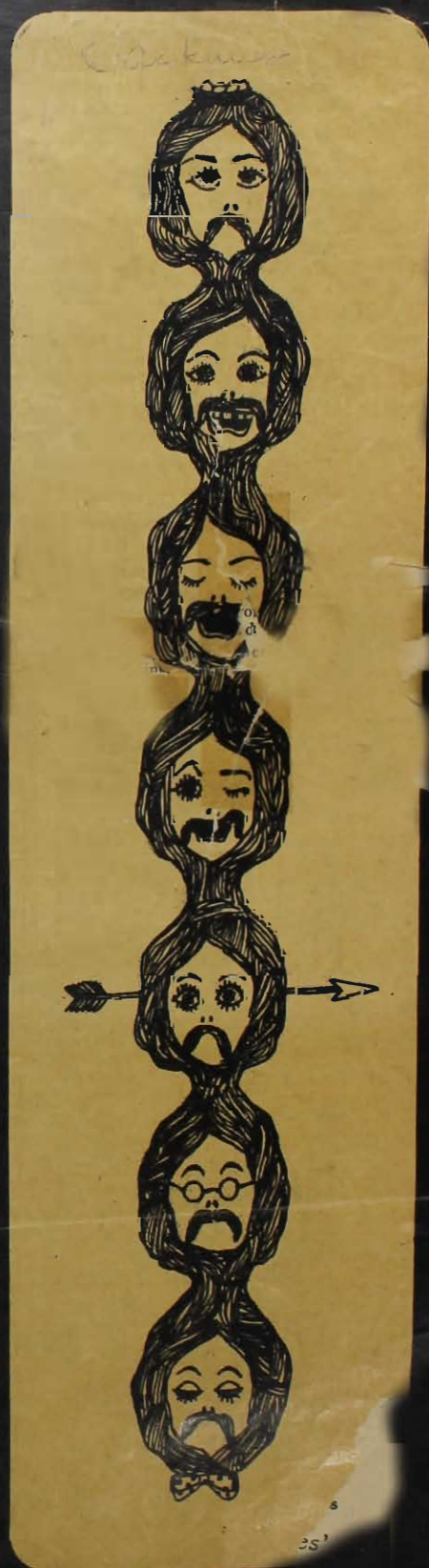


SEVEN YEARS OF

Campastimes



This Anthology is as good a way as any of summing up the last decade.

*These ten years have witnessed the birth of an institution and the evolution of a set of conventions which will gradually become a tradition. The first fine rapture is past now, and with it the trials and tribulations of moving into a deer park and building a campus on it—arduous, but piquant. Already there is a pleasantly nostalgic air about the IIT which was when **Campastimes** came into being—three hostels, administration and library in the BSB, a dirt track of a road from the gate, and a water supply that made last year's drought look like a cloudburst. A far cry from the large and well-ordered campus which we now take for granted.*

*Leafing through the earlier volumes of **Campastimes**, one neither expects nor finds a chronicle of the period. Surprisingly, however, the general trend of writing, the comments, the asides, the jokes, capture the spirit of the times. This is not a historical survey, and much that is of purely historic interest has been ruled out as not being readable enough. It is not in terms of the major events, usually official, that we want to represent the decade. Instead we have tried to show what life was like here in the 'sixties, as viewed and described by some of the more articulate natives.*

*It has been pointed out to us that the articles in **Campastimes** are of indifferently different literary merit, not justifying the publication of an anthology. Even if we were prepared to commit ourselves regarding relative literary merit, which we are not, we would retort that literary merit is not the primary criterion of this anthology any more than historical interest. We looked for pieces with a certain significance, a certain standard of writing, and, above all, a high level of general interest and readability. In other words, we chose the articles which we liked best, for in the last analysis, that is the only basis on which one can make an honest choice. We hope you will like them, too. Whether they are of literary merit or not, we will leave you to decide.*

***Campastimes** has usually stayed happily on the lighter side of things, though with undertones of seriousness. If, glancing through this selection, you are able to think, 'It was fun', or, in another tense, 'It must have been fun', we feel we have come part of the way. But we have also tried to epitomise the spirit of an age, which is rather more difficult. And if you catch even a faint whiff of this elusive fragrance, we shall have succeeded beyond our expectations.*

Campastimes

IIT MADRAS

NEWS & VIEWS

SURJIT RANDHAVA.

On August 2, 1962, all the professors of our Institute were informed that Dr A. N. Khosla, member of the Planning Commission, and Director of the National Institute of Sciences of India, would be visiting the IIT on the 4th morning.

Subsequently on the third, Dr M. V. C. Sastri was at the airport to receive the important visitor, Dr A. N. Khosla being a Governor-designate, the Raj Bhavan car was already waiting for him. As soon as one important looking person got off the plane, and moved towards the waiting car, Dr Sastri approached him and requested him to visit the Institute the following morning.

Came the fourth morning. Sharply at nine a big car drew up, and out stepped an impressive-looking gentleman dressed in khadi. He was immediately taken to the Director's office, and Mr Ramaswamy proceeded to explain the layout of the Institute. Slightly raised brows could be observed when the distinguished guest wanted to know when the Institute was actually started, but an explanation was soon found: he wanted to test the professor's memory. Brows, however, were raised to their maximum extent when he showed a stern disinclination to visit the workshops. Even Dr Kraus' cajoling, 'But they are very nice, and the machines are very modern,' aroused next to no enthusiasm in Dr Khosla who would rather visit the hostels.

During tea—or should we say: lingering over a glass of fruit juice, Professor Sampath, disturbed by misgivings, cautiously began to tap Dr Khosla's secretary and the information he eventually received caused a near furor. Dr A. N. Khosla was actually Sri Mehdi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujarat and Chairman of the General Lalit Kala Akademi. Too late to put those-wise, who took the wrong Dr Khosla through laboratories and workshops.

As luck would have it, a few minutes later the real Dr Khosla arrived. There were not many people left to receive him, but the credit goes to Mr Dubay for having brought the situation under control.

The day was saved by the canteen people producing, somehow or other, a fresh plate of sandwiches. Rumours saying that these were the leftovers of the previous party have to be rejected as libellous.

Moral: never be in a hurry to meet a guest. Let him come up to you.

In light of the all-too-frequent power breakdowns, Sarosh Talukdar most wisely remarked that the height of frustration is studying for a Transmission and Distribution examination by candle light.

One half of the Gymkhana notice boards in the Civil Engineering Block tells me that I owe Rs. 1.40 for blueprints, that a symposium of leather technology was held in the first week of August, and that on the third of the same month, I was granted a day's leave. Since when, may I ask, has the Gymkhana extended its activities to all these fields?

A lot of haze and dust disappeared from the atmosphere when we saw the last of the terminal examinations. There is no denying the fact that two tests a day were enough to sap the life out of the bravest. After a few of them, one just carried on in a sort of

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Birth of your "Camp"-Pastimes"

I am happy to say that our appeal has met with some response—I am not politician enough to use the word 'Overwhelming'—making the future of *Campastimes* a little brighter. It is on the way to becoming your monthly with every new name added to those that are well-known by now, too well-known, as some off-stage critics recently remarked.

Nothing against critics and their criticism. On the contrary, we intentionally invite them to voice their opinions. But why off-stage? *Campastimes* has reserved space for them, unlimited (and uncensored) space. Why take a member of our Board aside with a hush-hush 'Boy, *Two Views* was the best you ever brought out' or 'You know, that *Editorial* was a stinker'? Is it that much trouble to sit down and write us a letter saying what you appreciated and what you didn't? I am sure you wouldn't hesitate a minute to pen out a two-page letter (single space), if your landlord accused you of having ruined his walls by driving ten-inch nails into them at random (which, of course, you haven't).

Your criticism is just as valuable for us as your contributions. So don't hesitate and send us your *Letter to the Editor*.

Yours etc.,
The Publisher.

daze. A remarkable capacity for switching the brain from one topic to another was required. To cite an example, mornings my mind was crammed with Moorish influence on Spanish architecture, and probably natural frequencies of engine crankshafts, whereas afternoons found me turning my beacon towards pentodes, crane hooks, and things like that.

I am afraid that this being the end of the year as far as we all are concerned, I have just about run out of everything to put down. I'll sound off by wishing everybody the best of luck in the annual branding and slaughter.

Sir,

It is with the sole privilege of being an IITian that the author has expressed the following opinions (entirely opinions and nothing else) as to the exact places in the structure of *Campastimes* where cracks have developed—and having spotted these localities of failure it is sincerely hoped that remedial measures could easily be taken.

Campastimes, has now developed into a veritable battlefield where constant personal accusations and counter-accusations have a free play—where A could evoke B's embarrassment to make C (and sometimes, very rarely D) have his share of cynical laughter—with total and complete disregard to the gaping ignorance of the other seventeen hundred readers who—

1. endeavour to uphold the legacy of the IITian spirit,
2. endeavour to direct the high quality IITian sense of humour along proper channels,
3. endeavour to keep alive this cat-on-the-fence, non-profit making (loss making) item, and
4. to curl up in bed and enjoy such good reading.

The editorial people, one should realize, are not at fault at all. It is you and I as readers and contributors, who must grasp the coat and jump out of this unbecoming rut, without further delay.

There is an utter lack of contributions and this is the obvious reason for the poor quality of the articles—a hungry man has to eat whatever he gets. All articles—irrespective of their quality, implications, spirit, decorum or any other factor, are necessarily plunged into the press and onto the paper. This is also the reason why the Local of page one, becomes his true self on the second, an Englishman on the third, a drawing instrument on the fourth, a Greek letter on the fifth and so on.

Surely the IITian does not require lectures on right and wrong, surely the IITian does not require the coaxing of his mummy to take positive steps towards improvement, and surely the IITian can show this to the outside world?

B. AMIR AHMED.



We always welcome your suggestions

The Staff, 'Campastimes'

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Nursery Rhymes :

Keep up-to-date with the latest. Contact R. Shankar. Free Samples :

I say Mandeep, have you any books ?
Yes yar, yes yar, three bags full.
None for you blighters, none for you
males,
They're all for the little girl who lives
down the lane.

Mandeep, Mandeep, where did you go ?
I went to the hostel to meet my Queen.
Mandeep, Mandeep, what did you there ?
I got nabbed by the Gurkha while climbing
the stair.

Agony Column :

An appeal to the Umpire :
Please let me have my ball back.

—A. SAHA, OBJ.

Personal :

Dear Ananthu, please return home. We are worried about you. Your wedding will soon be arranged according to your desires and all your demands for curves and contours will be met. Do come back to us.

—GRIEVING PARENTS.

Public Notice :

One Nikolaus Klein of 5, Delhi Avenue, is absconding from last month with our staff van, CC2094. He has been discharged from our service, and persons dealing with him will do so at their own risk.

—MANAGER,
Campastimes

For Sale :

Unused chapattis from Kaveri, Krishna and Narmada Hostels. Leather dealers please note

Cyclists do not ride abreast !

Keep to your left in the corridors of HSB. (Inserted by the Madras Police in the interests of Road Safety.)

Missing :

One of the elephants of the Gajendra Circle is missing since last Thursday. It is reported that the elephant was seen running amuck and smashing one of the domed lights of the pillar. Will finders please phone the security officer ?

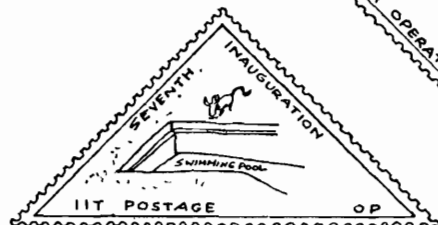
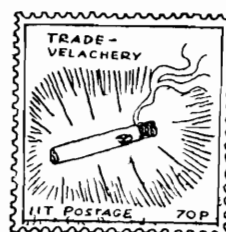
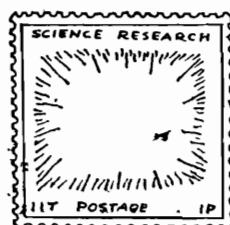
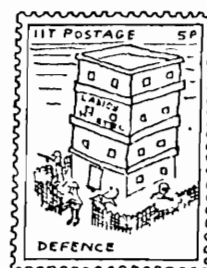
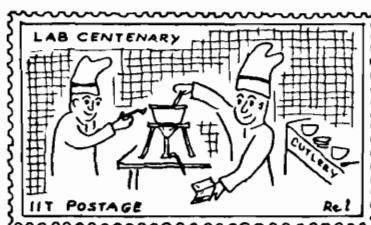
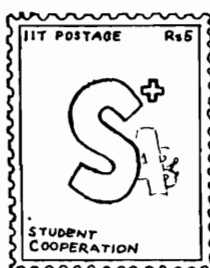
Reprint :

Reprints of *On Curves and Contours*, the sensational campus-stirring article by Dr Anantharaman, are now available. Sales agents required. Very generous terms.

Library Book-Binding Project :

Global tenders are invited from reputed book-binders to reach a target of binding 1,00,000 books in the same dull red cover within 1963. A specimen book bound to our specifications may be had from the Librarian. The features of the original book should not be distinguishable in any case. Tender forms may be had from the office during working hours.

COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS



Unclaimed :

Two white deer with green spots remain unclaimed in the pound. Will the owner kindly contact the Security Officer with the necessary fine ? Please collect the animals as soon as possible as the Security Officer is finding it difficult to feed the deer. They bite through the nipples of the feeding bottles.

Found !

A Tee Square remains unclaimed in the Humanities department room for the last two months. Will owners please form an orderly queue, at 12-30 in the lunch break, by the entrance ?

WARNING

Poetic Licence :

It has come to my notice that many persons in the campus are indulging in poetry and committing verses without previous permission from the authorities. A poetic licence may be had from the office of the Asst. Registrar (Academic) on payment of Rs. 5.00 per quarter.

—REGISTRAR.

Wanted—Dead or Alive :

The Engineer who designed the staircase in the D-Type blocks of the Staff quarters.

—SIX-FOOTER.

Wanted :

A bucket full of bolts to feed our bucket-of-bolts. Contact one of us.

BATTY, KAMMY, GUS, RAM, C.K.

Wanted :

Wanted for, immediate appointment : an assistant to help Ashok Kacker retrieve his pyjamas from the watchman. Post temporary, but likely to be made permanent.

Engineers at Large :

Firms looking for creative engineers contact the second year students, who in three hours, given the six parts of a vice in their drawing exam, came up with :

- (1) a rocket launching pad,
- (2) a gramophone,
- (3) a time machine.

Moral : desperation is the stepmother of invention.

Beauty Care :

Why spend twenty minutes a day shaving ? Retain that glossy smooth skin of childhood. Use *Umesh French*. Contact Umesh Achia, Narmada Hostel. If you contact Umesh Dutta by mistake, bring him along too.

Wanted :

The Chemical Engineering Department wants a laboratory attender. M Tech no bar.

Personal :

I, Gautam Mahajan, on resigning the editorship of *Campastimes*, shall hereby eschew all pretensions to greatness. My name shall therefore revert to Gautam Jan.

Entomological :

Do insects pester you ? Do pests inspect you ? Do you have sleepless nights due to the croaking of frogs ? Why waste money on hiring Dandona ? Contact me, Lobo the Bug Killer. I do it cheap. I do it fast. My only equipment is strictly private. Patent applied for.

Wanted :

An interpreter to translate my lectures into the familiar medium of instruction. Applicants should possess a good knowledge of Punjabi and Urdu.

(Preference will be given to Major Jaffery if he applies).

—H. S. BATHLA,
Department of App. Mech.

Film Club Public Notice :

In view of the language trouble, the following schedule will be followed at the Saturday night movies :

Cartoons in Tamil. Main Picture (up to interval) in Hindi. Last half in English. Any inconvenience caused is regretted.

—Secretary,
Film Club.

P. S. Watch out for next week's cartoons—*Kattai Kattai Kothara Kozhi* (Woody Woodpecker) and *Mootaippoochugal Muvai* (Bugs Bunny).

[Gope started writing relatively late in his incarceration in this vale of tears. But once he got going, he went at it hammer and tongs, and caricatured just about anybody who was good for a few laughs. Then he tried his hand at turning out the Cup, and met with considerable success. Editors had an easy time with him: he coughed up as many columns as were demanded of him well in time to catch the ever overdue issues. He even did his own proof-reading, but then, he aimed at perfection. A vanishing breed, his.]

by Gope

It was a beautiful morning back in 1963—wet grass, dew-laden flowers and all the rest of the poet stuff. The cattle from Velacheri and Taramani were walking along lazily down the path behind Tapti Hostel to the milking shed. Behind groups of them came the milkmaids in-charge. It was a morning to warm the heart. If you could throw in a lone flute-player, sitting with his back against a tree, Bhavanagari could shoot a couple of documentaries for the Films Division right there.

Suddenly the morning air was filled with the scream of a frightened woman (just like in movies). Frightened women, as a rule, scream and let it go at that. But our heroine was no run-of-the-mill woman—after the scream she let fly enough bad language in 5 minutes to last an ordinary man half his lifetime.

Now it had come to pass that just about the time the milkmaids were approaching Tapti, Ponniah Moses Vedamanikkam had woken up, like Abu Ben Adam, from a deep dream of peace, stood up, stretched and decided to look at something beautiful, heart-warming and cheery. So he went over to his mirror and gave himself a once-over from top to toe.

He felt that he could easily mix without comment in a gathering of Adonis, Eros and such other Greek gods. That is, if he happened to be passing by when such a meeting was in progress they would roll out the red carpet, sound the trumpets, fire the gun-salute and welcome him in as one of 'the boys'. Perhaps you don't know it but there is a club the members of which go around believing that Moses looks like Steve Reeves below his neck and Omar Shariff above. As far as I know it has only one member. Don't get me wrong—I'm not saying that Moses is a narcissist—it's just that he dislikes a hotwater bath, because it clouds the bathroom mirror.

Moses decided that he would look infinitely hotter with a V-shaped torso. When he walked down the aisle in his church, he wanted people to gasp and say that there went a man with a V-shape. V-shapes don't grow on trees. To commission one you have to do a lot of corny exercises and Moses decided to start right away. 'I will not go to Church for the next three months', he mused, 'And by then, by God, I will have a V-shape.'

Then dressed after a fashion popularised by the natives of certain South Sea islands, posing for the *National Geographic*, Moses climbed to the head of his bed and holding onto the window-bars, started doing a sort of vertical push-ups. If Shelley were to pass him then, he would have said, 'Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit', and he would have meant it.

Milkmaids are people of the world. They can take nasty things of life in their stride. But they draw the line somewhere—and having to see underclothed undergrads hanging about the window-bars early in the morning, doing informal stooze acts, is one place they felt a line ought be drawn. If it was you or I who

PONNIAH MOSES VEDAMANIKKAM



had passed him we would probably have gone Shakespearian and said, 'What bloody manner of man is this?' but milkmaids, like I was saying, scream and yell.

In the days before Moses began spending his surplus energy building V-shapes he was accustomed to borrow bikes and go for long rides. He was returning from one on a Saturday afternoon and found a horde of cars parked outside his hostel. It was the parents coming to collect the kiddos for the week-end. When parents come to boys' hostels to collect the boys, it is inevitable that the sisters and other girls in the family tag along. Moses saw the girls. He looked again... there was no mistaking the invitations in their eyes, he felt.

So he began to pedal with renewed vigour. What little V-shape had been built up was put up for show. Then, drawing in his paunch to accentuate the V, he began pedalling, down the 45° incline towards Tapti.

By now Moses and bike were just a flash well down the incline. Moses was still watching the girls and the girls were watching Moses' antics. He was wondering what the girls would have been thinking of him. They would probably be saying to themselves, 'My hero'! I thought Moses applying the brakes.

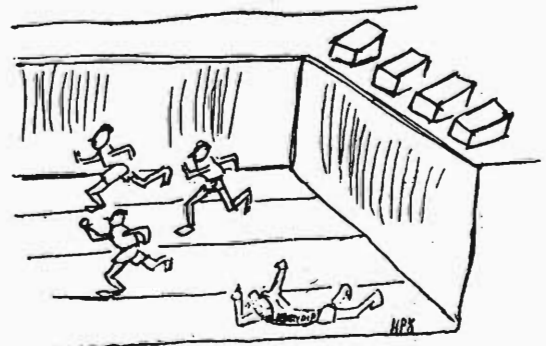
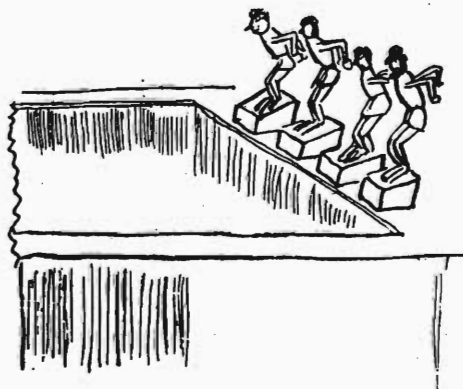
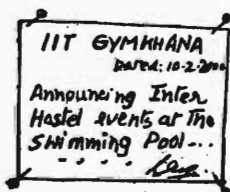
The bike had no brakes. In the hurried affair that life has become these days, people often forget to mention such trivialities.

There was time only for his face to register surprise and then horror. Then it was all over. The granite wall which had been looking forward to a peaceful week-end met the tyre, steel and Moses' head in rapid succession. The front wheel of the bike met the chain-guard and by now Moses had gone over the wall and met a few bikes parked there, and they all met the good earth. (Such a lot of social activity in such a short time, no?) Anyway he picked himself up, with the air of a man who can be checked—yes, but vanquished, never, and though he felt like something excavated from the tomb of one of the earlier Ptolemies, he puffed up his chest and made way to his room where he collapsed. Which all goes to show that there are ways and ways of impressing people.

Moses is a citizen of Toothukodi and is quite a man-about-town there—at least ever since the annual binge of the palmyrah climbers back in 1964 where, I'm told, he won the Junior's at toddy tapping.

Before I forget, do you know how girls get colds? Showers and rains and all things wet? No, says Moses. If girl A has a cold, it must be because he was talking to A's friend B, and A saw that and went and cried herself to sleep, waking up the next morning with a nasty cold.

It is past midnight. Moses is in bed reading the latest James Hadley Chase. On the cover is the usual picture of a murdered girl, in bikini, lying in an open grave. Moses closes the book and looks at the girl. Oh my God, he thinks, there is no mistaking the invitation in her eyes!



JESUSPEND YOUR BLABOMINABLE TWINTERLOCUTIONS AND EXPEDITE YOUR TWIXIT, OR STOP YELLING AND SCRAM

SOMETHING must be done about the English language. And fast. Every year, tens of millions of words are written. Conceding that most of them can be consigned to the trash-bin still thousands of useful new books in English are published annually. Librarians all over the world are biting their nails and tearing their hair, trying to cope with this exploding influx. Meanwhile libraries and trash-bins alike bulge and groan. It is as bad as the population problem. Books literally seem to be breeding books. Take Shakespeare. He was the worst sinner. He produced piles! And they in turn bred piles of criticisms, commentaries, notes and adaptations. Stratford-upon-Avon has a library entirely devoted to Shakespeare. Now come to Samuel Johnson. As we all know, he wrote. And Boswell and others wrote biographies of Johnson. Many authoritative criticisms of Boswell's biography of Johnson were published, and Boswell came to be as much discussed as Johnson. So Hesketh Pearson, clever chap, wrote a biography of Boswell. If anyone writes a biography of Hesketh Pearson, I think I will strangle him. Thank God, Pearson is dead and can't write his autobiography.

Book breeding apart, what about the literature which is being produced at a staggering rate, as words try to keep pace with scientific and technical thought and development? It all adds up to one hell of a situation.

In the future storing knowledge is going to become more and more difficult. Microfilming is going to help, surely; but the real, practical change must come about in the language itself. It has got to be compressed and made precise so that more can be expressed in lesser space and shorter time. This revolution is inevitable, otherwise the language will stifle itself. Just as compulsory measures are bound to come when the population explosion rouses everybody, English will shed its adipose when people realise that it is too obese for convenience in a shrinking world.

P. SUDARSAN

Already imperceptible changes have taken place and the language is rid of the frills and floridities of Shakespeare. But the solution to the problem of unwieldy and uncertain storage of knowledge requires a major revolution. What is the solution? Perhaps acronyms offer the clue.

Suppose you can juxtapose a set of two or more words and get a single word denoting the same idea; then you are already one up in the game. Now it remains to prune unnecessary letters and perhaps make minor realignments of syllables for the sake of coherence and easy pronunciation. For example, the idea 'to induce one to sin' is readily conveyed by the single word 'sinduce'. Again, if you always 'sinterpret' you must be narrow-minded. Remember, it is more cheerful to grinfer rather than sinfer. If anyone grinforms you that you are sinfused and why, don't believe him: tell him that his bawdeductions are sillogical, primmaterial, dimcompetent and ditherelevant.

Campastimes itself is a most ingenious example of these, shall we say, 'synchronyms'.

And then, recall the time when the 'By Night' series of films was in vogue? The word 'sex' was used to coin many a synchronym in the ads. Here are some of the ecstatic (or rather, sextatic) epithets used to describe 'Universe by Night', 'America by Night', 'sexetara... 'sexiting', 'sexational', 'sexplosive', 'sextraordinary', 'sexremely sexy'. Well, if you wish to use 'sex' to form synchronyms the possibilities are infinite. But, no doubt, you view such tasteless sexploitation with prim disapproval.

Synchronyms can put across ideas which can otherwise be expressed only with difficulty. In *Connoisseur's S.F.*, edited by Tom

Boardman, the word 'guesstimate' has been coined. Popular science fiction writer E.F. Russel has chosen the title 'Diabologic' for one of his stories.

One day such words will become common parlance. However, pioneers please watch your step. Synchronyms can trip you. A fellow enthusiast once told me eagerly that 'equine' pertained to horses and 'ox' is, well, just an ox. So an equinox is a cross between a mare and an ox!

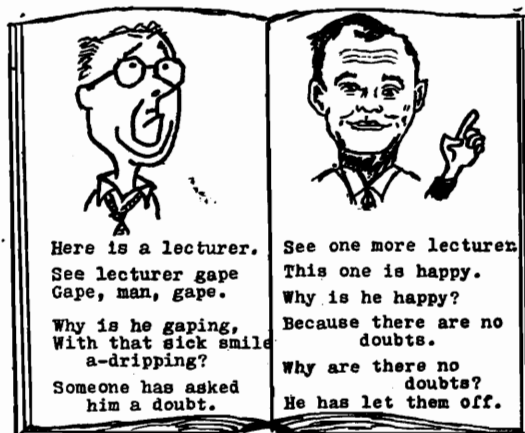
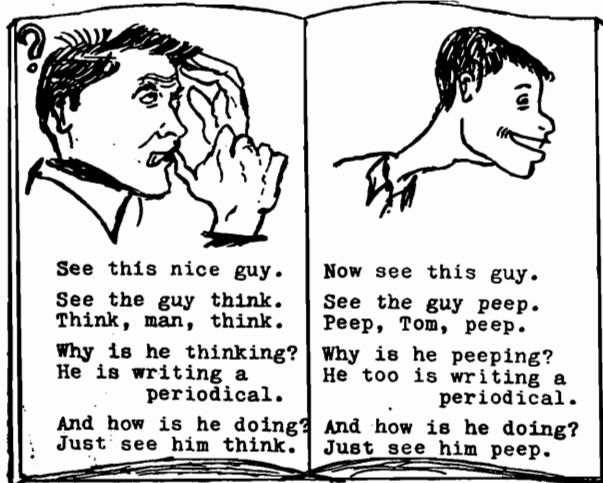
Another friend of mine came up with the attractive synchronym 'misstake'. It sounded very much like an invitation to body lifting. Young ladies, don't be alarmed. We have no such intentions! But we deem it necessary to warn you that it has to be committed sometime or the other, unless you wish to become old maids. However, once you are wed, better keep a lookout on Hubby and see that he does not commit more 'misstake'. Misstake, we notice, are mostly a result of 'mandates'. So if demure damsels don't wish to be harassed, they must abolish all laws! Diabologic, eh?

A synchronym-minded distant uncle of mine on the maternal side has twins. They are the peskiest, noisiest, most irritating ulcers I know. But my uncle takes great pride in their spirits and mollicoddes them. Reminds me of the way some people treat their pet corns. If the two barged into the conversation, which they did simultaneously, my uncle would say, 'don't twinterrupt!' and let out a loud guffaw. If they said anything that wasn't idiotic, he would turn around to me and say, 'Isn't that twinteresting,' and let out another loud guffaw. My uncle is famous not only for his ear splitting guffaws, but also for his blasphemous habit of prefixing every exclamation with 'Jesus!'. One day the twins were in high jinks. They burst paper bags when their father opened his mouth to say something, tickled his nose with a feather to make him sneeze, and pressed ice-cubes on his belly, counting the number of seconds it took for him to scream. Finally, they started an argument as to who should pull his left ear. They fought furiously for its possession, hurling imprecations at each other. Even my good-natured uncle was turning red under the gills. I quickly sensed that matters had come to a head. I employed my sharp telepathic and intuitive powers and predicted to myself that any-moment now my uncle would howl, 'Jesuspend your blabominable twinterlocutions and expedite your twixit'. My uncle disappointed me sorely. He merely shouted, 'Stop yelling and scram!'

Synchronyms can come to your rescue in situations where you must be evasively truthful. A poor cousin of mine, who caught the synchronym bug from me, works as a glorified flunkie for a retired colonel. This fastidious gentleman has a pet tabby. One day, puss passed water on his (the colonel's) bed. Feeling personally responsible for the mess, my harried cousin was wondering how to conceal it. Just then, the colonel trooped in, surveyed the beautiful scene, and yelled in the best army manner, 'What the bloomin' hell is this?' 'S-s-sir,' my cousin blurted out, 'the situation is er... piscatorial!'

I know of at least one instance of a distressed mind calmed by the therapeutic values of a synchronym. A bachelor friend of mine learnt that his girl friend was in the family way. He was worried. Soon he became the father of a bonny baby. The poor fellow was distraught. The legal position bothered him. He didn't know whether he was an illegitimate father or the baby was an illegitimate child. A friend, however, consoled him: 'Chin up, old chap. Whether you are illegitimate or the baby is, it's mere syntax!'

If you invent a synchronym, it's better to check up from the dictionary whether you have another 'equinox' on your hands. There is a story of an English enthusiast with a negligible knowledge of mathematics, landing in India with his wife. He had never met a coloured person before, and didn't know that we Indians are all brown, more or less. Spotting his first Indian, he jumped up and down with excitement and pointed out, 'Look Emily, there goes a tangent!'



Impure Mathematics

Once upon a time ($1/i$), pretty little Polly Nomial was strolling across a field of vectors when she came across the edge of a singularly large matrix.

Now Polly was convergent and her mother had made it an absolute condition that she must never enter such an array without her brackets on. Polly, however, who had changed her variables that morning and was feeling particularly bad behaved, ignored this condition on the grounds that it was insufficient and made her way in amongst the complex elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly, three branches of a hyperbola touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix, and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point, she tripped over a square root protruding from an erf (error function) and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more she found herself, apparently alone, in a non-Euclidean space.

She was being watched, however, by that smooth operator, Curly Pi (π). As his eyes devoured her curvilinear coordinates, a singular expression crossed his face. Was she still convergent, he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned round and saw Curly Pi approaching her with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once by his degenerate conic and his dissipative terms, that he was bent on no good.

'Eureka!' she gasped.

'Ho, ho!' he said, 'what a symmetrical little Polly Nomial you are. I can see you are absolutely bubbling over with secs.'

'Oh Sir,' she protested, 'keep away from me. I haven't got my brackets on.'

'Calm yourself, my dear,' said our suave operator, 'your fears are purely imaginary.'

'i, i,' she thought. 'Perhaps he's homogeneous then?'

'What order are you?' the brute demanded.

'Seventeen,' replied Polly.

Curly leered. 'I suppose you've never been operated on yet?' he said.

'Of course not,' Polly cried indignantly. 'I'm absolutely convergent.'

'Come, come,' said Curly, 'let's go off to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit.'

'Never!' gasped Polly.

'EXCHLF!' he swore, using the vilest oath he knew. His patience was gone. Cosing her over the coefficient with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He stared at her significant places and began smoothing her points of inflexion. Poor Polly. All was up. She felt his hand tending to her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever.

There was no mercy, for Curly was a Heavy side operator. He integrated by parts. He integrated by partial fractions. The complex beast even went all the way and did a contour integration. What an indignity to be multiple connected on her first integration. Curly went on operating till he was completely and absolutely orthogonal.

When Polly got home that evening, her mother noticed that she had been truncated in several places. But it was too late to differentiate now. As the months went by Polly increased monotonically. Finally she generated a small but pathological function which left surds all over the place until she was driven to distraction.

The moral of our sad story is: If you want to keep your expressions convergent, never allow them more than a single degree of freedom.

(Reprint from *Scope*, Journal of the Federation of University Astronomical Societies)

An Eye For a Boot—(Continued from page 23)

was wrenched open with a horrendous crash. It was then that I witnessed an incredible, stupefying spectacle. A geoidal mass of human material literally shot out of the room. It quivered for a moment like a globule of quicksilver on a red-hot steel plate; then it seemingly evaporated out of the scenery. So quickly did it vanish that the translational velocity would surely have transgressed all rules of relativistic mechanics. I stood there gaping.

(Overheard in class):

'I say, Moos, what was all that ballyhoo about in your hostel this morning?'

'Botti was gettin' a lil' bit o' exercise.'

That blighter Pootsimboos sure jazzed him up in real style,' there was an admiring glint in the protuberant eyes. 'He shoved a large live snake in the fat blimp's room. And lots of bees and things. The snake didn't have any fangs, so Poots tells me, but the bees sure had stings. Botti's jelly now. He's got a phobia for such things.' The Speaker happened to catch sight of me. 'Speak of the Devil! Poots, come 'ere, tell us all about it.'

'There is nothing much to tell, actually. I'd much rather be non-committal and let you guys surmise what you may.'

Silence. 'All that is okay. But how're you goin' to escape Botti when he dons war paint and tenderly stretches out his lovin' hands to wring your beeyootiful neck?'

'There is something in what you say. But I'll cross my bridges when I come to them. Right now Botti is likely to remain out of commission for at least twenty-four hours, and I'll make my preparations by that time.'

'How come, twenty-four hours?'

I treated them to one of my knowing winks. 'He keeps cooler-water for drinking in his flask.'

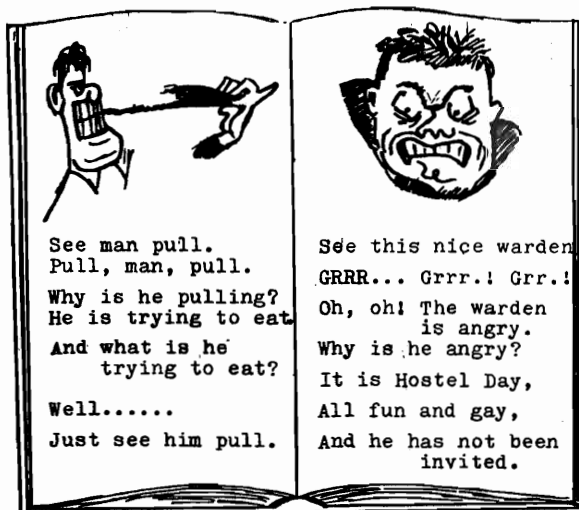
They looked puzzled. Gradually, a look of dawning comprehension transformed Moos' unmentionable face. 'You doctored it?'

'Yup. Purgative.'

'The poor, poor fish.'

'Yes, the poor, poor fish.'

—POOTSIMBOOS ŪNOHOO.





ABOUT two hours after yonder sun has risen over the Bay of Bengal, Roy walks into the Ganga mess for breakfast and the waiter asks him what he would have. 'Ten oothappams from the veg. side and four eggs and the usual from the non-veg. side,' he says, and gets ready to tuck into his rations. Tapeworms raise their hats, watching Roy eat, knowing that they are in the presence of a master.

Watching him class-wards bound, dressed in terycotton trousers and a T-shirt made to order by Omar the tent-maker, one gets the

impression that Nature must have started with enough material for two Roys, but decided to put everything into one and be done with it. In other words he resembles, rather closely, a Roman Emperor who is exceptionally fond of starchy foods.

Roy started his rise to fame with an incident in the third year. He walked into the first year class and looked not left nor right till he was standing in front of the two girls who lend colour to the class. Then pulling out with a flourish a visiting card bearing the legend R. N. Roy, Faculty of Electrical Engineering, The Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, and trying to look as much like Sean Connery as he possibly could, he presented it to them and solicited an article for *Campastimes*. Legends say that an article was handed over, but in what finally appeared in print Roy used only the title at the top and the authors' names at the bottom, and let his imagination run wild in between.

RATHINDRA 'N' ROY

Both Bill Shakespeare and Alex Pope have stressed the tediousness of a twice told tale. You will agree that what is good enough for Bill and Alex is good enough for us. Not thus Roy. Tell him anything, and three days later he drops in on you and says, 'You won't believe me, but there was this . . . and you hear your masterpiece, slightly spiced, and expanded as only Roy knows how to. The next day he comes up again with, 'This is absolutely first hand . . . ' and you hear it all over again. I am at a loss, for both Bill and Alex are silent about the nature of a thrice told tale. (It is the same thing recommending a movie to him. He comes back and tells you the story and his wisecracks about it, the whole of which lasts slightly longer than the movie itself.) If the story is not one that you started, and you are hearing it for the first time from Roy, it is advised that you know the value of the Roy Factor. Under normal conditions one takes the cube root.

Watching Roy walk towards you, you know what Muhammed will have to put up with if he refuses to go to the mountain.

Roy knows the latest developments in science and technology and medicine and

art and fashions, and gives uninvited lectures on them. Not very authentic, but very entertaining. I mean, you can't have everything, you know. Not everyone can pack so many laughs in a gas session on bionics, okay?

When you drop in, be prepared. He believes in the ultimate in informality. To your knock will come sounds from within like a couple of bulldozers being started, a few words of endearing invitations to come in, which we dare not print, and finally the door is thrown open and Roy stands there in all his majestic splendour, not hampered by clothes and things. I don't mean that he is entirely in the altogether, but, well, almost.

It happened at a girls' College not too far from here, and probably the whole incident is still listed in Roy's memory under the heading 'Incident, extraordinary, one of.' A certain girl, I believe, contacted Roy on the talking machine one day and, after the usual chit chat, asked him over to their college for tea the next evening. It was in honour of the elite of the town, Roy was given to understand. The next day, Roy turned up there with a few friends (let's not drag in their names too) all shaved, spruced and boy-Oh-boy, dressed to deal out instant death. Surprise, surprise, there was no reception committee at the portals of the college. Our heroes are made of sterner stuff and do not give in easily. So they strolled in. They walked and walked, stories go, and it was only when they were in the middle of some sort of a quadrangle that it started. It was a shrill whistle. Soon there were many whistles. Soon yells were heard and later even jeers. You know what I mean—

*whistles to the left of them
yelling to the right of them
jeers behind them—*

It was the saddest retreat since Napoleon returned from Moscow, I am told. But then there is infinite wisdom in what they say about it: 'It is better to have gone for tea and not have got it, than never to have gone at all.'

Roy's sense of humour is absolutely topping. He starts where Bob Hope left off. He can turn a dead serious vernacular movie into a super colossal comedy with his running commentary.

When Roy passes out, he just wants to do farming, join the Theosophical Society, take a few loans from the leading banks of the US, get a job in Latin America, study management in India, and bionics either in Israel or Netherlands, and start an Industry by himself. That's what I like about him—no crazy ambitions.

—GOPE.

LETTERS

YOUNG'S MODULUS ACCIDENT

IMAGINARY CRICKET

AUTOMATIC TICTICTICTIC..

SPARE PARTS

SPRING

ABSENT-MINDED

BBV BB (Hamlet)

CLASS-ROOM

BY DR HANS WAGNER

BY GNAN-CHANDRA

GRADES

BY PRADEEP

ROONESPISM

BY RAMAJAYAM

DIET MARTYR

BY PARAMESHWARAN

FORK LEFT

CIGARET

RUSSIAN

HOKUS

GUITAR

BY T²

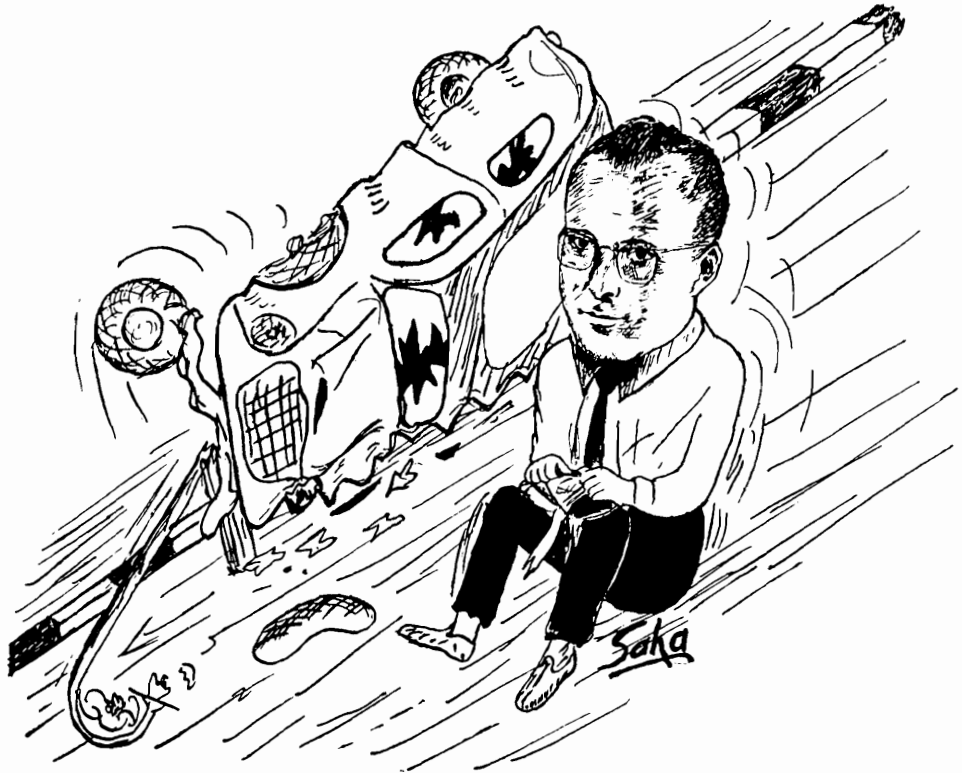
THE PRIZES GO TO

- 1) To be or not to be
- 2) MINI
- 3) Automatic Ucluc - - -

Integration

BY R SAMPATH

PERSONALITIES

Dr
K
L
E
I
N

The Germans say 'Klein' is small. But there is nothing small about Dr Klein, who with indefatigable energy runs a one-man department. He is the Head, Lecturer, Tutor and Typist of the Department of German. He takes, on an average, eight hours a week. For the past year Dr Klein has been the man behind the 'times'. He has nurtured and led this journal through its initial teething troubles, until now it is able to hold its own anywhere.

Dr Klein's lectures are in a class by themselves. He is lenient to the point of indulgence, and there is a general aura of freedom pervading the class. The more volatile constituents of the class get an opportunity to voice their opinion; only to get them really demolished by Dr Klein in his inimitable manner. He often intersperses his lectures with anecdotes, and more often than not in such cases, gets carried away; and when jolted back to reality by a chance remark, says rather guiltily, 'Where was I'. He

speaks in rather a low tone and so one has to be all ears, else it could mean 'another year'! He has certain mannerisms such as grimacing in mock pain when confronted by a wrong answer from a student. Then, of course, there is the incident, when a certain student repeatedly pronounced 'damit' as 'dammit' and Dr Klein pulled out a toy pistol and said 'Say it correctly, or I shoot!' So it is not hard to believe that it is no unusual phenomenon to see his class dissolved in mirth.

Dr Klein had his university education in Frankfurt, Munich and Tuebingen. He came on a scholarship to Shantiniketan to study Indian Philosophy, and later taught German in the University of Calcutta. His knowledge of Sanskrit enables him to draw analogies between German and Sanskrit grammar during the course of his lectures (leaving most of us as much at sea as before; or even more so.)

Dr Klein has a passion for collecting works

of ancient Indian art such as scrolls, sculptures and any other articles of antique value that come his way. His house is positively littered with massive sculptures, brass bowls and the like. One has but to question him a bit, and he will describe all of them, with a wealth of detail, which would probably fascinate more aesthetic minds. He is a voracious reader and his miniature library would satiate any lover of contemporary fiction.

Until recently Dr Klein used to drive a blue Opel station wagon which, not content with a spar or two with a tree, decided to try conclusions with a buffalo which challenged its right of way. It came out of it very much the worse for wear and Dr Klein now drives a museum piece, which again is remarkably consistent with his hobby. Consequently, he is temporarily in a rather 'cowed' state though it shouldn't be long before his car returns to rip up the IIT roads once more.

—M. V. R.

RIVERSIDE
FROLICS

DEEDS of derring-do have recently been wrought on the banks of the Jamuna, whose placid limpidity has been muddled by the advent of large herds of that transient species — 'fresher' — genus student, to whom are strange indeed the ways of IIT and alien every traditional delight.

A noble effort on the part of the hoary seniors to initiate these strangers in our ways and customs was branded criminal. Stern laws were passed by our di'Reqtuour of fame, and an executive body headed by a redoubtable Waughden was entrusted with the enforcement thereof.

Meanwhile it came to pass that Alakananda, a lesser stream, abounded with the same game (of the same name). Another and stricter Waughden was to ensure the safety of the denizens.

And thus it was that the clarion call proclaiming the beginning of the hunting season — 'Hey Fresher!!' was sounded not quite so loudly as usual, perhaps, but every jot as firmly. And activities commenced of which the Waughdens wot not, not heeded if they wot.

The opening gambits having been got over, and a few conventional questions (Wise guy, eh? Witty guy, eh? Tough guy, eh? Smart guy, eh? ad infinitum with varying inflexions) are asked and the subject of the experiment can be classified as 'fresh' or 'non-fresh'. Generally, the guys who say, 'Sir, no Sir' to the above questions are placed in the second category, though the coots who placed high in the entrance exam or who had four 'ones' in the School Cert. are regarded with the Eye of Suspicion.

Freshness in a fresher, unlike in a fish, is not considered a desirable

[The know-all and end-all of Campus literary activities, S. Parameshwaran, also known in certain circles by more slanderous names, took to dabbling in Campastimes like a duck takes to water. Campastimes' stock rose at times, and fell at times, but Parameshwaran never sold out. His articles, always eminently readable and bang on time, have seen Campastimes through times of famine and times of plenty.]

quality — the gentleman in question is persuaded to eschew this fault and be a good little boy. The degrees and the methods of persuasion are numerous, and those desirous of refreshing their memories or learning fresh approaches are reminded of the imminent publication, 'Freshness in Freshers: Its Causes and Cures', a comprehensive treatise by some of our leading researchers. Some of the methods are calculated, but nowhere is the notion of 'limit' introduced. Demonstrations and experimental studies are still in progress at the time of writing.

These activities have given rise to a spate of controversial problems. Severe measures have been demanded against those who attempt to question other seniors. The suggestion has been made that it will be more amusing to 'interrogate' second year guys than freshers. Resolutions have been passed that any fresher who sneaks or acts unduly tough shall forfeit certain privileges in future years. Gentlemanly folk hold the amusements above described beneath contempt. Hardened souls consider the entire process extremely mild and yearn to give it a shot in the ear with a few zippy ones they heard or did in the NDA or St. Stephens. It is hereby proposed that these several problems be solved, and certain definite tenets universally adopted, by Campastimes conducting one of their famous reader-reaction questionnaires with analog computers clicking busily (or mayhap computing noiselessly) in the background. Possible there may be a special issue on Student-Student Relationships — a breakthrough in campus journalism.

— S. PARAMESWARAN.

(Campastimes had its sapient and wits and altogether brilliant suggestions, like the one below.)

Suggested Accelerated Course for the Production of 10,000,000 Bachelors of Technology by 1970

By TEE AAR

IN view of the great need for an increased output of 'qualified engineers and technologists', the following scheme for the production of 10 million B Tech graduates is suggested for consideration and approval by the appropriate bodies. The scheme is based on the well-known fact that a school year normally consists of only about 120 working days. If all holidays and vacations are abolished a child entering school at the age of five can finish the normal eleven-year course in about three years and eight months. This leaves an inconvenient period of four months to be filled in, but this may be utilized for workshop practice before the B Tech course. The five-year course can again be finished in less than two years, the leftover of four months being again employed usefully, say for General Machines Laboratory Practice. At eleven years of age, then, you'll have a B Tech, who, in contrast to the existing ones, has the additional advantage of eight months' practical experience! If further acceleration is required, we can reduce the age of school entry to three years, thereby saving two years and turning out another three million or so graduates. All this without making the slightest use of Huxley's methods of embryonic suggestion!

(This provoked a further analysis of the subject, as other IITians became intrigued by the possibilities opened up.)

Speed-A-Tech.

While commending Tee Aar on his brilliant solution for accelerating the production of Bachelors of Technology, I wish, however, to point out a serious shortcoming of the plan before the Ministry for the B. Tech industry, dazzled by the impressive figures quoted by Tee Aar, accepts the plan unanimously.

A short analysis of the first ten years of the career of an engineer is necessary to understand the difficulties. There is sufficient proof that the B Tech. of the present generation poses a problem to the society, to his employer and to himself in the early stages of his professional career. At an average age of 21 years, roughly 97.7% of the freshly stamped B. Techs. are still unmarried and it has been noted that young unmarried engineers are a menace to respectable society. The reason

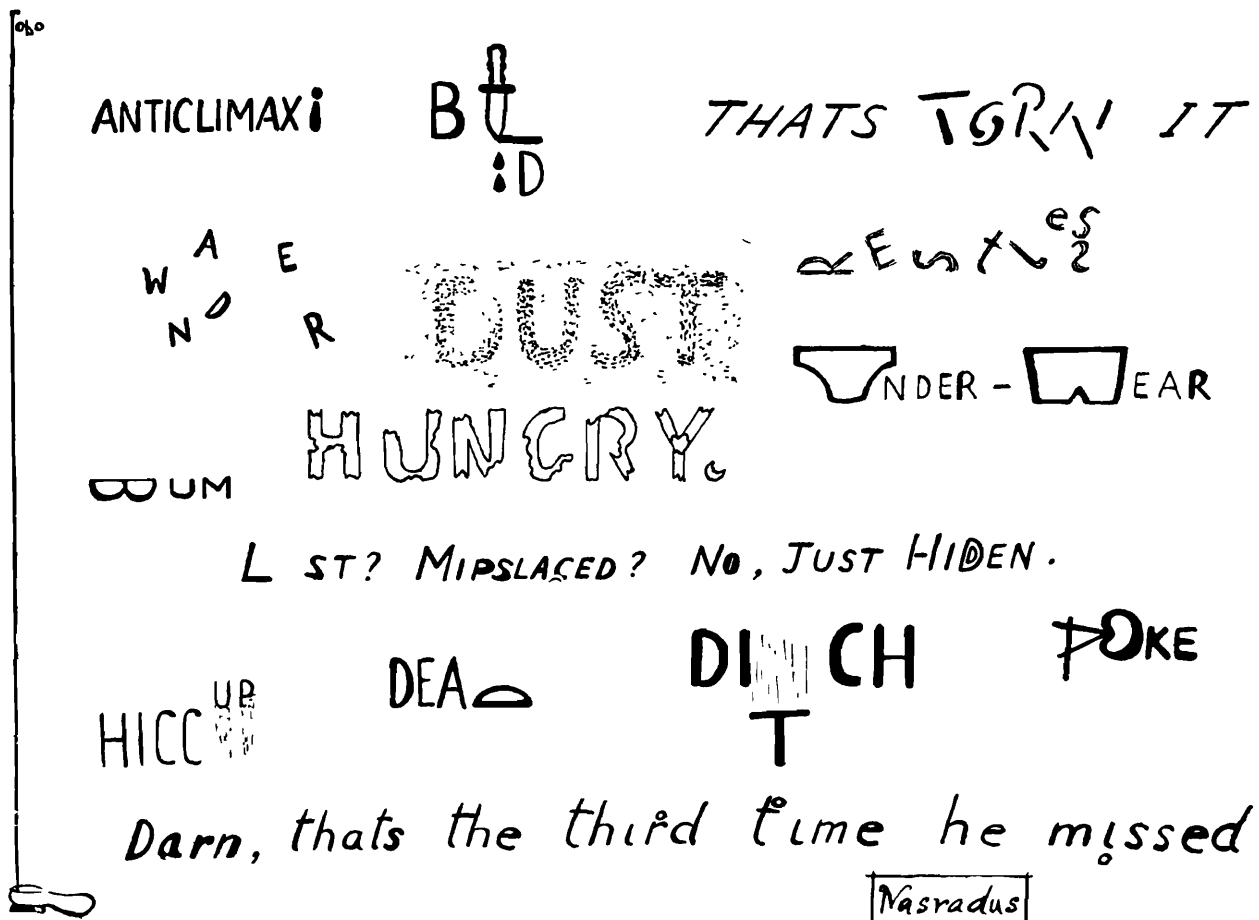
for this phenomenon is that a young B Tech, who has spent about 5 years in a predominantly male world loses his balance when let loose in (after graduation) mixed society. On the professional side, too, the engineer is a literal problem-child to his employer. Imagination and idealism, not yet cooled down in contact with this hard world of industrialists and Government red tape, often get him into tight and uncomfortable corners. This causes disavowal with the bosses and lack of peace of mind to himself. Lastly, the suspicious attitude taken by the society and his employer imposes a terrific mental strain on the young fellow and he slowly loses his grip on everything, especially engineering. The picture, however, is not as black as depicted above, for our young B Tech now about 24 or 25, marries and there is usually a marked improvement in the situation. The society no longer considers him a potential menace to respectable living and 82.8% of the engineers after marriage have been found to submit willingly to the whims and fancies of their bosses, thus compensating amply for any unpleasantness caused in their bachelor days. There is a marked shift in their mental attitude towards the causes of dissatisfaction in the office — they no longer have enough time to worry about this in their leisure hours or they take it out on their wives and children rather than on their bread givers. To sum up, the present B. Tech. is reactionary from his 21st to his 25th year (average figures), i.e. for a period of four years, becoming, in general, however, a time and good citizen afterwards. Now taking up Tee Aar's first plan of B Techs. at eleven years of age, a precocious engineer may also be expected to be precocious in other matters. We may expect that he marries earlier than his present day counterpart, say at eighteen years. Even then, the reactionary period is extended to 7 years, which will be very troublesome indeed from the point of view of the society and the employers. It is even possible that due to such a long period of free living and free thinking, the percentage of engineers which remains untamed after marriage will increase alarmingly. As to Tee Aar's second plan, suffice it to say that the problem is unimaginable.

If the authorities are still of the opinion that the proposed plan can be carried through in spite of the increased reactionism, they would do well to take the following precautionary measures to reduce that possibility.

1. Compel the engineer to marry after 3 years of the degree examination.
2. Compel him (the engineer) to maintain himself and his wife on his salary only. (No money orders or cheques from home.)
3. Make him sign a bond of service with his first employer for a period of at least ten years. (The penalty for default of bond should be quite high.)
4. Increase unimportant paper work to make the young engineer feel quite important. He being still a child, it will be easy to inculcate in him an impression that engineering practice is nothing but signing papers and sending them through the proper channels.

—PARAMESWARAN.

LETTRICKS





The ostrich is a fascinating bird. It has been known to run at speeds exceeding 45 m.p.h. It is claimed to have eaten burning coal. Its supple legs have enough strength to carry a massive human at considerable speed. However, it suffers from a touchingly human weakness. When it is being chased by a hunter and is losing the race, it stops suddenly at a sand bank and buries its head in the sand. There, in the security of darkness, its pea-sized brain churns out an almost human philosophy:

'What I cannot see,
Cannot be.'

That the students of a certain hostel should want to stop subscribing to *Campastimes* because it did not pour praise and shower appreciation on their prize-winning performance in the inter-hostel entertainment competition is quite ostrich-like, besides being childish. Whether they subscribe or not, what has been written has been written, published and read and what will be written will be written, published and read. If they wish to close their eyes and convince themselves that nothing has been written about them, they can go right ahead and play the ostrich. We have the spotted deer, the katans and now these. *Campastimes* is their affair as much as it is of the columnist, who they claim has libelled them. If they do not agree with what has been written they are free to sing what they think is the truth and I am sure *Campastimes* will find space for their song of truth and any other numbers.

Whether they are going to subscribe for their copies of *Campastimes* or not, it is a bet that they are going to read the paper somewhere or the other, and that is not being ostrich-like but being very smart.

—V. R.

A prominent secretary swore later that he was the third person in the open air theatre; the first two were the patron and the chief guest. The few who were dragged in subsequently must have guessed by now—I am referring to the 1967-68 inauguration of the Gymkhana of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras-36, the only one of its kind in Madras etc., etc. Frantic, the embarrassed secretaries fanned out on foot and wheel in search of flesh to fill the chairs. I am sure they assured everyone that if the bowl wasn't bursting at its seams, it was because of the basketball match. The truth is, that, but for the small and understanding crowd that had turned up to watch the game of basketball, the inauguration would have been what the new president in his address labelled the Gymkhana—unique. If you had passed within a mile of OAT that evening, you would have been intercepted by a sick looking gym member, told what a gem you were and gently but firmly escorted to a chair. Having rounded up a quorum, the sprightly General Secretary went about introducing his Cabinet with brief life-sketches. He made no new friends among the people whose lives he sketched that evening.

The bowl, deserted at six p.m., was, two hours later, throbbing with the piquant vitality of two thousand neurotic souls waiting impatiently for their new 35 mm. wonder to start entertaining them. That our 16 mm. movies have taken something like three years to grow to the present dimensions is clearly not in keeping with our motto—'What can't rise overnight, doesn't rise in IIT.' At the rate at which our neighbours from Velacheri and other settlements are choosing to visit us on Saturday evenings, we will soon need a Circarama to accommodate them. Now that the screen has doubled itself, the film club blokes seem to think it logical to show movies that are only half as long. I did not see the film but I heard a chap complaining that the movie on the 23rd September, 'Lovers must Learn,' started with a song he had heard after the interval,

the summer before last. Our several generations of projection room operators have never taken pains to show the reels in the order the director intended them to be, nor have our audiences really cared; but at this rate the new multimillion dollar film about Columbus, when shown in IIT, will begin in Manhattan and end up in the middle of Atlantic via Madrid, with Rome and Istanbul thrown in for kicks.

The film club chaps must be finding it impossible to show films that are approved by all. Our audiences contain from the most fastidious highbrows to the most aesthetically underdeveloped. Some are so widely read in anglican literature that they are capable of discovering in each word, a second meaning, an inner meaning and meanings that are unmeant and there are those who find the Anglo-Saxon tongue utterly incomprehensible, especially in the form of jokes.

The central feature of our Saturday evening entertainment is the mass participation. It is as if the actors step out of the Silver Screen, mingle with the audience and together create a new version of the film. Indignant public opinion and the arrival of the 35 mm. have reduced the extent of participation in recent times, but it will always be there. Mystery, drama, romance and wit have never had a chance—diluted unrecognizably by an incessant flux of wise cracks—some undeniably funny; most, sickeningly sick; some to set a chap here fuming, a chap there blushing; others like 'Murderer Ja Raha Hai' inspired spontaneously by the spirit of the occasion; but all motivated by a sincere desire to irritate others. Then, there are those who have got round the irrationalities of the language and must think aloud in their native tongues if they are to follow the intricate plots.

If by some superb synthesis, the sophisticated and not so sophisticated are pleased, there are the sensibilities of the newly joined youngsters from schools who are still in their cocoons. Many parents have, I believe, objected to their innocent kids being exposed to unchaste adult movies. Parents have their duties but even some students have complained of eroticism on the screen.

Perhaps there is truth in what a ragging loyalist said the other day in the Jamuna Hostel debate: 'The trouble with you freshers is that you have not been introduced to the facts of the world by your experienced seniors....' Of course, how and to what they are to be introduced is a debatable matter.

If one morning you step out of your house and find the blazing sun not to your liking, you can do two things. You can go in and get yourself a hat and a pair of sunglasses or if you are a man of grander vision, you can order a shipload of Zebra umbrellas from Mansukhani & Co., Bombay, and have them sent up from Thumba to cover up the source of heat. Asking all the people in the campus to wear dog tags to prevent thefts in hostels belongs to the second ideology. It is not such a grandiose idea, but I have a sinking feeling that an extra pair of sharp eyes in each hostel is more likely to solve the problem.

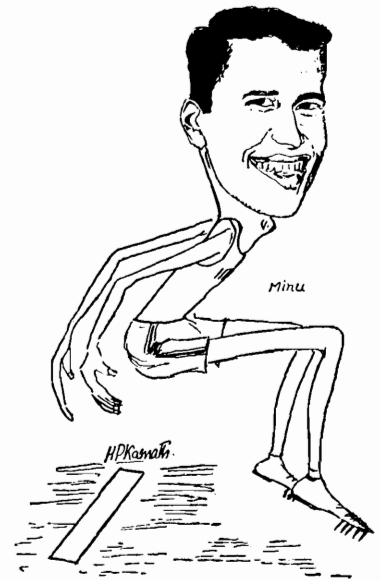
Happily, our hostels have very few regulations and fewer still that are obeyed. Yet, no one can complain that we have been painting the place red. If anything, the leniency has been under-utilized. But for a few stray blots here and there, it has been a case of you-look-after-your-nose-and-I'll-look-after-mine. Why new constraints now? Why suffocate the freedom of the forests with man-made taboos?

It is only a rumour but someone believes that an outside hospital has lodged a complaint with the institute authorities about the increasing number of IIT students with a certain type of ailment. Since when have the medical colleges started turning out doctors with white collars to go with their white coats and bottomless pockets? What does it matter what time of the night we return or whether we return at all? Most of us are adults. Are not our hours, coins and morals ours to keep and ours to expend? Men overrate their power to influence other men. Of all their means, rules and regulations are the most primitive and the least likely to yield lasting results. If we shall be saints, successes, and gems, let us be; If we shall be failures, wasters and scum, let us be, for, one thing is sure—no rules or regulations nor their absence can change one to the other.

—VIJAY REDDY.

CARICATURE

Minu Kalappa



Minu possesses a tall frame, and a jaw-breaking name: Mandepanda Kalappa Kuttappa. He has one thing in common with Jack—the many delightful variations his name has undergone. He is Kelappa to some; the way Bajaj pronounces it cannot be described in words. By far the best variation occurred at a recent athletics meet at Rajaratnam Stadium. A lady judge came up to our contingent and wanted to compliment the high jumper Kalpana on his performance.

Minu's all-consuming passion is films. His knowledge of English movies is simply fantastic. If all the films he has seen were placed end to end, the Great Wall of China would have to move over.

Next in his interests comes bridge. He is a very fine player. (Being his partner, I can hardly say otherwise.) He led his team to a convincing victory in last year's tournament in the Institute, and to an equally convincing drubbing in an outside tournament. Reason for the latter: lack of sleep.

It is said that his six-foot-odd height and handsome (?) face have set many a heart aflame. Unfortunately, our hero is very shy and does not utilize his advantage. He becomes extremely self-conscious when the opposite sex expresses its admiration for him. Even now, Balram says, the word 'Ginger' makes him turn pink. His height carries some disadvantages, too. It is a torture for him to stand in buses. He wants the transport rules amended so that some seats are reserved for six-footers only.

Thad has vowed never to remain in the same room with Minu when the latter is absorbing potent beverages. It is not that Thad has joined the Temperance League. Thad just does not want a repeat performance of a scene of revelry enacted a few years ago when after imbibing some of the best, Minu gave hot pursuit to Thad. The latter had absolutely no doubt of the dishonourableness of the latter's intentions and had great difficulty in escaping his clutches. Minu says he was just fooling, but Thad is not so sure.

On the athletics field, Minu is truly a phenomenon. Unlike other successful athletes, Minu does not believe in regular practice and smokes more than a chimney does. Yet if our Institute has ever been sure of one thing in athletics, it is Minu's performance in the jumps. A very unorthodox jumper (there is really no word to describe his action in the high jump), he uses his height to full advantage without bothering to adopt any of the conventional techniques.

Minu is a born sportsman. There is not a sport he has not tried his hand at, and he has achieved good proficiency in every case. His almost superhuman display of tennis at the Kharagpur Meet and the record-shattering hop-step-and-jump at the Madras Meet are among the best our sportsmen have ever achieved. With Minu as the captain, our athletics squad will have someone who can be a source of inspiration.

—R. RAJASEKHAR.

CARICATURE

SUDARSAN

The proud clan of the Penubolus have had to put up with many a hardship ever since they migrated to Madras in 1876. But the greatest calamity that hit them was in the year 1946, when Penubolu Balagurumurthy Sudarsan Chettiar (!) descended upon this earth.

People have laid claims to have been born with a variety of appliances — a silver spoon in the mouth, for example; but Sudarsan, in his freshman evidence before the learned Seniors, beat them all. The bloke came into this world with a set of rippling muscles. Which explains why, in an age when lesser men are known to have sought to ventilate themselves at the bare mention of 'pants', Sudarsan got away with a hundred buskies and fifty push-ups. This enthusiastic voluntary demonstration ('My usual daily exercise, anyway' he claimed later), one would expect, should have helped establish a certain rapport with the seniors, had Sudarsan not decided to delve into the deeply religious issue, with D. V. Singh, as to who should be visiting whom in hospital.

Ever since that day, this nadir of the Penubolu clan has refused to let his bubbling congenital energy and wit be dampened by time, tide or the periodicals.

He took to the debating rostrum with a passion and an emotional involvement second only to that of the inimitable Sir Venky Kotpath. And his 5' 3" frame was no bar. Where Kacker thumps the table and surveys the audience to determine where exactly the difference lies, Sudarsan seeks to emphasise his point by jumping up — in the innate *Orang-Utan* style — behind the podium, giving the audience an opportunity to locate the source of such unbecoming noises. In the years gone by, Sudarsan has aped Western manners, banned the bomb, blasted Christine Keeler and English politics ('She pulls out a drawer and the whole cabinet falls') at Kharagpur, and, more recently, embraced the loop.

His acrobatics on the stage are marked by similar zest and bounce, skipping (!) in clerical robes (!!) with Gope (!!!), modelling the minilungi; or discursing alternately in radhur prophesent Sardarji Ingleece and chaste Chenn Temizh on the *ghumi adi* executed by the *paithyam* (mutual would have been more appropriate) in the I.C. engine; chirping in from the announcer's booth between the acts to ensure that the audience is thoroughly bored.

On the sports field, however, his attitude is distinctly fatherly towards other creatures, who, he feels, would be performing a great national service by staying in their rooms.



He is particularly irrepressible on the volleyball court, bellowing away every now and then: 'Stop banging the ball, finger it!'

And the haven of such recluses, *Campastimes*, has accepted this specimen with unconcealed glee. With sickcontributions like 'Jesuspend your blabominable twinterlocutions...', 'litter icks', sexetera for which the Editor sexpressed himself most profligated), Sudarsan has provided ample spoof of the aboriginality of his sinventive mind. Yet, his greatest scoop in this field has been the publication of the EME Camp newspaper, *Aaram Se*; a task to which he devoted himself with such invigorous zeal and irrepressible enthusiasm, along with Mahajan (who else!), that they brought the issue out just in time on the last day — even though they had to romp all over town, or stay at home to do so. Even Pilot Officer Sankaran did not fail to be properly impressed, when on his usual midnight inspection he discovered that our friend was away on *Aaram Se* work.

There hardly seems to be a pie in this Campus without Sudarsan's stubby finger in it. And organisation is his forte. The countless successes of the Institute's cultural activities are due, in no small measure, to him. About the only 'extra-curricular' activity to which he has not taken kindly is his studies!

A veritable genius, this man! That is, if absent-mindedness be the mark of genius. Early indications were not lacking. In fact at the very age of six, he set his Principal and his teachers to consulting volumes on the juvenile manic-depressive tendencies (whatever that means) associated with kleptomania. Of late, of course, Sudarsan has cultivated these impulses to a degree that has won the admiration of eminent psychoanalysts of Mr. Govindarajan's calibre — and the indignation of his wing-mates. (It is worthless to investigate. You find yourself baulked by a sturdy 10 pounds lock of Kharagpur ancestry.) Though, perhaps, his most dangerous relapse occurred in an open-book periodical, when he handed in his notes and walked out with the answer papers!

Yet his honesty is not to be doubted. In fact, his immense popularity with a wide range of students (Daloyes, Illade, and Salamis alike) not to forget the one and only triple point, is probably more due to his deeply religious sense of justice and fair play, and his moral courage, than to his brains, brawn, or organisational skill.

Speaking about his muscles, he claims that his long-standing challenge to any four persons on this Campus to catch him and give him 'bumps' is yet to be accepted. Strong men of IIT, unite!

—BHARAT KAMDAR

P. J. Session

HERE are a few P.J.s that I think you must hear.

First, a few cracks that you can use on those guys who pester you about the exam you'd rather forget. The method is quite foolproof. I have used it with total success and assure you that if you use all the cracks mentioned, the guy won't bother you for years. And it is my guess that you may not even have to use all of them.

The conversation goes like this.

The inquisitive bimbo: 'How was the paper?'

You, the wise cracker: 'It was white and had things printed on it.'

Bimbo: 'You have mistaken me. I mean, was it tough?'

You: 'Yeah. I couldn't fold it with even both my hands.'

Bimbo: 'Was it long?'

You: 'Yeah. About fourteen inches, I should think. And before you ask me, it was eight inches broad and eleven microns thick.'

Bimbo: (Persistent) 'I mean, how did you find it?'

You: 'That was no problem. Nobody hid it. It was there on the table.'

Bimbo: (one last attempt) 'How did it go?'

You: 'It didn't go no place. The guy snatched it after two hours.'

That ought to settle any Bimbo. If you meet a Bimbo that is too persistent, let me know. I'll avoid him.

This is a particularly long P.J. It is on the theory of the Helium atom.

One day, as I was walking past the post office, I saw an electron making a phone call. As soon as it finished and replaced the receiver on the hook, twenty Paise fell out of the box. The electron took the money and calmly walked out. I, who saw all this, could not believe my eyes. I ran to the electron and said, 'Hey electron, how come the dough fell out when you made the call?' The electron gave an enigmatic smile and said, 'Come with me to Knick Knack, and

[R. Shanker was a rare bird. P.J.'s were his business: and he cracked them unmercifully. On stage, off stage and in the pages of *Campastimes* and the *Magazine*, he brought off coups with a professional ease and élan that would have done credit to old Bob himself. Read, and judge for yourself.]

we'll talk it over there.' The electron ordered a hamburger and coffee for the two of us, and quietly ate the stuff. Soon the meal was over, and the waiter came and gave the electron Rs. 2.30. 'What about the tip,' barked the electron. The waiter apologised and gave the electron twenty-five Paise and said that that was a ten per cent tip. The electron seemed quite happy. Before I could ask the electron my question, we had finished a fat lunch at Gaylords which brought the electron Rs. 18 with the tip. I was really confused. I pleaded, 'Don't torment me like this, tell me what all this is about. How come people pay you for your pleasures?'

The electron called a taxi, put me in it and told the driver to drop me in IIT. The driver coughed up Rs. 7.50 for the fare. As the cab was about to start, the electron smiled and said, 'It's all very simple. I am negatively charged.'

Now I know what holds the Helium atom in one piece. Don't believe the guys who talk about covalent bonds. It's actually two rich electrons feeling sorry for a bankrupt Alpha particle, which, as you can readily guess, was cleaned out of its cash, being doubly charged on each occasion...

If you found the story confusing the first time, read it again.

Chaps have brought out a theorem of (N-1) friends. The theorem states that if you have a vehicle of N wheels, the number of friends you are guaranteed is (N-1). The proof is given by induction stunts. Mandip Singh lucidly demonstrated the validity for N equals two when he bluffed he had sold his scooter.

Mimani proved the validity of the theorem for N equals four when he acquired three new friends over the week-ends, when his uncle's car came on Saturday. What do you do when the car has four wheels but happens to be very small? 'Uac small friends,' says T.T.J., to prove the theorem.

—R. SHANKER.

Dear Reader,

This now is our second issue of *Campastimes*, yes, 'our' issue and, unfortunately, still not 'yours'! We had thought it was sufficient that word went round, IIT Madras were to publish its own newspaper. 'A monthly, bah!' So what? It's still a newspaper, isn't it? And with some sort of a future, we hope. But hope is all we can at present, because it's only a matter of a very short time that the handful of those who make *Campastimes* now, will leave the Institute with 'B.Tech.' written all over their front and back. And then what? Well, that's precisely what we keep asking ourselves.

We know, not everyone of you is a writer of sorts, not everyone is able to put his thoughts on paper, not everyone is an artist. But do you, in all seriousness, want us to believe that there are no more than can be counted by the fingers of less than two hands who are capable and willing to contribute to *Campastimes*? Do you want us to believe that there is not one in 1 Year who has the ghost of a literary vein? Or—are you, by any chance—shy? Oh, come!

Campastimes No. 2 has eight pages. Not because—in spite of you! But how long do you think can a few fellows fill eight pages every month without your contributions and suggestions? And—let's not forget—your criticism? Or do you want us to splash 'Space Donated by Tom, Dick & Harry, Ltd.' all over six pages? Hardly attractive, don't you agree? Well, there you are.

So, let's have a sample of what you know besides B.Tech. After all, it's 'your' newspaper and not only 'ours'.

Yours etc.

The Publishers.



CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Warning:

Some rival publications with names *Campastimes*, *Campustimes*, and *Campastimes*, etc. are reported to be circulating in the country. It is hereby notified that any infringement of our registered name or a colourable imitation thereof will be an offence and answerable at a Court of Law. Look for the registered name *Campastimes* in original brush lettering before you buy.

—EDITOR,
Campastimes

Velacheri Youth Association:

For his services to Tamil Nadu and his contribution to the enrichment of the Tamil language in particular, the Association will confer on Dr Nikolaus Klein the title of "Nikilaharya Kalaijnan".

—HONORARY SECRETARY

Medica:

Wanted, urgently, efficient pair of ear-plugs to withstand self-inflicted, close range, high amplitude audio bombardment.

M. SANTAL,
Sick Room,
Ganga.

P. S. Please include a spare pair.

VISITORS.

Wanted, desperately, second-hand high altitude breathing equipment.

RUDOLPH LOBO (pant 1 pant 1)

HIGGINS IN INDIA

—TEE SQUARE.

Drawing inspirations from My Fair Lady, Thomas Tharu alias Tee Square, breaks out in verse in this delightful little piece. It is representative of the mordant humour and ear for rhythm that made Tee Square such a colossal success in the pages of Campastimes.

The Scene: Outside a hostel bathroom in IIT. Higgins and a friend are sitting on a ledge. Someone comes out.

Higgins: Look at him, a prisoner of the gutter, condemned by all those who mutter, 'By right he should be taken out and shot for the lousy mess in which he's left the pot.' (A sound from within). Heavens, what a stink!

This is what the local population refers to as hygienic education.

Friend: Come, Sir, I think you picked a poor example.

Higgins: Did I? See them down in IIT, Tapti or Godavari.

Leaving bathrooms anyway they like.

(Someone else comes out) I say, you've pulled the chain, I hope.

Reply: Vart you take me for, a dope?

Higgins: No one taught him what that chain was really for.

In Narmada it's worse

You may even need a hearse;

I'd rather use the Buckingham Canal.

Pigs living in the gutter

Just like this one.

Sound from within: Splutter.

Higgins: I ask you Sir, what sort of life is that?

It's lack of common decency that keeps him in his place.

Not his deadened sense of smell and corny face.

Why can't the Indians teach their children how to flush?

This squalor we adore is apt to make a sailor blush.

If you behaved as he does, Sir, instead of the way you do,

Why, you might be a ruddy Pig too.

Friend: I beg your pardon, Sir!

Higgins: An Indian's sense of hygiene absolutely classifies him.

The moment he uses a bathroom, he makes some other Indian despise him.

A clean mode of living I'm afraid we'll never get.

Oh, why can't the Indians.....learn to.....set a good example,

To people whose habits are painful to your nose.

It sickens all outsiders, I suppose.

There are even places where cleanliness completely goes.

The ground floor guys don't count it among their woes.

Why can't the Indians teach their children how to flush?

Norwegians, Greeks and Scotsmen always make the water gush,

In France they'll yank the thing even when they have to rush.

The French don't care if no water comes, actually, as long as they pull the chain.

But tell these guys to do it; You're regarded as insane.

Arabians use perfumes to make the whole affair a light thing.

The ancient Hebrew idea was an absolutely bright thing.

Why can't the Indians — why can't the Indians pull.... the....chain?

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Mechanical Engineering Department:

One of the new machines in the hydrometrics laboratory is a programmed universal pedicelode. Employing tandem numerical control units, fully automated jig contour generator, reversing tesseract stator, and a ring field rated at 200 kw, the apparatus weighs 2½ tons and was designed entirely by the personnel of the hydrometrics laboratory. The power system was installed by Bessling Industrial Corp. At present, a research team led by Professor Kornie Scöffer is engaged in finding out what exactly the corny contraption is supposed to do.

Chemistry Department:

Scientists of the radiochemistry section of the chemistry department have come up with some surprising results from their studies of the earthy materials round the campus. Using a high-resolution version of the Kudhuraival mass spectrograph, they've isolated spectral lines corresponding to two half-periods: they've enlarged the list of the known rare-earths as follows:

cerium	gadolinium	praeseodymium	thulium	rium
dysprosium	holmium	pandemonium	ytterbium	ium
delirium	lanthanum	promethium	yttrium	um
erbium	lutetium	samarium	trium	m.
europium	neodymium	terbium	trium	

Electrical Engineering Department:

Dr Piddlah who was responsible for setting up the elaborate bioelectronics laboratory in the electrical engineering department, has conducted some original research on the survival indices of autophagous cells in adverse electrical environments. He has obtained remarkable values of survival indices upto 22.87 kV, in dehumidified ambient conditions. Incidentally, he has established that these results do not hold for larger mammals, in particular *homo neanderthalis*. *Requiescat in pace.*

Campastimes
Technical Report

Epitaph

I'm not quite sure how I hit upon the word 'epitaph' as a title but it may turn out to be appropriate in more ways than one. I can promise it's going to be as eminently unreadable as my last two articles since I've been unofficially established as *Campastimus'* space-filler. I hope this can be my parting shot and that I need not subject anyone to Tee Square philosophy in future.

So here beginneth an epitaph of youth and idealism, of dreams and visions and worlds that might have been and never will be. If I'm permitted to be more ambitious it is the epitaph of a whole phase of our civilization, and I write with reference to myself not only for egotistic reasons but for lack of any other (reference i.e.). I'll be satisfied if I can point out where my own idealism has failed. But to be less apologetic and more to the point, I state categorically that every youngster with any sense of pride must at least some time or the other be an idealist. I mean an idealist in a hybrid sense which implies non-conformism, non-materialism, and a concept that human dignity however imperfect is more valuable than the machine perfection to which modern society would have us reduced. I oppose the good advice to study hard at school so that one may get good marks in the examination so that one may get into a good college so that one may work harder towards a degree so that one may get a good job so that one may work still harder for a promotion so that one may make enough money to start really living at sixty-four with rheumatism, false teeth, lung cancer and somebody else's heart. This is the least-resistance life offered to the average human today—a life which keeps dictating 'so that' till you're dead or nearly so. It is the result of much well-meant parental care and influence. Why can't we live for the moment more often and leave out some of the so that's? Living in the future always is as good as not living at all. Great men have advised the equivalent of 'whatever you do, do it with a purpose'. If that applies universally we'll be robots before long. It is often the 'purposeless' or spontaneous things that are most meaningful; things one does without cold calculated material reason behind it. If you're human it's the poetic moments you will remember and not your visit to a fertiliser factory. Psychologists equate emotional maturity to the stifling (roughly) or at least the non-display of emotions, something which any Egyptian mummy will pass with flying colours. We are becoming bound by a dehumanized pattern of set behaviour, of not committing ourselves, of saying just those things which 'ought' to be said. As a mild example of such dehumanization, when I say 'Good Morning, sir' it could mean anything from 'Hullo, nice to see you' to 'Why did I have to see your rotten mug today?' On a more practical level, if I witnessed a road accident I wonder if I'll be the first one to help. I may worry about having to give evidence in court or something like that. Wouldn't that be shameful? or is shame already a nineteenth century word? It's so remarkably easy and safe to feign blindness and ignorance.

If there's any hope of saving our future it lies with us who will be in it. Paradoxically, it is based on a purpose, that of fighting the future with the present. I could almost proclaim, 'Repent, for the end of the world is at hand and it is of our own choice.' While I'm still sane (?) I'd choose rather to die in a nuclear blast than become a zombie. It is mainly in our school and college days that we have the best opportunities to build our Utopias. No matter that it is only a few who have the guts and grit to live out any of their noble ideals; it is quite unpardonable and inhuman for a young chap not to indulge in any dreams at all. It's like not playing a game because the other side is stronger. What the hell, we play anyway for it is better to have played and lost than never to have played at all. How much milder is the statement that it is better to have dreamed and failed your dream than etc.

Our present existence is pervaded by machines to an extent which makes us unaware of our automatic actions representing an extreme state of dependence. The lights

come on not simply because we flick a switch but because there are power stations and generators and transmission networks. The more we progress the more of a balancing act it becomes. Nyquist might call it an unstable system. It means that a small disturbance, wilful or otherwise, is sufficient to upset it. A bird sucked into a jet engine for instance. (I believe we blame the bird on such an occasion!) The spanner in the works is but a pin today and will be a puff of air tomorrow as we blindly swarm up this dead-end street called progress. In a former journalistic attempt I think I said that the power of reason alone distinguishes us from machines. Since some of the latest computers are reputed to think as well, the only remaining curtain seems to be irrationality; and it's a very thin curtain at that. I say it has come to the last ditch battle for supremacy. The material comforts that science can provide will only be good enough for a mindless spiritless being. Of course we can always convert ourselves into robots and pretend that science was all we ever wanted. It's the easy way out and the way we're headed now. But let us hang on to all our gods and superstitions and art and nature and philosophy, for the machine-god is both ruthless and efficient and will be unmerciful to imperfect humans.

Maybe it is unfortunate that it took me an entire science-based education to discover the emptiness that science has to offer. More so that my sole qualification may compel me to make a living out of accelerating what I consider my own doom. I suppose that's where my idealism must stop, if only to prevent me from harbouring regrets all my life, since I know damn well that I can't wage a war on my own. At most I could wreck a computer or two and then meditate harmlessly in a prison cell, with conscience still uneasy. When I get out of here I guess I'll just fall into the time-worn groove and become a mere statistic, a contribution to some Gaussian distribution curve. What a fall for an individual with a soul. But no laments. It has always been a disappointment that most of my crazy ideas had to be derived from middle-aged or elderly folk rather than the likes of me. It forces me to conform all the sooner and turn my thoughts to matters like making money.

Those who are concerned with the modern world of management consider it unfortunate that a human being is not quite predictable and cannot yet be governed by any mathematical equation. My limited classroom contact with the subject has led me to detest it as a highly immoral profession. Of course it is the 'in' thing today since that's where all the money is. Get into I.I.M., say, and life is made, with a thousand for a start. But what does management science expect of you—to ferret out all the little inefficiencies of man and machine and by remedying them increase productivity and profits so that you may make still more so that so that so that. . . The machine, if it could, will surely cry out. The man by suitable bribes, bonuses and slick doubletalk is kept blind to the fact that he is nothing but a worker ant, or worse still, a Roman galley slave. His every micro-action is sought to be controlled by management. Doesn't anyone feel the outright indignity of the phrase 'man-machine system'? On equal terms, imagine! There are many advanced books on the subject, all attempting to formulate the human equation so that it can be reduced to a simple machine system once more. The modern work study expert is nothing but an overseer with a whip, clad in sheep's clothing. This eternal craving after maximum profits and productive efficiency which only leads to more of the same has created a vicious circle forming a noose around our necks. Unfortunately it is the big businessman to whom the world pays homage today and so he can dictate terms and issue death warrants at will. The strength of the hippie philosophies lies in their rejection of these pointless aims.

There is another topic I touched on in the beginning to which I would return for another brief round, namely academic achievement mania. This can easily become the centre and sole driving force of a student's life. All because we thrust so much importance upon the top guys in a 'merit' list. To get to the top they study harder for their exams

than the other guys; and what virtue is that, since an examination is intrinsically valueless and merely a yardstick for arbitrary social judgement? But let me not stray into a discourse on that, much as I would like to. In fact there are ever so many things I'd like to throw some stones at, some in our Institute, matters like curricula, staff-student relationship etc., but this isn't exactly a complaint book, and furthermore the picture would be sadly distorted if I didn't mention that there are many matters I appreciate and am grateful for. It is common to take pleasant circumstances for granted. Indolence and modesty usually prevent me from setting myself up as a moral judge over everyone else. A sudden lapse of both those virtues resulted in this essay. Probably for the last time.

A recent 'cup' lamented that one must insult one's friends to impress others. I'm not going a step further and trying to disparage myself to the same end. My intention here is to shock, not to impress. It is not an excuse for any observed insociability or for any suggestion that I belong a few centuries ago. You may hit me over the head with it and make it my own epitaph, but I won't take back a word of it. In all its hasty conclusions and inconsistencies it is dearer to me than any machine-perfect treatise. (Smart justification, eh?)

King Arthur's closing words went something like:

'Ask every person if he's heard the story
And tell it loud and clear if he has not,
That once there was a fleeting wisp of
glory . . . nor let it be forgot that
once there was a spot

For one brief shining moment that was
known as CAMELOT.'

My Camelot seems to be fading away as many already have. We are drifting into a new Camelot which is deceptively similar to Arthur's world. Eternal inspidity and physical and mental oblivion is promised. Will we welcome it with open arms?

—TEE SQUARE

Physics Lab Record

14-8-67.

Expt. No. 3.

Mirror Galvanometer

Aim: (a) To hook from the laboratory before 2 p.m.

(b) To rush to Eros cinema.

Apparatus: A senior's record, plus all the junk that is on the table.

Theory: (a) When the circuit is open for a millisecond, there is a kick in the galvanometer. Similarly, when the senior's record is opened for five milliseconds, there is a kick in your pen and readings from the senior's record surge into your record.

(b) $l.a.b. + l.i.f.t = g.a.t.e$

$g.a.t.e + 10^P = E.r.o.s$

Where $E.r.o.s = \text{Adyar} + \text{a small distance } \Delta s$.

All dimensions in Rationalised M. K. S. (Madras Knavery Society) system.

Procedure: First, lounge around the lab for sometime. Then connect all the wires to make the apparatus look jazzy. Avoid shocks and explosions. Now look around. After making sure that all magnetic materials and tutors are far removed from the apparatus, carefully transfer a few lines from one record to another. If the lecturer comes too near, slip into the next room and suck a piece of ice from a calorimeter. If you feel like it, get into a small scrap with someone. Meanwhile, pick the friend who is going to cough up for you at the cinema. Now come back and resume cogging. Check for the lecturer after 5, 10, 15, 20 minutes.

Draw a line between the lecturer on one axis and yourself on the other. The line will intersect only at the lab. Now apply formula (b).

Precautions: (i) The senior's record should contain only 'A' or 'S' grades.

(ii) Don't quit the lab too early. Else the lecturers will make you repeat the experiment six times or more.

Result: Met the lecturer at the cinema (1)

—VENKY.

KARE.

CARICATURE

Thoroughly Modern Mandeep

Surds have come and surds have left the Institute in hordes. It has been noticed with some considerable interest and a lot of chop-licking relish that, by virtue of certain inherent qualities which are difficult to duplicate, analyse or predict, this particular species of homo sapiens lends itself amiably to any concoction designed to depict the funny and humorous side of life.

The advent of Mandeep Singh into IITM was no ordinary event. It sparked off a controversy which, to the best of our knowledge, is still raging in Parliament. It has something to do with the validity of the entrance examinations.

The Mandeep Singh of today is a distinctly revised and re-edited version of the Mandeep Singh that we first met in the first year. Nobody knows when exactly the metamorphosis took place. It is difficult to pinpoint the exact day and date, but all are agreed that it was somewhere in the third year that he became a gunman of knowledge, a sort of intellectual bonfire, surprising people who had long ago listed him as a modest agreeable dolt.

It wasn't until quite some time later that we found out Mandeep Singh had started reading *Time* Magazine, a habit he still assiduously pursues so much so that one may rightly say he is a man made by *Time*.

One bright, sunny day he decided to up his standards and get himself a pillow. It's not very comfortable sleeping on a pile of textbooks—borrowed text-books—day in and day out. So at the stroke of midnight, on a dark and moonless night he slipped into his faithful sneakers, picked up his thermos flask and went downstairs. He read the notice board nonchalantly as people are wont to when they have nothing in particular to do, and stood looking aimlessly here and there. The thermos was to be his alibi, a silent witness to his desires for water. Turning around to face the mess, he put into action part two of his diabolical plot. For every two steps forward he took three backwards. The overall impression meant to be conveyed to prying eyes was that of one Mandeep Singh walking towards the mess, flask in hand in quest of water when in fact he progressed in a direction opposite to the mess. The phenomenon of retention of image was to play an important part in the plot. As luck would have it there was one stupid gardener, not so well up on his Physics, who could only discern Mandeep Singh reach the Medical room stern first and walk out with the hostel pillow.

The next morning, the hon'ble Warden paid Mandeep Singh a visit presumably for a first hand account of 'How to steal a pillow and get away with it—almost.' When asked why he did it, Mandeep Singh turned crimson to the tips of his beard and said something about his spine not being what it used to be and the explicit orders his doctor had given him to use a pillow. He finished lamely with 'I just borrowed it Sir. I was going to return it, honest I was. You can ask Giri.....'

'All right, all right,' said the Warden trying to be nice about the whole thing, 'but the next time you want something.....'

'Yes Sir, I'll ask for it Sir.'

'Good. Now then, how do you spend your leisure hours, Mr. Mandeep Singh? I can see you do a lot of reading. Is that the latest *Time* Magazine?' He reaches out for it, casually flips a few pages then suddenly stiffens in surprise, 'Mr. Mandeep Singh...!?!'

'Er... it's from the Common Room, Sir. I was going to return it this evening Sir, really I was, you can ask Giri, Sir....'

'Please see that you do. And this—ah—chair?'

'From the Common Room, Sir, I...er... I...I was just going to return it Sir when you came in, you can ask.....'

With a little more pleasant chit-chat in the same vein about the rest of the things in his room, including his new collection of records, the Warden left, promising to call on him at least once every week.

Mandeep Singh is undoubtedly on par with the Mechanical Age. He is the only surd on the Campus with a mechanical hair drier. And although he hasn't yet had occasion to use it, he takes great pains to leave it in painfully obvious places to let all and sundry know he uses nothing so old fashioned as a towel. He even took it to class one day and pretended it was all a big mistake. Instead of picking up his file he happened to grab the hair drier....



The year he got his Scooter his conversation followed a very predictable trend. His opening pieces invariably ran something like, 'Last time I was going on my scooter....' or, 'Have you ever tried taking four guys on a scooter?....' His favourite story until a few days ago was how he cleaned the carburettor of his scooter single-handed. He was the only one who failed to see what was so funny about the whole thing until someone informed him, tactfully one hopes, that what he had cleaned was the spark plug, not the carburettor.

Whereas the whole of IITM is US College bent, Mandeep Singh is a man with a difference. None of the rat race for Fellowships, Scholarships, or admissions for him. He has directly applied to a number of firms in the US and the continent for a job. Not just any old firm, but only those select few which he has come to know through his own special and intricate web of intelligence that have a desperate need for an imported Maintenance Engineer, also called a janitor. And how does he ever hope to get this challenging post? Well in his own inimitable words 'Pop's influence, Yaar!'

In spite of all the disadvantages and handicaps (none of them of his own making) Mandeep Singh has made it to the final year, and when he passes out he is bound to leave behind a vacuum which will not be filled up in a hurry. However some optimists seem to think he will leave no such vacuum. He'll take it with him—in that space between his turban and nose.

—ARVIND JOHARI.

3

MATHEMATICIANS

When Hamilton went to hell
The devils began to yell
And banished him quick
Before they got sick
Of his incessant lectures on ∇ .

Laplace in a similar plight
Got out of that joint quite light
For his inverse transform
Made Hades so warm
That the demons were all in a fright.

But Newton had no such luck:
His equations of motion got stuck
When an apple fell down
And fractured his crown
And made the poor chap run amuck.

—TEE SQUARE.

MORE MATHEMATICIANS

We begin with Euclid (a Greek)
In theorems he was wont to speak.
What he could not shew
He discreetly drew,
Adding 'Q.E.D.' — Latin, not Greek.

Pythagoras knew all about squares,
And for this reason gave himself airs.
If only he knew
Of sin P and cos Q
And complex roots occurring in pairs!

Archimedes did some work on π
But 'Eureka' is his famous cry.
He was wet and distraught
When he had this thought,
But the rest of his work was quite dry.

Euler was too clever by half;
His notions made nobody laugh.
His lofty discourse
Has made him, of course,
The despair of the Science-teaching staff.

Einstein drove everyone crazy,
Though his theories were not all that hazy.
His idea that time
Can move back, is sublime—
Especially if you are born lazy.

Russell needs no introduction;
He has kindly given us instruction
On numbers, and life,
And Ending of Strife,
But practice has proved his destruction.

The Bernoullis were quite a gang —
They were twelve. I admit, with a pang,
That nine came to a stop
With no more than a 'pop' —
Only three made a triumphant 'Bang!'

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

PERSONALITIES

Prof S. Sampath



The first thing that could possibly strike anybody on entering Prof Sampath's room is the Steel Cupboard. A successful negotiation of this leads you to a large desk presided over by an equally large figure. It is one of the Prof's maxims never to keep anybody waiting, and more often than not, his staccato flow of words can be stopped only by the advent of a caller. But in all fairness it must be mentioned that he rarely fails to hold his audience and senses interruptions very easily.

It is a peculiarity of the Prof's that he rarely accepts a lift when proceeding on foot towards the Electrical Sciences Block. But on reaching it, he invariably uses the lift installed recently, (he protests that he is not taking the lift, but the elevator!) thereby vindicating the policy of the elevator company of always employing a large safety factor in the design. (Prof. Sampath claims that in his younger days, he competed with a scarecrow in figure.)

Perhaps the most well-known fact about Prof Sampath is his association with the acquisition of our new Analogue Computer. He went over to the U.S.A. in Dec. '63, personally dismantled it, and shipped it over here. The following story bears repetition. I believe the computer was sulking and refusing to work. Finally a slip read 'Call in an expert!'. When one arrived, the curt rejoinder was 'Man not expert!'. On Prof Sampath's arrival, however, it said resignedly, 'Hell, back to work!' (American computers are notoriously colloquial.)

Prof Sampath has had what is blithely termed a glorious academic record, spotted here and there with firsts and gold medals of a large variety. His record of medals won for essay writing at Loyola College, Stanford University and elsewhere qualifies him to write for *Campastimes*. He joined the Institute in '61 and is at present the only Prof on the right side of forty.

Someone once remarked that a barrel chest of the sort Prof. Sampath sports should be very conducive to long distance swimming. He however denies emphatically any such proficiency and adds that the only time he ever tried swimming, he nearly didn't come up for the third time; which considerably dampened his enthusiasm for the sport. He has, on his own admission, never really taken to games of any sort.

The Prof walks erect as a guardsman, swinging his arms in the best traditions of the NCC, yet hardly seems to move his legs at all; a phenomenon which should prove of inestimable value to his learned neighbour Prof Ramaseshan, in explaining slip caused by dislocations.

The Prof. is of the opinion that we, the students, have too little leisure time to do much extra reading and feels that 39 hours is too taxing. We whole-heartedly endorse this view, and are shocked to hear a rumour to the effect that Delhi IIT is contemplating increasing their working hours to 39. Our Sampathies are with the students.

—MVR.

THE TALKING MACHINE

The Scene : Reopening day 1967. A scene which has been repeated every year without fail for the past four years. The time—8.32 a.m. The lecturer strides confidently into the classroom (IV/5 Chemical). With one sweeping glance at the new faces in the classroom he draws out the attendance list and belts out the first four names. However, his eyes are trying to make something out of the queer jumble of letters that constitute the fifth person's name. He hesitantly decides to give it a try—'D., Der., mrgmph! What is this? No. 5, what is your name?' One would expect a person with so formidable a name to be no less formidable in appearance, and endowed with a booming, resonant voice. But he turns out to be a bespectacled, balding, 101 lb. brat who meekly replies 'Darryl Cordeiro'.

Darryl F. Joseph Cordeiro (*Lactus Domesticus Sphericus*) does not officially exist. The Academic section gives him a new name each year (Deryll Cordeire, D. Cordeira) and the N.C.C. and the Gymkhana, not willing to be outdone, chip in with some of their 'originals' such as Del Kodal Yourself, D. Condering, C. Kotexno? His classmates and the staff members call him anything they please, for conceited as he is, he will answer to anything you call him. However, he is popularly known as C.B. the expansion of which would probably make an uninitiated fresher blush!

To those of us who knew him way back in July 1964, he is a far cry from the Cordeiro of old, who modestly proclaimed that his life's ambition was to become a 'playboy'. When asked to be more explicit he shyly said 'I can play T.T.' If the reader should wonder how people have co-existed with him, I would like to mention that Nature seldom endows long-tongued fellows with bulging biceps i.e., C.B. lacks the muscle power to back his blatant assertions. Therein, dear Reader, lies the key to serenity, should you be approached by a certain bald, bespectacled brat who says 'Hi! Heard the latest?...'

—C.M.

P.S. The author solicits contributions to fight charges of slander, libel, character assassination etc., etc.



SIX MUNCE VGO I CUTNT
EVN ZPEL INJUNEER...
AN NOW I ARE ONE!

POP SCIENCE

[Goofy was an extraordinary character: screwy, talented, brilliant at times, and incorrigibly sensation-hungry. His spectacular, often unprintable exploits were the talk of the Campus, and he was a legend in his own time. He tried just about everything, and writing for *Campastimes* wasn't far down the list. (Well, he wasn't born Goofy but Gopal Ramachandran. The error was corrected very soon, though.)]

GOOFY, R.

A Stanford University scientist has made a laser eraser. Truly God's gift to stenographers, this laser beam vaporises ink so fast it does not singe the paper. By scanning a page, you would make sentences vanish like magic. Think of using it for tattoos, stains, moles, etc. Who knows, they might even invent a laser tooth-brush precise enough to burn up the dirt without melting the fillings.

We can't leave the subject of laser beam applications without mentioning a new method of numerical control of a machine. This is an interferometric method using an electro-optically modulated laser beam and a reflector mounted on the workpiece. A forward backward digital counter counts the interference standing waves and this data is fed to a computer. The computer also receives data from a unit continuously monitoring atmospheric pressure and refractive index and the result is displayed on a screen, the result being the distance to the object with an accuracy of ten millionths of an inch for a length of 100 inches.

The whole unit is extremely compact and is being used in high precision aerospace machine shops.

Glass fibre is pretty versatile. They've used it in everything from boats, shotgun barrels, rocket nose cones to lingerie. Now they're developing a system to televise the inside of the stomach, in colour, yes! Bundles of fibreglass conduct light down the throat to the abdo-

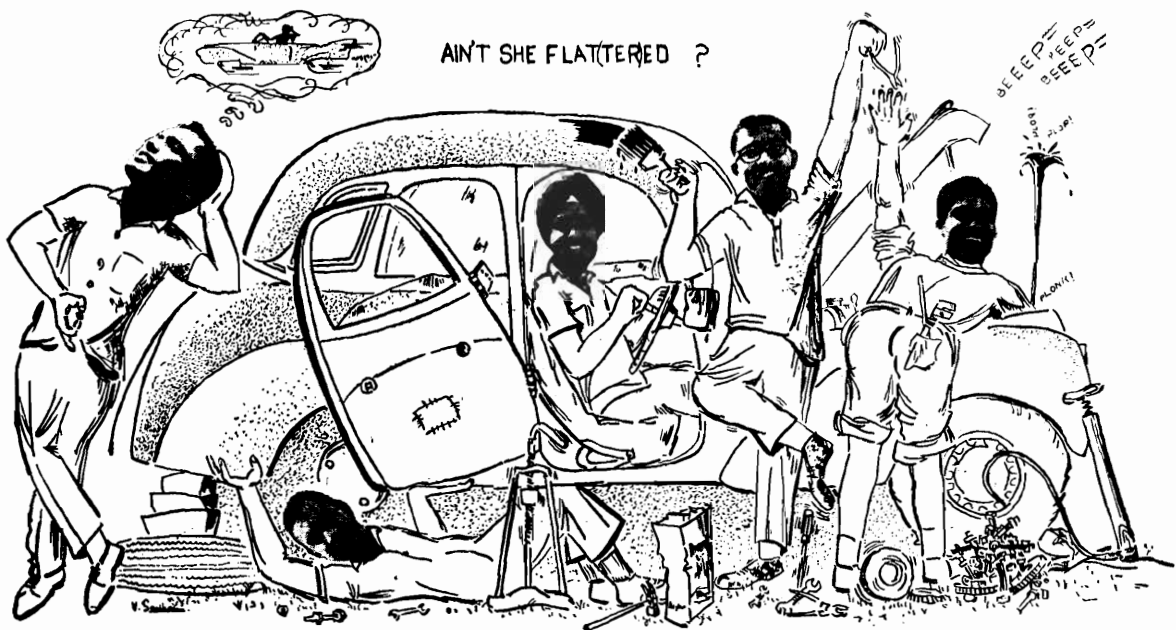
men and the image is shot out through another thin bundle. One of the top experts in this burgeoning field of applied optics is an Indian Scientist, Dr N. S. Kapany.

Aerospace industries got another boost this month when a new 'paper' was 'synthesized'. It's made of 'whiskers' of an aluminium compound. A whisker is a single crystal and has a tensile strength of three million psi compared to a few tens of thousands for ordinary materials. You might not exactly be able to gift wrap an automobile in this 'paper' with ribbons and all, but it's expected to find many uses in rocket nose cones, fuel tanks etc.

The latest development in radar technology is a method of looking over the horizon. Everyone knows that radar frequencies permit only line of sight detection, but a novel technique of tropospheric forward scatter, which has already successfully been used in long distance communication links, is being developed. The system will require exotic techniques such as high gain, liquid helium cooled maser or parametric amplifiers, micro-miniaturization etc.

Speaking of miniaturization, have you ever seen the Bible look like a bus ticket? A newly developed process of successive microfilming is capable of reducing the entire contents of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* to a sheet of film as big as four or five post-cards. The process is expected to save millions of dollars every year in U.S. Industry by reducing costs in handling and storage.

THE FIVE STOOGES



(Gus & Co., created history when they pooled their resources in an automotive venture. What follows is an account of how this brainwave struck the five.)

'She goes 30 miles a gallon—16 on gas and 14 on push.' —Ravi.

Actually it's my uncle's fault. We had been to visit him after a long time and explained that it was difficult to come so far, so often, and—you know, the usual jazz. He said, 'Why don't you buy a car?' I know of one, a '37 Austin, going for Rs. 900'. We looked at each other and the glimmerings of an idea was born. C.K.'s brow corrugated with thought as he tried to divide 900 by four. He gave up and suggested that five of us pool in.

Calculations were feverishly made, and checked by the accountant, Cammy. Little piggy banks were emptied and elder sisters were requested for loans and outright legacies. Parents were not included as potential money sources until it became imperative. This was a pocket-money project.

Batty and I were commissioned to find out about the car. Unfortunately, the Austin had already been sold. Were we interested in a Skoda? The agent listed all the merits of the car. We were lost from them. When Gus heard our report, his eyes grew as large as saucers while he gloated over such obscure data as O.H.V., hydraulic brakes and transmission, and the fuel consumption. Next morning, we inspected the car—Gus and I. We drove her up and down a bit. Thrilled we went back to the agent's office and

bickered about the money—we were Rs. 1000 above our budget! However, with my eloquent pleadings (ahem!) and Gus's sad cocker spaniel expression the agent came to accept our terms. We reported back to the Group.

A motley gang crowded about our black beauty and skeptics forecast the future of the Skoda. Locking the car posed a problem due to the complete absence of door handles and locks. That night we slept uneasily.

The next day, in swirl of dust and with enough rattling to provide the musical score, we drove to class amid cheers and jeers. Then—catastrophe! Our Universal joint bearing snapped. The Institute workshop offered absolutely no help. In fact, borrowing a screwdriver from them might be the final exam in a Dale Carnegie course. (A tip to future adventurers.)

But soon, everything was okay. The tuning was done, the brakes adjusted, and we hit the road. (Spare parts, anyone?) Psst! Don't tell the cops that we did 55mph (according to Kimbo's speedometer) on the beach road.

But now, as I am out of the contract, I can tell you more. The claim that the Skoda overtook a Standard Herald is true. Only, the latter was not moving. One last bit of advice: avoid the car like the plague. The gang are just learning to drive.

RAM SITARAM,
Ex-stooge.

Caricature

DANDONA

At present the subject is in residence in Narmada Hostel. To be specific, he lives next to the bathroom. However it has not made any appreciable dent in the cloud of fragrance enveloping him. One recalls the well-documented incident in his 2nd year when he was pursued through the corridors by a Flit-Gun wielding Ashok Khanna. Indeed it is claimed he slays goats by exhaling at them. His marked resemblance to a character called Fagin has been a subject of much discussion behind closed doors. I must hasten to add that he's very popular with his mother and father. A prolific short-story writer, *Femina* has published a story of his. Blessed with b.o. and a good taste in records, he is also an ardent collector of books and magazines, ranging from *Mad* and *Playboy*, to *Practical Wireless* and *Femina* (one issue so far). His lumbering, swaying gait brings to mind the southern end of a north-bound bull.

He can do anything that Eddie Calvert can do, except play the trumpet. Drumming on a polythene bucket and playing on a harmonica wholly concealed in his big mouth are among the activities of his formative years. His dramatic career began on a bright note in 2nd year on Narmada's hostel day, when he performed the part of a sweeper with incredible accuracy and his characteristic charm. The crowning achievement of his career came when he formed 50% of Narmada's entertainment contingent. Regrettably, his querulous and plaintive rendering of 'Eeeennnhhh? Whhhaat did you sayynn?', did not find favour with the audience. He's the friend, philosopher and guide of many budding radio constructors, but his endearing habit of absent-mindedly exchanging radio parts has been found obnoxious in certain quarters. Among his other charming mannerisms are his habits of sitting sideways in class and never failing to visit the toilet during terminal and final examinations. 'Whaddaya-call' has already been exploited, so I shall say no more about it.

Our hirsute hero's playing career on the football field came to an abrupt end when his groin came into violent collision with a fast-moving boot. Since then, he has restricted himself to being an enthusiastic cheer leader.

The winner of many regattas at home, he has been an active participant in the Adyar Boat Club's events. However, Rajendra Sirpal lustily clobbered him with the business end of an oar, thereby altering the geometry of his face and terminating a promising career.

Anil Thadani, Esq., and our friend may often be seen playing a charming little game of their own. The rules of this game may briefly be stated thus: The first contestant, upon spying the other, bellows, 'Statue!! you.....(words of endearment).' Whereupon the latter immobilises himself for a stipulated period of time.

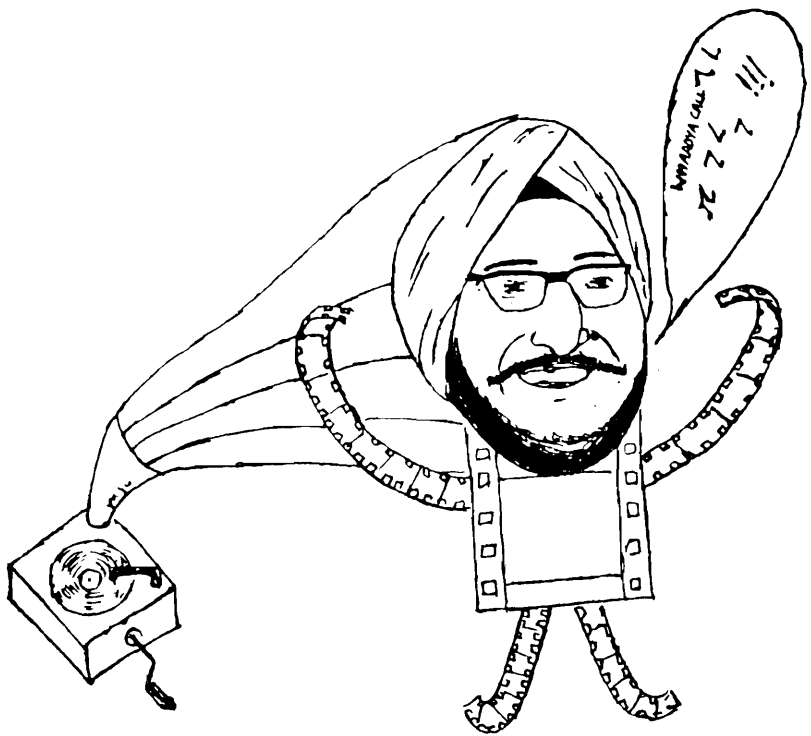
Recently, our bearded bean worked in Bombay for Larsen and Toubro. It is alleged that, to alleviate the shortage, he gallantly sold his entire water rations on the black market.

At present, he is rehearsing his autobiography by relating it to everyone he meets.

Well might one attribute to him the following words from Wordsworth:

'Yet shalt thy name,
Conspicuous and sublime,
Stand in the spacious firmaments of
time,
Fixed as a star:
Such glory is thy right.
O! Charanjit, would'st that thy name
live on forever!'

—GOOFY.



Focus on Pattabhi

OF P.J's. and J.P.

At the very outset let us say a few words about this illustrious gentleman who with blood, sweat, toil and tears has dedicated his life to the formulation and propagation of P.J's. His esoteric knowledge in this field of human endeavour has turned him from a mere mortal to a demi-god whose fame will go down in the annals of history. In our relentless pursuit of truth and knowledge, we have decided to pay homage to this veritable genius, (dire consequences indeed for both this paper and the gentleman in question). Friends, read, and read well, this epistle which might well become his epitaph.

Pattabhi and a friend of his once went to the zoo. They asked the man at the gate where the bear's cage was located. The man pointed to the zoo wall and said, 'Consider this wall as a reference line and the point where we now stand as the origin. Turn through an angle of forty-three and a half degrees and walk straight onwards for a hundred yards.' Greatly impressed by these mathematical instructions, they set out to see the bear. On the way, Pattabhi asked his friend, 'What will the colour of the bear be?' His friend was naturally puzzled. 'It will be white,' said Pattabhi. 'From the way in which its position was specified in polar co-ordinates, it is obviously a polar bear.'

Once a transformer factory caught fire. The chief engineer, noted for his brilliance in the field of electricity, was seen running round shouting, 'FEE! FEE!' The onlookers were totally mystified. After the fire had been brought under control, someone asked him why he had behaved so strangely. He replied, 'I wanted to yell FIRE! FIRE! but a sense of urgency compelled me to be brief, and I made use of the relation $E = IR$.'

Have you heard of Pattabhi's friends x , y , z and t who figure in the relation $z = f(x, y, t)$? On the 15th of August, someone who had been watching these guys asked Pattabhi why Sri z looked so downcast while Sri x , Sri y and Srimathi t were whooping it up and enjoying themselves. 'Isn't it obvious?' asked Pattabhi, ' x , y , and t are independent variables, while z is only a dependent variable, and today is Independence Day.'

'An elephant has only two teeth, a man has thirty-two teeth. Can you think of anything that has seventy-nine teeth?' asks Pattabhi. J.P. gives the answer, 'A gear.'

Once in a station, a man asked our Professor why a particular engine was taken and shoved at the back of the train. Prof. explained the phenomenon scientifically at great length. 'I hope you have understood everything. Reversible engines have the greatest efficiency. For the best utilisation of steam engines, they always follow this method.'

It has always been very elementary for Prof. to fix up several locations knowing only a few. 'Mathematics helps me to a great extent,' he says. Once when he went to Cotpadi (also known as Katpadi), he sincerely believed that there was a place called Tanpadi in a perpendicular direction because

$$\cot(\text{padi} + 90) = \tan(\text{padi}).$$

Gears, chains, belts — all come under the same category as drives. Now Prof. asks a very logical question. 'Why do people always give gears a very stepmotherly treatment? If chains and belts can be used on dogs, then why not gears too?'

The place—Krishna Hostel.

The time—During the Gymkhana Elections.

Goswami, in the course of his vigorous campaign, entered Prof. J.P.'s room. After the usual campaign talk, as he was stepping out, the Prof. remarked, 'Ah, you are now Goswami. When you came in you were Comeswami.'

MR B. Madhusudan Menon, B.Sc.; o.82 B. Tech. (alias Madhu) cleared his throat importantly.

Not unusually, nobody paid any attention. After a fit of vehement coughing, which produced no results either, he essayed speech.

'Say, yar, I got an idea yar.'

'Aw, shaddup.'

'Dammit yar, I'm gonna make a fortune yar, and if you guys ask for lifts in my Cadillac, you won't get 'em.'

THE

When Madhu starts refusing us lifts in his future Cadillacs and Rolls Royces, it means he is hurt. So Shenoy, Lionel, Varadarajan and I lent him our ears.

Madhu now proceeded further. Before allowing him to proceed, this chronicler feels it is his duty to introduce Madhu to those fortunate few who have not yet come into contact (usually physical) with him.

Well, Madhu in motion is a living testimony to the veracity of the claim that 'Faith can move mountains'. Also, in addition to having an interesting complex about Texas he is the possessor of an exquisitely twisted brain. To cite but one example, when asked in a mechanics class to design a device for a particular function, Madhu usually comes up with a design that incorporates seventeen more gears and a couple more tons of platinum alloy than are really necessary. Of course, the functioning will be perfect, but the estimated cost of the device is usually larger than the Indian Defence Budget.

To come back to the point, Madhu proceeded further: 'I say yar, you guys know that diamonds are formed by applying extremely high pressures and temperatures to Carbon. You want three things, Carbon, pressure and temperature and you know what has all these three? Guess yar.'

DIAMOND

Our reactions were identical. 'Go jump in the lake.' 'O.K., yar, don't exhibit your ignorance, yar!' This comment we felt, called for a stringent disciplinary action and it was a slightly shabby and dishevelled Madhu to continue to enlighten us 'ignoramuses'. 'Just take an I. C. engine yar, increase the compression ratio and apply a blow torch and you get diamonds in the exhaust.'

When we had finished laughing, Madhu had just begun to lose his shirt. 'What's the bet, yar? You get me an I. C. engine and I guarantee I will produce diamonds.'

'Har de harr har!'

'Dammit, you guys are the type to impede original research and frustrate inventors. If Newton and Einstein had had friends like you guys, they would be discussed in medical textbooks as nuts and not in our text books—'

He continued in this way of righteous indignation for a couple of minutes until he was stopped by Varadarajan. 'Listen, Madhu, I'll get you an old engine. I think it can be made to work. If you get diamonds out of it I'll dash, I'll dash.'

'You needn't do anything,' quoth Madhu, 'just recognise my genius.'

MACHINE

This is how it all started. Madhu managed to get the old truck engine running and had scheduled a diamond producing run for Friday. The day he had announced it was Wednesday. We were all there at the shed where the massive, but ancient engine was bolted to an even more massive, but inexplicably rickety bench. The self-styled genius was giving us a lecture on the improvisation and improvements he had made. The engine looked quite ordinary except that in the place of an exhaust tube it had a tin can with a vertical funnel to serve as an exhaust. This contraption Madhu informed us, would catch the emerging diamonds. It seemed that he expected at least three diamonds on his first run.

It was a funnel that gave us the idea. The next day we went to a nearby jeweller's shop. 'Look,' I told the man at the counter, 'we want to hire three paste diamonds for a couple of days.'

It was rather an unusual request. The man agreed, however, and then came the tricky part. We left it to Lionel. He has the advantage of a cherubic visage that looks incredibly innocent even when the owner is up to the worst devilry. Lionel put on his best smile (it is rumoured that he practises regularly in front of a mirror) and went ahead.

'Ahem, you see we are—uh—playing a—uh—joke on a friend of ours. The point is we will bring him with us and you'll have to examine these imitation diamonds and tell him that they're genuine. You see what I mean?'

He started hesitantly, but finished with a rush. We all looked at the man eagerly. The funny thing was that he acted as if it was all in the day's work. He agreed without a murmur and only commented, 'Everybody is playing practical jokes nowadays, Sir.' If I had been in his place and four such disreputable characters had come up with a similar request I would have had no hesitation in handing them over to the police as confidence swindlers.

We turned up at the shed on Friday. Madhu seemed to be overflowing with confidence.

'There should be absolutely no difficulty, yar,' he crowed, and then went on into a long exposition about compression ratios, flame temperatures, carbon deposits and so on and so forth. He was so engrossed in his lecture that Shenoy had no difficulty in slipping the three paste diamonds into the funnel. Being an electronics man, he is particularly light-fingered and in the event of the collapse of the electronics industry in India—which catastrophe is generally felt to be inevitable if he enters the industry—he can always make a living as a pick-pocket.

To cut it short, the engine was started with the aid of a couple of strategic kicks and flowery curses, carbon injected, and we sat down to wait for the results. When Madhu felt that enough time had elapsed and we felt that the engine was about to give up its ghost, he switched it off. When the tin can had cooled sufficiently, he unscrewed it, placed it reverently on a table and solemnly removed the lid and his jaw dropped.

'Gurk,' he said, 'Gah gab geek goo!'

We interpreted the noises to indicate an invitation to inspect the contents of the tin can and so we did and—

'Gurk,' said Lionel.

'Gah gab,' said Varadarajan.

'Geek,' said Shenoy.

'Goo,' said I.

For there at the bottom of the can lay not three but SIX diamonds. When we had recovered to a certain extent four of us sprang on our bikes, leaving Madhu holding the tin can and Lionel frantically endeavouring to kick his recalcitrant apology for a motorbike into life. Lionel and Madhu caught us up at the entrance of the jeweller's, however, and in we charged, Madhu grasping the tin-can to his ample bosom.

The man was at the counter and in response to our breathless requests checked the 'diamonds'. He seemed unnecessarily amused however. All six were pronounced genuine. We left thoughtfully, Madhu triumphantly.

~~~~~ By CAIUS CAMILLUS ~~~~~

'What did I say, yar!' he gloated, prancing about like a mastodon affected by St. Vitus's Dance. 'Ain't I a genius?'

'Man, oh Man! Watch me beat it up! Two Cadillacs, a Rolls Royce and a visit to Texas! You miserable mutts, wanna lift, just say the word.'

We watched him morosely, wondering . . . when we finally managed to ditch the slightly delirious Madhu, I held a hasty confabulation.

'Look,' I said, 'that guy must have exceeded his instructions. He most probably thought we want him to say all six were genuine.' Varadarajan is the unfortunate possessor of a trusting nature. 'No,' he said, 'Those other three must be genuine.'

'Why don't we go and ask the guy again,' said Shenoy.

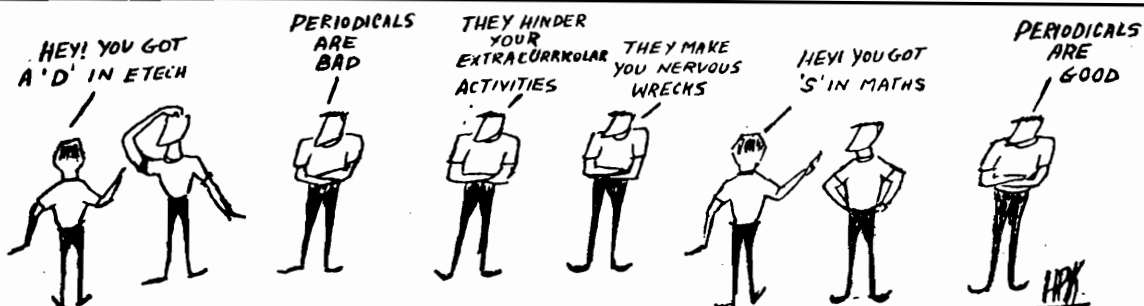
'What are we waiting for?' said Lionel.

And so back we went to jeweller's shop. And this time we entered more sedately and . . . saw a massive back and heard a familiar voice.

'Say yar,' said the voice, 'Forget those three imitations I had. The others, were they genuine?'

Nowadays Madhu doesn't refer so often to Cadillacs, Rolls Royces and Texas.

Not so surprising, or is it?



## CARICATURES

## VIJAY REDDY



Its about a year now since Vijay Reddy started brewing those delicious little cups of tea. Each little cup had a different flavor, but none has tasted flat.

One publications committee after another has tried to outdo itself in the pursuit of humour. Successive editors of Campastimes have hunted wit and laughter with missionary zeal, like Galahads after the Holy Grail. They missed the whole point. Humour can be forced. And when they couldn't find the genuine stuff they settled for less and filled the rag with mongrel wit and sick humour. . . . the sicker the better. Editors have come and editors have gone, with the fond belief that the ITI can must be dish out jokes and more jokes and nothing more but jokes. The assumption is that the average clod over here can appreciate nothing else. Pardon the long digression, but Vijay Reddy has time and again nailed this lie with his 'cup'.

By no stretch of imagination can his column be called hilarious. . . . in fact it is a little (only a wee little) poetical. But it captures the reader's mind with its sense of timing, uncompromising forthrightness and apt simile (remember the one about ostriches?).

There are gentlemen who sneer superciliously that they don't care for the serious criticism and thinly veiled sermonising 'over a cup'. Yet, in a deep recess of their thick skulls, even they, I'm sure, cannot help but admire the honesty and conviction that ennobles Vijay's column, and the strikingly effective language in which it is dished out. Vijay's 'cup' has always provided drink for thought. It has been the saving grace of a couple of otherwise mediocre issues.

Now to come to grips with the subject proper. It is difficult to write anything funny about Vijay. There is no nonsense about him.

He is quiet, unassuming and patient. Generously endowed with grey matter, he is a topper in class and an excellent sportsman. . . . he plays tennis and T. T. and was a member of the rowing team that went to Ceylon. Vijay is deeply interested in nuclear engineering, and right now he is constructing

an 'Atom Smasher' with Dutta and Kimbo. A true all-rounder, there are very few things he cannot do (like tying his lungi properly).

Tall, lanky and girgely, he is a living proof that Adam really swallowed the apple in a hurry. Guys in class sometimes wipe their icky hands on his mop of hinky hair. Thammesapalli Narayana Reddy Vijayanarayana Reddy hails from Patagonia.

Ramani Swamy insists that Vijay once tried to kill him with poisoned mutton puffs. Knowing Ramani as I do, I wish Vijay had tried a little harder. However there is evidence to show that Vijay is a warmly human creature. He once decorated his room (which badly needed decoration) with a fish tank. However he soon found out that tending fish was a trifle tedious. So with a sad heart he gathered his pets in a jar, took them all the way to the river and with loving care released them. So that the poor mites could tide over their acclimatization period he dropped a week's ration of fish feed after them. He came back to Tapti and begged fish curry for dinner without batting an eyelid.

Vijay has a polite way of saying goodnight to nocturnal guests. Just before going to bed he always brushes his teeth. If it's past bedtime and the conversation shows no sign of flagging, he pulls out his toothbrush, applies paste and starts brushing *in situ*. The hint is invariably taken.

You can get to know Vijay better by reading in between the lines of 'cup', then by reading this apology for a 'caricature'.

In retrospect, one sadly wonders whether Vijay's brilliant, bubbling cups of tea have been wasted on those for whom they were intended. The 'kuttan' at OAT are still going strong with their antics and orange peels; the ostriches have dug their heads in deeper; the two oafs at the Gajendra circle continue to change colours; Knick-Knack's menu still flutters the fare and mocks the purse. Sometimes, in exasperation and despair one wishes for a cup of tea that not only scolds but really scalds.

—SUDARMAN.

## On Happiness



TODAY I was very happy. I'll tell you why. I found a cockroach in class. If you go to class you can find a cockroach too. That is if you sit in the back benches and search. You have to search hard. But it works. So I found a cockroach.

I put it in my pocket. If you have a shirt. And if it has a pocket. And if you go to class. And sit in the back bench. And find a cockroach. You can put it in your pocket too.

I ran up and down in my pocket. This made me happy. I looked down with interest. The lecturer saw me. He saw me look with interest in class. So he became happy. My neighbour saw the lecturer. He saw the lecturer see me. He thought I was caught. So he became happy.

Dippy saw the lecturer seeing the back benches. He got scared. So he stopped looking at a picture. (It was his own picture.) He looked at the blackboard instead.

The others saw Dippy looking at the board. They were surprised. They thought there was something about the lecturer on the board. Something funny that he had not seen. So they looked at the board. They looked very interested. They were happy.

The front bench saw the lecturer looking at us. So they looked at us. They saw us looking at the board. They thought that maybe they had missed something. So they looked at the board and copied everything down again. This made them happy. One blake copied everything down again twice. He was a thorough blake. This made him very happy.

The middle benches did not look anywhere. That is because they were benches. Benches don't have eyes. So they can't look—there were no people in the middle benches. They were out seeing pictures. And they were happy.

The cockroach started nibbling my shirt. This made him happy. He liked the taste. Besides, he was hungry. For his meat grub was bad.

The lecturer saw the whole class looking at the board. He saw all of us looking interested. He was very happy. He hepped about on one hand. Then he gave all of us attendance. And let us off. He even switched the fans off himself.

We all became happy. We all bled the cockroach. He had bitten a piece of soap in my pocket. It was N.C.C. soap. He choked and died.

But that does not matter. For we were all happy. I went home and had a bath. And became more happy. The blokes in the front bench went home and copied everything again. They missed their grub to do this. So they became happy. The others in the middle benches came back from the pictures. They heard they got free attendance. So they became more happy. —All because of the cockroach.



Moral: If you wear a shirt. And if it has a pocket. And if you go to class. And if you find a cockroach. Remember to put it in your pocket.

—MORONOWSKI.





IIT has never really been accepted into the fraternity of Madras colleges. Separated by distance, and still more by temperament, its inhabitants pursue life in unobtrusive aloofness. To those within and outside its walls, the language agitation two years ago brought home this isolation. While the others shrieked, burnt things and spilled blood, we wrote our periodicals and cursed the weather. The peace and inaction that prevailed here amidst the eruption, must have seemed to many, most of all to us, singularly artificial. The farcical sympathy strike did not come a minute too soon, for the others were taking an increasingly less uncharitable view of our differences. Now, two years later, we stand exposed to the same dirty looks again. There is absolutely no reason why we shouldn't hold our own views, but our estrangement is a fact.

Undeniably, inter-collegiate competitions have diffused a little of IIT into the city and in turn brought them into our hideout occasionally, but this has been marginal. Some personal contacts exist but these are, for the most part, leftovers from school and home.

Of the few bridges that span the distance, the Literary Week can claim to have built the most. This year again, many talented people, some not so talented, will join us for a week of scholarly delight and a little of who is better than who. They will be so impressed as we are by the slick outfits, the speeding Volkswagen, the witty debaters and the smart secretaries; but the brevity of their excursions prevents them from knowing the way of things here more intimately. This is not to say that humans here are different from those living a couple of miles away; that these have horns embellishing their worn-out mugs or tails following them in court or that they are floating in the milk of India, as they are constantly reminded, but who can say that all people are the same, for if they were, Jonathan Swift couldn't have started a war on 'which way to break an egg'. One needs the conceit of *Time Magazine* to evaluate one's own community, sitting in the middle of it, but I hope an introduction to our guests of the nuances of civilized existence here, which they cannot hope to see but which are of the essence, will be in order.

Because guys here don't find it terribly amusing to be pulled out of bed at unorthodox hours, six days a week; to stand up to seven hours a day of futile pedagogy; to fill up, like clerks, stacks and stacks of expensive paper with drivel they call records and tutorials; and to fill in and spill out pages after pages of printed wisdom—three times a week, they have taken to humour with a vengeance. When one feels like crying and one can't, the next best thing is to laugh. Great jokes like Siddhartha have laid solid C-level foundations for humour in IIT. Nose up in the air, a twinkle of condescension in his eyes, the eminent genius was capable of keeping an audience sick for great lengths of time. In a different vein, the former registrar, Mr. Natarajan, evolved a new dimension in annual speechmaking with his admirable exercises in prepared wit. People with far less knack for the stuff have, in recent times, followed his example, and if the leasable audiences have laughed, it is because Mr. Natarajan put them into the habit of laughing on Institute Days. Our contemporary humorist at large is more than qualified and willing to continue this distinguished lineage. Yet

this is only the humour of the stage, not of the people.

A typical IITian's sense of humour lies somewhere between the satiric and the portographic, with a hint of attempted cleverness. Gopal Ramachandran on stage and off represented the spirit of wit here—sick, neurotic and shocking to those unused to it. The now dormant Pattabhi of semiconductor fame was the sick virtuoso of his time. His personal standing as a post-graduate precludes him from being funny. Last the moments of inspiration and their creations be lost to posterity, as in all places that value tradition, the archives of native humour have been maintained in places where they are needed most—lost benches. If in the middle of a serious lecture (they are few enough), a guy in the far recesses of the classroom bursts out in hysterical laughter, it is not, as the lecturer might easily construe, because he has discovered some metaphysical hilarity in the resonating carbonyl radical, but because he has excavated from under the layers of dust on his desk, one more gem of some great scholar, one more utterance of sanity, one more 'snark in the grass'.

## By VIJAY REDDY

Staff-student relationship? Like all self-respecting individuals, neither thinks very much of the other. The Staff, operating from a position of natural advantage, usually have the last word, but it often happens that one of the many bright zuits by constant segments and expends, so erodes the credibility and moral sanction of the teacher that one wonders who is teaching whom. Though purely unintentional, this is in the modern spirit of education—a two-way learning process.

If you aim to reach here by public transport, the Institute Omnibus will help you, for a small charge, but you must be prepared to rub shoulders and other parts of your anatomy with native travellers in the bus, who may number upwards of a hundred on weekends. If, for various reasons, you are not prepared for this intimate contact, and the sun is too hot, you are advised to walk. You may stop a motor-bike for a lift but not a car, because the imported ones move too fast for you to stop them, and the Swedish ones are likely to be in no shape to take an ounce more, and moreover, they are likely to be full. I might as well tell you that the mo'bike riders and the spotted deer have long standing feud over the right of way on the highway. Till Thad settled the score a few months back, the animals had the best of the argument. If you don't fancy any of these uncertain means of conveyance, start walking. You will soon be at the cross-roads of your journey. Don't bother to figure out why there are so many; we've been trying that for years, but no sooner do we justify the existence of one, than up comes the next. If it is dark, then don't take either of the right two, because you might disturb people, and one of them doesn't reach anywhere. If you proceed along the road to the left, your attention will soon be attracted by a blinking red light. It is meant to keep the driver's eyes on it till he is at the bend, and then to test his reaction to the ghost of the ex-Gajendra Circle standing in the middle of the road. Your next stop is the Gajendra Circle itself. People here get emotional about it, so you had better not broach the subject in your conversations. The newly erected barbed wire fence is to prevent the much abused elephants from bolting. The sexless elephants are no family planning propaganda but our answer to Salvador Dali.

People here are reasonably level-headed except when it is Holi, or when they see *Canasta* ice-cream. Gate-crashing into Hostel Day Dinners is not considered ungentlemanly.

The N.C.C. never had a chance here. In their best turn-out, the cadets look like battle-

wary N.L.F. guerrillas—the female ones. Their proudest achievement to date is a half-excavated ditch which might one day become a great bath. The last time they handled ammunition was in a simulated battle, five miles out in the country-side, when a nervous cadet fired a blank, point blank, into the posterior of the chap crawling in front of him.

Movie favourites: Speedy Gonzales the brave mouse, and Deutschland Spiegel telephone girls.

IIT's Bohemia consists of one dedicated hippie whose claims to hippiedom rest on a painstakingly raised blond growth on his face and a badly tuned guitar, and another who looks at you from behind a Lantana bush. A small but accomplished band of Lobotomies represent the Institute at Abbotsbury and wherever else they are expected. While IIT sleeps, they keep in flag flying.

The soul of IIT resides in the OAT: the Open Air Theatre. Once every seven days, with religious punctuality, two-thousand westerners flock collected to depress to recharge their tempers and wits; to tell their jokes and abuse one another and anyone else they care to include, and in general to let off steam. They also see a film, God and the operator willing.

If you find our audiences unsympathetic and noisy, don't take it to heart; it is just their way of saying that they tolerate only the best—in others.



An enclosure or barrier (e.g. a hedge, wall, railing, etc.) along the boundary of any place which it is desired to defend from intruders; that's how Messrs Little, Fowler, Coulson and Osmond define fence in their 'Shanter Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles'. Are you? If not, then it's right! Are they? Well, I dunno. Who else goes defends himself against whom by erecting a fence—fence? hee, hee! Years, fence! Alright, fence—between the wings of Cive Engineering? We against cows and goats? Cows and goats against us? Bar, there will be gaudes! I see. But you wait till the goats have nibbled off that fence and the cows have discovered that there's a main entrance to yonder pastures.

And then there are fences around the future Staff Quarters, wooden poles and barbed-wire. Now, who defends himself against whom there? Staff against students? Students against staff? Horticulturists against cows and goats? Inhabitants against stray visitors? Neighbours against neighbours? Dogs inside against dogs outside? Someone is said to have detected a watch-tower under construction and become hysterical over the choice of various foreign models of machine-guns ('But the Nadeimien is so much easier to handle and can be purchased as 'Rup, Rup, Rup!') To his utter astonishment and relief, however, it was found that the said contraption is to carry water-tanks.

And then there is a fence between Raj Bhavan Park and IIT, a solid concrete-pole and-wire-netting affair several feet high. You haven't seen it yet? Just take the 'road' left to the watchtowers, mind the bend, and you'll run right smack into it. Now, who defends himself against whom here? Raj Bhavan against us? We against Raj Bhavan? No, we against the spotted deer. 'The fawnish hind o'erleaps the fences of the nightful fold', says poet Dryden. Well, so far as we are concerned it's not the lion, but the spotted deer that o'erleaps the fences, and day and night, at that. (Suggestion: hire them the animals as coaches for the competitions of the next IIT Interhosts high-jump.)

Folks, let's move to the hostels where the farcicalous puns speak unimpeded—before they've put up a fence there, too.

—D. J. NIDMAL

# THE THING

By R. SHANKAR

## WHAT IS IT?

Rocket launching pad?

Time machine?

Cover for some underground operation?

Or is it a new party symbol?

God knows. And, in addition to Him, maybe the men who were responsible for its erection know. Maybe they do, and maybe they don't. I am not betting, when it comes to that Thing at the Gajendra Circle.

If you're not the clod that your friend told me you were, you must have guessed by now that I am alluding to those two elephants and the two men posing at the Gajendra Circle.

Being a student of life, I have been studying, with growing concern, the reaction of my comrades to this macabre work of art. Before going into describing this masterpiece's influence on the sanity of the residents, I must tell you how it looks.

The fact is that it does not look like Anything.

It consists of two elephants, which on finding each other to be unbearably nauseating, have decided never to see each other again, and have, by mutual agreement decided to face opposite directions. The elephants are fortunately painted black, as against the pink that was expected of the men behind its construction. Leaning on these two elephants are two men, who, like the elephants, have taken a natural and inevitable dislike to each other, and are using an elephant's head, to hide from each other. The men are short, undersized and wear badly tailored pants. One of them carries a hammer, presumably with the aim of self-destruction. The other carries a scroll. Some say they are cog sheets, while others maintain that the scroll is his degree, in which he has agreed not to use his ignorance to subservient ends. I remain neutral. Moreover, I dislike the idea of presuming that these two men represent the students.

Coming to think of it, what do these statues actually represent? Opinions differ. Some say that the men represent the student body as seen by the staff, while the elephants represent the staff as conceived by the students. Some connoisseurs say that it is the merger of the Zulu war symbol and the Neanderthal rain dance. Some neurotics maintain that it is all a vision, and that it will soon pass.

Whatever the Thing represents, it sure has caused a lot of havoc. I shall now outline the reaction of men as they come fact-to-face with statues. You can come to Gajendra Circle from four directions, not that it makes any difference, of course. The spectacle you behold will have the same disastrous effects on your constitution no matter where you see it from. As you come near the junction of the four roads, you will find road signs which will tell you to 'Stop, Look, Listen, Brace Yourself, Leave it to Fate, and Proceed with Caution'. The sign of course, applies to pedestrians and vehicles alike. Those who

follow the sign escape with minor injuries like a cerebral haemorrhage while those who rush towards the junction without preparation, find the sight too much. I have seen friends pinch themselves with the hope that it is all a nightmare. I have seen boys come out with 'Whatwhatwhatwah' or 'Nonononono' or something along those lines. I have seen stoics reduced to nervous wrecks. Pedestrians, have, before my own eyes, dug trenches, rung up the police, or taken cover behind the bushes.

I must, if I am to be true to my readers, admit that there was one exception, Mandip Singh, who upon seeing the work, said, 'I say, this is fab yar. I mean, dashed good taste what? My only complaint is that they have not painted the elephants pink.' But this needn't worry us, for we know Mandip, don't we?

If you think our boys are getting knocked out left and right, without doing a thing about it, you are mistaken. We at the IIT are built more for endurance than for speed. We get swept off our feet initially, but soon retaliate. We act. I shall illustrate my point.

It happened the other day, when I was showing a friend of mine, who studies in a city college, our Institute. It was dark and the lights had not come on. I was very grateful for this darkness, for we were just crossing the Gajendra circle, and the statues could not be seen in the dark. And then it happened. The street-lights came on. In a jiffy, as our eyes were trying to get used to the bright light, unfolded before us this masterpiece of art. As for myself, I must say I took it well. This was probably because I had grown immune to it. You may find it hard to believe that I could have got immune to a thing like this. But practice can do wonders. I have heard of men in the Congo who are immune to cobra bites. Why go that far? I know people who can stick me. It all comes with practice. It was practice that was responsible for my cool response to the sight of the two elephants and the boys leaning on them.

But not so with my friend. He went through the usual formality of gasping for breath, getting hysterical, and in short, imitating Macbeth on seeing his ghost friend gate-crashing for dinner.

But such attacks do not leave any lasting marks. My friend soon recovered. He tried to be diplomatic and started praising the works. 'Nice work, nice work,' he said, 'I must say that you fellows have damn good taste. Just see how realistic these statues are! Especially that boy with the sticks of dynamite!'

'Which boy?' I ejaculated, for the set-up consisted of only two morons one holding the hammer and the other the scroll.

'That boy there with the sticks of dynamite, kneeling under the elephants. I must say that he is realistic!'

One good look revealed that the reason for the boy looking real was that he was real. I ran towards him, and even before I could ask him what in the name of blazes he was doing with the dynamite, he broke down and started sobbing over my shoulder.

'I just have to do it,' he said pleadingly, 'can't you understand? I just have to blow it up. Imagine showing your parents and friends and relatives this eyesore! What will they think of you after this? Wouldn't they, in future, exchange pregnant glances whenever you talk of your Alma Mater? Wouldn't they give you knowing glances when you tell them that your Institute is the symbol of modern thought? While you brag about the Humanities block and the Open Air Theatre: wouldn't they crush you with a nasty remark on these elephants? I just have to blow up the darn thing.' He added, like all culprits do in Hitchcock's movies, that he had just developed an irresistible impulse to do it.

If I had been Freud, I would have asked him if he saw his teacher's image in these statues. But not being Freud, and on the contrary, being a man who had constantly been troubled by the memory of this ghastly apology, I gave him a sympathetic glance. I said, 'Bite the bullet like a man. Take it stoically. Life can't be all roses. There will be a few Gajendra Circles in everybody's life. Face it like the other calamities in Nature, rain storm, hurricanes, Rudolf Lobo, and the N.C.C.'

That night I offered a silent prayer to the Lord. I prayed for the men who had been behind this grotesque outrage. I prayed,

'Oh Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

HIS DEATH WAS  
UNTIMELY....



HIS LOSS—  
IRREPARABLE



WE OWE  
HIM SO  
MUCH



YEAH! A MILLION BUCKS.  
THAT'S THE INSURANCE  
MONEY WE OWE  
HIM...



APK



## Personalities

### The two and more Faces of Dr Swaminathan



A straggling beard streaked with grey, piercing deep-sunk eyes, a cynical smile—and you are face to face with Dr Swaminathan. You could also identify him by the lack of a few buttons here and there. There are those who hold that if ever beauty competitions were to be held for the various curiosities in the campus, he would have a tough time coming first even if the only other entry were the Gajendra Circle. However, appearances are deceptive. Here we've got something to beat the chameleon changing its colour—Dr Swaminathan before and after a session with his neighbour's powered lawn mower. Since *Campastimes* could never afford to fight a libel suit, let me not pursue this any farther.

Dr Swaminathan joined the Physics Department in '63. Ever since, nothing has remained the same. People started actually *understanding* mechanics in the first year classes. It would be unfair to him to attribute the positive brilliance of his lectures to his well-modulated voice with its untraceable accent. However, it does help to be able to make out what the lecturer is saying in the first place. Perhaps that's the reason why so many of his colleagues talk unintelligibly—they could certainly take a lesson from him. Even his habit of occasionally marking the periodical grades in Russian has its benefits—the guys who are expecting C's or worse can keep kidding themselves till January.

Asked for a few printable facts about his past career, he replied, 'Let the past remain dead, gentlemen—suffice it to say that I was a rather indifferent student.'

However, that doesn't discourage him: he realizes he is in the good company of Einstein and others. From which it may be gathered that modesty is not one of Dr Swaminathan's shortcomings.

At present he is at Cornell University, persecuting molecules and digging out their private secrets. But he'll come back after he has finished civilizing the natives out there.

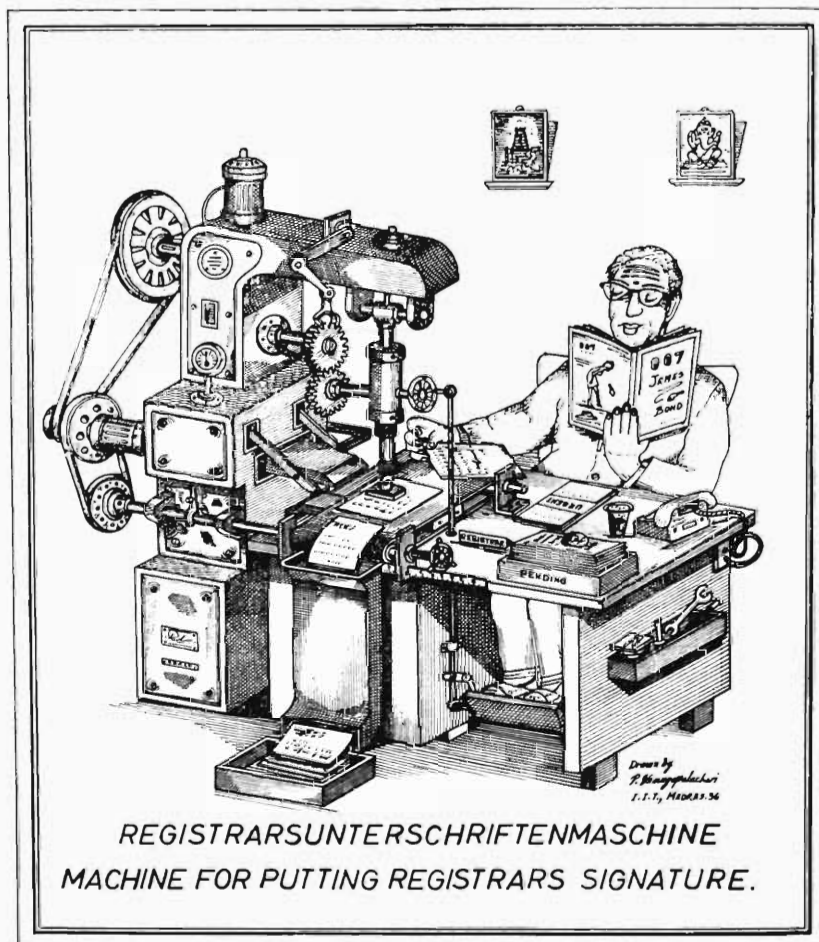
—RAT.

## HYDRAULICS

(Once upon a time, the water situation in the Campus was pretty bad: indeed, people went round being caustic and cynical. This article is one of the products of that cynicism.)

The reported decision of our Registrar to rename our hostels as the Sahara Hostel, the Kalahari Hostel and the Arabian Hostel, has raised a chorus of protest from all quarters. Such drastic steps were rendered unnecessary when the hostelites bound themselves under oath to adopt the following resolutions to exorcise the ghost of water that has haunted the Campus.

1. that a Beatnik Club be formed, with Mr. Randhawa as the Secretary,
2. that *rasam* be stopped forthwith in all messes,
3. that shaving with our electric razors be banned,
4. that the tennis courts and the football grounds be closed (and all vigorous games be avoided),
5. that no bathing be allowed in the Campus except under the pain of immediate dismissal from the hostel, or what is worse, transfer to the other IITs in the North. *Note:* Experiments have shown that the Eskimos are the healthiest race in the world,
6. that members of the hostels will co-operate with the authorities in detecting hydromaniacs from Kerala,
7. that tissue paper be provided in plentiful supply,
8. that all inmates shall lick and polish their own plates before leaving the mess,
9. that on rainy days, students may be allowed to come out of the lecture halls and have their baths in the open,
10. that all chemical engineers in the Campus shall concentrate upon inventions either to make salt water sweet or to create artificial rain by injecting sodium iodide into the clouds that pass over the Campus,
11. that as a punitive measure, water may be deleted from the portion for study in the Chemistry exam.,
12. that the Security Officer be responsible for all illicit distillation of water inside the Campus,
13. that water may no longer be recognized by its definition in the Oxford Dictionary: . . . . . (well, look it up yourself!)





# AN EYE FOR A BOOT

It was Killjoy who first suggested to me that I write an article to enlighten the general reading public on certain goings-on in our hostel—Hostel X, let's say. Whether you should thank him or curse him is something you can decide only after you have read through my laborious composition.

I will be wise and logical, and say we will start at the very beginning. Very well, the very beginning of this affair was when rubber made contact with fabric. Perhaps I had better explain: Botti was bending. Those who know Botti will know what I mean. I won't say anything about his personality, for naturally, I am prejudiced, but there cannot be any controversy over the amplexness of the proportions of his person. A conservative estimate of the force with which his radially symmetric body attracts the earth is in the region of two hundred pounds. Personally, I favour a much higher figure. He would fill out any decently oversized set of clothes, but Botti is given to wearing tights. And as I said, Botti was bending. My foot itched. I had to work my self-control to absurd extents to limit my self to a tame, 'I say, Botti!'

'Gnwak?' Botti used that particular interrogative for almost all purposes. And he straightened up from his . . . er . . . painting. Don't blame me—it is he who calls it 'painting'. Ours is a free country and every citizen is entitled to hold his own opinion. But I doubt if Botti can be classed as a citizen. (More like ten, as somebody remarked.) As to the opinion aforementioned, it is an assault on human sensibilities. But I digress.

'How about passing back my Machine Drawing sheet, yar? We gotta submit it today.'

'Hard luck, fish. I have to cog two more figs. Ya submit it late, thashall!'

Shall I describe his voice or my immediate mental reaction? My vote goes to the reaction. It was a classic mixture of surprise, pain and bitter regret. Surprise, at myself for not having predicted that the rotter would do this. Pain, at the thought of having to explain the reason for my tardiness in submission ~~of the fruits~~ of four hours of hard labour. And bitter regret for a wasted opportunity. I was wearing pointed shoes, and Botti had been bending. I suppose I said something. I have no recollection of it, but, Botti later ~~claimed that my language was~~ 'absolutely vile'. I admit I ~~was~~ a trifle annoyed—be that as it may, Botti put on a show of being quite unmoved at my plight or by my words. With an air of supreme indifference, he turned around and recommenced painting. In doing so, he bent.

It would have taken hardly three seconds, but I savoured the moment to the full. It was along a graceful circular arc that the tip of my patent leather shoe moved. I am a football player. It doesn't need a professor in Applied Mechanics to calculate the momentum transferred at the moment of impact. A dull explosive thud marked the instant. A few milliseconds later, an audio frequency signal, indescribably rich in harmonics and of a power of a couple of million decibels, assailed my auditory apparatus. They should check the roof of the hostel for cracks and things.

Having acted on the spur of the moment, I scooted, fearful of the consequences. Botti made an infinity of promises to me in the interval of time subsequent to his unearthly screech. And, of course, he gave me a detailed description of my ancestry in the juiciest terms imaginable. Had not my physical welfare been at stake, I might have paused to admire this maestro, for Botti is past master in the art vulgarly known as name-calling. But, being possessed of a modicum of common sense, I vamoosed while he was still in the process of extricating his corporation from the mess of paint and shredded canvas to which he had reduced his room in his desperate attempts to

collar me. The hostel was still vibrating to the throes of his distress by the time I had reached the HSB, or so they tell me.

By the way, his voice. It is thick and guttural and makes you think of the Gestapo coming for your blood.

That's how it all started: Heaven only knows how it will end, for Botti magnified this trifling incident into something of colossal proportions. He has declared open war.

His first manoeuvre has been to paint a caricature of me on my Machine Drawing sheet. A dirty trick if ever I saw one. He somehow managed to stick it up on the notice-board. All I can say is that this picture of something labelled me in a not-very-pleasant pose created a minor sensation amongst the sleepy denizens of Zoo X before I could discover the whereabouts of the attender—and the key to the notice-board lock. Bah, the next person who laughs at me is goin' to get a couple of broken teeth! The prospect of another four-hour session with Tee Square & Co. is not calculated to put anyone in a sweet humour. And then he sent me a gibbering note:

'Sri Bottifour Battlereel considers himself to be in a state of war with Sri Pootsimboos Unohoo, and declares that it is his intention to pursue this war to the utmost of his ability. . . . no quarter will be given and none need be expected.'

Now we Unohoos pride ourselves on our ability to take all things in our stride. We never let ourselves be weighed down by any quirk of fate, even if it is as heavy as Botti. If it was Battle, I was quite ready. Why, with my superior intellect and remarkable physical agility, I could make rings around the odious Battlereel while he was in the process of raising steam in his ponderous system.

I am an admirer of General Moshe Dayan. I decided to follow his policy. . . . strike before the enemy has a chance to do so . . . and strike hard!

Little did I guess that the enemy had already struck . . . and struck hard!

There are locks and locks. Some of them are definitely unopenable without their keys, some click open after a couple of hours of toil and sweat, and some are amenable to a little bit of persuasion. Mine belongs—or rather, belonged—to the last category. The G-company may fancy that they manufacture the best in the world of locks. It is not my intention to make derogatory remarks about their products, but I must say that I was let down really hard when I least expected it. I might have guessed that Botti was some kind of a locksmith from the way he dealt with the notice-board lock, but isn't that being wise after the event?

And so it happened that I shot back the tumbler padlock, shot back the bolt, and entered my room without the slightest inkling of the consequences that would follow my actions.

My literary talents fail me. How shall I describe the world of disaster that struck me? Shakespeare would have hesitated before commencing on so momentous a task; so would P. G. Wodehouse; so do I. Well, no one can blame me for not trying.

There was a noise. A definite 'tukk'. Then a scraping, yielding sound. A halting thought knocked at my mind's door, a hint that something fishy was going on.

The next moment, I was a fish—metaphorically speaking. Only, fish don't swim in cold soap water as I was doing. Trust Botti to think of soap water. It came down and I was directly in its path, so that I got wet and so did my room. Grrrrr—so I had walked into a booby-trap—the old, old bucket and water (?) rig-up.

My ears picked up evidence of unseemly mirth, coming from the lower regions of the hostel. It breaks my heart to think of Botti & Co. standing there on the lawn looking up at my room—and grinning like so many Cheshire Cats. Will that raucous

'haw-haw-hee-hee-har-hee' echo in my mind till I sink into the ground of mortification? YEOW!!! UGH!!! OMIGOSH! Only a low-down, dirty mind like Botti's would have thought of putting thumbtacks under the bedsheet. Why, people might get hurt!

A disgustingly cheerful whistling was wafled in through the window. It heralded the advent of a specimen called Moos. A large, unutterably ugly visage materialized at the window. A voice in keeping with the face rasped out, 'How's life, Pootsimboos?' A pause ensued, while the owner of the monstrous carnival mask took in the details of the scene that met his protruding eyes. 'Oh, I see, Botti? Why don't ya jazz him up in real style?' Another pause. 'Okay, I'll go bury myself. Don't glare at me that way. I'm not Botti!'

It wouldn't be very much of an exaggeration to say that at that particular moment I could have torn Botti to pieces and consigned his remains to the interior of a working blast furnace. Luckily for him, Botti was separated from me by a flight of stairs and a considerable length of corridor. Otherwise he would have undergone an interesting experience.

As I wended my painful way down to the mess for dinner, people took a glance at my stormy countenance and made tracks in the opposite direction. The normally tasteless chappathis turned to dust and ashes in my mouth as I watched Botti gulping down square miles untanned leather and tons of dhal.

In this morass of black depression I found the genesis of an IDEA.

Early next day, I left the Campus. There is a certain Science College in the City and I know the storekeeper of the Zoology department, for I was once a student of that college. I leave you to guess what transpired there—all I care to say is that I came back with a large cardboard box. It would have taken an acute observer to notice the holes on top. On the way back, I stopped at the Chemist's.

I hummed happily to myself through the day and slept contentedly through the night. For I knew that the morrow would bring its tankard of joy.

TRRRRRRRR . . . the alarm went off at six o'clock. A few minutes later, a disembodied onlooker might have seen a suspicious-looking figure leave room number 432, clutching a large cardboard box. Up the stairs it climbed, turned off down a corridor, stalked along its length, and stopped at a certain door. The occupant was evidently asleep. The figure retraced its steps and waited at the head of the corridor.

If the aforementioned onlooker had sufficient patience, he might have waited to see what happened ten minutes later. The door which seemed to interest the prowler so much opened at last—and out rolled the unmistakable form of Botti clad in a king-sized pair of pyjamas. The door was bolted, and Botti drifted along the passage to the bathroom to perform his morning ablutions.

The sinister figure moved fast. It nipped into Botti's room and popped out again in a remarkably short time, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson', it had scrambled out of sight.

There was a magic tenseness in the air as I stared concentratedly at Botti's room from the opposite terrace. He had just majestically waltzed in. Developments would occur at any moment, and I wasn't going to miss any of the fun. With bated breath I waited for the balloon to go up.

And oh boy, did it go up! A frantic, inhuman wail rent the clear morning air. When Botti chooses to exert his lungs and vocal chords, he sure can create a disturbance of titanic proportions. A resounding thud followed by a spluttering, gurgling sound sped out to me close on the heels of the first cataclysmic explosion. And then, a string of ear-searing screeches which spoke eloquently of inexpressible hordes of painful sensations. The door

(Continued on page 5)

# 'HI DAD'

'Howdy, son?'

'I need some dough.'

'What! What on earth for?'

'The Convocation. The OAT's gotta be rigged up a decent bit.'

'Oh, I thought it was for another of your gay jaunts. How much do you need?'

'The usual lump plus a chunk for some lights and frameworks around the place. You think you can get them to pass that?'

'Hmmm...

'By the way, Dad, how does the whole show go? I witnessed a coupla them, awright, but I've never bin on top before.'

'It ain't anything unusual. The head of the department puts in a word for this guy who's gonna swipe the degree, askin' me to give the green signal. I tell 'em to go ahead and let this guy have what he's been sloggin' five years for. You give him the document and tell him to be a good boy.'

'Each one of them?'

'You take them in groups actually.'

'Couldn't I tell 'em all at one go? After all, it ain't gonna make any diff to their behaviour.'

'No go, son.'

'Quite an ordeal, eh, Dad?'

'Remember I've bin thru' this grill umpteen times.'

'And Dad...'

'What ho?'

'This Guard of Honour biz...'

'What about it?'

'How about giving it a miss?'

'I'd like to...'

'Then what's stopping us? Let's skip it.'

'But the old major...'

'Yeah...'

'It would break his heart.'

'Let it.'

'Oh no, that would never do. You must bear these things, son. You wouldn't want him sobbing on your shoulder, would you?'

'Okay, Dad. You win.'

'He wins, you mean...'

'Everything going smooth?'

'Yeah, Pop.'

'The rain...'

'The umbrellas are stacked up at the back.'

'That isn't going to keep Vikram from getting soaked.'

'Better than nothing, though.'

Pause.

'Dad, didn't you folks think of this when you built the OAT?'

'I guess we pulled wool over our own eyes; the notion was mighty jazzy and we didn't want a teeny-weeny consideration like that to put us off. After all, every new idea runs into a hitch or two.'

'Why don't you let me go ahead and build a closed auditorium?'

'Dough!?!'

'We could wheedle it out of the crowd.'

'If they had it.'

'I thought the Germans were pumping in huge sums.'

'Not for auditoriums, son.'

'I hope we get soaked today; mebbe that'll loosen your fingers.'

'Mebbe.'

'Oh Dad. I darned near forgot. Okay with you if I give the kids a day off?'

'Might as well. It's been done too many times to stop now.'

• • •

'You look cheesed up, son.'

'Who wouldn't with this set of mugs to deal with.'

'Come, come. I've stood worse crowds.'

'How do you manage it, Dad?'

'You get used to it, you know.'

'Tell a guy to get a move on and he crawls around as if he were a snail. Can't these blokes take a hint? They act like they want me to get pneumonia and choke. I had a good mind to tell them to grab sumthin' and hoof it.'

'I thought you wanted to get soaked.'

'That's all right for a gag. I didn't mean it serious.'

'Thank your stars it didn't pour.'

'Oh, yeah.'

Pause.

'How about the movie, Dad?'

A look of intense disapproval.

'Easy, Dad. I was just kidding. You sticking round tonight or hoofing it back?'

(And so the conversation meanders on into other channels.)

—AAJOO.

## CARICATURE

# Chanakya Balaram

Some twenty-odd years ago there was a small population-explosion in a remote village in Andhra and it was called Chanakya. Now, one can't go around bunging names like that at unsuspecting kiddos and expect them to grow up into normal rational citizens. Let's get that much straight, right away.

One of the first things that strike you when you meet Channy is his nose. As a matter of fact, after his ah-so-British manners, it is his proudest possession. His opening gambit on being introduced to pretty young things is invariably, 'Ah! I've a Roman nose, don't you think?', and as she is wondering whether Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida or Marcello Mastroianni (being the only Romans she has seen) have noses quite like the exhibit A, he adds, 'I've often been told I look rather distinguished with it', which makes her wonder how he could possibly look human, let alone distinguished, without a nose (Roman or native) on his map.



But it is as a Scholar that Channy really distinguished himself. It all started with a *Fuels, Furnaces and Refractories* paper, a couple of years ago. The question, pure and simple, was, 'Write an Essay on Low Temperature Carbonisation'. The answer—perhaps not quite as pure, but certainly simpler, was, 'The temperature used in low temperature carbonisation is pretty low, the gaseous products got OK, and the coke left behind is so-so'. He got an 'A' for brevity.

A few innocent 'uns here believe Channy to be the embodiment of brotherly love. They had seen him at a local cinema with a bevy of girls and not knowing the facts of life, believed him to be entertaining his sisters! To this day, when their sisters begin to creep on their nerves, they grit their teeth, think of Channy and keep quiet.

Channy got his mobike when he was doing the third year, and since then he has maintained a steady 85% attendance—at the local magistrate's court for speeding. I'm told that this, plus his class attendance, is always equal to 100%.

Channy, being born in Hyderabad, Andhra Pradesh, speaks very fluent Telugu—as fluent as, say, the Telugu spoken in Switzerland. He claims he is a settled Bangalorian and his behaviour would have won him rounds and rounds of applause, had he been born in the days of the Raj.

By now you must be wondering when I'm coming down to his now famous stooge acts (continuous performance on Sundays and the days he cuts class wholesale). Channy is considered the Father of the modern Stooge

Act. (In villages, I am told, his pictures are hung in between those of Gandhi and Kennedy). Take any stooge act and the cast is always CHANAKYA BALARAM and the other stooges. These stooge acts generally begin around 1 p.m. when he gets up from wherever he is and announces, 'Blue Diamond thanks you for being present today', dumps curry on his neighbour's head, does a few steps of boote-Channy-boote, imitates Doris Day, kicks somebody passing by... and the show is on.

I still remember the day he started the world of Stooge Acts. It was in the glorious 1964, that gone-by era when stooges were stooges and not the disgrace to the name of stooging that you see masquerading about these days.

The scene was an exam hall, where our class was doing a physics periodical. Not the whole class really, for Channy was at his desk waiting for inspiration. After a few moments he got a brainwave! He pulled up the answer-book and drew a neat margin. Then he drew a life-like sketch of the supervising lecturer's mug. Further brainwaves had come in by now and so below the sketch he added a four letter word (Actually a five letter word if you write the plural for emphasis.)

Now it so happened that the lecturer, who had been fascinated by the beak-nosed one earlier in the hour, was studying its peculiarities from close quarters. He didn't quite fancy what was going on in the answer-book. So he uppity-ups himself to the dais and screams 'Mr. Balaram! You have given me one—(here he used the same word to which Channy had taken out a copyright a few moments earlier) but I'll give you two big—(same word, plural)'.

This is atrocious, thought Channy standing up. Why, he's not even properly introduced to me! 'Really Sir!' he said and a few moments later, the world had her first stooge act!

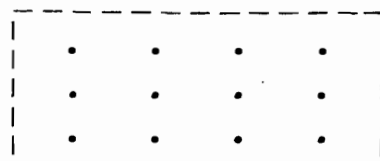
Channy was the Secretary to the Publications Committee last year, and believe me, he did a mighty fine job there. What with the number of times he charged upto the press and the amount of bull-work he did, he has run down the resale value of his 2-stroke Arab steed, but has brought up the prestige and popularity of this rag mighty high.

I could perhaps go on about his good qualities and all that but then as Mark Twain (if I remember right) put it—there is nothing quite as frustrating as the annoyance of a good example.

This then is the unexpurgated, unabridged and complete story of the life and times of Chanakya Balaram. Of course, the spicier stories of his colourful life have been left out to save him the embarrassment. In re, you may say the article is a bit biased, but then I'm, after all, a friend of his.

—GOPE.

CUT OUT THIS  
RECTANGLE.  
GENTLY HEAT  
OVER A FLAME.  
WHAT DO YOU  
SEE?



## CARICATURE

## M. S. Chandramouli

If you were to stand in front of the Krishna Hostel and yell 'What ho!' you would naturally expect an answering 'What ho!' But when you hear a series of 'What ho's!' emerging from the top floor then you are sure that it is no echo. The 'What ho!'-er is a character whose looks are similar to Wodehouse in every respect except perhaps in appearance. This is M. S. 'Elvis' Chandramouli whose hero-worship for two opposite characters like P. G. Wodehouse and Elvis presumably has made him what he is at present (?)

Being a sporting chap he never refuses to sing when called upon (this is rare)—usually after debates. The gyrations of Elvis Presley would seem like a gently swaying Hula in comparison with 'Elvis' Mouli. The series of contortions he undergoes would remind us of a firewalker whose feet have been badly burnt. The queer high pitched sounds emanating from him immediately set an Applied Mechanics expert in calculating the natural frequency of the building to prevent failure. It is usual for Elvis Presley fans to yell 'Crazy, Man, Crazy' but here they probably mean Mouli.

M. S. CHANDRAMOULI



An avid reader, he laps up all types of books but has a special affection for Wodehouse and Karl Marx. It has been said of Churchill that he could recite 'The Lays of Ancient Rome' without an error but Mouli could probably repeat 'Carry on, Jeeves' along with the foreword. His admiration for Marx increased when he found out the meaning of the first word in *Das Capital* during the course of the German Lectures in the II year. Henceforth everybody was his comrade and he was seriously thinking of going on a mission to canvas the Formosans. But the Chinese invasion made him return to the capitalist fold.

With his wit and swagger he could probably beat Casanova hollow but he is very shy in feminine company. He is so theatrical that one very rarely knows when he is acting and when he is not. Once a visitor to one of the drama rehearsals in which Mouli was taking part could not differentiate between the actual rehearsal and the rest period in between. His love for *Campastimes* has earned him the Tamil nickname of *Paper Kara*.

Reading all through one is apt to think that he is an undesirable in Society. But on the contrary, it is such chaps who help deviate this world from the part of monotony. He is the Krishna Hostel Shuttle Captain at present. (This is actually top secret.) He probably doesn't know!

—M<sup>1</sup>

## Letters to the Editor

## Rise in Price

I am pleased to see that you are no longer the lousiest 20 P. rag mainly because you are now in the 25 P. bracket.

PETER FRANCIS LOBO.  
Capt.

*Campastimes* has reached a new 'high'—mainly the extra 5 P. in price! The rest of it hit the same old low!!

SURESH N. SHENOY.

I know that many people will complain but I'm glad you raised your price. In fact, I wish you'd raise it more and more. Then it will reach a price where I can no longer afford to buy it, and I'll have a chance to grow up normal and healthy instead of becoming a raving lunatic (like you).

SANTOSH (POP) NAYAK.

As far as I'm concerned, you can raise the price to a buck and I still won't buy it.

YATIN R. VORA.

[How come all four of you laid your hands on the same issue of *Mad Magazine*?—Ed.]

Sir,

Your last issue was flat, insipid, and a few other unmentionable things. To put it in a word, it was TRASH. No poems, no limericks, not even a teeny-weeny article by S. Ramajayam. If this sort of thing persists, I will refuse to subscribe any further.

Yours etc.,  
LOCAL.

SELECTIONS FROM AN IITian's  
AUTOGRAPH BOOK

Roses are red  
Violets are blue;  
The best phase sequence  
Is red yellow and blue.

Yours, P. SANKARAN.

When rocks and hills divide us  
And you no more I see  
Remember who it was  
That gave you just a 'D'.

Yours, A. RAMAMOCHAN RAO.  
IN '62

(IIT had its rumours, even in those days.)

Rumour has it that the Auditorium will be ready in time for the 1984 'International George Orwell Year' celebrations.

—V.S.

It is learnt that plans have been finalized for the eight-bed hospital, complete with cubicles, attached bathrooms and electric crematoriums.

(This joke, too, it seems, went farther back into history than '62.)

Going one up on the Indian Railways, a member of our illustrious Staff applied a literal transform to solve a persistent problem for many IITian lecturers:

|                         |    |                             |
|-------------------------|----|-----------------------------|
| Less luggage            | .. | Less verbiage               |
| More comfort            | .. | More facts                  |
| Make travel a pleasure. |    | Make correction a pleasure. |

(And the editorial board got its kicks too, in occasional doses.)

## Sorry!

We regret to announce that not a single correct entry was received for last time's crossword, *The Square Dance*. Hence nobody gets the handsome prize, which, incidentally, was a free trip to Europe.

## Notice:

To Whomsoever it may concern:

It may be kindly noticed by all concerned that I am the Secretary of the IIT FACULTY ASSOCIATION and not FAULTY ASSOCIATION as printed in the last issue of *Campastimes*.

—M. C. GUPTA.

## ELECTRONICS IN INDIA

## THE PRELUDE

My days of repose have come to an end,  
I know.  
The din that I hear informs me it's time for woe;  
While deep in my inner spirit are voices which urge me away.  
From the hateful sequel of that music with its one more round of ten more rustic tunes that mar this day.

## THE SONG

Our quads are alive with the sound of 'music'  
Which throb in my head while I'm reading  
Scars.  
Those clamorous songs which should make even you sick.  
Are bursting the drums of my anguished ears.  
My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds and escape to the quiet of the trees,  
For I'm forced to give ear to each tune thrice a day as it floats on the breeze.  
The radios and players are streaking my hair with a premature gray;  
To sleep through the night I have ne'er had a chance to this day.  
I sing to myself when my heart feels burdened,  
To crowd out those sounds that I've heard before—  
So at last when I'm deaf to the sound of music  
I will sing no more.

—TEE SQUARE.

... behind



... my behind

## The Fly in the Soup

We all know the case of the drowning fly (in the soup). The reactions of various characters in the campus are worthy of being enumerated.

Vinay 'Cut' Saigal: Promptly returns the soup and fires up the waiter, the head-waiter, the manager, the proprietor, Mayor Minor Moses and the Minister of Health in that order.

Whadyucall C. Singh: Ditto except that he smells the squeezed fly, grunts 'sayspose I whadyucall eat this Aam gonna do the whadyucall Svaals in the smission and prodical korekt' and hogs it with relish.

Urdu V. Mohindru: Drinks 3/4ths of the soup, calls the waiter and points out the fly.

Krook K. Batra: Takes along a handful of dead flies in his pocket and slyly drops one in (after slogging 3/4ths).

V. P. S. A. R. J. Nadar *alias* Jack *alias* Kattan: Calls the head waiter and shaking his head, and unruffling his hair asks with a demanding air, why they want to cheat him with only one fly.

Sir R. Tuttipa I: Seeing the fly floating, watches it carefully for five minutes and mutters, Ha, fly, fly, fly, yes, fly, soup, fly, yes soup fly, soup fly soup soup fly, soup soup....

—JAI.

## THE STILL MILL

Why beat around the bush, we will get to the point right away. This is the story of two young men, who are aspiring to be engineers. As with all other final year boys, they are also stuck with a project. From now on, we will let them do the talking directly.

'I am told we have to do a project this year, yar. Thrilling, what? WE design, WE make the decisions. Now that is what I call education,' said Chaman.

'It will be fun,' admitted Vanky.

And soon enough, the projects were announced. Chaman and Vanky were grouped together to design a Still Mill. Half million ton capacity, to be located at Timbuktoo.

'Oh, no! Not Him,' groaned Chaman.

'Had it,' thought Vanky with a feeling of despair.

Having started with such a deep sense of understanding for each other, one could see they would reach a new height. Explore new horizons. They would not do the normal, routine thing—thinking, reading pertinent literature, consulting their guide etc. No, they would be different. And believe me, they were. They started by talking. They had obviously read How to Win Friends etc.

'I say, all jokes aside, we will make a fine job of it,' said Vank with a smile which had nothing behind it but teeth. (I still don't see what chances I have with him around.)

'Ja, Ja we will lick 'em,' said Chaman diplomatically. (We will never get started. Not a chance.)

'And I got relatives down there in Timbuktoo. They can help—like surveying the sight,' offered Vanky.

'There! We already got a lead. We will get it bound in real style, black leather cover, gold letters—the complete works,' agreed Chaman.

Vanky remembered something. 'Talking o' binding reminds me. We must first get it typed, man. And typing is very expensive. Fifty paise per page. That is a lot of money.'

'Don't worry. I can type. I used to make paper name plates for my books on my pop's typewriter. I can borrow a typewriter,' explained Chaman.

Vanky was delighted. 'I knew we two would click. They say marriages are made in Heaven. I say all partnerships are made in Heaven. You will do the typing then.'

Chaman could exploit the situation as well as the next guy. 'Fair enough. You do the work and I will do the typing. We will go halves on the cost of the paper.'

Vanky still did not see light. 'You got yourself a deal,' he said, satisfied.

To reach this stage, our friends had taken about three weeks. Meanwhile, the other

fellows were doing the usual things. They were working, reading, calculating, and drawing.

But Vanky knew when and where to draw the line. 'I have always believed in one thing. If the work can be postponed, drop it. Notice I say 'if' and 'can'. Well, it can no longer be postponed. We must get started. Now, what is it they want at Timbuktoo?'

One could see that Chaman was embarrassed. 'I am afraid. . . .'

'Nothing to be scared of, yar. The procedure is standardised. We will manage,' assured Vanky.

'Let me finish, you mutt. I am not afraid of that. I think I have lost the problem!'

Vanky was positively taken aback. His eyes popped out because of the shock. He thundered just as soon as Chaman had put them back in the sockets. 'You moron! How could you? We had it! Doomed. Do you hear? Doomed. That project is worth 100 marks!'

'Aw, c'mon. Don't sound so desperate. We know it is a steel mill. All these mills have a blast furnace. We can safely design one.'

Chaman did not but Vanky saw the snag in this otherwise brilliant suggestion: *mainly* which blast furnace to have. Vanky told him.

'Fear not. I will think of something,' assured Chaman.

And he did, two days later. 'While I look for the problem, we can decide about the general features of the mill, Canteen, cycle-stand, common-room etc.

Vanky was impressed. 'I say you got helluva point there. Why didn't I think of that. Let us work this evening.'

'Not today, yar. I am going for a movie-Kiss Kiss, Kill Kill. Full of action. We will start tomorrow.'

But then Vanky was a busy man also. 'I am going for Tiger Agent Prefers Dynamite. That's where the action is!'

That was ten days back. Since then, they have decided on a number of things. They have agreed on the number of watchmen and even the bus timings. But the path to a steel mill is not all smooth. For example, they do not see eye to eye on the important matter of ice-creams. Chaman feels Choc Bars must be available in the canteen. But not Vanky. The quality is so poor, he feels they are Shock Bars. Elsewhere in this *Campastimes*, they have asked for public opinion. They assure us the matter will receive their most serious consideration.

As for the Steel Mill, that will come just as soon as the problem is found. But by Jove, they tell us, Timbuktoo will have its Steel Mill—only on paper!

—AJAN.

### GAS

#### A SWEET BUNCH OF KIDS

'They're the sweetest bunch of kids I've known.'

'What? !'

'Honest, Dad.'

'So you've been taken in by their sick grins.'

'Feeling malicious, aren't you?'

'Okay, I won't say anything. Let's hear about it.'

'Well, I bounced in feeling nervy as hell. Them folks were wearing their best smiles. A couple of "Present Sirs" jolted me. Then not a squeak out of them while I lectured.'

'Did you dare to look at them?'

'Natch.'

'Bored expressions?'

'I've never seen a more attentive set.'

'Attentive to what, I wonder. . . . No one sleeping in the last bench?'

'Nope.'

'Wait till the novelty wears off.'

'Dad, I think I'll always love teaching.'

No chance of me getting. . . .'

'No, no, no, no, not that. I mean, the novelty of a beautiful lady lecturer.'

'Hey Pop, you mean them guys don't give a hang about Eco? They're just being interested 'cause I'm a woman and that sort of thing?'

'You're getting bright, li'l gal.'

'You know what, Dad?'

'What?'

'You're j!'

—AAJOO

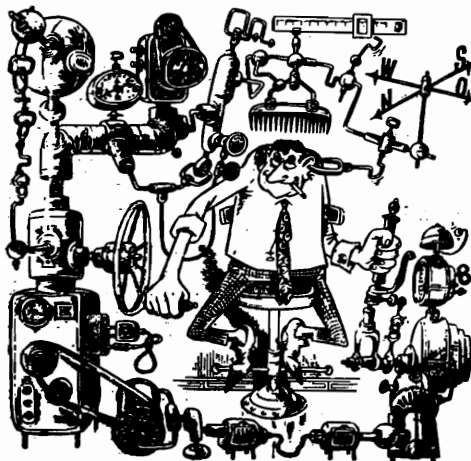
#### Higgledy Piggledy

*Higgledy-piggledy*  
Campastimes Editors  
Publish any topic  
Under the sun.  
Articles describing  
Contra-Ubiquitous  
Members of female sex  
Are duly shunned.

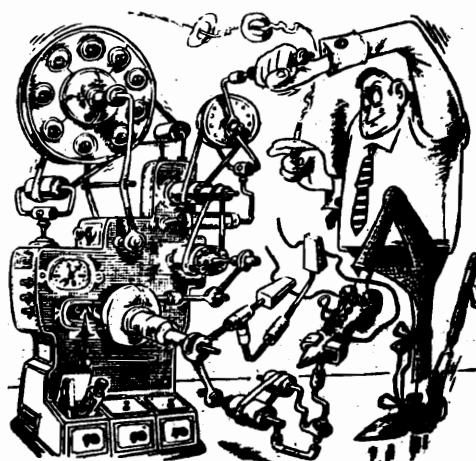
*Jiggery-pokery*  
Students of I.I.T.  
Thought it was nice to have  
Big swimming pools.  
A Broddignagian  
Pool was completed but  
Not ere they passed out and  
Made themselves fools.

—N. K.

## WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?



Courtesy: Bauer Getriebe Motoren



Advertisements of Firma Eberhard Bauer  
Esslingen/Neckar, South Germany, Fabricators  
of geared motor units.



# A THESIS ON INDIAN MOVIES

When one studies anything for a long time he discovers a pattern. When Newton studied the heavenly bodies and the stars for years he came up with the Law of Gravitation.

I too have been studying stars and heavenly bodies for years—only these stars and heavenly bodies are in the movies. And like Newton, I too have noticed a few things, and this thesis is a result of my study of Indian movies.

Every movie consists of the following sequence of events. All the producers decide before hand that these sequences will be included in their movie. Let's get down to the sequences.

## Boy meets girl sequence :

The reader will realise that if the hero and heroine don't meet there will be nothing in the movie. So they have to meet. Since they have to meet, the directors decide to get down with the incident as early as possible.

Let's take a typical movie opening. The scene is the inside of the Trivandrum Express. The hero is sleeping on the upper berth and the heroine is on the lower berth. He's got a moustache. The heroine is always the one without the moustache. (What's new? Lovely girls etc.)

So this is the set up. Hero on upper berth, heroine on the lower berth. The train suddenly decelerates. The hero continues to move uniformly in a straight line and falls out of the berth. But contrary to the audience's fond hope, he doesn't land on the floor and break his neck; he lands on the heroine who is in the lower berth. You will realise that this is a very tough thing. Falling from the upper berth and landing on the berth right below is a very hard thing to do. But the hero has berth control. He can do it. This is what I call going out of the way to meet a girl. But, as we have seen, boy has to meet girl. Fate literally throws them together. The boy falls for the girl.

Well, that is sequence one. (It ends with a duct.)

## Sequence two. Meeting at the park :

The boy and girl who met first in sequence one, have fallen in love. They have to see each other again. Being a modest and shy couple they choose, as the venue of their love-making, a quiet place like the beach, zoo, or Mount Road.

As soon as they meet, they get down to business. They respond to their instincts. Yes. They begin to run around a tree, a bush, or even a blade of grass; there has to be some sort of vegetation. That's all. They don't do this 'round and round the mulberry bush' sequence in silence. They do it with another duct. During the song the hero tries to catch the heroine who somehow seems to be evading him. This points actually beats me. Why should a girl call a chap to a secluded place and deliberately avoid him? Maybe one day I'll understand. Let's go back to the sequence.

The heroine now hides behind a bush. The hero, who is under the impression that he is very thin, hides behind a coconut tree. The heroine, who thinks she is even thinner, hides behind a lamp-post.

Finally they feel all this is very silly and come near each other. Do they kiss? Maybe. We don't know. Because all we see next is two flowers winging in the breeze, two birds in a nest, two bees flying together, and a table and a chair. These are supposed to imply a lot of dirty things. I don't know what. Maybe one day I'll understand. But I don't think this is a real picture of a boy meets girl sequence in India. It doesn't explain the population explosion.

## Hero sneaking into girl's house sequence :

We now come to another tricky point. Although the hero and heroine have no inhibitions about doing the non-sensual things described in the last sequence in a public place, they are scared to meet in the girl's house.

So the hero puts on a beard and enters the girl's house. The girl's dad doesn't recog-

nize him. The girl's mom doesn't recognize him. In fact even the girl doesn't recognize him. He gets kicked out. What does he do? He does what any normal hero would have done under these conditions. He sings. This is a well known motto in movies. If you can't say it in prose, resort to poetry.

The hero comes back the next time. This time the disguise is milder. He has removed his mush. Again the dad and mom get fooled. They think a sweet little female has come to see their daughter. Even the daughter thinks so. They go to the garden. The daughter still thinks it's her girl friend. Not for long. She soon finds out. At least I think she must have, because at this stage we are shown two flowers, two bees, two birds in a nest, and a table and a chair.

You think I'm exaggerating. You can't believe that a man can look so different by shaving off his mush. You haven't seen enough of movies, buddy. Let me clue you in.

There was once a movie in which the hero disguised himself by fixing on a mole on his left cheek. To see if it was effective he went first to his own house. Even his mother didn't recognize him. Needless to say his wife and children didn't either. That's how it is.

## Resolving the mystery :

This is the second last sequence in any movie. Between this and the previous sequence a lot of things have happened: usually a murder takes place. In a movie I saw recently, the murderer leaves behind a burning cigar each time. The inspector picks up the burning cigar, puts it off, and pockets it. He leaves the house with a flourish. He will come soon when the next murder takes place. (He loves cigars.)

So who is going to solve the mystery? Not the cops. It's the hero. Heroes are versatile. They can do anything. I've seen a hero hit a sixer over the slips. I've even seen a hero who could act.

Let us see how the hero solves the mystery. Initially there were six brothers in the heroine's house. All her uncles, one by one they are murdered. The hero is sure that one of the uncles is the murderer, so he decides to wait till only one uncle is left. He'll catch the sneaky rat then. But he is truly baffled when all the six uncles die. His guess that an uncle is the murderer, is wrong. What does he do? He does what any hero would have done. He sings.

The next scene shows the hero, heroine, and all the servants in the house. The hero has called the police inspector. He says he knows who the murderer is. The murderer, he says, is the forty-year old cook. The hero accuses the cook of being, actually, a twenty-year old man, who sneaked into the house as a cook thirty years ago.

The cook denies this stoutly. The hero catches the cook. Pulls his moustache. It comes off. He pulls his beard. It comes off. False beard. What cheek! He pulls the hands. They come off. Man! some crook! Finally we have only a heap of clothes on the floor. The entire cook was false—the beard, mush, hands and all. What does the hero do? He sings. The song has its effect. The driver comes forth and confesses. Why did he do it? The driver explains—through a song. So I don't know what he said. Nobody did. The song was in Swahili.

## The Family Reunion :

This is the last sequence. The murder has been explained. Now the family must reunite. A lot of surprising confessions take place. The driver shoots himself in the mouth. As he is dying he tells the story. 'My child', he says, to the hero, 'I am actually your father. The heroine is actually my brother's aunt. The gardener is actually my step son. Whom you have been calling the maid is actually my wife, and therefore your mother. The table cloth is actually your sister. Your sister is actually the table cloth. The puppy is actually the family doctor. The family doctor is actually an Anacin tablet.'

With these words and a final song he dies. How do we know he dies? The pulse, the heartbeat, the expression on the face? No! We know he is dead because his picture falls down from the wall, the lamp blows out, and we see lightning outside the room. This is the usual recipe for death in the movies.

The death shocks the heroine. Her memory is restored to her as a result of this shock. She goes and sits on the table. It seems she was a paper weight before she fell down from the table and lost her memory.

The reader may feel this is too much. What's all this nonsense about memory going and coming? Do these things really happen? Yes, always. In every movie. The loss of memory sequence is a famous one with the directors.

I once saw a movie which begins with the heroine as a normal college student. Then she gets hit by a cycle and loses her memory. So she runs away from home, falls in love, and gets married. Now she gets hit by a Rajdoot, loses her memory and becomes a nun. Now she gets hit by a Bullet (3.5hp). She forgets her having been a nun, but remembers her marriage and goes in search of her lover. She gets hit by a Fiat. Now she forgets her lover and remembers her parents. On the way home she gets hit by a Boeing. She forgets her home and goes back to the Convent.

So finally the hero, the heroine's parents, and the sisters in the convent, hire an ICBM and knock down the heroine. She regains her complete memory.

So much for the loss of memory sequence. Let us return to our movie.

We were saying that the driver had explained the family bush to one and all and died.

Now we get the pleasant surprise. The movie has ended. The national anthem is heard in a trance. You stagger out of the hall.

You wonder why people who agitate over just about everything do nothing about these movies.

— R. SHANKAR.

## Threnos for A Dead Institution

### THE PRELUDE

You wait, little lad, in the fresher stage  
For Fate to turn the light on.  
Your mind little lad is a vacant page  
That many a fox would write on.

### THE ADVANCE

You are sixteen going on seventeen,  
Sonny its time to think.  
IIT life with hazards is rife  
And you might be left to sink.  
You are sixteen going on seventeen—  
Seniors will fall in line.  
Mystic experts and gastric pervers  
May offer you grass and brine.  
Totally unprepared are you  
For tortures in this den,  
Timid and shy and scared are you  
Of candles lit at ten.  
You need 'guidance' from someone who'll  
Tell you just what to do,  
I am seventeen going on eighteen  
I'll 'take care' of you.

### THE REBUFF

I am sixteen going on seventeen  
Innocent as a doe,  
Seniors I meet may tell me I'm sweet  
And I must believe, I know.  
Though I'm sixteen going on seventeen,  
Hoping to save my pride,  
I am aware my chances are bare,  
Yet I know who's on my side.  
Still unprepared I well might be  
But I am backed by Sen\*;  
Timid and shy, I do agree,  
Now I'll be bold again.  
Wardens' Council, robed in gowns'll  
Willingly see me through.  
Since you're seventeen going on eighteen  
I'll beware of you.

—THE SQUARE.

\* Prof. Sengupto, then Director.



# Research & Development

—A report from Subhuman Sciences Laboratories

Professor B. N. Sadist, Dr (Miss) K. Ann Garoo and Dr Frank Einstein of the S.S.L. have sent in a report on their studies of mass decontrol of human effort (MDHE), based on data on the probability distribution of activities in a typical IITian Class. They chose, for their study, a batch of the X/Y, Q. Tech. class attending a lecture on moronography.

They found that, contrary to the general belief, the one who is least interested in the lecture is most often—guess who... right!—the lecturer himself.

There are two other notable points in their records.

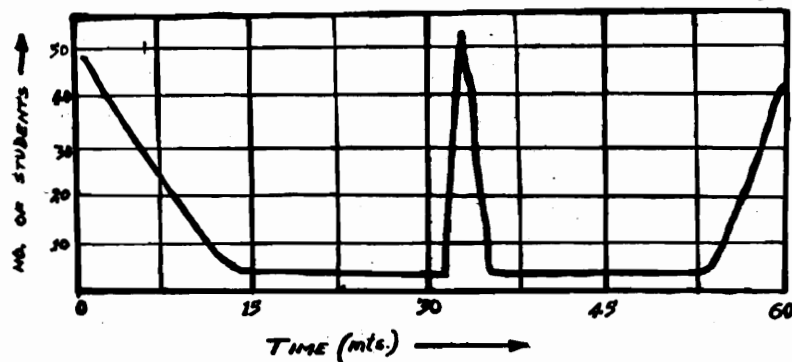
1. The number of students paying attention to what the lecturer was saying varied with time throughout the period. They have plotted the graph given below.

Some remarkable facts emerge from this.

During the first quarter of an hour, the process of dishing out proxies occupied the attention of a progressively decreasing section of the class. Then, right in the middle of the hour, the poor, tortured creature on the dais lost the remnant of the demitasse of temper he normally possessed; or rather, made a gift of it to the class in general, though, obviously, nobody wanted it. An enterprising spirit at the rear end of the class had kicked a tin can down the length of the room; this explains the above-mentioned flare-up and the consequent steep peak in the graph.

The X/Y lecturer in moronography has a unique distinction. He possesses an uncompromisingly loud voice, and excels in verbal pyrotechnics. But not even his linguistic blitzkrieg could sustain any intelligent interest in the proceeding—at least, not any above the level of the much-maligned amoeba.

Perhaps you've caught sight of the wagging



## AN EDITOR'S JOB

Getting out a paper is no picnic.  
If we print jokes people say we are silly.  
If we don't, they say we are too serious.  
If we pinch things from other magazines  
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.  
If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.  
If we don't print every word of every contribution we don't appreciate genius.  
If we do print them the columns are filled with ink.  
If we make a change in the other person's write-up, we are too critical.  
If we don't, we are blamed for poor editing.  
Now, like as not, some guy will say  
We swiped this from some other sheet  
We did.

tail-end of the graph. And therein lies a tale. What happened is this: some decimalized fraction of a moron, best known to the authorities as a.a.a.a.g.a decided to deviate from the normal pattern of behaviour by asking the lecturer some embarrassing question about the imminent PERIODICAL. A considerable percentage of the hitherto slumbering class perked up and made preparations to grab the pearls let fall by the Prophet, should he perchance have made the tactical blunder of making pre-periodical concessions.

2. The researchers have found that, in general, despite the quantum of solace that a member of the pedagogical profession may derive from this abject dependence on his words displayed by the Citizenry of Tomorrow, he experiences a bitter inward revulsion because he knows he is a beaten man, whatever strategy he adopts. If he is tight-fisted with marks, he is marked down as an ineffectual teacher; if he dispenses the needful liberally... well, wouldn't it go against the grain?

It goes without saying that the major section of the class had yielded to the soporiferous air and was 'snatching forty winks, unauthorised', to use Dr Frank Einstein's own words. There were some hardy specimens, however, who stayed awake despite adverse environmental factors. Professor Sadist paid special attention to such refractory elements in the composition of a class. He finds that, of the seven who stayed awake throughout the period, two were devouring spicy literature, two were involved in a heated debate on the absorbing topic of who would get the prize for 'maximum giving and getting of proxies' this year, and one was writing a letter to his girl friend. That leaves us with two unspeakable creeps who actually LISTENED to the lecture! A pity; otherwise the graph would have touched rock-bottom. Dr K. Ann Garoo maintains that this cross-section is representative of all the classes conducted in the Institute.

Sadist *et al.* are going ahead with their research programme—and the next aspect of mass decontrol of human effort to be studied by them is the cloud of unexplained and perhaps inexplicable facts and pseudo-facts that surrounds the construction of our legendary swimming-pool-to-be.

—POOTSIMBOOS UNOHOO.

## Embarrassment

During the Second World War, the draft board caught up with a young man, and of course, wanted to pressgang him into a G.I. uniform and send him out to fight. Well, this one happened to be a particularly reluctant specimen of valour. He cajoled, he pleaded and he begged to be excused from serving the nation on the war front.

The President of the draft board was at first puzzled, then angry and finally furious. Giving the young man a withering glance, he bawled out, 'Well man, if you will at least give me a decent excuse, I might be able to let you off.'

'Well sir', replied the reluctant youth, 'I feel I will be EMBARRASSED if I join the army.' 'Of all the flaming excuses I have heard, this one positively needs crutches to get by! Explain yourself young man.'

Harry (for let us bestow this name on this, so far nameless, cockroach) launched into his excuse, 'It is like this sir; sitting here as I am on this chair before you, there are two possibilities. They are, that either you will select me or you will reject me. Well sir, if you reject me nothing could be better; but if you select me there are two possibilities.'

'Now if I am selected, either the medical board will pass me or they will plug me. If they plug me sir, I will throw a party, but if they pass me there are two possibilities.'

He continued, 'They are sir, that either I will be put into the Marines or I will be put in the Catering and Supplies. Well sir, if they put me in Catering and Supplies, it will be great because I can make millions in the black market; but, if they put me in the Marines, there are two possibilities.'

'Either the war will finish before I finish my service (and I get a medal of victory for nothing), or I will be shipped overseas to fight. Well sir, if the war finishes, I will draw my G. I. privileges and join an American University for free, but if it does not, then there are a further two possibilities.'

Taking a drink of water, and ignoring the tough looks of the draft board, he continued, 'The two possibilities now are sir, that either I will stand up bravely in battle and fight for all my worth, or I will cower in some shell hole. Well sir, if I do the latter, it is all right, but if despite the prevalence of the human instinct of self-preservation, I choose to fight, there will be two possibilities.'

'Either an enemy bullet will get me or it won't; and if it does not, I might even get a medal of honour, but in case it does there are two possibilities.'

'Well sir, either I will survive the wound and live to dandle my grandchildren on my knee and tell them my memories of the war or I will die. Well sir, in the event of my death I think there are still two more possibilities.'

'Will you cut out the "well sir" and the "possibilities" and tell me what you want to say?' bawled the exasperated board President.

Unperturbed, the kid continued, 'The two possibilities are that either they will cremate me or they will bury me. Well in case they cremate me sir, it is perfectly all right but if they bury me there are two possibilities.'

'Either a tree will grow on my grave or it won't; and if it does grow at all there will be two possibilities.'

'Either they will cut the tree down for timber which is all right but they, instead, might decide to send it to the paper manufacturers. In that case sir, there are two possibilities.'

'Sir, either they will make me into ordinary writing paper and then I have no complaints..... but..... just imagine Sir if they made YOU INTO TOILET PAPER WOULDN'T YOU BE EMBARRASSED?'

He was excused.

—C. SINGH.

From: "MACHINE DESIGN"

Near the Computer that works for the Atomic Energy Establishment at Los Alamos is a sign:

## ACHTUNG !

Alles Lookenseepers

Das Koputenmaschine is nicht für gefingerpokten, und mittengraben. Is easy schnappen der springwerk, blown fusen, und poppen coken mit spitzensparken. Its nicht für gewerken by das dummkopfen.

Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen Händen in das Pockets—relaxen und watch das Blinken Lights.

*Edited by :*

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