

YOU KNOW YOU'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK WHEN...

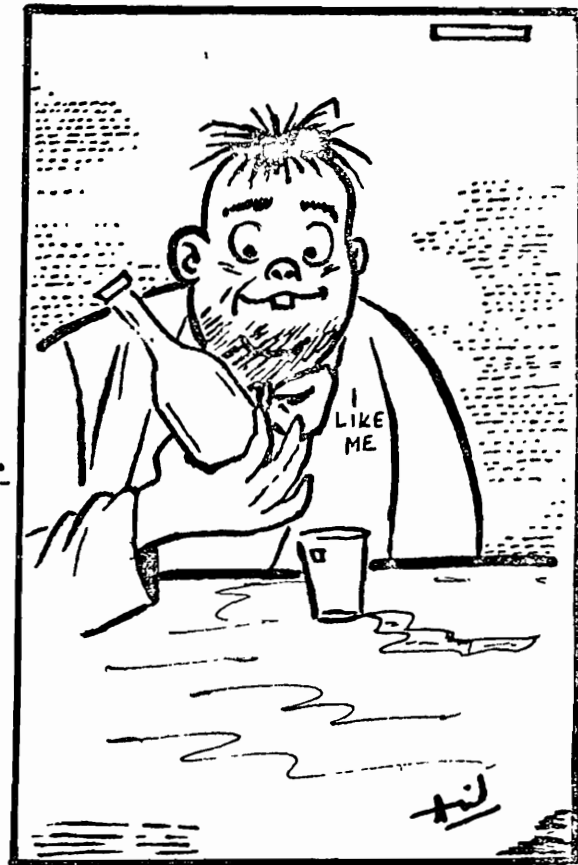
You start kissing portraits on the wall
 You complain about the flush after pulling down the venetian blinds
 You hear a duck quacking....and it's you
 You put your wife out and sleep with your cat
 You eat your sanitary napkin and leave the wafers alone
 You complain about the small bathroom after emerging from the coat closet
 You strike a match and light your nose
 You tell everyone you have to go home and the party's at your place
 You kiss your wife goodbye and drag your hostess home
 You have to hold on to the floor to keep from sliding off
 You insert the lighted end of your cigarette into your mouth
 You refill your glass from the fish pond
 You laugh at your own stupid jokes
 You suggest every one stand and sing the national budget
 You take off the handkerchief and blow your ear
 You sneer at the biggest bore in the room and realise
 You are in front of the wall mirror.

EDITORS

MANI SUNDARAM - 110 NARMADA
 THIADI MURALI - 248 NARMADA
 RAJAT MUKHERJEE-246 MANDAKINI

PUBLISHER - PROF. M.S. ANANTH

We are indebted for our cover to that very talented lady, Mrs. Parimala Rao



You whisper your best joke to the rubber plant
 You are sitting at the dinner table and you ask the hostess to pass a bed pan

MONKEY BUSINESS

The Sunday School teacher had just concluded a talk on the creation account as given in Genesis, when one of the children said, "My father says we are descended from monkeys."

"After class," replied the teacher, "we will discuss your private family problems."

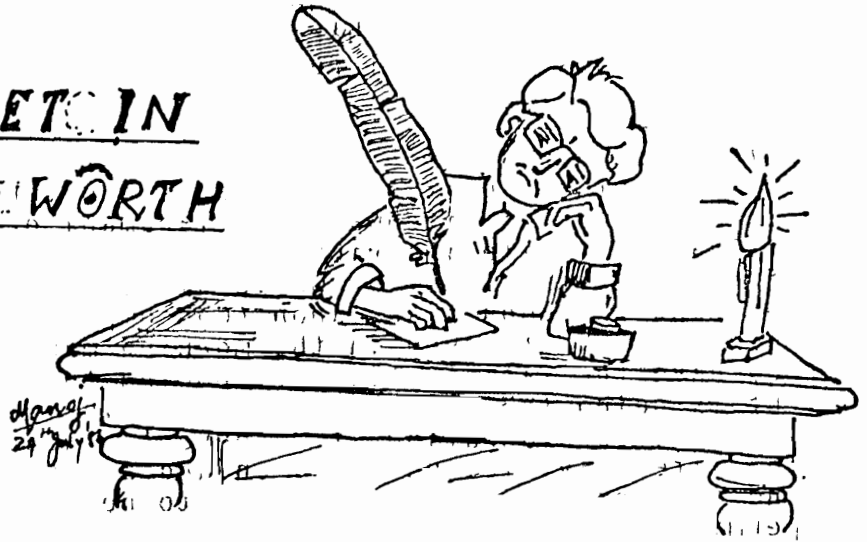
Vol. XXIII., No. 1



Editorial . . .

OR - HOW WE GET IN

OUR TEN CENTS WORTH



The old order giveth way to the new" So intoned with appropriate gravity, our venerable grandfather Anonymous, an exceedingly fine fellow and a handy chap into whose lap can safely be deposited all those little proverbs and old Jungle Sayings you learnt during your stint on Mother's knee and whose copyrights have shaped your mind. We hasten to add, gentle reader that the fare that'll be offered for your consumption, for better or for worse in these pages in the months to come will not be if we can help it and you can help us, merely a case of old wine in new bottles. In fact we hope so, despite solemn assurances from the wise old men of China that this is the Year of the Rat. Having unburdened ourselves of what general knowledge we possess, we pass on to graver matters. We are denarting from our previously formulated policy (hastily discarded the moment it was born) of keeping it short and sweet not, as you may in your uncharitableness think, for purposes of filling the pages with ink (Chortle Chortle, that bit settled 3 wholer lines!) but because a crisis has arisen!

DEADLY DIG

You, gentle reader, being the perceptible young hound you are, would have watched with sardonic amusement the merry jigs the CT has been executing suicidally close to the brink of the crevasse these last few years and you, gentle reader, being the slothful young hound you are, have done precious little besides watch and criticise. Loth though we are to say it, the idea that CT may be on a one way trip to Boot Hill seems to arouse no anger, no apprehension, no outraged pride in your hardened breast.

Now is the time for all able men to come to the aid of this rag, a bleak time when it's death rattle, like the proverbial dying duck's, grows louder and it may expire, martyr to no more glorious a cause than the laziness of the IITian.

The band of *regular writers* beefing up the rag with their articles has been dwindling over the years and this, when there has been no concurrent decrease in talent in the campus or in the guys entering this vale of horrors, every year. When such a medium as this, that is willing to print just about any thing thrown up by the students in the backlash of the omnipresent quizzes, exists, it is strange that not more blokes are straining at the leash, to let loose their prose and poetry on our tolerant readers.

Can this lack of interest be attributed to the shortness of the settling time

.....

between the periodic hikes through the rack. Or is it possible that you are, incredible though it may seem, shy!! Oh dear, surely you have chucked enough rockets at enough cultural shows to have gotten over that phase! Or is it, to probe deeper and run the risk of striking closer to home, simply pride. We are disposed to be charitable this bright morn after an excellent breakfast of oothappums and shall settle for the IITians' laziness as the culprit.

OLD TARAMANI SAYING

There is many a crib between the puff and the sip. Should you just care to write about the passionate attacks and vehement defences, be they over the steaming cups of ditchwater in Taramani or over that infernal Doobly Boobly at Quark or while inscribing them for posterity on the consecrated last benches of the Physics class, or while sitting on the terrace when the sun is going down and the moon rises anon (Consumption of four oily oothappums each two inches thick at seven in the morning makes our prose go from bad to verse), you have the satisfaction of knowing that all that gas is not going to waste but is being forced upon 2000 suffering readers who 'will weigh your every word with the consideration it deserves'. Need we say more? Before you take that too literally, let us hurry on and answer yonder gent basking on the last bench and chewing tobacco. He wishes to be enlightened as to what topics we would permit him to unleash himself on. Kind Sir, pray give the molars a rest and lend us your flappers, for the time has come to talk of many things.

THE WALRUS GIBBERETH

If you are the thoughtful type who wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with a P.J., you can perhaps pass us your scholarly thesis on Indian Movies or on the life in the Wild West or on that most fascinating topic, yourself. Or perhaps, depending on which side of the fence you are on, you have perfected the happy art of lecturing impressively without giving anything away, or the art of speedily memorising all those horrifying technical details without the aid of an ice pack on the head, and won't mind letting us in on it. If you are that oddity, as diehard an engineer as ever greased a screw or got a decent electric shock, you perhaps have schemes to modify OAT or the oxidation pond or just the wing bogs, and are anxious to publicise them. If you don't have any of these for us, you are well advised to consume a little fish regularly to get the forehead to bulge a bit and in the meantime, we'll make do with the collection of P.Js or campus horror stories, you've been working on to spend the time constructively in the class room. Or may be, you're of a medical bent of mind and have a thesis on 'Games IITians Play'. Or, bird watching being right up. most bird brained guys' street, may-be you are a gent with cultivated tastes—

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Did you know that the name CHARLES proved to be unlucky for many rulers who bore this name.

England

Charles I was beheaded by the Cromwellians (1649)

Charles II lived long in exile.

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, died in poverty in Rome in 1788.

France

Charles II, the fat, reigned wretchedly, was deposed in 877 and died in poverty in 888.

Charles III, the simple, died a prisoner in the castle of Peronne in 929.

Charles VI (1380-1422) went mad in 1392. Charles VII starved himself to death in 1461, partly through fear of being poisoned and partly because of a painful and incurable abscess in the mouth. Charles VIII accidentally smashed his head against the lintel of a doorway in the Chateau d'Amboise and died in agony (1498).

Charles IX died at the age of 24 (1574) harrowed in conscience for the part he had taken in the Massacre of St. Barthomle (The massacre of the Huguenots—50,000 were killed).

Charles X spent a quarter of a century in exile, and after less than six years on the throne, fled for his life and died in exile (1836)

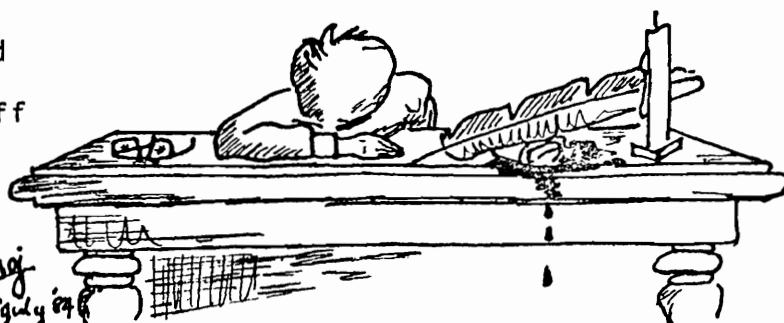
and have your own ideas on what would be the ideal costume for the modisch frauleins of Sarayu. Or perhaps, you can piece together some colourful episodes of your chum's life, from the dossier you maintain on him, while that outraged gentleman returns the compliment and squeals on you in our next issue.

So, down a cold coffee (or if the worst comes to the worst, even a Doobly Boobly), lock yourself in and till we meet in this column again, keep churning out the deathless stuff in sackfuls.

Yours etc.

EDITORS

Harish
24th July 84



Eds! Note - Just before the IIT stamped B.Tech on his face and let him loose on an unsuspecting world, Bharani came and gravely informed us that we had been selected by him for the honour of writing his biography. We declined when he refused to write ours in return. Pulling a fast one, he smartly wrote his lifestory himself and slipped it into the editorial kitty when we weren't looking. To reward such rare tenacity, we reproduce hereunder ...

THE STORY OF THE LATE UNLAMENTED
BHARANI

by

BHARANI

The Almighty realised He was creating too many perfect human beings. Well, he thought let's have some variety. I was born.

When I was six I liked doodling on the slate. My proud parents thought I would be a Rembrandt. I continued drawing ...er... the same thing. Humph. When I was ten I could wield a wooden piece with flourish, reminding my excited parents of the days of W.G. Grace. Well, when I started using the same piece against a ball thrown at me, I still swung it with flourish but not letting such mundane things as balls disturb my

dedication to the swinging of the bat.

I wonder now how my teachers at school kept their cool: their dogged persistence to practice their pedagogic arts on me left me amazed. My head was a brick wall as long as things tried entering it. But, it was a sieve when things tried to get out. When I got through high school I was surprised. So was my dad (he got desperate as he'd been sure he wouldn't have to burn his pocket on my college education.) Not to mention my teachers.

As an adolescent I was convinced I was a Clint Eastwood look-a-like. This idea clouded the fact that girls who smiled at me really did so because of the striking resemblance of my face to a horse's.

I was sure that I could be a good poet. My woe begotten heart complied with my request for a sad verse:

*Echoes of thoughts
Of lost things
Reverberate
In my head
Moistening the spirits
With sadness*

I read it. Tore the paper. Burnt it. Flushed it down the toilet. I borrowed my friend's guitar. I sang. Or so I thought until my neighbour threatened to knife me so I could continue wailing at

(Continued on page 13)

The Hardbound

Lampoon

I don't know why contributors to college magazines of the worse kind insist upon vilifying the specimens of humanity to be found in their vicinity. It is the generally accepted opinion that nothing can be done for the IITian anyway, for he's like the porcine empress who wants her daily fifteen grand of calories and let whiffle save the rest of the world. It is my personal view that the selfcentredness of the IITian finds its source in a great ignorance of the World outside. Stab an IITian and you find - Oh well, stab him anyway, and leave it at that. You've done your good deed for the day.

Now, for the benefit of the freshmen who've entered this campus with a very different view of things, or rather no view at all, lemme add that my hypothesis is as unproven as Murphy's Law. However, it is as irrefutable. The average IITian - viz. your nextdoor neighbour - will spout learnedly on anything from the state of Apple's finances last year to the correct gear reduction ratio, or whatever it is, in a TVS-50; but put him in a sumptuously furnished salon with a darkhaired beauty of Spanish origin and seductive intent, and he would scarcely know what to do. He might stammer, he might grope his way towards the door, unaware that outside lurks the senor and that the only acceptable way out of such a situation is to take

a running dive off the balcony into the bougainvillea; if he is the sort of really average moron who plasters his distempered walls with portraits of longhaired yodellers, he might even excuse himself saying he has a quiz tomorrow. Ah, such idiocies are unworthy of us cosmopolitans. You'd

know what to do, and so would I. The correct thing to do is bash her over the noggin with the jewelled hilt of a dagger of Oriental design until unconscious (until she's unconscious) and heave her over the side to test the bougainvillea's stress-strain ratio. There are other things you could do, to be sure, but hush! this is not that kind of magazine. Oh how I wish it was.

To come back to the subject - what was the subject? Good Lord, was *that* it? I came near as anything to writing on a metaphysical proposition. Let's digress.

You'd have noticed that this column is titled "The Hardbound Lampoon". I might

By

Lusus Naturae

as well say something about it. It is a simple game, since rules are made up as you go along. It was invented by some illiterate final year who'd finished his project too early, and is a direct descendant of Thurber's Superghosts. What you need is - item: one penguin. If a penguin is not available a freshie will do, but make sure he is very young and very fresh. Item: two T squares. These are for persuading the freshie to stay because he is essential. Item: several copies of Piskunov, or any other textbook which is deadly dull and weighs enough. Now we can get started.

Stand the freshie in a corner. He is not to speak or take active part. (Note: he must be very young and fresh.) He is not to be spoken by any of the competitors,

SOLUTIONS TO THE CROSSPATCH

ACROSS

- 1) Atemug 5) Particle 9) Mainsail
10) Trifle 11) Asterids 12) Galena
13) Detonate 15) Isis 17) Rear
19) Pressure 20) Erebus 21) Emporium
22) Reside 23) Goatskin 24) Discreet
25) Deluge

DOWN

- 2) Liaisons 3) Minuends 4) Gladiator
5) Pulls one's weight 6) Terrace
7) Caffeine 8) Elevator 14) Trump Card
15) Interred 16) Incenses 17) Reprisal
18) Accusing 19) Plunder

An optimist is one who marries his secretary believing he's going to dictate to her even after marriage.

or paid attention to in any way. When he bursts into tears the game is over, and the man holding the most Piskunovs loses.

Any number of competitors may participate. They sit in a circle and recite the prayer, "We are the cream of the cream" several times. Then the game begins.

As to the game itself, any description would be pretty nebulous, because as I said, the rules are made up as you go along. But bear in mind that the game is done when the freshie breaks down, and remember the Piskunovs are to be used, and you'll get along. Especially if you are final years who've finished their projects early.

As competitors become progressively more skilful, the freshies used as timers may be culled from a progressively tougher lot. With care and good timing, even the bearded guy in Mandak (you know who I mean) can be put to good effect. The story comes to its natural end when (i) the freshie refuses to be a sport and complains to the authorities; or (ii) the Warden drops in for a visit, good humouredly agrees to be the clock, and bursts into tears himself. If this should happen, you may have to invent another game, and that may prove to be difficult. The best way out is to prolong your project work until you have to cook the readings, which is what you'll do anyway.

Now that I've filled an extra page and gladdened the editors' hearts (God bless'em! May their check be forthcoming) I'll come back to the subject, which is, to wit - is the IITian ignorant of the world outside? An easy way of checking is to ask questions. You'll find that 90% of the populace does not know who Bakthan, of Velacheri, is; and 99% does not know where Arumbakkam is, and the lone idiot who does probably lives there. That proves my point.

Can anything be done? You ask with bated breath. The answer is - need anything be done? You and I can manage, and let whiffle save the rest.

By the way, if anyone's interested, there's a surefire method of finding how adaptable one is to life outside. The IITian is thrown, without mercy, into either of the foulsmelling canals that poison the heart of Our Fair City (as H. Miller would like to call it) and hauled out again by the ears. If the river smells any better after the operation, the IITian will survive life. That is, if he isn't dead already. This possibility being maximal, it's better that you either learn to swim or employ a freshie again.

And if you aren't interested, I suggest a rousing game of Hardbound Lampoon.

MOSAIC

As a more physical means of expressing emotions, people got around to hugging each other and rubbing noses. It is said that while rubbing noses, couples accidentally brushed lips, and not surprisingly, this interesting variant grew quickly in popularity to become the kiss.

Centuries have passed and the kiss has grown in popularity and acceptance, be it at the society ball or in the bedroom. Asked what a kiss was, a wag once remarked 'Kissing is a way of getting two people so close to each other that they cannot find anything wrong with each other'.

However for a shrewd understanding of female psychology it is hard to beat J.B. Priestly's observation 'She may not have been pretty, but might have been handsome if somebody kept telling her that she was pretty'.

As for the modern girl, she has funny ways of putting things. For instance, when she says 'You are going too far', she means you're getting too close.

With the advent of modern times came the cry for a liberation movement for women. All very well up to a point, but since women's libbers dislike being patronised, what does one say? 'You're looking very equal today!'

Some of the greatest and most enduring pieces of art have been

inspired by somen, notable examples being Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo. But nowadays there has come into being, what is known as modern art. A classicist, when asked to comment on this type of art, said 'Modern art is what happens when painters stop looking at girls and persuade themselves that they have a better idea.'

By

Arun D'souza

OF BRASS HATS & FILM SOC.

If of late you have come across an unshaven IITian asking you of all things the room number of your hostel literary secretary, you have had the misfortune* of meeting one of the editors of Campastimes. For, the very next mement, he must have started cross-questioning you about your writing competence. Nevertheless, this might be all for the better as most IITians hardly seem to be aware of a magazine called Campastimes. These editors with their new (?) editorial policy might give for the mag the shot in the arm, that is so badly needed. On this refreshing note, we shall begin this brief sketch of the three people who have been nominated editors and have been asked to guide the immediate future and course for CT. One can only hope and pray that they do it well.

Thadi - bespectacled guy, can be seen running around soliciting articles, doing the 'donkey work' as he claims. He is one of the few who claims to have joined the film soc. last year solely for the sake of art, especially art in films like Lady Chatterly's Lover

Rajat - Young blood. The 'kid' of the lot. Has fingers, legs, hands et al in every pie.

* - Hah! - Eds.

Mani - Silent one. The creative one. Writes beautiful lab reports. (We should know. We 'cog' from them) Claims he is for a life of spiritual contemplation. Wants to show those sinful Americans, the path to salvation. Which goes to show that there are ways and ways of getting to the States.

Hopefully, with this new set, the contributors won't all be a single person writing under different pen names.

Of other men and matters:-

Somnath - From a mere publicity co-ordinator to present post of general secretary has been the result of a lot of hardwork. He has apparently a lot of enthusiasm and zeal - that in fact sums up SOME NUT for you.

Venky - Social and cultural sec. - Comes from the holiest of our rivers - Ganga. In fact if Mardi Gras goes 'holy this time with more than its usual dose of classical music - you know who is the man responsible.

Nikki - If you imagine the sports secretary to be one of those hulky things, modelled on the lines of the

By

Murali & Mohan

ram of a battle-ship, you will be more than surprised to meet this guy, who is thinner than a rake. But he is the man of the hour and has got the stuff in him. (Any Narmadite will vouch for this).

Shady - He says he prefers to stay out of the limelight - but seems to be hogging all the limelight of late.

All said and done, there is a lot to be done in this institute and if our other secretaries Duggal - lit. sec. and Venkatesh, Hostel Affairs sec., do live up to their promises, as we sure hope they will, this populace definitely stands to gain.

Actually we meant to use this space for an advertisement for the film society and look how we have strayed. Right ho then. Film soc. membership is open from this month and do join in large numbers.

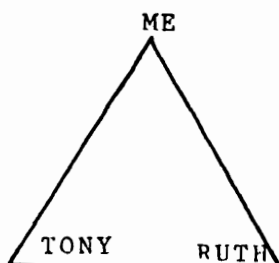
The following article has been culled from an old issue of CT with the aim of breathing some life into the grey cells of potential writers.

THE Geometry of LOVE

Dear Mrs. Agony Column:

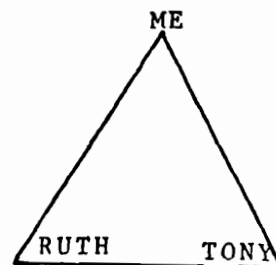
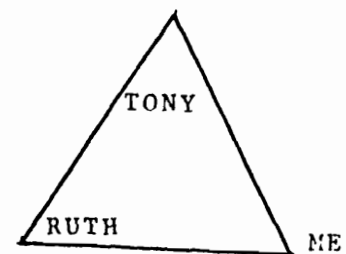
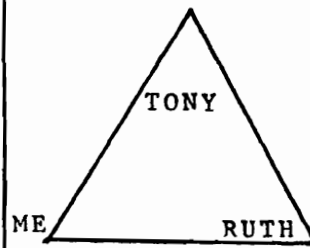
It's the most fascinating eternal triangle I've heard of. I know, cause I'm in it, or rather in one of the three corners (or is it sides?) of it. And I'm madly in love with her. And I know I'll never get to marry her. And my best friend on earth is not in love with her but knows he wants to marry her. She doesn't know I love her and she doesn't know if she can love me. She likes me though. And of course, she can never think of marrying me. Not now any way. She's not in love with Tony either. But I think she knows he wants to marry her and I think she's not sure she wants to. And that's the triangle, paradoxical, enigmatic, baffling, whichever way you look at it.

Now I know of that exquisite pain that comes in watching your best friend make his plans, his ploys, his little stratagems to marry the only girl in the world you're in love with. But I can't tell her I love her. Although she may have guessed it by now. Of course, Tony knows all about my love. He's my best friend, you know. But he also knows that I may never get round to marrying her. I know he knows. He knows I know he knows. Therefore I can only sit back and watch him carry out his moves. But the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry. I'm mouse and he's man. Both our plans may go awry. Only that I don't have any plans right now.

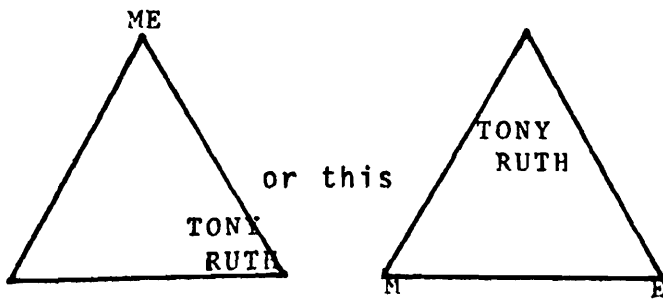


This is how the eternal triangle looks like right now. Note that Tony and Ruth are inside the triangle. They both know they are inside something. But she doesn't know it is a triangle. Tony knows that I'm at the third corner of the triangle. And I know that I'm outside the triangle, not in it. Tony knows that too. Being on the sharp corner is all the more painful. It hurts everywhere, both inside and outside. It's an equilateral triangle. I'm as close to Tony and Ruth as they are to each other. We are very good friends. Only that Tony and Ruth play the game from within the triangle. I play it from the outside. The game is a game of musical chairs (or is it musical corners). We move from corner to corner.

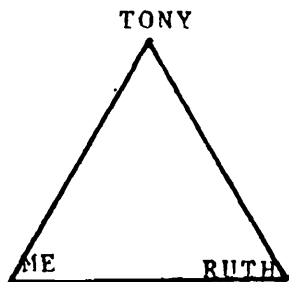
LIKE THIS



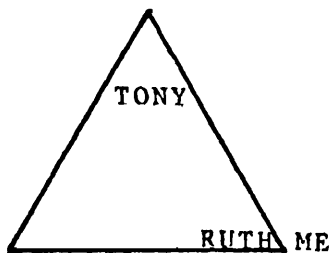
And so on. You can work out all the combinations if you know your maths well. But whatever it is, it is the same thing. For an equilateral triangle is an equilateral triangle whichever way you look at it. This is how the game is going on right now. But this is not what Tony wants it to be. His best laid plan is to achieve a situation like this.



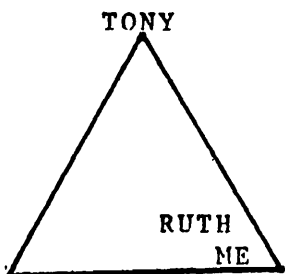
But my plans are not so ambitious. This is what I'll like to happen first.



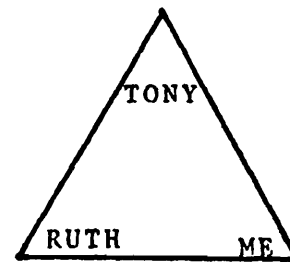
But it's not easy. I don't know how to do it. I'm prepared to settle for the following start.



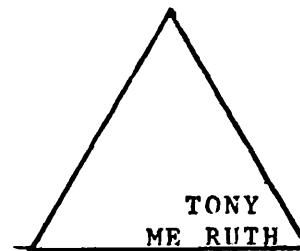
It's a good start, I feel. And maybe I might get in by osmotic default as:



Of course, this is the best laid plan I have. I might even settle for an alternative start. To get into the triangle first. Thus,



But then the game of musical corners continues as merrily as ever. And it might end up, in disaster, thus,



'They call it menage a trois. I need help from somebody please.

Yours sincerely,
PYTHAGORAS

THE POET'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY.

*A year is made up of days,
A day of hours,
An hour of minutes,
A minute of seconds,
A second of MOMENTS!
.....
And EVERY moment with YOU is
..... A LIFETIME!*

- S. Srinivas, B'lore.

*An Epicure dining at Crew
Found quite a large mouse in his stew
Said the waiter—"Don't shout,
And wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting some too."*

DRAGGING himself out of the murky depths of IITian life, Suresh Babu repairs to the Himalayas, seeking elevating experiences. He skilfully avoids Yetis, but bumps into ...

THE MIGHTY HIMALAYAN MAN

Yes, I was in the Himalayas, on a lonely mission. You ask what I was looking for. There is nothing you cannot look for in the magnificent ranges: beauty if you want, clarity if you seek, calmness whether you seek it or not. The Himalayas is not just another part of the earth. Here is, whichever way you look at it, the ageless connection between the Earth and the rest of the Universe.

The experience was intoxicating. I felt the surge of immense freedom within. I burst into song, praising my Lord, the Universe, whom I felt much closer than ever before. I drank from the inexhaustible sources of strength and beauty and when I could take no more, lay prostrate on the unusual land, exhausted.

When I opened my eyes, I saw a man beside me. I call him 'man' for want of another word - actually he looked very different from the men we know. It was as if the Himalayas in all its grandeur had taken a human form.

I just want to tell you what this unusual man told me. He had been in the Himalayas for ten years now, away from all human society. Having had all his time and all his energy for endless contemplation, he had known life in its variety and depth. Words flowed from him with unusual clarity.

He spoke thus:

You seem to be excited. You wonder how I can be calm and passive in this wonder land. When you see more and more, you will become silent. In excitement you only enjoy. It is in silence that you learn.

You may wonder if I have retreated

here to escape the world. I haven't. I came here after traversing most of the known lands. I wanted to know my Lord in the silence of the mountain.

In the state of awareness between sleep and wakefulness sometimes, I see the Universe separate from myself. The Universe appears so far beyond my reach that I wonder whether we know anything about it, to justify our various interpretations. This vision is enough to humble the originator of any mighty system. Under its impact one is suddenly unsure of the ground one has so blissfully stood on all along.

Do you, like many youths, hate the mention of God? God, to me, is the mysterious which makes life possible. God represents the unanswered questions without which life has no driving force, nothing to move it from stagnation. When there are things I can do, things I can understand, I think of God. When there are things I can't do, things I can't understand, then too, I think of God.

What we blame in man is his limitations. Yet one forgets that when everything is perfect, there cannot be life, as we experience it now. There is nothing wrong with the Universal design. There are things we know so that we feel sure of our ground. There are things we don't know so that we may strive towards the unknown.

Man is confused because he thinks. He is afraid of conflicts because he has choice. A computer has no choice - it moves logically from one step to the next and hence is not confused. Know that man's freedom of choice is the highest of Nature. Nature has not intended her children to be all alike, following fixed routines. If so, she would have been content with making self-replicating machines.

Let not any interpretation, any belief bind you. Develop the courage to face the void - the absence of beliefs, for it is in void that you can create most freely. Man, by nature, is intended to expand, to grow, to create. But, this expansion is not independent of the environment. You can only grow

with the environment, not against it.

Let man know that Nature is far mightier than he thinks she is. Man doesn't ever conquer Nature. She fulfills his needs, to help his growth. When he thinks of defeating Nature he only defeats himself. He makes the earth uninhabitable for himself.

In the modern world there is too much of consumption, too much activity - activity not coming from expansion within but activity imposed from without. No doubt, strife is an inevitable part of growth. But, there is so much strife that the feeling of growth is no longer there. If you feel uneasy about the ways of the world, be ready to recognise this root. Strive, not to contribute to the confrontation amongst men but to keep the balance. Nature, in her boundless pursuit of novelty, has blessed man with limitless powers so that he may fulfil her mission.

Be thankful to the centuries of human civilization which made the pursuit of Science and Technology possible for us. Through science, we come to know our Lord more. In technology, we create what our Lord has only dreamt of.'

All through the days I stayed with him, I listened to him. He spoke on all things in the Universe - the evolution of the physical Universe, the origin of life, the evolution of life upon earth and the human mind. 'At times,' he once said, 'it is difficult to believe that the Universe can exist like this. But the absence of the Universe is unthinkable. Life has meaning because it exists.'

I didn't want to leave the place. But he insisted on my going back and experiencing the world. I returned with exalted feelings. To what extent I've been able to share them with you I know not. What I've given above is only a part of his thoughts. Can a lifetime's intense experience be summarised in a few pages? The notes I've of his many talks can be of help should any of you want to know more about him.

GOURD'S AXIOM

A meeting is an event at which the minutes are kept, and the hours are lost.

WHISTLER'S LAW

You'll never find out who's right, but you'll always know who's in charge.

QUIZ

-By Suku

- 1) What is the milli Helena a unit of? 2) What was Arachne's reward for challenging and defeating Atheneia in a weaving contest? 3) Who is supposed to be the only person capable of taming a unicorn? 4) Which film character described women as irritating, exasperating, vacillating and whose heads were filled with cotton, hay and rags? 5) Who ran for the Presidency of the USA advocating among other things short skirts, free love, women suffragette and vegetarianism? 6) Who is the only person not to be given a sex test at the Olympics? 7) Who said '20,000 young women rise to their feet, with the cry: we shall not be dictated to; and promptly became stenographers'? 8) The British King Charles II was so known to all except one person who called him Charles III. Who was this and why? 9) Which actress played the role of the outlaw Bonnie Parker in the film Bonnie & Clyde? 10) Which person rode nude on horseback through the streets of Coventry to protest against the taxes imposed by her husband?

(Answers on page 17)

Bridging The Gap

- by Madhu



S 843
H 9862
D AK 63
C A9

S J10 92
H 7
D 985
C 107532

W	N	E
S		

S KQ76
H 3
D QJ102
C KQ84

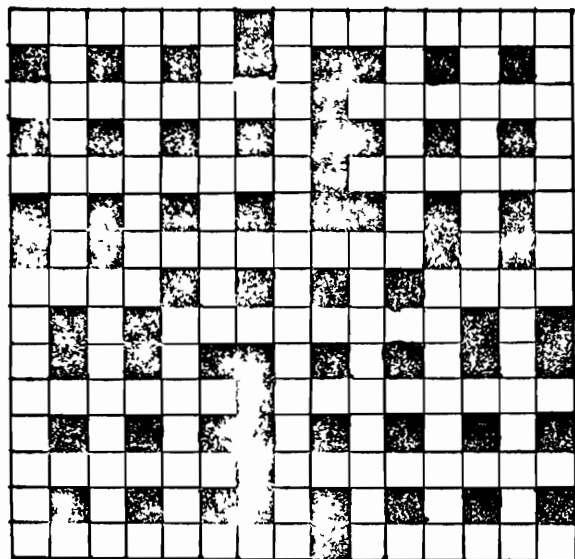
S A5
H AKQJ1054
D 74
C J6

CONTRACT: 6H by South.
Lead SJ.

(Solution on page 19)

THE CAMPASTIMES CROSSWORD

by Chakrax



DOWN

- 2) Illicit affairs? They figure in French conversation (8)
- 3) You subtract from them - a minute almost gets over (8)
- 4) Warrior's happy Indian Army has eminence. (9)
- 5) Does one's work - just walks around?
- 6) Retrace round to where the roof is flat (7)
- 7) It's in the tea and coffee, there's fine mix-up in restaurant (8)
- 8) Lift to reveal otherwise (8)
- 14) Kind of square behind plaque indicates hidden winner (9)
- 15) Buried tin wrong and sinned (8)
- 16) Angers with perfumes? (8)
- 17) Rip laser asunder and recapture (8)
- 18) Employing accountant before, levelling the blame (8)
- 19) Briefly please, below rifle (7)

You are a cat only if you know that:

BLINDWORMS are neither blind nor worms. They are legless lizards. INDIAN INK comes from China, not from India. SILVER PAPER, used in wrapping is usually a form of tin foil.

ACROSS

- 1) The French study hard after a tankard (3-3)
- 5) Peace, for e.g. the small bit (8)
- 9) Is lamina bent for use in vessels?
 - Not now. (8)
- 10) They initially ransack, a small amount (6)
- 11) Starfish on the star side, cavorting (8)
- 12) Force 10 Sodium Ore (6)
- 13) Letter returned during appointment. Blast! (8)
- 15) Goddess exists twice-told (4)
- 17) Sir, earls at the back (4)
- 19) If you're under it for too long, it shows in your blood (8)
- 20) Hell is here, buster! (6)
- 21) A big mart I rope mum around to (8)
- 22) Weird desire to dwell permanently (6)
- 23) In the family of Capricorn? Might be a canteen (8)
- 24) Diana's erect, confused but wary (8)
- 25) Outpour 'e glued all wrong (6)

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 6)

(Continued from page 5)

the top of my voice from the nearest Hitchcock-type haunted house.

Now, I was sure, such a wreck as me could become a philosopher. I wrote: Life was not fair. It was a cruel experience in which hope and happiness were transient illusions that served to make the inevitable tragedy more poignant.' Somebody found out that somebody had already written things along the same lines ... even the same lines. How much can one take?

So I climbed to the thirteenth floor of the nearest construction (that's where I am writing this). I jump down thinking 'what a mess I'll be making of the strip of road I'll land on.'

ISLE OF PORTLAND, in Dorset, is a peninsula. DUTCH CLOCKS were of German (Deutsch), not Dutch manufacture.

Emm goes through a bone-jarring experience. He takes a trip on the Madras-Dadar Express . . .

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Lies. All lies. Thrilling, they said. A moving experience, they assured. On trains, that is. Might even leave you shaken. Exciting, they promised. Ha ha! The only thing that had made me dance in excitement in a train were the bed bugs.

You'll agree that the most decent thing that can happen to a bimbo doomed to a 24 hour train grind is girls. If you have been such a bimbo, you'll also agree how heart-breaking hope can be. Luck is of the essence in such matters. I always managed to exhaust my quota of it in the end-sems. So, hope being a pale shadow of it's former self, I resolved to lead a celibate life. I brightened. May be like Menaka, the Apsara who sought to seduce Vishwamitra . . . I thought . . . I thought some more . . . I would settle for Shoorpanaka even . . . I banished these sinful thoughts from my head. I must aim higher. Exist on a higher plane. So I began to book the topmost berth. So's I could park there and watch benevolently over the whole compartment. That didn't help either. Then one day . . .

I saw that my neighbour for this trip was going to be a Kamini. This was promising. The first time anything remotely feminine was going to give me company for 30 hours. Kamini! I rolled it round my tongue. What a name! Kamini of the doe eyes and the gentle smile that would put a thousand suns to shame. The 30 hour trip was too short. Why this hurry, this unbecoming haste, I felt. This foolish desire to emulate everything western, this hustle and bustle which has only brought ulcers in its wake. What's happened to the ancient Indian tradition of a peaceful and thoughtful journey through life, I wondered. I hoped the coal would run out. And we would be stranded in the middle of the Andhra plain. . .

I plastered a Sean Connery look on my map and sauntered down to my seat.

Kamini turned out to be 200 years old and 200 mm. tall. I am a solid respectable citizen of the republic, who doesn't dodge his taxes or sell watered milk to the populace or pass off melted jaggery as honey. I haven't done anybody any harm, least of all the Indian Rlys. and the least those sharks can do in return is to print the blasted ages of the passengers against their names on the list. But sinister plots are afoot to deliberately mislead trusting young IITians in springtime. It's a cruel world. We live and learn. Just like workshop. Just like the quizzes.

When I reached my seat, Kamini was initially nowhere to be seen. Actually I almost sat on her, she was that shrunk. There was this guy with bulging eyes sitting opposite. He growled and told me to watch where I parked my carcasse. I noticed a heap of clothes and wrinkles on the seat beside and nodded. I had placed the man. I am pretty good at placing people. Obviously an anthropologist and no anthropologist worth his cracked pottery likes to see someone trying to hatch the Neanderthal remains he has freshly dug from some ancient tomb. I moved aside and surveyed his life work respectfully.

'Young man, fetch me hot water!' a hoarse voice piped. 'Certainly', I said politely, then froze. Hoarse voices have no business piping up from thin air. I shuddered. Had the old fossil unwittingly disturbed some slumbering ghoul while scratching for his foul skeletons. Some vengeful ghost that would haunt him for the rest of his life and me for the rest of the journey? I remembered an old saw that evil spirits give a wide berth only to those blokes who are smart enough to sport a wreath of lemons and chillies. Where am I to get lemons and chillies now, I despaired. I looked around fearfully. 'Young man. Fetch me hot water!' The voice seemed to come from the bone bag. Enlightenment struck!! As I may have said before, I'm pretty good at placing people. 'Dashed good ventriloquism! How do you do it?' I asked with awe.

'WILL YOU GET THAT HOT WATER!' Oooh! This was priceless. The only chink in a ventriloquists armour is supposed to be his Adam's Apple which does a Tango dance everytime he ventriloquizes. I had been watching his A.A like a hawk and it was like the Rock of Gibraltar. I felt, though, that he wouldn't get any encores if he didn't introduce a bit more variety in his act. Before I could tell him this, the same words were repeated with a mighty poke in the ribs by the dummy. By the time a sliced onion held under my beak had restored me to my senses, the bone bag had uncoiled itself into Kamini, a Kamini who was foaming at the mouth for her hot water. I got it and a few other things she said she couldn't exist without: a basket of lemons, a jar of Golti pickles, a copy of Kalki, a barrel of vadais and a vat of uppumma.

I sat back, waiting for the train to start. Why this delay, this slackness, I wondered, this lingering, this shyness to advance. It was this indifference to values of time and speed that had made us a nation of cobwebs. There was an approaching noise, as of a vendetta between two Sicilian clans and a huge tidal wave of human bodies crowned us. I came up clawing madly for air and saw that I was to share the journey with a yelling horde of brats. I detached a couple of them from my collar and looked disapprovingly at the short bald man who was trying to look as though all this population explosion was one of those laughable mistakes on his wife's part.

He said he was Mr. Gowda, which I had no reason to doubt, of course. Mrs. Gowda who was cooing and grimacing at the youngest and latest addition to a bumper crop of Gowdas, invited me to make faces at the kiddo. These are deep waters. One must tread carefully here. Mothers are notoriously finicky about such formalities. Should you decline this honour, at best they skewer you with a glance, at worst they haul off and plaster you one on the kisser. But the path of acquiescence is also full of perils. If Junior takes a fancy to you, Momma unloads him on your lap with alarming regularity;

worse she mysteriously manages to do this when it is near Junior's toilet time. One has to choose the middle path. So I gave the kiddo a Bharat Rao type smile and he spent the remainder of the journey in mortal terror of me.

Mr. Gowda asked me where I was from. From IIT, I smirked. He was suitably impressed. 'But ... but aren't you a bit young to be a lawyer?' He nodded heavily. 'At your age, too! Why, they'll be making you hangman next!'

Subsequent chatting was a trifle cold and when one of the kids, having finished painting my trouser with his lollipop, started on my face with it, I requested Mr. Gowda rather curtly to remove his offspring from my person.

I leaned back and idly gazed at the streams, the cows in the fields, the mangroves, one fellow eating my Harold Robbins book, boulders dotting the plains, people dozing in their seats WHAT WAS THAT AGAIN, SOMEONE EATING THAT HAROLD ROBBINS; I made a desperate lunge, but too late; the last few pages were disappearing down the brat's throat. 'Your child', I said excitedly to Mr. Gowda, 'has just made a tiffin of my book. I don't ...' 'Puppy, Poppsy, Poopsy, oo's your poor poor tummy? Did the bad bad man give you the bad bad book to eat then?' 'Here!', I protested. 'Bad man bad man bad man', chanted Puppy. 'Bad man, yourself', I retorted smartly, 'that was my hostel library book and ...' 'Come, Pappy, Mommy will give you some yum-yum for your poor tummy.' 'I don't want any yum-yum myself', I said with dignity. 'But since thanks to Pappy, I mean Puppy here, I have to pay a hefty fine...' Here a terrific bawling broke loose. I noted that Harold Robbins was beginning to have his effect on the eater. I was concerned. Parents are too slack with the kids these days. They let them eat just about anything and with stuff like CT and Piskunov lying around, they should know better. 'I hope you have realised', I said severely 'that

Puppy has swallowed at least 20 pages of zipping sex and violence'. 'What!' screamed the man. 'In fact', I continued sternly, 'One wonders if, after all that sex, Pappu continues to retain his virginity.' 'I hope he does', I added gallantly. Mr. Gowda looked strangely relieved. 'Oh! That he lost long ago'. I looked around in consternation. Ladies were present and the man was loosely tossing words like sex and virginity. I decided to be circumspect. Tactful is the word. 'How did the brat lose his virginity?' 'He loses it almost every week. You call it virg... something. We call it Poo-Poo.' 'Poo-Poo, Poo-Poo', yelled Junior. 'What is poo-poo?' I probed delicately. 'Poo-poo? Oh it is ...er ... it's just ... that is .. I don't quite know how to put it ...', then a sudden thought seemed to strike him. 'Pappu! Have you got your poo-poo now or have you lost it?' And to my horror, the kid started fiddling with his pants. Before my stunned eyes, he dragged out something from his clothes, a balloon whistle it was; he puffed on it and the balloon deflated slowly emitting a loud pooo... I collapsed like a wet rag.

Stations came and stations went and nothing untoward happened save a minor flutter when, after leaving Komali station, the usual roll call was taken, one member of the Gowda clan was found to be missing. A frantic search was immediately instituted. Every nook and cranny was searched, suit cases were opened, blankets were shaken and I turned out my pockets, but no Chikki, that was the missing one's name. Since I was the only non-hysterical one present, I realised I had to assume charge. I endeavoured to soothe. 'Look at the bright side. This is a lucky break for Komali. The wretched town has doubtless known no Gowda before. A worthy member has been left behind to start a branch of the illustrious Gowda clan there.' These sentiments were, strangely, received coldly. More efforts on my part were not required as the missing one returned from the loo where he had been attending to urgent matters and he was received back into the fold with a lot of unnecessary fanfare.

'Ooo look, look at what Chikki is doing', Mrs. Gowda gave a little scream and all the kids clapped and bawled. I looked and saw with horror that Chikki, seeking to celebrate his return by doing something suitably spectacular was yanking at the alarm chain like it was his sister's pigtail. For one awful moment he dangled, then the chain gave, depositing Chikki in an unceremonious heap on the hard floor. One of the few reasons I think life is still worth living is that I've always wanted to clear this business of the train alarm. Some say there is only a lot of sighing and shuddering as in a Meena Kumari Movie. Others swear it sounds just like a Somnath speech. A third school maintains there is only a brief death-rattle like the one Sajai mobike gives when he sits on it. I would have settled this question had not the blasted kid started yelling at his sore bottom, effectively drowning out the audio bit. However I can assure my readers that should they feel disposed to a little chain pulling, they can do so fearlessly as the train won't stop at your merely hauling on one chain; you have to haul on two. This clever move by the Railways is based on the simple premise that if a guy is really desperate to stop the train, he can jolly well be desperate enough to pull every chain in sight; a fact which nipped my thirst for knowledge in the bud as a notice assured me that I would spend thirty days as the Government's guest cracking rocks in the quarries of Cuddapah, should I be foolish enough to linger on after the act.

The iron-horse rolled on ... --By Emm --

P.J CORNER

Q: What do misers do in cold weather?
A: They sit around a candle.
Q: What do misers do in very cold weather?
A: They light it!

Signs of the Times

In a dress shop: Buy now! Skirts are going up.
Hotel Ad: Put yourself in our place.

THIS MAD MALADY

Sometimes, not too seldom, I have had the opportunity to notice that I didn't generally belong to the conversation of some of my pals. Initially, when I was supposedly 'goody-goody' I would stay out of these conversations altogether. Now that I'm just 'goody', I jump in and out of such conversations with a frequency similar to that of having letters slipped under my door by the postman.

So, once, I started my march towards impending doom by one of my usual comments. 'You know something? I quite like that girl She's pretty decent and un-tomboish' Before I could finish, they all jumped to the occasion. 'Hey! Did you hear Rat. He said he's flipped. Imagine Rat flipping. It's just as improbable as his taking drugs or smoking.' I tried to defend myself. 'Hey! Don't overdo it! I didn't say anything except that she was pretty decent! And moreover, I'd like to tell you chaps that there's nothing wrong even if one does flip. And they went off again, only too happy at noticing my indignation. 'That means he's really flipped!'

... And all their eyes turned to me!

... And all of them roared with laughter!!

.... And I joined them too!!!

Then, one smart aleck spoilt the fun (only to add to their fun) by saying, 'But Rat! she's taller than you.' And another large package containing peals of laughter.

Oblivious to the danger, I at once took off, simply because of my egoism. 'Oh! Don't speak all that crap. First of all, she's not taller. Moreover, I don't care a damn whether she's taller or not. What difference will it make to ME if SHE's taller.'

And they would start - 'Oh, no! RAT, she's taller! Rat, she's taller. RAT, she's TALLER!

Anyone who knows me well enough would know my retort - 'Look here! So what if she's taller. I'm cleverer than her. I'm ... than her. I'm better at than her. My God, man! Even Napoleon Bonaparte was short and Great. Same here, man. It makes no goddamn difference.'

'Oh yes! It does! You're not Napoleon Bonaparte. RAT, you're RAJAT MUKHERJEE. You're RAT. It's just not the same.'

'Anyway, Rat, go ahead! We shan't discourage you. Not at all.'

-- And I said I knew how encouraging they were.

-- And I said I wouldn't like their reaction if I truly fell for a girl taller than me.

-- And I said that the girl would understand better than them.

-- And I also told them that I hadn't flipped.

-- And they told me it was high time I did.

-- And they said they knew girls short enough for me.

-- And I said I was of normal height 5-4, and that I only looked short because I was skinny.

-- And they said - 'Rat, don't flip for a female who's FATTER than you', and madness started all over again!

-- RAJAT MUKHERJEE --

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ: 1) Feminine beauty. 2) She was turned into a spider. 3) A virgin. 4) Prof. Henry Higgins in My Fair Lady. 5) Victoria Woodhull. 6) Princess Ann. 7) G.K. Chesterton. 8) His mistress Nelli Gwyn for she had 2 previous lovers called Charles. 9) Jane Fonda. 10) Lady Godiva.

MUG THIS UP

A successful acupuncture is a jab well done.

An alarm clock is a mechanism used to scare the daylights into you.

THE CURSE OF KARNA

The day war broke out, 4th Dec. 1985, I had been in the library of the Maharaja University; I picked up a copy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, took the volume to a nearby table and sat down. Opposite me was an elderly professor of the Sanskrit Department, one Raghavendra Shastri, a very enigmatic person. He spent his time not just in teaching Sanskrit and reading Sanskrit texts, but also in the study of mantras and their effects. He was reputed to be a very pious and religious man who led an austere life and performed penances. Some considered him a sorcerer!

I first noticed his presence at my table when I heard a peculiar muttering. I looked up and found the professor deeply engrossed in a book. From time to time, he would chant something in a low voice. I heard him saying the same thing in two or three intonations, shaking his head after each attempt, and trying again. Finally, he appeared to have succeeded, for he said it the same way three or four times and then nodded his head vigorously in approval. He then looked up to find me staring at him. I looked away, but he had seen my curious stare.

He smiled "All this must seem strange to you," he began, "but I have just discovered a powerful weapon I've been searching for it ever since I learnt from the 10 o'clock news last night that war had been declared. He rose to go, "Mark my word," he said, "the war will be over today." He walked away with a satisfied smile.

I picked up the Sanskrit book he had left. It was one of the volumes of the Mahabharata, the one dealing with the life of Karna. Karna! I had always felt sorry for that ill-fated legendary hero, whose life had never really been a happy one. Though he was as much a Pandava prince as the other five, he never

knew his lineage. He was brought up as a commoner. His equals shunned him. Teachers would not teach him. He was cursed by holy men and sages at every turn for misdeeds, which, in all fairness, could not be held against him. He died as the result of a curse. In the Kurukshetra war, he was killed by Arjuna when he was trying to pull the wheel of his chariot out of the mud where it was stuck. He could not recall a single mantra to save himself.

It was all terribly unfair, I felt, as I closed the book and left the library.

. . .

The war was over that night. Pakistan had surrendered unconditionally. The newsreader was saying:

"No one yet knows the reason for the surprising and sudden debacle of the Pakistani forces. Reliable sources claim that minutes after crossing the Indian border, the enemy soldiers panicked and fled back towards their country, leaving behind their guns and tanks. Even their thirty F-16s which flew to India crashed. The nuclear weapons carried by them thankfully failed to detonate.

Meanwhile, Western analysts said in Paris today that the Indians may have used a secret weapon like a death-ray. Moments before they crashed, the Pakistani pilots were heard babbling incoherently and screaming over the radio. The use of nerve-gas as a possibility has been ruled out because Indian forces in the area were not affected." Something funny! The Professor?

"Well sir, I wanted to talk to you about this Pakistan thing..." I began. The Professor smiled, "First, what do you think of Karna?" he asked. I was taken aback at the unexpected question. "I mean, how do you feel about the way Fate treated him?" he asked.

"Well," I said hotly, "I think it was pretty rotten of Fate. Karna was a man who didn't deserve all the suffering he got. If it had been Duryodhana or Shakuni or anyone else as wicked, it wouldn't have mattered, but..." "Exactly!" he broke in, "one wouldn't

bother at all if it had been someone else. Which is why it had to be Karna. You see, you aren't the only person to feel it unfair. Almost anyone who knows the story of Karna feels sorry for him. I am no exception.

By his death, Karna has saved India, for, if I hadn't felt about him so strongly, I would never have remembered to think of the curse!

You perhaps know that it is not just the meaning of a mantra that is important. The sounds and the intonation are the really important aspects. People today don't seem to realise that it is the vibrations you put out ^{that} cause the event you desire to take place.

I had to experiment for some time before I intuitively knew that I had got it. You heard me in the library. It was that mantra, the Curse of Karna, that saved India from a nuclear disaster today."

I stared at him. "But the planes..." I began. "There was nothing wrong with the planes, smiled the professor, "the mantra affected only the enemy pilots, as it affected their soldiers. You don't understand. I will explain.

You don't know how to fly a plane. Suppose you suddenly found yourself all alone in the pilot's seat of a plane which is already in the air, what would you do? You'd panic, you'd scream, and you'd finally crash.

If you suddenly found yourself on the battlefield with a rifle you couldn't operate, or a tank you couldn't drive, you'd panic and flee."

And everything was clear. The curse which Parashurama gave an undeserving Karna had saved a whole country. One man had suffered and died, but centuries later, a nation had survived, because of that curse:

"May your knowledge desert you when you need it most!"

By G.C. Prasad . . .

- Defence Ministry, kindly note! -EDS.

On the penultimate heart, dummy throws a club and East is squeezed. If he discards a club, you lead a club to the ace, cash AK of diamonds, ruff a diamond and club jack is good. If he throws a diamond, you cash AK of diamond, ruff a diamond, play a club to the ace and the fourth diamond is good.

THUS SPAKE THE BIG BOSS

As Cultural Adviser it is my pleasant duty to invite faculty, staff and students of our campus to make full use of Campastimes as an outlet for their creative writing talents.

I have no doubts in my mind that talent for expression does exist on the Campus. However, there is a marked preference for informal oral expression of such talent over written expression. It is certainly true that what passes off for wit and wisdom in casual conversation is often neither funny nor even wise-sounding when put down on paper. Far more thought is necessary when one is to commit oneself in writing. On the other hand talent for good expression can really be honed only by trial and error. And you can't find a more friendly magazine for erroneous trials than Campastimes!

We welcome articles on all topics and in all styles - prose, verse or even drama.

Dr. M.S. Ananth
(Publisher)

SOLUTION TO THE BRIDGE PROBLEM

The point of the hand lies at trick 1. The spade Jack has to be ducked and the continuation won. Now six hearts are run to reach the following position:

		S -							
		H -							
		D AK 63							
		C A9							
Im- material	v.	<table><tr><td>W</td><td>N</td><td>E</td></tr><tr><td colspan="3">S</td></tr></table>	W	N	E	S			S -
			W	N	E				
			S						
			H -						
			D QJ102						
C KQ									
		S -							
		H 54							
		D 74							
		C J6							

MAY WE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE

"TWO NEW WAYS OF MAKING
QUICK DOUGH"

Campastimes announces competitions for those who wish to be prodded out of their shells. **Time limit - 1 month**

Hey freshies! Here're 2 competitions which give no scope for the excuse from your side that 'competition was unjust!' So come out and participate in large nos.

TOPICS: 1) ON 'HEALTHY INTERACTION' OR 2) 'AWAY FROM MAMA' OR 3) 'ANY OTHER TOPIC THAT WOULDN'T PAIN YOU AS MUCH AS THE ABOVE TWO. (Limit - 1000 words)

ALSO CARTOON COMPETITION for freshies: The best cartoon (Topic: On IITian life - any aspect) - fetches you 10 bucks.

The second competition is for anyone who would like to pitch in, seniors and juniors alike. Staff, PGs, Sarayu inmates - no bar.

Write a short story. Or essay. Or anything you please!

The catch?!!!! - The following sentence must occur in your write-up in some place:

'I DRAGGED MYSELF PAINFULLY TO THE COUCH AND DISCOVERED, TO MY HORROR, THAT SHE

PLEASE NOTE - EDS. PASS YOUR ENTRIES TO US - EDS.

WAS DEAD, QUITE DEAD, STABBED THRO' THE HEART!!'

Word limit - 1000 words.

So come on guys! Buck up!

Prizes? Well, don't get indignant! Here they are!

1st Prize: Rs. 40/- or a free trip to Amritsar. (Bullet proof vests & bodyguards supplied by CT)

2nd Prize: Rs. 30/- or similar trip to Bhiwandi.

3rd prize: Rs. 20/-

For the rest: Our assurance that nobody will know; we'll keep it to ourselves.



Our sincere thanks to Mr. P.S. SPIDHARAN, for painstakingly typing out this entire issue.

Our thanks also to Mr. SWAMI & Mr. VENKATESAN of the Reprographu Section of the Central Library.

