

Campastimes

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25 P.

THIS TIME OF MORNING

Another in the line of famous *Campastimes* interviews centred round Mrs. Nayanara Sahgal—if you haven't read any of her books, gentle reader, it is high time you did. Our reporters caught her a couple of hours before she was due to leave for the airport on her way back to Delhi after chief-guesting her way through the Eighth Cultural Week. She assured the herd of reporters that she liked the treatment IITians reserve for C.G.'s, and presumably she wasn't just being polite.

As the title of this report says, this time of morning was what she spent with us, and she was quite expert at it, having written a novel of that name, besides two others (so far). The interview (it was more in the nature of a group discussion and actually tended at times to the character of intelligent conversation) was lively, interesting, and the lady gave as good as she got, but we were generally too busy thinking up the next clever remark to make to notice what she was saying (and we had forgotten the tape-recorder as usual). All of which should indicate that reporters figure small in the matter of rote memory, but then, that's a built-in survival mechanism. But she was interested in students, their lingo and what they thought (rather unanswerable, that, seeing that students hardly ever think, but neither do our esteemed seniors in 'age bestowed with responsibility without the commensurate ability), why, she even made bold to inquire about our political leanings (no dice); considering all of which, her idea of the . . . er, conversation would be a sight more interesting, informative and reliable. Nevertheless, since we reporters are expected give you the public the required eight hundred for your money, you have the above half-column thrown at you, and perhaps, after all, it is a masterpiece in the competitive art of saying as little as possible in so many words. But Mrs Sahgal is an author, and she ought to understand, begging her pardon, that writing for newspapers is but a pale shade of the full-blooded business of turning out stirring novels.

—P. C. VENKATACHELAM.



Mrs Nayanara Sahgal delivering the Valedictory Address.

Photo : Kubendran.

Inter-Collegiate Publications Meet

Representatives of student newspapers from the city colleges met on 28th Feb. to discuss matters of mutual interest. Though participation was less broad-based than expected, a few important points were agreed upon and arrangements are afoot to organize further meetings of the sort during the coming academic year. Possibilities of expanding areas of common interest through more widespread news coverage and exchange of material are being explored.

HAPPY HOLS, FELLAS

Mrs Judith Hart, British Minister for Overseas Development, visited the Institute in early 1970. She had a talk with a few students—about politics.

'Yes ma'am.'

'No ma'am. We don't have any political leanings.'

'We don't find politics rewarding ma'am.'

'After all they said, we're not to talk politics.'

'And we gotta toe their line, ma'am.'

They finance the rag.'

So please, ma'am, don't expect no revolutionary statements.

—AAJOO.

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Mrs Hart and Dr Ramachandran mixing politics and education in the Conference Room.

Photo : Kubendran.



A WORD ABOUT THE MEET

[With the approach of the Eighth Inter-IIT Meet, an examination of the stated aims and the realized achievements of the Inter-IIT Meets to far might not be entirely out of place. Our staff analyst discussed the matter in the following article: the accompanying questionnaire seeks to gauge public opinion in the IIT's on the topic.]

Come Together—But How?

'The torch is lit and the orgy is on. There is a march past of stiff-backed Olympians to supplement the pomp and grandeur of the inauguration. Now that it has started, the authorities heave sighs of relief. There is no stopping it now . . . it will go on for four more days, and then the gathered hordes will disperse. The affairs are recurrent, being suspended only when our ever-so-resourceful enemies across the border drop in.* As things stand, there's not much chance of that now. Every Meet is the occasion for the release of a souvenir, which lists, among other things, reasons for the holding of the Meets. This list, reproduced from the souvenirs of the preceding years, serves little purpose other than to provide material for the souvenirs to follow.'

Well, this is one way of looking at it. We could cite other opinions, quite contrary in spirit, and equally confused in content, but these opinions would be, perforce, random selections. A rational and critical survey of the value of the Inter-IIT Meet to those who take part in them (and possibly those who do not take part), can provide a working basis for the organizer of the Meet to effect improvements or perhaps revise the idea of the Meet altogether.

1. Is the Meet worth the expenditure of time, manpower and material resources that it calls for?

As the only link between the five IIT's besides the entrance exam, the Meet has been given much importance. Some feel a lot of it is undeserved. All the IIT's spend fortunes on their contingents and the hosts spend a much larger amount conducting the Meet. The participants forgo their much-needed vacations. Do we get enough (or anything) out of the Meet? Does anyone truly believe in the so-called purpose that sounds hollow even on paper? This is something we have to face.

2. Does the Meet serve its stated purpose? Granted that the aim to foster friendship between the IIT's is genuine and practicable, how does the Meet enable us to achieve it? In the hundred hours or so one is present at the Meet, half the time is spent in rushing through the tight schedule of matches and the rigorous practice that goes with them. The other half is spent cheering one's team to victory or jeering when the chips are down. The contingents are housed in different hostels throughout the Meet. Few get to know members of other contingents. Of course, one has a remote chance if one's second cousin has got through the entrance exam and is easily the best in his Institute in hop-step-and-jump.

3. Assuming that we decide to continue holding the Meets, what should we do to improve them?

Suggestions are welcome.

INTER-IIT MEET

QUESTIONNAIRE

Place a tick ☒ in the box that coincides with your own opinion.

- | | YES | NO |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you think that the Meet, as it stands, serves its intended purpose? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Should the Meet be expanded to include other activities: literary items and more cultural activities? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Would it be worthwhile lengthening the duration of the Meet? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Should the Meet be held at some time of the year other than December? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Should it be at the beginning of the December holidays? | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| . . . at the end of the December holidays? | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| . . . during the middle of the December holidays? | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| . . . during the year's first semester | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| . . . during the year's second semester | <input type="checkbox"/> | |
| 5. Do you have any specific suggestions concerning the Meet? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Details :

.....

Name :

Address :

.....

(Please send the completed questionnaire to The Editor, *Campastimes*, Office of the Institute Gymkhana, IIT, Madras-36.)

4. Would lengthening the Meet serve a desirable purpose?

Most IIT's are over seven hundred miles away from the host IIT, and the contingents spend up to five days travelling up and down. From this point of view, a four-day Meet is ridiculous. A longer Meet, say a six-day Meet, would give everyone time to breathe, time to get to know people from other Institutes. The tight schedules with clashing events could be loosened up a bit. The additional expense involved is negligible compared to what is spent on a normal four-day Meet.

5. Where do cultural events stand in an Inter-IIT Meet?

In a four-day Meet, the cultural events will obviously be of little importance because few will find the time to attend them or even participate in them. With more time, the cultural programmes could serve to provide recreation and relaxation. One could then really get to know the different facets of life in other IIT's, their people, their humour, their spirit.

—N. KALYANARAMAN

CARICATURE

If you happen to hear a stream of rapid chatter in a high, excited voice, punctuated by a raucous cackle which might charitably be interpreted as laughter, your suspicions are quite understandably aroused. And then there comes into view a large tubby figure, a face with a sharp curved nose and other features, a pair of eloquently gesticulating hands; the high, excited voice continues, soaring up into a falsetto every now and then for emphasis. Your thoughts have long since passed from suspicion to certainty. The tubby one smiles and says 'Hi' as he passes, for he is known to be friendly to the natives. You have been witness to the walking past of the famous (infamous) T. T. Jagannathan—the one and only Jaggu of its kind, free or in captivity.

JAGANNATHAN, T. T.



Jaggu who is not particularly fond of being called 'TTJ' is a campus phenomenon for more reasons than one. His is a volatile nature and when excited (i.e. nearly all the time) he is very voluble. In a single rubber of bridge he can be relied upon to register triumph, disaster, apprehension, defiance, annoyance, rage, outrage and diabolical delight. This superb emotional performance, which would send lesser men like Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger tottering weakly off to bed, leaves him full of pep and ready for a lot more. He brings the same break-neck matter-of-life-and-death approach to tennis, rounders, tutorials, periodicals, and everything else. Watching him be the General Secretary of Saraswathi Hostel has been one of the most exhausting experiences of my life.

Jaggu is a five-year merit scholar and chronic S-averager, and his grades would make you turn green with envy if you were not already pallid with stark horror. Now you know and I know that such statements

are generally neurotic, but neurotic is a mild word for this one. Until you've met Jaggu after the periodical where he forgot to underline the answer, you haven't really lived. His brow furrowed in distress, his mouth tightened in agony, his shoulders bowed under the burden of the cares of this world his frame shrunk, his walk slowed, his voice subdued, he makes you think what a rotten place this world is, with its beastly blue sky and sickening sunshine and ghastly green grass and repulsive periodicals where you forgot to underline the answer. In this bright and cheerful mood you go to the next class, where the guy is distributing last time's answer papers—the one where Jaggu forgot to put a full stop at the end of the first sentence, and as a consequence cataclysms roared in the corridor outside, and threatened to engulf and terminate this perfidious *kali-yuga* world. In due course Jaggu reclaims his paper with 'S plus excellent' or some such lowly grade scrawled outside, and returns wreathed in

smiles to whisper from the summit of some rainbow to end all rainbows, 'Liberal correction what?' You take a resigned look at your own 'B' or 'C', confirm your private feeling that lecturers get their red ink free and whisper back 'Very liberal'.

Just in case you think all this is a slight exaggeration you must hear about Jaggu's latest worry. You see, so many people have got admission in universities abroad, and his rank in class is after all only first and there are only six months left for the fall semester to begin, and he hasn't heard from any university yet, and wouldn't it be simply humiliating if he didn't get in? Knowing that this joke was too good to last, and that it is no use telling him not to be funny, I agreed with a straight face that it would be humiliating. As I said before, it can't last, so go and hear it quick before he gets snapped up by a university that knows a good thing when it sees one!

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

... Of Cabbages and Kings

One cannot predict what will happen once one starts something. The subsequent course of events may constitute a stately ride, with oneself in full control. Or, it may be a runaway thing, with one having no more control over what one bestrides than had the famed Mazeppa... On thinking it over, it strikes me that that is, perhaps, not quite the comparison I am looking for. Mazeppa's ride was a wild and terrifying thing, that ran its course in lonely, awesome territory, with the fear-inspiring nature of the surroundings serving to heighten the terror of the man on the wild horse. This is too dramatic a cloth from which to cut and fashion a comparison for the kind of things I do, or have happen to me. I: a rather common-place, un-imaginative man, not the kind to set in motion, or be caught up in anything extraordinary, be it in the physical, intellectual, or spiritual sense.

I should have said Gilpin instead. Gilpin's runaway horse was no wild beauty, with the fire of a thousand untamed ancestors in its veins. Gilpin's horse was a work-jaded hack, like its rider, and the only danger Gilpin faced, in being run away with, was the harmless and common-place one of drawing ridicule down on himself, from the people in the streets through which his horse took him. Even the locale of his runaway ride is apt: the run-of-the mill haunts of men; no forest, no desolate, bleak, man deserted region, nothing of dimension greater than the common-place.

... Where I have got to now, is an unintended illustration of my first sentence. When beginning this I did not imagine that I'd be led into a discussion of comparisons. However, that is by the way. To get back to what I was saying at the start, the 'something' that I was referring to is my venture into writing, which appeared in the pages of *Campastimes* a little while ago. I did not foresee then that, very shortly after, I'd again have to look into the rag-and-bone-shop of my mind for something, anything, to stretch out into a theme for a second essay. I did not foresee this, but all the same have been driven to it by an editor, who, rather flatteringly, came back for more. What a few smooth compliments can do, to a normally rather obstinate, mulish man!

I have searched the shelves, and find them bare, picked clean from the first attempt. There is nothing. Perhaps I should make nothing the theme of my song. I am almost tempted to do so, except that it is a theme a little too lofty for a singer in a minor key. For, consider how awesome a thing is nothingness. What is it that makes the desert so mysterious, so frightening? Its partial nothingness: the sand and the sky, and, these apart, nothing. Why do we feel cowed down, subdued, when on ship in mid-ocean? Because of the same partial nothingness: the water, this time, and the sky, and no other thing. What makes the Arctic and Antarctic regions so forbidding? The same reason: the whiteness in all directions, and nothing else besides.

These, mind you, are only partial nothingnesses. There is still a little something in each of these cases: the sand, or the water, or the ice. Some little thing for the small mind of Man to latch on to, to shield him from the sheer horror of nothingness in the total sense. We cannot face nothingness in this sense. We are of too small a mould. What is it about the universe that so fills us with dread? Not the sun, or the planets, or the stars which occur in it here and there, but vast expanse of nothingness that it essentially is. Why, in fact, is the theme of most religion reassurance concerning the existence of an after-life? Because we cannot face the possibility of passing into total nothingness.

To veer in a slightly different direction, why is it that we finally wind up loving in so many cases, and hating in so many others? Because to have neither would be to have nothingness in the world of our feelings, and that we cannot abide. And what, finally, is so much of the noise, confusion, and fast-paced activity that one sees about one due to? It is we, running away, eagerly seeking every possible distraction to avoid having to contemplate our own nothingness.

No! Nothingness is too awesome a thing. I leave it, and the infinite, to pens more talented, more gifted with insight, wiser. For me the little theme suffices. Any little thing... Coffee and radios for instance would be suitable subjects to bow out on, I think. Nor are they so unconnected as might first be supposed. If one loves coffee one frequents coffee-houses, and where is there a coffee-house without a radio blaring forth the latest inanities from the film-world?

M. ANTONY REDDY

As for coffee itself, it pains me, as its devotee, to find it so much abused. In ten that one encounters, hardly one cup is that heady, exotic, fragrant brew, coffee in the real sense. It is only to be expected, I suppose, for coffee-making is a fine art, and one knows from experience in other fields how rare a thing the great master is. For one such, there are a hundred other bungling, middle-of-the-road practitioners of the art.

Nor is it to be wondered at, in these decadent times in which we have strayed very far from the principles of the art, as they were first laid down, that there should be so much of dilution with milk, so heavily-handled a sweetening. Coffee was supposed to be black as the devil, and strong enough to knock a horse off its feet, mere sweetness being out of the question: a noble drink in the original form, and therefore doomed to extinction. For, as with everything else—literature, say, or music, or the visual arts—so with a drink. Our tastes run to the weak, the dilute, the saccharin; in brief, the lowest forms. All strength and nobility must be knocked out of the original, before our weak equipment—physical or mental—can cope with it. So it is vile coffee everywhere,

and, viler abominations still, the soft drinks, those cloyingly sweet, coloured waters!

... What crimes we common men are guilty of! All the ideas of the great are debased by us. We misinterpret them, and use them to arrive at conclusions which suit our purposes, but which are not supported by the ideas themselves. All the inventions of the great are put by us to the most debased used imaginable: uses of a kind not conceived of by the originators, uses, which, if they had foreseen, would have led them to destroy their inventions and suppress their ideas, rather than release them and thereby put in the hands of fools weapons for them to harass, or even destroy each other with.

Consider the radio. A noble invention: an instrument to receive quickly important news from thousands of miles away, an instrument with vast potential applications in the war on illiteracy, an instrument to bring into every home great music, and readings from great literature... It is put to all these uses. One must be fair enough to admit this.

But consider the abuses. Fanatics of all kinds use the radio to reach and pervert all the less literate sections of the people. In the hands of the fanatic, it is a lethal weapon, since it gives him an audience of a size not otherwise possible. The advertising wallahs use the radio to pour out on us an unmerciful flood of silly rhymes, jingles and songs promoting their wares. And such peace and silence as is still left is shattered by the popular musicians with their inane melodies and equally inane lyrics: jarring, at any time, but most particularly so when one is in a coffee-house, in sacred communion with one's cup of coffee; most particularly so, when, in the mood for silence one goes to some quiet and beautiful place, and finds even there the same old stuff blaring forth from that portable horror, the transistor radio brought along by some other visitor to the place.

... I do not like radios. I have never switched one on voluntarily, do not own one, would rather die instead. A somewhat illogical state of mind, perhaps, for the gadget is not to be blamed for its misuse. Still, once the limit of endurance has been passed, these fine distinctions drop away, and all that remains is a good old-fashioned hatred for the instrument as well as what comes out of it.

Considering all of which, I dimly suspect that my whole life is a joke; and that the joke is at my expense. For, fancy hating the radio, and at the same time having to be, by lack of option, a teacher of electronics, the tool with which the gadget is made! I should resent it, I suppose, and indeed I would have, except that this is not the only joke that has been played on me. I have learned resignation.

THE GANDHI CENTENARY CARTOON COMPETITION

PRIZE WINNERS

- First Prize: 'Wake up' S. Jayaprakasam,
A.C. Tech.
- Second Prizes: 'Gandhian Principles' Miss Alphonsa Joseph,
Stella Maris
- 'Magician' Ranjan Somiah, IIT
- Special Prize: 'Poster' Yogendra Sheoram,
IIT
- Consolation Prizes: Miss Gowri Nayak, Stella Maris.
N. Chandrasekhar, IIT

The Editorial Board congratulates the prize winners.

His five year sojourn in this campus is drawing to a close, as he will, compose in all probability, wend his weary way Westward. The name S. Parmeshwaran will go down in the annals of IITian history as representing a personality conspicuous because of certain remarkable qualifications and other equally remarkable idiosyncracies.

Right on July 2nd, 1965, the day he stepped into the portals of the Institute, he made news with his characteristic penchant for florid rhetoric. The most aggressive of seniors who came to rag, remained to listen. Few had the verbal courage to tick him off. His voice echoed in corridor and Mess, expressing in charming Queen's English, disgruntlement over a daily chore or the impossibility of an impossible lecturer.

However, it wasn't until he had shrugged off the 'Fresher' brand that Pammu gained fame. At the Annual Quiz during his second year he surprised the maestros in the field by an unforgettable display of memory, incidentally superceding everybody else by a large margin. Since then, he has won laurels in scores of quizzes and seldom found a quizzard to level with him.

I do not know whether it is because he has the gift of gab or that most others lack it, but Pammu inevitably gets a lion's share of the dialogue in informal chats. At a typical meeting all you would be able to manage is to interperse a hello, then a few yeses, yas or yeahs and a warm farewell. The word 'Pummed' was specially coined to describe the condition of a person enduring a specially long delivery of his. People of various ranks right from the Director downwards have had the occasion to be 'pummed'. Pumming is facilitated by the fact that his average sentence is long, the clauses attached to one another in such a fashion that cutting him off in the middle would appear positively impolite. His voice, copose known to be heard frequently until the small hours of the morning, has been found to disconcert many an early-to-bed neighbour. Previously, his monologues were accompanied by a variable amplitude oscillation of his thin, long-jawed head. However, through the years, these oscillations have been considerably damped. He speaks more to his audience, than to his own head.

Just because Pammu makes better use of the English language he has often been accused of hyperpolysyllabic-sesquipedalianism. I, for one, disagree with critics; it is his choice of words to describe even the most inane situation that puts life into his conversations.

THE IMPORTANCE

OF BEING S. PARAMESHWARAN, 'ESQ.

In this campus of cultural deprivation, Pammu becomes an exception just because he happens to appreciate the finer arts: poetry, drama and music. His knowledge of the theoretical aspects of Carnatic Music is indisputable; when it actually comes to singing, his voice amuses me. You must have noticed how his male alto voice stands out as a separate strain during Invocations. Excuse me for talking shop, but I am tempted to compare the invocation singing to the flow of two immiscible fluids.

Lest you should conclude otherwise, I hasten to add that Pammu is no prude. He does use his extra long nose to advantage when he is 'not amused'; but he is equally capable of indulging in verbal ribaldry that would make HMH blush. The world's most

exhaustive collection of purple-tinted lime-ricks can be found tucked away in the cells of Pammu's brain. Pammu's column appears regularly in these pages. 'By the Way' deals randomly with matters of current and past-interest with a characteristic style that never seems to stale.

His words will soon fade out of these columns and his exploits might become mere bywords among Juniors, soon to be forgotten. But for us who have been associated with him for so long, it has been quite an experience. Conspicuous personalities and not the run-of-the-mill IITians, in my opinion, prevent life on the campus from being drab.

—VENKATESH MANNAR.



YOUNG HARCHI AND THE CABARET DANCER

(One of the numerous 'farewell to Dr Klein' parties involved Dr Klein, the Gymkhana representatives and some guys, dining at a fashionable restaurant in the city. Harcharan Singh, as usual, got more out of it than anyone else.)

She came whisking and prancing across the floor and wiggled her fanny at him. Harchi gaped. It is not everyday that scantily clad females do the dyspeptic python act around young Harchi, and understandably, he was diddled. His eyes grew large, sauced, ballooned, and his turban lifted an inch. 'Er... ur... gurrk... bleep!' quoth he, in his best conversational style. The choreographic miracle gyrating round our bewhiskered hero paused in mid-flight and whispered something unutterably sweet. Harchi's delicate skin became pink, purple, a poisonous shade of maroon. His spectacles hung precariously at the end of his quivering nose. Snap! And away went his spectacles, sailing high in the air at the tips of the young lady's fingers. It took a long moment for the tragic loss to register on Harchi's bemused senses, but when it did, away went Harchi chasing what he thought was the flight of the spectacles, hands outstretched, that blind-as-a-bat look enveloping him in the flickering candlelight. His friends roared; the loud-loud music clanged on; Harchi bounced round after his cabaret dancer. The laughter almost killed us, Dr Klein was almost in tears, and all the while Harchi complained he couldn't see and what's the use of a cabaret performance one can't see? . . .

When, some time later, someone suggested we stay on for the second cabaret, Harchi smiled his winsome smile, held firmly onto his spectacles and vibrato-nasaled: *Hahn, let's go, hahn!*

— P.C.V.

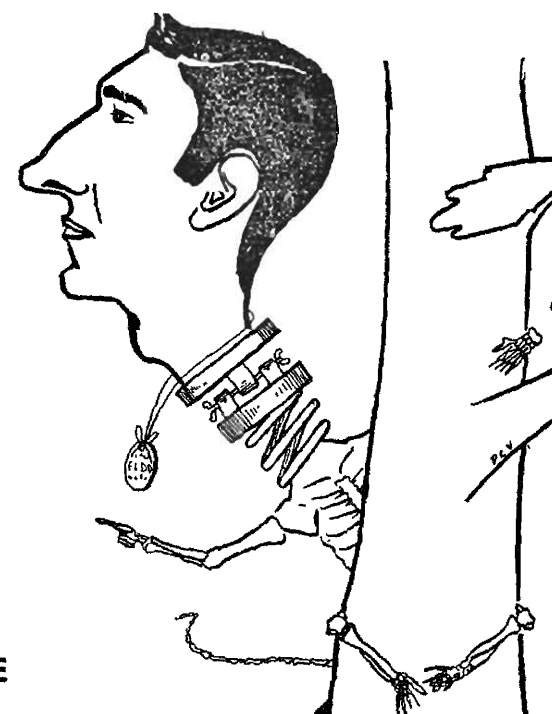


Photo : Kubendran

*A Memento for
Dr Klein*

VINOO HOON

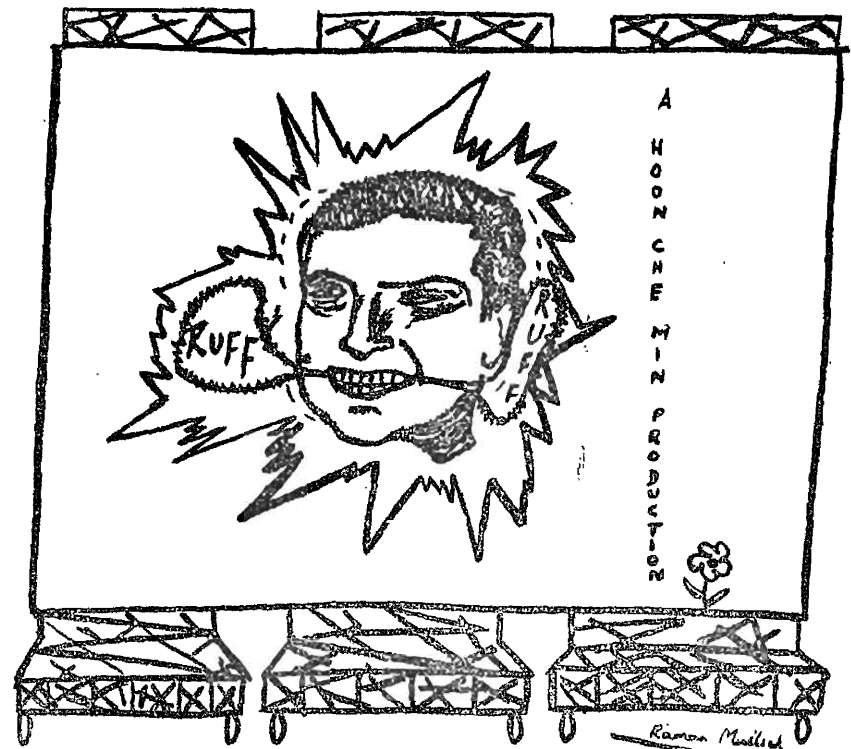
Picture a slight, tubby guy casually and colorfully dressed in a mustard nylon shirt and pin-striped green togs, with once respectable black shoes (or the ubiquitous Hawaiian slippers) waddling up to you with a bored look on his face, and you have a fair idea of how Vinay Vikramjit Singh Hoon, alias Vinoo, alias Agoogay looks like.

I first met Vinoo when we were both in our formative years at the Doon School. Now that you have met him, I'd like to tell you a little more about him.

Through an unique mixture of luck, ability and lack of foresight, Vinoo arrived with bag and baggage to study Electronics at I.I.T., Madras in the summer of 65. These are painful memories to dwell upon; suffice to say that the L.C. Department never quite recovered from the shock!

But, if the years have been unkind to the staff of the L.C. Department, they have not left Vinoo unscathed. Gone is the old Vinoo I knew—that sprightly mad, hell-for-leather, devil-may-care fellow of the days of yore. The new Vinoo is a changed man—old, not so sprightly, mad, hell-for-leather devil-may-care fellow who is thoroughly fed up with the trials and tribulations that one must endure for the re-doubtable slip of paper that proclaims to a disinterested world that one is a B. Tech. from I.I.T. A keen observer would have noticed that the bounce in one's step drops alarmingly with time, and that this deterioration is aggravated by the mental environment around here. Where Vinoo used to gallop around like a colt in spring, he now shuffles morosely from A to B.

Not to despair, hope springs eternal, etc. The mere whisper of a magic four-letter word (naughty, naughty!)—film—is enough to bring back the sparkle and joy in his otherwise glazed eyes (partially due to Coca Cola, and seeing to many movies in the first place). He is a man transformed! His overwhelming charm and aggressive salesmanship soon results in the collection of a motley band of kindred souls, their money clutched in their hot little hands as they dash off to the theatre. (In this connection, credit must be given to Aggogay for (a) his single-minded devotion to the cause, and (b) his extensive knowledge of



bus timings, optimum routes to various theatres and estimates of cab fares and/or the nonchalant Grand Prix fashion in which he drives the gang in style, in time and with complete lack of any sense of safety). Once at the theatre, his infectious enthusiasm often results in the gang overdrawn on their strained budgets!

Aggogay's passion for movies got us appointed as Secretaries of the Film Club in 69-70. In fairness to him, I must point out that he is the brains of the team and that I am just the driving force. The accord with which this volatile guy and Papa handle Film Club affairs astonishes me!

To a Dosco, work is a dirty four letter word. Vinoo is therefore usually 'at ease'; only calamities and mention of a movie can galvanize him into action. With his large-heartedness (inherited from his folks), he has invited us over for grub many times. The crowning point of these feasts is (naturally!) a movie.

How do you sum up a guy like him? Perhaps Bill Shakespeare's words are most apt—.....and the elements So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

— RAM SITARAM.



"Well done, ol' boy!"



What's Amol doing there?
Stella Maris carting away the Group Discussion Trophy

CULTURAL WEEK '70



The Wires from Tambaram



The heroes from KGP

Photos: Kubendran

Much was said about the lack of political consciousness of IITians. None, from Cultural Week Presidents to commie reporters, denied themselves the pleasure of lamenting over this sorry state of affairs. What eventually happened made them eat their words. Unpredictable sheep that they were, the IITians marched down to Gajendra Circle one fine morning led by Willie Wartaars (the head sheep), singing la Internationale. After capturing the Admin Block, they went up to the Senate Room and tried the Director's cigars like students elsewhere. The Sheep's Disciplinary Action Committee was roused. A sensational trial followed the capture of Willie Wartaars & Gang. The proceedings of the trial were smuggled into the outside world by a stringer for Time Inc who sold the rights to Signor Feltrinelli and the free world got scandalized. Here are some excerpts from Signor Feltrinelli's book.

Director : I, the Diro, learned and wise,
(with professors who gourmandize)
run this sprawling campus.
Well, but these chaps stamp us
'fat dictators' (which we really are
Save this overworked Registrar).
Of late, I hear, chaps in this Hall
of Learning (hal), are having a ball,
staging strikes and riots and smashing up cars
under their leader, Herr Willy Wartaars.
Dear Registrar, old pal, pray
What, of this mess, do you wish to say ?
Reggie : Well, sir, this place is going to pot.
Diro : To pot, you say ?

Reggie : Quite utterly to pot.
Gone are the days of blighters who swot
their heads off; now we've got
mongoloid sadists, believe me, sirs,
who fancy the language of black-dotted curs
in the class of eminent Pillars
of Wisdom...those maniac killers
around, are soft compared
to these....

Diro : Stop, you've aired
your views. Now cut out the speech
and rhetoric: that's beyond my reach.
Get me ? Pray, state the reason
why Willy Wartaars is accused of treason.
Be brief, for Pete's sake !

Reggie : (Aside) (Ah, we all
know how talks at the seminar hall.)
That I will, sir, this boy Willy
and his bunch have been acting silly.
Add I must, sir, that of wot
we've called his mommy. Now don't
you think this will facilitate
making complaints and eliminate
his villainous pleas ?

Mom : Have a heart
old man, my boy ain't the sort
to plead guilty ; or not.

Reggie : He must stay pleased with his lot
and not go around pinching
ten cigars with unflinching
courage.

Willie : That's not it, mommy.
They really think I'm a commie.
Can you beat that ? Just for
a box of cigars, they'd mar
my reputation as a student leader.
I want

Mommie : 'The Donald Duck Annual Reader' ?
Sure, son, that's what they sought
to impress upon me. I thought
those letters to me (oh brother!)
were written by some smirking Mother
Superior.

DeeDee : (Hurt) That's what I call
impertinence. Now let us all
get down to business. D'you mind ?

Diro : Now, Mr. DeeDee, don't get cheesed.
Notice that I am highly pleased
with your work.

Down with the Big Shots

Dedicated to that baldhead, John Barth, for
obvious reasons

DeeDee : (Aside) [I'll take it from there.
Lord knows such happy moments are rare.]
Willie, my boy, tell me why you smeared
those poor elephants that we've reared
for years. I wouldn't have done, sonny,
such a mean thing, for love or money.

Willie : I can't see the sense in that gobbledegoo.
Had they such horrors in Stanford too ?

DeeDee : They did not ! But *this* is a crime.

Mommie : Parsley-sage, Rosemary and Thyme.

DeeDee : What nonsense ?

Willie : Oh, it does rhyme
and reason is not worth a dime.
(you'd give your lives for this grill
of notices and threats, and still
prosecute the erring sheep.)
I sure am not that kinda creep
to breathe with that circle around.
My thinking is not yet unsound.

Mommie : You can say that again. Your mommy
will testify that you're not a commie
nor a sheep, either. This place
abounds in them. What a disgrace !

DeeDee : Lord I give up.

Reggie : Me, too, sir.
This trial hasn't caused a stir
in their obstinate souls. Shall we try
Papa Wartaars ; is he likely to buy
our stuff ?

Willie : Oh, no !

Diro : (Fed up) Stop it, I say !
You can rip it up for ever and a day,
I acquit you of the aforesaid crime.
Parsley-sage, Rosemary and Thyme.
Do you like that, boy ? Here's a box
of cigars for your rebellious talks.
Congrats, sonny, you're now free
to smear this blessed IIT.

(Exeunt Willie and Mommie)

DeeDee : sir, don't send those letters
of warning. Let's remove the fetters.
Reg, old pal, please note
and, dash it all, you can quote
me verbatim : We must end
the pranks of Willy the fiend.
There shall be no more advice
from big shots, no matter what size.
(At this point, there is a sound of wild cheering
from outside. Hundreds of voices strike up
with 'For he's a jolly good fellow'.)

Diro : (Pleased)
Oh! Vikram might wrinkle his nose
and rail it in speeches verbose.
But why don't you yell, my pets ?
Only by yelling, one gets
things done.

Students : Holiday !

Diro : Oh yes, Monday,
In spite of Vikram, is a holiday.
(Curtain)

—N. Kalyanaraman.

GOODBYE TO Dr PFAUTER



Photo : Kubendran.



EDITORIAL

Campastimes, in the sixth issue of the year, must make some attempt at recording the activities of the year, the successes, failures, and indifferent performances which figure so large in annual reports. This is not because *Campastimes* has a tradition of doing this but because, with the end of the age of Annual Numbers and Gymkhana Brochures, Gymkhana and general student activities will go quite unnoticed in the records if they weren't to find a place on some printed page.

A part of the last editorial of the year must perforce correspond to the Report of the Editorial Board, hitherto masquerading under the not-so-flattering title of the Publications Committee. The year has been one of hectic activity, four regular issues, two special issues and one Special Supplement marking the ageing of the year. The Board takes this opportunity of thanking all those who have been actively involved in the work of the *Campastimes* Committee, and the Administrative personnel without whose help its work would have been considerably more difficult. In particular, thanks are due to the Transport Cell, and its directing officer, Mr. Dubay, for services rendered.

Campastimes is the type of magazine in which the conventional editorial is completely out of place. Its facade of semi-hilarity merging into raving madness, with patches of strained humour showing through, is unique, demanding and tiresome. The effect of any column in a run-of-the-mill issue is not always what was intended, and the editorial, for various reasons, has the dubious distinction of being the least-read column. Sometimes, the glorious mixture of pontifical nonsense, irrelevant gas and nostalgic reminiscing in the middle pages becomes too rich for even IITian stomachs... the chromatic scale is too wide, the chords, too discordant. Issues take on the character of ill-matched patchwork quilts of caricatures, playful digs at just about anybody, and editorialish columns harping sober variations of the same old themes.

A feature common to the issues of *Campastimes* of the past few years is the touch of sometimes uncalled-for and perhaps reprehensible frivolity. At times, levity serves to add spice to an otherwise monotonous and uninteresting narration or description. However, competitive outrageousness has the habit of becoming obsessive. It becomes a way of thinking, almost a philosophy. Soon, response mechanisms are jaded to the point where nothing registers, not even absolute nonsense. Nonsense surprises and delights only when it is unexpected, when it is woven into a fabric of sense to yield striking and thought-inducing contrasts.

The IITian's world of conversation is circumscribed by himself, his immediate interests, necessities, and environment. Perhaps this is because he's so busy, perhaps it's an index of his youth and not-so-mature personality. He is never happier or more animated than when he is talking about himself or about IIT. Even, when he is running down the IITian way of life, he exhibits an extra liveliness that other topics cannot induce. Let an IITian loose in outside society, and in a minute or two outside society is

aware of the 'gas-value' of a spell in IIT. Every column in *Campastimes* is full of IIT and things IITian (but for the rare exception, which few IITians read anyway). The IITian stage is laughable for precisely the reason that it is too local, too frivolous, too IITian. Outside IIT, the IITian is characteristically standoffish, sometimes *hep*, and the IITian herd is frequently boorish: but, next to the 'I' his identity is 'IIT'. However, for all his IITianism, there are many things about IIT which the IITian does not know—does not care to know.

Walking down to Gajendra Circle late in the evening is a typically IITian pastime. The post-prandial stroll, the breather in a spell of desperate cramming, the *let's get away from it all* urge—these are the excuses; the path one can't miss, the destination, one cannot mistake. There, sandwiched between the Admin., and the Lib., with a nightmare in concrete zoology for company, one can contemplate the ways of Nature, Man and Fate. These three entities are proving mighty bother some to certain other IITians around the environs of 'good old Gaj'.

Barely a stone's throw away from Gaj-there's a hostel (well, it's hardly that) inhabited by twenty-odd souls. Inhabited, but not quite lived in. For, Sarayu hostel would hardly bring forth the cry of 'home' from even a highly uncritical individual. It's a little too comfortless for that.

Social life in the Campus, at least as far as the ladies of Sarayu are concerned is all but non-existent. Shutting them up in a concrete rabbit-hutch in an unsympathetic and often actively Hostile Campus, is likely to produce psychological problems, and the least that the authorities could do is to make sure that minor comforts and recreational facilities, quite indispensable even otherwise, are not lacking.

There's no garden. A ladies' hostel without a garden! Well, they have a beautiful tarred patch in front of the hostel, another desert to the rear, a honeycombed concrete box to live in, complete with little cubbyholes—even windows (!). Have you seen the wretched little common room sans curtains, working radio, record-player? Hardly likely, eh, catch you going there! How could you like it if you had no decent TT table, even if your hostel had the misfortune of being called Sarayu Hostel? No water-cooler, no fridge, not even a miserable ice-box for cokes. No mess, no separate Hostel Day, cold and unappetising (!) food every day. Granted they have their own Warden, Sports Day, and a great many rules: but they aren't much as consolations.

The girls are yet a small group and cannot afford these luxuries; Sarayu dare not borrow, regardless of the precedent set by other hostels who borrow considerable sums when they first get going; and the saddest part is, the girls are hardly in any position to help themselves. The ways of Nature, Man and Fate in the Campus are not altogether helpful.

Money need not be borrowed. It can be made available by other methods. Those who organised the Campus Carnival presumably had the same idea. However, Campus Carnivals have an unhappy reputation right now, so perhaps it is not very realistic to expect a suggestion for another Campus Carnival to meet with an enthusiastic response. Movie festivals are far more likely to be successful in their aim—namely to raise finances for the purpose of giving the ladies of Sarayu a chance to enjoy the minor refinements which make life tolerable in even such a desert as IIT.

Thanks are due to our publisher, Prof. S. Sampath, and our staff Adviser, Dr Zurn, for their invaluable help and guidance during the year.

We wish our successors the best of fortunes in the publications business and have every confidence that they will improve on the editorial standards of the past academic year.

By the Way

The Debating Club is now an established institution and the Social Studies and Book Discussion Groups are on their way to becoming so. This makes me very glad, because I feel that it marks the emergence of our collective willingness and desire to apply analytic thinking to the extra-technological field. It is even more gratifying to find that these activities are now causally accepted as part of our normal life. Our deep-seated distrust of pseudo-intellectualism has led us to eye askance certain ostentatious attempts in the past—and rightly so, I feel. But now, quietly and without fanfare the real thing seems to have stepped into our midst.

In the area of public communications (i.e., *Campastimes*, speeches and entertainments), however, there is an uneasy feeling that licentiousness has reared its ugly head. Not merely as a personal conviction, but also as an observation made by several people (both teachers and students) whose views are held in high esteem, I wish to place on record that in public as opposed to private life, the norms of good taste can never be relaxed. It is easy enough to cry 'Prude', but we must recognize the distinction between brhness and poise; between obscenity and wit; between offensive rudeness and constructive criticism. We must bear in mind that any unconsidered action in a public function can create a bad precedent and lead to further and more damaging breaches of good taste in the future. It is naive to think of anyone who offends the conventions as daring: he is merely rash. Unless we resolve to revise this 'anything goes' attitude, and subject what we say in print and on stage to a stricter scrutiny, we shall find it easy to lose the reputation which at present we are fortunate enough to have.

The last two months have been, as they are every year, a frenzied whirl of social activity. The Carnival, Cultural Week, Sports Day, Institute Day, and the various Hostel Days have come and gone in rapid succession, leaving some of us with the uncomfortable awareness that for us they will not come again. The sands of time are running out, and the hour-glass cannot be reversed. We are viewing the IITian scene for the last time as insiders. Some of us may return, but even if we come back next term it cannot be the same. The spirit of student life here has been more or less established as the spirit of the undergraduate. The rule for being a member of this fraternity is simple but inexorable: one must be an undergraduate.

This is not a sudden revelation. It has been a gradual process, beginning when one finds one has vivid personal recollections of the people and events of IIT Past, which have largely lapsed from the memory of IIT Present. The miasma grows and spreads, so that the cynical toughness of the first four-and-a-half years is smoothened over (not smeared over, I hope) by a final layer of sentimentality. Writing on this subject, I am irresistibly reminded of something that Sudarsan (remember Sudarsan? Well, it's all right—I didn't really expect you to) wrote two years ago. It was an article that began 'The time has come, junior chum,' and he concluded:

Do I hear a murmur of 'mawkish'? Now, now, little fella. Don't be so fastidious. The time will come when you will say, 'The time has come...'

That time has come, Sudarsan. And I cannot pretend that it is anything but a wrench. My own consolation is that like a sundial, 'I mark only the hours of sunshine.'

S. PARMESWARAN.

We are glad to note that
Mr N. Kalyanaraman will be
the Editor next year.



THE FILM CLUB

As the Walrus said to the Carpenter in another connection, the time has come to talk of many things. Among other things, the time has come to talk of the ailing Film Club and its increasingly frequent exercises in refined sadism.

I would be the first to concede that several good films have been screened this year, and also that it is impossible to get an excellent film every week. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the choice of films is not being made with as much care as it should be. Disconcertingly often, the films are either so inane as to constitute an insult to one's intelligence, or when the pendulum swings to the other extreme, stiff I.Q. tests like *Space Odyssey: 2,001*. At the end of a three-periodical week, surely one deserves better than that.

That the choice of films seems to be arbitrary is illustrated by the one shown during the last semester exam. At the end of six days of unbearable strain, we saw a prize Hollywood offering in which the hero was in love with a sergeant, the sergeant was in love with the hero's wife and the hero's wife presumably had designs on her horse. All very starkly realistic no doubt, but a study of the psychology of sexual perversion, however glamorized, is not my idea of kicking it up, especially when I've just spent three hours grappling with 'Switchgear and Protective devices'. If this trend continues, during the final exam we shall undoubtedly see 'Kinsey, Kinsey!' or even worse, 'Bullet-proof Bill'.

Rumour has it that the selection of films is made by a Physical Training Instructor, and that too, not less than six months in advance. It would serve no purpose to look for the connection between physical training and films. The point I wish to make is that the choice of films should not be the responsibility of any one person, regardless of his proficiency in physical education or other fields. It would be much too risky to trust absolutely the taste of a lone selector. Perhaps next year someone will think of forming a Committee. . . .

DRAMATICS IN IIT

Picture to yourself a night in March four years ago. Several IITians come out of their hostels. All seem to be going to the same place. But where? If you said Tiruvanniyur you're wrong. They were only going to the house of a German professor.

That crowd consisted almost entirely of freshers, not yet wise to the ways of IIT. It had been proposed to form a Dramatics Club, and we were on our way for the selections, all bright-eyed and hopeful.

The professor welcomed us graciously, concealing with difficulty his surprise that so many should have turned up. With a copy of Shakespeare's Complete Works, we got right down to business. We put everything we had into it, as one by one we murdered not only Julius Caesar, but Othello, Macbeth and the whole lot. If some good citizens in the heart of England heard a rattling sound that night, it was undoubtedly Shakespeare turning and turning in his grave.

The professor and one or two seniors listened very seriously and even took down notes. After each display of histrionics, they went into a huddle and took down more notes. An audition for a Broadway role couldn't have been more impressive. When all of us, aspiring Gielguds and Oliviers, had finished, we were told by the professor that the results would be made known within a week. In our innocence we believed him.

We returned hopefully; our heads full of ideas for the dramatics club-to-be. Impatiently we saw the week pass. A month passed, a year, two years, four years passed and now we ourselves are about to pass. We still wonder occasionally if we made it into that still-born dramatics club of long ago.

In view of all this, some of us welcomed with special enthusiasm the formation of a Dramatics Society this year. We were determined to share in its successes; vicariously if need be. Unfortunately this society now appears to be in a state of heavy sedation. Owing chiefly to the reluctance of the women students in the campus to go on stage (for several interesting though not necessarily valid reasons), it has not yet been able to put up its inaugural play. Since plays with all-male casts are rare and when available unsuitable, the Society is reduced to impotence till the ladies have a change of heart. Meanwhile indications are that it is heading for the same fate as its predecessor.

S. R. NAIR

IIT cannot be accused of having staged a single decent play. This is why the history of dramatics in IIT is particularly depressing. Other IIT's regularly produce the works of O'Neill, Hocchuth and the like. (KGP has an annual Drama competition. IIT Bombay gives largely-attended performances in the city.) And IIT-Madras? We content ourselves with 'skits' about the travails of a cycle-shop owner or the love-life of a barber in Velacheri. You only have to prance about on the stage like an exceptionally retarded half-wit to be given the prize for 'acting'. This is not to denigrate these skits, which do lapse into humour once in a way. As a form of momentary entertainment they are amusing enough, so long as they are inflected at respectable intervals. But they should on no account be allowed to continue as the common factor of all entertainment programmes staged in this place.

Until we realize that these highly forgettable skits are no substitute for Shaw or Wilde or Miller, entertainment in IIT will continue to remain as it is—untouched by quality.

FAREWELL

The other day they screened that ridiculous song sequence from 'Naam Moovar', and while all of us were screaming delightedly, I realized once again that next year I shall miss IIT.

The first few times I was embarrassed—imagine thinking well of IIT! But after grudging admissions from the most fashionably cynical of my classmates, I have discovered that these little darts of sentiment nudge not only me, but, at some time or the other, most of those for whom this hectic semester will be the last here.

An exceptionally hardened person may point out that this regret at having to leave this Institute is only natural—arising from man's inherent dislike for change. I reject this coldly rational view. I would prefer to believe that this attachment to the Institute which one discovers, startlingly, only at the end of five years, is less a matter of the head than of the heart.

A Hard Week's Night

The curtain has dropped on yet another dreary week. An average dose of three lectures in each of the seven subjects have been gulped down disastefully. Two stinking labs have fallen by the wayside as time marched on. A three-hour 'picnic' under the sun (it isn't my idea of fun, but the survey department feels so) has given me another sunstroke and a new coat of tan. God knows how many labs have to be clogged and how many tutorials to be submitted! It's a small wonder how I carry on—much like a crow with a broken wing!

But who cares! Saturday night is here! I shall make it a point to reach the amphitheatre well in time for tonight's movie: so I can see the place filling up. It gives me an aesthetic satisfaction to see a desolate joint slowly getting inhabited, if only for the next few hours or so (sounds corny, doesn't it?).

A hasty dinner, a slow walk, while orange rinds mark my trail (I like oranges), and I am there a whole three-quarters of an hour before the show. I choose my place on the left of the projector room—that's where the 'in' crowd sits. Ugh! Did I have to forget my pillow! Hell, how does it matter, I mutter resignedly. Most people do without one anyway.

Nice time to light up. Maybe I'll be able to have two before the picture starts. No, it will have to be one. I don't have that much dough to burn—besides, I must think in terms of cutting down my intake. As I let the thin stream of smoke out of my lungs, I let my eyes wander. A couple of lungi-clad fellows are trickling in from the opposite end. Slowly they climb the incline and sit down a little distance away. They are talking very seriously. Now one of them grimaces—the other chap has probably told his friend where he went wrong in the second part of the third problem in the morning's periodical. The chap who grimaced now knows that he's not getting an 'S'. Poor fink!

Ah! There comes another bunch. Loud and raucous. They are not talking about the periodical, rather they are questioning the pedigree of some lecturer. I like them. They are my type. Now more. Some ladies and their uncontrollable children. More cigarette smokers. More cigarette bummers. More coloured lungis. More white kurtas. Gosh, it's really nice to come early! I should do it more often. Some one says Hi to me. I say Hi back to him. Here comes one I know better. I like the amiable look on his face. He says, Hello, there. More life in this one. As an afterthought, 'Oh, by the way, I read your article in *Campastimes*. Not bad for a start, yar!' God must have fashioned him with His own hands. Much obliged to him. Will remember to pass my labs to him, if he asks. That calls for a cigarette. 'Have one, yar.' 'I have my own, thanks. So what? Take one, what diff?' We murder English thus, we light up, then he excuses himself.

More acquaintances make their way in. One of them has a positively hostile mask of a face. Tacit is the word, but not for long. 'I say, I read your...er...er...stuff... what made you write all that's..? It was £\$%@@ and more %&£%@@.'

There he had to do it. Some people ought to know what is liable to muck up a chap's evening, a Saturday evening at that! I wish someone would shoot him at the crack of dawn. They shoot horses, don't they? Don't they?

A lot of cronies have joined me by now. A roar! What's it for? Have the *Sarayu* girls arrived? No, a slide is being shown asking the Staff members to pay up, or else! YAAAAH! A shot in the arm, buddy. Gloom seems to be slowly wearing off. A grave voice is speaking as a long shot is focussed on the screen. No one knows what the voice is trying to say because it is drowned in the colossal sonic boom, which happens to be the signal for the man-in-charge to run down as fast as his legs can carry him and switch off the supply to the flood-lights. The horde lets out a pleased 'Ahhh', but soon there are shouts of 'We've seen it! We've seen it!' just because the words 'One Man' appears on the screen. Reminds me of a sick joke...

(Continued on page 10)

CARICATURE

KIMBO

IF you happen to be present in a particular corner of the O.A.T. on Saturday evenings, and hear cries of Mmbo! Mmbo!! Mmbo!!! you might easily be led to believe that it might be some powerful Bantu chief from the darkest corner of Africa making his *grand entree* (and such distinguished visitors do honour our tiny community off and on) or that it was some skinny, slant-eyed Oriental farmers praying fervently to their gods for a more prosperous harvest. And by rights, you should not be blamed, for where else would you hear such a spontaneous emotional outburst? But peer closer and you'd notice that these cries are directed at a dark, bespectacled, stockily built individual clad in a not too clean pair of shorts, with his lower limbs caked in drying Velacheri mud, and who by all appearances is thoroughly enjoying himself—as is evident by his face—splitting grin. The man you see is Kumar Subramanian—Kimbo for short—one of the more controversial and colourful personalities going about IIT.

Apart from Kimbo—which his more ardent fans have shortened to Mmbo—the only other printable name he has collected during his stay in IIT is Ala Mobiti—derived most probably from his favourite hero Al Capone. But Kimbo was the first and most popular name given to our friend. He was titled that during our very first month in IIT when in a particular movie on African Wild Life a double horned rhino repeatedly kept coming on the screen. Right across the length and breadth of our campus he is called that; from the casual Mmbo! you hear in the O.A.T. to the reverent Gimbo Saar! of the hockey marker. So Kimbo it must be.

When he first joined IIT, Kimbo—a former pugilist and physical culture enthusiast—was a bit vain of the toughness of his muscular frame. A week later his unalterable opinions were most irrevocably altered by the more senior residents of the place. All was quiet during the first year and Kimbo did not honour us with any of his Herculean feats of strength. But when he was in his sophomore year the old flame was kindled again. He went about laying wagers that he would haul himself to the hostel terrace from the second floor parapet wall. Nobody dared him. But Kimbo had to assert his superiority in gymnastic circles too, so on a rainy evening when everyone else was indoors, he performed the feat simian-like, his whole mass being supported by a frail looking drainpipe protruding out of the hostel roof.

Once (and this is more recent), after a riotous midnight affair at—Hostel, when the physical had decidedly gained an upper hand over his intellectual, he climbed down a rain-drain from the second to the ground floor, brandishing a hockey stick at anybody coming near him.

Gymnastics used to be his forte till he got his Jawa. IIT roads used to be comparatively safe till Kimbo came along with his mo'bike. As soon as he is heard coming, chaps begin to step off the road and cyclists and motorists head off into a different direction. But outsiders are apt to be inconsiderate—they never heeded the IITian warning, a mistake they regret to this day. To drive home some sense into them, Kimbo knocked off a three tonner truck on the Kody road, a couple of cyclists and pedestrians on the Mount Road and innumerable deer on the IIT roads. Pillion riders fight shy of him. He's a very steady rider but chaps don't have confidence in him. They complain that whenever they ride with him they have to keep turning his head in the direction they wish to proceed in.

Kimbo's interest is not limited only to Jawa's and Rajdoot's he's interested in anything that moves, and moves fast—specially if it has four legs to move on. He's a very ardent fan of the sport I'm alluding to, as is evident by the unflagging zeal with which he follows every meet. It has been observed by highbrows in equestrian circles that he is the most knowledgeable man in these matters, this side of the Suez. Try waking him up in the middle of the night and you'll find him rattling off names like Loyal Prince, Sunbeam, Ratna, Pancham, etcetera etcetera—nay, he'd come out with the odds of their winning too!

Kimbo would do well to write his name as Kumar Subramanian M.P.—the latter standing for Mishap Prone. It is common knowledge in IITian circles that whatever he does is sorely beset with troubles. In one of his junior years he picked up a mo'bike at the OAT, (intentionally or not, nobody can say) did a tour of the city and came back gleefully, only to find that the owner was in hot pursuit of him.



Someone threw a sizeable bundle of fire-crackers in the Asst. Warden's room and Kimbo got blamed. On his way to Kody, he dared a lorry and ended up with three broken ribs. When he came back to Madras he broke some more notching up the toll to six. Entering the boxing ring in the heavyweight class he toted up the score into double figures and sent guys scrambling to enumerate the 'Kimbo Factor'! Whenever there is a street brawl (and of these we have quite a few), you are sure to find Kimbo at its epicentre. He is a very vociferous fighter—his yelling has more of an effect than his blows—and his fighting implements range within anything from a tincutter to a hockey stick. No wonder he's ended up with having more scratches on his face than a Sudanese head hunter.

One of Kimbo's most favourite pastimes is regaling—or so he thinks—a select audience with some of his tall yarns. They usually commence with Kimbo saying 'Actually'! As soon as he says this, some of his audience will start gazing upwards, others will cough discreetly while some others will merely twiddle their thumbs and wait for the party to break up. But Kimbo, undeterred, will go ahead with his story, punctuating it with hearty guffaws and violent thumpings of his hand on the back of the nearest listener.

Another hobby he indulges in is the rigging up of gadgets—electrical or mechanical.—If he's not tinkering with his mo'bike he'll be fiddling with his tape-recorder. If that happens to be in working order he'll be busy designing a novel type of amplifier or transformer for it. He's even tried his hand at making an X-ray machine. Once he decided to overhaul his mo'bike. After he had finished up with everything he found that he was left with a sizeable pile of parts—parts that did not seem to fit in anywhere!

Kimbo may be a daredevil rider, he may go about knocking people off the road, he may climb up pipes and down them, he may scare kids in the dark, he may perform Quixotic feats like shooting goats with his T-square, but one thing you can't but help noticing about this young man, at heart he's a very kind and meek person; as meek as a—words fail me!

B. N. TRIPATHI.

(Continued from page 9)

A few sensible fellows point out that 'One Man' is a series and the chances are good this is a new one. True enough, Jose Gonzales the Newspaper Boy, is introduced to us.

The shout is followed by credit titles of the main feature. 'Yeah, yeah'... 'Sweetheart'... (Wolf whistles... great fun... 'Have a fag') and the movie starts. Lots of guys keep quiet now, hoping that that the movie would be worth it at least as a conversation piece when they return to their hostels.

The fun is not destined to last long. Omnibus black clouds hovering above do not forebode a happy ending to the evening's entertainment. Fervent prayers are silently offered and I think of a line from Trini Lopez's song.

'Don't let the rain come down
Oh no, don't let the rain come down',
to which I add,

'OAT's got no roof and
I might bloody well drown'.

But unseasonal rain just doesn't know when to come down. There is always an excuse for it—'A depression in the Bay', says the morning newspaper. Nature is compensating. If we are to have faith in that adage, then the Bay must be an extremely hazardous seaway, considering that there is a perpetual depression in IIT.

The large drops now hit me with an increasing frequency and I can't help feeling like a wet crow with a broken wing.

The flimsy kurta, sticking to my body as if it were a second skin, is just not enough to see me through a 'wet' movie. The entreaties from my buddy, to stay for that five-second-scene which has crept in because of negligence on the part of the censors, just wouldn't make me budge from my decision which is to make a run for it. But it never rains, it pours. Hawaii chappals, much like the un-

seasonal rain, have a way of letting you down at the wrong moment. If any one is keen enough to watch he would find a hilarious resemblance to my running. The running of a fat old crow with a limp.

Cursing and fuming (so that I could generate enough heat to combat the gusts of cold wind), I land at the hostel.

Later, changed and warm, I decide to call it a day (night?). Smoking what will be my last cigarette before tomorrow, I try to lull myself to sleep with poetry—broken crow with wet wings.

'I would not exchange the sorrows of my heart for the joys of the multitude. And I would not have the tears that sadness makes to flow from my every part turn into laughter. I would that my life remain a tear and a smile... A tear to unite me with those of broken heart; a smile to be a sign of my joy in existence'.

—HYDER.

PRINCESS CHAYA DEVI

'It will be a long time before a girl is caricatured in *Campastimes*'—Chaya (D.) Rao.

Well, we IITians aren't impolite enough to presume to caricature a lady: such things cannot be found in our book of done things (!). Imagine a typical *Campastimes* effort centred on Miss Self-righteous D. C. Rao—unthinkable! She'd make life miserable for a great many people and the author of any such indiscretion would have to retire hurt—probably for life.

No, she isn't particularly muscular. But you don't have to be muscular to tie people into knots, not if you're Chaya. You just have to be annoyed enough to give a tolerably good imitation of a reserved iceberg, or better still, annoyed enough to squeak the ears off the gentleman or lady concerned. Yes, she squeaks. An odd, off-key, musical squeak that mice adore and bats get crazy over. Not all the time, mind you, only when she is excited: but then, that's pretty nearly always. When she's *not* excited, she makes conversation with people, things, herself—one-sided conversation, edging in the first word, the last word and all the words in between, with a triumphant loony-intelligent look in her eyes that makes heads of departments and district collectors wonder what makes her tick. Her language is perfect, her speech distinct, her conversational gambits are legion, and her intentions, questionable.

Fighting, fencing or bullying, Chaya makes her own rules and breaks them with an aplomb and insouciance that has let the air out of many an inflated ego. She can laugh at anything—'impossible ladies', 'thick heroes', 'juniors'... even the great unwashed IITian public. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Chaya is sentimental, soft-hearted, impossibly feminine—and as tough as nails, all at once. She arouses the worst in everybody, enjoys doing it, and pretends to have had no intention of doing it. ('Actually, I'm a very nice person.') Her eyes are bright and her grin kills people. Sensitive people.

She likes elephant jokes (pink toe nails, four elephants in a Herald...); fiddles with matchsticks, striking them towards her sometimes, man-fashion, just for the heck of it; and asks people to take cherries out of martinis at odd moments. She could turn a dead-serious movie into a hilarious comedy with her fascinating comments ('Wasn't Space Odyssey awfully funny?') 'We have the movies and the talkies—thank God we don't have the smellies!') She likes oranges and flowers, favours pockets, adores 'kutti' walks, says goodbye firmly and often, and assaults the telephone with afterthoughts and reminders. She *hates* people chewing matchsticks ('Mikes them look like toughs.') A born elder sister, that's Chaya.

These days the watchman at Sarayu often hears an unmelodious whistle with a hint of wolf in it. Guess who... uh huh, and she learnt it all by herself, she claims. She 'knows' karate and plays on unfair brand of championship table-tennis. Her score of eccentric accomplishments reached a minor peak recently when she added her own peculiar brand of leg-pull to the spirits of the Campus. She hauled up a local 'thick hero' on the squeakie-talkie at some ungodly hour on the first of April with a likely story of a kitten which had been chased by a dog up a palm tree outside Sarayu—and would the aforementioned thicko please pull up his socks and hurry up and get the kitten down, cause it had been up two days already. The thicko, flattered at being thought as efficient as the SPCA and the Fire Department put together (which isn't saying much for either) pulled up his socks, hired a member of the Union of Palm Tree Climbers, and made his way to Sarayu in the eye of the noonday sun. He must have beaten the quick-transit to Sarayu record because he arrived just in time to catch Chaya slinking off to her a.c. lab. She had either miscalculated on how thick a hero can be or misestimated the time it takes an eager beaver to beat it to yon palmyra tree with a starving, ready-to-scratch kitten atop, and incidentally, to Chaya's delightful company. After a soul-searing discussion concerning the rollicking hilarity of the whole affair, our hero went his way meditating on the workings of the feminine mind, on kittens and palmyra trees and telephonic conversations.

Like any normal girl, Chaya has afterthoughts and ambitions. ('I should have been a boy,' 'I should have been Mata Hari.') In IIT, she hasn't been quite in her element—mainly because there are so few people she can bully. She has emceed Sarayu during the Inter-hostel Competition, won a prize for that, written two articles for *Campastimes*, one in an old issue, co-authored by Meera Chandra PaI ('Entertainment or Bust', Vol VII No. 2, the title and a couple of lines entirely Kake's work, Grrrrr... she says) and one elsewhere in this issue, taken part in an Open Group Discussion (remember ?!), been Social Sec of Sarayu for a year—in short, she has hit the news, not in a big way, maybe, but hit it all the same. Which is why most people on the Campus have had occasion to hear the name Chaya Rao more than once. And imagine, this article is going to make her famous, quote Wowie exclamation unquote Chaya Rao.

Chaya Devi Rao ('There used to be a Devi in between—damn! why did I have to say that?') is going to the States one of these days. She makes out to add colour and gaiety to the colour problem there. ('I am least impressed by skin: white, pink or black.') Or maybe she won't. ('Y'know I am seriously thinking of staying on here for my doctorate...') The Chemistry Department, noted for its brilliant Staff and even more brilliant students, possibly finds Chaya a little unmanageable and a little disconcerting, but they must emphatically agree (or maybe they aren't so brilliant after all) that she'd be a keen research scholar, dragging shameful chemical secrets and molecular scandals out into the limelight with her customary vim and gusto. Crazy, man, crazy, but Chem is a batty subj. ('Do you know the molecular structure of Glucose?') No ma'am, we're ignorant louts.)

This likable person with a high IQ who talks a lot cannot be adequately introduced in anything less than a book. When I get started on such a book I'll let you folks know.

—P. C. V.

Annual Mug-Walloping

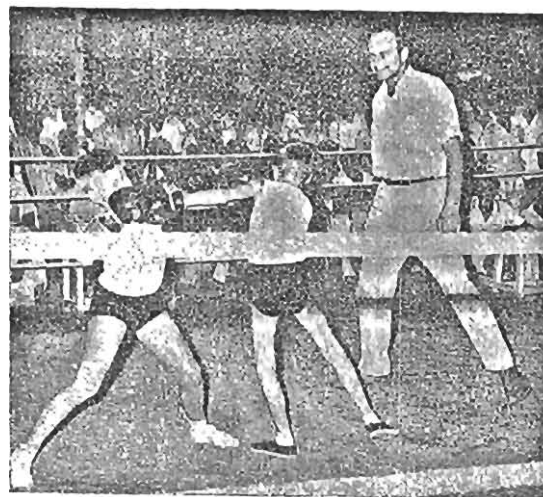
Right: Michael, Andre and Peter 'Gowski having a gay time

Below: If looks could kill.....

V. K. Raja and D. V. Singh



Photos: Kubendran.



DR. ZÜRN'S VACATION COMPETITION No. 3.

TECHNICARE

How much humour can you find in technology? Jokes, cartoons, gags, anything goes so long as it makes people connect technology and humour. [And if you think there is no connection, write a letter to the editor saying why you don't think there is a connection, and we'll reject the letter, giving our reasons saying why the letter is unprintable.]

HEIL, DEUTSCH MANN!

On many an evening, a solitary figure may be seen trundling along the dark road past the Bank and the circle towards the HSB. Baggy trousers muffling the shuffle of his feet, the singular sight of sleeves flapping at his elbows, the Binaca-charm wrist watch, the slipping spectacles—aber natürlich, er ist Herr Sharma. A man of letters (Anglo-Deutsch letters), he exudes German.

Perched in his eyrie atop the Humanities and Sciences Block, which as its name implies, houses Humanitarians, Scientists and Block-heads, he condescends now and then to impart to coarse commoners a Pinch of German: when he is not in his gloriously wrathful mood.

His mode of teaching German is an innovation in modern Indian technology, the fruit of Indo-German collaboration. He keeps his audience on their toes perpetually. His disciples have to summon all their slumbering powers of concentration to focus on his utterances and discover if they are in German or in English. They burn their brains out in trying to decode his messages. One moment he sets them afire with a devastating diatribe against the national slave mentality; against our characteristically abject subjugation to Occidental domination; against the spirit of self-confidence of which we are so obviously devoid; against our cowering cowardly shamelessness revealed in our booing him. The next instant, he freezes our attention onto something more appropriate, Abschnitt Drei. Once it is deciphered, we revel in the topsy-turvy maze of German sentences.

Herr Sharma endowed with the Divine Right to propound the sophisticated fact that the German future does not express futurity, is fond of making statement such as, 'I will have seen you in the theatre yesterday.' Herr Sharma was understandably at sea in the last part of *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*. 'Will he have been wrong then?' Nein, Nein.

Herr Sharma manifests the prodigious perspective of an Indian viewing English through German eyes. *Der Gott save the Raja!* The consummate fluency with which he inarticulates between English and 'Deutsche Sprachlehre für Ausländer', both simultaneously, is but one of his varied talents.

While I was pondering over the extent of homosexuality in ancient Athenian culture, my philosophising, nurtured so well in the environment of the rear benches, was suddenly fragmented by a shattering roar. LO AND BEHOLD! Thunder hurled from the mystical



duster in those omnipotent hands; bolts of lightning flashed from behind those all-focussing spectacles; a torrent of half-formed gibberish echoed in the room. What causeth this Olympian ire, the inexorable rage of my master, the Lord of the Pantheon, the all-Father Zeus, Herr Sharma? Two outdated words on the blackboard, *Heil Hitler!* Ah, what regal allergy!

But yet, only after the first periodical can one sound the unfathomable depths of this philanthropic heart, from which springs his Deutsch. This versatile YOUNG linguist is definitely our prized possession. Scaling this humble tribute in the unmistakable (and deplorable) lexicon of IIT, Madras, 'Herr Sharma ist viel sexy'.

—CHETTIAR.

Inside Story of Our Man Pammu

S. Parameshwaran will soon be a young aeronautical engineer. And, by Crikey, I've got something to tell you about that.

Let's start with the summer training at MIT. His anxiety to get things right and his belief in accuracy are so great that even while selecting spanners he used vernier calipers to get the size right. Hushed whispers went round among all the instructors and they decided not to disillusion the young mind.

Next in line comes the Bangalore episode. After three weeks of shop visits at the Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd., and watching the HF-24 being made from scratch, Pammu took the instructor aside and whispered to him, 'Where are the propellers?'

At Kanpur in winter, during our Flight Tests, the Cessna took off one morning only to land immediately. And the pilot threw Pammu out at the end of the runway, yelling, 'Don't ya dirty my aircraft again.' The young aeronautical engineer staggered back to the hangar, muttering, 'Flying isn't my line.'

So when Air-India offered him their best compliments and asked when he will be leaving for the US, he replied, '..... by ship if you please.'

The human side of Pammu is more intriguing. Even the watchman can tell you that Pammu has five aunts and a horde of cousins.

In his first year at Ganga, Pammu adopted the unique fashion of going to the mess in his banians. The chapter came to a sudden close, however, when a fresher asked him for 'some more dal'.

Pammu thinks that gin is only for ladies. He reads aloud with great skill and taste. He takes great pains to conceal his accomplishments, indeed all the pains that others take to display theirs. His favourite stars are Sir John Gielgud, Rudolf Valentino, Sir Lawrence Olivier, Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead, none of whom he's ever seen.

People often ask us Aeros how we manage to get along with Pammu. Bony's thumb rule provides the best answer. 'Never give him an opening!' That is, if, for instance, Pammu announces at the mess that he's just received a letter from his aunt delta, don't show your curiosity. Just nod silently, concentrate on your dal and leave the rest to God.

KAKE.



Narendra Kumar



R. D. Chillar



Herr Haedke



Photo: Kubendran

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THE LEGEND OF

LOBO

'Some people,' H. G. Wells observed, 'can be thought of only as caricatures.' When Rudolf Lobo hears that he might feel kinda flattered. But then, it hardly takes someone of H. G. Wells' calibre to observe such things. Not with Lobo around, anyway.

If you still haven't got an idea of what the horror looks like, you have to look elsewhere in this page. He looks just like this 'ere piece of art: a wee bit longer than the normal run of human beings. To young and old alike, Lobo presents a problem. He cannot be overlooked. One might barely succeed if one tries hard enough; witness the trouble he has managing the tiny tots round his legs and shooting away dogs with ulterior motives.

Lobo is essentially a very self-conscious person. He longs to be of normal physical stature. He dreams of the day when he will be named by *Time* magazine as the shortest member of the All-America Basketball team. (If this column degenerates into something like *The Disadvantages of being Brobdignagian*, only Lobo is to blame.) Much to his chagrin, Lobo had to parade in his dungarees before Lt. Subramaniam for two whole years. He couldn't even get into the IIT omnibus on Saturday afternoons. But gone are the days when Lobo was put to so much trouble. Nowadays he rides along merrily on a scooter, nibbling away at the speedometer.

After some painful attempts at philandering, Lobo has discovered that pretty girls are not his dish. He only gets to smell the coiffure, and well, anything below is beyond his reach.

Academically, too, Lobo's height is a disadvantage. TNG asserts in his lectures that Lobo and his like are the root cause of the inferiority complex so prevalent among the lecturers.

In July '67, when Lobo was busily preparing for his two weeks of quarantine in the wardens' quarters he got a bigger shock than he had bargained for. The hushed and awed whisper of 'Lobo' amongst the freshers reached the men up there, who decided to get tough. Consequently Lobo was not allowed to appear for a whole cycle of periodicals: which accounts for the fact that he's still round the place.

Lobo employs certain unorthodox methods to obtain medical certificates from the doctor. Once, Lobo walked into Dr. Shanta's room, looking as dreadful as ever and asked politely for an M.C. She was understandably bewildered by this as nothing seemed to be wrong with him (except the usual things, of course).

'What may be your complaint?' she ventured to ask.

Lobo is not as imaginative as, say, 'Ayub Khan'. He held his breath, smiled sheepishly and said, 'Anything you say, Ma'am.' Not till he reached the hostel did he find out that his complaint was, of all things, vertigo.

The chief (and only?) virtue of Rudolf Lobo is his skill in practical electronics. He is the sole successor of JET Sarguniar in the field of making non-amplifying amplifiers. Rashad says that his amplifiers, when hung upside down, are the finest works of junk sculpture this side of Chicago.

Having been Gen. Sec. of Ganga, Lobo is certainly one of the more famous guys in the Campus (why, you see him even in Carnival ads). One shudders to think of the fate of stereo-rigs without Lobo round to repair them. When he leaves, he will be missed very much not only by those who know him personally but also by the multitudes of IIT who know him only by sight (Egads, what a sight!).

—VINOD BHATLA.



DEUTSCHE MUSEUM IN MUNICH

—A Mecca for
Scientists and
Engineers

Dr ZÜRN

There are many Meccas—those of religions, philosophies and arts as also those of science and technology. In the twenties, physicists for example, went to Göttingen while today scientists and engineers would probably like to go to the remotest parts of the world—the United States, Europe or Japan. In this list of Meccas should also be included the 'Deutsche Museum' in Munich, which is a very important 'pilgrim centre' of scientists, engineers and others. But what exactly is the secret of its unique charm and fascination? The renowned German engineer Oscar von Miller (1855-1934), the builder of many power plants—among which the Walchen sea-power plant deserves special mention—founded an educational institute for technology and science in the year 1903, the like of which exists nowhere else in the world. With the assistance of the German State, Science and Industry, Oscar von Miller built a museum, which was quite out of the ordinary. Instead of arranging lifeless objects in long rows and inscribing them as is usual with explanatory notes, he swerved from the beaten track and attempted to represent the vast fields of science and technology by using activated models and by systematic arrangement, such that the visitor is led through the centuries, starting from the primitive inventions to the latest technological developments. The fundamental laws of physics are elucidated to him by means of simple apparatus, which can be operated by hand. In figurative representations, by erecting entire workshops or through mining operations, complex technical processes are explained; the stages of extraction and processing of important raw materials, commencing from the first steps until the final product is obtained, are most lucidly traced. It has thus been made possible to follow-up with the aid of lively illustrations the growth of industry, from the times when flint stones were first used to produce fire, to the modern times of the most advanced steam turbines; the manufacture of textiles in the times of the lake dwellers to the modern weaver's looms of today. The splitting of the atom too can be observed in models. A technical library containing about 500,000 volumes, scientific documents and portraits supplements the enormous collections and demonstration—models etc. Thus the museum is both a hall for experimentation as also an illustrated book to learn out of. Nowhere else does such an exhaustive collection exist with similar facilities for demonstrations, as in this German institute on the banks of the Isaar in Munich. It is verily a pilgrim centre for scientists and technologists and more so for youth in quest of knowledge—and it should also become a pilgrim centre for amateurs in the fields of science and technology. Einstein once said: 'Any one who thoughtlessly benefits from the wonders of science and technology without learning about them, would be no different from the cow which happily tucks away the grass without learning one single word of the botany of plants, and should be ashamed of oneself.' In Munich one can understand and learn to respect these wonders by looking at the technological and scientific achievements.

General Secretary's Report

If I were to give one word to describe the activities of the Gymkhana for this year, I would say—eventful. But this word has been so often used in the past that it could never do justice in describing this year's activities. It would not be an idle boast to say that our student body has shown remarkable enthusiasm which has led to a string of splendid successes inside and outside Madras-36.

The event that caught everyone's imagination most vividly was of course the Campus Carnival. This fair was organised on a scale never before attempted in Madras—after all, air-dropping ad leaflets is not normal procedure for fairs—nor is fleeing Indian Industry of five thousand rupees worth of advertisements. All the credit for the Carnival must go to the entire student community—all of whom participated in one way or another.

For our sportsmen, this has been an exceptionally good year.

All of you know that our team excelled themselves at the Inter-IIT Sports Meet held at Kharagpur—from the rock bottom position of the past to reach one of the top positions speaks extremely well of our sportsmen.

We have not been idle in the city sports either—our teams have continued to win laurels they normally do. The Hockey, Tennis and Shuttle Badminton teams, in particular, have made a name for themselves.

In the intellectual sphere we had our customary Cultural Week and a host of other functions. This year's Cultural Week saw unprecedented student co-operation and participation (sometimes of the wrong kind).

Mrs. Nayanara Sahgal was the Guest of honour at the Valedictory function.

In spite of pessimism at the beginning of the year on the standard of our debaters, ample talent exposed itself at the selection round for the Institute team. After making a reputation for themselves in Madras, our debaters went on to Kharagpur to bag any trophies they might have had. Our Quiz team too brought credit to the Institute. They emerged victorious from every Quiz in which they participated.

Our IIT this year witnessed a sudden profusion of groups of literary and scientific activity. The appearance of groups such as the Debating Club, the Dramatics Club and the Social Sciences Study Group is most encouraging. They have helped to blow the myth that we IITians are incapable of any serious thinking other than on the topic of engineering.

So much for our achievements. I feel that my report would not be complete without highlighting certain problems and suggesting remedies for these.

Every year's report has made a mention of the so-called staff-student relationship. It is with distress that I feel that I have to mention it once more. Our staff and students cannot be said to form a homogeneous body. Gymkhana functions are looked upon by the staff as something frivolous and not really worth their time and attention—this does not of course apply to the Saturday movies where the staff participation is exceptionally good.

One cannot hold the staff or the students responsible for this attitude. A careful examination of this problem is required. A solution would be to tackle this problem at the Hostel level. Most of the Hostel assistant wardens are characterised by a complete lack of sympathy with, or understanding of students. These are the people who could be our links with the rest of the staff community. After all, eleven Hostels have 22 Asst. Wardens and they should provide the motive force for a sound student-staff relationship. These are the people who must be selected with care.

Coming to the Gymkhana itself, the Secretaries have often been among the students unable to generate the enthusiasm that they themselves have and are often quite alienated from the student body. It is often a case of the Secretaries acting for the students rather than with the students. This can be remedied if the system of elections were changed. The elections for the post of Secretaries should be by the entire student community rather than a group of Hostel representatives. They could then identify themselves completely with the students.

As the Gymkhana itself grows we note with dismay that it is becoming more and more of a bureaucratic set up with its accompanying red-tape. A sanction for the smallest function always mean hours of lectures missed in chasing after signatures and counter signatures.

Entrusting all sanctions and requisitions of the Gymkhana with its President would expedite matters greatly and enable a far smoother functioning of the Gymkhana and associated bodies.

With the coming of the Inter-IIT Meet to Madras this year, I think it is time we opened our eyes to the sad state of the type of coaching available to our sportsmen. Unless professional coaches are hired and our sportsmen properly trained, any sports victory will be solely due to individual merit. There is no need to stress the importance of systematic training.

Towards the end, I would like to make a rather novel suggestion put to me by one of the staff members. Cannot *Campastimes* carry appraisals and ratings of teaching staff by students? This might keep some of the staff on their toes. After all, if students can be rated by their lecturers, there is no reason why lecturers cannot be rated by us.*

Dr. Klein will be leaving us this year after leading the Institute Gymkhana to the height of its glory.

Dr. Klein has always been with the students. His fine sense of humour coupled with his enthusiasm has always been a source of inspiration even during rather tough times.

On behalf of the student community of this Institute, I offer to Dr. Klein our best wishes.

In conclusion I would like to thank Dr. Ramachandran, Prof. Sampath and our Registrar, Prof. Sethunathan for being extremely helpful and understanding.

My thanks also go to the staff advisers of the various Committees.

— BALAKRISHNA NAMBIAR.

* Our opinion of the Staff is well known.

LITERARY COMMITTEE REPORT

An eventful year has come to a close: during the year, the literary activities of the Institute Gymkhana had a prominent role to play. The internal competitions and the external participation did keep our talented teams in trim, and the organizers very busy.

The *Annual Quiz* was the first event to be completed. Dr N. Klein was the quizmaster. Nothing unexpected or unusual happened that evening. M. S. Srinivasan and S. Parameswaran came out on top. Some new talent was unearthed: P. Balakrishnan was the discovery, and he has already distinguished himself in inter-collegiate competitions.

The motion for the *Annual Debate* was 'Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?' Fourteen hopefuls debated on this rather hackneyed topic. All of them seemed to have laid their hands on the same book of Law—at least eight used the expression, 'a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye'. Mr. P. Chidambaram, one of the judges that evening, made a very impressive speech in summing up the proceedings of the evening.

Our call for entries for the *Annual Debate* brought in as many as forty-seven entries. Apart from leaving the Literary Committee flabbergasted, this flood brought to light a very important deficiency. It meant that there simply wasn't any opportunity for people to pick up and develop the art of public speaking. The *Debating Society* was conceived, and upto now, it has held as many as eight debates. This society, with its growing membership, aims at providing

sufficient opportunity for public speaking to its members.

The next competition was the *Group Discussion*. Over the years, the popularity of this event has been on the increase. The last year's runners-up were this year's winners (V. S. Krishnan and team). They discussed: Hope for all mankind lies in the USA!

When the *Brains Trust* programme was organized in 66-67, it was a big hit. Again, this year an equally interesting programme was conducted. Questions poured in and the Brains rose to the occasion. There were no casualties.

The other intramural competitions held this year were the *Inter-Hostel Quiz* and the *Inter-Hostel Debate*. Ganga retained the K. V. Ramasarma trophy for the Quiz. Saraswati had little trouble at the Debate.

The *Cultural Week* was a splendid success. A lot has already been said and written about it. But a few points could be emphasised. For the first time as many as four teams from outside the State participated in the *Open Debate*. All the literary competitions were dominated by IIT-KGP: they went back with two trophies and narrowly missed a third. It is a problem to find a suitable place to hold the inter-collegiate events during the Cultural Week. The question, OAT or CLT?, was asked till the eve of the week. Finally, it was the CLT. The effect of a jam packed CLT with a highly appreciative and vocal audience could be unnerving.

It was a very successful year for IIT as far as participation in external competitions went. We participated in eight inter-collegiate quizzes and nine inter-collegiate debates. The quiz team remained unbeaten and the debaters brought home four trophies. M. S. Srinivasan remained in top form right through the year. Amongst the debaters, V. S. Krishnan, B. Kumar and H. Shankar did very well. Our debating and quiz teams participated in the *Spring Festival* at IIT-KGP. The teams brought back both the quiz and debating trophies. This was a fitting finale to the external participation.

Apart from quizzes and debates, IIT participated in two seminars. It is understood that our teams did make a positive contribution at these seminars.

Though a report calls for a summing up of the various activities during the year, it could hardly justify its place in this issue of *Campastimes* unless it included some observations.

It is rather surprising to note that debates are no longer debates. To those who have attended them, this statement will not sound enigmatic. Sadly, our debaters come so thoroughly prepared with their material, that they cannot punch holes in their opponents' arguments. On-the-spot observations are rarely made. Our debates have been reduced to mere elocution competitions. This state of affairs could be remedied by providing sufficient opportunity for extempore speaking... the Debating Society might perhaps help.

During the year, we have received extensive cooperation from various department. But with all due thanks to them, one strongly feels that an independent Gymkhana could be more effective. It is necessary to render the Gymkhana, as far as possible, independent of the other departments as regards equipment and services. To put in a nutshell the advantages accruing from this, there will be less delay and frustration. Running round would be minimized, if not eliminated.

As the lights are dimmed and the curtain brought down on yet another memorable year, I remember the fantastic work put in by all the students in the sphere of literary and cultural activities. Their participation, interest and enthusiasm kept us going. The assistance and guidance that we received from different people brought immense encouragement. To all of them, our debt is great. In this connection, special thanks are due to Dr. A. Ramachandran, Dr. Klein, Prof. Sampath, and Prof. Sethunathan.

I take this opportunity of wishing the next committee all the best and I do hope that the light of IIT (M) remains undimmed in the literary field.

HARCHARAN SINGH,
Secretary,
Literary Committee.

Report of the Committee for External Affairs

The Committee, composed of class representatives of the various courses, was constituted at the beginning of the year, with Prof. R. K. Gupta and Mr Ebert as Staff Advisers.

The year's activities began with a series of meetings with the Deputy Director, at which some of the more irksome difficulties faced by the students were raised, and solutions sought for. Some of the more concrete results of those meetings were: (1) The installation of a water-cooler in the MSB (so what if it doesn't work?) (2) Greater flexibility in the periodical schedule and the shifting over of periodical days to the present system of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. (3) The intermittent exam time-table of the last semester. (4) The presence on the Campus of some Railway staff at the end of the last semester to facilitate train reservations for IITians.

This year, the Science Fair organisation was taken over by this Committee. Mr Ebert was extremely helpful in making available workshop facilities from the beginning of the year itself. These facilities could be made use of even on Saturday afternoon, provided sufficient warning was given. There was greater originality this year, in the projects and this resulted in a more colourful Science Fair.

We tried to organize a sort of Hobby Centre where people could potter around with a lathe, a drilling machine or something of the like, but this attempt was abortive. Perhaps future Committees will be able to tackle this problem more successfully.

N. B. Considering the sphere in which the Committee was active this year, its name should be changed to 'The Committee for Internal Affairs'.

C. K. SHARMA.

RESULTS OF ANNUAL INSTITUTE WEIGHT-LIFTING AND BODY-BUILDING COMPETITIONS

Weight-lifting:

1. H. K. Panigrahi
2. Prabhakar
3. A. M. Gunda

Mr. Strongman:

1. K. S. Dabas
2. H. K. Panigrahi
3. H. S. Patwardhan

Mr. IIT:

1. B. K. Panigrahi
2. H. K. Panigrahi
3. S. K. Gangopadhyay

The team championship went to
TAPTI HOSTEL

Avoid 'em
like the plague!

Staff-Student Relationship

Very often we hear people say that staff-student relationship must be improved, and equally often a tirade is launched against the existing system of education, a system that encourages 'spoon-feeding'. Very often the complaint is heard that students confine themselves to class notes and one or two textbooks and that lecturers, by dictating notes, stunt the development of the students. The students defend their position by saying that the best text-books are almost always on long-term loan and the lecturers defend theirs by saying that most of the students are extremely unwilling to go to the library and consult the books in the reference section. Having blamed each other, the parties find that no solution is in sight, though the problem has been identified, stated, restated, modified and, in general, made much of. The solution I propose may not be an effective one. Nevertheless I do suggest it because the existing state of affairs demands thinking, constructive thinking.

Right from the first year onwards, every student must be required to select one subject for individual study. He will be required to study this subject on his own—in the sense that no lectures will be arranged for him, though he will always be free to approach any member of the staff dealing with the subject for advice and guidance. At the end of the year he will be required to take an examination in that subject and the grades obtained by him will be entered in the grade card. However the marks scored by him in the subject will be included in the total *only if it improves his average*. We can thus ensure that there is no risk involved

in it; in fact it will give the student an opportunity to make up for any lack of proficiency in compulsory subjects. The question now is, how will this improve staff-student relationship?

You often feel that a lecturer does not know his subject if he is not able to teach well. You may be surprised when you meet him in his room. However, the fact is that we seldom meet our lecturers outside the classroom. If this system can precipitate the necessity for meeting outside the classroom, it may well improve staff-student relationship.

In these days when there is so much talk about student representation in university senates, this experience of individual study will stand a student in good stead if he is to participate in discussions relating to the framing of syllabi. In fact, without giving students an opportunity to gain this experience, there is hardly any point in talking about student representation in these bodies. This experience will also help a student develop the habit of studying a subject on his own, something which might bring about vast improvements in the standard of education, because the teaching standard in our universities is nothing much to write home about.

If it is accepted that the system will enable a student to develop the habit of studying on his own and that this in turn will do him good, then nothing need stand in the way of implementing the suggestion—in short, we needn't bother about whether staff-student relationship will actually improve. It may be just a by-product of the new system.

—R. VIRARAGHAVAN.



Left: H. K. Panigrahi
K. S. Dabas

Below: B. K. Panigrahi



Photo: Kubendran.



Photo: Boss P. Das.

Wear

ARMOR

ONE OF THOSE LOVE—HATE RELATIONSHIPS

Some things have a deceptively sly way of working themselves into one's system and then never letting go. One is stuck with them for life whether one likes it or not..... like some old songs whose tunes always persist somewhere in the subconscious, but are never quite recaptured.

It would be disconcerting if I were suddenly asked to define the charm this life has for me. Logically and objectively, five years of rigorous imprisonment in this campus (two years in the case of some lucky ones like me) ought to be enough for anyone. We ought to be raring to go out into the big bad world to make our respective fortunes. But one strong streak I notice in myself these days.... my enthusiasm for getting the hell out of here is directly proportional to the number of days left. I find layers and layers of sentimentality in me that I never knew existed.

Memories....all sorts of them. Of days spent in light-hearted chatter; followed by last minute, desperate, do-or-die cramming sessions before periodicals. Of companionship....walks on long roads with friends when the Meaning of Life was discussed seriously. Of Mob Hysteria in the OAT; of total and complete involvement with things, almost crusades; of disenchantment and cynicism; of fresh and gay laughter; of crude jokes and rosy idealism; of rare and precious meetings with people when the eternal social masks were not needed, when people forgot their 'images' and gave themselves a breathing spell between periods of mocking self-deception; memories.... all sorts of them.

It is very difficult, physically tiring, to live up to reputations and 'images'. And the longer one keeps up such 'fronts', the more difficult it becomes to get rid of them. I must admit I have met very few 'natural' people in this campus. But then, I met very few people altogether. Anyway, the ones I did meet, the boys are very busy being 'hep' or 'with the in-crowd', and the girls have their sedate middle-class respectability to look after. They are good girls, they are. I am of course omitting the few unfortunates who have no interest in things other than grades and exams. I can only say, I hope they are happy in their very limited sphere of activities.

The point I am trying to make is this: mob opinion can be a devastatingly ruthless dictator. I wonder how many of our campus heroes really enjoy tearing round Gajendra Circle on their mo'bikes, at speeds which cause considerable risk to their personal safety and well-being. It is considered manly and dashing to do so and hence let us be fashionable or die. Our OAT entertainments would not be so infantile if they were not governed by the cardinal rule of what 'goes' with the crowd. In fact, it seems very foolhardy of me to risk my neck writing an article like this for the official mouthpiece of the Establishment, *Campastimes*.*

I am not saying that all the boys should turn into perfect little gentlemen and all the girls (the few that there are) should turn into ladies. That will be quite a boring state of affairs. By all means, have your saffron robes, your bushy sideburns, your beads and your whatnot. Carry on full steam your noble crusade against rules, regulations, assistant wardens, good English, security officers.... anything you please. Only be sure you are doing it because you want to; not because the hippies in the USA have shaggy hair, or so and so is my hero and he is rude to assistant wardens, or the latest 'in' thing is to make up your own grammar as you go along. I plead for more spontaneous and genuine 'irresponsibility' rather than this studied and deliberate effort to impress others. Our world is so topsy-turvy that we have to hide any decency, good manners and

such conventional 'niceness' from prying eyes and act tough before we are accepted. I quake even as I write this article. Sometime ago there was a meek article in *Campastimes* asking for more 'seriousness' in the campus.... and boy, did that aspiring author get his money's worth of publicity by way of indignant letters to the editor! I, however, have enough sense to risk the same fate just before I leave the campus.... I can always turn tail and run for dear life if the going gets rough.

The days of small worlds are rapidly coming to an end. The world is getting smaller, but our 'worlds' are getting larger and larger. It is exciting and scary. There is a complicated mixture of feelings.... of impatience to get into the mainstream of things and yet the hesitation to leave the safe backwaters.

Never again will it be quite this way. Never again old enough to know what's happening and young enough to do as one pleases about it.... and get away with it!.... possessed of the tacit and unspoken belief that somehow we are not mediocre.... that great things are waiting to be done.... by us. Never again this leisurely chance to find our own niche in the scheme of things.

—CHAYA RAO.

*(?—Ed.)

GAS STOP 'EM HOLDS

'Okay guys, pile in.'
'What's eating you, Chief?'
'The damned holidays.'
'Which one?'
'The ones they wangle out of us after every function.'
'Oh.'
'We got to put a stop to it.'
'Why didn't you say so?'
'Funny, very funny. You haven't had a bunch of ugly mugs crawling every other half hour into your room. 'Please, sir, I think this warrants a day of rest.'
'Sir, we came second at the Inter-IIT. Surely Monday..... You put your foot down and shove the moron out, another one crawls in....'
'Easy boss, they're just kids.'
'Kids! We're going to let 'em loose on the world in a l'il while. Men, that's what they gotta be. Not cheapskates whining for holds.'
'Hey, Chief.... don't you feel guilty passing these guys off as stupendous goods.'
'Never mind that one. How do we stop the holds.'
'Just say no.'
'That don't work.'
'Grab 'em reps. Tell them their crowd's got two days. They can take 'em when they want it.'
'That don't work either.'
'Why?'
'The Gym. Pres. wants one, too.'
'Stumped, ain't we?'
'Oh, come on, where's all the brilliance that I normally see?
'Here comes, Chief. Declare all Mondays holidays.'
'Traitor! I didn't mean that sort of brilliance.'
'Cut down their vacation.'
'Oh no, I wouldn't want them around for more than 8 months.'
'Then plain give up for the mo.'
'And in the meanwhile pray: Dear Lord, if you must strangle important personages next year, strangle 'em on Saturday afternoons.'

—AAJOO.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

There have been derogatory references *ad nauseam* to staff-student relationships. Several recent speeches have bristled with them. We would like to know what constructive progress these speech-makers think they have achieved with their ill-timed and unoriginal remarks.

The attitude that staff-student relationship is a responsibility of the staff, which they have miserably bungled so far, is becoming increasingly annoying. There has been remarkably little enthusiasm on the student side to make any overtures. If we are conceded enough to think we can sit tight and wait for our teachers to approach us, how much more decided they should be that the first approach should come from us.

We should like to point out that staff-student relationship is a sum of personal relationships between A and B and Mr C and Mr D, not a frigid exchange of trivialities between two collective and faintly hostile groups. As a matter of fact we have considerably better staff-student relations here than in most other Indian colleges and universities. That they will bear *improvement* is a matter for earnest and sincere effort on a personal scale.

Be that as it may, this problem concerns only the staff and the students. The probability of any of our illustrious Chief Guests getting inspirations and solving the problems on the spot is admittedly remote. This being so, we feel there is no need for us to wash our dirty linen in public.

In short, it is time to stop ranting, and start doing something creative towards better relations. Speech-makers please note.

Yours etc.,

S. PARAMESHWARAN,
K. KALYANARAMAN.

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Dear Mr. Editor,

Apart from 'Over a Cup of Aye Aye Tea', 'From Here and There' is a venerable column continued ever since the inception of *Campastimes*. Though I respect Mr. Parameswaran's individuality, the matters covered by his 'By the Way' are nothing different from that of Mr. Randhava's (the originator of 'From Here and There'). It is disquieting to note this column losing its importance in the format of our *Campastimes*. You seem to feel that staff members do not contribute to *Campastimes*. Why not hand over this column to us and see whether your criticism is well-based.

V. ANANTARAMAN,
Humanities, IIT.

We thank Dr. Anantaraman for his suggestion; it coincides with our views. A member of the Staff, Mr. Antony Reddy, has consented to provide us with material for a regular column.

Staff participation in *Campastimes*, provided it is sufficiently readable and interesting is welcome. This criterion applies to all contributions, and interested ladies and gentlemen from the Staff side should understand that writing for *Campastimes* involves a type of literary skill altogether different from that involved in, say, writing a research paper.

—The Editorial Board.

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Higgledy Piggledy

M. Antony Reddy
Outspoken champion
Of ghastly beards
Said, 'My alter ego
Is Colonel Ojwuku'
But them my heroes are
The local surds.