

CAMPASTIMES

JULY 82



EDITORIAL

The new academic year sees the editorship of CAMPASTIMES in new hands. This tradition, of passing on the editorship to a new team of editors every year, avoids possible stagnation in style and subject. We are all praise for the IITian administration for changing the old order to give way to the new. And this, not only where the editorship of the campus mags is concerned, but also in the system of evaluation.

With the much longed for mid-sem exams replacing the Periodical system, we are left with tension-free days and therefore, can pay a little more attention to all that we had wished to do when the perio system was in vogue, like development of our creative talents or running a campus mag. So here we are, the new editors, with a satisfactory amount of time to devote to CAMPASTIMES, to help you make it a success.

Yes, only you can make this mag a success, for, it being a reflector of talents in the campus, banks heavily on everything you have to contribute. Short stories, poems, limericks, essays, humorous anecdotes — keep pouring them into our hands either through your hostel reps, or if you wish, directly. Voice out all your ideas. If you can't piece them into proper words, we will do it for you. But one point: we will reject all articles which we find lewd or lacking substance.

Besides publishing articles with artistic or entertainment value and substance, we will hold various competitions. This, we hope, will generate more enthusiasm from you in the development of your own talents. So put pen to paper now itself and keep your masterpieces away for the competitions, or if you don't mind, send it to us for consideration for publication in CAMPASTIMES. All the best!

— Editors .

The articles to Campastimes may be sent to the following hostel

representatives, or to us.

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EPITAPHS

Here lies Bill

Whose life was full

Until he tried

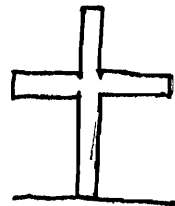
To milk a bull

Here lies Wilbur

Motor-racer, lover, drinker,

He tried them together

And landed up hither.

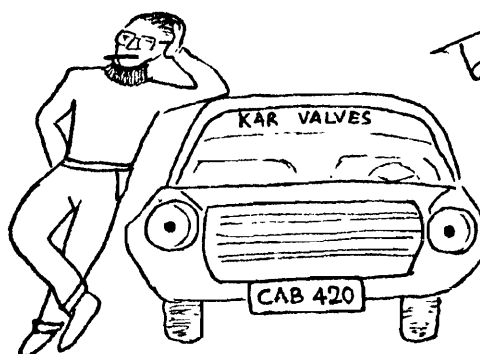


OH! METROPOLIS

Metropolitan cities have their own romance patterns, their charming nooks and corners, very familiar to the native expert and most interesting to the visiting connoisseurs. With spring every year comes the wave of romance waking the city with its silken touch. Let us see what the effects of this sometimes not so 'silken touch' are.

Activity starts at around 10 A.M., the scenes are around gates of girls' colleges. Young men in grotesquely distorted vehicles suddenly appear and hover around these gates like drones. The casual observer is wont to mistake this gathering to be for a motor rally or a popular football match. We know that our casual observer friends are mistaken - this is no place for 'casual' observers but highly 'specialised' observers. The daily observers may be classified into three basic types. The first have come with a specific appointment. A phone call to the dear one some time before - and a clinched contract account for their presence. Poetry oozes out of the eyes of these men who are counting the minutes, nay the seconds before the loved one appears - if at all. Beggars in the vicinity have a grand time counting the coins before they are dropped, the level headed fellows are seldom disappointed.

The second type are those who have no appointment. They come looking like speculators entering the stock exchange apprehensive, alert and calculating. They hope to enter themselves into the stock market and find takers called pick ups. These men hang close to the cigarette shops observing the fluctuations in the



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market. Cigarettes are very necessary for these men to steady their nerves particularly when there is a glut.

The last type are those who have dedicated their lives and consecrated their vehicles to the transportation of college girls. Deft manoeuvres and loud music characterise their vehicles. It must be suggested to the secretaries of these colleges to provide recreation and refreshment facilities for these noble men, who, notwithstanding the escalating petrol costs, stick to their ideals. Something like a taxi stand just inside the college gates would reduce the traffic congestion. It could also be suggested that these men ply on specific routes and thereby augment the transport services. Simple thinking and high living is the motto of these men.

In the after noons couples gazing into each others eyes, in the cooler and less accessible recesses of the local park constitute the romantic activity. There are couples, in varying stages of detachment from the mundane from laughing ones munching groundnuts to those affected by romantic stupor.

In the evening the shopping districts are alive with youngsters
It is a must for the fast and fashionable people. A new class of
men - ogglers - surface at these times. Having occupied highly
strategic positions well in advance these men gaze intently at the
exquisite pageantry of fashion, feature and form. College lecturers
will do well to take attendance here at this hour.

Back now, for it is night-time for the mind's eye to dwell where
the real eyes did during the day. The girls are innocently chatting.
The 'First Type' of men head for the telephone. The speculators
balance books, review the situation and plan their strategy for the
next day. The beggars are having a glorious time, so also the
urchins exchanging the days' gossip and experience. The taxis are
polished and kept away. The city settles for the night. Another day.

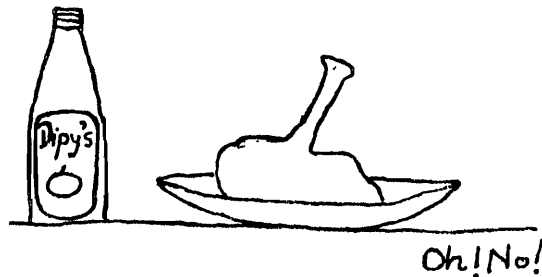
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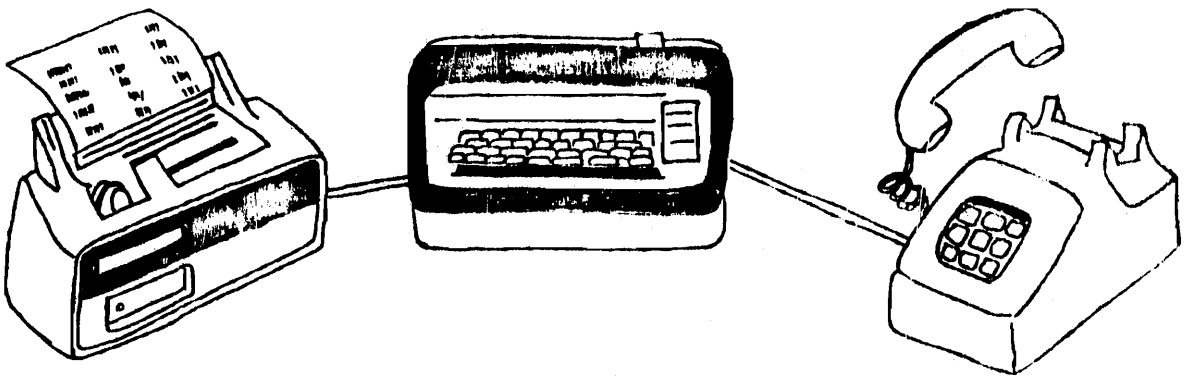
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FRESHMEN RAGS

Q: Do you like chicks?

A: No, I'm a pure vegetarian.





BRESLIN

WILLIAM Hawkins, senior electronics editor at Popular Science Magazine, has programmed his computer, affectionately named "Breslin," to run just about every electrical device in his electronic cottage.

"Good Morning, this is Breslin," says the computer giving the daily wake-up call over the intercom. Following this message it gives the time, forecasts the weather, mentions the day's appointments and turns on a radio for the news.

Breslin also starts preparing the morning coffee, monitors the burglar alarm, keeps track of checking accounts, opens the garage door, controls the heating, cooling and lighting systems, addresses Christmas cards and plays an electronic "Happy Birthday" when appropriate.

Occasionally, Breslin also locks the family out, rings up false burglar alarms and says "good night" at 3am, long after the family has retired.

Breslin cost several thousand dollars, excluding the home's intercom, other electronic systems, and the year and a half of work to develop the programme.

TEA AND IT

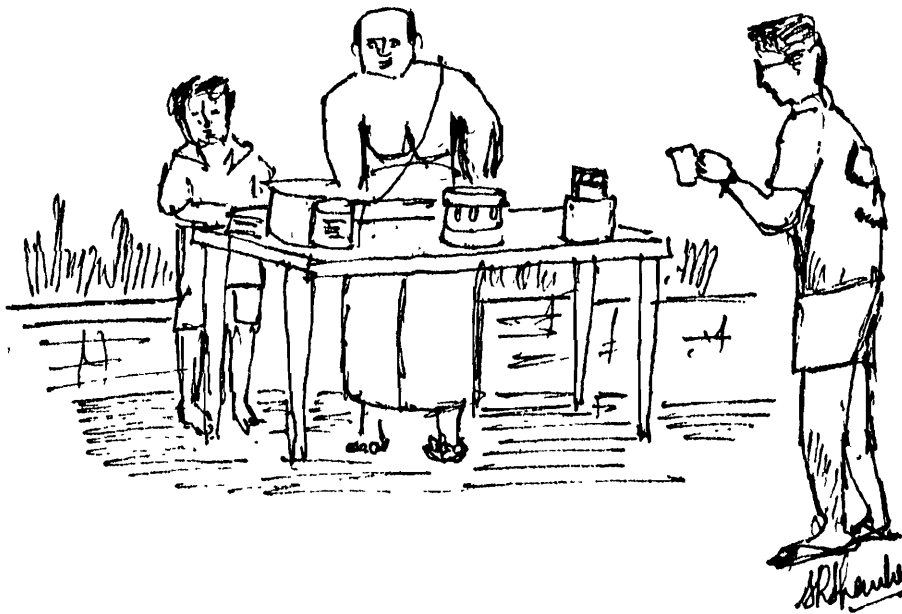
Wood and brick were put together and in a week a miracle of a teeny weeny canteen came into being . Or was it a hangover from the Mardi Gras ? I really don't remember. What a welcome hangover - It sure did help us get over the hangovers after nights spent desperately, with nose buried deep in books, trying to make some sense of Maxwell's Equations, Schrodinger's Equation, Planck's Theory etc. etc. etc.,. The victuals dealt at this joint while not having anything jazzy or exotic about them, satisfy the demands made by one's stomach even at indecent hours of the night. The added attraction is the close proximity to the girl's hostel which gives the guys occasionally glimpses of the fair sex, under the starry sky, on the rare occasions they decide make to an appearance. The HSB canteen.

The quaint little building ensconced in the heart of the hostel environs stands as a much frequented joint of more than a few . It is the abode of the perio-ridden youngster, the fatigued foot-baller and the incorrigible idler indulging in the wicked glee of hauling up a 'Freshie'.



Talking of consumption , wether of teeth testing tea tarts,(and at the risk of not being too tartly) , sabulous (NOT fabulous) biscuits or of jaw-dropping, eyebrow raising news. Quark's sandwiches seem to represent the peaceful co-existence of two slices of bread- with no sandwiches really !

But what is the rationale of the milling crowd ? Perhaps the not so green lawn, or the amusing glimpses of tripping skaters or the remarkable exposure of a spectrum of topics ranging from the intricate strategies of winning the Schröeter to the A B C's of evoking the awe of a gullible girl. The rugged round the clock rendezvous of the hyper-critical connoisseurs of stimulants is the the time tested 'Tarams'. Added attractions ??? Let us not get potty about it !!!



Albeit untidy, it is sophisticated enough to have bearers
serving you ordinary tea or 'sp. tea' at the cosy clearing.
A vigorous competitor to the oligopoly of the tea companies is
the aspiring Iyer & Co., gracing the portals of Alak. A fitting
complement to the spicy gossip among the addicted wayside tea-
swillers is perhaps the spice in the tea.

POONAM

Oh, hear of the IITians' plight:
In ragging they can't take delight.
They suffer from depression
And fear of expulsion
And wonder why nothing's done right.

LIMERICKA

There was a young-man of Montrose
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.
When asked by his lass
Where he kept his brass,
He said: "Darling, I pay through the nose".

THOSE LETTERS

Our fathers received strange communications this summer. Strange,
because for the first time, possibly, since the inception of the Institute
have such letters been sent. Generally speaking, it came as a big surprise

and the responses it drew from the various sections were different.

The administration were cold and formal. The fathers were in cold sweat lest their sons/daughters be expelled.

"Don't," they warned.

The mothers reacted with greater intensity. "It looks like the freshers will rag you this time. Don't run from them in panic," they cautioned.

And finally the IIT'ians. A multitude of cribs and cracks were made.

"They wrote to my father, and I don't read my father's letters. That means I can...." said one solemnly.

"Of course you can. They don't mean what they say; they seldom do", encouraged the second.

"The whole thing should be done in a systematic fashion", suggested the third. "Permit rooms must be introduced in each hostel where legalised ragging is done. Senior students who wish to rag may do so after obtaining authorisation from the officials after being proposed by a freshman and seconded by another."

"Yes, a co-operative system in which ragging is done at a controlled rate is beneficial to both parties," affirmed another.

"But why ever rag?" asked the most philosophical of them. There was silence all around. The grim silence that is associated with the acceptance of a great truth.

"He's right", agreed a few.

At this juncture fags (cigarettes) were distributed throughout the company. They discussed politics, economics, the new academic system, the water shortage and everything but ragging- until.....

HEY FRESHIE, COME HERE!

ANANTH

