

# Campastimes

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30 P.



## EDITORIAL

### HOW LAWFUL IS THE LAW

'The law is an ass' said a prophetic critic of the great English legal tradition. He scarcely knew how profound he was. Law takes many many forms and most of them tend to make the world move towards greater order (decreasing entropy, if you want to be nasty). The law that makes vehicles go on the left side of the road is basically sound because it leads to lesser accidents. BUT ALL LAWS ARE NOT LIKE THE RULES OF THE ROAD. Quite a few of them are created by established people and are aimed at explicitly those less fortunate. We must see how lawful these are.

The brainwashing in the name of law—social and conventional law—begins at school. If you are fortunate enough to be of profitable pedigree, you can enter the portals of the Gods (literally since most of them are run by men of God). Then the Law of the land is turned on. Before you can say 'Lor Luv my monitor', you are told that your parents are fools and your religion is primitive. But after school hours is the law of the home pulling in the opposite direction telling you that goodness is obedience and God made the sum of the angles of a triangle equal to two right angles. You tumble on finding happiness in your small excursions into anarchy. You grow up.

Suddenly one day you start wondering why in heaven's name there are so many dos and donts. You go to a movie and see the man of boundless lawlessness glorified. You read Shaw and Huxley and they tell you that in liberty man becomes superman. You listen to Woodstock and thrill at the sound of Freedom. When you go back to that mundane world, you find things quite

different. You fade away or protest depending on your involvement.

The amount of law in an ordinary day is something astonishing. The argument often used for such 'legality' is that unless there is order, normal life would break down. But how much order is there in the educational system today? Very often in the legal name of curriculum right from school we study unnecessary things taught unintelligibly by unenterprising men doing it on an underpaid assignment. The result we are broken up into geometric shapes that need not even be handled with care. Sometimes we wonder what has gone wrong where but hardly ever realise that what is wrong is that we haven't bothered to sit up and ask those questions that differentiate men from cattle.

The most frustrating thing is that there seems to be some law to support every form of exploitation, repression and corruption. When Yahya Khan sends his hordes into Bangla Desh he points a legal finger at the clauses demanding non-interference in the internal affairs of a nation as enshrined in the U.N. Charter. When the clerk in a Government office tells you that your scholarship amount may be collected in 23 days he points a legal finger at all the blood-stain like smudges that are supposed to mean that the whole department has approved of your getting the scholarship; and when students with merit demand admission into the portals of the elite-society, their only fault being that they don't have the goods in sackfuls, they are faced with the legal finger which shows them that it is the Indian Constitution that is to be blamed.

All of which leads to the vital question: Can there be a single human law? There could be but the search is going to be long. All the forces of privilege, prejudice and position are going to oppose it. Any such law should come, I feel, from the students. We are the people who feel about the problems of life without pre-conceived notions. The atmosphere of questioning that surrounds all the physical sciences can break the monopoly of unreason that exists now.

The students need a charter of action. This cannot be the idle cry of rhetoric that pleases, satiates but never fills. It has to be aimed at all the forces of exploitation and cannot isolate itself to issues of smaller dimensions alone. Because it is often the experience of student radicalism that your apparent enemy is your friend, philosopher and guide in greater issues.

I wonder how many of you have come across the Berkeley constitution issued by the students of Berkeley. It contains quite a few things not pertinent to our conditions but has several interesting clauses.

They said —

'We will defend ourselves against law and order; the law makers faced with the erosion of their authority in Berkeley begin to take on the grotesque qualities of a dictatorship based on pure police power.

The basic issue is creating an educational system in which student have real power and which prepares the young to participate in a revolutionary world. We will eliminate

the brainwashing, fingernail cutting mass production of cogs for America's old age home war machine.'

We must devise a constitution of our own. It should tackle problems of far-reaching importance. It may upset many things; but most crucial of all, it should upset the working of people's minds. The charter, should fall in line with great reforms like the Women's Liberation which are struggling to bring about a more humane law. Nothing in the world is isolated. 'There are more things in heaven and in earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy' said Hamlet. He might have been talking to US.

All of you know that the Convocation was duly covered in our columns by one of the students. Now, to say the least, he did not have anything complimentary to say about it. Quite a few eyebrows were raised. We would not have bothered too much about these but that the raised eyebrows belonged to people who had the interest of the students, the institution and the magazine very much at heart. So I thought it would not be out of place if I made a clarification. Opinions expressed in these columns except in the Editorial which represents a policy—are personal opinions and suffer from all the shortcomings that personal opinions do. Students and members of the staff are welcome to agree whole heartedly or disagree strongly with them and they may be sure that their views however unpalatable will be duly published. It is needless to say that the remarks made about the speeches made by the Chief Guest and Mr. Iyengar were an opinion and not a policy. That these two are scintillating in private conversation and love students may or may not be known to the student who wrote on the function. But as Punch remarked 'An opinion is an opinion is an opinion.'

Those interviews have set everybody talking, which made me very happy since an Editor's wish is always that the matter is read before criticised or praised. But an unpleasant off-shoot was that a few began to say that *Campastimes* did not believe in the Gymkhana and was being very sceptical about the whole affair. THIS IS VERY WRONG. It is impossible for *Campastimes* not to believe in the Gymkhana for the simple reason *Campastimes* is a part of the Gymkhana. Its editor is a member of the Steering Committee. When we expressed doubts about the Gymkhana being able to pull in the same direction, we were being critical but were constructive. That the Gymkhana and the Steering Committee have met more often and more purposefully this semester than ever before are facts which gladden our hearts, and which we are con- cected enough to feel shows that our criticism has not fallen on deaf ears.

There is a feeling among the office-bearers that they could do so much more if they were able to talk directly to the students. So I have decided to introduce a new regular feature 'GYMKHANA' where they will talk to you straight. I hope this will be continued in the years to come.

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## THE INTER-HOSTEL ENTERTAINMENT COMPETITION

Among the many loveable idiosyncrasies that liven up the campus, nothing is so noisy and enjoyable as the Inter-Hostel entertainment. They are all there after an early dinner ready to jeer and cheer and ready to get jeered and cheered. This year was no exception.

It all began with a rather strange call from the so-called spirit of Alakananda. Not having been introduced to him, we were rather apprehensive about his moods and he proved to be in spate, washing out the first day's festivities.

But we came back again: not a single person less and this time the stars twinkled, the moon danced and the flood light scanned the whole of the spectrum (which was rather unnecessary, one thought. Well, one does want colour but not 47.32 shades per minute: not for quiet items anyway, though one can't deny the beat groups look out of the world in their drumming hues). Ganga was ingenious with their S. and G piece and their M.C.'s fluency. Mandakini came and strode the stage like champions with their simple and superb gimmicks. The ambulance was imitated and so was its progress being impeded by the perennial speedbreakers. It did lack a bit of variety but one does not accuse the Shakespearean iambic pentameter of not rhyming like Baa Baa Blacksheep. But the *faux pas* (goof, yar) of 'Beseeching the seniors to stop booing us juniors' was unnecessary, unprovoked, uncalled for and perhaps suicidal. Anyway it was well intentioned. Krishna was superb giving the lie to the feeling that the 'older ones' are over the hill. They are right near the summit. Cauvery came and went. Alakananda came again and the crowds went: their vulgar imitation of the *bhakti* cult of Rama and Krishna was a constant reminder of our generation's cultural bankruptcy.

It rained again and poor Godavari got their idea boomeranging. The Chief Minister (Rottlæ, Nattlæ, Kattlæ . . . iruppathu Bottlæ) and the rain followed. Much was expected of Jamuna and the show was a trifle disappointing.

We came again. No one bothered about the week-end as Sarayu indulged in some active dancing with their M.C. (intentionally?) leaving the stage in the dark most of the time. It just did not click this time and  $\frac{dB}{dt}$  (the rate of change of booing) was equal to 0 and  $\frac{d^2B}{dt^2}$  was negative.

Came the trio, Tapti, Saraswathi and Narmada, shone brightly in their own ways. If the whole affair was a personal triumph for a single person, it was for T. V. Krishna. This lad is always original and appeals directly to your perception of the incongruous. He ruled the O.A.T. and ended up being chaired all around. Saraswathi was as interesting with their dance number fit for a R. K. Movie release and Narmada was Chander all over. Opening toddy shops, satirising the Vividh Bharathi and in all giving the audience the time of their life. The M.C. was exceptional though his jokes were a bit stale.

And so the curtain came down with Tapti running away worthy winners the screen came up and it was really the 25th hour of the day. But who was cribbing after the industrious General Secretary had got the Monday off. The Entertainment Secretary heaved a sigh of relief and took off for the open spaces after all the tension. We returned to our trivialities and our memories.

P. N. Vijay.

## INSTITUTE DEBATE

'After all, the usual lethargic stuff—and in ChLT of all the places!—I can't think of anyone who can come anywhere near the standard of R. Shankar or Amir—and I'm sick of these wolf whistles and shrieks!'—this was just the general trend of remarks that ensued in response to the unusual advertisement given for the institute debate—but these old timers would have been sadly disappointed if they had suddenly decided to attend the debate, because of two reasons—one, the standard was fantastic and two, the audience, a sizeable one at that, was an unusually quiet one.

The topics for the marathon preliminary session were 'Nudism in cinema serves no purpose' and 'Neutrality, as a lasting principle, is a sign of weakness' and both the topics were to a certain extent misunderstood by a few speakers, misinterpreted by a few and even misquoted by a few. Some of them seem to take it for granted that nudism, nudity and sex are synonymous—a grave mistake indeed! More sense was expressed in conjunction with the other topic which gave some of our extremists here chance to feel free to launch an attack on objects of dislike and to bluff their winding way out of tight corners.

The final round was more like it and it was clear that at least the participants had decided to take it seriously enough—except for a few stray cases where a speaker had to repeatedly address an empty chair as 'Chairman, Sir' and another hero, who attached democracy to Russia and a couple of others, who could have held back their jokes—for such jokes as those they dish out are normally not liked or appreciated.

The topic was—'Democracy invariably leads to dictatorship in a developing nation'—and if one cares to make a critical analysis of this topic—he might feel that every nation is a developing nation—and only to what extent will be a pertinent question—a point which was beautifully stressed by a couple of speakers—this view of the topic could in stages lead us to the conclusion which closes to the topic in question—that lesser the development rate of a country, more will be the opportunity for dictatorship to creep in. But to refer to benevolent dictatorship in this context seems rather funny, unusual and out of place. B. Kumar was his usual self and he made it an easy job for the judges to decide about the first place. The very fact that there were two ties, one for the third place and the other for the fourth place, is sufficient proof of the general high standard of debate this year. Let us hope these chaps win more and more prizes for our Institute in the other city colleges.

—R. DORAI.

## Director's Visit to Germany

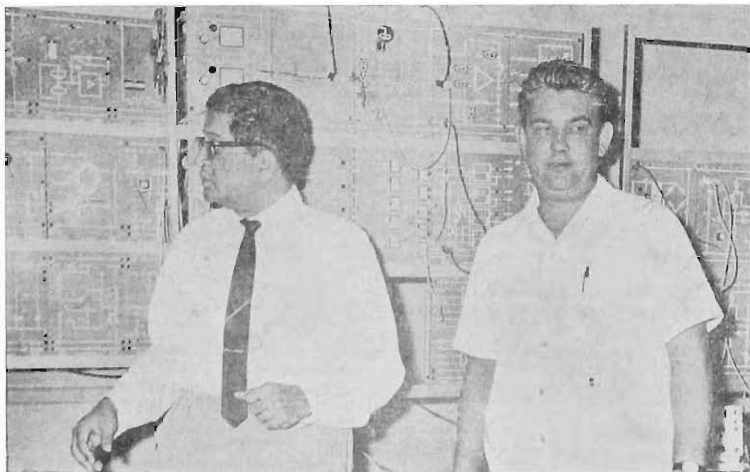
Dr. A. Ramachandran, Director, I.I.T., Madras and Dr. L. S. Chandrakant, Joint Educational Adviser to the Government of India, New Delhi visited Germany during the period August 16-30, 1971, to discuss the essentials of the Third Indo-German Agreement for the further development of the Institute at Madras. The Agreement, due to be signed by the appropriate Governmental Agencies shortly in New Delhi, envisages continued aid to the Institute till the close of 1974. An important feature is the provision for the setting up of a modern Digital Computer Centre at the Institute. Germany will provide funds for this purpose to the tune of Rs. 1.5 crores. Other features are: adequate provision for the continued supply of spare parts and accessories for the German equipment supplied over the years to the various Laboratories of the Institute; more scholarships for Indian Faculty-members to visit and work in German institutions; visits by distinguished German specialists to the Institute from time to time to initiate research and development activities in frontier areas.

## Electronics Service Centre at the Institute

On September 25, 1971, Prof. S. Sampath, Director-in-charge commissioned the newly set-up Electronics Service Centre located in the intermediate floor of the Electrical Sciences Block.

Mr. M. Rekhop, the main architect of this Centre, welcomed the invitees with a speech tape-recorded by him earlier. He described the important features of the functioning of the Centre and invited all the Departments of the Institute to make the fullest use of the facilities and expertise available.

Prof. Sampath described the coming into existence of Centre as 'a dream come true'. He stated that the set-up for the training of electronic technicians possessed a level of excellence comparable to the best available anywhere else in the world. He paid a tribute to Mr. Rekhop, Head of the Centre for his vision and energy and, in particular, his zeal for training a team of competent Indian colleagues to discharge the various functional responsibilities of the Service Organization to which they belonged.



## Meet

## S. VENKATARAGHAVAN

He walks half a dozen paces; stops, straightens his hair glides in past the umpire (in between him and the wicket if he wants to get a bit more of bite from the pitch) and delivers the ball; it may or may not get a wicket (often it does) but it is always treated with respect; he follows through, the hair all over his forehead. He is S. Venkataraghavan.

He crouches at the wicket; his stance seen from the side is ungainly but as the wiseguy remarked, you don't bowl from square leg. The ball is delivered and down comes one of the straightest bats in the country. The ball drops dead and India knows it can breathe in comfort. He is S. Venkataraghavan.

He glances at the batsman from gully. His feet wide apart, his arms in front, relaxed and tense at the same time, concentrating on that edge of the bat. He may be at leg slip or short leg ready to dive into the stroke, to the ecstasy of his countrymen and his dry cleaner. He is Venkataraghavan.

He welcomes me with a friendly pat and makes the usual enquiries about the 2nd cousin, the dog, etc. Then a little talk about the I.I.T. movies, Eddie Srinivasan's shuttle capacities (he is an enthusiastic badminton player) and we get going, the question and answers being interrupted often by wise cracks and P.js.

We start:—

PNV: What made you take up to off-spin bowling?

SV: It was immediately after school I think till then I was a medium pacer. One day in the nets I was casually trying to bowl off-spinners and found I could bowl much better.

PNV: What was the feature of your cricket in P.S. High School?

SV: Well, I was an all-rounder with the accent on batting then.

PNV: Was there any change in your priorities (batting, bowling) after joining the Engineering College?

SV: There was very much of a change towards bowling. It wasn't very much at the college level where I still made my runs but it was in other matches.

PNV: What was the most satisfying performance of yours in Inter-Collegiate cricket and what do you think of inter-collegiate cricket in Madras in general?

SV: My most satisfying performance was with the bat. I made 98 not out against P.S.G. Combatores in the Duncan Tournament at the Marina. You were also there watching the match, weren't you?

There seems to be a general feeling that the standard of inter-collegiate cricket has gone down. But the performance of the Madras University in Rohinton Baria has been splendid which means that the standard has been maintained if not improved.

But, one thing I will say. Ten years back, there used to be 4 or 5 players at least from the college playing for the State. Now there is not even one. Even when I played for the State, Satwender, Rajendran and Ramesh played.

PNV: You have been playing Madras league cricket for a long time. What do you think about it, in general?

SV: Well, unfortunately, it is dominated by a few teams. Institutions recruit people for their cricket and cricket seems to revolve round company teams like State Bank, Indian Overseas Bank, Jolly Rovers and Alwarpet. It is no longer club cricket. We actually need 2 leagues; one for clubs, one for companies.

PNV: Do you like bowling in one-day matches?

SV: I enjoy bowling anywhere.

PNV: What do you feel about overbasis matches?

SV: They are interesting in their own way; people want results; they don't like draws.

PNV: Has there been any change in your type of bowling recently?

SV: No. It varies according to the conditions, perhaps.

PNV: There is a school of thought that says that one-day matches tend to make a bowler, bowl slightly flatter. What do you have to say about it?

SV: Absolutely true. He has to contain the batsman and tends to push it through. In England, county-bowlers play in the John Player League on Sunday and revert to county cricket the next morning. They find it quite difficult.

PNV: Have you tried to model your bowling on any other off-spinners?

SV: No.

PNV: What was the big break through in your career?

SV: Yes it was the day I got 6-51 for the combined universities. You saw the match, didn't you?

PNV: Yes, I did and you were run-out; weren't you?

SV: Yes; that was a damned good throw from long-on on to the stumps as I was going for my 3rd run.

PNV: What was the most satisfying experience of yours for the State?

SV: It hasn't occurred yet.

PNV: Have you had any disappointments in your cricketing life?

SV: The Australian tour by India when I wasn't taken.

PNV: But you came back strong enough to become the Vice-Captain very soon.

SV: Yes I did.

PNV: How do you prepare before you go to a match?

SV: Nothing at all; I just take it easy.

PNV: What were your reactions when you first played for India, that too in Madras?

SV: Well I was thrilled that I had been given a opportunity to show my worth even during my college days. Studying Engineering and playing test cricket at the same time was tough. You can take it from me.

PNV: What were your feelings when your 8-72 and 4-80 sent the Kiwis flying?

SV: It was great. I was happy that even in my first series I had won a match and the series for India.

PNV: What are your memories of the 1967 tour of England?

SV: The weather was absurd; we didn't have a full day's cricket before the first test; lots of problems; injuries and too short a tour to recover from them; not very happy memories, I'm afraid. But the wickets were a little faster than this year.

PNV: What are the feelings that come uppermost in your mind when you think of this tour?

SV: After the victory in the West Indies, we were fairly confident of taking the Englishmen on their home grounds. I feel we have set up a precedent now which can be followed.

PNV: What made us win?

SV: Team spirit. Then brilliant close-in-fielding, then leadership.

PNV: I heard you take 9 wickets against Hampshire. Was there anything particularly menacing about your bowling that day?

SV: Well, the record books say that it was the best bowling performance by an Indian outside the country. I must have bowled well; quite a few spinners also used the wicket that day without getting too much out of it. Anyway it made me feel great.

PNV: In which position do you like to field?

SV: Anywhere close in, my favourite position is gully.

PNV: What makes a good gully fieldsmen?

SV: Sharp reflexes and concentration the



ability to judge the direction of the ball when the stroke is made : it is largely intuitive.

PNV : What was in your opinion your best spell in the last series ?

SV : There were 2 spells ; one at Lord's : one at the Oval ; people might call the Lord's one better as I got more wickets.

But a bowler doesn't bowl better because he gets more wickets. Many people forget that.

PNV : What was your best innings!

SV : The one against Glamorgan ; I really enjoyed myself that day.

PNV : Your best catch ?

SV : The one I caught Luckhurst. It wasn't an edge at all but a stroke and I saw the catch all the way. It wouldn't have looked sensational in a photograph but believe me it was hot.

PNV : What is special about Prasanna's bowling ?

SV : Pras relies more on flight ; doesn't spin it that much.

PNV : Bedi's ?

SV : Flight of course.

PNV : Chandrasekhar's ?

SV : He relies on the incoming ball. His pace is disconcerting even to top batsmen and he gets nip and bounce all the time.

PNV : What is the secret behind the Gavaskar bombshell !

SV : Concentration ; absolutely ; of course technique also.

PNV : Your association with Pataudi ?

SV : Well, he was a complete man.

PNV : What are your impressions about the West Indian tour ?

SV : The West Indies batting was as good as ever ; Davies and Lewis from Jamaica were there to replace Butcher and Nurse. But their bowling was suspect. Gibbs wasn't at his best and without Hall or Griffith their fast bowling their main strength was not intimidating. Our batsmen capitalised on this.

PNV : What about the crowds there ?

SV : Capacity crowds wherever we went. The grounds there hold only around 20,000.

PNV : What was your funniest moment in cricket ?

SV : Funny moment ! Well, I'm too serious a cricketer.

PNV : Which batsmen (you have bowled against) have impressed you most ?

SV : You want one ? Then of course Gary Sobers.

PNV : Anybody else ?

SV : Well to a lesser extent Graveney and Barrington.

PNV : On what types of wickets do you like to bowl ?

SV : Hard breaking ones (not heart-breaking ones!). Then only the ball carries to the fielder off the edge.

PNV : Do you find cricket exhausting ?

SV : No. I don't play that much cricket ; not as much as the Englishmen do.

PNV : Do you do anything to keep fit ?

SV : Some regular exercises : Cycling.

PNV : What is the place of the professional cricketer in England ?

SV : All are professionals ; they get paid throughout ; your question does not arise at all.

PNV : What do you do in your spare time ?

SV : Read, play shuttle cock, table tennis.

PNV : What type of books ?

SV : Fiction ; also books on current affairs, even the Astrological magazines.

PNV : Movies ?

SV : Sometimes ; mostly English.

PNV : Your plans for the future.

SV : Continue to play cricket as long as it doesn't interfere with my profession.

PNV : Your message to the students in the Campus ?

SV : Well, if I may say one thing Concentrate. It has paid me rich dividends and in whichever field, sport or otherwise, there is no reason why it shouldn't pay you also. Good-luck

PNV : Thank you.

SV : Oh, it was a pleasure.

## SMALL MAN ON CAMPUS

What I sez is, there oughter be a law !

Now why is it that only the big men on campus should be interviewed by the minions of *Campastimes* ? Why doesn't someone interview one of the great unwashed ? Li'l ole me, for instance. Here I am, waiting, absolutely waiting you know, with snappy replies and neat ripostes and there is not a solitary soul to interview me. But I am going to fool you all. I am going to interview myself. So there ! That'll serve you right.

Here I go :

Q. What do you think of the present system of elections to the Gymkhana ?

A. Ahem ! It's not the system I object to. It's the misuse of the system that I am against. You see, quite a few of the guys make a habit of not voting for the hostel elections. What you ought to do is give something extra for tea for those who vote. This should ensure that the elections are fair. Personally, I'd always welcome something extra for tea. As far as the elections of the Institute Secretaries go, the methods used are all outdated. What we should have is an empirical expression for popularity. I suggest purely on the basis of personal observation that a system of points based on the formula  $m^2 \cos \theta \cdot 1^{1/2} N \times p \times d$  where  $m$  is the length of a candidate's moustache in centimetres and  $\theta$  the angle of depression or droop of said moustaches with respect to the horizontal.  $N$  is the number of dames the candidate knows in Sarayu and  $P$  is the probability that he/she/it will be able to open the swimming pool.  $\theta_u$  is a quantity called the coefficient of unpopularity, measured in terms of the number of people who wish the candidate were dead and that looks could kill.

Q. Are you going to fight the Establishment ?

A. Certainly. Everybody talks of fighting the Establishment. I'm not going to be left out of a good fight ! The Gymkhana hasn't got teeth, as things stand I am growing my fingernails.

Q. Have you any changes to propose as far as the Examination system is concerned ?

A. Yes of course ! Why should only the students have periodicals ? Let the staff have them too. We don't want to deny them these little things, do we ? And besides, there are so many lecturers whom I want to see answering some of their own papers !

Q. What about staff-student relationships in IIT ?

A. They are purely platonic. You have nothing to worry about.

Q. Do you think more girls should be admitted into the IIT ?

A. Boy, oh boy ! I shore do ! But purely on the basis of good looks.

Q. How do you think the captains of various games should be appointed ?

A. The feller whose ears stick out the most should be appointed captain. Seniority is another criterion. Merit has absolutely no place. Otherwise, how the hell are so many of us going to get to Bombay ?

Q. Are you a pessimist or an optimist ?

A. Some people call me a pessimist and others an optimist. But most people call me something else. I don't know what exactly it means, but I think it's a dirty word.

Q. D'you think we'll win the Meet this year ?

A. I think we will. If we don't it won't be my fault. The PTI's are lazy. The tracks suits don't fit us properly. And the deer are making a mess of the grounds.

Q. Didn't you make any election promises ?

A. Now I don't promise nobody nothing, see ?

Q. Do you think that if there are two candidates, one be elected on the basis of the toss of a coin ?

A. I don't approve of it. It leaves too much to chance. I don't have a coin with two heads on me.

Q. What are you going to do about relationships with other colleges ?

A. Well, I was there at the Stella fete last year. I saw quite a few guys establishing close personal relationships with (er) representatives of other colleges. I intend putting out the lights at the carnival. It would be a big scream, don't you think ?

Q. Why did you stand ?

A. I got tired of sitting.

Q. Don't you think the music room looks dirty ?

A. Yes, I wish someone would sweep it everyday. We could have new curtains too.

Q. What are your plans for the year ?

A. First of all I'm going to bum a fag. Then I propose to light it and blow smoke rings.

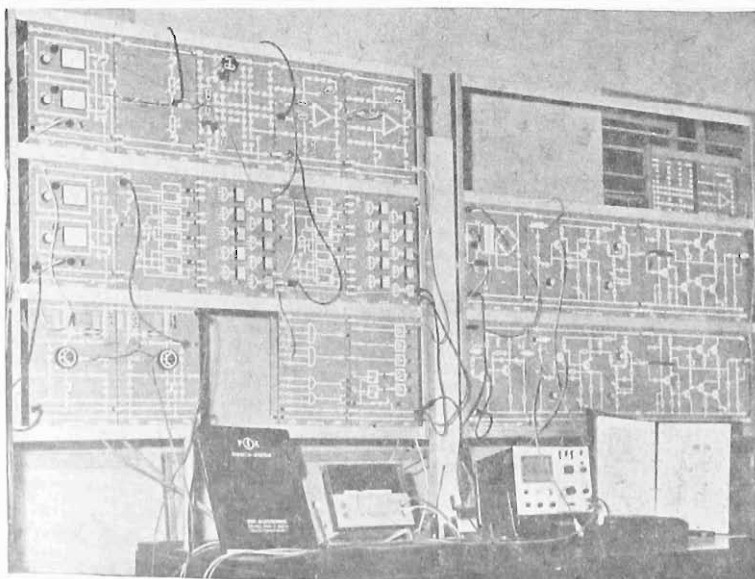
Q. What was your first reaction when you heard you'd been elected ?

A. I was terribly embarrassed. You see, the feller just charged into my room and I didn't have my pants on !

Q. What is your message to *Campastimes* ?

A. Bridge the gap between staff and students. Don't bridge the gap on the last page. Enclose the key along with the coded editorial. That is about all.

MAHESH.



Electronic Service Centre

*'In our opinion of the short stories received this was the best. Congrats and go gay with the illegal pennies.'*

—Editor.

## FAWN

The short story was to be written on the theme:

He saw her blue eyes droop down as she looked at the mirror and he knew that all was lost.

—Editor.

The hospital was loaded with people and the disturbing aroma of antiseptic. Everything was hushed, mute and full of medicinal chill. Even the huge wall-clock, white-sheathed nurses and white-aproned doctors were flitting in and out of white-washed cells. Like termites, thought Bison, as he sat huddled in a corner, feeling very much like a white corpuscle himself. Hospitals chilled him to the marrow of his bones. Cold, white, slabs of marble. He wondered how lives could be saved in such frigid tombs. He felt as though somebody was slowly strangling him. He wanted to roll in the sand outside and gasp for the air and the warm sunshine. But a chubby face swarmed into his eyes. Curly brown hair. Those dancing blue eyes. Fawn. She was somewhere inside this vast, chilling tomb. He would never have brought her here. But somebody had insisted that he consult the surgeon on the fifth floor. Yes, he was known to be one of the best plastic surgeons. Fawn was here. He had to see her, and he had to hold her pale hand before she would be taken in. That was at one-thirty. He looked at the clock. It showed one-fifteen. He had to hear her babyish voice once more, he had to assure her that he would be there throughout. He must be beside her now. In an agony of torment he twisted his cuff-links. But the crowd to-day! of all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, people had to choose this day to flood the hospital. There was somebody standing in front of him. He looked up with a start.

'Excuse me, do you know the way to ward Six?'

Bison shook his head rather vehemently to show ignorance. Leave me alone, you beasts. How could people be so callous and indifferent while he was fairly bursting with the insufferable pain of a martyr? Involuntarily, he felt his pulse. Fawn needs me, take me to her, you sterile fools. The stranger ambled away to repeat the enquiry to a neighbouring man, only to get the same response. Bison suddenly felt a pang of sympathy for the stranger. But it was a fleeting emotion. He rose up and pushed his way towards the receptionist behind the broad counter.

He had to know when he would be allowed in. The counter was fairly thronged with men and women of various ages. A handbag dropped to the floor near the corner where Bison had stationed himself for the onslaught. He picked it up and handed it to the old lady who had been too busy trying to get a word in at the counter to notice its absence. With a gasp of astonishment she collected it from him, thanking him profusely. He smiled mechanically, a bit embarrassed. Fawn, Fawn, where are you now? Will I never reach you in time, dear? He edged towards the counter resolutely.

'Could you tell me if I can go up to 326 now?'

'Just a moment, Sir.'

The young receptionist was flustered with all the people converging upon her. They asked her something about a medicine-shop. Somebody wanted to know how efficient the staff was. A middle aged man asked for a certain doctor with brown eyes and a tooth missing in the lower jaw. Bison fumed inwardly like a distraught bull in an empty ring. Fawn, Fawn, he screamed to himself. Nobody seemed to hear him. Was the world deaf? Was everybody blind to the fact that Fawn needed him now, now, now. He almost bashed his head into his neighbour, who was

carrying a little poodle under his armpit, as though it were a brief case. He glanced in alarm at the clock. It showed one-twenty. He had ten minutes more. Receptionist, please, please, listen to me. One moment, Miss. Look this way, girl. He pleaded to her with his eyes. He appealed to her like a man at the execution-block pleading for mercy. He raised his voice, but the words were drowned before they were out of his mouth. He tried once more.

'Could I go up now, miss?'

'Just a moment, Sir.'

He waited. There was nothing else to do. He had to be patient, he told himself. Curly brown hair. Blue eyes danced before him. And the goliwog. Fawn, Fawn, I shall be with you soon, Fawn. The receptionist said only a moment. Hold on dear Fawn. Does the goliwog talk to you Fawn? Are you sleepy, Fawn? Turn your head the other way. It will not hurt, dear.

'You can go up now, Sir. The doctor will meet you at the door. Sorry for the inconvenience, Sir.'

Bison felt his heart expand into a million hectares. He hardly knew how he could think or act without causing those nearby to panic. But he held himself together. He went dashing up the stairs to the sixth floor, realized his mistake and dashed back to the lower floor like a madman. The doctor was not there. He had probably been called off elsewhere. Fawn, Fawn. Bison hardly noticed the floor or the walls. Fawn was there for all the world to see. He went close to her bed and stood, breathless and floating with the marvel of the moment. The sheets covered her frail body up to the neck. She was fast asleep, and the goliwog was nestling close to her cheek. Bison took off his hat and went down on his knees. He had no idea how long he stayed in that position. He felt a hand on his shoulder. The light, familiar hand of a man whose life was devoted to the task of saving people with the help of a knife and a scalpel.

'She is a very brave girl. She thinks a lot of you.'

'I cannot thank you enough, doctor. Fawn means everything, everything to me.'

The surgeon smiled. He patted him reassuringly on his back and strode away. Bison gazed reverently at the sleeping girl. He put his fingers upon her forehead. There was a strip of sticking-plaster covering her nose. Poor kid. Who had told him about the plastic surgeon? He could not recall the name now. Something that sounded like canary-soup or cattle-stall. But he could remember how he had come home that fatal summer-evening, and how he had found the housemaid hysterical, and almost on the verge of a breakdown. It had been an accident. Fawn had been terribly scarred by the acid when she had spilled some of it on her nose in childish curiosity. Perhaps it would not have happened if her wonderful mother had been alive. Perhaps it would not have happened if he had taken sufficient care to place the bottle of acid in an upper shelf. He blamed himself for the suffering that Fawn went through, and his mind was knotted up in a torment of pain as he castigated himself repeatedly for his folly.

'Daddy, are you saying?'

Bison blinked away his tears and took Fawn into his arms, beaming at her like a clown. Her blue eyes were twinkling.

'No, dear. How is that black little goliwog now?'

'He talks to me, Daddy. And he sings at night.'

Father and daughter looked down at the crumpled goliwog. Fawn suddenly burst out in a fit of giggles, and Bison began to laugh with her, clutching her small frame to himself, possessively, trying to fan down his own inner anger at his clumsiness.

The nurse wheeled the trolley out of the surgery. Bison rose up hastily and followed her into the ward. The doctor came in a moment later. Bison looked in genuine wonder as his little daughter, now restored and as cherubic as she had been before. Fawn, Fawn, you the same little thing again.

He recalled the times when he had hushed her to sleep as a baby. The doctor prodded him gently. He was smiling, too. The goliwog was not in its usual place. How strange, thought Bison. Then he saw the black, ugly, plaything in the hands of the nurse. She beamed at him. Bison laughed and tenderly touched his daughter's face.

Fawn woke up instantly, yawning. The nurse thrust the goliwog under the pillow and hurried away. Bison rumbled his daughter's curly brown hair.

'How are you, nut-brown boy?'

'Sad, sad, sad, said the little boy'

Then both burst out in a paroxysm of laughter. The doctor, feeling alienated, smiled like a robot. The nurse came in with a mirror in her hand. She gave it to the doctor. Fawn was still tittering like a magpie, her chubby hands locked together. Bison saw her looking into the mirror. HE SAW HER BLUE EYES DROOP DOWN AS SHE LOOKED AT THE MIRROR, and he knew that all was LOST.

T. ASTATINE.

## Director's Visit to the U.S.A.

The Director left Madras on 15th September on an eight-week tour of the U.S.A., sponsored by the National Science Foundation, Washington D.C. Dr. Ramachandran will visit the campuses of a number of major American Universities and hold discussions with University Professors and representatives of various Agencies on problem of mutual interest.

## 'BELIEVE ME'

Tweedledum was feeling terribly bored. The boisterous extravagance of the inter-hostel was a thing of the past. He had seen that structure come up from thorns to its precarious grandeur that rice processing exhibition. He went in. He went to a torsion balance kept there. There was a well-badged gentleman spreading knowledge and Tweedledum asked him what it was. The gentleman was most co-operative but static mechanics was not obviously his cup of tea. He reminded Tweedledum of some of the lectures that one got at the nearby—Block. But Tweedledum was set on imbibing knowledge and nothing was going to discourage him. 'Why is it called so, sir?' he persisted. A sardonic smile enveloped the gentleman's face. He replied 'Oh! you don't know that: it was invented by Torsion.'

Tweedledum was in a hurry. He had gone for a delta loaf and was rushing back to prepare for that one-hour horror at 8-00 a.m. The mountains were not moving from their icy chill and he was frantically waving at every car that came into the campus. He was in luck. The ambassador screeched to a halt and he got in. A gentleman was sitting at the back and Tweedledum could not see him properly. The conversation proceeded—

TW: You have come for this seminar, Sir?

Stranger: No. Is there a seminar going on here?

TW: You are teaching here sir?

Stranger: No. But I am no stranger to this place really.

TW (Getting patriotic) Nice campus sir.

Stranger: Yes, wonderful Campus. What are you doing?

TW: I am studying . . . . . Sir. Where are you working?

Stranger: Well; I used to work at the CLRI but now I have gone to Delhi.

TW: Where in Delhi, Sir?

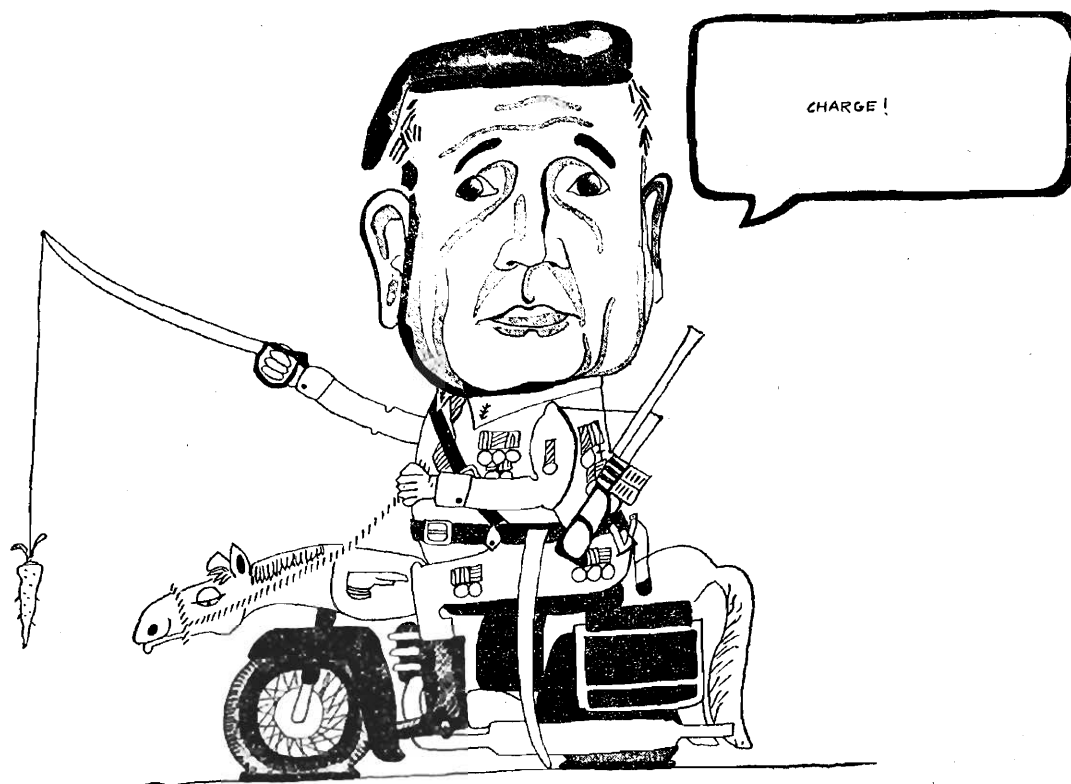
Stranger: Oh! I am working at the CSIR.

TW: As?

Stranger: The Director-General.

TW: Then you are . . . . .

Stranger: Yes, I am Nayudamma.



### The Security Officer

Among the many sights that the fresher, new from school, sees in this campus of ours, there is one that sticks to his memory and, for the first few days at least, puzzles him no end—that of a hefty gent, wearing whites, who astride a motorized two wheeler, roars about, breaking the peace of the 'sylvan campus' and is seen sometimes, now in huge boots and belts, leading a ragged khaki-clad little army through a series of military manoeuvres. Who is he? None other than the Supreme Commander, Field Marshal and Commander in chief of the I.I.T. Armed Forces, or rather the quaintly named 'Watch and Ward' which guards all of us, the boys, the too few girls, the profs. etc from aggression by the Velacheri-Taramani village complex. His name is (General, please) T. N Venkataraman and he combines in himself, besides the aforementioned posts, those of resident Sherlock Holmes, Chief Deer Keeper, Head Forest Ranger and Fire Chief, to mention just a few. We were surprised too.

This sleepless guardian of our peace is not, despite the opinion of some of us, fat. He is just hefty—any chair would have its arms full supporting him. His face is tanned a healthy light brown, he speaks an old-fashioned, but fluent English with occasional philosophical comments in Tamil. His office, the G.H.Q. or nerve center, contains two telephones, is liberally covered with graphs upon which coloured pins indicate the number of deer killed (slightly less than one per week, for the statistics hungry), the

number of trespasses, fires, etc., but at least not very often, the man himself, for he is of the healthy outdoor type and prefers to be out on his roads rather than to sit in his office receiving complaints. These last are mostly about cycles—both lost and found (10 a week), whose mysterious disappearances are explained when one understands that along with all the profs., lecturers (ugh!) and students, there is also a large number of N.M.Rs. and students, who, taking a fancy for one's poor two-wheeler can easily remove it, there just not being enough watchmen to look after all the cycle-parks, creating just one of Mr. Venkataraman's headaches. The others, too numerous to mention, are caused mainly because in this campus, the residential and college areas are not as separated as they should be, making it difficult for the college-buildings to be protected adequately from the fancies of the daily-waged crowd.

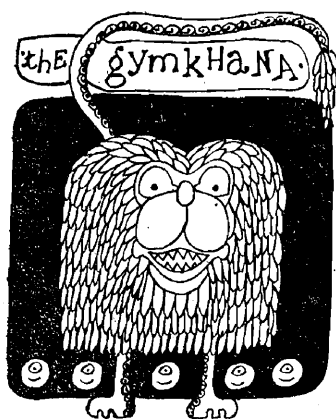
For those who yearn for biographical data, Mr. Venkataraman is from Trichy, got a creditable Arts Degree from there, was Under Officer in the U.O.T.C (their equivalent of the N.C.C.) which military background led to his joining the Madras Special Armed Police, and having had 'always a liking for the adventurous life', participated in, and led, many merry hunts for dacoits, naxalities, and other Bad Guys. He is, as we mentioned earlier, the athletic type, and in his more streamlined days, used to win 800 m and mile races. Besides all this he was 'very interested in the Fine Arts, especially dramatics', and whenever taken off the leash, used to turn up on stage.

His attitude towards us is friendly 'After all, I was once a student too' He insists, however, that we learn self-discipline', unless you learn to obey and to abide by the rules, you can't become a good leader' etc. etc. Don't turn away nauseated, there is good news to come. He reads *Campastimes* when I can get it' (not very often, apparently) and thinks we are making 'a good job of it'. With a gleam in his eyes, he started telling us a few schemes he has in mind to improve life in the campus (use surplus land for vegetable and dairy farms)

It has been just about a decade or so since he moved into I.I.T. Then it was a wild, desolate jungle, no roads, no flats, no HSB, MSB etc. and no security force either. Now of course, it has grown enormously, what with roughly 40 crores (!) of equipment and being responsible for the safety of it all with a painfully understaffed watch and ward, has not been good either for his beauty sleep or his motor-bike. Still, he says the job is not as hard, as guarding a factory, say, of equal size and does leave him time for tennis, daily visits to the temple, and keeps him always on the get up and go. So next time you contemplate murder, arson, rape or just plain, petty larceny, beware, you may very likely find the Security Officer, red beret and all ('there must be something to distinguish a Security Officer from a non-Security Officer) with a couple of his minions, breathing down your neck.

BOBO





## SECOND GYMKHANA MEETING

The Gymkhana has always been concentrating on extra-curricular activities and never really went deep into the problems faced by both the staff and students of this Institute. The Gymkhana this year seems to have taken an entirely different attitude—probably a matter of grave concern for some ardent supporters of the existing pattern. The second meeting of this Gymkhana has brought to light some of the gravest problems which might even tend to bring all life on the campus to a standstill in no time.

'Re-organisation of the Gymkhana office' the second item on the agenda was taken up first following the suggestion by a reluctant president that an item like 'staff evaluation' could be discussed 'later'. We often see certain notices coming up on the notice boards several days after the matter concerned has been over and closed. And this is a problem faced by our enthusiastic steering committee. One suggestion was to remove the P.T.I.'s altogether and have one clerk for each wing of the Gymkhana and a coach for every game. The existing system of division of work into large units invariably leads to great delay and confusion once a particular P.T.I. is on leave. The office timings are such that whoever wants something done has to cut classes and with the limited time he has, he finds the clerk's chair empty most of the time. . . . Another suggestion was that an assistant be appointed for each of these units so that he can take up the full job if the clerk or P.T.I. is absent and also share the work rest of the time. But as one of the members put in, this is just trying to defend the present office-bearers rather than an attempt at solving the problem. A third suggestion was to appoint a full-time office-bearer of the rank of a lecturer or about that level, who could be a connecting link between the president and the others and also to do his work in his absence. This person could also help in 'making someone work' if that someone is found to be otherwise engaged or absent. A fourth suggestion was to advertise for a physical director or someone like that and give the P.T.I.'s another chance—but if we are to take these suggestions, we are faced with the pachydermal question—who will this new office-bearer be—where do we get him?

If we expect the Gymkhana to have powers such as expressions of problems and suggestion of changes in what goes on here, as one member suggested, it is time for us to frame the Constitution of the Gymkhana before the end of this year at least.

Amidst pin-drop silence, (a rare feature in meetings of this kind) Mr. Piplani then came up with a thoughtfully and carefully planned scheme for staff evaluation by the students. It is gratifying to note that the lady members present showed keen interest in this matter and all flippancy and light hearted chatting disappeared from the other sections of the members present.

Whereas a student is penalised when he fails to understand the subject, what about the staff members? Whereas in foreign universities and even in I.I.T. K.N.P., staff evaluation is a regular feature, why not in IITM? There was one suggestion that the results be published in *Campastimes* but this again might create problems—the students who are under the same lecturer next year, might tend to have a biased opinion from what they have seen about him in *Campastimes*. Since a lecturer is openly published as bad, this would be penalising him to a great extent and the attitude of a large section of the staff might suddenly change because of this.

According to Mr. Piplani, we have to consider this from the light of the fact that the behaviour of the staff members and their indifferent attitude, lack of closeness and communication would certainly reduce the educative value of our curriculum. This necessitates the careful study of every teacher here with respect to (1) expression (2) speed at which he goes (3) knowledge of the subject (4) attitude and effort to make the course interesting (5) whether he tells us what he wants to do in the next class or not.

A careful evaluation of the course itself is also of equally great importance. We have to consider whether the course content is too much or is it enough. A thorough knowledge of fundamentals should be an important feature of every course. We have to study whether a proper understanding of the subject is made possible or not, whether there are any repetitions, whether the standard is low, whether the pre-requisites for the course have been fulfilled, whether the organisation of the course is at random or does it go step by step. Every lecturer should give a brief lecture about what exactly will be done in the subsequent lectures and a definite plan should be given to the class. The tutorial system has to be carefully studied with respect to the knowledge of the tutor, his power of expression, co-ordination between lecturer and tutor, the necessity for the tutorial and its duration. The laboratory system should be studied with respect to its set up, the facilities available, the knowledge of the instructor, adequacy of instructions, co-ordination between practicals and theory, and the mode of evaluation of practical records, for which there should be a set procedure, and finally the staff should not be out antagonistic to a suggestion because it comes from the student.

So much for the staff—but the student should also be evaluated—how much could he follow? how co-operative he was. Were the textbooks prescribed available or was he just struggling to take down notes in class and in the process failed to understand anything? Are cyclostyled notes necessary? If they are, when should they be provided?

A procedure which could be followed is this—every student will be given programmed cards immediately after he finishes an examination and he will be required to fill in with respect to the points discussed above (just certain tick marks) and after he has been graded in that particular subject, the box will be broken open and a record of the verdict about the lecturer will be kept by the head of the department. The follow-up effects and steps are even more important than the introduction and conduct of this evaluation for there will always be the possibility where this might just be ignored, for as it stands now, according to the present state of affairs, complaints to the heads of department just don't work.

One suggestion was to appoint a jury to study the results of the evaluation and to keep a record of the results and also to see that the verdicts are passed to the heads of department.

Mr. Piplani then continued with a few suggestions which could help the student. The students in the junior classes could take help from a group of councillors who could help them out whenever they 'don't know what's happening'. A system of loans to those who have to pay their fees urgently and have to wait for some time for the money to come from home was another good suggestion of his.

Supplementary examinations are just like a long-term disease which accumulate more and more in certain cases and in the process affects the students concentration in the other subjects. One way of getting rid of this is to have summer courses and finish off these subjects for sometimes one such subject might be very important for another subject which is to follow in the next semester.

Not always, not all departments, come to our rescue when it comes to choosing electives and projects. The departments should take steps to advise everyone in terms of usefulness of the project or elective for the future and should also help in a lot of inter-departmental programmes in subjects like Nuclear engineering etc. where the help of other departments is required, and also help the students in arranging for training in firms outside.

The meeting then concluded with a brief introduction to the nature of the various committees for the Carnival which is to be held in January and to the staff members co-opted to these committees. We expect more development on the suggestions after the subsequent Steering Committee meetings.

R. DORAI.

## UP FOR GRAB

BY  
N. PRASAD

Being, as we are often harangued, an Institute of National Importance, IIT Madras has certain peculiarities that set it apart from the other city colleges. Our academic schedule, what with periodicals, tutorials, labs and the rest of it, is certainly a lot more stringent and demanding than that in any of our neighbours at the University. Even for a maximum-marks-through-minimum-work-go-getter e.g. myself, three hours of preparation for a periodical is the average minimum for survival. To go below this would be to venture into hazardous territory.

Coupled with this is the fact that we have more extra-curricular activities here than anywhere else in the city. Our annual Gymkhana budget is more than twenty times that of the average city college. It would not be illogical to conclude that we spend a lot more time in activities outside the curriculum than our counterparts from without.

How are we to reconcile these two fundamental aspects of campus life? Sacrificing one for the other would be unthinkable. Nor are we Nietzschean supermen to manufacture time and help ourselves generously to both. What is the solution? We turn to them. What, we ask, is the concept? The chariot rolls.

Back comes the reply in a dust-cart. You, They say, are here to study. Your extra-curricular activities must remain, as the name implies, extra-curricular. Better still cut them out completely. Only then can you hope to become a good Engineer. Incidentally, I notice you have been absenting yourself . . .

No, the solution does not lie with them. Dead men tell no tales. In fact, there is no solution. This irreconcilability dogs the student right through his stay here. It hangs like a vulture over the frustrated Gymkhana Secretary, ready to swoop. Even in the sports field, it has taken its toll.

Under these conditions, campus life is a mad, frenzied, headlong rush through each semester with everything up for grab organization? You must be kidding. Come with me and I will show you.

The place: Administrative Block, Cash Section. The time: 10-00 a.m. A long queue, consisting of students waiting for their scholarship money, the odd sports captain waiting for a temporary advance to buy sporting equipment etc., has already formed at the counter and these guys have cut class to be there.

(Continued on p. 13; Col.)

## BLIGHTED RAT RACE

Welcome to Ratsville. A fantastic generation of rats hole it over here. And they are quite an exclusive set, almost all male.

These rats dwell in dingy deephole communes, each rat having a rather symmetric hole for himself; feed, as all rats do, on rubbish about which they are constantly cribbing and doing nothing; and when they come out it is generally to chew one another up.

Every year the authorities in charge of this community or the Establishment which is a fancy name the rats give them, introduce a few female rats in increasing numbers, to this frustrated majority male community. Of course the males go mad over them for some time. That is for sometime. They find that most of the female rats are not anyway with their tails, and the rest are not at all co-operative, they just gloat in their own holes and tantalize the desperate males. And things have been like that for sometime over here.

The Establishment is out to harass these rats and make life as miserable as possible for them. So at the beginning of every year, where the rather incumbent Establishment, is allowing them to settle down, the rats get brave and elect a leader to represent their grievances to the authorities. The leader is a fine rat himself, who makes great promises, trig talk and even manages to disillusion himself. Very soon the scales fall free-fare his eyes, he realises the very futility of even approaching the Establishment. So he himself is disgruntled and somehow tries to serve his term out. And once again the rats talk of a new leader, a new frontier, for the next year.

Ever since the Establishment set up this important community, it has been devising methods to finger these poor rats. Thus a unique system was developed. Very periodically the rats are compelled to eat limited but sufficient doses of rat poison. They are for brevity called 'periodicals', with no mention of the poison in them. All rats differ in their reactions to their 'periodicals'. Some grow sick, some more sick and so on. The behavioural characteristics of each rat are studied by the Establishment. Each rat has a number, and gets a grade next to his number. The rats soon find that they just can't fight this system, so at least they could start working for it. Ultimately the ambition of every rat is to make the highest grade, which is very highly regarded. Most of them don't make this grade and these rats get so sick, that every 'periodical' evening they puke out the whole injustice of the system, and howl about what a rat race the whole thing is. Others talk of untapped capacities and keep promising themselves that they would fair better the next time. Still others, damned as pseudo-intellectuals, find a column to nibble at in their campus publication *Campastimes* which has thereby become somewhat of a source book on all such matters.

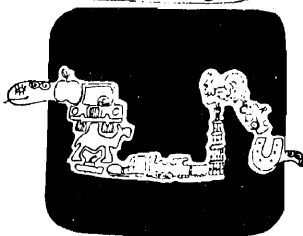
Finally the rat community got so desperate, that they sent an ambassador over to IIT Madras, to seek solutions to their problems. But the IIT ambassador promptly replied 'We don't have any of your problems'.

—M. SUDHAKAR

## Bronze Shield Won by the Institute

The Inventions Promotion Board of the Government of India has awarded a Bronze Shield for 1970 to the Institute. The award recognizes a valuable piece of work done in the area of important substitution—the design and fabrication of a Fluid Energy Mill by the Chemical Engineering Department. The four Staff-members involved in the effort, namely Dr. D. Venkateswarlu, Dr. M. Ramanujam, Shri E. Pichumani and Shri R. Sappanani received cash awards of Rs 2,000 each. A version of the Mill built at the Institute has been bought by Messrs Hindustan Lever Limited.

## of things



Some people have the 'sick' habit of behaving in a peculiar way for no reason at all and our campus is not lacking in such characters. These people seem to forget the fact that a good issue of *Campastimes* depends very much on the interest of one and all in both writing more and more good articles and also in being slightly more considerate towards the editor—for after all, there is nothing much he can do about it—and such glaringly stupid actions like throwing it away as trash even before the smallest glance into pages 1 to 16 and starting false rumours all round can in no way help. Such an uncontrollable and hopeless mass of decomposition, so deeply engendered can only pollute the gay mounds even if lack of interest and deprivation had not loaded it with their intangible impurities.

An educational institution which has got the power to impose certain rules and regulations on 'campus populi' should also be careful in its views regarding the upkeep of the sanctity of the place. To-day, there will be a film shooting here, tomorrow a couple of tourist buses will barge in and the day after, it will become a picnic spot, something which is definitely undesirable even though majority of the student community may not mind this. Though such matters as these don't tickle any one (not even me) it is better we give it a little more thought.

Every IITian, at least after a couple of years of his life in the campus, gets used to a peculiarly framed English language, which could safely be a secret code outside—not that there is anyone or anything to blame—not that there is anything wrong—within the liberty, equality and fraternity of our campus, it can be used freely and without any reserve but sometimes, we hear some stray cases of certain people getting 'ragged' about 'much sick' words being used by our chaps—a small fact which suggests that we had better see to it that the frequent use of a few words be slowly tapered down—something which most of us are going to find it extremely difficult to follow. It is surprising to note that our language is getting popular even among some staff members.

It is really interesting and gratifying to note that most of the top secretaries of the Gymkhana have started working with renewed vigour with entirely new views and ideas and lack of co-operation and co-ordination, which a few were forced to suspect had gone into oblivion. But still there is a general ill-feeling among the various sections like the steering committee, the staff members and a highly undesirable complaining attitude—not because of any fault of theirs but because they are going to unbounded extents of seriousness and over-enthusiasm. Our institution is not a 'democracy' (as someone kept insisting a few days back)—we are not politicians but we are just here to learn, to develop interest in sports, literary activities, fine arts, entertainment and to develop good relations with the outsiders—and there is no need for a sense of rivalry and bitterness. So why not our heroes relax for a while and leave all the fighting and rivalry to the politicians outside? To err is human and just a note of warning followed by forgiveness could be a more strategic move than protest.

—R. DORA.

## I.I.TIAN (ALCOHOLIC) SPIRIT

S. G. ASTHANA,  
Lecturer, Humanities Dept.

G. JAGANNATHAN, Second  
M. Tech.—Indl. Management.

We recently conducted an opinion poll inside the campus, on the burning question of prohibition and its suspension in the state. Going round the campus, with a questionnaire was real fun. Students were very much interested to find a patient listener to talk to. They were willing to denude their hearts to us, to come out with ideas, views, opinions, beliefs and disbeliefs etc. We found a way to express their feelings through this survey. The number of samples was only fifty, absolutely randomly selected to overcome the sample bias. The interviewers feel that the sample size was adequate as the results obtained are very consistent. However we do not deny the fact that larger, the sample size, better the validity of results.

While seeking the students' views on prohibition an attempt was made to probe into their personal habits.

We divided the questionnaire into two parts. The first part essentially dealt with the biographical data while the second part on prohibition and the government's action. Here we go with our findings.

### PART I BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

A. Religion	Percentage of Sample
Hindu	80.00
Islam	4.45
Christian	4.45
Parsi	4.21
Atheist	4.21
Others	2.68

B. The age group chosen was mostly the matured group so that the views expressed were in utmost seriousness. Of the students we met 82.5% were in the age group of 21 to 30 years and rest in 16 to 20 years.

Habits	Regulars	Occasional	Never
C Smoking	27.25%	27.25%	55.5%
D Alcoholics	10.90%	35.60%	53.5%
E Races	None	11.0%	89.0%

F. Food	Vegetarians	42.9%
	Non-Vegetarians	35.5%
	Mixed	22.0%

By the way, we started with the assumption that students would be going regularly to Guindy Races. They go very often, alright, to Guindy (!?) Don't worry! Statistics given here are not incorrect. They go to Guindy to make use of the Engineering College, swimming pool.

### PART II

The findings are summarised as follows —

- I. To our simple and straightforward question 'Do you think drinking is good?' 29.6% were in favour and 57.0% were strongly against. The remaining were uncertain.
- II. One third of students felt that drinking is good for health reasons. About 12.17% were not sure about Alcohol as a medicine but 44.5% were definite that it had no medicinal value.
- III. Our respondents seemed to be tempted by others, habits. When they were asked, do you think that lifting of prohibition will tempt even the teetotaler to drink? Majority of them answered 'YES' (60%). Only 2.2% were uncertain and those who responded negatively were 37.8%.
- IV. 49.0% of students felt that scrapping of prohibition will lead to immorality and crime (How about that?) Those who did not think so were 35.6% the remaining were uncertain.
- V. Having brought the students to answering moods, the most obvious question

(Contd. on Page 13)



# Bhatla Writes . . . .

The apathy on the part of the students in their own affairs is caused partly by what I would like to refer to as the communication gap. The students should know what their representatives are doing. In this column I would like to discuss, narrate and communicate with those whom I am representing.

Being the student member of the Transport Committee I attended the meeting held a few weeks back. My plea to revive the old bus timing was rejected, because, I was told, enough buses were not available. The Institute has four buses only two of which are in running condition. One non-operational bus is constantly under repair while the other is under preparation for the Fitness Certificate. It takes the Auto shop about four or five months to get a bus ready for Fitness Certificate. Also because of speed-breakers each bus trip takes five minutes longer. The rise of minimum fare has been necessitated because of audit problems. The request for free ride to the classes by the students was turned down. In my view student representation in this committee should be increased as bus service is fundamentally a student amenity.

The Film club committee has been re-constituted under the Presidentship of Dr. N. V. C. Swamy of the Fluid Mechanics Department. Student Ex-officio members being the General Secretary and the Entertainment Secretary. On the recommendation of the said members Raja was made the student Film Secretary for the year. Considering the fact that movies are the only form of entertainment in the Campus it would be good to show an English movie before every holiday.

Student membership of the student Aid Fund Committee has been increased from two to four. Over a hundred thousand has been collected in the past few years and ninety four thousand has been disbursed to the students. There is very little purpose served if this loan cannot be collected back. Instances where the students even when they were in a position to pay back have not done so have been observed. But efforts are being taken to gear up matters.

The defaulting students who do not pay back this loan should be sued only then can we make this fund self-sustaining. Students have been included in the sub committee to scrutinise deserving cases.

Preparations are on for holding the carnival in February on a grand scale. Co-operation of all students to make the carnival a success financially and otherwise, is vital.

There is a great need to have feedback from students in the academic field. An incompetent and unfit student is castigated by an extension of courses. A staff member with the same faults is not even so much as told to improve or correct himself. The students should at the end of the semester evaluate the course and the teacher so that the faculty members can know where they stand in the eyes of students. Some staff members (usually the good teachers) get students' opinion at the end of the course. Next semester it is proposed to conduct an opinion poll. This is only meant to serve the purpose of improvement of teaching and not to judge the teachers. In Kanpur I.I.T. and Ahmedabad as well as other progressive institutions this system is being followed. The Gymkhana Council has approved of the staff evaluation on principle.

While we are at it, in my view the periodical papers should not be corrected by the staff member who teaches the subject as personal prejudices etc. come into play. A student who is not regular in class falls in teachers' eyes even though his performance in periodicals may be as good as any one else's. That there is no prejudice in grading is a myth that misleads no student.

The Deputy Director feels that I vociferously proclaim the existence of bureaucracy when there is no such thing in IIT. Just to substantiate my charge I will narrate a few instances. For about 2 months constant attempts were made to get an Art Room for

the Arts Club. A sanction from Director before he left for U.S. was got long back but no room was secured. Finally a room was allotted in N.C.C. building, a date was fixed to visit it a week, hence when the Fine Art Secretary, the Gymkhana President and Deputy Director visited the N.C.C. block. They were astonished to find them well furnished but locked and keys missing. Later it was found that the keys were handed over to an official of the Government of India. The official machinery has been set to retrieve the key but it is unlikely that the Art Club will start this semester. Anyway the Deputy Director is leaving no avenue unexplored to get the room.

The other day the student committee members wanted to screen a movie. The next day being holiday it was felt that as per tradition a movie should be screened. A movie was available, projector available, operator available, audience eager to see a movie and only permission was to be got. The Deputy Director, though, he assured us, he would love to see the movie, could not grant permission because the Film Committee had to decide, the committee could not meet because President was out of station. The students who ran around hoping for permission were merely frustrated.

Concluding, a note on our Ambulance Van. I was given the impression that ambulance van was there to see that urgent cases were brought under medical care with the least wastage of time. On hearing that an IITian was involved in an accident during the inter-hostel entertainment, I asked to go in the ambulance to render any assistance if possible. It took some time to get the driver, log book, and all other paper work completed. Then when it came to going the ambulance van refused to start. Finally, I had to take alternate conveyance. If this is the way we are going to maintain our ambulance it is better not to have an ambulance van at all.

This is not to imply that we are at loggerheads with anybody. You and I know that the Deputy Director and the rest are as much interested in us as anybody else. But quite often impediments make the job of a Secretary quite difficult. I don't mean there are impediments everywhere. But I point out the objects because the pleasure we get out of the Campus life are the positive aspects of the Gymkhana.

VINOD BHATLA,  
General Secretary.

## Music Again in Technology Land

T. VARADARAJAN

### Placement Section

When I came to know that the Music Club, IIT, Madras 36 (hereinafter referred to as 'the Club') was going to celebrate its first anniversary, I wondered as to what went wrong with the Club. Very soon I could console myself saying 'perhaps nobody could help it'. However, I do not know whether Sri S. Y. Krishnaswamy, who inaugurated the Club a year ago and who is aware of the way in which Music Sabhas in the City are inaugurated and their fate a little later, was ever prepared for such an attack of news.

Anyway, one cannot forget the impact the Kathayini Sangeetha Sabha (hereinafter referred to as 'the Sabha') which once existed in this jungle city left behind. The Sabha was so noted for its unostentatious outlook that it considered celebration of the first anniversary unnecessary. Having taken such a historic decision, the Sabha must have seriously pondered over the best way to

avoid the celebration. And they achieved it successfully by closing down the Sabha itself before the anniversary.

One more reason was also attributed for the Sabha not celebrating its anniversary. Usually reliable sources said that the Sabha passed another important resolution saying that 'Music is not the property of one man or woman; it belongs to the Universe'. Members of the Sabha, one after the other, stood true to the letter of this declaration saying; 'It is not mine, so let me get out'.

However, the rich fragrance of the soulful music provided by the Sabha appears to have not only inevitably echoed in the Ladies Club Hall, but also in the ears of the people of the campus for such a long time, that they were happy without a Sangeetha Sabha until last year.

Lord Jalakanteswara, naturally, was not very much impressed with the performance of the Sabha of his consort. He decided to give a supplementary examination in the form of the present Music Club. The year-long tests seems to have been smooth-sailing and we have come out successful to see through the first Convocation.

Many factors can be attributed to the way in which things were happening in the Club, culminating in the celebration of its anniversary. I would like to say that the most important of them all is the voluntary co-operation extended by the Vidwans in accepting the Club's invitations. But what prompts them to do so readily? Many are the reasons.

For one thing I have observed that the artists have a keen desire to see the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, which is the third in the chain of the five all-India higher technological institutions established by the Government of India under an Act of Parliament, in pursuance of a Plan projected by the Nalini Ranjan Sarkar Committee in 1946.\*

Secondly, while the vidwans wait for the audience to assemble either in the Central Lecture Theatre or Room No. 222 of the Building Sciences Block, they get a very good opportunity to visit the Laboratories open nearby and thereby enrich their knowledge in their own fields. I heard that some of the artists utilise the opportunity to discuss with the various Heads of Departments on technical problems of interest to them—I mean to the artists. This has resulted in meaningful collaboration between the performing artistes and the science and engineering faculties of this Institute, which was not positively foreseen in any of the plans of the Institute.

For instance, as a result of such a contact, Sri Tiruchi S. Sankaran has shown considerable interest in a project on 'limit analysis of stiffened leather surfaces on hollow shells'. The other day, while waiting for the Chemistry Lecture Theatre to be cleared of a Symposium gathering, Sri Lalgudi Jayaraman just peeped into the hall only to be welcomed to participate in a discussion on 'structural and acoustic aspects of thin metallic strings'. I also heard that a Ghatam vidwan was considerably interested in a research scheme on 'reinforcement by welded wire fabric in burnt clay spherical shells'.

Apart from all such technical assistance this Institute provides to visiting artistes, certain facilities afforded by the Club also attract them. Take for instance the return transport provided after the programme. The vidwans are unanimous in their appreciation for providing the green van to them, to transport the Thamboora, Veena etc. without any difficulty. They become very grateful to the Institute and the Club when they find out, on reaching their destinations that the van has no fare-meter, unlike the taxis they usually get for other City Sabha performances.

Unfortunately, there is a misconception prevailing that all the success achieved by the Club is due to the untiring and painstaking efforts of the office-bearers, the executive committee and the unstinted co-operation extended by the staff and student-members etc., etc. To those who hold such a view I would like to say very boldly one thing: 'I am afraid I have to agree with you'.

\* Courtesy Information Bulletin—1971-72, page 1.

## The Eco-puritan Society

By T. ASTATINE

Climate engineering, more precisely defined as the rigorous study of the techniques employed in the manufacture of standard environment, attained world-wide significance after the bell-bottom revolt.

The production of sythetic weather, coming in the aftermath of the modern revolution, stripped the orthodox science of weather-forecasting of all the voodoo and guess-work, leaving behind a mere meteorological appendix, which, like the ancient art of alchemy, passed, slowly but surely, into the dusty annals of history. It was the downfall of a very romantic misunderstanding between man and nature

Planetary air-conditioning, one of the prime subjects in the vast curriculum of the new science (which critics sarcastically called *ecomania*) came into full vogue when the critical study of a technique to distil the hails out of hailstorms bore fruit after innumerable trials at various monsoon-workshops specially constructed for that purpose. The second factor which added impetus to the snowballing field was the successful application of pilot-plants for the testing of rainbow-generator. This phase of study was made necessary because the poetic and sentimental element in man could not be allowed to languish, deprived of the only natural multicolour exhibition. On similar lines of reasoning, devices such as thunderclap-machines were rolled off the assembly-line. But the actual finishing touch to the picture was entirely due to a systematic classification of the typical rain-cloud. According to this convenient hypothetical branching, a-cirrus, b-nimbus, c-stratus and d-cumulus were the four chief strains that usually caused downpours at unpredictable timings. By selective combination, these could be artificially coupled in the so-called cosmic cotton factories and stimulated by seeding agents ranging from bacteria to iodine crystals and radioactive isotopes. The resulting bi-clouds could then be placed in cold-storage and retailed to consumers as and when the orders dropped in.

At a museum, visitors stare in amusement at a decrepit black umbrella, a relic from the past.

Synthetic snowflakes were selling like hot cakes (or is it cold?) on the season super-market. Available in disposable plastic cartons in a variety of colours for those who wanted a pleasing instant alpine environment, the flakes were seen in advertisements which had come to replace the weather-maps in the dailies. Meanwhile, several projects were launched to investigate the feasibility of manufacturing prefabricated fogs to given specifications for a certain number cities. This was because of a growing atavistic demand among some city-councils for an occasional touch of history to enliven the streets on drab days, of course, on festive occasions, a judicious spray of a-cirrus and c-stratus on the dome of the sky formed the festoons, while a controlled breeze added to the general feelings.

A pilot nosed his jet a bit above the normal sky-level and got his aircraft covered with CUSO<sub>4</sub>.

The society for the preservation and fostering of atmospheric sanctity was founded to keep accounts on the proper side. As a symbol of their earnest intentions, the members unanimously chose the aneroid barometer. Specialization in weather-production had increased to the point where frost of the orient became the patented monopoly of one factory, while equatorial typhoons were the delicacy handed out from another. Standard hurricanes were exported to needy countries by merchants who ruled the trade winds among the tropical regions. Shipping industries were required to pay nominal amount of sails-tax to the breeze-barms. All transactions were carried out in an atmosphere of commerce. If the consumers were dissatisfied with the weather, they could exchange it for a better bargain. For example, islands which regularly dispatched sea-breezes to warmer lands always followed the policy of attaching a two-year guarantee.

In a busy metropolis, one group of modern

weather-wizards make a bonfire of their raincoats.

Pollution became virtually obsolete, since there was no harmful gases like ozone and oxygen in any given volume of the atmosphere. Scientists pointed out that a plentiful supply of exhaust fumes and industrial effluents, so nourishing to living cells, would displace all noxious elements of natural air (including nitrogen) and thus create an invigorating blanket around the globe. Traces of original air (which, incidentally, were held wholly responsible for malaria) would be cleared off by several osmotic suckers installed at various points of latitude. This recreated air-muffler would be controlled by electrodes placed at the north and south poles and alternate demagnetization would generate a steady, uniform current of polar winds.

The ripening cornfields which a child observed from a passing train were drunk with yellow CH<sub>3</sub> OH.

Actually, the climax came when the so-called science of season-switching became practical. As for the clouds, a-summer b-spring, c-autumn, d-winter were the recognized subdivisions. By an adjustable arrangement of season-fractions, people could purchase a packaged partial winter or choose (with a discount as added incentive) the raw materials for constructing a wholesale spring. Several blue gambling-houses began functioning with all-season jam sessions where the outcome of freely mixing the four known components was a matter to be guessed (under financial duress). Since almost all vegetation could be kept indefinitely ever-green by a suitable application of seasoning, greenhouses and orchards multiplied in yield, although numerous herbivores testified that the products tasted like mud, or lacked essential perfume. Scientists were quick to observe that tasteless, odourless compounds were incomparably pure. Flowers were soon replaced by aromatic hydro carbons retailed in puffer-packs for comfortable application to the organs concerned. Every now and then, specially equipped hosing helicopters were assigned to initiate the wet season for those localities where summer was being withdrawn from normal circulation. The moist earth would be bursting into crystalline life: with the delicate aroma of benzene, and old-timers would take a nostalgic breath: of improvised gas. Then they could sit down to sip a philosophic cup of: Ethyl alcohol.

## The Pull

1. *The rustling of the waves*  
*The whistle through casuarina*  
*The smell of freedom*  
*I carry*  
*Hasty for the continuous con-*  
*fluence of the elements.*
2. *The wait is my need*  
*Anchored*  
*as I am*  
*for those everchanging yearly*  
*patterns*  
*The fruit is my burden —*  
*I hear the ominous hacking*  
*of axes*

*But my merry friend arrives*  
*carrying many a mixed smell*  
*come free, come wander*  
*Freedom would be a*  
*Stranger*  
*Were your shackles not to extend*  
*and transport the feeling*  
*of distances*

GAUTAM  
GOPALARATNAM

**What are you doing  
about the Carnival ?**

**You could get ads ;  
put up stalls**

**Or just run around  
like the best of us.**

**But do something ;  
it is yours.**

## AUTOTYPE

# A Case Against the Great Unwashed

Chic, as Vinny points out, is a symbol of degeneration. There are various kinds of Chic. In the IITian context, there are the guys who swank around, others who have read people like Rand, Sartre, Mailer or Marx. There are more of these cool cats who are bowled over by hard rock, who patronise psychedelic movies at the USIS (and blow their minds), who discuss the work of Jean-Luc Goddard before he pronounced himself a bourgeois, not forgetting those who find a crazy creativity in the MAD magazine, and others who write modern verse in Tamil. These people, let's face it, do exist in a minority. And then there are the great unwashed who, by default, have renounced all claims to chic.

Now, autotype is a form of self-flattery that communities often practice. It is powerful. Whole countries indulge in autotype, for it is hypnotic, all encompassing, and it keeps the community well-screened from reality. 'Reflections in an unwashed eye' was an exercise in autotype. That it warrants an article of this type, an explanation of sorts, is not necessarily because of its 'thrills of good sense', but only because it is so tiringly symbolic of the defense mechanism of the great unwashed. They, by definition, accept most of the values that have been ingrained into them, and as a consequence view new ideas with distrust. The pseudo intellectual is their greatest enemy—he is their only avenue to autotype, which for them is a basic necessity. Notwithstanding the universal acceptance of the fact that perception and insight are commodities worthy of possession, the great unwashed preoccupy themselves with the railing of this 'pseudo', whenever an assault is made on them.

Yes, we can't afford to be even a hint illogical in this business of metaphysics. Who is the great unwashed and what makes him tick? (At this point it would be nothing less than orgiastic to mention that if 60% of the IITians are unwashed, the same community hits ninety per cent outside, and hence the snob-value of being in IIT). So, delusions of grandeur apart, what makes him tick? Take a look at the angry young man (sic) who is fighting for his life, fighting against the values that have been ingrained into him (by institutions like the family), either because they are too archaic and inadequate (the Ten Commandments would zap it to you where it hits) for his complex life, or they clash radically with some new values he has stumbled upon, or he believes, in true Sartrean fashion, that it is in vain that we try to effect the synthesis of existence and being, which are basically formless. Whatever might be the case, one needs great loins, as Mailer would say, to get into this basic question and the first step therefore sir, is to question what you see around you. Knowledge is a very essential ingredient of this process, and it is acquired by looking around yourself in all manner of perception which includes, among other things, reading, listening or merely seeing.

In this institutionalized world where labels have been handed down for centuries, knowledge helps one to differentiate between things, to transcend labels, and to search for the essence of things including oneself. Would one prefer to carry on the 'bondage to the machine', or would one reject it? Opting for the latter, one would seemingly choose chaos, by institutionalized standards, and yet preserve one's dignity as a human being. Much work has gone into the posing of this question in its present simplified form of much contemporary relevance. It would be infantile to think that Sartre and Marx exercised their reasoning powers just to give themselves airs. To be aware of the ideolo-

gies propounded by these men (and numerous others), is to be faced with a vitally important question. And you don't face any question unless you are aware of it. Thus awareness syndrome is built up by perception, leading hopefully, to insight.

Having lived for four-and-a-half years in IIT, I have learnt my lesson about cynicism, which is only a more respectable and acceptable euphemism for anti-intellectualism. Considering that the unimaginative system reduces us to mere logs in the machine, even during the satisfying process of learning, the IITian intellectual has to be extremely adept at scheduling, at acting up to the people around him, or else he is reduced to an academic mediocrity. And suddenly when it dawns on you that none of our immediate educators are really aware of the social purpose of teaching, and so, are distasteful, you better learn not to say it in public. The primary criterion for talking about such things is academic excellence and 'S' averages don't bake no crab about the system from an academic mediocrity, though his insight into the working of the system is deeper than, say, that of the bigwigs in the Administration. Such unseasonable anti-intellectual autotype is characteristic of the great unwashed who do not feel the need to perceive. Just as our traits one derived from our socioeconomic backgrounds, our lives as students depend to a large extent on the collective attitudes of the community. Hence any assault on the great unwashed, albeit with missionary zeal and fervour, is not entirely unwarranted.

The question which apparently bugs the uninformed is: What does chic have to do with the quest for perception and insight? In the history of the thinking principle, the intellectuals, alienated from the world around them, have found it necessary to violate accepted norms, molest institutions and in general, to drive home the point militantly. These actions were punishable by banishment, imprisonment and death, engineered by the aggressive-defensive complex of the great unwashed of those times—they sure have a long history. But modern civilisation has added much sophistication to the revolutionary movement. If the Establishment defends itself with culture, rap them in the pun with culture. This attitude has forced the disciples of the thinking principle to evolve a counter culture, which manifest itself in the form of various symbolic protests. Long hair is one, smoking, Mother Nature is another. Yes, Chic is a product of this counter-culture. It is chaotic, undefined and a purely individual trip. It has this cheeky anogant kick of emanating bad vibrations for the stolid complacent citizens, who, apparently, see it as a challenge to their way of life, and are essentially disturbed by it. Which makes it really beautiful and worthwhile. Such beauty and innocence and militancy have brought about drastic changes in attitudes. It may well bring in the goods.

Even IIT, Madras has its counter-culture. There are a few people who want to change this institution into a true hall of learning, instead of the avenue to upper-middle-class life which it is. Many of them are confused and troubled by what this institution, through various means, has done to them. They exhibit their anger in their chic. Which is considered as a symbol of degeneration and mindlessness by the great unwashed. We are not decided about the revolution, and if we are, vagueness enshrouds the instruments. Don't knock us; you have nothing to knock us with. It is true that the possibility of hypocrisy under elegance exists. And the great unwashed are vulnerable to knowledge; or to the pretence of knowledge. They want to play it safe. Raze the superstructure to the ground, they holler, because it is only that they see. With blighted vision, they hit the pseudo-below the belt, because they are afraid to face the real guy, whom they have no means of identifying and understanding. I like pseudo-intellectuals they are doing a service for the revolution while not believing in the cause. An Assistant Professor is bugged not because you are a pseudo, but because of his disapproval of the movement. This is pretty good for a long hair. Chic masters all; it is a powerful weapon.

Let us return to the original autotype: Reflections in an unwashed eye. Apart from ranting against the external affections of the pseudo-intellectual, it insinuated that any discussion of Mailer, Marx, Rand or just the old Establishment is an infantile exercise in

penaonia. The great unwashed is under the misconception that these people are seeking labels. It is mildly ironic that people who are helplessly labelled and revel under such supposedly respectable and solid titles like the Silent Majority, should labour under such a misconception. And the only available label they can find, that fits their definition, is that of the pseudo intellectual. Yes, if you get bugged by my discourses on Mailer and the Establishment, it is your problem, baby, not mine. And if you knew enough of both, you would try your hand at proving my knowledge inaccurate or false, but then the definition doesn't fit you any more.

Rock Anyone who has read anything about rock would know that is only a movement, a statement on contemporary life; it often peters off into mindlessness, and for any rock fan, good taste is a must, to separate the heavy stuff from schlock. In India it is only a symbol of affluence (one only has to look at the JS Nation), as it is of little relevance to our immediate environment, but to have good taste in rock is not a stigma. Anyone who says rock is a conglomeration of sounds has no respect for music, native or otherwise.

Coming to the men of the rag blasting the great unwashed, these chaps traced the origin of apathy and indifference on campus to the singular rejection of thought by the majority of the community, a lack of awareness, and, of course, the cynical your-crap-ain't-icecream attitude, which effectively nullify all positive efforts for change. One sees the connection propounded by Mr. George John, between the local community and the Agnewian concept, the Silent Majority: only the majority is not silent but dumb. What, one wonders, have the WASPs to be silent about. One only has to read Mailer's 'Armies of the Night' or see Peter Fonda's 'Easy Rider' to get the true picture of this twat-ticking majority, sitting before the idiot tube, the whip of the corporation land, and getting high over the creativity in decadent commercials. Yes, the majority is so dumb they have to hide under the majority they make up. About turning into an effete snob (it is effete corps of impudent snobs; effete snob makes no sense) we have to remind the author that Mr. Spiro Agnew referred to long hairs and anti-war demonstrators as snobs, not to someone who is a proud member of the dumb majority. 'They have pseudo-podia, ring any bells?' Talk about subtlety!

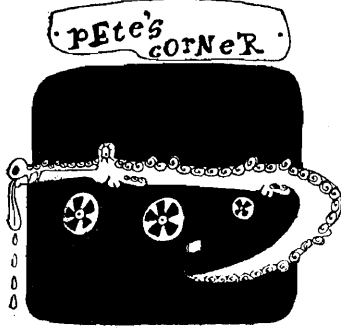
Everyone of the great unwashed reaches a stage, where he must, by all rules, have a hang-up. But he doesn't. If 'Reflections' is any indication, the great unwashed has more hangups than all the lynch mobs in the history of US. And if glibness passes for perception and insight, it is only due to one's false sense of values.

Moral This hang-up is totally unnecessary. The amusing episode in the article centred around 'Light My Fire'. The said BMOC knew very well that the song was written and composed by the late Jim Morrison. This knowledge has nothing to do with self-respect. When somebody uses rock metaphors and you don't know a thing about them, so much of communication is shut out. Learn if you think it is worth it. Yes, to be ignorant is one thing, and to assert your ignorance in the name of righteousness is quite another.

Talking about the camp philosopher and Resident Rand extolling the virtues of an egregiously mediocre film, one must assert at this point that Ayn Rand, misguided as she was, did not write a Filmgoers' companion; and objectivism says nothing about bad taste in movies. Ergo chic has no existential borders. This again is an attempt at trying to label the thinkers and at finding glaring inconsistencies in the label.

Of the IITian play, 'The Physicists' staged last year, the theatre critic of a local college magazine had this much to say. Pseudo-intellectual is the word that jumps to one's mind on seeing the Physicists. Then she went on to say that the acting was lousy costumes garish, and accents a bit too native. To state the flaws in the production is definitely a critic's job and one has much respect for it. But to call us names because we chose to do the play, within the limitations of our talents, is something else again. Obviously, what got her upright was the fact that we chose to do the play, instead of some Irish play, with the brogue thrown in for goodwill. If one had the honesty to admit having missed

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Walking past the high walls of one of the many women's colleges in the city, or for that matter, looking at our own little collection of the fair sex, and wishing I could get into contact with a few of them, I found myself wondering what use this expensive college education was, for them, when according to a professor of psychology in Madras University nearly all of them can enter college only because their parents look upon a bachelor's degree or a master's degree as so much less dowry to pay, or, at a slightly higher level of modernization, as so much increase in their marriage value and what is worse, about 80% of the girls too, consider college just as a step between marriage and its consequent securities. The concept of a University as a place where (1) usable knowledge is gained. (2) The outlook is widened, values are questioned or in other words the brain is used to think and think constructively, or at least to criticise and question does not seem to exist for them. Taking a broader view, however, one sees that they are just the products of a society that is (but is slowly changing) highly restrictive intellectually (and otherwise) towards its womenfolk and denies them a brain, or the use of it, by an archaic theory of roles, so that they are forced to leave the thinking to their men (quite a lot of whom are too job-oriented to think and do, but who at least have the

freedom to do so) all leading to a condition in which roughly half the brain-power and energy in this country is diverted into the stagnation of kitchens and baby-care. (It must be said of course that this last is a universal problem.) Social attitudes must, everybody agrees, change, but the change must also come from within, it is to be really meaningful and effective, and like all lasting changes, this one will come, slowly—our change providing, to the experts, a fascinating study of a society in transition.

Meanwhile the 'aware and thinking' five per cent reads about Kate Millett and women's Lib and writes bitter columns in heavily censored college magazines.

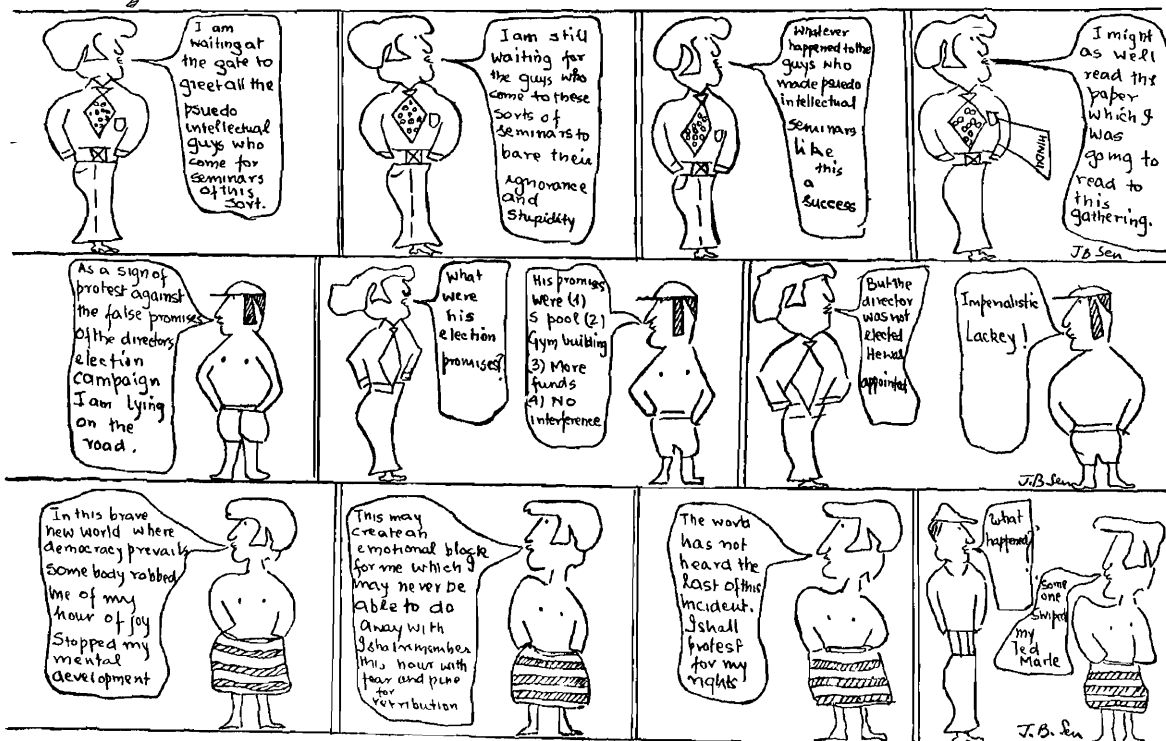
Everybody in this country must have had this sort of experience *sometimes*—of lowering himself thankfully onto the grass under a tree in a park, only to find the seat of his trousers rapidly getting wet and looking round the tree to see a guy walking away with a contented look on his face—or of sniffing a fresh breeze only to wrinkle the nostrils in disgust as a more powerful scent intrudes—or most of all, of walking around any Indian Railway Station suffocating under a handkerchief as he tries to avoid the smell by filtering it, through half a square foot of slightly soiled linen. The smell is caused, of course, by the only habit in which all Indians (in the towns, at least, it is an exclusively male pastime, naturally, which is a good thing or a bad thing, depending upon your fetish) 'from the lofty hills of Kashmir to the golden beaches of Cape Comorin' as the Tourist Department's pathetic brochures trying to con people into visiting here put it, regardless of colour, race and creed indulge. Another allied habit, also causing the smell, is Not Pulling the Chain, but that is a separate topic, fully deserving a greater coverage and is, to copy the cornered lecturer's escape route, beyond the scope of this article. But no matter how much the foreigner may crib about hygiene, no matter how keenly he analyses, no matter how much psychology and Freud is invoked, little does he know the joys of a quiet leak by the roadside—this is the time when urban

India returns to its not-so far back village origins, satisfies its exhibitionist needs, and displays its contempt for authority and the environment. I must say that I admire lots of people in this world—the lab-doers, the lab-coggers, the beautiful people, the groovy people—I admire them all, but most of all, I admire that rebellious non-conformist who, loftily disdaining the use of the (filthy) 'convenience' does his work by its outside walls, and walks off uncaring.

There is a saying, 'the frog in the well knows nothing about the ocean', of which I am reminded each time I leaf (ugh!) through magazines like 'The Plain Truth' (note the punctuational pun) and 'the Reader's Digest', when it talks about youth and drugs—for that's what they are, frogs croaking up the wells of their closed minds who cannot and will not open their minds and try to understand the beauty and morality are unstable, everchanging concepts which arise out of and reflect the needs of, people at a particular time and age. What bugs me most is that these magazines even when they declare that they are being broad-minded and honest never get out of discussing and criticizing the activities of the under twenty-five generation outside the framework of their values and ethics. Like a man looking through a telescope, who so long as he is keeping it in one position, can see far, but only what lies in that one direction, these petty trippers peer through the telescope of religious morality and judge the whole world by what they see. Using half-truths, a heavily sarcastic style of writing and colourful photographs (This, by the way, is the Glossy Photograph Syndrome—anything illustrated by big, shining photograph has to be truthful and right) they achieve journalistic distortion—the reporting of events in such a way that the reader feels that he is a fool if he does not think the way the magazine wants him to think, and the damage is done, the hypnosis is over, the biasing is complete. The 'young people' have been dismissed as immoral, misguided, ugly, etc. etc. The members of the System have found validation and strength and support in the printed word.

—BORO

## Jelly Bean's View



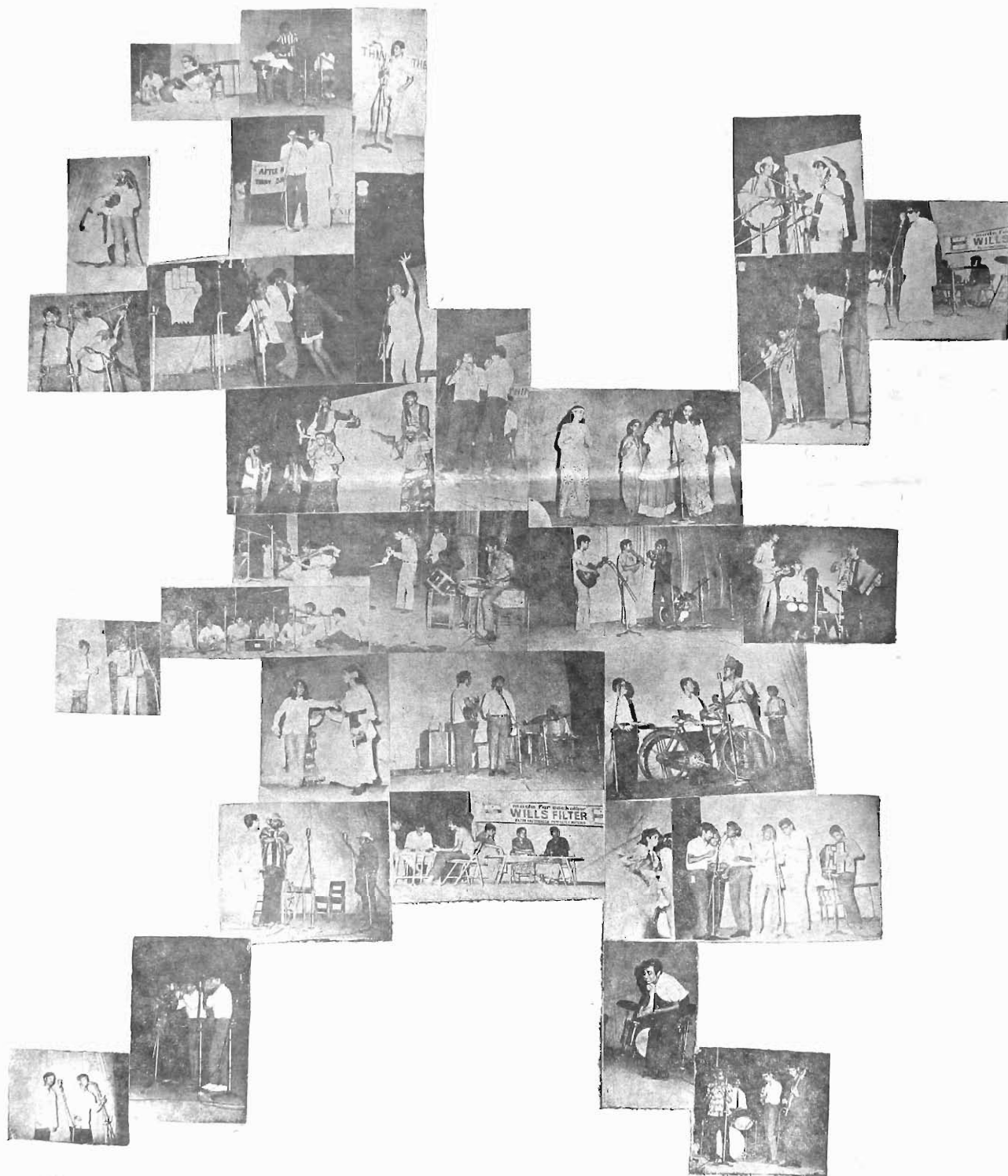
Our Man was there Scratching . . . . .





*Our Man was there*

*Clicking.....*







As a race, the Germans are probably the most intelligent people I have come across. As students of the IITM, we ought to be mighty grateful to them, since, without them, this institute would not exist. Yet the person who chooses the OAT movies has the abysmal stupidity to screen movies that show how the whole of Germany was outwitted by one asinine-looking tank (I say tank because it looked a great deal more intelligent than its crew). One can always pass it off by saying that they won't mind but, as a matter of fact, they do mind. To most of us who have no conception of the agony that Germany had to endure towards the end of the war, their objection may seem illogical. But all the same it exists. Perhaps we would be able to understand their feelings better if a movie showing how a Pakistani tank made the Indian Armed Forces look like fools was screened at the OAT.

In future, at least, we should see to it that such movies are not screened on the new plastic screen (compliments of the Federal Republic of Germany) through our 35 mm. projector (compliments of the Federal Republic of Germany) at the OAT (probably compliments of the Federal Republic of Germany). If we cannot do this much for them, we can safely place ourselves one rung below the dogs on the ladder of evolution, for no dog will bite the hand that feeds it.

Let me tell you a story.

The budding young author strode down the corridor with a gleam in his eye and a song on his lips. He had every right to feel chirpy for had not his first literary effort turned up in the campus rag that very day. Half way down the corridor he was stopped by a thick looking moron in glasses, whose pea-sized brain was enveloped in a dozen layers of lard to protect it from the jars and jolts of a academic life. The thicko said, 'I read your stuff yar. It was all @ % !'

Had the thicko been one and a half times as big as our author he would have probably found himself in little pieces all over the lawn. But since he happened to be exactly twice as big as our hero, physical violence was out of the question. The author spluttered, turned black with rage and frustration, rushed up to his room and burst into tears. While the moron went back to his room to continue his study of the works of one T. N. Raman.

This story may seem childish to you but it serves to illustrate a point. There are far too many self-styled literary critics, who sit on their fat backsides and pass judgement on the local authors. The large majority of these criticism do not contain a single constructive suggestion and serve only to demoralise the few who take the trouble to put pen to paper. I, for one, am all for the little chap, even if what he writes turns out to be @ % !

P.C.V.

### Visit by Union Minister

Shri D. P. Yadav, Deputy Minister of Education in the Union Government, visited the Institute on September 21. After a visit to the Central Workshops, Shri Yadav told the Deputy Director that he thought that I.I.T., Madras had a uniquely commanding position, amongst all the Institutes, that he had seen in the country, in the matter of its ability to fabricate technical equipment of high quality.

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the message of the play, and perhaps due to our bad interpretation, it would have been fair to one and all. An off-key condition of 'While My Guitar Gently Weeps,' does not drown the sadness, nor is it pseudo-intellectual. Such paranoid references to the 'laughable' play, could have been avoided by one stentorian 'Money back !' at the back of the hall. It would have been true to IITian traditions, though not so tender in the world of manners.

What, you wonder, is all this in aid of? I get my kick out of associating with this German Jew, who has long been dead, who said, 'We are not presenting the world with a new principle, saying in a doctrinaire fashion. Here's the truth—fall on your knees before it!' We are deriving new principles for the world, and deriving them principles already inherent in the world. We are showing the world what it is in fact fighting for; and consciousness is something the world must acquire, even if it does not want to. So, that's where it's at. And about the new label of the great unwashed viz. snobs, looks like they don't have a hope in hell. But make a like you meet this doe-eyed thing who is a little less washed than you; your ego is alive to the fact, and voila, you got your pie! It's all a dream, but if it happens, wouldn't it be just too much?

N. KALYAN RAMAN,

## ON FISH AND CHIPS...

'Jackpot' said the gentleman in brown to the gentleman in black and they laughed and clapped their hands in glee! Ask Asokan and he'll give you a hundred variations of this, all in the same vein. As Vijay Reddy once said we've had the spotted deer, the Kattan and so much else but this jackpot technician takes the cake. To actually ascribe such gross stupidity to the cream of the country and think he can get away with it, clearly points out to an imbecile—and therefore not a student—but to get away with it, really shows that he is a big wig. Man! some big wig!

The diabolic plot was actually conceived well before the idyllic summer vacation. And knowing desperation as we so well do, it obviously could have sprouted in no more fertile a brain than in that of one with medallic aspirations. Names were collected and lists were drawn up—lists of all the promising young fish in the first year—the underpaid, undernourished suckers—who have the dubious good fortune to do the institute colours. In that stage of hush-hush desperation, they even missed out a few—like the soccer striker whose real name they didn't know and a few other decoys—but the principal fish were all in the net and all that was required was a skilful hand to draw them into the (alas! so renowned) river.

Here the variations and the troubles started. Reliable sources indicate that the Asst. Warden goofed up somewhere—he was not able to arrive at the Academic Section in time to get the branches of the young lads changed. Other knowledgeable ones insist that the big wig knew and really did not care—after all he is a big wig, is not he? And whatever for, if not to act like one? Still others aware that the student member of the committee got cold feet at this stage and washed his hands of the whole affair. Ask him even now, and despite the safety of the fairly lofty position he holds now, a cherubic look of innocence appears on his face and you raise your hat, knowing you are in the presence of an Olivier. Whatever it is, the precautions that should have been taken, were not and the scheme roared on, unaware of what was awaiting it.

The brand new semester started and the probable trouble-makers returned with all the vigour of not having had to see some authentically stupid mugs in class, for a long two months. The hitches cropped up, one by one. Some of the young fish slipped away—

(Continued next page)

(Continued from Page 7)

At 10-10 the Cashier-in-charge of the counter saunters in, dusts his chair and sits down. He then opens all his drawers one by one, and pulls out bundles of currency notes and sack full of change. Having done this, he proceeds to count the loot.

On the other side of the counter the queue grows bigger and bigger.

Fifteen minutes later the counting is finished. The amount is entered in the register.

The members of the queue become impatient. They tell him to get on with it. He, being fully engrossed in drawing his Tabular Column for the Day, pays them no heed.

Finally at 10-50, by which time the queue has reached mammoth proportions, work gets started.

If a solution to the problem can be found, it can never be in these conditions. It is definitely possible for us to have all the extra-curricular activities we want without neglecting the academic ride to such an extent. But a climate must be created in which we can indulge in our extra-curricular activities without having to be driven from pillar to post in utter desperation. Red tape has to be sliced, and fast. Else, something has got to suffer.

And what about that third aspect of campus life, or for that matter life anywhere? What about you? Sorry, bud, you just don't figure. You are to go into hiding for as long as you are here and when you pass out, hey presto, there you are, five years older and out of the Institute. Like the idea?

### Inter-Regional Seminar on 'Industrial Processing of Rice'

The Institute was the venue during October 1971 of an inter-regional Seminar on 'Rice Processing'—jointly sponsored by three international organizations, namely, UNIDO, FAO and ECAFE, and the Government of India.

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was placed before them. 'Is the State Government's action justified in scrapping prohibition?' It was found that 50% of the students did not agree with the decision of the State Government. 43.5% thought the State Government was justified in its action of lifting prohibition, while a small amount of 6.5% were uncertain about the action.

VI. Even those who supported the Government's action, did not think 'It was only remedy to meet the extra expenditure of the Government'. Only 24.0% felt that it was the 'only way' open to the State, while 63.0% did not think so. The remaining were uncertain.

VII. Though 43.5% of students supported the action of the State Government in scrapping the prohibition, only 37.0% felt that it was done on rational grounds.

VIII. To the Question 'do you think that it would have been better if the Government had taken a State-wide opinion poll on this issue before lifting the prohibition?' Only 41.5% of students answered in the affirmative and 52.25% felt it was unnecessary as the Government was the elected body of people, 6.25% were uncertain.

IX. It is interesting to find that 64.4% of students felt that the others around will not look down upon them if they knew 'he drinks' while 29.0% felt the other way. Those uncertain were 7.0%.

X. Surprisingly 72.0% of respondents felt that they would rather let their parents know about their 'drinking' habits. The others preferred to keep their parents in dark of their 'drinking'.

This is short is the result of our survey. We hope there is no special need for a debate on the issue whether or not drinking should be allowed in hostels as 57.0% feel in the first instance that 'drinking' is bad and secondly 60.0% feel that it will induce others to drink!

(continued from previous page)

square root and all—and found their ways to less troubled and more needy waters. Then came the questions. How the astonished trouble-makers thundered could this lone guy from this branch be imprisoned THERE with his batch-mates elsewhere, just because he had a good batting stance? Luck of the draw, came the bland answer, from the very mouth of the horse. Then how, they roared, could this other little guy be put in a situation where he would have to walk miles to reach the nearest center of civilization and get a Machine Design Lab. report completed—all because he can basket a few? Jackpot, came the crowing answer, we have struck a jackpot! One was staggered. This for two reasons. Because one considers himself a normal human being and hence with the capacity to comprehend only finite—whether in quantum mechanics or in imbecility and because the crowing cock here presumes such a colossal ignorance in the normal IITian that one is apt to fall into such an ignorance if he does not watch it. Name of a name of a name!

Of course, as would be expected, the reactions were mixed. One saw one sports secretary tearing his hair and promising dire things at the Gymkhana meeting. Some with more control, like this writer, took it stoically. Chikku clapped his hands to his sides and went into paroxysms of laughter. Complaints were lodged and plans were made. The authorities listened with dreadful patience and did precisely what was expected of them—nothing!

In recent years, one has noticed that the battle of the Schroeter has taken somewhat ugly turns. Last year, we had ostracism of one over-enthusiastic hostel and besides that one of the most disgraceful exhibitions of poor sportsmanship ever on the cricket field—from one who should have known better. But that the big wigs have joined the fray is what jolts one. And how! To actually win the blasted thing by depriving all the other hostels of whatever talent that is due to them strikes one as a bizarre method as far as getting any satisfaction in the process is concerned.

The tragedy of it all is that some other hostels have thought fit to follow suit. How does one otherwise explain the conglomeration of all the M Tech's that matter—though precious few they be—in one hostel? How is it that so many of the other hostels are given only material, of which one imagines, future grinders—out of tutorials and periodicals are made? Heads have been wagged and tongues have been raised by some against the conglomeration of the bright young fish, but let those who complain, watch their own backyards and sweep them clean too. One may have all the stoicism of a Jeeves, but things of this ugly calibre have been going on and going on too often and fast for any further nose-in-the air indifference. The battle has always aroused enthusiasm and in many cases stirred up feelings and tempers, but let us beware lest this sort of thing should go on to the extent when the victimized hostels should lose all their interest in the wave of disgust that arises.

After all, it is so, so easy to burn one's fingers while pointing at the fire!

This 'unwashed' business has gone far enough to start getting on one's nerves. Last year, we had quite a lot of it, and just when we had heaved a sigh of relief when the 'washed' had slipped out of the Editorial Board, here we go again! The unfortunate part of the whole thing is that we really know who the 'washed' ones are and consequently what they claim to be. If their superiority consists in appending their name to any crap that is printed in this rag, then we laugh. If on the other hand, it consists of a certain garish mode of attire coupled with a suggestive indulgence at a certain type of music and a capacity to do the prescribed things after a certain nocturnal session, then let us be the unwashed—for neither the absence of soap nor of scissors would persuade us to become one of the set.

*'Contributed by one who seems to feel strongly about the whole affair.—EDITOR.'*

## A VIEWPOINT

It's 8 p.m. at O.A.T. Yells and Catcalls rumble in the air. Someone in the gallery shouts—'Start the movie . . . Yar' and the lights go out . . . and the rest is just routine stuff.

OAT movies are the 'IN' things nowadays . . . Things have changed since we saw 'T-34' . . . and for good that is . . . The regional movies of the staff club have been begun with a vengeance. And that means more responsibility . . . and of course, more business . . . This is where you mix business with pleasure . . . in right proportion.

Imagine a situation which prevails in the Tata Institute. No movies . . . no functions (on the scale that we have) and no convocation. Even a staunch puritan would frown at the establishment. The reality is no doubt painfully serious . . . a lopsided development that is . . .

But this is not to detract from the fact that our lab reports are not genuine. We can face anyone . . . but not ourselves. Perhaps we think a movie would solve our problems . . . alas! only temporarily . . .

Apart from movies, there are the gay sessions of the Gymkhana 'the extra-curricular organ' of the Institute. Entertainment of the 'unique', 'original' sort 'thrill' the audiences that are mostly restless . . . (temperamental perhaps!) and astute enough to think that not everything is right with the entertainer . . . above all . . . it is nine out of ten times that it wins . . . And this is enough to think that we are extremely unassuming (and perhaps discriminating?)

At times the audiences are spell bound and there is silence . . . May be that they got tired or they agreed . . . for a change!

And that speaks volumes of our concept of entertainment . . . we relish in a unique way all that is dished out by our imitable performers . . . may it be a song from a recent film or a skit full of sick p's

The question of compatibility should not be left unanswered . . . Possibly the 'overmatured' performers of a particular hostel are more than a match for the 'matured' audience . . . and the result is invariably . . . and . . . obviously . . . negative . . . They do not know the fact that an 'emcee' who wooed the audience got booed by them. And the usual trick (?) of asking the audience whether they want p's has gone stale . . . Is it true that a nagging performer gets ragged by the 'listeners'.

In many a case, past experience do not seem to be an eye-opener . . . and this is where the 'formula films' fail to make the grade . . . Likewise our entertainers flop . . . trying out an obvious and outdated gimmick . . .

Are we satisfied with the 'sense of participation' which is a necessary but not sufficient factor for our purpose? Are we trying to kid ourselves? Do we fail to realise that what is wanted is crisp, cute, original and snappy items dished out in a flash . . .? Do we seem to think that it is all routine stuff and compromise on quality and originality? All these are but questions . . . with a difference . . . and that is . . . they answer themselves.

These things are inevitable . . . when we are not the choosers . . . at least not directly (I mean the Gymkhana Office bearers) . . . unfortunately they too are not . . . for they fear the 'below-the-belt' tactics of their less ignorant preachers . . . At the IIT Kanpur the office bearers of the Gymkhana are elected by all the IITians by secret ballot and the Gymkhana is an autonomous body . . . and that should ring a bell . . .

Life in the campus would have been more pleasant . . . but for the lack of thought . . . that recreation should follow. Routine that is tedious enough to cause fatigue . . . and you guessed it right—the Students Community centre . . . that would establish better relationship among students and make them feel that they are really somebody . . . that would give use a sort of an outlet through which to represent their grievances—an organisation with the sole purpose of impressing the 'lot' of the student populace . . .

This is one of those dire needs that everyone of us feel . . . a shuttle cock court for instance . . . or that proverbial swimming pool . . . you name it.

To some of us it is not clear as to what Gymkhana is and what it does (of course, we rule out the 'fact' that it is what it does) and are thus inclined to believe that it has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.

And to those clever ones who happen to fool around HSB during those nights . . . Gymkhana does make sense . . . at least till the 'Fanta' in the bottle is drained off . . . They probably discuss about the impending (rather imminent) carnival . . . (on an unprecedented scale perhaps!) . . . or finalise the select contingent to take part in the Inter-IIT meet . . . You see what it has been doing! You seem to have swallowed it now . . . It strives to meet all the extra-curricular (social and cultural) requirement of all of us . . .

Of late, it has been made categorically clear as to what relation is existing and should exist between the authorities (by which it is meant the administration) and the faculty and the students . . . This is definitely an exercise in public relations . . . They curse the tutors for the grades they gave them and the administration is the target if periodicals are not postponed . . . I would be darned if they know that their approach to the problem is wrong . . . (twice over, that is!)

Well, the doubts being what they are, (fundamental!) it would be wise enough to realise that inter-dependence alone can keep us moving . . . and in good humour too . . . it is enough to know that ditching a periodical needs much less effort than goofing in an entertainment.

C. S. SUNANDANA.

## BALLAD

C. G. LEYLAND.

Der noble Ritter Hugo  
Von Schwillensanfenstein  
Rode out mit sheper and helmet  
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.  
Und oop der rose a meermad,  
Vot hadn't got nodings on,  
Und she say, 'Oh Ritter Hugo,  
Where you goes mit yourself alone?'  
And he says, 'I rides in de greenwood,  
Mit helmet and mit sheper,  
'Till I comes into em Gasthaws  
Und dere I trinks some beer'.  
Und den outspoke de maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on  
'I don't dink mooch of beoplesch  
Dat goes mit demselfs alone  
'You'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
Where dere's heaps of dingo to see,  
Und hafe a shplendid tunner  
Und drafel along mit me.  
'Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin',  
Und you catches dem efery von'—  
'So sang dis wasser maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on.  
'Dere ish drunks all full mit money  
In shups dat vent down of old  
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!  
To shimmerin' crowns of gold  
'Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!  
Shoost see dese diamant rings!  
Coom down und fill your bockets,  
Und I'll giss you life efery dings.  
'Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und  
larger?  
Coom down into der Rhine!  
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne  
Vonce filled mit gold red wine!  
Dat fetchd him—he shstood allshpellpound;  
She pooled his coat tails down  
She drewed him oonder der wasser,  
De maiden mit nodings on.

Contributed by  
P L V. & P. R.

## LIVE MAN, LIVE!

What a lovely feeling,  
There is in living  
That I used to wish  
Could live forever.  
But then tonight  
I changed my mind  
For that I felt  
would be tiresome.  
SO NOW  
I would much rather  
Live all the time.

IFTEKHAR AHMED.



The Seminar on the rice processing industry in India, recently held in the campus was characterised by a singular lack of purposeful display of relevant details regarding the above subject. When one would expect the stress to be placed on the actual processing of rice and the nearby bran, after the production stage, exhibited were the myriad high-yielding crops, a lot of agricultural jargon (very unpleasant) and a few plantains.

No one knows what exactly a local newspaper meant, when in one of its insipid editorials it claimed that the aim of the six-day inter-regional seminar was to educate the masses on the utilisation of rice in fields hitherto unexploited in this country. An awakening in short. We feel that it can lay claims to no such thing when the only people attending the seminar were those already in this field and who may be expected to know what it is all about. The general public was left to read the meagre and poor reporting in the newspapers.

Quoting from one of the many brochures handed out 'Rice is well-known. Sandwiched between the outer husu and the inner grain is a golden-brown cuticle called bran which contains 18% oil. With rice production estimated at 30 million tons, the potential availability of bran is 3 million tons.'

Really the Seminar was not necessary as it did not serve its purpose. A few carefully prepared pamphlets stating facts in an interesting manner would have done the job better.

#### Speed-breaker breaker :

One must congratulate Mr. Vinod Bhatla, the general Secretary on the very tactful manner in which he moved the authorities to do something about the speed-breakers this side of Gajendra Circle compromising neither principles nor people in the bargain. It goes to show that the establishment is not all that deaf to our grievances, and only some enterprise is needed to get things done in the campus.

#### Out-door-Club:

The out-door-club has the advantage of being the least talked about wing of the Gymkhana. It has had the good fortune not to have to deal with anyone higherup in the matter of its working and its performance if not spectacular, is at least satisfactory, which is saying much for an organisation of its kind in the IIT. Its activities are rarely made public. The interested few can do much better without any interference that way. The membership to this club is rightly limited to about 30 guys. The Secretary Ranga and the Treasurer Jacob John are trying hard to convert it into a full equipped outfit, worthy of its name.

#### Literary activities:

'Hotch-potch' or not. I was there, many people were there, judges were there, with participants six or seven or eight, may be less.

## 0 Tempora! 0 Mores!!

The three mythical monkeys personify the time-work adage 'see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil'. However, it is old saw now, best left to the treasure book of Aphorisms. New maxims are in vogue to-day. 'The old order changeth yielding to the New'. We are beset to-day with a surfeit of bold innovations and epoch making inventions, platitudes galore and a total rejection of the past.

You are hard put to refurbish your knowledge of the things in vogue. The womans' library is home to roost (mind you no misogynist me!). Hemlines are fluctuating among, maxi, midi and mini. Hot pants are the current rage. Neckline have drooped shockingly low. Dusty, weather beaten apparel are the 'in' thing. Music come in only two categories to-day—Rock and soul. Currently, there is a craze in the continent for gaudy pearl necklaces and Indian intuitive techniques and so on. Cosmopolitan groups gather around the exotic master to practice 'transcendental meditation' and from time to time utter the magic syllable 'our'. Millions of fans converge at 'Woodstock' for 3 days of 'music, love, peace'. New words are in fashion. It is old hat 'to be thrilled' 'beyond all bounds' by the fashion show. The mod can't would put it more succinctly as 'It got me where I live'. What with flood of books in the market, it is a mighty tricky business selecting the books that go with the times. A rounded human being in the present sense implies an individual well equipped with knowledge of current affairs.

Student campuses of to-day present a disheartening picture. Slogans such as 'book-share stupefying' and 'study is opium' scribbled on University walls, are a sad reflection of the impoverished atmosphere prevalent to-day.

Avant garde reformers and organisations have clutted every field espousing some bizane cause. We have a lot of glib talk from 'self styled' socialists under ilk who seek a 'moral and philosophical synthesis beyond liberalism'. They are committed to the real needs of the people'. The whole affair gives you a queasy feeling. As one distinguished journalist remarked 'commitment is a dirty word'. Of late, it has acquired ugly connotations. It is however, a favourite of Indian leaders. We, especially in India, delight in the negative approach to all matters. We are an 'anti-capitalist' country, wedded to 'non-alignment'. As such, we strictly adhere to the policy of 'non-interference in the internal affairs' of other countries. We are strongly 'anti-apartheid', 'anti-parochialism' and 'anti-monopoly'. This ideology of consistent negation goes hand in hand with a remarkable inability to formulate alternative proposals.

There is a spate of pep talk regarding peace, brotherhood and international understanding. You understand there is a growing proclivity towards a world government. Warring countries meet in cordial and comradely spirit for an animated discussion to iron out their differences. Later the joint communique reveals 'depth of mutual understanding and identity of interests'. Any one can smell the phony beyond this diplomatic facade and the exquisite frills.

The puzzling new trends, the ugly manifestations have caused a turmoil as colourful and centreless as an old battlefield painting. It makes the scene difficult to understand. The same applies to the accompanying rhetoric. It helped itself to the arsenal of ideologies, then altered, mixed and parodied these. Protest was not seldom the accomplice of these distortions. We have a plethora of bizane causes that proliferate and then fade away like soap bubbles in lather. The outward respectability is an effective veneer that conceals the squalor just as the pure white foam hides the dirt beneath. Minor issues are played up out of context, fed with a lot of emotion and it becomes a blockbuster of a controversy. People today have become increasingly partisan and their respective stands unassailable. They prejudice every

issue. Rigmarole is confused with reasoning. Assertions are sought to clock facts. Platitudes are but poor substitutes for solutions. Utopia, even as you might cherish it, is not reality, however distasteful it be.

(SAMPATH VIJAY)

## NIGHT

The moon in shame  
Hides behind  
A shroud of clouds  
But curiosity  
Overwhelms the breeze  
As I twist  
On a bed  
Stained with a thousand sins  
Of vicarious pleasures  
In pipedreams still-born.  
And for this  
The dog laments. —A. SANKARAN.

Oh! Won't I be glad  
If the world were again flat  
As it was  
In the old medeavial past  
Just think of all the good luck  
That the folks before Sir Isaac  
Newton  
Lavoiser  
Dalton  
Edison  
Hahn  
Einstein  
Kirchoff  
Mendeleyev  
(To name but a few of the coven!)  
had!  
Things were quite simple then  
And the land was of happy men  
The world was flat  
God was great  
And that was that!  
Thunder was just a wonder  
Atoms weren't split asunder  
In fact,  
No one new  
The colour, texture and gender  
Of atoms and molecules  
And many more of their 'Kinder'  
which now make us all fools.  
Things were at a stand-still  
Including the earth  
You could eat your fill  
And rest before the hearth  
The sun, at God's behest  
Was moving, without rest  
To make the nights and days  
There was only one bother  
You couldn't go much farther  
Beyond the edge of the world  
But this too didn't hurt  
For a bullock cart  
Would need the better part  
Of a Jahr-hundert  
To take you to the edge of the world  
And so,  
Why shouldn't I desire  
To be addressed 'My Sire!'  
By the vassals in my hive  
As I don my ferrum dress  
To rescue damsels in distress.

A. SANKARAN.

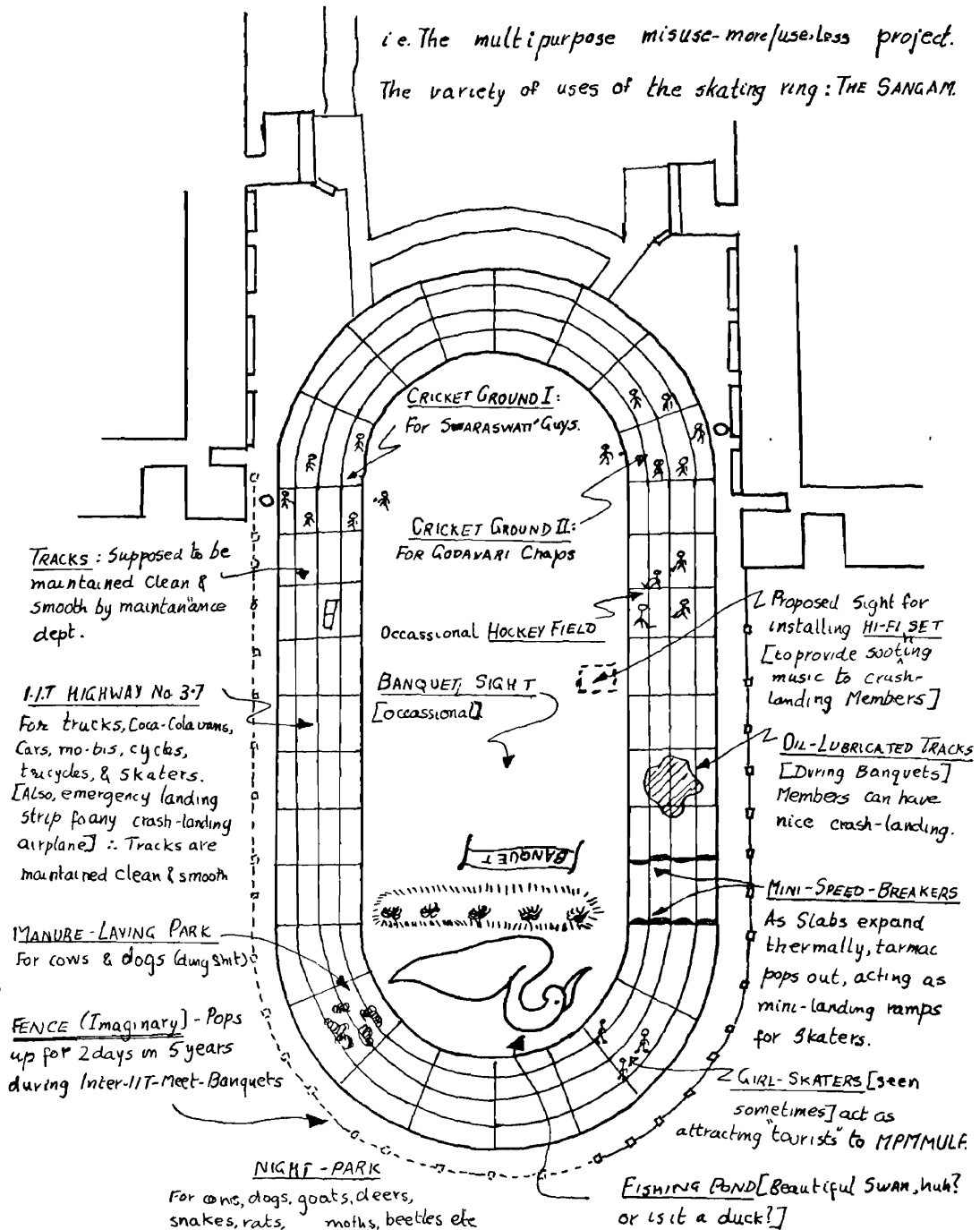
## MEMORIES

The tender memories  
Of warm sunny days  
Under a benign sun:  
Millions of words  
Unspoken  
In the years of passion  
Conveyed in a moment  
Of tender madness.  
And the catharsis  
When as we tumbled  
We rose  
To the heights of bliss.  
The pale autumn even  
When the Sun bid farewell  
Your presence.  
The warmth, the fragrance  
Of a million flowers  
Eager to bloom  
But to wither soon.  
I still remember you. —A. SANKARAN.

GLAD-AT BEING-USED-DEPT.  
OR NEGLECTED-SPORTS-DEPT.

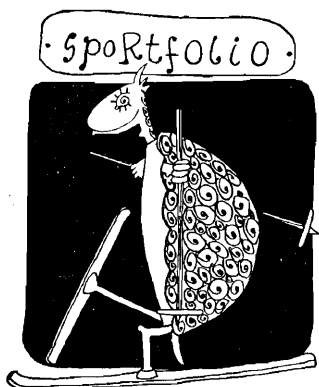
## THE MPMMUL PROJECT

i.e. The multipurpose misuse-more/use-less project.  
The variety of uses of the skating ring: THE SANGAM.



P.S. Names & sights used here are purely fictitious. Any resemblance to any name or place is purely accidental. Please do not wear the "fitting hat" [Well, but if one wants to, he/she can!!]

A.R. DESAI



Madras, 1970. History starts a new chapter. Madras wins the Inter-IIT meet general championship for the first time. This win heralded the climax, the end result of years of perseverance and dogged determination, of the 'will to win'. But it was not roses all the way.

If ever any team fought ridicule, ever rose from obscurity to eminence, it is the hockey team. Every year it was the same old story. They would practice till 'the noon-day sun was up', but would lose the very first match at the meet. But finally the toil paid off in Kharagpur when Madras took the hockey silver, a mere stepping stone to the gold at Madras.

For four consecutive meets, our athletics team failed to click. Then out of the blue came Bhasker. Under his inspiring captaincy our athletes gave mercurial performances. No wonder we ran away with the athletics championship.

Kanpur, 1967, 6th Inter-IIT Meet. Jubilation. Madras takes the volley ball silver. A dramatic rise from obscurity to honour, to glory. Though we let go our hold in Kharagpur, we fought back strongly to take the silver at the Madras.

The T. T. Team has toiled hard but no success so far. But the addition of international K. Jayant should change that.

The place Kharagpur the year 1969. The man Lionel Paul, Madras claimed the gold as he thrashed all opposition dropping just one game in six sets! We retained the trophy again last year but we had to fight hard to do so. Here's hoping Captain Ravi Shankar will carry on the good work.

Kanpur 1968. Madras retains the Basketball trophy for the third year in succession. 1969 saw the whole crack team pass out. Madras were set the task of raising a new team in just four months, a team that could match the powerful Bombay and Kanpur teams. How well we managed was reflected in the way Madras went down fighting by just four points to Bombay in the finals. But we bounced back to the top the following year at Madras!

The Shuttle team never really made the limelight till the action packed matches in Kharagpur. With the former State Champion Edwin around, things look bright for this team.

Kudos to the gymnastics team for their sterling performance last year! With the solid practice they are putting in this year, we can be sure of some crucial points from our gymnasts.

Of all the teams the most controversial is the Football team. It rose to royal, dizzy heights and in its dizziness fell. It fell a prey to its own complacency. But last year the Madras camp saw a new team rising from the ashes of its defeat and hold at bay the powerful Kharagpur pack before narrowly losing to them.

In all fairness one must admit Madras has always had it tough in sports. But then we ourselves are to blame for our low standards, for the stagnation we have created. It is not difficult for anyone with even a little

common sense to see the point in taking along athletes who run the 1,500 m in 5 minutes when the timing for the third position in the Meet is 4 m 38 sec. when the first five in the meet all do below 11.7 sec.

For the last two years we have taken along athletes who do to rounds of the track and give up (in 5,000 m) claiming they have got cramps etc. If a guy is not upto the standard, then why he wants money from the stringent Gymkhana budget on him? It is high time we set qualifying marks for selections.

The Madras T. T. standard is nothing to rave about. The last five meets proved that. And we don't seem to be doing anything about it. We have never had proper selections. This year selections were held for the fifth player only! Are the top four scored of being displaced? Unless proper selections are held, there is no incentive for newcomers to come forward and for those already on the team to strive harder. Even now it is not too late.

## CRICKET

### Inter-University

With A G Ram Singh coaching the team, we are really hot. With an unbeaten record in inter-collegiate and with that extra something that always comes out for the December mela and not to forget the dedicated captaining of that veteran of many battles, Varadarajan, we must put the fear of Allah into even our big brother neighbour, Madras. The batting has depth in Bhuvanagar (Boobs), Ramki, Mahesh, Gowri and last but not the least the skipper. The bowling with Murali 'with a new look' and Gowri 'with his old look, which was renounced enough' and some newcomers looks solid.

We wish you all the best and hope to report on all your matches.

## CHESS

S. Kailasanathan secured the first place in the Tapti Open Chess tournament with a score of 6 points out of 7 (5 wins, 2 draws, 21 s. b. points) closely followed by K. Prabhakaran also with 6 out of 7 (5 wins, 2 draws, 20-3/4 s. b. points) Dr. A. V. Krishna Rao 5½ out of 7 and Krishna Kumar, 5½ out of 7.

The psychological feeling one has when playing a stronger player is clearly indicated in the game shown below between S. Kailasanathan and Krishnan in the second round. Krishnan getting a draw by perpetual checks failed to see the win he had.

### Petroff's Defense.

White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. N-KB3	N-KB3
3. NxP	P-Q3
4. N-KB3	NxP
5. P-Q4 (a)	P-Q4
6. B-K2	B-Q3
7. N-B3	P-QB3
8. O-O	O-O
9. N-Q2	F-KB4!
10. KNxN	BPxN
11. P-B3? (b)	Q R5!
12. P-KN3 (c)	BxP!
13. PxP	QxP check
14. K-R1	Draw by? (d)

(a) 5 Q-K2 Q-K2, N-B3, N-KB3 is also played.

(b) A serious blunder, since Q R5 (threatening mate) wins clearly.

(c) If P KR3, B x P, P x B, Q-N6 check, K-R1 Q-R7 mate.

(d) 14... RxB3! wins. If (i) PxP Q-R6 check, K-N1 R-N3 check, K-BZ Q-N6 mate (ii) Q-K1 Q-R6 check, K-N1 R-N3 check, K-B2 Q-N6 check, K-K3 Q-N4 check, K-B2 P-K6! check B x P Q-N6 mate.

K. Prabhakaran began the Bertram tournament (in which he secured second place) with a win over Natarajan, the latter representing Madras University in the Varsity Chess

tournament. I give below the game in which Natarajan played the Saemisch variation against Prabhakaran's King's Indian Defense.

White	Black
1. P-Q4	N-KB3
2. P-QB4	P-KN3
3. N-QB3	B-N2
4. P-K4	PQ3
5. P-B3 (a)	QN-Q2
6. B-K3	P-B4
7. P-Q5	O-O
8. Q-Q2	Q-R4
9. P-KR4 (b)	N-R4
10. KN-K2 (c)	N-K4! (d)
11. Q-B1? (e)	N-Q6 check

### Resigns.

(a) This move gives rise to the Saemisch variation. White prepares to Castle on the queen side and attack on King-side. Game follows is double edged.

(b) An immature move; white should have first castled and then continued with a King-side attack.

(c) To prevent N-N6.

(d) White now spent 40 minutes to see how he could support his Queen Bishop Pawn If (11) P-QN3 N-N6!! (12) N x N N x P check (13) P x N B x N and wins the white queen.

(e) Sad to say that 40 minutes were taken for a move like this.

The interesting position shown below, took place between Aiyaswamy (B) of Alakananda Hostel and Raj Kuttu (W) of Godavari Hostel in the I.I.T. Team Selection tournament.

1. 6 K 1
2. P1P2PPP
3. P4n2
4. 3P4
5. 1B1P4
6. 2P2P2
7. P4RPP
8. 14NK1

I do not know how many would have thought out this brilliant move (Aiyaswamy did) ... N-K5!! PxN PxP and the queering of the pawn cannot be prevented.

The game continued P-N3 P-K6 R-QN2 BxN (better than RxN) and White resigned.

N. K. SASTRY.

The exams. are on  
And So will be the Meet  
The One will be long  
And the Other will be sweet  
But in both, We wish you success.

## SOLUTIONS

20. TRIPE
18. INSECT
16. PRIEST
15. FAGGOT
14. AVARICE
13. INERTIA
9. LUBRICATE
7. STEADY
6. POSTAGE
5. AUNTS
3. NUTMEGS
2. REPLY
1. MACAW'S

## ANON

24. REFENT
23. TRACTS
22. EDDICE
21. GATES
19. ACTOR
17. AMERICA
13. INVESTIGATE
12. BASTARD
11. WAYNE
10. NITRE
8. CAPTOL
4. CAMPS
1. MORONS

## ACROSS

## 'The Play's The Thing'

—HAMLET

The confirmed rubber bridge player is satisfied when he makes his contract. At a certain stage he spreads the hand and claims the number of tricks he needs. This is bad strategy in duplicate where over-tricks are vital. There is no law against winning over-tricks in rubber bridge. I am with you in your aversion to the player who goes into a long huddle thinking up some naive strategem to win a doubtful over-trick, while his opponents wait in agony. But you will not only enjoy your game more but also improve it if you use deals where your contract is impregnable to develop the habit of counting and to experiment with advanced plays like the squeeze. I dislike the practice in many clubs of the defence conceding a contract quite early in the play. The culprit is usually a stalwart who holds part scores in contempt, enjoys the game only when he holds a big hand, and lacks the imagination to see that when his hand is a bust and the opponent's bidding moderate, his partner must hold the balance of strength. But I am digressing.

West dealer  
North-South vulnerable

S. A Q J 7, 4  
H. A 5, 4  
D. 8, 7  
C. K 10, 2

S. 9, 8  
H. K 9, 8, 7, 6, 3  
D. A 2  
C. J 6, 4

S. 10, 6, 2  
H. Q 10, 2  
D. K 10, 5, 4  
C. A 9, 3

S. K 5, 3  
H. J  
D. Q J 9, 6, 3  
C. Q 8, 7, 5

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	1S	Pass	1NT
Pass	2S	Pass	2NT
Pass	3NT		

West led the seven of hearts, East played the Jack and declarer won with the queen. The declarer led the ten of spades for a

finesse, East ducked once but took the continuation.

East did not return a heart. As it is one of the crimes of bridge not to return partner's suit, South rightly concluded that East had no heart left. East led the queen of diamonds, covered with the king and won with the ace. East won the diamond return and continued the suit. Declarer won with the ten, West discarded a heart and dummy a club.

At this stage the ordinary player will claim nine tricks, but the good player will claim all eleven.

A spade continuation gives him a complete picture of the East-West hands. West, 2 spades, six hearts, 2 diamonds and 3 clubs; East, 3 spades, 1 heart, 5 diamonds and 4 clubs. When the spades are run, West must guard his hearts, East his diamonds. So neither of them can guard the clubs. See how it works. Four spades and the heart ace are played from the dummy, leading to this position.

S. 4  
H. 4  
D. —  
C. K 10

S. —  
H. K  
D. —  
C. J 6, 4

S. —  
H. —  
D. 4  
C. A 9, 3

S. —  
H. —  
D. 9  
C. Q 8, 7

The last spade is now led, East retains his diamonds and discards a club. So dummy's diamond is discarded. West must retain the heart, so he also discards a club. Declarer now wins all three club tricks.

Hasty play to the first trick is one of the bad habits a player must outgrow. Simon recommends your going into a trance at trick one, and Simon is always right. If your trance annoys your opponents, remember that in 1954 at the World Championship at Monte Carlo, a French player took so long that one of his American opponents fainted and had to be revived with smelling salts! In the deal below, if the declarer had paused for reflection on the opening lead, he would not have made the automatic play that proved fatal.

North dealer

North-South vulnerable

S. A 6  
H. K J 2  
D. A Q 4  
C. Q J 9, 7, 4

S. Q 9, 7, 5, 3  
H. 9, 8, 5  
D. 6, 3  
C. A K 2

S. K 4  
H. Q 7, 4, 3  
D. J 10, 8, 2  
C. 10, 6, 3

S. J 10, 8, 2  
H. A 10, 6  
D. K 9, 7, 5  
C. 8, 5

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1C	Pass	1NT	Pass
2NT	Pass	3NT	

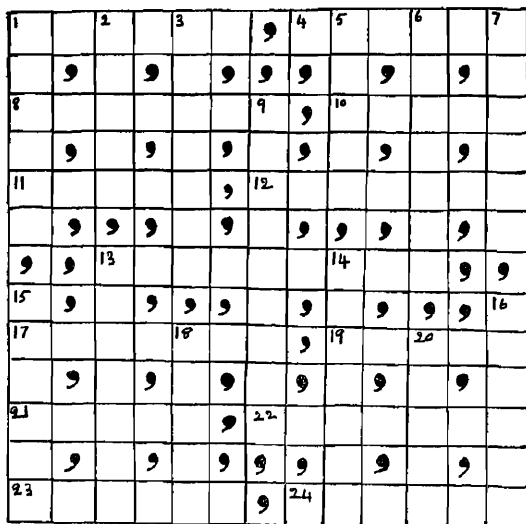
West led the five of spades, the declarer automatically played low from dummy, East took the king, and removed the ace. The declarer entered his hand with the diamond king and led a club. West won the trick with the ace and played the queen of spades and another spade. Declarer now went down.

The declarer's play to the first trick was thoughtless. Whatever the spade holding with West—four or five to the king and queen, or four or five to the king or queen—the declarer had a second stopper in the suit, so he gained nothing by holding up. On the other hand, if East held doubleton king or queen as was most likely, he had everything to gain by playing the ace.

Declarer should see that his contract depended on developing the club suit. Only a novice would think of a favourable break in diamonds and a favourable finesse in hearts. The odds are for the club honours to be split. Both honours with West poses no problem for the declarer. Both honours could be with East, even then the declarer could hope for a ten doubleton with West. Now you can see how the hold-up on the first trick is fatal.

The correct play is for the declarer to win the first trick with the ace, place the ace of diamonds, a diamond to the king and lead a club. The closed hand should be entered a second time with the ace to lead another club.

This play fails only if East holds the ace and king of clubs and West K Q 9 of spades. The odds are very much against such a distribution of the black suits.



## THE SQUARE DANCE

### ACROSS

- Idiot; just plain idiot (6)
- We, at the establishment (6)
- Head of the record companies? (7)
- Saltpetre, regarding the tin (5)
- John's done it for nothing it seems (5)
- Born under a bad star. Don't know your parents (7)
- A sit-in at the entrance, goading one to crime (9)
- The essay gets you abroad (7)
- Pretend to rot in the air-conditioner (5)
- They seal I.I.T. from the outside (5)
- Sounds like the structure; can eat it? (7)
- Large expanses (6)
- Feel sorry for the snake losing its head (6)

### DOWN

- Mother's the reason for these parrots (6)
- Answer-sounds like a bluff (5)
- Ten mugs full of dried fruit (7)
- Relatively speaking, you mix with the ants (5)
- Age of the Screws (7)
- Khunn sounding Sainly and controlled (6)
- Oil to rule a cab service (9)
- Keep moving i.e. train for it (7)
- Ravi is greedy for the ace (7)
- Got a cigarette—flower. You can have my books (6)
- Holy man! J.B. had that quality! (6)
- That small corner of the picture which explains everything (5)
- Crap! who said the tea was ready? (5)