

Campastimes

AUGUST 10th, 1985

No. 1

I. I. T., MADRAS

Once Upon A Time . . .

Prof. L. S. SRINATH

When I was requested to write a small article or a note to CAMPASTIMES, I was told not to make the note too formal, like—how glad I am to see a magazine of this type coming out mainly due to students' efforts, how nice it is to see the students engaging themselves in such a creative effort, how the magazine acts as a forum for all that is worthwhile, etc.; etc. Not that these are not true, but the note would be so stereotyped that any person even without taking a course on rapid-reading could read the first sentence and get the entire gist. The article should be original and interesting, the boys said. I was also told that after having written a dozen books in technical field, it should not be too difficult for me to write such a note. That was when the CAMPASTIMES representatives touched upon a man's weak corner—the ego corner. It was then that I fell a victim and committed myself to write a note. To be honest, I did make one or two attempts that evening to write a note which was worthy of printing, worthy of reading over and over again and carrying a message that would be remembered for a long time to come. Well, the result was shocking. The sheets of paper were torn into shreds and found their way to the waste-paper plastic bucket. Then, about three weeks passed by quietly and I conveniently forgot all about it.

This inability or difficulty to write a general but interesting article has been nagging me for quite some time. Whenever I read Nick Carter or Carter Brown, though I skip many pages (of course not the pages giving graphic descriptions of animal instincts and human weaknesses!), I get a feeling that I could also very easily write such books; particularly when it is mentioned in bold prints on the cover page that more than three million copies have been sold. But, it is definitely not easy. This extraordinary talent, to weave nothing around nothing, yet to fill pages after pages and have them sold to persons like you and me, is, I believe, a gift that only a few people possess. The painful part is to know that you are the three million and one (or is it three million and first or 3,000,001th?) person paying into Nick Carter's bank account and what you get in return is the realisation that you are way behind the race—rather, not in the race at all.

I recall reading the statement of a very successful short-story writer saying the secret is to have an interesting ending. With the end in mind, you can keep weaving as complicated a web as you want. I think there is some truth in this. A few others say that you must have a theme and around this theme

you can weave a story. I have tried the latter one, but without success.

Another interesting and successful person who is capable of writing nothing about nothing is Art Buchwald. Choosing seemingly ridiculous statements like "City Uncle, Uncle" or "Give aid and sell more guns" or "I am a fundamentalist", Art can do wonders. Trying to imitate Buchwald is easy, but buyers are nowhere.

I have heard of free-lance writers and editors and have often wondered what is so free either about their lancing or writing. I am told they are not serious, committed authors or writers, that they write casually; that they are not professionals, etc. I have tried to become one, but without success. I am convinced I have to do some serious full-time writing before becoming a successful free-lance writer. But those who know tell me it is the other way around. You should successfully free lance before becoming professional. Obviously, they do not want to give out the secret, which is first.

After having been in the teaching profession for more than twenty years, another group of fellow teachers whom I admire much is the Humanities and Social Science teachers. I am considered to be a fairly successful teacher (I have to keep saying this as people have a natural tendency to forget good things about their fellow citizens and co-workers), capable of explaining in clear terms, the axioms, assumptions, laws, principles and mathematical derivation. But, when I tried to teach a course on Engineering Design, which involved no derivation what so ever and I had to stand facing the class and keep talking, I had to let the class go within fifteen minutes. These HSS teachers, who keep talking hour after hour, semester after semester, without writing a single sentence on the board, definitely deserve all our praise. Close on the heels of this group is the management group. But then, like Nick Carter and Carter Brown, this is a lucky group, atleast those who take you for a ride. As eagle said to crow "Don't be jealous, otherwise, the pangs of jealousy will devour you". So, I try hard not to think of such people. I do not like competition.

Well, coming to the specifics, what can one write in the way of an article to CAMPASTIMES? I tried analysing the name (or title and whatever you may call it) CAMPASTIMES as a suitable topic. Of course, we all know that the spelling is terrible, but the boys told me it was deliberate "You see it is Campus, and then it has something to do with Pastimes, that is

INSIDE ME . . .

- A Conversation...2
- The Act Of Creation...4
- A Lovers' Predicament...7
- + Regular Features

to say, passing your time. So, we have the result CAMPASTIMES". A result of illogical logic and muddled thinking, I would say. But then "Yours 'not to reason why'", as the quotation goes. Having given up on the title, the next possibility was narrating an incident. Could not think of one that was appropriate. I am just like you, and a lot others who read so many jokes and humorous incidents, but cannot recollect even a single one at the right moment. It is always that go-good individual, who, you thought would never amount to anything, that reels off jokes after jokes and becomes a party guy.

The time at my disposal to bring out a nice good article was, very short. Unfortunately, I am not one of those who become extraordinarily creative when put under pressure. Given enough time, I can take pieces from here and there, piece them together, make it a coherent whole and produce a nice interesting article. There was no time even for this. I know, I am capable of writing not just one, but a series of interesting, attention-holding articles. This requires time and some calm thinking. I cannot do this under pressure. No reputed author does. Being a busy person, burdened with ever so many responsibilities, I must put priorities. Writing an article to CAMPASTIMES is definitely not one of them. May be next summer, when I have some free time, I can make an attempt. But I cannot definitely promise. A good administrator never commits himself, the management guide says. I must say no to the editors without hurting their feelings. I should write a nice letter telling them how busy I am, how my time is not mine own, how I am pulled from one task to another by forces yonder. They will surely understand; atleast the intelligent ones do.

I must remember to end that letter, saying how glad I am to see a magazine of this type coming out mainly due to the efforts of the student, how nice it is to see the students engaging themselves in such a creative pursuit, etc, etc. Also, no article written by a responsible individual should end without a word of advice, a moral, a proverb or a good quotation from the Upanishads or the Gita. I should remember this.

NAMASKAARA

Shashidhara

I was taking my usual evening leg-wag. Rather enjoying the still and hushed warmth.

There came from ahead on a scooter, a pleasant young chap and pleasanter wife. I did not notice them much. But they stopped by me. They got off the scooter. The man propped the standard. They stood side by side and with serious set faces, started to take off their slippers. Having unslipped, stood barefoot on the hot asphalt and solemnly folded their hands in a Namaskaara to me.

I was subject to much bewilderments, perplexations and flummoxen. I did not recognise them at all. Still less recognise, why they were doing what they were doing. Though in a daze I managed to myself unslipper (thought it only civil to) and return the Namaskaara.

Before I could say a thing (which of course I could not) the man took a note out of his wallet, shoved it in my shirt-pocket and without a word pushed the starter, gathered the wife and was gone.

The note said :

Dear unknown friend,

We can't thank you enough for the laugh you gave us the other day. The lady and me had had a tiff. We were not on speaking terms. What you did, made us laugh so hard, the release restored our chumminess.

—An unknown couple.

Come on now, what couple where couple, what tiff, who milady and other such queries spring to your acute mind if you are still reading on. Footnotes are forthcoming. Read on... :-

Another still and quiet and warm evening. I was taking another leg-wag. Having finished to, I was attending to fro. Near the shopping centre, as usual, I passed (in that order) Drs Y Narayan Rao (who nodded), Ashok JJ wala (waved) and K N Bhat (grinned). I smiled, namaskaaraed and nodded respectively.

Next I saw coming towards me on the other side of the road, Mr Navneeth. I namaskaaraed. He regarded me for a moment deciding, placed the heavy bag he was carrying on the road and with great state and ceremony Namaskaaraed me. I not to be outdone, gave him another splendid Namaskaara after first stepping out of my slippers for I was also touched that he even after a moments hesitation had bothered to put the bag down to Namaskaara me. He, mentally cursing

himself for not having thought of this, too stepped out of his slippers and renamas-kaaraed me. He added a rather stately bow to make up.

Unnoticed by us during this whole sequence, a pleasant young chap and pleasanter wife were slowly speed-breaker-cautiously passing by in a scooter. They had taken in all.

So overcome were they of seeing two normal looking (?) chaps like us carrying on as we were, they were forced to either (a) stop and laugh out aloud, or (b) get entangled with passing profs and milkmen. They chose (a) and wisely.

The man shook all over holding on to the handlebar. The wife started shaking all over holding on to the stepne-tyre, only it wasn't there. She shook all over holding the man.

The chap for a moment (if only a nanosec) thought of coldly shaking her off. However, he didn't.

We parted after a while. And I, the crass chap I am forgot them. They remember me. Perhaps they have a good reason to.

I believe the man grabbed the nearest piece of paper and wrote the note in the hope of finding me some other day. Perhaps the wife suggested a fitting note-presentation manner.

"You are a bone-idle creature," I said to the cat, "and do not deserve to be so happy as you seem." She eats, she sleeps, she sits in the sun, she strolls about a bit: that is all. It upsets me. Doing nothing at all is a mindless squandering of life.

I am a mere human forty-four. As cats reckon time she is over sixty, therefore, relatively speaking, much my elder. She is patient and indulgent with my uninstructed youth. "You amuse me," she replied, "you really do. That's why I adopted you and share my territory with you." And with that she shut the eye she had half-opened in concession to me, and readied herself for sleep again.

"I am honoured and grateful," I said, prodding her once more awake, "but this hardly answers me. Do tell me how you manage to be so content doing absolutely nothing."

"When, little One" she sighed sadly, "will you learn that nothing is so important as sleep? But I see you will not let me be. Very well then, listen Feline or human, to do something that amounts to anything, we need to be a deal less limited and unintelligent, a deal more selfless than we actually are. Given our very imperfect state, nothing is about all that is possible to us. I achieve my nothing through inactivity, you humans accomplish yours through a frenzy of self-important, wonderfully ego-gratifying activity. The feline way is at least a lot more restful."

A. CONVERSATION

M. A. Reddy

I was wrathful, and up in arms, in defence of the Glory that is Man. I recited for her the awesome list of human accomplishment. "Do you call all this nothing?" Royalty was not impressed. "It is a tale told by an idiot," she said, "but even you know the rest of that saying. What have you at the end of it all? The rat-race from cradle to grave, and an unnatural and unhealthy life lived out in a badly ravaged environment. Am I supposed to be moved to admiration by this?"

I was in a weak position and knew it. The thing to do was to shift the battle to new ground. "You may have an argument there," I conceded, "I understand your disinclination to participate actively in getting things done. There is, however, the life of study, of reflection and contemplation. You surely could give yourself at least to that?" She looked amused again: "And what, little One, do you think I have been doing all my life? To study and grow wise is what the Divine Feline up there intended us cats for. The human species was created only to provide us with material for growth. I observe you, I contemplate all the World and his Wife, and

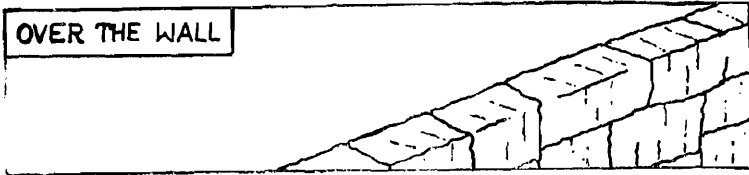
am instructed by your unending imbecilities. The surest path to wisdom is the study of fools."

The conversation was getting uncomfortable. I sought refuge in sarcasm: "What a life of the mind we have here! Doesn't all this intense thinking tire you? What do you do for recreation, or are you cats above such merely human needs?" "That was unworthy of you," she replied sadly, "It was you who compelled me out of the silence habitual to me. So take with grace the answers you pressed for. But I was forgetting. Wasn't it one of your own poets, who said humankind cannot bear very much reality? As for relaxation, I too most certainly need it. I get it very simply. I read Asterix."

"Aha" I pounced, "So there is something we mere humans have done, that your Highness considers admirable and wholesomely enjoyable! We are *not*, then, quite such trivial, negligible creatures as a certain Personage was making us out to be not too long ago!" I'd scored a point, and intended to make the most of it. She merely smiled in utter amusement: "Little One, little One, when will you wake up to what everyone else has been long aware of? Didn't you even know that Gosciny and Uderzo are cats?"

I gathered up such tattered dignity as I still had left, and cleared the field. It was not my day.

OVER THE WALL

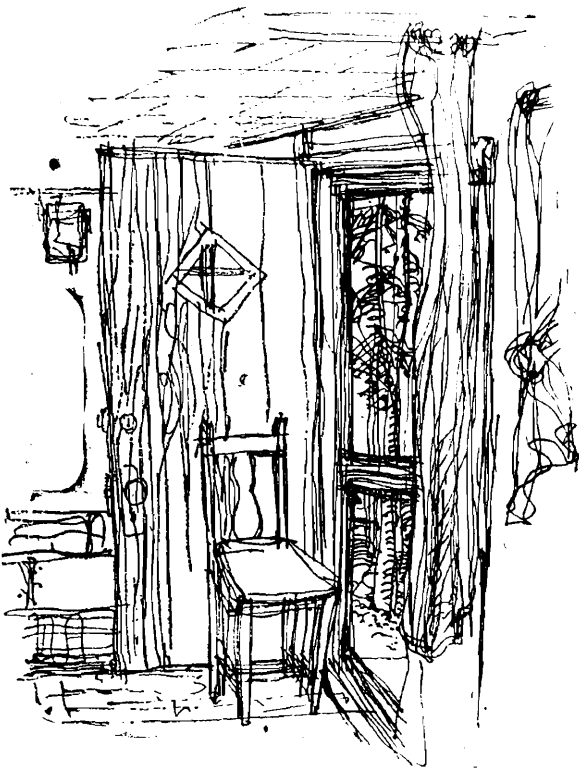


ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL ... MEET PROF. A. N. SENGUPTA

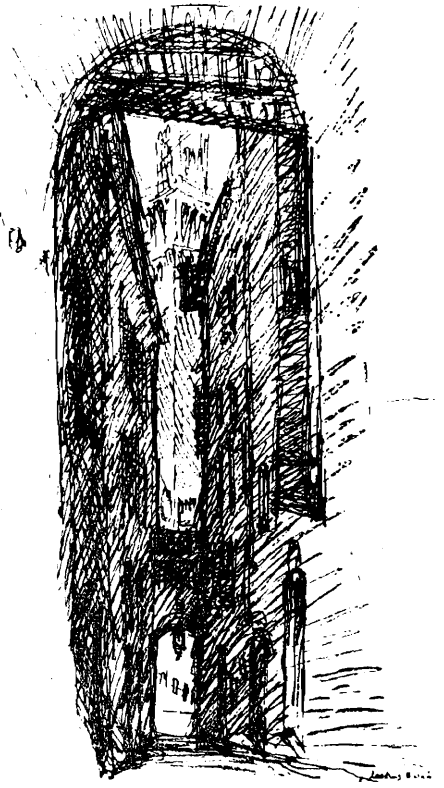
"The sense of aesthetics is another sense that needs to be nourished. For example, if you don't read poetry you don't miss anything, but when you read it, you understand how much you are missing".

—that was Prof. A. N. Sengupta, a warm and sincere person eager to share his experience with others. There is a fictitious quality about his REALITY—almost like a fairy tale—not everyone enjoys a journey which includes halts at IIT (KGP), North Carolina State University, M.I.T., Tulane University, Harvard, University of Montreal among other way stations. Inspired by people like Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier and Walter Gropius, he has ventured to become one of the eminent architects in the country. He is currently teaching at the School of Architecture, Guindy.

HERE IS A GLIMPSE OF HIS ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.....

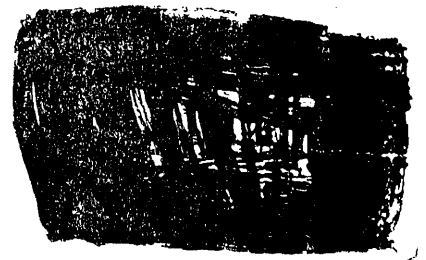
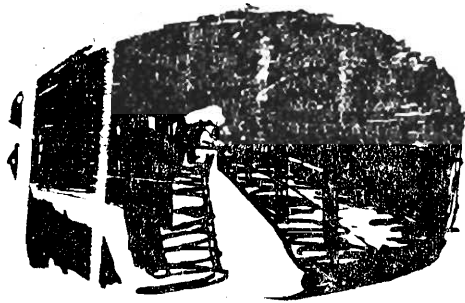


I suppose I enjoy drawing landscape of the distant past for it speaks silently but so engulfingly of the glory of human existence. Suddenly I am no longer only there and now I can find myself wandering around, touching, feeling, moving far, far and far into the past. Yet it is like a dream: you are in it and yet you observe from out of it! you move through space and time without losing yourself into either. Emotionally you feel the intellectual. It is a most ennobling experience, at least for me. Can you feel it too! I wish you do.



Evening draws near and the trees seem to take over. The street is no longer a street.

Darkness engulfs the leaves. Together they begin to sing the song of the eternal night. Nothing else matters. All can wait. I slip into it easily.....



RANDOM TALK..



Let me begin by asking you, how do you react to an interview? Do you think they serve any purpose?

I think, every interview is a happening, a phenomena. Yes, you cannot find out what a person is thinking by talking to him, but there is no other way. If the questions are real questions, very often the answers will be real answers. A successful interview is one in which an orientation towards a specific subject is created.

As a creative individual, what gives you greater joy: the abstraction of an idea or the realization of the idea in the concrete?

I don't really see any distinction between the abstract and the concrete. It, in some sense depends on the person's orientation. A differential equation may be very abstract for somebody who is new to it, but for a mathematician it is the natural way things move in the world. From my own experience, I think it is not a question of distinguishing between the abstract and the concrete, but of finding connections between things which you thought were unconnected. A discoverer's delight is to find the extraordinary in the ordinary.

What is for you, your 'truest emotion' your 'purest moment'?

It is difficult answering this question in mere words. But, for me the greatest joy is finding no difference between myself and the world. It is a kind of joy, when space and time have no meaning. The distance between you and everything else disappears. Crudely put, two friends are happiest when neither of them is aware who is doing the questioning and who is doing the answering. Nothing is defined. Therefore, traditional Indian wisdom

I have borrowed this heading from the title of a famous book by Arthur Koestler. In his study of the creative art Koestler advances the thesis that creation, be it in art or science, is a 'biosociative act'—that is, one in which an explosive meeting of two apparently unconnected frames of reference occurs. This is basically true, though I would prefer to term it a 'multisociative' act.

A poem is not something that simply gets 'written.' A poem happens. A poem is a linguistic, emotional and intellectual event. Poetry is to me a concise, powerful, imagistic abstraction of the experience of reality—not merely nor even predominantly of sentiments, which from only a part of human experience. What matters to me is the authenticity of this experience and the intensity with which it is abstracted.

Such abstraction of experience in terms of images can be detected in any worthwhile poem. To illustrate the dominant image in the poem 'There are things unsaid in the air' is that of air that 'carries the burden of unsaid things.' The poem is a commentary or analysis of the complex multidimensional modes of communication that we employ. The symbol of air evokes

FACE TO FACE WITH

Prof. F. C. G. Sudharshan

says our true nature is one in which everything appears as ONE.

Are the goals of a physicist and a painter the same?

I think, both physics and painting are modes of expression. By and large, a person paints because he simply has to do it. This is true for a scientist, too. So I think, it's not the goal but the act of doing that is more important. For that matter, the same is true about eating too. Why does one eat? Most of the time while eating, one does not think of vitamins or fats but the sheer pleasure of eating is enough to keep one going.

Is there anything like fate? Let me put the question a little differently—Had you been born in a different household would you still have become a physicist?

I am really not sure. I think, at best if the household had been very different, or if I had been born in a family of politicians, I probably would have been in politics today. But if the situation in my household had changed by a finite amount, say, if my father had been a Civil Engineer or a banker, I think I still might have been a physicist.

Do you believe in god? Does a creative individual have to believe in god (in the sense of an infinite force)?

I think this question is some what illposed. As a scientist to the extent that a system is subjected to scientific analysis I would not want a god to come and confuse the scientist. I like to look at god as a concept. It is like talking about a cloud. There is no such thing as a cloud, there are only drops of water. Similarly it is useful to talk about economic forces, but the fact is that there is no such force.

There are electrical forces, magnetic forces & gravitational forces but in reality there is nothing like an economic force. I look at god in a similar way.

I think it is nice to picture a god, but I don't think it has any scientific or a philosophic base, at best it may have a poetic base.

But isn't a disease like 'AIDS' proof of a divine force telling man to walk on the right path?

No I don't look at 'AIDS' like that. I look at it just like any individual looks at a complex system. Whatever was not previously getting a chance to express itself, would sooner or later do it. And AIDS happened to be one of them.

Do you agree with the theory of evolution?

Yes, I think it's a nice theory. Actually the theory of evolution is not just a theory but a way of looking at things. The question is not, whether a theory is right or wrong but whether it is convenient or not; whether it can answer the questions posed to it. The 'theory of evolution' succeeds enormously in this respect.

Who are the people who have inspired you? Who were your heroes?

It's a little difficult to answer this question, offhand. There are so many of them. Isaac Newton would be one of them. Adi Shankara too, has inspired me. From the modern world, it's very difficult to make such a choice.

Has fame affected the quality of your work?

Yes, and No. It has affected me in a way, that it has taken a lot of my time. Yet, it hasn't affected me, in the sense that it hasn't changed me. I am very much the same person.

Finally, what does life mean to you? In a few words.

I see life as a happening, a sort of an experiment.

Next issue in RANDOM TALK we feature 2 prominent Indian painters based at Cholamandal; Gopinath and J. Sultan Ali

THE ACT OF CREATION

Dr. M. S. Gopinath

its vital role of supporting life in the biological sense and is used to underline its symbolic role in the emotional and poetic sense as well. The symbolism gets developed as we progress through the poem; for instance death is perceived as a transformation of oneself into the atoms.

It is a mistake to think that these symbolisms and meanings are consciously or deliberately introduced. Not at all. At the time of writing it occurs naturally without any conscious effort. The poet is then in a trance-like state and the poem literally flows. It is an explosive outburst of images, meanings and thoughts that somehow, at the moment of creation, come into confluence. The poems given here took probably less than ten minutes each to write. It must have unconsciously taken several months or years for the 'raw materials' to accumulate.

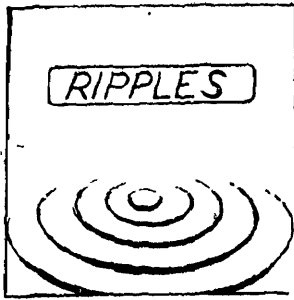
The process of creation is very similar in science too. Henry poin-

care has described in detail his discovery of the class of Fuchsian functions. In an intuitive leap of imagination, as if in a flash, he saw the existence of this mathematical series. The physical setting was simply unscholarly—he was actually boarding a bus at the time. Most fundamental creative incidents in mathematics or science occur in the same fashion—not through deliberate logical thought processes, but through explosive, multisociative trance-like 'vision'—if you like. Just as the symbolisms and the images of a poem can be worked out subsequently for its logic (a logic naturally different from that of science) and meanings, the mathematician's vision of a theorem or a scientist's discovery is worked out, subsequent to the act of creation, by conscious reasoning or experimentation.

Finally then, what makes a poet? I would say, an above average intensity of sensibility, a love of words and phrases and a deep grasp of their connotations and their possibilities in evoking images,

a fresh almost childlike way of looking at the world and above all a certain propensity for theoretical abstraction.

Now why do I write? It is almost like asking why do we laugh when we are happy or yawn when we are bored? Writing poetry is, or atleast it should be, a natural act the poet indulges in when he has the poetic 'kick'. The process of writing then is an exciting, pleasurable and even exhausting act like say, sex. In short, the why of poetry like the why of sex—if there is any—is unimportant. Of course, the poem is meant to be read or listened to and appreciated by others. So I make it as intelligible as possible, for instance by eschewing purely personal images. But this sifting or editing goes on rather unconsciously at the time of writing. I enjoy immensely reading my poems to my intimate circle of friends who have an ear for poetry. Reading makes the poem come alive; on the page it is rather tame. Ted Hughes wrote 'When all the words are hearing each other clearly, and every stress is feeling every other stress and all are contented—the poem is finished.' The poem rises to this dimension, I believe, only when read aloud.



There are things unsaid in the air

*There are things unsaid in the air,
as for instance,
when I look at her legs
and she notices that I look,
Or
when the white man frowns at the black
and the black pockets the frown
in cringing subjugation,
there are many things left unsaid in the air.*

*Or, for another instance,
when you roll your eyes and raise your hand
against your misbehaving child
and he stares back at you
in utter disbelief and terror
of your imminent physical brutality,
there are many things left unsaid in the air.*

*The air is there to carry the burden,
the burden of the incestuous,
of the passionate,
of the tenderly loving,
of the racially degrading,
of the parentally brutal,
of the violent and the murderous.*

*It couldn't be otherwise
as it is the same atoms,
so I am told,
that make the air,
her thighs, my looks,
the white's frown,
the black's humiliation,
the child's fear
the mother's anger
and my lines.*

*So the bond comes
through the air
that carries the burden
of the very many unsaid things.*

*And I have seen God—
he is everywhere
being made of the same atoms,
in the softness of her thighs,
in the desire of my looks,
in the tears of my son,
and in my death that dissects me
into my true elemental
atomic levels of love.*

*It is all in the air,
these unsaid things,
for you to feel,
if only you have moments to spare
—when you aren't too busy making money—
to make some love,
some sense,
some passion,
some life.*

M. S. GOPINATH

Feelings

*A spark in the vistas of my imagination,
Stopped me prancing in a hood of passion.
I paused thoughtfully: No, something was wrong
We'e'nt we all but boomerangs racing along,
Though deserts of reality striving to escape the pull,
Only to be brought back by a naked gale.
Ah! I pity our futile flights though cosmos,
Hoping to grasp a golden keel free of moss,
But landing with a thud on blank facts
shrouded in deceptive alabaster.
Facts: that give hostile stares lacking a homely lustre.*

—MADHAVAN

My country is backward

*My country is backward
Here time moves in an Einsteinean way
backward.
The clocks go anticlockwise
'kcit'ing
The countdown is on
for the zero hour of blast.*

*We came, restless
from the bottom of the blue seas,
bewitched by the greenery of the forests.
We moved on, restless,
abandoning the tree tops
and perched on
high rise concrete holes.*

*From here
through the rarely opened windows
the moon is yet another electric bulb
hung high and dry.
The mist is indistinguishable
from moist eyes.*

*On the pavement below
the beggarchild's wail
begins at its end,
goes backward,
and ends
in his original hunger.*

—M. S. GOPINATH

The other point of view

*At dawn when the early bird sings,
I cackle with the excitement the morning brings,
I swing through the branches with a lot of joy,
Climb up the hostel drainpipes, my favourite play.*

*Every window has its own view of paradise—
Bananas, oil bottles or perhaps boxes of spice
Oh what an adventure to rummage through these!
Oops! Be careful how you wave that stick, please!*

*I'm feeling a trifle peckish but no need to fear
There must be a dustbin somewhere around here
Hmm, plenty of banana peels, nothing I lack!
Grr! Go away! Can't you see I am having a snack.*

*All day long, I could run up and down the corridor,
And I really do not mind if I upset the 'floor'
I seem to be causing quite a stir,
Hey! watch out I don't like cold water on my fur!*

*We are always being chased and being told 'Shoo!'
It's as if we do not belong here too.
I must depart now though I don't think it's fair.
Before I go I'll leave my signature on the stair.*

—SASHIKALA ASIRVATHAM

JUNK YARD

He tried teaching her atomic theory;
She kissed him and said, 'O. K.,
Deary'.
When he said, 'Niels Bohr.'
She began to snore.
Dearie found theory too dreary.

At the electronics athletic meet,
These devices found their feet.
At the three-legged race,
The triode set the pace,
While the diode won the 100 M heat.

Said the romantic electron,
To the dark handsome proton,
'Well, my dear sir,
I wish to come near.'
He said, 'Simple, emit a photon!'

WARNING :

Reading this junk is dangerous. If you suffer from the after-effects of an overdose, read any of the stuff you just discarded as an antidote.

Purely accidental

- The short-sighted OPTImist has spectacular problems.
- Gandhians are non-violinists.
- A disoriented person is not a man from China.
- Electrical engineers take a circuitous route to B. Tech.
- The bard had the ode-acity to write an ode.

PUN omelette

by Punyananda-the
'pungent Pundit

A-4-isms and aphorisms :

[Note :

Pun is the lowest form of wit]

- Bun is the lowest form of wheat.
- The PUN is mightier than the SURD
- Salesmen are men of Auction.
- Our opinion poll indicates that Lech Walesa is an opinionated Pole.
- He is an exponent of calculus.

Do you see I have lovely curls?

Hope my cramming reflects on my grads

There is no Div. of opinion on this.

Pshaw! These Vector
jokes make one tensor

Q : 'Dear God, I am a girl of seventeen and I have a very embarrassing problem. My feet fingers have developed abnormally. One foot thumb is smaller than the other. People make allusions to it and have nicknamed it Tom Thumb. I am very worried and I seldom reveal my toes. Please give me some advice regarding this matter.'

—Miss Feety Usha.

God : Dear Feety,

It is a normal problem faced by growing athletes. There is nothing wrong if one foot thumb is larger than the other. By the way, did anyone tread on your toes? I suggest that you read the Toeyotta Toe work out book. However don't worry too much about the problem. Make a few friends who have similar problems. Have a good eight hours sleep everyday. You can apply 'Toeinsil' ointment. You can have fresh water and fruits. Many great men and women had one toe smaller than the other.

Q : 'Dear Sir,

I am a basketball player who stops just before shooting the basket. This is not due to athletic inability, but due to mathematical ability. I like to make a quick calculation of what trajectory the ball is taking. I am being unjustly criticized for this action.

—Eliza Basket Dolittle.

Ask God, Yaar...

God answers any of your questions...

God : Dear Dolittle,

There is little you can do about this. There is a portable walkman computer with headphones which tells you the exact trajectory. May be you can acquire one of this type made by the Hound Corporation of Basketvilles, Holmes Computer Division. If you are dishonest, probably you can get hold of microprocessor controlled basketballs which automatically enters the basket, wherever you throw it (designed by the Basketball Guidance and Control Unit).

Q : Dear God,

I am a Power Engineer. I often get confused between transform techniques and transformer techniques. How do you differentiate between a transform and a transformer?

—Ian Ghar.

God : Dear Ghar,

I will assure you that I know everything except electrical engineering. However, I have a suspicion that the difference is mainly in the spelling. If you ever find the difference, let me know when you come to meet me after your end-semester exams.

Q : Dear Sir,

I feel 'Punch drunk' after doing my assignment in CS110. My friends say that FORTRAN is one of the essentials for a successful life. Oh God! Is FORTRAN really necessary? When can I stop studying FORTRAN?

P. S.: Can you debug some of my programs?

—Brooke Bond.

God : Dear Bond,

The CS dept, will brook no delay in teaching you CS110, CS101 or some such combination. Don't bite your nails off. FORTRAN is necessary only for CS110, CS111 or some combination like that, P. S.: Looking down from here, I can see that your T.A. likes cold coffee and pizzas.

Q : 'Dear God,

Ever since I organized street plays, I am in the streets. I wish to make it to Broadway. Can you help me?

—Jolly Roadger.

God : Dear Jolly,

Sorry I can't coach you for the stage. My question box has been filled with queries from out-of-work actors. Anyway to go to Broadway catch bus no. 7c.

Q : Dear Sir,

Some people say I am dark, some say I am fair, I am in a quandary. Is fairness relative? Would you have a Fairness Quotient (FQ)?

—Mrs. Karupammal.

God : Yes!

At last, a question for which I can give a positive answer. If you are fairer in the negative than in the positive, then you are positively dark. If you are fairer in the positive than in the negative, then the answer is in the negative,

MELOMANIA

KURUVILLA THOMAS

Hi evcrybody! Wanna know what to listen to? Well let me help you make your decision. If you're a disco fan you can try out Tina Turner's 'Private Dancer' which contains three hit singles including the Grammy-winning 'What's love got to do with it'. This album has guitar stalwarts, Jeff Beck and Mark Kueffler helping out. **WHAM** are also making it big with their appropriately titled album 'Making it big' which has numbers like 'Wake Me Up before you go-go' and 'Careless Whispers'. Evidently, they are presently on a China tour. **Chaka Khan** has got some cool rhythms and blues for you in her latest album 'I feel for you'. If you prefer soul music try **James Ingram**, a Quincy Jones protege, who combines with Michael McDonald and Patti Austin in his latest album 'It's your night'. Now for all you rock lovers there are a number of new albums out. Let's start with the comeback of all time favourites **Deep Purple** with 'Perfect Strangers'. An interesting album with some real heavy music. **Foreigner**, too, has come out with a new album 'Agent Provocateur'. This album tends to be typically Foreigner. *Garage Slick* fans will be

delighted to hear that she has released an interesting solo album 'Software'. This album, her first solo, still has Jefferson Starship backing her. **Rush** has once again come out with some great rock in 'Grace under pressure'. Heavy metal lovers, here's something for you. **Scorpions** are doing extremely well with their 'Love at first sting'. It has got some very exhilarating numbers like 'Rock you like a hurricane', 'Still loving you', just to name a few. **ZZ Top's** 'Eliminator' is a fast paced and well balanced rocker. **R.E.O. Speedwagon** are also out with a new album 'Wheels are burning'. **Phil Collins** has brought out yet another solo effort, 'One more night'. Now Jazz lovers try out **Earl Klugh's** latest, 'Wishful Thinking' or **Herbie Hancock's** 'Sound system'. Guarantee to please. But then so is **Freddie Hubbard's** 'Sweet Return' and **Chuck Corca's** 'Children's songs'. **Jean Luc Party** has an interesting album in 'Live at Donte's, Bob James' '12', though punchy, fails to compare to his earlier works. Well that's it for now. See you again next time. Until then keep on reading.

KEEPING UP WITH...

O. A. T.	EXTRAMURALS
August	August
10th General Douglas MacArthur	10th, Harry Miller
17th NORTH SEA HIJACK	
24th HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART - I	28th T.V. VENKATARAMAN.
31st ROLLER COASTER	

New Releases

BOOKS	RECORDS
A Perfect woman - Catherine Slaughter	INDIAN
Doctor Slaughter - Paul Theroux	WESTERN
Laughable Loves - Milan Kundera.	KAUN HAI KHOONI
Murder In Space - FX WOOLF	GOING FOR BROKE Eddy Grant
	SHE'S THE BOSS Mick Jagger
	PEHCHAAN - Rita Ganguly
	YAAAR KASAM · MAKE IT BIG wham

A LOVER'S PREDICAMENT

R. S. SADAGOPAN

I have always wondered why people associate love with a red heart punctured by a supple arrow. In fact it is a sign of fatal injury. More often than not, the drops of blood that should have been dripping, are left to the imagination of the reader. The creative genius who thought of this pictogram must have been a sensitive young man who had a rather naughty encounter with a touch and go girl. Or it could have been a passionate lady who had a boyfriend with a heart-attack. Anyway it seems obvious that the symbol under discussion has a tragic background.

For example a heart with a through hole to indicate that the arrow has ripped past and landed on the other side. Can love be represented by a purple heart? Can the arrow be replaced by a bullet from a 0.36 or a 0.303.

Such questions have led me into a vicious circle and I sincerely hope I would get out of it fast. In the meantime if any of the readers, have the answers to my queries, I request them to write to:

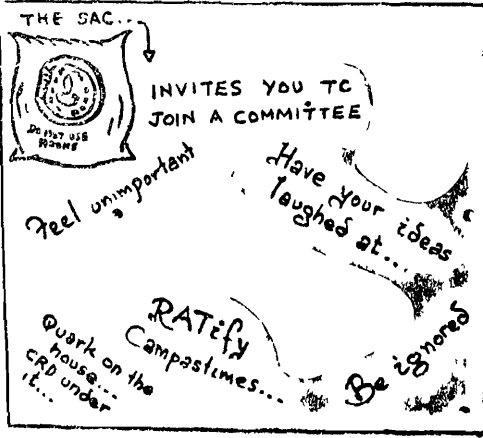
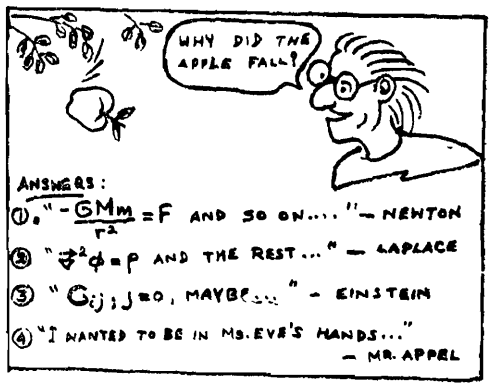
Post Box No 370 - 155
Campas Times
I. I. T.

P.S.: I am on best of terms with cardiologists and archers.

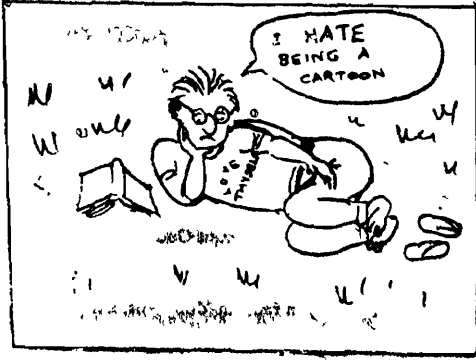
On closer inspection and thoughtful introspection of the Cupids Insignia, I am left with many doubts which have often caused weeks of insomnia. The position of the arrow itself has been left ambiguous. Being an engineer, I am used to precise specifications and as such I have a long-standing urge to find out the chamber through which the arrow passes—the auricle or the ventricle. I am trying hard to arrive at an answer. I have so far referred to about 5 volumes of encyclopedia Britannica, 10 volumes of Chamber's Encyclopedia and 7 volumes of Encyclopedia Americana. But all this hasn't got me anywhere. In fact it has led to more queries. Is it possible at all to convey gradations in love?

TERMINAL
- Colin Forbes.

Courtesy: 'BOMBAY'



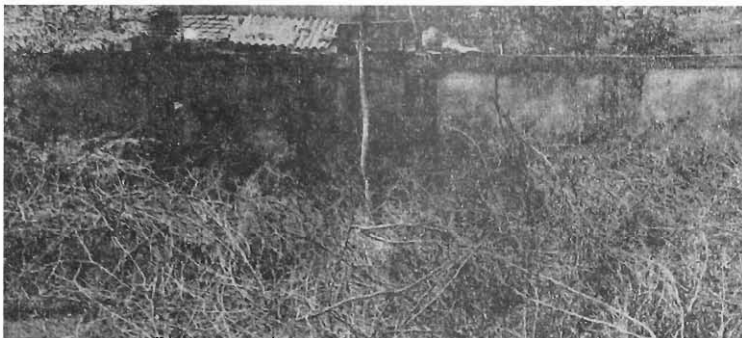
HYSTERIX



POINT BLANK

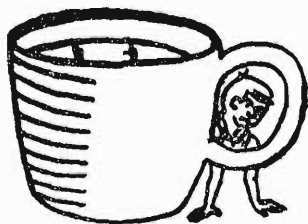
The creation was an act of mercy

—Blake



No man is rich enough to buy back his past

—Wilde



OVER A CUP OF

Aye Aye Tea

Attempting to revive a defunct column is a strange experience. The nearest analogy I can get at is that it is like meeting the object of your teenage infatuations when you are middle aged. Either you act as if things are exactly as in old times or you pretend to have acquired some sort of rare maturity. But you know one thing for sure—even if the two of you haven't changed in the least, which would in itself be surprising, things around you have.

Now is the time to abbreviate. If you are a member of the GSB and chance to see a meeting of the SAC at HSB (there are three SACs, I mean the Sad SAC), you might perceive a group of strange persons. The HAS, AAS, GSEC, SOC SEC, LIT SEC, and other birds, who can rarely be sighted or got on RAX (despite what the GCU booklet claims), have on occasion been seen together. You will also see good tea and cakes. Well then, you have seen a small fraction of the student bureaucracy. Luckily like a new Parkinson, I have research material at hand—old issues of Focus, Spectator, and of course Campastimes. A study of recent campus history shows that the whole structure was assembled virtually by one man. Hint: He's non-student. It is said he once challenged a GSEC to a poll and claimed he'd defeat him. To honour him I suggest we have a new campus calender, like this year is 7 A. I. The student administration is like a buxom lass—top-heavy and has an excess of SECS.

Commandment: Thou shalt not committee

If you see the star-spangled banner, with its thirteen stripes which represent the thirteen colonies and the fifty odd stars representing the number of states now comprising the U. S. A. (I say fifty odd because I do not know their latest international adventure) I am certain you will see a tiny white speck. This would be an optical illusion but a mental reality—it would represent the aspirations of a large section of the populace in a wooded technological campus, about 635 acres in extent, nestled deep down in South India. Full-Stop.

Overhead at G. C.

M. Tech α : My professor asked me, 'You want Good Project or you want Donkey Project?'

M. Tech β [Excited]: What did you say?

M. Tech α : I said, 'Sir, I want Good Project'

Thank you, dear unknown Prof. for a lovely phrase—Donkey Project. I am certain that this most descriptive-standing is still apt to move suddenly in random directions, like the dhobie's faithful companion.

Before I put down the cup, I pay homage to the gentler sex—HELLO SARAY, how come U looks lost?

THE TEAM

Editors:

MADHAVAN
SANJEEV SRIDHARAN
GOPAL GHADIYAR

ART

G. NEELAKANTAN
J. P. PRASAD
G. VIDYA

PHOTOGRAPHY

CARMO QUADROS

PRODUCTION

J. ISSAC
SUNDERRAMAN
V. VINODH

We wish to thank:

Tea square for the experienced
hand that he lent out to us,
Mr. Parshuram Iyer and
Mr. Pachaiappan of V. R. K.
Press in the Printing and
Compiling of Campastimes.