust. A series of new radically different works by actors, dancers, musicians and painters. (At the Museum Theatre. Details telephone: 8524917)

Throughout December: An exhibition of the origins of Christianity in India.

Christmas carols at the weekends by the children from the neighbouring village. From mid-December, the Margazhi festival temple processions. The craft shop stocks with an exclusive and specially designed collection of Christmas gifts, table linen and Christmas tree decorations. (DakshinaChitra)

Till December 10: Exhibition of the work of V. Ramesh (Apparao Galleries)

December 6: Carols and Solo performances by Young Artists. Choirs: Polyphonics (+Juniors) Subjuniors, Conductor: Gita Menon. (Max Mueller Bhavan Library, 6 pm)

December 9: Piano-recital by Holger Mantey. He performed at the Jazz Yatra. (Max Mueller Bhavan, 7 pm).

December 12: Pottery Workshops (Dakshina Chitra) 10 am to 4 pm. Details telephone: 4918943.

December 12-22: Exhibition of the work of Mithuna (Apparao Galleries)

Till January 10: Exhibition of the work of Haku Shah (Apparao Galleries).

Quizzin' with Ram'nan

(Quizmaster V.V.RAMA-NAN'S questions are for the fortnight November 1 to 15. Questions 16 to 20 pertain to Chenani.)

1. Why was Nishant Bharadwaj, a student in Rajasthan, in the news on November 9th?
2. What historic judgement was delivered in Bangladesh on November 8, 23 years after a gruesome killing?
3. Which Indian won her second World chess crown in Spain on November 16th?
4. What far-reaching judgement did the Madras HC deliver as regards the Jayalalitha corruption case?
5. What world record did Mohd. Azharuddin set on November 6th?
6. Who is the new Formula One world champion?
7. Where in India is the world's tallest building, built by the Maharishi Vedic University, scheduled to come up?
8. Who on November 4 bettered Milkha Singh's 38-year-old 400m mark?
9. What much anticipated telecommunication announcement was made on November 7th?
10. The creator of Batman passed away recently. Who was he?
11. Name the senior official with Reliance Industries who has been linked to Romesh Sharma, who was taken into custody in Delhi.
12. Name the historic daily, operating from Lucknow and considered a torch-bearer of the Freedom movement, whose properties were sold to pay compensation areas.
13. How much has Bill Clinton agreed to pay Paula Jones in an out-of-court settlement in a sexual harassment case?
14. With which coveted award have 8-year-old Anjali Grover and her brother 10-year old Akash Grover been honoured?
15. Name the Indian named the 'Man of the Year' by the world's leading biographical institute, the American Biographical Institute.
16. Which Chennai-based vocalist has been appointed the 'Asthana Vidwan' of the Sri Ahobila Math?
17. What new facility was recently introduced at the Chennai Medical College Research Institute?
18. Name the industrialist honoured with one of Japan's most coveted awards the 'Order of Sacred Treasure, Gold & Silver Star'.
19. Why was Ms. Loretta Andrews, the librarian of the SS Universe Explorer, the floating university which visited Chennai recently, in the news?
20. Where in the city were advance reservation facilities for the Interstate bus service operated by SETC opened on November 9th?

(Answers on Page 7)

There being a noticeably different level of hygiene here in India than in most Western countries, it has been known for newly arrived expats to get somewhat disturbed about it. Ladies I know of get a sudden passion to see that everything is boiled — not only the water but also the things you put the water into. If the truth were known they'd like to boil everything in sight, if only they could! Only the other day I heard of an expat who, while in his cups ("fully drunk" to use Indian English), sacked his driver for refusing to wash his car with boiled water.

Not to worry. Think of all the expats who used to visit my fabulous village house called *The Frogs*, because it was always full of them at the delightfully named village of Thirumullaivayal (means "A Gateway of Jasmine" — isn't that nice?). On many a Sunday morning we'd have rather more expat guests than we'd expected or could reasonably be expected to cope with, and would run out of Spencer's soda water (long gone, I'm afraid), or whatever they liked to put in their gin (Scotch was only on the rare occasions when a diplomatic friend felt kindly towards us!) so we would have to send someone off to the vilage to buy soda water there.

When that happened, he would return with what was known as a Codd's Bottle of soda water. Ever seen a Codd's Bottle? No? I thought not. A Codd's Bottle was made of thick, crude glass with a neck fashioned in such a way that a blue marble was confined in a little chamber inside it. When a bottle was empty the marble rattled about freely. I often wondered how they got it inside there, in the first place. The bottle was filled with water and the gas — CO₂ I suppose

To boil or not to boil?

— somehow added, presumably with the bottle inverted. Above the blue marble was a rubber ring, and when the bottle was turned the right way up again, the blue marble was forced against the rubber forming a gasproof seal. To release it you struck the marble sharply with your thumb held rigidly. The bottle could, of course, be

**One Man's
Madras —
HARRY
MILLER'S**

used again repeatedly. Splendid things, those Codd's Bottles. Original idea. Wonder who originally thought of it. Who was this chap Codd, anyway? I never found out. And I never found out, either, exactly how those bottles were refilled, and how they always got that marble back in place after the CO₂ was forced into the water. Clever, really clever. If you see one about, grab it quick and take it back home with you. Many years ago I was told that in the U K they were regarded as antiques and were worth 25 quid apiece. At that time I could have brought thousands, but I haven't seen one for years.

But to come back to those sodas from the village, I never

inquired closely mind you, but I knew that for some reason wells in that area produced only saline water, and I strongly suspect that, like all the villagers' water supply, our soda came from the lotus pond, outside the Mariamman temple just up the road. Rather lovely and idyllic, no doubt, but of questionable hygienic standards. I very much doubt whether any of our villagers would have thought even of filtering the pond water, let alone boiling it.

Successions of expat visitors to *The Frogs*, and of course their many children, therefore came and went, having partaken of our village pond water in their drinks, never dreaming that the source of that water might be open to the skies and to many other possible but unmentionable sources of pollution. And do you know, I never once heard of any of our visitors going down with the trots, let alone the nastier things like amebiasis, or hepatitis, all those other virus problems that seem to plague newcomers to the tropics, much to the interest and profit of the medical profession, not to mention the pharmaceutical companies.

So let's be realistic about this. Spencer's sodas, for example, had been consumed by

generations of Brits and others long before you and I ever thought of coming here, without any noticeably ill effects. Do you suppose the thousands of sodas, tonic waters, lemonades, and other drinks they produced all contained water that had been boiled? If it had, the price would have been trebled.

Now I know what you're going to say. They use things called aquaguards with high-powered ultra-violet sources, since UV light kills all living things, including viruses. Well, maybe they do, but considering the millions of soft drinks consumed in this country every day, they'd need an awful lot of ultra-violet sources, unless they took their bottling plant down to the Antarctic and set it up under that celebrated Ozone Hole. Even so, remember the old days before there were any aquaguards and ozone holes, the days I am talking about. How did they sterilise the water for soft drinks in those days? Dare I suggest that they never even tried? I suspect that like us at *The Frogs* they contented themselves with filtering it to remove gross matter, and let the viruses look after themselves.

You see, dear, you're in the tropics now and you really can't be all that fussy. Grin and bear it, is what I always say, and what the best doctors will tell you — like the wonderful missionary doctors I used to know at the great Christian Medical College and Hospital at Vellore, ninety miles west of Madras — the sooner you build up a little resistance to the local bugs the better.

So don't let fanciful worries about hygiene and boiling everything get you down. — (Courtesy — *At a Glance*, Global Adjustments' House Journal).

COOKING with Chandra CABBAGE VADA

Ingredients
1 cup finely chopped cabbage
4 green chillies finely chopped
6 tbs chopped coriander leaves
Oil for frying
4 tbs gram flour
1 onion finely chopped
1 pieces ginger finely
1 egg chopped
salt to taste

Method:

Mil all the ingredients except egg, gram flour and oil. Crush well with your hand.
Add egg and gram flour and mix well.
Heat oil.
Form the cabbage mixture into small vada. Place in hot oil and deep fry to a golden brown. Serve with coconut chutney or pudina chutney.
— Chandra Padmanabhan

Courtesy: Sruti

NOSTALGIA

The turbanned intellectuals

It was mentioned in a recent article that appeared in a Chennai paper that Dr. S. Radhakrishnan wore a black turban. I was rather taken aback. I first heard S. Radhakrishnan 70 years ago when he addressed the State Scout Council at Mysore. I later had the opportunity to listen to him in Coimbatore, Periyanaikkan Palayam and Ottappalam, Kerala. He always wore a graceful white turban. The mention of 'black', therefore, comes as a surprise.

If also reminds me of a galaxy of giants from Madras, all turban-wearing intellectuals, who would frequently visit my hometown, Bangalore.

P.S. Sivaswamy Iyer used to visit Bangalore every summer. Several friends would join him on his walks. D.V. Gundappa was one. He writes in his memoirs that Sivaswamy Iyer was very strict about dress decorum. Once, Gundappa turned up with dhoti tied as dhutti. This was not what Sivaswamy Iyer expected a grihastha to do. He frowned and asked D.V.G. if he had no time to tie a pancha-kuchey (traditional style).

C.P. Ramaswamy Iyer spoke in 1928 to a well-attended gathering in the Central College High School quadrangle. K.P. Puttanna Chettiar, a respected senior citizen, was the Chairman. Just as the lecture was about to begin, the Diwan, Mirza Ismail, the highest dignity of the town, dropped in unannounced so keen was he on listening to C.P. Seating arrangements were rapidly rearranged on the dais. With a white turban crowning his head and wearing an impeccable three-piece European style suit, polished shoes and white spats, C.P. spoke on the Indian political scene till the late 20s, pouring out precise dates and happenings. As a youngster listening to all this, I wished C.P. had been my history teacher. I also felt that he was a fastidious fashion plate.

T.R. Venkatarama Sastriar who frequently visited Bangalore on legal work, was famous for resigned the Law Membership of the Madras Governor's Council, just a week after accepting it, as he found that the Governor had removed the police portfolio

from the purview of the law minister. Sastriar once delivered the convocation address of the Mysore University. His erudite lecture included many



...and V.S. Srinivasa Sastrri

Upanishadic sayings. Pronouncing them all in the correct chanting style, he provided a rare experience for the lucky listeners like me and the Maharaja who presided.

V.S. Srinivasa Sastrri delivered many lectures in Bangalore, the most prominent one being a three-evening series he delivered on Gokhale. When my scout troop had troop day to celebrate, we made bold to request Srinivasa Sastrri to preside. He readily accepted, to the consternation of people like D.V. Gundappa who was present on the occasion. They felt that a small scout troop should not have disturbed such an important person like the Rt. Hon. Sastrri for such a small function. Nevertheless, the great man turned up on time and enjoyed the time he spent with the boys. In the agenda for the President's talk we had printed "President's yarn", as was the habit of scouts. When it was the President's turn to

speak, he got up and said, "I am going now to spin my yarn" and spun a 'yarn' of correct length and quality!

A. Rangaswamy Iyengar, the Editor of *The Hindu* was another I heard at the Central College, Bangalore.

Alladi Krishnaswamy Iyer was frequent Bangalore visitor. He once appeared for the bar in the famous 'Chief Justice Mahadevaiah v/s the Bar' case in the High Court of Mysore. The hall was filled and he made a forceful speech emphasising that dignity and diplomacy necessitate good understanding between the bench and the bar.

C. Vijayaraghava Chariar under whom Rajaji commenced his practice at Salem, was another who wore a graceful turban. Yet another white-turbanned legal luminary Bangaloreans regularly saw in those days was Justice Vepa Ramesam. He presided over the Vidurastwatha firing enquiry committee. L.S. Raju, the counsel for the public, was trying his best, by defiant and sometimes discourteous manners, to question the district magistrate. Justice Ramesam



The turbanned intellectuals...the Arcot Twins...

tolerated all this with great restraint. (Several years later, when I chanced to meet Sir Vepa Ramesam's son, he told me how annoyed his father had been over Raju's behaviour).

V.V. Srinivasa Iyengar, who visited to do legal work as well as deliver learned lectures always sported a laced turban.

The famous Arcot twins, Ramaswamy Mudaliar and Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, also wore their turbans well, blending more with the Mysore style. Another who wore a lace turban was T.L. Venkatarama Iyer, the Supreme Court Judge who gave erudite talks on matters of music.

T. Vijayaraghava Chariar, the expert on agricultural matters, once spoke under the chairmanship of N.S. Subba Rao, another intellectual. Vijayaraghava Chariar wore a red turban reminding me of the Madras police constable or the red headed matchstick of those days. T.V.C. narrated how at a social gathering in England, a prize was announced to the

person who would pronounce his name correctly and he was the only person to do so!

C.V. Raman had made Bangalore his home though Madras had every claim on him. The real Raman effect was once you heard him speak. He wore a dignified turban always.

Chakkarai Chettiar, a prominent public figure in Madras, wore a turban. But it was not white.

One lady in the Madras of those days wore a turban. As a scout, one early morning, I accompanied others to welcome the Commissioner of the Indian Boys Scout Association who was arriving by the Madras Mail. The train came and from the first class compartment stepped Dr. Annie Besant dressed in scout uniform with a scout turban on her head.

What a galaxy these famous personalities of Madras were, all brilliant, all turbanned. It's sad we have to bid such brilliance and turbans goodbye.

T. Raja Iyengar

ISLAND UNDER THREAT

(Continued from Page 1)

Coastal Regulation Zone I (CRZ) in the Coastal Management Plan of Tamil Nadu. The avifauna that migrates to the sanctuary also roosts in these villages. Foxes, jackals, and rabbits can also be spotted. Any erosion of the Pulicat Lake may see the sea engulfing the lake,

endangering the brackishwater fauna, particularly the wealth of prawns.

The villagers of the area sent a memorandum to the Chief Minister in 1994, when the Government contemplated setting up industries here. Now Government has issued notice to the Kattupalli village

panchayat to acquire land for the petroproduct park.

Madras Musings wonders whether the authorities have done an Environmental Impact Assessment here. Certainly, no public hearing has been offered the villagers concerned. So, what happens next?

Rajind N. Christy

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. He immolated himself in protest against the slow declaration of results by Rajasthan University; 2. Death sentences to 15 persons involved in the assassination of Sheikh Mujibur Rehman, the founding father of Bangladesh, and his family members; 3. Koneru Humpy; 4. It upheld the Constitutional validity of the Judges appointed for the cases; 5. Highest run-getter in one-day Internationals; 6. Finland's Mika Hakkinen; 7. Karondi village of M.P.; 8. Paramjit Singh of Police; 9. Privatisation of Internet service providers; 10. Bob Kane;

11. V. Balasubramaniam; 12. *National Herald*; 13. \$850,000; 14. Geeta and Sanjay Chopra awards for bravery; 15. Prof Prithiranjana Sengupta

* * *

16. Thrissur V Ramachandran; 17. A specialist clinic to treat patients afflicted with spastic and movement disorders; 18. A.M.M. Arunachalam, Chairman of the Murugappa Group; 19. Crossing transnational boundaries, she had donated her eyes and kidneys; she was killed by a city bus; 20. T. Nagar and Tambaram.

TN trio carry India's hopes

Three Chennai hockey players will play major roles in the Indian team's attempt to repair the damage it has suffered in the international arena in the recent past. Former Olympian Charles Cornelius says Tamil Nadu's L. Prabhakaran and Mohammed Riaz, both forwards, and Thirumalvalavan, half back, are playing very well at present and India will depend on them much as it targets a medal at the 13th Asian Games in Bangkok in the next two weeks.

Riaz and Prabhakaran are products of the SAI Hostel, Chennai where they fine-tuned their skills under Charles. He helped Riaz improve from a slow mover to an attacking all-rounder who could play both half and forward. In the past, forwards did not defend and vice versa. Nowadays, you have to be an all-rounder to be successful in hockey. "We, at SAI, trained him to meet the international standard", says Charles of his association with Riaz. "Like Riaz, Prabhakaran is now a complete player and can be used anywhere," he adds.

The SAI aims to teach total hockey to those who have learnt the basics of the game, and reached a certain level. The 40-week-a-year training programme is divided into five stages, according to Charles, Officer on Special Duty in charge of the SAI Hostel, Chennai. In the preparatory stage, physical training is given

importance. Technical and tactical aspects of the game are a part of the next two phases, while the last two phases encourage the trainees to play in various competitions. Experts are called in to supervise the building up of strength, speed and endurance levels and to monitor their physical fitness.



Mohd. Riaz, an all-round player on whom India pins its hopes.

Thirumalvalavan, following in Riaz's footsteps.

Riaz, Prabhakaran and Thirumalvalavan have shown the way to Chennai. SAI Hostelites by winning the national colours. Many promising players are waiting to follow them. Among them are Senthil Kumar, a member of the silver medal-winning Indian team in the Junior World Cup at Milton Keynes last year; India's second team player to Hamburg, Germany, Radhakrishnan; goalkeeper Natarajan, full-back Rajkumar, Mohammed Nuwaz (younger brother of Riaz), Vimalnathan and Gopinathan.

The training includes three sessions a week, of two hours each, on the Mayor Radhakrishnan Stadium's astro turf.

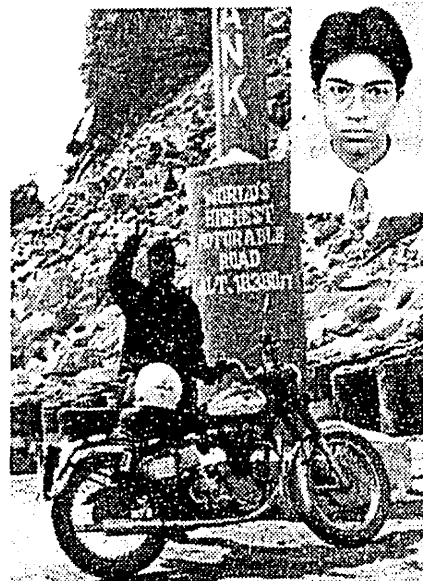
Each player is given a kit worth Rs 3,000. Importance is given to diet, the monitoring ensuring a calorie content of 5000 to 6000.

Retired NIS coach Deendayalan trained Riaz for some time in his formative years at the YMCA. He spotted Riaz in the catch them young competitions in Dindigul in the early Eighties. "He impressed everyone with his scoring ability and passing," he recalls.

Former State player, Indian Bank's R. Senthil, who has spent many years with Thirumalvalavan and Prabhakaran on the bank team, says India lacks a scorer and it is here that the Riaz-Thiru combination can come in handy. Senthil who took over as the State coach recently, went to the Commonwealth Games in Kuala Lumpur as an IHF observer. Recalling that competition, he says, India failed with scoring opportunities and penalty corner conversions. Thiru was very consistent and Prabhakaran moved fastest with the ball in possession.

India's main weakness lies with its penalty corner conversions. "We must also concentrate on possessing the ball for longer durations and run fast with it", feels Senthil. Both he and Charles hope the three Madras boys will make the difference at Bangkok.

— G. Krishnan



S Varun atop the highest point on the world's highest motorable road, not far from Leh.

Kashmir were the bigger problems he had to face, but perseverance saw him through. He had learnt some simple repair skills before leaving but, fortunately, they were not needed. During the entire journey, he had just one flat tyre enroute to Delhi, and he had to go in for a new tyre-and-tube set to take him across the deserts of Rajasthan, the rocky roads and steep climbs ahead.

After three-and-a-half weeks of hard riding, he reached Leh and following two friendly Kashmiri truck drivers, passed through Kargil and Drass to reach the world's highest motorable

18-year-old's 41-day expedition

To Leh & back on a mo'bike

An advertisement in a neighbourhood newspaper in March 1998 inspired 18-year-old S. Varun to set out on an expedition to Khardungla, 40 km from Leh, on a motorbike. The 40-odd applicants dropped out one by one and finally, Varun alone ventured out on his uncle's 350 cc Enfield Bullet, covering approximately 9,500 km in 41 days in August-September.

"The idea was to explore the country and meet as many people as possible," says Varun. Three-and-a-half-years ago, he had toured South India on a bicycle along with his school athletics coach. It was after this trip that Varun began showing a greater interest in adventure ... and the trip to Leh has been the ultimate till now.

Having secured his driving licence on completing 18, Varun began working on his route chart with Girish, who had done the same route twice. Language would be no barrier as he knew Hindi.

Loneliness and damaged roads, especially in Jammu &

road, its altitude at Khardungla being 13,830 m.

His father, Santhanaraman, who deals in medical equipment, bore the tour expenses of around Rs. 40,000 while Santhanaraman's friends honoured the petrol bills. Enfield's provided free services all along the way.

"His cycle expedition experience helped him a lot," says his mother, who adds, "he would call home every evening to inform us about his whereabouts so we never had to worry, it was only the nights he had to spend in the chill that worried me."

The bespectacled Varun is now planning to explore North-east India. And then China in two or three years time. But he has an eye on motor-racing for the future. That he has an empathy for vehicles and tracks is amply attested by his achievement: undertaking such a trip within just a few months of obtaining his driving licence, and that too, all alone.

— G. K.

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