

AARATRIKA

MOSCOW DURGA PUJA

1990 - 2010



36°N – Nagano, Japan

Welcome to the bank that speaks your language

Lost in translation?

Living in a new country with a new unknown language can be difficult, especially when it comes to banking matters.

At HSBC we know this. As a result, we have a dedicated team of expatriate Relationship Managers from the UK, US, France, Germany and Turkey: native foreign language speakers who understand both banking in Russia and back home. In addition, our wider team of Premier Relationship Managers also speaks fluent Spanish, Finnish, Lithuanian, Japanese, and Vietnamese.

Our HSBC Premier service offers customers:

- Free international remittance to HSBC accounts
- Free ATM withdrawals in Russia and abroad
- 24/7 service in English

HSBC Premier – life without boundaries.

www.hsbc.ru/premier info@service.hsbc.ru

+7 (495) 783 88 77 +7 (812) 493 22 21



HSBC Premier

HSBC 
The world's local bank

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK...



Debasmitta Moulick Nair

Share your thoughts with us at aaratrikamoscow@gmail.com
www.moscowdurgapuja.org

There was a boy who loved trees, sky and the earth and did not like school. So when he grew up he opened a school where you could read leaning against a tree, sing gazing into the sky and say your morning prayers with the dew-drops under your feet. He also magically transformed rivers, paddy fields and our universe into poems of dawn and dusk, infusing them with colours of all the seasons. He swept across from peak to peak, mount to mount with rhythm and tune to have a word with the fountain and whisper to the shepherd boy with a flute, with music and silence, with the harmony of a spring and with the powerful discord of a storm, he taught us to speak to God and gifted to mankind eternal joie de vivre...Geetanjali, Sonar Tori, Manasi, Purobi, Balaka...He turns 150 this year and Aaratrika greets him with his own words...

*"I shall rush from peak to peak,
 I shall sweep from mount to mount,
 With peals of laughter
 and songs of murmur
 I shall clap to tune and rhythm"*

**From Nirjharer Swapnabhanga or
 The Fountain Awakened
 Rabindranath Tagore 1861 - 1941**

There was another boy who didn't like to study Greek and detested singing in church choir. He became a doctor but spent more time with his first love which was literature, which gave birth to The Cherry Orchard and The Seagull. Then he introduced us to The Three Sisters and Uncle Vanya. In Mercury where craters are named after famous writers and artists, a crater named after him occupies pride of place. His works will travel to Africa in Swahili this year as he too turns 150!

Anton Chekhov 1860 - 1904

Yet another boy who loved music but not school. At 8, he could effortlessly read the notes and was fascinated by Giuseppe Verdi and Amadeus Mozart. He grew up to create some of the finest compositions in the history of music and gifted us the ballet Swan Lake and the opera Eugene Onegin. He was a professor at the elite Moscow Conservatory and after he was no more, the music lovers named the Conservatory after him. He is 170 now!

Pyotr Tchaikovsky 1840 - 1893

Noble laureate **Joseph Brodsky** would have turned 70 this year.

***They were earth's children but
 heaven's heirs. Let's indulge in the
 great work of these great men!***

2010 also marks the 110th year of Russian Diplomatic Mission in India.

Going through the responses from last year, we conclude that our readers are keen to explore the culture of other lands. This is only but natural because for many, nothing is more exciting than travel. Don't we often plan our next holiday immediately after we have had one? And travel statistics show in recent years there has been a steep increase in travel worldwide. This year Aaratrika begins its journey with Bangladesh with whom we share so much in common yet there is so much to explore. We hope you will enjoy wandering through the fascinating history of *Jamdani*, *Nakshi-kantha* and *Rabindrasangeet*. Our interview with the Ambassador of Bangladesh provides us with interesting updates.

The Great Heat Wave this year coupled with the devastating forest fires was another reminder that our relationship with nature has to be reciprocal. Our children once again have delighted Aaratrika with their contribution in **How Green is My Planet?** We were apprehensive that in the age of iPods, iPads and play stations environmental alertness might not excite them. However, they overwhelmed us with their enthusiastic response.

We have added new features to our website which enables increased interaction with our readers.

The journey of exploring Tagore continues. Sa Re Ga Ma celebrates Tagore's anniversary with the release of Ravi Kiran by Calcutta Choir - Tagore songs in Hindi. In Kolkata the puja pandals will take inspiration from his poems or his home at Shantiniketan. In Aaratrika, with a special section **Remembering Tagore on His 150th Birth Anniversary** we say *Tomar pare thekai matha*.

Happy Puja!

Debasmitta Moulick Nair





Swami Jyotirupananda
President, Moscow Durga
Puja Committee

This is the 21st year of Sri Sri Durga puja in Moscow. With the blessings of the Divine Mother the puja started in the year 1990 with special initiative of Mr.Ganguly. He was working in the Indian Embassy at that time. Luckily, Rev. Swami Lokeshwarananda of the Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Kolkata was present there and inaugurated the auspicious festival. One priest was brought from India to perform the puja for 5 days. Next year Mr.Ganguly approached me and I suggested that the puja could be performed by some local Indian under my guidance. Accordingly, one Sri Pradip Brahmachary was engaged for puja and he did it for some years. Sri Bratindra Krishna Bhattacharjya, a student of the Ramakrishna Mission, also was continuing his study in Moscow did puja and other works for 2/3 years. After that Sri Rathin Chatterjee took up that responsibility and Sri Dinesh Chakrabarty, a student here also is taking part in puja from last 3 years. As the experience of the puja got its momentum during these years, the puja festival was organized better and better every year amidst joy and satisfaction of all who attended the occasion.

SOME REFLECTIONS

Puja atmosphere improved a lot by the utmost cooperation of all the members of the puja committee and others who participated. Bengalees took initiative for the puja and it is being conducted following a system prevailing in Bengal and eastern part of India. But members are all from different parts of India residing in Moscow. We have no restriction in participating in the worship of Divine Mother. Indians as well as Russians are taking active part in the festival to make it a grand success. It is heartening to see at the time of Pushpanjali and Shantijal Indians and Russians feel as one in offering their devotion to the Divine Mother. God is one but takes different names and forms to satisfy His devotees.

We take this opportunity to remember also a great son of India, Rabindranath Thakur on his 150th Birth Anniversary which falls this year. What can I comment on the writings of such a great personality whose mind was ever soaring higher in the sphere of 'Anandaloka', the sphere where the deep feelings of devotion of Vaishnava saints and lofty ideals of Upanishads surcharged the realm with supreme bliss and truth. All his writings, say, poems, songs or prose poured down from that sphere refreshing us with bliss and peace. Every bit of his writings has a direct appeal to our heart. We can only pay homage to this lofty personality for his brilliant contribution to the posterity. Rabindranath

and Vivekananda were contemporary and they have both similarity as well as dissimilarity. Rabindranath, Vivekananda, Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Aravinda, all of them advocated the conglomeration of culture of the East and the West for the regeneration of the nation. Swami Vivekananda wanted Upanishadic strength as necessary for rousing the nation whose nerves were getting weaker by too much harping on the soft feelings. Still is it not a fact that Buddha's heart and head of Shankara are needed to build up an ideal nation? We find these reflected in Rabindranath and Vivekananda and we are blessed that they were born to our blessed India.

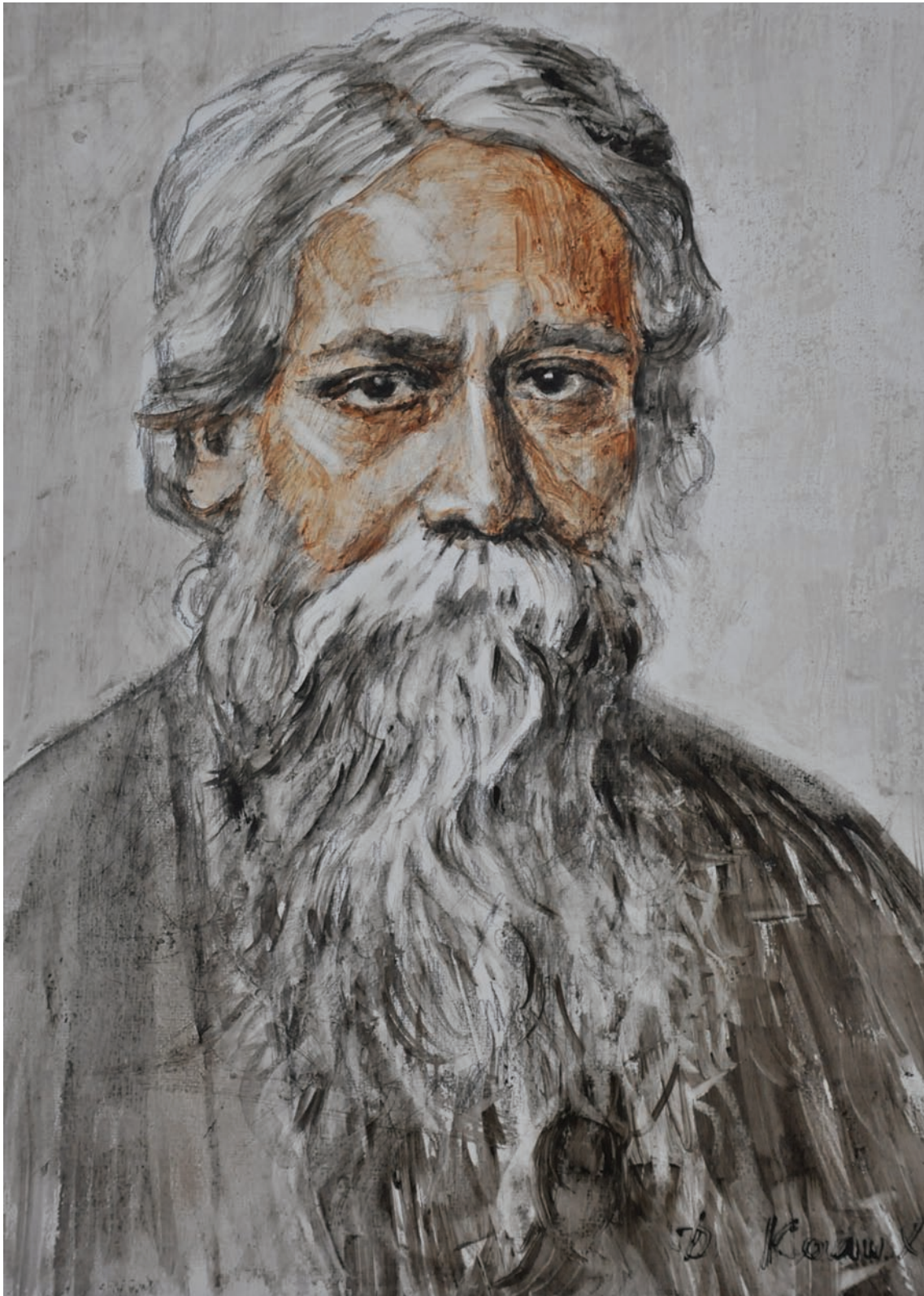


Painting by Sujit Kumar Das
Dushanbe Cultural Center, Embassy of India

SRI SRI DURGA MAHA PUJA FROM 13TH TO 17TH OCTOBER 2010

Mahasashti 13th October Wednesday	Puja starts at 18:00	Mahanavami 16th October Saturday	Puja starts at 9:20 Pushpanjali at 11:30 Bhog & Arati at 11:50 Evening Arati at 18:30
Mahasaptami 14th October Thursday	Puja starts at 9:20 Pushpanjali at 11:30 Bhog & Arati at 11:50 Evening Arati 18:00	Bijoya Dashami 17th October Sunday	Puja from 10:00 to 11:00 Shindur Khela 11:00 to 12:00 Immersion 12:00 to 12:30 Shanti jal 12:30
Mahaastami 15th October Friday	Puja starts at 9:20 Pushpanjali at 11:30 Bhog & Arati at 11:50 Evening Arati at 18:30 Sandhi puja at 15:27 to 16:15	Sri Sri Lakshmi Puja 22th October Friday	Puja starts at 19:00

REMEMBERING TAGORE ON HIS 150TH BIRTH ANNIVERSARY



DJABOEV KOLI-KHAN MAMEDOVICH

Kurdish artist. Koli-Khan graduated from the elite Surikov Moscow State Art Institute. He works with oil and graphics and specializes in portraits. Theme frequently used by him - 'Kurds in the context of oriental culture'. In 2004 he held an exhibition called "Dara Piroz, tree of Happiness" with the support of UN in Russia. In 2006 charity fund 'Metsenati Stoletiya' (Maecenas of the Century) awarded him a medal "For the Sake of Our Planet". He is a member of Union of Professional Artists and his works can be found in private collections in the USA, Germany, Holland, France and the UAE.



Ustad Amjad Ali Khan with Amaan Ali Khan and Ayaan Ali Khan (right)

TRIBUTE TO TAGORE

It is a matter of great joy and honour that the whole world is celebrating 150th birth centenary of legendary Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore. In my childhood my father and my Guru, Ustad Haafiz Ali Khan Saheb of Gwalior, introduced Tagore and his musical thoughts to me. According to my father, Gurudev was very fond of my father's Sarod. On a few occasions he had requested my father to play in his plays and also for his own peace of mind and creative satisfaction. He often requested my father to play only the alaap of various ragas.

While in Bengal I had the opportunity to listen to Rabindrasangeet performed by various musicians and singers. Initially, I was not drawn towards Rabindranath Tagore till the time my dear friend Mr. Arup Kumar Sarkar¹ introduced me to certain songs and subsequently introduced me to the great Suchitra Mitra. At the request of HMV (which is Sa re ga ma now) I recorded a CD with Suchitra-ji titled "Tribute to Tagore" that featured some beautiful compositions of Rabindranath Tagore.

Rabindranath Tagore was well versed in European music and he could play the piano well. His musical training was credited to Vishnupur Gharana. Contemporary classical musicians of Tagore were critical of him because Tagore took the liberty of adding certain notes that are "foreign" to a particular

raga (a scale of set notes in Indian classical music) when he used the ragas for composing his songs. But in my personal experience, I realized that he did this according to the need and demand of his poetry. While preparing and working on the songs that Suchitra-ji and I recorded, we realized that only a genius, with complete authority on music, could take such liberty with a raga and come out of it so beautifully and so uniquely different.

Tagore created the timeless and beautiful institution called Vishwabharati at Shantiniketan. I had the honour of visiting Shantiniketan in 1966 and later visited and performed most memorable concerts in and around Shantiniketan. I feel honored and privileged that Visva Bharati University showered their love and blessings by bestowing Desika Uttham (Doctorate) on me. I always look forward to visiting Shantiniketan because one feels the presence of Rabindranath Tagore in that place.

I am grateful to the West Bengal Government - especially Revered Somnath Chatterjee, who I address as Dada, who invited me and my sons, Amaan Ali Khan and Ayaan Ali Khan to perform in the new auditorium dedicated to Tagore called Geetanjali.

I am very happy today that there are so many young talented Rabindrasangeet singers and Tagore has conveyed

the message of love, compassion, romance and unity of the world through his songs beautifully. In the album "Tribute to Tagore", I had to memorize each and every phrase so that I could do justice to the compositions of great Rabindranath Tagore. Among the songs of Tagore, my favourite ones are Aami tare khuje berai, Kaun khela je khelbo kokhon, Chander alo and Ekela chalo re.

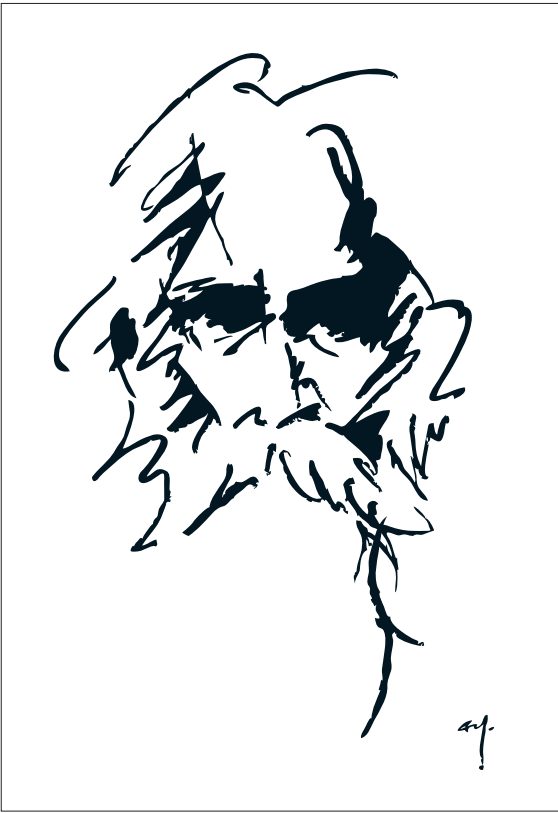
It was always a taboo to play a song on the Sarod the way it has been sung by a singer. With the blessings of my Guru and God, I have been able to sing these songs through my Sarod the way Suchitra Mitra-ji sang. After playing the complete song phrase by phrase, I improvised within the discipline of the musical notes of the song. I am very happy and honored that our CD, Tribute to Tagore, has reached all over the world, especially among the Bengali community who love Rabindrasangeet. I look forward to recording more songs again with talented singers.

I wish a very prosperous and happy Durga puja to all in Moscow who are the devotees of Maa Kali and also to the people who are celebrating the 150 years of the monumental icon whom we call Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore.

Amjad Ali Khan



¹ Arup Kumar Sarkar, director Anandabazar Patrika Group (ABP) is the grandson of the Late Sri Prafulla Sarkar, the founder promoter of ABP.



Some of the songs in this album:

Aaji e Aanandasandhya
Aakaash Jude Shuninu
Kon Khela Jey Khelbo Kakhan
Aar nairey Bela

Photo courtesy Sa Re Ga Ma

Pavel Sluzky - My main occupation is applied graphics. My art experience as a purposeful work is the new kind of my being. I think my art grow from my profession, a process I find extremely interesting.

**FROM
SUCHITRA MITRA**

Wishing you all the best of everything on this auspicious occasion of Durga Puja which brings all of us together and brings out the best of our art, culture, literature and music. May Goddess Durga give us the strength to fight all the evil forces in our society and make this world an even more beautiful place to live in.

Amjad Ali Khan and Suchitra Mitra performing at Shiromani Puraskar Utsav'88 at Kalamandir (Year-1988)



Photo courtesy The Telegraph



*Igor Frolov,
Professor Moscow Conservatory,
disciple of David Oistrakh,
the illustrious Soviet violin master*

GREETINGS FROM THE CONSERVATORY

The maestro fondly recalls his trip to Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta in summer 1988, when he performed in each of these cities and remembers being warmly accepted by our people. The summer heat in no way dampened the spirits of the maestro and Taj Mahal was as beautiful as he had imagined. It was then that he was awarded the prestigious Ustad Hafiz Ali Khan award. He was rather amused to see our musicians keep a track of the music beats with their feet, something totally alien to the Western musicians. He is familiar with the translated works of Tagore and conveys his tribute to the poet on the occasion of his anniversary.





Smt. Sanjida Khatun

My first serious brush with Tagore was through his poetry. It opened up a new world to me. It developed a finer sensibility in me - lent depth to my feelings and with that, I developed a deep and abiding interest in Rabindra Sangeet as well. Subsequently, while teaching Bangla literature to college students, I discovered that Tagore's writings were very relevant to our country and its people. Much earlier, during the Indian freedom struggle, Tagore told his countrymen-women that if they wanted to politically free their country from the British, people of the country will have to first "liberate themselves from within" - otherwise the British would go, only to be taken over and dominated by some other unwelcome force - external or internal. We realized how right he was; we were an independent nation, yet we were oppressed by our own government.

For us, the Bengali identity was very important, because that was an important part of our heritage - our culture. Songs of Tagore like "Amar Sonar Bangla" (My golden Bengal) and "Sharthoko Janomo Amar", (Blessed is my birth, that I was born in this land) which would be sung by us in public and in phabhat pheris (an ancient south Asian tradition of groups of people taking rounds of the streets in the dawn, singing devotional songs to the accomplishment to drums and cymbals) became rallying points for the language movement. The song by Tagore - *Ke eshe jai phere-phere* - a song that laments the plight of the mother (motherland) caused by apathy and neglect by her own children, touched the deepest recesses of our hearts. It stirred in us deep feelings for our motherland, culture and language which were so systematically being undermined by government. Tagore and his work naturally became the main inspiration for the

A MORNING WITH SANJIDA KHATUN - THE LIVING LEGEND OF BENGALI CULTURAL NATIONALISM



Editor's note: Smt. Sanjida Khatun is one of the pioneers and architects of the Bengali cultural nationalist movement in Bangladesh. Born in Dhaka on April 4, 1932, she completed her M.A. in Bangla Language and Literature. Later she joined Dhaka University as a teacher. She was one of the first women in Bangladesh to speak out in public meetings, while under the constant surveillance of the government. From there, she went on to found (along with Sri. Wahidul Haq and many eminent associates) the Bangladesh Mukti Sangrami Sansthan (Bangladesh Freedom Fighters Association) and finally Chhayanaaut - a center for research, teaching and promotion of Rabindrasangeet and Bengali culture. She almost single handedly build up the Bangladesh Rabindrasangeet Sammelan Porishad - the body that conducts conferences and music competitions accross Bangladesh, thereby taking Rabindrasangeet to the door steps of people. She is one of few remaining Tagore exponents in South Asia, an exponent of Rabindrasangeet, a teacher, researcher, thinker, writer and most importantly an organizer and institution builder. We are honored to share her message, given specially for Aaratrika, with our readers.



Chayanaut celebrating 100th anniversary of publication of Geetajali in Bangla

Bangla language movement we fought in Bangladesh against the imposition of Urdu on the Bengali speaking population.

Tagore was the rallying point for the language movement, singing Tagore songs was banned by government. So we had to celebrate the 100th birth anniversary of Tagore in 1961, by organizing different cultural programs in secret. This experience brought many artists and cultural activists together and led to the founding of Chhayanaaut - a center for research, teaching and promotion of Rabindrasangeet and Bengali culture in its entirety. Chayanaut did not rally people on the streets - we did not shout slogans against the oppressive regime. In the lines of what Tagore had suggested, we led a constructive cultural movement that was aimed at awakening the self and building self esteem and "atma shakti" (sense of self agency) as Bengalis. We needed to reinvent ourselves around our own heritage - our land, language and culture. Only then would we gain the confidence, understand our rights and fight injustice with the head held high. Cultural nationalism, based on the Bangla language, was therefore our goal. Tagore was therefore the single most important icon and inspiration for the language / cultural movement, which by all accounts was the precursor to the liberation war that was to follow.

Tagore was highly influenced by the exceptionally secular and non-sectarian philosophy of the Bauls (group of mystic minstrels from Bengal, who constitute

both a syncretic religious sect and a musical tradition). Referring to the Bauls he had said: "I am a wanderer, I am a companion of the Baul. My salutations do not reach out to deity in the temple. My salutations reach out to those outside the temple, those eternal travelers - traveling the path of enlightenment". This, in my view, is the essence of Tagore. The human being was at the center of Tagore's contemplation and for him the attainment of "manushot-to" (humaneness), was the ultimate goal.

I have been to Russia (Moscow and surrounding areas) 25 years back when my daughter was studying in Moscow. I visited different places and greatly enjoyed my visit. I loved the small wild flowers that grew along with the grass. I had picked up one, only to be told later that it was prohibited to pluck these flowers because these were rare! Moscow and its surrounding areas were beautiful. Russians are wonderful people, who have a strong sense of art and culture. Since we are celebrating the 150th birth anniversary of Tagore, I would urge readers of Aaratrika to listen to Rabindrasangeet, to read and try to understand Tagore more. His relevance is even greater today. I am delighted that Aaratrika has chosen to carry a special feature on Tagore in this edition and I am glad to have had this opportunity to share some of my views and experiences. I wish the south Asian community in Russia Sharadia Subechha (greetings of the season).

Sanjida Khatun, Dhaka,
22nd September 2010

GREETINGS FROM DHAKA



Editor's Note: Aratrika is pleased to enclose messages from three acclaimed Rabindrasangeet exponents - Rezwana Choudhury Bannya, Mita Haq and Laisa Ahmed Lisa, all of whom have a large number of CDs to their credit and are extremely popular amongst listeners across the world. Each one of them has been greatly influenced by the poet. Tagore, as we know was a multifaceted genius and it is very interesting that each of these artists should highlight a particular area of the relevance of Tagore. Mita Haq highlights Tagore as a Bisho-manob (Universal man), where as Laisa Ahmed Lisa highlights Tagore as a Humanist. Rezwana Choudhury Bannya, while touching on both, adds a very personal touch and says that Tagore is the Chira Shathi (the eternal friend) - clearly speaking for all the three artists.



Rezwana
Choudhury Bannya
Rabindrasangeet
Exponent



With Kanika Banerjee

I spent my childhood in Bangladesh and had my initiation into Rabindrasangeet under Smt. Sanjida Khatun. I subsequently went to Shantiniketan in the mid seventies for my formal training and I received intensive training under Smt. Kanika Bandhyopadhyay. I was in Shantiniketan much after Tagore had physically left this world. I never met Tagore, but always found his presence all around and within. Tagore is my "chiro shathi" (eternal companion) - I have got him in my joys, sorrows, happiness and pain, in my work and in my daily life (shukhe-dukkhe, anonde-shoke, kaje-korme ami take payechi). Through his songs, poems, art, writings, thoughts and philosophy - he has been inspiring me all through.

As I said, our generation did not see Tagore - but we have always felt his presence within us. During the Bangladesh liberation movement - he was an inspiration, the driving force; he was everywhere. His message, music and works transcend narrow boundaries of time and geography. This makes him particularly relevant to the present world which is often torn by narrow sectarian thinking.

I am aware that Tagore is held in high esteem in Russia and hope this issue will generate further interest in Tagore. I would encourage every one to listen to Rabindrasangeet and sing the songs - to try to discover the depth, beauty and expression that lie within the song - things that transcend the melody and rhythm.

I hope you will sing and listen to Rabindrasangeet, recite his poems and stage his plays during the festivities. Happy puja!



Mita Haq
Rabindrasangeet
Exponent and Teacher.

Music has been in our family - for us music was a way of life. I therefore took to singing naturally and spontaneously at a very young age, without any imposition from outside. Tagore loved children and has composed songs that are particularly meant for children. Children can learn and sing these joyful songs quite easily and it would be these songs that I would sing along with songs of other Bengali poets, when I was a child.

The real and serious urge to sing Tagore songs came when I was about fifteen. It was then that I felt that my voice, my passion, my view of life - everything was meant for Tagore's songs only. While I did undergo rigorous training in classical music, it was Rabindrasangeet which was my true calling. I received by training from Guru Wahidul Haq and have received guidance from Guru Sanjida Khatun as well from time to time.

If I am asked what is my favourite song, I would say that the entire Geetanjali (the compendium of around 2500 songs that Tagore wrote) is my favourite. There are so many songs I love to sing. However, I would say that songs of Puja (devotion) are the ones that I love the most.

While Tagore taught us that the human being is essentially a "bissho-manob" (a world citizen), at the same time he instilled in us a deep love for and pride in our language, our culture, our land, our heritage. To Tagore, his identity as a Bengali never came on the way of transcending himself into a universal man.

We are celebrating the 150th birth anniversary of Tagore and I am extremely happy that Aratrika has chosen to highlight Tagore in this edition. Sharodia Subechha (greetings of the season) to you all.



Laisa Ahmed Lisa
Rabindrasangeet
Exponent and Teacher.

I am delighted that Aratrika has included a special section on Tagore to commemorate the 150th birth anniversary of this Moha-manob ("The Great one"). I hope this will create further interest in his life and works in Russia, particularly amongst the young generation.

I have been singing Rabindrasangeet from a very young age and subsequently, I received training from Mr. Wahidul Haq. For the last few years I have been receiving guidance and training from Ms. Sanjida Khatun.

It is difficult for me to capture in a few words what Tagore and Rabindrasangeet mean to me. All I can say is that Tagore continues to have a very strong influence on almost every aspect of my life - my thoughts, sensibility and view of life. In his songs, we find a beautiful integration of the creator, nature and the human being, meshed together through a wonderful interweaving of lyrics, melody and rhythm. Also in his songs, the idea of oneness that the "human being" shares with "the divine" comes out again and again*.

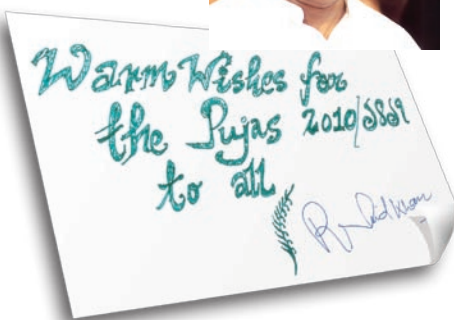
I wish readers of Aratrika Sharodia Subhechha.



Editor's Note: Shimar Majhe Oshim Tumi is a fine example of Tagore's conviction of the unity between the individual and the divine. The idea here is about the presence of the macrocosm (universal soul) within the microcosm (individual soul).



Ustad Rashid Khan

**AALAP MILAAP...**

Aaratrika: Please share with us your experience/ memories of singing Rabindrasangeet.

Ustad Rashid Khan: I am indeed pleased to share my interesting experience of singing Rabindrasangeet for the first time. I was to sing for an award giving ceremony in Kolkata – The Ananda Purashkar. Though I have been listening to Rabindrasangeet since my childhood, I never really could appreciate it completely - maybe because of the fact that I did not understand the language.

I was a little tense about the fact that I would be publicly singing something which was way beyond my genre of music. But as I started training under Asitda (Mr. Asit Ghatak)¹, I started enjoying it. The songs were very much Raag based. Though I could not understand much of the meanings, the songs / melodies began to appeal to me.

Aaratrika: Your favourite songs by Tagore

1) *Kaar milono chao birohi* (whose communion do you seek, O lonely one), 2) *Ke boshile aaji* (Who is it that that occupies the seat of my heart today), 3) *Raakho raakho re jibone* (Fill your heart with happiness, revel in the joy)

Aaratrika: Have you been to Russia? What fascinates you about this country/ city of Moscow?

I have never been to Russia. But would love to visit Moscow, that too when it is snowing.

Aaratrika: Please tell us about your upcoming projects

Right now I am very busy with my two music Academies in India. A gurukul in Kolkata and Sangeet-Graam in Tripura.

Aaratrika: Your message to the readers of Aaratrika, especially to our young readers

My message to all readers, irrespective of their age, is to listen to all kinds of music. There are only two kinds of music, good music and bad music. Learn to distinguish.



¹ Asit Ghatak - Kolkata-based music connoisseur.

ON THE BEAT

Dr. S. Karthick

Dr. S. Karthick has travelled all over the world with his wonder magic pot (Ghatam) performing in various prestigious venues including the 'United Nations'. He also specializes in Verbal Percussion (Konnakol) and plays the Morsing (Jaws harp) too. Leading and orchestrating the 'Heartbeat Ensemble', a rhythmic – melodic extravaganza, highlighting the fine art of improvisation, he has earned exceptional acclaim all over the world.

Karthick is the most in-demand percussionists in the Indian film industry for top film composers like Ilayaraja, A.R.Rahman, Harris Jayaraj, Bharadwaj, Vidhyasagar. He has been a part of many fusion ensembles including Hindustani, Rabindra Sangeet, jazz, western and the list goes on. He has collaborated with various Indian and international artistes, including with Neel Mukherjee for Flamenco, one of the most demanding music forms.

His favourite is the Kali bari temple in Chennai.

He wishes readers of Aaratrika a striking Durga Puja 2010.

IN CONVERSATION WITH APURV NAGPAL...

This year we celebrate Rabindranath Tagore's 150th Birthday, your reflections?

He was a genius and I'm a bit saddened that his legacy is not as well known outside West Bengal.

Your favourite Rabindrasangeet album?

We've just released an album called Rabirpanam and Gitobitan Archive.

You have been to Moscow, what are your fond memories?

I loved the city and had a great time. Ismailovsky Park, beautiful subway stations, the nightlife and trips to the Golden Ring - it was fantastic.

Please tell us about your upcoming projects.

Our film, Jhootha Hi Sahi, starring John Abraham releases Oct 15 worldwide. We just released the Complete Works of Pt. Shiv Kumar Sharma. This winter we will be releasing an album from a Band Called Nine which is around our small town memories / Nostalgia and another by Asha Bhosle & Shujaat Khan.

Your message to the readers of Aaratrika, especially to our young readers.

Please always follow your passion, what gives you joy. Today if you excel in any field, there is enough money – you no longer have to be restricted to the old choices.



Apurv Nagpal
Managing Director, Saregama India Ltd.



Saregama India (earlier Gramophone Company HMV) is an integrated entertainment company with the largest music archive in India.

har pal banaye de naya rishta



Zee CIS LLC

Office 903, Stroiniye 11, Building 11, Street Ordzhonikidze, Moscow 115419

Tel: +7 (495) 955-1886, E-mail: info@zeerussia.ru

www.zeerussia.ru

IN CONVERSATION WITH SUNIL GANGOPADHYAY...



সুনীল গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়ের উত্তর

১. তাঁর সমগ্র রচনা আবার পড়ার ইচ্ছা রইলো।
২. ছবি যে কেনে তার সম্পত্তি হয়। সে ইচ্ছামতো বিক্রি করতেও পারে। সুতরাং রবীন্দ্রনাথের ছবিও যদি বিক্রি হয় তাতে আপত্তি করার কী আছে!
৩. এই মহান দেশের ইতিহাস ও প্রকৃতি এবং অত্যন্ত উচ্চস্তরের সাহিত্য আমাকে আকর্ষণ করে।
৪. আমি দু'বার রাশিয়ায় গিয়েছিলাম। তাই নিয়ে আমার 'রাশিয়া ভ্রমণ' বই আছে। যার ইচ্ছা হয় পড়ে দেখতে পারেন।
৫. 'কলকাতার শেরিফ' একটি নিতান্তই আলাংকারিক পদ। শুধু একদিনের জন্য একটা তলোয়ার ধরতে হয়। বাকি দিনগুলোয় সভা-সমিতিতে যাওয়া।
৬. যেরকম লেখা-পড়া করছি, সেটাই চালিয়ে যাওয়া।



সুনীল গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়
২০/১/১০

1. Your tribute to Rabindranath Tagore on his 150th birthday would be?

Complete reading Tagore's entire works.

2. How would you comment the recent Sotheby's auction in London when 12 paintings by Tagore from the Dartington Hall Collection of Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst, went under hammer?

The painting becomes the property of the person who buys it. The owner is also free to sell it. Hence, if Tagore's paintings are sold why should there be any objection?

3. What fascinates you the most about Russia?

This great country's history, nature and the extremely high quality or literature attracts me.

4. Have you ever been to Russia?

Yes, I have been to Russia twice. I have written a book 'My Russia Travel'.

5. Please share some interesting moments from your experience as the Sheriff of Kolkata.

The title of a sheriff is illustrious for a day, the rest of the days are occupied with meetings and gatherings.

6. Which are your upcoming projects?

Intend to continue reading and writing as usual.

These are a few of my favourite things...

Your favourite piece of work by Tagore: Vishwaparichay

Your favourite festival: New Year

Your favourite author: Vyas, Rabindranath Tagore

Your favourite sport: Athletics

Your favourite film: Citizen Kane

My warm wishes to the readers of Aaratrika!



SEBANTI GHOSH

Born in Siliguri, grew up amidst the tea gardens, started writing poetry in school. Shantiniketan for University was a natural progression where she studied Bengali literature and learnt painting and batik. Recipient of the prestigious Krittibas Puraskar in 2004. In 2006 was awarded the Sahitya Academy Travel Grant. She has received Senior Fellowship of Ministry of Culture From 2008 to 2010 for which she is working on 'Bengali female poets from 19th century to current times'. The two poems that she shared with Aaratrika are from her recent book Bangla Mam published this year.

প্রকৃতি

তুমি সরে গেছ বর্ষদিন
যেন পরিত্যক্ত খাত ফেলে
নদী চলে গেছে ওপারে।
আমিও আর অপেক্ষায় নেই
বৃষ্টির আশা ছেড়ে
মেনেই নিয়েছি
এই গ্লোবাল ওয়ার্মিং।

Природа

"Ты покинула нас так давно,
Оставив пустое русло,
И ушла далеко."
Я больше не жду её,
Я больше не жду дождей.
И уже смирилась
С глобальным потеплением.

বাংলা ম্যাম

অজস্র প্রশ্ন এসেছে
অজস্র অভিযোগও,
'বাংলা পড়তে ভালো লাগেনা
কিন্তু আপনাকে...'
যত বলি অন্য কেউ আসবে
ঠিক তেমনই ভালোবাসবে,
ওরা অবাক চোখে বলেছে
'সে কি? একজনের মতো
অন্য কাউকে ভালোবাসা যায়?
আপনি পারেন?'

Учительница бенгальского

Бесконечный поток вопросов,
Бесконечный поток жалоб:
"Не хочу читать на вашем родном бенгальском,
Но Вас я люблю!"
Каждый раз я им отвечаю, что будет другая,
та, что полюбит тебя,
С удивлением в глазах мне возражают
"Как же так? Как же можно любить много раз?
Вы смогли бы?"

Translated into Russian by Debasmita Moulick Nair



КОРАЛ-МЕД
CORAL-MED

*Wishing all a Very Happy
Durga Puja and Dusshera!*

*"Корал-Мед" является одной из передовых фирм,
занимающейся продвижением и внедрением
высококачественных медицинских препаратов,
зарегистрированных при Министерстве
здравоохранения и социального развития РФ*

ЗАО "КОРАЛ-МЕД"

119571, г. Москва, ул. 26 Бакинских комиссаров, д. 9, офис 61
Тел.: +7 (495) 935-76-65 Факс: +7 (495) 434-44-31
e-mail: info@coralmed.ru www.coralmed.ru

মস্কোর প্রথম দুর্গাপূজা



Gangulyda and Boudi in Delhi

Santosh Ganguly joined the Ministry Of External Affairs in 1968 in the Language Cadre as a Russian language Interpreter. Came to Moscow in November 1970 for a 3 year tenure which lasted till December 1990!

Became a diplomat first as an Attaché in 1985 and then in 1987 when the Interpreters Cadre was finally formed given the Rank of First Secretary. 1987 onwards worked simultaneously as First Secretary, Education in the Embassy. As an Interpreter had the honor to work for successive PMs from late Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Rajiv Gandhi to Narasimha Raoji. Later when the J. N. Cultural centre was set up he became its Acting Director and remained so till sometime in 1990.

He again returned to Russia in November 1996 as Consul General in St.Petersburg - a tenure he finished in 1999. After this he worked for 2 more years as O.S.D. (Officer on Special Duty) looking after the newly independent Baltic Countries as well as Hungary, Poland etc.

Here he recollects Moscow's very first puja.

কয়েকমাস আগের কথা। দক্ষিণ দিল্লীর এক বাঙালী পরিচালিত রেস্তোরাঁয় সস্ত্রীক মধ্যাহ্নভোজনের জন্য গিয়েছি। আকস্মিকভাবেই সেখানে ১৯৯০ এর দশকে মস্কোতে অধ্যয়নরতা দুই প্রাক্তন ছাত্রীর সঙ্গে দেখা। অনেক কথাবার্তা ও স্মৃতিচারণের পর স্বাভাবিকভাবেই মস্কোর দুর্গাপূজার কথা উঠল। তাদের একজন দেবস্মিতা বলল, “গান্ধুলীদা, আপনারা দুজনেই তো প্রথম দুই বছর এই পূজোর সাথে বেশ ঘনিষ্ঠভাবেই জড়িত ছিলেন; আমাদের পূজোর ম্যাগাজিন আরত্রিকার জন্যে সেসব দিনের কথা, বিশেষ করে প্রথমবার পূজো কিভাবে শুরু সেসব নিয়ে একটা লেখা লিখুন না!”

লেখার অভ্যেস আমার বিশেষ নেই; কিন্তু এই দুই ছাত্রীর সাথে দেখা হওয়ার আকস্মিকতা, তাদের সাথে স্মৃতিচারণের মাধ্যমে পুরোণো হারিয়ে যাওয়া দিনগুলোতে ফিরে যাওয়ায় যে পরিবেশ সৃষ্টি হয়েছিল, হয়তো তারি প্রভাবে এবং আবেশে কথা দিয়ে ফেললাম। অবশ্য এর আগে ১৯৯১ সালের শেষে মস্কো ছাড়ার পর মস্কোর পূজোর কথা জয় অর্থাৎ জয় দাশগুপ্তর মারফত জানতে পারতাম। প্রায় প্রতিবছরই দিল্লী এলে জয় নিয়মিতভাবে আরত্রিকার এক কপি আমাদের দিয়ে যেতেন।

মস্কোর প্রথম দুর্গাপূজার সম্বন্ধে বলতে গেলে শুরুতেই বলতে হবে যে এই পূজা দীর্ঘদিনের পরিকল্পনা বা চিন্তার ফল নয়। এমনকি যদি বলা হয় এই পূজা হঠাৎই আরম্ভ হলো, তাহলে খুব একটা ভুল বলা হবে না। ১৯৯০ সাল - রাশিয়া বা তদানীন্তন ইউ এস এস আরের ইতিহাসে এক গুরুত্বপূর্ণ ও সংঘাতপূর্ণ সময়। পরিচিত বহু জিনিস এবং ধারণা, যা তখনও বাস্তব, তা প্রতিনিয়তই হয় পরিবর্তনের পথে, নয়তো বা সম্পূর্ণ অবলুপ্তির পথে। নতুনের সম্ভাবনার রেশ বেশ ভালোভাবেই দেখা দিলেও তা শেষমেষ কিরূপ নেবে, তা বলা এবং কল্পনা করা তখন খুবই কঠিন ছিল।

এই পরিবেশে, কয়েকজন বন্ধুবান্ধবের সাথে গল্পগুজব করার সময় কথা উঠল যে মস্কোয় দুর্গাপূজা করলে কিরকম হয়? কথাটা উপস্থিত সকলেরই মনে ধরলো। পূজার তখনও কয়েকমাস বাকি। পূজার ব্যাপারে জল্পনা-কল্পনা শুরু হয়ে গেলো। উপস্থিত কারোরই বারোয়ারী পূজো, তাও আবার বিদেশে, শুরু করার ব্যাপারে বিশেষ কোনো অভিজ্ঞতা ছিল না। পূজা হবে, এ কথা জানার পর স্বতঃস্ফূর্তভাবেই আরও অনেকে এগিয়ে এলেন। ছাত্র-ছাত্রীরা যাদের সাথে দূতাবাসে কার্যাবশতঃ আমার ঘনিষ্ঠ সম্বন্ধ ছিল, আশ্বাস দিল যে তারা সবসময়েই আমাদের পাশে থাকবে। পরবর্তীকালের অভিজ্ঞতা থেকে বলতে পারি যে মস্কোর এবং বেশকিছু অন্যান্য শহরের ছাত্র-ছাত্রীদের অকুণ্ঠ সহযোগিতা না পেলে এই পূজা করা কখনই সম্ভবপর হতো না।

পূজা হবে ঠিক হয়ে যাবার সঙ্গেসঙ্গেই বোঝা গেল যে সবার আগে আমাদের দুটি প্রধান সমস্যার সমাধান খুঁজতে হবে, একটি পূজার venue অন্যটি পুরোহিত। প্রথমটি, অর্থাৎ পূজার স্থান জোগাড় করার ব্যাপারে আমাদের বিশেষ বেগ পেতে হয় নি, সম্ভবত কিছুটা পরিবর্তিত রাজনৈতিক পরিস্থিতির সহায়ে। বিপদ দেখা দিল পুরোহিত খোঁজার বেলায়। স্থানীয় কাউকে না পেয়ে রামকৃষ্ণমিশন থেকে আগত স্বামী জ্যোতিরূপানন্দজীর দ্বারস্থ হলাম। স্বামিজী খুবই সহানুভূতির সঙ্গে আমাদের অনুরোধ শুনলেন এবং বললেন যে তিনি এই পূজার ব্যাপারে আমাদের সর্বতোভাবে সাহায্য করবেন, তবে সন্ন্যাসধর্ম গ্রহণ করার পর, তাঁর নিজের পক্ষে এ পূজা করা সম্ভবপর হবে না। কিছুটা হতাশ হলেও স্বামিজীর কথা বলার শান্ত-সমাহিত ভাব এবং আশ্বাস আমাদের মনে বল ও আশা জোগাল।

এর কয়েকদিনের মধ্যেই কিছুটা অপ্রত্যাশিতভাবেই এক অবাঙালী ব্যবসায়ী বন্ধু পূজা হচ্ছে জানতে পেরে কলকাতা থেকে দুজন পুরোহিতকে আনানোর সমস্ত ব্যবস্থা প্রায় অযাচিতভাবেই করে দিলেন। এ ছাড়াও যতদূর মনে পড়ে পূজার জন্য বেশ কিছু বাসনপত্র তিনি বিমানযোগে কলকাতা থেকে আনিয়ে দিয়েছিলেন। তাঁর একমাত্র অনুরোধ ছিল যে এ ব্যাপারে তাঁর নাম যেন কোনোভাবেই উল্লেখ করা না হয়। তাই আজও তাঁর নাম নিয়ে তাঁর প্রতি কৃতজ্ঞতা প্রকাশ করতে পারলাম না। প্রতিমা আনানো হল কলকাতা থেকে। সুন্দর একটি শোলার মূর্তি। শুনেছি আজও মস্কোর ভারতীয় দূতাবাসে এটা রাখা আছে।

পূজার এবং যজ্ঞের সামগ্রী আনানোর ব্যবস্থা করা হয়েছিল দিল্লী থেকে। এক সম্পূর্ণ অপরিচিত শিখ ব্যবসায়ী ভদ্রলোক যিনি ব্যবসাসূত্রে প্রথমবার মস্কো আসছিলেন, তিনি এয়ারপোর্ট থেকে ফোন করে বাড়ী এসে সে সমস্ত জিনিস দিয়ে গেলেন। এইভাবে চেনা-অচেনা, বাঙালী-অবাঙালী, ভারতীয়-অভারতীয় বহু সজ্জনমানুষের সাহায্যে এই পূজা সাফল্যের সঙ্গে সম্পন্ন হয়েছিল।

মায়ের পূজা ও ভোগের আয়োজন ব্যাপারে মহিলাদের এগিয়ে আসার কথা না বললে এ কাহিনী অসম্পূর্ণই থেকে যাবে। স্বামিজীর তত্ত্বাবধানে তাঁদের অক্লান্ত পরিশ্রম ছাড়া এই পূজা এত সুষ্ঠু ও নিষ্ঠাপূর্ণভাবে কখনোই করা যেত না।

প্রথম পূজা হলেও সন্ধ্যাবেলায় সাংস্কৃতিক অনুষ্ঠানের কোনো অভাব ছিল না। বাঙালীসমাজের এবং ছাত্র-ছাত্রীদের অনেকের অংশগ্রহণ ছাড়াও মনে পড়ে দূতাবাসের জহরলাল নেহেরু সংস্থার সঙ্গীত ও নৃত্যশিক্ষারত রুশী ছাত্র-ছাত্রীদের মনোজ্ঞ পরিবেশনার কথা।

আমাদের সৌভাগ্য যে প্রথম বছরেই পূজার উদ্ঘাটন করেন রামকৃষ্ণমিশনের স্বামী ৩লোকেশ্বরানন্দজী। তিনি সেইসময়ে মস্কোতে কর্মসূত্রে উপস্থিত ছিলেন। অবশ্য এ ব্যাপারেও স্বামী জ্যোতিরূপানন্দজীর সাহায্য বিশেষভাবে স্মরণীয়। আজ এই প্রথম পূজার দিনগুলির কথা ভাবলে মনে হয় স্বামী জ্যোতিরূপানন্দজীর সঙ্গে আমাদের পরিচয়ের মুহূর্তই যেন মস্কোর দুর্গাপূজার আগমনী শুভক্ষণ। তাঁর আশীর্বাদধন্য এই পূজা আজ একুশ বছর পরেও সমান উৎসাহের সঙ্গে পালিত হচ্ছে, এই আনন্দ আমাদের কাছে সবচেয়ে বড় পাওনা।

আর একটি কথা। প্রথমপূজোর পর কুড়ি বছরেরও বেশী সময় অতিবাহিত। স্মৃতিশক্তির ক্রমবর্ধমান দুর্বলতা বিশেষ করে নাম মনে রাখার ব্যাপারে, খুব কটু লাগলেও রুচ সত্য। সেই কারণেই এই লেখায় বহুলোকের, যাঁরা এই পূজার সঙ্গে প্রায় প্রথমদিন থেকেই জড়িত ছিলেন তাঁদের নাম নেওয়া হয় নি। ভয় ছিল যদি কারো নাম উল্লেখ করতে ভুলে যাই; তবে একজনের নাম ভীষণভাবে মনে পড়ছে কারণ তিনি আমাদের মাঝে আর নেই। তিনি হলেন সুবীর মজুমদার। পূজার সমস্ত কাজে সুবীরের সর্বান্তকরণ-সমর্থন না পেলে এই গুরুভার বহন করা সম্ভব হতো না। তাঁর আত্মার মঙ্গল কামনা করি।

মস্কোর আজকের দুর্গাপূজোর সকল উদ্দ্যোক্তা এবং অংশগ্রহণকারীদের আমাদের দুজনের প্রীতি-সম্ভাষণ, স্বামী জ্যোতিরূপানন্দজীকে আমাদের সশ্রদ্ধ প্রণাম এবং ভবিষ্যত কর্ণধারদের জন্য শুভেচ্ছা জানিয়ে আজকের লেখা এখানেই শেষ করি।



Dipti Rekha and Debajyoti Pal

ABAAR DEKHA HOBEY... WE LEAVE SO THAT WE CAN MEET AGAIN

We say goodbye and all the best to Dipti Rekha and Debajyoti Pal, to Ashwini & Dinesh Badgandi as their tenure in Moscow comes to an end. We shall miss you.



Suzdal memories



GREETINGS FROM DELHI...

In the midst of the ocean of Puja mandaps in and around Delhi, we do miss the puja in Moscow. It was an experience to remember. There it is a puja participated wholeheartedly by all and sundry transcending all artificial man-made barriers of country, religion, region, race, caste or language.

The contrast is vivid. Unlike in Moscow there is no white carpet spread over the roads and footpaths here. No one asks you *kak dela*. Hope we will be accorded a chance by ma Durga to visit Moscow again during puja days.

Urmi, Tista, Anjali & Prabhat Nayak

Of LionDances, DurgaPujo, Chopsticks and Medinipur.



Indranil Ray Chaudhury

Indranil was born in India but grew up in Singapore. He divides his time between his demanding job as a pilot, his responsibilities as a father of two young boys, his club-work with the Bengali Association of Singapore and his charity - work in India.

I grew up in Singapore in the 1970s - A Bengali immigrant child in a distinctly immigrant Chinese society. The social structure was completed by Malays, Eurasians and South Indians.

The juxtaposition was unique ... you need to understand the psyche of the immigrant Chinese. While I knew I had to put back a coin in the same place I found it in case the owner returned to look for it, my Chinese friend would pick it up and keep it for it became the first step on the journey to a million coins. The amalgamation of culture, language and tradition created a unique way of life where we coexisted in close proximity aware yet oblivious to each others' diversity.

I filled up "Indian" on all the spaces that required "Race" on all application forms for everything from schools to clubs. Little did I know that term "Indian" had no singular meaning. India is a country of staggering diversity, far more than what I shared with my multi-racial friends. My friends and I had a common social cocoon...one bred by an education system that thrived on manipulating young minds on being a totally result oriented society that new nations are often focused on. Culture, debate, politics or philosophy were ideas that never really cluttered our minds. I grew up in this great, tiny nation that prides itself on being the little red dot...Singa-

pore.

Bengali Association Singapore was something that my parents were involved in. From a tiny group of Kolkata Bengalis in the early days, the association has grown into a fairly large organisation. I remember being dragged to *Bangla Natoks* (Bengali Drama performances) as a child, I couldn't understand the fascination of sad songs and actors staring in the distance saying "...*ogo...chole gele?*" ("Dear...you left?" it has a whole different meaning in Bengali). The melodrama was lost on my sensibilities. My culture is loud. Any occasion in Singapore is blessed by a Lion dance. Big Chinese drums being beaten to the steps of a hyperactive Lion being manipulated by 3 extremely acrobatic gymnasts. The Lion dances to the tune of drums, gongs and firecrackers. Melodrama is a lost cause.

Two years ago, I suddenly found myself being thrust upon "The Bengali Indian". I was elected Vice President of our acclaimed club. The clash of cultures is never subtle when you are the VP of any Bengali club and you cannot debate in Bengali to save your life. After all, the essence of Bengal is debate. I do speak Bengali but it is for informal communication with my parents or relatives in Kolkata but never acquired any depth. I realized the nuances of the spoken language is totally different from what you speak at home and how it is done officially. I realized the Bengali Indian is a different creature to the namesake Bengali made in Singapore. Some dadas took me under their wing to try and re-educate me to the subtleties of being Bengali. "*tui konodin rock e boshe adda dish ni..tahole aar konodin jibon purno hoi?*" very crudely translated means "you never sat on street corner and wasted your life so your life will never be fulfilled". That is what it meant to me, yes this philosophy was fresh, new and alien. I couldn't understand Bengali jokes...they always meant something other than what was being said. And there were only two types of life-forms in the universe - the Bengali and the Non-Bengali.

Durgapuja 2009 was a return favour to my new found friends. I needed to introduce Singapore to MaDurga and how symbolic it was! I knew before, but was made acutely aware by my fellow committee members that MaDurga's *bahon* (Goddess Durga's mount) is

the Lion. DurgaPuja 2009 was opened appropriately by a full blast of noisy, colourful, robust Lion dance. It was the ultimate cultural experience where the first *dhunuchi naach* (a dance traditionally associated with DurgaPuja) was preceded by a Chinese Lion dance. My Bengali friends loved it.. "how appropriate" some said, "how untraditional" said another. "How my boy has changed... DurgaPuja organizing committee now!" said my mother.

For five sultry, humid days in September 2009, we celebrated with insane exuberance the glory of DurgaPuja... And celebrate we did! We observed every nuance from *Mahalaya* streamed on the web to *SondhiPujo* in the early hours of the morning, spiced occasionally with shots of (smuggled into Pujo site) Old Monk rum! We danced to the beat of the *Dhak* (uniquely Bengali Drums) and rocked to the rhythm of *Bhangra* (Punjabi Music). In that intoxicating atmosphere, I learnt what *adda* meant.

One thing we have in common, Singaporeans and Bengalis...our almost religious fervor, love and devotion to food. Bengalis have special dishes for certain times of the day like *Luuchi* (soft, delicious, fried round bread) for breakfast or *elish macher jhol* (an absolutely wonderful fish curry) for lunch. The Singaporean diet is less time specific. You could have *nasi lemak* (rice in coconut milk) at 6 in the morning or porridge with preserved vegetables at 3am. I have readily combined my 3 am porridge supper to the greatest tradition of "*ei ektu mishti mukh kore ja*" the tradition of having delicious sweets at every opportune moment and Oh! the wonderful, glorious *mangshor* chop! Food has to be the greatest bond that links both the cultures. The difference is how food is consumed...

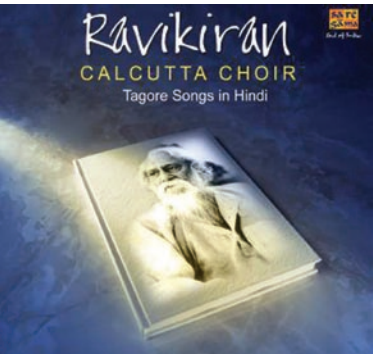
The Singaporean diet whether chili crab or *mee goreng* (fried noodles) is to be enjoyed with chopsticks, anything else and you lose the oomph of the dish; it is like having *elish maach* with a knife and fork. They just don't go...Using chopsticks come naturally to Singaporean kids. I can debone a fish with a pair of chopsticks and have it with porridge. But I admit, I have a secret fear of eating with my fingers...the grain of food lodged under my finger-nails. The thought drives me insane. So while my Bengali friends tucked into wholesome rice, *labra* (vegetable mash) and *kosha*

mangsho (rich dish of mutton), I secretly escaped to my favorite stall and got my bowl of rice and gingered pork ribs with potato, devoured with a pair chopsticks!

No Bengali tale originating beyond Howrah Station is ever complete without the prodigal son returning home for a Diamond Harbour picnic or having *roll* on Chowrongee and falling in love in a melodramatic fashion. My tale doesn't differ much. I did all of those and a little more. I fell in love with a little place called Medinipur, perhaps because of the rhythmic link to my little red dot Singapore.

Here I found my true love. A little village where there was no water, toilets, electricity or a doctor. There was but an abundance of smiles...With the help of many generous friends I started a clinic in 2000. Today the clinic has grown into an organization called Isonfund (In Service Of the Needy) that gives villagers dignity by building toilets and providing medical care and basic education. There are 8 clinics in 8 surrounding villages today. In no uncertain terms, I'm the needy one.

I realized adding "Indian" under Race means a lot more than just the colour of my skin or the language of my mother. You can contact the writer at www.isonfund.com. indranil@isonfund.com



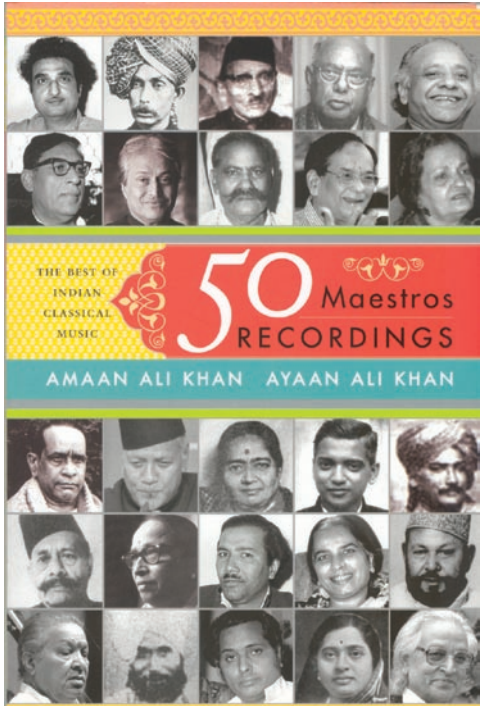
Sa Re Ga Ma's Ravi Kiran offers a special compilation of ten Tagore's best-loved songs in Hindi translation, including 'Alo Amar Alo' from Geetanjali, the collection for which he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

BIBLIOPHILE

50 Maestros Recordings – The Best of Indian Classical Music by Amaan Ali Khan and Ayaan Ali Khan is a tribute to fifty of the greatest musicians of the past 100 years – from Begum Akhtar to Bhimsen Joshi, Enayat Khan to Ravi Shankar, Bismillah Khan to Shiv Kumar Sharma, Semmangudi Iyer to M.S. Subbulakshmi. If you aim at understanding the rich tapestry of our artistic landscape, from the time of Mughal emperor Akbar to contemporary times, this book is a must read.



Amaan Ali Khan and Ayaan Ali Khan (right) at Book Release, January 2010

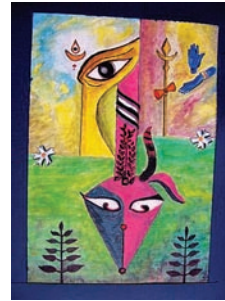


Durga : as we know Her

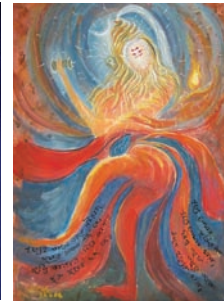


Dinesh Chakraborty

Paintings by Dipti Rekha Pal



Mahalaya



Cosmic Dance



Mahalaya

Loves reading mythologies and texts on Vedic literature. When at home in Kolkata, for a Sunday brunch he would choose luchi, begun bhaja, alu chochori and rosogolla.

October Bengal's streets are filled with commotion of people preparing for the biggest festival of the state; the commemoration of victory of Good over evil and the festive mood paints a feeling of spiritual bliss amongst the masses irrespective of their beliefs and faith.

In the streets of Kumartoli in North Kolkata and Potuapara of Kalighat, the preparations to create the image of the Goddess Durga starts months before the actual date. Idol-makers are hired from Krishnanagar, famous for their intricate clay craftsmanship. Some of these artisans have created a legacy for themselves in the art. Profession. Sri Ramesh Chandra Pal is the most reputed clay model-maker and sculptor at Kumartuli. Sri Pal moulds clay to flawless images at his Raja Nabakrishna Street studio.

Nearly eighty per cent of the community puja images in Calcutta are made at Kumartuli. Apart from the traditional clay model-makers, images by Sri Amarnath Ghosh (The idol maker of our Ma Durga at Moscow), and Anshu Malakar are carved in pith (shola) for Indians celebrating Durga Puja abroad. Light-weight images are packed in wooden crates and flown out to countries in all continents. However, no other image-maker has earned as much fame as Ghosh has and many of his creations are on display in museums abroad. Some of the earlier idols of the Moscow Durga Puja are displayed at the Centre of Oriental Studies of the Moscow State Library and at the Indian Embassy.

The icons are shaped in moulds in two distinct styles; Bangla and Do Bhasi. The contours of the Bangla mould is triangular, with a square chin, a hooked nose and bamboo-leaf eyes and brows that extend impossibly from the bridge of the nose to the hairline. The Do-Bhasi mould is much softer. The complexion is idealized like molten gold and yellow as the sun at dawn. The model-makers have a common theme. They depict the battle between Durga and Mahisasura as dictated in the Puranas (ancient texts).

The meaning of "Durga" literally translates into "the one who eliminates sufferings."

Durga's Many Arms

Durga is depicted as having eight or ten hands. This suggests that she protects from all directions.

Durga's Three Eyes

The left eye represents desire (the moon), the right eye action (the sun), and the central eye knowledge (fire).

Durga's Vehicle - the Lion

The lion represents power, will and determination. Durga riding the lion symbolises her mastery over these qualities.

Durga's Many Weapons

The conch shell in Durga's hand symbolizes the mystic word 'Om', which indicates her holding on to God in the form of sound.

The bow and arrows represent energy. By holding both in one hand, Goddess Durga indicates her control over both aspects of energy - potential and kinetic.

The thunderbolt signifies firmness. The devotee of Durga must be firm like thunderbolt.

The lotus in Durga's hand is a bud symbolizing certainty of success but not final-

ity. The lotus in Sanskrit is called "pankaja" which means born of mud. Thus, it stands for the continuous evolution of the spiritual quality of devotees amidst the worldly mud of lust and greed.

The "Sudarshan-Chakra" or beautiful discus, which spins around the index finger of the Goddess, while not touching it, signifies that the entire world is subservient to the will of Durga and is at her command. She uses this unfailing weapon to destroy evil and produce an environment conducive to the growth of righteousness.

The sword that Durga holds in one of her hands symbolizes knowledge, which has the sharpness of a sword. Knowledge which is free from all doubts, is symbolized by the shine of the sword.

Durga's trident or "trishul" is a symbol of three qualities - Satwa (inactivity), Rajas (activity) and Tamas (non-activity) - and she is remover of all three types of miseries - physical, mental and spiritual.

Devi Durga stands on a lion in a fearless pose of "Abhay Mudra", signifying as-

urance of freedom from fear. The universal mother seems to be saying to all her devotees: "Surrender all actions and duties onto me and I shall release thee from all fears"



МАРКА №1 В РОССИИ*

MacCoffee®



* по данным категории пакетированного кофе компании AC Nielsen за 2010 год
товар сертифицирован

How green is My Planet?



Cheetah is my favourite animal and I love cricket.
I drew a Cheetah family because family looks nice.



Ishan Purohit
3 class



I play
lawn tennis
and like light blue.



Laxmikant Kumar
3 class



Kunal Lilani
3 class



I love dodge ball and my favourite colour is red.



Rubaiyat Mashrafi
1 class



I like elephants and I think
purple is a nice colour.



Aanya Gupta
1 class

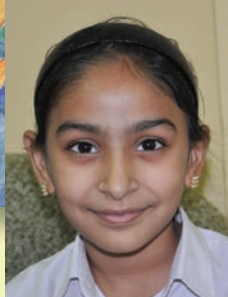
Damir Rahimi
1 class



I love crocodiles and playing in the computer.



I chose dolphin because it cute.



Isha Patel
3 class

Ayushi Das
2 class

**Blue is my favourite
colour and I think birds
are cute.**

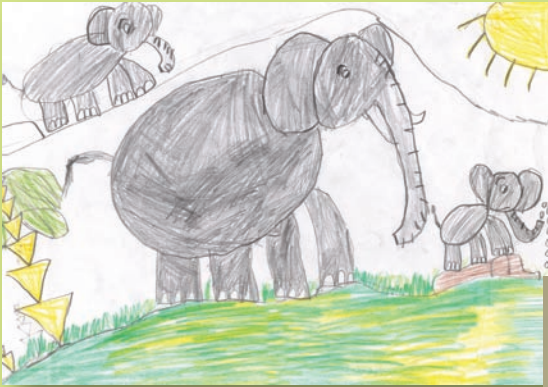


I love sunflowers.



Arshima Vera Lodge
2 class





My elephant is going to drink water in the river. I like to play the lock and key game.



Viraj Bhardwaj
1 class



Simranjit Kaur
2 class

I love blue so
my dinauseaur
is also blue and
it is smiling
because it is
very happy.



Pervez Arman
1 class



I play video games.



Adwitiya
Srivastava
3 class



My favourite bird is crane and I love football.

I drew a mother and child cat
and the mouse is their friend.
Lotus is my favourite colour.



Suman Patra
1 class



Samrat Gupta
2 class



I like red and play indoor games.

ESSAY CONTEST

Aaratrika in conjunction with EOI School Moscow conducted an essay contest 'How Green is My Planet' from Classes 4 to 12. In the face of the recent adverse ecological conditions in Moscow, these are some of the selected essays.



*Arya Hota
Class 9*

ARE INDIAN VILLAGES ESSENCE OF GREEN LIVING? IF YES THEN SHOULD OUR CITIES BECOME LIKE NEW YORK AND SINGAPORE?

One day, in a traffic jam, I started thinking why people lived in cities? There are traffic jams and pollution yet we continue to live in cities.

The people in Moscow go to their dachas to rest. They say that pollution is bad in Moscow so why do they live here? This was something I had to discuss with Dad. When he arrived, I asked him why do people live in cities when they like villages better? His answer was that big jobs are in cities. That is why villages are abandoned and cities grow.

I asked if people sometimes left cities to go to villages. "Sometimes" he said. Indians abandoned cities like Haddapa and Mohenjodaro and went back to villages. "But why?" I asked.

He answered with a question "What would happen if the drainage system would somehow close?"

I imagined the city first. We wouldn't be able to go to toilet and all around there would be human waste. In the village the concentration of people is low so the environment is able to clean up the organic waste. In the cities the waste has chemical and is non-biodegradable.

Dad asked whether we could live in Moscow without electricity? "No" I said. We would have to climb 22 floors every day. Air conditioners wouldn't work and water supply also wouldn't be possible. The metro wouldn't work.

"But what if we lived in the village?" he asked. I thought about it and then realized there wouldn't be much problem. People in villages do not require air conditioners as there is nature which provides them with fresh air. In cities however, due to pollution, the air becomes hot and stuffy. Dad asked me if I know how many cases of swine flu were there in villages and how many in cities. I said that cities had more cases because there are so many people in metros and malls so these diseases spread fast.

So should we destroy all the industries as they are creating so much pollution? - "Of course not! If industries are destroyed then from where will we get clothes, and processed food?"

Industries should be established but not at the cost of nature.

To which he said "You have your answer. Villages are preferred as they are less polluted, there is fresh air with nature nearby. But we have to go to cities for employment. So Moscovites stay in the city and when they can they rush to their dachas.

Then I understood if factories are nonpolluting and villages have jobs and facilities then we do not need cities like New York or Singapore. Big cities actually grow at the loss of villages and at the cost of nature."



*Shinjini
Bhattacharjee
Class 7*

CLIMATE IS CHANGING – MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING?

Although we are aware of the temperature increases happening around the globe, little is done to stop it. Promises were made at the Kyoto meeting of climate change but countries have neglected carrying them out.

Countries of North America of Europe witness heavy pollution due to practicing lifestyles which guzzle fossil fuels. People produce greenhouse gases like carbon dioxide which heats up the globe. This is Global Warming.

The average temperature of the atmosphere has risen by 0.74 degrees Celsius. The ice sheets in the Arctic and Antarctic Circles are melting. Polar bears and penguins will become extinct one day if this continues.

This sudden change in the atmosphere leads to forest fires which we had in Russia resulting in heavy smog in Moscow and St. Petersburg while floods happened in Pakistan.

We can save our Earth; avoid using large cars which emit harmful gases, save electricity and plant trees. It's up to you to help improve your environment.

Reduce; Reuse; Recycle



*Vaibhav Guglani
Class 5*

HOW CAN WE MAKE THE EARTH A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN?

Earth is our only home and we must look after it otherwise we will spoil it for our children.

We can help by reducing the release of carbon dioxide. Switch off electrical appliances when not in use. Energy is made by burning fossil fuels which generate carbon dioxide so let's use solar power, wind power and bio gas instead.

Forests are the lungs of the planet. We should protect animals and birds and not buy goods made from ivory and fur. Most paper, plastic and glass can be recycled. We should save water. We should recycle green waste like vegetable peelings as this makes good compost and is environmentally-friendly.

We can join groups such as Greenpeace, Friends of Earth or we can form green clubs at school.



*M.N. Rahul Kashyap
Class 4*

SAVE ENVIRONMENT

Today modern civilization is polluting the environment. If we do not care for our environment the future is extinct for us. Let's promise to save the environment by caring for the little things. Use paper bags, mass transport, less chemical and solar energy. Care for the environment the environment will care for us in terms of less diseases and less calamities.

Environment and humans are interdependent. I give carbon dioxide, tree gives oxygen. Give good things to the environment and it will always take care of us. Say "Save ourselves" instead of "save the world" or "save the Environment".



*Dhananjay Sharma
Class 8*

GLOBAL WARMING

What is Global Warming? When you visit a doctor he records your body temperature and if it is higher than the normal body temperature it means that you are unwell. Similarly, when the earth's temperature increases, it means that our earth is ill! The rise in our body temperature is called fever; when the same happens to the earth, it is called Global Warming.

Causes: The increase in green house gases is the main reason for global warming. The ozone layer is considered vital for our environmental balance. Depletion of the ozone layer creates havoc. Continuous deforestation is another factor.



*Sadhika Singh
Class 7*

GREEN STEPS – SMALL STEPS FOR MANKIND

Increasing carbon levels in the environment due to pollution causes frequent floods, earthquakes and storms; increasing extremities of weather are indicators of mankind upsetting the balance of nature.

Deforestation is also a culprit. Fewer trees should be cut and wastage of paper reduced. Public awareness about all these factors is crucial. This planet is our home and we must take care of it.

We can stop this from happening by being responsible. We must plant trees and not use non-degradable things.

Green is the colour of peace but countries fight with one another even though they have a lot in common. Pakistan fights with India even though they were once one country. Whites discriminate against blacks even though they belong to the same country.

We must work together to make this world a better place.



*Sagarika Sanyal
Class 6*

"GREEN" WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Green symbolises peace, safety, youth, nature and life. Green also indicates better environment, growth, harmony and animal-protection. Green is healing for the eyes.

For our planet, green means greenery, danger-free animal kingdom, pollution-free environment and peaceful mankind. To be green means modifying the way we live; planting more trees, not misusing energy and using energy to create energy. It means recycling, using limited resources discriminately so that future generations can survive and our home planet can live longer.



*Snigdha Mohan
Class 9*

HOW GREEN IS OUR EARTH

Unlike ancient times, humans are going further away from nature. We use cars and scooters instead of bicycles or public transport or walk. Automobiles are definitely the greatest source of pollution. Cars and industries release gases that pollute the air. Many dangerous toxins are released while burning fossil fuel and plastics. The animals that live in these places and some plants are destroyed by our carelessness.

Rain is supposed to be healthy for plants and trees but not acid rain which is caused by a mixture of compounds of nitrogen and carbon released by industries.

Trees are being cut down for various uses such as for fuel, constructing huts and to make space. Trees play an important role in the water cycle too.

Pollution has caused many problems and one of the major concerns is global warming. Glaciers are melting and sea level is rising.

We discuss these issues at seminars all the time but what do we actually do to stop it? By doing small things such as proper usage of water, recycling, turning

off the lights when not required, we can make a change.

What matters is the present and what we do now will determine our future.



*Anushka Dhar
Class 6*

GREEN - WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU

Green is a secondary colour and is one of the colours seen in a rainbow. When we look around in Moscow, the most prominent colour around is green. This green colour comes from a plant which is living. So to me green means life. This colour is abundant in nature and signifies growth, renewal, health and environment.

It is believed that green has healing effects on eyes. Egyptians wore green eyeliner and green eyeshades are still used to calm eyes. Green is the colour found in vegetables and raw fruits and is the source of vitamins and minerals. We should eat lots of greens for good health.

Green is associated with the seasons. It is the colour of spring and new leaves. Thus to me green means something new, fresh and full of life forces.

Green, one of the colours of our national flag signifies prosperity. Green means learning. The green traffic light is one example which allows us to go on, so green is the sign of progress. This colour is very important to us and so we must protect this colour by preserving our environment.



*Vanshi Bangia
Class 6*

GREEN - WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

**"Green, that was the colour of life
Green, that was the sign to unite
Green, that was the sign for earth right
Green, a symbol for oasis paradise".**

Green to me means peace.

Greenery is the lifeline of any country. It is the warmth of my mother's love. It is the sign of abundance.

I enjoy the greenery of the ever-green

songs of Lata Mangeskar. But it is also the sign of jealousy and inexperience.

Green relaxes us mentally and physically.

We must stop chopping down trees so that the world will become a greener place to live in.

Green is the prime colour of the world so let us retain it.



*M. Sahana Parvath
Class 12*

WHO TOOK MY BLUE SKY?

"Brrrrringgg!" My alarm violently reminded me to shut my Physics notebook and begin tormenting myself with some Chemistry. Like an obedient slave, I moved to cooperate when my little sister's banging on my door now proceeded to the level that proved impossible to ignore. Time to let her in.

"Sahana look out! The sky is so grey" The smog, I recalled. It was still there?!

There was a petulant hassle at the balcony and then she looked at me wide-eyed, like some artist displaying a masterpiece, with arms waving about wide open.

Well, it was just misty. Same as in the morning. After reassuring her, I returned to the oxides of Nitrogen. But apparently, there was more significance to the amount of carbon monoxide ruling the skies.

The following night none of us could fall asleep. It was a hot summer night which demanded open windows. Thanks to the smog which just seemed to worsen, we were curbed from letting air in. Deprived of fresh air and utterly flabbergasted at our situation, we tossed and turned in our blankets. Somehow, dawn arrived.

People tend to practice "bird watching". When I need some inspiration or simply need to get a challenging answer without coming across the folds of confusion, I look up to the sky. But there was no baby blue to greet me in the morning. It was a grey shadow all around me, imposing its suffocation. The absence of a clear view saddened my spirits. I had a math test to worry about, so I put the clouds out of my head as I went to school.

The seriousness of the situation startled me at a turn. One can clearly see the Moscow State University at this

point. As we approached the spot, it was literally nowhere to be seen. Craning to all the possible directions my neck would allow me to without snapping, I hunted for it in vain.

Everything seemed to be pretty normal at school until the second period. Our classroom is a dingy, isolated corner that is usually cut-off from the hubbaloos outside. News walks in a little later to us. We were told to go home. Children were excited to be sent back home almost immediately after reaching school. My friend who had to commute to classes was wearing a mask. I panicked at the very sight of it.

The smog now enveloped such a thick layer that we could only see someone if they were within a circle of radius 1 and half meters. With a solemn goodbye to one and all, I trudged home. Not surprisingly, the school was declared closed for the next 4 days.

The smog was catastrophic. I have heard such intense calamities happen always to someone else. Not in my vicinity. But sitting there at my table, surveying the hues of dull grey, I realized that we were all "somebody else" to somebody else. Nature was truly furious at all of us. All those threats about 2012 came back to me, haunting me steadily.

The newsreader's head moved animatedly on the TV, informing us Muscovites about the "killer smog". It was not very pleasant to know that we were inhaling as much smoke as smoking 3 packs of cigarettes a day would provide a chain smoker with.

The areas around Moscow were burning up and only a rain would cool and settle it all down. At this, my friend joked asking me to sing a rain song just like Tansen. I closed my eyes and quietly prayed... Subconsciously humming the tune of "Barso Re Megha".



*Sagnik
Bhattacharjee
Class 12*

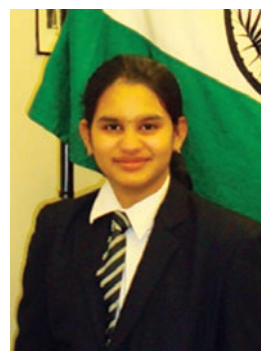
RUSSIAN FOREST FIRE-RESTORATION AND RECOVERY

What some of the world's greatest military leaders such as Napoleon Bonaparte and Adolf Hitler could not do to Russia, Mother Nature did it in one stroke. From 29th July to 13 August, 2010, due to phenomenal increase in temperature, Russia was on fire. The excessive heat in a country which was not prepared for such a climatic transaction led to the "2010 Russian Wildfire".

Wildfires broke out across Russia. 240,000 people were mobilized to tackle this. Water bombers and helicopters put down the fire from air while firefighters and volunteers fought the flames on the ground. Russian military fought alongside the firefighters. Assistance arrived from many countries.

Soon heavy downpours soaked Moscow and nearby areas, bringing further relief. Nearly all forest fires in the country were extinguished but the aftermath remained. The government took measures for the restoration and pay compensation for those affected. Homeless victims were promised 100,000 roubles each.

52 people died and 2,000 homes were destroyed in the blaze. At an international meeting on July 30, Russian President announced that "what's happening with the planet's climate right now needs to be a wake-up call".



*T. Maitreyi
Class 10*

EMBELLISH THE EARTH

"Treat the Earth well. It was not given to you by your parents. It was loaned to you by your children".

Mother Earth was once a place of lush green grass, sweet scented air, fertile lands and fresh running river water but its beauty has been replaced by ash grey industries, smoky and carbon dominant air, dug out mine pits and polluted river water. Our progress should not upset the ecological balance. This is called sustainable development.

Once the ecosystem is damaged,

natural calamities happen.

Russia witnessed state of emergency in some regions because of fires, while in other regions it was due to crop failure caused by drought. Assistance in extinguishing the fires came from countries like China, the European Union, Baltic States and the CIS.

China and Pakistan were flooded. Jammu and Kashmir experienced avalanches and in Iran, a 6.5 magnitude earthquake left thousands of people homeless. We practiced deforestation, urbanization, industrialization and pollution which resulted in these "man-made" disasters.

It is not too late to make changes. We can start off by planting trees in our compounds. We can find better and cleaner alternatives to wood and other conventional sources of energy. Avoid the use of plastic bags.

Small as it may seem, these deeds can make a tremendous difference.

***"Can earth be Earth when all it's trees
are gone,
And sudy waters have become unfit,
And poisoned life no longer greets
the dawn
With raucous sounds that death
has caused to quit?
Will trees no longer wave,
with limbs unfurled,
On hapless earth, that ever in orbit roams?
Will human ego sacrifice the world
To satiate its lust for pompous homes?
Will distant space look down on orb
that's bald.
I now can hear the mother say,
"I was once called Earth.
But now, bereft of mirth, I weep.
That treeless orb's no longer Earth".***



Arathi.P.S
Class 5

WHAT SHOULD WE DO TO LET EARTH CONTINUE TO LIVE

Each person has a responsibility to save this world. If we work as a team we can make the world better. God has given us earth to live in and not to destroy it like a careless child destroys a toy.

Plastic bags pollute. Instead use things that will not. Try not to use vehicles that pollute.

Take a look around and see what we have done to our Earth. If you do something about protecting the earth then you have a true reason to be proud of yourself.



Ishita Kumar
Class 6

GREEN- WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Now basically when someone says "green" I think it means trees.

Trees give us so many things: food, fibres for clothes, wood, perfumes, oxygen and beautify our surroundings.

And what do we give them? We CUT them down, we burn them.

We have to do something about this cutting of trees.

My suggestion is for every tree cut, we plant two. That way we can restore them or Earth will be totally destroyed without them!

As the nature loving folk of Rajasthan- the Bishnois say "Plants can live without us but we cannot live without them".



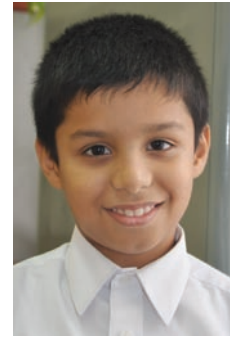
Satchit Rose
Class 8

THE CLIMATE IS CHANGING - MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING?

Climate has attempted to destroy humanity. We can see several natural disasters happening; Haiti earthquake, Chile earthquake, Turkey earthquake, Pakistan floods, Russia wildfires. Factories pollute the air, produce heat and carbon dioxide which lead to global warming that causes these calamities to happen. Some of them are unavoidable but some are our fault.

Recently I experienced the Russian wildfires. The smoke from them covered all of Moscow. People were in masks. I couldn't see my neighbor's building and I saw trucks and factory chimneys emitting even more smoke into the mist. Even with all the smoke from wildfires this is still an addition.

It is vital to realise the importance of stopping pollution. We are harming the ecological balance and ruining nature. We should plant trees, preserve resources and save the world. Our actions are causing calamities and we must realize it.



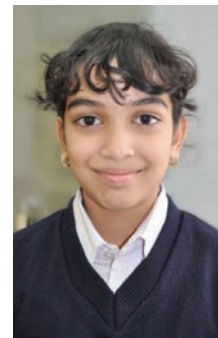
Vishwas Mishra
Class 4

NOT TO POLLUTE THE EARTH

Earth is close enough to the sun to receive energy, but far enough not to be burnt. It is the zone where the conditions are just right for life. To keep these conditions right, our planet is covered in a layer of greenhouse gases. This layer keeps the globe warm like a blanket, saving it from the cold universe, commonly referred to as the greenhouse effect. Normal weather condition allows all living things to live.

Pollution however, changes the climate and this in turn causes melting glaciers, rising sea levels, stronger storms, higher floods, less snow in the north and more drought in the south. Endless burning of limited fuel like coal, oil and natural gas to satisfy our hunger for energy also affects the climate.

Because of this all living things may die one day but this is reversible so let's act now!



Yukta Rose
Class 4

GREEN -WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?

Plants are important parts of our life and we must preserve them.

If we cut plants then we won't have rain and without rain the rivers will dry. We get fruits and vegetables from plants. When we cut plants we break the food chain because if cows don't get grass to eat how do we get milk to drink? Without plants we will die. The plants make the Earth look beautiful.

We get oxygen from plants. We have to plant more and cut less. We all like mangoes but if we cut down the trees then how do we get the mangoes?

Birds lay eggs but if we cut down trees where will the birds keep their nests? Bees can't pollinate if there are no flowers and without flowers bees can't collect nectar and make honey. Flowers make the world beautiful.



Bhoomika Varshney
Class 12

HOW GREEN IS OUR EARTH?

To live on this earth we require many essentials including fresh air and vegetation. We must have one sixth of the Earth with green cover to have a balanced amount of oxygen.

Growing industrialization and urbanization require land which comes at the cost of green cover. Now we have concrete jungles and smoking industries with waste products adding to the pollution. This has caused flooding in many areas.

Floods happen because of growing urbanization and increased deforestation. If there would have been trees then they would have held the water back.

In Russia, only 5 to 6 cities are populated and the rest is covered with thick vegetation. Recently, to construct a highway connecting Moscow and St.Petersburg, following the Mayor's orders, forests were burnt. This resulted in the release of carbon monoxide, a harmful gas. It spread and increased Moscow's average summer temperature to 40 degree C and broke the record of 80 years.

Each one of us should plant a tree to make our future better.

THOSE WHO NO LONGER GO TO SCHOOL



Rick Das

With friends

I am currently in my 3rd year studying Tourism and Hotel Management at People's Friendship University and doing an amazing internship with the Radisson Royal Moscow Hotel (ex-Hotel Ukraine). When time permits, I relax with literature reading recent works of Orhan Pamuk and Sulman Rushdie. Here's wishing one and all a very Special and Happy Durga Puja!



Ashwini K. Tripathi –
Hindi teacher
EOI School



NEW FRIENDS OF AARATRIKA...



Google India celebrates Ethnic Day on Durga Puja at Hyderabad headquarters, Soumyajit third from left.

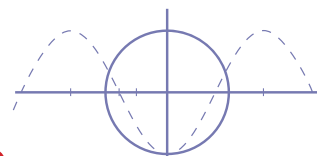
"I am Soumyajit, and I work for Google India. There are many Bengalis working at our Hyderabad office and we are very happy to know about the existence and long life of Aaratrika magazine to celebrate Durga Puja. This is indeed a great initiative to capture the true spirit and essence of Durga Puja, collate wishes, talents of Indian Diaspora on an annual basis and make this a moment for everyone to come together. On behalf of all of us, I wish you the very best to grow from strength to strength and your readers to grow by leaps and bounds. Good luck to the Indian Community on this joyous occasion. Stay Green, stay healthy, stay happy!"

कविवर स्वीन्द्र

रवियों में इन्द्र सरिस
कवियों में इन्द्र सरिस
नाथों के नाथ सरिस
साथी के साथ सरिस
सौन्दर्य सुधा के साधक तुम
श्रुति दिव्य गिरा आराधक तुम ॥ १ ॥
जब हिमगिरि - दिव्य गुफाओं में
सिद्धों की सरस सभाओं में |
जगती का आता ध्यान कभी
प्रकृति का करते मान सभी ॥
तब तुम जैसा देदीप्यमान
नक्षत्र धरा पर आता है |
शत पञ्चाशत वर्षोपरि भी
नित - नूतन सा जो भाता है ॥
तुम वही सिद्ध संकल्प संत
जिसकी सुगंध दस दिग्दिगंत
बहती झरनों की कल - कल में
लिपटी जननी के आँचल में
अवनी तल से अंबर तल में
कण - कण में तिरती पल - पल में ॥
हिंसा व घृणा के बाधक तुम ॥ २ ॥
सौन्दर्य सुधा के साधक तुम
श्रुति - दिव्य गिरा आराधक तुम ॥
बंगाल धन्य वह काल धन्य,
तुम जनमें जब वह साल धन्य |
भूभाग धन्य, भूपाल धन्य,
तुम निज जननी के लाल धन्य ॥
भारत - भू तुम पर गर्वित है
तब नाम सुधा सम चर्चित है |
तुम पृकृति नटी के नायक हो
तुम पृकृति राग के गायक हो ॥
पुष्पों के रस की मसि करके
थे कभी लिखा करते कविता
मानों अद्भुत उन वर्णों की -
गंधों की मादक सुर सरिता ॥
तुम शब्द सलिल बन स्वयं
सदा साकार हो उठे अग-जग में |
तेरी महिमा का सुख दर्शन
मानव कर सकता पग - पग में ॥
तुम आए धरती पर मानव -
बन, मानवता-सुख शांति दूत |
तुम को प्रणाम हे विश्वात्मा
हे "सरस" पूत भारत सपूत ॥
हो शांतिछत्र आच्छादक तुम
जन - जन के मन आह्लादक तुम ॥ ३ ॥

सौन्दर्य सुधा के साधक तुम
श्रुति - दिव्य गिरा आराधक तुम ॥
विनीत
आचार्य अश्विनी कुमार त्रिपाठी "सरस"
जन्म--48 01 1960
स्थान - फतेहपुर (उ० प्र०) भारत
शिक्षा - एम. ए. संस्कृत, हिंदी,
साहित्याचार्य, बी.एड. आयुर्वेदरत्न
संप्रति - स्नातकोत्तर शिक्षक - हिंदी
भारतीय राजदूतावास विद्यालय मास्को
02.04.2010.

Moment Forte



$$f'(x) = \lim_{x \rightarrow 0} \frac{f(x + \Delta x) - f(x)}{\Delta x}$$

Lara Kotwani

4 years, Kids Club



I won the 1st prize in the painting contest in junior category during Onam.

Lekshmi Reghunath

Class 6,
EOI



Won 1st prize for Bharatanatyam in "young talent search" conducted by Subhash Cultural Club, Kerala in 2009. She continues to learn with Russian teachers while taking classes in India during her vacations. Since one dance form is not enough, she is learning Mohiniattam as well. Lekshmi dreams of becoming an astronaut and a dancer.

Jewel Ghosh

Final year medical student, Peoples' Friendship University



Jewel receiving Bangladeshi Businessmen Association RBCCI scholarship from Dr. S. M. Saiful Hoque, Ambassador of Bangladesh for his academic performance, December 2009.



Arko with his mother

Andrei is not only mathematically inclined having won the 1st prize in the Moscow Mathematics Olympiad, but loves the arts too. He plays the guitar, sings and his paintings have graced our journal from time to time.



Budding champion
Kamya

Kamya

Praveen Nair

Class 2, EOI

I won the medal in 50m swimming competition for young swimmers conducted by ГОУ ДООЦ Дельфин (Government Educational Establishment - Children's Education & Recreational Centre DOLPHIN).



Andrei Garzon

Class 7,
School #1317

Aniruddh R. Iyer

Class 6, EOI

I was there at the 30 over's cricket match between Teams MOSLIONS and OMEGA at the Moscow State University on 28.08.10. It was raining cats and dogs and I thought that the match would be cancelled. But to my surprise, not only was the match in progress but people's excitement was there to see. Cricket for me is something new but both my parents are big cricket fans and were explaining to me the rules of the game. MOSLIONS won by scoring one run more at 297 runs. Mr. Ajay Jadeja was in Moscow to watch the game and I went up to him to have a picture taken. My mom told me that he used to be a great fielder and cheered the whole team. True to his image, he was very cheerful and friendly towards kids too.



With cricketer Mr. Ajay Jadeja

Aman Agarwal

Age 14, Junior Tennis player



Playing Under 16s at
Mercedes Cup, Germany,
August 2010

Aman started playing tennis at the age of 7 in a club in Mumbai, India. At the age of 8, he was representing Mumbai in inter-district tournaments for the Under 10 age group.

Aman has won over 25 tournaments in Russia and Europe in the last 4 years. In 2007-08, he won the Championship of Moscow, twice consecutively. He has also represented Moscow and Russia in the same year.

Aman has recently been signed up by IMG Worldwide, the largest and most successful talent, sports and event Management Company in the world, to manage his career.

While pursuing his tennis, Aman finds time to continue his schoolwork. He studies at the Amity International School in Delhi, in the 9th standard and his school is

very supportive. He is fluent in Russian, German, English and Hindi, which helps him when he plays in different countries. In the last year alone Aman has played in over 9 countries.

Aman has a Bengali mother and has been attending Durga Puja since he was a toddler and loves eggrolls that go hand in hand with Puja celebrations.



Winner, Pecs Junior
Hungary, June 2010,
Tennis Europe

Shombuddha Majumdar (Arko)

One of our own EOI School Moscow students, Arko, who studied here till 6th Grade, has just graduated from the Gandhi Memorial International School in Jakarta. He landed himself a place at the prestigious Symbiosis Center of Management Studies in Pune to pursue a Bachelor of Business Administration (BBA) degree. Not so little anymore, our Arko is 6'3" tall with size 13 shoes!

PLETHICO wishes you all a very happy
Durga-Puja & Dushera!

ТРАВИСИЛ

Таблетки и сироп от кашля
и боли в горле на основе трав



ТерасилTM
Верное средство для устранения симптомов ангины

Антибактериальные, антисептические таблетки от боли в горле



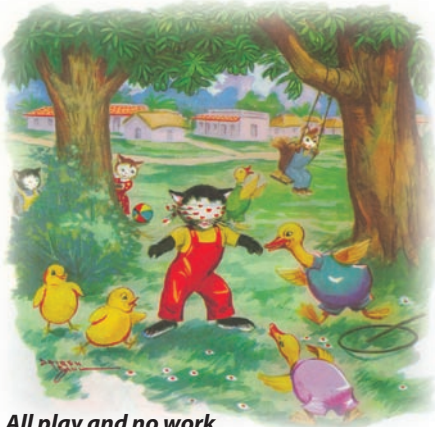
plethico ПЛЕТХИКО ФАРМАСЬЮТИКАЛЗ ЛТД.

Эксклюзивный дистрибьютор на территории Российской Федерации ЗАО «РЕЗЛОВ»
www.rezlov.ru

ПЕРЕД ПРИМЕНЕНИЕМ ВНИМАТЕЛЬНО ИЗУЧИТЕ ИНСТРУКЦИЮ ЛИБО ПРОКОНСУЛЬТИРУЙТЕСЬ С ВРАЧОМ

Aaratrika is a family magazine and
this year we have something special for our littlest ones -
a lovely story with pictures that all Bengali children in India grow up with

TUTU AND BHUTU



All play and no work

When school was out and the afternoons were long and hot, Bhutu, the kitty would play in the mangrove with his little friends.



Will they be lunch?

One day, as they were playing blind-man's buff, Bhutu got a bit excited and pounced on his two chick friends, Chana and Pana. His chick friends, Chow and Mien were scared stiff.



Humanity beckons...

When he got home that evening and his mother found out that he had hurt his friends, she was most displeased. She told him sternly-we have

left the habit of eating raw meat a very long time ago and now are civilized like human beings. Bhutu, as cats normally are, was eager for some meat so his mother told him if he caught a fish, she will cook him a feast with it. So off went Bhutu along with his friend Hashu the duck, with their fishing rod and a pot of worms for bait.



Pond pond everywhere but nowhere to fish!

Finding the a perfect pond that was teeming with fish, Bhutu sat down to catch one of them but was told off by Bok the policeman that as the pond belonged to the government no one was allowed to fish there. Bhutu moved on and found another pond and here too he could not fish for this place belonged to the kingfisher who did not want to share the fish in his pond.



Victory finally!

Finally, Bhutu found the right pond and caught such a huge carp that it would not fit into his little pail. His friends, Tutu and Bhulu who were playing nearby helped him find a bamboo pole and hung the fish from it and together they carried the fish home.



Feasting no fasting

Mother was pleased as she cooked for a whole day making many different types of fish dishes; macher kaliya, macher korma, mach bhaja, macher jhal and macher tok.



Friendship without barriers

When dinner was nearly ready, Bhutu went off to fetch his friends. But it was raining heavily and it was difficult for his friends to reach him as the paths started to flood. To get across the pools of water, Bhutu cleverly made a bridge with some planks he found.



Bountiful Dinner

That evening, in the light of a splendid lamp, everyone had a delicious dinner.



*Wishes happy
Durga Puga and Dushera to all
Indian community in Moscow!*



Представительство "КАДИЛА ФАРМАСЬЮТИКАЛЗ ЛТД."
119571 г. Москва, Ленинский проспект 148, оф. 205
Тел.: 8 (495) 937 5736 www.cadilapharma.com



Smt. Rashmi Mishra, principal EOI

FROM THE PRADHANACHARYA'S DESK...

***"Athithi aapka swagat hai,
swagat hai, swagat hai
Harsh harsh
Jay jay!"***

That's how on 11th September 2010 the children of Embassy of India School Moscow (EOI) greeted Dr. A. P. J. Abdul Kalam the 11th President of India during his visit to the school. The children had lined up along the four storied staircase chanting those words in an enthusiastic rhythmic manner so that Dr. Kalam could feel the warmth at every step of the way. Mrs. Rashmi Mishra, principal EOI proudly showed Aaratrika the board where Dr Kalam's signature message stood out 'Dear Students! Knowledge makes you great!'

Aaratrika: Please tell us about Dr. Kalam's visit to your school. How did it go?

Our children were extremely proud and thrilled that Dr. Kalam spent almost two hours with us interacting, talking, at times brainstorming and even simply cracking up. He stressed on the importance of education, learning from life of great men and developing an over-all, well-rounded education that brings out the strength of each student. His charismatic speech and joie de vivre will remain in the memories of all in EOI.

Aaratrika: Your reflections on the occasion of Tagore's 150th birthday?

This is a memorable event to be celebrated and I would urge people to

lunge into his sea of poems, short stories and plays. My personal favourite is Geetanjali, I keep reading it from time to time. Flute, Where the Mind is Without Fear and Flower to name are a few of the many poems that I adore.

Aaratrika: Your favourite Russian author would be?

Undoubtedly Leo Tolstoy. Glorious novels like War and Peace and Anna Karenina makes one contemplate and can change your entire thinking, view of life.

Aaratrika: You mentioned traveling to the Golden Ring cities, how was the experience?

In order to understand the wide historic landscape of this country, I decided to travel a bit. I had a very interesting and enjoyable trip to Suzdal and Sergiev Posad. These Russian cities have a strong character arising from their rich heritage, the gorgeous icons and the churches with the massive golden domes are very fascinating.

Aaratrika: As always we like to end with food which is an integral part of Durga Puja's celebration. Your favourite festive food would be?

Chaat and dahi vada and I never refrain from rosogolla and sandesh.

Aaratrika: Your message for our readers would be?

My best wishes remain with Aaratrika. My tenure is coming to an end and this would probably be my last puja in Moscow but even from India I would like to stay in touch with you all. I wish Aaratrika a very long life and popularity not only inside Russia but in the world outside, you surely do have the potential. Happy puja to all!



Dr. A. P. J. Abdul Kalam during his visit to EOI



Dr. Kalam's wishes for the students

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS FROM



AVANTAGE
BIO PHARM

ADVANTAGE OF BEING HEALTHY



**DISTRIBUTION & MARKETING NETWORK
ALL OVER RUSSIA**

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTOR OF



CADILA
PHARMACEUTICALS
LIMITED



সুমিত সনগুপ্ত

Sumit Sengupta

Nothing to declare, Love silently,
Listen carefully...

My favourite music is Raga
Malkauns in sitar by Ustad
Vilayat Khan with Samta Prasad
on tabla.

Sundays are best with parathas
and kosha
mansho, good nolen gurer
sandesh with misti doi.

আর টুকরো টা না থাকলে কি করবি? ভাই বলেছিল, আমি মরে গেলেও এই টুকরোটাকে ছাড়ব না। তারপর দশ বছর কেটে গেছে, আমি নানা দীপে সেনা দলের সঙ্গে যুদ্ধে গিয়েছি, শুধু দিনে রাতে কখনও সময় পেলেই টুকরোটাকে কানের কাছে নিয়ে শুনবার চেষ্টা করতাম আমাদের কুয়ার ধারের কেচছা। একমাত্র কে কি বলল, সেটাই যে, আমাকে ছোটবেলায় বুঝতে সাহায্য করত বাইরের দুনিয়ার কথা। একদিন আমাকে সেনা দল থেকে ছেড়ে দেওয়া হল, বাড়ী ফিরে এসে কাউকেই দেখতে পেলাম না, শুনলাম, সবাই এক সাথে মারা গিয়েছে। আমি বুঝতে পারলাম, কেন আমাকে সেনাবাহিনী থেকে ছেড়ে দেওয়া হয়েছে। আমাদের কুয়ার ধারে কেউই আর আসে না, যে আমাকে বলবে কি হয়েছিল। ঘর বাড়ী সব খালি, শুধু কিছু কুকুর, বেড়াল থাকে। তারা আমাকে দেখে একটু শব্দও করে নি। আমি কয়েকদিন ধরে সবাইকে খুঁজলাম, এক পথিক দরবেশ শুধু বলেছিল যে, আমার বড় ফুফা খালি শিশুর বাড়ীতে ছিল বলে বেচে গেছে, তবে তার শিশুর বাড়ীটা কোথায় তা আর কেউ বলতে পারল না। আমি একদিন মাঝ রাত্রে ঘুম ভেঙে উঠে দেখি, আমার লোহার টুকরোটা মাটিতে পড়ে আছে, তখন মনে হল, যাই ভাইয়েরটা খুঁজে দেখি। হয়তো তাহলে গত দশ বছরে আমি যা জানতে পারি নি, তার কিছুটা অন্তত জানতে পারবো। কবরখানায় গিয়ে ভাইয়ের কবর খুঁড়ে খুঁজতে শুরু করলাম ওর লোহার টুকরোটা। সব জায়গা খুঁজেও না পেয়ে মনে হল হয়ত ভাই মরার আগে খেয়ে ফেলেছিল ওর টুকরোটা, যাতে কেউ নিয়ে না নেয়। সব পেটটা চিরেছি, এমন সময় কবরখানায় পাহারাদার এসে এমন চিংকার শুরু করল যে, সেনারা এসে আমাকে দেখে ভাবল যে, আমি হয় পাগল, নয়তো মরা মানুষের মাংস খাই। আমার কথা কেউ শুনতেই চায় নি, আদালতেও না। আমার ফুফা কোথায় থাকে তা কেউ বলতে পারল না, তাই আমাকে কেউ বিশ্বাসও করল না। আমাকে এই জেলে পাঠিয়ে দেওয়া হল। তারপর থেকে তুমি তো সবই জানো।

তারপর অনেকদিন কেটে গেছে, ইরওয়ান্দি ছাড়া পেয়ে চলে গেছে। ইউসুফ কিন্তু ইরওয়ান্দির ভুলতে পারে নি। ইউসুফ একদিন গেল ইরওয়ান্দি কোথায় কেমন আছে খোঁজ নিতে। জায়গাটা খুঁজে পেতে কষ্ট হল না, কারণ দীপটাই ছোট যেখানে সে থাকে। সেই দীপের একেবারে কোনায় সমুদ্রের ধারে একটা পাথরের পুরনো বাড়ীতে ইরওয়ান্দি একা বসেছিল। ইউসুফকে দেখে খুশী হল, তারপর বলল, “জানো আমি ছাড়া পেয়েছিলাম কারণ বড় ফুফা বহুদিন বাদে আমাকে খুঁজতে এসে খবর পেয়েছিল যে, আমি জেলে। তারপর হাকিমের কাছে আমার ধরা পড়ার কারণ শুনে আদালতে গিয়ে বলেছিল যে, আমি সত্যি কথাই বলেছিলাম। তাই আমাকে ছেড়ে দেওয়ার আদেশ হয়েছিল। কিন্তু আমি এখনও এখান থেকে চলে যেতে পারছি না, কারণ আমি আজও জানি না, আমার সেনা দলে চলে যাওয়ার পর থেকে দশ বছর কি হয়েছিল, ভাইয়ের লোহার টুকরোটা বড় ফুফার কাছেই, কিন্তু আমি জেল থেকে বেরোনের পর থেকে তাকে খুঁজে পাই নি। যদি কখনও আবার আমার খোঁজে আসে তার অপেক্ষাতেই। নতুন লোক দেখলে আমি ভয় পাই, কারণ তাদের কেচছা আমি কিছুই বুঝি না। তারা খালি বলে সব পাশে গেছে। তাই এখনও কুয়ার ধারে কান পেতে বসে থাকি, যদি আমাদের পুরনো সময়ের কথা কেউ বলে, যেখানে কেউ পাঠায় নি। লোহার টুকরোটার চারপাশে মাটি দিয়ে অবিকল আমাদের এলাকায় মতো একটা জায়গা বানিয়েছি। তাতে পুরনো সবাইকেই পুতুলের মত বানিয়ে রেখেছি। শুধু আমার ভাইয়ের মত যেটা দেখতে তার হাতটা খালি। ফুফা ফেরত দিলে ওর লোহাটা আমি ওর হাতেই রাখব। তাহলে হয়ত আমার সেই ফেলে আসা দশ বছরের সব কেচছা গল্প শুনতে পারবো”।

ইরওয়ান্দি বসে থাকে। ইউসুফ মাথা নাড়তে গিয়েও থেমে যায়। মনে মনে ভাবে, একমাত্র বড়দের নিজেদের কেচছা আর গল্পই ছোটদের বড় হতে বাধ্য করে, সব যুগে, সব সময়ে, সব জায়গায়।

কেচছা সেবক

ইউসুফ বহু দিন ধরেই অটোমান সাম্রাজ্যের এক বহু দূরের দেশে ‘আছে’ রাজ্যের জেলার দায়িত্বে বহাল। তার জেলার সব বন্দীরাই নানা অপরাধের জন্য দীর্ঘ সময়ের সাজা পেয়েছে। এরা যদি বন্দী না হত, আর বাইরের জগতের সাথে এদের নিয়মিত চলতে হত, তবে অনেকেই বেশী দিন হয়তবা বেঁচে থাকত না। কারণ এখানে জেলের বাইরে কোন সবল পুরুষ থাকলে, হয় সে সৈনিক, না হলে সম্রাটের অনুচর। আর এই সাম্রাজ্যে, যেখানে বহু দূর দেশের খলিফার আদেশে সব কিছু চলে, সেখানে সব সময়েই নিজেদের মধ্যে নানা রকমের গুপ্ত দ্বন্দ্ব চলতেই থাকে, ফলে প্রায়ই কেউ না কেউ খুন হয়ে যায়। আর সেনা বাহিনী খলিফার বানী পাশের দ্বীপগুলিতে গায়ের জোরে বিস্তার করতে বাস্তব। তাই তারাও প্রতি বছরই বহু হাজারে প্রাণ হারায়। তার জেলের বাইরে পুরুষ মানুষ বাঁচে কম। জেলের ভিতর তারা তবু বেঁচে আছে।

ইউসুফ তার বন্দীদের সবাইকেই জানে, এও জানে কে কোন অপরাধের সাজা পেয়েছে, শুধু ইরওয়ান্দি তার কাছে অবোধ। এই লোকটির বয়স বোঝা যায়। মাথার চুল কাঁচা পাকা, গালে খাবলা করে বেড়ে ওঠা দাড়ি আর সারাদিন সে নিজের চৌকির উপরে বসে একটা ছোট লোহার টুকরোকে উল্টে পাশে দেবে, আর কি সব বিড়বিড় করে বকে। কখনো তা করতে গিয়ে ওর চোখ ছোট হয়, কখনও বা হয় বড়, যেন সন্দেহ করেছে কাউকে, অথবা অবাক হয়েছে কিছু শুনে। ইউসুফ বহুবার ভেবেছে, বোধহয় মাথা খারাপ। কিন্তু কখনোই ওকে কিছু জিজ্ঞাসা করে ভুল জবাব পায় নি।

এবার বর্ষাটা একঘেয়ে, অন্যবার শুধু দুমাস একটানা বৃষ্টি পড়ে, এবারে পড়েই চলেছে আজ চার মাস হতে চলল, রোজ দুপুরের দিকে খাওয়া হয়ে গেলে ইউসুফ জেলের ভিতরে রোদে বেরোয়। সেদিন ইরওয়ান্দির কামরার বাইরে দাঁড়িয়ে বলে, “কি করছিস তুই”? ইরওয়ান্দি হাতের লোহার টুকরোটা নামিয়ে রেখে বলে, “শুনছি কে কি বলে”। ইউসুফ বলে, “কে আবার কি বলবে? সবাইতো এখন ঘুমোচ্ছে”। ইরওয়ান্দি বলে, “না দাদিমা ঘুমোয় নি, গোসবঘরের ধারে দাঁড়িয়ে, ছোট ফুফাকে বলছে বড় ফুফার আসার বিষয়ে তার শিশুর বাড়ি থেকে কি বলে পাঠিয়েছে”। ইউসুফ এই রকম কথা আগেও ইরওয়ান্দির কাছে থেকে শুনেছে, তাই অবাক হয় না। শুধু বলে, “এখানে বোস, তোকে শীগগিরই ছেড়ে দেওয়া হবে। কিন্তু তুই কি সত্যিই তোর ভাইয়ের মৃতদেহ কবর থেকে তুলে পেট চিরে ছিলি”? ইরওয়ান্দি বলে, “হ্যাঁ, আমি তো সেই কবেই বলেছি যে, পেট চিরে আরেকটা এই রকম লোহার টুকরো আছে কিনা দেখছিলাম, ওটা তো ওর কাছেই রেখে গিয়েছিলাম, যুদ্ধে যাওয়ার আগে”। ইউসুফ বলে, কি আছে তোর ওই লোহার টুকরোয়, কোন গুপ্তধনের খোঁজ”? ?

ইরওয়ান্দি খুব ধীরে বলতে শুরু করে, “আমরা ছিলাম দুই ভাই আর তিন বোন। বোনদের বিয়ে হয়ে গিয়েছিল, আমরা খালি দুজনে বাড়ীতে থাকতাম, রাস্তায় বেরোতে বারগ ছিল আমাদের। তাই সারাদিন আমরা বড় কুয়োটার পিছনে গোসলঘরের কোনায় বসে খেলতাম, আর শুনতাম, মাদোদিমাফুফা কে কি বলে। কুয়োতে জল নিতে আসত আমাদের এলাকার সবাই, তাই সারাদিনই সেখানে কথা হত নানারকমের, সেই কেচছা সেবন করেই আমরা বড় হচ্ছিলাম। আমরা দুই ভাই কোন না কোন অছিলা করে সেখানেই থাকতে ভালবাসতাম। একদিন এক মৃত সৈনিকের দেহ আনা হয়েছিল কুয়ার ধারে তাকে কবর দেওয়ার আগে গোসল করাতে, তার হাত থেকে পড়েছিল এই টুকরো দুটো, কেউই দেখতে পায় নি। আমি আর আমার ভাই তুলে নিয়েছিলাম। লোকে বলে, মৃতের শেষ আঁকড়ে ধরা জিনিস জীবন্ত। তাই আমরা ভাবতাম, এই টুকরো গুলোর নিশ্চয়ই কোন গুণ আছে। একদিন খলিফার সেনারা এসে আমাদের একটু বড় দেখে টেনে নিয়ে গেল সেনা দলে। যাওয়ার সময় ভাই বলেছিল, ওর টুকরোটাকে রোজ ও নতুন কি শুনেছে বলবে, যাতে আমার টুকরোটার মধ্যে দিয়ে আমিও তা জানতে পারি। বড় ফুফা দাঁড়িয়ে কাঁদছিল, সে বলল,





Koushik Das

I love long walks through northern forests in the golden fall. I like delicious luchi and dom aloo on a lethargic morning while reading Sunday weeklies. I like the bells tolling from a rural church on a holiday morning. I love the charged atmosphere in a sports bar when everyone roots for a single team. I adore nature and spontaneity in people. Here are some funny glimpses of the way we used to be in our varsity days.

এলোমেলো

সদ্য তখন এদেশে এসেছি পড়তে। নবযৌবনের সর্বগ্রাসী কৌতুহল নিয়ে, সব কটা ইন্দ্রিয় দিয়ে বৃত্তবস্তুর মতো সারাক্ষণ গিলে চলেছি নতুন প্রেক্ষাপট আর তার কুশীলবদের আলো - ছায়ার দৈনন্দিনতা। সেই প্রথম দেখছি সেন্টেশ্বরে কেমন করে প্রকৃতি তার ক্যানভাসে নিত্যনতুন বইয়ে দিচ্ছে অজস্র রঙের নিও প্রিমিটিভ বন্যা।

সেরকমই একদিন সন্ধ্যায় উঠেছে পূর্ণিমার চাঁদ। পৃথিবীর এই চত্বরে গোল চাঁদটা যেন অনেক বেশি বড় আর আকাশের সামিয়ানাও অনেক নীচে। এ চাঁদ আমাদের দেশের প্রেমিক বা বিরহীর জন্য স্নিগ্ধ রোমান্টিক জ্যোৎস্না নিয়ে আসে না, আসে মহানগরীর মাথার ওপর ক্লাড লাইটের মতো গনগনে আলোর ঢেউ নিয়ে। আমরা হাঁটছিলাম রাস্তায় আমি এবং কয়েকজন। সেদিন শহরে ইন্ডিয়ান সামার, আকাশটা উদ্ভূত চাঁদের একচ্ছত্র অধিকারে। আমি বললাম - ‘এখানে চাঁদটা যেন খুব বড় আর অন্যরকম’ দলের মধ্যে থেকে এক অগ্রজ বন্ধু তৎক্ষণাৎ বলে বসলো - ‘কি করে বুঝলি যে ওটা চাঁদ? দ্যাখ, হয়তো যাত্রাদলের শান্তিগোপালও হতে পারে।’

আমাদের এক বন্ধু পড়তো ইউক্রেনের এক শহরে ভেটেরেনারি সায়েন্স। নিজের পরিচয় দিত ভাবী গরুর ডাঙার বলে। একবার এসে আমাদের বললো যে ও নাকি আদৌ গরুর ডাঙার নয়, ‘জেবু’র ডাঙার, কারণ ও জানতে পেরেছে যে আমাদের দেশে নাকি গরুই নেই, হাড়গিলে ঐ গরুদি পশুগুলোর নাম জেবু। ছেলেটা ছিল বড় উজ্জ্বল, হয়তো বা এখনো আছে। ওর কথাবার্তা, এমনকি ভাবভঙ্গি, পারিপার্শ্বিক আবহকে এতটাই চনমনে করে তুলতো যে ও মুখ খুললেই সবাই হেসে গড়াগড়ি যেত। বাংলায় গালিগালাজকে যে সৃজনশীলতার কোন পর্যায়ে নিয়ে যাওয়া যায় - বহু বছর বহু রকে আড্ডা দিয়েও আমি অন্তত, সেরকম কিছু আর কখনো শুনিনি, মুখে মুখে আধুনিক কবিতা বা গানের প্যারোডি করতে সে। একদিন আচমকা আত্মবৃত্তি করে বসলো - ‘বসে আছি গঙ্গার পাড়ে, হাতে এক ঠোঙ্গা বেদনা, বেদনা নয় বেদনা। উড়ে এসে বসলো এক দাঁড়কাক, মুখে তার ফাজিলের হাসি - মনে হল বেশ বৈঠে আছি।’ ছেলেটা যেখানে থাকতো সেখানে সে ছিল একমাত্র বাঙালি, তাই গ্রীষ্ম এবং শীতের ছুটিতে যখন আসতো আমাদের কাছে - ওর সৃজনশীল ভাষার রূপের তোড়ে ভাসিয়ে দিত আমাদের দিনরাত। গোটা সেমিস্টার জুড়ে জমে ওঠা ভান্ডার উজাড় করে আমাদের প্রত্যাশিত মনগুলোকে ও দিত ওলট পালট করে। এক মুহূর্তের জন্যও থামতো না ছেলেটা। একবার এক সন্ধ্যায় আমরা ওকে নিয়ে গেছি উইমেনস হোস্টেলে আমাদের অনেক সিনিয়ার ও শ্রদ্ধেয়া এক দিদির ঘরে। দিদি ওর গল্প অনেক শুনেছেন তবে স্বচক্ষে দেখেননি ওকে এর আগে। তাই না খাইয়ে তিনি কিছুতেই ছাড়বেন না, তার ওপর দিদির অজস্র কৌতুহলি প্রশ্ন তাকে। সে বেচারি কি ফ্যাসাদেই যে পড়েছে - মুখ খুলতেই ভয় পায়, পাছে বেফাঁস কোনো কথা বেরিয়ে আসে! সারা সন্ধ্যা স্পিকটি নট হয়ে থেকে সে বন্ধুর পেট ফেঁপে ওঠার উপক্রম। ভালো করে খেতেই পারলো না। তাই নিয়ে গভীর রাত পর্যন্ত চললো আমাদের পেটফাটানো হাসাহাসি আর ও তার পাশাপাশি কয়েক ঘন্টার মৌনতার মধ্যে জমে ওঠা নতুন নতুন মজার কথার জোয়ারে আসর করে তুলল আরো সরগরম।

‘স্মৃতি সততই সুখের’ - লিখেছিলেন এক বিদ্বান নারী। ‘স্মৃতি বড়ো প্রতারক’ - বলেন আধুনিক কবি। তবু কিছু কিছু স্মৃতি বিস্মৃতি হয়ে যাওয়ার পরিনতি ফাঁকি দিয়ে হয়ে যায় কাহিনী, কখনো বা গুল্পো। সে রকমই একটা বৃহত্তম স্মৃতি তবো। আমাদের

এক ছাত্রবন্ধু ছিল নিপাট বোহেমিয়ান জীবনধারার মৌলিক পরাকাষ্ঠা। নতুন পোষাক আসাক কেনা বা পুরোনো গুলোই কেচে ইস্তিরি করার মতো অকিঞ্চিৎকর কাজে সময় সে ব্যয় করতো না। একবার তো অগষ্ট মাসের ভ্যাপসা গরমের মধ্যে এক বন্ধুর বিয়ের পার্টিতে সে রেস্তোরায়ে এসেছিল স্কি - বুট পরে। আর তার মোজা ব্যবহারের পদ্ধতি ছিল অবিশ্বাস্য। মোজা সে পড়তো যতদিন সেগুলো পায়ের চুকতো। তারপর সেগুলোকে দাঁড় করিয়ে দিত হস্টেলে ঘরের কোণে কোনো আড়ালে, কোনো একসময় সেগুলো টুকরো টুকরো হয়ে বারে পড়তো মেঝেতে। একবার পদার্থবিদ্যার সেই ছাত্র হঠাৎ খুব উত্তেজিত হয়ে এসে বললো যে ও একটা নতুন রিসাইক্লিং পদ্ধতি আবিষ্কার করেছে - যদি হস্টেলরুমে স্পিংয়ের খাটে তোষকের নীচে বহুব্যবহৃত মোজাগুলো চাপা দিয়ে রাখা যায়, তবে নাকি মাসখানেক পরে সেগুলো একেবারে নতুন মোজার মতো পরিষ্কার হয়ে যায়।

আর এক অনন্য এক সাধারণ চরিত্রের কথা কিছু বলা যাক। আমাদের সেই বন্ধুটি এ দেশে আসে কলকাতা বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের ডিগ্রি নিয়ে, তাই এখানে প্রথম দু’বছরের কোর্স ওর কাছে ছিল নেহাৎই জলভাত। পরীক্ষার সময় ছাড়া অন্যসময়ে কোনো গুরুত্বপূর্ণ প্র্যাকটিকাল ক্লাস না থাকলে শিক্ষায়তনে তার টিকি দেখা যেত না। সে সময়ে তার দিন শুরু হতো বিকেল চারটের পরে আর সারারাত ধরে চলতো তার বাঙালি রান্নাবান্নার এলাহি আয়োজন, সেতারবাদন আর ক্যাসেট চালিয়ে সংগীত শ্রবণ ঘর গোছানো থেকে শুরু করে রান্নাবান্নার পাট - দৈনন্দিন জীবনের সমস্ত ক্ষেত্রেই সে প্রমান দিত তার পরিশীলিত রুচির। আমাদের মতো অর্বাচীন যুবক ছাত্রদের কাছে সে ছিল অন্য ছিল মার্গের বাসিন্দা বা অন্তত পক্ষে প্রবীন প্রজন্মের সূত্রধর। সে ছিল আবার জন্ম প্রেমিক। প্রেমে পড়াটা ছিল তার কাছে হবির মতো। সদ্য পরিচিতি বান্ধবীকে পরমমমত্রে ঘোড়সপাচারে বাঙালি রান্না খাইয়ে, রুশী অনুবাদে রবীন্দ্র রচনা শুনিয়ে ও সেতারে কোনো হিন্দুস্তানি রাগের আলাপের কিছু টুকরো বা নেহাৎই জনপ্রিয় কোনো এদেশি ব্যালাডের সুর বাজিয়ে শুনিতে সে তন্ময় হয়ে থাকতো অন্য কোনো প্রত্যাশা বা প্রতিদান ছাড়াই। একবার এক বান্ধবী ওর যত্নআত্তির নিয়মিত অসদ্যব্যহার করে পাশাপাশি অন্য এক বিদেশি ছাত্রের সঙ্গে ঘনিষ্ঠতা শুরু করে একই হস্টেলে। আমাদের বন্ধুটি দুঃখ পেলেও মুখ ফুটে প্রতিবাদ করতে অপারগ। সেটা দেখে এক সন্ধ্যায় হস্টেলে ঘর সাজিয়ে, উচ্চাঙ্গ সংগীতের ক্যাসেট চালিয়ে সে ছেলেটি যখন সজনী প্রতীক্ষায় রান্নাবান্নায় মত, তখন সে মেয়েটি সারা সন্ধ্যা জুড়ে সেই অন্য বিদেশী ছাত্রের ঘরে আড্ডায় মশগুল। এই অবস্থায় ওর বাঙালী বন্ধু দুটি ওর অগোচরে রান্না করা মুগীর মাংস প্রায় পুরোটাই উদরস্থ করে, সেই মেয়েটির একটি বাধানো ফোটো নিয়ে ওর চোখের সামনে ফুটবল খেললো। এরকম অপ্রত্যাশিত দু - দুটো ঠাক্কায় সন্নিহিত ফিরে পেলো। সেই সন্ধ্যাতেই দরজা থেকেই বিদায় করলো বিশ্বাসঘাতনিক। বিষে বিষে বিষক্ষয় যাকে বলে।

ঘনাদা বা টেনিদার কোনো প্রাসঙ্গিকতা নেই এখানে। যে সব ঘটনা বা মুখগুলো নেহাৎই আমাদের বন্ধুদের গভি ছাড়িয়ে খানিকটা আপামর হয়ে গেছে, তারই স্মৃতিচারণ এইখানে। আমাদের এক বন্ধু তখন ফাইনাল ইয়ারে পড়ে, পাশাপাশি ছোটখাটো ব্যবসাও শুরু করেছে, হস্টেল ছেড়ে ফ্ল্যাট ভাড়া করে থাকে। তখনো সাংখ্য প্রযুক্তির যুগ আসেনি, সেল ফোন কেন, ল্যান্ড ফোনে অটো অ্যানসারিং মেশিনও তখন এখানে চালু হয়নি, তাই দুরাভ্যেের যোগাযোগও ছিল সীমিত। সে সময় এক ছুটির দিনে সেই বন্ধু এক স্বল্প পরিচিতি বান্ধবীকে ঘরে বসিয়ে রেখে বেরিয়েছে, দোকানঘাটে। কোনো জরুরী ফোন কল যাতে মিস না হয়ে যায় তাই সে গুরুগম্ভীর ভাবে বুঝিয়েছে তার বান্ধবীকে - ‘কোনো ফোন এলে দু’বার রিং হওয়ার পরে ধরবে এবং বলবে: অটো অ্যানসারিং মেশিন চালু আছে, আপনার বার্তা রাখুন বা ফ্যাক্স করুন।’ তা সেই বন্ধুর অনুপস্থিতিতে ওকে ফোন করেছে আর এক বন্ধু আর সেই বান্ধবী মেয়েটি নিষ্ঠাবতীর মতো নির্দেশমাফিক মেকি গলা করে হব্ব করে সেই বয়ান আউড়েছে, এমনকি শেষে লগু বিপ দিতেও ভোলেনি। ফোনের অন্য প্রান্তে পাবলিক বুথে তখন সে কি হাসির তোড়।

আর একজন বন্ধুর কথা মনে পড়ে। সময় বা নিয়মমাফিক জীবন ছিল ওর কাছে অসহনীয়, রুটিন ভাঙার রুটিনই ছিল ওর তৎকালীন জীবনধারা। পুরাকালীন চীনা দার্শনিক ডাও এর দর্শন ছিল ওর কাছে সহজাত - ‘আমি এক জায়গায় থিতু হয়ে থাকবো, সারা ব্রহ্মাণ্ড বয়ে যাবে আমার মধ্য দিয়ে।’ ছেলেটা ছিল স্বভাবে মুখচোরা। ঘনিষ্ঠ বন্ধু বান্ধব ছাড়া নতুন নতুন মানুষের সঙ্গে, বিশেষত নারীজাতির প্রতিনিধিদের সঙ্গে পরিচয়ে ওর ছিল কুঠা, কখনো বা অনীহা। এদিকে নিয়মিত কবিতা লিখতো সে, যার জন্যে প্রয়োজন অনুপ্রেরনার - আর তাই ক্লাস শেষ করে শহরের এখানে সেখানে চরে বরে অন্য বন্ধুরা যখন রাত করে ফিরতো, সেই ছেলেটা অকৃত্রিম উৎসাহে ও কৌতুহলে উন্মত্ত হয়ে শুনতো তাদের সাক্ষ্যজীবনের বিবরণী আর তারপর নিজের খাটটা কোনো বন্ধুকে সার রাতের জন্য ছেড়ে দিয়ে এক হাতে গীটারও অন্য হাতে খাতা কলম নিয়ে বসতো রাতের হস্টেলের জনহীন সিঁড়ির ল্যান্ডিংএ নতুন কোনো রোমান্টিক অনুভূতির কবিতা লিখতে, সকালবেলায় যখন অন্যরা ক্লাসে রওনা দেয়, ততক্ষণে বাকবাক নতুন এক বা একাধিক কবিতা প্রসব করে সেই বন্ধু শুতে যেতে তৈরি। রুটিন ব্যাপারটাই যে এলেবেলে ছিল তার কাছে। আবার রাত হবে, আবার বন্ধুদের কেউ একজন আসবে নতুন কবিতা লেখার রসদ নিয়ে। আর দিন? ‘দিনের পিঠে মাথা রেখে উজানে, দিন চলে যায় কোন ঠিকানায় কে জানে।’



Rashmi Chopra with her uncle

MY UNCLE BIPAN CHANDRA

Hailing from a Defence Services family, I love travel and adventure. I have post graduate degrees in English Literature and Education along with a glider pilot's licence.

Have been teaching for 25 years. In 2006, under the prestigious Fulbright Teacher Exchange Program, I taught for 6 months in Marquette Michigan USA and was honoured at the Football Homecoming Week as "Best Teacher". I have an ear for music and appreciate Indian classical and contemporary music. A Sunday meal I would truly enjoy is stuffed parathas with the family!

Born in Kangra Valley in 1928, Bipan Chandra moved many miles away from the idyllic valley of his birth. Educated at Forman Christian College, Lahore, Stanford University, USA and the University of Delhi, where he completed his PhD, he then worked as Lecturer at Hindu College, Delhi and as UGC National Lecturer. He became a Reader in the History Department of Delhi University, before becoming Professor of History at Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, helping to set up Centre for Historical Studies at JNU. For his contribution to the organisation, he was honoured as Emeritus Professor.

At present, he is Chairman of the National Book Trust, New Delhi, in which capacity he visited Moscow to inaugurate the annual Moscow International Book Fair held on 2-7 September 2009, where India participated as the 'Guest of Honour' country under the "Year of India in Russia."

Bipan Chandra is counted among 'Historians with impeccable academic

credentials and international renown'. He has many books to his credit and more followers. His students include senior Civil Servants and diplomats, who still flock to him in awe of his wisdom and depth of knowledge. His packed classes are still legendary at JNU as are examples of his sharp wit and sense of timing.

It was my privilege to meet my uncle in an alien land, Moscow, and recognise his stature. However, not this, but the loving family man that he is, has compelled me to write about him.

My link with my uncle is deeper than most as having two sons and no daughter he declared a desire to adopt me. I am told that this was as result of my fearlessness in jumping into the pool at his home in Delhi University. Visiting his home at JNU was a treat for us. We would try to figure out the colour of his wall paper and fail as all the walls were lined with shelves filled with weighty tomes. There was always good food, better drinks and the best of discus-

sions served up at his home.

Though he has delivered several chaired lectures, he would readily accept coming to my school and judging the exhibits at the social Science Exhibition, expressing a guileless admiration for the exhibits created by students. Hobnobbing with the best minds across continents, he would insist that I, a mere college student was adept enough to trim his hair! He is a part of the nation's Think Tank but would in a very simple manner ask me what my colleagues thought about various issues to get to understand the pulse of the layperson. His endearing simplicity, unassuming humility, childlike earnestness and enthusiasm made him the perfect teacher who imbued the same qualities in his students.

His dynamism even at the age of 82 shows in the fact that he is not willing to put up his feet and let life just pass by. He is a doer, a human dynamo.

He is my dear Bipan Uncle.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A VAINIKA¹

Sujatha Rajagopal

Chartered & Cost Accountant

Loves music of any genre. Motivation to go to work by metro - get to read books.

By car - get to listen to good music.



January 1988 - Concert at Hanuman Temple in Chennai on the occasion of Hanuman Jayanthi. Vainikas, in the pic (L-R clockwise) - R.Sujatha, Kalpagam, Sukalpa, Subha, Guru Gomathi Balasubramanian (centre), Sumathi, Vatsala, Ramesh, Y.L.Ramesh, S.Sujatha.

My father was always full of surprises. I still remember the day when my father came home with a paper in his hand and asked me "What musical instrument do you want to learn?" It was an application form for the Bharathiya Vidya Bhavan's music classes. I ticked the box against 'Veena' though I didn't know much about it at that point. I was barely 9 then. When I went to the class the first day, the teacher gave me a small veena which she reserved for small kids that couldn't yet reach the frets with their tender fingers.

Mrs. Gomathi Balasubramaniam my Guru, was more like an aunty next door, chatting with us, cracking jokes and laughing with us. Learning was such fun. However, the style she adopted, the sahitya-based style (as opposed to the swara-based), isn't that easy. There are no notes. You listen to the way the lyrics are sung, register them in your mind and then play the same on the veena. Though it wasn't the gurukul style of learning, we did spend a lot of time in the classes.

So, here I am with my Veena in Moscow, practising whenever I can. I even play on the veena, songs that I've only heard vocalists sing, thanks to my teacher's style of teaching. Now, the time I have for music is only limited by my work, my cooking, my house-keeping, my maternal duties, my social obligations...



¹ Vainika - someone who plays the veena

ПРИКОСНИСЬ
К ПРИРОДЕ!



Уникальное сочетание растительных компонентов
для сияния и свежести Вашей кожи

НИМ



ПЕНКА И ГЕЛЬ
для умывания, МАСКА
антибактериальная.
Основой средств
является экстракт
дерева НИМ.
Чудодейственные
свойства НИМа известны
с древних времен.
Доказаны его
антибактериальное,
противовирусное и
противогрибковое
действия.



МЯГКИЙ ГЕЛЬ И КРЕМ
для умывания.
Мягко очищает кожу.
НЕ содержит мыла.
НЕ стягивает кожу.
НЕ высушивает кожу.



МЯГКИЕ СКРАБЫ ДЛЯ ЛИЦА
с грецким орехом и абрикосом.
Отшелушивают омертвевшие
клетки.
Глубоко очищают поры,
питают и увлажняют кожу.



МОЛОЧКО ОЧИЩАЮЩЕЕ,
МЯГКИЙ ОСВЕЖАЮЩИЙ
ТОНИК И ЛОСЬОНЫ
для увлажнения.
Серия средств для
ежедневного ухода.
Очищение, питание
и увлажнение кожи.



ОЧИЩАЮЩАЯ,
ОСВЕЖАЮЩАЯ И
ОТШЕЛУШИВАЮЩАЯ
МАСКИ.
Серия средств для
насыщения кожи
питательной силой и
глубокого очищения кожи.



КРЕМ
для ПРОБЛЕМНОЙ
КОЖИ И
ОТБЕЛИВАЮЩИЙ
КРЕМ.
Серия специальных
средств по устранению
мелких дефектов кожи.



ПИТАТЕЛЬНЫЙ,
НОЧНОЙ КРЕМ
И КРЕМ ОТ МОРЩИН.
Серия средств
по питанию,
увлажнению, защите
и восстановлению
кожи.

РЕКЛАМА



Трансатлантик
ИНТЕРНЕЙШНЛ

Россия, 119590, Москва, ул. Улофа Пальме, д.1
Тел.: (495) 775-39-38 (многокан.) Факс: (495) 514-10-54/67
E-mail: office@transatlantic.ru http://www.transatlantic.ru

www.himalaya1.ru



Sagarika Sanyal
Class 6
EOI

A DAZZLING PARADISE

Happy Durga Puja to all Aaratrika readers and my dear friends. This year I spent two weeks of my summer holidays in Turkey, a dazzling paradise of sun, nature and history! We landed at Antalya airport on July 4th and reached Alanya by bus, an important, beautiful, calm, quite small but totally planned city for tourists in Turkey. Here we enjoyed the beauty and the fresh air of both the Taurus mountain and the Mediterranean sea. En route to Alanya, I saw orange, apricot, pomegranate and maize plantations on one side and on the other a plantation full of green and orange balls, field after field, which was actually watermelon and pumpkin plantations!

I visited many places but the most amazing sight I found was Duden Waterfalls which is formed by the river Duden (one of the major rivers in southern Antalya), which leaves a higher plateau of the Taurus mountain and falls onto a lower plateau next to Antalya. There are as many as twenty waterfalls in the province of Antalya but three of them are the most outstanding; Lower Duden Waterfalls, Upper Duden Waterfalls which is a bit difficult to reach and the third one is right in the heart of an impressive pine forest. These waterfalls come out from the deep section of the river by making a siphon (pressure) and this is a part of an exciting hydrogeologic and karstic system.

Every tourist in southern Turkey must enjoy this amazing sight as I did. It's a really a pleasant memory in my life. I have many things to write but this is all the space the Editor has given me!



With father



Yash Dasgupta
Class - III
School #1637

Летние каникулы

Этим летом, я отдыхал в лагере "ВКС Кантри" который находится в 95 километрах от Москвы. Лагерь стоит на берегу реки Киржач в сосновом бору. Мы там изучали английский язык с преподавателями из Англии и Канады. Кроме этого, в свободное время, мы участвовали в разнообразных кружках и секциях, играли баскетбол, футбол, волейбол, настольный теннис. А по вечерам были дискотеки, КВН, олимпиады, концерты и кинофильмы.

<http://www.speakenglish.ru/>



Glimpses of camp life



Anushka
Dhar
Class 6



Anushka in Venice (above) and in Piza (below)

BEL 'PIZZA'

This summer I lived a dream holiday in Italy. This country is known as "Bel Paese" or beautiful country. Italy is famous for beautiful paintings, sculptures, historic buildings, sea, sunshine, mountain, fashion and delicious foods.

A must see in Rome is the Vatican City. At the Vatican Museum I saw the Candelabra, the fascinating Tapestry Gallery, the gallery of Maps and the world famous Sistine Chapel decorated by Michelangelo.

The Colosseum in Rome brought back memories of gladiators and their fights with animals. We also visited the largest church in Europe called St. Peters Basilica and saw the place from where the Pope addressed the crowd every Sunday.

We left next for Naples located on the beautiful blue Adriatic Sea. My most memorable day in life was when I visited the ruins of Pompeii, which were destroyed by volcanic eruption and the Mount Vesuvius. The eruption buried the entire city of Pompeii!! Three major volcanoes (Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius) have erupted in the last hundred years.

Many of you may not know that the famous fast food Pizza was invented in Naples in 1860's and I feasted on them every single day!!

My next destination-Florence is also a beautiful green city with narrow stoned side-walks. The most magnificent is the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It is actually leaning!

After Florence I reached Venice. I was very surprised to see that there is no road and no taxi available when we came out of the railway station - only water everywhere. We reached the hotel by ferry. Venice is undoubtedly the most beautiful floating city in the world.

We returned to Moscow via Milano, which is the birthplace of fashion. I still dream about this beautiful vacation and wish to visit there again.



BALI : DESTINATION PAR EXCELLENCE !!!

This summer had a chance to visit Bali and never in my wildest dreams could I have envisaged, the magic of the so called "Islands of Gods". I am widely traveled, but the stint with Bali was simply awesome!!! The perfect holiday destination for all ages offers something for everyone. This tropical paradise has a unique blend of modern tourist facilities combined with wonderful shopping and a rich past and heritage, tropical jungle, long sandy beaches, warm blue water, crashing surf and friendly people who don't just have a culture but actually live it.

There is Bali's special "magic", which is difficult to explain, as soon as I stepped off the plane, I sensed it though. The combination of the friendly people, the natural attractions, great variety of things to see and do, the year-round pleasant climate, and the absence of security problems.

Shining delight upon the faces of newly arrived visitors, "baru datang" to local people, as I forge ahead into the great unknown that is Bali. Confronted by a sea of golden faces, to my utter delight, the children were the first to smile and reap emotional profit as they are cosseted and cuddled by every Balinese woman or man they meet, including me.

On my way to Kuta beach, noticed the quiet and wisdom in old people's faces, and the interest and respect in the young's. Old men sitting at the road side caressing their fighting cocks. Beautifully dressed women walking proudly through rice fields and forests carrying offerings on their heads to the next temple, the smell of flowers, sound of gamelan music.

What fascinated me most, was Balinese culture, strongly influenced by Indian and Chinese, and particularly Hindu culture, in a process beginning around 1st century AD. The name Bali dwipa ("Bali Island") has been discovered from various inscriptions, nature is at its best here, the wide variety of tropical plants is surprising, huge banyan trees in villages and temple grounds, mesmerized me no end !!!

The attraction of the Indonesian island of Bali and its unique cuisine are brought to life with its unique collection, cuisine delight caters for all type of tourists. Bali cuisine is known for its spicy ingredients. 'Babi Guling' is a favourite as well as "Nasi Gureng", "Mie Goreng" or "Satay" are frequently chosen dishes by foreigners.

This exotic land of Gods is a must visit place for globe trotters, its magic definitely is contagious that one would love to be entangled with ...

Sadhna Brajesh Shukla



DEBASHISH SENGUPTA SHARES SOME OF HIS TRAVEL PHOTOS WITH US



Tea plantations, Cameron



Petra, Jordan



Cameron, highlands of Malaysia



Debashish Sengupta



Photography by Polina Sengupta

Montanita, beach town of Ecuador, which has many street dogs



Dr. Tushnik Ghosh

An alumnus from MMA Tushnik passed the Foreign Medical Graduate Examination this year. He works as a psychiatrist in Kolkata.

Leaving Moscow was equivalent to leaving my adventurous life. Where else could I loiter on the streets of Ulyanovsk in drunken state before the crack of dawn and policeman's baton, sleeping inside the car with friends in a forest while coming from Novgorod and enjoying the heavy snowfall outside, spending a night in cave to see a ghost ably aided by grass, swimming in an unknown river at a dacha or jumping into the river from a bridge. And this is not where the list ends and there lies the bare fact- all these were already past!

So when Santanu offered me Digha trip in my scooty, I felt relieved. I was in dire need of a fight or flight. But our start was not smooth, hampered by a sprain in my palm two days earlier. It meant no pressure and full support of painkillers to ensure my escape. And escape I did!

We started at 8 in the morning to cover 190 km by Scooty, hoping to achieve maximum speed of 70 km an hour. So I decided to keep at this speed from the start lest people jeer me for riding a bullock cart. And not for this were people eyeing us with curiosity but when we overtook a motorcyclist who was not willing to loose and immediately took it upon himself to overtake us. Remember this was an adventure trip and not a bike race, so I decided to let him pass knowing that many hurdles lay ahead. The first one being huge traffic jam at Kolaghat, holding up traffic for more than a hour already. Not to despair and to meet our target- Santanu came to the rescue. He took us to the township to meet our imaginary friends in the Engineering collage, got pass to enter the township, thereby passing the jam and reached Mecheda Bridge, but the jam had followed us here too given a accident between 2 trucks. It was only getting worse but what use was the Scooty if we could not negotiate it, which we did by driving on the foot-path of the bridge to reach NH 41.

The speciality of this highway being its one way road, wherein everyone thought they were on the right way- overtaking jostling for space from behind and ahead of us. Packed sardines that's what we were,

ADVENTURE WITHOUT STAKING LIFE

happy to find that there was nothing coming from the front. Only we didn't realize why but realized soon to our horror that another long traffic jam was the reason for it. Alas no more friends to meet and we were truly stuck. A few local people helped us by pushing between two buses or trucks, and in between curious public, costing us half an hour of hard effort.

At Chaulkhola, we took a left turn also changing our destination to match our temperament - Mandarmoni it was decided despite the speed breakers and the roller coaster like ups and downs. The reason was simple. As soon as you manage a few speed breakers and get into the causewell, there are few speed breakers waiting for you on the other side. So till the beach you hardly leave the brakes. We stopped the scooty by the side of the road and dipped our legs in the sea. We stopped at a kiosk for green cocoanut water, and casually asked about Tajpur- a new site for tourists. We were told it is just opposite the river, merging into the sea. Santanu and I looked at each other, feeling the adrenaline coursing through my body knowing and feeling in each pulse of mine that my adventure was staring us in the face. To help matters, there were boats available to cross the river.

I brought the scooty on the beach with Santanu on pillion. And our run started on the beach, I felt no less than a film star having seen this in movies. Thrill was different given that the drive was not all smooth and needed skills to get unstuck in the sand. We got out of scooty, pushed it to a hard sand area and ran again. I had to try very hard to maintain balance and it didn't help that the fuel was running down fast. We drove for 20 minutes but to no avail as there was nowhere in sight a proper place where we could arrange a boat. Closer to the river, the beach became red, red due to the millions of crabs playing hide and seek with my scooty. Now we were riding away from the sea, towards the river when I realized that the sand had started becoming loose making it impossible to even drive an inch. From searching for Tazpur it became a hunt for the Atlantis. It was impossible to drive, reaching the boats seemed tough. We needed to halt the scooty to find a boat but easier said than done as the vehicle was embedded in the sand, part of the beach. If it continued like this we would have to abandon expedition and go back to Mandarmoni. Already we had pushed the scooty about 500 meters in the sand; another 600 meters would drain our blood. I asked Santanu to find a piece of wood, when we were lucky to discover a piece of bamboo, which we used to prop up the scooty on. It was not a permanent solution, but gave us time to search for a boat and sailor. After arranging these,

we pushed the scooty till the river, firstly straight and then downhill through sand dunes.

Now we had to lift and carry it inside the boat without risking it sinking in the river and also ensuring its engine would be bone dry. Santanu and I felt leached of all energy feeling the need for help which came in the form of a sailor who helped us to carry the Scooty in the water to the boat at some distance, wading at waist deep water with sticky soil on our soles. Santanu's sandal got torn but we managed to put the scooty in the boat. Now it was our turn to relax but given the day this far how could I expect life's simple pleasures? How? The sailor told me to sit on the Scooty as the boat was not big enough to hold us all, think of a bicycle without a stand bar. And you are sitting on it when it is not running. Now if that bicycle is on a boat which sails! Swinging occasionally! For mere protection you can only use your legs as stand, rather high on the rim, so that your knees are bent. How can you make the balance?

Thus we sailed for 5 minutes! Thankfully nothing happened that could make me cry for my scooty. Only I felt those 300 seconds were never ending.

We again carried the scooty over our shoulder, thus crossed few meters of knee deep water, reached the bank, pushed the scooty up till we found sand where driving was possible. But we were in Tajpur, a virgin area for tourists. We read about a resort and our search began. By this time we were like voracious wolves, could possibly eat anything in sightn that same day we rode to Sankarpur, Talsari, and Chandaneswar before we put up in a hotel at New Digha in the evening and ran to the sea for bath. Next morning on our way back home, we went to Junput. This place is considered to be the first sea beach discovered in West Bengal. Though we couldn't find a beach there during low tide, but on our way we crossed a broken hanging wooden bridge over a river, that too twice. Back home, when Souraj, another friend of us listened to our adventurous 450km ride in two days, he started insisting on the same in winter. What do you think? Shall I go to "beltala" again?



Portal Trade



*С наилучшими
пожеланиями от*

ПОРТАЛ ТРЕЙД

Производственно-коммерческая группа
125310, Москва, Рождественский бульвар, д.16

т.: (+7 495) 787 4245



● **МЕТАЛЛОЧЕРЕПИЦА "АНДАЛУЗИЯ ЛЮКС"**
ДОБОРНЫЕ ЭЛЕМЕНТЫ КРОВЛИ ● **ПРОФНАСТИЛ 10, 21, 44, 57, 75**
ПРОФИЛЬ ДЛЯ МОНТАЖА ГИПСОКАРТОНА ● **АРМИРУЮЩИЙ**
ПРОФИЛЬ ДЛЯ ПВХ ВЕКА, КВЕ ● **ОЦИНКОВАННАЯ СТАЛЬ**

*EURO PROFIL WISHES
YOU ALL A VERY HAPPY DUSHERA
AND DIWALI !*

ЕВРО ПРОФИЛЬ СТАЛЬ



*Republic of Kazakhstan
Almaty
157, Prospect Abaya
Office 38*

*Telephone: (3272) 507329
(3272) 506945
(3272) 506759
Mobile: 8 3007530299*

IN CONVERSATION WITH HIS EXCELLENCY DR. S. M. SAIFUL HOQUE,
AMBASSADOR OF BANGLADESH TO THE RUSSIAN FEDERATION,
ALSO AMBASSADOR TO UKRAINE, BELARUS AND
THE BALTIC STATES OF ESTONIA, LATVIA AND LITHUANIA.



Dr. S. M. Saiful Hoque

Recently, you completed the first year of your tenure in Russia. What were the remarkable moments during this period and what do you envisage for the future?

I began work in Moscow on 3rd of September 2009, having arrived in Russia with an ambitious agenda on my mind - eager to promote cooperation between the two countries in areas of energy, agriculture, healthcare, culture and tourism. Now after a year, I am pleased that in May 2010, Bangladesh and Russia have signed a framework agreement on nuclear energy cooperation for peaceful purposes.

In agriculture we intend to have exchange programmes to boost interactions between specialists of the two countries and organise more scholarships in Russian agricultural institutes for our students. We are also exploring possibilities of land lease in the Baltics and in Ukraine, where our farmers could be brought in to implement their skills and this would be a useful practice for those countries too, ultimately resulting in a multi-ethnic society through addition of foreign labour.

We are encouraging seminars, workshops between healthcare professionals of both countries to exchange experiences of polio eradication, life-saving vaccination and successful models of population control. I see this communication happening easily because many people who are at the helm of things in the country are alumnus of

He is a polyglot, well versed in Bengali, English, Hindi, Russian, Ukrainian, Polish and Czech and in 2008 has co-authored a book with Dr. Abul Barkhat, 'Deprivation of Hindu Minority in Bangladesh: Living with Vested Property'. He has travelled widely in India and has visited many of the Ramakrishna Missions. Favouites being Advaita Ashram at Mayavati, Uttarakhand. Fondly remembers his travel to peaceful Shyamlat. He can cook almost any dish, however briyani and kababs are his specialties.

His wife Dr. Gopa Hoque is a pediatrician. They have a son who is doing research in Microbiology.

institutes and universities of Russia. The Vice Chancellor Prof. Pran Gopal Datta and the Head of Department of Cardiology Prof. Siddique at the Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujib Medical University are among them. Also that the Petrobangla chairman Prof. Hussein Mansoor is an alumni of Moscow Institute of Geological Research and Prof. Abul Barkat, the Head of Department of Economics at University of Dhaka is an ex-student from Plekhanov Russian Economic University. Prof. Mizanur Rahman, chairman Human Rights Commission, Bangladesh is from Peoples Friendship University. The Chairman of Narayanganj City Corporation Dr. Ivy Rahman had studied at the Odessa Medical Institute.

The diverse culture of both countries indeed renders vast potential for collaboration. I aspire to carry to my country, the rich heritage of not only Russia but also the other smaller lesser known ethnic groups of Russia. Personas like mime maestro Partha Pratim Majumdar do not belong to Bangladesh alone, they create new forms of artistic expression which transcend cultural barriers and should travel around the world.

Bangladesh has excellent potential for tourism and we want more and more Russians to visit us. When I come across a tourist queuing to apply for a visa, I almost always interact with him or her. Since I speak the language, it is easy for me to convey to them that travel to my country will indeed mean an unforgettable experience.

I am extremely passionate about my current mission. Together with our President Sheikh Hasina, Foreign Minister Dipu Moni, our ex-Ambassador of Moscow now member of Parliament Mostafa Faruque Mohammed and my predecessor the current foreign secretary Mijarul Quayes and our entire aspiring cabinet who has been very supportive with my assignment, I look forward to realizing our dream of developing our

sonar bangla (my golden Bengal) into a prosperous nation.

You have a nice ending to your page in your website: "You may be a curious visitor of this website today but, in you, we see a tourist and potential investor of tomorrow." What would you tell a person travelling to your country for the first time?

I would tell him that my sonar bangla is truly beautiful – visit her, discover her rich cultural heritage and soak in the vibrant colours of our nature. I shall remind him that Sunderban is world's largest mangrove forest with fascinating wildlife, Cox's Bazar is the longest beach in the world, St. Martins is a breathtakingly beautiful coral island and you are sure to fall in love with the waves of our Teknaf beach, to name a few.

I would also remind him how favourable the climate is for Foreign Direct Investment (FDI) in Bangladesh, with investors enjoying up to 10 years of tax holiday and that they can repatriate profit without any problem.

In conclusion, I would tell him to visit my country with an open mind and to focus on the bright side, not get side-tracked by the negative things.

You have studied in the Soviet Union; please share some of your fond memories.

In 1973 Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman asked me to learn as much as I could from Russia – knowledge that would help me in contributing to the future of our country. My first 5 years were spent at Kiev State University studying International Relations. I think no where in the world there are such loving teachers who actually become your family while you are away from home at a tender age – my Russian language teacher Valeria Nikolaevna fed me, kept a keen watch as to if I am appropriately dressed for the severe winter and would heal me with her homemade vareniye

***Best wishes -
Durga Puja
Moscow!***



***Colinbrus Ltda
Solo Calidad***

- ◆ Registration of All Health Care products in Colombia & other South American countries
- ◆ Business Supports
- ◆ Travel

Carrera 8 № 16-88, oficina 507 Bogotá D.C. Colombia
Teléfonos: (571) 426 3204 (571) 284 1421 e-mail: admin@colinbrus.com
www.colinbrus.com

which had the goodness and vitamins of nature when I caught cold. My University teachers will always remain in my heart and I am so grateful for their love and affection.

Would like to share with the readers of Aaratrika a very heartwarming memory. In my initial days when I was yet to pick up the language, there were many times when Russians met me and knowing that I am Bangladeshi, would immediately respond with a hand shake uttering 'Sheikh Mujib! Those 2 words meant so much to me.

From 1979 onwards I lived in Moscow, conducting research with the Institute of Oriental Studies, Academy of Sciences, USSR on History of International Relations and Foreign Policy – a very exciting and interesting phase of my life. My Dissertation was titled 'The Foreign Policy of Bangladesh (1971-81).'

This year Aaratrika pays a tribute to Rabindranath Tagore on his 150th birth anniversary. What are your reflections on this occasion?

Rabindranath Tagore's presence is so huge, so overwhelming in our lives that's one doesn't know where to begin and where to end! We remember him in our morning prayers, during the day, in the evenings and when the night is quiet and peaceful. He has poems and songs for all occasions and moments of

our lives. He continues to inspire us with his magnificence. For both Bengalis this is indeed a very significant occasion to celebrate, recollect and contemplate on the great poet's work.

Prithibi, Banshi, Rahur Prem, Africa are poems which are very close to my heart. Specially Prithibi which will always remain relevant in this world of ours. I am extremely fond of his geetinatyas or the dramas. Maybe we can organize to stage one in Moscow soon!

Your wishes to the readers of Aaratrika on their 21st celebration...

I fondly remember the very first puja in Moscow. Along with my wife Gopa I was actively involved. I am delighted to find that puja here has grown to include more people and more activities. It is wonderful to see that along with Durga Puja, Aaratrika has also grown bigger and better over the years. It is encouraging that your magazine focuses on issues like environmental awareness and cultural diversity. I would want Aaratrika to be a connecting forum for meaningful projects to better our world and also as a link between *epar bangla opar bangla* – both sides of Bengal. We would be happy to see Aaratrika travel to Bangladesh and to probashi Bangladeshis residing in various parts of the world. Wish you all a joyful celebration and a very happy puja!

'These are a few of my favourite things'...

Your favourite piece of work by Rabindranath Tagore: Prithibi

Your favourite festival: Poila Boishak – the Bengali New Year

Your favourite author: Rabindranath Tagore

Your favourite sport: Swimming

Your favourite time of the day: Nirjon ratri – night of silence

Your favourite film: Pather Panchali by Satyajit Ray

Your favourite food: Of course machbhat – fish and rice

The one happy moment in your life that you will remember forever: 16th December 1971, our Independence Day

The one person that surprised you the most: Who else but Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman!

The one gift you will always cherish: The warm hug from Bangabandhu at his residence when I left for the first time to Soviet Union in 1973

Interview conducted by Debasmita Moulick Nair on 16th September 2010 at the Embassy of Bangladesh, Moscow.



A NEWLY REGISTERED NON-COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATION



- Connecting Indo-Russian families
- Single platform to unite Russian friends
- Bringing together all Indians living in Russia and Russian lovers of India
- Promotion of Indo-Russian culture and fine arts in Russia and India

Disha (Russian-Indian friendship society), an NGO focusing on Indo-Russian ties have started their activities in Moscow. Disha focuses on intercultural families both in Russia and India. It aims at providing a platform for cultural exchange especially for children of these families through concerts and seminars. Their maiden programme will be a Kawali recital by Sabri Brothers scheduled for 24th October this year at PFU.

Contact details: Dr Rameshwar Singh, President +7-925-771-59-34,
E-mail: rsinghmos@gmail.com

NORD STEEL

127474, Moscow, Dmitrovskoye shosse, 60

Wishes you all a very happy Dushera and Deewali!

Сердечно поздравляем Всех с праздниками Дурга-Пуджа и Дашера!



Jamdani



Shumon Sengupta

Country Director, Save the Children - UK. Shumon lives in Dhaka with his wife Ananya and seven year old daughter Madhura. Both Shumon and Ananya have a deep interest in culture - particularly performing arts, fine arts and crafts and have been studying the various textile / weaving traditions of South Asia for the last decade.

He adores Indian Classical Music, favourites being Smt. Kishori Amonkar, Pt. Bhimsen Joshi and Ustad Amir Khan.

His favourite Sunday breakfast would be Pongal with vada and fresh coconut chutney, followed by kesar halwa and south Indian filter coffee OR Luchi, alur-dom (hot and spicy), crisp hot jelaabis or payesh followed by Darjeeling tea.

POETRY IN THREAD: THE JAMDANI OF DHAKA

From various historical accounts, folklore and religious texts it appears that very fine fabrics were available in Bengal as far back as first century BC. One such celebrated and exalted fabric of the Indian sub-continent is the Jamdani of Dhaka (present day Bangladesh). The Jamdani weave as we see it today is essentially a fusion of the ancient cloth-making techniques of Bengal which is around 2,000 years old, with gossamer like "Muslins" produced in Bengali since the 14th century. The Jamdani weave therefore represents over 2000 years of continuous aesthetic evolution that blends different artistic influences.

Muslin, which forms the plain base for the Jamdani, is a light cotton fabric, finely woven and typically white, that was first imported from the Middle East to Europe in the 17th century. It is named after Mosul in modern-day Iraq, the city through which it made its way to Europe. By all accounts, Dhaka however can be considered as the fabric's true place of origin, from where it was exported to the rest of the world.

At its best, the Muslin was so light and fine that one yard of this fabric weighed barely 10 grams and a full six yards of the fabric could pass through a ring of the index finger. Also because a 50 metre long Muslin fabric could be squeezed into a match box!

The Dhaka Muslin serves as the base fabric into which the elaborate and ornate patterns of Dhaka Jamdani are woven. In a Jamdani, a single warp is usually ornamented with two extra weft (thereby creating the design) followed by ground weft. The Jamdani is therefore an inlay technique on lightweight cotton fabrics (the Muslin). Jamdani essentially introduces a thick thread work into a Muslin base to weave various patterns. Hence Jamdani can be called the "figured" or "embellished" Muslin. Jamdani weaving is therefore akin to tapestry work, where small shuttles of thick colored, gold or silver threads are passed through the weft to create designs on the plain base.

According to Mr. Chandra Shekhar Shah – a textile expert from Bangladesh, Jamdani is unique mainly due to two reasons. Firstly, it has distinctive and consistent use of geometric patterns that are inspired by Iranian motifs. Secondly, the opacity of the pattern woven into the transparent base mesh together during the weaving process in such a way as to make the Jamdani look supremely delicate, fine and beautiful.

These expert weavers can create the design mentally during the weaving of the Sarees. There is no mechanical technique involved. Jamdani weavers have remained largely illiterate or semi-literate. How so ever complex the pattern might be, it is imprinted in the minds of the master weaver and passed down from generation to generation through apprentices who eventually – through years of toil, become master weavers. There are no written documents for the innumerable motifs used in Jamdani. The motifs are repeated with remarkable precision and there is hardly any inconsistency in the design. Nothing is sketched or outlined. The weavers just know the exact number of times to do a certain stitch to combine the yarns to come up with a particular motif.

Presently, the Jamdani industry is struggling to survive and is live in approximately 150 villages of

Rupganj, Sonargaon and Siddhirganj in Dhaka district. Barely an hour and half drive from Dhaka, situated on the bank of the river Sitalakhya is village Ruposhi – popularly known as the Jamdani village. As you visit the village, it becomes apparent that men, women and children are all involved in some stage of the production process. Most adult weavers work as long as 18 hours a day with breaks for meals or prayers. The work itself is very laborious and requires extreme concentration.

At present, a major problem of the Jamdani industry is that the weavers do not get adequate wages for their labor. A senior weaver earns about 4000 Taka (USD 60) in a month. Junior weavers get much less, around USD 20 per month. As a result many weavers do not want their children to come to this profession. For many, the ready made garments industry offers a lucrative alternative. A good piece of Jamdani sari needs the labour of two to three months, and the wage paid to the weavers does not compensate for their labor. The producers often do not have direct access to sari markets and because of their dependence on the middlemen, who often form informal cartels, they are deprived of their share of profit. Sometimes, the producers fail to recover the costs.

Jamdani industry – which is nothing less than "high art" can only survive if the market is expanded within Bangladesh and outside. Jamdani needs to be made more popular among the privileged classes while ensuring that the quality and artistry of the weave is maintained. Unless the demand for Jamdani saris, dress and furnishing materials (Jamdani is now also being used for making curtains) is increased, weavers will continue to suffer in terms of lower wages. Jamdani is not just a heritage of Bangladesh – it is truly a heritage of the world that needs to be preserved and promoted.



এ দেশের বয়ন শিল্পের
ধর্মের গাঁথা সৃষ্টিতে
যাদের অবদান ছিলো
এবং আছে, সেই
জামদানী কারিগরদের
সৃষ্টিশীল-মেধার প্রতি
সম্মান জানাতে,
এই প্রদর্শনী
"স্টোরি অব থাইড"
উৎসর্গিত।



K a n t h a



THREADED TO LIFE: THE ART OF NAKSHI KANTHA

Ananya Sengupta

***She is a daughter beloved at home
When the embroidery begins;
Later a husband sits at her side,
Her red lips hums as she sings***

***Spreading the embroidered quilt
She works the livelong night,
As if the quilt her poet were
Of her bereaved plight.
Many a joy and many a sorrow
Is written in breast;
The story of Rupa's life is there,
Line by line expressed.***

*From Naskhi Kanthar Matt
by Poet Jasimuddin*

Nakshi Kanthar Matt (The Field of Embroidered Quilt) is a masterpiece by Bengali poet Jasimuddin. Like most of his other works, this poem portrays the rural life of Bengal in a simple, poignant yet strikingly lyrical fashion.

Rupai a young man falls in love with Shaju, a beautiful girl from a neighbouring village. They get married and live happily for some time till a tragedy befalls them. Thugs come to loot the crops of the villagers, resulting in a conflict. Five die and Rupai is wrongly accused. To evade the situation, he flees and goes into hiding. Back home, Shaju waits for her love to return. To help pass the time, she starts portraying the sad tale of her life in a Nakshi Kantha, a quilt sewn from old clothes with delicate stitches.

Days, months, years go by, and Shaju still waits for Rupai to return. Hope gradually gives way to despair. Finally, out of anxiety and desperation, Shaju dies. Shaju's grave is covered with the Nakshi Kantha. When Rupai returns, many days later, he rec-

ognizes Shaju's grave by the Kantha. Wrapping himself in the Kantha, Rupai pines away and dies. The people of the village rename their village 'Nakshi Kanthar Math' (Field of Embroidered Quilt) to immortalize the tragic saga of Rupai and Shaju's illustrated love

Quilt making is a universal phenomenon – an expression of maternal instinct of providing protection and warmth to children and other loved ones. According to Professor Niaz Zaman, the earliest mention of the Bengal Kantha is believed to be in Krishnadas Kaviraj's Sri Sri Chaitanya Charitamrita, written about 500 years ago, which refers to a Kantha sent to him by his mother.

While quilt making is universal, probably no where else in the world is quilt making so intimately embedded with life itself as the Nakshi Kantha tradition of Bengal. By using the simple running stitch, the kantha maker transformed humble rags into works of art. In the village, Nakshi Kantha was not just art ... it was life. Made as a gift for a loved one, the Kantha served to remind the receiver of the love and prayers of the woman who had painstakingly embroidered the quilt. As Zaman puts it, if the Naskhi Kantha was a witness to history, it was also the mute confidante of the Kantha artist who embroidered into the Kantha her hopes and fears, her joys and sorrows. Further, since the Nakshi Kantha was created by unlettered women who followed their artistic and aesthetic instincts, no two Nakshi Kantha works are similar, quite like the Russian dolls - Matrushka.



Traditionally, Kanthas were worked on during leisure hours, and elaborate Kanthas could take years to complete. Poet Jasimuddin expresses by showing how Shaju begins to embroider her quilt while she is still unmarried and continues to work on it through the years.

Today after the revival of the Nakshi Kantha the art form has gained popularity and some bit of commercial success. In the last forty years Nakshi Kantha has reincarnated itself from its humble origins into forms that are much more "urbane" and "sophisticated". One now finds a wide range of products made of the Naskhi Kantha - bedspreads, wall hanging, pillow and cushion covers, ladies' purses, place mats, jewel boxes, dress materials, shawls, spreads, and sarees.

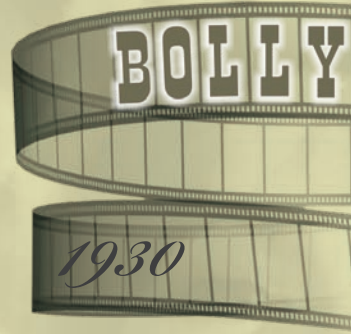
Nakshi Kanthas are made throughout Bangladesh. However greater Mymensing, Rajshahi, Faridpur and Jessore areas are most famous for this craft. In West Bengal, Shantiniketan / Bolpur is a very important center for Nakshi Kanthas. The revival of Nakshi Kantha both in Shantiniketan in West Bengal and in Bangladesh has not only generated an interest and appreciation for this indigenous folk art of Bengal, but also helps to provide a livelihood for thousands of rural women who would otherwise not be gainfully employed. From its humble origins in villages, Nakshi Kantha has indeed come a long way.

All Jamdani weavers, past and present, with their skillful ingenuity have made and eminence contribution to the illustrious textile heritage of this country. This 'Story of Pride' exhibition is dedicated to them.

Bollywood ...



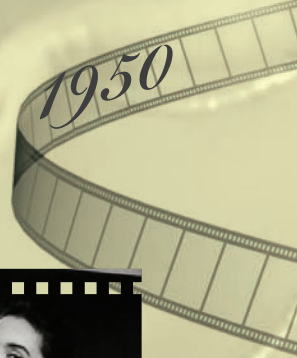
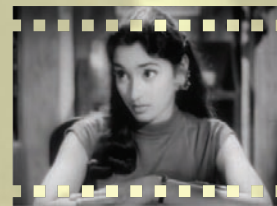
Hi everyone, Happy Durga Puja to ALL in Russia! I am Avik, a fashion technocrat by profession and have been associated with Raymond Limited for the last three and half years as a quality auditor. My design sensibilities have been strongly influenced by the iconic Russian designer Valentin Yudashkin. Have always been a big fan of his couture range and extremely feminine and graceful silhouettes. My idea of an evening well spent is good food accompanied by good music, especially Bangla classics by R D Burman and Lata Mangeshkar. Food that I must dig into on Ashtami are luchi, alur dom and kosha mangsho.... Yum!



- Clearly defined lips in rich color
- Kohl lined eyes
- Hairstyles were still quite close to the head with the deep set, finger waves. Some were parted in the center, others on the side
- Heavy silk sarees in dark shades with thick gold borders in geometric patterns were in vogue



- 1950's hairstyles were soft and curly. Straight hair was OUT. Short to shoulder length hair was IN. The look was usually achieved by an arduous process of pin curling and rolling. Remember - no blow dryers in the 50s. Young women often tied their hair back in a ponytail and circled it with a pretty chiffon scarf
- Dresses, dresses, AND more middy dresses. Usually knee length or a little longer. Tied around the waist with a neat satin/silk belt. Sleeveless or with short sleeves
- Heavily embroidered blouses were OUT, and instead stepped in printed blouses
- A general trend during the 1950s was to wear beautiful vintage jewellery like jhumkas, hooplas, matha tikka, *chokker*, bangles. The keyword for this decade was 'Simplicity'. be it the designs of the clothes or the make-up, it was all kept minimal



- The hemlines went up and the necklines plunged a bit. Big, colorful sunglasses, bell bottoms, psychedelic prints, butterfly collar shirts, maxi dresses, tie and dye designs. BIG was truly beautiful in this era
- Hair was usually long and black, left open or worn high up with side bangs
- This was truly the 'Flower Power' or the 'Disco Age' of Indian Cinema



- Strappy sandals made way for ankle high boots
- Traditional Bindi was out and in stepped big decorative Bindis
- One could see colorful ties, baggy pants, dungarees make an entry into everyone's wardrobe.
- Fashion Designers made an entry into Bollywood during this era. They took it upon themselves to give an image makeover to Kajol in DDLJ and Karishma Kapoor in Raja Hindustani



a saga of fashion



- Around 1940s the hair styles began to soften a little bit more; but the play in the waves continued and a little bit of volume appeared on the scene.



- The color on the lips started to look less predominant in comparison to the dark, rich shades worn in the 30s

- Heavy silks made way for sheer Sari's like chiffons and laces. The general trend was to wear a sheer chiffon or lace Sari's with a heavily embroidered high back silk blouse. Sari's were all worn either at the normal waist or high waist unlike the current phase



- This was the era of Anarkali Suits, Chudidar with fitted Kurti's and Mumtaz Sari

- In terms of hairstyle, the beehive was incredibly popular look for women. 'Sadhna' cut which was a name given to fringe haircut sported by the beautiful actress Sadhana

- The lip colors became pale, almost nude
- Elongated eye-liner, big earrings, tight fitted clothes and the famous 'twist' dance



- Platform heels and bell bottom trousers from the 70s OUT; Strappy heels and denims IN

- Sari's in plain colors were back in vogue, thanks to Sridevi in Mr. India and Chandni and Rekha in Silsila

- The Mangalsutra made a grand entry during the 80s holding hands of Southern actresses like Jayaprada and Sridevi

- Eyes loaded with mascara, dark red painted lips, traditional Indian jewellery and hair left open without much frills and fancy was the highlight of 80s Bollywood



- Stylist's enter Bollywood
- Bollywood enters the 'Red Carpet' with a bang!
- Heroines had an array of styles to choose from
- Look varied from the natural look to the ultra glam



Fashion across the gamut



Gorgeous Kanjivarum



IN STEP WITH STYLE

*Wishing all a Very Happy
Durga Puja and Dushera
from Sanjay Yadav & Family!*



www.escan.ru





Pechnikov Gennady Mikhailovich



Indira Gandhi with grandchildren accompanied by Ambassador of Soviet Union attend premiere of Ramayana, 1974

IN CONVERSATION WITH PADMA SHREE PECHNIKOV GENNADY MIKHAILOVICH ON THE EVE OF GOLDEN JUBILEE OF (PLAY) RAMAYANA IN RUSSIA



The premiere of Ramayana took place in November 1960 in the Central Children's Theatre in Moscow for the first time in Europe. Mr. Pechnikov is also the recipient of the coveted Bal Mitra award in 1984.

Aararika: Your recollections of the premiere of Ramayana in Moscow.

Pechnikov: Huge success! House full, of the audience many were Indians. The Indian Ambassador Mr. K. Menon with his wife were also present. They helped us during the rehearsals.

Aararika: How were you received on your first trip to India?

Pechnikov: In 1973 I was invited to visit India on invitation of Indian government as guest of honour on the occasion of 400 years of Tusidas, the author of Ramcharitmanas. I was received by Prime Minister Smt. Indira Gandhi. In the subsequent year, we received the

invitation to perform our Ramayana in India.

Aararika: Your favourite city in India?

Pechnikov: Ayodhya, the birth place of Ram.

Aararika: Favourite film?

Pechnikov: Aawara

Aararika: Favourite actress?

Pechnikov: Nargis

Aararika: Favourite actor?

Pechnikov: Raj Kapoor

Aararika: Favourite food?

Pechnikov: Indian curry with rice.

Aararika: Your wishes for our readers?

Pechnikov: New meetings with 'Russian Ram' in India and in Russia during the celebration of our Golden Jubilee.

And yes, do learn to recite Pushkin BY HEART. Right from my childhood he has been my favourite poet.



Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru with the artists

SERUM INSTITUTE OF INDIA LTD.

**Wishes happy
Durga Puga and Dushera to all
Indian community in Moscow!**



REGD. OFFICE & LABORATORIES
212/2, HADAPSAR, PUNE-SHOLAPUR ROAD, PUNE-411 028. (INDIA)
TEL.: (0) ++ 91-20-6993900/01/02, (R) ++ 91-20-5884985
FAX: ++ 91-20-6993924/21
Email: exports@pn2.vsnl.net.in
ybuserum@hotmail.com

ENDURING THE ENDEARING... IN MOSCOW



Shanti with Heliconias

Queuing

Something as easy as scratching one's neck should be simple enough to do...unless one is in Moscow. Here it's like having to get to an itch that's lodged in the middle of one's back. This is exactly how I feel when I have to pop into one of those neighbourhood convenience stores for that packet of potato mayo-onion crisps which my 7-year-old just had to have at that very moment. Why we call them "convenience" stores is beyond comprehension for me for there is nothing more inconvenient than making a purchase in these produkti shops. First you enter and stand on tip toe behind a tall woman who is contemplating between the 3% fat kefir and the 3.2% fat kefir as if that would make all the difference to her already overly-healthy frame. Arriving at the crucial decision after weighing the consequences on the effect of what .2% fat would make, she leaves you the space so that you may approach the shelves to see if that elusive bag of chips was indeed there. Once you are certain the article is there and are satisfied with the requested price, you proceed to another queue in front of the cash register.

Armed with the receipt, I can now get into a new queue, (3rd one for those who have lost count) to pick up my purchase and hoping by this time, my son has not had a change of craving and wants the potato Smetana-onion crisps instead!

Still on the subject of queues, (yes, and you thought there was only one protocol to follow didn't you?!) You know how sometimes you have this machine at the entrance of say, a

Shanti Tauvy

I have eclectic taste in music - Celtic sounds to African drum beats. Even the patter of the rain on my window lulls me back to sleep; hence one of my favourite musicians would be Nature. Sweet south-Indian delights for breakfast - appams with coconut milk or puttumayams and raw sugar. Had this whilst living in Singapore last two years. I should learn to make this as its proving to be impossible to have this in Moscow. Recipes anyone?

bank, where you jab some buttons and it spits out some paper with a number indicating when your turn is and you then plonk yourself onto a chair and wait for your number to come up on the neon panel?

Expecting this to be the case, I walk into the HP service centre one day only to stumble into the waiting room and be confronted by a sea of hugely similar features and that all-important machine nowhere in sight. I try my best to memorise all those faces who had arrived before me. Things became clear (or so I thought at that time) the moment a new person entered and a voice boomed "Kto poslednie" (who is last) and every finger pointed at me. This is all very well until, the man in front of me said to me "I am going out for a smoke. Watch my spot!" As I was about to make my flabbergasted objection known I thought to myself, if the this man reserved his place, maybe there are others who were also taking care of missing people's places. And true enough, one after another, they start strolling in and take their so-called rightful places in the queue; places they had abandoned to have a smoke or sit in a coffee shop or to buy groceries or to take a nap. So now, instead of deceptively believing I was 4th in line, I was 11th! And even then, who knew...

Hot off the press! September first saw a monumental change in Moscow's alcohol policy. No buying of hard liquor from 10pm to 10am. Random checks are made by inspectors at check-out counters at supermarkets and provision stores throughout the capital to ensure

no one defied that law. Picture this...You are a law abiding citizen and you pick up a bottle of the Russian staple, vodka, way before the clock chimes 10. With that prized bottle in your hands and the precious seconds ticking away fast (okay, so you were there on the 11th hour but it definitely wasn't 10 yet!) you find yourself standing at the cashier behind a mother who with one hand is consoling her bawling baby while with the other hand transferring packets onto the belt. Thing is, her shopping cart is laden with enough food to feed a small army for a week and enough cleaning products to clean the army's barracks for an entire year! Desperately wanting to speed up the payment process it was all you could do to stop yourself from slapping the baby to shut her up so that mommy dearest could finish paying and you'd be able to have an evening of thirst-quenching booze. "Help!" you scream silently. Want to avoid that scenario? Then go to this one particular chain of hypermarkets for it has found an ingenious way around that issue. You pay for your bottle as soon as it's picked up from the shelves and not have to wait till the checkout counter and possibly lose the privilege to buy that day.

24 hour stores

Moscow is a city of bewildering contrasts. On one hand you have the Soviet-era product shops with its cumbersome buying system. On the other hand you have the extreme marketing convenience, 24-hour shopping galore! Anything from fresh flowers to computer printers to baby furniture can be pro-



Gstaad, Switzerland with Jojo

cured at anytime of the day (or night!) Where I live, I have access to round-the-clock Perekrestock, Ramstore, 7 Continent, Azbuka Vkusa all within a kopeck's throw away! I know not procrastinating is a virtue next to Godliness (or was that cleanliness?) but surely one didn't have to run out at 2-am for lavender-scented fabric conditioner when the pine-scented one sitting under the kitchen sink would have worked!?

Signage

When one is new to a country, advertisements and signs are welcoming sights. They are enlightening and introduces us to which juice tastes like a fruit with a straw stuck through, which dress will guarantee you the job at the next interview, which detergent will get the shirts whiter than white. I suffered a loss of self-esteem once when I asked for my trusted soap powder Persil at a shop in France and the shop keeper, instead of handing me with the familiar green box gave me a bunch of parsley. You guessed it. Both the suds and the

herb share the same name.

This ambiguity would never have happened here in the 90s. When I first arrived, and even now this practice is rampant, signs all over the city did not pitch brand names but instead displayed product names. There were no Tervolinas but instead you went to buy shoes at "Obuvi". The new school year did not start with a visit to "Biblio Globus" but to "Knigi" instead. Dumplings were not to be had Yulki Palki but at "Pelmeni". And possibly the most important of them all is that international ballet lovers would not have gone to the "Stanislavsky" but would clamour for tickets at the Big Theatre, otherwise known as "Bolshoi Teatre".

Women in hats indoors

So we all dress warmly in sheep skin and fur before venturing out into the wild, wild, white - coat, gloves, scarf, boots and hats. You arrive at your destination and off come the coat, gloves, scarf, boots but NOT the hat! That fur chapka remains nicely on the fashion-conscious woman's head the entire time lest her immaculate coiffure which has been disturbed by the said headwear be exposed for the world to see. She'll go through the entire art exhibition at a museum or a whole meal at a restaurant with her head gear on! Isn't it enough that the whole place is overheated without having to add on to the heat wave by keeping the hat on?! I mean, aren't these women really taking Joe Cocker too seriously when he said "you can leave your hat on"??

Parking

I was recently contemplating driv-

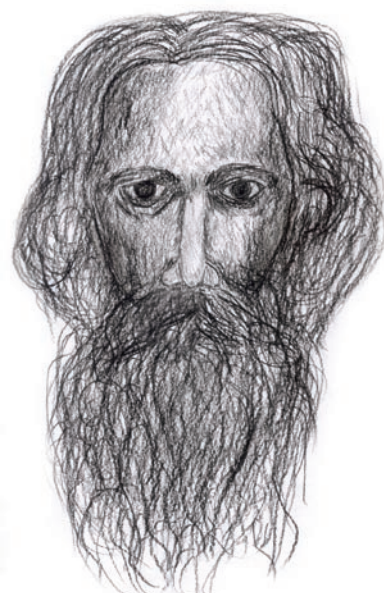
ing here. One of my concerns was on where to park and I ask an experienced driver, my husband, the pertinent question. His answer? "When you stop driving, consider yourself parked!" So what about the other road-users who have the right of way? They are just suppose to get stuck and wiggle around that thoughtlessly-parked car? No honking, no obscene gesticulation, no complaints, no exasperated sighs even. But who would have the audacity to grumble since every one of them had at one time or another been guilty of such a breach. Call it "Payback Time" or even "Pay it Forward", either one works.

Russian words

Is it only me or has anyone else noticed how long and vowel-deprived Russian words are?! Let's take the example of a couple of the commonest words, zdrasvyutiye and pozhaluista. (Hello and Please) Surely those couldn't have been single words. Those must have been whole proverbs disguised as words! One would think that the first two words one learnt in any language would be "encouraging" ones but 4 syllables each!!!! That's enough to put any foreigner off learning any more new words for the rest of the week! And as if the length wasn't bad enough, they decide they should also add a tongue twister. "Hello" has Z-D-R strung together. Couldn't anyone see that somewhere between the consonants there were vowels missing? And yet, I continue to learn it and I am certainly no masochist. Perhaps I am not enduring Moscow after all. Perhaps I am simply enjoying it!



Sketch by Monique Fuller,
sent from Madrid



Sketch of Rabindranath Tagore
by Andrei Garzon

ВКУСНЫЕ ВСТРЕЧИ С БИШУ



Елена Чаттерджи с мужем и Бишу

Elena Chatterjee has been a logopedist since 1967 and specialises working with children. She is presently assistant to the chief logopedist of the area where she lives.

Here, Elena writes about the culinary skills of Bishu, (who happens to be our puja committee vice president). Bishu and Elena go back to university days when any meeting with Bishu meant that the evening would end with food and that food would inevitably be prepared by Bishu. Elena often told him that he should own a restaurant as cooking was his forte. Although the restaurant is still not there, his recipes are and here Elena shares with us some of his best.

С Бишу мы знакомы давно и встреч, о которых пойдет речь, было много. Не важно, где происходила встреча - у нас дома или дома у Бишу, основным действием было приготовление еды. Той самой, побенгальски. Бишу просто не мог обойтись без этого. Раз встретились - значит пора покушать! Часто я ему советовала открыть индийский ресторан и быть в нем шеф-поваром. Бишу действительно достоин собственного ресторана потому, что готовит он очень вкусно, вкладывая все своё сердце и открытую бенгальскую душу. Ресторан пока не открыт, но я могу вам кое-что рассказать о технологии приготовления "а ля Бишу" и приоткрыть некоторые из его секретов. Начну с секретов.

Главное - это правильные помощники. На нашей кухне я и мой муж Ратхиндра прекрасно справлялись с этой ролью. Это было не сложно - всего лишь послушно исполнять распоряжения Бишу и слушать его рассказы. Особенно Бишу удается приготовление мяса (баранины) и типично бенгальского блюда - *мачер джол*, бенгальского варианта рыбного карри. На приготовление этих блюд уходит достаточно много времени, за которое Бишу успевал рассказать о том, как в его студенческие годы в МГУ на "запах" ужина, рассчитанного на 2-х, приходило не менее 5-ти человек. И тогда, чтобы заново не готовить, он добавлял побольше воды

для соуса и + *ЛОНКА* (острый, очень острый перец). Все были довольны, потому что еды хватало всем. Это вам маленький секрет на тот случай, когда гости пришли незвано. Теперь я приведу записанный мною рецепт "Баранины от Бишу". Этот рецепт на тот случай, когда вы сами позвали гостей и уверены в их точном количестве. Немного растительного масла налить в подходящую посуду, добавить лук, мешать на большом огне, затем огонь уменьшить и держать лук под крышкой. Добавить тертый имбирный корень, чеснок и мелко нарезанную баранину. Тушить под крышкой до тех пор, пока не выпарится лишняя жидкость. Добавить кориандр, гвоздику, соль, сахар, помидор и воду. Довести до готовности постоянно помешивая.

А теперь главное - как правильно нарезать лук, сколько держать лук под крышкой, в какой последовательности добавлять *мошля* и т.п. знает только Бишу! И если в тот момент, когда вы готовите, его нет на вашей кухне - у вас ничего не получится! Увы! Потому что самый главный секрет Бишу заключается в том, что вкусная еда получается только у того, кто обладает необходимой для этого жизненной философией. Это и есть главная *мошля*.

В чем же заключается эта необходимая жизненная философия? Спросите об этом самого Бишу. Пока он еще не занят собственным рестораном.



Ulitsa Mikluho Maklaya - 21a
Belyaev or Yugo-Zapadnaya
Tel.: 544-4640; 517-1787



*Best compliments
to the indian community
in Moscow*



Tours & Services Moscow

*Special tour packages to -
India, Nepal, Srilanka, Maldives*

42/1 Leninsky Prospect, Moscow, 119119, Russia, Office No :- 1553, www.drservices.ru,
e-mail:- infodrservices@gmail.com, Tel/Fax:- +7(495) 9388562
Mobile:- +7-916-64-34-999, +7-915-20-09-606

Vacation packages to
the celebration

**OF YOUR
DREAMS**

OUR OTHER SERVICES

**VISA PROCESSING
HOTEL RESERVATIONS
MEDICAL TOUR
AYURVEDIC TOUR
LEISURE TOUR
HANDLING GROUPS**



Free Home Delivery

Few Restaurant Reviews-

Curry House in Moscow "Expat.ru"

The Best Indian Food in Moscow "RedTape.Ru"

The authentic Indian Food in Moscow "Moscow News"

Special 15 % Discount to All Embassies in Moscow.

Only Restaurant in Moscow Serving Authentic Kerala Food.

Krizhizanovskovo Street 20/30, Metro Profsayousnaya, Moscow,
Website :- www.aromamoscow.ru, e-mail :- info@aromamoscow.ru,
Tel: +7 (495) 543-54-26

Celebrating



Durga Puja 2009



WISHING ALL A VERY HAPPY DURGA PUJA & DUSHERA!



**идея
idea**

a 2 x services

DESIGN BUREAU & PRINTING HOUSE
ДИЗАЙН И ПОЛИГРАФИЯ

+7 (495) 434 31 81

+7 (901) 512 87 34

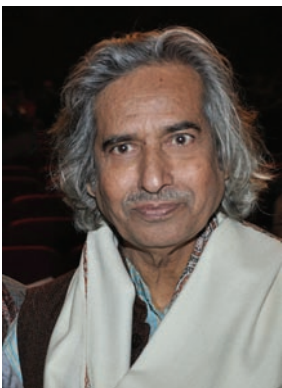
+7 (926) 222 08 88

ФИРМЕННЫЙ СТИЛЬ
СУВЕНИРЫ
ПЕРЕВОДЫ
WEB-ДИЗАЙН
НАРУЖНАЯ РЕКЛАМА
ДОСТАВКА В РЕГИОНЫ

BRANDING
SOUVENIRS
TRANSLATION
WEB SITE CREATION
OUTDOOR ADVERTISING
COURIER SERVICE

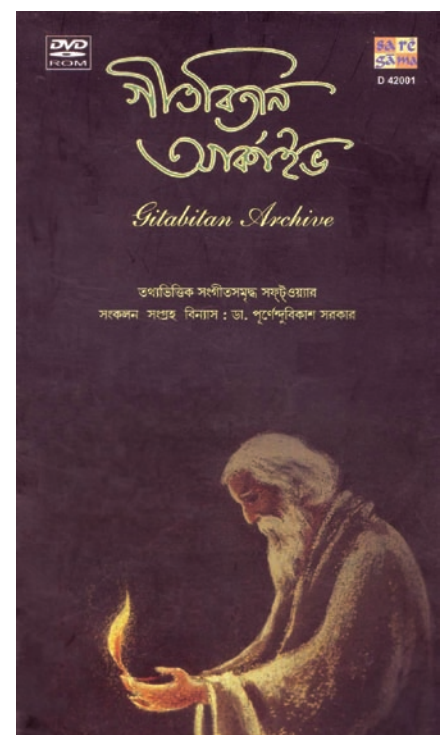
г. Москва, ул. 26 БАКИНСКИХ КОММИССАРОВ, д. 9, ОФИС 104
ideamoscow@gmail.com www.ideaonline.ru

*Haratrika thanks
Sri Jogen Chowdhury
for the cover painting*



Jogen Chowdhury

With his unique and highly recognizable style of strong lines and curves that portrays the character of his figures, Jogen Chowdhury is a landmark in the arena of 21st century Indian art. He mostly uses ink, water colour and pastel. He has been playing a pivotal role in inspiring the younger artists of our country. He currently lives and works in Shantiniketan.



The recently released Gitabitan Archive



MEMBERS

President	: Swami Jyotirupananda Maharaj
Vice-president	: Dr. Hitangshu Kumar Dasgupta
General Secretary	: Nitin Aurangabadkar
Treasurer	: Chitralekha Garzon
Editor of Aaratrika	: Debasmita Moulick Nair
Puja Mandap All in All	: Manjulika / Atreyee Chatterjee/ Mitali/ Sudeshna
Cultural Fiesta Coordinators	: Manjulika Dhar and Sudeshna Aurangabadkar
Food and Administration	
Coordinator	: Durgananda Mishra

Alok Shrivastava
 Arup Bhattacharya
 Ashwini & Dinesh Badgandi
 Atreyee & Dhruvo Chatterjee
 Avik Dey Bhowmik
 Chitralekha & Moises Garzon
 Debasmita Moulick Nair & **Ramanunni Nair**
 Dinesh Chakraborty
 Dipti Rekha & Debajyoti Pal
 Elena and Rathin Chatterjee
 Indu & Hritesh Baruri
 Jewel Ghosh
 Jhuma & Raj Kumar Neogy
 Krishna Roy
 Lochana and Mahesh Mahadevan
 Manjulika and Debasish Dhar
 Mitali Sarkar
 Mohua & Sumit Sanyal
 Nadezhda & Rameshwar Singh
 Natasha & Joy Dasgupta
 Olga & Debasish Sengupta
 Piyali & Sunil Kumar Bhattacharjee
 Pushpalata & Durgananda Mishra
 Rumi & Suptam Das

Sonu & Balmukund Bajaj
 Smita & Sumit Sengupta
 Sudha and Jitendra Kumar
 Sudeshna & Nitin Aurangabadkar
 Sumana & Pradyot Mukherjee
 Tanu Tripathi & **Suresh Tripathi**
 Tatiyana & Hitangshu Kumar Dasgupta
 Tatiyana & Kaushik Das
 Vidisha & Saurabh Shome
 Yulia & Pradyumna Chatterjee
 Umesh Dubey

Hritendu Russo Baruri
 Hrittika Baruri
 Polina Dasgupta
 Prarthana Mukherjee
 Rati Singh
 Rick Das
 Richik Sengupta
 Rupam Das
 Sagnik Bhattacharjee
 Saniya Badgandi
 Sagarika Sanyal
 Sahana Mahadevan
 Sahithya Mahadevan
 Sanchari Mukherjee
 Sanjana Shome
 Siddharth Shome
 Shashwat Bajaj
 Shinjini Bhattacharjee
 Sougata Das
 Subhayu Chatterjee
 Tanaya Badgandi
 Uditangshu Aurangabadkar
 Valentine Chatterjee
 Yash Dasgupta

YOUNG MEMBERS

Adarsh Tripathi
 Amit Singh
 Aanisha Garzon
 Andrei Garzon
 Anushka Dhar
 Astika Bajaj
 Ayanna Chatterjee
 Bishwarup Neogy





OUR SPECIAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

*Moscow Durga Puja Committee thanks all of
you for your support and wishes you a very
happy puja!*

Swami Jyotirupananda Maharaj
Mrs. Rashmi Mishra, Principal, Embassy of India School, Moscow
Mrs. Chhaya Kumar, Embassy of India School, Moscow
Avantage Bio-Pharm
Oleg- Ramkrishna Mission Moscow
Irina Kirilovna Smirnova, Interclub RPFU
Calcutta yellow pages.com(P)Ltd – Mr.Manoj K. Agarwal
Calcuttayellowpages.com(P)Ltd - Sumana Sarkar
Coral Med – Mr. B.P. Singh
Cosmo Travel- Mr. R.K.Goyal
Elena Impex
Dr. Reddy's Laboratories
DISHA- Indo- Russian Friendship Organization
IDEA Design and Printing Team
Manash Med
Microlabs Ltd
Ranbaxy Ltd
Restaurant Aroma
Restaurant Darbar
Restaurant Khajuraho
Restaurant Maharaja
Restaurant Talk of the Town
Serum Institute of India - Mr Yashwant Umralkar
S.D.Diamond LLC - Mr Ramani Vithalbhai V.
Sharan Pharma
Sun Pharma
Shreya Corporation
Shreya Core
TrendNet –Mr Ranjit Sarkar

Editing

Shanti Tauvy
Teresa Khanna
Debashish Sengupta
Sujatha Rajagopal

Illustration

Lilya Baitenova



"AARATRIKA"

Moscow Durga Puja celebrations
1990-2010

Editor-in-chief:

Debasmita Moulick Nair

Sub-editor:

Shanti Tauvy

Advertisement coordinators and

raffle draw:

Alok Shrivastava
Balmukund Bajaj
Debasish Dhar
Dhruvo Chatterjee
Jitendra Kumar
Joy Dasgupta
Mahesh Mahadevan
Nitin Aurangabadkar
Pradyot Mukherjee

Communication Director:

Nadezda Singh
(General director "IDEA")

Design & layout:

Denis Feldman

Design center and printing house

"IDEA" +7 495 434 3181

+7 901 512 8734

+7 926 222 0888

e-mail: ideamoscow@gmail.com

mail@ideasonline.ru

www.ideasonline.ru

Редакция журнала не несет ответственности
за информацию, предоставленную
рекламодателями.

The publisher does not accept any responsibility
for the views expressed by the contributors
or correspondents.
All rights reserved and reproduction in any manner
is prohibited without the permission from
the publishers.

Cover picture: Jogen Chowdhury
Kash phool by Pavel Sluzky

In Memory...

Yan Dasgupta 1975 – 2010

A little boy was sad, because he couldn't find his mother. His friends got him a pair of canaries. He would look at them and smile. He didn't like arithmetic lessons but soon learnt to sing opera and Russian romance. He loved poetry and went to law school. He became an accomplished and sought after lawyer and allowed the silence between notes to beat a rhythm to his soul. He adored Ravi Shankar and wanted to learn the tabla. He had many friends who loved him dearly and he loved them more. His friends come from different backgrounds – painters, lawyers, musicians, diplomats, young and the-not-so-young. He conversed in Bengali, gave interviews in English and wrote poems in Russian. He kept a tiny Buddha by his bed and his thoughts would often take him to the Himalayas. When he was tired and low, he would ask his sister to cook him a simple meal of dal and potatoes and would insist she sit by his side. Then one day he said goodbye and left us holding his memories. His father laid him to rest next to his mother, so that he would never be sad.

We love you Yanik, will miss you always.



*« ...ищу себя
в просторах
бесконечных... »*

Ян Дас Гупта
Сборник стихов
Poems by Yan Dasgupta



О чем я плачу в этот день?
Когда вокруг горят огни,
Когда прошедшего лишь тень
Колышет волосы мои,
Когда душа моя опять
Желает рваться в никуда,
Когда проблем густая прядь
Ложится глыбой на глаза.
О чем я плачу в этот день?
Я не смогу сказать тебе.
Я знаю только лишь одно,
Я жив еще, и это все.



Лунной ночи тона,
Тусклый свет фонарей.
Ты наверно одна
У открытых дверей.
Все угасло в тиши,
Город ночью убит.
Только трепет в груди,
Это сердце не спит.
Мысли льются дождем,
Чувствам нету конца.
«Так зачем же, ответь
Так жестока судьба?
Как хотел бы я вдруг
Все назад повернуть.
Но, увы, нам опять
Не пройти этот путь.
Эта ночь как стена,
Мы в плену у нее,
Но мы можем вдвоем
Пронестись сквозь нее.
Не могу я прожить
Без тепла твоих глаз.
Так зачем же, судьба,
Разлучила ты нас?



Я знаю долгим будет путь,
Ведущий к радости свеченью.
Порой мне хочется заснуть, и сил уж нет,
Кругом забвенье,
Туман и мгла ложится вновь
На холст судьбы моей печальной.
Я чувствую, что с этой жизнью расставание
Откроет мне глубины мироздания.



THE TIME OF INTEGRATED SOLUTIONS



**STEEL INDUSTRIAL
COMPANY**

Phone: +7 343 359-39-59



Steel Industrial Company is one of the major independent companies supplying rolled metal products to the Russian market and the CIS countries. The company is in wholesaling and retailing and is developing its own production, i.e. metal processing and section production.

Steel Industrial Company has been trading metal in Russia since 1991. Today is a vertically integrated divisional network of enterprises that processes and supplies metal items to the markets of Russia and Kazakhstan.

The company is based in Yekaterinburg with branches and representative offices in 40 cities of Russia and abroad. Since 2001 Steel Industrial Company is a member of the Russian Union of Metal and Steel Suppliers (RUMSS) and according to Forbes it ranks among the 200 major Russian companies.

Steel Industrial Company accounts for 5% of the Russian metal consumption market. Steel Industrial Company holds stocks of 150,000 tonnes of metal products of over 10,000 articles and standard sizes.

The main suppliers of the company are major metal producers of Russia and the CIS countries including MMK (Magnitogorsk Iron and Steel Works), NLMK (Novolipetsk Steel), NTMK (Nizhniy Tagil Iron and Steel Works), ZSMK (West-Siberian Iron and Steel Works), NSMMZ, Severstal, Mechel, PNTZ and Mittal Steel.

www.spk.ru





MTM-GROUP

осуществляет поставки белой консервной жести самого широкого ассортимента для удовлетворения потребностей предприятий жестетарной и консервной промышленности. Потребителям предлагаются различные варианты взаимодействия:

- Прямые вагонные поставки позволяют потребителям получать продукцию различных производителей, произведенную в соответствии с ГОСТ 13345-85, по минимальным ценам.

- Поставка жести с повышенными требованиями к геометрическим размерам листов, порезанной из рулонов шириной 686, 704, 712, 724, 765 и 820мм. Длина листов – любая в диапазоне 500-1200мм. При этом отклонение по длине листов и косина реза не превышает 0,18мм, что позволяет исключить последующую калибровку листов.



На складах компании в городах Подольске, Азове и Калининграде всегда имеется в наличии широкий ассортимент жести ЭЖК, что делает возможным оперативную отгрузку продукции автомобильным и ж/д транспортом.

В 2005 году начаты поставки потребителям жести электролитического лужения однократной и двойной прокатки толщиной от 0,15мм по европейскому стандарту EN 10202:2001. (Производители рулонной жести: U.S. Steel Košice и Rasselstein GmbH. Резка на листы производится на Экспериментальном Производственном Комплексе (ЭПК) в г.Подольске.

Потребителям предлагается также скролл-лист (лист с фигурным резом) для изготовления концов к банкам диаметром 72,8мм и 83,4мм. За счет применения этого листа удастся дополнительно снизить затраты на жечь не менее, чем на 6-7% по сравнению с прямоугольным.

Тел.: +7 495 339-18-00, +7 495 330-16-44

E-mail: info@mmk-luch.ru; plate@infomtm.ru

URL: <http://www.mtm-group.ru>



Лучший индийский ресторан Москвы с прекрасным панорамным видом на Воробьёвы горы*

В дополнение к широкому выбору блюд Индийской кухни вы окунётесь в волшебную атмосферу современного восточного интерьера. Здесь открывается прекрасный панорамный вид на Воробьёвы горы.

Ресторан «Дарбар» идеально подходит для проведения бизнес встреч и семинаров, вечеринок с друзьями, а также воскресных семейных обедов.

У нас широкий выбор блюд и напитков традиционной Индийской кухни, как вегетарианских так и мясных, часть из которых адаптирована к европейскому вкусу. Нигде больше в Москве вы не попробуете блюда типичные лишь для юга Индии — редкие виды лепёшек и блюд из риса. Мы также предложим вам Кальяны с разнообразными фруктовыми начинками.

Будем рады видеть вас ежедневно
с 12:00 до 24:00

Ленинский пр-т, 38, Панорамный зал, 16 этаж
(Здание гостиницы «Спутник»)

Телефон: +7 (495) 930-23-65

* по оценке газеты «The Moscow Times»

