



Poetry Special

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From the Editors...

Dear IITians,

Another year, another sem, another issue,
& before you could say, " CT we miss you ",
Here we are trying something new
& hoping our efforts haven't gone askew.

About the cover, you must be curious-
It IS by Mario Miranda & not spurious.
And there is LSG's IIT(M) Hostelite's Moan,
Which unless sung by him is quite a drone.

For getting us out of a lot of hanky-panky,
One guy we have to thank is good ol' Venky.
Then there are others infinite
Who along with us spent sleepless nights.

As looking for articles we went along,
All we garnered were stanzas and songs.
Thus we the Editors of Campastimes
Found that IIT junta speak in rhymes.

For those who find this issue a crime,
We'll be back with the usual slime, next time.



The IIT(M) Hostellite's Moan

One fine day
went a girl for a walking
companion she was lacking
Adada ! Adada ! Yenna walking

I will tell you how
a fellow fell in love

A girl from the west coast
in a mundu was dressed
and on every motion of her foot
the mundu went phut ! phut !

I will tell you how
a fellow fell in love

There came a hefty lad
in a suit he was clad.
The way he talked was very bad
it made her think that he was mad

I will tell you how
a fellow fell in love

Girl from the west coast
was in an awful mood
so she took a firewood
and hit the lad on the head
Avade paiyan pabattamayi !

I will tell you how
a fellow fell in love.

(Contributed by Dr. L. S. Ganesh)

Satiric Verses - I

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water
I don't know what happened there
but they came back with a daughter



Woke up this morning...

Woke up this morning and found I was dead
Too lazy to get up, I stayed in bed
Wife pulled me out, showered me with abuse
'You've got work to do, Death's no excuse'.

Drove madly to the office, too dead to care
Walked through the door and flopped into my chair
Colleagues treated me just as on other days
To them, I guess, I was dead always

Came home from office, asked my wife if she loved me
She said, 'Dear, with Nescafe, you get a spoon free'.
Had dinner and went out to watch a play
The actors looked animated but had nothing to say.

Driving home, I noticed, there were stars in the sky
I felt I could reach them if I'd only try
The moon behind the clouds seemed to say
If you know you're dead, you may find a way



TAT...

What did I see ?

Oh! I didn't believe it.
For, I think it was a she
That too, here in I.I.T.

I saw her near the G.C.

When I went to the Library
First I thought she was in E.C.
But it was just the contrary.

She was not just another girl
You see, she had good looks
The hair she had were in a lovely curl
But then she carried a handful of books!

Her graceful face was simply divine
Her skin soft, fair and tender
Why it'd have made even Marilyn pine
But she walked humbly, this feminine gender.

The dress she wore was exquisite
The silky shirt and the dainty skirt
She had everything in proportions requisite
This made me, with her, flirt

She didn't respond, this charming young lass

So I did everything: Jump, dance and even scream
But she kept walking away, straight to her class

This jolted me and I woke up to realise it was
all a dream !

- C. Nagananda Rao



...TIT

Like the Assyrians, they descended on the fold,
A frightening sight to behold,
In faded jeans and sloppy shirts,
Swarmed a 'Hajaar' youth in diabolic mirth.

The questions were fired in quick succession,
Each exhibiting his supreme condescension,
'After four years, your plans?', they mocked,
'A fifth year at EC ?', they scoffed.

A hackneyed joke doing its rounds,
At IIT and its environs,
of 'Batman, Superman, the beauty and the beast,
The first three don't exist - to say the least.'

Neither beauty nor brains to us they concede,
In doing so, their egos they feed,
Assisted by soothsayers and laity,
That 'girls will never make it to IIT.'

Is this 'Intro' then a kind of test,
At which they appear to be at their best,
'Is she steadfast or fickle,
Or will she dissolve into a trickle.'

But we are made of sterner stuff,
We'll make it to the top however tough,
It is the view of the French P.M. Edith Gesson,
Men are replacable in every field except one.

Recognition has always reached us late,
Look at the vote - it was one long wait
'coz from the dawn of civilization,
from the days of Greece,
They have been such MCP's !

-Sandhya Chari

(I B-Tech)



Out of this world

It was a hot afternoon
and, he couldn't finish grub soon
searched for socks that would'nt stink
(Oh ! no ! his grub wouldn't sink)
for he found he'd washed none
and the time already past one
He patted his mud dorn bike
until the dead tyred gave him a dose of psyche
Like a dog barking at the sun,
he cursed his mach 1 and began to run
Entered he flushed with sweat at frets
The prof fired him for his guts
Exhausted, he settled in a corner
He couldn't stand Cauchy any longer
Reimann, Maxwell, too must have stirred in their graves
as he cursed them in 'q' number of ways
The trees outside stirred up a soothing zephyr
dried his wet workshop attire
Through the window he could see
sparrows and monkeys play with glee
and down below, the deer on a grazing spree
All the world seemed flirting free
His head drooped down to his hand

and, soon he was in slumberland
He dreamt of sunny islands...
and snow clad mountains
of delicious goodies
and gorgeous ladies...
Slam ! Bam ! boys kicked off at two
He felt, "woken up by a smithy tool ?"
"My word", he said, "This world is dirty"
"All this pain for life after forty ?"
If only he had a magic wand
He'd be out and out of this land.

- N. Venkatanarayana

Satiric Verses - II

Little Jack Horner
sat in a corner
smoking a joint on the sly
He then lit a fag,
took a deep drag
and said, "There's no better way to fly"

-Manoj Gunwani



Twaddle

One day while going up the stairs
I met a man who wasn't there
He wasn't there again today
I wish to hell he'd go away.

He told me 'bout a far-off land
where people cried when they were glad
Standing on their heads all night
Shouting "Right is wrong and wrong is right."

For health, they said, drink gallons of fenny
For wealth, no probs, just sell your granny
For mirth, say cheese and drown your cat
While beating yourself with a cricket bat.

Love, of course, had a market price
determined by the supply and demand of lice
Hate had no marginal utility
You could get any amount for free

Cabbages and kings were the costliest things
dearer than water by nine shillings
You could coolly get a professor free

provided you barked up a wrong tree.

The women of course, wore the pants in the house
while the men's uniform was a pre-stressed blouse
Little boys worked hard all day
and the little girls took home their pay.

People were born at the age of ninety
and then grew younger in steps of twenty
They started growing older at the age of ten
and have been doing so ever since then.

Having listened to this strange description
I thanked my stars this guy was fiction
I hope he's never there at all
This poet's (?) just been having a ball.

- Pradipta Saha

Old man blues

Wizened senior, stubble and all
in his lair, snoring loud
he wakes at night, looks around
takes himself to Tarams stall.

Pensively he lights a smoke
finds a man to sponsor tea
his belly growls, it's now a croak
how to get a meal for free ?

Barely a shadow, dull moonlight
the hour late, past midnight.
Lazily he rubs his pate,
thanking Nair for a bun omelette.

Night melts away into dawn
senior retires in the emerging morn
slowly finds his way to bed
and crashes with the Greatful Dead.

Fresher raw, watch out for him
be sure to satisfy his every whim
observe and you're sure to see
what you will in four years be.



Solitude

Alone at dawn,
Drinking in cool darkness
Anticipating...
the first rays of light,
Yearning to be one with Nature.
Turmoil in the heart...
The mind wanders, ever restless-
Searching for a purpose in life
Love is yet to be known.
At once- a growing need for companionship
Desperate to be quenched
Coursed like devils in the blood
to die down gradually...
An unsteady calm prevails
'God' is within the soul,
which cries for release, freedom and peace.
Alone at dusk
left wanting and hoping for
A True friend.

(The identity of the writer of this poem has been withheld on
request -Eds.)



SCIENCE FICTION

(With Apologies to Anthony Burgess)

That day the sun rose in the west.
It was a bright morning in May.
While some thought it was all for the best
Others said it was Judgement Day.
"COMMUNIST PLOT" cried the Washington Post
"U.S. DEMANDS APOLOGY"
"I knew it would happen", was someone's boast
"From my knowledge of astrology."
The sole survivor of an endangered species
of maroon tailed Moroccan hawks
Took one look and died of heart disease
After litting out two horrified squawks.
The Land of the Rising Sun, Japan
Felt wretched and mistreated;
The Emperor announced a severe ban
On the Sun-for having cheated.
No one felt as angry, yet,
As Physics Profs. in school-
The phenomenon had upset
The Fleming's Left Hand Rule.

Excited housewives discussed it
The mystery defied solution:
A learned scholar dismissed it
As an optical illusion.
A mathematics Don at Oxford
said: "Taking recourse to Logic,
The answer is straight-forward
it is simply Black Magic."
The President addressed the nation:
"There is no cause for terror:
Just use your imagination
it's just like looking in a mirror."
Nobel Laureates, when sounded
Did complex calculations-
Various theories were propounded
After hurried consultations.
Supercomputers were fed
the problem of finding the causes
No answer came; instead
the machines blew their fuses.
Soon enough the Physicists claimed
To have come to a conclusion
The spin of the Earth was to be blamed
For causing the confusion.

Quantum Mechanical interaction
was at the root (they stated)
Relativity, Universal Expansion
(It was just too complicated)
Parliament set the matter to rest
With cunning, foresight, tact
They interchanged the meanings of 'East' and 'West',
By passing a momentuous Act.
"How does it matter which is which ?"
They said with flawless reason.
"Life will go on without a hitch-
It will not change the season."
"In the East the sun must rise.
All else matters least.
If it is elsewhere in the skies
why, then, that direction is East."
In his grave Rudyard Kipling's rest
must have been disturbed, I'll bet.
For West was East & East was West
That day the twain had met.
A terrible voice spoke from overhead
Followed by monstrous peals of mirth
"I AM GOD.", the great voice said
"APRIL FOOL, CITIZENS OF EARTH !"

- P. Sriram

Ode to my Pillow

You've muffled my laughs-
and smiled my smiles,
you've wiped my tears,
and dreamt dreamy miles,
you've borne my pounding fists
and my wandering thoughts on you,
you know of all my griefs
and all my happiness too,
people say you're old -
that I must let you go,
but you're a part of my life
and that they'll never know -
So here's to you my pillow -
my pal and pet of years,
I'll cherish you for ever -
'cause you're my smiles and tears.

-Alka Arora

Of Darwin, Levenson, Man & Monkey

Two wise monkeys sat on a tree
talking about things as they seem to be
One made sure they were alone
and whispered in a hushed tone.
"There's a rumour 'round that can't be true
That man descended from me and you."
A sneer erupted on the monkey's face
Exclaiming "It's a darn disgrace.
A monkey never took a life,
starved a child or left his wife.
He wouldn't use a club or gun
to break someone's head and run
And here's one thing that you'd never see
A monkey making a fence around a coconut tree
and let coconuts all go waste
forbidding others even a taste.
Maybe man descended, it ain't no fuss
but brother, he ain't never descended from us."

-Aditya Srinath



How I got here

Once in a town where houses touched the sky
There lived a king who had three wives
Fairest of fair were these three queens,
Beauty like theirs had never been seen,

Their lips were coloured in Cupid's blood
Their cheeks were as flush as the sun at dawn
Their hair flowed like cascades of dew
Their movements were suppler than a fleeting fawn's

The King, with them, day and night remained,
their every wish and whim entertained,
until Providence, cruel, crimson and mean
in his heavenly abode turned green.

Soon the town was under attack,
It had no real army that could fight back
And so the king for his dereliction paid,
Struck by a spear, he fell down flat

Up there in heaven he was greeted with a frown,
"For your misdeeds you deserve a dressing-down !
You are cursed to be, in your next life, an Indian,
and that too (what can be worse!) an IIT'ian."

- The Barred

Oh Lord, Why Me ?

O lord hear my anxious plea
Algebra is killing me
I know not of X or Y
And probably won't until the day I die

Please Lord help me at this hour
As I take my case to the highest power
I care not for fame or loot
Just help me find a square root

In English I studied hard
And read all the words of the bard
But my mind is like a hateful Judas
I couldn't recall 'Et tu Brutus'

Lord, must I offer an apology
For three times failing in Biology
Why is it I'm in such a fog ?
Concerning the innards of a frog

I push and strive and strain and grope
To come to terms with the microscope
Lord, please forgive my derision

But who gives a hoot for cellular division

Lord, is there anything I can't flub
Will I ever be in an intellect club
I have never found the key to knowledge
And my folks want me to go to college

Oh such a thing I constantly dread
I'd as soon join the navy instead
Lord please give me a sign
That you have been listening all this time

If you will help I'll give you my all
And won't even chew gum in study hall
Please lead me out of this constant coma
And give me a chance at my diploma

Let others fight about church and state
I pray only to graduate

- Louis Gizzard

(Contributed by Vasudeva Rao, I B-Tech)



The Mothers Lament

There he lies so innocent and pale
like a rosebud soft and left to fade
So at home in a beweer of leaf
with petals bedewed with drops of grief

He made sense in a meaningless world
as a solitary tree in a barren desert

The mind is, too fraught with pain to ask
where justice and faith have sudden flawn
and why this terrible hand has come
to do such a dreadful, dreadful wrong

Like a snowflake so white and pure
That must melt for it cannot endure
the scorching sun who is no kith
nor the friendless ground beneath

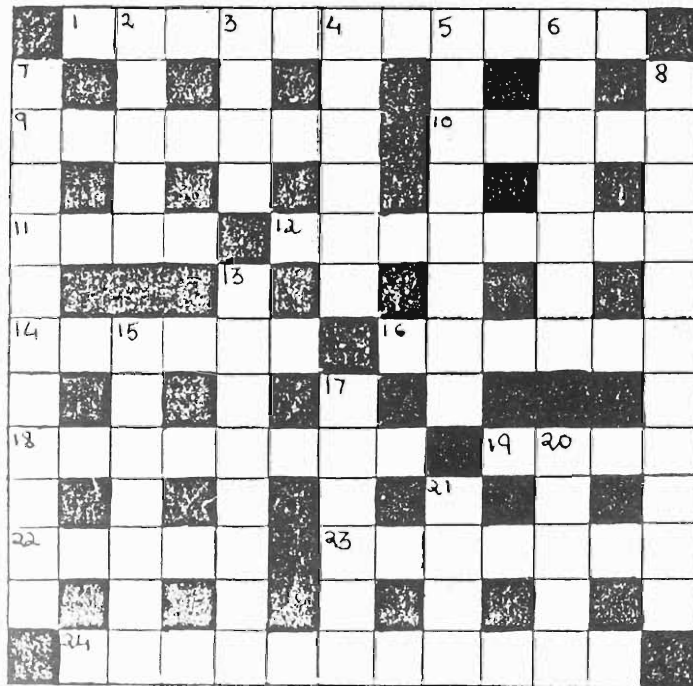
His eyes aflutter send pangs of hope,
He hasn't gone yet, he's here still
Still within touch, Still within call
Still within knowing I'm there at all

A little more time is all we ask
Is it perchance too much to want

A few more days filled with life
 A few more days of bliss and smiles

We listen with beating heart
 to each thundering chime
 So much to be done
 So little time...
 The deafening silence after the uproar
 He was but is no more.

- Krishna Bharat



CROSSWORD

A C R O S S

1. Examine before you spend money on a door (11)
9. Surrounded by foreign territory, is this small enclosure.
Welcome ! (7)
10. Not particular about half-moon - that's the trouble (5)
11. Watch dance on video tapes (4)
12. Fie ! a trick, almost.
14. Cuts across and deviates from course, that's sound (6)
16. Get closer to watch lovers spend early hours of the day (6)
18. Deceptive act to see our lily's crushed (8)
19. Quick, stop eating (4)
22. On no occasion, Firstly not last night. Right ? (5)
23. This article ain't the girl's - maybe somethin' else (7)
24. Firm, like the Metro service ? (11)

D O W N

2. Hesitation could arise on genuineness of mother-of-pearl (5)
3. Take the crooked lane to express vivacity (4)
4. Supposition that those people shall take the alternative (6)
5. Treading wrongly on such a slope could be dangerous (8)
6. Concerning the stress involved in steel moulding (7)
7. Do they make weather-men feel hopeless ? (11)
8. Kind authors pen only in black 'n' white (11)

13. When the ball is tossed, keep it safe (8)

15. Can evil needs bring up spirits ? (7)

17. Headless authority to arrest downright criminal (6)

20. Grey, like the layer (5)

21. Ask for work in advance (4)

- C. R. Srigrunath (I B-Tech)

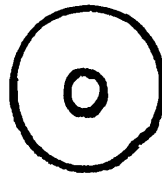
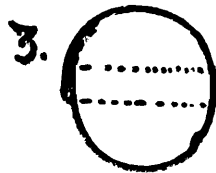
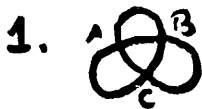
MINDBEND

1. A loop of string is lying on the ground in the manner shown. The loop is too far away for you to determine how it crosses itself at the points A,B,C. What is the probability that the string is knotted ?

2. A carpenter must cut a cube of wood into 27 equal cubes. What is the minimum number of cuts needed and prove that it cannot be less than this number.

3. What is the object that has the views shown in the figure ?

4. Find the smallest one thousand consecutive integers, none of which is a prime number.



- N. Sriram

26.



Dud Poets Society

Are your thoughts Words worthy ?
Do you think your future is Blake ?
Are you fascinated by Keats ?
Do you often blow your blues ?
Are you searching for a Paradise Lost ?
Are you inspired by the sonnet dawn ?
Are you too afflicted by that Kipling disease ?

If yes, then come Ye at once ?

We'll give you the poetic license you've always been dreaming of. We'll help you make your poems verse. We'll go with you the extra metre. We even have no inhibitions about one-night stanzas.

Those interested please contact the CT Editors.

Hurry up !

This opportunity will not last Long, fellow !

Hail Muse

THE GT QUIZ

-Bikash Sarangi & S. Sriram

1. Which poem has been translated the most number of times and has, in the words of the author, "been anthologised to weariness ?

2. Which famous writer of nonsense has written the following parody :

Twinkle twinkle little bat
How I wonder what you're at
Up above the world so high
like a tea-tray in the sky

3. On his honeymoon R. L. Stevenson wrote : 'Travels with a _____ ' ; Complete the title.

4. On which person, whose life is in a mess did which writer, who lives in hiding say the following lines ?

Hers was a bed case
mine was a verse
Hers was a bad case
mine was worse