

The Tao of BITSian Life

Thus spake the Guldu:

"When you have learned to snatch an A from the traps of a Mid-Sem C, it will be time for you to leave."

Something mysterious is formed, born in the silent void. Waiting alone and unmoving, it is at once still and yet in constant motion. It is the soul of BITSian life. I do not know its name, so I will call it the Tao of BITSian Life. If the Tao is great, then the time management is great. If the time management is great, then the personal results are great. If the personal results are great, then we are pleased, and there is harmony on campus. The Tao of BITSian Life flows far away and returns on the wind of morning.

The Tao gave birth to the BITSian language. BITSian language gave birth to a way of life. This way of life gave birth to the go-get-it attitude. Now there are thousands of BITSians. All BITSians have their purpose, however humble. Each BITSian has his/her place within the Tao. But do not go to IIT if you can avoid it.

In the beginning was the Tao. The Tao gave birth to Space and Time. Therefore Space and Time are the Rod and Kela of BITSian life. BITSians that do not comprehend the Tao are always running out of time and space. BITSians that comprehend the Tao always have enough time and space to accomplish their goals.

How could it be otherwise?

The wise BITSian is told about Tao and follows it. The average BITSian is told about Tao and searches for it. The naive BITSian is told about Tao and laughs at it. If it were not for laughter, there would be no Tao. The highest sounds are hardest to hear. Going forward is a way to retreat. Great talent shows itself late in life. Even a perfect BITSian still has his/her flaws.

Thus Spake the Prognosticator:

"After three days without campus, life becomes meaningless."

The BITSians of yore were mysterious and profound. We cannot fathom their thoughts, so all we do is describe their appearance. Aware, like a fox crossing the water. Alert, like a general on the battlefield. Kind, like a hostess greeting her guests. Simple, like uncarved blocks of wood. Opaque, like black pools in darkened caves. Who can tell the secrets of their hearts and minds? The answer exists only in TAO.

Grand Prognosticator A.B.C.D.φ once dreamed that he was IPC. When he awoke he exclaimed:

"I don't know whether I am A.B.C.D.φ dreaming that I am the IPC, or IPC dreaming that I am A.B.C.D.φ!"

An Outsti from a very reputed college came for OASIS and then returned to report to his faculty, saying: "What sort of students live in BITS? They behaved oddly and were unconcerned with appearances. Their hair was long and unkempt and their clothes were wrinkled and old. They crashed at random and they made rude noises during my event." The faculty said: "I should have never sent you to OASIS. The BITSians live beyond the physical world. They consider life absurd, an accidental coincidence. They come and go without knowing limitations. Without a care, they live only for their purpose. Why should they bother with social conventions?"

They are alive within the Tao."

A novice asked the Prognosticator: "Here is a BITSian who never attends classes, and is always in the common room. Yet all who know him consider him one of the best BITSians on campus. Why is this?"

The Prognosticator replies: "That BITSian has mastered the Tao. He has gone beyond the need for the mundane; he does not become angry when he splashes a test or two, but accepts the universe without concern. He has gone beyond the need for proving his worth; he no longer cares if anyone else understands that. Each of his computer answer scripts are perfect within themselves, serene and elegant, their purpose self-evident. Truly, he has entered the mystery of Tao."

Thus spake the Prognosticator:

"When you are in your present-sem, it is futile not to let go."

A BITSian should be swift and agile, his thoughts connected like a string of pearls. The spirit and intent of the BITSian life should be retained throughout. There should be neither too little nor too much, neither needless haggles nor useless squabbles, neither lack of comprehension nor overwhelming rigidity.

A BITSian should follow the 'Law of Optimisation'. What is this law? It is simply that the BITSian should always respond to a situation in the way that he makes optimum usage of the resources available.

The BITSian should be directed by the logic within rather than by outward appearances. If the BITSian fails in these requirements, he will be in a state of disorder and confusion. The only way to correct this is to bring him back on campus.

A novice asked the Prognosticator: "I lead a life here that sometime runs and sometimes aborts. I have followed the rules of BITSian living, yet I am totally baffled. What is the reason for this?"

The Prognosticator replied: "You are confused because you do not understand Tao. Only a fool expects rational behavior from nature. Why do you expect it from artificiality that is a result of transcendental living? Life simulates determinism; only Tao is prefect. The rules of living are transitory; only Tao is eternal. Therefore you must contemplate Tao before you receive enlightenment."

"But how will I know when I have received enlightenment?" asked the novice.

"Your life will then run correctly," replied the master.

A Prognosticator was explaining the nature of Tao of to one of his novices, "The Tao is embodied in all aspects of campus life-- regardless of how insignificant," said the master.

"Is the Tao in the D-Lawns?" asked the novice.

"It is," came the reply.

"Is the Tao in the C-Lawns?" continued the novice.

"It is even in the C-Lawns," said the Prognosticator.

"And is the Tao in and around Shiv-G?"

The Prognosticator coughed and shifted his position slightly. "The lesson is over for today," he said.

A BITSian was coding in one of Microsoft's labs. His fingers danced upon the keyboard. The program compiled without an error message, and the program ran like a gentle wind.

"Excellent!" Billu exclaimed, "Your technique is faultless!"

"Technique?" said the BITSian turning from his terminal, "What I follow is Tao -- beyond all techniques! When I first began to program I would see before me the whole problem in one mass. After three years I no longer saw this mass. Instead, I used subroutines. But now I see nothing. My whole being exists in a formless void. My senses are idle. My spirit, free to work without plan, follows its own instinct. In short, my program writes itself. True, sometimes there are difficult problems. I see them coming, I slow down, I watch silently. Then I change a single line of code and the difficulties vanish like puffs of idle smoke. I then compile the program. I sit still and let the joy of the work fill my being. I close my eyes for a moment and then log off."

Billu said, "Would that all of my programmers were as wise!"

And thus spake the Prognosticator:

"Let the BITSian be many and the outstis few -- then all will be productive."

Why are BITSians non-productive? Because their time is wasted on tests.

Why are BITSians hapless? Because the insti interferes too much.

Why are BITSians leaving one by one? Because they are passing out.

Having served their time, they now wish to explore newer vistas.

An instructor went to his students and told them: "As regards to your work hours: you are going to have to come in at eight in the morning and leave at five in the evening." At this, all of them became perplexed."

So the instructor said: "All right, in that case you may set your own working hours, as long as you finish your projects on schedule." The BITSians, now satisfied, began to come in at noon and work till the wee hours of the morning.

Thus spake the Guldu:

"Now let us play Hangaroo, after having read the *Guldu Note*."

Guldu Note: This was the result of a flash of insight at 0330 hrs. Inconvenience caused is deeply regretted.