

Campastimes

Vol. VII, No. I

IIT Madras, October, 1968

25 P.

EIGHTH GYMKHANA GETS GOING

Kubendran

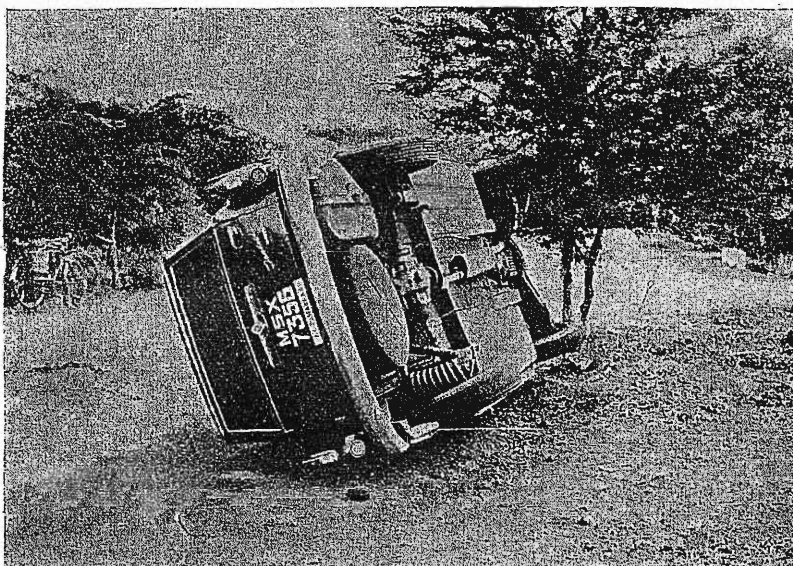


Scientific progress. But tradition still reigns supreme.

The year has indeed started with a bang. With last year's inaugural fiasco still remaining fresh in their minds, the organisers decided to eliminate the usual lengthy speeches and provide an inaugural entertainment. For once, as a result, the OAT was packed when the General Secretary K. S. Loganathan introduced the office-bearers of the year to the audience. The Director, while formally inaugurating the Gymkhana, expressed the hope that its activities will receive a boost this year. He observed that the Institute Magazine will bear a lot of improvement, and that although we have met with indifferent success in the Inter-University Sports tournaments this year, we should fare well at the Inter-IIT Meet to be held at Kanpur in December. With an eye cocked on the forthcoming Inter-Hostel Entertainment Competition, the participants put in a lot of hard work and the effects were visible in the improved standard of entertainment put up. It was nice to see Solomon and Ebbie back again and we hope we will see more of them this year.

—Campastimes.

Kubendran



Poor little Isabella. She couldn't care less.

GOOD NEWS

* Indian Institute of Technology represented by V. S. Krishnan and Veeraraghavan Raja bagged the Rotary Club of Madras West Trophy for Inter-Collegiate Debating on October 10, 1968. Fifteen Colleges participated in the competition.

** IIT won the Somasundara Reddiar Trophy by beating MMC in the Final of the Jain College basket-ball tournament on October 12, 1968. This is the first time that we have won the trophy, which was first instituted in 1959.

MINITALE

CAMP

THE end of the final exam calls for a celebration. After weeks of sustained tension, one tries to find some way or another of letting off steam; of unwinding oneself. One attempts to forget the recent past completely, for worry is after all a useless emotion. So, soon after the exams Gopal and his friends decided to return to a state of normalcy by going on a camp for a few days. They chose a secluded spot far from any town or even village, in a wooded part of Madras.

Gopal of course, was the leader of the gang. Voluble and opinionated but unfortunately not very bright, he had once startled the learned Senate by saying earnestly that his favourite literary work was 'The Case of the Blue-eyed Blonde.' Yet inexplicably, he was the sun around whom the others revolved. Gopal's right-hand man was Chikku, one of those permanently-serious fellows. The look on his face would remain exactly the same whether he was reading 'Hamlet, The Prince of Denmark' or 'Dennis, the Menace.' But it was Chikku's good sense that tempered and held in check the wild exuberance of some of the others in the group. Then there was Kumar, a superb sportsman and athlete.

The day the exams ended they got together in Gopal's room to discuss and make plans. The colourful conversation flitted easily from Bridge to Gopal's exploits in the History class; from Nancy Sinatra's voice to Elizabeth Taylor's husbands; from Marlene Dietrich's age to the mating habits of the Praying Mantis. When eventually it came to rest on the subject of the camp, everyone was serious.

It was unanimously agreed upon that the camp was not to be made soft and easy; that it was not to be allowed to degenerate into a girlish picnic. The life they would live was to be hard and exacting. Hiking, hill-climbing, swimming—a simple life but adventurous and demanding. They would cook their own food, they would sleep under the trees, they would... the interminable list was cut short by Kumar calling for 'constructive suggestions'. As the originator of the idea, Kumar felt that it was upon him that the work of organization devolved. The first constructive suggestion came from Gopal and was a bit of a shock.

'We better take helluva lot of tinned stuff.'

There was a chorus of protests. Hadn't they just decided that all the food they were to eat, they would cook themselves?

'Ya, Ya, but who knows cooking?' asked Chikku, who had a habit of being painfully realistic. After a guilty silence somebody volunteered hopefully that, he could make coffee, only to be told promptly not to make any more attempts at humour. In the sudden gloom that had descended, only Kumar was optimistic.

'Oh, come on man, we can manage. Cooking can't be that tough. Anyway you won't die if you don't eat Sambar and Rasam for a few days.'

Unfortunately, no one was convinced. 'And remember there are no hotels in that country-place', pursued Chikku relentlessly.

Now positively alarmed, Gopal, pleaded again.

'Let's take a little tinned stuff, I say, just a little.'

Unpleasant visions of a diet of boiled rice and boiled eggs three times a day for seven days prompted the company to agree without delay. Besides the rice, wheat, and vegetables a limited quantity of tinned food would not after all be a violation of the spirit of the camp, they convinced themselves. Chikku made a list of articles to be bought.

Sardines—tins 14

Sausages—tins 14

Baked beans—tins 14

Bread—loaves 21

Orange Squash—4 bottles.

A major point having been settled, the conversation lapsed again into engrossing trivialities before Kumar brought up the second important question—that of bedding.

Disillusioned by the trend of events, he did not remind his friends of their original resolution that the camp should not be a sissy affair. Looking pointedly at Gopal, he said merely,

'Remember we'll be walking to the campsite and so we can't carry much—say a bed-sheet each.'

But Gopal who was never at a loss for ideas or words felt otherwise.

'It'll be cold at night, so we'll have to take blankets.'

'Don't be silly you—, since when has it become cold in Madras in the summer?'

'But listen Kumar, there's helluva lot of dew in the nights. Okay, okay listen, give me a chance man, even if there isn't any dew we can always use the blankets for lying on can't we?'

True, but a blanket each would add considerably to the load to be carried, pointed out someone to whom even the prospect of walking was extremely unattractive.

A solution to this problem was found by Chikku who suggested that one or two of the party go on ahead by bus, taking the luggage with them, to be followed on foot by the rest.

The idea was received with relief and approval. Now that the quantity of luggage did not seem to matter, the irrepressible Gopal came up with yet another brilliant suggestion.

'Let's take a quilt and a pillow each, both small ones, of course.'

'Take a bloody spring cot also, a small one of course.' But the infuriated Kumar's sarcasm was lost on Gopal. Finally as a compromise it was decided that only pillows were to be taken along.

The second list was then made; blankets, pillows, sheets etc.

The discussion in which Kumar indignantly refused to take further part, meandered along, covering a host of minor details. Considerable time was spent in squabbling over the necessity of slippers (in addition to shoes), before they took up the controversial question of the transistor. Although the majority considered it a luxury, Gopal seemed to feel that it was indispensable.

One couldn't live without film music for a whole week, could one? Too tired to argue and also for the sake of a little quiet, the others agreed that the transistor was an absolute necessity.

Late in the night, spent and weary, they reached the very last point someone's suggestion that a pack of cards might be a good idea. Objection came surprisingly from Gopal. His tone was hurt.

'What a thing to suggest man, we're not going to sit around all day playing cards are we?'

No indeed. They, led by Gopal, were going to live a tough, unsheltered life deep in the bosom of nature.

They were to leave early the next morning so that they would have covered a considerable distance before the heat became oppressive.

Gopal, who was to spend the night in the city promised to reach the hostel well in time.

Before 4 next morning, the seven campers assembled at the gate of the hostel. Contemplating the adventurous week that lay ahead, they shivered with excitement.

What a relief this would be after the frenzied tutorial to periodical existence of the past months!

This camp would heal the wounds inflicted by the final exam! The next week would be refreshing, reinvigorating! They—... their rosy thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a sleek Chevrolet. Gopal, sitting in the driver's seat smiled apologetically.

'Hey, listen guys, you know what, listen Kumar, my pop insisted we go by car.'

The last link with Kumar's original conception of the camp was now severed. But before he could protest against this latest outrage, Gopal continued placatingly.

'Suppose we got sunstroke by walking most of the way, we'll be sick when we reach the camp, isn't it? he argued with admirable logic, 'Then we won't be able to stand up to the hardships there, would we? would we? Tell me.'

'I could quite cheerfully strangle you,' thought Kumar. Flushed with triumph, Gopal pointed to the man sitting beside him.

'This,' he announced, is our cook.'

—S. R. NAIR.

'Underground' Film-Maker

Interested in People

(exclusive to 'Campastimes' from the USIS)

When Andy Warhol recently paid a visit to Iowa State University, Ames, he brought along an hour's worth of his new film called 'The Stars.' It was just as well that he didn't bring all of it—the film runs for 25 hours. And it consists of two reels of film projected simultaneously onto one screen with a high pitched psychedelic sound track. According to Mr. Warhol, any of the 75 reels of film can be interchanged with another without changing the effect.

Andy Warhol is an experimenter, a specialist in 'underground' movies. He doesn't care about plots in his pictures—in fact, he makes a conscious effort to avoid it. His manager, Paul Morrissey, said, 'We have nothing to say and we're not making money. We just make movies of people. Too much thought is best avoided.'

Mr. Warhol, an artist, started his film experiments because 'people are interested in other people. They want to see how others react in life's different situations'. And while the cameras of the Iowa State students were clicking at him, he was also taking pictures of them.

This experimental film-maker is gaining a reputation as a lecturer at a number of college campuses across the country, and considerable notoriety at some.

ANOTHER RIVER FLOWS INTO IIT

On 18th of August, which was a suspenseful day, weatherwise, Smt. Sushila Ramachandran, the first lady a la campus, inaugurated the eleventh hostel in the campus. Among the distinguished guests was the Director of the Institute, Dr. Ramachandran.

The function started at 7.00 p.m. when the chief guest drew aside the curtain that covered the tablet 'MANDAKINI', to the applause of the large gathering of guests and residents.

The Director, speaking on behalf of Smt. Susila Ramachandran, declared the hostel open and spoke for a short time. He regretted that he had never stayed in a hostel in his student life. He stressed that a hostel should be half way between a house and a hotel. For the students to have the right atmosphere, Smt. Ramachandran planted two saplings in the compound and lit a kuthuvillakku.

The entertainment programme was next on the agenda. It was very much appreciated by everyone. It included a very crisp quiz in which everyone participated.

The general secretary gave the vote of thanks.

Thus came to an end the colourful inaugural function of a grey and pink Mandakini.

—Campastimes News.

LITERARY ROUND UP

Once again the literary committee was first to commence its activities for the year.

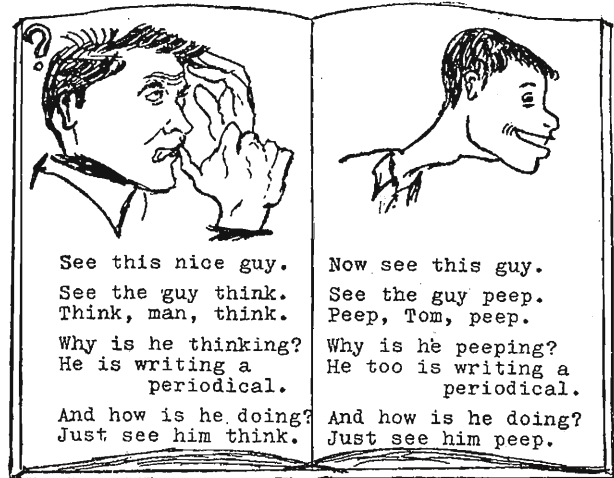
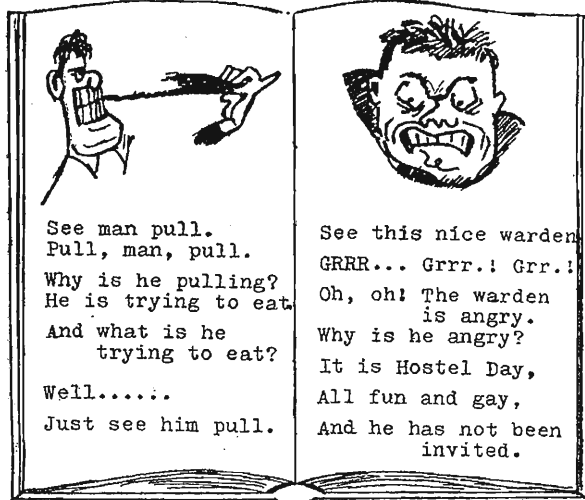
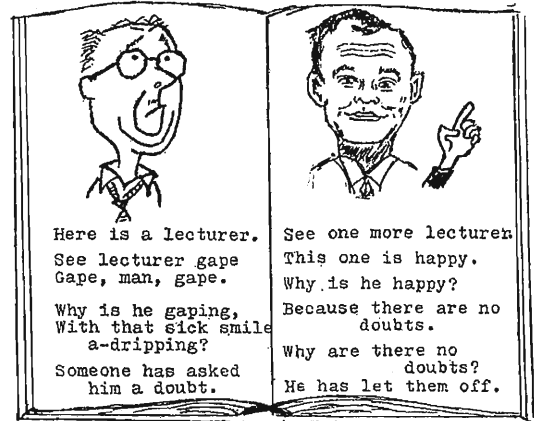
The annual quiz was held on 9th September. Sixty two contenders took the qualifying round and sixteen entered the finals. Prof. Ramani conducted the quiz. His many questions were equally distributed among the topics he covered. Again, Parameshwaran was in full form. He answered the questions in his inimitable way and even those who have seen him in the quizzes in the past years, did not expect him to name the three famous furniture designers of the 11th century. Many others answered questions which were really tough.

A notable feature of this year's quiz was the participation of a number of new comers. Considering that it was M. S. Srinivasan's debut, he fared well.

The ranking was—Parameshwaran (29 pts) Chatterjee (9 pts) Srinivasan (8½ pts) Godbole (5½ pts) and Ratneshwar (5 pts).

—H. SINGH.

The Senior students are in Ganga and Saraswathy. A survey conducted by our far ranging research staff shows that this is just one of those multitudes of events that occur in defiance of all logic. How awful! How deplorable!! But mainly how wonderful!!! Because it gives us an opportunity to publish trash like 'Mad Peep at DDT'. Here are a few pages of the book reproduced for publicity.



SIDEKICKS

(In Good Humour and Without offence)

Though the origin of the term 'Sidekick' is obscure, it has gained wide currency in the Campus and deserves our attention. It is unfortunate that a subject of this importance has hitherto been neglected and we shall now proceed to remedy this defect. Several interesting and imaginative theories have been put forward regarding the origin of this phenomenon.

A popular school claims that it all started with the influx of STAs into the Institute. Another, equally strong in its views, claims that it originated with the influx of mobikes into the Institute. Be that as it may, let us proceed to the definition of a sidekick (alias Sidee). This is the crux of the issue. Sidees are available in all sizes and shapes. Some conform to the former school of thought while some justify the latter. A sidekick is defined as 'one who supports his hero at all times, places and in all matters.'

Despite the very limited advantages conferred on a sidee by virtue of his position, it is surprising that we have a large number of sidees in the Campus.

This fact calls for closer examination of the phenomenon. From a psychological viewpoint, one is tempted to conclude that this is the outcome of a desire for 'Identification'. For example, a person who admires British manners but lacks the moral courage to pursue this goal identifies himself with a person accredited with this characteristic. One does not have to look far for an example of this nature.

The price that the hero pays for having a sidekick is sometimes heavy. Poor Roy must have had many of his hours wasted listening to the exploits of the Navy.

In some instances it is difficult to distinguish between the hero and the sidekick. The roles can be interchanged depending on the time and place. A strong analogy that suggests itself is the Covalent bond; i.e., an equal share in the partnership. This equal share is an average value over a period of time and not an instantaneous value. By similar reasoning, we can say that the former case conforms to the polar bond.

In some cases, the need for identification is so strong that one agency is not sufficient to satisfy this need; and so this individual resorts to a number of agencies and is called an Universal Sidekick. Though these cases are rare, there are some clearcut examples.

Even as we have an Universal Sidekick, we have an Universal Hero. This implies a high reactivity—chemically speaking, a high valency. Also, being a sidekick himself is not a disqualification for having a sidekick. Though this is feasible, actual cases are rare.

The nature of sidekick relationship varies from expedient to fanatical. A typical example of the former would be C.B. to R.K. Since we value our bones, we shall not attempt an example of the latter.

We must apologise to the reader for the rather cursory nature of the analysis. However, we earnestly hope that some of our readers will devote some time and energy for a deeper and far-reaching study of this new, interesting and rapidly expanding phenomenon.

—J. P. R.,
B. V.,
V. G.

[J. P. R., B. V., V. G.....hmm....it figures! The covalent type, I presume?—Ed.]

A REQUIEM

The long day draws to a close
The journey comes to an end
The skies gaze with red, unblinking eyes
While the lonely traveller
Having trod his weary way
Burdened with the cares of life
Now goes Home to rest.

No tears for this man
No words of comfort or solace
Or even a drop of water
To quench his burning thirst
He goes unwanted, unheard of,
uncared for.

Tho' one of many
His plight is pitiable.
He looks upwards
And closes his eyes.
Each step was hell
Each step tortured him
But he had continued
Undaunted
For he had the support
Of a sturdy staff
That took a part of his weight
And alleviated his pain a little.

That staff was his sole support
The strength it had, it gave to him
But alas! As nothing that is too good
Can exist for long
An unknown hand snatched that rod
And he fell, weighted as he was
And he died!

Now he lies
His lips closed for ever
The heart that had throbbed
Is now still.
His eyes thankfully closed
No thought creases his forehead
No joy lights his face
Nothing is of any meaning any more
For he is dead!

—B. S. C. Rao



It is possible for certain unenlightened souls to think that Richard Gordon has had the last funny, sordid or just plain sick word on doctors. Possible, but not probable because you see, he was a very handicapped man. He never set foot in the seven hundred luxurious deer infested acres of IIT I mean Richard Gordon, not the Doctor.

The latter avocation has most decidedly cut inroads into our lives if not our hearts. Indeed, if the indications can be rightly read, the purveyors of cures and palliatives are very much here to stay. We do not deny the need, the necessity and the usefulness of their profession. Ours is not to pour ridicule over such a noble institution. Merely to ask why it *doesn't* behave the way noble institutions should.

The hospital, as it is sometimes euphemistically called, is strategically located at close propinquity to the two worst conceivable hazards in the life of the average IITian — the workshop and Knick-Knack. It has the proper air of disinfected efficiency and awe inspiring competence, (the hospital, not Knick-Knack). As you walk in, a spattering of signs suddenly crops up to show that the hospital means business. One says, 'Operation Theatre,' and as you peek in with what you hope is proper humility, you see a dignified-looking chair standing on 3 legs, struggling to give the impression that all it needs is a patient to go into the operating business. Another says 'X-Ray' and points importantly into an empty room with a water tap and sink, trying hard to look like an X-Ray apparatus. Other signs such as the huge red triangle and the Blue Cross have been discreetly removed, so we won't say anything about them.

The Doctor, as we must allude to him for want of a better word, walks into his important surroundings bright and early at 10-00 a.m. (people aren't supposed to get sick earlier than that). He wipes the perspiration from his forehead (that blasted corridor is really too long!) and sits down for no other discernible purpose than to ride up to a better economic altitude. He has in his lush office all that a doctor could ever desire — except perhaps a couple of those pretty things in white uniforms. He has to deny

himself the extra bit of starched efficiency in view of the stiff competition that must inevitably come from the student population. For all his failings one certainly cannot accuse him of short-sightedness.

Health is unlike any other commodity in its marketing arrangement. We do not shop for health as we would say for fruits or clothing. The tendency is for the patient to want and the doctor to prescribe the best. And our Doc has some very fixed notions of what the best is for all and sundry. Using a colour-code, his panacea boils down to 9 yellow tablets with a sprinkling of brown ones. Or in extreme cases a dash of white or pink (depending upon the whim of the moment) may be added for good measures.

One of the reasons for having a hospital in the campus should be to give every student a medical check-up at least once a year. And I mean a *thorough* medical check-up, not just a cursory glance at the tonsils and nose. It should be done systematically, hostel-wise. But, somehow, nobody seems to have thought of that one yet.

True the hospital gives you an inoculation or a vaccination now and then as the season demands it. But is it enough? Doesn't it stand to reason that any hospital worthy of its name should at least as a minimum be equipped for an eye test and a dental check-up? As things stand here, it's not possible to get an ordinary punch in the nose taken care of. The day they successfully operate upon a corn will, I am sure, be hailed as a day with capital 'd'.

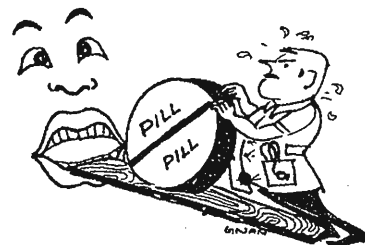
Not so long ago, a final year Chemical student sustained some minor burns in the laboratory, and was rushed to the hospital. The doc was at his usual best. 'Quick,' he said with what can only be termed as instant diagnosis, 'take him to the V.H.S. Hospital.' In this case the injuries were not very serious and somehow we made the journey to the V.H.S. But there is going to be a day when a student might need immediate medical attention. What's the doc going to do then? Yell for his Mamma?

Undoubtedly, the doc's one mission in life seems to be to give all his fellow practitioners in the city a dose of all the much publicised IITian. He listens to all your problems and symptoms very patiently with medical know-how simply oozing out of his gills. He puts the stethoscope in all the right places, clucks his tongue in the accepted medical fashion, and then, after just the right amount of pause, offers an explanation with veiled discretion as though the ailment was of a definite nature, one to be mentioned only with lowered eyelids. As a bright afterthought he suggests you go see a doctor in town. Very helpfully he jots down a name and address adding that his consultation fees are extremely low, only Rupees Thirty or so.

An interesting episode is that of the mess server who fell from the Narmada Hostel roof last year. It was late in the night but luckily, a student chanced to hear the fall. In the activity that ensued a man was sent to get doctor as fast as possible on the only vehicle available, a motorcycle.

The doctor was at home all right. However, frantic efforts had to be made to wake up the Registrar and get the permission for the Institute car while the mass lay dying.

It pains one to say it, but it's a fact our hospital is not what one would like it to be. It's something like a medical roundabout which surreptitiously steers you, for all you know, towards a fellow peddler of a cough cure. It's a mere facade whose entire *raison d'être* is to issue sick certificates. When the doc was approached for a medical fitness certificate by a student in connection with a job, at first he was plainly startled. It was such a strange request! Pulling himself up to his full medical stature he announced, 'My duty is not to issue medical certificates.' Thereby brilliantly leaving unsaid what exactly are his duties.



At times even a boy scout is of more help than our eminent pill pusher. From the hospital one always walks out a disillusioned man. Wiser perhaps, but never a cured man.

—ARVIND JOHARI.

OUCH!

A is for Appavco — as freshers we met,
B is for Boogie anything unset;
C is for Crows, the Cat, the Cow,
D is for marks unspeakably low;
E is for Ehzhama! — the North can't pronounce,
F is for Flicks not without frowns.
G is for Gear, for the Workshop, I mean,
H is for 'Hosh and his family-planning scheme,

While

I is for IIT with students from the cream,
J is for Juvenile and also for Jargon,
K is for Kelly minus his organ,
L is for Lambda and also for Laughter,
M is for Morons, periodicals-after,
N is for Numbers you are to imagine,
O is for Opel's smashed up and in,
P is for Practs not without cooking,
Q is for Questions meant not for asking,
R is for Ragging the freshers missed,
S is for Swimming when 'IT' is finished,
T is for Tutorials and Those — who slog all day
U is for Us who cog away,
V is for Viva — you don't know a thing!
W is for Workshop, we can keep on boasting,
X is for X's Bachelors of Technology,
Y is for 'Yaar' a common allergy.

and

Z is for Zig-zag, the Campus' energy.

—GOPAL LONGFELLOW



OUTDOOR CLUB

ROCK-CLIMBING

(in one easy lesson)

'Rock Acrobats' come in all sizes, sexes and ages.

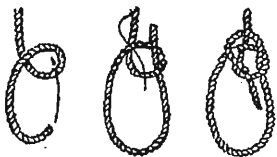
Rock-Climbing is a prerequisite for mountain climbing. It can also be a good week-end activity for people far removed from high mountains. It develops bodily co-ordination and provides enough challenges of the 'Man against Nature' type to set it apart from milder activities such as Cricket, Hockey, etc. It is neither more dangerous nor more difficult to learn than other skills such as swimming.

Learners of rock-climbing need very little by way of personal equipment. The oldest pair of thick cotton slacks that one has and a good pair of tennis shoes are essential; the nature of the beast is such that saris are taboo. Optional, but advisable are a pair of wicket-keeper's inner gloves.

Let's say then that we have the following:

- (1) A few novice climbers: A, B, C...
- (2) A rocky area with a few simple climbs.
- (3) Someone who knows something about climbing (X)
- (4) A good climbing rope (Nylon—7/16") of about 30 metres length.

The first thing we learn is to tie the bow-line, the most commonly used knot in rock-climbing. (Figure 1) Take one free-end of



the rope and pass it around the body after just making a loop in front. Then do as shown. The knot should neither be too tight nor too loose but just comfortably around the body. For those who find themselves on the rocks without figure 1, there is a memory-aid which runs as follows:

The rabbit (free-end) comes out of the hole (the loop), runs around the tree (the rest of the rope), and back into the hole (the loop).

For those with a poor memory and without figure 1, prior practice is advised; however it is quite easy to learn.

Once the bow-line is mastered the next thing is to know how to belay. Belaying is the art of holding a climber on the rock face so that he (a) will feel secure while climbing and (b) will not get hurt due to an accidental slip. There are many types of belays but the most secure is the sitting-hip belay. For this two persons are required, a belayer and a climber. The climber ties himself into the rope in a bow-line and the belayer (for the present, the instructor) ascends on an easy slope to ledge at a convenient distance. There he sits down and jams his feet against a rock or out-cropping and passes the rope from the climber around his body. The right hand is the brake hand and the left hand, the guide hand. (For left-handers, vice versa). It can be easily demonstrated that the brake hand alone is sufficient to hold one or two climbers on the rope if the maximum amount of frictional resistance of the rope on the rocks and around the body is utilised. The guide hand is used as the name implies: to take up and give slack to the climber below.

Once the belayer and climber are at their respective stations on the rope a few practice belays are called for. The step-wise procedure is as follows:

(1) Vociferous Exchange of Signals between the belayer (X) and the climber (A). In English*, these are:

- (A): On Belay ??
(X): On Belay !

(A): Test Belay!
(X): Test Belay!
(A): Testing!

(2) A climbs up a few steps and deliberately falls!

(3) X presses firmly with his feet against the rocks and brings his right hand across his hips towards his left. Presto! A is stopped in his fall quite easily and is not hurt at all. Neither does X feel any great strain, in fact hardly a strong pull on his arms.

(4) A and X are now mutually confident of their team-work. A starts climbing and X takes up the slack slowly never once removing his right hand from the braking position. A reaches X. X can now, if he wants to, go on higher.

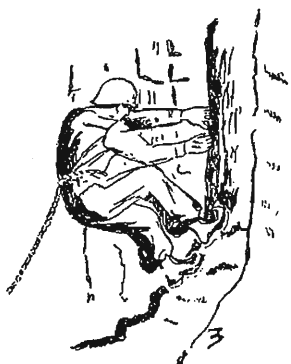
The next step is to learn how to climb. Figure 2 demonstrates one essential principle of climbing—the three-point suspension, i.e. two hands and a foot or two feet and a hand must always be on the rock. The fourth limb



is used to feel for the next hold. The other essential principle is to manoeuvre one's Centre of Gravity within the chosen three points. To accurately determine the C. G. one needs a helper, a plumb bob and a pencil. The helper, of course, must know how to calculate the C. G. of irregular shapes. However, for most purposes the body seems to do very well for itself with the knowledge of the security of the rope, and a good belayer above.

Note that Figure 2 does not show a rope. It should have been there. It does show however, what a balance-climb is. This is one where the climber, following good practice, climbs with his arms *below the head*, and uses his powerful thigh and calf muscles for support more than his arm muscles.

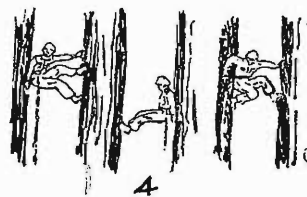
Figure 3 shows a more advanced climb, the lie-back. If the rock has a crack or fissure not wide enough to get into but enough to jam one's hands in, then this climb is used.



It consists in kicking against the far side with the feet and pulling on the near edge of the crack. The belay is from below and therein hangs a talc (no pun intended). Climbing is usually done in teams of three, consisting of the leader, the middle man and the end man. The leader, being one who leads, cannot be belayed from above but has to be belayed from below. This type of belaying is safe, though not as safe as a belay from above. It follows that leaders have to be exceptionally good and confident climbers.

Figure 4 shows a chimney-climb. Here the person jams the whole of his body into the chimney or fissure in the rock face and uses the frictional resistance of the body against the walls for support. The climbing is done by inching upwards by a rubbing motion. It may be remembered that in figure 2 we

talked about a three-point suspension, approximately five fingers or five toes (albeit enclosed by shoes) as one of the points. This was an

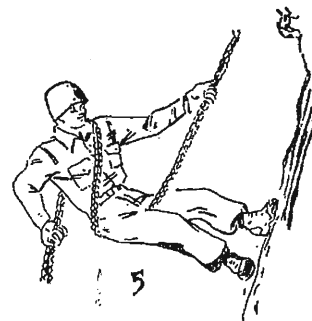


Engineering approximation entirely without rigour. In the chimney climb the treatment adopted is one borrowed from Modern Physics and therefore more elegant. We carry out a Lorentz transformation on the human back after first drawing a series of lines on it. (Checked shirts worn by the climber help!). After a sufficient number of these operations it can easily be shown that the back is a point at the extremely slow speeds used in climbing.

It remains to teach the new enthusiast how to get down once he has reached the top. For this we refer to figure 5. This is known as Rappelling, and is the quickest and safest way to come down whenever possible. Shown in the figure is a body-rappel. The step-wise body-rappel procedure follows:

(1) Double the rope round a rock or something that will hold a climber in a tree, close enough to the next lower platform or ledge.

(2) Straddle the rope and for right handers the rope goes across the right hip and the left shoulder and back to the right hand. This is the braking hand (Left handers, vice versa).



(3) Kick firmly against the rock and lean back on the rope while sliding down. Use right hand to brake the motion, using as much friction area of the body as possible. The left hand is the guide hand and is used for support and balance.

(4) Once at ground level, extricate yourself and pull the rope to the ground, around the tree.

Some additional notes on the procedure are necessary. Notice the almost perpendicular position of the climber on the wall. This minimises the chance of slipping down without control. It is left as an exercise to the budding climber to draw the Force Diagram for this system. (Hint: Do not use the 'frictionless', 'weightless' approximation). Gloves should be worn during rappelling, otherwise the hands get rope burns on them. The temperature profile of the human hand without gloves during rappelling can be calculated based on the Fourier-Poisson Equation. Eager climbers attempting an experimental check should take along a table of Laplace Transforms and a bottle of vaseline.

Well, well, well, so we can climb now. Isn't it fun? But one should not rest on one's laurels. Continue on your own using the same judicious mixture of practical work backed by sound theory. We close by pointing out that by substituting the feminine gender for the masculine, whenever applicable, the article can be used to teach rock climbing to ladies. This is in keeping with current thinking on women's education. The article has been approved by the Central Non-Himalayan Sub-Montane Institute (Southern Region) and the All India Institution of Nylon Rope Artists.

—C. V. SESHADRI.

* Pending translation into Hindi and/or Regional Language by Experts and Approval by the Appropriate Committee.



EDITORIAL

Dead End

Never before, perhaps, has *Campastimes* caused so great an apprehension among the veterans who have chosen to 'stay out of it' this year. The fear is understandable but needless. If every straight thinking IITian realises that *Campastimes* is the only medium through which the outside world views us, and if consequently, he is willing to help in his own way, he will be the prime mover. It does not matter how capable the publications committee is, for there is no exceptional skill involved; nor does it matter how hard the committee works: it is no good hunting for articles when the potential writers refuse to co-operate. What matters is how keen you are on maintaining the standard of *Campastimes*. If you are willing to take this task on, *Campastimes* has nothing to worry about.

At Cross Roads

There has always been discord between the four-legged ruminant species from the Deer park and the two-wheeled machines in the campus. 'Who is the ruler of the road?' Extremist suggestions like 'Ban the motorcycle' or 'Drive the deer away' are impractical. On the other hand, any compromise between these two extremes may not be a solution at all.

Looking at the problem from other angles is imperative—especially since the deer are on the lookout for motor cycles to intercept them. The only immediate solution is to advise the riders to decrease throttle on campus roads. At least then the motorcyclists will have time enough to decide which ditch to drive into when a deer suddenly crosses in front of them.

The year '68-'69 promises to be a bright one for IIT in the field of sports. Enthusiasm for sports has never before run so high in IIT. One earnestly hopes this trend will continue and pay rich dividends at the forthcoming inter IIT meet.

Letters to the Editor Fractured and Fracturing

Sir,

I wish to bring to the notice of the authorities concerned the poor condition of many of the two seater desks in HSB class rooms. The seats are either broken or completely missing.

Again, the three-seater desks in rooms like 132 HSB seem to have been designed for abnormal human shapes. The awkward angle of the seats and the cramped leg space is a regular nuisance.

It is not too late to look into this matter and remedy the defects.

Yours etc.
C. S. KRISHNAN.

On Being Serious

Sir,

Many people in IIT resent seriousness. I am greatly surprised that the so-called cream of Indian youth must consider it a stigma to be serious. I am not suggesting that we should totally shun the frivolous and sink into the serious. I am merely expressing the opinion that certain issues require serious thought and deserve careful attention.

We may consider, to begin with, one's own philosophy of life. Not many people here, I am afraid, have evolved a philosophy of life. At least if they have done so, they prefer not to acknowledge it. This is not to say that one should go around publicising one's philosophy of life. What is regrettable is the fact that the people feel ashamed to admit the necessity for evolving one's own philosophy. After all a majority of students here are in their most important and impressionable years of their lives, and a rapid evolutionary process must be going on in their minds. The development of one's own particular attitude to things in life is bound to be a natural outcome of this process. Granting the high I. Q. of the average IITian, the product must be a serious thoughtful young man, certainly with a sense of humour. But what do we see? Even if the young man is thoughtful and serious at heart, a painful attempt is made by him to pass off for a lighthearted youth. There is nothing fundamentally objectionable in a lighthearted youth. But when a serious young man tries to pass off for a lighthearted youth, the implied hypocrisy is loathsome.

The obsession for the frivolous and the zeal with which seriousness is avoided are in evidence in more than one facet of life in the campus. Let us take, for example, *Campastimes*. 'What shall I write for *Campastimes*? 'Something light yar'.

(Continued on p. 13 col. 1)

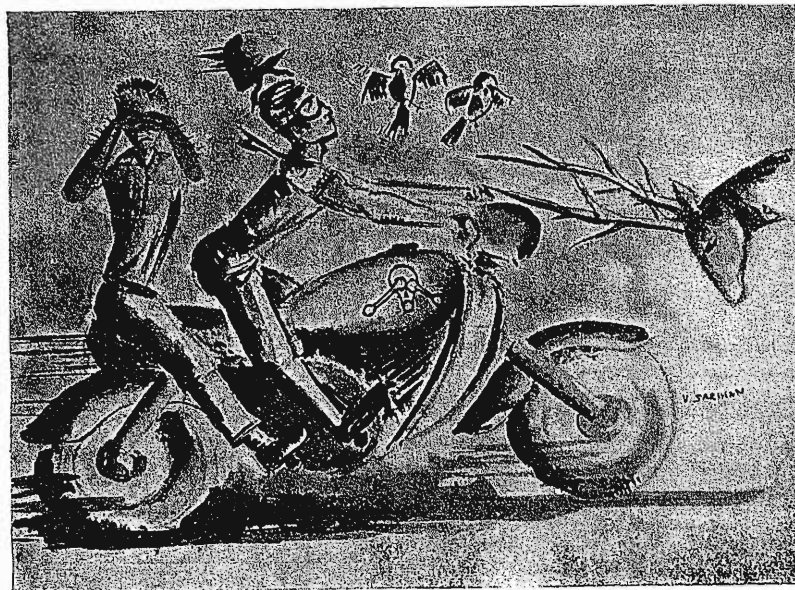
By the Way

The October showers will lend a new freshness to the grass, and bring a few more flowers to brighten our gardens—at least, so we hope. At least as welcome will be the cessation of the intolerable afternoon heat, which makes walking to class after lunch a refined and hideous torture. Since the powers that be have strategically ordered the bus timings, an increasingly large number of robust, strapping violets, that shrink ever so coyly from the afternoon sun, may be noticed congregated at the Ganga entrance at about ten minutes after one. It follows that the bus is inevitably late and incredibly crowded, but immeasurably helpful. Those afternoon rides are obviously here to stay.

There was rejoicing when the Staff Club arranged to show 'Chemmeen' at OAT, and the film was greatly enjoyed by all. But one incident marred the evening. As we strolled up to the south-west entrance, we were appalled to see a gentleman—or, at any rate, an adult human male—calmly easing his bladder just outside the entrance. Even one brief glimpse proved him an IITian—no Velacherian he. Well, he might have done it for a wager; he might passionately advocate Gandhi's views on the fertilisation of land; he might have had one or more excellent reasons which can be dredged up with a little ingenuity. He might, and again he might not. This speculation on his rationale is sordid and unrewarding. It will suffice to say that with more conventional stations of operation in the basement of OAT, in the HSB a stone's throw away, and in hostels too numerous to list, such an action betrays a coarseness of nature and an utter disregard for common decency and hygiene, sadly out of keeping with the ideals of higher education. If this is the sort of example we set, there is no point in complaining of the general carelessness, boorishness and lack of hygiene of the great Indian Public; indeed, we ought to be grateful that is not a great deal worse. As for the unknown warrior himself, I beg to inform him that such public exhibitions of his armoury are not really necessary. I am sure that no one will grudge our hero any PLO room he cares to claim. IITians have always allowed other IITians a generous margin for the exercise of personal eccentricities, but treating the OAT as an extension of the PLO room aforesaid is going too far. Between idiosyncrasy and idiocy there exists a wide and substantial distinction, and this distinction must firmly be imposed on those denizens of our community who feel the irresistible urge to illustrate Confucius' concept of the Lower Man.

The obstacles faced by those who would fain keep the Institute banner flying high are unenviable. Those who represent the Institute in any extra-curricular activity naturally miss classes when called to the field of action. Attendance is niggardly recompense, for there awaits the returning heroes an awesome pile of notes to be copied, problems to be solved, tutorials to be submitted. As if this were not bad enough, they have to 'sacrifice' the periodicals they miss. The very least that can be done in return for the unstinting way in which they lavish their time on the Institute's reputation, is to give them the poor substitute of a re-test. This is imperative if, as I sincerely hope, we want to be known as something better than a bunch of inanimate swots.

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.



Articles are invited
for publication in

Campastimes

and the Institute Magazine.

Please hand them over to your

Publications Representative.



So much water has flown under the bridge since I dished out the last cup of tea more than a month ago. Like, where there was no gymkhana, we have a gymkhana. All the secretaries have been elected, ducked into the dirty li'l pond outside the Building Sciences Block and made to stand us coffee at Knick-Knack—that's Gymkhana initiation for you; and keep this in mind when you stand for elections next year.

'Of all the words of tongue or pen,

The ones that cause an IITian worry, are the words—there is a movie at the O.A.T. tonight! What I mean is that, of late the Film Club isn't what it used to be. Asked for their opinions of their Club, many chaps get cheesed off and go around behaving like the knight who had a rough time at the hands of La Belle dame Sans Merci. I, for one, feel so low after our movies, I can walk under a cockroach. It is such a long time since we saw a complete movie, really. Most movies dished out to us these days are minced like Hamburger meat, or if you want a better example, like my caricatures on the editorial board members after the editorial board member gets through with it. Movies are cut up so bad, there is no perceivable connection between one scene and the next. Like, you are now watching a pie-spattered Cary Grant throw a blanc-mange at Doris Day, silently cursing him for not picking a flower-vase or something harder and before you know if the pie has made the mark there are strange sounds coming off the sound system, a splash of colour flashing past, and you are now watching a suave, business-like Cary boy trying to get fresh with his secretary. The matrons in the audience haven't quite sighed to their hearts' content for Cary, and the young chaps with whom the secretary seemed to have made the grade haven't quite finished their whistling, when Doris Day is shown parading around, dressed as Mata Hari, singing 'When I was just a little girl,' (that must have been so long ago, you'd have to consult history-books to know what happened), and just when you are wandering if perchance, her father had forgotten to get her tonsils removed, you get the rest of the pie-fight!

This sort of mental exercise, trying to piece the story like a jigsaw puzzle is O.K. once in a while, but after the umpteenth time, it loses its charm.

What with the $(n+1)$ cuts, the movies end real fast these days—the really long ones ending by 9-30 p.m. Like Bob Hope said, if you take two rabbits with you for the movie, when the show ended you would still have only two rabbits! And, we hardly ever see a side-reel these days. Till the coming of the 35 mm. movies, Deutschland Spiegels were often more popular than the feature film itself. They provided you with enough slick chicks and shmaltzy jazz music—the jug of wine would have completed the picture more or less. It is so long since they showed the last 'Spiegel,' I wonder if I have spelt it right!

Velacherians being more gentlemen-of-leisure than we are, arrive early and take the seats at vantage points. We who tool in at 8 p.m. have to sit at such an angle that we catch only moviexCosø! Gate crashing is one thing, gate-crashing and taking the best places is something else again.

Recently they showed 'In Search of the Castaways.' Probably soon they will show 'The 101 Dalmatians' or 'Pinochio.' Even 'Cinderella' and 'The Sleeping Beauty' are ruled out because they involve a lot of sex, and if somebody suggested 'Snow White and

the Seven Dwarfs,' he would probably be told, 'Tchaw! Polyandreah my deah! Why! You're positively vulgah!'

The last Adult movie—I don't mean a movie sporting an (A) certificate, but I mean a movie in keeping with the age-group that throngs the O.A.T. on Saturday nights, we saw was 'Moment to Moment.' After that it's been a series of exploits of Hayley mills, Tuesday Weld and such other kiddos, each with sick, holier-than-thou morals and even sicker pouts, which they no doubt feel, makes them look sexy.

The behaviour of some chaps during the movies is even sadder than the dearth of good, complete movies. I can't understand why some blokes are going round trying to give Darwin the breaks. One would say that they're passing through their second childhood, if it hadn't been for the fact that they're passing through their first!

Every time a guy and a girl are shown on the screen together, you don't have to let fly a whistle. We have all noticed them together, and are awaiting results just as eagerly as you are. Moreover it shows a total lack of manly understanding to whistle and scream everytime they show a kiss or a couple in bed. We all know the facts of life and shouldn't get excited over these small things, see?

The explanation of this juvenile behaviour may lie in what I heard one bloke tell another after a recent movie, 'Dey, I go to the Cinema to release my exhibitions'. What puzzles me is that he didn't look the 'exhibition' releasing type in the first place!

If I may have my say, I would blame part of this phenomenon on our teaching system. Mind you, I am not airing any personal prejudices, but just putting forward some facts and a hypothesis.

A few days ago during a boring lecture, the Chappie sitting next to me asked me something. Before the poor fellow had finished half the sentence, the lecturer was yelling, 'You two! Come to the front row!!' This, mind you, in the final year class of an institute of higher technological studies'. I tried pulling the old IITian stunt of turning around and looking at the chaps behind me. Chances are even, that they too being equally bored were upto some mischief and the wrath can be safely channelised in that direction. However, it was only when the Yahoo repeated the sentence and pointed an accusing finger my way, that the moment of realisation dawned on me—it was not quite unlike the poignant moment when Johnny Weismuller realized that he was playing Tarzan and not Jane. Anyway I didn't argue, for this particular Chappie gave me the impression that if I did, I would probably end up in the corner facing the wall, or standing on the chair in the last row, with my arms outstretched. So I got up and went to the first row, sure that the day he said or did anything even remotely in keeping with his age and not his I.Q., they would declare a national holiday and set church-bells ringing all over the country.

Now, the trouble in dealing with a juvenile is that in no time at all you are behaving like a juvenile yourself.

One way of solving the problem would be to off-set the staff-juveniles with adult-theme movies, if you see what I mean. If one sees such a movie during the week-end, one goes away in the belief that one can now handle a hundred lecturers who want one to come sit in the front row!

An uncle of mine who set up a ramshackle movie hall in a remote country-side tells me that when the films gets cut and the show is interrupted, the country-bumpkins who frequent the hall, switch on their torches and direct the beams onto the screen. The idea, I believe, is to flush out the characters, who they believe are hiding behind the screen. The fact that many torches are switched on and the screen is flooded with light everytime we have an interruption, shows that the name and fame of IIT has reached the rural India and that we have quite a few recruits from these parts here! For heaven's sake will somebody explain to them that the images can find their way back to the screen without their having to show the light!

Ramaswamy Receives Invention Award

Mr. R. Ramaswamy of the Chemistry department has been awarded a sum of Rs. 1,000 by the Inventions' Promotion Board.

The award winning process relates to the electrochemical preparation of Dialdehyde starch, an important tanning agent. The method makes use of a simple cell design and indigenous raw materials. This would facilitate easy installation of large scale units. Samples of the product have been tested by the Central Leather Research Institute and found quite suitable for tanning. Because of its high adhesive nature, Dialdehyde starch will find several other uses like imparting high wet-strength to paper and other fibrous materials.



Mr. R. Ramaswamy

Mr. Ramaswamy graduated from the Madras University in 1956. He joined IIT Madras in July 62, and took his master's degree in '66. He has registered himself for Ph.D. here, and is currently working on 'Mechanistic study of reactions by Electrochemical techniques.' Based on these investigations he has presented two research papers at the seminars organized by the Central Electrochemical Research Institute, Karaikudi.

We wish him success in his endeavour.

—Campastimes.

That much about the Film Club. Now a word about the fences and all that sort of thing. Last year barbed wire fences were put up around hostels, around the temple, around houses and parks, around—you name it, they've fenced it in. If chaps passing out of here are psycho-analysed and it is found that they suffer from claustrophobia or have a feeling of always being closed-in, you and I know what caused it, right? Having run out of barbed wire doesn't seem to have dampened the enthusiasm of the fencers-in. Thorny bushes now mar and blot the landscape where barbed wire doesn't. The Girls' Hostel has the distinction of sporting two such lines of defence. The idea, I suppose, is that determined Lotharios, who have overcome the first one, run into the second, say, '@*!@@††!', and turn back disappointed. The whole point protecting the gardens from the deer, and the girls from the Romeos is one thing, making the campus look like Auschwitz during the rush season, is another. A stylist would probably say, less fence makes more sense.

I heard this outside the Taramani House the other day. A lost motorist stops and asks, 'How far down the road to Kaveri Hostel?' Came the quick reply, dripping with sick humour, 'Around 25,000 miles or so.' While the chap is wondering if he was after all right in sending his son to this loony-bin, the guide helpfully volunteers, 'But if you turn your car around, Kaveri Hostel is just 20 yards down the road.'

That's that.

Farewell then, till the next issue hits the stands. Be good—don't do anything I wouldn't do!!

—GOPE

Sportfolio

Shuttle Badminton

Captain S. N. Swamy

The recently concluded Madras State Shuttle championships brought to light a promising young player for the country—IITian Edwin Srinivasan (17). He took the men's singles, junior singles, and the junior doubles title apart from being runners-up in mixed doubles and a semi-finalist in men's doubles. 'And with his neat display, court coverage and fine anticipation he was also the favorite with the crowd.'—(*Indian Express*).

During his school days at Bishop Cotton's, Bangalore, Edwin represented the Mysore State junior team in the inter-state badminton tournament at Madras in 1966. Since he joined IIT, he has represented the state in many championships. Edwin's favourite shot is his back hand cross court.

The other IITians who made marks in the state championships are Shanker N. Swamy, J. C. Giri, Vaidyanathan and Shiv Puri. Vaidyanathan reached the semi-finals in the men's singles; and, partnering Shiv Puri, he reached the men's doubles semi-finals.

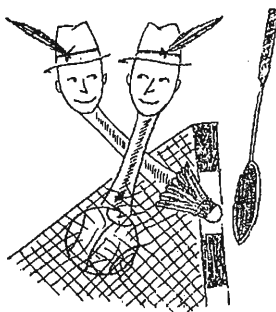
Chess

When N. Gopal narrowly missed winning the chess title in the 1966 Bertram Tournaments he decided to make a radio in order to improve his public image. One Bertram and one Y.M.C.A. Tournament later, Gopal was the proud possessor of two titles, one radio (with cabinet), one guitar and a couple of tight pants. Having acquired what he thought were the essentials, he decided to stand for the posts of General Sec. and Mess Sec. in Tapti. To the latter post he was elected unopposed. As for the former, Bala Nambiar, Dev Kumar and 170 Taptians decided that Gopal was getting too ambitious. Nevertheless Gopal is satisfied with serving as breakfast-show host, guitar tutor and public punching-bag for his wing.



N. Gopal

If you happened to play Chess with Gopal in 1964, you might have been alarmed at the rate he noisily declimated your powers. The Napoleonic airs are absent these days and the game is quieter but swifter. Gopal had the distinction of beating Manuel Aaron in the simultaneous Exhibition Match he played in the institute last year and is currently ranked in the state. This is no small achievement but he hopes to accomplish greater things if IIT is able to participate in the Inter-University tournament this year. Gopal plays Bridge too. He infuriated local Bridge fans by philosophizing thus in the columns of *The Hindu*—'Chess requires a lot of intelligence whereas Bridge is purely intuitive'.



Gopal has retained the Bertram Chess title this year.

Table-Tennis

Captain D. Cordeiro.

This year IIT's performance in the Bertram tournament is nothing to write home about. All our members bar one were matched against seeded players in the first round. To Rakesh Gothi went the honour of displacing the sixth seed while P.K. Ranganathan and Prem Watsa went down after putting up a good fight.

In the doubles event Watsa and Cordeiro managed to reach the quarter-finals before they were eliminated by the third seeded combination.

Volleyball

Captain V. Sethuraman.

Before this team could get settled a match against Christian resulted in a (6-15), (5-15) defeat. Later IIT beat Jain (15-9), 15-11. Joshy Paul was the star performer.

Tennis

Captain J. P. Ramappa

A shortage of tennis balls is the main drawback for our players this year. Tennis practice started only two days before the Jain College tournaments.

Taking advantage of a favourable draw to reach the semi-finals IITian Ram Kumar Menon lost to the ultimate winner Vijay Amrithraj. The other players Anand Rangarajan, T. T. Jagannathan, A. G. Krishnan, V. Srikrishnan, Viswanathan, J. C. Giri bowed out of the tournaments in the earlier rounds.

In the Bertram tournaments Giri reached the quarter-finals where he lost to the National Junior champion Anand Amrithraj.

In the inter-collegiate tournaments, IIT has done well so far. Having beaten Vivekananda and Presidency, Christian is to be faced to reach the finals.

Hockey

Captain Abraham Verghese

The Hockey season was off to an early start with a match between Final Years and Freshers vs the Rest, on a day preceding the Convocation. The match ended in a 1-1 draw. This year we are glad to note that a lot of interest has been enthused for the game, made evident by the large daily attendance.

In our first league fixture against Christian College we drew one all in the most absorbing encounter of the year. We drew first blood early in the first half when Ramu deflected a pass from Abraham Verghese into the goal. Christian putting on tremendous pressure were rewarded for their efforts with a beautiful goal by M. B. Aiyappa. Christian tried their best to get the match winner, but the IIT defence stood firm and determined to prevent further scoring.

In a dull encounter against Engineering, we won by a solitary goal, a penalty corner converted by Gill. Later, against Jain College we won 2-0 in the most lifeless encounter so far. Our forwards seemed to do everything but score. Our scorers that day were Ramu and Allen. In the last league fixture against A.C. Tech. the match ended in a goalless draw.

The Inter-Hostel matches started with Ganga beating Alakananda 4-0. In another fixture Krishna beat Mandakini 2-0 after a marathon tussle for 130 minutes.

This year the Institute team has K. S. Rao as vice-captain and Shri Basu John (1964-65 IIT Hockey team) as the Staff member incharge.

—K. S. Rao.

Football

Captain Anupam Sen

Ole! We have done it at last. For the first time we have become the zonal champions, in the Inter-collegiate football tournament. We owe a lot of this success to our energetic and painstaking coach, Mr. Rao, who has groomed this bunch of casual players into a well articulated team.

Our impregnable 'Iron Curtain' defence, with Chandran in the goal, Sanyal as stopper, and Sen and Patel as full backs, lived upto its hard earned reputation. The strenuous work of half backs was amply taken care of by 'Shorty' Nayar, Bhattacharya, and Bannerjee. Our forward line has come a long way to become a deadly striking force. Speedy wingers Anto and Victor have easily penetrated into the enemy defences and centred some searing bullet drives, where our inners Dhruvpant and Bhaskaran and centre forward Samir Ganguly have nipped in to drive the

Ravi



Practice session

attack home. Newcomers Palaniappen, Tangri and Gill have proved their match-worthiness, too.

We hope to get the Inter-collegiate trophy this year, and to bring the Inter-IIT trophy back home again.

In our debut at the Inter-University tournament at Trivandrum, fate took a cruel turn when five of our top players were struck down by 'Flu'. Although we fought on with our nine players, we could make no effect on the opponent's weaknesses.

Let us hope that in future we are able to play as a normal team, and come upto the expectation of Inter-University standard, as we did when we defeated Andhra University.

—SANYAL.

IIT

IIT in Indian Nation,
German co-operation,
Raising folks to position,
In Madras location.

Students from many a station,
In world dominate,
Never at all hesitate,
To join in good haste.

Eminent men from other soil,
Come here to toil,
Never at all will spoil,
Learn the use of coil.

Great men here land,
Alien and motherland,
On occasions here band,
Constructed with cement and sand.

Students come in car and cart,
Look very smart,
From discipline none depart,
From the time they start.

—NARASIMHAN.
(Watchman)

(Narasimhan, an aged member of our Watch and Ward, is a believer in our way of life. His greatest wish is to talk with students. You can see him at the OAT after the movies, philosophising and soliloquizing.—Ed.)

On Happiness



TODAY I was very happy. I'll tell you why. I found a cockroach in class. If you go to class you can find a cockroach too. That is if you sit in the back benches and search. You have to search hard. But it works. So I found a cockroach.

I put it in my pocket.

If you have a shirt. And if it has a pocket. And if you go to class. And sit in the back bench. And find a cockroach. You can put it in your pocket too.

It ran up and down in my pocket. This made me happy. I looked down with interest. The lecturer saw me. He saw me look with interest in class. So he became happy. My neighbour saw the lecturer. He saw the lecturer see me. He thought I was caught. So he became happy.

Dopy saw the lecturer seeing the back benches. He got scared. So he stopped looking at a picture. (It was his own picture.) He looked at the blackboard instead.

The others saw Dopy looking at the board. They were surprised. They thought there was something about the lecturer on the board. Something funny that he had not seen. So they looked at the board. They looked very interested. They were happy.

The front bench saw the lecturer looking at us. So they looked at us. They saw us looking at the board. They thought that maybe they had missed something. So they looked at the board and copied everything down again. This made them happy. One bloke copied everything down again twice. He was a thorough bloke. This made him very happy.

The middle benches did not look anywhere. That is because they were benches. Benches don't have eyes. So they can't look—there were no people in the middle benches. They were out seeing pictures. And they were happy.

The cockroach started nibbling my shirt. This made him happy. He liked the taste. Besides, he was hungry. For his mess grub was bad.

The lecturer saw the whole class looking at the board. He saw all of us looking interested. He was very happy. He hopped about on one hand. Then he gave all of us attendance. And let us off. He even switched the fans off himself.

We all became happy.

All but the cockroach. He had bitten a piece of soap in my pocket. It was N.C.C. soap. He choked and died.

But that does not matter.

For we were all happy. I went home and had a bath. And became more happy. The blokes in the front bench went home and copied everything again. They missed their grub to do this. So they became happy. The others in the middle benches came back from the pictures. They heard they got free attendance. So they became more happy.

—All because of the cockroach.

Moral: If you wear a shirt. And if it has a pocket. And if you go to class. And if you find a cockroach. Remember to put it in your pocket.



—MORONOWSKI

Activity in the Human Brain

Inaugural address by

DR. RAMMURTHY

for the Electrical Engineering Seminars

The series of electrical department seminars were given a promising start by Dr. Rammurthy, the famous neurosurgeon. Dr. Rammurthy gave a general talk, with the idea of introducing Electrical Engineers to the most sophisticated and wonderful computing mechanism, the Human Brain. The comparison with computers arises from the fact that the nature of transmission of messages in the nervous system is an electrical one (though it is not certain whether other processes take part also). The crux of the problem in obtaining knowledge of the nervous system is in learning how neural coding and decoding takes place; this is the focus of attention of most people working in this field.

With this introduction began the actual talk which could well be called an illustrated tour of the human brain. The quest to understand the working of the brain is an old one. It began with the vague formulations of the Greeks. However objective and analytical understanding of the brain began only about ninety years ago and most of the significant work has been done in the past twenty years.

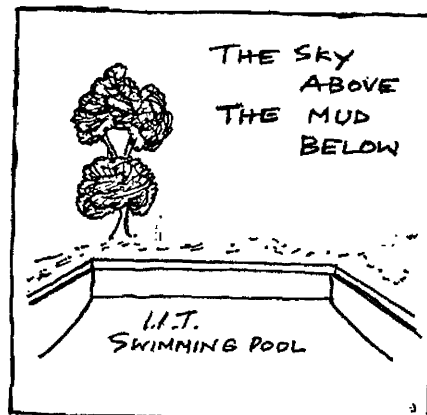
The brain, as is well known, is housed within the skull and is protected by a tough and delicate membrane. A cut away view showed the enormous complexity of the whole organ, and the vast number of cells and blood vessels in it. Contrary to popular belief it is the brain, and not the heart or the muscles, that requires the largest blood supply. It also seems that 'spare part' surgery techniques are not applicable to brain transplants. There are two main reasons for this. To begin with, when a brain is transplanted each fibre in the nerve (there are thousands of them) has to be connected correctly to its counterpart. If this is not done then the doctor may find the patient scratching himself when asked to look up. So it is required that each nerve fibre be correctly connected; otherwise there would be an interchange of functions. With the present techniques this is an almost impossible task. The other reason which is even more constraining is that nerve fibres once damaged or killed do not regenerate themselves. This is something like the teeth of an old man which once broken can only be replaced by false ones; they cannot grow again. These two limitations make brain transplants out of the question at present.

The brain proper consists of two main parts. The inner brain which is called the Thalamus, controls all our automatic functions like breathing, heartbeat, sex drive etc. The outer part of the brain called the Cortex controls all our logical actions. By experiment it has been determined that there is a specific area of the brain that is responsible for each part of the body. What distinguishes man from other animals is that large proportions of the Cortex control the hands, fingers, thumbs and the facial areas. These are the regions that are capable of the most sensitive actions. Most animals have a small Cortex which explains why they are not as smart as human beings.

The lower animals find that they can get by with the most crude of reflex actions. Thus objects either attract or repel them. Such animals just exist; and common examples are insects, bacteria and other simple forms of life. The higher animals are given the facility of discrimination which enables them to resolve various types of objects, recognise patterns and be capable of making decisions of a simple or complex nature, depending on the type of animal. This calls for logical activity from the brain. The brain gets the input from a sensing organ, compares it with a memory (which is a store of previous experiences) and then sends forth the necessary instructions.

For example, the eye just produces an image, and that too an upside down image. The information is put into a nervous code and sent to the brain. The brain compares

Box Office HIT



these messages with a 'memory' (which is right side up!) and sends out the necessary instructions (which could be a whistle if the image seen by the eye happens to belong to a member of the opposite sex). Doctors know that the memory store is in the frontal region of the brain but how the various actions take place is not known.

It is possible to treat some mental diseases by neurosurgery. A mental disease means that some part of the brain is not functioning properly or showing the proper activity. The surgical process is simply a matter of entering the brain and destroying the affected region. The actual operation is not a crude matter of drilling through the skull and dipping in a knife. In practice the brain is mapped in a spherical co-ordinate system. The co-ordinates of the region to be destroyed are determined to a high degree of accuracy. The instrument actually used can be visualized as a needle which moves on the surface of a sphere and is normal to it, i.e., technically the needle is a radius vector of the sphere. Now it is clear that any point within the sphere whose co-ordinates are known can be reached blindly by the needle. The whole apparatus is clamped on the patient's head. A hole is drilled at the right spot and the fine needle is inserted. It locates the spot directly with an accuracy of a fraction of a millimeter. It may come as a surprise to know that the patient is conscious all the time: by talking to the patient the surgeon knows which part of the brain he has reached, at the same time the electrical activity of the brain is also monitored. According to Dr. Rammurthy it is quite an exciting operation. The damaged region, once located is destroyed and a steel pellet is inserted at that place. This helps to determine the precise location of the region by X rays.

Unfortunately there was not enough time to answer all the questions that occurred to the listeners. Some of the few interesting comments brought out were that very few of us use all the capacity available in our brains. The brain is definitely under utilized. It is not possible to produce an exact computer model of the brain. This is because the number of cells in the brain vastly exceeds the number of elements we could possibly put into a computer, so there is no point in comparing the capacities of a computer and the brain. The other point is that we do not know exactly what happens in the brain, and to think of stimulating it by a computer model is not feasible yet.

The talk was well punctuated with humorous analogies and was amply illustrated by slides. Dr. Rammurthy brought all the dynamic enthusiasm and clarity of detail that is within the reach of scientists probing the frontiers of knowledge. He was able to make an otherwise difficult subject very interesting.

—UMESH DUTTA.

BOOK WORMS' CORNER

(Our first reviewers apology : ? ? . ! ! ^)

VIA GENEVA

By AAMIR ALI

(Publishers: Pearl Publications; Distributors: India Book House, Madras; Price: Rs. 3-75.)

'To fresh woods and pastures new'—This seems to be the penchant of the Indo-Anglian novelist today, notwithstanding the current controversy on the status of English in India. Mr. Ali's latest novel deals with International Organisational set-up; international diplomacy and 'high' politics; and, above all, international bureaucratic society with all its 'petty jealousies', predilections and prejudices as influenced by different national and personal interests. Having been associated with an International Organisation for a number of years in Geneva, Mr. Ali confidently tells his story with an ironical detachment and a lively sense of humour. Lest he should be misunderstood, he explains: 'To say such Organisations and their officials have foibles is merely to say that they are human institutions staffed by human beings.' The foibles that bog down the activities of these Organisations are indeed many; lack of co-ordination, self-seeking meddlesome individuals, narrow national interests, ignorant politicians, social snobbery, smugness and pomposness.

Mr. Ali tells us in his precise and fluent English, though not always perfect, all about ICWO (International Child Welfare Organisation, Geneva) and its endeavour for about a year to establish the African Regional Centre. Marcel Desbiens, Chief of the Conference Department, is frankly puzzled by the Nigerian Resolution, asking for a Regional Centre in Africa; next, by the ticklish question of choosing the President; and lastly by the Application of Democratic League for an Observer status. Besides, his own daughter Maryse is getting friendly with Basil, the son of the permanent representative of Ghana. His wife, Sophie, is greatly exercised over this domestic problem. The Conference solves the three official problems according to the demands of international power-politics, utterly ignoring the executive difficulties. None the less, the Executive Secretary succeeds in getting the support of ICWO's sister organisations such as ILO, UNESCO, WHO, FAO etc., for the proposed African Centre. Endless discussions and ceaseless formation of Sub Committees hamper ICWO's efforts to implement the Nigerian resolution. Exploratory Missions are sent to different parts of Africa to find out a suitable place for the location of the Centre. ICWO announces a few Scholarships for the benefit of the African Centre. However, owing to some violent political upheaval in Laos, all developmental programmes of ICWO are 'frozen.' A few months elapse before the setting in of a 'Big Thaw' in ICWO's affairs. One year is almost over when the Executive Secretary, with great vision and judgment, decides to locate the Centre in Ethiopia which, ironically enough, none of the Exploratory Missions has recommended; and he appoints Grantley as the Director with Pravin, the quiet, sincere and devoted Indian official, as his assistant, and Nilsson as the technical expert. Desbiens's own personal problem is settled when Basil Grantley and Maryse announce their engagement. This interesting socio-political comedy thus positively ends with the truly international marriage of Basil, an African boy, and Maryse, a French girl. But as for Desbiens, the ICWO Chief of annual Conference, the circle is full: it is once again the same old problem of tackling another member—the UAR whose resolution demands the establishment of sub-regional centres with advisory committees in different parts of Africa. To quote: 'Desbiens looked at the resolution with distaste and disbelief. . . . He shut the file and went to the bar in search of a coffee, an aspirin, and someone to talk to.' The novel focusses the reader's attention on the multiplicity of international organisations whose main interest is merely in cultivation of contacts rather than work.

—Dr. A. V. KRISHNA RAO.

Happy Diwali



A Very Merry

Festive Season

Kick it up, folks!

(Just don't think about the terminals now.)

Mr. Sethunathan at I.I.S., Bangalore

The following is an excerpt from the remarks by Mr. C. V. Sethunathan, our Registrar at a conference of Registrars and Administrative Officers held at the I.I.S., Bangalore.

Friends, they say (and most of you might have experienced the same) that a child acts as a bond between the husband and the wife to strengthen the tie that already exists between them. This analogy of a family, and I think rightly, comes to my mind in the relationship among the academic staff, the students and the administrative staff of an institute like ours—the husband, the wife and the child—the academic staff, the administrative staff and students. The role of the child is played by the students. I have to leave it to you to assign the roles of the husband and the wife to the academic and administrative staff for obvious reasons. To some extent, this assignment by you depends on your own subjective experience in life and I do not venture to suggest the exact assignment of these two roles to you. As far as I am concerned, I take it that there will be consensus in this that an institute like ours is a family having these three essential compliments. If the interests and well-being of the child in a family is the main goal of the parents, many of the usual difficulties disappear. I feel, in a similar fashion, that if all of us have the interests and welfare of the students foremost in our minds, we have fairly smooth sailing. There will not be much time or energy left for airing our difficulties, many a time more imaginary than otherwise, if this is kept in mind.

Prof. ZUERN'S CONTESTS

Entries

under

Scrutiny

—KAPADIA.

Peering into 2000 A.D.

Ever since man started to think, he has been obsessed by the thought of knowing what is going to happen in the future. Astrology and palmistry developed to answer this need. Even today, people who are 'modern' and westernised in every other respect, have a belief in predictions by various astrologers depending on the success of their previous predictions.

Today, however, a new method of foreseeing events has been developed in the United States. The development of computers has made possible the correlation of large amounts of information and experts now work out, on the basis of what are called 'probability patterns', the future, not of individuals, but of the world. Best known among these modern astrologers are the Hudson Institute in New York and the RAND Institute in California.

These have, first of all, concentrated on how the year 2000 will be. The developments have been catalogued under four headings: Food, Medicine, Politics and Space.

On food the consensus is that long before 2000, perhaps even by 1980, the world will be able to feed its vast population. The main reasons for this will be the development and widespread use of high-yielding strains and fertilisers, the rolling back of deserts, and finally, organised fishing. The first development, all who read the daily newspapers are familiar with. The second is more interesting. Rolling back the desert does not mean merely bringing water to them. In many places formerly cultivated land lies under two to eight feet high carpets of sand, brought by unfriendly winds. Reclamation will consist of excavation and planting 'shelter belts' of trees—both techniques well known for a long time. The third development—that of the ocean—we are not too sure about but the possibilities range from using the dolphin (most intelligent of all marine life) as a sort of cowboy for the swarms of fish to be developed, to the development of gills for human beings.

In medicine too there will be enormous developments. Cancer will be defeated—and will be used to re-grow amputated limbs. LSD will be used for curing schizophrenics. We will be able to stimulate our brains: A cyclert a day will make anyone the equal of Einstein. Anger and depression will be unknown—enzyme balancers will keep us permanently good-tempered. Our span of life will be lengthened and practically doubled. And those who cannot be cured will be frozen in capsules until the time comes when they can be cured.

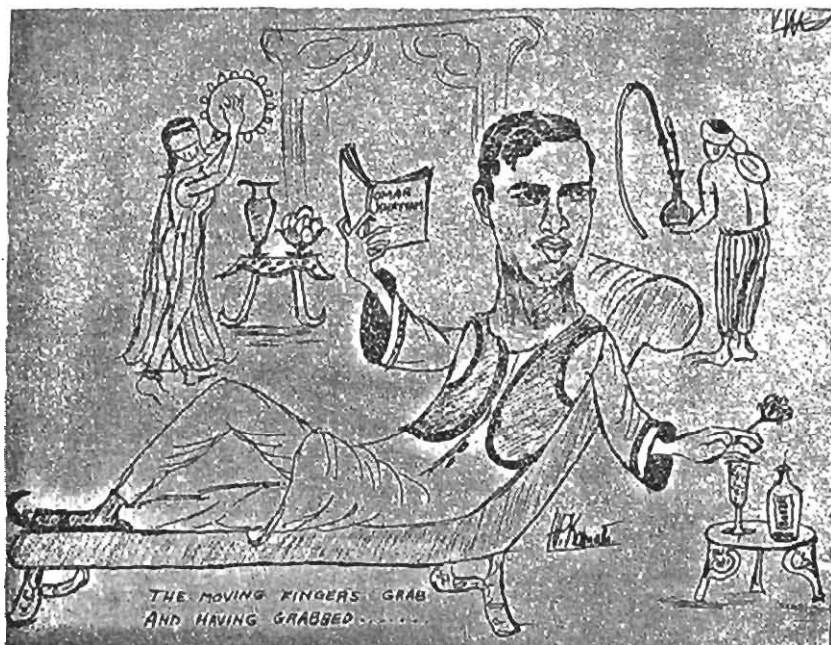
The developments in politics will be no less tremendous—politics will disappear. Union of the world which is a certainty by 1990 will obviate most politicians, only those good at administration will continue in their posts. But before this Japan will become the third most powerful country in the world followed by South Africa, China and India in that order. Britain and France will be the first of the 'second-class powers': Brazil, Pakistan, Egypt, Canada, Germany and Australia. Most African and Asian countries will put very little money into military armament and it is these countries which will begin the process leading to world federation.

The possible developments in outer space are familiar to most. By 2000, there will be settlements and laboratories on the moon as well as smaller ones on Mars and Venus. The first landings on the moons of Jupiter will also have taken place.

But what about today's problems? The Vietnam War, racial discrimination and the seething discontent? Leftist idealists will triumph in Europe and America by 1975 thus destroying forever the possibilities of a race war. The belief in equality will lead to a large scale increase in the help to developing countries and thus by 1980 we will be living in a peaceful world with enough for all.

If only it would happen! Astrologers have always told us what we want to hear but this time with a little help from everyone this brave new world can come into being.

CARICATURE



I first met Amir Ahmed at our interview—you know the one I am referring to—the one following the Entrance Exam., where they show you a round-bottomed flask and ask you if you are certain that it isn't a dessicator or something like that, and you say that sure as hell it's a R.B. Flask, and they tell you that you have great potential to be a chemical engineer and shunt you off to that branch, while all you wanted was to be mechanical engineer. Amir and I had our interview on the same day—in all fairness to him it must be said that his number came up ages before mine. By the way, have you noticed that people destined to be thrown together a lot usually start on opposite sides? Amir and I were on opposite sides, as it were. Well cutting further preamble, there was this girl at the interview. Both Amir and I were trying to offer her a lift back to civilization after the interview was over. Now it came to pass that I had popped up here in a Buick-8 while Amir sported a Fiat millicento. I am in a confessing mood right now, so I don't mind telling you that my car was a borrowed one. But the advantage of borrowing cars is that the ordinary-man-in-the-street doesn't get to know that it is a borrowed one. That goes for girls-at-interviews too. So, the curtain comes down with my getting the girl, like S. M. Krishnan does in his plays.

Seeing Amir for the first time, one gets the distinct feeling that Nature must have first intended to make a coconut tree of him, but changed its mind at a late stage in the proceedings, and decided to go in for something with not so many nuts at the top and with the distinct advantage of two feet below. What I mean with all this rigmarole is that Amir is rather tall, frail and willowy—sort of reminds one of him when one hears the song that goes: 'The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind.'

One day last summer a battered old bus left Bangalore and headed for Coorg. Inside the bus were a lot of farmer-types, a few dapper gentlemen, a few girls and Amir and Santhan Raj. During a quiet spell in the bus, in a voice that would have drowned Prof. Krishnamurthy's, Amir asked Santhan, 'I say Comrade! Pass me the Pravda, will you please?' Comes the quick reply, that froze the passengers to their seats, 'But Com-missar, it's in the attache-case with the bombs.' 'Oh, then don't bother. It's just that I'm frightfully bored. And Mao's Thoughts are in the same case too? No, no, don't bother' . . . and so on as the bus hurtled towards a glorious sunset. Amir had a great trip, he assures us; the poor co-passengers spent the rest of the journey keeping one eye on the attache-case and the other roaming around the bus looking for possible escape routes.

Such practical jokers, like Rome, (though not a practical joker) aren't made in a day. They make the grade after ages of constant practice.

I still remember Amir in the good old '63-64, when we were doing our first year. Maybe with the passage of time I'll forget Amir, but our old Asst. Warden of the Tapti days will have many a thing to say of Amir even if he lives to be 120 years old. This chappie used to be the receiving end of most of Amir's pranks in those days.

The general procedure in those days was, the mains in the hostel would be suddenly switched off and in the prevailing darkness Amir would lead the singing of 'Yamundi something something Rao Rao Rao!' along with 200 cheery loud souls.

I still remember the song, even the something something bit, but if I fill in those blanks properly, this article would never be published in *Campastimes*. While the singing would be going on, Mr. Rao (for such was the Asst. Warden's name) would be trying to convince the fair guests in his room that the revellers were playing hell with the other Asst. Warden, and that he is a popular sort of fellow himself. After all there wasn't even a million to one chance that she knew that the other Asst. Warden's name was Banerjee, not Rao!

Soon the Asst. Warden got a neat little fortress built around the main-switch, and kept it locked. So what? Amir had explored new avenues by now, and came up with the 'Time-Bomb,' which didn't even go tick-tick-tick. The idea is to attach an agarbathi to the fuse of the conventional 'atom bomb', which is quite freely available during the Deepavali season, light the bathy, and leave the whole set-up inconspicuously in or around the Asst. Warden's room. The main advantage of this bomb is that when the bang-bang starts, you are nowhere near the scene of the crime, but some place with a good view, watching the fun. Mr. Rao ended up with a couple of D's in his periodicals (he was doing his M. TECH. then), and his girlfriends stopped coming to his room, after it became evident to them who the hero of our bawdy songs really was. And the crackers going off all around him wasn't doing his nerves any good either. So he withdrew all his silly rules, which he wanted to enforce. Amir had learnt the reliability of the practical-joke method of influencing people.

When Amir wasn't giving the treatment to Asst. Wardens, he could be seen playing up his wing-mate and contemporary, Ramayya. This Ramayya chap came from the more remote regions of Andhra Pradesh, and was the ideal country-bumpkin. Amir used to have a lot of fun with Ramayya. Usually, we

all joined in, for it isn't everyday that one gets ideal country-bumpkins to rag, and ragging the Asst. Warden gets frightfully boring after it's been going on for the last two months! Finally this chap Ramayya felt that he had taken enough of this sort of nonsense and went and lost his rag. He caught hold of Amir one day and gave his ultimate ultimatum—'Dey Ameeru Garu, Nenu chepputhanu. If you don't stop ragging me now, I'll call you 'BLOODY!'

Amir also had a grand, rip-roaring time in a class handled by a lecturer of the same name. He generally sat at the last row singing 'Ramayya Vostavayya, Mere Dil Tujh Ko Diya,' which was a lie, for Amir just couldn't stand the sight of him.

Amir's dresses have to be seen to be believed! By his side King Solomon, dressed in all his glory, would look like a tramp-cyclist. In the hostel he (Amir, not King Solomon) lounges in his pink-pajamas, and Lungis. If you try to verify the truth of this statement by contacting his Dhobi, he'll think you're nuts. Apart from his justifiable surprise at Yahoos dropping in and asking questions like that, there is the fact that he would never have seen the works himself. In other words Amir doesn't get his pajamas laundered at all. He reputedly sleeps a whole year in them and during the summer vacation gets them washed at home. The philosophy is quite simple—no point getting good cash wasted on Dhobies here when the same thing can be done at home free. To classes he wears his 007 shirts and trousers to match the latest Picasso held in place by a belt bearing the legend—'Thunderball-007'.

Amir has this un-orthodox habit of borrowing others' hankies. He just passes one on the road, taps one's shoulder and enquires, 'You don't happen to have a hankie on you . . . Oh, you have? . . . May I . . .?' Perhaps you are meeting him for the first time, and so you dish out the neat little hankie to him. He returns it a few moments later, but it will be quite a while (another laundering etc.), before you can use it again.

His exploits in the Maths Department are legendary. A minor incident occurred when he erased from the name-plate of a lecturer, a couple of letters, that left the name quite humorous, to say the least! The lecturer, who caught him at it, didn't think it funny at all, and suggested they drop in on the Professor for a chat.

A more colourful incident cropped up when Amir locked up himself and the rest of his class inside a classroom in the same department. The lecturer came along in good time, and after a few gentle and a few hard knocks and a few juicy kicks realized that this wasn't getting him anywhere. So he goes over to the locked window and tries to catch someone's eye. Would you believe it, the whole class is watching something on the other side. He taps on the window. Whatever it is the fellows are watching on the other side seemed to be holding their attention fast. So few harder bangs at the window was experimented with. No dice! So in a style reminiscent of of the Coca-Cola ads, he smashed his hand through the window-pane. This performance found favour with the natives, whose heads swivelled around immediately, and one look at them and the lecturer realized who the master-mind behind all this must have been. 'Ameer!', he yelled, 'Look at my hand! It's bleeding! . . . Blood!! . . . Blood means Murder!!! Ameer you are murdering me!' With that he withdraws his hand through the smashed glass and brings his face over and makes his parting statement, 'When you all suffer, I feel it; when I suffer, nobody gives a damn!' with that he strode away.

It's my belief that nobody can apologize quite as effectively as Amir does! In other walks of life others may excel, but when it comes to apologies, Amir stands alone. Nobody has heard him apologize and not forgiven him his shortcomings on the spot. Amir layed it on thick with this chappie. Before he had quite finished, the lecturer was wondering how he could possibly have lost his temper with this gem of a person—certainly a couple of sprained fingers and losing a few quarts of blood didn't warrant it. So he told Amir not to worry his dear old heart, that it

THE TOOTH, THE WHOLE TOOTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TOOTH

Prologue

The other day, someone (I choose to keep him anonymous to avoid embarrassment), came rushing into my room, 'Holy Caluso! I am on the verge of getting a wisdom tooth! Pains like hell!' I had been grappling with the problem of writing an article for *Campastimes*, but a shortage of humorous episodes in my rather dull life had me nonplussed. The sudden invasion of this jerky talker didn't quite help, not at first. 'Go see the dentist', I said. 'See if he can tear your gum to let it out easier. It should be a lot less painful', I added with sadistic sarcasm. Then it struck me like thunder—why here is the adventure. Yes folks, a visit to a dentist is what the following article will be all about.

A visit to a dentist is always something to talk about. I can visualise my Aunt (it has to be an Aunt—there is no dearth of them) sitting at a Bridge table, holding a 'One no-trump' opening, excitedly laying down her reading glasses and in an imbued voice say, 'Have I told you about my appointment with the dentist last evening—' and one no-trump or no no-trump, bridge would slowly recede into the background, where it rightly belongs when such an interesting conversation begins. 'Oh the pain when he struck a nerve' or 'the whirring sound as he drilled a hole to fit in the gold' promptly corrected, 'Not gold, silly, it's silver' followed by, 'Must be a gold silver alloy' and the foursome would forget all about the game, call for tea and the party would be, shall we say, swinging.

Caricature—(contd.)

was nothing, come to think of it, a good joke really etc. etc., and sent him away. Anyway just to be on the safe side, Amir used to drop in on this chappie daily for a week and make soul-searing enquiries about his recovery.

Amir is a well-known debater. One thing about his method of debating is the slow drawl he employs at the rostrum. 'I... am... spee... king... for... the... pre... po... si... shun...' he goes, bent-double over the mike. If one speaks real slow, one may make do with fewer points, but as far as Amir is concerned, these few points are gems, and so he manages to win the debate more often than not.

It however took all his debating ability the other day, when, crawling out of class, on all fours behind the last row, he came face-to-face, or rather face-to-knee with a Professor.

If you think that situation embarrassing, wait till you hear this one! This happened in the 2nd year, if I'm not mistaken. Mr. Gangadharan used to teach us Applied Mechanics in those days. He came to class, one day, about ten minutes early and sat with the early-birds of our class. Amir walks into class, just about beating the siren to it, and shouts out to Mony, totally oblivious to his frantic gesticulations, 'Dey Mony, Come out man. That bum Gangadharan won't be in for the next ten minutes at least!' 'Yes, Mr. Amir?' comes the familiar voice in a tone that would have dropped the temperature a couple of degrees even in a wintry Srinagar.

All students coming from Lawrence School claim to be experts at skating. Amir was amongst the first to join the Skating Club, just to prove that point. I still remember his inaugural performance there. He strapped on the roller skates with a flourish and stood up whistling a snappy tune to show that he didn't have a care in the world. Then he set down the rink towards the glorious sunset. Since he had left school, he hadn't done much skating, so he shouldn't have let all the shouting go to his head. No point saying that now, for he did let it go to his head. He decided to give the natives a treat! He began something that was a cross between 'Swan Lake' and 'Holiday on Ice.' The skates had by now decided that they had had enough, and took off for the great open spaces. Amir Ahmed hung poised in the air for a moment, and then came down heavily on his rear and an arm. While the former rose to the occasion magnificently, his arm

All over it's like this—in the bus, on local trains or in class—the experienced eagerly cornering a victim and relating their hour of horror and the thereafter. Often at the receiving end, at times I wondered how exciting it must be to be able to sit in the 'Chair' and take a trip around 'On-the-pins-land'.

It wasn't with exactly that feeling that I went to sleep one night. When I got up the next morning I thought I felt a little pain in one of my molars. But nonchalantly I ruled out any major crisis among my enamelled warriors who had so faithfully served their purpose till now without any complaints, and demanding only very little attention every morning. Later in the day when Cannon offered me some peanut brittle, the pang got

let him down badly. For the next few months Amir sported a plaster cast around his arm.

Now it came to pass that a few weeks before the skating rink incident, Amir's parents had presented him with a Rajdoot mobike. Before the week was out he had knocked down a citizen of Velacheri, who, like that Maths lecturer I was telling you about, cried 'Murder'. Well, the digression aside, when Amir broke the story of his skating rink disaster home, they had a good laugh and withdrew the mobike for the time being. He must have had an accident, they decided and that was bad enough, but passing of stories on the lighter vein to cover it up, they felt, was the limit.

In the years that followed, Amir was always in the limelight. He was either the secretary of the Film Club, Entertainment Committee or something like that. This year he has withdrawn himself from the public eye. He is brought out only when, for some reason or the other, somebody is going to be thrown into one of the pools that dot our campus landscape here and there, and the honours done to him first—something like the Hindu custom of appeasing Shri Ganesha before setting out on any important mission.

Another reason for Amir's giving up the public life is that other interests have cropped up. You know *IT* has happened—the *REAL THING*! This sort of thing affects different people in different ways. Amir became an avid reader of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, from which he quotes like nobody's business. He also occasionally hops into a cab and says 'Wilt Thou, Taxi chap, take this Amir Ahmed to the Arts College?', for he is headed for the hallowed spot to meet the recipient of his heart.

..... behind
my behind,
and



This then is the story of that man from Udumalpet, Amir Ahmed. Amir is the sort of chap everyone likes to have around, for he is always bursting with good cheer, enthusiasm, and a load of good jokes and fun. It's been my privilege to have known him.

—GOPE.

a bit worse. The keenness, with which I was, once upon a time, anticipating 'The visit' to a dentist had worn off and in its place a strange fear crept in.

In the evening, on close scrutiny in a mirror, I gaped in horror at the formation of a slight cavity. The sight of it made me sick and I wondered how I could have ever neglected it in the beginning. I decided that something must be done about it.

At the next available opportunity I looked up a long list of telephone numbers under 'Doctors'. Imagine my relief when I could not find any dentist's name. Now, how the hell is one supposed to fix an appointment with a dentist when you don't even know his telephone number. The 'File was closed', so to speak, for a few days, while more important things were given priority.

But things took the turn for the worse owing to the bad management of a sip of Tapti water (Oh! so cold). Added to this, the inability to eat anything solid and the steadily increasing days of liquid diet made me look into the telephone list again. Hell! there it was—Doctor A. E. Narayan D.D. S.-68326. Between the last time I saw the list and now someone had entered his name. The worst had come. One doesn't look up a doctor's list just for kicks—so I rang the dentist. The appointment for the following Monday was due for confirmation from him one day before the actual visit.

It's Monday. Confirmation due next Sunday. There, I thought—nearly a whole week in front of me, so why worry about so minor a thing as a dentist's appointment. Anything can happen between today and Sunday. If the Chinese Commies decide an air attack on India (rather, Madras) and reduce the city to rubble, there I would be standing on Mount Road, buildings crumbled all round me, wondering how to keep the dentist's appointment—I mean, it's a bit thick.

Or he might ring up to say that the appointment stands cancelled to enable him to attend a Seminar of Dental Surgeons—Dr. D. D. (Dentist) Daruwalla on 'The Extrication of the Molar letting out a stink which can be smelt within a fifty yard radius', or Dr. Jaguar Sabretooth, eminent zoologist-cum-dental surgeon on the 'Advantages of never washing the mouth'.

But such things don't happen, and even if they do, it's only in movies and books. Tuesday toodles along and passes. Wednesday dawns (Periodical day, mugging at a full clip). Thursday goes by without any major upheavals in Madras. Judging from the look of things, the appointment seems inevitable and one might as well face the whole business with a smile (and it pains to smile!). Confirmation comes on Sunday all right, so it's just twenty four hours between me and the 'chair'.

The first day of the week is always a formidable obstacle as one gets quite used to lounging around over the week-end (especially us, the second yearites, who don't have a test to study for), but when towards the end of that day one has to keep an appointment with the dentist it is customary not only to hope for the world to come to an end on Sunday, but that even the lousiest day of the week, Monday, should never end.

I managed to get the last lecture off (thank God for small mercies!) to be able to be on time. Butterflies in the stomach and all that, but the bath has to be got over with, a shave will be well received and a change into a better shirt appropriate.

Reluctantly, I made it to Mount Road and started the short walk to the dentist's clinic. Even now in some remote corner of the mind was banging away a disturbing thought 'He can't do a fig if you don't turn up. After all it's your tooth.' I managed to restore calm in my mind and soon I was at the imposing building which spelt doom for me. As I was about to enter it, one of the kids playing in front of the building banged into me—Kids! What do they know about tooth trouble? That guy licking away at his cheap ice cream would never bother himself with such miseries. He will probably scoff at me if I tell him I have an appointment with the dentist—that is if he knows who the latter is.

As the lift took me to the specific floor I contemplated the chance of it crashing down and while the other two with me would die of shock even before we impacted—I would cry 'hurrah' and onlookers after I'm done with with life, would discern a satisfied smile on the lips. But such things don't happen because OTIS elevators do not intend going out of business.

The lift stopped, I looked around, made for a wrong door and then the right one. 'Dr. A. E. Narayan, Doctor of Dental Surgery and Orthodontist'. (For those who might think the last word is a printer's devil, it isn't. Nor is it, for the organic chemistry-minded folks, the dentist who works on a tooth next to the tooth on which one dentist is already at work).

I opened the door and went in, placing myself on a soft sofa. Nervously I picked up an old magazine. It's surprising how dentists, all having a flourishing practise, manage to keep only decrepit magazines.

Eager to know how people around me reacted, I looked around. An oldish woman, reading a cheap USIS publication about John F. Kennedy wasn't bothered. This couldn't-care-less attitude was not in keeping with my condition and I was not a little irritated.

But soon I realised that there were others in the same boat as me. A tough looking, middle aged bloke who looked normally in the habit of knocking off his adversary's front teeth when a difference of opinion arose between the two looked like a chicken. A chicken mind you, one lonely, cracked up chicken!

With a sardonic smile on my lips which further unnerved him I passed on to the only other person left. Apparently there was nothing the matter with him, but when he opened his mouth to put on a semblance of a smile, to say a sort of a hello, I don't remember seeing anyone with more braces. Speaking would be an exercise in weightlifting, so he gave it up in favour of a smile. He and I were the younger ones and smiling once in a while gave each other solace.

Soon it was my turn to be attended to. The pretty attendant gave a smile in my direction. There should be a law against girls smiling that way! One of those smiles that picks a guy up no end at a dimly lighted dance floor when the moron is doing nothing else but dancing. Now it was, to say the least, out of place. Besides she was making light a very serious situation.

I walked in—

I don't wish to tell you about the dreamy atmosphere that prevailed there. I had a most decent time and nothing unpleasant ever happened. Why, I even remember thanking the dentist, warmly shaking his hand and giving the nurse a 'Will—come—again' smile.

I walked out of the clinic and into the lift. Nice chap this lift man. Always smiling. Dale Carnegie must have dedicated one of his books to him.

I started the walk back to the bus stop. So exhilarating a walk in a stuffy climatical surrounding was, at that time, something quite normal. The wait at the bus stop was not agonizingly trying, but the Wills filter cigarettes advertisement was cute. The bus came along and only my limited knowledge of Tamil prevented me from embarking on a vivid account of 'The Visit' to the person seated next to me. I reserved the ordeal for my friends in the Campus to endure.

Epilogue

The above is fiction. May be those of you who have been to a dentist never had any of the above experiences—but to adapt a quotation by Irving Wallace who quotes Somerset Maugham 'The habit of blaspheming a writer for the exaggeration with which he conjures up light humour is indeed a bad one.'

—HYDER.

Letters—(contd.)

One does not have to flood *Campastimes* with serious contributions. But it does not hurt one to do some serious thinking, at least occasionally. We have our omnipresent periodicals, few of our evenings are free and

... And Miles to go Before I Sleep ...

Almost 98% of the full-fledged IITians just love to sleep. In fact, who would not, in a place so full of stresses and strains? But alas, where is the time, with the nights shortened by tutorials, practicals, and of course the eleventh hour periodical preparations?

Now that classes start at 8 a.m., the IITian gets to sleep half-an-hour longer. But even then some of us feel that seven hours' sleep can't be very good for health. How to compensate for the missing three hours is the question.

For example, Annapillai sleeps from 4-30 to 7-30 in the evening. He can never sacrifice his sleep for play. But Bondaji cannot help playing. (He represents the IIT sometimes.) His strong determination to put IIT Madras in a position more honourable than the fifth at the next inter-IIT meet prevents him from sleeping . . . in the evenings. He sleeps in the morning. (?) Oh yes, he does! He sleeps for 25 minutes every period. He finds the plan one helluva convenient one. But nowadays one finds him sleeping with his eyes wide open even in his room.

Tranquilizers are hardly needed for the IITian, who can drop asleep instantly. Which is why Kokah generally sleeps with his door open. He does not know how it happens, especially on periodical eves. I know Ramjoseph Kumar sleeps in Thambimugam's room, where he goes to mug — as he puts it. If the Director were to appoint a commission to enquire into the rising electricity consumption, the verdict would be unanimous: 'Most of the boys sleep with the lights on.' A pity that most of us are light-sleepers. . . . (1) Tut, tut.

But the worst-hit fellows are those who replace or do service as alarm clocks. Pagalam Quick, for that matter, wakes up regularly at 6-30 sharp. But he has to wake up Iruvum Late and many others . . . before and after brushing his teeth, before and after breakfast, and sometimes before leaving for class. Heaven knows, were it not for guys like Pagalam Quick, we would not have any class at all in the first hour.

There is a tale about Mugpot Alam and Alamkot Maran who mugged one helluva lot on Friday night for the Periodical on Saturday. In fact they sat up so late (so early, if you like that better) that shortly before the test both of them dropped off to sleep. When they got up, they were fresh and alert and in prime condition to write the periodical — Monday's, periodical, nyuk, nyuk!

Heard of a guy in the news who did not sleep for years? How the IITian would wish for such a constitution. But I betcha Half-a-coke that even he,

If he came to IIT

Would drop asleep instantly.

— SLEEPLESS

we are nearly starved of the right kind of companionship—granted. So we must also have our share of fun—granted, again; that's why *Campastimes* contains predominantly articles written in a lighter vein. But let us not imagine ourselves to be martyrs. We slog, it must be admitted, more than the student outside does. But still we do have our spare time and we do enjoy some advantages like some nice movie every week where lots of people let off lots of things. We can give some little time for serious thought. And our society needs it. Our country needs it. IIT should not merely produce engineers who have a sense of humour bordering on the coarse. It must produce intellectual engineers who are not cynics at twenty, who do not nod

their heads sagely and say 'To hell with society and duty yar. Let us make money'—young men who feel that they should do their bit to better the society they live in, men who feel they will be none the worse for doing so, are what IIT must produce.

Let us get rid of this fad for lightheartedness in everything. Humour has its time and place. A serious man is not necessarily a kill-joy. He can still retain a sense of humour and look for the subtle rather than the ribald, for finesse rather than coarseness. Gope's cups of tea are admirable examples of what a judicious mixture of seriousness and humour can be.

Yours etc.
B. VENKATESWARAN.

DIRECTOR

AT HOME

Like all great men, Dr. Ramachandran recently faced the inevitable interview, with *Compastimes* at his house.

The Director entered the drawing-room in quiet trousers, elegant slacks and slippers. "That's what I wear most evenings," he told us. "And I like reading a lot; something for which I don't get enough time."

Dr. Ramachandran values himself only upon his own achievements. Above all it is his confidence and patience that are striking. We were very much delighted with his reflections. He is fully aware of all the problems and necessities of the students. "You will have the semester system from next year," he said, and abruptly changed the subject.

"What about your swimming pool???"

"What about it, sir?"

"Ah! The water recirculation has been given as a project to a group of the final year Chemicals." And he almost winked.



Dr. Ramachandran is the best of talkers. When he narrates, the scene is before you.

Mrs. Ramachandran, on the other hand, prefers to listen and smile in silent agreement to what her husband says.

Some years ago, he used to play hockey and tennis at a playground not far from here; he was then a student of the Engineering College, Guindy. Today, Dr. Ramachandran's enthusiasm seems to have given new life to all activities in the Institute. Around him the campus moves slowly about its business as if time were absent.

In addition to his skill as an administrator, he is known to the scientific world as a specialist in Heat Transfer.

"Sir, will there be any more changes in the course content?"

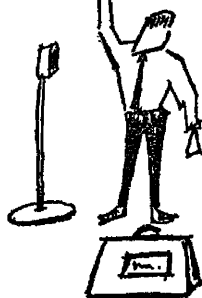
The answer was yes. Languages at the second year level will possibly be optional and a second course in German will perhaps be introduced in the third year. Their home amply summarises their tastes. Mrs. Ramachandran is a wonderful companion and a source of inspiration to the busy man that our Director is. "She is already complaining that I do not spare enough time for the family!" said Dr. Ramachandran.

The task before our Director is tremendous,—that of raising this infant organisation to international stature—and in the light of his determination his industry will never slacken.

Compastimes and its readers wish him and Mrs. Ramachandran many happy years in the campus.



HIS DEATH WAS
UNTIMELY....



HIS LOSS—
IRREPARABLE



WE OWE
HIM SO
MUCH



YEAH! A MILLION BUCKS.
THAT'S THE INSURANCE
MONEY
WE OWE
HIM...

