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25 P.

A TRIBUTE TO Dr NIKOLAUS KLEIN

Prof S. Sampath

It is quite impossible to think of Dr Klein and his contribution to the flowering of the Indo-German Project called the IIT, Madras with any sense of detachment. During the last nine years of his association with the Institute, he has been an integral and dynamic part of all its activities—in its academic areas, in the extra-curricular domains encompassing the student-community of the Institute and in the life of the Campus in the social and artistic spheres.

Dr Klein did his Doctoral work in Germany at Tuebingen on Indian philosophy (thesis: The Advaita Doctrine of Redemption according to Vidyanaya's Panchadas). Subsequently, he carried out studies in India at Santiniketan and at the Government Sanskrit College, Calcutta on the Advaita Philosophy and the relationship between the history of the Sringeri Mutt and the foundation of Vijayanagara. This background gives Dr Klein a very deep appreciation of India's intrinsic culture. It has probably enabled him to accept Indian conditions as he found them and achieve an equanimity, in his approach to all problems, that often eluded his colleagues from Germany. It is also not unusual for him in dealing with problems that he encountered to show a flexibility of mind and a sensibility to prevailing environmental conditions and national characteristics that his Indian colleagues might envy.

The success of a Project which involves the working together of intellectuals from two nations is often dependent on whether such a Project is able to acquire a few individuals who can stand apart from the rest and, by the depth of their understanding of basic issues, by the charm of their personalities and the spirit of give-and-take shown by them, build bridges of understanding across the gulf of disparities which arises from the differing national characteristics. Dr Klein undoubtedly belongs to this class of gifted individuals and he has made a significant contribution to the great success already achieved by this Institute at Madras.

The work of Dr Klein, spread over a decade, in establishing, at this Institute within its frame-work of daily life, a tradition based on graciousness, warm-hearted humanism, respect for fellowmen and a love of the good things of life, will be remembered with gratitude and cherished by all those who knew him.

On the eve of his leaving the shores of India to take up in Germany an assignment which will still, happily, continue to bind him to this country, I, as one who had the privilege of working with him and coming under the influence of his personality, salute him as a cultured citizen of Europe and a good friend of India. I extend to him my warmest good wishes for many more radiant years marked by intellectual vigour, artistic expression and humanitarian service.

Director's Message

Dr N. Klein will be long-remembered by the IIT-community for his varied contributions to Campus life through his leadership of the Institute Gymkhana in his own inimitable manner. His rôle as Master of Ceremonies when the German Faculty entertained the IIT community at the OAT is still green in my memory. I wish him all success in his new assignment as Secretary-General of the Indo-German Society at Stuttgart.

*

GRAND SLAM

Swiped it right back. That's what we did. V. S. Krishnan won the Debate and M. S. Srinivasan, the Quiz. And, of course, we won the team trophies for both events— at the Kharagpur Spring Festival, that is.

EIGHTH CULTURAL WEEK ENTERTAINMENT

MCC did it again. They nosed SIET out at the last moment. Audio kickback from the audience was considerably less than in past years, except for Stella, who got it bad, for no fault of theirs.

On the first day, four colleges were supposed to take part. Only two turned up: Engineering college and Stella Maris. The programme put up by Engineering was enjoyable: what there was of it. They started with a few musical items—and closed shop. Solomon Rajkumar's performance was superb, as usual. Stella Maris were daring enough to stage Shaw at the OAT. Passion, Poison, and Petrification left the audience far from petrified. Showing scant consideration for the ladies who had come all the way to IIT with ideas of entertaining (the Lord forgive them!), the spectators produced their usual none-too-human noises and made a shambles of the programme. Our apologies are due to the girls of Stella.

A. C. Tech., Vivekananda, SIET and Presidency did their respective bits on the second night. A. C. Tech's programme was entirely musical, and jolly good at that. Vivekananda had a lively cross-talk act. SIET put up variety entertainment: music, dance, drama, with a prizewinning M. C. to boot. Presidency came out with a couple of good musical items but were otherwise unremarkable.

On the third day, the Cultural Academy started off the proceedings with 'cultural' items, which were given a surprisingly favourable reception. MCC came next and set to work winning the Entertainment Trophy once more. Ambi the Kambi and his Wires were in great form; a hilarious comedy involving a large number of statues kept us in stitches; the Indian Ballet tried its hand at mutilating Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake with fascinating results, and music, as ever, was welcome. MIT, who were last on the list, dished out music and mimicry.

Solomon Rajkumar was awarded the prize for the best vocalist (western) for the third year in succession, and each college had some prize to take home.

P. C. VENKATACHELAM



Dr. Klein and Mrs Nayantara
Sahgal watching the show

Will he see the like of it again?

Photo: Kubendran

EIGHTH CULTURAL WEEK

16th to 21st February

OPEN DEBATE

Darned good response, four colleges from outside. Standard of debate—as far as we were able to make out, passable. Notable also for the smashing debut of IIT Kharagpur. In fact they swiped the trophy—in spite of, or because of Ameetava Bannerji. Who incidentally bagged the First. He was *oré* funny, but not very logical. Audience, and it appears the judges too, couldn't care less Anand N. spoke of Love and God, things which aren't done out here. No wonder they gave him the Second. Most guys say he had style. Number three was a tie. Kepler Krishnan and Mr P. N. Vijay. Latter quoted Plum at length, kept audience in good humour, right balance of substance and gas. Now we come to the Ladies. Ask Hyder for details. Dr (Mrs) Zuern's trophy for the Best Eady Speaker went to Mrs. V. Padmini of Cultural Academy. Dry jokes, some sense, right wing views. Miss Kapadia (sister of the famous Khushroo, no less . . .) came second and shocked the hell out of Prof Dr M. V. C. Shastri, by saying that IIT may not exist. (*Survival Problems?*) Before we forget, Prof. Robert Hardgrave was the Chairman for the debate. And if you really want to know, the topic was 'An Egalitarian Society is Impossible in Practice'. Quite a mouthful. But not sufficient reason to feed the unfortunate Chief Guest in Narmada.

—LOKI.

THE OPEN GROUP DISCUSSION

The third of the Literary events during the Week was the OGD. Harcharan welcomed the participating colleges with great cordiality and stated the two important points the leaders of the teams had to bear in mind (to these, he added three more).

WCC kicked off the discussion but didn't live up to expectations as well as the crowd lived up to its reputation. Law, talking about the caste system, had a feel for the subject and were informal. However, the lack of sufficient substance saw them failing to get through. The medicos of MMC got confused between Cupid and heart transplants and dished out a lopsided discussion. Cultural Academy didn't provide much food for thought: in spite of a juicy topic, their humour was very 'grassy'. But they tried, something which could not be said of Presidency, who were far too frivolous. Stella Maris, setting out to win their way to a man's heart through his stomach, did better—they got in through his ears! A. C. Tech's performance was poor by comparison: the audience let off steam and prepared itself for IIT KGP. In a way they alone know best, the KGP men soon had the audience in good humour and were lustily applauded at the end of their round. Engineering started by complaining about the topic, but soon the mob was complaining about them. MCC lacked taste in humour. IITM, even with the advantage of a promised patient hearing, gave a disappointing performance. This in spite of the fact that they chose their topic first.

The judges commended the standard of performance and had their usual little joke about the non-participation of the home team making their task easier (*sic*). We felt that it was a straight fight between Stella Maris and IIT KGP, the order in which they finished.

—HYDER ALIKHAN

GERMAN RECITATION

It was a short, peppy affair. As soon as Harchi managed to rope in enough guys for an audience, the competitors were allowed to rattle away. No booing, no shouting, no interruptions. And then it was all over. While the judges deliberated, we had the pleasure of listening to a German hymn sung by Mrs A. Ramachandran and a group of Mrs Staffs. Mrs Kirmse is to be thanked for this pleasure: she taught them the song. There was *ein* Latin song and a few other bits before the judges came back. The results:

First—V. T. Ramalingam, IIT. MMB and Loyola took second and third places respectively.

Polite clapping. Another event completed without a mishap. Harchi & Co, heaved a sigh of relief.

AJJO.

INTER-COLLEGIATE QUIZ

Oh Quiz!
Wonderful Quiz
N. V. C. Swamy's Quiz
What Quiz?
Boys participated,
Girls participated,
Audience participated,
M. V. C. Sastri participated.
Guess who won?
Law nearly won,
The prize, Kharagpur won,
Actually we won.

P. S.: Mr Harcharan Singh advises us that Deepankar Shyam of IITK came first, M. S. Srinivasan finishing a close second.

—NARMADA DOGGEREL CLUB.

THE SCIENCE FAIR

As in previous years, the SCIENCE FAIR did not appear to be crowded though the participants hopefully claim that the standard was much higher this time. The exhibits centred round the Logical Truth Value Calculator built by Jacob Thomas and Mohanakrishnan. Other interesting models were Batty's tape-recorder, which, by the way, was ditched of the second prize which we all hoped it would get. There was also a collection of birds' eggs, a Static Inline mixer, The IIT Ham Transmitter, which wasn't in the right mood at the time of the fair, a small cam with a large name, and of course with the modest tag 'for display only', the Area Measurer built, as you all know, by Sri Joseph Thiskundiah and Herr Abdul Narayan D'Souza.

The learned judges, after a whole day of pondering, decided to give the prizes to Mohan & Jacob's creation, Hood's Hovercraft (also known as Vijay Sarihan's Topless Mexican Sombrero with a built-in fan) and Lakshminarayanan's Oscillating Cylinder Steam Engine, in that order. Judges' Prizes went to Pandyan plus Pradeepa's pink-painted pump, and S. Thirugnanam & Co.'s Transistor Characteristic Tracer.

As usual the departments had been raided; this time it was a large set of psychology tests, in various states of disrepair, put up to amuse the public.

As usual, we'll end this with the hope that next year's stuff will be better. The chances of this being so don't appear so remote this time since one hears that some blokes have already started work, while at the same time some more practical blokes have started the job of gathering old models for re-display.

V.C.

CONFESSIONS ON THE EVE OF THE DEPARTURE OF A GOOD FRIEND

When we first came out from Germany, we had a few vague notions about India. The India we knew was mainly from books which told us about fakirs, snake charmers and things of the sort. But Dr Klein introduced us to a new India, not wholly primitive, just different from what the books said. We learnt a lot about Indian Culture, religion and philosophy—a lot more than any Indian could have told us. In the atmosphere of his house one can experience the essence of ancient, medieval and modern India: the statuettes, the sculptures, and the books leave an indelible impression.

The other world that Dr Klein introduced to us new German Professors, was the world of Indian students. As people who come out to teach youngsters who one day will run the affairs of the country, we needed to know something about their attitude to life. In this respect, Dr Klein's rich experience as a Professor and as a Gymkhana President leaves him in an unusually advantageous position to help us greenhorns. He was exceedingly generous with his knowledge, expert advice and guidance. I would not be far wrong in saying that, but for his advice, we may have found it difficult to adjust to our new surroundings. We, his German colleagues, are sorry that he is leaving us but we do hope that his departure does not mean the end of his association with us. As Secretary-General of the Indo-German Society, his contacts with India will continue, and hopefully, IIT will see more of him in the future.

—DR ZUERN.

OF SHOES, AND SHIPS, AND SEALING WAX . . .

After a long and boringly repetitious career of being tossed out on my ear into the nearest pig-trough every time I tried to get into a journal of repute, I now find myself faced with a momentous decision: do I give up the unequal struggle and die anonymous, or, do I burst into the public eye even at the cost of having to do so in *Campastimes*? At one time a long while ago, I would have settled for anonymity, finding sufficient reward in the consciousness of having done the right thing. But now, having grown rather sordid, I find attraction in the prospect of publicity, however dubious the kind, whatever the price that has to be paid for it. Besides, the Editor has promised to publish anything from me. I find that promise irresistible.

.....After all of which, there yet remains the question of what to write about. Not that there is any scarcity of subject matter. For instance, wherever one goes on this campus, one thing intrudes itself upon one beyond the possibility of its going unnoticed: the tightly trousered behind, and the no-less imprisoned legs of all shapes and no shape. Oh for the good old days of the forty-eight inch trouser-leg! when everyman had about him a touch of the grace and poetry of a galleon in full sail, and obscenities such as leg sans calf were discreetly concealed. Not that I have anything against tights. It is only that to be able to wear them successfully, the wearer has to be a Greek God. He usually is not.

Our desire for the changed look appears to have stopped with our having imprisoned ourselves from the waist down. Why have we not gone further? Why, one wonders, are there no bristling pirate-moustachios, no long, long beards, no proud lion-manes? One sees none of these. The start, yes, in a few individuals, but even these look shame-faced and seem to lack assurance. The disease does not appear likely to spread. Which is rather a pity, I think. Smooth shaved faces, close-cropped heads, to east, to west, north and south, all alike and in limitless numbers. How appallingly dull!

Equally dull are the endless 'Arre Yars' that assail one's ears everywhere. Rather amusing, too. 'We will be different, we will not be conformists.' So, it is away with one form of conformity, and on with another. All of which only goes to show that the human animal is endlessly the same: it runs with the herd.

But where originality does exist, even if only in some small way, it has to be paid tribute, and so I salute those persons whose calls for 'sheet' and 'slice' (in the examination hall and in the mess) are a source of much edification. No twenty-one gun accolades, however, for those whose literary efforts grace the desks in all our classrooms. I grant the need for the writing. One has to do *something* to retain one's sanity when the windbag on the dais is more than usually dull. But these four-lettered words are pedestrian, run-of-the-mill, old-hat. We have known all of them since kindergarten. They are inane, they are desperately, indescribably boring. Arise, go out, and acquire some new expletives because obscenity, to be rewarding, has to be new, has always to be rich, and strange and terrifying.

... Life this side of the fence* is no less amusing. It is one gay carnival all the time. Here it is the paper-publishing rat-race, with people rushing in joyous abandon to commit indiscretions of various sorts finally and irrevocably to print, leaving the morrow, with the regrets which it usually brings, to take care of itself. Here it is the absorbing business of building elaborate facades of words to keep even the bright ones in one's class from finding one out, which, if permitted to happen, would make life impossible thereafter. The circus cannot go on if the audience turns sceptic.

Here it is one frantic whirl of grinding out attendance sheets, question papers, and marks lists. Here it is one desperate ever continuing effort, trying to figure out what they mean in the deluge of papers they rain upon us endlessly, those gentleman of the third estate, who live in the Palace of the Elephants. Here it is futile conferences one after another. Peace and tranquility are as hard to come by here as they are on the other side.

When all has been said and done, everything has been taken care of, and it should be peace, peace and peace, the trumpets blare, the drums roll, and enter on stage the VIP. It would be nice to think that the treatment he receives stems from pure goodness of heart on our part. It would be nice to think that, except that one knows with certainty that kindness of disposition has little to do with it. It is more a sordid business of knowing where one's butter comes from, and having on hand ample stores of bread that need the butter.

At any rate, the VIP's pour in in a never ending stream. Some of them come, no doubt, out of genuine interest, the rest probably because there is nothing else to see in Madras, the zoo being moribund. I love the local species, anyway. It is perfectly lovely to get next to it (one way or another) and figure in the pictures that grace our dailies the next day.

But it is war, and to the death, against the exotic variety. Because it is unfamiliar and cannot be easily spotted in the midst of the army that usually surrounds it, of chauffeurs, butlers and secretaries, and other lovely beings you wouldn't be caught dead with, but whom you cannot distinguish because of the democratic effort of the western suit. So you think one of these is His Honour, and get busy pushing and nudging your way closer, and then a bulb flashes elsewhere, and you realise too late that the non-descript little man at the other end is IT, and that someone else is *in*, not you. Bah!

... In an institution of this sort, there has to be a fence, I suppose, with people to either side and of course the Third Estate sitting squarely on it: the runners of hostels and libraries, the toters of fees and fines and all the rest of it, the drafters of documents in perfect officialise, stately, impressive, majestic and ununderstandable. Three kinds. But that there may be no division in spirit, that all may be one, and recognising that there is no unifying force so powerful as a shared hatred of an external thing, the powers that he have thoughtfully provided for us those sons of heaven that stand before the library, back to back in stolid indifference, large as life and twice as vulgar, asking, no, begging to be dynamited. Enough of them, however. Too much has been said about the Gajendra Circle and too often. Besides, a vestige of decency and fellow-feeling still lingers. It is not very fair, is it, to heave rocks at the unuseful and the unornamental, when one is in no better case oneself?

Another rallying point is the Knick Knack place where all are one in a unity of purpose; the swigging of cokes or coffee. 'Knick Knack Restaurant'? What could it mean? Way back in the stone age, when I was learning the language, in the days of mice that ran up clocks, and cows that jumped over the Moon, all of which seemed rather foolish and improbable to the severely practical youngster I was then, I was told that a knick knack is a little object of no particular use to anybody, kept about for its decorative value. The restaurant itself is neither very little nor yet very ornamental, and certainly most useful to its management. They collect all our spare drachmas, and some as well that are not so spare. Nor could the term have been intended to describe the management itself, or the clientele. Neither fits the definition. All other explanations failing, I'm forced to

Gymkhana Bids

FAREWELL TO Dr KLEIN

One of the lesser known facts about Dr Klein is that he is a Professor of German in the Humanities Department. However, what is more well-known (and perhaps more important) is that he is the President of the Institute Gymkhana, and has been so, for the past three years. He was appointed President by virtue of the keen interest he had taken in student activities, right from the time he joined the Institute ten years ago.

His friendly nature, his interest in student activities and his admirable command over the English language have made him the ideal Gymkhana President that he has been. He has been the Gymkhana's 'guiding light' for the last three years. When I use the word 'guiding light', I mean a person who has unobtrusively worked behind the scenes, always been at hand to tender advice (yet never tried to ram it down an unwilling throat), gently pointed out mistakes and heartily applauded even mild successes.

It is precisely this nature of his, coupled with his encouragement on the field, that stirred our sportsmen into life, and lifted them to heights of achievement in the Inter-IIT meet at Kharagpur. No other Gymkhana President can boast of having seen Madras come Second in the Inter-IIT Meet.

Dr Klein has made it a point never to interfere with the internal working of any Committee; this has helped immeasurably in the smooth functioning of the various units of the Gymkhana. I am sure I echo the feelings of the entire student community when I say that we shall miss him, this friend of ours, when he leaves us later this month, to take up the Secretary-Generalship of the Indo-German Society: we shall miss his humorous talks, his huge car and his ebullient personality. Perhaps, he will be able to pay visits to India and to the Institute, in connection with his job. We look forward to those occasions in the future.

—BALAKRISHNA NAMBIAR

Did You know

that 100% of our

Editors are literate?

conclude that what is meant is perhaps what one is served, if one is rash enough to ask for anything more than one's favourite liquid.

... Kinck Knack Restaurants, and omnibuses, where simpler names and words would suffice, ostentatious buildings, the touch of impatience about our students and the added strut to their walk, the tendency in some of the staff to country-cousin their brethren from humbler institutions—all these point to one end only. We tend to put on dog. There is more than a touch of the snob in our make-up. Where this exists there has to be something to justify it, some special quality that characterises us alone. Whatever this may be, it is an extraordinarily elusive thing. For, after three years of searching for it in broad daylight, with a lighted lamp to aid, I still have not found it.

—ANTONY REDDY

[*the side inhabited by our illustrious Staff]

Another old boy leaves the Institute at the end of March: graduating after a stay of ten years. Dr Nikolaus Klein, hitherto President of the Institute Gymkhana and a lot of other things besides, will be, more than anything else, an ex-IITian. He's the guy who used to make funny speeches on Institute Days and any other time they let him get near a mike; he's the guy who's extracted miracles of performance out of a rickety Gymkhana. The Indo-German Society, Stuttgart, can consider itself mighty lucky.

The story goes that some time in the distant past, he came over from Calcutta (and look at Calcutta now!) to try his hand at bringing some civilization to our Campus. He hasn't quite succeeded, but that's not his fault. In his great and glorious task, he started work on the students (he knew that the Staff were way beyond his or anybody else's help) and kept at it despite the heavy odds against him. He tried advising the Literary Committee found that inadequate, and took over the Gymkhana, lock, stock, barrel and death rattle. There, may be, he bit off more than he could chew, but his attempts have been heroic.

Dr Klein is an old friend of *Campastimes* — it's first publisher, and an interested party ever since. He even wrote for *Campastimes* (a rare thing for a Staff member, but then, Dr Klein was hardly a Staff member) under the pen name D. J. Nirmal (Dishonest John Nirmal — Heaven knows why!). Try a sample of his work: 'Ye Olde Times', Vol. VIII, No. 4, page 8, signed N. Klein, and looking every bit of it too.

The Cultural Week bears his mark — Dr Klein's Trophy for German Recitation draws considerable, though not intense, competition. Allowing for snow-balling in years to come, IITians agree that the right sort of idealism can be vindicated in practice.

Dr Klein roams the Campus and sometimes ventures outside it in an outsize 1908 model GM Pontiac, sedately driven for the simple reason that the immodest speeds of today are quite beyond the capacities of the contraption. His bachelor's quarters are full of antiques, curios, and books about India. He's a keen collector, which sort of proves the point that to feel at home amongst antiques and ancient relics, one doesn't have to be one oneself. He classifies himself as a humanitarian and smokes VICEROY and laughs pleasantly at your jokes and his own (he's full of them) and speaks English with a trace of a weird accent (not quite German, not quite Indian — just Kleinian).

We IITians are not very good at German, not very civilized inside the Campus or out-

Auf Wiedersehen



side it, and have a long way to go before we can consider ourselves even moderately cultured. But Dr Nikolaus Klein sure has helped. Years hence, when we become recognizably human, we may be able to say just how far this humanitarian has been successful in his

work, and know just how to thank him. But right now all we can say is *danke schön* and *auf wiedersehen*, which neatly sums up most of the German we know.

— P. C. VENKATACHELAM.

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