

Campastimes

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25 P.

The M. S. Programme

A long-awaited departure has been made by our Institute from the routine curriculum of post-graduate engineering education. In January this year about fifty candidates in various disciplines have enrolled in a programme that emphasises equally on lectures and research. At first, the candidate's background will be assessed and he will be instructed in what he has not learnt in his under-graduate course. His guide will follow his progress closely, discuss his problems with him whenever possible. The student is thus oriented with a research viewpoint at the master's level. He will be in a better position to continue his research after completing his master's degree. The duration of the course may be a little over two years and has not yet been rigidly fixed. The evaluation of the students of this programme by the conventional examination methods is not considered necessary in many circles.

The main objective of the programme is to create an effective research activity especially as an inter-disciplinary effort. It will be possible for an M.Sc. in Physics, for example, to work on a research problem in an engineering department like Metallurgy or Electrical Engg.; an M.Sc. in Maths may work in Aeronautical; an M.Sc. in Chemistry may work in Metallurgy or Chemical Engineering. It is expected that by far the largest number of the research workers here will be engineering graduates with a Bachelor's degree. It is also expected that a considerably increased number of faculty members will be drawn into and get involved in the research activities of the Institute.

It is to be seen whether this novel experiment will justify the need for a separate course for those with an aptitude for research and whether the students will benefit by feeling the pulse of practical problems side by side with routine academic work.

—Campastimes News.

Dr Bechtloff returns to Germany

Dr Ing Bechtloff left the Institute for Germany in January. During his 18 months stay here he has succeeded in setting up the Machine Elements and Mechanical Handling Laboratory (they shifted into their new building on the 16th Jan.). The Lab. will be complete by July-August. According to Dr Bechtloff, the main reason for the low efficiencies in factories he had visited in India is that there are too many employees doing no work and even discouraging others from working.

'Some of our staff members have never been to the industries even in and around the Madras city. That is why they are unable to teach with a practical viewpoint. Knowing what it is to work under the conditions of industry is a must for every member of the staff.'

—Campastimes News.

DEUTSCHLAND SPIEGEL

from

Dr. N. V. C. SWAMY

Goetingen

WHAT strikes one foremost in the Germany of today is the sense of prosperity and well-being. But for the inevitable student riots and demonstrations, the country is, by and large, peaceful and the common man (and, of course, woman) is experiencing a sense of contentment.

Earnings are good, things are available in plenty and the Deutsche Mark is the most powerful currency in the world today. The shady parts of life are also there, especially in the big cities, but they are not due to poverty or lack of material comfort; on the contrary, possibly due to an overdose of material prosperity. I refer, of course, to the usual share of robberies, murders etc., which are a part and parcel of big city life anywhere in the world today.

If we disregard such exotic and shady characters, who make headlines in newspapers like 'Bild', and confine our attention to the ordinary German, interested in his health and home, what strikes one as particularly singular is a sense of non-involvement in the day to day political affairs. One misses here, happily I suppose, the early morning post-mortem of daily affairs, statements by politicians and so on, which usually heralds in the day of an Indian intellectual. It may be due to a feeling that the people at the helm of affairs are doing a good job or it may also be due to a confidence in the structure of the nation, which no political party can bring down, however incompetent it may be.

All of us have heard said, time and again, that Germany is a nation of hard workers. I would only add to that statement that Germany is a nation of hard competent workers. The system of Education and training, especially in non-academic fields, is such that no one can hope to get a good job or earn a good name in any enterprise, unless he or she is well-trained for it. Strangely enough, it is the academic system which is now the butt of enormous criticism, and the recent student riots and demonstrations are directed at the system of education and training in the academic fields. Goetingen as one of the oldest and famous Universities in Germany, is not without its share of student unrest. It is, of course, difficult to digest all the demands of the students, especially when they want to have a say in the selection and appointment of their teachers, but at least they feel justified, when they rebel against the take-it-or-leave-it attitude in which lectures are given and the ivory towers inhabited by the Professors. The students' demand a more liberal attitude on the part of their teachers and a closer link with their Professors. But it is a pity that, just as in Indian Universities, the students exhibit a lack of propriety and have no sense of cohesion or discipline. The citizens of Goetingen were shocked one fine morning to read a pamphlet, directed against the University authorities, exhibited all over the city, couched in obscene language and entirely devoid of purpose and meaning. Even though the Students' Union, AStA,

promptly denied the magnum opus as being the work of a student, the damage had been done and the stock of the students' agitation plunged in the eyes of the populace. The only saving grace about the agitation is that, there are no demonstrations or riots, but the poor trees have to bear the brunt of the arguments and counter arguments, which are pasted on them indiscriminately.

I was pleasantly surprised one day, when I was stopped in the street by a German, whom I did not know, and who complimented our nation on having Mrs. Gandhi as our PM! He told me that she must indeed be a very clever woman to have survived in that seat for such a long time. Incidentally, a point, on which the Germans pride themselves, is their racial tolerance. There is a creeping resentment, especially in South Germany, against Turks, Italians and Greeks, who are filtering in ever larger numbers to seek jobs. There is, of course, a great deal of sympathy for Israelis in their conflict with the Arabs.

Finally, a word about how we are in touch with affairs in India. Our only means of communication is AIR-General Overseas Service. We are, indeed, very fortunate in having this extraordinary service, which tells us in detail about the daily routines of (in that order) the President, the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister (followed by the lesser Deities). Sometimes we are told how Coffee or Sugar is grown, or what India feels about the Commonwealth and the Israel-Arab conflict, or about the award of a D. Litt to the Empress of Iran. About the conditions in the country itself, about student troubles, closure of colleges and universities, floods, famines etc., the AIR is mum. Of course, one cannot blame the AIR, since there are always other sources like the local Press or BBC for that matter. No wonder, people here sometimes have a distorted view of things in India.

A word to our guitar-twanging groups. The latest singing craze here in Germany is a 12-year old boy called Heintje (who is a Dutch), who really happens to be 'the darling of millions'. In 2 years, his records have sold more than 10 million. He is only worried now as to what will happen to him, when his voice breaks!

MINI SKYSCRAPER OCCUPIED

In December 1968, when the students were happily off on vacation, the various administrative sections of the Institute peacefully drifted into the multistoreyed complex next of Gajendra Circle.

Perched on the fifth floor, the Director now has everything under view.

—Campastimes News.

Epitaph

I'm not quite sure how I hit upon the word 'epitaph' as a title but it may turn out to be appropriate in more ways than one. I can promise it's going to be as eminently unreadable as my last two articles since I've been unofficially established as *Campastimes'* space-filler. I hope this can be my final parting shot and that I need not subject anyone to Tee Square philosophy in future.

So here beginneth an epitaph of youth and idealism, of dreams and visions and worlds that might have been and never will be. If I'm permitted to be more ambitious it is the epitaph of a whole phase of our civilization, and I write with reference to myself not only for egotistic reasons but for lack of any other (reference i.e.). I'll be satisfied if I can point out where my own idealism has failed. But to be less apologetic and more to the point, I state categorically that every youngster with any sense of pride must at least some time or the other be an idealist. I mean an idealist in a hybrid sense which implies non-conformism, nonmaterialism, and a concept that human dignity however imperfect is more valuable than the machine perfection to which modern society would have us reduced. I oppose the good advice to study hard at school so that one may get good marks in the examination so that one may get into a good college so that one may work harder towards a degree so that one may get a good job so that one may work still harder for a promotion so that one may make enough money to start really living at sixty-four with rheumatism, false teeth, lung cancer and somebody else's heart. This is the least-resistance life offered to the average human today—a life which keeps dictating 'so that's 'till you're dead or nearly so. It is the result of much of the well-meant parental care and influence. Why can't we live for the moment more often and leave out some of the so that's. Living in the future always is as good as not living at all. Great men have advised the equivalent of 'whatever you do, do it with a purpose'. If that applies universally we'll be robots before long. It is often the 'purposeless' or spontaneous things that are most meaningful; things one does without cold calculated material reason behind it. If you're human it's the poetic moments you will remember and not your visit to a fertiliser factory. Psychologists equate emotional maturity to the stifling (roughly) or at least the nondisplay of emotions, something which any Egyptian mummy will pass with flying colours. We are becoming bound by a dehumanized pattern of set behaviour, of not committing ourselves, of saying just those things which 'ought' to be said. As a mild example of such dehumanization, when I say 'Good Morning sir' it could mean anything from 'Hullo, nice to see you' to 'Why did I have to see your rotten mug today?' On a more practical level, if I witnessed a road accident I wonder if I'll be the first one to help. I may worry about having to give evidence in court or something like that. Wouldn't that be shameful? or is shame already a nineteenth century word? It's so remarkably easy and safe to feign blindness and ignorance.

If there's any hope of saving our future it lies with us who will be in it. Paradoxically, it is based on a purpose, that of fighting the future with the present. I could almost proclaim, 'Repent, for the end of the world is at hand and it is of our own choice.' While I'm still sane (?) I'd choose rather to die in a nuclear blast than become a zombie. It is mainly in our school and college days that we have the best opportunities to build our Utopias. No matter that it is only a few who have the guts and grit to live out any of their noble ideals; it is quite unpardonable and inhuman for a young chap not to indulge in any dreams at all. It's like not playing a game because the other side is stronger. What the hell, we play anyway for it is better to have played and lost than never to have played at all. How much milder is the statement that it is better to have dreamed and failed your dream than etc.

Our present existence is pervaded by machines to an extent which makes us unaware of our automatic actions representing an extreme state of dependence. The lights come on not simply because we flick a switch but because there are power stations and generators and transmission networks. The more we progress the more of a balancing act it becomes. Nyquist might call it an unstable system. It means that a small disturbance, willful or otherwise, is sufficient to upset it. A bird sucked into a jet engine for instance. (I believe we blamed the bird on such an occasion!) The spanner in the works is but a pin today and will be a puff of air tomorrow as we blindly swarm up this dead-end street called progress. In a former journalistic attempt I think I said that the power of reason alone distinguished us from machines. Since some of the latest computers are reputed to think as well, the only remaining curtain seems to be irrationality; and it's a very thin curtain at that. I say it has come to the last ditch battle for supremacy. The material comforts that science can provide will only be good enough for a mindless spiritless being. Of course we can always convert ourselves into robots and pretend that science was all we ever wanted. It's the easy way out and the way we're headed now. But let us hang on to all our gods and superstitions and art and nature and philosophy, for the machine-god is both ruthless and efficient and will be unmerciful to imperfect humans.

Maybe it is unfortunate that it took me an entire science-based education to discover the emptiness that science has to offer. More so that my soul qualification may compel me to make a living out of accelerating what I consider my own doom. I suppose that's where my idealism must stop, if only to prevent me from harbouring regrets all my life, since I know damn well that I can't wage a war on my own. At most I could wreck a computer or two and then meditate harmlessly in a prison cell, with conscience still uneasy. When I get out of here I guess I'll just fall into the time-worn groove and become a mere statistic, a contribution to some Gaussian distribution curve. What a fall for an individual with a soul. But no laments. It has always been a disappointment that most of my crazy ideas had to be derived from middle-aged or elderly folk rather than the likes of me. It forces me to conform all the sooner and turn my thoughts to matters like making money.

Those who are concerned with the modern world of management consider it unfortunate that a human being is not quite predictable and cannot yet be governed by any mathematical equation. My limited classroom contact with the subject has led me to detest it as a highly immoral profession. Of course it is the 'in' thing today since that's where all the money is. Get into I.M.M., say, and life is made, with a thousand for a start. But what does management science expect of you—to ferret out all the little inefficiencies of man and machine and by remedying them increase productivity and profits so that you may make still more so that so that so that... The machine, if it could, will surely cry out. The man by suitable bribes, bonuses and slick doubletalk is kept blind to the fact

that he is nothing but a worker ant, or worse still, a Roman galley slave. His every micro-action is sought to be controlled by management. Doesn't anyone feel the outright indignity of the phrase 'man-machine system'? On equal terms, imagine! There are many advanced books on the subject, all attempting to formulate the human equation so that it can be reduced to a simple machine system once more. The modern work study expert is nothing but an overseer with a whip, clad in sheep's clothing. This eternal craving after maximum profits and productive efficiency which only leads to more of the same has created a vicious circle forming a noose around our necks. Unfortunately it is the big businessman whom the world pays homage to today and so he can dictate terms and issue death warrants at will. The strength of the hippie philosophies lie in their rejection of these pointless aims.

There is another topic I touched on in the beginning to which I would return for another brief round, namely academic achievement mania. This can easily become the centre and sole driving force of a student's life. All because we thrust so much importance upon the top guys in a 'merit' list. To get to the top they study harder for their exams than the other guys; and what virtue is that, since an examination is intrinsically valueless and merely a yardstick for arbitrary social judgement? But let me not stay into a discourse on that, much as I would like to. In fact there are ever so many things I'd like to throw some stones at, some in our institute, matters like curricula, staff-student relationship, etc. but this isn't exactly a complaint book, and furthermore the picture would be sadly distorted if I didn't mention that there are many matters I appreciate and am grateful for. It is common to take pleasant circumstances for granted. Indolence and modesty usually prevent me from setting myself up as a moral judge over everyone else. A sudden lapse of both those virtues resulted in this essay. Probably for the last time.

A recent 'cup' lamented that one must insult one's friends to impress others. I'm not going a step further and trying to disparage myself to the same end. My intention here is to shock, not to impress. It is not an excuse for any observed insociability or for any suggestion that I belong a few centuries ago. You may hit me over the head with it and make it my own epitaph, but I won't take back a word of it. In all its hasty conclusions and inconsistencies it is dearer to me than any machine-perfect treatise. (Smart justification, ch?)

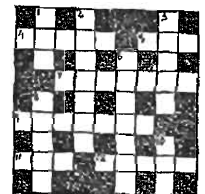
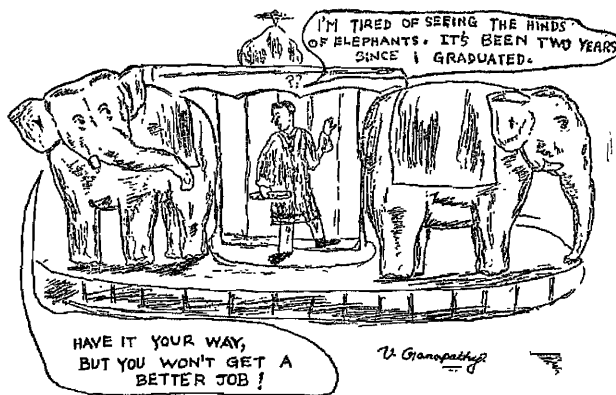
King Arthur's closing words went something like:

'Ask every person if he's heard the story
And tell it loud and clear if he has not,
That once there was a fleeting wisp of
glory..... nor let it be forgot that
once there was a spot

For one brief shining moment that was
known as CAMELOT.'

My Camelot seems to be fading away like many already have. We are drifting into a new Camelot which is deceptively similar to Arthur's world. Eternal insipidity and physical and mental oblivion is promised. Will we welcome it with open arms?

TEE SQUARE.



DOUBLE CROSS
CROSSWORD

No Clues
No Answers
Try filling both

CARICATURE

Rathindra 'N' Roy



About two hours after the yonder sun has risen over the Bay of Bengal, Roy walks into the Ganga mess for breakfast and the waiter asks him what he would have. 'Ten oothappams from the veg. side and four eggs and the usual from the non-veg. side,' he says, and gets ready to tuck into his rations. Tapeworms raise their hats, watching Roy eat, knowing that they are in the presence of a master.

Watching him class-wards bound, dressed in terycotton trousers and a T-shirt made to order by Omar the tent-maker, one gets the impression that Nature must have started with enough material for two Roes, but decided to put everything into one and be done with it. In other words he resembles, rather closely, a Roman Emperor who is exceptionally fond of starchy foods.

Roy started the rise to fame with an incident in the third year. He walked into the first year class and looked not left nor right till he was standing in front of the two girls who lend colour to the class. Then pulling out with a flourish a visiting card bearing the legend R. N. Roy, Faculty of Electrical Engineering, The Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, and trying to look as much like Sean Connery as he possibly could, he presented it to them and solicited an article for *Campastimes*. Legends say that an article was handed over, but in what finally appeared in print Roy used only the title at the top and the authors' names at the bottom, and let his imagination run wild in between.

Roy's proudest possession is a badge from the Institute of Electrical Engineers. The time you have three or four days to spare, drop in on him and ask him about it.

Delving into the depths of psychology he says: (I will quote him verbatim) 'I am basically anti-feminine'. I am sure that this is something he thought up to dish out to the press, if he ever becomes famous enough to hold press conferences, for I am told that

his idea of the ultimate in beauty, is a girl who lets her hair loose, so that it cascades partly to this side and partly to that side of her shoulders. Though this may not be the most convenient *coiffure* to sport while drinking coffee and things, interested girls please note that this is the one way ticket to Roy's heart.

Both Bill Shakespeare and Alex Pope have stressed the tediousness of a twice told tale. You will agree that what is good enough for Bill and Alex is good enough for us. Not this Roy. Tell him anything, and three days later he drops in on you and says, 'You won't believe me, but there was this and you hear your masterpiece, slightly spiced, and expanded as only Roy knows how to. The next day he comes up again with, 'This is absolutely first hand and you hear it all over again. I am at a loss, for both Bill and Alex are silent about the nature of a thrice told tale. (It is the same thing recommending a movie to him. He comes back and tells you the story and his wisecracks about it, the whole of which lasts slightly longer than the movie itself) If the story is not one that you started, and you are hearing it for the first time from Roy, it is advised that you know the value of the Roy Factor. Under normal conditions one takes the cube root.

You can be reasonably sure that Roy will not win any seaside beauty contest or appear for the cover photograph of *True Romance*, but he is the best actor to have graced our stage. He won the best actor award a couple of years ago and has since been our top entertainer. He holds the record for never putting up a flop show! Today it is his modest boast that he can top anything any actor anywhere does, except maybe for Gina Lollobrigida, because of a slight disadvantage, figure-wise.

Watching Roy walk towards you, you know what Muhammed will have to put up, if he refuses to go to the mountain.

In this the age of the Diners Club, it was Roy who brought the credit-card system to our Institute. We also can't blame the Knick Knack chaps for rolling down the shutters and escaping through the backdoor, when they hear rumours about a visit from Roy. Roy enters the joint with friends and eats like one straight from drought-ridden Bihar. Draining the last dreg of coffee down the hatchet, he yells, 'Waiter! the bill!!' The waiter wonders if he is perhaps going to receive a 15% tip. When the bill is presented, Roy breaks the news, 'No moolah now, chappie-O. Just add it on as credit!'

Roy has been closely connected with *Campastimes*. This year he is an editor of the Gymkhana Brochure. In the strictest confidence (just between you and me) I will reveal that it is he who writes under the pseudonym of 'Spyglass'. Why spyglass? Haven't the faintest idea. Could be something to do with Freudian Symbolism may be and all that sort of thing.

Roy knows the latest developments in science and technology and medicine and art and fashions, and gives uninvited lectures on them. Not very authentic, but very entertaining. I mean, you can't have everything, you know. Not everyone can pack so many laughs in a gas session on bionics, Okay?

Roy is known this side of the deer park as 'the invitation card man.' He has a knack for the design and layout of invitations. 'It is a delicate art requiring mild passion,' he is going to say one of these days. Next time you want someone to design a card for you, at a moderate rate, drop in on him.

When you drop in, be prepared. He believes in the ultimate in informality. To your knock will come sounds from within like a couple of bulldozers being started, a few words of endearing invitations to come in, which we dare not print, and finally the door is thrown open and Roy stands there in all his majestic splendour, not hampered by clothes and things. I don't mean that he is entirely in the altogether, but, well, almost.

Roy was once going by bus and it being the rush hour, he hadn't got a couple of seats to park himself. He was however in a happy mood. Suddenly in a lusty voice he started singing his version of 'I Love Paris' right there. A throat specialist who had taken the same bus, looked up sharply, scenting custom. The conductor, however,

stopped the bus, walked over to Roy and said, 'Mister! Either there is the song no, or the mister there is no.' So for the rest of the journey the copassengers needed no earmuffs.

It happened at a girl's College not too far from here, and probably the whole incident is still listed in Roy's memory under the heading 'Incident, extraordinary, one of.' A certain girl, I believe, contacted Roy on the talking machine one day and, after the usual chit chat, asked him over to their college for tea the next evening. It was in honour of the elite of the town, Roy was given to understand. The next day, Roy turned up there with a few friends (let's not drag in their names too) all shaved, spruced and boy-Oh-boy, dressed to deal out instant death. Surprise, surprise, there was no reception committee at the portals of the college. Our heroes are made of sterner stuff and do not give in easily. So they strolled in. They walked and walked, stories go, and it was only when they were in the middle of some sort of a quadrangle that it started. It was a shrill whistle. Soon there were many whistles. Soon yells were heard and later even jeers. You know what I mean—

*whistles to the left of them
yelling to the right of them
jeers behind them—*

It was the saddest retreat since Napoleon returned from Moscow, I am told. But then there is infinite wisdom in what they say about it: 'It is better to have gone for tea and not having got it, than never to have gone at all.'

Roy's sense of humour is absolutely topping. He starts where Bob Hope left off. He can turn a dead serious vernacular movie into a super colossal comedy with his running commentary.

When Roy passes out, he just wants to do farming, join the Theosophical Society, take a few loans from the leading banks of the US, get a job in Latin America, study management in India, and bionics either in Israel or Netherlands, and start an Industry by himself. That's what I like about him—no crazy ambitions.

GOPE.

'Leper'—(continued)

disbelief. He did not know how to tell his patient that he had been the victim of a dreadful mistake, because the disease from which he suffered was definitely *not* leprosy! Although superficially akin to it, his disease was pathologically entirely different. Shankaran sat stupefied. He did not hear the doctor explain comfortingly that his ailment could be cured in spite of its obscure nature and the advanced stage of its development. The words 'you are not a leper' pounded relentlessly on his brain. The consequences, or what he thought would be the consequences of this revelation flashed through his badly-shaken mind. He would go home claiming to be suffering from a curable skin-disease; the villagers would look at his disfigured body and whisper in frightened voices that the leper had become insane. Doubly damned as a leprous lunatic, he would be forced back into the haunted house, there to decay in terrifying isolation into the likeness of a putrefied vegetable.

When Shankaran left the hospital, he was smiling vacuously. It was twilight and the rain had still not stopped. From afar a girl approached carrying a bottle of kerosene and holding a palm-leaf umbrella. Shankaran stood squarely in her path. As she neared, he pressed his palms together and bent low in respectful greeting. The girl smiled uncertainly and made as if to pass. With a shrill scream of rage he snatched the umbrella from her. For a few moments he stood inspecting it with minute care. Then methodically he broke it into fragments. The girl stood petrified with terror, her mouth open. From her unresisting hand Shankaran took the bottle. With the solemnity of a priest performing puja he emptied the kerosene over her head. Next, gripping the bottle tightly he crashed it down with all his might. Then smiling at the inert form on the road, Shankaran staggered into the night.

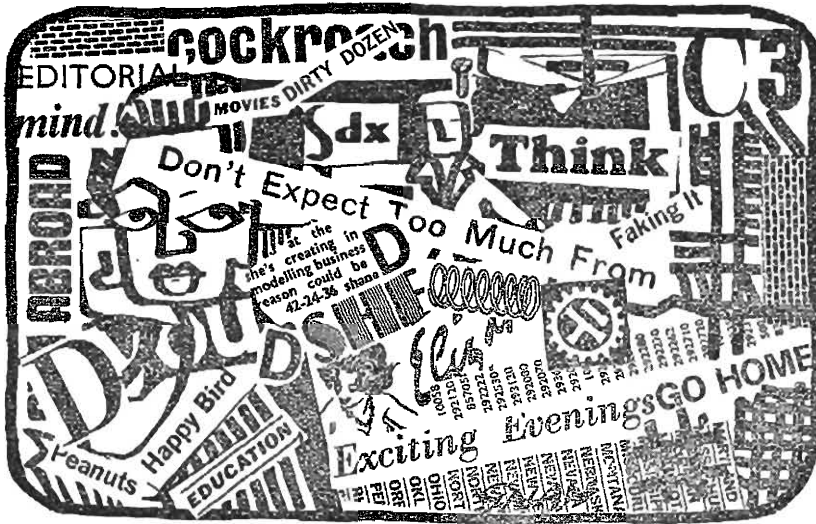
S. R. NAIR.

A PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT

FOR days the class had been looking forward to the arrival of the new lecturer with increasing curiosity. How vulnerable he would be to proxies and how liberal he would be with the S's were the object of endless speculation. How well he would be able to teach didn't seem to bother anyone. Why worry unnecessarily when excellent text-books are available? In the meanwhile, a few incurable optimists kept alive the hope that the lecturer would not be a 'he' as everyone else seemed to assume.

WHEN eventually the lecturer did arrive, he turned out to be an unspectacular person. Although he had submitted his doctoral thesis, (the mere title of which ran to a page and a half), he was very young and possessed absolutely no teaching experience.

during the last hour on a Saturday morning and soon a chant of 'let us off', 'free period', 'let us off for once' begins. The lecturer half turns and begins a futile sermon but suddenly the duster slips from his fingers and falls on the dais with a clatter only IIT's



It was his misfortune to be assigned two among the most difficult periods of the week—the hour after lunch on Friday and the last hour on Saturday morning. Not everyone can hold the wandering attention of a class in either of these hours; and it soon became apparent that the new lecturer was not one of these gifted few. Although no one expected him to lecture like Feynman or C. V. Raman, his method of teaching was incompetent even for a novice. It consisted solely of transcribing disconnected paragraphs from a text-book onto the board. It was a method calculated to incite a class of mummies to riot. A typical period would go something like this—

It is the class on Saturday. The strain of the morning's periodical and the anticipation of the longed-for weekend have combined to produce in the class a mood of extreme restlessness. The excruciatingly dull double-hour lecture just over has done nothing to improve matters. To top it all the new lecturer comes into the room mercilessly on time with a terrifying handful of chalk-pieces. Ignoring him half of the class walk out to the verandah for a breath of air. Those remaining inside are in various attitudes of relaxation—yawning, talking, or throwing about bits of chalk. One or two hopefuls who were on their way to the board, where they intended to write 'LET US OFF' in multi-colour, veer off course and leave the room on seeing the lecturer enter. The latter is already annoyed. He raps on the table with his duster and shouts,

'Silence, settle down, silence!'

In response to this a noise like steam escaping from a boiler is heard from various parts of the room,

'Shhhh, shhhh, shhhhhhhh.....'

Evidently the class is helping him achieve silence. The lecturer is taken aback but concealing his surprise says,

'Stop it, don't behave like children. Silence.'

But as steam continues to escape furiously, he wisely decides to clean the board and give the class some time to settle down. He turns and begins at one end of his legacy—a board crammed to the last square micron with calculations, derivations and figures. But only ascetics can sit passively in class

dusters can make. Instantly the class expresses its 'sympathy' at this misfortune in a wave of sounds. Predictably enough the lecturer is not comforted. He glares at the class. If looks could kill, the room would have been strewn with corpses.

Now the lecturer begins to take the attendance. Somebody has obviously been giving him a few tips; he begins as though he has just recovered from a major throat operation.

'Aaron, Benjamin, Chandran...,' he whispers.

But the little trick fails. Perfect silence does not descend. Instead a voice rises in protest,

'Can't hear, louder please.'

The unconventional pronunciation triggers an explosion of laughter and the young lecturer blushes to the roots of his close-cropped hair. He says,

'Who said that? Stand up! Stand up at once!'

'Who said what, Sir?' asks someone innocently.

The lecturer knows when he is beaten. Grimly he returns to the roll-call. 'Krishnan, Kumar, Mukundan...'

Variations of the basic 'Yes, Sir,' follow one another from different parts of the room: 'A, Sir,' 'Es, Saar,' 'Yessir' and so on. Then suddenly in answer to 'Narayanan', two voices are heard loud and clear. The lecturer is infuriated. With deliberate calm he closes the attendance-register and faces the class with an expression that would have done credit to a screen-villain.

'Gentlemen,' he says in a voice dripping sarcasm, 'as a reward for your excellent behaviour each one of you will lose his attendance for this entire week.' His gaze sweeps witheringly over the absolutely indifferent class. 'Before I proceed with this lecture I want those two... gentlemen who gave proxy for Narayanan to stand up.'

He pauses expectantly, the personification of severity. A dozen pairs of feet shuffle and scrape under the desks, but no one gets up. At the end of a minute the lecturer is still the only person standing. 'If those culprits do not stand up, keep in mind that I can set periodicals in which not one of you will pass. Remember...'. But the rest of what he has

to say is drowned in cries of 'Cheap, cheap, cheeep...'

At last the 'lecture' proper begins with the lecturer taking up his text-book. Prior to starting his copying exercise, he asks, 'Any doubts on what we did last...'

A few chronic latecomers straggle in.

'Why are you so late?'

'Went to drink water, Sir.'

'You took twenty minutes to drink water?'

'The cooler broke down, Sir.'

'Alright, alright, sit down. This is the last time I shall tolerate this. Now, any doubts on what we did last time?'

Someone in the back of the class closes a 900-page American best-seller on his lap and stands up,

'What are the portions for Wednesday's periodical sir?' he asks.

* * * * *

With the smoothness of an old truck travelling over a badly damaged mud-road the period bumps and jolts to a premature end. In impotent rage the lecturer leaves ten minutes before time.

Perhaps he doesn't realize it, but in a week or two, when the novelty has worn off he will happily cease to be the object of any special 'attention'. What he is going through now is merely a passing phase, a transitory period of adjustment.

—S. R. NAIR.

HUCK FINN'S ITCH

'We went tiptoeing along a path..... when we was passing by the Kitchen, I fell over a root and made a noise. Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim he came tiptoeing down and stood right between us; we could 'a' touched him, nearly. Well, likely it was minutes that there wasn't a sound we all there so close together. There was a place on my ankle that got to itching, but I dasn't scratch it; and then my ear that begun to itch; and next my back, right between my shoulders seemed like I'd die if I couldn't scratch. Well, I've notice that thing plenty times since... if you are anywhere where it don't do for you to scratch, why you will itch all over upward in a thousand places..... My nose began to itch. It itched till the tears come into my eyes. But I dasn't scratch. Then it began to itch on the inside. Next I got to itching underneath.... I was itching in eleven different places now. I reckon'd I couldn't stand it more'n a minute longer..... Just then Jim begun to breathe heavily; next he begun to snore—and then I was pretty comfortable again', writes Huckleberry Finn, of this misery the night he and Tom Sawyer founded 'Tom Sawyer's gang'.

Well, it is something universally observed. To modify Huck's statement, 'if you are anywhere where it won't do for you to do something, why you will itch to do that a thousand times!'

It is 10.58 a.m. Jan. 30; the school-bell goes and the whole class stands up to observe two minutes' silence. Everyone is quiet and the very air seems to stand still. Then—Huck Finn's itch begins to show up, and curiously, you feel an impelling desire to burst out laughing. But you resist it. 30 seconds pass—and then suddenly from the far corner of the room a curious sound, like the one you occasionally hear from 'the star that hauls a fortune—the TMB truck; you cautiously turn round to see one little fellow trying unsuccessfully to prevent 'the bursting of his thought as Maharishi Mahesh Yogi would have called it. An uneasy stir follows and then another chap bursts out; and then another; and still another. You glance at the schoolmaster whose face is red with anger, or probably by the very effort he makes to prevent the burshing of his thoughts. And then to everyone's relief the bell rings again and all is quiet again. Well, why is it that this happens? Is it that the subconscious is rebelling against the conscious which tries to concentrate on the observance of silence!

For, if you think about it, there appears to be no reason for your laughter or for that matter, Huck Finn's itch. All the same, there they are—haunting you. In his autobiography, Nehru observes that sometimes he had an impish urge to burst out laughing or dance or do something of the sort on some solemn political meetings.

All these seem to be different manifestations of some fundamental 'law', something akin to the famous Fertridge's law of Frustration. Fertridge, it appears, was once trying to photograph a swarm of migrating birds, which every year flew over a particular place on a precise date. Now, Fertridge arrived on that day with all the paraphernalia, only to be frustrated, for that particular year they had flown by a day earlier, for some reason unknown. Then it was, that Fertridge enunciated his law of frustration. The law seems to have universal application, at all places and on all occasions.

Suppose you want to go by bus to a particular place, and there are two routes, traversed by two buses A, B. Now suppose that you are waiting where the stops of A and B are a few yards apart and you are waiting for A, knowing it to be more frequent. But while you wait, no A appears but two B's have already passed along. So you think, better wait for B; they appear to be more frequent. Hence you begin walking to stop B, and at the very precise moment you reach halfway through and can't catch A even if you run, what happens? Lo, there comes A and you are left with neither fish nor flesh.

Now suppose further that you finally reach home exhausted and are relaxing in your room, casually peeling and eating an orange. You are sitting, away from the open window, and you reckon, if I throw the pips out through the window from here, the probability for the pips to hit the bars and get bounced back into the room is very small. So you begin throwing them out one by one and what happens? Nine out of ten pips hit the bars and bounce back and in no time, the room is littered with orange pips, well, if you haven't observed it yet, don't bring the oranges to OAT next Saturday, but take them to your room and try.

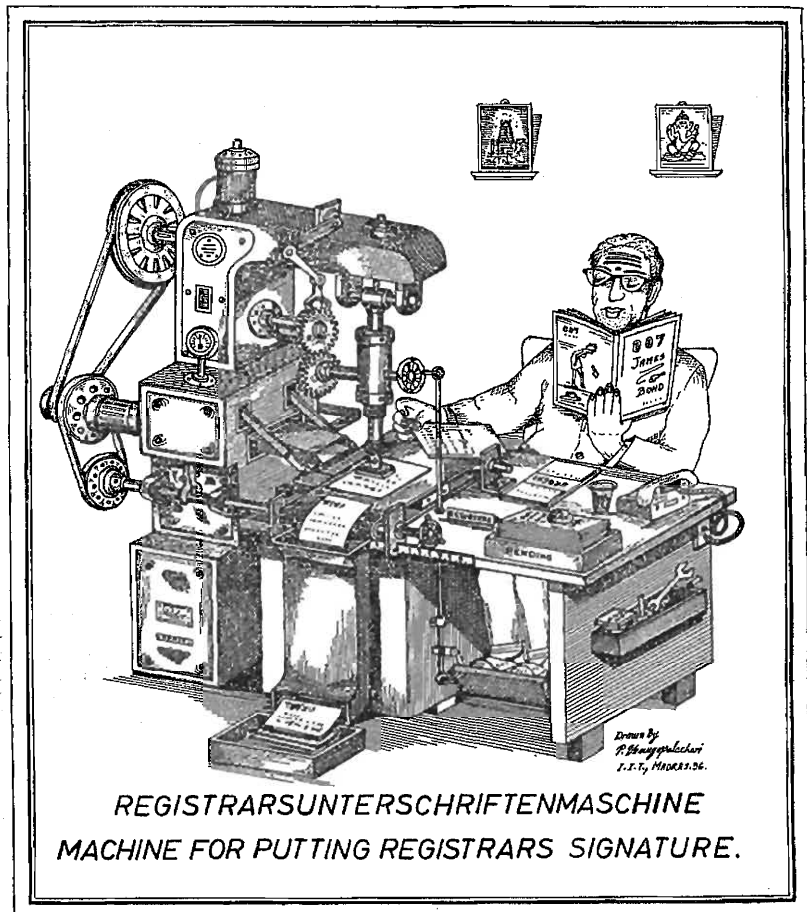
Have you ever kept something, say a pair of scissors, at a spot where you could find it when you wanted, and when you really needed it, forgotten where you kept it? Have you ever lost a fountain pen, and after a vain search, bought a new one, only to find the old one gleaming right on your table? Have you ever mastered a card trick, practised it a dozen times successfully, but when you invited your friend to see it, it failed to click? In all probability, you have experienced such an ignominious fate; and if you have, well, Fertridge is somewhere around. There is a story about Sir J. C. Bose; he took some of his ingenious inventions to the Royal Society for demonstration but they didn't work before the distinguished gathering, yet they had worked earlier, and did work later! Well, who knows how many of our friends at the Science Fair had had a similar experience?

Is it some sort of curious twist given to our lives by some inexorable, invisible hands, say Little Green Men (LGM) to 'tease us for their sport' as some superstitious person would believe? or is it some psychic phenomenon, the result of the thoughts of a fertile imagination? Or is it some sort of 'Mirage' rooted in the belief that some unseen force is constantly working against us, to upset whatever we wish and hope? It would be that in the case of Lost Fountain Pen, the Search for it is governed largely by a mind already prejudiced; a belief that something which is lost cannot ever be on an obvious spot. One might point out that 'Huck Finn's Itch' is something which is there always, which becomes eclipsed when the mind is automatically focussed on something; but when you deliberately try to concentrate your thoughts, well, the mind's safety valve opens up, preventing the brain from embarking on such a disastrous step. But somehow, one cannot help thinking that there might be some impervious and mysterious laws like the Fertridge's Law that want some unraveling!

V. JAGADEESH.

Dr. Zuern's Vacation Contest—Result

FIRST PRIZE: Mr P. Venugopalachari



REGISTRARSUNTERSCHRIFTENMASCHINE
MACHINE FOR PUTTING REGISTRARS SIGNATURE.

Story

Memory

Vijay was a big executive now. He was the managing director of Vijay Industries, a firm that made everything from lathes to electronic computers. Right now he sat in his office pondering over the implications of the new wealth tax. A frown of concentration creased his brow as he considered how best he could find loopholes within the law and save some money. There was a knock on his door and with a wave of irritation Vijay shouted, 'Come in!'

Five men shuffled in through the door. They were rough workmen, and at present they appeared nervous and ill at ease. 'Well,' snapped Vijay, 'what do you want?' The spokesman cleared his throat and said 'Sahib, our well keeps breaking down. Would you be kind enough to give us ten bags of cement to repair it?' Vijay was intensely annoyed. 'What do you think I am doing here,' he shouted, 'running a cement shop? All you people are the same. You do no work and then want something for nothing. You don't need the well and even if I gave you the cement, ten bags is too much. Get out!' The men didn't have the heart to argue. Their shoulders drooped a little more. 'Yes Sahib', they said and shuffled out. Some thing about the way these men moved out struck a chord in Vijay's mind, his thoughts flew back.....

.....He was just a little boy playing marbles in his grandfather's compound. Five men trooped out, they looked pretty dejected. I wonder what they are so sad about, he thought as he carefully took aim and shot the marble—oh no! another miss: he gave up in disgust.

The men had moved over to the watchman's

hut and were sitting down in a circle. He walked up to them boldly and demanded, 'Who are you?' 'We are maistrs, young Sahib,' said a gentle old man with grey hair and bushy whiskers. 'What do you want here?' was the next question. 'We need planks of wood' came the gentle reply. 'We need them to repair our houses which are falling down. We have no money to buy them from the market.' Vijay thought this over for a few moments and then said in a grave and earnest tone, 'Everyone must have houses to live in. Give me a piece of paper. I will give you enough wood.'

A grubby piece of paper appeared from the watchman's pocket and with it an old pen. The foreman wrote down his requirements; a hundred planks of teak wood. Vijay bent down to apply himself to the complicated and labourous task of signing his name to the piece of paper. Suddenly there was a tense silence, as the stern figure of his grandfather loomed up. 'What are you doing, Vijay?' Vijay held out an ink smudged scrap. 'I have given these men hundred planks of wood to make their homes. See, I can even sign my name,' said Vijay with quiet pride.

Grandfather looked at the dirty paper with a scrawly 'Vijay' written upside down in blots of ink. His face hardened as he looked at the men. Suddenly there was a twinkle in those grey eyes as they softened towards Vijay. 'Well son, you've just signed your first order!' He turned to the men and said, 'Since my son has signed, I am bound to give you these things. He has made an early start and you can see everything will go well in his hands.....'

The picture faded. Vijay pressed the intercom and said to his P.A., 'Ram Nath, give those men what they want.'

After all one must be kind.

—UMBESH DATTA.

Branching story

The Devil's Workshop

THESE days they put all kinds of rubbish in these things!' complained Screwy as he laid down his illustrated paper and stared morosely out of the window at the ragged vegetation floating by. A train journey wasn't exactly his idea of a day well spent. He said so.

Baggy grunted and drifted back into his semi-doze. Pops didn't stir from his apathetic slouch. Emkay made an effort to inject sarcasm into his tone. 'If you want excitement, just dive through that window. Please. Now.'

Screwy ignored him. 'Those dames in the next bay,' he mused, 'they look as if they could do with some lively company. I wonder ...'

Pops looked interested. 'Yes? What do you suggest, Casanova?'

'Invite them to join us in a game of cards?' Emkay's habitual sarcasm was absent.

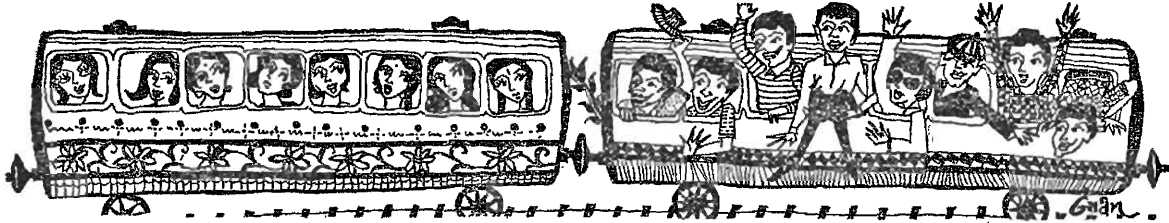
Baggy woke up and blinked owlishly at them. 'Hwat?'

Screwy shook his head. 'Something better than that ... That bird in blue, now. She's ... hmmm ...'

Emkay's eyebrows danced devilishly. 'Why don't you propose to her? That would satisfy your ego.'

Screwy was taken aback. 'Serious?'

'I defy you.'



Possibility 1

'I would land myself in a mess,' thought Screwy as he left his seat. He had his reputation to maintain ... he wondered whether it was worth maintaining at such costs. 'You guys stay here,' he instructed. 'Then how'll we know?' objected Emkay. 'Ask her.' They didn't have any answer to that.

Two steps and he was looking down at the girls. A couple of them were reading books, a couple seemed to be dozing, and the bird in blue was looking steadily at him. His glance caught hers in something of a shock. He realized, vaguely and inarticulately, why she had attracted his attention in the first place. He'd seen her somewhere before ... but where? how? when?

Her eyes went down modestly, and he realized he'd been staring rudely. He cleared his throat.

She spoke first, and her words left him gasping. 'I was beginning to wonder if you had recognised me at all. How's your sister, Raju?'

Screwy knew who she was. And he got an IDEA.

Screwy stalked back to his seat and very solemnly, sat down.

'Well???'

'I did it. I've proposed to her. And the young lady wants to meet you personally to tell you what she thinks of you, Emkay.'

'Thinks of me? Hey, what's all this? ...'

Screwy looked past Emkay and said, 'Oh Geetha, this is Emkay. Emkay, the bird in blue.'

Emkay swivelled round to face her, bewilderment showing plainly on his comically distorted features. Her eyes, steely glints in their liquid brown depths, gazed quizzically at him. Emkay's uncomfortable glance skittered away from the pretty face and encountered others set in various degrees of feminine disapproval. A feeling crept upon Emkay that something had gone wrong somewhere.

She spoke; her voice was pleasant, but to Emkay it held a suggestion of an electric hotplate. 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself? How can you look at anyone in the face after this? Just look at him, everyone!'

Everyone obligingly looked at the crushed Emkay. His composure started looking like the Roman Empire after the Decline and Fall. He shifted uneasily. 'Er ... I say ... wha ... (gulp)'

Screwy took a hand. 'Ye gods! Have you no self-respect, man? Apologise to her, dash it.'

Emkay seemed to find something hypnotic about the toecaps of his shoes. 'I'm sorry, ... er, I apologise ... I'm not ...'

He was interrupted by peals of feminine laughter. Screwy's raucous har-har-har

Possibility 2

SCREWY walked towards her. The others perched themselves at strategic points. He reached her. Matters came to a standstill after that. It looked as if he was stuck for a beginning. The other girls watched curiously. Just when the silence was getting awkward, he spoke. 'Will you marry me?'

The gasp from the other girls was expected. His friends tensed as they prepared themselves for her reaction. She looked up. Another silence developed as she valiantly tried to recover from the impact of that question. Screwy's sense of the artistic prompted him to launch into an eloquent description of his yearnings for her. Only, he was afraid of being too convincing. Again, the silence was getting on his nerves, although it hadn't lasted for more than a few ticks. He was becoming self-conscious, standing there in the midst of five girls. Then it happened. He saw her lips move ...

'No, sweetheart.'

The tension eased all round. Screwy mopped his face with a handkerchief.

'The name is Screwy.'

'So's mine.'

Screwy didn't bother to correct her. Instead, he mumbled on about this and that ... and she listened intently. She laughed at something he said. Obviously she found his conversation engaging. Emkay looked bored and disappointed. He didn't mind losing the wager, but sorely missed the fireworks he had expected. Screwy had found a new friend, who was obviously a goner for him. But that was nothing exciting. Screwy had a knack of collecting goners.

Emkay got an IDEA. He hopped down and walked over to Baggy. Surprisingly enough, Baggy seemed to be awake. 'Bet you can't walk over to the other 'un and smooch her,' he challenged, conjuring up mental visions of what would happen to Baggy should he do any such thing.

But Baggy's reaction wasn't at all what he expected. 'Are you serious?'

Emkay pondered over this. He came up with a better idea. 'You do the defying and I'll do the smooching.'

'Sure.'

—AAYOO.

brought Emkay back to himself with a snap.

'You hound,' he howled, 'what have you done?'

Screwy bubbled over with glee. 'Proposed to her on your behalf!! Ye gods, and she accepted!'

—POOTS.

Possibility 3

AS Screwy lurched to his feet and very, very casually walked along the corridor, his brain was racing. Here it might be mentioned that Screwy is one of the multitude for whose consumption Hollywood 'B' movies are ground out. Hence, even though it was an Errol Flynnish swagger that he finished up with, it was Edward G. Robinson who spoke out of one corner (the one which did not hold the Charminar) of his mouth.

The dream in Blue looked older at close range. However, she wished him back quite politely considering the fact that only a primeval monosyllabic sound had escaped his mouth. Indicating a secluded window seat nearby, Screwy whispered, 'May I have a word with you over there?'

To his astonishment she nodded assent and moved over. It took them only a moment to exchange names, her's turning out to be Rashmi. Then Screwy got to the crux of the matter. 'You seen the bunch of morons sitting over there? Well, they are responsible for what I am going to say now. (and here he raised his voice) To wit: may I have the honour of proposing to you?'

She gave him one of those looks which normally kill cockroaches at thirty yards. Screwy silently cursed Humphrey Bogart. This approach was all wrong—no finesse. He was just going into his Cheshire cat routine when he noticed that an 'I always use Lux' smile was transforming her face. (Doris Day couldn't have done it better, thought the ever-alert Screwy)

The Vision said, 'If I were to say "yes", would you take me seriously?' Exceeding joy had made Subramanya Raman bold. 'Only till we reach Delhi' (cock Hudson) replied.

As Screwy charged off triumphantly Rashmi turned to the toddler sitting nearby and spoke in her native Punjabi, 'Beti, you know, I feel ten years younger at the moment!'

—RAT.

You can doodle again!

CARICATURE

Thoroughly Modern Mandeep

Surds have come and surds have left the Institute in hordes. It has been noticed with some considerable interest and a lot of tongue-licking relish that, by virtue of certain inherent qualities which are difficult to duplicate, analyse or predict, this particular species of homo sapiens lends itself amiably to any concoction designed to depict the funny and humorous side of life.

The advent of Mandeep Singh into IITM was no ordinary event. It sparked off a controversy which, to the best of our knowledge, is still raging in Parliament. It has some thing to do with the validity of the entrance examinations.

The Mandeep Singh of today is a distinctly revised and re-edited version of the Mandeep Singh that we first met in the first year. Nobody knows when exactly the metamorphosis took place. It is difficult to pinpoint the exact day and date, but all are agreed that it was somewhere in the third year that he became a gunman of knowledge, a sort of intellectual bonfire, surprising people who had long ago listed him as a modest agreeable dolt. He came right up to one and put questions like, 'When Robert Kennedy was the Attorney-General of the US, who was the President?' or 'Can you name a President of the US who was assassinated in a theatre and whose name starts with L?'

It was intriguing, unnerving to say the least. People spoke about it in hushed tones and whispered 'Where does he get it from? He must be getting transfusions from an Intelligence Bank!'

It wasn't until quite some time later that we found out Mandeep Singh had started reading *Time Magazine*, a habit he still assiduously pursues so much so that one may rightly say he is a man made by *Time*.

Like all red-blooded people, he has his favourites, too, his current heroes being Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and Jagat Giri ($\frac{V}{5}$ Elect.)

It is difficult not to spot him at all the important functions of the Institute. For instance when the Maharishi came to the Institute, it was Mandeep Singh who chauffeured him in.

At the beginning of the term he comes well equipped with a tooth brush and shoe laces to brave the hazards of hostel life. The rest of the accessories such as soap, tooth-paste, shoes etc., are supplied by his wing mates.... whether they like it or not. He is of the firm view that the hostel he lives in is the original People's Hostel. The 'People' in this case being he.

One bright, sunny day he decided to up his standards and get himself a pillow. It's not very comfortable sleeping on a pile of textbooks—borrowed text-books—day in and day out. So at the stroke of midnight, on a dark and moonless night he slipped into his faithful sneakers, picked up his thermos flask and went downstairs. He read the notice board nonchalantly as people are wont to when they have nothing in particular to do, and stood looking aimlessly here and there. The thermos was to be his alibi, a silent witness to his desires for water. Turning around to face the mess, he put into action part two of his diabolical plot. For every two steps forward he took three backwards. The overall impression meant to be conveyed to prying eyes was that of one Mandeep Singh walking towards the mess, flask in hand in quest of water when in fact he progressed in a direction opposite to the mess. The phenomenon of

attention of image was to play an important part in the plot. As luck would have it there was one stupid gardener, not so well versed in Physics, who could only discern

Mandeep Singh reach the Medical room stern first and walk out with the hostel pillow.

The next morning, the hon'ble Warden paid Mandeep Singh a visit presumably for a first hand account of 'How to steal a pillow and get away with it—almost.' When asked why he did it, Mandeep Singh turned crimson to the tips of his beard and said something about his spine not being what it used to be and the explicit orders his Doctor had given him to use a pillow. He finished lamely with 'I just borrowed it Sir. I was going to return it, honest I was. You can ask Giri.....'

'All right, all right,' said the Warden trying to be nice about the whole thing, 'but the next time you want something.....'

'Yes Sir, I'll ask for it Sir.'
'Good. Now then, how do you spend your leisure hours, Mr. Mandeep Singh? I can see you do a lot of reading. Is that the



latest *Time Magazine*?' He reaches out for it, casually flips a few pages then suddenly stiffens in surprise, 'Mr. Mandeep Singh...!?!'

'Er...it's from the Common Room, Sir. I was going to return it this evening Sir, really I was, you can ask Giri, Sir....'

'Please see that you do. And this—ah—chair?'

'From the Common Room, Sir, I...er...I...I was just going to return it Sir when you came in, you can ask.....'

With a little more pleasant chit-chat in the same vein about the rest of the things in his room, including his new collection of records, the Warden left, promising to call on him at least once every week.

Mandeep Singh is undoubtedly on par with the Mechanical Age. He is the only Surd on the Campus with a mechanical hair drier. And although he hasn't yet had occasion to use it, he takes great pains to leave it in painfully obvious places to let all and sundry know he uses nothing so old fashioned as a towel.

He even took it to class one day and pretended it was all a big mistake. Instead of picking up his file he happened to grab the hair drier....

The year he got his Scooter his conversation followed a very predictable trend. His opening pieces invariably ran something like, 'Last time I was going on my scooter....' or, 'Have you ever tried taking four guys on a scooter?...'. His favourite story until a few days ago was how he cleaned the carburettor of his scooter single-handed. He was the only one who failed to see what was so funny about the whole thing until someone informed him; tactfully one hopes, that what he had cleaned was the spark plug, not the carburettor.

Mandeep Singh is the only person on record to walk into the Bank, go through the motions of writing a check, sign it on the dotted line, settle down on one of the benches and yet not get any closer to his cash well towards closing time. It seems nobody told him he had to give his check in to the clerk at the counter. All along he had been sitting and holding it in his hands.

True he may be a strain on the furniture and a drain on the food budget once he parks himself in your room. But apart from that he is a thoroughly harmless sort of guy. It is always a great source of amusement to hear him talk about himself. He has a gift of the gab and if you are not on your guard, it doesn't take him long to convince you that he represents what every female hungers for.. His most convincing argument, 'What do you think it was that attracted Delilah to Samson? It was his hair, this long lovely luxuriant growth that I have....'

If ever we want anything advertised these days we don't go to the newspapers anymore. We just tell Mandeep Singh, it's much cheaper.

When you come to the final year, your Psychology teacher will tell you that man is a prime imitator. Mandeep Singh explodes that myth and proves that a Sardar is the prime imitator. One of his friends, slightly on the clever side, is in the habit of studying lying down in bed. Our man thought that the flow of knowledge from book to wherever his brains are, was better that way. He tried it for two periodicals but the results were disastrous enough to convince him his brains are just not where he thought they were. Someone suggested he make use of gravity. So, very soon passers-by began to notice Mandeep Singh standing up and studying, the idea being not to cramp his brains by sitting down, whilst making use of gravity.

Whereas the whole of IITM is US College bent, Mandeep Singh is a man with a difference. None of the rat race for Fellowships, Scholarships, or admissions for him. He has directly applied to a number of firms in the US and the continent for a job. Not just any old firm, but only those select few which he has come to know through his own special and intricate web of intelligence that have a desperate need for an imported Maintenance Engineer, also called a janitor. And how does he ever hope to get this challenging post? Well in his own inimitable words 'Pop's influence, Year!'

In spite of all the disadvantages and handicaps (none of them of his own making) Mandeep Singh has made it to the final year, and when he passes out he is bound to leave behind a vacuum which will not be filled up in a hurry. However some optimists seem to think he will leave no such vacuum. He'll take it with him—in that space between his turban and nose.

ARVIND JOHARI.

**Our hockey team struck gold in the
Buck Memorial Tournament conducted
by the Y.M.C.A.**



The Kanpur Meet

FOOTBALL

The Madras Eleven baffled Kanpur when they scratched out a 4-1 win over the host on the first morning of the Meet.

Right from kick-off our forwards broke through. Centre-forward Victor Thamburaj diverted a ball unerringly into the net for an opening. With the Kanpur left-half hooking in a self-goal. Madras led 2-0 at half-time. Soon after resuming play, Shorty with that rare and magical ability always to be in the right place at the right second, took a rebound from the Kanpur goal-keeper and slammed into the net. 3-0. Madras got the final goal, when Bhattacharjee raced past the penalty area and shot hard into the net. With two minutes to go, the Kanpur forward took goal-keeper Chandran unawares to score their only goal.

Madras beat Delhi 3-2 the next day to reach Finals. The match drew no crowd. Meanwhile, Kharagpur beat Bombay 2-0.

Outclassing a weak but spirited Madras team, championship bound Kharagpur toyed through a 5-1 win on the third day of the meet. With close on half the team invalidated, Madras kept the high-speed Kharagpur forwards until half-time. The first blow came when Kharagpur got an effortless unexpected goal. P. Das soon rammed in a pass from the corner. 2-0. Fighting in a spasm, Madras came back into the game when Sanyal shot in. The 2-1 score at half-time afforded no decision; but the fierce Kharagpur attack that came soon after paralysed our players. Das netted two more goals, and Sumanta sent the last one in to tot up a 5-1 victory.

TRACK AND FIELD

Discus—M. Sanyal, second.

Triple jump—C. Rathnaswamy, fourth.

800 metres—Raju, third.

400 metres—Joshy Paul, third.

SHUTTLE

The huge crowd that had braved bitter cold to watch Edwin Srinivasan in the matches

faking while going for under-basketting, was the top scorer. Right winger Suresh Bhandari got all his delightful jump shots accurately.

2nd match: MAD beat BMB 57-38. Centre forward Abraham was in excellent form in this match. He pleased the crowd with his confident basketting. Brilliant display by George Varghese in both offence and defence steered Madras out of a few tight situations. At half-time, the score read 23-21. Soon Bombay took a lead of 4 points. With tremendous speed on the court and deft under-basketting, Raju Jacob helped in bringing life into the game. Madras caught up with Bombay at 27. Their team work thrilled the crowd. Ramakrishnan's defence was sound; and while the Bombay score was stagnant at 27, the Madras forwards secured a lead of 8 points. A short lull followed. Then in a fervour, and with morale boosted by Dr Rajendran (coach), Madras paralysed their opponents. The last 3 minutes brought them a further lead of 12 points.

Dr. Rajendran, ex all star player, has successfully coached the triumphant basketball team for the last two years. 'He played the key role in our success,' says captain Venkateswaran.

TENNIS

KGP broke the tension in the crowd when they edged a 3-2 victory over MAD in the first encounter. In spite of winning the first two matches, (Ramappa beat A. Sarkar 6-2, 6-3 and Ram Kumar beat R. Srinivasan 6-1, 8-6) Madras helplessly crumpled out to loose the remaining three matches.

Ramappa, the dashing Madras captain, always placed the ball well and convincingly won the first match. In the other singles, young Menon dictated the play. The score: M-2 KGP-0. And Madras looked poised to win the doubles too, when Ramappa and Ram Kumar Menon took the first set 6-2 vs. Sarkar and Srinivasan. Suddenly, KGP came back in that second set. Sarkar crashed Ramappa's next serve to take the set 6-4. With the third set also going KGP way 6-4,

GYMNASTICS

The gym team comprises of frank gymnasts. When they get no prizes they say so. No excuses made. No sympathies expected. However a reporter must do his duty and honestly report their performance at the IIT Meet. Lose though they did, it was narrowly to the winning team. (Kharagpur would not participate for lack of participants.) For the odd 20 hrs. of coaching our boys got, and with three new members with no competition experience, the overall show was one of good representation. The highlights of their participation was in their performance on the mats (ground work). This event got started close to sundown; Madras performed first. The spectators, not knowing what exactly good ground work is, began applauding every move of our players. Others soon got infected with this spirit.

Some shock they would have got the following day on watching proper groundwork.

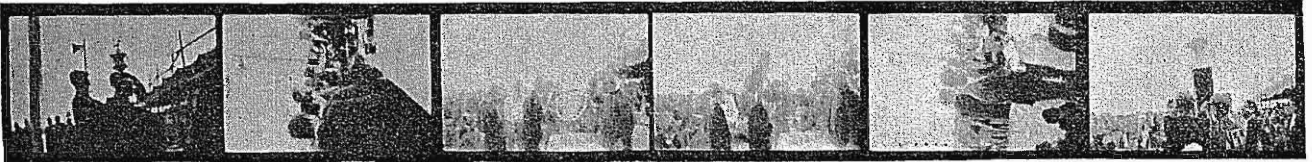
As a reporter, I must admit to a good deal of unsatisfactory judgement of exercise. For one, the judges were from event to event replaced by seemingly better ones. Nobody seemed to be happy about the points in any event. And since those judges were in fact team coaches, a sort of compensatory process came into being. And this did demoralize the participants—at least those who did not have their coaches to judge.

Captain Ravi Nirula was at his usual best.

VOLLEYBALL

The seven Madras spikers beat Delhi, the champions of the last Meet, 15-8 15-12, in the first encounter. Instead of fighting for the lowest rung, Madras reached finals. Meanwhile, Bombay defeated KGP and KNP to enter the finals.

The Madras vs. Bombay match reached an exciting finish. In the first game Madras led 13-10, but 5 consecutive points from BMB stumped the onlookers. Goaded by the first game success, and taking advantage of bad co-ordination between some Madras players, BMB got the next game 15-13. Madras



between Madras and Kharagpur was disappointed. Eddie was running a temperature, and captain Shankar Swamy had decided to rest him for the tougher encounters ahead. (Some still believe that Edwin could—and should—have played.) In short, the only team from Madras confident of their ten points returned home with a blob. Kharagpur beat Madras 3-1.

Vaidyanathan and Capt. Sheo Puri who took on the singles challenge from KGP put up an excellent performance. The former's confidence and celerity, and the latter's style and polish was a treat to the crowd.

BASKETBALL

Madras took the Shield for the third time in succession. With every member a player of outstanding merit, the Madras BB team had no trouble in winning the finals against Bombay with a margin of 19 points.

1st match: MAD beat DLI 53-39. Capt. M. S. Venkateswaran, with his characteristic

the score read M-2 KGP-1. In the fourth match Srinivasan had Ramappa in trouble. He smashed all returns and effortlessly won the match 6-2, 6-3. The score: M-2 KGP-2. Ram Kumar now meant everything to Madras. As the match started, the tension was high. Ram Kumar held Sarkar's serves and took the first set 6-3. In a marathon session of tennis, the second set went to Sarkar 7-5. Now the last set would decide. And when Madras needed Ram Kumar most, the cold took him hard. His thighs and wrist were cramped, and were massaged at quick intervals, while Sarkar and the crowd waited impatiently. The first six games went alternately to Ram Kumar and Sarkar, taking the set score to 3-3. Then Ram Kumar was out. Sarkar got that last set 6-3. (What a fall was there.....!)

Other draws: DLI beat BMB 3-0.
KNP beat DLI 3-0
KGP beat KNP 3-2
MAD beat DLI 3-1.

fought. They slammed and spiked and hammered—but BMB took them lying down! The game went to Madras. 15-12. However, the match reached a tame ending when Madras conceded the next game 8-15 to Bombay.

HOCKEY

Madras received a hard blow when they lost the first match 0-1 to Delhi. The absence of Gill, Allen, Cariappa, Goel and Kapoor was greatly felt.

Other matches:

BMB beat KNP 1-0 in extra time.

KGP beat BMB 2-0 to reach finals.

DLI beat KGP 2-1 in the finals.

TABLE TENNIS

Delhi won five out of the six singles matches against Madras. Prem Watsa played excellently well to win the only match. Madras freshman Ranganathan started off well with aggressive attack but switched over to defence later, only to lose the match.

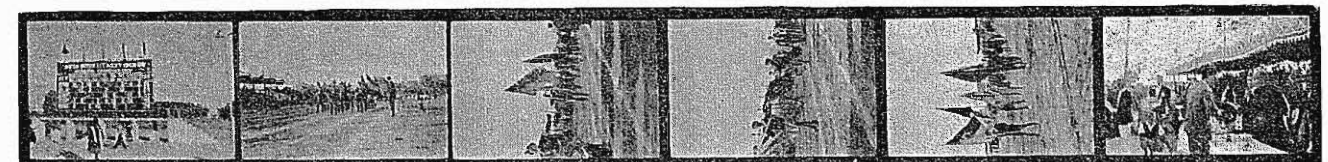


Photo: Chandy Mathews

KANPUR 1968

On the 24th of December '68, the Jhansi-Lucknow Passenger chugged into Kanpur Central a couple of hours behind schedule. Nobody (including the driver) knew the scheduled time of arrival. We piled out of the train and onto the awaiting buses which took us to IIT (Those of you who complain that civilization is too far away from this Institute are strongly advised against visiting IIT Kanpur.) The Reception Committee lost no time in introducing us to the wonders of IIT Kanpur. On the bus we heard that Kanpur has among other things Video-kape, Television, a Flying and Gliding Club. While we sat and listened (modest as we are) they told us that they expected to win (among other things) hockey, tennis, table-tennis and basketball. (They won table-tennis and gymnastics).

IIT Kanpur, it must be conceded, is something to gape at. Massive space-age buildings emerge impressively from their bleak, wind-swept and dusty surroundings. The main building (which makes the H.S.B. look like a cottage) houses all the faculties, offices etc. Here's what the IIT Kanpur newspaper—*Spark* has to say about the library and lecture halls—'Supposed to be the heart of the institute, the cistern-like construction (the library) is supported by a team of tall slender pillars. Similarly constructed is our hexagonal lecture hall complex which is quite close to the library. Bewildering modern capping constructions atop both these buildings make them look straight out of the movie—'Time Machine'. The library is reputedly one of the best in India. There are five large hostels accommodating about 400 students each. There are two messes (good grub) in each hostel, an unused 'T. V. room' and a canteen. The canteens were the most impressive. They are open upto midnight and sell coffee, tea, smokes, eggs, sweets etc. So much for the features of IIT Kanpur.

IIT Kanpur turned out to be an excellent host. Everything was meticulously organized and for this reason the sixth Inter IIT meet will go down in the record books as an unqualified success. The staff and students at Kanpur displayed a lot of enthusiasm for all the events taking place. The crowd was strictly partisan while the home teams were playing. Amid the lusty cheering in Hindi and Indian English, it was hard to escape the full-throated cries of the American children who yelled 'C'mon Canpawr!'

If the number of records broken is any indication of the success of an Inter-IIT Meet then the Kanpur meet must surely rank high. KGP's R. D'Souza was unbeatable on the tracks. He set up records in the 200, 400, 800 and 1,500 metres. A muscle pull prevented him from smashing the 100 metres record. KNP's V. P. Aneja broke the 5,000 metres records. The 4 × 100 and 4 × 400 metre relay records were broken by KGP and KNP respectively. Krishnaswamy of KNP improved upon the shot-put and discus marks. The meet also produced four hat-tricks:

* KGP won the football championship for the third year in succession.

* Delhi won the badminton title for the third consecutive year.

* MDS held on to the basketball title for the third successive year.

* MDS won the dubious distinction of being placed last for the general championship for the third time in succession!

The usual post-mortems on our performance were dutifully performed. A sample of the stock excuses in the air—'If we had won tennis, . . . If Eddie wasn't ill, . . . if all our players were here . . .'. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that 1968 offered us the best opportunity to date. The points position before the final match of the meet (losing semi-finalists in the T.T. match between BMB and DELHI) was as follows: KGP-56, KNP-33, BOM-33, MDS-24, DELHI-23. Delhi won the crucial two points. Victories for us in tennis and badminton would have significantly altered the final placings.

The girls' events were straight contests between KGP and KNP and attracted little attention. However, the KGP girls lent invaluable moral and vocal support to their contingent.

On the last day, an exhibition hockey match between a combined IIT's team and North Eastern Railway was arranged. The match did not get the attention it merited though it was a novel future. The railway-men were a shade better than the combined team and won 2-0.

While reviewing the happenings at Kanpur, several outstanding performances other than those already mentioned come to my mind. In our first round football match against KNP C. Nair (Shorty) scored what was undoubtedly the best goal seen in Kanpur. Weaving gracefully past four (or was it five)? Kanpur defenders he flamed the ball into the corner of the goal. Mention must be made of KGP's A. Sargar who usually represents his institute in four games—tennis, badminton, table-tennis, and football. This year he participated in tennis and badminton only. His sensational victory against KNP's Bhargava (after losing the first set) clinched the tennis title for KGP. The other IITs can breathe a sigh of relief as Sargar will be ending his seven year stay in KGP when he gets his M. TECH. this year. M. S. Venkateshwaran, (L.P.), our basketball captain, deserves special mention. He hobbled on to the basketball court with a badly damaged knee. He wasn't the sure-fire scorer that he usually is, but everybody was impressed by his fighting spirit. Sudhir Kumar of Delhi was undefeated in badminton, and was the most outstanding hockey-player of the meet.

Prof. Dutta our staff adviser proved to be the most loyal fan of IIT Madras despite our plummeting fortunes. He turned out to watch all our matches and the personal interest he took in ironing out all our problems impressed us. I wish I could say the same of our P.T.I.s.

A very colourful closing ceremony rang down the curtain on the Meet. We left IIT Kanpur at 5-30 a.m. on the 30th of December. 'We'll show 'em next year!'—declared those who will be trying to salvage our reputation in Kharagpur this year.

—CM.

JHANSI 1969



People work remarkably well under tension. Our special bogie (minus mirrors, bulbs and other fittings) arrived at Jhansi at 1 p.m. on the 30th December. From there we were supposed to be connected to the Madras-bound Grand Trunk Express at 00.07 hrs. on the 31st. We roamed the streets of Jhansi town; some people went to a movie and a good many of us found ourselves in a 'Runs-like' establishment called 'Hotel Ashok' (BAR ATTACHED). Money being in short supply, the liquor didn't flow as freely as the boozers wished it to. Anyway, by 11 that night, everyone was happily snoring away in the bogie. The railway officials slept better than we the previous night and the G.T. had rushed by without us!

Five or Six guys angrily stormed into the Station Superintendent's office where they encountered two slick gentlemen, fresh as morning dew, who brazenly lied that they had been awake all night 'worrying' about us. They claimed that (i) the leaf-springs on our compartment were broken the previous night and (ii) there was no place on the G.T. To placate us, they offered to connect our bogie to the Itarsi Passenger as it would be easier to connect us onto the G.T. at Itarsi. At 7-30, a.m. we finally realised that they were merely trying to get us off their hands by shunting us onto Itarsi and that there was no guarantee of our being connected there. Our travel schedule specifically stated that we were

to be connected onto the G.T. at Jhansi. We refused to let the Itarsi passenger budge until the Station Superintendent discussed the matter with us. The guard claimed that as long as the signal was down, he had to wave his green flag and the engine-driver claimed that whenever the green flag was waved, he had to start the train; otherwise he would be penalized. Consequently the following sequence of operations ensued:

- (1) Guard waves green flag
- (2) Driver starts train
- (3) We pull chain
- (4) Driver stops train
- (5) Railwaymen reset chain
- (6) Guard waves green flag etc.

This strategy was eminently successful and the train laboured through 50 metres in two hours. Eventually the Station Superintendent agreed to keep us in Jhansi. He warned us to keep off the shunting yards and remain safely in our bagie 'as there will be a lot of shunting today'. We told him that he had better connect us to the G.T. 'or else all south-bound trains will be stopped'. [SIC]

Despite the fact that Tuesday is a 'Prohibition Day' in U.P., it was another field day for Hotel Ashok.

At 00.07 hrs. on January 1st 1969 we were hooked onto the G.T. and were bound for Madras within the next few minutes.

—CM.

INTER UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT IN CRICKET

Scores

19 December 1968

IIT beat Venkateshwara University by an innings and 67 runs.

Venkateshwara I innings 80 all out.

(Chakravarthi 4 for 18)

IIT I innings 221 all out.

(V. Ashok 99, B. V. Seshadri 33, Raja V. Lulla 38 not out)

Venkateshwara II innings 74 all out.

(Ramgopal 2 for 14, N. Subramaniam 3 for 5)

23 December 1968

IIT lost to Bangalore Agricultural University.

IIT I innings 82 (Chakravarthi 24)

II innings 126 (B. Sharma 25, Chakravarthi 24, R. Sharma 21)

Bangalore Agricultural University:

I innings 75 (Ashok 3 wickets, N. Subramaniam 3 wickets, and Ramgopal 2 wickets)

II innings 134 for 8.

GET YOUR SWIMMING TRUNKS READY

The swimming pool problem is being solved. The water purification system should be ready by the end of this year. We got this information right out of the designer's mouth. Design of the filter is complete (although it hasn't been decided whether it will work under pressure or gravity). Pumping costs are being worked out. The annual operating costs of the pool may be well over Rs. 30,000. Doesn't that leave you gasping? But the designer accounts for this by the high cost of coagulants (alum) and NaOH or Na₂CO₃ necessary to adjust the pH value of the water to around 9.5 when coagulation is facilitated. Incidentally, the water will be drawn from the 'Lake' during the winter months. Any questions?

—Campastimes



Editorial

Time and again we have observed that the interest and activity of a majority of the elected representatives of the Gymkhana are concentrated on the brief period when the elections are held. The elections themselves are hollow farces. Year against year, gang against gang, and language against language is how they are waged. Not one genuine campaigning speech, not one statement of general policy, have we heard in years. Since winning the election is for some the end rather than the beginning, the deplorable state of the Gymkhana is not surprising.

It is not however our intention to analyse the democratic system in general. Plato did that a long time ago. Nor do we wish to attack the Constitution of the Gymkhana. It functioned fairly well in years gone by. Our complaint is much more specific. We merely want to ask why some of the Gymkhana's duties this year have been so shamefully neglected.

Take the Literary Committee. This has always been a group with heavy responsibilities, and the Literary Secretary has usually risen to the occasion. But not this year. We hear that the Committee has hardly ever met formally. They have not conducted even the bare minimum of usual events. Teams have not been sent out as often as they ought. Competitors have not been briefed. The inter hostel quiz and debate have not been held. At the time of writing, what has the Literary Committee done?

* * * *

The easiest part of working on a project for the Science Fair is actually building it. But three-fourths of the total work lies in overcoming administrative obstacles. Our workshops will soon be asking for GRE, TOEFL and character references from FBI and from the Soviet Politburo. Taken all in all the frequency and extensiveness of the bumrush given to the model builder quickly damp his enthusiasm. When you plead two hours off and spend an hour and a half shuttling between the workshops and administration points, you don't feel like staging a repeat performance the next day. Nor do you feel like undertaking another project next year.

* * * *



Song the Birdie Sings

What does little birdie say,
In its nest at dawn of day?
'In 'Campastimes' you cannot say
Nasty things, and get away!'

IITians, as a rule,
Are so mild, and play it cool.
But in 'Campastimes' you cannot say
Nasty things, and get away.

In this Mag one likes to see
Over a cup of Aye Aye Tea;
Not yap yap of two or three
Halfwits around IIT.

—Ranganathan

INDIA INDEPENDENT IN HIGH VACUUM TECHNOLOGY

A short-term course in High Vacuum Technology, jointly sponsored by IITM and the Bhaba Atomic Research Centre, was conducted here from 2nd to 20th December, 1968. The objective of the course, to highlight the basic phenomena occurring in vacuum, and how it affected investigation, was covered in 32 lectures, technical visits, and films. Candidates with a bachelor's degree in Engineering or a master's degree in Physics or Chemistry were eligible to apply.

Similar courses were held in the December of 1966 and 1967 at IIT Bombay.

Advances in this field have led to vacuum evaporation, sputtering, metallurgical processes like vacuum-melting purification, newer propulsion techniques, etc.

Dr. H. N. Sethna, Director of the Bhaba Atomic Research Centre, in his valedictory address on the 21st December, said that the Institutes of Technology in India should forge a close link between scientists who explore and engineers who put their results to practical use.

Dr. A. Ramachandran, Director, IITM, said that a number of similar courses in the various engineering faculties will be conducted here in future.

Dr. C. Ambasankaran from the Bhaba Atomic Research Centre said that foreign collaboration will no more be necessary in the field of high vacuum technology.

—Campastimes News.

We record with great sorrow
the demise of our beloved Chief
Minister Thiru C. N. Annadurai.

AN EDITOR'S JOB

Getting out a paper is no picnic.
If we print jokes people say we are silly.
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we pinch things from other magazines
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff.
If we don't print every word of every contribution
we don't appreciate genius.
If we do print them the columns are filled
with ink.
If we make a change in the other person's
write up we are too critical.
If we don't, we are blamed for poor editing.
Now, like as not, some guy will say
We swiped this from some other sheet.
We did.

By the Way

The Christmas vacation has come and gone and here we are again. But I for one feel deprived of The Month. That glorious month just after the exams which was the peak period for extra curricular activity, is no longer part of the order of things. The lingering hope that The Month might immediately follow the holidays has been scotched by certain notices from the academic section.

Harking back to the holidays, one is bound to remark that the IITian on holiday is as characteristic as the IITian at work. The broadest grin, the maddest plans, the P'est J's, the loudest roar of laughter seem to be his exclusive property. And we must not, of course, forget his lack of affinity towards other IITians on holiday. A nod, a smile, a wave of the hand... who the blazes wants to discuss mess grub and periodicals during hols anyway? When IITian meets IITian, the conversation veers around to these topics with depressing inevitability.

Talking of depressing inevitables, the shock of the communication regarding your son/ward's progress, complete with the usual veiled threats, is now history, even if it is recent history. Rarely if ever have there been such admirable examples of history repeating itself... and grades repeating themselves... and parents repeating themselves... and us retreating to the hostels. Coming to the present, the weather is in one of its (few) bearable phases in Madras. There is a distinct nip in the air in the morning, which doubtless explains why nobody reaches class at eight sharp. (I hate to say this, but if you did, evidence points to your being a nobody). Literary Week is in the offing. Judging from the torpor which of late seems to have overcome the literary committee, history repeating itself with respect to the success of the week would be a consummation devoutly to be wish't. On the other hand, ambitious plans to make the week better and brighter are also afoot, I am told. Which is all to the good.

A word in my defence. One reader felt that I was too conscious of our image in dwelling on an unpleasant incident at some length. I feel obliged to say that I was not the least interested in our 'image.' I was trying to draw our attention to ourselves—our sense of hygiene and decency or our lack of it. I was far less perturbed by the possibility of an outsider decrying the incident in question than by the reality of our own people condoning—or at any rate ignoring—it. There is also a feeling that the length of a passage is in direct proportion to the importance of its contents. So if I write 25 lines about A and 5 lines about B, A is in my opinion 5 times as important as B. This deduction is unfair, and, as far as I am concerned, untrue. Being human and not electronic, I cannot appropriate the length of this column in the ratio of relative importance. I have often written more on a less significant point. My apologies to those whose sense of proportion has been offended. These differences are essentially a matter of taste, and I cannot dispute with those who dislike my views or my ways of expressing them: I merely wanted to point out that I too had my reasons.

A chat with the Editor has led me to put down a few remarks to the juniors, who appear distressingly reluctant to meet the rest of us. This is with special reference to those who want to write for *Campastimes*. A number of articles have come in, some of them rather well written: but the subject matter is not new. You must realise that jokes about periodicals, and friends falling foul of lecturers with zoological nick-names, and A tucking into B's grub, are all as old as the hills and cannot be republished, particularly when written anonymously or under a ridiculous pen name. As of this volume, there are far too many people signing themselves 'Moron' and 'Dopey' and such. Do write, and write a lot; but aim at being original and use your own name. Here's to a crop of witty articles from the erstwhile freshers.

—PARAMESHWARAN.



Yet another vacation has rushed by and here we are faced with another term. Surprisingly, the weather is pleasant, especially during the evenings to midmornings, when it tends to be chilly. In Madras at that! I must write to Ripley about it one of these days. What's more, it has prevented the Bangalore chaps' home-sickness and saved us the listening to their I-was-wearing-a-sweater-this-time-just-last-week stories.

The coming term wouldn't be too bad what with the cultural week, the hostel days, the sports day, the institute day and things on those lines. The past vacation is hardly one to cry over, considering the tours, survey camps and factory trainings that we were sent away on and, of course the Inter IIT Meet.

The grade-card (progress-report is, I believe, the technical expression) came along early enough in the vacation and that is pretty efficient considering that the offices were being shifted into the new Administrative Building around then. I really have no idea how they managed it all so fast, what with the lecturers away on tours, survey-camps and just plain holidays and with clerks who do the totalling and despatching, carrying the almirahs and tables to the new building. The explanation perhaps lies in what I picture in my mind of a clerk, laden with a table, a couple of chairs and a few bundles of files, walking down the road to the new block, totalling up in his mind the marks of some poor blighter.

That is all very well, but now that we are on the subject of grade-cards, I would want to dish out some thoughts on this topic. In any higher institution on learning, I believe there should not be any of this grade-card business. I mean, it makes one feel small and school-agey to receive the cards telling, 'Attabay, you are doing well', or 'Naughty chap, you must buck up and do better' or things on those lines.

I am sure that for any reason we can find for the abolition of the grade-card system, the staff can find five why it is necessary. So we shall resign ourselves to the fact that grade cards are inevitable.

But then, they could be a little more grown-up about it. The idea of underlining the bad grades must have been the brain child of a confirmed pessimist. I mean, that is looking purely at one side of the picture—the bad side at that. If one goes around splashing red ink beneath the poor grades and adding as a footnote that the blighter is dangerously on the precipice in those subjects and had better be told where he got off, it is only reasonable that they add a dash of green beneath the A's and S's and say that the chappie is too good in the subject and that if he goes on at this rate he would soon be stuck with the Nobel Prize and things on those lines. I should think it stands to reason that way.

The ancient Chinese are credited with the invention of the examination system. Maybe that explains this mania for splashing red about.

What's more, there may be perfectly justifiable reasons for a chap's getting a poor grade. Considering that in every subject there is going to be held a periodical which is going to be eliminated, it is only natural that guys who get tolerable (to good) grades in a subject, neglect one of these periodicals to concentrate on a subject where they are doing badly.

That's just one reason. Then there's this—since our Institute doesn't give re-periodicals

for any reason, it may have chanced that a chap who was down with a nasty head-ache and a heavy head-cold in the featuring role, with a slight fever on the supporting cast, had dragged himself up to do the periodical. Now one can't go around expecting him to top the paper and set up a new academic record.

It is a constant fear of mine that maybe one day a gorilla would catch me and tear me limb from limb and a couple of lecturers passing by would say, 'Don't look now, but it looks like Gope is going to miss tomorrow's periodical' and saunter past.

Another aspect of the grade card which causes some chaps to experience a sort of abyssmal soul-sadness is the idea of dishing out 'satisfactory' attendance. I mean, some chaps, what with attendance at extra classes on Saturday afternoons and things, have worked up a 120% attendance and the grade card says simply—"attendance: satisfactory." In the first place I should think that that is very bad motivation. In the next place it leaves the chap with a feeling not unlike what the wounded soldier would have felt, had he seen Sir Philip Sidney draining the canteen of water with a careless, 'Bottoms up.'

The saving grace is however the unique humour with which our chappies take on these misfortunes. Last year the game of 'Jaldee Five' was invented. It is a sort of Housie-Housie and the winner is the person who brings in the first grade card with either a horizontal row or vertical column fully underlined in red. There was however an impasse when at the last moment somebody charged in with a 'full house'.

A memorable event of this month's activities was the visit to our Institute by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Originally we were promised only an audio-visual recording of Maharishi's visit to the Harvard University but later it was known that after the movie the Maharishi would arrive in person, which he did.

The impression I got was that he is a very calm person possessing a quick wit. He is not at all like the stereotyped Maharishis one reads about in novels and sees in movies, who start the conversation with, 'Why did you come to me?' and when you say, 'So that you may be my Guru', gets the last word with, 'Brahman alone is the Guru' and things like that.

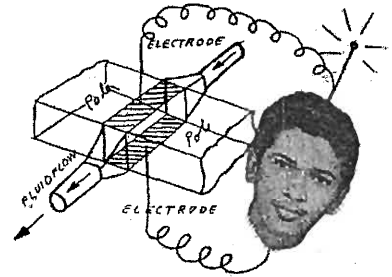
His novel idea of transcendental meditation should find many disciples. Personally speaking, he sold me clean with his philosophy of 'Work less—achieve more.'

His philosophy is the enjoyment of spiritual as well as material happiness. As opposed to the meditation practised by our ancient sages, who give up the material happinesses of this world to meditate for months on end on the Infinite, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi advocates the enjoyment of life to the full with thirty minutes of meditation a day (fifteen in the morning, ditto in the evening), when one empties the mind of all thought and contemplates on the source of thought—if I got him right, that is.

After the lecture, the Maharishi agreed to clear any doubts and answer questions. That was asking for it and one chap said that he was bewildered by the question of who he was and wanted to be told who he was. Perhaps he is one of those chaps who give proxies for so many fellows that he is no longer sure which one of them is himself. Another blighter got up and gave vent to his thought that thought was an electromagnetic wave and gave the impression that he had every intention to lecture a bit on its wave-length and what filters to use for clear reception, but the Maharishi shot in his answer and saved us the torture. 'Transcendental Meditation be praised!'

The Cultural Week is with us once more and, as we are told off and on, it is the climax of the annual activities of the Gymkhana. It means that in arranging for the week, more fights have been fought, tempers lost and classes cut by the members of the Gymkhana, than for any other function. It also means that the maximum amount of

MOHAN DOES IT AGAIN



S. K. Mohanakrishnan, 3/5 Mech., was awarded third prize in the Esso Science Exhibition held recently at Madras. His entry was a novel pump working on electromagnetic principles. Mohan and his model are to go to Delhi for the All-India Science Exhibition, also organised by Esso.

All of us wish Mohan and his fellow model enthusiasts the very best and look forward to seeing more of their efforts.

Freak Crossword

ACROSS

1. For your—only
5. 'Move your bloomin'—?'
6. Is in debt
7. Woo lay the hegs

DOWN

1. For pressing trousers
2. Golf club
3. Emergency rations
4. Metal largely used for making tools.

1	2	3	4
5			
6			
7			

The Press and Registration of Books Acts 1867

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(Sd.) S. SAMPATH,
Signature of Publisher.

10th February, 1969

effort has gone in to make it a success. Let every one of us join them in keeping the fingers crossed and hoping for the best.

I didn't care very much for Robert Frost till the other day when I read that he is credited with having made a statement to warn the heart of students anywhere. I believe, he once said that any student worth anything will ignore his assigned work and do other work of equal importance. That shows that most of us are worth at least something—at least those of us who string along with him and practise at least the first half of the statement.

GOPE.

Letters to the Editor

KLEINER FEHLER

Sir,

Romba thanks for calling me Bob Hope of the German Evening. I would never have hoped to bob up and reach such heights of comparison. (Frankly speaking, I can't stand the fellow. But that's strictly off the record.)

Still, permit me to point out a slight error that has krep't into page 8 of the November issue :

Picture 5 is correctly captioned 'Red Cross', but the text accompanying it—if text it is—states 'Blue Cross for the Woody Woodcutters'. My objections are (a) to giving the ever helpful Red Cross the blues, and (b) to the woodcutters, woody or otherwise. What the picture in question does show, are six respectable gentlemen in—at least partly—admittedly somewhat awkward poses in their laudable attempt to extinguish one lamp each by means of a piece of cork dangling from their equally respectable backs, and a specially trained Red Cross nurse holding the specially designed bum-on-fire saving device which to our great relief was not called upon to demonstrate its efficiency.

Yours faithfully,
DR. N. KLEIN

SPORTS DAY

Sir,

The Annual Sports Day is drawing near. No wonder the IITian will go to the stadium only for his tea. Probably, if some modifications and additions are made, the Day will be more of a success. The following points are noteworthy.

hostel flag: this has been naam-ke-vaaste so far. If the Gymkhana gives the hostel flags to the respective sports rep, one does not have to look at the man holding the flag to know one's hostel during the march past.

march past: the Day can conclude with the hostels marching in order of point tally.

score board: a central score board should be maintained throughout the year, points being entered against the hostels after each event. This would make more clear a hostel's chances for the Schroeter cup; may be it would evince some interest in the muggpots also.

events: the 100 m., 200 m., 1500 m., relays, hurdles, etc. should be included in the list of events for the Day, and other events can be finished on previous days. It is disgusting to watch items like the 'obstacle race'. Moreover, events for team championship should be conducted first, then all of us can enjoy staff race, student race, children race and X-race with musical chairs thrown in. As it stands, the serious items are intermingled with sidie-type-events, and the Sports Day of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, is more of a joke.

Campastimes can help*: only a minority here know about 'Shroeter'. *Campastimes* could enlighten the rest on what this jazz is and how the points are scored for the Cup. A sentence on the fastest IITian will not be out of place, laugh though we may at his timing.

To make the Sports Day have its importance, the participants could take an oath administered by the Sports Secretary.

If half of these are implemented, then the IITian will look forward not to the T tea but to the D day.

Yours etc.,

RAO, VASANT, AND BANERJEE

(*Noted.

—Ed.)

FROM THREE ALUMNI

Sir,

Between Mr. Venkateswaran and Mr. Parameswaran, the entertainment value of *Campastimes* has doubled. One is however, inclined to agree with Mr Parameswaran. IITians, I mean IIT Mians, are doing well in the world. As far as I can see, we have in us the right mixture of seriousness and humour.

Yours etc.,
S. RAVISHANKER
(Class of '68)

Sir,

I wish to thank the Publication Committee and the Alumni Association for the promptness with which I receive my copies of *Campastimes*.

'*Campastimes* is highly localised.' '*Campastimes* can be enjoyed only by a few huduths (?!)' 'The standards are falling.' I have stopped hearing such remarks only after I left IIT. I feel it is all humbug. The gags were localized. Some were tough to catch on to. But the wonderful language—different styled, each better than the other—simply carried me away. (One article by Mr. Parameswaran carried me away—away to my Pocket Oxford!)

Jokes apart, I assure you that *Campastimes* satisfies the tastes of many. I showed one issue to some of my colleagues here, students of other IITs and other Engineering colleges and they all gave me the same verdict—'It is the best college newspaper I've read'. They all think that the crack about people counting their fingers after shaking hands with Dr. Wagner is simply great.

Mr. Parameswaran, in the last two issues, is complaining incessantly about 'lack of time', 'heavy work load' and so on. I hope he lands with a job in Bombay, like I have. The timings are 7-30 (a.m.) to 7-00 (p.m.)

Often we explain that our poor shows in sports and games are due to our periodicals, tutorials and the rest of them. It must be understood that the profession which we have chosen to follow demands such rigorous training; in fact it demands more rigorous training. We must attend to the curriculum first. As for other things, well, we have to do the best we can under the circumstances.

Yours etc.,
S. RAMAJAYAM
Mech. Class of '68.

Sir,

I enjoyed reading your last two issues of *Campastimes*. I am glad to note that the standard of the 'Cup of Aye Aye Tea' has been maintained even after Reddy

Campastimes, however, should exercise more caution in involving names in damaging publications—especially names of staff members.

Yours etc.,
K. CHANDRASEKARAN
Class of '68

CLINICAL

Sir,

I thought only IITians knew about the ins and outs of our medical and clinical circle. In a conversation with a VHS surgeon, the inefficiencies of IIT doctors and the deficiencies of our clinic were revealed to me.

Yours etc.,
MURALI

Idiotic or Idiomatic?

TRY your hand at this piece of verbal tomfoolery, and see how far you get. (That is, if at all you get started!)

Example :

Given expression 'Obtain unlocatable', Equivalent colloquial expression; Get lost!

1. Apply an antigravitational closure.
2. Engage in negative geotactic respiratory exertion.
3. Descended from artillery.
4. Adhere in the interior of moist alluvium.
5. Apply upward tension to your blows.
6. Bituminous residue and avian dermal appendage.
7. Outbreak of lawlessness employing rapid pedal locomotion.
8. Act of sitting in an assembly in fruit paste.
9. You directed an impact on the capital extremity of the talon.
10. Ingest third person inanimate, a rigid curve, a one dimensional Euclidean structure, and an object deficient in buoyancy.

Answers :
1. Shut up, 2. Cough up, 3. Son of a gun, 4. Stick in the mud, 5. Pull up your socks, 6. Tar and feather, 7. Run riot, 8. Jam session, 9. You hit the nail on the head, 10. Swallow it hook, line, and sinker.

Interlude-II

The Past,
dug and wound around me :
a happy thought

of transparent pools
abundance and cool,
Water brushing past
and fish feeding from hands.

The Present

I discard as thoughts fill
of past and future :

Starting at nothing
My mind in the happy past
or the dark future
I sit and wait

The future

I shrink from it

A constant question answered

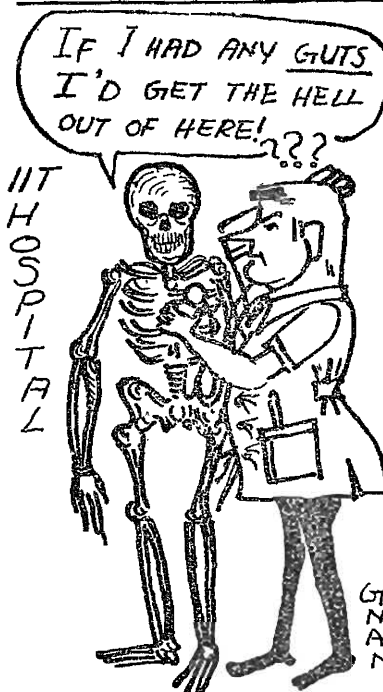
By Time
hoping it is like the past
but may transform into the
unhappy present

The Afterwards'

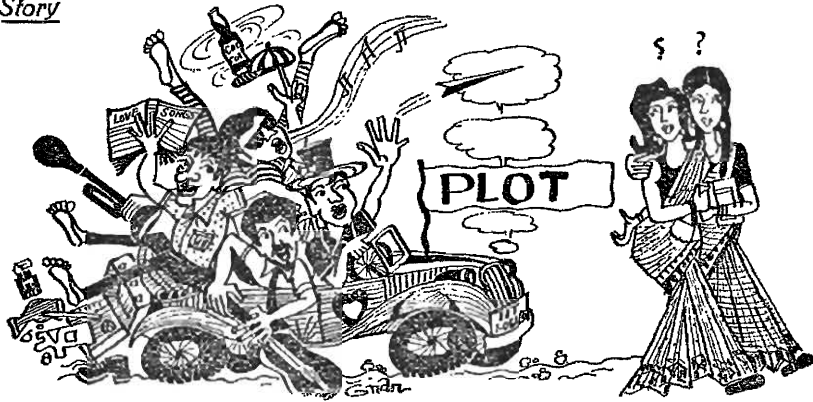
of darkness and

Maybe: A total blank.

—SAGIT.



Story



HAVE a guy crazy about a dame. Simply nuts about her. She not interested. The poor fish goes to Uncle Chakravarti, and pours out his miserable story. Unc, by far the wisest member of the family, though a bit of a reprobate, decides to lose no time in helping him. Much 'help'! The story should centre round the scrapes into which uncle and nephew plunk themselves in their attempts to make the silly girl realize what a gem our hero is, and what a fool she would be if she doesn't fall into his arms straightaway. Of course, the hero has a Sidekick (.11), Cheenu.

SCENARIO

Act I : Scene 1

A car with half-a-dozen passengers dashing along the road.....one of those open contraptions which leave your head and shoulders poking up into the unkind airwash...the guys in it are trying some mad pranks. One specimen scrambles out onto the bonnet while another's legs are hanging out over the rear door. Sounds of unseemly mirth and snatches of song float in the air. 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!' The freak driving stands up and whistles....and waves his hand at a couple of dames walking side by side down the road. 'Phweeet.' As you might have guessed, he's our hero, Ramu Shivram.

The dames, now. One of them is our heroine—Leela; sounds just right (?). The other is...let's see. Call her Prema. 'Those horrible fellows!' says our heroine with a look of disgust. 'Just look at them. Anyone would think they are drunk.' Other words of feminine distaste follow. Prema, not so prudent, cannot be satisfied with a curse. She sticks out her tongue, puts her hands to her ears and wiggles her fingers. 'Don't, Prema!' admonishes our heroine.

Ramu is taken a back by this sort of thing, and I don't blame him. Who would ever expect such a reaction from two pretty girls walking down Road X? These days, girls like being whistled at. In fact, they think it an insult if no roving male takes into his mind to whistle at them. It does something for their egos, I believe.

Astounded for the moment, Ramu switches his attention from Prema to Leela. Strange thoughts charge through his mind. 'I saw her face...woooo, now I'm a believer' or whatever else the modern Adam says when he finds his Eve, is the thought that grips him like a vice. His cigarette falls from his hand on to one of the heads so conveniently grouped round him. All of which should make it pretty apparent that as far as he is concerned, this is love at first sight, a nose-dive into a sea of beautiful Leelas. Things begin to get interesting after this. (One thing, though. At this stage, all we let the readers know is that he gazes at her like a moon-struck calf and nearly piles up the crock on the roadside. His pals grab the wheel, and keep the thing on the road. The perfectly gold-fishy appearance he presents in his state of agitation does not endear him to Leela; no, not at all.)

Prema turns away from these misguided buffoons with a toss of her head. 'That Ramu Shivram, he is becoming one of the worst loafers in town. All the time roaming round in that tin-can with those frightful creeps; the ass doesn't realize that everyone regards him as an.....a.....an awful person;' thinking that she can have used a far stronger word.

'Who's that?' Leela pretends that the question is of purely academic interest.

'That fellow driving that car. He is one of my brother's classmates....yes, I think you could call him that, though he never attends classes.....' usw, with the ultimate disclosure that our friend is of the second year Engg. of Raghavachar Engg. college. (Don't tell me that there is no such animal, there is. I should know: I invented it.) Second Year; has been and will be for a couple of years to come. 'Why?' asks Leela. Habitual plugging activities come out into the open....of course accompanied by the revelation that he used to be something like the top of his class in the not-too-distant past. Dear ol' Leela definitely expresses her disapproval of the freak.....

Scene 2

Our pal, the hero, discovers that he has fallen in no uncertain manner for the Goddess who flashed before his eyes for a fleeting moment. He MUST win her...if not he must surely die. The poor vegetable! But one thing we must give him credit for is that he never loses time in thinking about anything when he can be doing something about it. With his characteristic dash and vigour, he engineers a meeting with her; much good it does him, though.

Now how does the meeting go? Let's say it's at a party. He pressures someone into introducing him to her (or is it her to him?) A hardly audible 'how do you do?' and off she goes with someone else. The nut scratches his nut, and wonders why he has been made to feel like a particularly loathsome caterpillar (a hairy one). Undeterred, he asks her if she will dance with him. Tut, that is rather unwise of him. 'Oh, dance with you? I'm afraid I can't do that. I have to leave right now.'

'What, now? The party has barely started!'

'And I'm not enjoying it.'

Ramu realizes he is being cold-shouldered in style. A frosty smile follows....his blood runs hot and cold. It is more effective than a whack on the head.

The evening is a fiasco.

Scene 3

The love-lorn gentleman pines away like nobody's business....so much so that his uncle notices a definite lowering of the ambient temperature when he ambles into the living room where Ramu has draped himself on one of the armchairs. The old cog realizes that something of frightful proportions is weighing heavily on Ramu's mind, driving him nuts.

'Howdy, son,' says the cheery old specimen, not at all put off by the Look he receives. A look fit to kill Lucifer, if you get me, greets the old gent.

'Now, there's no need to start distributing dirty looks just because you've been crossed in love, is there?'

Ramu starts and barks, 'How do you know?'

'Simple, my dear boy,' beams the ancient ancestor. 'When you have reached my age, you ought to be able to say that when a normal, unhealthy young prune like you begins to imitate Death, there is something of a fishy nature in the air.' Etc., etc. Ramu pours out his heart to Unc.

'A wench, eh? Girls come a kiss a dozen. If this one thinks you're to be left to yourself, I don't see why you should bother yourself about it. Many more where she came from....'

'But Uncle,' wails Ramu, 'I don't love all of them! Only she....'

'Has that magic with you?' completes Unc Chak. 'Tut, tut, this is an acute case. The remedy? I suggest you find out why she despises you....' Ramu winces at those words. 'Okay, Chak,' he squeaks, and scrambles off on that mission.

Now, the whole thing begins to warm up. With the discovery that the reason is so and so, the schemers get a move on to rectify the fault....or to convey an opposite impression to Leela. The picture of a dashing daredevil, as intelligent as a march hare, and as brave a Tom Thumb and Beelzebub put together is to be built up in her mind....hence the fireworks that follow.

Scene 4

Old Unc is a great believer in set stages and fixed wrestling bouts. So he persuades his protege to indulge in a bit of slightly underhand activity....of course, with the best of intentions. I mean, he wants the kind of scene in which the hero comes along just in time and rescues the heroine from death or worse...or if that is not possible, he rescues something or somebody near and dear to her. Ramu puts up stiff resistance to Unc's more adventurous suggestions, for he simply cannot countenance putting his beloved into any kind of danger. So the best that the scheming duo is able to manage is the rescue of a pet.. mongoose, let's say.

In theory, when a handsome young man rescues a girl's pet mongoose, she is supposed to experience a maidenly surge of gratitude. (What? Oh, you object to the mongoose bit, eh? Well, it doesn't matter, we'll think up something better before we actually go to press.) There occurs a hitch. The exact nature of the hitch can be worked out when we've decided what type of trouble the mongoose gets into, and how Ramu happens to be on hand to do his stuff. Supposing we make Unc Chak hire an urchin to grab the creature and fling it out into the middle of a lake or something? No good, eh? Awright, I'll change it. Anyhow the essence of the whole thing is that one of those eternal 'buts' takes a hand to knock their well-laid plans on the head. In the flux of the ensuing fun we make it clear to the readers that things are left worse than they were.

Having seen Plan I go haywire, the readers will be expecting Plan no. II to go haywire too. We'll surprise them. The corny plan actually works! That brings us to the plan itself. Drat! Why didn't I think of that before? Ummmm....Plan, plan, where are you? Got it! Unc Chack advises the young hound to try the sincere approach. Go speak to her, explain himself....and all those misleading things she might have heard about him. The way I'm going to tell it, they'll swallow it.

Scene 5—

The sincere approach, as I was saying. He corners her at her college library. Leela pretends to be very much annoyed at his sudden appearance. She pointedly slams a book back into place, and heads for another shelf. Ramu, not at all put off, follows her.

'I say, Miss Krishnan, you've been avoiding me. Ever since I saw you, I've wanted to know more about you....tell me, am I all that unbearable?'

'We are not the types who could make friends. And I don't see the point in wasting one's time in small-talk. A certain amount of politeness to strangers is customary, but at this rate, I doubt whether you can be classed in that category for long....'

(Contd. on p. 14)

'Look here. You think I am all kinds of a rotter. You must have heard odd things about me come now, confess. You haven't given me a fair chance—you've allowed yourself to be influenced by what the general crowd thinks and says . . .'

'This is something that hasn't struck Leela before. She turns the thought over in her mind. She pauses a moment before murmuring, 'What if?'

'There you are! You really don't know what kind of chap I am, do you? I assure you,' says the confident fellow, 'I'm quite extraordinary'

'Are you? . . .', whispers Leela with a strange look in her eyes. She bites her lip thoughtfully.

'Would you care to do me a favour?'
'Anything on earth! Just name it.'

Leela, the high spirited girl that she is, sees in Ramu a possible solution to a problem that has been troubling her for a few days how to get her own back at the Professor of Anatomy in her college. This horrendous ape, in the height of his warped sense of humour, has had a most unwise dig at Leela in the Anatomy class. (Yes, that should go well: I know quite a few such specimens.) As I said, Leela sees possibilities

She looks up at Ramu and smiles. The poor guy trembles from top to toe. He marvels at the creation wrought by Nature in the form of the breathtaking vision that stands before him. He just manages to get a grip on himself before he You got the point? He is in an enviable state of ecstasy.

'Oh it's nothing, really. Just a matter of tanning the hide of an overgrown clown. He was rather rude to me, you see.'

'Lead me to him! I'll tear his limbs apart, the animal! Grrrrr'

'I don't think it'll be necessary to search for him. Here he comes.'

'Who? That moron?'

'No. Over there; coming along that corridor. Ramu gulps twice at the sight of the professorial visage, but does a masterly job of looking unconcerned. 'Shall I chuck him down the stairs?'

Brave words. 'That would be rather crude, I think. No. I've thought of a far better way of cooking his goose, but it needs someone like you to carry out the plan'

Ramu goes a deep mauve with pride.

Another of those enigmatic little smiles from Leela. 'Come with me, I'll tell you what to do this way'

No we come up against a matter of policy. Having placed our hero in such an interesting position, should we or should we not let things go as he would have wanted it? Hamlet found some difficulty in answering a similar question, if I remember my Shakespeare right. We are in no better a position. Shall we, or shall we not? Tell me if what I outline sounds odd.

Scene 6:
'Well, there's the plan.'

'Beautiful!' breathes Ramu. 'Genius. Tell me, how did you get stuck in a place like this, apprenticing yourself to this sawbones colony? With your brains and beauty, you should be somewhere far up the cosmic scale instead of being ground under the heel of any Professor of Anatomy who cares to tread. I'

Leela is laughing softly. 'I can think of far subtler ways of paying compliments'

'Not me. I like to say whatever I think,' Ramu is getting bolder every minute. 'For instance, when I look at you, I get the most unsettling of feelings. A strange desire to'

'That is quite enough! Boys, boys! Every one of them has a deplorable tendency to yammer fit to burst if a girl but glances at him. Not very creditable.'

'Oh, but you don't understand! I'd trade my chances of immortality for just an opportunity to prove to you'

'My, my! That was mighty poetical. Come, now. What do you expect to prove? No, don't answer! You just polish off that old crank.'

'Leave that to me. He'll soon wish that he was born in some other geological era.'

'The Age of Reptiles!' she smiles delightedly. 'That would suit him immensely. All those brontosauri and gorgosauri would welcome him as a lost brother.'

'Eh? Oh!' Ramu is bowled over completely by that smile. A whiff of perfume makes him real.

'Good luck,' says she, leaning forward. Ramu, never much good at keeping his head loses all remnants of self-control. A rough, wild, embrace and a fierce kiss'

Scene 7:
'I don't know,' groans Ramu, morosely. 'There's some objection to whatever I can think up'

'That's where you make your mistake, young man. You don't have to "think up" anything. Why not do the natural thing? What do you want to do?'

'Want to do? Why I . . . I want to gather her in my arms and smother her with kisses and tell her how much I love her and how I'll die without her'

'Stop! You've been seen too many Western movies. But I understand you . . . er, feelings. And you think that if you do just that, she'll knock your beautiful block off?'

'Uncle! Do you have to rub it in?'

'I suggest you are just imagining her distaste for you'

'No, no! She wouldn't have slapped me—' he stops short, a reddish tint showing through the rich chocolate-brown texture of his skin.

'Oh, you have already tried something of the sort, have you? Quick work, Ramu. So she slapped you? You offended her sense of propriety . . . sounds promising.'

'Ha! promising, he says! I never saw anything less promising. She actually told me that I was a boor and a cad!' the agony in his tone is intense.

'Girls, girls! They don't know what they're talking about. They say one thing when they mean just the reverse. Had you but kissed her again . . . by the way, that is what you did?'

The stuffed-frog look on Ramu's face lightens for a second as he thinks of That Moment; then, a stifled sigh escaping him, he nods.

'A pity. That's definitely the right approach. I should know'

'No uncle. You don't understand. She thinks of me as something worse than a plague germ, if there's such a thing. She's too high-minded to love anything like me . . . Oh my God!'

'There, there! I'm sure something can be done'

ACT II

Scene 1:
Now hairy developments start popping up all over the place.

Ramu's Pop drops in one fine day after his visit to Bombay. He takes a long look at his hulking great son, and notices the chap's appearance. 'I know what,' says the screwy parent to himself, 'the young cabbage needs a wife. Why didn't I think of that before? Wasn't I married when I was just eighteen? Twenty-one is enough to make him a Romeo . . . if I don't get him a wife now, he'll get mixed up with some awful female or the other.'

So, he calls his secretary and asks him to contact all the famous marriage-brokers in town . . . and elsewhere, too. 'Yessir!' says the secretary and scoots off.

Scene 2:
'Ramu, have you ever thought of getting married?'

'Eh, married? Er . . . to tell you the truth, yes. But'

'But?'

'Oh nothing, really. It all depends on whether I find the right girl, doesn't it? And whether she'll have me?'

'Hold on! Where did you get hold of these new-fangled notions? It doesn't depend at all. Our traditional way of doing the whole thing has evolved through the centuries and has reached a highly perfected state. One word to the right persons, and a beautiful, intelligent, accomplished and wealthy girl will be your bride. The dowry would be yours to name.'

Ramu has a sickly expression on his face as he mutters, 'But doesn't that sort of restrict the choice? I mean, very few wealthy girls will have all the other qualities mentioned . . . hard to find . . . and they may say no!'

He brightens up with the last few words.

'Not if I know anything about it!' snorts his father. 'By this date next month, the formalities will have been completed. Marriage is going to make a responsible man out of you. So that's fixed. Well, congratulations son!'

'But Daddy, I just can't go through with it!'

'Why on earth not?'

'I . . . er . . . I can't marry any girl but the one I love.'

'Eh, what's this? Love? Madness is more like it. So you have got mixed up with a female, have you?'

'Daddy! She is not a "female"! She is the most glorious girl in the world. If I can't marry her, I won't marry at all!'

'Izzat so?! We'll see!'

(We'll see.)

ACT III

Scene—
'Change the number plates. They'll find the car harder to trace then.' Cheenu is enjoying himself. Unc Chak and Ramu have roped him in to help with the execution of Unc's latest 'plan'.

'Okay. All set?' Ramu's voice holds a vibrant edge that gives away his excitement. 'Lead on, Macduff!' growls Chak from the rear seat. 'For heaven's sake, don't run into a tree or something,' cautions Cheenu. Seconds later, they are roaring down a road at 50 m.p.h. A thought flits through Ramu's mind. 'What if she tells us to go to hell?'

The full meaning of what she has just heard sinks into her head slowly. He had meant every word of what he had said, after all. Otherwise why should he run away a week before his wedding is scheduled to take place? Poor Ramu, forced against his will to marry a girl he does not love! And to think that she has thought of him as an unspeakable rogue all this while! 'Cheenu, you're not fooling me?'

'Cross my heart, and whatever else you want me to do. This is in deadly earnest.'

'Where is he now?'

'I don't really know. I just received a telephone call from him early this morning Well, I'd better hurry along and let his parents know that he hasn't done any harm to himself.'

'What? He wouldn't do anything silly?'

'Difficult to say. He's been awfully moody of late. And I don't blame him. What is a man to do when it looks as if his whole life's happiness is to be ruined at one fell blow?'

As Cheenu walks away down the street, Leela stares fixedly in front of her. 'Whatever have I done?' she whispers.

'About time we start on Phase II.'

'Okay Chak. You're the boss.'

'Girl-psychologist. That's me.'

SCENE 3: (Forget it. I've lost track of these things for some time.)

'Leela, I just had to see you! Don't laugh at me. I know I'm acting like all kinds of fool . . . but it doesn't seem to matter any more since you Can you ever forgive me for that mad act of mine?'

'Wasn't I as much to blame?' she laughs nervously. 'Why did you run away? Or shouldn't I ask?'

'Need I say? Isn't it obvious? Louse as I am, I have to live with myself for the rest of my life . . . much life!' his tone is bitter. 'I suppose I never was shaping up to be anything worth mentioning . . . I can't imagine anyone being much affected by my absence, except maybe Mom. Well, now that I've seen you just once more, I don't know what remains for me to do'

He goes up to her, lifts up her downcast face, and murmurs brokenly, 'Goodbye, Leela. I hope you are happy'

A moment later, he is gone.

Chak almost falls out of the taxi in his hurry to get off. He yells to the driver, 'Hold on, I'll come now!'

Leela is at the door to meet him. 'You're Ramu's uncle, aren't you?'

'Yes, yes,' comes the breathless reply. 'And you must be Leela. That fool Ramu is going to do something serious to himself if we don't stop him. Arguing with him is no good. Right now Cheenu is holding him by brute force . . . tied him up or something . . . but how long can we keep this up? You must help us'

'What can I do?' she asks tremulously. Chak looks steadily at her. 'You know,' he asserts. 'A hardly perceptible nod of her head tells him all he wants to know. (I)

'Fourth floor,' impatience makes Chak's voice harsh. 'Hurry up.'

Four or five people are hurrying up to the lift. The lift boy decides to wait for them, in spite of Chak's groans.

Suddenly a frigid expression crosses Leela's face. 'My Father!' she inhales sharply. Chak is hardly listening to her. Ramu's father and the two detectives he has hired are close behind the leading man's heels. Chak's gapping like a goldfish at this unexpected turn of events.

'Chak!'

'Leela!'

'Please get in sir.'

The lift starts upwards with a jerk. Chak's mind is still in a whirl. The dim yellow light gets dimmer and dies away. The lift stops moving.

Power-failure. Ye Gods, this style is killing me! (Here's how Odu Poepa thinks it should be ended.)

ACT IV

Scene 1:
The nadhaswarams are fully launched in their serpentine fight across the host of semitones in their span. Mridhangams stutter in the coils of their rhythmic discord. Faces defocus into one kaleidoscopic smear. A pulsating stream of meaningless syllables swells and fades The priestly voice is insistent.

'Eh?'

'Please take the "thali" and'

'Oh!' He turns his head round to see the girl. Her eyes are downcast. A painful lump rises to his throat in the tumult of his thoughts.

His fingers are trembling violently as he takes the golden chain from the platter. He pauses a moment to try to steady himself. Through the haze of the shimmering smoke in front of him, a familiar face crystallizes a smile and an upward-pointing thumb prove stangely comforting.

'Good old Cheenu!' thinks he. 'Is this tougher to read than to write?'

Scene 2:
A smile of satisfaction is spread over the elder Shivram's face. 'A perfect match,' he rumbles to Chak, 'beautiful, intelligent, accomplished. Fine family; lots of money. What more could anyone want? By the way, since when have you known them?'

A thoughtful frown answers him. 'Difficult to say, you know. Quite some time, I should say.'

The other's grin broadens. 'Perhaps it was for the best that we got stuck in that lift for half-an-hour. It gave us enough time to settle all the formalities.'

Chak shudders at the memory. Says he to himself, 'I've never had to think so fast in my life! Nor utter so many lies! Pretending I knew Krishnan, introducing them, putting the idea into their heads, pushing them on . . . Ugh!'

Ramu's father gives him a violent slap on his back. 'Chak, you're a genius!' Chak chokes over his betel leaves.

Scene 3:
Time: a week later.

Chak is lying torpid in an armchair, full of lunch. A blissful afternoon's snooze is hovering tantalizingly near. Someone tiptoes into the room. 'I say, Chak!'

'Wassat?'

'Chak, you must help me. For heavens' sake, wake up will you?'

'Okay, okay! Wassamatter?'

'You put everything right for Ramu; how about doing the same stunt for me?'

'Good Lord! You don't say! Which of the fair sorcerers has cast her spell on you? Cheenu, you should have known better than to follow in Ramu's footsteps!'

'She is the sweetest angel that ever walked on earth. My life was devoid of purpose till I saw her'

'Stop this disgusting exhibition immediately! You're worse than Ramu, if such a thing is possible. God, what have I done to deserve this?'

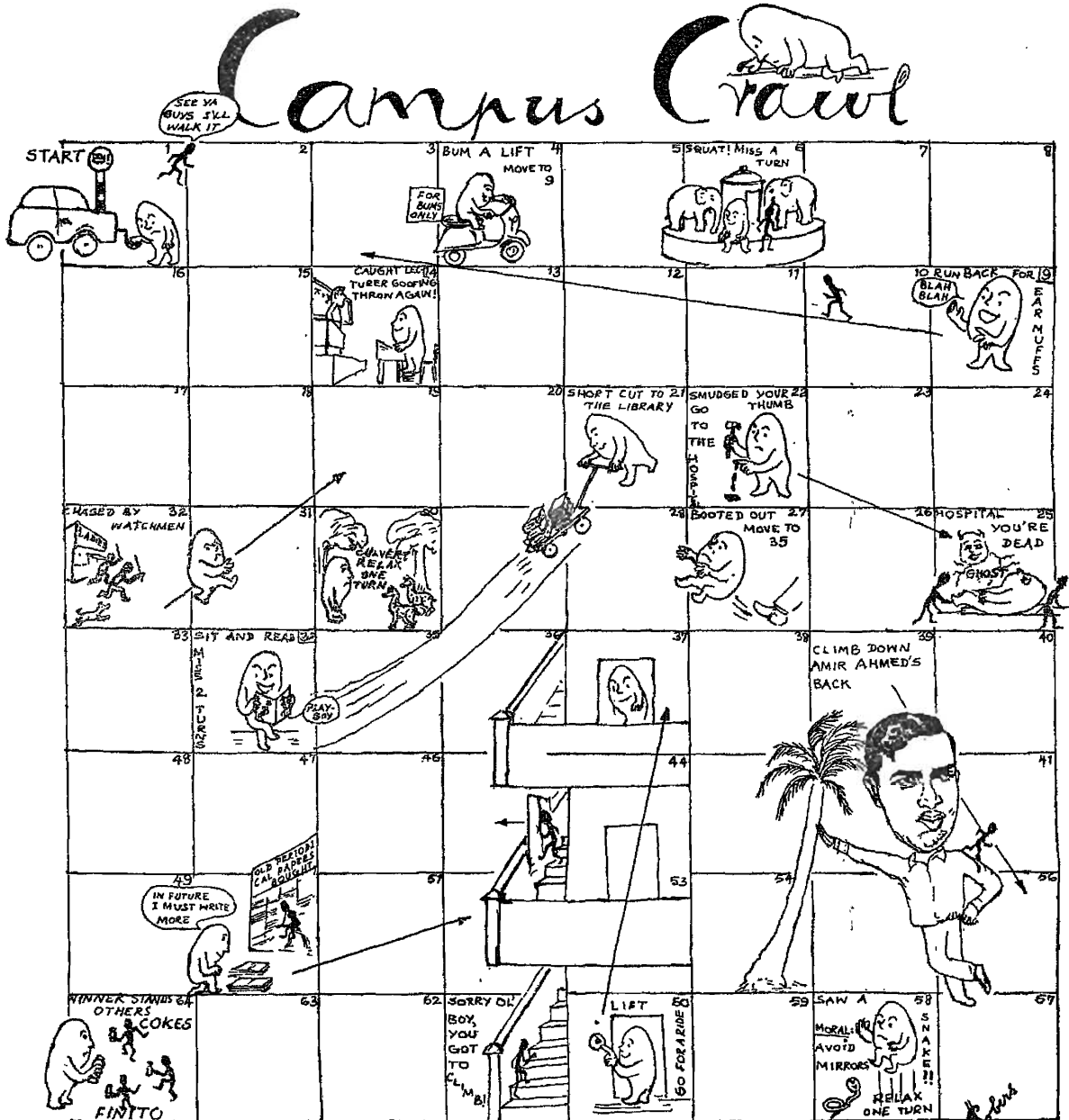
'Think up Plan I fast. I'm in a hurry to start.'

'By the way, who is she?'

'Her name is Prema'

—FOOTS.

Hey last benchers, here's something to keep you occupied during the tutorial classes. You can throw dice, draw cards, open books, anything. Nut first reaching 64 loses the game and shells out dough for a round of cokes (or fanta or fags or....)



RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Mechanical Engineering Department :

One of the new machines in the hydrometrics laboratory is a programmed universal pedicycle. Employing tandem numerical control units, fully automated jig contour generator, reversing tesseract stator, and a ring field rated at 200kw, the apparatus weighs 2½ tons and was designed entirely by the personnel of the hydrometrics laboratory. The power system was installed by Bessling Industrial Corp. At present, a research team led by Professor Kornie Scöffer is engaged in finding out what exactly the corny contraption is supposed to do.

Chemistry Department :

Scientists of the radiochemistry section of the chemistry department have come up with some surprising results from their studies of the earthy materials round the campus. Using a high-resolution version of the Kudhuraival mass spectrograph, they've isolated spectral lines corresponding to two half-periods : they've enlarged the list of the known rare-earths as follows :

cerium	gadolinium	praseodymium	thulium	rium
dysprosium	holmium	pandemonium	ytterbium	ium
delirium	lanthanum	promethium	yttrium	um
erbium	lutetium	samarium	ttrium	m.
europium	neodymium	terbium	trium	

Electrical Engineering Department :

Dr. Piddlah who was responsible for setting up the elaborate bioelectronics laboratory in the electrical engineering department, has conducted some original research on the survival indices of autophagous cells in adverse electrical environments. He has obtained remarkable values of survival indices upto 22.87kV, in dehumidified ambient conditions. Incidentally, he has established that these results do not hold for larger mammals, in particular home neanderthalis. Requiescat in pace.

Campastimes
Technical
Report.

CAN THE FIVE IITs COME CLOSER?

Two student representatives from each IIT were invited to meet Dr. Muthana (Deputy Director, IIT Kanpur) and Mr. Gilbert Oakley (Leader, Kanpur Indo-American Programme), during the sports meet at Kanpur last December.

In the process of exchanging news of common interest to the 5 IITs, it was discussed how they could all adopt a common pattern in their various fields of activities. Though a number of methods have been employed to promote staff-student relationship, (Tutor system—BMB, Dean of students—DLI, Staff counsellor—KNP, Nothing in particular—MAD,) a representative from Bombay pointed out that unless the student could confide in his staff adviser he would not feel free to discuss his personal problems with him.

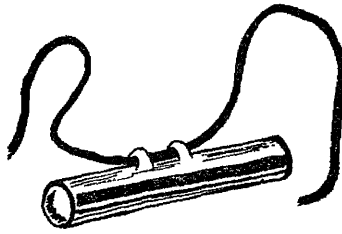
At Kanpur, text-books by American authors are made available at prices within the average student's capacity.

KIAP Leader Oakley suggested the evolution of an exchange programme covering staff and students of the 5 IITs which would establish closer ties between the sister institutes.

—Campastimes News.

Story

Leper



'Leper!' It was no more than a startled whisper from the old man who had just boarded the bus. On Shankaran's ears it fell with the intensity of a thunderbolt. Spinning around he pounced on the man and pummelled him with a ferocity that was terrifying to behold. It took five men to prise the poor victim loose.

When the bus topped at Payyanad, it was raining heavily. Without folding up his dhoty at the knees, Shankaran stepped out onto the slushy road. As he walked away, his shirt-sleeves roled down and head bent forward, it was impossible to detect the repulsive sores that covered his body. Walking rapidly, he made his way to the Leprosarium. Passing through the deserted compound he reached the entrance to the sprawling, ancient building. He paused, suddenly frightened and unsure of himself. As he stood there uncertainly, a harassed-looking nurse appeared and without asking any questions beckoned to him to follow. She led him through a maze of dark, musty corridors to the office of the doctor. When he entered, the doctor, a man of about sixty who had spent a lifetime in the service of lepers, looked up and smiled. Surprised that anyone could look at him without a shudder Shankaran tried unsuccessfully to smile back. The doctor gently put him at ease and soon Shankaran, haltingly at first but with gradually increasing confidence, was pouring out the story of his life.

Shankaran was born prematurely, a sickly and under-sized baby. It was before incubators and other sophisticated paediatric aids had become common and it was a week before he was given an even chance of survival. Survive he did, but from that early stage, his physical development turned out to be severely retarded. At the age of six he was no bigger than a three-year old baby and when others of his age went to school Shankaran stayed at home, learning unsteadily to walk. However, no effort was spared in the attempt to accelerate his rate of growth. First, on the advice of a doctor and much to the disgust of his orthodox house-hold, he had been put on a rich non-vegetarian diet. At the end of two years the fact that not all the meat in the world would enable him to grow normally, was sorrowfully accepted. Next, Shankaran enrolled in the local gymnasium. He exercised with religious regularity but never got beyond doing pull-ups. Not even the monkey-liver extract on which he had been fed since birth contributed a trifle to his growth. At the age of twenty, his pathetically ludicrous height of four feet and half an inch belied all hope that he would eventually develop into a normal man.

On his first day at school, Shankaran was ironically nicknamed Bhima (the strong-man of the Mahabharata). He was subjected to numerous thoughtless cruelties by his school-fellows who regarded him as a hilarious joke of nature. But in a few weeks they got used to the puny dwarf, who was too weak to carry his own books, and accepted him as a matter of course. In class, it soon became apparent that Shankaran was of only average intelligence. There was no cause for hope that sheer brilliance of intellect would enable him to compensate for the misfortune of his malformation. But if there was one quality of which Shankaran had abundant share, it was determination. It was his iron-clad resolve that one day he would make others call him 'Bhima' not in sarcasm but in admiration. He pictured to himself the day when he could walk out of his house without attracting those offensive stares and coarse remarks to which he had long grown accustomed. Assiduously he attempted remedy after remedy.

He was beginning to lose faith when he heard of the 'manthravady' (literally magician) in Malabar. This man came of a distinguished line of physicians who dabbled in magic and occultism. He was reported to

have effected numerous cures that bordered on the miraculous. Very few who went to him, it was said, returned disappointed; such was the potency of his combination of magic and medicine. With renewed hope Shankaran set out. He prayed fervently that at least now his apparently interminable quest for normalcy would end.

Shankaran reached his destination with scepticism and hope alternately dominating his mood. Apprehensively he entered the house of the Manthravady. He had imaginatively expected the magician to possess an appearance in keeping with his profession. But the actual person was in no way sinister or evil-looking. He listened to Shankaran's account of his infirmity entranced, now and then asking a probing, penetrating question. He clearly considered this case a challenge, the like of which he had never encountered. It was the supreme test of his worth as a healer. He sat deep in thought a few minutes after Shankaran finished speaking. Then asking him to wait, he got up and went into the interior of the house. It was fully an hour later that he re-appeared, bringing an amulet and a dried palm-leaf on which a prescription was scratched. The amulet, he told Shankaran, was to be worn constantly around the wrist; and according to the prescription a herbal medicine was to be brewed, to be consumed with regularity over a period of five years. As he prepared to leave, grateful but still sceptical, the manthravady uttered two solemn warnings: one, that the removal of the amulet from the wrist at any time during the cure would amount to desecration and two, that the medicine was to be prepared in strict accordance with the prescription.

Shankaran had no difficulty in concocting the mixture. After tying the amulet around his wrist, he drank the first dose. Immediately he was seized by a violent convulsion. Writhing in agony, his arms and legs flailing, he was thrown to the ground. It was an entire week later that he was able to stand up again. Then, instead of throwing away the medicine he consumed another dose. But that time, as if to vindicate his intuition, there was not the slightest reaction. Thereafter, with unwavering faith, Shankaran began the regular use of the manthravady's medicine. Whenever the old stock was exhausted, he made a fresh supply according to the prescription with the utmost care.

The results of this new treatment were negligible in the first few months. Then Shankaran began to notice that his shirts seemed to have shrunk and that he no longer had to stretch as much as before to reach the shelf in the kitchen. From then on his body developed with a vengeance. In a year his height increased spectacularly to just over six feet. His muscles, once atrophied and powerless, now rippled like those of a prize-fighter. From a ridiculous runt, he was transformed incredibly into a giant, easily the biggest and strongest man in his village. And accompanying these physical changes was a change in Shankaran's mind. For the first time in his life he was happy—deliriously so. He moved to the town and soon found a job. The future was no longer bleak, but abundant with promise.

Shankaran had been in the town two years. He still drank the old medicine, but irregularly. When he mixed it he no longer took the same amount of trouble and care. And of course he had thrown away the amulet. A young man couldn't walk around

town with a charm around his wrist, could he? Meanwhile at home his parents had arranged his marriage and Shankaran prepared to leave for the village. On the day of his departure he awoke feverish and racked with pain. The tips of his fingers and toes were swollen and itching. Regretfully putting off his journey, he went to the Government hospital. There the young doctor was clearly baffled by his complaint. He gave Shankaran some skin-ointment and told him to return two days later. But next morning Shankaran's body was numb with pain. To his shock he found that the sores had begun to suppurate. The finger-tips especially, were filled with pus. Alarmed, he decided to consult the skin-specialist at the Mission hospital a few miles away. Then suddenly the truth struck his simple mind with the force of a stunning blow. He was a leper! Anyone could tell that his disease was leprosy. The pain, the sores, the pus, they all screamed the fact aloud. In a panic, he recollected all that he had heard about leprosy: it was the disease most feared by man, it was punishment inflicted by the Gods, it was fatal, there was not the slightest chance of recovery. Desperately he prayed for guidance.

Three days later Shankaran left for his village. He had a plan. As soon as possible he would write to the manthravady. Surely he would be able to help. When Shankaran reached the village, the first thing he did was to meet the local physician, because he had begun to nurse a faint hope that his disease might not be leprosy after all. But the man took one look at his purulent finger-tips and screamed hysterically at him to get out. Before he reached his house the whole village was afire with the news that one among them was a leper. The very next day Shankaran's father was summoned to a meeting with a group of village elders. These men were the representatives of a people bogged down in superstition, prejudices and blind ignorance. Not only illiterate but misinformed, they entertained wildly cruel misconceptions about leprosy. According to tradition if a man contracted the disease he was not allowed to set foot in the village again. The elders saw no reason why they should break with tradition this time. In plain language they delivered their ultimatum. Shankaran was to leave the village immediately. It would be useless and dangerous to disobey.

Shankaran moved into a haunted house on the outskirts of the village. Sitting in solitude hour after hour, day after day, he brooded over the blows fate had dealt him. One day the boy who brought him food once a week gave him a letter. It was from Malabar and said briefly that the old Manthravady was dead. Shankaran's spirit was crushed. Gradually his mind grew to be affected by a disease more vicious than that which ravaged his body. For hours at a stretch he would sit motionless, staring into the distance with unseeing eyes. Then by a sudden transformation he would become a screaming, raging animal, tearing and beating at everything he saw. So fierce was he in these moods that he once choked to death a stray dog that had come in to pilfer his food. After a spell of violence he would begin to brood again and then the whole cycle would be repeated.

Shankaran had been living as an outcast for a year, when one day he received a note and some money from his father. The old man had come to hear of the Leprosarium at Payyanad and of how it offered refuge to all those stricken by the disease. He urged his son to go there at once. It did not take Shankaran long to reach a decision. He urgently needed medical help. Even if he could not be cured, he reasoned, life there among others like himself would be infinitely preferable to that which he led now. Moreover he realized that solitary confinement was steadily driving him towards physical and mental collapse. He decided to leave for Payyanad immediately.

The doctor's eyes were filled with understanding and compassion as he prepared to examine Shankaran. But half an hour later his expression was one of shock and utter

(Continued on p. 3, col. 3)

FAIR SICENCE



"This, ladies, is a 'Double Acting Electro Metabolic Micro Imprescor.' Based on Dr. Philander's Law of production of growing inanimate objects . . . and blah . . . if you stay here for just an hour, you'll notice the micrometric growth; Charlie here of course will take measurements on both occassions . . ."

The Bible

In the beginning

MILLIONS of minutes ago, the Lord said, 'Let us make the world,' and IIT came into existence. And the Lord said, 'Let us make the creatures of the world,' and there came into existence crows, fish, deer and cows. And at last the Lord said, 'Let us make man,' and the first man stepped in. And the Lord said, 'Let us make woman,' and the first woman also stepped in. They were both happy. They had no classes; no labs. They walked and walked all day long, and when night came Adam slept under a tree in Sangam, and Eve, under a tree in Madras Avenue.

And the Lord created a wonderful Garden of Eden with all kinds of trees, hechesbees, beesbees, emmesbees, eeesbees, oyatees and rivers which gave them both food and water—Cauveri, Krishna and also mountains which carried them from place to place. And at last He created a wonderful tree called the Knick Knack. And the Lord said, 'You, Adam, and you, Eve! Thou art forbidden to eat the fruit that this tree bears!' But Eve could not resist the temptation. She plucked a glistening golden yellow cotelette and took a bite and tempted Adam also to do the same. They both became wise. They found that the first thing that they should do was to go in search of a Mohamed Yunus for they had on (gulp!) They hid themselves under the Gajendra statue. The Lord asked, 'Why art thou hiding thyself? Hast thou eaten the fruit of the Knick Knack? Cursed be thou both. Henceforth thou shalt have periodicals, terminals and finals. Thou shalt rag the children whom thou bringeth forth into this world. In profound sorrow thou shalt attend NCC, eat the worst of the cursed fruit that ye shall find!'

And only thus did it come to be that Adam and Eve became the mortals we are. Thousands of minutes after Adam and Eve came X and Y. X killed Y, and millions of minutes later IIT was filled with people. But there was only one noble family—Noah, his three sons and three daughters. The Lord was disappointed with the performance of the people in the periodicals. So he asked Noah (Siddhu, perhaps) to build an ark and escape with his family and a pair of each of the types of animals of this world. Noah escaped, (Siddhu is abroad, I heard—aside.) and all the rest were drowned in a huge ocean of unemployment. Those who had laughed at Noah when he started building his ark now repented for it.

Campastimes, eh...?

THE director almost winked. We guys, we are good sports. We can enjoy a gag, even if the laugh's on us. So we laughed heartily.

That was a couple of months back. A week ago, I walked round to see how the swimming pool was getting along. The stagnant water was discouraging. Maybe the little hitch was being ironed out on the drawing board. I crawled up the stairs to find out.

'How's your project coming along?'

'What?'

'The swimming pool problem.'

'I don't know. Guess, the other two guys are doing something.'

'Any idea how far they've got?'

'Nope. I think a month's sufficient time to find out. After all, I just have to cog the whole report.'

'Don't you have any solution of your own?'

'I've never really bothered to think. I could tell them what's wrong with theirs, though.'

This bloke, I realized, was no go. He thrived on the labours of others. I made a beeline for the chap who was slogging.

'Hi.'

'Cam' astimes, eh?'

'Yeah.'

'What can I do for you?'

'Well . . . I thought we could give the readers an idea of how the swimming pool problem was being sorted out.'

'Oh that! Look, I think, that was a dirty trick they played on us.'

'Obviously, but that gave you an ideal chance to prove yourself better.'

'Gah. They have no intention of implementing anything we propose.'

'But have you suggested anything?'

'It's nothing solid, you know. Just had a vague idea. Nothing solid really. . . Don't know whether it'll work. Just an idea. . . .'

'Have you told anyone?'

'Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did. Yes. The staff member-in charge. Sort of mentioned it to him one day. Casually.'

'What did he say?'

'Ah, look here; I don't think there's any hurry. We can discuss it later.'

'And did you discuss it later?'

'No yar! There's plenty of time.'

The stagnant water stared me in the face. I went on to the third guy.

'Excuse me'

A grunt.

'I'm really sorry to disturb you, but could I just'

It was about five in the evening. And this guy was seriously manipulating his slide rule. Four huge volumes were open on his table.

'Sure, sure, what did I get?'

'Look, it's about this project of yours. Do you have any plan to get over the trouble?'

'Hey, I wanted to ask someone. Where's the swimming pool, by the way?'

'Treachery! I told him all the same. 'And you mean to say, you haven't even thought about it?'

'I actually made a deal with the other guys. I do the tutes and lab records. They look after the project, you know.'

I knew.

Meanwhile, we get reports that some impatient folks (Hi Jug!) have inaugurated the pool, in spite of its half finished state.

AAJOO.

Real Prizes to be Won !!

1. In each of the clues below strike out the word which you think is wrong, cut along the dotted line, and send in your entries to the Editor, *Campastimes*, Institute Gymkhana, IIT, Madras-36.

2. Entries must reach the editor before 8 p.m. on 1st March, 1969.

3. These quotations are taken from standard literary works. In each case the correct solution is the word used by the author.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM FOR LITERARY QUIZ

1. The attraction of man and woman for each other is **fundamental/superficial**.

2. The virtue of all **achievement/success** is victory over oneself.

3. Kids are always **annoyed/surprised** to find evil in their parents, and shocked to find it in themselves.

4. In this world of incessant and feverish **activity/mutation** men have little time to think, and much less to consider ideals and objectives.

5. There are times when nothing a man can say is so **convincing/powerful** as saying nothing.

6. Nature's bounties are **unaltered/unlimited**.

7. Grief is the most **poignant/private** emotion a human being can have.

8. Most men are more afraid of being thought **cowards/forward** than of anything else.

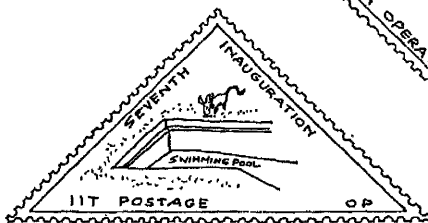
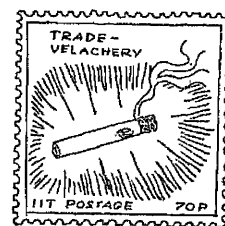
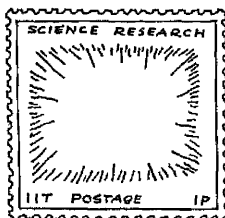
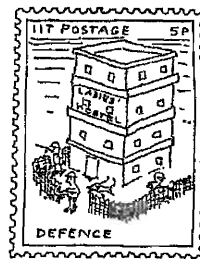
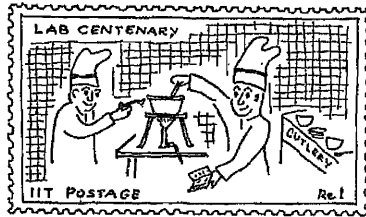
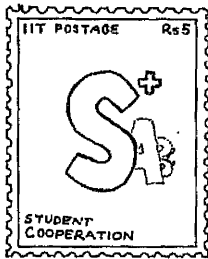
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PHILATELY

Cultural Week Special Issues



FACSIMILE OF CRAZY
 COMMEMORATIVES TO BE
 RELEASED SHORTLY

ITian Culture

We claim to belong to the higher strata of society in our country—elevated in all aspects of activity and behaviour. We are intellectuals with tons of knowledge packed in our brains. Now let us tell you something more about our interests and activities. After reading about them you will probably be able to truly appreciate us.

Today the media of mass culture (especially the cinema) are tending to break down the old barriers of taste and tradition dissolving, all cultural distinctions. Rarely do we see a cinema that stirs something inside us (though we admit that we are sometimes carried away by fistfights or actresses crooning) or opens before us a new vista which we have not perceived before. The cinema Producers are not to be blamed. They are spinning out celluloid not for us but for the greater part of the audience—the mass. Naturally we cannot expect anything intellectually stimulating in a cinema.

Literature. Ah, that's something we left behind at school (good old school). Nowadays we set our eyes mostly on newspapers and thrillers (we won't hold up our noses until we have finished the one we are reading.) We read the newspapers and magazines and curse politicians and hockey sportsmen.

By 'nice' music most of us naturally mean the loud pop variety that forces itself into our ears forcing us to appreciate the 'terrific' beat. Did you say something about the classical music? Well, we can tell you about it. Classical Music needs a cultivated ear. We have neither the time nor the patience to evolve to that stage of becoming connoisseurs of that high-browed variety yet. Discussion on any topic other than the newsmakers we loathe. Anybody who persists in talking about other things is a bore. We can talk about the Lecturer X and the grades he gives for hours. We can talk about the Hostel Y and the food it gives for hours.

Poetry, Art and Drama are remote forms that some of us are conscious of. Most of

us are blissfully ignorant of Art, what it means or can convey. We don't have the leisure to spare for poetry and we don't have the eye to appreciate drama. Of course we are proficient in just sitting tight, cynical of everything around, you know.

We are so enthusiastic during college meetings that we have no control over voices. They ring out high pitched and clear—sounds that have no immediate meaning attached to them—sounds of protest against somebody exhibiting his talents on the stage. 'It is the bursting of a thought', the Maharishi tells us. That is a simple method to avoid hearing the monotonous tone of the actor. Having to get up to walk out of the hall is too much of a strain.

It is January 2nd. The reopening day. The Lecturer walks into the classroom. There are two or three feebly attempting to stand up. Others remain firmly glued to their seats. The Lecturer glances at the class briefly and begins 'Last term we were talking about.....'. One or two faint murmurs of resentment. Then we all open our files and start scribbling down what he says or writes on the blackboard as though nothing has happened. We aren't children to exchange pleasantries like 'Happy new year' with the teachers. In the classroom we should meet on strictly business terms.

Cultural Week? You mean those evenings when we see interesting people from other colleges? Of course we look forward to them. We will be present during those functions in full strength and give those who represent our Institute all our support. But of course we won't stick any 'kidstuff' on the stage. Remember our tastes are highly refined and we can't spare our time for anything lesser than the best.

Now I hope you have got an idea about how cultured we are (Curiously enough we have just realised that we have many interests in common with our neighbours in Velacheri).

—VENKATESH MANNAR.

THE SAFETY ENGINEER

The lathes spun on, the cash poured in,
 The hammers worked, 'twas quite a din,
 But all was well with James and Co.
 Results: they had plenty to show.
 Until John put his hand one day,
 Right in the poor li'l Bandsaw's way.
 Little Bandsaw could not this bear
 So John one finger less does wear.
 Pandemonium did break loose,
 Workers did no more to work choose.
 'There is no safety in this plant,
 Work here? No, we really can't.'
 The Management said 'Have no fear,
 We'll get a Safety Engineer'.
 And they chose a dynamic man,
 Whose name was Patrick Adithan,
 Pat came, Pat saw, Pat did not like.
 Pat swore, Pat murmured 'For God's sikel
 Can't they maintain a safer plice?
 Gaurds for these machines would be wise.'
 Listening to workers' cries,
 He made a photo-cell device.
 If one came near Bandsaw at all,
 Covering her, a dome would fall.
 Her being made automatic,
 I think really did the trick.
 After days, work could be commenced,
 Safety, in the air could be sensed.
 The small plant worked only one shift
 The passage of eight hours was swift.
 At shift's end, to switch off Bandsaw,
 Came in person, owner Mcdaw.
 Well, I'm sure you guess what took place,
 You should have seen Adithan's face.
 For when one approaches Bandsaw,
 The dome covers her with no flaw.
 So, to date, the machine runs on,
 Though eight kids, to Pat have been born,
 Of Pat's nine mistakes, Number one,
 Is the dome that can't be undone.
 Dear Reader please do not doubts raise,
 And question, why in the first place,
 One could not just switch off the mains
 For Pat askd me, 'Why take the pains?'

S. RAMAJAYAM.

[We are pleased to publish this story by Ramajayam, alias Local; he was the secretary of our Publications Committee in 1966-67. Elsewhere in this issue is a letter from him.—Ed.]