

Campastimes

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25 P.

Institute Day



On March 23, the whole Institute assembled at the open air theatre to settle accounts for deeds during the year—to reflect on the past and to plan for the future. The Chief Guest: Dr. Karl Pfauter, Consul General, Federal Republic of Germany. The photograph shows Dr. Klein, President, welcoming the gathering. More pictures are on page seven.

CULTURAL WEEK

A Success with a Difference

Too long have we regarded our invincibility in inter-collegiate literary and entertainment fields as an accomplished fact. It was therefore a rude jolt to many when the Sixth Cultural Week nailed this lie. The time has come for us to identify, rather than disguise the maladies which afflict us.

ALL-INDIA DEBATE

March 4, 1968.

Eleven colleges in the city competed for the Institute Trophy in the All-India Debate on March 4. One must compliment the organisers of the Debate on their choice of the topic: 'India's salvation lies in the rejection of Gandhian principles'. Timely, apt and controversial, it offered ample opportunity to the cultivated debator. Loyola College emerged winners in the Debate. Both our speakers won individual prizes. Lacking in content, seriousness and direction, their speeches required sterner judgement. If excellence in debating is based on sincerity of outcry, then V. S. Krishnan was convincing enough; if it is based on the responsiveness of the audience, then Shanker deserves kudos. But neither of these is half the effect. One regrets that a debator should run to seed with meaningless flippancy and casualness of manner.

Other speakers impressed us. P. N. Narayan (Loyola) dealt with the pros and cons of salvation, T. P. Sampath (A. C. Tech.) with corruption at administrative levels, Chandrasekhar (M.C.C.) with the abuse of Gandhian principles, and Miss S. Mitrakumari (Stella Marie's) with their applicability to present day conditions. In the reviewer's opinion, T. P. Sampath and S. Mitrakumari deserved recognition.

Summing up the Debate, Mr. Mohan S. Kumaramangalam, Chairman, laid bare the flaws and fallacies in the arguments of the speakers. He also recounted anecdotes about Gandhi with emphasis on Gandhi the man, rather than Gandhi the seer. Earlier, the Cultural Week was inaugurated by the Director, Dr. A. Ramachandran, who emphasised the importance of extra-curricular activities in the Institute.

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Physics Seminar

SCIENTISTS EXCHANGE VIEWS

The Institute was the nucleus of activity during the last week of February when scores of physicists from different research centres in India met to speculate, and theorise on that mini dimensioned point at the centre of every atom—the nucleus. The occasion: The symposium on Nuclear and Solid State Physics organised by the Atomic Energy Commission.

The Seminar held sixteen sessions in about twenty-two hours during which several topics pertaining to both solid state physics and low energy nuclear physics were discussed.

The nuclear shell model theory was considered in many sessions. According to this theory the nucleus is itself made up of a number of shells at different energy levels. (It is no longer considered a homogenous structure of protons and neutrons.) This is an extension of the theory of electronic shells. The shell model structure for nuclei of different atomic masses were worked out. A shape analysis of potential energy barriers around nuclei of various binding energies was also made. Other topics: Structure studies of light nuclei, photo disintegration, elastic scattering cross-sections, nuclear spectroscopic studies, nuclear fission studies, neutron induced reactions, Deuteron-Nucleon scattering, particle interactions on nuclei, X-ray and gamma ray scattering by nuclei, spin properties and charge distribution and various models for describing the states of various nuclei. Various low energy nuclear reactions were also studied.

An interesting lecture on superconducting materials which are important from a technological view point was given by Prof. Marshall Merriam (now at IIT Kanpur), of the University of California. According to the classical electron superconductivity theory of Drude and Lorentz this phenomenon can occur only at 0° K. Even quantum mechanics fails to explain why superconductivity should occur at temperatures well above 0° K. For technological considerations the important limiting properties are critical current, critical field (the superconducting property is curiously lost for a field and current above a certain value), losses and transition temperatures. The important question now is to find out whether there is an upper limit to the superconducting transition temperature (preferably close to room temperature) and an upper limit to the critical field.

An important topic from the engineering view point was the study of the dependence of the tensile strength of metals on crystal structure. By altering or modifying the crystal structure Russian scientists claim to have increased the strength of metals to several times the usual value. Various techniques were described for conducting such studies and for locating point defects and fracture regions in crystal lattices. Work was also done on determination of particle and the thermo-electric properties of Thallium Selenide.

Campastimes interview with the Delegates

Our first question was 'What is the

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Classified Divertissements

Temple Schedule

In order to avoid Examination rush and confusion during peak hours the following schedule will be followed by the students :

I/5 & II/5	Mondays
III/5 & IV/5	Wednesdays
V/5 & III/3	Fridays
I/3, II/3 & PGs	Saturdays
Girl Students	All days

Institute Omnibus will ply between the hostels and the temple every evening from 5 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

President, Temple Samajam.

P.S. Read our 'Study Now Pray Later' leaflet.

Film Club

Coinciding with the inauguration of Mandakini Hostel, the film 'Pink Panther' will be screened at the OAT.

Secretary.

Caution

On the eve of the next April Fool's Day, all cycle owners will deflate their cycle tubes before retiring at night. This is in order to prevent mischief makers from getting the upper hand.

Bikewallah M. Andi.

Discovery

The latest thing in atomic physics—the Bhadron Research paper 'On the behaviour of the Bhadron in certain characteristic situations' to be published by the III/5 class in the Journal of Mathematical and Physical Sciences.

Publications

'An Introduction to the Theory and Techniques of Using Sidekicks' — by some of our prominent — sorry, prominent Professors.

'The Thrilling Adventures of Prandtl and his Disciples' — by Dr. N. V. C. Swamy 'On certain interesting properties of the Con't, and the Plan't' — Monograph from the Drawing Dept.

'A very good doubt' or 'How to avoid answering questions' — by Popeye.

For Sale

A whole pile of tarnished brassware, six months from now. Contact

Prize-winners.

Automobile

An excellent, chic looking car is on the market in as-is-where-is (good, believe us) condition. Write to

The Five Stooges.

Prayer

Oh Lord! Why can't we have more Sundays and fewer week-days in a week? (For we love the delicious Masal Dosais that thou hast given us.) And do give us six more hours per day to cope with the tutorial assignments and lab-submissions. And deliver us from PJs. Amen.

Dedication

I, 1.001/58, dedicate my B.Tech. degree to the following :

- (1) 1.002/58, who allowed me to cog in all the periodicals.
- (2) Dr. — who gave me Bs. in spite of blank answer sheets.
- (3) 1.162/58, who gave me proxies even when I was (sleeping) in class.
- (4) Major Jaffery, just for kicks.

(Sd.) P. K.

TO WHOMSOEVER IT MAY CONCERN

On the 10th of March, the — * Hostel was occupied by the IITian girls. We hear that they are quite pleased with their new home. [What do you know, they are even getting a new tar road, all to themselves.] Romeos please note the change in address.

—Campastimes.

* Some masculine river.

German Delegation in IIT

Dr. G. Kerkhoff (Minister for Economic Co-operation, Federal Republic of Germany), Dr. H. A. Havemann (Technische Hochschule, Aachen), Herr Dietrich (Technische Hochschule, Aachen), and Herr Kretschmar Bundesamt für Gewerbliche Wissenschaft) were here in the Campus to familiarise themselves on the working of IIT.

On the 14th of March Dr. G. Kerkhoff laid the foundation stone for the Machine Elements and Materials Handling laboratory.

Dr. Kerkhoff represented Bonn in the II Indo-German Agreement for technical help to IIT. The purpose of his present visit is to get a good and clear idea of everything in IIT, and to have a better understanding of the project that he is in charge of.

When asked about the feasibility of a III Indo-German pact for IIT, he said, 'I am not a prophet.' It would depend on the results of the second agreement. However, he sincerely hopes that the co-operation between the Technical Universities in the Federal Republic and IITM would continue and be further strengthened.

—Campastimes

(Contd. from page 1, col. 3)

difference between high and low energy nuclear physics?

Some of the scientists felt the difference was clear from the two adjectives used. High energy nuclear physics dealt with particles having an energy greater than 10 mev. while low energy physics dealt with energies less than 10 mev. Others felt that the distinction is only relative. In the US where very high energy particle accelerators exist (as high as 33,000 mev.) low energy may be used to refer to particles of energies greater than 10 mev. Basically low energy nuclear physics deals with interactions between elementary particles of a comparatively low energy.



Photograph : Maitra.

The scientists told us how the nucleus is not just a simple sphere as it was thought to be. Many nuclei especially the unstable ones are elongated spheroids having complex shapes. As for the nature of nuclear interactions we were told that all particles in the universe basically follow four types of mutual interactions: strong, electromagnetic, weak and gravitational. The strong interactions are 10-100 times stronger than the electromagnetic interactions between charged particles. They account for the large binding energy of the various particles within the atomic nucleus. It is this binding energy stored in the particles by the strong interactions between them that is released in the explosion of the atom bomb. The electromagnetic interactions of course account for the electron nuclei combination within the atom. It is this force which causes the electrons to move round the nucleus in planetary orbits.

In India several institutes work on solid

BRER GENE

Among the scientists moving around, discussing and sipping coffee between sessions of the Physics Seminar, you must have noticed a slightly built bespectacled individual in the group, asking questions. No, he was not there because of an over-enthusiasm for coffee, as one of our staff members presumed. He was there genuinely interested in knowing more about his pet subject 'Solid State Physics'.

The person in question is, of course, C. Sivaram (III/5, Mechanical). Sivaram tells us that he had to spend the first two days in search of a scientist who could answer his questions. Still there was nobody at the seminar working on his branch of interest.

He did manage to have a few informal discussions on topics ranging from Relativistic Wave Mechanics to Photon-phonon-electron in liquid helium.

Such genius in a student of engineering is, though unusual, commendable; Sivaram certainly deserves encouragement and help from the Institute.

—Campastimes

The weak interactions are 10^{12} times weaker than electromagnetic interactions. They occur in various types of beta decay (or electron decay) in cosmic particles and radio active disintegrations. The gravitational force or interaction is 10^{18} times weaker than the so-called weak force. It is hence easily observed only in very large bodies.

One of your correspondents pointed out that all these four interactions are responsible for generating the heat and light of the sun. In agreement one of the delegates added that they do but in a cyclic order.

The delegates representing solid state physics emphasised the close connection between solid state physics and electronic engineering. Outstanding research carried out in solid state physics has often revolutionized the electronics industry (e.g. the transistor and the tunnel diode).

state physics notably the Institute at Trombay and the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research at Bombay. They work in close collaboration with the electronics and atomic reactor industries. Their work ranges from integrated circuits to manufacture of ferrite materials for use in computers. Solid State Physics also has important application in modification of conventional metallurgical processes for manufacturing alloys of greater strength.

One of the Conveners told Campastimes that this Seminar is held annually at different centres. The success of the Seminar, he feels, cannot be judged right now. 'Only after the scientists are able to gain through the exchange of ideas at the Seminar and are aided by this in their future work can we say that the Seminar has been successful at least to a certain extent' he explained.

—Campastimes.

CARICATURE



GEORGE VERGHESE

A tall guy badly in need of a haircut, wearing a checked lungi and a jazz shirt, sitting in the final year Mechanical Class, is only one of the many George Vergheses running loose in the campus. This one, however, also answers to the name of 'Porki Payyan', 'Taro' and 'Kurvi Karan'. A firm believer in doing anything for a bet, he once turned up at Central Station and paraded up and down the platform, dressed in a loin cloth and wrist watch, with a monkey on his shoulder, till the cops threw him out, that is.

Among his interests outside the campus are the SCM and the plays and fêtes held at the various ladies' colleges. So keen is he on these affairs that he even sells tickets for the same. Contrary to popular contention, George claims that he participates in the SCM activities to feel nearer to the Lord.

He is an ardent fan of all the Hippy and Beat groups. At entertainment programmes he has no hesitation in giving vent to his feelings with blood curdling yells, whenever the show is not to his liking.

George ventured into extracurricular activities in the Campus with active participation in athletics, basketball, hockey and cheer-leading. In due course he gave this up for N.C.C. (Air wing) and flying. This phase lasted till he tried to make a three point landing on the Krishna Hostel terrace, after which his tenure at the flying club came to a dramatic end.

Not in the least bit put out, George who has a passion for dizzy heights took up mountain climbing. On his first outing in the Himalayas he did so well that he was judged the best in his group. The next time together with Jaikumar, he made headlines when they climbed Mt. Shila—a hitherto unconquered peak.

After this unique feat George returned to his true love—basketball. Under his astute leadership the Institute team went on to pull off a fine victory in the last Inter IIT Meet. The basketball team has done admirably well in all the subsequent matches.

—M. K.

**WE WILL GLADLY PUBLISH
YOUR ARTICLES, PROVIDED
WE CAN READ THEM.**

Write legibly!

NEUROTIC ON THE
WARPATHOr the Modern World and all
that Jazz

Perhaps it would be wise on my part to warn the reader right away not to expect any 'Higgins in India' sort of stuff in what follows, which perhaps wasn't wise on my part to attempt in the first place. Nevertheless, any normal sane person subjected to the frustrations of life in IIT needs some sort of a wall to bash his head against and clear his mind of accumulated poison. It is primarily in this light that I chose to start this attack on anything that occurred to me. Moreover, the *Campastimes* scout, who came pestering me for an article, carefully remained on the strategic side of my room's window bars.

Coming finally to the battlefield, the way I see it, modern science and technology is progressing quite aimlessly and rashly. It would seem that the object of existence boils down to a continuum of labour-saving devices. I can understand, though I don't advocate, the infradiggishness concerning manual effort; but when we hand over our mental faculties as well to machines, we have reached the nether limits of damnation.

The reference here is of course to computers. I don't know whether they fall into distinct categories such as calculating, memory and decision-making machines, but if so the last type is the worst offender. To take an example which sounds realistic though it is not necessarily true, consider the war in Vietnam. Say a lot of data is fed into a computer in Washington and it is asked questions like 'Are we winning or losing?' 'Should we advance or retreat or bomb Hanoi?' or worse still, 'What should we do?' If at least some people, say General Westmoreland and his staff do not know why they are ordering a troop concentration in such and such a place, but merely that Field Marshal IBM-19011 or -whatever - his name is, who sits in an air-conditioned office is of such and such an opinion, one would reasonably expect them to go on strike. Since they haven't, I trust matters are not all that bad yet.

The above illustration probably represents an extreme case, but it looks like the direction in which scientific advancement is taking us today. Letting any situation get out of human control is definitely not advisable. I think we should set some limits to the 'thinking capacity' of computers if there is such a thing, before one of the smarter ones begins to 'think' otherwise. There is something particularly macabre about programming computers to find optimum conditions in solving some types of problems. God knows what they might be able to optimize—possibly the destruction of mankind, given suitable data. I'm not even prepared to count on the loyalty of computer programmes to the human race. A thinking machine could be a dangerous tool in the hands of a power-crazy individual, more so when it gets out of his hands.

A parallel might well be found in some of the basic religious concepts on the origin of man. That is to say God made man as a humble creature who trembled at thunder and lightning at first, but as time went by he acquired more and more confidence in himself and finally today God, seemingly incapable of influencing us, has been relegated to the museum advanced as a primitive concept by the technically advanced sect of humanity. My aim here is not to prove or disprove the existence of God but to point out that man's creation of the computer may follow the same course. We could hardly look forward with relish to the prospect of finding ourselves in zoos at the

turn of the century with robots throwing monkey-nuts at us.

Among our most prized possessions today are our aesthetic sense and the capacity to reason, create and appreciate, and we ought not to deprive future generations of these few remaining pleasures of the mind. We already have computers doing creative design, composing poetry and music, choosing marriage partners and what not. It amazes me that anyone should commend this sort of thing. The labour unions which go on strike to prevent employees being displaced by computers are doing the right thing though for a less worthy cause.

Apart from computers, as far as mechanization in general is concerned, I am reminded of a caricature in *MAD* magazine depicting the effects on evolution. It pictured a man of the future as a tiny specimen with his right index finger as the only prominent surviving functional element, used of course for pushing buttons. Elaboration on this point is needless.

I've got one more stone to throw and that goes to the field of medicine, notwithstanding the likelihood of being branded a misanthrope. There appears to be a sort of conspiracy to produce a race of weaklings. They get hold of a mangled half-dead body from an accident or the war-front and try him out for a new face, kidney, lung, heart, etc. The object is to prolong his misery by five hours or five months for various social, emotional, legal and ethical reasons which I won't go into now. Worse still is the practice of keeping alive old people with one foot in the grave and likewise rich patients whose hypochondria must be nurtured on expensive drugs.

And the fuss that is made about babies and the having of babies—ooh my! The need for hospitals and nurses and disinfectants and so on merely indicates an increasing physical helplessness in our generation, with due respect to the fair sex against whom I have nothing personal. But I say, if a cat can have kittens without-raising hell about it, why can't the civilized women of this century. Formerly nature used to maintain an optimum level of infant mortality, not to mention old age mortality, but now we feel proud of having created a population problem. In any case the present degree of dependance on medicines, drugs etc. is shocking, or may be civilization is defined in terms of sensitiveness as opposed to animal toughness. I've never understood it, really.

In all the foregoing prattle about science making zombies out of us, I have deliberately ignored the obverse side of the medal because it is being chucked in our faces all the time and this is not intended to be a balanced point of view anyway. No doubt destructive criticism is very easy, but then how many people are capable of putting forward sensible suggestions?

Finally, having sufficiently jeopardized my status as an engineering student, I consider my say as having been said. Anyone who disapproves will not find me available for argument. I've become quite docile already.

TEE SQUARE.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the passing away of Mr. K. Chandrasekaran (Research Scholar, Chemistry Department) who died after an illness on 25th March, '68.

Requiescat in Pace.

CULTURAL

Die Deutsche Rezitation :

5 Mar. 1968

Als Dr. N. Klein vor sechs Jahren seinen Pokal für deutsche Rezitation stiftete, begann damit zunächst ein Zweikampf zwischen den Studenten des Max Müller Bhavan und des Indian Institute of Technology. In Laufe der Jahre hat die Kulturwoche des I.I.T. immer mehr Teilnehmer aus anderen Colleges und Hochschulen angezogen, und der Wettbewerb um den Pokal für deutsche Rezitation hat besonders Interesse gefunden. In diesem Sinne hatte auch der Sekretär des literarischen Kommittees die Einladung zu dieser Veranstaltung in Deutsch abgelehnt und an alle Deutschen im I.I.T. geschickt. Seltsamer- und bedauerlicherweise hat auch dieses Bemühen keinen Erfolg gehabt—außer Herrn Dr. Klein und der Richterinnen Frau Wagner (für die es gewissermaßen Pflicht war) erschienen deutsche Gäste (vom I.I.T.) nicht.

Die Anzahl der Bewerber und das durchschnittliche Niveau der Rezitation lag wesentlich höher als jemals zuvor. Es gab nicht nur reine Wiederholungen in der üblichen Form; Intonation und Gestik fanden mehr Beachtung und wurden zum ersten Mal ein Bestandteil des Wettbewerbes. Dagegen gab es aber diesmal nicht ein scharfes Kopf-an-Kopf-Rennen um den ersten Preis. Frau Varadarajan vom Max Müller Bhavan war mit einer deutlichen, fehlerlosen und von allen Gesichtspunkten einwandfreien Rezitation die entschieden überlegene Siegerin. Kamdar und Sudarsan vom I.I.T. verschenkten ihren anfangs noch möglichen Erfolg nach einigen Minuten ausgezeichneter Artikulation und heftiger (fast wilder!) Gestik durch unverzeihliche Fehler—Überspringen ganzer Zeilen und Verwechslung von Umlauten.

Der Abend war schön und unterhaltsam—und gerade darum ist die Abwesenheit all unserer geladenen deutschen Gäste so sehr zu bedauern. Die angegebene Entschuldigung einer gleichzeitig stattfindenden Sitzung des deutschen Stabes erschien nicht stichhaltig. Sie hätte sicherlich verlegt werden können, und war bestimmt eine Sitzung ohne Damen. Es wäre eine erfreuliche Ermutigung, wenn die Deutschen im I.I.T. in Zukunft mehr Interesse für diese einzige studentische Veranstaltung in deutscher Sprache in unserem Institut zeigen würden.

—BHARAT KAMDAR.

GROUP DISCUSSION 6, March 1968.

The Group Discussion has hitherto posed almost insuperable problems in organisation and evaluation. No satisfactory system of evaluation of a discussion group has yet been evolved, and the public address system has nearly always been less than ideal. For the first time, I.I.T. fielded two teams—led by Gautam Mahajan and R. Shankar. Neither was any good. Both the S.I.E.T. Women's College and the Madras Christian College teams showed remarkable promise. . . . The trouble with women is that one's attention is nearly always (unequally) divided between what they discuss and how they look. . . . However, the S.I.E.T. Women's College impressed one if not in the validity of their argument, at least in their earnestness of approach. The M.C.C. team, on the other hand, were a more balanced side and were unlucky to be placed second. Most of the other teams, including our own, will bear a lot of improvement.

QUIZ

7, March 1968.

The Quiz on the fourth day was well-contested—by the M.C.C., I.I.T., and Law College. M.C.C. ultimately won, thanks to P. Sudhir and Mahavir Acharya, both of whom won individual prizes. The Quizmaster, Sri K. V. Ramanathan, I.A.S., conducted the Quiz well and kept the audience in good humour throughout. Some felt that the questions were a little localised and easy. Nevertheless it was an enjoyable Quiz which brought to an end the literary competitions in the WEEK.

Gandhi Meet Gandhiji ?

(From the speech by Mr. Mohan Kumaramangalam, during the All India Debate held at the Institute on 4th March 1968).

How unfair is it that we should have to decide whether we should accept Gandhiji's principles or not to accept them—in the absence of Gandhiji himself. Suppose he comes back to life—comes to India on 4th March 1968. Where would he go but to meet the other Gandhi. He would see her palatial house, guarded heavily, and would ask permission to see the Prime Minister—which is refused. He wonders what has happened to his principles. An ordinary man can no longer see the Prime Minister! He would see the failure to implement one of his main principles—that the people will always be able to see the leader. Gandhiji moved among the common people. His mere presence used to change the mind of an audience that was determined to be hostile.

At the beginning politics and political movement was the monopoly of a small group of well educated people. This frail, simple man, incapable of oratory, electrified the whole country by taking the political movement from the educated sections of the people down to the masses. Gandhiji was symbolising the people of this country by the way in which he approached problems and in the manner in which he lived.

Today Gandhiji would protest against politicians in general. The political leader looks at an issue not from the point of the view of whole nation but from that of his own party. While industrialisation is advancing sections of people, millions are being kept back.

An important quality of Gandhiji was that he did not bother about what people thought about his opinions. It is no use trying to analyse what he said in '30 or '40. Gandhiji surely was capable of appreciating how life changes.

WEEK

ENTERTAINMENT

Never has our entertainment been an elixir of exhilaration. But seldom has it fallen so low. Although we put up something like our best at the Cultural Week, it is not good enough—a mere tasteless trifle. It is lamentable that we should turn north, south, east and west for original ideas and put up something on the spur of the moment. As if we can disregard with impunity the expectations of a humour-thirsty, music-hungry humanity which has hitherto been less than impartial to people from outside. New talent is not forthcoming, old is fast fading. . . . Although Roy's skits are enjoying something of a vogue, he will do well to administer humour with moderation, and spread out rather than water down its content.

The S.I.E.T. Women's College tried hard to retain the RGN Trophy for the third year in succession. Emceed by Miss Usha Natarajan, sustained by spirited performances like Miss Arundhati Basu's Naga dancing, mono-acting and a discourse on transcendental meditation, they came pretty close to doing it yet again. Loyola, Presidency and Vivekananda did quite well, but not well enough. The Beat-X seem to have left quite a void in intercollegiate instrumental music.

The play by Pachaiyappa's College lacked even the rudiments of stagecraft—wisdom lies in adaptability, in feeling the pulse of the audience. Elsewhere, maybe the play would have gone down well.

M.C.C. showed what could be done in the field of entertainment. Theirs was opportune—it fitted our audience like a glove. Versatile Ambi Harsha's documentary, and the guy what's-his-name's rather protracted discourse on South Indian dieting, and Leela Krishnamurthy's admirable tirade on the rights of women, helped them coast to an easy victory. Those who enjoyed their entertainment and yearn for more, would do well to wait for them next year.

Winding up the entertainment programme was a lively fifteen minute one-man show by guest artiste Jason John and the Registrar's admirable, if slightly risqué, résumé of the year's entertainment.

—Campastimes.

"NOW WATCH"—THE SCIENCE FAIR



Photograph : Kubendran.

The Science Fair held this year during the Cultural Week drew large crowds. Judging from the number of exhibits, the response was poor. Why don't YOU think up a revolutionary project for next year's Fair?

L'affaire Gajendra Circle—A Rejoinder

Some of the contributors to this magazine have, needlessly if I may be permitted to point out, sought to verbally demolish the standing symbol of an Institute, the Gajendra Circle and the general trend of thought, it may be pointed out, seeks to question the very existence of the Gajendra Circle. My aesthetic spirits being kindled and as an ardent lover of any object d'art, I am naturally bridled about it and raise my poniard of a plume to defend the relic from scurrilous and sacrilegious attacks of my less virtuous friends, the veritable Mordecais at the gate (so they seem to think). I wish to expatiate on the monolithic serenity of the monument in question.

I guess you must all be aware of the standing symbol of liberty—the stately Statue of Liberty towering high above as if to hold communion with the *creme de la creme* per the summum bonum in architecture yet it represents all that America stands for—liberty, equality, peace and a host of other qualities necessary for the consummation of a free life. By the same token the Gajendra Circle is highly symbolic of all this Institute represents. The critics who rail at this must be filled with a unique hypochondriac flatus—a more sinned against than sinning or an 'I can build better than thou' attitude. Their intellectual delinquency appals me when they seek to sever the very roots that seek to nurture them. The Gajendra Circle with its statue complex is much more a piece of art than what is dished out to us during functions that seek refuge under the unshading term 'entertainment' (Beethoven, Mozart and a host of others would turn in their graves if they saw music being manhandled in such a way.) I do not wish to temporize on the ethics of a person attacking his alma mater.

The elephants represent the gargantuan effort of mankind to uphold the fountain of knowledge. Knowledge is power so the sages say but unless someone powerful enough seeks to uphold knowledge and keep the banner of intellectual freedom flying, we may as well revert to the paleolithic age when might was right. The elephants are a standing monument to the mammoth efforts of our Director to keep an Institute in the intellectual map and to abuse them would be, to say the least, uncharitable. Forgive my paronomasiac tendencies. The thinness of the two elephants is noticed only by those whose Epicurian and gourmet tendencies are not satisfied by the meagre fare offered by our messhalls.

Coming to the two boys standing beneath the fountain. One of the boys wears an extreme uncouth look on his face, his head dishevelled. He holds a hammer in his hand—perhaps symbolic of dubious statement that might is right. This is because he is not clad with the refulgent accoutrements of knowledge. Now have a look at the other person. He stands gracefully holding a diploma in one hand while his other hand rests on the fountain base. He realizes that even though he has completed his course of study successfully and has a diploma to prove it, he has to lean



Prof. Lehnartz, President, D.A.A.D., trying IIT chicken during his visit here.

heavily on his alma mater that has put him on his path to glory and from which fount of knowledge he has imbibed some. He has thrown away his hammer and in its stead there is a scroll—a portrayal of the pen is mightier than the sword? One of his legs on the base of the fountain and they appear unfettered; yet there are several invisible chains that bind him to his alma mater.

The fountain represents the Institute, the repository of knowledge. There is but one gate at the base as you will no doubt notice. It shows that everyone knows where knowledge begins but no one knows where it ends; there isn't any outer gate. The raw student steps into the institute through this gate that represents the portals of knowledge. He undergoes his course in a few years imbibing knowledge and suddenly he finds himself transported outside through an invisible fate. If a person deliberately seeks to find the exit gate he soon realizes there isn't any and if he prefers to leave he does so through the gate he entered—without getting his degree. The fountain spouts but rarely, but when it does, it does so in full force during important functions literally gushing forth as it were all intellectual progress. This is particularly true of convocations when an army of graduands are marched off to the battlefield of life. The idea of the fountain gushing forth only during functions may appear plebeian and some may brand it rank exhibitionism but it cannot be a disclaimer to what it connotes—the fount of knowledge never runs dry just as the flame in the Institute insignia never dries out.

A word or two about the name 'Gajendra Circle.' It is, I feel, a deliberate slip made to

caution man against taking everything for granted. To a person viewing the statue complex from outside, at first sight the ellipse may appear to be circular and if he takes at face value, what the board says as the Gajendra Circle, he naturally is living in a fool's paradise. There is yet another angle from which the whole thing can be viewed. Just as the cranking of an engine or the hum of transmission lines appear to the engineer as the music of the spheres, so also does the ellipse occur to the artist as inside. In reality, the former view appears to the aesthetic as the ultimate in cacophony while the latter view to the engineer as the absolute lack of grooming in geometry.

The world is highly prismatic and what you perceive to be white is something that is a vivid spectrum. Knowledge is the cohesive force; it is that which seeks to bind people of diverse, cultural, ethnological and social backgrounds. In their common quest for knowledge their variegated environs and superficial or shall I say artificial differences are relegated to the background. Learning is something that is transcendental in nature and not something evanescent. The great scientist Newton remarked that he felt like a child picking up pebbles from the vast beach of knowledge and that even if he spent a whole lifetime gathering pebbles, what he would have achieved would be infinitesimal and would pale into insignificance in comparison with how much there that was yet to be learned. O Tempora! O Moses! I hereby indict the critics for lese majeste.

—CLARK.

I take this opportunity to sincerely thank the Director, the staff and the students of the IIT for all the sympathy and help they have extended to me at the sad demise of my husband, Mr. Kurt Schroeter. The kindness and friendship we have been privileged to experience over all these years, I shall take with me as a comforting and cherished memory.

Mrs. ERNA SCHROETER.

I find it difficult to put down on paper my feelings about the late Mr. Schroeter. His demise has been too sudden and recent to allow me to express my feelings cogently.

My first thoughts, on coming to know that he was no more with us, were for Mrs. Schroeter, whose friendship and personal kindness to me over the years, I have valued greatly. I pray that God would give her the strength to bear this tragic loss.

Mr. Schroeter identified himself so completely with the Metallurgy Department and promoted its interests so zealously that I do not remember a single discordant note between us over the last five years. There was, between us, complete harmony of outlook and effort. I admired and utilised freely, his skill in handling men and his knowledge of administrative requirements and procedures. He was always ready to learn and to teach. Often admitting freely that he had never so much as seen, before he installed them, many of the instruments and equipment, which are the pride of the Metallurgy Department, he handled all the jobs entrusted to him, with pleasure and distinction.

He had a dislike, generally well-concealed,



The late Mr. KURT SCHROETER.

but at times quite obvious, of the showing-off, indulged in by many academic staff and he could, quite disconcertingly, bring them to earth by some very shrewd remarks. Having lived in our country for nearly 20 years and seen the amazing progress in industrialisation and technical education recorded in this period, he was more appreciative of our achievements and more tolerant of our failings and limitations than most of his countrymen and refrained from prescribing immature and theoretical solutions to our problems.

Mr. Schroeter's health was not good. He fell ill, occasionally, to begin with, but with distressing frequency, during the last 2 or 3 years. When he was well, he used to enjoy himself immensely. Swimming was his favourite recreation and he would be quite upset if any engagement threatened to interfere with his Sunday morning swim. More often than not, he would just ignore the engagement. But the frequent spells of illness wrought their inner havoc, apparent to anyone who had worked with him earlier, and had the final say, after all.

Mr. Schroeter leaves behind him, in the Department of Metallurgy, a record of work and service which cannot be surpassed. His former colleagues deeply mourn his loss and will miss him increasingly in the days to come. To me personally, the loss is more than I can express.

I thank the Editor of *Campastimes* for allowing me to write a few words about Mr. Schroeter. I am sure that my words will find an echo in the hearts of all its readers.

Dr. E. G. RAMACHANDRAN.

The Gobbledegook

'YOU'RE the Gobbledegook,' Sheila smiled persuasively though I didn't need any persuading. I was ready to believe whatever she said. 'Now, the game goes like this. . . I couldn't pay much attention to her explanation, she was more distracting than what she said. Words like 'the Jack of Spades', 'clues', and 'Gobbledegook' formed a part of the spiel she was trying to sell me. I nodded intelligently and watched her in fascination. 'Shall we start?' She looked around. A large variety of affirmatives greeted her question. I drooled out an 'okay', anxious not to be left out. Then, still smiling, she held out the cards to me. Slowly, I extended a hand to the pack, wondering what I was supposed to do. My sister, sitting on the arm of my chair, gave me a dig in the ribs and gritted out in a stage whisper, 'Cut, and don't gape at her!' I did as I was told, trying not to wince.

Sheila was a new addition to our class. She had arrived in a flurry of bags and smiles two weeks after the term commenced. The boys had fallen over themselves in their hurry to establish chummy relations. Mala, my twin sister, was piqued, perhaps, by this undignified scramble. I don't know what she had to complain about, seeing that she herself had caused a similar scramble when we arrived at St. Justin's. Anyhow, I flipped a couple of somersaults and scrambled faster than the rest, despite Mala's obvious disapproval. You know how it is . . . along comes a new girl and she excites your interest if she's anything like pretty. Sheila was a ton of dynamite, still is. She dispensed breathtaking smiles with an open-handedness that struck me as criminal. Half-wits like Joshi and Venky simpered around with fatuous leers on their silly faces if she but glanced at them. I . . . well, she had invited fourteen of us for a get-together kind of party — besides it was her birthday or something. Mala persisted in being silly. She wouldn't even tell me what sort of present would be suitable. I had got round that difficulty quite easily, and we'd arrived in time to see Sheila's parents wisely leaving the house before the festivities started.

Sheila had started off on one of those nonsensical party games. I wound up being the Gobbledegook, whatever that is.

'No,' she sounded amused. 'You take just three cards. Yes, . . . now, hand one, face down, to the player on your left. . . She coughed hesitantly.

'That's Mohan,' I told her, thinking she hadn't yet learnt his name. I thrust a card at him. He took it quietly; he's always quiet. Sheila started dealing cards to the remaining eleven.

'Gobbledegook, you go out of the room. Come back after a couple of minutes. . . we'll tell you when.' She tripped over 'Gobbledegook'. Venky grinned smugly at me. He was sitting next to Sheila. I felt like spreading his face all over the floor.

'Awright.' I trotted out.

I looked at my watch. Three minutes were up. 'May I come in now?' I shouted, feeling a little foolish. A few seconds ticked by. 'Yes.' I recognized Mala's voice.

Then the lights went out.

'Whaa?' Straining my eyes a little, I located the door handle, twisted and pushed. The door refused to budge. I pushed harder. It was probably bolted from the inside. Was this some idiot's idea of a joke? 'Hey, open the door!' I yelled. Not a sound from the room. Very funny! I stood there for a few moments, wondering what on earth was happening. I decided to act fast. Half walking, half running, I passed through the hall. Not a light anywhere. Out through the front door and into the garden. I arrived at the french windows. They were open. Moonlight lay splashed across the floor; it revealed an empty room. Big deal! So they were hiding; were they? What did they think they were, kids playing hide-and-seek? And why put off the lights? To make the Gobbledegook flounder a bit more, I thought wryly. Then, I remembered that it was Sheila who had suggested the whole thing. Girls, girls! I smiled a little as I thought of

Higgins' classic words, 'Their heads are full of cotton, hay and rags.' But Sheila. . .

I racked my brains. Where would they hide? I looked up at the terrace. There? Not knowing the layout of the house made matters worse. Then an idea struck me. I went back into the room and stood stock still. Listened. The sound of breathing! Someone was in the room. There was a cupboard with a wire-gauze ventilator. A large cabinet. I looked behind the cabinet. Nothing. There was nowhere other than the cupboard that a person could hide. I tiptoed across and placed a ear against the cupboard door. Yes, someone was inside. Who? I glanced down, perhaps looking for something. Cigarette ash. Four boys had been smoking. I went to the table, laid hold of a jug and sent the water through the ventilator. Venky tumbled out, coughing and spluttering. 'What the hell! You . . . you. . . He made as if to throw a punch at me. I grinned evilly, laid both hands on his shirt front and drew his face up to mine. 'Yeah?' His wet mug drooped. He was preternaturally quiet after that, as if he had lost his voice or something. I let him go and went out into the garden.

I found the hosepipe. I grunted with satisfaction and dragged it along to the tap. Fitting the pipe to the tap, I screwed the tap open. A stream of water came gurgling out of the nozzle. I turned the collar around the nozzle. The stream narrowed and whooshed out across the garden. Then, I turned the nozzle upwards. It was a hugely enjoyable process, drenching the terrace, I mean. Half-a-dozen outraged voices screamed at me. Let them scream for a while.

I left the hose and went into the house. Passing through the hall, I paused to throw the main switch. The lights came on. An everincreasing babble drifted in from the garden as the wet sops descended from the terrace.

There was a closet under the stairs. I headed towards it, picking up a table-tennis bat on the way. There might not have been anyone in it, but I banged the closet door all the same. 'Come out pronto, or I'll tan your backsides with this broomstick!'

Excited giggles and an alarmed squeak followed my words. The door swung open and four girls trooped out. They received four smart smacks. Then I treated them to a totally unmentionable look. They were simply delighted.

Next, I invaded a bedroom. There was nothing under the bed or anywhere else. I hadn't unearthed Sheila and Mala yet. The kitchen? That held no possibilities. I wondered whether there was a basement. Entering a small passageway which seemed to lead nowhere, I eyed a large concrete shelf overhead, and whistled. Mohan scrambled down. 'I give up. Don't chuck anything at me.' Giving him a friendly tap on the shoulder, I murmured, 'There's a good boy.'

Then, another idea struck me. Grinning fiendishly, I doubled back to the dining room where the card game had been going on. Sure enough, the door opened at the first try. Someone had entered the room from the garden through the french windows and left via this door. I hared up the staircase, making as much noise as I could. Suddenly I stopped and froze. There was a patter of feet as they tried to find hiding places. I burbled like the Jabberwock and crashed into the second bedroom. Mala was stuck halfway under the bed, her bottom pointing straight at the ceiling. Haw-haw-hawing like nobody's business, I jumped on the bed. She 'unked' satisfyingly as the springs made contact with her head.

Sheila was vainly trying to hide herself behind a curtain. It took the Gobbledegook a moment to tumble off the bed and zoom across to the curtain. 'Eeks!' she squeaked as it collapsed round her. I peeled it off with a jerk.

'You'll have to be punished severely for the awful trick you played on me,' I told her with satanic glee. Then, I punished her severely.

ALL in all, it was great evening. Sheila has never looked at another boy after that.

—THE GOBBLEDEGOOK.

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Classroom Foibles

What does it take to become a lecturer in IIT? Brains, brawn, or a domineering personality with the respect-earning leverage of compulsory attendance, periodical, terminal and final papers? If Mother Nature didn't think it fit to endow you with a surfeit of the first, the last trait will sure come in handy when face to face with an inquisitive, incredulous and restless class. An ability to take effective evasive action (such as blowing your top) when some rather searching questions are asked is also recommended. The *modus operandi* varies from person to person; but many a lecturer (with many notable exceptions) obviously unhandicapped by a lack of knowledge, dishes out what passes for 'higher technical education' here.

Reproduced below are a few of the irrefutable generalities, not-so-profound profundities, pills, and just plain old goofs that crop up in the process of transfer of knowledge from teacher to taught in IITian classrooms.

- ❑ Beech wood is wood found on beaches in foreign countries.
- ❑ We can increase or decrease the time taken for one r.p.m.
- ❑ Foaming is the phenomenon of the formation of foam.
- ❑ For cooling some engine cylinders, either Sodium or liquid Natrium is used.
- ❑ In the continuous process everything is continuous.
- ❑ This ratio should be maximised to a minimum.
- ❑ The cost of the economy must be lowered.
- ❑ A tertiary winding is one that is neither primary nor secondary.
- ❑ These things are mixed with those things to get other things.
- ❑ Look at the HSB. Fundamentally and practically it is applicated.
(*Intended*: The HSB is devoid of any architectural beauty and is strictly utilitarian.)
- ❑ In the fluidized bed, the catalyst goes from this place to some other place.
- ❑ Polymerization is similar in principle to cracking.
- ❑ Peelings should not peel off.
- ❑ If this is not laughing, what is grinning?
(*Attempt at sarcasm*).
- ❑ Give me your roll number.

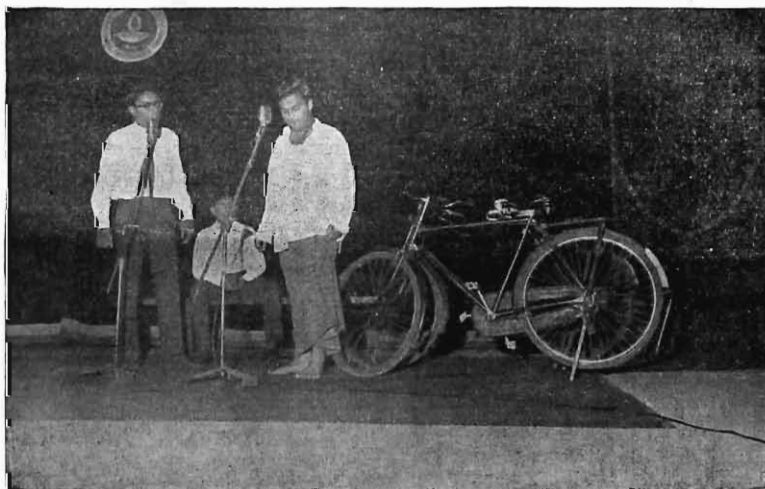
—VEEGEE & SBB'M

INSTITUTE DAY—GLIMPSES

(Photographs — Kulendran)



Dr. Karl Pfauter releasing the Annual Magazine



"...Ahem!...Konjam, Apdi..." says Muni Andy (Roy)



"Summer Wine"
Usha Rangan and Mohan Rangala



Folk songs by the German Residents



EDITORIAL

A lot is being spoken about the exodus of our brains (especially the scientists and the technologists) to the West. While it is true that thousands of engineers are idle, we must not conclude that the country's needs for such men have been fully satisfied. We are still very much in need of capable scientists and engineers.

And, it is these qualified individuals who are emigrating. The blame is not entirely theirs. Their subjects may be so highly specialised that they find little application in our country. A specialist in Control Systems may come back to find himself unable to apply what he has learnt. The conditions of operation are different.

The problem can be solved only by the brains themselves. They should realise that they are obliged to serve in the country that has trained them in order to meet her own needs. The purpose of higher education abroad should be to study methods there to apply them in improving conditions in our own country.

Campastimes will also be hit when the Class of 1968 graduates. Vijay Reddy brews his last cup of sizzling tea in this issue. Sudarsan will no longer be responsible for the defamation of the character of the final years, passing them off as caricatures. There are many more who have contributed to maintaining the quality of the paper.

Campastimes needs a lot of improvement. Little can be achieved when it is run by a panel of elected members. For efficient functioning it has to be edited by an Editorial Board. The Board should consist of three or four members of literary repute. Alternatively, an Editor should be nominated and allowed to form his own Committee. The quality and periodicity of the paper is wholly dependent upon how harmoniously the Board functions.

**Good Luck in the Finals,
Folks. You need it!**

Sequence

In a bachelor's room—
You find a gangful of friends—
And the cards are played—
With hot gulps of tea—
The Kings and queens—
Are wedded together
With a jack to serve sometimes.
Speed of clappings and laughter—
Increases rapidly
But I, sit there, just like a statue.
Suddenly, I hear someone saying
You've stolen my queen
And—

I remember your promises—
Which never came true—
Reminding me that dark devil night
'Yar? completed the sequence?
You've got two jokers?'
Impossible!

The sequence will never ever be completed
My queen went off with some other King—
The sequence will always be incomplete—
—Immaterial of the two Jokers.

—MANGESH ANAOKAR.

In Anticipation

Worthiest of your estimation
Deserving your benefaction
After enough consideration
And much deliberation
Long meditation
And close calculation
I have a strong inclination
To become your relation
And live in cohesion
With harmonization
I hope this application
Will receive your consideration
And you will take necessary action.

As for my qualification
I have passed Matriculation
Which is a botheration
To the Indian population
Whose chief occupation
Is Cultivation
Though I passed this examination
To my teacher's satisfaction
Without any hesitation
And without preparation
I received no admiration.

After this examination
I worked in the Corporation
In the Department of Enumeration
Which meant miscalculation
With enough scope for corruption
Tempting me to misappropriation
And malversation
For which I was subject to condemnation
Forcing my resignation.

After this occupation
Without appreciation
In spite of my contribution
I appeared before Service Commission
Which did not give any concession
And failed me in moderation
To my utter confusion
Though I had records for verification
To show I can work to their glorification
When I don't get job satisfaction
Why this Service Commission
Which wants only recommendation?

Now having no vocation.
Nor any specific location
I'm giving demonstration
Without obligation
To the growing population
To kill time without occupation
Which has led me to frustration.

To overcome this dejection
And dehydration
I'm putting up this application
And on your approbation
Of my requisition
I shall make preparation
To improve my situation
And if such an obligation
Is worthy of consideration
And also commiseration
It will be to the augmentation
Of our satisfaction
And exaltation
Of our joint dissemination.

Thanking you in anticipation
I remain a victim of your fascination
Awaiting your communication
Without persuasion
For early solemnization
As I have no occasion
For personal discussion.

—JALAL.

Some of our Readers complain that their letters are either edited or censored before publication. They are informed that the Committee publishes only that which it thinks best. It reserves the right to publish letters in whole or part.

—The Publication Committee.

AS I SEE IT

The difficulty with writing something—anything at all—is that it has, by convention, to be one thing at a time, and in some classic cases the same thing at all times. Digression, however interesting, is departure from the point. This is a pity, for I dote on digression. So the point here is to depart from the point. Everything is by the way, rather like a walk on an aperiodic evening: what you see as you pass interests you more than heading for any particular place.

And so, in passing, let us stroll awhile through the garden, even if your name isn't Maud. (Question—What Mod would come into the garden anyway?) The frenzy of horticultural effort times itself so precisely that it gives the unmistakable impression of being jerked into action by the Trophy rather than sustained by a genuine interest. Bouquets to the few green fingers which produce smooth lawns and roses at other times.

Gardens are tended at least sometimes. Not so the pathetic beginnings of classical music. There is a stigma on things Indian in general and Indian music in particular, and it is 'In' not merely to dislike it (which is a comparatively civilized action) but to express this unreasoning dislike in unmusical vociferations against the hapless exponent. Musical appreciation classes, God knows, are on almost the same level as feeding by stomach pumps; but it ought to be clear that music derives at least as much from complex rhythms and the proper use of half-tones as it does from loud obvious beats and loud obvious variations on the major diatonic.

So much for that tirade. There are still things worth looking at, like the huge red full moon low on the eastern sky, which rises slowly to a golden brilliance. Which happens often enough for you to recall the last time you noticed it, but not often enough to keep you from remembering when you wanted to see it again. Like the back numbers of *Argosy* in the Library. Like some parts of the inter-collegiate entertainment. As time goes on we seem to boo more and more at whatever does not meet wholly with our approval, which naturally gives us less and less chance to extend that approval. But the appreciation of excellence in the performance of other colleges was whole-hearted. Less booing and a greater effort to give a man a fair hearing will evoke better performances from those on stage, who after all are only a little less amateur than the rest of us.

The Cultural Week was very literary, but why was it not Literary and? It is irrational to sacrifice meaning in the interest of brevity. The argument that literature is just one aspect of culture is specious: debates and group discussions and quizzes do not bespeak the advance of literature; and if they represent the refinement of culture, God help culture; they are, traditionally, events with a literary flavour. A week in which they are held together with competitions in painting, photography and entertainment, is a Literary and Cultural Week. Or cut the cackle and call it Competition Week.

Entertainment? Well, yes. At least, the prospect is entertaining. Comes the big night. Plays are out, for variety and half-an-hour and well-written plays are incompatible. Serious stuff is out except when it is given the odd minute to impress the judges. (Odd, the impression is also minute.) In are skits, humorous monologues and pop songs. If they do not amuse, you're probably hard to please. They do not instruct—they'd better not try. They do not edify, unless your present level is lamentably subterranean. But they entertain. Get that clear. They entertain. Without offending all this laudable fondness for what entertains, it must be said that while Comedy has its Muse, there were eight other Muses in Parnassus some time ago.

When one gets time to look around, which is not very often, there is quite something to look around at. We live in a beautiful place, but beauty, like other qualities, is more easily

(Contd. on p. 9, col. 3)

THE midnight melody from the Velachery public address system announced the end of the late, late show. The night was foggy; as Vizzy might have said, the three night old moon was playing hide-and-sneak with the sheabound clouds. Four men, four determined men, leaving behind the warmth and security of their soft beds, assembled under the portico of the northern entrance to Krishna. They did not make talk—theirs was not to talk but to act.

It was a strange foursome that had come together in common commitment that night. They were no hell's angels, no mods nor rockers, nor members of the Thursday evening murder club. They were normal, contented, amicable men of peaceful dispositions. This was the first time they had got out on a cold, unfriendly night on such an errand, and perhaps it would be the last. Their cause supported, they would go their ways and melt into the multitude they came from—their brief alliance marked in time and space only by the results of their mission that night.

Any Resemblance of any Characters in this note to persons living or dying, if not stronger, is more due to the inadequacy of the pen that describes them than due to any uncertainty in the existence of these persons.

The first—it was surprising that he had found time and time at midnight to be there. His existence was one hopeless romance with speed. Faster, faster, was his motto—whether living, whether travelling on his tolerant Enfield or just pulling fast ones. His philosophy was best understood from the slogans from the walls of his dens—'Study as if living for ever; live as if dying tomorrow'. 'Of all my relations, I like sex the most.' He saw the world through a kaleidoscope and spoke about it through a seven-channel Hi-fi. He enjoyed living. He was often heard quipping, 'They said I.I.T. would be rough. Rough, my left...' In his spare time he visited the international fair and wrote long, sweet letters to deans of American universities. He had the least reason to be there that night.

The second was a genial, moody cynic with a handsome, sensual face cast in a permanent mould of incipient protest. He complained about many things—stiffness of toasts, temperature of cokes, unlucky horses and uncooked chickens—but always in a voice that accepted the discomforts of existence, without a thought of retribution. If he was there, that night, it was in rebellion against himself. His consuming obsession in life was ice-cream. Neither Kwaliti nor custom could stay his joy in consuming large quantities of it with Gay abandon. In his spare time, he won the Schroeter Cup for Krishna.

'Ganga Hostel is only five minutes walk if you run!'—the words of a moonney? No. These are gems of profundity. Profundity; yes, that was his speciality, the third member's. He was the ideologist of the group. An enthusiastic punter, two seasons back he was known to have said to his companion five times during a race, 'Yu Darling is riding Matroy, Yu Darling is riding Matroy. ...' Yu Darling then being a stallion; Matroy then being a jockey; the place then not being a stud farm for Centaurs and the time then not being the twilight zone. He analysed exhaustively all that was said to him before he reacted and he was often unfairly mistaken for a tube light. While people around him were beating about the bush for hours, he would come out with an incisive and peremptory assessment of the situation; but alas, others complained, he was always one hush too late. I suspect he was the inspiration behind the operation. His must have been the emotional fervour that had carried these men from mere words of disapproval to that night's action of retaliation. His must have been the key that opened the minds of these brave men to the obligation that was theirs. Having stated the problem, his must have been the mind that had provided the



answer. Acknowledging his leadership, he stood a little apart, looking for the fifth. In his spare time he attended the negotiations between the Wardens of Krishna and Narmada on the ratio in which his hostel room rent was to be divided between the two hostels.

At eighteen minutes past midnight, the fifth joined them. One of them turned off the light in the portico.

'Shall we move?'

Two in the flanks, led by one and followed by the other, the fifth, the observer following a few yards behind, unknown to themselves they walked in battle formation and it was not peace that they sought in the middle of the hostile night. They did not hurry for their destination was only fifty yards away. It would take them about eighty seconds to be there. A historic S.O.S. (Save Our Surroundings) mission had begun: it was later to prove the most effective since the one-man commando raid on the Gajendra Complex by that stout hearted souvenir hunter from Godavari.

He was the baby of the team but his delayed appearance on the world scene and his subsequent reluctance to give up his economy size were an imperfect measure of his adult status. A battle-worn veteran of countless all-night flash gruels in some of the most renowned gambling company of I.I.T., there were few he could not vanquish when he brought into use his delectable mother tongue

Punjabi—the language of languages when simple men must utter simple truths. In his spare time, he drank tomato sauce and inhaled a brand that sturdier men shuddered to cultivate. Lending the audacity of his youth to his aged comrades, he was in the middle of most of what happened in the stormy Tapti of 1963. If there lived a man for that night's mission, this boy was that man.

What strange forces of destiny had gathered these unlikely men on this unlikely mission? What indeed had provoked these gentlemen to switch their tail coats and top hats for olive green and combat helmets?

It had started seventeen days before. That sultry afternoon, the home-coming dadas of Kaveri found their hostel neatly surrounded by three feet deep ditches at eight feet intervals. Ah! The smart Garden Sec., they had thought. The garden competition was only a few days away and Kaveri was going to become a paradise of palms. Days passed but no palms came. Meanwhile three cyclists and two pedestrians had found out for themselves that holes 3 feet by 3 feet by 3 feet had essentially no earth in them.

Another sultry afternoon, the aged inmates of Kaveri were shocked to learn that harsh concrete pillars and not soothing palms had grown out of the ditches. Ah! Garden Sec. of vision, they had thought. Cement posts for creepers; Kaveri was going to wear a blazing garland of red, pink and white Bougainvillea. The seniormost hostel was going to become the loveliest hostel. Soon enough, they got their garland; some garland!

Around concentration camps, P & T department condemned equipment enclosures and the desolate megaranches of the Australian outback, barbed wire is at once the decoration, the name-plate and the identity. It is hard to say which was made for which. Barbed wire is not a mere boundary, it is a symbol—

of unwantedness, unfriendliness and ugliness. It is great an insult to those it keeps in, as to those it keeps out of Kaveri. For a moment, stepping down from the emotional plane to the ground plane, it means at least a furlong more between Krishna and the OAT. If Kaveri can take it lying down, Krishna can't.

Scheming this moment in some dark corner of the Institute, is a mind that could have taught Marques de Sade a couple of tricks. He alone could have perpetrated the rape of the OAT, that we watched on, helplessly. Like creation, destruction needs talent and this fellow has it Maa! The beautiful bowl has become a squirrel cage.

The unassuming, apologetic fence hanging on to crooked stumps around the elephants is more amusing than distressing. It must have been the work of an extremely crude intellect. Even the unhappy elephants must have laughed. We learn that it is to protect the giants of the mammal world from their spotted kin and the likes of the elusive souvenir hunter from Godavari. Presumably, the elephants were created to beautify the Circle. The barbed wire belt or whatever it is, has turned it into an eyesore, if it wasn't already one. Does it make sense to protect something, if, in the act of protecting, the object becomes unworthy of protection? It is like the American logic in Vietnam, of razing a village to save it.

They had reached their destination. For a moment, they stared at their target—dark squares with metal flowers, silhouetted against the verandah lights. It only hardened their wills and gladdened their hearts. They owed, they believed, to themselves and to their creed to act as they were about to act.

'Cutters.'

'With the compliments of the Dept. of...'

Symbolically, the four held the cutters, together. As the ecstatic fingers squeezed the levers and felt the metal yielding, they were reminded of Commander Bond's game with Tiger Tanaka—paper wraps stone, stone breaks scissors, scissors cut paper—barbed wire irks Krishna, Krishna commands pliers, pliers cut wires. A deafening noise, like the crack of a rifle, marked the first yard of barbed wire that was not going to insult anyone, inside or outside Kaveri. They gasped. Had the watchman heard? Footsteps! They prepared for flight.

A staggering, half-asleep inmate emerged from behind the corner, walked into the bathroom, switched off the light and settled down. Serious, as their purpose was, humour had not deserted them. The speedster came out, 'Poor chap. Must be having a terrible complex. Doesn't even dare to see himself...' They laughed half out of relief.

They worked swiftly and expertly. When they had finished, Kaveri's prickly perimeter was without two links. Their calling answered, they returned to their apartments and slept soundly, in the knowledge that Kaveri and Krishna would flow together again. The next night, the liberators struck again, a hundred yards to the east and at another point crucial to Narmada-bound pedestrians. The five brave men had shown the way.

—VIJAY REDDY.

(Continued from page 8)

seen when you learn to look for it. Integrity is needed to see life as more than a succession of grouses, miseries and minor successes. The bracing gust of a morning breeze, the cloudless blue sky, the placid calm of the evening, the feeling that it's great to be alive on such a day—these call for a keener awareness of the things we tend to take for granted. When you see the sky as you usually do, observed the guy who was reading this over my shoulder as I wrote, it's colourless—it isn't blue. So, for the nonce, blue skies to you who have stayed with me on this meandering stroll—blue skies and green grass and stars on the midnight sky.

—PARAMESHWARAN.

Sportfolio

Stroke to Victory

IITian Oarsmen hit the headlines again recently. Ebby and his men won narrowly in the senior Fours event at the Regatta.

Sanyal and Basu John emerged victors in the maiden pairs event, by sheer bull power.

THE SKATING CLUB

Our Gymkhana calls it Sangam and uses it for official dinners; some prefer to use it for cricket; but we, the members of the Skating Club, call it the Skating Rink. The rink was built in a great hurry, in time for the Inter-IIT farewell dinner.

Our club started rolling along on October 11th. We had eight skates in working condition and 24 members. With the help of Mr. Suraj Alexander and others, eight more pairs were repaired; and by November, there were forty-eight members. There were about thirty names in the waiting list, but the Gymkhana's promise to get new skates seemed to be going the 'swimming-pool way'.



Photograph : Maitra.

Roller-skating isn't hard to learn, and is never boring, for you can always try new tricks or attempt to increase your speed. We were encouraged by the visit of Mr. Mohan Acharya and his pair-skating partner on the 12th of March. Mr. Acharya gave us a demonstration in figure skating, taught us a few tricks, and gave us some valuable advice on the maintenance of our rink and the running of the club in general. Thanks to the huge IITian gathering, his visit was a grand success.

The IITians can make skating a 'pop' game. We can have inter-hostel competitions. We have good skaters like Papa Rao, and if our Gymkhana decides to send a skating team to the inter-IIT meet, I am sure the team will be successful. I conclude with the hope that our club will receive support from the students as well as the Gymkhana.

—S. UMAPATHY,
Secretary.

Boxing

With the exit of many old timers, the boxing ring saw the upsurge of fresh blood this year. Yes, pugilism is back in the news, thanks to the enthusiasm shown by the Juniors. Although the Boxing Club is handicapped by meagre equipment and lack of a professional coach, the learners were attentive. Many picked up the knack quickly; for boxing is more a science than an art—the stronger need no longer be the better boxer.

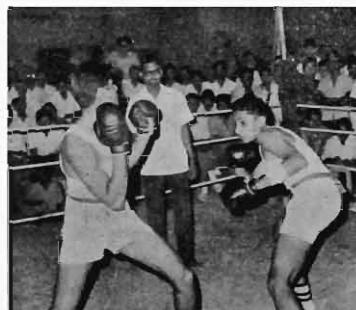


Photograph : Maitra.

In the final competition, Samir Das toppled last year's champion 'Shorty' Nair. Nair however had no reason for disappointment when he was adjudged the best loser. J. V. Pais, a newcomer to boxing pulled off the biggest surprise of the day when he outpointed his opponent in his bout. Willy Kannan managed to clinch the issue in his match by staying well out of his opponent's reach almost all the time.

Victor Thamburaj, the hard hitting fresher won an easy victory over Janes. Credit must go to the loser too, to have at least managed to stay through the bout.

It was a treat to watch Muthanna, whose orthodox punches, agile ducking, and cautious stalking of his opponent gave us a glimpse of what Boxing should be like. Throughout, he effortlessly slipped all his opponent's ponderous punches. Muthanna won his bout and the Best Boxer trophy.



Photograph : Maitra.

Judging from the response this year the boxing club is optimistic. Next year it hopes to arrange matches with other colleges. This sport is bound to become popular in the campus.

—SANTAL.

Greek and Latin

This is not the first instalment of a 'Teach Yourself—' series, nor is it a study on which of the two languages is easier to study. This is merely a summary (and only a summary) of random reflections on the popularity and usefulness of these languages, in all fields including the gravitational field. The first half of what follows is about the former and less will be said about the latter in the latter half of what follows the first half. The obvious reason being that it is Greek and Latin (!!) to me and hence the less jargon about Latin I spout, the better it will be for me.

Let us begin with the first letter of the Greek alphabet—Alpha. And this is where we can prove conclusively that the person who is likely to know more about the first letter of the Greek alphabet is not a Greek but a foreigner, say an IITian. To a Greek Alpha is nothing but the first letter of the alphabet. But to a student at IIT it is much more. It is invaluable to him because of the fact that it has many values. Alpha for copper is 0.167×10^4 (the coefficient of linear expansion) and Alpha for brass lies between 0.001 and 0.002 (the temperature coefficient of resistance).

The rate of change of angular velocity is Alpha with the dimensions T^{-2} —and it is dimensionless when it takes values between 0 & 360° .

When Jeena writes 0.5 Alpha in the circuit diagram, it means the range of the ammeter is from 0 to 5 amperes.

Alpha, the absorption coefficient of a surface is defined as the ratio of the sound energy absorbed to the total sound energy incident on the surface. Clarke's Tables gives the value of the fine-structure constant, $\sqrt{\text{Alpha}}$, as 137.04.

The utility of Alpha is not confined to the Earth alone, or, for that matter, to our Solar System. Stars, thousands of light-years away, twinkle with pride—the pride of being associated with the greatest of the Greek letters, Alpha.

Alpha Centauri, Alpha Canis Majoris (or Sirius), Alpha Lyrae otherwise known as the star Vega towards which our Sun is supposed to be hurrying, and to boot it all, Alpha Boötis—all these are associated with Alpha.

With Alpha particles, which form the Alpha-Beta-Gamma of nuclear physics, and which all readers are likely to know, the reflections on Alpha go out of focus.

Talking of reflections, I am reminded of another great Greek letter, Phi. Just as it is written in different ways by different people, Phi assumes different forms on the same day within a 'short' period of, say, four hours. On Thursdays, for example, in the first hour it is said that the potential function, Phi, always means irrotational flow. In the second hour, the Physics lecturer drills it into one's mind that: $n \sin \phi = n' \sin \phi'$, where Phi is the angle

$\phi(x, y)$ is a function in the third hour (Maths class), and Phi, the magnetic flux = $B \cdot a$ in circuits in the fourth hour.

We have seen the many different ways in which a letter can be written and the many different values it can have . . . but here's a letter which is pronounced in different ways, Delta, Δ , or δ .

The capital Delta is made to stand upside down, ∇ , and is called the Del operator. The smaller δ is called 'doe' or 'dee' as and when one pleases.

Perhaps the most widely used Greek letter is Pi, π . It is astonishing that though its usage is widespread, this letter and its value have undergone comparatively little alteration.

$\pi = 22/7$, or more precisely, 3.14159265. It is impossible to even dream what will happen in the absence of Eta (viscosity when Tau (shear) takes place resulting in Mu (friction) between two surfaces separated by a distance less than Epsilon (however small)).

The Sigma, Σ , (sum total) of all this is that it is impossible to turn (through an angle Theta with a velocity Omega in the anti-clockwise direction) to any field without coming across even an i , iota of Greek.

—R. SRIKUMAR.

Well Known Facts About Some Little Known People

Acknowledgement: If it hadn't been for the humorous disposition of the gentlemen I am writing about, and the money-back guarantee I hold from Charles Atlas, this article would never have come to be written.

The gents are from the batch of '68, and this batch has its own peculiarities, like all other batches—it goes for all vacations late. Not that it's their fault really—it's either a question of postponed exams, or the Civil Engineering Department wanting to give it extra courses in drawing, or just about anything. And another thing—knowing this batch is to know the meaning of 'it takes all sorts to make this world'.

From this batch I have picked a few guys, who would sound nice calling me 'Viper-in-their-bosoms', when this article is published, for this study.

THE World War II was coming to a close. In Malaya the natives had been having a helluva rough time with the Japs. It was at this juncture that Santhana Raj was born there. (Troubles never come alone, the Malays must have mused, what with the wisdom of the East and all that.) It would be interesting to imagine the scene of Santhan's birth. There must have been frenzied beating of the tom-toms, and guys in their festival-best loin-cloths dancing around a ceremonial fire chanting

*Ini diku Zumba,
Ini diku Zumba,
Singapore Malaya
Hahaha haha ha.*

and the medicine-man would have come charging out and told the waiting hordes that it was a bwana.

For nine years or so, the Malays stood up to this little fellow. Then a conspiracy was hatched and the elders told him stories of the land of Maharajahs, snake-charmers, tiger hunts and half-naked fakirs and slipped him over here. Knowing him as I do, I believe he came over under the impression that the last mentioned attraction was something quite different from what it really is.

His father had the sense to realize that the place for this little demon was a school run by the defence ministry, with 6'-6" jamedars and handle-bar mustachioed majors galore. The King George's School, Bangalore, was one such school. It was here that I met this blue-black phenomenon.

At school Santhan was a well-behaved guy and except for making him do an occasional half-an-hour of crawling over un-tarred roads; doing frog-leaps across the athletics field and a few kit-out-at-4 A.M.'s, the jamedars and majors left him well alone. By sheer perseverance and frequent visits to the house-master's, Santhan became the dormitory leader, and it was his great honour to lead the nine-year olds—like in the singing of 'May we love our Alma mater' on ceremonial occasions. Great powers also went with the post and he could punish any young fellow caught peeing in bed.

The early childhood in military surroundings may have had psychological implications and Santhana Raj decided to go in for Civil Engineering and lobbed up here.

After a fortnight in the Institute Santhana Raj was no longer Santhana Raj. In his place stood Fernando da Silva. The same chap really, (can an Ethiopian change his skin) but known to his friends now as Ferni instead of Santhan.

Ferni's favourite pastime in those days was insect-hunting. He had a wee-little spear and used to harpoon insects around the region of the solar-plexus with it. It earned him the nick name of 'insect' and immense unpopularity with the insects. Then, growing up a little, mentally, he invented a game called 'Take-a-mobike-to-Elliots'. (It's not a very simple game—the mobike's got to be somebody else's. Ask him about it sometimes). I'm told that his younger brother, Jaysagopal, is the current champion in this game.

Couple of summers ago, Ferni went down to Kerala and one morning decided to go out for a walk—more to give the natives a treat than for exercise—and having donned the native garb, set out. Thinking of this and that, he ended up pondering why he should not show them a thing or two about his bicycle-riding finesse. Finding no reason why

not, he hired a bike. Anyone who is wearing a mundu or the first time trying to ride a bike has found out that either the mundu or the bike must come down. Ferni didn't have time for a toss to decide which, so he let both down. Can't say the natives didn't get the treat.

Ferni is a short distance runner and usually chases only the first two guys. He is also a minor Picasso and has won many awards for painting. Nudes is his speciality and has drawn to date a green nude, a yellow nude and an expressionist nude, all suffering from what the doctors would call mammary hypertrophies. (If you are wondering why the slow deliberations on the nudes, you don't know the policy of *Campastimes*—no sex, no publish.)

When Ferni leaves India, at the end of this academic year, he is going to break many hearts—here and at a neighbouring state, (or is it a Union Territory?) to which he has been a constant source of revenue.

ASPY Keki Mehta alias Aspidiarji Opposite the Leather Research Institute-in the IIT Campus-down the Bonn Avenue-in the Tapti Hostel-Technologist-wallah. This is a pretty snappy name as far as Parsi names go. (Aspy has a cousin, who is called Jamshetji-near the Regal Cinema-beside the footpath-Burmah Shell petrol bunk-wallah at home.)

Aspy is a pretty quiet guy (pretty quiet mind you—not pretty, quiet). Anyway, with his kind of muscles you've got to be pretty quiet to exist. The only sound he takes the liberty of emitting is an occasional asthmatic snort. After reading a Rolls Royce ad, he has taken a new year resolution—I must do something about this damn asthma.

One notices a certain touch of the British spirit above. One is not mistaken, for Aspy wants to be about as British as a Rolls Royce could possibly get. Spotting an owl the other night he exclaimed 'Upon my soul! Isn't that an owl?'—Very poetic, no doubt. So we'll pardon the anatomical discrepancies creeping into the statement. Aspy believed that owls being wise birds, stayed only in England.

Aspy's clothes are impeccable, his drink gin-and-lime, his manners charming, his favourite person Queen Farah something or the other—if only he smoked, he would have preferred Kent!

It was centuries ago that Aspy's forebear, Spear makerji Bow and arrow wallah, ran away from Persia to escape the Muslim onslaught; that was the fashion in those days. Such adventurous spirits were awakened in Aspy last summer and he decided to take his factory training at Perumbavoor, some twenty odd miles off the city of Cochin. His life there was very ordered he told me later. Up at six—charge to the community well for a wash—a banana for breakfast and off to the factory. At noon another banana for lunch and back to the factory. In the evening yet another banana and off to bed! At the factory itself, he is reputed to have calculated the volume of a storage tank (2m. by 2m. by 2m.) using charts, graphs, handbooks and what not.

In the evenings, the anthropologist in him used to come to the fore and Aspy used to study the natives. Considering that everyone around there has a reputation for going around naked to the waist (from above)

regardless of age, sex and what you thought of them, his observations must have been pretty interesting. The citizens of Perumbavoor on these occasions would have been studying the shirt-and-trousered one too. (The trousers they would have understood, but I bet they are still wondering what that shirt was all about?)

Aspy is most probably pushing off to the U.S. after getting his degree here. Out there, where they call Alfred Al, I wonder what they are going to shorten his name down to?

I first saw Pradip Chakravathi (Perambur Chuk to his friends) in the Carpentry Workshop, when we were doing the first year. I was trying to make a dove-tail joint and for a change of scenery had turned around when, lo and behold, at the desk behind mine, stood what looked like an emaciated version of Alfred E. Neumann—complete with the six inches grin and all that. The tooth which should have been missing was not, and for a moment I wondered whether I should correct the deletion.

He decided to get friendly and so, said, 'Kee bolchich! Bhat are you doing?' I told him about the dove-tail joint, and he says, 'Suchmuch ghodd. But, ameetoh doing Carphontree far the first time' and so on. I had an idea that he was speaking pretty good Greek.

That was five years ago. Today he speaks with an accent that is mostly Terry Thomashish with a good sprinkling of John Wayne. For added effect the voice is made to come from somewhere near the throat itself. (This is my idea, others have a much lower opinion.)

With the accent came a cigarette-holder. Motivation Research guys have come out with startling facts about guys using cigarette-holders, and that is why I don't see Chuck very often these days. He, of course, claims that it adds to his charm and poise (the cigarette holder that is, not my staying away from him.) 'It makes me look so much like Zsa Zsa Gabor,' he cooed the other day.

Chuck rose to fame with the incident *a la Humanities*. At this stage I must introduce his twin brother Sudhip Chakravathi (Saidapet Chuck to his friends) doing his stint in the faculty of metallurgy.

During a lecture in Humanities last year someone chucked Sudhip's slippers out of class. Two slippers in the hand is better than one in the bush, thought Chuck, so he just got up and, having retrieved his slippers, resumed his seat in class. This sort of informal stooge acts was not the favourite with the lecturer concerned.

Imagine her surprise the next day, when she was handling a class for Chemicals, and a bespectacled version of yesterday's *slipper-retriever* walked into class, about 15 minutes late at that. Pradip was making his presence felt. He walked up to a rear chair and sat down. Not comfortable enough! So he gets up and walks to the other end of the class and parks himself. All this while the lecturer is staring at him as if he is some mildewed piece of refuse the cat has dragged in. She decides to voice her feeling, 'You are not a student of this class', she says, 'Sol get out!' To which he retorts, 'Ah don' quate ketch yer,' sounding like a leaking cistern. She was never fond of leaking cisterns and this sort of thing wasn't helping her overcome the prejudices in anyway. It is embarrassing for me to complete this story. Most guys can guess the end to such an episode anyway. If you are one of the few who can't, ask Chuck about it sometime.

Chuck's favourite pastime is visiting the Elliot's Beach; because, according to him, he is fond of bathing beauties! Verily, I say, you can't be sure you like bathing beauties, till you have bathed one. What do you say, Chuck?

Chuck is one of the few fellows, who haven't applied abroad for admissions for post-graduate studies. Patriotism, no doubt. He has also made up his mind not to work in any

[P.T.O.]

Indian factory, either, for sometime. (More patriotism?). He wants to take some rest, I believe. May his soul rest.

Venkatapathy strayed on stage during the Narmada Hostel Day, when a fancy dress competition was going on, and was selected the winner. They gave him a bottle of after-shave lotion as the prize, which was one shade sadder than giving Surrender Singh Sahni who came second, also a bottle of after-shave lotion.

In the first year itself Pathy made a name for himself as a debater par excellence. Every debater has his own way of ah... debating. Ashok Kacker denounces his opposition members in such terms that before he is finished, we are measuring their necks for size and stringing up ropes on the lamp-posts. Pathy on the other hand, exhibits such emotions that if you have a heart, you'll weep it out for him. He starts in 'Voice thunderous and grammar wonderful' and ends shaking with sobs and despair, which leaves you wondering if Hamlet was not a very jovial type in comparison. There is a story doing the rounds of the Institute about Pathy's garden-secretaryship at the Narmada Hostel. I believe the judges for the inter-hostel garden competition turned up at Narmada one fine morning, and our garden secretary was conspicuous by his absence at the gate with Cokes and coffee. Much disheartened, they proceeded to their duties, and knocked at Pathy's door a few minutes later. Since it was before nine and on a Sunday morning, there were noises, much like those made by dragons going out to meet St. George, from within. A moment later Pathy opened the door and realised too late that he was in his birthday suit. Had he any presence of mind he would have charged off to the centre of the lawn and pretended to be a Greek statue. Shocked, the judges went to complain to the assistant warden and knocked. BION, he turned up in the same costume Pathy was trying to popularize. Since no prizes are given for Greek garden statues, we didn't get any garden trophy.

These more or less are my experiences with a set of bloody good friends. If I am allowed to borrow and twist a few lines from a poet, whose name escapes my memory now, I would say

If all the good that these guys have done,
Were put together and rolled into one,
The earth would not hold it,
The sky enfold it,
It could neither be lighted nor warmed
by the Sun.

—GOPE.

Campastimes, Vol. VI, No. 4

ERRATA

page 2, col. 2 : Seen in the photograph are, from L. to R., Prof. Sattler, Quack and Doering.

page 5 : Seen in the middle photograph are Baron von Mirbach and Consul Stalter.

The Math. Class doth lament

Unjust imprisonment

In the region D,

By the contour C,

Completely circumvent.

—THE SQUARE

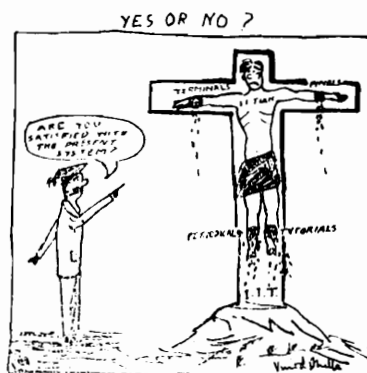
Questionnaire :

The Examination System

With the academic year coming to a close, rumours about what changes the examination system is likely to undergo next year are spreading all over the campus. While some sadists foresee that the 'periodical test' system will continue with perhaps minor changes, other desperadoes fervently hope that there will be no examinations at all.

Campastimes statisticians were busy too. Details about the type of system that a majority of the IITians would appreciate have been collected, based on the following questionnaire :

1. Are you satisfied with the existing system of examination at the Institute? (Yes or No).



2. Give reasons for your answer.

3. Can you suggest a better system? What is it?

4. Justify your suggestion (if any).

With the exception of one or two, all have come up with a definite 'no' to the first question.

The dissatisfaction expressed with the existing system is due rather to the deterioration that it suffers in practice than to any inherent defect. The 'periodical test' system has excellent intentions: to provide sufficient feedback for the teacher to gauge the progress of the class, to help students

face examinations with confidence, to motivate regular study, etc. In practice, however, perfection is not achieved. Some teachers

(a) Give too many hints.

(b) Set easy papers

(c) Correct leniently

possible reasons being

(i) They don't believe in the system

(ii) To cover up for poor teaching

(iii) To keep a rowdy class pacified.

To add to this, the dates are fixed by the academic section which does not know when the lecturer wishes to be 'fed back'; which is contrary to intentions.

Further, the question papers invariably demand answers that need two times the time allotted. And the problems set are mostly 'that tutorial problem' or 'the one on page...'. What is tested is cramming capacity, not thinking capacity.

Finally, the final examination requires the student to remember every detail of what has been done a year ago; which is impossible and unnecessary.

The most welcome system would be one with two semester examinations per year (including portions done only during the semester), together with one or two cycles of periodical tests per semester, which will lay emphasis on fundamentals. Perhaps basic subjects like Maths and Physics could be completed in the first semester and the subjects having a bearing on these may be taken up during the second semester. This will let the student concentrate on the subject and explore its potentialities. Knowing more and more about less and less is better than knowing less and less about more and more. For the periodical tests to be successful, the staff should be convinced of the merits of the system.

In addition to these changes, more time should be provided for creative study and co-curricular activities by reducing the number of working hours. Taking attendance seems trivial in an Institute where every student realises his responsibility and knows what is best for him. If a student can score good marks without attending any lectures, is he shirking his work? The existing system should not be tampered with unless a clearly superior system can take its place. Slipping from the frying pan into the fire would be tragic, wouldn't it?

—Campastimes.

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Dripley's Double Believe
It or Not

PART—I

Strange, unheard-of, incredible, fantastic...use whatever adjective you feel like. Here are the 'facts' for you to believe —or not believe, as you choose.

The largest living reptiles are to be found in Jamuna Hostel. Over 150' long, each hairy snake tapers from a colossal, swollen head more than 10' across to a tail 1' across, sprawling around in an approximately damped sinusoidal waveform. Just go and see them.

This one is going to be rather tough to swallow: the IIT staff was originally employed with the view of actually TEACHING the students something...Ha, ha. Sick Jokes aside, here's a genuine Believe It or Not (BION, in future) piece. A P.G. course for the training of lecturers is to be started in IIT. Prospective lecturers will be taught the techniques necessary for honourable survival in an environment of hostile students. The syllabus will cover all relevant topics from Evasion Tactics to Antiproxy Indoctrination and the Science of Dirty Looks.

In a more dubious category is V's story that last Sunday he saw Maitreyan and Lobo packaged in TTT's microscopic Mazda —with Roy in the boot. Strangest of all, TTT himself was pushing the object along, whistling 'Never on a Sunday'.

Crazy, eh?... But wait till you hear about the absolute confidence with which the editor of Campastimes maintains that this issue is going to come out in time! Deah Ed., even we find that a little too gross. This brilliant bloke may pride himself on never getting tangled up in the coils of one of his own compositions, but BION, one of us heard him say, 'Called-for articles are not sent, while sent articles are not called-for, which calls for more sending and less calling, I mean, less uncalled-for sending...or rather for calling sendings uncalled uncalled sendings, uh...er...'

We don't suppose you'll believe this, but it really did happen. We swear it. On the 13th of March, one of us overheard Mr. S. Para-meshwaran, III/S B. Tech., saying to a friend, '...and he bored me for ten minutes.... ten minutes is about as long as we can afford to bore you...so Pip-pip-pip.

You'd better believe this. There's a nut in Saraswathi Hostel who is offering to take on a bet with anyone that he can avoid saying even a single word to anyone for a period of n days, n depending on the magnitude of the bet. He won't even answer roll-calls. Something like a feed at Kwaity's and a couple of flicks await the genius who takes on the bet, and makes the moron talk. Enquiries to : 364, Saras.

And, BION, Campastimes will be scared to print this juicy one. And, BION, Campastimes will be scared to print this juicy one. Cupra have threatened to go on a fast unto death on alternate days if NCC is abolished next year. Copies to heads of all departments, all hostels (including Ladies Hostel), etc., etc., and don't forget the NCC building.

PART—II

Dripley's Double
Believe It or Not



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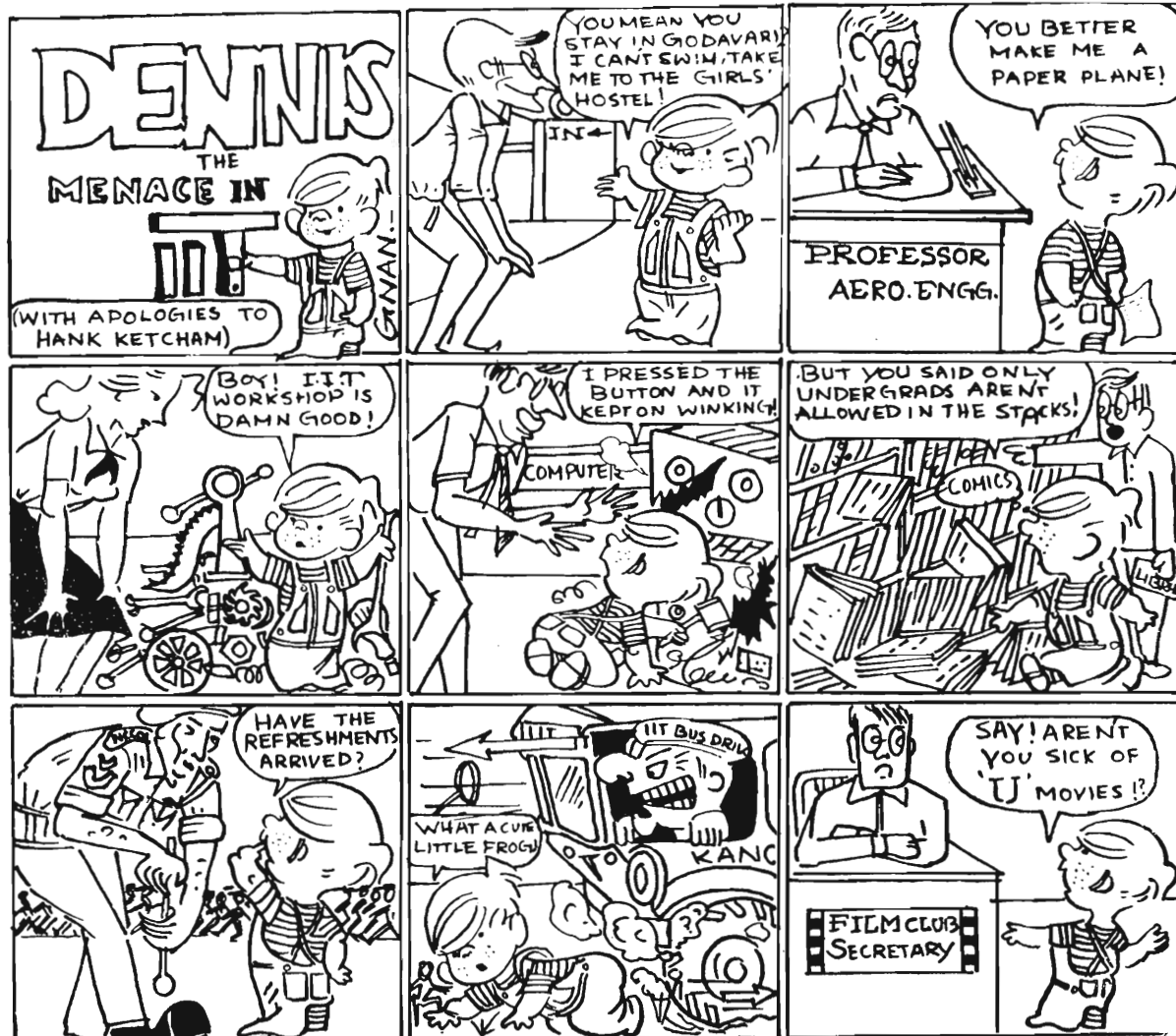
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REVENGE

I have killed him. But I haven't murdered him. You'll call it fiendish, but I will shrug and say that the recrimination is on the wrong person when a soldier puts his enemy to eternal slumber on a battlefield, it is not murder: it is bravery. When the executioner flays a convict to lashing repose, it is not a heinous, but a just act. I did the same: only the battle lasted a moment and the jury was my conscience.

Friends, that man was perilous. He killed my father—and my mother, left as a relic, succumbed to the shock. He didn't spare my sister either. Her stroll to the riverside at dawn was the talk of the village where we had moved a few months ago. The charm of her satin skin and the gracefulness of her movements was the pride of the family. But if everybody found beauty in the same thing this world would be a lot different. Like the Führer who wanted to blow up the captivating Paris, this man, blind to beauty, put out the light of our family.

Thus the duty of squaring the accounts became mine—I was the only survivor of a once happy family. Blood should be repaid with blood, lest we should fail to recoup our honour.

And I chose this day for it. I had reconnoitred the battleground well—the farm where he worked: I know the place as well as the lines on my palm. At the edge of the field, with the bumper crop swaying in the soft breeze and the golden yellow grains of wheat standing testimony; justice would be done: the one thorn from my heart, throbbing with the pain of shame would be taken off.

This morning also, like the countless other mornings, he came alone to the field with his oxen; with his lunch bag tied to the plough he carried on his bare shoulders; and with a

string of sacred beads dressing the unholy soul.

He set the scarecrow anew and came to the edge surveying his swaying field. The moment had come. 'Aah..... aah'. The job was done. He fell down, face up.

Now I am gloating over how his mouth is frothing and how his body is rapidly turning blue and cold. Blood has been repayed.

Suddenly I hear voices behind me. The men have come; The miserable creatures have come after me. I must hurry home; No, I can't make it. I have turned away from the field and I have been caught in the open.... Man, do something.

How nice it is to carry poison on your person! Yes, how nice it is to be a snake! Lest my life should also fall to a wretched man, I curl myself up and bite hard above the abdomen. I watch now my body turning blue I am peacefully d..... a..... d.

—P. SUNDARAM.

Terror at Dusk

He stood quietly in the gathering dusk.

He was hungry. And tired. Hunger gnawed his vitals with an accustomed twinge. He had to find food. But that was a difficult thing. It was also familiar. In all his life he could not remember one day or night when he had not been hungry.

And it was all due to the Beings, those awesome creatures who seemed to have arisen from nowhere, and who now ruled the earth and fed off it.

The lights had gone on now, brightening the scene. These Beings could not live without light. Wherever they were, there was never night. Always light. So much so that he was afraid of light. Even their mouths gave out light and smoke.

Now one of those huge roaring creatures with glowing eyes was coming towards the hills. The Beings, he knew, used it as a conveyance. The creature gazed at him—he was now in the bright glare of its eyes—before turning towards one of the hills.

He overcame his fright and moved off. The Beings usually ignored him and others of his kind who came searching for food. They kept some of his kind as pets too and fed them well. He had once met one and had been told how they treated him. How he had envied him and wished to be a pet of the Beings too! But they had only driven him away with a rain of projectiles, some of the many which were to be found around the hills where they lived.

He moved forward slowly.....

Suddenly he stopped. Two glows in the semi-darkness had suddenly appeared in the mouths of two of the Beings. But they did not look in his direction. He was being ignored. He went forward more confidently, but still furtively. One never knew....

There was a quick movement from one of the Beings and he felt a projectile strike him. The cry torn out of him by pain and hunger warned others who might also have been searching for food....

'Look at the cur run,' laughed one.

'You shouldn't have done it, the poor thing! It was not even near you.'

'Ah those dirty pie-dogs. They should all be killed. They make me sick. What's worse, they carry disease.'

The server stood up and threw away his beedi. It was time to go in to serve dinner. Outside another Hostel a car started and drove out into the road. The headlights swept over the grass as it turned. An ordinary evening at the IIT. 'I wonder what the dog thought when the stone hit it'.

'You fool, dogs cannot think!'

KHURU KAPADIA.

THOSE PILLARS OF LEARNING

'Was it square on the top?'

'Yup, the most perfect square I've seen in a long, long time!' Undoubtedly he had devoted the better part of his life to the study of squares. But I didn't tell him that.

'Slightly bulging in the middle?'

'Yes just there,' His outstretched paws amply illustrating the statement. This, I liked not one bit—I mean what he said. Frantically hoping he would say no, I ventured a bit further.

'Did it by any chance taper down towards the foot?'

'Yes that's right. How did you guess?' In his opinion no two people could possibly have ever seen the same concrete column.

The consternation now almost showed in my face, 'You didn't touch it, did you?'

'Certainly not. Why should I?' Clearly, if there was anything that Chemical Engineers stayed away from, it was concrete columns.

'Didn't dig at it with your finger or poke jest at it, did you?' I persisted.

'Well, now that you mention it, maybe I did sort of pat it absently on the surface. Surely nothing wrong in that?'

'Nothing wrong! That was one of our Lecturers!'

'One of your what?! why the hell didn't somebody tell me?'

That sounded like a very sensible question. For after all simply because a man acts like a block of concrete (which can talk) there is no reason why he should also look like one. But then again this is just one of those things one has to see to believe.

It's things like this that make you tear at your hair in frustration and wonder why nobody has ever thought of holding a Seminar to change the face of those Pillars of Learning. Granted, priority should be given to other more pressing matters of the moment such as the Breeding Habits of The Mosquito, and the probable Mental Calisthenics of the Tarantula but, still, I feel it's about time somebody got around doing something for the students.

When I build my better world the one thing which is definitely going to be outlawed is those intelligent, ultra-brainy top-heavy Lecturers who cannot EXPRESS themselves. I know my vociferous denouement of the ineffectual qualities of the bearers of knowledge and the guardians of wisdom is not going to fetch me any bouquets. On the contrary there may be some very serious imponderables accruing from this burst of bravado. However, I feel secure in the knowledge that the inherent egoism of the faculty is also a force not to be brushed aside lightly. Each is bound to think the description better suited to the other. Needless to say any resemblance to a Lecturer/Associate Lecturer within the Institute or out of the Institute would be better liked out of the Institute.

The issue has to be re-stated. It is not the qualifications of the Lecturer that is under our contemptuous scrutiny. The majority of our staff possess a high degree of merit—academically. Nobody who is anybody on the faculty is anything less than a first class Post-Graduate. Like I said, no blemish is cast on the stock of intelligence or the pot pourri of information at his command. I can, and will, state that when the occasion demands he can speak with the same facility and even gay abandon on heart transplant operations as cow protection. He is as knowledgeable on international trade agreements as irreversibility in vasectomy. Then why is he such an insipid force in the class room? Why can't he get through to the students?

For some strange reason known best to himself, he walks into class with the single-mindedness of a Buddha whose sole aim in life is to complete his syllabus as quickly as possible and vanish. Whether anybody under-

stands anything or not is none of his concern. He cannot be expected (time allotted is not enough) to make you understand the basic concepts or the practical applications before proceeding to flood you with derivations and equations. However, in all fairness to him, seeing as how he has just completed his Master's degree and is still working on his Doctoral thesis, it is rather foolish to expect any practical knowledge from him. Even his Lecturers couldn't have been field engineers, you know. It is this man so painfully devoid of a practical background, overwhelmed by petty compulsions unable to look forward much beyond a snub nose, uninformed of any proper techniques of teaching, desiccated of idealism or even of ordinary human sympathy, who sticks to his narrow syllabus befouling the air with lewd formulae and sticky equations, that makes you wonder what could have possibly gone wrong in his childhood that he should so brazenly opt to become one of the pillars of learning.

No doubt in certain quarters this single-minded devotion to duty would be considered more than a virtue. But we do wish they wouldn't act as if the iron entered their soul while performing their duty. We don't expect them to dance a jig or propound upon the latest in men's wear in class but it would help a lot if they could condescend to act a trifle less like chosen men of destiny, strutting Newtons and would-be Einsteins. Two minutes of light banter at the beginning of the lecture (or in between, if he finds the attention of the students flagging) could get him the attention and the co-operation of the whole class and make his lectures much more effective. But we are going too fast. It is necessary first to make him understand there is really no ulterior motive behind a casual 'Good morning, Sir.' It is really a very frustrating experience to pass a Lecturer in the Campus and find that the minute he gets close to you he develops a sudden interest in some distant object just to the left or right of you. If the encounter happens to take place in a corridor with no convenient objects to get interested in, he simply looks right through you discouraging the most valiant attempts on your part to tell him what a wonderful morning it is. If, however, you persevere and do manage to blurt out a greeting, the man goes away fully convinced that there is at least one person on the Campus, out to better his grades in the next periodical test.

A prized gem, though not as rare as one would wish it to be, is the man who, despite his two chins and bulging mid-rib which must be the nightmare of every tailor in town, blithely steps into class armed with a huge out-of-proportion text book.

'Buy one of this,' he declares with the air of one giving you his recipe for long life, 'I am going to follow this author very closely.'

And, without further ado he proceeds to prove his point by reading it out like a fairy tale, derivations and all. He does stop now and then to explain, with the clear understanding that he expects you to help him wherever he gets stuck. which is after every two paragraphs or so.

Of course in mathematical subjects it is considered extremely bad practice to solve problems on the board. That would only be encouraging students to laziness. Moreover it would be depriving them of all incentive for constructive study at home, especially so when they are given all this oodles of time in the world to browse through the library and otherwise employ themselves in gainful pursuit of knowledge. After all they have only an 8 hr. 15 min. working day (including the lunch break) and what if they are expected to put in a mere 2 hrs. more of extra-curricular activity? They still have the whole night free. The important thing to bear in mind is that we must temper the students for more demanding research work later on. However, as a special concession to the average student in class the teacher may show his magnanimity by carefully writing the problem on the board. After that, it is a problem, no more. By a highly pertinent discussion of the modus operandi to be followed, the problem is

resolved into all its soluble components. It is then viciously attacked from all quarters, oracularly dissected, until finally the *coup de grace* is dealt with a few eloquent shrugs and gestures signifying complete collapse of the enemy. And lo! there's the answer written neatly on the board. The only snag to this otherwise foolproof method is that it becomes a bit difficult to convey your message to the examiner by a similar pantomime. These stupid people expect you to write the answer on a piece of paper, you know.

However the most surprising aspect of the whole thing is the fact that there really is no dearth of erudite Professors and learned Lecturers who have been abroad and who know what is happening in other parts of the world. They are fully aware of the 3-semester system and the 5 hr.-a-day, 5-day week; they know all about the better techniques of examinations and teaching prevalent in other advanced countries. One would expect such people to raise a few doubts about our fundamental approach to the problem. But nothing of the sort happens. Perhaps all those Bourgeois methods are not suited to Indian conditions. Periodical questions which were basically meant to test your understanding of the subject, continue instead to test your cramming abilities. There is no such thing (except in very rare cases) as quiz-type question paper, possibly because it takes a longer time to prepare such questions; and, besides, you have to be rather thorough with the subject yourself. All in all, it is far more convenient to test your clerical aptitude and arithmetical prowess rather than your knowledge. With this aim in view, if your answer happens to be wrong in the second decimal place, irrespective whether you know your subject or not, the conscientious lecturer dutifully whittles off 50% of your marks. if not more. Naturally, it is not the done thing for the Lecturer to initiate a discussion on the things taught. That would be considered hob-nobbing with the students—extremely injurious to the reputation of the Teaching World. Something that Emily Post would frown upon.

At this sad state of affairs one would expect voices to be raised, if not in protest, at least in alarm. But why bother, since very few people are going to get jobs anyway? It is infinitely more desirable to have inefficient engineers unemployed than efficient ones.

—ARVIND JOHARI.

These Things Happen . . .

The voice bordered between grim and officious:

"Mr. Registrar, I am the Principal, Guindy Engineering College. Some of my boys are threatening to enter your campus and cause havoc. I have tried to talk to them. But you know the students these days. You would do well to take necessary action." The phone rang off.

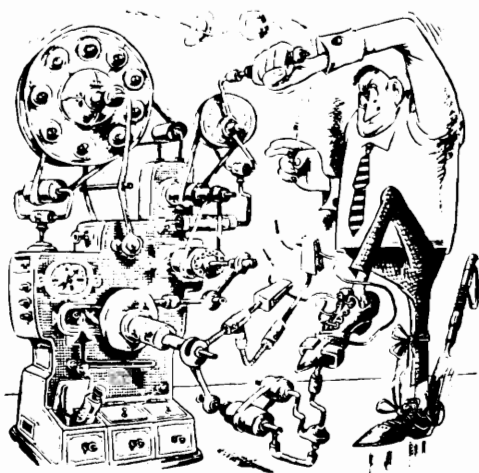
The Ambassador which housed the Registrar left immediately, followed by the Security Officer who thundered past looking as composed as possible. The situation was tense.

But not for long. Well, you know why . . . er . . . wasn't it the First of April?

More of our distinguished personalities suffered that day. Mr. "Gear" Mani was summoned by his hostel manager who, in an SOSy voice, informed him that the boys had suddenly turned wild—wrecking the garden, messhall, everything. We saw Mr. Mani sail past fifty seconds later. My, my! Isn't he efficient?

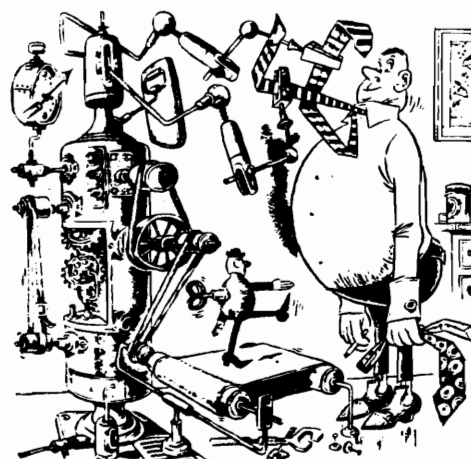
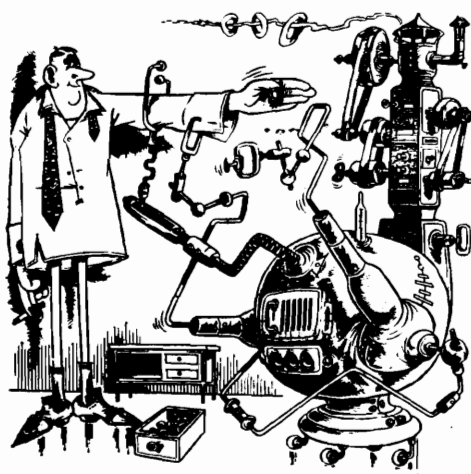
—Campastimes.

Dr. Zuern's GRAND VACATION CONTESTS



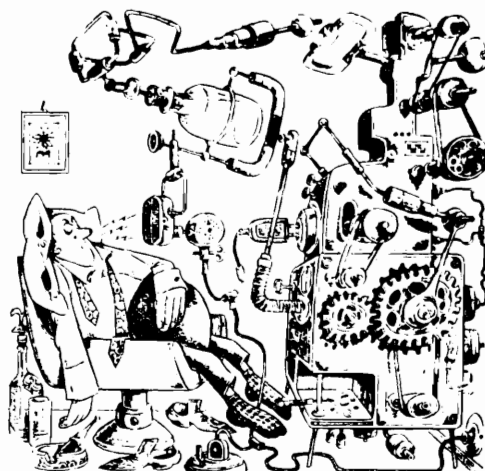
COMPETITION ONE

- Study the six illustrations carefully.
- Suggest an appropriate name for each machine, in English or German, together with a description of its functions, in less than twenty-five words.
- Three exciting prizes.
- The panel of Judges includes Dr. A. Ramachandran, Prof. Sampath, Dr. N. Klein, and Dr. N. V. C. Swamy. Last date: 15th August, 1968.



HUMOUR IN

TECHNOLOGY



COMPETITION TWO

- The Registrar has complained about the thousands of signatures he has to scrawl everyday. You must invent the Registrarsunterschroifunmaschine.
 - The panel of Judges will include the Registrar.
 - One deadly prize.
- Courtesy:* Bauer Getriebe Motoren.
Advertisements of Firma Eberhard Bauer Esslingen/Neckas, South Germany—fabricators of geared motor units.

