

IIT KANPUR SPECIAL FESTIVAL PULLOUT 1 1977

A GOOD CAT DESERVES A GOOD RAT

The IITK Carnival has arrived. Flowers of various hues, red, black and blue are in bloom. And though restricted to the attire of the Cultural Council volunteers, it is nevertheless a most charming and heart-warming sight. It certainly brightens up the otherwise drab atmosphere on campus. Into this little colorful island of ours, will charge in an unruly barbarian horde. And our first-yearites will stare in open-mouthed awe as the barbarians flaunt their seemingly superior apparel, morals, manners and accents. But the rest of us, aged veterans, will observe cynically some of the most amusing spectacles ever to be witnessed. The supposedly Yankee nasal twang of the broad-hipped Amazons of Delhi will blend with the rustic accents of the country bumpkins in an ethereal harmony of female envy. The gently crooning Surd will compete with the raucously yodeling people to produce a masterpiece of discordant musical cacophony. The Cultural Council peacocks will swagger around in a last-ditch attempt to look busy and important. Not to be-outdone, the Senate will call an extraordinarily extraordinary meeting to pass a resolution on the inflation problem in Monaco. All participants, especially girls, will be cordially invited to witness in hushed awe the proceedings of this august body. And to cap it all, tea will be served.

AN ADVANCE TEXT OF THE DIRECTOR'S SPEECH

"Fellow country men,

We are gathered here today on this historic occasion in order to celebrate the Eleventh Anniversary of our first cultural festival. That momentous event which happened to coincide with the beginnings of the National Liberation Struggle in Congo in the form of the Great Pygmy rebellion was another great milestone in our valiant struggle against colonialism and imperialism.

But, my dear countrymen, we must not rest on our laurels. Colonialism is dying, but imperialism still exists and is growing stronger year by year. The most blatant form of imperialism now being practiced is the cultural imperialism. And the most blatant form of cultural imperialism is the trouser imperialism, which has uprooted our own native dhoti-culture. I would like to delve into the comparative advantages of the dhoti over trousers but that would mean exceeding the three hour limit that I have been given for this inaugural speech. However; I would like to emphasise that the dhoti is cool and comfortable and is wonderful for emergencies.

So,..my dear patriotic friends, I must warn you once again to be always on your guard against the machinations of the superpowers. We must stand united in the face of all adversities and face all the challenge bravely and with cool determination. This auspicious occasion, the Eleventh Cultural Festival, is another great step toward the fulfillment of our most vital national goals, of the national integration of the men and women of our great motherland.

So, my patriotic brethren, let us steel ourselves for the future and march on towards a better tomorrow, which I am declaring a holiday....."



If

*If you know a foolproof way
Of making a troop of girls stick to their guide*

*If you can say 'no' to a sweet, young thing
And still convince her that you are on her side.*

*If you can dry a soaked pandal
After a torrential fall of rain.*

*If you can prove to a furious guy
That by going away, he stands to gain.*

*If you can interpret a dehaat's English
When he says 'Bhere ij broad phrom Jhebhiar?'*

*If you can convince the chicks around
That for Miss Festival Contest, the more the merrier.*

*If you can cause in a well-meaning oaf
The gentle realization that he has no brains.*

*If you have the tact to convey to some girls
That the smell in their rooms is due to them, not the drains*

*If you can handle with confidence the foll:
A mike and a bike, an amp and a broom.*

*If you can do all of these things
Then, hang around. We need you in the Control Room.*

Besides the flute that is short and sweet.
Indian music has many a treat
It puts you to sleep.
Into a slumber so deep.
You suddenly wake up and yell 'Repeat'.



Limber up !!!

The ubiquitous presence of some strange entities in the cultural festival, called the gang of judges, is almost always forgotten - especially by the participants. The Cheshire Cat once again champions the cause of the neglected. We present below, a 'Quick Test' for the judges, to see if they are still discerning and remember their fundamentals, thumb rules and secret formulas.

Choose one of the three alternatives for questions below:

1) This question is for the judge of 'Miss Festival'

What is the single most important factor to judge the Miss Festival?

- The number of student guides she has.
- Shape of the toenails.
- Factor $F = gTS + C$ where
T = Temperature in K
S = Surface Tension
C = Your heart beat rate

g = acceleration due to gravity.

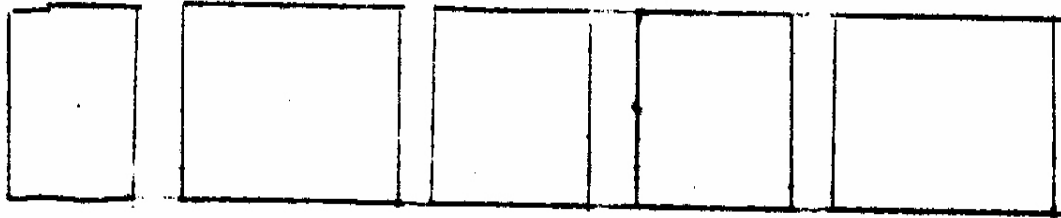
2) This question concerns the judges of the classical Indian music.
How long is the 'Alap' played in *Raag Malkauns* in *Tritaal*?

- a. Till the boos drown it out.
- b. According to Tansen Shastra Vol. IX Chap. XL Page 142, the *Alap* should last precisely for 12406 *matras*.
- c. Till the *tablawala* wakes up.

3) For the judges of Indian dances:
Of all these alternatives, what is the most fundamental difference between *Manipuri* and *Oddissi* ?

- a. There is no difference at all.
- b. One is usually done by MH and the other is done by LSR.
- c. The twenty fourth *mudra* of the *Manipuri* dance resembles a hungry man chasing a speeding bus whereas the corresponding *mudra* in *Oddissi* resembles man highjumping on the Moon.

4) Painting Judges.
Of the following five portraits, which deserves the first prize?



Black on black.	Infinity's fifth dim- ension of nothingness	Self Portrait	Close-up of a man with white shirt.	Untitled.
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- a. The fourth picture is best for the glow, the fresh tone, the delicately sparkling white and the accuracy of values. Also for the geometrical play of composition without becoming violent or dramatic.
- b. From a layman's point of view, without going into detail, for the sheer aesthetic appeal, painting 1 surpasses the other four greatly.
- c. How can you expect me to judge them when they are hanging upside down?

5) This last question is addressed to the self-styled judges, the populace, alias the *Janata* .
Why do you think this festival is as bad as the previous festivals?

- a. Because the pandal is not air-conditioned. :
- b. Because everybody else says so.
- c. Because they don't bring out Culfest pyjamas.

It is the usual practice at the festival time to go around buttonholing visitors and asking them a few inane questions and generally trying to somehow fill a few pages. Since the other mags are already doing this and to add variety, we go around asking random samples from the hosts.

* Mr. K.S. Rot, obscure person in an obscure branch from an obscure town in an obscure state. We could not get anything meaningful out of him as he was staring vacantly at a distant female and muttering obscenities under his breath.

* Newly appointed guide (observed in action) : "Now, girls, this is our cooler. Other halls don't have anything to beat it. And here is our reading room.. "

* Unnamed faculty member: "There will be extra classes on Sunday and Monday. Attendance is compulsory."

* Another faculty member: "Cultural Festival? What is that ?"

* Spark guy: ".. Are you a participant? I want to ask you a few questions. "

* P. H. D. Rao (scrambling after darts) : "Horror of horrors.
These guys are chucking my computer program around."

*. Mr. Maggu Raj : "I thought this was the aquatics meet".

*The tablawala sits contritely,
Hoping we'll think he is mighty,
While sitars strum,
And singers hum,
We conclude he is just a sidey.*



PUBLISHED BY A FEW GUYS

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