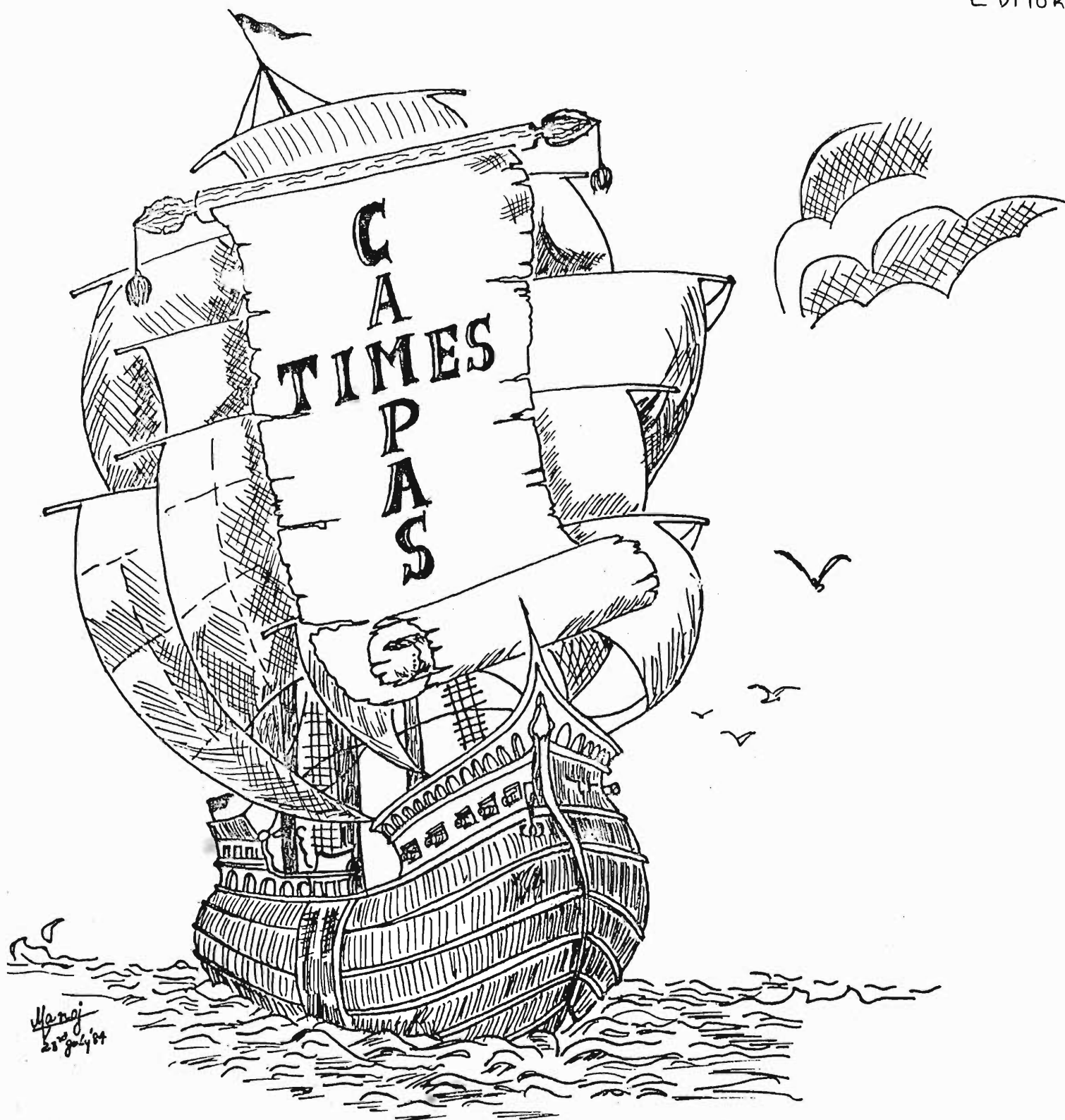


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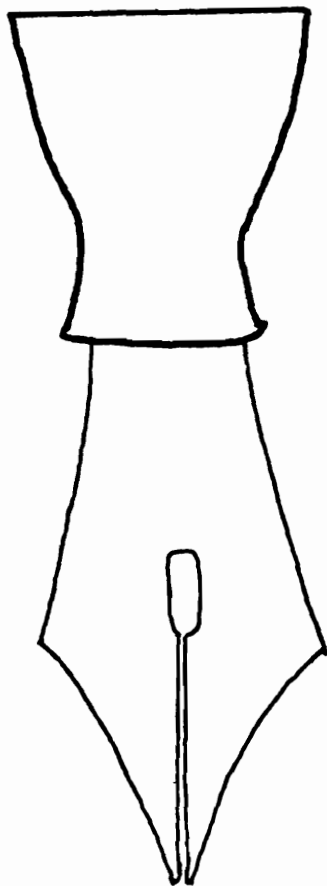
THOMAS THARU

WITH COMPLIMENTS

EDITORS



Vol. 23, No. 2

EDITORS

Mani Sundaram
110 NARM.

Thadi Murali
248 NARM.

Rajat Mukherjee
246 MANDAK

PUBLISHER :- PROF.
M.S. ANANTH

Cover Drawing. MANOJ.

ART: SAI PRASAD

While admiring the stately galleon that adorns the cover, you would have noticed the singular absence of oars of any description. There's a reason for this. It's symbolic of the state of Campastimes. Like CT, she moves when the wind blows and fills her sails; and like the rag she stalls when the wind drops, with no steady rowers to pull her along. A pretty neat explanation to account for the missing oars, eh?

It is time to continue your education from where you left it off before the midsem, by sitting back and admiring the first two issues of CT. Which brings us to an important point. *Please* circulate the wing copy. Considerable time and effort is expended in the creation of each issue and the least we expect in return is that it is made available to everyone. Generosity prevents us from charging a price for the issue. That doesn't mean you hang on to the wing copy like it was the common room Debonair poster. We understand the pain of parting with it, but then into every life some rain must fall.

Some chaps seem to think we are handing out potato chips. We are not, you know. This business of producing a mag can't be more one-sided than it is here. Like the mother of ten who told hubby 'I do all the heavy labour here!' We here at CT are still awaiting the fruits of *your* labour. We must all do our little bit, see?

Dame Fortune pampers us. In response to the competition advertised in our first issue, from the 2500 students plus the staff, we have received 3 whole entries! The last date is hereby extended to mid-October.

One last thing. Instead of drawing aside an editor and telling him that this article is freaky and that article was !!!~~!!~~!! , why don't you just write us your opinions and ideas. Surely that's not asking too much.

That's all for now. Be good. And never forget, ever, that

WE ARE FOR THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Yours etc.,

The Editors.

OAT RECONSTRUCTION PLAN

(In the year 2525)

Submitted by Kokonut Kottai of the Civil Engineering Department, Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. Dr. K. Kottai was awarded his Ph.D. in Home science from Stella Maris College in 2222 and in 2223 he joined the teaching staff of the IIT, Madras in his present capacity as a Dissociate.

Dr. Kottai is a member of the Institution of Coconut Engineers, Association of Coconuts, and of the 'Hooch-drinkers' party. He is the author of two valuable treatises- 'Complicated Coconut Leaf Structural Analysis' and 'More and More Complicated Coconut Leaf Structural Analysis'. He has published a series of monographs on topics in coconut Technology such as 'Kokonut water, good for your daughter', etc.

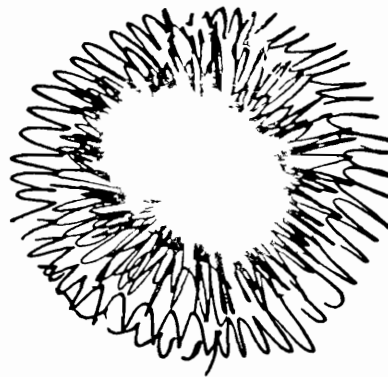
And here Dr. Kokonut Kottai gives you four concrete reasons to prove to you that his plan is based on a strong foundation.

1. Construction of an additional Hut during the Convocation will not be necessary.

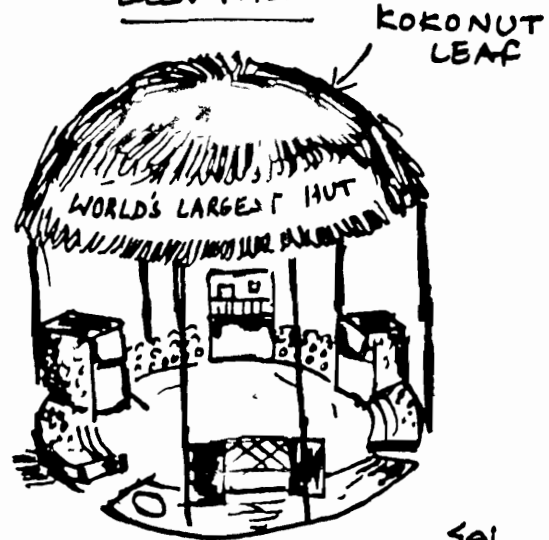
2. IIT, Madras, will have the World's Largest Hut. It will become an important tourist center. With the amount of foreign exchange we will be earning, the Ministry of Tourism will recommend to Mrs. Gandhi that all the money required by the Registrar be sanctioned immediately.

3. The full-blooded IIT audience will enjoy the thrill of seeing Velacheri movies every Saturday.

PLAN



ELEVATION



CRIB NOOK &...

Jayant takes a look at the heart of the average IITian and is aghast by what he sees. The result ...

QUO VADIS?

The proverbial "average IITian" is, according to popular version, an amiable, intelligent and highly principled character. Well the outer surface may exhibit such qualities but the core is undoubtedly rotten through and through. In reality he is one who always places the end before the means, one everready to achieve his objectives by hook or crook. In short he is one who has stowed away his moral principles in a cupboard and having locked the doors has subsequently thrown the key away.

GPA: GROSSLY PILLED AVERAGE

Unfounded accusations? Hasty generalisations? As a small example of the vast fabric of 'goodall' consider the following. There is being offered this semester a certain Comp. Sci. course, external admission to which was regulated on the basis of the GPA of the applicants. It was clearly understood that it was the average GPA of all the semesters put together that had been asked for. Yet while giving in their scores most students with a deliberate attempt to mislead and deceive, either reported their highest GPA in any semester to date, or worse, gave grossly inflated versions of even this. It was only when this was brought to the notice of the teacher by some of the honest students who were affected by such pettiness that claims were investigated into and matters finally set right.

SHADY SHADOWS

Not convinced? Take the case of the notice put up by the Library concerning the dates and timings of the Book Bank for various semesters. This vitally important notice is put up on the display boards of all hostels. Yet within a few minutes of its appearance, even before the

ink on the sheet has dried, so to say, shadows flit part and with almost maternal love clasp the notice to their bosoms i.e. inside their shirt pockets. This sort of one-upmanship provides a great ego boost and hence is invariably resorted to by one or the other.

COPY 'KAATS'

As far as the time honoured practice of copying goes, it is a flourishing business these days. Atleast if these sort of lowdown gutter tactics were restricted to the academically poor students, it would be understandable if not condonable. However to our dismay, we find that even the toppers exhibit no less expertise in this regard, than those at the bottom of the class. One really wonders as to how the moral fibre is so weak in persons who are so strong intellectually.

ET TU, TEACHER?

Our teachers are at least partly if not equally to blame for this appalling state of affairs. They fail to deliver the goods on two

By Jayant Haritsa

counts. Firstly, by resorting to "digital marking" (full marks for the right answer irrespective of method employed and zero marks for any other answer) they encourage students to choose the much simpler alternative of waiting for the bright student to finish and then to copy his answers (after verification from several sources!) rather than the harder and infinitely more tedious process of trying to arrive at the answers oneself and in the process expose oneself to the risk of finally getting a zero for all one's efforts.

The second failure is with respect to invigilation. Invigilation is so lax and disinterestedly done that students suffer no nightmares about getting caught redhanded and go about their 'team effort' with impunity. Not only this but even on those rare occasions when a teacher bestirs himself sufficiently to accost a culprit, the benevolent teacher lets

him off with a mild warning which is more paternal than threatening in nature. Aided by such idyllic conditions small wonder then, that students go about 'goodalling' with so much 'enthu'.

TEAR ANSWER PAPERS

There is a simple remedy for this pernicious disease. Tear up the answer paper of any student caught copying. Do this and just watch how the incidence of copying takes a nosedive. All it requires is a little genuine effort and concern on the part of the teacher.

A FINE KETTLE OF FISH

We shout ourselves hoarse, self-righteously expostulating about how corrupt our politicians and yet this is nothing but the coal calling the kettle black. We cut small corners. Politicians do essentially the same except that they cut bigger corners. Given half a chance most of us would be as good if not vastly better purveyors of the art which Mr. Antulay has brought into the limelight so well.

DECENCY STRANGLED

Why is it so easy for us to descend so low? Has our conscience been so stifled that even goodals a la Billy are received with a mixture of admiration and awe? It is not his misdemeanours which attract censure but rather his stupidity in getting himself caught literally, with his pants down.

"Writer is a dumb bugger" will be the usual reaction to the above homily, uttered with a contemptuous sniff for the author who hasn't as yet realised that the only way one quickly reaches the top is by the elevator rather than the staircase.

My query to all you pro goodal activists is: What price education when one can't even distinguish between what is right and what is wrong?

*Calling all aspirants
to the editorial post
next year:*

*Get our reco.
Come and start your
apprenticeship right
away.*

*The Surgeon General
has determined
that reading
Campastimes is
healthy for your
liver.*

BRIGHT IDEAS DEPT.

ON PROMOTING TOURISM.

'THE CAMPUS IS NOT A PLACE OF PUBLIC RESORT - TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED'.

So say the signs near the gates.

This sign illustrates the feelings we IITians unconsciously generate - This is IIT, we are IITians - keep off. It is not the first time this topic has been touched upon. Many 'thinkers' in the past have commented on it. Articles have appeared in Campastimes, Focus and other cesspools of our thoughts. So let's not talk about that, but of what happens when THE CAMPUS IS A PLACE OF PUBLIC RESORT!

I believe that this is the key to most of our problems. While all things, bright and beautiful, flit about in the world outside, we sit in the campus turning slowly into compost. We waste our spare time doing nothing, instead of, say, listening to a bright farmer explain the advantages of buffaloes over cows as milch animals in areas prone to floods. (Buffaloes can feed in fields immersed in water, while cows can't).

The result, for us, is not mere mental and moral elevation; the increase in canteen sales and other revenues will go a long way in making IIT financially self sufficient. How do we go about it? We transform our campus into a tropical tourist paradise. Give it big time publicity - say that it is better than Sri Lanka and Bangkok put together and so on.

We are very fortunate to have an excellent infrastructure. At least, it sounds nice: 700 acres of lush woods with animals, swimming pool,

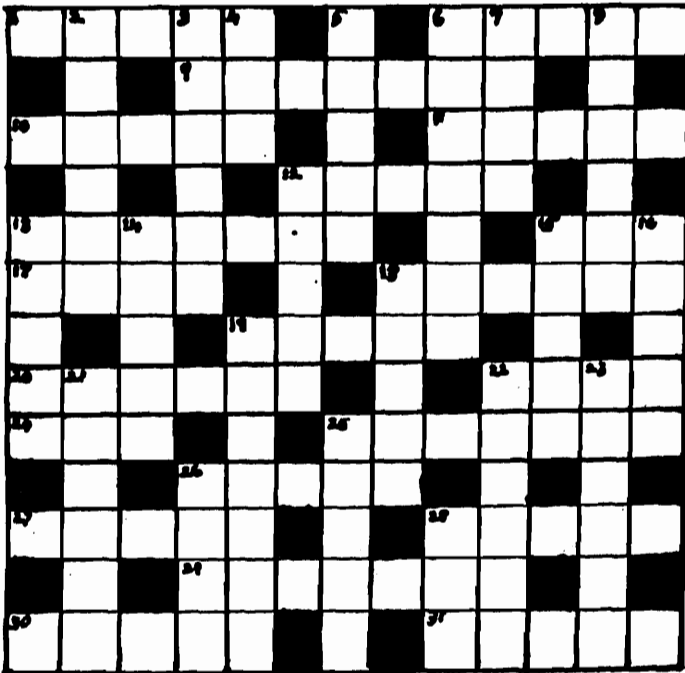
shopping centre, hair dresser, bank, post office, travel agent (the man who sits outside Quark at end sem time), a choice of restaurants (CRD, Quark and a road-side barbecue (near G.C) and, of course, the 24 hour coffee shop at Tarams.

All we have to do now is introduce a few additional facilities. The lake can be used for boating, scuba diving, surfing, fishing etc. Wild life expeditions could be sent to Guindy. But we could have a duty free shop selling goods made in CRD. For the more sporting type of men (and women) we can have dog races, with betting at Sangam skating rink. Then of course the Central Gambling Centre, Central Massage parlours etc...

To the more prudish type of visitors, we can reserve a quarter and assure them that very effective vice squads operate in these parts, nosing around in jeeps and conducting raids on hostels. Such species can stick to studying the architecture of our three temples.

This scheme apart from being financially beneficial will rid the IITian of most of his problems, frequently lamented upon in these pages. A striking example is the ready solution to the Mardi Gras problem - it simply won't be necessary anymore.

-DAN



ACROSS

- 1 They are toothed and maybe worn (5)
 6 Pet is fuming with malice
 9 A first class ruse perhaps, for this land mass (7)
 10 Suit an implement (5)
 11 Points out a nose (5)
 12 Path of a journey out East (5)
 13 Crawler maybe. It could be a climber too (7)
 15 Troubled snake comes here for mineral water (3)
 17 Strap of a heartless rule (4)
 18 Lubricant from an European Country we hear (6)
 19 Rips 31 Across perhaps (5)
 20 Institution for a number of fish (6)
 22 Is agitated as it is an Indian Custom (4)
 24 Add a tiny one (3)
 25 Points, gives up and withdraws (7)
 26 Indicate a direction (5)
 27 Iron Container (5)
 28 Looks, as Tom may do (5)
 29 Its the end - everywhere (3,4)
 30 Lookers right into the eyes (5)
 31 A flower which is agitated, we hear (5)

The great Campastimes



DOWN

- 2 Kingdom of one politician coming up in a lake (6)
 3 Fume over a Communist study (6)
 4 Woo Susan (3)
 5 House of an Italian perhaps (5)
 6 Relations in a word maybe (7)
 7 Trouble we hear, on a window (4)
 9 Winners right in a broken wicket (6)
 12 Stick up and enjoy (5)
 14 Its one less than the square of three, and even too! (5)
 15 Alas! Over a number are troubled over this dish (5)
 16 Shield a soldier in the stormy sea (5)
 18 Reference to get about and say hello (5)
 19 Where one may go to elect, or get elected (2,5)
 21 such things are dear (6)
 22 Cuts prophets about a number of Romans (6)
 23 Abode of God on ones head! (6)
 25 Point a corner with a contemptuous gesture (5)
 26 Fruit for a piano listener
 28 It may be green, or a nut maybe (3)

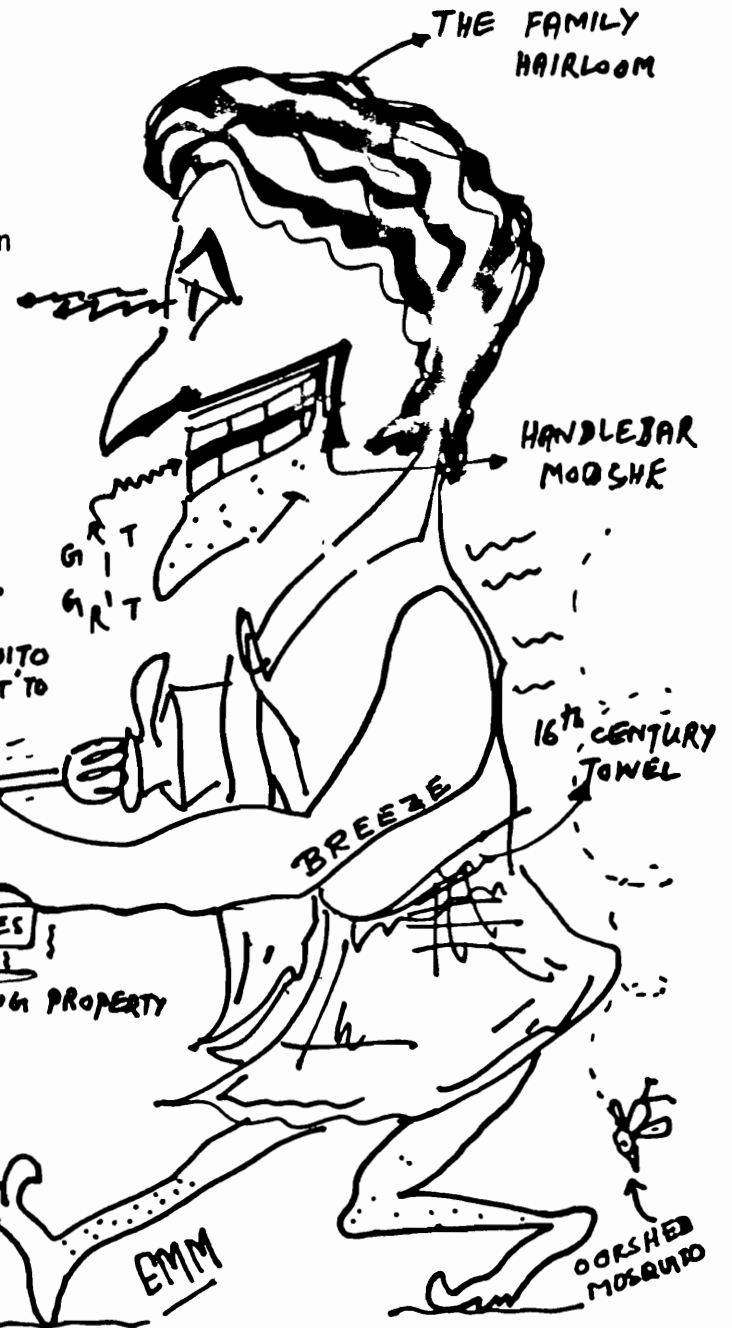
(SOLUTION ON PAGE 14)

by Sai Prasad

CARICATURE

VISHWANATHAN VENKATESHAN

A few minutes before the sun wrinkles its nose and rises over yonder Oxidation Pond, as the early worm toodles about keeping one eye peeled for hopeful early birds, a burly figure advances menacingly down one of the sleeping wings of Narmada in the grey gloom. There is menace in his every step. His jaw is set, his face implacable, the gleam in his eye merciless. 'Here is a man', you would have told yourself had you been present, 'on a mission of destruction'. He bears on his shoulder,



a strange and terrifying device like a mace. 'Bhima on the hunt of Dushasana', you would have remarked, remembering your history.

The hunter is not Bhima, it's Breeze; his weapon, not a mace but something even more potent: the wing flit pump; his destination, the bogs and the victims, the unhappy mosquitoes foolishly desporting therein. For five unflagging years thus has Breeze kept his end of the malaria eradication programme up and rumour has it that the WHO bosses decorated him for his enthusiasm, but this is gross exaggeration: Breeze's violent animosity towards the insects is simply because he likes to take it long and easy in the bogs first thing in the morning and you can't do that with a hundred odd carnivorous mosquitoes dancing attendance on your posteriors.

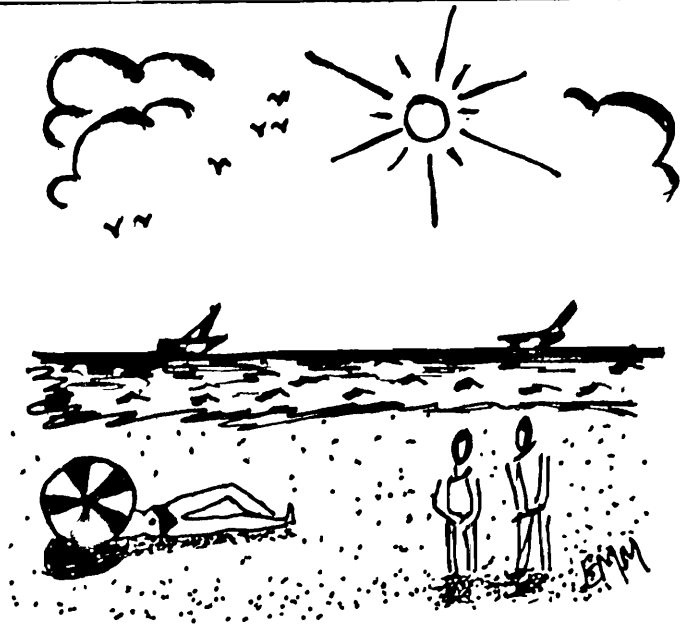
A single instance will suffice to show that promising signs of notoriety were evident from a very

tender age. It was a school exam. The subject: English, the question, a Complete the Foll. Story and Supply the Title and Moral one. The story read. There was this old man who had five sons who always quarreled with each other. This distressed the old man very much. But the sons never listened blah blah blah... the family business went kaput. When he was on his death-bed, the old man called his sons to his bedside and bade them fetch a large number of twigs..... and on this note of suspense the tale was stopped. The remaining portion had to be filled

in by the kids. All the kiddos were mystified, but not our hero. Quick as a flash he wrote, "When the sons returned with the twigs, they found the old man dead. So they used the sticks to burn him", added the Moral: We must never forget to arrange our cremation, and in a fit of inspiration (the result of reading too many Enid Blytons) titled the story 'The Mystery Of The Dead Old Man'.

Breeze passed his acid test in the third year. One sunny Saturday morning, we decided to toddle off on our bikes to the Besant Nagar beach. His intricate spy network, he reported confidently, had informed him that a girls college party would be picnicking on its sands. So bathed, shaved and dressed to slay, half a dozen Lotharios mounted their trusty steeds: half a dozen bikes borrowed from suspicious guys from whom the motive of the mission was carefully concealed and repaired on their noble mission of improving inter-collegiate 'interaction'. Breeze assured us he was on Hai Hai terms with one of the females (Farmers and their bullocks are on similar terms). The general idea was that Breeze would scout the field first and on sighting the prey he would go over and express pleasant surprise that he should bump thus into them while on his usual Saturday morning seaside constitutional. He would let drop a hint that five other patients on similar orders from the doctor were round about somewhere taking their prescribed walks and would be coming up any moment now. We would then sidle up one by one trying (as Breeze rather unnecessarily insisted) not to blush or smirk from ear to ear.

That we waited and waited with nary a fresh face in sight, while the sun rose in the sky and the ardour quenched in our breasts, that Breeze tried to sneak off, but we nabbed him and ducked him in the Bay of Bengal and made him stand us lunch, (empty hearts are one thing, empty stomachs are something else again); is a different story and not what I want to relate here. This is what happened on the way...



Breeze said he knew a short cut. Of course, he would. He always says he knows one. If we were stranded in the middle of the Gobi Desert, he would swear he know a short cut to Mongolia. But in our anxiety to lose no time in travel, we believed him. The path was one shaped like a camel's back and it led over the slimy back canal in Adyar, and all of us in spotless clean clothes; it was tickling Fate's nose and expecting her not to sneeze.

Disaster! Disaster! Breeze in the lead, not supplying enough kinetic energy to overcome the hump in the middle of the path, teetered at the top and the viscous black ooze which had despaired of human contact ever, welcomed him into it's embrace with open arms. Breeze likes to share his experiences with friends; he tried to pull some of us in for company but we deftly avoided his clawing hands. We gathered around the scene of the tragedy quietly for we were deeply moved. Only a few bubbles marked the spot where the union had been consummated. There was a stirring in the depths and two gumboots,

3 tins, 1 coconut and 1 bloated dead cat surfaced. We looked at each other in concern. Any mutation was possible in this chemical muck. Which one of these was Breeze?

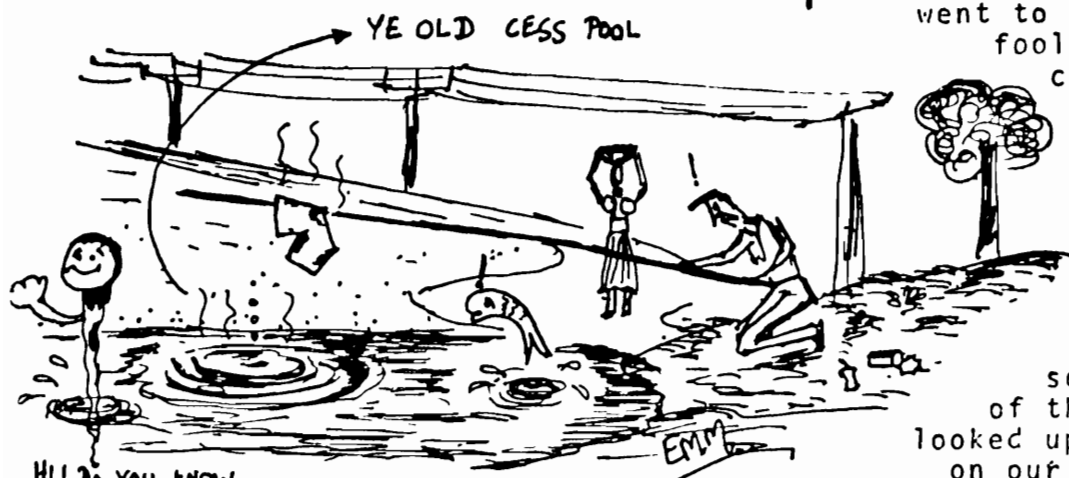
Suddenly with a terrifying roar, a monster of the deeps, a nightmare, a Kaliyan, a Hydra rose 6 feet in the air, 'Gaarggh, Goorggh, Uggghhh...' Closer inspection revealed it was Breeze, with his usual lack of good taste, in this disguise with leeches and fish and toads clinging to him like a long lost brother. We fished him out with a long pole and he tottered to a well from where a bevy of voltage belles had been watching his antics. After a lot of giggling they agreed to pour pots of water over the wretched fellow as he crouched on the ground. This they did with much gusto and many giggles and the damp Romeo, shameless fellow came to life and began smirking with them and the whole thing began to look like a regular orgy to our outraged eyes, when fortunately the village menfolk returned and fingered

It was Diwali morning. Breeze in dazzling silk kurta was holding stage on the first floor corridor. Which means he had rolled up his sleeves and candle in one hand was lighting and tossing with the other, with exaggerated casualness, 'oosi pattass': piddly crackers that make about as much noise as a snake with tonsils.

On Diwali mornings, it is the custom of some people from civilisation to drop in here and see how their wards are getting along in Sing Sing and it is also customary for sisters and aunts to tag along for the ride. Such a troupe had landed in Narmada, swathed in rustling silk, clinking bangles and layers of flowers. Breeze saw them. He brightened. This definitely called for something hotter than 'oosi pattas', he felt. With mounting excitement, he tossed a couple of lighted matchsticks to set him on the way. A few sparklers followed. Success

went to his head. He grew foolhardy. Tossed a couple of small bombs into the lawn. A major step forward for these crackers were ones that made polite barks. 5 flower pots later Breeze was into the big time. The frauleins below, searching for the source of the overhead artillery, looked up. Their eyes settled on our intrepid gunman. A thrill shot through Breeze. This was IT, he felt.

The big moment. Very very casually his hand came up with, yes, a big fat chocolate bomb. A chocolate bomb, you understand, is anything but sweet. The noise it makes is one calculated to turn even Deaf Dhobes of Narmada pale. Lighting the fuse of such a monster and hanging on to it till the last moment before releasing it is not something you do everyday. It needs guts, nerves of steel, sang froid. Mohammed Ali can do it. Kapil Dev



HI! DO YOU KNOW

THAT ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLT?

their 'arivals' meaningfully causing Breeze to abandon his Roman bath rather abruptly. The rest of the way, of course, it was one long moan of how he would have to have his stomach disinfected and get a mouth transplant, his mouth tasted so foul etc. etc.

The story of Breeze and the Bomb has gone down in IIT lore as a classic example of 'How Not To Lose Your Head While Trying To Impress The Opposite Sex'.

can. I can. But then, not everybody is a daredevil. Breeze fancied he was.

So the scenario was this. Breeze with shining chocolate bomb in one hand, candle in the other. He lighted the s.c.b., waited for a decent interval of time, flung his arm in a wide sweep and waited with flapping ears for the musical explosion. The girls waited, the hostel paused, the lawn frogs froze, not knowing where hell would break loose.

Tragedy! Tragedy! The bomb was still in Breeze's hand! In his haste he had chucked the candle! With pleasant anticipation on his mug, the ticking bomb held close to his bosom he stood, like Tarzan who has just put it across the local Gomangani bully in the presence of Jane.

When the smoke had cleared and the squawking birds had returned to roost, Breeze had vanished like the Cheshire cat that disappeared leaving only its grin behind.

Rounds and rounds of applause greeted this feat, but Breeze wasn't taking any bows. He later confessed that his first impression in that poignant moment was that the Russian Revolution had broken out near his left hand and one Bolshevik was trying to make an omelette of his eardrums. Well, we live and learn.

Where psychological torture is concerned, Breeze starts where old man Himmler left off. Take the simple matter of eating a five star. He hangs a board with the legend 'Five Star Consumption In Progress' on the door, locks it securely from within, throws all windows open and with much smacking of lips and many appreciative comments proceeds to eat it atom by atom while his wing mates grimly try to break his door down.

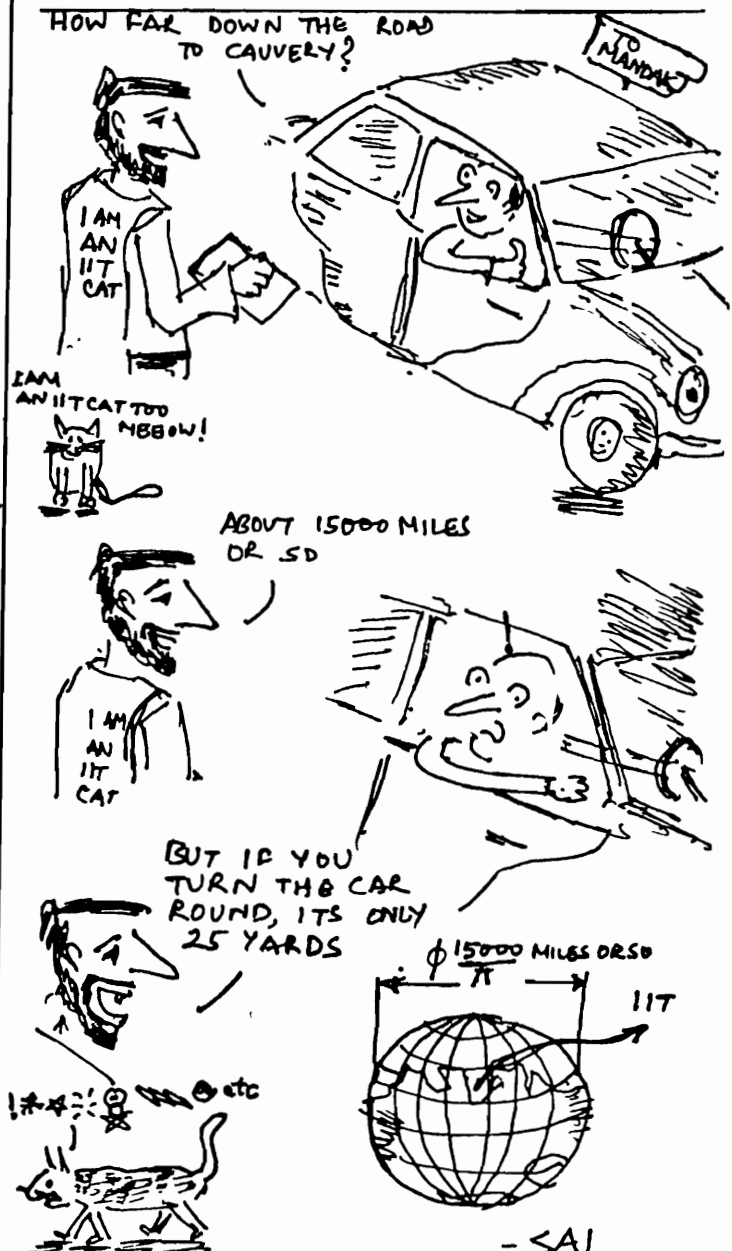
It was in his final year that Breeze attained enlightenment. Sitting on a rock outside Nair Tea Shop after his usual evening tiffin of low temperature vadais, he announced that after 3 years of Civil Engineering, if there was one thing he loathed more than any in the world it was Civil Engg.. If he never saw another beam or truss

again he would consider his life full and happy, and if he ever bumped into a column or girder he would, he swore, give it the cold eye and pass it by stiffly.

Breeze has gone in for Comp. Science and the fact that the Computer Industry in India did not collapse within two days of his entry is tribute to it's toughness and resilience.

Breeze is on the loose now in the outside world. We miss him. The pangs of parting are painful. Yes. The mosquitoes are back, raging unchecked in the bogs.

Text & Drawings by EMM



HALLUCINATIONS DEPARTMENT

Roy disregarded Mum's advice and slept on the wet grass one full moon night. The result was devastating...

HOOK!

By Roy Mathew

I sat and watched it for a long time. Maybe it was because I have never seen such a thing before. The sun was moving up and down in a curious rhythm. I woke George and pointed this to him. George blinked a few times, told me that he wasn't interested in astronomy and went back to sleep. I sighed and continued to watch this incredible marvel happening before my eyes.

Half an hour later, the sun set with a certain finality that I found hard to understand. As the darkness spread and the sound of the night grew clearer, I pulled up my sleeping bag and tucked myself firmly in. A pale flower bent down and whispered to me. I put up with this for some time, and then begged the flower not to bother me anymore. When it was clear that the flower would never shut up, I pulled it out of the ground, and there was silence...

A pair of fluttering wings landed on my cheek. I did not blink. Another pair settled in a short while on the same cheek. Still unflinching, I observed them. It is a curious experience to watch two ladybirds make love on your face. I was very happy. They did not seem bothered by the large pair of brown eyes that were watching them. He led her into a gay foxtrot, and they went on with this for some time before quieting down to rest. When I finally shut my eyes, I could feel them dancing again, their steps heavier and slower.

I slept soundly until they woke me up. She was arguing with him. I yawned and she slid and fell into my

open mouth. It was disgusting. I spat her out. He seemed strangely shaken by this and did not say anything. They flew away in silence.

At two a.m. that night I woke up again. This time it was George. He had lost his blanket and was tugging at mine. We turned on the moonlight and I found his for him. Too sleepy to sound thankful, he turned over and began snoring again.

The night air grew chillier, and the thin mists thickened and swirled around me. Interesting shapes formed in the air. I sneezed once.

I could feel the cold in my bones, but I made no effort to keep warm. As time progressed, my heart slowed down and settled into a lazy rhythm, like the beat of a sleepy drummer.

The drummer fell asleep. The drum pounded furiously on its own initiative, but he was too tired to care. There were no more sounds from the drum. That was the instant when I died.

It was funny, because I had never died before. It wasn't the way I had imagined it would be. All I can say is that a curious detachment of my mind took place, and my body watched it float away, a peaceful ship on a calm sea.

When George woke up in the morning and found that I was dead, he yawned and quietly packed his haversack. Before leaving he kicked me once in the ribs to see if I was just joking. Seeing that I was in dead earnest, he turned away and trudged down the winding path to the foot of hill.

They found my body the next morning. George was hauled up before the inquisition. He didn't have much to say except that he had liked me very much and wouldn't have killed me for love or money. Which was all very true of course. But the inquisition wasn't impressed. They buried me in the afternoon and hanged George later on in the evening.

I can never seem to recollect where they laid him to his final rest, but then I always had a poor memory.

My dear Vinod,

I know you expect this letter. However angry you may be with me, you can't hate me. You must be finding it hard to take care of things all by yourself. While you were here you liked me to do the smallest thing for you.

I keep dreaming about you. I remember - one day you were returning from a Seminar and found me in the park with my literary friends. We were having real fun, discussing the newly published books. You passed on your bike without stopping to have a word with me. I know you never felt at ease with literary men. You used to be angry at the liberty the writers

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

took in talking about anything under the sun. ('A writer talks about relativity by just reading a popular book or by hearing his scientist friend talk about it. A scientist has to spend his lifetime if he has to talk about it, then too not many listen to him'). When I reached home that day, I was shocked to hear you ask me why I didn't marry one of that lot.

That whole evening you didn't talk to me. Every other evening, back from the Institute, you used to lie with your head on my lap and I would tell you stories. They used to be my own stories, but to make you listen carefully, I used to give the names of well-known authors. You knew they were mine. Still you would join me in criticising Maugham or Henry James at the end of the stories. Sometimes in the middle of a story, you would doze off. Then, I would slowly remove your head from my lap and rush to the kitchen, for you always insisted on my cooking the food. (That is why you didn't marry one of your scientist lot)

You have always been very moody.

Many a day have I seen you return from the lab crest fallen. A writer can make something out of his sorrow, but the scientist, if he has to work, if he has to produce anything beautiful has to have an orderly mind, a mind unperturbed by anything other than science. Sometimes you would suddenly get some ideas and start explaining to me. I would be looking at your face attentively and wondering about the beautiful mind within. But, it was not admiration that you wanted. You wanted to know whether your reasoning was right. You would shout at me and call me dumb. Then, I would keep my face close to your chest and remind you that you were not talking to one of your research students but your poor, 'illogical' wife. And assure you that your clear mind could never go wrong. Oh! how your face used to light up when I praised. You seemed to think that I never found anything beautiful in the equations of physics, that I admired only writers and philosophers. You could not be farther from truth. I've found writers and philosophers; akin to me, but the scientist has always been an enigma to me. I don't know how much of science I appreciate but I know I've always loved to know

MILLS & BOONS DEPT.

scientists. That is why I was keen on marrying a scientist.

I know what has made you angry - that story of mine, recently published, about a scientist who looked upon the world apart from himself as his experimental lab., who would do anything to satisfy his curiosity. How could you ever think that I was trying to portray you, that I used you as the prototype for that character? I know you were suspicious of me ever since I asked you for your diary. Oh! is there no limit to being misunderstood? I've always wanted to know you more and more intimately. You've always seemed incomprehensible to me. Had you been anywhere near a reasoning and calculating machine like the scientist in my story, I would've had no difficulty in

comprehending you. I've always admired you for your immense mental capacity. I've seen you sad and gloomy. But, I've never seen you confused. The clarity of your thought has always fascinated me. You were restless when you couldn't give suitable outlet to the creative energy surging within you.

Then, you ask me why I wrote that story. The scientist there doesn't stand for a particular individual. He represents the present institution of science which aims at controlling nature and humanbeings through the knowledge of their working rather than unravelling the mysteries of nature. I didn't show you the story before publication because I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for you. From my friends' opinion of the story, I expected it to be discussed even in scientific circles. May be your colleagues made fun of you. (Actually you must be happy about that. That only shows how powerful a storyteller your beloved wife is.)

Are you still angry with me? You don't believe what I say. Perhaps, you think, this is yet another story and that I've already sent a copy of this for publication.

Please come. I miss you so much. Are you wondering as to how we'll start talking again? We'll go about it in the usual way. You'll sit at your desk pretending to solve equations. I'll sit at mine pretending to write stories. Then we'll play 'I am talking to the cat game'. When, after getting tired of hearing all the accusations and counter-accusations, the cat gets ready to utter his judgement, we'll run into each other's arms.

Your

Indu.

SOLUTION TO THE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1) Gears 6) Spitz 9) Eurasia
10) Spade 11) Snout 12) Route
13) Creeper 15) Spa 17) Rein
18) Grease 19) Tears 20) School
22) Sati 24) Tot 25) Secedes
26) Point 27) Steel 28) Peeps
29) All over 30) Evers
31) Aster

DOWN

2) Empire 3) Redden 4) Sue
5) Manor (Roman) 6) Sisters
7) Pane 9) Trumps 12) Revel
13) Crust 14) Eight 15) Salad
16) Aegis 18) Greet 19) To Polls
21) Costly 22) Severs
23) Temple 25) Snook 26) Fair
28) Pea

Q: Which is the only
place in Madras
where you can't
get coffee ?

A: T. NIGAR !



Stage Coach of IIT is organising a 'Therukoothu Nite' at OAT on 27th September at 8.00 P.M. An episode from the Mahabharath 'Panchali Sabatham' will be staged by the Purisai troupe of Tamil Nadu.

Therukoothu is a traditional folk theatre of Tamil Nadu. The Purisai troupe traces its beginning to at least two hundred years ago and the family has been performing in various theatres in the state.

The Play: Panchali Sabatham

It starts with a scene in which a plot is hatched by Sakuni and the Kauravas to defeat the Pandavas. An invitation is sent to the Pandavas at Indraprastha to participate in a dice game. Dharmaraj loses all, including Draupadi, to his cousin Duryodhana. Draupadi is brought to Duryodhana's court where Dussahasana, Duryodhana's brother, tries to humiliate her with vastra apaharan but fails.

The play ends with Draupadi cursing all the Kauravas; she takes a pledge that she will be avenged only when she washes her hair with the blood of the Kauravas.

THERUKOOTHU

Lampastimes 16

Our man was there
clicking ...

STAFF- STUDENTS PICNIC ^{at} VEDANTHANGAL



The ball is set rolling....



Arrgh! Not fried rice
and curd rice again!



Together at last!

The corpse you see
in the middle row
sandwiched between
the ladies is Carmo
Quadros, our intrepid
shutter bug.

FOTO CREDITS :-
PHOTOGRAPHY
CLUB

&... CRIB CORNER

VED'S NOTE: Thomas Tharu, alias Tee Square, did his five year D.Tech. stretch here in '64-'69. The acid humour and delectable rhythm that marked the parodies he dished out in those years made him a colossal success in the pages of Campastimes. Fifteen years have elapsed and T² returns from his brush with civilisation, intact and as fresh as ever, this time to do his M.S. He finds, however, that the monster of bureaucracy has the campus administration in its deadly grip. The problems he encountered in his second admission make the bureaucratic tape of a State Govt. office look pink in comparison. It is sad that this versatile writer should renew his association with CT with an article on this evil, but Tee Square minces no words and his lambasting, if nothing, will make readers sit up and view with concern the extent to which the rot has set in...

SECOND IMPRESSIONS

Some twenty years ago Campastimes had recorded a fresher's 'First Impressions' of life at IIT-M, written perhaps in wondering wide-eyed innocence. This sequel in a contemporary setting is a not-so-innocent account from which the citadel may emerge with a somewhat less flattering image. But let us leave explanations and generalizations aside, for our tale concerns merely the merry adventures of yonder hypothetical young engineering graduate who aspires to pursue his academic interests in an institution of higher learning. We shall take the liberty of following his movements, albeit discreetly, and may the gentle reader pardon the clichés and other crudities of expression which mar the narrative.

Diogenes has received an offer of admission to the M.S. course at IIT-M. The letter instructs him to report at the academic section latest by 9.30 a.m. on 1st Aug. 1984,

and obtain a certificate of admission to be presented at his particular department. Along with sundry stipulations regarding former certificates in original, payment of fees, etc., there is a casual mention that hostel accommodation, if available, will be provided by official XXX against a deposit of Rs.500 directly to the hostel concerned. That last bit is not very encouraging. Is he expected to check into a hotel first, or start hunting for a lodge on arrival at Madras? Financial considerations render all such ideas impractical in any case, so he hopes for the best and consults a railway time-table. An overnight train can transport Diogenes to Madras Central, which means that barring delays he could perhaps make it by the 9.30 deadline on the auspicious day. Since the barring of delays is not in his control he decides to show up a day earlier.

Thus on the morning of 31st July Diogenes arrives at Central Station, and after sundry misadventures which are not relevant to the present narrative, we observe a taxi containing our friend and all his wordly possessions turning off the Adyar road into the thick jungle through a gateway complex which unmistakably identifies his destination. A large poster welcoming GRADUANTS leaves him guessing. At the administrative block it is too early for anyone to be available, so he locates the nearest hostel, from whence the taxi departs leaving his purse substantially lighter. The hostel watchman seems to understand his plight, and watches Gini stacking his luggage neatly beside the hostel entrance. (Gini? Well, we know him a little better now, and hope he doesn't mind the familiarity implied in the use of his nickname. We promise thereby not to breed any contempt, nor interfere with his actions in any way.)

Gini now looks around and takes in the situation. He observes the

hostel notice-board nearby and the display reveals among other things that the institute will be holding its n th convocation that very evening, which answers the graduants riddle. Another lengthy document explains that the IIT is a fully residential institution, and any student who after obtaining special permission does not reside in the hostel must nevertheless pay a variety of specified hostel dues. Gini's case seems to be quite the reverse and he wonders whether regular students and research students fall into different categories. He is but a fresh graduate, and his opting for a research career reflects a mild temperament and certain introvert characteristics.

A glance at his wrist informs him that it will soon be 9.00 a.m. when the adblock is expected to start its day's work. After extracting his certificates etc. from his trunk he confidently leaves his belongings and trudges off, hoping to finish off quickly with the 'formalities'. The relevant floor of the adblock, after he eventually winds his way up, turns out like Mother Hubbard's cupboard to be bare. Well, not absolutely, for there is just this one gentleman, who explains that everybody is 'busy with the convocation' and therefore it was quite impossible for any admissions to be effected that day. Gini is advised to come the next day and also cautioned about the possibility of it being a holiday, as the convocation is traditionally followed by a day off. He fishes out his admission offer and carefully verifies all details about date, time, month, and year. No, he hasn't made any mistake at all. The kindly gentleman observes his perplexed expression and after some queries expresses the opinion that hostel accommodation could be arranged even before formal admission.

Well, there's nothing to gain by inhabiting the adblock any longer and our chum pushes off in search of XXX. When he finally locates the office its worthy incumbent is

not there. Gini learns that XXX and Co have nothing to do with hostel admissions. He ought to go to official YYY! He is beginning to get the hang of things by now. He strolls off very coolly in the direction indicated and allows himself to enjoy the sylvan surroundings, the graceful palms and shady banyan avenues, the deer grazing unconcerned, the woodpeckers and screeching parrots. He remembers snatches of Kipling's Jungle Book, of Baloo and Bagheera and others teaching Mowgli the vital lessons about survival and the law of the jungle.

But here we are at official YYY's office. It happens to be the right place for dealing with matters of hostel accommodation. Gini is promptly asked to explain how he can expect to get a hostel room when he is not yet a student of the institute. He ought to get admission first! Our friend has no reply which can beat that sort of logic. This time he learns that only the official YYY himself (who is not there, naturally) could possibly take a decision in such a situation - 'I am only a clerk, saar, I must follow the rules'. Furthermore, Gini is chided for seeking accommodation so late. The session has started over two weeks ago and the hostels are full by now. His next move is obviously to enquire about where and when he can locate the illustrious YYY. But the telephone interrupts the proceedings. Meanwhile other new hopefuls like Gini also arrive on the scene. With sudden inexplicable authority the clerk distributes some printed slips with appropriate notings. Gini makes out that he is now authorised to part with Rs.500 by way of hostel deposit, and it is to be paid at the adblock. He realizes he will be in deep trouble if he is expected to fork out a similar sum 'to the hostel direct' as indicated in his admission offer. Anyhow he ambles off to the adblock once more and Dame Fortune smiles on him by way of exempting the cash counter personnel from convocation duties. His predecessor

in the queue, also a newcomer attempting to pay his hostel deposit, is shooed away because he hasn't obtained the all-important slip. Gini's money is however accepted with alacrity in exchange for a scrap with squiggles resembling a doctor's prescription. It chances to reach his shirt pocket in the absence of any waste paper basket in sight.

Feeling much relieved in more ways than one, Gini heads back to the YYY outfit where the squiggles are demanded and scrutinized. He acquires yet another slip intended for submission at the concerned hostel office. For the third time since his ramblings around the campus began he verifies that his luggage heap is intact. Reassured by its having survived so long he turns and disappears into another part of the forest to investigate the existence and whereabouts of the said hostel. He succeeds in due course and brandishes his latest slip before the representative of authority there present. After a flurry of list-checking and record-searching a room number is allotted and Gini promptly takes himself off thither to inspect it physically. A minute later he is back, having encountered a securely pad-locked door. The hostel staff are not surprised. He sits down and waits, not so much on account of the room problem, but because it is the first time he has been able to sit down at all since stepping out of the taxi. As far as his predicament is concerned there is no immediate solution, and it is suggested that he try again in the evening when a room is expected to fall vacant. Anyhow he is assured that things will be sorted out and he needn't worry. At worst there may be a temporary period of makeshift arrangements. He will now be taken care of, being already a bonafide inmate of the asylum (oops! sorry, hostel).

Now with more time on his hands, he returns to check his luggage once more. He thinks it may be worthwhile meeting official YYY who could

perhaps hasten the process of his getting a room. Gini is told there is no point in waiting since he will not be coming to that office, but he will be available in such and such department in his more usual academic capacity. Our young friend cheerfully sets out once more. En route he manages to have a cup of tea - the first bit of material sustenance since the coffee at dawn on the Arkonam platform. The department office divulges the information that the faculty member in question has actually gone to the YYY office in his YYY capacity. Fifteen minutes later Gini faces the clerk again. He is told that YYY has already come and gone, and if he (Gini) had only waited he could have met him (YYY). Spilt milk and all that, thinks Gini to himself. But the clerk hasn't finished. How is it, he demands, that only Diogenes is hanging around and whining when everyone else has managed without any problems? If there is no room he should adjust with his friends. The discourse includes details of past occasions when students had to even use the common-room floor as a dormitory. The emphasis throughout is that no one has ever complained. At the end of the lecture Gini creeps away.

We have thus far covered just about four hours and twelve kilometers of Gini's first day at IIT-M, and lest the reader's patience be taxed to the point of irritation or outright fury, let us accelerate the pace of events somewhat. During the course of the day he is able to drop a reassuring post card to his aged parents announcing his safe arrival. Towards evening he gets his luggage transported to the hostel by spending a fortune in coolie tips. Happily the promised room materializes. An incandescent bulb obtained at the nearby off-campus village completes his immediate minimum requirements. He is able to unpack a bit, shed his travel clothes, and emerge

from a refreshing bath. It is still early evening and he ventures upto the SAC, but finds the convocation proceedings unintelligible from the spot where he is standing. Being a trifle weary anyway, he returns to the hostel to await dinner and a long night's slumber.

9.00 a.m. the next morning finds Gini and some others clutching certificates awaiting signs of activity in the halls of authority. It is not officially a holiday, but who are we to grudge those who organised the convocation a brief rest from their labours? Official ZZZ takes in the situation and requests the newcomers to wait while the few office staff who have arrived already can be suitably instructed to take care of them. There seems to have been some oversight in fixing the admission dates quite inadvertently during the convocation week. But as far as Gini and company are concerned, to quote Tennyson: theirs not to reason why.

Eventually the admission procedures get underway. For a start the office finds nothing on record regarding Gini's admission offer. Frantic consultations with a ragged heap of files and folders are rewarded with the discovery of his original application. His offer letter, admittedly quite genuine, is appropriated by the office 'for their record'. Gini parts with it rather reluctantly (and later makes it a point to retrieve it). Now that his identity has been established, it transpires that the first prerequisite for admission is proof of having paid the hostel deposit. At the YYY office the stipulation had been precisely the converse. Gini remembers the squiggly scrap which could have blown anywhere on or off campus by now. A plea for postponement of the showing of that piece of evidence is however graciously consented to. Then follows some hard-core business at the cash counter in which Gini ends up poorer by some 400 rupees as institute dues. Following some further paper work he is sent off to report to his department with the assurance that an admission certificate is not

required. The department office, true to form, demands the non-existent certificate. Gini's explanations meet with skeptical looks. The only document in his possession now is the receipt for the institute dues. Eventually they relent and his name gets noted somewhere. Next he proceeds to his department proper for meeting the faculty members and finding out something about his academic programme. The replies to some of his queries involve a vocabulary replete with sots, credits, audits, off-loadings, etc, leaving him as bewildered as enlightened.

It is time however to speed up our narrative once more for the reason previously mentioned. Over the next couple of days Gini makes several rounds of the adblock - department - laboratory - library cycle attending to various formalities, mostly in the nature of getting some document or card stamped and signed by ALPHA or BETA and surrendered to GAMMA or DELTA. One of these is a bond expressing his gratitude for the scholarship which he hopes to receive; and agreeing to abide by and be bound by all rules and conditions etc.etc. and modifications etc.as may be made from time to time. Being ignorant of the rules anyway, he signs without hesitation, and contributes his share to its transportation along those paths involving EPSILON and ZETA. At various points along his route he enquires about the existence of rules or instructions for the guidance of M.S. students, or even a general information bulletin about the institute. Apart from a surreptitiously acquired list of courses being offered during the semester, he draws a blank. But helpful directions and sweet smiles constitute Gini's lot most of the way. He reflects with due humility that all-in-all he has much to be grateful for.

Amidst the diversions mentioned above, he attempts his primary task of choosing courses and attending lectures. The fact that nearly three weeks have gone by since the

semester commenced is nobody else's concern. He scrutinizes the scribbles in his neighbour's pad and tries to figure out what he has missed. And so the tale goes on, with each passing day bringing its quota of wordly experience and accumulated wisdom. For instance a couple of weeks later Gini quite incidentally comes to know that apart from lecture attendance there is a department attendance register to be initialled each day. His name of course does not figure therein, which means he can forget about the scholarship and his declarations of gratitude. The intervention of THETA however results in this matter being happily resolved.

At this point let us bid farewell to Gini and leave him to his skirmishes with the Hydra. We shall nevertheless refrain from digressing into any academic analysis concerning the nature of bureaucracy or any such topic, for Gini may come and go but the juggernaut will thrive regardless. The concerned reader may ponder the matter if he will, but at his own peril.

- TEE SQUARE

One of Tee Square's earlier poems appears in our poetry section - Ed.

Remember!

To write us a letter

'FRESH' DEPARTMENT

We were interested in freshies. And in their freshness. So we went to the expert, Sundar, author of such learned treatises as 'Freshness: It's causes and cures', 'How To Tell A Freshie In Two Bites' etc. Sundar was conducting fresh expts. He took time off to write this monograph...



*HE'S
DYING
COCKADACH*

*FRESHIE STUNTED
DUE TO
OVER LOADING*

RAG TIME

Mommas used to hum rag time tunes. Long ago. Like during the times of pioneers. Then these mommas got bored, or may be they grew too old. Too old to bear the burden of light-hearted rag time tunes. Whatever the reason, the rag time tune has at last come home. Here to IIT. In a big way.

Meet George. Make it George George. Don't laugh. This is a serious matter. How could a guy have a name like this, you ask? It's not just his name. You got

to see his face. Folks back home hoped that with a name like his, people would not notice his face. They also hoped that such a name might inspire him to follow the steps of Saint George. Pitifully, George is but a wet dream of the venerable saint. A wet dream in all ways.

George sings a rag-time tune. It's a brash tune. It sounds macho and all, though seeing him you wouldn't guess so. He loves to practise these tunes on freshies. The freshies love him. His tune drives wax out of their ears.

Freshies? You don't know what it mean? Well, they are a fresh commodity in the market. They are perishable. And stale in a couple of weeks. They decay after one quiz and a mid sem. They are freshest during the first week of their delivery. At first these freshies quiver at the slightest whisper of things called seniors. They blush. They droop.

These things called seniors are nothing but decayed freshies. They are very playful. They love to play with freshies. And sing to them new rag time songs.

It's all fun. Overboard. And all over the belt too. But never mind where the belt is worn. Somebody said these tunes sound harsh. But the seniors say singing these bed-time tunes to freshies make freshies their friends. Bosom friends. Like cherry blossom. All the damn way.

George has got a set of these tunes. He calls them funny. George and his gang all say the same thing. Sanjay Gandhi too once told the same story. Only difference is that Sanjay didn't have a name like George George. Nor his face.

The rag time tune has got a good beat. Rhythm and beat. That's what matters. Ask Rat. Never mind that the blues are out of the rhythm. The freshies look green. Hearing the good beat and all, the freshies dance. Folks in George's gang find it funny. Like when freshies carry seniors' baggages. This is one of the most popular numbers in the charts here.

All seniors love it. How simple it seems. Tunes to carry beds and heavy luggages. Tunes to fetch water from mess. And clean up rooms. Not that the seniors don't help them in all this. They applaud as the freshies dance. They entertain and lessen the freshies' tasks by crushing mosquitoes and spiders. George loves to squash cockroaches. He says the experience makes him spiritual.

May be you are forming a picture of this stuff called seniors? You think they are decayed, smelly, cruel etc.? Not really. They are musicians. While some folks curl up in bed and read the mystery of Inspector West, these folks sing the rag time songs. So what?

You could call these tunes pop, rock or punk. It doesn't matter. Let me sing you this tune. You call the music what you want.

George and gang sang a group song. Orchestrated by a freshie. The words came and went in bursts of mirth and noise. The freshie was a tomato. Bald tomato. Cherry red. The song was titled, 'what would you do on your first night?' The tomato went squish squish. At last the tomato ventured to say that he would sit next to the girl.

George went lead from here. His voice twanged. Cajoled, wheedled and threatened. The chorus rumbled. The tomato was further fried and all, and while all the singers leaned forward to catch the secret whispers, the tomato hung its head in shame and whispered, 'I will ask her: Are you feeling sleepy?!

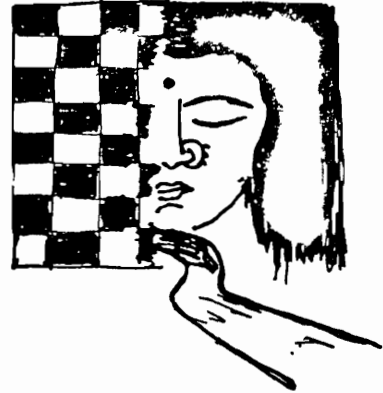
The students went back stupefied. They retired, heads hung in shame. They had learnt the secret of bedroom brawls.

- S.R. Sundar

FOR BETTER OR FOR VERSE

6:33 IN THE EVENING

While the dusk darkened into night,
 the cigarette ends glowed, the lights came on,
 and the noise in the room, strangely silent,
 whispered that it was time,
 I was lost in a gypsy trail,
 that meandered around you,
 strangely passionless, poignant thoughts,
 who suffocated me, the sheer intensity
 who surprised me, I'd never have realized,
 That
 While the dusk darkened,
 While the noise grew strangely silent whispering,
 While illogical moves corroded the chess board
 While thoughts raced across the universe,
 While you who never thought of me ever,
 While you who never know me ever,
 While you would be sitting 1000 miles away somewhere,
 You affected me by your sheer beauty,
 Thoughts flood back
 Into nothingness. She is a photograph, 2 Dimensional
 Impressionistic, why think?
 Reality, as usual, acts the villain, and Cupid
 searches
 for another victim.



- NIKESH SINHA

THRENOS FOR A DEAD INSTITUTION

THE PRELUDE

You wait, little lad, in the fresher stage
 For Fate to turn the light on.
 Your mind little lad is a vacant page
 That many a fox would write on.

THE ADVANCE

You are sixteen going on seventeen,
 Sonny its time to think.
 IIT life with hazards is rife
 And you might be left to sink.
 You are sixteen going on seventeen--

Seniors will fall in line.
 Mystic experts and gastric perverts
 May offer you grass and brine.
 Totall^y unprepared are you
 For tortures in this den,
 Timid and shy and scared are you
 Of candles lit at ten.
 You need 'guidance' from someone who'll
 Tell you just what to do,
 I am seventeen going on eighteen
 I'll 'take care' of you.

THE DEBUFF

I am sixteen going on seventeen
 Innocent as a Joe,
 Seniors I meet may tell me I'm sweet
 And I must believe, I know.
 Though I'm sixteen going on seventeen,
 Hoping to save my pride,
 I am aware my chances are bare,
 Yet I know who's on my side.
 Still unprepared I well might be
 But I am backed by Sen^{*};
 Timid and shy, I do agree,
 Now I'll be bold again.
 Wardens' Council, robed in gowns'll
 Willingly see me through.
 Since you're seventeen going on eighteen
 I'll beware of you.

- THE SQUARE

* Prof. Sengupto, then Director.

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated
 To those who
 In these times bleak,
 Helped plug the leak;
 And kept the CT tub
 Bottoms down, nose up.

- EMM.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. P.S. Sridharan, for painstakingly typing out this entire issue.

Our thanks also to