

R. K. Gupta  
214 Saranatha

# Campastimes

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30 P.



## EDITORIAL

Look at this!

Believe it or not, this is your magazine. Let me tell you more about this newspaper which is slipped unobserved under your door four times a year—like it or not. You pay for it much less than what it costs the Institute to run it. The collection from the hostels would only bear one-third of the bill the press sends the ad block. Surplus value here for you.

Many people have said that *Campastimes* should project the image of the student community in IIT and sometimes also act as a link between the Secretaries and the general student body. This will not work for three reasons.

(1) The frequency of publication of *Campastimes* is against it as also the irregularity.

(2) The Secretaries for the most part have ~~no time to read it~~ ~~no time to read it~~.

(3) You do not take *Campastimes* seriously enough, and even if you did read through something that interested you, you do not follow it up with any sort of action.

It is obvious that no really faithful reproduction of the current IITian Scene is possible through the efforts of the Editor and the Editorial Board alone. There are too many and totally different views and ideas prevalent in the innumerable sections of the student community, which roughly go class-wise, year-wise, hostel-wise and in the Sporting Scene, it is team-wise. Also, the editorial is the only piece which puts forth any opinions and at times ideas, the columns and articles being of a more general nature, do to a great extent project the present state of mind of the IITian. But the complaint remains. There are few articles the editor can get hold of and he cannot be choosy now. Therefore, when one shears *Campastimes* of its frills, it is left only with the editorial, Bobo's Column, Mahesh's bit, the gas from George John and the odd caricature from Sudip Ghatak. Of course Patel keeps his Sportsfolio. The rest of the paper is filled with bits, diverts, the contents box and of course the Short poems which the editor keeps by his side for filling up the inevitable gaps.

The colossal problem is the dearth of good articles and I am not too sure of the quality of articles people might come up with if I went soliciting in earnest. It is quite embarrassing. It also surprised me in the beginning—the guy who writes is just not the guy you talk to; not the guy you know. And there are people who ask me why I accept unreadable stuff. Why? Well here's why. I want to keep *Campastimes* going in the hope that someday people would realise, and start writing and they

would not have a problem seeing it in print. *Campastimes* would be there. It would not have to be dug out from the graves. *Campastimes* is in a stage now, where it seems to be serving a future cause. A cause which you will somebody find and when you have found that, you would be thankful *Campastimes* was around.

The frequency with which *Campastimes* goes to press is dependant only upon how fast material collects between issues and with the problem of the sort and magnitude we have in IIT, it is good going if four issues are brought out in a year. There is of course the possibility of trimming down the size, thus getting *Campastimes*, which would be more frequent and more regular. But the increase in frequency of *Campastimes* per se is not warranted under the present circumstances, in view of the fact that *Campastimes* does not purport to be a vendor of hot news. Therefore it can take its time collecting the necessary material and come out as a substantial looking number, which would cut down operating costs as well as spare the editor trips to the press at the rate of five per issue. This last bit can easily be avoided if we had a press of our own in the campus, as in Kharagpur or Bombay.

I cannot see how *Campastimes* could be of help to any of the Secretaries, acting as a link with the student body. And even if they did write (past experience makes me believe they will not), they would get away with it easily. Gynkhana Council Meeting or even a <sup>than a</sup> Body Meeting, is anybody's guess.

Therefore, the moral of it all is this. You have to write. And you have to find a cause for *Campastimes*. It is your magazine and you have everything to do with what shape it takes, what course it follows. You have to set the goal and work for it—MAKE CAMPASTIMES YOUR THING.

## Prof. R. K. GUPTA

After three years of holding the key office of the President, Institute Gymkhana, Prof. Gupta retires this year. It would not be false if we said that nobody has done so much to the students, to the Gymkhana as Prof. Gupta during his tenure, including the two resounding victories at Madras and KGP where the last two meets were held. The great success we have witnessed in Basketball, Cricket, Football, Hockey etc., bear witness to the relentless work of one man—Prof. Gupta. We hope that Prof. Gupta will continue to be the guiding spirit to all us students even in the future. Prof. N. V. C. Swamy, we are sure will take on his job as Prof. Gupta's successor with great zeal, as we have known him to do in other fields. This extremely well-read person (take any book from the literature section in the library and you will see that Prof. N. V. C. Swamy has beaten you to it). We are sure will get the fullest co-operation from the students and the Secretaries.

ANANTH SESHADRI.

## Farewell

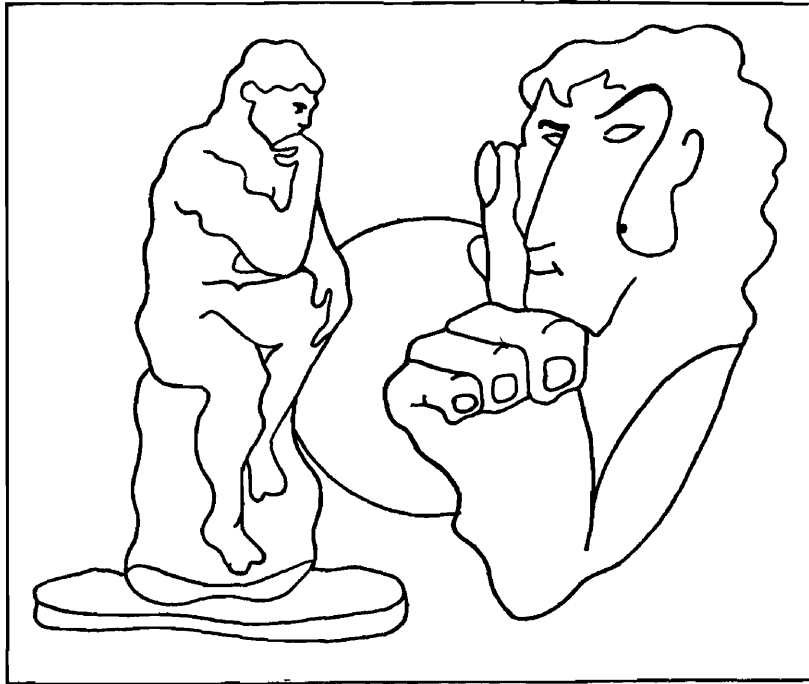
### Dr. A. RAMACHANDRAN

Dr. A. Ramachandran, our Director, has been appointed, Secretary to the Dept of Science and technology, GOI. He relinquishes his post as Director of this Institute after years of service, during which we witnessed numerous changes for the better—the introduction of the present periodical system, to name one. The Computer Centre coming up in our midst must have been bred under his careful supervision and it is a pity that he will not be actively involved at the inaugural of this landmark in the history of IIT Madras. The most remarkable fact of course is that IIT Madras is the only IIT which has not been the scene of incidents of any sort either in the form of an agitation by the students or trouble from the academic or administrative staff. Able administrator that he is, he was also adept at winning people over to his standpoint as the Gymkhana members of recent years must have noticed. His brilliant technical mind coupled with his administrative skills can only bring him success in any of his ventures.

## Welcome

*Campastimes* learns with pleasure that the Institute has appointed the following four Deans as part of the revitalizing of the work of the Institute:

1. Prof. R. G. Narayanamurthi,  
Dean of Industrial Liaison.
2. Dr. P. Venkata Rao,  
Dean of Academic Affairs.
3. Prof. R. K. Gupta,  
Dean of Students' Affairs.
4. Dr. K. A. V. Pandalai,  
Dean of Administration.

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## Rodin and the Thinker

- That mystic interaction grown  
Between the Sculptor and the Stone.
- Rodin :** To work at last, to work at last  
Upon this blessed day .  
She has taken bag and baggage,  
She has gone away.
- Thinker :** Well now, between thee and me alone, mildred,  
Since the lady bless her soul, is now abroad  
Would you be kind enough to ~~refer to my modesty~~  
~~with such a~~ ~~case may be~~
- Rodin :** Faith, this unmarble-like restlessness of thine  
Grates like wood upon my sluggard cells  
Just so, the sparks from a striking flint  
Rise like a meteoric shower at night  
When gentle friction flows through chisel-jaws  
And bites with love into the opaque skin of stone  
Makes harmony of stony flesh and sinew  
Were naught but craggy pits were massed before.
- Thinker :** But mercy, lord, you cannot leave me thus  
Undressed, yet thinking so madly, furiously.  
That all these passers-by may stop to see  
How this thoughtful nude can always be  
So engrossed in the problem of his nudity  
(Mayhaps a little ridicule will unhang the guy)  
And let me assure thee, sir, god failed to make  
Bright, gifted, marvel-brained creatures like thee  
Outlast the march of time to clam eternity  
Because, Sirrah, if he had given such a lease  
All these god-gifted ones, timeless as trees  
Would freeze their faculties and turn to frolic  
And then, you sir, a hapless alcoholic  
Would not have fashioned me from fossil-stone  
But would have staggered on, wine-footed, all alone.
- Rodin :** Now, now, young marble-man, relax, be calm  
And look at things and exercise your charm  
So that the candid watcher may be made aware  
Of nothing but thy thoughtful downward stare  
Come now, you surely can build up the power  
To forget all about thy lack of extra cover  
Yield, yield, such ferocity drives the hand  
The hammer rises, pauses, moves and taps  
As though this mechanical phase of art  
Could be thus sub-divided into jerky lags-  
Which, integrated in the lapse of time  
Produce the glitter of a fine creation
- Thinker :** Lord, have mercy on my stone
- Rodin :** But, dash it all, you mensenate lump of matter,  
How ridiculous it is to bother thy block-head  
About such trivialities as outer garments  
For a siliceous skin so bloody thick as thine  
When all you have to do is hold that pose  
And behave like the ruminative hulk of a man,  
Who, caught red-handed in that dry position  
Seems to execute the most cherished of acts  
The genteel act of pressing palm to chin  
And bringing on that glazed fever in the eye  
As though to straddle an unmeasured length of vacancy.
- Thinker :** But sleep, mildred, is totally beyond my reach  
Since you have carved these thinker-eyes that each  
Is permanently brooding on some object there  
Upon the floor, and in this open, low-cut stare
- (Made rigid by these unrelenting stony lids)  
Lies my only expression, and being fixed, it bids  
Me to be thoughtsome forever, my misfortune.  
And there must be substance in the hand  
There cannot be an isolated pair of tools  
That can perform those tender acrobatics  
Of the wrist and finger, eye and ear, and more :  
The angelic work-shop of a sculptor-mind  
Where space, in condensing from the germ  
Of a spacious idea, condenses further still
- Rodin :** Sublimate your baser instincts, creature  
When thy maker equips thee to think, as such  
You cannot be so spineless as to quarrel  
And fret and fume about such mane things  
As clothing, sleep, ornaments and trappings  
Now gather all thy forces, bend and think.
- Thinker :** How now, noble sir, my inoffensive chatter  
Born of marble-mind, so fusing mind and matter,  
Recoils from thy sensible ears like scattered chaff  
May be the years of work, now moving on the graph  
Of such an artisan as thou, have played their part  
And driven all thy wits completely off the living chart,  
Leaving behind an irritable raisin of a sculptor  
Take shape, take mood, take rolling thunder-clap  
Take shadow, exertion, peace and soberness  
Mix all these wares and pour them gently down  
Into the thick, viscous medium of the air  
And subsisting on this airy figurate soup  
The fingers wrap on chisel, hammer, time  
And then time condenses as man and marble  
Mate in the first few outer chips that stream  
In white-hot clouds, flurry of stern attack  
That is but indication of the shape to come.
- Rodin :** All right, bust, my advancing age does tell  
In the quickness of a temper or a sulking-spell  
Or, here and there a touch of cynic spice  
Which elderness decrees as good and wise  
For those who fain would like to be described  
As ripe in age and abundantly wrinkled
- Thinker :** Ripe in age, forsooth, my noble lord,  
Thy years are but pure droplets in the wider scheme  
Of nature and her brood - You forget me,  
And how my hard pedigree of stone can be  
Right from that moment when thy hand began  
To bestow me with shape, an immortal span  
Between one inspired moment and forever more  
So that those unseen citizens in a distant time  
May look and wonder, feel and think of so sublime  
A pang of creation as must have been behind  
The dancing faculty of a genius of the mind.  
And once this chipping-game is set to motion,  
The true osmosis of the master-deed begins  
Night comes, days pass, the seasons float  
But never does this nameless partnership pause  
To take heed of the tick of time and year  
When some incomparable nectar of the gods  
Has risen from the blankness of an empty heart  
And urges man to pit his gallant mind on matter  
Calling forth a muscle-drawing participation,  
And to wrench from the ugliness of mineral

A mirror-image of that soaring inner flash  
Where reality and vision merge like quick-silver,  
Then from the worthy dust that maketh man  
Is born a communion with another dust  
That marble sheds like dandruff when it wakens  
As though to tell the world, in story quickness  
Of the ease with which it can be set alive  
By the simplest of chisel-wielding creatures.

**Rodin :** (This wag-tail work of mine seemeth all-wise  
Even as the fabled owl) And what my own surprise  
That my creation makes me seem an aged fool.

**Thinker :** Yes, lord, but note the room temperature  
Almost three degrees below the zero  
And like it or not, your creation is no hero.  
Who can continue to pseudo-think while nude  
While the frigid air keeps nipping at his vitals.

**Rodin :** For a statue, thy vanity is remarkable, lad  
Here, cover thyself, and think of me, unclad.  
Knowing beauty then, to merge with it, to fuse  
And skip in wonderment from shapely stone to stone  
Like some unbridled mustang of the skies  
Let loose to graze on a meadow of infinite acreage,  
Shall we, in this brief interlude of freedom, make  
A gentle trip, a quick sojourn to that pure lake  
Of exotic cerebral adventure - explore beyond this

Deposit of drudgery, wall of rotting cannabis,  
And seeping forth with the exuberance of a gas  
Released from the stunting confines of a sac  
Cavort, do handsprings in the wind, and totter forth  
In moodless stupour, mad abandon, random ecstasy ?

**AT A SOCIAL GATHERING**

They were all there, bless them, the local elite  
Some were dressed in black and some in white  
There was some amplified music going all around  
As though to trample out the busy human sound  
The free-speaking men now speak of things mane  
One vies with another, as the voices wax and wane  
A pale-skinned girl was laughing like a siren  
And three solicitous males hovered about her  
Each with his gummed-on smile, eager to be heard  
Have you seen the movie yet ? No, not yet, reply.  
There came a liveried man, then, serving drinks  
And people reached out casually, hands unwavering  
Controlled movements : remember, this is a crowd  
The expressionless server of drinks went around  
As though he was a bull-dozer mowing through  
A field rippling with the passage of the wind  
Silken rustles and the stench of perfumes  
Went tripping past the gate, where cars were parked.

**The IITIAN System**

The IIT educational system has come in for much criticism in the past year. There were quite a few articles on how it could be improved, there was a seminar on it organised by the Leo Club and of course innumerable after-dinner discussions in the hostels. The suggestions were many and often quite different from each other. However they all had one common feature—reduce the number of periodicals or abolish them altogether. To me, that seems sorry thinking. Before you start throwing stones at me consider the following points in favour of scrapping the final examinations.

Periodicals cover, or are meant to cover, a limited portion thoroughly. The semester examination for the most part covers in a general way what the periodicals have already covered in detail. So the right thing to do would be to have another cycle of periodicals in place of the semester examinations which covers the portion covered after the third cycle. To make the periodicals more effectively cover the portions, increase their duration to say 75 minutes. We could take the best three for calculating the final grade. To prevent favouritism, we could have two people correcting the papers separately and sending in the marks to the Administrative Block independently. We could take the average of the two except where there is a large disparity in marks in which case it could either be corrected by a third lecturer who has not handled the class or get it rechecked by the original two lecturers. After all there are lectures aplenty in each department.

If however four periodicals are too great a workload for the lecturers, we could reduce the number to three and take the best two. This would leave a greater gap between the cycles of periodicals and hence more extracurricular activities can be conducted.

The semester examination is an anachronism we are best rid of. When we rejected the outmoded concept of a whole year's work being judged on the basis of one annual examination in favour of the semester system, we chose to come in line with the most modern thinking in education. But as in most other things we have not been brave enough to make a clean break. The time for change is now. It is absurd to retain anachronisms and we as budding technologists must be the first to realise it.

Tutorials are effective as a pointer to a student's ability if and only if the tutorial classes are small (10 to 12 students ideally) and handled by a tutor who is really interested in the students. However tutorials in the senior classes (in the first and second years at least the batches were small, though by no flight of imagination can the tutors be called interested) are conducted en masse, i.e. the whole class of around 60 as handled by a couple of lecturers who give the class the tutorial sheet containing about four or five problems. The students are to work on them and are asked to submit them either at the end of the class (in which case mass cogging takes place in class) or in the next class (in which case mass cogging takes place in the hostels). On the basis of this, the lecturer is expected to give tutorial grades. He does so more often than not in an arbitrary fashion resulting in the quiet, honest workers getting low grades. At best there is a tutorial test at the end which is just another periodical with one difference—it is much easier to cog in it. Agreed that the students are as much to blame as the staff for this sorry state of affairs but that is no defence. There are only two alternatives—either divide the class into small batches and have interested staff to handle them or scrap tutorial grades. Let them be just problem-solving and doubt-clearing classes.

Labs are a necessity but lengthy reports are an absurdity. Apart from being a waste of time—the student learns little as he cogs desperately either from a book or from another report on the eve of the laboratory class—they constitute an unnecessary work load on the staff. The purpose would be better served if the student is given in advance the list of experiments with details of each experiment. At the end of the each experiment the student could be asked to submit the calculations, and answer a few questions on the experiment. On the basis of these mini-vivas and probably a written test-cum-viva at the end, the student's performance can be evaluated.

Finally the allocation of marks for periodicals—labs—tutorials could be either 60-30-10 or 70-30-0. Any of these two systems with the grading done as discussed in the earlier paragraphs would not only be a more realistic estimate of the student's ability but also constitute a more exact balance of theory and practicals.

K. S. RAMCHAND.

**Farewell**

Without being sentimental, I regret that I too, must now tread those last weary steps I talked of elsewhere in this rag. Looking back I can say that most of us have learnt a lot in the way of skills and guiles of our games, But the basics remain. You play the game whether the other side is stronger or not. What the hell, we play anyway for it is better to have played and lost, than not to have played at all. This year's brilliance in the sports arena is a dream come true for many of us. It was a last ditch battle for supremacy, for immortality. But it will be a transient immortality for several years hence we will have receded into the darkness, the vagueness of oblivion. Old achievements must make way for the new. That's the law of nature. But the experience, the thrill will remain with us for a long time. It's not every day that a dream comes true. One day we are going to look back at this one year, at our Camelot. And in that deep future it will all come back, from the dark recesses of oblivion, like a wisp of a faded memory. As Tee Square put it so Movingly

' Ask every person if he's heard the story  
And tell it loud and clear if he has not,  
That once there was a fleeting wisp of  
glory . . . nor

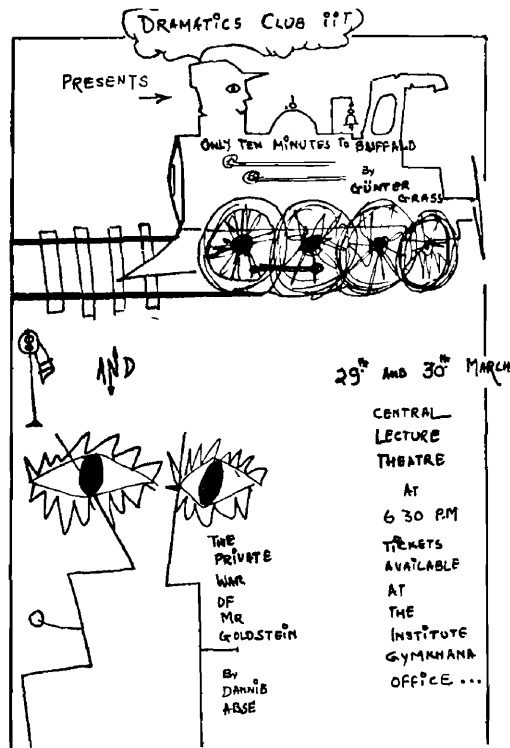
Let it be forgot that once there was a spot  
For one brief shining moment that was  
known as Camelot.'

We leave this Camelot behind us with the fervent hope that the guest for newer achievements, newer Camelots will continue even when our Camelot is but a vague blur on the horizon a shadow in the background. Best of Luck

In passing I take this opportunity to thank on behalf of us sportsmen a certain personality who has done more than duty requires of him. He has remained in the background and done for us what no-one else could have. I talk of none other than Mr. Joga Rao (P.T.I.). He has encouraged us and has borne the brunt of the burden for so long. These thanks are long overdue to him and we extend it to him with all our hearts. Thanks a lot!

PATEL.





#### CAST (In order of appearance)

Smith	Raj Manglik
Daniel	Joseph C Naronha
Goldstein	Sudip Ghatak
Customer I and III	N. V. Krishna
Customer II	A. V. Maitreyan
Axel	Ashok Santhanam
Kotschenreuther	Anil Gadi
Pempelfort	Paul Marwah
Krudewil	Ranthe Dev
Frigate	Om Prakash
Stage, Sets and all That	Vinod Shanbhag
Music	Allan Santhyadev and Vaithyalingam
Direction	J U Davids
Publicity	Yogi Chandra Saikumar

#### About the Plays

The first one is quiet and subtle.

It is about Goldstein, the crazily humane old man who sits in the middle of all those cigarettes and chooses his customers. A big company wants to buy him out, they want to make him a link in their chain of tobacconists, but Goldstein rejects even the highest offer. That way, he manages to survive the onslaught of uniformity which he is daily forced to experience in the form of Mr Smith. Mr Smith wears matching socks and is also in possession of a driver licence. A deplorable case, says Goldstein!

There have been some very great Smiths, says Mr Smith. And at times he speaks in rhymes

That is why Goldstein sees fit to attack him with Flit

(And how is this one a Goldstein-Special: For to get some Craven A you've got to go to Paraguv)

Daniel is just looking for an odd job and gets hooked in the process. He stays and falls for the manic charm of old Goldstein, whose dog Abraham thus becomes the proud owner of a dog-walker

So it all ends like an old-wives'-tale happily. Because an old man has made a stand against society closing in and because he's made it. Makes you happy too, man (Only, don't smoke)

The second one is noisy and subtle

The noise does not come from the train these two guys are on, Krudewil the engineer, Pempelfort the fireman. It does not come from the painter, who wants so much to dive deep down under the old values. It does not come from this landscape full of cows, which

look like ships and smell of butter and who ruminate and observe, Frigate, spick and span, turning and tacking before the wind (south-southeast, to be precise). So where does the noise come from? It comes from the laughter, man, the laugh these two easy riders will have once they reach Buffalo There, streetlamps will be smashed and breasts will be anointed, shirts will be changed and knee-caps will be oiled, unless of course, they go to bed early. Pempelfort is all for going to bed early, but Krudewil—but Krudewil—yes, Krudewil. He is all Pempelfort has. Axel belongs to the landscape, where he does his job as a cowboy. In the end, when Frigate (who is an admiral in disguise, didn't we know it) rides away across the waves in a row-boat manned by Krudewil and Pempelfort, in search of Moby Dick and some far-away freedom, which earlier bore the name of Buffalo (see above) when seasickness turns into seasickness and the scene gets kind of empty, then Axel stops wondering and gives it a try

So we have two useful edifying and plausible stories tonight which tell the tales of ratiocination and horror, which give you this lost feeling of how you always wanted to do your own little thing, hide behind your cigarettes or hit the rail to Buffalo. Well, do it, man.

#### EGO-BUSTER

Question asked in a B Tech. Aero periodical: How many degrees of freedom does an aircraft have?

Answer: Forward, backward, upward, downward, and sideward (left and right) motion, but since an aeroplane does not fly backward, it has only five

#### GAS-II

The inter-IIT is just over and our heroes (?) have come home victorious. All credit to them, but, I wonder how many of you noticed that little change that came over most of the undergraduate hostels during the time our boys (?) were away.

If you were in a wing having a noticeable member of that 'up and away at 4.30 p.m. in Adidas' fraternity you would have felt 2 things the day they left. One, the sudden absence of fruits (especially those big green plantains) that our boys (?) used to receive (and dish out) in such liberal quantities. It used to make pretty good eating especially around midnight. When one sometimes gets that irresistible urge to eat something and a ransacking the dining-hall discovers that the only thing left over from dinner is some rasam.

The second thing would have been that for the first time in a long while, you could stride boldly down the corridor without having a sweat-soaked vest or shirt come flapping down all over you or having to hold your nose to prevent the overpowering odour of a stocking that's protesting in its own way of having been used too regularly for the past fortnight and not a dhoti in sight.

The real trouble occurs when sometimes someone decides to strike up a conversation (about the Schroeter or some such thing generally) while you are still engaged in navigating safely through the paraphernalia. The smile you put on for his sake inadvertently makes you draw in a good lungful of that air with the result that your smile transforms into a scowl which gives him the impression that you are just about ready to scoop his internal organs out with a trowel or something. This leads to complicated explanations all around especially if it occurs when he is explaining some finer point of his particular ball-game.

This business of leaving the corridors littered is an interesting phenomenon if you have the correct attitude (not to mention a blocked nose) to it

Anyone with the slightest interest in human behaviour would find it worthwhile tracing and typing the pecking order that exists with that broad classification of healthy outdoor types.

This is easy if we start from the bottom. At the extreme edges of the 'up and away at five in Adidas' fraternity are those members who keep moving in and around the edges of institute teams. They may be either dogged final or prefinal years who haven't let the passage of the years weaken their resolve to finally make it at least this year into the playing side and stay there or else those younger lads who are still on their way up. This category can generally be identified by the fact that their sole jersey will be hanging from a line in the corridor but folded ever so neatly. Their powerpoints grace the corridor floor with the socks tucked away shyly into them.

This type isn't very much of a nuisance as they reserve their jerseys only for the really big occasions (and of course to OAT on Saturdays), so it doesn't really have much of a chance of getting dirty so fast. On the next rung of this fraternity come the none-too-valuable but none too expendable athletes and such like. There follows from the bulk of the fraternity under consideration. They generally do acquire more than 1 jersey over the years and some of them are even aware of the advantages involved in dealing with the dhoti

Then come the hard core which is composed of the big indispensable fellows in the teams. The fellows who are the most important when it comes to chasing the Holy Grail around the football field. (Remember the epitaph in the last issue? That was some eye-opener. I mean, imagine grown-up guys getting so worked up about a piece of pig-skin or is it just ordinary cow-hide)

Now, as far as the corridor goes these fellows form the biggest nuisance for the simple reason they have so much to spread around ranging from skates to stockings and old tennis balls.

The person who tries to reason or even convince anyone belonging to the Adidas fraternity that the aesthetic beauty of the hostel is certainly not enhanced by abdominal guards and worn-out stockings faces a difficult and sometimes even dangerous task

The only thing to do under such circumstances is to accept it gracefully. Or, to move out into a hostel where this kind of corridor decorations don't exist. This possibility actually consists of 2 alternatives. You can either shift into one of the P.G. Hostel or you can move into the Ladies' Hostel

The move into a P.G. Hostel is fraught with dangers. Imagine getting a room bordering on the ball-badminton types (They are the champs, too, at the game)

The other alternative seems a little better but then perhaps your Warden might just fail to see the imperative necessity of your transfer to the Ladies' Hostel.

But I suppose, time is moving out even for them. They took part in the Sports Day march past this year (not to mention the poor run, or was it to us) and I doubt if they are going to stop at that. The net result of course being the setting up of a Sarayu Chapter of the Adidas fraternity. Perhaps it already exists. After all, they did go to KGP for the Meet

GEORGE JOHN,



**ONE MAN: RAVESH PATEL**

' In the planet we live in, life and death go on continually . . . Every man, known or unknown, is capable of contributing . . . and each man's life can be touched, however briefly, by one man—Ramesh Patel.'

The year—1950 The place—a remote village in the erstwhile State of Bombay. An event which was to change the course of history took place. A ten-pound bundle of flesh opened its eyes to the wonders of the world. Throughout the years, this bundle retained its shape but gathered moss, grass, wood and what-have-you in all the appropriate places and finally landed up at the portals of this great and finally up at the portals of this great Institute. Ramesh Patel had finally arrived.

From the time Patel started to toddle, he learnt the exquisite art of cutting classes. As he narrated his childhood days to us, many years later, we could conjure up visions of a roly-poly school-kid hitching a ride home from school in a bullock-cart so that by the time he reached home his mom would think her sonny boy's been dropped by the school bus after another dreary day in school. Times haven't changed. Except that now his mode of transport is in keeping with the just age—a pils mobike. That is when he decides to attend class. Normally he does not go to class at all. He believes that studies, like charity, begun at home.

Though born in India, Patel was bred and buttered in one of the finest schools in Manchester, England (back home, you know). During his stay there he won the junior swimming championship and, I believe, caused many a female heart to flutter at the sight of his manly chest, (which he still lovingly maintains with a whole paraphernalia of fertilizers). His sojourn in England was, however, short-lived. Even in those days the Britishers were kicking out Gujjus from their empire and Patel was no exception. With a heavy heart did our young hero return to India and set camp at Bhopal. He didn't remain dejected long though. He soon found himself in the

same class as Jaya Bhaduri, who, so the story goes, fell head over heels for this phoreen returned lad.

At this point, we come to the second phase of Patel's life, and one with which we are most familiar. Our first memories of him are of a strangely clad stocky person with prehistoric spectacles and a cockney accent. As this passed, Patel started adjusting himself to his new environment. But he was never an extrovert and had great difficulty making friends. Finally, a few of us took pity on him and from that day he never left us alone—something for which we shall never forgive ourselves. During the months and years that followed, he began to show symptoms of a strange malady that he suffered from. He would completely withdraw into a shell and move around like a zombie as though nothing or no-one else mattered. No amount of coercion could persuade Patel to return to his normal sane self. After such spells, however, he would again automatically become normal as though nothing had happened. In the beginning, no one understood the cause of these 'fits' which were as frequent as a woman's periods, but as Patel matured he reached the state of menopause and his strange malady was conveniently forgotten.

Having descended from a generation of land-tillers, Patel instinctively took to ploughing the stadium every evening after a hard day's work in class. Small wonder that the famed Joshy Paul was no match for him when Patel challenged him to a 5000 m race. Even after this laudable achievement Patel was not chosen for the athletics team. This was of great consequence since it changed the course of his life. The very next year, he gave up athletics completely and discovered this wonderful plaything called a football. His talent was immediately spotted by Anupam Sen, the then footer Captain and since then the footer team has wriggled out of ignominy to fame. Opposing teams, harangued by his solid defence, resorted to pick-axes, while some even thought of bringing demolition experts to dislodge this human wall. But the foundation was concrete. Patel had earned a valuable

place for himself in the team and in the hearts of soccer fans.

In the meanwhile, an inspired Patel picked up new games and represented his hostel in hockey, athletics, basketball, volleyball, boxing, carroms etc. Even in the field of entertainment he dabbled his foot and almost brought the OAT crashing down with his Bhangra. One would have thought that there had to be a limit somewhere but, sad to say, Patel did not think likewise.

He was elected as Social Sec. and Mess Sec. over consecutive years. The result—the shambles that the variety entertainment was during his tenure and the bunch of underfed freaks you see now trying to sustain a living in Saraswathi. His two years in the political arena had such far-reaching repercussions that no one has recovered even till now. In this context, however, we would like to maintain a diplomatic silence.

If you think Patel is a widely travelled man, don't kid yourself. Without stepping an inch outside the main gate, he manages to procure his year's supply of soaps, tooth-paste, cosmetics, laundry and even his tram tickets for the journey home. How he has managed to do this, year after year, for five years, remains a mystery. Why he does this became quite obvious when he asked us 'What's the point in going out in a city devoid of all natural beauty and colours?'

And now when Patel is about to leave this Institute, he has entered the third phase of his colourful life. Those among you who have had the good fortune of knowing him personally can probably guess what we mean, suffice it to say that Cupid's arrow has finally struck straight and true, and he believes, being an Aquarian (as the last issue of *Campastimes* put it) that his time has come. He vows that this time he won't make any mistakes but we are sure he is making one helluva miss-take.

See you all in Bhopal next year then, over Shehnai and a bowl of Srukand.

K.K. and RAGHU.

# Campastimes Editorial (1966-1972)

## A CRITICAL REVIEW

(from a term paper in Organisation Behaviour)

An analysis of the editorials through the years 1966-72 reveals that but for the editorials of 1971-72 which in content are a remarkable departure from the established practice, all others are totally related to campus events. One might argue that this is what a campus newspaper is for but there are more important issues affecting us than the height of the speed traps or the lack of water in the pool. This is again reinforcing the suggestion (to be examined later) that IITians have little or no thought for anything outside their little world of six hundred odd acres. Whether this trend is desirable or not is not for the researcher to judge—at least at this stage. Looking at the writings content-wise certain subjects, events, happenings appear to have repeatedly formed the subject matter of these editorials. It is proposed to examine the more important of these subjects separately from different aspects.

To list those events or subjects which have been of such importance to the student community and which have been the subject of so much comment in the editorials, we have (1) the Institute Gymkhana (2) sports and inter IIT meet (3) IIT student audience behaviour (4) Staff-student relationship (5) the IITian (6) *Campastimes* itself (7) Intellectual issues.

### Audience Behaviour :

Student behaviour at campus functions, be it at the cultural week, movies, inter-hostel entertainments and the like has been a much commented upon subject in the editorials. The comments are almost all derogatory—varying only in degree. The following facts are at once discernible with regard to IIT student audiences. Getting a sizeable crowd is in itself a problem especially where suitable incentives may be lacking. IIT audiences are very difficult to please. Whether this is due to the prevalence of extraordinarily high standards or just pure conceit is another question to be discussed later. Displeasure is expressed in the normal form of cat-calls . . . the whole works, with no quarter given, be it a team from another college or some poor fellow trying out his voice at the inter-hostel competition. Against this background it would be relevant to examine what different editors have had to say. In February 1967 the Editor writing about the coming cultural week is mildly derogative about IITians past behaviour and emphasises that a well behaved audience and success go together. His successor in November 1967 feels that judging from the unruly students of the past one could only keep his fingers crossed for the inter-hostel competition to be successful. The need for more tolerance towards the mediocre and of giving more encouragement to budding talent was advised. The editor of November 1968 finds the normal IITians' behaviour inexplicable the moment they enter the OAT. It is as if 'Boo and Conform' was the rule of the day.

But apart from being unanimous in their censure of unruly behaviour the editors have neglected to analyse the problem or even examine the reasons behind this behaviour. More often they are on the side of the performer advising 'Take what is dished out, however bad, without protest'. The editor of February 1970 has an even more scathing attack on IITians. Lamenting that the amateur theatre had died a violent death, the editor feels that we have lost the essential ingredient which makes for success—enthusiasm all around. In IIT it is entirely a question of general cynicism killing the much desired enthusiasm and making conceited bores of IITians. Writing in February 1971 after the conclusion of a typical cultural week replete with unruly behaviour the editor appears to feel that self-conceited notions of superiority coupled with that cynicism which is so rampant makes the IITian act as he does. Expressing disgust more strongly than ever the editor screams for a change.

### Campastimes

Perhaps the most popular subject for comment among the various editors has been *Campastimes* itself. Every editor, it appears, has felt duty bound to examine the paper's impact on readers and comment on its prospects. There are several points of similarity between the various editorials. Most are of the opinion

that *Campastimes* suffers due to unsympathetic readers. With a single exception, there appears to be a general consensus among various editors that nothing is wrong with the paper but something is lacking in the readers. There is no attempt at self-appraisal but an overpowering tendency to blame readers for the shortcomings—a tendency which has persisted through the years.

Against this background we could examine what different editors have had to say examining a report of falling standards in the *Campastimes*. The editor of 1966-67 while accepting that it may be partly true is of the opinion that being a reader's paper its quality is determined by those very readers. *Campastimes* could do well with more in the way of articles and contributions of which there appears to be a serious lack.

The editorial of September 1967 conveys the impression that many readers are not particularly bothered whether *Campastimes* existed or not. Indeed, many it appears, are surprised how the magazine has managed to pull along. In refuting such skeptical statements the editor claims that with so much talent prevailing within the *Campastimes* can only move forward not back. Readers are again reminded of their obligation and asked to co-operate not criticise.

Examining the effect of *Campastimes* on the staff the Editor prefers to hold the optimistic view and hold that the *Campastimes* could be instrumental in bringing the staff-student community closer by inviting articles from the Staff. The same editor in his last issue is of the opinion that to the average IITian living in his little narrow world of periodicals and curriculum, *Campastimes* is the only link to events in and outside the Institute. *Campastimes* may be cursed, described as 'the same sick stuff from the same bunch of sick guys', but these very persons would feel uneasy if they did not get their copy on time. The feeling is that there is no lack of literary talent in the Institute—yet getting contributions takes on the dimensions of a major problem. Another problem seems to be catering to readers who abhor serious literature but are quite ready to curse attempts to dish our humour. The editorial of October 1968 in a scathing appraisal of an old problem reminds readers that the only way the outside world can view IIT is through *Campastimes* and in the final analysis it is the reader whose co-operation will make the difference. It is high time the potential writers shook off their lethargy and came forward for a cause which ultimately concerns them. The assumption that *Campastimes* is the only medium to view an IITian is of course highly questionable but then most Editors seem to be under that delusion.

The *Campastimes* of Summer 1969 sees the editor in the dock, strongly defending himself against criticism. Referring to misunderstanding prevailing on the function of an Editorial the Editor is of the opinion that it is essentially the view of one person heading a small group. To criticise is only a part of his job—yet essential. The average reader, the editor feels has little or no time for unravelling a situation and it is the Editor's job

to do this. In effect the editorial suggests that it is the Editor's right to criticize and expose anything and everybody, nobody is above condemnation as long as it is valid—and people had better get reconciled to the fact. That a more or less unchanged situation exists with regards to *Campastimes* is obvious with the issue of September 1969. Reviewing the prospects of the paper the Editor states that his aim is to maintain the existing standards and foresees no change in the quality of the paper. Any change in this direction would necessitate a drastic change in the attitudes of the student body and there is a complication that such changes are untimely. As if he had not said enough, we find the Editor expressing the same hopes in his next issue. Another feature that will be dealt with in another section could be mentioned here—What determines the content of *Campastimes*. The Editor admits that since seriousness is something which any normal IITian abhors, *Campastimes* is by necessity a non-serious paper. To write on such problems like students' social and political consciousness would be to say the least, foolhardy. This should reinforce the view that if the paper has an audience at all it is due to its essentially non-serious nature. It is obvious that the Editor is content to maintain this status quo.

The summer 1972 editorial differs from the rest in that it gives the magazine generous pats on the back which are by no means warranted. While previous editorials were at pains to point out that the magazine was not all that bad. This one unashamedly wallows in self-aggrandizement. Not satisfied with this it places itself on a superior plane which does not condescend to low humour. Not satisfied with praising the magazine, the editor offers a sop to the IITian by declaiming from the rooftops that he has shed his old skin and come forth in all his new found glory. This smells suspiciously of soft soap. And this is another item of which the IITian has absolutely no use. Judging from what has been said in the above column one can only conclude as to the unenviable state of affairs existing *vis-a-vis* *Campastimes* and readers. A frozen situation (if we accept what the editorials reveal) with apparent unconcern on the part of the readers and vociferous condemnation of this tendency by the editors. True, readers can contribute significantly to the betterment of a paper but the tendency to blame readers of the magazine has been definitely and grossly overdone. That editors through the years should repeat the same old accusations and stop there, certainly reveals inability to go below the surface—which in an editor could be something of a serious failing. The overriding tendency among editors, which sadly enough has been passed down the editorial hierarchy appears to be 'Don't ask me why *Campastimes* is so-so. It is not my rag. Go ask my precious readers'. So we have the undesirable status quo of a students' paper condemned by the students and its student editor figuratively tarred and feathered over every issue. The editor in turn, turns the heat on the students in his editorial, adopting the superior air and decrying the baser instincts of the readers who do not appreciate true art when they see it. This vicious cycle has been continued through the years and there seems no way out of it.

### Institute Gymkhana

Our review would not be complete without a word on this body which by all rights should be a matter of considerable concern to the IITian. But surprisingly enough the Gymkhana does not appear to have been as 'hot' a topic with various editors as one might have expected. The few editors who have contributed to this section make no bones about their feelings and the little they have written is sufficient to give a rather disappointing image of the Gymkhana as it has been functioning. The editorial of November 1968 presents the Gymkhana as an unholy mess with everyone thoroughly disenchanted with its functioning. The trouble with the Gymkhana is the existence of too many committees with too little control, leading to a fragmented structure. The editorial actually screams for immediate reorganisation of this sick body.

## SINDBAD

*There was a man from Sindbad  
who was called  
the sailor.*

*You and I  
know why  
he wasn't called  
the tailor.*

*(He sailed the seas  
but stitched no clothes.)*

ANANTH SESHADRI.

Reprinted From 'Alankar'

# IX INTER IIT MEET AT KHARAGPUR

Saturday 24th February 1973

## Maj-Gen. Chowdhury Inaugurates

The IX Inter-IIT Sports Meet got off to a punctual start with the inaugural speeches, flag hoisting, pigeon flying. Our Chief Guest, Maj.-Gen. Chowdhury of the Eastern Command, expressed his happiness on the occasion of his first visit to an IIT—a rather pleasant way to start an acquaintance, one should think. IIT Kanpur in spotless ducks stole the March Past Trophy from the home team by a single point. Turnout did count to the Army officers who judged the display. After the oath-taking, introductions and more speeches, we moved over to the first event of the day, the 110 m hurdles heats.

## Narendra Kumar skims the last hurdle Daljit Singh: yet another Record

In what was an indisputable finish, Narendra Kumar shot through a battery of hurdles spaced over 110 m in 16.6 secs, snipping 0.1 sec off his old record. Half an hour later, he burst past Swapna Das with his long strides to slash a mighty 0.7 sec of the 400 m record, 51.0 seconds. In the hurdles Chandran Paul (MDS) inched past Nadig for second place, while Asoke Chandra brought in an additional point to give Madras a tally of 9 points in the hurdles event alone. Manu, trailing far behind, made up tremendously but reached the tape only after Padukone (KNP) who came 3rd in the 400 m.

Daljit Singh, tall and robust as ever, outdid his own Inter-IIT record in the Hammer Throw by a massive margin of over 15 feet. He threw 35.96 metres, a full 5.6 metres more than his nearest rival John Chand (ex KNP, now MDS). Talvar of Kanpur and Sami of KGP meekly brought up the rear.

## Shotput

No surprises were in store. Daljit Singh putted a comfortable 13.33 m, and bettered the previous mark of 12.40 m by almost a meter. The places behind him were taken by the gargantuan Pappan (BMB), John Chand (MDS) and D Roby (MDS). Dantas and the Tevan brothers found themselves completely over-shadowed.

## Basketball

### Little Krishnan in Big Form

The whistle blew at 6.15 p.m. with Bombay winning the toss. Scoring was sluggish in the initial stages except for Vinay Kaul's (BMB) show of 9 points in 10 minutes. He suffered an ankle injury soon after and went out of action. Madras Chandran Paul (14 pts) developed cramps and left the scene too. From the half-time score of 37-20, Madras straightened their spines, pulled up their socks and plunged into business. BMB's Lee-Seetharaman-Seelan couldn't cope with MDS's long passes, shrewd teamwork and quick-fire scoring. Krishnan (28 pts) and Easwaran (11 pts) were fast and relentless, and broadened the gap steadily from 17 to 32, to give Madras finishing scores of 78-46.

## Jayant spins viciously

The first match saw Jayant in action, which was all there was in the encounter. He played his matches at a fast pace, the opponents having no answer to his vicious topspins which always seemed to find the edge of the table.

Tactical Naralkar of Bombay was the only one to give him a scare, the scores in his second game reading 7-6, 9-8, 16-15 in his favour. But finally Jayant finished off the game finding his touch again. Probably it was tough going for Naralkar having to play both tennis and T.T. on the same day. The other matches were prolonged chopping affairs with occasional smashes. The more consistent won. The scores speak for themselves.

K Jayant	d	Rasutti	21-12,	21-5
Sankaran	lost	Naralkar	18-21,	20-22
Rajgopal	d	Anand	21-15,	21-11
K Jayant	d	Naralkar	21-9,	21-16
Rajgopal	lost	Rasutti	22-24,	18-21
Sankaran	d	Anand	21-12,	21-17
Rajgopal	d	Naralkar	21-7,	21-13

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## Volleyball

### KNP goes into the finals

Kanpur's wonderful teammanship prevailed over Bombay's individuality in a thrilling 3 games duel 13-15, 15-7, 15-6. There seems a distinct possibility that Madras may beat KGP in today's semi-final, in any case the MDS/KGP match will find it tough going against the powerful spiking, blocking and placing of the well-knit Kanpur team.

## Tennis

### MDS beat KGP 3-0

The Laxminarayan-Chinu match provided few exciting encounters and it was an easy win for Laxmi at 6-1, 6-2. Chinu rushed the net time and again, but was coming in far too close and Laxmi had no problem passing him or lobbing the ball gently over his head. On the other court Nasar, stroking fluently led 5-2 in the first set against Ravi Joseph and then of a sudden seemed to lose his grip on the mitch. Ravi kept the ball in play, pulled up to 5-all, sustained an anxious moment at 6-all and then drove home for an 8-6 victory. He went on to lead 4-0 in the second set, dropped the next 3 games to a heavily breathing Nasar, and pushed for the match at 6-4.

KGP vindicated themselves in the doubles where Nasar's sharply hit service returns and Chinu's volleying enabled them to win the first set at 6-4. The Madras pair made quick work of the next set (6-1) and strained hard to reduce KGP's lead of 4-1 in the third. Deuce was called 8 times in the 6th game (Laxmi's service), but Chinu's erratic serving proved to be KGP's nemesis and Madras softly dinked the ball cross court to win 4-6, 6-1, 7-5.

## Football

The Madras-Delhi match was a drab affair with neither team dominating. Madras, with better individual players, of whom Raja, their goal-keeper, and Patel, their stopper, were especially good, failed to combine well and lacked proper finish. The Delhi left-out was a good distributor of the ball and Delhi made up for their poor standard with an aggressiveness which kept Madras off-balance. Madras missed an early chance. Delhi came back with a goal immediately after half-time—a goal that was entirely due to misjudgement by the Madras custodian who made no attempt to stop the shot. Madras attacked more after this, but, partly due to bad luck, couldn't score an equaliser. Winners Delhi will now play Kanpur.

## Athletics

### Broad Jump

We witnessed more than our fair share of 'no jumps' and Bombay found themselves eliminated in this way. Through it all, Rakesh Upadhyay (DLI) jumped steadily to win the top spot with 6.14 m. Daljit Singh (DLI) took second place and brought himself into the running for the individual championship, should Narendra Kumar slip in any of his events. M. S. Chowdhury (MDS) and D. Roby (MDS) picked up the remaining points as Nadig failed to get in a good jump.

### 5000 m.

Manoj Kumar of IIT Kanpur managed to shake off KGP's Nagarajan in the last lap of the 5000 m race to clinch the race with a timing of 18 min 3.0 secs. Tiwary of KGP having dropped out midway, Javed Mahmud of Madras came in a close third.

## Hockey

### Chikhi scores for MDS

On a slow ground the Madras forwards attacked strongly and centre-forward Chandrasekhar Iyer pushed the ball into the Delhi goal in the 6th minute. Delhi were surprisingly tame and rarely got past the Madras defence, the 4 short corners they got were all abortive. Left half David Roby kept Delhi at bay, while the Madras forwards occupied themselves by missing two long and two short corners and an easy goal in the 24th minute, in an otherwise sedate match.

## NARENDRA KUMAR SHATTERS KGP'S RELAY HOPES

### Commentary

### Sunday 25th February

Madras have reached the finals of five major games: Tennis, Badminton, Hockey, T.T., Basketball and are certain winners in the Athletics in which they lead Delhi (34) by 32 points and KGP (25) by 41 points. Considering that today's Hurdles and Javelin are Narendra's pet events, there seems no possibility that any other IIT can touch Madras' chaste total of 66. Four out of the five finals are heavily biased in Madras' favour, this together with 6 pts in Gymnastics and a possible 2 in Volleyball, gives them a grand tally of around 74 points—a clear, unbeatable first. Kharagpur have entered the finals of Football, Hockey and Volleyball and have a good chance of bagging the first two. Kanpur have entered five finals too and while Tennis, Basketball and Football may go against them, Volleyball is a certainty and T.T., an exciting possibility. KGP will have to muster second position in Athletics and strain every sinew to capture third positions in the three racket games if they want to beat Kanpur to the second position in the overall Championship.

Within an hour of this morning's events we will know for sure whether Narendra Kumar has scored over Daljit for the Individual Championship. This will put him in the category of C. B. Simpson and Richard D'Souza who have won the Championship twice and a single notch behind Bombay's Deepak Swarup who is the only one to have won it thrice. In nine Inter-IIT Meets Kharagpur has made it to the top 6 times, Bombay—once, and Madras are doing it for the second year.

Will Aquatics and Cricket come into the Meet? And will there be as much enthusiasm for the Meet in future years? are thought-provoking questions as we say good-bye to the IXth Meet.

## CHANDRAN PAUL CLEARS 5 ft. 11 in. IN HIGH JUMP

### Kharagpur salvages Volleyball

Swapna Das ran beautifully, Shenoy put BMB in the reckoning but Narendra Kumar simply swept the crowd off its feet. He came up from behind and zoomed through the last lap in a breathtaking sprint to give Madras a galling Athletics total of 66 points. Cool, confident and admirably competent, he waved his arms in jubilation looked back in naive curiosity, acknowledged the cheers from the crowd—all a good 100 m from the finishing tape—and yet ran home, an unambiguous first!

Another new record was set by Chandran Paul (MDS) with a jump of 5' 11", as against the old record of 5' 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Nadig of Kharagpur came in second (5' 9") with Shenoy (BMB) in the third place.

## Volleyball

### Kgp. d. Mds 15-12, 15-11

In a closely contested first game Mishra (KGP) played well despite a sprain, while Bhatia's services proved too deadly for Madras, Bala, the captain of IIT, Madras and Thomas fought back with powerful smashes and accurate placing. In the second game KGP stalled at 14-6 and finally levelled out with a 15-11 victory.

## Discus

### No Records Smashed!

Surprisingly enough, Daljit Singh (DLI) did not break the existing record in reaching 37.32 m followed by Pappan (BMB) at 32.36 m. I. Rajasingham and D. Roby, both of Madras, occupied the other two places.

Rakesh Upadhyay (DLI) clocked in at 23.0 secs breaking the old record by 0.1 secs. Narendra Kumar ran 23.1 in a toughly contested race, leaving S. V. Mani and V. Dantas yards behind at 3rd and 4th places respectively in the 200 m finals.

In the first 100 m heat S. V. Mani (KGP) scored an easy first (11.7 secs) leaving M. R. Srestha (KNP) and H. Singh (KGP) bunched close together behind. In the second heat R. Upadhyay (DLI) swept past V. Dantas (KGP) in the last few metres to clock 11.5 secs. Murty (BMB) came third.

#### Table Tennis

##### MDS d KGP 5-3

Vicious topspin and accurate smashing by the unsmiling Jayant led to a comfortable victory for Madras. After trailing 0-3, KGP rallied as George and Bhanot won their singles, but the slump came soon after with the collapse of our weak defence against Madras's spin attack.

#### BADMINTON SLIPS FROM OUR GRASP FOOTBALL: KGP WIN 7-0

The cheers of the crowd mounted to near frenzy as Jain (KGP) fought every point from 8-14 to victory (17-14) in the second game against Kumar Subramaniam (MDS) having lost the first game 5-15. In the third Jain struggled bravely from 9-14 to 14-All only to collapse suddenly and lose 14-17. Lum beat Frank 15-9, 15-8 in a battle of wits, but couldn't quite combine with Krishnan in the doubles. We were outclassed 15-5, 15-7 and with the match KGP's hopes melted. Frank's speed and stamina amply annulled Jain's attempt to fight back, and Frank rushed through 15-10, 15-13.

#### Kumar hops, steps & jumps to 1st place

Narendra Kumar took time off between two heats to set up a new mark of 44' 3 1/2" at the triple jump, and brought himself firmly within striking distance of the individual championship. The other places were taken by M. S. Chowdhury (MDS), T. A. Shenoy (B) and Deshpande (B).

In the 1500 m Finals Jacob Mathew (MDS) swept past the others in a final lap spurt of speed to win the race with a timing of 4 min 34.5 secs. R. N. Padkone (Kanpur) came in 2nd, followed by P. Nagarajan and H. R. Das, both of KGP.

Pole Vault was disappointing—only Rakesh Upadhyay (Delhi) was able to clear 9' 2". There was a tie for second place between P. A. M. Sageer and Ashok Chanda, both from Madras.

#### MADRAS ARE CHAMPIONS AGAIN 9 Records Smashed

With a bounce in every ounce Narendra Kumar ran away with the Individual Championship for the second year in succession. He came 1st in all the 5 events that were counted for the Championship: the two hurdles, the Javelin, the 400 m, and 800 m. In addition, he came 2nd in the 200 m and 1st in the triple jump making an individual contribution of 33 pts to the Madras total.

He broke 6 records in all and equalled one! Delhi's Daljit shattered two more records in the Shot Put and Hammer, and Rakesh Upadhyay scissored 0.1 sec off the 200 m record. Madras are riding the crest of yet another wave of happiness, with a grand total of 71 points. Kanpur have distinguished themselves in the Games department and minus the service of stalwarts like Peter Menezes and the Anca brothers slumped badly in Athletics, but did well enough to beat KGP to the second place.

#### Individual Championship

(Max 5 specified events)

Narendra Kumar	25 points
Daljit Singh	21 "
3 Throws + Javelin (3) + Broad Jump (3)	
Rakesh Upadhyay	20 points
100, 200, Pole Vault, Broad Jump	

#### Final Tally

Madras	71
Kanpur	43
Kharagpur	33
Delhi	29
Bombay	17

#### Jaganathan & Talwar pull off brilliant upset Kanpur blitz through Madras in Table Tennis Bombay eclipse Madras in Badminton

Strong favourites Madras were overthrown in a tense, action-packed tennis final by underdogs. Kanpur Madras made the tactical mistake of changing their doubles combination and Kanpur shrewdly exploited the lapse. Anand went down to Laxmi 3-6, 3-6, and Talwar disposed of Joseph 6-2, 6-4. Talwar steadily set up the openings in the doubles while Anand's powerful topspinning forehand beat the Madras pair time and again. Kanpur buoyantly won 6-4, 6-3 and not satisfied with the fireworks Talwar shot forward to an amazing 5-2 lead in the first set of the reverse singles against Laxmi. Somewhat distracted Laxmi pulled up and won the set 7-5 only to break down again in the 2nd which he lost 4-6. He raced to a lead of 4-1 in the 3rd, but meanwhile Jaganathan's forehand was creating havoc on the first court—his critical first set against Joseph went to 11-9, he stroked steadily in the 2nd creating openings for his winning forehand and packed up MDS's hopes at 6-3.

The Kanpur trio of Shodhan, Chadha, and Pandit crushed and smashed Madras away from the T.T. table. Except for Jayant's two singles, Kanpur were right on top and decisively whipped the Madras team, 5-2.

#### OTHER RESULTS AT A GLANCE

##### Javelin: 55.86 m (New rec.)

1. N. Kumar (MDS)
2. D. Singh (DLI)
3. V. K. Singh (KNP)
4. D. Sharma (KGP)

##### 400 m. Hurdles: 55.6 secs (New rec.)

1. N. Kumar (MDS)
2. Chandran Paul (MDS)
3. J. Matthal (M)
4. H. Singh (KNP)

##### 100 m.: 11.4 secs.

1. R. Upadhyay (DLI)
2. S. S. Murthy (BMB)
3. V. Dantas (KGP)
4. S. V. Mani (KGP)

##### 800 m.: 2 min 3.7 sec (New rec.)

1. N. Kumar (MDS)
2. R. N. Padukone (KNP)
3. R. Tyagi (D)
4. J. Mathews (M)

##### 4x100 m. Relay: 45.7 secs.

1. Kharagpur
2. Bombay
3. Madras

#### Volleyball:

- Finals KNP d KGP 3-0  
L Finals MDS d BMB 3-0

#### Badminton:

- Finals BMB d MDS 3-0  
Mens' L Finals DLI d KGP 3-1  
Girls' Finals DLI d KNP 3-1

#### Basketball:

- MDS d KNP 103-41  
(Chandran Paul 33, Easwaran 30)

#### Hockey:

- Finals MDS d KGP 2-1  
L Finals DLI d KNP 1-0

#### Weightlifting:

1. Madras
2. Bombay & Delhi
3. Kanpur & Kharagpur

Mr Editor,

Let it be known that I do not want any article, advertisements etc., etc., to be published about me, without obtaining prior written permission.

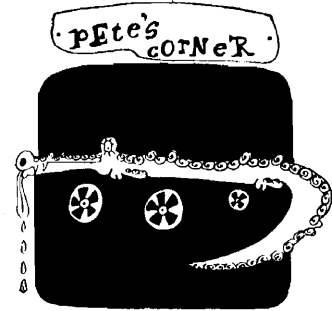
Thank you,

yours sincerely,

HARINDER B. JAGDEV

Room No 210

Tapti Hostel



#### EARTH

'Listen'

By the side of a grey black strip of tar we stopped our walking and let the silence and then the sounds that silence contains, seep in gently. Trees breathing long breaths in the wind, birds flying over the dark green and brown fields crossed all over until the horizon and beyond and pools of water shiny soft blue. All these voices and greetings wordless and soulless from earth telling you about herself and softly.

You are a part of everything and everything's a part of you.

On the road, where all the paraphernalia of large crowds of people living close to each other are not there, earth is all around you. So in spaces uncluttered by buildings and fences you know that you are not an alien living in a plastic bubble but a being, a person, a part of the energy stream that meadows, water, mud, plants, wind and fire and other people are in. And these things, these natural things feel so real alive and elemental and you know that living surrounded by paraphernalia all your instincts and notions about how to get around have changed from what they were long years ago when your ancestors lived in Nature. Like walking alone at night in the fields between village and village you know where you are and what time it is from familiar lakes, rocks, trees and stars. From the Sun and the Moon the clouds and the sky win the answers to the questions who, where, how and why. And there are no paths over which you can't go. Your feet aren't forced to walk along rigidly fixed roads asphalted and neonlit, it's like there are all those directions radiating from your feet outwards until infinity and you can walk or run anywhere and each step takes a different direction. It's an incredibly free feeling. To see emptiness and feel silence only the sky and the horizon always so far away, fresh clean cool air inside, like this, is being alive.

After the first sip

We asked him

How the water had tasted

Blues eyes deep and calm

He said softly

'Like earth man'

So you decide you want to be in someplace else may be two, may be two hundred miles away and naturally you hit the road and stand there by its side with your thumb sticking out and a huge smile on your face. Drivers and occupants of lorries, buses, cars, tractors, bullock carts look at you and some of them don't know what you're trying to tell them, some are wild, some smile and say 'hey, I'm going this way and how about you?' Then zap, you're suddenly in a world where trust and love come out naturally from everyone's hearts as they were meant and nobody is scared and angry. You sit there, a crazy smile on your face looking at visions of this whole planet full of turned on people, all a great huge community, no hate and distrust anywhere, where all the slime of the unreason has been washed away and there's only complex peace and spontaneity inside people. And only, especially when you are hitching do you see how close this would be to being that way. Out on the road you travel round sowing love and getting love soon inside you for people are people. When earth is holding them by the hand and they are always kind and helpful and beautiful. All the little children, wide-eyed and mischievous yelling 'ppiee', 'ppiee', people guiding plows and oxen, the stars and the silence at night and far away are twinkles of fires, full of their mystic life energy.

Earth, teacher, friend, woman and god looking at her, feeling her presence inside you and words the beautiful people you're with.

BOBO.



## SHORT STORY :

## KALEIDOSCOPE

Down South, on the banks of an obscure tributary of the river Kaveri nestles the sleepy little hamlet of Jalajapuram. Set amidst palm groves and clusters of plantain trees. Surrounded by emerald green paddy fields and sugarcane fields of a darker hue yet, it presents a picture of perfect tranquility. Here you see a few thatched huts huddled close together, there you see the village carpenter's shop where he busily works on broken cart-wheels or damaged ploughs. A toothless old woman sits under the shade of a colourful bill-board advertising IR-8; a couple of urchins play marbles a few yards away. In the distance you see a woman offering flowers to a deity under a tamarind tree. But for the bill-board on IR-8 and another showing the Red Triangle, nailed to a tree, there are no other signs of change. Unaffected by the pace of the outside world, life goes on as it has gone on for centuries—rhythmic, unhurried. In the heart of the village is a grand old Pipal tree spreading its shadow for yards around. The finest moment of the day for the inhabitants is when the daily express bus reaches there carrying mostly pilgrims from the Great City beyond, to the great temple town a hundred miles away. They wait there impatiently to sell their ware—basketsful of tender coconuts or bananas, betel leaves or butter-milk. Every day the bus stops there to quench the thirst of the passengers and the engine radiator. Now and then a pious driver might drop a coin in the *hundi* kept by the tree, beside the stone-idol of Ganesha, the remover of obstacles.

Under the sprawling old tree you can see a trio—The Singer of Jalajapuram and his little family—he, a young man of about thirty, his lean, dark pock-marked face a story of sorrows and sufferings, with two sockets where the eyes should have been, again a legacy of the dreaded malady, his wife thin and petite, emaciated being deprived of the necessities of life, a small child too young and feeble to walk. They come there every day from, I know not where. She is leading the trio, the child in one arm, a *bul-bul tarang* wrapped up in a cloth in the other. The husband is beside her, one hand resting lightly on her shoulder, the other uncertainly groping around, lest he should run into some obstacle. They come in time for the express bus. She leads him to the shade under the Pipal tree unwraps the *bul-bul*, spreads the cloth for him to sit; another for the child to lie upon, then she spreads a towel in front of him for the odd coin an appreciative listener might drop. Finally she herself sits beside her husband, the musical instrument in her lap. Yet another day has begun.

It is a cool fresh morning in mid-February: The time of the year when the biting chill of winter is vanishing and the sun is not quite hot enough to be uncomfortable. They hear the rhythmic roar of the bus in the distance. The two faces light up in the suspense of expectancy. The wayside musician clears his throat and she tries out a few notes on the *bul-bul*. The distant murmur of the bus grows in intensity and finally the bright red-and-yellow bus is in view. In another minute it is near the Pipal screeching to a stop. . . . the road dies down to a murmur and finally stops altogether.

Now you hear him singing. As he sings in a deep, reverberating voice the whole drama of life seems to unfold before him. He begins with the Raga *Bhoopalam* the morning raga; then the melancholy *Bhavaani*. He sings of life and love of sorrows and sufferings, of the dreams, fancies and fantasies of his luckless, lightless world. Wrapped up in his own world in which no alien can enter, he is oblivious of the surroundings, even of the accompaniment of the *bul-bul tarang*. And then he sings a song with a sigh, '*Theri aankhon ke siva duniya men rakha kya hey*'—What is left in this world for me except your eyes. I see him tremulous with emotion. And as the song reaches its crescendo, the young girl, his wife, looks up, gazes at him intently. She knows he is singing to her, singing of her, who he cannot see. She is so enraptured in the song, the spirit behind it the fingers cease movement, the *bul-bul* falls 'silent'. Then a shudder, almost imperceptible, as she is brought back to the world of realities and she begins playing the *bul-bul*, almost diffidently, almost self-consciously. In the gentle breeze, the pipal leaves vibrate as if in resonance with the song. . . . The song ends and he takes a deep breath. The shadow of a smile flickers on the dry lips and the contorted face as his ears, sharpened by the loss of faculty of his

eyes, pick up the low thud of a coin on the cloth spread in his front. Silence, almost unbearable silence. . . . Then another coin and the face lights up in anticipation of more to come. But there is only silence. Even the breeze has stopped momentarily and the pipal leaves are silent for once. A solitary leaf yellowed by age, which defying the wind had clung desperately to an overhead branch, now flutters down slowly, like a lone drop of tear.

The brief stop is over. Having quenched the thirst of the engine the driver jumps in and sounds the horn to call back any passenger who might have strayed away. A man comes running in and jumps into the bus. The conductor looks round to see no one has been left behind, slams the door and shouts '*Ruuu*'. The engine starts with a shudder, throwing a dense cloud of dark sinister exhaust. The red monster is on his way. I turn back to see the searing spectacle we leave behind. The girl's face is crestfallen as she says something to her husband in disappointment. She is in tears now. . . now she begins to sob. . . and he nods his head slowly and sadly and comforts her with words of his own, words which are lost in the whirr of the engine. The sun's rays catch the glittering coins, only a couple of them. I turn back. . .

The journey continues, now up a hill, now down it. The green fields of paddy give way to the brownish plains. The panorama of moving life flashes by. . . . emaciated bullocks hauling rickety carts with still more emaciated peasants inside. Gnarled old tamarind trees, majestic banyans. . . an old woman, bent with age, carrying firewood on her head as she walks along unsteadily. . . . Women with earthen pots of water delicately balanced on their heads with naked little children with running noses trundling behind. . . . urchins clapping their hands in comic delight and making faces at the passengers as the bus speeds along. . . . old men taking a nap under the restful shade of trees here and there. . . . the scenario rapidly shifts as on a silver screen. Those are but ephemeral, while one scene has burnt itself indelibly into a pigeon-hole of memory.

Now one sees mud huts giving way to rows of little tiled whitewashed houses, a cycle repair shop here, a tinker's shop there. The bullocks vanish and in their place are trucks and bicycles. Finally in the distant horizon are seen the smoke-belching factories. . . . Storied buildings appear beside us more frequently, we are fast approaching the outskirts of the Great City.

The bus stops again. Under a pipal tree as before. But instead of tender coconuts are rows and rows of colourful bottles of soft drinks, orange, yellow and yet other undefinable colours. Yet, another artist is there on the cement footpath; on his knees is a man with matted hair and flowing beard, the khaki shirt tattered, with the coloured stains on it intermingled with dust. He is drawing a picture of the god Ganesha—the familiar figure with the elephant face and prominent middle, a broken tusk held in one hand and a rice-cake in the other, the little mouse at his feet. In deft sweeping movements he colours the figure with crayons. A touch of red on the face, a little blue here, a little green there and the figure is finished. Now he gets to his feet, and looks up at the watching faces in the bus. . . . arms raised to the heavens, he implores them for alms, praising god and man telling them of the virtues of giving away alms to the needy. There is an uneasy transformation. An elderly matron searches her bulging handbag and comes up with a coin. The fat, balding, but chewing gum man picks up a coin from his pocket, the young mother hands over the baby to her neighbour long enough to ferret out a coin from her purse. . . . The coins make a clinking sound as they drop to the pavement. One rolls off the pavement and the artist dives to retrieve it. And then suddenly the vision of the pock-marked musician, the sunken eyes, the sobbing face with the sad dark eyes, the little child sleeping peacefully, the cloth with but two lone coins.

A day later. The return journey. The bus beside a way-side temple, in the Great city. The pavement painter is there, and in front of us is another picture this time of the goddess Laxmi. I see a motley crowd gathered round and in the evening Sun's slanting rays, the coins scattered on the pavement figure shine like jewels on the goddess's apparel. Somewhere a transistor is switched on and the very same melody of yesterday floats into the ears '*Theri aankhon ke siva*. . . .'. But somehow it now appears hollow, and in-

congruous, bereft of any meaning, bereft of all those soul-stirring emotions that characterised it a day earlier. . . . Then the pock-marked face and the sunken eyes, the sobbing face and the dark sad eyes, the innocent face with the closed sleeping eyes. . . . The bus shudders again to a start.

Minutes later. Still in the Great city. The bus slows down near a thick crowd, I crane my neck to learn that they are thronging to buy tickets to hear a playback singer, and I think of the Singer of Jalajapuram and the two lone coins on the cloth spread in front of him. To him who sang of life and love and of dreams unfulfilled there were to be no alms. Then I become aware of a colourful poster on the nearby wall—an exhibition of Modern Art at some centenary Hall, entrance fee Re 1. . . . And I begin to wonder if the pavement painter had drawn abstract pictures, cubist or unrealistic or whatever you choose to call them, would anyone have been generous to him, for he is a nameless, faceless artist. The bus starts and in its rhythmic movement I begin to doze off. Then I dream of the pavement painter, now an abstract artist. He is branded a madman, children are shouting at him, pedestrians look at him in disgust and disdain and are giving him a wide berth. Now the dream shifts and the singer of Jalajapuram materialises, sandalpaste on forehead, beads on his neck, singing the praises of the millions of gods of the Hindu pantheon to the accompaniment of the *bul-bul* and the cloth in front is heaped with glittering coins. The faces of the three artistes, the singer, the instrumentalist, the painter flicker, intermittently, ever-changing, ever-shifting as in a kaleidoscope. And then I dream of another sensitive face, intently drawing those and other faces—every emotion, sorrow, anger, ecstasy, sympathy stamped on them—a Kaleidoscope of moods, moment and mentalities of the enigma that Man is, and somewhere from the depths of my heart come the strains of the song, '*Theri aankhon ke siva*. . . .'.  
JAGADESH.

## THE CONCEPT OF MORALITY

Morality is 'Reason in the art of living'. It is a choice between yielding to animal impulses on the one hand and adhering to rational reasoning on the other. The first man, on this earth, was faced by this conflict—yielding to lower instincts, or to follow the more difficult path set by a higher intelligence. Even to-day man faces this conflict between the animal and the rational. He has never been, and is not wholly rational. Until man evolves into a higher form of life, this conflict will be evident. And as long as there is a conflict, we are given a choice—and this is where morality plays its part.

Should I do this, or should I do that? This question is constantly posed to us everyday and we decide one way or the other. Now, to decide rationally, we turn to morality. And the penalty we pay in making a wrong or 'non-rational' decision is that it is a retrograde step in our attempt to attain total rationality. Every such setback only means that we have to remain longer in our present state of incomplete rationality.

Before I proceed further I would like to state unequivocally that morality has nothing to do with religion. Religion is something which sustains you by giving you hope. You feel that you will get help from somewhere if you perform all the rituals prescribed by religion. And it is essential in so far as it lifts us from dejection. But it is not an answer, nor even a guide in leading us to greater rationality. There has to be some other Universal principle which can guide you to the ultimate in life. And this guiding principle in life is morality.

Whether we accept the concept of evolution or the idea of God as having created man—whatever be the belief—morality has an essential part in our life. Evolution is development from a lower form of life to a higher form and as long as we remain in this transient stage of development we have to face alternatives as I said earlier, and we turn to morality. Animals don't need morality, simply because they have no conflicts—they are wholly non-rational. Again if man attains the ultimate in rationality, the final stage in evolution, he will not need morality. He has no two alternatives—he has left behind his animal impulses. This much for those who believe in evolution. Those who believe in a Supreme Being definitely accept morality—but under a different guise.

(Continued on page 13, Col. 1)

## THE GENERAL SECRETARY'S

### Report for 1972-73

Mr. & Mrs. Easwaran, ladies and gentlemen, It is my privilege today to present to you the annual report of the Gymkhana for the year 1972-73.

This year we have been fortunate to have a hard working and efficient steering committee, and most important an understanding and tireless president. The Student Council which is a representation of the hostels and the various courses was not able to meet often because of lack of time, but on those few occasions on which it did meet we were happy to find a considerable increase in the constructive participation of the post-graduates. It is my sincere hope that this trend will grow for the years to come. As the gymkhana does not have a constitution it was decided this year to draw broad guidelines to enable it to function more efficiently.

For the first time this year students were granted representation in the council of wardens. The post of Mess Co-ordinating Secretary has been created this year to provide a link between the various hostel messes, the Council of Wardens and the central supplies.

In the field of sports IIT Madras has had one of the most successful years ever. We won the Inter-IIT Sports Meet at Kharagpur for the second year in succession though we had to travel across half the country to KGP via Bombay, because of the trouble in Andhra. Our sportsmen very convincingly asserted their superiority. No mention of a sports meet is complete without the mentioning Narendrakumar who is an athlete of the highest calibre. This year at KGP he smashed the records in 6 out of the 7 events he participated. He also has the distinction of having represented Tamil Nadu State in the Inter State-Meet and the Nationals.

The One that must be mentioned in connection with IIT's successful year in Sports is the Basketball team. They have won numerous tournaments both in the city and other places. Also outstanding were the hockey, football and swimming teams which were runner-up in the Madras City inter-collegiate league. Our athletics, basketball and cricket teams took part in the Inter-Varsity tournaments and performed creditably. This year second string teams have been formed in all the sports with a view to filling the vacuum that may be created when this final year batch graduates. It is my sincere hope that this investment in time and effort will pay rich dividends.

In the cultural and literary field, we have been no less successful. Our Debating team won

various contests held at city colleges. Special mention must be made of B. Kumar who won the much coveted prize in the debate organized by Indo-American Chamber of Commerce. Our Quiz team walked away with the rolling trophy and the shield for the PG and UG quiz held by the Madras Science Association and also won the Quiz at MMC.

If I were to dwell on all the triumphs of IITians in the other Cultural and Literary Competition I would have neither the time nor the words left for much else and so I must leave some of our victories unsung. However as is usual the focal print of IIT's Literary and Cultural activities being the Cultural week I will pause for a moment on that thought. Though participation this year was less than in the previous years the students were as high as ever. In my opinion participation would have been better of the Colleges outside were else skeptical about the response of the IIT audience and if our external affairs Secretary had done his bit in promoting better understanding between us and the city colleges.

For the first time this year IIT was represented its all events in the all India Cultural festival held at IIT KNP and the Youth Festival held at Stella Maris. IIT walked off with the prizes of the best actor, best vocalist and best speaker. This year has seen an unprecedented growth in the activities of the IIT Dramatics Club—two of their plays being well receive in the city newspapers.

In the field of fine arts we have set a few trends this year. College and on the spot sketching were introduced in the cultural festival. The photographic club has been functioning very efficiently and its members have taken part in various photographic Competitions all over India.

In my inaugural address I had promised an overhauling of the present transport system in IIT, Madras. Prof. Ravindran, an expert in Operation Research has gone into its details and has come up with an incisive report which I hope will be implemented in the near future. With the implementation of his suggestion I am sure transport will cease to be the bug-bear it has been so far. The Institute lorry has been remodelled and will be assigned exclusively to Gymkhana.

The Institute elections, I feel, must be held positively by the beginning of August so that the Institute Gymkhana can function effectively for a larger period of time.



Chief Guest Sports Day

For a larger time now both the Students and Staff have had reasons to complain about the inflexible rigidity of the academic programme. Acting on numerous suggestions that I have received and submit that a break-off from the academic routine during the semester be given in the form of say a week's holiday. This will not only have the desirable effect of enabling students who are academically behind to reorient themselves and catch up with the programme but should also provide students from the north opportunities for sight-seeing tours. Besides, the staff will also have the opportunity to recoup and catch their breath. I request the Senate to seriously consider the possibility of arranging such a let-off.

Another point which is well made is that the students who have to write supplementary exams are very often left hanging in suspense regarding their results. This will have the unhealthy effect of abstracting their concentration from the current semester work and programme. I therefore urge the authorities to ensure that the results of the supplementary exams are announced as soon as humanly possible which should be definitely faster than it is at present. After all even hell with a dear, fast break is better than heaven with a prolonged stay in purgatory.

In retrospect, it has been a thumpingly successful year for the institute. For this I would like to extend my sincere thanks to Dr. Ramachandran, Prof. R. K. Gupta and the other officials of the staff who have gone with us all the way. To the legion of selfless workers who have striven tirelessly for the Institute I can only extend my sincere thanks on behalf of the Gymkhana.

Thank you.



Institute Day

## SPORTS DAY 1973

Sports Day. Besides the weekly movie at OAT, this is perhaps the only other occasion when young and old can be seen together. This particular event is especially heart warming.

Sports day climaxes the titanic struggle for the coveted Schroeter cup, the symbol of supremacy in campus sports. In the last few years it has been rare when the outcome had not been already decided, barring shock defeats. This year was no different. We went into the sports day with Godavari definitely becoming champs. However the fight for the second berth was still being fought between Saraswathi and Ganga, where the latter was successful. Narmada and Godavari battled it out in the athletics field

while Saraswathi could only watch the proceedings.

Narendar walked away with the individual championship, and with luck he could have had the unique distinction of being undisputed champ for five years in succession. Meanwhile, Godavari became the first ever hostel to total over 100 points—with an impressive tally of 103.

In the long jump, Satish Kumar put up a fine show with a leap of 19' 19" with chou trailing at 19' 7 1/2". The 4 x 100 was quite close with Ganga, Narmada and Godavari fielding some of the toughest blows known in history but Narendar beat Chinni to the post and that is how Godavari made it

The ladies put up a good show at the musical chairs and I am sure somebody or the other made it. The staff team put up a bold show in the tug-of-war event against the students but had to lose in the end.

The March Past was the last item on this occasion. Looks like every hostel is slowly going in for its own flag—Nice flags too.

Mr. P. Unnikrishnan, the chief guest gave a sprightly speech which made the day for all of us present there. This was followed by Prof. Gupta's report. Mrs. Unnikrishnan gave away the prizes.

RAMESH PATEL



## THREE YEARS OF GYMKHANA

Three memorable years of the Gymkhana are inscribing their last chapter. In the years to come, these three years are going to shine out, too this was the beginning of the Golden Age of IIT Madras. Maybe we can call it the Golden Age of Gupta.

Being well acquainted with the sports side of the Gymkhana, I can definitely say that he (Prof. Gupta) has worked, God knows how, a miracle. The Madras Meet in itself was full of near miracles. The reformation of the truant football team is an example. 1970-71 was a good year for all sports activities. Prem watsa coordinated activities well and brought home the first victory at the meets. The meet after all was the real test for the Gymkhana the problems were enormous, they seemed insurmountable but the toil paid off. With Prof. Gupta and Dr. Anantaraman

pushing everyone on, the other IIT's didn't know what hit them! The grab was good, the atmosphere congenial.

The PTI's had their problems too not just the training part but also maintaining the fields, the equipment etc.

1971-72 turned out to be an even better year for the Gymkhana results wise. The problem of the meet arose. Who would be willing to host it? As usual, the Prof. Gupta Dr. Anantaraman team had been given the task of retaining the general championship. The PTI's had to start hunting around for equipment. I must thank Mr. Jogo Rao in this respect for the care he took of the football team's requirements in the absence of Mr. K. U. N. Rao. But unfortunately we had to wait another year to show our mettle.

In 1972-73, the captains were included in

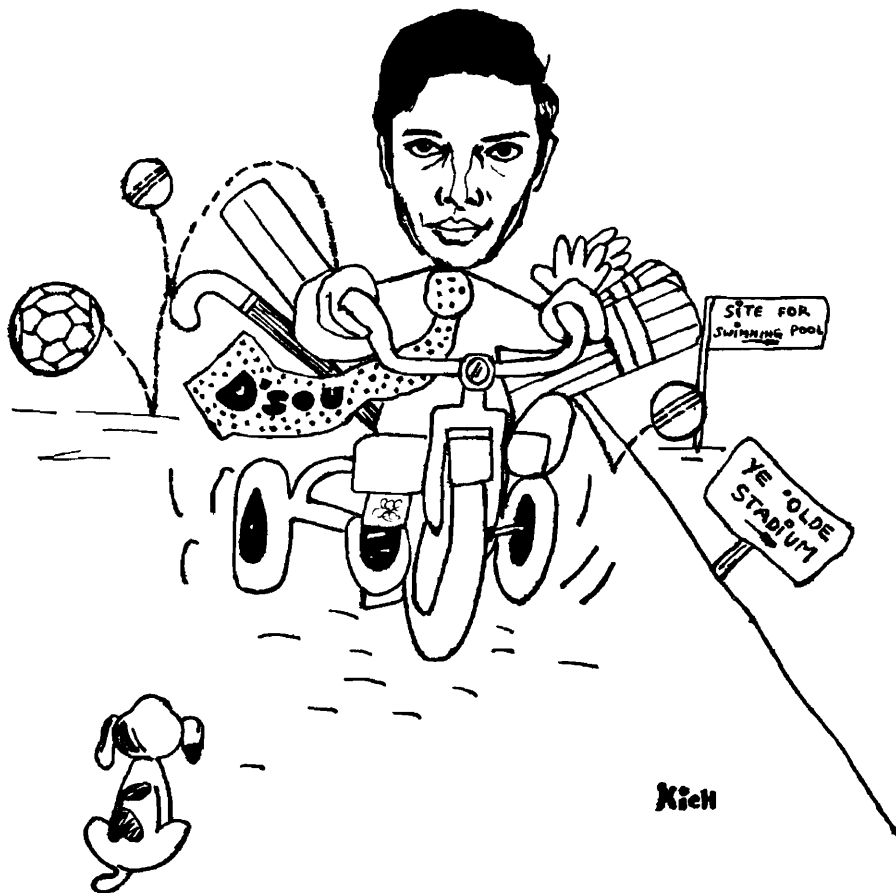
the Sports council meetings, in the hope that this would solve problems. However since the meetings were held in the hostel, the meetings were not entirely official. A mark against Narendra.

The meet was to be at KGP now and plans were drawn up to go by land (train) via Bombay, another by sea (P.K.'s brainwave no doubt) and some more ambitious souls (Sankaran, Patel Pandy)—by air. All the equipment was got ready and the shirts too and everything was set. But then that's one thing about Gupta that future presidents could take note of. He gives us a free hand in many things, but sets up out of line and he puts us back in our place. We could always look up to him for help, knowing he'll give it to us.

RAMESH PATEL.



Steering Committee (1972-73)



### ASHOK D'SOUZA—A CARICATURE

B KUMAR

Ashok D'souza could just as well have been anything instead of a human being. Every five minutes with him, as he grins and grimaces through his words only serve to strengthen the belief that God was either deeply worried about the chimpanzee's broken leg when he created D'su or had gone into a reverie during the act and had woken up with an ass, considering him thoughtfully. Remarkable!—the pranks that the subconscious can play on one! The net result, whichever the case, was this phenomenal young chap.

Every species, after all a product, must inevitably pass through its birth, growth, maturity and decline phases. Some, however, prefer to skip alternate ones, and even more drastic, a few immortal ones, like D'su, prefer to sleep out all but the extreme phases. Which is why, perhaps, you find that D'su was born at the wrong stage of the wrong exponential.

It is with nostalgia that one looks back at the days five years ago, when the early hours of some days used to find us trotting enthusiastically to the stadium to practise for such piffle as an inter-hostel cricket match. Those were also the days when we first saw D'su make contact with the earth with the startling regularity of Alan Knott or Lev Yashin. That smile led him quite naturally to the footer field while it left us wishing that he would drop in at the bathroom on the way. But no! trifles such as baths were not for such as him! The only occasions when he would heed the despairing cries of humanity were before his Sunday Church visits—which inevitably leads one to chronicle that one all-consuming affair of his.

Rumour has it that he first met this female—whom we shall henceforth refer to as Fried Eggs for want of a more authentic—sounding appellation—in the church. Rumour goes on to have it that he continues to meet her only at the church and since he is known to commune with God in His House only on Sundays, we surmise that he meets her only in the church and only on Sundays. It may have all started—as these things are known to do—with the sharing of a prayer-book or with the matching of her bra and his cuff-links—but it very soon developed into a thing of considerable proportions. D'su used to moon around absent-mindedly during the week—he even nodded absently when Major Jeffery exhorted him to join the N.C.C.—and shoot off first thing Sunday morning.

Things proceeded towards their logical conclusion and he decided to take the plunge. The accepted procedure in such cases has been to elope first and then say, 'I do'. So it has been through the ages. But this gentleman decided to reverse the procedure. Come Sunday morning and he marched grimly up the aisle when the fly popped out the ointment tube in the form of the female's parent. This ancient seems to have been more mod than such ancients usually are—in the matter of the breadth of his belt. Six of the best, we are assured, were administered in public, and a week passed before D'su dared sit down without wincing.

But seldom can the world keep great personages down for long and D'su was soon bouncing around the soccer field again. He was busy keeping Chandran and Ba(r)bs on their toes—besides belting some brave cricket blows on Saturday afternoons—and things seemed to have settled into their rut again when first Saraswathi and then the stage captured him. The first was in the nature of things but the second could have been avoided. Came the day when Ramu had him beautifully decked out—a few appendages of synthetic material tucked in at strategic parts of his anatomy—and D'su waltzed in before the floodlights, with a record brazenly proclaiming him, or rather her, to be Bakamma. I still remember with awe, the hush that descended on the O.A.T., as we watched Sampath chase D'su around the stage to the accompaniment of that bizarre song and had we not already had a dim view of Sampath's taste in related fields, we would have asked him why the hell he wanted to seduce a thing like THAT for. There was a concerted rush backstage when the lights went off and I record here that at least one prominent staff member made advances of a dubious nature to the young 'thing'.

There were a few more such appearances on stage but with one of those rare flashes of insight that probability told us would never streak through him, he toned them down drastically. Joining what is popularly called the Schroeter wing, he decided to concentrate all out on sports. The only means of getting into the footer team, he decided, was to have an affair with the captain and this he proceeded to do with his usual clinical efficiency. To this day, you can see him avert his eyes when Patel walks in to complete the landscape. Anyway, how else do you explain the fact that this guy who could do nothing right except in the goal, was suddenly promoted to the position of Institute centre-half. And how else, pray, do you explain the mysterious appearance

of Snoopy, the Saraswathi mascot, in the wing, overnight?

Once he started off, D'su was never one to look back. Saraswathi's glucose-holder for one year, he graduated to sports sec. in the next and in his final year, was the unofficial counterweight to P.K.'s cribbing. (Now you know how P.K. got Gupta's award). He made the Institute B teams in cricket and hockey and played their one-match-a-year with all the gusto of a true Saraswathian. Skating hockey next captured him and we hear that at the National Championships at Chandigarh, he had the Surds in raptures over his desperate goal-keeping. Knowing, however, Surds as we do and the normal extents and reasons for their rapture, we shall still make-believe that it was indeed his goal-keeping that the Surds went crazy over.

Somewhere in the meantime, he seems to have taken an intense dislike to the Institute Gymkhana and proceeded to work it off by stepping into the ring with Batla. Even today shorty who was one of his seconds, exhales a breath of pure horror as he recalls how D'su won that fight. Shorty vehemently asserts that all that he told D'su was to use his left jab and strongly denies ever having asked him to use his teeth. At all events, the hundreds thronging the O.A.T. watched in bewilderment as, at the bell, D'su walked up to Batla and grinned. Batla, who has seen his share of the world, just stood and looked, and just as he was beginning to shake his head in bewilderment, D'su clobbered him. That then, was that. Everytime Batla looked like getting aggressive, D'su would just show him his teeth and, as Batla stood and gaped, let him have it. They tell me that Batla was incoherent for hours after the fight but he never let on why afterwards. Anyway the only permanent change that he made in his tenure as Institute Gen. Sec. was in the shape of D'su's nose—that memorable right.

Then there was that tiff which D'su and Phillip almost had over that pocket-sized classmate of theirs but fuller details are not available.

When he walks into your room in his dark Institute jersey and darker, dirtier shorts, apologising for bathing only at midnight every day, giving you his lopsided grin and saying, in his inimitable mixture of Dingo—Shakespeare—D'su—'What ish't?' you realise with a pang what a pleasure it has been knowing this guy. But then the pang gives way first to relief and then to delirious happiness as you think of the pleasure that is in store for you—never having to see him again!

Morality . . . (contd.)

One aspect of morality is 'The art of living in Society'. Morality is consideration for others. It is learning to walk without stepping on other people's toes. Society is affected in some way or the other by anything we do. We cannot be happy unless people around us are happy. And society is the basic unit in our world to-day. But this does not mean that the individual has to undergo hardships and subjugate himself and lose his individuality in society. Social morality and individual morality are altogether different and yet inter-linked in many ways. Now, with regard to social morality, it is essential that we learn to live with others for the peace and progress of society. Today almost everyone talks enthusiastically about a United World. But how can this United World be created unless we learn to live with our neighbours? And this is social morality. A United World would remain an Utopia unless we work for it. It is society that has brought in a number of new aspects to morality. For a Robinson Crusoe alone in his desert island, a whole list of good and evil deeds could be excluded. He could not murder, steal, commit adultery, lie or covet another man's possessions, he could neither be merciful, kind nor just. It is society which created these qualities and as society changes, more problems requiring guidance from morality will arise.

As for Individual morality, it has great significance in our attempts to reach the ultimate. As I said earlier, every wrong decision retards our progress. Physical pleasure is probably the most hotly debated subject regarding Individual Morality. Of course this does have social implications which people recognize as having to do with social morality. But how does it affect your Individual morality? Physical pleasure is basically transient. It does afford us pleasure but it doesn't last long. How then can we remain content with only transient happiness? Surely all of us want perpetual happiness. This transient happiness is then certainly not our answer. But then how does this transient happiness affect our progress towards our perpetual happiness? It postpones it considerably because the euphoria

For the perpetual. We tend to believe that euphoria is perpetual happiness. But then in our less euphoric moods we realize it is not so, and we have to start all over again. It is here that morality lends a steadying influence on us. As I said, once we reach the ultimate, we don't need morality. We would be ever happy, and that happiness may have nothing to do with physical or even mental happiness, but it would be something which would be unrecognizable now at this stage of our development. The concept of happiness itself could be different, but it would be something perpetual.

We could go back the way we came, back to the kingdom of animals, and perhaps we are tempted as in the words of Walt Whitman, who mused

'I could turn and live with the animals,  
They are so placid and self-contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long,  
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark  
And weep for their sins'

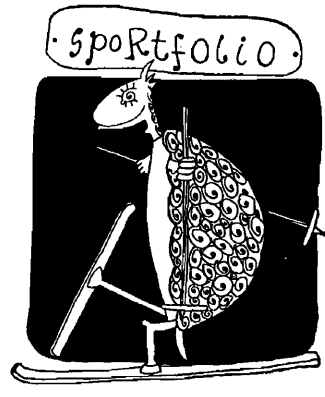
If we are ready to go back, then we can give up morality. Again, if we attain the ultimate, we don't need morality. Until then we are wedded to morality.

S. P. RAJ.

Sportsfolio

A memorable year is now treading its last weary yet jubilant steps. Memorable? Well, it's difficult to deny facts. This year saw IIT MDS reap a harvest of successes unsurpassed. It has been a year of performances par excellence. Five teams acquitted themselves admirably in the inter-collegiate. The cricket and football teams reaching the semi-finals and the hockey and basketball teams the finals of the M C A A league. This is the first time we have been zonal champions in so many games. The swimming team with their meagre resources performed brilliantly to take the runners-up berth in the inter-collegiate championship.

The focus of attention has however been on the prestigious 9th inter-IIT meet. MDS were in an irresistible mood. In a devastating three days, we held indisputable sway over, the rest of the IIT's.



If even a single figure ever dominated an inter-IIT meet, it was none other than that athlete par excellence—Narender Kumar. Breaking six records and equalling one more, Narender carried the day. His supremacy was never in doubt. And as record after record went crashing down, the crowd recovered from their numbers to acclaim a new hero. A silent, unassuming piece of dynamite. But Narender's hour of glory was not when he was smashing records. No, his hour of glory was in the 4 x 400 m relay. No-one had given MDS much of a chance in this race. And the gloomy predictions seemed true as MDS lagged 35 m to 40 m behind leaders KGP in the fourth and final lap. KGP seemed to be heading for a certain 'gold', the home crowd was hysterical. But then one had to reckon with Narender who was anchor man for MDS. He rapidly closed the gap. It was now the turn of the MDS guys to shout. 15 m—10 m—5 m slowly agonisingly Narender was bringing off the impossible. And sure enough on the curve he overtook the KGP runner and sped away towards the finish line, once in a while looking back and waving farewell to the guys behind. Borrowing from P. G. Wodehouse one could say 'the race was over. When time stood still'. It was a race seen to be believed. Mere words cannot do justice, especially since the KGP guys do the 400 m. in under 52 secs!

The *Alankar* though giving coverage to the matches had a tendency to omit certain exciting matches. Politeness forbids me to make any comments. Anyway to fill in the blanks and do justice to our guys I will touch upon them. The 'bumper' match was the hockey final between MDS and KGP. The odds were heaped very much against us. But then (without being caustic) home grounds are not everything. From the word go, our guys put on the pressure. Though we dominated most of the exchanges, we had our moments of anxiety too. In defence Rajagopal and Borzorgi were superb. While David and Raghu kept pushing the forward line, Chikki ran through time and again. It was befitting that we won.

Shuttle matches have quite often been cliff-hangers. The KGP-MDS semi-final was no less. With our singles players having cramps, the match came to centre around the doubles. But newcomers Madan and Kumar (our doubles pair), were in a ruthless mood, especially the former. With merciless shots and drops MDS won this match and subsequently entered the finals.

I would not be doing justice to this narrative if I did not mention Jayant, Chandran, Krishnan, Shorty and Laxminarayan. Their performances were superlative. These guys clean bowled the spectators with their skill, sportsmanship and supererogatory.

The athletics guys must be commended on a neat little niche they have carved for themselves. Except for the 100 m., MDS had a minimum of three points from every event.

The third and final day saw us go down in three finals but these reverses could in no way hamper us from retaining the general championship. The meet was over. Our performances in the last two meets had been no flash in the pan. From dawn to dusk we had held the crowds spellbound, filled them with awe. Through all the academic turmoil, the chaos and uncertainty we had persevered, and perseverance had won out.

In ending this insipid (insipid as it can in no way convey the excitement nor the sense of achievement) and wretched (for it is too small) narrative, I must not forget two prominent figures who did so much for our successes at the meet. They are David, who

Dear Editor

26th February 1973

It was rather shocking to read your editorial of the spring issue 1973 in which you have made some criticisms regarding 'Industrial Psychology', which we are afraid, are grossly misleading. We wonder whether you are reflecting your opinion or reflecting the opinions of the majority who have undergone the course. Either way we are bound to answer to your criticisms.

Firstly, the course is known as 'Organisational Psychology' and not 'Industrial Psychology' as referred by you. Secondly, no handouts were distributed to the class (to speak for themselves!) as you have mentioned. Thirdly, without ascertaining from the faculty you have raised the question of 'Staff-Evaluation' and its outcome which is not proper. For your information and the benefit of readers the details of staff evaluation are as under.

Below Average	Course Evaluation		Below Average
	Excellent & Good	Average	
2%	60%	35%	5%
2%	49%	46%	5%
			Staff Evaluation
			Excellent & Good
T. N. Govindarajan	75%		23%
S. G. Asthana	50%		48%

While we welcome constructive criticisms, let us not make *Campastimes* a medium for spreading rumours, fads and fictitious stories.

With best wishes,  
Yours sincerely,  
T. N. GOVINDARAJAN & S. G. ASTHANA  
Lecturers, Dept of Humanities and Social Sciences, IIT

Messrs. Govindarajan & Asthana,

I am sorry I did not make myself more clear in my editorial (Vol XI No 3) and if you have misinterpreted or completely missed the key argument put forth in that writing, I shall take only a small part of the blame for having left the obvious unsaid. I have great faith in the Implicit. I do not wish to capitalize on the subject of nomenclature and the handouts for fear of being branded a naive person.

I am sure I would have consulted you before saying anything about staff-evaluation and course-evaluation and the like. But I did not, because I was not writing about these things. I wanted to say that this course was just not necessary for any self-respecting engineer, and courses which include a great deal of general psychology had better be left alone in this (here) IIT.

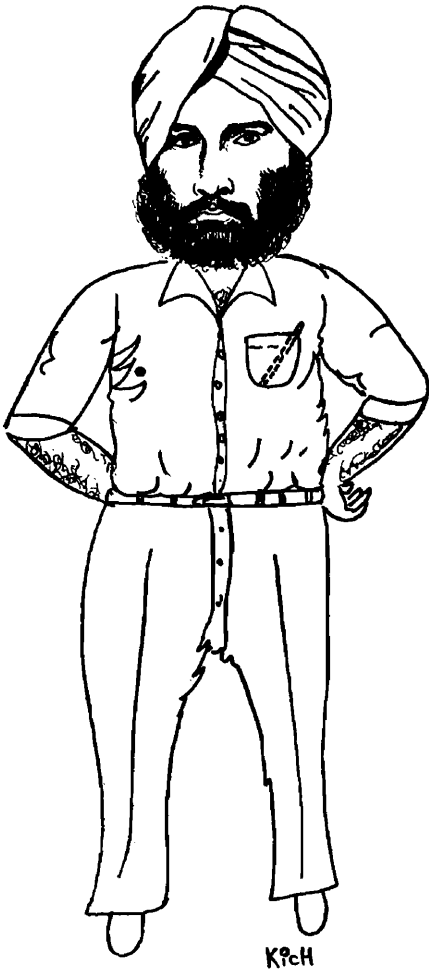
I am very thankful of course for the figures you have appended to your letter and I am glad that over 50% of the students who have undergone this course given by you, rated you excellent and good. Also, I notice there is cause for jubilation in the data emerging from the course-evaluation bit. But before anyone does that, I would like to point out that the Questionnaire was incomplete in so far as it could not have given us, with any degree of accuracy, an answer to the very, very important question, which is 'Was this course relevant to our B.Tech Curriculum here, and if not why not?' Either the questionnaire people were not aware of this aspect of the evaluation procedure or were just afraid to ask. And therefore, I tend to suspect the data supplied by you and I wish to treat them as just so many figures, and I am sure my readers will understand this.

Finally, I wish to clarify that we are not spreading rumours about the Industrial Psychology Course (fine rumours that they would make), nor does *Campastimes* publish fictitious stories, especially, in its editorials.

EDITOR

did a wonderful job as a doctor, and Asokan, who slogged his . . . off to make many of the arrangements. Modesty prevents a . . . yours truly from mentioning himself. (Incidentally whosoever has the bugle (there are two of them) please pass it down to the next year's sportsmen. After all it's a symbol of our dominance. Mainly it's enough to scare the living daylights out of the other guys).

PATEL.



DR. VIRK

Dr Preetinder Singh Virk, Professor of Chemical Engineering, is at the moment, the most prized exhibit in IIT's academic wild-life. Brought from his natural habitat, the intellectual jungles of MIT, this unique creature has already stirred up a sensation in the Chem Department. Rumour has it, that under Prof Virk, the 4/5 Chem Students are for the first time, beginning to have an inkling of what Chemical Engg is all about.

Unfortunately, I could not establish much rapport in my first encounter with this gentleman. This happened one morning when I was standing outside MSB 235, airing my profound views on the problems which beset our world, quite oblivious to the fact that Prof Virk was simultaneously discussing a more mundane topic like 'Mass-Transfer' inside MSB 235. Our discussion, in the immediate neighbourhood of his classroom, didn't quite appeal to the professor's sense of humour. So, he bounced out of his classroom and directed towards us a roar which said 'Shut up! will you?'. The roar was so roarlike that only a steam-roller or a rooster could have emulated its intensity. Everyone who heard him was visibly impressed. Here was a man who could not be trifled with.

As the weeks went by, Dr Virk built an aura of mystery around himself by consistently turning down all invitations to act as a judge for any one of the literary events, conducted in our institute. Consequently, all of us were highly apprehensive when Ananth decided to ask the gentleman, for an interview for *Campastimes*. Dr Virk, upset our predictions by granting *Campastimes* the interview.

Around 2 o'clock on a very sultry afternoon, Nitin, Krishna, Ananth and myself trudged along to MSB to beard the lion in his den. The interview that followed was both absorbing and amusing. Dr Virk turned out to be a quick-witted and an extremely articulate conversationalist. Spiced with a bit of

American slang, Dr Virk speaks English with a degree of sophistication that is altogether delightful to listen to.

In the paragraphs below, I've tried to faithfully reproduce the answers to our questions, in the exact words of Prof Virk. Quite a few of the answers, however, are adulterated with my own words, but the general content has not been changed.

**Question.** We've heard a lot about your academic achievements. Could you tell us about them?

**Prof. Virk.** 'I graduated in Chem Engg. from IIT KGP and stood second in my class. The chap who stood first was a shade better than me. Then, I went on to do my Ph.D at MIT and did a few years of teaching there.'

**Q:** 'What is the major difference between Engg Education in India and abroad, particularly at MIT?'

**A:** 'Well, at MIT, there are more courses to pick from. The education is more broad-based and liberalised. The educational atmosphere there fosters mental growth. Out here, the system merely tests your ability to cross hurdles. Here, there are too many contact hours. I suppose the philosophy behind such a system is that the student should be kept occupied all the time, or else he'll waste his time. This is a clerical approach towards life. After all, sometime or another the student will be on his own and will have to decide things for himself, so it would certainly be more reasonable to grant him more independence at the College level itself.'

**Q:** 'Would it be possible to adopt their system of education in our set-up?'

**A:** 'Not entirely. For one thing, you would need many more lecturers to conduct all the courses that are offered in Engg. Colleges abroad. I don't suppose there are enough lecturers in IIT to enable students here, to choose and study from a wide range of courses.'

**Q:** 'Sir, do you have not been knighted as yet?'  
**Dr Virk:** 'No, you know...'  
**'DOCTOR VIRK!'**

**Q:** 'Okay, Dr Virk, do you have as much of cheating in examinations abroad as you have in India?'

**A:** 'No. At MIT, there were such things as take-home exams and nobody ever cheated even in these.'

When I first came to IIT Madras, I was told that cheating in exams was a major problem the teachers have to face. I didn't believe this until I found it out for myself. There were many blatant cases of cheating in the first few tutorial assignments I had given.

Well, I am not a detective. I cannot go about trying to find out who has cheated from whom.

No, cheating on this scale was unheard of even when I was at IIT KGP.'

**Q:** 'Why do you suppose cheating is not so prevalent among American students?'

**A:** 'The students there are more motivated. Many of them have to work and pay for their education, and so they are very serious about it. Here, it is different.'

You see, when you are at IIT, your main aim is to beat the system. You resort to various subterfuges to get away with the maximum marks possible. It's only when you are about 21, that is, when you have gone over the hill, that you begin to realize that education is something with which you can go ahead, something you can depend on.

We weren't particularly conscious of this in our undergraduate years at KGP.'

**Q:** 'Dr Virk, the average Indian student, say the one at IIT Madras, is much more pressurised than his American counterpart, by virtue of the fact that he has many more contact hours. Moreover, unlike the American student, there is little or nothing he can do about indifferent or lousy teaching. He just has to put up with it. Under such circumstances, wouldn't it be natural to expect the Indian student to be less motivated and somewhat dishonest in his work?'

**A:** 'Look, a student can give a hundred reasons for not having enough initiative.

But, in Engineering we are not concerned with excuses. We are merely interested in doing things. It is upto the student to extract the maximum from the teacher. He must find enough motivation to learn. Nobody can do that for him.'

**Q:** 'What do you think of the Chem. Engg. courses here?'

**A:** 'Now, what kind of a loaded question is that?'

From what I've seen, I feel the Engg. Courses here are filled with hard facts. You are expected to learn these facts and use them later for solving problems as a professional engineer.

This is the old, classical definition of engineering, where the student is taught to be a good data book. You cannot operate that way. Your innovative capacity will be zero, because you are totally exhausting an old storehouse of knowledge, knowledge, that could become obsolete at a future date.'

**Q:** 'What are your suggestions for improving the courses here?'

**A:** 'The syllabus should be problem-oriented. Students should be made to solve problems that do not have readymade solutions, like problems currently facing the industry. A problem-solving format is much more demanding and it brings out the initiative in the student.'

**Q:** 'Do you believe that a teacher should also do research work?'

**A:** 'Most certainly. I don't believe that you can be a good teacher without being a good research worker. The key element of a good teacher is to transmit creative thinking. This cannot be done unless the teacher himself is involved in this sort of creative work.'

Some of the best teachers at MIT were not good in the conventional sense, that is, they were not very articulate. But they could certainly convey the spirit of creative thinking.'

**Q:** 'What made you come back to India?'

**A:** 'My wife and my two kids decided to take a look at the situation here.'

**Q:** 'Besides teaching, what are the other things you are interested in?'

**A:** 'I am a good auto-mechanic in my spare-time. At school, I used to do a lot of trekking. Sailing and fishing used to be my favourite pastimes in the states. At IIT KGP I did a bit of debating, but I was never accused of having made a point.'

**Q:** 'What kind of light-reading interests you?'

**A:** 'Psychology, best-sellers, books by Indian authors, especially those of Nirad C Chaudhuri.'

**Q:** 'Do you think our library is... er... well stacked?'

**A:** 'Ha! ha! I think I must be getting pretty old. I never thought of it that way.'

**Q:** 'Do you have a message to the students?'

**A:** 'Hold on tight. No help coming.'

SUDIP GHATAK.

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