

Campastimes

Vol. VIII, No. 2

IIT Madras, November 1969

25 P.

Inaugural

The OAT did not see very much of the Gymkhana Inaugural, but IITians did. This is mainly because 'St. Peter opened the sluice valves up there'. The programme said '6-45 p.m., 3-9-69,' but that was strictly for the birds. The Gymkhana members had tea bang on schedule, at 6 p.m., but the Inaugural started only at 7-45, which only goes to show how much tea was consumed. Finally the function got under way at the CLT.

A string of speakers came to the mike and gave the gathering the benefit of their words, the Gen. Sec. herding them on and off the rostrum at the proper time. Dr. Klein told us that the Inaugural was inaugural only in name, as the Gymkhana activities had started off in earnest quite some time before. The Director, breaking out in an unexpected vein of humour, kept the crowd roaring with his wry observations. He hoped that the enthusiasm of the representatives was not transient. He assured us that the Gymkhana would receive more funds if money was forthcoming from the authorities at New Delhi. Then came the various secretaries. Wisely, most of them kept their speeches to manageable lengths, which in IITese amounts to thirty seconds of listening. Beyond this limit, the crowd is apt to join in, and that simply wouldn't do at the CLT. Many pious resolutions were expressed, many PJs were aired, and everyone finished in rare good humour.

Then came the entertainment. Miss Usha Menon was the emcee, which just goes to show that even Ramani can make the right decision at times. IITians were impressed. They are impressionable that way.

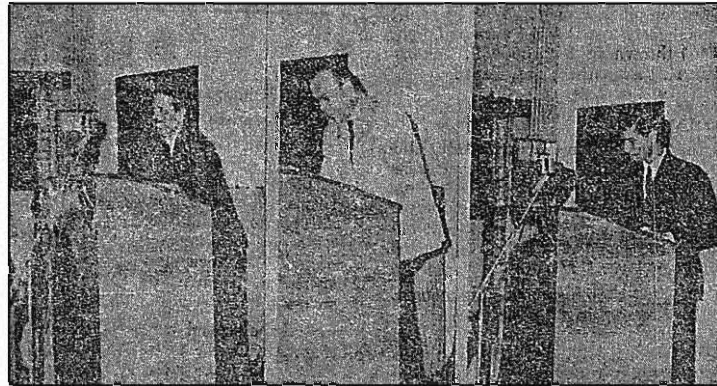
The entertainment rolled merrily along with hardly a hitch: Ramani was there to adjust the mike every time it conked out. Murali, Cash and Allen gave us another of their enjoyable performances. T. V. Krishna burst out in mimicry, and IITians said, 'not bad!' A bunch of freshers, 'the little boys who grow up so fast', tried their hand at producing loud music. They have the proud tradition of the Beat-X, the Acid, the Beat-X ± 1, etc. to maintain. Hope our eardrums stand up to it.

The CLT groaned with relief when finally the crowd spilled out into the night. They were on their way to the OAT, in the hope of seeing as much of Genghis Khan as the projector man would permit.

—Campastimes.

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AT THE INAUGURATION

Photo: Kubendran

ANNUAL DEBATE

The annual debate was held on the sixth of October. The topic: 'Capital punishment should be abolished.'

The small crowd that turned up at the CLT could not have come with very high expectations. Sadly enough, they were proved right and mediocre is about the only word for the general standard of the debate. The choice of the topic in itself left something to be desired. Inevitably, few of the speakers put forth original stuff, and as many as seven out of the fourteen speakers used or commented on the cliché 'An eye for an eye. . .'. The emphasis was on style and the employment of exotic accents and sweeping gestures. Apparently these stunts seem to work with the judges, who, poor souls, have nothing else to go on.

As for the individual speakers, V. S. Krishnan gave us yet another exhibition of his verbal prowess and walked away with the first prize. B. Kumar finished second and was quite impressive. However one could not help feeling the lack of substance in his speech. H. Shankar and V. Raja finished third and fourth respectively. The former tended to mix his metaphors, one of his statements going something like this: 'the annals of history are choked with the smoke of the flesh of . . .' G. K. Pillai brought a touch of humour to the proceedings and was unlucky not to get a better placing. The others hardly deserve a mention except for the chap who gave us a Sunday morning sermon and the other bloke who thought he was a lawyer in the final scene of a Hindi movie.

Mr. P. Chidambaram, the eminent lawyer and criminologist, was the chief judge, and easily the best speaker of the evening.

Besides the judges (Professors Sampath and Gupta), and Dr. Zuern, only three other members of the staff could be seen around. This, after the wide publicity Harcharan & Co. gave to the event, was rather surprising. Talk of staff-student relationship. . .

—Campastimes

BOCHUM—AN EXPERIMENT

The University of Bochum has implemented an experimental programme in the field of university administration. Dr. Kübler, an educational expert and the Director of the Rectorat at Bochum, talked with us on the experiment and revealed certain interesting facts.

On the continent, the pattern of education adopted after the Second World War has hardly changed or kept pace with the economic development. In most universities, the freedom and autonomy of the Professor is absolute. Also, degrees are awarded by the State and not by the university. Lately, an attempt has been made to restore the autonomy of the university and to place some restrictions on the Professors. Students have however, been left out of the picture.

Bochum is the outcome of attempts to solve the growing problem of student unrest. The university incorporates some revolutionary features in its administrative set up. A third of the Senate consists of elected student representatives. The director, as well as the heads of the departments are elected for one year terms. In addition, a staff member is appointed as the Director of the Rectorat for a four-year term to look after student affairs, full time, and to act as counsellor. These features have successfully promoted staff-student relationship and prevented student unrest. But what came next surprised us. Only 50% of the student members attend the Senate meetings and quite a few of the seats allotted to the students in the Senate are vacant!!! Dr. Kübler attributes this to the psychology of students, who want things only as long as they cannot get them.

Inevitably, we popped up with the question, 'Would it be possible to introduce such reforms in our Institute?' Dr. Kübler: 'My stay in India has been rather short, and my stay in the Institute shorter still, but from the personal impressions that I have gathered, I would say that such an experiment may indeed be possible.'

Dr. Kübler is at present on a world-wide tour, principally to gather information.

—Campastimes

Here's to you—

HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND
GOOD HUNTING!

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

AUTOMOTIVE:

One brand new 1918 model T *Bike Cycle*. Excellent condition, plated with real rust as per IS 420/41. Distance travelled: 200,000 miles; spokes—S grade (80% are still there); axles—A; Brakes—B; pedals—supplementary; ball bearings—almost all intact.

Free: one genuine Parisian coursing saddle, one tube, well reinforced, for each wheel, and one set of periodical papers with lots of rough work space. Rs. 1587 or nearest offer (not less than ten bucks). *Apply*: K. Kalyanaraman, 101, Ganga.

Two Slippers. First class maintained. Bought (new) in '47 and exclusively *Owner Driven*. Specially designed to suit right and left feet. Recently decarbonised. Available for inspection on Saturdays. With 17 assorted soles (slightly used) and 83 straps (slightly broken) thrown in for goodwill. *Contact*: Vladimir K. Visvanathan, 201, Tapti.

PERSONAL:

Will the owner of the Aristo Studio slide rule which I borrowed from the mess last month please come and take it back?—the formulae scribbled on it have highly embarrassed me in the last periodical and I want him to bear witness that I wasn't responsible. *Please don't ditch me! Have a heart, yar!*

—SLIDERULUS FLICKERUS.

FOR SALE:

One powerful, very good, excellent, mo'bike silencer—haven't ever used it.

—SQUIRREL KAMATH,
132, Ganga.

WANTED:

One powerful, very good, excellent silencer is urgently needed. Must fit into Parameshwaran's throat. If it kills him, never mind. Contact me immediately!

—PARAMESHWARAN'S NEIGHBOUR.

MUST BE SOLD:

One pair waterproof swimming trunks, now become too big. Excellent possibilities: Outdoor Club can consider it for a great double tent, or use as a portable chicken farm.

—MAITREYAN,
100, Ganga.

(*Dear Mighty, this is the only 100 you'll ever get!*—Ed.)

Wouldn't You Like to See More Diverts in this Column?

Then you jolly well have to write them.

GRACEAMMA'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB

Dear Gracie,

I'm eighteen, vivacious and swinging; height 5'7", weight a svelte 115; blonde with blue eyes and a soft, smooth complexion. In fact, I have everything, but my girl friend ditched me. I don't know why! Please help me. I'm desperate.

Yours,
DESPERATE.

My Dear D.,

I'll help you! Just give me your address, and you bet I'll be there in a jiffy!

Yours (yes, all yours!),

GRACEAMMA.

Darling Gracie,

The immaculate, charming, delicious, sweet-looking, lissome, lovable, boy I've been going with has shunted me off. Why? What did I do wrong? What happened?? Oh dear, I feel so sad,

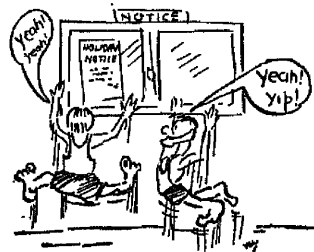
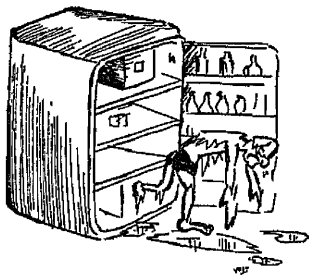
Yours,
SOB SOB.

Honey,

Give up, and go and hunt elsewhere. Your pal belongs to me. (He's great!)

GRACEAMMA.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE GOLD - LE - CAFFE.



Joy in the Morning—
P. G. Wodehouse.

CAMPASTIMES COMPETITION No. 2

Get the idea? Think of the title of a book, cook up a spoofy drawing to go with it. There you have a capital gag. Send in as many as many as you feel upto facing in the pages of *Campastimes*. (Drawings should be done in black ink on white paper.)

PRESS HUMOUR

Is humour most effective when it is unintentional? The newspapers form an ample source for research on this subject. Take a look, for instance, at the two cuttings shown here.

In the one headlined 'Sports', the minister seems to have turned all poetic, comparing education to some kind of modella fabric and sports to women in such a robe.

And the second cutting... well, the news itself is just plain funny.

—*Campastimes*.

sports

BOMBAY, Sept. 18 (PTI)

Prof. V. K. R. V. Rao, Union Minister for Education and Youth Services, said today government attached great importance to the development of games and sports in the universities and colleges and 'would like these activities to be women into the general fabric of education.'

Minister swims to see flood—hit

BARODA, Sept. 18 (PTI)

Mr. Chimanbhai Patel, Gujarat Minister for Transport on Wednesday swam across the Heran river to see the marooned villagers of Chikodra. We can well understand the excitement of the villagers who were cut off from all help to see the Minister swimming across the river to acquaint himself with their hardships and problems.

After acquainting himself with the problems of the marooned villagers, he swam back safely.

Warning: Leg spinners beware of sprained ankles!—VKV.

HUSH HUSH!

An IITian was surprised when he received his paper back from the examiner with an interesting note pencilled in. It said, 'You've got a point of inflexion on the B. M. diagram of a cantilever beam with a concentrated load. (Keep it a secret!)'

Higgledy Piggledy

Higgledy-Piggledy
Kake, ex-editor
Pathetically claimed
'May be it's brag
But I have always kept
Immature school girl pranks
Most strategically
Off the damn rag.'

Higgledy-Piggledy
Joshy Paul Kallungal
Received the cup and used
A subterfuge:
'Don't embarrass me by
Unwanted eulogy
Surely it is 'apres
Moi, la deluge.'

Higgledy-Piggledy
S. Ram Kumar Menon
Critical Philanderer
Said of Susie:
'In tennis she might lose
To Mrs King but her
Microelectronics
Drives me crazy.'

Yrteo

During a conversation
Into gay black eyes
Yes, like the passion
That suddenly leaps.

Besides the doe and the buck
Under the drooping trees
Black and gold mix
Have you not seen?

On the stack-room floor
Twine and glow
The green and the yellow
Have you ever seen?

In the heaving Sunday air
(Was suddenly lifted)
Your newly shampooed hair,
What did you feel?

Of the Sunday afternoon
Of the golden breath
The warm evening touch
Have you not felt?

Behind half closed eyelids
When dreams dance
Drowsy afternoon
Sunday afternoon.....

—She

—N. K.

ADVERTISEMENT

K. KALYANARAMAN

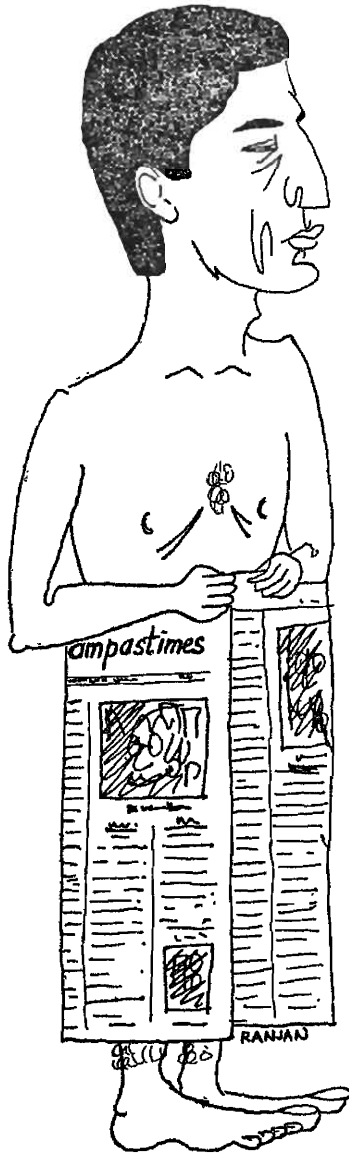
If you stand in the quadrangle of Ganga Hostel and yell 'KAKE!' you are likely to hear an answering yell of 'YA'. I know this sounds unlikely, but it's true. The creature possessing this improbable conditioned reflex has been depicted here by a kindly and generous artist, who has gone out of his way to flatter his subject. It is known to the authorities as K. Kalyanaraman, 1.143/65, and its identity card photograph, which picks up where our caricaturist left off, has been known to cause regular heart attacks behind the cash counter when it claims its tuition fee refund.

A long time ago, when his friends began abbreviating KK to Kake (rhyming appropriately with rake), 1.143/65 displayed that determination to be different which characterises the local hero: he decided to pronounce it Kake, to rhyme with nothing at all. At school Kake was an easy-going kid whose vocation in life was rigging up gear systems for large and involved Meccano models. His one year in college passed uneventfully, except for the occasion when he tried to convince his English lecturer that golf is pronounced *gouf*. Then came a little-publicised event which has proved disastrous to the Institute and nothing short of calamitous to *Campastimes*. Kake joined the IIT. Don't ask me how, because if there's one thing he has less of than influence, its brains. Suffice it to say that he got in. They were a bit lax that year. They even took me.

Right in the first year, Kake got busy undermining the foundations of the Gymkhana. He was one of the two freshers present at the freshmen-senior get-together held by the Gymkhana in our first year. Of course not all the get-togethers were held in the aegis of the Gymkhana. There were very many er informal gatherings. There was the time when Kake, in the role of Kickloo the Rhesus Monkey, held the hand of Venky, who was sitting in Mussoorie combing his hair with a boot brush in the role of Babloo the Baboon, and sang 'Teri pyari pyari soorat ko kisiki nazar na lage!' He may have been a trifle imperfect in minor matters like time and words, but Rafi would have envied his vim and gusto. Still, to my mind, there is nothing to beat the occasion when one of our ragers growled 'Strip, you!' at Kake, expecting weak and horrified protests. His face, when Kake obligingly peeled off his shirt and started in real fast on his trouser buttons, was a study of horrified alarm. 'No!' he screamed, 'I didn't mean it!' Kake, always the artist was obviously disappointed that his *Gypsy Rose Lee* act had been cut off short. Indeed, so reluctant was he to leave it incomplete that they had to bribe him with a second-hand Mathur to get him to put his shirt back on. Thereafter Kake decided that the best way of bumming text books was to go and get ragged down Godavari or Saraswathi way.

Taking advantage of his position in the Committee, our hero began to publish little bits of his er brainstorm (and that's being polite) in *Campastimes*. Kake has a hearty laugh, which goes 'Ha—ha—ha—HA—ha—ha—ha' just like that. Those who lived in his wing in those days claim that he frequently emitted this noise, generally with an issue of *Campastimes* opened at his er contribution. My surmise is that this was less in approbation of his own scintillating humour (hue what?) than in enjoyment of the hilarious fact that a thousand odd dopes actually got conned into reading his (Ha—ha—ha—HA—ha—ha—ha) article. In later years he turned up an editorial nose at stuff not vastly inferior to his own early er efforts. This episode might go to show how hard-up *Campastimes* once was for material; or how the standard of humour (*Stop* saying hue-what, you dope. Humour,

get it?) has gone up; or how the standard of Kake has gone up. It might, but it doesn't. It chiefly goes to show why Kake is known as Crook Kalyanaraman in certain circles. He even crooked his way through to the Editorship of this rag! (But he isn't Editor now, obviously.) It's no good trying to defend him. What honest, upright, god-fearing Editor would have perpetrated Double Cross Crossword? Or space for Doodling? In this crook-like way, however, Kake has made the rag really interesting, and unearthed a lot of new talent. But just lately he had a long overdue attack of *Senioritis*, and wrote a serious editorial on the ethics and duties of editorship. How are the mighty fallen! Hey,



hold it! D'you think that he occasionally looks at his Editorial and goes Ha—ha—ha—and all—those—other—ha's thinking how saps like me actually took it seriously? Quite likely. Once a crook, always a crook.

Kake's extra-curricular activities are legion. Indeed, he would have been fully occupied without bothering to take any courses. He has been Editor of *Campastimes*, under-officer in the NCC Air Wing and guiding spirit of the Outdoor Club. At one time he was Publications-cum-Garden-Sec. in Saraswathi. He has built projects for the Science Fair. He is seen regularly on the football field, and was formerly in the habit of sailing across the lake near the temple on a raft. For a short while he was a member of the Boat Club, but this interlude was terminated with a total lack of mutual regret.

Unlike most local heroes, however, Kake remained fancy-free. His unflinching courtesy to the entire fair sex was matched only by his aloofness. I use the past tense advisedly. The most severe ascetic must eventually lapse, the sternest hermit, fall from grace. And so it was with our hero. It was the Word that corrupted Kake—eight pages of it as a matter of fact, written in a neat slanting hand. The letter told of a magazine to be started soon in — College. (Now, now. No questions. If you *must* know which college, ask Kake.) Since they had 'all' (all who, is my question) been 'very impressed' by *Campastimes* (loud and prolonged cheers), the writer felt (poor thing) that the Editor's advice would be useful. The crux of the letter was an appointment at the Drive-in on Saturday evening. The writer said she would wear a blue sari so that our hero could recognize her.

To say that Kake was perturbed by this letter would be to say nothing at all. He was distracted, perplexed and in a quandary. Except that it did not require him to wear a Chrysanthemum, the whole letter looked like something straight out of an early Wodehouse. And that could be explained, too. It seems someone pointed Kake out to this dame during Cultural Week—so said the letter. And so she didn't need no chrysanthemum to identify him. (Hmm. Now that's what I call promising. But all my friends tell me I have a low mind.)

The question was, was the letter genuine? Kake asked a few guys about it in strict confidence, but opinion was divided. Lobo went into one of these A—phones—B—to—tell—C—to—ask—D routines, to find out whether a Miss ——— actually studied in — College. Considering how easy it is to get a call through to or from IIT, this was a fat lot of help. Roy, soon heard about it, and consequently within fortyeight hours everybody else did, too. Venky told Kake he ought to go, and he says Kake upped and made a speech on Indian Woomanhood, or Why Girls shouldn't Meet Strange Editors at Drive-ins. Lokanathan turned up by 'chance' (some chance) just as Kake was setting out for the Drive-in, and was heard saying seriously, 'Be careful, Kake. Every chap I know who got involved with a dame lost a year'.

When Kake returned, *much* later in the evening, he announced that he had met her, and that the discussion was satisfactorily completed. This sounded a little too good to be true. Satisfactory perhaps, but completed? Come, come. Besides, Shri Kake was very busy on several subsequent week-ends: there was so much work to do for *Campastimes*. Of course. It's wonderful what camouflage the old rag can provide (see illustration). But between you and me, I have a feeling I know who wrote that charming letter—all eight pages of it.

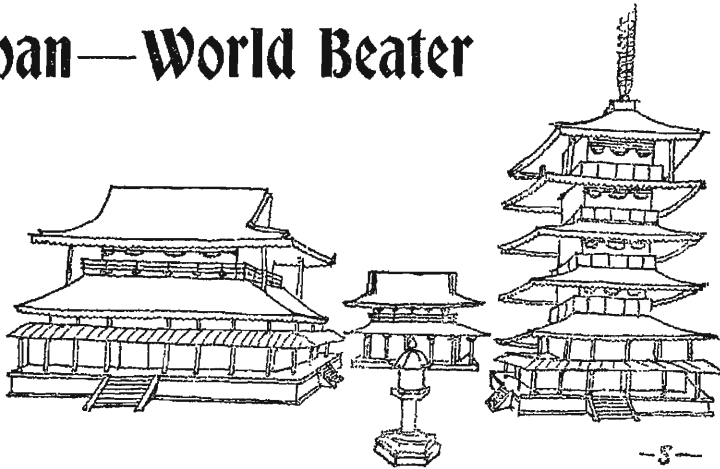
There is a general idea that Kake is an influential guy, and that he knows the Director very well. Don't you believe it. The truth is that Kake once changed from Aero to Metallurgy and back to Aero, all within the space of three short days. This got him so much talked about in official circles, that even now they can hardly help recognizing what, for want of a better word, he calls his face.

Kake is a quiet, soft-spoken chap, chiefly because he never did have much to say. Over the years he has become generally liked and respected, which is why no-one believes the various incidents recounted above, though they are all (well, nearly all) quite true. Such is the fate of the prophet in his own country. Kake usually stays level-headed in moments of crisis. I disagree with the view that this is because he takes a long time to catch on, and that he actually gets flustered the next day. He is greatly admired for his constant cheerfulness and his lively sense of humour by his younger brothers, who know what's good for them.

I know I'm expected to say that he's a great guy, or that he's a real nice chap at heart, or something like that, so I won't. Personally, I think he's a ———!

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

Japan—World Beater



The Other Side of the Coin

What is your idea of Japan? Modern? Industrialized? Efficient? Well maybe, but that's not the whole story.

We got to know a bit more of the 'whole story' when Dr Zuern told us about the visit he recently made to Japan. He saw a lot of Japan, both of the well-publicised industrial and economic aspect—and also the cultural, historical and natural aspects.

The main purpose of the visit was to attend the Annual Conference of the International Institute of Welding, the Institute of Metallurgists, in Kyoto, and the big Japanese International Welding and Material Technology Fair in Japan. He found it possible to see a great deal of Japanese industry, universities, and national research institutes. Indian participation in the activities of the International Institute of Welding is significant—we were the only country in Asia, besides Japan, to participate in the Conference. The Indian Institute of Welding, being of recent origin and under the handicap of having very few

peaked pagoda type structure so characteristic of the Far East; the natural settings with running water and rocks and grass strewn across the scenery—these are significant to the Japanese. Japanese mythology is full of colorful figures, but these seem to have little religious significance. We were impressed by imaginative and picturesque statues of mythological entities called Storm and Thunder. But the Temple of the Thousand Buddhas completely took our breaths away. . . . there was so many of them, row upon row!



members, was unable to meet the entrance and membership fee requirements (!)—maybe UNESCO will help!

We could fill pages with the remarkable industrial and economic achievements of Japan . . . but we prefer to dwell on other aspects, which perhaps may be more interesting.

Japan is small—barely the size of California—but it offers a lot for the eye to see. We realized this when we went through an extensive collection of slides brought back by Dr Zuern. He conducted us on an armchair tour through Kyoto, nearby Nara, and the metropolis of Tokyo.

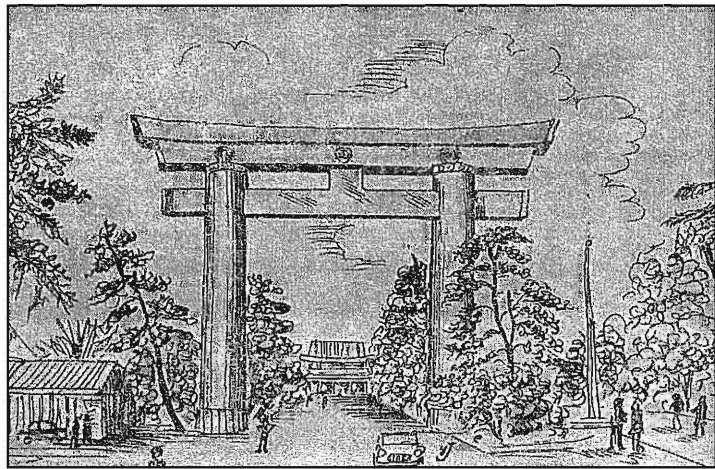
The old imperial capital of Kyoto abounds in Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, palaces and parks, reflecting its history and the ancient religions of Japan—Shintoism and Buddhism. Traditional Japanese architecture has its own unique flavour—we have the

it's a wonder why this idea isn't more widely adopted in other countries too. Wall paintings and flowers constitute most of the interior decoration. Japanese paintings are famous and flower arrangement is a highly developed art in Japan. By our standards Japanese houses would be strangely devoid of furniture. They prefer to sit on mats on the floor around little tables which are scarcely more than platforms. The Japanese posture of sitting is characteristic like many of the traditional customs practised by the people. Music, Japanese style, is quite different from what we are used to from our experience of western music: classical or pop. Indigenous Japanese musical instruments are generally of the stringed type, with a few wind instruments to make things audible.

But Tokyo is a large modern city: hence, it is like any other large modern city in many respects. The skyward climb of dwellings and business houses, the clover-leaf intersections and tiered roadways, the clamorous surge of internal combustion engines, the unending ebb and flow of humanity: these are the heritage of any modern city. But Tokyo outdoes most of them with its exhibits. One gets lost in contemplating the dimensions of the creature.

No description of Tokyo would be complete without a mention of the legendary Fujiyama. It is a classic example of a volcanic peak, now quiescent and snow-capped. Generally enshrouded by a bank of clouds, it is an impressive sight in the sunshine.

The loyal Japanese bowed to the Emperor



Japan—Tokyo. Whether there is love in it or not, there are Geishas. Geishas are traditionally very important in the social and cultural life of Japan. With their piquantly Japanese kimonos, their elaborate hairdos, their tiny shoes and their ever-so-Japanese manners, Geishas are a symbol of the leisure hours of Japanese life.

Houses in Tokyo are constructed of light materials—no doubt keeping in mind the fact that earthquakes are likely to drop in for a visit at any time. Dr Zuern mentioned that doors and windows were of the sliding variety:

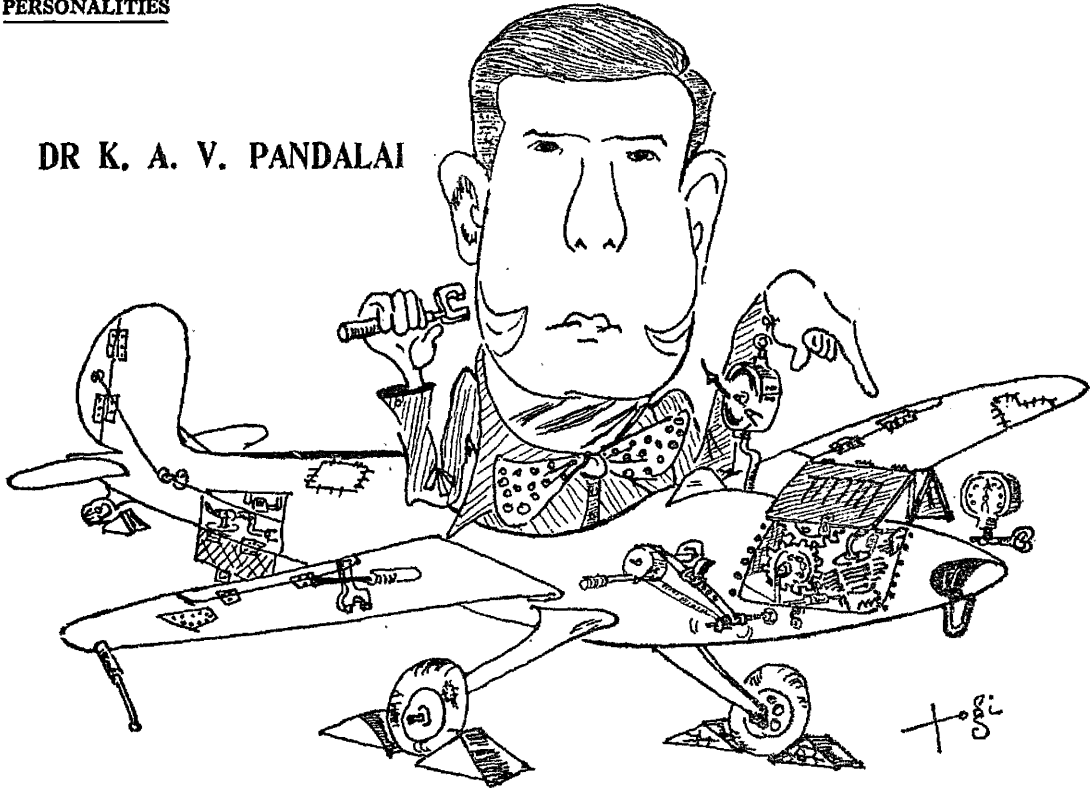
(and hence to Fujiyama) every morning in homage. We, too, shall bow to Fujiyama and take leave of this fascinating land. We thank Dr Zuern for an informative and entertaining evening and hope that this gives at least a faint idea of the fascination that moved Dr Zuern to say, 'These foolish diplomats? With all their opportunities of studying foreign countries and people, they have to spend all their time attending parties and drinking cocktails!' We wonder if they are wise . . .

—Campastimes



PERSONALITIES

DR K. A. V. PANDALAI



An undergrad class in Brooklyn: a forty year old gent gawking from the first bench: an aged professor sitting in the last: a timid youngster, glued to one corner of the blackboard, trying to unravel the mysteries of engineering statics. That 'timid youngster' was none other than Dr Pandalai making his debut. It is difficult to imagine Dr Pandalai petrified in class but 'the beginning was an agonising experience' he recalls (feeling thoroughly amused about it). 'I've outgrown my fears now,' (and his pants too, we should think).

Dr Pandalai started his career at Loyola, from where he took his bachelor's degree in Maths. and Physics. He went on to the graduate school at the Brooklyn Polytechnic to do his ME in Aeronautics and Applied Mechanics. He continued to work in the same department for his doctorate. He started teaching while he was studying for his master's degree.

Dr Pandalai has an arsenal of opinions on any topic you'd care to mention. Take the hippies if you can stomach them. He admits that the rebellion of youth against the established order may have some basis, but in his own words, 'not taking a bath is no way to protest against anything.'

Passing on to something related, student indiscipline (that oft-discussed and oft-judged facet of life-to-day), he expressed an opinion with which hardly any sane person can disagree. 'Students should not indulge in politics.' Then should we sit back and allow the old fogeys round the place to make a mess of our future for us? 'Try to trust your elders: after all they have your best interests in mind. Perhaps you may not agree with their idea of running things, but you can only make matters worse by interfering.' True enough, especially if the powers that be have as liberal and human an attitude as Dr. Pandalai. 'If University administrators bothered to take student opinion into account in framing syllabi and forming the rules and regulations according to which students have to live, there'd be far less unrest.'

He had something to say about university research, too. The fresh ideas and energy of the younger generation could bring about miraculous changes in the pace and content of research — provided the opportunities are forthcoming. (There are many who agree with him: and perhaps go a step beyond

mere agreement. Credit for original research work, for example, has a habit of distributing itself with hardly any relevance to who did the research. And young people, whose position on the academic scale leaves everything to be desired, are very often given the run around when they come up for facilities and equipment. *Ed.*)

Plump people have a reputation for being jovial and inconsequential: you couldn't very well apply that description to Dr. Pandalai. He takes things seriously, so seriously that he finds Indian students lacking in enthusiasm for work. They are pampered and protected, he feels. (He almost made it sound as though kids are brought up on milk and honey, these days). But he has a perfectly open mind about other things. 'It's silly,' he admits, 'to force to a student to attend class if he is capable of learning things by himself.' However, he blamed parents for that. Parents feel that their precious kids won't behave unless there are rules enforcing attendance.

As an occasional interlude in the roar of aero-engines, lectures and departmental noises, Dr Pandalai likes listening to classical music—Western or Indian. He says that once upon a time, he used to play games. He was a member of his college foot-ball team—'I was streamlined in those days.' (?) Imagine Dr. Pandalai wielding a tennis or shuttle racquet! Well, he says he did, in the good old days, naturally. We dare say he did a good many other things in the irresponsible days of his youth, though now they may seem far fetched.

En route to the States, our man dropped in at Shanghai (Guess why!). While he was kicking it up there the crew of the liner saw the opportunity (the golden opportunity) and prepared to make themselves and the liner scarce. Dr Pandalai got wind of this infamous plot and came dashing along to thwart their evil designs. The natives rowed him across to the outward-bound liner. The captain dropped him a rope ladder on the theory that given enough rope even Dr Pandalai . . . He started climbing. The fish held their breath, the captain held his breath, and Dr Pandalai held his breath. After a few minutes of this, they realized it wasn't getting them anywhere. Dr Pandalai climbed some more. Then he had a philosophical debate with himself. He considered letting go of the ladder and . . . was it worth climbing

all the way to facing the rigors on board? Besides, it was a long rope ladder. It was a close thing—the debate we mean. But after a fearsome battle of logic, Dr Pandalai won a famous victory. He climbed over the railing and said 'Boo!' to the captain who consequently took to bed for the rest of the cruise.

Some people are still rejoicing over that famous victory. If you've met Dr Pandalai you'd understand why.

—Campastimes

ENTERTAINMENT?

In keeping with IITian traditions, we have an Inter-hostel Entertainment Competition every year. This year was no exception. The proceedings were competitive enough, but could hardly be described as entertainment.

The competitors were the different sections of the audience. They had come well prepared with whistles, pipes, horns, drums, plates and sundry other noise-making apparatus, and a splendid orchestration went on from the rear of the OAT. Amid the famous IITian roar and the rhythmic hand-clapping: which accompanied most of the items, were calls of, 'We want Ramani!', 'Down with Ramani!' and some far less complimentary statements. (Strange, seeing that Ramani was elected to his post.) A remarkable exhibition of rocketry by some venturesome sportsmen (Aeros, one presumes) made the excitable audience roar with redoubled vigour, this time in appreciation.

The audience were justified in their disapproval in that the general performance this year was 'simply lousy'. But this was not a little due to the fact that the performers couldn't be heard above the audience.

—Campastimes.

The KGP Meet is round the corner.

Are we prepared?

Are you prepared?

The Long Hard Road

Joseph Q. Thiskundiah sat biting his fingernails. They tasted awful, but he bit on purposefully. It was nigh on midnight and next day he had to submit his doctoral thesis to Professors Mump and Measle.

Of course, what worried Joseph Q. the most was that the only words he had set down on paper so far were, 'Investigations on...'. He knew that his research was supposed to be on Geosynclial Enterocordinal Discharge Simulated by Terminal Blastocysts in Quantum Electrodynamical Reference Systems: but then, what all those words meant was anybody's guess. Joseph Q. looked desperately out of his window at the dark inviting night. For a moment he considered the undeniable allure of the late-late-late film show entertaining the citizenry of Velacheri. But only for a moment. His unfinished thesis rebuked him mutely. The very sight of it turned loose at his vitals, myriads of creeping, crawling, biting, stinging creatures. The sensation was on par with those generated by the vitriolic brews served in the mess.

Joseph Q. sighed in vain for a fag. He shifted uneasily in the chair specially designed by the considerate authorities for maximum discomfort. Soon, he had consumed his stock of surplus nail. Which left him with little to do but lay violent hands on his leaky pen and proceed to assault sheets of paper, all virginal in their whiteness.

Professors Mump and Measle were surprised. They had misjudged Joseph Q. altogether! For instance, they had assumed that he couldn't attempt anything even remotely resembling research—yet here was a complete thesis ostensibly substantiating his claim to the coveted degree! A bit skimpy for a thesis, no doubt, but then, they don't do things properly these days. The learned pair put their heads together over the surprising thesis.

They had to admit it. They tried very hard, but there was no gainsaying the fact. They were, in short, bamboozled, flummoxed, absolutely bowled. Understanding even two consecutive sentences in the object was an endeavour beyond the modest cerebral equipment of Messrs. Mump & Measle.

But of course, no professor can afford to let himself be beat by a mere PIG at the professional game of intellectual obscurantism.

They sent Joseph Q's thesis to Professor Dr Sir Plasmodium Hairochrest of the National Orthophysical Laboratory for special reference. But they made the pardonable mistake of pretending they understood it.

In a month's time, the now-famous thesis reached Doktor Ludvig L. Sauerkraut of Downsala University with an attached note to the effect that there were many curious facets to the thesis which boasted of a large number of undoubtedly original statements.

Doktor Ludvig L. Sauerkraut went into ecstasies over the intellectual triumph from *Indien*. His normally short and upstanding hair stood at attention and quivered with pleasure as he read out excerpts from the thesis before a convention of orthophysicists from all over the country. He went so far as to suggest that the convention nominate Joseph Q. for the Bonel Prize in Orthophysics.

Signor Caramba Spaghetti of the Da Vinci University of Turino made his existence felt in no uncertain manner. Joseph Q., he charged, was a common thief. He, Signor Caramba Spaghetti, had been working on the paracosmic problem for well over a decade and Joseph Q. had just filched the fruits of his Herculean labours. The Da Vinci faculty insisted that Signor Caramba Spaghetti and not Joseph Q. be nominated for the Prize.

Professor Ishiashi Sukiyaki of the Fuji Technical School began claim-jumping operations at about the same time. He knew a good thing when he saw it.

Ten years later, the world unanimously acclaimed Joseph Q. as a genius: he was awarded the Bonel Prize.

Sir Joseph Q. Thiskundiah arose to address the distinguished gathering. 'My research', he began, 'was, if my memory serves me right, on some jazz about light particles and things. You know, when the cork goes pop, the soda goes fizz and so on. Or was it Coca-cola? Well, I forget exactly what went what, but you get the general idea. Since then, I've learnt a great deal. What counts is not so much the original research as the process of making capital out of it. In my case, the former was quite non-existent. But you morons couldn't be expected to have guessed that... because, you see, I am an expert in the art of gassing. Or at least, I was. Now, it doesn't matter. Anything goes, if I happen to say it. None of you will have the sense or the guts to see through what I'm saying...'

Well, you're right. Actually, he didn't use those very words. He phrased it far better. He used fourteen-letter words. He intoned and declaimed. He was good. Everyone was left in awe of his genius. His address was everything: brilliant, humorous, informative, . . . and highly intellectual.

Professors Mump and Measle clapped their hands raw and cheered their heads off. They were proud. Besides, Joseph Q. was their boss now.

—Poots.

THE GANDHIAN FACT IN FICTION

by

DR A. V. KRISHNA RAO

As Robert E. Spiller avers literature has a 'relationship to social and intellectual history, not as documentation, but as symbolic illumination.' Indo-Anglian literature (more notably fiction) created in the first half of the century, is a brilliant projection of the image of Gandhi, a legendary figure in his own lifetime. Gandhi, we know, was a fact then, but is a myth now in more than one sense. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan's painful reference to our total rejection and repudiation of Gandhi so soon after his death, should reveal, at least to the younger generation, the gaping gulf between truth and pretence in our national life. Be that as it may, the literary exploitation of the Gandhian myth is artistically most satisfying. A brief glimpse of the Gandhian Image through the medium of a few artistic passages is perhaps a better birthday tribute to a forgotten father and messiah than the popular rigmarole of not a few pious platitudes.

Raja Rao is the first Indo-Anglian novelist who has effectively exploited the Gandhian Myth—translating reality into the poetry of his novel, *Kanthapura*. The hero of the novel, Moorthy comes under the inescapable Gandhian influence owing to the Mahatma's mighty and God-beaming appearance in his vision; the touch of Gandhi reveals to Moorthy 'the sheathless being of the soul'. One is reminded of the well-known Narendra encounter with Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. Moorthy, the Gandhi man now, arranges Harikathas at the temple—the story generally being 'Gandhi Purana,' in which Gandhi is depicted as the avatar of Siva. The Mahatma is also compared to Lord Krishna and Shri Rama. 'Gandhi-Bhajans' are organised to rouse the dormant national consciousness of the countrymen, and the

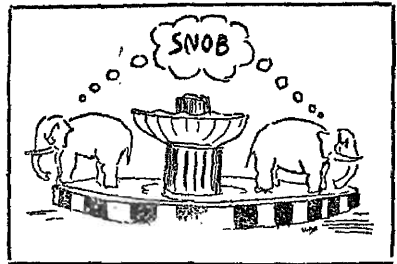
'Government of Mahatma' becomes a subconscious 'fait accompli'. Raja Rao achieves in the novel a convincing integration of the charismatic Gandhian Image with the main action.

In Nagarajan's *Chronicles of Kodaram*, however, Gandhi is represented, not as an avatar, but as a benign and tactful national leader and a successful trouble-shooter (and probably vote-catcher too, to judge from what that arch-politician Vanchi does). In 1934 was fought a decisive political battle all over India by Congress and Justice Parties. As the undisputed leader of the national movement during the 1930's. The former presents the Congress Organisation in action, while the latter stresses the pervasive force of the Moving Spirit of the Congress. Obviously, the Image of Gandhi is but the political variant of nationalism.

Mulkraj Anand's *Untouchable* narrates the experiences of a young untouchable in a naturalistic style. Having suffered the most miserable treatment, Bakha rambles along in a melancholy mood and is moved by the deafening cries of 'Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai'. All the excitement and commotion 'portended one thought and one thought alone in the surging crowd—Gandhi.' The flowing humanity unmistakably suggests that 'Gandhi was a legend, a tradition, an oracle.'

Even so detached a novelist as R. K. Narayan seems to have been awakened into a consciousness of the new national upsurge during and after Gandhi's Salt Satyagraha of 1930. His *Waiting for the Mahatma* is based more on history than on legend. The most vital difference between *Kanthapura* and *Waiting for the Mahatma* is in the maintenance of the Gandhian Image in the same undisturbed focus throughout. The concentration and rapid action of *Kanthapura* are impressive, while the want of those qualities in *Waiting for the Mahatma* makes it rather otiose as a political novel.

In these, as well as in other novels that cannot be mentioned here, Gandhi appears as the symbolism of the universal values of life—Truth, Non-violence and Freedom. One cannot but agree with Arnold Toynbee that Gandhi, the unyielding advocate of *Satyagraha*, is next only to Jesus Christ in offering love for hatred. A century hence, as Einstein so aptly said, people might not believe that such a man in flesh and blood really walked upon this earth. Here, then, was a Gandhi; when comes another?



LIMERICKS

Ram had a row with a critic
And let fly some powerful rhetoric:
He said, 'Perhaps I croak
Like an adenoidal bloke,
But a bull-rhino is a bit thick!

There was this baby-sitter
Who hated her work and was bitter.
When she got married
She certainly carried;
Guess what! She issued a litter!

—N. KALAYANARAMAN.

There was once a Knight of the Garter,
Who sold his wife at a barter.
When asked, 'What now?'
He said with a bow,
'Hell, I've still got the daughter!'

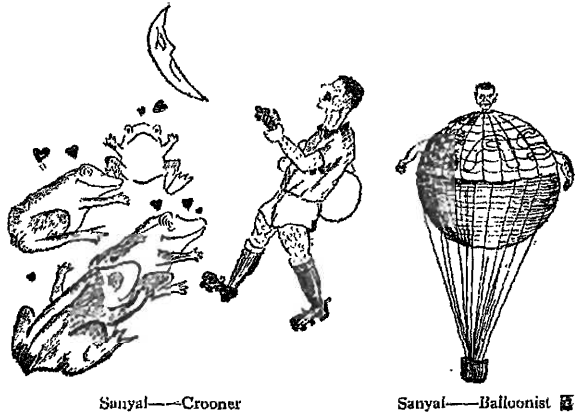
—SHANMUKH SHARMA &
T. M. MUKUNDAN.

CARICATURE

SANYAL

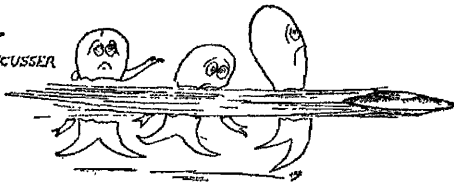
Only an exceptionally lucky fellow on the Campus does not know Sanyal—Munshi Mohan Sanyal. That's the fellow who's heard long before he's seen, though light travels umpteen times faster than sound.

In his first two years, what struck you first on seeing Sanyal was his fist. There isn't a contemporary of Sanyal who at one time or another hasn't kissed his knuckles. That's not saying that Sanyal was always the bad guy: it could have been the lousy bunch of friends he had. They soon learnt not to argue with him. When Sanyal says, 'it's night,' it's quite unhealthy to insist on the contrary, be the daylight ever so blinding. He may be loud and unanswerable, but there is more than a long tongue between his ears—namely, his nose.



On an average, Sanyal spends two to three hours a day talking to or about Penny: which on simple calculation adds up to over 120 days of constant contact over a period of four years. This is about 11% of Sanyal's time spent here in IIT. No wonder Penny's girl-friends are so jealous of our hero. This friendship is a two-way business: Sanyal swipes apples, almonds, chocolates and stuff—and Penny gets the full benefit of Sanyal's decibel power.

SANYAL - GROUP-DISCUSSER



The only thing that Sanyal doesn't do for kicks is play football. It's his life and soul. The trouble is, sometimes he thinks he's playing rugby and makes love to the ball in a way a footballer is not supposed to. People, when speaking to Sanyal (a rare thing), and finding his attention wandering, throw in words like 'half-back', 'jolly good kick', and so on. Sanyal usually snaps to attention. His dedication to the game since the first year calls for a word or two of praise. The nicest thing the Institute could do for him was to appoint him captain of the football team. Surprisingly enough, he accomplishes more in other fields. He excels in anything involving violence or the exertion of vocal chords. He has been known to gloat like a child over the distance to which he can hurl



things like the hammer or the discus. But worse is to follow. His prowess at rowing gives another fillip to his almighty ego: and people have to go round plucking his tail feathers lest he should soar above the sight of men.

At times he loafs onto the stage and brings his handsome face (he thinks!) into the glare of the floodlights. Bangla fishermen sing; Dean Martin sings; and so does Munshi Mohan Sanyal. God save us if we try to describe what he sounds like, for Sanyal has very definite opinions on the sweetness of his own voice. His subterranean rumblings have so overawed people that they have gone round giving him prizes.

He takes part in group discussions and debates as an exercise in self-discipline. It bothers him considerably to speak in turn and speak rationally. Some people would be happier if he didn't bother to speak at all, but they are wise enough to keep their opinions to themselves. Instead, they tell him what a great guy he is, and everyone is happy.

This may be Sanyal's caricature, but it could be our obituary if our identities got about. So we refuse to let our names disfigure this marvellous piece of work, heh, heh!

—Try Guessing.

LIMERICK

There was an old person from Troy
Who when young had been so very coy
That when she got a pet
She inquired of the vet,
'Tell me, is it a girl or a boy?'

There was a young bard from Racine
Who in public sang ballads obscene.
The police, sad to say,
Came and took him away.
Poets should be heard and not seen.

There was a young man of Lahore
Who ate pills both after and before.
Cried he in dismay,
'In the family way?
But I took all precautions, I'm sure!'

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

IIT has turned out engineers
In the past half-a-dozen years;
But I have a fear,
That their heads aren't clear,
As they are products of Piskunov and Sears.

—A. SANKARAN.

COMPETITION ENTRIES

PRIZEWINNING

ENTRY

*There was a young fellow called Wood
Who did it whenever he could.
Now don't slyly grin
And contemplate Sin
I'm talking about getting 'S-good'!*

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

There was a young writer named Powell
Who hated the use of the vowel:
'm jst big frgl
'nd thnk 'ts lgl
Nw 'mjn th svng 'n my nvl!

—VENKATESH MANNAR.

'There was once a guy called Jaggu
Who said, 'I'll sleep without ruggu
When asked why not 'rug'
He replied with a shrug:
My ruggu has too many buggu.

—V. NAGARAJAN.

A bloke in the streets of Perth
Decided to mock at the Earth;
He sent off little screeches,
And down went his breeches,
'To give the liveliest show in Perth.

—NAGRANI RAM SHEWARAM'

Adageously Speaking:

Mr. Broth told his son, 'Here, look,
It is time to your place off you took.
Your family and mine
Add up to nine,
And too many Broths spoil the cook!'

—A. SANKARAN.



EDITORIAL

Educational Inaugural

The sight of freshly elected Gymkhana representatives actually doing some work is enough to gladden any heart. They were, in fact, carting chairs from the OAT to the CLT. Lest this statement leave the impression that the reps had suddenly turned physical culture enthusiasts, let us qualify it by adding that their inaugural function was in imminent danger of being washed out. The clouds looked sulky, as clouds are apt to look when crowds are scheduled to converge on the OAT, and someone made a snap decision to shift the venue of the festivities. A stroke of wisdom, no doubt, but a trifle late in arrival. Monkeys learn from experience, and even fish, but IITians need something more than that. They need a Notice.

* * *

Magic Circles

'Which way to the seven-headed Dragon of Dragora that guards the Sacred Sword of Lorallow?' asked Prince Gallow patiently.

'Turn right, then right, then right, then right,' said the man in blue.

'But that would take me around in a square and bring me back to where I am now,' said Gallow.

'It is much more impressive that way for everybody,' said the man in blue as he walked away, clicking his emeralds.

Impressive it may be, but hardly convenient, especially when one's time and energy are limited.

Time and again people pushing new ideas have discovered that most circles have a tendency to end where they began, especially bureaucratic circles.

Fresh ideas are too precious to be left to the tender mercies of officialdom. Sometimes the bright ones have the good sense to make straight for the man on top and if the man on top happens to be anything like reasonable and understanding, their ideas have a fighting chance of survival. Otherwise 'death by strangulation' will be the ultimate fate of any idea tangling with red tape.

Once in a while, a project gets going. But in their attempts to give it some standing, the well-meaning guiding spirits weigh it down with committees and meetings, subscription forms, membership forms, application forms all in triplicate, honorary secretaries, treasurers, chairman and presidents. Impressive, very impressive. But so massively useless! Haven't we yet got out of this childish habit of congregating in large numbers for the express purpose of calling each other names and adding to the national debt by scribbling across reams of paper? People attend these meetings either because they have a secret yearning for one of those great and glorious titles, or because they don't want to miss the refreshments. The refreshments are, perhaps, the least wasteful feature of the whole phenomenon—at least someone has the benefit of those calories. But when something like 90% of the expenses of any organisation is chalked down to refreshments, we begin to guess the true purpose of the organisation. They could, with more honesty and to better purpose, call themselves 'The Hogs Club' or 'The Gourmets' if they prefer the sound of that.

The realisation that very often, the most efficient organisation is a one-man organisation, is not very recent. History is full of kings and dictators who held the world in thrall: a Royal Committee couldn't possibly have been very effective until all but one of the members had wound up in the dungeons.

GAS

IN AID OF LOUDER ECO AND SHORTER WALKS

'Thanks, papa.'
 'My pleasure, li'l gal.'
 'I don't have to bawl my throat off, now.'
 'Feels good, ch?'
 'Jazz dad. Sheer jazz, but for the pain in the neck.'
 'Whaddya mean?'
 'The mouthpiece weighs something.'
 'Want one stuck at the end of a stand?'
 'And leave me stuck at a spot. I ain't crooning at the ChLT pa. You gotta dance around when you teach Eco.'
 'Lotsa space for it in the ChLT, what?'
 'More'n that, it saves me a long walk.'
 'You mean, it feels safer with papa round the corner.'
 'Come off it, dad. I'm quite capable of looking after myself.'
 'But still, having papa nearby gives you a lot of courage, doesn't it?'
 'You're a louse, dad. Don't have to make me feel such a cad, do you?'

—AAJOO.

(We suggest that students be provided with carplugs if lecturers are provided with mikes.)

In these enlightened days of massive democracy and committeeism, effectiveness is a thing of the past. Maybe we are kidding ourselves and the creature never existed; but we would like to see for ourselves.

External Affairs—or Internal?

True, the External Affairs Committee is just a Committee and as such, possessed of all the inherent failings of committees as a genre. But they have dug up a bone to chew. Perhaps because they have no fixed responsibilities thrust upon them, they are keen on taking up any odd item that comes up. They have been landed with the Science Fair this year and they seem to be making something of it.

But this is not enough to sap all their energies. The result is that they go round poking their noses into affairs in which no sane committee would interfere.

They have a vast and quite undefined field to investigate—and have come up with surprising and (to some) rather embarrassing facts. Their suggestions smack so much of common sense that people up there are still gasping for breath. Keep up the good work, EAC, and don't let committeeism get you down too much. We rather fancy the theory that the EAC is a Committee only in name and that there are actually human beings camouflaged in it, but we would rather not elaborate on this point.

* * *

Campastimes and Satyrus IITianus

Undoubtedly, *Campastimes* does manage to see the light of day now and then with all of twenty pages round the waist. The IITian needn't, however, congratulate himself on this remarkable (!) achievement. Those twenty pages could have been a lot livelier and a great deal more interesting to him if he had applied his wits to making them so. Let him turn these points over in his mind:

(i) he can do better than merely sit and pass comments on anything that doesn't meet his approval;

(ii) it is ridiculous to have entire issues written by the Committee;

(iii) he would enjoy seeing the fruits of his intellectual labours in print;

(iv) ergo, he should write for *Campastimes*!

If this elicits anything more than a cynical snicker from Satyrus IITianus, let us rejoice and offer thanksgiving. At long last, logic is beginning to make an impression on the creature. If it doesn't, things aren't changed very much. We have grown inured to the business of trying to inform and entertain him in spite of himself.

CAMPASTIMES wishes its readers the best of luck in the exams.

By the Way

It does not seem very long since the term began, but the examinations and the vacation are already close at hand. At least, so it appears to me: this is no doubt because, in the old order of things, we started off in the second week of July and worked for four weeks after the Terminals, breaking up some time in the middle of December. These four weeks were a sort of official picnic—the sternest conscience does not jibe at taking things easy just after exams, and a stern conscience is not part of an IITian constitution anyway. There was an unwritten truce between us and the Academic Section to the effect that there would be no periodicals botching up this idyll. They used to get their kicks in February, with notices like 'In partial modification of the notice F/Acad/65/413 it is notified that the periodicals scheduled for February 18th now stand preponed to February 11th. Classes to be held on the 18th which were transferred to the 14th will be held on the 18th while classes scheduled for the 11th will be conducted on the 14th. Absence on the 14th will entail loss of attendance on both 11th and 18th.' I remember we tried to get them to hold off sending the grade cards home until we got back from the hols, but they wouldn't agree. Something to do with their getting into trouble with their Union.

Come back to the picnic, (I refuse to apologize for going off at a tangent: this column is supposed to be a series of digressions) it did have its uses. (It used to provide a gradual build-up for the Inter-IIT Meet. This used to come off at the beginning of the hols, and everybody could go on home from there. Last year, however, the early vacation brought the Meet at its middle. The beginning of the vacation had to be used as a training period. In effect the contingent missed the vacation. I know they were given one week afterwards, but that is not the same thing. It is bad enough to stay back here and train when everyone else is going home (it is chiefly the lack of company that depresses), but coming back late and finding a week's accumulation of lectures, tutorials and labs to catch up on is even worse. The sacrifice our sportsmen were called upon to make was in my opinion unfair. Some of them reluctantly decided that they could not make it, and I cannot blame them. Let me make one thing clear, though. Where we finish is immaterial, and I am not saying that to cover up for past failures. The effort is everything. When we walk off the field, we should feel that we did as much as we damn well could. That is the true measure of participation.

I venture to say that no team with a few key players missing, and a lost vacation eyeing them balefully from limbo, could even approach this feeling. As far as I can see, such half-hearted participation is a hollow farce. It is the ultimate betrayal of those gallant few who do go in the face of every adversity. Speaking of adversity, our team faced the bleak Kanpur winter with no track-suits. Explanation: the Gymkhana was short of funds. This is the sort of logic that would provoke hoots of derision from an inebriated baboon which had been dropped on its head at birth. If you can't afford to send a team, you should at least refrain from sending an assortment. That's just one example. We need a proper gym and an instructor, not a patch of sand looking like a miniature Corporation playground. Yes, I know. The Gymkhana is short of funds! If the situation is so desperate, we could miss one Meet completely, and use the money to give our men better facilities and a better chance next year.

Somebody once said, in effect, so what if we finished last in the Inter-IIT Meet? We have the highest pass percentage in India. He missed the point. You don't need to say 'so what' if you really tried. And as for the pass percentage, with the advent of supplementaries we can jolly well stop bragging about it. It is time to throw out all the hoary old chestnuts which we have heard year after year, and think afresh—before the event, for once, instead of after.

S. PARAMESHWARAN.



The time seems ripe to take a look at Gymkhana activities.

One of the points stressed this year, participation, started off very well right at the Inaugural Function. If participation is to be something tangible rather than just a political slogan, everyone must have hot information concerning all the activities. In this respect, *Campastimes* is not very useful, and the bringing in of Spotlight was definitely necessary. (I'm writing this at the beginning of October—just see when you get to read it.)

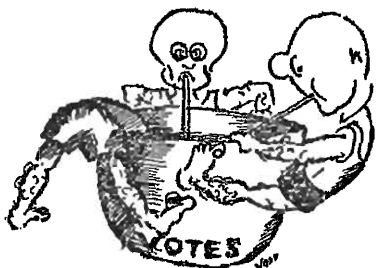
Elections

Election time, as everyone knows, is just fine for renewing old friendships, starting new ones, looking up your nursery school pals, rediscovering long lost relatives and yakking away in all the languages you ever learnt.



Election Rations

Everyone is friendly, you find people who laugh at your wise-cracks, and the various soft drinks manufacturers have a marked rise in their sales. Unfortunately, this blissful state doesn't last for ever—the snag is that some people get in and others don't. Both these results may create difficulties.



Suckers for vote

As soon as the elections are over, we come across a thing called the *post election fadeout*. This generally applies to the runners-up for the posts at all levels. The trouble with this is that the talents of these persons aren't seen as much as they might be. There is also the danger of interested observers feeling obliged to act as if differences existed between the main participants in an election, creating their own merry gangs, and making it tough for these blokes to work comfortably together. Winners fadeout too; mainly when an election becomes a matter of prestige rather than just a glorified elimination process for catching hold of some fish to spare around for you.

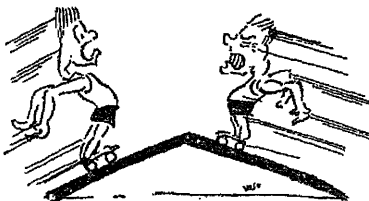
If the members of a committee feel like it, they can co-opt one or two interested persons. An advantage of this would be that some capable people who don't like to go through the taxing ritual of elections could easily be pulled in.

This business of co-option would make elections less important, since getting in would be no problem—all one would have to do would be to display a little interest and ability in that line instead of gambling on cokes, cigarettes and transport (cars, bikes, walking sticks . . .).

With elections made less important, the 100% glamour boys would drift away to other fields and one is sure that a lot more would be done besides putting in an appearance every time there is a tea. (I'll bet that there are blokes who haven't even seen the other members of their committee!)

An example of a nominated committee which has been getting along reasonably well is the Board of Editors of *Campastimes*. No doubt it is possible to make out that the bonds between the various members have not been formed exclusively by a common journalistic interest—and you do find old acquaintances, alter egos, back seat wallahs, namesakes, relatives and the like, but the set seem to be getting on alright.

Another non-elected group making out fine is the Skating Club. After a couple of shaky



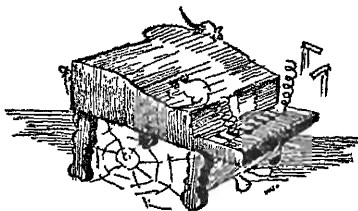
Watch where you're going!

turns and sudden bumps, the Club, like its members, is rolling along comfortably on its own feet. And that's pretty difficult if you have skates on!

The Piano

IIT seems to be famous for things like the Gajendra Circle, the Swimming Pool, the Convocation, the Mike System, and the Piano. The last named object is at this moment in grave danger of being struck off the list. Some brilliant morons actually recognized it is a musical instrument, a task requiring a high degree of creative ingenuity considering the condition the object was in.

Not satisfied with identifying this rare contraption, they've taken on the job of getting it fixed and maintained. Due respect was given to the aristocratic German ancestry of the piano by moving it out of the hot sun—the resting place reserved exclusively for mad dogs and Englishmen. Even the water shortage was considered when the piano was shifted: in its new position, it doesn't prevent even one drop of rain water from reaching the thirst soil. A full-time dentist has been appointed to check its teeth every-time anyone above a mosquitoweight boxer comes for a workout. At this rate we might actually get to hear George Verghese on the ancient crate instead of being told about his achievements outside IIT.



Stuffed Shirts

There has been a flood of high-sounding expressions all over the place. For instance, notices require all those 'desirous of partici-

pating' to come for something or the other. Couldn't they just ask those who would 'like to come'? We find that the hostels are being called 'halls of residence'! This requires a terrific degree of pompousness together with a complete ignorance of facts. Even the most fantastic imagination could not think of these disjointed chunks of concrete enclosing an assortment of weeds and lizards as halls! We don't even have the sanction of long usage; can you possibly think of ——— Hall or ——— Hall? ——— prison would be nearer the mark.

I don't think it possible for anyone to reside in this place. The subsistence diet, the poky little cubbyholes which pass for rooms, the uncouth attenders and the blood-thirsty mosquitos don't quite fit into the ideal picture of a residence. We can say with confidence that our worthy neighbour, the Governor, resides; we can say that the books in our shelves, borrowed in the first year; reside; that the occupants of Gajendra Circle reside and the numerous sleep-walkers in the departments reside. But US? Impossible! At this rate things would get so stuffy that you'd never be able to say b—s to it all. You'd have to use something elegant like *spheres*. That certainly would please those men up in Olympus. Never mind—*Spheres to them!*

—VIKRAM.

SOLUTION TO SQUARE DANCE No. 1

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Across : | Down : |
| 1. Eaves | 2. Victories |
| 4. Bereft | 3. Straight |
| 8. Reducer | 5. Rarer |
| 10. Torment | 6. Freedom |
| 12. Temporis | 7. Try to believe |
| 13. Radio | 9. Domes |
| 14. Slight | 10. Teen |
| 16. Thames | 11. Two is company |
| 18. Tow | 15. Toc |
| 20. Locust | 17. Hole story |
| 22. Eaglet | 19. Watchful |
| 25. Elude | 21. Counter |
| 27. Locks it up | 23. Totem |
| 28. Entropy | 24. Cloy |
| 29. Footman | 26. Elope |
| 30. Ardent | |
| 31. Loyal | |

—S. Parameshwaran.

**CAMPASTIMES
PRIZEWINNERS**
Vol. VIII No. 1

Best General article—'Dear Diary' by S. R. NAIR.

Best Short Story—'The Devil in Person' by P. C. VISWANATHAN.

Editor's Prize—'Madras Avenue Mad' by G. NANDA KUMAR.

Competition Prize—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

For the Limerick Competition.

SOLUTION TO SQUARE DANCE No. 2

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Across : | Down : |
| 1. Plutocracy | 2. Lime |
| 9. Reef | 3. Taoism |
| 10. Embodiment | 4. Cricket |
| 11. Russet | 5. Amen |
| 12. Crumpet | 6. Yttrium |
| 15. Tuition | 7. Crustiness |
| 16. Therm | 8. Centennial |
| 17. Bail | 12. Cybernetic |
| 18. Peri | 13. Unit length |
| 19. Enter | 14. Thank |
| 21. Rollick | 15. Trier |
| 22. Refuse | 19. Ecstasy |
| 24. Ernest | 20. Real ego |
| 27. Alimentary | 23. Use two |
| 28. Into | 25. Pier |
| 29. Yarborough | 26. Crag |

—S. Parameshwaran.

THE VIPS ARE COMING...

THE VIPS ARE COMING...

It all started with the morons up there in the Gymkhana who decided wisely that they should invite some scientific bloke or the other to inaugurate the new Gymkhana building. A fresher bloke who got in accidentally, chose to disagree, but he was shouted out by the more articulate members who considered him precocious (one has to give him that much credit), and impertinent. The result was that this corny proposal was actually agreed upon. The fresher bloke thought longingly of the day when he, as a big shot, would brow-beat young morons into silence.

One thing has invariably surprised all the chief-guests at Institute functions. They find it rather easy to lean back in the luxurious upholstery of their limousines and say, 'Man, they really live it up here!' A Mayor was rumoured to have remarked, 'This joint has a nursery huge enough to make Madras the city beautiful.' Maybe he was given to using bad metaphors, or perhaps he lived in fantasies. Let us come back to the Gymkhana chaps. It so happened that they wanted keep up the reputation of the Institute in such matters, and there developed a situation which would easily have beaten Roman orgies of the worst kind. Visions of sumptuous food floated before the corpulent members. They were rather pleased.

The General Secretary called for an exclusive meeting of the various secretaries to draw up the guest list. Of course they would have the usual horde of VIPs, both from the Institute and outside. At this point, a rather ebullient lady from Sarayu, much impressed by all this jazz, chirped in, 'Mah mommy!' 'Of course, your mommy,' said the hyper-sensitive Entertainment Sec. 'Sure, sure,' volunteered the gallant knights. Someone looked in the direction of the fresher and chuckled (My, he is quite diplomatic now-a-days).

OAT, the largest amphitheatre in India, was chosen as the venue, for obvious reasons, in spite of the fact that the newly-erected building was half-a-mile away. Here was an opportunity to flaunt our technological progress! The following complicated procedure was formulated. It was the usual press-a-button-on-the-stage, the-tape-gets-cut routine. 'Dr Claudius Thamboosami will be impressed!' So everyone thought. The engineering unit was set upon the poor amphitheatre a few days before D-day. A stage which looked somewhat like a cross between a lotus and a triangle was mounted, and painted electric pink; a virulent yellow backdrop in velvet was just the thing. Flower-pots were brought from the well-camouflaged nursery behind OAT. They were hung from all manner of odd places—to render the place beautiful. A bee would have simply died of fatigue saying, 'Hi, rose', 'Hiya, Chrysanthemum' and things. The railing pipes were jazzed up with scarlet paint. This was to extract interesting comments from those who leaned on those pipes for years to come. 'Bring along your kids' must have been in the invitation. Bulbs were to flash and sighs change, filling eight-year-olds' minds with wonder. 'Who gives the orders to these horrors?' was the Big Question. The IITian stared.

Dr Claudius Yoohoo Thamboosami, in true scientific tradition, would rather skip the dinner bit. So it was decided to have an informal heavy tea. Sealed tenders were *not* invited from the all too numerous canteens in the Institute. The matter was left to the gluttons and gastronomes of the Gymkhana. The public address system was given special attention in view of its notorious inefficiency.

Strict instructions were given to play 'Come September' and not the same old 'Limboh rock' again. There were only a few days left. The Gen. Sec. borrowed a Zodiac from his neighbour; persons were rounded up to sing *Sahanabhawathu*; invitation cards were sent to everyone including someone's mommy. The IITian cursed.

It was about 3-30 in the evening. Dr Claudius T. arrived safe and sound and was ushered up to the Conference Room. The informal heavy tea went right on schedule. All would have been okay had not the Gen. Sec. hogged well but not too wisely: he had to leave in a hurry. He caught hold of our Ed and after a formal introduction, said, 'I'm sure you would like to air your ideas on science. Have an interview!' and left the two for a *tele-a-tele*. Dr Claudius T. smiled gratefully and started to say, 'Thomas Alva Edison...' when he was stopped by the puzzled look on the Ed's face who, incidentally, was choking on his seventh *laddu*.

('Cough) Just one sec, sir, cough gulp!), excuse me, sir, I'll go get the tape-recorder,' said he and hurried off into the corridor, cursing away to himself. He had had more than enough of interviews. The Social Secretary came in at the right time; obviously he was waiting for it. 'He'll be back in a jiffy,' he reassured the C. G. (Where else would he get material for his rag!) 'Would you like some more tea?' 'Yes, please,' said Dr Claudius T., charmed by this polite young gentleman. The Ed Crawled back wondering who was going to do the write-up.

'As I was saying, Edison did not have any VTVM or duodenum but still, he has done more to electrical engineering and obstetrics than Casanova . . . , blah blah . . . ' The Ed had taken the precaution of stuffing his ears with cotton wool; he sure was a veteran. The interview ended in a short time anyway, because Dr Thamboosami was scheduled to visit the Workshops at 4.30 P.M.

blushed. The rows of dopes stared at the great man and cursed. Imagine keeping them back till 5 P. M. to be inspected by this zoological specimen!

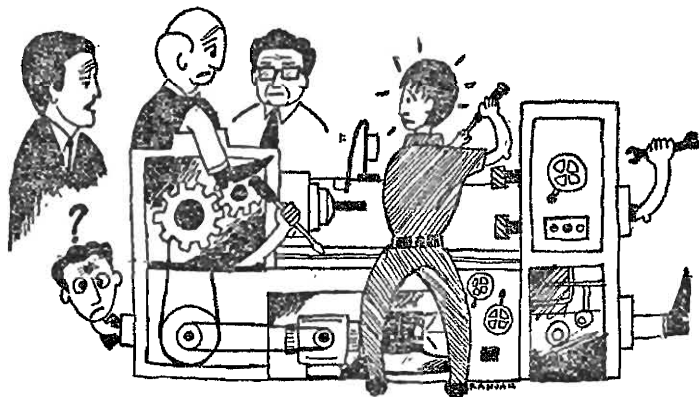
Dr Claudius, did not stop with that. He went into the Machine Shop and looked at the ST34 Sliding Arbor Universal Screw-cutting Lathe as if it was his incubator. On-lookers were puzzled by this extraordinary interest. And all those gadgets in the Electrical Shop! 'Man, this Soupee is a killer!' he thought (he was Yank-oriented).

Now that that ordeal was over, he was brought to the OAT. By this time, the Gymkhana people were tired. The hardships involved in conducting such a function were unexpected. The Gen. Sec. and Chief Guest were hurrying down the inclined path when out-stepped a professor.

'Claudius, old egg! How come you call yourself Thamboosami these days? Stinker wasn't good enough for you, eh?' The Gen. Sec. tried to look at the other way. Dr Claudius T. responded enthusiastically, 'Harry Pattabhiraman! What a surprise! How're you, old cog? Imagine seeing you in a lovely place like this!' and on they went leaving frustrated IITians to yell their guts out. People began to voice their demands more vociferously, as is usual. Eyebrows shot up. The poor G. Sec. got jittery. 'Er . . . shall we proceed?' he asked politely, ignoring the caustic glances of Dr Harry P., mainly because he was not in the same department.

Soon they took their seats on the stage. 'Taste of Honey' was stopped and one saw the same old mugs singing 'Om Shanti Shanti' to an unpacifiable crowd. The Gen. Sec. read a welcome speech, punctuated by boos from his adversaries. At last the great and glorious building was opened. Now Dr Claudius T. decided to radiate knowledge.

'I am very happy to open your new three-storey building. This is sign of metabolic

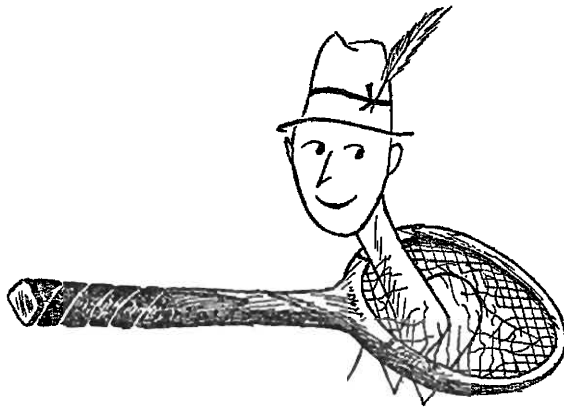


The Central Workshops were a sight! What with all the sermons at the entrance, at the Betriebsleiter's, at the Supdt's Office, at the water cooler and the toilet, and what with objects like 'silent sentinels' standing guard against phasor miscreants! Dr Claudius T. was impressed. The Carpentry Shop was just impeccable—no sawdust. He was moved. Young boys at the age of sixteen working so hard! He went into the Fitting Shop and was given a load of drivel regarding the working of various machines. He entered the place where the freshers were pretending to work. As befits a man of science, he looked benevolently at a mug. The mug actually

activity, of growth: of building, to be precise. Institute Gymkhanas, are very conducive to the development of science.' At this very instant something happened at the announcer's pit. The public address system was cut off leaving Dr Claudius whispering to the mike. The circumstances under which the bewildered P.A. man did this can be described as anything from unusual to demanding. It happened that the father of one Arul Gowda had come to see him and made like: he was itching to dive into the reunion scene. The P.A. man, a compassionate being,

(Continued on p. 13; Col. 3)

Sportfolio



Cricket :

The Cricket ground at the stadium is a battlefield for the fielder. Last year, there was an additional hazard—the fielder had to cope with practice nets, through which the ball could pass but he could not. The nets have been removed to a new spot : God help those who are playing there—it's a death trap !

The authorities (Lor' bless 'em !) have at last realised the need for institute caps—as was to be expected, supplied to the team after the fixtures had been completed. May be they expect the caps to be worn to class !

On Spectators :

The inter-hostel matches have brought these people into focus. The spectators have every right to cheer, jeer and cat call. There may be times when the acts of fielders seem unsporting. *But there is nothing unsporting about getting a batsman out.* If the batsman walks out of his crease before the ball is dead, he can be run out. The rules say that. Shouting obscenities doesn't change the fact. And keeping up a steady stream of abuse to unnerve the fielders isn't fair. Not cricket. The play may have seemed 'ungentlemanly' but then, perhaps, we could discard rules,

umpires and the rest of the paraphernalia, to make the game gentlemanly.

Football :

The football team has been fairly successful in recent years. More than that they have earned a reputation for being gentlemen on the field. A referee has been heard saying that our team was the only one that took a decision without complaining. But this image has been destroyed by a lot of petty scrapping just before the inter-varsity.

Chillar spent considerable energy and time to see that our team was allowed to participate. The tickets for the trip were bought and everybody was wishing everybody else luck. So far so good. The Captain suddenly announced that he could not make the trip. A regatta was more important. The team faced with the problem of choosing a 'convenient captain' temporarily decided on one of the senior players. Then the 'power politics' started. On the eve of the team's departure, personal feelings came to the surface and Chillar's efforts were in vain—the team stayed behind ! Another version of the story goes like this : Patel was injured, Ganguli was injured, Anupam couldn't come. So what was the point in going ?

It's a regular war with the authorities to obtain permission for participation in inter-varsity tournaments. The disputes could have been settled before the tickets were bought. It can only be hoped that other teams are not refused permission to enter inter-varsity tournaments because of this incident.

Inter-varsity Tournaments :

The Institute expects a team to become at least the zonal champions to earn the right to enter the inter-varsity. A couple of our teams nearly made the grade. Given different conditions they could do better. Should the Gymkhana grudge the teams a chance to prove their worth ? Performance at the inter-varsity may not be very encouraging but the experience will stand the teams in good stead.

The skating team's 'victory' at Simla has been loudly acclaimed for quite some time. A vast amount of money was spent in sending a handful of competitors for the skating meet in which we did well—naturally. There were only four teams competing !! The Gymkhana cannot go about comparing their performance with that of—say, the hockey team. In fact, the Institute skating team came first in a meet held here—they were the only people on the rink.

It's generally felt in sports circles that the skating club is getting undue attention. The equipment provided to them is top class, yet a great fuss is being made about the lack of some items, which are being speedily bought. Does this speak of the efficiency of the secretary of the skating club ? Or does the Institute somehow feel responsible for the birth of a freak-club ? We don't grudge the skating club anything ; only let's retain some sense of proportion when we brag.

—RAMGOPAL SHARMA.

EDWIN'S HABIT :

He has done it once again.
In the State Shuttle
Badminton Championships,
Edwin Srinivasan won the Singles title.
Capt. Sheopuri and Edwin won the Doubles.
Good for them.

Rescued from the W. P. B.

Do not throw away that for which you see no immediate use. That's the reason why some people collect stamps and others buy waste-paper baskets. The net result being that guys like me have an easy way out when asked to write articles.

Easy way out ???

Well old horse, the fact is that most of this article was written by other chaps—chaps who got out of their beds in a hurry and proceeded to scribble for this rag—the aforementioned stuff being just as hastily dispatched, via the *Ed.* to the WPB. From which receptacle yours truly fished them out and went on to (ahem !) write an article.

You know, now and then I don't quite see eye to eye with the *Ed.* For one thing, I don't mind lukewarm jokes, not even chestnuts. Hence my first exhibit shall be a—well, satirical piece written with a truly

Joycean eye for detail—

'Journey by IIT Bus'

Last Saturday I went on a journey by IIT bus. I am still alive, heh, heh !

On that day there was a large crowd standing near Jamuna at 12-35 p.m. Nobody had the decency to tell me that they were all waiting for the bus. The bus was scheduled to arrive at 12-45 p.m., but as usual was half hour late, so to say it arrived at 1-15 p.m. Immediately there was an ocean of humanity moving towards the bus. I was not with them. I was under them.

Somehow or the other I got into the bus and at once began to feel that I was in Kotwal Chawdi fish market—not that I think I am a fish, but the smell, you see. But then, we were packed like sardines ! Somebody was stamping on my new Sandak shoes and one Sardarji was breathing down my neck. He was a hairy fellow and it was just past noontime.

In the meanwhile, not only had somebody picked my pocket but also the conductor was asking me for tickets. This was very funny

and I will tell you why. As I told him, 'You have made or^e mistake. It is I who should be asking you for ticket and not me you yar !!!'

The second effort is somewhat more humorous and is by (I presume) a A. Hitchcock fan.

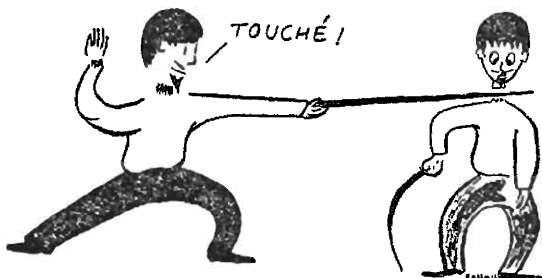
'A Ghost Story'

It was a dark, gloomy, moonless night. It was raining cats and dogs and water. Every now and then lightning streaked across the sky and was followed by THUNDER.

A man was sitting in a four-legged armchair beside a flickering candle in a haunted house reading a book on ghosts. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door ! The man got up, and with trembling hands unbarred, unchained and unlocked the door. There was *yet another man standing outside !*

The stranger came in. He wore black gloves, a black hat and his face was completely enveloped in a muffler. He then spoke in a deep, unnatural voice, as if from the bottom of a well.

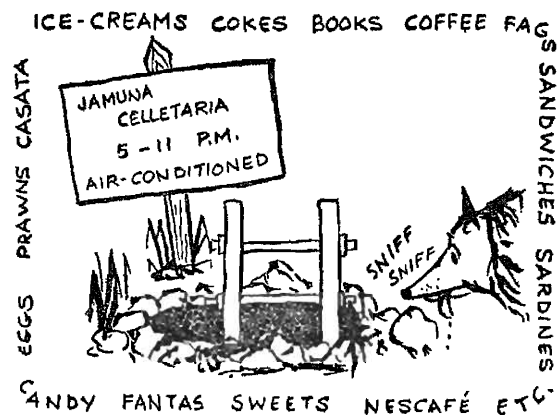
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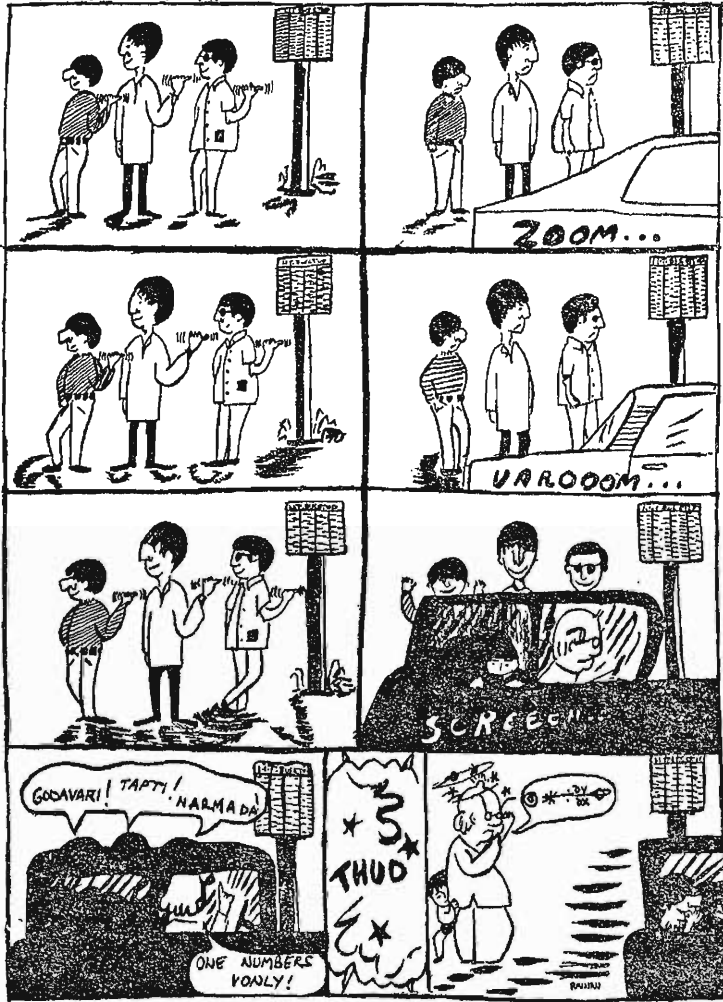
A Tragedy !

A duel between Ramon and Moshe,
Ended when Moshe said, 'Touche !'
As for poor Ramon,
People said, 'Amen,
And Requiescat in Pace !'

—A. SANKARAN.



HIJACK - I.I.T.?



Rescued—(Continued from p. 11)

'Do you know who I am?'
The original man replied in a quavering voice, 'No!'
It was a moment of sheer and naked terror. To the sound of clanking chains, the stranger took off his hat. He had no HEA—Sad, isn't it?
Well, here's a budding Stephen Leacock to continue the story—
'The Memoirs of Inspector Mullangi'.
Inspector Mullangi and I threw ourselves at the door,
And landed in a heap on the floor—
Someone had forgotten to lock the door.
With a twirl of his fingers, M sheathed his Colt. 45—
It had fallen out when we went for the dive.
We stood up. We looked around. (No,

we were not searching for Grandma's glasses.)
I notice nothing unusual—except of course, the body on the floor. It looked kind a queer—So would you if you were minus a head. Inspector Mullangi thought it out in a trice.
'There's been a homicide' he announced, unwrapping a fresh packet of Wrigley's.
I was not taken in—after all, he could be wrong, being only a cop.
'Elementary, my dear W,' he explained. 'Notice the complete absence of ways and means for a suicide—no pen-knives, no scissors, not even a guillotine—'
All right, all right, you've had enough.
Not being a blood bank, I've got a limited supply of the red fluid and with the Ed already after it I don't want you bulls too in the game.

—RAT.

C. S. SASTRI.

From Here and There

Recently we had repeated power failures on several evenings in the hostels, because some fault developed at the distribution center. Apart from this major series, power failure is a periodic process with some of the hostels and a daily affair in my wing in Kaveri. Those who are in the habit of relaxing for a couple of hours over a cup of steaming coffee, prepared using an electrical appliance, during those peak hours when others look busy reading some serious stuff, will understand the reasons for it.

Honestly, whenever the power is off, it is an occasion which IITians enjoy very much. It helps them bring out their hidden talents, and sometimes in getting a periodical postponed. In the absence of power, distance shrinks and you can hear the drums of Mandakini and the vocal chords of Ganga at distances as far as Kaveri and Krishna. Sometimes one can even hear a sort of 'bhajan' or a similar group item put up by some of the hostels, obviously dedicated to God for a speedy recovery of our power system from this dreadful disease.

Earthly creatures as we are, we can never escape human problems. Only their magnitude differs from person to person. For example, the space scientists working abroad have a problem. They want to study the possibilities of life existing on Mars. IITians have a similar problem. It is this: can life exist in IIT and, if so, for how long?

Ask any fresher what he feels about life in our campus. He will be all praise for it. 'Well Sir, I love this campus and its scenic beauty. The grass looks green and the sky looks blue. The grub in the hostels is excellent. The staff members are nice and quite the mixing type. We had a get-together recently with staff and senior students and they all asked us not to be hesitant in approaching them for any kind of help...'. But the same fresher will slowly understand that things here are not always what they appear to be. He may not notice any appreciable change in the colour of the grass or sky as the years roll by, but he definitely will feel, for instance, that the teachers here have not formed a correct opinion about his abilities, that his opinion of them would insult any assembly of hoofed animals, and that the grub in the hostels is not meant for human beings. You ask for his opinion about this campus again just before he leaves this place. 'Ayyo Muruga! Given the choice between IIT and the Andamans, I would prefer the latter where I can hope to get at least some peace of mind if not a degree in Engineering.'

Judging from this point of view one feels that life can barely exist in IIT... but not beyond 5 years.

(Continued from p. 10)



The hungry ones

announced it over the mike, leaving the audience shaking; some with fury, some with laughter. But of Claudius could do better than that. With a sheepish smile he resumed, 'As I was saying Gymkhanas help the growth of science and vice versa. Thank you'. He simply loved the phrase. It took some time for the morons to figure it out.

There was hardly a soul left when the vote of thanks was proposed. The whole bunch of Gymkhana chaps escorted Dr. Claudius T. to the car and the professor, his old pal, did not forget to say 'Cheerio, Stinker!'

A few minutes later...
All IITians (except those in the Gymkhana) moaned, 'Egad, what a waste!' The General Secretary thought of the various functions of the year that were yet to be conducted and let out an Ugh. But Dr. Claudius Thamboosami, leaning back in the comfortable upholstery of his car thought aloud, 'Man, they sure do live it up out here. But what a bunch of nitwits!'

—N. KALYANARAMAN.



CELLATARIAS

Sir,

There has been a long felt need for a joint where one could force one's heavy eyelids open with a cup of coffee and possibly a fag. This need is accentuated on Periodical nights. Those of us who never open a text-book till the last minute, (and conveniently cog any tuts) can't survive without the 10 p.m. coffee.

All good things come in pairs. So do these cafetarias—I beg your pardon, cellartarias. As it stands, they provide healthy competition to each other. It does good to those who run these canteens—there I go again—these cellartarias, but it sure is a one-way street for your pocket-money. I know of a guy, who was saving up to buy a do-it-yourself radio kit. Now he has given it up as a lost cause. His new hobby is to stuff himself up with ice-creams and the like. Well every cloud has its silver lining. This guy's neighbour heaved a sigh of relief and chaps now cling to our hero like barnacles to a ship's hull.

One of the bigwigs around here commented that a central canteen in a separate building, run on co-operative basis by the students is to be considered. Well, till then let these two forerunners carry the banner.

I suggest to the authorities that no more canteens be allowed in the hostels. Otherwise there will be a rash of this species which will do nobody any good.

It is said that a goat will starve if two identical piles of grass are left at equal distance from it. I believe there is a sizeable number of fellows in Godavari and Saraswathi, who are yet to visit either of the coffee-bars—I mean 'CELLATARIAS'.

Yours truly,
M. LINK.

Staff Opinion

(Note. I chanced on this letter down Taramani way. As it was addressed to 'The Editor, Campus Times', here you are.

A. SANKARAN)

Dear editor Saar,

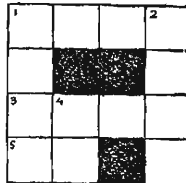
after much thoughting it over in the past times and much thinking it over in the present times I has concluded that you are very parshul, you always publiss articles by students but never by us lectururs, I has writted many thrillingly stories, and luv stories detuktiv also. Still you are not publissing not even one. then why for you are printing even potry by paramesuar and all? at least you must have decensy to give our reedurs lots of cross words puzles. hence is one I have made all by myself.

Across :

- (1) the thing before Taramani
- (3) what avery bus has
- (5) opposit of out

Down :

- (1) wat I eats
- (2) not shallow
- (4) young—oug



I has given correct ansers here but when you publiss please do it questions one page ansurs other page. then only crosswords is intrusting. it is even more eggsiting if you are giving rupees also to peepul who solves it. another things intrusting magajinis has is detuktiv and he-man stories. you must at least have serial story of M.G.R. fighting the villan. but always M.G.R. must win. pliss take my ideas seriously. yous knows that I will be taking you in totorials and if you are publissing 1 nos. of my storees I will be reely grateful.

Yours,
ROMBA P. YAPPA.

WILL SCIENCE PROJECTS RECEIVE TRUE SUPPORT?

Sir,

Two years ago, an IITian successfully completing a project for the Annual Science Fair received only a pat on the back or, worse still, a typed-out certificate. If some model-builders have survived, it is entirely due to their determination.

IIT would make a significant move if it offered awards other than certificates or ornamental brass-ware. The awards should include slide rules, cash prizes, sets of books, and scholarships. The IIT's offer the highest number of scholarships in the country. It would be in line to reserve a place or two in the scholarship list for proficiency in science project work.

The writer feels that the people who can bring into effect these suggestions will hardly even read through this. Even if they do so, they'd probably sigh over it and say, 'here's another one.' There's a lot of hope, though.

—ONE CONCERNED.

VARIETY

Dear Editor,

Campastimes could be a magazine of IIT, written by IITians, for IITians, etc., but that does not in any way mean that the topics on which the various contributors write should be strictly IITian. Not that I object to these articles; only, I do not want the magazine to be too dependent on them. In the years I have been in IIT, almost all the issues of Campastimes have been full of the same type of articles on the same topics. By now, I feel, enough has been said about Gajendra Circle, Periodicals and the old and new Ladies' Hostel. It is time we are provided with a different fare. Not because we cannot write more about the same topics, but because variety is the spice of life.

Yours, etc.,
A. SANKARAN.

Hello Spotlight!

We have great expectations of you. The best of everything from Campastimes.

ACROSS

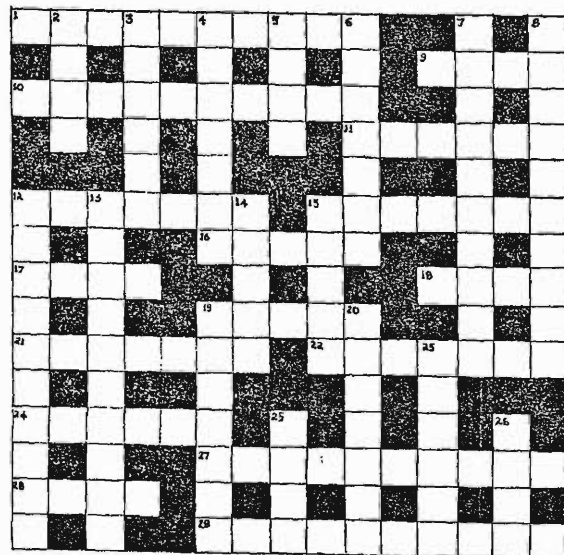
- 1. Rule of the dog, or money makes the mare move (10).
- 9. There is no charge for the irregular coral (4).
- 10. Personification of a ten dime mob (10).
- 11. Sure to get the Sales tax in reddish brown (6)
- 12. Decapitate the horn and add a hundred before tea-time (7).
- 15. Intended to be instructive (7).
- 16. Measure of cordiality—not so the flask (5).
- 17. It might get you out of custody if you manage to keep the boat empty (4).
- 18. The time is ripe for a sprite to emerge from paradise (4).
- 19. Note down in a ledger (5).
- 21. Carouse and make merry, have boisterous fun (7).
- 22. I decline to consider such rubbish (7).
- 24. Tenser sounds sincere (3,3).
- 27. Simple enough to digest, we hear (10).
- 28. Preposition of multiplication (4).
- 29. A pal with no honour in the districts (10)

DOWN

- 2. The Britisher without a reason turned sour (4).
- 3. Oriental philosophy practised back in the Open Air Theatre (6).
- 4. Noisy insect wont play the game (7).
- 5. Let it be so (4).
- 6. Why on earth didnt they call it rarer? (7).
- 7. There should be no rust in a nice ship, says the captain gruffly (10).
- 8. In the interest of our client, Anne must organise these celebrations (10).
- 12. Of Utopia where gismos question you in Algol (10).
- 13. Something between a light-year and an Angstrom (4, 6).
- 14. Gratitude in excess of the fixed constant (5).
- 15. Maker of three hesitant attempts (5).
- 19. The State Trading Corporation takes it delightfully easy? (7)
- 20. Genuine self which always comes first (4, 3).
- 23. Employ a dual multiplicity (3, 3)
- 25. Sea- side structure overwhelmed his Nibs we hear (4).
- 26. Disoriented and incomplete grace in the hills (4).

S. PARAMESHWARAN.

THE SQUARE DANCE



(Solution on page 9, Col. 3)

THE INSIDE STORY OF OUR MAN KAKE

The Return of the Editorial

One Man's Meat

Kake hails from the top of Ganga Hostel when he does any hailing; at other times he speaks in a dreamy inaudible whisper.

Long ago, long before Kake ever met *Campastimes*, he was involved in a hectic love affair with an object called the *Blue Moon Digest*, his school magazine. In other words, he edited it, and this seems to have become a habit. Even as a fresher he got mixed up with *Campastimes*, and many bouncing issues have come forth from this fruitful union.

direction. He stopped and stood aside to let the other pass, and the other bloke did the same. Kake spoke to the bloke, and a merry conversation ensued. After a few minutes, Kake's pals came back and dragged him away from the mirror. He doesn't remember the incident, naturally. Ask him if he smokes, and he'll probably say, "Do I? I'll ask Ravi and let you know."

The NCC saw a lot of Kake in various posts, but of late, they seem to have warned

The sight of a cow puts a hungry glint into some eyes. Dinner once adorned with hoofs, horns and tail may be extraordinarily appetising, but then, other people object to its translation from the open field to the cooking pot: it gives them a funny feeling in the middle. Besides, it offends their religious convictions. Apply your knives and forks to any other meat, they say, but leave the holy cow alone. This merely serves to make the prospective consumers of beefsteaks extra keen on giving a high and honoured position on the menu to choice representatives of the bovine species. The laws of psychology work in wondrous ways.

The same problem has touched off controversies on a national scale. Leaders have expressed varied opinions on this topic; their opinions cannot be expected to be stable, considering the effects of time and audience. In any case, one look at the national political scene serves to convince any sane individual that thought and sense rarely intrude on the colourful buffoonery at the Capital and elsewhere: and into the already surrealist picture drop militant sadhus in various states of undress, fasting gurus, and crowds on the rampage.

However, we are still a Secular State, whatever that may signify. We recognize the right of every individual to follow whatever religion he fancies: we allow him freedom to practise it in whatever way his beliefs dictate: so long as it doesn't interfere with other people's beliefs and rights. At least we do in theory.

The fine point is this: does your neighbour interfere with your religion by finding one more use for the cow?

Some avoid the point by saying that the carnivorous neighbour can sink his teeth into anything he desires so long as he does it out of sight and far away from their mess. Magnanimous, no doubt, but for all the good this considerate concession is, it might be a 'welcome' sign on a beefsteak up there on the Moon. If this show of tolerance is to have any significance, it is a question of here and now.

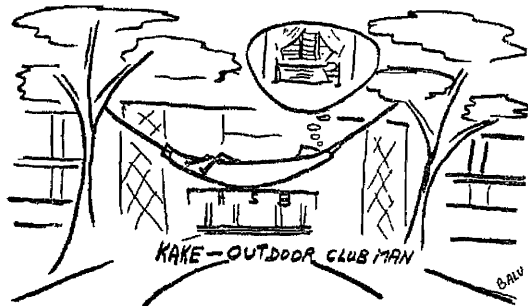
And some have no objections to anything but the idea of using plates that were once defiled by the touch of beef... (but aren't cows holy?). Plates can be washed, even sterilized—this possibility, however is looked upon as a mere subterfuge, not worthy of the status of a counter to the objection. This interpretation of the edicts of Hinduism smacks of the once-current tenet of untouchability. Now, of course, a self-styled progressive would indignantly repudiate any suggestion that he subscribes to the theory.

The hungry ones do not like being denied. They seek to meet what they consider unreasonable with a show of equal unreasonableness: with amusing results in instances. They invent on-the-spur-of-the-moment religions with strange injunctions as to what others shouldn't eat—like curd rice or *rasam*. With tongue-in-cheek religious fervour, they object to the 'unholy' food consumed in the mess, and seek to remove a large number of hitherto harmless items from the vegetarian menu. They are as much within their rights in doing this, they claim, as the conscientious objectors on the other side of the fence.

Phoney religions aside, there are a few genuine religions like Islam and Jainism which have definite rules on the subject. If beef is out, so is pork or any other type of meat.

This is the wide and easy path to madness—not to mention starvation in the midst of plenty. The food served in the mess isn't so satisfying that we can afford to dispense with major items on the menu. If it is a question of outdoing one another in objecting, we might as well pack up and go home. We aren't likely to survive out here for long.

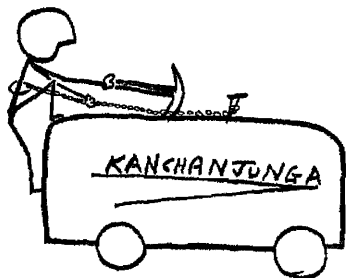
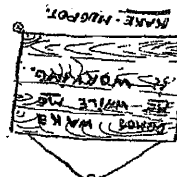
As it stands now, the cows in IIT can rest in peace. Respect for the genuine religious sentiments of a number of people has necessitated the maintenance of the taboo on beef. But that does not remove the hungry glint in some eyes.



If you see a guy chasing a snake or a snake chasing a guy across the Campus, you can rest assured one of them is Kake. He simply bubbles over with enthusiasm at the sight of the great outdoors, and playing tag with snakes in his harmless way of showing his exuberance. Onetime Secretary of the Outdoor Club, and survivor of many an outing into the wilds, he'd have a lot of interesting experiences to relate, if only he could remember them. One cop still remembers the whacking big knife Kake pulled out when asked to explain why he was loafing round the countryside in the dead of night. Kake thought the cop might be interested in rusty scout knives, and the cop thought he was in for some major surgery.



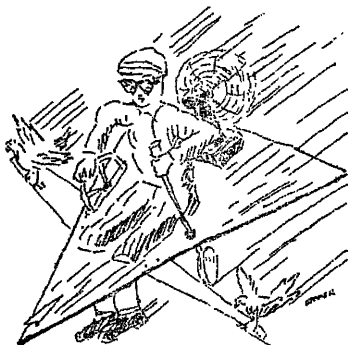
him off. After all, they have standards to maintain, and with Kake round the place the raw recruits may get ideas. Having taken all the trouble of persuading Major Jaffery that he had done his duty, the NCC weren't in any mood to let Kake undo the good work.



Kake—Mountaineer

Kake has a phenomenally weak memory. As an illustration, we can cite the remarkable encounter he had when he went to see a movie with a couple of pals. The trio was stomping up the staircase to the balcony when Kake saw a smart bloke stomping in the opposite

As befits an Aero bloke about to be launched into the great wide spaces, he evinces great interest in all matters aeronautical. If Kake had his way, we'd be having chicken-powered aircraft flapping all over the Campus.

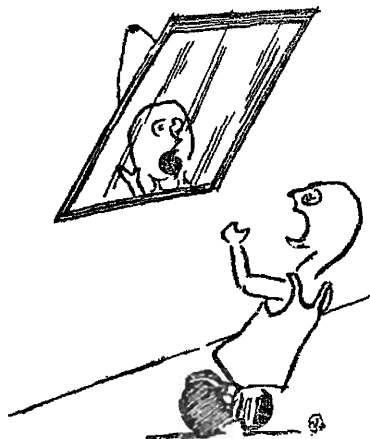


KAKE - TEST PILOT

Kake used to fool around with a raft on the lake near the temple. He gave up all naval ambitions after swallowing half the lake when his gallant vessel capsized.



Kake—Ancient Mariner



Kake—Conversationalist

Kake's stock is high among the staff: he is considered capable and dependable. And as for student opinion, here it is, for all its cynicism: "He's the least unpopular guy round the place, yar."

K. KALYANARAMAN, JR.