

The NISTian, 2004

The NISTian

From The Director's Desk

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Publisher

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Editors

Address

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FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

In Defence of Quality Technical Education

In the last few weeks there has been a lot of brouhaha in the press and among the student community about the exacting standards which have been adopted in our Technical University, the Biju Patnaik University of Technology. In the eyes of many these standards are supposedly harsh and unfair to a large section of students given the socio-economic and academic background of most of the students. Here is my two-bit contribution to this ongoing debate.

The explosive growth of engineering, MCA and MBA colleges in the country has led to a proliferation of teaching shops and not 10 in 100 is serious about the quality of education. This is amply demonstrated by the example of Tamilnadu where there are 229 engineering institutes – all under a single technical university Anna University. In 84 out of 229 colleges less than 26% of the students appearing in the university examinations have passed. The state pass average is 42.6%. This is an indication of poor teaching quality and admission of students of doubtful quality. This is an enormous injustice to students who are admitted without adequate academic support. Whereas each of these colleges has invested hugely in stately buildings, air-conditioned classrooms, granite flooring and other five-star hotel practices, they have forgotten one elementary principle – teaching is all about teacher and the student and the interaction between them. The guru-shishya system embedded into our culture from thousands of years ago from the likes of Nalanda University is still in vogue although in a modernized version. There is no substitute to an open mind thirsting for true knowledge in an atmosphere of peace and serenity.

I have never heard anyone question the need for Quality Technical Education especially in the WTO regime where competition from countries such as China, Israel, Ireland threatens our technical dominance. While gloating about our so-called “superior analytical skills” is possible in the short term, our long range plans must involve a severe amount of belt tightening measures. Our country is already notorious for its lax standards: drinking water contamination, pesticides in cold drinks or ticketless travelling. To add education to that list would be an enormous crime for all future generations. Quality Technical Education can be provided without being excessively harsh in nature, i.e., each and every student who meets the minimum standard for entry, can be provided with a customized pace for growth and alternate avenues for excellence. It is often said that the best performance comes when there is the intense competition. It is for this reason that the Olympics produce the world's finest athletes. Similarly, our education system must make it possible for us to be not only aware of what is Olympic type education but also allow us to compete in it. But to do so without the proverbial Sword of Damocles hanging over our heads is impossible. Every academic year, we have to swim vigorously and reach the shore. Students may fail, yet they will rise and ascend the hill. In the process, we gain confidence in our abilities and are

surer of ourselves. This is undoubtedly painful for this generation of students but yet we have to stay the course and win.

If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace – Thomas Paine.

Sangram Mudali

EDITORIAL

As I sit down to pen these lines, it occurs to me that although the academic year that passed by was marked by the usual frantic class room teaching, hectic laboratory work, course completion and finally the inevitable examinations, the few incidents that mark a new low in our national and cultural life and bring us to the edge of a precipice below which is chaos need a mention

Rightly enough in recent times there has been a sense of pride in our country emerging from the long shadow of colonial inferiorization and the image of an India in the world of the outstretched hand and the begging bowl.

India unquestionably has a buoyant economy, exports are growing, the new success in the IT and service sectors is dazzling. The urban middle – class is definitely more prosperous which is easily attested by the unprecedented consumer spending in shopping malls of metros bursting at the seams.

India's resource in intellectual capital is flourishing.

Furthermore a new connectivity revolution has been witnessed in the last few years – the unprecedented reach of satellite television, the spread of mobile telephony, the lengthening of the national highways –

Yet even today lack of irrigation and power continues to be the chief causes of distress in rural India. Cell phones and computers have become cheaper but rice and dal have become more expensive.

Consequently the tide turned over once more in the general elections. The feel good factor failed despite the government spending Rs.500 crores of public money on the India Shining campaign.

While some may be, it is needs to be repeated, perhaps, 90 percent Indians are not shinning. The upward mobility so evident in the higher group is still eluding the Indian poor. They have manifestly been left unblessed by the tidal wave of goodies that has over-whelmed the 200 odd millions of the middle class Indians. The defeat of the ruling Government was also a defeat of the India Shining Campaign.

The disconnect between Shining India and Sorrowful Bharat sadly, continues to exist and the chasm in some ways has grown.

On the cultural front, in this year, we witnessed the most shameful chapter in the university set by Tagore, from where his noble medallion got stolen. However, what matters is perhaps not so much the loss of a medallion and personal artefacts but the gradual descent into oblivion of our cultural heritage. We fail to protect our cultural heritage in every sphere, by allowing monuments to be destroyed, by encouraging our political structure and system of justice to collapse, by rewriting history.

It is often said India's future lies in its younger generation. True. Lets see how we have been treating our young. As far as health of our children is concerned, between 1991 and 2001 the sex ratio of the child population fell sharply from 945 females per 1000 males to 927 per 1000. Even now forty –seven percent of our children under three years of age are malnourished.

On the education front, the terrible fire at Kumbakonam that claimed more than 90 lives proves beyond any doubt that ours is a country that doesn't treasure its young.

Education has never been a priority with any political party.

According to government web-site, though number of enrolment in primary schools have improved, 59 million children in the 6 – 14 age group are out of school, out of which 35 million are girls!

But what happens to the privileged children those who can afford to enroll in public schools? Here we are witnessing moments in school pedagogy that have the potential to transform history or at least its sidelights. Involved are the HRD ministry, NCERT, CBSE and two schools of historians. To undo the damage done by a section of historians who one is told have written biased, badly written and inaccurate text -books. The result is that 47 million students using NCERT books have now to deal with two history text books –the existing books and pre-2002 books. Who cares about the confusion and hardships to the already burdened students or the teachers trying to explain to students why some of the things they have been taught are not correct. Would these students dealing with two set of varying history about their country have any faith left in knowledge?

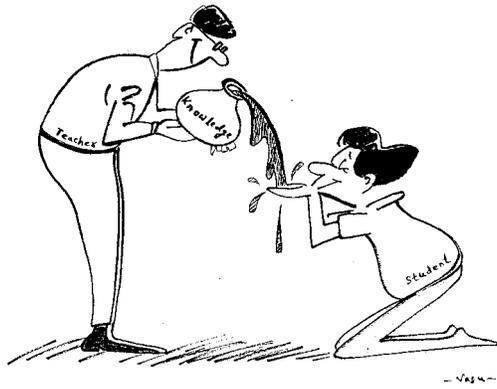
Received wisdom is that while China is the manufacturing hub of the world, India is ahead in software. That too may not be true for very long as the Chinese are fast catching up in the one area where India has some edge. A sign of times is Infosys setting up operations in Shanghai. The reason - they have the infrastructure to support an expanding software industry chiefly because there are better linkages between rural and urban areas. In India save a few metro cities which are getting too cramped there are no infrastructural facilities to support expanding software industry. The Chinese President has said that everyone in China will be speaking English in the next 20 years. National sentiment is not allowed to come in the way of national interest. In India political interest obscures everything.

Can these be justified? Where do we go from here?.

“But to lose one's confidence in humankind is a sin” Tagore wrote in 1919, after renouncing his knighthood protesting against the Jallianwala Bag massacre. We must therefore be optimistic.

For I feel the time for renewal is not far away. Of course there is hope. If we have dropped to the depths of degradation the only way to go is up. And so we offer you the *mélange* in this magazine, that is in your hands to uplift, to entertain and to provoke, not violence but ideas. I wish you good reading.

Dr. Deepa Chatterjee



SPOTLIGHT

Poets' Poet

Nissim Ezekiel was among the nations' most distinguished poets. Born in 1924 in Bombay. His parents were secular Indian Jews. He was a member of M N Roy's Radical Democratic Party in his early twenties. Ezekiel took off for England on a one way ticket and stayed there as a clerk and dishwasher for three years when he was in his twenties. In 1952 he managed to return to India as a worker on a cargo ship. The poet scrubbed the decks and hauled coal. Almost the same time his first book of poems **A Time for Change** was published. His work was nothing short of revolutionary for the time as he was the first Indian poet in English to use contemporary language, without the high-flown style and 19th century rhetoric that marked the poetry of Sarojini Naidu and Aurobindo Ghosh. His tone was ironic, self mocking, layered with complexities of texture and voice. In a steady progression of books over the next 35 years he would refine that voice, and in the process, teach several generations of Indian poets how to write. He wrote about the city, about real men and women. In these lines from **Poet, Lover, Birdwatcher** he celebrates the importance of patience, especially for the activities described in the title:

To force the pace and never to be still

Is not the way of those who study birds

Or women.

The best poet wait for birds.

His poetry was a revolt against the incipient romanticism which had for long made it impossible for Indian poetry in English to be a criticism of life.

Ezekiel had a way of directly telling the truth as the following lines would testify:

Subconsciously

We all pray

That what is great in others

may be great in us.

It takes the various shapes

Of envy, hovering

over conversation,

that daily violation of human love.

Ezekiel's poem **The Night of the Scorpion** is perhaps one poem by an Indian aside from Tagore that features in every school text -book. "If I had known that it was going to cause so much pain to so many children, I don't think I would have written the poem", he once remarked.

A resident of Mumbai, the city and its milieu was an inseparable part of his poems. He wrote about the city without resorting to easy sentimentality:

Barbaric city sick with slums,

Deprived of seasons, blessed with rains,

Its hawkers, beggars, ironlunged,

Processions led by franticdrums,

A million purgatorial lanes,

And child- like masses, many -tongued

Whose wages are in words and crumbs.

An alchemist of words, he delighted his readers with wit and humour but he was also a great scholar and a man of wisdom. In one of his poems he talks of the inevitability of death like this:

*In the presence of death,
Remember, do not console
Yourself;
There's only death here,
Only life...*

Nissim Ezekiel, died on 9 January this year. He had just turned 80.

The End of a Saga

Indian performing arts with its depth, liveliness and creativity has always fascinated people all around the globe. India has the glorious tradition in producing a stream of extremely dedicated performers who have devoted their entire lives in preserving the rich culture of the country's performing arts.

A legend of our times Guru Kelucharan Mahapatra, the Odissi maestro and the quintessential teacher played a pivotal role taking this dance form to its pinnacle of excellence. Born to a family of craftsmen in 1925, Guruji took his first lessons in Gotipua Akhara followed by lessons in Odissi dance from different teachers. In 1954 Kelucharan Mahapatra was appointed as a dance teacher in Kala Vikas Kendra of Cuttak and gradually emerged as the guru of the Odissi trend. He not only infused in the form of Odissi many splendoured charm and beauty but also revolutionized its teaching methodology making it well structured and diversified. He almost single handedly incorporated into the dance form the grace of the temple sculptures and mingled it with intelligence and imagination creative stimulus and subtle movements. Dance was in his dreams, body and mind. Says Amita Dutt, a noted dancer, "whenever I think of his dance I am reminded of a picturesque element. There is a strange suspension of disbelief- he was aged, almost bald, rather unattractive but could magically transform himself onto a beautiful damsel within seconds. Such was the power of his dance." As a teacher he was so effective that it is said he could make a dancer out of anybody irrespective of his or her individual talent. What made him a complete artist however was that even on

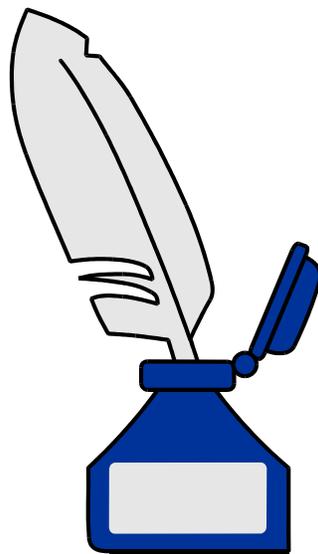
reaching the pinnacle of success he remained very much a down to earth person – humble and innocent to the core.

Kelucharan Mahapatra firmly established Odissi as an independent and perhaps visually the most beautiful dance form of India.

His unfortunate demise on the 8th of April this year has been an irremediable loss to our culture.

Dr. Deepa Chatterjee

Faculty English



STANZA

“Love can wait but desire can’t wait”.
Then I heard a sound, I rushed out to call her back
By then she was bodyless dream
Disappearing into the night dark
In the far path her candles flame
As a white mirage.

Bhabani Shankar Prusty
4th Semester



Once in a Jungle

Once in a jungle,
I saw a hurdle.
Lots of people,
Trying to make a true a bundle.

The tree was little,
Sunlight made it tickle.
It grew in the jungle,
To make rich people.

Their hunger increased,
Humanity vanished,
Love for nature ceased,

To cut down the tree
They agreed.

They called for labourers,
Brought some greedy contractors.
With the green flag off,
Branches were cut off.

Still the machine was not used,
And the root stood.
It should be uprooted,
Said the “evil-eyed”.

It was done.
The machine was gone,
Through the trunk as a knife on a bone.

The trunk was in pieces,
With wood powder like ashes.

The tree was smashed,

A part of nature was vanished.
And all the humanity was finished.

The cutting that went upto evening,
Finished the tree's tickling.

Night came
And the contractor moved
With his pocket completely filled.

The surrounding trees stood
As evidence of this wrong deed.
Some of them started counting,
When their turn would be coming.

Debi Prasad Mishra
2nd Semester



The Wait

Far from the maddening crowd,
Away from the people shouting loud.
I'm sitting alone with my loneliness,
And waiting to get your sweet embrace.
The days are dark, and the nights are long,
Only emptiness is to what I belong.
Still I believe, You'll look my way,
And speak the words you wanna say.
Heal my heart with your lovely smile,
Save my life which has been futile.
Let me feel your touch, let me see you smile,
My heart is frozen, make me agile
You may come back or you may carry on,
But I'll wait for you, where you left me alone.

Swastik Bharati
7th semester



Call of the Nature

In a still corner,
The tranquility of the moment,
Disturbed only by the mild breeze,
I felt the call of the nature,
My mind floated afar.....
I lost myself,
I felt I was a flower,
Spreading fragrance,
Being appreciated,

Always colourful,
 Having many companies around,
 With nothing to lament,
 Not a thing to regret;
 The next moment,
 I felt I was a cloud,
 Floating lightly,
 Shedding away tensions in drops,
 Drops which are nectar for many.
 I felt the satisfaction of serving;
 Then I felt I was a hill,
 Strong, unmoved, rock ribbed and inflexible,
 But then.....
 The serenity was distributed by voices,
 I found myself back
 In my own world,
 The world full of care, pain, responsibility.

Amrita Panda
5th Sem



Frustration from Poverty

Flying with the pinion of penury
 How much I can go...
 The callousness of the philanthropist
 Encroaches hollow in my heart.

Aspiring for a new world to be built.....
 Being on the verge of holocaust
 Ogling for a pioneer
 For the new horizon to be found
 I can't wait anymore.

Semblance of the ephemeral world
 Craves innate feelings to claw more.
 Neither succeeded in one case
 I want to leave it for to live in a better home.

Sarbeswar Meher
7th Semester



Teacher

This is poem dedicated to all our teachers of NIST, from final year students

Oh my beloved Teacher,

You are a preacher.
 One of God's marvelous creatures,
 Having such a great friendly nature.
 Your heart is as pure as dove,
 Full of joy and love.
 Having the power to change one's livelihood,
 Perhaps the greatest symbols of Godly- hood.
 Your helping hand,
 Compel me to be your friend,
 Sometimes I feel you are God's decent.
 Even the Sun may not shine,
 But there is no change in Teacher's mind.

S.Srinivas Rao
 7th Semester



The song of a Lonely Heart

I am penning this down,
 With a face which is frown,
 I think that I am missing;
 Your smile that is touching.

I think you know my name,
 As I do not have any fame;
 Are you just playing a game?
 In a very different frame.

I think I am not your choice
 But I wish to hear your cute voice
 Away from all the disturbing noise
 I am sure that I will rejoice.

I want to see you once
 You look like Mona Lisa by chance
 But now I have taken a stance
 I will definitely have a glance.

In the brightness of the sun
 When the darkness will be gone
 In the fullness of the moon
 Will I see you too soon?

Please don't think me a freak
 Neither am I Roman not a Greek;
 I can't leave your thoughts and take a break
 I am not telling things that are fake.

I always try to talk,
But I find you in a flock,
I always have some fear,
Of losing you my dear.

This is not a piece of art,
And I have not got a start,
I hope that you will not throw a dart,
Over the thoughts that come straight from my heart.

One day you will know,
What my heart feels when you go,
But when I tire out and die,
Will you remember me and cry?

G.Vasudevam
4th Semester



MOON

One night the moon said to me
If your friend makes you cry,
Why don't you leave your friend
I looked back at the moon
And said,
"Moon would you ever leave your sky?"

Bichitrananda Behera
Workshop instructor

SIMPLE SPEAK

Excellence- The Little Extra

Excellence – something everybody desires but nobody wants to work for! That is what is the uppermost thought in my mind, as I sit down to write this. Excellence is as difficult to define as its other counterpart – QUALITY. Robert M Tirsig spent an entire book trying to define Quality in the bestselling book “Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance”. I do not have the luxury for writing an entire book. So I keep it short.

In the confines of the academic atmosphere of NIST, what would I define as excellence. I define it as- something extra which separates the ordinary from the extraordinary, the best from the “*chalta hai*”, the sublime to the supreme. That little extra effort put in by a student in checking her report for spellings, inserting the citations and references. That little extra effort to study with a goal of scoring 100% instead of just pass. That little extra effort by students in referring one more textbook. That little extra effort put in by the teacher to go beyond the textbook to stimulate the minds of the sleepy student at 5 PM in the evening. That little extra effort by the teachers to expand their own mental horizons so that they can do motivate the student to do the same. That little extra effort by the office staff to make sure that the students and parents leave the office with a smile after getting their problems solved. That little extra effort by the mess staff to make sure that the food is cooked properly everyday and not on some days only. That little extra effort by the cleaning staff to put a shine on the classroom floors and the toilets. That little extra effort by the bus

staff to maintain healthy driving practices on the road. That little extra from the administrators to plan and push NIST to the top. That little ‘extra’ required to bend one’s ego and take constructive feedback from peer groups. That little ‘extra’ required to look at oneself in the mirror and be able to see one’s own flaws with a resolve to rectify them and not flinch from facing them.

There are two mindsets involved in excellence. One who looks down the ladder of excellence and is happy that there are many people worse than oneself. The other who looks up and sees the many that are better than oneself, gets inspired by them and moves upwards without envying the ones on the top. Which mindset are you happy with?

The next question that comes to mind is what do we get by doing that little extra – the answer is simple. Excellence has always been its own reward. The satisfaction of quality is a reward by itself to every individual apart from adding to the excellence of

NIST an organic body and the society as a whole.

I am seriously thinking of implementing a Six Sigma program at NIST based on the experience of companies like GE and the enormous amount of expertise available in this area. I was reading a book about Jack Welch and was enormously impressed by the program. Six Sigma is a formal statistics based

program aimed at improving quality in all walks of life. But before that I would like each of us to ask ourselves – Am I performing at the levels of performance that can be called excellent? If yes, how do I raise the levels? If no, what is stopping me from reaching those levels? I think this private dialogue with your own mind will be the first step in taking NIST towards its destiny as a center of educational excellence and an example for others to follow.

Please take a minute at the end of every day to think about EXCELLENCE and I am sure that we can make this world a better place.

Dr. Ravi P. Reddy
Deputy Director

The Japanese smile

The Japanese are said to have an inscrutable grin dubbed “The Japanese smile.” Uneasy in its presence, foreigners speak ill of this smile, but such criticism simply shows their lack of understanding.

The Japanese people have long avoided making direct and explicit judgments of good or bad. Instead, care is taken to consider the other persons’ position and to hurt his feeling, and this has become an ingrained habit. Although British or American uses “yes” when the respondent’s answer is affirmative and “no” when it is negative, the Japanese “Hai” (yes) and “Iie”(no) depend upon the phrasing of the questions. Thus “Don’t you want to go?” is answered with “yes, I don’t” or “No, I do” in accordance with the asker’s assumption that the person does not want to go.

The disclaimer that “It’s a mere trifle” is accompanied, even while giving someone something. Although it would not make sense to be giving out mere trifles, the Japanese hesitates to praise his gift to someone, this out of reluctance to impose a value judgment upon the recipient. In such ways does Japanese speech reflect the Japanese psychology.

Do you know, at the 3rd century Japanese cut holes in large pieces of cloth and wore them at that time. It is the old version of today’s Japanese traditional Dress “kimono”. It continued to show upto 7th centuries. This Kimono was rapidly changing its shape from Japanese Heian period to Muromochi period. And now this “Kimono” has developed into what the Japanese wear today. Now a days Japanese young people wear Western clothes in every day life and “Kimono” only on special occasions such as New year’s Day and weddings.

Now let me tell you about some special occasions in Japan. Japanese start their ceremony in January by New Year’s Day. They decorate the gates to their houses with pine branches and sacred ropes. They eat rice cakes for breakfast. Many Japanese go to the temples (Otera) and shrines to worship.

At the beginning of the February they celebrate “Setsubun”. That means the end of the long winter. On that night, the people of Japan scatter beans to drive away the evil spirits and to invite in good luck. Girls exhibit their “Hina dolls” on the Doll’s festival in the 3rd march. and 5th May of each year is Boy’s Festival when boys put up their carp streamers.

In July they celebrate “Tanabata”. The word “Tanabata” means Stars’ Festival. There is a famous Chinese legend. In this, one night of the year the Cowherd Star is able to cross the Milky Way and meet the Weaver Star. Also in the month of the July “Bon Festival” is especially for the Kanto district ‘s people but it is celebrated at Kansai district in the month of August. The people of Japan think that their ancestors’ Soul come back to this world during ‘Bon’. They welcome them on first day and see them off on the last day, lighting the way back. The famous “ Daimonji” in Kyoto island is one of the these events.

In the autumn, the sky of Japan is clear and the moon is beautiful. People enjoy viewing the moon in September. And October is a good season for sports. Schools hold athletic events and many Japanese go for hiking and cycling.

Autumn is also the season for harvest. Many people of villages and towns have festivals celebrating good crops in October and November.

In the November 15th they celebrate “shichi-go-san”, when parents take their children aged three, five and seven years old to the shrines for Baptizing them into Shintoism.

Every one is very busy at the end of the year, cleaning house and pounding rice for rice-cakes. Japanese welcome the New Year with the bells of the temples at midnight on New Year’s Eve.

Santanu Mukerji
Faculty Foreign Language

Equation of my Tank Circuit

It was Monday morning Dr.Das started with his usual schedule of taking classes, but as the class progressed in time he observed his students watching something in him without concentrating in his lecture, the same thing happened with some of his colleagues and seniors. He then decided to make out the fault in him and after scrutinizing for two minutes he found that it could be nothing else than his dirty shoes. After discovering this fact he became a little ashamed and returned home with a depressed mood. After taking his dinner and moving through a newspaper he went to bed. In his sleep he got a dream. His shoe is telling him, “I am trying to tell you from last few days that make me bath and get me cleaned, still you are not listening to me.” Then the shoe was scolding him like anything. He suddenly woke up and it was nearly 2 o’clock. A new idea struck him suddenly – can we not have some mode of communication with inanimate objects? Can we not talk with nonliving things? They are a form of matter as we, they have some natural vibrations and energy exchanges as we have. Is it not possible to devise a technology so as to bring both of them to resonance? He felt like his shoe telling him from the rear side, Yes it is possible. He decided to discuss the problem with Professor Mohanty, who is very renowned in India/abroad on the study of material science.

The next day Dr.Das woke up being very energetic with the new idea, cleaned his shoes and went off to his department. He also caught up with Professor Mohanty in the lobby towards his cubicle. Professor Mohanty told him that it was a brilliant idea and if we can have a technology like that then the whole lot of machines we

are using for determination of properties of materials like thermal conductivity, resistivity, different modulus of elasticity etc can be done in different cheaper ways by conditioning the material in a specific environment and then making it resonate with the brain of the technician in charge. He also told him that the type of conditioning and the mode of configuring any material to resonate with human mind could be determined properly if we can have a model of the process. The very next day Professor Mohanty invited Dr.Das to come to his house in the evening for tea and surprised him by telling that he thinks he has found the primary model for the process.

At this stage of the fiction I am putting a question before the readers. Can we have a mode of communication with inanimate objects outside the world of fiction writers?

I eagerly welcome suggestions/remarks/comments on this fiction/question at the email id shriks123@rediffmail.com. The fiction will be continued at www.nist.edu/robotics.

Srikant Panda
Faculty Electronics & Communication

A “Write” Approach

The requirement of the moment is to write something but then what to write? Yet another very important question arises ‘to write or not to write?’ Much delay surely will not help much; so let it be final: to write. Those once more revert the situation to the older proposition; what to write? This question itself has two facets: the medium of writing and the subject matter. The medium need to be decided upon first. As far as the medium is concerned there are two that I know of; prose and poetry. Again there are further problems, this time technical. In the present day there is no strict benchmark for distinguishing between prose and poetry. But then again there are texts which are more prosaic than poetic and others which are more poetic than prosaic. To write poetry now is a possibility of course but poetry does not ‘happen’ all the time. It has to be a spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling.” Powerful feelings I have in plenty and a few also overflow and few are also spontaneous but there is no occasion to have the ‘emotions recollected in tranquility.’ So it is advisable to bid the idea of poetry good-bye, at least for the time being. After all it is a poet who had rued that in the prosaic world poetry must be bid adieu. So it is prose that is being settled for. The major problem will creep up now. What on earth am I to write on?

Will it be a short story or an essay, an article, a documentary? Not these are all separate compartments but a decision must be arrived at. Should it be serious should it be funny?

Let the aspect of a short story be taken up first. How to start the story? What about the time tried “once upon at time, long, long ago” format? It is too cliched. Also it is not a great idea now to write about days long ago. There is so much to write on our own times. Even before the remedy to this issue is thought of the

aspect of the content of the story comes up. Should it be a love story, and adventure story, a thriller, a story with a strong social content or a combination of a few of these and other aspects. Once more it is too tough a decision. What would be the plot of the story? Again a plot is hardly of importance these days. It is the “plotlessness”, which is celebrated. The task is thus a demanding one. So the attention shifts to an essay; and article on something or the other in that category.

One can write on anything under the sun. But what? Should I venture into some sermonizing; providing some absolutely needless tips and some high sounding “gyan’ to the students and earn their ire? Who doesn’t know that teachers are very bad people? They take classes, expect students to be in the class, and even more so they demand their attention! Who has ever heard of a teacher who is lenient about marks? As it is teachers are always cursed and I cannot afford more. What about writing about the forthcoming elections? So much is being written on it. May be the Indo-Pak series could come to my rescue. But the matter would be so predictable. Rising prices, then? Some treatise on wars, or on some drought or flood? So many ideas flock the mind but nothing seems to concretize. Nothing seems to materialize.

Finally, I have arrived at a decision. Yes, I have made up my mind. I will write “nothing”. Since nothing comes to the mind let nothing be the product and I must wait for the right approach, which surely will come at a later instance Will it?

Anjan Dasgupta
Faculty English

COMMUNICATION SKILLS

An Introduction

Communication, simply defined, means conveying any message, by any means.

Interpersonal communication is vital in our personal lives and work place

We spend a lot of time in exchanging information. How well we do it determines how successful we are and how well we get along with others. High level of misunderstandings in interpersonal communication suggests that it is not always easy to communicate effectively.

In organizations, there is division of labour i.e. responsibilities and tasks are allocated to branches, departments, individuals etc. This results in establishment of formal communication networks. Hence, communication in an organization is not only affected by interpersonal communication skills but also by these networks.

Organization structures call for downward, upward and lateral communication. Downward communication is: employees communicating decisions, expectations, etc. to employees. Upward communication is employees communicating feedback, information, etc. to management. Lateral communication is : exchange of information between departments, branches, individuals etc.

Some of the networks are formal i.e. they are recognized as official channels for information. Other networks are informal i.e. they do not follow formal channels but are more of word of mouth. A lot of information, in organizations, flows through informal channels.

Why Is Effective Communication The Most Important Factor In Business?

- ⇒ Because communication breakdown can cause problems ranging from employee turnover and absenteeism to decreased productivity also sales.
- ⇒ We spend Lakhs of rupees annually on communication through postage, telephone, counseling, conferences, meetings, follow-up explanations since original message wasn't clear etc.

What Does Communication Do? (It Is A Means not an End)

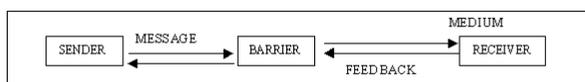
- ⇒ It lubricates the process of managing.
- ⇒ It helps in executing planning and organizing, and also achieves organizational direction and control.
- ⇒ It helps in becoming successful. E.g. improved job performance, gain acceptance of policies, get cooperation of others, bring about desired change, give instructions, disseminate information, evaluate performance, coordinate work flow, resolve conflict, etc.

Communication Means

- ⇒ Conveying message by any means (Telex, graffiti, talk, memos, telephone, punch in the nose, wink, etc.)
- ⇒ Telling something to somebody.
- ⇒ Letting others know what they know, and finding out what they know.
- ⇒ Exchanging ideas and emotions.

The Communication Process

The communication process consists of the sender, who is responsible for making the message understood by choosing a medium by which to transmit it. However, Barriers may prevent the receiver from accepting the message and provide feedback.



SENDER is the person who initiates the communication and is responsible for making the **MESSAGE** understood. Common barrier to effective communication occurs because the Sender is vague about exact information he wants to transmit. A message vague in Sender's mind is even more vague in the Receiver's mind. To avoid this sender should:

- ⇒ Define message accurately.
- ⇒ Use appropriate words/gestures to symbolize its meaning.
- ⇒ Remember words can have different meaning for different person and
- ⇒ Each person's background largely determines these meanings

⇒ Consider receiver's background to coincide meanings

MEDIUM is the way message is transmitted i.e. media or the vehicle used for the message. If message is complex, use more than one medium. If persuasion is needed, use face to face medium. It allows to observe reactions and adapt presentations to obtain desired results.

BARRIERS are obstacles to effective communication. Snags in process can result in defensive or hostility, misunderstanding or confusion and decreased efficiency, effectiveness, creativity and self-esteem.

Some Common Barriers Originating From Sender's Side Are:

- ⇒ Bad timing
- ⇒ Inappropriate medium or language
- ⇒ Too much or too little
- ⇒ Too fast or too slow
- ⇒ Aggressive or submissive
- ⇒ Inappropriate non verbal communication
- ⇒ Inappropriate style, tones, gestures, etc.
- ⇒ Message vague in sender's mind
- ⇒ Failing to understand receiver's background and perception
- ⇒ Failing to define message properly
- ⇒ Failing to synchronize messages and gestures
- ⇒ Relying on false assumptions, like: the word means same to all or everyone holds your point of view
- ⇒ Attributing blame or imposing guilt
- ⇒ Threatening or attacking another's self esteem
- ⇒ Being moralistic
- ⇒ Using jargon, acronyms, or technical language
- ⇒ Gaming, attempting to manipulate or control receiver by confusing or obscuring message like: expressing disagreement without discussing actual issue or lack of trust or presence of insecurity or using "we" instead of "I".

Some Common Barriers Originating from Receiver's side are:

- Not paying attention
- ⇒ Preconceived opinion about the speaker
- ⇒ Mind reading
- ⇒ Passivity
- ⇒ Selective listening
- ⇒ Interfering

RECEIVER is the recipient of the message and gives **FEEDBACK** i.e. responds or reacts in desired manner. It is receiver's responsibility to listen actively and to give feedback.

Both the sender and the receiver play very important roles in communication process. They both have responsibilities to ensure that the communication process is effective.

Ways To Use Communication Process

Speaking:

Of the many forms of communication, the most common and most direct is the spoken word. The spoken word, is most effective when prompt, personal communication is required.

Writing:

The second common most form of communication is the written word. Its primary advantages are that it provides a permanent document for reference and gives the author the chance to see what he or she is thinking.

Nonverbal:

Nonverbal communication is another important method of communication. Gestures and facial expressions convey meaning just as words do.

Listening is a form of communication. Although it is passive, careful and courteous listening is as much a part of the communication process as writing or speaking.

Listening:

We spend more time on listening than in writing, reading or talking. It has been found by research that, no matter how well participants thought they had listened, they had retained only half of what was said. A few days later it was less than 25% of what was said. It is a crucial component in the communication process but is often taken for granted.

More and more these days we see that communication is one of the great needs of human beings perhaps the greatest. To live and work with people we need to exchange information, insights and feelings. We need to express ourselves for our own well being, to clarify and establish our individuality. We need to move in a medium that will promote communication & language.

Prof. Arun Kumar Patnaik
Chief administrative Officer

The Other Indians

Some very common refrains these days are, “it’s a dog eats dog kind of world out there, if you don’t push someone else will”, “People are selfish and are always on the look-out to score a point at someone else’s expense.”, “ There’s no hope for our country” and so on, in not that particular order. For example in college, even petty squabbles over a seat in the bus turns into a fist fight in a jiffy. The seat on the bus is just a metaphor for what later becomes a job vacancy or a promotion or It is at times like these, when the situation seems to be extraordinarily bleak that I try to rekindle some of my most cherished memories about the “other Indians”.

Of my extra-curricular interests, perhaps I derive the greatest pleasure from nature-hikes. Most, though not all, of these outings are to the hills. The reason I treasure them is that they are, truly, family projects. Planning begins a couple of months before the trip, when my parents and I join in researching and selecting the area we will visit. The final choice is determined democratically, often with

many persuasive arguments. The trips involve a day or two of travel by rail and road. The journey takes us through small villages with quaint customs; rubbing shoulders with the local populace is a priority on these outings.

On one of our trips we had set out to locate the exact site where Jim Corbett had shot the infamous man-eating tiger of Muktesar. We began by reading his story, noting the graphic descriptions of the details of the lie of the land. Muktesar is a small hamlet in a spectacular mountain setting. We spent two days interacting with the elder inhabitants of Muktesar, gathering the local folklore on the tiger and its devious ways.

One of the elders in the village was still convinced that the tiger was actually an evil spirit, a rumour fuelled by the tigers remarkable ability to sneak up on pray without making the tiniest of noises and several unsuccessful attempts to shoot it. We were so absorbed in his story that only when we became aware of the darkness creeping in did the realization dawned on us that we've been listening to this grand old man speak for close to four hours. Here was an old man who had no formal education to speak of, yet was such a brilliant orator that he'd held us spellbound for four hours. I had learnt a valuable lesson that day; for all my "educational qualifications" I still had to learn how to tell a story.

Another day another places... this time it's the famous tourist destination of Manali in Himachal Pradesh. My parents and I were on our way back from a place called Nagar (a couple of hours drive from Manali). Around halfway through the journey an old man boarded the bus and sat down next to my mother. Soon thereafter the conductor came to collect the fare and it turned out that the old man sitting next to my mother didn't have the money to buy a ticket. The conductor said that he'll have to get down at the next stop as he couldn't offer him a free ride. My mother immediately came to the rescue, she paid the old man's fare(Rs.3) and was promptly rewarded with a toothless grin.

I had forgotten all about the old man when a couple of days down the line, my mother came back from the market and showed me a couple of the finest apples that I had ever seen. She then told me that she'd come across the old man in the market; he had thanked her profusely and offered her these apples for FREE.

The above incidents reaffirmed my belief that the *real* people of India do not live in the cities where violence and greed is all pervasive but rather in the villages spread across the length and breadth of this country.

Amartya Banerjee
4th semester

Pursuit of Yuppieness

A degree from IIM gives you a Life to Live. When you exit from IIM you are picked up by some multinational offering a handsome salary you may have never thought of. The attractive perks one gets forces the brilliant brains to set their goals to get through CAT and join IIM.

Now a major question arises, would the youth have the same craze for an Indian Institute of School with the toughest exams? Probably yes, if teachers were given

fantastic salary. Even if one hated to be with kids he would like to opt for this profession.

Here a serious question arises, is a youth of 20-22 matured enough to decide for the right kind of profession? Or he is actually attracted towards the financial liberty he gets believing it to be the ultimate source of happiness. If these youth were able to realise their true goal, then would they be able to rebel their parents and society. The staunch reality is that, we focus only on fulfilling our worldly desires and forget about our inner solace.

IIM guarantees a hurdle free path for marriage and procreation. But many argue it to be the perfect training center that trains you to succeed in every field you step in. Contrary to this others argue that once in the school of business the choice is limited.

The strong desire to enter IIM is more or less like peeling an onion. No sooner the target is achieved a new desire pops up. Finally a stage comes when life seems monotonous and dull. The remark from an IIM-A "I went unthinkingly to a *daaru* company from campus and it took me five years to realise what a waste of any thinking person it was to be figuring out how to sell an extras hundred cases of liquor." shows how one gets frustrated. In such a situation the only solution for an MBA is to change the job from liquor to a diaper or mutual fund company. In job of marketing products they never realise that they have marketed their true inner self.

Here the irony is that despite their realization that something is lacking in their urge to earn more never ends. In his book "What Should I Do With My Life" Po Bronson has rightly written, "No matter how much they earned, it was never enough to free them." It is not entirely the individual's mistake, the society has set up its standards such that the alignment is always towards jobs paying handsome amount.

There are very few like Rashmi Bansal, a graduate from IIM-A who opt out the placement process to pursue her dream. She is grateful to the education of IIM-A that built in her a confidence to set up the youth magazine JAM. She and many others like Sunil Handa and Mukesh Pant have chosen non-conventional paths. Though it needed initial struggle yet the final end has been highly satisfying. The glamour of a job is retained only when the profession chosen is of ones own desire than a result of mere attraction for money.

Abridged from

"Life, liberty & pursuit of Yuppieness,"

Rashmi Bansal (Business World, March,2004) by Tripti Mund

The English Language

It is probably with the development of the press that modern English can be said to have begun to gain its popularity. Then, knowledge of English was a mark of aristocracy. The rich and the famous opted to speak this language. The general public used only the vernacular languages. How then did English spread worldwide and reach us.

The exact period when English emerged as an independent language is not

known, but it owes its origin to Greek, Italian and French. As the language developed it saw many changes leading to give us the language that we follow today, more truly the languages we follow. Today 'English' does not define high social status or the language of the court of Britain. It is more truly a medium of communication that people all over the world understand irrespective of their social status. In its continuous process of transformation the language has reached several parts of the world, creating several distributaries of the language. These styles stand independent with their own cocoon of literature and are referred to as American or African or Irish or Welsh or Indian etc. When compared to the British form they have introduced several local words thus giving it an altogether different identity. The difference is very much expected due to the dissimilarity between cultures and religious and political variations. At the same time they are not so dissimilar that British English cannot be followed by Americans or Indians. But a first time reader of "The Canterbury Tales" may not be able to follow Chaucerian or Shakespearean language. The reason is very simple, like every other thing language too has changed with time. With political and socio-cultural changes English language too adjusted itself to the changing tastes. So we can demarcate between the styles as Metaphysical or Caroline or Modern .

It was only in the 1830s that English was introduced as a subject to be taught in the universities. The first professor of English at both University of London and King's College, Reverend Thomas Dale devised the syllabus more as a historical progression of known authors. Now as an university subject, English had to decentralise. It advanced as a world language followed by millions of men in several countries. Thus, the mingling of the mother language with the local tongue resulted in various new styles. These varieties with their own identities were no less competitive in literary quality to their mother language. Thus forcing critics to name them as Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Scottish, Anglo-Welsh etc. The development of women's studies was another major force that destabilized the old concept of English that was restricted to the male canon. Finally we are in a time when the language is more communicative than literary. Increasing globalization is the major factor behind this change.

Whatever may be the changes that this language has undergone the pioneers and developers of this rich literature can never be forgotten. The eastern aisle of the north transept of Westminster Abbey or more popularly known as 'Poet's Corner', where the celebrated souls of English literature rest always remind us of their rich contribution to English literature. Their tombs are not the only proof of their successor's great respect for them. These great men have been read and appreciated in all ages. Their works have always guided us to explore this rich language, thus making it even richer.

Tripti Mund
Faculty English

A Good Scientific Theory

Disciple: Revered Guru! Please explain to me the most salient feature of a

good scientific theory.

Guru: I will do so with an example. Suppose I offer you a choice between two clocks: one is permanently stopped; the other gains few minutes every day and has to be readjusted. Which one will you choose?

Disciple: I will choose the second one.

Guru: Are you sure? The second clock will never give you the exact time whereas the first one will give you the right time twice in twenty-four hours. So think again!

Disciple: Venerable One! What use is the first clock to me if I do not know when that right time is? I am satisfied with the second clock because I know that the time it tells is approximately correct within a few minutes.

Guru: Now you will appreciate what a good scientific theory must do. It must make predictions which can be tested by observations. Like the second clock, it may be imperfect in that its predictions are only approximately true. But it is always to be preferred to a theory which, like the first clock, has no predictive power.

Dr.Biplab Ganguli (From *The Structure of the Universe*, Jayant Narlikar)

STIMULANT

Brain Teasers

Mathematics –the natural language can be immensely interesting when used to solve puzzles. While entertaining, puzzles arouse the activity for scientific imagination. Enjoy solving these:

-Editor

Munna can you we write $1^2 = 1^3$

Yes sir.

Then we can $2^2+2^2=2^3$

Yes

Then we $3^2 + 3^2 + 3^2 = 3^3$

Yes

We can $4^2 + 4^2 + 4^2 + 4^2 = 4^3$

Yes sir, but how long will you write like this ? I have class sir .

OK, then I will not elongate it . I will just write it in general term.

So , from the previous series we can write

$x^2 + x^2 + x^2 + \dots$ up to xth term = x^3

Now differentiating both the sides of this equation w.r.t x we will get,

$2x + 2x + 2x + \dots$ up to xth term = $3x^2$

that is , $2x \cdot x = 3x^2$ or $2x^2 = 3x^2$

Now are you getting anything from the last equation?

Yes sir, if we divide both sides of the last equation by x^2 ($x \neq 0$) we are getting

2=3.

But how is it possible?

That is your work to find out.

Sagar Sikdar

Faculty Mechanical Enguneering

Cows in the Meadow

“When studying the sciences, problems are more useful than rules,” wrote Issac Newton in his universal Arithmetic and accompanied his theoretical propositions with number of examples. Among these exercises was a problem of pasturing cows, one of a special kind of peculiar problems somewhat like the following.

“The grass in a meadow grew equally thick and fast. It was known that 70 cows could eat it up in 24 days, while 30 cows could do it in 60 days. How many cows would crop the grass of the whole meadow in 96 days?”

Algebraic Comedies

The sixth mathematical operation makes it possible to devise actual algebraic comedies and farces on such topics as $2 \times 2 = 5$, $2 = 3$ and the like. The humour in these mathematical shows lies in the fact that the error – a rather elementary one – is somewhat camouflaged and is not at once apparent. Let us take one play from this comic repertoire from the field of algebra.

We show that, $2 = 3$.

We begin with the unquestionable equality, $4 - 10 = 9 - 15$.

Then to both sides of the equality we add the same quantity, $6\frac{1}{4}$:

$$4 - 10 + 6\frac{1}{4} = 9 - 15 + 6\frac{1}{4} .$$

The comedy goes on with the following manipulations:

$$2^2 - 2 \times 2 \times \frac{5}{2} + (\frac{5}{2})^2 = 3^2 - 2 \times 3 \times \frac{5}{2} + (\frac{5}{2})^2$$

$$(2 - \frac{5}{2})^2 = (3 - \frac{5}{2})^2 .$$

Taking the square root of both members of the equation, we get

$$2 - \frac{5}{2} = 3 - \frac{5}{2} .$$

Finally, adding $\frac{5}{2}$ to both sides, we arrive at our comical result:

$$2 = 3 .$$

Where is the mistake?

Dr. Biplab Ganguli

Faculty Physics

SOUVENIR

A New Day

It is 6:30 am, I put off the alarm and got out of the bed. There is a little bit of nervousness and a little bit of excitement mingling together. I get ready by 7:30 and take my breakfast. A fine breakfast in the hostel is of five Puris along with choley curry, put over them. The gossip of the students about ragging added to the already tasty breakfast. After sometime, a nice bus comes up to us. In the bus, students talk about various incidents related to ragging in other colleges and ours too. I sit silently on my seat, with my bag on my lap. The moment I enter into the college, guys (senior) wearing jeans and jackets look upon me as a kid and ask me to get into a line, carrying the bag in their hands. At 9:20, the classes start. First class is interesting, as it is an introduction class. Oh! Who can bear those 100 minutes of lecture at a stretch? At lunchtime I have to make a queue like prisoners with a plate and spoon. Some seniors try to rag me inside cafeteria or toilet. At about 1:00pm, a person named Dr. Arun Padhy comes and gives his Chemistry lecture, he tells us to note the assignments and submit the same next week. There I am strictly instructed to maintain the rules. After a few months I appear my first semester then the second. Assignments, quizzes, extra classes and of course sessionals. I want to run away from this hectic schedule. So, I bunked a few classes, but was caught by Dr. Arun Padhy. I am suspended for a week. Third semester comes with Summer Training. In the fifth Semester there is another Summer Training. But this time, I have to prepare for a presentation. In this Semester, I plan to appear GRE. Moreover, I have to complete CCNA Course. Sixth Semester makes us busy with campus interviews. Hard times start now; I have to prepare for my semesters and GATE too. Foreign language and personality development classes have to be attended. Final year is the toughest time in B.E course. I completed my B.E. .

Finally, I am doing a job here in my Institut e, as a Junior Faculty, also preparing for MBA, I still struggle hard to get to join a MNC. But, my dreams are not shattered. I still have to hope, as I have passed from the toughest Institutes, like NIST.

Dibyendu Kundu

4th Semester

Memories again

Time is the biggest changing factor amongst all in the world. This game of time is just like a merry-go-round. Sometimes it sweeps away memories and sometimes it refreshes memories.

It was a dull morning of August 2002, IGI International Airport's waiting lounge. I had just landed in India after my six years of staying in USA. I was waiting for my office car to pick me up. I was informed that I'd have to wait for 45 minutes

at the airport. In the mean time sitting at the lounge I was throwing my glances at a magazine.

Suddenly, my eyes fell on a young woman sitting opposite to me with a little girl. Seeing their similarity of faces, I knew that the young lady was the girl's mother. The girl was asking her "Mummy" when would uncle arrive? Tell me, Suddenly the lady looked at me. In a moment she came near me sat by my side and asked "Hello Anubhav! It's a pleasant surprise to see you. Did you forget everything, as you are the CMD of an MNC? Do you recognize "I'm Sheela." I scanned my memories.

It is ten years back that I had met Sheela at a seminar in Mumbai. during my B-Tech. I was doing B-Tech in Computer Science and she was also doing her B-Tech but in Electronics. When I came to know that she also from Orissa, we became friends. We were in different colleges but we met on Sundays and holidays. Slowly our friendship turned into love. After B-Tech, I switched over to M-Tech and Sheela to M.C.A both of us kept contact with each other over phone and e-mail.

After, M-Tech I joined an MNC and just after six months I became its CMD. Sometime later I was sent to USA for MBA program. And worked there after MBA for three years. We also kept contact by e-mail and online chatting. One day I got a message from one of my friends that Sheela was going to marry another person. I was completely shocked, as I had decided to tell everything to my parents and marry her after my return to India. Three days later I got an invitation card, it was from Sheela. Yes, she the news was true! I could not suppress my emotions and started weeping. But the busy work schedule was a balm on my wound. Now after seeing her, everything once again danced in my memory.

She then asked me about everything about me in her same friendly manner. When she knew that I didn't have any marriage plans, she persuaded me to do it as soon as possible. At that time her husband arrived. He was one of my M-Tech friends. While introducing me to Sheela, she told, "I know him. We have met before in Mumbai." Then I said, "she was a good friend of mine." I gave her husband a travel coupon, which was with me saying. "Take this as your marriage gift as I was not present at that time and enjoy for some days in Singapore. At first, the couple was reluctant. But after a lot of requests they kept it.

I heard my name being announced at the airport as my car had arrived. My driver came and picked up my luggage. I kissed the little girl and bade goodbye to them. They accompanied me to the car. The girl was waving her hand until I was out of view. With a call I got from office on my cell phone I came back to the real busy life again...

Debi Prasad Misra

3rd Semesteter

Screaming In A Muffled Voice

If everything seems to be running smooth, certainly you are missing something

-Anonymous

Not long ago, six or seven months probably, the time I was writing my sixth semester sessionals. I had to catch the five fifteen bus but missed it. Many of my classmates had left and there was hardly anybody left in the campus. Another half an hour left for the next bus so I moved on to the only flock of *homo-sapiens* around i.e. 99 batch seniors. They were relaxing on the cement pedestal where the orientation program normally holds. No sooner I reached there that I started my jabber but I felt nobody was in a mood to talk. Some of them were staring at the saffron coloured sky while others were gazing at tall buildings, quite insensitive to what I was saying. Finally one of them broke the ice and said "Got to go buddy, time has come, may be this is my last evening, last sunset or may be this is my last bus" followed by a deep breath and a long unusual silence. Silence prevailed for atleast ten minutes. Mean while I figured out that this mood was all because they were going out of the college very soon. But I could not feel their emotion. So I tried to talk to them and asked "Anything you guys feel you have not done, I mean your batch did everything, strikes, sports, romance, ragging, everything. Is there some feather you missed?" I put the question politely and patiently waited for somebody's vocal cord to vibrate. I didn't have to wait for long, as a man in dark skin and bleached hair with a pair a specs quipped "yah! We could have secured a little more marks in the midsems..." still staring at the west saffron sky with no twinkle in his eye.

Now when there are only 2 to 3 months left for me to leave the college the very thought of leaving it -chokes my throat. Now I can understand the reason behind their long blank faces.

While I was in the first year I always dreamt of getting to the final year, the ticket for incessant liberty. It is now, as final year student I understand how tough it is. In these four years I witnessed everything, I struggled running through a very difficult path, sometimes staggering, sometimes firm to be one of the front-liner of our batch. I am yet to know how far I succeeded because it is not that easy if you are a part of the best batch in NIST. Did I say best batch? Yes, because all faculties unanimously agree to it and many verbalize it. Best batch...should it not get the "best" treat? Okay! I know it is pointless to raise this question now but I just cannot help myself remembering the day when we got a "treat". It was my first day in colleges. What a day it was! Alien ambient, hostile seniors, gigantic buildings, boys with white shirt and black trousers and beautiful girls (many of their names I still don't know). That day we had been given a big picture, big view, big dream later proven to be a delusion and who deluged us (Don't ask ,don't say...). Now ask me how far the hallucination prevails, ask me how far they assist us. We are yet to see audio visual tools for communication improvement, yet to see one hundred percent transparency marking procedure, yet to see some decent number of lectures for extra optional course or Advance Technology Training Program and yet to see a good orchestra. A wide spectrum of friends, ranging from tall, fat, dwarf, ugly, thin, small, big, curly, beautiful and that too members of both genders.

Listen to this (you are excited, aren't you?) it happened one fine morning. Know what "fine" stands for Freaky, Insecure, Nasty, Eclipsed morning. When non other than Dr. Reddy dropped into our class and with his hard edged style of walking back and fourth in the wooden bench lying in front of the black-board (oops! Green board) and having a very modest threatening look in his eyes promulgate "you guys are hopping around the forbidden line, a little push and you never know when you will cross it . Remember you are out of line you are out of the college. So no interaction with juniors..." and believe me, it was powerful enough for the next four months till 2002 hooligans hailed.

Anyway! The biggest thing I achieved here was the knowledge in computer much more than what was written in the prescribed books. I seriously feel had I been in some other college would not have got such a platform. There is still a lot to learn; as you learn something new in this field you feel complacent. Time and talent is believed never to decay but procrastination is the time eater and complacency is the talent eater.

The college made me feel that English is not an extraterrestrial language you need it to have a smoother journey in your professional life.

Life goes on...but always comes in a full circle, may be after a few evenings I would be staring at the saffron sky, saying only a few words as I have been told "...may be this is my last evening..." then I would be attending the farewell, the last dance, the last hug and last drops of tear in the college.....

The next morning a bright sky, a new red sun, for a new bamboozled batch. At that time somebody would be writing a similar thing for the Nistian and somebody would be storing the experiences in words.

*It hurts when you leave...
Although you know it on the very first day
Waves have to go back to the sea.
I always dreamt of passing these four-years
And they passed much sooner then I believe
But it hurts when you leave...*

*For us the college is a hell
All we wait for the ringing of the bell.
Movie, games, girls and food court,
Idea of visiting the class we normally abort.
Just can't help...
The idea is pre-conceived.
But it hurts when you leave...*

*I have got less then what I want,
As I dreamt of sky from infant.
Things could have been a lot better,
Many dreams would not have shattered.
Anyway! it is a part of us now,
No matter how hard somebody tries to grow.*

*Believe me!
It hurts when you leave.*

Ashish Devta
Final year

Know your man by his socks

A carefree and easy going man will give least importance to his socks. He's always misplacing them- one under the pillow, the other in the dog's den. He's definitely the type who doesn't give a damn for what people think of him.

On the other hand, we have men who are extremely careful and choosy about their socks; they wear neutral shades reflecting a traditional, conformist and conservative frame of mind.

The choice of socks can also reveal if your man is creative, imaginative and bold. Does he always play it safe by buying those dull and monotonous pairs or does he experiment with a splash of different colours, mix' match? If he goes in for reduced, end-of -the season, hi-fashion socks with very definite styling; doesn't mind wearing them for three days in a row, then he is a dreamer who is veering between thinking highly of himself and believing he's worthless. And if he buys and wears any pair that catches his fancy, then he likes to flaunt his personality. If you've got a guy with stinking socks, be sure to run a hundred miles away from him, as this one is unhygienic.

Jagannath Mohanty
Faculty Management

SILHOUETTES

Laughterthe most civilized music in the world

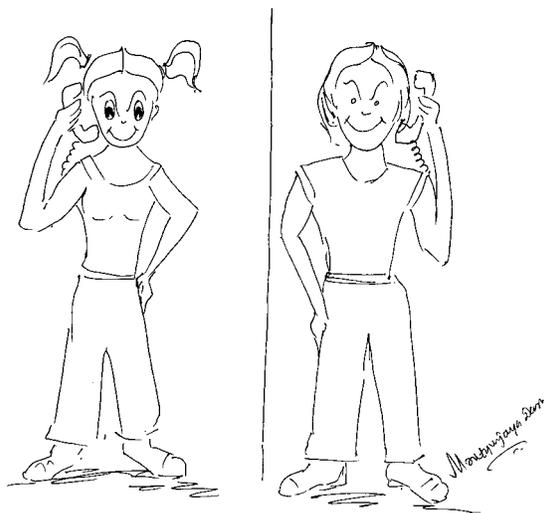
Peter Ustinov

The quality of being able to laugh at oneself and also on ones misfortunes is something that perhaps alleviates the pain of day to day living and renders him sane in the face of seemingly insurmountable

odds. Humour can also be extremely effective since it is more arresting than a solemn sermon. Cartoons help in illustrating and

enriching truth the way no other means of communication can because cartoonists put down the mighty and exalt the humble. It is because of this ability of a cartoonist to ridicule without offending that we have brought here a few such attempts by one of our students.

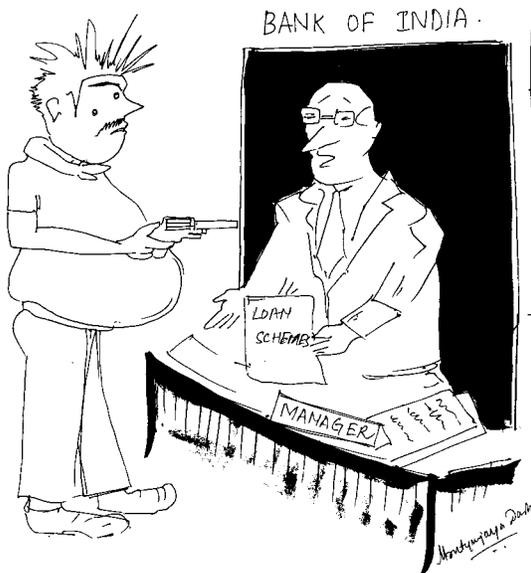
-Editor



Well if I called the wrong number why did you answer the phone?



I am giving education just one more try...if I fail again I'm entering politics.



Why don't you try taking a loan instead?



He's a bank manager –wants five lakhs deposited before he'll marry my daughter.



Patients accustomed to adulterated food respond only to spurious drugs!

SOUNDING BOARD

It is always of absorbing interest to see the history of modern times reflected through the sayings of significant people. The quotations here are reflections of such people on twentieth and twenty first-century life. While compiling the impressions it is intended that the readers will find their own common concerns reflected in them and hence find them interesting.

-Editor

“All I need to make a comedy is a park, a policeman and a pretty girl.”



On the universality of silent films:
“Words are cheap. The biggest thing you can say is ‘Elephant’.

Charlie Chaplin
(1889-1977)



God is really only another artist. He invented the giraffe, the elephant, and the

cat. He has no real style. He just goes on trying other things.

Pablo Picasso
(1881-1973)



The internet is an elite organization; most of the population of the world has never even made a phone call.

On the limitations of World Wide Web
Noam Chomsky
(1928-)

The empires of the future are the empires of the mind.

Winston Churchill
(1874-1965)



When asked whether he really believed a horseshoe hanging over his door would bring him luck: “Of course not, but I am told it works even if you don’t believe in it.”

Niels Bohr
Danish physicist.
(1885-1962)



The great question that has never been answered and which I have not yet been able to answer, despite my thirty years of research into the feminine soul, is ‘what does a woman want’?

Sigmund Freud
1856-1939



Food comes first, then morals.

Bertolt Brecht
(1898-1956)

When I was young, I found out that the big toe always ends up making a hole in a sock. So I stopped wearing socks.

Albert Einstein
(1879-1955)



Culture may even be described simply as that which makes life worth living.

T.S. Eliot.
(1888-1965)

Fancy being remembered around the world for the invention of a mouse!

Walt Disney, during his last illness
(1901-66).



If A is a success in life then A equals X plus Y plus Z. Work is X; Y is play; and Z is keeping your mouth shut.

Albert Einstein
(1879-1955)



Mistakes are a fact of life. It is the response to error that counts.

Nikki Giovanni
(1943-)



And it seems to me you lived your life

Like a candle in the wind:
Never fading with the sunset
When the rain set in.

Elton John. Written for and sung at the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales.

(1947-)



It’s often better to be in chains than to be free.

Frank Kafka
(1883-1924)



I think, therefore I am is the statement of
an intellectual when underrates toothaches
Milan Kundera
(1929-)



One of the things I learnt when I was
negotiating was that until I changed
myself I could not change others.

Nelson Mandela
(1918-)

Speech is civilization itself. The word,
even the most contradictory word,
preserves contact-it is silence which
isolates.

Thomas Mann
(1875-1955)



There are two tragedies in life. One is not
to get your heart's desire. The other is to
get it.

George Bernard Shaw
(1856-1950)



All the world's greats have been little
boys who wanted the moon.

John Steinbeck
(1902-68)



We believe a scientist because he can
substantiate his remarks, not because he is
eloquent and forcible in his enunciation.

In fact we distrust him when he seems to
be influencing us by his manner.

I.A.Richards
(1893 – 1979)

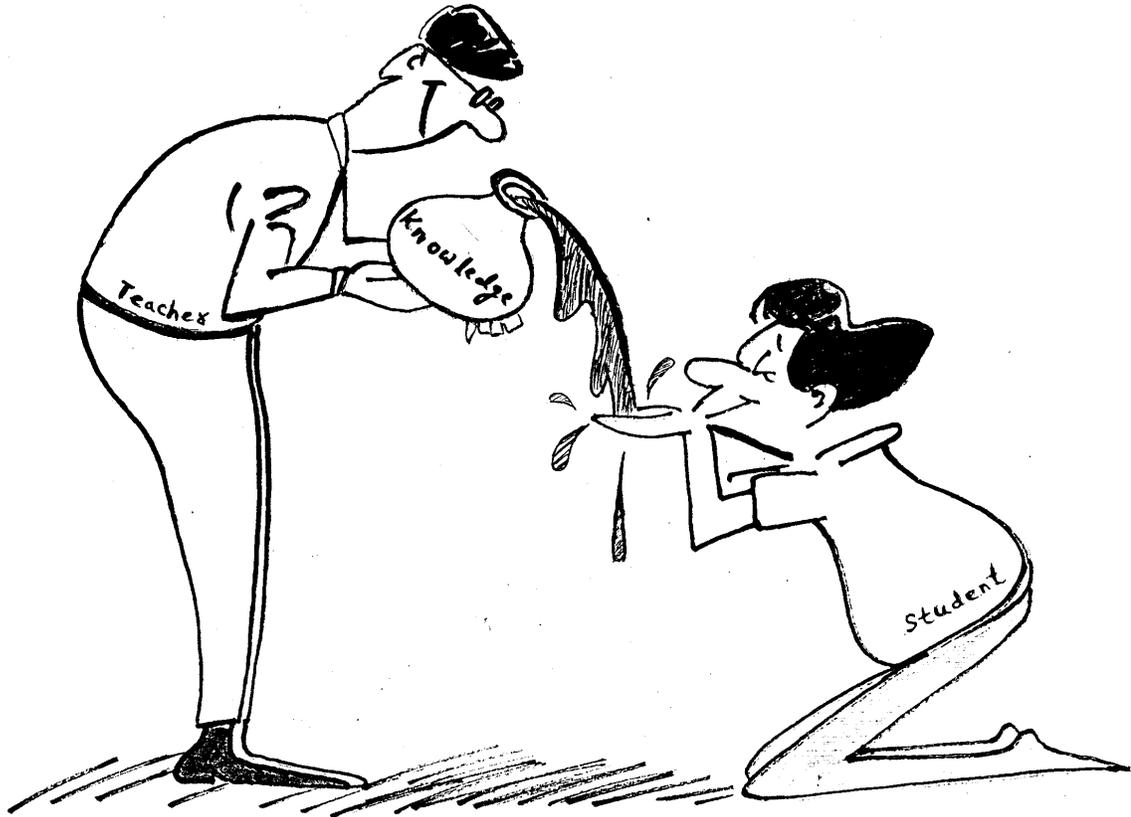


replying to G.H. Hardy's suggestion that
the number of a taxi, (1729) was dull :

No, it is a very interesting number;
It is the smallest number expressible as a
sum of two cubes in two different ways.

The two ways being 1^3+12^3 and 9^3+10^3

Srinivasa Ramanujam
(1887 – 1920)



- Vasu -

