

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS MUSINGS

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● HERITAGE BUILDINGS

Must they become museums?

The Police Commissioner's office has moved into a spanking new ten-storied building that is state-of-the-art. The Corporation is all set to move early next year into a new annexe built in the Ripon Building precinct. In both cases it has been decided that the structures that housed these offices earlier will become museums. While the fact that the older edifices are to be preserved is welcome, do they have to be turned into museums? Why not keep them as vibrant and functioning offices?

You just need to see some of the museums that already exist in the city to know what eventually becomes of such institutions. The Fort Museum as we read in the columns of this publication a few weeks ago is very much behind the times in its quality of display. The Egmore Museum fares better, but that is not saying much. The bronze gallery is good because of its contents, but as for its layout it is not anything to write home about. And then there are several museums that are hardly

visited by anyone. The Elliot's Museum in the Ophthalmic Institute is perhaps the best instance of this. But in all these cases, it is the museums that are to be blamed, for they hardly advertise their presence. They are most visitor-unfriendly, have no brochures and never a qualified docent is available to take you around.

And there are others that remain a mystery. Take for instance the Museum of Musical Instruments that is supposed to be at the rear of Poompuhar on Mount Road. It is not even listed in the Government's own publications. So where is the question of it ever receiving any attention or care? Today it is a moot point as to whether it even exists. Far worse is the case of the Madras University museum that was supposed to come up in the Senate House. It never made it beyond the planning stage. A tacky exhibition of photographs, open at highly restricted hours, was the only outcome and now even that has gone.

All this goes to show that we are not really good at museum maintenance or management, more so when such institutions are run by the Government. This is not the case with similar places abroad. Each is professionally run, and the displays are never the same, making every visit to the place a fresh experience. There are programmes tailor-made for various age groups, thereby ensuring that

(Continued on page 7)

● By
The Editor

Restoration – but at what speed?

At long last, the promised amount for the restoration of the National Gallery has come through. Funds amounting to Rs. 11 crore for the exercise have been transferred to the Museum that owns the National Gallery, nearly six months after the announcement was made by the Chief Minister in the Assembly. But this delay is nothing compared to the ten years that the structure has been awaiting restoration. Such delays are common when it comes to heritage restoration in the city and we must be thankful that there are at least plans afoot for conserving this building and not demolishing it.

Inspired by the Bulund Durwaza at Fatehpur Sikri, the structure, clad in pink sandstone, was one of two buildings planned to commemorate Queen Victoria's golden jubilee, the other being the Victoria Public Hall. The foundation stone was laid in the Museum campus by the Prince of Wales



The National Art Gallery – soon to be restored?

in 1905. Designed by Henry Irwin, it was completed in 1909 and became home of the Victoria Technical Institute. In 1951, it was named the National Gallery of Art and home of several Indian masterpieces.

Poor maintenance, coupled with certain inherent flaws in its design – the dome being a weak

point (PWD), IIT Madras and the Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage (INTACH) to restore the building.

There are, however, several questions left unanswered. The basis on which the budget for restoration was arrived at is a mystery. It is unclear as to whether a study was done prior to this. If so, this has not been made public and so it is not certain as to what methods of restoration have been recommended. Secondly, it is to be hoped that the process of hiring contractors will not be left to the PWD. That department may have expertise for new structures but when it comes to heritage buildings, it has, as in the instance of the Chepauk Palace, shown that it is quite at sea. Thirdly, there are unconfirmed theories floating around that the sandstone cladding is to be removed for structural strengthening of the building.

● by A Special
Correspondent

point – saw the building going to seed from the 1990s. In 2002 it was declared an unsafe structure and emptied of its contents. It was cordoned off and left as it was. This only served to weaken the structure further. Conservationists have been expressing concern over the fate of the building and the present move comes as a shot in the arm.

The Government has constituted a three-member committee comprising representatives of the Public Works Depart-

(Continued on page 3)



● A heartening report

Nizhal offers hope for trees

One of the most heartwarming Annual Reports to come *Madras Musings'* way is the 2012-2013 report of Nizhal, the NGO focussed on trees. Here are excerpts from it.

● The ongoing **Green Prisons Programme** is all set for the next major step – the marketing of the vermicompost generated. The Nizhal team and the prison authorities have worked in a sustained manner towards this.

Excellent reports from prison officials on work at Puzhal, Madurai, Palayamkottai (which currently showcases an excellent integrated farming model), Coimbatore, Salem, Trichy, Pudukottai, Vellore and Cuddalore prisons have been received. Many have about 1000 kg of compost ready to be marketed.

The prison campuses are greener, and so are the minds of all those participants who relish the organic vegetables and fruits they grow in their kitchen gardens. Puzhal Women's Prison has recorded an amazing transformation with organic vegetables and composting work going ahead full steam.

* * *

● Nizhal is now working with the Chennai Corporation to sensitise **Green Corporation Schools** and to develop one Model School in each of the 15 Zones across Chennai. The aim is to get students interested in sensitive greening – green campuses, tree care, composting leaf litter, and raising organic vegetables. The idea is to create green working minds in order to make their neighbourhoods green too, aided by their experience with greening in their institutions.

The schools Nizhal has already started with in the **Palliyil Nizhal** programme are:

Chennai High School, Kottur; Chennai High School, Tiruvanmuyur; Chennai High School, Ashok Nagar; Chennai Boys' High School, Nungambakkam; Chennai Middle School, Gandhigram; and Chennai Middle School, NS Garden, R.A. Puram.

Nizhal is developing Chennai High School, Tiruvanmiyur, as a model **Pasumai Palli** for its green project *Nam sattu, nam kaiyil*. Quizzes, organic vegetable patches, composting practices and increasing biodiversity will be the focus during the year.

Apart from its work with Chennai Corporation high schools, Nizhal is involved with several private schools across the city.

* * *

● There has been a steady flow of enthusiasts into the **Kotturpuram Tree Park** and very soon it will be a "must visit" urban biodiversity area in Chennai.

Many of the native species have been attracting fauna of various kinds – we regularly see brilliant coloured insects, birds, mon-goose and herds of deer too!

The compound wall on the river bank side is being raised by the Corporation.

The Friends of Kotturpuram Tree Park has been registered as a society, and works at involving citizens in creating an urban biodiversity park.

* * *

● Chennai Corporation has invited Nizhal to suggest trees for planting in various **tree parks** in several zones. Nizhal has visited park areas in Zones 5,9,11,13,14 and 15 and has drawn up plans for these parks. Plans are afoot to get them going with Corporation support and community involvement. Madhavaram Tree Park has been a challenging tree park, but around 200 saplings have been planted during the year.

* * *

● Nizhal has led several **Tree Walks**. Kotturpuram Tree Park has been much sought after venue for tree walks for two reasons: chiefly for the variety of species it boasts and secondly, for the story of its development – entirely by volunteers – from concept to completion. Walks have been held at as many as 20 other venues in the city.

* * *

● Nizhal has been constantly in touch with the Chief Minister's Cell and the Forest Department on the enactment of an **Urban Trees Preservation Act** for Tamil Nadu. Last year, the Minister in charge announced it officially, and we hope that it will come into effect very soon.

Immensely Irritating Technology

Once upon a time, when *The Man from Madras Musings* was a Child from Calcutta City, there were diverse uncles and aunts who harboured a fond hope that MMM would one day make it to the hallowed portals of a top-ranking technical institution of the country, known by three letters and having its presence at several locations. Blessings to that effect would be freely dispensed whenever MMM was made to prostrate before elders. Not that MMM objected. He too dreamed of it but stopped there.

For gaining admission into these meccas of technology involved a lot of hard work, intelligence of the first grade and, above all, achieving something called centum in mathematics. Towards the first MMM had apathy, of the second he had what can only be termed second class and as for the third, he had never got to know of what it was. And, so, MMM and the three-letter

of projectors in sickness and in health was beyond his capabilities.

Hands were wrung and eyes rolled heavenwards. It transpired that the only man who knew how to deal with it was on leave. Surely there must be an understudy, said MMM. After much reluctance the substitute was summoned and he, having disconnected the cable from MMM's laptop, proceeded to connect it back to the original computer. This done, he disconnected it again and plugged it into MMM's laptop. Once again everyone looked at the screen. Nothing happened.

By now the audience, all energetic students, was restive. MMM, therefore, suggested that he copies his presentation on an external disc and play it from the originally connected computer. This was readily agreed to and, when implemented, everything worked well.

MMM think he was going asked the cop. MMM explained that he had come for a meeting and that as he knew that the Fort was short on parking space, he had asked his driver to drop him at the gate.

Did MMM not know that walking in through the gate was disallowed, asked the custodian of the gate. MMM said he did not and was prepared to go back and return through another entrance. That would not do, said the keeper-of-the-peace, for it would entail walking out through the gate which was also disallowed. Matters had reached an impasse and MMM's vehicle was blocking the entrance. There was a sudden barking on the walkie-talkie. From the tone of it MMM could guess that someone important was en-route to the Fort and that if MMM and his vehicle were not cleared out at once, there would be hell to pay. The bark was not decipherable, but it made it

SHORT 'N' SNAPPY

institution remained on distant terms. Not that this has ever reduced MMM's respect for these institutions. If he had had a hat, he would have doffed it in salute at these pillars of technical excellence.

Be that as it may, of late the local instance of the three-lettered institution seems to have taken a liking to MMM, and recently invited him to give a talk. MMM was happy to do so. Just a drive through the verdant campus was enough compensation, though the institution did not stop with that and was most generous in other ways.

Going there, MMM had visions of entering an island of efficiency. He dreamt of cutting-edge classrooms, the latest in gadgetry and a clockwork precision in working. Everything went well till MMM entered the classroom, laptop in hand. This was to be connected to a projector that sat, spider-like, in the midst of a web of cables going hither and thither. This was connected to an existing computer. All very much akin to what can be seen in Government offices. MMM was pointed to a cable, which he was asked to disconnect from the computer and plug into his laptop for the projector to show his presentation on screen. MMM did as instructed and waited. Nothing happened. Everyone looked expectantly at MMM and he had to say that the treatment

The power to the computer kept switching on and off and this was attributed to a loose contact which, judging by the way people spoke of it, appeared to have been in existence since the institute's inauguration. The solution was to have a visiting card box pushed under the plug so that it would remain in place. MMM cannot say that his presentation was a success but the audience which had settled into a post-lunch stupor, at least did not heckle him.

Back in the security of his home, MMM picked up the external disc and connected it to his own laptop. There was a flicker and then every virus imaginable loaded itself on to MMM's laptop. That was the super-hi-tech institution's parting kiss.

So much for an institution that is internationally tall!

Open wide ye gates...

The Man from Madras Musings had driven up to Fort St George. No casual visitor to the museum was he; on the other hand, he was calling on an important functionary of the Government. Alighting at the gate, he bade his driver to park at the lot provided for this opposite the Fort. He was entering the gate on foot when a safari-clad representative of the Law, complete with walkie-talkie but mercifully no gun, halted MMM and the chauffeur-driven car. Where did

clear that if MMM and car were to be dumped into the moat, it could not care less.

The man who had blocked MMM saluted the walkie-talkie and replaced it. He then mopped his brow, opened MMM's car and pushed MMM in. "Get on, get on," he pleaded. "But where to?" asked MMM. From his glare MMM could make out that the man wanted MMM to go to perdition. But he had also decided that MMM was better as a friend than a foe. "Please go ahead, Sir," he said.

It was MMM's turn to point out to him that he had earlier forbidden MMM from going in. "Oh that was when you were on foot. Now you are in a car. Please go in and get dropped at the alighting point. Send your car back to the outside parking lot. When you want it, come back here. I will personally call for your car." All this was said in an increasingly pleading note. MMM is kind-hearted, if not anything else. He moved on as instructed. But he could not help reflecting on the plight of the average pedestrian.

Tailpiece

The Man from Madras Musings read this recently on twitter: What is the worst prospect when it rains cats and dogs? Hailing autorickshaws!

On that happy note, enjoy the monsoon while it lasts.

– MMM

**OUR
READERS
WRITE**



A statue in waiting

In cataloguing the heritage of Kilpauk (MM, October 1st), those on the Kilpauk Walk missed the monument in Tailor's Road called 'Bashyam Naidu Poonga', which was raised by the Corporation of Madras when Venkatasamy Naidu, the eldest son of Thimmappa Bashyam Naidu, was Mayor of Madras.

Recently, when I wrote to the Mayor of Chennai to permit installation of a statue of K. Venkatasamy Naidu in the Bashyam Naidu Poonga, the plea was rejected on the ground that there is a Supreme Court judgment barring installation of any statue. What is regrettable is that a political group has installed a tomb of a person by name Bashyam in the Park, but the Corporation is silent on this irregularity. Meanwhile, Venkatasamy Naidu Statue lies derelict in sculptor Mani Nagappa's studio. Venkatasamy Naidu distinguished himself as a Councillor for 30 continuous years and also as a member of the Legislative Assembly and as Mayor of Madras. He was Minister of Religious Endowments and Registrations in Rajaji's Cabinet.

K. Muralidhar

GB Praba Apartments

10/17, Bishopwallers Avenue East, Mylapore, Chennai 600 004

Footnote: The *Madras Musings* report of October 1st mentioned the name Santhanam Chetty. It should be Santhanam Ketty.



The Bashyam Naidu statue and poonga.

'We did it'

Writing about the Schmidt memorial, your Special Correspondent mentioned that a private foundation was spearheading the study of the edifice. I would like to state that only two individuals (Dr. T.D. Babu and I) initiated this study. Till date we are monitoring the progress (or lack of it) on a daily basis.

We are very keen to observe the 82nd anniversary of the memorial on December 30, 2013.

Kamakshi Subramaniyan

kamakshi.subramaniyan@gmail.com

A caring 'Boss'

S.S. Vasan, the gentle colossus in moviedom, never missed paying salaries regularly to his employees. Even the actors/actresses were paid monthly, like the office staff.

Vasan was one of the first to provide a shelter for the watchman at his bungalow to protect him from sun and rain. His house can even now be identified as the only one with a watchman's shelter in Edward Elliot's Road, the present Radhakrishnan Salai.

His daughter's marriage was a great grand event; everyone had free entry to the marriage hall as well as to the dining hall.

V. Chinnaswamy

1, Jai Nagar 16th Street
Arumbakkam
Chennai 600106



Why can't this
be done to this



which is now like this?



A name to remember

In this letter to Chennai Metro Rail, Jefferis Donald Evans D'Angelis, a descendant of Giacomo D'Angelis who once was the leading hotelier in Madras, writes:

I think a subway station in Mount Road (Anna Salai) will demolish what remains of the old building of the Hotel D'Angelis. I suggest you leave the old facade of the Hotel D'Angelis, hopefully as it was in 1906, and behind the facade build the station Anna Salai. I have seen in London old buildings constructed as early as 1900 being used for tube stations.

In Chile, where I live, we retain the old buildings. My picture shows the facade of the old newspaper *El Mercurio* as an example of what could be done in Chennai.

I think in memory of my grandfather, you could put a small plaque saying 'Founder Hotel D'Angelis and Son' in the station. Better still name the station after Giacomo D'Angelis.

Jefferis Donald Evans D'Angelis
jeffevans21@gmail.com

AT WHAT SPEED?

(Continued from page 1)

This is a very cumbersome process and it is doubtful whether expertise for this exists

among authorised vendors of the PWD. Lastly, it is not certain as to what time frame, if any, has been stipulated for this restoration. Given the weakened state of the building, any

delay can prove to be fatal. The most important step, and one that needs to be done immediately, according to structural experts, is to provide for a scaffolding that will shore up the building and prevent any further damage during the current monsoon.

Government has taken the right step in planning the restoration of the National Gallery. It must take this further by making this effort a benchmark for future restorations. For this it needs to relax its rule-bound and slow procedures and identify processes and vendors that are best suited for the restoration. It must not be taken up with a view to satisfying existing rules, which are most unsuitable for heritage conservation. And once completed, the building must be put to active use, unlike the *Senate House* and the *Connemara Public Library's* reading room, both of which were kept locked after expensive restoration efforts, only to degenerate again. Do we have such a vision in place?

OUR ADDRESSES

For matters regarding subscriptions, donations, non-receipt of receipts etc.: CHENNAI HERITAGE, 5, Bhattad Tower, 30, Westcott Road, Royapettah, Chennai 14.

Madras Musings now has its own email ID. Letters to the editor can be sent via email to editor@madrasmusings.com. Those who wish to intimate change of address can also do so provided the subscription number is quoted.

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No personal visits or telephone calls, please. Letters received will be sent from these addresses every couple of days to the persons concerned and you will get an answer from them to your queries reasonably quickly. Strange as it may seem, if you adopt the 'snail mail' approach, we will be able to help you faster and disappoint you less.

— THE EDITOR

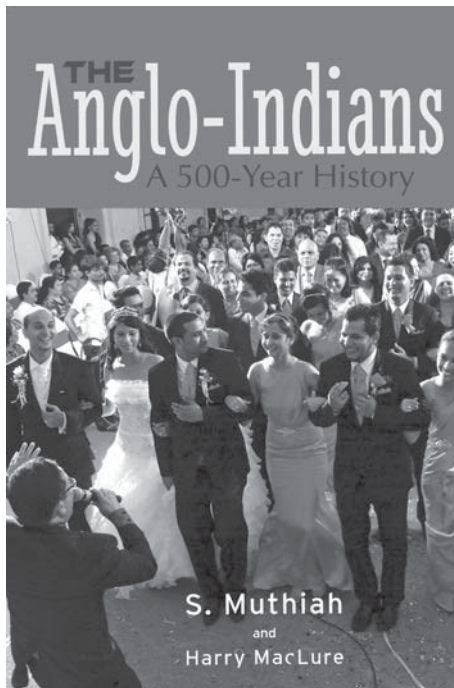
MADRAS MUSINGS ON THE WEB

To reach out to as many readers as possible who share our keen interest in Madras that is Chennai, and in response to requests from many well-wishers – especially from outside Chennai and abroad who receive their postal copies very late – for an online edition. *Madras Musings* is now on the web at www.madrasmusings.com

THE EDITOR

The Anglo-Indian in perspective

There was commotion outside Hotel President. Traffic policemen were engaged in heated arguments with the hotel staff about cars being parked on the pavement. When I softly asked one of the staff why this mad rush, he said, "There is a party going on inside for some book launch." Inside, I found that the Anglo-Indian community and the Madras Book Club members had gathered in strength to celebrate the release of *The Anglo-Indians: A 500-Year History* by S. Muthiah and Harry MacLure. The book is a comprehensive account of the community going back 500



years, from Vasco Da Gama's landing in India in 1498. Muthiah emphasised this by clarifying that the Constitution defines an Anglo-Indian as a person who descends from an European lineage and lives in India, debunking the myth that the origin is only British, Anglo-Celtic as he calls it.

• by
K. Venkatesh

Dr. Geoffery K. Francis, former principal of A.M. Jain College and former MLA, received the first copy from Dr. Beatrix D'Souza, former Member of Parliament. Dr. Francis said that the book replaces Francis Anthony's *Britain's Betrayal in India: The Story of the Anglo Indian Community*, a definitive account of the community in India. But the highlight of the evening was Dr. D'Souza's speech punctuated with Anglo-Indian anecdotes.

Prof. D'Souza expressed eloquently the pain that the community had undergone having to cope with the stereotyping of Anglo-Indians. She said, "Our mixed-blood heritage that led to us being called half-caste, eight annas, neither fish nor flesh, to quote a research paper as late as 1994, is indicative of multi-racial, multi-cultural societies in the UK, the US and Australia today. We were not understood because we were ahead of our time." Stressing that Muthiah had said that the

Anglo-Indian community is a distinct Indian community, she pointed out that the community has over the years assimilated the cultures of the regions it had emigrated to. She said, "In ourselves we have metamorphosed two world views and two cultures."

Regretting that the Anglo-Indian community was always being looked through a lens of mixed-blood in British and Indian fiction and films, she emphasised that "the Indian woman broke with caste and came out from behind the veil of purdah, when she married the European." She emphasised, "We are the only casteless Christian community. We are free from caste loyalties and caste conflicts."

She elaborated on how the community was considered by many to be lacking in moral fibre "because of the malformation of the hybrid brain" by "eccentric Indian writers like Nirad Chaudhuri." "We may laugh at such unscientific assumptions today," she pointed out, but "they gave rise to a host of stereotypes in fiction and films; it is unforgivable," she said about authors familiar with the history of the community and the character of the Anglo-Indian persisting with such stereotypes even in post-Independence writing. "The Anglo-Indian woman was considered, as a result of her mixed-blood heritage, beautiful but wanton. The Anglo-Indian male was considered a no-good layabout," by these writers and commentators.

Despite Anglo-Indians being the first nurses in India and receiving bravery awards during World War II, a film *Cotton*

Mary, released in 2000, portrayed a nurse as a petty thief, reinforcing the stereotype. This film set in Kerala created an uproar in South India. Prof. D'Souza obtained a stay from the Madras High Court against its screening. She called the film "cultural genocide" in an interview with BBC. She said, "Deliberate distortion of a community's culture and identity by false portrayal is as much a crime as exterminating a people."

"Language, dress, food, customs are all indicators of culture and identity," Prof. D'Souza pointed out. But societies change. The frock was once a marker of Anglo-Indian identity, but now it has become a fashion statement among Indian women enjoying social recognition. The nightie of the Anglo-Indian woman was frowned upon earlier, but is now



Dr. Beatrix D'Souza and Dr. Geoffery K. Francis at the release of *The Anglo-Indians – A 500-Year History*.

worn by all women in India irrespective of their socioeconomic status.

She concluded, saying, "This book should be kept by Anglo-

Indians in their home libraries and in school and college libraries. Muthiah has given us a history we have reason to celebrate."

A distinct community, but an Indian one

That the Anglo-Indian community is 500 years old, as old as the Muslim presence in India, is little known. A microscopic Christian community, as Muthiah elaborates in his book, we have made contributions to pre- and post-independence India far in excess of our numbers.

Muthiah explores the encounter between European and Indian in the context of colonialism and empire building. He traces the origins and growth of four generations of Anglo-Indians starting with the coming of the Portuguese in the 16th Century. By further adopting a post-colonial perspective, Muthiah, unlike earlier writers, sees the community not piecemeal but as a whole.

Throughout the book, Muthiah stresses the fact that we are a distinct Indian community. We are often asked why we do not join the mainstream, whatever that is. India is not a melting pot, a term once used to describe the United States. It is a mosaic with each community contributing to the overall pattern which is the Indian nation.

I am not happy with the term sub-culture to define the Anglo-Indian lifestyle. It somehow has the connotation of not being genuine and somehow derivative. Our culture is a distinct culture and has evolved over the years. Language, dress, food, cus-

tombs are all indicators of culture and identity.

English is our mother tongue and it is to our credit that we have taught and spread the English language through our more than a century-old schools all over India. Muthiah in his book devotes an entire chapter to Anglo-Indian schools. As with all English-speaking people we have our own

**Excerpts from
Dr. Beatrix D'Souza's
speech at the release of
S. Muthiah's
*The Anglo-Indians –
A 500-Year History***

Anglo-Indian idiom. Food is another indication of identity. In Canada there is a website called pepperwater.com. Pepperwater is our version of *rasam*, though we use beef and chicken stock. Our food is not fusion food. Fusion food is *idli* sandwiches and pineapple *bajjis*!

I would rather like to call our food creative and inspired. To the English roast we add spices. To the English stew we add coconut. Our Christmas sweets are Portuguese in origin except for the Christmas cake and Christmas pudding authentically British. I would like to call our food inspired. Next Madras Week, the Forum of

Anglo-Indian Women will organise an Anglo-Indian food festival as well as a film festival.

Large-scale emigration after independence, particularly to Australia in the 1960s and 70s, has led to the prediction of the eventual demise of the community in the next 50 years. But emigration has virtually come to a standstill. Our young people are talented, ambitious and unafraid. They have entered all professions and are doing well. In the 21st Century New India, no one is going away.

Anglo-Indian children who will inhabit the future are growing up in Anglo-Indian homes, where their parents have not moved from their inherited culture, language, religion, food, customs, all of which define and reinforce identity. I believe that the unrelenting forces of history will further propel the community into reinventing itself while remaining Anglo-Indian Indians.

The second half of Muthiah's book is a Roll Call of Honour for all time, Anglo-Indian heroes and heroines in every age and century, as well as ordinary men and women who, in their lives and achievement, have exemplified what it is to be Anglo-Indian.

Recalling the Madras System

● **Dr. A. Raman from New South Wales, Australia, has sent us this article that appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* on October 1, 1933 to mark the centenary of the Madras College that Dr. Andrew Bell founded in St. Andrews, Scotland, based on what he had learnt in Madras at what has become St. George's Anglo Indian Higher Secondary School.**

A 19th Century Educationist

Dr. Andrew Bell's Madras System

A Forgotten Reformer

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The Rev. C.J. Lyon, in his *History of St Andrews*, published in 1834, devotes his last chapter to the then new Madras College. Just touching and no more on his misgivings as to the possible over-extension of educational facilities to the masses, he goes on to expatiate on "the mutability of human affairs and human opinions."

The new college had been built on the site of a Dominican monastery, and the historian reminds his contemporaries that, just as the great medieval religious institutions have been swept away by generations impervious to the old ideas, so ages may follow that will sweep away the schools of the 19th Century.

Such a semi-prophecy seems far from fulfilment, yet one can imagine the spirit of Andrew Bell, M.D., D.D., hovering, morosely uneasy, over St Andrews on October 1st, when the centenary of Madras College will be celebrated. The school has triumphantly survived the vicissitudes of a hundred years, but the educational principles it was to perpetuate and the personal fame to which the founder was by no means indifferent have alike vanished from the general memory of man.

In praise of Andrew Bell

However forgotten Andrew Bell may be to-day, there were many (and some whose opinions were valuable) at the beginning of last century, who had no doubts of his greatness.

Southey coupled him with Thomas Clarkson as "the two greatest benefactors of the human race who have appeared since Martin Luther," and Coleridge wrote to him, "Oh, dear Dr Bell, you are a great man!" adding the assurance that, "While I have life and power, I shall find a deep consolation in being your zealous apostle."

Wordsworth was almost as complimentary, though less picturesquely quotable. The young Hartley Coleridge and

sometimes not at all", he returned to Scotland in 1781 with between £800 and £900.

Duel ends in comedy

Soon after his homecoming he displayed the combativeness so marked in later life. He and a Mr. Crookenden met, a stone's throw from the Old Course, to settle with pistols some unexplained quarrel. Bell's agitation and myopia combined to bring about a strange end to the affair; the signal being given, he wheeled about and discharged his fire, not at his antagonist, but at his own seconds. Amazed

task as a labour of love. But his self-devotion went not unrewarded. Chaplainships to various regiments, bringing money and practically no duties, fell upon him; and, much more important, at Madras he hit upon his system. "Hit upon" is the phrase, for his "discovery", as he always called it, was of an accidental nature.

Discovery of the System

It would seem that he had early and rightly formed a poor opinion of his teaching staff, a body of men both inefficient and ill-disposed to their work.



Dr. Andrew Bell.

of £25,935 16s 5d. (His accounts seemed to have been well kept.) Home again, he became a landowner in Galloway and published his report on the Madras Asylum, copies of which were circulated among the Lords, spiritual and temporal. The first practical response came in 1796, when his system was introduced in St Botolph's Parochial School, London. The next active proselyte was apparently Dr. Briggs, Mayor of Kendal.

Then, in 1801, Bell became Rector of Swanage and was in a position to advise and even dominate the schoolmasters of the district. As a result, there were soon thirteen day-schools and three Sunday schools in this part of Dorsetshire, all exemplifying the benefits of the Madras method.

The villain of the story

At this juncture there entered, from Bell's point of view, the villain of the story. One of his earliest converts had been a youth of 18, Joseph Lancaster, who had opened a little school in his father's house at Deptford. At first, he had been duly deferential; in 1804 he wrote asking for advice and an interview; in 1805 they met.

But it was soon obvious that the relations of prophet and disciple were impossible to the two men. Bell was a pillar of the Church of England; Lancaster was a Quaker. Bell had cautious views on the subject of educating people above their station in life; Lancaster was much less safe on this point. Bell believed that nothing was needed in the training of a teacher but experience; Lancaster laid stress on a grounding in psychology.

Recriminations began, chiefly instigated by a Mrs Trimmer, a sort of Anglican she-dragon who might have sat as a model to Anthony Trollope. Finally, in 1807, Lancaster claimed in a newspaper advertisement to have "invented" a system which sounded indistinguishable from Dr Bell's. He asserted, among



Madras College, the original building in South Street, St. Andrews, Scotland.

three young Wordsworths were entrusted to the doctor's great system. Both Archbishops, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, all were his supporters. Priny approved. And, keeping the best for the end of the paragraph, here is the dictum of Mr Justice Park – "(Dr Bell's) plan is one of the most stupendous engines that ever have been wielded, since the days of our Saviour and His apostles, for the advancement of God's true religion upon earth."

A chequered career

Andrew Bell was born in St Andrews on March 27, 1753. His father, Bailie Bell, was a wig maker with a strong bent towards natural philosophy, in which study, as in mathematics, Andrew distinguished himself at the University of his native city.

Having his way to make in this world, he emigrated to America, where he spent seven years (1774-1781) as a private tutor at West Point, Virginia. The place and the dates stir the imagination, but nothing is known of his reactions to the war. One fact, however, is clear. He already possessed his mysterious talent for making money. Though his salary was paid, as his more readable biographer tells us, "sometimes in money, sometimes in tobacco, and

but unhurt, they gave way to their amusement; laughter proved infectious, and the duellists, *olim hostes nuno fratres*, dined together amicably.

Bell spent a year or two in private tuition; then, turning his thoughts towards Holy Orders, he went with an introduction from a friend (son of the great Bishop Berkeley) to the Bishop of Carlisle, who ordained him. A curacy in Leith followed, but his restless energy drove him further afield, and in February, 1787, he sailed for Calcutta with the intention of lecturing on natural philosophy and picking up what he could in the way of private tutoring. He sailed as Doctor Bell, his Alma Mater declining to bestow on him the LL.D. Degree that he wanted, but cheerfully granting its M.D. to one who had never studied medicine.

The turning point

He never reached Calcutta. His ship touched at Madras, where a military male orphan asylum was in the process of formation. This institution he was invited to superintend. His acceptance of this invitation was the turning point in his career, for the work appealed to him and he was at his best in the next few years.

Refusing the salary offered him, he threw himself into his

Then one day, riding past an open-air native school, he saw the younger children writing with their fingers on sand strewn on the ground before them. Struck by this method, which had both Scriptural sanction and the possibility of success, he gave orders that it was to be adopted forthwith in the asylum.

The usher of the lower classes flatly condemned it as a pedagogic impossibility. Bell, disgusted by such recalcitrance, impulsively put a little boy called Johnnie Frisken in charge of the beginners. And here was born the Madras or monitorial system of teaching. Johnnie's success was so complete that one by one the masters found themselves standing by while a number of small boys taught all the classes of the school. Not only did the pupils advance by leaps and bounds along the paths of learning, but the moral tone of the school was immeasurably nobler and sweeter than before. By the time young Frisken was eleven he had a third of the school under his care, and there was no slackening in the rate of progress, intellectual and moral.

Return to Scotland

For health reasons Dr Bell left India in 1796, bringing with him his great idea and the sum

(Continued on page 6)



(Current Affairs questions are from the period October 1st to 15th. Questions 11 to 20 pertain to Chennai and Tamil Nadu.)

1. Who has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace this year?
 2. Which World Bank Group institution has announced the launch of a \$1 billion offshore rupee bond programme to strengthen India's capital markets and attract greater foreign investment?
 3. Who launched the world's first curved screen smartphone recently?
 4. Which African nation, which is enclosed by Senegal, has withdrawn from the Commonwealth of Nations?
 5. With which cyber-giant has the Archaeological Survey of India (ASI) signed an agreement to create 360 degree online imagery of 100 of India's most important heritage sites?
 6. Name the writer of such thrillers like *The Hunt for Red October* and *Patriot Games* who passed away recently.
 7. The siblings Bard and Vegard Ylvisaker are the comedy duo behind which recent YouTube sensation?
 8. Ali Zeidan, whose kidnap and release a few hours later created headlines, is the Prime Minister of which embattled African country?
 9. Janet L. Yellen is President Obama's choice to chair which important institution in the US?
 10. For her work *The Luminaries*, Eleanor Catton became the youngest winner of which prestigious literary award?
- * * *
11. What is the original name of Illaippari Madha Kovil on St. Mary's Road?
 12. Which institution in Purasawalkam, that started as 'finishing school' for Indian girls, is celebrating its centenary this year?
 13. What is the 'parking spot' for private yachts and tugs in Chennai port called?
 14. Which Chennai-based Padma Vibhushan awardee has been chosen for the 2012 Indira Gandhi Award for National Integration?
 15. Name the two awards given under Presidential Awards for Classical Tamil.
 16. According to one version, which bustling locality's name in Chennai is believed to be a corruption of 'Maha bilwa kshetram'?
 17. Which street in Alwarpet is named after the two eminent residents of big houses called Sadr Gardens and Champaka Vilas that stood there?
 18. What is the screen name of the popular actor Jamshad Cethirakath?
 19. What is the common name coined in Tamil for a browser used to surf the Net?
 20. Which bridge on the Cooum was once named after Willingdon and St. George?

(Answers on page 8)

Paleacatta Lungis

– A way to go in rural heritage development?

(By Dr. P.J. Sanjeeva Raj*)

The Indian Trust for Rural Heritage and Development (ITRHD) is a new charity trust chaired by S.K. Misra, who was one of the founders and a former chairman of the Indian National Trust for Art and Cultural Heritage (INTACH). ITRHD aims at developing specific rural areas through the protection and renovation of their rich cultural heritages. Gandhiji's vision that "the heart of India lies in her villages, and if our villages perish, India too shall perish" is particularly relevant in this context.

To begin with, ITRHD chose a cluster of villages in the Azamgarh region of Uttar Pradesh for revival of traditional practices. Mubarakpur was selected for hand-woven Banarasi silk sarees, Nizamabad for black pottery and Hariharpur for folk music. The restoration of the 7th Century mosque in Mewat, Haryana, the restoration of the 60 left out of the 108 terracotta temples in Maluti, Jharkhand, and the revival of rural schools, clinics, sanitation and rural tourism in general have been other targets.

The Tamil Nadu chapter of ITRHD would do well to explore the several ancient seaport towns on the Coroman-

del Coast where the European traders developed unrivalled local resources, crafts and skills to meet global demands and appreciation. Pulicat, for instance, despite its antiquity from the Pallava, Chola and Vijayanagara periods, attained the peak of its international reputation only during the Dutch sojourn there from 1609 to 1690 C.E.

Of the nearly 75 items that the Dutch exported from Pulicat, the most popular and the most profitable items were the textiles, called the Coastal Cloth (*kurk kelden*) or the Coromandel textiles. The term Coromandel was loosely used to include the whole east coast, from Bengal to the Gulf of Mannar. Pulicat was a nodal port to collect merchandise from all along the coast, store it and ship it to maritime countries overseas. Coromandel textiles were the most preferred means – even over precious metals like gold, silver and copper – to buy rare spices like the nutmeg and mace native to the 'spice islands' (like Banda) of what is now Indonesia.

Three broad categories of cloth – the plain dyed, printed (batik) and painted (*kalamkari*) – were collected from the Coro-

mandel coastal towns and exported. Of them, the painted pintados were in great demand all over the world. However, the speciality items of Pulicat proper were the check-patterned, multi-coloured lungis called the 'Paleacatta lungis' which the British later called 'Madras Checks', handkerchiefs and head bands which were exported chiefly to Ceylon (Sri Lanka). About one thousand handlooms were working at Pulicat alone, but nearly one-third of the poor weavers were said to have perished during the great famine in 1630 A.D. when they had to sell their children into slavery to the Dutch who exported them to the East Indies to work in their spice plantations.

Not only Pulicat cloth but also its dyes, particularly the blue indigo and the red chayroot dye, were exported from Pulicat. Indigo is extracted from the leaves of *Indigofera tinctoris*, but the indigo from Pulicat was said to be inferior to that from the Masulipatam and Tierepoli (Cuddalore) regions. Hence the Dutch invited experts from Holland to promote indigo cultivation around the Pulicat region. The red chayroot dye was extracted from the



A Madras Check.

roots of *Oldenlandia umbellata*, which grew on the coast near Pulicat, but was more plentiful in Petapuli (Nizampatnam).

Even upto the 1970s, there were about one hundred handlooms in Pulicat producing the traditional check-patterned lungis for adults as well as for children. They were exported to Nigeria and Sri Lanka. They have all disappeared today, because the local youth preferred formal schooling to weaving. However, nearby villages like Arani, Madharpakkam and Manellore still continue weaving, but by powerlooms.

Revival of this heritage in textiles by handlooms or powerlooms, training the local youth in weaving and cultivation of the allied dyes, indigo and chayroot, native to Pulicat, would provide a wide variety of occupations for the local educated but unemployed youth in this legendary town and its environs. It may trigger textile technology and garment export all over the country, realising Gandhiji's 'dream villages' of India.

*Dr. P.J. Sanjeeva Raj researched at Pulicat for 55 years. His e-mail is rajsanjeeva@gmail.com

Recalling the Madras System

(Continued from page 5)

Gift to St. Andrews

other things, that under this system "Any boy who can read can teach arithmetic with the certainty of a mathematician, although he knows nothing about it himself."

Extension of the System

Partisanship achieved more than merit alone would have done. Loyal sons and daughters of the Church rallied to Bell's standard. The result was a more and more rapid extension of his system, and the ultimate foundation in 1811 of "The National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales." The list of office-bearers bristled with episcopal and feudal titles. By 1812 the Society was educating 8620 children in 52 schools; in 1813 the children numbered 40,484 and the schools 230.

The National Society did not concern itself with Scotland, but Dr Bell had not forgotten his native town. He interested himself in the English School of St Andrews where the master David Crichton, put the Madras principles into operation, and in 1831 suddenly, perhaps impulsively, transferred stocks to the value of £120,000 to four trustees in St Andrews.

He had less than a year to live, and this short time was spent mainly in quarrelling with the men to whom he had entrusted his money. After much wrangling and many threats of lawsuits, the money was divided into 12 parts, five of which were to be devoted to the erection and endowment of a school in St Andrews, where the Madras System of Mutual Instruction should be a permanent model for the world to fol-

low. The foundation stone was laid in April 1833, by which time the founder (by virtue of his prebendal stall, one fears, and not his services to education) had been interred in the Abbey, and Madras College was in due course opened on October 1st.

A pathetic sequel

The sequel to all this enthusiasm is pathetic – what a cinema-nurtured generation may best describe as a "fade out". The paternal features of Dr Bell look down still, as they have done through a hundred years, on the pupils of Madras College, but a study of the school history reveals that, though many characteristic features have been tenaciously maintained, the corner-stone of the temples was allowed from the beginning to moulder quietly away. Nowhere today is the once-vaunted system in operation.

Yet we might profitably spare a thought for the man who, when trained teachers were almost non-existent and when public money was unavailable for education, enabled thousands to attain some kind of learning who otherwise must have remained illiterate.



The memorial to Dr. Andrew Bell at Westminster Abbey.

A philanthropist with a difference

How many businessmen will think of building an auditorium, not to make money, but mainly to conduct programmes of their choice and to derive great joy in throwing it open to friends and well-wishers as well?

Such programmes always preceded or followed by delicious South Indian tiffin. Food for the stomach and food for the soul! Doing it month after month for the last twelve years has been R.T. Chari, a businessman who is committed to propagating Classical Indian music and heritage.

This auditorium he built on TTK Road is the TAG Center. It is in his office there that I met him one evening.

Chari was born into a typical middle class Iyengar family in Mylapore, the fifth child and fourth son in a family of nine children. His father, with his limited means, could only assure them three square meals a day and a decent education.

While Chari was the favourite of his grandfather, his grandmother would tease him about his inadequacies arising out of his being mildly dyslexic. Chari says, "It was this constant comparison between me and my brothers that sowed the seeds of an angry young man in me. I was determined to prove to the world what I am capable of."

Fortunately, when the family moved to Tambaram, he joined Corley High School where the headmaster discovered that not only was Chari a good student but the tall youth was also good in sports.

Encouraged by the headmaster, Chari became a popular sportsman, winning prizes in high jump and becoming captain of the school volleyball team. Chari also realised during school days that he was good in Maths and Science subjects.

"My success in sports and the recognition I got because of it changed the attitude of my family towards me. My family members stopped teasing me. I was now even more determined to prove to them that I was different from others," Chari recounts.

When college education beckoned, there was an initial hiccup that stalled his admission. But he was later admitted

his uncle told him, "Fortune sometimes comes in the form of a devil. If not accepted it goes away as an angel". So Chari joined the Seshasayee Group as an Apprentice Engineer in 1961.

* * *

At Seshasayee's, Chari found a great mentor in H.K. Ramaswamy, the Technical Director of the company. Impressed by his hard work (Chari often put in 20 hours of work a day), Ramaswamy encouraged him to excel by providing all kinds of incentives.

Chari's reputation as an engineer who was also a super salesman brought him quick recognition in the company.

• by R.V. Rajan

to the College of Engineering, Guindy, where he fared well in his studies as well as in sport.

What he calls his third break in life came. When he could have got a job in a well-known company with a starting salary of Rs. 700 a month like his other classmates, he listened to his paternal uncle R. Narasimhachari, a Company Law consultant then, and joined the Seshasayee Group to train as a manager.

His uncle was confident that Chari would do far better working with S. Vishwanathan, the group's director. When Chari protested that the starting salary was only Rs. 150 a month,

Promotion followed promotion and in 1972 he was appointed Chief Technical Commercial Manager. The year before, he had married Rangai, from Bangalore. Within two weeks of his marriage, fate again intervened to change the course of his life.

Chari was requested to attend a Foundry Exhibition in West Germany followed by a 30-day trip to Europe to explore a possible collaboration to make the hardware for insulators used in Electric Transmission Systems. During his trip Chari struck a deal with an Italian company, but on his return to India he found to his dismay that the Management had decided to drop the idea of expansion.

Not one to accept defeat, Chari requested the management to allow him to try his luck with the new project. The management agreed – and also allowed him to continue as a Commercial Manager with the company until he could stand on his own in his business venture. Chari could have his cake and eat it too!

Along with his brother Gopal, who by then had also passed out from the College of Engineering, Guindy, Chari launched his own company TAG Corporation with a factory in Chromepet. The name TAG is an acronym of the first letters of Thiruvengatachari and Gopal, his youngest brother, who has been a pillar of strength to Chari in all his business and other social causes for the last 40 years.

* * *



R.T. Chari.

Around the time Chari started his business, the Electricity Boards in the country were planning to move from 220 kV to 440 kV system and were looking for companies which could provide them with the hardware (which at that point had to be imported) required for the changeover. The UP State Electricity Board was the first to decide on the new system.

TAG managed to get a small order worth Rs. 6 lakh, which was only 10 per cent of the total order. But the quality of the items manufactured by TAG had the UP State Board placing further orders. "In the early years I was extremely lucky to get good orders purely based on merit. No other considerations came in the way of the bureaucrats deciding in my favour," Chari recalls.

The next big thing to happen at TAG Corporation was when it developed an import substitute item for 4R Dampers, with half the weight and price of the imported item. Soon Chari was the uncrowned king in the manufacture of 4R Dampers, a crucial item required by all Electricity Boards. By that time he had also cut his umbilical cord with Seshasayee group.

Chari started seeing big money and, instead of just hoarding it, he decided at the young age of 40 to share his prosperity with society. From being a successful businessman, Chari was on the road to becoming a generous philanthropist.

* * *

When I asked Chari, which was the first act of charity he performed, he recalled the advice he had received from R.P. Iyer, the then Chairman of the Killicks group, who had once told him, "When you are doing well, first take care of your near and dear ones before you look beyond to do social service. If every successful businessman does this, the country will take care of itself." So, for Chari, "charity began at home".

He decided to persuade, cajole and if necessary help every

Museums – are they the answer?

(Continued from page 1)

the museums have visitors all the time. Moreover, unlike Indian museums, most of them depend on gate collections and endowments and so the challenge to keep the museum vibrant is ever-present. Over here, however, the attitude is one of putting a collection together and then leaving it there, hoping that everything else will fall into place automatically.

So, is it necessary for *Ripon Building* or the Police Commissioner's old office to become museums? These were constructed for official use and time has not made them in any way redundant. Perhaps the space in them is no longer enough, but they can definitely be put to official use. That way, they will also be better maintained, as a workplace is likely to be cleaned more often as compared to a museum that nobody visits and is, therefore, likely to be forgotten.

In the case of *Ripon Building*, it is reliably learnt that the Council Chamber, the Mayor's room and the Commissioner's office are likely to remain as they are, while the rest of the offices will move. That means the historic structure will continue to see some footfalls and so will fare well. But what of the Police Commissioner's office? You only need to see what has happened to its predecessor. Designed by R.F. Chisholm, no less, it is now completely derelict and may collapse any moment. Even the photography department that is housed in it appears indifferent to the upkeep. That is what is most likely to happen to the recently vacated Commissionerate as well.

one of his siblings to acquire a house of his or her own. Beyond the family, the first act of charity he performed was to donate Rs.10,000 to Corley High School, to be given to the best sportsperson of the school. Then followed donations to medical institutions, like the VHS Hospital.

While Chari continued indulging in such generosity, an incident in his personal life completely changed him as a person and the direction of his philanthropic activities.

Feedback welcome on 9840392082 or email: rvrajan42@gmail.com

(To be concluded)

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● The fourteenth in a series of profiles by V. RAMNARAYAN of cricketers who may have made an all-time Madras* squad.

A unique character

TE Srinivasan, Cheema or T E to one and all, had quite a cult following during his long career for Tamil Nadu, starting from the 1972-73 season, when he made his debut.

In his time, he was a brilliant player of fast bowling, his better innings reserved for the big occasion. He was completely self-made, an original who honed his batting technique on the concrete wicket at the Nungambakkam Corporation School ground.

Even as a youngster playing for Vivekananda College, when I was turning out for Presidency College, T E had the foresight and ambition to realise that he had to play pace well if he wanted to play international cricket. Towards this end, he regularly hired bowlers from the neighbourhood to bang them in from 15 to 18 yards on the fast surface.

He set Madras grounds on fire in inter-collegiate and league cricket whenever he overcame his initial diffidence against spin bowling. It was perhaps this feature of his batting early in his career, together with insufficient opportunities, that made him a bit of a late bloomer in first class cricket. Strangely, T E was moved around in the batting order, often the last of the specialist batsmen in his early years. Still, he had quite a few unbeaten innings, especially against Karnataka, against whom he made a second innings 72 at Bangalore in the 1973-74 season. It was against the same team that he made his first Ranji Trophy hundred (130 not out), when he was involved in a 233 run partnership with V. Sivaramakrishnan (169) for the

fifth wicket. The match proved a turning point in T E's career. It was a spectacular assault on a Karnataka attack that included Prasanna and Chandrasekhar; he had apparently overcome his inhibitions against the slow stuff.

T E turned on the magic in some important games for Tamil Nadu. I was fortunate to watch some of his better knocks, such as his electrifying 87 as an opener partnering K. Srikanth against Delhi in the 1981-82 quarter final, giving Tamil Nadu a real chance to win the match. They lost in a close finish thanks at least in part to some dubious umpiring decisions. Earlier, he made a crackling 90 against Hyderabad, whose skipper, Abid Ali, tried to trap him in his strong point (!), by asking his medium pacers to bowl short at him – with disastrous results.

In the Duleep Trophy, Srinivasan made a brilliant hundred against North Zone at Bangalore in the 1977-78 season, just before the Indian team to tour Australia under Bishan Bedi was selected. He was not included in the Indian squad, but he was for the first time a serious candidate for national honours. His hero, M.L. Jaisimha, on whom he modelled his attire and gait for a while, was the South Zone representative in the national selection committee, and he began to take T E seriously. As one of the shrewdest captains and a deceptive purveyor of off-spin, he had dismissed T E a few times in the Ranji Trophy – by the sheer



T.E. Srinivasan.

force of his power of suggestion rather than any serious revolution of the ball – and he had not hitherto been convinced of T E's class.

T E went on to play many more attractive innings in the Duleep Trophy, against touring teams – including a spectacular 108 against Imran Khan & Co. at Hyderabad for South Zone in 1979-80 – and 45 and 101 in an all important Irani Cup match which earned him a berth in the Indian team that toured Australia under the captaincy of Sunil Gavaskar. By this time Jaisimha was a convert and so were his colleagues in the selection panel that ignored a brilliant double century by Surinder Amarnath in the same match, but found merit in Kirti Azad's alleged off spin and his attacking batsmanship in fair weather. T E played only one Test on the tour, that too in the second half, in New Zealand. He made 29 and 19 in Auck-

land, and never played for India again.

T E was also one of the characters of the game, quick-witted, mischievous and blessed with a zany sense of humour, bordering on the wild. Some of his theories on the game were unorthodox, but his technique was pure. He loved to hit the ball on the up and deal in boundaries rather than do anything as tiring as running between the wickets. He is famous for his verbal jousts, sometimes with opponents feared by his colleagues. Teammates cannot forget the expression on the face of Aussie pacesman Rodney Hogg when T E cornered him after the first day's play of a tour game at Hyderabad and told him, "Why don't you stop bowling off spinners and try to bowl fast instead?" He is also reputed to have informed the media as soon as the 1980 Indian team landed in Australia, "Tell Dennis Lillee T E has arrived."

My favourite T.E. Srinivasan story is a true one recorded by none other than Sunil Gavaskar, whose concentration had been disturbed by loud laughter from the pavilion during a Test in Australia. The annoyed opener later found out that T E's practical joke on Yashpal Sharma had caused the uproar. He had persuaded a security guard to tell Yashpal that he would be arrested if he did not stop staring at women spectators through binoculars. Yashpal's panic on being so sternly warned had been the cause of the mirth. It also earned him

the nickname 'Doorbin,' Hindi for binoculars.

T E died in 2010 after battling brain cancer with great courage and good humour. When I said to his wife Mala, "We all admire you for the way you took care of T E; how incredibly brave you have been," she said, "On the contrary, T E looked after me even when he was desperately ill. He kept my spirits up with his good cheer, never complaining of his pain or suffering."

Judged by his single Test appearance, T E was perhaps an underachiever, perhaps the selectors did not give him his due, but he gave spectators and colleagues sheer joy with his stylish batting, his bravado, his raffish gait reflecting his hero-worship of Jaisimha. He was unique.

Madras Province/State/Tamil Nadu.

Answers to Quiz

1. Organisation for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons; 2. International Finance Corporation; 3. Samsung with its Galaxy Round; 4. The Gambia; 5. Google; 6. Tom Clancy; 7. The viral super hit *The Fox* (*What Does the Fox Say?*); 8. Libya; 9. Federal Reserve; 10. *The Man Booker Prize*.

* * *

11. Descanco Church; 12. CSI Ewart Martication HSS; 13. Timber Pond; 14. M.S. Swaminathan, 15. Tolkappiyar Award and Kural Pitam Award; 16. Mambalam; 17. Bashyam Basheer Ahmed Street, named after the legal luminaries Bashyam Iyengar and Basheer Ahmed; 18. Arya; 19. Ulavi; 20. Periyar bridge on Mount Road.

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