

Campastimes

Vol. IX, No. 4

IIT Madras, Summer 1971

25 P.

LITERARY AND CULTURAL WEEK

The annual festive gala of IIT, Madras, got under way with hectic last minute efforts by all involved. It lasted for six days, from 22nd February through 28th, providing entertainment for the great unwashed, and disappointment for the élite. The rock and soul music from the Leo Rumble was the highlight of the week, with the literary and cultural talents of the collegiate crowd of Madras running a close second. Audience participation was more limited this year than the last. The secretaries did the job for them. Let us get into the inner details, mainly the ones that won't cause the big shots in the student hierarchy any loss of sleep.

Monday

Bunking classes started bright and early for the All India debate (Jyoti Nivas). Incidentally, why don't they change the name to Universal debate or something, we might even land a Martian blonde. The organisers wisely decided on a trendy topic. Equality of the sexes will bring about disintegration of Society. But they were in for a surprise. The audience (and the press) discovered that 32 competitors were that number too many. Before the advent of the tenth debater, every one had heard the names of Indira Gandhi, Eve and Vijayalakshmi Pundit, the sterling examples of woman's suffrage, quoted ad nauseam. Oddly enough, the majority of the girls spoke against Women's Lib. Upholding the chastity of Indian womanhood, no doubt, but none of them touched upon the idea that disintegration might be better. Even standard clichés like 'Vive la difference' were, for the most part, ignored and highly Christian morals expounded by more than one speaker. Very few managed to hold the interest of the audience, except Nainan of MCC, Rekha Shetty of Stella Maris, and, of course, the two IITians. Though the speeches were uniformly mediocre, the highly partisan crowd gave a standing ovation to both the IITian speakers, who exploited the situation fully. The notable speakers were Rekha Shetty of Stella Maris (who won the third prize) and Mitrakumari of Law (who didn't). T. Nainan found quite a few of the audience gasping in disbelief, while Mahesh Kumar Khemka, with his eloquence (and histrionics), won the First Prize.

German Recitation

There were movies scheduled to be held at CLT, and then there was this German Recitation competition, judged by Mrs. David among others. All the wise guys introduced themselves and the topics in German, so that we didn't know whether they were spouting Goethe or Brecht. Histrionic side-effects were marked in some of the recitations, and some said 'danke schoen' sweetly. Well, for the fifty odd IITians who attended this function, it was hardly entertaining, but they were thrilled to the roots of their hairs, when Sunder Kumar, an IITian, won the trophy for us. Two Loyola entrants got the second and third prizes respectively.



MCC on a singing spree



The famous IIT group song

Open Group Discussion

This was yet another disappointing item in the week's programme. Well-rehearsed play acting does not really stimulate Group Discussion, and that was why it turned out to be such a farce. The College of Engineering, Gundy, won the first prize, the main factors being their leader and an adequate number of PJs. The rest was nothing to write home about.

Quiz

The quiz was a heart-rending affair, it's time people learnt to be ethical and well-mannered. Abusing of participants is not exactly what the crowd wants to see, and moreover, it is not in good taste. Vijayalatha Reddy, of WCC, won the first prize. WCC carted home the trophy as well.

Entertainment

Entertainment was such a big affair, and a lousy one at that, that one can mention only a few names and Colleges which rose up to the mark. Only the last of the four days provided tolerable fare. AC Tech came on strong with Bharghav Mehta and the Moghuls. Loyola had an okay group playing bubblegum. And Christian, without Ambi Harsha, put up a few skits, sang a few songs and, in general, kept the audience in good humour. But that was not enough to retain the trophy. SIET College, in the tradition of Usha Natarajan, had charming Hemalata Subramaniam as MC and she proved to be as good as her predecessor. They danced and did a whole pile of funny things on stage and walked away with the Entertainment Trophy. The Valedictory function was addressed by Dr. Chandran Devanesan.

CARICATURE

Shri Navzer Mehta

I confess, at the outset, that I am somewhat at a loss for words. This is, to be sure, wholly puzzling. There aren't many in this Institute who know Navz as well as I do. Maybe that's the trouble. I know too much about him so it's a trying exercise to decide where to start. (Not to worry, Navz. Albeit no holds barred in this column, this guy ain't no stool pigeon squealer, your dern tootin'. So I am not on the verge of spilling the beans, if that's what you are thinking.)

First the man. Who is he??? He is this tall fair, loose-limbed loose-jointed, loose-shirted, loose shoed young man, mild of manners, discreet of tongue, not to mention stuff of upper lip and noble of nose. That is Navz in a 'broad nutshell'.

As for his face, not having seen him for two months makes me pretty uncertain as to the position there. In the four odd years I've known Navz, I've seen him with sideburns without them with them again. Meanwhile he has combed his hair straight forwards, straight backwards, straight up. Apart from this he wears a beard occasionally. I'll say one thing for this boy. Variety is the spice of his life. (More spicy stuff on this later on.)

Navz hails from Lovedale in the Nilgiris. He also comes from there. When he does, after the holidays, one is generally struck by the clear eye, the rosy pink complexion and the cold nose complete with packed-frame. Which he displays to his full advantage. But come a couple weeks and the above youth undergoes a phenomenal transformation. Gone is the veneer of prosperity

The eye, once clear, and the rosy pink complexion, is replaced by deathly pallor. As for the well-picked frame, it has a tendency to unpack itself. Towards the end of the semester, Navz can hardly walk on the streets without the risk of being packed up on vibrancy charge.

Navz is a versatile guy with many interests. Horses and Aeroplanes occupy quite a chunk of his time. The latter especially, he takes most seriously. Life at IIT wouldn't be complete in the evenings without the familiar sight and sound of Navz circling the hostels, tennis courts etc. generally giving himself a feeling of superiority in the process. Occasionally, he takes a passenger along with him on his routes, normally a girl. When you are where eagles dare, do as the eagles do, is the maxim. Once I managed to bum a ride from him and that would count as the most unforgettable experience of my life. Suffice it to say that I left my stomach and my nose somewhere up in the eternal blue.

Navz's ambition is to become a commercial pilot. Occasionally, however, he gets mad-cap ideas such as doing his doctorate studies in Aeronautical Engineering, but they don't generally last long. He takes his flying in deadly earnest. 'It's my profession, yar,' he says, leaving you with the feeling that you should be devoting more time to your branch subjects.

Regarding his doing with girls (the opposite sex, yet!) Navz is generally brief (rarely exceeding a month) and to the point. However, like all strong men he has his weak moments and is sometimes swept off his feet and sits gathering clouds for months after. This

generally happens at the rate of once per annum.

However, don't let that fool you, the shaggy exterior that he generally wears. Navz has certain qualities that separate him from the common rut. Among these are a doggedness of purpose and a unique penchant for getting what he wants through the easiest possible means. The lad has a bright future, shady past notwithstanding.

Navz's interest in politics was handled last year after the Carnival Word went around in the hostels, 'Navz is the man for G Sec post'. 'That's him tottering over there, the future G Sec'. And sure enough, the voice of the people didn't go unheard and Navz made it to the celebrated chair with no major mishap. And he's done a damn good job of it. No small thanks to him for making the Inter-IIT Meet the roaring success it was. No caricature on Navz would be complete without a mention of his Airforce mo-bike which is a caricature on wheels. This unique machine was fabricated in the days of Bronto Sauri (!) and square wheels by the stone age fore-runner of Henry Ford in one of his less creative moments. Next time you see Ramesh Pat on Navz's pillion, observe him carefully and you will see that he's actually holding all the parts together. But, technical impossibility though it may seem, it moves all right. Just about.

Navz is a class by himself. Exactly what class, the reader is left to decide. One thing I know. It will be sad to see him go.

PRASAD

Horror Story or Watch Out, This Means You

As the title indicates, this is a horror story. The villains here, are not, however, made of ectoplasm and do not reside in coffins. They are of flesh and blood and they live in colleges, universities and other institutions of learning. For convenience, the story is set in our own little Institute. The hero is a gent who has just left school and has entered this hell-hole.

He joins with visions of brainy Professors expounding on relativity, and long hairs discussing Sinayavsky or Rand. It doesn't take long, however, for him to realize that things are not as they should be. The first faint inkling that things are not right comes from the architecture around the joint. There must be something wrong, he concludes, with people who design and authorize the construction of massive cubes and cuboids whose heavy horizontal lines seem to stifle all originality, all fresh-thinking and contain his imagination in a shell of concrete. However, this is not a major fear and he dispels this with a whistle or whatever else people do when they pass a graveyard at night.

Next, he finds that most of the Departments are full of Lecturers and Assistant Professors, who, it is clear, know nothing of the subjects in which they are supposed to have got Ph.Ds. and the like. Here, one earnest gentleman declares that a ball thrown on an inclined wall at a certain angle will bounce to the top of the wall, there another gentleman asserts with great sincerity that I is equal to ER and proceeds to prove it. (In other Colleges, there exist savants of literature who have not heard of Mailer, Robert Lowell or Grass and wouldn't know what to make of their works if they saw them. This may seem surprising, until one realizes that in this country, Ph.Ds. are awarded to people who have done nothing but rearrange the standard physical tables. I could go on for pages on this subject but there isn't any real need to do so.

(This sorta thing, however, is only to be expected in a society which equates money to respect and therefore considers the lecturers its servants and outcasts. In other countries, the professor and the academician stand at the helm of social respect and regard scale, and so there is an incentive for bright young graduates to start teaching in Universities. Here, on the other hand, only those guys who have been rejected by industry step into the lecturing line. Increase the salary of a lecturer to about a thousand a month and the academic atmosphere will definitely improve.) These are no more than the rattling of chains or the tapping of ghostly footsteps. The real horror part comes next.

Having realized that he is intellectually superior to the establishment, our hero turns to his fellow students, only to find that a deciding majority of these young men, the cream of the country and so forth are little lambs who follow Mary, or the Great Grade Goddess wherever she may go. In extreme cases, which nevertheless exist, they are sycophants who prostitute their minds by bribing the lecturer with extra respect and other pleasing mindless things. Those remaining prefer to emasculate themselves by making use of their admittedly extraordinary ability to stare at a printed page and reproduce it verbatim a few days later. Apart from Sears and Piskunov they read nothing else. Those among them who get high grades have no outside inte-

rests, no points of view, no inkling that there exists outside the wall of their cloister a wonderful world of literature and, more important, a country which desperately lacks a corps of intellectuals. These intellectual zeros, then, by a process akin to induction, endeavour to emasculate our poor hero too. If he does take all the precautions, he escapes to find that he cannot exist in this country, no more than a harem attendant can live outside the harem, and is therefore, bitten by Bacillus Americanus and emplanes for Yankee-land, leaving behind an army of you-know-who's to take care of the Sovereign Democratic Republic of India. The leadership, the intelligentsia, the scientific infra-structure that this country so badly needs, is therefore denied to it and it falls easy prey to the first gentleman who has the ability to fool a lot of people, or to the first foreign country that is sufficiently interested in taking over, the net result is anarchy, chaos and destruction.

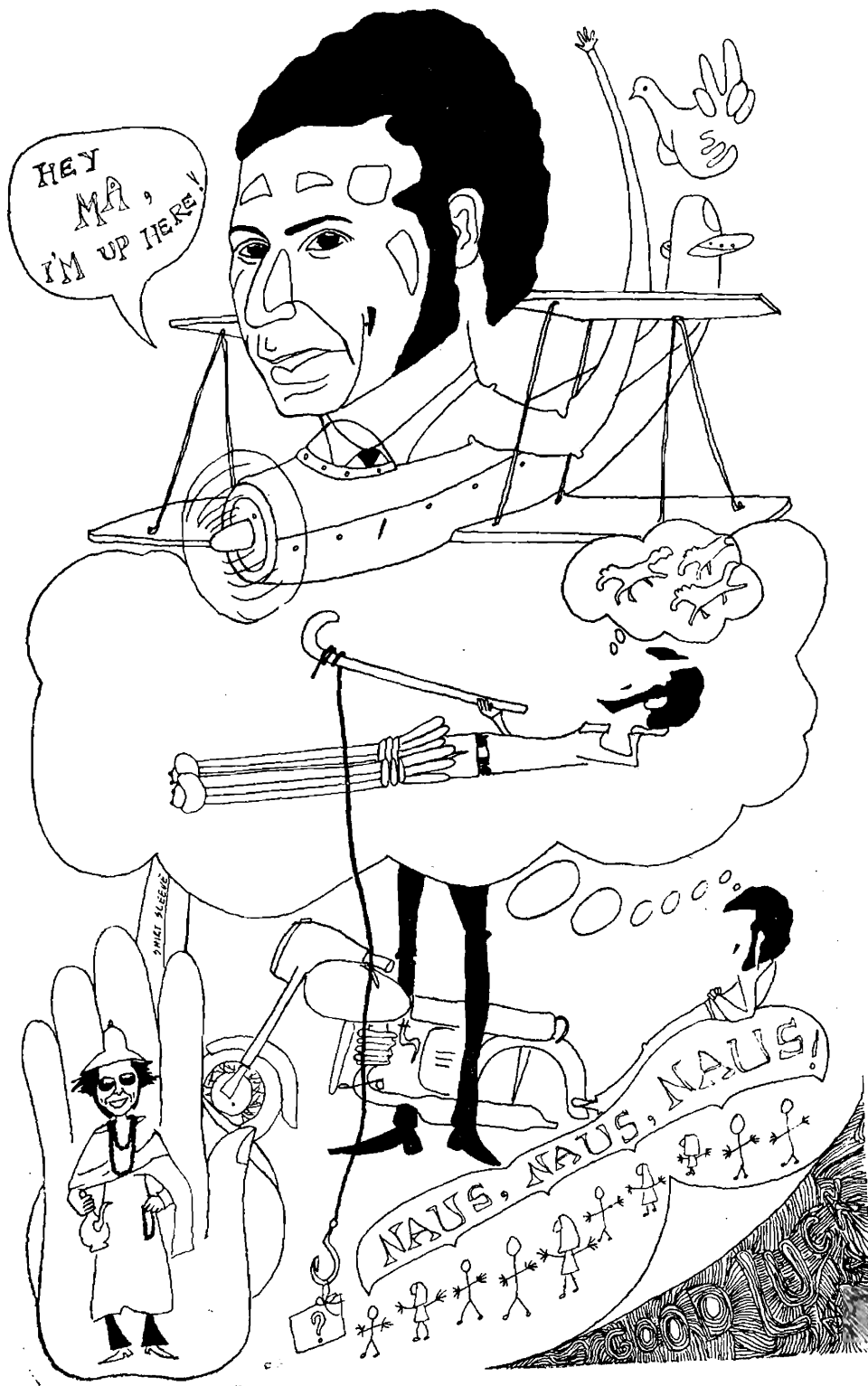
And so, the chains have rattled and gone. The last nails have been driven into the coffin. The monsters have claimed their victims and the victim (Ha, Ha, fooled ya) is not the hero but the hero's country. What do we do about it? Don't ask me, boys. I ain't got nothing that will help.

SRI

I send my best wishes to the Sport Festival of the Indian Institute of Technology. It is an excellent idea, I think, that the IIT, which is so famous as a centre of technological studies of every kind, the sport is also given a good place. So it is not only the spiritual, but also the physical training, which is provided by the IIT. This gives a good harmony to the young students, who get their education at the IIT. And the festival, which is arranged in honour of the sport, will be a very good opportunity to further the interest in sport activities.

I wish the Sport Festival of the IIT a very good and bright success.

DR ERNST KUTSCHER



Personalities

'C'H'E*A'T'I'N'G,' SAYS



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Who owns the Workshops? Mr Ebert, that's who. He is the Works Manager of IIT Central Workshops—the biggest non-productive workshop in India—and he has been here before times were so good. When he arrived in 1959—and that was twelve years ago—the only thing existing was the foundation stone. A pretty impressive record, you might say. 'I have installed about every machine here,' he told us when we went to interview him—and when a man like Mr Ebert says that you can't think he is bragging.

Walk into his office sometime and forget about the formalities—Ebert is not one to waste time saying things like good morning. State your business and out comes a 'yes' slip before you have even finished. You would probably go in and ask him to lend you the milling machine, and he would give you an 'yes' slip without so much as looking up. 'I trust the students,' he said, 'After all IIT is built for students and if you don't trust them, what else is there?' A lot of supervisors feel that undergrads are just a minor irritation in the paradise, and that is putting it mildly.

Mr Ebert isn't Betriebsleiter for nothing. If you asked him about his love life (I didn't), his wife would probably come out a close second—to machines! After four years in a place like this, talking to a man who is really interested in his job is fantastic. After hours, he reads about aircraft, unlike us morons resorting to spicier literature. You can see the gleam in his eye when he speaks about a gear cutting machine or a universal milling machine, and you know the workshop is in capable hands. Unfortunately, as it turns out with our beautiful bureaucracy, the hands aren't exactly free.

As most of us would have noticed (if you haven't man, you're dumb) students are second class citizens in the workshop. Ever tried to get anything done there? You need half a dozen 'yes' slips from Mr Ebert before you can drill a hole there. 'What gives?' we asked. 'I know it's a problem,' said Mr Ebert, 'but the main reason is fitting and machine shops are terribly understaffed. So the foremen try and get rid of the small fry with little obstacles. Now it's become a way of life for them. I can give you all the 'yes' slips and tell them, but what more can I do? I do suppose more staff would help.

'What about all the cheating in the workshop?' we asked, and Mr Ebert, he didn't bat an eyelid, 'Sure there is cheating in the

workshops, not only of material, but also of time. I even know the people who are doing it regularly. Kicking them out is another point though. Apparently, once everyone is made permanent, kicking him out is next to impossible, unless you catch him red-handed, which also is a formidable task, unless Mr Ebert buys himself a superspy outfit. 'I can make the Central Workshops the best in India, if only I can kick out half a dozen lazy men. But 'he flung out his hands in helplessness. You know the story about one bad apple in the basket—which is why the Workshop is the way it is.

Mr Ebert not being the kind of person to duck questions, we could get into trouble printing all his replies. If you want to know what else is wrong with the workshop, go and see him. If you also want to know why we have eight weeks of fitting, go and see him. After a small talk, you will come out convinced that greatness begins with getting a flat surface in one minute of filing. Oh, by the way, he wasn't a Panzer tank commander, he was only a small boy ducking the Allied bombs! When he goes in 1973, it's going to be a sad day for those who want to get anything done in the workshop—those little 'yes' slips will be gone with him. And drilling a hole would be impossible, Dear Diro, take heed!

DULEEP

itself upto accepting this while we are here, there is no reason at all to reject this.

The Inter-Hostel Sports Meet evoked the usual enthusiastic response—on the final day, that is, when every extra man meant extra vocal pressure on the Diro to get on with his usual sequence of hush-blush-and-declare the next day a holiday. Honestly when one meandered on to the field on any of the other days when the so called heats—they could just as well have tossed—were being held, one took quite some time to recall that we, as has so often been stressed by Navzer, had won the Inter-IIT Meet. It was just amusing until, when they had to press a hostel attendant to take part in some event, it became really pathetic. I mean, not that one expected hordes on the track—who would like to see the stadium tumble down anyway?—but surely more people must have known that something was going on somewhere in the campus.

The glut of the Hostel Days is on and people go around quite cheerfully, spending the evening hobnobbing with those privileged among the Staff and others. Such as they are, one adjures them to watch what they say and do, because it is so, so easy to say and do the wrong thing.

KUMAR.

OF THINGS.....

The Cultural Week? This really was the year of gentlemanly behaviour. Escorts and ushers thronged the joint and one felt really glad that there was no dearth in the campus of people who could play the gracious host. If this was welcome conduct, one couldn't quite find the words to describe the gentlemanly reception that the audience accorded to all the participants. Except for stray characters—like the one who vociferously insisted on knowing why the conductor of the MCC singing band wore a waistcoat—Navzer and gang must be feeling thrilled and stunned.

No description, of course, of the 1971 Cultural Week would ever pass for anything but hypocrisy without a few words—hasty, perforce—on the much-debated Quiz programme. While it has been universally acknowledged that this is one of the most difficult events of the week, one can't quite understand why the organisers insisted on calling a real character to conduct the whole thing. I mean, when a person goes about bunging insults at younger people—and that too tiringly repetitive insults—and wants to pass it off as a matter of style, then it is high time people started thinking twice about putting that person twice in a position where he can do the bunging.

One wouldn't want to associate oneself with any other comments made on any other of the officials of the Week. All credits, however, to those people to whom the credit naturally goes, for having brought the whole thing off in such scintillating fashion.

The elections came and the elections went, and besides a holiday did they leave behind any traces of a dawning enlightenment? People kept their fingers crossed during the counting—some cursed while others exulted and one felt for a short time that this sense of involvement was what should characterize the honest citizen. After all only those deeply attached or concerned will ever bother to take sides with such vehemence and volubility.

But, one wonders, is it really necessary? Is the fact that the lady in power seems relatively unfettered now, really and truly going to make the difference some think it would? Even granted that megalomania was a motive of a very few, while more mundane, monetary reasons were the driving forces of the victorious parliamentarians, is the fact that they are there going to alter the fate of millions so drastically?

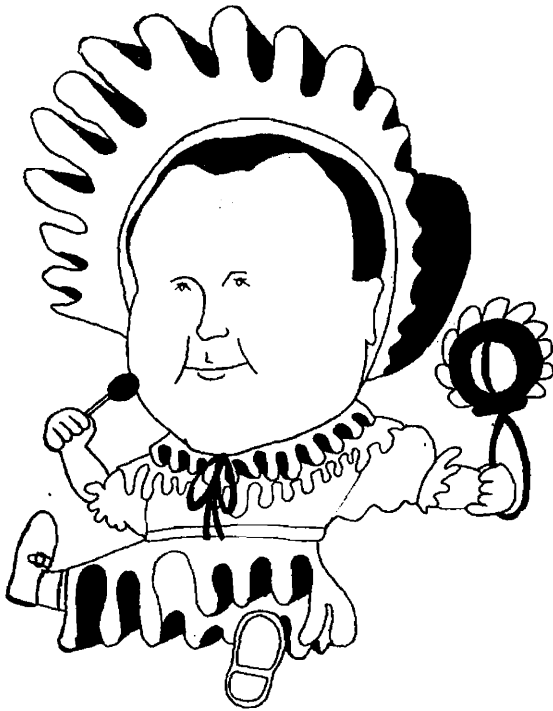
The time has been reached when one has to admit that we have deluded ourselves with the belief that circumstances and happenings are absolutely irremovable under the control of those at the top—those whom we, the knowing ones, detest. We have all the while been living in a paradise which couldn't quite be characterized as one of fools but as that of deliberately blanked out intellects (is there really that much of a difference?). We have been quite righteously assuming that what one does as an individual—his actions, his words, his code of honour—have little or no effect at all on the passing stream of the world, because we happen to have been born and have to exist in a country where that stream is fairly jam-packed with our fellow-creatures, whom we optimistically call 'men'. And thus with this rather thread-bare cloak of it-doesn't-make-a-diff-anyway, we have reached a stage when we attribute all the ills of the world—all its so very many blemishes—to that hated breed of politicians.

One wouldn't quite like to find oneself beside that very red 'Mountains have been moved before.' appeal that went around the campus sometime ago, but the essence of what one would like to convey is more or less the same. There is no salvation which is not to be found in and achieved by ourselves. While the last thing one would want is a mechanical uninvolved pursuit of all that virtue which we would like to stock ourselves with, a little more dedication to the things we do—wouldn't hurt at all. While our defensive cynicism may not quite find

(Contd in col. 2)

* Petty thefts are common—some people working here actually have a second job outside and get away with it.

PERSONALITIES

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If you've had occasion to pause and stare at a chubby golden-haired little cherub playing in a park in the campus, wondering why that face seemed so familiar, it was probably because of the grin. It's the famous Zurn Grin. It's a proud family tradition, the Zurn Grin, and little Jörg takes after his father, smiling all over, smiling like the very dickens, smiling fit to burst, smiling all the time. The little Madras Deutscher plans to be a joker when he grows up, or at least that's what one assumes when he says 'goggle gah and locks n ighty pleased about it'.

The Drs Zurn are specialists in botany and metallurgy from the universities of Heidelberg and Stuttgart respectively, and I guess you can make out which is which. But Vienna -neaks into the picture somewhere and one presumes it has an important part in the family history. After a spell in India, they are back in the good old Vaterland. Frankfurt am Main is the stadt, and Prof Zurn's new assignment is with Hoechst. The campus saw the last of the famous Dr Zurn's parties in March. And this time it was auf wiedersehen to the Zurns.

India in general, and Madras in particular has a powerful appeal for the Zurns and they thoroughly enjoyed staying on campus or travelling just about everywhere in the sub-continent. Prof. Zurn could tell you a great deal about India, her people and their customs, that might surprise you. He makes it a point of being thorough in the background of any place he visits. The Zurns are immensely interested in oriental culture. Indian classical dance is a pet enthusiasm of theirs and so is collecting *objets d'art*.

The students and the Gymkhana know Dr Zurn well — indeed. After being Staff advisor to *Campastimes* for three years (in which the rag got to be respected and respectable) he took over as Staff advisor to the Literary Committee, and made a go of that too. He has a flair for cooking up interesting little competitions and predictably enough they bore the generic name Zurn's Competitions. The Dr (Mrs) Zurn's Trophy for the best lad/speaker in the Debate is a permanent feature of the Cultural Week Competitions. The Gymkhana chappies are still gloating over a snazzy tape recorder Dr Zurn managed to wangle out of the German Government for us. We like people who are serious about getting things for us.

In the technical field too, Dr Zurn has been remarkably active. He put the Metallurgy

Department on the map as a concern of some standing in the national and international fields. The Indian Institute of Welding and a great many other professional groups have reason to be grateful to Dr Zurn. Dr Zurn has no patience with people who want to turn IIT Madras into a text book university. That, in his opinion would be and is a terrible calamity, and we, as students, agree, not merely because we dislike textbooks. Liaison with industry and close study of industrial operation should be a basic feature of technical education, at least in IIT. We should have more Staff-members with industrial experience, which means, of course, we should have more Staff-members who know what they are talking about.

IIT owes a lot to Dr Zurn, for what he has done for us and for the ideas he has put in our heads. But perhaps we'll remember him most of all for the friendly grin and ready handshake that proclaimed him.

Dr Zurn. We hope the Zurns are very happy in Deutschland. Oh, they're folks who'll bubble over with happiness anywhere. I have a call to make, if ever, whenever I land in Germany, and I am looking forward to it. Its rarely that one meets people like the Drs Zurn — and Jörg.

—P C V

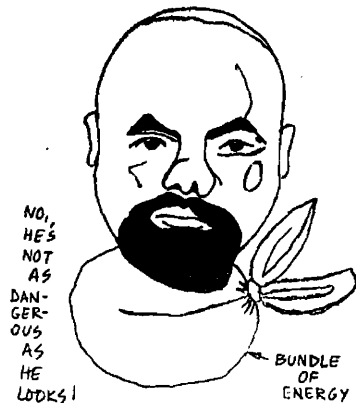
marked, describes with jest his experiences as a schoolboy in Delhi and that infamous South India tour, complete with starvation complex and the rest.

One of the most striking aspects of his personality is his penchant for even the minutest detail in any organisational work and a marked inability to be serious about any matter unconnected with this type of work. A cup of tea at night in Saidapet is the time for him to come down to other pressing problems with talk about the lost generation, meaning us, and the several ready-made remedies he has for saving it. Like a complete breakdown of the educational system. The dazzling edifice (reconstructed) he presents to you really takes your breath away.

In time to come he will undoubtedly sit around larger tables drinking tea and talking politics with his friends but there will always remain about him an aura not only of authority, but also of elegance, which has always impressed us as beyond the reach of a mere mortal.

R PARTHASARATHY

CARICATURE

Ramu, the Little-Big
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Walk into any decent-sized binge, happening anywhere in Madras, and you will find Ramu bossing around there. Actually, that was a bit of an exaggeration. Ramu doesn't walk into any show, only the ones he can walk into. Folks, meet V Ramakrishnan, Ramu for his friends, and Secretary Ramu for the NGOs of the Institute.

Secretary Ramu? Yes, ever since he entered this joint in '66, as one of those Mohammed Nassari types—short and squat—, Ramu has been making it to the big shot gang year after year. First, he shanghaied his co-freshers into voting him in as the G Sec of Jamuna Hostel, and the most distinguished career in organization in the history of IIT was launched. He came to be known as the guy who can get things done period. Since that was the crying need of the day, Ramu had no trouble at all in performing the unique feat of being the G Sec of his hostel for three years in succession. (Doesn't say much for his hostel mates, I guess.) He soon found out that he was more popular with the bus drivers, conductors, watchmen and sweepers and the like than the students. He paid a pretty heavy price for this, his mess bills were fantastic.

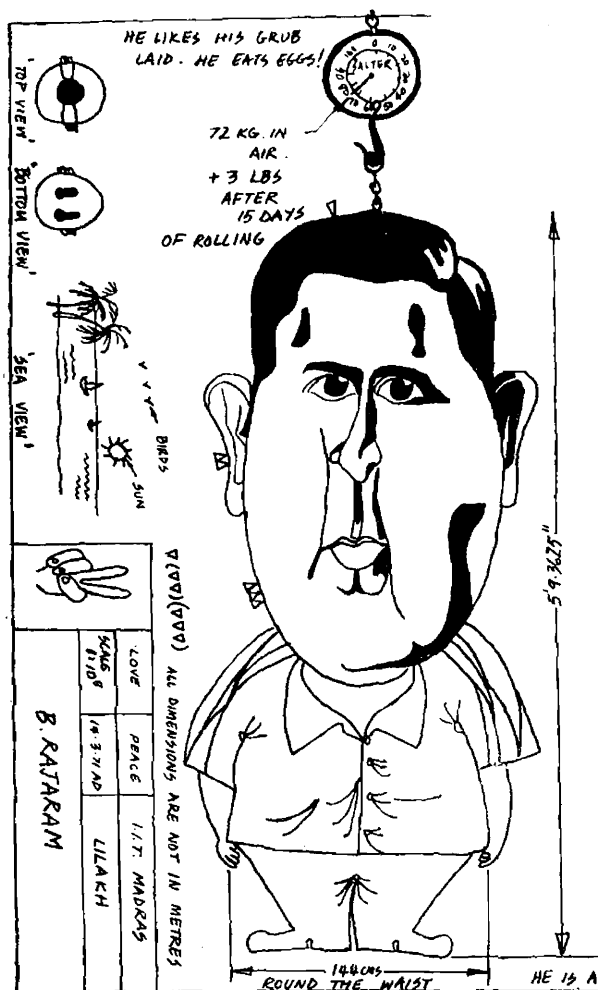
What with his tender relationships with everything in the Institute, entities and non-entities, movable and immovable. The Gymkhana guys started leaning heavily on Ramu to get 'things done'. Pays to have a boss, sometimes. Well, there was such a mad scramble for this commodity that Ramu could only muster up enough breath to say, 'Okay, yar. I'll do it, and do it.' No wonder the great unwashed fell for Ramu, especially the time when he, having filed his nomination for Literary Secretary, decided to back out in favour of his opponent, and just managed to lose, in spite of campaigning for his opponent with missionary fervour and zeal. The 5-6 break-up showed that the campaign could not be less convincing, in the light of Ramu's previous record.

The Carnival held in '70 was an all-round Ramu affair. He was never to be found in classes during those two months, he managed that pretty well, by making his professors slog along with him. Ramu is known to have had certain volatile affairs with some members of the staff during this period and in the subsequent months. Being the man he is, he has come out unscathed.

Ramu has a passion for hiking. After his South India tour on two wheels he can just as well write 'The Ballad of the Bearded Hero,' if only he can stop talking about it and get down to writing it. Ramu whose resemblance to pirates of yore couldn't be more

(Contd in col 2)

CARICATURE



If it's not movies, it's grub, if it's not Pudukottai, it's grub, if it's not his desire to be a Chartered Accountant, it's grub. That's Raja Rajaram whose dimensions testify to his love for grub. But don't make a mistake Raja Rajaram is a born vegetarian ('including eggs') gourmet. Tapri Hostel is indeed blessed with a Mess Secretary having taste.

Raja is 5' 9 3/4" tall (with shoes), 72 kgs when weighed in air, 144 cms round the waist, with an eternally dislocated shoulder (which one!) More about this shoulder later.

Five years ago a certain obese (he's touchy about this word) figure made his mark as an outstanding batsman at IIT Madras. He scored a century on his first appearance. Ramgopal Sharma then remarked 'The fat guy has got timing yar!' But Raja could not continue for long. Just a year before he had dislocated a shoulder while playing tennis, it seems the ball and socket did not see eye to eye. The doc forbade him from playing cricket. There ended Raja's career as a cricketer. He is proud that he has the best batting average at IIT Madras—109.00 to be exact. The news of unfortunate Raja's unfortunate shoulder reached the ears of all unfortunate IITians. Except Raja, everybody felt sad. Tut tut. For Raja the sentimentality was hilarious. When some chap greeted our man with a tap on his shoulder, a vociferous Raja would yell, 'Ouch! My shoulder.' A thousand sorries later Raja would quietly say, 'Doesn't matter yar, it's the other shoulder.' He has tried this stunt on every character he is aware of, to-day, none of his friends know which shoulder is affected.

Rajaram's remarkable sense of humour is indisputable. A scintillating character he is full of retorts and comments and crack jaws.

One day Raja decided to slim (no joke, that). A marathon task was in the offing. He decided to run, every morning, to Gaj and back. He did it, almost. According to

Raja he would run all the way to Taramani House (from Tapri), trot up to Kaveri, only to decide that he would start anew next morning. It continued for 15 days when Raja found that something went wrong with this theory. He had gained an additional 3 lb! He gave it up and was upset over the indigestion he had for the next fortnight. When reminded of his 'only' failure in life, Raja retorts, 'Look, I know how to run and when to run. I have stayed in Calcutta for three years.'

Talking of music Raja is no tyro. One must listen to the grotesque variations of tone and sound when Raja lets loose his larynx, even when not having his regular bath. Music, any language, any type, is Raja's better half (at present). He is a Karnatak Music fanatic. 'Where is Simon and Garfunkel before Semmangudi?'

Raja's acting talent was recently exposed when he danced to a 'Naam Moovar' number on the OAT. 'I sweated it out more than the Social Sec!'

Rajaram insists on attending all lecture classes which have humour. He still recalls that long ago one gentleman said,

$$\sin^{-1} x = \frac{r}{\sin x} = \cos x$$

Raja did not miss any of the other classes taken by this gentleman. He did benefit. The gentleman informed the class, 'You see, in the term $\frac{A dx}{S}$ dx, being small, can be neglected.'

Academically, Rajaram hopes to stand first at least in Electrical (Power). If you haven't met Rajaram you must meet this buoyant personality, but pray don't tell him your grades. It's humiliating. On the other hand you'll find him to be one of the few intelligent and convivial chappies around the place.

B.
R
A
J
A
R
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M

On Essays

In school, innocent and uninitiated in the more subtle forms of protest such as the gherao, the breaking of furniture, the burning of the school (with or without the teaching staff locked inside) one merely acquiesced to the English lecturer's bidding of writing a 10 page essay on the reasons for the failure of Eskimos to resist fluctuations in the price of steel shares on Wall Street. One did as one was told. 'Ours is not to question why, etc.'

Not so anymore. Students have been progressing, matching every stride in the march of science with one that thinks up new ways of having to evade the extra work brought about by the inexorable march of science. And they have been getting progressively violent in their means. Schoolmasters, meanwhile, have been getting proportionately docile in their manner. The evil giant in their eyes which once spoke volumes regarding the dire punishment one would receive if the assignment was not submitted on time has now been replaced by a look of submission, almost of pleading.

As a result, few students nowadays can recall when they last condescended to scribble a few paragraphs, and give the finished product the flattering title, 'An Essay'.

As soon as one is old enough to begin the momentous task of writing an essay the inevitable first topic is 'My Dog' or a similarly phrased title on some other member of the Darwin lineage. In which case the writer begins to pour out his fond feelings for his four-footed furry friend, whose name is usually either Moti or Fido, depending on whether he (the writer, not the dog) has been brought up in a patriotically Indian or a fashionably Anglo-Indian atmosphere.

If one is fortunate enough not to be blessed with one of those stowaways from Noah's Ark, one usually writes on the happier facets of childhood—'A Picnic' or 'A Holiday'. 80% of the essays (the influence of today's statistically minded world is obvious) begin 'It was a bright sunny morning when my friend Suresh suggested we go for a picnic. Liking the idea, we got out our bicycles', etc etc. OR if one prefers to dwell on the intricacies of going on a holiday 'My exams had just finished, and having done well, I was in a gay mood. And when my father told me that we would be going to Naini Tal for the vacation, my happiness knew no bounds.' The innocent pleasures of childhood are evident. Little does the little dear know about the growing number of hospital beds being occupied every year, what with people falling in the lake, getting run over on the roads, or getting ulcers and heart attacks thinking about the expenditure incurred on holidays in Naini Tal. Ignorance, as they say, is bliss.

At some stage in one's essay-writing career, one usually comes across an essay with a 'trick' ending. After dwelling for pages on the manner in which a gang of unscrupulous criminals has been hounding him, the writer finally comes to the scene where he is standing at the edge of a cliff with the turbulent sea pounding on the rocks hundreds of feet below, and the leader of the gang (whose name usually is Scarface) is slowly advancing with a knife in his hand. That the blade glints wickedly in the moonlight is, of course, taken for granted. The atmosphere is supposed to be electric, the tension unbearable. And then comes the inevitable anti-climax, 'and I woke up', leaving the reader fervently wishing that Scarface had done him in, and in a suitably gruesome manner.

Then there is the other surprise ending. It goes like this 'The Diwali Essay-Writing Competition was drawing near. I was determined to enter and, if possible, win a prize. How happy my parents would be! But I could not think of a topic to write on. Days went by, the big day drew nearer, and I still hadn't written anything. But then on that very day, I suddenly discovered I had written an essay. And this is it!' Talk about slick punch lines! One can almost imagine the blast of trumpets that accompanies the final exclamation marks! And it warms one's heart thinking of the writer's happy parents, and of the bliss that descends on the connubial hearth when the Headmaster announces that the boy has won the coveted prize.

THIS OLD MAN CAME ROLLING HOME

Oxide was a dalmatian. And a special one it that too. For he was the only living dog on earth who had to wear gold-rimmed spectacles and display a velvet bow-tie. Besides, this he was also acclaimed to be a learned professor of hominid psychology, known for his brilliant field experiments on a certain class of creatures called human beings collectively. In other words, he could claim to be the best friend of man.

His animal interest ranged over an enormous variety of subjects. When the melodious cacophony of pup music was the epicentre of the swinging dog society, he bounded into the middle of things, enthusiastic as a sport-hound. His endorsement of the quality of music consisted of one ear cocked up like a starched handkerchief and one responsive moccasins-encased paw patting an appreciative tattoo on linoleum floor of his modernized kennel. He would occasionally give vent to the primitive upsurges of biological rhythm in spurts of frenzied barking which thrilled the countryside to a few degrees below normal. Sometimes, when the dormant spirit of the ancestors stirred in his bosom he would point his muzzle politely at the full glory of the moon and howl a sonata or two. But for all this, he was a restrained, undemonstrative gentlemanly dog, a respected social dog, worker holding the post of chairman in the kennel council and that of magistrate in the poodle court. Sometimes he even went to the noble extent of kicking up a fair amount of dust with his hind feet to show his indolent neighbour mongrels the dignity of hard work. He had pedigree that he could stretch for a few yards, and he was proud to mention this fact whenever he struck any new acquaintances, especially glamorous lady-spaniels.

Oxide, one may say, is a rather combustible name for a dog, but there was justification for this chemical title. As a juvenile, he happened to saunter away from the watchful eyes of mother dog into a chemistry lab, in search of a bone to bite into. A primary compulsion of nature, one may conclude, but then, a certain young scientist decided to burn magnesium ribbon in close proximity to the young intruder, thereby bestowing on the surface of all dalmatians of future generations those leopard spots of carbon. Oxide happened to be one of the products of that momentous experiment.

Growing up into a scholarly academician, the boyhood incident that passed for his christening remained firmly embedded in those chambers of his memory (which accumulate small emotions of animosity and produce a variety of unusual repercussions throughout a dog life) and ultimately he chose to wreak vengeance on the class of scientific creatures who think nothing of plunging syringes containing substances worse than hemlock into timid rabbits, and who study the reproductive cycles of infected guinea pigs kept in glass containers on atrocious diets. Oxide was soon obsessed with the ambition of bringing everyone of these fiddlers under a general court martial. For his weapon, his acute animal instinct converged upon the deadly field of psychology.

This old man, he plays one, he plays havoc on my drum

Within a few years, the professor was squatting complacently in the limelight of circus. His studies on the responses to stimuli of a class of mammals which were classified as homo-sapiens in biology books, formed a series of tests beginning with the famous bone capacitance level screen. In this study, the human specimen was asked to sink his teeth into a bone of known dimensions, and then, to pencil all his thoughts on paper for a period of several hours. Then the most canicular pair of words was selected from these, multiplied by the diameter of the bone, divided by the total number of hours and so on until it all boiled down to the ossicular coefficient which determined the degree of doggedness of specimen number 7302.

This old man, he plays two, he plays havoc on my shoe

The second step in the process was called the radical leash confining index, where a collar was rammed round the neck of the human specimen and he was requested to go down on all fours, straining on a thick rubber leash. Meanwhile, a recorder documented his responses to a standard questionnaire on his household activities, while a pressure gauge tabulated the tension readings of the leash. Finally all the observations were neatly parcelled into a natural logarithm which indicated the social sensitiveness of the creature under study.

This old man, he plays three, he plays havoc on my knee

The third part of the study was the flame hurdle transition degree. Here, the human victim was first injected with a dose of a hallucinogenic drug called psilocybin and then forced to leap through a loop of fire while the pattern of his pulse was relayed to a computer. The degree of nerve stress, which was manufactured from the volume of drug added to the pulse readings and the tangent of the angle of the leap, gave the irritability factor of the specimen.

This old man, he plays four, he plays havoc on my score

Step four was known as the salivation reflex identity modulus. Several savoury dog dishes were exhibited tantalizingly to the human subject, after he had been sufficiently starved for a few wicks. A yellow flash signal was blinked into the retina of the man while the volume of saliva which this appetizing display produced was noted. Later, the professor became the first dog to discover the fact that a mere yellow signal was enough to produce the same impact as the dish. The temperature of the broth used, the frequency of the light signals gave the associative dish value for the particular victim. This test, called the oxidation proof, is as common in psychology as fingerprinting is in crime studies.

This old man, he plays five, he plays havoc on my life

The final and most crucial stage was the fifth test called the absolute moment of muscular inertia. The human was kept under strict surveillance for three days in an atmosphere of nitrogen and argon in the ratio 3:1. On the fourth day, he was extracted from the cabin in a state of rigor mortis and subjected to extensive dissection and moderately disembowelled while the flexibility of his tissues underwent a rigorous examination. Next, the various scattered portions of his anatomy were pieced together at random under ultra-violet light and his brain was resuscitated with an electric shock, of known voltage. When the specimen was fully awakened, he was delivered to the reserve cell for further investigations.

This old man, he plays hell, he plays havoc very well

Throughout the course of these experimental tests, the professor was the presiding officer. However, he never indulged in dominating tactics, like snarling, to shake his human subject to the roots of their vertebrae. On the contrary, he would squat on his haunches formally and grin at the grimacing subject encouragingly while patting him occasionally on the head with a padded paw, adding now and then, a sympathetic whine for good measure. In fact, so successful were his diabolical efforts that he was moved to the extent of providing a few dog biscuits to some of the creatures that sat up to beg for a bite in the middle of some gruelling test. But, as the professor jotted down data in a personal dossier for each specimen, his tail would flutter with immense joy, and it was all he could do to restrain himself from barking like a banshee.

Oxide soon climbed to the scientific pinnacle, and his works came to be recognised by intelligent philosophic dogs all over the world. Human creatures, who had so long been regarded solely as domestic pets and potential sources of rabies were raised to a higher pedestal and viewed with a new awe.

(Continued from page 6)

As the boy grows up, though, and comes under the influence of writers such as Agatha Christie, Eric Stanley Gardner and James Hadley Chase, his writing undergoes a similar not-so-subtle change. Writers in this field come under two main categories: those who prefer the efforts of 'the little grey cells' of sleuths such as Hercule Poirot, and those who advocate the more violent methods of the characters in Chase novels.

Others prefer science fiction, in which there is much scope for their imaginative talents. 'The little green men with pointed ears and the purple antennae sticking out of their foreheads, stepped out of the flying saucer, which faintly resembled Howard Hughes' county villa. They walked towards me, each one clutching what was obviously a double-barrelled, sawed-off, hypersonic laser gun. The one who was evidently their leader came up to me and said in a high-pitched squeal "Take me to your leader". From which I assumed they were Martians. One's imagination really blossoms into full bloom, it runs amuck, that is.

With the passing of time, a student outgrows this and passes into the intellectual phase. He churns out a little poetry, and various essays with enigmatic titles 'Thoughts on a Weeping Willow', 'On Writing', etc.

Blank verse is impressive, and is usually endowed by the reader with a wealth of hidden meaning. Take this one:

Looking at the sky
Observing
Hoping
Walking on the highway
Reading the blazing sun
Searching for a meaning
Looking for a sign—
Existentialism

(The verse took about forty seconds in all to conceive, and, I must admit, in all modesty, false or otherwise, that it sounds impressive.)

Then one starts reading a little politics. The little-read politicians and leaders are oft-quoted. Some are inspired by Spiro Agnew's 'nattering nabobs of negativism' and write essays so full of antiquated and abominable alliterations and aggravate and appall the already apoplectic reader.

A few progress to the literary or to the high-intellectual stage. They are referred to as pseudo-intellectuals. An example of 'high-intellectualism'. 'Existence exists, does this therefore preclude the omnipotence of an omniscient and omnipresent Being? Would it not, therefore, in the context of contemporary philosophical thought, be wiser to avoid denigrating the schizophrenic, even in the unlikely event of advocating hydrophobia? The answer is an emphatic NO!! The Heavens tremble, and on a more mortal plane, the walls quiver as the pseudo casts his unwanted opinion on an unwary world.

Some make it big, some don't. The innocence ends here. So does this essay on juvenile writing.

SUNIL

Expectant females were practically worshipped by all members of the dog community, since new additions to the human fold could provide the vital supply necessary to foster the new science of human experimentation. Breeding of these animals in specially equipped human forms developed into a science by itself, and innumerable dogs of high literary standing reeled off books on the subject by the dozen. It was even noticed that the species were rapidly approaching extinction, and special measures for conservation were brought into force, including a rule which permitted selective cannibalism.

Meanwhile the aged and wizened professor was contemplating on matters of the spirit in the secluded retreat of his favourite kennel. His nostrils could still identify spoors with astounding accuracy, though even the bifocals did but little to maintain his vision. The last the world knew of him was that he had been assassinated by a rebellious horde of mad humans.

This old man came rolling home.

T. ASTATINE



EDITORIAL

So, we are at it again, you and I, communicating through this sanctified column, the editorial. This time it is going to be farewell and goodbye, since the office and I are not really infatuated with each other anymore. It was an enjoyable experience, communicating with you, especially since I do most of the talking.

This semester was a crowded affair, what with goings-on like the Cultural Week Institute Day following suit one after the other, making one dread the dull routine that is usual on such occasions. It is our curse that there is a singular lack of imagination in whatever we do, and the immediate urgency of the situation, the need to do something fast before this tawdriness gets the better of us, has hardly been felt. And whatever imagination that has been invested in the proceedings gets promptly dubbed as being tasteless and pseudo and so on. It is time we broke into a quick trot in such affairs and built a nice spaced-out scene.

Here's a Spartan worth getting familiar with. He says 'Too far to walk' to his Professor who is cribbing about his irregularity. He is the hero of John Hersey's novel of the same title, and many of us here would give Hersey's hero a run for his money. 'Too far to walk' is right as the significant, yet controllable, epidemic of absenteeism prevalent on campus would show. The reasons, if any, ought to be examined at great length and one should definitely improve upon the present sure fire remedy of the Establishment. One can quite understand the stand of these anti heroes. Perhaps the teachers are too brusque in the world of manners, or they are understandably smug in the academics, or both. Which makes classes as interesting as a paralysed hag. It stands to reason that people should not be forced to do what they are unwilling to do, if no great harm is involved. The present three fourths rate is a cruel promise to extract in this age, imposed by administrators who are, on principle, against it. One cannot really fathom the mysteries of such a contradiction, but this wise 'rock' saying holds good for all. Freedom tastes of reality.

This might still be the least read column in this magazine, but it has a tremendous impact on one, just getting down to the business of writing what will probably be one's last editorial ever.

For, after all, it is not often that one is called upon to edit a magazine, even one as *Campastimes*, but it is not sentimentality alone that counts. As we were in the throes of quasi-journalism, this bizarre combination of strained humour, unsavory statements and singularly uninteresting news, we, the creators of this magazine, were at a loss to know whether brilliance, or salience mattered. We still are. But the picture seems a hintless misty how having brought out three issues and almost done with the fourth, objects of highly significant irrelevance all, we realise that we are addressing a poetically just audience. Like any conglomeration of literates, they have their intelligent and mediocre entities. If the eyes of these mediocre men are geared to read mediocre stuff written by mediocre people, then brilliance wouldn't get us anywhere. And oddly enough, the intellectuals are curiously stuck up, unable to do anything that might save the situation and revive our honour. Of course, apart from the few odd horrors who are ambitious enough to rail *Campastimes*, there are others, who, in these apocalyptic times,

THE WAIL OF THE GUILD

Of late
There's been a spate
Of bald pates
In IIT
Mutts
With clean shaven nits
Have caused a glut
In the market
Barbers too are men!
They too need food and water
Shelter from the sun, a few luxuries,
Marriage and may be a daughter
Let hatters thrive!
No one dreads
The rush for their merchandise
But gentlemen,
Do keep some cash
For the barbers, least a few paise
Down with Che!
I say again

DOWN WITH CHE!

Fit on his ma,
Fit on his pa,
Fit on his birthday!
A lot of men because of him
Have started to boycott
The blade and razor with a whim
To grow a goatee for a start
The stove is off, their kids a-crying,
Their tummies too unfed
Barbers of the land are dying,
For want of water and bread
We too are men!
We cannot be
Calm when others say,
'Let the barbers die,
Let the barbers die,
Let them go Amen!'
The time has come,
Like the walrus said,
To speak of many a thing
Of the whims and fancies of all men
And the ruin that they bring!
With razors drawn
And mirrors in hand
Charge Oh! Dear Barbers!
Shave the earth of these rebels
And the ones who these do harbour!

BARBERS OF THE WORLD

UNITE!

THIS IS THE CALL OF ACTION!
ACT NOW for redress and for fame
And victory in our fight

A. SANKARAN

*Best of luck
in the Exams
and*

have no imagination, no point of view, as John would have said. They live like price-less nothings, smug in the security of their upper middle-class upbringing, and of this bourgeois institution, and it is their silent hostility, their super-ego, that chokes up any creative effort, good or bad, on campus. How far can a magazine get, if it is abandoned by the intellectuals, blasted by the mediocre, and left at the strange mercy of these nowhere men?

These, then, are the limitations. *Campastimes* has always been compromised for the sake of the average taste of the great unwashed, which is not saying much for either. But still, the reports from outside, from readers whose tastes have been conveniently left unquestioned, indicate that it is readable. Just barely. May be it passed the mark from above a few times, but it has always had this aura of respectability, however, shocking the wits out of its Editorial Board. Which takes leave of you when the going is good.

Nothing like a modified cliché for a parting shot.

It was a great job——almost

T*E*I*A*A*W*A*L*I*D*A*

Of late, the Roaming Evangelist has been playing hell in these parts. He descendeth furtively, with his dog, on people who believe in doing their own thing. Never mind what he does with them 'cause you never know for sure. There are times one leaves the session utterly baffled, converted, tamed or just amused, he causes such a variety of reactions in people whom he encounters, and entertains. Sometimes he is not so subtle and the mimeograph gets the better of him. This time, the reactions are not so varied, and Delhi Avenue watches in silent harmony.

10-30 in the night. As the zero hour draws near the dog flappeth its ears. Its master is busy watching the crystal ball. What's this world come to? He sees three ladies sitting in the stadium, three guys returning from a party, and exactly eight guys scrapping with the Watch & Ward. Well, it's too late for the last mentioned now. So puts his faith on the good old security force and wends his way to the stadium.

The conversation, I believe, runs usually like this:

RE: Hello, little gals, who are you?

(Titter, titter)

You mean *how* are you?

RE: NO. I say, who are you?

We are fine, thank you.

RE: Well, I know who you are.

Good for you.

RE: It's in your own interest.

Because

You mean you know who we are, in our own interest?

Dads, you got it all mixed up.

RE: Quit foolin', will ya? You know it ain't safe to roam around here.

Look who's talking!

RE: Could it be that I'm mistaken?

Tell me, who you are, and your class and your Roll No.

We are the inmates of the only blooming hostel that can house us. Can't you figure that? And mainly, we are grown-ups.

RE: Wait till your old man gets wind of this.

The dog barks violently, meaning it is futile mission with these girls anyway, what with the party crowd, sauntering down the road, having a little fun and games. And dutifully, they sing 'Tommy, can you hear me?' to the dog, while its master crouches majestically behind.

RE: Is that the way to walk on the road?

It sure does work.

(At this point, the clever one in the crowd disguises himself by removing his glasses.)

RE: What was that again. . . are you drunk?

No, sir.

RE: Of course, you're drunk.

Hey, that's funny. You don't look double.

We're damn sure we aren't.

RE: You bet you are. You didn't deny it until I accused you of it.

That's punched from Catch-22.

RE: Never mind that one. I want all three of you in my office tomorrow.

Whatever for?

RE: Come and I'll let you know. I'll let your Daddy know. I'll let everybody know. It might do you some good.

Oh, Papa.

Maybe this is a fantasized version, but such antics can hardly be justified. The fact is, we are all grown up and fully equipped for life, etc., and people who want to protect us by proclaiming, 'Up the stairs and into bed,' every night, had better realise that. And bringing in the old man wouldn't help any. We have more respect for people who think as individuals than for those who think on behalf of Institutions. Finally, just in case anybody thinks the wilderness and beauty of this jungle will last, the notice shows them other facets of life.

Like, man, the Establishment is alive and well and living in Delhi Avenue.

N.K.



Down to the final issue at last, I sigh and this giant encumbrance is truly off my back. *Campastimes* was, and will always be the Editorial Board's magazine with a pitying outsider's article or two and a major change of such policy, I have discovered, is impossible. Answers for an article drive range from the cynical, 'Ah, that lousy rag, to the unassailable. But I can't write, so the heat goes on till someone finally becomes tired of my presence and says, 'Okay maybe tomorrow.' Like Alice said, the only way to bring about change is to start a laundry business.

In retrospect—if you can allow any retrospection over three issues—it wasn't a bad year for *Campastimes*. More people read more of the magazine, more important people read a little more of the magazine, so that its semi-notorious, semi-distinguished editors will not be forgotten in a hurry. We got ourselves censored for the first time in history (how about a medal for that, Ed?). And managed to raise a bit of rumpus about the Film Club. The Co-op stores—my maiden effort at the Establishment—was closed but that was just coincidence. A couple of communists came and congratulated me in spite of my saying my article wasn't a plug for communism. Maybe everyone just reads alternate lines. By the way, was you hum Joe?

On the con side, with all our efforts, we have just barely touched the surface in attempting to rouse public interest. Only three people wrote about our educational system and when you realize there are eighteen hundred people on campus it's enough to make one sit and bawl. Public interest is a fancy tale in IIT. The only interesting theory I have come across as to why it is so is that people here have too much security. A job is assured for 99% of the graduates, so everyone just bides his time and looks the other way if he doesn't like something, so he can pass out with as little ado as possible and live happily ever after. Only when the student sees starvation in the face, is he going to wake up and fight.

CULTURAL WEEK

Even though this is an yearly affair, the compulsion to write about it is irresistible. This year's Cultural Week was the worst organized ever and no sadist like me is going to let anything like that pass without comment. Minor wars were fought on the sidelines—between Secretaries—and with half the Entertainment Committee dissociating itself from the other half, the sidelines proved far more interesting than the entertainment. Calling that entertainment sounds like Hitchcock's idea of a joke. My sympathy lies with the judges who had to actually keep looking at the proceedings. Thanks must go to the Leo club for the significant noise reduction at the OAT. The noise-makers were all at the Canteen.

Simon Shrugged

'I am a rock,' I sing
'I am an island
And I do not believe
Running screaming from myself
in myriad directions
Think clearly now, 'All is not lost
till you are dead I amend
Incongruous dialogue filtering through—
•You are free, depressed one, rejoice
I would be warm though my cloak
were of melancholy
I would that I were loved
and could love in return
•Look out your window, friend,
a world lies out there
I look and I do not see
•Play that line again
I touch unfeelingly
And so you see I've come to doubt, I
sing
'All that I once held true'
And I believe in a burst of clarity

THE SEQUEL

They came for me in the small
hours of the morning
so no one would know
No, I said 'It's all right I'm just
a little off my head'
Don't make me dead
They looked at each other and
smiled their knowing smiles
before they put me away

CASH

OH FOR A MATE!

Oh, for a mate!
Or at least a date!
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse
cried the king
Well! Every one has his fetish!
For me,
In this state,
A mate of a date
So the sighs—for a mate or a date.
Who wants cheesecake?
I do. So do many others too
Delectable, quite true
But what can you make
Out of two dimensions?
Agog and in such tension
Hence I again mention
The need of a mate
Or a date

A SANKARAN

THE GYMKHANA

The Gymkhana, goes a daft definition, is a vague, undefined body which the Staff, at times claim is a student-body or, at other times claim is a Staff student body, depending on the suitability of the occasion.

'Things must change,' say the students, but what all the Secretaries wind up doing is having Gymkhana teas and chasing girls. The fault, obviously, lies neither with the Staff nor the Secretaries but the vagueness which rests around what power the posts carry. The first thing that must be done is to define the posts—flexibility is ridiculous when there is nothing to be flexible with. Only when there is power, will the IIT Staff stop looking down on Gymkhana as some kind of a joke the students have perpetrated on the Staff.

This year, it seems that an attempt is being made to change the election system, the latest being that all Gymkhana Secretaries will vote for the coveted posts instead of only the concerned Committee. Though this is a step for the better, it is really nothing much. The Gymkhana General Secretary's post must be a one man-one-vote selection, if the Staff were to regard him as a representative of the whole student-body. If politics don't play a part in hostel elections, why should it when the Institute goes to the polls? The authorities must at least give us one chance to see if we can keep it clean. Next year, man!

DULSEP.

THE INSEPARABLE ONES

A wise guy on Nature. When any reasonable man stands on a lonely hill and keeps gazing at a distant object like a tree, a crow or another hill, he will be enraptured. He fuses into nature and it forms a part of him. Word goes around that they are inseparable. It intrigues him and baffles him. (If you find no connection between this and the story, we advise you to read it again.)

'Our campus has interesting fauna, repeatedly assert the Director, DD, Workshop-Superintendent and a host of other persons, all of them keen lovers of Nature.'

True, may be, it contains deer, partridge, jungle fowl (refer to the Institute Calendar), humans, guardsmen (*Night mara Secures Secures* Asian species. For further reading we suggest 'The Security Officer' by Smith) and finally we, the IITians. To any outsider, the idea of being a spectator to the twittering of the rare birds, and the wild gleam one finds so often in this sanctuary is an epicurean one.

This happened in the office for the Preservation of Wild Life, in which my uncle is a big shot. They are extremely happy, he insists, because the animals are happy. But he grows instantly sober and then almost melancholy when he says, 'But the IITians are not as happy as they should be. He further adds, 'They are dull, uninteresting and politically dumb. (The last revelation was sensational, the papers grew excited and accused the CIA of trying to subvert the Indian youth.)

So, a year ago, he was ordered to enquire into the sad state of affairs, but he arrived here only last Monday. He moved into the Dirs office and asked him glibly, 'Pray, what is the reason for all this sadness?'

Diro shook his head, gave his usual broad smile, and replied non-committally, 'Well, we hardly ever notice it.' My uncle who expected a grotesque and exciting answer withdrew and bumped into the Security Officer. The Giant said in reply, 'Sad? Who is sad? Nobody is mad!'

Tired, exasperated, he sneaked into the Canteen and asked a Senior Professor over a cup of coffee, 'Why are these people so mirthless, dull and uninteresting?'

The Professor replied in his usual evasive style, 'Mind you, it may seem paradoxical, but the most uninteresting can be the most interesting,' and smiled in praise of his own wit when he said, 'To a psychiatrist, you know!'

Startled, our well wisher hopped out of the place and pulled his nerves together. He would have succeeded, had his gaze not fallen upon the theme of this episode, the IITian. Cautiously he approached him and tried to interrogate him in a very low tone. The other looked round and grunted, 'Sick, shut up!' and after a thoughtful pause shouted, 'Scram!'

Our friend crashed to the callous road. It took a full hour for him to recover and then he found the pious figure of the Registrar bending over him and whispering, 'Why do you rake your brains? They have not become unhappy suddenly. By Nature they are like that.'

My uncle shuddered innocently when the registrar said, 'The periodical is a part of him', and added nochalantly, 'And he is a part of the periodical.'

NARENDRA NATH

..... Happy
Holidays!

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

*Presented on the Institute Twelfth Annual Day, March 20th 1971

Dr Reddy, Mrs Reddy, Ladies and Gentlemen,

The main aim of the Gymkhana has been to promote extra curricular activities and ensure a fuller and more whole hearted participation in all fields of activity, and I am glad to say that this purpose had been fulfilled in a large measure.

The Gymkhana was inaugurated in the traditional manner on August 20th last year. During that function, I had occasion to promise the Director that we would maintain our reputation as the 'Best Host IIT' for the IIT Meet that was conducted in our Institute during the last week of December. But at that time even the thought of winning the coveted General Championship Trophy was considered preposterous. Well, miracles do happen and IIT Madras won comfortably beating her nearest rival IIT Kanpur by 28 points. This achievement was made possible only by patient practice, perseverance and the determination to win. Our teams triumphed in Athletics, Hockey, Basketball, Tennis and Shuttle Badminton, but were unlucky in Volleyball and Football. The Inter IIT Meet not only brought out brilliant talent on the sports fields, but also in the field of Organization. Both students and the staff contributed their

mite to the Organization and smooth conduct of the Meet. If nothing else, the Meet was an object lesson in cooperative effort and singleness of purpose.

As a means of preparation for the Inter-IIT Meet our Sportsmen participated in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments but met with indifferent success. In the Bertram Tournament, however, we won the Chess Championship and Lionel Paul repeated his earlier success by winning the Tennis Singles titles. Our Shuttle Badminton team won both the Singles and doubles championships at the Shuttle Badminton Tournament held in Madurai. Our sportsmen did very creditably in the Buck Memorial Tournaments by winning the Hockey, Athletics and Ball Badminton championships. This year, there was keen competition for the Schroeter Cup which symbolises the over all supremacy in sports. Ganga Hostel were the well deserving winners of this trophy. A new trophy for Inter-departmental Cricket was instituted this year by the Final Year B Techs. This has been won by the Metallurgy Dept.

Let it not be thought that this year was dominated by Sports alone. There was remarkably good participation in the Literary field as well. A large number of enthusiasts took part in the Annual Debate and Quiz. The Open Group discussion, which is a contest peculiar to our Institute, also attracted large participation as did the English Essay

writing competition and the written General Knowledge test.

To provide a means of stimulating interest in the field of management, a Business Sciences Study Circle was started as a new venture in addition to the already flourishing Debating Society. The Study Circle has arranged several lectures by prominent businessmen and administrators.

A new feature in the literary activities of this year was the conduct of the Inter-IIT Debate, Quiz and Group Discussion. The performances were commendable and the overwhelming response from all IITians makes a strong case for the continuation of these competitions at the Inter-IIT level.

The literary competitions held during the Cultural Week were noteworthy for the large number of contesting Colleges in the All India Debate as well as in the Inter-Collegiate Quiz and Group Discussion, and also for the high standard of the competitors. The enthusiastic turnout by the audience highlights the pressing need for an indoor auditorium with a larger seating capacity than the CLT.

IITians have excelled as usual in the various literary competitions held in and around Madras City. Our debaters won trophies at the Inter Collegiate debates held by Lions Club, the UN Students association of Madras, Loyola College and in the MIT Cultural Week. Our Quiz brains bagged the



Dr Chandran Devanesan



Cash, Allan & Eddie

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Vyjayalatha Reddy braving the elements



Didn't we rehearse the intro?—Stella Mari

(Continued from page 10)

trophies at the Quiz competitions held by M.M.C. and M.I.T.

On the basis of the tremendous interest shown in the various literary activities, it has been proposed to install a Inter Hostel trophy for the best hostel in literary activities on the lines of the 'Schroeter Cup' for games.

The Fine Arts Committee has been more active this year than in any previous year. An Art Club was formed, which has been providing its members with valuable instructions in the various techniques of painting. In addition a Sculpture Club has also come into being and has been functioning successfully, especially during the Inter-III Meet when its members turned out scrap iron models, examples of which can be seen at the Gayndra Circle and near the stadium. The Photography Club has helped to create a genuine interest in the art of photography. Members are provided with the use of a dark room, and are also given film and paper at a concessional rate. During the Cultural Week, it came as no great surprise when our students bagged most of the prizes in photography.

In an effort to help amateur painters appreciate the finer points of good painting an art appreciation gathering was held in October. This was the first of its kind in Madras. Eminent artists were invited to discuss paintings with students from all over the city. The unprecedented success of this

gathering sparked off a second art appreciation gathering which was as successful as the first. It is hoped that these gatherings will become a regular feature at our Institute. The growing interest in art was made evident by the multitude of paintings that were exhibited during the Cultural Week. The Science Fair also attracted many entries from outside colleges, though the field was dominated by IITians.

Early this year, a challenge was thrown to the Entertainment Committee to improve the standard of entertainment in our Institute, and they picked up the gauntlet by arranging a very successful Entertainment Programme at the Inaugural function. The still-born Dramatics Club was reborn this year and turned out to be a healthy wailing brat. The club was inaugurated with the staging of the play 'A Pound on Demand'. A second play 'The Physicist' soon followed, and proved that IITians also are capable of good acting and can appreciate serious plays.

The Inter-Hostel Entertainment Competition held in October was a keenly contested affair and the Hostels demonstrated their patriotic spirits in no uncertain manner. After three days of Music and Song, the Engineering Unit Trophy was awarded to Ganga Hostel. Saravu was the dark horse and sneaked away with the second place.

Participation seems to have been the key word this year. A maximum of fourteen

colleges took part in the Cultural Week entertainment competition. The audience this year has been more appreciative and even tolerant, and the success of the Cultural Week celebrations can largely be attributed to them.

In the field of entertainment IIT-Madras won the Best Skit prize at the Inter-Collegiate Dramatics competition held at Guindy Engineering College. We dominated the scene at the MIT Cultural Week also, winning a great many prizes. Our students were invited to stage a Variety Inter-programme which was broadcast over All India Radio.

The Institute Day marks the culmination of the year's activities of the Gymkhana. Looking back at the year, I think I can confidently say, that it has been a year of intense activity and achievement, a year which will long be remembered by IITians. All this was possible only because both the staff and the students worked together, with the will to achieve. I have no doubt, that in the coming years IIT will go on to newer achievements and greater successes.

In a few weeks many of us final year students will be leaving this Institute, perhaps never to return again. On behalf of all of them and on behalf of the Secretaries, I thank you all for everything you have done for us, and assure you that wherever we are we will follow the progress of IIT Madras with great interest and we shall always be proud of belonging to this great Institution.



Little dancers at the Annual Day

THE PHYSICISTS



Phadke, Edgar & Uma doing their long-suffering act



Amal Gadi, Prince and Ranthu in another tense, gripping scene

MUTUAL ADMIRATION DEPT—I



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Few can forget the pomp and pageantry in the campus during the Inter-IIT Meet and fewer still can let the closing ceremony slip from their minds. It was the last evening of the Meet and the colourful year of 1970 was coming to a close. The chain of events that were contested had already given a clear verdict in favour of the host contingent. Naturally, there was a smart turn out at the starting point of the March-past which was to be led by the Madras contingent, a fitting finale to their sporting success. All was at a standstill for a moment. Back in the pavilion the multitude of spectators planted their gaze on the squad that led all clad in blazers and white togs. The footwork started and they were nearing the central spot. The handsome confident youth, carrying the Institute colour could attract the attention of the crowd only for a fleeting moment, for close behind followed a female. The strident command from the leader's throat, lulled the deafening uproar from all sides, put him on the limelight for one more moment. Each rising and falling native foot bore testimony to the effectiveness of forty days' training. Meek orders and mild actions ensued from the mellowed guests. They pulled up in front of the dais, to sit through the onerous, nay soporific speeches, biding their time to lay their itching palms on the bewitching General Championship trophy. And the moment came for the 'Man behind the Meet' to come to the fore to help hoist the oversized GCT and be part and parcel of that vivid patch in memory.

Athletic build, couple of inches short of six feet, fair and dressed to kill—that sums up the physical features of our man. And to this the old faithful, ADY 964, originally a Jawa contraption and you need no longer be bothered about the identity of the person

concerned. Right now, his may not be the prettiest bike on earth, but it has earned for itself eternal glory in his family circles through its imperative importance in the discharge of the duties of a Sports Secretary. We must appreciate his sentiments when he says it has good looks—though how such good looks belonged, in the bygone past, brings us to a poignant page in his life.

Coming to his personal predilections, there are a few things (like attending classes) which do not suit his taste. His is a life dedicated to table tennis, hockey, bridge chess and last (but not least said the better), track-work. He steadily top spun and hit his way to the Institute skipperdom in TT. You can drop in at his room when you feel bored or depressed, to draw inspiration from the staggering collections of medals and certs accrued to his credit in the past decade. His superb grace and stick-work in the hockey field is not so widely witnessed as his goodwill visits and errands in the hostel, the stick being his constant companion—no wonder many have surmised that he was born with his stick in his hand. His nimble footwork in the boxing ring has not only helped him parry well-aimed punches but land quite a few too.

That brings us to his social life. Music, movies, parties and love-marriages have always fascinated him. Watsa's admirable possessions are strong determination and unflinching optimism. Only Dr. Anantaraman can offer any competition to our man in that field. True to the spirit, Prof. Gupta is his Guru with whom his relations are of the Holmes-Watson category. Arre bhai Watsa, voh tho kuch nahin, sounds like a Hindi version of clemency.

The most tantalising problem when the would-be sports Sec stood for the elections, was the anonymity of the opponent, what

Entertainment Secretary's Report

Over the past years, the standard of entertainment has deteriorated to a pitiable state. Stereotyped programmes are presented on stage with the aims of satisfying an average IITian's taste. There is no dearth of it all in the Institute of talent and it may also be said that there are a few people with initiative and pluck who can provide very good entertainment. Audience reaction, participation and co-operation play an important part in the organising of worthwhile entertainment. In IIT, if the audience does not appreciate an item, the performance is accompanied by loud booing. This complaint has been aired quite often but with no effect. Almost all the talented people who have won laurels outside the Institute refuse to go stage at OAT for fear of being booed and booed down. This results in loss of enthusiasm and a poor performance. The blame then goes to the organisers for not providing good entertainment. Any entertainment can be good and enjoyable only if there is a healthy intercourse between performance and appreciation. I am not saying that there should not be any booing, but only that there should be constructive criticism with all encouragement and inspiration for the performer to improve. There are occasions when people unfit in a particular field of entertainment attempt with full vigour landing up as a miserable failure and aggravating the audience all at once. These gentlemen should either be nicely told off or just kept out. Another point is that very few people are really eager to see anything on stage. When people are approached to perform the reaction is usually a snub or a conditional agreement or both. Well, one could imagine the fate of entertainment, if this general apathy continues. A Western programme, vocal instrumental, is very much appreciated whereas a Carnatic music item is vehemently booed down. Drama and dancers are no more entertainment in the eyes of an IITian. This leaves a skit, thought up at the last minute and practised on stage before the audience, cheap imitation and criticism of lecturers and professors belonging to certain departments and items undermining Indian customs and practices. It would seem that I have projected a very pessimistic view of things and am repeating oft said truths, but this is the image looking at it from the organisers' angle. Of course there are not the only problems in the way of the organisers but these are the most important ones. Therefore, I appeal to all concerned and interested to change their attitudes and outlook and set out to do something about the deteriorating conditions. Wishing you all success and best of luck in your efforts.

with so many vying to enter the fray. Once selected, he worked almost full time for the Meet—satisfying the 75% attendance requirement (in class and Gymkhana put together).

Prem is a witty and gay personality ingrained with an irresistible instinct to guffaw even at nothing. The way he turns crimson in the face and bursts into laughter would put laughing gas addicts to shame. Even in mixed company Watsa is hardly self-conscious and least of all nervous. It is said that he has caused many a tender heart to flutter, wherever he has set foot.

All that is well ends well. Prem has a lot to cherish in his later life about his five-year career in IIT. Talking about his academic performance well the fact that I chose to deal with it last speaks for itself. However he has maintained his A average without trouble. In fact till the finals everytime, he is a near 5 averager. What adverse phenomenon takes place in the finals is still a mystery to him. He was known once to excel in his days at Hyderabad Public School, by his own merit. In August this year when he comes over for his convocation he should be expecting something more than a B.Tech scroll. It is the honest opinion of our friends that when Prem leaves this year, IIT will definitely be missing a colourful and versatile personality.

J V Pats

CAMPASTIMES ALMA DOESN'T
MATTER DEPT

MUTUAL ADMIRATION DEPT-II

THE DARLING OF THE
SPOOK DUMP

Like I could say a lot of things about Mr P C Venkatachalam. Like I dunno whether I ought to say them. 'Cause, as it says up there, he's the darling of the spook dump. And anyone, who knows anything about spooks knows it ain't safe to scribble nasty things about the darlings of spooks. * Actually, it isn't like you think it is. They think he would make a very nice girl. (Ugh!) Beautiful curls. Let 'em grow a li'l more and we'll tie a pony tail. With a pink ribbon. Just goes to show spooks don't know what girls are made of.

It wasn't always this way. Balu chooses different activities each year. First year it was mugging and dramatics. All enthused about both of them. A wee bit of talent at filing, some okay line work and a lot of jazzy language and he had sneaked his way into the Merit list. The dramatics—(hey, don't tell this to the spooks. He's had it, then!)—started way back in school. Shirley dolled him up into a grand ol' lady. Balu, naturally, played the part to perfection. His dramatic activities here have been of a different nature. He dressed up people as cave women and let 'em loose on the stage (I never did recognise that person).

Next year he switched to writing for the rag. He's still not very sure whether he did the right thing. It's like this. A body writes for the rag and he has some bore or the other telling him it was crap. Until the next issue comes. When it starts all over again. Since Balu filled in half the mag, he had to put up with a lot of it. Which may be why he eased off and started on short stories and Monstracs.

Or so an outsider would think. The real reason is classified info. But I better not. He maintains this dossier on me and I don't want to provoke him into retaliating. I know this is the last issue—all the same. The short stories were never put up for publication. Monstrac II however was put up for show. It was a big joke. Some of the thirteen odd guys, who were hauled off to ESB at unearthly hours like two in the morning to bang nails into wood. Whoever heard of computers being made this way. But Balu did make one. What's more, he had the gall to put it up for the Science Fair. Everybody who came got a loud round of what it was supposed to do. No demo. And then the judges came. Did a very dirty thing. Said they wanted to see it work. Ever heard of a chunk of wood plus a maze of wire adding nine and four? Balu gave them a pained look and fiddled with a few wooden knobs. Somewhere a couple bulbs lit up. Promptly our man also lit up and said, 'There Thirteen'. They gave him a tin of chocolates.

Fourth year they made him editor. So, in addition to writing the rag, he took the stuff to the press, did the proofs and distributed the copies. He had meetings and attended parties. It was at one of these parties it started. Since then, the spook dump's been a home away from home for him. You can't blame the girls. He's got that rather charming way of asking 'Another spoon of sugar?', that makes it impossible for a girl to say no, notwithstanding the fact that she's already shoved six spoons of it into her coffee (that explains why the Knick Knack guy is going grey). Anyway, the grapevine gives it that he has a room out at the spook dump. He won't tell anybody for certain. Says he will be in a mess if Jyoti or papa get to know about it. They'll make him pay rent for that room, too.

—AAJOO

* I found out. It's fairly safe. Only it isn't good for your health to go about calling 'em spooks.



As the ice-cream vendor comes into the hostel shouting 'Ayees, ayees,' the hostel suddenly erupts into a chorus, 'Payees, Payees', and out pops Jerome Victor Pais, the 'big sec of Jamuna, rather scantily clad in his one and only 'No. 9' yellow athletics vest, which, we have reason to believe, was once white.

Victor Pais is known for his repertoire of tongue-twisters and brain-teasers. His latest being, 'Data Kontrol Unit of a Modified Demonstration-Purpose Digital Computer'—which, incidentally is his project. He brags of having only one reference for this complicated project—his project mate.

He hails from the West Coast and no wonder his greatest ambition is to answer the call 'Westward Ho!'. His name must be in the files of every American University. Right now, he is in a dilemma as to which University to grace with his presence. It is a pity that only one University will have the privilege of saying that JVP also lived here.

Let us turn to Victor, the Sportsman. Volleyball, being the 'in' game back home, and habits being difficult to shed, as a fresher, he turned up regularly for practice and, naturally, made his entry into the Institute team. Being basically clever, he left the game honourably looking for greener pastures. He put on gloves and emptied his fury into the punch-bag, and to his horror, discovered that that was what he was made for. Steadily he climbed to the captaincy of the Institute team, winning all but one bout in his four-year boxing career. He jogged steadily and steadfastly to build up stamina and lo! What should he eye but the deer jumping about gracefully at the stadium and our chum got his brain-wave. He took his hurdles and slogged with dogged determination. Hard work pays, they say, and he proved his point by romping home victorious.

Jerome Victor has right from the start been an integral part of the social and political activities of the institute. Families make nations and wings make hostels. He had his humble yet noble beginning in being adjudged the most active member of his wing. Two years' experience as Sports Secretary, coupled with his conscientious campaigning paved the way for his being the G Sec of G Secs. The Meet has been the event of the year and he played a vital role—by supplying the 'vital calories' to the athletes in his hostel.

In the final semester of his final year, Victor Pais turned a 'Leo', something which will keep him occupied even after he leaves the Institute. Also it provided him with the prize opportunity to display his organizational ability and to continue his good old job, behind the counter of the Snacketeria.

True to his name, Pais is very pious. Not a Sunday passes by, without the immaculately dressed Pais, punctually doing the hop-step-and-jump from the mess to the bus. His destination, he says, is the church, but lately it has been under review.

This brings us to the romantic adventures of this illustrious soul. 'Behind every man there is a woman', they say, but Pais has proved otherwise. Many a time he has been seen behind the fair sex. Ask him about it, out comes the casual, nonchalant reply—'Ah what a coincidence'. All said and done, he feels there will be many more years to go before he will be leading a missus. (Let's hope he is not led before.)

On the whole, IITians, especially Jamunaites, will miss a very remarkable man in J V Pais. Let's hope he drifts westward and leaves his mark there as he did here.

V. P. WATSA.

TWELFTH SPORTS DAY REPORT

Dr and Mrs Thomas, Director Sir, Prof. R K Gupta and my dear friends,

It is my proud privilege today to present to you the annual report of the Sports Committee. This year has been a very memorable one for I.I.T Madras in the field of Sports.

The year began for us with the Inter-Collegiate Tournaments. Though we did not win any tournament, we put up a very good fight in all the games. In fact, in Basketball and Tennis we have reached the league—which unfortunately or fortunately has yet to be completed. In the Bertram Inter-Collegiate Chess Tournament, Kailash-nathan won the coveted championship. Lionel Paul repeated his earlier success in the Bertram Tennis Tournament by winning the Singles Title. In the Shuttle Badminton Tournament held in Madurai, Edwin Srinivasan won the Singles Title and won the doubles with Vaidyanathan. Our Chess Team went for Inter-University Chess Tournament held at Hyderabad. They did remarkably well by coming fifth out of 18 teams. In the Inter-University Cricket Tournament held at Waltair our Team was unlucky to have lost in the quarter finals.

Now I come to the piece-de-resistance of my report. We had the privilege of hosting the 8th Inter-IIT Meet in Madras. All of us were very busy right through the months of October, November and December not only in the organisation of the Meet but in the training of our athletes. This time our Coaching Camp was not the usual ten days

but forty whole days. We had Coaches of the calibre of Mr A B Krishnaswamy, Mr Bovva Rangiah and others right throughout this period. With hard and rigorous training and determined efforts (and of course nourishing food from Jamuna), IIT Madras forged ahead to win the General Championship Trophy for the first time. We won comfortably securing 68 points, our nearest rival Kanpur trailing behind with 40 points.

The Prize Distribution Ceremony was almost completely dominated by IIT Madras. We won the Championship in Hockey, Basketball, Tennis, Shuttle Badminton and Athletics. In Volleyball we came a close second. Our Gymnastics Team, in spite of the comparatively short period of training, did very well in coming third. T K Ganapathi of IIT Madras walked away with the Mr IIT Title for the best physique. In Athletics Narendra Kumar, as expected, dominated his events completely and won the Individual Athletics Championship. He broke his own record in the 110 metre Hurdles. Satish Bhaskar, the determined Captain of the Athletics Team, broke the 1,500 Metre record and also won the 5,000 Metre event. M S Chaudhury and Babu Girish won the triple jump and Pole Vault events, respectively.

Special mention should be made of the Football Team under the captaincy of C. Nair, who in spite of their hard and sincere training lost narrowly to the ultimate winner. This year our girls also came forward and participated in the Meet. They came second in Table Tennis.

The success of this Meet, Ladies and Gentlemen, was mainly due to the whole-hearted co-operation of the Staff with the students. They came forward readily to help us and it was not an unusual sight to see them early in the morning on the playing fields. I am sure with this type of encouragement, we will retain the Trophy for many more years.

I will be failing in my duty if I do not mention the main architects of this victory—namely Professor R K Gupta, the President of the Institute Gymkhana and Dr V Anantaraman, the Inter-IIT Sports Secretary. Both of them worked tirelessly and it was only due to their help and guidance that we did so well.

The momentum of the Inter-IIT Meet took us through the Buck Memorial Tournaments very creditably. We won the Hockey, Ball Badminton and Athletics Trophies. Our athletes dominated all the events.

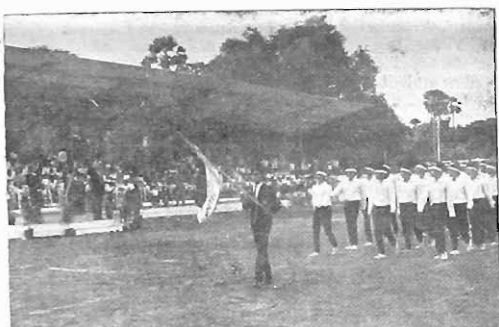
This last year has seen a lot of more interest in the inter-hostel competitions. There is keen competition and rivalry between the hostels and more hostels are in the run for the 'Schroeter Cup' which symbolises the over-all supremacy in Sports.

In concluding I would like to thank everyone for their co-operation and I hope that the years to come will be as fruitful and memorable as this year was.

Thanking you,

V P. WATSA,
Institute Sports Secretary

Our hearty Congratulations to Ganga on Winning the Schröter Cup



Narmada Hostel at the March past



Jubilant Ganga doing its juvenile act

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*Why does Ranthi always
carry a ladder?
He loves to climb*

A Report on Pugilistic Exercises

The Press and Registration of Books Acts 1867

The following information is published as required by Rule 8 of the Registration of Newspapers (Central) Rules 1956

FORM V

- 1 Place of Publication—Institute Gymkhana IIT Madras-35
- 2 Periodicity of its Publication—6 issues a year
- 3 Printer's Name—Mr C E Koshy
Nationality—Indian
Address—The Diocesan Press, 10, Church Road Vepery, Madras-7.
- 4 Publisher's Name—Prof S Sampath
Nationality—Indian
Address—Dy Director, IIT Madras-36
- 5 Editor's Name—N Kalyanaraman
Nationality—Indian
Address—Taptu Hostel, IIT Madras 36
- 6 Names and addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital—Nil

I, S Sampath, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief

(Sd) S SAMPATH,
Signature of Publisher.

Dated,

As usual, the inter-hostel boxing competition drew a larger collection of spectators than any other sport. However, there was an additional feature to this year's conduct of the competition: the conventional venue viz Ganga Hostel quadrangle was replaced by the OAT arena. Of course, as a rule, it rained on the day the first bouts were scheduled to be held.

Now for the inner details, as to what exactly went on in the ring. In all, thirty-three boxers took part—an all-time record! Twelve of them ventured into the ring for the first time, but only a third managed to get into the final bouts. A special word of praise goes to the plucky Linus Rego of Alakananda who lost narrowly to the ultimate winner, Sasidharan, in the bantam-weight.

The final day saw Ravi Kannan, one of the more aggressive beginners, punching away at the more experienced Shorty Nair, driving him to the ropes. However, Shorty soon resorted to his agility and experience and won the fly-weight title.

Sasidharan and Thiagarajan, another beginner, fought it out for the bantam weight title. Sasi, with his more accurate punches, was the winner.

The feather-weight class brought about the biggest upsets. In the preliminary round, both Vinod Bhatla and Sastry, last year's winners in bantam and feather-weights respectively, lost narrowly to Ashok D Souza and Dandekar. In the finals, however, Ashok disappointed the audience, giving a walkover to Dandekar.

The welter-weight class saw a close and fast punching pair in Prem Watsa and beginner M S Choudhury. The latter was adjudged winner and Prem was the best loser, points-wise.

Next, there was the hard-hitting battle

between J V Pais and Nalin for the light-weight title. Nalin who appeared a bit shaky against Chandiramani on the first day, was more scientific and resistive. The title went to his opponent's way.

The fight between Victor Thamburaj and Rajagopal in the light-middle class was an one-sided affair, Victor being the winner. His three year-old reputation might have to do with the foregone conclusion.

C N Anand and Padmanabhan fought out an all-Godavari battle in the middle weight class. Though the latter tried out his not-so-scientific tactics, Anand, with his longer reach, kept his opponent's at arm's length and won the title.

Then came the fight everyone looked forward to—between Mohan Peter and V K Raja. Though Mohan seemed to give in meekly in the first round, he quickly adjusted his guard to parry Raja's punches and combined it with adequate scientific jabs to put up a good fight. Raja, however, was the winner.

The day had the biggest upset in store for all round, a little late in the night. The last fight in the heavy-class saw unlucky Asokan victimised by Goswami who let loose a couple of stiff punches. Asokan, rich in experience, tactics and stamina, dished out a good fight in the final round. But Goswami walked away with the title.

The judges, Mr Kutty, Dr Seng and Dr Lukoschus declared V K Raja the most scientific boxer and Mohan Peter, the best loser. Both, incidentally, belonged to the same weight class. The final bouts were highlighted by the presence of expert boxing staff from the Officers Training Squad at Pallavaram.

J V. PAIS.



'Don't like your medulla O' Padmanabhan and Ravi



Watsa punching Chou in the kisser

Boxing '71



Pais beats Nalin

The Story of the Physicists

Take IIT, Madras. Six hundred and thirty-three acres of sprawling annoyance. Its long, winding roads, its clumsy deer and all male crowd AND its unimaginative inhabitants. Terrible. The library is so so the mess rates high and the living practices abominable. Books not read by the well read crowd. Cervantes to Bercht, Shakespeare to Sartre. Yes, SARTRE! Existence precedes essence. Would it do them any good to know that? I don't know. Don't ask me.

1970 was the year in which the IITian was stripped of his metaphysical faiths, lost all hopes of emancipation, and resigned himself to everlasting mediocrity in the coming years. Into the scene stepped a nice young not-so-clean cut profl called Jens-Ulrich Davids. His wife's name is Ingrid, also interested in dramatics. The Germans among you would call her the Produktionsfuehrer. Their daughter, Vibeke, practises avant-garde dancing when not at school. Just at a time when the IITians needed something to inflate their ego they arrived.

A dark, dimly-lit room, with dank curtains and worn out carpet. He calls a couple guys and whispers. Hey I wanna stage a play. Go ahead, have fun. Then he begins his story. Well it's about three loony guys, physicists all, having a gay time in naturally, a loony bun. The story is heard in spurts. Concentration goes haywire, with a lot of important people around. The affair is maddening. Clever chap, he lets it be known that two girls are needed for the play, the third one, having just undergone a transsexual operation at the hands of this brilliant young anthropologist. He flatters us a little bit about being energetic and tells us why we couldn't manage to get the girls going. Some problem! But the play is still open, it seems like a good one, and well, which aesthetically-oriented persons would miss the price opportunity? But what is to be the outcome of the situation? An inevitable snub? A polite no? A chase around the room with a handbag? We look around the room for the least hostile person.

Ah, we catch this 'ere bright girl and ask her to meet Dr Davids. 'Hey, how about acting in our play? Bright is bright is bright, as Gertrude Stein would say. She asks for the story, and gets it in clearer, and more complicated terms. She gives her enigmatic smile and doesn't say no. That is known as volitional surrender. May be vacillation is one of her virtues. Who knows?

Translation Mimeograph. Audition Audition is a great thing to do. You have twenty odd guys bunched up in a room and you can still avoid calamities. Only when you have all the twenty guys wanting to play the same parts, you're up to your neck in trouble. This nutty-looking fresher, but lax on voice modulation, dolts out everything in that I-just-woke-up Bangla accent and you don't know which loon to cast him as. Surely noone would make a better loon. There again we encounter someone who shakes his head like a cunning doctor talks like a pious preacher and walks like a burly Inspector. But that was no problem. The cast has to be changed anyway, or so the crystal ball tells us. So everybody has a part towards the end of the day and we walk home with the first rehearsal on our minds.

The exams come and the rehearsals stop. We plan to get down to business on the twentieth of December. Darned if anyone turns up. Postponed to sixth, and word comes from the bright girl (don't have any respect for my judgment) that she isn't going to be no Madame Sarah. Sarayu has unending possibilities, especially where Madame Sarahs are concerned. Another kid comes along and boy, is she bright! Thirteenth of January the play gets promptly ditched because we couldn't get started on the rehearsals. Sane decision one must admit, but what sticks in the craw is painful, the inability of even the elite IITian to do anything. Slight persuasions are enough to kindle the—what do they call it—the creative fires of the director who does a bit of warranted recasting and we settle down to work.

That is when we learn that you could walk down a stage hundred and one ways, you gotta know where you are standing, and mainly that acting isn't an easy job after all. Mr Davids tells us how they used to go for picnics with the theatre groups so that everybody gets the feel of everybody and so forth.

(Much as we would have liked to, there was no time for such jaunts into the wilderness and stuff.) We stick to the Ladies Club and the irritation of seeing (lousy) badminton players in the process of trying to stifle their laughter. The heat is on. The prospect of appearing on stage in outlandish wigs and costumes wears our nerves thin and the fact that we are desperately under-rehearsed doesn't help much either.

18th of February dawns with all of us being hustled to the Museum Theater. And there we rehearse like professionals, on hastily snatched meals, sandwiches and coffee. The 19th hour approaches mercifully. At minus ten, the more curious variety watches through the peephole against everybody's better judgement. Ah, yes, you can see whose aunt is sitting where, but apart from that you see nothing but row and rows of chairs. Sad. Well the crowd backstage is really elite. They know a complicated plot when they see one. May be someone goofed up on publicity. Or the morons out there in the sylvan surroundings aren't made for this kind a stuff.

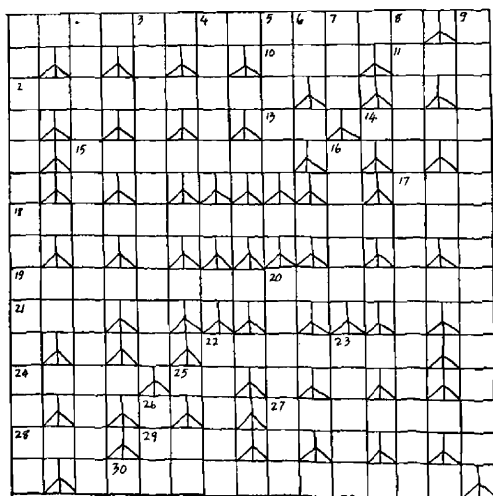
Curtain time. Two hundred and fifty in the audience. Talk about miracles! Curtain time. What time is more sanctimonious? The rest, of course, is history.

Time for curtain calls. As the enthusiastic audience gives us a standing ovation (they were standing), we do our rehearsed bow-and-smile act. And then we have twenty odd guys from the audience swarming on to the stage and screaming praise for the Director and cast. That was nice. There was a hit if you ever saw one.

The next week, we have people mildly reprimanding us for putting up crap like this, and some lady-guests, too, expressing their displeasure in no milder terms. Doesn't say much for them, I am afraid. Heck, we even printed a synopsis for them which was as confusing-subtle as the play. The synopsis. The end of the play leaves a big question unanswered. What are the physicists to do? To be 'sane' and drive the rest of the world to insanity? Or be madmen forever in the hope that humanity will be left alone? They are not some cheapskate, sermon-spouting scientists who talk as if some Martians are always dangling from the tip of their shiny noses. Rather, they are the type who talk slick and act fast. The problem that confronts them, does not confront most of us. After all, we are not all Oppenheimers. Yet, how these physicists, brilliant but human, rise up to the occasion (or buckle under) in a lunatic asylum, symbolising our bizarre world ruled by maniacs, forms the plot of the play. Let's leave it at that.

(Two days later, we had a great party. It lasted till breakfast—almost. We wish it could have lasted till the next play.)

THE SQUARE DANCE



Across

- (1) A question of life and death (2, 2, 2, 3, 2, 2)
- (10) Letters of credit (1, 1, 1)
- (11) A weapon to get confused beast (3)
- (12) He came with snow too and hail to the garden (9)
- (13) French or Spanish, this article? (2)
- (14) Volcanic mixture at you, Latin! (4)
- (15) Toiled with head for this nation (4, 3)
- (17) Wood supplied in the fuel market (3)
- (18) Men who make monkeys out of men (15)
- (19) Operation on a fundamental body? or on a part of it? (2, 6, 7)
- (21) Sounds the break of feet of father (3)
- (22) Ski aces get confused and miserable on water (7)
- (24) Mad to cultivate? Break into a song then! (4)
- (25) Brake the player to get the record! (2)
- (27) Sneaks in documents (7)
- (28) The surprised shout of the encouraged speaker (3)
- (29) Commissionless commander (3)
- (30) The idiot will be doing this, if wishes were horses (6, 1, 5)

Down

- (1) Make an offer of submission to Municipal Authority (6, 2, 7)
- (2, 22) Maybe it was dinner hour, that the jeweller's son arrived thus (4, 4, 1, 6, 5)
- (3, 26) How the witch might be off (2, 3, 6, 3)
- (4) Dowager s in the air about me? my sours (5)
- (5) Managed somehow attached a guitar string (6)
- (6) Child without tea appears before me (and you and others too) (2)
- (7) Oddly, the 'in' person is in this way (3)
- (8) Disturb the orator? No, encourage him! (3, 3, 7, 2)
- (16) Range of irritation (5)
- (22) Am at sin, and need it to continue (7)
- (23) Confused but better, I deduce (5)
- (26) Toutonic and . . . (3).