

EDITORIAL

MANDAK RAG is having a pretty lean time nowadays in spite of the BEST ARTICLE COMPETITION, and there isn't much enthu for contributing articles. Anyway there will be only 2 more issues (Nos. 11 and 12) dated 11.4.'81 and 18.4.'81. As promised the last issue will bear accounts of how MANDAK RAG money was spent.

During Mardi Gras, a number of examination boards (pads) were borrowed by Dimple from inmates of our hostel to be used for judging MG quiz and Western Music. These were collected by Vivek Krishna De, an MG volunteer. And believe it or not, these pads haven't yet been returned. Having borrowed the pads, they should have returned the same to their generous owners without inconveniencing them. Indeed it is a shame.

Our hostel has had a number of achievements during this week.

Shekhar was judged MR. I.I.T. on Saturday morning. Those of you who haven't seen his muscles have really missed something. Shekhar was first interested in exercise about 2 years ago. He began weightlifting and a little bit of Bullworker. He was Mr. Vivekananda College and came 2nd in the Madras Division competition. According to Shekhar, the gym in IIT is not good. 'I cannot do my weightlifting regularly in IIT. The gym is very often closed and getting the key is rather painful. So I go about 3-4 times a week in the evenings and do my exercises. It takes only 45 minutes. It is not all that painful as you might think. - In fact it's fun if one has a little enthu and interest.'

In the inter hostel skating relay, Mandak came first. The team consisted of Duggal, Mukund, Nicky and Dipi. Duggal got off to a slow start but did very well to hand over the baton to Mukund, falling over in the process. In the meantime, Saras had a toss, leaving only Mandak and Godav in the fray. Nicky did well to forge into the lead and Dipi effortlessly maintained it to win. Good work, boys!

The one-member swimming team of Mandak did wonders at the Anna pool where the inter-hostel competitions were held. Ashvin won 3 silvers - 2nd in 100 m breast stroke, 200 m breast stroke and 1500 m free style.

In the hammer throw, during Sports Day, Ranganathan of Mandak came first.

The movie in Mandak on Friday, 'Taxi Driver', was extremely shady. In the words of AB, 'Everything was going on fine till suddenly the names and cast started appearing. I was zapped!'

Please note that we are extending the last day for the blurb contest to Friday, April 10.

'Miss-Identity'

Vivekkrishna De.

Rarely, and even more rarely for an ordinary IIT student, some really spicy occasions happen to come along. Sorry, if I have been somewhat mysterious and left you guessing. I should hurry to let you know that it is not a blossoming romance, as IIT is the last place in the universe having even a reasonable flair of romance. In case some of you are desperately romantic, and have already been cornered, I cannot help pitying you. But it is time that I stop beating around the bush. It just happened that day, the day which I think is not yet forgotten.

It was slightly more colourful than the ordinary ones, not in the sense that the sky had more bluish tinges or the leaves wore a livelier green, or the Sarayu chicks (cheeks!) were more crimson, but due to the simple fact that the IITians were spared of their daily chores. It was the evening session of the final day of MG-81, and an overenthusiastic volunteer, which was I, was sauntering around the canteen in a reckless bid to catch hold of some worthy job. And you know, then it happened, just happened. Suddenly, I saw the omnipresent Social and Cultural Affairs Sec. beckoning to me. 'Is it really me?', I wondered in bewilderment, But it was. It was I and I alone. I smelt adventurism and walked up to him with steady strides and a face beaming with expectation. 'Are you a 1st year?', was his curtly shot out question. I was taken aback. 'Do I look like a final year student?', I exclaimed to myself inadvertently, fingering my juvenile moustache. But I was afraid of losing a chance to prove myself a worthy volunteer. So, forcing a winsome smile on my lips, I almost whispered in a soft, soothing and shaky tone, 'Oh, yeah, I am.'

Then came the immediate reply, 'And are you a volunteer?'

And you can just imagine how embarrassing and discouraging it can be to a passionate young IITian to be asked if he is a volunteer on the final day of MG, when he has sweated his heart out on the volunteering arena for the last four days. It is much more insulting than asking Pele the shape of a football and slightly less than doubting that Dr. Indresan is aware of the grading system, absolute or relative, being practised of late in IIT Madras.

But I was a harder nut to crack. 'Of course, I am and I would be very happy to come to your help,' I replied cautiously, at the same time substantiating my dignified position as a MG volunteer. With the wide grin that he lavishly gives away every now and then, the frail and bright guy answered, 'I want to entrust you with ...' - and, you know, I was off. I was so elated, so exhilarated that I scarcely paid any attention to the rest of the things he uttered, except for a few scattered phrases like 'one ... Lalita Prasad ... Film Club ... OAT ... ladies' toilet ... locked ... girls waiting ... desperately ... key lost ... clamour ... urgent ... find ... quarters ... behind the post office....' All along I was so obsequious to him, trying to ensure at every moment that he felt that I was paying the keenest interest anyone had ever paid to his words, that most of what he said escaped my attention. Anyway, being one in the cream of the student population, it did not take me long to connect the remnants of the speech. Then, I set off on my bike in search of the key, with a reassuring smile to the perplexed Sec.

While my feet kept on pressing strenuously against the pedals, my mind, with all the reasoning and rationality it could muster, embarked on an analysis of the problem to its deepest roots. Everything seemed all right, except that I wondered whether the strategically positioned personality holding the key to the ladies' toilet belonged to the fairer sex or to that of mine. So, by the time I landed before the above-mentioned quarters, the riddle that remained unsolved was whether Lalita Prasad was a 'Mr' or a 'Mrs'. Now I goaded my spear-headed common sense into action. Breaking the name into two parts - Lalita and Prasad, I saw that the 2nd part must have been a glorious fraternal inheritance, according to the traditions followed in South India; and the first one, to my horror, coaxed me into the conclusion that the above-mentioned personality must be a 'Mrs'.

So I made my way to the 2nd floor of the right building, pushed the right bell of the right door, and a middle-aged, nice

and agreeable man came out. 'Can I see Mrs Lalita Prasad?', I said in a low, polite tone, adding a belated smile. Perhaps that gentleman heard only the words 'Lalita Prasad', and heartily called me in. I took a seat, and to my astonishment, he sat before me and said, 'What do you want?'

But scandalous affairs like losing the keys of ladies' toilets cannot be disclosed to any person, putting the reputation of Mardi Gras organisers in jeopardy. So I said tersely, 'But I want to see Mrs Lalita Prasad; I have been sent here by Dimple,' thus stressing diplomatically the word 'Mrs' and indicating the utmost urgency of the matter by quoting the name of Dimple.

'But you can say that to me,' he said. While, totally confused, I still insisted on getting his wife before me, he cut me short with '...for I am Lalita Prasad.'

I wonder if you have faced such a unique situation in your life, when you have put the right name on the wrong sex. I never knew and will never know what on earth I was to do in this situation.

Returning to the context, I should say that I found the key at last, but MG volunteering became a nightmare to me. So beware, guys, never get into such a mess.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

EXTENDED

PRIZE RS. 10/-

Find a short, catchy caption relating the two photographs below. Hand it in to Room 152 before Friday, April 10 night.



EPITAPHS FOR SPORTS HEROES

Contributed by N. C. Suresh
(flicked from MAD)

Basket Ball Player

Mim dunked ball
At the rim,
Ball went through
Likewise Jim.

Baseball Player

Paul gave all
Chasing ball
Ball hit wall
So did Paul.

Results of Blurb Contest

Prize Rs. 10.

1st Prize: A. B. Srinivasan. Winning entry:-
'Can you beat this? Left-handed guitaring at dizzy heights.'

Another entry:- 'I'll bet that camera doesn't have any film in it.' - Tambe.

Results of Photo Caption Contest

Prize Rs. 10.

1st Prize: R. Ashvin. Winning entry:-
'Type of an animal; animals of a type.'

Other entries:

'Target for gun; target for fun.' - C. Elangovan.

'LED's mare; LED's nightmare.' - P. Chandra Sekhar.

HINT TO BRAIN TEASER

Results of Best Article Competition. (Issues 8-11)

The prize of Rs. 20/- has been won by Rajeev Jayaraman.

THE ABOVE THREE ANNOUNCED PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN IN THE MESS HALL
ON FRIDAY, APRIL 17, AT 7:15 P.M.