



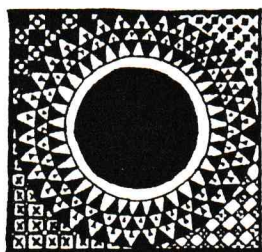
AGOMONI

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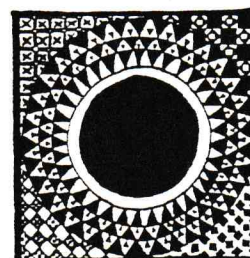
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Bichitra
Bengali Club of Manitoba



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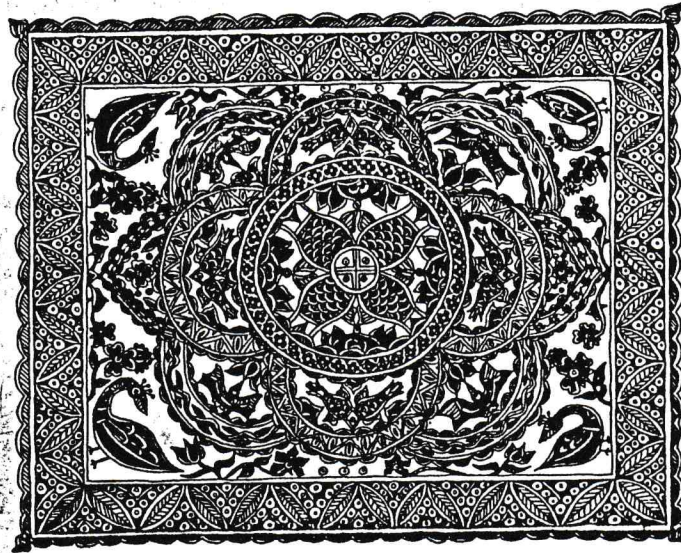
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PUJA COMMITTEE -1993

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Puja Arrangements.....	Debjani Banerji
Priest.....	Ashish Banerji Makhan Bal
Food Arrangements.....	Archana Ghosh Shubha Das
Cultural Performances.....	Krishna Bal Chitta Ghosh Samir Bhattacharya
Agomoni Publication.....	Kunal Banerji Prabir Mitra
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EDITORIAL

As the leaves change their colours and the cool north winds envelope us, we are reminded that autumn is here, signalling to the Bengalis that it is time to start getting ready for Ma Durga's annual visit home. This is the time when we Bengalis get together for five days of fun, laughter, camaraderie and worship. The ritualistic worship in the mornings and the grand "Aarati" in the evenings is something we look forward to each year.

Ma Durga is coming this year in a cradle ("dola") and returning on an elephant, a symbol of prosperity. The past year has been a hard one for all the peoples of the earth, and with Ma Durga's blessing we hope and pray that the coming year will be a prosperous and joyous one for us all.

Kunal Banerji

প্রসূতিমুখ অমৃত্যু স্তন্যদায়কশালিনী ।
সামন্তাঙ্গমহাশক্তিপ্রদাহরাত্রিষ্ট দারুণা ॥
হুঃ শ্রীমুখীশ্বরী হুঃ শ্রীমুখ বুদ্ধিবর্ধকী - লক্ষণা ।
লক্ষ্মী দুর্জয়মুখা হৃষিকেশ জগদ্বিনোদ অমৃতদেব চ ॥
অশ্বিনী জুনি নী হোয়া জামিনী চক্রিনী ওয়া ।
শক্তি নী চামিনী সান - ধুস্ত্রী - পরিচায়কী ॥
লোকেশ লোকেশ্বরী - লোকেশ্বরীমুখিনী ।
মহামহাশক্তি মহাশক্তি দেবী মহাশক্তি ॥

You are the primordial cause of everything, bringing into force the three "gunas". You are the dark night of periodic dissolution. You are the great night of final dissolution, and the terrible night of delusion. You are the Goddess of good fortune, the ruler, modestly and intelligence characterised by knowledge, bashfulness, nourishment, contentment, tranquillity and forbearance. Armed with a sword, spear, club, discus, conch, bow, arrows, slings and an iron mace, you are terrible and at the same time you are pleasing, yes, more pleasing than all the pleasing things and exceedingly beautiful. You are indeed the supreme Ishwari, beyond the high and the low.

PUJA COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSON'S MESSAGE

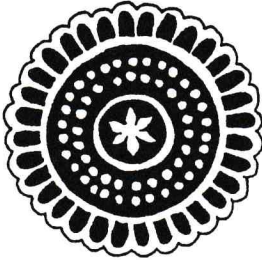
In this special time of autumn, as the leaves change to their beautiful colours, we celebrate Durga Puja. The Puja is a festival of joy and worship of Mother Goddess Durga. This event brings our whole community together for this joyous occasion.

I am thankful to all the members of BICHITRA, the honourable priest Ashish Banerji, and our Puja Committee who put in their hard work and energy into making this celebration a great success. We are grateful to the Executive Committee and the trustees of the Hindu Society for their cooperation. I would like to give my special thanks to the future generation, the Youth Group for their wonderful work in making the Bijoya cards, and to all the people that contributed to the Agomoni Magazine. I send my sincere thanks to the advertisers of Agomoni.

On behalf of my family, I would like to express our warmest and most sincere greetings, to welcome you to join us and participate in this auspicious annual festival of Durga Puja.

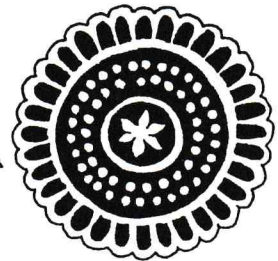
Prabir Mitra





A BANNER YEAR FOR BICHITRA

By Ashish Banerji, President, BICHITRA



This is an eventful year for Bengalis worldwide; more so for those in North America. Bichitra is proud to be actively associated with the preservation and advancement of the rich culture and traditions of the Bengali people, in the hope that some of its finer elements will knit themselves into the fabric of Canadian culture.

Bengalis are well known for their celebration of the joys and pains of life. Music and poetry inhabit our hearts, dance and drama are entwined in our souls. The fine arts and crafts bloom so naturally in our hands, while emotion and passion are our constant companions. A Bengali's need to express his or her innermost feelings surpasses all our other desires, and this expression finds creative manifestation in such diverse ways as our literature, our arts, our feasts; our urge to travel and our desire for human interaction.

This year heralds another Bengali centennial year, with the Bengali year 1400 dawning in April 1993. To celebrate this event, Bichitra thought it fit to organise a get-together of our members and provide them with the opportunity to display some of their cultural accomplishments. It is no surprise that even in such a small Bengali community of Manitoba, there should still be such an abundance of talent. Songs, music, poetry and recitations were presented by our members, and widely appreciated and applauded by the audience. Bengali culinary delights served at the dinner, rounded off an enchanting evening.

A second important occurrence also unfurls its centenary this year. A hundred years ago, a young, unknown Bengali monk boarded a ship from Japan, and sailed into Vancouver harbour. Without a single contact in North America, and with practically no funds to sustain him, he single-mindedly strove to realise his goal, with his strength and determination stemming from his resolute faith in God. His objective was to reach Chicago, to represent Hinduism at the World Parliament of Religions being held there, contiguous to the World's Fair.

It is a stirring and uplifting story to hear about Swami Vivekananda crossing Canada by train, then reaching Chicago only to wander penniless and without shelter, until, as if by divine order, his illuminating intellect and virtuous qualities would be recognised by some influential people of that city. They would ensure that Swami Vivekananda was accepted as a delegate to the

Parliament of Religions and given the opportunity to address this assembly.

Swami Vivekananda's first speech to this august gathering has become a legend. He captivated his audiences throughout the conference, and during his subsequent travels across America and the world, he built up an ever-growing reputation and gathered hundreds of disciples worldwide. He would influence people in all walks of life and would be destined to become one of the most famous personalities of this century. The Smithsonian Institute in their 1976 publication "Abroad in America", lists Swamiji among the 29 greatest personalities to visit America between 1776 and 1914.

That the first Hindu missionary to visit North America, also happened to travel through Winnipeg, happens to be a matter of great pride for our community. Research by the Vedanta Society of Winnipeg shows that Swami Vivekananda arrived in Winnipeg on July 30, 1893 by Canadian Pacific Railway Express from Vancouver, and after staying the night, probably at the railway station itself, he left for Chicago by the following day's train.

It is also noteworthy that the first prominent Indian to visit the West, was not a man of the sword or an economic plunderer, but a spiritual leader who came to share his Vedantic message of peace, progress and harmony among all the peoples of the world. He did not seek to convert anybody to another religion; on the contrary, he maintained that the Vedantic goals could be reached through the honest practice of all religions.

To commemorate this important landmark in our heritage, Bichitra decided to install a plaque at the site of the former CP Railway station in Winnipeg. Bichitra took the initiative to obtain the participation of other sister organisations in this historic event, and we were fortunate in getting four such organisations to join us on the occasion. A facsimile of the plaque appears in this magazine following this article.

Of course, every year Bichitra organises several other activities, most of which were also held this year. The Rabindra-Nazrul Jayanti, a Canada Day picnic, social gatherings, the Durga Puja festivities, publication of our annual literary magazine "Agomoni" and the regular newsletter "Samachar", fund-raising projects - these are just some of this year's achievements.

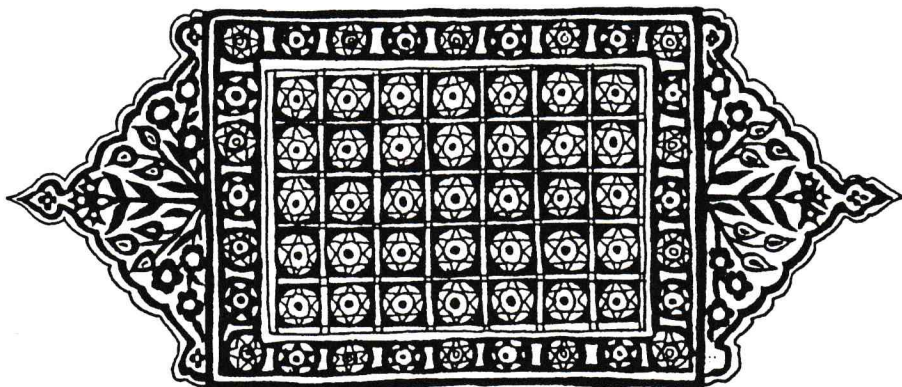
Although we were unable to hold a summer heritage camp this year (and thereby were probably saved from a two-pronged attack by the rain and mosquitoes), we did provide more than our fair share to Winnipeg's multicultural annual extravaganza - "Folklorama". This year, besides supplying the Ambassador to the India Pavilion in Debjani Banerji, who would go on to also take a place on the Ambassador General Corps of Folklorama, Bichitra's members also arranged the cultural display at the pavilion, while some of our

members participated in the cultural entertainment programs.

In all these events, one prominent achievement deserves special mention, and that is the involvement of our youth in Bichitra's activities through the year. For the second year in a row, Bichitra's executive committee boasts two youth members. We find increasing involvement of our youth in our various functions, both in their organising and participating aspects. Our Chairman of the Durga Puja committee, Prabir Mitra, has done a wonderful job of delegating several responsibilities of organising this week-long event to his youthful assistants, and the positive results are evident from the beautiful greeting cards prepared to raise funds, in the preparation of the 1993 "Agomoni", in the decorations at the temple and in the entire organisation of the function. This has, of course, given more time to the adults to concentrate on the religious and cultural activities, with even a drama being performed after several years! A big thank you and "shabaash" to all concerned.

It remains our hope that by nurturing our culture, we will be able, in our small way, to make this land a more pleasant one to live in. Our goal is to learn and absorb the best facets of both Canadian and Indian cultures, so that we may be able to enrich our environment, and achieve understanding, integration and harmony in this society. Canada offers us opportunities for a better life, with prospects for material gains, as well as the freedom to express our views and to practice our individual faiths. On the other hand, the land of our origin, India, has given us spiritual strength, the wisdom of an age-old civilization, lessons in tolerance and compassion for our fellow beings and the appreciation of the values of nature. Let us make the best of these opportunities and build us a magnificent future.

Happy Dussehra!!



**In Commemoration of
The One Hundreth Anniversary
of the Visit to Winnipeg by
Swami Vivekananda
(1863 - 1902)**



**The First Hindu Missionary to
visit North America.**

**On his way to address the World Parliament of Religions at
Chicago, Swamiji arrived from Vancouver by CPR Express on
July 30, 1893 and departed by train the following day.**

**By his eloquence and depth of knowledge Swami Vivekananda
prrofoundly influenced audiences around the world.**

**His Vedantic Message of Harmony, Peace and Progress has a
universal and eternal appeal.**

**The following organizations are proud to install this plaque at
the site of the former CP Railway Station, as a historic landmark
in our heritage.**

**Bichitra - Bengali Association of Manitoba
Gujarati Cultural Society of Manitoba
Hindu Society of Manitoba
India Association of Manitoba
Vedanta Society of Winnipeg**

Winnipeg, 1993

DURGA, THE DIVINE MOTHER

by Baburao Hegdekar

*Ya Devi Sarva Bhuteshu
Shakti Roopena Samastita*

Devi who in all things created
ever exists in the form of energy



The great Goddess Durga was born of the energy of male divinities which integrated in a unique light, and pervading the three worlds, became the female form, mother Durga. Durga is the most widely worshipped aspect of *shakti*, and an entire Purana (Devibhagavatam) is dedicated to her. Two other Puranas contain the exploits of Devi, the Skanda Purana and the Markandeya Purana. More well known however, are the seven hundred verses of the Markandeya Purana known as Devimahatmyam of Durga Saptashati (Chandi) that celebrate the triumphs of the Divine Mother. The whole of Devimahatmyam is chanted on sacred occasions and during Durga Puja (Navaratri).

History

The tradition of Devi worship is a very ancient one. The Vedas glorify about half a dozen goddesses, the most important being Aditi. The Vedic seers saw her as the great womb into which the entire universe has entered. She holds Agni and the creator in her womb like a mother. All gods of the Vedas owe their birth to her. Other goddesses celebrated are Ushas (Goddess of Dawn), Ratri (Goddess of starry nights - in Ratri Sukta), Soorya (Sun Goddess), Prithivi (the Earth Goddess), Gayatri (the most sacred mantra) and Vac (the Goddess of speech and learning - Devi Sukta). The eight verses of Devi Sukta, representing the sublime divine energy or *shakti* inherent in everything - animals, man, gods, and the universe - and the Ratri Sukta form the basis of later Devi worship. The well known Durga Sukta was originally found scattered in the Rig Veda and other Vedic texts.

'Tam agnivarṇa, tapasa jvalantim
Vairochanim karma phaleshu jushtam
Durgam Devim sharanamaham prapadye
Sutarasi, tarase namah'

Thou art of the colour of Fire
Radiant with fervour
(The power) of the Supreme
(Thou exists as) the power of our deeds and their fruits
I take refuge in Devi Durga
O' thou, auspicious saviour, save us
My obeisance.

According to Shayanacharya, we get a clear reference to Durga, the Goddess in this Rig Vedic verse. Durga is the deity who removes the difficulties of the devotees and carries them through life (Tarayati). In the vedic tradition, a particular sacrificial fire consecrated for the worship of the divine is called Durga and by extension, all the power of Agni (creative and evolutionary). Therefore, it is difficult to separate the universal energy as fire and Goddess Durga. However, the seeds of the idea of the birth and nature of the goddess as developed in the later Puranas are already here. The Goddess's birth in fiery light, her radiance of austerity, her relationship to Brahman (as maha maya), as the impeller of karma and most of all as a saviour of mankind, are obvious in this verse.

Many goddesses are aspects and variations of Parvati, consort of Shiva. One of the earliest references to this deity is found in the Kenopanishad where she is mentioned as Uma-Hemavati. Like the traditions of Vishnu and Shiva, the tradition of Devi has a large number of followers.

In the tradition of Shakti worship, Durga is considered the foremost among the goddesses.

Durga's birth and iconography

"Durga" means 'beyond reach' or 'difficult to know', and the miracle of her birth is given in the Skanda Purana and Devimahatmyam. In times past, the sons of Diti (mother of asuras) were all slain by the gods and in her deep sorrow, she told her daughter to practice great austerity and beget a son that will vanquish Indra and the other gods. Thus was born the tyrant demon, a colossal monster, Mahisha in the shape of a prodigious buffalo. The gods panicked, and under the leadership of Brahma took refuge in Vishnu and Shiva. Their intense power of anger and indignation poured forth uniting in a flame that spread to the three worlds and condensed in the form of the Goddess, and thus was born Durga, the divine feminine spirituality, the primeval shakti, from which all had emanated before.

The energies of the various divinities contributed to the figure of Durga thus: her head from Shiva, her arms from Vishnu, her feet from Brahma, her waist from Indra, her hair from Yama, her breasts from the Moon, her thighs from Varuna, her hips from the Earth, her toes from the Sun, her fingers from the Vasus, her nose from Kubera, her teeth from the nine prajapatis, the eyes from Agni, the two brows from the two twilights, ears from the wind, and other appendages from various other divinities. Durga so formed was an omnipotent, three eyed goddess adorned with a crescent moon, many arms holding auspicious weapons, emblems and ornaments of the gods. Her golden body, blazing with the splendour of a thousand suns, she rode a lion (or a tiger). Devi Durga is one of the most spectacular personifications of the cosmic energy.

Images of Durga can have four, eight, ten, eighteen or twenty arms and three eyes. Her hair is tied in a crown (Karanda mukuta) and she is gorgeously dressed in red and bedecked with ornaments.

Common objects in the hands are the conch, discus, trident, bow and arrow, sword and dagger, shield, rosary, wine cup and bell. She may ride a lion (Simha vahini), tiger, or stand on the head of a buffalo.

Durga has many forms and names like Chatarbhuj, Ashta Bhuj, Jaya Durga, Shulini Durga, Moha Shatru Vahini Durga, Krishna Durga, Vindya Vasini Durga, Dasha Bhuj Durga, Ati Durga, Vishwa Durga, Sidha Durga, Yomavati Durga, Jaya-Vijaya Durga and Vijita Durga. These are desire fulfilling and of great interest in iconography.

Devimahatmyam describes three forms of Durga - Maha Kali, Maha Lakshmi, and Maha Saraswati (not the commonly noted Parvati, Lakshmi and Saraswati). Formed of *tamas* quality, Maha Kali exists as the Yoganidra of Vishnu and as the personification of Maya. Maha Lakshmi is the *rajasic* aspect of the Devi, born out of the powers of the Divinities, she is Mahishasura Mardhini, responsible for the death of Mahishasura. As Maha Saraswati, the *satvic* aspect of Devi, she is Kaushiki Durga and was responsible for the destruction of Dhumralochana, Chanda, Munda, Raktabija, Shumbha and Nishumbha.

Worship and Prayers

Some of the oldest known prayers offered to the Goddess are found in Taittiriya Aranyaka praising Durga and Savitri. Yudhisthir offers a prayer to Durga in the Mahabharat, and in Harivamsa we find Pradyumna offering a prayer to the Goddess. An independent treaty of *mantra shashtra* exists in the worship of shakti. Various names and prayers are found in Devimahatmyam. In Brihad-devata, many names of the Goddess Vac are found including Durga and Gauri.

Devi worship has been long known in Bengal and is associated with Krishnananda (1585 A.D.) who worshipped Dakshina Kali. However, community Kali-puja and Durga-puja became popular in the 19th century. The festival worship continues for fifteen days from the first day of the waxing moon to the full moon. The waxing and waning phases of the moon stand for the cosmic cycle of evolution and involution, expansion and reabsorption. The eternal sixteen parts form the "Shodasha Nitya", the fullness of the Shakti.

Many hymns are recited daily during the festival of Durga and Durga Saptashti, the 700 verses of Durga forming the Devimahatmyam being one of them. The saptashti which glorifies Durga in her exploits is interspersed with exquisite hymns of prayer. After the destruction of Mahisha, Brahma's prayer to Chandi is sung. She is praised as the personification of wealth, power, beauty and virtues. She is both "para-vidya" and "apara-vidya" and bestows both material and spiritual wealth. She is the embodiment of yajna (sacrifice). Devi is praised in the "Aparajita Stotra" as the 'unconquered' and her immanence in all living beings is described. She manifests as Kaushiki Durga. With the "Narayani stuti", a fervent appeal is made to the Devi, the Mother, to be benign and graceful. She is described as the physical universe as well as Vishnu's power, the original cause. She is mahamaya (power of

delusion). In fact, she is the supreme truth.

I would like to conclude this with a quote from Swami Vivekananda -

"The mother is the highest ideal of womanhood in India. Mother is the first manifestation of power --- All merciful, all powerful, omnipresent are the attributes of the Divine mother. The sea calm is the Absolute, the same sea in waves is the Divine mother. She is time, space and causation. In her conditioned state, she is God, nature and soul; and in her unconditioned state she is unknown and unknowable."

Sri Durgapranamastu



BENGALI HERITAGE - A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

by Ranen Sinha

Heritage is something transmitted by or acquired from a predecessor. As a Bengali who has been uprooted from his native land and yet associated with Bengali people continually for nearly half a century in other countries, I have often wondered what all Bengalis share and what is uniquely distinctive about them. Nowadays, Bengalis live not only in their ancestral land in the eastern part of India and Bangladesh but also in small groups in the U.K., USA, Canada, the Caribbean Islands and elsewhere. Whatever unique heritage they might have had at one time has undergone severe and recurrent tests over time and through geographic dislocation when people experienced traumatic political, religious, social and economic upheavals. But the descendants of the ancient Austric language speaking people, the modern Bengalis, have not only survived, but managed to retain their identity. It is difficult to define Bengali heritage accurately, because no proper history of the Bengali people is available. Eminent Bengali historians and scholars, such as Ramesh Chandra Majumder, Nihar Ranjan Roy, Dinesh Chandra Sen, and S.K. De, have pieced together fragmentary data gathered from literature, folklore, foreign documents, stone carvings, plaques and other artifacts.

The aim of this report is to determine what truly is Bengali heritage from a historical perspective. In my attempt to provide a sketch of the rural, cultural, literary, social and religious traditions of the Bengalis, I depended primarily on three sources: 1. Banglar Itihash, Adi Parba, by N.R. Roy, Lekhakak Samabai Samiti, Calcutta, 1966 (in Bengali), 501 p.; 2. The literature of Bengal, by R.C. Dutta, Thaker Spink and Co., Calcutta, 1895, 250 p.; 3. The history of Bengali literature, by D.C. Sen, University of Calcutta, 1954, 865 p.

Racial and Linguistic Origin

The racial and linguistic roots of the modern Bengali are not well known. The only thing most historians agree on is that the Bengali is a descendant of a mixture of many racial groups including Austric-language speaking Protoaustraloids, Dravidians, Mongoloids, and a group of people who spoke many dialects of the Indo-European Aryan language. Through the centuries before the birth of Christ, as waves of people migrated to Bengal from southern Europe and the Middle East through northern India, they blended in the melting pot with those who were already there and those coming from southern and eastern Asia. The people in the

latter category spoke non-Aryan languages. The traditional life in rural Bengal still retains many aspects of the cultures, customs and religious practices of the non-Aryan groups. Generally, the non-Aryan groups included Protoaustraloid people who spoke the "Austris" (Austroasiatic) tongue which is made up of a family of languages once widespread over northeastern India and Indochina. These were gentle and peaceful people, who ate rice and made their living from simple agriculture and fishing. As farmers, they cultivated rice paddies and grew banana, eggplant, fig, turmeric, betel-nut and pomegranate for food. The food from the land was plentiful. They did not raise dairy cattle for milk nor did they use dried cow dung as fuel. Dairy cattle was later introduced by the Aryan-speaking people. Non-Aryan Bengalis grew cotton to make their clothing and they also raised sheep for wool that was used to make blankets.

When the Aryan people migrated to Bengal, they brought with them a different and pragmatic way of life and a sophisticated Vedic religion. Thus the concept of rebirth after death, worshipping trees (e.g. "Bot" tree), and animals, and the use of stalks of rice paddies, grass, banana plants, turmeric, betel nuts, coconut and betel leaves in many religious and social occasions which are still in use in Bengal testify to the Bengali heritage, at least in part, from non-Aryan ancestors. Other such customs include using statues of many deities in temples for worshipping, and sacrificing animals as offerings to Hindu gods (e.g. "Patha bali" or sacrificing goats).

Language of the Bengalis

In ancient India before and after the beginning of the Christian era, people spoke the Pali language. This language was later replaced by Sanskrit which was brought to Bengal by the Aryan migrants. Sanskrit was the language of scholars and upper caste people, and Prakrit was the spoken dialect of the common people. In the work of India's great poet, Kalidas, King Dushyanta spoke of his love for Sakuntala in Sanskrit, while the beautiful Sakuntala replied in a gentler language - Prakrit! The Bengali language of today contains many words from Sanskrit, Prakrit and other non-Aryan languages. For example, the word "I" is "Aham" in Sanskrit, "Ahosmi" in Prakrit and "Ami" in Bengali. The Bengali language was first recognized as a properly written language when the Bengali poet Chandidas wrote his poems in the 14th century shortly after the Moslem rule of Bengal began. He was the first vernacular poet of Bengal. The Bengali alphabet was derived from the Devanagiri alphabet around the 10th century. In those days the influence of Sanskrit was so great that the first great Bengali poet, Jayadeva, wrote Gita Govinda in Sanskrit in the 12th century. Only a few Bengali words were used in early Bengali literature and poetry. For example, a poem published in "Banga Darsan" in July 1874 contained only two out of fifteen words in Bengali. The others

were in Sanskrit.

Elemental Grouping of the Bengali People and their Long History

In the beginning the ethnically mixed, ancestral Bengali people lived as self-sufficient socio-economic units in the tropical monsoon-swept, rural areas of Bengal. They lived as small, well-knit clans (Kome) in which individuals developed a strong sense of mutual relationship, interdependence and group identity. Their livelihood depended on simple agriculture and fishing. During the past 1000 years, this clan-identity of the Bengalis has been subjected to many outside pressures. Although often overpowered or subjugated by invaders, the Bengalis clung to their own clan-centred rural life style and value systems while superficially adapting outsiders' ways, customs and beliefs. Few of the outsiders' customs and rituals, however, were accepted without change -- most were modified and blended with the Bengalis own time-honoured customs, rituals and beliefs. Such well-structured life styles were maintained even when larger historical and regional subgroups of the Bengali people were formed such as Pundrah, Shumbraha, Gouraha and Rahraha. From these groups later well-known Bengali states such as Gour, Bonga, and Rahra were organized. Successive kings and emperors like Shasanka, the Buddhist Pal kings, and Hindu Sen kings, attempted to put their marks as founders of unified kingdoms but the Bengalis quietly resisted the pressure of assimilation and to a great extent succeeded in retaining their rural group identity. A measure of accommodation, however, was achieved when largely non-Aryan Bengalis accepted the spiritual practices and some of the rituals of the north Indian Aryan intruders.

Before the 1st century, Bengalis were strictly agricultural people. Later, between the 1st and 7th centuries they became traders conducting flourishing business with other parts of India and southeast Asia. Then, between the 8th and 13th centuries, they reverted to their age-old, rural-agricultural lifestyle. Once again, stability and the well-being of the people depended on their strong affiliations with rural and group culture. Bengali society became stratified and inward looking. One's level of education and culture depended on the caste in which one was born. Nevertheless, within the caste the social ties were strong. The members of the upper castes embraced Vedic religions more enthusiastically than those of the lower castes who continued practising many of their non-Aryan religions and beliefs. Superstition and unfair treatment of women and people at the bottom of the caste ladder were common. There was much religious, social, and economic turmoil in Bengali life during the period of Moslem rule. Many Hindus were converted to the Moslem faith. After the 14th century, while Bengali culture remained stagnant, the Bengali language and literature began to develop and make its mark in the Indian scene. Through the writings of one or two brilliant writers who were supported by some Moslem and Hindu rulers, the Bengali language and literature slowly

matured and produced world-class literature in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Bengali Characteristics and Heritage

After many trials and tribulations through the centuries, the Bengali people developed characteristics which are in many cases, different from those of the north Indian Aryan, Hindu, Buddhist, and Moslem people even though they are now well integrated with these diverse people. Much of this identity development occurred in the sphere of religious practice, human relationships, and human rights. The following are some of the major characteristics of the Bengali people.

1. To understand a Bengali, one must know a Bengali village in which small groups of people have lived for centuries as nearly self-sufficient units. There is something mystical about a Bengali village - its rustic life and pastoral views of rice paddies and tropical vegetation, fish ponds, rivers, birds, insects, temples, mosques and huts naturally suggest a mood of peace and contentment. But those who have observed it carefully found that behind the rhythm of life in a Bengali village there is neither contentment nor indifference, but a total surrender to destiny and nature.

In a village, life flows like a river -- villagers do their rice planting and harvesting, perform routine religious rituals, enjoy traditional festivals and fairs, puppet dances, and dramatic entertainment. Cyclically, they suffer through hard times as drought, flood, disease or famine invariably strike the village. There are some brief moments of excitement such as a daring robbery in the neighbourhood, or a visit from a foreign soldier or a wild animal; but the periods of suffering are longer. Villagers take it all in their stride accepting the good and the bad as their fate. Consciously or subconsciously, the charm of a village still allures a Bengali. It often works imperceptibly even though he or she now lives far away from a village both in space and time. Deeply rooted in the individual and collective psyche, the haunting memory of village life gnaws at the subconscious level, still colouring a Bengali's outlook on life.

2. The Bengalis test all new religious beliefs and intellectual ideas at the touchstone of the human heart. They accept only those ideas that can be reconciled with their sensitive and emotional nature.

3. Strong emphasis is given on humanism in the Bengali's appreciation of life. The relationship between God and humans is always an intensely personal one.

4. The central concept of the Vedic religion that the human soul, Atman, is one and the same with the almighty God, Brahman, and the communion between the two into one through silent meditation was, in principle, accepted by the Bengalis. But the religious practices leading to this self-realization were for the Bengalis, often Tantric rituals. Most Bengali seers attained spiritual heights either through Vaishnava Tantra, as in the case of Ram Prashad in the 18th century and Sri Ramkrishna in the 19th

century.

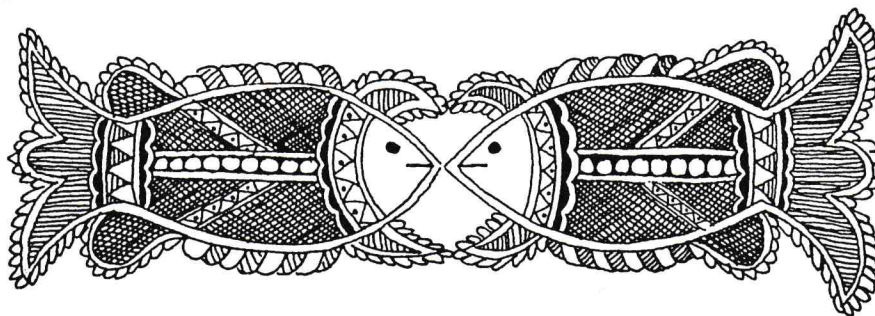
5. The love of beauty and a quest for the meaning of life are naturally expressed by the Bengali people through their poetry, literature, art and folk songs and has culminated in the beautiful lyrical poetry of Rabindranath Tagore in the 20th century. Attracted by the potential of the human mind to acquire knowledge, upper-caste Bengalis learn, create and excel in various serious intellectual activities. The vast mass of lower-caste Bengalis, however, remain deeply committed to realizing the truth through emotion, feeling and often superstitious, time honoured beliefs. "Rupa" and "Rasha" (beauty and emotion) are the two key components of the Bengali lifeview, creativity and character.

6. Love of food, conversation, art and music are characteristics of the Bengalis.

Conclusion

The unique character and lifeview of the Bengali people have evolved from two thousand years of adaptation to changes in ethnic, geographic, historic, socio-economic, cultural and political realities. Nurtured in a tropical, monsoon-swept, rural agriculture, Bengalis have developed a creative and humanistic character. The best among them cherish the high ideals of the sanctity of the human person and equality of all people. They are deeply committed to worshipping the divine energy, Shakti, which is symbolized through many goddesses. Their creative energy has manifested through the nearly thousand-year old Bengali language which is rich in poetry and literature. In their personal lives, Bengalis always love good food, conversation and folk songs.

Lessons from history and an understanding of their heritage may help the modern Bengali to meet the current threats from moral and social decay, economic stagnation, religious intolerance and the population explosion in their ancestral land and in new found homes elsewhere.



WHO IS IGNORANT ?

by Pallab K. Ganguly

"You see many stars in the sky at night, but not when the sun rises. Can you therefore say that there are no stars in the day? O man, because you can not find God in the days of your ignorance, say not that there is no God"

- Sri Ramakrishna Paramhansadev

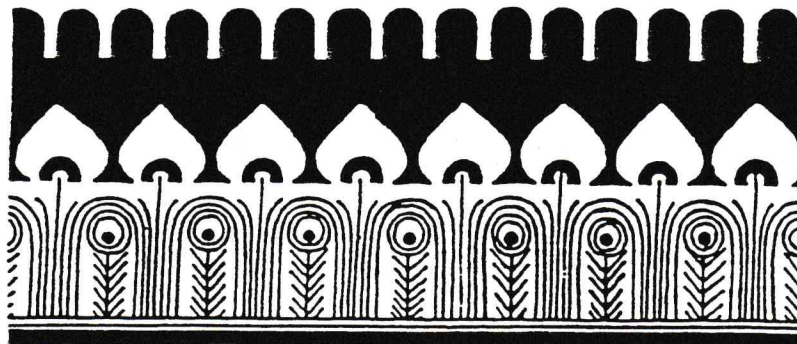
Does it mean that I see God when I am not ignorant? But first of all, why should I be ignorant? Why can't I spend my whole life at night when the stars are bright? Conversely, does it make a difference to one who is not interested in seeing God?

Believe me, I pretend not to be ignorant. Therefore, I read Swami Vivekananda's Chicago Address many times - "If it is happiness to enjoy the consciousness of this small body, it must be greater happiness to enjoy the consciousness of two bodies, the measure of happiness increasing with the consciousness of an increasing number of bodies, the aim, the ultimate of happiness, being reached when it would become a universal consciousness."

I understand that in order to gain the so called "Great Feelings", the individuality must go. Again, believe me, I have not only overcome this problem, but also tell people that "It is good to love God for hope of reward in this or the next world, but it is better to love God for love's sake." And, I insist that you should pray "Lord, I do not want wealth, nor children nor learning. If it be Thy will, I shall go from birth to birth; but grant me this, that I may love Thee without the hope of reward - love unselfishly for love's sake."

My religion does not "consist of struggles and attempts to believe a certain doctrine or dogma, but in realizing - not in believing, but in being and becoming." Once again, I ask - Why should I be ignorant?

I still pretend not to be ignorant and you too should have no problem if you are not interested in seeing God.



QUASI-PHILOSOPHICAL GEMS OF WISDOM: REFLECTIONS OF A SOJOURN IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

by Nandita Biswas

We do live rather selfish lives, don't we? Self-contained, closed systems of existence are the benchmark of our culture. Rarely do we recognize, let alone understand the small world in which we live and breathe. Whether we choose to realize it or not, the world is getting smaller and smaller every day. The nature of the international political economy is one in which the fates of all nation states are inextricably tied. What happens in the relatively inconspicuous African country of Burkina Faso will somehow have an effect on you and I living here in Canada. Likewise, the impact of a treatise such as the North American Free Trade Agreement will have (devastating) ramifications for the rest of the globe. In the end, we are all accomplices of atrocity, famine and poverty. I have realized this, sitting in my heated room, ruminating philosophically by way of a computer. I have time for philosophy. I have a computer. I have my own room. Somehow, I have realized to count myself lucky. However, insulated in my small room, I will never understand what I have been a part of; what I can be a part of. It is for this reason that I decided to attempt to practice what I have come to preach.

This past August, I travelled to the tiny Caribbean island of *la Republica Dominicana* with the St. Paul's Intercommunity Program at the University of Manitoba. The Dominican Republic occupies the greater part of the island of *Hispaniola* (the western third is Haiti). This island lies approximately 20 degrees north of the equator, between Puerto Rico and Cuba. The population of the country is about six million (definitely not as densely populated as our India!). The official language is Spanish (Yes, it is most certainly the "language of love" in these latin countries, especially in the Dominican Republic).

Nine of us (six females and three males) were transported by truck to the small village of *La Quemada* which means "the burnt" in Spanish. The village was located near a set of mountain ranges, approximately five hours north-west of the capital *Santo Domingo*, in the province of *Ocoa*, sub-zone *Rancho Arriba*. The weather was unexpectedly pleasant. In the day times, the temperature would hit blistering highs of around thirty degrees, while in the evenings, the thermometer would fall to a breezy twenty. In fact, at night, I slept in full attire - socks, sweater, pants... and I was still freezing! Not exactly what I envisioned for the Caribbean.

Our workdays were gruelling, and sometimes I thought they would never end! Our task was to construct and install an aqueduct system for the populace of the village so that potable water could be accessible. We got up each morning at 7 a.m. because we had to be present at the work site by 8 a.m. Initially, the work site was

located at a half-an-hour walk from our house. We dug ditches and swung pick axes till noon when we finally had our lunch break and siesta hour - or should I say our siesta twenty minutes!!?? (By the time we walked back home and ate lunch, there was never much time to snooze). We resumed work at 2 p.m. and finished at 4 p.m. This was six hours a day, six days a week. Those of you who would like to get a first hand look at my newborn muscles may do so by making an appointment with me!

The mornings were always the most difficult. Each morning, my somewhat fragmented sleep was further shattered by the annoyingly unbearable "cock-a-doodle-doo!" of the neighbouring rooster. By the end of our sojourn, we had bets on who would do the honours of "disposing" off the pesky bird. Luckily, we had love in our hearts and peace in our minds. Besides, I am a vegetarian and I wasn't about to start eating meat simply out of vengeance!

Speaking of food, let me describe the myriad of mouth-watering magnificent meals we were treated to. Basically the menu consisted of "bhath" ('rice' for those of you who can't read Bengali written in English) and kidney beans. No variation, no new spices, no nothing... Just rice and beans. Wait! How could I forget the boiled plantains (bananas)? Needless to say, I lost a bit of weight that month.

Although the food left much to be desired, the people of the Dominican far exceeded my expectations. A motley bunch of people, the ethnic mix of the Dominicans ranged from those of African descent to those of Spanish background. There were brown, black, mulatto and white smiling faces everywhere. The Dominicans are very striking both in appearance and demeanour. Most of all, the children were delightful. Never, even for a moment, were we alone or wanting in any way.

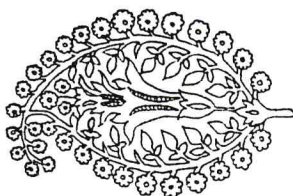
By the end of the month, I was ready to come home. The village people were melancholic, as were we. We knew that, most likely, we would never see these people again. Regardless, they gave us a merry going away party in their community "centre", which was someone's house with a ghetto-blaster and some chairs. We "merengued" till late. Actually everybody else danced while I regurgitated that night's supper. Yes, for some odd reason, perhaps an ironic gift from the heavens (?!), I fell ill the last days there; so ill in fact, I travelled home with a "For Motion Sickness" bag tied around my neck.

All in all, my adventure in the Dominican Republic delivered on all its promises. For those of you university students (U of M and U of W) who would be interested in such an adventure, I would most definitely recommend linking up to this program. It may not have been fun and games at every moment, but the learning experience, both spiritual and physical, has been incomparable. One thing is for sure however, I don't anticipate eating rice and

kidney beans with any semblance of enjoyment for many months to come!...

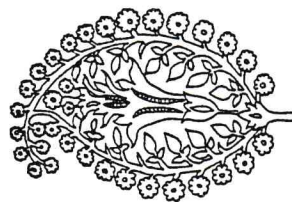
* For more information on the St. Paul's Intercommunity Program to the Dominican Republic, contact me at 257-7952.





WHY? WHAT? AND HOW?

by Anju Sen



I have been asked why I close my eyes when I sing.

I answered, "I touch God in my song
as the hill touches the far-away sea
with its waterfall."

I have been asked why I enjoy laughing.

I answered, "The burden of self is lightened
when I laugh at myself."

I have been asked what my impression of the world is.

I answered, "The world speaks to me in pictures,
my soul answers in music."

I have been asked what my reaction would be when I am hurt.

I answered, "I miss the meaning of my own part
in the play of life
because I know not the parts
that others play."

I have been asked what would happen, one day, when my singing
is over.

I answered, "When death comes and whispers to me,
'Thy days are ended,'
let me say to Him, 'I have lived in love
and not in mere time.'
He will ask, 'Will thy songs remain?'
I shall say, 'I know not, but this I know
that often when I sang I found my eternity.'"

MY TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

by Urmila Samanta

This year, I spent part of my summer holidays with my parents in the city of San Francisco. Let me tell you a few things about my trip. San Francisco is situated over 40 hills beside the Pacific Ocean. It is connected to the mainland by two magnificent bridges called the Golden Gate bridge and the Bay bridge.

During my stay in the city, I visited many places including the City Hall and the China Town. I took a ride on a ship in the San Francisco Bay. The tour started at the Fisherman's Wharf where I saw many sea lions. I saw the pillars of the Golden Gate bridge, Alcatraz Island and the San Francisco harbour.

Another tour took me to the famous Muirwood National Park where I saw for the first time the majestic Redwood trees. Some trees are more than three hundred years old. At one place in the park, the trees form a "Cathedral Grove." This is a breath-taking sight. I also visited Sausalito, a tiny beautiful town nestled in the hills. My trip was very enjoyable and San Francisco is a scenic place to visit.



THE RAINBOW AND THE CLOUD

by Tooki Sen

"The cloud laughed at the rainbow saying that it was an upstart, gaudy in its emptiness. The rainbow calmly answered, I am as inevitably as real as the sun himself."

This is one of the many brief poems by Rabindranath Tagore in his book called Fireflies. I really enjoyed this particular poem because of the way Tagore put his poems into meanings (or morals).

The cloud is telling the rainbow that basically, it is nothing but a mere hologram of life. The rainbow answers, saying that he is as real as the sun, meaning that he is powerfully real. What Tagore is saying is that one should not be stereotypical. Don't judge a book by it's cover.



CARS

by Rahul Sarkar

There are:

Nice cars, sleek cars,
cars for lease.
There are also many great
car companies.

Such as Lamborghini,
they are great it's true.
They own Diablo and Countach,
to name just a few.

The spectacular Ferrari's,
you've got to love them.
They own the F40,
and that car is awesome.

There are Sports cars,
old cars,
hot cars,
cold cars.
And nice cars for sale,
usually become sold cars.

There have been many sleek cars made,
you see;

If only all the cars in the world
belonged to me!





MY ANTICS WITH THE CAMERA

by Ashish Banerji



It was a cool refreshing morning. The sun was barely peeking over the horizon. We were in an open Landcruiser travelling through the wildly undulating bush trails of the African savannah. This was the perfect time of day to seek out the wildlife before they took shelter from the baking sun.

We were driving through the Luangwa Valley game park of Zambia, an area famous for its teeming wildlife. The summer being well advanced, with most of the watering holes of this sprawling region having dried up, the animals had by now wandered closer to the Luangwa river, giving tourists ample opportunities to spot concentrations of wildlife, not easily observed during the rest of the year.

From the moment we had arrived at our chalet in the game-park's hotel, which was set picturesquely on the bank of the Luangwa, we had been treated to a host of animals, including hippos immersed in the river, warthogs wandering on to the hotel's lawns, elephants feeding on the trees of the opposite bank, herds of grazing kudus and ibex, a few antelopes and several monkeys and birds.

The more ferocious animals, of course, required one to venture into the extensive grasslands of the park. Speaking to the other residents of the hotel, it was apparent that none of them had been lucky enough during the past few days to view any lions or rhinoceros, although they did observe leopards, wild buffalo, zebra, wildebeest or gnu, and giraffes. We fervently hoped that our fortunes would be more favourable.

Our guide was a Zambian named Peter. He was also the driver of the vehicle. Well-built, polite and soft-spoken, Peter seemed to know the area like the back of his hand. Surprisingly, despite being responsible for a bunch of city-folks sitting in an unprotected vehicle, and surrounded by the wildest terrain imaginable, Peter carried no firearms at all. Our lives would depend entirely on his skills at judging animal behaviour.

The other passengers in our vehicle were all Bengalis. Besides the four members of my family, there were another four from the Chakraborty family of Chililabombwe, a mining town in the Copperbelt province. We were all tremendously excited about taking this, our first safari, in the park.

We had been driving nearly an hour, while Peter had taken us past several herds of animals. I had been kept busy clicking my Asahi

Pentax at the sight of so much wildlife. I had even snapped a charging elephant as it beat its ears and trumpeted with its raised trunk, when we had approached too close to its pack.

All of a sudden, Peter brought the jeep to a dead stop, as he listened intently. As I later found out, he had picked up the scent of lions, and was studying the direction of the wind. Putting the jeep into gear, he quietly reversed, and then left the beaten path to drive headlong into a forested area. A short while later, we came upon a clearing, and were astonished to see a pride of lions. We spotted one, then two, then more, and before long we had counted nearly three lions and about a dozen lionesses.

They had been feasting on a buffalo that had been dragged to the clearing, and some of them were now taking a nap. We were thrilled to the gills, and implored Peter to take us nearer to the animals. Peter agreed, provided we promised not to utter a word when we were close by. He chose a lion that sat apart from the main group. It had obviously relished its meal as it sat licking its chops. As our vehicle crept up closer to him, the lion seemed oblivious to our presence. With his engine purring almost silently, Peter brought our vehicle right up across the nose of the lion, barely eight feet from him. My son, Otto, sitting to my right, was the one directly facing the lion, almost within hand-shaking distance of the beast.

Not wanting to gain the lion's attention with any sudden moves, I raised my camera very gently, brought it to my eyes and was amazed at what I saw. I had a telephoto lens on the camera, and the animal seemed to leap into my lap, filling my entire field of view. With my pulse racing, I turned the lever that winds the film, when I suddenly felt myself go all numb. The lever was stuck - I had obviously used up my entire roll of film on the previous animals I had been filming. I was out of film at this vital moment!

My look of dismay was immediately apparent to everyone. All their eyes, round with wonderment, were now questioning me as to what was wrong. Slowly, I lowered my camera, and whispered to Peter, behind whom I was seated. I explained my dilemma and pleaded for him to hold our position a while longer. Peter groaned, but nodded his agreement. Mrs. Chakraborty, who was seated behind Otto on the side facing the lion, fairly quaked in her shoes, and glared at Peter and myself, wanting us to promptly get on our way.

Beseeching her with clasped hands, I proceeded to carefully remove the camera from its case, winding the used film, very gently opening the back without making a loud pop, then fishing for a new roll, slotting it into place and finally noiselessly clicking back the rear lid.

It seemed like an eternity as the seconds passed by. The lion had obviously realised that something unusual was going on. He

straightened his head, and made eye contact with us. Mrs. Chakraborty took a deep gulp; Otto's knuckles turned white as his fingers clasped the bar in front of him. The moments for viewing were running out.

I quickly cocked my camera and in rapid succession, first clicked off a few blank shots, and then pointed it at the lion. As I continued to film him, the lion obviously had had enough, as his lips began to curl, his nose wrinkled into a snarl, and he raised himself on his forelegs. Peter stepped on the gas pedal, the vehicle bounded, and we were lurching away from the lion as he took a few rapid strides towards the jeep.

As we all breathed a collective sigh of relief, and Mrs. Chakraborty admonished us for our fool-hardiness, I fairly glowed at the thought of having captured for posterity a lion at close quarters in his natural elements.

I like photography. It gives me great moments of pleasure as I leaf through my album and reminisce on the past. Photos bring back to memory incidents which otherwise would have been forever forgotten. I also love game parks. Not only do they have tremendous potential for photography, they also provide indescribable thrills and excitement at being so close to nature.

So it was in an upbeat mood that we were visiting another game sanctuary - this time at Livingstone. This was a relatively small park, fenced in all around, with no guides or big game such as lions and elephants. We were handed a map of the trails, with strict instructions to keep our windows rolled up and not to leave our cars.

At one point during our drive, we came across a bunch of impala crossing our path. Disturbed by our presence, they gracefully leapt, right across our path and vanished into the forest. As I snapped their picture, a couple of impala glided right over the bonnet of our car and I caught them on film in mid-air! A little further along, something caught our eyes, and on closer investigation, we noticed three rhinos resting just off the road hidden behind a clump of trees.

While two of the rhinos were sitting down, the third stood with his rump towards us. Unfortunately, the lay of the trees obstructed me from taking clear pictures. I took the decision to step out of the car and quickly take some snaps from a more favourable angle. Despite protests from my family members, I got out of the car, then moved to my right and forward, until I had a clear shot. I managed to take pictures from within thirty feet of the rhinos and to successfully dive back into the car without disturbing the animals.

After that we saw several varieties of deer and herds of grazing zebra and wildebeest. There were crocodiles basking in the sun and

apes leaping through the trees. It was fascinating to watch a row of giraffes, walking eight abreast across an open field, their long necks swaying in unison.

It was around then that it occurred to me that it was rather strange that my roll of film had still not run out. On closer inspection, I noticed that when I wound my film, the second spool did not turn. I opened the camera, only to find that the free end of the film had slipped off the winding spool. All this time, the film had not advanced at all, and my efforts had all been in vain. Not only did I lose some fabulous closeup pictures of animals, I also lost photos of the enchanting Victoria Falls taken the previous day.

This was the first and last time that such a mishap would ruin my photography. Unfortunately, this time I had taken some truly remarkable pictures. Such is Life! I guess it was a fitting punishment for flouting the game-park's laws.

I can go on relating tales of my adventures (misadventures?) with the camera. Space does not permit me to write about our visit to Bharatpur bird sanctuary, about my run in with 'paandas' while filming at a temple near Bhubaneshwar, about the time I climbed on to the White House fence to get a better look at the President's abode only to have National security hot on my heels, to just mention a few of my recollections. I will restrict myself to one last story - one about the pyramids of Egypt.

We had clambered around the Sphinx, ridden the mandatory camels, watched papyrus reeds being beaten into parchment, and driven around the pyramids of Giza. Now it was time to enter that greatest of ancient monuments - the pyramid of Khufu or Cheops.

Our guide informed us that the climb would be steep and difficult. Small children were normally dissuaded from entering the pyramids. It was the summer of '82. Kunal was eight years old, Otto not quite four. Paula and I deliberated. We were both eager to climb to the inner sanctum, yet neither wanted to risk the children. The option was for only one of us to go up, because there was not enough time for the second person to make the trip, since we were on a tight schedule with our conducted tour group. We ultimately decided that Paula would give Kunal a hand as they walked up; I would carry Otto in my hands, and if the going got difficult, I would return.

We entered the ante-chamber and in the dim light came upon the inclined ramp. It really was steep, with a narrow wooden board laid on the stone floor. Wooden slats fixed across the board every couple of feet, provided the only grip for our toes to hang on to and prevent back-sliding. A handrail allowed people to haul themselves up the slope. I realised that I would have to rely on the strength of my legs and one hand to drive me up, while with the

other hand I clung to Otto at my chest.

Right at the entrance, one of the ladies coming down the adjacent side, was screaming at me not to take a child up. Some of the others, however, were not so discouraging. We decided to give it a try. The climb was long and arduous. Some portions of the passage were so low that we had to bend over. But huffing and puffing, we successfully made it to the sanctum sanctorum.

Placing Otto on the floor, and catching my breath, I retrieved my equipment from Paula. The chamber was dimly lit and it was essential to use artificial light for photography. It was then that I realised that my electronic flash was back at the hotel. Thinking that there would be no need for a flash outdoors on such a glorious summer day, and trying to keep our load down as we had a lot of walking to do, I had left it behind. This has a lesson for die-hard photographers. Never, but never, part with your equipment.

I realise that the burial chamber inside the pyramid was totally bare except for an empty sarcophagus at its centre. Every item had been removed to the museums. Nonetheless, this was a moment to be cherished, and I had failed.

But seriously, a photo is useful for only reviving memories. Or to one absent from the scene, a photo provides only some inkling of the event. What a photo does not reveal are the emotions, the peripheral sights and smells, in short, the full range of perception that is needed to portray the scene. It cannot capture the essence of the occasion.

No photo can do justice to your feelings as you stand dwarfed by the Acropolis in Athens. The difference between attending a cup final and watching it on TV, can only be described by those who have experienced these first hand. The tingle that runs down one's spine when standing at the site of the mass 'jauhar' at Chittorgarh cannot be put down on paper. The rush of adrenalin that I felt while white-water rafting in Jasper, or the electricity in the atmosphere I sensed when I was one among thousands who thronged the 'maidan' to hear Mujib speak at Calcutta in 1971; these feelings require active presence in the events.

For those who like photography, I hope you culled some tips from this article. For the others, do not despair. It is more important that you walk out there and enjoy what the world has to offer. After all there is no better camera than in our heads.



VIVEKANANDA

by Ranen Sinha

Have you seen meteors? They are shooting stars visible in a clear night sky. In fact, meteors are small masses of matter from celestial space that become luminous by collision with the earth's atmosphere. They come, for brief periods, with varying degrees of luminosity, from the infinite spaceless continuum of the universe. If we apply this metaphor to the timeless, spaceless, spiritual realm of Hinduism, we see many meteors. Between 1836 and 1902, two closely following brilliant entities lit up the spiritual sky of India and the West - Sri Ramakrishna and Vivekananda. Ramakrishna, who lived between 1836 and 1886, was the God-man of modern times and Vivekananda was his chosen successor. We shall only give fragments of the disciple's life story. They say that Ramakrishna was the spirit and Vivekananda the voice; both through their lives exemplifying the essence of Hinduism in a way that none has ever done before.

Narendra Nath Datta lived a short but feverishly active life in the last part of the 19th century. He is the one who brought the true message of Hinduism, for the first time, to America and the West and rejuvenated the old faith in his home country. Those of us of succeeding generations, particularly those who live in Western countries and practice Hinduism, owe much to this man.

Born in an affluent and well educated Bengali family in 1863, Naren (the name his Guru called him by) had his first spiritual experience at the age of 15. His father, Biswanath Datta, a lawyer in the Calcutta High Court, was a compassionate but agnostic Indian intellectual whose advice to his son was, "Never show surprise at anything." His mother, Bhuvaneshwari Devi, was a saintly and devout Hindu woman of great charm and beauty; she memorized large portions of the Ramayan and Mahabharat and showed a calm resignation to God. The parents raised Naren well. His mother gave Naren the innate virtues. Her words were, "Always follow the truth without caring for results."

After receiving his BA degree from the Scottish Church College in Calcutta, the rational English-educated scholar came in contact with the great Hindu saint, Ramakrishna in 1881. From the beginning, Ramakrishna recognized him as a liberal soul, and made him a special disciple, chosen by the Lord for a special mission. After prolonged struggles, the Guru removed Narendra's doubts and provided him with intense spiritual training in the paths of love, action and knowledge. This stage climaxed when Narendra one day immersed into Nirvikalpa Samadhi. His atman became one with Brahman, attaining perfection, the highest stage. After he came out of his incredible experience, Narendra wanted nothing else but to be merged with Brahman at all times. He saw Brahman in all people and objects and he loved them all. But the Guru talked him

out of becoming a typical *sanyasi* living outside the world. Instead, he prepared him to help the suffering of the common people of India. He said, "Just as a treasure is locked up in a box, so must this realization you have just experienced be locked up now. You have great work to do in this world, but when you have finished your appointed task, the treasure box will be unlocked and you will know everything then just as you do now." Naren never forgot Ramakrishna's words "Religion is not for empty bellies." On his deathbed, the 50-year old guru Ramakrishna said, "Oh Naren, today I have given everything I possess. Now I am no more than a fakir, a penniless beggar. But the powers I have transmitted to you will accomplish great things in the world and not until then will you return to the source whence you have come."

After Ramakrishna's death, Naren took charge of all other disciples of the Master. Having established the first ashram in Baranagar, he travelled, mostly on foot, the length and breadth of India. While meditating on a rock in the ocean near Cape Comorin, Naren had a vision: his role in life from now on would be to find God through service to humanity - especially the poverty-stricken masses of India. To him the knowledge of God's presence inside a human was the source of all human strength and wisdom. He said, "May I be born and reborn and suffer a thousand miseries if only I may worship the only God in whom I believe, the sum total of all souls, and above all, my God the wicked, my God the afflicted, my God the poor of all races."

Shortly afterward, Naren assumed the name of Swami Vivekananda and travelled as a penniless, unknown Hindu monk to Chicago to attend the World Parliament of Religion in September, 1893. We are told that he stayed overnight on 31 July 1893 at the CPR station in Winnipeg, on his way to Chicago. His specific purpose for this trip was to obtain material and technological means to remove the poverty and suffering of the poor in India while transmitting the timeless truth of Vedanta and Hinduism to the American people. At the Parliament of Religion, his 12 talks on Hinduism electrified his audience. He spoke about the divinity of the soul, the oneness of existence, and the harmony of religions. Let me quote from one speech:

"The religion of the Hindus does not consist in struggles and attempts to believe a certain doctrine or dogma, but in realization - not in believing, but in being and becoming. The whole object of their system is by constant struggle to become perfect, become divine, to reach God and see God."

"To the Hindu, the whole world of religions is only a travelling, a coming up of different men and women through various conditions and circumstances to the same goal ... It is the same light coming through glass of different colours."

Overnight he became world famous and a darling of the West and

East. Can you imagine his life-size photographs posted along Chicago streets with the words "Monk Vivekananda" on them? Many pedestrians stopped to bow their heads!

The rest is history. For three years he travelled in America and Europe giving lectures and teaching yoga and Vedanta. In 1897 he founded the Ramakrishna Mission which over the last 100 years has become the most universally respected Hindu mission in the world. By preaching and practising the essence of Vedanta and its service to humanity, it embodies a spiritual and cultural synthesis of East and West. Vivekananda, through his life and work showed a balance between the love of Brahman and the irresistible appeal of the suffering humanity.

In 1889, three years before his death, while fully alert and vital, Vivekananda lost interest in all day to day activities - running the Ramakrishna Mission and working for the masses. His eyes were looking at the light of the other world. He wrote: "This toy world would not be here. This play could not go on, if we are knowing players. We must play blind-folded. Some of us have taken the part of the rogue of the play; some the hero - never mind, it is all play. I preached the theory too long, now I realize it. Alone, through the eternity - because I was free, am free, and will remain free forever. 'Nirvana' is before me, I feel it at times. The same infinite ocean of peace, without a ripple, a breath."

He left his physical body while in Samadhi in 1902 at the age of 39. Our meteor faded away into eternity - into the endless peace and tranquillity of Brahman.





JOI BANGLA
by Protiti Khan



"Joi Bangla, Banglar Joi!"

They shouted, sang, and rejoiced!
"We are free!" people voiced.
We watch with pride, as our flag soars,
From our rice fields, to our rivers' shores.
We fought and struggled in this war,
And shouted out, that we'd have no more.
Slowly as our resistance burst,
Freedom dripped and quenched our thirst.
And joyous cries echoed through the air
Washing away our all despair.

But, in a place not far away
Where our brothers, sisters, and children lay,
The blood they shed is all around,
Seeping into the barren ground.
As they walked upon the reddish soil,
Memories began to uncoil.
Frozen in time, the echoes in the sky,
The sounds of gunshots as they sped by.
Tears washed away in sweet morning rain,
We are left asking "Was this sane?"
To sacrifice our people, for our future so bright?
To give away our hearing to regain our sight?
Of course it was, "Yes" we cried,
Even for all those who died.
We gained our freedom, our justice, our rights-
That is why we chose to fight.
Though from all the turmoil that we left inside,
The thing that stood out was our pride.

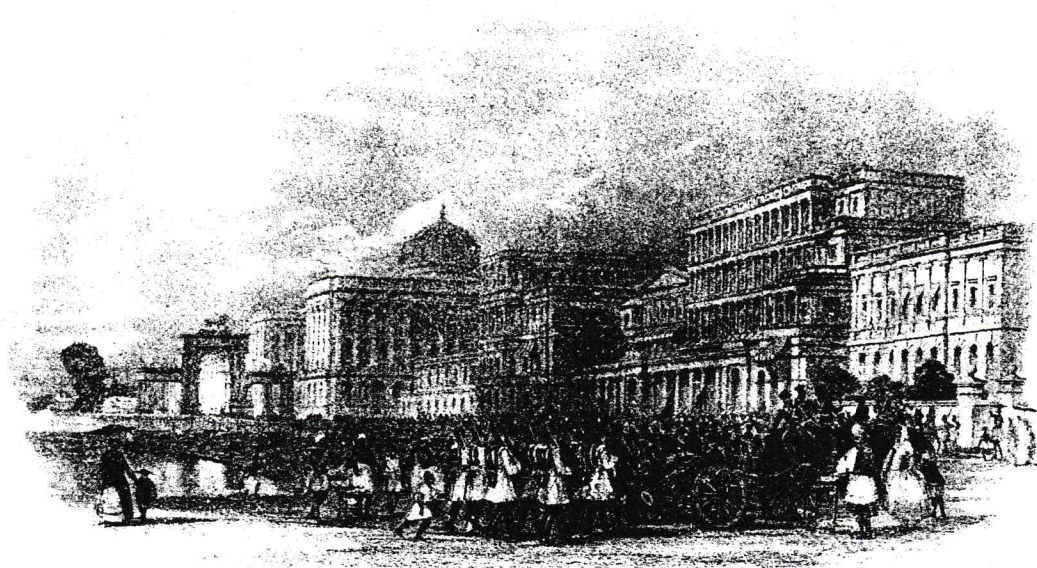
"Joi Bangla, Banglar Joi!"
They shouted, sang, and rejoiced,
"Free at last" - people voiced.



গিঁটগিঁট। জলজল করে বুকে বকুচ্ছে। পোঁ পোঁ করে দেড়েছে।
 খিলখিল করছে। বন বন করে ছুঁছে। মাছি উন.উন করছে। সা
 ঘিনাঘিন করছে। কামকাম করে বুকে পড়ছে। মাথাটা দপদপ
 করছে। পাটা খিমখিম করছে। মপমপ করে চলে গেলো।
 হুঁহু করে সব মুখমুখ বলে দিল। কামাটা কেমন মণ্ডমণ্ড
 মনে শেলো। খুঁখু করে উড়েছে। বাটাটা মনমন করছে। অ'তা
 খুঁখু করে দাঁড়াইল না। সে সাঁজাটে করে চলে গেলো। আমা
 তার দাঁড়াইল সঁজাটে করে ওঠলো না। পাটাটা ওঠে চলে গেলো।
 মেটাটা ওঠে করে বাঁধলো। বুকেটা ছুঁছে। খুঁখু
 করে মেটা উঠেছে। খুঁখু খুঁখু বুকে পড়ছে। গড়াগড়া করে পড়া
 বলে চলে। ছাদ দাঁড়াইল কামকাম করে জল পড়ছে। নদীটা ওঠে
 করে মাথা। নালাটা কলকল করে বইছে। মুখটা টেটেটে
 জোলে। কামকাম করছে। পাটাটা পাটা হাওয়াতে মনমন
 করছে। সাঁজাটা খিমখিম করছে। চব্বি দেওয়াটা মন খুঁখু।
 লাল জলটা মন কটকটে দেখায়। সাঁজাটা করছে। দাঁড়া
 করে ঘাম করছে। কামকাম টেটেটেটে করছে। কামাটা
 জোলে লাল টেটেটেটে টেটেটেটে। ওঠে জলটা ওঠে খিমখিম।
 মনটা মনটা মনটা। বাটাটা খিমখিম করে জল। হাওয়া
 টেটেটেটে করছে। কলকলে চলে। সাঁজাটা চলে গেলো। বাটাটা
 কামকাম করছে। কামকাম জলটা ওঠে কটকটে জল। মনটা
 কেমন খচখচ করলো। মনটা করে জল। সাঁজাটা ওঠে করছে।
 খুঁখু করে হাওয়া। টেটেটেটে করে খুঁখু। চলে করে কাম।
 ওঠে মনমন। কামাটা ওঠে করে দাঁড়াইল না। সে ওঠে টেটেটেটে
 না। আমা ওঠে ওঠে সাঁজাটা ওঠে করে দাঁড়াইল না।

এই জামিনার বোর্ডে শুধু আর মাত্র নই। হুঁহু নিবুনিবু বেড়ে
 চলেছে। তার কারন যে মাঝে মাঝে মন মন দাঁড়াইল নতুন
 কামকাম করে জলটা ওঠে করে মনটা কেমন ওঠে পড়া
 মনটা মনটা মনটা হুঁহু করে জলটা ওঠে করে মনটা
 মনটা মনটা মনটা প্রমাণ করে মাঝে। মাঝে মাঝে তার অন্য
 কেমন জামিনা যে ওঠে কামকাম করে জলটা ওঠে বা ওঠে
 ওঠে খিমখিম জলটা ওঠে করে শুধু ওঠে জামিনা জলটা ওঠে।
 ওঠে দাঁড়াইল প্রমাণ শুধু যে কামকাম জলটা ওঠে জলটা
 কেমন ওঠে পড়া মনটা মনটা খিমখিম খুঁখু উঠে ওঠে
 পাড়া। ওঠে ওঠে পড়া জলটা ওঠে জলটা মাঝে যে
 কামকাম মনটা মনটা দাঁড়াইল জলটা ওঠে জলটা পাড়া

ଆମ୍ଭେ ବଞ୍ଚେଇବା ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଖାଣ୍ଡବ ଦଳର ବାଞ୍ଛାବୋଧରୁ ଆତ୍ମନିର-
ସିତମାନଙ୍କୁ ଓପର ଚିହ୍ନିତ ନକର ବାଧା ଦେଇ ପାରୁନି । ତେଣୁ ଗ୍ରହଣ୍ୟ ନିୟମ-
ବଳରେ ଏ ଗଞ୍ଜେଇବା ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ନାମରୁମ୍ଭେ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଚାଲିବା ଚାଲିବା
ମାନଙ୍କର ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରୁ ଅଛୁ । ଯଦି ଏ ବାପ ମାନଙ୍କ ଯଦି ଲୋକ
ଓଲଟାବା ବିଚାରିବାନାହିଁ, ତେଣୁ, ଯଦି ଲୋକ ଗାୟକ ଲୋକ ନାହିଁ
ତେଣୁ, ପୁରୁଷମାନଙ୍କ ଜଣେ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ନାମର ଗାୟକ ଲୋକ ଗାୟକ,
ମାତୃତ୍ୱ ଶୁଣାଯିବା । ତେଣୁ ଲୋକ ଗାୟକ ଗାୟକ 'ଗାୟକ' ଏ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରାବଳୀ
ରୁପର ଗାୟକ, ଗାୟକ ଓ ଗାୟକ ଲୋକ ଗାୟକ ନା ଅଛୁ ।



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- ସିନିଟି ନକ୍ଷେ ୧୫।
- କର୍ତ୍ତେ କାନ୍ଦୁ କଥା ବଳାଏ, ଗର୍ବ ଦରୁକାରୁ ଚାଲି? ଘୋଡ଼ା ଚଳେ ଘୋଲିବୁଁ ତୋ ପାବୁତ। ତାରୁ ଓଡ଼େଇ ବା ଗର୍ବ ବାଲି। ଯେ କାଳା ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀ-ଟି ବିରହମ। ମାମଲେ ଏକ କଥା - ମିଛୁଲେ ଅନ୍ୟକଥା।
 - ଜାନିମି ନା, ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀ ଗ୍ରାସିବାରୁ ନୃତ - ଜ୍ଞାନ ନିର୍ମିତ ଘୋଡ଼ାରୁ ନୈ। କ୍ଷୀରୀବିନ୍ଦୁ ତାରୁ ପାନବିନ୍ଦୁତ ମାମଲୁଟି ପ୍ରତିଦ।
 - ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀ ଯଦି ନିବାହାରୁଟି ୧୫ ତେ ମୁକ୍ତାରୁ ମାତ୍ର ପାର୍ଶ୍ବରୁ ଜୋଧାୟ?
 - ତାହାରୁ ଗର୍ବ ଶିଖୁରୁ?
 - ନା - ତାହାରୁ ଶିଖୁରୁ ନୈ। ତାହାରୁ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣବୀର ମୁକ୍ତେ ଜାଣି। ନପୁଂସକ ନୈ। ଏଡ଼େଇ ଦେଶ ଜାଡ଼ାଟି। ମାର୍ଗିତେ ଲୋବଳ ଘୋଡ଼ାଟି।
 - ମେତେ କତ ବହୁରୁ ତାହା। ହୁମିଆ ପାଲଟେ ଘୋଡ଼ା। ଘୋଡ଼ା, ତାହାରୁ ତୋ ଲୋବଳ ଘୋଡ଼ାଟି। ଏଲି ଡିଈଜେଲ ୩ ଘୋଡ଼ାଟି।
 - ହୁରୁ! ଏଲି ଡିଈଜେଲ ଶିଖୁରୁ। ଓଡ଼େ ପାନିଟିକାଳ ମିଳିବିହୀନ।
 - ବୁଦ୍ଧିନୀମାତ୍ର ୩ ତୋ ଶିଖୁ
 - ନା - ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ।
 - ଶିଖୁ ଯାଏ ତାହା ନା। ତାହାରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ଗର୍ବ କରୁଛୁ? ବରଂ ଜୀବନାନନ୍ଦ ଦାମ୍ଭ ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀରୁ ନିମ୍ନେ ତାହା ମିଳିବିହୀନ -
 - କେ? ଜୀବନାନନ୍ଦ? ମେ ତାହାରୁ କେ?
 - ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀ ମେନ ମେନେ ନୈ?
 - ଓ - ମେନେ ପଡ଼ୁଛୁ। ଓଡ଼େ ତୋ କରାଜିତେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୁନୁଟି ନୈ - ଶବ୍ଦ ୩ କରାଜିନ।
 - ଶୁଦ୍ଧିମୁଦନ ଦତ୍ତେରୁ ୩ ତୋ ହୁନୁ ନୈ - ନାମ ମିଳୁଛୁ ତାହାମିତାହାରୁ ହୁନୁ - ଶାବ୍ଦରୁ ଶିଖିତେ ନା ମାତ୍ରଲେ ହୁନୁ ୨୫ ହିମନ କରୁ?
 - ଶୁଦ୍ଧିମୁଦନରୁ କଥା ବାଦ ଦେ। ଓ ତୋ ଶ୍ରୀକ୍ଷଣ।
 - ଶ୍ରୀକ୍ଷଣ ତୋ ଗର୍ବ?
 - ନା, ଓ ତାହାମିତାହାରୁ ଘୋଡ଼େ ବାଦ। ଦେଖ, କରାଜିତେ ୧୫ "ତାହାମିତାହାରୁ ଘର୍ମ ଓଡ଼େ ଘୋଡ଼େ"। ତାରୁ ମହାଶିଖୁରୁ 'ତାହାମିତାହାରୁ ଘୋଡ଼େ' ବୁଝୁଛୁ ମୁକ୍ତେ। କରାଜି ମାର୍ଗିନ-ଟି ତାହା ଶିଖୁ। ଏଦେଶେ କ'ଣ ଶ୍ରୀକ୍ଷଣ ତାହା? ତାରୁ କେମି ନିଜକାଳରୁ କଥା ବାଦ -
 - ନିଜକାଳ ତୋ ମୁମାଲିମ ଜାଣାତେ କରାଜି - ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ତାହାରୁ ଗର୍ବ କରୁନ? ତାହାରୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ବରଂ -
 - ମେ ତାହାରୁ କେ?
 - କରାଜି - ମାତ୍ରା ତାହା - ତାହା ବାଧାମ।
 - ତାହା ୧୫ଟି - ବେଶିଦିନ ଘୋଡ଼େ ଘାଞ୍ଚାଳେ ଶିଖିବି ୧୫ଟି।
 - ତାରୁ କାଡ଼େଟି ପଡ଼ୁନ ନା? ମାତ୍ରକ ବାଞ୍ଚାଳୀରୁ -
 - ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ।
 - ନିଜକାଳ ନାମ?

- হ্যাঁ, একজন মানুষ ভালই ছিল। উনার তেঁও এখন বাঙলা শব্দ টান পাড়ছে - উই ব্রুথার কলন। মাঝে মাঝে উইয়ানবল্ড নহল কুঠাম দুবল্ড শব্দ শিখিলাম।
- নকল বালিস কেন? দু'জনে তেঁও একই ব্রুথার শিখা কবুল পাবেনা?
- হ্যাঁ পাবেন। এমন উইও একদিন জোড়বল্ড শাহ-হুজ্জৎ ওয়ে খাবি। আর তেঁও আচ্ছ পছন্দেব লোক?
- লালন যাইব।
- লালনার পছন্দ কেন?
- ও মুসলমান।
- না - উম্ম হামুজিন যিনু পাড়িগাব।
- তিচ্ছু মামু ওলুচনা। শিরাড মাই উব মুকু।
- শিরাড মাই তেঁও মুসলমান? মুকু মামু পাবি খা।
- ওহুজা ওব লেখামু অর্থাতিহ ক্যাসের ফোর্টন যাহুছ, বানিস?
- জাবি। ও' অর্থাতিহাদ তেঁও শিখা বলত লেখামু?
- ওহুচন ক্যাসিননা। অর্থাতিহ ক্যাসার মুলে অলুওব ক্যাস থা মাসে ওলোব। কদামুর জামিনট চাষ কবু অলুওব ষ্ট্রান ক্যাস থা।
- উই শুই চাষই কবুজাবি - আরে মারুও শিখুছি। নল-খাচর ওবু দুব্বাচাম তবু কদামুর সাত দরুজা বন্ধ হামু জাচ্ছ। ওই চাষ লেখা বাছলী ওবু দুই দোবনা।
- ওত বম্বী বাছলী - বাছলী কবাবিনা। উত্তে কমা শল - বাছলী জাতি ওক। ওত দুইটা সংস্কৃতি জাচ্ছ।
- সংস্কৃতির ওবু সংস্কৃতি তেঁও ওক?
- Who cares! ওক বাছলি। বাঙা খা। মোদা কমা শল - নকল আমাদেব জাতিখু করি।
- ও তেঁও হীতনও শিখাচ্ছ!
- জাবি! ওহা তেঁও শিখু শত চানিামু দেব।

अर्थात्

- ଏହି ଫଳ ଦିଖୁନା, ଭଲ ଚାରିନିଆ ନାହିଁ ଦେଖା । ଏହାକୁ ଚାହିଁବାକୁ ହିଁ
ହୁଏନ ?
- ଦେଖୁନ ନା - ମୁନିଆଟିଏ ହିଁ ଭଲ ଚାରିନିଆ । ଓହ୍ଲେ ମାତ୍ର ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାରିନିଆ
ଯାଏ ନାହିଁ । ଚାରିନିଆ ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାରିନିଆ ହୁଏ - ଭଲ ଚାରିନିଆ ।
- ହଁ - ଭଲ ଚାରିନିଆ ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାରିନିଆ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ଚାରିନିଆ ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାରିନିଆ
ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ - ଚାରିନିଆ ନାହିଁ ଭଲ ଚାରିନିଆ । ଚାରିନିଆ ଯେଉଁଠି ଚାରିନିଆ ହୁଏ ନା -

ਰਹਿਤੁ ਨਿ ਦੁਬਾ - ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸਾਫ਼, ਚਮਕਾਰੇ।

- আপনাতো মাঝে দেখা যায় তুমিই বলা। তুমি বলছিনা আপনাতো নাহি আমার নামে কথা লক্ষ্যে দেওয়াছন?
- সে বই মশাই! তুমি বললে কিয়ত কথা? আমি তো আপনাকে defend করছিলাম। তুমি তো বড়োচ্চ তুমিই।
- আপনি আমার চরিত্র নিয়ে কথা বলেছেন?
- হিঃ হিঃ হিঃ। তুমি তুমিই বলতে পারেন? জোড়ান না করত - তুমি তো বড়ো চালাক যাক। আপনাকে defend করতে গেলে তুমি মাঝে আমার মনোমালিন্য হয় বলে। তুমি মতি মতি এতটা আপনাকে বলেন?
- শুধু তুমিই বলেনি - ওখান থেকেই ছিল এমন আপনাকেই বলেছি।
- তুমি তো কাছেরে ছিলনা মশাই। তুমি কিছু জানেনি। জানেন, তুমি আমায় বই বই বলেছ?
- জানার দরকার নেই। তুমি আমার বন্ধু।
- এটা মজা হল দাঁড়া। তুমি বই মশাই মশাই মশাই না। আপনাকে ভালমানুষের মতোই আপনাকে কষ্টে তুমি জানেন জেতু জেতু। মজা খেলতে আসেন যা যা। তুমি আপনাকে দেখতে চিনেনি। মজা যা জেতু - ফান ফান জেতু।
- তুমি কথা বদল দিল। আপনি কতটা চলেছেন?
- আমিও মনোমালিন্যেরে মাঝে। এখন চলি। বিদায় তুমি - আমি আপনাকে defend করছিলাম। আপনাকে আমি দাঁড়া করে দেখি।
- মনোমালিন্য।

ଅବ

- জাভুলা মাথারি! এছটা 'লিফট' ও ওলায়ু শুকন না! ওদিকট
তা যাচ্ছি। ওয়ায়র বাস- ওয়াসি নাকি ওয় দাদায় মত। মুহুঁট।
- ওটা ওয়ালায় 'কদা' কহুছে না দাদা। ওয়ায় লিফট কুলাছে
ওনে কহানে। ওয়াসি ওয়াসিও ছিলাম ওয়ায় মত। চাফুয়র মো
ওয়াস বাস ওয়া defend কহাছিন। ওয়া হি বি? মানুও না?
- বাছালী।
- বাছালী হি কহানে?
- হেন? হেন বাসনি ওয়া?
- কহানে নিদিবামু মবাহুচু খামু - বাছালী নিদিবামু মবাহুচু
মখিয়া বাসনিমু হেমু।

- ଏହା ତାର ବଳା ଓଡ଼ିଆ - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଯାଏ ଯେନା । ଏହାର ଜାତିର ଥୁଟି ଭାବନା ନାହିଁ ।
- ତେଣୁ ଜାତି ?
- ବାହ୍ୟାତ୍ମା ଜାତି ।
- ବିଶେଷତା କି ?
- ଓଡ଼ିଆ ହେଉ ।
- ତେଣୁ କୁହ ?
- ଏହି ଧୂମ ।
- କିମ୍ପାଇ ?
- କିମ୍ପାଇ ।
- ନାହିଁ ।
- ଜାତି ?
- କିମ୍ପାଇ ।
- କାଳିକାଜ୍ଞାନ ପାଠ୍ୟପୁସ୍ତକ
- ଯେଉଁଠି ନାହିଁ ।
- ହେଉନାହିଁ ପାଠ୍ୟପୁସ୍ତକ
- ଜାତି ଯେଉଁଠି ନାହିଁ ?
- ଜାତି - ଏହାର ଯେଉଁଠି - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଯେଉଁଠି ନାହିଁ ।
- କିମ୍ପାଇ ? କିମ୍ପାଇ ବାହ୍ୟାତ୍ମା ଜାତି ଭାବେ ଯେଉଁଠି ଜାତି ନାହିଁ ?
- ଏହାକିମ୍ପାଇ ! ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଏହାକିମ୍ପାଇ ଯେଉଁଠି ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଜାତି ନା ଯେଉଁଠି ଯେଉଁଠି ନାହିଁ ।
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ଯେଉଁଠି ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଏହାକିମ୍ପାଇ ଯେଉଁଠି ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ନାହିଁ - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଜାତି ଯେଉଁଠି ଯେଉଁଠି - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି କିମ୍ପାଇ - ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି, କିମ୍ପାଇ [ଏହାକିମ୍ପାଇ] ଯେଉଁଠି ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି କିମ୍ପାଇ ଯେଉଁଠି କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ । ଭେଦିଷ୍ଟି କିମ୍ପାଇ ! କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ । କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ।
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ?
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ -
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ? କିମ୍ପାଇ-କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ।
- କିମ୍ପାଇ -
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ । କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ?
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ? କିମ୍ପାଇ -
- କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ - କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ । କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ କିମ୍ପାଇ ।

ମୂଳାବଳୀ କିଏ ଗଢ଼ିଲା ? ଯିହୁ ତା'ର ତା ଗଢ଼ିଲା ?

- ইন্দু-মায়া (নই)। চল্লি মাহ কৰহাৰ হ'ব। জিহা খাপু না।
- ওতা বাংলা মাহুই কৰহাৰ হ'ব - মানি? তুই বাংলা মানিহা না - ওতাও বিহু দেব দোহ? অহুত মাহুই! বুৰীক্ষনাথ জিহাও চল্লি মাহ কৰহাৰ হ'বনি?
- বুৰীক্ষনাথ নিচ। কথা বলিহা না!
- হে?
- ও বিহুহাৰি।
- বিহুহাৰিৰ সাজহা নহি? বিহুহাৰি সাজহা নহি? জোলাখিহা না তা?
- জোলা বহুখিহা। হুখ - ওকি, পুয়া, জোলা নিচু বহুখিহা লেখা অভিলম্বী। ওহা ওহা সৰুখোলা-ই জোলাহাৰি সাজহা যুক।
- বুৰীক্ষ সাজহাও অনাল মান খু পুয়া হ'বহি।
- "হে খাম্বীনা না জো -" অনাল?
- হ্যাঁ। ওই খাম্বীনা হাৰ খাম্বীনা জোলাৰ পুৰ সাজহাৰ আখৰহা।
- সাজহা উহাৰ পাখাল জোলাৰ সাজহাৰ সাজহাৰ সাজহা হ'ব জোলাহা।
- ওহা বাঙা খাম্বীনা উহি। জোলা - সাজহাৰ জোলাহা ওহা পুখ?
- ও সাজহাৰ।
- হিহু পাঁচ বুৰীক্ষহে। ওহা হ'ব বুৰীক্ষহে ওহা হ'ব ওহা সাজহা হ'ব।
- নহি খাপু জোলা না। ও সাজহাৰ।
- বহুখাল?
- জোলাৰ খাপু জো। বিহুহাৰি হ'ব!
- ওতা ওহা সাজহাৰ।
- হিহুনা খাম্বীনা। সাজহাৰ জোলাহা অনালহি?
- হিহুনা খাম্বীনা?
- হিহুনা সাজহা - হ'বহি হ'ব।
- ওহা হ'ব লেখা পুখ ওহা ওহা?
- সাজহাৰ বুখ।
- জোলাহা? "জোলাহাৰি সাজহাৰ।" উনি না বলিল নহি
- বাঙালী জোলাহা না সাজহাৰ উনি নহি হ'ব? জোলাহা?
- না, জোলাহা না।
- হিহুনা হ'বনি - বাঙালী জো। জোলা হিহু ওহা হ'ব হ'ব।
- জোলা হ'ব - "খাম্বী" সাজহাৰ সাজহাৰ হ'বখান সাজহা
- সাজহাৰ জোলাহা জোলাহা হ'ব হ'ব জোলা হ'ব। বাঙালীহা
- খাম্বীনা জোলাহা হ'বনি লেখাৰি নহি হ'ব?
- ওহা হ'বহি নহি? তুই নহি জোলাহাৰি হ'ব জোলাহাৰি হ'ব।

ଆକାଶେ ଘାସା ଥିଲା

অমর মুখার্জী

১০ই মার্চ ১৯৫৫। উত্তর কলিকাতার সুপ্রতিষ্ঠিত চারু ব্রহ্মাচারী
মাখন কাকিলালের অনুপস্থিতিতে তাঁর পত্নী হেমপ্রভাদেবী, কন্যা
সুধা ও ছোটপুত্র মুরাজিঃ সম্মিলিত ভাবে ব্রহ্মচারী হওয়ার
স্বপ্নে ভাবনা জানা যায়, মার্ববাবু ও তাঁর বড়পুত্র ভোলাজিঃ অর্থাৎ
সীমার স্ত্রী মেনিন একত্রে বাতাই বাড়ী গিয়েছেন।

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମ୍ବାଦ ମିଳିଲେ, ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ତାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମାନେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କଲେ ଏକ ପାଠ ଆୟୁନ
 ଲାଗିଥିଲା ନିଜେ । ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ତାଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗତ ଶାଳା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବାସୀ ସାମାଜିକ ଆଗାଧୀ
 ୧୦,୦୦୦ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା ବିନିମ୍ବେ ପକ୍ଷ ଦେବାର ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ଶେଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ
 ଶୁଦ୍ଧାତ ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ, “ ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ତାଙ୍କ ଆସନ ଛାଡ଼ି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଓଡ଼ିଆ
 ତଳେର ଶୁଦ୍ଧାତ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶୁଦ୍ଧାତ, ଶୁଦ୍ଧି ଦମ୍ଭ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା ନିଜେ କାନ୍ଦିବି,
 ଏକ ବାକିର ଶୁଦ୍ଧାତୁର ନିଜେ, ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ତାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମାନେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ ” ।

[illegible]

ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ଲୋକ ଗିରି ପୋଲୁଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସ୍ବାଧୀନତା ଗିରି, "ଏକ ସରକାରୀ
ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ଯୋଗୁଁ ଲୋକ ଏବଂ ଏହି ୨୫୦ ଜଣ ଲୋକ ଗିରି।

ભામડા લોકે રૂસાળ જાય હિના”। રેતિ “શરણશિના મીમા”।

ବିନି ମୋହରୁ ବାବା ଚିନ୍ତିତ ହେଉ ଗଲେହୁଁଲେନ, “ ଚିନ୍ତା କରୁଥିବା ମା,
ନେହେନ ଗଲେ ବଡ଼ ବ୍ୟାଧି, ଦିନକୋରୁ ମାର୍ଦ୍ଦି ଗୋମାରି ଗୋର ଗଲେ
ହେତେ” ।

[illegible][illegible]

ମାୟା, ଶରୀରବାରୁ ତା'ର ହେଲୋଡ଼ ଭାବାରୁ ବିଲୁପ୍ତ ନିଲେନ । ତେ ଯାବାରୁ
 ତେ ଚଳେ ଡୋଲେ । ହିନ୍ଦୁ ପ୍ରମାଣ ଦାୟ ନିମ୍ନ ଡୋଲେ ଭାଷାନ୍ତର ଛଡ଼ା
 ଛନ୍ଦୋଜ - ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡ ପାରିନାତି ।



বাংলায় হিম্মত-হিম্মতীন্দ্র ভীষন কথা

সামান্য কামান

"আত্মা আত্মা হিম্মত দিলে:"

সোয়দেহজাত খানার কসদাখিয়ার সুরক্ষার প্রাথমিক বিদ্যালয়ের ছাত্র-ছাত্রীদের খোলা আকাশের নিচে পড়াশুনা দিত শুধু দেখা যায়। এ ধরনের সুলভসুলভ ছাত্র-ছাত্রীদের জন্য বাস লেখাওড়ার কক্ষীয় থাকে না। অনেক হিম্মত দায়িত্বও ভাবের পালনও হয়। বড় ছেলে-মেয়েরা খোলা আকাশের নিচে বাস হিম্মত লম্বা আকাশের কক্ষ খোলা আকাশের ওপর হিম্মত দেয়, লেখাওড়া আকাশে সুরার জন্য নয়। লেখাওড়া খোলা বিজ্ঞানভবন-এর জন্য, খাদ্যের সুলভের ব্যয় কক্ষ থাকে, বাসের কক্ষীয় থাকে। আকাশের হিম্মতের ভাষা হিম্মত-হিম্মত তার একদিক স্মৃতি দেয় লেখাওড়াত, প্রাথমিক সুলভ পেরোনার আকাশে।

আমাদের আম হিম্মত :

চোখ বঁড় বলা হয় - 'আমের আম হিম্মত'। হিম্মত আম, আত্মার স্বর্গ হিম্মত আম হজরত। হিম্মত চোখ বঁড় বলা হিম্মত হজরত আম না। চোখ খুলে অনেক ছেলেমেয়েদের হিম্মত হজরত হিম্মত আম স্বর্গকারী হিম্মত। হিম্মতের ভাষা নম্ব বলাত হয়। হিম্মতের আম এ খেলা বড় খেলায়। স্বর্গ-বাংলায় এ খেলা প্রচলিত এ খেলা হিম্মত-হিম্মতীন্দ্র মর্মে। আম, স্বর্গকারী হিম্মত হিম্মতীন্দ্র কতিপয় নয় এ খেলা।

নবাবের স্বর্গকারী হিম্মত:

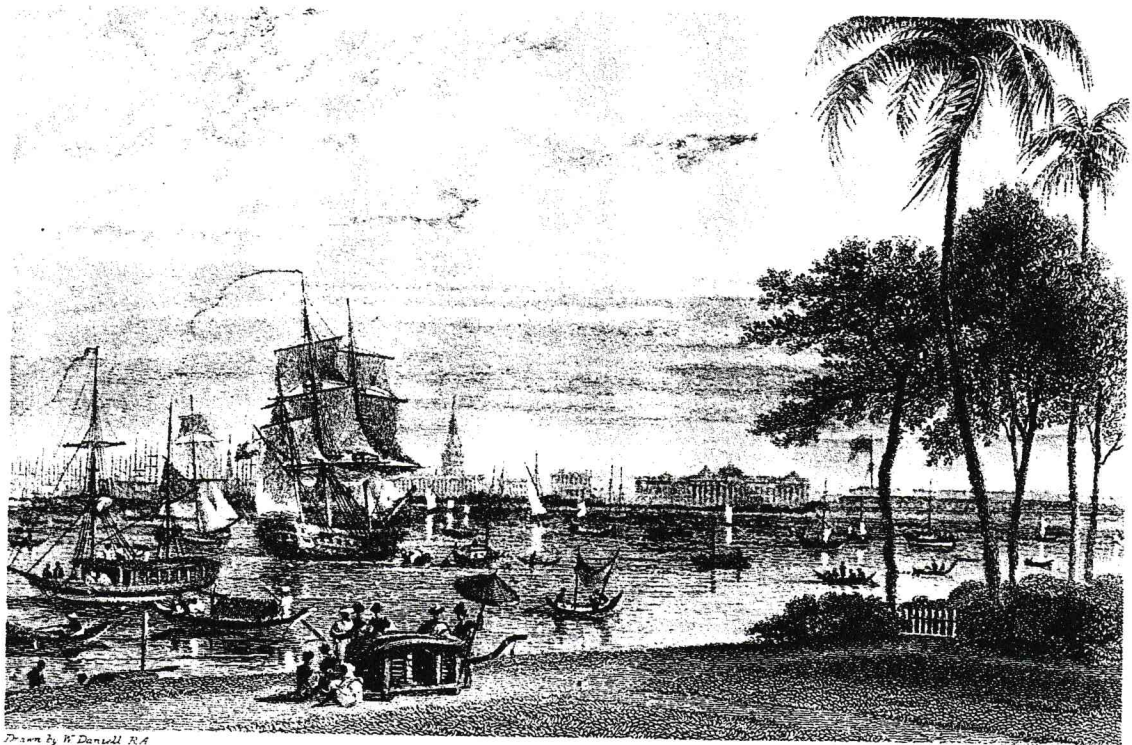
নবাব আমরান উল্লাহ সুলতান সুলতান-বাংলায় কক্ষীয় পেরোনার সুলভের কক্ষীয় দেখা যায়। প্রতি বছর খেলা স্বর্গকারী কক্ষ আম হজরত। কক্ষীয় সুলভ এতটুকু কক্ষ। বড়সহ স্বর্গকারী আম পেরোনা কক্ষ আম হিম্মত স্বর্গকারী। হজরত ১২ আমরান হজরত ১৫ হজরত দিন-চুক্তি হিম্মত মর্মে স্বর্গ হজরত। হজরত হিম্মত আম হিম্মতীন্দ্র কক্ষ। হজরত ১৩ কক্ষ আমরান।

ਪ੍ਰਮਤ੍ਰਮਾਤਾ 3 ਪ੍ਰਮਤ੍ਰਮਾਤਾ :

ਸ਼ੁਧ ਪਾਤੀ :

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ওজানৰ অলস। মালীৰে তেওঁৰ লগত বহি চোৱা।" অৱশ্যে
 সঁচা নহ'ল তেওঁৰ কথা। নাস্তৰীল কথা লোভ, বিনামূলীয়া
 "মিৰ্জাৰি যুগ অৱশ্যে অৱশ্যে বহুতৰ সাধুৰ নীচ পৰিচয়।
 তেওঁৰ অলস নহ'ল অলস অলস চোৱাৰেই নহ'ল। তেওঁৰ চকু-
 চাৱালি লগ, তেওঁৰ মনত বহু নহ'ল।" মতিমাৰ কাল উঠিল,
 "অৱশ্যে নাস্তৰীল যুগ তেওঁৰ নাম বিজ্ঞানত বহু।"



Drawn by W. Daniell R.A.

Engraved by W. J. Lister

Calcutta, from Garden house, reached.

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અમીર (જેમના)

‘এই না দুন্দু, ‘হি’ মর?’ চমকে উঠলো সুভাষ। খুব
মামোমামার দিলে একটা পুরানো বই পড়ছিল রলেজ স্ট্রীটের
সুভাষের ঘোড়ানে। ‘হি’ মোমোমামার, ‘হেমন’ আছে?’ প্রায়
দুবছর পড়ে অভিজিৎবাবুর দেহে বেশ আশ্চর্য, আবার উৎসাহিতও
হয়েছিল সুভাষ। এক পাড়াতেই মারতন অভিজিৎ, চাণ্ডী;
তার দ্বী, আর দুই মোমো ওলকা আর অভ্যন্তর। দু’বছর হলো
তার চলে গেছেন অন্য জামুজামু - মোমামু ও সুভাষ এখনও
পারেন না। মাত্রে মাত্রে মনে ভেবে উঠলো অভ্যন্তর অপকণ
মুখমান। ‘হি’ রুহুরে আজকাল? ‘হেমন’ আছে?’ মারু
জবনমুখে আবার অভিজিৎবাবুর রলেজ অভিজিৎবাবু। ‘হেমন’ হি
রুহুরে না। ইন্ডিনিয়ারিং পাশে তার একটা স্ট্রীট প্রোজেক্ট
দুকেছি।’ সুভাষ বললো একটা আড়ম্বরণ। ‘এমনটা একদিন
আমাদের উমান। মোমামু মামিমা, অভ্যন্তর, ওলকা প্রায়ই
মোমামের কথা বলে।’ সুভাষ মনে বিশ্বাসই করতে পারলোনা।
‘এই না হি? হি, নিশ্চয়ই আসবে।’ ‘আমরা এখন আছে
মানিরতলো - হেমন হি দুই নয় মোমামের বাড়ি আছে।’
জবনমুখে বললেন অভিজিৎবাবু। ‘এই নাও চিহ্ননাটা লিখেছি।’
চিহ্ন তার পার্ট মোমো একটা সাজে তার তার লিখে দিলেন
চিহ্ননাটা। ‘হি’ নিশ্চয়ই আসবে - মামিমা হেমন আছে,
ওলকা?’ হেমনও মাত্রে বললো সুভাষ। ‘মর ওল - এম একদিন
আড়াআড়ি - আজ চলে হেমন?’ অভিজিৎবাবু মারিমু জোনে
রলেজ স্ট্রীটের ভাড়ের মারি।

সুভাষের মতে ঈশ্বর বর্ষাকার দিবা মেঘে আচ্ছন্ন। লেখা সূর্য্যো
 অস্ত। আর্য্যের তরল অজান্তার মাঝে দেখা হতে পারে ?
 দুবছর আগে মোম মশার দেখা হয় অজান্তার মাঝে এমন
 মাজিমা ও ছিলেন তার মাঝে। দুজনে এসেছিলেন সুভাষের মোম
 তার মাঝে দেখা করতে, কথা বলতে।

সুতরাং মাঝের মাঝে মানসিকতার মান বিলম্বিত ওজন্যায়
 মানসিকতার মান বিলম্বিত ওজন্যায়। তাঁরা দুজনেরই এক সুখের কথা দাঁড়া
 নিলেন। তাঁরা দুই পক্ষেরই মাঝে মাঝে

সুতোম মনে এখন মাদরপুরের কলোজ চুয়াছে। অজান্তার জানে-
 সেই প্রথম দেখা। এখনও জুনে পাড়ে অজান্তা। তখন হিন্দু
 সুন লেই - জান জানে না - তার নাই নাইতে পারে। কোনও দিন
 সুতোম দেখে নি তার নাই। তবে কথাবলে চুপ - তার ছোয়ায়
 তখন একটা অজান্তার মেরা লুইয়ে আছে। দেখতে মোটামুটি -
 তার চোখমুটি এখন অজান্তার। অন্যরা হিন্দু কলে সুন আনক অন্য।
 সুন্দর বুঝি মজীত সাহেব পারে। সুতোমেরও আবার বুঝি
 কলার ওপর প্রচণ্ড চুয়া।

[illegible][illegible]

'ହେନ ସବୁ ନା ନିୟମ' । ସାମ୍ବିତ୍ରୀ ୩ ଉଦ୍‌ଗୀତା ଚୁମ୍ବୁରମିନ ପାର ତ୍ରୟ-
 ହିଲେନ ମୁଦ୍ରାମର ମୋମ - ତାର ମାତ୍ର ଚୁମ୍ବୁର ବନାତ । ବାବାମାର
 ବିଚାର ନିଜେ ପାରାମି ମୁଦ୍ରାମ - ପାର ନି, ତହିଁ ଦର ମାନ ଗୋଟାଏ
 ନିଜ । ସାମ୍ବିତ୍ରୀ ଚୁମ୍ବୁର ତାର ଚିତ୍ର ଚୁମ୍ବୁର ନେ । ମୁଦ୍ରାମର
 ବିଚାର ଚୁମ୍ବୁର ଗୋମ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବିଚାରମର ବିଚାର ଚୁମ୍ବୁର ଗୋମ ଏକ
 ଗୋମର ମାତ୍ର । ବିଚାର ଧ୍ରୁବ ଧ୍ରୁବୀ ତାର ନଦର ବଡ଼ ନିୟମ । ମୁଦ୍ରାମ
 ଉପେ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ମାତ୍ର ଗୋଟାଏ । ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ
 ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ
 ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ

ମନେଇଁ ଅଜାନ୍ତୁର ମନ ଭେଦିନି ଅନ୍ଧାରୁ ମେ ହାତେର ହାଲୋ
 ତେଜିଃସାରୁ ଦେହୁ ମା ଚିହ୍ନିନାୟ । ଅନ୍ଧାରୁ ଦେହେ ମାରିମାରୁ,
 ଅଜାନ୍ତୁର ମନ ବେଶ ସୁଖୀର ହାଲୋ । ହାତେ ମନ ଭେଦକୂଳ ଅନ୍ଧାରୁ
 ହେଉଛି ଅଜାନ୍ତୁ । ଜାମଲୋ ମୋହୋମନ୍ତାୟ ବେଶ ହାତେର ଭିକ୍ଷୁ
 ହେଉଛି - ମାରିମାରୁ ଶ୍ଵେତର ଗୋଳ ଲେ । ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଜାମା ଗୋଳ
 ଅଜାନ୍ତୁର ମିଥ୍ୟା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଚଳାଛି ।

[illegible]

ଅସବୁରା ଘୋନାର ପାଦେ ମୁଣ୍ଡୋକ୍ଷର ଘେନି ନିଷ୍ଠେୟ ନିତି କରୁଁ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ।
 ଆଉ କୁଳନା ଡୋରାନ ? ହାତେ ନିଧିଃ ୩ ଆସାୟ ହୋଡ଼େ ନେଉଥା ?
 ମୁଣ୍ଡୋକ୍ଷ ଡୋରାନା ହୋଥାଂ ୩ ଡେଶ ୩ ହେଁ ମାୟ । ଚିନ୍ତୁ ଚି କରା ମାୟ ?
 ଉଜାନ୍ତାର ମା ବାବାର ହୁଜାନବୁର୍ ମୁହାନ୍ତା ଧାବାନ । ଗିରା ମୁଣ୍ଡୋକ୍ଷର
 ହାତେ ଶିବୁ ଅନୁବୋର୍ କରାନେଁ ଶିବୁର ଜୋଗାଡ଼େ ଧନ୍ନ କରାନ୍ତେ ତାର ନିତି ।
 କେନ୍ଦ୍ର କାଦେ ମା ଘୋରାୟ ଘେନି ଅନୁବୋର୍ ? ଉଜାନ୍ତାର ଜାନ୍ତେ ୩ ତାର
 ତାର ଗାନହାରିକୁ କରାନ୍ତେ ଦରହାନ୍ତ । ଉଜାନ୍ତାର ଶିବୁଟାଣେ ଡାଲଡାଲ
 ହଉଥା ଚାହିଁ ।

সুভাসের মান হলো তার সংলগ্নদের গিঁথে ঘেঁটে চিরকাল কার
 উচিত চাইছে। কখনো না - তবু চোখ অকারণে জলে ভেসে যায়।
 অজান্তেই মাঝে একবার কথা বলার নিত্যন্ত প্রয়োজন। ওর একলা
 পাওয়া যায় না। ও মা বারবার আঙুলে বাঁধার দেখা করছেও
 বাজি নয়। মনের মত কাজ করে চলেছে সুভাস। কোথায় ছিল
 তার এত শক্তি? বিয়ের দিন মতই আজিও আসছে তেঁর মেন
 বুকের পুঁথুখানি বোঁড়ে চলেছে। খাওয়ার কুচী লেঁ - নিশা চোখে
 শাখিয়ে। সারাক্ষণ চোখ চেয়ে কয়েক মাস - বালিশটার ছেঁচে
 যায়। অজান্তে মেন সব লম্বা করছে।

একদিন শ্যাম অজান্তে বলালো 'আমুন কাল দুপুর - কথা
 আছে।' সুভাসের মেন কিছু ভাববার শক্তিও শাখিয়ে গেল।
 সে এলা পাবার দিন দুপুর। আর হলো - বড়ো অজান্তে
 ছাড়া আর কেউ নেই। অজান্তে সুভাসের হাতটা ধরে বলালো
 'বাবা - হি হার হামুছে চোখের?' সুভাসে মজলচাম বলালো
 'অজান্তে বলালো - আম্মি হি হারি - আর মত করছে পারছি না।
 চলে কোথায় চলে যাই ছুজনে।' অজান্তে মাণ্ডু কয়েক বলালো-
 তার চোখে একেবারে জল লেঁ, 'হিঃ, ও হি হার হম। বাবা
 মা মে বড়ই দুঃখ পাবেন - মাম্মা হি হার হার চোখের। ভাবেন
 জালেন আম্মার বুকের ছেঁচে খুঁড়িয়ে মাছে। হি হার বাবালী জোড়ের
 হি হার আছে? সবই আম্মার মান্দামে নিতে হম।'
 তারপর কিছু না বলে একটা দেখানলি আর একটা মুঁচ নিল
 এলা কোথায় গেল। দেখানলিটা জালিয়ে মুঁচটার লোড়ালো।
 তারপর সুভাসের ডানহাতের নিম্নে হুঁম্মা অঙ্কনে মুঁচটা লোড়ালো।
 সলসল করে বুক বোঁড়ার এলা। অজান্তে বলালো সুভাসকে 'দাও
 এ বুক আম্মার মিন্দিতে। আম্মার মাঝে এই আম্মার উদ্ভাষাণ্ডার
 যিম্মি।' সুভাসে পাবিয়ে দিন লেঁ কুঁজের গিঁথে। অজান্তে এক
 দুধন দিন সুভাসের গিঁটে।

বিয়ে শম্ম জোছে অজান্তে জালডায়ই। সুভাসে আম্মারিও খোঁজে-
 জেনে কিছুই কণি রাখতে দেখলি। বিয়ের দিন মনোর বাজনা কলে মেন পড়ছে
 অনেকের বিয়ের দিনের কথা। হি নিশাতি। অজান্তে চলে জোছে স্বস্তির বড়োত-
 আর দেখা হম্মি।

আজ দুমুজ পড়েও লেঁ বুকটিকে দেবার জিঁম্মি জোলে হি সুভাস।
 জালিলেরনিম্মার তার বড়ির জালনা হিমে দুয়ে কোম দেখছে জে। কিছুই
 মনুদ-দেখা যায় কিছুটা। লেঁ মত মনুদ তার নদী পার শম্ম কোথায় আছে
 অজান্তে। মেও হি জোছে জোছে এই জিঁম্মির কথা?

କାଳ ସାକାଶିନି ଦେଖିଲିନି — ଆମି ସାହେବ ଯାହା —
 ବଢ଼ି ନିମିତ୍ତ ମାତ୍ର ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ — ଦେଖିବି ଯାହା ।
 ସାକାଶି-ଶୁଣ-କାଳ ମୁଖିତ ଲୋକେ ଚାହିଁ —
 କାଳିନି ବାଜିଲେ ତେଣୁ ଯାହା ମନ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ —
 ଆନନ୍ଦ ନିମିତ୍ତ ଯେ ବଢ଼ି ମନେ —
 କିନ୍ତୁ-ଆନନ୍ଦ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆନନ୍ଦିତ ବଢ଼ି ଯେନି ଯାହା —
 ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ମନେ ମନେ ।

କେ ଜାଣି ଶୁଣି ଯାହା — ବିଚିତ୍ର ଯାହା —
 କାଳିନି କାଳିନି ଆନନ୍ଦ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।

କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ —
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।
 କାଳିନି କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ।

ଭୁବିଷ୍ୟତ ହେଉ ଓର ଆହୁତ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର ସେବାଳ ସାବ ?
 ଶାନ୍ତବୀ ଶାନ୍ତାଲେ ଆହୁତ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର ସେବାଳ ସାବ ?

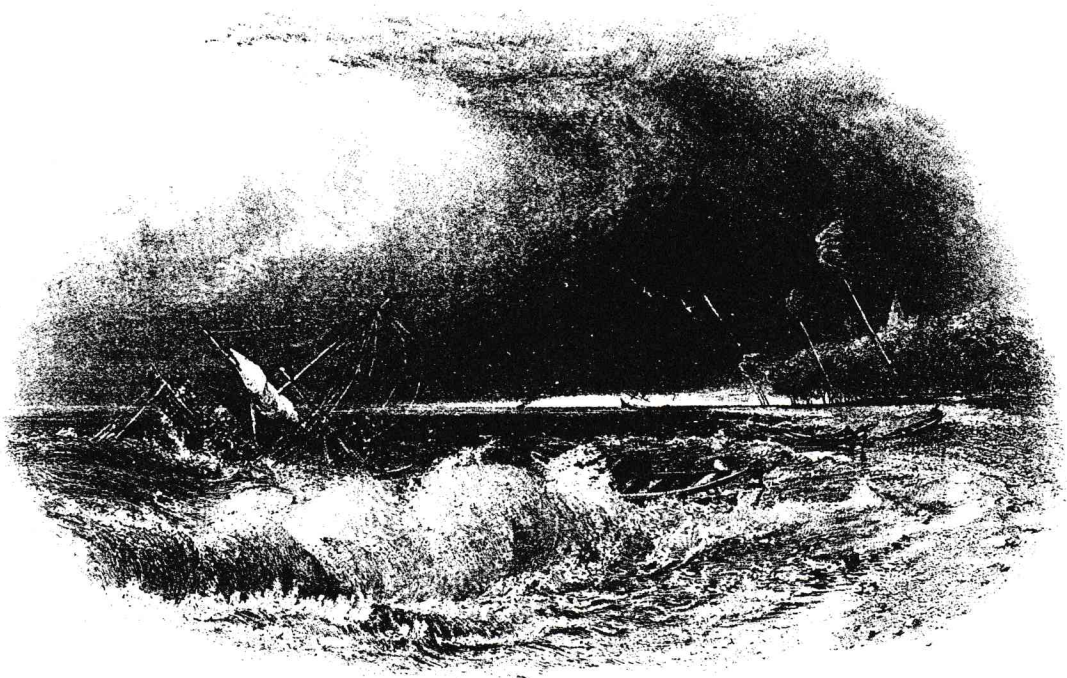
ଆହୁତ ଜାଣି - ଆହୁତ ବହୁତ ଶାନ୍ତ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର ସେବାଳ -
 ଶାନ୍ତ ସାବ ଶାନ୍ତାବ ସେବାଳ - ଶାନ୍ତାବ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର ସେବାଳ ।
 ଆହୁତ ଶାନ୍ତ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର -
 ଶାନ୍ତାବ ସେବାଳ ସାବ ।



VIEW OF CALCUTTA FROM THE ESPLANADE.

ମର ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱମିତ୍ତ, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଶୋଭିତ ନାସିର ଗୋରାମା ମିତ୍ତ ଏହି କାହାଣୀ
 ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ଯାବନା । ତେଣୁ ଏହି ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା ?

ସ୍ୱାତନ୍ତ୍ର୍ୟ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ । ଏହା ଦିହାନାମ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଉଦ୍ଧାର
 ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ । ମନେ ଥାଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ । ଏହି ଉଦ୍ଧାର
 ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ । ନିଜେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ନା ।
 ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ? ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଯୁଦ୍ଧେ
 ଗୋଟିଏ । ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ । ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ
 ଗୋଟିଏ ? ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ
 ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ
 ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ



CALCUTTA — THE MONITOR.

“ଏ ଜୀବନ, - ଏ জীবন”

চন্দ্রা মামলু

নুড়ি-কাঁধের বিছানো অবজা-খেবাজে জীবনের পথটো অনেকদূর
 চোখেরে আসে আজ মোটে, - অনেক রকুইই আমি পোমুছি বটে, কিন্তু
 হারিয়েও চলেছি অনেক রকুইই, মূল্যবান, অতি প্রিয় আপন জন;
 তুও আমি চানি... ..। আমার আজীবনের প্রিয়তমী "বুড়ি"
 ও আজ চলে গেল - [১৯২০ সালের ডিসেম্বর, কোলকাতায় আমার
 'সন্ন্যাস' নামে সম্পন্ন করছি; ইংরেজী আমার মাথা থেকে বেরুতে
 পারতাম বলে, আমারে সেখানে পূর মড়াই - "চন্দ্রা, দাম,
 তুমি বুড়ি হামুছি!" আমিও পাল্টা বলেছিলুম - আর তুই?
 তুই তা আমার বুড়ি তু। হামুই হামুই করি বলে - "তুই তুই
 তা আমার মতে ছবির তার কোনদিন বুড়ি হোনো।" বুঝানি,
 তুই স্থায়ীই মতি।] - জন্ম (মুঠেই যে "বুড়ি", যে আর বুড়ি
 হোনো না, আরো (তুই বসে, জিহ্মা, দাদাটা, আর কদাচিৎ
 চাড়া তার 'খুশুছি বুড়ি' বলে ডাকত বুড়ো,) চিরদিনই প্রিয়
 বাস্তবীয়ে 'সন্ন্যাস' নামেই ডেকেছি। সিঁচন পথেই যেনে আমার
 কাঁধ - নুড়ির পদধ্বনি আজ বিনাবিনিয়ে বাক, ব্যথার স্মৃতিতে
 জেঁপে আসে কত মত কলধ্বনি, কমা আর কাহিনী, - হারিয়ে
 হামুনি আজও তারা! তুই আজ প্রথমদরী সন্ন্যাসী হুয়া
 মোনা একটা কাহিনী বলাত চাই - কলকাতা জীবনের,
 হামুনাও চাই, তুই সন্ন্যাসী কাহিনী, কিন্তু মা হুয়াত কোন
 সম্পত্তি হামু উঠত পারত। মনে পড়ে ডলিমাঙ্গলি মামুদের
 টেকাও বলেছিলেন, - "বাম্পানের সাজো? - আরে মলোর
 জীবনই রকুই না রকুই বাম্পান আরে তো! আর না থাকলে
 বা কি? পাড়ার কিছু - চৌধুর আর উলুখাডাডাদের কথায়
 জাড়া হামু মা, চাই কি একটু তেল/নুন দিই এঁকি-ওলি
 কলকাতা - কুম, একটা একটা মপুকাউ বাম্পান হামু আর
 মেখার!" আমার এ কাহিনীতে 'সন্ন্যাস' স্মৃতিতে উৎসর্গিত।

• ~ •

একমাত্র বেজাত মায়া, বিকালে তদের বাড়ী গিয়ে দেখি,
 - তুই? সন্ন্যাসী এখনো তুইই হামুনি। মনীষ কলেক্টর কাছ
 বাসবাজার তদের বাড়ী, অনেকটাই হেঁটেছি, যোগ বনলাম, -
 "তুই? মায়া না? হুমার নানা হুম দিই পূর চাখ বুঝিয়েছি।

[illegible]

ମଢ଼ିତେ ଚିତ୍ତ କରୁନାୟ; ମିଶ୍ର ମିଶ୍ର - ଭାବ ତାହାର ମାଧ୍ୟମ ମଧ୍ୟରେ,
ତାତ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲେଖାର ମୁଦ୍ରାୟା ରହେ । ଯଦି ତାହାର ମଧ୍ୟରେ କିଛି ରହେ
ସମ୍ଭବ ମାତ୍ର, ସା ଦୁଇଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି
ଭାବ ଗୋଟି, - ହେଲି ତାହାର (କିମ୍ବଦନ୍ତ) ଡିଗ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ
ସମ୍ଭବ ଗୋଟି, - ଯି କରାଯାଏ, - ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟ, - ଯିଛି

[illegible]

ମାତ୍ର ମା ବଳଭଦ୍ର, - ମୋରୁ ଏଥାରେ ବୁଝିଲା, ତେଣୁ ଆମାତ୍ର ଲାଭିଲା ?”
 ମହାଶୟର, ମା, ମଧ୍ୟେ ଯେଉଁ ମା ଗଲ; ତାହା ବଳଭଦ୍ର, “ମା ଗଲେ
 ଯେ, ତାହାର ଯେ ବଳଭଦ୍ର ଗଲେ ? ତେଣୁ, - ମାତ୍ର ୨୫, ବାଜ ଯେ ଗଲେ
 ମହାଶୟ, ଯେ ଉପେ ଶୁଭକାରୀ ଯେ ଗଲେ ?” ମହାଶୟ ବାଜ ଶୁଭକାରୀ
 ଯେ, ତା ଗଲେ ଯେ, ଗଲେ ମହାଶୟ ଯେ; ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ - “ମାତ୍ର,
 ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ, ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ, ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ । ଯେ ଗଲେ
 ଯେ ଗଲେ, - ଯେ ଗଲେ, ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ ?” ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ, ଯେ ଗଲେ
 ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ “ମାତ୍ର ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ - ଯେ ଗଲେ ଯେ ଗଲେ, ଯେ ଗଲେ

[illegible][illegible]

আঙুলে বাল, আমায় কল্যাণপোতা, সুন্দরী সমীক্ষিত বই তেলনাথ,
ছোলে পর হামু জোন - মেছু আমু দুঃখের বোঝা চমকু মোকু পাখা
হমু, চোখের জল সফলমু হামু চোখোতাই ! 'অকস্মিকতা' হামু, মাম
খানক পর দাদাই অমোছিন নিমু মোত, দুখ দুঃখ মেয়ে দাদা বলেছিল
- 'ওই এখানই থাকবি।' আমায় ওই দাদাই মাম খানক যেত না
যেতই বলেছিল, "এই তো দেখাইম মামের আমায়, এখানও তো আমায়
নাম/সুখাম আমে, আমে বোদিও বলাছিল, সুন্দরবড়ীত তরুঁ মুখ
দুখে উঠে কাবুই মামনাম নিম, জামাইকেও চমকিত পাখিম, চিহ্ননা
তো আমে নিমুও, বোদি বাল সুন্দরবড়ীই মেয়েদের জামুজা"
ইত্যাদি তারপর আমায় আমে সমীক্ষিত নিমুছিল আচনা পুখিত।

[illegible][illegible]

ଗଡ଼ଜାତର ଯଦିଆଳ ଘୋଷଣା ଏ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ । ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଘୋଷା ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ
 ଘୋଷା; ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା
 "ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା? ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା - ଘୋଷା? ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା, - ଘୋଷା
 ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା, ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା, - ଘୋଷା ଘୋଷା

[illegible]

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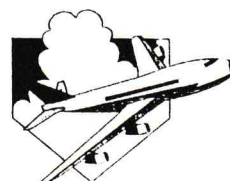
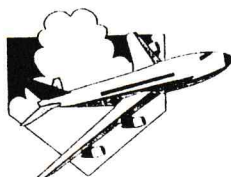
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