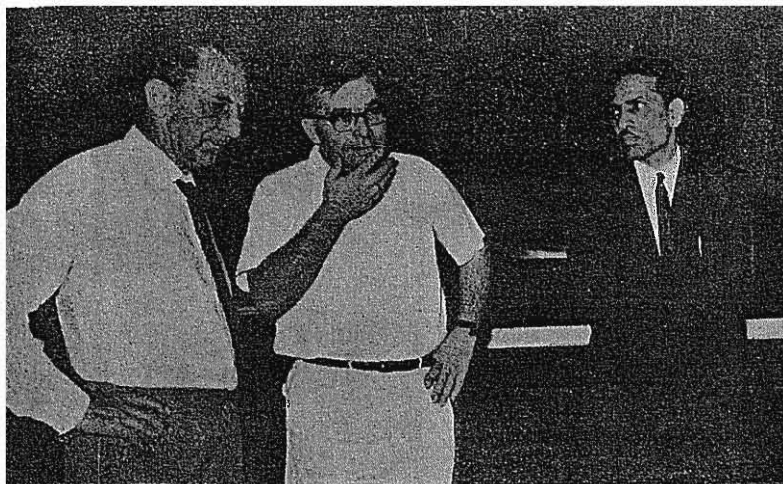


Campastimes

Vol. VIII, No. 4

IIT Madras, February 1970

25 P.



Mr. J. R. D. Tata, Dr. A. Klein, and the Diro having a yak-yak.

Photo : Kubendran.

COMPUTER

During the Director's visit to West Germany the aid agencies agreed in principle to supply the Institute a full-fledged computer. In all probability, the computer will reach us by the end of this year. It is a third generation computer: size—medium to large. This high speed computer will be the heart of a computer centre to be established at the Institute. The facilities of the centre will be made available to other educational institutions also. The present estimate of the computer's cost is about three to four million DM. A decision is yet to be taken on the make and type of computer to be installed.

—Campastimes

Welcome to the CULTURAL WEEK

—we promise you
a groovy time!

REPUBLIC DAY

Bright and early one fine morning, a surprising number of IITian Staff and students converged on the stadium—to watch the NCC at its tricks. Senior UO Venkatraman led the first and second year cadets around the uneven ground to his heart's content. The unfurling of the flag, the national anthem played very loud, and commands barked in the peculiar NCC lingo formed the prelude to the Director's speech. Dr Ramachandran observed that in spite of everything, it cannot be denied that India HAD made considerable progress since independence. But it is high time the leadership of the mediocrity gave way to the leadership of the meritocracy if the wants of the hungry millions are to be met. Wealth must be created before it can be distributed; to create wealth, every one of us must work—work is worship—and instead of emphasising the differences among the classes and sections of the nation, it is time efforts were made to tighten the bonds of unity instead. 'Long live the Republic!' And away went Senior UO Venkatraman leading his juniors round the course once more, and away went the Security Officer distributing sweets to all the little kids who had dropped in for a bit of innocent fun.

—Campastimes

WEST GERMAN DELEGATION VISITS THE INSTITUTE

A little noticed visit by a top-level delegation of German bankers and industrialists to India marked a definite reinforcement of general interest in the national economy. Among them, the members of the delegation represented firms which own just about anything worth owning in West Germany. Never before has such a delegation from Germany visited a developing nation. They were here to take stock of the investment climate and also to gain a first-hand impression of the working of the three-hundred-and-odd Indo-German collaborations all over the country. The foreign press is not considered a very reliable source of information on such matters.

The four members of the delegation who visited the Institute were all bankers. They

were given the usual red-carpet treatment: official luncheon—a tour round the bearable departmental sights—interview à la Campastimes.

They were of the opinion that the Institute compared with the best in Germany. Not unexpectedly, they were full of praise for the achievements of the private sector undertakings in India. Too much planning, they remarked, could be harmful to the economy. 'Ask not what we can do for you, but what we can help you do for yourselves,' was the substance of their comments on the subject of further aid commitments. At this point our news writer began to look desperate, so we eased off on the questions and gracefully made our exit.

—Campastimes



The Diro and der Deutscher Delegation

Photo : Kubendran

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CLASSIFIED
DIVERTISEMENTS

CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS :
IIT Astronomical Association

Announcement :

Members of the IIT Astronomical Association are requested to attend a meeting of the Association on 11-2-70. They should report on top of the water-tower.

Purpose of the meeting :

First hour : Observing the heavens with the binocular eye.

Second hour : Observing the heavens with the bikini eye.

Third hour : Observing the heavens with the naked eye.

Members should be prepared to face possible exposure charges. There is a proposal before the organisers of the Association for a concerted star-gazing tour through all the city cinemas.

Psychology Study Circle :

There was a group discussion on 1-1-70 in which representatives from all the city colleges took part.

The topic :

The Post-Freudian Analysis of Paranostic Ego-drifts in the Retroactive Sublimation of the Attentionitis Drive—or Why Girls Wear Miniskirts. Hemline data sheets were distributed by the Secretary. A monograph prepared by Sri N. U. T. Shriner was released. It comprised a detailed historical survey of the development of the mini from Palaeolithic times, with special notes on topics such as 'the grass skirts of the Upper Congo', 'the Generation Gap', 'the Exposure Threat', and 'the Panic in the Textile Industry'. A resolution was passed saying that girls should not wear miniskirts. (They look better without them.)

Dispute :

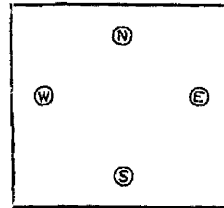
The Outdoor Club Secretary alleged here yesterday that some members of the Art Club had illegally removed the Outdoor Club's canvases, tent-poles and kitchen utensils. No modern art exhibition, he asserted, justifies this sort of vandalism. Besides, in the place of tent canvas, the members of his Club have to use lungis with psychedelic patterns on them, and that hardly looks becoming. Last week a group of villagers from Koddlaipidunur attacked an Outdoor Club expedition camping near the village for just this very reason, he said.

Radio Club :

Tenders are invited for the supply of a 2 pf ceramic capacitor to the Radio Club. Tender application forms can be had from the Registrar, IIT, Madras, on payment of Rs. 2 each.

BRIDGE

S: K Q 3
H: K Q 5
D: A 8 2
C: Q J 6 5



S: 2
H: A 10 8 7 6 4
D: 9 7 6 5 3
C: 2

S: 10 8 4
H: J 3 2
D: K J 10
C: A 10 9 8

S: A J 9 7 6 5
H: 9
D: Q 4
C: K 7 4 3

BIDDING :

North	East	South	West
1 NT	—	2C (Stayman)	—
2D	—	3S	—
4S	—	—	—

Opening lead : The 2 of Clubs.

East wins the lead and continues with a Club which is ruffed by West. West leads a small diamond which the declarer ducks in the Dummy. East wins with the King of Diamonds. Now it is time for East to think. From the bidding, South probably has a six-carder Spade. He also has a four-carder Clubs. His ducking the diamond indicates a probable diamond doubleton to a Queen. This leaves him with a singleton Heart, which the declarer obviously hopes to discard on the Diamond Ace. There are 3 Spades in the Dummy, which means that West probably has a singleton Spade. A Club continuation would therefore give the contract to the declarer. It is also quite probable that West has the Heart Ace, otherwise the declarer would not have ducked the Diamond small, knowing that a Club continuation can be ruffed. Hence the proper play for East is to switch to a Heart after winning the trick with the Diamond King. Losing a probable Club ruff is not important as against giving up the game contract.

(The only hope for the declarer is to find West with a singleton Spade and for East to fall for the trap of continuing with a Club. Making the contract is more important for the declarer than the possible loss of 50 points.)

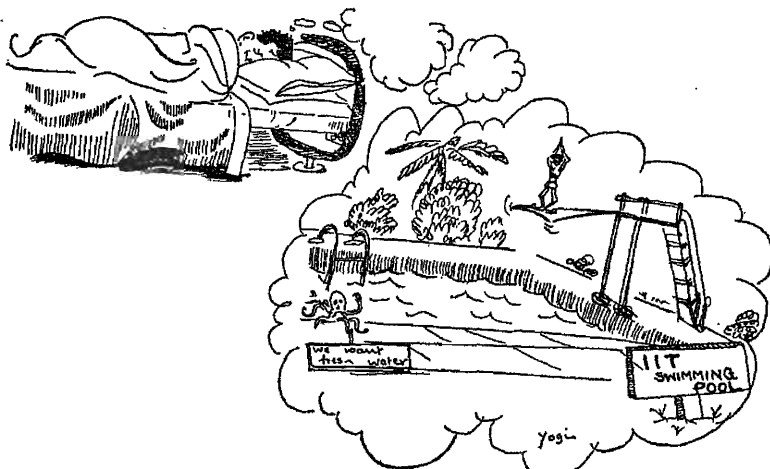
—S. HANUMNATHA RAO.

P. J's.

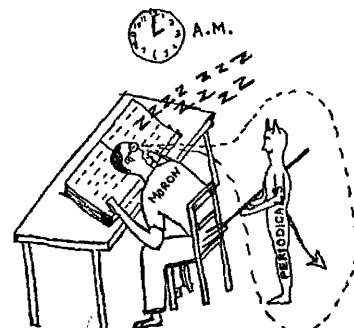
Speeches are like steer horns : a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between. ●

One old gent, opening a newspaper at the page carrying the announcements of births and deaths, was heard to observe, 'Now let's see who have been hatched and who have been dispatched.'

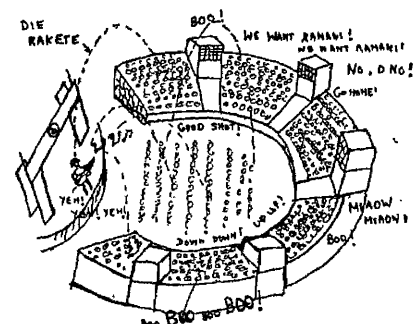
COMPETITION ENTRIES



Above : A Midsummer Night's Dream.
—Willie Shakespeare.



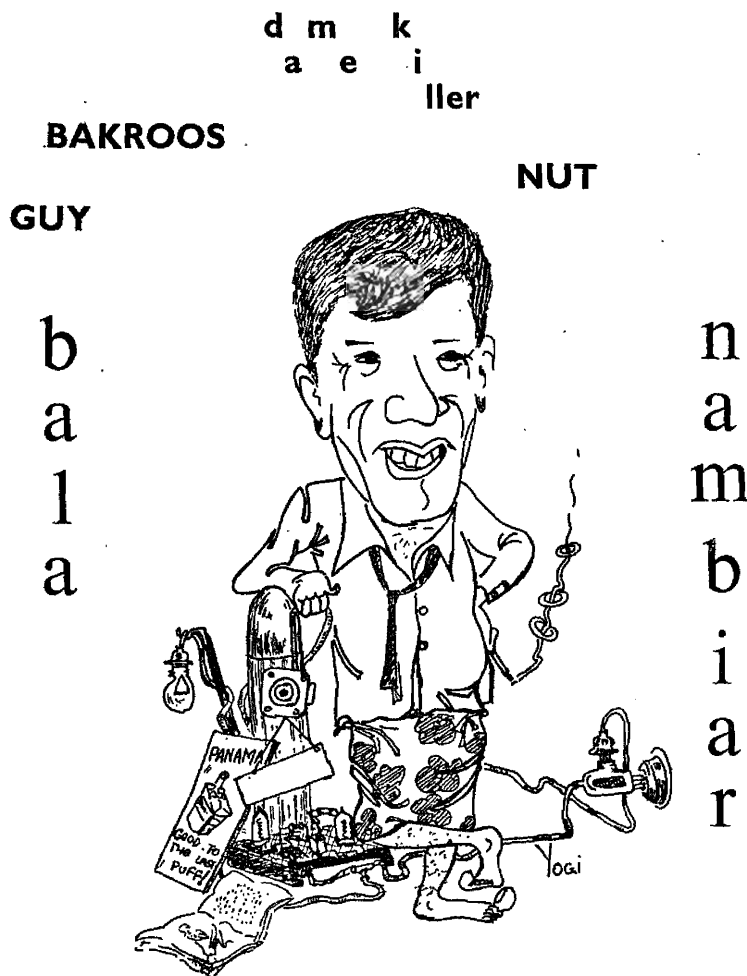
Satan Never Sleeps—Pearl S. Buck.



Right : The Tribe That Lost Its Head.
—Anton Chekov.

(T. NARAHARI)

CARICATURE



G. Sec.

It's almost the easiest thing in the world to spot Bala Nambiar; all you have to do is look for a person wearing atrocious clothes, an asinine expression on his face, and who walks as if all the cares of the world have been heaped on his shoulders. Apart from these distinguishing physical properties, he happens to be in the final year, and is the G. Sec. of the Institute Gymkhana. Having been formally introduced to him, you can now buckle down to the task of getting to know the sort of person he is.

Bala is known by many aliases, the more common (and decent) being 'Guy' and 'Bakroos'. For some mysterious reason, he tried desperately to keep the second, a family nickname, a deep and dark secret. In fact, he carried the matter to the extent of threatening all family friends, relations and the like, who came to visit him, with dire consequences, if by chance, they disclosed his nickname. Such steps, though drastic, could not be effective for very long; this is a fact that our hero has discovered, very much to his chagrin.

When you look Bakroos in the face, his eyes are what catch your eye first. These

extremely expressive eyes have stood him in good stead, getting him out of the tightest of spots. When he gets excited, or wishes to distract the other's attention, his eyes dilate until they seem to fill his entire face; one just can't help looking at them, wondering at their size, and before one knows what has happened, one is caught in the spell they seem to cast. Many an unfortunate lecturer has made the mistake of looking into these eyes while giving Guy an unpleasant time over a viva. What normally follows is that the lecturer in question is made to believe that what he had told Bala as the correct answer to the question he had asked, was precisely what Bala had said a minute earlier. Complicated, isn't it? Well, everything that Bakroos does is complicated.

Cards have always exercised a tremendous influence on him; he knows practically any card game worth knowing (especially those which involve business transactions), and can always be counted on, to fill the gap at any game. As a complement to his knowledge of card games, is his knowledge, and fund of card tricks—tricks that are executed with such finesse that they leave you blinking. In his

first year, he went around dazzling everyone with his adroitness, his seeming powers of telepathy, and his psychological reasoning. In fact, people soon came to be of the opinion that, as soon as he was able to toddle, he must have dazed his parents by asking them to pick any card from a pack which he extended...

Unfortunately, his card tricks attracted too much attention. One fateful day, before he knew what had happened, he had agreed to perform some 'magic' tricks at a Krishna hostel function. I think it would be best not to dwell on all the goofs that he committed. It is sufficient to say that Bakroos has not stepped on the stage again, in the guise of a magician.

His career as a magician-entertainer might have been very short-lived, yet his tricks continue. Sometimes, they yield him rich dividends; for instance, at the end of a vacation he frequently approaches a person he knows only slightly, but greets him as if he were a long lost friend. After the usual exchange of pleasantries, Guy starts off:

'Boy! These hols I learnt a foolproof method of making money; never was short of the stuff.'

An avaricious gleam comes into the other's eyes as he says: 'Really! What's the trick?'

'I need a fifty Paise coin for demonstration. Do you have one on you?'

A fifty Paise coin exchanges hands.

'W—e—ll. See this coin in my hand? I rub it here on my forearm. Watch carefully, you'll see the coin being rubbed right into the skin. It's still there. Ha! Now it's gone.'

The coin has vanished into some recess of his clothing. Leaving the dazed owner of the coin scratching his head, off goes Bakroos, happier and richer.

Getting down to a more homely quality of his, it is an established fact that Guy gets tipsy on anything stronger than a coke. This, in itself, is bad enough; what makes the whole business worse, is, that having reached an inebriated stage, he develops homicidal tendencies. Window panes, empty bottles and loose articles seem to act as goads to his fury. The result is destruction on a scale sufficient to set Hurricane Gladys a-thinking.

In the fourth year, somebody or the other mutilated his slippers. What was left of them was very little indeed—just the strap part and about half the sole. Yet he insisted on wearing those slippers for the rest of the year. Reason? Sentimental value.

The terrific thing about Bakroos and fags is that although he always has some, one never feels like smoking them; you see, he hides them in his jocks (the ones he's wearing).

He can't resist crooking his way through everything that he does, whether it's a game of cards, or the simple act of picking a lot for a hostel room; he's one of the laziest people one can dream of; he has a flair for coming up with the most scorching remark at just the right time; his taste in clothing is execrable; he's a genius in all matters relating to electronics; sometimes he does a complete volte-face and begins to take life seriously. At other times, he changes his mind with a dexterity and agility that would put an eel to shame. The wonderful thing, however, is that all this is done with such charm and artistry that it takes all the fire and venom out of an opponent. This many-faceted, crazy, mixed-up, extremely likeable person, is Bala Guy Bakroos Nambiar.

—C. K. SHARMA.

More PJ's

*A crook tried to travel first-class
On a clearly home-made pass.
He didn't take care,
And he hadn't the fare —
So they threw him out on his R's.*

—EDDIE DALAL.

An actress, returning from a foreign assignment, was asked by a reporter at her home town, 'Miss Shapely, how does it feel to have been abroad?'

Replied Miss Shapely, 'That is a very uncharitable supposition to make. Who told you I was one, anyway?'

A stage magician ended his show with the

following remarkable item: Said the genius, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, now I'm going to attempt a feat never done before. I am going to hypnotise all of you.' The audience gasped. 'Extend your right hands straight in front of you, don't make any noise, and listen very carefully. Now you're feeling sleepy... The audience tried hard to keep awake. Some closed their eyes and some giggled delightedly. The magician continued, 'You're falling asleep, drifting away into sleep, sleep, sleep... you will feel your right arms go stiff... you will not be able to move them... now they are rigid... stiff... stiff. Now can any one of you move his or her right arm?' And so he made his exit, the audience waving their arms enthusiastically. 'Ta-ta!' said the genius.

CAMPASTIMES
PRIZES

COMPETITION ENTRY:

T. NARAHARI

BEST GENERAL ARTICLE:

V. CHANDRASEKHAR

The Psychology Study Circle Symposium

To the average IITian, the Psychology Study Circle isn't likely to mean anything more than, say the Gajendra Circle or the circles on his periodical papers. However there does exist a small band of chauvinists who think of it as the *sumum bonum* of their earthly existence. Their idea of the Good Life is the conducting of Meetings, Seminars, Speeches and the like; all ostensibly for the purpose of imparting the wisdom of Psychology to their less fortunate brethren. Most of these efforts are successes: the Symposium under discussion was one that wasn't.

That's why it is impossible to follow instructions and write *humorously* about it. Frankly, there was nothing humorous about the way the affair was conducted; unless of course, the thought of an almost empty CLT, its emptiness emphasised by the fact that all the desks had been removed in order to provide room for the expected hordes, coupled with a few desperate gentlemen trying to pull in just any passerby, sends you into fits of mirth! Anyway, I don't think that was funny; but I can't help feeling that a couple of NOTICES put up in the hostels would have helped. One solitary poster, however admirably executed, can't draw very many people, especially if put up just a few hours before the affair. The forces of darkness did tell me that notices *had* been put up. Unfortunately, even a careful second search couldn't unearth any of them.

There is another comment worthy of attention. Cheeky perhaps, but definitely pertinent: it isn't good policy to have meetings on Saturday afternoons—most of us hold it as a sacred hour which we aren't likely to give up unless the reward is very great indeed.

Now to business....

As in many of our functions, the best speaker was Professor Sampath (the Guest of Honour), who rambled over the topic in his inimitable low-keyed manner. You know what I mean: soft spoken, understanding, you might almost say *comforting* when he referred to the attendance and expressed the hope that there would be more such meetings in future, with more people too!

The vote of thanks which Mr. Govindarajan gave was the other thing which held the audience. A very well prepared piece, with a neat gag about a psychiatrist, it was definitely appreciated.

In between, I vaguely remember a succession of speakers who talked on this and that. The swinging fist with which

H. Shankar delivered an emphatic no' would have endeared itself to Cassius Clay. His was one speech which didn't have to depend on the tender mercies of the mikes, and though I can't say that it particularly enlightened me about anything, it was definitely well prepared and equally well delivered.

I don't remember anything about the rest: and Ramaswami's kindness in giving me copies of the speeches is abs. wasted: I don't see any point in going through them, when I am quite sure that our man himself hasn't bothered to. Besides it would be a dirty trick to force all those who dodged the original performance to read about it now. Instead I'll just mention their names: J. Radha, S. Rajeshwari, P. T. Narasimhan (Presidency); Bhuvaneswari (QMC); Neena (Cultural Acad.); Rebecca George (SIET); B. Prasad (Loyola); H. Shankar (IIT).

For phone numbers etc., you are advised to contact the organisers who went to great pains to note such details. One somehow got the impression that Psychology wasn't the sole item on the programme. No doubt our relations with other colleges would have been strengthened as a result. Which is all to the good.

An interesting incident took place at the end of the first session.

The audience were told to hop it and fend for themselves while the 'in' set went upstairs for tea. Maybe they didn't want the Great Unwashed Public barging in on their affairs, but couldn't there have been a better solution?

The group discussion after the tea had an even thinner audience. Ramaswami joined one group which discussed the problems of adolescence, while another group talked about 'the family yesterday and today'.

P. S. C. CORRESPONDENT.



Dr Gopalan—The Moon rock man.

—Photo: Kubendran

IITian Cant

The IITian and his friend from another college are talking about a film. The chap from IIT says, 'Maha flick, I swear, great. The car-chase was *much* yar, too sexy. Only the P.J's were a bit sick and the cabaret scene *καπδ*'. A glazed look comes into the friend's eyes. He nods, wondering what hit him. He doesn't realize that he's just been given a blast of IITian cant.

Cant is 'vocabulary peculiar to a particular class'. It is not necessarily made up of words that no one else uses at all, but those which very few others use in exactly the same sense as you do. Almost every educational institution, especially if it is a residential one, develops its characteristic form of cant. IIT naturally is no exception.

Consider 'sexy'. Our use of it is far removed from its conventional meaning. To say that the chicken for dinner was sexy is not to say that it oozed glamour and seduction. Or, when in answer to 'How was the paper?' after an exam someone says, 'Sexy', chances are that he is *not* thinking of moist lips and a heaving bosom. Again, though it may startle an outsider to hear, 'Hey, that's a sexy slide-rule', another IITian will perfectly appreciate the sentiment. In other words, 'sexy' in the different ways in which it is used here would mean nothing to anyone who hasn't lived on this campus. This is typical of all cant—it is understood only within a limited circle.

If however, you took 'sexy slide-rule' to mean a sliderule charged with high-voltage sex, you would certainly be called a 'moron'. Then *this* word, another in our cant family, will have been used in only one of a hundred ways in which it is employed here. To mention only a few, the lecturer whose favourite letter is F, the warden who won't allow Ted Mark's in the library, the bus driver who seems to be practicing for the Grand Prix; every one of them is a moron. In this place, to use this word it is not necessary to know its dictionary meaning: 'an adult with the intelligence of a child 9-12 years old'.

The application of 'moron' isn't confined to people you don't like. 'Hi, you moron', 'Hallo, moron', etc. are harmless but adequate substitutes for certain other more vivid forms of greeting usually heard here. And they have the advantage that they won't shock parents and other vulnerable people who happen to overhear.

A common factor of these all-purpose cant words appears to be that most of them enjoy a certain limited period of dizzy popularity and then fall from grace. They flash across the conversational scene and then burn out because of their own energy. The extent to which the single word 'moron' once dominated the average IITian's vocabulary is astonishing. You heard it a hundred times a day; you read it in every column of *Campastimes*; you saw it on table-tops and black-boards and the walls of the most unlikely places; in short, wherever you turned, it was inescapably there. Then like an aging actress, Moron went into overdue retirement. Unfortunately it seems to have made a comeback now.

Another word for all seasons was (or is) 'great'. The dictionary gives it only one or two meanings. This hasn't deterred IITians from giving it several more. Sensations, emotions and motorbikes; art, architecture and applied mechanics, all these and much more have been described with telling effect by the use of this one word. With equal impartiality, great has been used to describe actresses and wrestlers, electrical machines and electric guitars, and an infinite series of equally unrelated objects.

For an unbearable while there were more 'greats' in our conversation than legs on an overgrown centipede. It spotted all conversation like a bad attack of measles. In course of time Great too was dethroned. It hasn't disappeared from use, but it is heard comparatively less these days.

The Bestseller List

- 'A compelling human drama.'
- 'A powerful tale of espionage and intrigue.'
- 'A master storyteller at his best.'
- 'An explosive masterpiece. . . .'
- 'Full of action-packed adventure. . . .'

Critics seem to have a very limited vocabulary when it comes to describing bestsellers. At least, those parts of their reviews which find their way on to the dustjackets of contemporary bestsellers would lead one to believe so. This isn't surprising considering the number of bestsellers coming in for review. Tired minds think alike, and the critics are overworked. There is no question of that. Even when they make no pretence of reading through all of the thousands of pages in each bestseller, one can tell they are trying to cover up. The truth is, the average reviewer hasn't the foggiest idea of what's in the book he or she is reviewing. He conjectures. The title is of great help, and the cover design is of even greater. As to the contents, they don't really matter. A few superlatives at random do the trick.

This is the age of thousand-page literary orgies. Even with computerized typesetting techniques, mass production of bestseller literature must be a problem. Still, printing technology and publishing houses seem to be able to take on anything of contemporary

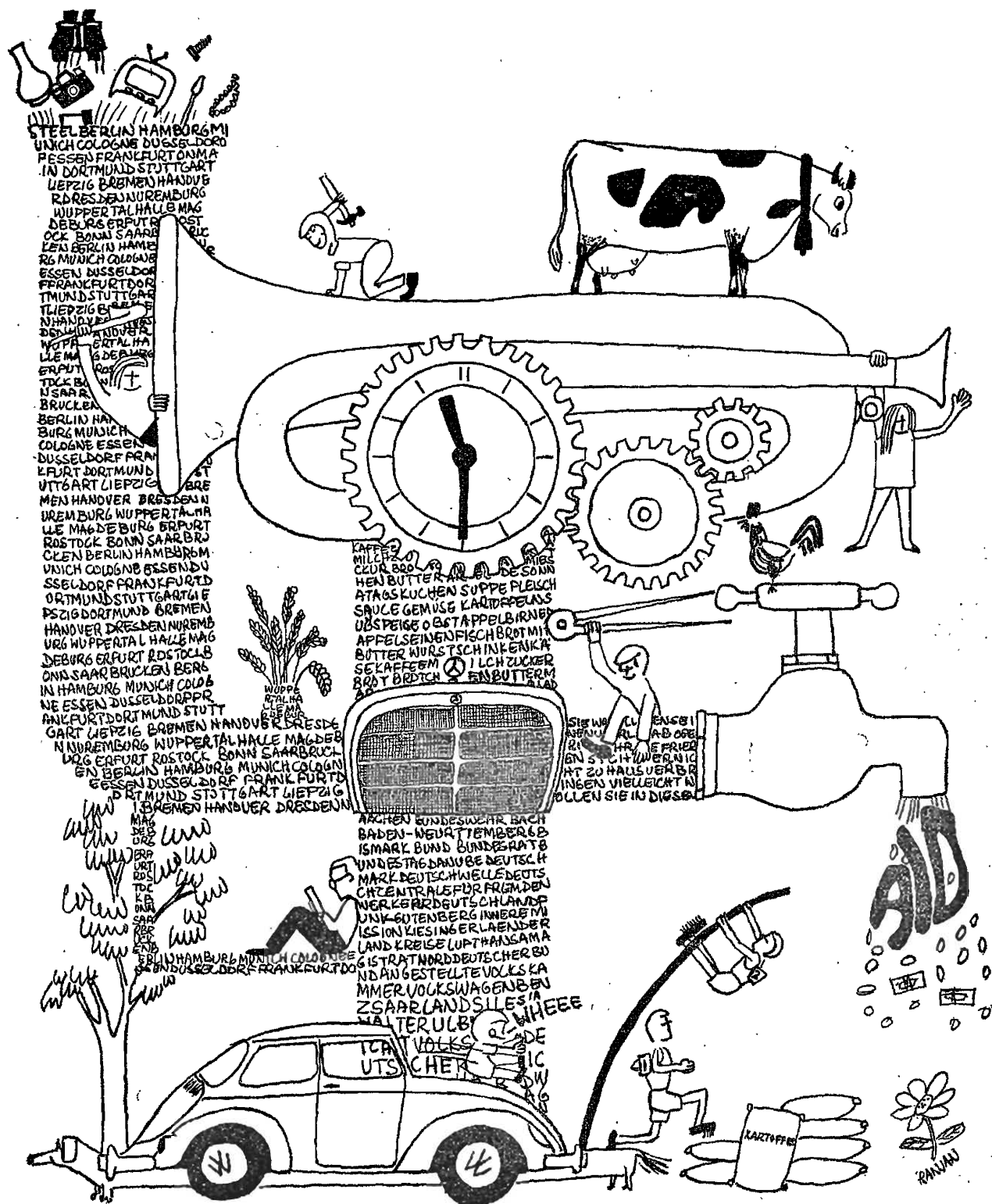
dimensions: after all, they have the organisation and money, and if there is anything that organisation, money and technology can't do in the production line, I have yet to hear of it. But marketing the fruits of their labours is a horse of a different colour. I've heard of the ingenious solution found by the Brazilian Government for a similar embarrassing dilemma. They found that export production of coffee was far beyond overseas demand. So rather than flood the market (and bring prices down), they chose to dump the coffee in the Atlantic Ocean. This solution, direct and brilliant though it is, wouldn't suit the publishing industry, I fear. They prefer the public to die of a surfeit of compelling human dramas and powerful tales of espionage and intrigue. And that necessarily means they have to peddle their wares and make the public bite.

Therein lies the mystery. One would suppose that any normal public would be in no position to stomach more of the

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued on page 5)

GERMANY IN THE EYES OF AN INDIAN



(H Tian Cant—Contd.)

After 'great' the place at the top was taken by 'sick'. (Very strictly speaking this is not a cant word. It falls in the category of slang because its use is more or less universal.) For a long time, sick was the fashionable word to use. And that it was just 'used', would be the understatement of the year. Listing the staggering number of uses to which this four-letter word was put would drive a computer crazy. The sick quiz, the sick skit, the sick experiment, the sick weather, the sick grub, the sick dame, sick sick sick sick sick till you felt literally sick or 'disposed to vomit'. After a long period of use, re-use

overuse and abuse, sick at last let go its stranglehold on the IITian tongue. It is not meant that Sick just lay down and died. That would be too much to hope for.

After the decline and fall of Sick, there was no single catchword of exceptional popularity. 'Much' and 'Maha' were in the field, they still are, but didn't quite make it to the top. Several others like 'thick' and 'ditch' seem likely to wait forever with pads on. $\alpha\lambda\pi\delta$, a newcomer, had an excellent chance, sounding as it does full and mysterious. Unfortunately its colourful expansion is torture to those who are not familiar with Hindi. Possibly because of this, it seems unlikely that this will ever become cock of the roost.

But there is certainly no cause for despair. As surely as one periodical follows another, some new vogue-word will turn up soon. Some time back, in a hostel-brochure, one read about a 'Powerful batch of P.G.'s', 'a powerful answer', 'powerful chutney', and number of other equally powerful things. Perhaps here is the new word we have been waiting for—another of those super-adaptable ones whose flexibility ensures that the ITian will never be at a loss for words.

Powerful, here's wishing you luck. Let's see you become the most talked about word in this campus.

—S. R. NAIR.



EDITORIAL

Let loose a group of IITians on the stage, and the last thing you can expect is entertainment. The amateur theatre in the Campus has died a violent death: both the cynical apathy of the would-be performers and the uncharitable boorishness of the spirits of the OAT have had a hand in the murder. These days, even the music dished out at the amphitheatre arouses the worst in the spectators. No gladiator in the arena would have been more afraid of the bloodthirsty roar of the populace than the hapless specimens on stage are of the explosive throats in the audience, the pots and pans and bugles, the paper planes and the inebriated hyenaish mirth which drowns out everything else.

But it wasn't always so. There have been instances in the history of the OAT when the audience were actually *cheering*, and cheering might enthusiastically at that. The entertainment must have been simply fabulous to elicit that kind of response, you conclude, or someone must have had announced a holiday. On two occasions, the former was nearer the mark, and MCC were on stage.

For the past two years, MCC have managed to satisfy the spirits of the OAT: in fact, they have walked away with the R. G. Narayanamurthy Trophy on both occasions. They have a good chance of performing a hat-trick this year.

Many an IITian has wondered what exactly makes for success in entertainment. We never had the secret, and if we had, we've now lost it. The answer is very simple—enthusiasm, enthusiasm all round. There's always talent, and more can be developed. But enthusiasm: that's a rare commodity, especially in IIT, as one man's cynicism can kill another's enthusiasm.

Coming back to MCC and the reason why they are so much at home on the stage, it follows by deduction that they are enormously enthusiastic. And not just the participants: everyone connected with the dramatic effort, the whole College in fact, seems to overflow with the right spirit. Here is what *Spot*, the MCC paper, has to say: 'The College play, Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge", was just . . . the most . . . you know, absolutely . . . Oh God! I just can't find the adequate words to describe it! Tell you what, collar a guy who saw the play and ask him how he liked it. You'll see a gleam in his eyes. That'll tell you how good it was.' From these words, an IITian might conclude that the writer was merely being sarcastic. But no, 'Speaking for myself, this is easily the best I have seen in the past five years . . .'

That is why the formation of the Dramatics Club strikes many as having possibilities. Will they materialize? Whether they do or not, gentlemen, let us give them a jolly good chance.

How serious are we?

Any person asking such a question in the pages of *Campastimes* is in danger of being accused of incipient Beeveicism. IITians are not serious, they believe, and they are prepared to be proud of it. Indeed, when a columnist in a city newspaper recently found 'what is missing from . . . *Campastimes* is seriousness,' quite a few IITians chuckled to themselves and observed that the columnist had said a mouthful, though not in exactly the right spirit. The IITian's digestion can cope with a very limited amount of seriousness, and that is that. No doubt some of us have spent time and thought in trying to answer such questions as 'What do students think of their social environment, the content of the

GAS THE CARNIVAL— WHY?

'Hoy Kake!'
Kake emerged from the bathroom clad in his customary attire—the latest issue of *Campastimes*.
'Yeah?'
'Working up a column for the rag.'
'Yeah!'
'Say something.'
'You might get a chance to use the swimming pool.'
'Please, Kake. The readers have had enough of the swimming pool, I think.'
'Honest, it's gonna come true at last.'
'Quit kidding.'
'Look, we're conducting a Grand Carnival. Snaz stuff, really. The whole Town's going to be here. We'll pick their pockets clean and pile them on the garbage truck to be cleared out.'
'And with two and a half bucks complete the swimming pool.'
'And a cafeteria.'
'To eat more schidt grub.'
'Darn you!'
'Tell me something other than we're gonna make a socking profit.'
'Wise guy!'

'What swimming pool?' queried Bala, the G. Sec. I explained Kake's idealism.
'Oh! He's got it all wrong. The main idea of the Carnival is to bring all the dames in town to the campus.'

'But how will they come? Our joint's out in the wilderness.'

'Whaddya think we're arranging bus service from all the dames' colleges for? We're arranging to pick them up and drop them back. Vinoo's got his car ready in case the buses get a bit overcrowded.'

'Hmm.'
'What's wrong?'
'Who's giving buses?'
'The Registrar . . . hey, don't say he'll ditch?'

That made him thoughtful.
'Shucks. I'll get all the guys with mo'bikes to co-operate. Dash it, what's a Carnival without girls? Imagine! A Carnival WITHOUT girls!'

B's B.
'It was actually Dr. Ananthraman's idea.'
'What good was it supposed to do him?'
'Nothing. He used to win Garden Prizes for Jamuna. What good did it do him? He's not selfish. He just does work.'
'Good for him.'
'Remember how he won the Entertainment . . .'

I remembered another appointment instead. I wasn't exactly interested in what the watchman's second wife's third step-mother said to somebody or the other and that's where it seemed to be leading up to. I wanted dope on the Carnival. . .

—AAJOO.

education they are getting, their immediate experience? What are the factors that create unrest (if at all) among them?' And last, but not least, 'What is their political thinking and involvement?' The point is, few would have the courage (foolhardiness, some say) to answer these questions in print, at least in the pages of *Campastimes*. They know what *could* happen to them.

Admittedly, what finds its way into the pages of *Campastimes* cannot be said to evidence a high degree (or any degree) of political consciousness. That ought to reassure our administrators, who are definitely and understandably of the opinion that students and politics shouldn't mix. But, for the record, let it be stated that not all of us are busy with more important things—a few IITians do hold forth at length on the intricacies of politics and political philosophy. Some, indeed, become argumentative in the mess and entertain everyone in the best political traditions of friction and hot air. But these are rare gems, very rare.

By the Way

Of late it has been pointed out to me that this column has strayed from the amiable byways of digression along which it was supposed to meander and ventured on the highway of righteous indignation. Considering the volume of protest, mild and otherwise, registered in the middle pages of *Campastimes* in the last few issues, it's time to stop complaining and go for one of our long rambling walks.

Oddly enough, the road down which I would like you to accompany me is the one past the Halls of Residence of IIT, Kanpur. There are five of them, each housing four hundred. The doors are painted at random in lurid shades of blue, green and pink. Fortunately, the walls are not lilac. (Do I hear a murmur of 'you ought to be talking with Mandakini right next door?') The rooms and messes are better than ours, but we have the edge where the city and transport to it is concerned. Why all this gossip about IIT Kanpur, you wonder. I just thought it would make a change from hearing about Kharagpur. I am as elated as anybody else, however, about the sterling performance of our men at Kharagpur. *Bravo! bravo!* You . . . did it!

The other day I was riding past Gajendra when a character in khaki blew a whistle at me and made me keep left, that is, ride all the way round the Circle. Imagine an IIT full of traffic cops nabbing you for riding doubles and cycling after dark without a light and . . . No, it doesn't bear thinking about. The only consolation is, what with the budget cuts for IIT, the administration could not possibly afford it. As for keeping left at the Circle, I hardly like being forced to perform *pradakshanam* around that Thing!

Now that the semester system has been in force for six months, it's generally accepted that it has made our lot easier. It is hard to resist the temptation to correlate the advent of the semester system with the breakthrough in sports; admittedly, poor logic, but human nature takes no account of logic. Anyway, long live the semester system: by the same faulty logic, it has also given birth to the Debating Club, the Dramatic Club and other groups.

Some time back, I read a novel by Manohar Malgonkar. For the benefit of those who have not yet read his works, here is a Find. I have since read two more novels by him, and they were possibly even better than the first. Mr. Malgonkar brings to his books credibility of plot, an impeccable sense of period, and good English. I am glad to be able to cite such a convincing refutation of the odious theory that a typically Indian situation cannot be described in English. Dissenters, please read *The Distant Drum* or *A Combat of Shadows*.

There has always been a strong aversion to officialdom, and this is as good a time as any to count off the favourite local *bête noire*: As you are aware, I am desired to inform you, the inmates of this hostel, in confirmation of the notice of even date numbered, etc. etc. At times, notices are couched in such ponderous language that the meaning gets lost in the welter of clauses. The time has come to reveal that no notice containing words of more than two syllables, or sentences longer than two lines can be presumed to lie within the powers of comprehension of the IITian.

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

OBITUARY

We note with regret the passing away of Sri. S. E. Ravichandran, M. Tech, Chemical Engineering. May his soul rest in peace.



TAXI TROUBLE

Ten thousand rupees. This amount, arrived at by a conservative and optimistic estimate is what IITians spend every year as taxi fare. That is, travelling to and from Central or Egmore four times a year costs this privy-purse sum. Preposterous? Yes. True? Yes again. Avoidable? For the third time a very emphatic Yes.

We have a fleet of buses. Excellent vehicles in excellent condition. At least two of them are kept in safe custody in the garages while IITians are forced to travel by cabs and in the process pay through the nose. Why this is allowed to happen has been puzzling many for long. The Institute seems to be suffering from an embarrassment of riches.

No one expects a shuttle service between Ganga hostel and Central. But a few judiciously arranged trips to meet the more important trains is surely called for. Fares which ensure that the Institute does not incur a loss will gladly be paid. For the luggage we could use our lorry and perhaps another hired one.

As it is now, the position is often ridiculous. Someone going to Coimbatore, (assuming he has enough luggage to warrant the use of a cab) pays about equal amounts on train and taxi fare. However, it isn't the question of paying a disproportionate sum, but the question of having to pay at all for a taxi that is important.

The need for some regularised system of transport to and from the Railway stations is so blatantly obvious that it is amazing nothing has been done about it. We enjoy a vacation. We'd enjoy it a little better if we weren't fleeced at the beginning and the end.

BREAKTHROUGH FOR BEEF

The long-drawn-out battle for beef has been won in one of the hostels. After this breakthrough it is very likely that beef will find its way into the menu in many of the other hostels soon. Although the proposal to bring in beef (mainly as a measure of economy) originated years ago, its realization has not been possible before because of the rule that unanimous approval is first essential.

For all the pious 'religious reasons', 'tradition', 'Hinduism' etc. liberally dished out in opposition to beef, there were very few whose religious sensibilities were genuinely offended. (My reference is to the hostel where the ban on beef has just been lifted.) All of them eventually withdrew their objections. That they should have been able to subordinate their personal interests, however justifiable, to the larger interests of the group in which they live, is admirable. The pity is that this spirit of tolerance is so completely absent in some others among us.

Another group objected mainly because it was misinformed. The misconception most widespread and difficult to remove was that beef stinks. But after a promotion campaign that would have done credit to a Chanel perfume, all doubts regarding smell were cleared.

In one case there was a near hysterical protest from someone. After the dust had settled and the smoke blown away, it turned out that he thought cows would be brought to the mess to be killed. Fortunately he didn't take it into his head that he would be asked to do the killing.

An affliction common to all the hostels is that small but determined tribe of trouble-

makers who oppose beef just for the sake of opposing: just for the heck of it. These objectionable objectors believe, or pretend to believe that beef should be barred from the mess but either cannot or will not explain why. They do come up with a few scintillating arguments now and then, but the most charitable remark that can be made about these inanities is that they do not merit discussion. I have it on authority that at least one of this last pack of objectors changed over to the non-vegetarian section of the mess immediately after the introduction of beef. Why such people stubbornly advocate a cause in which they themselves have no faith is a mystery. Probably they derive a perverse pleasure in being able to thwart the wishes of those who are sentenced to live with them.

If you feel that the beef controversy has revealed how orthodox and unreasonably conservative some of us are, here is something that might cause you to change your mind. In the Birla Institute of Technology, Pilani, the mess has all along been purely vegetarian (eggs excepted). Last year there was a sensational move to introduce mutton. In spite of severe opposition the scheme was almost carried through. At the last moment it was hurriedly abandoned because one of the students threatened that if mutton were allowed to desecrate the mess he would immolate himself.

At least we have no candidate for sainthood.

IN THE OAT

There is something about the OAT which discourages unrelieved seriousness. Perhaps it is its being OAT perhaps there is some subtler reason, like its association with Saturday evening films. But I for one have never witnessed a function here that was dead serious from start to finish. One suspects that a funeral service in the OAT will produce a few laughs here and there.

Even a solemn ceremony like the convocation deteriorates, in the OAT, to just another form of entertainment. Favourites are cheered wildly as they come on stage and the rest are either ignored or received with crushing silence. As some venerable Head-of-the-Department speaks, his accent is mimicked in a dozen places and there is an explosion of delighted laughter. When the chief guest has got up to orate and is reminding us that the future of India lies in our hands, excited groups in the audience loudly debate the chances of rain and of Monday being a holiday.

But the deformalizing effect of the OAT is not always harmless as all of us know so well. It is seen at its worst during the course of cultural events, when the relaxed, informal atmosphere whips up what is euphemistically called 'audience-participation' to an unbearable extent.

This year there is a possibility that the events of the Literary Week will be held in the OAT. This shift of venue could be disastrous. Between the CLT and the OAT, the demands of the audience change considerably. What might be deemed passable in the first place is usually found wanting in the second. A speaker of average proficiency would probably be able to hold the CLT quiet, but chances are that the same speaker with the same speech would be a nerve-shattering flop in the OAT. Moreover an IITian whether he admits it or not, goes to the OAT hoping to be amused. And if the amusement is not forthcoming from those on the stage, he is often willing to provide it himself.

The thought of Literary Week in new surroundings doesn't exactly thrill one with anticipation. The German recitation alone will probably go off splendidly. That's because the audience will be a minority. The Quiz will be, to use another popular euphemism, 'lively'. So very lively that the Quizmaster will also have to be a lion-tamer to see that the audience doesn't make the competitors a superfluity. The first few group discussions will be listened to, regardless of their standard. After that, if one takes on the appearance of a badly rehearsed play or a family

VOTE OF THANKS

We would be failing in our duty if we did not put on record our gratitude for the sincere and spontaneous enthusiasm shown by certain well-built gentlemen who endeavoured to instill in our poor befuddled minds the true facts about the football team's abortive trip to the Inter-University. If the ensuing picture is still a little confused, surely we have only ourselves to blame.

Among others, mention must be made of Mr. M. M. Sanyal, for obvious reasons. He assures us in no uncertain manner that personal reasons kept him back from making the trip. The fact that he did attend a boating regatta during the same period is purely incidental. The error in the last issue is regretted. After all, Mr. Sanyal's veracity in such matters can hardly be doubted—at least, not until false teeth are sold cheaper by the dozen.

—Campastimes

The Bestseller List—(Continued)

compelling human dramas and powerful tales of espionage and intrigue that clutter up our newsstands and bookshops. By now, they should have had enough of that type of literature thrown at them. Compelling human drama... pooh! Trying to survive in today's lethal traffic is compelling enough, a visit to the dentist is dramatic enough, and human is the last word to describe any individual with the fortitude to go through a few thousand pages of bestseller print. But people do. At least, so one would be led to believe from a study of the sales statistics.

I don't pretend to be ignorant of the powers of advertising. I never did understand the mechanics of how advertising agencies persuade the great unwashed public to buy one particular brand of predigested pap in preference to another, but I recognize the fact that they do. Anyhow, I can only assume that the agencies perform the same miracle for publishing houses that they perform for other people keen on unloading their stuff on the unsuspecting consumer.

Whatever you and I may think of people who write bestsellers, there's money in the otherwise wretched business. These days, money justifies almost any heinous crime, so I think you won't be too harsh in your judgement when I confess I have a secret yearning—to write a bestseller. Not a big one, mind you—just a thousand pages or so. It will be 'a story so incredible it could only be true', it will be 'an extraordinary piece of work excelling in the imagery of a new literary renaissance', it will also be 'an explosive masterpiece'. It will have sold 2,50,000 copies in the original hardcover edition (\$ 7.50, Popgood & Grooly) and now be available to you in Pop Paperbacks at a bargain price of 99 c. Besides all of which, it will be written by ME, the great and only ME, author of, *Of Men and Cabbages*; *The Last Potato Chips*; *Mary, Mary!* All I need is someone to put me on the bestseller list. Once there, I promise to stay for the next five years. Any takers?

Linotype.

fight, bells will ring like fire-alarms and the inevitable bugle will be blown. The debaters will have to come extra-specially prepared as they'll have to take on the audience all alone. Quite predictably, when for the twenty-ninth time in one evening we are being told with touching earnestness that God is not dead or why in the interests of world peace the reins of Government should be entrusted to women, a paper plane will loop gracefully through the air and land on the speaker's head. Then there will be desperate appeals for quiet and decorum from the Chairman or some Secretary and he will be rewarded with quiet and decorum for a maximum of two minutes.

I hope I will be proved wrong when the week does roll around. But right now my sympathies are entirely with the visiting competitors. Luckily for them, they don't know what they're in for.

—S. R. NAIR.

YARN

YE OLDE TIMES

The other day, *Campastimes* in the shape of its editor came down on my neck and nonchalantly informed me that this time I wouldn't and mustn't be spared, that I just would have to write something for this issue. All my pleading that 'something' was a rather vague topic on which you could write anything, from volumes to nothing, proved futile. Surely, after so many years at IIT, there had to be a host of topics on which I could write. (My opinion: the fellow should have taken up law instead of engineering, the way he manages to puncture all your beautifully concocted arguments.) But that's precisely the dilemma I faced, I told him, hoping that that, at least, would carry some conviction with him. (It didn't of course. In fact, nothing did.) As the saying goes: after three weeks in India—or anywhere else, for that matter—you write a book, after three months, an article, and then you start thinking twice and refuse to write at all. (How seriously one can then take most of the empty books written on India and subjects Indian, I have the pleasure of leaving to you, gentle reader.)

There are strong indications that in this tussle the Publications Committee, sorry: Editorial Board (and thank heaven for this change!) approached their Staff Adviser who promptly came up with a topic I simply couldn't refuse to write on: Having been its first publisher way back in '62, why doesn't the blighter tell something about the birth of *Campastimes*? Here they had got me with no escape route open on any side. Of course, in retaliation I now could spin a tremendous yarn merrily gassing away about the educational values of a college paper, the strong urge to open a channel for the students to vent their feelings and opinions, for the staff to gauge their wards' mind and all that jazz. I won't, I promise.

In the Gymkhana, we had often talked about entering the news-mart with a publication of our own, but somehow—the Gymkhana was in its infant stage and plans and ideas, never realized, were floating about by their dozens—we never got down to brass-tacks. Then, in July 1962, I received from our then Director, Prof. B. Sengupto, what amounted to an order: bring out a campus paper with the first issue dated 15th August, 1962.

By that time we—a mildly bewildered motley group of students and 'humanitarians'—had everything a paper needs except such trifles as a name, a press and a registration. So we first established what amounted to an Editorial Board—blessed be the day it was re-established some time in 1969!—occupied a classroom in BSB, not because we were particularly fond of this building, but for the simple reason that in those pioneering days it happened to be the only departmental building in existence—I am still wonder-struck by the fact that the entire IITM, departments, administration and all, once was able to function in this one building without a lavish amount of casualties due to asphyxia—and started discussing the issue on hand sans coffee, vegetable puffs and cakes which today seem to be the mainstay of the Institute Gymkhana judging from the unending stream of bills the office receives, but then were beyond our reach, for that was a long time before 'Knick-Knack' opened its leave-it-to-us gates.

In the order given above, we started discussing a name. Should there have been a philosopher propounding that names cannot be discussed, the chap was absolutely right: we eventually agreed to disagree and decided to leave it to the brains of the then thinly populated campus to come up with a hopefully gentle ripple of brain-waves. In other words, we launched a competition open to the staff and students alike. The results were shattering: *IIT News*, *Campus Tribune*, *The Student's Times*, *Student's Magazine*, *We IIT*—thumbs down on just every single one of these brain-ripples. A rather bedraggled E.B. mentally limped back to 'Taj Mahal', No. 2, Crescent Park Road, Gandhinagar, the then residence of the first publisher of what over the years has developed into the best campus paper of India—here I am relying on the judgment of old-timer V. Siddhartha who should know—to lick their wounds and, nourished by the cup that cheers, to do some thinking of their own. I do not remember which P.P. the muse decided to kiss, but someone of the solemnly meditating round suddenly blurted out, 'Why not combine "campus" and "pastimes" and call the thing *Campastimes*?' And thus *Campastimes*—at any rate the name—entered this world.

That particular afternoon turned into evening, and evening inevitably turned into night. If my memory doesn't play any nasty tricks on me—at times it unfortunately does—we parted at two in the morning (not unusually late for me, as everybody knows). By then we had tried out so many different ways of writing *Campastimes* (see the facsimiles on page 1 of Vol. I, No. 2), we were nearly sick of the newly-found word. What finally emerged as the head you, gentle reader, and so many others all over India have become to familiar with, is

the result of the nocturnal doodling of *Campastimes*' first publisher translated into the deft brush-work of the staff artist of our—then still future—press.

Which brings us to the second trifle: finding a press, or, to be more precise, a person willing to print whatever we intended to publish—by that time, we didn't have a single line to show—and print it the way we thought it should be printed (no doubt, we had big ideas): *Campastimes* was to have an attractive format (no newsprint, no thank you!), the types were to be of the most legible quality, the headlines in an astounding variety of type. That is where Dr. M. S. ('Micro-Speed') Vairanapillai entered the scene—a 'humanitarian' if ever there was one at IITM—and introduced us to the late Mr. V. M. Philip of Diocesan Press.

I've promised to be frank, and I'll stick to this promise: Diocesan Press weren't too enthusiastic about taking up the job, they had a goodish amount of qualms and hesitations, and we did not blame, nay, we understood them: there are college papers galore started with a tremendous amount of enthusiasm and, with enthusiasm fizzling out (for any campus paper, any paper for that matter, that hopes to survive, demands less enthusiasm than dedicated work, the emphasis being on dedicated and work), very soon die an ignominious death justifying not even a two-line obituary in a local daily. But, somehow, Dr. Vairanapillai managed to convince Diocesan Press that we would be different, they accepted reluctantly, we brought the matter; it was type-set following our by now no more nebulous ideas, we corrected the galley-proofs getting familiar with 'lc', 'caps' 'stet' and all the rest, and again assembled at Adyar HQs to paste the dummy: banner-like galleys, a folded sheet of paper the format of what was to be our *Campastimes*' a big bottle of gum, a pair of scissors.

Our then Adyar HQs, of course, had a dining-room with a dining-table, but both soon proved to be too small. So the E.B. eventually settled down in the hall pushing aside whatever furniture turned out to be inimical to our noble enterprise, sitting on the floor around a still virgin dummy.

Of course, the editor and I had meanwhile met the Collector of Chingleput—in those far-off days the IIT was under his jurisdiction—and had our effort registered as a monthly one: Editor's Name: Anand Singh Bawa; Publisher's Name: Dr. Nikolaus Klein—Mr. R. Natarajan, the then Registrar, decided that 'N' stands for 'Nirmal', hence the pen-name I've used all these years (good God I'm catching myself giving away secrets!)—Printer's Name: Diocesan Press, Vepery. There were, quite naturally, a lot more details to be furnished to satisfy the powers that be that, among other things, we weren't up to any tricks such as making a huge profit without letting the I.T. blokes know. Sticklers to rules and regulations that we are, *Campastimes* has never made a profit so far (for detailed information kindly contact the Registrar).

Back to the virgin dummy around which we sat. We soon attacked it with bits and pieces of the above mentioned galleys and pasted them on it with the above mentioned gum, a sticky job if ever there was one, and looking at the first result of our endeavours, we weren't so terribly sure whether *Campastimes* would ever be the smashing thing it proved to be right from its birth. In fact, tired as we were, we were inclined to consider this six-page affair meant 'For Private Circulation Only' as a major blot on the landscape and were glad to leave the rest to Diocesan Press. And, boy, did they make something out of our ghostly dummy! We could hardly believe our eyes when Mr. C. E. Koshy, the guardian angel of *Campastimes*, brought us the proof-sheets.

Bringing out the first issue of *Campastimes* was a rush-job, and this, it would appear, has developed into a cherished tradition. It is not for me, its first publisher, to pass any judgment on the get-up and quality of Vol. I, No. 1, although, personally, I think both were good. What then mattered was that on 15th August, right after the flag-hoisting ceremony, we could present to Prof. Sengupto the first few copies of *Campastimes*, the ink still wet, but neatly printed with hardly any misprints, a standard that I am glad to say, has been maintained over the years.

If in 1962 it was a reluctant Diocesan Press that *Campastimes* approached, that reluctance has long since vanished giving way to a fondness, the kind a mother feels for her, at times, mildly irritating child. And I do hope that this fondness will see *Campastimes* through many more years to come.

—N. KLEIN.

From Here and There

All of us have many dreams to realise. After getting a creditable pass in B. Tech. some wish to go for higher studies, some for jobs, some to take up private business and so on. But here is a dream common to all when we are in IIT—it is to see water in our swimming pool. Already six batches have passed out and the seventh one, on the verge of it. However, this dream remains unfulfilled. So far this pool has been useful only in assisting the local meteorological department to provide the precise data on the amount of rainfall on this side of the city. This collection has tempted those fond of fishing and during other seasons, its depth has tempted those with suicidal intentions. Till the end of last year we experienced the problem of water shortage and though the position is a little better now, the filling up of this 'Olympic Size' pool, if it ever materialises, might again create a similar situation in the city.

Last term we had the inter-hostel entertainment competition. One thing which attracted everybody's attention during that period, was the flight of arrows. From my personal collection I could conclude that these arrows were confined to three distinct sizes: small, medium and big. Old issues of *Campastimes* seemed to be the most popular material for the amateurs in this field. A fourteen-page issue of *Campastimes* when properly folded, can be turned into seven medium-sized arrows each 25 cm. long. Other material often used for this space flight were graph and drawing sheets. The distribution was fairly uniform for all the items put up on any evening, sometimes shooting up to maximum during a group item, perhaps with the idea that the total number received per head should be a constant. In this context they didn't spare even the audience for whom it was more like a pleasant shower of arrows. Even Cupid, who is supposed to be an expert in this field, can take a few tips from us. He might succeed in influencing the heart, whereas

our products have equal access to other parts of the body too, sometimes forcing the victim to see the local doctor.

C. S. SASTRI.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES

Open Group Discussion : V. S. Krishnan's team was placed first in the OGD. The other members of the team were: V. Mannar, R. Nirula, S. R. Nair, V. Raja. The second place was secured by S. Parameshwaran's team, and the third by G. K. Pillai's.

Brains Trust : The B.T. programme was held on the fifth of Feb., and was a great success. The *Brains* were: Drs. Anantharaman, N. V. C. Swamy, Srinivasa Raghavan, D. V. Reddy, S. Krishnan, V. G. K. Murthy, K. N. Das, Santanam.

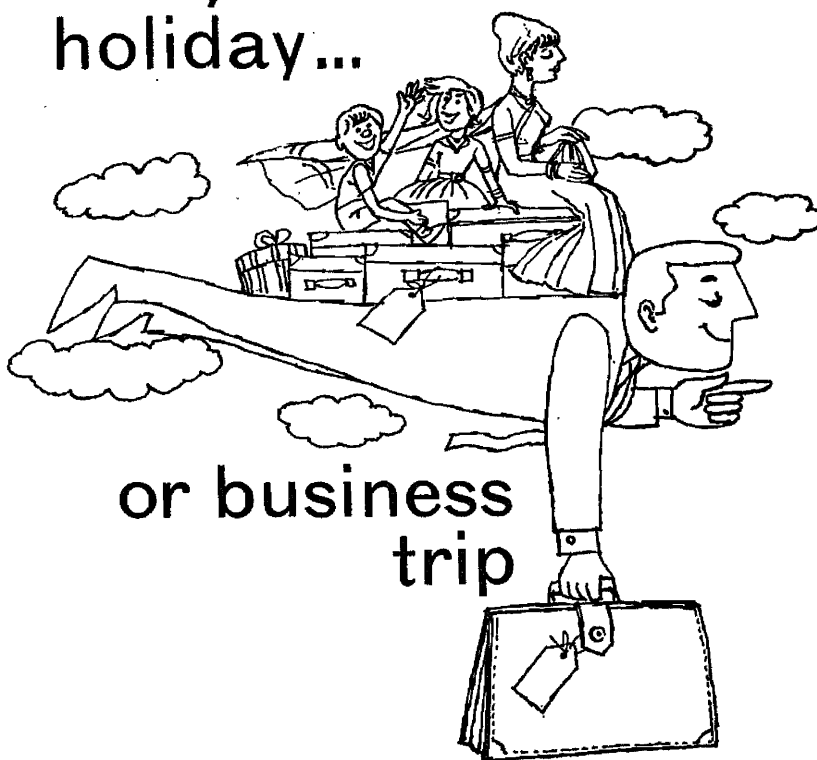
A Survey of Friendship



India and Germany – Partners in Progress



Get your
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8 Flights A Week
From India !

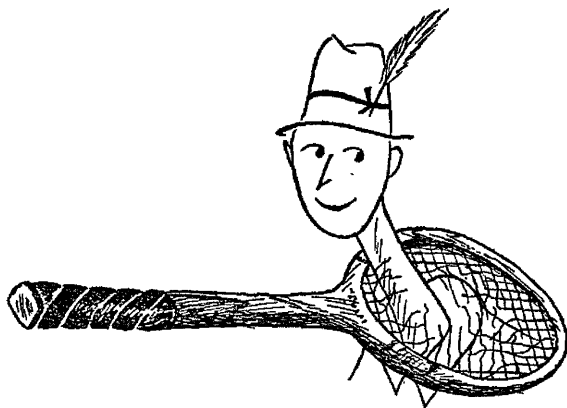


Lufthansa
The German Airline

Offices : New Delhi Calcutta Bombay Madras Bangalore Kanpur Patna Rourkela Kathmandu Colombo



Sportfolio



The other day I was just thinking—why was it that our Institute always landed up last or last but one in almost all sports right from the time our Institute began ten years ago? What were we lacking? Were we inferior to the other IITs or was there something else? The Olympic motto, if modified to suit IIT, would be something like this: 'To participate and not to win'. In the following paragraphs I have tried to give the reasons why we not only haven't won the overall championship at the Inter-IIT Meet yet, but have not come near doing it.

First of all, I must say it couldn't be due to lack of talent. I think everyone will agree that we have had our quota of talent, and it keeps on increasing every year. Guys like Minoo Kalappa and recently Narendra Kumar have been winning their events with hardly any practice. Minoo, in spite of his twenty fags a day, used to wave away his turn in the high jump event till the bar was at a height of 5' 6"! So it couldn't be that we lack talent. It must be something else.

The basic reason underlying our failure in games is that in our IIT, sports are looked down upon. You go for a hockey or cricket match (to participate, mind you!) and what do you know?... the whole roof tumbles down on you. When you go to class you get fired and as if that isn't enough, the lecturer takes it out on your grades. One person, the lecturer to be precise, actually believes that a sportsman should do well academically—he says this spoils his chances of getting a job, which suits him etc., etc. Now, can you beat that? Very rarely do the lecturers ever ask that question, 'How did the match go?' or something to that effect. One is apt to wonder if our lecturers ever had the opportunity to participate in sports. If they had experienced the glory that is sports I don't think they would have made such a hue and cry over the cutting of a class, here and there. This is one of the main deterrents to sportsmen in IIT.

The staff-student relationship in our Institute is supposed to be very good: at least on paper. But sad to say, this is not the case, in reality. The staff hardly meet the boys other than in the classroom. For the relationship to be effective, they should come and mix with us (if not take part) on the sports field. This little bit of encouragement will go a long way in helping the performance of a sportsman. I was surprised to see the Kanpur Professors encouraging their boys during the Meet at Kanpur. I have never seen anything similar on our own grounds.

Our campus is among the biggest in India, but the number of play fields are pitifully few. We have one hockey field, one football field, and one for cricket. I remember my school, which had one-sixth the area and half the number of students, having two hockey fields, two football fields, and three cricket pitches. A field after all, is the basic requirement for any game. With such few fields, guys don't like to come to play because they get a chance to play only after half an hour: the senior players get theirs first. Chaps have gone to cricket and not got a chance to bat for a week. Now, no one could expect anyone to continue turning up for cricket after that. All goes to show that there is little competition, with the

number of sportsmen reduced to few. Hence a guy, who gets into any team in the first or second year isn't normally thrown out even if another player is better than him.

Another requirement for a sportsman is a coach. By a coach, I mean a full-fledged coach—a man who has played the game himself and is trained to coach—and not the quacks we see hanging about. What a team can achieve in a year without a coach, can be done in a month with a coach. He can knit the team together into a cohesive unit. This has been demonstrated to us by the basketball team, which has remained on the top for the past three years. The basketball players give all the credit to their coach.

The most frustrating hurdle for our sportsmen is transport. Boy, what a job to get round the red tape to get a vehicle for a match! Only after meeting nearly every person in the academic building will the van or bus be sanctioned... You go back in a happy frame of mind, thinking that an unpleasant job is over and everything is fine. When the van comes, you find that it is only meant to drop you at Saidapet or Guindy and after that you have to rough it out. I must say, this is really frustrating. Besides taking the team comfortably to the field and bringing them back (when they are dog tired), the van or bus could accommodate a few of our supporters to cheer us. Other colleges, like Christian and the Medics always come in a bus loaded with their college guys, who yell themselves hoarse. One is bound to envy them once in a while.

These are some of the main drawbacks that our sportsmen face. Before I end, I must say that games can and should go hand in hand with academic curriculum. After all, a healthy body fosters a healthy mind. We should learn from the USA and Europe, where physical fitness is given great importance.

There is a certain amount of truth in the age-old proverb 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'. The Eighth Inter-IIT Meet is drawing near and we are going to be the hosts. Let us make it memorable, not only by managing the entire Meet efficiently, but also by winning the overall championship.

PREM WATSA.

SOMETHING THAT SKIPPED THE SPECIAL ISSUE

K. S. DABAS WON THE
Mr. STRONGMAN TITLE
AT THE SEVENTH
INTER-IIT MEET

WEIGHT RATIO 5.92—
a new record!

Letter to the Editor

Sir,

I have always admired *Campastimes* for the quality of its contents and for the balanced mixture of gravity and levity. I must, however, object to the appearance of a certain obnoxious word which appears repeatedly in 'Ein Ledder', Sept. 1969, and I cannot help wondering how this got past the editorial board. I believe that it is still the accepted practice not to print certain words or utter them in company. I also think that the 'smartness' of an individual should not be confounded with his ability to use offensive words freely. The age of Victorian prudery may be past, but may I ask if the author of 'Ein Ledder', assuming that he is an Indian, would use equivalent words in his language with the same frequency?

Sincerely yours,

K. SRINIVASA RAGHAVAN,
Assoc. Prof.,
Department of Metallurgy,
IIT, Madras.

[Many thanks to Assoc. Prof. K. Srinivasa Raghavan for granting that this is not the age of Victorian prudery. As regards his statement pertaining to the 'accepted practice', he would do well to read Hemingway, Steinbeck, Wolfe, Pasternak, Sartre, Zuckmayer, Mann, Malaparte, and Norman Mailer, to mention only a few, in whose work he will find a number of 'certain words'. These 'smart' people and the writer of 'Ein Ledder' strive to convey ideas much of whose impact would have been lost had they resorted to the euphemisms and circumlocutions so beloved of the advocates of purity in word. Perhaps a clinical description, such as 'organic residue of alimentionation' would be more 'acceptable', but then, it would kill the joke. It would be well to remember that *Campastimes* is a student newsmagazine, and material suitable for publication in *Campastimes* need not be the same as that suitable for publication in a magazine meant for, say, old maids. Old maids, it must be admitted, didn't have the benefit of today's liberalizing literature. We understand and appreciate Assoc. Prof. K. Srinivasa Raghavan's concern for the standards of the magazine, but let us assure him that no irreparable harm has been done to the youthful minds of the readers: any such 'harm' would have been done years ago, before they came to the Institute. The professor would be surprised if he could get an inkling of the contents of normal student conversation: and perhaps, as a future warden, he should be given a dose of the same. A human education would necessarily alter one's opinion of what is smart and what isn't.

—The Editorial Board.]

NEWS IN BRIEFS



Night Rides :

On returning from the hols, Hood and I found a new bicycle parked in the corridor of our second floor wing in Ganga. Each thought that it was the other's bike and we stole rides to the bathroom at night... until one night both of us got up simultaneously and discovered the truth.

Now we go doubles to the bathroom!

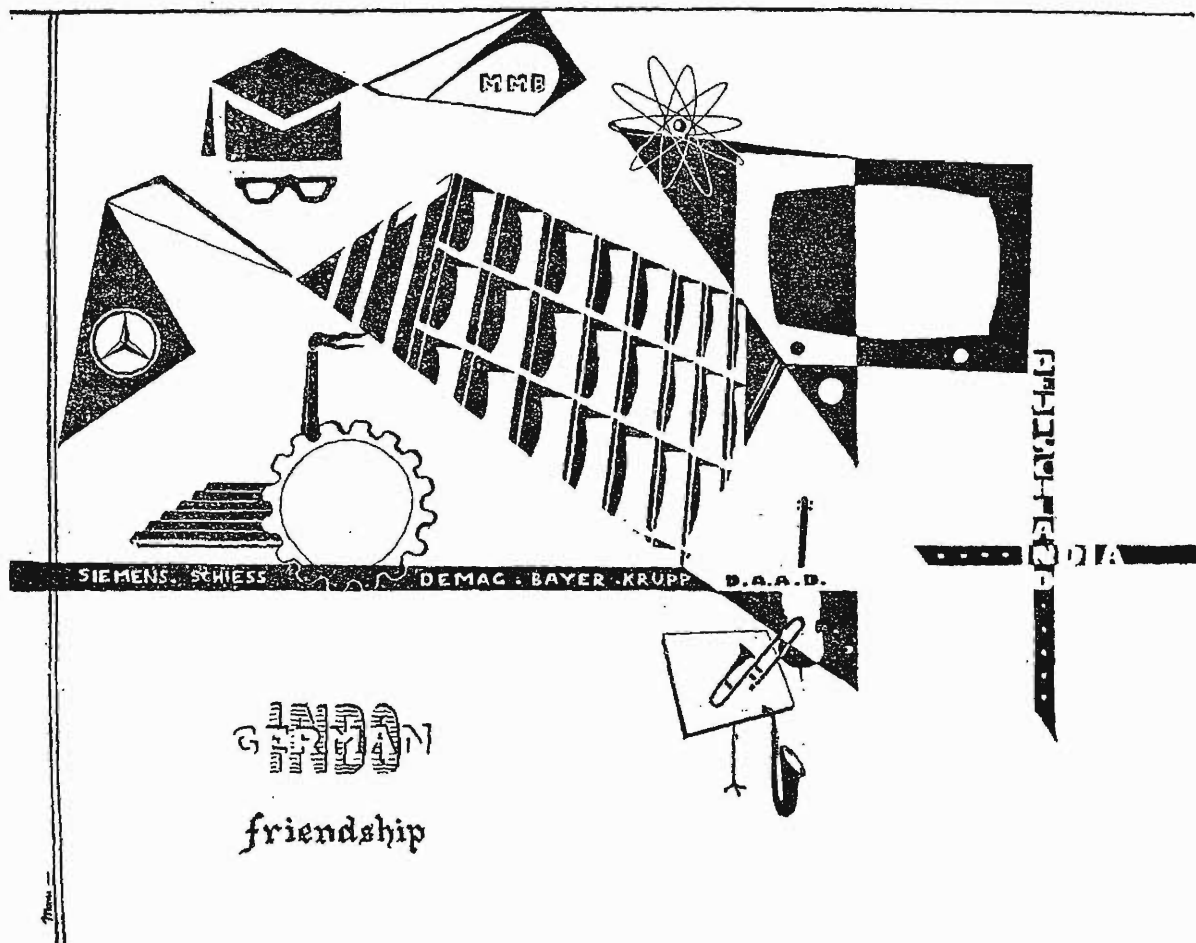
Return of Siva :

Things came back to normal at Ganga last evening when Siva (135) received 23 phone calls in an hour and a quarter. Statistics collected by the non-veg supervisor reveal that 70 percent of the calls were from a girls' college and every fifth call was from the telephone operator.

Of Life and Death :

Another abomination has been added to the Gajendra Complex. Merging impeccably with the Elephant-Graduate-Granduand combination is this ambassador from the Security Officer. All that you have to do now is to take your habitual short cut at the Circle and the guard will show up with frantic waves and whoops of, 'Yo, lepta poya!'

—K. K.



Pongal Celebrations

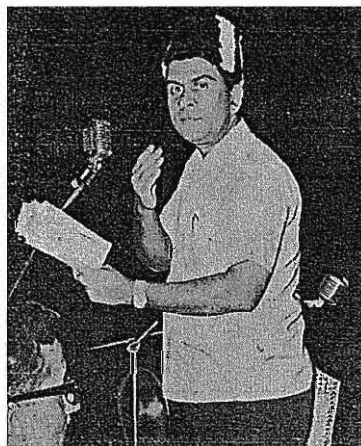
The celebrating kind infesting the Campus made the Pongal festivities stretch out as much as possible. They filled in three evenings for those who had nothing else to do.

A Tamil movie: well that was expected. But a fuse blew somewhere behind the scenes and the machinery went haywire... with the result that MGR graced the screen in the place of the promised Shivaji Ganesan.

Right: Ustad Ayub's Crony alias P. B. Srinivas

Below: The Professor in his natural element

Photo: Kubendran



These things happen in the best regulated families.

The second evening saw entertainment of a more enjoyable variety put up. Playback singers P. B. Srinivas and S. Janaki held the audience with their multilingual songs; Mr. Srinivas ended his repertoire with an amusing venture into the realms of western music. Professor Sampath came down on both of them with resounding citations. After this we saw a remarkable exposition of some classical dances of India by Kumari Pankaj Rao. All in all, it was an evening well spent.

The third evening brought a drama by 'Ashok Entertainers, IIT, Madras', of the Staff Club. Unlike their student counterparts, they *tried* to entertain. Fortunately the large audience was composed mainly of the Staff and their Velacheri cousins, and no indecorous vociferations took place.

—Campastimes

