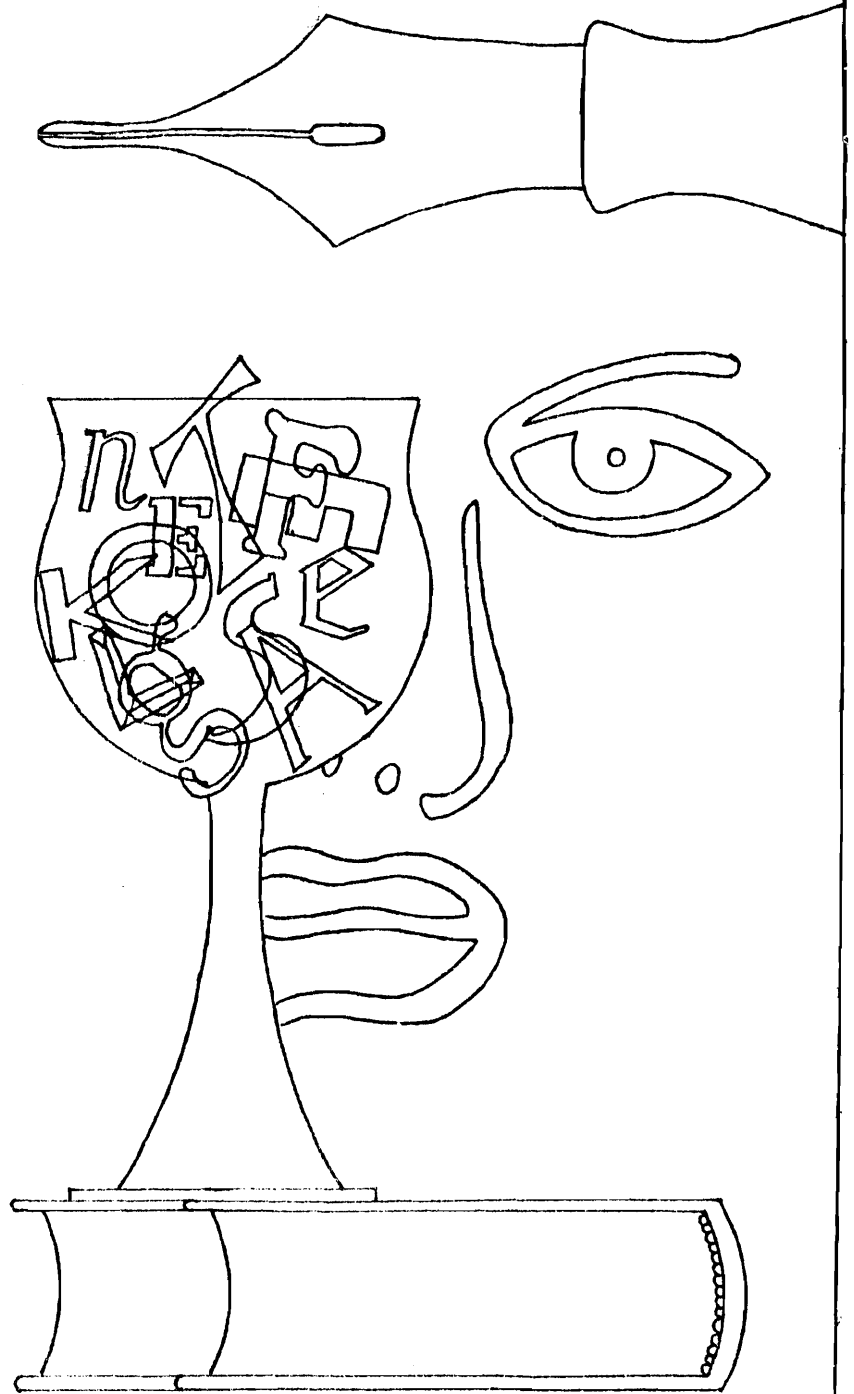


AUGUST 82

Campanastimes



EDITORIAL

It is now a good 25 days since the first issue of CT made its appearance. The cause for the delay goes back to a day in mid-June (or was it May?) when the Administration got together and decided to devote three whole weeks of the semester to evaluations. Last week was one of those.

The previous issue of CT seems to have come under quite a bit of criticism from one of our sister mags, and then there were writings on hostel walls. We only hope that our critics will have cause enough to eat their words on reading this and the succeeding issues of CT.

In our previous editorial, we had, if you will recall, put out calls for any kind of articles. The response received has been good, we are glad to say, and hope this will continue to the finish. We specially invite articles from the first-years--from whom our pleas seem to have elicited no response whatsoever.

--Eds.

CAMPASTIMES WILDLIFE SPECIAL

Focusing our attention for the first time on the rich flora and fauna of this campus, we are bringing out a special issue. Articles pertaining to wildlife -- factual or otherwise -- in prose or in verse are welcome from the readers. The issue will include an interview with Mr Romulus Whitaker, Hon'y Director, Guindy Snake Park.

ANNOUNCEMENT

CAMPASTIMES ANNOUNCES

A LIMERICK COMPETITION.

Limericks on varied topics covering IITian persons and incidents are invited from the readers of Campastimes. Attractive prizes await the winners of the competition. You can hand in your entries to your hostel reps or to any of us.

D. ANANTH
44, NARMADA

ANIL K. MENON
109, GANGA

K.G. SRINIVASAN
340, GANGA

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

There is good news for the readers of the campus publications. Reports indicate that it may not be long before the cyclostyled or rotaprinted sheets can be turned into food. A process now being developed in the SCAPEGOAT section of the Chem Engg Dept involves extracting the glucose from the cellulose content of the paper, then feeding the glucose to a batch of edible yeasts, molds or bacteria inside a fermenter. The protein left over would be dried into a powder and used as a nutrient.

Dr Indigenous Mfr has said in a press statement that this process which has been developed with German collaboration will be very useful for the proper utilization of the paper resources of IIT and other premier institutions of this country.

Dr Indigenous Mfr has been feeding pellets made from the campus mags to the deer in the campus, and he says that they are thriving on them. This will, of course, present a new problem for the printed media. Not only will the editors of CT, Focus, and Spectator have to worry about how their words will affect the reading public, but they will also have to remember that people are going to digest them.

One question is: What news will be more digestible than the others? Should you start the morning with a light breakfast of comics or a heavy breakfast of CT editorials? What beverage do you serve with a hot and piping Focus editorial? Would it be a mistake to eat a Spectator PJ before going to bed?

Dr Indigenous did not concern himself with the contents of the pulp he fed the deer, but I believe a lot more research has to be done before we permit IITians to eat the different types of paper available here. We do know that most people get indigestion when perusing their corrected perio papers, but we are not sure how their gastric juices would react if they started chewing on them.

Another question which would be asked: If the editors discovered that there was more publicity to be made from food in their papers, would they not insist on sugar-coating the news?

In a few years, we could expect a series of cook-books written jointly by the mess supees and the editors of the campus mags on how to

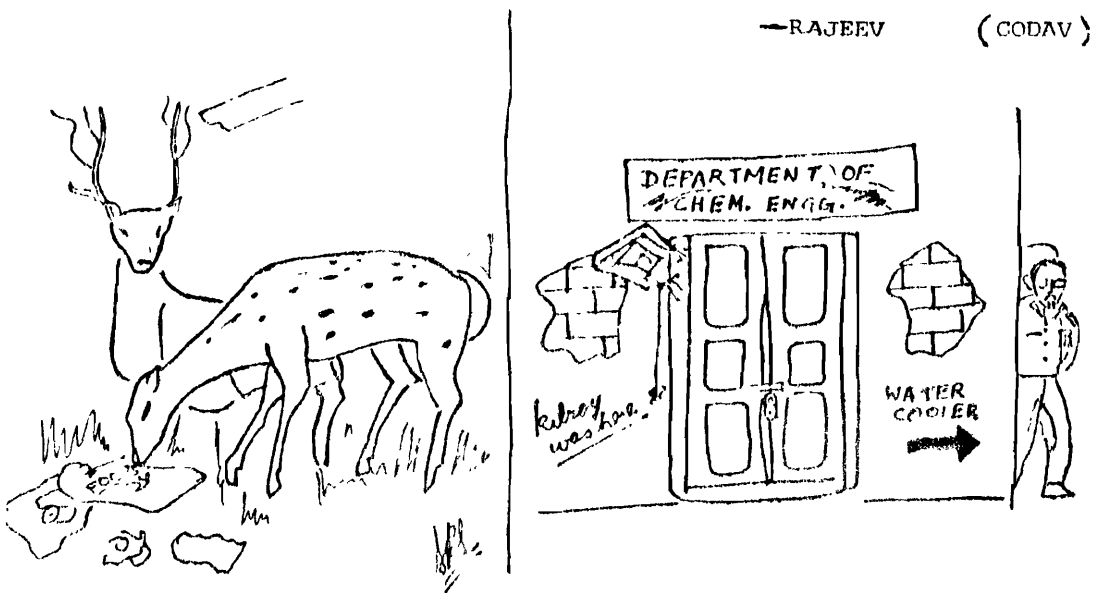
prepare meals with your perio, tuts and other papers. The recipes might go like this:

Chop up your perio answer paper until it is finely ground. Add three cups of the liquid(?) available at Quark and mix into a paste. Then take a Physics sem exam question paper and separate the questions from the answers since they may not be compatible. Beat up the answers and let them stand. Throw the questions away. Then take a Mess Bill and let it simmer for a full 15 minutes. Add a pinch of the minutes of a SAC meeting (not too much, or your dish will be too bland), a pound of denials by the Ad Block, and season it with a hot Billy cartoon.

Pour this into a pan, greasing with the skill of a first-rate relative grader. Then add three strips of the summary of the evaluation system and a pinch of the Constitution referendum.

Stir the dish for about 20 minutes. When it becomes a thick sauce, pour over the French loaves which are easily available in the messes on Saturday nights. This recipe should ideally serve one-half of a hostel wing. The most important thing is to serve before it gets too sticky.

I have left this article out of the recipe since I am sure many readers are going to throw up after reading it. If reading this article can do so much, we have to assume that eating it may well be hazardous.



PRE REGISTRATION

'Twas not in vain
Some Ad-Block brain
New heights did try to reach;
The Profs. were caught,
And then we got
A Faculty Advisor, each.

So, midst my mugging
For exams so bugging,
My problems to him I spill.
He hasn't a clue
About what to do -
Just hands me a form to fill.

The carbon slips
The paper rips;
" I'm sorry, sir -it tore."
He pulls one more
Out from his store,
I jump, pen falling to the floor.

Then, for a COT
I haven't got,
I rush to M.S.B.
At last I find
The room in mind,
But the Prof's gone for tea.

" What can I take ? "
Is the query I make.
But soon, I feel so lost
That all I wish to do
(I bet you'd feel so, too !)
Is finish, whatever the cost.

At last it was done
And even tho' 'twasn't fun
Much cause had I for elation.
Tho' exams were coming ,
In joy, I was humming
'Cause I'd finished my pre-registration.

THE REGISTERED ONE

LIMERICKA

I sat by the Duchess at tea,
As distressed as a person could be.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me!

A guy, Somnath by name,
To politics-reeking Narmada came,
He became a Councillor,
And Publicity Coordinator,
In pursuit of fame, fame and fame.

advt/81174/mech

OF FEET AND FOOTWEAR

(An enlightened look at campus residents, "bottoms-up".)

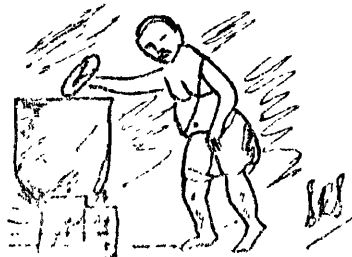
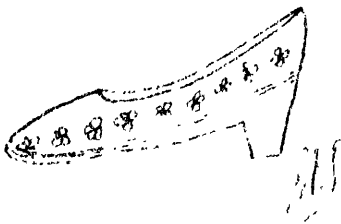
by SHAHRUKH IRANI

CLODHOPPERS: Big, scary bulge up front to accommodate the toes.

High, heavy heels also, inspiring awe in whoever sees them. Effective brickbats in Senate meetings. Equally useful for landing meaty kicks on the exposed shins of "charitable souls" granting academic concessions. Indispensable to the nervous one - all he has to do is pace the wooden platform and the booming "Thunk! Thunk!" (through the hour) and subsequent "Crack! crack!" (on the floor) will easily silence the class. The penetrability of these shoes improves with their owner's rank, especially those who keep bringing their feet^{down} on all issues, sitting on a concrete floor in, say Ad Block. But, if all toes are as big as the "tomato-first", their shoes surely belong to a weary security guard, snoring on the beat.

TINKLERS: Note the shapely ankles. Cannot guarantee equally good impressions higher on. But, of late the campus scene having improved, elevation of your gaze MAY result in an elevation of spirit. Could also result in a black-eye. Doubtful, though !!! Campus history has hardly known such precedents - either way!

ALL-PURPOSE: Otherwise, the "tuff" Hawaii slippers. Miraculous ability to be held together by safety pins, string and leather -bits. Enjoy maximum exposure to their environment - from toilets to official get-togethers. Handy during unresolved arguments over the evaluation system, or to disperse angered mob of unbathed, unclad (... oops! Sorry, I forgot there are ladies around!) .. ill-clad .. students demanding perio-postponement at night. Possess quality to be self-cleaning and self-dirtying accordingly as owner is caught in a



thunder shower or is inspecting The Library stacks . Easily obtained, especially if owner of pair is not around, but enjoying the flora and fauna of the swimming pool. Characteristic sound of "satar-- patar" is heard as owner approaches class. But if straps break, owner approaches the ground faster ... and more painfully. Class gets a free hour. (Owner gets a plaster-cast.) Blends well with yellowed lungi or tattered jeans or decaying kurta. Versatility has known only one misuse - stirring of "rasam" by hostel cooks. (Still the flavour did improve !) Fantastic utilitarian value.

" DAINTY 'UNS " : If well-polished, owner is the boss. But if soles are worn thin and the toes are scratched, owner's wife is family financier, or he rushes up the stairs daily to, at least, gain full marks for "promptness" during the staff evaluation. If unpolished, maid servant must have eloped with owner's gardener over the weekend. Pointed toes instrumental in planting kicks accurately on undesirable posteriors all over the campus, particularly where owner is unwelcome. Comfortable in-soling for speedy unobtrusive exit from Hostel Management Council meetings for a good night's sleep.

★ ★ ★

CAT

The other day I walked into CAT's room. He seemed to be extraordinarily busy.

"What's the matter ? How's it going ? " I asked . "I've to work round the clock to keep upwith the demand", he replied.

CAT stays in hostel X, and his main occupation is solving others' problems. When a guy runs into problems he consults CAT during his office hours . CAT provides a solution immediately. He charges a nominal fee.

"After this attendance stuff, my business is flourishing,"he said.

There was a hasty knock on the door.

" Come in "

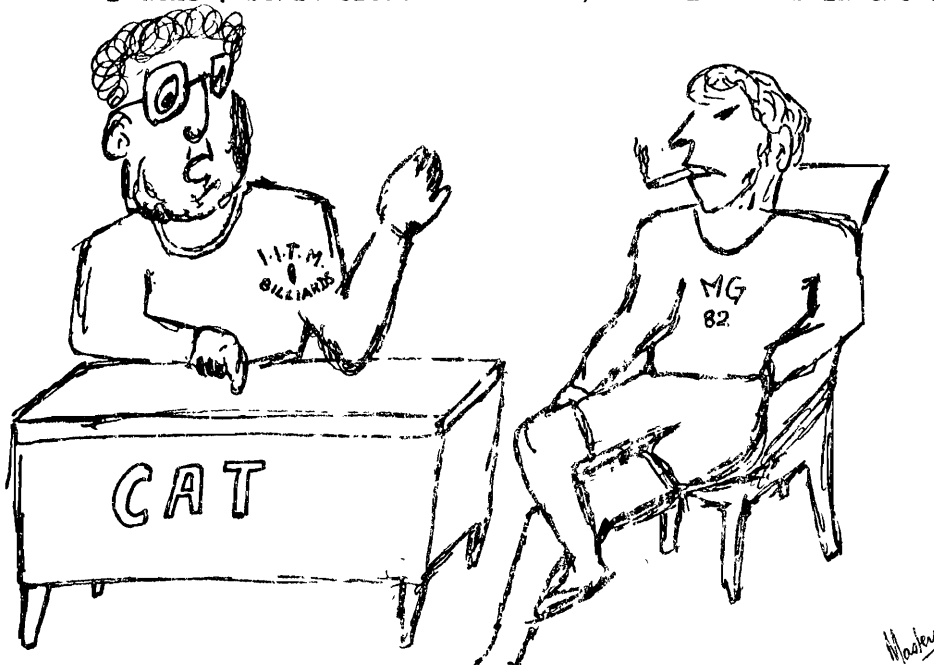
"Hi CAT ! Have you thought of any game ?"

" I have one ready for you. It is called Exocet attack.'. You need a

paper, two pens and a guy. Each game lasts around 50 peaceful minutes, so you can change over to another seat at the end of each period and start a fresh game. He took out a cyclostyled paper " Here are the rules of the game," he said, and then collected his regular fee.

" What's going on ?". I cried nonplussed . "He needs something to keep himself busy in the class room," CAT replied and added, " There are some other guys who want to use their class hours constructively. Yesterday there was a computer cat here . I've advised him to save some of his lighter stuff - such as checking the errors in the outputs - for the classroom. After he gets used to that,he can start programming too.

"But " I asked, bewildered. " How can you do all this in the classroom



undetected?". " I offer my clients a fifteen- minute course on how to stay undetected. I've even trained three guys to sneak out undetected . " I was speechless for a couple of moments. At last I said, " I need your help , too. I've to do all the programming and mugging in the night. I don't get too much sleep."

" Then sleep in the class and mug at night ",he replied.

" Fantastic", I said," But isn't this attendance rule a problem for you too ? Aren't you wasting time in the classroom ?"

" I've thought of a solution to that. Tomorrow onwards, I'm shifting my office to the classroom."

FILMS AND FILM SOCIETIES

Writing in 'Film and Feeling', Durgnat despaired, 'For the masses, the cinema is dreams and nightmares, or it is nothing.' Film societies exist to show that cinema can be something else too, that 'Bicycle Thieves' is cinema and 'The Towering Inferno' a consumer product.

India's first film society was founded in 1937. It was the Amateur Cine Society in Bombay. In 1947 and two months after Independence, the Calcutta Film Society was formed. Ray was one of its founders. In 1951, the first bulletin of the CFS observed, 'The cinema in India has suffered from an almost complete lack of thought and sensibility, and the film society movement is perhaps the only ground from which a new concept of Indian cinema can spring.' Thirty-one years later, Indian cinema isn't much different with 'Qurbani' running for fifteen weeks and '36 Chowringhee Lane' for one.

Film societies, it seems, haven't made much impact. Realizing the importance of these societies in creating and nurturing a critical sense in the audience, the Government did its bit by allowing the screenings to be tax-exempt and it also spared the films from the erratic scissors of the censor board. The last concession has caused the membership of the societies to grow for the wrong reasons but exposure to good cinema inevitably follows.

The Film Society in our Campus, the IITFS, screens, over the year, a varied range of films: the avant-garde cinema of France, the thrillers of Germany, the neo-realistic cinema of Italy, the films of Bergman of Sweden, the cinema of Montage of Russia, the new wave of America the 'art' cinema of India; it's a long list -- from 'A Bout de Souffle' to 'Nishant'. Becoming a member of a film society is like subscribing to a magazine -- you may not like all that is presented, but you will find enough you like.

Of all the emotions that the other films evoke in the bosoms of the three hundred or so members of the IITFS -- the groups of casual viewers, the searchers for 'depth', the exploring dabblers, the inveterate movie buffs -- awe must be the most often felt. Joy may, and often does, come later. What is entertainment is so often decided by what is supposed to be entertainment -- practically guaranteed sensations -- that a new kind of experience is too soon rejected as far-fetched trash. The Arts demand patience.

For one thing, the contents make sense. 'Sense' is clear by itself, not the kind behind 'Laawaris' or 'Walking Tall'.

For another, the films have 'form'. While 'sense' comes from simple reason, 'form' requires the director's imagination and skill in using film. Special elements of the film -- shot (long-shot, mid-shot, close-up), montage (joining of shots in a sequence to show a transition), camera movements from one image to another, dissolve and have to be combined expressively. '36 Chowringhee Lane', for example, has good filmic form and as much sense; it bagged a prize at Manila. 'Ek Baar Phir' has lot of sense but no impressive form; it can't make it to a festival.

The Russian film-maker and theorist V. Pudovkin says of cinema at its best:

'Cinema is a synthesis of all arts, yet independent.

'Cinema is more vivid than literature, more intimate than theater, more affecting than poetry.'

-- MAZHAR Q. (JAMUNA)

TEACHERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!



— I'LL SHOW 'EM IN THE EXAM.



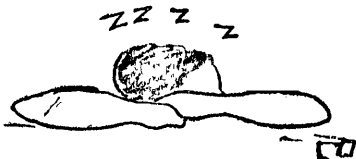
— AFTER ALL, I WAS ALSO A STUDENT ONCE.



— WHY? OH, WHY?



SLEEP, BEAUTY SLEEP. SIRRAH! NOT IN MY CLASS.



LET ME JOIN THE BUNCH.



THE BEST OF 'EM ALL.

CAMPUS SCENE

They are coming . The Hindi Movie people are coming to IIT. It is not known whether they ran out of other locations or were attracted by the flora and fauna of the campus. The theme is essentially IIT life - its ups(?) and downs. Some of the cast will be drawn from existing IITians, with the comedian from the student's section and the villain from the other section. The hero will not be an IITian as there may be a little problem communicating with the masses. Regarding heroines the less said the better .

The story we are told will be something like : $F(X)dx$ (A.I.R.58, branch N.A.)

falls in love with Curl F (I.N.R.A., branch L.C.), the daughter of an international smuggler who disapproves of him. Regarding her traits we think we have said almost everything, when we say that God took a break for chai when designing her cranium. She spends her winters skiing in Switzerland (thanks to Dad) and her summers in IIT (thanks to God). It would be doing God an injustice were we to break off at this point. God realising his mistake after the 'chai' more than made up when designing the rest.

The romance progresses. We are shown tender scenes of moments of bliss when the young couple are attending ^{an} extramural lecture together or an OAT movie. Moments when nothing else matters - not even an evaluation week. Here we must mention why conventional romance scenes - running around trees and bushes - will be dropped .It is because there are too many thorns.

Yes, there is violence. On one occasion an indiscreet remark about his loved one incenses $F(X)$ so much that there is a fist-fight in an IIT bus.

Then comes the great natural calamity. The water shortage. One day because of heavy rain and winds at coastal regions the main electrical feeder leading to Akkarai Headworks gets cut off at many places. The young couple then decide to run away (so great is the inspiration of love that they run away notwithstanding the attendance rule) They are granted asylum by an elderly bearded man (in the campus). Curl F 's name strikes a chord in his memory and he takes an instant liking to her. He induces her to return.





$$\oint \vec{F}(x) \cdot d\vec{x} = \iint_S \text{curl } \vec{F} \cdot d\vec{s}$$

There are times of depression, great depression, when a forlorn Curl visits the Lord Vighneshwara temple daily. The reason for Curl's despondency is not a goofed test (She has grown used to them) but $F(X)$ -- $F(X)$ has met with a fate worse than death. He is sick and is in IIT Hospital.

Then Curl gets kidnapped and taken to Tarams. $F(X)$ on a visit there on a weekly shopping spree, incidentally comes across Curl. He then clouts the abductors with a handy bottle and rescues his girl.

The movie ends with melodramatic scenes when the smuggler father is confronted with Curl and $F(X)$ who wish to get married. They are accompanied by the sponsor of the binge - the elderly bearded man. Tables are thumped, arguments are made. $F(X)$'s main point is that his having obtained COT has made him eligible for registration. The father reluctantly agrees. Then all is jubilation. ■■■

EDITORS NOTE

A few hours before we went to press we received the gladdening news that the attendance rule will be scrapped. The B.A.C. has recommended its removal to the senate. The senate will do the needful when it meets on Sept 1st. Looks like CAT's business will suffer after all!

KATYAYANI

People aren't male-chauvinistic enough to say that girls are meant only for literature, and they aren't contemptuous enough of literature to say that it's meant only for girls, but there's a general opinion that girls and literature go together.

Katyayani was literature. I first met her in August '67, when I was doing Low Temperature work in Hyderabad. I was tooling semi-aimlessly in the Library stacks for a biography of Kamarlingh-Onnes or Dewar (beard there wasn't much love lost between them), when I saw a harried female face thro' the book-rack. We stared at each other.

Then we met in Max Mueller Bhavan, and with the speed of once-meet strangers in a new place, we built up communications. Katyayani was a mouthful for me, so I called her Kathy. She was way ahead of me in the German classes, so I thought of making a bahana of her teaching me some Deutsch fundas. But the LT lab swallowed a whale of my time.

One day I fixed up a date with her at a lodge near Kingsway. She didn't come. I saw her at the German classes two days later, but she seemed to avoid me. With the class atmosphere there, before I could try anything, she had effectively removed herself from me.

I didn't see her for a while. I was hesitant about inquiring at her college, and firmly decided not to try that angle. A week later, I went to her college.

For a sudden panicky moment, I feared she had left Hyderabad for good. I didn't know where to start searching. It would be absurd to walk along the corridor, peeking into each room. I frittered one hour away before I saw her with a group of other girls and boys at a change-of-class time.

We hi'd and I turned dumb as she said, 'See you.' Of course, she had her classes.

Hajaar people will have hajaar squared reasons for not seeing hajaar other people. I saw half of a bad movie that night and thought over the priorities of my near future. The LT business was my only hope. I was ruining it with a certain couldn't-care-less attitude, and it was time I pulled up my socks.

Months passed. I got a job involving quality control in a firm for

electronic trivia in Madras, so I banished cryology from my life. My guru shrieked, but I wanted my job, and after all, there's more to life than zero kelvin, or thereabouts.

1982. One May afternoon. I was leaving for Secunderabad. I bought an Illus. Weekly at Central, hopped into my carriage and concentrated seriously on the HA1 column.

And of course, Kathy boarded the train at Vijayawada, in the night. It was Kathy all right, there could be no doubt about it.

'Kathy, no?' I ventured.

'You're Lallu? Hey! You haven't changed much. How's life?'

'Chalta. It's been ages since we last met.'

And we talked about all vague things. I hinted at her reticence in '67-'68, and she blushed and manufactured a gigantic pill about something. And when our respective husbands came to collect us at Secunderabad station, we introduced them to each other.

C-Thru

ODE TO A SPECTATOR

If I were editor, I would sell
A really splendid style that'd quell
All indecency in literature
That causes a lot of discomfiture.

If I were editor, I would clout
This spectator who's gone about
Questioning a team's ability
To make a success of CT.

If I were editor, I would see
Over a dirty cup of S.P.
In a mirthful manner, the scene
Of a spectator turning green.

If I were editor, I would call
This Campastimes -- the best of all
And if not received all that well,
Let this spectator go to Hell!

by Kohn Jeats