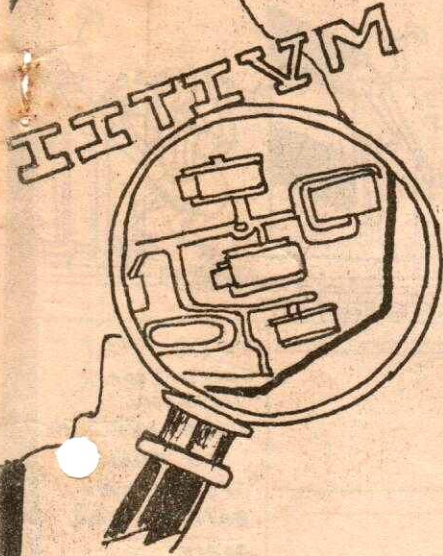


CAMPASTIMES

PRESENTS A
MAG-SCENE

VOL 9 Nov '86

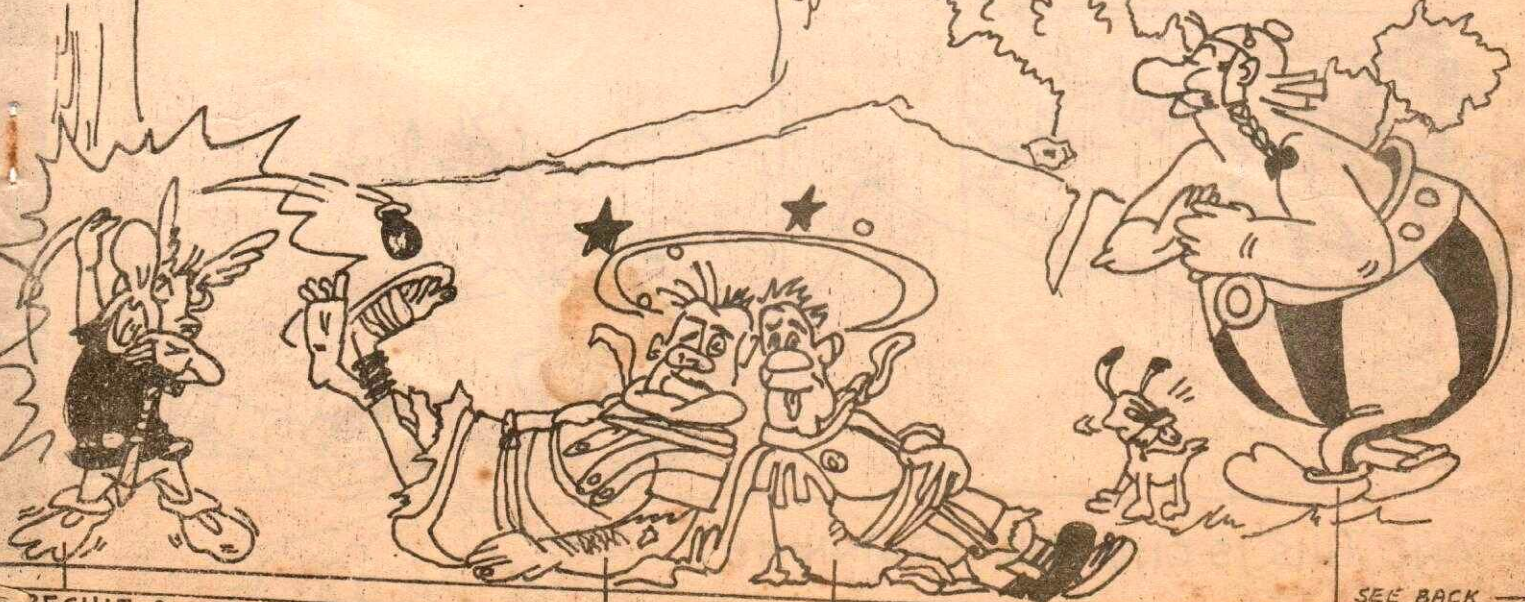


MEANWHILE IN THE LITTLE
VILLAGE WE KNOW SO WELL,
TROUBLE BREWS....



★ INGREDIENTS: DASH OF MIDSEMS, HANDFUL OF QUIZZ,
LOTS OF NURTURED APATHY, PINCH OF FRESH CYNICISM, SOME
LETHARGY, LOTS OF LASSITUDE (LACK OF LASSES?)

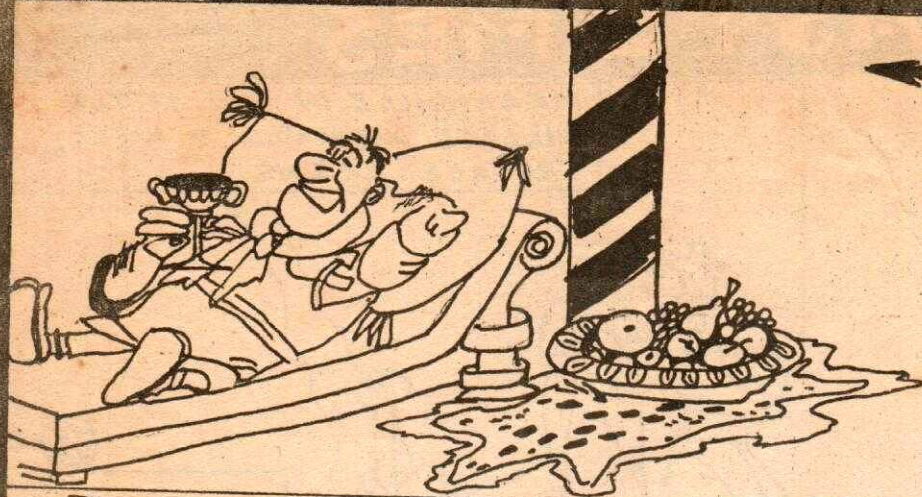
THE EDITORS WOULD REMIND THEIR ESTEEMED
READERS THAT MR. OBELIX FELL INTO THE ABOVE
CAULDRON IMMEDIATELY AFTER HE WAS BORN. HENCE
THE EFFECTS OF THE BREW WOULD NEVER WEAR
OFF, UNFORTUNATELY.



RESHIE GLUGS POTION

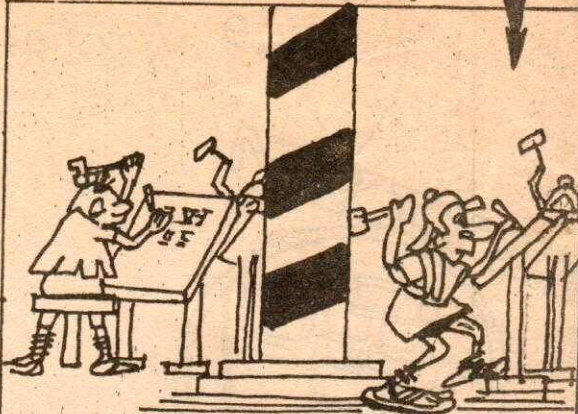
CAMPUSTIMES EDITOR

SEE BACK →

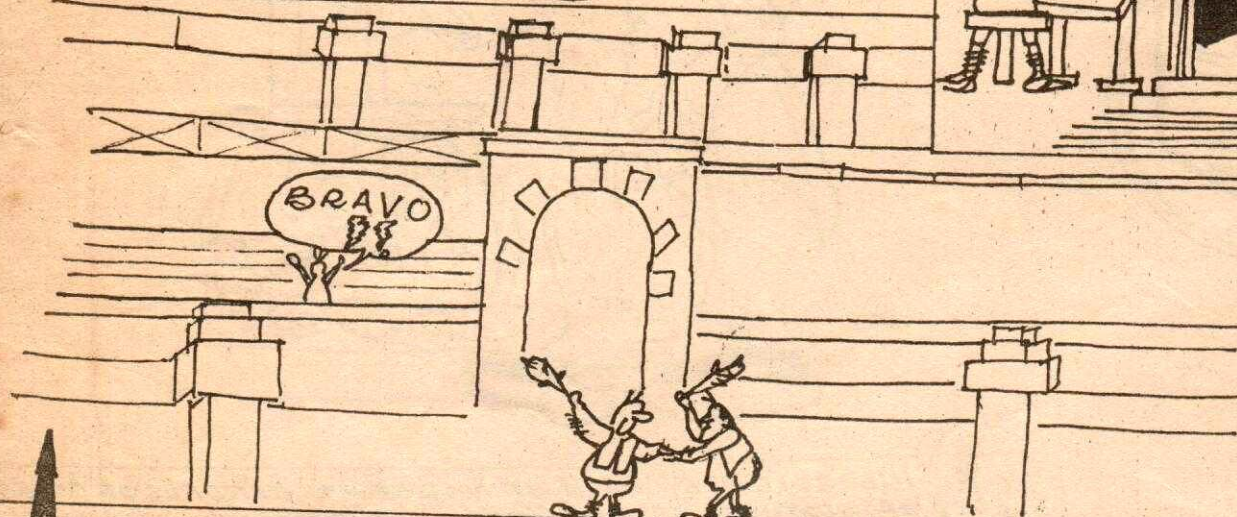


ON THE OTHER HAND, CENTURION SPECTATORUS SPENDS HIS DAYS IN COMFORT. BUSINESS IS BRISK AS USUAL....

..... AND HIS LEGIONARIES ARE BUSY TAPPING OUT ALL THE STALE NEWS THAT....



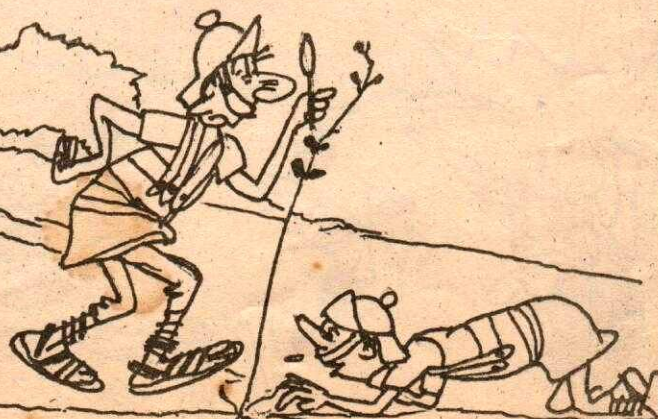
NOTE THAT CONDITIONS IN GAUL HAVE PERCOLATED TO ROME 'SPECTATORIAL' ENTHU FOR SOME GLADIATORIAL CONTESTS HAS HIT A NEW 'LOW-WATER MARK'



LEGIONARY JOBLUS VOLUNTEERUS COLLECTS FROM HIS FREQUENT VISITS TO THE COLLOSAL COLOSEUM THAT THE ROMANS BUILT BECAUSE THEY WERE CRAZY AND DID NOT KNOW HOW TO SPEND THEIR MS.

.... WHILE BIGGER PROBLEMS ARE POISED TO STRIKE FROM THE BEHIND.

AND, FAR AWAY IN THE FOREST OF LATVIA LEGIONARIES HOCUSPOCUS AND BOGUSFOCUS SENT AS TROUBLE-SHOOTING DIPLOMATS TO GAUL HAVE TAKEN A DANGEROUS DETOUR AND HAVE BEGUN TO EXAMINE INSTEAD INSIGNIFICANT FOLIAGE.....



AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING

BG PROBLEM

CONTENTS

		Page
1. EDITORIAL		1
2. LETTER FROM THE EDITORS	S. SUDARSHAN	1
3. KEYNOTE ADDRESS	MRS. VASANTA SURYA (FREE-LANCE JOURNALIST)	2
4. A VICARIOUS L'AMOUR	NIKESH SINHA	4
5. NORTH(CAPE)WARD HO !	Dr. R. VASUDEVAN	6
6. THE OPEN BILL STORK	KUMARN S	9
7. MASTER PLUMBER	CHRIS K	12
8. CARD USAGES	RAJAT MUKHERJEE	13
9. FINAL YEAR REMNISCENCES	RAJESH ACHANTA	14
10. CROSSWORD	SJAC	16
11. A 'RECO' TO LUCY	Dr. T.T. NARENDRAN	17

CREDITS

We are very grateful for the help extended by Mr. P.S. Sridharan, Mr. K. Pounraj and Mr. S.S. Rajendran of the Dean, Students Office; also all from the Reprographic Section of the Library and our contributors in bringing forth this issue.

THIS CAMPASTIMES HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY

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EDITORIAL

Hellow folks. Nice to be addressing our large following of readers again. How time flies ! It seems just like yesterday when we brought out our first issue and now it is nearly the fag end of the semester. Mid-semesters, second quiz, interminable rains, how they have all passed us by. We did want to keep up the standard of our magazine, for after all it is 'the only news that's fit to (rota) print'. Our first issue was good. Well, we didn't hear any bad comments on it and since assumptions are always made for a positive outlook, we assumed that it must have been good. It was this idea of ours to keep up the standard that nearly brought about an end to C.T. You'll be hearing more about it shortly. Just when we had resigned (nearly) ourselves to a miserable fate, the pen-wielders of the campus answered our SOS. Finally we would say that to keep 'cool' before the end semesters we RECOMMEND a thorough reading of this issue of C.T. Also WATCH OUT for an excitement filled assignment for you, because we believe in - Campastimes is by our readers

of our readers

for our readers

So, gentle reader, lead on - fearlessly.

VIVEK CHAUDHRI
207 Jamuna

M.T. RAGHUNATH
309 Saras

TARUN MATHUR
206 Jamuna

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

LONG AGO..... It has often been said
Literature in IIT is dead
But we believe its only gone to bed
Just watch us bring you Campastimes
Fill the institute with prose and rhymes
Sleeping wit shall be woken
The shackles of slumber shall be broken
Watch for our first issue
'Happy reading' we wish you.

NOT SO LONG AGO... Pardon us for our first try
The next one won't be as dry
As in experience we gain
Our issues will tickle every brain
Contributions from IITians will soon flow
Its only the beginning which has been slow

NOW..... What a desert IIT is
The only things we get are 'dirty' limericks
Stupid articles we are forced to publish
Nonsense and dung & heaps of rubbish
It's time for us to give up
No literature here is going to turn up
Silly poems are all we can design
Oh what do we do! Shall we to fate resign?

This was contributed by S. Sudarshan (ghost) writing on our behalf -

- Eds./

Science here is dead,
he said.

We are here to find out
why. But there's no doubt
that science here is dead,
he said.

We don't seem to know just how to get ahead,
he said.

Though for craft and magic we earn praise,
in our climate common sense decays.
Neither of our seasons is right for reason.
One withers sense, the other breeds decadence.
At this rate we'll never get to outer space.
Figures show we're not even in the race.
No one takes us seriously abroad.
Our best is medicore, our worst a fraud.

Science here is dead,
he said.

Yet I'm proud to say
we have the expertise today
to analyse
to organise
to perform our own post-mortems,
pickle, label, shelve our problems.
We are foreign-qualified.
We know how myths are magnified.

First we'll choose which blade to use -
sickle, laser, razor's edge -
select techniques appropriate
(depending on whose grant we get).

Make a notch at the chin.
Slit down to the crotch.
Bore a hole in the skull.
Go right down to the soul.

Group one will probe the rot
 the cancer at the throat of thought
 the many-tumoured logic knot
 which smothers faith and throttles doubt
 but keeps us dreaming all the same
 in and out and roundabout,
 tethered,
 tame.

Group two will isolate
 the toxin in the cells of state
 which made the blood coagulate.

Group three will extricate
 what's loosely translated as fate,
 a ball and chain
 within the brain
 which, even when it's rusted through,
 retains a certain antique value.

Group four will undertake to find
 old questions buried below the face
 on time and space
 on thought and mind
 trampled in the ceaseless ooze
 of answers, under the hooves
 of dreams driven along a whirling road
 with promise of release a good.

No wonder science is dead,
 he said.

Sickly mother, stillborn child.

It's shocking that she's still fertile!

We knew the outcome long ago.
 Last year we met in Mexico,
 the previous year in Rome.
 Now we're home.
 The food I find quite excellent.
 I carry my own mosquito repellent.



We meet again after lunch.

Be ready with your explanation suggestion strategy plan
excuse.

I have a hunch

none will be of any use,

he said. For

science here is dead,

science here is dead,

science here is dead,

he

said.

oA

A VICARIOUS L'AMOUR

"You look like Rebecca, I've fallen for you," he said, his voice low, tremulous, vibrant with subtle intonations. A crimson blush spread over her face - "Do I? Don't insult me so." "But mon chérie that was meant as a compliment," he whispered as his hand slowly stole over hers and his fingers tightened slowly....."Damn" he muttered, looking at the book still tightened in his fingers. He had forgotten to bring his library card. Moreover with the seminar on "The Stilted atmosphere in Shakespearean plays with special reference to Julius Caesar" coming up he couldn't afford to waste time. Disgusted with himself he looked around. A glint caught his eye. "A penny", he fantasized....

"A penny for your thoughts acushla", his vibrant voice carried its message to her ears, but she was worried. She looked at him as he bowed low, a curtsy that would have brought envy to any Frenchman's heart, his cap set at a rakish angle, tried to smile and said "The Devil". "Don't you worry my lonesome lady, when I'm there he daren't kidnap you"....."You look worried, can I help you?", startled he turned around - the Librarian. Flinty eyes, "er no thank - Thank You", he heard a syrupy voice so unlike his answering, he could positively hear the honey dripping from the words. He fiercely walked out of the library and as his glance flitted down the corridor, he saw her, her eyes blue.....

"Why do the roses look so red, the sky so blue, why has everything changed, the hour since I met you?" His poetical query was met by an

affectionate gaze, a gaze that went through him, enmeshing him, and the silence was such that he could hear her heart go Tak-Tak-Tak....Her stilletoes made just perceptible noise but he could detect the rhythm just like a heart beating, any normal heart though, not his for now his heart was going bonkers. He shook his head and walked slowly towards A-11 - the venue for the Students' Union Election Speeches. He looked over his shoulder if she was still there, but she had disappeared....

"Disappeared, when and how?" Tersely he inquired fingering his sword hilt, no one dare touch her as long as I'm here. His steed was raring to go. He gently pulled the reins. "Mon ami we will get her, won't we?" The steed snorted and pawed..."Won't we?" Thundered the speaker. "Everyone is out to suppress our demands, our liberty, our fraternity, we will fight against them, won't we?" Bored eyes looked at the speaker. The incantation 'won't we' was repeated at infrequent intervals. The light filtering through the window was tinged with orange - Neon Bulbs. He stepped out into the night hurrying...

HIS POETICAL QUERY WAS MET BY AN AFFECTIONATE GAZE, A GAZE THAT WENT THROUGH HIM, ENMESHING HIM, AND THE SILENCE WAS SUCH THAT HE COULD HEAR HER HEART GO....

"There is no need to hurry now", the castle juttred in front of him as he lay gasping on the grass, "there is no need to hurry now." Recovering his breath he surveyed the castle wall with an air of unflinching determination. Then like a cat he stealthily climbed up the tree and in a trice was inside the castle. The land was cold, the moon was glittering in the lake...

A spasm of cold passed through him. He pulled his overcoat tighter. It was about as effective as wrapping himself up in an invisible blanket. The air whistled through his clothing, played with his skin, made his hair stand up on end. He shivered. I'll surely catch a cold, I'll catch a cold, contract pneumonia, I'll miss my classes....

No one, far less he, could have missed the scream that rented the air, his own, his pulse his...Keeping himself under control, he opened the door slowly, noselessly. At one glance he surveyed the scene. His heart thumped wildly, as he saw her, at one corner. The Devil turned and faced him, his sword already drawn "You insolent pup".....

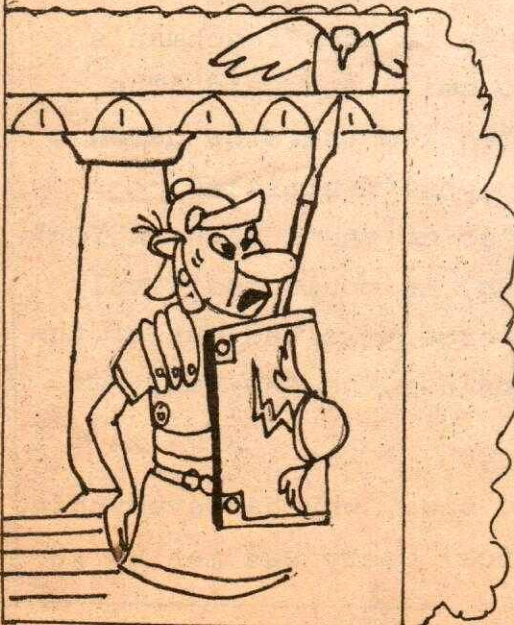
A mangy cur was shivering in the cold, so was he. His head was swimming wildly. He was burning. Resolutely he thrust his hand in his pocket...

Thrusting, parrying, thrusting, parrying, his arm started aching. His shoulder was a gory mass of blood. He was losing his touch, but

he would not let go, the fight was unto death or disgrace. She was looking at him with satisfied eyes. With renewed vigour he thrust, thrust, thrust. The sword came clanging on the floor. The Devil was conquered. "Do I have your word of honour for our safety?", he asked. "You have", replied the felled loser. With tottering legs, he advanced towards her. As he fell in her arms, he managed to whisper "My home M'selle sil vous plait...."

Home, he smiled faintly, "home is a place where if you go they have to take you in".....

The chivalrous gentleman was conducted to his chambers. He raved in his sleep. No one was allowed to nurse him except her, the faithful manna, the acushla. He opened



his eyes....

A misty haziness enveloped the atmosphere. He could barely discern a face behind the cloud. Slowly he reached out. Startlingly, everything was clear, his vision was back to normal, his heart was

THRUSTING, PARRYING, THRUSTING, PARRYING, HIS ARM STARTED ACHING. HIS SHOULDER WAS A GORY MASS OF BLOOD. HE WAS LOSING HIS TOUCH, BUT HE WOULD NOT LET GO, THE FIGHT WAS UNTO DEATH OR DISGRACE.

going bonkers. It was she. His hands stopped their perambulation. A gross of thoughts raced to his mind. The foremost won. He was dreaming, just to satisfy himself he pinched her. She screamed. He closed his eyes. Something was wrong. His mother came running in. He hid his face in the quilt. "He just opened his eyes." She was explaining. Now comes the pinching bit. He winced. Nothing. "You ought to be very thankful. She nursed you back to life." His mother bustled off.

"How? What? When?" You fell sick as you came home, you were unconscious, pneumonia and all. You kept saying Rebecca, Rebecca,... Your parents, they inquired. "You, You are not offended", he stammered. "No stupid" devoid of offences, her voice brimming with happiness.

"M'meselle Je t'aime" he spoke his heart for once.

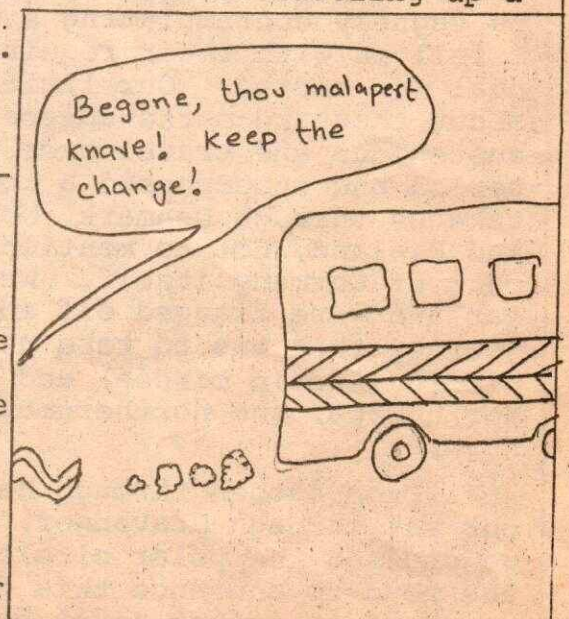
"Oui M'sieu same here." (I love you too)

OK

NORTH (CAPE) WARD HO !

There is, so I believe, a thirst for adventure gnawing away at every bosom. Time was when such aspirations were easily fulfilled. Had you, for example, been a fair-haired lad in King Arthur's days, all that you did when the bug bit you was to leap on to the nearest nag and clap spurs to it leaving the rest to a benevolent providence. The latter, hawk-eyed as usual and burning to pitch in and do the square thing by the deserving youngster, would lose no time in hustling up a dragon - a hapless beast simply asking to be spiked - to cross your path ere sundown. Your deed thus speedily accomplished and the dragon despatched to commune with its maker, you could afford to stretch your legs and savour life, allowing the countryside meantime, to ring with the story of your prowess while accepting with benign tolerance a castle or two thrown your way by grateful landlords or - and this is where the hitch may come - landladies. The possibility last cited enjoined a certain risk which your wary knight managed to give the prudent miss-in-baulk through recourse to the simple but effective strategy of slinking away at dead of night leaving behind no name or address.

But these halcyon days are gone, never to return. We are beset by hard times and things have become frightfully scarce. The supply of dragons has given out and with every passing day fewer giants, for one reason or another, seem disposed to hold damsels in thrall. Worse still, there mightn't be a nag around for you to leap on to just when you are in the mood for



it. In other words the scope for adventure is bleak and dismal. Providence, so munificent during yesteryears, has suddenly decided to do a volte-face and adopt the stance of the village miser when it comes to purveying opportunities to today's Lochinvar. The utmost by way of derring-do that appears available to your sprightly young man today is a verbal duel with a bus conductor or an argument with an autorickshaw driver. I don't know whether either of these could, according to the copy book, be called 'a foeman worthy of your steel' though, alas, I

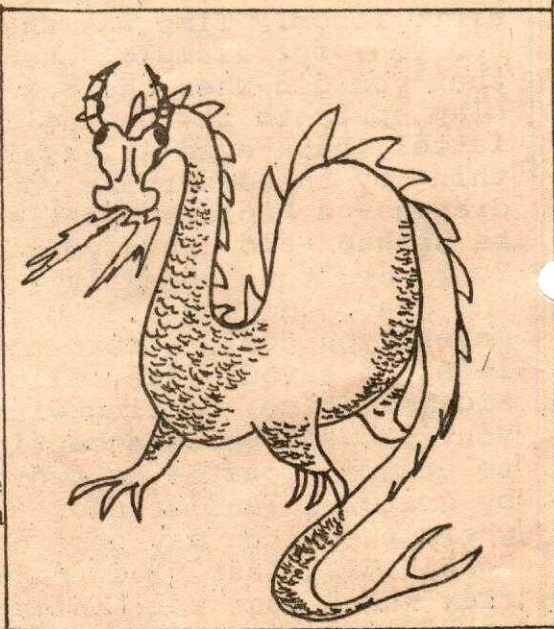
THE SUPPLY OF DRAGONS HAS GIVEN
OUT AND WITH EVERY PASSING DAY
FEWER GIANTS, FOR ONE REASON OR
ANOTHER, SEEM TO HOLD DAMSELS
IN THRALL.....

have the lurking fear, that at the end of the adventure it would be you that would be worsted and found landing on the haunches with serious damage to both ego and apparel. Then again there wouldn't seem to be much point in taunting your adversary, from this position of embarrassing discomfort, with such excellent

epithets like 'How now, Varlet?' or 'Begone, thou malapert knave!', expressions of singular beauty that your forebears used to discharge with such telling effect on their rivals, although, of course, from more advantageous situations. To add to your woes, you have this language barrier and this splendid vocabulary would simply be wasted and pass right over the head today's great unwashed multitude.

One of the opportunities along the 'Glory or Death' lines that destiny vouchsafed for me was a motor car camping-trip to the North Cape a good quarter century ago when I was somewhat stouter in the heart and noticeably slimmer around the waist. Memory is a trifle foggy with regard to the finer details of these events but the major features remain indelibly etched out.

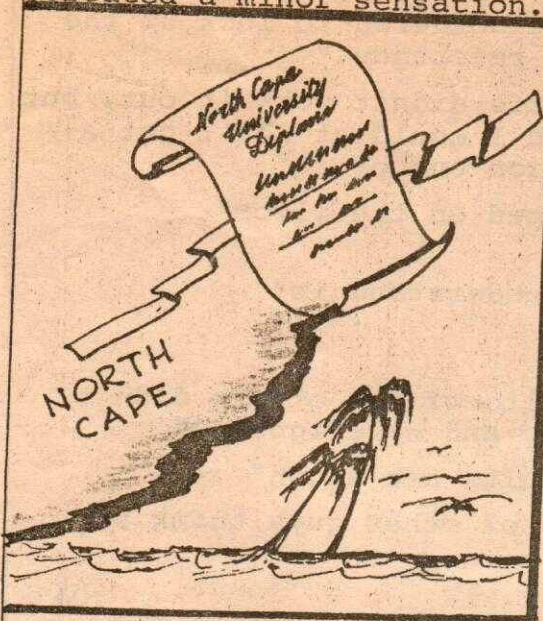
At the city of Aachen (formerly known as Aix-la-chappelle, capital of Charlemagne, King of Franks) - where incidentally, I had been despatched to bone up on my knowledge of Metallurgy - a german acquaintance and his wife were planning a camping trip to the North Cape with their car. And desiring very prudently to cut down on expenses, they were on the look-out for a single co-passenger who would be willing to tag along on a share and share alike basis. As I happened at the same time to be vaguely contemplating a visit to Sweden, I fell in with their requirements and the deal was closed. Our limited budget of about thousand-marks-apiece covered both sustenance and travel over a four week period and encompassed a route that was to take us through Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, not to mention a sizeable part of Germany itself. We hopped into the car and were flagged off anon on our 9000km journey that was to take us to the polar circle (Arctic circle) and beyond - to the North Cape, the northernmost point of Europe.



From Aachen through Hamburg, Copenhagen, Sweden and Oslo we wended our way through Stavanger, Bergen and Trondheim to Mo. A little further we crossed the polar circle (lat. 66° 33') - there is a small sign on the road to announce this fact - and found ourselves at Narvik, the scene of important naval battles during World War II when British destroyers managed to mount a surprise attack on the German fleet located there and sink some of the ships.

At the time of our visit (1961), Norway was economically a little

different from what it is today (they have struck oil in a big way since). The people themselves were extremely friendly. They didn't get to see many foreigners (not at least in the smaller towns located in the upper reaches of the country) and my presence with a brown skin created a minor sensation. Once a boy dropped his bicycle and raced after us, just to collect my autograph. I did enjoy this attention that my presence aroused. The other features of Norway that made a lasting impression were the innumerable fjords that one encountered - (many camping places are located right on the banks of the fjords making a piped water-supply to the location entirely superfluous) - and the floating logs of timber on the waterways, a cheap and most efficient form of transport of wood. Less agreeable was the smell of drying fish, an important source of food for the inhabitants during the forthcoming winter months when ice sheets could isolate entire regions.



We went up to Hammerfest from where we had originally scheduled to take the steamer to the North Cape but for some

reason which I do not remember now, we deflected eastwards towards Russenes. Here we parked the car and took a ferry to Honningsvåg. North Cape is 24 miles from here by road. A lonely omnibus plying the route finally disgorged us at Ultima Thule around midday on first July 1961. North Cape at last, the high point of our odyssey! There was a souvenir shop here where I could buy a 'North Cape Diploma' testifying to the fact that 'Mr. R.V. travelling in the land of the midnight sun has today reached the North Cape, the northernmost point of Europe, latitude 71° 10' 21\".

There is however little to entertain visitors on the North Cape. There is just one unending sheet of water ahead of the rock you are standing on and

a solitary arrow pointing towards the North Pole.

So after taking a few pictures to show to the

loved ones back home and swank about in the years to come, we embarked on our return journey. It is truly the land of the midnight sun. There is enough sunlight even at 2 A.M. to read a newspaper without any difficulty.

NORTH CAPE AT LAST I COULD BUY A 'NORTH CAPE DIPLOMA' TESTIFYING TO THE FACT THAT 'MR. R.V. TRAVELLING IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN HAS TODAY REACHED THE NORTH CAPE, THE NORTHERNMOST POINT OF EUROPE.....

The return journey was completed sans misadventure and we hit Aachen back on, I think, 16th July exactly a month after we had started. The 9000 km journey ended - we were doing about 300 km each day, sometimes along most inhospitable country - we returned home somewhat exhausted but otherwise non the worse for the adventure. Arrived back at Head Quarters we parted with mutual expressions of goodwill and a promise to meet again in a month's time to exchange photographs - (our miniscule baggage didn't fortunately exclude cameras!) - and for a final settlement of accounts.

ÖÅ

We may not return the affection of those who like us.....but we respect their good judgement.

DOUBLE TALK

Compiled by Dr. R. Natarajan

What the Authors of Scientific Papers say and what they actually mean

"It has long been known that"	"I haven't bothered to look up the original reference."
"While it has not been possible to provide definite answers to those questions"	"The experts didn't work it out, but I figured I could at least get a publication out of it"
"Handled with extreme care throughout the experiments"	"Not dropped on the floor"
"It is clear that much additional work will be required before a complete understanding"	"I don't understand it"
"Three of the samples were chosen for study"	"The results of the others didn't make sense and were ignored"
"Typical results are shown"	"Best results are shown"
"It is generally believed that"	"A couple of other guys think so too"

OK

THE OPEN BILL STORK

Standing 2.1/2 feet high and measuring 3 feet in length, the Open-bill stork (ANASTOMUS OSCITONS) is as big as a large duck. Apart from being one of the largest birds of IIT - along with the purple heron and the kites - it is the most easily spotted bird here.

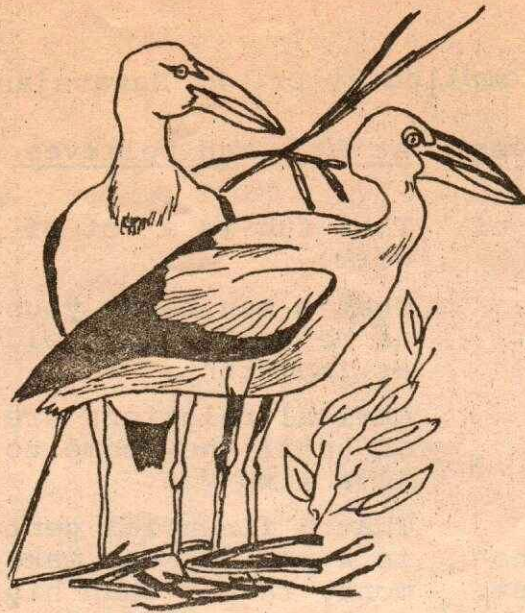
The Openbills at IIT are found only at the thorn bushes (PROSOPIS SPICIGERA) adjacent to SAC and the stadium, next to the oxidation ponds. This area is the least disturbed by humans in our campus and offers excellent protection to the birds. Just by approaching the site from any direction and you will realise what a prickly scratchy and impossible proposition it is! During some months of the year the place gets waterlogged due to rains as well as outflow from the oxidation ponds. At such times, the

area offers the storks food in the form of snails, frogs, grubs and crabs apart from additional protection. Such a haven is shared by other birds too - egrets, herons, cormorants and lapwigs to name a few.

THE OPENBILLS AT IIT ARE FOUND ONLY AT THE THORN BUSHES ADJACENT TO SAC AND THE STADIUM, NEXT TO THE OXIDATION PONDS. THIS AREA IS THE LEAST DISTURBED BY HUMANS.....

In flight, the Openbill looks somewhat like a vulture, particularly when it circles overhead, but may be readily distinguished by its long neck and its legs stretching behind. It is one of the smallest members of the stork family and is chiefly white, with black wings, tail and 'mantle'. It owes its name to its curiously shaped bill with arching mandibles having a gap between them. The bird, when not in breeding plumage, and its young have the white upper parts replaced by smoky grey.

The Openbill is one of the commoner storks of our country and is found mainly at inland waters. One of the mysteries about it is its



migrational behaviour. The bird seems to perform some regular migratory movement apart from local movement governed by water conditions, but little is understood about it. The number of Openbills visiting or residing in IIT depends on the time of the year. There is one stretch of months when the storks come daily to feed here and leave by evening. This is followed by a period when this behaviour is reversed - i.e., they roost here in the night and go out daily to feed elsewhere. Why they don't roost here when food is available is a question to be answered. During a few months, there is a lull in all Openbill activity in our campus and no storks can be observed.

On May 28th this year, I noted that at 6.00 p.m. a group of around 360 Openbill storks resting on the thorns near SAC was joined by another group of roughly the same size. Three weeks later I saw only around 60 storks there. On the 2nd of September, 3 storks came in to land, circled many times above the area at a low height before finally settling down into the PROSOPIS.

THE DESCENT FROM ALOFT IS A SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE. WITH ERECT NECK, HEAD HELD HIGH, WINGS HALF PULLED IN, THE DANGLING

Going by last 2 years' experience, we can expect the Openbills to visit us in large numbers from the end of the monsoons. Their descent to their trees from flight is a sight not to be missed. It is described in the Handbook of Indian Birds: "The descent from aloft is a spectacular performance. With erect neck, head held high, wings half pulled in, the dangling legs partly flexed and straddled to balance - Sometimes worked back and forth as in running - the bird hurtles steeply through space, banking, side-slipping and gyrating violently till, within a few seconds, from a mere speck in the sky it has swished down to alight buoyantly on a tree top in the colony, preceded by a vigorous braking with the wings."

In IIT the best place to observe these birds from is the SAC terrace, which offers a fairly good view of the group perched on top of the thorn bushes. A pair of binoculars is imperative to observe closely the plumage and other field characters of the storks.

When one awaits the next season of visits from these storks, one wonders where they are now and what will make them decide it's time they visited IIT again. Where are their nests from which they presumably come daily to feed. Has anyone studied and recorded their pattern of visits here or made any notable observations?

Looking at the vast stretch of green, impenetrable PROSOPIS, which will house Openbills soon, the foremost thought that occurs is that this habitat should be left inviolate always so that we can continue to enjoy the company of the largest bird of IIT.

ÖÄ

"Hatred can be an acid that does more damage to the vessel in which it is stored, than to the object on which it is poured."

THREE AGES OF MAN

Compiled by Dr. R. Natarajan

<u>At 20 a man believes</u>	<u>At 30 a man believes</u>	<u>At 40 a man believes</u>
1. That work is a lot of fun.	That fun is a lot of fun.	That fun is a lot of work.
2. That a man is as young as he looks.	That a man is as young as he feels.	That a man is as young as he feels, but seldom as important.
3. Marital relations are wonderful.	Marital relations are all right.	Marital relations are OK until they come to live with you.
4. That a financial genius is a man who can make money,	That a financial genius is a man who can make money fast.	That a financial genius is a man who can make money faster than his family can spend it.
5. That we are only young once.	That we are only young once - but once is enough if you work it right.	That we are only young once. After that we have to think up a whole new set of excuses.
6. That he'll never make both ends meet.	That some day soon he can make both ends meet.	That, just as he was finally about to make both ends meet, somebody moved the ends.
7. If at first you don't succeed, try again.	If at first you don't succeed, try, try again	If at first you don't succeed, <u>give up</u> . There's no sense in making a fool of yourself.
8. That life begins at 30.	That life begins at 40.	That life begins at 40, to be increasingly difficult.
9. Boys will be boys.	Boys will be boys.	Boys will be boys, but these girls are running them a close second.
10. That some day he'll retire a millionaire.	That some day he'll retire a rich man.	That some day he'll retire.
11. That the best things in life are free.	That the best things in life are free.	That the best things in life are free, and the next best are expensive.
12. That he would like to learn how to take care of his health.	That he knows how to take care of his health.	That he knows how to take care of his health - and intends to, one of these days.

CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

ANSWERS

ACROSS 8) Ideal Gift 9) Dodge 10) Imagine 1) Oil Well 12) Xenophobes
14) Renewal 15) Protest 18) Free Agents 21) Trieste
22) Baronet 23) Torso 24) Youth Club

DOWN 1) Minister 2) Negation 3) Plain 4) Sidereal 5) Adulthood
6) Adverb 7) Tell 13) Sweat Shop 15) Put About 16) Entangle
17) Test-tube 19) Emigre 20) Ortho 21) Tata

A TRIAD

Presented here are 3 poems written by different people on
MASTER PLUMBER

It is a dark cavern,
The mind roves on
No peace nor halcyon
Desultory in action
Sluggish in speed
No piece of dust for a raindrop
No pearl from oyster.
It is a false world
that lives on
Perpetuating grief
It is no revelation
The tide is high
will rise higher
All will sink into
the depths of disgust and gloom.

By P.Mist.

(Written hastily while watching TV)

Drip, Drip, Drip
Add the burst
and the swoosh (in a lower voice)
and its ready to fix
Call the master-plumber
Delay no longer
Drip, Drip, Drip
And its backy⁺ to drip

+ Just to tie in with the tune

By R.List.

It is His golden hand
The guiding hand of a Father
That made the world
And all of us mortals
Cycles of weather and
biological cycles too
All under control

He who has sustained us
Gives us hope
We imbibe the sweet essence of life
From His Overflowing Nectarine Warmth

By O.Mist.

Taken from the works of 'The Klan'

ØA

CARD USAGES

The first time I saw a computer card. I didn't know what it was. Now, I do. I've learnt a lot since I came in here, you see.

In I.I.T., these computer cards are used in innumerable ways.

Quite a few people, for instance, communicate with the computer with the aid of these computer cards. They make holes in them and arrange them in order, with intelligent expressions on their faces. In our first year, we used to be impressed by some of our classmates who used to carry around 'decks' of more than twenty-five cards.

Soon, we were introduced to 'Introduction to Computing', a course which made everybody learn languages far tougher than their respective mother tongues. When one makes a mistake in the use of one's mother tongue, the mother corrects the mistake. The computer is a slave driver. All it does is to tell you that you have an error, and then comes the endless task of having to refer to manuals or smirking superiors - to finally discover that you had missed out one hole somewhere.

There are many students, who, after getting through the course (by mistake?) seem to forget altogether what the actual function of the card is. I for one, know a student, who has got

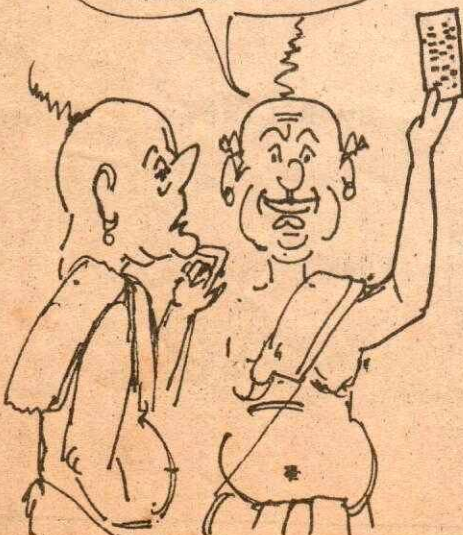
A COURSE WHICH MADE EVERYBODY LEARN
LANGUAGES FAR TOUGHER THAN
THE COMPUTER IS A SLAVE DRIVER.....

through the course without writing a single program that the computer has tasted. This is because these hole-making machines are clever enough to copy holes from one card into another. They are not discouraged by this blatant cheating, mind you.

The likes of the above students, however, are the ones who discover some of the most varied uses for the cards. The use of cards to write messages is only too well known. Since each card costs more than ten paise, the use of unused computer cards for such purposes must be avoided. Anyway, most of the IITians have a bunch of cards in their rooms ready to be filled in with messages, which range from the mundane to the vital.

During cultural festivals and inter hostel competitions, topics for various

IT'S VERY HOLEY AND
THEY ARE ALWAYS TRAVELLING
AROUND SAAR



.....THESE CARDS ASSUME AN AIRBORNE CHARACTER, WHIZZING THROUGH THE VISCOUS MEDIA TO SHATTER

events are scribbled on these cards, and here again, use of fresh cards is a colossal waste, for rarely do they go to their rightful slots after such service rendered.

During freshers' night and some scintillating events like "As you like it", these cards assume an airborne character, whizzing through viscous media to shatter the performer's confidence.

Then of course, they are the ideal material for GRE mugging. You can easily transcribe one word list (don't worry 1st and 2nd years, you'll learn in good time) onto a good card. You'll find aspiring GRE'rs playing with such cards during particularly painful classes or when they are jobless.

However their availability in the near future is suspect. The advent of "terminal" communication, the expected arrival of the SIEMENS in the not so distant future will cause the amaranthine source to dry up. This is a warning to all of us who are 'hooked' on them. You shall have to suffer withdrawal pains. The best would be to apply for rehabilitation now, to drop this 'card' habit.

ØA

FINAL YEAR REMNISCENCES

For quite sometime now, the urge to pen down a few thoughts has been rather strong - unusually so. I reached home only today after another semester's stay at the IIT. It was a sem which opened my eyes to a variety of new things, a semester which quashed hopes of academic improvement but led to a general broadening of vision and helped identify some sense of purpose in my future plans. My attitudes and ambitions broadened. I became interested again in ever so many things - classical music and dance, the theatre, education, economics, psychology and what-have-you. As far as ambitions go, they vary from being a successful engineer, a corporate manager, an entrepreneur etc. to a hi-profile "Mr. Clean & Efficient" politician. There just doesn't seem to be an end. They say "Like a tree, one must find a place to grow and branch out" or like leaves float in the seven seas. This is a pretty crucial point in life but making a decision seems to be difficult. All this, after telling others what to do.

I am not interested in going abroad for higher studies. Engineering so far hasn't interested me in a manner as to devote my life to it. The human element is sadly underplayed in engineering applications and this alienation might be the cause for my subconscious dislike. The IIT, of course, has been a far greater cause in this direction. At a time when the mind was still impressionable, it gave me lots of freedom, some boring repetitive/mechanical work and average to mediocre teachers. The results were fairly predictable and my batch's interest is indicative of the inputs we received. I don't regret it. I have learnt a lot already in my three years of stay at IIT, Madras. Its a good place to lead one's student days. The facilities are all there to have a good time - any way you look at it - from OAT movies, Tarams & Quark to some well equipped labs/workshops and some dedicated teachers. It taught me something that I'll never forget. "If a system is bad and nothing can be done about it, adapt to it and make the best use of opportunities available". I realised this myself quite late and then kept forgetting it. Academic excellence is something that I wanted to strive for but which has now been compromised and the ready excuse is the bad system and neighbours who seemingly don't bother. This

indifference and an almost cynical approach to most things I seem to have picked up to some degree. However that is not worrying. Its only a passing phase.

One good thing I did when my mind was passing through a most torrid time was reading - Rand, Hofstadter, Gibran, Toffler, Tolstoy, Bach and so many others. Their writings and experiences have had a lasting impression on me. I have changed a lot and I can say this almost semester after semester. Hostel life has been richly rewarding in providing me so many exciting people. People do matter. Relationships constantly change - ideological, social, political and professional. After all, hostel life is an idealized view of real life. The game is the same - each player has a tougher role to play, thats all. The "survival of the fittest" principle is always at work.

There's another thing I like talking about - India. She is the land of freedom. She is a lesson in tolerance. A living, breathing example that brotherhood is a state of being even absolute strangers can share. In India, you can hear the music of fifteen languages, experience the divinity of three world religions and taste the flavour of a life seasoned with variety. The world finds India fascinating because her mystery cannot be easily fathomed. She means different things to different people. In discovering India, you discover yourself. A healthy curiosity and a readiness to enjoy every novelty will enrich the mind. To most people, India is too crowded, too noisy, too dirty, too polluted and too uncomfortable. Superficially, India couldn't have asked for worse. But what we must look for is not these unhealthy and uncomfortable. Surroundings and compare them with a modern materialistic western world - we must view things in a different perspective. India is, to a large extent traditional and its beauty lies in its villages - their customs, religion and philosophy - part of a great oriental heritage. A lesson to the modern world in how to lead a simple and happy life.

....AT A TIME WHEN THE MIND WAS STILL IMPRESSIONABLE, IT GAVE ME LOTS OF FREEDOM, SOME BORING REPETITIVE/MECHANICAL WORK AND AVERAGE TO MEDIOCRE TEACHERS. THE RESULTS WERE FAIRLY PREDICTABLE

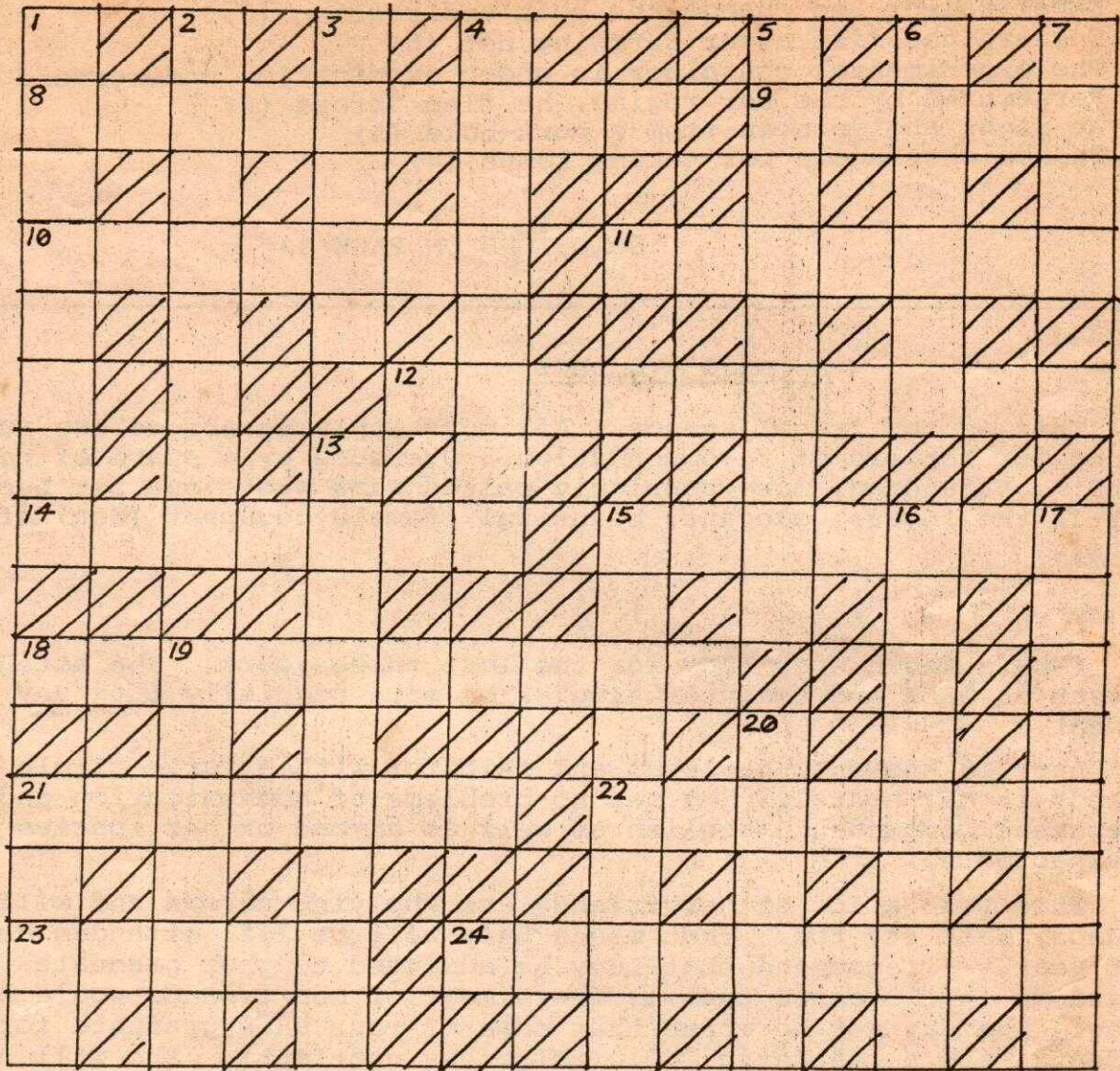
Industrialisation is slowly overtaking India too - for good or for worse one cannot say. And in its wake several problems have been created, most important of which is the rural-urban split. To run an economy on two lines as diverse as these is an impossible task. This, coupled with our enormous population, creates problems which are mind boggling. Understand this and look for the finer points - the result is sheer joy. Misunderstand India - then there's nothing here for you - a most tragic misunderstanding. My long term goals are to bring to this country more happiness and more glory. Only, I don't know how - politics, economics, education, anthropology or government services. As a short term goal, I would like to be a successful manager. Materialism does tempt me. As Francis Hackett puts it: I believe in materialism. I believe in all the proceeds of a healthy materialism - good cooking, dry houses, dry feet, sewers, drain pipes, hot water, baths, electronic lights, automobiles, good roads, bright streets, long vacations away from the village pump, new ideas, fast horses, good conversation, theatres, operas, orchestras, bands - I believe in them all for everybody. The man who dies without knowing these things may be as exquisite as a saint, and as rich as a poet; but it is in spite of, not because of, his deprivation

Some write to remember, some write to forget!

And what is good, Phaedrus, And what is not good -

Need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

CROSSWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

8. The present perfect (5,4):
9. Cheat who steps aside (5)
10. Have something in mind (7)
11. The OPEC is glad because of this (3,4)
12. They hate foreigners who use phoneboxes (10)
14. A restoration novel in authentic setting (7)
15. To object, however, is to be in agreement with the trial (7)
18. They are not bound to release spies (4,6)
21. Street I found in Italy (7)
22. Lawyers love to trap an aristocrat (7)
23. A mountain therefore, is a trunk (5)
24. Old friends don't meet here, perhaps (5,4)

DOWN

1. The padre is a politician (8)
2. This is a state without an example of a contradiction (8)
3. Clear the ground (5)
4. Genuine support for a team of stars (8)
5. The condition of the Major? (9)
6. It modifies action after having braved the storm (6)
7. Count William (4)

13. Hot spas we exchanged for a Turkish bath (5,4)
15. Expel sailor and change the boat's direction (3,5)
16. Ensnare the fish after throwing net (8)
17. The experimental container is under examination underground (4,4)
19. Persecuted by the new regime, he fled abroad (6)
20. At right angles seen from a port-hole (5)
21. Thanks once again for taking leave (4)

SOLUTIONS ON PAGE 11

A 'RECO' TO LUCY

This is the 'reco' season. All guys applying abroad are running around for letters of recommendation. Overcome by a spate of requests, Dr. T.T. Narendran, more popularly called Mama wrote one for Lucy. Lucy is the famous, elegant, beautiful, female occupant (dog) of Jamuna hostel.

- Eds.

I have known Miss Lucy for the last three years. She attended my classes in OR-I and Computer simulation more regularly than any other student.

Lucy is known to be loyal and faithful with a large circle of friends in her hostel. She has no problems of communication and can understand commands in English as well as anyone of her species could be expected to.

This year a lot of her friends are applying abroad and will, perhaps, make it, too. That means Lucy will be left stranded here next year. I recommend that Lucy be admitted to your graduate programme in CAD since that is where most of her friends would be going. She may not be worse than some of your undergraduate foreign students with a fantastic T.Q. (thickness quotient). She will not need much by way of financial assistance or accommodation and can manage with whatever is available.

Let me say it again, "Admit Lucy - she may not be too bad".

BRAIN TICKLERS

1. Somebody once sent a paper to the French mathematician Augustin Louis Cauchy in which he tried to prove that the equation $x^3 + y^3 + z^3 = t^3$ had no solution in integers. Cauchy returned the manuscript with just one comment, pointing out an interesting fact. What was this?
Ans.: $3^3 + 4^3 + 5^3 = 6^3$
2. In the year 1952, TIME magazine's Man of The Year was NOT a man. Who or what was it?
Ans.: Queen Elizabeth II
3. Who said this and about what did he say it - "It will probably be the greatest sports event in history. Bigger even than the Frazier-Ali fight."
Ans.: Bobby Fischer before his match with Spassky in 1972.

- Vivekanand Rau.