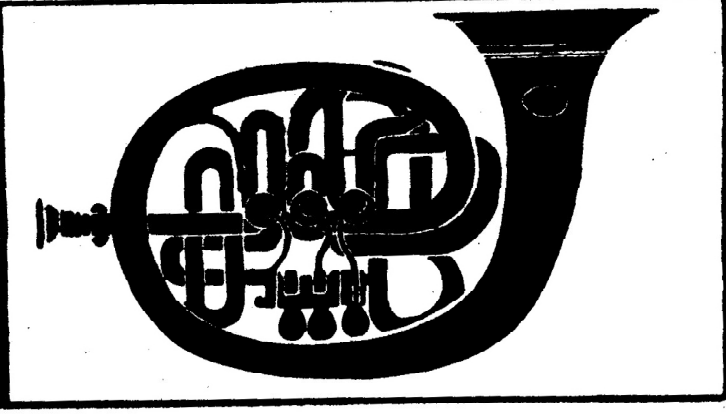


the
Whistle
Blower



IIT KANPUR APRIL 04, 1976

A GOOD CAT DESERVES A GOOD RAT

Pew! We're back again, despite the dire predictions of our esteemed, extinguished critics who had given us not more than a day to live. We strike back with a vengeance, to continue tilting at windmills, prodding at the sacred cows of our establishment and poking pins into long venerated dolls. We shall continue to exhilarate, frustrate, irritate and excite. And after doing all this, we shall return.

The Topper from Sambhalpur

*Tonight
I must phinish
Chapter three pucca
He resolves*

*Tonight comes
Chapter three phinished
He retires
Confused as never before.*

*Assiduous transcription
Of Assignments
Typed problems
Probables
With every lecture
Every tutorial
Attended after early morning bath
But confused as never before,*

*Mid-sem over
He asks with poignancy
'Sir, Bhat ees de class-average ?'*



*Not satisfied he extracts
The year Aberage too*

*And then -
Tonight
I must phinish Chapter ten pucca
He resolves .*

*Sern over
The dioptres have shifted
From two to four
Dark rings
Increased pulses
Increased paces
Remain -*

*And so
He lives and lives
With a face betraying his CPI.*

DISCOVERY SHISHUPAL TALKS TO THE CHESHIRE CAT ...

He's the caretaker of the S.A.C. He's also a handyman; a ,regular jack of all trades and a master of more than one. His self-assured air, occasional enigmatic smiles and bachelor status all bespoke an interesting past. So we tracked him down to his room and got his story.

As a student Shishupal was passionately fond of the arts and drama. After completing his schooling he graduated as an Acharya from Santiniketan and then studied mime under the great Vardhacharya at Madras.

By the time he was 20 he was a competent actor and well on the way to success on the stage. And then the war intervened.

Shishupal was then an idealist and a fiery patriot, a zealot. He dropped a promising career on the stage and enlisted in Netaji's INA, fighting for a year at the front in Bumna with that gallant yet stigmatized army. Looking back at those days Shishupal said cynically 'I was young and foolish then and eager for the bubbled reputation. I'd have done better to stay on the stage.'

Then the INA high command decided that with his education Shishupal would be more useful as an espionage agent. After a month's training in Japan, Shishupal

returned to India and enlisted in the British Indian Army motor corps stationed at Allahabad, ostensibly 'a serving of Her Majesty the Queen, but actually collecting information, planting time bombs and contributing everything possible to bring Her empire to a speedy end. It was a dangerous life, for spies received precious short shrift and Shishupal did not fail to impress upon us that, had he been discovered, he would have been summarily executed. He was the first real spy we had met and we listened, suitably impressed.

How completely Shishupal deceived the British can be gauged by the fact that the British officers at Allahabad considered him to be a most conscientious worker for the war effort and awarded him the Defence medal.

And then the war ended. The British relentlessly persecuted all ex INA men. Someone, somewhere, was arrested and talked. The British got wind of Shishupal's clandestine activities and furious at being hoodwinked, they resolved to arrest and hang him. Warned in time, Shishupal managed to escape the dragnet. 'The police were looking for Shishupal; but Shishupal, helped by a false beard and a command of Telugu, was now Shesha Rao, a garrulous tourist from Hyderabad. When the police began to get suspicious about Mr. Shesha Rao, that gentleman transformed himself into Sheshiah, a Tamil coolie. A false moustache and a knowledge of Tamil consummated the metamorphosis. Till 1948 Shishupal was forced to live in obscurity.

Things did not improve much with Independence. Shishupal found too many newcomers on the stage and no room for an old timer like him. So he drifted on from menial job to menial job till 1962 when he joined the I.I.T.

We asked him why he had chosen to remain a bachelor. Here he paused, sat very erect and enunciated, slowly and deliberately - 'I have my pride. Had the I.N.A. won I'd have been discharged honourably; I'd be respected; and then I'd have gone to my ancestral village in Rajasthan and married a comely village belle. But now ' - and he shrugged his shoulders.

And so he continues in the IIT. He doesn't brood, but you can see that he thinks life has

Given him a raw deal. He spends his evening hours writing poems and *ghazals* or amuses by improvising tunes on a *dholak*.

That's Shishupal for you.

BIT TIDS

'Take a hostel load of PGs who are fed on nothing but *Sambar* and other gastronomia and bus them mercilessly into Hall 3 mess where *Tinda* and/or *louky* make it to. every other meal - and watch the fun.

It did happen this mid-semester recess when the Hall 4 mess closed down after a decade of continuous running and the PGs grubbed in Hall 3. The elite of Hall 4 however stayed off, preferring canteens. The rest of them adjusted remarkably well. Hall 3 residents are however sore at the whole episode because they are sure it was the 'phuds' who swiped the semi-pornographic magazines like 'Film Mirror' (which don't come to Hall 4 R.room) from their reading room.

** Many students are getting baptized into the 'pseud' crowd. Yes! we are referring to their enrolling as '*Le Montage*' members, in herds. At the risk being called highbrows, we muse, that probably the 'adults only' bit of the *Le Montage* membership appealed to the Freudian part of their subconscious. The point is, they cut quite a bit into the pseud's quota of *Montage* membership resulting in the identity crisis of many a pseud. 'One frustrated pseud remarked 'That's going to be funny! With their slow reading rate, they can either see the movie or read the subtitles like reading a novel'. Unabashed, uncompromising, many of the pew members successfully stuck through several *Montage* movies. One even reviewed a movie thus '*Voh bahut high funde ki movie thi, yaar*'.

*** The Cultural Council held a G.K. quiz recently. Competitors felt the questions were vague; the organizers' answers were even vaguer. Both of them are justified, as from these samples:

Q: Which planet has a satellite called Miranda?

A: Stephens

Q: Which companies built the Concorde ?

A: Hawker Sidey and Pseude Aviation.

Q: What is the study of the geography of the moon known as?

A: Lunacy.

**** An innocent looking thing like the 'Visitor's Hostel can actually be the seat of several embarrassments. During their brief stay, the visiting Cultural Troupes (like the Manna Dey's) come across a variety of people ranging from VH Officials down to students, and they are often unable to distinguish one from the ether. That's why Manna was seen seriously discussing his contract, (in English) with a VB employee, believing him to be the Cultural Sec. What was most amusing was a faculty member fishing for Tun Tun's room key in her enormous handbag, obviously at the latter's command. After he found the key, she ordered him (Still mistaking him to be a VB employee) to help 'Kavitha and Kalpana' find their key. With the obsequiousness he displayed he really looked like a bonded laborer.

REFINEMENT

*Walking towards the library,
I spied a pretty young lady.
I made to whistle, then remembered,
That to whistle was quite unrefined.
So I walked on staidly,
And made love to that lady
In an inner recess of my mind.*

The Cheshire Cat found a copy of this very corny magazine a few days ago.. The cat began to chew it, then changed his mind, and decided to read it. Here it is.

THE OPNIONS EXPRESSED ARE NOT THOSE OF THE STUDENT GYMKHANA
BUT MAY BE THOSE OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW, NEW YORKER OR
OCCASIONALLY THE EDITORIAL BOARD

the shark

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. and the names of the
members of the editorial
board in the last 5 pages

EDITORIAL

The Shark is the longest established campus magazine that always makes a valiant attempt to entertain. This time we have a more exhaustive coverage of campus activities (see articles like The diary of a jackass, The Man and the boozed out Lady etc.) and a liberal inclusion of humor and fiction (like our article on IIT-K co-education). In response to the overwhelming requests of our readers, THE SHARK has currently

established a noise-news delineating department and sixty of our best editorial staff have been pressed into that.

But sadly enough THE SHARK finds that it does not qualify for a room in the SAC. We were disappointed; but only for a while. You must be happy to note that we are planning to build our own room~ near the SAC, in the middle of the playground. Contributions in any form, especially brickbats, are most welcome.

O..O-SICK!!

I wake up. Yippitty Oh Lawd I think I shall do it to the bogs Tuff. Tuff. Tuff. I should chuck the fag ickybicky. I returned and the bear was lecturing still... Often I feel you are innocent... Oh Lawd... Should I take the bogs? ~.. Tuff Tuff Tuff The bitch is no dish. Itchy bitchy... I returned and the bear was thundering still Oh Lawd.. Hunpty Dtmpty.

[If you want to continue reading this tedium, go back to line 1 and start reading all over again]

JUXTAPOSITION

The leaves dance. The legs walk. The dogs run. The babies cry. N The imaginative mosquito unfurls its wings and takes off on its hind legs and glides along the periphery of the monotonous stretch of the human elbow, waits for Universal Recognition while mating in mid-air. The Universe, uncharitable, keeps expanding and the mosquito existentializes in a new world of cosmic harmony. Yonder, the wind blows savagely and here we sell *raddhi* and write such crap

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