



Issue No. 1

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EDITORIAL

Once a-pun a time there was an Inter-IIT Meet at Kharagpur. We covered it with daily issues. A file of the SPECTATOR inter-IIT bulletins is available in every common room. Whether or not we are pun-dits, or we punned it, we were at least pun-ctual. Don't pun-nish us if we have been too painful! But walking around the Kgp campus and writing so much have given us acute authoritis. So there's just a one-page issue this Monday. Of course, the week was rather uneventful - oops, sorry, we forgot Registration.

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... Grips you all the way ... A novel experience hitherto unexperienced ... An exercise in clearances ... Leads to a shattering liquid (coffee) climax....

- The Ad Block Times.

At the dawn of the new academic year, the dawn of another semester, the dawn of R Day, tens and hundreds of IITians are registered - not by post, though they have to run from pillar to post for this. There are a few listed who have to register with the Don himself. His famous line to those listed guys - "I'll offer you a course you cannot refuse."

R Day begins on a quiet note - the weather report says "all clear". A few clearances here and there are followed by the invocation - very PIO(U)S function. True to name the PIO(U)S card is saffron in colour. You have filled the PIDS card 1st semester and you'll be filling it again next semester - who knows the ways

and means of the almighty - maybe your blood group, date of birth, name, and sex have changed over the course of the semester

After this pious ceremony you are allowed to the altar to decide on your course of (in)action. A few coloured cards and several perforated slips are thrust at you. Among other zappers, you have to furnish your father's room number and hostel. The courses come in many slots, A, B, (e)X, (wh)Y and Z(ee) After this colourful parade, you emerge with a pink card.

P.S The Don has consented to celebrate the next R-Day on the 18th of January 1982. All those who could not make it to the previous R-Day Parade are cordially invited to participate.

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DIVERTISEMENT FROM THE AD BLOCK (no pun intended)

Have you lost your identity?

If so, a new identity may be obtained for Re. 1/- only.

Samples available on the fourth floor.

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"News, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder." The Statesman of Calcutta had an absolute nugget, said to be a complaint addressed to the District Traffic Superintendent:-

Beloved Sir - I am arrived by passenger train at Ahmedpore station and my belly is too much swelling with jackfruit. I am therefore want to privy. Just as I, doing nuisance, that guard making whistle blow for train to go off and I am running with lota in one hand and dhoti in the next, when I fall over in the platform. I am get leaved on Ahmedpore station. This is too much bad. If passenger go to make dung, that dam guard not wait train five minutes for him. I am therefore pray your honour to make big fine on that dam guard for public sake, otherwise I am making big report to papers.

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MUSICOTSAV

Kudos to the Music Club for the rich fare that they have promised for Musicotsav. Talking to a very famous personality (you should be able to guess who) we got a nice quote:

"To ay's fame is based on yesterday's performance which makes way for tomorrow's living."

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THIS WEEK FOR YOU: Basketball at the Amphitheatre. Test at Chepauk.