

ଆରମ୍ଭଦୀୟା ଭୂମି କଳା ୨୦୧୧





Durga Puja 2011 Issue
8th - 9th October, 2011
<http://www.milonee.net>
milonee@milonee.net



মিলনী কমিটির পক্ষ
থেকে আপনাদের
সকলকে জানাই
শুভ বিজয়ার
প্রীতি
ও
শুভেচ্ছা

Milonee Executive Committee

Raghu & Soma Bhattacharya
Anindo & Sreyashi Shome
Avi Purkayastha & Arundhuti Guha
Bodhayan Chakraborty & Knakan Chattopadhyay
Kaushik Dam & Arjita Ghosh
Partha & Kaushani Mukherjee
Rathin & Mira Basu
Rina Chatterjee (Piya)
Soumya & Sumana Gangopadhyay,
Souvik & Tuhina Nandi

Durga Puja 2011 - Nirghonto

October 8th - Sosthi, Saptami & Astami

9:00 AM - Puja starts
12:00 PM - Puspanjali
6:00 PM - Sandhyarati

October 9th - Nabami & Dashami

9:00 AM - Puja starts
12:00 PM - Puspanjali
1:30 PM - Thakur Boron

Puja Performed by
Shubhamoy Ganguly
Joydip Bhaumik



॥ সূচীপত্র Contents ॥



Editorial

From the President's Desk

Program List

ছোটদের ক্যান্ডায়াস

Things I am Thankful For

Blooming Season

Flowers Grow

My Very Naughty Baby Brother

When The Tiger Came Out

Drawing

That was FUN!

Injustice

No TV?

Drawing

Drawing

For Anthali Ram Neil on his Birthday

কবিতা (Poems)

মা দুর্গারে শাখা পড়া

আম্মার বিশ্বকবি

আমি ও স্বপ্ন

অবাক কান্ড

HUSH !!

JUNE 19th

ছোটবেলার কথা

দুর্গাপূজা

বচনা

তপন

Petrified Forest

He doesn't discriminate yet!

The Empathizer

The Companion

A Strange Walk In The Park

Bengal Tigers Stand To Lose Their Home State

An Interview with Puja Allepalli

Cityscape Kolkata- Academy of Fine Arts, An Exhibition

SEARCH FOR "GOD"—a definition

Thakur Barir Ranna- Rocky Mountain Style

Tuhina Saha Nandi

Raghu N Bhattacharya

Roop Ray

Taniyaa Nandy

Sana Nandy

Srijita Ghoshal

Srijita Ghoshal

Pratik Mukherjee

Roop Ray

Shania Roy

Roop Ray

Sana Nandy

Josh Ghosh Maulik

Arun K. Hajra (Neil..er Dadu)

মিমা মুখার্জী

প্রবণ পালন চট্টোপাধ্যায়

তীর্থ চৌধুরী

অক্ষিত তাপ

Mita Mukherjee

Mita Mukherjee

আলপনা চৌধুরী সিন্হা

গৌসুমী ভট্টাচার্য

রীতু (রীতা চ্যাটার্জী)

গোহিনী চ্যাটার্জী

Rashmi Sanyal

Roshmi Bhaumik

Tirtho Chaudhury

Mita Mukherjee

Shubhamoy Ganguly

Mita Mukherjee

Mira Basu, Aparna Ghosh, Roshmi Bhaumik, Kaushani Mukherjee, Shreyashi Shome, Tuhina Saha Nandi

Editorial

It is once again that time of the year, when we come together as a community and celebrate one of the biggest events of the year - the Durga Puja. Evolution is an ongoing process - incessant and ever expanding. And such has been the journey of Milonee over the years. We have not only expanded but also enriched each others lives as a community ideally should. We share more than just the few hours of togetherness on occasions. We share lives. We reminisce together a life that we have all left behind and still pine for through the bits and pieces that lurk in the corners of our memory. This is the opportunity that we wait for to embrace and thank those we love and care for. This is when we make new friends; we reach out beyond our small worlds and allow it to expand with the warmth of new friendships.

This year I use this platform to reach out to not only those we know, respect and look up to for guidance, but also to welcome new members who we look forward to be a part of our small but growing community. We thank them for their involvement and welcome their future initiatives.

Finally, my heartfelt thanks and gratitude to everyone who appreciated our endeavors and cheered on tirelessly, to help us meet our goals. Thank you all.

With Best wishes,
Tuhina Saha



From the President's Desk

Milonee has seen great changes over the years. We have developed from a small group of people to a large collective community of family and friends. We have watched children grow up before our eyes, and on stage. We have changed venues, program structure, food, and so much more. But there are many things that haven't changed at all. Each year we are still delighted to see wonderful talent emerge from our young (and not so young) members as they pour their energies into performances and pujas. The strong participation by all the community members has not waned in the slightest bit. The number of people eager to volunteer and commit their time to Milonee is still astonishing, and we continue to have people keen on helping our community thrive. The little ones in our midst continue to rejuvenate and inspire us with their ideas, and encourage our adult members to take part in performances and stay involved in our large extended family. And perhaps most importantly, we have kept our culture and traditions alive even though we are miles and miles away from our original homes.

This past year has brought some changes worth noting. We are proud to announce that for the fiscal year of 2011 Milonee has achieved tax exempt status. This success comes as a great indication of how much our community has grown, and stands as a testament of our success in forming a strong association of people. We are also proud to bring the artists Soumen Nandi, Pratibha Singh Baghal and Purabi Mukherjee and continue our new found 'parampara' of performers.

While these new developments are exciting, the true success of our community continues to be the sense of family and friendship we have fostered. I am proud to be in a group of people that helps those who are in need, and joins together to celebrate successes. It is wonderful that we share the triumphs and joys we have with our family, and that we support one another in our weaker times. It is extraordinary to have a family over 200 people. And so I feel it is the food, laughter, excitement, prayer, and even gossip that we share which makes us so special. I was honored to serve as your president. The executive committee members have been tremendously energetic, helpful, and cooperative with the daunting task of organizing our programs and events. We worked as a team, and had a very successful year. And it goes without saying that behind every great man, stands a great (or greater) woman. My wife carried a major burden for me, I couldn't have done this without her help.

I hope the next year brings plenty of energy participation and fun. This community has been successful because of the energy we, as individual members, have invested in it. I am confident Milonee will continue to evolve and grow as time goes on, and I am excited to see what our future has in store.

Sincerely,

Dr. Raghu N. Bhattacharya

(Milonee of Colorado President, 2011)



Program List

8TH of OCT (SAT)

- 3:00 - 3:10 --- A Dance Performance by Roma Sur & Nilanjana Dutta
3:10 - 3:20 --- A BALLET Performance by Anusree Roy & Her Dance Mentor Hannah
3:20 - 3:40 --- Kids Play (Directed by Roma Sur)
3:40 - 3:50 --- A Dance Performance by Kakoli Chakraborty & Rituparna Ghosh
3:50 - 4:00 --- Boys Group Dance (Directed by Anuradha Mukherjee)
4:00 - 5:00 --- SONGS By Legendary Singer (Purobi Mukherjee)
5:00 - 6:00 --- BREAK (SNACKS)
6:00 - 7:00 --- Colorado Songwala (BAND)
7:10 - 7:40 --- A KATHAK (Dance Of Vibrance) by Shilpi & Group
7:40 - 8:00 --- Dhinchaak & Masti Bhari Songs Sung by Aparna Ghosh & Bashistha Bhattacharjee.
8:00 ----- DINNER (SERVED)

9TH of OCT (SUN)

- 3:00 - 3:20 --- Kids Performance (Directed By Rituparna Ghosh)
3:20 - 3:50 --- A Dance Recital On Bengali Traditions (Choreographed By Sujata Dutta)
3:50 - 3:55 --- Little Kids Dance Performance
3:55 - 4:00 --- Boys Band
4:00 - 5:30 --- ARTIST PERFORMANCE
5:30 - 6:30 --- BREAK ----- (TEA & STALL)
6:30 - 8:00 --- ARTIST PERFORMANCE
8:00 ----- DINNER (Boxed To Go)



**Shohini Ghosh, GRI
Realtor**



RESIDENTIAL BROKERAGE

Shohini.ghosh@coloradohomes.com

www.coloradohomes.com/shohini.ghosh

Cell #720-217-8516

Fax#303-740-8328

Homes are my business

*

**Let me help you in your Real
Estate Experience with
guaranteed superior performance,
commitment to detail, and
accountability.**

*

**Thinking of Buying or
Selling your home**

Call me today.

#720-217-8516

*

**Your Local HUD
Certified agent**



Banasri Sen
Pankaj Sen

Wish you

Happy Durga Puja

ॐ

Bijoya Dashami

Things I am Thankful for:

Roop Ray

I have many grateful thanks to give. One thing I'm thankful for is my friends. They are fun to play with, enjoyable and fun to do many other things.

I'm grateful for my family. Although my parents are separated which is a big part of my life, they both love me and I am happy to be with them too. I am grateful for the pasta and fruit mix that my mom makes. They are so yummy! I am thankful that my mom is not so old and I can roll over her and play tricks on her all the time. I am also thankful for the fishing time I have with my dad and the cricket & pittoo time that I share with him. Pittoo is a game from India.

Next I'm, grateful for the scientists in the world. Without them, we would not have discovered many things. Next is the Big bang that I am grateful for. Without that, there would be nothing, absolutely nothing in our universe.

I'm also grateful for books. I'm grateful for them because reading is a great pastime. Obviously you can see I have a lot of thanks to give.

Blooming Season

Taniyaa Nandy

During this bright time of year
The smell of sweet pollen fills the air

Flower buds start to spread
Getting ready to go in flower beds

All around me
Rainbow like colors is what I see

After a dark horrid winter
It's nice to see some flowers

Bringing the world that spring is here
Is only during this bright time of year

My Very Naughty Baby Brother

Srijita Ghoshal

My brother is cute
And wears a yellow suit
Loves fries and cries
He is cool and
Doesn't like to wear wool and he drools
He rips my hair, but I don't care
And he is very rare to me.

Flowers Grow

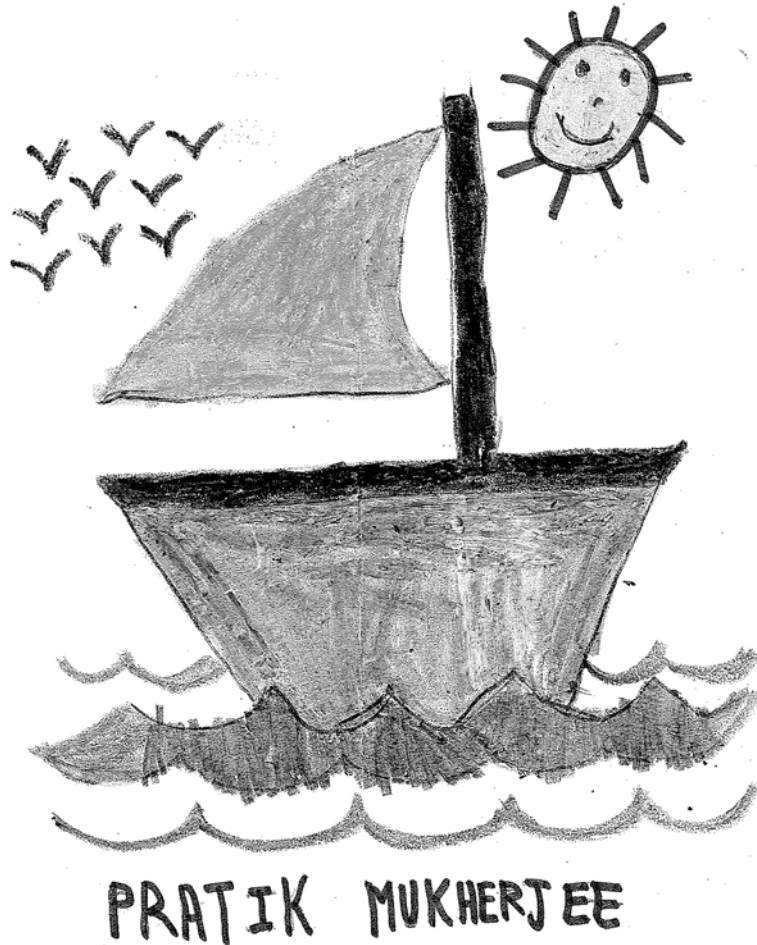
Sana Nandy

You need seeds
to grow a flower
first the stem comes up
the flower blooms
it can be pink
it can be purple
that's how flowers grow

When The Tiger Came Out

Srijita Ghoshal

In a moonlit night
You came out in nobody's sight
Your yellow eyes give everyone fright
But I know you won't scare anyone, right?



That was FUN!

Roop Ray

Oh yeah! The favorite thing I did this year was earning RECORDER BELTS with my classmate Vijay. The recorder is sort of like a flute...but it is not. The smoothness of the recorder feels good. It feels like a dolphin's skin. If you ask, why with Vijay? Well, he's a good friend. And he's fun to play with.

We also got the idea of going the extra miles and earning all the NINE belts in the third grade, when we were supposed to do it in the fifth grade. When our music teacher, Miss Holley plays the background music for us to play along with our recorders, her music seems to make the recorder music flow!

I haven't talked about the recorder itself, have I? Well the recorder has its own sound. A very sweet sound. And it also feels great to earn the nine belts with my friend. As you can see, this has been my favorite thing to do and it sure was fun too!!

Injustice

Shania Roy

Millions of people in one place.

Millions of people judging by race.

What if we all came hand in hand?

What if we all joined as a band?

The world would be a better place.

The people would be a better case.

Don't dislike someone you don't know.

They may not be your foe.

Have you heard that saying, don't judge a book by it's cover?

That person your hating could be a lover.

Judging by skin color and accent is not cool.

Making a difference could start right at school.

Next time you see a person, get to know him better.

Don't hold a grudge forever.

Learn to tolerate someone or something.

Give everyone a say and don't harshly joke because someone might take it the wrong way.

Next time think before you judge.

No TV?

Roop Ray

Can you fight the urge of NOT watching TV for a week? I can. If this ever happens, I would read a book, play with my toys, or play outside.

When I read, time just flies. Reading can be so fun! It at least teaches you something: from descriptive words to saving yourself from trouble!

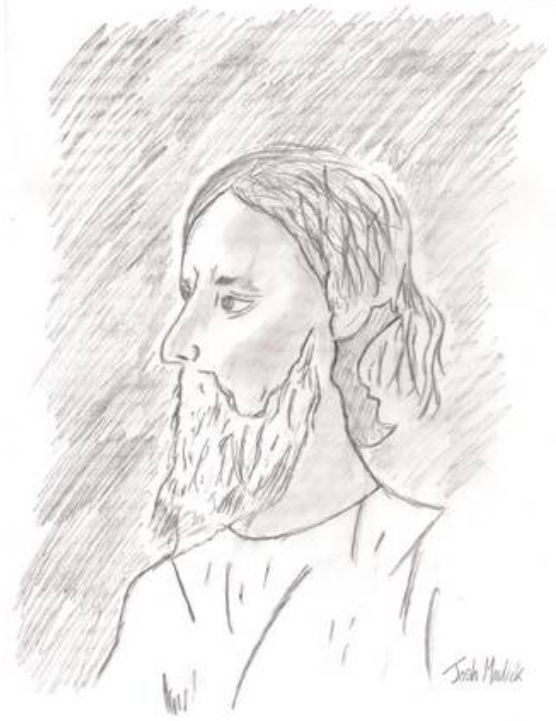
I would also play with my toys, a lot. It is definitely something I would do if I didn't have TV. I would play with cars, robots, or legos.

Playing outside is simply great! It can be fun too. It is a kind of exercise too. Some of you may not like to play outside.

But now you know about great things to do if you lose TV for a week.



Art by **Sana Nandy**



Art by **Josh Ghosh Maulik**

For Anthali Ram Neil on his Birthday

Arun K. Hajra (Neil..er Dadu)

Web site a chokh porlo tomar nimantrone,
Thakto pakha ure jetam tomar amantrone
Bhebhe chilam jabo
ebar dadur janmadine onek kichu khabo.
Passport ache, visa ache,ticket sudhu chai,
atke gacchi jaruri kaje-- ki kore tai jai ?.
Jorie gechi kajer jale,
Harie gachi bhirer majhe
Sob kichu thik korte, ektu somoy chai..

Kachei thaki, durei thaki
Mon ta thake tomar kache
Tomra chara nijer bole Ar ke amar ache.
Bondo chokhe dekhbo se din
Ghor bhoreche kato loke
Anandate motto sabai
Surer sange sur milie gaiche sabai gan,
durutto ke piche rekhe...Sagar Pahar pari diea
Sobar sathe anandete--Thakbe amar pran.

Very Happy Durga Puja
&
Bijaya Dashami
from



A grid of four small images showing various Bengali TV shows and a map of West Bengal. The top-left image shows a woman in a studio. The top-right image shows a colorful graphic with the text "স্বপ্নের পথ" (Svapner Path). The bottom-left image shows a woman in a dark setting. The bottom-right image shows a group of people. A green map of West Bengal is overlaid on the right side of the grid.

**The Best Bengali TV
entertainment from
West Bengal**

**Prabasi Bengali
Package**



\$19.99/mo

Call or click
1-888-206-6654
to subscribe



*Restrictions apply

ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତ

ଏହି বছର ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ ମାସের ১৪ তারিখে মা কে চিরকালের জন্য হারালোম। প্রতি দিন মা-এর কত স্মৃতি মনের মধ্যে ডেউ এর মতন আসছে আর যাচ্ছে। আজ থেকে ছাব্বিশ বছর আগে, প্রথম যেদিন পরিবারের সকলকে ছেড়ে Air India-তে উঠছি, তখন সেই দিনের মা-এর মুখটা আজও মনে পড়ছে। প্রত্যাহ্ন করার সময় বুকে জড়িয়ে বলেছিলেন “সাবধানে থেকে আর সব জানিয়ে চিঠি দিও”। তার পর কতদিন এলো আর গেল, কত বছর কেটে গেল, আমি ও মা হলোম, কর্তব্য দায়িত্ব বাড়ল। নিজের সঙ্গসার জীবনে জড়িয়ে পড়লাম। মা কে নিয়ে সর্বক্ষন চিন্তার ভার একটু যেন কমে গেল। দেশে যাওয়া মানে শুধু বাজার করব আআর মা এর হাতে ভাল ভাল রান্না খাওয়া, সেই সব আবেদার মা নীরবে সামলেছেন। তার পর মাএর শরীর আস্তে আস্তে খারাপ হতে লাগল। বার্ধক্য গ্রাস করল। সেই সব অনুমান করা ছাড়া বিদেশে বসে আর কিছুই করার ছিল না। এর পর সেই নিদাক্তন খবরটা পেলাম, মা আমাদেব চিরতরে ছেড়ে চলে গেছেন। শোনার পর মনে হলো আর কোনো দিন মাএর কাছে আবেদার আউমান বা ভালবাসা জানাতে পারব না। আমি ও মা। আর জানি এই মা শব্দটার মধ্যে লুকিয়ে আছে কত কিছু তা ভাসায় প্রকাশ করা যায় না।



আজ মাএর শিক্ষা নিয়েই জাছি। মা নিজের হাতে কত রান্না শিখিয়েছে, কটি কি ভাবে বেলেতে হয়-কোত পুজোয় তুলসী পাটা লাগে, আর কোত পুজোয় বেলেপাটা লাগে। আজকে আমি যা হযোছি সবই তোমার কাছে শেখা মা। তুমি যেখানেই থাক, ভাল থেকে, শান্তিতে থেকে, তোমার আত্মার চির শান্তি কামনা করি।

সহস্র প্রত্যাহ্নে
বীন্দু
(বীন্দা চ্যাটার্জী)

Petrified Forest

জ্যোতিষী চ্যাটার্জী

আমেরিকা যুক্তরাষ্ট্রের বিশাল ভৌগোলিক বৈচিত্র্যের কথা অনেক পড়েছি। ওখানে থাকাকালীন কিছু কিছু দেখার জোঁজাগ্য এবং আড়িচ্ছতা হয়েছে। এবার ঠিক করলাম ‘অ্যারিজোনা’ প্রদেশে Petrified Forest দেখতে যাবো। এ এক নির্বাক, স্থির প্রস্তরীভূত কাঠের (জীবাশ্ম) সম্মবেশ। শুনেছি অনেক – এবার বেড়িয়ে পড়লাম। আমি, অপ্রজিৎ সঙ্গে অমৃত্যুদি আর সন্দীপদা। সেটা ছিল সেপ্টেম্বর ২০০৯ এর প্রথম সপ্তাহ। প্রথমে গেলাম আটলান্টা, সেখান থেকে অ্যারিজোনা’র ‘ফিনিক্স। বিমান যাত্রার ধকল কাটিয়ে এবার গাড়িতে। সন্দীপদা আর অপ্রজিৎ পালা করে গার্ডি চালাচ্ছিল। রাত প্রায় একটা নাগাদ পৌঁছলাম ‘হলব্রুক’-এ। এবার রাতের মতো বিশ্রাম – জোজা হোটেল।

পরেদিন ভোরবেলা উঠে আমরা কিছুক্ষণ ড্রাইভ করার পরেই পৌঁছলাম Petrified Forest – এ।

হলব্রুক আর নডাহো শহরের মধ্যেই এই ত্যাশাতাল পার্ক। পেট্রিফিকেড ফরেস্ট ত্যাশাতাল পার্ক-এর মধ্যে যেতেই চোখ পড়লো বড় বড় কড়ে লেখাঃ “Federal Law prohibits collection or removal of petrified wood or any natural, archeological or historical object from its setting...”

আমরা দাঁড়িয়ে Petrified Forest – এর সামনে। সামনে বিশাল তৃণভূমির মধ্যে দাঁড়িয়ে আছে প্রস্তরীভূত কাঠ – বর্ণময় কাঠ। কোন স্পন্দন নেই, নিথর – নির্বাক। এ যে ‘পুপিগাইন, বাঘাবাইন’ গান করছে, ডালের তালে আর সামনে নিথর-নীরব-

পলকহীন শ্রোতা। মনের মধ্যে তখন রবীন্দ্রনাথ, “কথা কও, কথা কও। স্তম্ভ অসীত, হে গোপনচারী, অচেতন তুমি নও – কথা কেত নাই কও ?”

সহজ ভাষায় Petrified Wood বলতে বোঝায় “প্রস্তরীভূত কাঠ” বা ‘জীবাশ্ম কাঠ’। স্বাভাবিকভাবেই এর পরেই আমাদের মনে প্রশ্ন জাগবে যে ‘কাঠ’ কিভাবে ‘পাথর’ হয়ে যায়? আমরা মনেও প্রথমে এই প্রশ্নই এনেছিলো। সবচেয়ে অবাক হলো এ পাথরপি কাঠগুলোর মধ্যে বিভিন্ন রঙের মিশ্রন দেখা। এই ত্যাশাতাল পার্ক এমন এক বিশাল জায়গা জুড়ে আছে যেখানে কোন জীবিত বড় গাছের চিহ্নই নেই, শুধু এক বিশাল তৃণভূমি।

প্রায় ২২৫ মিলিয়ন বছর আগে এটি একটি তৃণভূমি (grass land region) – র বদলে Tropical region ছিলো। বিভিন্ন নদী ছিলো, তৈরী হয়েছিল বিরাট প্লাবনভূমি (Flood plane), নদীর মধ্যে থাকতো বিভিন্ন প্রজাতির মাছ, বিভিন্ন জলজ উদ্ভিদ, বিভিন্ন প্রাণী যেমন কুম্ভীর, আরো কত কী! এইসব উদ্ভিদ এবং প্রাণীর মৃতদেহ বা অবশেষ বন্যা বা প্লাবনের দ্বারা প্লাবিত হয়ে নদীতে গিয়ে এবং তার সঙ্গে যুক্ত হয় প্লাবনে বয়ে আসা পাথরের টুকরো, বালি, বৃত্তি ইত্যাদি। এরা ক্রমশঃ একসাথে জমা হতে থাকে নদীর তলদেশে। বহুবছর এভাবে জমা হতে হতে ওপরের চাপ, নীচের উত্তাপ আন্ডেয়োগিরি ছাই-এর উত্তাপে কাঠের সঙ্গে সবকিছু জীবাশ্মভূত হয়ে যায় এবং বিভিন্ন

বাসায়নিক বিক্রিয়া ঘটে এবৎ ফ্ৰমে ফ্ৰমে সৃষ্টি হল আজকের Petrified Wood.

সৃষ্টির আদি লগ্নে, ঋশ্টিা তখন অনবৰতঃ নিজেৰ প্ৰতি অসন্তোষে, ঘন ঘন মাথা নাড়িয়ে আপন সৃষ্টিকে কৰছিলেত বিধ্বস্ত, তখন আজে আবার পৰিবৰ্তন। Continental Drift –এৰ সময় যখন মহাদেশ তাৰ নিজেৰ জায়গা কৰে তখন এই ডুম্বিডাগেৰ উখাত ঘটে; জলবায়ুৰ পৰিবৰ্তন হয়, Tropical Environment –এৰ জায়গায় চলে আজে আজকেৰ তৃণভূমি (grassland).

এই Petrified কাঠ-এৰ এক একটি বড়, এক একটি বাসায়নিক প্ৰভাবে তৈৰী হয়োছে। আয়ৰণ অক্সাইডেৰ প্ৰভাবে লাল, হলুদ, কমলা বড় এসেছে, ম্যাগনেচিয় ডাই-অক্সাইডেৰ প্ৰভাবে নীল, বেগুনী, কালো আৰু কাৰ্বনেৰ প্ৰভাবে খয়েরী বড়।

Petrified wood দেখাৰ পৰেই চাখে পড়ল পুরো জায়গা জুড়ে ছোট ছোট টিলা। বিভিন্ন তাৰ বড়, অপূৰ্ব তাৰ শ্ৰেণীবাহাৰ। মনে হছিল কেউ যেন ওই টিলাপুলেৰ এক এক অংশ তুলিৰ টানে এক একটা বড় বুলিয়ে দিয়েছে। একটু পৰেই জানলাম, এই হল 'Painted Desert' বা 'চিৰিত মৰুভূমি'। এই নাম এসেছে স্থানীয় স্প্যানিছ বাসিন্দাদেৰ থেকে। এই Painted Desert হল উত্তৰ আমেৰিকা মহাদেশেৰ একটা Badland. এৰ একম্ন নামকৰণ হয়োছে সম্ভবতঃ এৰ বৈচিত্ৰপূৰ্ণ বড়-বাহাৰেৰ জন্ম। এৰ বড়ৰ উৎস, স্তৰে স্তৰে প্ৰস্তৰীভূত খনিজ পদাৰ্থ আৰু জৈব পদাৰ্থেৰ থেকে। বড় মালভূমি 'Mesa' আৰু অপেক্ষাকৃত ছোট মালভূমি পূৰ্ণ এই জায়গায় সূৰ্যোদয় এবৎ সূৰ্যাস্ত

দেখাৰ মতো। সূৰ্যোদয় এবৎ সূৰ্যাস্তে দেখলাম, বেগুনী, নীল, হলুদ, লাল, জোনালী বড়ৰ সম্মাবেশে এক দৃষ্টিময় ৰূপকথাৰ পৰিবেশ। মনে হছিল বৰ্ণালীৰ চাদেৰ ঢাকা পড়েছে গোটা মালভূমি অঞ্চলে যাৰ বিস্তৃতি দিগন্তৰেখা জুড়ে। এৰ দক্ষিণ অংশে রয়েছে 'Bayu' নদী এবৎ ডুম্বিফয়েৰ জন্ম এখানে দেখতে পাওয়া যায় 'Chinle Formation'. এই Desert এৰ কোথাও কোথাও নাম 'Blue Mesa'.

Week End কাটিয়ে এবাৰ ফেব্ৰুৱাৰি পালা। সকলেই ফিৰে যাবো নিজেৰ নিজেৰ কাজে। শুধু Petrified Forest-এৰ এই 'জীবাশ্ম কাঠ', 'চিৰিত মৰুভূমি', নিস্তব্ধ বড়ৰ ডেউ-এ মোড়া এই বিশাল ব্যাপ্তি স্থিৰ হয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে থাকবে অনাদি সৃষ্টিৰ ৰূপকথা হয়ে।

আমরা ফিৰছি, 'ফিৰিক' এৰ পথে, অপ্রজিৎ গাড়ি চালাচ্ছে একটা মোহময় আবেশে, সন্দীপদ্য বাহিৰে তাকিয়ে নিৰ্লেপ্ত বিস্ময়, অমৃতাদি এলিয়ে দিয়েছে শব্দীৰ – মনে মনে বোম্বুলন। আমাৰ মৰ্মে, চেতনায় তখন বৰীন্দুতাথেৰ পদচাৰণা,

“তব সঞ্চাৰ শুনেছি আমাৰ মৰ্মেৰ মাঝখানে,
কত দিবসেৰ কথ সঞ্চয় বেখে যাও মোৰ প্ৰাণে।

হে অতীত, তুমি ভুবনে ভুবনে

কাজ কৰে যাও গোপনে গোপনে

মুখৰ দিনেৰ চপলতা মাঝে স্থিৰ হয়ে তুমি বও

হে অতীত, তুমি গোপনে হৃদয়ে কথা কও, কথা কও।”

মা দুর্গার শাঁখা পড়া মিত্রা মুখার্জী

দশ হাতে দশ অস্ত্র মা দুর্গা ত্রিনয়নী
পতি তার ভোলানাথ মাথায় জটধারী
কৈলাসে বাস তার থাকে শশ্মানে
সারাদিন ভাং খায় মার নাম জপে
একদিন মা কহিল স্বামীরে ওগো
শাঁখারী যাচ্ছে ঐ পরাও আমাকে
পয়সা কোথায় পাব? ভোলানাথ বলে
রাগে মা চার ছেলেমেয়ে নিয়ে বাপের বাড়ী চলে
শিবশুভ্র ভাবে মাকে ছেড়ে থাকবে কি করে?
পরদিন ভোলানাথ মার কাছে যায় শাঁখারী বেশ ধরে
শাঁখা পরবে গো শাঁখা ফেরিওলা হাঁকে
শুনে মা দৌড়ে এসে শাঁখারিকে ডাকে
শাঁখারী এসে বলে কৈগো হাতটা বাড়াও
মা বাড়ায় হাত শাঁখা পরিবার তরে
শাঁখা পরিয়ে বলে ওগো চল মোর ঘরে
মুখটি তুলে দেখে মা, ওমা এ যে স্বয়ং মহেশ্বর
লজ্জারোঙা ত্রিনয়নী মা দুর্গা চলে পতিঘরে।

He doesn't discriminate yet!

Rashmi Sanyal

It's hard to believe but I was really plump and "golmatolu", when I was little. According to my mom, as I was growing, I wouldn't eat much and hence became "patlu". I still remember going to school in white uniform, scrupulously ironed white blouse and white pleated skirt and looking like a stick figure! It was not necessarily my classmates, but the teachers who would meet my parents during monthly parent teacher's meeting would praise about my achievements in the class but would comment on how skinny I was and why didn't I eat properly? I guess, I had eating issues back then and I am still a finicky eater. I loved aloo, paneer, bhaat, poppins, shahad wali goli. Aside from that pretty much everything else sucked, especially baingan. Now, that I am a mom, I have even started eating Palak and Sarson ka Saag which used to look like "cowdung" to me. While I was growing up, I could never comprehend, how people especially my dad could relish that!

I still remember Debashree and Gaurav, who were little on the obese side and were always picked on by the kids. Not sure, if there weren't enough demarcations taught to us in terms of castes, social status, "gora/kala" differences and that we also invented "motu/patlu" segregation.

What sort of thoughts go off in your mind when you see someone skinny or someone obese. Do you really relate to someone based on that? Would you rather hang out with those who sort of look like you or do you actually treat everyone equally?

Why is it so hard to treat every Tom, Dick and Harry on planet Earth equally? Think one more time before you comment on someone's motapa because remember your kids are listening. They are great observers and they pick up stuff from us. What are we passing on to them. Perhaps, it would be nice to pass on the virtue of treating everyone equally, whether rich or poor, motu or patlu, gora aur kala, Indian or non-Indian, Bengali or non-Bengali! I think Ronit taught me this. He can approach and talk to anyone in the grocery store or mall; whether young or old, man or woman, motu or patlu, whether they reply to him or not. He doesn't discriminate yet! He doesn't understand color or caste or religion or nationality. He doesn't understand whether they drive a Beamer or a Porsche, whether they live in a castle or a shack, whether they are from North or South, whether they are decked in jewelry or not. He just knows they are human! Do you?

আমার বিশ্বকবি প্রবণ পালন চট্টোপাধ্যায়

তোমাকে বিশ্লেষণ করি, এ স্পর্ধা আমার নেই,
তোমাকে অনুভব করি সমস্ত মন জুড়ে
এ আমার অস্তিত্ব – আমার অহংকার।।

প্রেমে তুমি আমার প্রজাপতি পাখনা
অনুজ্জ্বল বুকভরা কান্না তুমি বিরহে
সারল্যে খেলার সাথে, ঘোঁষনে উচ্ছ্বাসী প্রকাশ
সংগ্রামে হাতিয়ার, ঈশ্বরে ধ্যানগম্ভীর
তুমি আমার সত্য প্রবহমান।।

একাল – সেকালের গভী ছাড়িয়ে
অমরত্বের শিখরে বসে
আশ্চর্য্য দীপ্তি মেখে
তুমি আমার অনন্তবিকাশ।।

হে আমার উদ্বোধন, আমার উত্তরণ
আমার চুম্বন, আমার ঝুলন, আমার বলাকা
তুমিই আমার শঙ্খ।।

KRISHNA BEAUTY CARE



VAISHALI SHAH

LICENSED BEAUTICIAN

720 890 8041 (H)

720 256 5472 (C)

by appointment only

Facial
Skin treatments
Threading
Waxing

Henna pack
Hair cutting

For all your beautiful skin and healthy hair needs
Contact Vaishali today.

The Empathizer *Roshmi Bhoumik*

The leaves were shimmering in the wind and the sunshine. It was midday, almost time for lunch. Luckily, lunch was going to be at my uncle's house. My uncle lived close to my hostel. It was a ten minute walk, when one took the short cut through a cluster of small houses, shared by multiple low income families, typical in Navi Mumbai about fifteen years ago. I had an umbrella to protect myself from the scorching sun rays. The fad of sunscreen had not caught on there in a big way then. I was heading towards my destination in a light pink cotton salwar kameez, wishing that my aunt had cooked her signature chilli chicken that was so delicious. On my way through the narrow winding path between the houses, I could hear Bollywood music, floating down from cheap transistor radios, probably sitting on bed-side tables. Most people were relaxing inside at this time, with their curtains down, the ceiling fans rotating at the fastest possible speeds, their bodies plopped on soft cotton sheets. Ignoring the heat, I made it to the sidewalk of the big main road where my uncle's apartment building stood and hurried up the few flights of stairs that led to their door. "Ding Dong." I rang the loud door bell to announce my arrival. My cousin opened the door with an excited smile. "Didi, you have to come this way first." Apparently, she had to show me something and could not contain her excitement. She led me to the big bedroom which was cool and dimly lighted. As I entered the room, the red and blue flickering LED lights on their CD player grabbed my attention. The song playing on it was an English folk song with an unforgettable tune. I immediately recognized the tune to be one of my very favorite Rabindrasangeet.

***Koto bar bhebechhinu apona bhuliya,
tomaro choroney dibo hridoyo khuliya...***
*Often I have thought of humbly submitting myself at your feet
and confiding my deepest love for you...*

I had been in love with that song and thought about that song in context of my loved one too. "The words and expressions in that song are so intimate as if spoken right from the heart", I recalled. It sent a thrilling sensation through my nerves even as I remembered that song. But the English ballad, playing on the same tune had a different feel to it. I looked at my cousin, perplexed. It was a surprise for me to discover that Rabindranath Tagore had been exposed to and greatly influenced by contemporary western tunes. My limited knowledge had led me to assume that Tagore had created a unique genre in Bengali music, the inimitable Rabindrasangeets, that was completely unrelated to other kinds of music like folk or classical. "It seems radically different from Bollywood, Pop, Rock, Rap or Country music", I thought. In my mind, I was also thinking slow versus fast music. It was easy for me to stereotype Rabindrasangeet as being accompanied by a tabla and a harmonium and being sung in a very set and traditional way. Little did I know that in the coming decade Rabindrasangeet will be "remixed", played along with drums, base and electric guitars and all the most modern musical instruments and was going to sound ROCKING. I was equally clueless about my future adventures. No one could guess that in a few months I would be packing my bags to journey across the Atlantic and arrive in the land of Rocky mountains.

~.~

It was cool and refreshing to dip my feet in the rapid flowing Arkansas river. The trees caressed the bubbling waves, thrashing on the rocks, with their long wavy branches. The sunbeams peeked through the green leaves and splashed golden colors on the waters. "Look this way." I turned around with a smile, few strands of hair coming over my face. My friend was busily taking pictures on her Nikon Coolpix. Her three year old daughter was giggling and splashing on the water and getting her jeans all wet. The little girl waded through the water calling out to her Dad, "Daddy, I am cold". Daddy bent down and folded her jeans above the level of the water. "There you go. Does that feel better? Try not to splash too much, shona." I thought to myself that I was looking at a perfect happy family. "Guys, time for a family picture. Here right in front of this tree." My friend handed me the camera and put her new sunglasses on. "Say Cheeeese.." CLICK. I got a great shot of my friend's family, standing in the creek, complete with cool shades and bright smiles. I proudly showed my friend the picture on the LCD display screen. She lifted up her sunglasses to take a better look at it. It was then I noticed a distant expression on her face and that her eyes had started watering.

She had recently lost her father and was still recovering from the shock. I placed a hand on the back of her shoulder and she hid her head on mine. In couple minutes, she was wiping her face with the back of her hand. I noticed her long shapely fingers and the small black birthmark on her right ring finger, very close to the base of the finger. As her hands moved away, I saw that her eye makeup was smudged. I took out a face wipe from my purse and dabbed the corners of her eyes to make it look alright. I led her to a rock by the riverside and sat down beside her. Arkansas flowed on, gurgling ahead, frothing over the boulders, but heading forward nonetheless, undeterred. "Baba, loved me so much...He was like a pillar in my life...it seems like a nightmare....maybe I will wake up right beside him. I could not even be there at his last moments....." She took out, from her wallet, a black and white photograph of a handsome young man, wearing his graduation gown and holding his degree. The snap was old and the corners were worn out. "That's Baba..graduating from IIT." It was hard for me to fathom how such a lively young man in the picture was in fact no more. I looked at her with sympathy but could not find any words appropriate to connect with her mental state. My friend told me how in the midst of her sorrows she had found solace in Rabindrasangeets. "Surprisingly, whether I am happy, sad, triumphant or defeated, Kabiguru, seems to have already written a perfect song to describe that state of mind", she explained. She started to hum a tune and poured forth all her feelings in the song.

***Tumi ki keboli chobi,shudhu pote lekha
oi - je sudhur niharika
jara kore ache bhir, akasher nir,
oi jara dinraatri alo haathe choliachey
andharer jatri groho tara robi,
tumi ki tader moto satya nao,
hai chobi,tumi sudhu chobi...***
*Are you just an image,
A play of colors on the canvas ?
There, way beyond in the Milky way,
Where they crowd in the heavenly abode
Day and night travelling
With a guiding light in hand,
The explorers in the darkness -
The planets , the stars and the Sun.
Are you not a perennial truth like they are?
Oh alas! you are just but a image...*

As she sung, I could see on her face a mix of emotions, an inexplicable combination of sorrow, strength and acceptance. Her melodious voice was soothing and flowed on just like the sparkling stream beside us. Her mind wandered off several years back and browsed over the simple moments she spent with her father, as a little girl in Kolkata.

~.~

A little girl sat on a wooden stool in the balcony of a two-bedroom apartment, overlooking the Rabindrasarovar lake. The black leafy branches were forming a lacy veil over the smouldering reddish-orange bindi. The lake was looking like the aanchal of a pinkish gray sari. The crows cawed and other birds chirped to their younglings asking them to get ready for bedtime. Even as the sky was getting enveloped by a thick gray blanket and mosquitoes were starting to buzz around her, the ten year old girl kept on staring at the trees or may be even further beyond trying to hold back her tears. For the past two hours she had been looking for her ring. It had a heart shaped head that was studded with little light green "jewels". It was her most favorite ring ever. Her mom was frustrated with her for not studying and wasting her time searching for such trinkets. "Daddy would help me find the ring", she thought. But he was not yet back from work. All she could think of was how beautiful the ring was. It did look pretty on her shapely long fingers and it nicely hid her birthmark when she wore it on her right ring finger. It was special because her father had picked it up for her when he had gone on a business trip to Damascus. In the past few weeks, she had been busy playing with her new friend and forgot all about the ring. That afternoon she wanted to dress up with all her jewelry and her preferred ring had disappeared. "This is so terrible.

Why can't I remember the last place I have kept it?" She could not forgive herself for her failing memory. She wiped her tears and darted to the front door when she heard the loud knock. "It must be Dad." On the other hand, Daddy had arrived home when there was a "load-shedding" going on. It was a pretty common phenomenon for summer evenings in Kolkata. He had to trudge along, up the several flights of steps with his heavy briefcase after a long day of work and commute through congested traffic. Luckily for the little girl, the power came back on as soon as she opened the door for her Dad. Both the girl and the father had a smile of relief when they faced each other. "Daddy, do you know where I might have kept my green heart-shaped ring ? I cannot find it anywhere." In spite of all the tiredness, he smiled and patiently said to her "We will see what we can do. First, please bring me a glass of water, dear." The middle-aged engineer sat down on the sofa and turned on the ceiling fan. The cool breeze was drying off some of the sweat dripping from his face. "Poor little girl, she appears to be quite upset" he thought. When the girl came back with the glass of water balanced on a white ceramic plate, he was still searching for some comforting words for her. Suddenly, his eyes fell upon the books on the upper shelves of the oak entertainment cabinet that he had designed himself. He reached for the top shelf and fished out the Sanchaita, Rabindranath Tagore's famous collection of poems. In his deep resounding voice he beautifully recited the poem *Dushomoy Difficult Times* to his little princess.

***Jodio shondya ashichey mondo monthorey
shob shongeet gechey ingitey thamia
jodio shongyi nahi ononto omborey
jodio klanti ashichey ongey namia***

***moha aashonka jopichey mouno montorey
dik digonto obogunthoney dhaka
tobu bihongo, orey bihongo mor
ekhoni ondhyo, bondho koro na pakha ...***
*Even though the nightfall approaches slowly and softly
All the music has stopped at the signal of dusk
Even though there is not a single companion in the vast sky
Even though deep fatigue penetrates the whole body*

*The silent chanting has a foreboding of danger
The veil of darkness descends in all directions
Even then little bird, my blind little bird
Do not yet stop flapping your wings ...*

The ten year old had never before felt her emotions so intensely described in words. The message of undying hope had such a ring of truth that even the imaginative young girl could not ignore it. The novelty of her miserable situation faded away as she woke up to the reality that there were others just like her, suffering from loss and difficult times. She stared at her Dad with reverence and silently bore the pain of never being able to wear her very own ring again.

~.~
***Janmodin ashe bare bare,
mone koribare e jibon nitoyee nutan***
*Birthday comes again and again,
to remind us that this life is always novel.*

This year, our empathizer, the gifted genius, Rabindranath Tagore celebrates his 150th birth anniversary. An artist, a philosopher, a poet, a musician, a novelist and a playwright, Tagore had received the Nobel Prize for Literature in the year 1913. His deep spiritualism and universal philosophy of life, that is reflected in all his works, continue to thrive in the hearts of the Bengalis, transcending the eroding influence of time.

(Translating Rabindranath Tagore is very difficult. This is my humble attempt to pay my respects.)

The Companion

Tirtho Chaudhury

Sunshine state Florida is always known for its scorching heat and sweltering weather. Last week it was the hottest week of the season. Temperatures soared up to the 90s and 100s. This was exactly a week back, a Sunday. I just ate my home cooked fish curry and rice for lunch and was ready to take my lazy summer nap or siesta as they call it. I was back in my room, all ready to sleep. While unfolding my bed sheet and just before putting my head on the pillows, I peeped with my drowsy eyes through the blinds to look outside, to feel the heat. Oh My God...I screamed.

There was this humongous, ugly dragonfly on my window glass. It was dark black in color, with enormous wings, and a big ugly face with its protruding eyes, looking at me. My house mates rushed into my room; they thought I had seen some ghost...kidding! I didn't bother them (convinced them about something that I don't remember now), much to my embarrassment and locked the room from inside. I climbed up to my bed with a lot of courage, and smiled at myself at my kiddish behavior.

That afternoon when I woke up, I took my all the childish inquisitiveness put together to peep through my blinds to take a look at the creature. There it was glued to my window, stick like, as still as some object. I was surprised that it didn't move at all. Once I thought I'd knock on the window pane to fly it off, but then for a moment I resisted and tried not to bother myself.

Tirtho, stop thinking about that tiny, unimportant creature!

The next morning was a Monday morning, a morn that I hate the most. I was getting ready for office. And as usual, the curiosity in my mind struck again!

Let's take a look at the dragon fly.

All kinds of questions gathered in my mind. Why did God make it look so ugly? Is it still on my window? And to my surprise, it was not. I sighed.

It's okie Tirtho, it's gone, now just move on.

And just as I was closing the window blinds, I saw it. I saw it. The big ugly dragonfly. All it did was just switch positions. From the center of the window pane, it had moved to the top right corner. I smiled at myself.

Oh poor dragonfly! Did you only have my window on whole earth to play around with?

Anyway, the dragon fly was still there. I thought it was perhaps looking at me, perhaps it was kidding with me. I didn't know.

7 days. The dragonfly was at my window. It switched positions, but still kept glued to the glass. I tried to avoid this curious onlooker in my room, but failed. Every day in the morning, when I would wake up, I would look for my friend on the window. Every evening when I would come back from office, I would still look for it. And to my amazement it would always be there. Now, strangely I was feeling good about it. It

was like another room mate, watching me from the window, my every move, listening to all my conversations. From this evil looking insect, the dragonfly suddenly had turned into a companion. Somewhere in the corner of my heart I felt good about it.

Yesterday was another sunday. A week had gone by. I woke up in the morning, got up and heard a noise outside my window. I guessed. I guessed it right.

It was raining. Oh my God...big relief at last. After a week of intolerable and unbearable heat, God finally showered rain on Orlando. I looked outside, and felt so happy. It was pouring hard, and the noise of the rain was loud. I was happy. I was ecstatic.

And then it suddenly struck my mind...

Oh Poor Dragonfly...

It was gone. Seven long days of summer in Orlando, me and a dragon fly.

A new window? Where? Are you okay dragon fly?

I engaged myself into my daily chores. Sundays are always a lot of work. Washing, cleaning, cooking. Yesterday it rained all day, heavily. The weather forecast says its going to be sunny though from tomorrow.

SCHOOLS FOR INDIA

Help us build quality schools in rural India...

Our Vision



An education opportunity for all - regardless of income, caste, or religion. Families will no longer have to separate or move to the cities to find employment, and thus adding to the "urban plight" in over-crowded cities.

Our Mission



To build schools in rural India that incorporate sound infrastructure and best-in-class education to bring quality education to the people most in need.

Our Goal



To provide quality education and business opportunities to rural India in order to preserve the family life of the people in poor villages. Children and adults will learn valuable income-producing skills while gaining an education without having to move away from immediate family support systems.



**To donate a class room contact: contactus@schoolsforindia.org
www.schoolsforindia.org**

1

A Strange Walk In The Park

Mita Mukherjee

The sun was up, the weather had finally turned, 'I can go for my walk again', I said to myself. Last week I had ventured out, but the breeze was unnaturally chilly, and I had returned back to work without getting my usual 45minutes.

I usually take a quick walk during my lunch hour, my feeble attempt at exercising and trying to reduce the little bulge on my belly that was growing at an alarming rate.

I set out at a brisk pace, the tall trees were filled with bright green leaves, this being spring time, the sun light filtered through and made a carpet of light and shadows.

The birds were chirping, sharing the gossip and news.

My normal route was to take 18th street to Denver City Park and back. It was a main thoroughfare, surrounded by a mixture of hospital complexes and stately buildings now turned into law offices or wellness centers. I had never felt unsafe there, since there were people walking, as well as cars rushing past.

This day, with a start I realized, I was at the gate of the park. I had been daydreaming. We had an Indian function coming up. I had been mentally going through my collection of saris, figuring out which one would be most appropriate for the occasion. This was the most satisfying occupation as I chose and discarded dozens of them, I hadn't even realized I had walked past my usual route. I must be late I thought as I tried to look for my cell phone in my pocket---we get one hour for lunch and that's it!

"Darn!" this was one of those fancy pair of trousers with no pockets, hence, no cell phone. "That's fine, I might cut through the neighborhoods and find a short cut" I thought to myself, as I hurried across the road.

As I started walking swiftly, I noticed that I was in a rundown corner of the city; the houses here were mostly in need of fresh paint and repair work, but still pretty. The yards were unkempt and overgrown. There was not a soul in sight, who would have thought that a few blocks down, the city was humming with activity, where as here, it seemed to be a forgotten and hidden zone far from the madding crowd.

Unconsciously I increased my pace, somehow the bright sun had faded to a gloom, tall conifers whispered fearfully, a chill went down my spine, I decided to cross the street and walk where it seemed a little brighter. As soon as I took my first step, a blood curdling scream emanated from the house across the street.

I was startled out of my wits; my first instinct was the instinct of preservation and I wanted to run as fast as my legs could carry me---then a sense of curiosity mingled with duty took over. I was a healthcare worker, and after all, what if someone was in trouble and needed help?

I headed towards the direction of the scream, and peered through a broken pane in the window. It seemed like an abandoned house, as a dusty dank smell coming through the crack, I could make out an outline of what seemed like female figure cowering at the far corner---"Are you all right? Do you need any help?" I cried through the crack.

The figure just scurried away almost ghostly in appearance.

I wondered if I should try the door---at that instant, a gravelly voice interjected: 'We are doing fine here---we need no interference.' I whipped around to face a shotgun pointing at my forehead, a bearded man with a wide brim hat covering his face---pointing it steadily at my head.

Instinctively my hands went up in a surrender pose and I entreated in a whisper, "I am sorry I was just walking and I heard a scream", I whispered.

"You did not hear nothing—is that clear?" he said. I nodded mutely, closed my eyes, waiting for the blast---

A million thoughts rushed through my mind in that moment—my kids, how I will never see them again, and my mother, how will she deal with my death? My husband —he will probably say, 'what was she doing in that neighborhood—that was a stupid thing to do!' My coworkers, they will miss me surely--- and give the alarm! "Maybe I can barter my life with the couple of rings that I had on"—that's an idea.....

All of a sudden I heard the siren of an ambulance; my eyes flew open ---as an ambulance and a police car behind it rushed past. Poof, the man with the gun had disappeared!!

He must have heard the vehicles approaching---"DIVINE INTERVENTION!!!, Thank you God!" I whispered as I ran towards my workplace as fast as possible.

Finally, I was back at my desk hyperventilating--- and trying to explain to my co worker the strange encounter I had with the man with the gun. She looked at me incredulously—"Are you sure?"

"Yes I am sure—maybe we should go back there and see who screamed like that? What if somebody is hurt?"

"Maybe you should talk to the police."

'Police? But I didn't even remember what street I was on—are they going to ask a bunch of questions—was that a figment of my imagination? Did it really happen? It all seemed so unreal now', I thought to myself.

Well I decided to put it behind me, even though I was shaken up quite a bit—I kept searching the newspapers about some horrific incident around city park, and on occasion felt guilty that I hadn't followed up on the incident like a good citizen, but I learned two things from my encounter, one—never take the back way, two ---thank my guardian angel for saving me, and be nice to everyone because you never know--- that might be the last time you ever see them!!!

PUJA GREETINGS TO ALL MY INDIAN FRIENDS



Your Handyman

Wayne Morse

Call (303) 877-7148

FREE ESTIMATE

I TAKE PRIDE IN A JOB WELL DONE

NO JOB IS TOO LITTLE

আমি ও স্বপ্ন

তীর্থ চৌধুরী

আমিঃ নিবিড় ঘন আঁধার রাতে, কে এল আজ মোর আঁখিপাতে
গভীর নিদ্রা ভঙ্গ করে, কে এল আমার মন-আঙিনাতে ।
হঠাৎ এলে আমার ঘরে, সুগুপ্রায় শান্ত রাতে
দাও হে তোমার পরিচয়, বল হে তোমার নাম ।

স্বপ্নঃ আমি নিদ্রা, আমি স্বপ্ন, আমি গভীর রাতের আরেক রত্ন
আমি চঞ্চল, আমি আস্থির, আমাকে করো বিপুল যত্ন ।
পলকে পলকে আমার আগমন, নিমেষে গ্রাস করে শয়ন
ভিন্ন ভিন্ন রূপের মধ্যে, করেছি জয় তোমারই মন ।
আমি কখন জলে, কখন স্থলে, কখন সবুজ ঘন জঙ্গলে
কখন সুঃখে, কখন দুঃখে, কাটিয়ে বেড়াই তোমার বুক ।
আমি তোমার চিন্তা, তোমার ভয়, তাই আজকে আমায় কর জয়
নিদ্রাভেদ করে নিজের, ভেঙ্গে ফেলো আজ সব সংশয় ।

আমিঃ তোমার কথা শুনে হে বীর, আমি দ্রুত, আমি আস্থির
বুঝিনি কেন আমি ঐতদিন, কে করে ভ্রমণ আমার তিমির ।
শৈশব হতে দেখেছি তোমাকে, ধরেছি মনে, বেঁধেছি চোখে
বুঝেছি আজ রাত্রি নিশীথে, তুমি আমার ছায়া আমারই পলকে ।
তোমায় স্মরণ করে আজ, পূর্ণ করব জীবনকাজ
নতুন করে বাঁধব জীবন, তোমার পথে ও নিদ্রারাজ ।
স্বপ্ন আমার পরম সখা, স্বপ্ন আমার জীবনদূত
তোমার স্পর্শে মুক্ত হয়ে, জীবন স্বপ্নময় হয়ে উঠুক ।

Bengal Tigers Stand To Lose Their Home State

Shubhamoy Ganguly

Recently, the government of our native state of West Bengal has decided to change the official English name of the state to Paschimbanga, a move that will definitely not go down well with the majestic tigers of the Sunderbans. As far as names are concerned, the Bengal tiger stands to lose its home state. While the state government may be able to rename the state, it is unlikely that they will be able to rename the species so well recognized across the world. A prominent American football team here in the US is named Cincinnati Bengals, and its mascot "Who Dey" is a tiger with a very Bengali sounding surname!

Upon hearing the name of my home state, people from other countries have often inquired if the Bengal tigers are native to the state; and I have proudly responded in the affirmative. Alas, my home state will no longer be a namesake of the magnificent beast. My only consolation is that my favourite soccer club continues to be a namesake of the mighty felines, even though they sport different stripes: red and gold instead of black and gold!

The purported reason behind this change was to move up in the alphabetical order. Apparently, at meetings in New Delhi, states are scheduled to present in their alphabetical order, and Paschimbanga will get its turn sooner in such meetings than West Bengal! If moving up the alphabetical pecking order were so important, a much better name would be "Apurba Banga", where "apurba" could signify "wonderful" as well as "not the east", i.e. west! However, a more reasonable solution to the issue of alphabetical order would be to use alphabetical and reverse-alphabetical orders alternately.

One final thought: several countries and places bear different names in different languages, and do not feel the need to be identified by only one name; Spain, Germany, Japan, China, Egypt and India are just a few examples. I wish we grew up as a people and were at ease with being called differently.

Why life insurance? Because people depend on you.

How much and what type? That depends on you too. Call me today for a free, no-obligation Life Insurance Needs Analysis.



American Family Life Insurance Company
Home Office – Madison, WI 53783
www.amfam.com

© 2006

002023- 1/06



Ram V Nathan Agency, Inc.
9085 E Mineral Circle, Suite 370
Englewood, CO 80112
rvaithia@amfam.com
(303) 799-0777 Bus
(303) 799-0779 Fax



HUMAYUN K MACKEY

Store (303)-751-5050 Cell (303)-875-7513

GROCERY FASHION JEWELRY

A complete South Asian grocery, fashion and jewelry store

**2705 S. Parker Road, Aurora, CO 800014
(opposite H-Mart)**

banglabazaar@live.com



**Open 7 days a week
Monday – Sunday
10:00 am – 9:00 pm**



We carry a variety of Spices, Rice, Dals, Beans, Grains, Flours, Rotis, Parathas, Naan, Sauces, Pickles, Vegetables, Frozen Fish, Halal Chicken, Goat meat Yogurt, Sweets, Samosas, Dosa, Pani Poori and more

DVDs & CDs



Exclusive Collections of Bollywood Top Designer Fashions Sares, Salwars Kameez, Jewelry, Longhai, Panjabi, Kurta, Hijab, Scarf, Watches, Earrings, Diamond-cut Jewelry



Exclusive Collections of Designer Ladies Hand Bags / Purses – Gucci, Coach, Dooney, Prada, Fandy, Jimmy Choo, Torry Broch, LV, Juicy And More

অবাক কাণ্ড

অমিত নাগ

দুচোখ ভরে ঝাপসা ছবি
অঝোর ধারায় বৃষ্টি
এ কি অনাসৃষ্টি
সুদূর দেশের শ্যামলা মেয়ের
চিত্রে ধরা দৃষ্টি।
দূর প্রবাসে এ ভিনদেশে
এক্কেবারে একলা
মনটা যেন মেঘলা
হাজার মানুষ, হাজার মজায়
চায় না দিতে পাল্লা।
আকাশচুমু অটোলিকা
শহর ভরা জৌলুষ
এন্তেও নেই দিলখুশ
ফেলে আসা দিনের ছবি
নিচ্ছে কেড়ে আজ হুঁশ।
শান্ত দীর্ঘ দিনের শেষে
মিছিল ছেড়ে দলছুট
সন্ধ্যা নামে ঘুটঘুট
সাঁঝের বেলায় বিজলি উধাও
মশার কামড় কুটকুট।
শহর ছিল জীর্ণ মলিন
জীবন যেন রংহীন
ভাবনা হোত ঐদিন

স্বপ্নবিহীন জীবন তো নয়
বাতিল হওয়া ইঞ্জিন।
কি অবাক করা কাণ্ড
একদম নেই রং যার
ঝলসে ওঠে আবার
পুরোনো সেই ছবিখানাই
মনের মাঝে বারবার।
সুউচ্চ এই অটোলিকার
জানলা দিয়ে দুরপার
চোখ চলে যায় আনমন
ঝাপসা দেখায় নিওন আলো
উদাস বুঝি এই মন।
উড়িয়ে দিয়ে
কল্পনার ঐ ডানা
ছেড়ে লাগামখানা
মন চলে যার জীর্ণ শহর,
কৃষ্ণকলির কাছে
তাকে, হারাই যদি পাচ্ছে।
অনেক দিনের পরে
আজ আমার এই ঘরে
সেই মেয়েটা ঘোর গৃহিনী, তবু
ফেলে আসা সে সব কথা যখন মনে পড়ে
এখনো মনটা কেমন করে।

An Interview with Puja Allepalli

It was around mid – end of July, on a beautiful Thursday morning that I met Puja Allepalli, a Denver based Bharatnatyam dancer, for the first time. As I entered her home, I was greeted by an enormous Brass statue of the Nataraja in his so well known nritya pose. A slice of the early morning sun danced around the God of all dances and spread a golden hue all around. Little flames from tea lights arranged in neat sets of five, tied to their little wicks-flickered restlessly. And dark green shadows from a banana plant thriving indoors, welcomed me with its shade.

Milonee: Tell me about Puja the person.

I think I'll describe myself as just another regular girl.

I like spirituality, I like to paint, visit new places. I like to cook, learn new languages, try different cuisines. I love life and like other people, I want to have a stress free life. I am just another regular girl.

M: What about Puja the dancer? Is she as simple?

Puja the dancer is probably more of an evolved person. Primarily because being a dancer you encompass so many other faces of life. It is not like other profession. It is just not a profession; it is something that has evolved over years. It has a lot of passion, dedication that goes into it. Unlike any other profession it is one that builds you right from your childhood. I started dancing since I was four. Puja the dancer is probably my being. A major part of what I am. Because of the number years I've been dancing. But other than that Puja the dancer is more of a person who likes discipline in day to day life. I love music, I love movement and that makes me what I am.

M: So let's say out of the twenty four hours in a day, which is the predominant personality? Is it Puja the person, Puja the dancer. Or is it hard to distinguish?

It is very hard to distinguish, because I can't separate the dancer from myself, because that is what my personality has become now. I tell my students that it is not only those moment that you are dancing that you are the dancer. It becomes a

part of you. There several aspects of ones personality that gets imbibed just by being a dancer alone. For example you learn to appreciate beauty in different forms and that becomes a part of your self. I also incorporate precision learned from dancing in to cooking, maintaining a neat appearance, and having a clean house.

Have you ever felt that maybe you need to pull back a little or let go a little? That maybe the structure loving, discipline worshipping person needs to let things go slack a little? Or has it always been a nice balance?

I think it is all about maintaining a nice balance in life. You don't want to be a workaholic. You don't want your profession to take over your life. Luckily for me, I have been able to maintain a balance. Some times it gets crazy, especially when I go to India and I have 4 or 5 performances lined up, living at a rented apartment, working with the orchestra people, cooking and managing things all by myself. I just wish that there was an easier way to do it. But then that is also the challenge.

M: Does you husband accompany you on such trips?

It is not easy for him to accompany me to all my performances because of his work. So he's usually there only for a few days. So most of the time I travel alone. And at the end of the day I have to give my best performance. Like last time I was there in India, I performed at 6 different temples on different nights and it really got hectic. But I manage. It is fun.

M: So let's go back to when did you move to the US?

I got married in 2001, that's when I moved to the US. My husband traveled for the first two years. And finally we settled down in Denver 2003- 2004.

M: Were you already an established professional dancer before you moved to the US?

Yes.

M: So how did things change when you moved here?

I was very lucky that way, because Prasun(Puja's husband) and his family were very supportive of my career as a professional dancer. My mother-in-law was extremely supportive.

M: So I assume it was a love marriage?

No, it was not. It was an arranged marriage. And that is why I think it worked out. In this profession if one needs to continue, it is very important that one has that family support or it gets very difficult, practically impossible. They were very encouraging and I had the confidence that there would not be any hindrance. But even then, it was difficult for me when I moved here. For the first two years I didn't do much.

M: You mean you didn't perform?

Yes, and also it took me time to adapt to the culture and understand American society, and getting to know my husband. It was a big culture shock for me. It took me some time to realize what I got myself into. The total lack of our culture, what I was used to and this absolutely different culture was a big ingredient that was missing. So when I went back in 2003 for 4 months, out of that I continually danced for 2-3 months, like 6-7 hours a day.

M: Practicing or performing?

Both.

It so happened that when I went there, I met my teacher, and she had some performances lined up which I was lucky to join.

I also arranged for solo performance in my hometown, Nagpur, Maharashtra. And so when I came back, I had a more clear vision of what I needed to do and what I could do.

I found avenues and worked around to find ways to fulfill my passion of dancing.



M: Were people helpful here?

Not easy. But I won't say that it was really difficult, one needs to prove one self and once I did that, it got easier. I performed out side Denver and gradually other places.

M: So, which other places outside of Denver have you performed?

Phoenix, Las vegas, San diego, Seattle, Virginia, Utah.

Once I started, more and more people began to appreciate what I was doing.

M: Did you arrange for those performances you're self or was it invitational?

Invitational.

M: Did you get a good audience in Utah?

Actually, it was one of my biggest crowds. It was a Holi performance and there were more than 2 thousand people. There was a tremendous amount of support and appreciation.

M: What about the show in Denver?

It was a sold out show and a lot of people were not able to get tickets.

M: Why Bharatnatyam? Was it a family influence or a personal choice?

I think it was more of a personal choice. I went for few Kathak classes and didn't like it that much and soon after that my mom enrolled me in Bharatnatyam classes.

M: Wait, you were learning Bharatnatyam since age 4? So At 4 you knew that you didn't like Kathak?

Yes. It was mostly destiny for me I think. I don't remember how I didn't like Kathak, but my mom played a big role in making me stick. She is a sitar player and she was very very clear that I had to pursue an art form and I began to love Bharatnatyam.

M: So, how long does it take to become a Bharatnatyam dancer?

A life time is not enough. It is a constant process of artistic evolution. As you mature in your life, your experiences enrich your life. I consider myself a student. And in another two decades, I'll have a completely different understanding of the dance, but I'll still be learning, but for the basics or a complete repertoire of dances, maybe around 8-10 yrs.

M: What next?

Just keep on dancing.

M: Sounds like a plan.

HUSH !!

Mita Mukherjee

Hush
Don't Rush
Feel the breeze
Brush the face
As a gentle caress
Tip toe on the grass
Hear the tiny buds
Open their eyes
With tender sighs
Feel the vapor
Rise from the lakes
Take a moment
To just "BE"
"BE" here
"BE" present
Savor the moment !!
HUSH!!

JUNE 19th

Mita Mukherjee

H—my father is my HERO to me
A—ALWAYS there to cheer me on
P---to PUT a good word in
P---to PAT me with an encouraging slap
Y---to YELL when I do something wrong

F---FATHERS to sons and daughters
A---ARE the ones they rely on
T---THEY are teachers, mentors
H---HELPERS and leaders
E---EGGING us on to be the best
R---REFFERY--ING the games
S—SMILING at our success

D---DADS all over the world
A—A tribute to you on father's day
Y---YOU---are the best of the very best!!

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!!!

Cityscape Kolkata- Academy of Fine Arts, An Exhibition



The Academy of Fine Arts, Kolkata has been an avant garde institution in its own right. Ever since its inception in 1933, it has come along way since the days of high profile artistic heavy weights like Abanindra Nath Tagore and social revolutionaries like sister Nivedita. Today the feud between following western techniques and respecting traditional artistic form is blurred into blended harmony. It is no longer about accepting ones roots or copying the masters; it is about fusion on the canvas and other media. And to prove this, the student body at The Academy of Fine Arts organized an exhibition to not only showcase their incredible talent but also immeasurable versatility of art. The exhibition was inaugurated by imminent artist Ajay Das and contemporary artists like Jogen Chowdhury and sculptor Debashish Chowdhury graced the occasion with their presence.

Mukta Chowdhury Nandi, a mother of two based her collection on William Blake's Songs of Innocence and Experience. She uses acrylic and water color on canvas and paper collage, capture the essence of Blake's innocence.

Pure.....virtue of innocence - (acrylic on canvas) is where the young girl with her pets and a bowl of milk becomes a symbol of innocence.

Earth's Answer.....gift of youth - (acrylic on canvas). The little girl is no longer a little wide eyed girl anymore. The artist is trying to capture her as she peers through her veil and meekly, almost halfheartedly looks towards society.

The Echoing Green....ray of hope - (mixed media with collage and texturing) have echoes



from the woman through the veil. No longer shy and demure, here her eyes are full of knowledge, yet

hope lurks in the background. The contrast is 'more'.

The Garden of Love.....the twin personae -(mixed media) is about the loss of innocence and a shift towards more complicated emotions- a combination of charm, seduction and vulnerability. The 'Red Rose' offers it all even as it continues losing petals on and beyond the frame.

Srabani Sengupta based her work on tribal and folk art: Saura Art of Orissa and Warli from Maharashtra. Her paintings are combinations and improvisations of both art forms. Her achieved level of perfection lies mainly on the degree of emphasis on geometric accuracy, measurements, size, and symmetry. She puts in a lot of focus on creating commercially viable representations of these folk art forms.



Warli paintings are mainly based on a very basic graphic vocabulary –circles, triangles, squares, dots and crooked lines. The circles and triangles come from the observation of nature. These are used to depict human and animal figures.

Saura, which is a tribal art are found mostly on the walls of the houses and they are based on religious and ceremonial themes.

Sayanti Das is graduate student from Jadavpur University. When she is not delving into weighty economics textbooks, she lets her imagination get the best of her with bright splashes of vibrant colors.

Rhythmscape (Oil on canvas) - The bold patterns and vibrant colors that represent the musical instruments depict the stronghold of music on our souls.

Tulipa "Angelique" (Oil on wooden board) - The Tulips symbolizes fame and perfect love.

Passion-In-Pair (Poster color on hand made paper) - In the backdrop of folklore, 'Passion-in-pair' symbolizes power, grace, nobility, freedom and movement.



Abhra Chowdhury is a multi faceted individual - a graphic designer, student of commercial art at Academy of Fine Arts, and an anchor and news reporter. His choice medium is computer graphics, which he uses to fuse, or rather merge objective subjects with abstract forms.

He designed five abstract arts. Among them first one was the art of *Lord Ganesh* in completely different posture and mood, mixture of different colour plays a significant part in this art, second one is an *Abstract Angel Dream In A Moonlit Night* along with horror sequence, third one shows the significance of *Vanishing Point* by means of creative design called 'Shanti', fourth one is *Nature's Beauty after Sunset* and the last one was the abstract *Still Life* drawing. All this above works are done through Computer Graphics.



Debalina Mitil Chowdhury is also a student of Applied Art at the Academy of Fine Arts, Kolkata. Her works were mostly oil on canvas.

Repose "Krishna" – (oil on canvas) The Mahabharata tells the tale of a hunter, Jara who mistook the underside of Krishna's red left foot for a deer and shot an arrow that proved to be fatal for Krishna. This painting tries to capture Krishna's mood before his death- he has lived long enough, has seen several wars and knows that Radha is not coming back to him. He is finally at repose and plays on his flute.

Chaos "the masks" – (oil on canvas) the two masks represent the two opposite and combined emotions of benevolent happiness and malign sadness, denoted by yellow and green respectively, signifying the duality of human nature. The flurry of bright colors accentuates the fact that life is a circus and how "the world's a stage and all the men and women are merely players."



Apprehension "girl with the flower" – (oil on canvas) the girl in this painting is in a stripped bare surrounding consisting only of stones and a flower that she is holding. The flower represents her only link to the outside world.

Forlorn "the Japanese girl" – (acrylic on wood) modeled on Japanese paintings, this particular painting has a girl sitting in a barren setting, with the predominance of the colour yellow and brown. The tree provides neither any shade nor comfort.



Heartfelt Thanks to our Donors

*Aninda & Shreyashi Shome
Avi Purkayastha & Arundhuti Guha
Deepak & Suhita Sinha
Goutom Mukherjee
Hemanta & Mita Mukherjee
Kaushik & Arjita Dam
Raghu & Soma Bhattacharya
Rathin & Mira Basu
Satyen & Sima Deb
Souvik & Tuhina Nandi
Sumit & Surupa Sur*



ছোটবেলার কথা

আলপনা চৌধুরী সিন্‌হা

প্রতি দুর্গা পূজার সময়, মনে পরে আমার

সেই ছোট বেলার কথা।

আমি যখন ছিলাম

ব্রহ্মপুত্র নদীর পারে, পাহাড়ের গায়ে

সেই গৌহাটী শহরে।

ভরের বেলায় ঘুম ভেঙ্গে যায়

বন্ধুদের ডাকে, বলে ওঠ ওঠ।

যাবিনা ফুল তুলতে?

ফুলের ডালি নিয়ে চলে গেলাম

সেই শিউলি গাছের তলে।

কি অপূর্ব সে দেখতে।

যেন সাদা গালিচা ছড়িয়ে আছে

গাছের তলে।

আমার মন ভেঙে যায় ফুলের গন্ধে।

ডালি ভরে ফুল তুলে নিয়ে এলাম

মা, ঠাকুমার হাত ধরে চলে গেলাম

ধূপের গন্ধে, ঢাকের শব্দে

মেতে উঠেছে চারিদিকে

আমার মন নেচে ওঠে তার সঙ্গে।

মায়ের চরনে দিলাম আমার অঞ্জলির ফুল।

নমঃ নমঃ নমঃ

দুর্গাপূজা

মৌসুমী ভট্টাচার্য

সকালে ঘুম ভেঙে উঠতেই

আগে ঘড়িতে সময় দেখা

আজ কিকি করার আছে

তা আগের দিনেই লেখা

পূজার এই কয়েকটা দিন ছুটি

অধিকাংশ অফিস এবং স্কুলে

আনন্দশ্রোতে ভাসবে সবাই

সকল দুঃখ কষ্ট ভুলে

সারা বছর অপেক্ষার পর

এই দুর্গাপূজার কটা দিন

ভিড় ঠেলেও ঠাকুর দেখা

তা হোক রাজি কিংবা দিন

পরশে সবার নানারকম পোষাক

ধুতি, পাঞ্জাবি, তাঁত, জামদানি

রসনাকে তৃপ্তি দেবে ফুচকা, চাট

লুচি, মাংস কখনোও বিরিয়ানি

নাচ, গান, হেইহুল্লোর

সবাই আড্ডা দিতেও রাজি

শহর সাজে নানারঙের আলোয়

কোথাও জ্বলে আতসবাজী

সপ্তমী, অষ্টমী, নবমীর পরে

দশমীতে দুর্গামা বলান চলি

আমরা করজোড়ে মাকে

আবার আসতে বলি ॥

SEARCH FOR “GOD”—a definition

Mita Mukherjee

I was a little taken aback, one morning, when my daughter, a six year old at that time, asked this simple question — ‘mom who is God?’

How does one explain to a six year old -- this concept of an omnipresent, omniscient, Omni being that pervades all things and beings? This being, that cannot be seen, known as GOD -- G-enerator, O-rganiser, D-estroyer, in other words, the creator, the maintainer of this world as we know it, and in the end—destroyer, (for everything that is created must perish) is something that cannot be described as such. Over the eons many religions have developed according to people’s beliefs; Rules, regulations, rituals have helped people organize themselves and they have given God different names and forms. Christians believe in God and His son Jesus; Muslims have Allah and their prophet Mohammed, Jewish people call God Jehovah, some nature worshippers believe nature is the God. Most Hindus believe in one God but different manifestations of God in various forms. How does one explain all this to a curious six year old?

Swami Chinmayananda was asked this same question when he was conducting a class in Houston, Texas many years ago, by another curious child. He thought for a moment and asked this question, “Do you drink milk?” The children answered in unison, “Yessssss!”

“Where does the milk come from?” came the question. “From the cow of course!!!” the children answered laughing.

“What does the cow eat?” asked swamiji.

‘Grass’ everyone replied.

‘So how does the “green” grass change into “white” milk in the cow’s body?’

Pin drop silence ensued as everybody pondered the question—‘Yes, how does one define this supreme intelligence that has programmed the cow’s body to produce white milk from green grass when needed.

For me it is very simple, “God” is a smile on my child’s face, a kind word, a word of encouragement, a word of compassion;

The sunlight glistening on the butterfly’s wing, the profusion of flowers on the meadow, the scent of rain on the wet ground, the miracle of a baby’s birth, our incredible mother Earth, and this immense universe we dwell in; When I sit in silence and revel in the peace and quiet within me---that is “GOD” to me.



Fresh meat (goat meat, chicken leg, quarter, breast, whole chicken), fresh veg, fish, spices, rice, sweets

3102 S. Parker Road, #A-6, Aurora, CO 800014
(Near Peoria and Parker crossing, same parking lot of Dollar Tree, Star of India)

Ph: 303-750-3180 (store); 720-838-6275 (cell)

www.anandabazaarusa.com

email: anandabazaar@yahoo.com

Thakur Barir Ranna- Rocky Mountain Style

Mira Basu, Aparna Ghosh, Roshmi Bhaumik, Kaushani Mukherjee, Shreyashi Shome, Tuhina Saha Nandi

If I remember right, "Sananda", the biweekly Bengali magazine for women, went into circulation sometime in the mid eighties. The first few covers featured Sharmila Tagore and Tiger Pataudi, or just Sharmila Tagore. One of those cover pages and features that is still imbibed in my memory is one that said "Thakur Barir Roop Charcha". It featured Sharmila Tagore on the cover page, in which she is bending artfully over a brass plate, with neatly arranged smaller brass bowls. Each of those bowls held concoctions for "roop charcha", and she had a smear of turmeric or something that resembled turmeric on one of her cheeks. She looked as pretty as a picture; obviously. I tried googling that image, but couldn't find it.

And why am I telling you all of this, simply to provide a base for this article. A few days ago I came across a recipe collection by Purnima Thakur, "Thakur Barir Ranna Banna." As I leafed through the recipes it struck me that the recipes were like any other Bangali barir ranna. And that is when the idea struck me, not like the proverbial thunderbolt, but just as an idea that I couldn't shake off. And so I got hold of like minded kitchen enthusiasts and explained the concept of this article and here is what I have- Thakur Barir Ranna- Rocky Mountain Style. What you have in the following pages are versions of some of the recipes from that book and a few thoughts from the recipe writers themselves. When you try any of them, imagine that maybe one day Rabindra Nath sat at his lunch table and savored the same dish, or something similar.

From Mira Basu's Kitchen

Palang Shaker Ghanto

Ingredients:

Potato, Eggplant, Butternut Squash, Green beans, Spinach, fried Bori (whole or crushed)

Spices:

Cumin powder, Coriander powder, Turmeric, Bay leaves, Kalinji, Green peppers

Process:

Cut up all vegetables and spinach to size. Heat oil in the pan and add Kalinji and Green peppers (Phoron). Now add all vegetables (except spinach),

rest of the spices, and salt and sugar. Cook for about 10 minutes with intermittent stirring. Add the spinach (and the Bori if desired), mix well, and cook under cover until it is done. Alternately, if Bori was not added with the spinach, then crushed Bori can be sprinkled over the top at the end as decoration.

Moong er Dal er Barfi

Ingredients:

Moong Dal, Khoa (Kheer), Sugar, Ghee (Clarified Butter), Cut (sliced) pistachio nuts

Process:

Use half and half to make a good quantity of Kheer (dry). Roast Moong Dal and soak at least 4 hrs. Blend the Moong dal with as little water is possible. In a heavy pan add ghee. When hot, add blended Moong Dal paste. Keep stirring, add Kheer and sugar towards the end and stir till it is lumpy. Remove to a flat surface (Thali) and roll/pat to an even thickness (~ ½ inch or little less). Cut into diamond shapes and decorate with sliced pistachio nuts.

From Aparna Ghosh's kitchen

Yammy Chingrir Chokka

One of thakur barir special recipe was kumro chingri (i.e. shrimps with orange squash), but I have twisted the recipe to some extent and used yams instead of kumro/orange squash. I also took the freedom to add some black chanas or black beans to add to the flavor of the changed dish. I chose yams, or sweet potatoes because not only it is readily available in all grocery stores here in Colorado but is also quite close in taste to kumro or the Indian squash. Hopefully you will all enjoy this changed recipe.

Bon appétit!!!

Ingredients

Serving Size – 4 Adults

Yams - ¾ medium sized

Shrimps – 20-25 medium sized

Black Chanas / Black grams- half a cup

Onions- 1 large (chopped)

Ginger- 1 tsp (paste)

Garlic- 1 tsp (paste)

Turmeric powder- ½ tsp
 Cumin powder- ¾ tsp
 Coriander powder- ¾ tsp
 Panchforan (5 spice mix) - ½ tsp
 Garam masala powder- ¾ tsp
 Bay leaves- 2
 Ghee (Clarified butter) - 1 tsp
 Salt and Sugar - according to the taste
 Coriander leaves/ Cilantro - to garnish

Method

Wash, clean and devein the shrimps, marinate with a little turmeric powder and salt and shallow fry them and then keep aside. Also wash the ginger and garlic, cut and blend them into a paste and keep aside for later use. Now, peel the skin of the yams, cut them into small cubes, you can fry them a little at this stage (optional) or else just leave them aside. Chop onions into very fine pieces; fry lightly the black chanas that has been soaked overnight in warm water and boiled until tender.

Now, add the cooking oil (vegetable / olive / mustard) in a wok or pan and add some panchforan(5 spice mix) and bay leaves to this, as soon as it starts spluttering, add the chopped onions, ginger-garlic paste, chopped tomatoes, turmeric, cumin, coriander, garam masala and chili powder one after the other. Keep stirring. Now add salt and sugar according to taste. Next, add the soaked and boiled black chanas, the yams and the shrimps. Mix and stir well.

Add very little warm water, cover and cook until the yams, black chanas and the shrimps are tender.

Add one teaspoon of ghee, mix again and set aside. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves/ cilantro. Serve hot with steamed rice or parathas (Indian flat bread).

Dal Zucchini Chomotkari

Dal with lau or Indian squash is a popular thakur barir dish, here; I have replaced the lau with zucchini, a green colored vegetable that is very easily available in the stores and great to eat, too. Hope all my friends enjoy this innovative, palatable yet healthy recipe.

Bon appétit!!!

Ingredients

Serving size – 4 adults

Moosur dal (Lentils) - 250 gms
 Zucchini – 2 med sized
 Ginger paste – 2 tsp
 Cumin/ jeera seeds – ½ tsp

Bay leaves - 2
 Onions- 1 med sized
 Turmeric powder- ½ tsp
 Ghee- 1 tsp
 Green chilies- 2 or 3
 Tomato puree- ½ cup
 Coriander leaves (chopped) - ½ cup
 Spring onions (chopped) – ½ cup
 Ghee/ Clarified butter- 1 tsp
 Salt and Sugar – according to taste

Method

Wash and cut the zucchinis into big chunks, keeping the skin unpeeled. Lightly fry the and keep aside. Wash, grate and blend the ginger roots with a little water into a paste. Cut the onions into julienne pieces. Chop and wash the coriander leaves and the spring onions.

Take a wok and pour some cooking oil, add jeera or cumin seeds and 2 bay leaves to it. Then add the onions, ginger paste, and tomato puree and mix well. Now add to this, the zucchini chunks, turmeric, sugar, salt and continue stirring. After a while, add the boiled dal and mix it thoroughly/ evenly. At this stage, add 2 splitted green chilies, (you can add more chilies, if u want it more spicy) and the chopped spring onions. Lastly, add 1 tsp of the clarified butter or ghee. Your recipe is ready. Garnish with chopped cilantro and serve in a bowl with hot steamed rice.

From Roshmi Bhaumik's Kitchen

Posto diye masho - Looking through the menu items for mutton, "Posto diye mansho" seemed new. I have always loved the traditional "aloo poshto". Wanted to try it out. I happened to have ground turkey in my freezer and thought it might just work as a substitute for goat meat.... just kidding. Goat meat is way better but we always seek out convenience. In the same token, for "ada bata", I added a teaspoonful of ginger powder. I read that shahjeera and garam masala was to be added to the hot oil as phoron. Hurriedly, I grabbed some cinammon sticks, clove and cardammom and pounded it in the mortar pestle. I guess in the hurry I just put jeera and completely ingored the "shah" prefix to describe the superior cousin. "Posto bata" in blender was not the easiest thing. I let the poppy seeds soak in warm water. In order to blend to a smooth paste I thought of adding stuff to create a base for it. I added the chopped onions and garlic and some cashew nuts

and couple dollops of sour cream. I added the paste after browning the meat and let it cook in slow fire for 30 more mins. The result was a creamy white gravied keema!

Another thakur bari recipe that looked enigmatic to me was the "**Mangsher Vindaloo**". What was vindaloo? Did it have aloo in it? I looked at the details to find that aloo was not really part of the recipe. The experimenting side of me probed me to add aloo to it and see the effect. I thought why not try a really fast and easy option. I decided to substitute the goat meat with chicken drumsticks. The recipe mentioned lonka but my little kids are not yet strong enough to handle lonka much. Recipe suggested that we dry fry and grind jeera, gol marich and dhone. I had all the powders handy so I added a generous tablespoon full of each. Ada bata is too hard. I don't like the way I was taught to blend ginger by my mother in law. It is too thin and watery. My mom suggests that I grate the fresh ginger. Works out great but is just a little bit more work which I could avoid since my husband had thoughtfully grabbed the ginger powder from the Indian store. In came the generous tablespoonful of ginger and haldi powder along with red wine vinegar and brown sugar. BTW, nowadays I am trying to substitute brown sugar for the white refined version, Boulder's healthiness, rubbing on me. I mixed all the ingredients (adding big cubes of potato) and rubbed the chicken drumsticks with the marinade. I love using my dutch oven and so that's what I used. I had to simmer the fire at times so that everything came off easily from the pot when I stirred the chicken from time to time. I took me about 45 to 50 mins on med low fire with occasional stirring. The result was a nice halud chicken. Nothing fancy but very tasty.

From Kausani Mukherjee's Kitchen

With the flow of time lot of things have changed in Bengali lives and lifestyles but if I have to pick one thing that has never changed or never will be, is the eternal desire and utmost love for delicious and mouthwatering Bengali dishes. Nothing has been as satisfying and fulfilling than to have a Bengali adda along with the spread of the Bengali traditional foods and the smell of the same doing rounds all over the place.

Let's take a moment and go back to the golden age of Bengalis which is none other than the renaissance era when our affluent and aristocratic Bengali families used to host lousy 'nimantrans' at

their luxurious homes. Speaking of that we probably could never miss to take the name of 'Thakur Bari' which has been the center piece of the Bengali art, literature, culture and music. Along with the things we all know about Thakur Bari few among us may also be aware that they were also reputed for welcoming their esteemed guests with variety of innovative Bengali cuisine out of our traditional Bengali ingredients. Among the varieties of dishes that are served the fish had always occupied a prominent place as the "Babus" those days used to love fish and fish always used to come up as the must have item in all the discussions about favorite dishes.

Now being at Denver in the 21st century we can probably do something more than just the reminiscence of that golden age. With some time at our hand powered by self-motivation we can probably try out something which will give us little more than just relishing the period. Ektu pet pujo hoe jaak?

Here I would like to discuss two delicacies from Thakur bari kitchen which are-- 'Topsir Ghitopsi' and 'Mulo Chingri'. These 2 dishes probably have done many rounds on the Thakur bari menus and earned many rave reviews.

Let's explore '**Topsir ghitopsi**'. The recipe name itself bears the Thakur bari signature touch of literary excellence. For this preparation we need the following ingredients:-

- Topse fish
- Onion paste, Ginger paste, turmeric powder
- Salt, Ghee, Mustard oil and Garam Masala

First of all in a pan you have to fry the fish in the mustard oil. Then add some ghee in the pan and fry the onion paste fry the onion paste. After sometime when onion turns little brown add ginger paste, turmeric powder, chili paste and salt in it and stir well till the spices get mix up well. You may add little sugar to give it a little reddish color. Then pour the fried Topse fishes in it and water, chopped green chili and let it boil for 3-4 minutes. Don't boil for more than that otherwise fishes may fall apart. Then add some ghee and garam masala. Then serve it with plain rice. Hope your near and dear ones will love this preparation.

Now it is the turn of '**Mulo Chingri**'. You may have made Chingri Malaikari lots of times in your home parties. You can go about making this shrimp preparation this time. The ingredients for this preparation are:-

- Large raw Shrimp

- Chopped radish (Mulo)
- Potato(cut in cube shape and fried), red chili and bay leaves and methi

First add mustard oil in pan and add red chilli and bay leaves in it. Then add the shrimps and fry it. Then add the fried potatoes in the same. After sometime when the shrimps become well fried add fried potatoes and chopped radish in it and stir well. Then let it cook for few minutes and then you are done .Serve it hot with plain rice.

Although we are living far away from Bengal (now Paschimbongo), in Denver, we still have that Bengali spirit rooted in our mind and soul. That is why we probably still get excited to see the aloo posto, sukto, mochar ghanto in the spread in our weekend get-togethers. Let's nurture that spirit and pamper our tastebuds with these Bengali dishes. I hope these two items will find a place in your next weekend party menu .And above all please add a touch of love and sweetness we have for our friends and families and I bet you will get accolades that probably Thakur bari famous wives used to get!!!

From Sreyashi Shome's kitchen:

Peshawari Neembuwali Murgi - my version of Peshawari Murgi from Thakur Barir Ranna.

2lbs chicken
 250 gms yogurt
 1 large ground onion
 1 1/2 tsp coriander powder
 1 pod ground garlic
 1 tsp red chilly powder
 1 fresh lime
 1 tsp garam masala powder
 2 tbsp ghee
 1 large chopped onion chopped coriander leaves
 1 large sliced tomato salt to taste.

Clean chicken & pierce the pieces with a fork. Mix ground onion, garlic, chilly, & coriander powder, salt to taste & yogurt. Rub the chicken pieces with this mixture. Keep in the refrigerator for 8 hrs. Slice the tomatoes & onions & keep aside. After 8 hrs take the chicken out & steam until the yogurt dries out. The chicken would have become tender by now & will be coated by the masala. Heat ghee in a frying pan & fry the chicken pieces until light brown, 2-3 pieces at a time. Arrange the pieces in a serving platter. Sprinkle garam masala & lime juice on the chicken.

Garnish with coriander leaves & tomato slices. Serve hot with naan or tandoori roti.

Dudh Rui - my version of Maach dudh diye from Thakur Barir Ranna.

7-8 pieces Rui fish (could substitute with Katla or Mrigal)

1 onion sliced
 1tbsp ginger paste
 5-6 whole green chillies
 1/2 tsp turmeric powder
 1 tsp chilly powder
 1 bay leaf
 4-5 cardamoms
 3-4 cloves
 1 stick cinnamon.
 Salt to taste
 1/2 tsp sugar
 1 tsp ghee
 Mustard or veg oil
 Hot water 1/2 cup
 1 cup warm milk

Apply salt & turmeric to the fish & keep aside. Heat oil & fry the fish lightly. Remove. In the same oil (add more if needed) add whole garam masala & bay leaf, followed by the sliced onions. Sauté till the onions turn golden brown. Then add ginger paste. Sauté for about 2 mins. Now add turmeric powder, chilly powder, salt & sugar. You may need to add a little water if the masala seems dry. Keep frying till the masalas are well cooked & the oil starts to separate. Once the masala is well fried, add the milk. Cover & allow the gravy to come to a boil. Add the green chillies at this stage. Now add the fish & allow them to simmer in the gravy for about 5 mins. If you need extra gravy add the hot water. The gravy should not be watery. Top with ghee & garam masala powder. Serve with warm rice or pulav.





Dr. Krishna Kumar Sinha

Alpana Choudhuri Sinha

Wish you

Happy Durga Puja

&

Bijoya Dashami



Alpine Travel & Tours

*Specializing in airfares to India
Guided or independent tours
Honeymoon packages
Sports packages
Ski packages
Cruises and more...*

Contact: Eby Johnson

*Phone: 303-200-4540
Fax: 303-200-4541
Toll free: 1-877-ALPINES
Email: eby@alpine5.com*