

Campastimes

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IIT Madras, September 1970

25 P.

The Seventh Convocation

'Idling in the Press Gallery, we spotted a sprightly young reporter scribbling in his pad. It read 'The Seventh Convocation of IIT, Madras, took place with the President, Director, graduands and all the coloured bulbs in their respective places. It might have been a doodle but it sounded rather sane. But the next day found us gritting our teeth at a socking two-column affair (with photographs), bearing that blighter's by-line. When you are in this business, it doesn't pay to take risks which even old-timers fight shy of. So, here is a report on the Seventh Convocation.'

The Pentagon Parade

No report of the Convocation is complete without a mention of these objects. At a first glance, one makes them out to be rather irregular, but then, they are decorative. They come in two shades, pink and blue, and are painted up a few days before the Convocation. When the OAT is rigged up, and the pathways swept, one finds them by the roadside wearing that way-out, made-for-the-occasion look. Gone are the days when flags of all colours used to dot the landscape by the dozen on such a ceremonious occasion, and the Engineering Unit must be given due credit for innovating an unique, original and imaginative way of decorating OAT. Considering the number of functions held there, it is rather unfair on their part to allow us such a visual treat only once a year. Too much, they say, is cloying, and our maroon stage is a good example. The pentagons do look a sight better than the rest of the chrysantheums and it is a pity that everyone takes them for granted. But to the aesthetically-minded IITian, it is a long wait till the next Convocation.

The Seventh Convocation started off with an impressive Guard of Honour by the NCC cadets of the Institute. The President of India, Shri V V Giri, took the salute and inspected the cadets. After the Invocation, Dr Nayudamma gave a welcome address in which he introduced the President. After the introductory speech, a bust of Dr Lakshmanaswamy Mudaliar, the First Chairman of the Board of Governors, was unveiled by the President. The Director, Dr A Ramachandran, handed out various degrees and diplomas to the graduands, and the President's Gold Medal, Governor's Medal, and Institute Special Merit Prize were given away. First rankers of all the branches of the B Tech and M Tech degree courses received their prizes from the President. The prize-giving was followed by the Convocation address by the President.



The President unveiling the bust of Dr Mudaliar

Here are a few excerpts from the address

'Fortunately for us, our war against poverty, dirt, disease, and superstition has coincided with what we and our children will call the Age of Science. For the sensational breakthrough in science and technology that has occurred in the last twenty years or so will give its name to an age, to make it, we hope, more resplendent than the Golden Ages of Romance and Political Splendour. If science can penetrate the lives of millions of people who have for centuries stood outside the halls of splendour with the assurance that their wants can be met, their minds illuminated, their hearts uplifted, we shall owe science more than we have ever owed human glory. We have in our hands today the power to make deserts bloom, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, transport the static—in a word, to push back the boundaries of thinking and living till once again in the story of mankind, young men shall see visions and old men dream dreams.

'The immediate responsibility for the awakening is with ourselves. Nothing except our own lethargy and indolence stands between the recognition of this patent truth and its implementation in our daily lives. Let me say that it is axiomatic in economic planning for developing countries that science and technology should play a decisive role in increasing agricultural and industrial productivity. This is more so, because time is our enemy. We must do in decades what it has taken centuries to achieve in the deve-

loped countries. The mere availability of science and technology does not guarantee that economic development of a country will automatically occur. If science and technology are to contribute to productive processes, special talents must be developed. The people must be trained to apply the knowledge and techniques effectively on a broad front. It should be clear to all of us today that the only indispensable investment of earth's sources is in Man.

'What is the main duty of the graduates of our Institutes of Technology? What is the return that our country realises on the big investments it has made for giving the best possible scientific and technological education to its graduates?

I am told that a large proportion of our best graduates in engineering and technology go abroad each year for higher studies and research and possibly for employment there. I see no harm in their going abroad to advance their knowledge and to acquire new experience. But the Institutes of Technology, I hope you will agree, are not a training ground for the export of our scientific talent to other countries. The graduates have a debt to pay to the society that has educated them. I expect our graduates to remain and work within their country, face the hardships that the society to which they belong faces and work for the reconstruction of our economic life. At the same time, it is also the duty of the Government to see that a congenial atmosphere, especially in terms of proper conditions of service, is created for technical personnel to function creatively and derive satisfaction from their work. True, there are greener pastures in more affluent countries, but no country has become rich without the intensive work of its people for its development and expanding production. It is not enough for the Institutes of Technology to aim at high academic excellence, nor for the students of the Institutes to graduate with high scholastic records. Both the Institutes and their alumni must become an integral part of the social structure of our country. They must have a commitment to our society. In the hoary past, India stood in the vanguard of learning and made a mighty contribution to mathematics, astronomy, medicine and surgery and other branches of knowledge. Now that we have come into our own, it is the duty of the present generation to recapture the pristine glory of the past.

'We in India are confronted with a paradox. We have been drawn into the revolution in science and by inference technology that has changed the face of the world and expanded industrial development. There is at the same time an acute difficulty in employing our own highly qualified engineering graduates. We must create among our engineering students a

(Continued on page 11)

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Notice

It is hereby notified that legal proceedings against Sri S Ram Kumar Menon on behalf of Saraswathi Hostel for the reclamation of 1 Nos lungis are abandoned. Matching socks, available at the aforementioned hostel, can be collected by the said Ram Kumar Menon at any convenient date.

The Inventions Promotions Board announces its annual awards to the members of the staff who invented the following grades
B*, B1, B grace

The category An invention by which the erotic value of periodical grades is greatly increased

Movies

'Mob Scene at the Film Club'
See eleven tortured souls without a head during those Dean Martin orgies

Books

The watty sayings of a Roman Senator in 'Hair, that's a fright'

(e.g.) After nine months I had this strange wish to see my chun. Then I realized it wasn't much of a sight after all, I'm busy covering it up again.

No, thank you. I've had so many of them to-day, and I'm still letting out smoke.

Thus Spake Pootsmbos Unohoo

If you see someone without a face, give him one of yours

Points to Ponder

The man who speaketh with a forked tongue should never kiss a balloon

ODE TO THE EDITOR



Higgledy Piggledy

Edwin Srmiledy

Shuttle Cockledy

Cockledy-a-doodledy !

Higgledy Piggledy

Victor Bumbledy

Football gulpledy

Goal shootedly

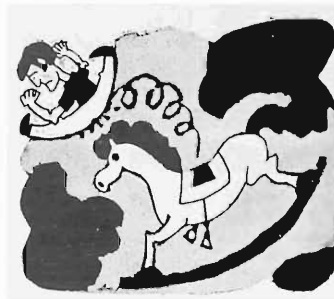


REVELATION

In the beginning nothing had a name
Everything was pure wonder and mystery
All was pure being
I had tried in vain to catch these spots
That visited the nursery every afternoon
And jumped from my mother's arms
To imprison those dancing colours
And before that I had knelt to the God
Who hung up a million lights for me every night

Then when I learned to walk
I ran around
Wrapping them all in symbols
I had manufactured
That golden light and caressing warmth
Was called sunlight
Those dots of light became pools
Speeding away from me
With velocity approaching
Why do I write equations
That have no physical picture
Why do I draw lines that have no form
And forms that have no memory?
For when I dream of quacks and hyper space
And splash with colours and
I am again in a wonderland

—PSI-STAR.



Higgledy Piggledy

Koppa Jockeyldey

Riding tumbledy

Says he jumpledy !

Higgledy Piggledy

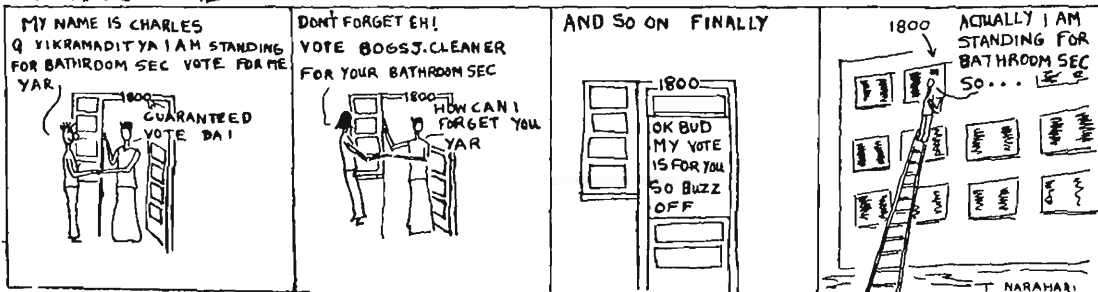
Cackledy Cackledy

Teeheeledy Heecheeledy

Giggledy Giggledy

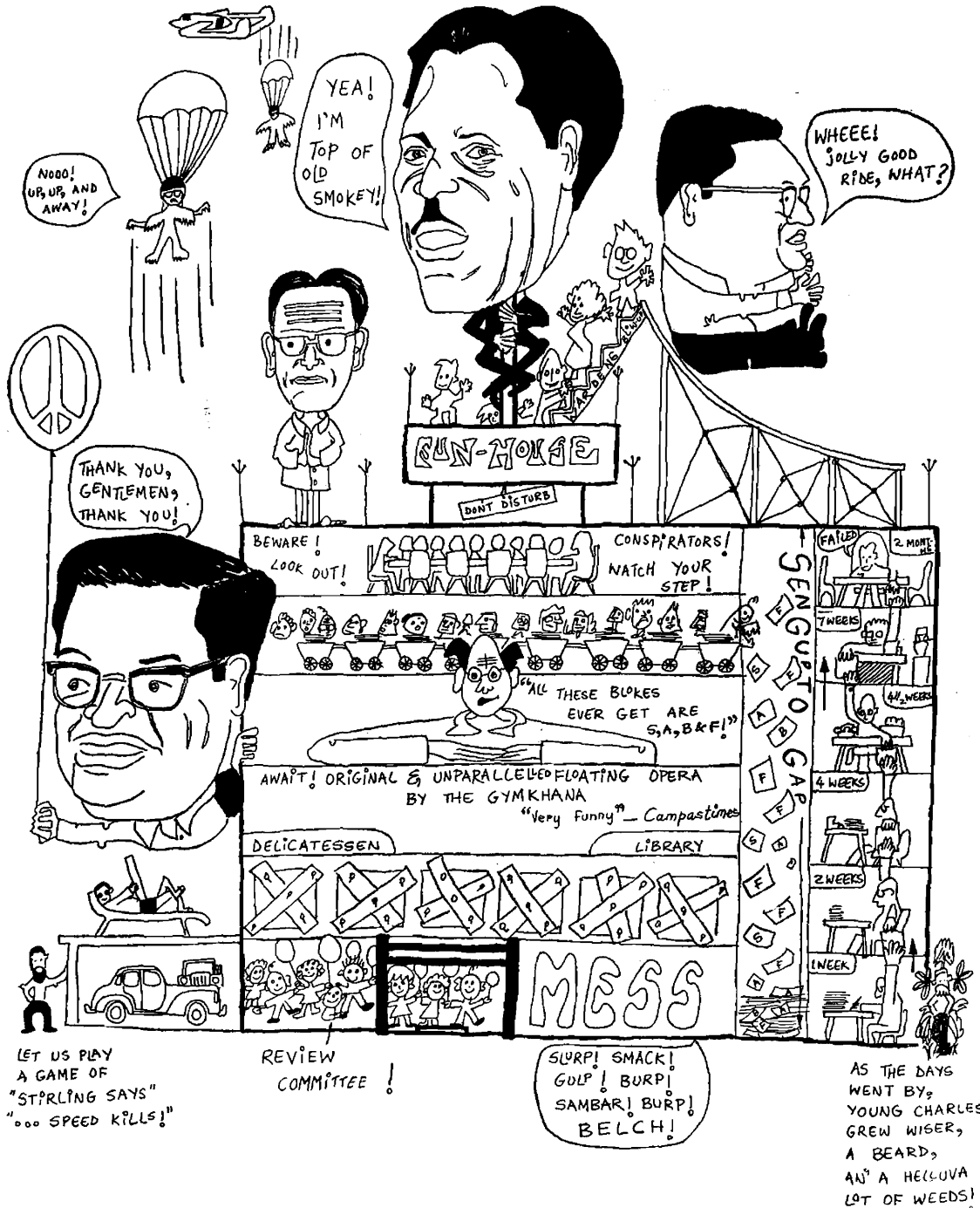


VOTING TIME



TING-A-LING CIRCUS-I

LOST IN THE FUN-HOUSE



UP WITH BIAFRA DEPT.

On an Ill-Spent Holiday



The long, long vacation is over those wonderful somnolent days, when all the world seems soothed into a trance by shrilling cicadas, and the occasional, sleepily cawing crow. Those days are done. Or rather, to be more precise, for it is much the same reason still, it is our freedom to enjoy them that has been curtailed now. The rat-race is on again, and the dull routine of lectures, laboratories, and periodicals has begun once more.

Considering how precious the holidays are, it is rather sad the way we squander them. We begin them with a sensible-enough programme in our minds: this much time for the necessary reading of books pertaining to our profession, this much for the equally necessary, but far more pleasurable activity of general reading, this much again for various other self-improving pastimes, a good part for lazing with family, and such friends as are in the locality, and bringing up-to-date our correspondence with those who are far removed, and the remnant for sheer luxury of dozing, or of sitting idle, enjoying the quiet contentment that comes from the knowledge of being free, with no schedules to be met: nothing to be done.

It is a good programme, except that it never gets carried out. A couple of murder-mysteries get read, the looking into anything more worthwhile, and at a higher level, costs much more effort than we had thought it would, and is abandoned soon after the start. Not a single letter gets written, we sleep far more than we should, and spend far more time than we ought in mindless entertainment: the movies and the rest of it. Everything worthwhile that we had planned to do gets postponed to tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow. Then, on a sudden, we run out of tomorrows, and it is back to the academic grindstone, with nothing having been attempted, nothing having been done.

With me, at least, this is the way it has been. All I have read in these two months is 'Live and let die'. James Bond of course,

and not the best even in that rather mindless series. All I have done was to give a few lectures, not very good ones either, mostly hastily put together and frequently botched in the delivery. Otherwise it has been a succession of afternoons snored through, and mornings and evenings trifled away in quarrels, conversations, discussions.

The state of the world in general, and the country in particular, the political circus in the various capitals of the world in general, and in New Delhi in particular, the latest popular books, films, and fashions, the successes and failures of friends and acquaintances in their various ventures, the prowess and achievements of ourselves and our children, the sins of our neighbours, one topic following hard on the heels of the other in a delightfully illogical and totally unconnected sequence, and everything talked over with that air of seriousness and mature wisdom that we like to give ourselves, while uttering all those bromides that appeal to the limited intelligence. I do not know if all this could be dignified with the title of conversation and discussion. However, three months of doing nothing hardly fits one for the rather strenuous job of searching for the right word to use in a given context. I, certainly, am not now up to it.

So, conversation, discussion, or what you will, filled in the mornings and most of the evenings, the rest were spent in theatres—we are a movie afflicted culture, and I as much so as anyone else. Apropos of movies, I wonder why we, movie-goers all, do not stand together for self protection, and insist on the ousting of advertisements in theatres. We pay, after all, for entertainment—well, anyway, let us call it that without being sidetracked into a discussion whether murder, mayhem, sex and slush can be considered entertainment. We pay, after all, to be entertained, not to have our intelligence insulted by the very positive assertions of the respective manufacturers that Colgate toothpaste helps a bachelor get married, and improves his

business prospects, New Tonos-7 tonic brings a very dead corpse back to exuberant life in a flash, Clearasil clears up pimples fast (nothing can clear up pimples, one just has to learn to love having them), Silvikrin hair tonic grows hair even on eggs, and so on, while our nerves wear thin, and we have to exercise all our powers of control to keep from going berserk.

Manufacturers, and their advertising friends are, anyway, a little lower than the angels. They have the sordid desire to divert other people's gold into their pockets. Which, being so, it is to be expected that advertisements will be even at best, wild exaggerations grown from a small kernel of truth. Everyone recognizes this, and it is not over the issue of untruthfulness that one is up in arms. It is just that one yearns, in a wild and desperate way, for a certain degree of artistry in the presentation of the lies.

And yet, for all the banality and the downright falsehood, one has to admit the persuasive effect of the hard-sell. I use Colgate toothpaste, have drunk Gold Spot and Coca-Cola for all my fulminations against them, have in my pre-Charmuniar days smoked Scissors (the cigarette for men of action!), and will, some forty or fifty years hence, no doubt take to draining Tonos-7 tonic by the gallon.

There is a moral somewhere in all this. But, after having let myself run to seed, for two whole months, as I have been in pains to point out, I am unable to spot it. Let those that can, find it for themselves. I have only this left to say: that this flimsy article, written at the tail end of the holidays, and about the only thing even remotely creative to come out of them, seems hardly justification enough for two whole months. Hustlers, people who are always on the go, will no doubt level the accusation at me that men have moved mountains in less time. All the reply I can give is that some men probably could do this and more in two months, but mice rarely ever, and dormice not at all.

M. ANTONY REDDY



The door opens. A cool looking cat with a beard right out of Greenwich Village (circa 1960) and the build of a rugby half-back steps out. Briskly cutting short our half-baked 'sorry-we-are-late' apologies he leads us in, where his Frau greets us with a very Indian 'namaste'. Jens Ulrich Davids passes the cigarettes around, leans back and says 'Let's get down to business'

That's the way things are with the Davids Young and just out of university, they are burning up with ideas to change the world,—and it isn't restricted to ideas alone like most of us slobs. They are getting down to work at it, doing their thing at the Humanities Department of I.I.T. Madras. They joined up only this February and now our German course isn't what it used to be—things are happening

If that last sentence sounded like a mysterious plot was being cooked up, relax! The Davids are about the most frank and candid people we have met and we went away with the feeling that a few more liberal minds like theirs, and we wouldn't have things like war, God, marriage, motherhood, censorship and periodicals. We asked them tons of prying little questions and there were no evasions—straight, frank and sometimes startling the answers came back as thick and fast as the questioning. 'Restraint' doesn't exist in the Davids dictionary—they spoke at length on what are normally considered 'touchy' subjects viz Hitler, East Germany and legal pornography.

Of course, we asked them standard questions—only we didn't get the standard replies. What do they think of IIT boys? Well, said Mrs Ingrid Davids 'Very kind, very polite and VERY LAZY'. In Germany (where she has teaching experience) the first thing that happened to her was a wise guy asking 'How do you think you are qualified to teach us?' or 'Did you take up teaching because you couldn't get any other job?' And she had to stand up and defend herself

Here on the other hand, every one dutifully copies notes. She found that a little disconcerting and Dr Jens-Ulrich nodded, adding 'That's what you guys lack here, 'rebellion'. C'mon, you 3/5s'. We all used to dream about a pretty German lady taking classes for us, and now when you get it you let us down like this!

What do they think of the German course? 'A load of crap said', Mr Davids. All you learnt here was, quote, How to say hello to two girls outside a theatre, unquote, which does you about as much good as learning a rare Swahili dialect. Things aren't going to be like that any more (and their eyes lit up when they said this)—they are writing a book which is going to enable you to read and understand German technical literature. You may not be able to read Goethe or whisper sweet nothings to pretty German Frauleins, but when it comes to engineering you are in the 'in crowd'.

He is a sociology major, while she specialized in Latin. If you can figure out what the hell they are doing teaching German together in India, come and explain it to me sometime, because they don't know either. Any hobbies? Well, reading and analyzing India Movies? Yes, but they can't figure out why nude scenes are censored in India. Do they object to war movies at the OAT? No, but apparently a lot of other Germans feel strongly about it (Did you know that?) Oh yes, Dr Davids is a playwright too. He produced two plays both of which were, in his own words, awful. Mrs Ingrid Davids amusedly remembered

how the hard-boiled critics in Germany called it 'the worst disaster to hit the students' theatre in years'. He is putting up a play at IIT. The rest remains to be seen.

One of the greatest assets of the Davids is their knowledge and a certain critical awareness of almost anything contemporary. War against press lords in Germany, Rudi Dutschke, Norman Mailer's march to the Pentagon, arranged marriage in India, Andy Warhol's movies, underground literature, religion, Hair—you name it, they discussed upon it. One could not but notice that they were definitely 'anti-establishment', if that cliché could be attributed to genuine rebels.

Dr and Mrs Davids make a round team, they agree on almost everything and the few times they don't, they agree to disagree. We tried getting them to disagree in the 'Obedience of a wife to her husband'—we were discussing the last page of *The Hindu*—but no luck. He came out strongly in favour of equality for women, women's liberation, etc. Their future plans—they may have to leave in 1971—definitely includes dramatics.

If, a few years later, you are watching this play in Germany which seems a little more liberal and forthright than the usual stuff and the 'Establishment' cops raid the joint and the playwright/author/leading actor looks familiar, you know who it is. Send them flowers in prison. On second thought, hide a file in the flowers—more practical, what!

K. G. DULBEK.



EDITORIAL

Help! This block above is terrifying it heralds a column which 'has the dubious distinction of being the least read column in this magazine'. One cannot however, to improve matters, write to enlighten the readers with affected seriousness, for seriousness, to those who wish to see us feign it means something different altogether. What they keep angling for is an objective criticism of the agrarian reforms. Right now, the odds against such a treatise being read are overwhelming, also, any effort to tickle the reader falls flat on its face an editorial is more sanctimonious than that. The conditions are too many, and the readers demanding. Thus, an attempt at writing something readable and at once within the limitations of the great unwashed of IIT-M would give pause to many, it gives pause to me.

Apart from the people who get *Campastimes* by mail and rave about it, it is blessed with a singularly unsympathetic audience. It is the rare and eccentric IITian who does not say, 'Ah, that lousy rag'. Like all other IITian institutions, *Campastimes* gets abused in every corner of this huge morbid-cynical complex. An IITian's reasons for such an attitude, when listed with the kind of cynical passion that will seem strange to outsiders, are no doubt outlandish, but they do help in convincing any skeptic of their good intentions. Some have dubbed it the official mouthpiece of the Establishment, which it is, though most IITians simply are not capable of holding such an opinion, but their opinions seem to be oriented less by mere mediocrity of content than by that irrepresible desire to reject anything one cannot try his hand at as not being worthwhile.



Campastimes suffers not only from such adverse criticism but also from acute scarcity of readable material. Despite numerous entreaties from editors of the past—in fact, a good number of the editorials were full of them—the average IITian has not quite felt up to writing for *Campastimes*. With so little of it written by the general public—and so much by the Board—he feels hopelessly alienated from the run of things, small wonder he sees it as a thoroughly boring object drilled out by four depraved men in their secret conclave and he refuses to approve of it. Approval is perhaps the last thing this magazine needs from this arid lot which only knows too well what it does not relish, but would not supply the material and ideas to make it truly representative of its alleged genius.

The mail from the readers is awfully self-conscious. People are always trying to establish through *Campastimes* the fact that they possess better tastes and better minds than the rest of the community and, not to forget a palate for better articles. This they accomplish in an amazing number of ways. Letters about Gajendra Circle, which are as sickening as the old monument itself, urge us to shun that topic as though it were that

repletive all purpose noun-verb. We get letters complaining about the abundance of mediocrity in the magazine and, from the staff about the lack of it. Though the task of getting is smart and as irrelevant as possible at the same time is exacting letters of such compulsive irrelevance seem to entail only such replies. Sadly, but most deservedly, these people end up impressing none but themselves.

One cannot ignore the fact *Campastimes* is not representative of this campus any more than it is of Cornell. Such is the spathy one is faced with. This reads so much like sticking a thumb in the eye that our esteemed readers might be strongly tempted to see it that way. But an old timer knows that this could hardly work is a complaint on second thought, this could hardly work, period. Nothing indeed would work. However, *Campastimes* is climbing no scaffolds now, nor is it likely to do so in the near future. Those who hold that it is fashionable to be fastidious cannot by any amount of vain criticism, precipitate such a situation. But it is a pity that a whole tribe, in its desperate, but sincere attempt to reject the mediocrity around it should run smack into it.

Apathy has become our slogan attitudes that would have been considered mean elsewhere, are taken with a pinch of salt—a matter-of-fact acceptance not unmingled with vainglory. It all follows a deadly logic. As a result, we have become an unauthentic tribe leering, half mad and boorish. No one takes us seriously anymore, not even the staff too many of us have giggled at the mere mention of them. In fact, too many of us have screamed during a perfectly tolerable rendition of Shaw, unnerved one too many nervous debaters, and hollered after every question in the Quiz. Perhaps it takes a renowned novelist like Mrs. Nayantara Sahgal to observe that 'the good-natured hubbub rose to a crescendo after every question'. But our honoured guests—how dumb of them not to find themselves here—might feel quite differently about it. They do get the impression that we are as crude as they come. Only threats of boycott seem to elicit any kind of positive response from the Gymkhana. Others could not be bothered less after all, guests are the Gymkhana's problem, and not many IITians have anything to do with that glorious institution.



Another aspect of campus life which has been bugging one and all is the famous staff-student relationship racket. Apart from the generation gap (sic), mutual antagonism and the tactless way in which it is flaunted around have played a large role in making such a messy problem out of it. But what is not achieved in practice is always achieved in propaganda. Endless number of brochures are printed carrying flowery statements like, 'the staff and the students live harmoniously in the sylvan surroundings of the campus'. This statement looms over our existence, if we are sensitive enough to it, as a hideous joke—a paragon of hypocrisy, paralleled, if at all, only by the Cream of India. Though much has been said about it, little has been done by way of practical solution.

Social life in this campus being extinct—at least for students, anyway—healthy relationship with the staff would no doubt be a boon from the Gods. One cannot but long to play bridge with a partner who thinks it impolite to yell at you, or to be able to say hail-fellow-well-met at the gate and hitch a

WHAT A PITY!

Just cannot help it any longer
Never thought I would stoop so low
I his urge, it grows progressively stronger
I just cannot stem the flow
And out surge these thoughts as rhymes
If only to end up in *Campastimes*
Ah! But now too late I realise
'There is absolutely no point
Throwing my verses at guys
Such as those who live in this joint
Because, I frankly and humbly confess,
That sick IITian humour I don't possess
My poems will tell you about the beauty
That Nature has for us to see
Of the swaying of the trees
Gently, gently in the breeze
Of stars that twinkle in the night
Smiling at lovers holding tight
Sweet, sad verses that'll make even tutors cry
Poems that 'posterity will not willingly let die'
I simply cannot write one numbers article
Much too hot, groovy and sexy
Mit einem deutschen Satz in der Mittel
'Bout Gaj, pool or inter-IIT
Cannot write a caricature of my pal
(About Shory being short and Lobo being tall)
In short, I'm not the *Campastimes* type at all

—SAIKS

ride to the hostel, or to attend parties that are fun, or to be enlightened on DC load line over a cup of tea. With so much to be exchanged and so many niceties to be observed, it might easily pass one's comprehension as to why such 'brilliant' people have cooled off their relationship to such an extent as to warrant all that ballyhoo on stage. It might seem inexplicable, unreasonable and quite mad to be so unobscurely frigid—if one has not encountered them in the classroom, that is.

The staff exist as a privileged class their rules are invariably capricious, their hypocrisy obvious, and their practices retarded and very unbecoming. No one, it seems, has tried harder at being a pain in the neck, and sadly enough, no one has succeeded so thoroughly. The view from the other side of the fence is none too encouraging. Admittedly, most staff members, by virtue of their status and security or just by the gaping irrelevance of the student community, have the decency not to care. Others, even in the utmost state of euphoria, cannot be expected to say anything remotely complimentary. All this apathy and antagonism are supplemented by the role of one's warden in one's hostel life. Our lives would be a heaven-on-earth, and our wardens a perfectly lovable breed, if only their activities, however strange, are restricted by a defining if unwritten code of conduct. In the absence of this one ends up getting just the wrong things from one's warden righteousness instead of reason, whimsicality instead of reception, and, above all, indulgence instead of involvement.

Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising that people try their own misguided antics on the stage as regards this problem. Perhaps on realizing what a chunk of campus life we are missing, we might feel inclined to change our attitudes.

It does not, of course, follow that we would all undergo instant metamorphosis. But to be sure, nothing crude would do it does not pay to be boorish among the brilliant any more than it pays to be brilliant among the boorish.

The Seventh Meet is going to be oh so grand, just like all those grand affairs we specialise in staging. There would any number of mess committees, decoration committees and reception committees. The campus would be a-bustle with activity. One of the main objectives of staging the Meet would be to impress our guests, so that we have to mobilize all forces to achieve this objective. When the last Meet was held here in 1964, the Publicity Department went to the extent of putting up posters asking the general public to play gracious hosts. If things were that bad six years ago, what can they possibly have in store for us?



You stretch, yawn and rub your eyes in disbelief but the hands still stand at 7:45. Another lousy semester has begun and when you gotta go, you gotta go. (How the hell did we make it to class at 7:30?)

It is the old column again but with a new pen. The first thing that struck me was the absolutely silly name it has—it somehow makes me feel that we are putting in a plug for the Navy somewhere. But tradition and orthodoxy being what they are the name shall continue and some other fall-guy will be writing for it next year. Until then, at least, the attack on the Establishment will continue.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES

There is that age-old joke about the one-man enterprise—you ask to see the manager at the reception desk and the man reaches for his coat and says in a deep managerial voice, 'And what may I do for you?' In IIT it isn't a joke, it's our very own Co-op. The moment you enter you become a shareholder—very high-sounding but little else. Apparently, even with just two people running the show, our beautiful supermarket is running in the red. The fun begins when you discover that things aren't cheaper there but mostly costlier. Obviously things aren't going the way they are supposed to.

Some of the stuff over there is just fabulous—we, the shareholders, happen to own stock in such diverse items as Baby's Gripe Water to Wall Clocks. Either the management thinks we are old enough to be nanned, or bachelor fathers are in for the semester. Other interesting items range from Charming Snow to unprescribed (or prescribed ages back) English text books. However, lab-records and drawing paper are generally out of stock. Speaking of service over there brings us to the starting point, the guy who writes out the bill and scurries around and takes it back at the other counter. Will someone let us know what is happening? Maybe they should refund our shares and let private enterprise take over. Someone will probably make a profit but at least we will know who it is.

SELLING OF SECRETARIES 1970

Re-opening the Institute also means re-opening of another avenue of madness—politics. Though the situation is much more calm and peaceful than Calcutta where meeting your opponent means meeting a few less electorate, the system prevalent is retarded and dirty enough to necessitate overhaul. The best part of it is that most of the posts aren't worth the ballot paper they are printed on. The point that is overlooked is, whoever is elected, exactly the same things happen in exactly the same way every year. Year before last, the General Secretary was largely unknown, and last year's Social Secretary was not exactly the most popular guy around. The only difference is in the treatment meted out to them by the audience—a little more or less booring, but nothing else. Nothing changes because the secretaries are either powerless or disinterested or both.

Who exactly is to stand for these posts? The only qualified person over here is the guy who smiles the most and shakes hands the most and has the largest number of classmates in his hostel. Finally, we end up with a Fine Arts Secretary whose maximum contribution to the field is writing graffiti on the bathroom wall and a Literary Secretary whose idea of a good writer is Erle Stanley Gardner.

RESEARCH DEFINITIONS

The following phrases frequently found in technical writings, are defined here for your edification and enlightenment. This list was plagiarized from some unknown genius who evidently had read one 100 many scientific papers.

- 1 'It has long been known' I haven't bothered to look up the original reference
- 2 'Of great theoretical and practical importance' Interesting to me
- 3 'While it has not been possible to provide Definite Answers to these Questions' The experiments didn't work out, but I figured I could get publicity out of it
- 4 'Extremely high purity, super-purity' Composition unknown except for the exaggerated claims of the supplier
- 5 'Three of the samples were chosen for detailed study' The results on the others didn't make sense and were ignored.
- 6 'Accidentally stained during mounting' Accidentally dropped on the floor.
- 7 'Handled with extreme care during the experiments' Not dropped on the floor
- 8 'Typical results are shown' The best results are shown
- 9 'Presumably at longer times' I didn't take the time to find out
- 10 'These results will be reported at a later date' I might get around to this sometime
- 11 'The most reliable values are those of Giri' He was a student of mine
- 12 'It is believed that' I THINK
- 13 'It is generally believed that' A couple of other guys think so too
- 14 'It might be argued that' I have such a good answer for this objection that I shall now raise it I don't understand it
- 15 'It is clear that much additional work will be required before a complete understanding' Wrong
- 16 'Correct within an order of magnitude' Wrong
- 17 'It is to be hoped that this work will stimulate further work in the field' This paper is not very good, but neither are any of the others on this miserable subject
- 18 'Thanks are due to Raman for Assistance with the experiment and to Velacheri Gopal for valuable discussions' Raman did the work and Gopal explained what it meant to me

S VIJAYAN

The Singer not the Song

The little boy does his thing by the roadside and moves on I watch him go dragging on, now he's gone, after telling it like it is

CASH

I overheard a conversation between two 'hopefuls' just before the Gymkhana elections. One standing for Co-ordinating Secretary, and the other for Social Sec are both questioning each other's qualifications (No names, please). It went like this —

A: What makes you think you are going to be any good as Social Sec?
 B: Shaddup! what makes you fit for Sec of G Secs.?

A: You don't have to do anything in my post. For Social Sec, you have to be a good actor and an excellent speaker.

B: (Obscenity), you just gotta have organizing power (!) Besides, I have kicked out the mess manager.

Who lost or won is not the point, since everyone who stood was no better or no worse than A and B. There must be a better way to elect our office-bearers.

And finally,

CAMPASTIMES itself

The main message of the new issue that we would like to bring out is 'Enough of P G Wodehouse', and enough is enough. All these years *Campastimes* used to read like 'Joy in the Morning' or (for a little variation) 'Right Ho Jeeves'. The usual understatements, the little bits about 'What ho' and 'The chappie whose resemblance to Apollo was only slight' are O-U-T. Like, man, there are other types of humour.

This being the students' magazine, it is time someone wrote something about our system. We want every one to come out of their hiding places and tell the world what IIT is really like. As a good Door would say, 'C'mon baby, light my fire'.

DULEEP.

WHY

To live a listless impotent life
 With eternal unceasing mental strife
 With a mind whose thoughts I am forced to suppress
 Why can't I try and get out of this mess?
 To study for the morrow's periodical test
 To try, fail and give up in disgust
 Why, why then, don't I throw off this shackle
 And roam the free world of ideas to tackle?
 To attend classes just for attendance
 Though to me it will never make sense
 Why do I have to stick this routine
 With a million other things on which I am keen?
 To put my thoughts to pen and not sign my name
 When I don't ever will live up to the same
 Why, why can't I ever find the spirit
 To stop being a hypocrite?

ANON.

TECHNICARE Prize-Winning Entry

Last summer, the 4/5 Chemicals went on a factory-visiting tour to Bombay.

One of the factories visited was the Calico Chemicals plant where PVC is manufactured starting from acetylene. The man was telling the students of the uses of PVC when one of the students enquired

'Do you get acetylene from Union Carbide?'

'No,' came the reply, 'We get acetylene from calcium carbide.'

—A GOPAL.

THE GYMKHANA INAUGURAL

On the twentieth of August the tenth Gymkhana of the Institute started functioning. There was the usual tea for the Secretaries and the Inaugural for the general public. The Gymkhana Inaugural has always been good for a few laughs, apart from the entertainment bit, there used to be a lot of fun in the innocent but miserable attempts at speech-making by the various Secretaries. Well, that was in the past, this time the speeches were restricted to a precious few, delivered by sane individuals who never faltered.

As has been his duty, the Rector of the Institute Gymkhana started the proceedings by inaugurating the Gymkhana. The holiday-mongers were in their usual form and the Director, too. These people never know a stale thing when they see one, and one has to learn the hard way. Prof. R. K. Gupta, the President, gave an outline of the Gymkhana's activities for the year 1970-71. Considering the amount of work that has to be done on the Inter-IIT Meet, the co-operation of the great unwashed was earnestly solicited. Highly optimistic opinions about the results of the Meet were shared by those present. Then came the speech of the General Secretary, Shri Nauzer Mehta, who made it clear that the Gymkhana is not a private affair of the fifty jokers who are elected to the office, representations could be made on any issue and every student should realise that he is an integral part of the Gymkhana. Sly references, of course, were made in regard to Sarayu's part in the activities. We can count on them, if the amount of blushing was any indication.

Then came the entertainers, strangely garbed and strangely gifted too. Little Stephen A. delighted with his 'Sound of Music' while the D. S. Bond gang, in strict conformity with the rigid standards of IITian histrionics, did rather well with the audience. The up and coming lads, Cash, Allen and Eddie, were good with their S & G numbers. Then came the latest thing in the field of IITian music. A rock group, named 'We the Living' after an uninspiring Ayn Rand novel played contemporary rock, quite ignoring the stunned look on the faces of those who are made for a considerably less number of decibels. They did all right except for the fact that 80W amplifiers aren't made for dungeons like the CLT. Due mention must be made of the MC, Shri Hyder Ali Khan who was in full form with his very 'Squawish' jokes. 'We the Living', it seems, are quite happy with him. He treats them as grown ups.

Campastimes

Hydraulics Lab, the Inaugural of

On the sultry evening of the third of August a group of interested people had assembled under a shamiana outside the Hydraulics Lab. Most of them sat staring at a marble stone thinly veiled by a yellow diaphanous fabric, through which were discernible the words—'Hydraulics Engineering Laboratory inaugurated by D. K. L. Rao Union Minister of Irrigation and Power etc.'

In these parts formal functions are well attended, this one was no exception. Invitees and visitors, Director and his administrative colleagues, leading light in Civil Engineering, all the professors of the Civil Department, professors from other departments—they constituted the elite that was present.

After two pretty girls got through with the Invocation in that typical high soprano, the Director came up to the lectern—and smiles. That relaxed everyone, and the awe and tension of the occasion was replaced by a nonchalant though bored acceptance of many speeches.

But the Director knows us only too well. He was short, necessarily sweet, in his welcome address. Dr. Rouve spoke next and gave a short history of the build-up and working of the lab. Though it has been functioning for the past few years, the inaugu-

The Tenth Gymkhana	
General Secretary	Shri Nauzer Mehta
Literary Secretary	Shri T. L. Palnikumar
Sports Secretary	Shri Prem Watsa
Social Secretary	Shri M. S. Shivakumar
External Affairs Secretary	Shri R. Palaniappan
Inter-Arts Secretary	Shri Parameshwaran
Co-ordinating Secretary	Shri Jerome Victor Pais

CAMPASTIMES INTERVIEWS Prof. SENGUPTO



On a summer night in mid-May, an old professor and his fellow-conspirators were having a fabulous re-union dinner in their favourite hide out, Taramani House. I know this is hardly the way to start an interview, but then, you cannot call him ex-Director and leave it at that—not when he is none other than Prof. Bibuthubushan Sengupto. As it happened, we gents from the rag (and a lady too!) who were still hanging around hounded him on that fateful summer night and got him down for an interview. What we had in mind was not an interview but, strange as it may seem, an informal chit chat, we could for once dispense with the paraphernalia and forget entirely about whipping up questions one after another.

No sooner did the informal chit-chat get under way than we started discussing one of the professor's favourite sports—Institute-building. To say that he spoke with the fondness of an incubator will be understating the whole affair, and to strain the metaphor, we felt him exuding warmth. We were really amazed by what it takes to build a super-technological institution out of a jungle and by what it would take to civilize the natives. He confessed he was very sentimental by nature, and has frequently felt nostalgic about this Institute—especially on those quiet, foggy mornings beside the Hooghly. It was a wrench leaving this place just as it was nearing completion.

He proved that he was much younger than his years—by lingering on a positively adolescent topic, the Ladies' hostel. If there was one thing he missed more than occupying the Admin Block or wading in the swimming pool, it was relieving the famous institution of the aforementioned name 'Sarayu (tsk, tsk)' he mused. 'I thought Roop Narain or Narayanamurthy would have been better names, for a girls' hostel, you see.' None of us were from the Department of Mech Engineering and, believe me, we had a tough time convincing him that we would be better off saying Sarayu in our sleep.

And woe betide us, if his infatuation stopped there! He had plans to make it a veritable paradise on earth—a nice cosy island beside the hostel and a bridge, to be wangled from Papa Verghese, which would give it that Venetian look. He would, indeed, after all, he is likely to be there more often than all of us put together.

Finally, we got him to say something about that branch of his, the Periodical System. The system, he contended, was there in the first place to help the students, and not to scare them out of their wits. The success of the system depends, to a large extent on the attitude of the staff, eager-beavers (and Lord knows there are many) only cause the students much heartache by being too grade-conscious. It has only met with partial success here, and it could have been worse.

At this stage someone ailing from mumps dropped in to meet the professor. And as we were diving for the nearest unpolluted corner, he drew us back with a reassuring smile and bade us farewell—with that promise which most married men never seem to evade to bring the old missus round the next time.

HYDER ALIKHAN.

N. KALYANARAMAN.

ration marked the availability to private and government sponsored research. Many ship-building concerns have already expressed a willingness to utilize the towing tank instituted in the lab.

For Dr. Verghese, as the Head of the Department, it was a pleasurable duty to release the brochure prepared for the occasion. Your reporter tried his best to lay hands on one, but met with no success.

The Chief Guest, Dr. K. L. Rao, had hardly spoken for a minute before the heavens broke loose and the inauguration was blessed with rain. Alternate arrangements were made inside the lab showing remarkable foresight (considering the weather was much too clear for anyone to think in terms of rain), but the impact of the falling rain on the asbestos roof was a handicap to those who tried to listen to Dr. Rao.

Before tea was served, Dr. Rao formally declared open the towing tank and then was taken around the lab accompanied by the Director and Dr. Rouve.

Those in the Hydraulics Department, in spite of their obvious exultation at the inaugural of the lab, were not without a lump in their throats. Dr. Rouve, the man who was instrumental in making so many dreams come true was bidding farewell to the Institute. *Campastimes* wishes him and his family the very best in the future.



Step the way for Handouts !



Whose bright idea was this ?

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Reviewing Committee for the Institute

The President of India, in his capacity as the Visitor of this Institute, has constituted a Reviewing Committee for the Institute. The Committee is headed by Dr P L Bhatnagar, Vice-Chancellor, Rajasthan University, Jaipur. Dr Bhatnagar was previously the Head of the Department of Mathematics at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore. The other members of the Committee are

- Dr G S Laddha, Director, A C College of Technology, Gundy, Madras-25
- Sri G R Damodaran, Principal, P S G College of Engineering, Coimbatore
- Prof G S Ramaswamy, Director,

Structural Engineering Research Centre, Roorkee
Sri A V Arunachalam, Industrialist, Madras
Sri M S Srinivasan, Assistant Educational Adviser, Southern Regional Office, Ministry of Education of Youth Services, Government of India, Madras

The Committee has been entrusted with the following tasks

- a review of the progress of the Institute regarding the fulfilment of its objectives as a centre of advanced study and research,
- a study of the extent to which it has interacted with the other technical institutions,
- an assessment of its impact on the training of high grade engineers for the

country's technological development, and recommendations as to the steps that the Institute should take for its further development, keeping in view the national scene and the national requirements

The Committee spent a few days at the Institute during the first week of August visiting the eleven Departments of the Institute and holding discussions with senior Faculty-members. They will re-visit this Institute in October and December for further discussions and deliberations.

Similar Reviewing Committees are at work in the other Institutes of Technology.

Campastimes offers its greetings to the Members of the Reviewing Committee and expresses the hope that the report of the Committee will help to focus attention on the Institute's major strengths and weaknesses and help it in the task of building up its stature as an institution of national importance.



So you put Gum on our Seats !



Okay, you've got this thing about welding



The Magic show is that way



Yak-yak, yakety--yak

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I BET YOU HAVE BEEN DYING TO KNOW WHAT DAMES THINK OF US WE APPROACHED ONE FROM ETHIRAJ AND SHE SAID

IITian? What IITian?

What I know about the IITian is as much as I can know about a blank wall, a superficial survey would reveal nothing, mere blankness. But a blank wall lends itself to endless conjecture, it can be transformed into a map of the Antilles, with a piece of charcoal in hand. Now, I do not know if I want to deface the IITian (for one thing, I do not know if he is passive or yielding), but what I am trying to say is that I know very little of that recluse, who, at least to me, seems to be as elusive as the spotted deer known to . . . there he has forced me to coin a simile.

IIT has always intrigued me. It is chock-full of mystery, vague phantoms of genius, I hear, are known to wander about in the innermost regions. What does an IITian look like? Is he sober, grave, or of even pace and studied gait? Is he weighed down by problems, can his one small head carry all he must know? Does he ever smile? Can he? Is he self-conscious because he has gained entrance after a selection from among many unfortunates? Does a pun strike him as positively odious? Is he shy? Can he be engaging? Is humour within his reach? Can he see around him, or dwells he in a queer world of computers and other contraptions which tick, click and machinate?

It does appear strange that one hears numerous descriptions of the campus, so that one is almost acquainted with the whole of it. Yet, why is it that one never encounters an IITian? Is it that he is unreachable? Where dwells the Genius of the Wood?

I do not know, one cannot tell.

What strikes me odd is that he does not introduce himself to me, but wishes a little something be written about him. Tell me, is that not being egoistical? And this is all I can say till I meet him. One more thing. Do I look forward to the day?

By now it is plain that I cannot perform what is required of me. I, in essence, am an egoist.

ANON.

NEXT ISSUE

A STELLA BIRD
TAKES OFF ON US

PARTING ADVICE TO ENGINEERS

THE BEST WAY TO DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY IS TO FOLD IT
AND PUT IT BACK IN YOUR
WALLET

Man's Best Friend

'The dog is man's best friend' Whoever said that is a liar, a communist agent, and a threat to all civilized human beings. Such statements undermine the foundations of civilized society and bring it crashing down in ruins. I wouldn't be surprised if it was such a dark lie that was the cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

Let me explain my outburst. My neighbour used to keep cats. Not one or two like any god-fearing citizen, but dozens of them, hundreds of them, trainloads of them. The meowing and cater-wauling of this army of cats kept me awake all night. Every morning I was greeted by the sight of half a dozen felines sitting on the compound wall and sneering at me. In particular, one feline of doubtful pedigree never failed to arouse my wrath. Having to face its idiotic grin after a sleepless night was more than any martyr should be called upon to bear. I am sure that had any other person been put in my position, he would have bought himself a machine gun and a few hand grenades and proceeded to clear the vicinity of cats. Since I had more patience than most men, and also a mortal fear of firearms, I contented myself with deciding to procure a dog as soon as possible.

A friend of mine had been desperately trying to palm off a dog on anyone who came near him for the past week. 'Aha!' thought I, 'this is a godsend' and straightaway set off to collect the dog. My friend seemed to be glad to get rid of the dog which he called Butch. Butch was a large, ferocious looking mutt, arrested somewhere between alsatian, mastiff and pointer. He had an awful temper and the first thing he did on seeing me was to bite me in the calf. As I painfully lumped home, dragging Butch along on a leash, I thought, 'O fabulous day, callooh callay! Those cats are in for a surprise and nothing can save them!'

My war on the cats was well planned. I did not immediately loosen Butch on the enemy. I was too canny for that. I locked up Butch in the basement and starved him until he was raging mad. On the third day I dragged him spitting and snarling, into the garden and let him loose. Then I retired to the patio and awaited developments.

On being freed, Butch raced round the garden twice. He came to a stop opposite the feline of the idiotic grin. A lot of meowing and barking ensued after which both Butch and the cat disappeared over the wall.

I crept up to the garden wall and peeped over. I joyfully anticipated the scenes of havoc and mayhem that would greet my eyes as Butch chewed up the cats. I had one look and fell over backwards in horror. The scene that met my eyes was enough to shake my faith in the Almighty. Butch and the cat were peacefully sharing the cat's saucer of milk.

Ever since that day of horror, I have been a disillusioned man. I have shifted from my old residence and now live in a block of flats. My neighbour keeps white mice and the critters keep getting into bed with me. Coming to think of it, a friend of mine has been wanting to get rid of a cat. . .

P C VISWANATHAN

KID STUFF

THE DAY EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

There are days and days in our lives. There are some days when one is extra ordinarily lucky, and some when Lady Luck casts an indifferent eye towards one. This day was one of the latter type for me.

I awoke at the sound of my alarm which sounded a few minutes before school. Incidentally, I was in school then. As people usually do when they wake up late, I had a hurried wash and in the bargain joined the ranks of those few humans who have brushed their teeth with shaving cream (my pater's, not mine). I daresay I enjoyed more the taste of 'Lux' soap which had on a previous occasion found its way into my mouth.

I was in no mood for breakfast, not with the taste of shaving cream still lingering in my mouth. Grabbing my bag, I ran down the stairs. No, I didn't go for a toss as you probably expect me to have done, but instead, reached the bus stop just in time to see my bus leave.

Frustrated and desperate, I stood there shouting myself hoarse at passing taxis, but as it always happens, all of them were occupied. Finally I did get to school and got ticked off for arriving late. Half of the first period passed uneventfully and I had gotten around to thinking I had shaken off my bad luck when suddenly through the courtesies of an overactive classmate I received a prominent ink-spot upon my person.

I wasn't one to take such things sitting down and I had just turned back to retaliate against the action when I became conscious of the master's indignant glare at me.

Consequently my friends found me at the end of the lunch interval, writing for the three hundred and ninety sixth time, 'I must learn to behave in class'. I was mentally casting aspersions upon the immediate ancestry of the perpetrator of this vile deed, who had landed me in that soup, when the same blighter turned up and gave me the heartening news that I had failed in my monthly mathematics test.

This news was given to me flavoured with some sarcastic comments from that blot on the escutcheon, and here even I, a normally self-controlled youth, blew up. I socked him one in the solar plexus and he deftly proceeded to prove Newton's Third Law. A mild scuffle ensued and after a while a stolid figure emerged victorious, it wasn't me. In my momentary fit of rage I had overlooked the size and the immense fighting potential of my opponent.

By and by, a second figure emerged, not hurt much physically, except for one throbbing eye changing colour to dark purple. It wasn't the bruises that hurt so much as the humiliation I had suffered; my dignity had been lowered in the eyes of the youngsters who had watched our fight with great enthusiasm.

The remaining part of the day was spent in brooding over my misfortunes and in trying to solve one embarrassing problem. During my unfortunate encounter I had acquired a large tear in my trousers at a very vital spot.

The evening was the climax of my eventful day. While boarding the bus I tripped over an untied shoelace and fell flat in a puddle of water, at the same time exposing the tear in my trousers which I had managed to conceal till then.

This was the limit. I was utterly fed up of life, I even considered going into troglodyte existence, like Henry James Thoreau, to escape the miseries and troubles of the surface world. At six-thirty that day I limped home, wounded in mind and limb, like a battered ship returning to its port. It certainly was a day of mishap and misfortunes galore.

AJIT KARNIK.

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Seventh Convocation (Contd from pgs. 1)

new climate for self employment and entrepreneurial activity over their current absorption within pay pocket jobs and reluctance to take the risk and undergo the teething trouble associated with the setting up of new enterprises. To do this we must give a new re-orientation to our engineering education so that new graduates will have the skills, the incentives and the facilities to set up small manufacturing or consultancy or service units or on co operative basis. This means that we have to reorient our courses, survey the industrial potential in specific areas and train the students on how to exploit this potential. Market survey will have to be conducted for various products, project reports prepared to set up units to manufacture these products and advisory service constituted for the benefit of the students. This is a rewarding activity for the teachers too, for it will help to complete their own practical education, in creating a new industrial attitude in themselves and their students.

'Now I wish to congratulate all those new graduates who have received their degrees today. You will soon enter upon your professional life in which the knowledge and expertise that you have acquired at the Institute after years of hard preparation will be put to test. Some of you will, no doubt, go abroad for higher studies but it is my hope that you will all come back some time or other to serve your country to the best of your ability. The basic problems which confront us today are not merely elemental, like hunger and poverty, but deeply psychological. They touch upon the structure and form of our society and upon our social and ethical values. They demand, in addition to the mastery of scientific tools and techniques, a sure understanding of ourselves and of the world in which we live. I have no doubt that the type of education that you have had here has not only made you professionally competent as engineers but also has equipped you with the moral, intellectual and imaginative powers that you need to face life successfully. You represent the future, yours are the opportunities yours are the challenges. This is the pride and the price of tomorrow's leadership. As you stand upon that threshold of the future, I bid you "God speed"'

After the address was delivered, the Deputy Director gave a vote of thanks and the band struck up 'Jana Gana Mana'. The graduates departed for the reception at the CLT and the gathering dispersed in peace.

Campastimes

Dr Guenther Diehl, the Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany in New Delhi, presented a set of 150 books on this occasion. He spoke warmly of the Indo-German collaboration. He added that he was impressed by the pledge taken by the graduates.

The Seventh Convocation

<i>No. of Graduates</i>	
Ph. Ds	20
M. Techs	125
B. Techs	345
M. Scs	43

Winner of the President's Gold Medal:
Shri Sachindra Kumar Jain

Winner of the Governor's Medal:
Shri M. M. Sanyal

Winner of the Institute Special Merit Prize:
Shri T. T. Jagannathan



The President delivering the address

From Here and There

Quite befitting our intellectual atmosphere, once the IITians enter the final year of their course they contemplate going abroad. And for the majority of the students this means not a trip to Expo '70 but one to United States of America. As the number of students involved in this effort is quite large our campus itself has been recognised as one of the centres for writing GRE and TOEFL. When you analyse the seriousness of their planning you find they come under two categories: one group is keen about higher education and job opportunities and the other about collecting the free literature made available by those American Universities. When some of them leave the country, in the words of one of our alumni, 'India may not feel the brain "drain" but America certainly does'.

The new year has just begun and the cream of IIT has already started bagging several trophies and prizes at various contests held in the city. But, if one gives a serious thought he will realise that when a trophy or prize is won, it has an impact not only on an individual but on the entire student population.

This is not my opinion alone. Last year during the cultural week, when IIT won the trophy for quiz and since the home team was not eligible for the same, it was decided to pass it on to the second best team. At that moment, some one from the audience, who was quite sympathetic about the situation, shouted, 'at least a holiday'. Such a demand, in general, is fully justified and in future the rules binding these contests can be so amended that the city colleges will contest for trophies and the home team for holidays.

C. S. SASTRI



Bright Girl!



Sanyal Receiving the Governor's

OF THINGS

And so, the torch has been handed over to a new generation of IITians. And while we, blooded now and more cynical than ever before, have memories—tweaks of recollection of the powers that were when we timidly set foot on the precincts of this illusion of an Institute—the youngsters that are now (well, they are younger than us, aren't they?), have no such memories to fall back on. No more, we tell them, will Parameswaran's 'deeds of derring—do be wrought on the limpid waters of the Jamuna', will V S Krishna's nasal twang ring out decrying 'platitudinous pomposities'. Gone forever are the occasions when Amir used to meander onto the rostrum and hold us poor amateurs in agonised thrall with his considered eloquence, when Sanyal used to hypnotise the subservient P.T.I.'s with discus in one hand and tongue at full clip, when Gus used to unconcernedly hold the fort on the hockey field, with his colleagues, lesser men, distractedly, frantically scurrying about. When again will we ever run eyes through caricatures of the class of Gope's—or listen with faintly malicious delight as Chandran's stentorian voice caused fair cheek to blush with his inimitable ribaldry? But they have left us, gone out into the big, bad world and one, while filled with an unusual, un-IITian-like, sentimental melancholy, can only wish them the best.

But what have they taken with them in passing through—or, better asked, though with an uncomfortable, uneasy awareness, what will we be taking with us when we have? Nothing besides the self-protective, instinctively motivated layers of cynicism we have plastered ourselves with, the superior taste in wit, the counters and the sallies? Nothing besides the constant striving to unmask others while struggling frantically to keep our masks and slurs on, nothing but the instinctive acceptance of a superiority which was, is, and will always be elusive which we flaunt to the world and all who watch secure in the delusion of our special conventions and beliefs? No! A firm, irrevocable No! It is not so, nor, God grant, will ever be as such! Under all our derision and contempt for the naive and the so called, much quoted pseudo-intellectualism, we remain human and fresh, or so one hopes, and a few years outside should see us normal again, no longer inhumanly and forcedly unconventional but, all the same, endowed with that special quality of accommodation to circumstances, people and things which five years of practice have made us adept at. This, one

believes, is what they have taken—a quality of adjustment which should follow the few years spent in climbing down from the pedestal we have set ourselves up on.

But while still here? Yes, Vjay Reddy, our morals are ours to coin and ours to expend but do we have to inflict them on others? Do we have to demand of others the exacting requirements measured of standards we have set, but never follow or live up to? Why, as most of us do, fan and augment the desire to do something sensational to such an extent as to stray far from the middle of the road, to make yourself disregard and break all the accepted norms of decent behaviour?

One realizes that to ask for tolerance and kindness overnight is to entertain an optimism of the level that made us buy swimming trunks right after the Immatriculation. But, one believes, a re-appraisal would not be out of order. No excessive seriousness, mind you, who would want to see a bunch of plaster saints with alabaster faces? And while the last thing one would wish for is behaviour modelled after that rather prudish and highly imprudent gentleman from the staff who protested against some article in this journal (and got back from the Editorial Board infinitely worse than he gave), one cannot help but feel that a certain amount of restraint is called for, at least on those occasions when we are open to the searching scrutiny of the world. We may not be going out into the world for quite some time yet, but, remember, the world does come to us from time to time, in the OAT, to mark one among many instances. And when it does, why not give it a chance, though who knows better than us that we are no better accomplished—if anything only worse! Granted that we find some conventions irksome, but having been drafted into society the moment we were born into it the least we could do to ensure peace of mind and harmony is to accept, if not endure, at least some of the obligations it enjoins on us. We'll be getting, or so the big ones on top tell us, our shot at changing the face of society soon, but at least until then, we could hold ourselves in hand and stop making blithering, boozing nuisances of ourselves, and rendering more courageous ones miserable with our incorrigible, irrepressible desire to be different.

After all, as the apologetic cat said to the mouse just before gobbling it up, we have to live, besides the present scornful aloofness may give rise to an ostracism which is the last thing we would want.

KUMAR

*It's not a nine-legged,
three-eyed monster.*

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24 hrs.*

Free Door-to-Door

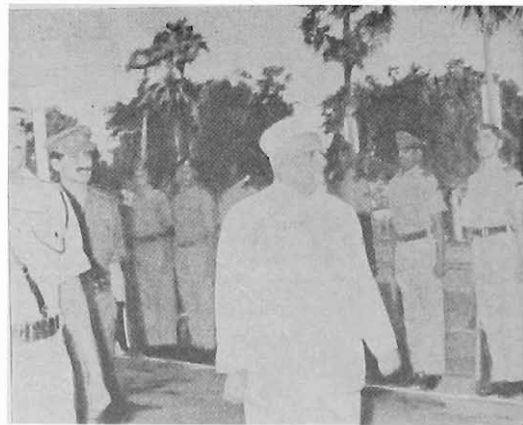
Delivery—in 48 hrs

Go clean with

'Alice Reinigung'

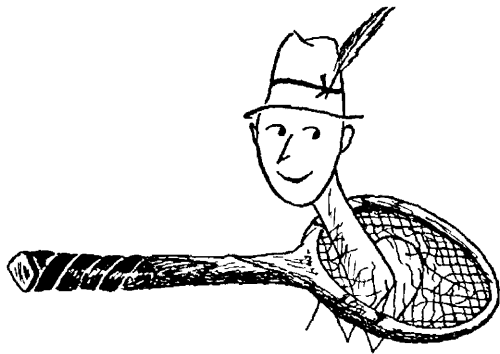


The Director Releasing 'Pradeep'



The President Inspecting the Guard of Honour

Sportfolio



This, of course, is the year of the Meet. And not unnaturally, a great amount of enthusiasm and hope is to be seen nowadays in the local—usually placid—sports circles. The Director, for one, has made 'Winning It' the put theme of his speeches. Prof Gupta and others (your scribe included), have already begun totting up points and figuring out when and where, the breaks have got to occur if we are going to win the Eighth Inter IIT Meet. Notice that nobody, repeat nobody, talks in terms of 'at least retaining our second place'. Even the pessimists are convinced, that, playing on home grounds and with—er, local referees, we can accomplish at least that much.

Now a few details which, doubtless, the well-informed IITian already knows. The meet will be spread over four days from the 28th to the 31st of December—a nice way to commence the semester, I should think. From this year, Gymnastics will be on an equal level with the other sports, bringing their number upto eight, besides athletics. Teams securing the first three places in each sport will be awarded respectively 10, 6, and 2 points. The points are double for athletics. An interesting innovation is that from this meet onwards each IIT will send a Cultural Team of six to participate in Inter-IIT Debate, Quiz, and Entertainment competitions. However, one can't help feeling that six seems to be a rather inadequate number. Anyway, a start has been made. Oh, and before I forget—bowing to the aspirations of Indian Womanhood the IITs have decided that each institute shall send a team of lady participants for competitions to be held in table-tennis and badminton. Flex your muscles, all ye local Romeos, and may there never be a dull moment.

And now to the crux of the matter—what are our chances? All those in the know are agreed that something like 60 out of a total of 180 points will have to be secured if we are to be Numero Uno. Wishful thinking? Certainly not, as everybody right from the Gym Pres to yours truly is trying to establish. What makes one hopeful, of course, is last year's performance—that we, a team written off by others as well as by quite a few of our own, should have achieved the impossible.

Though there is no room for complacency, we should be able to repeat our victories in tennis and badminton, the latter despite the absence of Sheopuri.

The basketball team is bubbling with spirit and victory over Loyola in the Inter-collegiate league has made both the coach and captain Palani Kumar confident of success in the coming meet. Freshman Krishnan has established himself in the team.

Despite some indifferent performances in the beginning, the football team proved itself in the match against MMC. The formidable opposition was kept at bay till the last few minutes and goalkeeper Bab was really outstanding. It is now upto captain (Shorty) Nair and his colleagues to make the team as a whole a little more efficient and purposeful.

Without Gus and Co., the hockey team does look rather ragged right now. A new coach will go a long way towards achieving the necessary co-ordination among the forwards. The draw favours us here and there should be no difficulty in getting through to the finals.

The table tennis team has started putting in regular practice and Prem Watsa is quite confident that we will certainly improve upon last year's performance.

In volleyball we have been drawn against Bombay, and the team will have to work very hard if we are going to get anywhere.

The athletics team, with Narendra Kumar as the manstay, will be the centre of all our hopes. A second place here, with the 12 points it carries, is very nearly essential if we are to be in the running. New talent will have to be unearthed and moulded. A good coach is absolutely essential.

The sixty points? Count wins in tennis, badminton, and basketball, a second place in athletics, with luck, at least second place in three out of the other five events. Obviously, there are other teams who are going to be just as or even more confident, notably Kharagpur. Anyway, we don't need a miracle—just plain hard work and a slice of luck. After all, we can't let this be the winter of our discontent, can we?

—RAT

Sir,

Recently I had the opportunity to meet some students from another college in the city. They told me they enjoyed reading 'Seven Years of Campastimes' and were appreciative of the articles in it. In fact, many outsiders who subscribe to *Campastimes* have remarked on the keen sense of humour and versatility of wit that IITians are known to possess. The fact that *Campastimes* serves as a medium for projecting a pleasant image of the IITian outside this institute need not be reiterated.

But it is matters relating to the Cultural Week that strike a discordant note. When it comes to a debate, a group discussion, or just pure entertainment, the IITian becomes very choosy. He must have nothing but the best. Anything else deserves to be booted off the stage. Approach and question him and you will find that he has genuine grievances. The rigour and severity of the curriculum demands a great deal of him. When he turns to the Cultural Week for a refreshing change and finds to his dismay something utterly mediocre, his natural impulse is to protest in disgust. But this is where he must exercise self control or else alienate outsiders and engender ill-feelings amongst the sister colleges partaking in the events.

It is the ability to be a little more tolerant, a little more understanding than usual that sets a man apart from the common riff raff. And we IITians certainly aren't made of ordinary stuff.

Why, then, let the Cultural Week foster disagreeable feelings between our Institute and the rest?

Yours etc.,
N RAMESH

on the selection system. No one can rule out such surprises in debating either. One can only hope that double standards are abandoned and such thoughtless decisions do not recur.

Yours etc.,
R NATARAJAN

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

Time and again, we are faced with the question, 'What is wrong with our Gymkhana?' Before we can go into this question one might easily ask, 'What is right with it?' One does not know what its aims are, but if it was aimed to be a representative body of the students, it has only succeeded only as far as the membership aspect of the constitution is concerned. Apart from that it has done little representation in the past, and, unless certain measures are taken expeditiously, it is not likely to be of any help to the students.

The image one gets of the Gymkhana is that it is a body which meets once a year to elect its office-bearers and then, as far as any student is concerned, it is as good as being non-existent. Even the Gymkhana members seem to be superfluous because the Secretaries tend to form their own clique with their cronies and they carry out the activities without consulting the other members of the committee. In short, all the enthusiasm, promises and smiles just curl up and die after the elections and only lethargy and unconcern prevail. This is not at all conducive to the solving of our problems. The campus is not free from problems, especially the student section. We need a body to vent our grievances and this can be expected only of a body whose members are wholly responsible for their activities.

Apart from functional problems that have crept in over the years, one can very well question the way Institute secretaries are chosen. A Gymkhana representative, thanks to indirect elections, represents about a hundred and odd students in this vast student populace. All this must change. Alongside hostel elections, separate ballot papers should be given for election of secretaries at the Institute level, so that representation at the top level can be total. This will rectify the defect in the present system to a reasonable extent. Another side-effect which cannot be ignored is that it will prevent the ladies from Sarayu from helping to topple the critical balance, if and when it exists, at their whim and fancy.

The Gymkhana must meet every month or so and the student problems must be taken up at all levels and discussed. Any resolutions passed at these meetings can be forwarded to the administration. Only when such steps are taken, can the Gymkhana be really called a representative body. I sincerely hope the present office-bearers will effect these changes at their earliest convenience and not, as has been done in the past, postpone it to the crop of secretaries who will be taking over next year.

Yours etc.,
VINOD BEHTLA.

Sir,

A slight reflection on the mode of selection of speakers for the Institute debating team would reveal certain startling and revolting facts. It is true that the Literary Committee does not want any top-notch speakers to be left out because of freak judgements. Shielding them from such an eventuality has been carried to extremes, in awarding byes to as many as five speakers.

That one need not even be a recognised Institute speaker to get a bye is evident, because at least two of the five (with due regards to their ability) have not given us the pleasure of hearing them as speakers of this Institute even once. Or is it that representing well known city colleges automatically ensures a place in our Institute debating team? Perhaps the Literary Committee has lost faith in its own method of selection and standards. But then how does one explain the omission of John Oomen from the 'bye-list'? Is it because he is only a first year student in the B Tech course and not a post-graduate or is it because the Literary Committee has felt that chronology is more important a criterion than ability?

By the same standards they could very well have given byes to the two quiz participants who have represented the Institute and won prizes last year. As ill luck would have it, one of the above participants got eliminated in the preliminary round. This reflects badly

GAS A PAGE OR TWO

It's the old, old story about lab reports Dr G called us up on the first day
'Yes, gentlemen Any suggestions for improving lab?'

'Need we write such long reports?'
'Must we have exams in it?'
'How about detailed instructions for experiments for which theory hasn't been covered?'

'Easy One at a time please Exams? We don't have a choice Just accept them as a necessary evil Instructions? Now, we don't intend to spoon-feed you Anyway, for this set of experiments, the theory has been covered That answers another question What else?'

'The lab reports, Sir.'
'Oh, yes. The lab reports What do you suggest?'

'We be allowed to write short reports.'
No one's asked you to write long ones'
'But Sir, in the past we've found a definite correlation between the volume of the reports and the grades'

Not really
Most undoubtedly, Sir'
All right In future, you can skip the lengthy blah-blah, and stick to bare essentials'

Yes Sir
That day we tromped happily down to the hostel There was one less evil to dread during the year Came the end of the next class We went up to our tutor

Can we go, Sir?'
'Have you finished the experiment?'
Yes, Sir.'
'Get R, draw a graph with x on this axis and R on y-axis Get the minimum point, and from that calculate the area' An impatient nod

'Any doubts?'
'No, Sir And Sir, it's enough if we do the calculations and present the results, isn't it?'

'Yes, yes And you can write one or two lines Like I have just given the formula for Bond's Law You can state it You expand that a little Yes, yes You can write one or two pages like that'

Probably, we can That's immaterial What's relevant is the fact that good ideas die out so easily in this place Somebody should have given the lecturers a course on 'The Purpose of Education' Or at least told them that transferring five pages of a text book on to lab sheets does not constitute learning

AAJOO

GAMES INITIANS PLAY

(With apologies to Dr Eric Berne)

At the very outset, a small clarification this is not, as the reader is apt to imagine, a thesis on knocking a few balls around or running 100 metres in ten seconds flat The above come under the category of games (small g—synonym sport). The games which this article deals with are quite different in that they are word-Games played by smart people A Game is not a game and vice versa (Hoo hah!) According to somebody's definition (or was it the others?) 'A Game consists in the adopting of strategies when faced with options' This is sociological psychology and, that's right, real deep stuff So if you're burnt now's the time to quit Actually this whole article's a big Game We're playing 'Analyse me' and you're it

Let's begin with your entry into the Institute You come in thinking you own it and the rest of the world too Almost immediately, you start comparing your classmates with yourself and rating them accordingly So one of the first Games you play here is

'What's your rank?'

There are two possible outcomes to this one. Either his rank is lower than yours in which case you win or vice versa in which case you lose A real dangerous Game to play unless, of course, you stood first and hence a sure winner

A few weeks later this Game becomes pretty stale, so you switch on to a few variations on the same theme

Q. What's your branch?

A1 Electronics (A sheepish grin You lose)
A2 Civil

(A patronising smile) You win

And so as the first year passes on At the end of it you still like to think you're the greatest brain to hit IIT since USS But you're not so sure

Enter second year

You come back from the hols afflicting that well-worn IITian look which is especially for the freshers' benefit If they know that you are a second year they probably won't look at you The time is now ripe for another Game

'You guys are damn lucky getting all this protection from the wardens When I was in first year we couldn't step out of the hostel without getting caught You call this ragging? Hah!' A pretty long-winded Game but it produces the desired effect

Third year

You are finally accepted as a full-fledged member of the Institute, but people are apt to forget unless you keep reminding them Useful Games

'This bloody mess food is all (obscenity) We'd better take charge of the stores, or they're gonna rob it blind'

'Look at all these second years walking about as if they owned the hostel What they need is some long-overdue ragging, the young upstarts We'll teach them, for good'

Fourth year

You're a pretty well-known guy in the Institute by now and you start getting this funny feeling that the Institute needs cleaning up It isn't being run the way you think it should be So you enter politics, and whatever one might say about Institute politics, it does bring out the worst in the Players.

Second Year Who was the Lt Sec last year?

You This guy, yar, you know, what's his name, I forget.

Second Year I heard he didn't do a very good job of it last year.

You Yeah, you bet! I mean, what I mean is, that's what the general opinion seems to be

It works all right

Final year

The Final Years are the self-appointed lords of the Campus After all, the poor dears have survived four years in this joint Final year Games are all based on the impression they want to convey that they are already prominent members of Society outside Actually, speaking from experience, most of them are scared stiff of the future and what it might bring.

'I'm just waiting to get out this hole'
'Have you decided where you're going next?'

Silence
PUNCH LINE
END IT

PRASAD

THE SQUARE DANCE

CLUES

Across

- (1) The Holy Virgin is cursed for a drink! (6, 4)
- (5) Russians seeing red! (10)
- (10) Uncle Samuel has gone abroad (2)
- (11) Am hundreds of years old—says the engine pest (4)
- (13) A straight line (2)
- (15) Fifty thousand returns this measure (2)
- (16) Nameless (4)
- (19) The master of this Chinese dynasty is stuttering (10)
- (23) Mine—expert makes a test (10)

Down

- (1) 19-metre band at six in the evening (3)
- (2) An itch for currency! (3)
- (3) This lass doesn't start—the idiot! (3)
- (4) An employee who cannot refuse (3-3)
- (6) Voice of America (scrambled eggs)! (3)
- (7) This religion is thin at the end (6)
- (8) See 10 across (2)
- (9) The devil breathes some air and does damage (6)
- (11) Pure beverage is followed (6)
- (14) His part of the 'now' crowd (2)
- (17) Now it's his (3)
- (20) The girl is confused for some current (3)
- (21) This is a block (3)
- (22) It is obtained in the egotist (3)

