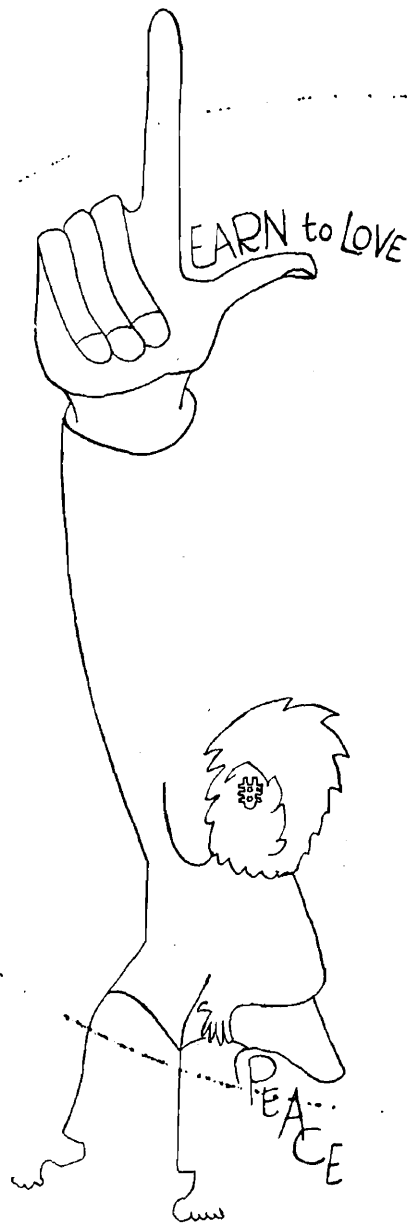


# Campastimes

Vol. X, No. III

IIT Madras, Spring 1972

30 P.



MAY PEACE , HAPPINESS , LOVE & SMILES

DAWN THE WORLD OVER

## Bhatla Writes . . . . .

This semester is going to be very busy as far as the Gymkhana activities are concerned. The Institute was closed when the national crisis took place, therefore our efforts on re-opening were to collect some substantial sum and give it to the National Defence Fund and the Jawans Welfare Fund. The Carnival proceeds as well as those of the special Films shown in OAT are going towards that cause.

The film club is running exceptionally well. To my knowledge this year is the best year of the Film club, though earlier this year there was a lot of unrest at the quality of the films. Dr. Swamy and Raja are looking after the film club really well! ☺

The transport committee has not yet met for the second time. The buses have been placed under the charge of Mr Ebert as there were a lot of complaints pertaining to the maintenance operational aspect. An attempt to run the buses at the old schedule is being made as also to get the 5 p. ticket back. In my talks with bus drivers and conductors they say that their reluctance to do their best is due to the very meagre overtime given to them.

It will be heartening to note that the break asked for by the students has been sanctioned and is effective from this semester. New plastic identity cards will be issued very soon to the students. The central photographic section is getting ready to photograph all the students if necessary, for the said purpose.

The director has set up a committee to evolve a system of staff evaluation. This committee comprising three professors is to use the staff-evaluation system in vogue in Wisconsin Unit and some other American Universities as guidelines. We are awaiting the outcome of this committee. The need for this evaluation cannot be over stressed. In any progressive set-up the need for feedback from students and correction of faults is an integral part. Here somehow over the years most staff members and their ideas have become stagnant. They do not see themselves in the role of a guide but expect some sort of a man Friday behaviour from the students. This is ridiculous, because in an educational institution as this, maturity and some amount of wisdom has to be accredited to the students. It is disgusting to watch helplessly, the don't like treatment meted out to students by some of the staff members. The greatest need of the hour is, I am convinced, mutual respect. For the

faculty members who have had the last word in grades for the students this is a difficult proposition. But if this Institute is to avoid the path of decay other Colleges elsewhere in the country have gone then this step is necessary. Mutual respect cannot be got by passing orders or by strikes, but must be cultivated. The students cannot and I am sure have not treated the faculty disrespectfully for the simple reason that they 'cannot afford' to. In the fundamentally grades oriented system such as ours the lecturer always has the upper hand. Even if he has made mistakes in correcting a few papers, intentionally or otherwise, there is no machinery for rectification of this fault. This is a great handicap for the students and a one up for the staff. The wronged student can take up the matter with his Head of Department or Deputy Director who is the academic head but precious little is done apart from saying that they would look into the matter (the matter mostly ends there leaving the student more frustrated). This is very true of the Electrical Engineering Department where though the top students enter the Department, the number of supplementaries and failures here have become almost a legend. Some of the brightest boys have lost a year or so.

In my view a greater number of supplementaries and failures represents an inadequacy in teaching methods and reflects on the staff members. Through the entrance exam only the very best are taken in. If they fail it is more a fault of the faculty member than the students themselves. The quality of the staff member, as the students think, will be reflected through this staff evaluation and I hope that those staff members who are under the illusion that they come to class to dictate notes and then assess students are made aware that their business is to teach in such a way as to bring out the best in a student and to help him develop intellectual abilities. What happens though is sadly and pitifully different. The great amount of absenteeism in the classes should be an eye opener to those who have not looked at this aspect of the staff-student problem. More stress should be laid so that the student develops his fundamentals. The cramming for periodicals helps in remembering and reproducing the formulae, for a good engineer this is insufficient.

An argument may be issued that if this system is not so good, how come IIT students are doing very well and better than

most other engineering students from elsewhere. The answer is simple. An IITian through the system and the stay in the campus has greater amount of self-confidence and is capable of remembering more than students elsewhere.

The credit for this goes to the system of education more than to the faculty. It is my firm conviction (after 4½ years of stay here) that in some of the subjects the student can do as well in periodicals exams, etc., by studying the notes dictated without attending a single class. The IIT student being better is no cause for euphoria amongst those in charge of running this place since the IIT student can be, properly guided, far superior to other students elsewhere. Small wonder that very few students miss the academic side of their five year stay in this campus.

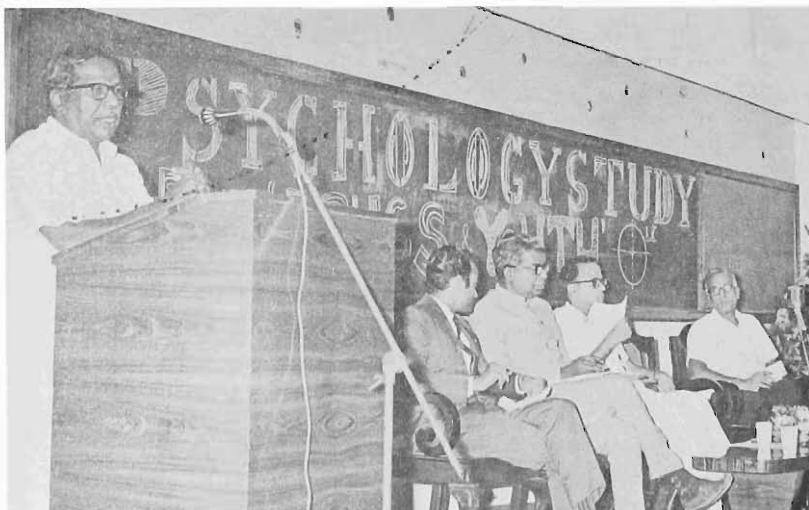
Most fifth year students are now counting the number of days left with mixed feelings of mild curiosity and relief. The curiosity of what lies ahead, as for quite a few it will be the end of education and for everyone his first degree. Relief at getting out of this grind-mill. The nostalgia of five year stay in this beautiful campus must necessarily be there. The Alumni placement section, unlike in other institutions like Ahmedabad is most ineffective. This is what I have been told by an ex-IITian whom I met recently. In most Colleges the alumni does some sales talk on behalf of the graduates to the industry. Top professors take interest in individual students, placement in their meetings with industrialists etc. No such effort seems to be undertaken here except that of arranging a few interviews. The policies of the mountain coming to Mohammed is followed rather than otherwise. Nowadays the unemployment among engineering students is rising at an alarming rate so the alumni section must be on its toes doing its best. Sad to say that its far from being so. This is the reason why students from other IIT's get preference and better jobs than Madras people. The Alumni should go to the industry and find places for students who are passing out.

The other day I had occasion to go to the hospital to fetch medicine from the dispensary, the prescription being written out by doctor on duty. It was around ten in the night and the nurse did not know where that medicine was. I just wondered—if a medicine was urgently needed for an emergency what good would our dispensary with stock (medical) be without a compounder in the night!

VINOD BHATLA.

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# THE CONTINUING DIALOGUE

## *The Director talks to Campastimes :*

The battle of Waterloo ' we are told ' was won on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow ' . If the battle for peace and friendship between the students and the staff in Indian Universities is ever fought and won, it will be won first in the IIT, for in the person of its Director Dr. A. Ramachandran the Institute has the epitome of frankness and friendliness, the type the students the world over want to have as their friend, philosopher and guide, and the very anti-thesis of established authority. Time spent with him seemed time spent in creating a greater rapprochement a part of a continuing dialogue of understanding. Views were expressed on almost all matters that interest us, and what touched one's vanity was the interest shown in one's views (What do you feel about it?) It showed a desire to understand more than to direct.

Campastimes had gone to find out his impressions of the American tour and he was fast and systematic in his answers. We quote excerpts of the interview leaving the arrangement to you for you will find out that they were arranged even they came out.

"I met a lot of IIT students right from New York to Los Angeles. They have a uniformly high reputation and their faculty are all praise for them. Students from the IITs are given preference over their counterparts in other Indian Universities.

Another surprising thing is that nearly 80% of them want to come back. Mahajan, for example. You may not know him. When I talked to him, he was very keen on coming back. He had already come once to India to study the market. He wants to set up his own consulting firm.

Some of them take up jobs for 2 or 3 years so that they can pay for their passage. When I told the Deans there about this, there was a better understanding of their position.

There has been a drastic cut in the funds for research. Defence and space programmes have been cut. The result is that assistantships are not forthcoming. This situation is likely to continue for at least two more years. At M.I.T. the Dean told me that at the Asst. Professor level there has been no recruitment for the past 2 years. *But only if fresh blood is infused will there be more vitality.*

In the 60's there was a great emphasis on Engineering sciences now the emphasis is on Engineering design and development. Environmental problems are receiving a lot of attention. Very stringent regulations have to be complied with even to site a thermal power station.

Systems engineering has been developing very rapidly and is getting lots of Federal grants. This means an integrated approach to a problem. Urban engineering, transport and communication problems are being taken up very seriously. People come only to work in the centre of the city but have their houses in the suburbs. So rapid transit systems are developing very fast. You see how you need an integrated approach to solve your pollution problems, your urban problem, your transport problems.

I would like to mention the CO-OP system, something like the sandwich system here. In a number of universities, upto 10% of the students have opted for it. The student spends alternate periods in industry and in the class. So the students are better motivated and fit in better after graduation. They

are also setting up Industrial Research Parks in the vicinity of the campus for sophisticated instruments and devices, the faculty acting as consultants. Often here, there is no contact between industry and the Universities. Why are we having seminars here? The purpose is for people from industry to come and meet the faculty and try to see if they can work together on problems of relevance in Indian industries.

In several of the Universities, research programmes on the transfer of technology to developing countries is going on. In the University of California, I saw a thesis on the condition of Madras city in the year 2000 A.D. I was told that graduate students had come here and analysed the problems, the amount of power, housing, and so on required. Similar work has been done on Bombay and Calcutta also.

There are educational development centres in many Universities for improving Science Education in schools and colleges. Table top expts. teaching aids, etc. There are also the Associate degree institutions, similar to the Engineering Grade schools in Germany. There are 2 to 4 year courses where engineering students are training.

Some people feel that there are too many Ph.Ds. The glut is partly due to the cut back in space programmes. There is even some unemployment of Doctorates. But they shift to different fields. For example engineer's bias shifted from aviation research to Bio-medical engineering.

Yes, there seems to be a greater involvement in internal affairs. They are trying to spend more in improving the quality of life of the people.

Academics are very friendly to India. There are many student newspapers and the faculty schools also put out magazines; mostly frontier articles in a popular way. There is also an annual magazine. Campuses have quietened down considerably in the last year. Their main attack was on the Viet Nam policy but there is a pull out from Viet Nam now. Also the difficult job situation may be a reason. There are of course a few incidents. The Stanford incidents; you may have read about them in TIME. But even there the faculty conducted an enquiry and only a few politically motivated students protested.

Well, you want me to compare the freedom that an American student gets and what an IITian gets? Well they are the same. Same tests same grades. IITian students fit in easily there. In former times, the subject and tests used to be announced at 5 p.m. the previous evening. Later, it was agreed that the subject at least should be announced beforehand and after that, now the schedule is put up for the whole semester. You may like to study on Sunday and go out on Monday. There must be scope for adjustments. I am not saying our system is perfect, we must keep changing.

The young people in the U.S. tend to blame science and technology for all the social ills. They are turning their books on Technology and are opting for the social sciences. This is evidenced by a 25% drop in undergraduate engineering enrolment. Social or Societal engineering will receive high priority in the coming decade according to Dean Chauncey Starr of UCLA.

Even in research, you must shift. Work for a year more on your thesis topic after your Ph.D. and then shift. If you go on working on the same topic for twenty or more years, you might make just fringe advances. Prof. G. N. Ramachandran is a crystallo-

grapher but he is applying those methods to Biophysics. Take Hydraulics. It is one of the oldest subjects. But one need not always work in conventional areas. Ocean engineering offers vast scope for those specialising in hydraulics, structures etc. Why should we allow the Russians and the Japanese to take all the fish in the Indian Ocean? It is we who must be exploiting them.

Establishment? Well in America, you can say there does exist an Establishment in some cases. The University President is never approachable and the students hardly see him except on convocation day. It is difficult to meet even the Faculty deans. If there is an Establishment in IIT, it has to be me.

About the Convocation? Well, it is for you to decide. Kerala scrapped it, Madras hastily scrapped it but had to withdraw the decision. Our convocation used to last over two hours. Now it lasts for only 60 minutes. Convocation addresses can be boring. But I always try to call eminent people from the field of science. Dr. Bhagavantam, Dr. Menon, Vikram Sarabhai; and Mr. GILL is the Visitor of the Institute. You know, we used to have celebrations on both August 15th and 26th January. I thought one was enough. I have tried to cut out a lot of fanfare and pomp."

And so the pleasant session like all good things, comes to an end and one comes back filled with the delightful feeling that here is a man who is friendly and to whom you can take your problems. The dialogue has not seen any pious pronouncements, it is true, but it gave one the feeling of warmth, a rare commodity these days.

## The Passing Show

(At a Social function)

Faces, places,—  
A passing show.  
A congregation collects  
And smiles and nods—  
Superficial emotions  
Play false notes.  
Intermixing, a social rabble  
Each with hidden inner thoughts  
They all come to  
Talk—meaningless, dull, trite.  
None with intelligence  
None with wit.  
For in the passing show  
There are few thrills  
And fewer memories.  
With the end,  
The festoons come down  
The 'Shehnai' stops  
The group breaks  
And each returns  
To his own shell of existence  
And sails along with the current  
Till the next passing show.

By B. S. CHNDARASEKHAR.

## Thesis on Periodical Tests . . . . .

It seems IITians were born for periodicals or vice-versa. Having spent sometime in IIT, one develops a peculiar attitude towards them. Some outsiders now firmly believe that the fame which IIT M has won in the press recently is the result of these periodicals. This initiated some of the research scholars here to go still deep in the *Theory of Periodicals* and make some more developments. They preferred working out mathematics of it so that things could be argued out nicely. Here's a brief review of what they did —

'The various problems posed before establishing "Theory of Periodicals" were as to how many periodicals should be conducted in a semester; what should be their duration; on what days should these be conducted and so on?'

**The Fundamental Lemma**—'Each periodical test shall have a duration of 50 minutes.' The theorems which follow will assume this Lemma to be true, without any proof.

**Calculation of number of Periodicals, number of subjects being unknown**—Following theorem will be important to discuss here.

**Theorem**—'Total number of periodicals in a semester cannot exceed certain finite value.'

**Proof**—Assume that  $N_t$ , represent number of periodicals conducted till  $t_1$

$$N_{t_2} \text{ till } t_2 \\ \text{Then } \Delta N = N_{t_2} - N_{t_1} \\ t_2 > t_1, \text{ and } t_1, t_2 \text{ finite.}$$

Imposing Fundamental Lemma. We see that if  $(t_2 - t_1)$  = duration of semester and periodicals are conducted one after another, with one break—24 hours daily, even then their numbers bound to be finite.

This number  $N_{\max}$  can be easily seen to be:—

$$N_{\max} = 30 \times 4 \times 24 \times 60 / 50 = 3456 \\ \text{assuming on an average 30 days in a month and 4 months in a semester.}$$

Thus  $N \leq N_{\max}$ , and hence the proof.

**Remarks**—The case discussed above is ideal. In fact it is not possible to conduct so many periodicals and IITians need not be afraid of it. The purpose of the above theorem was to demonstrate the maximum limit to which  $N$  could tend under perfectly ideal conditions.

This is also supported by an important conclusion drawn from experience that:

'There can be no teaching or learning without periodicals. Time gap between two successive periodicals is important.'

**Theorem, 2**—'Total number of periodicals is always divisible by the number 3.' This theorem is derived from the experience. An empirical formula has been developed to get the number of periodicals ( $N$ )

$$N = 3n - e_2 - e_1 - \psi - p.$$

Where  $n$ —Number of weeks per semester. It is assumed that not more than three periodicals shall be conducted in any week. That is how a factor of 3  $n$  comes in the expression.

$e_2$ —This factor explains reduction due to the fact that there are no periodicals for some time at the beginning of the semester.

$e_1$ —This factor explains reduction as there are no periodicals during final examination.

$\psi$ —This explains reduction for after  $N/3$  periodicals have been conducted, there is always certain gap

$p$ —This factor, it is difficult to explain as it depends upon circumstances which lead to 'Re-periodicals'. A slight thinking would reveal that should have a negative value in the expression as it tends to increase  $N$

This is only a brief review. Fairly complicated expressions for  $n$ ,  $e_2$ ,  $e_1$ ,  $\psi$ ,  $p$  etc. have been developed. These are beyond the scope of this thesis. However those who are interested may work them out from the basic relations given below —

$$(i) e_2 = f(z, l, k) \\ \text{where } z \text{ Date on which the semester starts}$$

$l$ : Represents holidays on days scheduled for periodical

$k$ : Date of commencement of periodicals

is normally not known. An iterative procedure is suggested for this i.e. by trial assume values for  $k$ .  $l$  could be found from 'Institute Calendar' keeping in view holidays on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

$$(ii) \psi = F(c, l) \\ \text{where } c \text{ is a constant, found experimentally} \\ l \text{ as defined earlier.}$$

**Note**—If periodicals are conducted, these will be conducted only on these days and on no other day.

$$(iii) E_1 = F^0(\Sigma f_1, \Sigma f_2, l) \\ \text{where } \Sigma f_1 \text{ Date on which final examination starts} \\ \Sigma f_2 \text{ Date on which final examination ends}$$

These are also available from 'Institute Calendar',  $l$  as defined earlier.

$$(iv) p = \mu \cdot \phi(y) \\ \text{Normally } p \text{ exists when 'y' is very high which represents degree of toughness of periodicals.}$$

$$\mu = 0, \text{ when } y \text{ is low or medium} \\ \mu = 1, \text{ when } y \text{ is high.}$$

As a check one must always remember that:—  
(i)  $e_2, e_1, \psi, p$  all should be integers; may be zero also.

(ii) Finally  $N$  must be divisible by three.

(iii) Also  $N$  must be  $\leq N_{\max}$ , as calculated previously.

Even before this thesis was published, some people complained that IITians complicate things rather than simplifying them. It is for these fellows that a very simple method has been developed to get number of periodicals conducted. This method is fairly accurate.

Procedure is given below in steps:—

**Step 1**—Between 9.00 p.m. to 10.00 p.m. go to the sub-stations supplying electrical power to all hostels, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

**Step 2**—Switch off supply for two minutes and wait for the response.

**Step 3**—If you hear any of the following:—

- (i) No periodical!
- (ii) Periodical postponed!
- (iii) EEAH. No more mugging! ... an so on, so forth Make a count of one i.e.

Initially  $n = 0$

**Step 4**—Repeat this process till you stop getting such response.

**Step 5**—Look for the final valve in the box

$$X + 1. \text{ This is same as } N/3$$

This method can be easily computerised and have some advantages other than being so simple

$$HS^+ SA^{++} A^+ A^- A^- = B^{++} B^+ B^- B^- = F$$

F

F

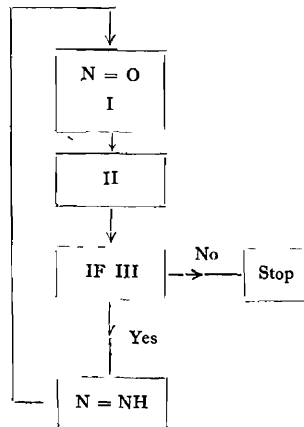
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## BIG WHEELS KEEP ON TURNING

Nothing one can do can stop the awesome march of progress. You may do what you like, but the big wheels turn inexorably, and keep on turning. First, there came the speedbreakers. Some poor bloke was unfortunate enough to ram one of them at a high rate of mph, thereby leaving behind him various essential components of his mobike. This is where the story actually begins. The cogs began to turn. Stripes, it was whispered, were the answer. 'Let there be stripes', they said, and there were stripes. A pleasing black and white combination to match any, but any, decor. But that was not enough. The speedbreakers were still practically invisible and so the red lights went up. That was not the perfect solution either. Neither lights nor signboards worked. Some sap or the other was incessantly running into a speedbreaker. 'Watch that sharp night Lander near Vanavan!', the word went round, as it no doubt has at Le Mans on several occasions, 'it's a mean one!'

The suspense was unbearable. 'What', one wondered, wide-eyed, 'would they do next?' This was the time of the Great Depression in my Periodical grades. I simply could not concentrate. The speedbreaker was a more vital issue than the next day's periodical. Haggard and unshaven apparitions were frequently noticed near the BSB, muttering, 'There must be a way!'. Finally, when I was close to breaking point, somebody came up with the idea of the year. And as a consequence, the black and white stripes were rotated by  $\pi/2$ . Now there is progress for you. While people outside the campus are merely talking about 'scientific endeavour' and various other polysyllabic ideals, we are quietly getting things done.

Somebody is bound to notice that the latest development causes vertigo as one passes over the speedbreaker even from the height of four feet. I must say that I find the general attitude towards the speedbreaker a trifle disappointing. There is a general tendency to dissociate oneself from them. 'I have nothing to do with it', you say, with your nose in the air. When are we going to realise that the speedbreakers are our own? They have been built at considerable cost, for our own comfort. Now I have in mind a little contest that ought to generate a tremendous amount of enthusiasm. When the Big Men on Campus (who are different from the Big Boys on campus) decide to make further improvements on the speedbreakers, a contest will be held to suggest suitable designs for them. The contest is open to all students except those who are doing Civil Engineering. I have in mind a jazzy op-art design in luminous paint for the speedbreakers. And how about decorating all the roads with floral patterns? So Chic you know! There will also be an essay contest on the speedbreaker in not less than 2,000 words starting with the words, 'The speedbreaker is the shortage of whisky in sodablu eyes'.

When a bunch of keys are found on the road between Ganga and Jamuna, is it customary procedure to leave them at the Main Gate to be picked up, one wondering what a wonderful aid to communication the OAT movie projector is! Next week, if you see a terse announcement, 'Will the gorgeous girl in the yellow saree meet the undersigned at the gate after the movie?', the undersigned is going to be yours truly. I thought it would be a novel way to fix a date. Many others seem to have had the same idea. Can you imagine how thrilling it would be to have your messages flashing across the screen on a starry Saturday night? Utterly romantic! Here's another idea. Why not have classes at night in OAT in the form of cartoon strips? It is whispered that many lecturers could easily be made the subjects of cartoons, purely in the interests of education of course. I personally prefer Donald Duck . . . . .

—K. MAHESH.

→ SIDE

N. Kalyanraman is what this is all about.

... nicknamed 'sweetie' in his first year, NK spent an uneventful second year. 'Campastimes' has been this lad's pet activity ...

... became a member of the Editorial Board in his third year and took over the editorship in his fourth year ...

Even this year, 'sweetie' has been very much involved with the 'mag' ...

... has written a story which has yet to be published in the Illustrated Weekly of India ...

... sure they will do so fast when they realize that even 'Campastimes' accepts his articles!!

... He's proud to be the first editor to introduce 'Anti-Establishment Tyranny'!

→ THE OTHER SIDE

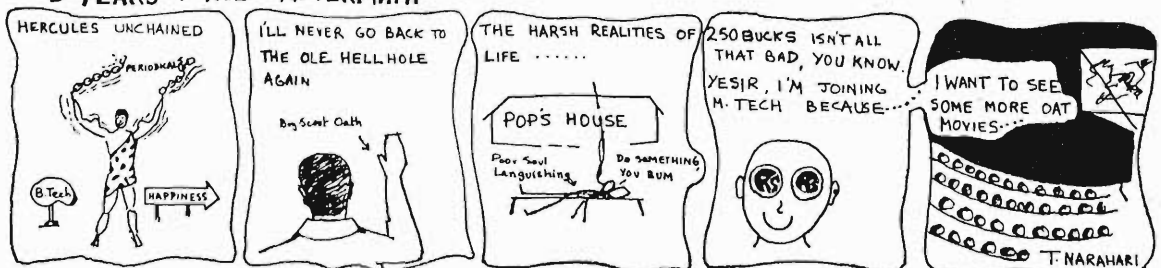
The ed's job could be dangerous... take for example the instance when the Editorial Board of a local college rag sentenced 'sweetie' to hang by his neck until dead!

... fortunately they decided to substitute a photograph 'stead the real thing.

... gals blush when he is introduced to them by his nickname. When they shyly ask if they could call him 'sweetie', the answer is, "Yes, if I can call you later!" ... not a had one, that!

'Live Dangerously' is his motto. So far, the most dangerous thing he's done was to travel to Bombay by train ... all alone, imagine! ... Sweetie plans to do his M.B.A., then become a journalist and finally hit the adventure scene ... GOOD LUCK!

## 5 YEARS : THE AFTERMATH



We regret to report the passing away of Prof. N. K. Datta at his residence in the early hours of 23rd January 1972. He was the Head of the Industrial Engineering Department. We mourn his loss. May his soul rest in peace.



## EDITORIAL

### UNCLE SAM'S CLUMSY CHRISTMAS PARCEL

There is something refreshingly simple about Indian mythology; about any mythology for that matter. I am reminded of the one where the poor elephant—always a symbol of blundering goodness in these fables—on being attacked by a crocodile implores the Almighty to help him. The plot here is the one and only plot of all existence—the temporary triumph of treachery over simplicity followed by the greater triumph of Good over Evil. But when people 'advance' in civilization, in addition to building skyscrapers they forget these elementary truths. 'Ah! look at this young Blackie trying to compare himself to God' the cynical Yankee may scorn. But somebody must tell him that God does not mean just the biggest Phantom in the biggest space suit chewing the biggest gum and watching the biggest ball games sitting in the Whitest house.

There was a wicked man called Yahya Khan who decided to kill everybody in his house who wanted to be free. As he could not do it fast enough he asked another wicked man called Nixon to PATTON him on the back. Nixon, who had a sense of humour, liked the idea immensely because his favourite joke during Saturday nights was how everyone thought he was a champion of freedom. But there were some people who had heard that joke before; a lady called Mrs. Indira Gandhi was one of them. She asked him politely why he had so many black stains on his white coat, being a frank lady she told him it reminded her of all sorts of things—'Viet Nam' she said; 'Cuba' she added 'Dominican Republic' she persisted; 'Alabama' was almost on her lips. The host became very angry. He told her that she will not receive any more gifts from him. She smiled and went away. When she went home, she found that her house was full of people who had fled from her neighbour Khan, Nixon's pal. She politely asked her neighbour to put his house in order so that she could live peacefully. He replied by calling 'her' 'that woman' and Nixon was so happy with his friends' politeness that he spent a whole day with Yahya Khan's friends showing them all his trophies of war. But the lady had had enough. She went into Yahya Khan's house, quietly removed his minion from it and gave it back to the innocent people who had come to her for rescue. 'Aggression' started the

War Lord 'Major Responsibility' screamed the Gunboat diplomat 'callous interference in the internal affairs' cried the hero of My Lai 'Violation of the human charter' cried the Seventh fleet scourge. Everybody was wildly amused by his antics. 'Ah! Today he is even better than in Viet Nam' they whispered. The lady smiled. She had seen many people like him before.

We had friends the world over in our struggle for the liberation of Bangla Desh. People everywhere who believed in basic human values rallied round to our side. I am reminded of a comment which struck me as typical of the mood. Children of Sixth grade of an elementary school in Texas held a debate on the rights and wrongs of the Indo-Pakistan conflict and took a vote which was overwhelmingly in India's favour. They wrote to Mrs. Gandhi: 'We know that our country is against you: but our class has voted for you'.

But in all this, we seem to forget one thing; that America is a democracy and Mr. Nixon is the popularly elected leader of the American people. All the tit-bits of news reaching us from that land don't add up to mean that American conscience has been stricken by what has happened. The American people are by and large indifferent in spite of some glorious exceptions like Chester Bowles WE SHOULD NOT FORGET THAT IN SPITE OF THE INHUMAN ATTITUDE OF NIXON, HE IS ALMOST SURE OF WINNING THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION LATER THIS YEAR. This only shows that an American President can break all moral laws and still be the Man of the Year if only he is selfish enough to see to it that American global interests do not suffer. In fact the most striking truth of the twentieth century has been the amazing isolation of the American people who constitute the silent majority. May be Bangla Desh might be a nice change on their T.V. from the usual cornflake and filter tipped ads but nothing more. For the average American the most important thing is his comfort, his happiness and his cock-eyed sense of morality. That has been the lesson of history, and to people who talk about American Aid I can only remind them of Mrs. Gandhi's explanation of the nature of 'Foreign Aid'.

Which does not mean we are not selfish. The mass exodus that takes place every September from India to America is the most selfish movement I can think of. The reason most often put forward is that facilities commensurate with one's talents are not available in this country. If these 'talented' people continued to stay in this dirty country, they will become frustrated, we are told. I DO NOT QUESTION THE FACT THAT OUR INDUSTRY AND RESEARCH are not as advanced as America's. But what I cannot understand about this dirty business are these two points; one how many of our young graduates running away from realities have actually reached that standard where India cannot offer anything more to them. Remember they are not going there for their doctorate (it is a debatable point if even that is justified) but for just a degree. The only explanation I can think of is that it is their basic frustration that makes them run away. You may quip back saying all top posts in Indian research and industry are occupied by people who have had some sort of training in the Western world. I don't deny it. But what I detest is the tendency on the part of the young graduate admittedly brilliant graduate—to go to the 'Utopia', get some sort of a degree and then take a job and decide that the happy ending has come. This pleasure-seeker can be only compared to the hungry Easterners of the Gold Rush days. There must be some concerted action against such unpatriotic desertion. As long as people with this mentality exist in this country, Nixon can be sure of his position in India.

We as a people are . . . When Pakistan launched its dastardly attacks on us on the 3rd December, though our armed forces hit

back with lightning speed, the civilian population was slower to respond. But the slowness of the reaction in our Institute must take the cake. The Saturday movie, believe it or not, on the 4th December, featured Mr. Nixon's 'historic peace talks with Yugoslavia in the greater cause of democracy and freedom.' In any other country it would not have been shown. But if it had been shown, it would have been hooted back to its grave. We did none of these. We sat and watched as the sabre-rattling hypocrite talked of people's rights and the moral law. I prayed that all our students had been there and had not gone away on vacation. They would definitely have put things right.

This new part-time work system introduced by the Library Authorities seems amusing. One wonders what they are trying to do, anyway. I would like to point out certain facts to them. Nobody in the IIT is all that poor; not so poor that ten rupees a day is going to make much of a difference. India is a country with fantastic unemployment problem. If there is work to be done in the library we can advertise for some people to apply and do our little to give employment to deserving young men. We students are not going to be affected materially by the little money we might make but if even half-a-dozen young graduation are given jobs we would have done a lot more.

Perhaps, the Library badly wants some publicity and the system they want to introduce may look nice in an annual report. But if they think that are becoming very advanced in their methods, I can only say that they are living in a world of their own.

It was indeed a great pity that the meet was cancelled; expected and justified as it was. Our contingent was really confident and would definitely have run through any opposition. Hard luck, boys, show them next year.

## STORM

Blow, blow O you brave and balmy Auster  
And roll the waves that rave and dance in  
glee,  
You're the winner of the grave disaster.  
Go wild or mild and linger O'er the lea  
Where no cow lows, no blade of grass now  
heaves.  
O see the sight you're never wont to see.  
Nowhere you'll find a tree with trembling  
leaves  
And the nestlings scattered from its shatter-  
arms.  
All have come to grief; no one lives, and  
grieves.  
The unrelenting queen of sea and storms,  
The partner with the weird sisters three,  
Made you mad to man her own crested  
charms.  
Soon the sun to the darker world did flee  
And the grey storm-clouds did invade the  
sky,  
While you echoed the roarings of the sea.  
It rained, it thundered, the billous leapt  
high  
And roused the sleeping ham to meet its  
doom  
In grisly gloom; none escaped to sigh or  
cry.  
To see the ever charming beauties bloom  
The sun came mounting up the eastern  
sky  
And saw none but the still lingering gloom.

—R. PALANI.



To a student of psychology, the change in behaviour observed, in an IITian, when he enters the tenth semester, would be strange and fascinating. A new sense of responsibility burgeons in him. Gone are the days when he used to cut class without a second thought. Gone too is the vacant stare that he used to direct at the blackboard or alternatively at the lecturer's mug. There is a springy purposefulness in his walk. His eye is clear and the perpetual hangover, resulting from guzzling too much liquid inspiration, has disappeared.

One reason for this transformation could be the fact that folks have begun to treat him downright decent nowadays. Attenders bow and scrape before him and lecturers crack jokes and expect him to laugh at them. Even His Majesty, The Head of the Department, consents to give him an audience without the usual hour long delay. Some people are of the opinion that the new rise in status may be due to the fact that, in a few months' time, he will be a free man and perhaps in a position to retaliate. I do not personally endorse this view.

Let's get back to the subject of our study. He spends a good part of his time hanging round what were once rarely visited places, such as the library and the department. Reference is always being made to some strange, exotic creature called the guide. These references are usually derogatory and rare indeed is the specimen, who is willing to admit that his guide knows more about his project than he does.

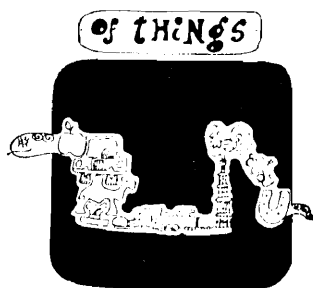
If you happen to step into his room, you are likely to find yourself wading through a sea of application forms. Sometimes he may be found muttering strange oaths and curses to himself. Don't get alarmed. He hasn't cracked up under the strain. He is just trying to mug up some tough, new words for some entrance exam.

A deeper study of the phenomenon will probably be made by some up-and-coming student of the behavioural sciences. So I'll ditch the topic till then.

. . .

A friend of mine complained to me that the administration of the *Campastimes* had become too centralised. As a result, the magazine has become a little more isolated from the student community. An obvious remedy to this situation would be to have an elected or nominated candidate from each hostel in the administration of the magazine. Further this would be of great help to the Editor because he could handover the task of hunting for articles to the hostel representatives. The Literature Sections of the hostels are of not much use for this purpose mainly because they have a lot of other things to do. We could give it a try.

P.C.V.



Our Institute is perhaps held higher in esteem than it really deserves—much has been said (and written!) about the so-called 'cream of the nation' and 'one of the best Institutes for higher technological education', leaving very little for the reformer to face the facts as they exist and to shape, straighten and paint the misshapen, crooked and scratched-up system (or its misuse?)—for still the painful fact remains that in more than half the subjects it is a test of the capacity of the students to by-heart and the shocking fact remains that even if the dream comes true—if a good system is established—it is only a small fraction of the cream that is going to take interest—the others are satisfied with what they have to do—they rest in peace amidst the decent marks they have managed to secure by mugging in the real sense of the word. But what one fails to understand is the sharp retaliation, the hot reaction and the locally steaming reverberation after the creation of the bright image and the halo. This act has its equal in the case of the French student who burnt his distinction certificates in front of his principal's room. Why not we just catch the idea from the image and try to improve what exists?

This seems to be an era of change for our Institute and the break between hours has come as a welcome change to many of us, though it might not make a difference for a few. This might help the second hour lecturer avoid the painful experience of standing opposite the classroom looking at his watch and peeping into the class room once in thirty seconds and getting cold stares from within in the process. But this new system might go well for some time till someone gets a bright idea and says 'well, you don't have anything else to do, so I will take that extra fifteen

minutes'—and that could be the funeral for this break.

The average IITian is over-worked—this is an accepted fact—he works hard for five-and-a-half days and goes to the Saturday movie to relax—agreed? The open air theatre is perhaps the only place where his strain is released and his tops are cooled—agreed? And if 'facts of life' and miseries are shown on the screen—he gets irritated more irritated than even if the movie is bad—agreed! But still we have to face the facts of life sometime or the other and if the plain truth about the happenings in Bangla Desh is screened—if one doesn't like it, let him just keep his mouth shut, lean back and relax—but what one fails to understand is what certain people here find so funny in such a serious matter that they should start laughing, jeering and passing certain nasty remarks! But there are even certain desperate, underdeveloped, nasty and stupid degenerates who look for 'something good' in movies such as this and Jai Bangla Desh. When are we going to learn to be sensible if not patriotic?

—R. DORAI.

## SOLUTIONS

### ACROSS

VINOD BHATLA  
BUGLE  
UNCOUTH  
ERR  
AUTHENTIC  
VARSITIES  
TAN  
NETBALL  
CROSS  
PERENNIALY

### DOWN

FINGER  
COKE  
ABDUCT  
PANCREAS  
FLAUNT  
OBSERVANT  
THICKNESS  
AGITATES  
ROTTEN  
INLAND  
TROLLS  
CRAB.

## WORDS THAT SPEAK.

R.K. BHARAWDWAJ

I. M. Tech (Met)

UICIDE ALON.....E  
 pregnant  
 ERROR HONEYM@N  
 EXXTRA KISS  
 KICK ball on  
 VIRGIN  
 PRO\$TITUTE LOWCUT  
 LOGA visit  
 LOS and FOUNDT





### HAIR AND THE MOVIE

The first inkling that it needed cutting was a slight itch, then greater discomfort until finally there I was, walking into a barbershop, settling down on an uncomfortable bench waiting for the man behind the now-snipping scissors and the gleaming razor to do his work on my shock of hair. My surroundings were familiar enough—there were the usual calendars depicting languorous, improbably-figured ladies stretched out on fantasy-landscapes; photographs of the Nations Leaders and the barber's family between these, and a large framed picture impressively titled 'Catalogue of Human Hair dressing' showing weird heads equipped with wender hair-dos. The eye roamed over all these until finally my turn came and I climbed into the chair, glanced at the thing staring back from the mirror and went into my usual state during hair-cuts—a trance like state in which the mind was set to work on problems of the cosmos, worries about the Future of the Nation and girls, until eventually the barber stated that he had finished, that would be x rupees please. The time had come for the second glance into the mirror and I duly glanced, only to look back over my shoulder to verify that no one else was looking into the mirror at the same time. Yes, on second look, it *was* me, but never mind—apart from the slight discomfort of feeling the cold winter

wind whistling between the ears, creating icicles on a denuded head—it did not really matter whether the last named object looked boulder-like, bare, empty and desolate or not, and so I paid up and walked home.

'Good', said neighbour 1, 'You don't look like one of those hippies any more'.

'Good', said neighbour 2, 'You don't look like a . . . hippie any more'.

'Good', said parents 1 and 2, 'You don't look like one of those dirty hippies any more'.

And there was the sad, curious, depressing part of the affair. Why does the middle class think that hippies are Bad, Dirty, Immoral, pot-headed, and a million more words with bad connotations? That it does think so there isn't much doubt about; one has only to look at the magazines it reads to find stories where the villain is a kurta + bead-wearing-knife-wielding and gang-running gent with long hair. Granted that these magazines have no intellectual merit whatsoever, they yet reflect a state of mind, an attitude which is biased very much against these people, whose only crime, as far as I can see, is that of wanting to live their own lives and having that certain, very childlike naivete which makes you tell the ticket collector in the express 'You have so many seats on this train, please, please give me just one'. But there it is. They can't see, and they won't even try.

Because unfortunately, Oh so unfortunately, they don't see the need to. Complacency, the dominant state of mind of the fat-assed provides the inability to think and envy, coming from deep within the sub-conscious mind of the always oppressed M.C. against the free and beautiful people, bubbles out into spasms of hate that, at their least harmful makes them give bad connotations to words like 'hippie', 'drugs', hair etc and at their worst, into blind, downright anti-intellectualism. True totalitarianism is not dictatorship or communism but the unwillingness of the in-between people to accept or tolerate anything they don't understand anything that does not fit into *their* groove. Covered in Fuller's earth and water, unable to see through the soap-suds they have created

around themselves, they may be pitiable, but, all the same, its hard not to scream.

Criticising a movie has always seemed to me to be a pretty tough job—either it is too trite to be worth wasting paper, ink and time over, or else it is so intellectual and New-wave that one always has the nagging feeling that one may have missed out something important, that one is leaving a breach for somebody to enter into and criticize you, the poor fool out of existence. It seems so much easier to write about feelings, (for one thing you don't have to give your opinion on matters like photography, direction and all that) because there are, in an absolute sense, no 'correct' feelings, but only fashionable ones. And so the feeling induced by 'Dastak' is a beautiful feeling, naive and yet very worldly, full of hope and promise (in an age where cynicism about matters like trust and hope is the fashion) very earthy and familiar and containing a staggering amount of empathy. 'Dastak' I am told, means knock. In this context, it is not Postman's but the other kind, the one all the dirty books rare about, and the main theme of the film is the effect of this type of knock on two people who have just finished the ritual walk around the fire and have come straight to the Big City with the same ideas about people that we had just before we came into this mill. This being so, it is inevitable that the movie be about sex, and yes, sex is there, but it is a taut, restrained sex, full of dark forebodings of ugliness, rumbling with the discontented, laboured and paid-for sex just outside the fear-bolted door, containing a warning that this is an inflammable, easily perverted thing, very dependant for its fragile complexion on external forces and conditions. Little touches, scenes of great sensitivity-like the depiction of the heroine's sister in adolescent love; the time when Salma tries to waken her boredom-drugged mind by smoking her husband's cigarettes, all these immerse you in a great river of empathy flowing gently throughout the movie, broken into little streams finally by the musical reaffirmation of patriotism, to be collected afterwards and remembered fondly.

BOBO.

# Your dates with fun and laughter

—On the 4th and 5th of March.

## Do your little bit for the men who did a lot for you

—On the 4th and 5th of March.





### OVER A CUP OF AYE-AYE TEA

The new class timings cannot pass off as a change for the better, because it is not, however much one may try to defend it. The four periods in the morning were not tiring, unless you wanted to think in terms of hours—4 hours. What then about the poor fellows in the workshop? I should think working for hours together is a bit more tiring physically than taking down lecture notes—mentally, if an equation of this sort is at all possible. Whatever has happened, some people have been fooled.

We have kept the Gaji, we have kept the deer and the speedbreakers. Now, are not we proud of the crazy hours we keep in the morning?

Have you seen small little junior engineers stationed at the OAT on screening nights, whose life-long passion, it now appears, is to remove honoured guests of the Insitute from the chairs in the bowl, which may or may not be reserved for members only. In (hospitality need not be added to our shortcomings. Will the authorities please look into the matter and do something about such things as these? fast) please?

(This story comes first-hand-from a hand that stuck me a coke—not just to get this bit published—but some more too. I will keep it for the next time. So you can't have it.

### WINTER 1971

Come hither, and have a look at our very own little hut, called the Shuttle-badminton hut, in which one plays shuttle-badminton—two if one plays doubles (Oh hell!)

### SUMMER 1974

'Built in the year 1971, this structure, made entirely of local timber, tougher than even steel, with thatched roof, more lead-proof than even concrete, among the bushes and trees of the IIT, thus providing easy access and an excellent resort for the birds, ants and wood-eaters (little creatures that eat wood), was when it was, the best roof under the best sun providing the best of Shuttle-badminton to the Shuttle-badminton-hungry millions.

The wood-eaters, in the early Summer of 1972, moved in on the rafters of which there were many. After about three years of hectic hewing and digestion, the greedy hoardes brought about their own downfall, and the roof too came down with them—and these feathers you seen on the ground before you ladies and gentlemen don't have nothing to do with the birds. Don't let them fool you any. I will tell you what they are

(If you really are the smart type don't read this story backwards. Try to figure out the case all by yourself.) 'Case of the precious pinky.'

You see, I have been having this itchy feeling in the pinky of my right hand, (the fourth finger from the thumb and excluding it), since my 14th birthday which was the 10th of February 1966 — Monday? Tuesday? Wednesday? I can't say which. I should ask my mother, or better still my grandmother.

And then comes a doctor who says 'you must rest this itching member, my son,' and politely puts my pinky in my front pocket (the back would be uncomfortable, in case I happen to sit down) and asks me not to take it out under any circumstances. [Ha! ha! a dumb cluck, thought I, in a tone packed with downright sarcasm—(I can be very sarcastic at times) what you don't know is that this very thing has been my favourite pastime. Since my fourteenth birthday.]

For forty days and forty nights, the Pinky rested in my left front pocket (two days this side of six weeks as you might or might not notice, I neither complained, nor grumbled, and boy, can I complain and/or grumble at times), after which period, the doc. came and ceremoniously lifted the now pale-looking finger and shook his head twice to the right, once to the left, like when you are taking weights and dropped the pinky with disgust.

It still itches there and I have ants in my pants and in my pockets. Never again shall I stick my pinky in my pockets or in my pants.

(It is hoped, it is needless to say, that this is not a true story, but a false story, the proof for which can be obtained from my mother, or better still my grandmother, who is all set to testify that I was born in March and not in May or in the other ten months of the year, which I have so very arbitrarily missed out. My apologies.)

The German language is easy to pick up but hard to drop. Here is a conversation said to be overheard inside the campus. One guy had the time and the other did not have it.

'Wie viel nach sechs?'  
'Zwei oder drei'

ANANTH SESHADRI.

## THE REFUGE

The warmth of the afternoon sun and the monotonous whispering of the wind brought about a sleepy affect on me as I sat in a relaxed holiday mood with my back to the sun. The newspaper on my lap read of the oppression in Bangla Desh and the plight of lakhs of refugees. I was pondering over the outcome of the recently announced ceasefire.

All of a sudden I heard a muffled cry followed by a loud plaintive wail piercing the silence of the afternoon. I turned, and shading my eyes from the direct sun witnessed a scene that disturbed my tranquillity. A small child aged about three rushed out of the servants' quarters which are just behind our bungalow. The child was being followed hard on heels by a woman who looked flushed with anger. She was brandishing a stick—a piece of firewood to be more precise—like a sword longing to unleash its wrath on a delicate mass of flesh and bones. What crime the child had committed to instigate this woman to resort to such ruthless vengeance I did not know; the picture was one nobody would be eager to see.

Before I could think further the pursued child ran through the open garden gate straight into my arms (which I had unconsciously opened to receive it). Innocence itself, this small girl's face was marred by welts obviously from a beating she had already suffered. Unceasing tears poured from her gleaming eyes like an uncontrollable river from the high mountains. In that moment of confusion I did not notice her soiled green frock and dishevelled hair which all went to reflect how neglected she was.

The child was in my firm grip as it clung close to me for security from the chasing jade. The woman, obviously one of the servants was dressed in a dirty white saree. Shew as puffing and panting as she came into the garden after the child. She stopped short as she saw the child with me. She started mumbling some improper reasons about the

child disobeying her. I reproached her with all the severity I could command, though I did not read out any moral lectures to her. The child was pressing (closer and looking into my eyes like a hunted animal. After getting a word of assurance from the woman about not beating the child any more I let go the child reluctantly.

I remembered my newspaper. I went back to it and picked it up.

The refugees are on the way back again, Hmmm . . . . .

PRADDEP.

## Random Reflection

The flames of love  
kindled by a surge  
of a passion now dying in embers  
in the morning calm,  
as a tender kiss, the rustle of silk,  
fade into the dawn  
Hovering uncertainty,  
the bee transcends to a new level  
the throes of death lurking.  
Dreams—the pores of creation  
edifying reality,  
Flowering, Flailus, fluctuating  
—bones of contention  
Creation an intrinsic experience—  
dissonant, vibrant and distant.  
a clap of thunder,  
heralding stormy days ahead  
Meandering, distracting, milllins—  
the influx  
of a stream of thoughts unfathomed;  
Fall's messengers  
Fixing the deadline of decision profound.  
Groping, Gripping,—a struggle eternal  
against odds heavy and infernal,  
The revival of hope,  
A flash to dazzle  
the bleakness within,  
nurtured by ideas unfounded;  
empty of mind, empty of life,  
the chord twangs dangerously—yet  
love is not forlorn,  
memor es of yester-year  
crowd fondly  
the delving eye  
Life, in its charisma,  
is a joy to behold,  
now frowning, now smiling  
in a manner benign.  
Twilight fades—a lazy splotch of red,  
hearths are alight,  
togetherness is 'in'.  
As the beams of the receding ray cluster,  
a streak, faint yet distinct, deepens,  
deadening the sting of years  
gone by

B RAVICHANDRAN

## Plaint in Despair

O Moon! Sweet Moon! Come! Come  
swiftly and smile  
The grisly gloom that rules this realm of  
night,  
Dark, yet for my gloomy heart, full of  
light.  
Come O Sweet Moon! In your romantic  
form,  
In your misty arms, in your glowing charm,  
I find, to soothe my bleeding heart, a balm.  
Yea O Moon! Bleeding in the heart of  
mine,  
By sorrow squeezed and rack'd by raging  
pain  
While in the past sojourn my joys half-  
slain.  
But they won't die! 'They tail me tho' not  
lead,  
For while the thorny tracks of life I tread  
Thickening shadows of wild gloom precede.  
While I thus search for distant paradise  
His Sable Majesty blind-folds my eyes  
With unwanted pains in luring disguise.

—PALANI, R.

## Dr. Ghistha—A Psycho-Social Political Philosophical Rap

(The following interview, due to lack of proper recording equipment, has been reconstructed in the narrative style of the interviewer. Though the attitudes reflected are necessarily those of the interviewee, rephrasing of his precise statements becomes unavoidable.)

Reporters have a sense of smell. Especially the die-hards in *Campastimes*. A whiff, a flash and an interview issues forth. The people are chosen by instinct and so are the questions asked to fill in the required eight hundred for your money's worth. In the past we have been inspired by all manner of odd objects—a blond beard, a paunch coupled with a genial smile, an obstinate beret. This time we opted for flowered ties. A closetsful of them.

The proud owner of the said closet is Dr. Dhanjoo N. Ghistha, the Head of the Faculty of Bio-engineering. He has been around since July last. Dr. Ghistha is not too fond of talking about his origins. However, we managed to get the lowdown on him. He is fair, five-foot-six, 130 lbs. or so, sports a cherubic smile and pots of flowered ties—usually with pink shirts to match. Born in Bombay, he graduated from the VJTI, went abroad for higher studies and was at large in the United States for nearly a decade. His last stint was at the University of Washington, after which he arrived at our own Institute for setting up the latest of the Departments—Bio-engineering. Dr. Ghistha is married and has two children. Whew.

Now, to the rap.

One is loath to describe the conversation any further than what the imposing title affords, for, gentle reader (no holy wrath now!), a post prandial session with a pleasant man of genial disposition must be of equivocal relevance, if only because the reporter is biased up to here regarding the issues involved. A casual glance at the topics discussed may not shock an IITian, but it might easily bore him. At any rate, we chose to talk on a variety of subjects which might be of interest to the readers: social commitment of the academicians, politics, progressive utilisation theory, Marx, the parental institution, evolution, music, *Readers' Digest*, drugs and an assortment of other things, which one no longer remembers, because, as the wise editor put it, reporters figure small in the matter of rote memory.

Dr. Ghistha, whose attitudes go farther than liberal—a hint less alienated in fact—a suggestion of original analysis—had a lot to say.

One began by asking him about the various faculties of bio-engineering. Apparently, he loves his work. Offhand, he mentioned a number of applications: medicine, for one especially reconstruction engineering, surgery and so forth. Besides, bio-engineering lends us an insight into the scientific details of the various biological functions.

'How does it feel to be back here?'

'Even if the atmosphere is what one is used to, the technological level is not inspiring enough.' Fear of the technology-hound gnawed at the roots. Misapprehension. 'In a technological society the goals are different. In India, the objective is to give a decent kind of life to our poor millions.'

'Granting that it is a worthy cause, what part does a technologist have in it?'

'Technologists should be conscious enough to evaluate the role of technology in the various maladies of our society. So theirs is a position of responsibility. They should prevent the abuse of technology. Yes, one must be socially committed. I used to work at NASA but I quit.'

'Take NASA. Do you think the amount of money spent on its various projects could be spent in better ways, for example, in aid of the under-privileged?'

'I think it is an improper allocation of priorities. But the most blatant breach of social trust is being carried on in institutions like the IDA—Institute for Defense Analysis.'

'Thus was one of the basic issues behind the Columbia Insurrection.'

'In MIT too. They have branches in all the top universities, where the brains of the country carry on this kind of research.'

'Does that mean the effect of napalm on the human system or so?'

'Yes. That and many other. Which is why I chose bio-engineering. I feel, all scientists should come together and decide not to work for technology associated with destruction and annihilation. Of course, nationalism and political paranoia play a major role in this situation. The politicians play up this feeling to a frenzy. As a result, the technologists spend their time working on how to kill people most efficiently, thinking only of the intellectual challenge involved in the process.'

'Since the academicians are the men who are instrumental, isn't it obvious that they should be aware of the purpose behind their work?'

'Politicians mess up their minds with nationalistic jargon. Politics is the only profession with no qualifications for entry. In fact, nobody is better qualified than the academicians to decide on the use of technology. If we had intelligent politicians, things would be a lot better.'

'But aren't they taking an existential risk regarding the intelligence of the politicians? Why don't they make their own decisions if they are better qualified?'

'Such decisions cannot be made by the use of technology alone. One has to think about other aspects, other implications.'

'Wouldn't it be better if all technologists were Left in ideology?'

'Depends entirely on the circumstances. An extreme Left scientist in Communist China would prove to be as harmful as a right-wing WASP in the IDA. The point, however, is that a responsible person should not submit himself to totalitarian ideas. Rather, he should develop analytical solutions on his own to social problems. This of course would mean that a technologist needs to develop a philosophical attitude and an awareness of social sciences. Then, perhaps, we can talk of a global society where national barriers are spurious, petty politics dispensable. Then we could evolve a more rational distribution of resources among the peoples of the earth. Some say that wars are inevitable on account of the rising population. But it is a fact that our ability to reproduce will come down drastically as the environment becomes less hostile. We don't need wars for our problems.'

'Talking of global society, on what ideology would it be based?'

'A total ideology which encompasses all walks of life. Total but not totalitarian. Apparently that is what is wrong with capitalism and other ideologies. In the former, one uses the yardstick of whether it promotes an individual materially. Mixed economy, as it is practised in India is wholly incongruent. I, for one, am fond of the Progressive Utilization Theory, proposed by P. R. Sarkar. The theory advocates that all raw produce should be with the State. Steel plants and other industries should be in the hands of co-operatives. We can leave the small businessmen to their existential gambles. Only so long as they are small.'

'Would that mean the amount of capital involved?'

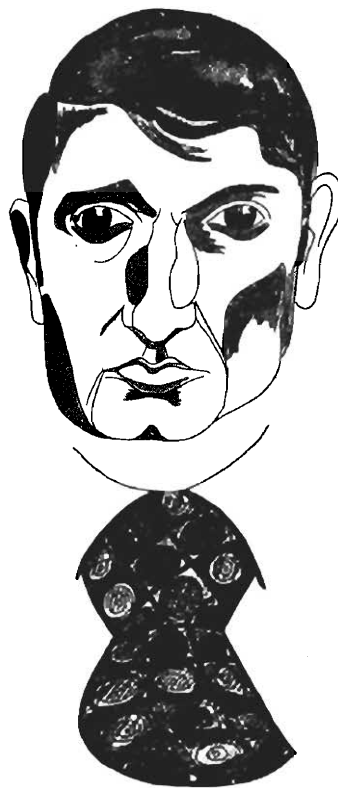
'I should think so. Then we can evolve a practical and just society free of exploitation.' *The dirty word.*

'What is your idea of an ideal society?'

'My idea of an ideal society is where every single person can evolve to the fullest extent. Everyone has three different kinds of potential: physical, intellectual and psychic. The tendency among the people is to respect only the first, and they orient all the rest towards one's physical potential—money and other material acquisitions—which is very wrong. This means you are stifling the intellectuals and other people with psychic potential. People must be made to realise that they can be happy even without money.'

'How is that possible?'

'There is a theory called Subjectification of Objectivity. One views every object as a crystallization of cosmic energy. The source



(Continued on page 12)



## BEATEN AT THE POST

IIT's performances in the Inter-University Championships make sorry reading. We always begin well, play well but end badly. Year before last at Hubli, we could have easily reached the finals but for a last wicket Karnataka partnership which tilted the scales. Last year, we all but had the match in the bag against Andhra having taken the first innings lead but threw it away because of some indifferent fielding, a middle order collapse and it be admitted, some amateurish umpiring. This year was no exception, we had the highly fancied Mysore running only to lose the initiative and the match as well.

We started well on the first day and dismissed Mysore for a low total. The chief wreckers were Gowrishankar and Muralidharan. The former, an off-spinner who bowls with the popular close-in leg side field struck a deadly length and made the ball rear up disconcertingly off the true Marina wicket. He was easily our outstanding cricketer and under the captaincy of this former Indian schools cricketer, next year might mean the golden year of our cricket. May be I am thinking aloud. I don't know. Anyway all evidence seems to point to it. Muralidharan our left-arm medium pacer bowled with venom and it was obvious that our coach Ramesingh had done him a world of good. When we started, all seemed well till the spate of run-outs began and for sometime the whole innings went berserk. But some stout resistance by Ramesh saw us creep past Mysore's total and the vital first innings lead was ours.

When Mysore began again, they understandably went for runs but Gowrishankar was again too good for them. When their innings ended, we were really sitting pretty, having all the time in the world to get the necessary runs or if we wanted, to pull down the shutters and play for the draw which would make us winners. But our batting wilted against some accurate left-arm spin bowling from Mysore's pint-sized No. 11 and we were shot out much before the target. Mahesh batted with pleasing style to carry his bat through, though one felt that with wickets falling all around him, he might have tried to hit the ball harder and take more of the (an bowling opinion which the big IIT crowd there shared with me). However as an innings it was flawless and showed the batsman's class.

And so we returned, beaten at the post again.

P. N. VIJAY

*Hats off to Vaidyanathan on being chosen to represent the state in Badminton (shuttlecock) We expect more from him in the days to come*

## The Untold Story

This not Lt. Gen. Kaul writing an article in *Campastimes* but a sportsman who is quite often recognized as commander of the cricket team by those young Godavari sportsman.

The sports activities started this year with a determination of becoming all-IIT champions once again. Unfortunately 'bad-luck' provided a blockade which saw the abrupt end of the meet. Anyhow good show by the Football team in the Inter-collegiate league brought back confidence in Mr. Anantharaman's heart which probably made him think of the day we would have been the football champions among IIT's.

Back again to the turbulent topic 'The performance of the cricket team', indeed it was far below expectations. Even though we were undefeated in the inter-collegiate league, we suffered an unexpected defeat in our first inter-university match. But I am sure that the team will be pulled back by Gourishankar under the guidance of our staff-member Dr. G. N. Ghista, next year.

Anyhow, this year saw administrative reformations in the cricket activities. In the past Gymkhana has been spending Rs. 10,000 towards Cricket which was used for material, travel, camp, refreshments, umpiring charges and other contingencies. (Blazers were separate.) With an overall cut in budget, Cricket was given Rs. 9,500 this year. I was not only able to include all the above but was also able to allocate money for shoes (Rs. 225), Coaching (Rs. 650), Blazers (Rs. 420) and Sweaters (Rs. 300) (Hats off to Mr. Gupta). Indeed these facts made the cricket team and the President to visualise that all was not well in the proper use of cricket funds in the past.

An interesting point to note is that our ever-hard-working hockey coach was transformed into a temporary cricket Manager. The cricket team feels sorry to have disappointed him but we try to wipe off his unhappiness by openly extending sincere thanks to him for his token services to the Cricket team.

I am doubly sure that by now Prof. Gupta is aware of the loopholes in Gymkhana. With two years experience backed up by his inherent quality of making reformations, I feel Gupta should spend considerable energy this summer in making Administrative reformations. It is indeed a pathetic sight to see captains cutting the fourth hour class and going to Gymkhana office. With apologies to whomsoever it may concern, I disclose the fact that our literary secretary and myself are working more as Assistant PTIs than as student members. To some extent the same is true of Narendra and T. V.!

—CRICKET CAPTAIN.

## A Letter to the Editor

In the previous issue of *Campastimes* there appeared an article protesting against the screening of a certain movie at the O.A.T. This movie happened to belittle the German Nation. One fact the writer of that article seems to have missed is that the O.A.T. is in India and not in Germany, so we need not be biased towards anything which lowers German prestige. The fact that our Institute is partly supported by the Germans does not mean that we should be their lackeys and refuse to speak, hear or see anything against them.

This particular person's anger seems to have been aroused because the movie in question happened to be a Soviet product. A lot of American trash we observe so lovingly on the O.A.T. screen is nothing but propaganda. A 'dirty dozen' Yankees or Tommies bashing away into German fortifications is a common sight and incidentally much admired by the audience. Nobody so far seems to have objected to such obvious lies. Anyway if we take this as the standard, I don't understand why we should object to a single Russian tank playing havoc amongst German forces.

Another interesting point about the movie was that it showed German soldiers as human-beings with human hearts and not just automata under Hitler's command. This is seldom seen in other popular war movies.

The myth of American friendship has long ago been exploded. I don't see why we should turn a blind eye towards their slyness.

V. M. G. & M. T. S.

## IIT FINISHES THIRD IN THE STATE

Just after the inauguration of the badminton court in IIT a State league championship was held in shuttle badminton at the Nehru Stadium. IIT represented by S. Vaidyanathan, Edwin Srinivasan and Sastry did extremely well beating most of the teams 3-0. Only the star studded teams Sterling club, Martine Club and Ruby Sports gave some trouble to IIT. IIT beat Ruby Sports 3-2 and lost to Sterling Club and Martin at the same scores. A notable fact is that in the entire championships both Edwin and Vaidyanathan did not lose a match. Now that we have a court for ourselves we can expect IIT to go higher up in the years to come.

P. L. MAHAJAN

*Campastimes congratulate Kailasanathan on his splendid performance in winning the Tamil Nadu State chess Championships*

is the same. It changes one's outlook completely. One sees money not as the ultimate end of everything, but only as a temporary reallocation of energy. The urge for acquisition is no more, for energy is everywhere and the distribution is dynamic.

'But considering how these potentials are interlinked—one can't be an intellectual after years of malnutrition as a child—, don't you agree that Marx was striving towards the same goal of evolution?'

'No. For Marx said that the mind is matter and so man is an economic being. As long as his economic needs are satisfied, he is happy. Marx might have been adequate for his age, but then, recent findings have shown that there is more to the mind than matter. Marx took a special case of the physical potential, and of course there is a tangible connection with the other, but I think it is wrong to evolve an ideology on the basis of economics alone. If the mind is really matter, how do you explain the fact that a majority of Middle America, which is very affluent, is frustrated and depressed?'

'I see it now. The Silent Majority is not evolving intellectually.'

'True, the reference to psychic potential never registered in the reporter's mind. Mysticism has always been associated with religion and pure Black Magic. Yet, Dr. Ghishta spoke warmly of the mystics. One had heard that he is an Anand Margi, or could it be that such close acquaintance with the Mystery of the Cell had made him respect the psyche as a tangible entity, different from the intellect?'

'Right' said Dr. Ghishta. 'In our technological society, we are not used to thinking about the problems of the mind. India is supposed to be full of mystics. But we never let them evolve *within* our society; they live in caves. We deprive ourselves of their psychic strength.'

No, it was difficult to talk of such things. Obviously one had not paid much thought to it, yes, there were elements which were totalitarian in this rejection. One wondered for a fleeting moment whether one part of the self had just curled up and died. And there was sorrow in this death.

We moved on to the next question.

'We have talked of an ideal society. What can the University do to help in its evolution?'

'The hitch is that the educators are not aware and they do not want to decide about society. In view of such lack of initiative, the students should be conscious; they should analyse the problems and give thought to solutions. In the States, students, however great the odds against them, have made their impact. We could achieve the same impact here, provided our students start thinking.'

'What major difference do you find between the students here and in the US?'

'Students in both countries are confused. There, the students feel fatalistic on account of the draft. Some of them do not even ideologically. Here, on the other hand, students feel restless and insecure. They have no ideas about society.'

'About the American students: how does one correlate the Armies of the Night with a non-ideological fear of the draft? If people risk getting their skulls bashed in, they must believe in what they are fighting for.'

'True, such students do exist. Most of the committed students conduct debates on important political events and various viewpoints are exchanged. Topics of debate at our Institute level are infantile by comparison. To make an impact one has to be of some relevance.'

'What sort of an impact do you have in mind?'

'In the States, parents are totally indifferent to their offspring, whereas in India, parents exert an overbearing influence on the kids; sometimes they are even oppressive. One must re-educate one's parents and others and change their static values in a society which is dynamic by nature.'

One had visions of that plastic sermon by Stephen Stills.

'How does one re-educate one's educators?'

'By exchange of ideas and by analysing together, to bring about an ideological change. In India—at least in colleges other than the IITs—the teachers are overworked and underpaid. Besides, our institutions are just exam-giving edifices. In such an atmosphere, the intellectual cannot grow. The politicians make it impossible for us to build up our resources even in the academic level. We end up borrowing technology indiscriminately.'

'Don't you think our system of education is sufficiently totalitarian to stunt growth of any kind?'

He smiled at the generous use of the word.

'Here, the examinations are meant to find out what one doesn't know and not what one knows. There seems to be a misorientation of the system. In the States, take-home exams are common. This of course is facilitated by the use of the Honour Code system which only means you don't fudge your home-work. One feels a sense of achievement in doing a problem on one's own, rather than in writing examinations which are only tests of memory. If such a code can be followed here, there will not be any need to have an endless series of examinations.'

'Are there any particular writers you are fond of?'

'Frankly, I don't read any odd stuff

nowadays. The only exceptions are scientific journals and books on social philosophy and economics by P. R. Sarkar and spiritual philosophy by Ananda Murtyee. I find that most writers do not help in one's evolution. So I do it myself. There are some, of course, like O'Casey, who, I feel, is much better than most of those pseudo-philosophers.'

'What about Camus or Sartre?'

'I have even seen some of Sartre's plays. But what I wanted to say was that these people are admittedly confused, and how does it help me to partake in this confusion? They do not offer any solutions, nor are they certain about anything.'

For surely, I come quickly, sweet chaos. One had the theory that perception is almost always killed by certitude. One wasn't really prepared for a depressing discussion; it was getting late. So after an abortive dabbling in existentialism, we came to drugs. It was a replay of the Yogi in 'Woodstock.'

'The argument that marijuana gives one greater awareness might be genuine but not wholly acceptable. For if one can find some other way to increase one's awareness permanently, why risk bodily harm?'

'God, you sound like the *Reader's Digest*!'

With a hint of innocence, he smiled.

'Does anybody ever read it? I haven't for two decades. Only high school dropouts and semi-literates do.'

Then we talked of the endless coldwar stories, J. Edgar's stories and tons of pretisms rampant in the magazine. Then, fittingly enough, we turned to the local press.

'I feel *Campastimes* would serve a better purpose if you could bring it out more often.' He pronounced it often. 'You can discuss political events like the Indo-Soviet treaty and create an awareness all round.'

The interview ended.

One had mixed feelings about the interview, but something remarkable had happened.

Somewhere in the middle of the rap, the reporter had sought a reprieve, a relaxed moment, in a guessing game.

'Are you from Bombay?'

'Yes.'

'Tardeo?'

'No. Grant Road.'

'Sleater Road?'

'No. But in the neighbourhood.'

'You must have gone to Xavier's!'

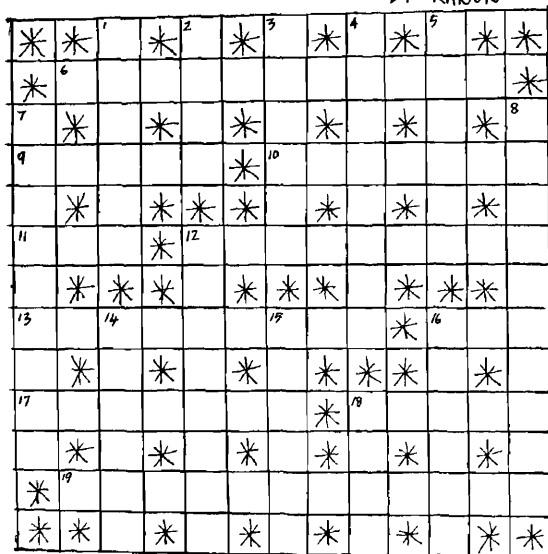
'No, I went to Elphinstone.'

At which point he gave up at the mindlessness of the interlude. Amused, he said, 'People are always asking me about where I come from and which caste I belong to and so forth. It doesn't really matter, you know. I tell them, "I'm just a cosmic entity."'

That's him—a cosmic entity that says it with flowers.

N. KALYANARAMAN.

BY KANUN



## CLUES

### ACROSS

6. Big brass in the steering committee, not too particular (5, 6).
9. A little trumpet with a bulge (5)
10. Not fully cut and oh! so crude (7)
11. Don't be too sure (3)
12. True to the final W.C. (9)
13. Die Kleine Universität (9)
16. Ant with burn calculating stope (3)
17. Lady Basket ball (7)
18. How this word is written without the indefinite article when a temper flares (5)
19. Friend ends the continuity (11)

### DOWN

1. The only edible part of the lady (6)
2. Drinkable furnace fuel! (4)
3. Kidnap the cat that swallowed the up and coming young flower (6)
4. Hundred arises taking nap near the liver without direction (8)
7. Seer of all (9)
8. Dimensional stupidity (9)
12. Gad in a panic over 'teat' (8)
14. Decay in bad, but bad (6)
15. You don't correspond abroad with this (6)
16. Rolls for tea? What cute dwarfs? (6)
18. You gotta shell him and eat him. He's from the sea (4)