

IIT KANPUR MARCH 01, 1977

A GOOD CAT DESERVES A GOOD RAT

Your IITian is a lonely male. Like lonely men everywhere, girls are never far from his thoughts. Our callow country lad, for that's who he really is when it comes to girls, is alternately an incurable romantic and an excited animal. All in his thoughts, of course, for in real life, he gets no opportunity to play either the opera lover or the stud bull. So, then what does he do? He ogles and he dreams and he ogles and he dreams. The Cheshire cat is a year old today and you might think: that it's rather young to be writing about love. Don't be shocked, for cats know more about the birds and the bees by the time they are one than you will when you are twenty. And cats are very sensible about the whole business unlike you humans; although, or may be because, cats are alarmingly promiscuous.

So read us carefully, you might pick up a useful hint or two.

POOR, DUMB BLOKE

*The two of them were walking towards the library
When she rode past and smiled ever so sweetly.
He couldn't believe it. She must have smiled at that nit,
His companion. But no -she didn't know him.
So it must be he she had smiled at.
His heart began to beat a slow tattoo.
True, she was in his class
True, he'd often sat beside her
Had often tried to converse
But she'd been painfully disinterested
And now she had smiled
Perhaps she'd only been shy in class
He must talk to her tomorrow
They'd soon be friends
He would invite her for dinner
She would invite him back*

*They were both from Delhi
Could travel home together
Come back: together
She liked pop music
He could learn to like it
She was so adorably attractive
And he'd be so, so good to her.
His companion halted this swift rushing stream of thought with,
'Just because I let her cog my bloody assignment yesterday,
She's smiling at me like a bloody cherub today!
He was silent after a ferocious hiss- 'Bloody bitch '
End*

IF IN IIT K SOME TIME OR THE OTHER, THERE ARE AS MANY GIRLS AS THERE ARE BOYS NOW; AND AS MANY BOYS AS THERE ARE GIRLS NOW.

INTRODUCTION: A brick red building, 'Boy's Hostel' , stands there in a secluded corner of the campus housing the fifty odd boys, who are the apples of the eyes of the two thousand and odd girls who are housed in several hostels.

Scene: A room in the BH. An ordinary girl tiptoes in, much to the surprise of the boy who is busy with his Kreyzig.

BOY: What brings you here at this forbidden hour? I'll be 'gated' for three days if you are seen here.

GIRL: Shhh. Cheer up old boy. I couldn't wait to tell you how cute you looked at the boys/ cross country. Just imagine!! Ooh!! Two thousand girls ogling at ten boy participants!!

BOY: (gratefully) it's so good of the new Games Secretary Suiita Devi to give us boys also a chance. We couldn't hope to compete with you. Anyway what's now?

GIRL: (her face lighting up) Wouldn't you like to know. I've been selected as a guide for St. Stephens for the Cul fest. They'll be coming in three days. Just imagine! Ooh!! All those hep blue eyed boys, all to myself. Two hundred males invading this feminine bastion. Won't you feel 'J' .

BOY: (Sulks momentarily) Never mind! Who knows, twenty years hence you girls might be at the receiving end. I would love to see that day.

GIRL: (Consolingly) :Poor thing! Come, come, don't feel so bad. I have something nice for you too. I'll take you to the flick tomorrow in L7. Now, aren't you thrilled?

BOY: No thanks. I've had enough of your movies. To think you girls could whistle and screech when you see those silly males on the screen. I hide my face when I see those stud bulls like Dara Singh and Ranjeet bare-chested. It is positively disgusting and vulgar. Besides, I've better things to do. I have been selected for the "RAT TRAP".

GJRL: (Mockingly) You would !! Tell me one boy here who hasn't sometime or the other acted in a play.

BOY: How ungrateful! Despite all our efforts – we have to brave your cat calls. Gosh! What depths can you IIT-K girls stoop to. Even the Inter IIT meet last year proved to be an embarrassment for us boys.

GIRL: (Recollecting with nostalgia). What a memorable meet that was! We annexed the hop-scotch, skipping and tiddly winks championships. We would have made a clean sweep if you boys hadn't been so clumsy at Kho Kho.

BOY: By the way, how come I see you in the library so often these days?

GIRL: To be perfectly frank with you, it's because of the new tough looking male at the counter. Great fun ogling!

BOY: How disgusting!

The two of them make small talk and discuss non-entities till the wee hours of the morning. Finally the boy yawns, looks at his clock and then at his book. (The girl refuses to take hints)

BOY I: (With a bored expression) Scram, will you! I have to mug for the quiz tomorrow. After that nightmarish experience of several consecutive zeros. I have to prove to these silly girls that we boys are also capable of doing well in studies.

GIRL: (With a mischievous look) Who are you trying to kid? You boys don't have to bother about grades. As it is, you all get a grade higher than you deserve. Moreover, you can't deny that Mrs Patel, the instructress, has flipped for you. By the way, I suppose you are making it to our Hall day?

BOY (Yawns.) I am afraid I won't be. I have been invited by girls from all the five halls and I'd prefer to go to Hall IV and take part in the Kampus King contest than come over to your place. Now if you don't mind, it is time I slept. Be seeing you tomorrow and while sneaking out make sure the choukidarni doesn't spot you.

The girl gets up reluctantly, gives him a long wistful look and then vanishes past the rows of 'Gents bikes into the cold dark night.

LETTERS OF INFATUATED IIT-IANS

1. TEN POINTER

My dear Anita,

How were your grades last time? I barely managed to get my ten. Have you seen that problem - almost as beautiful as you - in Resnick? Doesn't that spring look cute? Guess what? I have joined the MENSA and the MENSA took us to Allen forest and movie 'Bullet'.

How do you like the isometric views of your face I sent you?

With love

xxxxxx

P.S. Do not write too often. It took me 13 minutes to write this letter.

2. TWO POINTER

Dearest Sweetie Pie Anita,

I have been thinking of you so much that I missed my mid-sems last week. Wouldn't have made much difference anyway, since I pawned my books. Don't get perturbed yaar, they are only library books.

You have suggested that we go to Naini Tal or Simla for summer hols. Let me surprise you by suggesting a place as cool, but less expensive and more private - IIT-K. Yes baby - I have summer courses this time too.

If you want to meet me, come at a sane hour like at 4 a .m. because I'll be playing bridge till then.

With hugs and kisses

xx:xxxx

3. PRESIDENT, STUDENTS' GYMKHANA

To: Miss Anita C:-upta

Sub: Amorous.

Madam: With reference to your letter dated 13.2.1977, I experienced the following reactions.

- (1) Euphoria
- (2) Nostalgia
- (3) Fondness.

I wish to state that there are a few others which I could not catalogue and as soon as the reports of the Standing Committee to review the Sitting Committee on Standing Committees and the Committee without portfolio are ready, I shall appoint a sub-committee which will send you a complete list at a later date. After passing a resolution condemning President Carter's West Asia policy, I hereby assure you that the Senate will pass a resolution proposed by me and hopefully seconded by you that we be united in the most holy matrimony.

Yours sincerely,

xxxxx

PS: Send your reply in triplicate.

4. Ph.D. STUDENT OF CHEMISTRY

A.BSTRACT: A letter indicating an adult male's love for a member of the opposite sex is described here.

Dear Anita,

1 I am sorry to state I have not been able to write to you for so long ¹. My health has been declining lately.²

I will be sitting in Hall IV Canteen ³ from 6.40 a.m. on 13.2.71 to 3.45 a.m. on 26.2.77. If you do not meet me then, there is a grave danger of my falling in love with Nair.

Sincerely

S .Das⁴

Reference s:

1. Your letter dated 26.1.77
2. Indian Journal of Medicine, Vol; 192, Pages 45-47. .
3. History of Canteen Movement in India., Vikas Publications
4. Birth Certificate, New Alipore, Calcutta.

5. CAMPUS COMMUNIST

*Comrade Anita,
My love is like a red red dawn
You, a pretty bourgeoisie girl
I, of the common turn
How can we merge?
Through class struggle..
I shall infiltrate
Your father's place
The bourgeoisie displace*

*Found the Kanpur Cooperatives Workers
Where you'll work
from morn to noon
Thinking thoughts of Chairman Mao
And occasionally of me too.*

Comrade Pinko.

EVERYTHING THAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT LOVE

Q: Why are the Ladies' bikes shaped differently from ours?

A: (expunged)

Q: In the history of IIT-K, there has never been a Beauty Contest. Why?

A: (expunged)

Q. Three days ago a girl sat six tables away from me in the library. Yesterday she sat only three tables away. Do you think she has fallen for me ?

A. Dumb fool. She's been sitting in the same place. It's you who's been approaching her.

Q. I am a faculty member. For the first time I am lecturing a class with a girl. I feel nervous. Can you help?

A: (expunged)

Q. My problem is rather personal. I'm by nature very sensitive. There is this boy with whom I would like to maintain a platonic relationship. But he insists on taking me to the Red Rose each time and uses the darkness to his advantage. I feel his fingers all over me. What shall I do?

A. That's not him. dummy. It's the rate in the Red Rose.

Q. We have such a big Computer Centre with the most modern computers. Why don't we try computer dating?

A. They tried it once. IBM 7044 dated TDC 316.

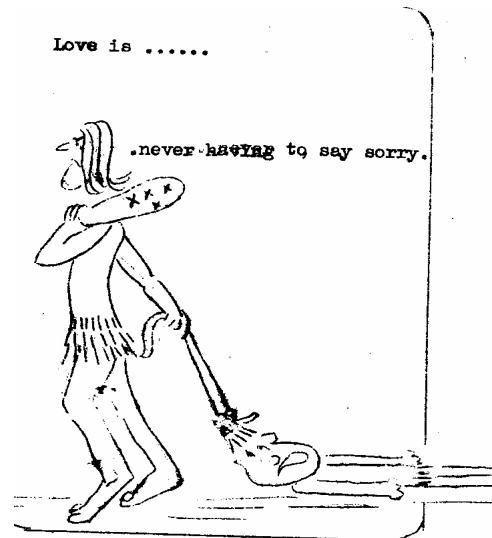
CATSY STORY

*I met her near the SAC,
Her tail up in the air,
Taken from the back
She's worth a popeyed stare.*

*I dogged her dainty steps;
My passion up and stirring.
I love to sniff the babes
And set their hair in waves*

*I knew my week was made;
So I walked up to her and said
Baby, how about a date,
A tonne of love on a plate?*

*She screeched, she howled,
She meowed, she yowled.
She blew my date to bloody hell
And floored me with her tail. .*



Nowadays everyone with a little political awareness and some spare duplicating paper is spending his time dashing out manifestoes and addressing rallies. The Cat, too, jumps on the bandwagon with this RIDDLE OF THE MONTH.

In Kerala, the ruling Front comprising the Congress, CPI, Kerala Congress, Muslim League, PSP, RSP and Kerala Socialist Party are contesting the elections jointly. They are being opposed by the CPM, Janata Party and others. Now the fun starts. The Kerala Congress, Muslim League, RSP and PSP have each split into pro- and anti-Congress factions. Naturally, the anti-Congress factions have joined hands with the CPM and Janata Party. Both sides vie for the support of splinter parties like NDF, SRP and KTP. The KTP's breakaway faction calls itself the 'original' KTP; presumably the parent body calls itself the 'original original'. To add to the confusion, a dozen units of the CFD have been formed by people who had nothing to do with the Congress, leave alone Jaggu and Co., leave alone each other. The PSP, not content with splitting into two, splits once again to form one of the CFD units. In the rest of the country the PSP has allied with the SSP to form the Socialist Party; however, in Kerala the PSP remains while the Socialist Party (National) opposes the Socialist Party (Kerala). Meanwhile, the SRP (not to be confused with the RSP) joins hands with the CFD (without mentioning which faction).

Anyone who can make head or tail of the above and successfully predicts the results of the elections in Kerala, wins the leadership of a new single-member political party in Trivandrum.

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