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Phone : 2241-2738 (Principal)
2241-1960 (Office)

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE
86/1, COLLEGE STREET
CALCUTTA 700 073

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

As Principal of the College I wish all my students a very bright academic career to be followed by an even brighter professional one. The relation between students and teachers at this college is most cordial. I hope that such relation will continue in the future.

It is well-known that this college has a great tradition as India's leading academic institution. Students have a heavy responsibility of maintaining the goodwill of the College. We are on the way to becoming a fullscale post-graduate institution with new post-graduate subjects being introduced every year.

Let me wish you all the very best.

Prof. Amitava Chatterjee
Principal
Presidency College
Calcutta

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Editorial

ITS YESTERDAY ONCE MORE

College Street— six in the evening, the roads sepia tinted, the pavements wearing a jaded look. Somehow, the place still reminds you of Calcutta as it was during the days of the Raj. Take away the more recently renovated bookstalls, cyber Cafes and hip food joints with their flashy neon signs, sweep away the cobwebs, the dirt and the grime and you have *Calcutta* of the bygone days once again. The Calcutta I had thought only existed in long forgotten pages of history textbooks or black and white *bangla* movies.

Walking down College Street or *Boi Para* as it is commonly referred to, always gives me a feeling of *deja vu*. Even though this part of the city was unknown to me before joining college, there's something about it which strikes me as oddly familiar. Its almost as if I have been inside its dilapidated buildings and walked its narrow lanes and by-lanes a thousand times. The entire place oozes a kind of old-world charm—and once you fall in love with it, you are trapped. In a way its almost eerie.

At times, I almost expect a tonga to pull up beside me instead of a taxi, gas lamps to burn along the pavements instead of the electric streetlights, bespectacled gentlemen in traditional Bengali garb to stroll down the lanes instead of twenty-somethings strutting about with their cell-phones.

Yet, nothing happens. Evening slowly paves the way for night and life in College Street goes on as usual. Shaha-da's book stall does brisk business, tourists flock Coffee House to the dozen and the trams lazily snake along lines of diversity— their occasional clanging bringing me back to reality.

Sometimes, from the third floor window of my little world in college, I look outside. Windows without grills, windows which help me to escape to a completely different world altogether. A world which is filled with images from novels read on lazy summer afternoons in a place so very different from the present. Its almost as if all these stories were actually set here— right across the street from where I am sitting. That the tall,

silent buildings were once filled with music and gaiety. That Kamal, the heroine of Sarat Chandra Chattopadhyay's *Shesh Prashna* had walked down these very streets with Ajit, and not those of Agra. That Bankim Chandra's *Babu* had travelled down these very lanes in their *phiton garis*. I can almost here the musical soirees that took place in most wealthy households every evening, smell the expensive perfume, listen to the tinkling of the anklets and see the bright lights coming from the chandeliers.

And yet when I step outside my little world in college and try to reach out to *this* world— the bright lights disappear, the music fades away and the sweet scent of jasmine doesn't linger in the air anymore. The only thing that stares back at me is a hand painted sign which says': *Rupa & Co, Booksellers and Publishers'*. Something in my head screams out : "Welcome to reality"

And yet on some evenings when I look outside that window.....

Riya Bhattacharjee, Editor, Philosophy, IIIrd Year

Quick

Sujoy Roy, English, 11th Year

I am the quick-
The one amongst the living dead!
Surviving the spiteful resentments
Of colour, creed-religion.
I adorn the world of today,
Living life, existing day to day,
Amongst the rehabilitated I am-
'Akbar', one of the silent whips of time.
Eternity is a question to me.
Having lived a life of four
I do not know what 'Muslim' means!
Ranjan was my best friend.
I don't know where he is, do you?
My eyes burn picturing my dying parents-
My little brother was minced to pieces
Ere his birth from my Ammi's womb.
She died with him in pain, in grief.
My Abba was a 'Mussalman'!
Partaken by the wrong, whose thirst was blood.
Today I live amongst my kind
In rehabilitation you can find;
Myself bewildered like the rest.
I am the quick-
The one amongst the living dead.

Fading away into the night

Shaurya Shaukat Sircar

Theatening streaks of lightning,
Deafening sounds of thunder,
Rip the sky apart.
Drops of rain blur my vision.
Trees sway away in tandem,
To the maverick wind.

The mercury fluctuates,
Birds chirp fearfully,
A stray dog barks out loud.
The watchman hugs himself in his torn blanket.

I look at the infinite blackish blue sky,
The stars are sleeping,
Under the blankets of clouds.

The smell of the air,
So full of rain, earth and life,
Fills my soul.

The pitter-patter of the rain drops,
On my tin roof,
Is soothing melody,
Wafting into my tired ears.

I allow the eccentric breeze,
To play with my dishevelled hair,
The rain to lash against my face,
I let nature blow my mind away,
Far from regular, monotonous life,
So strenuous and demanding,
Ruthless like a razor's edge.

On this ethereal and blessed night,
Oh god! Can I attain salvation?
Can you purify my soul of all its blots?
Can I join your tribe and be one like you?
Will I be able to see the vision?
Just give me a chance,
Let me out of my twisted destiny.
And allow me to play with the stars.

The Lights... Unknown

Suryatapa Ghosh, Botany, 2nd Year

My heart bore a distant dream,
The Midnight breeze sets it free.
I longed to touch the sky
The tall Eucalyptus encouraged me.
My mind was filled with doubts endless.
The night dark aggravated them
Soon the stars twinkling sweet
Coaxed me to discard the fear—
predicted sure that doubts mustn't be so dear.

Me again set Dreams anew
And dreamt to fulfill them too.
Soul wished to pass the night sleepless
With white wishes nurturing endless.
My excitement knew no culmination
My Heart wanted to reach the only Destination.
I couldn't recall when I fell asleep
and the day of Future slowly crept.

I awoke...
Doubts again in my heart
Whether the day will approve my art
The day of Future; The art of Dream
Whatever, I came to the door
To see what is in store.
I stretched my eyes to see the light—
The Light of the East
The light of the Dawn
The Light of My Dream
The Light..... Unknown.

Flights of fancy

Shaurya Shaukat Sircar

Across the boundaries that my senses define,
Cutting through the realm of the known,
There is no real reason which I can assign,
Why my caged soul has broken free and flown.
Soaring among those clouds flying in line,
Upon gentle winds or in cyclones thrown,
For some sweet drops of rain do I pine,
I yearn to meander, not just roam.
Circling the skies high like an eagle benign,
From here to infinity, sailing to any zone,
My soul is such that none will ever malign,
King of all I survey, the blue skies my own.
Flights of fancy have always been mine,
The heavens above, pure wisdom has sown,
Nobody knows my mind's make or design,
At last, with none to ground me, I am alone.

POETRY

Awaiting the doomsday

Ritwik Bangerjee, Economics, 1st Year, Roll 298

The copper umbels
What is left of the azure firmament
The sun glows steel white
Blinding the thinker
Illuminating the horizon
Like a zillion stars
The green of the planet
That was once earth is gone
Lay beneath a barren
 dry
 human less desert
Legacy of an incorrigible man
Where reigns egoism
 intolerance
 and synthetic hatred
Where fraternity and faith are Jurassic notions
And peace a word long lost from the lexicon
Where the philosophies of Gandhi and Teresa
Like the unsinkable Titanic
Lie in the abyss of the Pacific
Yet as Orion the hunter rises
From the eastern fringes of the sky
Polestar like the grandsire
In poetic stillness awaits annihilation....

I believe...

Debashis Das, Alumnus, (1987-1990), Economics

Looking out of the aircraft window at 31,000 feet above ground over Richmond, Virginia, my mind travelled back to yesterday afternoon. I was looking for a break from my tedious software design envisioning sessions. Winter has been brutal this time around in New York, courtesy El Nino. The wind pierces the skin like a thousand icy needles. Hence taking a walk outside is not an option. I noticed a pile of papers on the corner desk of the conference room. I picked up what looked like a magazine at first, and then as I read the memoir of the 1st Anniversary of the WTC crash, my mind became numb... numb with helplessness, with anger and frustration and above all a question "WHY?". I have walked many a time besides Ground Zero looking at the gaping hole in the ground where once stood the twin towers, but not once did I realize so clearly the depth of pain and anguish that 9/11 caused this nation. Every word, every account of witnesses, every picture bears testimony of senseless violence, which only a human being can inflict on another human being. For once I walked down from my 33rd floor office at the World Financial Centre and stood with steamy eyes looking at the flowers and banners that now decorate the fence in memory of those who perished. And in the middle in big, bold red is written "WE SHALL NEVER FORGET".

When Riya asked me to write for the magazine, I was thrilled. 13 years have passed between Promod's canteen and walking the corridors of power in lower Manhattan. But life hardly changed. I guess the biggest treasure for all Presidencians is the sense of confidence that the environment instilled in us. Confidence to scale new heights in academics, in corporate, in public service... confidence that makes you believe you can truly rule the world. It makes you proud of your heritage and at the same time makes you humble and grateful for what we owe to this world. But nothing prepares you for a day

like 9/11. On that one morning more civilians lost their lives than in the entire 30 years of IRA's insurgency... on just one September morning.

I am not a religious fanatic. I have probably enjoyed more Kobe beef than most Muslims I know. I was never anti-Christ or anti-Semitic. I am more of the tolerant type. Probably because I had the good opportunity to travel, work and live in eleven diverse countries, I have come to realize that respect is the name of the game. But is just respecting and co-inhabiting all that we are responsible for. What about spreading the word of peace? What about using our collective rationale against those who so desperately wound the human way of life. Hence I picked up my pad and thought of jotting down a few thoughts on my way home to Florida.

We must all agree and profess that violence only breeds violence. There is no perfect world, no perfect way of life, no perfect religion, no big brother. the world is a small place, probably smaller than most of us would want to believe. Even more important is that we are all so wired... from news satellites to foreign currency to trade to entertainment. There is only one world today and we must behave and think like a global citizen.

Too many children die everyday, of hunger, of malnutrition, of diseases... in Iraq, in India, in Bangladesh and in New Jersey. There are more children everyday with limbs blown out by forgotten mine fields... there is enough to make a heart bleed.

I am no prophet, not even remotely a perfect person. But as I travelled and watched and heard, I have grown increasingly restless, We must act, act quickly and act humanely...

We must build a world that is free, free from persecution, of religious intolerance and above all free from the threat of violence... man against man, nation and nation, color against color. I believe...

Rabindranath and Cricket

Boria Majumder, Alumnus, (1994-99), History and Rhodes Scholar

A British friend of mine, more passionate about Rabindranath Tagore than most of us Indians here at Oxford, asked me recently, "Is there any sphere in India where this legend has not left his mark?"

"I am sure Tagore had nothing to do with cricket", another one piped up, seeing me (a cricket historian and a Bengali to boot) around.

Cricket, he assumed, may well be that 'outcaste', one left untouched by Tagore.

Reminded me of a story I'd read many years back, a story in an unpublished essay on the genesis of sports journalism which I'd like to narrate here, as a humble tribute to the legend.

Brajaranjan Ray, the pioneer of sports journalism in Bengali, recounts his experience in this unpublished essay I had the fortune of having read. Apparently, he was at a loss for Bengali equivalents of English terms in describing/reporting cricket matches. And who else to turn to but Tagore?

Tagore, of course, was encouraging as ever and asked him to go ahead without fear, inventing terminology. He guessed in right that whatever Ray coined and persisted with, would, with the passage of time, become standard usage. Ray of course was free to turn to him for advice and corrections.

So, there.

It is not for nothing that we Bengalis think that there ain't no sphere the legend left untouched.

Not just that. Apart from this Ray-Tagore encounter of the 30s, there is also an imaginary match apparently played sometime in the 30s (fascinatingly described in a piece— loosely translated as *Rabindranath and Cricket*— sometime in the 50s in *Dainik Basumati*, a Bengali journal, and later reprinted in some collections) that I was and am reminded of.

The setting of the match is Gomoh, a small

town near Dhanbad, Bihar, more famous for its railway station from which Subhash Chandra Bose took his train towards Europe. Tagore apparently had gone there for a brief visit and had decided to organise the match is what the writer of the piece wants us to believe.

The players who played against Tagore's team included such luminaries as Vizzy, the Maharajkumar of Vizianagram; The Maharaja of Patiala, Pataudi Senior; The Maharaja of Cooch Bihar and Duleep Singhji. They apparently all come in their private aeroplanes, a point much emphasised in the piece.

That they spent to play the game, rather than playing to earn, does not need to be emphasised, but another interesting sidelight of the described match was the bit about ads. Now in the 30s, advertising was still in its infancy, but not apparently for this match. The leading sports goods dealers from Bengal— S. Ray and Co. Uberoi et al— had all seemingly assembled in Gomoh with a range of their products.

The inaugural ceremony of the match was initiated by a *shenai* recital, though the Maharaja of Patiala had also, it seems, arranged for a band to perform on the occasion. Two players from Tagore's side, Professor Kshiti Mohan Sen (father of our Nobel Laureate Amartya Sen) and Acharya Bidhusekhar Shastri recited vedic mantras to start off the proceedings. The stadium, a temporary arrangement for the match (typical of modern one-day internationals) was packed to capacity.

Another key aspect of the match, one typical of modern cricket, was the presence of women spectators. They were all dressed in saris worn the Maharastrian way. (It is worth mentioning in this context that women in the 1930s played cricket in saris and there was a regular tradition of cricket between men vs. women in Kathiawar.)

Also present for this match, were the great

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dancer Mani Behn, Rajkumari Sharmila, the famous motor racing specialist, the daughters of the Gaekwad family, the Rajkumari of Burdwan and sundry other who's who.

Needless of mention, it had to have nationalist overtones. So Rabindranath, inspired by swadeshi, played with a bat made from local wood, wore a *toka* (a headdress worn by peasants) made of palm-leaves and was dressed in a *dhoti*. Now this is not just the anonymous writer's imagination for cricket in *dhotis* was very much in vogue in the 1930s and may well be perceived as an attempt by the Indians to appropriate cricket for nationalist purposes. (The Mohun Bagan Club did this in 1930 in a match against the Governors XI, and upon being rep-

rimanded by R. B. Lagden for their dress refused to play. The match was eventually abandoned when Lagden refused to tender the apology demanded by Mohun Bagan. Six months later, a similar thing happened in a match between the Vidyasagar College and the Calcutta Cricket Club.)

So you see, whether or not Tagore had much to do with cricket, we Bengalis definitely think—and have evidence too—that not only was he involved with the genesis of cricket journalism in Bengali, but that he also was a pioneer in the commercialisation of the game. After all, the various dynamics of commercialisation are very much in evidence in the imagination of the author of the above story, aren't they?

At home by candlelight...

Lincoln Roy, Alumnus, Philosophy, (1998-2001)

A snowy-white wand lambent stood on the table in front of me. Watery wax overflowed from the puddle below the flame. Teardrops glistening in the buttery glow rolled onto the milky mini-stalactites on the sides of the candle.

Was such a bright glow crying? the enveloping gloom seemed to make it cry. Tears of joy. A swaying smile. It lit my face in the darkness. It was six in the evening.

The power cuts in the summers of the late 80s and early 90s in Kolkata were like seasonal rainfall, interminable. They called it load shedding. When the power suppliers shed their load, we had to sit in the dark. The light bulbs seem to set with the sun. Bulbs cannot hold a candle to sunlight but in those days, night meant no light. Candles were the staple source of brilliance in the night.

It was the solitary sight during the so-called load shedding. Like the time when electricity had not been invented! Elders conjured a conspiracy theory— the candle makers paid the people at the power company to switch off for a few hours daily to boost candle sales!

Nobody told me that such a theory was bad economics though it epitomized politics. Not that I believed them completely. I had my doubts. Silly doubts about how did the candle makers know whom to pay and how much to pay and such like! Why didn't anyone bother to tell me then that the Government partly paid for the power we did (not) get? This money could have

been spent for children like me in villages who had bad or no schools? My father paid my school's fees and I was doing my school's homework by candlelight.

The taper was the first thing we looked for while groping in the dark. The taper was an ancient but necessary thing I used to think. Why, it was Brutus who said "Get me a taper in my study, Lucius: When it is lighted, come and call me here!" in Julius Caesar.

Homework meant two candles— one for the room and the other for the study table. And when my eyes drifted from the books to the flame I was transported to another world, mesmerized by effulgence of the honey glow.

I looked in the mirror across the room. The reflection of the candle flickering behind me, or was it in my eyes? It was beautiful. The glow brightened. I saw a feminine face. Tears rolling down her cheeks. Like the candle in the dark. Her face looked pale in the candlelight. The flickering candlelight made me strain my eyes to look at her reflection. I shielded the flame with my fingers. The glow brightened. She wasn't there anymore. Who was she?

Did she have a story to tell? The thought disturbed me. Years later I thought I had seen in the reflection of the flame other's stories. Waiting to be seen. Waiting to be heard. Waiting to be told. I wanted to be a voyeur who desired to hear the stories. And a raconteur trying to narrate them...

Gandhian Perspectives : A critical estimate

Amrita Banerjee, Alumnus (1998-2001), (Philosophy), and Ishan Scholar
Recipient of S. P. Mukherjee Gold Medal for 2001

“I am not at all concerned with appearing to be consistent. In my pursuit after Truth I have discarded many ideas and learnt many new things. Old as I am in age, I have no feeling that I have ceased to grow inwardly...”

This is the expression of a man who has become an integral part of our national being. He is none other than Mahatma Gandhi. While Gandhi was deeply rooted in the traditional milieu of India, Gandhi was no traditionalist. In fact, he maybe included in the category of the most modern type of mass-leader. He was a man who succeeded in spreading his message in the simplest language among both the educated and the uneducated and was thereby able to arouse intense awareness among the people of India about the political and social evils which were posing a grave threat to their nation. In the opinion of Dr. Buddhadeva Bhattacharyya, author of the book— ‘Evolution of the political philosophy of Gandhi’; Gandhi’s political philosophy at once provides specific answers for specific situations and also contains general principles of an enduring nature. The Gandhian ideas are characterised as the ‘Gandhian Way’ rather than ‘Gandhism’.

Gandhi was a champion of people’s upsurge against oppression, inequality and injustice. He however, believed that politics bereft of religion is a death-trap because it kills the soul and politics without morality is a thing to be avoided. For a believer in such a view, it was natural to adopt sarvodaya as the socio— political ideal. Dev Dutt in his paper entitled— ‘Sarvodaya, our Times and Gandhi’, points out that Sarvodaya is not an ideology in the formal sense. Nonetheless, if various elements of it are pieced together, then it appears to be so.

Gandhi was deeply influenced by Ruskin’s thought. Ruskin’s work— ‘Unto this last’. brought about an instant transformation in Gandhi’s life

and Gandhi translated it later into Gujrati and entitled it as ‘Sarvodaya’ which means— ‘the welfare of all.’ Gandhi understood the teachings of ‘Unto this last’ to be as follows : (i) that the good of the individual is contained in the good of all; (ii) that the lawyer’s work has the same value as the barber’s in as much as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their work, and (iii) that a life of labour i.e, the life of the tiller of the soil and the handicraftsman is the life worth living.

Gandhi remarked : “The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realized. The third had never occurred to me. ‘Unto this Last’ made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I arose with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles to practice.”

The ideal of sarvodaya has its own world— view, view of history, philosophy of social relations, technology and values. It is based on the belief in the spiritual nature of man, the essential unity of life, and the existence of a “benevolent law operating behind universal process”.

Gandhi wanted the human community to be fashioned in the image of truth and Non-Violence. Thus, Sarvodaya as the welfare of all, represents the ideal social order according to Gandhi. It should be the end of the individual as well as society.

Man will be at the centre of this new social order irrespective of race, creed, religion or skin colour. Hatred is to be replaced by love, hypocrisy by sincerity, falsehood by truth and antipathy by sympathy. Gandhi was convinced that without truth it is impossible to observe any principle or rule in life. Truth is the end and Ahimsa is our supreme duty.

Sarvodaya repudiates modern civilization and expresses a deep concern for the future of man. Gandhi’s attitude towards industrialization dur-

GANDHIAN PERSPECTIVES : A CRITICAL ESTIMATE

ing modern times, was to a large extent, influenced by his native religious faith as well as by western thinkers like Ruskin. R. C. Dutta's 'Economic History of India' also influenced him. He stated : "It is machinery that has impoverished India." It was the Mahatma's belief that machinery—the chief symbol of modern civilization, in reality represents a great sin.

According to Gandhi, the largest quantity of work will not be done for pay alone. It will be done when the motive force, that is to say, the spirit is moved. The universal law is that, assuming any given quality of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will not be through antagonism but through affection for each other.

Exploitation of man under the capitalist system evoked Gandhi's protest and he outrightly condemned the system. His denunciation stemmed from his deep concern for the down-trodden. For him, the only yardstick for judging any economic system was human welfare.

Sarvodaya's major emphasis is on land. All wealth including land will be considered as common property to be used for common welfare.

The class— differences will disappear; "everyone will work for society according to his capacity and receive from society in accordance to his needs." It must be remembered however, that although Marx and Gandhi both were in favour of an egalitarian social order, they differed in their views regarding the kind of method to be used for realising such a society. Marx believed that a class war was inevitable. Gandhi, on the other hand, never lost faith in man. He was convinced that an egalitarian society could be realised gradually by purely non-violent means. In 1934, Gandhi wrote : " Socialism and Communism of the West are based on certain conceptions which are fundamentally different from ours. One such conception is their belief in the essential selfishness of human nature... Our socialism or communism should, therefore, be based on non-violence and on harmonious co-operation of labour and capital, landlord and tenant."

While attacking the capitalist system, Gandhi went on pleading for the adoption of 'Trusteeship.' This theory occupies a central position in the scheme of Gandhian thought. Being influenced by the ideals of the Upanisads, Gandhi stated that the things of this world should be enjoyed by renunciation. In the light of the teachings of the 'Gita', he understood more clearly the implications of the word, 'trustee'. He appealed to those who owned money and property, to behave like trustees holding their riches on behalf of the poor. The ideal of trusteeship is considered to be a legal fiction and has therefore, been dubbed idealistic by the critics of Gandhi.

Finally, in the scheme of Gandhian economic thought, swadeshi held a place of prominence. It aimed at creating a society which would be able to take care of its own needs. In swadeshi, Gandhi found not only the path to India's economic self-sufficiency; but also an answer to the psychological and political problem of the nationalist movement. Gandhi preferred to have decentralisation of production in the new society and wanted it to be based on small and cottage industries.

As Dr. Buddhadeva Bhattacharyya points out, the economic premises of Gandhi are not without flaws. It may also be rightly pointed out that his views betrayed an ignorance of the dynamics of history. Yet, it is true that his views had a considerable amount of humanistic content.

It is true that Gandhi wanted immediate political freedom for his nation; but he was aware of the fact that attainment of political freedom alone would not suffice to solve the basic social and economic problems of India. He thus, felt the necessity to outline the kind of society which would be ideal for his nation.

Although Gandhi was profoundly influenced by Hindu philosophy and religion; he was definitely opposed to the caste-system as an institution which had become the sole cause of social stratification. Gandhi condemned untouchability which had been flourishing for

centuries in the Indian society and was victimising a huge section of the population. Gandhi campaigned throughout his life against these evils threatening the Indian society and his Harijan movement did succeed in focussing the attention of the public on the wrongs suffered by the suppressed classes in India.

The communal question was one of the fundamental problems of the Indian nationalist movement. Communalism may be defined as that ideology which emphasises as the social, political and economic unit, the group of adherents to each religion, and encourages difference and even antagonism between such groups. Gandhi believed in the fundamental unity of all religions. The key to the solution of the problem indeed, lies in everyone following the best in his religion and entertaining equal regard for the other religions and their followers.

Gandhi was vocal in his views regarding widowhood and divorce. This is because he believed that although men have suppressed women throughout the ages, the status of women is in reality, equal to that of men.

The problem of communal tension, women's rights, untouchability and social boycott still persist in contemporary India as well as in societies throughout the world. An examination of Gandhi's views about society and the solutions attempted by him may eventually show us the way to establish a society in which justice, equality and a certain amount of respect for the opinion of others, would prevail.

In order that man does not lose his individuality and does not become an instrument in the hands of external forces, sarvodaya visualises a simple, non-violent and decentralised society. Democracy, according to Gandhi thus becomes meaningful only if it is carried to the grass-root level, when its structure is reared on the foundation of village panchayats. Moreover, centralisation as a system is incompatible with a non-violent form of society. Gandhi thus, cried for the adoption of 'Panchayati Raj' or democracy from below. According to him, in this structure composed of innumerable villages, there will be ever-

widening circles. Life will not be a pyramid with the apex sustained by the base. Rather, it will be like an oceanic circle whose centre will be the individual always ready to perish for the village, the latter ready to perish for the circle of villages, till at last the whole becomes one life composed of individuals, sharing the majesty of the oceanic circle of which they are integral parts. Therefore, the outermost circumference will not crush the inner circle, but will give strength to all within and derive its own strength from it. This model of concentric circles, provides an alternative to the structure of society stratified on the basis of class or caste in India and elsewhere.

For Gandhi, the greater the power of the Panchayats, the better it would be for the Indians since decentralisation of power, meant for Gandhi, greater freedom for the people. Unless power is generated from below, such a large country as India would not be able to defend and sustain itself.

Gandhi also believed that until structural violence which is built into modern states could be overcome, there would be no peace or happiness for mankind. Thus, he believed that Swarajya which he envisaged for India was relevant for all countries. However, it is also a fact that his view of 'Purna Swaraj' is not isolated independence but healthy and dignified interdependence.

The method or weapon for the realisation of these ideals would be 'Satyagraha.' In the opinion of Prof. N. K. Bose, Satyagraha was a way of conducting 'war' by means of non-violence. Gandhi believed that one violent action inevitably leads to another and that violence always causes suffering. Satyagraha on the other hand, aims at conversion through self-suffering. Gandhi thus, stated clearly :

"Having flung aside the sword, there is nothing except the cup of love which I can offer to those who oppose me. It is by offering that cup that I expect to draw them close to me." Satyagraha is not a negative concept but a positive one. According to it, victory can be won by moral strength.

GANDHIAN PERSPECTIVES : A CRITICAL ESTIMATE

Critics have often considered Gandhi's concept of 'Sarvodaya' as being a utopian ideal which can never be realised in real life. It is a society where the rule of love and unity would prevail. It rests on the assumption that human beings can be made to live in constant awareness of their spiritual nature. Reality however, is in absolute conflict with this belief. According to Dev Dutt, Sarodaya also suffers from cult thinking : the cult of localism since it over emphasizes the contribution of local bodies and thinks that they would remain untouched by power. Gandhi seems to have excessive faith in the greatness of man and, the animal aspect which forms an intergral part of human nature, is completely over looked by him. He ignores the basic fact that man's nature is a product of the conditions in which he lives. It seems that the nature of the sarvodaya ideals along with their defects and the spirit of the modern times, often place a severe limit on their relevance today. Thus, sarvodaya cannot be adopted as a philosophy of reconstruction and social change. It is in this special sense, that sarvodaya is irrelevant.

Dev Dutt immediately points out that the gospel of Gandhi is not totally irrelevant. If an effort is made, it maybe possible to find in Gandhian ideas, certain "pure quantities" of thought even today. It maybe partially true that the Gandhian ideal of Sarvodaya is like a perfect dream of a visionary, but it is also true that only if there is a perfect goal before humankind, men will have the desire to begin the journey towards peace and prosperity. Gandhi places before us such an idealistic view of society. The defects arise at the level of the implementation of the project. It is unanimously accepted that the world in general and our nation in particular, needs fresh sources of renewal and infusion of new ideas. It is not improbable that a critical re-appraisal of Gandhi may lead us to discover these new sources of strength. Thus, we can conclude with the remark of Dr. Buddhadeva Bhattacharyya : "Gandhi belonged to Mankind. He belongs to Mankind. Not until humanity itself dies will Gandhi die. For his was a voice of eternal revolt against oppression and injustice — the eternal voice of humanism."

Speed Post from Deutschland to Derozio

Jayeeta Basu, Alumnus, (1999-2002), Physiology

Guten Tag!

Dear Presi,
How are you?

Its been a long time since I wrote to you... sorry for the delay. Actually life is going at a blitzkrieg pace.... sometimes its hard to keep up, but I am trying to run along. This first month is just flying by with getting to know the city and most of all, the students in our program. We are having German language courses every morning. I am in the intermediate group with Ignacio (Spain), Dragana (Yugoslavia), Bao Guo (the thoughtful one from Singapore) and Primoz (Slovenia— he stays in my dorm and is extremely fond of spicy Indian food) from my Neuroscience class. Then there is Namita (she's from Faridabad), Paola (a doctor from Columbia who shares with me a passion for Discovery Channel) from the Molecular Biology Program along with Olga from Russia; she is doing her Post Doctoral work at the monkey centre here (that's our version of the German Primate Centre). We also have two Cameroonians: Martin and Lean who can oblige you not only with their French (that's their national language) but with their dance and football as well! The most important person is unsere Deutsche Lehrerin Sabine Ihlenfeld (our German teacher). She is a darling— very motherly and full of fun! I am really enjoying these classes. At times, all of us get something and we have a grand Frühstück (breakfast) spread on the classroom table starting from different kinds of German Brotchen (buns and bread) to Muesli, fruits, fresh tomatoes from Sabine's garden to Wurst (sausages) and Kase (cheese) and marmalade... hmm all this food talk is really making me hungry. So I better run along and make something to eat! Well ok then... gotta run now.

Miss you a whole lot... there is no match for you anywhere in the world

Love.

Jayee

The most kissed girl in the world!!

Dear Presi,
Whats up?

How is everything in Calcutta?

Today, we went for a city walk from our Program... the Ganseliesel tour. Ganseliesel is the symbol of Gottingen... something like Victoria Memorial. It's a bronze statue of a girl named Lisa with her geese (Ganse=geese; liesel=lisa) She is said to be the most kissed girl in the world because its tradition for anyone who gets a PhD from the university to kiss her on their graduation day. The person is taken in a carriage and has to give flowers to Ganseliesel and kiss her. The story goes that once upon a time in the 19th century students used to drink beer and then kiss the statue. Then, in 1926 the government banned kissing her unless one had successfully completed his Doctoral Thesis. Someday, four years from now, I will also oblige Lisa and her geese...

Well, so the city tour was good... learnt quite a few interesting things about the city. First mentioned by Emperor Otto I. in a deed dated 953, "Gutingi" or Gottingen (as it is now called) enjoys a rich history spanning more than a millennium. Around the year 200, Gottingen received town status. In the 14th and 15th centuries, it flourished as a member of the Hanseatic League. In later years, war torn and prey to political battles, this once blossoming centre of trade became a sleepy provincial town.

Gottingen experienced a revival in 1734 as the result of the founding of the Universitat Georga Augusta by the Elector Georg August of Hanover. The university grew quickly into one of the largest academic institutions in Europe.

The so-called "Gottingen Seven" were a group of professors who came together to protest against King Ernst August's infringement of the Hanoverian Statute-Law in 1837. As a result of their disobedience they were suspended from their positions and some of them were banned

SPEED POST FROM DEUTSCHLAND TO DEROZIO

from the Kingdom of Hanover.

After World War II Gottingen entered into important partnerships with twin towns such as Cheltenham in Great Britain (1951), Torun in Poland (1978) and Pau in France (1982). Further close relationships exist between our town and the Lutherstadt Wittenberg in Saxony-Anhalt, as well as La Paz Centro in Nicaragua, with which Gottingen formed a solidarity agreement in 1989. The nucleus of the old town, surrounded by the medieval rampart harbours many well-preserved or restored buildings. At the International Students office in the Altes Rathaus (old town hall) one can get t-shirts, jumpers, ties, key rings, postcards and other souvenirs of the university—reminded me of our college t-shirts which are sold at the canteen. Since its founding, many renowned individuals have worked, studied or taught in the university of Gottingen. Georg August Universität can boast such notables as Gauss, Otto von Bismarck, and forty two Noble Prize winners among its alumni, including Max Planck, the founder of quantum mechanics (the first and most important reason why I am here. Because, if Planck hadn't discovered the constant 'h', then the Max Planck Institutes wouldn't have existed and as a result the International Max Planck Research School for Neurosciences wouldn't have been here). We were lucky to be here during the Gottingen Noble Laureates Meet where Noble Prize winners from this University came and gave talks. Prof. Erwin Neher who got the Noble for inventing Patch Clamp Technique for electrical recordings in a cell is going to teach us in November... cool right? waiting for that! Today the university has 14 faculties with approximately 24,000 students... So we are the biggest and the strongest population here. The city itself is so small (one can walk through it in 35 minutes) that you keep meeting people you know all the time! We also visited the student's jail where the Chancellor could send students in order to punish them. During the World War a Canadian student was kept in this jail to save him from being sent to the refugee camp!

Writing this mail from the Max Planck for Experimental Medicine Bibliothek (library).

We have been given the keys to the Institute and the library has become our second home now. The Cantina is our favourite hang out ...Kaffee/Coffee ...Hot Chocolate (Schokolad = oder Kakao as they call it here). Croissants and Berliners have taken the place of Promod da's cha and fish fingers! Dear Presi... geographical distances only make the yearning to see you again stronger than ever... that's what makes you great.

Cheers!

Jayee

Hopping around in Hanover

Hello

It was really nice reading your mail ...we have been doing some adventurous things here too. This Saturday I went to Hanover with Paola (Columbia) Fernando (Guatemala) Partho (Cal/Pune... *amar Bangla bolar saathi* ...he's an excellent cook too). Partho and Namita are in the Mol Bio program and we spend a lot of time together. Well, coming back to the story ...we went to the GroB Garten(=garden), then Herrenheuser Garten and the city hall—Neues Rathaus which is next to a big lake... amazing place! Namita got lots of pictures on her digital cam... but since library comps don't have any software except for Acrobat and IE, we are waiting till we buy our laptops ...so that we can send you all the pics. You know we traveled around by UBahn (underground rail) and it brought back memories of our good old Metro—the fastest way of getting to College Street...and You.

I haven't been to any museums yet... must go sometime.

Well actually Germany has many museums but they were all destroyed during WWII. It's a delicate issue here and most people don't bring up the world war history. There is only one WWII museum in Germany, which is towards the south.

Well my class is fun... we have a gang. But you know old friends like you stay forever. Have fun in the holidays

Jayee.

Ashwiner Majha Majhi

Hello!

So *Durga Pujo's* here ... "sharater akash" with the white *Kash* flower cotton clouds and the sun playing hide and seek— must be heavenly. Oh! I want to be home! Last *pujo* we all walked to Maddox Square and chatted there for hours. And then the North Calcutta *pujo bars* were so spectacular too. Don't worry, I am keeping an hourly update on the *pujo* scene this year too. Three cheers for *netguruindia* and *bengalinet* online! There is a big *pujo* at Stuttgart Bibhash— Partho and I are planning to go there this weekend if the weather permits, that is! The weather here is ultra depressing... raining all day and extremely cold. On Sunday the city sleeps and all the shops are closed from 4 pm on Saturday ...some employee protection thing. In India, its during the weekend that people go out for shopping ...kind of weird to close everything then! But well, this is Germany...so you do your weekend shopping on Saturday and if you forget something essential like bread and milk you just have to starve till Monday!

Well enough cribbing for now...

Guess what? Dragana, Irina, Bao Guo and I have joined this Expression Art Class from the University. Our teacher, Angelica is a social worker and had been to India as a volunteer for the Gujarat earthquake. The classes are really interesting and add a lot of colour to the cloudy days here.

Take care and do mail me more often... I know you're busy with *pujo* but just a oneliner would do.

Jayee

Kakerlak for Kali Pujo

Dearest Presi,

My Bijoya greetings to you. Sorry couldn't reply earlier— what with all these lectures and methods courses its hard to hold on to the festive mood. How was Kali pujo? Guess how

we celebrated Kali pujo? ... dissecting the nervous system of Cockroaches (Kakerlak in German) at the Zoology Institute near the Bahnhho (Railway Station). Takes half an hour to walk there... must buy my bike soon. Cycles are the main mode of transport here ...quite a change from the super fast tubes back home— 10 minutes and you find yourself in front of the Pepsi stall at Central!

Last week we had our formal 'Welcome Dinner' Where all the professors and students of the program made a dish from their own country. I made *Rajma* and I dare say everyone liked it because the professors were asking me for the recipe later. They love Indian food here... I must (modestly) admit to you that I've become a pretty decent cook! The other day some of my friends came over for dinner and they had the time of their lives eating rice with their hands! Then there was Russian Olivier salad from Irina, German Kartoffel (potato) Salad from Katharina, native New Zealand Kumara (sweet potato) salad from Ben... Ignacio and Segundo made Spanish omelette and Zaved-Biryani. Emilio brought raw fish cooked in lemon juice (a Chilean/Peruan dish) ...so it was quite a variety!

Okie dokie... keep the mails rolling in...got lot of reading to do.

Best wishes,

Jayee.

My first encounter with snow

Hey!

Its wonderful outside today— while coming back from class it started snowing and there were snow flakes on my nose and eyelashes... the patterns of the crystals were spectacular! By evening everything was covered in white and it looked like heaven... well almost!

Frohes Neues Jahr

Dear Presi,

Happy New Year!

How did 2003 greet you?

I was in Koin (Cologne) this weekend— it was where Eu de Cologne was first made. The

SPEED POST FROM DEUTSCHLAND TO DEROZIO

trip was a pleasant change after the rather quiet Christmas here (everyone in my dorm had gone home and the Christmas Markt also got over on the 22nd of December). Koln is a beautiful city upon the Rhine and it has also got the largest population of Indians in Germany. There are many Roman churches here, the oldest and most famous being the DOM (its 1450 yrs old and took 560 yrs to build) The city itself is full of life and I kept comparing it to Bombay.

But the best part was when we went to the Chocolate Museum— its run by the chocolate company Stohllwerk and has ancient artifacts and valuables depicting the history of cocoa and chocolate. One can also see a live demo of how chocolate is manufactured at the museum's in-house factory. Its a paradise for Chocoholics like me especially when you get to try out the liquid chocolate from the Chocolate Fountain!

It snowed really heavily on New Year's eve and I had my first snowball fight with my dorm mates ...it was fun! Then we had a German New Year— Silvester custom called Bleigiessen and later stayed up all night to watch the fireworks. They were spectacular! Well I hope your New Year hits off really well too and do keep writing, my friend. You are one of the few windows through which I can gaze into a world that I can call my motherland... my home.

Love always,
Jayee

Journey though the *Universe* : Gottingen's first International Poetry Slam

Hi!

We had our poetry culture night this Saturday... students from our program read out poems from their native countries or the ones they had penned down themselves. I was one of the

organizers. We also printed out a booklet of these poems and their translations. It was really nice... Christian from Ireland recited W.B. Yeats... then Tabrez read out his own : *For the Childern of Baghdad*. This was on the 25th of January, so I thought it would be appropriate to read out Tagore's *Where the mind is without fear*. Then Patric Muller sang a song he had composed himself. Elena and Irina read out Alexander Pushkin... it was nice to realize that we have not lost our emotions to the mechanical and molecular mayhem in the Labs and our Eppendorf tubes and that the passion for Science finds expression in verse. Then we went on to a more serious discussion:

Is Mankind in its race to unravel the mysteries of life, universe and beyond actually dismantelling everything that it lays its hands on? Well maybe, not. Life is a jigsaw puzzle with infinite pieces... we take it apart and then we try to build it back together piece by piece. We think its impossible but with time and insight and I guess determination we can slove most of it— maybe not all of it but we do get something which is better than nothing. And then don't you think completion is something we strive for... perfection is something we dream of? And maybe we think there is nothing called "perfect" but the yearning to get to the vicinity of perfection is reason enough to come so far...

And if John Lenon were alive he would have said 'Imagine...

I think :

there will always be dreamers who dream of not what is but of what can be

and then there will always be doers who make what can be what is

so dream on...'

Jayee

The Journey

Arjun Chatterjee, Alumnus, (1999-2002), Economics

Not uttering your first garbled syllable amidst furious applause of parents, not taking that first Armstrongian leap (ironic!), not surmounting the pinnacle at your first academic destination, not braving the tears when you have scraped your knee after a particularly unfortunate attempt to emulate the guy on Adventure Sports on your bicycle (how come he always does it right?). Stepping out of the warm environs of your home is the first step towards growing up. When you have threat and abuse hurled at you from every street corner and you know that there is no home to return to at the end of the day that will absolve all of that with unquestioned, unquestionable and unadulterated understanding and critically, acceptance.

We spend most of our lives reaching towards people and places that will accept us for what we are. However, this seemingly innocuous pitch is queered by something that pervades our every waking hour : Want. We complicate the initial equation by grabbing things, people and places that we want. So, will it be stuff we want or the ones who will accept us. Herein lies the chaos of our boomlet generation, the fuzzy identity of our digital masses, the name-tag of our many-hued but sameness-craving people.

Acceptance is an invitation card without a dress code, which allows us to be exactly what we are. There is no implicit snigger behind the bent lips, a smile too big a word. At home, we took it as a given. Outside in the cold grey cobbled streets every morsel of acceptance has to be earned, nothing is free. It is easy to say, "What the hell do they understand, they don't have my life." But as the sun goes down and the moon refuses to rise, deep down in that cardiovascular pit you know that something is pinching with slow but relentless precision.

The plight of the migrant is a beautiful yet solitary, beautiful yet gray one. The wanderlust which drives them is an inheritance because most rootlessness owes its origins to one or a few generations above, unless one is driven by a dream of self (yes, self and not surrounding)

discovery. Instinct has to be denied in order to fit into another alien culture, which the mind is grappling to calls ones own. The alternative of course is to have the label of Outsider, Outcast and Ostracised pinned on ones shirt lapel. Yet, all of us are migrants, rather pilgrims. We drag the caravans of our sorrows, rejections and missed opportunities on our daily Haj, looking thirstily into the horizon for our Mecca. The journeys are assumed to be painful, the destination is uncertain, though it does have certain facets defined.

Life for us is now a search, forced to battle everyone who we encounter because in this Game Theory of life, whatever I lose is actually wrested from my naive hands by the better player. We grab not because we need, but because the opportunity cost of losing it is too high. We are driven, not by desire but by desperation. Victory at the end of it all though is a warm roller, which comes and washes at our sandy feet. Since we give it all we have, it is an unspoken truth that we expect the best in return. Among the people I have met in my various forays across the country, I do sincerely have reason to hope that we are standing at the threshold of a generation that will learn to give everything to get it right back in return, rather than compromise on the persons that they are.

Cynicism is easy with your eyes closed, despair is all you feel (with due apologies to John, may his soul rest in peace). I sincerely believe that the new blood that is being infused into our liberated country is spunky and brash enough to think beyond their noses and do something tangible as they have not been born heaped with deprivation on malnourished shoulders. They are free to think and do as they please, I know they will channelise it in a direction that befits the energy that has been nurtured in them, the spirit that has been passed down from generations of fighters. The flame was carefully nurtured so that one day it would ignite popular imagination, not die a sad death in some neglected corner.

Kolkata Without a Map

Sayan Mukherjee, Alumnus, (1999-2002), Chemistry
Recipient of S.P. Mukherjee Gold Medal for 2002

*'People talking without speaking, People hearing without listening,
People writing songs, that voices never share....'*

'Sounds of Silence'— Paul Simon

The year 1930, saw the release of the Hollywood hit "—" Just Imagine, a sci-fi movie prophesizing that by year 2000, we would be nearly immortal, children would go to school in flying cars, so on and so forth... And it so happens that today the year is 2003. No flying cars yet; at least we had world war, the world breaking down before falling in love again, the Hippies, the Beatles, and the teens of the 60's and 70's becoming parents of the 80's and life changing colours like the sunset sky over the next two decades— a compromise. And it so happened that like darkness in twilight, the ink that wrote these pages in history, blotted down to our own beloved city Kolkata...

The bus ride from Esplanade to Howrah was a long one. It was a brooding afternoon in January, too warm to be winter, too humid to be spring. Three centuries and a few more years ago... my chain of thoughts broken by my seven classmates. including the girl sitting next to me, saying something I did not hear.

Summer here under a semi-tropical sun is not my favorite season, humid enough to make you feel like flying fish out of water— the faithful night breeze bringing relief like the morning after a sleepless night, and the moonlit, starlit lake above, stars with colours bleached by re-reflected street lights (look up during a power cut, to see what I mean). On such afternoons, you find quarrels breaking out —the auto queue, the last seat in the bus, the last piece of change at the metro ticket counter. But if you reach home a fraction of an hour before the time you'd have normally reached, and look at the sky, you'd see colours you've never seen before. For in the western sky, the dying sun lights up the

fluffy cumulus clouds in a mixed fruit jam of red, green and violet, a new flavour everyday. Then darkness falls, like first few silent raindrops...

The bus has stopped for a long time, wonder why? Road accidents by the way are somewhat common in Kolkata, and occasionally a child or someone else dies, an angry mob burns down a bus and the driver; by rule; invariably escapes. That's that; no Titanic sinks and no dolphin jumps out of the pool to mark the event. Just a poor...

Like their old habit, days, weeks and months slip away, and the branch of the neem tree tap dances on the glass of my bedroom window at night, with greater frequency, telling me its time for change. As the heat dulls, people sleep better, leaving only the unblinking street lamps as the last few friends for an insomniac. The first few silent drops hit you like needles, on a rickshaw ride, and then rain comes with all its fury, mist forms over asbestos roofs, fallen leaves do their futile cycles in the wind, thunder and lightning become systole and diastole of people's hearts. Sometimes at night, the rain pitter-patters on glass windows when the wind throws it there at an angle.

As the bus turns sharply, twilight is too dark now for me to read the name of the movie running in an unknown theatre, on an unknown street. Don't judge a book by its cover.

Then one fine day, it's all gone. Sights, sounds, and all the sweet smells of rain. No longer does the wind fill up empty plastic bags like in *American Beauty*. The barometer rises sharply; it's a season scientists regret to call autumn though *sarat kal* is ever so popular with Bengali poets— sunny days, silent sky, a cloud-

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less perfect lake of blue. Before *'tis the season to be jolly,*' if evolutionary programming does make you blue and you hate the European labels like 'seasonal affective disorder', we have the *Pujas* to cheer us up. A reason other than bright blinking lights, impulsive shopping and multiple *phuchka* stalls in every street corner to be happy. No red golden leaves though, 'coz it ain't NYC...

Hello fireworks, air pollution, season-change-colds. Hello pretty flowers— dahlias, marigolds, petunias and so many more. Hello Christmas, plumcakes, sweets and Park Street. Goodbye past year. Happy New Year, new hopes, new

you, a new year's resolution. Why? 'Coz we know that winners never quit and quitters never win. Slow down, stay awhile, see you next spring dear flowers, warm February winds are already raging about the house, So soon?

Orange street light reflects off the iron cantilevers, through the translucent glass I see a halo. Fed up with me for not listening, she's turning away.. How can I? For Howrah Bridge lay diagonally above us and all around, beneath the flyover, people living, hoping and living. It's then that I recall that species' with a finite lifespan often do not get a second chance, here on our planet.

Random Ramblings

Aniruddha Gupta, Alumnus, (1998-2001), Economics

Well, here I am sitting in front of a computer terminal at a time when all normal people are getting on with their social lives. Those sitting around me express surprise at the absence of images from the latest 3-D shooter on the screen. In fact, I am surprised myself. Its 7:53 pm, and an excellent dinner awaits me in seven minutes, but I can't leave till I've finished typing an article for the Presidency College magazine. The cause of my unhappiness is the winsome young lady currently holding the fearful title of Editor of the English Section of the Presidency College Magazine. I make a mental note to stay away from winsome young ladies, as they seem to cause nothing but trouble.

The clock at the bottom right corner of the screen ticks on and I still have no ideas on what to write. But a promise is a promise, so might as well get on with it. One of the biggest problems facing me right now is the fact that I graduated two years ago and would probably not be able to comment on the Presidencians of today, not being of that vintage myself (suddenly I feel old). On the other hand, it might be a blessing in disguise. I could touch on topics from a semi-outsider's point of view. So begins "The view from the Outside".

So, having got a topic, what do I write about? There are basically two kinds of articles written by ex-students—elegies and eulogies. The first type bemoans the downfall of the grand old institution and the accompanying degradation in moral values, loss of academic standard, blah blah. They invariably contain the line "In my time,..." and paint a picture which would make you think that 30 years ago every student had the IQ of Einstein, the spirit of Che, the passion of Picasso and looked like clones of Uttam Kumar or Suchitra Sen to boot. I always found these articles partonizing to the point of being obnoxious. Now that I am on this side of the

fence, I have no desire to similarly blacken my name in the minds of the current students, most of whom don't even know me, and so I shall steer clear of that course.

That leaves the eulogies. More my kind, being, as I am, quite positive in my outlook. So the question remains, what do I eulogise about. I suppose I could go on and on about how my days in college were oh-so-wonderful and gush about how it's the best college in the country—no, make it the world. On second thoughts, this is getting out of hand. There's very little I can say that all readers of the magazine would not have experienced themselves. As it is, very little truly changes in 2 years, especially when we're dealing with a 190-year old behemoth.

I think I can forget about the outsider's point of view, at least till another 25 years have passed (though I don't see any young ladies hankering after me to send my valuable inputs to the magazine then). So why not talk about unchanging images of the college. After all, there's beauty in constancy too. And, of course, concepts like Milieu, random addas and Promodda are bonds which bind Presidencians over generations. So much for outside views—change title to "The ties that bind".

Unfortunately, writing about these topics is so cliched—someone tries his hand at it every couple of years. And, to tell the truth, if you've seen one, you've seen 'em all. Moreover, what new light could I possibly shed on such glorious traditions of the past, especially when greater men than I have been there, done that to the point of ennui. Images of a camel's back flit through my mind, but that's another story.

So dinner has begun in right earnest and I am feeling even more miserable. I wonder if any of the great authors of our time ever found themselves in situations like this, trying to force words out of random thoughts. But, then again,

I've always felt that the people who write those painful academic tomes that we are forced to read as part of that institutionalized mechanism of sadism, namely the Part II exams, suffered from some deep-rooted frustration. Perhaps they too had whip-wielding hard-task-masters (mistresses? -no that would become positively u-know-what!) breathing down their necks. That gives me an idea— I could write a technical piece. The kind of stuff that blows your brains from the first line on and then chops it into finer pieces with each succeeding line. That must be where Promod-da gets the raw material for his mutton chops— but I digress again. Anyway, where were we? Ah, yes— technical writing. It must be something esoteric, bizarre and indecipherable.

Well, lets put my training to use— we shall have an article on "Estimating censored-data models". That should scare the kids. But, wait— I slept through that class. I don't even remember what it was. OK, lets talk about "South Asian currency crises". I could go on for hours on that one. The only problem is that I have to go to my room to get the statistics for it and once I leave this terminal I will never complete this damned article. Which means Miss Editor will bomb my mailbox with enough hate mail to crash the servers. No, this has to be done NOW. Lets do "Ordinally Bayesian Incentive Compatibility" (ouch!) Wait a minute! I have no idea what I'm even talking about— I really don't think I can manage this technical stuff, especially having studied something as run-of-the mill as Economics which is something every *doodhwallah* is qualified to talk about— I knew I should have studied Physiology.

Hmm, this is turning out to be harder than I thought. With the amount of rubbish turned out every day masquerading as good writing, you'd think anyone with a modicum of intelligence could churn out something readable. But apparently, that's not true. My respect for journalists just went up tenfold.

This has gone far enough! One last try and I'm through. I'll take the easy way out and do a hackneyed "Social commentary". After all everyone from retired lawyers to unemployed engineering graduates has tried that, so why can't I? And its not too difficult— just pick some recent event, pretend to analyse it and end up saying nothing. So how about doing "A perspective on the..."? Hmm, what incident do I analyse? The Gujarat riots? No, that's a bad idea. Lets try something further away from home— how about Iraq? No, I forgot— Presidencians are supposed to have a GLOBAL perspective.... I know— I'll pick something so irrelevant, nobody could possibly mind. So here goes "A perspective on the reduction of the quantity of onions served in chicken rolls at Gariahat."

Thinking of chicken rolls made me feel hungry again. And I just realized dinner time is over. I think I've had enough. I am just going to mail the contents of this page to the editor and she can do exactly what she pleases with it. As for me, I am off to grab a bite at the eatery *down* the road, making it a point to avoid all attractive young women on the way. But I think I already said that.

PS— This is a work of fiction. (except for the bits about the editor)

Is Gandhiji Alive Today?

Prof Amalendu Chakraborty, Alumnus, 1955-59, Dept. Of Philosophy

In the political scenario of India Gandhiji is regarded as the Father of the Nation. But are we paying that much respect to him which he deserves? This is a soul-searching question to all of us, particularly to the present generation who have seen the light of the day after his departure. Today Gandhiji is present only in currency notes and coins issued by the Reserve Bank of India and the photographs hung up in the Govt. and semi-govt. offices. Not to speak about Indian National Congress, not a single political party is following his ideas either in their political administration or in their daily life style. After the achievement of Independence in 1947 Gandhiji advised his party workers in an important Working Committee Meeting, not to participate in the administration of the country; because he sincerely believed that participation in the Government requires some 'vision' and 'polity' which, Gandhiji thought, were lacking in them. Moreover, Gandhiji had the vision of an 'Undivided Independent India', which was shattered by some unscrupulous leaders of his time, who could not sacrifice their 'lust for power and greed' in the guise of administration, who did not know that the seed of discontent was sown by the then British Administration, who were a bit afraid and nervous to accept an united Independent India. Yes, Gandhiji could not live more than six months to carry out his programme of 'reform and regeneration' for the liberated India. To my mind Nathuram Godse the assassin of Gandhiji was the 'brain-child' of the then ruling Congress Rulers, who plotted to eliminate Gandhiji to justify their misdeeds for years to come.

It is a historical truth that Gandhiji has been frequently quoted by the Anglo-American writers; Politicians and Journalists and also by some German Existential scholars like Karl Jaspers— all of them appreciating Gandhiji's political thought based on his religious intuition,

on the inner activity of satyagraha, the strong adherence to existence and truth. Even some top-ranking physicists like Einstein and Heisenberg have expressed their greatest tribute to Gandhiji by referring to the fact that such a "rare personality in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."

In Gandhiji the word 'Ahimsa' has both a negative and a positive import. The positive aspect of its meaning is more fundamental for him, because it comprehends the negative aspects and also represents its essence. His negative requirements of Ahimsā are not rigid as that, because Gandhiji is aware that it is not possible to observe non-violence in as strict and rigid manner as Jainism and other systems of Philosophy demands. He is fully aware that in certain cases ahimsā is unavoidable, as for example, in the processes of eating, drinking, walking, breathing etc. It is impossible to sustain one's body without injuring other bodies to some extent. But Gandhiji was opposed to political violence because it is essentially an expression of weakness. The capacity to kill is not a sign of strength, the strength to die is the real strength. Only when one has this strength in him he can claim to have risen above fear and is able to practise non-violence. It is true that non-violence requires extreme patience on the part of one who is using this method, but this patience is not a sign of inactivity, it is an expression to see and realise his own mistake. It is the firm conviction of Gandhi that Ahimsā can be practised universally. It does not involve the use of any external object, it duly demands a sincerity of purpose and a purity of intentions, and as such, it can be practised by everybody—even by societies or nations. Nationalism, Gandhiji believed, in itself is neither an evil nor against internationalism, it becomes an evil when it is based on narrowness and selfishness.

But in the present context of global violence, fundamentalism, terrorism, and religious fanaticism the preaching and practising of Gandhiji's political Idealism seems to be a mockery of truth.

Who can deny that India is paying a heavy price for Kashmir since 1953 due to her 'lack of political foresight' and 'unwillingness to strike' at the right time. Pakistan was created out of 'hatred' and 'communalism'. If public memory is not short, we have seen almost a hundred and one attempts of the Indian Government to bring Pakistani Leaders to the conference table to solve the outstanding problems of the two Nations. Although violence does not pay, our neighbouring Nation knows only the 'language of

the bullet'. So in the present political 'scenario', the political ideals of Gandhiji like 'non-violence' and 'satyagraha' have become a nightmare to us. But how to overcome the crisis? Can hatred be stopped without a change in our conscience? I think not. Then, where is the 'golden rule' which will alleviate the sufferings of the crores of people all over the globe? I think, in the context of the present-day spiritual atrophy, we must turn our attention to the 'wisdom of the East' in general and Gandhiji's 'EKLA CHALO RE' principle in particular. To carry out this programme we require utmost dedication and sacrifice of our 'misguided leaders' to save India from the present catastrophe.

Plasmoids

Samit Basu, Alumnus, (1998-2001), Economics

“ ‘I’ll get to the point,” she said. I could have stared at her beautiful green eyes for hours without complaining, but I nodded earnestly at her. This is America, I thought. They get to the point here.

A month ago

Dear Vijay,
Congratulations!

Your story, *The Plasmoids*, has won the Short SF-Fantasy Story Contest organized by www.sciffiends.com!

As promised, we’re going to fly you to New York and give you our Secret Grand Prize—the job you’ve always dreamed of!

Etc. etc.

Three days ago

‘I’m going to New York, mother.’
‘Heh?’

‘New York! The story I wrote in a day? The online writing contest I won, remember? The prize?’

‘Heh?’

‘Look at me! I’m... going... to... New... York.’
‘Will you be home for dinner?’

Fifteen minutes ago

‘Vijay? Very glad to finally meet you. I’m Denise Nebula, the editor.’

I stared at the stunning twenty-something woman in front of me, trying to keep my jaw from dropping. I thought people associated with Science Fiction were all slightly overweight, disheveled, spaced-out, a little nerdy even.

People like me.

So I did.

Three seconds ago

‘I’ll get to the point.’

I think that brings me more or less up to date.
Denise leaned forward.

‘I’m not from this planet,’ she said.

‘What?’

‘Don’t look so alarmed. I-we-mean you no harm. In fact, I have great news for you.’

Beautiful woman who thinks she’s an alien? I can deal with that, I thought. All Americans are crazy, anyway. Well-known fact.

‘The reason we organized this contest,’ she said, ‘was to find the earthling whose vision of extraterrestrials corresponded most closely to our reality. Your *Plasmoids*, Vijay, are just like us—a race of peaceful beings of superior intellect.’

I smiled at her. She’s mad, I thought, but at least she’s harmless.

‘So your website is actually run by aliens,’ I grinned. ‘Studying earthlings, no doubt.’

‘Yes,’ she said, smiling in turn, ‘I’m glad you understand. The creativity implant worked particularly well with you, I see.’

‘The what?’

‘This is going to shock you a little, Vijay.’

‘I think I can handle it.’

‘There are a number of extraterrestrial races already present on earth, all engaged in a race to establish contact first. We could conquer your world easily, of course, but the Parliament forbids it.’

‘So you use Science fiction as a peaceful alternative means of contact?’

‘Yes, Science fiction is not a human invention, but a result of certain signals we send out—brain images commonly called dreams.’

I was beginning to feel a little scared. The whole *Plasmoid* idea had come to me in a dream.

‘Different SF websites are actually the creations of beings from various planets. And these writing contests all have only one purpose, Vijay—to find an ambassador. That is why the deadlines are so short—everyone’s in a hurry to

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establish an embassy on earth, with an earthling in charge of communication. That will minimize panic and loss of life.'

'Wait a minute.' I said 'You mean that Science Fiction is what aliens tell us about themselves in our dreams?'

'Yes. To be brutally frank, you humans are simply not capable of thinking beyond politics, sex and violence on your own. It's not your fault-you simply aren't evolved enough. Science fiction-and fantasy-are our way of helping you. Gentle pushes towards evolution.'

'And that's the joy you're offering me? To be your ambassador?'

'Yes, Vijay, Picture it. Interstellar travel, money, worlds beyond your imagination,' she leaned forward further and smiled even more seductively. 'And there are other benefits...'

'There's a slight problem,' I said.

'What is it?'

'I don't believe you.'

'I knew it wouldn't be **easy**,' she sighed. 'But I have proof. Have you read *Lord of the Rings*?'

'Of course. Twelve times.'

She sighed again, like someone trying to explain something to an idiot **child**.

'Do you seriously think Tolkien was human?'

The office seemed to spin around me. I suddenly realized that she was telling the truth...

'You're telling me the truth, aren't you.'

'As promised, the job you've always dreamed of,' she said.

What could I say? It was an offer I couldn't refuse. Who would?

But there was one question. One all-important question. Because, after all, this concerned the whole planet, the future of the human race...

'How much do I get paid?'

She mentioned a sum. It was enough.

'When can I start?'

'Today! But first, just sign the contract.'

A typed sheet of paper appeared in front of me. I read it carefully

Nothing wrong with it. I signed the contract.

'What happens now? Press conference? Space travel? An advance payment? What?'

Why not go for broke. I thought.

'Or maybe we could discuss all this somewhere more private?'

Well, it had never worked with earth women, and she said she was from a more intelligent race. So I didn't feel bad when she laughed her head off.

'This meeting is over, Vijay,' smiled Denise. 'We'll start the preparation for the opening of the embassy immediately, if you don't mind.'

She pressed a button on her desk. 'The Beautician is on his way,' she said.

'So I get a makeover? The pimples removed, and so on?'

'No, Vijay. One thing we have come to realize is that your planet values good looks above anything else. Which is why I, for example, got this body made for me. The Beautician will construct an entirely new body-the Ambassador must be the most handsome man on the planet.'

The door opened behind me. Something very large entered the room.

'I'm afraid your body doesn't meet the requirements, Vijay,' smiled Denise.

'What does that mean?'

'That means, Vijay,' she said, 'that we'll just take your brain'.

(Th authors first novel *'The Simoquin Prophecies* is going to be published by Penguin in 2003)

The Prince And The Old Man

Rahul Mukherjee, Alumnus, (1998-2001), Economics

There once lived in the ancient city of Benares a very lonely old man. He had been a grocer by profession, but when old age overtook him, wrinkled his brown skin and covered his eyes with a patina, so that he could no longer tell the difference between an *anna* and twelve, his sons agreed that he could no longer be allowed to remain in the shop and cause pecuniary disasters. Those were hard times full of famine and pestilence and even an *anna* let by without account meant untold hardships later.

So the old man was bundled off to an upper story room in their house near the *dhobi ghats* of Benares. The room had a large overhanging balcony protected from the sun by a thin veil of wooden slats painted green. When the sun was low on the horizon and the shadows of the blinds fell obliquely on the floor, so that the room was aglow in a soft azure haze, the old man, resting on a straw mattress covered with a white sheet, would raise his head and look out over the expanse of the Ganga, and with his feeble eyes discern the masts of sailboats and hear the cry of the oarsmen as they urged each other to row harder against the rushing tide of muddy water. At these times, the old man was seized by a longing to travel to the source of the Ganga high up in the mountains, and offer *puja* at the temple nestled there among the blue rocks and white ice. He had been a devout Hindu all his life and he longed to end it at the holiest place known to his public faith and private imagination. But the very thought of suggesting the possibility to his sons made him shiver in fear and humiliation, as he knew that they would laugh it off as the whim of a shrivelled and incapacitated mind which knew not its own direction and purpose. But the desire to leave grew in him at every moment, and as the days flew by and the numbers of the sails that passed to and fro beneath his balcony accumulated like floodwa-

ter raging upon a dyke, his mind became implacable.

One night in the month of *ashwin* when everyone was out in the town watching the burning of the effigy of *ravana* and the house was quite empty, the old man stole off down the stairs by moonlight. Twice he tripped and nearly fell to his death down the cold stone stairway, but he finally managed to bring himself down to the front door, which had been left ajar for his sons to return later during the night. Pushing through, he left the house where he had been born and hobbled down to the *ghat* where the boatman carried him onto the heaving breast of the river.

Gradually the lights of Benares faded away into the distance and the first teardrop that had escaped from the eyes of the old man since the death of his wife many years before, dried on his cheek. When the moon had set and the darkness had settled with a dreamy finality, only the lapping of the ripples on the stern of the boat reminded the traveller of his existence beyond a lethean present. The old man stirred in his sleep and allowed himself a wan smile at the thought of his sons, as he clutched his lifetime's earnings to his chest.

Thus begun his long journey northwards.

The travels of the old man lasted long. He saw many cities and many people and travelled by several boats, till he finally reached the city of Haridwar where the Ganga leaves the hills. There he found a guide to accompany him across the mountains to Gangotri. The journey across the rocks and crevices on horseback was long and dangerous. There were mudslides and falling rocks, rains and leeches, and countless other hurdles. But above all was human greed—the way was infested with bandits who waylaid travellers and took all that they had and

threw them down over the precipice to be dashed on the rocks. One night while the old man slept, the guide ran away with all his money and the horse, leaving him with just enough food to go on alone.

Now, without the horse, the old man had a new adversary in the hands of time. Every year during winter, the weather in the mountains on which the temple lay became too cold for humans to survive. So the priests locked up the gates with huge brass padlocks, planting giant wax seals on them, and retired to the valley down below for six months. The old man was among the last pilgrims that year and would have been just in time for the closure of the temple for the winter. Now, his chances of reaching were disappearing fast, like water held in a colander.

At last, after many days of incessant traveling he finally came within sight of his destination. But here, the old man witnessed a heartbreaking sight. He found that the head priest and his men were climbing down the steps of the temple after having sealed all the gates. With untold weariness and despair he told the priests of his plight. But they were firm in their answer—the weather had worsened over the past week and had forced the priests to hasten their winter retreat to the plains, and now that they had completed the elaborate ritual of closing down the temple, there was no question of opening it for anyone; not even the greatest king could surpass this divine decree. They asked the old man to return in six months, when the temple would reopen, and offered to show him an inn in the valley where he could stay. But the old man was penniless by this time, and had no hope of ever seeing the plains again since he could not afford another horse. Besides, he could feel his life ebbing fast from within him. He knew deep down that even if he managed to find the means of surviving, his body would succumb to the harsh winter weather. So he remained adamant and said that he would rather wait there over the winter than go down. The priests tried their best to dissuade him from staying. They reasoned with him and tried to point out the

suicidal nature of his intention. But the old man was adamant. So with a final warning and a shake of their wizened pates, they left the old man at the base of the stairway to face his fate, and started their long journey downwards to the safety and comfort of the valley.

The night came soon, and snuffed out the bright glow of day off the tip of the snow-clad peaks like an executioner. Darkness fell fast and so did the cold, which began to gnaw at the bones of the old man. So he got up from where he had been sitting, at the base of the stairs, and climbed up to the ledge in front of the heavy brass gate, to take advantage if whatever little cover it afforded. There he sat silently and wept. The tears felt cold and meaningless against his cheek. For what good are tears when no one sees them, and what good are prayers when no one hears them? Presently, the warmth of his own body lulled him to slumber and the old man dozed off.

He was awoken soon by a distant noise. At first it appeared to be thunder and the old man hastily shrunk farther into the recess of the doorway and pulled his shawl tightly over himself, expecting rain to lash down on him at any instant. But soon the noise came close and became distinct and the old man was relieved to realise that it was the sound of the footfalls of a galloping horse. The footfalls slowed down to a canter and stopped at the foot the stairs. Someone jumped down from the horse's back, and the old man could make out from the footsteps as the rider climbed up, that he was heavily built. Then the rider came into view in the starlight.

He was handsomely dressed in a suit of silk and brocade. On his head was a resplendent turban set with a feather and jewels, and at his belt hung the largest sword that the old man had ever seen. And was he himself large! But his face was young and the lines of his lips were kind and almost womanlike in their delicacy. The old man felt oddly relieved at the arrival of this strange being.

THE PRINCE AND THE OLD MAN

"I am the prince of these parts. Who are you?" thundered the rider. There was a peevish anger in his eyes as he spoke these words, and his hands moved towards the hilt of his sword.

The old man cowered in fear and told him his story. The rider listened without interrupting. When he was through, the old man looked up and found that the face of the prince had softened, and the kind quality that he had discerned at first, had regained control of his countenance. The prince took of his scabbard, laid it down beside the old man and sat down by it.

"Have no fear," he said, "The gates of the temple shall be opened for you by dawn, at my command."

Seeing the scepticism on the face of the old man, the prince laughed out loud and seemed to be much amused at his disbelief of his power.

"I shall guard you for the night, as this region is not safe owing to a band of bandits operating here. We have to remain awake and alert all night, and to do so, let us play a game of dice."

So saying, the prince drew out a folded wooden board from within his suit and laid it out on the temple steps. Then he handed the old man a pair of dice and asked him to try his luck.

At the prospect of unexpected entertainment, when he had settled for certain death, the old man grew light and happy and the fatigue of many days seemed to drain away from him. As they played on the old man felt happier and more frivolous than he had ever felt before and soon the two companions were laughing out loud. Their laughter bounced against the rocks and echoed down the valley till it was lost in the vast emptiness of space. The night wore on, but their game continued with unabated vigour, till the old man felt an uncontrollable urge to sleep and he curled up against the cold temple wall and fell

into fitful oblivion.

When the old man awoke it was midday. The sun was high up in the sky and the air was crisp and cool. There was no sign of the prince. The old man felt his heart grow heavy when he thought of the night before and remembered the wonderful camaraderie that had emerged between them in such a short while. He looked at the closed gates of the temple and smiled sadly at the bravado of the prince, and realised that he had more important worries at hand. So thinking, he folded up his shawl and began to climb down the steps of the temple. It was then that he saw them. They appeared in the distance a group of men, walking at a slow pace towards the temple. The old man could not see who they were and was suddenly fearful, for he remembered about the bandits that the prince had spoken of. So he scampered back up the steps and hid himself in the shadow of the door and observed the figures with apprehension.

They were soon visible distinctly and the old man was filled with untold joy when he realised that they were the head priest and his men. So the prince had not been bragging in empty terms when he had told the old man of his power! He felt proud at his brief association with so *illustrious a potentate* who could order temples to open at his mere whim. With such thoughts he awaited the arrival of the priests.

When the priests saw him, they all looked like that they had seen a ghost. A single sentence escaped from the throats of all of them in unison.

"Old man," they cried, "how on earth did you survive the six months of winter?"

And the old man stood at the steps of the temple and wept in happiness, at his sheer fortune of meeting the prince of those parts.

Juhi

Balarka Banerjee, Physiology, Ist Year

I was going back to where I had come from, for the last time. Or so I hoped. Nostalgic men never succeed in life. I believe that. Memories are like an iron ball that hangs from your right foot and holds you back. Somewhat like a guilty conscience. I have been sawing at that chain for the last seventeen years and finally I was going to cut it off... forever. Or so I hoped.

There have been stories about the plight of village lads in the big city. Stories of innocence lost and the destruction of humanity. Wimps, all of them. What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. I had come to the city. Carrying my little black trunk, turned red by the dust of my village in the obscure corners of Purulia. The most backward district of Bengal. To study at one of the greatest colleges in the country. We didn't have polls then but we knew it was true. I studied, I worked, I fought, I won, I survived. Seventeen years of hard competition. Hard Labour. I had survived. I had learnt. I had grown stronger. Now I have all that I had ever wanted and all that I hadn't. Officially my salary was more than that of the President of India. There is no need for me to hold on to memories anymore. They had become obsolete, unnecessary, The village has become just a ghost now. A fading memory of another life. I am as much a villager as a butterfly is a caterpillar.

I had finally convinced my parents to move in with me in the city. All that was left now was the ancestral house in the village. A run down, two-storey, brick structure, the very thought of which insulted me. I had convinced some wealthy farmer to buy it. To convert it into a storage dump. The suspicious old man insisted that I be there to personally close the deal because he did not trust lawyers. That's why I was once again on this road. That's why I was going back to where I had come from. For the last time.

I intended to be in and out of there in an hour. It was an official visit. I did not have the time for a picnic in the country.

Something shined at me through the trees in the distance and left me dazzled for a few seconds. They were the rooftops of the first huts of the village waiting for me. Metal sheets that angrily reflected the white glare of the sun had replaced the tranquil clay rooftops. However they had been cut and shaped exactly like the old roofs in some kind of ironical artistic justice.

The last time I had been on this road was behind a bullock-cart, crushed between sacks of cow-dung cakes. Now I was driving my brand new Ford. I drove past the first of the roadside shops. I remember it used to be a shanty selling fresh tea for passengers. Now in its place was a phone booth and a Pepsi shop with large hoardings of gorgeous film stars on top. People turned their heads from time to time to stare at the big new car. Naked kids ran behind it. The wheat rippling in the sun waved at me in unison. I had returned to where I had come from.

Driving into a side-lane I had to stop and ask for directions at a tea stall. I could not even remember the way to my own house. Besides I was yearning for some tea

I asked the owner for directions. He told me. I sat on the bench, in the heat and drank his tea. Then I looked east and saw the hut shaped temple. The *Shiva* temple where they also had *Durga Puja* every year. The courtyard in which concerts were held all night during *Shiva Ratri*. The Banyan tree where... And then it happened. What I was afraid of finally happened. I remembered what I have been trying to forget for seventeen years... Juhi.

I had known her since she had been a little girl. My first and fondest memories were always those of her. In another time we used to play around that banyan tree. Swinging and twirling

JUHI

from those vines until we got dizzy. It was there, that one day I suddenly promised to marry her and she cautioned me that I was in the temple courtyard. I had said that didn't matter because I was saying nothing but the truth.

Soon our childish affection for each other turned into the shy passion of young adults. It had been the most beautiful time of my life.

It was done at last— the house was gone. The last links of the chain had finally been hacked away. I had come quietly and I intended to leave undetected. Like the summer night, A growing lad changes a lot in seventeen years. Although a few familiar faces passed me by in the street, none of them had the faintest idea who I was. Except one— Ramu-da. The once young manservant of our house recognized me immediately, for I had spent hours in his room listening to stories of fearsome dacoits. His face, softened by age, smiled up at me. He probably wanted to embrace me but his caste forbade it. Palms clasped, he gave me a running account of our village's not so short, but eventless history. Who had died, who had moved on, who's son had become a doctor. I was about to make an effort to get away, but he finally grasped my attention when he spoke her name— Juhi. She had refused to marry for a couple of years. Finally she was wed to a man, thrice her age and twice her weight. He had given her nothing more than a roof over her head, two meals a day and three children.

I was filled with a sudden desire to see her. Just once. But I had come to let go. Not to hold on. Besides what was there to say? I was in love all over again. There was Antara now. Our first born is already five years old.

But for some reason I found myself by the river. There a spot about a mile after the last hut is the village where our little river snakes through some low dunes. As the horizon started to swallow the sun, I sat down on a large boulder hidden from the world by a dune. We used to come here often. We had carved our names on

this rock, although I could not find it now. We had claimed this land. Our own little world, which no one knew about. This is the place where I had said goodbye. I told her that I had to go to the city for further studies. I told her what people told me, that a boy of my brilliance had "a future". I had told her that I would come back. I had that I would come back to marry her. She had told me that she would wait. We held hands and watched the sun go down. It was an age before Hollywood movies, otherwise we would have kissed.

Then the breeze blew in a fragrance of intoxicating sweetness. It was a familiar perfume from another world, another time. Juhi. It was the scent of Juhi flowers. Tiny and fair with an aroma that would romance the very air around it. They had been her favourite. Probably because she had been named after them. She would put them in her hair, make garlands of them, and put them by her window. The last time we had been here she had brought with her a tiny Juhi sapling. We had climbed one of the dunes and she had planted the sapling in the rocky soil. I had told her that it wouldn't survive. She had told me it would. She had said that it would grow as long as she loved me and that she would plant a new sapling every year in the very same spot until I returned to marry her.

Another rush to fragrance flooded my nostrils. I looked around trying to locate the source. I recognised the dune and started clamouring up on all fours. As I reached the top the perfume seemed so strong that it almost overpowered me. As the moon started climbing up into the sky, I saw the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life. The hill top had become a forest of Juhi bushes. Bushes, neatly arranged in a row and full of beautiful flowers. I counted seventeen bushes in various stages of growth. The one at the end of the row was a sapling. A sapling that was no more than a month old. A sapling that had been watered that very morning.

The COMPLETE IDIOT'S Guide to Presidency College!

Siddhartha Bhotika, Talluri Sarat Rao

Presidency College, Kolkata

Established : As Hindu College, on January 20th, 1917, Became Presidency College in 1855. *It is one of the oldest colleges in this part of the world.* It offers graduate and post-graduate degrees in pure science and arts. It does not offer any degree programs in professional fields like engineering, medical, business or management.

Address : Presidency College, 86/1 College Street, Kolkata 700 073

Student Strength: Approximately 1700, in the undergraduate and postgraduate department. *It is the college under Calcutta University to have its own Masters Program.* The college is co-education, *In fact, the first girl student joined in 1897, making it one of the first colleges in India to admit women.* Currently, the population is overwhelmingly female (64%). We admit students from all over India both at graduate and post-graduate departments.

Departments : The college has 17 honours departments. *It has no B. Com. or pass courses.* The departments are : English, Bengali, Hindi, Sanskrit, History, Philosophy, Political Science, Sociology (B.A.), Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Statistics, Economics, Geography, Geology, Botany, Zoology, Physiology.

The college is associated with numerous great names like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose and David Hare. Our glittering alumni speaks for itself. To name a few— Henry Vivian Derozio, our first President Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Shyama Prasad Mukherjee, Ashutosh Mukherjee, Michael Madhusudan Dutt, great scientists like Meghnath Saha, Acharya Jagdish Chandra Bose, Satyen Bose, Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis, great economists like Pranab Burdhan, Deepak Banerjee, present RBI

governor Bimal Jalan, and the Nobel laureate Amartya Sen.

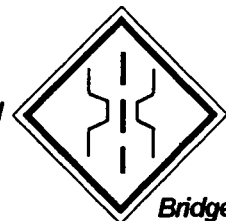
Interesting information— The First Presidency class was held at what is now Coffee House. Rabindranath Tagore studied here for one whole day!!! Satyajit Ray studied economics for one year!

In the journey of life, we always come across Signs. The path we choose depends upon how we interpret those signs, if we interpret them at all. The following gives an insider's insight into how a Presidencian interprets some common signs— a guide to our minds!!!

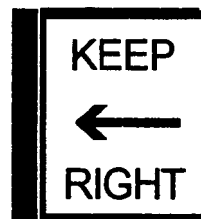


STOP we never do.
Forward we always
GO

Always Game!!!

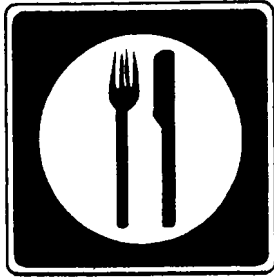


Bridge!



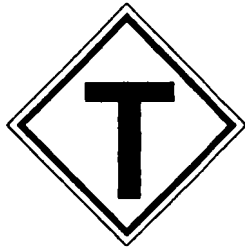
Some People
however tend
to keep **LEFT**

THE COMPLETE IDIOT'S GUIDE TO PRESIDENCY COLLEGE!



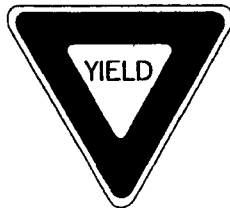
The food we live to eat! the Canteen.
Coffee House

Paramount (the best Sherbet on Earth)
Putiram. Chinese Food Joint.
Food station and 'teler bhaja'



Our Essential
CHA

To strive, to seek, to find and
not to

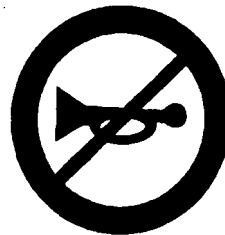


*One sign we FAIL
to recognize!!*

*But for those
who don't study
they have to.....*

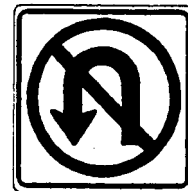


*Our minds are
always on the
MOVE!*



*We don't
need to blow
trumpets.*

*No Turning
Back!!*



*Looks like its
time to....*



Serenading on the Shiwalik

Shatarupa Chaudhuri, English, IIIrd Year

5 500ft. above sea-level, Pithoragara district, Uttar Pradesh, That was all the hand-written pamphlet said to guide us to the remote town (or village(?)) of Champawat, surrounded by massive mountains, sheltered by the unlimited sky. A few dozen houses, a small market and a thousand year old temple to boast of. The river Chalthi winding below had swelled during the monsoons, and in the quietude one could nearly hear it roaring. Our immediate neighbours were on the next hilltop. From far away the lazy tinkling of the bells on a donkey could be heard— heralding the post. This bush green reprieve is a poet's paradise. One can hardly wonder what inspired the artist to carve such intricate figures and patterns on the temple walls in such an insignificant corner of the world.

We had travelled on road for almost six hours from the nearest railway station of Tanakpur, where we had left the plains behind. But the mountains called, and the clouds called, and we wanted to soar higher and higher. Our destination was approximately ten kilometers further ahead of Champawat— Mayavati or "the abode of God" as my grandmother would say. But by

then, the breeze had turned to a wind and the weather gave ominous signals. Young and daring that we were, we decided to risk the walk. A few steps, and the wind had become a gale. Black clouds advanced in dense phalanxes. The storm gathered momentum and the pine forests danced wildly to its rhythm. The frenzy caught us too as the rain lashed our faces. There was something romantic about the whole thing. Although we knew that we might have to say "how do you do" to a ferocious feline (which didn't happen by the way), we crept towards our destination, proud to be part of nature's adventure.

We reached the Ramkrishna "ashram". It was the end of the world— literally. It seemed that across the edge meeting the horizon there was a sheer fall into the sky. The maharaj stood drenched in the rains. He must have sensed us coming. The colourful garden dazzled our eyes. The peace, the calm quietened our excited nerves. Gradually, strands of golden rays broke through the strips of clouds. A rainbow arched across to the next mountain. My heart took a picture as we chased the monsoons to mystique Mayavati.

God and Belief

"God", He made us? Or did we make him!

Siddhartha Bhotika, Economics, 2nd year

This question must have cropped up in our minds at some time or another. It is unfortunate that even after centuries, no logical proof has been devised to decisively show the existence of God-the Supreme Being, the Creator.

Let us dwell on the subject of "What exactly does God mean?" God, by definition, is unique. He is the Supreme Being, the Creator of the universe. Therefore he must, by definition, exist. However, things do not merely exist because they have been defined to do so, except as latent variables or universal constants in scientific experiments. Take for instance, Santa Claus—we know what he looks like, where he lives, even the names of his eleven friends and reindeers. However, all adults know quite well that he is just a big myth.

A person who believes in God is a theist and one who does not is an atheist. Atheism is characterized by absence of belief in God that may be due to deliberate choice or inherent inability to believe in religions ideology and teachings. Atheists are not anti-religious in any way. Atheists are different only in the respect that they do not believe in God. They just want to live their lives as though nobody is watching over them. A weak atheist is one who lacks belief in God while a strong atheist is one who believes that God does not or cannot exist. Weak atheism is simple skepticism. Strong atheism is an explicitly held belief that God cannot exist.

There is also agnosticism. Prof. Huxley defined an agnostic as someone who disclaimed both strong atheism and theism, and who believed that the question of whether a higher power exists is unsolved and insoluble. There are millions of agnostics in the world, even more than the atheists. Some agnostics believe that believing in God leads to irrational behavior, while not believing would not affect them, as God's existence will never be proven.

It may be argued that the number of theists far exceeds the number of atheists or agnostics. Such a number cannot be collectively wrong. Unfortunately, a majority of believers has nothing to do with how "correct" a theory is or how it "works". It was once believed that the earth was flat and the Sun revolved round the earth. Many people still believe in ghosts, astrology, palmistry and other pseudo-sciences.

It may then be argued that God is essentially non-detectable. From a scientific viewpoint, if God is interacting with our universe in any way, the effect of any such interaction must have some physical manifestation, that is, his interactions should be in principle detectable. Since God is undetectable, it may be assumed that God does not interact with our universe in any way whatsoever. Religions often argue that God is meta-physical but from a scientific viewpoint, it is very difficult to believe that.

The mathematician-philosopher, Pascal developed a theory which he called Pascal's Wager. He said "If you believe in God and turn out to be incorrect, you have lost nothing. But, if you do not believe in God and turn out to be incorrect, you will go to hell. Therefore it is foolish to be an atheist". This theory has two major flaws. Firstly, it does not point out which religion to follow. The major religions of the world contradict each other in innumerable ways. Secondly, we might end up worshipping the wrong god and the right god, then, will punish us for our foolishness. I believe that this theory was just trying to justify theism over atheism.

So, I may suggest a slight modification for the modern times :- "If you believe in God and turn out to be incorrect, you have lost nothing. But if you do not and then turn out to be incorrect, there is nothing to be worried about because God will forgive you. Why? Coz' He is God."

সম্পাদকীয়

চারিদিকের সামাজিক খণ্ডচিত্রগুলি সাজালে একটা সামগ্রিক অস্থিরতাই চোখে পরে। জীবনের প্রায় প্রতিটি স্তরেই কিছু সংকীর্ণমনা মানুষ আমাদের ভবিষ্যৎ নির্দিষ্ট করতে উঠে পড়ে লেগেছে। একদিকে ক্রমাগত পরীক্ষার চাপে আমরা প্রায় পড়াশুনার মানোটাই হারিয়ে ফেলেছি অন্যদিকে ভাগ্যগণক কম্পিউটার বা মোবাইল ফোন হাতে অজ্ঞাতকুলশীল বাবাজীদের আড়ালে মুখ ঢেকেছে সাধারণ মানুষের বিচার-বুদ্ধি। আসলে একটু আধটু বিজ্ঞানের প্রযুক্তিগত ব্যবহার শিখলেও আমরা বৈজ্ঞানিক চিন্তাচেতনার সহজতম সত্য— স্বচ্ছ যুক্তিবাদী ভাবনা, কোনোদিনই শেখার চেষ্টা করিনি। ওটাতো আমাদের কোনো পরীক্ষার সাজেশন-এ ছিল না। তাই আমরা ঠিক-ভুল নিয়ে প্রশ্ন তুলতে ভুলে গেছি, অন্ধবিশ্বাস আমাদের স্বাভাবিক প্রবৃত্তি হয়ে দাঁড়িয়েছে। এই মানবিক দুর্বলতাই আমাদের জীবনকে আঁটে-পুঁটে বেঁধে ফেলেছে। তারই চরম বহিঃপ্রকাশ আমাদের চারিদিকে প্রকট।

প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজে এর আঁচ কিছুটা হলেও লেগেছে। এই কলেজের সুপ্রাচীন ঐতিহ্য আমাদের সুপরিচিত। কিন্তু আমরা যদি সেইদিকে তাকিয়েই চুপ করে বসে থাকি আর ভাবি এই ঐতিহ্যের জোয়ারে ভেসেই আমরা সাফল্যের তীরে পৌঁছব তবে তা বড়ই বোকামি হবে।

আশার কথা, এ কলেজে আমাদের পূর্বসূরির যে সুস্থ মৌলিক চিন্তা-ধারার প্রচলন করেছিলেন তা এখনো প্রবাহমান। সেই ভাবনাগুলোকে একসঙ্গে আবার একবার তুলে ধরবার এটি একটি প্রয়াসমাত্র।

শুভ ভট্টাচার্য, পদার্থবিদ্যা, ২য় বর্ষ

ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনাময়!

অধ্যাপক সুনির্মল রায়, গণিত বিভাগ

(জীব ও জড়ের বিভেদরেখা আমরাই রচনা করেছি। জীব, জড় সবকিছুর মধ্যে চেতনা আছে। এই বিশৃ ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনা। গণিতের অধ্যাপক সুনির্মল রায় সম্প্রতি তার গবেষণাপত্রে এই চেতনার কথা জানিয়েছেন। তার তৈরী এক গাণিতিক মডেলের সাহায্যে। অধ্যাপক রায় দেখিয়েছেন এই ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনা অনুসারে সব জড়, সব জীবের চেতনা প্রকাশ পাচ্ছে। জীব ও জড়ের সব ধর্ম, সব নিয়ম এই চেতনার সাহায্যে ব্যাখ্যা করা যায়। এই প্রবন্ধে তার বিভিন্ন গবেষণার ফলাফল জানিয়ে অধ্যাপক রায় একথাই জানিয়েছেন।)

প্রকৃতি, ব্রহ্মাণ্ড, জীবের মধ্যে (জীবের আকারে) জড়ের মধ্যে (পারমানবিক গঠনের মাধ্যমে) তার ক্রিয়া বিক্রিয়া নির্দিষ্ট করে দিয়েছে অনেকটা। তাছাড়া আলো, তাপমাত্রা, শব্দ, অভিকর্ষ বল, চুম্বক বল, আর্দ্রতা, পারিপার্শ্বিক জড় বস্তু ও জীব ইত্যাদির মাধ্যমে ও প্রত্যেক জড়ের ও প্রত্যেক জীবের ক্রিয়া বিক্রিয়াকে নিয়ন্ত্রণ করছে। এই পরিবেশকে কতকগুলি অবস্থায় ভাগ করে (ক) এবং কোন জড় বা জীবের ব্যবহারকে, প্রকাশকে কতগুলি অবস্থায় ভাগ করে (খ) এই খ এবং ক এর মধ্যে সমীকরণ বা সম্পর্ক বের করেছেন অধ্যাপক সুনির্মল রায়। এই সমীকরণগুলির থেকে বলে দেওয়া যাবে কি শর্তে সেই জড়, সেই জীব, সেই মানুষটি কিরকম ব্যবহার করবে। শুধু তাই নয়, গ্যাস, তরল, কঠিন ইত্যাদি সব জিনিস সম্পর্কিত যাবতীয় নিয়ম এথেকে ব্যাখ্যা করা সম্ভব হয়েছে। ভবিষ্যতে যা আবিষ্কৃত হবে তাও এই মডেলের সাহায্যে পাওয়া যাবে, ব্যাখ্যা করা যাবে।

ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনার কতকগুলো মুখ্য উদ্দেশ্য হচ্ছে (১) পরিবর্তন করা, (২) ব্যক্তিগত অস্তিত্ব ও শৃংখলিত অস্তিত্বের ফাঁক পূরণ করা এবং চাহিদা পূরণ করা, (৩) ভালো বৈশিষ্ট্যগুলি পাওয়া, (৪) নিষ্ক্রিয় অবস্থা প্রাপ্ত হওয়া, (৫) তাদের কাজের সুবিধার জন্য এবং সুযোগগুলি পাবার জন্য আকৃতি ও প্রকৃতির পরিবর্তন, (৬) স্থির অবস্থা প্রাপ্ত হওয়া এবং সবচাইতে বড় উদ্দেশ্য, (৭) আনন্দ।

কোয়ার্ক কনা, ইলেকট্রন, প্রোটন থেকে একে একে বিভিন্ন মৌল, পরে বিভিন্ন যৌগ... ইত্যাদি তৈরী হোল। ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা অনুসারে কনিকার দুই বিপরীত আধান অনুসারে, আকর্ষণী ও বিকর্ষণী শক্তি অনুসারে বিভিন্ন শক্তি তৈরী হোল। তৈরী হোল এখন পর্যন্ত জানা চার রকমের (কেউ

কেউ বলেন তিন রকমের) বল : গ্র্যাভিটেশন্যাল ফোর্স, ইলেকট্রোম্যাগনেটিক ফোর্স, স্ট্রং ফোর্স এবং উইক ফোর্স। অধ্যাপক রায়ের ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনার গাণিতিক মডেল থেকে এসব জানা যায়।

কোন এক শুভ মুহূর্তে কিছু জড় পদার্থ এক বিশেষ পরিবেশে মিলে দ্বিগুণিত হয়ে প্রাণের প্রকাশ ঘটায়। যখনই এক থেকে একাধিক কোষ হোল তখনই ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনা অনুসারে তাদের মধ্যে সংযোগ রক্ষার প্রয়োজন হোল। এর জন্য তৈরী হোল বিশেষ ধরনের এক রকমের কোষ। পরে এরাই মস্তিস্কের কোষ বা মস্তিষ্ক হিসাবে চিহ্নিত হোল। জড় ও জীবের বিবর্তন, পরিবর্তন পাশাপাশিভাবে আগের নীতি অনুসারে, চেতনা অনুসারে হতে থাকলো, এখনও হয়ে চলেছে। হয়ে চলবে। এই পরিবর্তনে জড়ের উপর জীবের প্রভাব রইল, আবার জীবের পরিবর্তনে জড়ের প্রভাব রইল। আর সব পরিবর্তন নিয়ন্ত্রণ করল পরিবেশ, প্রকৃতি, ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনা। ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা অনুসারে দেহ-কোষের জিনের মাধ্যমে দেহের আকৃতি, প্রকৃতি নিয়ন্ত্রণ করে চললো এক বংশ থেকে পরের বংশে। জিনের প্রভাব কিভাবে এক বংশ থেকে পরের বংশে বয়ে চলেছে, কোন গাণিতিক নিয়মে বয়ে চলেছে তাও অধ্যাপক রায়ের বিভিন্ন গবেষণা পত্র থেকে জানা যায়। অধ্যাপক রায়ের এসব গাণিতিক মডেল থেকে কোন জাতের বয়স বের করে বিবর্তনবাদ নতুনভাবে যাচাই করা যায়। শ্রেষ্ঠ জাত তৈরী হবার শর্ত ও বের করেছেন অধ্যাপক রায়।

জীবের মস্তিস্কের কোষ ক্রমশঃ উন্নত হয়ে নিজের ভালমন্দ নিয়ন্ত্রণ নিজে নিজেই অনেকটা শিখে ফেলল এবং তার মধ্যে সেই স্বকীয়তা, বোঁক, সেই ক্ষমতা এলো। আস্তে

আম্বে জীবের দেহে 'জিন' নামক বস্তুগুলি সুস্পষ্ট হয়ে উঠল এবং আম্বে আম্বে জন্ম হলো মস্তিষ্কের 'আমি' সত্তার। 'জিন' এর মধ্যে রইল তার আকৃতিগত ও প্রকৃতিগত প্রকাশের নির্দেশ। এই নির্দেশ স্নায়ু পথে মস্তিষ্কের বিভিন্ন জায়গায় আসে। আবার পঞ্চ ইন্দ্রিয় দিয়ে বাইরের ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা, প্রকৃতি চেতনা, পরিবেশ চেতনাও মস্তিষ্কের ঐ অংশগুলোতে পৌঁছায়। জিনের নির্দেশ (যেটা প্রকৃতির চেতনা অনুসারে তৈরী) বাইরের প্রকৃতির নির্দেশ এই দুইয়ের মিলিত নির্দেশ (যেটা বেশি প্রভাবিত করে সেটাই প্রকাশ পায়) মস্তিষ্কের অন্য আর একটি অংশে প্রকাশ পায়। এখন মস্তিষ্কের ঐ অংশে ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনার আর একটি বৈশিষ্ট্য 'চিন্তা' প্রকাশ পেলে মস্তিষ্কের ঐ অংশ ঠিক করে কি করতে হবে। এই কাজে মস্তিষ্কের অন্য কিছু কোষ যেখানে স্মৃতি, অভিজ্ঞতা প্রকাশ পায় তারা সাহায্য করে। সেই সিদ্ধান্ত অনুযায়ী নির্দেশ স্নায়ু পথে দেহের অন্যান্য অংশের কোষে যায় এবং সেখানে কোষে সেই রকম রাসায়নিক বিক্রিয়া হয়। এই রাসায়নিক বিক্রিয়া অনুসারে সেখানকার কোষগুলি, অঙ্গ গুলি তাদের প্রকাশ করে।

দেহের কোষের ভিতরকার রাসায়নিক বিক্রিয়াগুলিকে ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা কিভাবে নিয়ন্ত্রন করে এক কোষ থেকে দুই কোষ, দুই থেকে চার কোষ, চার থেকে আট... এভাবে অগুনতি কোষ তৈরী করে কিকরে দেহের জিন ও বাইরের আলো, তাপমাত্রা, শব্দ ইত্যাদি মারফত নিয়ন্ত্রন করে তাও অধ্যাপক রায়ের বিভিন্ন গাণিতিক মডেল থেকে জানা যায়। দেহের বিভিন্ন অঙ্গপ্রত্যঙ্গের মাপ দেখে কিভাবে বলে দেওয়া

যায় কোন শিশু কোন শাখায় গেলে সব চাইতে বেশি পারদর্শিতা দেখাতে পাবে তাও এসব স্পোর্টস ফিজিওলজির মডেল এবং অন্যান্য মডেল থেকে বলা যায়। দেহের বৃদ্ধি কোন কোন শর্তে সবচাইতে বেশি হবে তাও জানা সম্ভব হয়েছে। মনের বিকাশ কিভাবে সবচাইতে ভালভাবে করা যায়, কিভাবে আই. কিউ. সবচাইতে বেশি করা যায়, স্মৃতিচিহ্ন সবচাইতে বেশি কিভাবে করা যায়, ব্যক্তিত্ব সবচাইতে বেশি বাড়ান যায় কিভাবে তাও জানা সম্ভব হয়েছে অধ্যাপক রায়ের এইসব গাণিতিক মডেল থেকে। অধ্যাপক রায় জানিয়েছেন তিনি এসব করতে পেরেছেন ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা অনুসারেই। ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনা বিভিন্ন জীবের মধ্য দিয়ে এভাবে তার বৈশিষ্ট্যগুলি প্রকাশ করে চলেছে। তবে আমাদের দেখা, শোনা এবং বোঝবার জগত সবই আপেক্ষিক। এই দেখা শোনা, বোঝা সব নির্ভর করে কে দেখছে, কাকে দেখছে, কি দেখছে, কোন অবস্থায় দেখছে এবং যাকে দেখছে তার সঙ্গে দর্শকের সম্পর্ক কি, অভিজ্ঞতা কি— তার উপর।

অধ্যাপক রায় দেখিয়েছেন সব জড় ও জীবের প্রকাশ, চেতনা ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের মূল চেতনা অনুসারে হচ্ছে। আমাদের চেতনাগুলি এই ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের চেতনারই আংশিক প্রকাশ, আপেক্ষিক প্রকাশ। এই আংশিক চেতনার পরিবর্তন ও ব্রহ্মাণ্ডের মূল চেতনার সঙ্গে সংগতি রেখে চলেছে। সংগতি না রাখতে পারলেই বিপদ। হয় বিলুপ্তি সেই অংশের, নয়তো আবার পরিবর্তিত হবে, যাতে সামগ্রিক শৃংখলের— সমগ্র ব্রহ্মাণ্ড সত্তার ভাল হয়, সমগ্র ব্রহ্মাণ্ড চেতনার প্রকাশে সুবিধা হয়।

মিয়োসিস

ভিলক মুখোপাধ্যায়, অর্থনীতি (ম্নাতক), প্রথম বর্ষ

‘ছিল রুমাল হয়ে গেল বেড়াল’— তার মানে রুমালটা যদি কাল ছিল, তবে আজ তা হল বেড়াল। অর্থাৎ রুমালটা যে সময়ে বা কালে বা বিরাট সময়ের স্রোতের মধ্যে একখণ্ড পুঁচকে সময়ে বাস্তুব ছিল, তখন কোথাও না কোথাও রুমালের মধ্যে বেড়াল হওয়ার প্রবণতা ছিল, কারণ রুমালের রুমাল হওয়াটা যদি একটা Thesis হয় তবে, তার পরিবর্তনের চেষ্টাটা Antithesis, তবে থেকেই Synthesis (বেড়াল)। কিন্তু ঠিক কোন মুহূর্তে রুমালটা বেড়াল হল? বা রুমালের রুমাল Level থেকে বেড়ালের level এ ওঠার উল্লম্ফনটা কিভাবে হল? এসব প্রশ্নের জবাব বড় কেমন কেমন। তবে তাহলে ধরা যায় পরিবর্তনটা ঘটেই। কিন্তু রুমালটা পাল্টে শেয়াল না হয়ে বেড়াল হল কেন? কে রুমালকে বেড়াল হওয়ার দিকে চালনা করল? উত্তর— সুকুমার রায়ের ক্রিয়াশীল (Active) মন। আবার ধরা যাক— “কাল ছিল ডাল খালি, আজ ফুলে যায় ভ’রে।” কালের শূন্যতা আজ পূরণ করার জন্য ফুল। মানে শূন্যতা বা রিক্ততা পরিবর্তিত হল পরিপূর্ণতায়। তা হলে এখানেও পরিবর্তন। কিন্তু কি করে? কাজ করল প্রকৃতির ক্রিয়াশীল শক্তি ও শর্তগুলি।

তার মানে ছোট, বড়, মাঝারি, সেজো যে কোন পরিবর্তনের পিছনে থাকে ক্রিয়াশীল কিছু একটা factor.

আপেক্ষিকতাবাদের শর্ত অনুসারে স্থান-কাল-পাত্র একে অপরের ওপরে নির্ভরশীল। তাই সময় যেহেতু চলমান তাই পরিবর্তন হবেই। কিন্তু কিছু পরিবর্তন হয়, আর কিছু ঘটানো হয়। যেমন— শূন্য গাছে ফুল ফুটলো।— এটা হলো অনেকটা যেন আপনা থেকে। কিন্তু মহাভারতের যুগে বহু বিবাহ প্রথা চালু ছিল আর এখন একাজে পুলিশ ধরে। তার মানে এই রীতিটার পরিবর্তন ঘটানো হয়েছে। এর কারণ— উৎপাদন ব্যবস্থা। মহাভারতের কৃষি ভিত্তিক সমাজে লোক বা কৃষক বেশী দরকার আর আজ লোক উদ্বৃত্ত। অর্থাৎ সমাজের এবং উৎপাদনের স্বার্থে কিছু রীতি, কিছু মূল্যবোধ পাল্টায় বা পাল্টে দেওয়া হয়। যেমন একটা সময় বাবার সামনে ছেলেরা মুখ তুলে কথা বলত না আর আজ একসাথে

বলে— “মেরা নাশ্বার ওয়ান।” বা ধরুন এতদিন ছিল ভারত ধর্মনিরপেক্ষ আর এখন ধর্মের নামে গুজরাট গণহত্যা। আবার একসময় নকশালপহীরা ছিল রাজনৈতিক দল, আজ তারা সন্ত্রাসবাদী। কি দ্রুত সব পাল্টে যায় না! কিন্তু এটা ভালো না মন্দ? সে প্রশ্ন আমাকে করবেন না। কারণ উত্তরটাও নিরপেক্ষতার অভাবে দৃষ্ট হতে পারে। তবে পরিবর্তনগুলো যে যার মতো করে পারে করে নেয়। তাতে কারো পৌষ মাস তো কারও সর্বনাশ। তাই মূল্যবোধও পাল্টে যায় সমাজের উৎপাদন ব্যবস্থার যারা চালক তাদের হাত ধরে। তাই পাল্টে যাওয়া মূল্যবোধ এবং তার জন্য যে স্থিতিশীলতা (?) তাও কিছু মানুষের ঘটানো। কিন্তু আগ্নেয় গিরির অগ্ন্যুৎপাতের আগেও তো সারা পরিবেশ স্তব্ধ হয়ে যায়। হঠাৎ একদিন হয় সেই বিরাট যন্ত্র— বেরিয়ে আসে অনেক পুঞ্জীভূত, গলিত লাভা। আসলে যদি কিছু লোক চায় পরিবর্তনের হাল একদিকে ঘোরাতে তবে আমরাও কেন পারবনা কান ধরে পরিবর্তনটাকে আমাদের মতো করে চালাতে। আজ যদি কেউ চায় আমাদের বলতে— ‘জগৎ মিথ্যা মায়াই সত্য’— তবে আমরা কেন তার কাপড় খুলে নিয়ে জগতের নগ্ন সভ্যতা দেখাতে পারব না? আসলে পরিবর্তনটা আমাদের সচেতন মনের উপর নির্ভরশীল। তাই আজ এই মরা সময়ে যারা একফালি চাঁদের স্বপ্ন দেখেন, যারা ভাবেন মহীনের ঘোড়াগুলি প্রস্তর যুগের ঘোড়া হয়ে পৃথিবীর এই অদ্ভুত কিম্বাকার ডায়নামোটোর উপর কেবলই ঘাস খেয়ে যাবে না, যারা শুঁকতে চাইবে, যারা সিঁছেটিক ঘাস থেকে পেতে চাইবে না রূপসী বাংলার গন্ধ, তাঁরা আজ তাঁদের চিলেকোঠার ঘরে কিছু স্বপ্নকে জাগিয়ে রাখুন। আমি মিয়োসিসকে ভালোবাসি। যদি আজ আমাদের এই পৃথিবীর কিছু মানুষ পারে আমাদের মনুষ্যত্বকে ডুলিয়ে দিতে তবে আরো কিছু মানুষ নতুন করে কোষ বিভাজনের চেষ্টা করবে। যে চেষ্টায় একটা জিন মিলে যাবে অন্য জিনে চলবে সংকরায়ন, হয়তো বা বিচ্ছিন্নকরণও তবু কোষ বিভাজন সত্য। কারণ এটাই পরিবর্তন। মিয়োসিস— এক থেকে চার, চার থেকে ষোলো.... and the process continues.

রামের কবর

শুভদীপ ভট্টাচার্য, দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ, শারীরবিদ্যা বিভাগ

কপালে উজ্জ্বল রক্তটিকা, পরিধানে বস্ত্র রক্তাক্ত
হাতে ত্রিশূল, তাতে গাঁথা আছে এক—

বিধর্মীর বিধর্মীর স্ত্রীর গর্ভজাত এক বিধর্মী
না সে ভূমিষ্ঠও হতে পারেনি।

আমরা তার মার পেট চিরে তাকে টেনে হিঁচড়ে

বার করে গেঁথে তুলেছি ত্রিশূলে-বঁড়শিতে মাছের মতো।

শিবজীর ত্রিশূলের ছোঁয়ায় সে বিধর্মীর বাচ্চা হয়তো হলেও—

এবার হিন্দুত্বের পুণ্য স্বাদ পাবে।

গোধরায় পুড়ে যাওয়া ট্রেনের কামরার ছাই

হাতে নিয়ে আমরা বিধর্মী নিধনের প্রতিজ্ঞা নিয়েছি।

কিন্তু কেন এ গোধরা? সে ঘটনা আমরা জানিনা,

জানতেও চাই না।

শালার ব্যাটা মুসল-ই-মান গুলিকে কুপিয়ে মেরেও

সাধ মেটেনা আমাদের, তাদের ঐ

মাংস টুকরো গুলিকে ছাই না করা পর্যন্ত

শান্তি নেই আমাদের।

কয়েকটাকে আবার গায়ে জল ঢেলে

বিদ্যুৎ দিয়েও মেরেছি।

মারছি, মারছি— রোজই মারছি, ছেলে-সুবতী মেয়ে

বুড়ো বুড়ি, কাচ্চা বাচ্চা সবাইকে মেরেছি—

মেয়েদের ইজ্জত ফাতরাফাঁই করে মেরেছি।

রাজ্য ও দেশের প্রধান মুখিয়াই যখন

আমাদের বাহাদুরির সাবাশি দিচ্ছেন, ভয় কি?

মারো-মারো, মেরে যাও, এত্তো মারো যাতে

কিষণ-রামজীর এই দেশে সামনের দশ বছর আমাদের

হেলি খেলতে না হয়।

হাত লাল, মুখলাল, মদ ও যৌবনের নেশায়

চোখও লাল, গঙ্গা-সিন্ধু-যমুনা সবাইকে

এক করে দিলেও এই রক্ত লাল ধোওয়া যাবে না।

যদি চোখের শেষ দু ফোঁটা জল

কোনও দিন কোনওভাবে মদের নেশা ঠেলে বাইরে আসতে পারে

ওহে অমৃতের বরপুত্রেরা, সেইদিন ভেবে দেখিস্,

তোদের এই লঙ্কাকাণ্ডের লজ্জা-ঘেন্নায়—

রাম' কোনও কবরেও মুখ লুকোতে পারবে কি??

মনের মূল্য

সৌভিক সোম, ফিজিক্স অনার্স বি.এসসি প্রথম বর্ষ

কংক্রীটের এই গহন কাননে

মনের মূল্য কই?

কথা যেখানে

বেশি সেল ফোনে;

গল্প, আড্ডা রকে বসে নয়

ভাঁড়ে খোঁয়া ওঠা চায়ে তৃপ্তির চুমুক নয়

কম্পিউটারে বোতাম টিপে

হাই, হ্যালো 'ইয়াছ' ডট কম-এ;

যেখানে সময়ের মূল্য জানা নেই

কিন্তু দিন ঘন্টা আটচল্লিশেক হলেই

বোধহয় হতো ভালো;

যেখানে অচেনার ভীড় ফেলে

ঘরে ফেরা... অপরিচিতদের মধ্যে;

যেখানে প্রেম-ভালোবাসা আদিম প্রথা

ফেস্টিলাইফ-ই মনকে টানে;

যেখানে জীবনের সন্ধ্যায়

বৃদ্ধাশ্রম শেষ ঠাই,

সেখানে মনের মূল্য কই?

প্রেম

কল্যাণ মজুমদার, স্নাতকোত্তর, ১ম বর্ষ বাংলা

আওয়াজ কেন,
আনন্দ তাই।
উদাস কেন,
প্রেমে পড়েছি ভাই
কাকে বলে প্রেম,
দুই মনে গড়া এক ফ্রেম।
আনন্দ আর ঔ দাস্যে কিভাবে মিলন,
উদ্যোগী হয়ে দেখ, প্রশ্ন নিশ্চয়োজন।

উদ্বোধন

অর্ণব মুখার্জী, বাংলা বিভাগ, তৃতীয় বর্ষ

আমরা তো ভীষণ একা—
পরকে পরই ভাবি।
আমাদের ভাবনা গুলোর,
সকলের একই দাবী।

আমরা তো ভাবতে জানি!
কি হবে একলা ভেবে?
আমাদের ইচ্ছে গুলোর
কেউ কি মূল্য দেবে?

আমরা তো সবাই সমান;
হেরে গিয়ে দুঃখে পড়ি।
আমাদের যন্ত্রণাটা
একলাই বহন করি।

আমরা তো হেরেই যাবো;
একলা কেউ কি জেতে?
আমরা যৌথ হব
ইচ্ছের মূল্য পেতে।

একসাথে এগিয়ে যাব,
মুছে দেব প্রাচীন দেয়া,
একঝাঁক নতুন সমাজ
একঝাঁক দিলদরিয়া।

আমার তৃষ্ণা কোপাই নদীর তীরে

অধ্যাপক মঞ্জুভাষ মিত্র, বাংলা বিভাগ

আমার তৃষ্ণা সন্ন্যাসী হ'ল, ঘুরে বেড়াচ্ছে কোপাই নদী তীরে
ফান্সন দিনে বাউলের মত মরমী বিকেলে আমি ও আমার সে
আমরা দু'জন হাত ধরাধরি করে নেমে গেছি সুদূর দুরূহ ঢালুতে
এখানে ওখানে বাঁশের কুঞ্জ, ক্লাস্ত মথিত ঘাস
তটজঙ্গলে উইটিপি তাতে উদলা পাতাল গর্ত আঁকা
রক্ত ছুঁয়েছে সাপের খোলস, হাওয়ারা উড়ছে ব্যথায় একা
হে কোপাই নদী, আমাকে তোমার বাইলগানের ভাষা শেখাও
আমার দু'হাতে অর্পণ করো তোমার নগ্ন নীচের ভাষা
আমার মুঠিতে ধরেছি তোমার ক্ষীণাঙ্গি ওই কটিতটরেখা
তোমাকে দেখেছি মহাকাল কোলে, তোমাকে দেখেছি দোলের রাতে
উত্তরায়নে তোমাকে দেখেছি, তোমাকে দেখেছি পথসভাতে
বহুরূপা তুমি, তুমি মৃত্যুর তুমি জীবনের অক্ষয়শায়িনী
বাঁ স্তনে গোলাপ, ডান স্তনে ক্ষত মধুরাত্রির ব্রতমালিনী
এসেছি শান্তিনিকেতনে তাজ, সারারাত আমি ঘুমোবো না
বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়নগরীর পথে পথে একা বেড়াবো ঘুরে
'স্বাগতবিদায়' নামক বাড়ীটি খুঁজবো সবুজ গাছের ফাঁকে
পা ধরে সাধবো তোমাকে আবার, আমার অসুখ সেরে গেছে
আমার দুজন ঘুরবো ফিরবো স্বপ্ন দেখবো পৃথিবীর পথে
শিল্পীসঙ্ঘে প্রবেশ করবো কবিতা লিখবো তোমার নামে
জাতপাতহীন নখরে আঁকবো আলো ও ছায়ার করুণ ভাষা
আগামী গ্রীষ্মে স্বপ্ন দেখাও রূপসধরী মানবতা দাও
জলে ঢেউ তোলা হে কোপাই নদী, এসেছি তোমার নামের তীরে।

আর্দ্রতায় ফেরা

সংঘমিত্রা হালদার, বাংলা বিভাগ, প্রথম বর্ষ

কোনদিনও সহানুভূতি পেতে দেবেনা ওরা,
মরীচিকা সরিয়ে আর্দ্রতায় মাতবেনা হৃদয়,
তবুও রুদ্ধশ্বাস— আধো আবেশে—
হিমনির্জন স্তব্ধতায় বেঁচেবর্তে থাকা।
মরুর মত তৃষা নিয়ে পথ চাওয়া
গুমরে ওঠা কান্নায় শেষ হয়ে যাওয়া

কোনদিনও সহানুভূতি পেতে দেবে না ওরা
হাজারটা সড়ক যুগ কাটিয়ে পথের বাঁকে মিলবে
শুধু দুটি হৃদয় ভালোবাসার আর্দ্রতায় ভিজবে না।
রক্তমুখ, কাটা লাশটাকে ছুঁড়ে দেব জানলা দিয়ে,
শক্তি থাকবে না অযত্নে নেমে আসা চুলগুলো সরিয়ে দেবার।
না থাকুক—
যুগাতীত প্রতিঘাতে অস্তিম-অমলিন হৃদয় অব্যর্থ রেখ;
সায়াহের শেষ আভায় রঞ্জেভেজা ললাট শেষবার চেয়ে দেখো।
পূর্বা রাগিনীতে সুর তুলে দিও—
বাঁচতে নয়— ভালোবাসতেই বেঁচে থাকা।

নতুন আকাশের খোঁজে

প্রমিস চৌধুরী, বাংলা, ২য় বর্ষ

জা নালার ধারে বসে আকাশটাকে দেখছিলাম। টুকরো টুকরো সাদা মেঘ দিয়ে তৈরী হয়েছে। পাল তোলা নৌকা। হাঙ্কা হাওয়ায় ভেসে আসছে আমার মুকুলের গন্ধ। কোকিলের মিলন পিয়াসী ডাক জানিয়ে দেয় 'আজি বসন্ত জাগ্রত দ্বারে,' দেখতে দেখতে একটা বছর কেটে গেল। আজই তো ১৪ই ফেব্রুয়ারী—দীপাষিতার মৃত্যু দিন। উফ! কি দুঃস্বপ্নের মতো ছিল দিনটা—।

'কলেজ ছুটি ছিল— সকাল থেকেই বে-হিসাবী ভাবে কাটাচ্ছিলাম অলস সময়গুলো। দুপুর নাগাদ "গৃহদাহ"—টাতে ঢোকান চেষ্টা করছি ফোনটা চীৎকার করে ডাকলো—
—“হ্যালো।”

—“কে বিল্? আমি পম বলছি রে—” ছটফটে পমের গলাটা বেশ ঠাণ্ডা, বোধয় একটু ধরাও ছিল।

—“হ্যাঁ বলছি, কি ব্যাপার রে?”

—“তুই এখন-ই একবার দীপার শশুড় বাড়ী চলে আয়। যত শীঘ্রি সম্ভব। রাখছি।

লাইনটা কেটে গেল। মনের মধ্যে একরাশ প্রশ্নের ঝড় উঠল। দীপার কিছু...। না, না, কালরাতেই তো ও কত গল্প করলো—। আমাদের স্কুল জীবনে ফেলে আসা স্বর্ণালী দিন, বুড়ো মালির চোখে ফাঁকি দিয়ে আম চুরি, ধানক্ষেতের আলবেয়ে আকাশকে ছোঁয়ার জন্য ছুটে যাওয়া!! তাড়াতাড়ি তৈরী হয়ে বেড়িয়ে পড়লাম। আমার বাড়ি থেকে দীপার বাড়ি গাড়িতে দশ মিনিটের পথ— মুহুর্তেই পৌঁছে গেলাম।

এই নিয়ে বেশ কয়েকবার এলাম দীপার শশুড়বাড়ীতে। গাড়ীটা পার্ক করে ঢুকলাম— সামনে বিশাল বাগান, ছিমছাম করে সাজানো— বুকুর মধ্যে কেমন যেন করছে— বারান্দা পেড়িয়ে ড্রইংরুমে ঢুকলাম। ঘরটা দেখলেই বাড়ীর ঐতিহ্যটা ধরা পড়ে। একদিকে বিশাল আলমারী তাতে বন্ধ টলপুয়, গোর্কী, শেক্সপীয়র, রবীন্দ্রনাথ থেকে শুরু করে সুচিত্রা, মন্দাক্রান্তা, নবনীতা, জয়। একদিকের দেওয়ালে বিশাল বড় একটা পেন্টিং-এ একটা নারী; তার মাথার ওপরে নেমে

আসছে একটা হিংস্র চিল। ঘরের এককোনে একটা প্রাচীন ভাস্কর্যের নারী মূর্তি—। “এই যে, এসে গেছিস”— পম ভিতরের দরজা দিয়ে ঘরে ঢুকছে। একি! ওর মুখে এত বিষণ্ণতা কেন? বুকুর মধ্যে একটা অজানা ভয় ক্রমশ জমাট বেঁধে উঠছে। কোনরকমে বললাম— “কি ব্যাপার রে?” পম উত্তর দিল না। আমার হাত ধরে পাকানো সিঁড়ি বেয়ে উপরের একটা কোনের ঘরে নিয়ে গেল। আমি কি স্বপ্ন দেখছি! আমার পৃথিবীটা দুলে উঠলো! দেখলাম, দীপা বিছানায় সাদা চাদরে ঢাকা অবস্থায় শুয়ে আছে, আর... আর দেখলাম ওর অনাবৃত যন্ত্রণাকাতর মুখ পুড়ে কালো হয়ে গেছে! আমি চিৎকার করতে চাইলাম— “এ কি করে হল?” কিন্তু আমার গলা দিয়ে কান্নার আওয়াজ ছাড়া আর কিছুই বের হল না। না! আর সহ্য করতে পারছি না! পম কে জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম, “ওকে হাসপাতালে নিয়ে যাওয়ার ব্যবস্থা করিস নি।” হাঙ্কা হেসে ও জানলো ওকে আমার গাড়ীতেই নিয়ে যাওয়ার জন্য অপেক্ষা করছিল। পমের হাসিতে আর সে উচ্ছলতা নেই, সে হাসি বড়ই করুণ, বড়ই বিষণ্ণ। ভীষণ রাগ হল, একটু রূঢ় ভাবেই বললাম ‘কেন এখানে কি কিছু পাওয়া যায় না? আর দীপাদের গাড়ীটা কোথায়?’ পম শান্ত ভাবে জানালো যে দীপার বাড়ীর কাজের লোক অনেক আগেই গাড়ীর খোঁজে গেছে, সে এখনো ফেরে নি। আর দীপাদের গাড়ী আকাশদার অফিসে— আকাশদা ভীষণ ব্যস্ত— কি একটা মিটিং চলছে বিজনেসের ব্যাপারে, কিছু একটা ম্যানেজ করে নিতে বলেছে। কি আশ্চর্য! একটা বাঁচার আর্তি ম্লান হয় বিজনেস মিটিং-এর কোলাহলে! দীপাকে নিয়ে আমরা তক্ষুনি বেরিয়ে গেলাম।

বেশ অনেকটা দূরেই একটা ছোট হাসপাতাল। বেশী দেরী হল না দীপাকে ভর্তি করতে। এতক্ষণে পম কে জিজ্ঞাসা করলাম এসব কি ভাবে ঘটলো— কান্না ভেজা গলায় ও বলতে লাগলো যে কাল রাতে ও দীপাকে ফোন করে বুঝতে পেরেছিলো দীপার মধ্যে একটা চাপা কষ্ট হচ্ছে, ও খুব ক্লান্ত যেন জীবন থেকে ছুটি চাইছে। তাই আজকের ছুটির দুপুরটা

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দীপার সাথে কাটাতে এসেছিল পম। দীপা সে সুযোগটাও দিল না। পম যখন দীপার বাড়ী পৌঁছিয়েছে তখন দীপার বাড়ীর কাজের লোক বুড়ো রামহরি কঞ্চল দিয়ে আশুন নেভানোর নিঃস্বল চেষ্টা করছে আর কাঁদছে। ঐ জানিয়েছে দীপার শাশুড়ি গতকাল তার মেয়ের বাড়ী গিয়েছেন আর আকাশদা অর্ধেক দিন বাড়ীর ফেরে না। এতক্ষণে মনে পড়ল দীপা আমাকে কালকেই বলছিল ‘তোরা তাও তোদের আকাশকে স্পর্শ করতে পেরেছিস— আমি আকাশের নাগালই পেলাম না। আমি বলেছিলাম, ‘তুই তো আকাশের বুকেই আছিস।’—ও কিছু বলেনি শুধু একটা নিঃশ্বাস ফেলেছিল। হয়তো কালকেই কিছু বলতে চেয়েছিল দীপা।

দীপা ডাকছে আমাদের নাম ধরে। আমরা নিঃশব্দে এসে দাঁড়ালাম। দীপা খুব আশ্বে আশ্বে বলতে লাগলো— ‘আমি কি খুব বাজে ছিলাম রে? আকাশ কেন আমাকে মিশতে দিল না ওর বুকে? আমি তো নিজে আসি নি, ওই-ই তো আমাকে এনেছিল।’ ওকে চুপ করতে বললাম, বললাম সব ঠিক হয়ে যাবে কিন্তু বুঝতে পারলাম দীপা এবার এক আকাশ ছেড়ে অসীম অনন্ত আকাশের খোঁজে যাত্রা শুরু করেছে।

বেশ কিছুক্ষণ চুপচাপ কেটে গেল। দীপা আর একটা কথাও বলে নি। বিকেল গড়িয়ে সন্ধ্যা নেমে আসছে। লাল

সূর্য কালো কঞ্চলে মুখ ঢাকছে ধীরে ধীরে— পাখীরা দল বেঁধে ফিরে যাচ্ছে ঘরে— ‘প্রেমের দিনটা শেষ হয়ে গেল। ‘জল একটু জল’ দীপা আর একবার তাকালো। আমি একটু জল দিলাম ওর মুখে— ও চোখটা বন্ধ করলো।

‘প্রেমের দিন’ এ ও মৃত্যুর সাথে নতুন আকাশের খোঁজে বেড়িয়ে গিয়েছিল। জানিনা দীপা তার নতুন জন্মে তার আকাশকে খুঁজে পাবে কি না? যে মেয়েরা নিজের আকাশকে খুঁজে পায় না তাদের কি এভাবেই “মৃত্যু” কে নিয়ে যাত্রা শুরু করতে হবে নতুন আকাশের খোঁজে? অনেকদিন পরে দীপার ডাইরি পড়ে জেনেছিলাম একরাশ স্বপ্ন নিয়ে যে আকাশের বুকে দীপা হারাতে চেয়েছিল সে আকাশ অন্য কাউকে স্বপ্নের নীল ইশারায় ডাকতো। অথচ দীপাকেও সে যেতে দেয় নি ওর নতুন আকাশের খোঁজে। হয়তো মাকে খুশী করতেই তার এই ব্যবস্থা দীপা কে তো তার মা-ই পছন্দ করে এনেছিলেন। অবশ্য সেটা ছেলের একেবারে অমতে নয়। কিন্তু মা হয়েও ছেলের মনের সঠিক খবর কি জানা ছিল না শ্রীমতি রায়ের নাকি ভেবেছিলেন সুন্দরী বউ এলেই...!! হয়তো যে মায়েরা তাদের ছেলের মনের খবর না রেখে গৃহলক্ষ্মীর প্রতিমাকে ঘরে আনেন, সেই প্রতিমা বিসর্জনের পথটা হয়তো আলাদা কিন্তু লক্ষ্য একই— নতুন আকাশের খোঁজ।

একা হওয়া

অমৃতভ দে, বাংলা বিভাগ, ২য় বর্ষ

আমরা সবাই আজ ভীষণ একা। কথা বলার সঙ্গী নেই, কারো কোনো বন্ধু নেই— দূরত্ব— এক পৃথিবী দূরত্ব। ছোট্ট একটা মন— তার ভিতর ঘুরছে ফিরছে স্বপ্ন, অনেক না পাওয়া— অনেক অনেক অনেক কিছু। দ্বন্দ্ব আর অ্যাডজাস্টমেন্টের লড়াই চলছে প্রতিনিয়ত। রুচি পছন্দ, ভালোলাগা যখন মেলে না তখনই ভীষণ একা হওয়া— নিজের মত করে একা হওয়া।

সকলেই একা হতে পারে না, কেউ কেউ হয় একা একান্ত নিজের যেটা সেটাকে একান্ত নিজের করে রাখতে। খুলে ফেললেই এলোমেলো, খাপছাড়া— ভূতের মতো। চারপাশের নগ্নবাস্তবতাকে যখন ডানামেলতে দেখি তখনই তো পালিয়ে আসা— একা হওয়া। একরাশ সবুজের দক্ষতা, পাখিদের বিষণ্ণতা কিংবা যখন ঠোট ফোলানো সেন্টিমেন্ট দেখি তখন একা হতে ইচ্ছা করে। পুরোপুরি একা।

আমাদের মন একা হয়— শরীর একা হতে পারে না। আমাদের চলা, আমাদের কথা বলা, আমাদের হাসি কিংবা এক টুকরো রাগ একা হতে পারে না কখনো। অথচ মন কি যেন ভাবে। তাইতো ফাটাচটা দেওয়ালের গভীরতায় যেসব রেখে জন্ম নেয় তাদের নাম দিয়ে ফেলি জীবন রেখা। 'দেওয়ালের টিকটিকির লেজটা কেন যেন কেটে দিয়েছে' আচ্ছা 'ওর কি কোন দোষ ছিল?' 'জামার ফিতে চিবোতে থাকা মেয়েটি'ও কি নিজেকে একা— একবারেই একা ভেবেছিল? ওই যে নীল আকাশে মেঘবালিকারা, ওরা কি একা— নাকি অন্য কিছু? মন ভাবতে থাকে। সবার কাছ থেকে যখন নিজেকে সরিয়ে নেওয়া— হারিয়ে যাওয়া অন্য কোথাও— অন্য কোন মননপ্রবাহে, সেখানেও কি একা হতে পারি? আকাশ আমার সাথে কথা বলে, জল আমার সঙ্গে খেলে, পাখিরা আমাকে গান শোনায়— একা হতে পারলাম কই?

দিনের অনেকটা সময় কেটে যায় বইয়ের পাতায়, ক্যানভাসের শরীর জুড়ে রং মাখাতে কবিতা লিখতে কিংবা রবীন্দ্রনাথকে সঙ্গে করে বাঁচার স্বপ্ন দেখতে দেখতে। একা একাই ভালোবেসে ফেলি রং তুলি কাগজ কলম, বোবা কবিতাদের মুখের ভাষাকে।

আমার একা হওয়া অন্যরকম। আসলে একা হতেই পারি না আমি। কষ্ট পেলেই একা হওয়া— আঁচড় কাটা— পুড়িয়ে ফেলা— ছিঁড়ে খুঁড়ে সবকিছু গিলে খাওয়া। ছোট্ট ছেলেমেয়েরা যখন দোলনায় দোলে, হাত-পা ছোঁড়ে— তখনও কী ওরা ভীষণ একা? নাকি ওদের একা হওয়াতেও ভাগ বসায় দোদুল্যমান ফুলের হাসি?

পুতুল খেলেছে? যখন একা, সঙ্গী-সাথী হারিয়ে গেছে পুতুল খেলো, পুতুল খেলার বয়স আছে?

পুতুল খেলার বয়স গেছে চলে

তবুও খেলা আধফালি প্রেমে সুরে

পুতুল পুতুল মনের গভীর কোনে

আজও আসে শব্দ ঘুরে ঘুরে।

তাই তো একা হতে গেলেই চমকে উঠি। ঘুম ভেঙে যায়। বোধহয় একা হওয়া যায় না ঘুমিয়ে থেকে— জেগে থেকেও সীমার মাঝে অসীমকে খুঁজতে গিয়েই তো একা হতে না পারা।

একা হওয়াতেই ভীষণ করি ভয়

একা একা সব ভাবা কি কখনো যায়?

একার ভিতরে তাকিয়ে যখন দেখি

একার মাঝেতে অনেককে খুঁজে পাই।

একা হওয়াতে প্রেম কিছু থেকে যায়

একা একা মন স্বপ্ন দেখতে পারে

একা হওয়াতেও বাসরকে রচে ফেলি

একার মননে সব কিছু এসে হারে।

श्रद्धेय “बच्चन” की श्रद्धांजलि

रविन्द्र पाण्डेय

आओं “बच्चन” की वचन सुधा को पीकर तृप्त हो जाएं
कवि की जैसी थी कल्पना वैसी मधुशाला खुलवाएँ
किस्म-किस्म के मधु मिले और तरह-तरह के प्यालाएँ हों
मेरी मदिरा उन्हे मुबारक जिनके पय के भी लाले हों
भौंति-भौंति के मधुकलश हैं विक्रेता मधुबाला है
लोक-लाज सब तज कर आओ यह तो बच्चन की हाला है
टूट गयी प्याला अब तो सूख गयी मधुशाला है
विखर गयी सारी हाला अब शोकाकुल मधुशाला है
ढूलना सूखना गिरना ही था हाला, प्याला मधुशाला को
आओ आँसू कण से भर दें बच्चन की स्मृतिशाला को
आओ बच्चन की मृत्युशोक पर एक दिवस मनाये
कह दो आँसू से गिरे नहीं फेनिल मदिरा बन जाये॥

दूर सूख कर गिरना ही था हाला प्याला मधुशाला को
आओ आँसू कणों से भर दे बच्चनकी स्मृतिशालाको

जिदंगी क्या है

रघुराई यादव, स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

जिदंगी क्या है?

पीने आये तो मदहोश मधुशाला है
और न पीने ओये तो जहर का प्याला है
कभी ये मनमौजी की उमड़ती लहरें हैं
आँसू बन बरसती वक्त की कहरें हैं
दर-दर की ठोकर फैलाए दो हथेली है
मुलझी कभी उलझी एक पहेली है

जिदंगी क्या है?

खुशबू कभी फूलों से भरा बाग है
अनगिनत लपटों का भड़कता हुआ आग है.
पार लगाने कभी डुबोने वाली करती है
जहाँ जिदंगी रोती तो कभी मौत हँसती है.
महलों सी शान कभी पतझड़ का वन है
छू जाये, पर न दिखने वाली पवन है
जिदंगी क्या है?

भागती दौड़नी हुई मकसद है
मौत की ओर जाती हुई सरहद है
मौत सी ठोस, कभी एक कल्पना है
या पूरी जिदंगी एक झूठा सपना है
जो कब कहाँ से देख रहे मालूम नहीं
शायद हम सोए हैं गुम सुम कहीं
जिदंगी क्या है?

सपनो सा ही अस्थायी अस्तित्व है
दुनिया की मामूली सी पाँच तत्व है
कौन जाने ये तत्व कब बिखर जाये
कि इस बसन्त के पत्ते कब झड़ जाये
और जिन्दगी एक निभानी परम्परा बन जाए
कुदरत की गीत गाती धरा बन जाए

यही सही

रविन्द्र कुमार पाण्डेय, स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

कुछ और नहीं तो, यही सही

पथ प्रदर्शन की ताकत तो है नहीं
बस....

प्रशस्त करने का खयाल पालता हूँ
मैं

साहित्यिक जगत का सबसे बड़ा
कुजात हूँ

जहाँ खड़ा होता हूँ (वहाँ से)
सहगामी अपना मुँह मोड़ लेते है

जिसे छूता हूँ

उसे छोड़ देते हैं

इसलिए नहीं कि

उसे मैंने छुआ है, वल्कि इसलिए

कि उसे मैंने छू दिया है।

इसीलिए अछूत हूँ कि

मुझमें सृजन करने की वह ताकत नहीं

कि संगमरमर के टुकड़े को

मुमताज की बानगी में

शाहजहाँ की तरह सही पेश कर सकूँ।

संगमरमर के टुकड़े को न ही

सही स्थान दे पाता हूँ और ना ही

सही इज्जत ही

शायद दूसरा इसे चोंद पर बैठा सकता था

पर, इसे मैंने

पहले छूकर जूठा जो कर दिया

मेरा जूठा भला, कौन छू सकता है

इस जगत का कुजात जो ठहरा...

जूठा कौन नहीं खाता जनाब पर बड़ो की जूठन की

बात ही कुछ और है।

अतिरिक्त स्वाद मिलता है जनाब

हर नयी उपमाओं के जूठा कर

और बड़े-बड़े बिरलों को ललचते
देखकर
शायद सोचते होंगे काश!
इसे पहले मैंने छुआ होता
जनाब! मेरी ही जूठन खा लीजिए
कोई नहीं देखता
बड़े-बड़े की जूठन पर सबकी लार टपकी हुई है—
जनाब! मेरी ही जूठन खाइये
आप तो तरंगे ही
साथ-साथ मैं भी
क्योंकि मुझे कोई नहीं जानता।
और जनाब आप तो
“मार्केट के मोनोपोली ब्राण्ड हैं।”

कवि धर्म

संदीप प्रसाद, स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

अपनी वेदना को अव्यक्त रखो
तुम विकसित होओ औरों के हित
तुम्हारे पीछे सौ करोड़ वेदनाएँ खड़ी
उनका कौन है?...
आखिर तुम ही तो
यदि अपने लिए ही रमे रहे
ले आधी मूखी और आधी नंगी
वेदनाओं के चारा और नीड़ को कौन?...
तुम ही तो हो उनके
कुम्भकर्णी निद्रा को भस्मी भूत करने वाले
उनके नाक में भाले और कान में
ढोल नगाड़ों की आवाज को कौन घुसेड़ेगा?
उन्हे भी अपना ही दर्द समझो
बल्कि दुसरे मायने में
इनका विस्तार गगन चुम्बी है
तुम तो मात्र रज कण हो...
तो सोचो तुम्हारी वेदना, और
उस पीड़ा सिन्धु में कितना तफाक्;
तमहरणी मोमबत्ती जलती
निज को पिघलाना छोड़े तो
प्रकाश कौन फैलाए...?
अंधकार खाती रोशनी उगलती है
मोमबत्ती।
करना होगा तुम्हे भी यही।

आकांक्षाएँ

सुधा कुमारी सिन्हा, स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

आकांक्षाएँ,
विस्तृत हैं, असीम हैं, अनन्त है,
सागर की तरह
अनन्त लहरों हैं, उमंगे हैं
और कुछ कर गुजरने की इच्छाएँ भी
समुद्र की गहराई, माप सकते हैं सभी
भावों की गहराई
मापी है किसी ने कभी
आपस में टकराते है, विचार कई
सागर की लहरों से
टकराया है कोई कभी
चेहरे पर भाव अनेक
ला सकते है सभी (प्रायः)
भावों की गहराई
ला सकता है कोई कभी
आकांक्षाएँ व्यक्त करते है सभी
पर आकांक्षाओं की गहराई
मापी है किसी ने कभी
हाय! ये आकांक्षाएँ
जब माप नहीं सकता कोई
इनकी गहराई, तब
आकांक्षाओं को जगाता है क्यों
कोई कभी?
रोक नहीं सकता जब
इन लहरों को कोई कभी
तब
इनमे तूफान उठाता है क्यों
कोई कभी?

रिश्ता

रंजीत कुमार सिंह, स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

कविता-कविता में अन्तर है
पर क्या है— मुझे पता नहीं।
पर कुछ तो है—
जो उनमें हैं, मुझमें नहीं
या फिर—
मुझमें है और इनमें नहीं
या फिर दोनो म।
पर कौन बताएगा अन्तर, जब
हम नहीं समझेंगे।
या फिर वो—
समझ कर नादान है
या नीयत का खराब है,
कुछ पता नहीं चलता।
इतने सालों से आखिर
क्यों खून पीता आ रहा है?
कब तक पियेगा?
क्या उसकी प्यास बुझेगी?
मुझे तो ऐसा लगता नहीं
फिर क्यों खमोश हैं?
होगा कोई कारण।
उसे पता नहीं शायद
वो जुल्म किसपे कर रहा है
क्या नाता है उसका
इस धरती से
शायद उसको पता हो पर
कहीं भूल गया है।
जिस कोख से जन्म लिया वो
उसी कोख को टुकड़े किया वो
उसी माँ को गाली दे रहा है
लालची इतना हो गया है, कि
माँ-बहन का रिश्ता भूल गया है

कविता

पर हम अपना कर्तव्य
निभा कर रहेंगे
सही रास्ता उसको
हम दिखाकर रहेंगे।
वक्त रहते सम्मल जाओ
वरना अपने ही फैलाए
जुल्मों सितम के जाल में
खुद दफन हो जाओगे
तब न तुम रहोगे न तुम्हारी पहचान
तब हमें भी दुःख होगा
होगा एक भाई खोने का एहसास
इसीलिए इतना सहते रहे
उपदेश बचन तुमसे कहते रहे
दिल बैठा जा रहा है, कि
अब तो सम्हलोगे मगर
स्वर्ग, नर्क बन गया, मगर
अभी भी जारी है तेरा जुल्मो-सितम
अरे! अब तो शरम करो कि
तुम भी इसी माँ के बेटे हो।
याद करो उन बेड़ियों को
जिसे काटा था हम दोनों ने मिलकर
उस समय न तुम थे, न हम थे
बस! हमारा एक रिश्ता था।
एक घर में रह सकते नहीं अगर जब
तो शान्ति, प्रेम बनाए रखो
हम ईद मनाने आएँगे
तुम होली खेलने आया करो।
समझोगे भाई अगर तो
हम भाई को कभी न भूल पाएँगे।

आधुनिक देवदास

शम्भु कुमार यादव, स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

आज
चटकलिया गेट से निकला
देवदास।
कमर में छूरी, कन्धे पर गमछा
गंजी और लुंगी में लिपटा
फेसुआ से सुसज्जित
चला पचुआ की भट्टी पर
चढ़ाया तीन लम्बी गोड़ी (खस्सी वाली)
पाँच गिलास देशी पाऊच
फिर
कुत्तो, कमीने, दोगले की उपमा से
विभूषित किया—
ट्रेड युनियन के 'सक्रेटरी' को
फिर झुमते-गाते चले
“जीना यहाँ मरना यहाँ
इसके सिवाय जाना कहाँ।”
बीच चौराहे पर
खड़े हैं बापू।
सिर पर कौओं की सफेद बीट
मानो सर्टिफिकेट दिया हो—
सत्य अहिंसा की।
गाते-गाते
देवदास पहुँचा अपनी व्यस्त बस्ती
जहाँ कूड़ों की जमात
राशन दुकान की कतार को फेल करती है।
समने खड़ी-है पारो
हाथ में झाड़ू लिए।
बरसात अवश्य होगी-हमेशा की तरह
कुकरा भडुआ, सुअर कटना
बिजली चमकने लगती है
देवदास पर झाड़ू की
ताबड़-तोड़ बर्षा शुरू।
एक अंतराल
देवदास
बरसात में भीगी माटी की भीत सा

गिरकर बिखरता है
मुख से पता नहीं हुचुक-हुचुक
पानी या पाउची माल उगलता है।
बेचारा, उसमान रिक्शेवाला
लादकर ले चलता है
मुंसपेल्टी के अस्पताल
हमेशा की तरह।

बीच का रास्ता

बिरेन्द्र सिंह, स्नातक, द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

अज्ञान और घंटियों के स्वर
दो कोनों से
बीच का रास्ता लहूँ-लुहान
बढ़ते पैर, हर बार ठिठक जाते हैं
सुनाई पड़ती हैं—
गोलियों की बौछारें
चीख, आर्तनाद करती करुण चीखें
दोनों ओर से!
फिर सुनाई पड़ती है अज्ञान
हम सिर झुका लेते हैं
फिर घंटियों के रव के साथ
हम झूमने लगते हैं
पर बीच-रास्ते के लहू को
हम साफ नहीं करते
गोलियों की बौछारें बढ़ती जाती है।

कलम

शीतांशु कुमार शर्मा, स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

जब मुझे किसी ने नहीं देखा
मुस्कुराते वक्त
अपने होठों को दबाकर
और आँखों को भींचकर
रोते हुए।
जब मुझे किसी ने नहीं देखा
वादियों में
दोनों बाहों को जकड़े हुए
झील की गहराईयों में झाँक कर
खोते हुए।
जब मुझे किसी ने नहीं देखा
अकेले में
चददर को पूरा ताने हुए
तकिए में मुँह दबाकर
सोते हुए।
तब—
न जाने क्यों
मेरी सबसे पुरानी, नन्हीं सी
पक्की सहेली
कलम
रो पड़ी।

कैसी खुशी?

रवि कुमार केसरी, स्नातक, द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

लालिमा बिखेरता रवि
सर से गुजर गया
पर बैठे थे अब तक, वे—
दुम हिलाते द्वार पर।
क्या आ गिरा एक हड्डी
दौड़ यूँ कि, खेल हो कबड़डी।
भौं-भौं का शंखनाद हुआ
और शुरू हुआ महा संग्राम
क्षण से धरा भी लाल हुई।
मुँह में दबाए—
हड्डी ट्रॉफी
यूँ करता खुशी इजहार
कूदता-फाँदता
पास आता, दूर जाता
अन्तिम छोर पर
अबाउट दर्न लगाता
पर, पास संगी कराहता।

प्रभु-भक्ति

डालिया घोष, स्नातक द्वितीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

हे प्रभु! तेरी ही कृपा से हमने यह मानव जन्म पाया।
क्या तेरा प्रत्युपकार कर पायेगी यह अधम काया॥
यह रोचक आकर्षक धरती तेरी ही विलक्षण सृष्टि।
मन मोह लेती है हमारी जिधर जाती यह अवाक दृष्टि॥
साक्षी है इतिहास कि तूने जब-जब दिया अभय दान।
खुल कर सबने किया सिर्फ तेरा ही यशोगान॥
पाकर प्रभु तुमसे यह वरदान, करने मानव का परित्राण।
न्यौछावर कर दे पल भर में ये अमूल्य सुन्दर प्राण॥
प्रेम, नम्रता, सत्य, सदाचार का पाठ तूने ही पढ़ाया है।
दुराचारी, अहंकारी के उद्धार हेतु, तूने ही हाथ बढ़ाया है॥
तेरे ये सबल हाथ जिसे हर पल हर घड़ी सहलाता है।
उत्साह से भर कर वह कठिन कार्य कर दिखलाता है॥
तेरी कृपा बिना यह जीवन बन जाता है मरूस्थल।
निराशा से भर कर निरर्थक हो जाता है, जीवन का हर पल॥
बस तेरी दया ही इस जीवन का एक मात्र सहारा है।
जो वंचित रहा इस सुख से वह अभागा बेचारा है॥

प्यार

नम्रता सिंह, स्नातक तृतीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

वह कौन है?
जिसने फूलों की तरह हँसना सिखाया
जीवन में काँटों के बावजूद
हँस कर जीना सिखाया।

वह कौन है?
जो आँधी की तरह आया
और
जलजले की तरह चला गया
बदले में दे गया
एक दर्द
जिससे दूर जाने को
जी नहीं करता
क्योंकि
वह दर्द खुशी का एहसास है
इस खुशी को पाने की
मन में इच्छा जगाया।
वह कौन है?
जिसने, 'जिन्दगी' जैसे छोटे शब्द का
विस्तृत मायने बताया।
वह कौन है?
जिसने काँटों पर
दर्द सह कर चलना सिखाया।
वह कौन है?
जिसने मौत से लड़ना सिखाया
मौत
सुनते ही रूह कोंप उठती है
भय से आँखें बन्द हो जाती है
जिन्दगी से प्यार हो जाता है
हाँ
शायद यह 'प्यार' ही है
जिसने जिन्दगी की लालसा बढ़ाई
और...
मौत से डरना सिखाया।

जिन्दगी

सोनिया मुखर्जी, स्नातक, तृतीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

इन दो साँसों की जिन्दगी में
दो ही साँस काफी नहीं है
इन दो साँसों के बीच के सेकेण्ड को
जीना ही जीना नहीं है।
तेज भागते जीवन-बस को भी
रेड लाइट पर रूकना ही है
हॉफते हुए यात्रियों को भी
चैन की साँस तो लेनी ही है।

मितभाषी बनकर रहने में
कोई दिक्कत तो नहीं है
आत्म साक्षात्कार को पा लेने में
कोई मुश्किल तो नहीं है।

साँसों पर काबू पा लेने से
जिन्दगी यों ही सुलझ जाती है
फिर चाहे वक्त कितना भी लगे
रेड लाइट, ग्रीन तो हो ही जाती है।

चुप्पी

सरिता मिश्रा, स्नातक तृतीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

आखिर कब टूटेगी यह चुप्पी?
तोड़कर सारे रिश्ते,
निकल बसाने अपना संसार,
नये साथियों में चुना
अपना मानवेत्तर संसार।
मुश्किल हो गया आज
मानव-मानव में मेल रखना
सभी डरते हैं आज
मुँह-सामने कुछ उचित बोलना
हामी भर देते हैं मुँह सामने
पर करते हैं पीठ पीछे
बुराई उसकी.....।
आखिर क्यों नहीं चाहता मानव।
हिल-मिलकर साथ रहना
मिटाना अपने मन के द्वेषों को
मन की सच्ची
भावनाओं को व्यक्त करना
कब तक रखेंगे आप दिल में रूखाई?
भरोसा नहीं आज मानव को मानव पर
रखते हैं कुत्ते को चौकीदारी में
और समझते हैं इसी में भलाई
दूर रहना अपनी बिरादरी वालों से
कब होगी हमारे दिलों की सफाई

“जिन्दगी : एक पथ”

उज्वल चक्रवर्ती, स्नातकोत्तर, प्रथम वर्ष, भूगर्भ विज्ञान

जिन्दगी एक नाम है
एक शैली है— जीने की
घिरी है अनिश्चिताओं से ये
इसकी राह उलझी है बहुत
पथिक तुम सभल कर चलो
है पथरी ली बहुत इसकी डगर
ठोकरो पे है तुम्हारी कल
इसलिए जरा संभल
रुकना मत, रुकना मौत है
जिन्दगी एक नाम है चलने का
चलते रहो निरंतर
मंजिल मत साधो
दिशा मत बाँधो
चलते रहो
उस दिशा में
जो मन को भाए
चलते रहो...
क्योंकि चलना
जिन्दगी का एक नाम है
चलना ही राम है।

एक नया हिंदुस्तान

ध्रुव कुमार झा, हिंदी (प्रतिष्ठा) प्रथम वर्ष

मैंने न तो तुम्हारे ईश्वर को देखा है
न ही तुम्हारे अल्लाह को देखा है
तुम कहते हो तुम्हारा ईश्वर मंदिर में
और तुम कहते हो तुम्हारा अल्लाह
मस्जिद में रहता है
मैंने कभी नहीं देखा
मैंने इतना जरूर देखा है कि
कल्ले-आम के वक्त
तुम दोनों ही के ज़ख्म से
लाल लहू ही बहता है
मैंने न तो तुम्हारे रामायण को
और न ही तुम्हारे कुरान को पढ़ा है
मुझे यह भी नहीं मालूम कि
इन दोनों में क्या होता है
इतना मुझे जरूर मालूम कि
हर कल्ले-आम के बाद
तुम दोनों ही का बच्चा
अपने माँ-बाप को खोता है
कुछ यतीन तो कुछ अनाथ होता है
कितना अच्छा होता...
काश....
हिंदू सिर्फ रहता न हिंदू
मुस्लिम भी रहता न मुसलमान
मुस्लिम गीता-पाठ भी करते
हिंदू भी देता अजान
मुस्लिम रामायण भी पढ़ते
हिंदू भी पढ़ता कुरान
मुस्लिम "बेवक्त" कब्रिस्तान न जाता
हिंदू भी न जाता शमशान
दोनों ही हिलमिल कर रहते
दोनों ही बन जाते इंसान
दोनों मिलकर बना डालते
एक नया हिंदुस्तान
एक नया हिंदुस्तान....

“सम्पूर्णता”

शिव प्रसाद साव, स्नातक, तृतीय वर्ष, हिन्दी सम्मान

वंचित हो जाता है इन्सान
अपनी सम्पूर्णता से
कब?
जब उसकी अच्छाइयों को
आज के बड़े-बड़े महारथी
अपनी विद्वता की खाक
उड़ाने के लोभ में नकार देते हैं।
युवा वर्ग का अस्तित्व
मोम के उस पुतले के समान है
जिसे गढ़ने का, संवरने का
मौका ही नहीं मिलता
और वह एक आयामी बनकर
जीवन गुजारने को
विवश हो जाता है।

The Presidency College Magazine

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1914-15	Pramatha Nath Banerjee	Jogesh Chandra Chakravarti
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1921-22	Shyama Prasad Mookherjee	Bimal Kumar Bhattacharjee
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1937-38	Bimal Chandra Sinha	Ram Chandra Mukherjee
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1939-40	A.Q.M. Mahiudin	Bimal Chandra Dutta
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1942-46		No Publication
1947-48	Sudhindranath Gupta	Nirmal Kumar Sarkar
1948-49	Subir Kumar Sen	Bangendu Gangopadhyay
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1952-53	Arun Kumar Das Gupta	Jyotirmoy Pal Chaudhuri
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1962-63	Badal Mukherjee	Alok Kumar Mukherjee
	Mihir Bhattacharya	
1963-64	Pranab Kumar Chatterjee	Pritis Nandy
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৪৫, গনেশ চন্দ্র এ্যাভিনিউ, কোলকাতা -১৩

জাতির সেবায় সি. এস. টি. সি.

কোলকাতা রাষ্ট্রীয় পরিবহন সংস্থা একটি সর্বজনপ্রিয় ও পরিচিত ঐতিহ্যবাহী রাষ্ট্রীয় সংস্থা। এই সংস্থা ১৯৪৮ সাল হতে বিগত পাঁচ দশক যাবৎ যাত্রী পরিষেবায় নিয়োজিত। অতি নিশিভোরে এই পরিষেবা যেমন থাকে তেমন থাকে গভীর রাত্তিতেও। এককথায় বিপন্নের বন্ধু। ১/১২/০১ হতে শুরু হয়েছে সারা রাত ব্যাপী বাস পরিষেবা। অপ্রতুল হলেও অপরিহার্য পরিষেবা দানে ব্রতী এই সরকারী প্রতিষ্ঠান। এর চাকা সচল রাখার দায়িত্বে সদা নিয়োজিত আছেন ১০ হাজারের ও বেশী কর্মী। দৈনিক সাত লক্ষাধিক যাত্রী এই পরিষেবার পৃষ্ঠপোষক। তাই যাত্রী সাধারণ ও সকল নাগরিকের উদ্দেশ্যে জানাই জাতীয়তাবাদী, সশ্রদ্ধ ও বিনম্র নমস্কার। যাত্রী পরিষেবার অস্বীকার পূরণে আপনার অকৃপণ সহযোগিতা ও পৃষ্ঠপোষকতা একান্তভাবে কামনা করি।

উন্নত পরিষেবায় আমাদের নূতন সংযোজন

আগামী আর্থিক বছরে সংযোজিত হবে ৮০ টি ইউরো-২ বাস। সর্বাধুনিক লো-ফ্লোর বাস ও সংযোজিত হবে ঐ বছরেই।
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	২০০ কিমি পর্য্যন্ত ছাড়ের পরিমাণ ১৫ শতাংশ পর্য্যন্ত।
	২০০ কিমি পরে ছাড়ের পরিমাণ ২০ শতাংশ পর্য্যন্ত।

ফিরতি যাত্রার টিকিটের ক্ষেত্রে (রিটার্ন জার্নি টিকিট), ৩০০ কিমি এর বেশী ভ্রমণে টিকিটের উপর ছাড়ের পরিমাণ হবে ৩০ শতাংশ কেবলমাত্র এসপ্লানেড বুকিং কাউন্টার হতে এই সুযোগ পাওয়া যাবে।

আপনার পৃষ্ঠপোষকতা ও সহযোগীতায় নির্ভরযোগ্য ও আরামদায়ক বাস পরিষেবা সুনিশ্চিত করা আমাদের ব্রত ও লক্ষ্য।

বিঃ দ্রঃ— বিনা টিকিটে ভ্রমণ দণ্ডনীয় অপরাধ (মোটর যান বিধি - ১৭৮ নং ধারা দ্রষ্টব্য) বাসে উঠিবার আগে বা বাসেতে টিকিট কাটাই বিধেয় (মোটর যান বিধি ১২৪ নং দ্রষ্টব্য)।