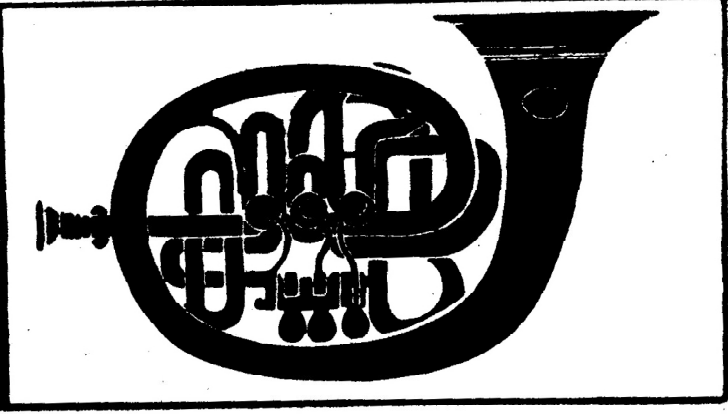


the
Cheshire
Cat



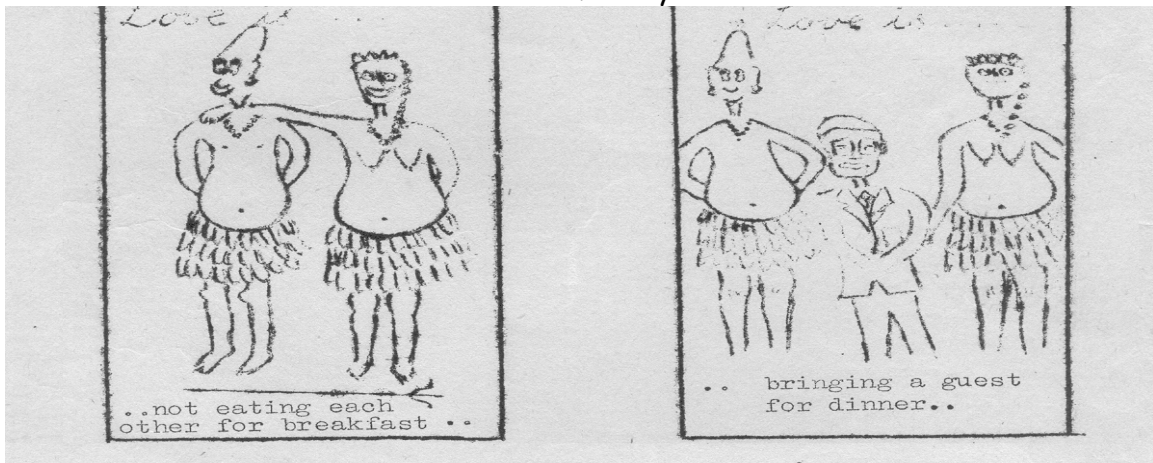
IIT KANPUR MARCH 01, 1976

A GOOD CAT DESERVES A GOOD RAT

*'Oh young Cheshire cat is come out of the press.
On all the grey notice boards, his views he expressed
And save his old ball pen he weapons had none
He wrote quite cattily and he wrote all alone'*

Why Cheshire Cat? The logical answer will be Why not? But that's the trouble with logic; you land up with absurd conclusions. This wall magazine or rag or tabloid or whatever you choose to call is going to be talked about. This is one cat which curiosity won't kill and once it is let out of the bag, there's no stopping it.

And so, we dedicate this piece of journalese (strictly for adults and other idiots) to the campus community without whose sympathy and goodwill all other bits of trash would have remained an exercise in futility.



RIDDLE OF THE MONTH

Can you guess which of these is Varon Kumar Sinha's mother tongue?

1. French
2. Russian
3. Bhojpuri
4. Latin. (Answer on page 4)

DISCOVERY

GANGU MOCHI TALKS TO THE CHASHIRE CAT

We went to him with a pair of torn sneakers that needed mending. He was sitting on his haunches under his usual tree at the corner of Hall 3. He gave us a toothless grin, then squinted professionally at the sneakers and set to work. It wasn't hard to set him talking about himself. He was only too glad to do so, Perhaps he had never had such an appreciative audience. .

He wasn't quite sure how old he was. Definitely more than sixty' or seventy, so he informed us with finality. And what was his name? Hira Lal – he said with a wry look, He added that he didn't like his name much. Neither did we, we preferred 'Gangu Mochi'.

He had come to the IIT as a construction worker when most of the buildings existed only as blueprints. With the construction completed, Gangu had taken to the cobbler's trade, first in an itinerant way – going around the halls and quarters, a work bag slung over his shoulder, soliciting work, and then, having made a name for himself, he had set up shop under a. rather nondescript tree, (no spreading greenwood this) confident that even if he didn't go to the students, they would come to him. And they did. That was eight years ago. They still do, in spite of competition from upstart 'mochis' at Jaggu market and the shopping centre.

Had he been a mochi even before he came to the IIT? Oh no – and here his eyes flashed as he began to talk about the past. He even dropped the sneakers he had been working on, the better to gesticulate. He'd been an intrepid freedom fighter in the days of the British Ra; In the forties there couldn't have been any *satyagraha*, strike or sit-in within a radius of ten miles around Kanpur without Old Gangu. And he'd been beaten up for his pains more than once by His Majesty's police. He'd been a staunch Congressman too, campaigning for the party and contributing every spare paisa he had to it.

And what did he think of boys these days? He shook his head sadly. Just look at his own sons. One had dropped out from a Mandhana College, squandered his father's hard earned money and then run off to Bombay . Here Gangu waggled a finger at us and pronounced in the manner of an Old Testament prophet – That son of mine won't come to any good, you wait and see. (Incidentally Gangu

thinks that Bombay is all of 25 miles away). Another son had left home and a Rs.300/- job at the IIT to marry a girl Old Gangu hadn't approved of. No wonder Gangu had such a low opinion of the modern generation and its new fangled notions of love.

The sneakers had been mended by now – with the strongest thread, so Gangu assured us – and I've fired one last question, a professional one this time. Wasn't footwear getting better over the years? Gangu snorted in reply and then qualified his snort with 'These days its all fancy, multi coloured uppers, but they don't last. Otherwise, I couldn't survive. Why, in the old days you bought a shoe the way you bought a wife (for you did buy a wife) to last, for better or for worse, for a lifetime.

The Guinness book may not publish these records, but we can and will.

LONGEST UNINTERRUPTED *KHOLOING* : Sumant Singhal
kholoed for 1 hour 47 min 22.3 sec. on Nov. 12 1974 on his pet subject, the American universities.

SHORTEST LAB REPORT: 1/2 comp card, by Anil Kumar for ESc 330 on Oct. 18,1972.

LOUDEST VOICE: Acoustic tests carried out in the bogs of Wing 2, Second Floor, Hall III clearly show that this record is held by Arun Dixit, who can produce 122 decibels at 450 watts.

MOST LENIENT GRADING: Ch.E 431 (Chemical :Kinetics) in 72-73 2nd Sem, taken by Dr. C.V. Seshadri, who gave 62 A's out of 67. Note that this is a PSI course.

MOST HARD-WORKING PHUD: M-, N.V. K. Tyagrajapandian visits the Hall IV canteen only twice a day.

A VIOLENT VISION

*The professor droned on and on
We the class, fitfully dozed.
Scarce fifteen minutes had been gone
And most eyes where already closed.*

*Suddenly the door was shouldered open.
Swiftly entered three pistol waving men.
Professor X did blink, his mouth fell open.
Perhaps he thought he was asleep and dreamt*

Lulled asleep like his class by his monotonous monologue.
 But no, the men were real, real L.A.B.L. men.
 They bound him and pronounced him guilty
 Of the worst crime against humanity
 And the famed L.A.B.L. fraternity.
 Sentenced to death he was hanged from the nearest fan.
 The class, awake by now, cheered to a man
 The League Against Boring Leagues had struck again according to plan
 .
 Or had it?
 The Professor still taught.
 The class still slept.
 It was still very hot
 I blinked, realized I had dreamt
 Silently cursed
 And fell asleep again.

BOOK REVIEW

ADVANCED ENGINEERING MATHEMATICS
By Kreyzik

WILEY EASTERN PRIVATE LIMITED \$ 13.95 (Price of original)

“Was this the book that launched
 A Hundred PCO s in a course unknown?”

“Tough, melodramatic, ingenious, , irritating, acute,
 funny” some say.

Some others chose to articulate their feeling. With four letter
 words. Then, of course, there is that Lady (of Feathersword
 association) who claimed to have spent her hols with a
 Kreyzig, a sister and a dog. (One wonders whether all that she meant was feeding bits of
 Kreyzig to her papyrophilic kid-sister and dog.)



Kreyzig today is a campus thriller, a killer in fact of its many woers - the PCO s, the
 your SPI, my CPI type and not to speak of the traditional fathroos. By the end of the
 semester the pulverization of the PCOs is complete. And the muggard. who cracks down
 upon the book’s esoteric contents with the fervour of a cat upon a constipated cockroach,
 emerges chastened and subdued at the end of it all.

Among other things, one discovers to one’s horror that ordinary differential equations are
 complex, the problems dealing with imaginary quantities very much real and the
 solutions one obtains almost unfailingly :imaginary and quiz papers return one after the
 other with curvaceous ziphers staring gleefully at your face.

Chapter three on power series provides ample food for thought = whether one should continue with engineering or search for pastures anew.

Yet there is a heartening feature to the book. This book is neither dedicated to 'Amma', nor to 'Appa' for that matter - an example for many to emulate .

BIT TIDS

*****Is it to beat the deadline for the prohibition of dowry that farsighted IITians (UGs in fact) are rushing to get engaged or married? At the time the Cheshire Cat goes to press we gather that two of them are already honeymooning in Bihar. Obviously, quizzes and exams are less important

*****No one knows the inside story of CADET NEWS. Few care about the outside story anyway. The well paid NCC staff here who have practically no work except minding the N.C.C. once in a while apply themselves with great zeal to producing CADET NEWS. In fact, they do everything – right from creating articles to cyclostyling. But due to some odd reason (shame, perhaps) they prefer to camouflage their writings and cartoons under the names of cadets like 'David, Manoj' or others.

*** People seem to be stranger than fiction, especially if they belong to the Accounts section. What do you do when you eagerly approach your man Guptaji at the cash counter and Guptaji startles you by announcing, without batting an eyelid, that Guptaji is on leave?

**** A young *kholu* from Kathmandu was involved in an interesting drama recently. A concerned faculty member wrote to the young one's father enumerating his misdeeds. Pat came a letter from home scolding the son for his extravagances and warning him of stringent financial measures. The son hurriedly wrote back a letter, full of fury and passion, threatening to sever all relations with Dad. . It paid to do so. . Dad not only dispatched a frantic telegram saying "Son, we all love you", but also followed it up with a huge parcel containing a lot of goodies.

***** The word 'confabulation' seems to have scared the *Janta* away from viewing the TV programme of that name. In Hall III, there was precisely one empty chair watching that stuff. Next time the TV centre would do well to call a 'bull session' a 'bull session'.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE MONTH

If you guessed number four, you're right! 'Latin' is the answerer.

PUBLISHED BY A FEW GUYS

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