

To the Editors

Campus Times of I. I. T

Studied the theory of posteriority

They saw no reason

Why a weaker woman

Should be of superior quality.

The pigs shouted, "liberty,

Equality and also Fraternity

Our rears are as neat

As a ladies' seat

Let's liberate them from ignominy.

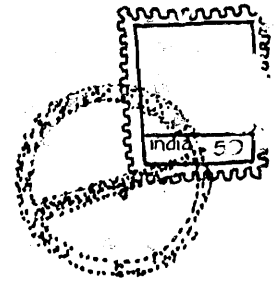
Extrapolating rules of multiplicity

They suggested a woman-only city

By running on logic

And not on bio-logic

Brought down the rate of productivity.



Sons of Adam, hark to my call
Your Pa should've let the apple fall
Eve Eden's butt never would
Have let ladies sit-while you stood.

— Choky.

Dear Sir,

Your editorial (Oct) has a wonderful
suggestion. Women-only' city. Solves
another important problem - population!

Keep it up!

Yours,

Granti.

137, Krishna

Dear Eds.,

We pinch your seats because you pinch ours.

Ms. Sorebottoms

.. And now a word from the editors

Our last reference to mathematics was when we quoted statistics to point out that more than 90% of the contributions come from less than 10% of the populace.

We had just started then; we are a lot wiser now. Based on our experiences we've formulated a theory so far unthought of for which we think we deserve a Nobel - 'The Law of Inverse Response' Stated simply it runs:

The contribution density:

$$c_i = \frac{\text{no. of contributions}}{\text{no. of people}} \text{ from a}$$

given group of people is inversely proportional to the exponent of the population

$c_i = \frac{N_i}{P_i} = \frac{k}{e^{P_i}}$, where k is the constant of convenience (i.e. convenience, so as to prove our law).

The population ratio of Saraguites-

ITians have
impeccable taste

....

They like

Campastimes

to the rest of the student population is around 1:20. Given that, in this issue 5 contributions are from Sar-
-ayu, the nimble minded reader can now work out how many came from the rest. He may even land up with an imaginary quantity. If he then wonders where the rest of the stuff came from, we must remind him to take into account the number of editors - viz. 3. If you've got the impression even inadvertently that we are not getting enough contributions brother are you mistaken. And to our better halves - before you accuse us once again of being male chauvinist pigs we'd like you to know that we didn't include sisters only because you do contribute. Thanks.
P.S.

Whilst our law awaits further verification we'd like you to continue being our touchstone.

- Editors -

... and we received one more letter...

- in response to 'PROCCAL.' Lack of space prevents us from publishing it entirely but here is an excerpt:

'This book is written in what you call programmed learning style..... 'From known to unknown'.... Well that is how the learning is illustrated here. This is the first problem explaining the use of the equation defining the law of mass conservation and the subsequent problems progressively explain the use of differentiation and integration thus bringing in the concepts of steady state and unsteady state behaviour. This kind of initial fun in the initial problems is a feature of many books which try to highlight the importance of the 'method' - a phenomenon usually associated with books on logic.

- Ch. Durgaprasada Rao -
EDITOR - PROCCAL

Forever - HSB

It was eight o'clock on a rainy winter morning. The dying notes of the siren faded away, merging into a stifling atmosphere of gloom and classes. We tumbled out of the brightly lit mess, and dragged those sleek, modern descendants of the monstrous penny-farthing. Blow! The tyres were flat.

A leisurely saunter saw us in that deathless HSB classroom a few minutes later. The usual sprinkling of long suffering old faithfuls had shown up. The vast majority were still to have a go at today's coffee and buttered toast - absolute essentials before class - we settled down.

Authority had rolled in just a couple of minutes before we did. Never a particularly verbose person, he staunchly believed in whispering words of wisdom only to the first bench. To the rest, a silent, oft-repeated

plea went out -

'You can really have no notion how bugging it will be,
When you take up the book, and throw it, 'cause you're simply at sea!
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you will you listen to me?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you listen to me?

It was answered in a deafening chorus:

'We would if we could, but we can't so we won't:
We could if we would, but we won't so we can't.

And so they

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not listen to him:
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not listen to him.

The neat, legible hieroglyphics on the black board read:

$$(e^{kx})^n = [(e^{kx})']' = k(e^{kx})' = k^2 e^{kx}$$

and for an arbitrary n ,

$$(e^{kx})^n = k^n e^{kx}$$

We shall need these formulae later on'.

Jotted down in our notebook was the legend, 'Refer Nikolai. P Vol I Pg. 234'. The lit Cat behind us, who'd been listening to the lecture for 20-odd seconds, growled, "He'd never make it to an elocution team. Abs. no diction, clarity or substance!" We agreed.

"Can't he articulate? He mumbles," the lit Cat added. O.k. you've got the point across, we told him.

"If he'd been me listening to him up there, he'd know just how he'd sound. He's duller than the weather. If..... If..... If:.....". He relapsed into an injured silence and, in disgust, picked up the Steinbeck.

We'd left the Wodehouse behind, so we perched ourselves on the fence to watch life trickle by. The larger Beaver in front wasn't chirpy today. Like the

rest of us, had finally relegated satchels and shining morning faces to yesterday, and wore a look of sleepy resignation. Thicks aimed a piece of chalk at F.B. Missed, of course. It landed squarely on Authority's desk. We picked up, waited. Authority, magnanimous as ever, ignored the interruption. The stolid countenance remained impassive, and normal activity was gradually resumed.

Someone was crooning a sentimental number. Someone else joined him, drumming on the table to keep time. Another guy, highly impressed by R.K. Laxman's Extramural Lecture, was trying his hand at cartooning. Picasso would've been pleased with the result. It certainly bore a resemblance to the subject - in the abstract! The Class Rep was involved in a heated argument with an unco-operative student. Jabber, Jabber... periodical system... four year B.Tech... Jabber, Jabber.

We decided to go back to that perennial source of occupation - crossword puzzles. Minutes ticked on, and the grey drizzle steadily worsened into a tropical downpour. The monotone continued to fall on deaf ears.

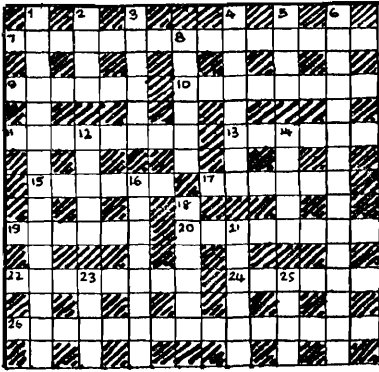
Soon, the roll call was through, and brimming with the knowledge of what we'd known before - which was what we'd always known - we were on our way. The next hour, the one after that, the afternoon class, the next day, week, month... it doesn't mean enough to make a difference.

~ the doodlebugs ~

**What
could
it
be?...**

A sheet of it will bend completely on itself. When heated it still retains its elasticity to a high degree. When subjected to twisting it regains its form quickly. When a sheet is compressed laterally it will reduce to about one-sixth of its volume and will again come back to form. When compressed over its larger surface, it reduces to approximately one-tenth of its thickness and recovers in a matter of seconds. It is a reasonably good heat and sound insulating material being full of air spaces. It would make a good shock absorber in not too tough environments. ANS. ON PAGE 10

CROSS-WORD



ACROSS:

- 7 A virile one in a full meeting? An all-powerful envoy, perhaps? (15)
- 9 Bread winner who's not quite a beginner (6)
- 10 Union to spoil one in a temper (8)
11. Not quite the answer to a division (9)
13. Looking here and there meddlesomely but refusing to render the tune. (6)

- 15.- Busy? Perhaps note the doctor (6) 17- Carbon light in which the elite are tightlipped (4,2)
19. Outside the vessel, the senator moved to face another direction - (6)
- 20- Copper-less herb found beside the valley has exceptional quality (8)
22. Flag stall by a road (8) 24- Defeats? Nothing inside but it still intoxicates (6)
- 26- What you bring to card-room House (5,3,2,5)

DOWN

- 1- Request certain aeroplanes for these joy-seekers (8,7)
- 2- The rule of the church will become leaderless soon (4)
- 3- Thin? keep a point in reserve - (6)
- 4- Submerging device with new Krön lens (8)
- 5- The French noon dress (4)
- 6- Beginning's post? Rendezvous for X and Y perhaps? (7,8)
- 12- Giant bird with a newt's head (5)
- 14) Proverbial simpleton (5)
- 16- Newspapers on the rising? Perhaps this middleman will settle their dispute (8)
- 18- China's head's right to publish is something to be proud of (6)
21. Snubs? Riddle: Very loud within (6)
23. Heartless look for this festival (4)
25. So hostile a surrounding! The beginning of a Bohemian society.

- Bong & Shiva.

~ insight ~

The number of flippant and inane articles one reads in *CompasTimes* gives the impression that nobody is serious about any topic in this place, barring complaints in 'FOCUS'. I beg to differ, even at the risk of being pedantic.

But what serious topic can interest the average student here if it is not clever? Clever! - smart people filled with volumes of scientific information but nothing of substance. It is a constant reminder to me of the dangers of separating those two cultures, the sciences and the humanities.

You may not agree with me on this, but the dangers of promoting a science-only culture cannot be underestimated. With the knowledge we possess collectively, we are a very potent force with the capacity to bring about fundamental changes in this world. Every year, a number of us are let loose on an unsuspecting society. In the hands of an assertive personality, we can become a weapon of untold destruction, without being found guilty even in the court of conscience. As long as we remain ignorant of all else in this world and do not bear any responsibility to society we are vulnerable to such influences. Had the scientists at Los Alamos been better exposed to the humanities and more responsible to society, the horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki may never have occurred.

This brings me to one of my favourite themes, 'the democracy of the intellect' and human understanding. It is not enough we learn about the other's culture - we should also propagate ours. True, scientific know-how is available to anyone who seeks it. But we should not expect others to seek it. Instead, we should try and reach out to them. Knowledge in the hands of a select-few can be dangerous because this lack of general participation will ultimately lead to its decay and death.

Why did all those great civilizations of yesteryear, including our own on the banks of the Indus, decline and fall? Marauding hordes? Perhaps! But a more likely reason is that the 'aristocracy of the intellect' prevailed - knowledge was a closely guarded secret. Democracy of the intellect is a must for the continued

ascent of Man. And to see that it exists is our responsibility.

But there is a more compelling reason for my advocating more interest in the humanities. Venturing into them is like venturing into a new world. And one with a culture both richer and more profound. It has the ability to mellow the harder elements within us, induce fraternity and feeling and give food for thought.

I can assure you with all confidence that you will never regret such a venture.

ONE & ZERO

I was walking down our illustrious Mount Road, the other day, when an ad screamed down at me (from its rather uncomfortable perch atop a scantily fleshed bikini (!) advertising for a soap) "THE WORLD'S GOING DIGITAL" - and after a moment's reflection I realised how very true the exclamation was. Quite unknown to us, the ones and the zeros have crept into every conceivable aspect of our lives, and dual as Man is, we are unable to resist the force they have over us - the ones and the zeros, Black & White, Good vs Bad and ... perhaps as sleep ... as opposed to consciousness.

'THE ZERO: When on the next day.. there's no PERIOD'

The incredible high - the period is but a dim memory now - I walk to the room that's pouring out the music (or am I walking?) - drawn by those weird sound signals - with the bass up too loud. (My mind crying out - 'Why did he have to do it? He could have given me the marks I deserved....') Now I'm in front of the room, bathing in the soft glowing lights and hard beaming rock. Faces swim before me. I recognise one two. "Hi!". Someone shaking my proffered paw.

The pungent odour is not new to me. I walk in. "Is it Floyd?"

"Yes." Vaguely, the thought is comforting, somehow very logical and strange in an extremely random universe. (I see him handing me the paper now - The black 'D' - seems so.... so.... unalterable - not a mere splash of ink on paper - but a monument in stone chiselled, immortalised for posterity) "Hey! Want a pillow?" I lean back, comfortable now. By magic, the wand in my hand burns and I am inking deeply. Cough! Cough! Tears in my eyes. "We don't need no education!" the drawn out line weaves in the air before me and I'm engulfed in a hemisphere of sound. I am aware of nothing nothing but this one sense of perception, my hearing. My body feels filled to the brim with music and my soul arches, straining under unseen bonds, refusing to let me free from my cage. "Relax ... honey - don't fight it.. you're all tightened up..." a voice croons. I try to and am almost at once drowned with an overwhelming feeling of ecstasy; every cell of me throbbing - The music arches, spins and weaves - and I'm thundering down a speeding tunnel of vibrations. I try to explain to myself the seemingly inexplicable - the state of my consciousness but my brain goes into one of its eccentric hedonist drives, refusing to think and my thoughts get hopelessly wangled into knots. - Memory existing in pulses - 'IN' one moment and 'ERASE', the other ("why do you consider grades so important?" "Sir! If grades aren't important, why don't you just give me an 'A'." "It's not the marks that matter, sir, it's the princi... (Careful now, don't fight the system, you're a SURVIVOR)) The wand takes me higher (I am free now ... NOW, the peculiar taste of freedom tinged with the dull despair...for tomorrow.... I'll be back in my cage) and higher into my private world of black, white, violet and violent gloom...

THE ONE : When all the work is DONE'

Dinner's over and I rush up to my room. I'm still feeling fresh from my afternoon's sleep (you see, I'd cut the afternoon's classes to study for tomorrow's period, but had gone to sleep instead). Even without my knowledge, my eyes take in the deserted corridors, the empty volley ball court and the chinks of light peeping from beneath the closed doors - the fever is on, for the ONE has struck.

Door shut firmly, I leaf through my class notes. 'My God! Thirty pages! The library books (I'd intended, honest to God, to refer) are pushed aside (anyway, he won't ask anything from those ... says Reason, stifling Curiosity) ..

.. and ... I get down to work.

Four hours later, damp with sweat and weighed down with formulae, I stagger up, brushing the hair away from my forehead. 'Ah! Only six more pages left.' Five minutes later I'm sitting on a brown brick, sipping a brown murky liquid, surrounded by brown sand and brown cows in a brown village. Discussions raging all around me - 'Hey! The perio system is all b....' 'Why the h... can't they change the f..... system'. 'I'll clobber him' 'Mess rates Hmm..' The expletives I ignore. They are just safety valves blowing. What saddens me more is the smell of death in their voices, the look of shifty indifference in their eyes - eyes that had been bright with hope, confidence and challenge in their first years. 'God! What is happening to us?' I walk back slowly and climb creakily into my bed.

'The alarm will ring at three. Must remember to wake Mani up at four-thirty. Remember to look up the problems in the tuts sheets. Remember morning... .. ink in pen calcies in batteries ams in bikes integral root pi over ... How come MSB ... zzz...zzz.'

Now is it surprising, comrades, why I refuse to wake up?

N. SUNDAR.

CROSS-WORD SOLUTION :

ACROSS : 7- Plenipotentiary
9- Earner
10- Marriage
11- Quotient
13- Nosing
15- En'tomb 17- Clean up
19- Turned
20- Rareness
22- Standard 24- Besots
26- Order out of chaos.

DOWN : 1. Pleasure hunters 2. Anon
3. Sparse 4. Snorkel
5. Kiwi 6. Origins-position
12. Titan 14. Simon
16. Mediator 18. Credit
21- Rebuff 23- Need
25- Soho.

Solution to 'What could it be?'

It's a slang word for 'money'. Still haven't got it?
- It's 'BREAD.'

PILLER'S COLUMN

The indignant responses from the SAC speaker and some more of his make very amusing reading. These right honorable gentlemen are incensed at the SAC proceedings being referred to as "clowning." Even a common man would find it hard to swallow an epithet such as 'clown'. What wonder then that highly responsible Senators should blow their top

We should not grudge the SAC its achievements since July-Aug of last year. Firstly, it was the SAC that resolved the debate between the two Constitutions :- the White and the Yellow versions. I don't remember which way the debate went but suffice it to say that the SAC must have chosen the better one. In matters of our Constitution, the SAC's apparently more trustworthy than our Hospital. Such a breath-taking epoch-making decision cannot be arrived at overnight and our SAC took a month and more, perhaps, to decide this.

After this, the august body proceeded to confirm appointments of like - all of which naturally took up a lot of time. It witnessed tooth-and-nail debates for ratifying the minutes of previous SAC meetings before finally passing them and in many cases there were heated arguments before the SAC 'decided-to-choose' on various matters. I'm detailing all this since I am not sure how many of us have watched a SAC meeting, 'live'.

The SAC's coup was in the even semester when it handled the QUARK-affair in virtuoso fashion. Till then, for all the SAC's activities, there had been an ineffaceable impression that the SAC was not doing anything. So to justify its existence the SAC immersed its nose in the QUARK broth. Alas, its nose got scalded. But that didn't prevent our heroes from fulminating against the 'treason', "breach of faith", "breach of confidence" of those involved. They talked of "constitutional action", "impeachment" -

"privilege motions" and appointed few "constitutional" committees to deal with these respects.

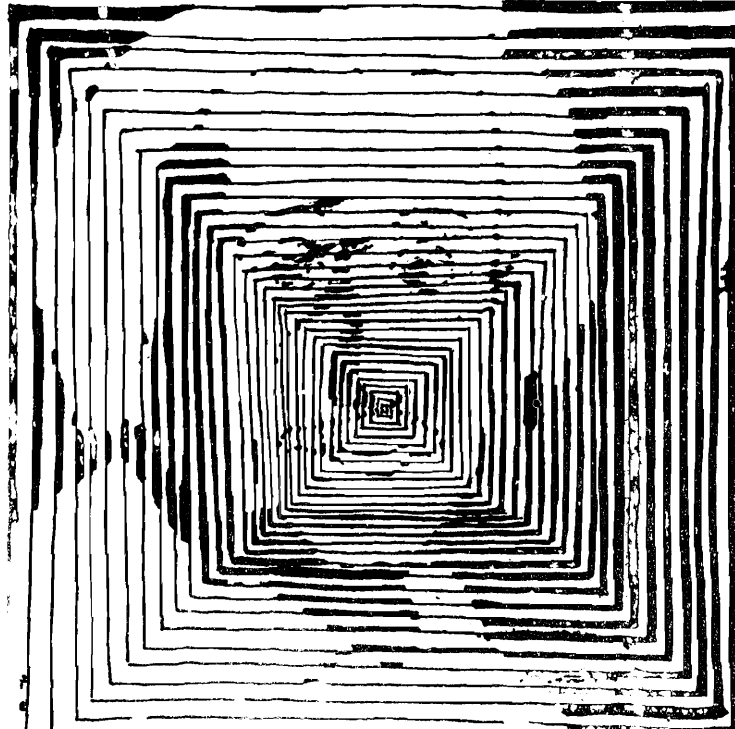
The SAC hasn't changed much this year, either in its function or composition. A perusal of any of its minutes will confirm this.

Now let's consider our viewpoint. The Campus has never been as lively as it is with the SAC. We now have entertainment right at our doorsteps SAC meetings. And they are absolutely free. No I'm not joking. It is one of the most satisfying pleasures to forget our worldly cares

and commitments and engross ourselves in the spectacle of the SAC people conducting business. I would even go to the extent of suggesting that SAC meetings be held at OAT on Saturday nights.

The SAC's other great contribution is to literature. Its minutes are delicately written tour de forces with artistic finesse and seem to glow with joy. To paraphrase a contemporary musician they are "an immortal legacy to literary posterity."

Having considered all this, who would dream of calling SAC sessions "clowning"? None but a clown himself!



I have the result
but I do not know
yet, how to get it
- Albert Einstein
—

Poetic resolutions

Reading LampasTimes, I did firmly decide,
That no more would my life indifferently slide -
Keeping in mind the Editorial plea,
Aha! I decided a poet to be.

So blankly I sit with my scribbling book
For inspiration at blank verse I look.

*But soon I start to tear my hair,
My (poetic?) soul filled with great despair
No more I see, the blanker I get;
Even an 'Ode to a Sandwich' I met
(It seems as though, for quite a while,

Rhyming has been out of style)

In each line of poetry, too words are sitting,

On any one page, just ten words fitting,
Why this restraint with the written word,²

"Hear this," I was told by little bird,

'Of saving, nowadays we think,
So they attempt to conserve Ink!'

But talking of ink, I have wasted enough,

Writing poems today is much too tough,

Modern verse is too baffling for me -

I think I'll go read "Humpty Dumpty."

- The Bald One
(Ref. *line 7)