

Contributions by Parsees and Anglo-Indians

By S. H. Subba Rao

OF about 70 crores of Indians, the Parsees — Zoroastrians of Iranian ancestry — are just about a lakh. They are one in 7,000 Indians, forming a micro-macroscopic minority of less than .03 per cent. But this gifted community has contributed giants like Dadabhai Navroji, Pheroz Shah Mehta, Dinscha Wacha, Jamshedji Tata, Hosmaji Bhabha, Homi Mody, F. K. Nariman, J. R. D. Tata, D. N. Wadia, Sohrab Mody, H. N. Sethna, Zeubin Mehta, M. R. Masani, P. L. Mody, Aspi Engineer, Nani Palkiwala, Russi Karanjia, D. F. Karaka, Maneckshaw and a large number of men

qualities expected from the teaching profession.

Mr. Safi Darashah, a Parsee, was an officer of the Mysore Civil Service. Handsome in appearance, generous in temperament, he was a great sportsman, and highly reputed for his integrity. Mr. B. P. Wadia bequeathed all his inherited wealth for the establishment of the Indian Institute of World Culture at Basavanagudi, Bangalore. It is one of our most active cultural organizations, devoted to spreading international brotherhood and promoting arts. Mr. Gadiall a Parsee architect of our city, has designed

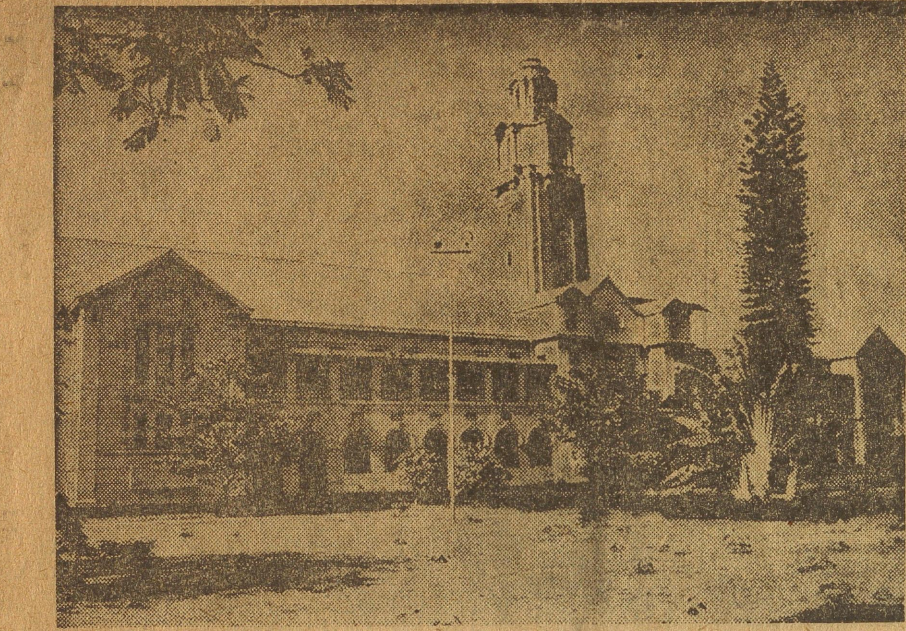
very active in our State.

The Mysore State Police, the Mysore State Railway and the Government hospitals had many Anglo-Indians as officers and staff. The names of Superintendent Mr. Wynne and D.I.G., Anderson, are within the recollections of those still living. In teaching the young, nursing the sick and tending the poor, with aptitudes and skills in all risk-bearing professions, and enjoying to 'live dangerously', the Anglo-Indian community has achieved conspicuous distinction. One of our finest educational institutions in the State, the Frank Anthony Public School at Bangalore, is the result of the dedication and spirit of service of the community. The Baldwin School had many Anglo-Indian teachers as also the Cathedral High School and the Bishop Cotton School. There was a brilliant pianist, Mr. Bryne More, of the Anglo-Indian community, and he had organized a beautiful choir of school children. When the lovable old bachelor passed away, the funeral services rendered by his little students, was so moving that an atheist could start believing in God. Justice Chagla has observed in his memoirs that Mr. Frank Anthony is one of our most brilliant parliamentarians. Frank Anthony's pleading for the retention of English was so convincing that President Rajendra Prasad admitted two of his grandchildren in the convent of Jesus and Mary, an institution run by the Anglo-Indian community.

The highest percentage of decorations received for valour, devotion to duty and sacrifice of life and limb, in our Air Force and Navy, has been secured by the Anglo-Indian community, and Karnataka has been the proud home State of many of them. Sgt. Ldr. Sydney Naronha, fighter pilot of the Royal Indian Air Force during the fateful Kashmir operations in 1947, strafed the enemy so successfully that they could not capture the Srinagar airfield. Naronha's fighter aircraft was shot, and he baled out from 10,000 ft over the Himalayan ranges, and lost a vital bone on landing. During the 1965 war with Pakistan, the Keeler brothers were our most proud possessions, as they shot down a number of fast flying Siro jets while flying the slower Gnat aircraft of our Air Force. Mr. Alfred P. Daley, former radar expert of the Civil Aviation Department, was from Bangalore and his parents were from K. G. F. It was unfortunate that Mr. Daley passed away while still being in his late forties. Mr. Briggs who has spent a lifetime in the strenuous assignment of steering steam locomotives and as an operational officer, is now past his prime as he walks on M.G. Road, he appears like one who is yet to retire from service. His son-in-law Mr. Gear is a brigadier in the parachute regiment. Dr. Harvey has been

many beautiful buildings in the State.

The Anglo-Indians are perhaps the most handsome section of Indians. Sir Raghunath Paranjpe, a distinguished professor of mathematics, Cambridge wrangler, patriot, social reformer, rationalist and our former Higher Commissioner in Australia, saw good in inter-racial marriages. His daughter Shakuntala Paranjpe married a Russian, to be followed later by Devika Rani who also married a Russian and honoured our State by settling down at Bangalore. During the British Administration, a few Englishmen married Indian girls, owing to the exigencies of the Indian society, the marriages were de facto alliances and normally with no rituals or religious ceremonies. Bangalore once had the largest congregation of British and



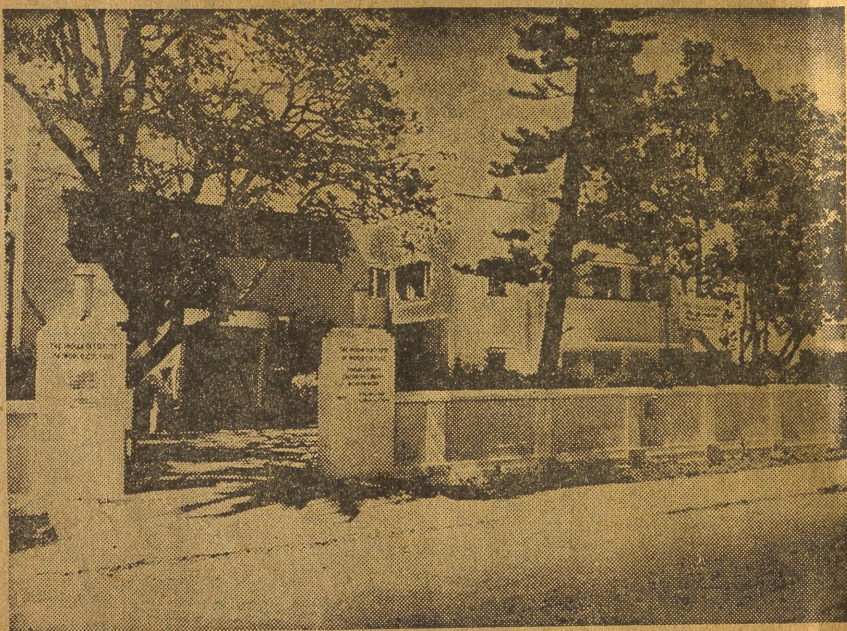
Tata Institute of Science: 3 F.R.S. and an atom-splitter

with character and capacity. The range of their contributions is a vast and varied canvas, encompassing patriotic and self-sacrificing national service, establishment of heavy industries, with planned townships around them, generation of electricity, insurance and banking, chemicals and textiles, hotels and films, air transport, automobiles and shipping.

Karnataka has received more than its share of benefits from the great little Parsee community. The very throne of the Maharajas of Mysore State — the nucleus of Karnataka — which was rendered back to the Wadiyar Royal Family in 1931, was the result substantially of the efforts of Dadabhai Navroji, who appealed to the sense of justice and fairplay of the British Prime Minister and Secretary of State and obtained the consent of the Imperial Government for the Rendition of the State, to the Wadiyars from whom it had been taken over in 1831.

During the tenure of Dewan Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, Jamshedji Tata made a magnificent donation for the first research institute in pure science, and our State became a pioneer in that field. With far-sighted vision, Maharaja Chamarajendra Wadiyar gave liberal government grants and a huge plot of land. Today the Tata Institute of Science of Bangalore is one of the biggest complexes in the whole country and the brightest of our boys and girls study there. Dr. H. J. Bhabha, a fellow of the Royal Society, worked here and later trained a scientist from our own Karnataka, Dr. Raja Ramanna, who put India on the nuclear map of the world. Dr. Bhabha's grandfather, another Bhabha, served our State as Director of Public Instruction.

Our electrical department of the former Mysore State had a distinguished Chief Engineer, Mr. Modawala, who preceded Mr. Forbes, during whose tenure the idea of Mr. Modawala for the implementation of the Jog Hydro-Electric scheme — subsequently rechristened Mahatma Gandhi Hydro Works — was taken up. In the University of Mysore there was a hallowed scholar and teacher, Prof. Ardeshir Ruttonji Wadia, who later became our Director of Public Instruction. Besides his scholarship, Prof. Wadia was known for his human qualities. He helped many poor students by subsidising their living expenses. Incidentally, Mysore University in those days had eminent professors from all over the country and from abroad. There were Brijendranath Seal, Radhakumud Mukherjee, S. Radhakrishnan, N. S. Subba Rao, B. M. Srikanthaya, K. S. K. Iyengar, B. S. Madhava Rao, Metcalf, Rollo, Mackintosh, Usner, all of whom had the ennobling and inspiring



Institute of World Culture: Brotherhood through arts

Anglo-Indian population, being next only to Calcutta which was then the capital of India.

The only Anglo-Indian regiment of the British Indian Army, the Auxiliary Force of India, was stationed at Bangalore for the major period of the year. Observe the names of our roads: Armstrong Road, Artillery Road, Austin Town Road, Benson Cross Road, Brunton Road, Cockburn Road, Coles Road, Dickenson Road, Eagles Road, Hains Road etc right up to the alphabet W with Wheeler's Road. Thank God, the vandals who desecrate history by cowardly malice against the dead and the departed are not

distinguished service in the medical corps and his brother J. C. Harvey was in the establishment sections of the Indian Foreign Service with postings all over the world. Mr. J. Lemos of the Dias Music salon in M. G. Road, has observed that there is growing interest in Western music among our boys and girls as a result of the teaching of music in the schools maintained by the minority communities.

The impressive secretariat of the University of Mysore, 'Crawford Hall', was built by the munificence of an English planter of Sakleshpur, Mr. Crawford, who lived in our State five decades ago. Mr. Crawford was a C. I. E., (Companion of the Indian Empire, conferred by the British Crown). In those days, Indian consorts of Europeans were not invited for the social functions and official ceremonials of the Government. Mr. Crawford had married an Indian from a backward community. With courage of conviction he intimidated the authorities that his wife was an Indian, and he did not attend functions to which his wife was also not invited.

Tagore who composed our melodious national anthem, Jana-Gana-Mana, dream of India representing a noble reconciliation of East and West, whose garland of love would be placed on her throne; Bangalore is a pretty composit of East and West, with a sweet half-English air, and with our parks and gardens modelled after Hyde Park and Kew Gardens. We have Churches and Cathedrals that let the peeling organ blow with harmonious voice and verse, Blest pair of sisters, as pledges of Heaven's joy.

Let our State absorb all that is good and beautiful in others; our saint-singers and social reformers, Purandara Dasa, and Basaveshwara, have taught us to show kindness and compassion to all living creatures and brotherly love to all mankind. Let us be worthy of our Saints.



Baldwin School: Inspiring English traditions



miscellany

A battle with destiny

MANY knock at the door of success in the field of fine arts but it is opened only to the chosen few. The others continue to strive and struggle. Obstacles do not deter the pursuit of one's ambition if one is made of sterner stuff.

Young Padma was born in Mysore as the daughter of T. S. Rajagopala Iyengar, a successful legal practitioner, whose name was fairly familiar in academic and music circles of the erstwhile Mysore State. He and his wife did not hesitate to encourage their daughter in her musical pursuits even from childhood. Padma's mother and aunt were proficient in music and the child picked up all the songs sung by them by merely hearing. The child prodigy, so to say, was put under the training of Veena H. S. Krishnamurthi and later the great Mysore Vasudevachar. Thus when she was hardly 9 years old she passed the junior examination in music.

When Vasudevachar left Mysore for Madras, T. Puttaswamiah, brother of T. Chowdiah, took over as her teacher. She was able to give a full-fledged concert on Deepavali day under the auspices of the Saraswathi Gana Sabha, Mysore, when she was about 13 years old. She was hailed as a teen-aged version of the great M. S. Subbulakshmi. This led to further concert oppor-

was a landmark in her concert career. Her delightful voice attracted offers for play-back singing in films, which however were rejected. In 1952 she graduated from Mysore University with Statistics and Mathematics as core subjects. Her marriage proved first a dampener and much later a blessing, to her musical ambitions. She was proficient in debating, sports and Bharathanatyam. She continued her training in veena, under R. S. Kesavamurthi, a senior and reputed maestro. Though her husband was a violinist and was quite willing to allow her to pursue her musical career, his professional commitments necessitated stay in various places in North

a new dimension to her musical thinking. She found that it was quite a tough job to reestablish herself in public favour as a concert artiste after a lapse of nearly two decades. A new generation of musicians and music-lovers had come into existence and old world values of musical appreciation

had yielded place to new, though the basic forms remained the same. Most of the stalwarts of an earlier era, including her mentor T. Chowdiah, had passed away. Without sacrificing her ambition to regain her stature as a concert artiste she concentrated on the academic side of musical knowledge and joined the Music Department of the Bangalore University with the active encouragement of its head, Dr. H. K. Ranganath, as a research scholar under late Dr. Ralla palli Ananthakrishna Sarma. She has submitted a thesis on the subject 'Development of Carnatic music — a scientific approach'. She also had the guidance of Dr. A. V. Shanmukham of the Indian Institute of Management in her research work. She wrote 'Sangita Dakshana Sangraha' (Part I) which was published by the Bangalore Uni-

versity both as a treatise and a textbook. She wrote several articles on music and gave lecture demonstrations, including that on 'Raga and Rasa' during the cultural festival of 1979 arranged by the State Sangita Nritya Academy and the seminar arranged in the Indian Institute of Science and later by the K. G. K. Parishat during its annual conference. She spoke on the Trinity and their music under the auspices of the Indian Institute of World Culture.

Her doctoral research involved experiments conducted at the Maharani's College with girl students in the age-group, 18-22, who had not taken music as a subject for their studies. Six major and popular ragas were played on the veena by Dr. V. Doraswami Iyengar to 10 students at a time who were supplied with questionnaire to record their emotional reactions. At present Mrs. Padma Murthy is Associate Professor of Music in the Department of Dance, Drama and Music of Bangalore University. She frequently broadcasts from the AIR Bangalore. Her ambition continues to be to stage a comeback as a concert artiste of standing. Soon we may welcome Dr. Padma Murthy on the stage of the Sabha in Bangalore and Mysore if destiny wills it that way, as she has amply equipped herself for such a recognition. — T. E. N.



PADMA MURTHY

India, where there were no facilities for musical pursuits in Carnatic music. For nearly 20 years Padma Murthy had to face a life of hibernation. She listened to radio broadcasts and broadcast recitals where such facilities were available. Meanwhile she had to content herself with playing the role of a housewife and a fond mother. In 1972 she set up house in Bangalore for the sake of the education of her children and in 1973 her husband joined her. In Bangalore she got a UGC fellowship to do research in music therapy, after the explorative studies at NIMHANS for 3 years under the guidance of Prof. H. N. Murthy. This gave

MUSICIANS OF KARNATAKA

tunities. She passed the Senior examination in music. At this stage she came under the training of Sangita Bhusanram M. S. Selvapulle Iyengar. He put Padma under an intensive course of training and she passed the Music Vidwat examination as also her S. S. L. C. examination. She also cut three discs for the Columbia Gramophone Co. as a teenager. Her popularity grew, leading to concerts at the prestigious Jagannatha Bhakta Sabha, Madras, and other Sabhas in Madras, Anantapur, etc. She broadcast music programmes from the Madras, Mysore and Dharwad stations.

The abiding friendship between her father and late violin maestro T. Chowdiah led to the latter teaching her some terse pallavis and also use his good offices to enable her to learn from Chembai Valdarnath Bhagavathar and D. K. Pattammal, some of their masterpieces. To crown it all, he conferred on her the enviable privilege of accompanying her on violin at a concert arranged by the Malleswaram Sangita Sabha (1950) with M. L. Veerabhadraiah and K. S. Manjunath on mridangam and ghatam. This

Summer is here: Face it

AFTER the youthful spring, the dreaded summer has descended on us. Nobody looked forward to it. In fact, people chose to be deliberately ignorant of the existence of this season as long as possible. They knew it would come. But why think of it now and spoil the spring-air? Therefore thoughts of summer were firmly pushed in the back recesses of the brain. And now when it has come, it has not been given a welcome either. Neither a royal one, nor a humble one, nor one with warmth and open arms.

But ignoring this brushoff, this disdainful and indifferent attitude, summer has made its appearance boldly, with sure, confident steps, aplomb and fanfare. This entry of summer can be compared to the entrance of a victorious king into his conquered city. He enters royally, looking neither here nor there. He shows off his brutal power and force by here a whip and there a thrust of the sword. He tramples unthinkingly, not caring who the victims are or as to how they perish. He has no inkling of the sufferings and the miseries of those whom he has conquered. It is of no concern to him. He has not come to mete out mercy. He only wants to display his prowess and show off his grandeur and splendour. He wants people to be in awe of him and fall at his feet in a grovelling attitude and in total surrender. His eyes, nostrils and mouth emit fumes of fire. It burns and scorches the very vitality and manhood of people.

The summer sun is like a dazzling diamond sending off its sparks and making sharp cuts on mind and body. A colourless dawn gives place to a bright, dazzling noon, which in turn tapers off to an equally insipid, colourless sunset.

The days are dusty, bright, burning and thirsty. The atmosphere is close. The very air seems to stand still. This monotony is broken off by the Koel's sweet, high pitched Kuhu sound amongst the mango groves. It is the only relieving feature of a summer landscape. During the day, places have a deserted look. Even the common, Indian crow hides his black, insignificant form in some dark corners of tree branches. The wandering bovine families retreat to the coolness of shallow, muddy stretches of water. The road-side urchins keep them company. The housewives shut themselves up in their cloistered, closed, curtained, darkness of a home. The babies try to keep their cool and balance invoices under the circulating, hot breeze of the three-winged electric fans. The elite sabbis bask in their air conditioned, artificially cool environment. All of a sudden the office becomes a much loved place from where he is in no hurry to push off.

Nature sighs and turns over, breathing warm air. Water evaporates fast, leaving behind a residue of muddy concoction. The nights are looked forward to. But here also there is no guarantee that these would be gentle, comforting and soothing. Under the canopy of a brilliant, stary summer sky, the promising nights can be and often are deceitful and unfaithful.

Where to go? What to do? How to defy summer? Run to the hill stations? Unless you have a fat bank balance, can you really

afford it? Then too, only the memsahib and the misbahabs can take advantage of these cool, hilly abodes. The overburdened, martyred sabbis has to stay back in the plains with his dusty files, cold beers and voluptuous secretaries.

Have an air cooler or Khaskhas in the house? Rest assured the whole neighbourhood will be in your bedroom unless you can furnish their homes also with these articles at your expense. And of course with our substandard production of goods, the mechanics will be marching up and down constantly in the house.

Eat and drink cool, cool ices and fruit punches? I have always heard that these cool fruits and ices are supposed to have the effect of heat in your stomach. The scientific reason behind it, is beyond me though. Then they are high in calories too. You would have thought that liquids just run off the body, washing away the waste products. But no. In their process of running off they tend to deposit sediment in the form of fats.

Then why be an escapist and try to beat the summer or try to run away from it? Square your shoulder and face it bravely. Count the many blessings of summer.

Mangoes — from Alphonso to Bangra, from Banganapalle to Dameri. One can have one's pick and choose to heart's content. Then juicy melons, exotic jack fruits, sweet as sugar oranges, tangy lemon families, delicious leechis, cool green coconuts. The list of nature's edible gifts to compensate for this unromantic season is endless.

Long hours of swimming, saving on clothes and saving on food are some more plus points of this season. Longer days to do with what you like, the friendship developing out of open air, communally sleeping, card sessions, morning walks, night strolls — there are endless benefits. As I said before, you only have to look for it. As a woman, I am making the most of summer. Volles in the morning, organdies in the afternoons and organdies in the evenings. Bare backs bare arms, revealing bosoms, short hair are all in the order of the day. Not any brazenness on my part. It is the masculine heat of the summer season which is responsible for making a hussy of me.

With excitement and high passion, I welcome this majestic, virile summer. Burn me. Scorch me. By your warmth and heat, give me new life and hope. — RATNA SEN GUPTA

3 Kannada literary magazines

A WHIFF of fresh air is blowing in the staid world of Kannada literature these days. It is full of promise for young writers and fulfillment of scholar's hopes. It is an event to record, remember and look forward to in months to come.

I am referring to the birth of 'Rujuvathu', the reappearance of 'Sakshi' and the occasional gift like 'Ranjana'.

They were diverse in content as well as purpose but had the single aim of elevating, educating and entertaining the readers.

While Rujuvathu, a quarterly edited by Dr. N. R. Ananthamurthy, has the professed aim of filling the void of objective criticism in Kannada and encouraging experiments and extending the frontiers of knowledge, 'Sakshi', also a quarterly, edited by Gopalakrishna Adiga, has 'Lokasikshana' as the goal. Ranjana, as the very name implies, was born to entertain.

All the three publications could be legitimately proud of their performance in one respect — they went more by merit than by other considerations. The fare offered was quite rich and suitable to varied tastes.

It was refreshing to read Dr. Ananthamurthy's observations in Rujuvathu. In a wide-ranging survey encompassing silent valley and latest literary trends he spared none from objective assessment. He dubbed Lankesh Patrike as a poor copy of Blitz, aimed more at catering to fleeting tastes of people.

An abridged account of 'Jhoola', a Marathi novel by Balachandra Nemade with the author's profile, Basavanna and Vachana sahyitya, a mirror of present day values by Shivaram Karanth with the typical quote ('A should be added to our national motto), articles on Assam, ecology, mystery of art,

book review and a New Quest editorial touching on the controversy over literary awards in Maharashtra, were the highlights.

The first issue reflects our social and cultural ethos though there is not much to provoke new thinking. The poetry section was adorned by distinguished names as well as beginners.

The editor declared that ridicule and character assassination would find no place in the magazine. By encouraging debates and discussion of a high standard in the inaugural issue, he has vindicated the promise.

'Sakshi' which appeared with renewed vigour on Ugadi eve, contained a few fine articles, notably 'Pushpa Parisara' by BGH Swamy and Adivasis' education by Krishnanda Kamat. A profile of Eric Fromm, a critical look at Bendre's works, fresh interpretation of Pampa, survey of literary trends and choice poetry lent Sakshi the intellectual bias.

Ranjana which had no higher aim than to inform and entertain had a heavy dose of light writings. K. S. Narasimhaswamy's poetic contribution set the pace for the year ahead. B. V. Karanth took the readers behind the scenes through his 'Ranga Panchanga'. Ha. Ma. Nayak's article on integrity and Dr Shivaram Karanth's exposition on revolution and peace provided food for thought. The short stories and the skits interspersed with short poems made the issue a happy blend of education as well as entertainment.

Rujuvathu as well as Sakshi have helped fill a void in Kannada Journalism. How long they will go on is anybody's guess. For, such magazines are read and talked about but rarely bought except by scholars.

— M. S. RAMAMURTHY

