

# Campastimes

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30 P.



## EDITORIAL

### CONFUSION IN THE CAMPUS

Berkeley—Chidambaram—Cohen Bendit—Dr. Kalaignar—Establishment—Women's Liberation—Rosa Luxembourg—amidst a maze of such seemingly irreconcilable ideologies, the student feels his way about like Mankad at a late outswinger from Snow. His problems and his decisions are the policies of the future for he belongs to the generation that can't express but yet can't conceal. As against this is the lad lost in mundane triviality, adding a touch of pearl grey to his ivory tower. We babble on hoping that the latter is in a blissful minority.

Much of the confusion that exists in student campuses to-day would be cleared if people knew what they meant when they said what they thought. Words have begun to dance round like the dance of St. Vitus that they have as little meaning as Nijalingappa's socialism or Indira Gandhi's conscience. Take the much maligned word, Establishment, as a case in point. It has been beaten around so much that one would find it tough going to make a chap understand that it did not mean just that tutor who gave him a B just because he expressed the work done in calorie. The great liberator throwing his hordes to help doddering army generals plunder innocent freedom fighters is as much a part of the Establishment as the Champion of Democracy who thinks that a ping-pong table is a good enough substitute for the UNO. The trade union leader who basks in the sunshine that a well-engineered birthday celebration affords is as much a part of the Establishment as the Captain of Industry who becomes the Vice-President of the SPCA by selling mink coats; and the student leader who thinks of his post as a prelude to a place in high society is as much a part of the Establishment as the

Authority which is supposed to represent the Establishment that he is supposed to fight. Yes, the choice is not easy but nevertheless crucial. Any authority that is entrenched and wields power because it is entrenched and established is the Establishment.

The radicalism that exists in our country to-day is totally different from that existing in the West. Most of it has been the use of revolutionary methods to achieve trivial ends. Changing signboards, re-routing buses, may seem glorious for the passing hour but are about as permanent as the dancing wasp on the foaming crest. Life, most of our leaders don't seem to understand is not one long journey of cheap thrills. Millions of our generation in America thronged Montgomery to protect against segregation. How many of us have bothered to raise our voice against the way students are admitted to Universities? 'Not my problem' you may say. But when He gets the pull that pushes Him before you, than the whole thing might seem slightly less academic. Lethargy among the majority and confusion among the intelligent have led to the absolute bankruptcy of progressive thinking in our campuses to-day. No doubt, there have been exceptions, Mr. Keating spent an 'awful wonderful' day at Kanpur trying to explain away to intelligent and indignant students the indifference of his bosses up there. Confusion among us can only help the con men around us. This life is yours and if you are not sure with all your scientific outlook what is going to happen to it—not in terms of jobs and helluva time years' but in terms of happiness—you may be sure that nobody is. In the words of an American girl in a state college.—'I learnt more about the working of our University in a week of the sit-in than in 4 years of study'. This is not a call for you to go and sit on some costly equipment and promptly break it. It simply goes to show that unless you are prepared to look around and question every God-forsaken half-truth coming out of pious lips, you are going to end up as a log of wood. In the words of Abraham Lincoln. This country belongs to the people. 'The laws of this country are theirs, they have the constitutional right to amend it or the revolutionary right to overthrow it' and Lincoln, my dear Joe, was no Naxalite. Take the Universities. From their captive clientele (the students), through their indentured servants (teaching assistants) into their arbitrary hierarchy (professional as well as institutional) to their dubious packaging, as science and humanities, the Universities

illustrate grievous mislabelling of an ideology of competitive aggrandizement. As might be expected therefore, academic hiring exhibits all the ethical delicacy of real estate brokerage. Sycophantic salesmanship controls the acquiring of prestigious jobs, awards and publications. In the current expansion of higher education the traditional elitist and paternal master-protégé placement system becomes a manipulation of connections and images. The appropriate morals and manners for all this racketeering help determine what happens daily in the class-rooms.

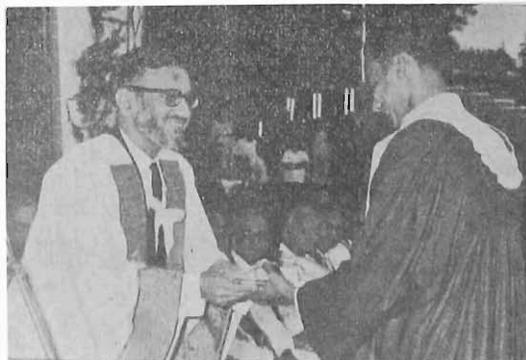
Students in our country have isolated themselves from the mainstream of the nation's life by confusing themselves with platitudes. We as a community are ready to judge harshly and must be prepared to be judged as harshly. If you are going to win an election by playing up Paul against Peter, then you have no earthly right to fight the Harry whom Henry pushes in front of you. We are a privileged class, no doubt. But the amount of cohesion that exists in our outlook makes that privilege more of a mockery than an asset.

Where are we going to get involved? Are we going to become Don Quixotes for a change, for that gentleman in spite of his rather eccentric habits had a remarkably clear mind, he was sure he was going to fight the windmill, can it be said of you? That the windmill was not a demon, he did not realise. But your knowledge of the quantum mechanics of the rigid rotator could think up hundred ways of blowing the thing to smithereens. If only you were clear enough at least that it needed to be blown up to smithereens.

There is so much of filth around us; it doesn't need an Editorial of the *Campastimes* to say that. But it does need some such thing to say that the filth can be somewhere else. But if you and I are not decided on putting the filth where it belonged, well, if you and I are not even sure that the filth should be cleared, if you and I don't seem to agree on the nature of the filth itself, if you and I hear day in and day out that what you and I think is good is really filth and what we had long ago decided was filth is good, if you and I can't walk ten paces without pulling in opposite directions then you and I need not belong to the same generation at all. But if you and I really started smelling around, it is quite possible that we might agree on some mutually abhorrent filth and then, well, Bammm goes the brick wall and down comes the house of cards. It is as simple as that.

## Our Regular Features

Editorial	1
Of Things	8
Pete's Corner	10
From Here and There	11
Over A Cup Of Aye Aye Tea	13
Sportfolio	15
Letter To The Editor	15
Square Dance	16
Chess	16
Bridge	16



'One Crowded Hour Of Glory . . . ?'

## GYMKHANA INAUGURAL

Believe me, it was as formal and as sober as it always is—but the only difference that this time it was followed up with the kind of feeling you have when you wake up from sleep at 10 00 a.m. We have just dragged on six weeks of inactivity, after which we are introduced to a bunch of lads who have become old pals even to the freshers and Bhatla, General Secretary-elect rattles away with nothing new, but full of meaning and he is the type who sets even the dunce thinking hard. In his inaugural address, he has more than concentrated on the attitude of faculty members, and the administration and he hopes to help change this attitude more to the students' advantage. His seemingly 'sharp, razor-edged replies' to Vjay's queries, printed elsewhere in this issue, are certainly more frank, explicit and reflective and they seem to take us deeper into his field of thought and ideas.

The Deputy Director, in reply, seems to have taken a highly sympathetic attitude towards this sudden upsurge of a feeling of disappointment on the part of the student community. He seems to feel that there are mistakes committed on both sides and everyone, at least to start with, is entertained with a faint hope that everything will be all right before the end of this year or even earlier.

There is a general feeling, not altogether baseless, that the standard of entertainment here is slowly tapering down to utter mediocrity—but the inaugural entertainment doesn't seem to have either proved or disproved this point. It wasn't to our expectation—that for sure—but it was obvious that the professionals have suddenly taken an indifferent attitude towards everything and the poor bigshots had to go hunting and fill in the decent minimum time with talents. But one professional who gave us all a hope of a campus renaissance and who held the audience in raptures for a few minutes was Ananthakrishnan. This lad, like a descendant from Greek mythology, seems to have that magic touch and I am sure our tasteful and appreciative IIT audience will have occasion to hear more of his masterpieces in the years to come. With the inter-hostel entertainment fast approaching, it is now time for the social secretaries to think of something better than what we had for the inaugural.

R. DORAI.

## THE CONVOCATION

Well, so here we are, with *Campastimes*, late as usual, welcoming you back to the sweaty stickiness of Madras. The first event, the Convocation. What the Convocation teaches us every year, is that the Institute never learns. In spite of anguished cries and scathing criticism in *Campastimes*, it still remains the gaudy, undignified affair it used to be. In fact, this year it was even more garish than usual.

Starting with a guard of honour by the N.C.C. (Oh, the happiness of sneering at the poor slob on parade and realizing that the rigours of N.C.C. are, with the coming of third year, thankfully ended for ever and ever), the long slow walk of the Chief Guest and the Senate on to the stage in time to music by the ever-present police band, and the invocation which nobody understood but which everybody agreed was *sine qua non*, the Convocation was well under way.

The formal part of the proceedings, the award of degrees prizes etc, went off smoothly enough, the Ph.D. part of it being enlivened by cheers of wonderment when tutors and lecturers whom one had thought were pretty well on the thick side became Doctors of Philosophy and the fragile dignity of the B.Tech. being injured by cries of 'Lala', 'Watsa' etc. A few squirmings and shiftings over, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. H. V. R. Iengar began a speech which for a moment tended dangerously towards the autobiographical but which later reverted to his usual quip-laden style, and then it was dusk and time for the IIT to switch on for the benefit of its audience its Display of Electric Lighting (see the projection room illuminated pink, see the Administrative block lighted from top to toe, see the strings of multicoloured bulbs lighting the trees. Do not miss this wonderful spectacle which occurs just once a year). What I don't understand about the whole gaudy affair is that if the IIT wanted to turn its convocation into a fairyland by night, why didn't it advertise outside and charge the public an entrance fee and make some cash out of it. On second thoughts, however, I guess they realized that not many people are mugs enough to come all the way here to see a 'Purgolax' type of advertisement.

The twenty minutes or so of the Chief guest's speech were pretty boring, the reason being that even though there have been

eminent scientists who were also good speakers, Bhagavantam for one, Dr. Menon is not one of them, and so he did not have that easy flow of words which makes a speech worth listening. Two points with which I was particularly interested all institutes of higher learning should be used to bring change in 'economic, scientific, technological, industrial and social spheres'.

The other, that science should be taught in the native languages and not always in English.

And then, at last, the graduands were repeating the oath (never to pass their lips again) and we were walking back past the two neon arrows which had vainly tried to convince the Chief guest that the function had taken place on top of palm trees.

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## COMPLETE THE SHORT STORY (IN NOT MORE THAN 2000 WORDS)

### FABULOUS PRIZE FOR THE WINNER

He saw her blue eyes droop down as she looked at the mirror and he knew that all was lost:—

(or)

'Remorse is a damp cigarette and pain the shortage of soda in Whisky. Life can't be better' he muttered, shifting the load to the right hand.



'When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing'



They were all there

## 'Campastimes Meets the Gymkhana'

An amazing mixture of gesticulations and adjectives spelling out curiously flat and unconvincing truisms mixed with incisive thrusts of good sense, a carefully fostered image of sincerity which bears any attack and above all a gnawing philosophy of action, seeming to attempt speeds much faster than the words suggest; Mr. Vinod Bhatla in the final reckoning is the students' hope, the Establishment's itch (though not a pain, one feels) and the cartoonist's dream.

The sincerity is immediately apparent as your Editor mildly upset by the news of Mr Bhatla's indisposition is told that nothing on earth need postpone the interview, though as the interview goes on, your Editor can't help feeling at times that the pressure is on and ideas aren't as logically lined up as one would expect.

*We Start:*

- PNV:** What do you think was the chief reason behind your success?
- VB:** The ideals that I stood for; popularity doesn't come just like that, nothing more was there.
- PNV:** What do you think of the present system of electing the Gymkhana?
- VB:** The present system is definitely an improvement on the last year's, has been welcomed by all sections since the previous electorate was too small.
- PNV:** What do you think of the policy of one man, one vote?
- VB:** That is something which I have always stood by. 2,000 is not too large an electorate. The chief objection is that it is on a massive scale. But in the class rep. election, in the space of 2 hrs. nearly thousand came and voted; which has never happened before. Even, in the first year B Tech. election 90% of voting took place. If elected that way, the students elect the secretary straightaway. I will try to pursue this further.
- PNV:** Do you think the Ladies' Hostel should be given 4 votes?
- VB:** No. 4 years back, they had only 1 vote. But then the committees were chosen by 10 hostels and to break the tie, the Ladies' Hostel was included. Their strength has not gone up considerably to demand 4 votes.
- PNV:** Do you think there should be any change in the procedure of electing hostel secretaries?
- VB:** These elections eliminate good candidates. In my idea, the hostels will have their own secretaries who have nothing to do with the Gymkhana. For example last year, both Narendra and Victor Thamburaj stood. So one had to be eliminated which was unnecessary. Another advantage of having direct election to the Gymkhana is that you can't convince 2,000 people overnight.
- PNV:** I suppose you will be making efforts to realise your objectives.
- VB:** Certainly
- PNV:** Why not have elections at the end of the year?
- VB:** Nice idea. But there is the question of the time involved and it will interfere with the examinations; also the previous year's students might have a vested interest, if a secretary got elected mainly with the help of final years, he cannot claim to be in the majority the next year.
- PNV:** What do you think of the last year's Gymkhana?
- VB:** The annual routine things they did well, but they didn't satisfy the aspirations of all the students; they

didn't bother about student problems: a body for tackling student problems is the Gymkhana.

**PNV:** You have often talked of fighting the Establishment. What do you mean by the Establishment? Can you identify it?

**VB:** What I meant by it is there is among the staff a section that does not consider the students an entity at all. Whatever the IIT may be, it is a place meant for students. That section treats the students as worse than dirt and this is what I propose to fight. I have to give the students a sense of identity. In my opinion they don't have it now. This fight engulfs all the people who are going to block our bid to seek justice, *whatever injustice exists against the students*

**PNV:** What are the special problems on which you are going to fight the Establishment?

**VB:** Film club for one thing; it has not been a happy experience at all; but my efforts will be general; first try discussion, then persuasion. Any problem of the students is a problem of the Gymkhana.

**PNV:** Have you any idea of attempting to change the Examination system?

**VB:** The present system is far better than what it was; periodicals! well, opinions vary; but there is very little scope for manoeuvring; the whole thing is too rigid; there is no place for doing anything extraordinary. The plight of sportsmen is bad and there seems to be no way of circumventing it. I will make a move towards getting academic considerations for outstanding sportsmen. Periodicals give too much leverage to the staff; not only just the chap who evaluates you but for all people who don't get on well with you, I OBJECT TO THE MISUSE OF THE SYSTEM THAN TO THE SYSTEM ITSELF.

**PNV:** A student body that does nothing is worse than the worst establishment'—Please comment.

**VB:** Our previous Gymkhanas have substantiated that. So far in the last 12 years, the only people who have done anything are the secretaries. The student body has been in oblivion.

**PNV:** Do you think students can strike to redress their grievances?

**VB:** I don't advocate strikes for strikes' sake. But if all the students are convinced and the authorities don't yield, then I won't hesitate to call the students to demonstrate to express themselves. There hasn't been a strike in 12 years. It is better if we don't break the record. I hope the authorities are sensible enough.

**PNV:** There is a school of thought that holds that the student Gymkhana is at present powerless. Do you agree? What do you propose to do about it?

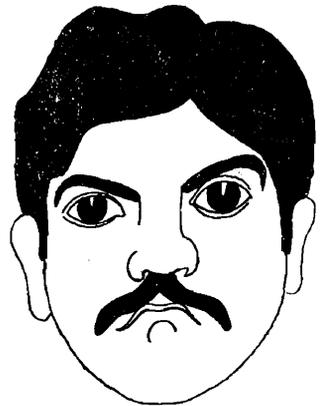
**VB:** It is so. People expect me to get more power for them. I have been told in so many words that I should set things right.

**PNV:** Do you think students should be given representations in the Senate?

**VB:** That was one of the campaign promises of my opponent. If the student is merely an observer there, there is no use. It will be worse than now since we will get only the blame. I am thinking about it.

**PNV:** Have you heard Campus radicals?

**VB:** No. What is it? (At this stage, a short diversion on the basic policies of Campus Radicalism like sit-ins was made. Then Mr. Bhatla continued.) I think such things should be avoided. But that doesn't mean we can take everything lying down.



- PNV** What do you feel about the rules that our hostels have?
- VB** : I think we are old enough to realise our responsibilities. Whenever rules are made, it is more tempting to break them; these rules have no meaning. In the average IITian's life, the most cherished part is the hostel life. Even that shouldn't be made miserable.
- PNV**: Do you think the Gymkhana should move closer to outside student bodies?
- VB** Yes. This has been neglected very much. As far as student life goes, we are segregated and this is very undesirable. This can be done in many ways: Associations, Conferences etc. We can't cut ourselves off from our own generation. You see, the IIT student is rather cut off because of the location of the campus itself which does not give you much chance to move about. Also the academic calendar is so tight that we have no time to catch up. Because of a periodical, we practically lose 2 days. We must change this. Then, how and why of this should be worked out.
- PNV**: What do you think of staff-student relationships in the IIT?
- VB** : I think they are on a parallel path. They are close but there is no mingling. No student knows anything about the staff club except for selling some tickets for OAT movies. You see there is a lot of laziness; too much of marks, grades and hence grumbling. The root is the educational pattern. If there is any close relation, then immediately suspicion springs up from both sides. Everything seems to be weighed in terms of 'S' average.
- PNV**: Will the Gymkhana invite politicians to come and talk to the students?
- VB** : No. I don't think that students should involve themselves in politics. We have too many problems ourselves.
- PNV**: There are a lot of slums around our campus. Will the Gymkhana take any interest in their welfare?
- VB** : There are organisations like the Leo Club for all this. We have to solve our problems first.
- PNV**: What do you think of drugs, drink, etc., among the students?
- VB** : No comments please.
- PNV** Do you feel more girls ought to be admitted into the IIT?
- VB** From a social point of view, yes, yes. We could have a U.G. course in Humanities, top technological institutions in U.S. have it.
- PNV** Give the order of priority in which you hope to tackle your problems.
- VB** The first and foremost is that the Gymkhana must be made powerful. It has no teeth, to bite. If I made the Establishment aware of the existence of students, I would have done a good job. I think the amount of work I do hardly matters. **MAKE THE GYMKHANA A TRUE STUDENT BODY: OR ELSE SCRAP IT.**
- PNV** Your message to *Campastimes*?
- VB** There is a lack of communication on a mass-basis between staff and students. Your magazine can act as a bridge. You can lessen strain and increase understanding.

(John Mathai, popularly known as Johnny, considered as the man behind Ganga's success last year, was mildly surprised when he was approached. He was quite unprepared and he took leave saying 'There's a lot more I would like to do but I find myself unable to put everything in words right now'.)

- Q. 1.** What do you consider as the secret of your success?
- Ans.** : Hard work, ability to convince my colleagues in the Gymkhana, the popularity I gained by last year's success as sports secretary of Ganga and probably the good impression I created among the freshers, the post-graduates and the girls.
- Q. 2.** What do you think of the present system of election? Do you think the fine arts, social and literary secretaries and the editor of *Campastimes* should be given chance to vote? What do you think of the 'one man—one vote' system of electing the General Secretary of the Gymkhana?
- Ans.** : Frankly speaking, I am not for this system of election. But there can be no remedy. The main defect lies in the fact that a certain member may not be fully aware of the candidate's talent especially if he is from another wing of the Gymkhana but he may still be aware of his qualities like hard work etc. Captains could be given a chance to vote. This system is a bit odd. I am not sure of support from all the sports secretaries. But one advantage of this system is that a split is not obvious and sports secretaries may not be fully aware of my position as far as majority in the committee goes. 'One man, One vote' system will lead to the danger of unhealthy politics creeping in—more money will have to be spent. For the other secretaries, it is definitely not advisable. One advantage of the present system is that we get to know more people.
- Q. 3.** I have heard of you as a great optimist and an ambitious man. As an optimist, where do you think IIT-M will stand at the end of this year? What suggestions would you like to make so as to bring in any sweeping changes in the sports wing of the Gymkhana? As an ambitious man, what do you propose to do during this year? Any innovations? Any promises?
- Ans.** : Many others call me a pessimist—I actually had a pessimistic view before Ganga won the Schroeter last year and before I won this year. On the whole, I feel the post-graduates are bound to do better this year with new talents coming in on their side. In the Inter-collegiate level, we might just be able to maintain last year's standard. But we are sure to win in the coming Inter-IIT Meet at Bombay (first place, of course). This year, the elections were held pretty late and so many things have to be done. As far as the appointment of captains are concerned, we must have certain fixed standards. Seniority should still continue to be a criterion. Voting for captaincy in teams will not be sensible. Consideration of merit may help in games like Cricket, where he has a greater part to play. I feel the previous year's captains, the sports secretaries and the Gymkhana president can together meet and decide about this. Here we have a lot of problems, especially in providing transport for the teams. It involves a lot of time and difficulty. I feel the Institute should provide a bus every time so that a cheering squad can accompany the team. Another problem concerns money for the kit—I was told there is going to be a drastic cut in this year's budget. A few new additions this year could be a shuttle badminton court, Ladies' skating, marathon



race and fast cycling. As far as innovations go, the problem of money matters is always there. The committee should also approve. And about the swimming pool—since all new-comers are really enthusiastic about it, why not we ask for some money from the Students' Aid Fund? Anyway I'm told its coming.

Q. 4. Any defects or loopholes in the sports wing of the Gymkhana which, you feel, you might be able to get rid of?

Ans.: Yes, about these PTIs here. They don't do enough work. They are not paid enough and they complain that people outside got more. Some are already thinking of applying outside. They don't take enough interest. And about these track suits for athletes I feel all the sportsmen at the Institute team level should be provided with track suits and the new-comers with blazers.

Q. 5. Don't you think this system of education we have here is bound to reduce the interest in sports? Do you think it will help if we just have two cycles of periodicals instead of three?

Ans.: Yes, I feel the students taking part in games and sports should either be exempted from the classes which clash with their matches or sports or they should at least be given another chance to make up their grades. Having two cycles (both taken into account) is too much and even selecting the better of the two is not advisable, since then guys will have more portions to cover for a particular periodical. The present systems can continue and a mid-term is also not advisable.

Q. 6. How do you plan to remove or reduce the bitterness and unhealthy rivalry among hostels when it comes to fighting for the Schroeter?

Ans.: I feel the Institute secretary should resign from his hostel and either nominate another for the hostel or call for a by-election. In this way, the other hostels can feel he is neutral. He will have more time to devote for the Institute. Otherwise, it is something like serving two masters. Schroeter is a must and all hostel secretaries should see that this feeling is not there. I have got a plan for draws and fixtures. The committee should consult the captain of a particular team. This needs a lot of convincing. All sports secretaries must take interest and attend meetings once a week.

Q. 7. Anything else you would like to say?

Ans.: Well, when matches are held, many more (including girls) should come and cheer the team. Sportsmen should turn up for regular practice. Freshers should take more interest in the non-medallists' meet and their sports secretaries should coax them to attend. This year I feel the post-graduates and freshers have started taking a lot of interest. I feel we should start getting coaches in sight now. Before the Inter-IIT meet, I feel three weeks practice is more than enough (otherwise it leads to a sort of plateau feeling, which can be avoided) and the rest of the money can be saved and used for track suits and other expenses. In this year's Inter-University Tournaments, I expect the table tennis, shuttle and basketball teams to do well. In fixing up points for the various games, I feel the committee should go in for a majority decision. We have also to look into problems concerning markers and other junior staff. This is about all

'Do you know where Simla is?  
'Somewhere up North, Sir'?  
'Moron, its right up there. (Pointing)  
Get up fast'  
A few seconds later:  
Crash, thud, Crunch!!  
Parameshwaran. 'Idiot, I hope you didn't land on my bucket'.  
Me (Not aloud, of course) . . . . .''

So that's how, back in 1/5, I first met T. G. Parameshwaran, or 'Vijayan' as he desperately wanted to be known. Nowadays he has come up in life—Lit. Sec. and all that—and Vijay wanted an interview with him, so off we went to Tapti. Since he got in unopposed, we were handicapped by the fact that he hadn't made any election promises, but anyway, we managed pretty well (at least that's what we think!) First question on Gymkhana Elections. Should they be on the one man, one vote basis or what? To which he replied that open elections would lead to large factions and that the present system, though it was a strain on would-be secretaries had the advantage of being more open and the disadvantage that all the eleven sports secretaries (say) might vote for one guy and in the end, someone else might get elected which makes inter-secretaries' co-operation as a rule difficult. I didn't know he had become a diplomat without telling anybody.

Then we, with glares and tough stares told him that the previous Literary Secretaries were merely figure-heads and organisers (pretty bad ones at that) for the stereotyped debates and quizzes, that they didn't do anything to arouse the literary enthusiasms of the great IIT unwashed and what was his stand going to be? And so, with a sheepish grin, Parama conceded our point but pleaded that the system tied his hands real good, because it didn't give the multitude the time to think of anything but periodicals and grades. He suggested that only two periodical cycles be held with the average or the best of the two being considered for evaluation and also that some subjects be dropped at least for 4/5 and 5/5 so that they might have more time to give for creative activities. He might have continued for hours in this vein if we hadn't brusquely (you can't be too brusque with Literary Secretaries and such guys) cut in and asked him not to change the topic and lead us astray with visionary stuff about bicycled periodicals and to tell us what he was going to do within the system. His answer was the usual and expected—we'll try to hold more competitions, get lectures—well you know the type. It is the classical 5th year secretaries' method of fobbing off unpleasant questions—promise because won't be here next year to take any more questions.

Some more points he made: The average IITian lacks all political consciousness and finally that most Madras tend to regard IITians as snobs, with which interesting piece of knowledge, the pow-wow ended.

(Tall, bony, long limbed man is Iftequar. After a fairly successful year as Social Secretary of Alakananda, he lay low for a while playing table-tennis. His literary tendencies carried him to write poetry, exclusively.)

- Q. Hullo Ifti, how do you feel, now that it's all over?
- A. It was an exhilarating experience and all's well that ends well.
- Q. Do you think tossing of the coin after the tie in your election was fair?
- A. Fair or not, it was in the game. The rules you know, and I did not mind it a bit.
- Q. Does it not in effect invalidate the fifty votes registered?
- A. In a way it does, yes. I do not approve of such an alternative and in a contest this big, nothing should be left to chance.



- Q. What other alternative would you suggest?
- A. Well, a re-election would not have been very easy. I would have left the decision to the other elected Secretaries. It is reasonable to expect them to elect wisely, knowing that this guy has got to work with them, for them.
- Q. Isn't the present mode of electing the External Affairs Secretary from one of the class representatives, a bit anomalous?
- A. That is the way it is. The class representatives form the External Affairs Committee and naturally someone is required to head the team. Of course, there could have been an entirely different committee for External Affairs, much like the other Committees and Secretaries. But I think it would amount to the same. I really don't know. It has never been tried before.
- Q. Sarayu has more votes in its pockets than is necessary—Comment.
- A. Statistically speaking, the girls are over-represented. But I am not complaining.
- Q. What are your views on the present mode of election—53 guys voting?
- A. It is definitely a change for the better and is likely to bring about more harmonious working of the Gymkhana.
- Q. Can you rule out the possibility of friction within a particular committee itself when more than forty guys who have no particular interest in the election of secretary of that committee?
- A. It might happen that a particular guy who is not popular with his own committee is elected to head the committee. Then no mode of election is fool-proof.
- Q. How would you like universal franchise? Would the results have been much different then?
- A. Universal franchise besides being a costly effort would mean a slightly less intelligent electorate. It would also involve more time, campaign costs, more effort, more convincing to be done. I doubt its practicability. Hardly anything would have been different as regards results.
- Q. What do you intend doing this year as External Affairs Secretary? Not much work has been done by the previous committees.
- A. That has been so because this committee had no defined field of operation. I propose to give myself and my members scope of independent action. The other committees of course have to co-operate in this. It is certain that not much can be accomplished without the understanding from other Secretaries.
- Q. Redefining your sphere of activity, then what?
- A. Get down to work. All these years, no one has tried to establish any lasting relations with outside colleges. We only know of a debating team, a quiz team, coming from yonder. I would like to change this. The problem is that these contingents hardly ever know anything of the IIT and the IITians. All they know about is the CLT and a few Secretaries. I feel, a link-up at a more individual, personal level is what we need, what we seek. I would like to convene a meeting of the general secretaries of all the colleges to work out solutions of problems of mutual interest.
- Q. What do you think is the role of the Gymkhana in the Campus?
- A. It is basically a student organisation by the students etc., meaning, to represent the student body in all matters of its concern. It has not yet come to the level of being a student representation within the framework of the Establishment. We propose to bring about a gradual change in this connection.
- Q. Have you anything else to say in your capacity as the head of the class representatives committee?
- A. Yes. It has been proposed that we try for, and got a break of say 15 minutes or 20 minutes after the first two hours in the morning. I know exactly how many of us feel the need for such a break in the course of the morning.

Why did you stand?

Because I felt I could do a reasonably good job.

Any other motives?

No other motives.

What do you feel about the present method of election of Gymkhana?

The object of any election should be to get a guy up there who can do a good job working with his committee. With the present system this year's system the Secretary may stand up without any support from his committee. So the purpose of the committee is defeated.

What do you think made you win?

The fact that I am me

No egoism intended

The idea of one man one vote

You mean for all the Gymkhana posts?

Not only for the General Secretary?

That is, the hostel posts being elected by the hostel guys and the Institute posts by all the guys in IIT.

(Pause) Give me a fag.

No I don't like it.

Why don't you like it?

For two reasons.

First of all the present system has generally been found to elect able guys. Secondly, it boils down to the same thing I said a few minutes ago. The secretary may not get co-operation from his committee.

Suppose this year all the guys in IIT were voting, would you have stood for the post?

Yes.

Do you think that the ladies hostel should be given 4 votes?

No.

Why?

Because the number of inmates in the Hostel does not warrant the same number of votes as any other hostel.

How many votes would you like them to have?

From the proportionality point of view—one.

Did you feel that last year saw much activity in your sphere?

You mean, did I take part?

Not necessarily, that is, was there much work done by the committee by way of entertainment?

Ans: No.

What are your plans for this year?

Nothing concrete as entertainment is generally an *ad hoc* affair but I plan one more entertainment than last two years.

What extra entertainment do you plan to give than that we had last two years?

Go ahead, make me commit myself.

You mean you are writing all this? (Of course, your first reaction to each question is most important, Secretary.)

It should be possible to get the city colleges to entertain us once in a while. I shall also try to get a few big-shot entertainers to give guest performances as and when they visit town. A general face lift for our stock of musical instruments also seems in order.

(Another fag).

I believe there is quite a lot of musical talent in the Institute which requires encouraging.

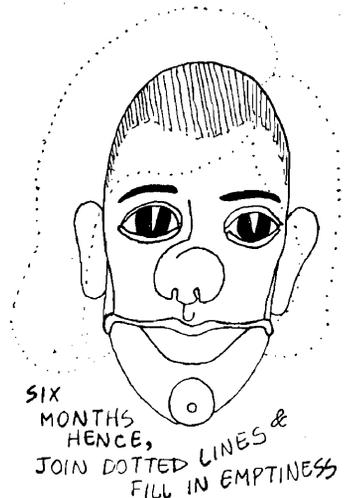
Do you propose to discover talent among freshers?

First, from the two social secretaries of the first year hostels. This will have to serve the purpose for the Gymkhana inaugural.

Afterwards, the hostel entertainment should be the best guide.

I feel that last year the music room was in a very very bad state. What do you plan to do about it?

As far as the instruments themselves are concerned, if money is sanctioned I plan to replenish the stock to a certain extent. I also propose to appoint by rotation one social secretary of a hostel per month to be in-charge of the music room. Anybody who wants to take an instrument out will have to approach the member in charge through the social secretary of his hostel.



Do you feel that the film club should be brought into the Gymkhana?

If that is the only way we can get to choose the movies ourselves, Yes.

If it does come into the Gymkhana, don't you feel that, because of the work involved in choosing and acquitting the films, there should be a Film Club Secretary?

Yes.

How do you think he should be chosen? Appointed by the General Secretary and Entertainment Secretary.

Last year there were plans to have a rock festival in the Campus. Do you plan to follow it up this year?

If somebody can find me enough groups with standard, and who are willing to come all the way here to play for us, okay by me.

Do you plan anything way-out for the cultural week?

Somebody mentioned this to me once that we should get all the prize winners from the various colleges to get together and give us a super-duper show later. I think it is a very good idea.

Do you want the music club in the Gymkhana?

No for two reasons.

It seems to be running pretty well autonomously.

Its more a staff affair than ours.

What was your first reaction when you learnt that you won?

First reaction or second reaction (Give all three).

These were my reactions in chronological order.

(i) Exhilaration.

(ii) Apprehension.

(iii) Resignation.

Do you think that the inter-IIT entertainment should be revived during the inter-IIT meet?

Time is of the essence. Given a couple of days more, it should be possible and I am sure it will be a thumping success. Why did you stand for Fine-Arts Secretary?

Because there is a heck-of-a-lot to be done and I am to do it.

What was your first reaction when you learnt that you had been elected?

I was depressed and embarrassed.

What do you feel about the present system of election to Gymkhana?

Its okay, only its helluva fag.

One man one vote.

I think its a very bad idea.

Why is it a bad idea?

Because it leaves the situation open for outside politics.

Ladies—4 votes.

No.

Why?

They hardly take part in any activity. They don't even try to.

What do you think made you win?

Heckava lot of people voted for me.

What are your plans for this year?

Stop getting personal.

I mean what are your plans for the fine-arts club?

A lot of guys are interested in art but they are shy to come forward. I am thinking of making the whole thing more informal and more accessible to everybody. The art appreciation gathering is going to be such it creates an awareness in art and not so much the critical discussion that it was before. Art classes will be held regularly, more to teach you art as such rather than to paint.

But don't you think most of the budding artists would like to learn the skill?

Skill comes through practice and is very personal. What you should know is where to start and be guided and not taught.

What about the photographic club?

I haven't yet any extraordinary plans. I shall discuss it with the rest of the committee and then do something about it.

About the sculpture club—Last year

there was a very poor response—What do you plan to do about it.

The sculpture club shall be a part of the art club because the stuff that was bought last year can be raised this year too.

Do you feel that last year there was much activity in your sphere?

A lot of things were started, though the response was pretty poor. There seems to be a lot of indifference in IIT.

Coming back to the art appreciation gatherings, what are your specific plans?

I am thinking of inviting a couple of artists and a sculptor to bring some of their works and discuss them. Quite a few other artists will be called to make it more comprehensive. The discussion need not be confined to skill etc., because art is much more than that. It would be nice if other colleges participate in this.

I think art is a personal thing that cannot be discussed—Comment.

Art is personal alright. But for people who don't have a conception of art a discussion would open them out to points of view. Even an artist needn't be right. The only way he finds a way out of his problems is by a discussion. Actually there is more to it than this.

Are you planning to start any few activities in the fine-arts club?

No. Neither facilities nor the time is available for very deep involvement in art. The only things we can do is to get the guy started. Then its his problem.

Do you think the film club should be brought into the Gymkhana.

Obviously.

Do you think it should be under the entertainment committee or under the fine-arts committee?

In the other colleges its under the fine-arts committee. The entertainment secretary has enough work already—So the film club can come under the fine-arts committee.

Do you want it under your committee?

No, because fine-arts secretaries' work will become too diverse.

The entertainment secretary, you say, has a lot of work, and your committee's work will become too diverse. So what do you suggest?

Have an all powerful film club secretary like in the days of yore.

How do you think, this film club secretary be selected?

Voting by the members of the Gymkhana. Any comments about *Campastimes*?

The students should have a voice when it comes to choosing the Editor (No offence meant).

Do you have anything to say to the *Campastimes*?

Joy to the world,

All the boys and girls,

Joy to the fishes.

In the deep blue sea,

And joy to you and me.

Even a superficial look at these interviews makes it plain that not all the secretaries feel the same way about many important problems. This is understandable since they did not win on the same platform but sad nevertheless and bodes ill for a cohesive Gymkhana. For example on such an important issue like one man, one vote, whereas Mr. Bhatla says: 'That is something which I have always stood by', the External Affairs Secretary Mr. Iftriquar Ahmed says, 'Universal franchise besides being a costly effort would mean a slightly less intelligent electorate', a really astonishing statement coming as it does from a very responsible office-bearer. How is the Gymkhana going to do anything if it doesn't know which way it is pulling?

All the interviews do reveal a commendable spirit of enterprise but sometimes one feels there is very little positive thinking to follow up the spirit. Some of the statements made by Mr. Bhatla glaringly illustrate this. In answer to one of my questions Mr Bhatla said 'Our previous Gymkhanas have substantiated the fact that a student body that does nothing is worse than the worst Establishment; so far in the last 12 years, the only

people who have done anything are the secretaries'. For my next question, he says, 'There hasn't been a strike in 12 years and it is better if we don't break the record.' A glaring inconsistency indeed. On the one hand he riles at the inactivity of his predecessors but follows it up immediately by trying to cling on to their record. Such statements do not take away from the strength of Mr. Bhatla's arguments. But they show you a confusion in thinking which would have been better absent. Also, in spite of strong statements regarding student power, he has not been able to cite one particular instance on which he would be taking a stand (The issue of the film club is trivial and has no relevance to bigger problems) The most charitable interpretation for this could be that there are no specific problems which as a natural consequence means that there was no great urgency for Mr. Bhatla to contest for the post at all.

This analysis though admittedly critical does not mean that we refute what has been said; in fact it is nothing of the sort. All that it means is we can only watch and wait, hoping that people who make the decisions for us know what they are doing.

## THE WHAM BHAM THANK YOU PAPA AFFAIR

It was the 18th of July. Bird (an IITian whom we shall call by that name) was happy. He was going back to IIT, but his return had an added kick to it—he had his new gas driven two-wheeler to pollute the pleasant atmosphere of IIT. He had dreamt of coursing along those roads (ah! those curves) on his vehicle. Alack! What he did not know was Fu Manchu's IIT counterpart had been at work. Anyway 'Bird' (our hero that it is, please don't confuse with the birds nesting in Sarayu) finally came clipping into the campus on that fateful night. Suddenly he saw what he thought was a zebra crossing. Being a thick head he thought it was the deer who crossed there and sped on, when wham! and our hero and his gas driven steed became part of a circus motorcycle act. Bird, much to his contentment, found himself up above and thought he was astride a mechanical pegasus, when bham!

One needs only to add that another soul has been added to that long list of members of the IIT flat foot's club.

Moral: Have a bike which has a padded seat.

HERETIC.

## CONSOLATION

To Love  
and lose  
is not not to love  
To be cut  
And to bleed  
is not to be dead  
—Listen trembling heart  
Love for none but love  
And death  
you'll bleed if you're made of blood.

## MOMENTS

The sudden flash of beauty  
I see the sky  
And the trees—  
the cold twicking nose of a  
fawn the lovely soft coat—  
Sights  
And sounds  
Surround the vibrating leaf  
What, says she  
Do you mean,  
I say nothing for  
The moment is no more.

GAUTHAM.  
GOPALARATNAM.

## REFLECTIONS IN AN UNWASHED EYE

To use a well-known phrase, I guess I am what you would call one of the Silent Majority in Agnewesque or the central bloc in home-grown jargon. Here, though, I seem to be one what is called the great unwashed. This title was foisted on me and a number of other fellows the day we stepped like babes into this wood. It's been quite a mystery to us why THEY settled for that phrase, because frankly, we are all the healthy outdoor types. And I do bathe more often than most of those existentialists. To trace my development (vocal and intellectual) you need not go far.

Sure enough, I soon found out the different sub-species that coexist in these sylvan surroundings. Quite a few of us caught on pretty fast to the fact that the first step to do, label or derecognise yourself was to articulate the phrase 'The Establishment' when a few ears that counted were in the immediate vicinity. This thinned down the ranks of the unwashed considerably.

Another way of doing the Horatio Alger bit was to indulge in casual name-dropping (Maier was handy).

Of course, you had to remember that when that conglomeration of sounds (from three amplified guitars running amuck plus a set of distinctly off-beat drums), you had to come up with 'Hey! the Doors are fantastic, but those guys are pretty good'. You also had to exercise your vocal chords dutifully when anyone who had the brains (and guts) to stage anything different came on.

But, being young and beautiful, the embryonic unwashed voiced his opinion of things that seemed strange to his simple soul.

It wasn't long before I started noticing strange things happening. Withering looks and outright condemnation were the weapons and it was open season on you as far as you could see. The unwashed was blamed from everything to anything.

You were blasted by those 'strange nowhere men' of the rag, abandoned as hopeless by the amœba (they have pseudo-podia, ring any bells?), and of course (well, you see, my deon girl, it's this way. The majority of the chaps are rather . . . well, you know the kind. Those fellows seem to think we invite you to measure the thickness of your skin).

Huh! The sight of the Mailers and Sarbes and Rands hurling paper rockets (musn't forget the reverse sophistication crowd Mad etc.) almost turned me into an effete snob.

Everyone of the great unwashed reaches a stage where he should have got a hang-up by all the rules. But he doesn't. He stops, thinks (yes, thinks) and looks around him. The realisation dawns on him that its just a case of gibtness passing for perception and insight; a command of U.S. slang for depth of knowledge and how!

What do you think he thinks of the BMOC (Big Man On Campus) who declares in the rag that like a good Door you gotta 'light my fire'. Oh boy! (Any self-respecting pop fan would have known Feliciano was the guy who did 'Light my Fire' first and that the Doors just lifted it; so much for him)

The unwashed one's next ego booster comes along when he overhears the camp philosopher and Resident Rand discuss Airport 'Superb direction!' (In case you are wondering, they hadn't read TIME's review of it then). A week later, Rand himself was telling me how the 'Silent Majority' crowd would just lap up Airport.

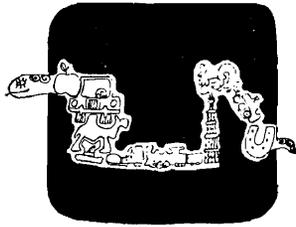
Of course, the final link in the unwashed one's chain-mail was provided by the laughs he had at their expense over the only bit of serious dramatics THEY ever made us watch. THEY include the 'Strange nowhere men' too (for their review bit). Strangely enough, the poor chaps seem to be under the delusion that a poster must last until the next show opens.

But then, he's been wary of those strange nowhere men ever since he realised that you had to conform to join the bull-pen gang at the rag.

So, the great unwashed grows up, learns all about 'em and walks his path, keeping his own counsil; and what happens? I hear we're getting a new label; snobs.

GEORGE JOHN

## of THINGS



Our campus is known (outside) for its activity intellectual atmosphere (lord bless 'em intellectuals!) and last but not the least, its beauty—and naturally, things go on and on in perfect obedience to the laws of nature and sometimes in disobedience too—and not all of them go unnoticed—the intellectual comes up with some brainy remark, the jolly bloke converts it into a laugh, the cynic has something nasty to say and a guy like me starts writing about them.

After two and a half months of I-know-not-what, I am sure if at all there is something which could have drawn a few unprintable curses from Manu—a citizen of our campus, it must have been that set of black and white projections we find wherever they are not wanted. If one expects these speed breakers (or should I call them spine breakers) to help our citizens sleep in peace, he is mistaken since an accelerating mo-bike brings hell down to earth.

Going up to Adyar has always been something which every IITian resorts to when he has nothing else to do—and till some time back, these crawling mountains used to be at our service. Now, times have changed and these snow-clad peaks have changed into stationery monuments of the glory of the past. This state of affairs has led to the formulation of three laws of nature (1) If you are going to Adyar, walk it, bike it, hike it or else, give it up (2) If you are in a hurry to go to class, cut the class (3) Every form of transport in the campus shall carry the maximum number of persons it can carry.

Everyone knows that IIT-M has got a name for the highly practical courses offered but if one cares to ask any graduate who has passed out of this place, one can understand that there is more to it than what meets the eye. Going to the laboratory here is just another form of a visit to a museum—only difference is that when you come out, no one asks you for a solid lot of pages of written matter, bordered in red, underlined in black and green. We are considered such great heroes that we are normally required to work on an experiment, the background for which may be given later. Everyone practically walks in and walks out dazed—and more often than we expect—we hear of certain of our friends getting fired for having faithfully followed the instruction sheets supplied simply because those sheets happen to be more than eight years old.

After going up and down a dozen speed breakers, perhaps our friends might have brightened up with the news that spreads like forest fire—half a dozen new girls among the freshers—and some experts in statistics, encouraged by this highly geometric progression (or something near to it) are trying to imagine five ladies' hostels in the campus. A trend towards co-education in technology has now become evident and it is high time, we focus our attention on this matter. Our system of education is probably not suited for ladies—probably, some girls are really interested in the technological development of our country and they are forced to adjust themselves to something which might throw cold water on their spirits. A few drastic changes in the system for the ladies alone may not be a bad idea at all. A little less of workshop and more of management and 'human engineering' could be more attractive to the young members of the fair sex.

R. DORAI,

## BRAINWASH ?

Something is seriously amiss at OAT. Two hundred years ago, I would have entitled this article 'In which Ye Hero Smells Ye Rat'. For a rat it is that my keen nose has smelt. There was a time when a man could go to OAT on a Saturday evening, expecting to renew an old friendship with Dean Martin or some such schmoe. You could saunter in half an hour late and not miss much. You could almost imagine a kindly senior advising a fresher who had turned up at OAT at 7:45, 'Now, these things simply aren't done, you know! Bad form, rather,' or words to that effect. Where, I ask, did those days go?

Now all this is part of some Dastardly Plot, obviously the brainchild of a vengeful Establishment. It stands to reason that whoever is capable of inventing periodicals and speed-breakers is capable of anything. Have you noticed that the last few films have been almost good, with the exception of the Sovexport farces. And by the way, small wonder that films like Operation Tigers and T-34 are exclusively for export—they must be part of a top-secret programme of psychological warfare. By subtly dishing out a bit of the usual trash along with an apparently insignificant number of good—I choke on the word; calling an OAT movie good is nothing short of sacrilegious—films, the Establishment is trying to lull us into a false sense of security. The urge to sit back and say, 'Now I can relax and watch a good lousy movie!' is overwhelming.

But what do you think is actually happening? Now the great unwashed actually arrive in time for the movies. From sheer force of habit, I found myself in App Mechs. class a whole minute before time. That is where the whole fiendishness of the scheme lies. Some major cog in the general scheme of things, has probably bought himself a book on psychology or a do it yourself bit on the same subject. And when I discover that I've finished my drawing a week in advance, I know that said cog has been putting in a lot of effort into his homework. And what of the non-plastic screen, I ask? They're trying their damndest to see that us poor fish turn up for the OAT movies. If a plastic screen helps to achieve the desired object, so much the better.

What about orange peel? No rhetorical question, this. There was a time when we were served oranges in the mess on Saturdays, failing which we used to get sweet limes. What has happened to 'em now? They've been replaced by a couple of lousy bananas and a few grapes. What, I ask you, can a young man who has set his aim high do with a banana skin? And did you ever try throwing a grape at somebody. Just take a dekho at the cricket team's throwing or the basketballers' shooting! Can you really blame them when the very foundations of sport are quivering beneath their feet? Some kindly personage has even blown the bus schedules sky-high. Now you can't even make a dash for freedom if you want to.

MAHESH.

## Logike—IIT Style

'Periodicals are sick' 'cause  
A periodical is, as you know, a magazine,  
A magazine is a chamber of a gun,  
Gun was a final year bloke,  
Gun stayed in Narmada,  
Narmada is next to Godavari,  
Godavari flows near Bombay,  
Engineer plays for Bombay,  
Engineer uses Brylcreem,  
Brylcreem is found in the icecreams  
of Coronet (and/or Knick Knack)  
And so they're *helluva* sick!

—GOWRI SHANKAR

# THEY CAN'T TAKE IN EVERYONE, CAN THEY OR CAN'T THEY!

A Letter from Berkeley, Yale Alumni Magazine, November '69

*'We invite your comments and views about this rather important issue.'*

EDITOR.

But I was puzzled by the proposal for open admissions. I found myself thinking, if anybody could get into the University, why wouldn't ten thousand, twenty thousand, a hundred thousand people come here, and if they did, what would the University do with them?

Then one day I found myself thinking of the Boston Public Library, which I go to quite often, more to borrow classical records than books. Here is what must certainly be called an educational institution. Yet it does not make decisions and judgment about who can come in and who cannot, and—what is more important—who is good enough to come in and who is not. It simply says like libraries everywhere, 'Here are some facilities—books, records, films, exhibits. If you want, come in and use them, as much as you want, as long as you want'. I thought of many other educational institutions that serve society, none of which exclude anybody, and it suddenly occurred to me that the admissions problem of our universities is not a real problem but a manufactured one—that is, it exists because the universities want it to exist, not because it has to.

Why shouldn't a school, college, or university be like a museum, a library, a concert hall, a sports facility? Why shouldn't it like them, say to the public, 'Here is what we have to offer you, here are the possibilities. If they appeal to you, come in and use them, for as little or as long as you like.' If more people want to get in than there is room for, let them handle this situation the way a concert hall or theater handles it. Why not hang out a sign saying 'Sold Out—next performance tomorrow afternoon, next week, next month, next year'? If a student wanted to take a course with Professor So-and-So and there were hundreds of other students wanting to take the same course, why not let him make the kind of choice that someone makes who wants to see a very popular play? Let him either in effect, wait until there is an opportunity to get in the course, or, if that seems like too long a wait, think about getting the same sort of information or help somewhere else? If I want to see a doctor, and someone says that he has so many patients that I won't be able to see him for four months, the sensible thing to do is find some other doctor, may be not quite as good but with fewer patients.

Let the student worry about overcrowding. The University can say, we can provide university housing for so many thousand students, after that, people will have to find their own. Large numbers of students at Berkeley and other state universities do in fact live off campus. This often makes housing

both scarce and expensive, and this may in turn make a student decide that a particular university is or is not a good place to go. But let this be his worry, not the university's. If the housing facilities, and courses at one university are terribly crowded so that desirable courses are hard or impossible to get into—as indeed they are now in many cases at places like Berkeley—the student can decide either to try to wait it out or to go somewhere else.

Nor is there any necessary reason why universities should worry so much about qualifications. This will seem startling at first. But after all, when I borrow a book or record from the Boston Public Library, nobody gives me a quiz to be sure I will understand it. It's up to me to decide how I want to spend my time and to run the risk of wasting it. Similarly, if I go to the Boston Symphony to hear a piece of difficult modern music, nobody examines me in the hall to make sure I'm educated enough to appreciate it. I pay my money and I take my choice. If I go home later feeling angry that it was a waste of an evening, all right, that's my tough luck. But why should anyone else make this decision for me?

It is perfectly true that universities of this kind would be in important ways different from the ones we know today. The universities as they exist have come to think of themselves as private clubs. They are in a race with each other for prestige, which is quickly translated into money and power—the professor from a prestigious university has more chance of getting a big foundation or government grant than a professor from some less prestigious one. Therefore, they have an interest in convincing the world that their club is harder to get into than anybody else's. At the same time, they try to convince the oncoming generations of students that membership in this club will in the long run prove more valuable—again in terms of power and money—than membership in any other. That is what creates the admissions problem. I make a great many people think that my club is the one to be in, and then I stand at the door and tell large numbers of them that they aren't good enough to get in. On the other hand, since the Boston Public Library isn't trying to convince people that because it is harder to get in it is a 'better' library than the New York Public Library, it doesn't have to urge large numbers of people to come to it because it is the best and then put somebody at the door turning most of these people away because they aren't good enough to get in.

The universities that consider themselves superior have an enormous investment, financial and psychological, in the notion of their own superiority, and I don't expect them to give it up quickly or lightly. Given its present concerns, which do not for the most part have much to do with education, I can understand why the University of California should feel threatened by the demand of the Third World Students that they open their doors to any Third World People who want to come in, and I can understand their wanting to resist this demand as much as they can. As long as universities are interested in prestige and power, they will want to go on saying to the world that people are coming to them because they are so good, and that they are turning away most of their applicants or supplicants because they in turn are not good enough. But a university truly

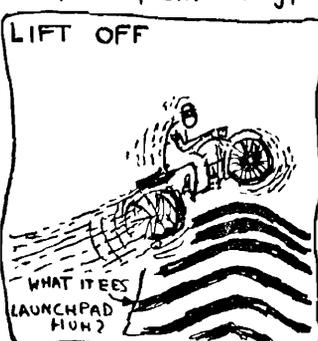
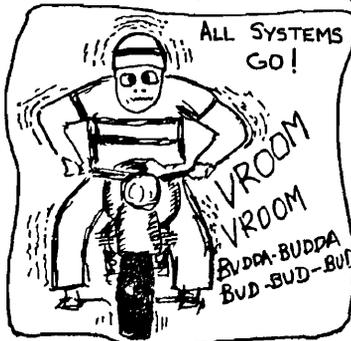
dedicated to education, to the spreading of knowledge, skill, and—most important—wisdom to all who wanted or needed it, would think in other terms.

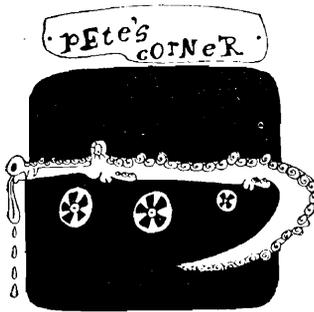
People ask, what about the granting of degrees? If anybody who wants can come to a university and there study as much or as little as he wants, how will the university issue its credentials? I don't think the university ought to be in the credentials-granting business. Why should our universities be hiring halls for business and government? It does not seem to me to be a vital or necessary or even acceptable part of the process of education. In any case, people even now take courses in the extension divisions of universities and, depending on the length of the course, get a certain number of credits for work done. There's no reason at all why people could not over a number of years take courses in an assortment of universities, depending on where they lived and who they wanted to study with, and simply have some kind of certificate listing the total number of credits they had collected. In any case, there is plenty of evidence that educational institutions do not and cannot teach competence. Since they don't and can't, why go on any longer with the pretence that an academic degree is a certificate of competence? All it shows or can show is that such-and-such a person has taken so many courses and played the school game for a certain length of time; it says nothing about what he will or will not be able to do in his later working life. The prestige universities have worked hard, for reasons already given, to convince employers and the public at large that their degrees are indeed certificates of exceptional competence and worth. They have to do this to create among the students a demand for these degrees and among employers a demand for holders of them. But it is a con, and there is really nothing in it. If the universities grew interested in education they could give up this fiction along with others.

To the dissatisfied, the universities like to say, in one way or another, 'If you don't like our rules, you don't have to play our game'. This seems the height of reasonableness. It is nothing of the kind. The universities, which in other circumstances like to think of themselves sometimes as exclusive clubs, sometimes as temples of the higher truth and learning, are comparing themselves here to any kind of store. You go to the supermarket, pay some money, walk out the door with a little food. If you don't like their food or their prices, you don't go to that supermarket, you go to some other. In the same way, the universities say, we offer certain kinds of learning, skill, and money-attracting credentials, in return for a good deal of the students' money and time. The trouble with this—and it should be obvious to anyone who takes half a minute to think about it—is that the stores we trade at do not exercise the kind of influence and pressure on our lives that the universities, singly and collectively exercise on the lives of students. The supermarkets do not post people at the door deciding whether or not I am good enough to get in. Nor do they stamp on my forehead in indelible ink for the world to see whether or not I was good enough. They do not grade me like the meat they sell. The universities, on the other hand, do exactly this. They have arrived at a situation, and

(Continued on page 13)

## SPEEDBREAKING (Adapted from Hey, Diddle Diddle)





Recently I had to go to one of those many Government Offices which have sprung up like mushrooms after the rain to submit a form (see the endless, imperishable spools of red tape unwinding away) but was told that nothing could be done until the chief who was on a three-week tour of Germany came back. Now this seems to me just about the limit of bureaucratic cowardice. Was all the business of the office to be suspended for the duration of the top man's visit just because his inferiors at the office were too sacred to take the responsibility or is it just another scene in the Parkinsonian nightmare that most of our offices seem to be, for that's just what these servants of the people are—living examples of Parkinson's laws—moving in a twilit world of chaos, inefficiency and blunder. May be all this is just due to what is termed the 'Indian Character', whose chief virtue or quality seems to be cravenness, laziness being a close second, or may be as the amateur psychologists put it, it is caused by nearly three hundred years of slavery during which there grew up in Indians, the natural slave

syndrome of trying to avoid work as far as possible, and then, when it is no longer possible to do it as badly as possible.

Having got that off the chest, let us go on to another contention of mine, that the so-called debates held in IIT and during the Inter-collegiate literary functions are not debates at all but elocution contests pure and simple. In fact, they could safely be described in the words of the young miss who said that they were a 'load of crap'. These guys come up and say something and half the audience is sleeping and the other half is booing. If the topic has something to do with women, some people go up to the stage, say 'I don't want to be vulgar, but' say a vulgar thing and then rattle off the usual cliches about woman by the nature of her functions etcetera. Where are the good old debates where the speakers glare at each other across an ancient table, furiously scribble notes and bang on the table with their slippers while the speaker and the spectators minute by minute, grow excited and finally dissolve into two separate camps—or may be they just never happened. This year, may be we'll try to hold something on the above lines

The drugs issue, which is now, I believe, old hat in the western countries is slowly raising its head in India with some newspapers publishing statistics, other magazines calling for instant action and in general, nobody being able to do anything about it, mainly because the grass-smokers claim that pot is non-addictive and practically non-injurious except in the case of previous emotional disorder—making it less of a health hazard than the simple ordinary 'pan' or 'charm': but whatever its effects—some find as much joy in it as they do in sex, others just feel a great flood of happiness and laughter seeping through them and yet others feel nothing

at all—on people, there is no doubt at all that our universities and colleges contain large numbers of regular and irregular smokers. Indeed, in Delhi the girls smoke hash sitting at the tables of India Coffee House. Personally, I find nothing wrong in this. After all, no one has the right to tell another what is good for him, and if anybody feels that he should drop out of college, go nudist, become a hippie or smoke pot, nobody—especially the Establishment—has any say in his actions. What matters most is that one should have the courage of his convictions and be true to his desires and feelings.

In a dirty, smelling street in North Madras, there is a printer's shop. It isn't very big—just two or three thousand sheets a day. A black painted paper-cutter stands in one corner its bright blade hitting your eye as you enter the room, a few low slung tables crowd the middle of the room, and in the opposite corner there is the printing machine whose ink rollers and blocks are operated by a foot-lever. And so, early every morning a man arrives at the shop, folds his dhoti to his knees and then, without looking at the pile of blank sheets on the chest-high stool near his machine, he picks up the first sheet, puts it against the block and presses the pedal. The roller runs over the ink, the block moves down, then returns, and the man removes the printed wet sheet, not seeing what he has just done, and simultaneously picks up another blank sheet and repeats the process, without pausing, without stopping except for a bit of rice, until the evening. His is the ultimate drudgery. He is the perfect machine—without thinking, without knowing what he does, he and the million others like him throughout the world, carry out their bondage to the machine every day.

BOBO.

LIKE I'M ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT...



AIN'T MUCH THE ATTENDANCE TYPE... NOR AN IMPRESSIONIST....



WELL, HAVE ALWAYS STOOD AGAINST THE INJUSTICE OF OUR SYSTEM.....



AND, I'VE GOT HIRSUITE GROWTH.... THAT'S ALMOST A SYMBOL OF DEGENERATION....



DO CARE 'BOUT MY STUDIES, THOUGH....



EXPLAINS WHY THEY DO ME LITTLE JUSTICE IN THE PERIODICALS....



AH, I'M NON-CONFORMIST TOO.... TELLS IN MY CLOTHES.....



AND, I'VE GOT A COUPLE INTERESTS BESIDES...



.... AHEM !!



- VINNY

## Pink, Red, Crimson and Scarlet

One of those interminable clashes again! Poor Guy. He is in quite a fix. The horns of the dilemma are—to turn red or not to turn red. The two inner voices belonging to him are at their bitterest best. What should be sweeter than a lovers tiff was a vigorous bout in mud-slinging. Instead of whispering sweet nothings, they are engaged in a nasty debate. Highly unpleasant for our man, considering that he is raving to go—to test his mettle and emerge into the limelight.

### A roaring debate ensues:

*Status quo (Debit)*  
Only yesterday you learnt that red stands for Commie. Cool it. You are a goddamn novice.

*Radical (Credit)*  
Age is no bar. I am dedicated to the cause of the underdog. I may not be knowledgeable, but I can be wise, mind you. Socialism is a must. Woe betide the petty bourgeois scruples and their vile oppression.

Platitudes galore, my boy! But what of my engineering career.

For Christ's. Engineers, they stink, evil smelling sychophants in the clutch of Imperialism, feudalism and colonialism.

Aren't there any engineers who serve the people. Besides my parents have other ideas for me.

At best, engineers adopt a blanket-wrapping-sitting on the fence attitude, a negativistic lot. Unfortunately, my father is a scape-goat under the thumb of those vicious lechers. As such they cannot decide for me.

Valiantly put, my lad! I appreciate your forthright feelings. Only you cannot deny that your welfare is as much mine as mine....

I don't want any of your self-centred nonsense. I do not claim to be a hero. Only I resolve to make my life purposeful by liquidating the renegade clique.

I only wonder how you are going to suppress the free thoughts of the masses and their desire to possess when you can't even suppress me.

The landlords and ruthless exploiters will be liquidated. The people will be rehabilitated. The last trace of the decadent feudalistic ideas will be washed away by systematic indoctrination. For Christ's sake, don't rid yourself. You won't be holding out any longer.

And since when have you and your like been seeking refuge in Christ and God, my comrade?

We are not atheists or pantheists like your allies throughout the world. We believe in our own religion, you ugly devil!

Very well, *mon ami!* I only wonder why you did not exhibit your socialist leanings when you were a kid.

Ha! Ha! Even as a kid, I emulated socialist practice. One day in the third standard the teacher asked Fred a question. He failed to answer. Next I was asked. Pat came the answer. Then the teacher leered at Fred and ordered him to stand on the bench. Not satisfied, he beckoned to the whole class to clap their hands in derision. I defied and forced my will on the class. So you see, even as a kid I was meant to be a successful socialist. Woe be to the reactionaries. I floored you, didn't I. Long Live the Proletariat!

Well, Discretion is the better part of Valour. Hence I quit forever.

Ha! Ha!

Tally. **RADICAL BEAT STATUS QUO**

Dilemma resolved. Our comrade turns red.

What can you say about our young hero languishing in prison?

That he is counting days. That he is frothing with honest indignation. That he has a lot of inside information to add about the unjust working of the judiciary. In short, that he is a ripe comrade. That you are prepared to bet all the tea in China to a rotten egg that he will head straight for Hyde Park as soon as he breaks jail. Your theory will, of course, be shattered if it happens that our prisoner had seen the insides of the iron curtain long before he saw the insides of the jail. Well, our comrade is in a similar posish.

I guess, you guys are racking your brains, wondering how our comrade landed in the soup. Let me ease the suspense. Here goes—

What with our Comrade turning red and there being situations vacant, our customer was offered a key assignment in one of the mumbo jumbo islands belonging to ancient India. Oozing life and spitting fire from every pore, he set upon a grim voyage to India. He established his base. He got started with a public address—a masterpiece in righteous indignation. Eloquence—*nonpariel!* (I am sorry, Mr. Mark Antony, you are a close second) The people embraced the proletarian revolution like it was their own. He was their God. 'It was roses, roses all the way' for him. In a flurry of activity, he introduced sweeping reforms and took daring short cuts. Misguided by his bouyant and exuberant spirits, he made wild and adventurous pledges. The pledges failed him and he earned the opprobrium of the people in no uncertain terms. Thanks to Providence, he escaped in safety. Perched on the window seat of the Express, he weighed the pros and cons of the dismal situation. But fate intervened.

Observing an innocent passenger being brow-beaten by the authorities, the Knight-Errant in him was revived. Reminiscent of the good old days, he rallied to with his wits intact to the succour of this innocent victim of ruthless bureaucracy. He and the ticket examiner made contact. This time, his physical prowess was his undoing. He was neatly stacked away in jail.

There he lies, pining away for a better deal. However he is not very bitter indeed, more amenable! Thanks to incessant contemplation, he has resigned to Fate. Once in a while he breaks the lull, singing out—

'God shall repay, I am safer so'

SAMPAT VIJAYARAGHAVAN.



A study of the growth and decline in popularity of any object, as a subject of PJ's is a rewarding pastime. Old issues of *Campastimes* contain invaluable material on this particular subject. When I first turned up in the campus, the worst jokes in circulation were about the swimming pool. After a while, however, it was superseded by Mandip Singh, who grew and flourished in the limelight for some time. Alas, all good things must come to an end and Mandip was replaced by the Gaj. The reign of the Gaj was brought to an end, when the guys, who came crawling back to the campus after the annual summer hibernation, were confronted by the queer looking growths that had sprouted like a rash on the Institute roads. These cancerous looking mounds, doubtless the brain-child of a mad genius with bumps on the brain, now occupy pride of place.

The Saturday night movie, however, seems to be an exception to this rule. It does not pass through the phases of growth, maturity and decline in popularity as a subject of bad jokes but maintains a uniform level, no doubt due to the uniform lousiness of the movies screened.

I am not the type who is always looking back on the 'good old days' with nostalgia. The good old days were, in actual fact, a terrible mess, what with periodicals turning up whenever they felt like appearing on the scene and having to put in a minimum of 85% attendance. In retrospect, they seem to have all the ingredients of a horror movie, liberally besplattered with Draculas, wolves and vampires.

In those days, however we had a transport system that worked. Bus trips were quite frequent (one every twenty or twenty-five minutes, I think). Then, one day, the Authorities decided that we were seeing too little of each other in our mad hurry to get out of here or perhaps they were scared that having too many buses climbing over might damage them their precious speed-breakers. The end result of all this decision making was that Kailash, Nanda Devi, Kanchenjunga and Gowri Shankar became as immobile as the giants whose names they have borrowed. The only way to get them moving again is to have faith and hope that faith can move mountains.

P. C. V.

### SOLUTION

- |              |      |
|--------------|------|
| ADG          | (5z) |
| SAC          | (7z) |
| STRAP        | (1z) |
| S.T.E.T.     | (61) |
| FERRARI      | (91) |
| AVAILANCHE   | (13) |
| LAIR         | (01) |
| ASTROGALYISM | (9)  |
| CARBONNDUM   | (7)  |
| REPUSIVE     | (9)  |
| LECHES       | (5)  |
| AWE          | (4)  |
| ELTON        | (3)  |
| ABC          | (2)  |
- DOWN
- |              |      |
|--------------|------|
| ERIC CLAPTON | (2z) |
| AMSTERDAM    | (3z) |
| TINOR        | (2z) |
| FINSEED      | (20) |
| L.P.I.K.     | (18) |
| GOA          | (15) |
| FEAS         | (11) |
| TRANSIST     | (12) |
| CRUMB        | (11) |
| ACTIYLINE    | (9)  |
| IRA          | (8)  |
| JAMLSTAYLOR  | (1)  |

ACROSS

**IF YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO—HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU**

The intricate human being is best explained as a complex variable. If you agree with it, come on. Let us proceed, if you don't, forget about it.

Every person can be represented, in general, by a complex entity H where

$$H = h' + ih'' \text{ where } i = \sqrt{-1}$$

Men differ. You know that best. But why? Here is the answer. They vary because their h' and h'' factors vary. As simple as that.

Now let us consider the various possible cases. We will classify the persons into two distinct categories, the values of h' and h'' being decisive in so doing.

A; For all those who come under this head h'' (the imaginary part) is so small that for all practical purposes (theoretical purposes not excluded) it can be taken as zero. Animals, of course come under this group. Some human being too have this privilege.

We will make an agreement (agreement No. 1) that positive sign refers to construction and negative sign to destruction (unless otherwise specified).

The real part, in general, can be a Surd

$$h' = a + \sqrt{b}$$

Sub-group (i) b = 0: Persons belonging to this type, though lacking in imagination, are rational. An ideal (i.e. unheard of) example is, a silent politician. People with negative 'a' are cold, calculating villains. Highly constructive people (like me!) are thought to be having a high positive value 'for a.'

S.G. (ii) a = 0, b positive persons who can't imagine totally irrational. No doubt you would like to write  $\sqrt{b}$  better as  $\pm \sqrt{b}$ . So these irrational ones can be destructive as well. Such people are very dangerous.

B. Here comes the group with large h'' and of course with ordinary values for h' but negligible in comparison with h''.

'Lovers, lunatics and poets' along with scientists and artists form this most interesting group.

Needless to say, h'' can in general be a surd  $h'' = c + \sqrt{d}$

Here again, we agree that positive and negative sign for h'' refers to optimism and pessimism respectively.

(i) c = 0 People who do imagine—but irrationally. The Shakespearean trio is a direct inclusion to this sub-group. Here attaching a sign to  $\sqrt{d}$  doesn't make much difference. It has been reported, (and will be discussed a little later) that the factor  $\sqrt{d}$  varies with time and space co-ordinates; This in particular, being worth nothing. The classic examples of this group are said to acquire a fit of spiritedness at particular instants of time and a particular places (obviously corresponding to the extremum values of d).

(ii) This is a group with a large value for c. People who are capable of imagining meaningful things as well as interpreting them rationally; or realising their imagination with an admirable piece of art. An Einstein, a Michelangelo, a Russell—all combine to make this sub-group a prominent one (it has been an interesting observation that people of B (ii) batch have in them an erratic distribution of factor d too).

So we arrive at a most general representation of a human being.

$$H = [a(x, t) \pm \sqrt{b}(x, t) \pm i(c(x, t) \pm \sqrt{d}(x, t))]$$

It is hoped the introductory part given so far is not too difficult to understand.

Assignment to readers (1) For a particular value for x and t plot the individual probability distribution for a, b, c and d.

(2) Plot the time variation of a, b, c and d for a particular x, and hence predict the general atmosphere and tendency in the IIT campus during the year 1999-2000.

(3) See for what value of x (for the present) the factor d has a maximum (stark lunacy).

Definitions: To make the subject look sophisticated, we define some coefficients arbitrarily.

$$\text{Coefficient of complexity} = \frac{h''}{h'}$$



$$h' + ih'' \dots\dots$$

$$= \text{Coefficient of real rationality} = \frac{a}{b}$$

$$= \text{Coefficient of imaginary} = -\frac{c}{d} \text{ rationality}$$

Readers are free to enumerate as many coefficients as possible, so as to make the problem look more confusing and open out new branches of research.

It would be worthwhile introducing a couple of more terms characterising persons. When a person can multiply, but has got no smaller factors, we call that person a prime.

Squares are usually old fashioned. In fact, persons who obey inverse square law are always conservative.

Operations with people: The primary operation in the case of people is multiplication.

The result of multiplication of two people is called a product, and multiplying persons are called conjugates, we will represent them by H<sub>1</sub> and H<sub>2</sub>

We come across an ideal case when H<sub>1</sub> and H<sub>2</sub> are complex conjugates of each other.

H<sub>1</sub> = H<sub>2</sub>\* In this case the product at the time of formation would be purely real.

Assignment (4) Give an interpretation for the addition of two complex numbers, keeping in mind that the sum of two complex conjugates is simply the sum of their real parts.

Appearance —The factor h' is supposed to play a major role in deciding what is called the 'beauty' of a person. The space part of 'A' for beautiful people is thought to be sinusoidal with periodic peaks (may be attenuated) h' = h'(t) exp (i-a)x' [x' is a variable over the human body.] The values of the function at minima and maxima give what we would like to call 'vital statistics'.

Mod of a person:—At this juncture, we can define a quantity called the mod of a person. It is a characteristic length associated with a person (not to be confused with the length of side burns or depth of waist lines).

$$\text{For example } H_1 = 4 + 5i \text{ is mod. than } H_2 = 1 + 4i$$

$$\text{and hence } |H_1| > |H_2|$$

Note that in the case of multiplication of complex conjugates the Mod is conserved. This has since been confirmed in many cases.

Predictions Any new theory must predict new phenomena. The present theory predicts the following.—

1. Entirely real persons are their own complex conjugation.

2. Real product results when two purely imaginary people multiply.

The validity of this theory will depend

on the experimental verification of these predictions.

A new look: A suggestion has been made to take a quantum mechanical mode of a person. The eigen values of the characteristic operator H is supposed to give all the possible states (ground state and excited states). Also it is interesting to notice the fact that the eigen values of the multiplication operator H<sub>1</sub> H<sub>2</sub> can be only integral (such as 0, 1, 2, 3, 4 etc) the maximum being limited by the order of the day.

Irاندكك Prragu Ippodhu Vendham.  
A. V. PRASAD.  
M. A. SREENIVAS.

**NIGHT COMES AT 10.00 A.M.**

The colour is a dull drab grey  
Tho' it may be the middle of May  
The world is too cunning  
It is past just punning  
There are too many in the fray.

A man with feeling is sad and lost  
Art and adventure are really the cost  
Of course they laugh  
Think of Jeeves and Falstaff  
But inside pain takes the place of the past.

Men often come and (if you are lucky)  
men often go  
With their women always making up  
the row

But what happened to Goodness  
The enemy of their indifferent rudeness  
That the Vedanta and Schweitzer asked  
us to show.

Men can exploit and men can kill  
They can make their children follow  
their will.

They are the pillars of society  
The repositories of piety.  
Fire if you want to be Jack,  
Take me as your Jill.

They mumble 'sorry' they murmur  
'please'

They remind you all the time of grease  
They sing and they dine  
And call him 'a swine'  
Who has three kids with pot-bellies.

There is a debate there is a seminar  
Following it is food with cigars from afar  
'Rank is but a guinea-stamp  
Simplicity is nature's lamp'  
So saying the words trail into the  
nearest bar.

Man, why don't you try to be true  
Only then will my plaintive cry be thro'  
You may fail  
Might end up in jail  
But inside the cell atleast, you  
will be You.

P. N. VIJAY.

**The Clouds**

As I calmly lie down  
Quite fatigued after the day-long  
lonely toil,

Waiting all—all alone  
so long for the sweet sleep's arrival,

Thoughts, like gushing waves,  
Splash on the silent shore of mind  
and set it in cold and fiery wind,  
from the distant graves.

Listen—to the howling jackals,  
hooting owls,

Baying hands and sliding grounds,  
From? I know not where.  
When that sound

slowly turns milder and milder  
And those violent waves descend  
and eyelids stealthily drown in slumber,  
The fearful-felt noise

of those dreadful ascending waves  
Get transformed into frightening shapes  
before the half-lit eyes.

Once those dreaded eyes open out  
to the stark darkness, with my  
frightened sighs

The struggle for slumber's sight, is  
all in vain and desperate

Tomorrow? Tomorrow is nothing  
but to-day's monotonous repetition  
The same bird singing

The same dreary tune in its ever-  
heard tone to those who listen  
So the future fate is bound to be—this  
There can be no expectation of more bliss

'Yet—  
I rise with the rising sun—amid  
the clouds.

A. V. PRASAD.



Choose a nice little time like the Summer Vacation, take a good clean road, raise a few hideous bumps, here and there, everywhere. Paint them black, paint them white (in alternate strokes) and you have effectively made yourself object of foolishness and nasty criticism. We do not blame the authorities. What they did was just to choose a nice little time like . . .

When people can raise a hue and cry, and sometimes even a small fund in aid of refugees from East Bengal who are the majority people in that region, it is surprising, that the student population, which is undoubtedly the majority inside of the campus, was not even consulted on the advisability of putting up those ugly breakers over much trafficked macadam. The immensity of such wasteful spending is particularly jarring when we have to make do without a proper cycle stand in any of the hostels. An abysmal lack of a sense of priorities is evident.

**When Summer brings its glory**

In came the seven little birds in the beginning of the year and the year began. Last reports indicate they have been flying high and flying low, sometimes rolling on skates, sometimes filling up deflated cycle tubes. It is hoped that they would take a general interest in the activities around and not find themselves in the second position, as is the habit with German regular verbs, as also with prefixes of the separable German verbs, while not many of us know of the auxiliary verbs which have a similar taste.

**A Case for more Semesters of German**

Three semesters of German are being taught at the U.G. level. One should at least be given a chance to exploit this beginning more fruitfully. A few more semesters of German would do no one no harm, much more expertise could be obtained in putting the German regular verbs etc. in the second position in the sentence, where they naturally belong.

**N.C.C.**

And when the cadets came marching in, it was a pitiful sight. Not many in the N.C.C. or out of it, are in love with this organisation. More pleasant prospects like lazy evenings at home (like for those in the N.S.O.) to name one, are denied the unfortunate lot who are rash enough to sign along the dotted line of the forms distributed at the beginning of the year by the N.C.C. authorities. It would be only fair that the N.S.O. guys be given a chance to put up their sales talk at the same time, unless of course the academic section is prejudiced in favour of the N.C.C.

**The Russians are coming**

Many people do not seem to like the coming of the Russians, with their movies to the OAT. Worse is the case with the shorts, that come along with. Few are interested in knowing that the Soviet workers work in their vacation—also, on their own accord, without any incentives whatsoever. Fantasies such as this, when there is the lure of the sun and the strand nearby are for nice old maids only.

**Hearsay**

It is usual practice for PTIs or some such authorities to be present, representing their Institute at the draw for fixtures of any tournament. It is a pity that due to some oversight and hence non-representation at the draw, last year's joint Tennis Champs in the Inter-collegiate tournament have had to fight it out right in the beginning of this year. A recent tennis encounter led us to much embarrassment when Loyola beat IIT by two matches to one. It is hoped that the PTIs take more interest in sports activities in and around the campus, and give our lads a fighting chance.

**Passions**

It is frustrating to know that access to a certain hostel is to be gained only after filling up some irrelevant details in a tattered old register-book, even about two months after commencement of the semester. There could be only one plausible explanation—either the warden or the watchman or both of them are excessively fond of collecting signatures.

**Farewell or an Obituary**

The gas-column, a sort of semi-personal collection of anecdotes, by Aajoo will be seen in the columns of *Campastimes* no more. Aajoo has passed out. This column had never failed to interest, with its usual sort of caustic humour. We shall miss it.

—A.S

**THE ZOO**

*Scene* : The Office of the Director of the Zoo at Madras

*Maid* (Coming in) The Head-keeper's here to see you sir

*Director* Send him in please.  
The Head-keeper comes in bespectacled and chappalled

*Dir.* : Take a chair Mr Didi. Now Didi, when I appointed you the head-keeper a fortnight ago this was the second biggest zoo in the country. Now we have only the elephants, a few deer and a ferret with a wooden leg. And Ram the water-buffalo. Where are the rest of the animals Didi?

*H.K.* I don't know sir.

*Dir.* They are in the streets Didi, in the streets! They are all looking for grub and the town looks like a national game reserve. All except the water-buffalo.

*H.K.* And where's the water-buffalo sir?

*Dir.* In my bath-room Didi. My wife found him there this morning. She is a very nervous woman Didi. The police found her just an hour ago. She was a hundred miles away and still running. She does not remember anything and thinks she is a potato.

*H.K.* I am sorry sir.

*Dir.* That's all right Didi. I never did like her anyway. But Didi whatever happened to the fresh stock of birds.

*H.K.* : I put them all in the senior aviaries sir.

*Dir.* Well!

*H.K.* The vultures are looking pretty well sir.

*Dir.* Now tell me something Didi. How does anyone loose flying squirrels?

*H.K.* . People take them sir.

*Dir.* For What?

*H.K.* For flying sir.

*Dir.* You're lying Didi, you're lying. I know all about your deal with the that aircraft firm which wants to produce squirrel powered jet engines. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

*H.K.* Its about the parrots sir.

*Dir.* What about them Didi?

*H.K.* They are the only parrots who can recite the Lord's prayer

*Dir.* : And what is that?

*H.K.* In the name of the hammer and the sickle

And the holy Marx and Engels

Give us this day our 'sore' bird food

And forgive us our trespasses

As we certainly have to forgive those who trespass against us

But lead us not out of this aviary

Because its strictly for the birds Amen.

*Dir.* You did that?

*H.K.* Yes sir.

*Dir.* : You are fired Didi. Let me have your resignation tomorrow. In the meantime remove the elephants from the birds' cage. It does not fool anyone. Secondly get the ferret out of my bedroom. Third can you impersonate animals Didi?

*H.K.* : Oh yes sir.

*Dir.* : Well!

*H.K.* : Baa!

*Dir.* : What was that Didi?

*H.K.* A Sheep sir. Moo.

*Dir.* : Well?

*H.K.* : A Cow sir. Bow-wow.

*Dir.* That was a dog. Didi you have no idea about a Zoo. You think it a farm. Get out. And Didi,

*H.K.* : Yes sir

*Dir.* : If you meet a potato standing outside, tell her I love her.

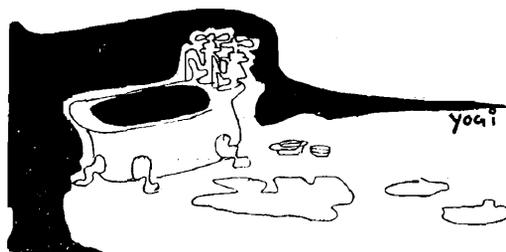
Jelly beans  
J. B. SEN

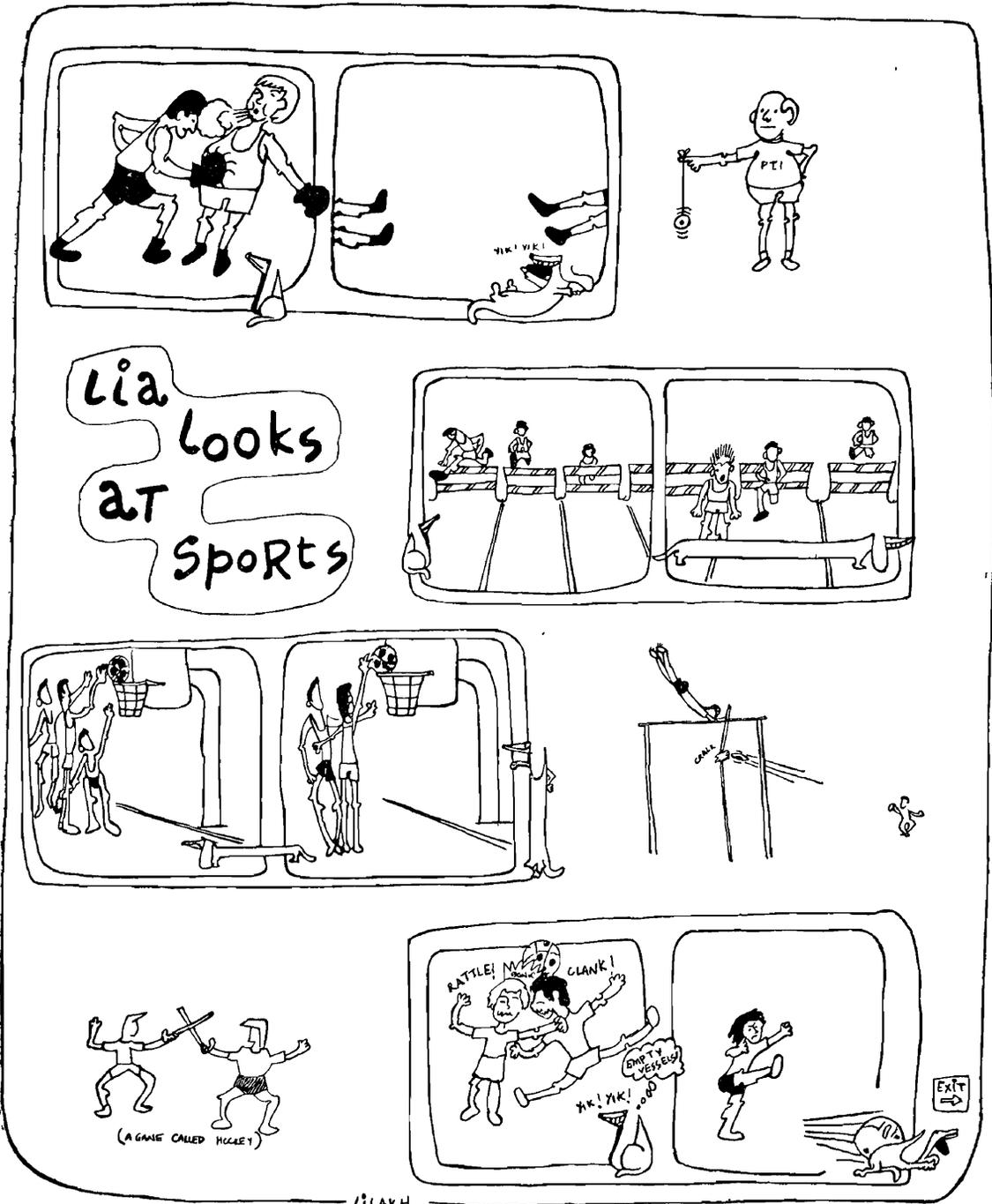
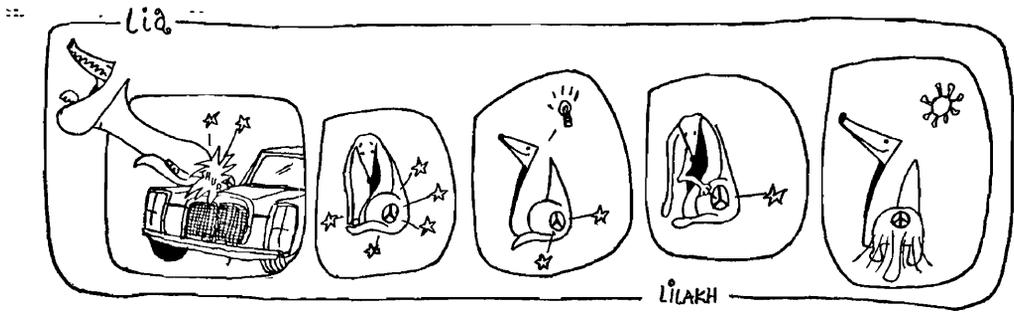
(Continued from page 9)

to a considerable extent contrived it in which their opinion of a young person determines to a very large degree what that person can or cannot do, will or will not become during the rest of his life. There is probably no other single institution in society, even the armed forces, which has as much to say about our lives. (The armed forces, it is true, can put a man in a position where, he may be killed or injured, but once he gets out of their hands, so to speak, they don't cast much of a shadow over his future.)

Our young people start living under the shadow of universities almost as soon as they're born. What the universities want, what they think is good, bad, valuable, valueless, certainly determines and creates the

(Continued on page 16)







The battle of Waterloo it is said was won on the playing fields of Eton. Well, we wouldn't really commit ourselves to say that our contingent to Bombay might as an aside liberate Bangla Desh. But more people seem to be spending more time chasing balls and thrusting themselves into unenviable shapes and so we are happy.

The *object de art* of the news from the playing fields is of course K. Jayant. When they brought the good news Ghent to Aix it is said the land was saved. When they brought Jayant from Bangalore, all mental calculations for the Winter festival of strategem and spoil went up by 10 points. Well, not really because the Nationals at Hyderabad clash ominously with the Meet and we can only keep our fingers crossed as to whether Jayant can make it or not.

As a formal announcement of his joining the fray, Jayant won the Bertram this year though one was unpleasantly surprised to seem him dropping games like Eliza's H's. He told me that he has not really got into the groove as yet. Anyway not into that groove which made Mr Kasim seem like a Daeshund on a Saturday night at Parry's last year. He hasn't obviously as yet found a formula that will make him determine the Planck's constant till 4 15 p.m. and take all the lads half-an-hour later. The rest of our T.T. players are improving day by day (like the Rexona girl) trying to fit into the New Society. Only time, Inter-University and Inter-IIT can tell.

'Something is rotten in the State of Denmark' said Hamlet. Well, something is wrong with our cricket. The absence of some players cannot really be cited as the cause since by all accounts the newer crop is quite capable. Varadarajan is however quite confident of keeping up the good work that we have always done in Inter-University (this year it is at Madras), with a catching cradle to augment the 'slip-snapping', we had better bowl out the opposition quicker or *Campastimes* and its readers would like to know the reasons why. Our performance in letting Law make 250 for 2 down was very disappointing though Ramakrishnan's batting (his century against I O B, is still whispered with awe among the city grounds) has warmed the cockles of many hearts. Good luck, we say, and walk in when the bowler runs up.

Basketball has always been our cup of tea and this year seems to be no exception. We won Inter-IIT and bet on doing it this year too. Our performance in the Inter-collegiate league has been very good and with Nataraj (formerly of the Annamalai University) and John Chand strengthening the heights, the team has real depth. There seems to be a lot of enthusiasm for the game and one can't help feeling with John Mathai that we need a third court. A concrete court can give a great boost to the game. Well, keep trying and you may basket it.

The volleyball team is still recovering from the shock of losing the skipper Kannan. They have been strengthened by the addition of Syed Masuth and hopefully talk of doing one better this year (they were runners-up last December). Spike harder lads and the cows will come home.

This year's soccer hopes are brighter than ever before. With the effective 4-2-4 system spearheaded by Verghese and Thamburaj, we began with a trail of victories over Stanley etc. Kid stuff you may say. But the well-merited draw with Christian was of a nobler upbringing. We led twice and deserved to win. With the coach bound to return shortly, Kharagpur may well be toppled, though Calcutta soccer is something quite different.

In India's national game we are quite candidly nowhere near top standard. We have, it is true, some good victories but the way in which we were mauled by Christian showed that there is more to a team than just a few good players. Any way, under Raghavendra Rao they are trained hard and we hope to bring better tidings on the morrow.

Mention must be made of the enthusiasm shown by the crowds that through our playing fields to applaud and appreciate.

We hope to bring more news in the issues to come. Perhaps it will be our privilege to write about fencing, billiards and women skating championships if our secretaries know what they are talking about.

P. N. VIJAY.

## Letter to the Editor That Awful Generation Gap

It is generally believed (too damned obvious) that the PGs\* are out of step with the activities of the Gymkhana. This was borne out (beyond reasonable skepticism) at the Inter-hostel entertainment competition last year. This has had repercussions in many quarters . . . and it is not without reason that the PGs are often referred to as 'morons' by the majority of IITians. But then . . . where is the lacuna? Is it the disguise in attitude (Psycho-social) or total lack of interest in the cultural and aesthetic life of the Institute? This problem has become so notorious that it would not be inept to describe it as the 'generation gap'.

Coming to think of the possibilities, a typical PG student would be 'desperate', 'conscious' and 'responsible'—(at least relatively). His residence adds something to his way of life (Cauvery and Krishna hostel guys are known for their 'presence of mind' even in those circumstances where the OAT audiences could not suppress their genuine feelings of sorts . . .) But sadly enough, he has never been an example for the younger IITian in Statesmanlike qualities. . . .

Last year the PG students were represented at the Gymkhana and it was only a beginning. . . after sometime it seemed the beginning of the end. . . .

There is a way out for this burning problem. . . and that is . . . let Kaveri and Krishna hostels be not the monopolistic residences of the PGs. Let there be proportional strengths of UGs and PGs in each hostel. Then these would at least be an atmosphere that would secretly work in them the need for a social and cultural life that is accepted by a majority of IITians.

(\* Include Research Scholars).

SUNANDANA.

It is time to bring to light some puzzling facets of our inaugural day. We were startled to read a rather cryptic notice the day before saying that guests were not allowed. As some first year girls had already been invited by their classmates, some agreement was reached by which the guests were to be the Warden's guests. So the Warden could have guests and the students couldn't. That evening many of us had visitors whom we kept in the rooms while we went to have dinner. (It was only then that we came to know that such 'dubious' arrangements had been made.) Well, our guests didn't think too highly about the whole affair.

We wish to express our severe displeasure at these unfortunate happenings. These coming on top of some meaningless rules about signing a register if you came after 9 00 p.m. make a mockery of hostel life. The authorities should realise that two can play the game.

Some students of  
MANDAKINI HOSTEL.

## A MESSAGE AND INVITATION FROM THE I.I.T. ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION (IITAA)

(A FOUNDER-MEMBER)

### Birth of the IITAA

Nearly two and a half years before, a large section of the IITians were pouring into the open terraces of Narmada Hostel, day and night in response to an advertisement inviting those who were interested in astronomy to join as an association. The invitees were shown telescopic views of the night sky and given opportunities to discuss their interests in astronomy. To most of them it was a totally new venture and an interesting experience. All of them agreed with the idea that an astronomical association would be highly helpful.

The objective for the formation of the IITAA, in a nutshell, was to promote knowledge in astronomy in every possible way with the combined efforts of the students and staff of the IIT who are highly qualified in various scientific and technological disciplines. Thus the IITAA was founded by Mr. Sathiamurthi with the active co-operation of the IITian under the presidency of Dr. Phil Werner Koch, professor of physics in the IIT.

### History of the IITAA

The IITAA had Dr. Phil Werner Koch as its first President from whom Dr. Ing M. Bantel took charge as the second President in the Spring of 1970. Mr. M. Sathiamurthi was the Founder-Secretary for two years from whom Dr. Srivastava of Mathematics Department took over since April 1971, as the new Secretary. The IITAA has been fortunate to get Prof. S. Sampath, the Deputy Director as its Vice-President.

### Activities of the IITAA

The IITAA has been meeting at least twice in each month, on the first and third Tuesdays. The member used to give lectures on selected topics in astronomy which were followed by analysis and discussions. Apart from these, a large number of demonstrations were conducted during several nights with the aid of several telescopes to explain the celestial objects through observations. Two exhibitions on astronomy were conducted in the campus one in March 1970 and another in April 1971. Non-stop night-sky demonstrations for 3 to 4 continuous nights with the biggest telescopes available in the city assembled together at IIT, were an exclusive feature of these exhibitions. While the first one was general in nature, special attention to 'Radio Astronomy' was given in the second. The exhibitions included charts, models, photographs, books, movies, slides and other pertinent information on astronomy. The exhibitions were financed by the donations raised from the students and staff of the IIT and the voluntary contributions of the IITAA members. The IITAA has friendly contacts with other institutions and similar associations in the city, especially from the Vivekananda College and Madras Christian College.

### Scope and Prospects

The IITAA is planning to buy a foreign made refractor-telescope with arrangements for photography in the near future by raising funds through special efforts. The level of the lectures and discussions will be gradually raised. An exhibition showing 'Exploration of the Moon', as an exclusive feature and a seminar on specially prepared topics will be held.

Opportunities for the beginners to partake in the lectures and discussions will be ample. Arrangements will be made to buy more important books on astronomy. Special and convenient rooms will be allotted as venues for the regular meetings of the IITAA.

### An Invitation

New members are most welcome. Beginners need not have any doubt that they will not have chances in the association. Special attention and encouragement will be given to them. Those who want to join the IITAA are kindly requested to contact any of the office-bearers of the association with the annual membership subscription of Rs. 10. They may kindly do so on or before 20-9-1971 so that the IITAA will have them present for the first meeting in this academic year.

'The first meeting of the IITAA will be announced in all the notice boards of the IIT' . . .

**THE FOLLY OF BEING WISE**

Yes, I know you. You are the guy who knows the system you play pretty well. Still you get 'that nut' for your partner and invariably land up in the wrong contract on strong hands. The result, if you are crazy about the game like me, losing your temper and using words that would make you blush if you heard them from someone else; if that ignoramus tries to justify himself, such fury as to give you an indigestion, and possibly an F in the next periodical. Unless you are already B.C.G.-Positive (Bridge-Contract-Guiles), let me try to inoculate you against that parasite—I mean the moron in front of you at the table.

Where ignorance is bliss its folly to be wise this mundane, over-worked and almost meaningless old saw acquires new life and prevails with double sway—yes, preventing doubles against you—when it comes to the bridge-table. Take this instance: You are south and Moron is your partner. Pitiless, sitting West and Wise-Guy, East, your Opponents. The hands are

N-S Vulnerable

<p><b>NORTH</b> S AQ8 xx H x D K8x C Axxx M</p> <p><b>WEST</b> S xx H xx D None C KQJ10, xxxxx</p>	<p><b>EAST</b> S KJ 10, 9, xx H Qxxx D xxx C None</p>
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U

<p><b>SOUTH</b> S None H A, K, J, 10, 9, 8, D A, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7 C None</p>	
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Pitiless deals and pre-empts with 3C. Your partner, unusually for him, makes the correct bid of over-calling 3S and Wise Guy doubles hopefully and quite wrongly. You know that your hand is worth a slam in one of the two red suits. And so you make the unassailable master-bid of 4C. The poor moron, not understanding what is going on, and in all good intentions very happy to have you, the better player playing the hand, passes with his A xxx 'Support'. And true to his name, Wise-Guy does not take you out with a double and you merely lose them in 100's.

On second thought, is it not all your fault? Playing against a good player, your bid would have been more than brilliant. Because, in addition to showing sky-high red suits it would also have been a good cue-bid telling him the club void you hold. But wait . . . . . what if the poor wretch partnering you has

never heard of the slam-force by bidding opponent's suit? Philosophy man!! You must have a certain amount of philosophic resignation in facing all situations in life; especially the moron opposite the bridge table. With a poor partner, you HAVE been pre-empted. Well just bid the game that's certain 4H or 5D—preferably the heart with him for a partner and write in your own little red diary before going to bed that you missed a cold slam. Its so much better than going 6 down on the wrong contract.

There is no use in shouting at your partner or explaining to him patiently at the end of the game that your bid meant an impregnable game in any one of the two non-bid suits; and that with just three cards or a doubleton honour in one of the red suits he could go upto slam, and that the only difference between your bidding it and his would have been that he would have played it instead of you, and that in most instances of this sort, it would be better to have the lead from East; and that. . . .

He will listen nicely or sulkily and on the next hand you overcall 2 clubs over 1 club holding AK xxxx and 14 points, he will ignore the level of the bidding and the fact that a second suit has also not been bid by him or by the opponents. He will go on to game in one of his two red suits 4H with Q, x, x in which you hold Jx. The great secret of rubber bridge is to play your partner as well as your opponents, and never exhibit knowledge which partner cannot comprehend. Its much better to make the best of existing conditions than strive for the best, assuming absolute conditions.

P. N. VIJAY.

*Spassky*

1. P-K4
2. P-KB4
3. N-KB3
4. P-KR4
5. N K5
6. P-Q4
7. N-Q3
8. BxP
9. N-QB3 ?! (a)
10. PxN
11. B-K2
12. 6-0
13. BxNP
14. BxB
15. Q-N4
16. Q-N3
17. QR-K1
18. K-R1
19. BxP
20. B-K5 Plus
21. QxN Plus
22. RxP
23. K-N1
24. R-B2
25. R-K4
26. Q-Q4
27. R-K5 !
28. Q-K4
29. R-B4

*Fischer*

- P-K4
- PxP
- P-KN4
- P-N5
- N-KB3
- P-Q3
- NxP
- B-N2
- NxN
- P-QB4 !
- PxP
- N-B3 !
- 0-0
- RxB
- P-B4
- PxP
- K-R1
- R-KN1
- BB-1
- NxB
- R-N2 !
- QxP Plus
- Q-KN5
- B-K2
- Q-N4
- R-B1 ? (b)
- R-Q1
- Q-R5
- Resigns

(a) A double edged move, white obtains an open file but black can reply P-QB4 as he does

(b) An oversight on the part of Fischer which results in his giving up his bishop

N. K. SASTRY,  
K. PRABHAKARAN.

**CHESS**

In September, the fight to reach the Challenge Round of the World Chess Championship will take place between Robert J Fischer of the U.S.A. and Tigran Petrosian of USSR. On present form, Fischer is expected to easily overcome Petrosian after his record win of 6-0 each, against Mark Taimanov of USSR and Bent Larsen of Denmark. The last time Fischer played Petrosian was in the Rest of the World vs USSR where Fischer won 3-1 (2 wins plus 2 draws). The world will be eagerly awaiting the match between Spassky and Fischer (if Fischer overcomes Petrosian) to decide the World Champion which is expected to take place in May 1972. Boris Spassky presently has an unbeaten record against Fischer (3 wins, 2 draws). I give below his game against Fischer when they met at Mar del Plata in 1960. Spassky played the King's Gambit and recorded a brilliant win in 29 moves.

(Continued from page 13)

kinds of pressures that our young people live under beginning as early as age three or four. Our young people spend a very large part of their time, even before they go on to college, doing what the schools think the universities want; they go on doing what they want while they're at the universities, which may be anything from four to heaven-knows-how-many years; and, as I said before, they carry on them for the rest of their lives whatever sort of brand the university has chosen to put on them. Their demand—that since universities exercise this enormous control over the lives of their students, students should have something to say about them and the way they are run—seems to me to be altogether right and just. If universities want to say to our young people in effect, 'We are just a gathering of scholars doing our thing, please stop bothering us and interfering with us, and let us do our own thing the way we want', then they have got to get their feet off the collective necks of the young and give up the extraordinary and unjustifiable power that they have acquired over their lives.

**THE SQUARE DANCE**

**Across**

- (1) You got a friend, through hell and high water (5, 6)
- (8) Erase the South—East! Period (3)
- (9) Why the teenager goes in for lace! All goes man! (9)
- (11) Rub Karunanidhi for some left-over (5)
- (12) Just passing through in a goods train (7)
- (14) Apes get confused when given them little balls (4)
- (15) Scram! O.K. So you get 65% D'Costa! (3)
- (18) Sounds like a piddling vegetable (4)
- (20) The kind of oil they make (7)
- (22) A couple of fivers got him high! (5)
- (23) Sam, RAM and Ted capitalized in Holland! (9)
- (27) What has been common to Cream, Gunja Baller, Harrison, Bonnie and Delancy Got the clap now! (4, 7)

**Down**

- (2) Get your fundas straight! Grab the cab to meet the Jacksons I'll be there! (3)
- (3) John's got Friends (5)
- (4) The sound fits the expression (3)
- (5) Blood sucking (7)
- (6) Bad-breath (9)
- (7) Ron making the scene in Cuba with a drums—like hard rock baby! (11)
- (9) A stag out of the mint—Miss Farrow can't see straight (11)
- (10) Pull a bluff and retire to your den (4)
- (13) Have a clan thundering down the slopes (9)
- (16) Fair—Mistake lost his car (7)
- (19) A set of chlorine addicts! (4)
- (21) Fasteners in first rap (5)
- (24) Pouch got the sack without first of kick (3)
- (25) All this fuss for nothing. (3)

