

CAMPASTIMES

JAN '82

editorial

Hello everybody! It didn't take long to realise that things hadn't changed much - we drew a blank from our hostel contacts. With no significant entries to make this issue we decided instead to mull over things our way.

To the person on the qui-vive, the oft-banded phrases like 'inter-IIT', 'rethinking on our Constitution', 'GF-KR', 'MG', 'Yesudas', that are currently making the circuit are sufficient pointers that while this month lasts the academic engine shall have to lie idle. And to much good, for this is about the only time of the year when your time is truly YOURS.

Heading, chronologically, this mega-fun session is GF-KR '82, an event still infant in its All-India status, yet, in our opinion the largest crowd-gatherer. No other event compares either in the quantity or in the range of people invariably present, year after year. A few months back saw the organisers mobilising a lakh and above for the inter-IIT, and so it seemed abstruse that GF-KR should be crippled for want of money. Such myopia fiscal budgeting

seems impolitic.

Quick on its heels will follow a chimera - MG. Its still some time away, nevertheless there is a perceptible quickening of the breath, a frenetic pace of activity under the guise of professional sangfroid, as the cultural Behemoth flexes its muscles. Memories of previous MG's cloud our senses. We can well imagine what must be churning in the Freshman's imagination. [We were first years too !!] Everybody with bated breath waiting for the ticking bomb to go off, for the pyrotechnical display to unroll itself while we watch as 'silent spectators'. This 'spectator' attitude is the best way to ensure that your first-MG is heading for a major disappointment. This widely held notion that MG is for a few secs. and their coterie of friends to sweat out and yours to watch the carousel must be erased. MG is what you make it to be - by your active involvement not by your imagination. So get 'involved', freshmen, - we know you have the weight of tradition against you, but then you have the gush only cynicism can remove.

Before we part. We wonder if you have noticed the sudden increase in good posters that are being pinned up on the new notice boards - the new boards that now drape the walls are per se a good idea - notices stuck on the walls were an eye-sore. First it was Gerhard Fisher's SOS for funds through a FOCUS cover,

the design was superb. Then came Film Society's eye-catching notices and once again FOCUS's cover design on their latest issue. Our cover design symbolises this new awareness.

After all this it feels good to be a sister publication.

EDWARDS

REMINISCENCE MG '81

RESPONSES TO THE QUESTION :

What do you think about the IIT 'ian participation?

AFMC : They look on like dumb animals.

MF. CARBELS : What IIT 'ians?

IIT B : Get the youngsters to do the work. They feel left out.

IIT B : Where's the 'IIT-ian participation'?! And the fest's meant for them!

THE PERMANENT TEMPTATION OF LIFE IS TO
CONFUSE DREAMS WITH REALITY. THE PERMANENT
DEFEAT OF LIFE COMES WHEN DREAMS ARE SURR-
-ENDERED TO REALITY MICHENER

YOU OLD MEN SHALL DREAM DREAMS, YOUR
YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS JOEL

a treatise

ON THE CREATIVE UTILISATION OF TOKENS

Our esteemed transport organisation the PTC, has, as usual, extended the facility to students of using upto 120 tokens per month on any city bus route. This apparently is meant for noble purposes like commuting to and fro from college, visiting libraries and other such scholarly activities.

However the number of exotic uses the tokens have been put to, bear witness to the high level of creativity involved in the thinking process of the average Madras student.

'Travel broadens the mind' they say. If this is true, the no. of broadminded students is certainly on the rise. A sudden surge of interest in the geography and peoples of the city and suburbs is no doubt a direct consequence of this public convenience. Groups of youth, casually clad, may be seen frequenting tea shops even in remote places like Ayanavaram and Injambakkam.

One ingenious way of crossing a broad and busy road was reported: 'Take a bus to a narrower street, cross the street, and take the next bus back.'

Apart from geographical interests, other activities like ornithology (bird-watching to laymen) take on a new dimension. Since switching buses is no longer an expense, one tends to be more discerning with regard to the 'quality' of passengers seated on the left side of the vehicle.

The biggest impact of the token system has been in Operations Research, especially in the field of network analysis. Practical studies of optimising travel from point A to point B taking into consideration factors previously discussed, are now economically feasible. All possible routes linking the two points may now be actually tried out exhaustively and readings taken as regards the time taken, level of comfort and other significant parameters. ... without making assumptions as is usually done when a mathematical model is developed, this presents a wholly reliable way of obtaining optimal solutions.

A common dilemma which students face is the constructive use of the previous month's tokens. Apart from the obvious method of trying to pass them off as new tokens, a more exciting alternative has been brought to light. They may be substituted for cinema tickets at ill-lit theatre entrance doors. The rather irreverent practice of school-boys using them as missiles directed at sluggish passersby

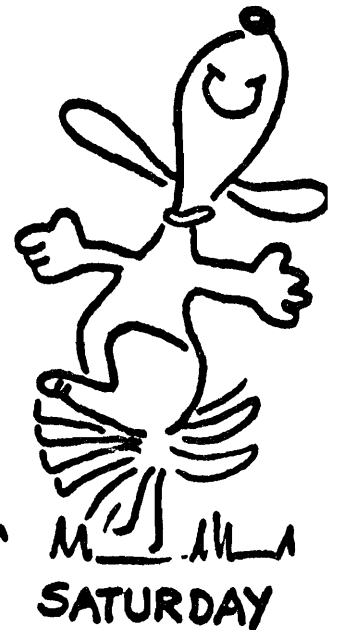
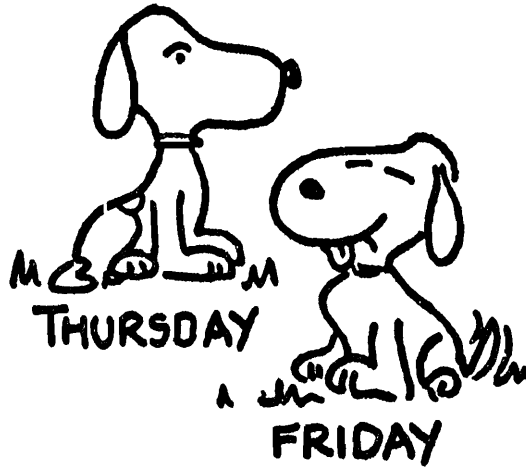
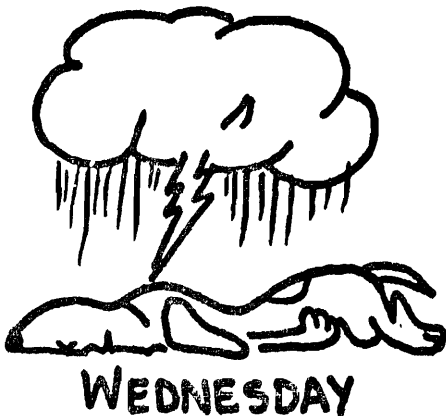
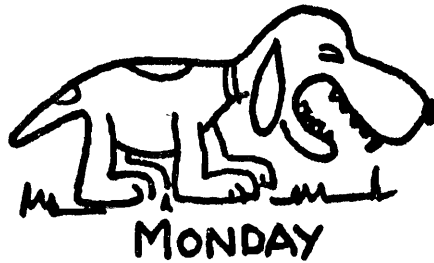
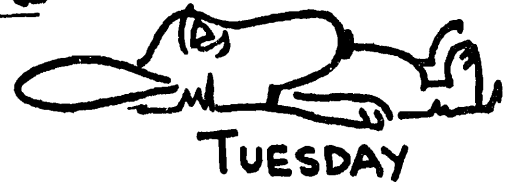
is less lucrative but certainly more interesting.

In parting, mention may be made of a recent newspaper report stating that there are probably more token holders than there are eligible students.

The token has certainly justified its meagre cost of twelve and a half paise.

MUF3MOOD

The WORK WEEK



A tremor shook her lovely form
Her eyes began to blink
Her pulse rose to a hundred and
She cried, 'I think, I think-'
He sighed, 'You think you love me?'
For his mind was on that track
"Oh no!" she yelled; "I think a bug
Is crawling down my back

— 8 —

You make my heart do flip-flops
You make my spine grow chill
You make my brain get feverish
In short you make me ill!

WOCK

IF A MAN IS POOR, HE IS STUPID; IF HE'S RICH
HE'S A CROOK; IF HE GOES TO CHURCH HE'S A
HYPOCRITE; IF HE STAYS AWAY HE'S A SINNER;
IF HE'S IN POLITICS HE'S A GRAFTER; IF HE
TAKES NO INTEREST IN POLITICS HE'S AN UNWORTHY
CITIZEN: IF HE DIES YOUNG, THERE WAS A GREAT
FUTURE AHEAD OF HIM; IF HE LIVES TO A RIPE
OLD AGE, HE'S A BURDEN TO SOCIETY. THE
ONLY MAN WHO'S NEVER CRITICISED IS HE WHO
HAS NEVER BEEN BORN.

meal time

The _____ hostel mess users had their last meeting recently.

Sir William Shakespears was so good as to rise from his grave to be the chief guest
Remarked Sir William thus :

' I behold your mess over yonder
On what materials they use
I have begun to ponder.'

' Alas, Sir William, " moaned our friend, " they gave us this day our daily bread, but
na' any butter."

" Sirrah, shut up, thou saucy fellow,
Towards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste death, but once,
You chaps seem to taste it daily.

" Hark! Sir William " protested one, " Towards of any sort are we none,
We brave the perios thrice a week
As even knights have seldom done. "

" You look indeed a veteran, of many a battle,
Not merely thrice a week but also thrice a day.

But answer me

How is it that I have men about me
Who wear lean and hungry looks? "

" We think too much - after all we're IIT'ians.
And we are not dangerous. "

" The day is far gone, and I am far from home.
I too must be gone, " said Shakespeare.

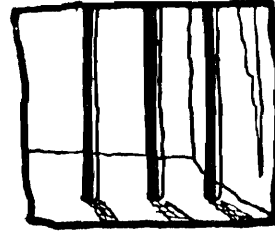
It was a tearful farewell

The rasam had too much pepper.

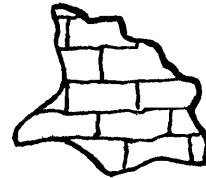
D. ANANTH

CELL NO 131

The days flowing like slow soft
treacle
have flooded my
table top
with torn calendar sheets
and my eyes are
gummed with the fatigue
of drinking sweetened coffee in
spoonfuls
from cups of
chipped enamel.



I have sown upon these sheets
the seed of my
myriad bored manipulations
which have blossomed into
maps of
rust colored wet dreams
crucified upon this yellow
bed
gazing at
the splashed ceiling of my
eyelids where the
cobwebs have stained the
corners.



The bars of my prison house
are coated
with the slimy green
of the mouthfuls of phlegm
that
I spat out
into the rusted courtyard
where the chickens scratch
amongst the garbage
of the innumerable dreams that
have blossomed and
died an immature death.



VIPIN B