

Campastimes

Vol. IX, No. 2

IIT Madras, November 1970

25 P.

ANNUAL DEBATE

-A REVIEW

As someone pointed out, all the debaters seemed to have this bug about the Days That Made History. As one sat through a very monotonous recital of these dates—Twenty-first of July, 1969, Sixth of August, 1945, Ninth of December, 1941—not to forget the Ides of March, 44 or thereabouts B.C.—in voices choked with emotion, one could not but feel whether it was worth getting mediocre just for a couple thousand goose pimples in the audience. Anyway, mediocre they were, and for us folks who had jobs to do, there was no getting away from it.

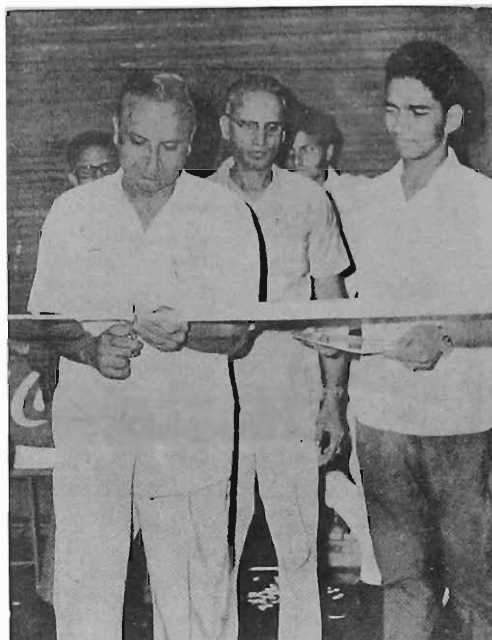
The topic, whose tawdriness can be surpassed only by that good old egalitarian society stuff, went like this: Organisation has reduced man to a spent force. And the way the speakers went about it was maddening, to say the least. First they had to lug in all possible historically significant dates. When, one wonders, will we ever stop listening to bromides like, 'On that fateful day in the summer of nineteen hundred and thirty-two, a young man who would have been twenty-nine come December, sat in that uncomfortable cockpit of that great airship, "The Spirit of St. Louis" with an unusually chilly spine, and guess what he was doing? Crossing the blessed Atlantic Ocean, ladies and gentlemen. That's organisation for you.' That, and some minor improvisations on these lines.

One could hear little else at the Annual Debate, but the speakers, having started on a noticeably mediocre note, had to go in for an even more ridiculous point. The prehistoric man was hauled up time and again, and the wretched life poor Adam and Eve led in that wreck of a joint, the Garden of Eden obviously due to the highly disorganised state of affairs, was elucidated. One cannot question that, though you only have to refer to the Book to find out how chaotic it was in those days. Precious few of the speakers seemed to be aware of the existence of the Establishment, a direct result of organization. The question whether it is adorable or contemptible is by itself a debatable point, but then, one would have expected to hear the debaters' appraisal of this all-pervading aspect of organisation.

As usual, the judges had a tough time, or so they said, picking out the winners. Mahesh Kumar Khemka was placed first, Kumar, second and P. N. Vijay, third. The team includes Hariharan Shankar and Sudhup Ghatak also. As usual, the Deputy Director thanked the judges for coming to the function and making it an unqualified success, and in the process, gave vent to his political leanings by having a dig at a political party which cannot possibly find the topic complimentary. After a redundant and boring vote of thanks by one of the Committee members, the Annual Debate mercifully came to a close.

Campastimes.

NEWS

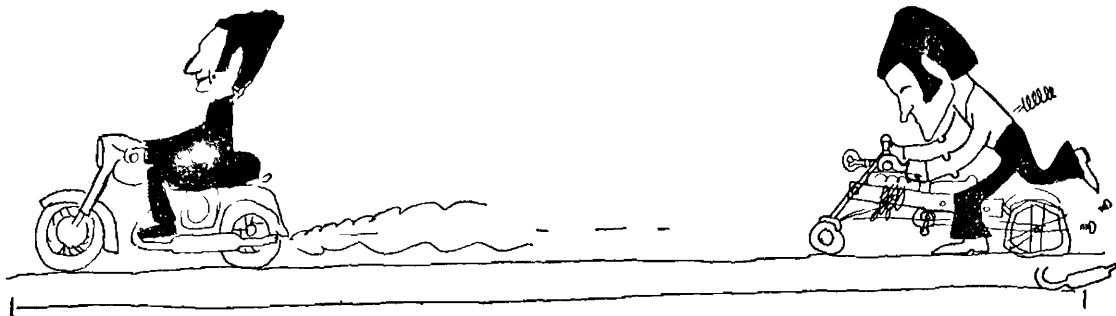


Alice Reimgung opened by Dr. E. G. Ramachandran



Inauguration of Photographic Club.

Merry Christmas
and
Happy Holidays



A PLEA FOR THE CONSERVATION AND BETTER USE OF IITIAN HEROISM

Gentlemen with certain extra curricular activities have an unhappy knack of falling foul of public opinion and their grades. There are activities *and* activities, and some of them are too goddamn interesting for the mental peace of even the least hidebound IITian.

Granted that heroes *will* be heroes and that the egoist *will* swank around but things can reach unmanageable proportions when swanking around becomes competitive. The spectators laugh the introverts snigger in their sleeves and the more extrovert non-heroes express their opinion in just so many words, generally behind the hero's back.

But the hero, poor devil, knows not how he measures up in the public regard, and even if he does have a vague idea, because he's the type of individual he is, he convinces himself that he doesn't care a damn for the opinions of the great unwashed multitude. That's the hallmark of the hero: he doesn't give a damn. But he doesn't give a damn in a very ostentatious way, because he craves to be unique, he craves for recognition. He wants notoriety and almost unfailingly collects an interesting aura.

But think, ye folks, one moment. It is this hero who will come to the fore when the time for testing comes and men are thrown on their individuality. The plain fact is that the hero rates himself pretty high, perhaps unfoundedly trusts to his abilities a lot more and generally takes the initiative in a moment of stress. The hero is contrary enough to think for himself. And because of his strong motivation for self-expression, he is a trifle more artistic and creative than the herd.

So the devil may care fellows you see kicking round the landscape are the ones capable of *doing* something if they'd only stop swanking around and get down to business. Groan, but it's true. Corner a hero type, shrink his head, do a little bit of experimenting on hero psychology, and you'll see the mechanisms that make him tick. Very interesting, I assure you.

It is a pity that with such quantities of individuality floating around we should let it deteriorate into so much stupid swank. In an institute of such (oft cited) national importance, shouldn't we make better use of our hero material? There's a lot of it, and no mistaking that. Give the hero something to sink his teeth into: give him a challenging task worthy of his colossal ego, and you have a harmless useful thinking IITian, a rare commodity. Maybe things would get done, maybe our achievements wouldn't be limited to the dimensions of words and more words if we trusted in the IITian hero.

Vice-President, AEFC.

To Prasad and His Two-Wheeled Pushcart

(When William Bikesworth decided to compare Prasad's bike with Navzer's bike, he put down his opinions in verse. Prasad felt he ought to differ. The result was the following interlude.)

Two Jawas are there, one is of the good
Eighteenth century stuff that's hewed out of wood.

If you try and start it, it will just wheeze
And run in the general direction of the breeze.

Surprisingly it runs hour after hour
It must be because of his will power.
One fine day its god-given spin will lapse
And the whole damn bike will just collapse.

Day and night you watch out for a loose clamp
In rainy season your seat will become damp.
Fit only for scrap after crushing in a vice
Too bad the shipping cost is more than its price.

And the other bike is a streak of lightning,
At start its deafening roar is frightening,
Behold and listen to its low rumble
Which in its shed makes the other one tremble.

Open her up and you see speed,
Sorta speed in Madras you never need.
First or top you see it pull
Without a solitary seconds lull.

(On reading this, Prasad had to try his hand at verse. A description of his effort is skipped due to obvious reasons.)

Just you wait, you silly young sods
In just a week she'll be chrome and brass.
Praise her then, you yakkety bards
And God help the poor guy who dares make a pass.

[This was the repartee]
Change piston, crash-guard, clutch and the like.

You might as well try to change your bike
Plaster it with brass and chrome
And keep it in your drawing room.
All chrome and brass won't make it start.
Kick it hard and it'll come apart.
In a month or so, it won't even run.
When you sell it for junk, we'll watch the fun.

(At this point the interlude was brought to a rather sudden end as the lecturer decided to walk towards the last bench.)

N S SRIDHARAN

OAT Reconstruction Plan (In the year 2525)

Submitted by Kokonut Kottai of the Civil Engineering Department, Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. Dr K Kottai was awarded his Ph.D. in Home Science from Stella Maris College in 2222, and in 2223 he joined the teaching staff of the IIT, Madras, in his present capacity as a Dissociate Professor.

Dr Kottai is a member of the Institution of Coconut Engineers, Association of Coconuts, and of the Hooch-drinkers' party. He is the author of two valuable treatises—'Complicated Coconut Leaf Structural Analysis' and 'More and More Complicated Coconut Leaf Structural Analysis'. He has published a series of monographs on topics in Coconut Technology such as 'Kokonut water, good for your daughter', etc.

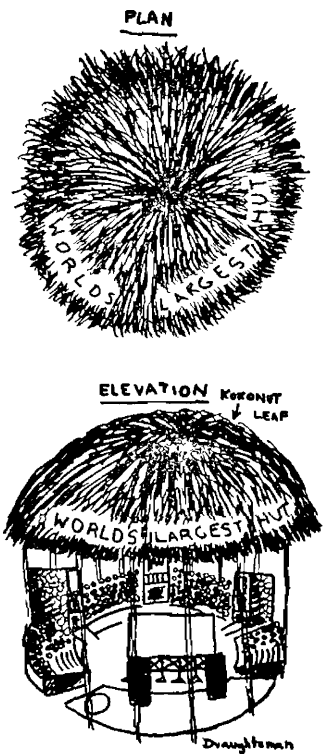
And here Dr Kokonut Kottai gives you four concrete reasons to prove to you that his plan is based on a strong foundation.

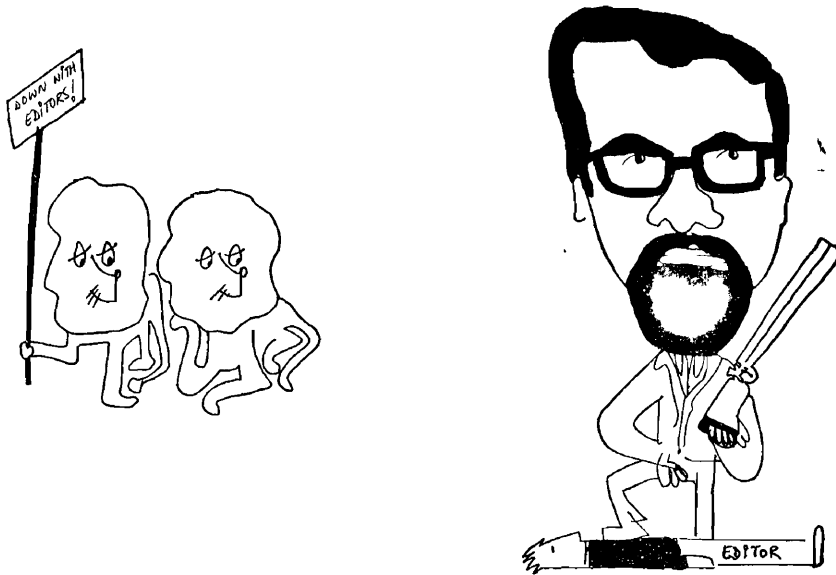
1 You will not contract sniffles, whooping cough, double pneumonia, or frostbite after Saturday night movie. Statistically it has been proved that the overall probability of rain at 8.15 p.m. on a Saturday is one.

2 Construction of an additional Hut during the Convocation will not be necessary.

3 IIT, Madras, will have the World's Largest Hut. It will become an important tourist center. With the amount of foreign exchange we will be earning, the Ministry of Tourism will recommend to Mrs Gandhi that all the money required by the Registrar be sanctioned immediately.

4 The full blooded IIT audience will enjoy the thrill of seeing Velacheri movies every Saturday.





REFLECTIONS DURING WILD LIFE WEEK

Wild animal week is on again. It is time for us to cultivate patience and tolerance for each other, in sufficient quantities to last the whole year through, till the next time around students for teachers, teachers for students, and all of us for the politicians in office, and the people in public life. It should not be too difficult, if we recall that we are all species of the baboon, perhaps not so colourful in the face as certain other baboons, but mischief-making baboons nevertheless, all equally guilty, and each, therefore, entitled to the tolerance and forgiveness of the others.

This apart, wild life week is also a time when we could quite profitably think a little of other wild creatures. Particularly for us, on this campus, it is almost a duty, since we have stolen the entire area from the chital deer, and the black buck, the latter, I am told, a species struggling for survival. One could wish that the theft had not been, that the government had put its actions where its mouth is, and had left the animals secure in their forest, rigging up our sordid little toys for us, elsewhere.

It is too late for that now, though. Steal we did and here we are, and the least we could do in reparation is to tread softly, apologizing to the deer, not swearing at them when they cross the path of our cars or motorcycles, or eat the plants we try to raise. And we could also reflect on the obvious lesson the situation teaches, concerning the general dealings of men, till now, with the other beings in Nature.

... Our dealings with wild life fish, fowl, or beast, have always been destructive. There have been, and are, the obvious acts of destruction, on a large or minor scale depending on the circumstance, motivated from considerations of profit, or from mere vanity. There also has been, and continues to be, destruction arising out of actions undertaken by us, not consciously intending harm, but causing it all the same, because our actions, while furthering our aims, remove the conditions required by wild creatures for their existence.

Examples of the first are not far to seek. Whale hunting, on a large scale, has existed in recent centuries, and persists into our times, because of the money value of spermaceti, whale bone and whale oil. Sea-otters, fur seals, and various other creatures with attractive pelts or feathers, have also been much hunted for the same reason, the market in this instance being rich and idle women.

Killing out of vanity, fortunately, has always been on a small scale, since it is Man, the individual, who is involved here, who has always loved to pull triggers from a safe distance from no real need, but just to savour that extra thrill of manliness that comes from watching a lovely creature die, having been the executioner. Of all the destruction, this appears to be the most unprofitable, since it has no basis in real need. Is not having to die a very heavy price for a tiger, for instance, to have to pay, just to gratify the hunter's vanity at having outwitted it?

Incidentally, I have always thought that it must be a pretty poor sort of vanity to derive gratification at having got the better of a far less intelligent creature. Real gratification, I should have thought, comes only from besting a mental equal, and there need be no killing involved in this. Since not all hunters are solid granite from the neck up, they surely must see this, so it couldn't be just vanity alone. Possibly there is also blood lust involved, which, if so, makes the whole business of hunting even less justifiable except in those circumstances which legitimize it—as for instance, when the animal eliminated is an exception to the general pattern, and thus an extra-ordinary nuisance—a man-eating carnivore, for example, or a tusker run amuck.

Elimination of wild life for profit, or just for the fun of it, is something in which most of us have not been involved. It is easy enough to be indignant over the guilt of others. The test of our objectivity, however, will be when we consider the third kind of destruction because this stems from the actions of human society as a whole, and we, as members of the race, have to share the guilt.

Though we do not consciously intend them harm, wild creatures are destroyed all the same, when we, for instance, wage a large-scale war, or reclaim a forest or marsh to our use, to accommodate our growing numbers. In both cases, wild life suffers, because war, with its guns and bombs, knows no distinction between the haunts of animals and those of men, and because territorial reclamation—the conversion of forest, marsh, or swamp into land fit for our occupation, leaves wild creatures with no place else to go to, where the conditions are what they require for continued existence.

And, of late we have acquired yet another ally in the battle against wild life pollution. We dump enormous amounts of wastes, arising from proliferating heavy industry, and

increasingly sophisticated city-life, into rivers and seas, making them lethal to the creature that live in, or off them.

In brief then, due to our exploiting attitudes, or our absolute preoccupation with ourselves, needless of the consequences to other creatures, and because of our refusal, by and large, to subscribe to philosophical systems that allot to us the role of kindly keepers, considerate to other beings even when our own interests are at stake, our effect of wild life has been far from beneficial. In earlier times, our attitudes hardly mattered, because they could cause lasting harm to no other species than ourselves, since we were then children who had not yet cut our teeth, capable of delivering no more than a few rude blows from which the rest of Nature could easily recover.

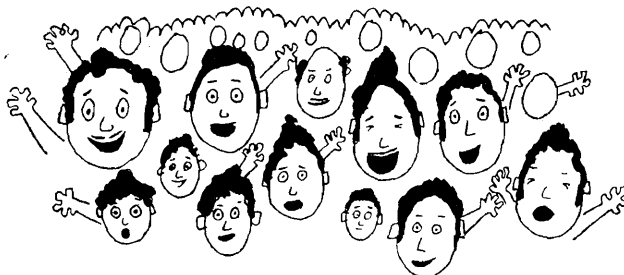
But it is a different situation now, we have passed adolescence and have all of science and technology at our feet, with fearful engines of destruction, and lethal ways of extending our sphere of influence far beyond the actual areas we occupy. The time is ripe for a thorough re-appraisal of old attitudes to Nature and wild life. It is time for us to sit and think, because now we have an unlimited supply of ability and power, and, actions being fashioned by attitudes, our attitudes are important now. The world of tomorrow depends on the mental framework of the men of today. We cannot go on, in our old, selfish, unthinking ways, and yet assume that tomorrow's world will be the same, as regards Nature and wild life, as it is today, and was yesterday.

The question, then, is do we or do we not wish to take with us into the tomorrow the world of wild life as it exists now? It must be said here that, in considering wild creatures, it is naive to ask of what use they are. If it comes to that, of what use are we? The purpose of all life is just to be, and, by being, to glorify the Creator, or the Life-force, or the Aesthetic principle, or whatever else one prefers to call it. Not that wild life serves no purpose. Viewing the question purely from our point of view, don't wild creatures serve us well, by offering us breaks in the dullness of looking at each other's monotonously similar faces, don't they satisfy the longing for beauty in us, by merely being there for us to look at and marvel over?

If, in spite of everything, we decide to do without wild life, we have only to go on as we

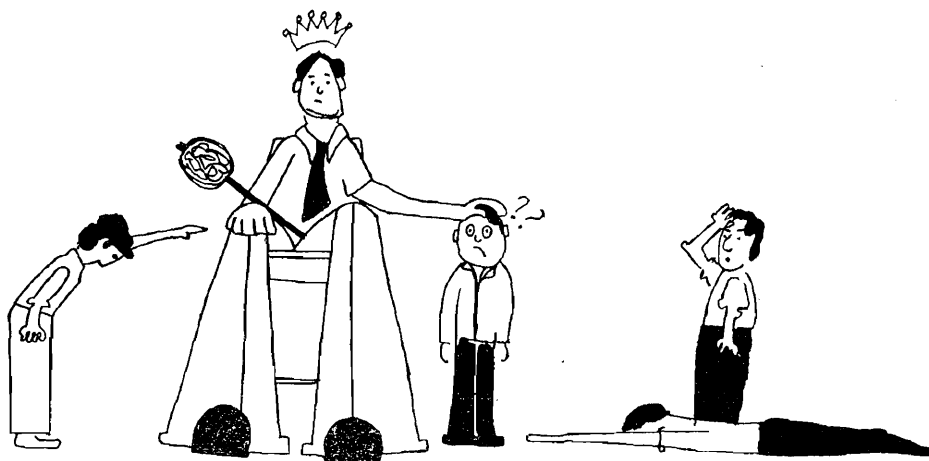
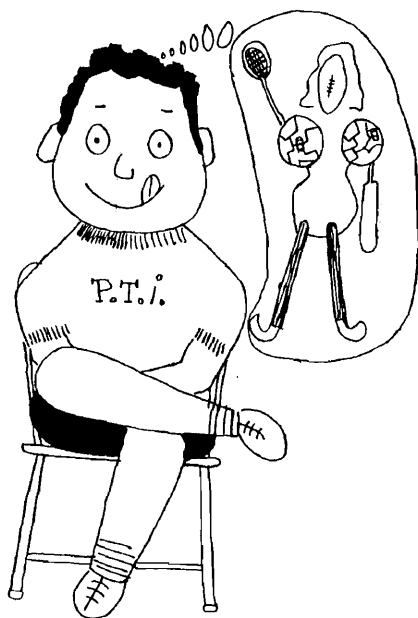
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THE FILM CLUB



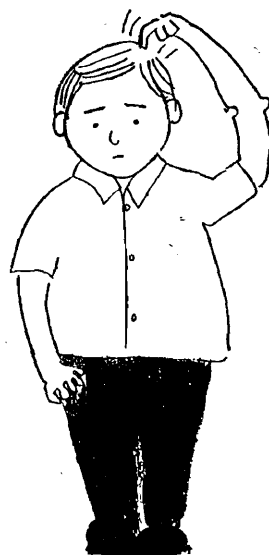
See the crowd,
They are all clapping and cheering.
Why are they clapping and cheering?
It's another of Dean's movies.
Guns, guts, gals and sex.
Do IITians clap and cheer for Dean's movies?
No, the guys clapping and cheering are all from Velacheri.
The IITians have gone to see the Velacheri movie.

See the man.
He is ogling the luscious broads.
He likes spy movies,
He also chooses our movies.
Why does he choose our movies?
Because he is the P. T. Instructor.
That makes a lot of sense.

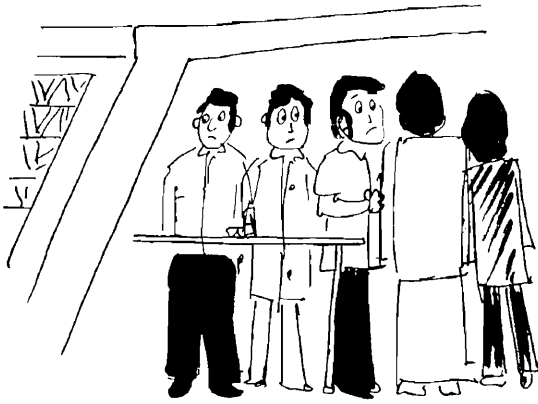


See the President.
The Director appoints him.
He appoints the Film Club Secretary.
He gets a lot of applications.
So who does he appoint?
Someone who didn't apply.
That also makes a lot of sense.

See the Joint Secretary.
He has come to see the movie.
But there's no movie.
How come he doesn't know?
The President has cancelled the movie.
He thought it was nice day for cancellation.



(Continued on page 5)



*See the Film Club Secretaries.
It's Saturday evening
And they're all sad.
Why are they sad?
Because they have to man the OAT gates
And that's all they ever get to do.*

*See the author.
He's a real sourpuss,
Fingering the Film Club.
Why is he fingering the Film Club?
Because he's 'expressed a desire to participate'.
The President says so.*



(Continued from page 3)

always have· killing anything and everything for profit, taking for our own use any territory that we fancy, waging wars as we please, and dumping our refuse wherever it is most convenient for us. The result will be the continuation, and since we are now very sophisticated and well-equipped, the rapid acceleration of the extinction of wild life, species after species, which has begun in recent centuries, until finally we shall be left by ourselves in our concrete jungles, with the domestic dog, or cat, alone for variety.

If, however, we decide that we cannot do without wild creatures, we shall have to exchange our attitudes for others considerably less selfish and irresponsible. We shall have always to bear in mind that the smallest of our actions can have a profound negative influence on wild life, we shall have always to limit our own numbers, so that we do not have to encroach further on territories occupied by wild life, we shall have to begin the all out job of educating every individual, even the most die-hard, so that wild life conservation programmes, now being set afoot by governments the world over, will have the full support and enthusiastic backing they will require in order to succeed. If all this is to be done, there is hope that we shall be able to take with us, into the tomorrow, the lovely creatures that share the planet with us today, so that they may be for our children the catch in the breath, and the moments of wonder, that they are for us.

All day, and part of the night, I have sat writing and rewriting, prompted by a poster seen on a bus. There does not seem to be much else to say. I shall bow out on the thought that, if our IIT has a slim chance of becoming legitimately famous, there being so many other comparable and better institutions, it has quite a chance of acquiring another sort of name. If the black buck fails to make it to safety, we shall go down in the books of the naturalists, and be remembered, forever after, as one of the final contributory causes.

M. ANTHONY REDDY.

(Continued from page 11)

knowledge of—seems to tell him that his Honda and his Guru shirt, not to forget his American English would fetch him dames in two shakes of a duck's tail. Not being capable of understanding Indian culture, he dismisses the inborn shyness of the Indian girl as being sick—he never says sickening; that would be good English, a crime. Again his qualities stand out, frustration, mediocrity.

These two characters form the bulk but not the whole and we need to understand two more types if we are to understand the fancy fêtes and football finals. The third we shall call Sandhya Lakshmi Subramaniam, 'Sandy' to her friends. She is not mediocre. She studies French and Western Music with cooking of Bondas as her special subject. She speaks English fluently and refers to Harold Robbins' heroes by their Christian names. But as far as the world is concerned she is lost and hence does not exist. To her 'these Indians' are always strange. 'Why don't they wear decent clothes?' Their manners are really too bad, she whispers to 'Bobby'—short for Bhuvaneshwari—as she drives her Herald out of a posh restaurant in Mount Road. She cannot understand India and India need not understand her.

The last of these characters is really a delta character but crucial nevertheless. He is Balasubramanian. He is very good at making the grade. He corrects the lecturer often and spends his spare time browsing in the library. He has not heard of T. S. Eliot or Valéry Brumel. But the gnawing drawback in his make-up is his infatuation with himself. His blinkers allow him to see nothing but a glorious climax to his career, in all probability in America—that fatal mistake in navigation. These 'Students' Union elections do not bother him. 'After all, what are the Union leaders capable of? They can't even solve a differential equation. They can only agitate for more bus-stops.' His crushing cynicism and abominable indifference make him an outsider in his own land.

Having understood these four types it is not difficult to draw conclusions from those two despicable escapades. Sandhya Subramaniam reads of successful fancy fêtes organised by the wives of leading American

politicians to raise funds for their husbands' elections. She thinks she can do the same in India. When she does so, she opens the gate to all the frustrations pent up in KK and Praveen Gupta. The rest is logical, in fact, inevitable. In a society where there is very little violence, a football final is a god-send. To think of it as a sporting tussle between two institutions playing a glorious game is just above the Plimsoll-line of KK and Praveen Gupta. All their pseudo-patriotism and misplaced valour come out in a grand show of strength at the match, their mediocrity egging them to be different for a change. Having never heard of such things as fight-backs and recoveries, they see the game as a miniature political platform in which might wins the fight.

As these events go on, the intellectual broods in his library; shrugs his shoulders as he reads about them in the papers. He could have become the President of the Union and seen to it that order was maintained. But like Yudishtara, his chariot does not touch the ground. In the final reckoning, he is the person most responsible for all this as he is the only person capable of changing it.

An exaggeration? Perhaps. But creation; no, never. Madras is typical of an Indian University, its frustration, mediocrity and cynicism having their counterparts everywhere. As students in Tokyo, Paris and Berkeley agitate to change their social structure, and alongside it, run faster, throw farther and jump higher than anyone else in the world, the Indian student sinks deeper and deeper into the rut, his society vainly looking to him for the lead that it so badly needs.

P. N. VIJAY.

*Campastimes thanks all
its contributors for hold-
ing this rag together.*



EDITORIAL

The reading public has expressed the fear that all the pages in this rag, including the editorial page, might be turned into a regular grouses-and-grievances affair. They are mortally afraid. Justly so. Three cheers for that.

Nothing can be more heartening to the establishment than such a peace-loving set of undergraduates. It is a privilege that has been stripped off many a glorious institution. It must surely be gratifying to note that their protests against such a trend are moulded in righteous indignation, but only a mild attack of the fever as such. To repeat what has been said before, to convince ourselves of the purity of this divinely-ordained Armageddon, we must say that they are justified. Sur, the circus is crumbling with you, they say, it is going right down to hitherto untrodden depths. They are right. The pushers have moved in wheeling and dealing all the way, the naughty hecklers have been given a majestic podium from which to annoy the crowd; the deciders of the IN and OUT things have muzzled in. No wonder the pyramid is falling onto the net. No wonder. Now, to sit back over your ever-so-nourishing dinner, happy in the tummy about having knifed your way through one more of the unpalatable issues, safe with the assurance that the unbreachable shan't be breached, and that this poor, little official mouthpiece of the establishment will be doomed forever into getting nothing across.

There is an amusing side to this; a lot of depressing stuff gets written in the name of seriousness. An unoriginal translation of a poem called 'Apolitical Intellectuals' and another treatise on 'Culture and Commies—in IIT' are sufficiently tempting to make one overdo one's part. But then, no one wants this to read like an Ayn Rand Stalin debate. The moral of the story is simply this. A magazine with such a ridiculous periodicity/deadline/motley of contributors/Editorial Board cannot survive just by employing the standard ethics of journalism. So it is back to the wheeler-dealers, the unmentionables, the Editorial Board.

There are opinions and opinions on what *Campastimes* should and should not print. Parts of what is printed is ignored, other parts sneered at, and the rest objected to vehemently. Anyway, what one is interested in is the objective aims of these objectionable passages and whether they have been achieved. For instance, the General Secretary '69-70, was of the opinion that the election system needed a thorough once-over and his report was published in this journal. He was, with due apologies to everyone who might disagree, a swell guy: he knew what he was talking about and his opinions were well worth examining. But then, they weren't. Little or no notice was taken of this point in the report, probably because apathy is the Establishment's bag also, or because the general public could not attach any ulterior motive to this, for he was pushing off in a short while, anyway. Why, then, this indignation on what amounts to a reiteration of an once-legitimate demand? It all boils down to this: it doesn't pay to dismiss anything that is said as a personal affront to the guys who have made it.

A lengthy editorial has its repercussion disastrous it might be, the young upstart of a journalist, with his eyes glazed at being read by all, will not be wise enough to refrain from such a misadventure, no, the promise—of a lengthy editorial, to say the least,—has to be kept at all costs, the admirers, and other madmen, have to be housed under his long flowing robe, and yes, the adversaries, they are to be won over, or so good manners would demand, but all this depends on how self-righteous one is. Which brings us exactly where we left off—the lengthy editorial in question.

There have been many misinterpretations of the last editorial some are serious, some, not so—but all of them are emotional. The editorial called for clear thinking in the field of staff-student relationship and tried to examine, to a certain extent, the causes leading to such a situation. Hear ye, hear ye, it said, if both you clowns have drawn, and mutter sheepishly about how it all happened, I'll tell you. And it did. The time has come to examine the attitudes on both sides. If, in its examination, it was a trifle unbalanced, the imbalance was largely due to the relative stance of the attitudes of both. This can be easily seen from the article, and interested gentlemen can read the whole of the said article and pat themselves on the back—if the need arises, that is.

What was referred to was the way in which a teacher handles his class—not academically, but otherwise. That he never came second right from his schooldays to his graduate study in the States is as irrelevant to the context as the information that he used to mess his bedding at a tender age. Academic brilliance is never questioned, but one should understand that it cannot fill the void created by lack of rational, sane and sympathetic approach, no, it cannot quite give that something which is lacking in an average teacher here. To see some sense in that, one has to believe in the importance of maintaining a few fundamental standards in inter-human relationships. But as long as everyone is distracted by that great IITian credo—University first-rankers teaching the Cream of India make up an Institute of National Importance, and that's all that matters—these standards have to be dispensed with.

Finally, when an Assistant Professor stands up in class and says, 'I'm a compulsive reader, I read even *Campastimes*,' and goes on to say, 'Don't come to people like us for recommendations,' it is so childish that it causes a queasiness in the stomach. To try and change such attitudes would be too hard on our bleeding hearts which have borne many a bruise in the past. We all relish a hint of self-pity, mock or no, but to say that the generality of the article hurt the community in general is carrying that relish too far. One would expect people to be more rational about getting their feelings hurt, and, of course, about what they say in class, lest they should prove our point.

The Hero and the Mamma's Boy—A Dialogue

- pessimist*: the day i came to IIT
i lost my cheer and gaiety,
before i lose my head, o god,
please have on me some pity.
it all started with the fitting
shop,
the file with name unmention-
able
and the man who said f-i-l-e,
f-i-l-e
in english just as horrible.
- optimist*: buck up, ol' pal, be hale and
gay
do not be such a fretter
with all the dough your parents
send
you oughta feel much better.
- pessimist*: then came carpentry, not so
simple,
my fingers got all burnt out
in the welding shop's damn
cubicle,
i only wish i could get out i
chem was just atrocious
physics was not much diff,
all i got in that lousy lab was
h₂o to sniff
- optimist*: if you have some pep and lip,
the lab's not bad at all
yesterday i had to sip
pints of ethyl alcohol,
- pessimist*: sitting for the lecturers daily
my back got bent and sore
if you want my frank opinion
ol' niels was just a bohr
the skits in oat are all mad,
the movies just as bad,
with ncc two days a week
the going here is sad,
so, what, my dear friend
- optimist*: do you find here so attractive?
points in favour, i insist,
are from zero subtractive
- optimist*: your tastes are very poor, dear
friend,
try not to be a fretter.
with all the dough your parents
send
you ought to feel much better.
the hostel slang, you must agree,
will shock even sardaryis;
in future it might assist me
in drunken brawls and orgies
this place, i feel, in all respects,
is nothing short of heaven
why, they show adult movies
to tiny tots of seven!
so, ditch your classes, wear sun-
glasses,
be a go-getter,
put on your bells, the thing that
sells,
be a trend-setter

(The pessimist seems convinced and the curtain comes down)

PIXIE & DIXIE.

SICK ONES

- Happiness is: Looking at your watch during a lecture and finding that 5 minutes are left.
- Misery is: a substitute lecturer, a bungled periodical, a hard-working tutor.
- Ecstasy is: an hour off, a power failure on Friday night.
- Heaven is: the day off, the death of a president, an earthquake.
- Hell is: Monday through Saturday.
- Agony is: A physics lecture after a lousy lunch.
- Hope is: An epidemic of laryngitis among the lecturers, an entrance exam restricted to girls.
- Sex is: Unnecessary, a back row.
- The End is: here.

FRITZIE.



One thing I will tell you—if there is anybody who reads this column, it certainly isn't the Establishment. Just to re-inflate my ego, maybe they don't read *Campastimes* at all. Which makes this column about as effective as sticking out your tongue at a blind man. The last few sentences are all in aid of emphasizing the fact that if those concerned did sit back and read about the Co-operative Stores, they probably treated it as an exercise in humour, nothing more. So everything continues just the way it used to be.

THE LIBRARY

Ought to appreciate a good thing when we see it. The Library is one of the few sections in the Institute which has been steadily incorporating new ideas into its working. The Book Bank has been started off, though on a minute scale. Future plans include acquiring five hundred standard titles, each in sufficient numbers. Probably means that Mr. Nazir Ahmed needs finance. While he is trying to wangle it out of the Director, we wonder why the students shouldn't do something to help him. Collect some money, perhaps, or maybe respond enthusiastically to his request for contributions of books.

The extension of library timings is another favour that the residents ought to be grateful for. We would like to thank Mr. Nazir Ahmed and the Library Staff and hope that they will continue their good work.

—Campastimes.

PROBABILITY LIVES

Brains made numb
by the tyrant technology
Self-shuttered souls
struggling in Shadow
Their senses dimmed
their music muted
We evolve, growing less animal
but less human as well

* * *
Actions which seem aimless
gather together day by day
To form a life which must end
someday
its meaning still unknown
The random pattern repeats
for oneman and for all Man
We lead our Probability lives
Each of us and all of us, a part
within a whole.

M. A. SRINIVAS

THE SYSTEM

Recently there was an attempt by some students of the Madras University to change the system of education there. Apparently their plight is more pitiable than ours, but nevertheless, our system isn't particularly popular. The whole course is completely exam-oriented and the third and the fourth years are enough to get the most interested student fed up. Seven hours a day of class is absolutely too much and an average fourth year has two labs, three tutorials and three periodicals a week. Working every single night up to twelve absolutely kills any desire for voluntary learning or doing something on your own. A person interested in doing any design work or developing a pet theory lack both time and concentration. *Campastimes* would like to invite readers (both staff and students) to write about how the system can be improved or made more digestible.

A few suggestions, which you can criticize, are to have a fixed course for the first two years and later, certain basic subjects for every semester, and all other subjects optional. The minimum and maximum number of credit points per semester can be fixed and the student can choose his own subjects. Another suggestion would be to reduce the number of working hours to five for the fourth and final years to give more time for independent work. I am sure there will be a horde of new suggestions and if we get enough articles we could have a serious discussion page and get someone to take notice. So, come on, all you original thinkers out there, get off your bums and write!

DULEEP.

Portrait of an Artist

Picture a young man, in his twenties, elegantly dressed, sprawling on a divan, surrounded by paintings sculptures, object d'art, what-have-you. Obviously enormously rich. Hah! you snort (if you are the snorting type)—one of the idle rich and a dilettante to boot. But there you are wrong. Wheels are turning, gears falling, and ratchets—doing whatever they do—in that head of his.

Words and phrases flitted through his mind.

The tavern of the mind, the memory of a dream, the dream of a memory. Too trite, too common. Wish I had a story to string them together. But the imagination is cramped and all I can do is cook up some empty phrases, meaningless strings of words. *No feeling.* The canyons of the mind—a line from a song. The rain fell in large, spattering drops and the furious wind rattled the window-panes of the old, ramshackle house. Lovely beginning for someone like Poe. Or Edgar Wallace for that matter. All that's left is the skeleton of a memory. Memory, memory. The word echoed and reached in. Well, why not, the canyons of the mind. That's all I have left now, he thought. Damn, damn! Just like me to bring out a cliché like that! But it's true, though. Remember that poem—something—and oh it's true, it's true. The memory motif again! Another Marcel Proust, perhaps? To try something else—why not existentialism. Look at Sartre! Or the stream-of-consciousness. And look at the kind of things Becket gets away with! (Name-dropping is a very useful ploy, especially in literary circles.) The magnificence of the past and the squalidity of the future. The Present-words, words, just words, God! what a mess!

He smiled.

Perhaps I'll be able to write something too—some day. Not that it matters, really. The old man's left me enough to last two lifetimes. Funny how things never seem to matter when one is stinking rich. Say, why not start a publishing house and get them to print my stuff? Yeah, but what about the critics? What about them? I'll buy them up too, and then—happiness. Yeah, it's gotta be! But why this uncommon desire to write? Some repressed childhood desire, perhaps. Or the creative urge, y' know. Or... let's leave it to the headshrinkers.

The scene sometime in the future. The character—the same, except that he is balding and FAMOUS.

Happiness is having your own publishing house, your very own. Also having your own critics who have damn near exhausted their vocabularies singing your praises. Throw in a couple newspapers and some high-brow literary magazine to print their stuff. And there you have it—Paradise. Adam never had it so good, I tell ya.

Just listen to this:

The Daily Prattler: He has to be read to be believed. First-rate reading.

The Punching Print: 'The Unhappy Ape' is the best book I have read in a long, long time. Writing of this sort is uncommon these days. What clarity of thought! What a magnificent turn for the apposite phrase!

And I shouldn't forget my fans. From all over the world they come, these letters praising my genius, from adolescent teenage girls and from no doubt adorable blue-stockinged spinsters! What more can anyone want? Move further along the geodesic and there you see him again. Old (I wish I could talk of his grey, grey beard and of his lustrous eyes, but the fact of the matter is that he is bald and wears horn-rimmed glasses) and venerated as the Seer of his Age.

The secret of my success? That's not for me to say, actually. The creative urge, you know. When the Muse comes upon you, out paper and pen and ink and there you are.

And there you are.
Moral: Have you a rich Papa and a hanker-ing for literary fame? Paper? pen and ink? Then, what the hell are you waiting for? Write, you idiot!

THE INTER-HOSTEL ENTERTAINMENT

If you ever get around to writing 'The Decline and Fall of IIT, Madras,' you could do an entire chapter on this annual gala. I don't know what the three-day binge is in aid of. One very original thinker has claimed that new talent finds inspiration there. If the inter-hostel affair is any measure of IITian talents, it's time for sack-cloth and ashes. The only thing that it does is force our Social secretaries into some action and produce an ultra-dull thirty-five minutes of 'entertainment'. Every hostel finally ends with some sickening skit and even more sickening 'bhatla'. The idea of creativeness is to put up a Tamil-English skit or light a fire on stage.

What exactly is hoped to be gained by this colossal waste of time, money and energy escapes me. The average IITian just sinks in ennui with a few minutes of respite once in a while when an interesting performer comes and sings the same song he has done at Hostel Day, Gymkhana Inaugural etc. Music, and that too only pop music, holds the audience. I think it is time we scrapped the idea of an inter-hostel competition and we could have it on an individual basis. A good idea for luring performers would be to offer many prizes. In this way, only those who are good will come forward and there won't be any need to 'fill time' with mindless trash.

Between Stage and Street

-Theatre in Germany Today

JENS-ULRICH DAVIDS

Take Tübingen.

It is a small town, 70,000 or so inhabitants, about 12,000 of them students; on the banks of the Neckar, with a not-quite-so-old castle on a hill and crooked lanes in the ancient quarters; the language is Swabian, a couple of churches, lots of pubs they say it's beautiful. And there are 2 theatres. The Landestheater, rather heavily subsidized keeping up, more or less, the occidant's theatrical heritage, tours the countryside once or twice a week, customary plays for subscription-customers, the treasure of tradition for the rustics. Not only for them the programme in town too is solid histrionics, approved classics from the old Greeks to Schiller, Shakespeare and yes, Brecht. Experiments in the scope of the expected.

Das Zimmertheater, slightly subsidized, seating about 100: the entrance is an art gallery, the personnel mostly under-30. The touch of bohème is enticing, the parties after the premieres are famous, noisy, and last till breakfast. Though the curriculum is different from that of the Landestheater, the basic idea is similar: fun and games, art as deliverable goods, exacting entertainment for the fastidious; authors of the last 20 years, Slawomir Mrozek and Harold Pinter, John Osborne and Peter Handke, Fernando Arrabal and Michel de Ghelderode, Samuel Beckett, Rainer W. Fassbender, Günter Grass, brainy dialogues and stunning stage direction, art is gag, in other words.

About 4 years ago the Zimmertheater staged the latest news Peter Handke's 'Publikumsbeschimpfung' (Insulting the Audience). The actors abused the spectators, told them how stupid, thick, neurotic, cuckoldy, blurry and ugly they were, that they had only come from their dinner tables to again sit complacently on their fat bottoms, unable to DO anything, told them they were intellectually inert, physically awry, generally a waste, and asked them why they didn't get lost. True or not, the actors had memorized their lines and were running in circles to deliver them. But when friend Alberts and my humble self responded to the implied challenge of our dormant creativity and climbed on the stage, talking, and fumbling with their tape-recorder (which provided their clues and background-music), they felt they had to stop us as we jeopardized their well-rehearsed display of wrath. So we sat down and uttered short, hysterical laughs.

We had witnessed a staged paradox. We were on trial for being consuming, non-acting dimwits, but as soon as we acted, the trial could not be performed. It was what the educated amongst you would call an APORIA. They threw a great party that night.

THE CLASSICS AND THE MUSHROOMS

The European Renaissance had brought to man the awareness of himself unrelated to God. Though still religious, he started feeling independent and able to cope with his problems without help from beyond.

The Classical Theatre is a subsequent manifestation of man's importance for man. Racine and Corneille in France, Schiller and Lessing and Goethe and Kleist and Hebbel in Germany. The German classics strived, in the framework of Idealism inherited from Plato, for the morally best shape man could give himself. This implied man's capability of free own will. The issue was what man SHALL.

For the stage it meant the utmost importance of the speech. The realm of morals and thought, that is, the realm of ideas, can only be manifested in words. The World that matters, the world of emotion and decision, the inner world of man, happens as speech.

One implication is that, as the essence of being can be verbalized, the words are the essence. Idea and the name of the idea are identical. The word IS reality. (The filter

between consciousness and language and between things and language, was not yet discovered.)

Hence man is identical with what he says. Hence man is able to fully communicate his essence.

Then came the 19th century and with it the doubts. Let me quote Hugo von Hofmannsthal from his Letter to Lord Chandos as an example. 'The words decayed in my mouth like mouldy mushrooms.' This sentence signalled the Crisis of the Word, which still lingers. Language turned inadequate, and, what is more, ceased to be trusted with carrying the essence.

THE WORLD, A SHAMBLES—THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD

If words are no longer sufficient transport for meaning, it need not be words that fail. It can be the meaning which refuses to be transported. In other words when the systems of order, and therewith the co-ordinating concepts of thought, fail to analyse and explain the world sufficiently, then by necessity the words in which they were expressed fail to explain the world sufficiently. When, moreover, the traditional system of co-ordination and explanation fails, then the meaning implied and provided by this system fails. As life is explained in terms of such a system, the failing of the system makes life meaningless. The system had supplied the purpose now there is no purpose. The system had supplied the values now there are no values. The systems had supplied the accepted patterns of behaviour and assessment now these patterns are not.

As traditional theatre was by way of language related to a system, the failing system made this theatre unrelated, that is: meaningless.

All this means in historical terms. When the system of co-ordination and order and values, which had prevailed in Europe upto the 18th century (and in some regions and social strata still prevails), Christianity became insufficient for many thinkers and artists (the suffering they could not reconcile with a merciful God, the wars could not be interpreted in terms of Christian belief, each of the contesting armies pleading the celestial bliss on their weapons, the difference of chances of pursuit of happiness they could no longer argue away by the promises of paradise for each in a world to come), they sought for others. RATIONALISM was the reaction to the irrational appeasement of the traditional opinion-leaders, the enlightenment, rooted in ancient Greek philosophy, started with the Renaissance; Descartes' thundering challenge to all and every kind of transcendentalists 'Cogito, ergo sum; I think, therefore I am' put the scientific, enlightened, rational approach in its proper place as the only worthy way of analysis.

After a hundred or so years of the 'age of reason', it became obvious that reason failed to stop wars, suffering, injustice. More refined rational systems were offered: Darwin's phylogenetic explanation, Marx's economical explanation, Freud's psychological explanation. Accompanying them all the time were reactions of the irrational: the system of rigid chauvinism which led to World War I, the outbursts of fascism in the 20th Century with their irrational apotheosis of racism, the myth of blood and soil, and so on and so forth. None of these could or would prevent the next to final catastrophe of World War II.

In the early 40s of this century each and every belief in the humanity of human beings, in the progressing evolution to a better being, in the man-started movement towards happiness, in a loving and protecting God, had broken down. Life was meaningless. Values were destroyed. The world was absurd, devoid of reasonable purposes and left alone by whatever kind of metaphysical principle one could assume.

All this, of course, applied only to a certain section of mankind. To this section belong the existentialists in France. Albert Camus wrote in 1942 in his *Mythe de Sisyphe* (Myth of Sisyphos) 'A world, which can be explained, albeit by insufficient reasons, is a familiar world. In a universe, however, which suddenly is bereft of the illusions and of the light of reason, man feels like a stranger. From this exile there is no outlet, because in it there is no memory of a lost home and no hope for a promised land. This separation of man from his life, of the actor from his background, is precisely the sensation of absurdity.'

And in his essay on Franz Kafka the playwright Eugene Ionesco defines what he understands by the term 'absurd'. 'Absurd is something which is without aim... As soon as man is detached from his religious, metaphysical or transcendental roots, he is lost, his actions are futile, absurd, useless, nipped in the bud.'

Thus it can easily be understood that Camus in 1942 coolly put the question why man should not escape into suicide. Already this sentence shows, and the plays of Camus and Sartre show even more distinctly, that the existentialists, though not believing in any basis of existence other than the existence itself, still expressed their disbelief in clear and rationally intelligible terms. In fact their plays prove the absurdity of existence in most lucid, logical and well organized sequences of thoughts; this is their inward contradiction that they expressed the failure of all analytical (and thereby meaningful and essential) systems by the thoroughly meaningful and essential system of their language.

Now the playwrights of the absurd convey the absence of intelligibility in the world by the absence of rational intelligibility in their plays. The existentialists explain the absurdity, the authors of the theatre of the absurd PRESENT it. Samuel Beckett's 'Waiting for Godot' allows no conclusive reduction of the play to a couple of statements that which the play may mean beyond itself cannot be expressed otherwise than by the play.

As an example let me tell you the plot in Ionesco's 'The Chairs'. On an island a 95-year-old man lives together with his wife of 94. The couple waits for the arrival of quite a few well-reputed persons, to whom the old man wants to deliver his message, which is the summing-up of the experiences of his long life. As the old man is not a good speaker, he has invited a professional orator to convey the message.

The guests arrive, or do they? Anyway, on the stage the old couple collect more and more chairs, in neat rows, all the time welcoming the guests with most courteous platitudes. The crowd grows, only with difficulty can the couple weave through the rows and rows of chairs. Everything is ready for the orator. And indeed he comes, a man of flesh and blood. Content that his message will be conveyed immediately, the old man together with his wife drowns himself in the sea. The orator turns to the empty chairs and tries to speak, but he is deaf and mute and can only utter pathetically unintelligible sounds. Then he writes something on the blackboard, but it is only a meaningless collection of letters. Curtain.

'The Chairs' apparently is a metaphor. Or is it a parable? A simile? And what does it stand for? Well, primarily for itself; multidimensional, complex, ambiguous play. It cannot be translated into other languages. The possible interpretation is left to the spectator. The impossibility to hand down experience through generations? The uselessness of (the old man's) life? The nothingness of spectators?

Most of the plays of the absurd of the first generation were written in Paris and staged in Paris for the first time by Beckett, Ionesco, Jean Genet, Jean Tardieu, Arrabal. But the fashion, if it was one, pervaded all Europe. Gunter Grass wrote 'Still ten minutes till Buffalo' and 'The evil cooks', Max Frisch 'Biedermann und die Brandstifter' (The worthy and the incendiaries), Wolfgang Hildesheimer dabbled a little in the absurd, and even Friedrich Dürrenmatt has a touch of it in some of his plays. But on the whole, this type of drama has not found a great author in Germany. The stages, though, abounded in it, and still do to some extent.

'THE DRAMA IS A LEAFLET'—BERT BRECHT AND AFTER

Friedrich Nietzsche's statement 'God is dead' was published in 1883. The number of Europeans who subscribe to this opinion has been steadily increasing, to say the least. The theatre of the absurd is one exponent of this feeling. It dramatizes the existence which is left alone without a metaphysical centre, it duplicates on the stage the existence of man as a stranger in his own surroundings.

The authors of the absurd are being declared as belonging to the bourgeois theatre of fun and games by those who also believe that God is dead, but who have found a new system and a new meaning and new values: the left wing authors of post-Marxian countenance.

The theatre of the Middle Ages was feudal. Man's relationship to God reflected accurately his relationship to his feudal lord. The theatre started being bourgeois with the Renaissance. The citizen began to see himself as the most important thing in the world. This was, of course, a by-product of the increasing economical and political importance of the citizen, mainly in the cities. Theatre became middle-class and urbane. Today, people try hard to make the theatre proletarian.

From the incongruities, injustices, calamities, cruelties, declines and falls in the course of history they draw another conclusion. We can LEARN, we already have learnt from our forefathers' mistakes and shortcomings, let's do it better than they did it. Commitment replaces disillusion, frustration is converted into aggressive and optimistic activism.

Bert Brecht's 'Dreigroschenoper'—taking up John Gay's 'Beggar's Opera' from 1728—had its premiere in Berlin, 1928. Apart from adding the Mackie-Messer-song about sharks and so to the store of evergreens, it contended and claimed that citizens are robbers in disguise. Bankers are thieves, policemen are sentimental criminals, thugs are citizens. The Berlin citizens from their expensive seats cried their 'Jolly Good Show' and gave to all subsequent Left writers the eternal gooseflesh.

Friedrich Schiller (1759-1806) in his younger days was truly a revolutionary. Forcefully interned in the Swabian duke's school of the regional elite, he wrote his play 'Die Räuber' (The Robbers), at the age of 18. This, and the following play of his, were forbidden. Schiller fled to another of the German states and had it performed.

The 19th century made him an object of national pride (because of his historical frescoes like 'Wallenstein' or 'Maria Stuart', because he was a friend of sorts of J. W. Goethe, in spite of his plays being thoroughly anti-monarchic and republican), even more so when Germany became an Empire again in 1871.

In school we spent two or three years on him. No drama survives that. Today he is a classic.

Schiller proclaimed that the theatre should be THE educational institution of the nation. Slightly modifying his demand, many playwrights of our days want the same thing: didactic theatre.

I think one can say it all really started with Bert Brecht. His concept of the EPIC THEATRE was eye opening, trail-blazing and tradition-founding.

The scientific approach, Brecht said, of which nature already is the object, shall be applied to man and interhuman relations, too. For the stage to do so a new type of drama and of staging is necessary. In 1931 Brecht stated for the first time some of the differences.

Dramatic Form of Theatre

The stage 'embodies' a process involves the spectator consumes his activity makes emotions possible conveys experiences makes him take part in it man is assumed to be known unchangeable man tension towards the ending

one scene follows from the other the world as a fact what man shall his instincts man's thinking determines his being treats him with suggestions

Epic Form of Theatre

relates, tells a process makes him looker-on, but awakens his activity forces him to decide conveys knowledge makes the plot an object of observation man is investigated changeable and cunning man attention on the preceding each scene for itself the world as a process what man must his motivations his social existence determines his thinking treats him with arguments

Brecht wanted to abandon the magic of the theatre, which makes the spectator identify himself with the hero, which indeed makes the staged play an independent world of its own. In the Epic Theatre what happens on the stage is all the time related to what happens in the world, that is, to what happens to the spectator outside the theatre. The characters are not laws by themselves, but act as determined by the social understructure. The audience is supposed to develop critical awareness of the characters, the audience must not indulge in projection of their wishes, emotions etc.

Provided you consider art exclusively as another means of class-warfare; provided you realize that the theatre-houses are filled by the bourgeois, not by the workers, whose consciousness you primarily want to change, provided, thirdly, you believe in the persuasive force of the argument, all the more if it is delivered in the form of theatrical entertainment then the logical conclusion is to bring a proletarian form of theatre to the worker/peasant/underdog instead of asking him to come.

Lunch time in one of the major factories on the fringe of Tübingen. It's a warm summer day, the workers scatter on the grassy hillocks outside the gates. LO AND BEHOLD, a truck draws near, the side boards are lowered down, some students use the loading plane as a stage and start to act. One of them impersonates the exploited non-skilled worker, another the exploiting employer, a third, the greedy warmonger and dealer in arms, etc. The men from the factory, though feeling disturbed in their lunch, come nearer; they don't understand, they ASK, discussions start in a couple of groups. Or on the sidewalk in front of a big departmental store in Tübingen the Vietnamese peasant and the American Imperialist, or on the paved piazza in front of the university about how your vote is canvassed and used. It is called STREET THEATRE. It uses devices of the popular theatre like puppets, types instead of characters, vernacular instead of stage language. The pedagogical output is unknown, and sometimes the addressees don't like it.

Apart from the content it is certain that in this type of theatre no aesthetic renewals are sought or achieved. The experiment, unlike the Happening and the theatre of the absurd, is purely social. At least in its intentions.

THE AESTHETICS OF TRANSFORMATION: HAPPENINGS

In Berlin, during his trial for some minor offence, the young man refused to stand up when the judge asked him a question. Finally he complied, saying 'If it furthers the finding of the truth!'

During a symposium of renowned philologists in the US, a nude girl was let down to the floor from the gallery; once in the hall, she started selling sweets and cool drinks.

In Tübingen, the Students' Theatre Group invited people to an evening of modern theatre and took the usual fee from each spectator. What the audience then beheld on the stage were students drinking beer, students drawing naive little sketches, a student's small daughter playing ball; what they could hear over the system were: theoretic-

cal discourses on the nature of modern theatre, addresses asking the public to join the fun, complaints about the uneventfulness of the audience etc. After nearly two hours some (student) spectators became so frustrated, insecure and infuriated that they clambered on to the stage and destroyed an old run-down piano. Tools like saws and hammers had been supplied.

All these happenings are usually called Happenings. What are they, and what are they for?

Happenings belong to the didactic theatre. They are actions, which occur in a surrounding which so far had seemed unfit for these actions. The nude amongst the philologists seems somehow unreal. All Happenings seem somehow unreal, because they occur without any outward motivation, as isolated intermezzi, in a context of accepted reality. Thus they render their surroundings also somewhat unreal. Reality becomes distant, slightly estranged, and thereby a possible object of analysis. The nude, as she is absurd among the philologists, makes, for one fleeting moment, the philologists absurd.

The young man in the court room was didactic in a more precise meaning. He showed and said that the humiliating gestures of jurisdiction are only hollow moulds, the contents of which are not related to the contents of jurisdiction as a social institution.

The students who during a demonstration smear themselves with red colour and play death by bullets, the girls who during a lecture by neo-Marxian, Th. W. Adorno, enter the dais and bare their breasts; the theatre-goers, who are asked to enter a bus, are shipped to some remote place in the countryside and are left there: they are subjects and objects of Happenings.

Happenings are actions of the powerless. They are essentially of aesthetic nature. They are make-believe and as-if. They are substitutes for factual opposition. They TRANSFORM the world into a theatre and show the ludicrousness of the actors. They reveal the histrionic nature of human behaviour in institutions. They reveal the mechanical reproduction of patterns by those who happen to play the respective (social) rôle. They reveal that rôles are rôles. They are destructive only where taboos and accepted values are concerned.

AND they provide those who usually are acted on with the sensation of acting themselves.

In the example of Tübingen's promising youth, now the institution which was rendered absurd was the theatre. Thus: Happenings can be anti-theatre.

EPILOGUE—OR: OF COURSE THIS WAS ONLY A MODEST ATTEMPT

The rest is not silence at all. There are lots of writers and stage-directors, who do not fit into the given categories. It is, of course, beyond my limits, but let me casually drop two or three names.

There is Rainer W. Fassbender, who turns out plays and films exceedingly fast, say one every two months. He is concerned, like many others, with the contents analysis of everyday behaviour. In his 'Katzelmacher' he presents an Italian worker in a German village, whom his colleagues and neighbours treat as an outcast on no other grounds than his otherness in linguistic and 'racial' respect. Fassbender investigates the very patterns of thinking and assessing, accepted and promoted through centuries, which induce men to act as they do inhumanely.

There is Martin Sperr. 'The Hunting Scenes of Lyrer Bavaria' tell the story of a diligent and efficient mechanic, a homosexual, who, on returning from town work to his home village, is treated as the evil incarnate. Martin Sperr presents lucidly the juxtaposition of Christian festival and cruelty, of honourable speeches and heinous behaviour, of profession of tolerance and ruthless persecution of the sexually different. The play ends with the magnificent and shattering scene of the outcast hiding in the woods and being searched for by apparently bloodthirsty boy-scouts, policemen and villagers.

(Continued on page 12)

CARICATURE

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In the beginning, there was hair—and plenty of it. The bed-bugs and lice roamed freely over the surface of his scalp—through the darkness, and their population grew and grew. Things began to get a bit overcrowded, till the Big One said, 'Let there be light.' And Mutts went and had a haircut! And he was happy on the first day of this new life.

Then on the second day, contrary to his expectations, friends began avoiding him; the girls whispered behind his back, strangers passed rude comments. So he did the best thing he could: he avoided them. And Mutts wasn't happy on the second day of his new life.

And so the sad story goes on. He doesn't have much to live for now. He's practically cracked up with his unfamiliarity of this new secluded life. He talks to himself. Some say that he has been seen trying to stretch his hairs by pulling at them; others, that he is always thinking of transplanting hair—from other parts of his body! But these are just rumours, to be swallowed with a wee hit of salt! The fact that is very prominent is that Mutts has taken the shock very well. He doesn't complain—he simply can't.

When Mutts first joined IIT, he had short hair—no sideburns—a quiet manner—in fact, the very qualities of a perfect 'chickna'. Then the seniors started getting fresh, and that spoilt his concentration in studies. He couldn't beat them so he just plain joined them. He sprouted hair, grew muscles, got the ol' mean and hungry look, started boxing and soon made quite a name for himself. The strong and silent type. That was Mutts alright!

Talking of boxing, one must dwell for a moment on Mutts's typical way of boxing in a typical match. Mutts just stares at his worthy opponent and shakes his head a bit in disbelief. As the clump of hair starts unraveling itself all over his forehead and rear-head, his opponent stares at the phenomenon; at least, his mouth is wide open. And that's when Mutts punches him one in the kisser! Tactics, some idiots call it! Young Sanyal, however, overcame the tactician last year. For further details one should speak to Mutts himself.

Mutts is an inspiring hockey player to see in action. When he doesn't feel like defending, he just runs down the flank and at the last moment, when some dunderheads think

that he is going to take the ball right out of the field, he rams it with perfect accuracy into the Dee, where only a damn fool hockey player would miss the golden opportunity to score a goal. This year, he's the Institute hockey captain, and there's no doubt that this last-minute centering of his is going to get us many goals. Now to a less active aspect of his life—his studies.

Quite prominent in his class due to his continuous spells of dumb silence, he is nevertheless very popular with his lecturers. Some of them even like him—Unca wouldn't miss him in the thickest of crowds! His grades this semester have been good—he is quite pleased with them—and his periodical paper lying on his bed, boasting of an A or S wouldn't have landed up there by accident. Leave it to Mutts!

Just last year a rare incident occurred. Mutts had heard of a fête, one of those girls' colleges was going to stage. He also heard that there was a chance of some unruly elements (nice expression—'Unruly elements') being present. Wild horses could not stop him from going there. The fair sex had to be well-protected, and only Mutts could do it. Sometime later that evening a rather fleshy object was seen approaching Godavari—a lumbering figure with what looked like a bull's eye painted all over its front. Actually it was Mutts with a kurtha for which he had been suckered out of twenty bucks. And man, what a kurtha! The kurtha has other, more practical uses these days.

Having gone over most of his activities, let me tell you about the kookiest thing about Mutts—his name, D. A. Muthanna, which has been expanded for the readers' benefit reads, DEVANIRA ACHAPPA MUTHANNA and that sure is some name! So much about Mutts, who hopes to pass out in July 71. Let's hope he succeeds. Personally I got nothing against him. So here's wishing him all the best.

KHNUN.

CARICATURE



P. Parameshwaran

Walk into Saraswathi Hostel at about 10 o'clock on a holiday morning, and you will find a rather heavy mass of human flesh dressed in a red lungi, a tennis banian that was once white, and a pair of mod slippers improvised from corduroy shoes, walking down to the mess for breakfast. Well, readers, the creature is popularly known as Parama, but the lecturers and the like call him P. Parameshwaran. Metallurgy is his bag, and fortunately or unfortunately, he is the Fine Arts Secretary of the Institute Gymkhana. 'My victory is a result of hard work and determination,' claimed the young lad after his success at the polls. Quite truly, Parama's enthusiasm and determination know no bounds. He has been trying for this post for the past three years and every year it was the same story—'My friends ditched me, yar!' Nevertheless, he worked for the Fine Arts Committee for the past two years, and the vaults of his rich experience in the field have paid off.

Digressing from the boring and unpleasant topic of elections and local politics, let us see the various other aspects of our well-esteemed friend and the chief sidekick of the Gymkhana. Parama exhibits a profound interest in games, especially basketball. The whole of last year he was in charge of the basketball (no less). He used to carry it to the field everyday at four in the evening and bring it back at seven. Probably carrying the ball as punctiliously as he did and rolling on the court a few times a day got him familiar with the court and now he claims to be one of the Institute players.

Parama is fond of playing bridge. He likes to play his own game oblivious of his partner's presence. Let me tell you that being his partner is somewhat like having a crick in the neck. 'Shut up, you clod. I know how to play,' is what one hears when his game is disapproved, no matter with what propriety one talks. 'Fantastic! you have made an overtrick,' remarked his jubilant partner once. 'By the way, Parama, bidding four spades does not mean making four tricks.' On hearing this, the whole room, kibbitzers and all, burst into laughter and the accused turned red in the face and walked out of the room for good—'Good riddance to rubbish!'

Coming to the rather touchy subject of sophistication, Parama is no less backward than you or me. He smokes like a chimney and pants like a racehorse. 'Got a fag on you, yar,' is the way one is accosted on this campus. Parama who spends his money and other people's money as well rather profusely on fags complains that the cream of the society that IITians are, does not know how to accost

people. He himself believes that if you ask a person for a favour it should be something worthwhile and appreciable. Well, I've already mentioned one instance of this belief of his and if I were to relate the others there would be no space left for me to complete this article.

Parama preaches narcissism. He feels that he is the most handsome man on this campus with an unique reddish complexion and a very symmetrical body. For those of you who have seen him, this might seem to be a paradoxical statement. He is symmetrical, but the axis of symmetry is just twisted through an angle of ninety degrees. With this figure that he boasts of, Parama is optimistic of getting any girl-friend or *ma chérie amour* or whatever you call it. But he just doesn't want to any more. He loafs around with some dame he calls his fiancée and some others whom he calls his fiancée's friends. Going from appreciation of beauty to beauty of thought, I'd like to remark that Parama seems to impress old people too. It seems this 'ere principal of certain college was reluctant to send her girls to a function on our campus what with electricity breakdowns being timely and all that. It was then that the honour of IIT was upheld by young Parama. 'Electricity breakdowns? Unthinkable! We are having our function between 14-00 hrs. and 18-00 hrs. So the question of darkness prevailing doesn't arise, see?' The principal nodded, gave him a sick grin and said, 'You seem to have a lot of faith in your integrity. You appeal to me as a very promising youngster.' The word promising still puzzles me, as I do not know whether she was being ironical or just understanding.

All of us undergraduates have done our time of two years amidst the stinking derivatives of benzene and so forth. But have you come across a poignant smell that is positively nauseating? If you haven't, then come to Parama's room. There have been several theories regarding this strange smell, but one popular theory which has outlasted the rest explains it as being due to a complex reaction between the mud in his sports outfit, rotting clothes and cigarette ash in the presence of semi-darkness. He has lived in that den for four years now and has secured a fairly high average in his studies. But of course, like everyone else, he is waiting for a propitious moment to get out of this quagmire.

ON FANCY FETES & FOOTBALL FINALS

A couple of months back, two remarkable and seemingly unconnected events were reported in the newspapers. Both concerned the Madras University. The first, a ladies' college, whose students are known for their 'intellectual competence and æsthetic modernity', organised a fancy fête to collect money for some cause. Their attempt to swing to the tune of the 70's, to say the least, was not entirely successful. The grand fête witnessed a power failure which lasted nearly an hour and in the words of a leading newspaper of the city, whose understatement makes *The Times* read like a shocker, several ladies had their clothes damaged and experienced much discomfort. It was to most of them, obviously, a fête worse than death. The second the finals of a big football tournament in the Madras University was played at dawn in the Air-Force football field outside the city limits and the students in that area numbered twenty-two. The earlier finals had been abandoned because the crowd had become, according to the same newspaper, *unmanageable* and had indulged in hooliganism. To many these may seem raindrops in the desert, as much related to each other as chalk is to cheese. The purpose of this analysis is to bring out the cloud that produces such rain, and, if possible, to show that this is no 'gentle rain from heaven' of Portia's imagination but something putrid.

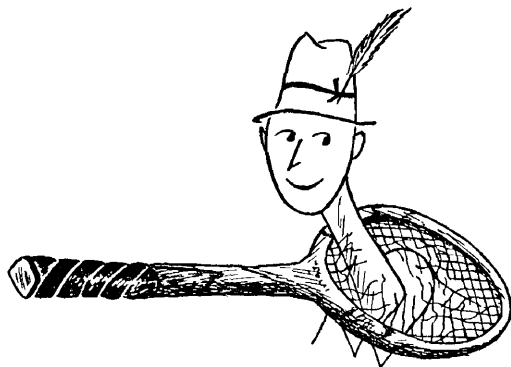
To bring out the real implications of these 'trivialities', let me portray at some length the behaviour of the characters who make up this structure or it would be nearer the mark if I said, the puppets that mar this palavar called an Indian University of which the one at Madras is a good example. Having spent four illuminating years at the Madras University, taking part in almost all its activities, I feel competent enough to discuss it.

The first of these characters I will call—with apologies to Thurber's Walter Mitty—Krishnan Kutty. He is the first because he represents the largest number and is consequently the least interesting. Krishnan Kutty's day in the life begins with the bus ride from his home to the college. The distance is only a mile but he prefers to take the bus that passes through a few ladies' colleges; lest you should think that the fairer sex is his cuppa cha, let me beat you to the draw; nothing can be farther from the truth. The greatest emotion in KK's make-up is frustration. He is no Clark Gable and his knowledge of the snobbery that goes for sophistication among us these days can be written on the back of a postage stamp with space left for glue. His only aim in taking this ride is to 'have sight'—a cant phrase whose popularity in the Madras University is about equal to the 'sidee' here. This bus ride of his could be an education to him: the complaining bourgeoisie, the hurrying aristocracy, the imploring proletariat. But his frustration, his mediocrity make him seek more digestible grass. His eyes fall on posters inviting the multitude to see, hear and indulge in obscenity.

His time in college does nothing to lessen his frustration or remove his mediocrity. These colleges, temples of learning all, kill all the originality that might have intruded into their perfect lifelessness. KK has enough friends, however, to make him oblivious of his plight. In fact, if these friends were not there he would not go to college at all. His day crowds to a close, those birds without a feather creeping together. Krishnan Kutty sleeps the sleep of a perennial night-show man, his frustration appeased to a certain extent as he sees the hero deftly handle the bulging heroine; his mediocrity resonating to the mediocrity of the productions of the Indian Film industry.

Slightly different from Krishnan Kutty is his richer counterpart, Praveen Gupta. This youth shares KK's mediocrity but not his bus ride. He is also frustrated because his 'deep knowledge' of western culture—that is about the only thing he has deep

Sportfolio



Our Prospects

or

(How to Win the Meet Without Really Trying—Ed.)

The Seventh Inter-IIT Meet is drawing near. Preparations are being made, committees are being formed and the excitement is slowly building up.

The last Inter-IIT Meet in Madras was supposed to be the best till now. Our endeavour is to make this Meet the best for years to come. With Prof. Gupta and Dr. Anantaraman backing us up, I feel this Meet is going to be quite a memorable one.

What will the Meet have in store for us? This is a million-dollar question! Will we retain our position? or go higher? or will we be pushed back? There is still the feeling that we don't have a dog's chance of coming first. After coming last for so many years (our second position last year was dismissed as a 'fluke'), guys just can't believe we can come first.

I personally feel, this year, we have a very reasonable chance of making it to the top. We are the hosts and that means no change of environment for us. This has numerous advantages. To mention a few, we will not be suffering from fatigue due to travel, the food is what we are used to, the grounds are the same old ones in which we have practised for years, and the most important of all will be the backing of the home crowd.

Over and above this, we were very fortunate to have most of the draws for the Inter-IIT Meet in our favour. In a few games we can sail smoothly into the finals. I would like to mention here briefly how the various teams are shaping for the coming Meet.

The Shuttle and Tennis teams, as everyone knows, are in top form. In tennis with the formidable trio of Lionel Paul, Ram Kumar Menon and Lakshminarayan, I don't think the other IITs have a hope!

In Shuttle, Eddie hasn't been in form lately. He could not complete a hat-trick by winning the State Championship again. Even though he is off form, he still reigns supreme among the IITs. What with Vaidy backing him up, the other IITs will be fighting for a second place.

In Basketball, Mr. Phillip says, 'The team is doing very well'. In spite of rain or periodicals, one can see the basketball team practising hard. We will have pretty stiff opposition from Kanpur in the semi-finals but Palani says it is the finals that will be the toughest hurdle.

The Hockey team is a very balanced team this year. Co-ordination among the forwards is lacking but both Mr. Joga Rao and Muthanna feel that with a little more practice, we will be a force to reckon with in the finals.

The Football team is as strong as ever, says Mr. K. U. N. Rao. Unfortunately they have to meet the champs, Kharagpur, in the semi's. No team is invincible, says Shority, the captain, and we aim to prove it by giving KGP the surprise of their lives!

The Volleyball team, a little weak in the beginning, has regained its old vigour. Mr. Rangarajan, a former State player, is coaching it sometimes even in the mornings. A minimum of second place is assured.

Table-tennis—not a hope, is the general comment—we, the team, are going to prove it otherwise. Mr. Murugesh is coming to coach us soon. Watch out for the outsiders—us!!

Athletics :—It is heartening to note that we aren't as bad as we thought. This is all due to Mr. A. B. Krishnaswamy, the athletics coach. We owe a lot to him. Once he arrives at the stadium, he is all action. One instant he is coaching the triple jumpers; the next, the sprinters, then a tip to the pole-vaulters, a nod to the high jumpers—man, he sure is a bee-hive of activity. With his lively anecdotes, he holds even the spectators' attention. It is only due to him that our morale in athletics has risen from rock bottom to a very high level.

Something about the athletes now.

Narendra is doing well as usual in all his events, i.e., javelin, hurdles, triple jump, high jump and long jump. He started pole vault lately, and believe it or not, he cleared 8½' in his first jump! Babu Gireesh is doing 9' 11"—a winning height in pole vault these days.

Narendra did 41' in triple jump while David Roby, Fidd and Chanchary did 40'. The coach was very impressed with David. He is training him for the throws and the jumps.

Fidd, Skew, Kamath, Bhaskar and Victor are all practising hard in the runs. We hope to win relays due to the coach's new system of baton-changing. The coach feels that with a little more practice our athletes will do well in the Meet. With luck we can make it to second place in athletics.

Gymnastics :—Arun Bheri, the captain, says the team is improving every day. The coach, Mr. Ismail is coming five times a week. He feels the team will be very good by the time of the Inter-IIT Meet. In Gymnastics, one has learnt from past experiences, never to foretell the results. We hope to be among the first three.

In the final analysis, we have a fighting chance of getting to the top. It all boils down to this—hard practice during the last lap before the Meet.

This year we are having as long a camp as

(Continued from page 9)

The Pope made a pact with Hitler in order to safeguard the German Catholics; he did not care much for the Jews; in fact, he neglected their evil fate sadly. A young priest suffers from the church's indifference to what happens to non-Nazis in Germany and gets a transfer to a concentration camp. There he witnessed the bankruptcy of occidental (here: German) humanitarianism.

Thus in Rolf Hochhuth's 'Der Stellvertreter' ('The Representative'), Theatre of DOCUMENTATION, the pages of history re-read on the stage. In the same vein Peter Weiss's 'Die Ermittlung' ('The Trial of Nuremberg') and 'Der Lusitanische Popanz' (about Portuguese cruel colonialism in East Africa), Hochhuth's 'Die Soldaten' ('The Soldiers'). Did Churchill have the Polish general assassinated for tactical reasons?, and quite a few more. Commitment and acuity, punctiliousness and concern.

And there is, again, Peter Handke with his play 'Kaspar'. The problem is that of language and what it does to man.

The hero Kaspar can only be himself, that is his own, as long as he has no language. As soon as words and sentences are imposed on him, with them he inevitably adopts certain patterns of understanding, reacting and thinking. As he cannot control the powers that shape language, he is not able to have a free, own will. The decisions he makes are made by the language which he uses to verbalize them, the steps he takes are dictated by the language, in which he thinks of his wish to take this step, he is an object of language rather than its subject.

As reality becomes real for the perception the very moment it is NAMED, the patterns of perceiving reality are dictated by the language which provides the names, that is to say, by the powers (social environment, tradition, milieu, upbringing) which provide the language. This means also that Kaspar cannot communicate those things which he perceives OUTSIDE the handed-down linguistic patterns. Each man is an isolated being incapable of conveying any perception other than the objectivized perceptions enshrined in language.

Thus Kaspar's speech is the outer world of the inner world of his thoughts; but the organisation of this outer world is not under his control; the outer world of speech as given from without has an inner world of its own, different from the inner world of Kaspar. As on the other hand, Kaspar of course is a tiny part of the powers who shape language, we have a truly dialectical relationship. Language, being a social act, at the same time confines the subject to its subjectivity AND changes the objective language essentially alien to him, which influences again the subject. Pretty.

Handke's approach is closely related to the sentence that a sentence can only be proved or disproved by another sentence and has no essential connection with reality. This then pertains to the controversy between Neo-Positivists and Neo-Marxists, which again—but here is the point, where I, exhausted and helpless, throw the towel and my arms up in despair. So lemme go

possible. There is always something or the other cropping up during the semester which curtails regular practice. A 30-day camp is just what we require to build each team to its peak. Hard and sincere practice during this period, I am sure, will lead us to victory. Let us show them what we can do.

Come along, guys—let's pull up our socks and fight!

In conclusion, I would like to mention that the success of the Meet will depend on the co-operation of the students. I hope both the staff and the students will come forward and help make the Seventh Inter-IIT Meet a big success.

OF THINGS....

Eons, so it would seem, have sped by since these gentlemen, who nowadays attest their flourishing signatures to the pompous notices that clutter our boards, curried around the hostels frantically seeking votes. Promises were thrown left and right—one gulped them and either swallowed them or managed a feeble witticism. The spirit was that of the soaring seventies—vote me in and I'll...—but then in this fast moving era it so, so easy to be taken for a ride.

It must in all fairness be admitted that quite a bit of this enthusiasm has transformed itself into just a little action before predictably petering out. Clubs galore have been started and while one is not quite in a position to comment on their functioning or as to whether they are functioning at all, one is led, at least by indications on the notice-board, to believe that the IITian is at long last mercifully last turning his thoughts to fields other than the Saturday movie and the soporific Sunday ahead. In fact, if the number of clubs now gracing the campus scene with their posters and announcements, is any justifiable indication at all, of the enthusiasm that is going into them, then we will really have something to shoot our mouths off about, when our eagerly awaited guests pile in.

Which brings one rather inevitably to the Inter-IIT Meet. So much has already been said of this opportunity-of-a-lifetime-smashing-success-to-be, but to the casual observer, precious little seems to be being done about it. The stadium continues to remain in its curiously pathetic state of dilapidation—one always had the feeling that an over-enthusiastic cricket match between two over-enthusiastic hostels—and there are quite a few of that category around—would suffice to bring the whole thing down about one's ears. We have been loftily informed by more than one sports secretary that now or never, will we have to make that desperate—maybe last—effort to head the five but doubts—however disloyal—continue to linger. In fact those specimens who have the rather dubious privilege of donning the Institute colours have been informed that the training camp will extend for one whole month and that they will have the pleasure—a trifle rainy, maybe—of being the Institute's guests for the whole vacation.

Passing by another of those structures that seem to crop up all over 'these sylvan surroundings'—this time near the HSB—one sees a curious section of a wall with a stretch of concrete before it. One is informed casually that this has been provided for wall tennis practice. Why then, may one ask, has not the basketball court been cemented? Certainly, our players have performed creditably enough in the past few years to warrant a few—just a few, mind you—amenities. But, no! The official at the tennis courts tells us that it is not within his province. This apologetic, and in the circumstances, excusable excuse only serves to highlight the deplorable lack of co-ordination in the Gymkhana. And thus, one has to stand by and watch the basketball team kick up dust with every frantic movement, while nearby, a slab of concrete gazes serenely at the sky, never, in all probability, to be trod on.

There was one very interesting and certainly commendable letter in the last issue of this journal. The writer called for a change in the procedure of election of the Gymkhana secretaries, but most important, in justifiably italicized sentences, he asked for an end to the situation when a nominated—one would hesitate to call her elected—secretary of Sarayu could decide one whole important secretaryship. One cannot but applaud his reflections and observations. That renowned cliché about equal rights and suffrage just won't work in this case, because for one thing, it just doesn't apply. It is all very well putting one of those ladies on the co-ordination committee—when was there anything startling

The saga of the horn

I'm divulging some secret
To which I've been sworn
By the barber at whose place
Muthanna was shorn.

The barber said, 'Tis
the toughest nut
I have ever shorn.
Half through the job
Something struck
The razor I had drawn
Across his bushy pate
I thought this
Sure is a big thorn
And consider my fright
When the thorn
Turned out to be a horn.
Poor old Mutt was
Looking like a
Human unicorn!

His brows were knit
In a murderous frown
For I had hurt
The thing on his crown
I tried to quell the angry drone
By saying, 'Sir, I'm accident-prone.
If you insist I'll get a big stone
And knock the thing off... 'Let it
alone!'

He yelled, 'I've got attached to this
Wonder I've grown.
You think I'll let you touch it with a
Razor or a stone?
Leave it alone!
Leave it alone!
And with these words
This man who had
Somehow grown a horn
Got out of my
Swivel-chair and
To the door he ran.

But Fate intervened...
For as he crossed my door
His horn hit the ledge
And flew off, he burst with a roar
Into a fit of rage
'It's I who is accident-prone?'
Poor Mutt said with a moan.
'What with love and care I grew
Has gone and left me feelin' blue.'
I said, 'Come sir, brain
Is much better than brawn!
Why, you, with that thing on your head
Might be hung, quartered or drawn,
By folks under the impression
Yer devil's minion with a mission!
And surely you will accept that
Horns are out of fashion
Since the day the Vikings went
Attacking other nations.
These days, sir, a bald pate is
More of an attraction.
So let me, sir, bring out my knife
And be a man of action.'
He growled in satisfaction.
And now Muthanna goes around
With his head clean-shorn
And nobody can find on it.
Traces of hair or horn.

A. SANKARAN.

from that committee anyway? One can even accept—grudgingly albeit—one of those ladies in the Literary Committee, or the Fine Arts Committee; but to let one of them into the Sports Committee is, to use a common euphemism, a bit thick. Granted there was that really courageous attempt by some of them at an appearance at an Institute football match—incidentally both the goals against us were scored after they strolled in—but besides that, we have not witnessed any real astonishing event or change in the role of that hostel in this Institute—at least not sufficient to warrant the conferring on one of them, the right to decide whether a hockey player or an athlete should be our Sports Secretary.

A tune and a stage have been reached when we can stand up and decide that for ourselves.

KUMAR.

IT PAYS TO INCREASE
YOUR WORD POWER

By DR. S. P. JUNK

In everyday conversation we slip into constant word ruts; to stay off them requires constant efforts. In the test below, tick the word or phrase you believe is nearest in meaning to the key word.

1. Tutor: A—Lecturer's sidekick; B—A thing that requires constant washing.

2. Swimming pool: A—Hydrophobia; B—A thing that comes to the rescue when all jokes are exhausted.

3. Library: A—A place from which one can play the Peeping Tom, B—A mugger's paradise.

4. Cogging: A—Transfer of material without detection, B—Life-saviour of many IITians.

5. OAT: A—A place where it rains when a movie is shown; B—A place where archery is practised.

6. Gayendra Circle: A—A place where muggots are persecuted by sadists with hammers; B—Lepp'la-poya land.

7. PS A—Nota bene, B—Electric Jack-in-the-box (and elsewhere).

8. Co-ops: A—A place where nothing is available; B—A place where chocolates are sometimes available.

9. *Campastimes*: A—A paper that they hand out during rainy movies so you won't get your butt wet; B—A magazine which does not flinch from publishing crap like this article.

10. IIT: A—Title of an off-Broadway farce, B—An institution which is going to turn out one good electrical engineer called Padmanabhan.

*drool, drool,
the meet is
here.*

GAS

GOD—a ghastly gear?

The Big Man in his office, looking disconsolate

'Something wrong, Sir?'

'Yeah Ayub.'

'I beg your pardon, Sir?'

'The ol' boy across the street.'

'Oh.'

'What makes him do such things?'

'What things, Sir?'

'Pray to his ghastly gears and the like?'

'You mean the Pooja, Sir?'

'Yes I presume you got an invite, too.'

'Yes sir. You could have said no, if you didn't want to.'

'Yeah, I could have. But that isn't what bugs me. It's just that a whole day's work is going kaput. Tell me DD man, how did he get picked up?'

'Oh, he's good, Sir.'

'With his gears. You can't let him run a circus just because of that.'

'He isn't the only one, Sir.'

'I know. Didn't you try to stop it when you were in the Department?'

'It wasn't the done thing, Sir. Isn't now, either.'

'Oh darn! I'm not saying don't pray. But they could come the next day and chant all the mumbo-jumbo, couldn't they? Do they have to spend a whole working day on this business?'

'I suppose not, Sir. Maybe we can tell them not to next year.'

'Jolly well will.'

—AAJOO

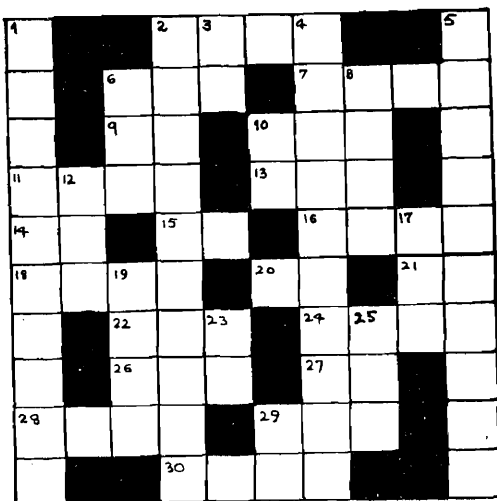
TING-A-LING CIRCUS—II

Entertainment



Campastimes

Crossword



Across

- (1) The Carpetbaggers hoarded it ? (4)
- (6) Blimey ! (3)
- (7) Golden Eagle in the paper nest ? (4)
- (9) Where the squares aren't (2)
- (10) Salute to a female deer ? (3)
- (11) Haven't you heard of the eastern fad ? (4)
- (13) Fo-fum—what nonsense ? (3)
- (14) Materialistic power—go back ! (2)
- (15) Where to shove it ! (2)
- (16) No end to the Czech serf (4)
- (18) Little dwellings—all shut (4)
- (20) What should be passed through the Electrical Department (2)
- (21) Where Jose would feel safe and warm (2)
- (22) What Ayub and gang are full of (3)
- (24) Leave it out (4)
- (26) I have the goat, without the article (3)
- (27) Us folks perceive, it sounds, a hundred and five (2)
- (28) The idea of a layout (4)
- (29) What Navzer generally is (3)
- (30) Give Sir the Beverage and create an uproar (4)

Down

- (1) They specialize in underhand dealings (10)
- (2) A mixed-up bunch, but man, what music ! (10)
- (3) Suggests a choice (2)
- (4) I'm in Communists' shed, to find what got lost (10)
- (5) I drive NATO crazy, to arrive at this formula (10)
- (6) One addition and Cultural becomes a subversive organization (3)
- (8) Ogle an ugly girl's back—you'll probably ! (4)
- (10) A sense of belonging (2)
- (12) Animal part of stem under tide (3)
- (17) What Hyder and Cassius have in common (3)
- (19) Lookit crazy goat in a funny outfit (4)
- (23) Lot without nothing ? (2)
- (25) One grand and two hundred for this club (3)
- (29) Answer to the Senorita who doesn't say no ! (2)