

WE CARE FOR MADRAS THAT IS CHENNAI

MADRAS

MUSINGS

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A plea to save war bunker

(By A Special Correspondent)

For years, this square shelter made of concrete has been lying uncared for on the side of the Ennore Express Highway. It has been used as a makeshift urinal and toilet, it has been lived in by squatters, and from the numerous bottles found in it, has been used as a bar as well. But nobody can deny that this is an air-raid shelter left over from the World War II. Known affectionately as the pillbox, it has been around for quite a while. This is not an architectural landmark. But it is certainly a historic marker. It reminds us of a war from which our city actually benefited in a big way, never to look back thereafter.

Only now, it is squarely in the path of a proposed pipeline of Chennai Petrochemical Corporation. And efforts are on to demolish it. Last week the wreckers began hammering away at it when locals from the Kasimedu area



Work on demolishing the World War II air raid shelter in Royapuram. (Photograph: Shantanu Krishnan.)

gathered around asking the reason for the demolition. *The Hindu* was alerted and it carried a detailed story. That did the trick and work stopped, but not before some damage was done. But a whole plethora of questions have since emerged, all of which are indicative of a larger malaise in the way heritage is handled in our city.

Whom does the shelter/bunker belong to? The army has no records of its existence, or at least there is no one there who knows. The Archaeological Survey does not have anything to do with, it as it recognises only monuments that are classified as ancient. The Heritage Committee of the Chennai Metropolitan Development Authority says this is not within its jurisdiction as it has, in its blinkered fashion, decided to restrict its scope to just the 400 and odd buildings given to it by the High Court of Madras. And even there, it is doing precious little. The Corporation, to give it credit, is willing to organise a shifting of the shelter to somewhere else, provided some agency or private donor is willing to bear the cost. Of course, transferring this structure is no easy task as it weighs several hundred tonnes. Bureaucracy is unlikely to consider this matter top priority, but to the few who

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A memorial policy needed

(By A Special Correspondent)

The relocated Sivaji Ganesan memorial in Adyar and the controversy surrounding it highlight the need for an objective and impartial policy on memorials, their type, scale and location.

After the High Court said it was a traffic hazard and blocked the view of traffic on the Beach Road, the statue was removed to a location near the Adyar Bridge. It is now housed in a *mandapam*-style structure cost-

ing Rs. 2.8 crore and taking up 28,400 square feet, equivalent to nearly 12 grounds of land space.

The building is in the Dravidian style of architecture, adorned with domes. The memorial consists of a central hall and surrounding corridor, all measuring 2,500 square feet or so. On visiting it, you wonder if it should have taken as much as Rs. 2.8 crore for building a hall of this size. Hung on the sur-



The Sivaji Ganesan Memorial in Adyar.



The Sivaji Ganesan statue in the Memorial.

rounding corridor walls are photographs featuring Sivaji Ganesan with well-known personalities of his time. To go around the hall and view the pictures, it takes hardly ten minutes, as there is nothing else of interest relating the exhibits to the memory of the great actor who thrilled millions by his unique style of acting and delivery of powerful lines. His stentorian voice, famous dialogues,

exhibits of awards, specimens of dresses in famous roles such as, say, Kattabomman or Karnan, would have enhanced spectator value; if necessary, a small auditorium could have been added where visitors could press a button to choose a film scene that they want to recall. No wonder there are very few visitors. Overall, it is a dull affair. Spending so much of the taxpayer's money and using up valuable land space, it is an expensive apology for a memorial. A statue in the middle of one of the busy squares of the City would have served the purpose, much better reminding us of Sivaji and his contributions.

Apart from the fact that little thought seems to have gone into designing a memorial, a larger issue is whether there should not be a set of norms for the creation of memorials for personalities in different fields and of varying stature. For instance, what about a similar memorial for, say, N.S. Krishnan, the famous comedian of Chaplinesque calibre? What about famous musicians and sports persons? And, so on, in

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Madras Musings wishes its Readers A Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A plea to save war bunker

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are concerned with the matter, the lack of proper documentation and ownership may prove a deterrent. In the absence of anyone coming forward, the bunker may have to go. Not that we protected it or maintained it well when it was standing undisturbed. What is also amazing is that not one person in officialdom had any idea about the history behind the structure. And they did not bother to find out as well.

All of this raises larger questions. When the maintenance of even important public buildings is not adequate, what price the lesser-known landmarks of the city? Secondly, what is the process by which we can add structures to a list of historically important edifices in our city? If an Anna Nagar arch can be declared a heritage monument based on a Chief Minister's whim and then protected, why can a World War II bunker not enjoy the same status? What protection do uncared for struc-

tures like this have against demolition or wanton damage?

Presently, officialdom has asked *The Hindu* to investigate the background of the pillbox. But is it not the onus of the Government to look into its records and see when this shelter was built? Work has been suspended for the nonce on demolition, but this is not likely to remain that way for long. Unless some details emerge quickly. But since this is a city where emulating Singapore is considered the best way, let us point out that such pillboxes and the World War II constructions are well protected there.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Government Museum has plenty of space for locating this air raid shelter as a memory of World War II, just as the Fort Museum remembers the Great War with relics of the *Emden's* shelling of the city and World War II with a bomb fragment from a raid by a solitary Japanese aircraft.

MEMORIAL POLICY NEEDED

(Continued from page 1)

various fields. Feasibility of erecting *mandapams* for every one of these, occupying prime land in an already crowded city, is itself highly questionable. Memorials should not be intrusive and, preferably, not take up prime land. Where a special structure is to be created, it should add to a public facility at the same time – a library or park or hospital, for instance. An example is of memorials in the United States in the form of libraries and museums, to honour past Presidents and perpetuate their legacies.

Only in exceptional cases of high historical significance do memorials have an exclusive physical element built, such as the Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson monuments.

Most memorials have a **living** element of high public usage value, an example of which is the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars. It has a small exhibit on President Wilson's life and work, but is best known "for its work to unite the world of ideas with the world of policy", providing facilities "for scholarship linked to issues of contemporary importance". Similarly, the Harry S. Truman Scholarship honours U.S. college students dedicated to public service and policy

leadership. The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts has on-going live theatrical performances. Other ways of commemoration promote public interest, as for instance the Adams National Historical Park.

To avoid using up space and money without contributing to public purpose, it is advisable to name existing highways, roads, squares, airports, adding a statue in a prominent location at these sites, instead of going for exclusive memorial structures and complexes. Now that airline connections are being extended to regional centres at district levels, there is enough scope to name these airports after public figures and accommodate the growing demand for memorials. In cases of national or historical importance, a higher class of memorial could take the form of specially created public facilities like libraries, research facilities, auditoria and museums.

A well thought out policy, setting out the norms for conferring the honour and the type of commemoration to express it, are necessary to avoid unseemly controversies and to ensure that resources are used to serve public purpose while honouring the meritorious.

Talking the Walk

The *Man from Madras Musings* was at a traffic signal. He was saying his prayers rather earnestly, for he was walking and had to cross over to the other side. The traffic showed no signs of slowing down. There was no option but to make a quick dash for it and hope that nothing would dash against MMM while he was navigating. Just as MMM was girding his loins for the plunge, he could hear a voice from above. At first it was a mere mumble, barely audible over the din of traffic but it soon became clearer. The voice was counting down from ten, as is done when a rocket is launched. MMM felt like Joan of Arc. If you recollect, she too heard voices from above and led the army to victory.

brought in to bring some semblance of order to our chaotic roads. Earlier, we had cameras that were supposed to take photos of vehicles that jumped signals. Nobody knows what happened to them after a rather fanfare-filled launch. There was then a plan to get transgressors to man traffic signals and publicly shame those who violated rules. That remained just an announcement. Now we have these voices that breath o'er our Eden. Heaven knows how long they will last. But what is for certain is that the disorderly state of our traffic will continue forever. MMM sometimes thinks Tennyson's brook got its ideas on eternity from our traffic. Too bad that pedestrians are not likely to live as long.

ing in holes after removing banners will suddenly fall idle? Whatever be the thought behind all this, our civic body decided it must protest and was duly rewarded for its efforts with some sharp remarks from the bench.

Their Lordships noted that Greenway's Road is full of posters and that if a man were to stand idle on that thoroughfare he would find a poster or two pasted on him. The point that MMM would like to make here, and gently at that, for he fears being hauled up for contempt, is that it is not just Greenway's Road that suffers from this. If their Lordships were to look up once in a while when being driven to office, they will notice that several, in fact, most thoroughfares in the

SHORT 'N' SNAPPY

MMM was so taken aback that he froze. He was dimly aware that the lights had changed and there was a brief lull in traffic lasting all of a nano second. He could have taken his chance but he missed it, so mesmerised was he by the voice from above. In fact, he stayed on to listen to its message in full. And he liked what he heard. The voice was like that of a school marm who teaches the nursery rhymes to the infant classes. A rather fruity voice with a hint of tremolo. The message first in English and then Tamil, had the voice counting down from 10 and on reaching zero announcing that it was safe for pedestrians to cross.

Only it wasn't. The voice may have had its head in the clouds, for it had no truck with reality. It could count down till it was blue in the face and announce that it was safe, but this was not a sentiment shared by pedestrians, chiefly because hardly any vehicle bothered to stop. They simply whizzed past leaving pedestrians to their fate. Those on foot were like members of the Light Brigade, who if you remember entered the breach even as cannons to the left and right of them volleyed and thundered. This was exactly what happened to MMM and the rest. It was only as he was halfway through the pedestrian crossing and nimbly jumping about to avoid vehicles that it occurred to MMM that no great good has ever come of listening to voices from above. The late Joan of Arc, if you recollect, was burnt at the stake. The voice having done its bit never came to her rescue. Ditto this voice when it came to MMM.

These disembodied voices are the latest that our rather quixotic police force has

All is, however, not lost. MMM feels that the voice could be put to much better use if it named and shamed offenders on a live basis. After all, these are days of machine intelligence. If only the voice could say something like this – "You there bald-headed coot driving two-wheeler no. xyz – look where you are going. Lady in red saree – did you not notice the lights turning red? You moron there – spitting on the road, how would it be if I applied it back on your face? Fat man answering call of nature – Toilet is just around the corner, Sir. You can zip up and come out from behind the junction box." If the voice could speak in the local Madras *bhashai* it would be even better.

Poster matters

One of the Judges ruled that no posters or flex boards featuring living beings can be put up in the city. *The Man from Madras Musings* assumed that the Chennai Corporation would be delighted and political parties most disappointed with this judgement. In reality it was the other way round – the political parties could not care less and simply continued defacing walls with posters and erecting banners lauding living and dead leaders alike. On the other hand, it was the Corporation that protested, challenging the judgement!

MMM for one is completely unable to see the logic. In what way is the Corporation adversely affected if there is a law banning posters, graffiti and banners? Is it in the business of defacing private walls and digging holes on footpaths or is it a custodian of civic space? Or is it afraid that its overworked, super-efficient staff who have been wearing themselves to the bone removing posters and fill-

city suffer from this malaise. It should also be noted by their Lordships that it is not just the political parties that deface walls. The Tamil magazines are greater offenders as also are those offering quack cures for everything from piles upwards. In effect it is in our culture to paste posters and not all the laws of the land are going to clean up our walls.

The Corporation in MMM's view is more in touch with ground reality. This is, after all, a city where flex boards are erected and posters pasted for every stage of life – birth, first birthday, puberty ceremony *aka* turmeric shower bath, wedding, birth of baby, first birthday of baby, puberty ceremony *aka* turmeric shower bath of baby, wedding of baby, birth of baby's baby, sixtieth birthday, eightieth birthday, kicking of bucket, in memoriam, first year remembrance and so on. Their Lordships can at most hope for a clean Greenway's Road.

Tailpiece

Walking down a road being repaired, *The Man from Madras Musings* recently saw this sign. It could well be the motto of our city's civic body.



–MMM

• VIEWPOINTS

Disappointing syllabus for Social Sciences

The framing of the new High School syllabus by the State Council of Educational and Research Training has been a herculean effort, involving many teachers, educationists, members of academic institutions and bureaucrats for over six months. There was a sense of excitement for all the people connected with the educational scenario, hoping for new perspectives in the curriculum, particularly in the field of humanities. Unfortunately, the new syllabus has fallen far short of expectations – at least in the Social Sciences.

The syllabus for Social Sciences is staggering in terms of content (as it always has been), both for the students and the teachers. There has been no change in the new syllabus. It is

● An assessment of the Social Science syllabus by two concerned educationists.

just flat wines in old bottles. The content is so vast that students will develop a distaste for the Social Sciences – which compresses History, Geography, Economics and Civics into one general subject. There is a stress on information rather than knowledge. Teachers are still going to struggle to complete the entire syllabus within a very short time span, made shorter with all other extracurricular activities, unexpected holidays and examination weeks.

In the 1960's and 70's there was a systematic study of History and Geography. Economics and Civics were not included till the Higher Secondary level. Teaching and learning was a more enjoyable process, and concepts could be understood and applied. In the learning objectives for these subjects, political overtones, prejudices based on caste and gender are given. It is better to avoid exposing children at this level to negative aspects. It would be interesting for children to learn Civics through practicals. The school can be used as the government and its different functions can be fitted into judiciary, legislation etc. The text books need to be written with these aspects in mind. All these subjects – 'the Humanities' as it were – are now clubbed under the subject 'Social Science' – an obvious misnomer (a misnomer of the worst kind)!

The idea was to integrate the subjects so that the students' load could be reduced. But the reality is that there is no integration – the subjects are still taught systematically and separately under the heading of Social Sciences. The only thing which is integrated is the text book.

For integration, the perspective has to change. It

should not be a systematic approach but a holistic approach from the view point of the ecosystem, landscapes, natural cycles and heritage, at the same time imparting the technicalities and special language of the subjects. This is a must if the students have to be prepared for the change which is taking place in the world and which will accelerate in the next decades. Science and Maths will take care of the technological changes, but what about the human perspectives? Students will have to learn to live with the others and with humanity in harmony. This gap between the Sciences and the Humanities is what has led to the present disconnect in society.

Analysing the new syllabus at the different levels, we find that at the primary level a praiseworthy effort to integrate has been made at Class 4 using the concept of the Tamil 'Aiyin Thina' – the ecosystems. The historical perspective also should be included in this. This same concept has been extended to Class 5 also, but it has to be more clearly defined, to fit these landscapes within the physical framework of India. The various agricultural practices in these landscapes should be inclusive, not dealt with as a separate topic. Similarly, with the coastal landscapes, the importance of the ocean should be stressed. When dealing with that particular landscape, Class Three should include study of the particular district as well as Tamil Nadu. The principle is from the "Known to Unknown". Local study, as area study, is very important at this level.

It is at the middle school level that there is no clarity. We don't know whether the syllabus is linear or concentric. There is no connect between the History and Geography and Economic content. Ideas put forth in one are repeated in the other (e.g. the occupations). The History syllabus is daunting, as it is in chronological order and also descriptive of administration, social and economic life etc. Many of the older systems are given undue importance (they are obsolete, as in the case of agricultural systems, where the study of the present state of agriculture in

● AN OPEN LETTER TO SCERT

Essential to stress the Humanities

● Some weeks before the State Council of Educational and Research Training Committee announced its new syllabus for Tamil Nadu High Schools, your Editor, in his personal capacity as a person connected with Education for forty years, made the following suggestions to the Anandakrishnan Syllabus Committee. An interaction was promised and that was the last he heard of it. As suggestions are still being called for, he repeats them as an open letter accompanying the views of two veteran Social Science teachers.

The SCERT Syllabus Committee
Dear Sirs

- 1) Humanities must get as much attention as the Sciences. As in my day, History, Geography, Nature Study/Environmental Science and Civics-and-Constitution (which could be included with History) must be compulsorily taught as separate subjects from Class 3 till Class 10 by specialised teachers, not grouped together as Social Studies, taught by an ad hoc teacher. The studies in the first three subjects must follow this scheme: Class 1) City/town/local area of the school; 2) District; 3) State; 4) South India; 5) Rest of India; 6) South and Southeast Asia; 7) Rest of Asia; 8&9) Rest of the World. The heritage and environment of every student's domicile must be known to him/her, leading him/her to a later appreciation of these features in the country and the wider world.
- 2) English language for teachers as well as students must be strongly focused on, whatever be the medium of instruction in the school. There must be specialised training for teachers in Communicative English and they would need to pass on the knowledge to the children. Children must be ready to answer in English simple questions about their subject/interest asked in English. In fact, they would need to be prepared to ask questions and carry on a dialogue in the medium of instruction as well as in English.
- 3) Also compulsory must be moral instruction/ethics, a vocation chosen from three or four options offered (carpentry, motor vehicle or electrical engineering, farming, needlework, nursing, weaving etc.), physical education, and sport. Every student needs to learn to be hands-on and also appreciate the dignity of labour. Students also need to develop values and healthy bodies with healthy minds. If there are no grounds for sport, space can be made for indoor games like table tennis, squash, wrestling, boxing, gymnastics, volleyball, basketball and badminton, for example.
- 4) There must be a library in each school with a variety of books and every child must be encouraged to read at least one book a week. It was from such reading that I got my first lessons in history and language.

S. Muthiah

Wordless Gopulu



● The late Gopulu during his Ananda Vikatan days had a series of wordless jokes that brought about loud laughter. These were brought out as a book, in 2005, and a copy was recently sent to me by Charukesi. We are pleased to publish these cartoons for a new generation of Madrasis.

– THE EDITOR



India is necessary, the old riyotwari system is to be taught). Sometime the content is not specific – like just mentioning the word 'hazards'? What hazards?

The secondary level syllabus is the most overloaded, going back to the systematic study of all three subjects. There is a sense of *deja vu*. The subject matter deserves 100 marks each, instead of the 25 allotted. It is at this level that there is more of a strain on the teacher and the taught, as students face the first public examination.

What we wonder were the objectives for framing the new syllabus? Was the objective only to bring the State Board syllabus on par with the Central Board, so that competitive examinations like the I.A.S. and

NEET could be more successfully attempted? Could not the objective have been broader, drafting a syllabus aimed at equipping students to face a rapidly changing world. If critical thinking is developed through the syllabus, children will automatically take NEET or any other competitive examination with self-confidence. The present syllabus will function as is it has been functioning so far, stressing rote learning, something like motion continuing till inertia takes over.

A great deal will depend on the development of content, the kind of text books made available, to suit the level of understanding of the students, and the skill and capability of the teachers.

Where music & dance flourished — Soundarya Mahal

For the December Music Season audience of today, this name will make no sense. Yet in the 1920s and the 1930s, this was the venue of choice for all music and dance performances. It was also hired by political outfits, social service organisations, and labour unions. Located on Govindappa Naicken Street, George Town, it was the smaller option for organisers who did not want to hire the *Gokhale Hall* on Armenian Street, which could seat at least 700 people.

The records are sketchy and there is not even a photograph in the public domain of *Soundarya Mahal*. But we do know that it comprised two levels – a ground floor that could seat 200 and a small balcony that accommodated 50. There are also accounts that say *Soundarya Mahal* was not at ground level and had to be accessed by stairs. If so, it is not clear as to who occupied the ground floor.

The property itself was owned by Dewan Bahadur Salla Gurusamy Chetty. In his time, he was a man of many parts – a successful lawyer, social activist, patron of the arts and a prominent Freemason. His active years appear to have been from the early 1900s to about 1940 or so. Gurusamy Chetty lost his wife Soundaryavalli and it was in her memory that he built *Soundarya Mahal* as a multi-purpose hall, may be in the second decade of the 1900s. While it was put to good use for meetings of various kinds, it became an important location for the fine arts.

During the 1930s, the scholar Dr. V. Raghavan wrote reviews for the magazine *Sound and Shadow* under the pen name of 'Bhavuka'. From these we get to know of performances at *Soundarya Mahal* by stalwarts such as Papanasam Sivan, T. Balasraswathi and Chidambaram Srirangachariar. These were all artistes who drew a select but scholarly audience and, so, a small hall suited their performance style best. It was also a venue that could be used for debut performances when organisers were not certain about audience size. Several latter day

Under the kind Patronage and in the immediate presence of Mr. C. Rajam.
THE FIRST SOUTH INDIAN MUSIC CONFERENCE OF
THE INDIAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY, MADRAS.
AT SOUNDARYA MAHAL
on Thursday, 28th December 1933 at 4 p. m.
Miss M. S. SUBBALAKSHMI of Madras – Vocal.
Miss SHANMUGA VADIVOO – Veena.
Mr. GURURAJAPPA of Mysore (Brother of Mr. T. Chowdiah) – Violin.
A Short Lecture will also be given on 'THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN DRAMAS'
By M. B. By. T. RAGHAYACHARYA GARU, B.A., B.L., (of Bellary).

Announcing MS singing at Soundarya Mahal.

LOST LANDMARKS OF CHENNAI — SRIRAM V

stars had their debut here. There was yet another factor that worked in *Soundarya Mahal's* favour – women of the Devadasi community were not allowed to perform in *Gokhale Hall* owing to a condition to this effect laid by Annie Besant, the founder. All the handmaidens of God therefore sang only at *Soundarya Mahal*. Thus it was that the sisters Brinda and Mukta, grand daughters of Veena Dhanam, had their early performances here. In 1933, M.S. Subbulakshmi was presented here for the first time to the audiences of Madras, by the Indian Fine Arts Society.

More important than all this was the role that *Soundarya Mahal* played in the formation of the Music Academy. It was here that a meeting took place on January 7, 1926 and the details are worth quoting in full:

"A large number of well wishers and lovers of classical music had expressed a desire that effective steps should be taken to stimulate interest in indigenous music in this part of the country and to develop musical culture along sound lines. It was felt that an Academy should be established in Madras for the purpose. A preliminary meeting was held on 7th January 1926 at *Soundarya Mahal* with

T.S.Seshagiri Iyer in the chair.

"The meeting was well attended and among those present were: Dr. U. Rama Rao, Mrs. Margaret Cousins, Rev. H.A. Popley, Messers Satyamurti, W. Doraiswami Iyengar, C.D. Rajaratna Mudaliar, C.R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar, R. Krishna Rao Bhonsle, and Dewan Bahadur Salla Guruswami Chetty.

"The following resolution was adopted unanimously:

"that this meeting considers that a Musical Academy be started to develop and encourage indigenous music and the same shall be known as the South Indian Academy of Music".

Nothing came of the idea in the immediate short term but a year later, the All India Congress Session saw a revival of the same scheme and by August 18, 1928, the Music Academy became reality. In its very early years, when it conducted monthly concerts, the Music Academy made use of *Soundarya Mahal*. So did its rival – the Indian Fine Arts Society, established in 1931. In later years, each went its own way. But *Soundarya Mahal* remained a venue of choice for much longer. It was here that T.T. Krishnamachari heard M.S. Subbulakshmi for the first time

and became a lifelong admirer.

This was also a venue for highbrow regional language theatre. Telugu plays were staged here as were also those in Kannada. Of the latter, the best known was, according to Randor Guy, the play *Samsara Nowka*, which later was made into a successful film.

Perhaps the most illustrious personality to visit *Soundarya Mahal* was Mahatma Gandhi. He addressed the women of Madras here on September 16, 1921, under the auspices of the Sarvajanit Mitra Mandal. The Mahatma spoke in Gujarati and stressed the necessity for the assembled women to give up imported clothes. It was also here in 1923 that the seeds of the Dakshin Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha were sown. Rather ironically, it was at rival *Gokhale Hall* that the anti-Hindi agitation had its beginning.

The later history of *Soundarya Mahal* does not make for very happy reading. The general degradation of George Town and the shifting of music and dance to venues in south Chennai meant that the place came to be rarely used for meetings and concerts. It did serve a purpose as a wedding hall. The property was administered by a Trust instituted in the name of Salla Gurusamy Chetty and this body felt that the land could be put to better use. There was the question of the Arya Vysya Maha Sabha of which Gurusamy Chetty had once been a pillar. This organisation was still using the building. But in 1995 a solution was hammered out and the building was brought down. What stands in its place is an electricals and plastic goods market of unsurpassed ugliness. Who can believe that music and dance once flourished here?



The most unforgettable Briton the City has known

He sported the fancy title of Director of Photography, *Indian Express* Group. (I doubt if any other major newspaper in India has ever had such a functionary.) This Briton's friendship with the Madras police (who frequently sought his help for photographs of criminals and crime scenes) and the access he enjoyed to top brass in government and elsewhere made him an influential person. You crossed him at your peril.

Voluble, witty, entertaining and highly self-opinionated, Harry Miller was always ebullient company.

Miller made Madras his home in 1956 and lived here till his death in 1998. He had earlier represented *The Hindu* as its London correspondent and was even for two years its correspondent in Pakistan, a country he disliked intensely. He went back to the U.K. and lived there for seven years before coming to Madras – a city "that gave him the powerful feeling that this was home." He married Revathi, daughter of Parthasarathy Iyengar aka 'Sadhu' Parthasarathy (a leading lawyer of Chennai who took to *sanyas* after building the Vaishnavi temple in Thirumullaivayal).

Miller joined the *Indian Express* in the 1950s and did pretty much what he wanted to do. He published provocative and occasionally eye-stopping photographs. He wrote a popular column, 'Madras – city of neglect', about civic problems – clogged sewers, uncollected rubbish, poor bus services, failing streetlights, illegal buildings. And undertook important photographic assignments.

Back in 1980, I was Miller's companion over several thousand kilometres of road journeys – in Chennai, Mahabalipuram, Kanniyakumari and Tuticorin in

Tamil Nadu; Kakinada and Uppada in Andhra Pradesh; Puri in Orissa; Chittagong and Cox's Bazar in Bangladesh; Colombo, Negombo and Beruwela in Sri Lanka. He was particularly loquacious in a car – car journeys seemed to at once unravel his memory and loosen his tongue. Result: stories, anecdotes and jokes aplenty – about Madras, its personalities high and humble, animals and snakes, the *Indian Express* – some of which were known to very few.

Why the car journeys? As Information Officer of a FAO/UN project, the Bay of Bengal Programme, I had suggested a photo exhibition on small-scale fisheries to raise public awareness about our work. The project director, Lars Engvall, readily agreed and suggested that we engage Harry Miller, whom he knew through the Madras Club, to photo-document our work in India, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka. I accompanied Miller on field trips in the three countries to brief him about our work.

Miller took several hundred photographs for the Bay of Bengal Programme, and we held two successful photo exhibitions – one at the Taj Coromandel in Madras, another at the Galle Face Hotel in Colombo. The exhibition began an association both instructive and entertaining.

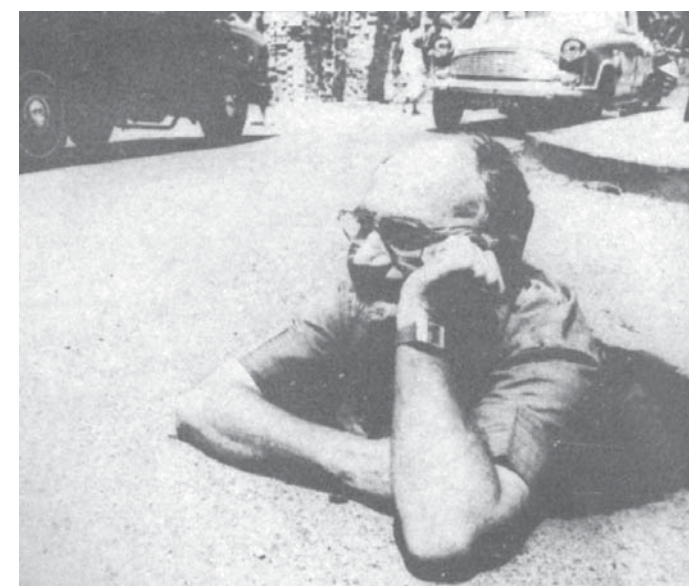
But what I would like to talk about today are the stories and anecdotes Miller shared with me on those car journeys. One delightful story concerned his boss in the *Indian Express*, Rannath Goenka – or, rather, about an orphanage Goenka had set up in Chennai for destitute boys. He once told Miller "These boys are on vacation from school. They are idling away, wasting time. Teach them photography." Miller took the chore seriously and imparted to the children the

basics of composition and focal length and lighting.

Around that time, a friend of Miller, a visiting British fashion photographer, had left a few rolls of precious negatives with Miller – of some luscious ladies in the nude. He told Miller, "I'm going out of town for some time. I don't want to keep carrying

known to have a short fuse, and I pity the victims of his wrath.

Miller told me, "For Heaven's sake, Madhu, don't write about this anywhere. The Old Man won't forgive me. But do what you want after I am gone." Since neither Miller nor "The Old Man" is around anymore, I guess it's okay to share this anecdote



Harry Miller in typical 'action' (above) and some of his photographs (top) for the Bay of Bengal Programme's exhibitions.

these negatives around with me. Keep them safely for me till I come back." Miller kept the negative wallets in a darkroom cupboard.

One afternoon, Miller took the orphanage kids out on a photography field trip. He then told them to process and print in his darkroom what they had shot, while he went out for some time. When he returned a few hours later, what did he find?

The kids were on the floor giggling and sniggering, huddled over several prints of women in the buff. They had somehow discovered the "steamy" negatives, and used their new-found skills to process and print them! Miller is

known to have a short fuse, and I pity the victims of his wrath.

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Miller could resort to bluster to overcome difficult situations. ("As a *vellaikkaran*, I get away with some nonsense in Madras!") He told me that on one occasion, he arrived at Madras airport from London with some expensive photo equipment bought in the U.K. He apprehended heavy import duty. When the Customs asked him whether he had anything to declare, he replied, "Yes, I have a gun."

This triggered consternation. "He has a gun," the Customs officer yelled out to his colleagues, and they gathered around him. "Why do you have a gun, Sir?" one of them asked. "To shoot mad dogs," Miller replied with a straight face.

"Dogs? Why?" "Have you ever carried dying children in your arms, children with rabies? I have done that. Believe me, there can be no death more horrible." The audience of Customs officers were tongue-tied and all ears while Miller gave them a zoology lesson. He said people harbored an irrational fear of snakes, most of which were harmless. But they were indifferent to mad dogs which freely roamed the city and

spread rabies. "I shoot them to save the people of Madras."

"Do you have a licence for the gun, Sir?" asked one of the officers. "No, I must apply for one," Miller said. "Please leave the revolver here till you get the licence," he was told. "Okay, may I leave now?" asked Miller. Yes, said the Customs guys, and Miller left the airport without paying a paisa as duty for the camera equipment! He retrieved

Miller asked me why Tamilians are so colour-conscious. He said he once photographed K. Kamaraj, the former Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu. "I thought they were pretty good photographers. But Kamaraj's response was 'You have made me look so black.'" Miller said Indian photographers sometimes used "red-ink treatment" to make their subjects fairer.

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his revolver later. I didn't ask Miller what use he put it to.

Miller had had an encounter with the Customs earlier. He occasionally received protein-rich "whole milk biscuits" from New Zealand for distribution to poor children in Thirumullaivayal. On one occasion, he received a notice from the Customs demanding Rs. 25,000 for a consignment. Miller tried to argue that the consignments were non-dutiable and for charity. Even the New Zealand High Commissioner in India supported his claim. But the Customs did not relent. They even billed Miller Rs. 50,000 for two earlier consignments!

On an impulse, Miller dashed off a long telegram to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. He had met her and Pandit Nehru a couple of times in London while he was a correspondent for *The Hindu*. He reminded her of those meetings and complained that he was being penalised by the Customs in India for charity work for children. The PM did not reply, but a week later, the Customs guys phoned him most courteously

(Continued on page 8)

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— The Editor

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(Quizmaster V.V. Ramanan's questions are from November 16th to 30th. Questions 11 to 20 relate to Chennai and Tamil Nadu.)

1. Saikhom Mirabai Chanu recently became only the second Indian woman to win a World championship gold in which Olympic sport?
2. Who was honoured with the Indian Film Personality Award 2017 at the recently-concluded 48th International Film Festival of India?
3. How did Manushi Chhillar make news on November 18th?
4. ISRO has announced that India's first dedicated scientific mission to study the sun would be launched in 2019. What is it to be called?
5. Which bank is launching the country's first integrated lifestyle and banking digital service platform named YONO (You Only Need One)?
6. The President recently promulgated an ordinance under Article 123 to omit which common plant species from the definition of trees?
7. Who has been chosen to receive the prestigious Indira Gandhi Prize for Peace, Disarmament and Development this year?
8. Which African leader was forced to step down as President after being in office for 29 years?
9. How did Rachel Markle, an American actress known for her role in the TV series *Suits*, make news?
10. To which neighbouring countries did Pope Francis recently make a six-day visit?

11. What is now housed in *Chamundeswari Bagh*?
12. What was started in 1923 by Mrs. Waller, along with some European women, with the aim of promoting philanthropic activities?
13. Which busy Madras thoroughfare of yore had buildings named *Manonidhi*, *Vinnagar*, *Sadhana* and *Kamalalayam*?
14. What was the famous pseudonym of the author Ja. Ra. Sundaresan, who passed away recently?
15. According to historian and author A.R. Venkatachalapathy, why do '*kaapi tumbler*' have rims?
16. Who is the present Archbishop of the Madras-Mylpaore diocese?
17. To enjoy which English poet's works did Subramania Bharati start a club in Ettaiyapuram?
18. Which popular magazine debuted on January 15, 1970 with a pair of donkeys on the cover?
19. Captain C.P. Krishnan Nair of Leela Hotels' fame is credited with inventing and popularising which famous textile synonymous with Madras?
20. Which is the oldest unit of the Madras Regiment that was raised in 1704 in Padmanabhapuram as bodyguards for the Maharajah of Travancore?

(Answers on page 8)

Back to school after ages!

Tucked away unassumingly between a complex of cinema theatres and a popular social club on Anna Salai, the majestic spire of Christ Church soars into the sky, symbolising the eponymous School's motto, "Do Your Best". The school certainly has, overcoming a maze of problems and hurdles of all kinds.

As I entered the portals of Christ Church High School on the occasion of the celebrations of its 175th birthday, I could not



Christ Church, Mount Road, after renovation, and its school in the background.

help but feel a lump in my throat for I had left the school sixty years ago and never had an opportunity to visit my Alma Mater again.

Entering the Church, I stole a glance at the pipes of the organ and recalled how an Irish Chaplain moved us with those timeless hymns, 'Lead us Heavenly Father', 'Yield not to Temptation', 'Calvary Tree' etc. Those were the days when we sat on its steps and rushed through our lunch boxes so as to catch a short game of Hockey before the post-lunch bell summoned us to our class-rooms. I thought of the school's hockey stalwarts like Maurice Timms (son of a Deputy Commissioner of Police then) and Eugene Edmonds and a couple of other Anglo-Indian school-mates as well as some Chinese like Robert Chen Benchu and Pen Lo, who migrated to Australia and New Zealand many decades ago.

The School and the Church are steeped in History. The School was founded in 1842 by Thomas Parker Waller. Esther

Linley Harris, historian and genealogist of the Waller family, who had come from Australia, inaugurated the proceedings with a moving speech. But I was distracted by my own nostalgic thoughts; I cast a longing glance at the rear to catch a glimpse of a picture of Christ with the following legend at the bottom: "Behold, the kingdom of God is within you." (Unfortunately, because of the heavy cluster of people in that corner, I was unable to see it).

After the speech by Ms Harris, there were a number of songs and dances of a rather pedestrian variety by the cur-

standards of education and was primarily responsible for enhancing the reputation of the hundred-year old (then) institution. A feeling of fear, mixed with respect, tingled through our spine whenever he walked down the corridor and casually cast a glance in the direction of our class. He would be the first to assemble for Prayer in the morning; after a hymn was sung, he would give a short homily before ending with the Lord's prayer and specifically intoning the following words with great emphasis and clarity: "May the Grace of God and the Fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us this day and forever more". (Even now, after a hiatus of sixty years, those words are impressed indelibly into my psyche!).

His alter ego, David Samuel, was an institution by himself. He taught us to love the nuances of the English language ("as she spoke") and treated Wren and Martin as a Bible! He easily raised us above the level of *Lamb's Tales of Shakespeare* and made us appreciate the Bard of Avon in his own inimitable style. He identified a small bunch of us and taught us Advanced English at his home on Sunday afternoons while his wife plied us with biscuits and orange juice. Soliloquys from Shakespearean plays and couplets from the Lake Poets used to flow from his lips while he joked about spoonerisms, malapropisms, figures of speech, mixed metaphors and the quaint use of idioms. His eyes would sparkle when he lauded Tennyson's use of onomatopoeia in his famous poem, 'The Brook'. The other day when I

rang up an old classmate who was keeping indifferent health and indulged, as was our wont, in a bit of "Samuel-speak", he quoth: "I wasted Life and now doth Life waste me"! It was indeed a pleasure to hear Samuel play the piano in different moods – be it in the Assembly Hall, Church or at his home.

Our Tamil teacher, Subbiah needs a special mention; some of us in the classroom would occasionally send out a wave of giggles whenever we saw him bravely coaxing a motley group of Sindhi, Jain, Punjabi, Chinese and Anglo-Indian students into reading some passages from their Tamil prose book!

The organisers did also recognise and applaud some top retired Government officials who had passed out with rankings around fourth or fifth in 1966. Before moving over for Dinner, I accosted a couple of the main organisers and mentioned that they had erred in their HISTORY! Had they gone through the School records correctly, they would have spotted one V. Kalidas who ranked SECOND in the State and was even felicitated in a public function along with the first and third State Rankers in 1957. I also happily pulled out the medal from my jacket which my wife had thoughtfully given to me to be shown to Harris, which I found too delicate to do.

It was a memorable evening meeting with old friends and classmates, hewn into different shapes and forms, by Father Time. My class-mates, Col. Kohli, (Retd.) and S. Radhakrishnan, (retired Chairman, TNSC Bank) called earlier in the day. It needs to be mentioned that the school continues to churn out top guns in the Defence and leaders in Business and Governance.

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IE heads for its Golden Jubilee

Can someone without specific academic qualifications or experience in journalism and no financial resources but with just a dream, launch an industrial magazine and run it successfully for 50 years? S. Viswanathan (SV), founder Editor & Publisher of *Industrial Economist (IE)*, dared to do this. SV will be celebrating two landmark events in his life in 2018; his 80th birthday in January and the golden jubilee of *IE* on March 15th.

After Loyola and Vivekananda, where he got a BA (Hons) degree in Mathematics and a Masters in Political Science with Economics, he joined the Directorate of Industry & Commerce and got trained in government's systems. Then followed a few years of teaching Mathematics at the Jayanthi Tutorial College, IJET, Loyola College and Madras Christian College.

SV's first brush with writing and printing happened during this period. His association with the Social Service Centre, Mambalam, provided him the opportunity to work on social issues like hygiene, and nutrition, and bring out a souvenir for the Centre. It was a good experience in editing, advertising and marketing. He also got involved with music and literary activities. These brought him in touch with Krishna Srinivas (KSri) who was publishing two magazines, *Indian Industries* and *Poet*, both printed at his printing press. Impressed by SV's work, KSri invited him to help him run the magazines and the press. Armed with the knowledge gained working with KSri, Viswanathan decided to turn entrepreneur at a very young age. He was only 24 when he launched in 1962 the monthly magazine *Mobile* devoted to the transport industry. He got guidance from S.N. Ramasami of the TVS group.

He travelled around the country interviewing the leading lights of the automobile industry for *Mobile* and seeking the advertising to support it. Less than two years later, he started another trade magazine, *Trade Wheel*, devoted to the two-wheeler industry.

An important breakthrough came when he traded advertising space for a round-trip ticket to Europe with PanAm. He used his connections with the Press Bureau of German Industry in India to get the opportunity to visit the six renowned German companies that built the Rourkela Steel Plant and the German government helped



S. Viswanathan.

him to visit Daimler Benz, Volkswagen, the Hanover Fair etc. He then went to the UK.

H.B. Stanford of Simpson's, Madras, introduced him to British Leyland and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, London. He covered the British automobile industry extensively, visiting a dozen plants. The trip "opened my eyes to the immense opportunities and scope for industry-focused journalism."

The trip also led SV to phase out *Mobile*. He explains: "India was then producing in three automobile plants less than 20,000 cars a year. Volkswagen was producing in a single plant 6,200 cars a day! I decided to widen my canvas and bring out an 'industry based-magazine focused on South India.'" At the same time there was an opening up of a window of opportunity: economic journals from Kolkata (*Capital*), Delhi (*Eastern Economist*), and Bombay (*Commerce*), all industry-owned publications, had folded up. And, so, *Industrial Economist (IE)* was born.

The first issue of *IE* was released as a fortnightly on March 15, 1968. It had 36 pages, a cover price of 75 paise (annual subscription Rs. 15), and a print order of 2,000 copies. The cover page carried a cartoon by Thanu and the inside pages featured well-researched articles/reports on industry, commodities, stocks, trade etc. These were based on information culled from company reports, plant visits and interviews with company executives. *IE* was well-received. Thanu and, later Gopulu, embellished the cover and inside pages in the early issues.

In the early years, SV's brother S. Narayanan and col-

league P.S. Ramamurti looked after advertising. Veteran journalist P.R. Srinivas was the Consulting Editor. P.A. Seshan and T.V. Anantharamaseshan of *The Hindu* lent invaluable guidance. Dr. P.S. Lokanathan and Chitra S. Narayanaswamy were among the regular contributors. And SV's parents pitched in too.

According to SV, the concept of the 'Advertorial Supplement' on a particular topic/event introduced by *IE* was the first of its kind in business journalism. The supplements had anywhere from 24 to 80 pages. The first supplement was on the inauguration of Madras Refineries Ltd. in September 1969. It was a part of the regular issue of the magazine and carried special features on the prestigious plant built with multinational involvement. MRL ordered 5,000 copies of the supplement for distribution. It was a good business idea and *IE* has produced over 100 such supplements. A few of these were truly outstanding; the one on the Sakthi Group won 2,55,000 reprints, and on Ashok Leyland 85,000.

The growing business necessitated shifting the office from his home in T'Nagar to a 4,000 sq. ft. rented premises in Gopalapuram in 1973. With the

● by
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move also came the idea of expanding the press. SV imported a printing machine from Germany and a linotype machine from the USSR. These got caught in the red tape involved in imports at the time. By the time he installed these, along with a couple of Indian machines, technology had changed. Letter-press became obsolete and computers took over. SV struggled for a decade before deciding to quit the printing business!

Even while SV was fighting a battle on the business front, burdened with term loans, he was fast gaining recognition as an economic editor. He started getting invited to the annual Economic Editors' Conferences hosted by the Union Government in Delhi, and which provided for interactions with Central ministers and senior civil servants. From 1973, SV was, for several years, the sole representative to focus on southern economic issues, like demand-



The cover of *IE*'s inaugural issue.

ing the expansion of Neyveli Lignite Corporation and successfully pursuing it. SV has attended these conferences for the last 44 years, a record indeed!

SV used the Delhi visits to go to projects in North, West, Central and East India. He has the distinction of covering projects in all Indian States except J&K and Assam.

In 1985, SV switched to electronic/computer typesetting and desk top publishing/digitisation. Eight years later, *IE* celebrated its Silver Jubilee. To commemorate the 1993 Silver Jubilee, *IE* instituted the first ever Business Excellence Award for a corporate in South India. He formed an independent awards committee to make the decision. The Awards were discontinued in 2001 when SV found the mushrooming TV channels in Delhi presenting a plethora of awards.

In 1994, SV decided to go public. His company *IE* became a unit of the new company, Economist Communications Ltd.

In the early 1980s SV moved to rented property in Guindy Industrial Estate. When new sheds were built there, he got allotted a 2,500 sq.ft. shed and, in 2001, 5,600 sq.ft. land. Foreseeing the transformation of Guindy into a large commercial hub, he raised a sophisticated commercial building with design by C.N. Ranganathan (C.R. Narayana Rao architects) and construction by L&T. In a record seven months, *Economist House* was built. It incorporated several sophisticated features: total rainwater harvesting,

double glazed windows, rooftop solar power, sensor-based lights in toilets, security cameras etc.

With steady rent coming from lessees, SV has been able to bring out *IE* regularly, modestly supported by advertising. Importantly, he has been able to be independent. SV fought a long legal battle to win the right of journalists to be critical of corporates. The magazine today covers a readership of 75,000.

Married to Padma for 46 years, SV has a son, Bala, and daughter, Sangita, both of whom are settled in the U.S. Both cut their teeth in journalism and communication at *IE*, like many others who were groomed by SV in economic journalism. Neither of them, however, is interested in taking over the mantle from their father.

To celebrate its Golden Jubilee, *IE* plans to have a seminar spread over a day with sessions on the economy, industry, agriculture and technology-innovation followed by a public function in the evening. The focus will be on the South. It promises to be one of the major events of the new year.

Dates for Your Diary

Till December 31: *Blind Poet and Butterflies* an art exhibition by C. Douglas. The exhibition of mixed media works comprises 30 small format works shown alongside Korean Zen poems. A film on the artist, titled *Black Mirror*, will also be screened at DakshinaChitra with InKo Centre.

(Continued from page 5)

and respectfully, and said, "Sir, we have waived the Customs duty for the milk biscuits. We will deliver them to your place. When can we do so?" The children got their biscuits.

Miller was a naturalist and wildlife enthusiast, particularly knowledgeable about snakes. He wrote an article for *National Geographic* in September 1970 on 'The cobra, India's good snake'. For many years Miller's home in Chennai was a two-acre house in Thirumullaivayal (in Thiruvallur District, near Avadi) – that he built on land gifted to his wife by his father-in-law. Visitors to the house in a rural setting were varied – frogs, snakes (including cobras, kraits and vipers), monkeys, pigs, mongooses and many strange insects. Miller frequently received a frenzied SOS from neighbours about snakes intruding into their homes. Priests of the Vaishnavi temple in Thirumullaivayal depended on him to get rid of the snakes slithering in their compound. He kept a pet python in a cupboard, and once offered to garland me with it. I fled before he started insisting!

It was Miller who introduced Romulus Whittaker (founder of the Madras Snake Park and later of the Crocodile Park) to the snake-catching Irula tribes of Tamil Nadu. Rom was so impressed with the Irulas and their skills that he moved from Bombay to Madras so that he could work with these tribes and sell venom from them to the Haffkine Institute in Bombay.

It was also Miller who invited S. Paul, brother of Raghu Rai, to join the *Indian Express* in New Delhi as its chief photographer. Paul accepted and worked with the *Express* for 26 years, when he cemented his

reputation as one of the pioneers of photo journalism in India.

One of Miller's most enduring contributions to Madras was in preserving a precious collection of a few hundred glass plate negatives of old Madras and more of other parts of India. These were photographs shot by German and English photographers during the period 1870-1930. The value of these high-quality photographs is inestimable. Its Madras component is the only authentic photo documentation of the city of that period.

How did Miller come by this collection? An aging and impecunious Anglo-Indian nanny in Coonoor, one Miss Cooper, had with her four huge custom-made teak boxes crammed with glass plate negatives. They were left with her by a German family she had worked with in Madras. She didn't know what to do with them. She showed Eric Stracey, then Inspector-General of Police, the collection when he visited and he had them moved to Madras where he gave them to Harry for preservation. Miller found that the collection comprised some 1,500 glass plate negatives of various Indian events and places, including more than 300 of Madras. Miller years later sold the collection to Vintage Vignettes, a five-man partnership with a sense of history.

One of Miller's friends was the legendary British futurist, astronomer and science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke, author of 2001, *a Space Odyssey* and

other novels. Clarke settled in Colombo in 1956 and lived there till his death in 2008. Miller and Clarke often visited each other. Clarke wrote a foreword to one of Harry Miller's books, *A Frog in My Soup*. Titled 'Miller of Madras', the foreword said, "I have always enjoyed Miller's splendid photographs and hearing his fascinating stories, many of which may even be true." He added: "He has an unparalleled understanding of India, its people and its animals... There must be few Westerners who can match his knowledge of this endearing and sometimes infuriating country." Clarke also described Miller's house in Thirumullaivayal as a "menagerie" and said Miller had wrapped his pet python round him.

Miller told me an anecdote about Clarke which was perhaps true. Clarke migrated to Ceylon because of his interest in scuba-diving. (He set up a diving school in Hikkaduwa.) Miller said Clarke persuaded the Ceylon Government to give him tax-free status; he told them that if they did so, many Western millionaires would move to Ceylon in the hope of similar treatment. The Government acceded, and amended its laws to make this possible. But the promised migration of Western millionaires to Sri Lanka did not happen. The particular law came to be known informally as the Arthur Clarke amendment.

I once asked Miller why he chose to live in India rather than Britain. "Who wants to

live in that bloody cold country?" he wisecracked. But when someone else posed him the same question, he replied "Who else except Indians will tolerate a guy like me?" I suspect the real reason is that Miller had got used to being pampered in Madras and India – servants, assistants, VIP treatment – which he wouldn't have received back home! He liked the Madras weather; he also liked people looking up to him or fussing over him.

Journalist Rahul Singh, former editor of *Reader's Digest*, once told Miller an amusing story of two boys talking to each other at the swimming pool of the Gymkhana Club, Bombay. One boy bemoaned the fact that his father had been trans-

ferred to Madras, and that he would henceforth have to live in that rotten old place. The other boy responded, "Oh, Madras can't be all that bad. Harry Miller lives there."

Miller says in one of his books that India is a land of amazing variety and contradictions, "also a land of friendly, warm-hearted people, where I have chosen to spend the larger part of my life, where I shall certainly die, and which has given me more happiness than any man could justifiably deserve."

Miller passed away in 1998. The event was mentioned by all local papers, but it didn't hit the headlines. Considering his many contributions to Madras that is Chennai, he deserved a more handsome tribute.

Answers to Quiz

1. Weightlifting, 2. Amitabh Bachchan, 3. She was crowned Miss World, 4. Aditya- L1, 5. State Bank of India, 6. Bamboo, 7. Former Prime Minister Manmohan Singh, 8. Robert Mugabe of Zimbabwe, 9. She has become engaged to Prince Harry, the younger son of Prince Charles and Lady Diana, 10. Myanmar and Bangladesh.

* * *

11. Russian consulate in San Thomé, 12. Guild of Service, 13. Edward Elliot's Road, 14. Bhagyam Ramaswamy, 15. So that lower castes could drink the coffee without sipping it, thus cutting down 'pollution', 16. Most Rev. Dr. George Antonysamy, 17. Percy Bysshe Shelley, 18. Cho's *Tughlak*, 19. Bleeding Madras, 20. 9th Battalion.

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– THE EDITOR

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