

Campastimes

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30 P.



EDITORIAL

Just Drivel

My last three editorials have been about rather thought-provoking subjects—or some boring crap if you want it that way. What happens with these trends of thought is that they suddenly stop provoking; it could be a most frustrating thing if you only put yourself in my place. There you were trying to reason out the confusion in the campus; there you were valiantly trying to espouse the cause of a Greater Law, not based on the rigid tradition of yester-year; there you were condemning Nixon and suddenly as if the maintenance department had decided to get involved with Marxist-Leninism (or for that matter with a short-circuit), all thoughts stopped provoking and the least I could get was a mild 'Don't you think the last hour was tedious' which however was lost on the supposed recipient, for with the timing of a Colin Cowdrey he had slipped into greener fodder (ah! there goes the metaphor thing; I knew the day I stopped provoking thought I would end up making the Jack of Diamonds my ace of trumps). Well, I gave it up.

Well, almost. I had my *Readers' Digest*—reminds me of Ghista's quip about it 'Does anybody ever read it? I have not for two decades. Only high school drop outs and semi-literates do'. Excellently put Sire of Body and Muscle (rather Head of the Department of Biomedical Engineering) But you forgot the most prized readership of the *Digest*—The Editor who can't provoke a single thought.

But it was not my day. Believe it or not, all the PJs in the life saver had been copied in the *Illustrated Weekly* and oh God! imagine being accused of copying from an Indian mag; almost as bad as the student dignitary attending an O.A.T. function in anything but a suit! Now, if you happen to see me in the O.A.T. in a suit, don't quote me to me. Do you think as the Editor of *Campastimes* I can forget my past and start practising what I preach! Impossible.

But God is great; almost as great as a Fashion Parade; now, now my dear friends of the Den, don't mistake me. I didn't say that God was as great as a Fashion Parade; I only said almost as great. Well as I said God is great and he came to my aid I as the Editor of the rag had been fortunate enough to receive numerous college magazines from the literate world outside and what can be slicker than stealing from them! The first magazine was . . . , well I must be honest; I will have to tell you the source. It was from W.C.C. and it called itself *Campus Leaf*. It was typed! Well I decided I was not going to be a snob because the value of the written word is not in the manner but in the matter (Neatly put wasn't it?; this I will not reveal the source). I ploughed into the proof copy—I mean magazine—further and I read a couple of cracks that made me cry and please let it make you cry also.

JOKE I :— 'What is the Score?' — A says
'Five-all' — B says
'Who is winning?' — A says

JOKE II (May not be Verbatim) :—

Shalini was washing her hair. Sheila (might be Shalini I forget who) was feeling helpful and so volunteered to help. She put her hair under the tap. Moral :—Both Sheila and Shalini had short hair.

Oh for an O.A.T. audience!

Well I must be objective. The magazine sometimes rose to greater heights. There was

a leading article on the students' efforts to make the Principal allow them to remove the Doopatta! And there was an Editorial, were somebody wanted a revolution—but not the bloody kind (may be of the $\frac{1}{2} \pi \sqrt{k/m}$ kind; one never knows).

We have had some splendid humorists in the past. Shankar could write a thesis on Indian movies that could walk into *Punch* and make A.P. Herbert exclaim 'Attaboy'. Well we do have other humorists also. I remember an incident a friend of mine told me sometime back. He had gone to use the telephone in the library. It was early December and black-out was being observed. He was, I suppose, talking rather loudly. Out came a leading officer of the Library and snarled: 'Why don't you talk softly? Don't you see we are observing a black-out?'

Well, I suppose I must stop drivelling. Am I not writing an Editorial? I hope you don't get the 'thought-provoking' speeches all the time during Cultural Week and hope you lose as much money as you can in the Carnival; and wish you come across a magazine that can come out with something like what one of our seniors did.

'A T-square has been found. The owners are requested to form an orderly queue at 12-30 in front of MSB'.

WELL DONE
GEORGE JOHN
(OPEN DEBATE)

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HITCH-HIKE TO BANGLADESH

One fine morning, a sudden wave of inspiration swept over myself and three of my colleagues at Hindusthan Motors, Calcutta. We decided to hitch-hike to Jessore on the 25th and 26th December 1971. So we started off with a bang from the factory on the morning of the 25th and went to Sealdah, the Calcutta Railway Station, where we launched on a shopping spree, buying such things as grub, booze, fags and Chiclets. We then boarded a train to Bongaon, a border town on the Indian side, where we had our lunch in a shack. But good Lord! The grub, was not good, Norwegian wood. We then walked at a scorching pace to Benapole, the Indian Border checkpoint.

The checkpoint at Petrapole was the only indication that we had crossed into Bangladesh—which we did on foot. The rolling fields dotted with splashes of yellow mustard flowers and date palms in earthenware pots with milestones flashing by were a sight to see. Now and then we came across a number of bunkers by the roadside or an occasional ammunition dump, but these somehow no longer looked like the instruments of war which I presumed they must have been before the liberation. Suddenly, what seemed from a distance to be a dusty earth track cutting across the horizon materialised into a line of defence 25 miles from Jessore. This I heard, was the famous camouflaged outer defence line.

The illusion of serenity vanished as we passed pill boxes and bunkers cleverly camouflaged as haystacks and hillocks on either side of the road and we were then confronted a few miles later with the second—a better camouflaged and more formidable—defence line. Then came our relief in the form of an Indian major in a Jonga jeep like Lord Krishna on a chariot. The major was supposed to have been engaged in the toughest and the most bloody fight at Kushura in the recent war. Why could not the Pakistanis hold their lines? we asked the major. 'The Pakistanis have a very brave and very well trained army, but I think their bunkers must have been manned by the Americans' replied the major with a wink. 'How are Pakistan prisoners of war treated?' was our next question to which he replied 'they get anything they want but women.' The major then amplified his answer to the first question with an example of how a couple of Razakars (with just their rifles) held a sizeable Indian army at bay.

The road to Jhikargacha branched off South and ran through countryside untouched by war (so I heard) until we reached Kadamtola, a mile from Satkhira where a dusty diversion winds through paddy fields, over an Indian Engineers—built floating wooden bridge, avoiding a demolished one. From Satkhira to Jessore is a long two hour drive. A Mukhti Bahini camp with all ranks attending a roll call parade flashed by: the sentry snapped to a smart 'present arms'.

Ten miles from Jessore we crossed a pontoon bridge flanked by the ruins of a railway and a road bridge. Our convoy was

conducted across with the Indian army's seemingly casual, yet meticulous, efficiency. A few miles of excellent tarmac, and suddenly the raped, charred and shell pocked ruins of Jessore's inner defence line came into vision. Here three major operations, I believe, took place. In April-May the East Pakistan rifles had taken it from the Pakistan army. The Pakistan army had retaken it later only to be driven out by the advancing Indian forces and the Mukhti Bahini.

The major then dropped us at Jessore taking an offshoot from where he was going at 6.00 p.m. IST or 6.30 p.m. BST. The locals, taking us for reporters, took us to the Mukhti Bahini camp where we met Maj. Manner, Maj Hafeez and Lt. Mujibbir Rehman. We noticed the Mukhti Bahini Guerillas cradling their stens or Ichapore semi-automatic machine guns. An officer proudly pointed out a sten carbine and told us that the Mukhti Bahini preferred our stens to the Chinese or American ones. The former, I believe is a bit too heavy while the latter is complicated and prone to jamming on rough handling.

After checking our identity, Maj. Hafeez took us around the town on a visit. On the way he showed us the circuit house, the telephone house, etc. Then after having dinner with them (with our own bread) we were given a place to sleep comfortably with a guard posted for protection.

The Mukhti Bahini at that time was very busy and on the run to capture all the Razakars and Biharis, the collaborators of Pakistan army and shoot them after fair trial. The Mukhti Bahini was also kind enough to give us a lot of souvenirs such as live bullets and cancelled letter heads of Bangladesh Armed forces with their autographs.

In the chill weather next morning, the Mukhti Bahini after buying us our breakfast conducted us on a long walk to Bapurnapad, the tragic suburb of Jessore where proof of all the atrocities committed by Pakistan army could be clearly seen. The dead bodies had been thrown into underground sewage tanks to rot in there as food for the human-blood-hungry flies.

The sex hungry Pakistan army according to the locals and the Mukhti Bahini raped any female they captured for five successive days with hardly any rest and later either shot or cropped off the girl's head.

With all due thanks to the Mukhti Bahini having been paid, we parted company and went on towards the Cantonment. The Cantonment was littered with guttled Pakistan tanks—mainly Chaffees. In the barracks, off duty Jawans were lying about in the winter sun smoking, playing cards or inspecting their kills. At an intact officers' mess hall, decorations had been put up for the Christmas Burrakhana (in which all ranks sit down together) for the previous night. Jessore town itself was not very badly damaged though a few houses were shell-scarred.

At the corner of the deviation from Jhikargacha to Jessore, we came across a Pakistan ammunition truck blasted by them-

selves when it was supposed to have broken down. The roof top of a school called B. M. High School had been demolished by the rascally Pakistan army, as the locals put it, to fill the bunkers. The locals, I must thank them, presented all us with souvenirs such as Rocket launchers, bullets, grenades, etc. (all blasted of course).

The slow return to normality, I think, has been hampered by a lack of public initiative. This I suppose is because, those endowed with initiative and enterprise have either been killed or have run away or joined the Mukhti Bahini. And the Bahini it looks, does not want to take any policy decisions on how the banks, schools, colleges (without students how can they be run?) and other public institutions should be re-opened and run.

Havildar Tangavelu, a Tamilian, attached to our army was kind enough to offer us a drop in his vehicle when all the other civilian and army vehicles snubbed us and drove us to desperation, Mr Tangavelu dropped us at Berapole where we were mistaken for the Mukhti Bahini by most people. The Brook Bond stall manager at the border Mr. Karmakar, deserves credit for saving four lives by giving us free tea and packs of fags, not that we were broke.

One very interesting piece of information we collected from a very reliable source was that of the Mukhti Bahini, one lakh in number were trained at Chakulia, Deogarh and Jaridih in Bihar and Barrackpore and Darjeeling in West Bengal.

This article will not be complete if I don't thank all those people who are responsible for making this trip, a pleasant and memorable one. Before I end this article, I suggest that our Nepal heroes, Victor and Ranju, hitch-hike to Bangla Desh. I am sure, they will enjoy every inch of their way.

'JOI BANGLA'

PARMA B TECH (1971)

YOU DESERVED IT

M.M.C.

(Group discussion)





Ranjoo Somoo—The Last of the Kodavas

If there is one species of IITian that it is fast becoming extinct, it is the noble Kodava. When I first started on this IIT trip there were no less than three of them around and now, sadly enough, their numbers have vastly dwindled leaving us with no more than one—Ranjoo, the last of the Kodavas

Ranjoo, as history books will some-day no doubt have cause to mention, is believed to be a direct descendant of the famous Greek Warrior Gunjoo who landed on the shores of Malabar with the rest of the Kodavas-to-be a thousand years ago. In fact, nearly all the Kodavas of to-day are his direct descendants. Gunjoo was quite a guy. So was Dhanjoo, his half-brother, who opted to go to Persia instead and subsequently, to Bombay. We have a direct descendant of his in the Bio-Mechanics department here

Ranjoo hails from Mercara which is, we are told, a beautiful little town set in the heart of the Coorg hills where the Somoo family makes its home. One can picture little Ranjoo gambolling around the forests of Coorg with his play-mates breathing fresh, clean mountain air and feeding on roots, berries, raw meat and other Kodava delicacies. One can see him stealthily creeping up on an unsuspecting wild boar with his 'peecha Kathi' or hunting knife between his teeth. To be sure, young Ranjoo was growing up to be a strapping lad in the finest Kodava tradition. Of course, he was developing a few eccentricities such as painting. But then, you can't have everything.

Ranjoo finished his schooling from the Sainik school, Trivandrum and was quite a guy there, topping the class and representing the school in everything from football to needlework. His only draw-back was that he was tungoo which, in the Coorg dialect, means short. Well, approximately. More to the consternation of the elders his interest in painting grew until he, horror of horrors, actually preferred the paint-brush to the peeche Kathi or the 500 express.

I first saw Ranjoo when he came to Godavari in the beginning of his second year. I remember him toddling around the hostel looking with respectful deference at no mighty seniors. Meanwhile, he was becoming quite a hockey player in his own right. Remember the match against Delhi, the defending champions at the Kharagpur Meet when he kept the entire Delhi team at bay for all of an hour?

Then the transformation came. How, when and where, nobody knows. Some say that Ranjoo went to sleep one night and woke up the next morning to find that his pyjamas had grown a foot shorter. He rushed to the mirror and lo and behold, there he was 5'-9" tall. But wait, what was that shadow on his chin? He looked closer. By the great horn spoon, a beard. Stubble on his chin. Even a pimple or two! Thus it was that Ranjoo became a man. The elders of the tribe exulted. That night there was wild rejoicing at the village. Almost simultaneously, strange girls began ringing him up and inviting him out.

Speaking of girls, they, in general, tend to get pretty fond of Ranjoo as a Sardaru soothsayer once told him. May be its because of his eyes which generally have a far-away, wistful look about them. Glazed is the word I would use. Not that I am saying all this. The soothsayer, in the process of saying the sooth was apt to digress a bit. Despite the long and weary years at the Institute, Ranjoo still retains his ancestor Gunjoo's pioneering spirit. The year before last he and Victor hit the long road to Kathmandu. They came back better, deeper, broader persons, with a whole range of new interests. Ranjoo played amateur photographer throughout the trip. Unfortunately, he had quite forgotten the existence of the lens cap of his camera. So the entire trip went unrecorded.

If I have not mentioned anything about Ranjoo skill with the paints so far, it is because anything I say on that subject will have the familiar ring of the common place. It would suffice to say that he is too creative for an Engineering career.

Ranjoo's plans for the future are variegated. He hopes to start an advertising agency, practice architecture as a career, hitch-hike around the world to mention only a few. All the best Ranjoo. May all your dreams come true.

Meet you at Chinchpokli.

PRASAD.

Bhatla Writes

The stage has been set for a Carnival on a massive scale. It has brought about involvement from many quarters and many sections of the campus residents. With the preparation on such a grand fashion and the enterprise of students as well as the staff in charge it should be a great success. Mention must be made of Dr. Anantaraman who in his capacity as Organising Secretary is doing his job which was not optional though, very well indeed. On the other fronts activity goes on with students complaining of staff high-handedness, staff complaining of what they think is student misbehaviour, great absenteeism from lecture classes and students as a whole querulously sorting out mess problems which include high mess bills and low quality. At this juncture I must point out an episode which in my view shatters a few well founded theories of class attendance. A bet was taken between two final year students (the sum being Rs. 100, large enough!) to see if a chap could clear the subject (a mathematics course) without attending a class. With one week's preparation from the notes the student who wrote the exam (he is not an 'S' averager mind you!) cleared the paper expecting 70% marks. This goes to show rather clearly that if attendance is just necessary to take down notes dictated by the lecturer in charge a student is inclined to consider attendance in class as not absolutely essential for his successful academic pursuit. The above average intelligence on the part of the students definitely contributes to their attitude. The fault therefore is not in the students but in the system. The system does not exploit the students' ability and intelligence to the maximum. So, the attitude of grading on the basis of attendance which is present amongst a few faculty members is indeed deplorable. Attendance in lecture classes is definitely not a criterion for judging the student's ability of being fit enough to pass the course or not.

On the other fronts, non-academic, let us say, the situation is changing. The students Gymkhana office has been reorganized. I hope the Gymkhana records, stocks and functional aspects of this organisation will now be put in such an order as to cause minimum inconvenience to the future office-bearers.

The Student Aid Fund, after careful review I find is not serving the purpose it should.

It needs looking into.

The film club old accounts are sealed and kept aside. Its accounts are still an unsolved mystery and we shall have to look into it.

No news about the swimming pool either. Till it is finished and boys can swim in it, it is better no prognostic predictions as to the date or year of its completion are made. It helps in avoiding disappointments.

After a complete analysis of election systems to the Gymkhana I am convinced that for their own good the elections to the top student post at least, should be direct. Two thousand is a small number and the politics everyone dreads is a myth when one considers the IITian as he is. The advantages of direct elections are very many; chiefly it is the emergence of a true representative whose *locus standi* cannot be disputed, doubted or misinterpreted by both the reluctant staff and the ill-motivated students if they be. I propose to undertake a statistical survey of the student opinion in this regard before any move is made for, it is the student body as a whole which is the ultimate chooser.

I wish to bring to light certain facts of the Workshop which need changing. Our Central Workshops are very well equipped and loaded with sophisticated machinery but their utilisation is low. People take coffee and tea-breaks. (The authorities have closed the staff canteen between ten and twelve) I would suggest that two shifts be run in the Central Workshop. It would indeed be a good idea to open a Mini-workshop or a Section of Central Workshop should be open after the scheduled hours for the benefit of those students who want to do any projects or pursue their extra-academic interest without the loss of class time.



QUIZ : Winner-LOYOLA

Over the Great Divide

Coming back to the institute on a Sunday night is like crossing the Great Divide. As I extricate my bike from the tangle at the cyclestand, I am conscious of a nameless foreboding. Just outside the gate, all is life and laughter. But inside, a small crowd waits for the 8.50 to the hostels in much the same way as I imagine Russian political prisoners do for the 12.04 to Siberia. There is the same shuffling of the feet, the same tired resignation. A few souls are trying to convey the impression that they aren't actually waiting for a lift. I leave them all to their own devices. A courteous inclination of the head in the general direction of the temple, and I am on my way.

Then for some time, the trip is uneventful except for the passing of a Volkswagen at a distinctly uncomfortable—from my point of view—speed. Then I come to the Staff club where professors, lecturers and other species can be observed in alien habitat. The shopping centre is closed—not that it makes too much of a cliff whether it's closed or open. Then comes the nursery where, during the Carnival, various couples are expected to seek solitude, said solitude going cheap at the price (payable in advance) of a buck per pretty head. Can you imagine, gentle reader, whispering sweet nothings into Her shell like

ears when various fauna are giving the two of you distinctly stony looks? Or when various other couples are giving you stony looks, for that matter? You can, eh! Okay then, you just got suckered out of two bucks, so make the most of it.

From then on, the ride is uneventful until I reach Gaj, except for passing Sarayu's rear gate, abovementioned gate definitely not being anything to rave about. The library is quiet, but for one of the institute stormtroopers crooning to the darkness. On weekdays, it is reported, there is a brisk traffic in parties who believe in combining business with pleasure, as the D.D. would call it. Nice to know that Cupid is a crack shot even in the dust of the library. No wonder human engineering is getting to be so important these days. I ride past Gaj with set face, grimly looking the other way and hoping. I haven't been noticed. Those tuskies would kill a man soon as look at him!

Then the ad block which looks remarkably pretty at night for a building that, in the daytime, houses a deluxe assortment of shifty-eyed men, all speaking out of the sides of their mouths—'psst, have you got the red tape?'—and flaunts shades of lipstick that would strike you dead at thirty paces. Mention must be made here of the Great White Protector and Big Bwana, also known as N'gahalla or Him Who Protects Bounding Deer—the security officer, who has the Ad Block as his lair. I am told that an Evil-doer, on hearing N'gahalla's stentorian 'Halt, who goes there?' lost his nerve and replied, 'Only you deer, Sir!' Thereupon N'gahalla pulled out some grass—which he had handy—and began stuffing the poor bloke with it. Said Evil-doer passed away the next day, regretted by all the underworld, of dyspepsia.) Eyes left as I go past the Sarayu turning, but nothing doing. The birds are in their nests and ornithologists are advised to wait until daybreak. The HSB is deserted at this hour and looks pretty sinister in the dark. OAT, the scene of grim warfare between Raja, bursting with a patriotic zeal that a Lion might envy—or a Leo, for that matter—and a determined contingent of the Velachery and Tharamani Citizenry, is silent. Horatio on the bridge couldn't hold a candle to Raja on a Saturday night.

Then a notice, half of which informs me that the psycho study circle is doing something or the other that I cannot recollect, and the other half earnestly soliciting my blood comes into view. Screams of strong men in agony are no longer audible from the adjoining gymnasium. Here I turn left. Travelling past Cauvery is not something that I care to do—tutors may be lurking in ambush. And finally, when I am beginning to smell a foul plot, I realise that I have reached the hostel and that I'm smelling hostel clogging.... Inertia of motion is the only thing that gets me back to hostel, I think.

The alternative route is slightly longer and more boring. Among the items of disinterest are Vanavani, the bank and the post-office. What can you say of a post-office (that didn't die)? That it was (and is) opposite the bank? And the central school? Having said that, you can't say much else about any of these three places. Note that if A is (p.p. B, B is axiomatically (lemmatically?) (p.p. A. There is also a small board which is meant to hypnotise the unwary traveller into going to Knick-Knack.

Author's note: I have deliberately tried to be obscure in certain places—obscurity seems to be the in-thing in *Campastimes* these days. The ruddy mag. reads like a crossword puzzle. I have also omitted the speedbreakers from my narrative, for two reasons—(a) There are too many of them, and (b) I maintain that if you've seen one speedbreaker, you've seen 'em all, and that on the principle that the less said of them the better, to preserve a diplomatic silence is best.

—MAHESH

PROMETHEUS DISILLUSIONED

It all started one day when a guy came along and said, Hey, the people up there are going to hold a seminar and thrash out the problem of grass, L.S.D., heroin and us, or more formally, 'Drugs and Youth'; they are getting three eminent personalities—people who know the subject inside out, and would you like to buy a ticket? So we, in the first flush of youthful optimism said yes, put us down for tickets, I am coming and so is everybody else. We need to sort out this hang-up, as the clicheteers put it, its a burning question and maybe the elders can say, if not the last word on the subject, at least a more balanced and knowledgeable one. Isn't it wonderful that they are going to talk with us on the same level? We counted the days, with feverish hands (after all exaggeration, like an exclamation mark, *does* attract attention and does not necessarily imply nothingness) and finally it dawned, a beautiful Saturday, and we duly turned up in a jazzily decorated CLT verging just on the tenuous border between good and bad taste, took our places, eyed the foreign birds hopefully and settled down during the introductory speeches, to listen carefully and expand our minds.

The first speaker was Dr. Ramamurthy, and Flow of Information, the essential laying of the foundation upon which all rational thought is built, took place. It was beautiful to see all of us, sitting, carefully listening, if not to wisdom, at least to knowledge, plants soaking up the rain and using it to grow and branch. Inevitably, we wished wistfully, that this process could take place every day in all the classrooms and wondered why exactly it didn't. The reason can't be laziness, at least not wholly, as the unkind ones there in big grey ad-blocks throughout the world would say. No, it lies at a much more fundamental island in the stream of thought; we were listening intently because of two one-word reasons—interest and respect, yes, these are the figurative feet that keep the door open; both of them are necessary—it would slam shut if either were to be removed. Here, to break the suspense, a few minutes after the Eminent Neurosurgeon, the sound of two hundred slams would have quite deafened any person resonating with the mind of everyone there. Since we were, all of us, to put it mildly, very interested—witness the fact that we had paid hard money—countless cigarettes, coffees down the psychology-study-circular drain (!) it must be the second foot that had been removed. After his little piece was over, Dr. Ramamurthy could very well, echoing the French King (shades of crossword puzzles!) have said 'Après moi le Deluge' in this case a torrential downpour of tripe, mud and bias, creating lakes of disillusionment in the minds of everyone present and listening.

'Drugs and Personality Change' was the stated subject of Mr. Thiagarajan's lecture, and he started off well enough, describing the immediate effect of marijuana, L.S.D., and the physically addictive drugs like heroin, speed etc. on people—the usual stuff, he sees colours, he gets this feeling of euphoria you know, but it was very soon apparent that it was no longer the disinterested, detached man of reason imparting knowledge, but old Mr. B. I. as himself; instead of pure, colourless rain, we had coloured S—thrown on our faces—supreme insult to our brains to listen to mindlessness. It was made very clear that the speaker hated, the minds, guts and everything else of all those, 'dirty, promiscuous (hard 'C' please) people who take drugs. Case histories were cited, in which it was overlooked that sad fates that overtook the victims or martyrs, depending on the way you look at it, may not be sad

at all to them, or may never have occurred in a freer society. Disillusioned, despairing, we sank back into our seats, wearily recognizing the same old stuff all over again. Painfully, we listened once more to a guy with mental blinkers on, who like the captive equine, looked only in one direction and hated everything he didn't see and couldn't understand. The subject of dirt, of not washing, came up again and again, as though a civilisation based on the constant usage of soap and water, keeping its hair a daring half-inch long, was the only worthwhile one. It is difficult to understand how people who would, presumably, encourage people to go and explore large chunks of territory in Africa and so on, at very considerable danger to life, frown upon and actively try to dissuade other people from a different and as, if not more, worthwhile exploration—one into a new life-style, a hitherto unknown region of consciousness and awareness. It is very incorrect to insinuate, as was done, that these people are escapists and by inference, cowards—the amount of courage needed to make the existential leap is immense—so immerse that all of us here in this Engineer-factory lack it and appreciating all this, to hear the slashing of word-knives was awful. Soon, worse was to come—the militant censor, the Policeman, the great enforcer was yet to speak, meanwhile we waited dumbly for this one to finish.

Beginning with sentences into which his whole outlook on people seemed to be compressed—a childish expression of pique for not being introduced in sufficiently eulogistic terms, he went on to tell us, about how he kept drugs and hippies under his huge thumb. If the previous bit of communication was saddening, this was frightening. Militant active hatred against all freshness, with the almost pathological malice of the various inquisitions, and worst of all, the power to find outlet for all these, crystallized in slightly more than one man, capable of immense harm to what they label in their minds by old fashioned words—heresy, blasphemy—this is active totalitarianism. Once again, we listened to hippies and drugs being maligned out of recognition and gave up all hope of rational mind-employing discussion. This being so, it is not particularly necessary to say that the group-discussions that followed immediately after the tea were hardly worth the time spent on them. The summing up was a beautiful rehash, thanks for listening so well Dr. G and with the usual vote of thanks from young S. Krishnan, the whole affair mercifully ended and we were left to carry home the much bruised and battered body of poor Mary Jane and all her cousins, and be thankful for their resilience.

Yes, it was a bad scene, almost a totally bad scene, and the reasons why are not hard to find. The scene was miscast; the actors by their professions, their places in *their* society by all they had learnt all their lines, were almost in spite of themselves very unsuited to their rules—they distorted them out of recognition, spoiled the very idea behind the affair and helped (for this one could, conceivably, be thankful to them!) to create raw material for the Great Change. Maybe, in the future what the organizers of these things need is not a sensitive microphone, a 180-watt amplifier or a jazzily decorated CLT but a bias-cum-detector as Goldstein would say.

Then, maybe these affairs will be worth going to.

BOBO.

Of Men, Mice and all Things Nice

Now, being neither nice nor a mouse, I must add that I don't like being labelled a rat either, as is often done in these columns.

In this sylvan wood (alright, I heard it, the word is sick, but you got to conform) the sex-ratio is something like 30:1 in favour of them. This thought struck me during an interruption because of rain, during the programme laid on in one of our hostels as part of CULIF 72 (whatever that was supposed to mean).

I am not a curious person, but being a student of human nature, I was naturally interested when the conversation veered to the subject of the deer that inhabits that particular hostel. The general opinion is that it's the legacy of one of the damsels that once graced the hallowed portals of this Institute.

One thing that beats me is how one of our girls (who is normal circumstances would not even be capable of fighting their way out of an omelette) could have managed this?

Being a logical person, I proceeded to the next step. How does one of them (I trust that reader will not be confused by the terms 'us' and 'them') get to the stage where she becomes a legend and leaves a legacy behind (an extremely difficult proposition if you were to look at it closely).

The day each of them enters this place, she makes two startling discoveries. First, she finds that she is actually the centre of attraction in this lovely male-dominated (if only in numbers) campus. Secondly, the ratio being what it is, she realises that she can dictate terms.

Now, when this person happens to be one of that rather obnoxious group of adolescents called 'freshers' (bringing the lower age limit back would be a step in the right direction, incidentally) it leads to a peculiar kind of situation.

It's an unwritten law of the chase that your class gets first crack at its own females. Without going further, it may be stated that this law is trampled underfoot by some of us, including (I am sorry to say) otherwise perfectly nice seniors. When such a choice is offered to any one of them, the inevitable happens. The poor fresher who has been meanwhile trying desperately to bridge the communications gap gets 'ditched', to put it crudely.

This leads to a polarization of the sexes in the class-room itself. A glance into a fresher class-room will prove this beyond doubt.

How else can you explain the fact that three of them regularly squeeze into a desk-chair combination explicitly meant for two? Or perhaps they are still (perish the thought) immature little kids scared of the big bad mod wolves. The realization that she can dictate terms comes a little later. It begins subtly enough, though, like asking to be allowed to bring all her pals (6) to a hostel inaugural, the upshot of which was that a mess-bill disaster relief fund had to be initiated to rescue the poor guy involved.

Of course, at a later stage, she can override the producer, author, director and anyone else involved in the matter of dialogue and action in college plays and such-like stuff.

But who is responsible for this sorry mess? The blame lies entirely with us—starting with the types who would agree (or rather offer) to rescue magazines intact from a hostel common-room (a devilishly tricky and delicate operation at that) and bring them to their common-room so that the poor dears may be saved the bother of subscribing for them. Of course, we must not forget the Big Men on Campus who give them that distinctly undesirable phenomenon known as a swollen cranium by the behaviour especially during election-time. And that's not all. Our secretaries (at least some of them) have developed a habit of taking a trip down to their hostel every time one of their secretaries absent themselves from council meetings (for reasons best known to themselves) to report to them. Why, gentlemen, do they?

Our 'intellectuals' do their bit, too, by writing about birds in pier and such like things in the rag.

And the remedy to all this? A little bit of the cold shoulder, applied gently ever so rarely and carefully would go a long, long way.

GEORGE JOHN.

Nixon's Jungle Law

Scene: Dinner is over. Everyone has had his/her fill of tandoori chicken, fish-n-chips etc. It is raining cats and dogs outside, while in a common room the following discussion takes place.

Miss Kitty is the leader of the group. The other members are **Mr Dogra**, **Miss Fisher**, **Prof. Horace** and **Miss Cellany**.

Katty: O.K. folks, lets now discuss Nixon's foreign policy. I feel, in the light of the recent Indo-Pak war, he has developed cataract in his eyes.

Fisher: There has been a marked deviation in America's foreign policy right from the day Nixon took over the presidency, even his move to befriend China seems fishy.

Dogra: Isn't it all rather amusing that all along the U.S. and China have been leading a cat and dog life and that a Harvard Professor was sent to bell the cat?

K: Yes, I too smell a rat and I feel sorry for Pakistan since both Nixon and the Chinese are making a Cat's paw of her.

Horace: I wonder why Pakistan doesn't even have the slightest horse sense to see through this!

Cellany: Elementary, my dear Professor, because it is a silly ass!

K: And just think how Nixon tried to project a 'middle of the road' image before the war!

C: You mean 'cat on the wall' policy?

K: No, no, Anderson let that cat out of the bag; it was never that way for Nixon. He has always been Anti-Indian

D: And definitely he was very dogmatic about that.

C: In spite of his donkey's years in politics, I am surprised to note that he thought his gun boat diplomacy would nonplus us.

K: It is easy for us to understand his aims viz., to cater to his political ambitions and for such a big misfiring he deserves nothing but cat calls.

H: It was very foolish on the part of Pakistan too to assume that tricky Dick would always feed her with arms and to have imagined herself to be a dark horse by bombarding our bases at midnight.

C: Oh, we paid them back squarely and I bet it was a wild goose chase for them.

K: Do you know why Nixon didn't send more arms? 'The cat loved fish but she was loath to wet her feet', that is why

D: The entire curse for shattering the economy of Pakistan and letting her go to the dogs should fall only on Nixy's head.

K: Yes, nothing could be more catastrophic for Pakistan than being crippled and demoralised like this.

D: And I strongly feel that it was our sheer doggedness that won us the war in all those dog fights.

H: Not only that, they thought their Sabres and Pattons were better than our Gnats and Vijayanthas. After all why look a gift horse in the mouth?

C: Leaning on them damn planes, Bhutto, the queer fish, was talking about a thousand year war with India and it did not even last a thousand hours!

D: He might still talk of a thousand year war but don't worry, barking dogs seldom bite.

K: Nixon should be ashamed of his Vietnam policies too. After promising categorically to withdraw all his troops, his recent showdown is to be detested.

F: He had better watch out, he is fishing in troubled waters by escalating the bombing.

C: And what's more, the American army has proved to be a white elephant, so far as White House is concerned. The Lion's share of tax payer's money is spent on destroying helpless people without any tangible military results

D: Yes, he is having a dog's day there too.

F: The joke of the year from the *Time's* Man of the Year is his claim that he

stopped the Indo-Pak war. What cheek! He is fishing for compliments.

C: It is very easy to see that his foreign policies are nothing but that of the frog in the well

H: Yes, everywhere he is mistaking symptoms for diseases without bothering to go deep into the causes. Putting the cart before the horse!

K: Well friends, I feel we should wind up our attack with the conclusion that if Nixon feels that he can fiddle around with other countries' affairs hoping for horse play, he has got only bats in the belfry.

By P. BALASUBRAMANIAN
AND
V. JAGADESH.

Debating is

40% library work

30% account

20% gestures

10% looks

Amitaba Banerjee

Open Debate.

THE MONUMENT

S. P. Raj

It is dark both outside and inside the room. The outside lit by an eerie glow from the neon signs of the main thoroughfare, the inside is dim and gloomy. The damp air is still and silent. Straining the eyes one can 'feel' the vague outlines of a dark man, sitting on the stool—his chin in his cupped hands, his elbows resting on his knees. In front of him is a large white expanse—something like a partition—oh no—it's a large canvas; and there's a can of red paint on his lap, the other cans strewn all over the room. All one can hear is the regular breathing of the man as if asleep

There he sits—his eyes far away. A visionary—what things does he see? Can he see into the past or is he pondering over the present, or indeed is he indulging in the fancies of the future? Is he dreaming? Ah! The can on his lap, open and unused; he is yet to find ideas. Maybe he is thinking of his wasted life, his ambitions, his dreams. The sprawling canvas is large and empty. The visionary sits there ruminating. His dishevelled hair, the sunken half-closed eyes, the hollow cheeks, the paint and sweat-drenched clothes, form a shadow of an outline. What does he see? Murmuring something to himself

'Look girl, bring me my brush'—shatters the silence. But there's no girl there—must be his dream. 'Ahh' he sighs

Back to his uneasy mutterings; uneasy dreams. Well he's got no visions now. He can only think of his wasted life—wasted life—wasted life—it echoes dully again and again—it reverberates—in his head—it fills the room—oh it fills the whole world.

He falls into a trance—a visionary? He can see so many scenes—his childhood—the playthings?—the lone marble, white, red, green, translucent glass—ah! the coloured pebbles he had fondly stored. And yes, of course, his birthday shirt—it had been his father's, all patched up—it was too long for him—whenever he wore it he didn't need to wear any pants at all.

And then that day, his father, Poppa, he called him, the only friend in the world, lying there pale, frigid, so near, so far away—he didn't know what was happening. Somebody trying to comfort him—they had

forcibly snatched him away from his Poppa or had they snatched away his Poppa from him—oh it wasn't clear. Then he had run away from the neighbours who had tried to care for him. They hadn't been unkind—but why, why had he run away—an impulse—oh yes it had been an impulse, yes, yes.

He had been free—free as a—free as a lark—skimming through life carefree, nothing to worry—the birthday shirt?—certainly—he hadn't forgotten to wear it when he ran away—nor his pants ha! ha! what beautiful dirty streets he had roamed doing nothing all day—three days—but then hunger—ambition?—to hell with it—hunger—gnawing hunger—begging—'Get out you loafer'—'Work'—'No no work here'—abrupt, cruel. Hunger—oh God what a life—then artist? Oh no, not at all, house-painter, work, work, work. Tired but work, tired but work, and then he had become friendly with a commercial artist who taught him something. Soon he had got disgusted with painting posters—he wanted to fulfil an inner urge—to paint for a satisfaction. Somehow he had managed for some time and then one day—one day—why do I have to bring that up again—oh I fell in love. She was young and beautiful, in love with me. I built a high wall around us—no one in the world to peek through—anyway I didn't care—what a happy time—in fact I painted very well then, very well indeed—for a full year and a little more.

Then what happened? Should I recreate it? Please, please don't torment me. Please. All right. I'll tell you—she died. And that was that. There she was PALE, FRIGID, SO NEAR, SO FAR AWAY. They took her away from me. What now is left for me? Life—What is life? What is life? Oh I don't know. Don't bother me. What? What did I do? Oh I just whiled away my time, just whiled away... away... away... paint anything? Yes I had to. Did something or the other. 'To hell with life' 'SUICIDE', contemplated. Nothing more. Didn't have the 'courage'.

Then he had lived a hand-to-mouth life. His paintings had always been rejected. He had even tried luring customers by offering two paintings for the price of one. But people had never even come near him. If anyone ever came to him and he made his offer, they only looked through all his paintings, looked round the room, sniffed snobbishly, made some cruel remark, and then went away.

And what next? Ah, the struggle—hunger—struggle—What struggle?—the newspaper—Yahya Khan—radio—struggle—money—artist—East Bengal—Bangla Desh—no money—starved; starved? yes, 'Millions of refugees from Bangla Desh starving' Oh! yes starving—no food—nothing—struggle—Bangla Desh—atrocities—rape—butchery—Oh! there he could see soldiers with their rifles coming towards a village. Some of the villagers have fled. But some have stayed. They kneel to their Allah, a final prayer before the slaughter begins. And then the soldiers arrive. Once again they kneel, and plead with the leader of the band—a tough man with an impassive face. They plead with him—it is in his hands not in Allah's that, their lives now rest.

He can see them, he can see through their eyes. He can see their fear. Yes, yes, fear, fear. But more than that is there not something else? Anger? Hatred? Hope? And yes a frustration too. But fear, fear. Oh. God. What a deed. All of a sudden the leader of the band shoots the foremost of the peasants, the oldest among them, the patriarch. The old man falls down bleeding. Blood, Blood—Red, Red; He flings the can which was on his lap and out flows a long spurt of red; a spurt which purges the blank whiteness of the canvas. And then he hurls himself at the canvas with all the elements in him excited—crash. The jagged and torn canvas—the monument. Monument to what? To the war? No. To the suffering? No. To what? A monument to the futility of life. And then the visionary, the enlightened visionary sees the canvas—nay, he sees Life.



I was browsing through some old copies of *Campastimes* one day. The guys who infested this place before we moved in seem to have had a lot more variety in their version of this rag. We seem to have completely forgotten about things like the 'Classified Divertissements' and 'Lettericks'. There is no chance, nowadays, of a letter, appearing in the 'personal' column of *Campastimes*, stating, 'I, Gautam Mahajan, on resigning the editorship of *Campastimes*, shall hereby eschew all pretensions to greatness. My name shall therefore revert to Gautam Jan'.

In those days, the outlook of the magazine was much narrower. It was concerned solely with life on the campus. The outlook of the modern version is much broader. Every topic from the University of Berkeley to Venkataraghavan is covered in detail. Once in a great while, an article about life out here does turn up in the right hand corner of the fourteenth page. The rest of the space is cluttered up with the views of the pinks, the reds, the pseudos, the psychotics, the neurotics, the congenital idiots, the editorial board and some information on how some obscure Russian grandmaster whaled the tar out of another equally obscure Russian grandmaster by quietly pocketing his opponent's rook when the other chap was not looking.

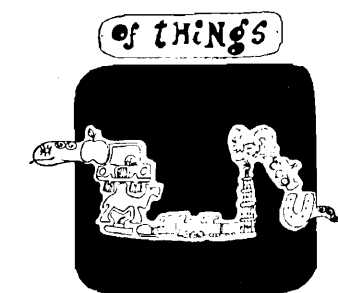
The magazine as a whole makes sense to no one. To be sure, a dozen fanatics, scattered round the hostels, can understand parts of it, mainly because they wrote it themselves. The general public is left at sea. The end result: no one bothers to read it.

Don't blame the editorial board for everything. We are doing our best to keep the carcass alive. We need help

P.C.V.

INVIGILATOR'S PARADISE

Invigilators in examination halls are having a very tough time these days. They have to match wits with candidates who spend more time and energy than ever before in contemplating ingenious schemes to delude, decoy and exasperate invigilators. In many cases it appears that candidates spend more time and employ greater mental exertion in devising these complicated schemes than in preparing for the exams themselves. Apart from their ingenuity being insulted, invigilators are also now constantly in danger of getting injured when angry candidates assault or thrash them for interfering with their dazzling schemes of deception. Gone are the days when an invigilator could triumphantly order a blushing candidate to leave the hall. Now even if he raises his finger or an eyebrow in disapproval, he hazards his life. The authorities of a certain college were racking their brains to find some method to rescue the poor invigilators from such odious treatment. Their alarm knew no bounds when they heard that the latest schemes evolved by the candidates involved the incomprehensible phenomena of ESP, like telepathy, psychokinesis etc. as well as advance imported technology which effectively employed miniature radio transmitters, taperecorders etc. The alarm soon gave way to a determination to tackle the problem. The time has come, they firmly decided, to crack down on such malpractices and end them for ever. They sought at great expense, expert advice and in due course came up with a scheme, which they hoped, would for once, beat the candidates at their own game. Accordingly on their next examination day, the students of the college were confronted with



IITM of the seventies is perhaps very much different from IITM of the sixties mostly in the principles and idiosyncracies of the elected Gymkhana members. Whereas in those days, these members believed in Shakespeare's words (What is in the name?...) now they seem to concentrate more on the names by which various organisations and members should be called and in deciding what these organisations should do and what they should not, forgetting the major fact that there are much more important things like the problems and difficulties involved in getting certain things done—forgetting the fact that the Gymkhana is not the sole powerful body legally permitted to do anything that is done in the name of the Institute. If the purpose is common and is conducive to the well being of everyone, whether it is Jawan's Welfare Fund campaign or anything else, there is no sense in anyone talking of parallel organisations running—there is no sense in these so-called powerful guys going about impeding and restricting the efforts of others.

Campastimes has always been a medium of free thinking—free from all interference from external sources—an autonomous body of editors who produce the cream of unbounded thought—and I personally feel that it should remain so in the future years. And if the Gymkhana feels that it should become part of the Gymkhana and should be under the control of the Gymkhana and one of the Gymkhana members should be on the editorial board, they would be committing a perfect combination of error and injustice. Small conversations to this effect are in progress and they had better stop right there, for the editor should be given full liberty to choose his team and full liberty to consult with them and decide about what to print and what to reject.

a prominent notice outside the examination hall which proclaimed:

The following additional rules shall be observed in the examination halls with immediate effect:

1. Candidates are strictly forbidden to communicate with each other through telepathy. It has been observed for quite some time now, that even candidates who sit at opposite corners of large examination halls produce identical answers to the same question. After much brain racking over this mysterious phenomenon the authorities have concluded that telepathic communication is responsible. Therefore as a precautionary measure, hyper-sensitive electroencephalograms are being installed at strategic points in the hall to monitor the brain waves of candidates. This complicated bionic ensemble is capable of detecting several telepathic communications at a time, accurately pinpointing the culprits. Moreover some highly skilled, telepathic lamas from Tibet have been recruited as fulltime invigilators. Candidates are warned that these lamas are Judo experts and any attempt to assault them will have disastrous consequences. Any candidate caught using telepathy, either by the lamas or by the electroencephalograms shall be summarily dismissed from the hall.

2. Candidates shall enter the hall, only through open doors. They shall not tunnel or sneak their way through closed or locked doors. The closed doors have been locked in such a manner that the probability of candidates tunnelling their way in or out of them is absolutely nil.

3. At each open door, a special apparatus has been installed which will scan each of the entering candidates to see if they carry books, papers, or pieces of paper of any kind whatsoever, on their person. The apparatus is sensitive enough to emit a screeching sound

We talk of society, we talk of culture—we talk of so many isms—so many big things that we can't understand ourselves. But the fact (which is not all that plain) remains that most of us still are not cultured or civilised enough to understand what exactly is being part of modern society—the conservative-minded should note that modern society need not be full of people with loose morals—modern society has just got that unique quality of freedom of expression and action within the bounded limits of an acceptable moral code. But what one fails to understand is—why are there still some frustrated lot of people (in our campus too!) who being totally unaware of these basic facts about modern society, should find something wrong with almost anything they see or hear about. Both parents and our local guardians here, the teachers will be doing us a great amount of good if they could stop being severe about the smallest things and it would be even better if our great unwashed start being a bit more sensible in their views.

—R. DORAI.

SOLUTIONS

ACROSS

ESTABLISH
SORTIES
STATION
NOSE HIM OUT
WASP
ANA
SONAR BANGLA DESH
TALC
TO SIR WITH LUV
ADJOINS
REVIVES
BOTH SIDES

DOWN

ESSENCES
TORE SKIN
BRIGHTER
I ASK MAMA
UNTOWARD
POSSESS
ORGANDY
ANECDOTE
BUGS ONE
GROWL ROT
AT STOVE
HARVESTS

even if a piece of paper one micron square in size is detected on the person of a candidate. To avoid such embarrassment, it is essential that candidates take painstaking care to maintain their persons spotlessly 'paper clean'.

4. Candidates shall not cheat by making use of gadgets like miniature 'button-hole' taperecorders, microminiature radio receivers hidden inside ears or nostrils, pocket-size television sets, etc. etc. They are strongly warned that the authorities have already filed patents for sophisticated contrivances to detect such malpractices which will be very severely dealt with.

5. Candidates shall not communicate with their examiners by writing on their answer books in invisible ink. They are warned that before being sent to the concerned examiners the answer books will be treated with special chemicals. This elaborate chemical treatment will turn the visible ink invisible and the invisible ink visible.

6. Complicated bugging devices have been installed at strategic locations in the hall, to detect whispering and other 'loud-thinking' techniques that may be employed by the candidates. Any candidate, caught using such techniques shall be debarred from writing any examinations for the next ninety-nine years!

Consolation Note :

All the spine-chilling instruments mentioned above to aid the invigilation process have been appropriately camouflaged so that candidates may not be made nervous by the obviousness of the existence of such electronic monsters in the examination hall. As long as candidates maintain honesty, the instruments are guaranteed not to harm them in any manner whatever.

—SIVARAM.

ON HOW TO WRITE A MODERN ROMANCE

Do you want to write a romance? Follow my advice and you can link your name with the Cartlands, Blacks and countless other writers of romantic fiction.

First of all, you must remember that the hero and the heroine have to appear in Scene I. The hero, (very handsome, of course) is tall, with clear-cut features and a twinkle in his otherwise gray or blue eyes. His mouth may be determined, scornful or sardonic, whichever you fancy.

Now comes the heroine. Let her be poor. She is petite. Her hair must be brown and curly or black and straight, preferably the former. Her complexion is unspoilt, ripe and peach. Next you must compare her lips to either a rose bud or cherry (the latter is better, considering its novelty). Her nose must definitely have an impish, upish tilt. Her eyes can be brown or bright blue. 'What about the lashes?' You may ask. Well they must be straight and long, you can even introduce a situation where the hero is adoring her long lashes.

It is usual for the hero and the heroine to meet each other in the very first chapter: the first look is very important. Devote, at least, a page to it. The look must be direct, must thrill her and rouse him. He smiles at her scornfully. She at once likes him and dislikes him. 'What better example of conflicting emotions can you find?' Her heart starts thumping loudly and she is afraid he may hear it. This 'heart-beat' sequence is a must for successful romance.

'Now what's the plot?' you may ask. Well, the hero and heroine meet off and on. They meet at a restaurant. There, in the middle of a drink, the hero stiffens. The heroine's beautiful eyes dart to the door and she finds with a shock, a beautiful and expensively (she is rich, mind you) dressed lady with a cruel glint in her eyes. She is the villainess of our little plot.

Now, all you have to do is to invent a past affair between the hero and the villainess. Another point—the villainess must have long painted nails, with say, scarlet nail-polish. Anyway let us get back to the restaurant scene. The villainess completely ignores the heroine and starts gushing at the hero. This is enough to arouse suspicions in the heroine's mind. Misunderstandings crop up and the heroine's old boy friend may also crop up, but just leave him alone.

The hero and the heroine stop seeing each other. She is miserable. He is miserable. She loses weight, colour etc. etc. He loses his sanity (not exactly, you know). 'How do you clear up this foggy air?' Here is the answer. Now watch, this is the climax and a favourite one with authors at that.

The hero drives away somewhere, induced by the villainess. Do not ask me 'How'? Cook up something. There is an accident, you will find this part a trifle difficult to write, anyway, write out a gory description of the hero's wounds.

The heroine hears that the hero has eloped with the villainess. She cries, sobs and then sobers.

Meanwhile the doctors at the hospital are struggling to save the hero's life. Whatever be the nature of his injury, let him have a bandage round his head. This is most impressive.

The hero keeps mumbling the heroine's (not the villainess's) name even in his unconscious stupor and the doctors send for her.

The heroine arrives on the scene, all flustered, thinking all the time that the hero could not and did not love her. He is still mumbling her name when she goes near the bed and kneels (that is the proper posture) and starts murmuring endearments to him.

The hero's troubled brow (plus the bandage) clears and he opens his eyes (all very miraculous). It is like a sort of reversed 'Sleeping Beauty' Act.

The next moment the joyful reconciliation takes place, regardless of his wounds or the bandage. They confess their love for each

other and he pleads 'not guilty'. The villainess in the meantime suddenly decides to turn over a new leaf. She confesses her folly and decides to become a nun or a teacher or a social worker.

The book ends with the hero and heroine already planning their little cottage—their family etc.

Think you can write a book?—Go on, try!

ARIYARATHNAM.

AN INTERNATIONAL SCANDAL?

The other day, an agent of the omniscient CIA was walking along, along Delhi Avenue, when he overheard a conversation. Though it appeared a perfectly normal conversation, he perceived something fishy and recorded it for posterity. He was not very far off the mark, for every sentence contained a clue to the name of a country—well, not all sentences but most of them. The CIA has not decoded it, can you beat them to it?

'See that loner. Is he from the underworld?'

'Nay, he is our friend.'

'He is not one of us. But anyway, he doesn't come in our way.'

'Appears that he's in some agony.'

'Oh, when angling sometime back, he was stung by a bee. But mark him, he once fought a lion in his haunt.'

'He seems to be a foreigner. What does he do in this land, shine shoes?'

'Well, not exactly. He covers them with a sort of glossy varnish.'

'Is he from the silvery land?'

'Strange, many think his land is an illusion, but it is real. People worked there with enthusiasm. Set in the desert, it now is a land of evergreen trees. Would you believe that it abounds in a variety of Indian mango? Look at him, he is so well-fed you would think he always ate as if it were Christmas.'

'Tell me the truth, did you flee from there? Say you did.'

'Well, you don't need even a passport to go there; you just get in a closed carriage and drive straight in. In fact Mr. Sen got married there.'

'That reminds me, did you hear of Sen's wife?'

'Ya, she is for women's Lib. So much so she wouldn't even kiss him.'

—V. JAGADSEEH

DRAMATICS CLUB WE BOW DOWN TO YOU

THE FIRE-RAISERS

A MORALITY WITHOUT A MORAL
(With an afterpiece after 10 minutes)

The Fire-Raisers are Here!

Mr. Biedermann and his wife make a charming couple. They are rich, so they don't listen. But their city is going up in flames. Slowly. The flames do not reach Mr. Biedermann; this fantasy is not part of his life. Meanwhile, the cynical fireguard of the city looks on, watchful as ever. They always make the scene too late. They blame it on the people.

There's Somebody at the Door,
Mr. Biedermann!

Joe Schmitz and Willie Eisenring. They are knowledgeable—for a couple of tramps. Especially about the honourable Mr. Biedermann. They know he is anxious to do good everywhere except in business, about his fine petit-bourgeois sensibilities, not to forget his sense of guilt which earns them their passage into his house. They promptly roll in petrol drums and go about their business in good earnest. Then they walk all over his delicate petit-bourgeois sensibilities. Just to put the fear of God in him, it seems.

You've got your back to the Wall,
Mr. Biedermann!

Tut-tut, laments the chief fireman, they've got the fuse and even the cotton-wool. Dumb guy, this Biedermann. He thinks all he has to do is to throw a sumptuous dinner and they'll be eating out of his hand. He is not even slick. But his guests continue to torment him. He sees it all now but thinks he can get away with it by claiming absolute innocence. Alas, the company tonight is particularly rude. Besides, they respect their profession. Cut out the comedy, they say, we need a match. A match. He doesn't understand.

Don't give it to them, Mr. Biedermann,
Please!

What a lark! If they really are fire-raisers, why would they ask me to give them the matches, for God's sake?

If the play is a metaphor, the afterpiece affords us a glimpse into the identity of the devil. The Biedermanns end up in hell (or heaven), where they meet the devil and demand restitution. But the devil is off to the earth to set more fires. Well, as long as the people give him the matches. Abandoned in this strange scenario, the Biedermanns are alone and wondering if they are saved.

CAST (in order of appearance)

Biedermann	.. A Shankaran
Chief Fireman	.. T V. Krishna
Firemen (Chorus)	.. Ranthi Dev
	.. Omprakash A.
	.. A K Gupta
	.. Brian Papali
Anna	.. R Lakshmi
Babette	.. S Vijayalakshmi
Schmitz	.. D J. Basu
Eisenring	.. Raj Manglik
Doctor of Philosophy	.. Chandrasekhar
Policeman	.. Maitreyan
Monkey	.. T V. Krishna
Stage Director	.. Vinod Shanbhag
Music	.. Allan J. Satyadev
Synopsis	.. N Kalyanraman
Publicity	.. Ranjan Sorniah
	.. Rashad Mohammed
Directed by	.. J. U. Davids
	.. Mrs. Ingrid Davids

The play was staged on the 27th February, 1972, at the Central Lecture Theatre.

21. SIKKIM
20. LIBYA
19. SWEDEN
18. SUDAN
17. IRAN
16. TURKEY
15. ROMANIA
14. CYPRUS
13. NEW ZEALAND
12. ISRAEL
11. ARGENTINA
10. JAPAN
9. POLAND
8. DENMARK
7. BANGLA
6. SPAIN
5. NORWAY
4. U.S.
3. NEPAL
2. NETHERLANDS
1. Ceylon

ANSWERS



You can see a small fire near the speed-breaker, by the side of Sarayu, near Gajendra circle. You can see it better at nights when the North-East winds blow colder and you feel it gripping at you, like when you walk out from the CLT. The Ad. block is not on fire. Why should it be?

Some people keep telling me that the carnival which is going to be one hit in the month of March is all a part of a cunning long-range plan to enable more IIT's to be set up. I don't want to believe them. They say: 'The carnival is going to be one hit in March. People in the carnival will make money. People who make money in the carnival will be IIT people (may this be true), and therefore the institute as a whole makes money. Now what is this already rich institute going to do with all this new-found money? It obviously does not want to blow it up on the library, because the library is stacked with volumes of stuff other libraries are made of. It does not want to spend it on improving the bus-service, because the bus service is very satisfactory. Yes. It does not want to spend it on the Swimming pool because there isn't any. It cannot waste precious money on the various other things because there are as many reasons as there are things—Ha! but of course, the National Defence Fund—that's the best bet. It's got to go to the NDF like it goes to the NDF through mess-bills, scholarships, salaries, fashion-shows, movies and the rest.

... Someone up in the Govt. noticed that the IIT bred the finest donors for the NDF and so said— 'we must have more of these institutes'. And more institutes were born.

Cultural Week :

We have this week every second semester. This year, it will be a day longer because this is '72. This is the week when every IIT Kid dulls himself up out of the everyday rot, cuts classes, sleeps the day, wakes up fresh for the evening, when there is a lot of work to be done. He is the host, and he doesn't know it. He is the audience; he is the participant—He is at his best. And when things are as they are, he is a very self-confident being and does not care a damn what other people say or think. This is a very rare quality and this is why we need this very cultural week every second semester. The editor says poems are not wanted in this issue of *Campastimes*. Here is a story. It is the story of myself and my love for an air' plane.

The diaries of my mind
Are blank, for
I think of you at night,
And in the morning—
Till the bastard plane
drones through my dream,
Shatters it,
Leaving me alive,
And cripple.

The Outdoor Club :

This club has at last done something to show that it is not as dormant as it has been in the past. Some new equipment (spoons, pans and the like) has been procured, renewed

interest has been evinced by its few but chosen members. Under the inspiring leadership of its secretary Ranga, about 15 of its members went to Poondi last month—biking, hitchhiking or plain hiking. This sort of group activity should enhance its reputation as a body which really functions, and should get more credit for such performance than one normally cares to give.

Whether you are bored with all this sales talk for the outdoor club or not, here is a P.J.—

'He came in for ridicule, and got some.'

Hot stuff in the Campus :

The Security Officer is off on the hunt again. You can see him on his charger (thanks Bobo) in the fullness of his regalia, not excluding his water-pistol, roaming around, following faint tickings of hundreds of watches which have been lifted from hundreds of hostels in and around IIT. The last I saw of him was when he walked into Saraswathi in all his splendour, keeping an appointment with a bearded guy, a regular bandit who goes by the name of Ghatak, making sundry inquiries regarding the nature of the theft. I say that the theft was planned out in one of the shady corners of the Pentagon, the reasons for which are not yet known. I am waiting for ol'pal Anderson Sanderson to come out and release a few papers or tapes.

I cannot say anything more right now, for fear of the CIA which has tracked me right to my room, and . . . aaaagh.

RANDOM REVIEWS

SECURITY SECTION

The Institute Security Section is the custodian of the entire campus. In recent times, one misses the ceremonial march of the elite security guards with a police band in attendance in the early hours of the morning. Of course the daily roll call is there when one can witness a stream of persons of varying sizes and in assorted garments trekking to the Administration Building wherein the G.H.Q. of the Security Section is located.

As the campus is very law abiding, the Security staff have to be satisfied with manning the gates and patrolling the grounds of the campus to guard against the invasion of the legions from the neighbouring territories of Velacheri and Taramani. Cycle thefts are a routine affair and periodically, suspects are rounded up and ceremonially handed over to the police station in an Institute vehicle. The major duties of course are rounding up of trespassers caught collecting the valuable dried twigs and branches lying around the campus and others polluting the water puddles inside the campus by washing clothes. These prisoners, mostly juveniles and females, are kept in a state of suspense for a few hours in the closed enclosure opposite the Security Office and then carted to the police station with guards in attendance. As the IIT is not in a state of war with the neighbouring territories, the Geneva Convention does not apply to these prisoners.

It is rumoured that attempts were made to arm the guards with fire-arms, but since presumably many of them did not know one end of one from the other this proposal was dropped.

Another important duty of the Security Section is to hand over to the Deer Sanctuary the dead and dying deer found lying in the campus and which had been deliberately wounded and maimed by the gardeners and malis of the Institute.

The Head of the Security Section is of course, always vigilant and can be observed

carrying out on his motor cycle, incessant 'boundary rounds' which sometimes extends beyond the campus also. It is hoped that the IIT has no territorial ambitions to extend its boundaries to other parts of the metropolis.

INSTITUTE AUTOSHOP

The Institute Autoshop is a place where, till recently, maximum expenditure was incurred and indefinite time taken for minimum turnout of work in respect of Institute vehicles. Private cars are attended to more expeditiously, depending of course upon the status of the staff members concerned and the departments to which they belong priority naturally being given to the Mechanical Engineering Department. Any suggestions or efforts by the Administration to improve the efficiency of the Autoshop were strongly resented and perhaps considered as things infringing their fundamental rights. However, after the recent change in the management of the Autoshop the turnout of work in respect of Institute vehicles has improved considerably and it is hoped that this would continue without reverting to the old set-up.

INSTITUTE HOSPITAL

The Institute Hospital as it is grandly named, is open for taking treatment at strictly specified hours on all days viz 8 a.m. to 12 noon and 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. except on Sundays and holidays when it is open from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. only. Campus residents are not expected to take treatment outside the campus without the permission of the Institute Medical Officers and are also naturally expected to fall ill only during the hospital hours. If one is rash enough to fall ill or sustain any injury after hospital hours, he or she is not expected to go to the nearest resident Medical Officer for treatment but only to the 'duty M.O.' for the day irrespective of the seriousness of the case. The keys of the hospital, for obtaining any urgent drugs etc. have of course to be obtained from the Lady Medical Officer as apparently the other resident M.O. is not considered senior enough to have custody of the keys.

It is indeed a credit to the healthy atmosphere of the campus that there are very few fatalities in spite of the medical facilities available to campus residents.

INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

The Institute Gymkhana deserves the maximum credit for providing students and staff alike innumerable opportunities to enjoy campus life with their varied programmes and activities. Apart from the sports activities in which the students in general evince extreme interest, the Gymkhana extends its activities to many other fields and plays a very important role in moulding the character of the IITians who are as a result held in high esteem everywhere. An IITian as a rule is considered a person of culture and refinement embodying the highest ideals of sportsmanship and chivalry.

The various Secretaries and student office-bearers and particularly the General Secretary spare no pains and devote considerable time and energy in the interest of the students in particular and the Institute in general. The President of the Gymkhana as the patient counsellor and guide is held in high esteem by the student community.

The performance of our Institute sports-men has been very creditable and it was indeed unfortunate that after the tremendous efforts taken in preparation for the inter IIT Sports Meet, the Meet had to be cancelled on account of the national emergency. Our Institute had an excellent chance of annexing the trophy this year.

J. C. S. VENKATARAMAN,
Transport Cell.

Lady Lib in the Lab

Nobody pays anything more than occasional lip-service to a very moody, sweet, lissome young thing that makes inmates of the experimental asylum lose heart in matters pertaining to direct engagements with liquor. She is the recognized duty-queen of aspiring young scientists everywhere, and what with her charming capacity to deceive people handling her and that slender body with the beautiful equatorial bulge and limbs so fragile that they actually tinkle when tapped, it is no surprise to old hands at the game when it turns out that she is essentially fatal to those who have not been exposed to the unpredictable variations of her moods.

When some precise quantity of any ghastly saline or corrosive liquid of fixed composition has to be launched formally from Ring-sized container to pint-size beaker, the person involved in the actual process of transfer turns meekly to her, so pitiful a picture of fidelity that poets have been forced to quill lines of spirited verse (some critics prefer to call them methylated lyrics) to speak at least thus indirectly of female debauchery in action. The first step that this unfortunate victim of her wiles has to undertake is one of stupendous importance (with respect to the undertaker), for it involves the initial sealing of her lips, a delicate task on all counts. But since the gigantic job of applying a muzzle to the female of the species has been unsuccessfully attempted since time immemorial, it may safely be deduced (without any loss of generality) that this lady will not, for any considerable period of time, be observed in this indeterminate state of enforced suspension of labial activities. No, not at all, for the prudent know that hell has no fury like a woman kept mum even for an instant of dire necessity.

The fate of the impudent adventurer who has managed to totter across that first precarious step is not going to be rosy, either. History, which faithfully chronicles the local accidents of the remote past, fails to enlighten the members of a budding generation about the near-tragic consequences that lie in wait for those among them who venture too closely and too readily into the dragnet of a very insidious young damsel, even as she takes the shutting of her mouth with an outward charm and grace that are as superb as they are spurious.

The realization begins to dawn upon the hapless victim (who may be, with complete confidence, and in every sense of the term, listed as a sucker) when he discovers himself holding a strong mouthful of a stronger alkali or, with better fortune, a weak acid, say benzoic. When he has allowed this fundamental fact to gently percolate into his unresponsive, totally numb, grey cells, he straightens up with a jerk, applies his disengaged hands melodramatically to his thorax and bounds, spluttering in dismay to the nearest available working faucet in the lab, there to gargle and rinse until the soapy feeling dispersed all over his vocal tracts has at least partially been dislocated. It is only after a restful and prolonged intermission that he can veer back to the deep treachery of the lady in the lab. But being a brave, venturesome, lad, full of grit and muscle, he is soon back at the ropes, flexing those biceps for the next round.

Prepared though he is for one form of embitterment (it leaves a bad taste) that she can cause, he has not yet learned his lessons. Successfully, he manages to play the sucker again and with a heart brimming with redoubled hope and joy, he makes himself master of ceremonies by putting her under his thumb. As a slow, wide grin of triumph begins to crawl across his grim visage, he feels confident of winning the race, proving, once and for all that she is definitely not invincible. He feels that here at last, he is holding the solution in his hands, just upto the mark, the sharp plimsoll line that she wears so defiantly upon her slim neck. But then, to his utter consternation and horror, he finds her drawing his prize catch slowly downward, mocking his grip, gloating craftily as the uncompromising

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(SARAYU)

liquid ebbs slowly out of his hold, dribbling away, drop by drop, with infuriating wantonness and regularity, even as he stands, stupefied, unable to make any transaction between his deadened optic nerve and the corresponding cerebral lobe within.

Slowly his whirling senses come back to normality and he weakly stares at the innocent-looking thing standing in his arm, blank, glassy, expressionless. He decides to have one more go, but his heart is only half-willing to undertake the titanic project. He dips her down and begins playing his suctional role with a sharp intake of breath, bringing a whole battalion of uninvited bubbles into the game although he is too absorbed to notice. He heaves a sigh of relief as he finds her loaded just a little more than her sharp plimsoll line. Unaware of the tragedy that is about to descend like a ton of coal upon him, he mentally puts himself to zero-reading and slowly lets his thumb rise, fraction by fraction of an inch. But no, the disobedient level over her line does not budge even to the smallest extent. He hopefully continues to raise his thumb higher and higher and even takes the whole pressure off her hitherto enclosed mouth, but nothing happens. He looks suspiciously at his fingers, one by one, counting them to see if no losses have been reported. She has neither allowed the level to plummet to her feet, handsomely, in one single spurt nor does she show any indication of bringing her plimsoll into the fray. All sugar and spice, she just looks back at him, almost as if to say: do you blame me, lover boy?

But he, poor tortured soul, at the end of his wits, is in no mood for a romantic exchange of banal nothings. His nerves are each wobbling on different wave-lengths and his pupils do not seem to have any intention of acting in unison. He picks her up and shakes her violently. There is no response. He proceeds to describe a wide arc in the air and behold, she lets her trophy stream out all over the work-bench and the floor in a fine, geyser-like fountain.

It may be of some use, at this juncture, to mention that observers who happen to notice young scientists swinging something in neat circles of spray in any corner of the chemistry lab may conclude (without any loss of accuracy) that the object being swung in this manner is none other than the fair lib-lass of the lab, she is pipette.

—T. ASTATINE.

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International Jayant Writes . . .

TRENDS IN INTERNATIONAL TABLE TENNIS

It was the year 1952 and the historic city was Bombay. The Table Tennis Federation of India was conducting the World Table Tennis championships for the first time in India. There arrived on the stage of World Table Tennis a quiet spoken and hardly noticed short man from the Land of Cherry Blossoms, Japan. Table Tennis was undergoing the first major revolution. The English player Leach, was top-seeded and was expected to win. But Sato, the Japanese (the man with the Black Box carried all his kit in a Black Box) had the same ideas of winning, it seemed. Though laughed upon in the earlier stages of the Tournament, he ran through the whole opposition including Leach. What surprised everyone was not his shining victories, but the highly peculiar and comical way he played. His bat had 'sandwich covering' and he held it as one does while writing with the pen. He would crouch at one corner of the table, and the backhand was hardly used. Any ball that came to his side of the table, he would 'whack' with the utmost ferocity and power. There was no quarter asked and no quarter given. The Japs had come to stay and dominate World Table Tennis. Ping-Pong as it was called earlier had matured into 'Power Table Tennis'.

The Japs won almost every World Table Tennis title till 1959 (till the advent of the Chinese). What made them world beaters? The technique of the Japanese has been backed by a tough training programme. The grip is 'Pen-holder' (it means what it says) and the other fingers of the hand excluding the thumb and forefinger, support the backhand side of the plank, though the backhand side is hardly used. Thus it allows freedom of the wrist, enabling it to turn through 180°. This enables the player to hit any ball that does not come off the table (for example—a short service) and at the same time the forearm can be brought in a sharp finishing stroke. However one must be quite agile to play the 'Pen-holder' and win. The style is itself awkward and calls for intensive training to attain flexibility necessary for International play.

Intensive training? That's what an average Jap-player is asked to do. It is said (some of our Juniors were in Nagoya University for training) that the training at the University and Junior level consists of daily average running for 4-5 miles, and the other exercises (such as freehand). Evening session consists of almost non-stop practice from 4.00 p.m. to 9.00 p.m. with weight training after that being optional. They run between 10 kms. and 20 kms too! The

training for Japanese Internationals would be only tougher and under conditions stimulated to International match play. This has enabled them to withstand severe mental and physical 'pressure' and to carry the Japanese flag aloft. One of the most fantastic performances seen in recent years has been that of semi-shakehand grip player—Hasegawa. He is just 5'-2" or 5'-3", muscular in build, world champion of 1967. It was the Asian Championships in Nagoya and the date 6th April 1970. Hasegawa was playing all the main events. Men's Singles, Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles. He had to play all the events from the quarterfinal stage right through to finals (including) and most of the matches he played extended to four and five games. But it seemed that he played better towards the end than in the beginning (the way he beat his compatriot Tasaka—in Men's Singles Finals which was the last match at 3.00 p.m.) Superlative performance indeed!!!

The 1959 World Championships provided a surprise winner in the Men's singles, a Chinese—Jung Knotan. In the 1961, 63, 65 world championships, the Chinese bagged the most number of World Table Tennis titles including the Men's singles which was won by Chuang Tse Tung three times in a row. A creditable feat considering that no one in recent years has won the World title more than once. The Chinese had discovered a weak point in the Japanese technique, i.e., the backhand. Thus improvising the Japanese Technique by attacking with the backhand (and equally with forehand) they were always one stroke ahead of the Japanese. In speed they could match the Japanese. In the recent World Championship in Nagoya (1971) Itoh—reigning champion and top-seed—was playing Lichung in the Japan-China tie. It seems the Chinese would serve on Itoh's backhand, then a hard push on Itoh's forehand, followed by a terrific smash (as easily done as said) before the Japanese could regain his position. The scores in favour of the Chinese against Itoh was 21-3, 21-6. The Chinese have mastered the 3-stroke attack (serve, opponent receives, smash) and succeed 90 out of 100 times while Japanese succeed only 60-70 times out of 100. That makes all the difference in the world.

The Europeans were also trying hard to regain their lost glory. The 1930's had seen champions only from European countries—such as Fred Perry, Victor Barna, Bohumilvana, Bergmann, Leach, Miss Angelina Roseman, Zabdos Bellack and others. But they were days of Ping-Pong, a game which was extremely slow and was generally considered an after-dinner past-time. Now, they tried pure attack but badly failed against the very much faster Japanese. Then they tried pure defence, and that was no better. Only an all round game could achieve something. A fast attack and a second line of unpenetrable defence. This was the game of Eberhard Schoelar, after being a games down and a tense score of 19-all in the third with an almost impenetrable wall of defence and a superb attack which he banked on at crucial stages to force opponents into errors. Schoelar had regained for the Europeans some of the prestige. The Europeans were conducting a lot of 'research', too; the Japanese were photographed and filmed, and they came up with some interesting facts such as—a smash from top Japanese players touched speeds of more or less 120 Km/h and the opponent had times of as much as 10⁻¹ sec and sometimes as little as 50 mule-secs. to decide what stroke to make (one actually does not 'decide' before every stroke but plays through 'reflexes' and following a general line of strategy decided before the match).

The 'loop spin' was then put into play. It is a spin made by an attacking player from near the table or away from it. The ball first rises on bouncing (on the opponent's side) and then dips down, and as it is done quickly, the opponent is unable to gauge the spin, hence the difficulty in playing it, let alone smashing it. When this stroke is played away from the table, the ball is hit high into the air, of about 30 ft (or even more say if one tosses as in badminton) Hasegawa (the semi-shakehand grip Japanese) does this when he has lost ground. He hits it high into air and gets into position—a terrific smash from his opponent is seen, only to be counter-smashed by Hasegawa, sometimes with his backhand from a distance of 20 ft. from the table. What the

Europeans have developed now, that really pays, is their back hand smashes in addition to the loop drives which can sometimes be used as a second line of defence. Players Surbek (Yugoslavia) Korpa (also Yugoslavia) Alser and Johansson (Sweden) Jony and Klampa (Hungary) are some of the Europeans who are making the headlines with this type of play. After 20 years of sweat, toil and tears, they have made it. In the World championships in Nagoya 1971, S Bengtsson of Sweden a long-haired youth aged 18, won the Men's Singles Title (He had trained in Japan for 2 years). The Men's Doubles was won by Tibor Klampa (aged 19) and Istvan Jonyer (must be around 22 or 23) of Hungary. Bengtsson has specialised in what the Japanese call the 'containment of drives'—his backhand is an invaluable and deceptive part of his armoury—his forehand is of International standards.

A last word on the World championships itself. 60 countries participated (400 players) and it is probably the second sport after Olympics to have so many countries and players participating. The championships are tense throughout, and all responsibility lies on the players representing their countries. Winning the International Championships is a matter of prestige (as is any International championship for that matter). All that talk of sportsmanship and friendship is hardly seen during the match (though exchanging souvenir's and the like is still there), which is literally a war without arms. 'To win and to win at any cost' is the motto. (After all the player who wins is recognised and not the player who is sportsmanlike). However we Indians have been bred with sportsmanship and I suppose we cannot deviate. However it is the 'Killer instinct' that wins International Matches to-day.

THOSE MOVING MOUNTAINS

—V. JAGADEESH.

Rules, they say, are meant to be broken. One earnestly wishes this were so, at least so far as the IIT bus service is concerned. For the rationale behind some of the regulations is difficult to understand, let alone appreciate. Let me cite an instance.

On Sunday January 2, 1972, the eve of re-opening day, a few students boarded the 7-35 a.m. bus at Adyar with suitcases, bedding and other baggage. There was not a single person, I repeat, not a single person who was to go to BSB. Yet, when the bus reached Gajendra Circle the conductor announced, with all humility, sorry, this bus goes to BSB. Of course, there were entreaties, protests and half-hearted threats from all around, of not leaving the bus until the bus reached the hostels. But the bus remained as immobile as one of those lofty mountain peaks it is named after. It is not a joke carrying a heavy suitcase, all the way from Gajendra to say, Jamuna, but there was to be no alternative.

Yet another case: A bus is supposed to ply from Hostels to Gate at 5-10 p.m. Another one starts, as everyone knows, from BSB at 5-15 p.m. and goes to Adyar. You are prohibited 'by rules' to board this bus at the bus-stop near the In-Gate. You are told to catch it at the Out-Gate, but, alas, the 5-10 bus goes to the In-Gate only. So if you have some brilliant idea of catching the 5-10 bus at the hostel, then the 5-15 bus at the In-Gate, you had better forget it, it simply isn't allowed; no, not even if you pay 10 paise. To be impartial, the 5-10 bus *does*, sometimes, go upto Adyar, but no one knows on what days. It is a well-guarded secret.

As matters stand, one suspects that bus timings are decided upon the basis of some rules of thumb, half-proven evidence of traffic density and intuition rather than scientific plans though one does not know for certain. When experts in Operations Research and other sophisticated tools of decision are available in plenty at the Institute, there seems to be no reason why it should be that way. One hopes that a real practical beginning is made somewhere, so why not make a scientific study of the transport requirements? Let us have a real solution to the 'Transportation problem'.

BRIDGE

A SEMI-PSYCHIC BID

There is no fun in bridge unless you resort to deception once in a while. Psychic bids are a recognised part of the successful player's repertory. They must take one's partner, as much as one's opponents, by surprise. Otherwise they wouldn't be ethical. They must be rare—the too frequent psycher will find himself short of partners. Psychic responses in the minor suits over major suit openings will occasionally prove very useful. When you come to think, if the minor suits can be used for prepared opening bids, why shouldn't they be used for responses? North in this deal was faced with a problem in responding when his partner opened one spade. His hand was too good for two spades, but not good enough for three or four. He could temporize with two diamonds; but if partner's rebid was in hearts and the hand was ultimately played in spades as it would be, the action would invite a club lead, and that wouldn't be so good for the declarer. North's holdings in the red suits are such that a lead in these suits would gain a tempo for the declarer. So North responded with two clubs, and thus had the opposition off to a false start.

North dealer

Neither side vulnerable

S. A J 75, 3
H. K Q 8
D. J 9, 4, 3
C. J 2

S. K 8
H. 9, 5, 2
D. 10, 8, 6
C. K 9, 7, 6

S. 9, 2
H. K 10, 3
D. K Q 7, 5
C. Q 10, 8, 6, 4

S. Q 10, 6, 4
H. A J 7, 6, 4
D. A 2
C. A 3

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1S	Pass	2C (1)	Pass
2H	Pass	2S	Pass
2Nt	Pass	4S	

West who had been baulked of his normal lead by the psychic led a trump. The declarer took no chances. He played the ace, and took the heart finesse which lost to West's King. Belatedly West led a club, but declarer was now able to discard dummy's club loser on the hearts before playing a second round of trumps.

This sort of psychic bid might backfire at times, but with a safe haven in spades, no great harm can result. East might double the psychic bid, but North can take the warning and put his partner back in spades without a jump. Or the opening bidder might be obtuse enough to give a double raise in clubs, though this is unlikely, as with a two-suiter in clubs and spades, he would have opened the bidding with one club rather than one spade. But no one would be obtuse enough to take out four spades into five clubs.

We should always bid the cards we have, but bridge would be too mechanical if, once in a devilish mood, we didn't bid the cards we don't have.

DOUBLE DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE

A little philosophy must form part of the bridge player's equipment. It would help him to keep his head and stay the big bludgeon when the opponents soar merrily into a cheeky, if not downright crazy, contract. It will remind him that the worst place for a big hand is between two moderate hands and opposite a near-Yarborough. Such hands carry the seeds of their own destruction. They look as if they are made for end-plays and suicidal leads. If the West player in this deal had paused for reflection he would not have doubled South's contract of four hearts. The double in such cases is a great service to the declarer. In the absence of the double the declarer would play the hand in ordinary fashion and go down quietly, whereas the double alerts him and tips him off to the right line of play.

South dealer

North side vulnerable

S. K 7, 5, 3
H. J 9, 5
D. J 10
C. A J 3, 2

S. A J 10, 4, 3
H. A Q 8, 2
D. 8, 6
C. K 10

S. 9, 8
H. 10
D. Q 7, 5, 4, 3, 2
C. 8, 7, 5, 4

S. Q 6
H. K 7, 6, 4, 3
D. A K 9
C. Q 9, 6

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1C	Dbl.	Rdbl.	1D
1H	1S	Dbl.	Pass
1NT	Pass	2H	Pass
3H	Pass	4H	Pass
Pass	Dbl.		

South had a bidding problem on this hand. His take-out of the double of one spade was excusable considering the vulnerability, having taken out the penalty double it would have been silly not to bid game.

West led the eight of diamonds, and the declarer didn't go wild with excitement when he saw the dummy—the bidding had promised something better. The jack was covered and the ace won the trick. Placing all the high cards with West the declarer led a low heart, and when West played low, he won with the jack. When the ten dropped the declarer realized the bad distribution of the suit. He led as to his queen won by West with the ace. West led back a spade. This was won in dummy and a spade was ruffed. At this stage the declarer had a count of West's holding in the major suits. He led a club and when the ten fell and the jack stood, the count of West's hand was complete. Now South cashed the king of diamonds, the ace of clubs, ruffed dummy's last spade, arriving at this position:

S. —
H. 9, 5
D. —
C. 32

S. 10
H. A Q 8
D. —
C. —

S. —
H. K 7
D. 9
C. Q

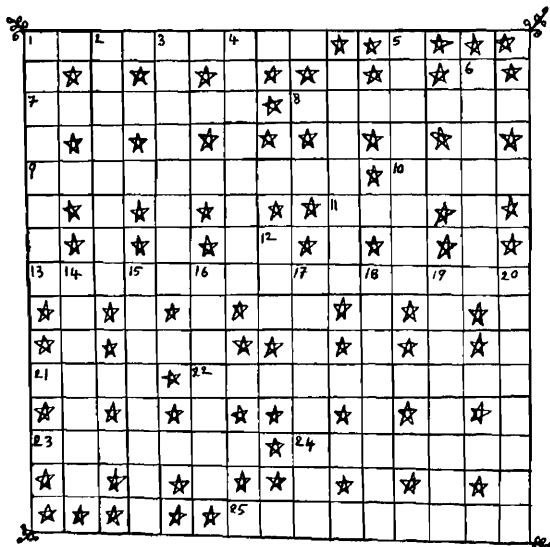
South led the nine of diamonds. Whatever West did now, he could not win more than two tricks.

If the declarer had played the nine of trumps after winning the jack, he would have gone down.

—P. N. Vijay.

We are sorry, the
issue came late;
but believe us,
we couldn't
help it.

CLUES



ACROSS

- Authority in horses' homes (9)
- I sit on rose chair when flying (7)
- Immobile charged particle (7)
- Beat one in facial combat (4, 3, 3)
- Cats paws can sting (4)
- Disabled girl found in coin (3)
- National Gold Mine (5, 6, 4)
- Put alchemy on face (4)
- Pottler's school friends start using slang (3, 4, 3)
- Next to it you can publicise and unite (7)
- Sixth verse brings it back (7)
- You can take left and right; or up and down too.

DOWN

- Go around north coast in south easterly direction thrice (8)
- If you snore in kit, you end up needing burnol. (4, 4)
- More beautiful and is correct inside (8)
- Maternal permission to go loafing (1, 3, 4)
- It should not have happened in the U.N. ward (8)
- I have got four 'S's and so I own it (8)
- Granny's iod can't go North or South here (7)
- I love cane only at the end-in a story (8)
- A periodical does this—use TIK 20 (4, 2)
- Shout in a temper and decay (5, 3)
- Save tots in place where you cook (2, 6)
- Have rests during good crop. But don't Eat (8)