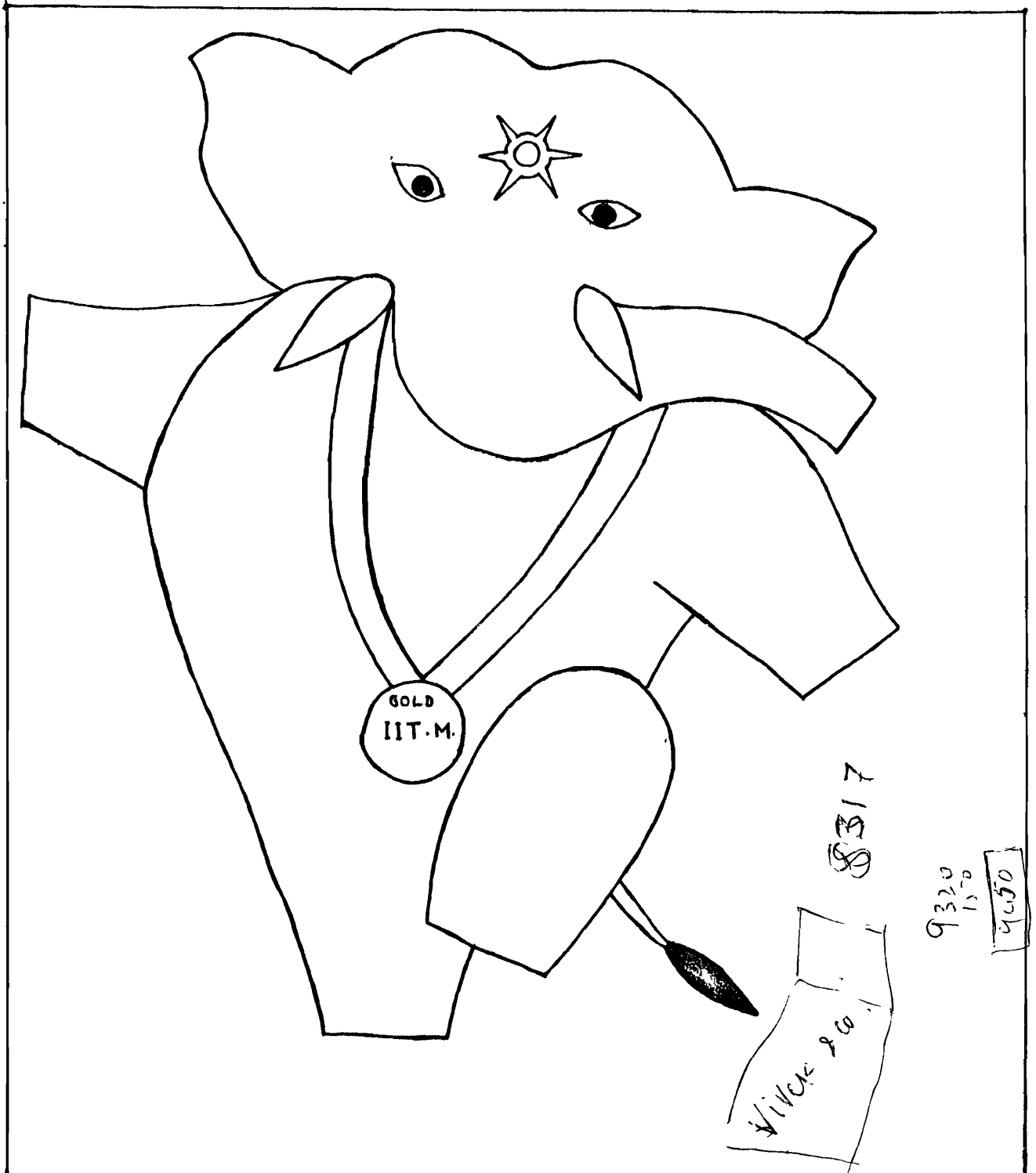


CAMPASTIMES

OCTOBER '82



EDITORIAL

As yet another backbreaking week of deskwork came to an end Monday last, we settled down to work on another issue of Campus Times, in all probability, the last one for the semester. But the drill is not over. As November rolls in, minds settle down to work in right earnest, to see through what will perhaps be the twenty most gruelling days of the semester.

The new system of evaluation, experienced by us for one semester has raised quite a few comments. However the general feeling is that it is better than its predecessor, and that's about all that matters!

The Limerick Competition, the last date of which was scheduled for Sept. 1st, drew practically no response. All that an OAT slide (aimed at increasing enthu among the students) could achieve was an increase in the number of entries from eight to ten or so. We were under the impression that the IITian was always out to make some quick money. The Limerick Competition, due to a lack of adequate response, stands cancelled.

Between the previous issue and this, we had intended bringing out a 'Wild Life Special' during the Wildlife week. The special ~~issue~~ requires a lot of research, which we intend to do in the holidays. In addition, if resources permit, we'll bring out a thick special, collecting the best articles of campstimes in 21 years. It will also include a brief history of the mag.

Campus Times, in case you do not know, has exclusively been given the job of covering Mardi Gras '83. So watch out for us, we'll be there in strength.

Till January then, folks, adios. Merry X'mas, Happy New Year and all the best.

- Editors.

LIMERICKA:

Almighty providence did bless
IIT with guys enthulless.
When the exams come near
They do not seem to fear
Failure, of which there's an excess.

The limerick's admitted a verse from:
A terse form: a hearse form: a curse form:
It may not be lyric
And at best its satyric
And a whale of a tale in perverse form.

INTERVIEW

Harry Miller is a popular photo-journalist, well known for his 'Madras Diary' in the friday editions of 'The Indian Express'.

As A photographer of wildlife, he has won international competitions. He is a trustee of the Madras Snake Park and an advisory member of the Tamil Nadu State Wildlife Board ['a useless organization' in his opinion]. He has for about a decade, been a keen observer and critic of life in Madras.

Our presence announced, we waited for Mr.Miller in a dimly-lit room. An assortment of framed photos [one of an owl perched on the recumbent Miller's, toes], large bound volumes tucked away in an inconspicuous book-shelf on the floor-this was the general scene. Before long, Harry Miller ambled into the room.

A short well-groomed frenchie, gold-rimmed spectacles, apale blue shirt, spotless pyjamas and a shuffling gait- but that was just the begining .

His answers to our questions were candid and spiced with a sprny mischievous humour.

Q: Why did you take up journalism?

H.M: I couldn't think of anything better to do.

Q: Do you keep in touch with British politics?

H.M: I know that Mrs. Thatcher is the British Prime Minister.

But I don't know which party she belongs to.

Q: What made you discontinue your schooling even before your 'Matric'?

H.M: Well, the only thing I was interested in at that age, was sex.

I can remember looking over my school wall at the f girls in in the adjoining playground. They were doing their gymnastics with their little things on. The teacher caught me doing this so often that he said, "If you're so interested in girls, you'd better join the girls' school". He sent me over to the headmistress of the girls' School with a note. I was obliged

to sit among the girls for the rest of the morning. He thought he was punishing me, but ofcourse, I was the envy of all the other boys.'

But now, on to the main interview:

Q: Why did you choose to settle down in India?

H.M: Being a British citizen, one would expect to be an unwelcome guest here. But I've never been treated with such friendliness, kindness and generosity anywhere else in the world.

He likes Madras because of its 'nice and friendly' people with a 'lovely sense of humour'.

Q: Having started your journalistic career amidst the hectic political activity of the World War (II), how is it that you write an innocuous non-political Madras Diary now?

H.M: I am not a political man, and am not interested in Indian politics. I don't know why Indians have this fascination for petty politics. Mr. Miller recalled his acquaintance with Clement Attley, Stafford Crips, Nehru and Jinnah. He described Jinnah as 'one of the most disgusting men I ever met' and added, 'Pakistanis and deserts don't go well with me'.

Q: What is your reaction to the different classes of Indian and Western Music ?

H.M: I've never bothered to learn Indian Music. This is a very sad gap in my education considering that I am a very musical person indeed. (As a boy, he was a paid chorister.)

Pop music is all folk music that becomes popular at one time and then fades away. But Jazz is different. There is something very, very profound about Jazz. My interests are, however, mainly classical'.

He has an aversion to Indian cine music and calls it ' a 100% plagiarization of western music.

Q. Your opinion of the Indian educational system ?

H.M: Indian education has got stuck. It's wildly out of date now. It is exactly as the British left it, 35 years ago - sterile, unimaginative, with parrotlike emphases. You might as well have a bloody computer to teach you'.

Q. How do^{you} go about collecting material for the 'Madras Diary' ?

H.M: Well, things will happen during the week, some interesting letters arrive, that gives me an idea to start on.

'But I find it very hard to write. Easy reading makes hard writing. Excellent command over the language, fluency and great interest in your subject are what make a good Journalist.'

Those upto date with the Madras Diary would be interested to hear that the reluctant 'Chicks of Churchpark Convent' have now decided to use the subway on Mount Road. They had, it is heard, 'rather use the subway than the crematorium'.

Q. How have you found life as a Journalist ?

H.M: I don't make any money out of it. But, I don't think there could be a more interesting job in the whole world'.

We left Mr. Miller's haven, a little reluctant, to part company with the cherubic old Englishman with a remarkable Zest for life.

THE THANG

*The Thang came out of the forest night -
His step was stealthy and his fangs shone bright.
He walked as a ghost on moonbeams light
And terrible was he to the human sight.*

*He moved with a groan and a whisper of wings
As the cold moon shone on unmentionable things;
His breath was the song the nightraven sings
And his gift, the desolation, ignorance brings.*

*He came in destruction from the Capitol's east
To where the Moghuls had sat down to feast.
The great men in shellshocked horror were seized
As he spread his great wings and cried, Behold the Beast!*

Author's note:

*For The Thang, you know, if you have read Poe,
Is something much worse than a Prophet's curse.
He comes in the night when you cannot fight
And what he will do, is murder you.*

To continue:

*So The Thang o'er the earth cast his terrible spell
And the crowns and the kingdoms were hurled down to hell.
And not one embroidered banner withstood
The scorn of the Thang for all that was good.*

*And the people cried out in their unholy fear
To the gods who they remembered had once held them dear:
But the mists of evil and the black shroud of night
Withheld from them the purifying light.*

*They bowed and they prayed to the idols they'd made
But The Thang laughed once, and the roaring of guns
Put paid to their fight; and the shadows of night
Descended again on their wounds and pain.*

*Then the people of earth looked to east and to west
And bemoaned the loss of the joy they'd possessed.
And they called for a champion both righteous and strong
Who would vanquish The Thang and set right all wrongs.*

But The Thang laughed again on his fearful throne
And his eyes in The moonlight glittered like stone.
He said, I am holy, I am giver of things,
I am death, I am life, I am King of the Kings,
I am keeper of dread and of terror and fear,
I am prophet, lawgiver, I am judge and seer,
I am phoenix and serpent and stony Sphinx,
I am God and Devil, I am Lord of the Rings.

But there rode forth to fight him a champion then -
He was skilled and strong and noblest of men.
His armour dazzled like a thousand suns
And the Song on his lips shattered the guns.

The Thang quaked then on his lonely throne
For the confidence of evil from his spirit had flown.
He fell to his knees with a pitiful groan
And the black doom of his death in his stricken eyes shone.

The hero seized the Thang in his mighty hand
And filled up his mouth with spices and sand.
With one great heave he flung him into hell
And snapped the enchantment of his satanic spell.

The people called for the victor to come forth
And be acclaimed saviour of all the earth.
They promised him empires, they promised him wealth
And they all blessed him and drank to his very good health.

Then forth came the victor, attired all in black:
Grim was his visage, and the people fell back.
He stepped up to where they had gathered to feast
And he spread wide his wings, crying, Behold the Beast!

He laughed a dreadful laugh and said, kneel now to me!
I am the anointed, I have set you free.
I am blessed, I am saviour, I am the Word,
Mine is the voice the prophets heard.
I am One and Infinite, I am Giver of things,
I am Death and Life, I am King of the Kings,
I am Man and Lion, I am the eternal Sphinx,
I am God and Devil, I am Lord of the Rings.

VIJAY NAMBISAN
(TAPTI)

THE LIMERICK

Of all the literary art forms, the one that appears, and in fact is really difficult to compose, is The Limerick. This nonsense-verse form is a five line piece in anapaestic trimeter. The anapaestic short syllables that open the limerick line - one short syllable usually being dropped at the beginning - is what makes the liveliness and bounce of the limerick form.

The limerick had come to be recognized as a literary art form over a century ago and has held its place since then as the chosen vehicle of cultivated, if unrepressed, sexual humour in the English Language. It is, and was originally, an indecent verse form. The clean limerick is an obvious palliation with insipid content, artificial rhyming and a touch of frustrated nonsense that vents itself in aggressive violence.

The clean limerick fad started in the early 1860's when the reprint of Edward Lear's BOOK OF NONSENSE inspired PUNCH to seize upon the form. At the same time, Charles Godfrey Leland's anonymous imitation of Lear-YE BOOK OF COPPERHEADS - with limericks directed against the Northern copperhead defeatists and the anti-Lincoln agitators during the civil war, introduced this form under the name of 'nonsense rhymes' in America. Immediately afterwards, PUNCH announced a limerick contest. The entries - a disconcerting number of bawdy and sacrilegious limericks submitted anonymously - forced PUNCH to close the contest with a slam, putting an end to the fad of clean limericks. Since then the clean limericks has lived on fitfully only as the last resort of newspaper poets hard-up for witty fillers and as advertising contest pap from time to time:

Over fifty years later, Langford Reed attempted to revive the fad of clean limericks by publishing a thoroughly expurgated - COMPLETE LIMERICK BOOK in 1924. He wrote to all the literary panjandrums of the 1920's asking what they thought of his project. These were some of the replies he received:

From Arnold Bennet: 'In reply to your letter, all I have to say about limericks is that the best ones are entirely unprintable.'

From George Bernard Shaw: 'There are several personal limericks by D.G. Rossetti and some by Swinburne, which became known in their generation, but like the large number of geographical limericks which preceded them they are mostly unfit for publication. They must be left for oral tradition....'

From Arthur Wimperis: 'The only limericks in my experience, of any literary merit are distinctly Rabelaisian. Beside these, the more polite and printable examples fade away into the dim haze of mediocrity.'

This chorus of plain statements almost crushed Langford Reed's project.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the consensus of opinion has been the same. Don Marquis is reported to have divided limericks into three kinds: Limericks to be told when ladies are present; limericks to be told when ladies are absent but clergymen are present and LIMERICKS. Prof. Morris Bishop, the unquestionable master in the clean limerick line, has put the essence of his art into verse, thus:

The limerick's furtive and mean;
You must keep her in close quarantine,
Or she escapes to the slums
And promptly becomes
Disorderly, drunk and obscene.

The earliest collection of erotic limericks known to have existed is a twelve-page document chastely entitled NEW BOOK OF NONSENSE. This was followed by a larger collection, CYTHERA'S HYMNAL which was a joint production of Captain Edward Sellon, student of Hindu eroticism, and George Augustus Sala, a war correspondent. Later, bawdy limericks appeared in THE PEARL - an extraordinary erotic magazine published secretly in London. It was then that the limerick became the underground showcase and receptacle of all the most repellent erotic imaginings, the most scatological satire and aggression, and the sickest sexual fears and fantasies of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, passed off always as wit, among the better educated and presumably more cultivated classes. And it still remains that.

Limericks are the folk expression almost solely of the college group, particularly the professors, concentrating specifically on the bawdy limerick. The bawdy limerick remains thereafter the special delectation of college-educated men (and a few dis-oriented women nowadays), especially those in the quasi-intellectual professions such as journalism, publishing, advertising, stock-jobbing, law and politics, and the entertainment arts. Limericks are not only the folklore almost solely of the educated, but are almost their only folklore, with the exception of jokes and tales - including a large number credulously believed to be true - and a limited repertoire of bawdy and sentimental songs remembered from college days.

One last observation about the limerick due to Prof. Brander Mathews: 'The humble limerick has the distinction of being the only fixed (poetic) form which is indigenous to English.'

- Condensed from an introduction to
THE LIMERICK by G. Legman.
(Panther Books).

ON HOSTEL MAGS

Its very exhilarating to note that IIT is not devoid of all that 'enthu' one expects from a talented crowd. This is evident from the fact that there are now five hostels that boast of hostel mags as against two last sem. The two mags which came to be known, last sem, were Mandak's REFLECTOR and Jamuna's TURBINE. TURBINE, unlike REFLECTOR grew famous overnight and it attracted readers from other hostels. The man at the controls was N.Shanker - no new person to be reckoned within IIT. His style of writing as well as the topics he chose to write on, entertained the readers, so much so that even the laziest person around would crane his neck to read what was in it. TURBINE enjoyed a very good reputation last sem.

Mandak's REFLECTOR deserved more popularity than it got for all the efforts that went into the making of each issue. Every hostel event was covered, interviews were featured and limericks on various incidents in the hostel were put up. A limerick and a caption competition were also held. The captions and limericks churned out were good, and the readers of the mag belonged to an appreciative crowd. REFLECTOR too, enjoyed a good reputation last sem.

The hostel mags that one comes across now include Jamuna's TURBINE, Saras' JIGSAW, Taptis' FOR YOUR EYES ONLY, Narmada's THE WRITING ON THE WALL and Sarayus' SCROLL.

TURBINE has stepped down in quality this sem and there is nothing much in it that drives the inmates of other hostels to Jamuna to read it. The notable things TURBINE did this sem. was hold a Limerick Competition and a Treasure Hunt in their hostel. The Limerick Competition apparently elicited a good response, although the same couldn't have been said of the readability of the limericks. The Treasure Hunt went off well. The clues were good and quite a good number went about solving them. TURBINE can improve and live up to the reputation it enjoyed last sem.

Saras' JIGSAW run by Calci & GCP is more often a comic strip than anything else. It becomes far from entertaining when these comic strips are replaced by an 'article' - a hash of flamboyant words which the intelligent reader will not find fit to interpret. For such readers JIGSAW holds competitions almost every week and there seems to be a reasonably good response to these competitions.

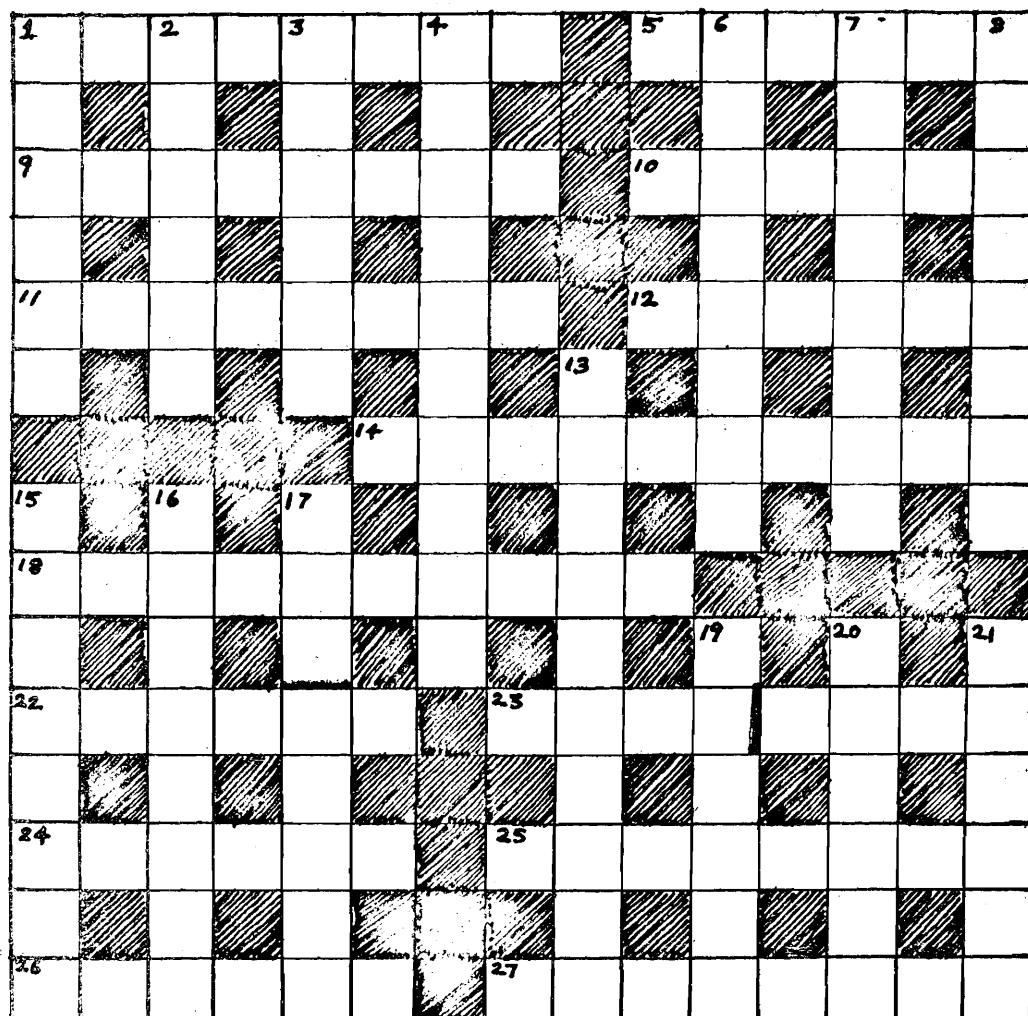
Vying with JIGSAW for honours in art work is Tapti's FOR YOUR EYES ONLY run by Kanchan Panth and Co. The artist, Anil K.N., is an expert at redrawing Dennis the Menace, Prof. Calculus and such other comic characters. The layout is superb and Kanchan Panth and Co. deserve credit for taking pains to bring out every issue even when bogged down by a lack of contributions from their fellow Taptians .

Narmada's THE WRITING ON THE WALL is a regular column by Chandramouli. Prominent people - both IITian and non-IITian- are featured in this column. Chandramouli voices the ideas of the general populace through this column and gives the readers something to be eschewed. The art one sees in this column is Chandramouli's handwriting and style.

As for Sarayu's SCROLL, nothing is known other than that it exists. One wonders what it is like.

* * *

CRYPTIC



C L U E S

ACROSS

1. A cry of pain, maked surrounding, if you sit in this carriage.(8)

5. More. T's conception. Sounds like you and I in a pot,
returning. (6)
9. Large back in a worried paceman makes him acceptable. (8)
10. Sounds from a disturbed Spaniard on Sunday - they might
ruin his marriage. (6)
11. Her hesitation about Indiana is a stumbling block. (8)
12. Keep hold of Spielberg's creation in a downpour. (6)
14. Be grateful for it will increase in value. (10)
18. Remake of a round ginger bun - its growing. (10)
22. Infer the opposite aspect seen in a cob vertically. (6)
23. Finished with the tax but its getting to be very low in
Texts these days (4,4)
24. Angels could bad to an examination of garments (6)
25. Changing the umpire, in short, at the net in charge
will only make him delirious (8)
26. To back a toy seems to be the prerogative of this Japanese car (6)
27. This minister is right, always at the end. (8)

DOWN

1. A berth in hundred ? This German playwright has
not got it clear. (6)
2. Rules, we hear, with leather straps. (6)
3. Orthodox Muslim loses his middle, awkwardly, and fuses. (6)
4. He will get no pest wrong in the Dardanelles (10)
6. A bent for anything is a nicety, dropping me and fumbling
around the close (8)
7. Spar a Goan without love, possible in Indian municipalities(8)
8. Has, without a leader, despatched to the editor who agreed
to it. (8)

13. Crosswise, I get off trains with a poem (10)
15. Sailors on worker ? How unreasonable !
16. About an artist who mixes a pound with envy. That's cowardly (3)
17. Bring to order after the location but not to the left (3,5)
19. Noisily, fled to a Civil Engineer - in this country ? (6)
20. Cover a scum on a liquid (6)
21. It's devilish to tie in a game of tennis five hundred times (6)

—JACK DAW —

A SOCIAL GET - TOGETHER BY M.UDAY PRAKASH

In the beginning there was none. And then the Diro said
'Let there be some.' I am talking about staff student inter-
action outside the class(how much of it is there in the passive
lectures ~~is~~ is a moot point anyway). So one of the methods
suggested was an outing for some selected staff and students
on Saturday 9th Oct. to KALPAKKAM beach resort.

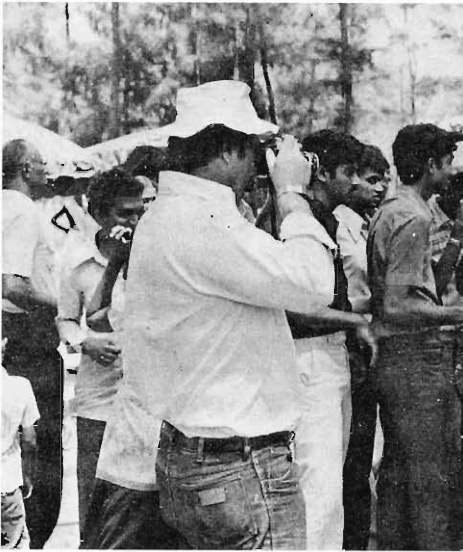
A set of people consisting of the Deans, HOD's Wardens their
families and student representatives (SIC,) went for this
picnic. Of course the highlight of the picnic was the extremely
enjoyable lunch (naturally, since it was prepared at home by
the faculty and their wives). But more fun was to come in the
afternoon. Some staff members suggested we play 'informal games'
and believe it or not they and their families participated with
full gusto. The very thought of Deans playing Kabaddi boggles
the imagination. But it did happen. All in all, an enjoyable day.
But one aspect that came out very clearly was that staff members
could on occasion and outside their work could let their hair
down and be willing to talk to you like any other student
would (in other words b-ll sh--). Unfortunately in this

A SOCIAL GET-TOGETHER



institute students have one model of the staff and vice-versa. To most students the teacher is there to teach well award marks and then Kapul. To a staff members, I suspect students are there only for attending classes, and studying well. This may be a valid model for outside colleges but not in a residential campus like ours. We need to get to know each other better. As the day wore on, many more surprising facets of the faculty members and their wives were revealed. An editor of a campus publication was pleasantly surprised when one Dean spoke at full length about his career, disappointments, successes and problems without any trace of hesitation. Some of the faculty members were zapped by the wealth(?) of talent that abounded in the students. The faculty wives were genuinely interested in the students and their career. (One student jokingly remarked that he felt like a prospective son-in-law the way a faculty wife asked him about his career, ambition, family etc. etc.).

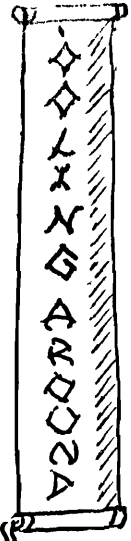




But the one question that rankles in the mind is: does one such trip help to improve understanding between (among?) the two campus sections. After all, all students do not interact daily with the Deans etc. The need for a better mixing of staff and students is at the departmental level and I would venture to suggest that in future such experiences be more frequent at that level. After all trips to exotic places are not the only way. For example, last year the students of Civil and Met arranged a similar get together away from the Department. So I would exhort some interested students and faculty (there are sizeable number of such people) to take it up at the departmental level.

The success of Kalpakkam get together was due to one such band of dedicated students and staff and I am therefore optimistic that similar efforts will definitely be very fruitful and will thus contribute to a better and more harmonious life on the campus.





'DOLING AROUND
BY *Jobless*

- * It was thought by some people that it would be nice if more trees were planted in the hostel section. On the initiative taken by the Gen Sec and the horticultural superintendent, the project got moving. The freshmen were asked to plant the trees and attach a plate with their name etc. It was thought that this would induce them to take care of "their tree" during their four year stay. Much praise must be given to such projects. Everyone appreciates beauty when it is there, but to create it is very difficult. The Director and Mrs. Indiresan were present during the planting and encouraged the youngsters. Let us hope the project succeeds.
- (Courtesy A.Srivatsan)
- * At the recent meeting of all the Gen Secs and Cultural Affairs Secs in Bombay, it was resolved, among other things, to start a magazine exchange programme. Copies of IIT B's 'Technik' must have reached the hostels by now. Soon you may expect IIT D's 'Pulse' and the mags from Kanpur and Kgp. Incidentally, Campastimes has already reached IITs Bombay and Delhi.
- * Plans are underway to start a Wild Life Club in IIT. Considering the intimate contact we have with nature, it is a very good idea. The suggested activities of the club include film shows, slide lectures by eminent people and studies on some of the aspects of our Institute Wild Life. Interested people can please note this.
- * Recently an event in the publishing scene in IIT Bombay rocked the entire IITB community. It appears that there is a magazine (privately run) there called "Campus Call" which is strongly inclined to the left. A group of individuals started another magazine called "The Campus Call Girl." (The contents of which were what the name suggests). It produced an enormous wave of indignation to such an extent that physical violence was almost perpetrated on the 'editorial representative' of that magazine. The real editors, in the true tradition, remain 'anonymous' to this day.

CAMPUS SCENE - TEN YEARS LATER

A few weeks back, the Gen Secs of all hostels and members of the Ladies Club, IITM got together to discuss the future of IIT and imagine what it would be like in the 1990s. Also present was the Director. Some interesting features and suggestions:

ON "YOUNG LADIES":

- * More pretty looking girls be admitted (one of the prerequisites for girls!)
- * Girls' hostel moved closer to main hostel sector - or perhaps common hostels for boys and girls.

ON STAFF-STUDENT INTERACTION:

- * Students and staff together conducting dramas etc.
- * Staff-student get togethers, outings etc.
- * Common hostel for bachelor staff and students (Staff families may move in if the wife is too lazy to cook!!)
- * Staff members to play all games with students.
- * Cable TV network with programmes from each family.
- * Merger of SAC & Staff Club.
- * Residents go and cook once a week in hostels.
- * Staff contribution to campus mags could increase.
- * Ladies Club and staff Club interaction to increase.
- * Instead of current Saturday night OAT movies, we could have Saturday Tea parties- (neither staff nor students agreed to take expenses!).
- * 15 credits for social get together.
- * Social get together clearance needed for registration.

WHAT CAMPASTIMES HAS TO SAY ABOUT IT....

- * The whole affair was a con! The students arranged it so that they could have tea at the Director's house!
- * Only the first and second suggestions are welcome - but we've been lamenting for it for years. Is it going to take ten more years?
- * Instead of the outings, we prefer the staff to come out, give all their cooked stuff to the hostelites and join us.
- * If staff started playing games with students - we would see teachers hobbling in with a broken leg. There is always a student wanting to get his own back 'cos he got a "U"; or may be he just doesn't want class to be held tomorrow!!
- * That part about more contributions to campus mags from staff-they can say it again!
- * Staff will be accommodated in hostels if, and only if, they agree to give question papers the night before each exam. (They should be thankful we're not asking for it

earlier)

I.V. Programme 8.10.92

7.00 - 8.00 Gourmet cooking by the Mandak Mess Manager
8.00 - 8.15 IIT News
8.15 - 8.45 Song and Dance sequences from Class rooms
8.45 - 9.15 Physics for Entertainment - Part III
9.15 - 9.45 Your Health - Beware of it - IIT Hospital
9.45 Close

ODE TO A BLACKENED BANANA

Sitting there as black of face -
What ails thee, solitary banana?
Cravest thou to join thy fellow bananas
In the coiling maze of the intestine
That endeth in a fate worse than death?
Thou wast once yellow -
But slowly the spotted visage of age
Stole over thy beautiful skin.
For youth, indeed, is fleeting,
And now, the outstretched arm, the gaping mouth.
Gapes for thee no more.
And thus 'on the shelf' thou pineest -
Black wallowing in squishy misery -
Alas, truly, oh gallant one,
Unwept, unhonoured and uneaten.



TOTALLY
BANANAS'
THE NON-SYMPATHETIC
ONE

by THE SYMPATHETIC ONE

SHORT STORY.....

by D. Ananth

It was a cold winter morning in the Bangalore City station. The air hung heavily as the dawn spread reluctantly across the sky. The cold air had its effect on Mr. Avinash, of the Ministry of Forests, as he boarded a west bound train.

Avinash had plodded through life in a desultory fashion, until he found his niche- quite by accident. One would not think his 31 years misspent when one observes the grave contentment that glows on his face usually. He had had an uneventful childhood and youth. He was an ideal example of what one would call a 'shallow youth'. Having entered an institution of national importance by mistake, he emerged a few years later with a degree in engineering. He realised his mistake and made up by acquiring a few degrees in biology. Although a student of engineering he had an interest in gods creatures. He then made Nature his profession and for a last years experienced the pleasurable satisfaction that comes only to those lucky men who make their hobby their profession. Things had gone along splendidly with him even attaining a certain degree of eminence in his profesilon.

The train started with a jerk and puffed slowly through the sleeping city. The denizens of this beautiful city like to get the eight hours - or more if possible. There is something lazily beautiful about the state of Karnataka. The people are slow, solid and steeped in royal tradition. The western highlands are full of virgin forests and lowlands dotted with temples wearing looks of deserted loveliness- the monarchs who built them have long since passed into oblivion.

The train reached its destination in the still afternoon. The journey had no impact on Mr. Avinash, who normally is filled with joy as the train puffs through ravines and up hills. The Hassan-Mangalore railway section is as beautiful as it is hazardous. The journey through the ghats is worth it for the view itself. The plantations come first - coffee, cardamom and cloves. As we proceed further the plantations slowly merge into the forest - real thick forest.

Mr. Avinash was helped off the train by his peon who had come with the Jeep to receive him. The Peon was a country youth who had a dog-like devotion to Mr. Avinash. The devotion was for several reasons, the most important of them being the fact that he was from the city and could speak English and that he possessed electronic items. He was a good servant and the enthusiasm with which he performed his duties made up for his abysmal stupidity. Avinash liked him for his unaffected sincerity and rather liked the prattle of Rama (that was his name) in the evenings when Rama was wont

to air out his somewhat extraordinary views on things like ghosts. It was a unique master-servant relationship, marred only on these occasions when Avinash had attempted to impart education (attempts that he gave up in despair for reasons we have already mentioned).

It was an eight kilometer drive to the establishment. The jeep took a long time to negotiate it as the terrain was difficult. There were only four educated people in the establishment. The 'boss' who disliked the forest and spent most of his time in the Metropolis tailing Ministers and other men of influences for a transfer (and a promotion). The only other person formally in the Department was a very elderly man who was an entymologist officially but really a philosopher. He seldom spoke and went about with his duties very formally. The third was a Doctor named Kapoor not connected as such with the department. A medical man whose interests required him to be in such a place. He had retired from a practice after becoming a widower two years previously and had associated himself with the establishment. He was a student of ferns and orchids, apart from being a photographer of no mean capacity. His medical qualification, his grey hairs and friendliness soon made him an integral part of this small community. He was a good friend of Avinash, a mutual interest in chess having brought them together.

"Have some tea" said Dr. Kapoor, smiling at his younger companion.

"Thanks," said Avinash.

"Well what happen'd?"

There was a silence. Dr. Kapoor understood. He did not want to harp on too sharply on the young man's intimate feelings. Like a man who has seen much of the world he changed the topic.

"Did I tell you, what happen'd yesterday. I had left early in the morning to study the characteristics of the mauve spotted orchid. As you may know this grows in the higher and less accessible portions of the teak tree. Having reached there I was busy copying notes when from behind I was attacked by a pit viper. I..."

"Enough, Kapoor, Both you and the snake have my sympathies. But I am hardly in the mood to listen to it."

"You sound quite brusque, old friend, what is the matter."

"The Ministry; I have been here five years now. When I called on my friend in the Ministry in Bangalore he said that I was being given another assignment. He didn't know what it was but he was certain that I will not retain the present position. That means I have to leave this place, leave everything.", he concluded with a wild look in his eyes.

They finished the tea in silence.

"Saar."

Rama was brusquely waved aside. Avinash was in no mood to listen to his peons latest findings in the supernatural front. True misery does not seek company. Rama shrugged his shoulders and went away to resume the game of 'Chaukabara' (game of squares) with the jeep driver.

The chirping of birds heralded the new day. Avinash strode out of his cabin. He vaguely saw his 'philosopher' colleague disappear into the Jungle. He was heading for his favourite place in the Jungle.

The spot was a small clearing in the forest around a small water fall. It was an exquisitely beautiful place and Avinash loved to spend his free time here. He gazed at the flowing water. He must leave all this and go. The thought was depressing beyond description. He liked these sylvan surroundings. They were beautiful - a kindly beauty that lasts. So deeply preoccupied was he in his agony of parting that he hadn't noticed the arrival of Rama.

"A letter for you Saar".

The letter read:

"You are now the head of the establishment. You take over from your previous boss, who is now the assistant director of the Bangalore range. Please report at headquarters for further instructions....."

Even Dr. Kapoor heard the yell. He nearly fell off the tree.

It was a cold winter morning in Bangalore City station. The air hung heavily as the dawn spread reluctantly across the sky. The cold air had no effect on Mr. Avinash of the Ministry of forests as he boarded a west bound train. Nothing could have an effect on him - he was that happy.

THE END

Words of Wisdom: Do not

- * Do not put off ^{to} tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow.
- * Do not expect, for you will be disappointed.
- * Don't take life too seriously - you won't get out of it alive.

The efforts of many people towards making the Kalpakkam trip a success must be acknowledged. The Gen Sec asked us to put on record the services rendered by V.Chandramouli, Madhav, Shridhar, Samnath, Sablok, Kutty and Murali.

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12. Retain 14. Appreciate 18. Burgoning 23. Over Rate
24. Allege 25. Frenetic 26. Toyota 22. Obvert
27. Reverend

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