



EDITORIAL

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There are many claims made about the intellectual abilities of IITians and many of these claims about on counter claims. However there can be no uncertainty about their proven ability to criticize. It is not just ability, its a professional competence, which would do credit to a critic, that they exhibit. This competence stems from superlative powers of observation, discernment, analysis and finally judgement so that the criticism expressed is qualitatively and intellectually superior to any encountered elsewhere. The result is obvious. Nothing escapes us IITians. Every activity, arrangement and institution bears the scars of our critism and what is more, continues to writhe under them. CAMPASTIMES has been singularly unfortunate in this respect. We have never escaped from a scalding in this boiling cauldron of well-directed, meditated criticism. Our faults, many of which we were not aware or only dimly aware, have all been pointed out to us sometimes warmly, sometimes hectoringly. Such criticism is very essential for a continued maintenance of quality and we at CAMPASTIMES are, hearteningly enough, amenable to it. However there's the other side of the coin.

For all their consummation in the department of criticism IITians are, puzzlingly, unwilling to do anything beyond that. It is one thing to be able to judge effectively and convincingly but then one should also act on the potency of one's critical convictions. According to Aldous Huxley, a true intellectual is one who can not only think and talk but also one who can act. Most of us IITians would knock down this lofty standard while trying to clear it - we are simply not intellectuals, we who sit back and talk. CAMPASTIMES has again been the worst sufferer in this context. We are heartened by the large mass of meaningful judgements passed on us (atleast someone is noticing us) but totally baffled by the feeble, weak-spirited attempts to improve the quality of CAMPASTIMES. Surely those who can criticize cogently can do something equally constructive. After all CAMPASTIMES is not the magazine of the Editor and his cronies; nor does any profit accrue to them from running it. CAMPASTIMES is an opportunity for each of us to exhibit his or her penmanship and if we let it go and still continue to sermonise we are not helping to remedy the situation, faulty as it is. And there's no doubt that there's quite some extent of talent our Institute. Why, if all those who offer us such facile and mature comments would write them down and give them to us, we would have enough material to see CAMPASTIMES through for a whole year!

We are not the first editors to appeal thus. Many of our predecessors have done so, some in desperation, but they have all been rebuffed categorically. We don't expect to do any better and so we have enlarged the purview of CAMPASTIMES to include non-humans too. Having come to the stage when we can no longer rely on humans for the subsistence of CAMPASTIMES, we have sought assistance for the first time from our campus fauna, flora and even the inanimates. Our last issue preluded this chapter by printing a significant letter from the Gajendra circle elephants. This time there's something more and as we popularise the idea of CAMPASTIMES among our plant and animal friends and even the stones and ponds, we hope to receive valuable compositions from them. Eventually CAMPASTIMES may turn out to be an "inhuman" magazine especially if our non-human contributors show more enthusiasm and less indifference than our human ones. They are indeed shaping to do so.

Another enigma is the total non-representation of our fairer sex on the pages of CAMPASTIMES. Generally they are expected to have the delicacy and the finesse that goes into good writing and literary composition is believed to be a more facile art to them. Despite this and disappointingly enough, the girls have let CAMPASTIMES down. They have simply not cared for it.

This issue, barring the acknowledged contributions, is the work of about three or four people. We have published in it three interviews recorded in the past two months. We wish to thank Dr. R. Srinivasan for informing us in advance and arranging our interviews with the extramural speakers. We naturally are very grateful to him for creating an opportunity for us to meet some of the leading intellectuals of our time.

This is the last issue for this year and with this the present editorial team will make way for the next one. We have not made any radical changes this year; however we have tried to exorcise an undesirable characteristic which has tagged CAMPASTIMES for the past few years. Several of the previous editors and contributors had assumed that wielding the pen meant writing in a 'smart' and uppity style, quite in contrast to their natural diction. This gave rise to a lot of 'pseudo' material appearing in CAMPASTIMES. This year we have deliberately tried to avoid and discourage this kind of writing though we may not have been wholly successful in this.

Before we sign off, we would suggest that the SAC or whoever is the appointing body select the next Editors as soon as possible so that they can get to work at once. Our late appointment, a month before the odd semester exam, stopped us from bringing out more issues. For all its attendant difficulties and extreme academic pressures which had to be endured, we are relieved to say that we found our job most enjoyable.

RETREAT REVIEW - HAIRY PILLAR -

After that show of intellectualism from the GC elephants in the last issue of Campastimes, I have begun to take interest in the inanimate as well. It was surprising to note that those two gentlemen, so scathingly referred to as nincompoops by Mumbo and Jumbo, have disappeared from the circle. One had almost taken them for granted. I think we should raise a hue and cry about this disappearance of such monumental works of art even as the press barons did about the Ripon buildings recently. I finally traced out Nincompoop One to the bit of ground in between blocks at the Civil Engineering department. One hand raised permanently as if he was blessing all who pass by, the other sporting an outdated gold watch on the wrist, he looked a sorry sight in those clothes which reminded me of my grandfather. He has sustained a severe two-inch fracture above his left ankle, and says that he fears for his life. Understandably so, seeing that pile of rubble nearby which is what was once his brother Nincompoop Two. Really, is there any need to destroy somebody just because he's got a fracture and his steel bones show through? A single Charlie Duke, I am told, can do the repairing with just his prayers. I don't know what our Civil Engineers are coming to these days. You find them swarming around the infamous

Quark measuring the latitude, longitude, elevation and what not of a little mound. This is turning out to be a yearly feature. Little do they know that the mound they are desecrating by putting their tripods on, is where my dear friend, Denver the Deer, went back to the good soil from which he sprang.

Coming to deer, you may recall that I had started enquiries about the rights of the authorities to kill deer just on the ground of their being bitten by dogs. 'Prowling the corridors of the Ad Block' read the report in the Feb. issue of Campastimes. But it was no prowling that I did. That was mere running up and down. Nobody there seems to know anything about anything. At least, that was the impression I got. I had to abandon the quest when the lift attendant there told me to trim my hair, place a couple of roses in my buttonholes and generally look better if I was planning to be a permanent fixture in his elevator.

Being a regular contributor to Campastimes has its own advantages. I receive some very intriguing letters at times. A dear lady who resides in a first-floor apartment within the campus wrote to me last week. Though she wishes to remain incognito, I am sure she wouldn't mind my quoting from her letter. "Here I stand near the barred window of this well padded cell making faces at the passers-by. The beauty of the early morning when the crows roll up from their roosts and the cocks begin to crow, the sun peeping out above the horizon; the beauty of the evening, the orange glow and the birds flying by in a perfect V-formation; the interesting faces of the pedestrians and the shocked looks they give when I tease them; these are the only things which I enjoy in this drab, dull existence". So it goes on. Towards the end she talks about how none of her relatives believe her when she insists that she is a purple brinjal. May it not be true if in the world as she sees it, we are green, insane cucumbers?

Talking of insanity, my thoughts, naturally, turn to that new book of selected poems of Prithvi Nandy. I don't know what's coming over these modern poets. I for one, would be happy curled up with a Tennyson or Longfellow. These modern poets try to be original, with each trying to outshine the other. Take Nandy for example. He is a genius in that he has done something which nobody else had thought of before; he starts each line with a colon in one of his poems. His obsession with the colon is plain for all to see. There is no other punctuation mark throughout the book except for a few slashes here and there. Here is one of his gems:

love is a question
 image : ode : continent
 °
 Menelaus
 chiselled
 greatly
 in language
 both compelling
 magical
 Detritus praying to
 Eichmann
 : ° otherwise
 the night is cold
 use mathematics
 to solve problems of position/
 location
 point in space
 the calculus of
 illogical love
 : on
 either side
 of arrogance
 I draw the line



ASTRO → MYT ?

Mr. Charles Duke, who went on the Apollo-16 mission to the moon, visited our Institute on the 6th of March. His talk was curiously interesting and a large part of it (during which he showed a film) was devoted to relating his moon flight. Mr. Duke is now an Evangelist, the change of values having occurred a few years ago, and during the latter part of his talk he told us of his religious experience. He spoke very feelingly about this and, while all of us may not agree with his views, there's no doubt that he was sincere and fully believed in what he spoke. The audience behaviour (typical of IITians) was disgraceful, with many of them jeering him lightly and walking out. It seemed very selfish of them that they should care to listen only to what interested them and then walk out on the message Mr. Duke was trying to get across. CAMPASTIMES was warned by several of our Profs. that it would be very difficult to get an interview with Mr. Duke as he was always surrounded by a coterie of the Church people. We chanced our arm, however, and managed a 15 minutes chat right in CLT after his talk. Below are some excerpts.

CAMPASTIMES: How far has your moon flight affected you spiritually? Would you have had this experience if you had been in any other line?

DUKE: Now I believe that God called me into the space programme and he places us in jobs and circumstances where he wants us. If I'd been a believing Christian I'd have still gone to the moon. The moon experience did not affect me - in fact I came back more anti-religious. What I needed then was inner peace and God only can change our hearts. I looked back at the earth and you could cover it with your hand and you come back saying 'love one another'. And I looked around and instead of love I saw hate and violence. I couldn't even love my wife but when I put the power of God, the power of Jesus Christ in my heart, he changed my heart.

C: Was it a wholly sincere decision on your part since nowadays its very hard to be sincere with oneself?

D: I tried to be. Within our hearts the Holy spirit speaks to us. There's a voice which says "Its true, believe, you need God, follow Jesus". I did that and it's peace in my life and now I have a love for all.

C: A few months back, a distinguished biologist had come to the IIT and he had said that as man has explained most of the natural phenomena to be due to natural laws, there's no need to believe in God. There's scope for belief in God only when man's not able to explain everything.

D: He's running on his own understanding. His God is man. And I respect him for his opinions and I respect all of you for your religions. I just want to share with all of you what's happened to me. The natural laws - how did

they get to be natural? How did it all start? God said he created everything. I once prayed for a boy who had a one inch gap in his shoulder bone due to an automobile accident. The doctors said that nothing could be done about it but two days later there was no sign of it. I can't explain it. That man, that biologist says he can explain all this - let him explain it. Let him explain how a man in the US without even an eye can see. Let him explain. That's the power of God and we can't explain it.

C: This means we have to develop faith. This is a rationalistic age when people don't accept things at their face value.

D: The Bible says we walk not by sight but by faith. Do your eyes tell you the truth all the time. Is seeing believing? Next time go and stand in the middle of a railroad track and look down it. What do your eyes tell you? Why it comes together down there. The reality is totally different. You cannot believe what your eyes tell you all the time. The reality of life is God, Jesus.

C: Isn't it very difficult to develop such a faith? Was it so for you?

D: No..... its, yes it is. I have to be honest. In the initial stage it was difficult for me but not now because I have seen the miracle working power of God. I know he's real. I don't just believe, I know its true, It's a conscious decision of which I'll never know everything.

The only way you are going to understand

the purposes of God is to turn to him and so many scientists like your friend are turning away from him and are frustrated. I speak the truth. Jesus, the Holy Spirit, says "Just turn to me, call on me and I am the way, the truth and the life".

C: Isn't it very difficult for you to love all?

D: Well, God's put his spirit in me and God's given me his love for you and you and you (points to everyone). And I love you all. And what you see in me is not me, but Jesus Christ.

C: Is Jesus Christ God or is he the son of God or is he a prophet?

D: He is God.

C: What about other religions?

D: I don't know about other religions.

C: But are they also paths to realising God?

D: If you call on any other God, can you relate this experience to me that I'm relating to you?

C: If I was sincere, probably, and if I had a God in whom I believed.

D: According to my book, according to my beliefs Jesus is God. I can't convince you, if you are a Hindu I'm not trying to change you. All I'm saying is search for the truth.

So many philosophers in so many religions are searching for the truth and what I'm sharing with you is that I HAVE FOUND THE TRUTH! I'm convinced I have found the truth. And THE TRUTH IS JESUS CHRIST.

C: But can other religions also lead to the truth? Does your religion exclude others?

D: Jesus says "I'm God, turn to me". And all I can say is - why don't you try?

C: Does it mean all of us have to turn to Jesus? Or can we turn to our Gods whom we place in the same position you do Jesus?

D: I don't know. If you open your heart and say, "I'm searching for the truth. Is my God truth or is Jesus truth", I claim Jesus is truth. I don't malign your religion. So many religion say you work your way to truth. Jesus says "come to me and I'll give you the gift".

C: In other words, it's Jesus versus the others.

D: He holds the key.

C: And the others don't?

D: They are searching for the truth. They are very sincere.

C: May be they are sincere, but you feel they haven't the truth.

D: I've never found the truth there.

C: But could others find the truth there?

D: I don't know. You have to search your heart.

C: Then why this emphasis on names like Jesus. Couldn't we all search for a God?

D: Jesus says "I am the truth." Do you believe in the Devil, the force of Evil?

C: M mm I am not very sure

D: Well, I do. I've never seen God, but I have seen the Devil and he is real. Even the Devil will confess that Jesus is God.

C: In other words, the only reality is Jesus.

D: Yes.

C: Wouldn't it be better to show us congruent ways of reaching the truth rather than saying that we should look up to your way of reaching the truth?

D: Well then, find your way. But don't deny Jesus. Give him a chance.

Now I have a dollar, a U.S. dollar. I want to give it to someone. Who would receive a dollar from me? (Gives it to an offered hand) There's a boy who's received a dollar. Now I gave a gift. The most important gift that I'm trying to give you today is the gift of Jesus, but it is an invisible gift. It's a gift you have to receive in your hearts. You can say "I don't want it" and that's fine, I'll love you anyway.

C: Will Jesus love us anyway?

D: Yes he does. But you decide whether you will end up with God or separated from God.

C: If I deny God, will I be separated from God?

D: The Bible says you will be eternally separated from God and you can believe that or not.

I am sorry, I have to go. I love you all very much.

C: Thank you very much.

AVAILABLE! LIMITED number of local guardians on a first come first served basis. Interested students kindly contact D-1, E-1, B Quarters immediately.

TRUPTI

- SHANKAR -

(Part 1 and 2 of this short story appeared in the Feb. issue of CAMPASTIMES)

Part - 3 - RECESS.

He knew what was forthcoming. He trembled slightly. But he was sure that he was not afraid. He was fat alright, but he was strong too. Sheshagiri might be taller but he definitely was fatter. He gobbled up his curd rice. He wasn't going to lose his cool. He repacked his lunchbox meticulously, slid it into the plastic wrapper, and slipped the rubber band over it. His books mustn't get spoiled by the curd. He looked up and saw Dinesh and Uday pushing the teacher's desk away. He looked down and saw Trupti's pen in his shirt pocket. He looked for her. She was sitting in the front bench by the window with the other girls and all were sharing their lunches. The boys never did that. In fact only a few brought lunches. He walked ahead. No one other than himself, Sheshagiri and a few others knew what was going to happen. The girls were chatting. He went to the first bench.

Sheshagiri asked him if he was ready.

Nonchalantly, he asked 'Ready for what?'

"For the decision didn't you read our letter?"

He hadn't. He kept quiet. Suddenly Muthu came over to him. Muthu was a good chap. He too brought curd rice for lunch. But he wasn't so bright. Muthu told him that Sheshagiri wanted to fight.

He didn't know what to say. He had been involved in a fight some time back. Only his antagonist had been six year old Babloo, who had let off his gas balloon. He knew he could kill Sheshagiri. He would just have to fight and bash him up. But he was afraid of wasting his life in Jail. Father had told him about such a case. They put such kids into some kind of school suddenly he had no choice.

Sheshagiri was very impatient. Seeing the chubby lump hesitating, he saw his opportunity and lunged.

The attack took him by surprise. Full of curd rice he belched as the first blow connected. Rendered clumsily it didn't do much harm, but it did succeed in imparting great agility to him. Another one came, and he swayed and flung his arms wildly about. His spectacles popped out and he instinctively raised his arms to his face to save them. But then a nasty one came. He went tumbling backward, and slammed into a bench. His nose hurt like hell. He adjusted his spectacles. He felt like crying. Sheshagiri was raging like a mad bull. He too had been hit. Obviously unintentionally, he heard the girls' entreats. He was their protégé as he sat in their row. Well, didn't he score a lot of points for them in the quiz competitions held between the rows? Row C always stood first because of him. Row A and B were the boys and Rows C and D the girls. Now he felt very better. He wallowed in self pity. He was being killed because he was good in studies. He had been punished previously and made to sit behind the girls, and now he was being punished for having been punished. They didn't like his curd rice. Wasn't he helping his mother? Wouldn't she find it difficult to prepare something new for him every morning? He was being boycotted by the boys (though he wanted to be like that) because he brought the water bottle like the girls did. And because he didn't take part in that brutal game called Kabaddi. He had spectacles. But they wouldn't listen. Nobody would listen. Not even his 'P.T. sir'.

He began to cry, oblivious of everyone around him, when a pair of hands touched him. He looked up and saw Trupti. Her eyes were moist. He blinked in surprise wow! This was just like the movies only it wasn't a movie now. She removed his spectacles and whispered "cream him". And "cream" he did.

The fought for hours and days. He hardly felt anything. Occasionally the curd rice gurgled. His soft plump tummy was startled by this sudden exercise. The curd loving thing was being exposed to resounding blows, and didn't like it one bit.

He fought valiantly and knew that she was watching, with his glasses safe in her small hands. He was feeling downright uncomfortable now. Sheshagiri had redoubled his efforts and very soon he found himself pinned to the door by his neck, his tummy cushioning a lot of blows. He choked, his stomach heaved and he vomitted straight into Sheshagiri's smiling pockmarked face. And he slowly slid down into the waiting arms of death.

The headmistress's voice revived him. He saw Sheshagiri flinching from a good caning from the P.T. sir. And the headmistress talked gently to him. She knew him very well as he was very good at studies. He was also grateful to his father for dropping in occasionally into school, a practice which he had always resented. Right was on his side, and so was Trupti, who offered him his glasses. The world was again in focus and he ran to the bathroom.

He trembled throughout the day. Why, he didn't know. He had come to know from Trupti that she had seen and dragged the headmistress from her lunch plate. The headmistress in turn had called the PT sir who brought his lunch plate along with him. And now Trupti looked back again and again and smiled. He looked around for envious eyes - thankfully there were none. He looked down. His shirt was torn at the bottom but that he would insert in his pants. And as he looked up he made a shocking discovery. His shirt pocket was torn and Trupti's present no boon of love and kindness (he liked to assume this) had shattered. The refill looked pitious and quivered, as if in pain. He quickly disposed off the remains in his pant pocket. It had been an old broken one, but still She never asked him for it. He never mentioned it. And after that, they grew closer he thought. He spoke to her more often and she always smiled at him.

The days passed. He remained behind the girls. The boys were more friendly. Sheshagiri came once and critically inspected the nail mark he had inflicted. And so the days passed.

The tests came. Thanks to his father, he rarely had to pay any attention in class. He stared Trupti all day long and never showed his back to her for the chewing gum mark was still there. Trupti would grow more beautiful day by day, and her nose ring would wink enticingly. And so, the year slowly came to end.

Next year

Now he sat with the boys. He could have sat behind the girls, but it wasn't worth it. Trupti had left the school. He had known she would be leaving, last year itself. Her father had got a transfer. Since the summer holidays were long, and as he had been out with his parents and sister for a fine long tour, the fever of love had been greatly assuaged. But the sadness still glowed and weighed his heart down. As he watched, he wondered why he felt bad. He must ask his father. He thought then of the auricles and the ventricles they would be studying this year. His father had already portrayed the system for him magnificently. But he couldn't bring himself to feel happy. He couldn't forget her.

Even this year slowly dragged itself out. And his heartache subsided. Further, now there was Viswanath who had flipped for that tall girl Usha. He watched him clamouring for Usha's attention and he smiled. He understood now. He had grown in the holidays.

The results were as expected. He was first. Harihar was next. And Harihar was far behind. Having nothing to worry about, he thought of Trupti's nose ring and felt sad.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I've got it! I've got it at last! For years I've wondered why the quality of humour is so low on this campus, why the only range in the jokes going around is from dreadful to absolutely dreadful. I do not wonder any more, because I know the reason now. I got it from my astrologer, a thoroughly reliable man. The fault, dear editor, is not in us but in our stars. You and I and all the rest of us here were born under the sign of Taurus, and such people, according to my astrologer, are accurately described by this verse:

In any gathering you can't stand
You'll find a Taurus right at hand,
Offending crowds of helpless folks
With ancient, dull and endless jokes;
To make it worse for one and all
The Punch-lines he cannot recall.
Few things upon this earth can bore us
Like the bull of some old Taurus.



Another thing I've got to the bottom of is why some among the students are never content unless they are criticizing and finding fault with courses, systems of evaluation, and members of the teaching faculty. It's again a matter of the stars, says my astrologer-friend. Persons of this ilk, according to him, very likely have Virgo as their zodiac-sign because

A Virgo will not hesitate
To tell you you are second-rate.
For exercise he strains his wits
At finding faults and picking nits.
At night he murmurs soft and clear:
"I love you so, my precious dear!"
We know his sentiments are true,
For it's himself he's talking to.



This will also explain those on the teaching faculty who are relentless in their criticism of students.

Finally, and quite irrelevantly, could I ask you to contact the Admiration Society on my behalf? I am very keen on receiving compliments.

M.A. Reddy

Dear Editor:

It has been brought to my notice that irresponsible persons have of late been cautioning the campus-population against swimming in the oxidation-pond, using your magazine to spread the message around. I have never before felt so mortified as I do now! We crocodiles do NOT eat anything and everything that happens to be about, you know. As a favour to a very special and very dear friend, we might, if he asked it of us, condescend to swallow an I.I.T.ian, but even then the fellow must meet certain minimum standards. He must be reasonably attractive to look at, and must in addition have a certain soft and buttery quality to him. Were we to settle for less we would violate our sastras which are very strict on dietary matters.

Members of the student-body, teaching faculty, or administrative staff: all the specimens I've seen about look singularly unappealing. Which being so, they are in no danger from me because I have my pride and my standing in my own community to think of. The campus-creatures I actually fancy are the black buck. Far more than any human to be found here they are easy on the eye. Over and above this theirs is not the lift of non-stop dissipation that renders the flesh tough and leathery.

Incidentally I think I should also ask you and your friends not to refer to me in future as the crocodile in the oxidation-pond. Should you continue to do so you would be behind the times, because, my health and continued well-being requiring it, I propose to shift very shortly to the swimming pool.

With respectful regards,
The crocodile in the oxidation-pond.

Dear Editors:

Attitudinizing, platitudinizing, pseudo-intellectual or pseudo-scientific bores, unpoets with their bloody-awful unpoetry, cretins rhapsodizing about non-events like inter-I.I.T. athletics-meets and Mardi Gras festivals; such are the creatures that have been swarming all over my pages in issue after issue for years and years and years. Your predecessors in office were in their moments of lucidity, when they were not coked to the gills in the attempt to forget, agonizingly aware of the unquality of the stuff that appeared in me. They however contented themselves with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but you are made of better stuff and I'd like to congratulate you for it.

You have recognized that, when repeated appeals for articles of quality evoke no response from the majority on the campus, an editor concerned about good stuff must turn to the minority. With an open mind and ruthlessly rejecting all the prejudices stuffed into him from birth about the intellectual and literary abilities of animals. As a result of the radical - I would even say revolutionary - step you have taken, I have at last had the satisfaction of seeing something tolerably good on my pages. The Gajendra-Circle elephants wield a pretty effective pen, and in printing their very articulate protest against all the insults they have had to endure, you have put life into me just when I was about ready to die of despair and boredom. I am deeply grateful to you for it.

Might I suggest that you make it a policy for the future, to boot in the butt all but the very best of your human contributors and give most of my pages over to such educated animals as those elephants? This way at least we shall probably have better fare than we have had in years, and I for one can begin to shake off the deeply-ingrained inferiority-complex I have developed as a result of having had nothing but rubbish printed all over me for as far back into the past as I can recall.

Sincerely yours,
CAMPASTIMES.

Dear Editors:

This has to do with the matrimonial advertisement I asked you to publish for me. Considering the outrageous fee you charged me for it, I cannot say I am pleased with the result. In fact, there's been no result; not a single response has been handed over to me to date. This is surprising considering circulation of Campastimes among persons of my ilk within the campus. In sheer desperation, seeking some intellectual companionship, I approached the GC elephants, but they said things to my face about it which, had they been of lesser bulk, would have resulted in their extinction. There stands the matter and



unless your readers do something about it, I have to reconcile myself to a lonely, meaningless existence. I therefore request to modify the original advertisement which went "caste, age colour, creed, education and sex no bar" to "caste, age, colour, creed, education, sex and species no bar."

- "IT Lecherer" -

Dear Editors:

As usual, in the last issue of Campastimes, there was little stuff from the staff; understandably so, considering the severe academic burden they are labouring under, which, I am told, leaves ^{little} room for literary expositions of any kind. From whatever they have condescended to write, I feel that the sole purpose of their contributions is to display their symbols of erudition. Granted that they have worked themselves to shadow, as is apparent, while earning their respective doctorates, but why flout them? Such prefixes do not appear in technical journals; then why should they in so-called informal rags? Have they sunk to the levels of our eminent politicians with their 'honorary' degrees, or is it Campastimes which insists on appending these titles?

In sharp contrast, thankfully, the student contributors weren't Mr. So and so or Mr. Such and such. This extreme step in prudery, as far as student-run rags are concerned, is what only FOCUS is capable of taking. The 'Quark' special whose contents included Mr. Dilip's gripping saga of the cosmetics, made copious allusions to an elusive Mr. Aiasate and the zealous Mr. Dimple and Raju. If they think that they are being gentlemanly, let me hasten to assure them that they are only being silly.

Before I conclude, I would like to raise a fundamental question: What is the reason for the existence of Campastimes? Ostensibly, it is for providing an equal opportunity for every person in our community to make his or her literary talents known. While the females, in all their modesty, seem to have hidden their talents well and the staff mainly confine themselves to writing meaningless, modern 'poetry', I see that most of the pages are filled up by the members of your editorial board, under their various pseudonyms.

Do we have to run a rag for the benefit of a few?

Yours angrily
TORY

ENCOUNTERS IN IIT

- DR. (MISS) RITA GHATAK -

(Lr. (Miss) Rita Ghatak has joined the Humanities Department as a Lecturer in Psychology. She is a consultant Psychologist at the Hospital)

My Brief encounter with I.I.T. has introduced me to fresh, young minds eager to explore, jaded minds disillusioned with the IIT phenomenon, overloaded academic pills to be swallowed, streams of talent, lovely lush green avenues, jaundiced buildings, weekly assignments in the form of an O.A.T film, the Mardi-gras hangover and the nerve racking task of teaching minds which are very sharp.

Being new to IIT Madras and a psychologist, with psychology claiming a break through in the dynamic and least understood world of human relations, I was asked to be objective, unbiased and give a insight into what I thought was wrong or rather what was not right in this place. I perceived disgruntled students, their high frenzied activity before the perios, the often dazed look on their faces on the automated tour from one class to another and I really wondered if this was characteristic of most institutions. Verbal encounters with the students lead to an array of responses, some of which I think would be relevant here. One of the most common out bursts I encountered was an overwhelming sense of disappointment which the students revealed. This feeling, they argued, had been generated after a few weeks exposure to the IIT environment. Were they expecting something out of the world? Had they entered with a rosy vision of benevolent teachers, interesting, exciting classes, a community existence full of interaction and harmony, etc. etc.? May be they had or may be they felt that the name of IIT connotes all these symptoms. Yet if they are so disappointed, then how is it that outsiders get such a positive idea of the wonderful things happening here. We in the outside world felt that there was an input of brilliance here, which underwent a great metamorphosis and emerged as an output of greater brilliance and calculated, defined

job prospects. And let me tell you, the generation of these ideas stems from the student community themselves. So, if they do maintain such contradictory ideas then my mind can just reason that on this high pitch, stressful road to the B.Tech degree, they begin to believe that what they are doing or getting here is par excellence or they lose a great deal of their sensitivity to human problems and emerge just interested in what their degrees fetch them.

You can of course question whether I tried to get to the bottom of this overwhelming feeling of disappointment and apathy. I did ask a question here and there. I tried to pull out some material locked in the subconscious, to put into concrete processes some of their latent thoughts. They said that the academic overload is too much. If you drive a person too far or expect too much out of him, he ends up doing nothing or doing everything wrong, or gets programmed to function like an automaton and leaves his emotional self by the wayside. But then is the load on overload? Isn't it true what the wise old men said, that to get something out of life there has to be a greater input. And if the excellent job with its push button comforts is the utopia the student is aiming for does he not have to strive and strive? Of course the hardedges of the curricula could be softened with courses spaced out with times to breathe in between, classes structured once in a way to involve both the taught and the teacher in some illuminating discussion, and with no arbitrary evaluation. The latter is what we psychologists would give a very technical name, but I would prefer to lay it simply before you. Prejudices and antagonisms, from either side, and based on slight frictions, or certain acts of impulsive misdemeanors, or personal dislikes, should not be generalized to other critical situations like evaluation time etc. With due apology to human failings, I'm sorry to say that this happens once too often. Mr. X enrages Mr. Y on a slight unaccountable incident and Mr. Y sees to it that Mr. X never forgets it. Now X or Y can belong once again to the category of the teacher or the taught. But then we are after all humans. May be technological institutes also need mechanized robots doing the learning or the teaching. May be such a retaliation on my part is uncalled for. But after all I'm just penning some impressions.

Another interesting aspect most students verbalized about was the passive interaction between the teacher and taught. Possibly the students, encapsulated in this campus of forests and technology and far from home and the hustle of the city could like a free, harmonious relationship with the members of the faculty. Or is it too much to expect? Would the student misuse this interaction? Would the teacher feel rather low if he has to prove himself to be a friend to the student? I really cannot say. All I can say is why not give it a try. Of course the identity of the teacher has to be very clear cut. The distance or dignity he maintains inside those four walls need not be a barrier to his interaction with the students outside in the fresh evenings or under night skies. The teacher may have to function in dichotomous roles of being a dignified expositor of knowledge inside the class and a friendly individual outside. Is this not possible? I'm sure it will not result in an identity crisis or a split personality syndrome in the teacher. And I hope it will not even promote the students getting an upper hand. Will it? The proof of the pudding is in the eating and I think its time we at least got the ingredients of the pudding together.

Before finishing this monologue I must add something more. I was asked my impressions as a counsellor. Concepts like counselling, psychology or psychiatry do not signify raving lunacy or people running out into the streets with torn cloths and aggressive outbursts. Psychiatry is nothing but lending a direction to some of the confused thoughts of young minds; confusion begotten in this over competitive frenzy of the class; confusion also arising from the fact that when they stepped into IIT they were brilliant stars which shone alone and bright in their homes and schools and which then came here and found thousand other stars shining. What a tragic blow! And then even if some of the stars

blow a fuse or try to outshine the others, who cares? Confusion also arises from a human and normal urge to keep pace all the time with the class. Wouldn't it be better to slow down, check on one's resources, find out which course is not hitting the grey cell, if not why so, and then proceed. One should also check the potential he's capable of exploiting. There's no need to call on resources which are not here. An acceptance of each one to his goal, with a unique pattern of outdoing the other is difficult but it must come. However, when confidence runs low and the ego is rather punctured who does he turn to? His class friends? But then he should know that the class mates have other problems of outdoing everyone else.

So if depression creeps in - he makes an extra effort to fight or calls it a day and rationalizes that may be it's just not worth it. These glimmerings of confusion if perceived now are fine but if allowed to grow can drive the student to desperation. Ah, then we have not mentioned the family figures who keep reassuring the students that whether they like it or not they have to be interested in the unpredictable moods of technology. So confusion mounts confusion. I shudder to think of those who having seen no way out succumb to suicide. It's really not worth it. A life, lost to the pressure of the environment.

So even before any confusion or depression or alienation can rear its head one must fight it with his intellectual resources. There's no need to come to the psychiatrist or counsellor - problems can be solved with a little organization of the mind and a little help from the friends.

But then I have also heard that most people have preferred to remain a little detached. Some body mentioned 'I wouldn't care to write to anyone hereafter'. My mind suggests that each individual with his own resources, aspirations, confusions and periodicals is too preoccupied to look at the greenery outside, or the purple skies, or the friend with a hassled look. Can't anyone do anything about this? Don't you think a little bit of care and help and self appraisal can help? I may have painted a gloomy picture but I assure you this is but the reflection of a mind which is also human. The story does not end here. There are others, hundreds who find a vibrant, meaningful role here. They talk, they laugh and they do well and they are relaxed. The teachers are also there, to share, to guide and to provide a stimulating and congenial milieu for the students. Yet they too have their share of maladies which need an appraisal. And so the campus goes on living, reliving, a dynamic institute ever, changing. The trees and buildings in their silence and enormity look on!

ALIENS - SWAMY -

No one had seen him tumble. People nearer heard the sound of his fall. Attention of more people is drawn as his cries break above the din of the street. The man is writhing, his limbs flailing wildly, thrashing and screaming incoherently. People at the nearby bus stop turn their heads towards him their faces curious, detached and uncomprehending. The two youngsters sitting on the wall break off their discussion and the girl a few yards away and gape at the scene. The office clerk, middle-aged, balding, stout, short, his reverie broken, stares at the sight, and continues his way. The little child clinging to her father's finger cranes her neck curiously, asking her father some question in a loud tone. Her father is busy listening to his wife talking about what their neighbour said about their neighbour's neighbour. The small group of school girls passing by stop their noisy interchange, fall silent, all eyes on the same object. The young man approaching looks away - a mild disgust shades his face; his companion maintains a stone-face, doesn't seem to have noticed anything amiss nor would she care.

Give him a key to hold, he'll be alright - says a voice. No one pays attention. It's a bit saar, not drink clarifies the fruit-vendor on the side-walk to his customer. The customer, a dignified rich man is annoyed at this disgraceful performance. Why can't these folks throw fits in private? he seems to ask. The victim as his appearance shows, should belong to that part of our brotherhood which cannot boast of a 'private'. The two gentlemen nearby having discussed what exactly 'epilepsy' is, are now engaged in describing to each other the cases of fits they had known.

The man on the ground is less loud now, his movements are slower. Frothing at the mouth, he is passing out. A bus has groaned to a halt at the bust stop and some of the gawkers hastily scramble on. Some others have resumed their conversation where they had left off.

By the time the dust of the departing bus has settled down, the unconscious man almost finds his privacy. Only a couple of half-clad urchins are still looting on.

INTEL

- VIDYA SHANKAR -

Of late readers might have noticed that there has been a proliferation of intel articles, poems etc. in Campastimes. Readers reaction has been rather mixed. While the so-called Intels have varied appreciation, the anti-Intels have expressed indignation. The spate of letters on this subject has caused such widespread consternation that we decided to set up a commission (a la Shah Commission) to conduct a statistical survey of reaction to Intel literature. A three man (Women's Lib please note) squad promptly swung into action. Understandably, they had to tread warily for fear of aggravating the delicate state of balance. The probe by our supersluths unearthed some startling revelations. We publish below that we could gather from the scores of interviews we conducted with Intels, anti-intels and that ubiquitous IITian - the stoic indifferentials. The very first issue was - 'what exactly constitutes an Intel article?' Readers opinion on this was nowhere near unanimous. Here is a random sample.

One prominent Intel: (names have been suppressed) 'It can be anything - anything that defies the structure, the trite pretentious compositions' and he lapsed into a series of words like dialectic, ecclesiastic etc. which went overhead. An unsparing anti-intel was more concise. Intel is anything that doesn't make sense. Preferably one line should have no connection with its predecessor or successor. After reading the article one should have absolutely no idea what it's all about. Someone suggested that intel poems could be generated by a computer provided with a list of high-sounding words and a string of punctuation marks. The programme, he said, would be simply to scramble them in random fashion. Some intels, elated at the revival of poems of their genre in Campastimes talked about their sources of inspiration - Kafka, Camus, Vonnegut (this in hushed reverent tones). They went into raptures over the Campastimes poem

Live

Copulate

And the molecule shall remember

which readers are no doubt familiar with and decreed that it would go down among the fundamental tenets of creative intellism. They acknowledged that the same author's second poem was even 'intellar' and had gone right above their heads. One particularly virulent anti-intel attacked the aforementioned poem as the product of a depraved soul. We, (after reading it several times) were too dumfounded to disagree

So far we have published some findings. Now, on the basis of the results, we would like to make some recommendations (like all commissions do)

- 1) Let there be 2 publications - one called Campustimes and the other Cumustimes - this way both sections would be appeased.
- 2) Produce corn shirts and sell them at concessional prices to bear the cost of maintaining 2 publications.
- 3) Ask the alligator in the oxidation pond to write an intel poem
- 4) Appoint a commission to study the recommendations of this commission.

I AM AN ANTI-HUMANIST

-DR. RASHMI MAYUR-

Dr. Rashmi Mayur, Director, Urban Development Institute, gave an extra mural lecture on 'India in 2000 A.D.' CAMPASTIMES had met him earlier that day. This is what ensued.

1. Could you tell us something about your early education? How did you get to this field?
A- Earlier I was educated in Bombay University. Actually I rebelled against the education system here and left only to explore new areas of study. I went to U.S. and I was successively at Yale, New York and Harvard Universities and I pursued the study of environmental sciences. At that time Indians were going in for either Engg. or business and I wanted to be in the area where nobody was going. So I did my doctorate and worked with the N.Y. city model programme which we call HUDCO in India, and EPI. Then I did research at University of Pennsylvania, Stanford University and taught simultaneously at N.Y. University. Then I got an opportunity to set up my urban development programmes in 1974. Originally I wanted to settle in America. However I took it upon a challenge to return to India and came back.
2. The subject of environmental programme is a recent innovation in this country. What got you interested in it?
A- Now I feel I'm glad I went into this because I think ultimately the fate of man on this planet will be determined by what he does with his environment. Now all of us recognize that we are living in the age of Science and Technology and this is not going to stop - we are going to enter the era of newer automation and so on. The question we must ask is this - where is all this S and T taking us? I think if we fail to realise that we are totally integrated with the environment without which we cannot survive, we are heading for our own doom. This is more serious in the case of country like India.
3. The model planning and procedures that you have adopted in New York and other places - are they compatible with conditions in India?
A- No, I don't think they are compatible. First of all we have a large rural population and a small urban population. Secondly, our culture is different. What you could do by way of planning in the U.S. you would never apply here. There the concept of planning has shifted from a uni-nucleated city to a multi-nucleated one and the large uni-nucleated cities like N.Y. and Chicago are all collapsing. So I think we should have never imitated the West in this planning process. We should have had decentralised cities which are better integrated with the rural environment.

Today we are creating two societies - the rural society and the urban society. The urban society is an exclusive, elitist society which has no concern for the rest of the country. And an education system is built around that, IITs and Universities are built

around that. And their concept is to build this oasis of the elitist society where you can get opportunities, position and money, oblivious to what happens to the rest of the country. So I become a Professor and you a student for the sole purpose of perpetuating this dichotomy in the Indian society. I think this is where lie our confusions and failures and in the end this society will lead to contradiction and ultimately disaster.

4. Was it to attempt to rectify this that you are returned to India?

A- No, I don't think I have come to rectify anything at all except probably a small ^{play} role in generating basic knowledge and bringing a new thinking among young people. I think if there is a salvation for this country, it will have to come from the young people. They have to realise their role in revolutionising the corroded and rotten structure that exists in society. Our institutions - educational, economic, government and social - are good for a museum, they have no place in the face of the problem we have and the future we want to design. The task is mammoth and we must mobilise our resources and people, particularly young people, in giving a new direction to society rather than being a victim to corrupt politicians, elitist educationists, ignorant parents and religious leaders. The whole thing is sick, it's a sickness in which we're living.

5. Should we then inculcate a different value system in youngsters?

A- Absolutely - The new values we need are those of intellectual exploration, creativity, challenge to authority, elimination of elitist institutions and we must bring education down to the street-corner, homes and towns so that all education is part of a total social development. A student cannot isolate himself into these pyramids which exist away from the real society and its problem. Real education systems have to be in harmony with social ethos. That's not happening today. Students today want to go into the employment market and get the quickest possible return for the money spent, though most of this money came from the society at the cost of millions of poor people. But I suppose the events will catch up. Those, who are thrown on the wayside, for the benefit of a few people are one day going to rebel against this system.

6. Do you think we made a mistake after Independence in neglecting the rural people and going in for massive industrialisation of the urban areas which only benefited a few?

A The villages, actually, were made the dumps of Indian failures and all investment was made in urban areas. The cities today are the reflection of this same kind of divisiveness - half the people living in subhuman, animal conditions and a few people getting all the benefits. I think our industrial plans, as they were developed, were totally wrong in terms of the needs and requirements of the country although I am not a Gandhian, and I do not accept Gandhi's ideas of cottage industries. My concern is to have such a pattern that enables us to integrate the rural and urban growth together. You cannot stop people from becoming urban anymore, people want to obtain the effects of the latest technology.

7. How relevant is modern technology to India? Is setting up of high technological centres, even IIT's, a luxury when the benefits of these do not diffuse to all but received only by a few?

A- I think what you point out is very true. We have developed an elitist technology in this country and that includes elitist values. And I think, technology in this country is highly selective in its overall purpose. We know whom we want to serve. We invest plan, develop according to that purpose and as far as the masses are concerned, you are as oblivious as I am. If 10,000 children in the slums would die in the next one month, I don't think you or anyone who is a beneficiary of this glamorous technology would care. We may shed a couple of tears when we see it on a

movie but I don't think in a real sense, we care. I still think that there is massive conspiracy of the few against the masses of the country.

8. Would you blame the politicians for this?

A. Who are the politicians? They are products of what we want to create. So you can't blame them. They are produced by us. They are perpetuating what we want them to. The politician that we are talking about is nothing but symptom of a sick society.

9. Do you think our country would be left behind if she didn't go in for high technology?

A. We must make clear distinctions here. There are areas where we must have high technology in order to survive in this highly competitive world. However there are many areas where low technology will solve our problems much faster.

10. What about colour TV?

A. I wish we would use TV for mass education and rural and slum development programmes. Instead most of the TV programmes are worth nothing. They are imported from the West and they are shown to the people who could have seen them anyway whether it is a dance or music programme. So TV seeing serves no purpose. It's an irrelevant technology at present, the way it is being utilised though it is a marvellous and powerful tool for development.

11. Our society is fatalistic. We believe in fate and that each one is what he's supposed to be. Now do you think such a society can rebel?

A. I don't believe that things can continue like this forever. It's question of time. People are fatalistic and will continue to remain for a long period of time but when it comes to their self interest people will realise that fate is not what determines their future. A good example is the 'rasta roko' in Bombay. I do see a point here but then most societies are fatalistic, not just our own. It is always secure to be fatalistic since the future is always unpredictable and nobody wants to take the responsibility for it. I think fatalism is exaggerated in India; however I came across many people in Europe and South America who are equally fatalistic.

12. What are your views on the Silent Valley project?

A. I am dead against it. My main reason for this - there are several reasons - is that in this country we have taken the whole problem of environment for granted. We think that we have a right to maraud, destroy, and eliminate nature as we want. If we do not realise the larger forces that exist in the stream of nature then, I think, we are very short-sighted, very selfish and in the end self-destructive.

I was told that this area (IIT) was a big forest. If I had the choice I'd have never put IIT here. I'd have put it somewhere else and saved this forest in perpetuity as a lung for the city of Madras. It is these forests which preserve the eco-system of the entire area.

13. How far have you been getting cooperation from the Government?

A. As far as my experience goes, I'd say that the role of academicians, scientists, planners is limited in our society. We live in isolated ivory towers. Our influence on the political process is very, very limited and the forces of politics are very powerful. They control, they determine on grounds which are totally irrelevant, the aspects of scientific development. As far as our influence is concerned, I think it is very marginal. We are contributing to a perpetuation of the system rather than its change.

14. Don't you get frustrated then? Don't you feel you're waging a futile battle? You might be regretting why you came back.

A. It is futile, I will be honest, in the sense that it is a cry in the wilderness. The way our cities are going, I'm sick of it. The way our ecology is being destroyed, I'll have to cry for thousand year. I do not know what the solution is. I think ultimately it lies in scientists, educationists, technologists becoming part of the political process. They've to come out of their hideouts. The tragedy for most of us is that we are shy of challenging the political forces because then our base is broken. We are also shy of facing the political reality because it is so dirty and filthy.

We may be holding high posts - Directors and Secretaries - and some of us may be doing brilliant work, but ultimately we have to ask the question 'What is it doing to our country?' We have responsibilities towards the future of this country. If this is taken into account, I think we are a failure including myself. Because we are overwhelmed by the system and we accept it and our fervour dies away.

15. One of our extra-mural lecturers had pleaded for a more humanistic basis in science. What

A. I'm an anti-humanist. In all our scientific theories and planning we can't put man as the centre of the universe. The humanism of the 19th century is totally irrelevant to the 20th century. I think if I were to put anything at the centre of the universe, I'd put a tree because man and man's values, to a great extent, are irrelevant to the preservation of this planet. It's good to be nice to you and have sympathy for you and all that but I think there are more important ecological considerations for this planet.

16. Do you believe in something like God?

A. That question is irrelevant to me because I don't understand it. What I don't understand I say I don't know. If you ask me, 'Do you believe in kakapoopoo'? I won't know what you are talking about. You may have a meaning for it, but I don't.

17. It's not scientifically proven, is it?

A. If its not scientifically proven, I don't believe it anything. That does not mean I'll not be good to you. I do believe in ethics and the larger values of society. Those who are humanists are sometimes the most exploitative people. Sympathy for a poor man, a beggar, is the worst thing I can think of. I want beggars to have the same opportunities that I have in this system. Then I'm really a humanist. But to work in the slums as a social worker and to take care of 10,000 decrepit people is a totally anti-human activity. To work towards changing the conditions that we all have an opportunity to share the resources and develop our potential fully is to my mind, really humanist. We must work with the causes and not with the symptoms.

18. But science is meant to serve the people.

A. Of course, I am for serving the people. The disabled people in our country are the worst off in the world and we have the technology to enable them to have equal opportunities as able people.
19. Yes Sir, Thank you very much.

JOURNALISM WORKSHOP

- ENVY'S SWAMY -

It's true that in college campuses, only isolated pockets of literary talent do exist and the production of a college magazine is always plagued by problems. One round 't laudable that an attempt was made to bring together the amateur scribes from different colleges and expose them to different facets of journalism. It was a pleasant surprise that with little experience and no encouragement whatsoever, WCC, with the help of the Indian Express, had organized a Journalism Workshop in the month of February. It should be mentioned, however, that the organization was sloppy.

The workshop was a listless affair throughout. It sputtered and whistled uneasily through the tortuous passage of a whole week. The participants did savour a few new recipes during the workshop. But in general, it appeared that they did not evince any critical interest in the intricacies of journalism and were content with the status quo. Not much was offered for one to learn and nobody noticed the difference.

A few sessions were meaningful. The talk on 'Photo Journalism' by Mr. Paghavendra Rao of the Indian Express was really instructive though it was conducted too rapidly for one's understanding. The notice board journalism had its uses. But the specimens that colleges came up with were lukewarm, insipid and unimaginative. Mr. Mitran Devanesan was the torch-bearer of the 'new' type of journalism which consisted of high speed, jerky, four letter words. Perhaps he was keen on introducing an Indian version of the 'new' journalism with words like 'Dishoom', 'Damal' etc. But one could certainly make do with comics for such ghastly effects. Some of his own pieces, however were remarkable for their detail and graphic effects. In general there was not much that a curious participant could know.

The workshop ground to a close with a competition being held for the compilation of a typical campus leaf. It was ironical that two dark horses from Campastimes ran out easy winners, because they were conspicuous by their absence during the first four days of the workshop. Apparently the workshop seems to have had a negative effect on those who participated.

The workshop was not without its aftermath and the finale was enacted during one of those sultry afternoons when the winners were asked to come over to WCC to pick up the shield. While they were groping even in clear daylight, trying to spot the organizers, they were summoned to the Principal's room. They almost recoiled in shock when a fusillade of shots rang out; the head of WCC ticked them off rather harshly. She pulled them up for 'lacking' manners and told them that they should not have entered the premises during working hours. Coming out dazed, the IITians happened to run into the WCC Campus leaf editor. Despite severe threats from the 'bouncers' outside the Principal's room against talking to any girl, they approached her and related their tale of terror. Thereupon, she went in and, apparently, received the same treatment from the peevish principal, but managed to elicit permission for handing out the prizes. An impromptu ceremony outside the office saw the matter through, the principal, naturally, abstaining. A passing crowd looked on benignly; it seemed to be the only friendly soul in the campus.

While this is certainly not one's idea of what's referred to as 'healthy interaction', it should be said that 'hospitality' is not one of WCC's strong points. Perhaps hysteria cannot help repeating itself. The stern-faced Principal seems to have a score to settle with IIT in general, because a couple of students who had gone with the Gerhard Fischer Basketball invite had been dealt with the same iron hand. They had been pulled up for requesting some girls to lead them to any of their basketball players even as the Principal was looking on through the window of her room. Returning crestfallen, they chanced upon some BL players and, being quickwitted, handed over the invite, little knowing that the Principal was on to her window-peeping act again. A massive summons issued forth and the IITians were shepherded into those august confines along with the players and sundry other stragglers, and this time, the boot was clearly shown. "I will not allow anybody to talk to any of my girls without my permission", thundered the Principal as she kicked the poor chaps out.

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

1. Wanted: Meteorologist (1) and Air-traffic assistants (2)
Meteorologist: Duties involve predicting weather conditions, fog, rain, visibility etc. This information is for the benefit of levitators.
Air-traffic assistant: Should be capable of controlling, directing and co-ordinating human-traffic in air. Previous experience essential.

Transcendental Meditation Club of IIT.

SALE!!

Torn shirts and pairs of slippers of different colours and sizes available for the intels. Campus residential status is conditional for concessional purchase of the aforementioned items.

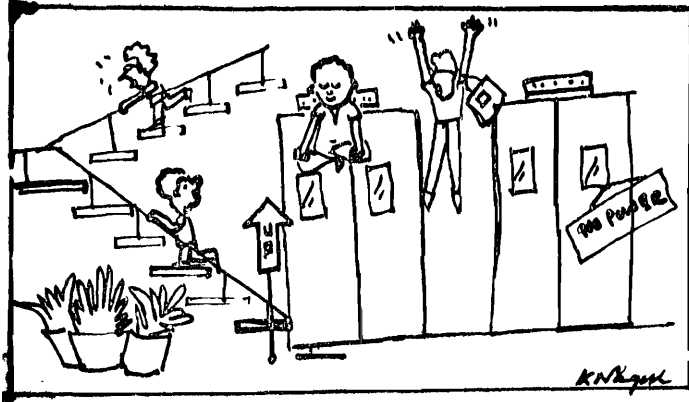
AN APPEAL: Requests for displaying slides at OA^m on Saturdays should be received before 7.00 p.m. Those who lose their purses or watches or fall and break their legs and wish to announce the fact shall do these things well before 7 p.m., failing which no requests will be entertained.
- Film Club Secretary.

BUZZ OFF !

Pussycat, pussycat where have you been?
I have been to IIT to look at the Dean.
Pussycat, Pussycat what did you there?
Twiddled my little thumbs outside his lair.
Why did you that, Pussycat?
Because, in IIT, the Dean's always busy.

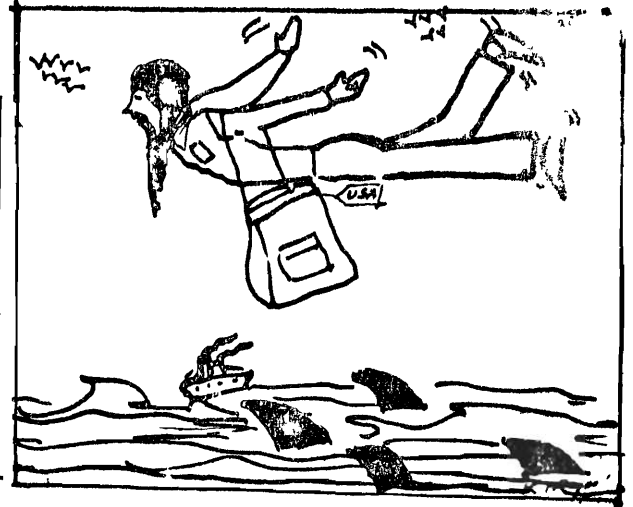
NOTICE

All 4th and 5th floor employees of Ad. Block are urged to join the Transcendental Meditation course and learn levitation immediately.
The lifts will not be in operation for a long time as the power shortage is expected to continue.



EDUCATIONAL:

Maharishi University of Creative Intelligence, U.S.A. offers Masters and Doctoral Programmes in various branches of pure and applied Transcendental Meditation. High scores in GMAT (Graduate Meditation Aptitude Test) essential for admission and financial aid. A number of teaching and research assistantships available. Selected candidates are expected to make the passage here at their own effort.



SOFT VOICE - DR. A.V. KRISHNA RAO -

Pontification is probably a sin; hopefully, a minor one in the sense that it is venial and not venal. The beauty of it is that every one condemns it in no uncertain terms but commits it at the earliest opportunity. Perhaps that is what makes us human.

I recall a saying from the past: "A university is a collection of books". If you 'see through' the metaphor, a university is a corporate body of scholars whose pursuit of learning is a kind of cooperative enterprise. While each may pursue learning in his own way, each is a member of the community of scholars. A community implies a sense of belonging together as well as an ethos of communication. It also has, presumably, a set of shared values, literary tastes and judgement.

As a rule, most IITians, it seems to me, shy away from the books of a general nature - with some exceptions as usual. You don't need however, more than your fingers to count those exceptions (which, incidentally, in my view, prove the rule more about the masters than about the disciples). Of course, youngsters have more time for general reading than "the elders" can spare; and that is that.

I wish someone from the Department of Humanities and Social Sciences would conduct a social survey to test the purely impressionistic generalisations, above. They survey should also reveal the literary taste and judgment of an average reading Iitian. To hazard a personal view again, while none of us can be legitimately called a "High Brow" in the sense Aldous Huxley used it, a good many of us are insufferable "Middle Brows" and a vast majority of us are intolerable "Low Brows". I feel therefore awfully amused and bemused whenever the distinguished Extra-mural Speaker mistakes us for the "elite" and "the cream" of the Indian intelligentsia. Of course, I feel for the nonce 90' tall and fly home by the Jumoo of my inflated ego. In the end, I feel rather embarrassed. To return to the subject, a person's high I.Q. does not ipso facto make his or her literary taste and judgment A-I. C.P. Snow, a physicist who turned novelist, tries to bridge the gap between the "two cultures" of Arts and Human/Social Sciences on the one hand and the Basic Sciences and Applied Sciences (Engineering, Agriculture, and Medicine) on the other - in, atleast, intellectual terms. For, "man does not live by bread alone". That is precisely why he should endeavour to develop the proper taste in his general reading, which is indeed a matter of judgment. Taste and judgement are therefore intertwined and ought to be related to the limited time, available to us.

Some years ago, an average IITian was intellectually a cut above the rest. With the passage of time, there has been a general deterioration in our students' ability to wield the pen for creative or even functional purposes. Not many seem to care about their verbal ability, which is a pity, because it is gaining enormous importance in all professions. Your professional success today is vitally linked to, and determined by, your communicative competence. Hence the importance of reading and writing and listening and speaking; all of

which should be in good taste. What about the Faculty then? - i. the irresistible question. "Less said the better" should suffice for an honest reply. There are, I hasten to add, excellent exceptions among them. Robert Pirsig's Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Maintenance, Alvin Toffler's The Future Shock, David Harris's I'm OK you're OK, Saul Bellow's Herzog, Bernard Malamud's The Assistant, Chinua Achebe's Arrow of God, Anita Desai's Voices in the City, Patrick White's The Tree of Man - to mention at random a few "Neo-Moderns" - are familiar to at least some members of the IITian faculty. I have no doubt that here are, despite whatever has been said earlier, quite a few outstanding IITian students - even today - who take such interest in 'general' reading that their geetel elders are put to shame. Here then is an example of pontification par excellence.

JUDGES MUST BE JUDGES

- [Few of us can forget Justice V.R. Krishna Iyer's fiery rhetoric at CLT-CAMPASTIMES had a trying time interviewing him. Justice Krishna Iyer had a the perplexing knack not uncommon, of answering anything but the question put to him. Often his answers would be couched in long divagations which had no relevance to the question. What we are giving below has been sieved from that huge mass of verbiage.]
- CAMPASTIMES: In our country the executive seems to have a conflict with the Judiciary. Sometime back a minister said that 600 million people want a law but two judges strike it down. What do you think of this?
- KRISHNA IYER: I don't think that in a proper perspective there can be a conflict between the executive and the judiciary. It is true that certain orders made by the executives, why, certain legislation made by the legislatures have been struck down by the judiciary because the touch stone that the judiciary adopts is the constitution and it isn't what pleases the political party in power or for that matter the political party in the opposition.
- C: But you do admit that there is a conflict now?
- K: What conflict? There is no conflict.
- C: There is one, at least by what the politicians have been saying, by what we read in the papers. Every politician has been trying to make it out that he wants to do good for the country but the judiciary is trying to block him.
- K: I have been saying the other thing. We want to do good for the country but the executive has not been allowing us.
- C: So it turns out that there is a conflict.
- K: There is no conflict!
- C: At least during the period of the emergency, the period before the emergency and after the emergency the contours of this conflict have become very clear.
- K: This is a misapprehension altogether. It is ignorance to think that there is any conflict. Really there is no conflict. Any executive authority will tell you "I can pass orders only within the parameters of the constitution". If any welfare legislation has been struck down by the judiciary, a new law must be made within the limits of the constitution. This can be as effective and the constitution provides enough room for passing welfare legislation.
- C: No Sir, the question is: Isn't there a tendency for the executive to assume a lot of power and a tendency to blame the judiciary when it tries to curtail this power?
- K: No more than the students have the power to complain about the teachers and the teachers about the students.
- C: So, you say that this is normal of any country.
- K: Yes! In any country, this happens.
- C: What about this talk of a committed judiciary?
- K: Judges must be committed and not committed. They must be committed to the constitution and the country and not committed to any party or person.
- C: The executive, in a way, by what we know of the appointment and transfer of judges holds a certain amount of authority over the judiciary. So, in this way, can't judges be influenced?
- K: Judges are appointed not only by the executive but also in consultation with the Chief Justice. Hardly one or two judges in the entire thirty years of history of this country have been appointed contrary to the wishes of the Chief Justice. It is a hoax and a total misapprehension and a false propaganda to think that the executive is appointing judges of its own choice. It's not.
- C: What about the supersession of the judges?
- K: No, no. Don't run away from one question to another. Let me clear this. So far there has been no case, perhaps one or two cases, where any judge has been appointed to any court in this country in opposition to the wishes of the Chief Justice of India. This is very important.
- C: Sir, but this is also relevant.
- K: Which?
- C: That judges have been superseded.
- K: Once in the history of this country.
- C: No, it has happened twice. In '77 also it happened.
- K: Yes. You're correct. In '77 also it happened.
- C: Was it against the wishes of the Chief Justice then?
- K: Yes. It must have been. (grudgingly)
- C: You mean it was for political reasons?
- K: Yes, it was. And, sometimes, politics is wholesome.
- C: So, you have finally admitted that the executive has some power...
- K: No, no. Executive does have power because the constitution gives power to the executive.

Who are you and I ask the constitution? (Bursts out in anger). In the time Minister is given the power she must exercise it. He or she. Morarji Desai will exercise it, and exercise it. Indira Gandhi will exercise it, should exercise it and the manner in which it is exercised is the question. Remember also there has been another case. Mr. P. Narul Islam, now a judge of the Supreme Court, was superseded when he was a judge of the Assam High Court. He was the senior most judge there and should have become the Chief Justice. But the Janata Government at that time superseded him and brought a new man from outside. All parties are of the same hue. That's what I wanted to tell you. Because if you have any politics within you, I want to correct that.

C: Sir, many a time your analysis of the situation is couched in Marxist terms. Also, you liberally quote Gandhi and Nehru. How do you reconcile Marxism and Gandhism?

K: No, no, they are both the same. Gandhi was a practical artist of Marxism. He did not know the theory of Marxism and so did not use the verbal haberdashery of the Marxist. But, he had an instinctive understanding of dialectical materialism. He knew the revolutionary role that religion could play. Although the Marxists have condemned religion, religion has also got a revolutionary edge. Swami Vivekananda, for instance, used religion for what? For a transformation of the entire structure of society. He so often said, 'do you denounce materialism. We need materialism'. He says 'I'll rather be a realist because half a loaf is better than none'.

C: In particular violent class war against Gandhi's advocacy of non-violence?

K: I am not okaying everything that Gandhi said. Nor am I okaying everything that our violent species say. But I have said somewhere that Marxism is the opium of the masses.

C: What are your comments about the blinding cases of Bihar? Was it a case of the police overreacting or was it a case of the law not enforcing itself properly?

K: No. There's a lot to be said beyond what appears on the surface. What the policemen did is barbaric. At the same time the legal system, in a wider sense including the investigative machinery, is the villain of the piece. What the people found was that the investigations were dilatory. You never get at the man. If you do get at the man, the court says the identification is not complete, this is not right, that is not right, the probability is not there, acquit! So, the villagers find the really guilty people never get punished. So it is much better that we authorise the police to finish off the fellows and when the policemen do this, some people shriek. The people say 'they have done what we wanted them to do'. That's why this fantastic phenomenon, something scandalising,

of the Bar Association of Bhagalpur and the people of Bhagalpur supporting the policemen in their act of blinding. We have to find out why the pathology of the place is like this. There you come up against the investigative machinery, the defects in the judicial system. The Courts going on finding a little benefit of doubt here, a little benefit of doubt there and acquitting everywhere. I've condemned it myself. What is it that these people are doing? Say, 10 guilty men may be set free, 1 innocent man may not be punished. I've asked them to multiply the arithmetic. 1000 guilty men may be set free, 1 innocent man may not be punished. If million guilty men may be set free, one innocent man may not be punished. This extreme susceptibility for one innocent man among the million guilty men, proves an instrumentality of the judicial system which assures that all guilty men may be abroad again, and this is destructive of the faith of the people in the justice system. This is partly indicated in the Bhagalpur incident.

C: Then do you suggest that the Court take chances with passing judgements?

K: Surely! Absurd! If I shoot you here and then the judges say, 'This man is interested in him, that man is interested in him. So, I'll not do this'. All this scale-pan business! There is commonsense! The judges are not sitting somewhere. They are answerable to the people. They must ensure that the guilty men are punished. A judge who runs away from his duty by hiding behind the benefit of the doubt doctrine is certainly not a judge who deserves to be in office.

C: Are you saying that the judges are not using their commonsense and are trying to go strictly by the law?

K: No, no, no. They are not going strictly by the law. They are making an ass of the law. Not all, but some.

C: Would you say that we should have some innocent people punished rather than acquit....

K: No, no, no. Not that innocent people should be punished, but if an innocent man, by a stray chance, get punished - even now, they are being punished. So many people are in jail, don't you know, with all this weighing with the scale pans? So, the point is that there should be a commonsense appraisal of the situation.

C: Coming to the moral side of it, do you think that some of us have the right to pass judgements on the mistakes of others?

K: Yes. When I review a judgement of a trial court, I certainly find fault with the trial judge. Otherwise I cannot reverse it.

C: Sir, organisations, especially the Government, fight a case all the way from the bottom court to the Supreme Court, thereby taking a elaborate time. Don't you think that to make the legal system efficient, there should be a limit on the no. of appeals that can be made?

K: I surely agree with you. If you expected me to disagree with you, I am sorry. I disappoint you.

C: But, don't you think this is a denial of justice.

K: Absolutely not!

C: But, you have yourself said that the lower court's decisions may be reversed by the higher court.

K: Yes.

C: Every man is entitled to the highest justice in the land!

K: Then if there is a Super Supreme Court, most of the judgements of the Supreme Court will be reversed. Absurd! Can we go on endlessly like that?

MY CRISIS

- M.S. Gopinathan.

The juxtaposition of the 'classical' images of love against its molecular or material dimensions in my poem (On Love) is regrettably interpreted by one reader (Compastimes - Feb. 1981) as a contradiction and traced to an alleged identity crisis in the poet. Perhaps the poem was weak and did not convey fully what was intended.

What was really meant was the unified or dualistic nature of 'matter'. We are familiar with the particle and wave duality of matter in quantum mechanics, which describes the material manifestation of what is sometimes called the 'wavicle'. I believe that 'matter' has also manifestations in the 'spiritual' dimensions. If I may coin a term, the stuff of the universe may be called 'soulicle' - combining the spiritual and material aspects. Just as an electron manifests as a particle or wave depending on the conditions of observation, so does the soulicle manifest its 'material' aspects to the scientist and its 'spiritual' aspects to those so inclined. We have not yet developed the precise language or 'equations' to describe the latter aspect (with apologies to mystics of both the western and eastern variety), though we have made considerable progress with regard to the former.

As a teacher of quantum mechanics I often experience the considerable intellectual barrier that students have to overcome in the transformation of their thinking and their language from classical physics to quantum mechanics. We are now faced with a greater intellectual-cum-spiritual-cum-linguistic challenge in progressing from the purely 'material' or purely 'spiritual' levels to the higher plane where these two aspects are synthesised.

That really is my crisis, where even the language of poetry is ineffective. The best I can do is to juxtapose the 'classical' images of human emotions against its 'molecular' counterparts. There is no attempt at 'reducing' the former to the latter. Rather my aim is to show its duality. Who knows, may be the first rain drop really loves the parched earth and its tremor has the same characteristics or 'frequencies' as those of the quivering lips of the lovers, as those of the affinities of atoms that bind themselves into molecules. These soulicles may have the same kind of interactions. When we can tune our 'intellectual soul' (no contradiction, mind you) to these frequencies, we shall have music. To quote from an early poem of mine,

'We shall have
music of the tender moon
delivered by the clouds.
.....music of the children's smile
.....music of the undulating hips
.....music of the restless electrons,
and of the insatiable elements combining
recombining.....
music of the rhythmic planets.
We shall have an orchestra
by Einstein, Freud and my Grandma
who told such nice bedtime stories.
We shall have music
upon the rockets, under the microscopes
and then upon our souls''.

We have not yet found the 'irreducibles' of the totality of human experience, not even of the wavicles as the current sorry stage of particle physics shows. May be we never will. But the search is exciting and even inescapable for the 'intellectual soul'.

Contd.. from Page 20

G: Many of your judgements are criticised on the grounds that they are too verbose, too florid. Do you think that you should be so verbose in your judgements?

K: I suppose I was wrong. Everybody is not perfect in every sense.

G: Do you think that such judgements are hard to understand and could be misinterpreted?

K: Many people have told me what you've said, that the language is difficult, you have to consult dictionaries, that kind of thing. I've also had a stream of people coming and saying, 'This is pure literature, the like of which we have not come across in judgements.'

We treasure this. This is not merely great law but great literature'. I don't claim to be vain enough to accept this flattery nor am I weak to accept the criticism. I leave it to posterity.

G: Sir, I want to ask you some personal questions.

K: And then, we will wind up?

G: Yes, We'll wind up. I heard that you go to Seances and commune/yourwife's spirit.

K: I've not been able to.

G: But do you believe in it?

K: Ofcourse. It's a fact, It's as much a fact as your technology..... do you believe in this cup? (holds up a teacup) If you do, then I believe in the soul after death. I would ask you to read a book called 'The English Teacher' by R.K. Narayan.

G: About his wife.

K: About his wife. And I had the occasion to meet R.K. Narayan after this and he told me

that every word of it is true. And R.K. Narayan, in my opinion, is not a liar. I would also ask you to read a book 'Flight 401' a paper back. Eastern Airlines' Flight 401 crashed at Miami and the pilot comes back and talks.

Q: How was the experience in your case?

K: My wife's spirit came and spoke to a friend of mine - I won't disclose his name - he's my colleague, a judge of the Supreme Court. And the next day he verified it with me, he asked me - 'Did you do such a thing?' 'How are you asking this question?' - I asked him, 'Mrs. Krishna Iyer came and told X that this happened'.

Q: Doesn't this kind of belief founder in the face of dialectical materialism?

K: I believe in facts, dialectical or no, materialism or no

Q: Then what about your enthusiasm for TM?

K: Because again it's scientific. I wish I could take you to the laboratory in Salzburg where you are tested before, during and after TM. I have myself gone through the test.

Q: Isn't it as it's preached, practised and propagated now, more of an elitist fancy?

K: It should not be. - It depends on the common people taking to it.

Q: No. The way it is being propagated now.

K: Then it's the propagation you must oppose. I've always told Maharishi Mahesh Yogi - you take this to the masses. I've always talked on platforms where he himself is sitting, on the people's consciousness being aroused not the elite's consciousness. This world's hope through TM is by having entire mankind practise TM, not by confining it to half a dozen people.

Q: There are many intellectuals deeply concerned about the country and its future and you perhaps are one of them. How how sincere do you feel you are? Rather how fully committed to this issue are you.... to be honest with yourself?

K: I don't think I'm 100 percent committed. Otherwise I should go and live in the slums. I have not identified myself with the people. Therefore I don't pretend.

Q: Thank you very much (gruff tone). Thank you very much (a squeakier tone).

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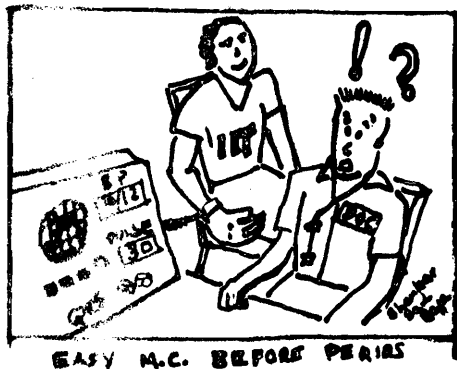
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