

# Campastimes

Vol. VI, No. 7

IIT Madras, September, 1968

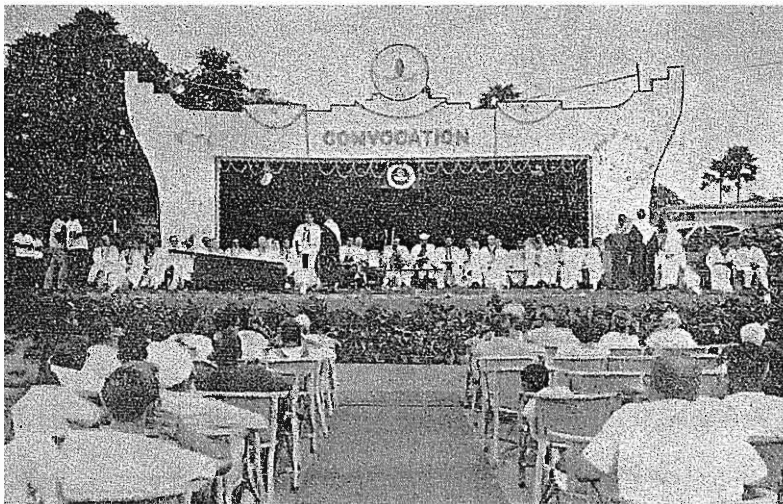
25 P.

## THE FIFTH CONVOCATION

### Address

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Director and Friends,

I feel deeply touched by the remarks of Dr. A. L. Mudaliar. Invitations to address Convocations arouse mixed feelings in me. When I received an invitation, a warm invitation, from Dr. Mudaliar, I felt very much inclined to come here, as I hold the Institutes of Technology in high esteem. My ties with Madras, of course, are many: Dr. Swaminadhan whose daughter I married, the Atomic Energy Programme at Kalpakkam and a satellite-launching station which we hope to establish soon at a site not far from this place. What is more, Madras and the southern states have contributed much to our scientific activity all over India and I have many distinguished students who come from this area. The type of collaboration that we see in these Institutes is one of the best that is possible. These Institutes build bridges between our professional people and our academic staff with the best that the west and other advanced countries have to offer. I want to associate myself with the sentiments expressed by Dr. Mudaliar in this connection.



The Convocation in progress

IIT Madras has a unique way of conducting its convocations. It is one of the few institutions which conducts this otherwise solemn ceremony before an audience consisting of anybody who is curious to see a convocation and who has not achieved enough educational stature to earn a degree for himself. It is also one of the most colourful events of the institution where each graduand can personally receive his diploma from the Director.

The fifth batch of graduands received their diplomas on the 1st August 1968 in the august presence of Dr. Vikram A. Sarabhai, Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

There was more zeal and earnestness in the celebration than ever before, with the open air theatre packed with spectators numbering nearly four thousand.



G. Raghavan receiving the President's Medal from Dr. Vikram Sarabhai  
photograph: Kubendran

### THE DIVERGING HUMAN FUNCTION

Five years ago, when you made the choice of enrolling at this Institute of Technology, and today, as you receive your degree, the world is rather different. Jawaharlal Nehru, Kennedy and Khrushchev are gone from the international scene. Nations already armed to the teeth have continued to engage in a spiralling arms race and bombs rain every day from the skies over North and South Vietnam. Violence is rampant the world over. There is disenchantment with aid and with military alliances. Manned exploration of the moon and, in this country, the pursuit of engineering studies do not have the same glamour as before. Political life in Red China, in the United States, and in India, is chaotic and social goals perceived with cynicism.

What is happening around us? Has the uncertain world come to stay with us? The affliction is not peculiar to us; rich nations and poor ones, large and small, powerful and weak, those in military alliances, the non-aligned and the neutral, all manifest the same symptoms. The scenario is different, in France, in United States, in Poland, in Japan and in India. And so are the methods by which societies try to deal with these problems. But a common thread runs through all these. I wish today to share with you some of my thinking, for, I believe that the present is particularly threatening to those like you who embark on a professional career for the first time.

Every one here is undoubtedly familiar with the expression 'three raised to the power of eighteen'. It is a large number—38,74, 20,489, Thirty eight crores, seventy-four lakhs, twenty thousand, four hundred and eighty-nine, to be exact. What it means in dynamic terms is quite dramatic. If a person spreads a gossip to just three others and the same is passed on by each of them to three

others, and so on in succession, in just eighteen steps almost the entire population of India would share the spicy story. Note that if each step takes one hour, 90 per cent of the people hear the gossip for the first time only during the seventeenth and the eighteenth hours. Indeed during the whole of the first 80 per cent of the time, the process affects merely 11 per cent of the population. Even though each individual is partaking in the chain reaction exactly like all the others, who preceded him, that is, he receives information from one person and passes it on to three others, the social impact at a late stage of development hits like an avalanche. When we have a new infection, initially it is barely perceptible, but as the biological organism multiplies through successive generations, at a certain moment it suddenly permeates through the whole system. You can observe this fascinating phenomena in making Dahi, or Yoghurt,

wield power and influence over world affairs to adopt values and behaviour, inherent in an order where accelerating change, rather than stability, is dominant.

I suggest that today we witness a crisis of obsolescence. The qualitative change which has occurred in the last decade with the development of atomic energy, with the exploration and use of space, with the advent of electronics and computer sciences, is a manifestation of the divergent human function which has suddenly overtaken the world. What we have witnessed so far, dramatic as it is, is probably pedestrian compared to what we can expect in the future. We have heard of the feasibility of areas of the earth's surface illuminated during the night with sunlight through giant reflectors attached to satellites. We have also heard of weather modification, by increasing precipitation of rain in certain regions through artificially seeding clouds. There has been a suggestion of putting into



George Verghese receiving the Governor's Medal from Dr. Sarabhai

or Thayir, as you call it here. In the same way, information, knowledge, innovation, people and things diverge rapidly and their collective effects appear suddenly even though the basic process in each case has proceeded over a long time-span. When considering the social implications of technological change, one usually mentions the effects of the machine age on society through automation and imposed conformity. But these are trivial compared to the wider social implications of innovative man, who with curiosity, ingenuity and ambition, tries to reach out from his natural environment, and starts divergent processes.

In nature, left to itself, control is maintained through an ecological balance. Order is not imposed from above, but arises through the interaction of each unit with its environment in a dynamic equilibrium. On the other hand, inherent in a programme of accelerated development, there is a suppression of some of the natural constraints which prevent divergence. And as the rate of innovation, of discovery and of everything else in the world gets faster and faster, so does the obsolescence of people and things become ever more acute. In contrast, biological development continues at its own pace. The child still requires nine months to develop in the womb. His life-cycle of learning, of adolescence, as a house-holder and as an elder who lays down the law, remains essentially unchanged. The situation is aggravated because of the increase in the life span of the human being. The contradiction between desired longevity in a world of increasing change is obvious. An inevitable result of all this is the disillusionment of the young concerning the understanding and behaviour of the middle aged and the old. Equally serious is the inability of those who

orbit a belt of dust particles over the equator such that it would change the distribution of solar energy penetrating to different regions of the earth. It is claimed that such a belt could reduce the heat in the tropics and scatter more to high latitudes, providing a temperate climate even in the polar regions. This has many frightening possibilities because the level of the oceans would rise and submerge many inhabited areas. New leads in biology and genetics pursued relentlessly are creating situations with implications few have thought through. Population control using the pill has tied up into knots theologians wishing to interpret the sayings of the holy books in terms of current needs of society and new concepts of life. Just as doctors are faced with the problem of determining what death is before spare parts surgery would be justified, international lawyers rack their brains to determine an objective criterion for identifying where air space ends and outer space begins in which national sovereignty does not exist.

Affairs in the 1960s are largely in the hands of those who were already grown up when the Second World War broke out. Their learning experience and their theoretical knowledge relates principally to a period when the world was qualitatively different. The concepts of national sovereignty, of international spheres of influence, and power politics of the classical type have hardly changed even though we are constantly watched from satellites in outer space above us, and our security is threatened not merely by hostile neighbours, but by the actions and indiscretions of distant powers. What is the relevance of foreign bases in the context of long range missiles and nuclear submarines lurking unseen and silent on ocean floors? Is the Indian Ocean Indian any longer?

(Contd. on p. 3)

## WILKOMMENS

1. Dr. Phillip Besslich,  
*Professor, Electrical Engg.*
2. Mr. Edward Fisher,  
*Foreman, Metallurgy.*
3. Mr. Manfred Rehkop,  
*Foreman, Metallurgy.*
4. Mr. J. Geiger,  
*S.S. Assistant, Applied Mechanics.*

*Bharata Natyam*

## Natyalya Artistes Impress

By

OUR DANCE CRITIC

On the eve of the Convocation, the Natyalya provided us with ninety minutes of dance that was a feast to eye and ear. After the Prayer Song to Lord Ganesha, the programme commenced with Alarippu in the traditional Bharata Natya style. It was followed by vasanta raga jathiswaram which the three dancers executed skillfully.

The Varnam in Anandabhairavi (Sakhiye) was the next item. It is about a maiden relating to her Sakhi, her yearning for Mahavishnu. Although the dancer was at times unable to cope with the pace of Nattuvangam in this piece, her performance was commendable. The way in which she began the Charanam was crisp. However, in one or two instances her neck movements were faulty.

There was a change in the programme after Varnam. Instead of the Tiruvembavai piece, 'Kallakrishnan'—a folk dance usually danced by six or eight people—was performed by two. This piece is about the Gopikas' description of Sri Krishna's childhood pranks. Unfortunately there was no coordination between the two dancers.

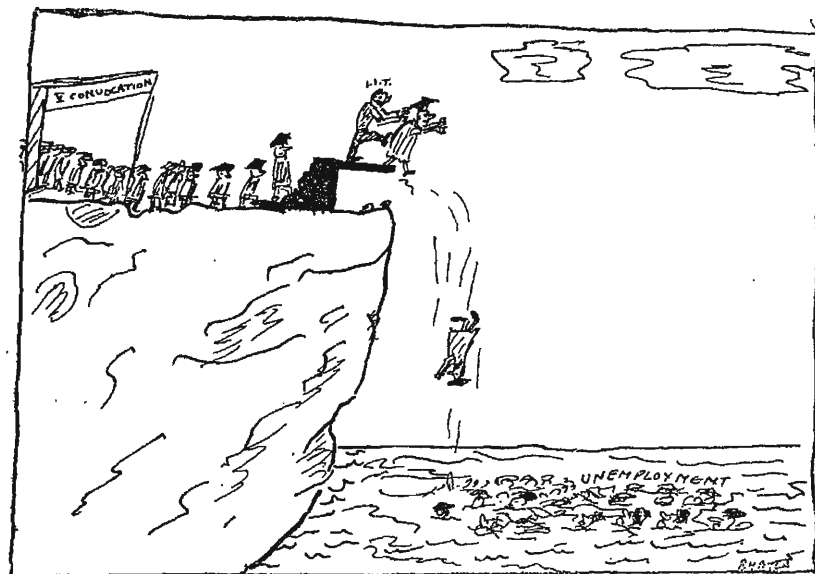
In 'Ananda Natamaduvai', which is about Lord Shiva dancing at Chidambaram, the dancer's abhinaya was skillful.

'Prabhandam' is about Lord Krishna at Brindavan. This and the last item from 'Azhagarmalai Kuravanji' were amusing. The Thillana in Kedargowla was impressively rendered.



photograph: Kubendran

Occasionally, the music was not distinctly audible. Perhaps a female singer could have put over the numbers with greater clarity. In spite of small lapses, the programme provided an entertaining interlude.



How shall we preserve democratic States where the media of mass communications provide means of instantly reaching downwards from centres of authority, but, short of public agitation, there is no authorised channel for the reverse feed back for controlling the political system between elections? What should be the goals of education in a world of obsolescence?

We find ourselves largely unprepared to meet the new situation, just as the natives of North America, who were struck by small-pox infection brought by immigrants. In real life, it makes a lot of difference how we view these occurrences. We have the situation in India, in common with many other countries, of students challenging the authority of Universities and of the establishment. Those who assume that the students are indisciplined and wayward, suggest that getting them involved in some activity such as the N.C.C. would set matters right. On the other hand, if one regards protests of students at Columbia, at Sorbonne and at Banaras as manifestations of a deeper malaise of society, the powers that be would introspect rather than preach.

There is no easy solution. But there is, I believe, much that we can learn from an analogue that we find in the peaceful applications of atomic energy; more precisely, in the technique of extracting energy liberated in the fission of uranium. As is well-known, when an atom of the 235 isotope of uranium is hit by neutrons, it has a tendency to split into two lighter atoms, the combined weight of the splinters being less than the weight of the original atom. In the process of fission, not only is the difference of mass liberated as energy, but additional neutrons are released. Then these neutrons hit other fissile atoms, a chain reaction occurs and the process can continue like the divergent spread of a gossip. We require a critical mass of uranium before the chain can be self-sustaining and indeed when there is no other control device, the mass explodes through the sudden liberation of a large amount of energy on reaching criticality. This is what constitutes an atom based on fission. When we wish to extract useful power out of the self-sustaining chain reaction of fission, we have to prevent the divergent release of neutrons, and of energy in the mass of the system. This needs the establishment of a large number of control loops which constantly and simultaneously sample the level of the reaction at various points of the reacting volume and sensitively adjust the position of neutron absorbers, strategically placed at various positions in the core of the reactor. Divergent trends are almost instantly compensated. An operator can shut down the reactor by pushing neutron absorbers into the core. But no reactor can be maintained in a steady state of self-sustained

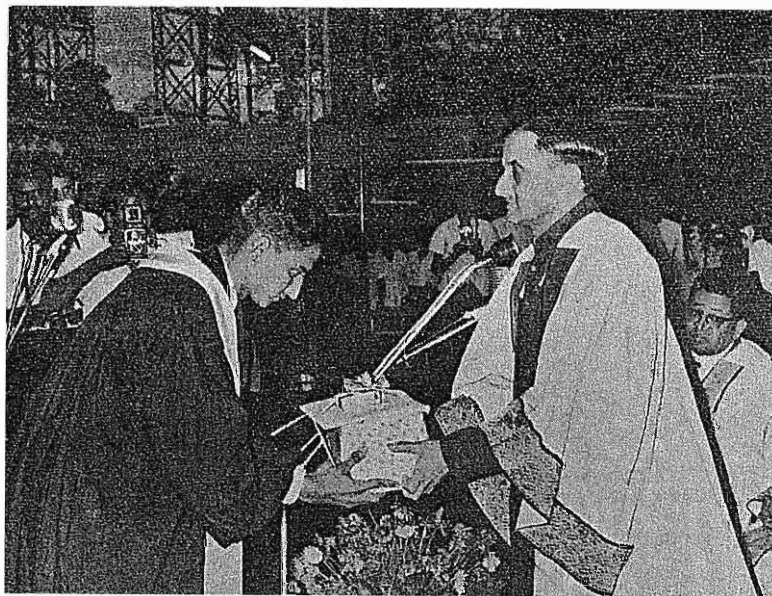
activity, necessary for providing useful energy, on the basis of exclusive reliance on gross controls operated with imperfect feed back loops. Indeed the control of potentially divergent systems relies on sensitive information loops which operate quickly in response to minute changes of activity.

What we can learn from this analogue in the social context? That control of the divergent human function cannot be maintained through the macro system of a super government. We need a system which permits an infinite number of micro control loops spread through the fabric of society. An authoritative regime can inhibit the divergent human function, but only at the cost of inhibiting development itself. Ironically, free societies are the ones which are most prone to the social impact of runaway divergencies. It is in such free societies that the power of the Super State, the super authority in education and for developmental tasks, is most difficult to sustain. I am intrigued by how closely this line of thinking brings us to Vinobaji's and Jayaprakash's ideas on social and political organization.

We are faced with the problem of divergent human function manifesting itself on the world scene, while in India we are still trying to shake ourselves free from poverty. We have, I believe, to create a social system and a pattern of development which is based not on monolithic organizations operating impersonally at an all India level or even at the level of the States, but in units, where the feed

back loop has a high fidelity for communication and a quick response. I am convinced for instance, that our education system would immeasurably benefit if it were liberated from the monopolistic privileges under which Universities take hold of all educational matters at a certain level in allotted territories. There is no way in which a University Grants Commission or an affiliating University can ensure educational standards. In the ultimate analysis, it is only the teacher in the class-room that can do anything in the matter. He has to be provided the freedom to innovate in education in a changing world and, for this innovation, he has to receive the trust of those who back him up. I would suggest that the most effective development of education can take place only when the teacher, the student, his parents and the outside environment can interact with one another, in a series of feed back loops, free from regimentation and irrelevant theories and principles preached from the top.

As engineers, you would look forward to play a meaningful role in society. We are nationally poised to formulate a new Five Year Plan for development. Economists, in the past, have been prone to regard investments in hard facilities as necessary for economic growth. This is often true, but in the present context, it is largely fallacious. Twenty years after Independence, we find ourselves with a broad infra-structure of plants and facilities in the engineering industries which are largely under-utilised. We also find a number of well-established laboratories, without clear-cut developmental tasks which are meaningful in terms of national priorities. What is needed now is a major investment in design and developmental effort directed at indigenous capability for carefully chosen tasks, which are important to us. As an example, I might cite a good transportation system providing an inexpensive scooter or a cheap car; a mass communication system which brings television to every village in a decade; inexpensive power through the countryside based on optimisation of grids, with a combination of hydro-electric, atomic and thermal units; a defence system based largely on hardware related to our own strategic needs rather than one which is reliant on what our friends overseas choose to sell us, gift to us or help produce under their know-how. We can identify sub-systems, under each of these major tasks and we can create design and development groups, which can operate with a wide measure of autonomy. They will require trust to be able to innovate. All this is not a pipe dream. I hope we have the good fortune of realising these programmes before divergent functions in our society blow asunder all that we cherish. I wish you a meaningful participation in this task.



Dillip Bhandarkar receiving the Institute Special Merit Prize

## Mr. Vollprecht

Mr. F. Dieter Vollprecht, until lately Director, Max Mueller Bhavan, Madras, does not 'need' any special introduction to the students and members of the staff of the Indian Institute of Technology. The Institute Gymkhana will particularly remember him with gratitude for the numerous occasions on which he made it possible for them to present cultural programmes to the students of the IIT which have been important landmarks in the activities of the Gymkhana. Through his good offices the Institute had the good fortune of witnessing some rare shows. The excellent Jazz music from the South-west German Radio Orchestra in November 1966, the Puppet shows by the famous German team Albrecht Roser/Ina von Vacano and Denneborg and the several interesting lectures by visiting German Professors like Dr. E. Jaekel, Dr. R. Jochimsen, Dr. H. Reitbock would be remembered long. Recently the magic show provided by the German magicians Werner Hornung and Axel Velden was another proof of Mr. Vollprecht's eagerness to keep the IIT within the sphere of the cultural activities, which he has been planning for his own institute with such meticulous care. The authorities of our institute have always found in Mr. Vollprecht a very helpful friend.



Our institute joins the other friends of Mr. Vollprecht in wishing him and his family all success in his new assignment as the Director of the German Cultural Institute at Addis Ababa in Ethiopia.

—Campastimes.

## COLLEGE MATHS TEACHER IS ONLY FIFTEEN!

Maths students at Michigan State University next fall will find one of their teachers several years younger than they are. Edith Stern, who will graduate this summer from Florida Atlantic University at the age of 15 will join the Michigan State faculty as a graduate assistant.

She will deliver algebra lectures, be a consultant to students, grade tests, and take three graduate level courses. Edith, who entered college at the age of 13, hopes to earn her Ph.D. degree by the time she is 18.

Edith hasn't gone to school with children her own age since she was in the third grade. At Michigan, one of her classmates will be 14 year old Michael Grost, a senior in advance mathematics. He was admitted to the University at the age of 12.

Having progressed through school at a phenomenal pace, Edith, who learned to read at the age of two, recently said, 'I don't know what it would feel like to be in college at any other age. This is normal for me.'

## PUZZLE

# THE FRESHER'S PROBLEM

By

A. SANKARAN

'Am I glad to be back here!', sighed young Moron Kumar.

'Why, Did you get ragged too much?' enquired Brilly Ant. . .

'Got ragged you say? Yes sir! And by a batch of seven tough chaps!'

Brilly clucked in sympathy. He said, 'You must then report this incident. Do you know their names?'

Moron said sadly, 'That is where the trouble lies. See, I know their nicknames. But I do not know in which hostel each resides.'

'Then it is impossible to report', said Mr. Ant.

'Oh No, see, I know that no two of them are in the same hostel', said Moron Kumar hastily.

Now Mr. Brains dropped in. He said, 'I know that the chap called Fatty is either in Jamuna, Narmada or Tapti.'

'If he is not in Narmada then either Shorty or Gholti must be there.'

'Yes, but Shorty might also be in Jamuna or Godavari' said Brains.

'Thadu', said Brilly, 'is either in Saraswati or in Ganga. But he cannot be in Ganga if Gholti is in Narmada.'

'On the other hand', said Brains, 'Raju may be in Saraswati or Krishna.'

'Reverting for a moment to Gholti', said Moron, 'Where can he be, if he is not in Narmada?'

'Godavari', said Brilly.

'That is right', said Brilly, 'Or again, he might be in Tapti.'

'I still do not know where Baba is', said Moron, 'Except that he cannot be in Godavari.'

'And he cannot be in Narmada', said Brains. 'He might—though I doubt it—be in Ganga or Krishna. But Kupz is in one or other of those hostels.'

'Is that all we know?' asked Brilly.

'Not quite', said Moron. 'Here are some more scraps of information. If Baba is in Jamuna then Fatty is not in Tapti. And, if Fatty is in Narmada, then Shorty cannot be in Godavari.'

Given that the freshers' information is correct, can you help them in reporting the atrocious ragging of young Moron to the SPCF?

### Solution:

Call the culprits Fatty, Shorty etc., as F, S, G, B, T, R, K.

Call Jamuna 1, Narmada 2, Tapti 3, Godavari 4, Saraswati 5, Ganga 6, and Krishna 7.

Then we have these data:—

- (1) F is in 1, 2 or 3.
- (2) S is in 1, 2 or 4.
- (3) G is in 2, 3 or 4.
- (4) T is in 5 or 6. } Hence T, R and K
- (5) R is in 5 or 7. } must be in 5, 6 and 7
- (6) K is in 6 or 7. } in some order.
- (7) B is neither in 2 nor in 4 (and is therefore in 1 or 3.)
- (8) If T is in 6, G is not in 2.
- (9) If B is in 3, G is not in 4.
- (10) If B is in 1, F is not in 3.
- (11) If F is in 2, S is not in 4.

Now consider the group F, S, G, B. On the basis of data (1), (2), (3), (4) we have these possibilities.

	a	b	c	d	e	f
F can be in 1, 2, 3.	1	1	2	2	3	3
S can be in 1, 2, 4.	2	4	1	4	2	4
G can be in 2, 3, 4.	4	2	4	3	4	2
B can be in 1, 3.	3	3	3	1	1	1

But of these 'a' and 'c' are ruled out by (9); 'd' by (11); and 'e' and 'f' by (10). The only solution confirming to the data given is 'b'.

Now consider 4, 5 and 6. There are only two possibilities.

T	5	6
R	7	5
K	6	7

But the second one is ruled out by (8). Hence we get:—

Fatty in Jamuna, Shorty in Godavari; Gholti in Narmada; Baba in Tapti; Thadu in Saraswati; Raju in Krishna and Kupz in Ganga.

## I. I. T.

(This is a poem by a member of our watch and ward who believes in modern verse.)

I.I.T., the only place  
In India can trace  
Making young folk brace  
Knowledge by His grace.  
I.I.T., has made a name,  
Reached horizon the fame,  
Great and small played the game,  
Making all good and tame.  
Application for admission,  
After summer vacation,  
Creates in all a tension,  
To gain their aspiration.  
Adhere to discipline strict,  
Great ideals addict,  
Brilliant folk do select,  
Average fees collect.  
Students are at home,  
Like Ladies of Rome,  
Discontentment even to some,  
Hard to trace in handsome.

—NARASIMHAN:

Watchman:

## The Padded Cell

Rules and regulations here  
Are seldom very rigid;  
To very many they appear  
Scandalously fluid.

But behind every simple rule  
There are hidden catches,  
Which to the above-mentioned rule  
Inviolability attaches.

Loaf in the city for days on end,  
No Pass need be obtained!  
Attendance below eighty-five per cent  
And, end of the year you're detained.

You're free to go for the second show  
Or the third, if indeed there's one!  
But then how bitterly well you know  
That the long walk back isn't fun.

From an inexhaustible field  
These are but random samples,  
To temptation one could yield  
And furnish more examples.

Critics of our 'laxity',  
Your fears this may dispel—  
Rules of concealed severity  
Hold us in a padded cell.

—S. R. NAIR

## INTERVIEW WITH DR. SARABHAI

At first glance, Dr. Vikram A. Sarabhai looked like an eastern fakir contemplating the world at the end of his hookah. The long maroon-coloured sherwani and the sparkling white churridars seemed to add to his personality. In the course of a ten minute tete-a-tete with him, *Campastimes* reporters elicited his views on various topics of interest.

*Sir, could you tell us something about what the immediate plans of the Atomic Energy Commission are and what the major areas of development will be?*

As you know, we are keen that the peaceful use of atomic energy should be developed widely through our own efforts in this country to back up the developmental tasks in the nation. The Kalpakkam atomic power plant, is being designed and built by our own groups in the Atomic Energy Commission. More than eighty per cent of the power plant installations is being made in India. This means sophisticated metallurgy, control systems and mechanical fabrication—a whole lot of technologies are involved. We think that through such a programme we can also provide electricity fully competitive with other sources of power. We can develop a new type of self-reliant growth in our own industry, in our own engineering capabilities. This is one area of development. We are planning many more atomic power stations of this type. Along with a power station, you have to have a paraphernalia of other industries for Uranium mining, ore processing, fabrication of fuel and electronic equipment. The AEC is planning another major establishment at Hyderabad for the manufacture of heavy water, the reprocessing of burnt atomic fuel to extract Plutonium, etc. Another major area is the field of isotopes—their application to industry, biology, medicine, agriculture, food preservation. We expect a lot of development in this field and during the next few years isotopes will find wide application in food preservation, prevention of sprouting of potatoes and onions, prevention of the spoilage of fish and in disinfection.

Side by side, the AEC has also got the responsibility of space research. At Thumba for instance, the Space Science and Technology Centre designs and plans to develop its own rockets of superior performance leading to a satellite launching. Only this morning I was inspecting some sites for an East coast launching station. These are briefly the lines on which the AEC will be working on.



Dr. Vikram Sarabhai

*Do you think we are justified in spending so much on research on subjects which do not have a direct bearing in a developing country like ours?*

It seems to me that one's ability to solve practical problems depends on the discipline and the training of the mind, of the ability to pose basic questions, not merely looking at things in an empirical way but to ask why and what for. I feel that people who engage themselves in serious work with that approach (whether it is engineering or physics or anything else) would like to get to the root of the thing. You might call this basic research or not but these are the people who are best able to solve practical problems. It is world experience that ten to twenty per cent of one's total period of study is spent on this open ended research to cultivate the mind. It is well worthwhile. In our country we would be well advised not to throttle the backing or creativity of the gifted people but to identify and spend more on the applied tasks because this is where the investment should come and is not coming.

*Nowadays everyone is talking about the brain drain problem. What do you think should be the incentives that we must give our scientists and engineers if we want them to come back?*

I think most people will come back if they have something worthwhile to do here. I do not think the money aspect is most important. Of course it is important. But it is not the critical aspect. When we wanted personnel for our rocket development projects, I had no difficulty in getting some of the best people back under conditions which were certainly by no standards equal to what they got elsewhere.

The Government of India seems to have given up the small car project only the other day. Looking at some of your catalogues, I was wondering why your institute, with its mechanical engineering laboratories, does not take up the developmental task for a small car. It may cost thirty to fifty lakhs of rupees. *But do it.* Break up the system into sub-systems and do this job. If we can produce the rocket, there is no reason why you can't build a tiny combustion engine suitable for a small car. I really believe this.

*Do you think we should have more specialization in engineering courses at very early stages?*

I believe in a good study of the core sciences of Physics and Mathematics as an essential back up to the engineering sciences—Maths especially, because I think you must know the language in which science expresses itself whether you are an engineer, or scientist. The chemist here will object but there is a classical remark by Sir C. V. Raman that everything that is interesting in Chemistry is Physics.

*What do you feel about the introduction of regional languages as media of instruction of Science and Technology?*

I feel this great deal of effort spent on discussing the language is totally irrelevant to the issue. Language, to me is a means to an end. It does not matter whether you learn Chinese or Timbuktoo. You learn a language that suits you best.

*But are we justified in creating such a fuss about it and spending so much money in changing over from a language which already exists as the medium of instruction almost all over the country?*

I believe in a permissive system in society. If an individual wants to learn in English he must be given all the facilities to learn. If he prefers Tamil, I think that the State should certainly provide facilities for him. It would however be unrealistic to hope that in these languages you get the same type of insight or access to world information as others. He will probably learn at his own cost. There is no need to compel anybody to do anything in this matter.

*What do you think the role of humanities should be in a scientific or technical curriculum?*

I think they should play an important part. I personally, would like to see that these Institutes of Technology which I prize very highly in this country (they have done an excellent job) don't call themselves Institutes of Technology but Institutes of something which includes Science, Technology and the Humanities.

## I CAN'T GET YOU-KNOW-WHAT

Quite a catchy topic, isn't it?

I'm relying on your ability to know something (Doesn't that flatter you). Before I came to IIT, I had the pleasure of being drilled by the Beat-X with this song in quite a few places. (Isn't that something?) One more thing about this not-so-articulate article. If you find the questions in brackets irritating, please bracket the other sentences also, in which case you will have bracketed brackets and brackets which I'm sure you won't read because they irritate you. The article ceases to exist. Get it?

Now everything boils down to writing an article. I'm not going to employ. If-you-still-haven't-gone-off-your-rocker-read-t-h-i-s-crap gimmick, I am loath to become a victim of this contagious disease. Apart from that, my article will never be read—if they obey me, that is. I think it is a cheap cliché and all that jazz.

At present I will concern myself with the study of French. And the only thing that I know about it is that the language is loaded with irregular verbs. It is all simple, you know; only the conjugation differs for different persons. Most resensible thing about it is that the IITians try to romanticize English by adding a flavour of French to it. Conjugation of a typical irregular verb is this.

I am brushing up.

You are staying up unusually late. He crams like I don't know what. According to a story making rounds in our mess (where else) a moron, after a nervous hour at the periodical whispered to another:—

I was just referring answers

You managed a whole page.

He cugged the whole paper  
(and got an 'S' of course)

Remember those S.I.E.T. girls last year?

At that time, someone who was running helter-skelter in OAT stopped to boast

I am being chivalrous.

You take them a bit too seriously, don't you?

Man, he is running after them!

By the way, what inspired me to write this article was a book written by John London, the hilarycist-cum-author (stop cussing, will you?) 'I can hear them beat till many hawks scream with ze orgy.' Can you make anything out of this? If you can, you must be given a gold medal. If you can't, don't give up hope. You surely must have heard of a conversational bore who said she loved to fly off at fanned-gents. If you begin to practice this art, you will end up as a punster. Here is the outline of a very interesting conversation when a moron ragged a smart fresher.

'Why dontcha grin, like anyone?'

'You're right, sir, I am filled with chagrin'

'(Blink) Ahem.... Keep talking, damn you.'

'I hear you were most end-towed into IIT'

'Er..... I am..... uh..... flat-head'

'I agree. Besides I hear you are an indefatigable pill-hander.'

'Wow! Me, a Philander!! Haven't you heard something?'

'And on ass-pheshus days you bray a lot?'

'(Trying to be smart) I do, I do. Where do you suppose I get my bees,—from beehives?'

'Hearing your response, I must say I am blabber-gofsted'

'Now I know what is wrong with you. You have been babbling all the while. Get lost.'

That's about all, folks. Hope you don't search for a reason why I chose that topic. If you find it, keep it to yourselves. How does that gart you, snarlin'?



## EDITORIAL

### A Postscript

On August 15, 1968, *Campastimes* was six years old. Set going in 1962 by a group of friends interested in publishing a small family paper (modestly marked 'For private circulation only') *Campastimes* has now broadened its view, lengthened its reach and continues more vigorously to intrude upon the IITian every month to inform him about what is happening around him.

In the process of growing up the paper did encounter many a problem: while new editors tried to settle down by a process of trial and error, it did hit low levels. Yet, it survives unscathed. The IITian, oblivious as he is of anything outside 'the curriculum' surprisingly begins to feel uneasy when that issue of the paper is not slipped under his door every month. May be this is one reason why it has come to stay and, indeed, to become part of him to such an extent that he takes it for granted.

The Committee of 67-68, when it took charge, was aware that there was a lot of literary potential, especially in the hostels, that was untapped. Special pains were taken to drive those 'stay-ins' to write about just anything they could think of. Sometimes we were successful. More attention was paid to the layout of the paper. Mention must be made of the excellent quality of print that the press provides us. At every stage we were aided by the able guidance of Dr. Zuern, our Staff Adviser and Prof. Sampath, our Publisher. We do hope they will continue to take active interest in the publication of this paper.

Our main consideration was, as we have pointed out before, you The Reader. We always felt the necessity of 'balancing the issue' with literature for the prudish and lighter reading for the less serious reader. We were, however, inclined to include more of the latter variety simply because the reader seemed to like it that way. If you feel we slipped in this respect, pardon us. Probably you aren't amused very easily.

A problem that we always encountered was the dearth of material that was good to print. Maybe you are the type that wrote its school compositions well but felt too self-conscious to try its hand after that. If you don't want the whole issue to be composed by a bunch of us and then shout 'the same sick guys again', why don't you sit down and put on paper how you feel about the hostel pond being too deep or its terrace being too high?

Happily enough, the committee of '67-68 is clearing out with this last postscript of an issue. A brand new set of editors will now take over. As for us, we can describe our work in exactly five words: it was a wonderful experience.

The Publications Committee '67-68 wishes the Publications Committee '68-69 every success and hopes that it will uphold the traditions and standard of *Campastimes*.

## BY THE WAY

It is some time since we last leisurely stroll through the campus, but the scene remains much the same. The same feeling of spaciousness of unspoilt natural splendour, pervades our favourite haunts. Time has not lessened one whit the glories of our banyan-lined avenues, nor custom softened one iota the stark horror of the Gajendra Circle.

But the passing year has unerringly taken its toll, and one bunch of familiar faces will be seen no more in the corridor and mess. 'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, to hear no more the raucous crowd of R-'s laughter, nor see the cheery grin of S-and the set complacency of M-. The caustic tongue of yet another R-, the studied eloquence of K-, have passed from fact to memory and in another year or two will cease to be by words among IITians. It is in the fitness of things that another bunch of hopefuls have started on the five year road; but strangers they remain, for official sanction does not grace our meeting. In all of a month no one knows the freshmen, and they do not know us. This is not seemly.

Through the usual tortuous channels the word spreads that the Gymkhana has considered a question of significance. It is to meet the lowest common denominator IITian taste in entertainment and the life social—a quantity so low as to tend to the negative—or is it to attempt something more ambitious? More briefly, is it the Gymkhana's function to amuse or to educate? Experience has shown how consistently the exponents of the latter cause can be, and are, frustrated; the stalwarts of recent years have resignedly accepted the inevitable; and we may confidently look forward to glorious explosions of every possible quality except restraint, refinement and aesthetic fineness. Here's to a more and louder noise, cheaper and tinier music, coarser and cruder jokes—here's to the triumph of the Philistine.

Another convocation has come and gone with pleasing smoothness, but not without accentuating one of our unessential necessities. Greek amphitheatres are all very well; and when we speak of our own one and only genuine pseudo-Greek amphitheatre we are apt to wax eloquent. Yet for how long can we remain hopefully dependent on weather, how often pray for the storm not to break, how often make alternative arrangements in CLT—a poor substitute indeed? What we ought to have is an auditorium of reasonable size and a modicum of architectural taste. One thinks enviously of the auditorium of the College of Engineering in Guindy) not indeed as a model, but as an example of the terms in which we ought to think. But even as I write Bitter Experience mutters that with a half-built swimming pool on our hands, any talk of auditoria to seat three thousand is mere folly.

With the beginning of the periodicals, life in IIT may be said to have settled into its accustomed course. The weeks of free evenings, so ordinary to students elsewhere, can only be fleeting luxuries to us. And we will explain to people that we have so little time. Tutorials, assignments, drawings, periodicals, lab reports—lend me a few more fingers, somebody. Faced with this imposing list, only the IITian can know in his heart of hearts that it is nott rue. However heavy the workload, there always is time for anything we want to do, if we want it badly enough.

*Campastimes* will doubtless go on: it always has, though the guys who type it and take it to press and read the proofs have just as much coarse (pardon the pun) work as the rest of us. Cultural Week will be held, the inter-IIT meet will come off, and things will keep happening. The point is—what do you, you as an individual, propose to do about it? This isn't a question of time, it's a question of inclination.

We are nearing the end of our stroll, but the best part of going for a walk, even through life, is to take in the scenes on the wayside. Getting there and back is purely incidental.

S. PARAMESHWARAN.

## Letter to the Editor

Sehr geehrte Herren,

es ist mir ein Herzensbeduerfnis, Ihnen dazu zu gratulieren, dass mit dem deutschsprachigen Artikel 'Die deutsche Rezitation' der April-Nummer die *Campastimes* ein wahrhaft internationales An- und Aufsehen erreicht hat.

Ich war entzückt über den guten Stil und die treffende Ausdrucksweise dieser Kurzgeschichte.

Die grosse Sorgfalt und die Geschicklichkeit im Umgang mit der deutschen Sprache, welche der Verfasser bewiesen hat, finden allerdings im Wahrheitsgehalt keine Entsprechung:

1. Der Schreiber stellte fest, dass 'die Einladung zu dieser Veranstaltung in deutsch abgefasst und an alle Deutschen im I.I.T. geschickt' wurde.

Als Inder hätte er wissen müssen, dass aus dem Verschicken der Einladung noch nicht darauf geschlossen werden darf, dass diese auch ihren Empfänger erreichen.

Er hätte diese Informationschwierigkeit weniger 'seltsam' als vielmehr 'bedauerlich' finden müssen.

Tatsächlich hat nämlich ein Grossteil der Deutschen im I.I.T., wie ich durch eine Umfrage feststellte, eine Einladung nicht erhalten.

2. Der Schreiber behauptete, dass es für Herrn Dr. Klein und mich 'gewissermassen Pflicht war', an der Veranstaltung teilzunehmen.

Die Veranstalter haben mich sehr höflich als Richterin eingeladen ('We would deem it a privilege if you could officiate as a Judge'), und ich habe aus Freude und echtem Interesse angenommen.

Ich glaube auch, der Schreiber tut Herrn Dr. Klein bitter Unrecht, wenn er ihm nur Pflichtenunterstellung.

3. Der Schreiber behauptete, ausser den beiden Pflichterfüllern seien keine weiteren Deutschen aus dem I. I. T. anwesend gewesen.

Das ist nachweislich nicht richtig.

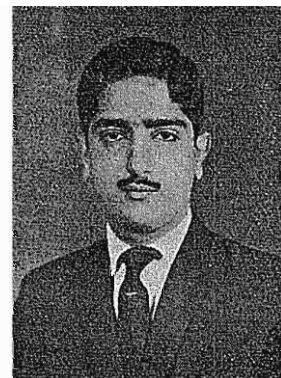
4. Der Schreiber behauptete, der deutsche Stab habe sich wegen einer gleichzeitig stattfindenden Sitzung entschuldigt.

Meines Wissens war kein Deutscher autorisiert, eine 'Entschuldigung' abzugeben. Ebensowenig ist aber auch irgendein Nichtteilnehmer jener Sitzung, wie zum Beispiel der Schreiber, befugt, ein abfälliges Urteil über 'Stichhaltigkeit' oder Dringlichkeit einer solchen Sitzung abzugeben.

Mit freundlichen Grüssen

FRAU HEDY WAGNER.

## OBITUARY



It is with deep regret and personal sorrow that we report the passing away of Shri K. Sridhar (Class of '68) on 11th August 1968 as a result of a tragic motorcycle accident. A student of the 1st M. Tech. (Chem. Engg.) Class, he was an outstanding cricketer and bridge player, and was one of the more popular students of the Class of '68, known for his cheerfulness and jollity.

Requiescat in pace



Another summer has come and gone. That's OK, for none of us are summer lovers—Madras summers at that, but what really hurts is that the vacation has also come and gone. Sadder must indeed be the final year chaps, who have just polished off the last long vacation of their lives. Happy, I'm told, are some chappies who have covered the syllabus for the year to come and are presently hounding the library doing reference work. Sorry, I've seen, are some lads who have indulged in so much of the Shake, the Frug, the Watusi and other such Schmatzy dances that keep on being discovered every now and then, that they've come down with Fibrositis and things and now have to sleep on mats on the floor. Worried must have been some, who in nervous moments pondering about the results, offered the fuzzi to Tirupathi, resulting now in our having to gaze upon the dents and bumps of a shiny nut here, and a Jewel Thief Cap there, where we once used to gaze upon terraced slopes of brilliant mass of hair ending in disgusting 'kiss-curls' on the forehead.

But not everybody has been having a rough time. Take the lot of the Freshers for example. No one ever had it so good. In our days, we walked into the hostel and the seniors welcomed us with the unmentionables and menacing looks. Today the Warden drops a laddu into the fresher's mouth, while one Asst. Warden sprinkles rose-water on his block and another washes his travel-weary foot and conducts him to his room to be installed therein. Our welcomes had quite a few variations to this theme, but then in a couple of weeks, the camaraderie that existed between the seniors and us, was to be seen to be believed. Ragging, specially the sadistic, perverted type, has its defects. But the mild, good-humoured manner in which it is conducted here, did nobody any harm and what's more, disciplined the worst of us; Like, if in our days, we dared shout or boo at any function, the seniors went out of their way to seek us out and correct our notions on how to enjoy a dull play. Nowadays the youngsters are yelling for nautch-girls to be brought on stage, and if a senior goes upto him and says so much as, 'shuddap ya mutt', or something like that, then before he can say 'Lakshmi darling,' he is suspended, bundled off to the Warden's for a couple of weeks and ends up looking after the kids.

While we are on the subject of holidays, the letter bringing the results was a welcome surprise. The personal, man-to-man touch of Prof. Dr. Varghese is much appreciated. This, after all, is the way to make friends and influence people.

Another welcome change is the idea of starting classes at 8 a.m. Whoever thought that up had his heart in the right place. Like Jean Kerr, we all believe that:

*This space for Doodling*

Dearer to me than the evening star,  
A Packard car,  
A Hershey bar,  
Or a bride in her rich adorning;  
Dearer than any of these by far,  
Is to lie in bed in the morning.

The Institute building is coming along nicely, and the colour-combination is topping. Gajendra Circle, unfortunately, still presents a miserable sight. Gloom like that of the place would call for the pen of a master. Gorky, I feel, is the right person to handle this paragraph. Perhaps Dostoevsky would do just as well. The place could do with a new hand for the guy who has lost it and without the barbed wire fence to keep it there.

An unhealthy trend, one notices these days, is the cutting down of the large trees, which once gave such a distinguished look to our campus. Where writers of a gone-by era used to long for gazelles and Arab Steeds, our young men long for large trees. Strange, but that's how it is. I found a lot of fellows talking about their beloved trees. They all feel like the hero in the average Russian novel, who having strangled his bourgeois papa, thrashed his wife, and fed his baby to the fish at the local reservoir, returns home and finds the Vodka bottle empty. I mean, they all feel that they are being deprived of the simple pleasures of life.

During the Convocation, I was stretching my neck a bit, when I noticed the Institute emblem, atop the projection-room go off. Heck, I thought, what now! Suddenly the words 'Fifth Convocation' came on in blue light, with a red fringe! After a moment that went off too! By now, I was positively biting my nails wondering what was going to happen next. Plunk! Both the emblem and the words came on together! So, I get the photo. A couple of guys sitting ahead of us, were watching the same thing incredulously. One of them gave vent to his feelings so admirably: 'Dey, parada,' he said, 'they have cogged the Kareem-beedi ad!' After the convocation, one brand-new M. Tech. sobbed on my shoulder about the same thing. Poor fellow! It seems he brought along his papa and mama-san and the girl-next-door on whom he had his crush now, to see him collect his diploma, and they were sitting in the bowl, looking at the Kareem-beedi thing and guffawing like the devil. I believe, he said, dirtying his handkerchief miserably, that they should exercise a little more restraint for the Convocation. A solemn affair is so much better, indeed.

And the less said about the stage-settings for the Convocation the better. What was the thing supposed to represent anyway? Some guys say that it is a lotus, and guys with more vivid imaginations believe it to be a boat. Whatever it was, it resembled rather closely, a scenario from the average, run-of-the-mill, Tamil movie, through which the nautch-girls pop out, dressed in fashions that died with Queen Victoria, and do a lot of wild dances. For such a scene, no doubt it was admirable, but think of what the Kareem-beedi thing on one side and the lotus-boat thing on the other must have done to a guy trying to concentrate on the *Sahanavavathu*.

Lastly, one notices that there is definitely an improvement on the facial expressions of the electrical engineering students—especially those at the fag-end of the course. Where we once used to see guys with long faces, looking as if they had just been passed through the clothes-wringer, we see cheerful laddies, tripping about on light steps, whistling snappy tunes. This phenomenon puzzles many. Anything the matter, folks?—GOPE

## Heartily Dactyly

That guy was real smart. Only a nitwit would spend a whole hour with him as I had done. In a last-ditch attempt to break his shield of innocence (feigned, of course), I tried this: 'Hey, what do you do when you get bored up. You know what I mean, when you don't hog.'

'I write poems for the Headshrinkers' replied that stupid looking character. I wasn't sure whether he hogged that much, but he certainly cogged, if that myth about H.S. was true. 'Boy, got you hooked at last' I thought. Then I poked him, 'You call yourself a poet, eh?' 'You mean Edgar Allen You-know-who'.

Darn! That double crossing wise guy. I'd be blow'd if I had placed an emphasis on poet. 'You Snolly goster,' I bellowed, 'I can write any day better than you. Cut the crap and get lost.'

Unwontedly, I was telling him the truth. With one of these light verse-forms, anyone can be a poet. The latest one is called the double-dactyl. According to rules every poem starts with a double-dactyl nonsense line 'Higgledy-piggledy' or 'Jiggery-pokery' and anything else you can think of. After that comes a famous (or infamous) name—also double dactylic—followed by another line of double dactyl and a line of four beats. It begins all over again, ending like all jokes with a punch line. Usually there is a double dactylic line of one word in the poem.

You can start with nonsense like this,

*Higgledy-piggledy  
Gurcharan S. Sidhu  
Called at I.I.T. and  
Had this to say:  
Doesn't it strike you that  
Nights of non-stop cramming  
Certainly may lead to  
Crankiness in our day.*

And turn to character-assassination,

*Higgledy-piggledy  
Khushroo Kapadia  
Ultra-moronically  
Fell down the stairs  
Afraid of altitude  
He climbs up pogo and  
Bannister-phobia  
With him, is rare.*

*Higgledy-piggledy  
Pootsimboos Unoohoo  
Short story producer  
Wrote, and as such,  
Bored us to death with his  
Eerie concoctions and  
Save for his idiocy  
Didn't do much.*

You might like to turn to a bit of history

*Jiggery-pokery!  
Students of I.I.T.  
Thought it was nice to have  
Good swimming pools  
A Brobdignagian  
Pool was completed but  
Notere they passed out and  
Made themselves fools.*

After all this you can have a go at *Campastimes*

*Higgledy-piggledy  
Campastimes Editors  
Publish any topic  
Under the sun  
Articles describing  
Contra-Ubiquitous  
Members of female sex  
Are duly shunned.\**

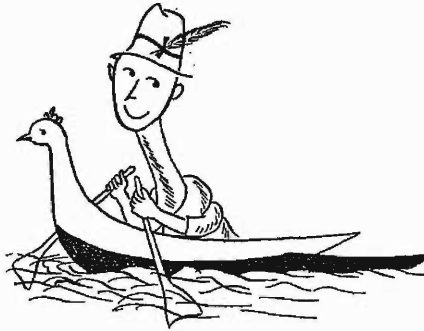
You can add insult to injuries (yours) with the double dactyl. Try right now!

[\*...???.??.??.??.??.Ed.]

N. K.

# Sportfolio

## The Boat Club and IIT Madras



Ask Sanyal 'How goes your rowing?' and sit back and relax for a couple of hours. But that is just half the story.

There is at large among us an unholy number of people who claim they frequent the Boat Club. These people come in various sizes, shapes and intelligence—from Ashley to Vijay Reddy. This habit forming sport (ask Dutta) was started by Thalukdar of the first batch, though a larger portion of the momentum was given by Pritham Kapoor. Pritham—a tall dark handsome hundred and eighty pounder with the right number of arms, legs etc. It was more the respect that the club members had for his immaculate sculling style that made him do what he always wanted—form an IIT crew and win the inter-collegiate. (Monopolised by the Guindy Engineering College at that time.)

This was very difficult because at that time the club was an exclusive one, and had very few student-members. It was also the unwritten law that the official club crews were all palefaces. Well, they couldn't argue long with Pritham; by that time Sidhartha joined the club with Bajaj. Soon enough other IITian members were introduced. In the following regatta IIT won the President's shield and retained it for two years.

It was then that Arun Nayyar joined the club along with Gopal Ramachandran and many others. After a month the lone survivor of this strenuous exercise was Arun Nayyar, and he was there to stay for a long time. He was one of the fewer lot which could combine power and grace in the water. Dutta and Reddy were the next to join the club and soon the second IIT crew was formed, but with a difference. It was a seniors' crew with Ebby-stroke, Dutta-2, Reddy-3 and Arun-Bow, a position needing good skill and experience. This crew reached

great heights and won the Challenge fours. The Challenge pairs was won by Arun and Ebby, the Challenge sculls by Ebby, Junior sculls by Arun, and the maiden sculls by Dutta, bringing home with us five trophies.

Dutta was next on the spotlight when he broke the records on the maiden sculls. The timing was 2.29.

The IIT fours was then nominated for the A. R. A. E. and was sent to Colombo. They lost because of a surprisingly large number of reasons but the experience gained from the trip did a lot of good for their rowing career.

The Madras-Colombo regatta 1966 featured Dutta again and he won the fours event. In the following Madras-Colombo 1967 regatta, Madras won all the events; the important positions of the stroke and three were filled by Ebby and Dutta.

So much for the past. At present there are sixteen IITians in the rowing club, forming an appreciable half of the competitive class of oarsmen. There will be an inter-collegiate this November and Sanyal, who is the most enthusiastic of the lot and also the self-appointed publiciser of the might of IIT, has already taken up his job seriously.

There are few activities in the club other than rowing, and Mr. Balaram finds it very difficult keeping up with excuses for the many times he misses his training. There was once a crew with Mr. Balaram, Ramkumar, Chat and Ray who lost to a heavier crew of the Boat club. It was no fault of theirs that they had to be a crew.

The new IIT crew will be Dutta as stroke, Sanyal as 3, Ebby as 2 and Basu and Ray. This is a very promising crew and is sure to keep our flag flying for quite some time.

—EBBY

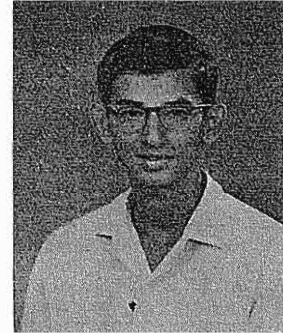


J.E.T. (Ebbie) Sargunar, ace sculler

### Cricket

The Institute team got off to a good start this session. In the inter-collegiate league Match, IIT defeated MIT with ease. Going in to bat first, MIT lost all their wickets for a paltry 34. Rangopal, our opening bowler, took four wickets for 14 runs. A sound 27 by the late K. Sridhar gave IIT the winning total of 42 for one wicket in just 40 minutes.

IIT (148 for 4) drew the next match verses Engineering (186 for 8). The highlight of the match was an unbeaten 113 by IITian V. Ashok.



V. Ashok

In the Jain College tournament, IIT 'A' has reached quarter-finals by eliminating Institute of Catering Technology and Law College. IIT 'B' bowed out of the tournament when it faced Christian.

The response at our nets hasn't been encouraging so far. A good deal depends on future response.

### Football

The crowd at the football ground has, as usual, fallen exponentially. With the return of Sanyal, after his ankle injury, and Bhaskar, the former Captain, we hope to keep the ball rolling.

The team has already proved its worth; against Christian, former university champions, IIT won 2-1. Quick moves by our forwards and fine shooting by Dhruv Pant netted the first goal. IIT increased the margin when Banerjee dazed the goatee with a fine tap after a bullet shot from centre-forward Bhaskar rebounded off the post. Towards close of play, Christian managed to reduce the margin. It was fun to watch 'Shorty' Nair puzzle the Christian defence with fine dribbling, and alert Rathnaswamy keep the goal.

### Hockey

Our hockey team has fresh blood in its defence line this year. Ajit Puran, 1/5, playing left back, is promising.

In its first encounter (in the inter-collegiate) the team drew with Christian. IIT took the lead when inside left Abraham rushed up to the goal line and flicked the ball to centre forward Ramu, who slammed it in. Later, Christian scored the equaliser.

With many more matches ahead, this is one team undergoing hot sessions of practice every evening.

### STOP PRESS

K. S. Loganathan has been elected General Secretary of the Institute Gymkhana



## Caricatures

## CHANAKYA BALARAM

Some twenty-odd years ago there was a small population-explosion in a remote village in Andhra and it was called Chanakya. Now, one can't go around bunging names like that at unsuspecting kiddos and expect them to grow up into normal rational citizens. Let's get that much straight, right away.

One of the first things that strike you when you meet Channy is his nose. As a matter of fact, after his ah-so-British manners, it is his proudest possession. His opening gambit on being introduced to pretty young things, is invariably, 'Ah! I've a Roman nose, don't you think?', and as she is wondering whether Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida or Marcello Mastroianni (being the only Romans she has seen) have noses quite like the exhibit A, he adds, 'I've often been told I look rather distinguished with it', which makes her wonder how he could possibly look human, let alone distinguished, without a nose (Roman or native) on his map.

But it is as a Scholar that Channy really distinguished himself! It all started with a *Fuels, Furnaces and Refractories* paper, couple of years ago. The question, pure and simple, was, 'Write an Essay on Low Temperature Carbonisation'. The answer—perhaps not quite as pure, but certainly simpler, was, 'The temperature used in low temperature carbonisation is pretty low, the gaseous products got are OK, and the coke left behind is so-so'. He got an 'A' for brevity.

A few innocent 'uns here believe Channy to be the embodiment of brotherly love. They had seen him at a local cinema with a bevy of girls and not knowing the facts of life, believed him to be entertaining his sisters! To this day, when their sisters begin to creep on their nerves, they grit their teeth, think of Channy and keep quiet.

If Valenkar, who has just passed out, writes 'My most unforgettable character' for the R.D., I'll bet my last shirt that it's Channy he's going to write about. This Valenkar chap was walking along the foot-path one evening, a few years ago, and Channy came charging down on his mobike (one look at him then, and even Lloyd's wouldn't have handled his insurance), and he gets this funny idea that foot-paths were made for motor-cyclists to bank properly. He ran Valenkar down a few moments later, lost his balance and went for a toss. Picking up himself and his mobike, he waited for the pillion-rider to limp up and tell him that he had just knocked down a guy.

This vacation Channy received a letter, It was in the vernacular, he tells me. Ta-meel, he surmised. He took it to his mom and asked her to translate. Mama-san read the first few lines and looked up at her son and it seemed to our man Channy that she was seeing him in a new light. It seems that through the letter, a gentleman from Coimbatore, who had seen Channy at Adyar had proposed Channy's marriage to his daughter! There was the usual Vadama Gothram, Bharadwaja girl . . . , horoscope . . . , and an offer to shunt him off to the States for higher studies. 'Arranged marriage?', stormed Channy, 'Why mow-thaw, it's preposterous, you know! We're in the twentieth century, really!!'

Another interesting event of his life came up in the HSB, couple of years ago. The lecturer (are female lecturers called lecturers, I wonder) was late by ten minutes and even a fresher will tell you that that's the limit of lateness allowed for the staff. So Channy appoints himself to a one-man commission to enquire into her whereabouts and pops over to her room.

Now it came to pass that she shared this office room with another she-lecturer. Spotting this latter person within the room, Channy began to get his posture right—a five degree bow from the waist, a precise 7 degree lowering of the head and a fifteen degree twist of the head to the left to give the full impact of the Roman profile. Just right, decided he, mentally checking the steps once more. Now, he realized, was the time to turn on the charm. 'Excuse me maam,' he said.

It chanced now that along the same corridor came the cheerful figure of Anil Thadani. One realizes that Channy, who has worked himself into the above posture, rather prominently juts out his rear end, just inviting to be kicked. Thad did just that. He stepped up and kicked.



The lecturer, who was impressed with the young fellow, who reminded her very strongly of the rubber-men of the village circuses, and with the way he had delivered the 'Excuse me, maam!' was surprised to see him suddenly behaving like a fresher at the Bolshoi practising a new and difficult step. Now, one can't go around doing that sort of thing and then carry on the tete-a-tete on the same formal lines. So the interview was short and to the point.

Stepping out of the room, Channy caught Thad by his neck—or thereabouts—shook him up, and asked him, 'What is the meaning of a big grown up brute like you, frightening that poor little girl like that, huh?'

Channy got his mobike when he was doing the third year, and since then he has maintained a steady 85% attendance—at the local magistrate's court for speeding. I'm told that this, plus his class attendance, is always equal to 100%.

For some reason he isn't very fond of cops. Stories have it that he chased one round and round the Round Thana and finally knocked him down on their third round. Oh yes, Channy was on his mobike. Another cop, who had signalled him to stop to hand over a ticket, had the mobike driven in between his legs.

Channy, being born in Hyderabad, Andhra Pradesh, speaks very fluent Telugu—as fluent as, say the Telugu spoken in Switzerland. He claims he is a settled Bangalorian and his behaviour would have won him rounds and rounds of applause, had he been born in the days of the Raj.

By now you must be wondering when I'm coming down to his now famous stooge acts (continuous performance on Sundays and the days he cuts class wholesale) Channy is considered as the Father of the modern Stooge Act. (In villages, I am told, his pictures are hung in between those of Gandhi and Kennedy). Take any stooge act and the cast is always CHANAKYA BALARAM and the other stooges. These stooge acts generally begin around 1 p.m. when he gets up from wherever he is and announces, 'Blue Diamond, thanks you for being present today', dumps curry on his neighbour's head, does a few steps of hoot-Channy-hoote, imitates Doris Day, kicks somebody passing by . . . and the show is on.

I still remember the day he started the world of Stooge Acts. It was in the glorious 1964, that gone-by era when stooges were stooges and not the disgrace to the name of stooging that you see masquerading about these days.

The scene was an exam. hall, where our class was doing a physics periodical. Not the whole class really, for Channy was at his desk waiting for inspiration. After a few moments he got a brainwave! He pulled up the answer-book and drew a neat margin. Then he drew a life-like sketch of the supervising lecturer's mug. Further brainwaves had come in by now and so below the sketch he added a four letter word (Actually a five letter word if you write the plural for emphasis).

Now it so happened that the lecturer, who had been fascinated by the beak-nosed one earlier in the hour, was studying its peculiarities from close-quarters. He didn't quite fancy what was going on in the answer-book. So he uppity-ups himself to the dais and screams 'Mr. Balaaram! You have given me one—(here he used the same word to which Channy had taken out a copyright a few moments earlier), but I'll give you two big—(same word, plural)'.

This is atrocious, thought Channy standing up. Why, he's not even properly introduced to me! 'Really Sir!' he said and a few moments later, the world had her first stooge act!

Channy was the Secretary to the Publications Committee last year, and believe me, he did a mighty fine job there. What with the number of times he had charged upto the press and the amount of bull-work he did, he has run down the resale value of his 2-stroke Arab steed, but has brought up the prestige and popularity of this rag mighty high.

I could perhaps go on about his good qualities and all that but then as Mark Twain (if I remember right) put it—there is nothing quite as frustrating as the annoyance of a good example.

This then is the unexpurgated, unabridged and complete story of the life and times of Chanakya Balaram. Of course, the spicier stories of his colourful life have been left out to save him the embarrassment. In're, you may say the article is a bit biased: but then I'm after all, a friend of his.

GOPE.

## Personalities



## Dr. Chandrasekhara Swamy

If in the fourth hour on Saturday—an hour lightened by the aura of the imminent weekend, when thoughts are far away from the subject at hand—you hear a forceful tenor voice expounding the influence of the non-linearity of the differential equations of motion on the differences between solid and fluid mechanics, you would naturally be a little surprised. At the second incredulous glance you notice the class—as witless a set of unimaginative dolts as any IITian bunch—inexplicably spellbound by this flood of mathematical sleight-o'-hand: heads nod sagely, eyes light up with comprehension and pens scratch across paper with furious enthusiasm. Your surprise does a couple of back somersaults and passes like a quick change artist through mounting stages of bewilderment, puzzlement, wonder and astonishment to land up in unbounded amazement. And then you catch a glimpse of a burly figure, a flash of heavy-rimmed spectacles, and your feelings subside slowly as realization dawns: it's Dr. Swamy at the old stand.

Dr. N. V. Chandrasekhara Swamy is conspicuous for more reasons than one. His decisive, energetic movements, his earnest and faintly didactic conversational style, his confident rejection of convention in favour of logic, make him a marked man. Add to this a voracious appetite for information of every kind, a vast fund of knowledge gained by wide reading and a Wodehousian sense of humour—warm and fun-loving rather than ironic, dry or cynical—and you have a fair picture of the man.

All this strenuous admirability naturally has its obverse side. He is a dominating personality, an exacting examiner and a hard taskmaster. You could bet your bottom dollar, and a couple of borrowed dimes as well, that if you don't do your work, he'll let you have it in the neck. But I'm just waiting for the day when he is back\* here where he belongs, hypnotising his classes and generally making his presence felt in his determined bracing fashion.

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

[\* Dr. Swamy is now in Germany.—Ed.]

(contd. from p. 11 col. 3)

'I thought you wanted to get soaked.'  
'That's all right for a gag. I didn't mean it serious.'

'Thank your stars it didn't pour.'  
'Oh, yeah.'

Pause.

'How about the movie, Dad?'  
A look of intense disapproval.  
'Easy, Dad. I was just kidding. You sticking round tonight or hoofing it back?'  
(And so the conversation meanders on into other channels.)

AAJOO.

## ELECTIONS IN BLUNDERLAND: AND THROUGH THE GLASS HOUSE

'Knock, Knock.'  
'Who is there?'  
'Barnacle Bill the Sailor'.  
etc.

Just about to complete a complicated slide rule calculation in one setting. One of the following variations:—

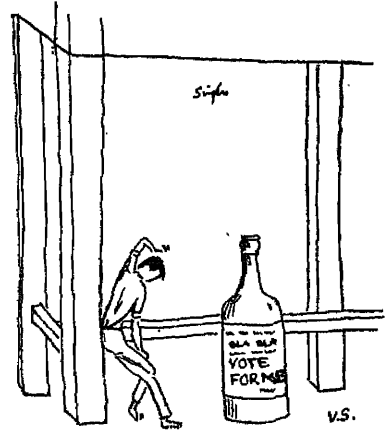
1. tap, tap.
2. knock, knock.
3. knock, knock, & 'Excuse me please.'
4. knock, knock & 'One Sec, I say.'
5. BANG RATTLE & 'I SAY, YAR' (thinks he's played marbles with me, probably.)

I curse inwardly, '† \* ! A ½ % ??'. Have to repeat the setting. I open the door anyway—may as well face the fact that I must undergo mutual coexistence with these specimens for another year in this hostel. Anything from one to eight groups hanging around outside with facial expressions ranging from apologetic to intimidating depending on number, size, familiarity and which year they think I am in.

'Yeah?' from me by way of formality. The average rejoinder is something like, 'Hope I'm not disturbing you. I am standing for such-and-such sec. How about voting for me?' (Why the darned secs cannot stand for themselves, I don't know. Too much emphasis on sex anyway if you ask me. Personally I prefer the sines and cosines—no awkward discontinuities, just smooth curves throughout. But pardon the digression). To get back, it may be a 'Can I be sure of your vote?' or worse still my marbles pal with 'I will be counting on your support.' (I doubt whether there'll be much counting where he's concerned). Another type whips out a black book—I've got a little list—and makes an entry against my room number. I get the feeling that if my reply is unfavourable he will put a sign over my door as well as to make sure that the angel of death doesn't pass me by.

Whatever it is I show my teeth and mumble O.K. to get rid of him. I've learned too late that this has the opposite effect. He gets doubts, unfortunately valid, and strategically inserts his foot in the door way as I'm trying to close it. 'You know my name, eh?' and I confidently laugh an 'OH yeah, of course, yar,' though I have never seen the blighter's mug before and his providence would be in question if he called me a liar. But his foot has not budged and he enlightens or rather enburdens me with it nevertheless.

'I am K. V. S. Ramachandra Gopishanker Srinivasarao.' As if I could not have guessed. Sometimes this comes right at the beginning, that is when he also admits to being a total stranger. In this case he is usually courteous and does not hang around too long. However the average specimen of God-cum-IIT's creation can imagine nothing more degrading than being polite. This smart fellow drops bombshells like 'I'm in your wing', 'I was in your articles in *Campastimes*.' Of course,



the real fun is when he is in my class bus that is a special case we shall overlook. Personally I feel it is an affront to my dignity to suggest that my vote be based on such irrelevant matters. (I know that later he is going to insult me further with something like 'Don't forget yar, tomorrow's the voting,' and hang around the ballot box as well.) I don't expect him to make an election speech—God forbid the attempt even. Lack of talent in this direction is universally excusable even in famous politicians or their secretaries. In the present case it may be to his advantage to assume that an unknown quantity like me who pretends to be rational will judge him on what he says and how he behaves. If he does not look out my vote may ultimately give the benefit of the doubt to the guy who never even asked me.

To return to the episode, my tormentor has meanwhile gradually withdrawn his foot and is preparing a harmonious departure for the next sucker's room. The conversation continues.

'Blah blah blah'. 'Of course'.  
'Blah blah blah'. 'Oh ya, sure'.  
'Blah blah blah'. 'Yeah'.  
'Blah blah blah'. 'Yeah'.

By this time I have shut and bolted my door. He blabs some more on the other side before leaving me in peace with my slide rule. Almost done it this time, I don't try the calculation the third time, but switch off the light and lie down, mumbling 'How much good wood would a good woodchuck chuck if a good woodchuck could chuck good wood?'

If my gentle reader thus far has been either amused or offended, I am terribly sorry. I am not writing to entertain or to provoke, but purely for purposes of moralising. Don't get me wrong. I am not complaining about anybody wasting my time. Far be it from me to grudge those two minutes of diversion.

To start with let me classify our miserable hostel elections among the so-called free elections held on various scales and for various purposes all over the world. I then go on to observe that the whole thing is based on certain vaguely defined principles of democracy. For instance, a candidate should have the freedom to influence his voters, but to what extent? The equality principle suggests an equal measure, which theoretical possibility leaves the voter saying in my minny etc. So one forgets that all men are equal in principle and tries to decide which candidate is more unequal.

Now a candidate can use his freedom in all sorts of ways and play havoc with a poor voter's freedom of choice without the latter knowing it even. The means employed may be fair or foul. The interests involved may be selfish, sectarian or purely humanitarian. Voting for a class rep. for instance depends heavily on which branch he is in. One's political freedom may be completely in the

hands of one's boss (including the wife variety) or a labour union leader. But the right to campaign cannot be interfered with, except where it breaks rules concerning defacing of walls or the use of public funds. Everyone knows there is use of public funds. Everyone knows that there is a big difference between the righteousness of the average conscience and that as defined by a set of rules. This leaves a lot of leeway for the public to be misled even on the right side of the law. Many a candidate would sacrifice some of his integrity to achieve success and fame. We are so used to overlooking this that an honest person would stand a good chance of being termed a masochist. All of which is a long-winded way of saying that human nature is but imperfect. At this stage let me state that I am staying clear of any philosophical discussion concerning the existence, validity, or nature of the concepts of right and wrong, or good and evil.

Democracy maintains that when there is a public office to be filled, the people can be trusted to choose the most suitable candidate. No matter if what poses for the well of the majority is really man, hypnotism or the result of a bribe. In fact the postulate breaks down in this content. How, meanwhile is it to assert that there really is a 'best' man for every job, for after all there are no trials, and who is to judge? The major reason for the failure of democracy is lack of intelligence on the part of the voting crowd. By failure of democracy I mean those occasions when we end up with a crook, charlatan or downright moron either in parliament or in the co-operative stores, by due process of election. Literacy alone does not suffice though more than that we may not ask.

Having said so much against democracy I must admit in all fairness that I have not evolved a better system. All the same I am sure I am in good company. So let us see what merits it has. Now if man were a perfectly social animal he would live happily in the perfect communist state, not as envisaged by Karl Marx but as practised by the ants and the bees. Fortunately or otherwise we labour under a concept called free will which gives rise to majorities and minorities in all matters of want and opinion. The strength of democracy lies in its tolerance of minorities. Of course lone individuals cannot survive in any sort of social set-up. Even the minorities will be disseminated against until and unless they grow enough. But democracy does permit change in the sense of a determined minority canvassing opinion till it overtakes a majority. So a balance is possible granting the drawbacks mentioned earlier. The basic underlying idea in all this is our social nature. There are always groups and they exist only because there is conformity to some extent.

So much for democracy and I will come to the point about us being students and all that. We are faced with a maze of systems, political, educational, conventional etc. The democracy bit was by way of example. It was prompted by hostel elections and I don't claim it to be authoritative or exhaustive (if exhausting, my apologies.) Now as students our attitudes and reactions to systems are subject to much greater latitude than those of our elders. Those who keep up with the news will know more than I do about the systems which students in many parts of the world are rebelling against.

What I want to point out is that we are best able to examine most systems critically and impartially. We are young. Our minds are not cluttered up with archaic concepts which hinder clear thinking. It is easier for us to investigate the new ideas we encounter. And in a different strain, though we may not use it, we have a greater capacity for honesty, simply because we have less roots and fixed obligations. It is easier up for us to call a crook a crook, than for a settled person to do the same when he is vulnerable to subtle pressures and other forms of

retaliation. But we can have the guts needed for veracity only if we can stay out of the social rut where we scrounge our jobs by contacts through rich or influential relatives and continue the process in our time. There are various other activities which characterise the rut. I am concerning myself with students, meaning those who have young minds and no vested interests.

If we find a system lacking we may do nothing about it. This means passing the buck to the next generation which may take it out on us if things get too bad. If we do wish to alter it, a little courage and a lot of leadership of the proper type would be required. Some systems might change easy whereas others call for unpopular action, sometimes violence. But things can go wrong, with an old rotten set-up being destroyed all right, but being replaced by chaos. There is no point unless a better system can be installed and that is why good leadership is imperative, especially when violence is involved, for it is very easy to behave like stampeding cattle when we get collectively emotioned. If we do anything it must be with dedication and a realisation of what the aims are. If anyone suffers, the end must more than justify the means. As long as we are students, we are the ones whose future is most important. We cannot depend on old fogies to take care of it for us.

I am not suggesting anything specific like taking over a university, peacefully or otherwise. My statements here are general and pertain only to attitude. I cannot speak from experience or common sense about what to do or how, why and when. That is for us as students to decide if necessary. The individual as I mentioned earlier, is not recognised in a social world. I hope we never have to refrain from needed action either for lack of leadership or for not realising our strength.

Noting on the one hand our tremendous potential, it is at the same time tragic to observe in my limited sphere a curious indifference and lack of purpose in life other than the immediate. May be it's the hallmark of a type of student we get in I.I.T. I'm the first one to plead guilty but the accusation remains and I hope it is not common to all students. It hits us particularly hard. We, the so-called cream of the Indian University, are insensitive to the needs of the world around us. Our noblest aspirations rarely involve more than our periodical and exam grades until one reaches the final year where it is all one mad helter-skelter, applying to Universities abroad. 'No bloody jobs for us engineers in this country', 'No prospects I say', 'Must get out of here at any cost', 'I am doing the nation a favour by not adding to the unemployed.' Perhaps in return for the favour of an education which cost the Government astronomical sums of money. May be the system we should discard is internal. Or may be we could do something about the no-job state of affairs.

If you have read thus far and feel that it all sounds rather bitter, think over it again. Do some moralising of your own and do as conscience and courage dictate. Unless of course you believe that God's in his heaven and all is right with the world.

\* \* \*

If that has puzzled you, try mumbling the answer:—

If a good woodchuck could chuck  
good wood,  
the good wood that a good woodchuck  
would chuck,  
the good wood that a good  
woodchuck could chuck, if the good  
woodchuck,  
that could chuck good wood would,  
chuck good wood as a good woodchuck  
should chuck good wood.

—TEE SQUARE.

## 'HI DAD'

'Howdy, son?'  
'I need some dough.'  
'What! What on earth for?'  
'The Convocation. The OAT's gotta be rigged up a decent bit.'  
'Oh, I thought it was for another of your gay jaunts. How much do you need?'  
'The usual lump plus a chunk for some lights and frameworks around the place. You think you can get them to pass that?'  
'Hmmm...'  
'By the way, Dad, how *does* the whole show go? I witnessed a coupla them, awright, but I've never bin on top before.'  
'It ain't anything unusual. The head of the department puts in a word for this guy who's gonna swipe the degree, askin' me to give the green signal. I tell 'em to go ahead and let this guy have what he's been sloggin' five years for. You give him the document and tell him to be a good boy.'  
'Each one of them?'  
'You take them in groups actually.'  
'Couldn't I tell 'em all at one go? After all, it ain't gonna make any diff to their behaviour.'  
'No go, son.'  
'Quite an ordeal, eh, Dad?'  
'Remember I've bin thru' this grill umpteen times.'  
'And Dad...'  
'What ho?'  
'This Guard of Honour biz...'  
'What about it?'  
'How about giving it a miss?'  
'I'd like to...'  
'Then what's stopping us? Let's skip it.'  
'But the old major...'  
'Yeah...'  
'It would break his heart.'  
'Let it.'  
'Oh no, that would never do. You must bear these things, son. You wouldn't want him sobbing on your shoulder, would you?'  
'Okay, Dad. You win.'  
'He wins, you mean.'  
'Everything going smooth?'  
'Yeah, Pop.'  
'The rain...'  
'The umbrellas are stacked up at the back.'  
'That isn't going to keep Vikram from getting soaked.'  
'Better than nothing, though.'  
'Pause.'  
'Dad, didn't you folks think of this when you built the OAT?'  
'I guess we pulled wool over our own eyes; the notion was mighty jazzy and we didn't want a teeny-weeny consideration like that put us off. After all, every new idea runs into a hitch or two.'  
'Why don't you let me go ahead and build a closed auditorium?'  
'Dough!?!'  
'We could wheedle it out of the crowd.'  
'If they had it.'  
'I thought the Germans were pumping in huge sums.'  
'Not for auditoriums, son.'  
'I hope we get soaked today; mebbe that'll loosen your fingers.'  
'Mebbe.'  
'Oh Dad. I darned near forgot. Okay with you if I give the kids a day off?'  
'Might as well. It's been done too many times to stop now.'

\* \* \*

'You look cheesed up, son.'  
'Who wouldn't, with this set of mugs to deal with.'  
'Come, come. I've stood worse crowds.'  
'How do you manage it Dad?'  
'You get used to it, you know.'  
'Tell a guy to get a move on and he crawls around as if he were a snail. Can't these blokes take a hint? They act like they want me to get pneumonia and choke. I had a good mind to tell them to grab sumthin' and hoof it.'

(contd. on p. 10 col. 1)

PSYCHOFOLIO

T. N. GOVINDARAJAN

How successful can the lie-detector be in providing indiscriminating evidence and in clearing innocent people?

Some psychologists prefer the term 'Polygraph' for 'Lie-detector' because it looks as though 'Lie-detector' is a simple device in detecting lies like a thermometer indicating the temperature of an individual. But it is not so. Even the physician does not have a foolproof gadget to diagnose a disease. On the contrary he notes combinations such as body temperature, blood count and location of pain and on the basis of these makes a diagnosis. Similarly a psychologist studies the graphic record of breathing, blood pressure and electrical resistance of the skin obtained while questioning the suspect and then concludes whether the record indicates guilt or innocence.

The first practical consideration is how the suspect is introduced to the polygraph. It is desirable to have him take the examination voluntarily. If he does so under compulsion this is apt to introduce other emotions which make interpretation more difficult. Under normal circumstances almost everyone goes through with the examination rather than arouse suspicion by refusing. In one sample of 1100 criminal suspects brought to the Chicago police crime-detection laboratory only four actually refused to take the polygraph test. Three of these four later were electrocuted for murder. With this brief introduction let me answer your question.

It is sometimes claimed that an innocent but excitable suspect would show a lot of tension and irregularity in the record and thus would appear to be guilty. But his reaction should be studied for both critical and control questions. It is observed that there would be no perceptible difference between the two. Another point is that tension caused by being examined is apt to decrease as the examination progresses. The innocent suspect will show less disturbance towards the end of the record whereas the guilty party is under pressure throughout and does not show this gradual adaptation.

Sometimes an intelligent criminal may try to beat the test by keeping calm on crucial questions and deliberately producing irregularities on control questions. That is one reason for putting a lot of gadders on him. If he tries to control them all, he is apt to slip up somewhere.

One authority on the basis of twelve years' experience in two laboratories states that the accuracy of crime detection through polygraph is about 70 per cent. About 20 per cent of the cases are equivocal and about 10 per cent involved actual error. Therefore the above is a fairly conservative estimate as to the overall effectiveness of the method.

(Questions may be addressed to PSYCHOFOLIO, Campastimes—Ed).

THE CONFORMING NON-CONFORMISTS

It could have happened only at Tapti. Back in '63, Prof. Sankaran was the first Warden of Tapti to be dismayed by chaps popping into the dining hall in everything from short shorts to Jazzy Lungis. Having spent some time at the Purdue University, he didn't quite fancy that sort of thing. If he could have had his way, we would be wearing Tuxedos for dinner everynight.

New wardens assigned to hostels, have this bug for proper-dress, biting them with unflinching regularity. Many moons have come and gone since Unca Sanka learnt his lesson that you just can't make an IITian dress against his will. Why, there are chappies here who go collect their Ph.D's in bathroom slippers—keep your eyes peeled at the next convocation! Dr. Kuriakose now holds the office of the Warden at Tapti.

The bug let him have it too! He told a meeting of the hostel committee that he would like to see guys coming to the dining hall in proper dress. He gave the impression that the Wordsworths of this world may long for rainbows, but as far as he was concerned there was nothing like chaps sitting to dinner, dressed in full-sleeved shirts, ties, shoes and socks. Even the most careless dresser notes that he inadvertently left out trousers! Now, if you ask me, that's a pretty nasty thing to leave out. I mean, it's OK for Terry Thomas to run around in full-sleeved shirts, tie, shoes and socks in movies, but it would be totally inadequate a dress even for our Madras weather. What's more Terry Thomas gets paid for what he's doing!

servers. They were fitted with hats that Hedda Hopper would have looked askance at. To keep the whole thing democratic, they were also asked to turn up in lungis and things.

You shoulda seen the mob on the 13th evening! Man, by reading this rag you get only the reaction, for the action you ought to have been there. Most chappies looked like Tutti-



R. to L. Dr. Kuriakose, Mr. Subramanian, Mr. H. S. Bathia

fruity ice-creams, and others like formal hippies. Those poor chaps who look like morons in any dress, looked like morons. It should now be said that Dr. Kuriakose had been convinced that he should tool in in the same dress himself. The whole thing may have shaken his belief that IITians are Technology's last word, but he agreed to humour us—and it was really jolly decent of him too. I mean, how many wardens would have agreed to display themselves in public in that dress, just to please the students? It shows that old boy Dr. Kuriakose has the right stuff in him—the old 'One for all and all for one'—spirit!

Everybody was in the 'today' mood. Like they say in Playboy, the tables were reserved, but the patrons weren't. The dinner was a topping success. Roy was heard tell, 'whatees the cheengees, this is the best grub I've had in the Institute' and Roy should know what he's talking about—at least as far as grub is concerned.

Everything went off just fine—no parents dropping in for surprise visits and things. I mean, any unwary papa-san coming in the midst of such revelry would, no doubt, have imagined himself to be in the midst of a Babylonian orgy of the worst kind—the sort that got old boy Balthazaar talked about.

The usual entertainments followed the dinner. Someone exercising his wrists at the drums, someone else letting off steam into a saxophone, and a third trying to retread the tonsils—and together sounding like the mating call of a rather hoarse bull-rhinceros. The various secretaries, freshers and Balarum were introduced to the audience and Roy & Co sang 'Raghupathi Raghava Rajaram, sub ko ice-cream de Bhagwan.'

This is a crazy, mixed-up world. Everything gets so monotonous in so short a time and yet many of us just carry on with the tedious, boring things of life because we would rather do something that is known and done rather than take that trouble of innovating. In such a world, the Tapti Lungi dinner is a new hope.

Rah, Taptians!

—Campastimes.



The Tapti Beat Group Photos: Vijay

But we couldn't go around disappointing our warden just like that. Like chappies in the old movies used to say, "Sporting" is our middle name! Equally impossible was the prospect of appearing in public in shirts, ties, shoes and socks only. Looking like morons is one thing, but you never know when or where you'll come down with a nasty cold, what?

Then we got the idea of the Lungis. Once we got it, we decided to do to it what fathers do with children crying in movie halls—carry it out at once! Posters were put up in the hostel asking lungi-less to beg, borrow or steal a Jazzy lungi from somewhere. A portrait of a chappie dressed in a white shirt, with a tie that would have got John Barrymore loving looks from females of his era, a Jazzy lungi, socks and shoes looked down on fellows passing the notice-board.

The second year students who were 'freshers' as far as the hostel was concerned, were asked to understudy the waiters and

IIT GYMKHANA  
DATE: 10-2-2000  
Announcing Inter Hostel events at The Swimming Pool...  
—Ed.

