

# ELDORADO-I

Shekar woke up God it was 7:00! He hurriedly got up and made his way to the bathroom! He readied himself for the onslaught to come. He prayed sincerely that morning, for once. His mother looked at him anxiously. His father comforted him. "I have been told that 'she' is on leave today. Don't worry. No one can stop you from going." He wasn't convinced. He dressed up neatly. Light blue shirt, dark blue pants with matching blue tie with red and white stripes (Hey, is that the star spangled banner of U.S.?). He tried not to notice.

God, was he nervous? He caught a bus to Safire, where the consulate with its "Stars and Stripes" fluttering in the breeze, was beckoning, onlookers like a painted salesgirl trying all tricks to sell stockings to men.

The bus paused for a funeral procession to pass by. Some urchins were dancing to the drum beat, laughing in the assurance of the 5 bucks that they'd get after it was over. Thank God! He will be out in a few weeks from now. Far from these urine stench streets, these tobacco-stained mouths spilling 'red juice' all over the place, these ignorant morons and these crazy Sridevi fans!

Can't you think of nicer things? Think of Bo Derek - Brooke Shields and all those lovely bodies you'll be soon seeing. He could visualise the advertisement appearing in page 8 of Hindu's Sunday edition.

"Alliance invited" from tall, fair, good-looking Iyengar girls between 20 and 25, for tall well-built, B Tech graduate, now doing research in U.S. Non-Srivatsas need only apply."

He got down and crossed the mad crowd to reach the consulate. He saw a crowd of twenty, all sweating profusely in the A/C Waiting Room. Probably they should put up a 'No sweating' sign, he thought. He saw the slightly familiar faces from Guindy & IIT. Everyone looked as if his death sentence would be read out shortly in a few minutes.

He saw 'Baldy' moving towards him. 'Baldy' was from Guindy and they knew each other well.

"Hello Shekh, 'Calif welcomes you' isn't it?"

He hesitated.

"Yeah, Stanford. Was it in the air?"

"No Reagen told me," he laughed, "God! You IITians always get the best places. I think the guys in Stanford advertise. 'Non-IITians need not apply' or something."

Shekh was clearly embarrassed.

But 'Baldy' continued without remorse, "I don't see that many IITians here. Does that mean SHE's there?"

"I don't know for sure", he replied.

"Nobody knows for sure, even herself!" he chuckled. "Not after that incident. She took leave for a day and word was out by 10 AM and by noon half of IIT was cleared and guys were out of the country by the week-end. How's that for patriotism?"

Shekh did not deem it necessary to reply. This Brain-Drain thing was intellectual bullshit, he thought to him, he was merely following the great poet Bharathi's words.

"Sail the seven seas, and

Seek the world's treasures".

It was as simple as that. He felt light after shifting the burden on a deadman's shoulders.

Presently his number was called. And Shekh stiffened with tension. Was 'she' there or not? As he went in, he looked at the guy coming out. The man's face was a mark, he walked in a trance as if his head had been pummeled by the pneumatic hammer in the Met Dept of IIT M.

Oh God! She was there! A thousand fireworks exploded in his head. Damn the guys who said she wasn't there? He was going to be raped. Forget Bo! Forget 'Intel'! He heard his professor's husky sexy voice cooing, "Go there, get the experience and come back. He wanted to shout "How can they do this to me?"

With shaky legs—he entered the well furnished room. She lifted her head from a pile of papers and asked him to sit down. He then gave her his brief life history. She heard him patiently (or was she bored?) and then said "Mr Sekhar please give me 3 good reasons for your coming back to India after studies?"

He knew the answer by heart. His friends had prepared him well for that question. Too well, perhaps.

"Firstly, I'm the only son to my parents and so I've to come back to look after them. Secondly I've got lots of land in my native place and thirdly, I would like to serve my country better after gaining some knowledge in this field in U.S."

She listened coldly and then replied slowly, "But you can do your PG course in this field in one of your own IIT's or you can get a very good job and settle down here."

He winced at the mention of PG courses at IIT's. He wanted to argue with her. But he controlled himself.

"But Madame, this field is quite new to India. So I'd like to go to U.S. and study there. I'll surely come back!" He was pleading, this time.

She didn't seem to be convinced.

"Mr Shekhar, How is that everyone who comes to me is the only son to his parents, has lots of money and wants to serve his country by sitting in U.S? If a young man in U.S. had so much money, he would never study. There are better things to do in US than studying. I'm sorry Mr Shekhar, I can't give you the VISA'.

He was stunned. He suddenly felt far too weak to rise. He felt his muscles go limp. He wanted to beat up that lady. Who the hell does she think she is? He could do nothing. He slowly picked up his papers and left.

Outside, the heat was oppressive. Damn the sun! Damn this country! God save this country which can't even feed 79% of its people even once a day!

But there was cause for a little cheer. His father had assured him that the cultural officer in the Embassy was well known to him and that he might arrange something. He would not give up. He would try. Surely, he will go, no matter what or who. He picked up a stone and threw it at the Embassy gate. It clattered against the iron and rolled away.

RAMDURAI  
MANDAKINI

*to be continued in the next issue*

# REDESIGN MAN

Gods are becoming extinct! This is a fact which we uncovered, by holding a competition to redesign man. The response as you would have by now understood was rather feeble. Very few designers surfaced. May be the rest are agnostics, or are they contented with the bodies they possess? ... Ah! Contentment, isn't that rather strange in an I. I. Tian .....

**Morphology.** The new design of 'Homo sapiens' also termed 'Soma heprians' has a body weighing 48.7kg (±0.01) divided into three morphological units: (i) Locomotory (ii) Communicative and (iii) Metabolic units. (i) is made up of a 'Wheeleg', a cylindrical structure fitting into a ball and socket joint near the communicative region, and a chamber comprising of equipment for underwater and aerial mobility. (ii) is made of 1/0 sections. Input sections being a triad of 'i's. Each is adapted to 120° vision (colour, stereoscopic spherically) permitting an overall spherical perception of sight. Input also includes the transcending antennae which also form a part of the output section. Output comprises of communicative chip display (CCD) which is basically an electromagnetic wave display assembly with multifarious accessory junctions like Radar, sonar phase meter etc. (iii) is an internal section, vital to metabolism. Projecting externally are 2 pairs of

tubes for ordinary and poisonous gas respiration, and an energy absorbant, absorbing 3 forms of field energies. A pair of dexters are accessories, rarely used by man.

**Physiology.** (i) Wheeleg permits terrestrial mobility in all directions while the scubal (underwater) and aerial appendages in the locomotion chamber aid in underwater and Aerial movement. (ii) Communication is purely by telepathic waves, each wave being a combination of 2 of the 3 fields in the Grand Unified Field (GUF).

(iii) Energy for metabolism is absorbed from the air in the form of quanta of GUF (Recall that

$$E_{out} = \frac{h^2 Q^2}{M_0 c_0} e^{-\frac{M(m+1)}{G_0 m_0} \times R}$$

where R is a constant with dimensions)

Rudimentary respiratory tubes are vestigial organs, barely used.

**Genetics and Biochemistry.** Cell nuclei are programmable using

bio chips and reproduction involves, thus the programming of a single biochip (also called 'embryo chip') collectively by both the parents. The cell content and constitution of every organ is easily programmable and changeable. Life span As programmed by parents but alterable within the 1st

milliard years after birth/formation.

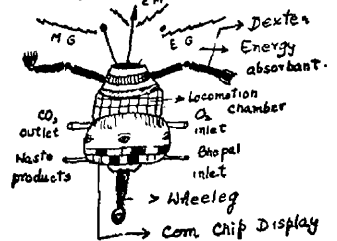
(The above is an extract from the L O R D press release from Heaven involving redesign of man. The scientific abracadabra has been greatly simplified by our popular science computers)

RAVI

## MAN - REDESIGNED:

Design no. 2      MODE = 'NUT'

Model: AXY 849      OP. MANUAL: 9A



Processed at: IGM/IMCOMS - 81643, IITM.

Approved: God

Contd. in page 5

## RANDOM TALK . . . Meet to Painters

How does an artist view technology?—A God that lmp or . . .  
The Question we posed

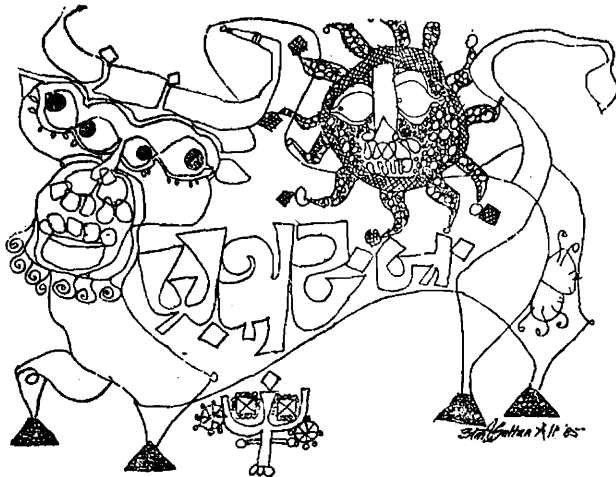
### DOES TECHNOLOGY HAVE THE ANSWER TO ALL THE QUESTIONS?

J Sultan Ali answers:

Technology means science. Science is a vast subject, so is life. Science means knowledge, verified knowledge, derived from a sincere and critical study of experience, experience at all levels.

Technology may have answer to all the questions, questions relating to Man and his environment. What exactly is the nature of Man, the finest product of nature's evolution. Man in his true nature is the Atman, the self, birthless and deathless. Pure and perfect. The Universe, the source of science, also is Atman. It is spiritual through and through.

Technology is capable of solving materialistic needs of Man which may help resolve many problems. But the other side of materialistic development is equally essential—the spiritual development. Total integration in Man is possible only through dual development—harmony of technological and spiritual energies, where no two energies conflict with each other but blend with the rest to create pattern of all round perfection.



J Sultan Ali

### "THREE FINGERS"

Heard this one recently in a gathering of students discussing teachers, "They ought to be properly dressed you can't come to class wearing a dhoti..."

Tell me, ye 'hep' I I Tan ... What's wrong about wearing a dhoti to class? It makes a lot more sense for our weather conditions. On the other hand diplomacy has often prevented one from clutching one's nose while the I I Tan Who conserves water by washing neither the self nor his clothes, passes by.

Our young friend who is likely to climb the steps of TOEFL, GRE and AGRE to take off to the 'land of milk and honey' is, perhaps, unaware that 'back home' professors parade around the departments during

working hours, clad in just plain shorts that cover barely 10 to 20% more than your TANTEX does during the summer months, when temperature shoots up to an unbearable (?) 80°F!

I shudder to think of any I I T. prof aping his Yankee counterpart,

News from the latest additions to the alumni directory is that the sustained and synchronized boot licking has melted the hearts of 'Their Majesties' The Visas have started coming in the n<sup>th</sup> attempt (n>4). Nearly three dozens of this group had sought asylum in a prestigious management institution in the country when they were

## PRAISE, ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND OTHER PSEUDO STUFF

Among the hazards of living in the society of homo sapiens is the load of unsolicited praise one has to contend with. Now I can see the majority of my readers hotly denying the truth of that statement. But may I suggest that maybe it is the solicited praise which isn't always forthcoming. For me however, the distinction between praise and flattery has long since vanished, as compliments for all manner of virtues and vices imagined or real get heaped on my pate. If only some honest-to-goodness criticism would come my way I might endeavour to take it seriously.

Now what would have provoked that inverted outburst? Well, the last straw was the thanks rendered by the editors of campastimes for the experienced hand lent out to them (sic). The fact is that it taxed my ingenuity dodging their efforts at getting a contribution

out of me, which has landed me in the august company of the typist and the copying machine operator and the electrician and the mike man and the chief guest and the patient audience and others to whom our eternal gratitude is always guaranteed.

I shall revert to the present bunch of editors later on. The previous of were by no means innocent—they actually accused me of modesty, of all things. Any half-wit who managed to wade through my articles with their high frequency of 'I's and 'me's, should have been rapidly disabused of any such notion. There is another name for modesty proclaimed from the roof tops (starting with 'V' and ending with the same two letters). Not to mention the subtle styles of affected modesty.

Living on (or is it off?) a pseudo-reputation makes life needlessly complicated. Once upon

What keeps an artist going? Why is he tied to the brush?

Gopinath answers

On the Function of Art:

Firstly, I don't think Art should have a function. Even if it does, it changes from time to time. Earlier it was used to propagate Religion. Then it became a media for the monarchs. Today Art has come out of such a rigid role. With time, the purpose of Art has also changed. An example would be portraits. Once photography came, the idea of portraiture has changed. Nobody wants an artist to do a portrait these days. Does that answer the question? I think all Art springs from one's urge to satisfy himself. I paint simply because I enjoy it. When I am in the process of painting I forget everything around me. It is a media, I get into, when I want to create something. Ultimately, it is a process of self discovery.

Does the Man in the Street matter?

Yes and no. I would like him to participate in my painting. But I have no idea of pretending to be superficial and paint for someone who does not know Art.

Are there any patterns and shapes that intrigue you?

I am fascinated by the MANDALA—a tantric image which is about 2500 years old. It is said to be a MAP of the UNIVERSE. There is a timeless quality about it, a permanence which I admire.

How does a Painter's idea of time differ from a Novelist's?

It is a little difficult for a painter to answer such a question. My medium is visual, and I think my paintings can answer this question better than what I can.



Biomorphic forms Gopinath

declared 'stateless'. Now that the 'turnaround' has happened, everybody packs up.

A conscientious alumnus of an older batch, who was popularly known here by the name of a huge, amphibian mammal once said, "So many people join up and ditch after a month or two when they get the visa. Nobody gives a damn about having thus wasted a valuable seat in the institution with a three-figure waiting list containing many who genuinely wanted to pursue this programme. I wonder how these people are able to do it without batting an eyelid"... I wonder, too!

—"Counter-Cribber"

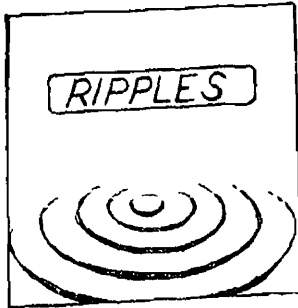
pompousness and innuendo give way to some intelligible writing.

Before closing let me get back at the editors and return their compliments in like measure. The new format of campastimes, product of a real printing press, is a welcome reversion to the practice of times gone by. (Asserting that old is gold is considered a safe attitude in questionable situations!) All the preliminary work which went into organizing the printing business may not be evident in the final product, but it took up a major part of the summer vacation, as I could observe from a strategic distance of course. And they are going to have their hands mighty full nursing the baby in its new attire for two whole semesters. So here's wishing them best of luck.

Tee square.

a time there was a character who wrote some parodies for campastimes under the pseudonym Tee Square. He remained happily obscure in his time, but some 'Post-humous' reprinting of some of the pieces apparently gave rise to some myths regarding his character. Over the years they seem to have been repeated ad nauseam, and methinks Tee Square has been flattered too liberally. The object he symbolized is now obsolete as an instrument for the oppression of engineering students.

The present reincarnation bears no resemblance to either the myth or the erstwhile reality. Whenever this one puts pen to paper the flow is more often bile or vinegar, whereas the functionaries of campastimes (and Focus) keep clamouring for lighter stuff. No go. Time wreaks its changes on styles and tastes alike. Let



**Mary of Teynampet**

*Mary of Teynampet—  
the village prostitute—  
had a halo around her,  
a halo of two red triangles  
interpenetrating  
She carried it around  
mostly at night  
when it brightened  
like a thousand sons  
She conceived immaculately,  
not one,  
but a hundred sons  
who set forth  
Upon the plains of Teynnmpet  
bearing the crosses  
of their fathers' sins  
Mary burned like a midnight-  
candle  
burning the moths that dared  
Mary burned Icarus' wings  
in her syphilitic heat  
her halo blazing the horizons  
Mary ascended to the heavens  
on a ray of light  
but her ungrateful sons  
didn't even found a church  
for Mary of Teynampet*

— M S GOPINATHAN

**Reflections**

*When shadows  
of dejection  
And dismay darted about  
When incoherence  
mothered by  
grim grief struck me,  
When desire for oblivion  
Shielded me  
From garish life,  
When reality  
Wore the mask  
of mesmerising abstract  
Something turned  
My heart  
Into a beautiful rose  
Was that love for you?  
Or for life itself?*

— VENKATESH

**Om**

*The throab of life,  
The breath of God,  
The music of the mind  
The emotional beacon,  
The love of life,  
The peace of sleep  
The cream of reality,  
The universal existence  
The sorrow of a tear,  
The bud of a smile,  
The love for love,  
The wholesome sound,  
The cosmic spark  
The mystic state,  
The depth of the abyss  
The unified feeling  
The meaning of words,  
The fragrance of a scent,  
The passion in anger,  
Om —*

— ANON

**So It goes**

*A funeral cortege moves past  
A thousand voices that do not last  
The sound of keening rents the air  
The departed soul it does rip and tear.  
Peeling skin on a bloating corpse  
Layers of them with no remorse  
I stand and watch this unholly bedlam  
This one moment my life's final sum.  
Deceitful faces file past me  
Hate filled cowards hiding behind mask  
Who show sorrow for a minute fee  
I do not want, in their praise to bask.  
Death creeps up, I finally die  
The eternal sleep of the dead  
No more deceit, no more lies  
Eating peace as the earth consumes me*

— PHILIP MATHEWS

**BANNER OF PEACE**

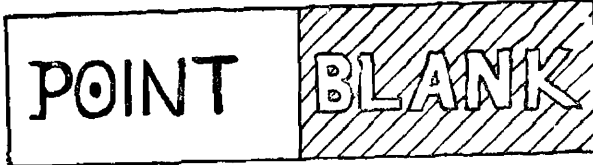
*In the depths of the green woods  
In the bloomed scented flowers  
In the early morning dew  
In the sylvan settings new  
Where are you hidden? Where  
are you peace?  
In the songs of the nightingale  
In the twinkling of the stars  
In the distant horizon  
In the rivers or seas  
Where are you hidden? Where are  
you peace?*

*Who has driven you away?  
The war or the weapons?  
The bombs or the blasts  
The hatred or greed  
Where are you lost? Where are  
you peace?  
Who has kidnapped you?  
The ghost or the satan  
In which eternal cage?  
Are you caged or hooked?  
Where can I find you? Where  
are you peace?*

*The world cries for peace  
The unborn in the mother's womb  
The tiny toddlers  
Look up to you  
Where are you peace? Where  
can I find you?  
If you can hear our hues and cries  
Come like the God with the banner  
of peace  
We will crown you in our hearts  
For we may build heaven on earth*

... G R MALINI RAO

Contd. from Page 3



**Cruelty to Animals**

A correspondence between K Gopalakrishnan (Asst Prof.) and Harry Miller

**EXTRACTS**

"I feel that only some form of strict enforcement of legislation can prevent these fellow creations of nature from torture and agony

Driving a nail to shoe a bull, or crushing his testicles with stones even without a tranquiliser is a common sight in our towns. After all justice is the right of only those who make a loud appeal for it. These helpless innocent undergo all the agony silently for our pleasure and comforts

When I was in Dentaag, Netherlands a couple of years back, I noticed that the entire flow of traffic in a busy thorough fare had come to a standstill. On enquiry I found that a pet dog had met with an accident with the state owned tram and police were busy taking evidence about the accident. Of course, there was already a blue cross van attending to the patient.

A couple of days back I stopped a person who was bringing to our hostels a crate of eggs on the rear of the cycle with about 20 birds hanging on the bars. He explained that he can't afford to waste time to make two trips for the bird's sake. After all economy at whose cost. No amount of persuasion visual or oral will save the situation. What is needed is a legal enforcement on a war footing.

(Sd.) K. GOPALAKRISHNAN,  
Asst Prof

**HARRY MILLER REPLIES**

You have mentioned castrating bulls by crushing their testicles. I have seen this done slowly and deliberately by villagers using planks of wood, placing the testicles between them and pounding and pressing until the testicles are crushed. As men, we both know the agony of the slightest blow on these parts of our bodies. In New Zealand (and other countries I suppose) the same effect is produced quite simply and painlessly, without even cutting, simply by putting a rubber ring tightly above, the testicles, thereby quickly undergoing atrophy. Another common practice is killing pigs by beating them slowly to death with crowbars, in the belief that bleeding them spoils the meat, and in Andhra Pradesh thrusting the same kind of crowbars through the pig's anus and out of its mouth, is ritual killing. In Moore Market they used to sell that exquisitely beautiful little animal, the Slender Loris (found only in Southern India and Ceylon) for eye medicine. The Loris has very large beautiful eyes, but they are are efficacious if removed while the animal is still alive.

I mention all these horrors — I am sure they are many more — not to appeal to you but to say that I have written about them repeatedly in the Indian Express and challenged these Animal welfare people to take action but all they do is hold committee meetings and publish sentimental brochures showing dear little doggies cuddled up with sweet little lambskins.

Sd/

(HARRY MILLER)  
Indian Express

**Redesign Man**

A few interesting suggestions —  
Have zippers around the neck, so that the head can be unzipped (coming in 3 attachments) —

- \* Annealing Oven — for stress removal
- \* Cold storage — for hot heads
- \* Head Crusher (optional — 3 sizes) — for crushing other people's heads.

\* \* \* \*

— VARDHA

A man's word (or is it God's) —

The ability to detach wife's head and shove it high on a shelf, covered with an old hat box will go a long way in promoting world peace, housework and temperance

— ALAGU

\* \* \* \*

This is the 20th century!

Redesigned man with

- \* Built in walkman speakers (can listen to music in class)
- \* Built in battery pack, that recharges at night, to power your walkman, calculator etc
- \* LCD display in the hand, which gives all the necessary formulae during the Quizzes.
- \* A neck that turns 360°
- \* Stomach strong enough to digest anything from Oothapams to Ori Chappatis
- \* No eyelids (so that the prof, in class will not disturb you, when you are comfortably snoozing)

— ZAC & NEEL

# MORONASWAMI

Moronaswami was a final year electrical student at IIT, Madras. He had a CGPA of 9.998 (According to IBM-370 it was a precise 9.9976). But despite this confusion, he was a happy man. He wanted to go abroad. He was sure that he would get a fellowship at Stanford.

As a first step, he wanted to write GRE. One fine morning he boarded the 23C to go to USEFI. He wanted to get the GRE form. He had a copy of campastimes along with him, for the journey. M was a muggo. As of habit he got into the bus and started mugging campastimes (he had nothing else to mug). He got down at Safire and continued to mug. He glanced at the humor section. He found nothing funny. But he knew that he was supposed to laugh. He reread the jokes, he was so engrossed in re-reading & re-reading that he did not see the scooter in front of him (coming at a moderate speed of 60 miles/hr). It hit him on the arm. He fell down and broke his hand. Unfortunately it was the right one (the hand I mean). He was a right handed person.

Two months later M still had a heavy plaster on his hand. He could not write GRE.

The campastimes that M had brought with him on the ill fated day remained in the middle of Mount Road. A sudden whiff from one of the passing buses blew it off the road and it landed in front of a shop which was buying old paper and other junk. The shop keeper saw campastimes, picked it up and stuffed it somewhere between the huge rolls of paper that he had accumulated.

Four months later ....

Moronaswami was back in form. He was a muggo. He still remained a muggo. He had just written his quiz I. I must remind you that he was in Elec Dept where even Einstein would be given a U if his answers to the numericals have an error in the 4th decimal place. But Moronaswami was not Einstein. He did not commit an error in the 4th decimal place. He committed an error in the 8th decimal place. He was sad. How could he have committed such a blunder? He was feeling depressed. He decided to go to Marina Beach for a change of mood.

Evening!

M was at Marina Beach. M was watching the waves. He was angry with himself. He had missed GRE in June. He somehow had to give GRE in October.

He had a nagging urge to nibble at something. He bought 50 P's worth of warm, crisp, freshly fried ground nuts. The ground nuts were wrapped in a piece of paper. He started nibbling them one by one. After he finished, he had the piece of paper with him.

M was a muggo. Any sort of stationery interested him. He looked at the paper. The humor section of the good old campastimes started back at him. M briefly recollected the events that occurred 4 months ago. He hadn't finished reading the campastimes then. He would finish it now, he thought.

He started reading. Joke after joke he read and re-read. He couldn't laugh. He knew he was supposed to laugh. He concentrated on the jokes once again. He was walking by the beach. He did not see the huge wave coming. It swept him away.

M was a muggo. He was always mugging. He hadn't joined the swimming club at IIT. He did not know how to swim. He could not write his GRE again.

Epilogue

The piece of campastimes was also swept away by the waves. It reached far into the Bay of Bengal. A huge fish, saw this piece and thought that it might have a delicious taste. It swallowed the whole piece in one gulp. Unfortunately it was the humor section of campastimes. It was a large dose, even for the huge fish. 3 1/2 minutes later the fish was dead.

Moral of the Story: Campastimes prevents Brain Drain to US  
MADHAVAN



Hickory Dickory Dock  
One mouse ran up the clock  
Hickory Dickory Dock  
A second mouse ran up the clock  
The clock struck one  
The other one ran down  
Hickory Dickory Dock

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children she didn't know what to do. Evidently

ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG!

Dis Kampastimes Shouldh be taken in smallen Dosekopfen. Exkessiv dosagen Kausen Der Akute Painum Arsen. Vnich Kan be Fatalum.

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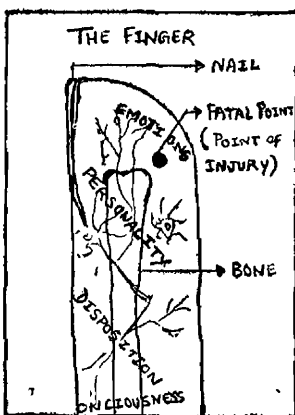
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Vol CCLVI No 9  
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS President's Recovery

In Washington last week, Republicans minced words, Democrats filibustered, diplomats reveled at cocktail parties as usual, but an atmosphere of tension prevailed in the Capital. News of President's mishap bounded and rebounded through the city like an enemy shell. Elsewhere press wires vainly struggled to hush the news, stock market transactions slowed to a walk. Even the administrations' bitterest critics mouthed forced regrets.

On Tuesday evening, the President was whisked to Denver's General Hospital for treatment. At 3:27 a.m. Wednesday, unshaven reporters finally gained audience with haggard Press secretary James Haggarty who officially confirmed rumors that the President in fact has mashed his left index finger in a limousine door at New York's Idle Wild Airport Tuesday. Haggarty dismissed rumors of an assassination attempt asserting that the injury was purely accidental. A surgeon's report later revealed that four axons and three dendrites had been severely bruised while an undetermined number of meta-superior capillaries and supporting vessels had been distended by the impact. At week's end, the president appeared, briefly on hospital's sun deck, joked with reporters about the recession. News of his recuperation, flashed all around the globe, was answered by cablegrams of congratulations from forty three foreign heads of state. White House sources announced that the President and his family would shortly retreat to Street Island for a three-week period of convalescence on the links.



(Courtesy International edition of campastimes)

## OVER THE WALL

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Good old New Delhi came. My spirits were buoyant. On the platform, I wished to bid her a fond farewell. She averted her eyes however. Her proper looking parents were with her. I understood. She was mad in the train. Had to be a good girl in front of her parents. Two faces of Eve! Why blame her? I am myself like that.

A hippie at heart, I am a square by force of habit. My hippie self wanted to sing out like a Hindifilm hero, "Good bye, Miss Dumpling phir Kabhi Milenge". Just then I saw my wife. The gay mood never the less persisted. I ran, swept her in a torrid embrace. She was delighted. Poor wives! What would they do if they knew the mental mischief their husbands get into, in their absence!