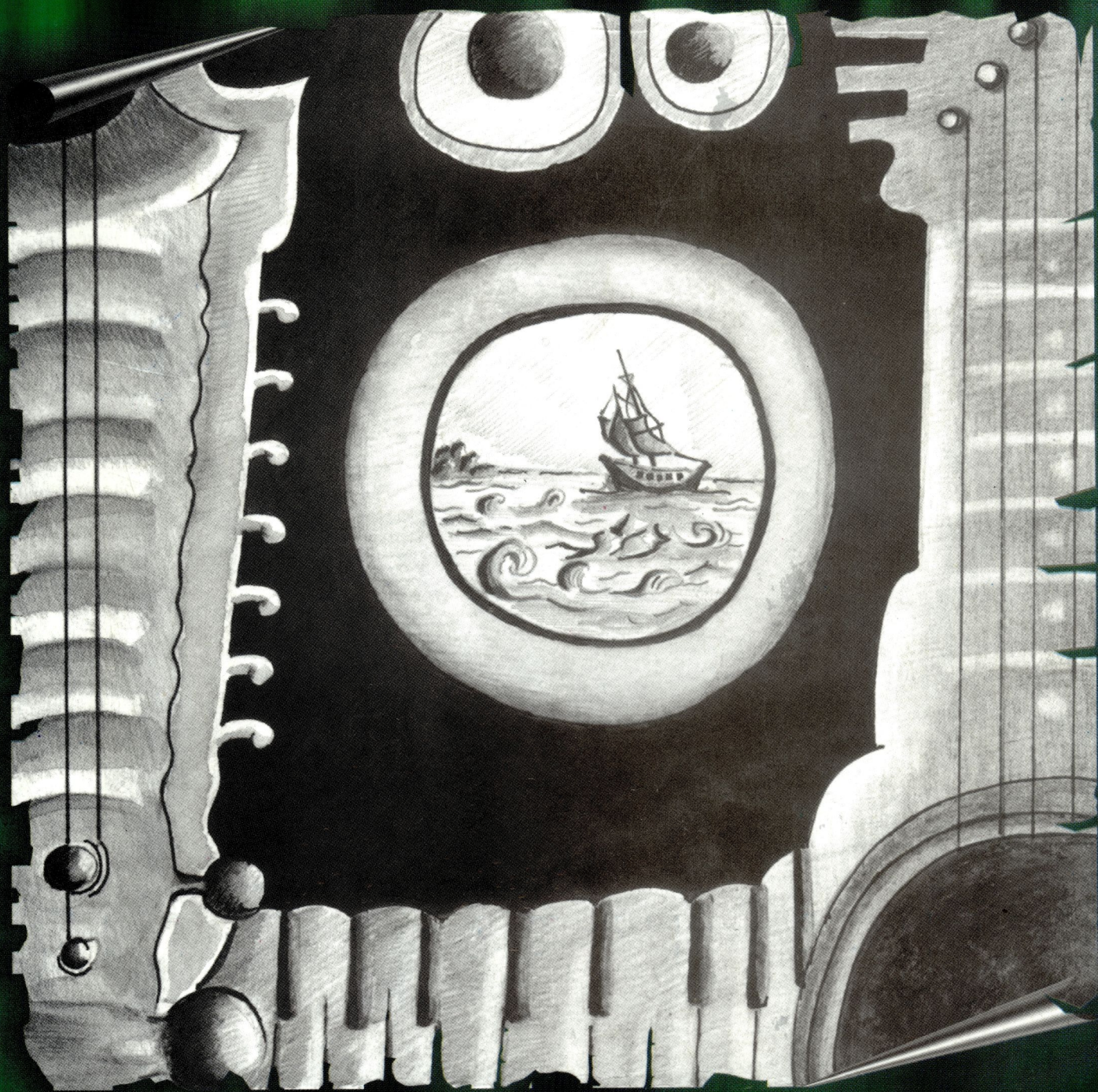


Srijan ॥ सृजन ॥

t h e N I T H a n n u a l m a g a z i n e 2 0 0 4



Rhythms of Life

जीवन-संगीत

Genesis: Srijan 2004

Our desires always increase with our possessions. The knowledge that something yet remains to be savoured impairs our enjoyment of the good before us. This is what the editorial board of the Srijan 2004, the fourth annual college magazine, had within when we started. But 'it is a beautiful bird that gets caged', and that is what happened to our annual edition of 2003, which got stalled at the printer's desk for an agonisingly long period. The 25 member strong team demanded 'incentives' for the untiring efforts they had put in, in the making of Srijan 2003. How to proceed towards the next before we had the previous? How to face the questioning eyes demanding explanations when we had none? How to go out and ask for contributions? But challenges are what make life interesting and overcoming them is what makes life meaningful: and for that matter nothing is as real as a dream, the world can change around us, but our dream will not. With this attitude we began the pursuit of our dream, Srijan 2004.

Someone has said, 'A lot of critics is to be remembered by what they failed to understand.' And sometimes we do not succeed in changing things according to our desire but gradually our desire changes. Faith is to believe what we do not see and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe. The time embraced many a truth, which seemed to contradict each other. But under such circumstances we must ask ourselves what does my work mean to me, what does Srijan mean to me? The pessimist complains about the direction of the wind, the optimist expects the direction of the wind to change but the leader simply adjusts the sails. And so did we, slowly moving, not even asking for public contributions when we should have almost completed with the annual issue.

After much deliberation we came to our theme, 'Rhythms of Life'; simple and sweet. We moved on from 'Matters of the Heart' to 'Contours of the Mind' to 'Rhythms of Life': a conscious sequel encompassing, the heart, the mind and life in its entirety.

And then the much-awaited day arrived when Srijan 2003 was finally placed in our hands, just before we parted for the summer vacations, with the satisfaction of public acclaim for the issue and with the attitude to work towards further amelioration. The team regrouped, rejuvenated and with a grit to let their attitude shine as their aptitude.

I would be excessively presumptuous if I say that the journey to this issue was facile. We swam up-stream, built bridges to cross it and reached our destination. We believe that ability hits the mark where presumption overshoots and diffidence falls short. The very substance of an ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. The mode by which the inevitable comes to pass is effort and it is vision, which passes the inevitable into action. The whole team worked dedicatedly towards the cause, the dream. We took the call for a theorised popular presentation to try and resoundingly succeed in conveying the excitement and necessity of the task. What ensued is Srijan 2004.

Our college Magazine
(Srijan) started in

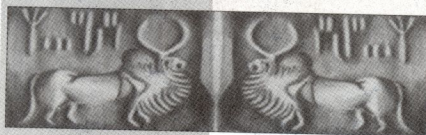
Srijan

॥ सृजन ॥

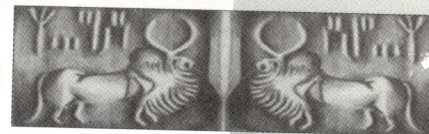
the NITH annual magazine 2004



Rhythms of Life
जीवन-संगीत



ओ३म् भूर्भुवः स्वः ।
तत्सवितुर्वरेण्यं भर्गो देवस्य धीमहि ।
धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात् ।



editorial board 2004

chief editor : *Kapil Sundrani*

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Md. Intekhab

Sauvik Chakravarty

Suhas Gupta

Rahul Sharma

Sanchit Gupta

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Gaurav Kalia

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Vivek Trivedi

fine arts

Sauvik Podder

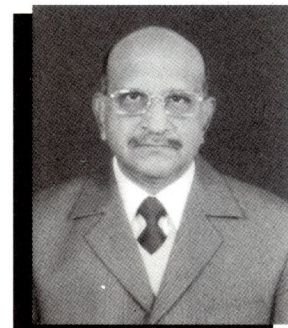
Ritika Nigam

Sameer Murmur

Kumar Ashutosh



From the Director



Message

I am highly delighted to witness the glow of another issue of "SRIJAN" getting published.

The Institute magazine "SRIJAN" heralds to bloom of creations. It provides an exposure for the wide spectrum of literary and artistic talents of the students that culminate into the ambrosia of life and philosophy. It is heartening beyond all limits to see students extract time from their strenuous academic schedule to explore the unknown facets of their mind that reflects sheer intellect. The students, thus, dive into a deeper and broader perspective that encompass within its fold human life, society, religions, relations, ethics, and morality, and step into the world as a multifaceted personality from the realms of the college.

The Institute magazine imbibes in it the attitude of "To seek, to find and not to yield" Srijan provides a platform to voice concerns irrespective of all distinctions and discriminations.

I extend my heartiest congratulations to the editorial board and all those who have shelved their valuable time to elevate this magazine to unprecedented heights. I hope the tradition survives.

C. Shakher

Chandra Shakher

Director

NIT Hamirpur (H.P.)



From the Editor-in-Chief



Message

Straight From the Heart.....

*A pure perception lent its lucent joy...
A door parted...
Releasing things unseized by earthly sense;
A world unseen, unknown by outward mind
Appeared in the silent spaces of the soul.*

Sri Aurobindo

Poetry or for that matter all literary expositions come from the soul. These outpourings reflect the essence of our being. Why not we then put our deepest thoughts to words? Why don't we allow our emotions to spill onto the paper? Would it make us vulnerable to others or would it make us strong? Once our thoughts are put on paper, it is strange revelation that instead of making us vulnerable to others, these might give us an insight into our own depth of feelings. Our fears, conflicts, cravings, resentments are unlocked and our dreams, cravings, aspirations, are realized. The **Rhythms of life** the theme of **Srijan** is an apt topic to dwell about the mystery called life as it provides an outlet for all of us to find the essence of our being by means of the word.

We are grateful to our ex-students who have depicted their sense of belonging to their Alma Mater by sharing with us their views and creative outpourings. We plan to make **Srijan** available online from this year onwards to keep all of you abreast of the literary happenings on the campus. **Srijan**, the voice of students and faculty and staff of NIT Hamirpur, is sure to reverberate all the corners of the world.

I might as well take this opportunity to thank all those who worked to make this happen, the contributors, the editorial board members and others who worked behind the scene to give shape to the dream that we all cherished inside us.

I am especially thankful to the Director Dr. Chandra Shakher for rendering all possible help to the editorial board and also for his incessant encouragement.

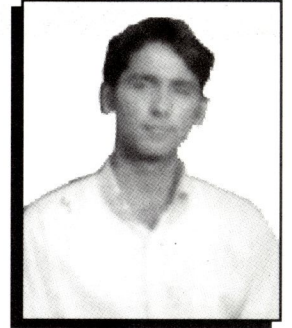
Enjoy reading **Srijan** and keep posting us your feedback.

Saraj

Saroj Thakur
Editor-in-Chief



From the Chief Editor's Desk



Peripeteia

The macrocosm of literature, language no bar, is the most remarkable creation of man. Nothing else that he builds ever lasts. Monuments fall, nations perish, civilizations grow old and die out and after an era of darkness new races build another. But in the galaxy of literature are volumes that have seen this happen again and again, and yet they tire on, still young, still as fresh as the day they were written, still telling men's hearts of the hearts of men centuries dead.

They say, 'Education and Experience is what you get from reading a fine print'. This is what is intended with a plethora of diverse presentations from Srijan's desk. Even the hitchhikers are confronted with the inevitable need to verbalize. And I believe that the line between reality and the world created by writers is thinnest when it comes to human feelings and desires. Srijan acts as a platform and presents a panorama for expressions by the people and for the people. We try to coalesce around a serious purpose: writing about contemporary culture in a way that is meaningful to electronic age readers.

Oliver W. Holmes has rightly said, 'A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged, it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in colour and content according to the circumstances and time in which it is used'. And why not, words can be compressed and moulded into the smallest ideas of any man. With its theme as 'Rhythms of life', Srijan 2004 is a tune of infinite octaves, all intervened together in what is vivid and perhaps even what may be partially indecipherable, as one magnanimous pulsating symphony.

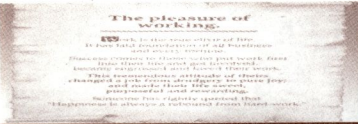
Many writings require no thought from those who read them for the simple reason that they made no such demands for those who wrote them. Srijan 2004 encompasses multifariousness in a context in which people can think. It is an endeavour to stimulate the intellect, to experience, learn and relish the taste and aroma of NIT Hamirpurians.

It is said, 'it is a good book, which is opened with expectation and closed with delight and profit'. But there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in proportion. Creation: which is what Srijan is all about, literature, art, research, hope, faith, heart and soul is what we have invested. We wish the finale is replete with delight and profit. Srijan 2004 is our dream and I believe that our dreams are true interpreters of our inclinations. We consecrate our dream and give it wings to let it fly spaces and bring back rotund sonata of a new bond, a new love and a new life. God Bless....

(Kapil Sundrani)

Final Year

Computer Science & Engineering



The pleasure of working.

Work is the true elixir of life.
It has laid foundation of all business
and every fortune.

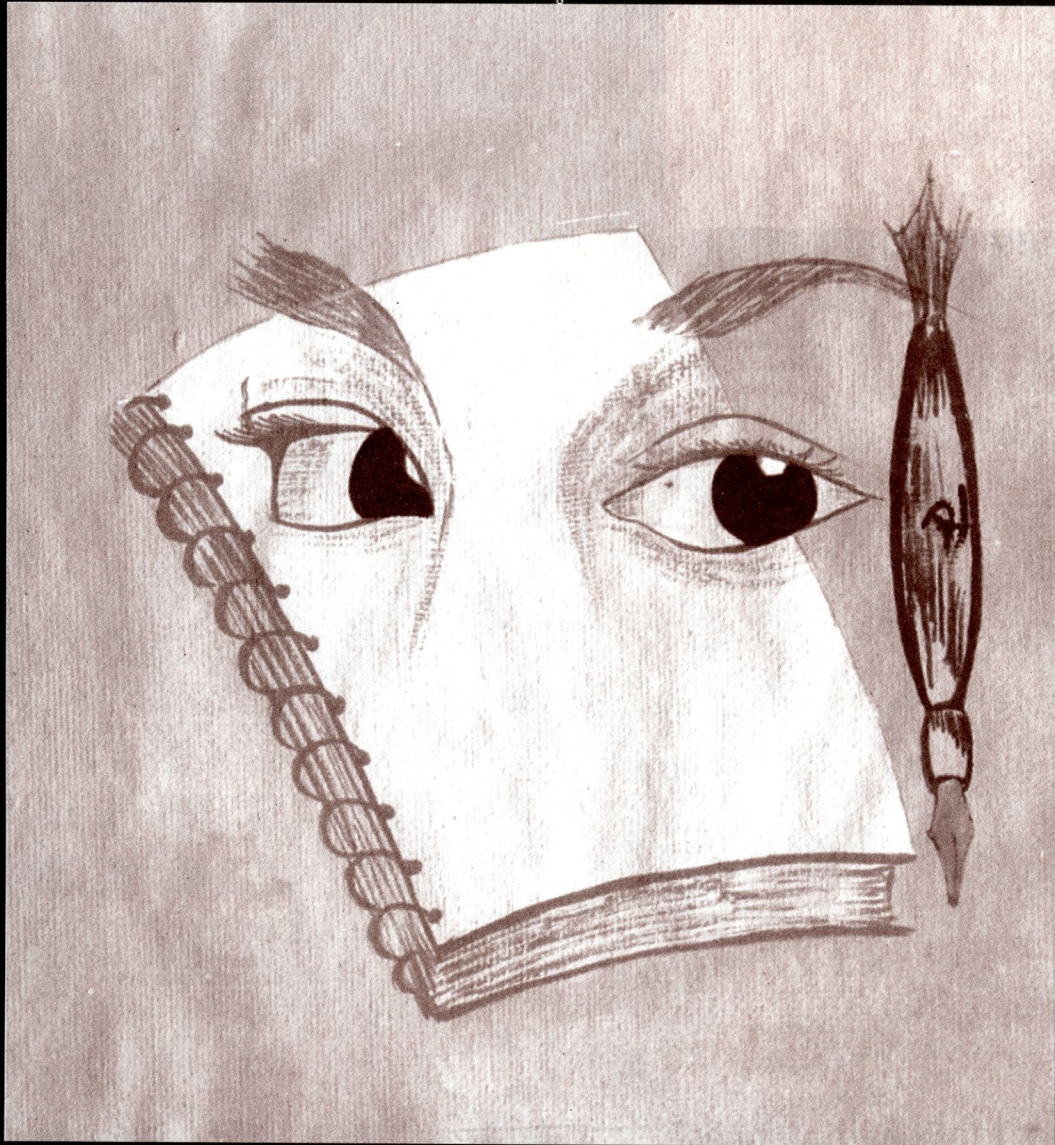
Success comes to those who put work first
into their life and got involved,
became engrossed and loved their work.

This tremendous attitude of theirs
changed a job from drudgery to pure joy;
and made their life sweet,
purposeful and rewarding.

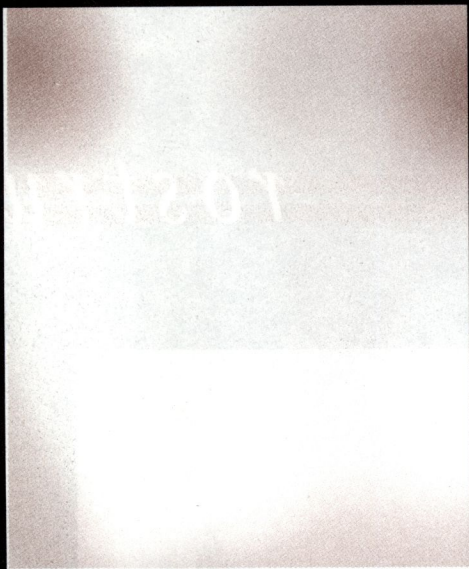
Someone has rightly quoted that
"Happiness is always a rebound from hard-work."

r h y t h m s o f l i f e

rostrum



मंच



Director's Interview

Campus Trends

College Rigdags



"Teaching implies generating knowledge in the students.... Research is also teaching"

Prof. Chandra Shakher, Director NIT Hamirpur revamped the politics and policies of the institution. He is a man endowed with enormous subtlety and wit. The students of the institution perceive him as their benefactor and a source of inspiration.

Famous among the students for his knack of redressing problems quickly, he is an administrator of uncommon power and an academician of unparalleled talent. His rendezvous with **Srijan** revealed his lighter side. Most of the time he started answering with a sense of negation but that was just a hint of his cognizance. At the end we were dumfounded by the explanations provided.

Excerpts from an interview with the **Srijan** team.

Srijan - Every successful person has a story to narrate. We would wish to know about your journey to success?

Prof. Chandra Sekhar. I don't have any success stories; I have done in my life what I wished to do. My family never stopped me from working late at night and doing what I wanted to do. They stood by me in all my decisions. My teachers supported me and I learnt a lot from them. I had my eyes fixed firmly on my goal and always tried to improve my skills. My students are my mentors. While teaching them I have refined myself.

Srijan - You were at a senior post in IIT, Delhi. What motivated you to come to this institute?

Prof.: My teachers and my mentors told me that this institute is not working that well, go and improve it. This was a novel challenge & I came here. I had many options but I was unable to leave this one out.

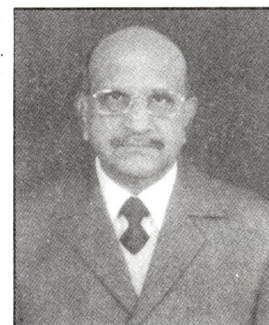
Srijan - What is your perception of an ideal student?

Prof.: - I don't think there is any ideal student. Everybody has the potential provided he explores it. He grows till he learns. Indiscipline offends me. Indiscipline is not good for any thing and must not be tolerated. With regard to students, it ruins their health, academics and maligns their surroundings. Indiscipline should not be tolerated by any manager at any cost.

My students are my mentors. While teaching them I have refined myself.

Srijan - How do you compare the ambience prevalent in IIT Delhi and NIT Hamirpur?

Prof.: - There is a lot of difference. In IIT Delhi, it is very free and academically different kind of environment. The libraries are much more equipped. Interaction between teachers and students is very high. Creativity needs outlet to flow out. Moreover this institution does not offer many avenues to the students to explore and expend their creativity.



Srijan - What comparison would you draw in regard to the faculty members?

Prof.: - We should not compare the faculty as such. It is just that they have to take pains to build their career & the career of students. In the IIT's the teachers have academic freedom which teachers use for their upliftment as well as for raising the academic level of their students. In NIT's till date most of our teachers are not able to use academic freedom for their benefit and for benefit of NIT students. This limits the scope of their teaching.

Srijan - Sir, what would you say about the students?

Prof.: - I would say that students here lack a bit with regard to basic sciences which is the strength of students in the premiere institutes. For the rest of the matter, they are as good and dexterous as any other student in any of the IIT's.

Srijan - You have been involved in a lot of research assignments abroad. What difference do you find in the teaching methodology existing there and the one which is being followed here?

Prof.: - Yes, wherever I have gone, I have observed at close quarters the teaching methodology. Teaching is not confined only to classroom declamations. Its scope is wide and covers everything. In true sense, teaching implies generating knowledge in the students. Transferring knowledge from one generation to another is also a teaching process.

Research does not imply that you only develop the theoretical expertise of the subject: rather if you are doing research then it is expected of you that "you know how to do certain things, how to investigate, how to



analyze, how to estimate, how to make models". It is a part of teaching. The first step in teaching begins with giving emphasis on basic sciences. If the basics are strong, concepts can be built over it.

Also, teaching should be done by taking into consideration the capabilities of the students. What is to be taught and the manner in which it is to be taught should be decided keeping in mind the current requirements of the students and their abilities.

Srijan: - How do you keep yourself engaged when you are free from office work?

Prof.: - In my free time I generally like to interact with people or just roam around. Basically, I am interested in performing various experiments. I love performing new experiments on my students or on their psychology or on the society. I enjoy doing this. I am a very keen observer. I have a knack of understanding what is going on in one's mind. I quickly understand what is going on well and what needs improvement.

Srijan: - How much time do you devote to your family members?

Prof.: - Actually, I pass my free time with my students, my family members and my friends. I consider my students as a part of my family, so I can say that I give my 100% to my family. Many times my students come to my house, to interact and stay with me.

Srijan: - Have you developed such relationship with the students of our institution?

Prof.: - No, not at present, may be because I am not teaching here. But here too, some students come to my house and have a good chat with me. I relish to interact with young students, and to know what they are doing.

Srijan: - Do you not feel that the interaction between you and the students should increase?

Prof.: - Definitely, yes. I would interact more but time is a constraint. Actually students should show the eagerness and take the initiative. I am always there to solve their problems.

Srijan: - Sir, what do you think about forming a student welfare committee which can be a mediator between you and the students?

Prof.: - I am not at all against this proposal. I am making a fair price shop here which is going to look after the interest of the poor students. I have got this project approved from the board. I have never said no to any student who has come forward to me to discuss

anything. But the students should take the initiative and inform in advance about the meeting.

Srijan: - Now coming to your career. You have worked at many places starting from CSIO, Chandigarh to industry and then to IIT and finally here. What impelled you to have many career changes in your life?

Prof.: - It was not because of a well thought move rather just for the simple reason that I do what I feel like doing. I work in a particular institution until it satisfies my desire to learn and as long as I keep getting challenges. Once I get satisfied I quit for good and search for fresh avenues. But wherever I have worked I have worked for the benefit of the institution. My mentors told me that I have to improve this institution, so I accepted the challenge and joined here. I will not tolerate anyone who comes in the path of development of this institution. At the same time I don't want that people should consider me as a dictator but as an administrator with a vision in his eyes.

Srijan: - What suggestions would you give to a person who has just begun his career? Should he be making such career changes or not?

Prof.: - I will suggest that he should work honestly and sincerely for the growth of himself and the institution where he is working. And if he does not like the work or the institution he should quit immediately.

Whenever I got an opportunity, I took it. When in industry I thought I have had enough experience, I moved to teaching.

Srijan: - Sir, tell us about your teenage, any favorite memories which you can reminisce that have left a mark on your mind.

Prof.: - I really don't remember any such recollection of my teenage but I know one thing that if something wrong is going on, I feel really bad and cannot stop myself from putting the things back on track. During my university days, one day, I was doing my experiments. A boy came inside the lab and asked me to join the strike outside and threw my apparatus. I was so annoyed that I slapped him in the public and continued with my experiment. Although after completing my experiment, I participated in the strike. If I am correct, I believe in myself and don't fear of the consequences. As for idols, I had many like Shivaji, Maharana Pratap... other freedom fighters. My mother is also amongst them and she inspired me to be like them.

Srijan: - When we are young we dream of becoming a doctor or a scientist. Did you ever dream of becoming what you are today?



Prof.: - No, I just thought of one thing and that is how to improve myself. Ironically, I was not interested in the present field. I was more interested in medical sciences, but my father compelled me to go in this field.

Srijan: - How much is the contribution of your family in your success?

Prof.: - A lot. I and my wife are good academicians. My wife completed her M.Sc. in

botany and M.Sc. in medical anatomy after our marriage. She could have pursued her career but she sacrificed it in order to make mine. Actually, we took a decision that only one person is enough.

Srijan: - Considering your busy schedule, how do you manage to spend time with your family?

Prof.: - I don't know but if some problem is there, I am definitely there with them. I look after them very well. When I am late in returning home, I shall phone and find out if all is fine. Actually my wife takes care of my son and daughter so that I can peacefully concentrate on my work.

Srijan: - So, we should say that the maxim "every successful man has a woman behind him" holds well in your case.

Prof.: - No, correction: every successful man has his friend behind him. My wife is also my friend. My teachers too helped me a lot at every step. Whenever I needed help or felt lonely, my teachers and my students were with me.

Srijan: - Sir, now that you have reached a stage in your life where you have achieved a lot. What are your future

aspirations? Do you have any regrets or any unfulfilled well cherished dream?

Prof.: - I do not know...I have not achieved anything. I was happy teaching and would surely like to continue with that. For regrets; I have none. I have chosen the path I am traveling on. If I had to fail, I would have failed long back. I am satisfied with what I have done and how I have done.

Srijan: - Just finished Nimbus 2004 was a success. Where do you think the NITH students stand in the national arena?

Prof.: - I have always encouraged students to go for such events. Such events being a success prove their mettle. And it is the way how an institution grows; you should not compare it with others. You should enjoy your success and bask in the glory of your achievements. You should always try for impossible for you will achieve better than possible. Yes, our students are marching ahead. Definitely, we are progressing day by day by your efforts.

Srijan: - Seeking a final counsel; sir, what must be the aim of a student throughout his career? What advice would you give to him?

Prof.: - He should be sincere in studies, and do whatever he wants to do, even if he thinks he cannot do it. He should focus on the things he is pursuing. His ultimate aim should be the development of his own personality and his surroundings. He should be honest with his efforts. If you want improvement truly, automatically things will be streamlined.

Say Cheese

Three dead bodies of Indian politicians turn up at the mortuary, all with very big smiles on their faces. The medical examiner calls the police to show them what has happened. A Detective Inspector is sent and is taken to the first body.

"He was a BJP leader, 65 years of age, died of heart failure whilst making love to his mistress. Hence the enormous smile, Inspector," says the medical examiner.

The Detective Inspector is taken to the second dead man.

"He was a minister from ruling Congress party, was 70, made a pile from government funds, and spent it all on whiskey. Died of alcohol poisoning, hence the smile."

"Nothing unusual here", thinks the Inspector, and asks to be shown the last body.

"Ah," says the medical examiner. "This is the most unusual one. MP from Bihar, 60, struck by lightning."

"Why is he smiling then?" inquires the Inspector.

To which the medical officer replies, "He thought he was having his picture taken."



CAMPUS TRENDS

This year we conducted a survey to predict emerging campus trends and to know the general feeling about our institute and college traditions. The following was the questionnaire and the tabulation was done strictly in accordance with the received opinions. Every care was taken to ensure that the study group was a representative of the actual variation of opinions in the college and both the extremes and means were taken into account.

1) The dispensary is woefully under equipped and open for only a few hours a day, although nearly 1500 people live in the campus and any emergency may befall anyone anytime.

(a) the dispensary should be refurbished and open 24 hrs. a day.

(b) the present state of affairs is satisfactory

Ans.

The first question saw an overwhelming number of respondents say the facilities are not up to the standard. Not a single respondent had any view to the contrary.

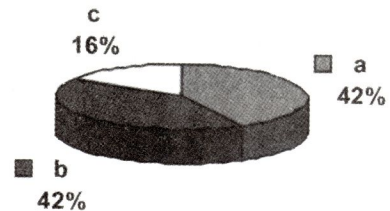


2) In spite of the fact that ECE and CSE students never need any experience with saws and hammers workshop is a mandatory. Do you think it is a waste of precious time and should be replaced with technical subjects related to respective fields?

(a) yes (b) no (c) cant say

Ans.

The second question saw the students in a sort of dilemma. Although it is compulsory to have workshop as a compulsory subject in any technical institution, the question was introduced to see whether all the students back the AICTE on this issue as everything else. The opinions were sharply divided with no outcome. Some preferred to stay out of this debate. The response from the various years was also tied with nothing to differentiate on year from the other.

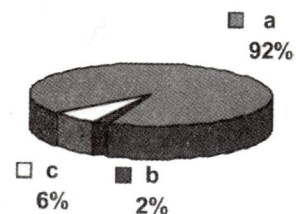


3) The Hill'ffair is:

- a) very essential as it is a status symbol for the college
- b) a waste of money and should be discontinued
- c) no opinion.

Ans.

The third question saw an overwhelming number of respondents say that the Hill'ffair should continue. There was nothing at all to choose from in between the various years.



4) The grading system uplifts the results of all but makes the most intelligent look one among the ordinary:

- (a) it should be done away with
- (b) it should continue

Ans.

The fourth question saw the students say that the grading system is better in spite of all its deficiencies. Perhaps the NIT label attached to it adds to its flavour! All the final years seemed to favour the rule although about forty percent respondents from the second and third year were averse to the rule.



❖ Rostrum / Column (Survey)

5) In our college, we have a system of 9 hrs. a day, 5 days a week. Was the old system of 8 hrs, 6 days better?

(a) yes (b) no (c) can't say

Ans.

The fifth question received a unanimous response in favour of the present system, with no one expressing any doubts. Only about seven percent of the second year students seemed to dislike the present system. The third and final year students were unanimous in their decision.

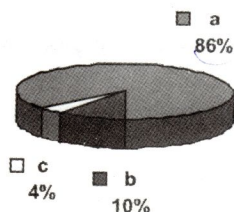


6) Do you think if our college would have been in Shimla, instead of Hamirpur it would have been better as far as placement opportunity and external exposure is concerned?

(a) yes (b) no (c) can't say

Ans.

The sixth question was all about missed opportunities. The people were not so unanimous in their views although the majority of them agreed that the location of the college was really a cause for missed opportunities regarding career matters and exposure. None of the respondents seemed to be in a dilemma. It seemed that this view strengthened its roots as the students moved on from first year to the final year, as twenty percent of the second year and about seven percent of the third year felt that location was not a factor. The final year students and all the girls felt that location was really a problem.



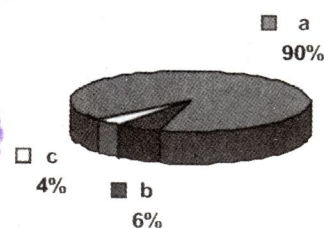
7) The library is open till 9:00pm. Should the movement of girls be allowed within the campus till

that time so that they can avail of the facilities as well?

(a) yes (b) no (c) can't say

Ans.

The response to the seventh question was unanimous as well, with all the girls firmly standing behind the proposal to allow the movement of girls within the campus till 9 at night. However a few guys seemed to have some reservations and about seven percent of the boys from second and third year seemed to be opposed to the idea.

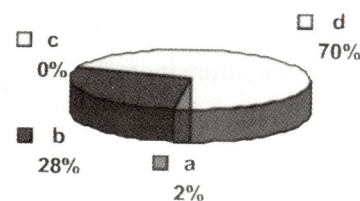


8) Most other engineering colleges have a night canteen, STD booth etc. What do you think our college needs on an emergency basis?

(a) an STD booth (b) a night canteen
(c) a fax machine for all (d) all of them

Ans.

Some of the facilities are non-existent in our campus. In response to our questions, almost all our respondents said that we need fax machines, a night canteen as well as a STD booth in the campus. Some of the respondents voted exclusively in favour of a night canteen. Thirty percent of the respondents from the second and final year voted exclusively for a night canteen. Almost fourteen percent of the third year students voted for a night canteen, but none of the girls voted exclusively for a night canteen.



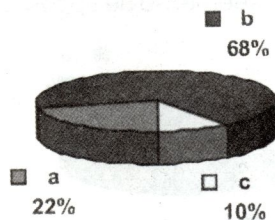
9) We are all professionals undergoing training. Should the institute impose some code regarding our attire, so that it is formal while we are in classes in order to stick to the model and ethics of professionalism?

(a) yes (b) no (c) can't say



Ans.

Our studies revealed that most of our students feel it is unnecessary to impose any formality in attire. However it was seen that fourteen percent of the second, third and final students felt that a dress code is preferable. An interesting feature was that almost forty percent of the girls went in for formal attire, and a love for ethics and morality that should definitely speak volumes.



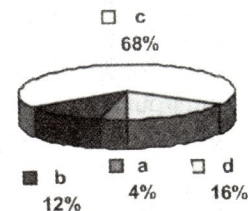
10) Do you think the relations between the boys and girls in our college is tied down by the notions of orthodoxy too much and is not spontaneous?

- (a) yes, the boys are to blame
- (b) yes the girls are to blame
- (c) yes, the place is at fault
- (d) no, relations are normal.

Ans.

We had purposely put up the last question to stir up the hornet's nest and kick up a controversy. However to our amazement, here too the guys and girls found a

point for reconciliation. A majority of the students voted for the fact that the region was to blame for relations not attaining a point of normality. Certainly they felt that the region was too obsessed with conservatism and in no mood to let go of it and as our actions are as good as the society we live, the relations were far from normal. The girls voted unanimously for the third option and blamed the place for the troubles. Not a single vote fell out of line. Only about seven percent of the second and final year boys felt that the boys were to blame for any turbulence in the relations. Fourteen percent of the boys felt that the boys were to blame; whereas about twenty percent of the boys felt that the relations were normal. The numbers are the same as far as the opinion of the boys from each of the four years is concerned. Perhaps the definition of normalcy in relations and its effects did vary from person to person, and we had one of the most varied results, which did provide a unanimous decision.



This time the polled opinions were completely unanimous in certain cases and left scope for juicy debates in other cases. On the whole, the survey team felt that the results were more reflective of a conscientious and serious view of the entire process from the student community.

Laloo's Threat

A major traffic jam was preventing people from moving forward.

A motorist shouted out wanting to know what was happening.

A guy from the front replied, "Well at the traffic crossing Laloo Yadav is sprawled across the road.

He is refusing to move from there!"

"But why?"

"He has lost the elections and will now surely be convicted for corruption and will have to pay lakhs of Rupees as fines!

He is threatening to douse himself with kerosene and set himself on fire if people didn't contribute with money to help him pay the fine!"

"So how much has been collected so far?"

"Six litres!"



COLLEGE RIGDAGS

10 places of interest in NIT HAMIRPUR

- 1) **Ekta Café:** It is the most visited part of the college be it the college hours or the off college hours. It is the de facto cafeteria of the college. The range of services that it provides is the reason for its popularity.
- 2) **TILAK ka DHABA:** The hostel messes generally provide food that can work wonders for those obese individuals who have exhausted all known therapies of reducing weight. This is why this place attracts students of 2nd, 3rd and final years especially during the evening hours when the call of the stomach gets wilder. This place ranks almost at the top in terms of student traffic, if we exclude the classrooms of the institution.
- 3) **BABA ka DHABA:** This is the second most important hunting ground of the boys after TILAK. It's second in the list due to it being marginally expensive in terms of the cost to quality ratio and also because the students prefer to stay away in the presence of the faculty who are endeared to it as well. It is the de facto all night canteen of the institute.
- 4) **Girls hostel's main gate:** It may sound strange, but this is actually true that an insignificant gate sometimes grabs up slots that even the best fail to get. The reasons for this popularity are easy to guess-the aspiring boys in search of their girlfriends. Being out of bounds for almost a year, this has unofficially been granted a heritage status.
- 5) **Juice bar:** It is one of the safest places in NIT HAMIRPUR, being just about 100 mts. away from the director's residence. Being equidistant from the boys and girls hostel makes it strategically placed especially for aspiring singles and dating couples. After 7pm the boys haunt it exclusively. Being nearer to the girls hostel, it gives other outlets a run for their money.
- 6) **Canteen:** The reasons for its popularity are all too well known to be repeated. Recently its is fast slipping down the popularity list partly due to the juice bar providing quality food at low prices.
- 7) **Library:** During the book issue and return timings it is used for the purported cause, but after 5pm, it is transformed into a meeting place. During the official holidays often acts are committed in its sacred precincts that go unreported due to technical and traditional barriers.
- 8) **Basketball court:** It is quite some distance away from all residential buildings, yet its popularity is undisputed and its reasons are undeciphered as yet. It is known less as a sports arena and more for something else we all know.
- 9) **Dispensary:** It is a favourite among upcoming actors who want to bunk boring lectures at the pretext of an unknown sickness assuming dangerous proportions. However, being declared fit only the next day is a predictable consequence. The more the number of days you can prove yourself unfit, the better the actor you are.
- 10) **Open Air Theatre:** Its popularity has taken quite a beating ever since the basketball court was constructed. It is however still a favorite among the first and second year students. It records whole night traffic on the days of any college event or fest.

Some curious traditions in the college

NIT HAMIRPUR is a mix of diverse cultures, but there are certain trends we follow that the rest of the world may find curious if not alarming. Let us highlight one such trend.

The possible reason: Even the gods do not understand the female psychology, we are only humans. That is why we have yet not grabbed the reason for this peculiar trend.

The trend: When the world expresses its love we prefer to keep mum. You can propose to a girl on any day, but for God's sake forget Valentine's day if you are ever serious in getting a positive reply. All you can hope for is a dazed gaze and a furious stare. In extreme cases you may even be neglected to the point where you begin to doubt if you are a human or an animal whose words your sweetie does not comprehend.

Some sufferers: One guy saw his Laila on this fated day and decide to go ahead with the idea of proposing in spite of numerous warnings from his well wishers to defer it till a suitable occasion other than V day. V-day is D-day, we all warned him. All he was met with was an indifferent stare and a behaviour that reminisces of good-hearted horror films where you do not notice the actions of good spirits. This utter neglect instigated suicidal tendencies in the guy to such an extent that it took us a month to talk him out of it. He had even eaten the flower that he had thought he would give the girl.

Tailpiece

Roses are costly, especially on the eve of Valentine's Day. The college garden usually bears the brunt of this phenomenon.

Heard, being said by the gardener, by a guy walking by the garden on V Day, "V Day should be banned. It upsets the ecological garden. Look at what happened to my years of hard work." After this he spat out a series of abuses at all those dark characters that had stripped the pristine garden bare of its glory for their menial jobs. Just imagine why all the proposals get turned down on V Day. Are the gardeners of the college thinking of forming a union to propose a strike on this day?





Salute ! Its RD



Soul of the Magazine

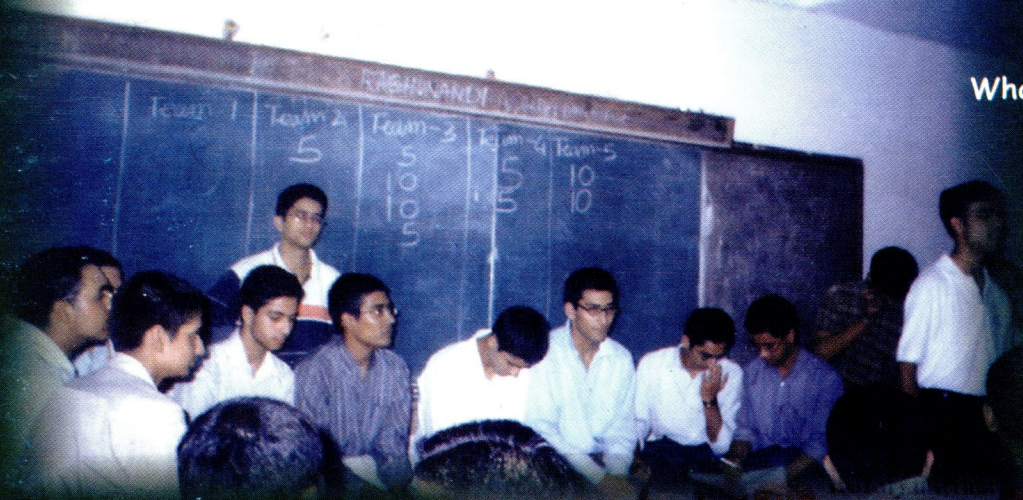


Garv hai tum per

Great Jump ! Brilliant Shot !



Whack your brains



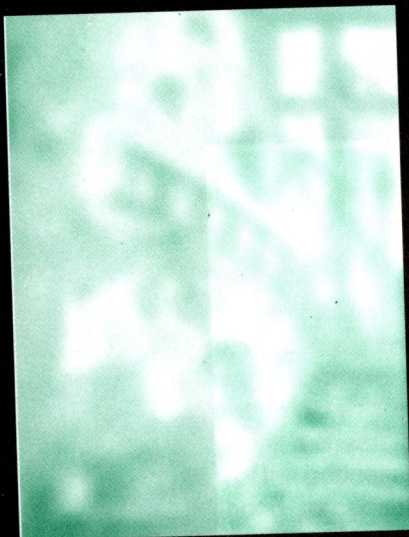
Rotarians at work



r h y t h m s o f l i f e



o c t a v e s u n b r i d l e d / परख



कोहिनूर और उसका सफर

महाकवि मैथिली शरण गुप्त

Halting the Hacker

Star wars resurrected

Nanotechnology

Nuclear Power

Stephen Hawking

The Man of Substance

A Bliss of Solitude

Kashmir Retraced

Good Enough to Just Survive

Nostradamus

Fiording through the fangs

The Don

Titan's Huge Waves



कोहिनूर और उसका सफर

संकलन : गजेन्द्र सिंह सिकरवार
यात्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी
प्रथम वर्ष

आदि काल से ही मनुष्य को दौलत की भूख रही है। चमकता हुआ सोना, झिलमिलाते रत्न और खासकर हीरे, मानव मन की कमजोरी है। इतिहास साक्षी है कि एक-एक महत्वपूर्ण हीरे को पाने के लिये, भाई ने भाई का खून किया है, अपनों ने अपनों के विरुद्ध षड्यंत्र किये हैं, और करोड़ों लोगों का रक्त बहाया है। यादवों में जब स्यमंतक मणि को लेकर विवाद हुआ तो श्रीकृष्ण जैसे महामानव पर उनके परिवार, सारे यादवों यहां तक कि बलराम ने भी चोरी का संदेह किया था “दरिया-ए-नूर” को पाने के लिये जमानशाह ने अपने सगे भाइयों को यातनापूर्वक मरवाया। फिर भी जितनी हिंसा, जितने षड्यंत्र और जितना खून कोहेनूर के लिए बहाया गया है, वह इतिहास में अन्यत्र कहीं नहीं मिलता।

कोहिनूर सन् 1655 कृष्णा नदी के किनारे कोल्लूर की खदानों से निकाला गया था। कोल्लूर ने विश्व को कोहेनूर के अलावा “पिट” और “जैक” जैसे अद्वितीय हीरे दिये हैं। जब कोहिनूर निकाला गया था तब इसका आकार एक नारियल के बराबर था और इसका वजन लगभग 850 ग्राम था। खानों के मालिक मीर जुलमा ने इसे सन् 1657 में शाहजहाँ को भेंट कर दिया और बदले में मीर जुलमा को मुगलिया वजीरशाही मिली। यह हीरा शाहजहाँ के लिए बेहद बदकिस्मत साबित हुआ। औरंगजेब ने सन् 1658 में शाहजहाँ को आगरे के किले में बंदी बनवा लिया और शाही तख्त पर कब्जा जमा लिया। यह हीरा यद्यपि 81 सालों तक मुगलों के अधीन रहा, पर इस दौरान उनकी ताकत खत्म होने लगी।

1739 में मुहम्मद शाह रंगीला दिल्ली का मुगल बादशाह था और इसी समय फारस के नादिरशाह ने भारत पर हमला कर दिया फलस्वरूप दिल्ली और मुगलिया खजाने पर नादिरशाह ने कब्जा कर लिया। नादिरशाह को दिल्ली की जनता का गुपचुप विद्रोह जारी था। और छिपे हुए छुटपुट हमले करते हुए उसने नादिरशाह के 800 सैनिकों को मार डाला। नादिरशाह ने फिर भी कोई जवाबी कारवाई नहीं की (ऐसा उसने अपनी सबसे प्यारी बीवी के आग्रह पर किया था, जो जन्म से हिंदुस्तानी थी) लेकिन 16 मई की सुबह खुद नादिरशाह पर हमला हुआ जिसमें वह बाल-बाल बच

गया। बस फिर क्या था, नादिरशाह का खूनी गुस्सा भड़क उठा और उसने कल्लेआम का हुक्म दे दिया। यह दिल्ली के इतिहास का सबसे काला दिन था। दोपहर के तीन बजते-बजते साढ़े तीन लाख दिल्लीवासियों को मौत के घाट उतार दिया गया, जिसमें औरतों और बच्चों को भी नहीं बख्शा गया। फिर नादिरशाह अधिक समय भारत में नहीं रुका और मुगलों का लगभग सारा खजाना, जिसमें तख्ते ताउस और कोहिनूर भी शामिल था, लेकर फारस रवाना हो गया। (जब नादिरशाह को कोहिनूर मिला तब उसका वजन 850 ग्राम से घटकर 330 ग्राम रह गया था। जो कि एक वेनिस तराशकर बोरिगो की लापरवाही का परिणाम था। कोहिनूर को उसका यह नाम नादिरशाह से ही मिला, “कोहिनूर” यानि “रोशनी का पहाड़”)

पर कोहिनूर नादिरशाह के लिये भी बदकिस्मत रहा। नादिरशाह को गुस्से के ऐसे दौर पड़ते कि वह अपना आपा खो बैठता। इसी गुस्से के दौरान उसने अपने कई संबंधियों की हत्या करवा दी और अपने बड़े बेटे को अंधा करवा दिया। अंत में उसके सनकी गुस्से से तंग आकर, उसी के संबंधियों ने उसकी हत्या कर दी।

नादिरशाह के बाद उसका बेटा रुख मिर्जा, “शाह-रुख” नाम से गद्दी पर बैठा। पर उसके सौतेले भाईयों ने उसे अपदस्थ कर दिया और कैदी बना लिया। कोहिनूर को पाने के लिये रुख मिर्जा को अंधा करवा दिया गया और नित्य यातनायें दी गयीं। परंतु उसने कोहिनूर को जेल में ही छिपा कर रखा। बाद में जब 1751 में अफगान सरदार अहमद शाह अब्दाली ने उसे कैद से आजाद कराया तो उसने सारे हीरे जिनमें कोहिनूर के अलावा “दरिया ए नूर” और “याकूत” जैसे शानदार हीरे भी थे, अब्दाली को सौंप दिये। इसके बदले में अब्दाली ने रुख मिर्जा की आजीवन रक्षा की।

अब्दाली को अफगान कौम का पिता या बाबा कहा जाता है। उसने हिंदुस्तान पर तीन हमले किये और पानीपत के मैदान में बड़ी ताकत समझे जाने वाले मराठों को करारी शिकस्त दी। कोहिनूर अब्दाली के लिये भी बुरे दिन ही लाया। अब्दाली को कोढ़ जैसी किसी बीमारी ने घेर लिया और उसका चेहरा व शरीर विकृत हो गये। अंत में वह एकाकी होकर कुढ़ते कुढ़ते मरा।

अब्दाली का वंशज तैमूर कमजोर बादशाह साबित हुआ और



अपनी ही रियासत में बागी सरदारों से लड़ता हुआ मारा गया। फिर भी कोहिनूर 1813 तक इसी वंश में रहा यद्यपि इस दौरान तत्कालीन वंशज शाहशुजा को दूसरे अफगान सरदारों ने कश्मीर की जेल में बंदी बना लिया।

19 वीं सदी के इस कालखंड में दो जबर्दस्त ताकतों का उदय हुआ - पंजाब के महान सिक्ख शासक रणजीत सिंह और ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनी। शाहशुजा की बीवी ने रणजीत सिंह से शरण मांगी और कहा कि यदि वे शाहशुजा को मुक्त करा दें तो वह उन्हें कोहिनूर सौंप देगी। महाराज ने वादा किया और छः महीनों के अंदर निभाया भी। परंतु शाहशुजा बेहद धूर्त आदमी था। उसने कोहिनूर देने से इंकार कर दिया। महाराज रणजीत सिंह ने उसे नजरबंद करवा दिया और उसकी रसद बंद करवा दी। फलस्वरूप दो ही दिनों में वह हीरा सौंपने को राजी हो गया। इस तरह महान सम्राट को महानतम हीरा प्राप्त हुआ। कोहिनूर को महाराज रणजीत सिंह ने 28 साल तक अपनी बांह पर पहना।

कोहिनूर ने महाराज रणजीत सिंह की किस्मत को भी नहीं बख्शा। कोहिनूर मिलने के कुछ ही दिन बाद महाराज का सबसे विश्वस्त और वफादार सेनापति हरी सिंह नलवा (जिसके नाम से डराकर आज भी अफगान स्त्रियां अपने बच्चों को सुलाती हैं) मारा गया। और अंततः सन् 1842 में महाराज भी गंभीर रूप से बीमार हो गए। कई टन तेल, लाखों मन अनाज और करोड़ों की संपत्ति दान दी गयी। कुछ लालची पंडे-पुजारियों की बातों में आकर महाराज कोहिनूर भी दान करने वाले थे परंतु तभी उनका मंत्री बेलीराम मिश्र आगे बढ़ा और धीमे स्वर में दृढ़तापूर्वक बोला, “नहीं महाराज, आप कोहिनूर को दान नहीं कर सकते। वह आपकी निजी संपत्ति नहीं है। कोहिनूर लाहौर की जनता का है।” इस तरह

कोहिनूर लाहौर में ही रहा। बेलीराम मिश्र एकमात्र ऐसा व्यक्ति है, जिसने कोहिनूर के इतिहास को निजी स्वार्थ की दृष्टि से नहीं बल्कि उच्च आदर्शों की प्रतिष्ठा द्वारा प्रभावित किया।

महाराज रणजीत सिंह के बाद उनके बेटे खड्ग सिंह और शमशेर सिंह गद्दी पर बैठे और मारे गये। अंत में सबसे छोटा बेटा दलीप सिंह 10 साल की उम्र में गद्दी पर बैठा। परंतु महाराज रणजीत सिंह का शासन अपनी पुरानी ताकत खोता जा रहा था। इस बात को ताड़कर अंग्रेजों ने 1843 में पंजाब पर हमला कर दिया। निर्णायक युद्ध गुजरात के निकट के मैदान में लड़ा गया जिसमें सिक्खों के पांव पूरी तरह उखड़ गये।

इस तरह कोहिनूर महारानी विक्टोरिया के हाथों में पहुंचा और उसकी इच्छा पर डच तराशकार ब्रूसैंगर ने उसे गुलाब की शकल में तराशा जिससे कोहिनूर का वजन और भी घट गया। खैर हीरा आज भी ब्रिटेन में है। क्या कोहिनूर का लंबा सफर खत्म हो चुका है?... कहा नहीं जा सकता।

गौर करने लायक बात यह है कि सारे पुरुष शासकों के लिये कोहिनूर बर्बादी का पैगाम ही लाया। फिर भी इसे पाने के लिये खून की नदियां बहायीं गयीं। मानव जीवन अमूल्य है, किसी भी संपत्ति से इसकी तुलना नहीं की जा सकती और आखिरकार अपनी सारी चमक-दमक के बाद भी यह हीरे-मोती हैं पाषाण ही। मृत्तिका का एक स्वरूप, मृण्मय पदार्थ, चिन्मय से कोसों दूर भौतिक वस्तुयें। जागृत चेतना, सत्-चित्-आनंद है, साक्षात् ईश्वर है, इसकी तुलना में किसी कोहिनूर का कोई मूल्य नहीं।

फिर भी न जाने क्यों हीरों की चमक से मानवीय बुद्धि और उसके सारे आदर्शों की आंखें क्यों चौंधिया जाती हैं ?



गुमनाम आदमी

वह गुमनाम था-गुमनाम आदमी। दुनियाँ जानती भी नहीं थी कि उसके बीच वह रह रहा है। उसके बेटे, उसकी पत्नी सब उससे नाराज थे। वह आइने में शकल देखता तो आइना उसका नाम पूछता। उसने ठान लिया वह शहर की बड़ी हस्ती बनेगा।

वह पैसों के पीछे भागने लगा-बुरी तरह, दिन-रात। आज वह एक बड़ा आदमी है पर उसके पास इतना समय नहीं कि ठीक से सो सके, खा सके। बड़े दिनों बाद आइने में अपनी शकल देखी और चीख पड़ा। उसने ज़िंदगी का बहुमूल्य समय पैसों के पीछे भागते हुए गँवा दिया था। आज उसे आइने ने पहचाना नहीं था क्योंकि वह एक बार फिर गुमनाम आदमी था।



महाकवि मैथिली शरण 'गुप्त'

संकलन : मुरली मनोहर

यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

“मैं आयों का आदर्श बताने आया,
जन सम्मुख धन को तुच्छ जताने आया ।
संदेश मैं यहां नहीं स्वर्ग का लाया,
इस भूतल को ही स्वर्ग बनाने आया”

वर्तमान काव्य-धारा के सर्वाधिक लोकप्रिय एवं प्रतिष्ठित राष्ट्र कवि श्री मैथिली शरण 'गुप्त' का जन्म संवत् 1943 में झांसी जिले के चिरगांव नामक स्थान में हुआ था। उनके पिता सेठ रामचरण गुप्त वैष्णव थे पर कविता के प्रति असीम अनुराग था। उनका पालन-पोषण घर के भक्ति एवं काव्यमय वातावरण में हुआ। अतः काव्य गुण उनको जन्म से ही प्राप्त था। अंग्रेजी शिक्षा के लिए झांसी गए पर उनका मन नहीं लगा। कविता के प्रति लगाव गुप्त जी को महावीर प्रसाद द्विवेदी के संपर्क में ले आया और उनकी रचनाएं 'सरस्वती' में प्रकाशित होने लगी।

गुप्त जी की प्रारंभिक रचनाओं में केवल इतिवृत्तात्मकता है, भाषा एवं भाव के सौन्दर्य का अभाव था। गुप्त जी की रचनाओं में 'पंचवटी' में प्रथम बार उनके प्रौढ़ कवित्व के दर्शन होते हैं। साकेत एवं यशोधरा में उनके प्रौढ़ कवित्व के दर्शन होते हैं। जहां यह पूर्ण काव्य लेखक के रूप में प्रतिष्ठित हुए। बंगला से अनुवाद किए गए ग्रंथ मेघनाथ-वध, वीरांगना और प्लासी का युद्ध बहुत सुन्दर अनुवाद हैं।

गुप्त जी गांधीवाद से प्रभावित थे। उन्होंने अपने काव्य में यत्र-तत्र सत्याग्रह, अहिंसा आदि का प्रयोग किया है। गुप्त जी की 'भारत-भारती' में देश-प्रेम की भावना कूट-कूटकर भरी हुई है। गांधी जी ने चरखा कातकर शरीर ढकने का संदेश दिया एवं स्वदेशी वस्त्र पहनने का अनुरोध किया। गुप्त जी ने वही बात सीता के मुख से कोल, किरात और भील स्त्रियों के प्रति कहलवा दी -

“तुम अर्द्ध-नग्न क्यों रहो अशेष समय में,
आओ हम कातें बुनें काम की लय में”

उनकी कृत्रियों में उर्मिला, पंचवटी, अनध, साकेत, यशोधरा प्रमुख है। गुप्त जी की भाषा सरल, सुबोध एवं सौन्दर्य से ओत-प्रोत है। उनकी रचनाओं को कोई भी समझ सकता है। कहीं-कहीं गुप्त जी ने प्रकृति के भी सुंदर चित्र अंकित किए हैं। उनकी प्रकृति सदा शान्त और नूतन है। गुप्त जी ने पंचवटी में प्रकृति को आलम्बन मानकर उसका वर्णन किया है। एक आलोचक का विचार है कि गांधी जी जो कुछ भी अपने भाषणों में कह देते थे, प्रेमचंद उसे अपने उपन्यासों में और मैथिलीशरण उसे अपनी कविता में ज्यों का त्यों उतार दिया करते थे।

गुप्त जी ने प्रबंध, मुक्तक, खण्ड काव्य, गीत आदि सभी काव्य प्रवृत्तियों पर लिखा, परंतु अधिक सफलता उन्हें प्रबंध काव्य के रूप में मिली। द्विवेदी जी के 'कवियों की उर्मिला विषयक उदासीनता' से प्रभावित होकर गुप्त जी ने साकेत लिखा। साकेत में गुप्त जी का काव्य सौन्दर्य, उर्मिला की भावात्मक अनुभूमियाँ, उसका त्यागमय विरह अत्यंत उच्च कोटि का है। उसमें वास्तव में हमें गुप्त जी के महाकवित्व के दर्शन होते हैं। उर्मिला ही साकेत की आत्मा है। अगर कहा जाए तो उर्मिला साकेत का सर्वस्व है। भारतीय विद्वानों में मतभेद है, कोई रामधारी सिंह 'दिनकर' को राष्ट्रकवि मानता है तो कोई गुप्त जी को। पर साहित्यकारों का एक वर्ग गुप्त जी को महाकवि मानता है।

भारत सरकार ने पद्म भूषण एवं उसकी कृति यशोधरा को ज्ञानपीठ पुरस्कार देकर सम्मानित किया। जो लक्ष्मण कभी उर्मिला से नहीं कह पाए वह उन्होंने 'उर्मिला' काव्य में लक्ष्मण से कहलवा दी। वो सचमुच हिन्दी साहित्य के साधक थे।

हिन्दी साहित्य के इतिहास में गुप्त जी का महत्वपूर्ण स्थान है। जितना प्रबंध काव्य उन्होंने लिखा है उतना हिन्दी के किसी अन्य कवि ने नहीं। उनकी मृत्यु समस्त हिन्दी काव्य जगत के लिए एक अपूर्णीय क्षति है। निःसंदेह गुप्त जी हिन्दी काव्य-धारा के महान् साधक थे।



Halting The Hacker

Author: Donald Pipkin
ISBN: 01300464163
Publishers: Prentice hall publishers

Compiled by:
Md. Intekhab
IIIrd Year, CSE

Halting the Hacker provides a good overview of Internet and system security issues, but it doesn't provide an in-depth analysis and step-by-step instructions that a more advanced system administrator would like to have in a reference book. Though the book promises to provide detailed and in-depth knowledge, I believe it fell short of target. This is not to say the book is without value or this isn't a worthwhile endeavor for certain audiences. Simply put, better options are available for system administrators, but this book certainly would be a viable choice for those beginning to explore the world of computer security.

The book is divided into four parts: "Understanding Hackers", "The Hacking Process", "Legal Recourse" and "Halting the Hacker". The book is about 300 pages and comes with a CD-ROM that reportedly contains the tools discussed in the book.

"Understanding Hackers" consists of four chapters that familiarize the reader with the stereotype, motives and mindset of the hacker. The information contained in one part of the book is a fairly standard fare, easily available to anyone watching a decent documentary on the subject of the hackers. A recent Discovery channel treatise on the subject springs quickly to mind. Though the information is widely available, the book does provide many interesting real-world anecdotes throughout and should not be glossed over, if only for those anecdotes.

"The Hacking Process" does a good job of explaining the methodology of information gathering and exploitation typically used to gain access to a system and what could be done to lessen a hacker's chances. As is typical of the book, a few examples and commands are given but the bulk material is expositional in nature. I cannot emphasize enough that the quality of the exposition is well above average.

"Legal Recourse" proved to be the part of the book most interesting to me. While it didn't deal with hackers, hacking or anti-hacking defenses, it did a great job of discussing the legalities and difficulties of prosecuting hackers. Special attention should be given to the chapter entitled "Improving successful Prosecution". That chapter provided some simple and helpful tips on preserving evidence. This section of the book did not raise that the hopes of successfully prosecuting someone who breaks into your system, which are small at best.

"Halting the Hacker", the final part of the book, didn't provide the depth of coverage necessary to the topic. Being more concerned with conceptual overviews, it fails to provide any realistic help to those looking to keep hackers out of their systems. Though 20 pages or so were positively brimming with commands and usable examples, they were mostly concerned with removing unnecessary software and services and checking file permissions. Various FAQs and how-tos can provide this same information at a much cheaper price.

Halting the Hacker is very well written and provides an interesting read. It contains numerous real-world anecdotes that are well documented and prove to be informative and even amusing at times. It explains a wide range of security concepts and does so in simple, understandable language. I would recommend it to anyone starting out in a system administrator career. I think it also would be a valuable asset in a cost justification scenario or as a primer for non-technical executives trying to gain some insight into the issues facing system administrators. Though it wouldn't serve as a hard-core technical reference, the book does shine in its ability to explain the key concepts behind system security.



STAR WARS RESURRECTED!

Compiled by:

Souvik Kumar Chakravorty,
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The raining German V rockets on London during W W II marked the beginning of an era of missile warfare. Missile technology has reached its zenith today, and as each nation peeks over the rubicon, it finds itself stark naked in front of an incoming enemy missile. Everyone has the power to rain death but none can protect oneself against it except in believing in the concept of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD). Thus the stress on Ballistic Missile Defence (BMD) in recent times.

There are three basic philosophies underlining BMD:

- Boost phase interception :** The enemy missile is intercepted by the kill vehicle (KV) in the boost phase, when the re-entry (RV) vehicle has not yet separated from the rocket. However, due to erratic and unpredictable speed and flight path of an ICBM during this phase, the KV must be extremely sensitive and have a high acceleration. Such a KV has not been designed to date. For an ICBM the boost phase lasts only for a few minutes. And thus the KV must be housed pretty close to the enemy missile. This imposes technical and geographical constraints. However, the advantage of this system is that one can afford multiple hits at the target in case one hit fails.
- Mid flight interception :** This is the most popular principle due to its technical feasibility. The mid-flight path of the missile is the longest and most predictable. The technical complications are the least.
- Terminal phase interception :** This involves an interception in the last stage and poses lower technical challenges. But this interception is least effective as even a single miss entails a failure of the BMD. The primitive BMD systems like the patriot and SA series of ABM of Russia work on this principle.

There is one inflexible rule regarding BMD: the farther from its target the enemy missile is intercepted the better the chances of its interception and the larger the area defended.

The National Missile Defence (NMD) of the USA is a very promising system.

- The NMD Evolution :** (ref. table)
- Elements in Theatre Missile Defence (TMD)--** a precursor to the **NMD** : (Ref. pictures for details.) They include the Patriot Advanced Capabilities 3 (PAC 3), Navy Area, Medium Extended Air Defence System (MEADS). Upper tier programs include Theatre High Altitude Area Defence System (THAAD) and the Navy Theatre Wide Defense (NTW). The Airborne Laser (ABL) system focuses on destroying the missile shortly after launch. This is a layered defence concept.
- NMD Elements :** The mission is to engage high speed ballistic missile warheads in the mid course (exoatmospheric) phase and destroy them by the force of impact. The weapon system consists of:
 - An interceptor component consisting of a booster vehicle and a KV to conduct the engagement.
 - The ground based command and launch equipment needed to fire the interceptor; and the support equipment needed to deploy and maintain the interceptor.

Operational Concept

The Ground Based Interceptor (GBI) launches in accordance with a weapon tasking plan from the Battle Management, Command, Control and Communications (BMC3) element and flies towards the target's predicted location. Aided by one or more in-flight target updates (IFTU) from the BMC3 element, the interceptor KV uses onboard sensors to acquire the threat cluster. It then uses its onboard discrimination capability, alone or fused with a Threat Object Map (TOM) obtained from the BMC3 element to determine which object is the designated target. The GBIKV then adjusts its trajectory to collide with the target. Both the KV and the target are demolished in the collision.

The Exoatmospheric KV (EKV): It is the interceptor component of the GBI. The EKV (\$ 30 M - \$ 35 M) has its own seeker, propulsion, communications, guidance, and computers to support intercept targeting decisions and



maneuvers. The EKV must accomplish a variety of complicated tasks to achieve a hit-to-kill collision. It will use an onboard communication system to transmit messages to and to receive messages from the earthbound BMC3 element. The EKV also uses a multiple waveband seeker to acquire and track targets. The seeker is composed of focal plane arrays and a cryogenic cooling assembly attached to an optical telescope, supported by processing hardware and software. The EKV may use a combination of onboard navigation and target selection capabilities as well as up linked transmissions, to zero in on a target and destroy it.

Booster Development : In 1998, Lead Systems Integrator, Boeing, began developing a dedicated weapon system booster using off-the-shelf motors. With slight modifications, the Graphite Epoxy Motor (GEM) will be used for the first stage, and the Orbus 1A will be used for the second and third stages. Upon assembly, the interceptor is housed in a canister designed to provide a controlled environment over the deployment life.

Payload Launch Vehicle : Until the off the shelf booster is available, flight tests are conducted using the Lockheed Martin PLV. The PLV (\$12 M- \$18 M) consists of the second and third stages of retired Minuteman II Boosters.

Weapon Support System (WSS) : The WSS consists of command, launch, readiness, training and maintenance equipment used to support interceptor deployment and testing. The WSS acts as the interface between the BMC3 element and the interceptor before launch. It also supports the physical and environmental needs of the deployed interceptor.

How the system works : All elements of the NMD system will work together to respond to a limited ballistic missile attack. The Early Warning System, consisting of Defence Support Program (DSP) satellites, and its follow on capability, the Space-Based Infrared System (SBIRS) satellites, will detect the launch of enemy missiles and then track these missiles while simultaneously gathering critical data. After confirmation, this data will be passed on to the BMC3 system while ground based radars acquire and track the incoming missile. This information will then be used to make an engagement decision. When Defence engagement authority is granted, one or more interceptors will be launched on command to engage the threat. The BMC3 system will continue to radar and other system data in order to provide more information to the interceptor so it, in turn, can better discriminate between debris, false objects (penetration aids) and real warheads. The interceptor will use its onboard sensor to acquire the threat, select the target warhead, and guide itself to a direct, high speed collision using onboard computers and divert propulsion systems. During and after the engagement, the radars continue to collect data and observe the intercept results in order to provide "kill assessment" information which evaluates the interceptor's success or failure.

Interesting Facts

The Czech republic has more Internet Service Providers than any other non-English speaking country.

China's labor force stands at 706 million people, almost three times that of Europe and twice that of North and South America combined.

Israel enjoys a GDP per capita 21 times that of the Palestinian West Bank and 33 times that of the Gaza Strip. Its military spending per capita tops the world.

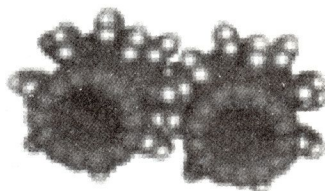
North Korea spends the most of its GDP on its military.

The USA has more personal computers than the next 7 countries combined.

The United States spends more money on its military than the next 12 nations combined.



NANOTECHNOLOGY



Compiled by:
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Now a days, Nanotechnology has become extremely popular. It has a wide variety of application and is used to describe many types of research & development where the characteristic dimensions are less than about 1,000 nanometers. Nanotechnology has to do a lot in the fields of computers, communications and storage, molecular motors, cellular machines and drugs that target specific cells. It is expected to touch nearly every industry for example power, biotech, computing and manufacturing & aerospace.

Nanotechnology is the postulated ability to manufacture objects and structures with atomic precision, literally atom by atom. Nanotechnology is a new science moving faster than the speed of light and might even take over our world one day. Nanotechnology refers to the ability to create and manipulate matter by precisely placing atoms and molecules.

In nanotechnology, man creates molecular-sized nanomachines. These machines would be programmed to reproduce themselves in the millions and then place atoms precisely to build molecules. These molecules could then be assembled together into whatever hard compounds we need or can imagine.

Nanotechnology is really an engineering process. We currently assemble things by using large machines to build smaller ones or by taking gross matter and cutting or moulding it into steel, paper, plastic, etc., and then further cutting and die casting to manufacture goods.

With nanotechnology, we begin at the bottom with single atoms and assemble more and more of them until matter is produced. This change in manufacturing is revolutionary and will affect all aspects of existence.

Nanotechnology might be two years off; it might be ten years off; it might be thirty years away. What is needed right now to complete the first stage of nano research is the concerted efforts of many disciplines to produce the first nanoscale machines which, as we said above, will replicate themselves and then follow their programs to place atoms and make matter. This technology will have tremendous potential if it will be worked out with great devotion & concern. Simple applications of nanotechnology deals with developing the materials which are more durable and cheaper. More advanced applications would involve massively parallel nanocomputers, self-replication and more or less bright nanodevices which are highly interactive in nature.

Here is the application of Nanotechnology in AEROSPACE:

What are the implications of nanotechnology for things like spaceflight? Today, spacecraft are a fairly marginal technology. We are pushing the limits of the strength of the materials that we can fabricate reliably into structures of this sort. We are pushing the limits of the reliability of operations, because we require vast numbers of people making things with small margins of safety, so that a small flaw can destroy the entire space-craft. The amount of labour required is incredible. By comparison, the input of raw materials is trivial. The energy required, by the present standards of launch cost, is essentially negligible.

If you are able to make complex structures, atom by atom, you are not going to be sticking human hands into the process. There is no point in sticking your hands into a bunch of assemblers. Therefore, there is not much role for human labour, so the labour cost is very small. An analogy is the production of wood. In wood production, one takes solar energy (and nanomechanisms can certainly build effective solar collectors), and abundant raw materials. One can build things out of carbon (that is already too abundant in the atmosphere) possessing something like 50 times the strength to weight ratio of what the space shuttle was built from, and produce those things in intricate shapes in diminished prices. If that can be done, then spacecraft can be built that can fly much higher, faster, and further than anything that can be built today. In addition, costs will be vastly lower, margins of safety will be substantially higher, and reliability much greater. Some of its consequences will be far removed from the domain of small things.



One of the consequences will be that the space frontier will be opened. If there is routine, inexpensive access to space, materials among the asteroids can be used. Out there are enough raw materials to bury all of earth's continents kilometers deep. That means that what is out there is an awful lot compared to what we are using down here. Space is rich in raw materials even if you just use the rubble left over from the formation of the planets.

In space, there is also the sun -- our very own nuclear furnace. The sun puts out every second a substantial fraction of a kilogram of energy per capita for everyone in the human race. That means there is a lot of energy out there, most of which plunges past the planets into interstellar space. If there is access to materials in space, and you have already amortized your R&D costs, then you can cheaply produce hardware that produces more hardware at a very high rate.

Today, NASA's idea of an ambitious thing to build in space is a few tin cans in orbit. A more ambitious idea, that was discussed in the 70's, and in the light of this production capability becomes modest, is that of building very large, inhabitable structures in space: cylinders kilometers across, with sun-light brought in by mirrors through large windows, air, and the feel of gravity underfoot, resulting in a pleasant environment inside.

The marginal cost of building such structures using nanotechnology, with respect to human labour and terrestrial resources, will be essentially zero. The greatest issue will be R&D cost. Further, if you have a general way of applying assemblers to making things, then you can specify the size and shape of those things, and thus even that cost may not be so very high. So by using the nanotechnology in Space fruitful results can be achieved which can drastically alter today's technology.

Reference : Internet (www.marketresearch.com, www.aleph.se.com, www.helcyon.com)

THE KING OF THIEVES

He crept silently through the infinite ether
With stealth unmatched, emotionless and expressionless;
Bereft of all desire, wanton to the universe
The King of Thieves was always at large.
The irrepressible, slithering rascal
Trode over magician,
Emperor and warrior alike
A story of terror
And a blame of innumerable deaths;
Eternity shall perhaps see its Judgement Day.
Thieving the priceless,
The King of Thieves can be seen this moment...
Mortals have a name for this cipher



NUCLEAR POWER

.....INDIA SET BIG

Compiled by:
Ritika Nigam
IIIrd Year, CSE

"A new era was born, not with a bang or a boom, but with cries of a child separated eternally from his mother."

The era referred to here is, the Nuclear Era where in the scientist unraveled one of the most mysterious and Herculean forces in the entire cosmos. In Second World War, energy was used for destructive purposes on a large scale for the first time and the destructive effects of the energy came to the limelight. This was hailed as the "First Stage" in the history of nuclear energy.

Not long after the war was over, people turned their attention back to the constructive use of the energy available through the fission process. For the past 35 or 40 years, we have been building a nuclear power industry, its related infrastructure. All these developments have been grouped as the "Second Stage".

Every dark cloud has a silver lining

Considering the projected demand for electricity both in the current as well as the long terms, it is imperative to utilize all possible resources of energy. Apart from thermal and hydro energy, nuclear energy is an attractive alternative which can fill the increasing gap between demand and supply.

One of the brighter points about nuclear fission is that the energy available in the fuel is not lost through inefficient initial use. In addition to this, the nuclear power needs to be developed because it is a genuine economic option for power supply at remote locations from coal reservoirs. Also, the nuclear power plants developed in recent years are running at good capacity utilization levels and this means costs are close to normative levels. One of the lesser talked about benefits is that this form of energy helps to limit the greenhouse gases such as CO₂.

Thus, installation of nuclear power plants can give a stimulus to various other industries in India. In the long run, nuclear option will be called upon to play an increasing role for augmenting power generation in the country up to 10-15%. The main reason for the unsatisfactory performance of the nuclear power plants is turbine failures. Also, the maintenance charges are high due to lack of standardization. The nuclear power plants do not respond well to the wide load fluctuations. The average tariff, owing to the high capital costs, maintenance charges, high salaries of specially turned personals and erection and commissioning of the plants, becomes high. It is therefore, to increase the use of this non-conventional source of energy; it is necessary to improve its operational performance, plant availability and ratio between cost, generation and tariff.

Many a little, Make a Mickle

India plans to meet its ever-growing energy needs in an environmentally sustainable and economically viable fashion by harnessing nuclear power in a optimum way. Dr. R. Chidambaram, Chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission, has announced an ambitious plan to produce 20,000 MW of atomic power by 2020. Some substantial plants have already been undertaken like the Advanced Heavy Water Reactor (AHWR) in which Thorium is used as the fuel. These are a step ahead from the previously preferred Preserver Heavy Water Reactor (PHWR) in which Uranium is the fuel and heavy water, the moderator. Thus, India has a three stage centers round the fast nuclear power program. The first stage is based on PHWR, the second stage centers round the fast breeder reactors and the AHWR is visualized as the third stage. The world associations related to nuclear power believe that India with its proven technologies and safety records can help in expanding nuclear power system.

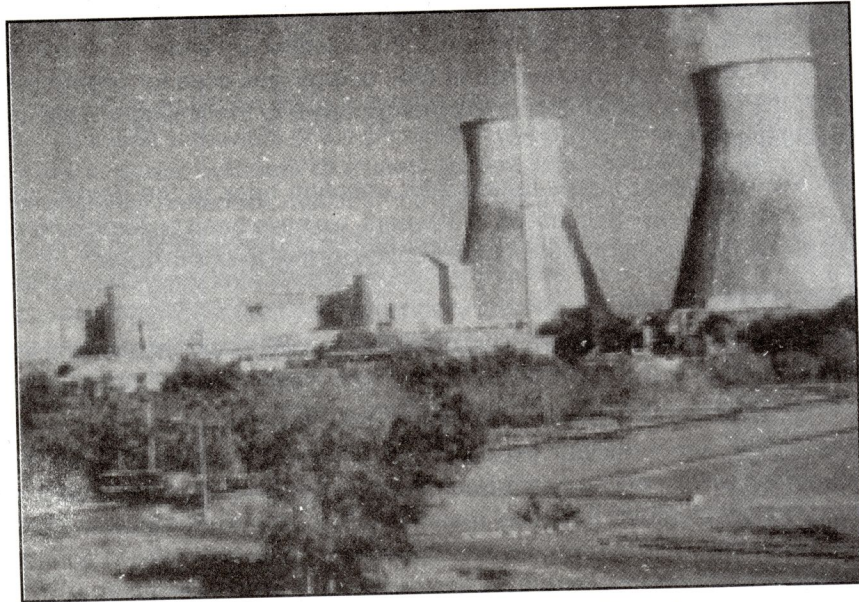
The landmark achievements in the Indian Nuclear Power establishments are viewed as under:

- (a) The successful repairs operationalisation of the Rajasthan, at power plant (RAPP) at Rawatbhata, which had developed snags in its pressure relief device.
- (b) India become the sixth nation in the world to master the technologies of Fast Breeder Test Reactors (FBTR) when the 40 MW station at Kalpakkam, near Chennai attained criticality in October 1985.



❖ Octaves Unbridled / India's Prowess

- (c) Another major accomplishment is the design and development of 220 MW power plant at Kaiga. It will be India's first atomic power plant to be equipped with fully computerized control system. Three more search units are planned to be treated at Kaiga in a phased manner.
- (d) Two units of 50 MW capacity are being set up at Tarapur near Mumbai by 2005 and Tarapur is India's first atomic reactor in the form of American supplied Boiling Water nuclear power plant.



The Kakrapar nuclear power plant in Gujarat

- (e) The first fully Indian conceived, design and developed nuclear reactor of 220 MW capacities has been set up at Narora in U.P., Kakrapar in Gujarat also has two Narora type reactors. Today, the installed nuclear power capability of the nation is 2770 MW. The Department of Atomic Energy (DAE) is planning to develop heavy water reactor. FBTR's and advanced Thorium research reactors for the production of radio isotopes are being developed to meet the needs of medical, industrial and agricultural sectors in the country. Thus, the nuclear power program is also contributing in a significant manner to the overall development.

Closing Observation

We are just over the crest of the first undulation in the application of nuclear power. This is only a foothill. Periods of much greater expansion in the use of nuclear power from lies ahead.

In a nutshell, the great result of the past 35 years of worldwide endeavour by a million or more people in all walks of life is that the way to put to use one of the world's greatest energy resources is now firmly within human ken.



STEPHEN HAWKING

Compiled by :
Varun Rajput
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Stephen William Hawking was born on 8th January 1942 (300 years after the death of Galileo) in Oxford, England. His parents' house was in north London, but during the second world war Oxford was considered a safer place to have babies. When he was eight, his family moved to St Albans, a town about 20 miles north of London. At eleven Stephen went to St Albans School, and then on to University College, Oxford, his father's old college. Stephen wanted to do Mathematics, although his father would have preferred medicine. Mathematics was not available at University College, so he did Physics instead. After three years and without too much work he was awarded a first class honours degree in Natural Science.

Stephen then went on to Cambridge to do research in Cosmology, there being no-one working in that area in Oxford at the time. His supervisor was Denis Sciama, although he had hoped to get Fred Hoyle who was working in Cambridge. After gaining his Ph.D. he became first a Research Fellow, and later on a Professorial Fellow at Gonville and Caius College. After leaving the Institute of Astronomy in 1973 Stephen came to the Department of Applied Mathematics and Theoretical Physics, and since 1979 has held the post of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. The chair was founded in 1663 with money left in the will of the Reverend Henry Lucas, who had been the Member of Parliament for the University. It was first held by Isaac Barrow, and then in 1669 by Isaac Newton.



Stephen Hawking has worked on the basic laws which govern the universe. With Roger Penrose he showed that Einstein's General Theory of Relativity implied space and time would have a beginning in the Big Bang and an end in black holes. These results indicated it was necessary to unify General Relativity with Quantum Theory, the other great Scientific development of the first half of the 20th Century. One consequence of such a unification, that he discovered was that black holes should not be completely black, but should emit radiation and eventually evaporate and disappear. Another conjecture is that the universe has no edge or boundary in imaginary time. This would imply that the way the universe began was completely determined by the laws of science.

The British theoretical physicist Stephen Hawking has devoted much of his life to probing the space-time described by general relativity and the singularities where it breaks down. In the late 1960s, Hawking proved that if general relativity is true and the universe is expanding, a singularity* must have occurred at the birth of the universe. In 1974 he first recognized a truly remarkable property of black holes, objects from which nothing was supposed to be able to escape. By taking into account quantum mechanics, he was able to show that black holes can radiate energy as particles are created in their vicinity. But perhaps his most impressive feat was writing the international bestseller *A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME*. The book spent more than four years on the London Sunday Times bestseller list-the longest run for any book in history.

His many publications include *The Large Scale Structure of Space-time* with G F R Ellis, *General Relativity: An Einstein Centenary Survey*, with W Israel, and *300 Years of Gravity*, with W Israel. Stephen Hawking has three popular books published; his best seller *A Brief History of Time*, *Black Holes and Baby Universes* and *Other Essays* and most recently in 2001, *The Universe in a Nutshell*.

Professor Hawking has twelve honorary degrees, was awarded the CBE in 1982, and was made a Companion of Honour in 1989. He is the recipient of many awards, medals and prizes and is a Fellow of The Royal Society and a Member of the US National Academy of Sciences.

Stephen Hawking continues to combine family life (he has three children and one grandchild), and his research into theoretical physics together with an extensive programme of travel and public lectures.

He is quite often asked about his ailment. To which he generally answer, "I try to lead as normal a life as possible, and not think about my condition, or regret the things it prevents me from doing, which are not that many".

It was a great shock to him to discover that he had motor neuron disease. He had never been very well



coordinated physically as a child. He was not good at ball games, and his handwriting was the despair for his teachers. Maybe for this reason, he didn't care much for sport or physical activities. But things seemed to change when he went to Oxford, at the age of 17. He took up coxing and rowing. He was not of Boat Race standard, but he got by at the level of inter-College competition.



In his third year at Oxford, however, he noticed that he seemed to be getting clumsier, and he fell over once or twice for no apparent reason. But it was not until he was at Cambridge, in the following year, that his father noticed, and took him to the family doctor. He referred him to a specialist, and shortly after his 21st birthday, he went into hospital for tests. He was in hospital for two weeks, during which he had a wide variety of tests. They took a muscle sample from his arm, stuck electrodes into him, and injected some radio opaque fluid into his spine, and watched it going up and down with x-rays, as they tilted the bed. After all that, they didn't tell him what he had, except that it was not multiple sclerosis, and that he was an atypical case. He gathered, however, that they expected it to continue to get worse, and that there was nothing they could do, except give him vitamins. He could see that they didn't expect them to have much effect. He didn't feel like asking for more details, because he knew they were obviously bad.

The realization that he had an incurable disease, that was likely to kill him in a few years, was a bit of a shock. However, while he had been in hospital, he had seen a boy he vaguely knew die of leukemia, in the bed opposite to him. He felt that clearly there were people who were worse off than him; at least his ailment did not make him feel sick.

Not knowing what was going to happen to him, or how rapidly the disease would progress, he was at a loose end. The doctors suggested him to go back to Cambridge and carry on with the research which he had just started in general relativity and cosmology. But he was not able to make much progress, because he lacked mathematical background. The thought that he might not live long enough to finish his PhD pestered his research work. He felt somewhat of a tragic character and he took to listening to Wagner.

His dreams at that time were rather disturbed. Before he was diagnosed for ALS, he had been very bored with life. He had lost all the zeal and vitality in his life. But shortly after he came out of hospital, he dreamt that he was going to be executed. He suddenly realised that there were a lot of worthwhile things he could do if he were reprieved. Another dream, that he had several times, was that he would sacrifice his life to save others. He conceived that if he were going to die anyway, it might as well do some good not to him but to others. But he didn't die. In fact, although there was a cloud hanging over his future, he found, to his surprise, that he was enjoying life in the present more than before. He began to make progress with his research, and he also got engaged to a girl called Jane Wilde, whom he had met just about the time his condition was diagnosed. That engagement changed his life. It gave him something to live for. But it also meant that he had to get a job if he is going to marry Jane. He therefore applied for a research fellowship at Gonville and Caius (pronounced Keys) college, Cambridge. To his great surprise, he got a fellowship, and they got married a few months later.

The fellowship at Caius took care of his immediate employment problem. He was lucky to have chosen to work in theoretical physics, because that was one of the few areas in which his condition would not prove to be a serious handicap. And he was fortunate that his scientific reputation increased, at the same time that his disability got worse. This meant that people were prepared to offer him a sequence of positions in which he only had to do research, without having to lecture.



Up to 1974, he was able to feed himself, and get in and out of bed. His wife Jane managed to help him, and bring up the children, without outside help. However, things were getting more difficult, so they decided to have one of his research students living with them. In return for free accommodation, and a lot of attention, he helped Stephen get up and go to bed. In 1980, they changed to a system of community and private nurses, who came in for an hour or two in the morning and evening. This lasted until he caught pneumonia in 1985. He had to have a tracheotomy operation. After this, he had to have 24 hour nursing care. This was made possible by grants from several foundations.

Before the operation, his speech had been getting more slurred, so that only a few people who knew him well, could understand him. But at least he could communicate. He wrote scientific papers by dictating to a secretary, and he gave seminars through an interpreter, who repeated his words more clearly. However, the tracheotomy operation

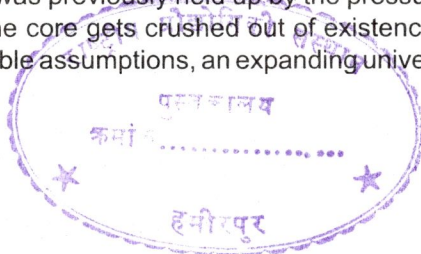


removed his ability to speak altogether. For a time, the only way he could communicate was to spell out words letter by letter, by raising his eyebrows when someone pointed to the right letter on a spelling card. It was pretty difficult to carry on a conversation like that, to write a scientific paper became even more difficult. However, a computer expert in California, called Walt Wolosz, heard of his plight. He sent Stephen a computer program he had written, called Equalizer. This allowed him to select words from a series of menus on the screen, by pressing a switch in his hand. The program could also be controlled by a switch, operated by head or eye movement. When he had built up what he wants to say, he can send it to a speech synthesizer.

David Mason, of Cambridge Adaptive Communication, fitted a small portable computer and a speech synthesizer to his wheel chair. This system allowed him to communicate much better than he could before. He could now manage up to 15 words a minute. He could either speak what he had written, or save it to disk. He could print it out, or call it back and speak it sentence by sentence. Using this system, he has written a book, and dozens of scientific papers. He has also given many scientific and popular talks. They have all been well received.

He has had motor neuron disease for practically all his adult life. Yet it has not prevented him from having a very attractive family, and being successful in his work. This is thanks to the help he has received from Jane, his children, and a large number of other people and organizations. He has been lucky, that his condition has progressed more slowly than is often the case. But it shows that one should not lose hope.

NOTE : *A *singularity* is a region of space-time in which gravitational forces are so strong that even general relativity, the well-proven gravitational theory of Einstein, and the best theory we have for describing the structure of the universe, breaks down there. A singularity marks a point where the curvature of space-time is infinite, or, in other words, it possesses zero volume and infinite density. General relativity demands that singularities arise under two circumstances. First, a singularity must form during the creation of a black hole. When a very massive star reaches the end of its life, its core, which was previously held up by the pressure of the nuclear fusion that was taking place, collapses and all the matter in the core gets crushed out of existence at the singularity. Second, general relativity shows that under certain reasonable assumptions, an expanding universe like ours must have begun as a singularity.



ARE YOU A REAL FRIEND?

Horror gripped the heart of World War I soldier, as he saw his life long friend fall in battle. Caught in a trench with continuous gunfire whizzing over his head, the soldier asked his lieutenant if he might go out into the 'No man's land' between the trenches to bring his fallen comrade back.

"You can go ", said the lieutenant "but I don't think it'll be worth it. Your friend is probably dead and you may throw your own life away." The lieutenant words didn't matter, and the soldier went anyway. Miraculously, he managed to reach his friend, hoist him onto his shoulder, and brought him back to their company's trench. As the two of them tumbled in together to the bottom of the trench, the officer checked the wounded soldier, and then looked kindly at his friend, "I told you it wouldn't be worth it," said he. "Your friend is dead, and you are mortally wounded."

"It was worth it, though, sir," the soldier said. "What do you mean?" responded the lieutenant. "Your friend is dead!"

"Yes sir, But it was worth it because when I got to him, he was still alive, and said, "'Jim, I knew you'd come'."



THE MAN OF SUBSTANCE -VINAYAK DAMODAR SAVARKAR

Compiled by :
Himani Agarwal,
IInd Year, EE

Some people are born to just die. Others soar high in the infinite sky. When the name 'Vinayak Damodar Savarkar' comes in our mind, we see a man who founded and managed "Free India Society" in London, who jumped through Porthole into the sea and swam for kilometers, who bore on his body, the hellish tortures in the Andaman jail. He was not an angel, but what he did was extraordinary. He was of the same flesh and blood as that of us but inside there slept a warrior, a dare devil, a champion who never bent before any atrocity, who could live or die for truth, who had placed his self at the feet of the goddess of freedom. This was our 'Tatyao Rao', son of Shri Damodar Pant Savarkar and Radhabai, whose childhood spreads its fragrance even today in Bhagoor village of Nasik District. Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day. In his childhood itself, he had loads of responsibilities on his shoulders as his comrades and worked out with bow and arrow, sword and javelins.

After primary, he was sent to a school in Nasik where he started studying patriotic literature. It was here that a literate started breathing within. Reading about the lives of Shivaji, Maharana Pratap made him a 'Vir Ras' poet. In his college, Savarkar started collecting students and formed 'mitr mela', which opposed the mourning being organized in India after the death of queen Victoria in 1901. They even painted coal tar on her posters. This was the first step of V.D. Savarkar, the son of India towards his ordeal. After his 10th, he started writing poems against British rule in India. Then he was studying at Furguson College, Pune. During these days, Shri Lokmanya Tilak and Shri Paranjape, editor, 'Kaal' met him. The latter was impressed enough to publish his poems.

On August 22, 1906, the brave man burnt English articles and clothes in mid-market in Pune. Consequently, he was expelled from his college with much difficulty he completed his B.A. degree from Mumbai University. In 1906 itself, he went to London and got admission in Law College. In London, the workaholic man founded 'Free India Society'. He wrote many books like 'Majini ka Jeevan Charitra', 'Sikhon ka Sfurtidayak Itihaas' and most important of all '1857 ka Satyagraha Samar' which contained a very lively description of the revolt of 1857. When his efforts to publish this book in India failed, the determined man published it in England from where its copies reached all over the world. Further, he arranged for training of two Indians in Russia on bomb making began. To aid our freedom fighters, he also sent arms and ammunitions to India.

'India House' became the work-centre for this patriotic heart, where many revolutionaries were born after coming in his contact. On realizing the supply of arms, the British arrested his brothers and started tracing him. Shyamji Verma took him to Paris. But how could a tiger hide safely when his group members were in danger.

"India House was an institution of foreign-settled Indians formed by Madan Kama, Lala Hardayal, Shyamji Krishna Verma which worked basically to get support from people of imperialistic countries against imperialism."

He returned to England and was arrested on 13 March, 1910. He wrote for his fellow-workers "Just as all the characters in Indian plays meet in the climax, we all shall also meet somewhere on the stage of history and till then, bye."

On July 1st, 1910, ship Moria started for India and when it approached Marsel shore on 8th July, the daring man, giving excuse for going to toilet went to the basement and jumped through the porthole into the sea, swam up to the French shore amidst British bullets and asked the French police to arrest him. But, the British reached there and recaptured him by pressurizing the French. This was against International law which stated that a person committing a crime in one country can be tried only in that country. Even the International Court of Justice at Hague gave its blind-decision-"Although what has happened is wrong, new British cannot make to give Savarkar back to France as they have already arrested him." The justice was killed at Hague. After a long case, the man of righteousness who refused to say anything in his favor was sentenced to Kala Pani for 50 years. The torture borne by the iron-willed man in the Andaman Jail is beyond words. The atrocities on the prisoners were such that they either died, became mad or committed suicide. But this son of India showed exemplary courage even in such painful situations and upheld his



self-respect in all plights. All prisoners had to churn 'Kolhus' and exact 30 lb oil daily failing which they were mercilessly thrashed. They weren't allowed to communicate or read books or to toilets more than twice a day. For small faults they were chained and made to stand for 8 hours continuously or were hanged by their hands and whipped.

The English continued their 'divide and rule' policy in prisons as well. Prisoners were forced to change their religion by tortures. To this, the strong man united the prisoners against the system and finished it off. By an obstinate struggle, Savarkar collected some 25000 books in the prison mostly based on world history. The trauma led to the rebirth of the poet within and in the absence of writing material, he wrote on the walls of the prison with pointed stones and learned them. During his ordeal in Andaman he wrote many poems namely 'Kamla', 'Gomantak' and 'Virhochawas' amounting to around 10000 lines each. The poems were mostly patriotic. He was also a champion in popularizing Hindi language. Through his letter, he passed his message of revolution amongst the Indian youth who then became ready to sacrifice their lives for the nation.

Ten years had passed and pressure over the British to free Savarkar was increasing. Finally in 1920 he was set free and brought to India only to be quarantined in Ratnagiri. The bold man, although agreed to remain physically detente, but his free soul could never rest. He studied and wrote more and more and his writings were published by his younger brother Narayan Savarkar as of a ghost author. From Ratnagiri he directed many 'shuddi' camps wherein the Muslim and Christian turned Hindus were reconverted. He also organized many 'sabhas' where castism was opposed and Hindus were motivated to be united.

On 10 May, 1937 he was fully freed by the British. Celebrations resulted all over India. On 30 December, 1937 he was unanimously elected the president of Hindu Mahasabha. On 22 January, 1939 he initiated 'Nijam Nishedha' against the cruelties meted out on Hindus by the Nizam of Hyderabad. After a strong struggle Nizam had bowed down. In 1939, when the Second World War started, Savarkar called for internal army in India which, supported by Germany and Italy, would fight out the British, but the non-supporting congress leaders did not let it happen. Then, Muslim league demanded a separate country for Muslims. This was vehemently opposed by Savarkar. He asked the masses not to support the policies of congress. But the congress leaders convinced Indian masses that they would not let Pakistan to be formed. Gandhiji himself said, "Pakistan would be formed on my collapse", and took the majority support. But then circumstances were such that Pakistan was formed and congress was mere spectator. In August 1946, Muslim League announced 'jihad' against Hindus. They killed them, burnt their properties and raped the women. Old Savarkar cried out to Hindus to stop following non-violence and to attack back, but all in vain. India was divided; people died and were rendered homeless.

When Gandhiji was shot dead, Savarkar was arrested and was suspected to be the guiding force behind it, but was proved innocent and freed with reverence. But Savarkar was torn with whatever was happening in the country and to him, who had borne all the tortures for India. The farsighted man stressed on the necessity of developing a well-equipped armed force in India but the then Government of India believed in non-violence blindly. The results were the Chinese and Pakistan attacks and rest is history. After Nehru's death, Lal Bahadur Shastri was elected as the Prime Minister of India. When in 1965, Pakistan started cross border activities; Shastri announced 'the ultimate war' against Pakistan. Indian forces started moving ahead and conquering Pakistan. It seemed to the old and unhealthy tiger that his dream of united India would then come true. The end of war, then Tashkent agreement and the return of Indian forces back into the territory and then the last one i.e. death of Lal Bahadur Shastri made him hopeless and the worn out man uttered, "Not any more now", and he became unconscious. His condition became serious but he stopped taking medicines. He wrote in his dairy-"There should be no strike and no obstruction in work due to my death. This causes loss to the nation". He addressed death, "I've completed all my responsibilities. O death! My life is left just for you, whenever feel like take away from me."

On 26th November, 1966, his condition seriously deteriorated. He was given oxygen and injections, but he did not return to consciousness. The same day at 11:00 am this ever-illuminant source of light of India went up and was absorbed in the sky.



"A BLISS OF SOLITUDE" William Wordsworth

Compiled by:
Md Intekhab
IIIrd Year, CSE

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, England on the 7th April, 1770. He was the son of John Wordsworth, while his Grandfather was Richard Wordsworth (1680-1762). His was a family who had settled for many generations at Penistone, near Sheffield.

On the 5th Feb, John married Anne, daughter of William Cockson. Together they had five children Richard, William, John and Christopher, (afterwards master of Trinity College, Cambridge.). William's mother died in March 1778, sources reveal that William remembered her with tenderness as a serene and devoted Mother. William attended schools at Cockermouth and Penrith but learnt very little! In 1778 William and Richard were sent to grammar school at Hawshead, living in a cottage with a kind and motherly woman, Anne Tyson. There were four masters during Wordsworth's time, most importantly William Tyson: Wordsworth won his warm regard. An usher taught him more Latin in a four night than he had learnt in his last school, he also wrote some English verses which were admired and of which a fragment or two is preserved.

His first published poem, an irregular sonnet signed 'Axiologus' in the "European Magazine" for March 1787 appeared before he left school. At school Wordsworth read only what he pleased including Gulliver's Travels, Don Quixote etc. Wordsworth enjoyed fishing, boating and skating upon the lake; these and walking were the only form of exercise he participated in, which in his later life he continued to do so. He was a daydreamer, saying the outward world seemed to be a dream; he was also affected with a kind of superstitious awe. William developed a mystical love for nature: he may in later years have tread a little too much into these early moods, although generally the truth of his recollections is unmistakable.

Wordsworth played with the idea of being a lawyer or joining the army. He learnt Italian, French and Spanish at university and abroad and was writing poetry.

In 1791, he had enough money left to travel abroad for a year. Passing through Paris he met Michel de Beaupuy, a republican, who proved a great influence on Wordsworth. When Beaupuy pointed to a hunger-bitten peasant girl and said "it is against that we are fighting", Wordsworth became a true disciple. From Beaupuy he heard the story afterwards made into his dullest poem "Vandracour and Julia". His "Guilt and Sorrow" in which he abandons the Pope model to the great benefit of his style, was composed of two tragic stories: one of a female vagrant, the other of a man who had been impressed in the navy and led to commit murder, were both written around this period.

Wordsworth wrote some satires at Racedown imitated from Juvenal, which included unpleasant things about the Prince of Wales and the book was never published. In 1795-96 he wrote "The Borderers". Wordsworth's poetry has been called "essentially democratic" by many of the critics. In May 1796, Coleridge calls him a "very dear friend"; the acquaintance with Coleridge marks a phase in both of their lives. They possibly met in Bristol in 1796 but their closeness really began in 1797 where he visited Wordsworth at Racedown. Coleridge told Cottle that he felt a "little man" beside Wordsworth, pronouncing "The Borderers" to be wonderful. Coleridge compared Schiller's 'Robbers' to Shakespeare. Wordsworth showed Coleridge his "Ruined Cottage" poem, which afterwards formed the part of the "Excursion". Coleridge and Wordsworth's sister were also close but due to the fact that he was married could not be lovers. The most remarkable incident of this time was the walk of 13 November, 1797, the poets proposed to compose a joint ballad to be sold for 51 pounds to pay for their ensuing tour. The "Ancient Mariner", thus began, was left to Coleridge. This led to talk of joint publication to which Coleridge should contribute poems showing the dramatic truth of supernatural incidents and the result was "Lyrical Ballads" to which Wordsworth contributed most. Wordsworth argued that the language of poetry should be similar to real life. Although the previous books were criticized he wrote "Lines on Tintern Abbey".



In January 1798, Coleridge planned a visit to Germany with the Wordsworth family joining him. They spent two years in Germany learning German and Natural Science. The Wordsworths settled in Goslar, with Coleridge in Ratzeburg. Wordsworth wrote the beginning of the "Prelude" on the 10th February, 1799. He also wrote poems to Lucy, but nothing is known as to whether she was a real person. "A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal" referred to his sister. In 1799, Wordsworth and his sister returned to England. Together they moved to Dove Cottage on 21 December, 1799 where he settled down to the composition of poetry, working on the long philosophical work which summed up the whole theory of life, also he wrote more poems which are thought to be his best.

Wordsworth first employment was the publication of the second, enlarged, edition of the "Lyrical Ballads", to which he added some of his finest poems. His next book was in 1807 and he made around 1001 from the sales. Wordsworth inherited about £ 85,001 when Lord Lonsdale died. After this in 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson, the same day all three went to Grasmere and settled there but later they moved to farm in Brompton. In 1802 Wordsworth and his sister made a visit to Calais, passing through London he wrote the famous sonnet "upon Westminster Bridge".

During 1801 he composed the verses "To the skylark", first published in 1807. In 1803 Wordsworth and his sister went to Scotland. Coleridge was very ill and this combined with Coleridge's dependence on opium affected Wordsworth emotionally and caused him anxiety. Wordsworth's brother John died in 1805 and William wrote some elegiac verses in commemoration of his brother; the verses Piel Castle refer to him. By May 1805 he had completed the "Prelude" which remained unprinted until his death. During 1806 Beaumont drew illustrations for several of Wordsworth's poems, together they remained friends until Beaumont's death in 1807. In 1807 Wordsworth wrote his verses "To A Gentleman", afterwards writing "White Doe Of Rylstone". During 1807-8 he created a collection of poems in two volumes, the next book being "The Storm of the Ridicule".

During his later years he did much touring and his circle of friends increased. In 1831 he did a fine sonnet "Yarrow Revisited". During 1833 he produced another series of poems in the same volume. Coleridge died in 1834 which affected him greatly. In 1836 Edward Moxon, who had published "Selections" in 1831, gave him 1,001 for a new edition, a bargain which in 1842 Wordsworth thought had been a bad one for the publisher.

Wordsworth died peacefully on the 23rd of April 1850 and was buried at Grasmere church on 27th April by his children. His sister died on 25th January 1855 and his wife, Mary Wordsworth, died on the 17th January 1859 and was buried next to William. No poet has been more loved because none has expressed more forcibly and truly the deepest moral emotions.



Japan has 53 working nuclear reactors and is planning to build another 12.

Around 1992, Saudi Arabia overtook the United States as the world's largest oil producer.

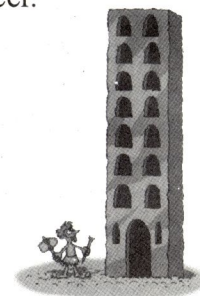
Danish workers strike 150 times more than their German neighbours.

Many Americans live alone, leading the world in one person households.

Hungarians die of cancer the most and Finns the least.

Kazakhstan is the world's largest landlocked country

Libya is the only country with a single-coloured flag.





KASHMIR RETRACED

Compiled by :
Sanchit Gupta
IIInd Year, ECE

How can prescriptions or teachings of a religion ask people to kill their own neighbours? And a spiritual instructor of a missionary be able to fool people in the name of jihad? How can the hands and mind of a person be ruthless enough not to tremble on smothering a weeping infant? Its ages since we thought we could answer these questions. Not a day would pass without sensing gunpowder near our shadows. Helplessness and a dark future, forced the migration of a Kashmiri Pandit, 15 years ago.

Seldom people like me get an opportunity to go to their homes. After such a long time, I was allowed a trip to the valley. Happiness, curiosity, fear, tears, it was all there. How can I describe my emotions? My heart bumped along the road outside. It was both mountainous and dangerous. Just as we crossed the Banhal Tunnel, I got the first view of the valley. I was on top of the mountain viewing the whole valley all around me with palm and chinar trees, saffron belts, soyabean fields and green pastures. A kind of intimacy was developing in my mind. What Kalhan's Rajtarangini so beautifully described was here. Jahangir was so right when he remarked, 'If there's heaven on earth, it is in Kashmir'.

The moment I entered the valley terror came across my mind. But the breeze of Kashmir filled me with gratitude towards the nature earth, to the almighty for enabling me visit my homeplace. Nothing had changed. Time or hatred, both couldn't give a new scent to the soil, springs, waterfalls, open green fields, pastures, houses of mud covered with clouds. Was this a dream or a reality? I felt as if God had rest in my eyes to show me what truly life is, a divine beauty which could transform an executioner into a romanticist.

I had gone to my maternal place, my *mamu* lived there. In the morning, he took me to the fields over the hill: the same apple and almond orchards. I ate one apple, what a feeling, as if I had never eaten anything before: as if I were weightless on earth. It was the first time in my life I suppose, where there was no fear, no tension. I took a tree's small branch and brushed my teeth, and then we sipped a cup of hot kava. We had Kashmiri rice with saag for lunch. Heaven indeed. Nature has given us much but instead of enjoying and being thankful, we are destroying our own paradise. Is it fate or a curse?

I visited Gulmarg and Srinagar as well. Snow clad mountains, green cover all over, shivering cold in month of June. Gandola, uniqueness of Gulmarg remains embedded in my memory. There were many tourists all over but the centre of attraction were the Kashmiri girls in there traditional dresses. Kashmir, the symbol of affection and simplicity could be seen in their eyes, truly eternal. The Dal Lake hugged me with the warmth of a mother, unimaginable endless stretches of water, a panoramic view. I had a ride on the *shikarā* and visited the Nehru Park, the famous island within. A marvel that eyes couldn't believe, words can't explain. I had read so much about it, seen so much on television, but to experience it in reality was a lifetime experience. It seemed as if God had himself built the whole place. In the heart of Srinagar lies the Shankaracharya temple which endowed me with peace of mind. From there, Hazratbal Shrine is clearly visible. It seems as if the two religions are hugging each other. A sense of belongingness enriched me all over, when will be the trip back home, my heart wished to know!

The beauty of Kashmir is much deeper than the snow clad mountains, chirping birds and green fields. The culture, the people, the air has a uniqueness in itself. It's an abode of God. That's the reason may be why we must preserve and ironically that's only why we are dying to destroy it.

(As described by a true Kashmiri)



GOOD ENOUGH TO JUST SURVIVE

Compiled by :
Sanchit Gupta
IInd Year, ECE

"Earth is fine", my aunt replies, "Good enough to just survive", she adds. She didn't join us when we migrated to Mars about three years ago. It's a whole new world, different climate, different surface, different emotion. What not has technology done: found water, built atmosphere, created life out of sand and stones. When people couldn't be accommodated on Earth, here's a new destination. A home away from home. Welcome to Mars, welcome to the year 2057.

That may be any one of us 53 years from now. As inquisitive and provocative human mind is, there seem not many barriers for man to cross the Mars frontier. The mission to Mars has grown steadily from being just a project to a visionary dream; new avenues are on a rise. All sorts of permutations and combinations are being studied to discover the possibility of life on Mars.

The first and the foremost step in this regard was taken by the Viking sent by Russia in the year 1962. It was successful in photographing Mars from the outer atmosphere but not capable enough to land on it. Pathfinder, the NASA project of 1996 made that possible. It was the first time Lander landed on the surface of the red planet. It revealed signs of ancient life, which once inhabited Mars. The most recent developments being the rovers, Spirit and Opportunity sent to Mars to explore the presence of water and possibility of sustaining life on the planet. The findings of the mission have proved not just positive but full of optimism for the future. Now stands the task of landing man on Mars. Years of planning and hardwork, numerous problems and obstacles and with it a new era in Mars exploration lies at stake. That's exemplified by Building 29, a place in Johnson Space Center, New York being transformed to just Mars-like environment and climate to acclimatize the astronauts due to leave for it.

Finding life on Mars has always proved an elusive dream for decades. But now the scientists have begun to believe that they can themselves transform the red planet into a blue world with streams, green fields, fresh breezes and fill it with earthly creatures. The idea known as terraforming may sound like science fiction, but transforming Mars into Earthly paradise is being taken seriously by researchers. It's believed, that billions of years after its last seas and rivers dried up, Mars could be restored to its ancient glory thanks to human ingenuity. Its craters would become lakes and its red, parched hillsides, would be covered with forests, providing a new home to the mankind's teeming ranks.

Most astronomers have agreed that Mars could be turned into a little Earth, though it would take decades and massive expenditure to achieve this goal. The prime idea is to thicken the atmosphere by melting the polar frozen Carbon Dioxide, triggering greenhouse effect. This could be achieved by building a large mirror, many miles in diameter and place it in the orbit above Mars. It could focus Sun's rays on the planet and melt carbon dioxide. That shall not just raise the Martian temperature but help form a thicker atmosphere. Ice trapped in the Martian soil would melt and could be used to sustain agriculture. With plants and trees imported from Earth, growing and producing oxygen, the atmosphere would become slowly earth like.

The idea of terraforming Mars is extreme but not cranky. It's not just a silly science fiction but terribly real. And here's the most horrible thing about it. We are muckling up this world at such an incredible pace and at the same time, we are talking about defacing up another planet. If Mars were once earth like and evolved subsequently to become cold and inhabitable, no amount of artificially induced terraforming can guarantee that it will stay that way. Moreover, if there are any bleak signs of life there, what could be more exploitative than to give ourselves blanket rights to turn their world upside down? And who can find the means to fund a project, which can provide neither a time frame nor promise reasonable results. And if we do achieve something even before we realize, we could end up doing some devastating thing to the planet for a temporary effect. Instead of retaining a gorgeous earth for a beautiful life or obtaining proper alternative for extinctive species, our senseless deeds might land us with two sorrow planets "good enough to just survive".



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IInd Year, ECE

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NOSTRADAMUS

Compiled by :
Varun Rajput
IIIrd Year, CSE

On December 14, 1503 in St. Remi, France, Michel de Nostredame was born. The first son of Jewish parents, forced by the Inquisition to convert to Catholicism, grew up to become a skilled physician who earned renown during his lifetime and beyond as a seer of the future.



Growing up he spent much of his time learning languages, math, astronomy, and astrology from his grandfather, Jean. Later he attended the University at Avignon where he studied liberal arts. Afterwards, he graduated from the medical school at the University of Montpellier and began a private practice where he succeeded at treating plague victims in Montpellier and the surrounding areas.

Around 1534 he married and began a family. Tragically, the plague which he had been so successful in treating previously took the lives of his wife and two children. (The names of his wife and children are not known).

Distraught and pursued by the Inquisition, Nostradamus packed his bags and traveled throughout Italy and France for the next six years.

He eventually settled down in the town of Salon, France in 1554 where he married his second wife, Anne Ponsart Gemelle, with whom he raised six children -

three boys and three girls.

It was during this time that he began his career as a prophet. In 1555, at the age of 52, he wrote his first collection of Centuries - a set of 100 quatrains. Over the next several years he completed a total of 10 Centuries. Nostradamus referred to the ten chapters of his famous book, The Centuries, as "centuries", although they have nothing to do with 100 year cycles. Each of the centuries (or chapters) contain 100 prophetic quatrains, except for Century VII, which has 42, for a total of 942 prophecies.

Nostradamus penned predictions about the future. These writings have been the focus of attention since 1555 when they were first published.

One thing is for certain, Nostradamus took the good times for granted because he seldom wrote about them. Therefore, the majority of his quatrains deal with war, famine, plague, social conflict, revolution, earthquakes, flooding, and other calamitous events. Most readers might be shocked by the perceived contents of some quatrains, for in many ways The Centuries reads like a book of 1,001 future disasters.

A quatrain is simply a poem with 4 lines. The rhymed quatrains of Nostradamus were written mainly in French with a bit of Italian, Greek, and Latin thrown in. He intentionally obscured the quatrains through the use of symbolism and metaphor, as well as by making changes to proper names by swapping, adding or removing letters. The obscurity is claimed to have been done to avoid his being tried as a magician. Of course a skeptic might say it was done so the quatrains could be interpreted to fit numerous situations.

An example of one of his more famous quatrains is from Century #2 Quatrain #24. The French and English versions are as follows:

**Bestes farouches de faim fleuves tranner;
Plus part du champ encontre Hister sera,
En cage de fer le grand fera treisner,
Quand rien enfant de Germain obseruera.**

The english language translation of the above quatrain is as follows:-



**Beasts ferocious from hunger will swim across rivers:
The greater part of the region will be against the Hister,
The great one will cause it to be dragged in an iron cage,
When the German child will observe nothing.**

So does Hister actually refer to Hitler? An instance of Nostradamus changing letters around? Is this a reference to Germany during WWII? The truth of this quatrain is still not verified.

Nostradamus stated in the Epistle, that as time goes on, he perceived his prophecies to carry more weight. This is interesting and seemingly correct, especially considering that as time passes, with a little hindsight, we can see the past from a clearer perspective.

In the preface (a letter dedicated to his son Caesar), Nostradamus stated that his prophetic quatrains were covered with a veil cloud, but are clear enough to be comprehended by men of good intelligence.

Some quatrains were written in a manner that suggests a chronology of time from the beginning of the quatrain to its end. The first line or two of this type of quatrain may pertain to one given period of time, while the lines following it may apply to a time frame later than the lines before it. While this chronological rule does not apply to all quatrains, it seems to apply to some.

Nostradamus intentionally confused the chronological order of his quatrains as a way to make the interpretation of future events slightly more difficult. The interpretation of some quatrains are very specific, others more general in nature. The clearly stated quatrains speak for themselves, requiring little interpretation. Most quatrains, however, require a detailed examination

The majority of the quatrains pertain to the geographical regions of France, Europe, the Mediterranean, North Africa, the Middle East and Asia. A few quatrains pertain to the New World, one pertains to the Moon, and a few others make references to outer space.

Some of his prophecies in English with interpretations are as follows:-

**The young lion will overcome the old one
The field of battle in single combat
He will put out his eyes in a cage of gold
Two fleets one, then to die a cruel death"**

This is the prediction that "made" Nostradamus, who until then had no high reputation as a prophet. Nostradamus had seemingly predicted that his King Henry II age 40 would die in a duel with Montgomery in 1559 who was only six years younger than him. Six is not too large a difference to mention the king as the older one. A more serious fault was none of them had lions as emblems, as later interpreters have claimed. Also the king's helmet was neither golden nor gilded. Further "classes" means fleets not wounds. Finally a tournament is not "the field of battle". The literal bulls-eye seems a bit out of focus.

**"The fortress near the Thames
Will fall when the King is locked up within:
Near the bridge in his shirt will be seen
One confronting the death, then barred in the fort."**

This prophecy was a close hit. It foretold the beheading of King Charles I of England in 1649 clad in a white shirt. But Nostradamus prediction was probably an educated guess rather than a real prediction because a fatal confrontation within the Parliament was foreseeable as Nostradamus was contemporary of Henry the VIIIth who executed his wives en masse. Another point worth noting here is that King Charles I would be stripped of his royal dress and meet his death in underwear (as a shirt was considered in those days) is natural; because a royal would be decapitated rather than hanged.



Nostradamus's House at Salon, France



"By night will come through the forest of "Reines"

2 couples roundabout route Queen the white stone,

The monk king in gray in Varennes:

Elected Capet causes tempest, fire, blood, slice."

This prediction is vaguely correct description of the flight of the French royal couple in 1791, but the fourth line is a bit ambiguous putting the royal Cap(ul)ets in the same line as the word slice, suggests the guillotine. In regards to this prophesy even Nostradamus' detractors are silent.

Nostradamus used a variety of magical arts and tools to induce ecstatic trances. Visions came to him through flame or water gazing, sometimes both together. He also followed the practice of Branchus, a Delphic priestess of ancient Greece, requiring him to sit, spine erect, on a brass tripod, the legs of which were angled at the same degree as the Egyptian pyramids. The upright position, and possibly the use of nutmeg (a mild hallucinogen when consumed in sufficient quantity -- [deadly when the dose is too large]), stimulated the mind; the angle of the tripod legs was thought to create a bioelectric force which would sharpen psychic powers.



Or the prophet would stand or sit before a tripod that held a brass bowl filled with steaming water and pungent oils. "I emptied my soul, brain and heart of all care and attained a state of tranquility and stillness of mind which are prerequisites for predicting by means of the brass tripod."

"Although the everlasting God alone knows the eternity of light proceeding from himself, I say frankly to all to whom he wishes to reveal his immense magnitude -- infinite and unknowable as it is -- after long and meditative inspiration, that it is a hidden thing divinely manifested to the prophet by two means: One comes by infusion which clarifies the supernatural light in the one who predicts by the stars, making possible divine revelation; the other comes by means of participation with the divine eternity, by which means the prophet can judge what is given from his (her) own divine spirit through God the Creator and natural intuition."

[Proceeding from Nostradamus: The New Revelations p. 34, by John Hogue..]

In 1564 Nostradamus was appointed Royal Physician to King Charles IX. On July 1, 1566 Nostradamus offered his final prediction to his priest. In response to the priest's farewell of "Until tomorrow," Nostradamus is said to have answered: "You will not find me alive at sunrise."

Nostradamus died that night.





FIORDING THROUGH THE FANGS

Compiled by :
Kumar Ashutosh, E.C.E.
IInd Year,
Sandeep, CED
IInd Year.

They are 1 inch tall and they are scared of you! They always opt to avoid you and keep sending danger signals as low hisses, bright colours or noise movement over straw. Their messages are loud and clear- "keep-away". These beautiful, slimy creatures, crawling under or around your toes nevertheless scare you. And what do you do on seeing them Run?? Ohh...boy! You have a heart! Most people stand frozen, dumbstruck on seeing these creatures -snakes.

Snakes are legless reptiles; i.e. scaly, oviparous, air breathing, crawling forefathers of mammals. It's a cold blooded animal and hence its body temperature varies with surroundings unlike the humans. This is why they live in burrows; ironically made by others. All the snakes are carnivores but to our rescue only 4 % of these are venomous. Venom is the thing that makes snakes so mysterious that they have been for long a subject of awe, regard, research and of course superstitions. The venom they fang into the victims are of two types- One the *haemotoxin* which mixes into blood, chokes respiration and destroys tissues causing painful death; the other is *neurotoxin*. Although the later is less painful yet indeed is the most fatal. Any guesses of the possessors? Yeah, right it's none other but the **King Cobra**.

Snakes are omnipresent and have a wide range of habitats, varying from palmetto bushes to pampas semiarid, banks of Yamuna to deep blue seas you find them everywhere but for snowy peaks and polar ice caps. Let's begin a sojourn to have the glimpse of the world's greatest killer macrospecies after homosapiens, on a 'snake-journey' over the domain called world.

The first station on our journey is a land of dry bushes with spots of water hither-thither. Suddenly you hear a rattling sound. Run!! Take five giant steps back!!.... Welcome to the land of **rattlers** and **vipers**-the Prairie grasslands of America. The vipers are one of the largest killers in world. A native of America, they are rarely found in India but some species called *Daboia* and *Fura* in native language belong to this category. Ever heard of 'pit viper'? No they don't live in pits or ditches. They are called so because they have a heat sensing pit below eyes which makes them even more accurately dangerous. Vipers include the most infamous **copperheads** and **cottonmouths** which are 2-4 feet long but are very aggressive and bite several times insuring a kill. The other dreaded snake of region is rattler- the hissing symbol of America's 'I warn you' diplomacy. It rattles before striking through an organ in its tail and if you do not keep away; you pay. The well known **Diamondback** is the only rattler which may not rattle before attacking. But no need to panic, their antidotes are well available and only 1% of snake bites result in death in America.

The view around has changed and its looks like a marshy region with long shrubs and tall grasses beneath a tropical rain forest. Your trivia is great yore! We are on the banks of Amazon-the land of world's largest snake-The **Anaconda**. Fond of living in soggy swamps rather than on trees which its Indian counterpart python enjoys much; this snake is in local diction 'Dada' of all. It ranges about 10-12 feet and weighs up to 200-300 kilos. Oomph! But never think it's lax as it's a fast treacher on sensing a prey. It has no venom; rather it needs not any. In its 'dada-esque' style it gobbles the whole animal into its huge burgeoning mouth and mind it the victims even include deer and wild buffaloes. The enzymes in the mighty abdomen are so potent that they digest everything; even bones and horns! But it's a graceful and unnoticing snake. Once quenched it lies at a place digesting its prey for 5-6 days and during that period it seldom attacks. A satisfied 'Dada'. What do you say?

This is the favorite habitat of world wide animals the cruising rivers, dense rain forests savanna grasslands make an Elysium for snakes; snakes that include **mambas**, **adders**, **cobras** and large **boas** to name a few. Yes, we have landed in the Dark Continent some where around the Lake Victoria. The most dangerous snakes apart from **King Cobra** here are mambas. **Mambas** are found in dense forests and mostly on tree tops and shrubs. The two varieties-black and green forms a deadly duo; the former being the more dangerous. With its sleek features, camouflaged colour, protruding mouth and awesome speed it's the most dreaded forest snake. No less than mambas



are cobras. **Cobras** are the hooded poisonous snakes found in African forests. Ranging from dark black to greenish brown they are the most lethal killers in the world. One of their kinds **Spitting Cobra** spits venom immaculately into eyes of victim, instantly blinding it. The rare **Red Cobra** is the most beautiful but fatally poisonous and so is the king of snakes King Cobra. This is the only snake in the world to crawl in an attacking pose with a fiery hood posing towards the prey. Its neurotoxin venom kills within 5-10 minutes, if untreated. And weirdly the favorite food of cobras are no mice and frogs but snakes and mind it the list includes poisonous one too. The third African killers are **Adders** who are potentially as dangerous as mambas but are calm and generally unattacking.

The sojourn moves even eastwards to the land of charms. The land of Buddha and Ahimsa believes in charming the old human foe (remember the *sapera* or snake-charmers)! And there is even a festival dedicated to the worship of snakes. The trademark of the Indian venomous snakes is the **Krait**. Potentially Krait is the most venomous land snake, but like its land of origin it is almost unhurting if undisturbed. Found in two major types- banded and plain blue; it can be christened to be a shy snake. Unlike the cobras it hides its mouth beneath its body while sitting. Its favorite places are the old roofs and never bulky. Its swift but patient mascot of India. But beware! times more fatal than that of king snakes is **Indian cobra** or **Genhu-** is a boon for farmers as it kills the rodents but at the same time tolls. Overall India is land of snakes are found here be it King Cobra Vipers (**Daboiyas** and **fursas**) or

Now you might be thinking You have not to go ahead but to Welcome to the reign of worlds most the **Coral snake**. The coral snake and is a great swimmer. Although it family as Kraits but in front of its lemon-juice. Its bite allows not the victim to live more than-5 minutes and hence it's most dangerous surprise that sea presents to the scuba divers. But need not panic. It seldom attacks large animals without being threatened.



The King Cobra

machans. It's almost nocturnal and nature has made it the snake Studies reveal that a Krait bite is 12 cobra! The next in the list of Indian **an**. Wheatish-Golden colored; this camouflages in wheat heaps and accounts for most number of rural and almost all varieties of snakes (**Nag**), Mambas (**kal-Garench**), pythons (**Azgars**).

that the sojourn is over. Well not yet. plunge down into the sea and... venomous snake species known-lives in deep sea near the shores belongs very much to the same poison even Krait's poison is a

So the journey ends. At last the postscript is "**where there is power there is sure a myth; snakes are no exception.**" Their potential makes them mysterious. These bunch of enigmatic serpents have made mankind a born foe of their family. Superstitious are so mounting that the common grass snake (**Harhara**) is deemed to be most venomous and attacks only on Tuesdays and Sundays. Ha! Ha! Ha! Dear, don't you know that it is we that started the days and how come a snake will know of it? Grapevine has another snake **Dhamin** or Rat snake drinking the milk of cows from its udders. Unfortunately snakes don't drink the milk, they are carnivores. And finally that '*mani*' factor mixed with their demi-form. Believe it; there is no real **Nagraj** anywhere and for *Mani* buffs, re-plan your adventures as no one can ever find 'nothing'.

So our journey tells that- '**yes, snakes are dangerous but not all**'. Only a few are and a good awareness can enable us to identify them. So next time you see a snake; run away. Contact the nearest snake catching team. Never try to kill it. As whoever dies; the nature loses. They are very beautiful and geometrically decreasing in numbers. But always be aware never venture in dark messy places without proper preparation and above all never be a fool to pray before a hooded cobra-remember '**The Mark of Vishnu**'.



THE DON

Compiled by :
Suhas Gupta,
IIIrd Year, ECE

No single figure since W.G. Grace dominated the game of cricket more than Sir Donald Bradman; the man they call the DON. He left behind a legacy of exploits which, if ever challenged in the years to come, will require some very authentic argument even to convince the challenger. 'His successes, wrote Ray Robinson; made a United States Air Force Communiqué seem like an understatement.'

His mind was the master of his remarkable ability. He could be patient and resolute, versatile and outrageous. The better the bowling the greater the desire to master and pulverize it to shame. He had a penchant for ridiculing the bowler and the captain and reducing the opposition to helplessness. Having achieved it he would carry on relentlessly; his aim was to win by the widest possible margin. They call it the 'killer instinct.'

Born in 1908 into a modest carpenter's family, the foundation of his amazing skills of eye and ability were built around a little game he played for himself to relieve boredom. He would hit a golf ball against a wall in the garden with a stump. The young Bradman tested himself by hitting it as many times as he could. In latter years he would amuse cricketers by bouncing the ball on a stump. 'When my luck is in, I get towards a century,' he said. Others struggled to get into double figures.

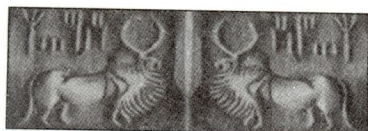
'Bodyline' curbed his prolificacy in 1932-33, yet Bradman ended with a higher average than any from either side -56.57. He missed the first test but his subsequent sequence of scores read: 0, 103 not out, 8, 66, 76, 24, 48 and 71. Australia, though, was outplayed 1-4. The war also did little to curb his heavy scoring; critics felt that he had dimmed over the years but the aggregates were as heavy as ever at the end of each series; 680 in 1946-47 against England, 715 versus India a season later, and 508 in England on his last tour. He also had the singular honour of taking his side through that entire tour unbeaten. England was vanquished 4-0.

His innings at Leeds was a test record. Bradman hit a century before lunch, another between lunch and tea and finished the day at 309 unbeaten. The Englishmen were frustrated; for a moment during the merciless exhibition of power they thought they had him. He moved down the pitch, slipped, fell, but from well out of the crease and on his knees back-cut the ball for a single! He finished with 334 the next morning in 375 minutes, which included 46 fours. Not surprisingly, his 14 in the next test at Lords' was greeted by a newspaper placard with simply: 'Peebles does it.'

During the course of an innings at Blackheath- he got a century in 3 overs- when Bradman was around 50, an off spinner called Bill Black, who had bowled him in the previous match, was introduced for a repeat. While Bill was arranging his field, Bradman spoke to the wicketkeeper Leo Waters, 'What sort of a bowler is this fellow?', enquired Bradman. 'Don't you remember this bloke?' replied Waters. 'He bowled you in an exhibition match in Lithgow a few weeks ago and has been boasting of it ever since at your expense.' Two overs later, nursing an analysis of 2-0-62-0, Black was pleading with his captain to be taken off.

Bradman, on retirement, extended his keen intelligence and coordination to other fields. He became professional at golf, a gifted after-dinner speak, and a successful stockbroker. His monopoly of public attention during his playing days was replaced by an almost hermit-like seclusion.

'Stripped to the truth,' wrote Robertson-Glasgow, 'he was a solitary man with solitary aim.' But perhaps the most flattering praise of Don Bradman's ability revealed itself in a discussion between Bill O'Reilly, Arthur Mailey and their friends. King George V was ill. Mailey asked what the Mails reaction would be if the King happened to die that night. 'All the front page to him', was the answer. Mailey, in turn, wanted to know what the editor of the Mail would do if both, Prince of Wales and Don Bradman died that night. The general consensus, in all seriousness, was that the Prince would be given the top left half of the Mails' front page and Bradman the right!



TITAN'S HUGE WAVES

Compiled by :

Rahul Sharma
IIIrd Year, EE

Saturn's moon Titan might be one of the most out-of-this world places to surf in. According to new computer modeling, it suggests that a given wind could generate waves in the moon that are supposed to be seven times taller than on Earth. It gives every possibility that the waves on earth are not different with that can be generated in Titan.



You wake long after dawn on Titan, Saturn's largest moon. There's no rush: The day will be long -- 15.9 Earth days, to be exact. Outside, the sky is dim, not unlike a terrestrial night under a full Moon. But orange. You slip into the most advanced spacesuit known to humans. Protection against the deep freeze. You know that summer or winter, north or south, the intense cold is ubiquitous. Voyager spacecraft data proved that long ago. Outside, boots kick up dust and crunch firm ice below. A great river of methane flows past your living quarters into a tranquil sea -- liquid but foreign, it stretches beyond the horizon.

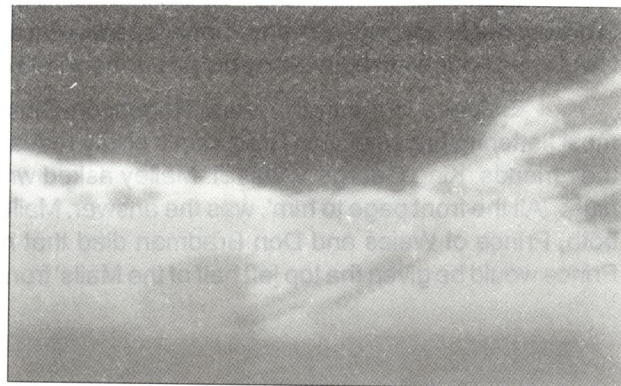
Behind you the largest of Titan's mountains rises somewhat pitifully into the hazy sky. Titanic mountains these are not -- none reach more than 6,500 feet (2,000 meters) high. A hill, by Colorado standards. Above, the Sun is a fuzzy orange tennis ball, almost inconsequential because of the great distance, rendered even less effective by the persistent layer of smog. A haze-obscured Saturn looms like a giant ghost, close enough to touch. Gentle breezes loft a scant few puffy clouds high into the sky -- nearly twice as high as any you recall from back home. And it looks like rain.

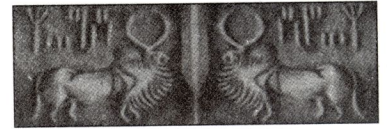
Scientists say little is known about the shrouded moon's surface. This much is speculated: The presence of methane oceans and rivers; a layer of surface dust caused by settling smog; bedrock composed of water ice; and as with the moons of Jupiter, Titan's mountains are probably modest in height.

Scientists aren't sure if Titan has seas, but they suspect it does based on hard-to-interpret telescopic observations. The oceans would be made mostly of ethane and methane, studies show. Because Titan's gravity is about one-seventh that of Earth, any wind-driven waves would behave differently than they do here.

Scientists have considered many factors for the generation of waves like: Titan's gravity, the likely composition and density of the atmosphere and any possible seas, and probable wind speeds -- to generate wave scenarios using modified version of terrestrial ocean computer models. The development of waves depends on wind speed and how long and over what distance it blows in one direction, called the 'fetch'.

The Titan model incorporates wind speeds up to a modest 12.5 mph (5 meters per second). Scientists still don't know much about the surface winds on Titan, although early models suggest the sustained wind speed at the surface is likely to be low. The model includes fetches up to 620 miles (1,000 kilometers). Much of the Titan wave growth happens before 100 kilometers [62 miles] is reached. Waves grow to be up to seven times higher and longer than those on Earth. However because of the lower gravity on Titan, waves on Titan will generally appear to move in slow motion.

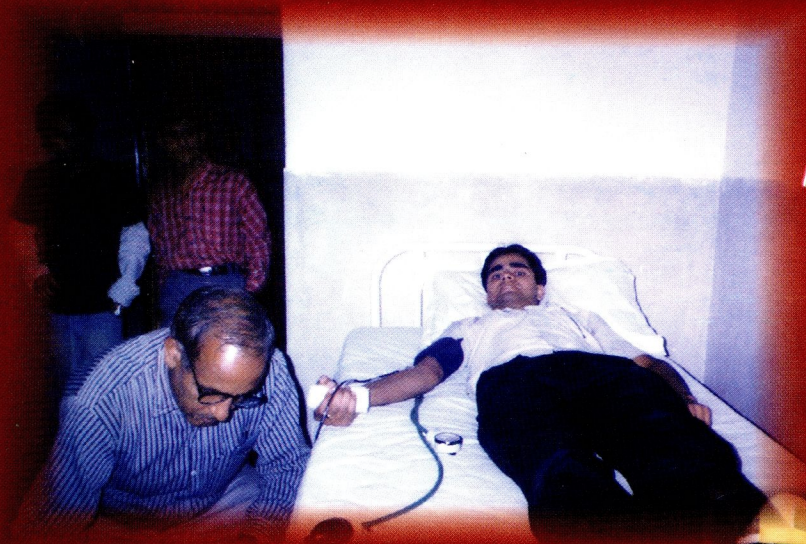




TITAN TRIVIA:

- ✓ Titan's diameter is 3,200 miles (5,150 kilometers), about 40 percent as large as Earth.
- ✓ The thick haze is about 120 miles (200 kilometers) up.
- ✓ The atmospheric pressure near Titan's surface is 60 percent greater than on Earth at sea level.
- ✓ The atmospheric temperature near Titan's surface is minus 288 degrees Fahrenheit (minus 178 degrees Celsius).
- ✓ As on Earth, the most abundant gas in Titan's atmosphere is nitrogen. Unlike our home planet, methane is the second most abundant gas. More than a dozen other gases are also present.
- ✓ The thickness (extent) of Titan's atmosphere is about 10 times that of Earth.
- ✓ Titan is the second largest moon in the solar system; only Jupiter's Ganymede is larger.
- ✓ Titan and Ganymede are both larger than the planets Mercury and Pluto.
- ✓ Titan apparently keeps the same face toward Saturn as it orbits the gas-giant planet (our Moon also keeps one face toward Earth at all times). Hence a Titanic 'day' is equivalent to the time it takes it to orbit Saturn.
- ✓ Titan orbits Saturn in just under 16 Earth days (orbital period = 15.9454 days).
- ✓ Titan orbits Saturn at a distance of 759,210 miles (1,221,830 kilometers) from Saturn's center.





My blood.... your life !



An act for a cause

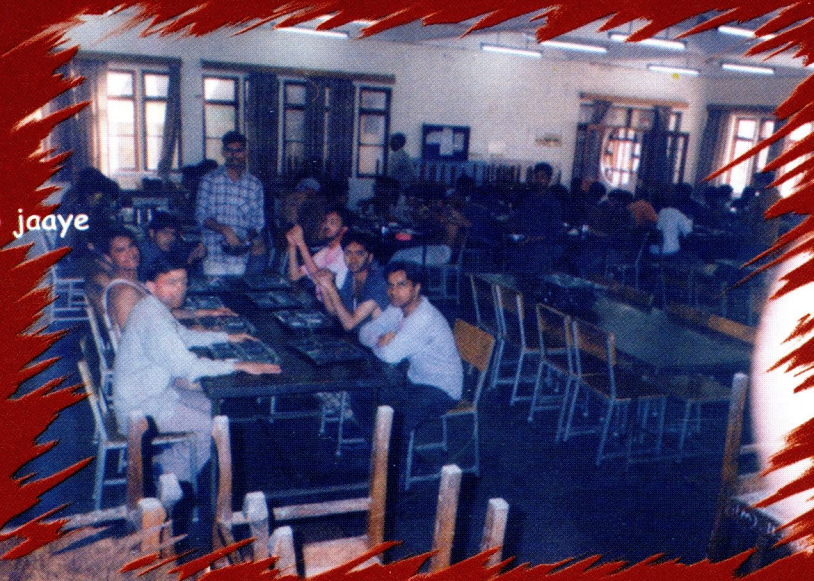


Healthy blood in a healthy finger



The editorial board

Pet pooja ho jaaye



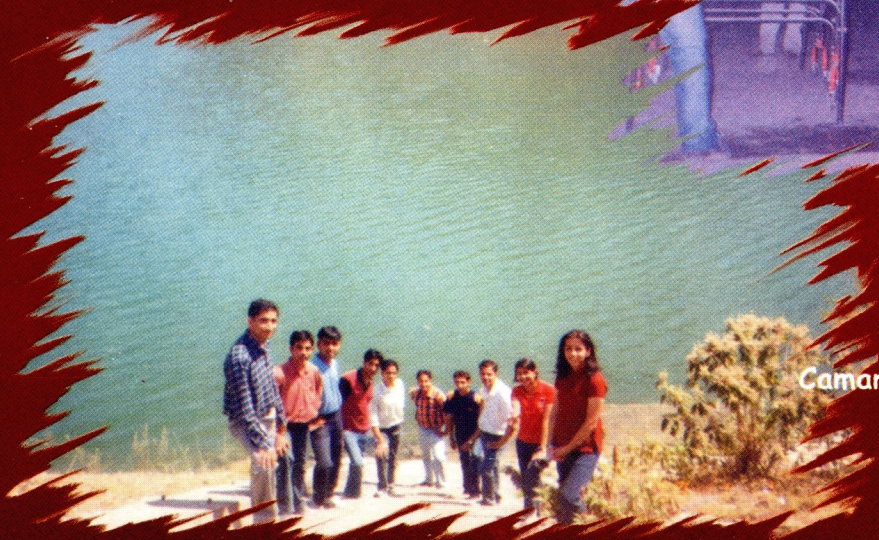
Master blaster



Let's play.....

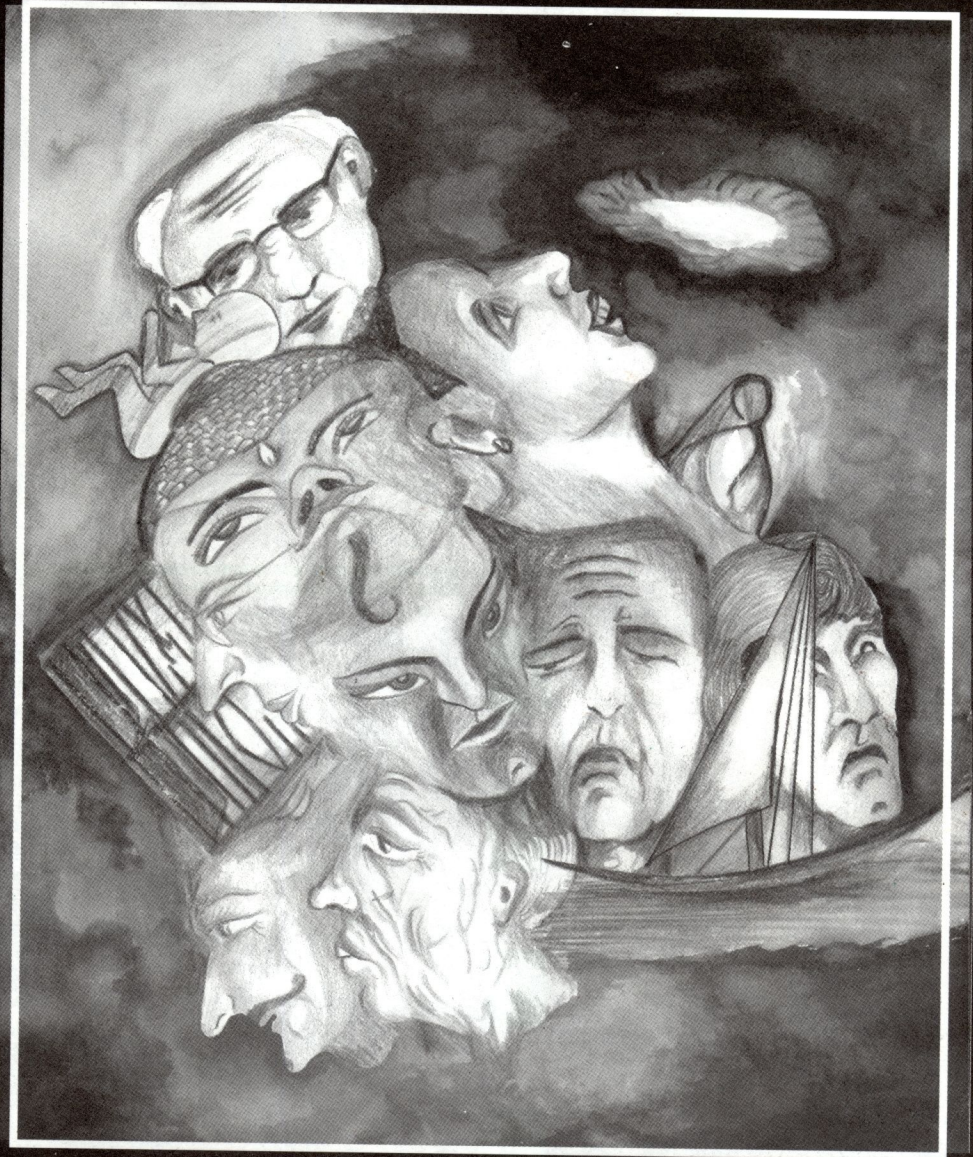


Camaraderie established

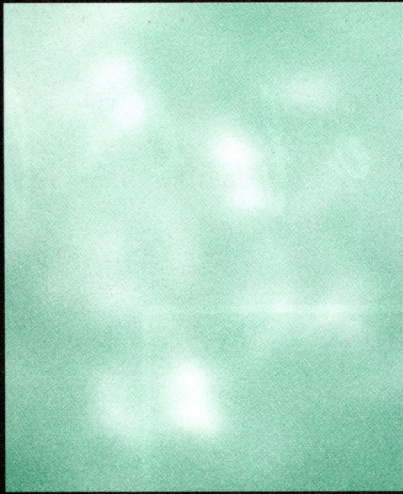




rhythms of life



जीवन—संगीत



morbid melancholia

झंझावात/अपूर्ण उमंगें



perceptions of enima

मनोक्षितिज/कल्पना की उड़ान



sanguine sonata

आनन्द/प्रसन्न हृदय



sophistry

अंतःचक्षु/अभिव्यक्ति के आयाम



pragmatic insinuations

धरातल/यथार्थ चित्रण



Rhythms of Life

• Varun Rajput •

Just as a pebble thrown in a pond of water generate rhythms on its surface; similarly every mundane soul experiences rhythms of life through numerous incidents taking place in his life. High and low notes of life impel him to sing a variety of tunes of bliss, love and melancholy.

The vicissitudes of life instigate us to express our afflictions and alleviations. The college magazine serves a purpose to ignite the smouldering originality and also become a platform for people to express their thoughts. Being a technical the students have good flair for writing but the desire still lingers on. In order that everyone is able to express his ideas freely the theme of the magazine plays a pivotal role.

The theme for this year's magazine is "Rhythms of life". The word "Rhythms" has been used as a metaphor for the vicissitudes of life. This theme stands for the spirit of man to stoically endure the trials and tribulations of life. All emotions experienced are in some or the other way manifestation of different "Rhythms of life".

While Pragmatic Insinuation stands for clear honest thoughts in their finest form. Sanguine Sonata takes us on a stroll through avenues of cherished and indelible memories, yet Morbid Melancholia represents the pain, deference and enigma associated with life & soul. Sophistry celebrates the human allegiance to the divine intervention in his affairs and Perceptions of Enima discards the happenings and snit of woe : showing a transition from solumn black to kaleidoscope colours.

All these elements blend in them the definition of arrows of life about which it's not difficult for us to pen down our fleeting emotions.

Let our souls reverberate in "Rhythms of life"



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Graphics by : Parvesh Chauhan, 1st Year

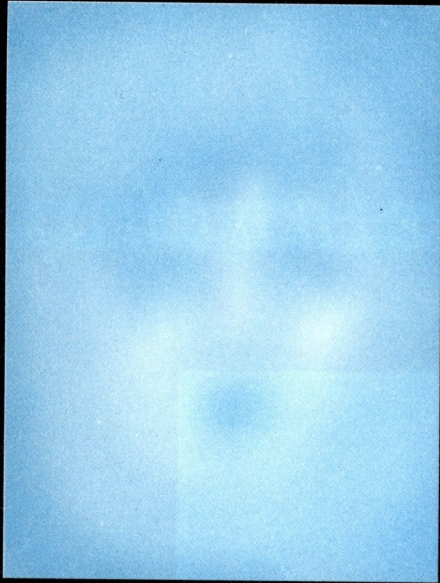
r h y t h m s o f l i f e

morbid melancholia



Graphic by : Milan

झंझावात/अपूर्ण उमंगें



किसी मोड़ पर

ज़िन्दगी

तुम्हारी याद आई

मज़दूर माँ

Death

Dark side of Sunrise

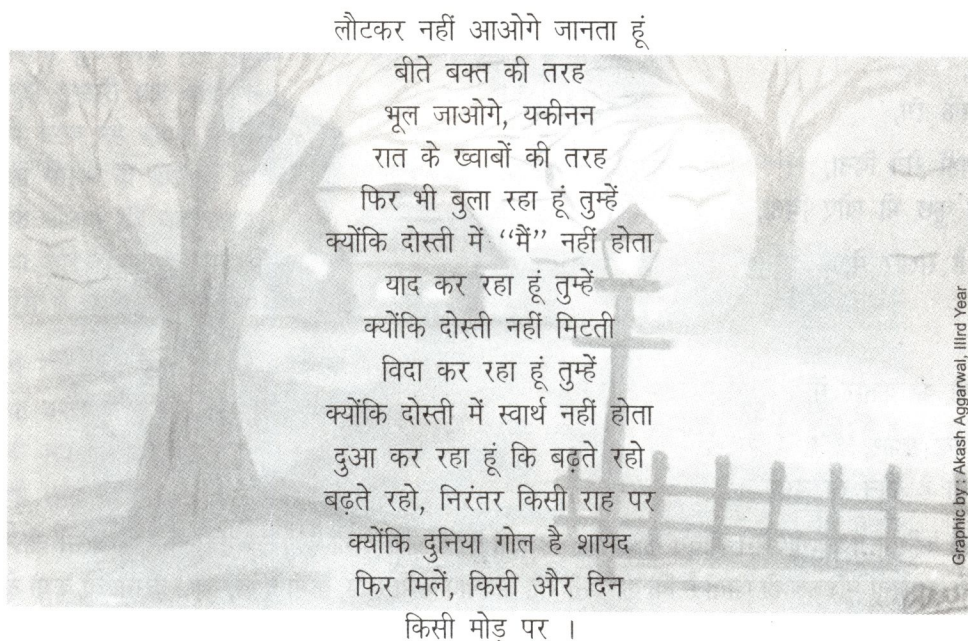
My Red Rose

Wounds



किसी मोड़ पर

आशुतोष नन्दन अस्थाना
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी
तृतीय वर्ष



आत्मकथ्य : ये मेरी पहली कविता है और मैंने इसमें दोस्ती को परिभाषित करने की कोशिश की है।

गुरु और ठग

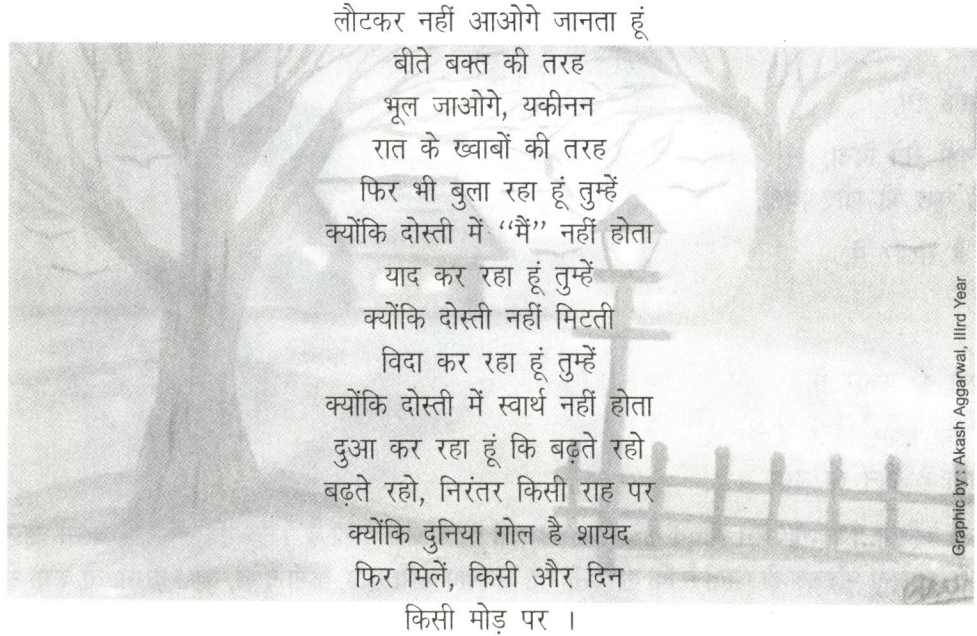
निःसंदेह, गुरु की खोज करना बहुत ही सुंदर है, किन्तु यदि आप एक सस्ता गुरु चाहते हैं अथवा स्वयं को छलना या ठगना चाहते हैं, तब आप अनेक ढक गुरु पा जाएँगे। परंतु यदि आप निश्छल हैं, तो आपको एक निश्छल गुरु ही मिलेंगे। लोग प्रत्येक वस्तु अत्यंत सस्ते ढंग से चाहते हैं इसलिए वे ठगे जाते हैं हम अपने शिष्यों को अवैध स्त्री अथवा पुरुष संबंध, मांसाहार, जुआ और नशे का त्याग करने के लिए कहते हैं लोग सोचते हैं-यह तो बहुत कठिन है, परंतु यदि कोई अन्य व्यक्ति यह कहे, "तुम जो मूर्खता चाहो, वह कर सकते हो, केवल मेरा मंत्र भर ले लो" तो लोग उसको पसंद करेंगे। मुख्य बात तो यह है कि लोग स्वयं को ठगना चाहते हैं अतः उनके पास ठग आते हैं कोई भी किसी प्रकार की तपस्या नहीं करना चाहता। मानव जीवन ही एक तपस्या है इसी तपस्या से आदमी महान् बनता है कुछ लोग महानता थोपी हुई हासिल करना चाहते हैं पर महानता कर्म से हासिल होती है। न राम, न बुद्ध और न नेपोलियन जन्म से महान् थे वरन् ये कर्म से महान् हुए।

- स्वामी प्रभुपाद



किसी मोड़ पर

आशुतोष नन्दन अस्थाना
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी
तृतीय वर्ष



आत्मकथ्य : ये मेरी पहली कविता है और मैंने इसमें दोस्ती को परिभाषित करने की कोशिश की है।

गुरु और ठग

निःसंदेह, गुरु की खोज करना बहुत ही सुंदर है, किन्तु यदि आप एक सस्ता गुरु चाहते हैं अथवा स्वयं को छलना या ठगना चाहते हैं, तब आप अनेक ढक गुरु पा जाएंगे। परंतु यदि आप निश्छल हैं, तो आपको एक निश्छल गुरु ही मिलेंगे। लोग प्रत्येक वस्तु अत्यंत सस्ते ढंग से चाहते हैं इसलिए वे ठगे जाते हैं हम अपने शिष्यों को अवैध स्त्री अथवा पुरुष संबंध, मांसाहार, जुआ और नशे का त्याग करने के लिए कहते हैं लोग सोचते हैं-यह तो बहुत कठिन है, परंतु यदि कोई अन्य व्यक्ति यह कहे, “तुम जो मूर्खता चाहो, वह कर सकते हो, केवल मेरा मंत्र भर ले लो” तो लोग उसको पसंद करेंगे। मुख्य बात तो यह है कि लोग स्वयं को ठगना चाहते हैं अतः उनके पास ठग आते हैं कोई भी किसी प्रकार की तपस्या नहीं करना चाहता। मानव जीवन ही एक तपस्या है इसी तपस्या से आदमी महान् बनता है कुछ लोग महानता थोपी हुई हासिल करना चाहते हैं पर महानता कर्म से हासिल होती है। न राम, न बुद्ध और न नेपोलियन जन्म से महान् थे वरन् ये कर्म से महान् हुए।

- स्वामी प्रभुपाद



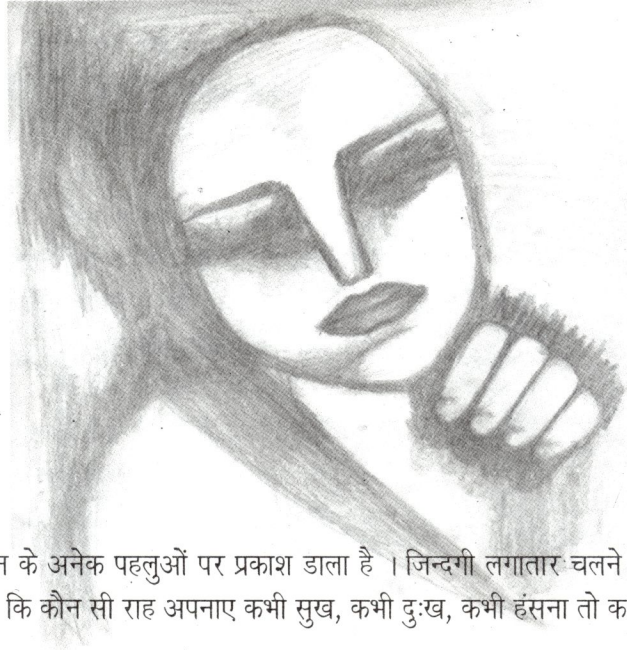
जिन्दगी

दीपिका सूद

विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

प्रथम वर्ष

जिन्दगी है एक ऐसा सफर,
न जाने, जाना है कौन सी डगर,
फूल हैं कांटों के संग,
न जाने कितने है इसके रंग,
यहाँ हँसी नहीं रोये बिना,
नहीं मिलता कुछ भी खोए बिना,
बस चलते ही रहना है संसार में,
थम गए अगर कदम,
अगर गए तुम सहम,
न रह पाओगे, जिन्दगी की कतार में,
जिन्दगी है एक सफर,
न जाने जाना है कौन सी डगर ।



Graphic by - Shruiti Bhaik, 1st Year

आत्मकथ्य : मेरी पहली कविता 'जिन्दगी' मैंने जीवन के अनेक पहलुओं पर प्रकाश डाला है । जिन्दगी लगातार चलने का नाम है । जिन्दगी में जाने कितनी राहें हैं । ये समझना मुश्किल हो जाता है कि कौन सी राह अपनाए कभी सुख, कभी दुःख, कभी हंसना तो कभी रोना ।

एक अजीब संयोग

अमेरिका के दो भूतपूर्व राष्ट्रपतियों के जीवन में एक अजीब संयोग देखने को मिलते हैं। उन भूतपूर्व राष्ट्रपतियों के जीवन की घटनायें एक दूसरे से इतना अधिक मेल खाती है कि एक बार तो उन पर विश्वास करना असंभव ही हो जाता है, लेकिन ये तथ्य एकदम सत्य है और पुराने आंकड़े इन तथ्यों की पुष्टि करते हैं।

1. अब्राहम लिंकन का जन्म 1818 में हुआ तथा जॉन कैनेडी का जन्म ठीक सौ वर्ष बाद 1918 में हुआ।
2. अब्राहम लिंकन 1859 में राष्ट्रपति बने तथा जॉन कैनेडी 1959 में।
3. व्हाइट हाउस पहुंचते ही दोनों की मृत्यु हो गयी।
4. लिंकन की हत्या 1863 में तथा कैनेडी की हत्या 1963 में हुई।
5. लिंकन के सचिव का नाम कैनेडी तथा कैनेडी के सचिव का नाम लिंकन था।
6. दोनों की हत्या गोली मारकर हुई।
7. दोनों की मृत्यु शुक्रवार को हुई।
8. दोनों को गोली सिर में ही लगी।
9. दुर्घटना के समय दोनों की पत्नियाँ साथ थीं।
10. दोनों के सचिव ने दोनों को दुर्घटना स्थल पर जाने से मना किया।
11. दोनों के उत्तराधिकारी का नाम जानसन था।
12. दोनों के नाम 13 अक्षरों के थे।



तुम्हारी याद आई

प्रवीण जसवाल

जनपद अभियांत्रिकी

तृतीय वर्ष

किया शुरु जिक्र जब दोस्तो ने मेरे नसीब का,
मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई ।

थे गरज रहे बादल,
था मौसम वो बरसात का ।

थी पंछियों की चहचहाहट,
था शोर सनसनाती हवाओं का ।

ऐसे में, मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

थे रहे खिल फूल
था वक्त वो बहारों का ।

थी भवनों की गुनगुनाहट,
थी समां वो फिजाओं की ॥

ऐसे में, मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

थे चमक रहे सितारे,
था मदहोश नजारा उजाले का ।

थी चांदनी की जगमगाहट

था नशा मद के प्याले का ।

ऐसे में, मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

थी पड़ी सुनसान राहें,
था हो रहा जिक्र गुजरे अफसानों का ।

थी डालियों की सरसराहट,

था दौर छलकते पैमानों का ।

ऐसे में, मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

थी भीग चुकी पलकें,
था असर वो जुदाई का ।

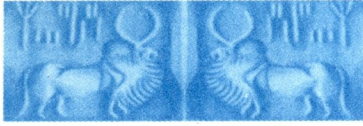
थी बिजलियों की कड़कड़ाहट,

था इन्तजार पुरवाई का ॥

ऐसे में, मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

मुझे तुम्हारी याद आई

आत्मकथ्य : कविता लिखने का शौक है, बस कुछ विषय मिल जाता तो तमन्ना पूरी हो जाती है ।



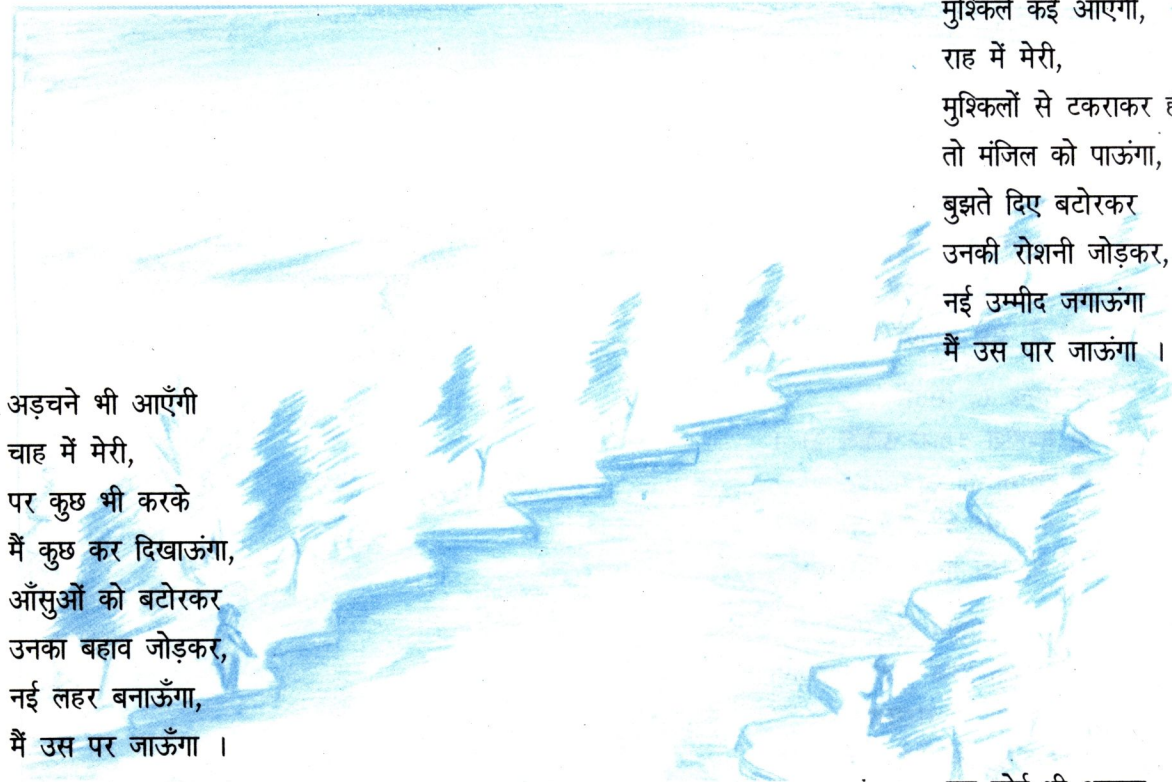
उस पार

विनय रांटा

जनपद अभियांत्रिकी

द्वितीय वर्ष

सूखे पत्ते बटोरकर
तिनका-तिनका जोड़कर,
एक नाव बनाऊंगा
मैं उस पार जाऊंगा ।



मुश्किलें कई आएंगी,
राह में मेरी,
मुश्किलों से टकराकर ही
तो मंजिल को पाऊंगा,
बुझते दिए बटोरकर
उनकी रोशनी जोड़कर,
नई उम्मीद जगाऊंगा
मैं उस पार जाऊंगा ।

अड़चने भी आएंगी
चाह में मेरी,
पर कुछ भी करके
मैं कुछ कर दिखाऊंगा,
आँसुओं को बटोरकर
उनका बहाव जोड़कर,
नई लहर बनाऊंगा,
मैं उस पार जाऊंगा ।

गम कोई भी आएगा
बाँह में मेरी,
हँसते हुए उस गम को,
मैं सह जाऊंगा,
नफरतों को बटोरकर,
हर दर्द को जोड़कर
खुशियों से हिसाब चुकाऊंगा
मैं उस पार जाऊंगा... ।

आत्मकथ्य : कविता लिखना मेरा शौक है और तन्हाईयों में इसे पूरा करता हूँ।



मजदूर माँ

पंकज कुमार शर्मा
वास्तुकला शाखा,
चतुर्थ वर्ष

सुबह-सुबह खुरचे बर्तन,
कोने में समेटकर ।
रात की बासी सूखी रोटी,
पानी संग निगलती है ।
फिर नन्हे से बच्चे को,
कमर में लपेटकर
लिए टोकरी हाथ में वह
काम पर निकलती है ।

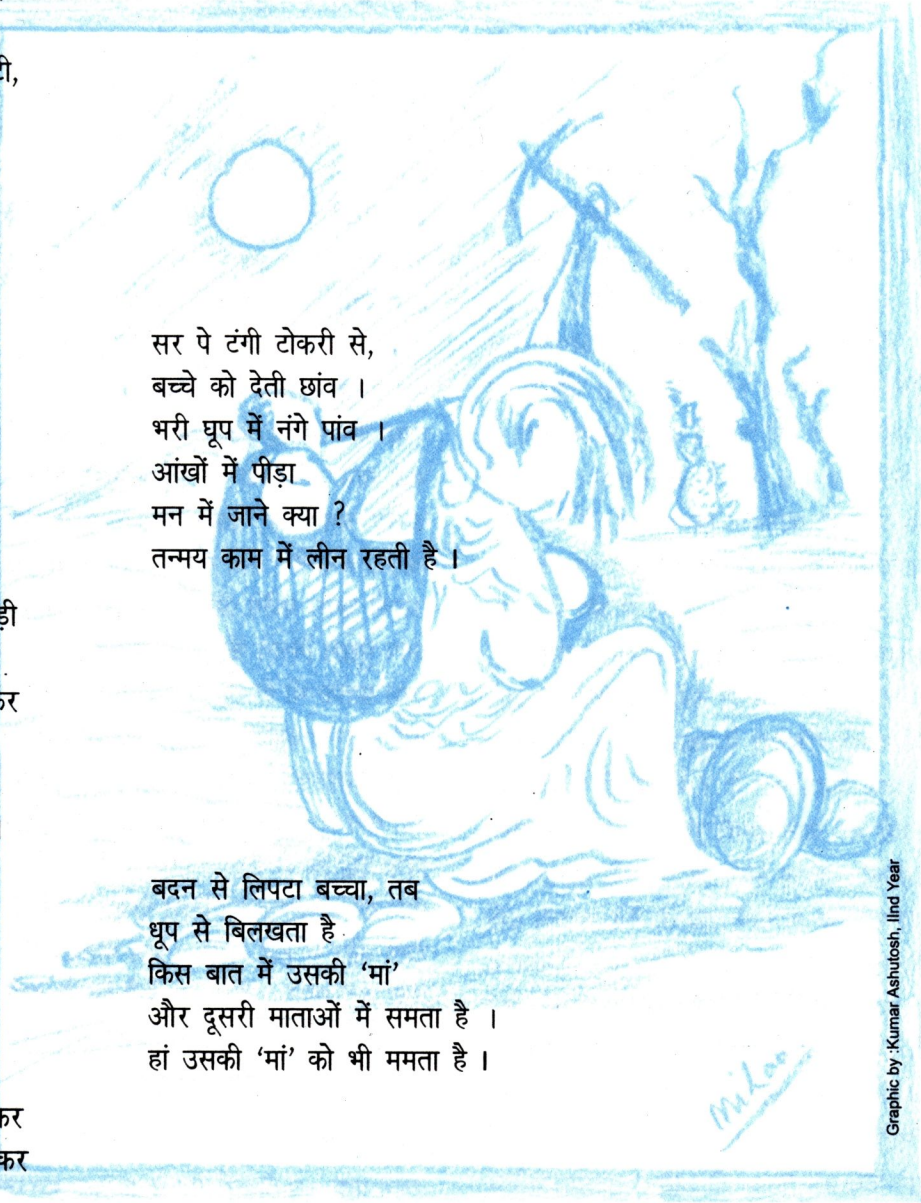
सर पे टंगी टोकरी से,
बच्चे को देती छांव ।
भरी घूप में नंगे पांव ।
आंखों में पीड़ा
मन में जाने क्या ?
तन्मय काम में लीन रहती है ।

दोपहर को लहू से चिपुड़ी
रोटी खाती है
बच्चे को सीने से लगाकर
दो बूंद टपकाती है
फिर लपेटकर कमर से,
काम पर लग जाती है ।

बदन से लिपटा बच्चा, तब
धूप से बिलखता है
किस बात में उसकी 'मां'
और दूसरी माताओं में समता है ।
हां उसकी 'मां' को भी ममता है ।

सांझ ढले झोपड़ में जाकर
टूटे खाट पर उसे लिटाकर
प्यार से थपथपाती है
अस्पष्ट बुदबुदाती है
शायद....
“मेरे लाल, मैं मजबूर हूँ,
मैं मां नहीं, मजदूर हूँ” ।

आत्मकथ्य : समता एवं समाजवाद का इस निष्फल-प्रजातंत्र के प्रति विद्रोह मेरी कविता है ।



Graphic by : Kumar Ashutosh, IInd Year



यूँ ही मिलते रहना ...

मुरली मनोहर

यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

पता नहीं आज क्यूँ उसकी बहुत याद आ रही थी। दिल ने सांत्वना दी पर आँखें भर आईं। ठीक पांच साल पहले एक ऐसे ही दिन मैं आदतन रांग नम्बर डायल कर रहा था, रिंग होने पर उधर से प्यारी सी आवाज आयी। जी ! किससे बात करनी है ? मैंने कहा - रमेश है क्या ? रांग नम्बर कहकर फोन रख दिया गया। मैंने दोबारा वही नम्बर डायल किया। फिर पूछा - रमेश जी गये कहां हैं ? देखिये मैंने कहा न - यह रांग नम्बर है यहां कोई रमेश जी नहीं रहते। तो इसमें गुस्सा होने की क्या बात है, क्या मुझे अपना बिल बढ़ाने का शौक है ? मैंने कहा, देखिये रमेश जी ने मुझे यही नम्बर दिया है। हो सकता है आप उन्हीं नहीं जानती या वो आपके भैया के दोस्त हों। जी नहीं, मेरा कोई भाई नहीं है उसने कहा। बाई द वे अगर वो आपसे कभी मिलें तो कहियेगा कि मनोहर जी का फोन आया था और उन्हें कहियेगा कि किसी को रांग नम्बर देकर बेवजह परेशान ना करें। मैंने इतना ही कहा था कि उधर से जोर से हंसने की आवाज आयी। मालूम होता है आप जिद्दी किस्म के इंसान हैं, जब मैंने कह दिया कि यहां कोई रमेश जी नहीं रहते फिर भी आप मेरे पीछे पड़े हैं। ना फोन मत रखियेगा मैं दुबारा डायल कर दूंगा - मैंने कहा। आखिर आप चाहते क्या हैं ? मैं आपसे यूँ ही बातें करना चाहता हूँ, हालांकी मैंने जानबूझकर रांग नम्बर डायल किया था, पर एक बार आपकी आवाज सुनी तो आपकी आवाज का कायल हो गया। आप माने या ना मानें अब तो मैंने आपकी इसी आवाज को कूची बनाकर एक तस्वीर बनायी है। बड़े कमाल के आदमी हैं आप, बड़ा मजा आया आपसे बातें कर के, अभी फोन रखती हूँ कोई दरवाजे पर नॉक कर रहा है - उसने कहा। ठीक है मैं फिर फोन करूंगा कहते हुए मैंने फोन रख दिया। अगले दो दिन चाहकर भी मैं फोन नहीं कर पाया, पर पल भर के लिए भी उसे भूल नहीं पाया। तीसरे दिन फोन किया तो उसी ने उठाया-मनोहर जी, कैसे हैं ? उसने कहा। मैं तो ठीक हूँ, आप कैसी है ? मैं भी ठीक हूँ, क्यूँ इतने दिन बाद फोन किया ? जी काम में व्यस्त हो गया था। किस काम में ? बस कल से बी ए फाइनल के एग्जॉम हैं। तो आज से फोन बंद और आप मन लगाकर पढ़ाई कीजिये बातें एग्जॉम के बाद में होंगी - उसने कहा। पर, आपने तो बताया ही

नहीं कि आप क्या करती हैं ? मैंने पूछा। पिछले साल बी.बी.ए. डिग्री की और अब छोटे बच्चों को पढ़ाती हूँ। उपन्यास पढ़ने का शौक है और प्रेमचंद की 'निर्मला' मुझे बहुत पसंद है, पर बच्चन मेरे फेवरिट हैं खैर और बातें बाद में आप अपने एग्जॉम की तैयारी कीजिये 'बेस्ट ऑफ लक' और उसने फोन रख दिया। आगे के दिन एग्जॉम में बीत गये, ठीक एक महीने बाद फोन किया तो फोन उठाते ही वह हँस पड़ी दीवाने हो गये हैं आप, दो बजे एग्जॉम खत्म हुए और तीन बजे मुझे याद कर लिया। खैर एग्जॉम कैसे गये ? पता नहीं, मैंने कहा तो वो चीख पड़ी। क्यूँ ? अरे वाह ! तुम तो बरस ही पड़ी आखिर किस हक से तुम मुझ पर झल्ला रही हो। जिस हक से आप मुझे फोन करते हो - उसने कहा और उसका कहना भी सही था क्यूँकी हमने अभी अपने रिश्ते का कोई नाम नहीं दिया था। मैं तुमसे मिलना चाहता हूँ मैंने तुम्हारी इक तस्वीर बनायी है, देखना चाहता हूँ कि मेरी कल्पना और यथार्थ में कितना फर्क है ? सब कुछ मन के भीतर होता है पैर रख दोगे तो लोग उसको पत्थर कहेंगे और अगर सर झुका दोगे तो उसे भगवान् कहेंगे। आप मुझसे मिलने की आशा मत रखियेगा क्योंकि स्वप्न और सत्य का स्पर्श घातक भी हो सकता है - स्वर्ग इसलिए सुंदर है कि किसी ने देखा नहीं है वरना आज मेरे ख्याल से स्वर्ग में भी अभाव है - न वहां इंटरनेट है, न मोबाईल सुविधा है और न ही थियेटर है और जोर से हंस पड़ी, रही बात रिश्ते की तो हम भगवान् की पूजा करते हैं प्यार भी करते है, बिना देखे कि वो कैसा है ? पर इस रिश्ते के बारे में कोई नहीं सोचता। प्यार की पराकाष्ठा पर रिश्ते गौण हो जाते हैं। उसकी बातें बड़ी अजीब होती और मैं हार जाता। दिन बीतते गये और मैं चाहकर भी उससे मिल नहीं पाया। दोस्त कहते है कि मैं बदल गया हूँ मैं ना उनसे अब पहले सी बातें करता हूँ और हंसी मजाक करने की आदत भी जाती रही है।

खैर छोड़ो कल तो कमल झील के पास आ रही हो ना। क्यूँ, उसने पूछा। यूँ ही तुम्हें देखने का बड़ा मन करता है देखो ना मत कहना तुम्हें मेरी कसम। ये क्या कह दिया आपने ? यहां तो जिन्दगी लम्हों से गुजारती हूँ और आप सदियों की बात करते हो। मेरी जिंदगी तो पंखहीन पंछी की तरह है जो सांप को अपनी ओर आता देखकर भी उड़ नहीं सकता। खैर आपने कसम दी है तो आऊंगी जरूर। मैं खुश हो गया पर हम मिलेंगे कैसे - मैंने पूछा। लोग तो पत्थर में भगवान् ढूँढ लेते

Graphic by : Sauvik Podder, IITD Year



हैं। इंसानों में आपको ढूँढना मेरे लिए मुश्किल नहीं है, पर तालाब के किनारे सीढ़ियों पर सफेद साड़ी में मिलूंगी। उसकी बातें बड़ी अजीब थी। पर मैं आज बड़ा खुश था बरसों की ख्वाहिश पूरी हो रही थी। अगले दिन मैंने आईने में अपने पुराने चेहरे को नये अंदाज में न जाने किनती ही बार देखा - शेविंग की, क्रीम लगाया और समय से आधा घंटा पहले मैं कमल झील पहुंच गया। एक घंटा गुजारा पर कोई नहीं आया जब लौटने लगा तो एक लड़की दिखी लाल साड़ी में। पर उसने तो सफेद साड़ी में मिलने को कहा था। शायद वो नहीं थी, किंतु वो आ इधर ही रही थी मेरी तरफ। आप मनोहर जी हैं ना! क्यूँ मैंने कहा। उनकी कोई प्रॉब्लम है उन्होंने यही कहने के लिए मुझे भेजा है - उसने कहा। मैंने पूछा पर प्रॉब्लम क्या है? सॉरी - ये मैं नहीं कह सकती चलती हूँ। मैं मायूस सा घर लौट आया कुछ सोचता हुआ। बार बार दिमाग में कुछ ख्याल आ रहे थे। उसका यह कहना कि सफेद साड़ी में आऊंगी। फिर कोई प्रॉब्लम बताना, आने से मना करना, उस लड़की ने भी, मुझे कुछ नहीं बताया था। आज मुझे बहुत बुरा लगा था। दोस्त भी कहने लगे थे कि ये जनाब किसी भूतनी पर फिदा हैं। उस दिन के बाद मैंने अगले दस दिनों तक फोन नहीं किया। आज होली थी फिर भी मैंने फोन नहीं किया। तकरीबन दस बजे उसका फोन आया। कहने लगी आप तो नाराज ही हो गये। मैं उस दिन भी घर से निकली थी कमल झील के लिए रास्ते में चक्कर खाकर गिर पड़ी। मिलने की कसम खाई तो थी पर जिंदगी कसमों को नहीं मानती। अब तो कसमों, वादों तक से डरने लगी हूँ। क्योंकि अब मेरे हाथ में कोशिश करना ही लिखा है - मौत से बचने का, कहने हुए वो रो पड़ी। अब मैंने भी चुप्पी तोड़ी। अरे आप क्या कर रही हैं? कम-से-कम होली के दिन तो ऐसा मत कीजिये। खैर छोड़िये मेरे साथ गुलाल नहीं खेलेंगे- उसने कहा। क्यों नहीं? तो आईने के सामने जाइये और जैसा मैं कहूँ वैसा ही कीजिये। उसके कहे अनुसार मैं आईने के सामने खड़ा हो गया। फिर उसने कहा - गुलाबी रंग मुझे बहुत अच्छा लगता है आप अपने गालों पर लगाइये समझूंगी मैंने लगाया है। कहते हुए वो उदास हो गई और फिर फोन भी कट गया। आज मेरा धैर्य जवाब दे रहा था। अगले दिन सुबह ही उसका फोन आया कहने लगी अंतिम सांसे गिन रही हूँ हो सके तो जो पता बता रही हूँ वहां चले आइये मेरे होश उड़ गये, काटो तो खून नहीं। मैंने पता नोट किया और उसके कहे पते पर पहुंचा। अगली गली में ही उसका घर था, पर यह क्या यहां तो लोगों की भीड़ लगी है। मैं धीरे धीरे आगे बढ़ रहा था लोगों ने रास्ता छोड़ा तो सामने पलंग पर एक सद्यः स्नाता तुल्य युवती पड़ी थी, बिस्तर पर। डॉक्टर भी पास में

खड़ा था। यह सब मेरे लिए अनजान था, तभी उसने कहा - “आप मनोहर जी हैं ना?” “हां” मैंने कहा - तो इधर आइये ना, बिल्कुल मेरे पास। परदे होते हैं हवाओं के लिए आंधियों में उठा लिए जाते हैं” अब मैं समझ गया था कि जिनसे फोन पर बातें होती थी वो यही हैं, मैंने पूछा आपको हुआ क्या है? कुछ नहीं बस माँ की याद आ रही थी सोचा मिल आऊँ। डॉक्टर भी कहते हैं कि समय कम है। अपने सगे-सम्बंधियों से मिल लो, तो मेरा आपके सिवा है ही कौन? माँ तो कब की छोड़कर चली गयी। देखिये मैं ठीक से बोल भी नहीं पा रही हूँ - बोलने में सीने दर्द बढ़ जाता है। इसलिए मैंने आपके लिए एक पत्र लिखा है। मुझे कुछ भी समझ में नहीं आ रहा था - पर बगैर सोचे समझे मैंने उसका सर अपने गोद में रख लिया, तो रोने लग पड़ी। मैंने कहा था ना कि आप मेरे अपने हैं, खैर छोड़िये वक्त कम है पत्र तो पढ़िये। मैंने पत्र पढ़ना शुरू किया -

“मां किसी मजबूरी में कोठे पर काम करती थी। चाह कर भी मुझे अपनी बिमारी से दूर नहीं कर पायी और जन्म के साथ ही मैं एड्स की मरीज बन गयी थी। मां ने अनाथालय में छोड़ दिया यहां कुछ बड़ी हुई तो इस लाइलाज बिमारी का पता चला। जिंदगी से हार मान चुकी थी पर फिर भी बी.बी.ए. की पढ़ाई की और आनाथालय में बच्चों को पढ़ाकर जिन्दगी को अपने तरीके से परिभाषित करने लगी। पर आपके फोन के सिलसिले ने मुझे जिंदगी के लिए एक प्यास जगा दिया। लेकिन तकदीर से लड़ नहीं पायी। आप अच्छे लगे पर विनती करती हूँ आप रहियेगा ऐसे ही मेरी जिंदगी की खामोशी के दर्द की संगीत बनकर। कभी मेरे इतने करीब मत आइयेगा कि मैं आपको छू लूँ। जब कभी तन्हाइयों की धूप में थक कर सो जाऊँ तो आप अपने यादों की परछाईयां हमें दे देना। जिसकी रुपहली छांव में, मैं अपनी ख्वाबों की बारात सजा सकूँ। ये माना जिन्दगी है चार दिनों की, बहुत होते हैं यारों चार दिन भी। मैं मानती हूँ कि मेरे सपने बिखरेंगे और आप कहीं और होंगे, अपने मां-बाप के सपनों को साकार करने में मशगूल। पर उजाले अपनी यादों के हमारे साथ रहने दो, न जाने किस गली में जिंदगी की शाम ढल जाये। देखिये ना, मैं आपसे दूर भी नहीं जा रही हूँ। जैसे इस बार मिले हैं मुझे लगता है कभी पिछले जन्मों में भी मिले थे। बस यूँ ही मिलते रहना”। पत्र पढ़कर उसके चेहरे पर नजर डाली तो आंखें खुली थी, मैंने पुकारना चाहा तो डॉक्टर ने सफेद चादर ओढ़ा दी। आज मैं चीख-चीख कर रोना चाहता था, पर रोना भी नहीं आ रहा था, क्योंकि वो हंसते हुए कह गई थी - यूँ ही मिलते रहना।”

आत्मकथ्य : जिंदगी के सफर में कुछ लोग ऐसे मिल जाते हैं जो दूर तो चले जाते हैं पर उनकी यादें चाहकर भी नहीं भुलाई जाती। यह कहानी ऐसी ही एक याद है। जो भुलाए नहीं भूलती।



DEATH

Md Intekhab
IIIrd Year, CSE

Death must be so beautiful.
To be in the soft brown earth;
With the grasses above one's head,
And listen to silence.
To have no yesterday, and no tomorrow,
To forget time, to forgive life, to be at peace.

Oscar Wilde

These words of Sir Oscar Wilde, if recited beside someone in death bed would make death appear more desirable than life.

Death, this is a word which often seems to make a person shiver from head to toe. The very thought of dying seems so drastic. They find themselves in a variable position. Death! It is called the ultimate destination, yes it is the ultimate destination, and all ways lead to death, dying before death is most pitiable. There are people who are cheerful and gay. Then heart does not lie in the shadow of death. They are the ones who really live their lives. Someone has very correctly said- **"Life should be great, not long. It is an universal rule that all that is created, has to be destroyed!"**

I have a friend called Preeti Roy Choudhary, once while talking to me she described death in such an elegant way that I couldn't believe a teenager talking so realistically about death. She said, "Death is the perfect sum of ecstasy". These words drove away the fear of death.

In the morning the sun keeps though the horizon lightening the whole world. By and by the sky becomes brighter and brighter. It shines on every object and brings pleasure, warmth and motion in its life. Slowly and gradually it proceeds towards ending its journey.

It kisses the hills and its light sways though the field. This golden touch enhances the beauty of nature, but at last everything and everywhere it becomes dark; it vanishes behind the hills. A new sun rises the next day with the same vigor and enthusiasm. As the sun rises we too into the world, we grow, we lighten up the world with our presence. We bring life to mortal objects and then when we finish the job for which the almighty had sent us, we bid the world goodbye. This last encounter with friends and relatives should not be drowned in the pool of tears and agony. There is nothing to be sad about we are going to return, our tired and worn out bodies need rest, our soul migrates and comes into this world again in a new form. Everyone knows that he has to die one day, yet he is afraid of death. Our fear alone makes death so powerful. Some face death bravely. For them, death is a short sleep. Death is a pool in which a tired and exhausted body drowns itself for freshness. There is eternity after death.

That is all what death is about. It is not a solution to problems. It is a reward for your lifetime achievement. So live your life, do some useful work in this span of life so that you hold your head high in the world where there is no death. Death is the slave of the brave and master of cowards.

To conclude here are a few lines from John Donne's

**"Death be not proud".
'One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more:
Death thou shall die.'**

Tube thought : The above article has been penned down after the loss of one of my close relative with whom I shared unfathomable bond of trust and love. The pitiable condition of his family members inspired me to write.

Graphics by : Ritika Nigam, IIIrd Year



THE DARK SIDE OF SUNRISE

Himani Aggarwal,
IInd Year, EE

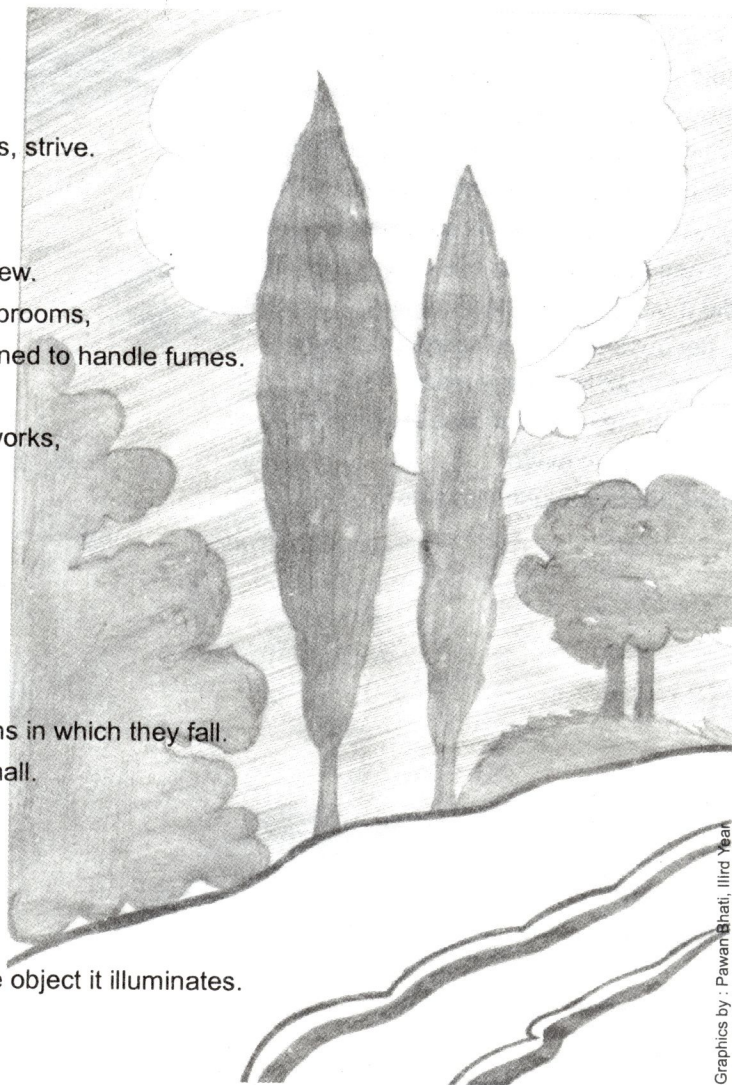
As a blessing for sleepy eyes it descends.
But also in some way someone it offends.
The first ray of light brings joy in life.
But brings another challenge for those, who to lives, strive.

May be it is a mark of the beginning of a day new.
Also, it is a beginning of another deprivation for a few.
'Few' can be the childhood without books but with brooms,
Or can be hands so delicately molded but condemned to handle fumes.

Not to forget those who go out and in all weather works,
Although ill, till last breath can't afford a shirk,
In their homes, innocent eyes in evening wait,
Whether will bless them for food, their faith.

Sunrise is a curse for such few,
'Cause it makes them their nails chew.
The day stands ahead as a whirlpool of botherations in which they fall.
But to the unconcerned riches such matters are small.

Life is a balance of troubles and joys they say-
But how then all troubles find in one life their way.
Whom to complain for this injustice nature makes.
When even sunrise casts one shadow for each one object it illuminates.



Graphics by : Pawan Bhati, IInd Year

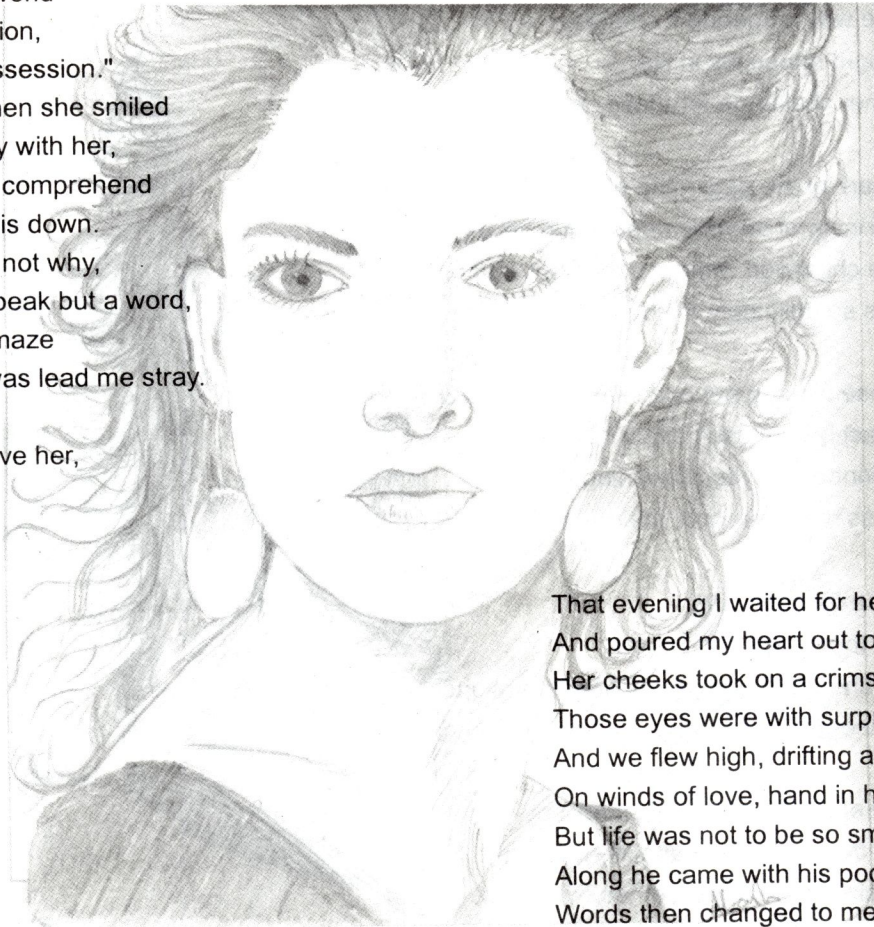
Tube thought : Opposite values are complimentary to each other. All things in the world have their positive and negative aspects, although sometimes we neglect one of them. There are many people, so very deprived that even good and cherished things like sunrise seem to be a curse for them. This is the dark side of sunrise.



MY RED ROSE

Suhas Gupta,
IIIrd Year, ECE

Love, I thought, was just another word
In this very materialistic world
I said, "It is mere infatuation,
To see a rose in your possession."
My thoughts changed when she smiled
And took my breath away with her,
Those feelings I couldn't comprehend
Still haunt me as I pen this down.
I did those things I knew not why,
To get but a glance, to speak but a word,
I was caught in a crazy maze
When all the roads did was lead me stray.
I could wait no longer
To tell her how much I love her,



That evening I waited for her to come by,
And poured my heart out to her.
Her cheeks took on a crimson hue.
Those eyes were with surprise full
And we flew high, drifting away
On winds of love, hand in hand.
But life was not to be so smooth
Along he came with his pockets full,
Words then changed to mean so little
And she left my love for the shine of gold.

I now look back on those moments spent
How naïve was I to try to fly
But my heart is still in a vague pursuit,
For a rose that is red with all that is pure.

Tube thought : Money is the strongest force in this world. Nowadays even love is available for sale. But such love is never true. Love that is unconditional and not demanding is in fact true love. And we all know how hard it is to find such love!

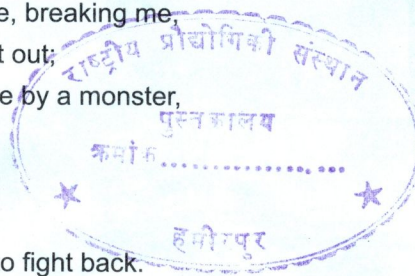
Graphics by : Akash Aggarwal, IIIrd Year



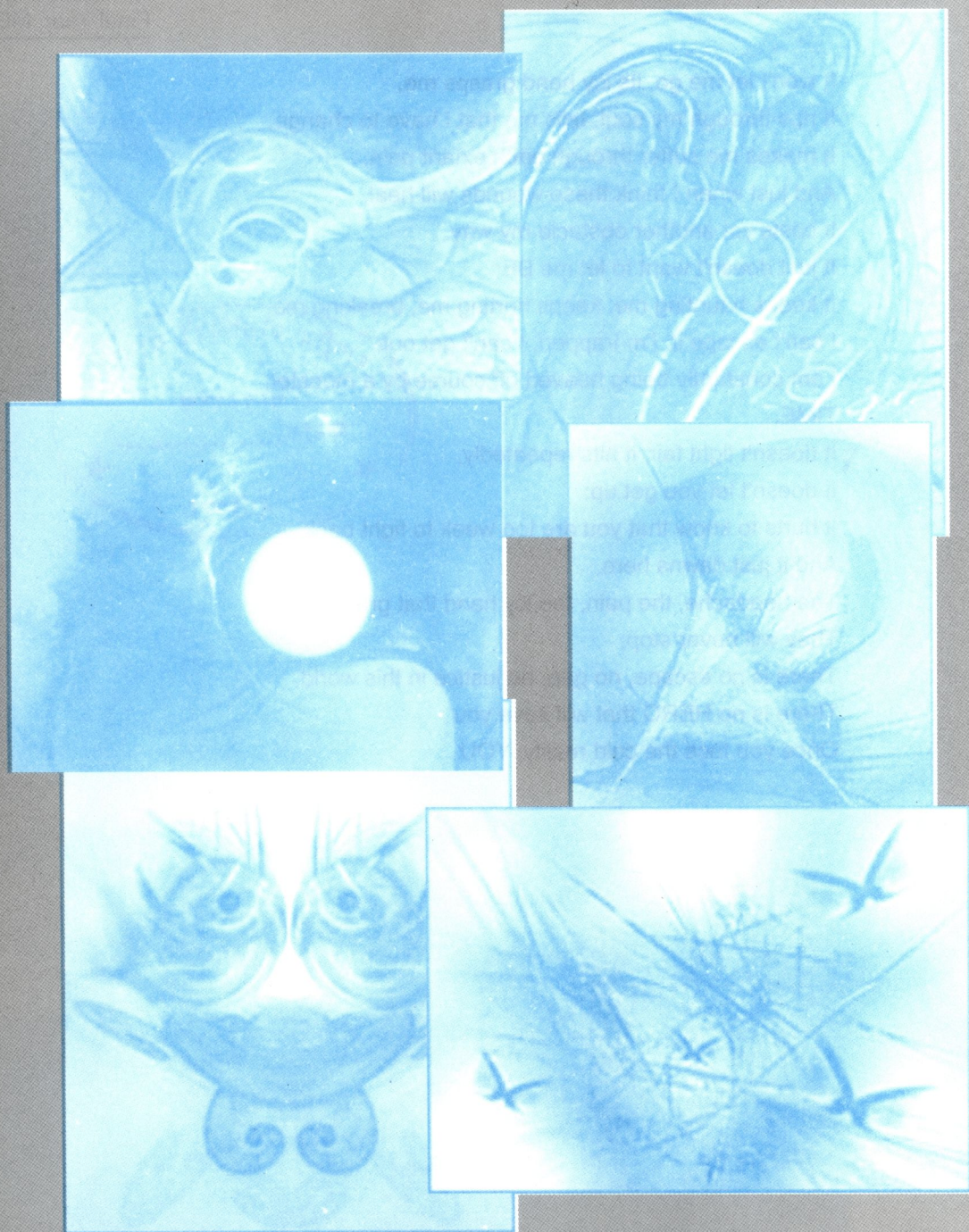
Wounds

K. Khanmung Shoute
Final Year, ME

It won't let me go, its icy hand grasps me,
It rips through my soul, tells me that I have to change;
It makes me suffer through each extant pain,
And just when I think these wounds will heal,
It casts yet another obstacle my way.
It just doesn't want to let me BE;
It keeps haunting me, keeps hurting me, breaking me,
I can't escape it, I'm trapped, I can't get out;
I am constantly being heaved off course by a monster,
TIME.
It doesn't fight fair, it hits repeatedly,
It doesn't let you get up;
It hurts to know that you are too weak to fight back.
And it just dawns here,
The headache, the pain, the icy hand that grasps you.
They will never stop;
There is no escape, no gap, no justice in this world,
There is no HERO that will save you
Once you face the cold reality, YOU.

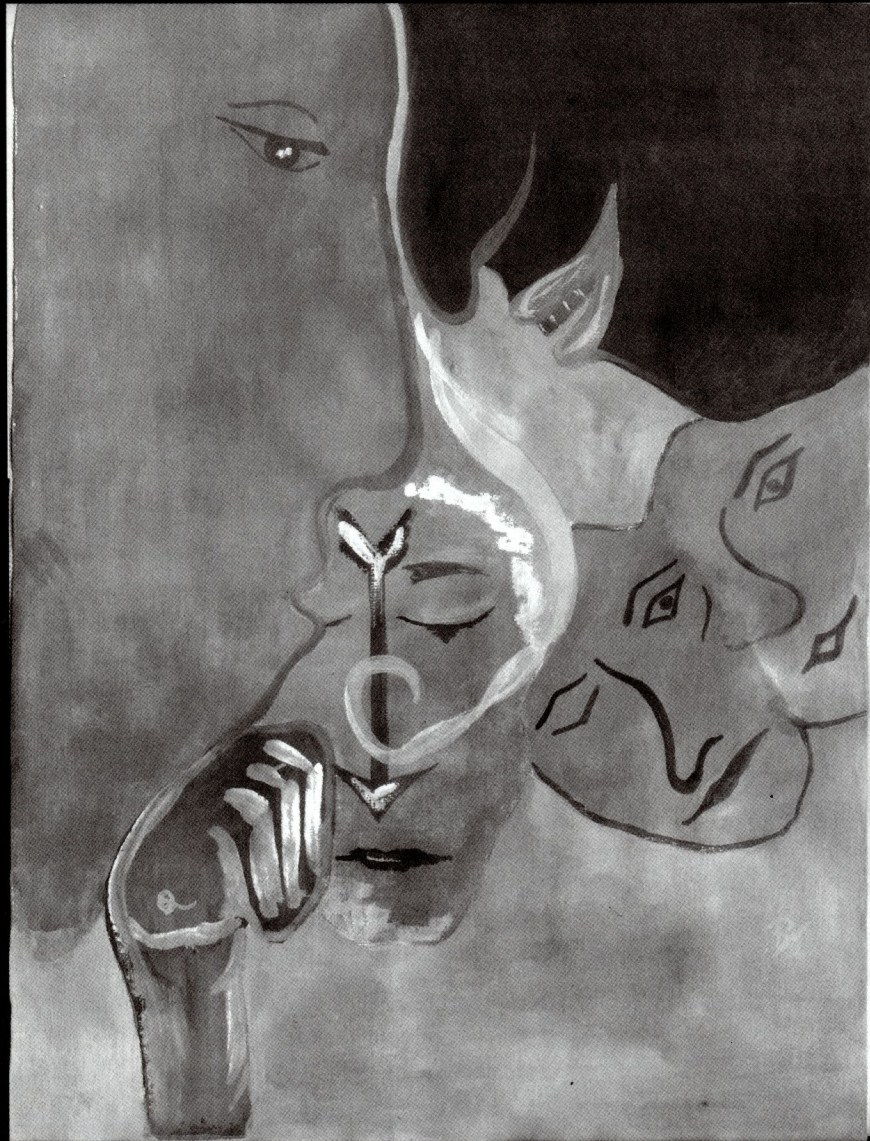


Tube thought : Pain can be best described by the person, who is himself undergoing the ordeal.



r h y t h m s o f l i f e

perceptions of enima



मनोक्षितिज/कल्पना की उड़ान



वह

हे प्रियतम्

नवजीवन

मैं हूँ ना

How can I forget ?

Stepping Stones to Success

The Charismatics

No End !

The Ballad of Dreaming Spires

Where's my peace (piece)?

Who Stole our Cheese?



वह.....

कुमार आशुतोष

ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी
द्वितीय वर्ष

हया की मूरत
शरम की सूरत
शृंगार नहीं,
फिर भी खूबसूरत
पलकों से छिपानी नेत्र कमल को
ताजमहल है वो ...
खिलता सा कमल है वो ...

एक वस्त्रा, कृष्ण केशी,
उठते हुए चंद्र जैसी
संगमरमरी छवि अविनाशी
कनक पात्र में आच्छादित
गंगाजल है वो
ताजमहल है वो

तन उच्छृंखल शांत मन है
हर सुरों में, उसके कण है
मुस्कुराती ... पर अधर बंद है
होंठ हंसते, नेत्र हंसते पर
दृग सजल है वो
गंगाजल है वो

काले मेघों में बिजली कड़के
वैसे केशों में फूल महके
सबको स्थितप्रज्ञ करके
सर्प भांति लिपटे तन में
जैसे संदल है वो
दृग सजल हो वो

पास जाओ जलना गर हो
तपती वो जैसे अग्निघर हो
पथिक कोई तरबतर हो

बाल उसके छांव देते
पर एक अनल है वो
जैसे संदल है वो

काली आंखें गोल ऐसी
सूर्यग्रहण के शोभ जैसी
उजाला छाया चारों ओर
घेरता उनका कज्जल कोर
मोती उनमें कैद रहते
सम्मोहक संबल है वो
पर एक अनल है वो

कोई मसि क्या ले हपि में
मुखड़े पर तेरे चंदहास
भृकुटि तेरी सौम्यता से
डालती एक मोहाश
तेरे तुणीरस्थ शर का
चंद्रकार फल है वो
सम्मोहक संबल है वो

शर्म की लालिमा वह
बिखरती गालों पे रह-रह
लाल होते कंज वे
बस बोलने भर से
नजरें झुकीं पर
बेधती है लाज के थर से
हय की कैसी है माया
कहीं कोई छल है वो
कितनी प्रबल है वो

आत्मकथ्य: स्त्री सुलभ सौन्दर्य का वर्णन मेरी कविता का उद्देश्य है ।



हे प्रियतम्

सिद्धार्थ कोहली

संगणक विज्ञान एवं अभियांत्रिकी

तृतीय वर्ष

कहां गई वो हसीन शाम,
जब तुम मेरे पास थी,
इन अश्रुपूरित नयनों में,
जीने की कुछ आस थी,

हैं तुम्हें चक्षु रोज,
छिपाते हैं ये इन कंटक
लम्हों का बोझ ।

कभी अपने ख्वाबों में,
तो कभी अपनी राहों में
बस प्रश्न यही था मेरा
कब होगी तुम इन बाहों में ।



कहां गये वो हसीन पल,
क्या सुषुप्त हो गया मेरा
मनोहारी कल,
इन हसीन वादियों में ढूँढते

तुम्हारी वह हँसी, तुम्हारी वही मुस्कान,
जिस पर न्योछावर थी मेरी जान,
इस कठोर धरा पर बस वही,
तो है मेरे जीवन का रुझान ।

आत्मकथ्य : यह कविता मेरी भावनाओं और यादों का संस्मरण है ।

लाइफ पार्टनर और मोबाइल

मोबाइल और लाइफ पार्टनर में तीन समानताएँ हैं,

- दोनों कब बज उठें पता नहीं चतता ।
- जो दूसरे के पास होता है वो ज्यादा अच्छा लगता है ।
- अपने वाले को देखकर लगता है कि शायद थोड़ा और रुक जाते या इंतजार कर लेते तो बेहतर मिल जाता ।



नवजीवन

मनीष सिंह

जनपद अभियांत्रिकी

प्रथम वर्ष

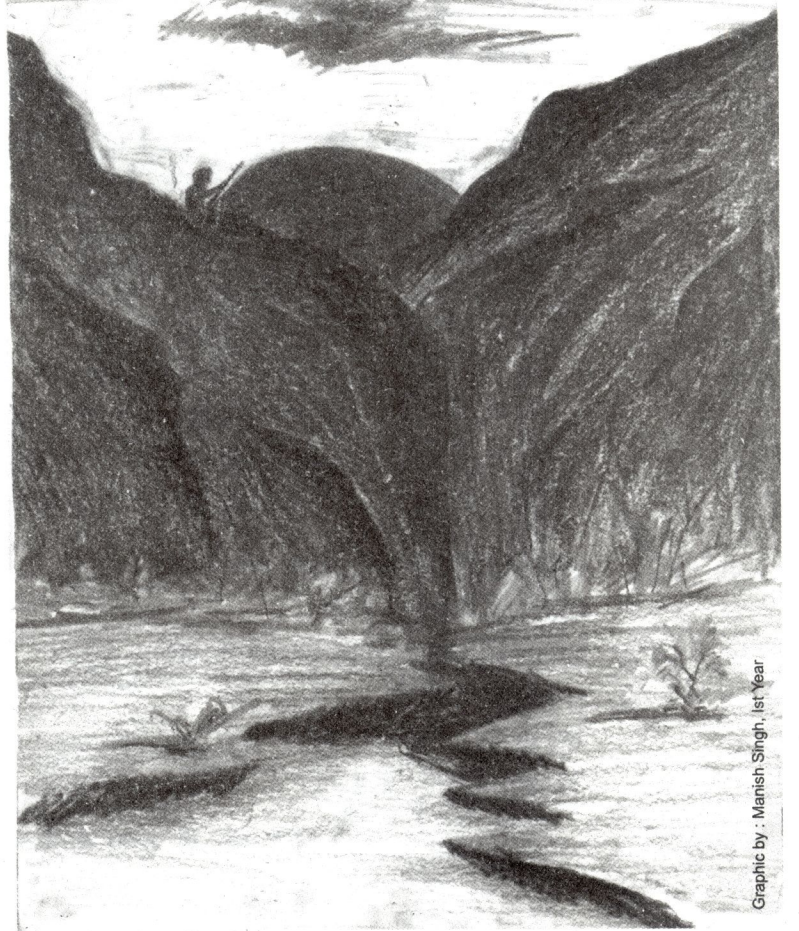
जीवन प्रणय के शाश्वत बन्धन,
चिर, अस्मित, अणिम और अपूर्ण,
जीवन प्रणय का ग्रह वेग
एक प्रणय गाया, मनस्व कन्दन ।

पैरों में पंख बांधकर हम,
उड़ें उन मनःस्थितियों के पार,
उत्कल अतुलित समग्र संतुलित,
नौकाओं के पर पसार ।

अनभिज्ञता की सीमाओं को हम,
लांघें और प्राप्त करें समर सार,
कण, कण से कुछ-कुछ सीखें,
उद्वेलित हों अमर विचार ।

समन्वय की प्रेरणा से हम,
अर्पण की चेतना से हम,
प्रेम की करुणा से हम,
करें नीड़ का नव निर्माण ।

नीले प्रभात की सुरभि से,
अरुणिम प्रकाश की गति से,
टूटे परिवेशों की स्मृति से,
करें हम, नव जीवन संस्कार ।

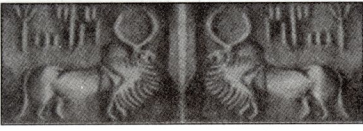


Graphic by : Manish Singh, 1st Year

आत्मकथ्य : यह कविता नवजीवन का आह्वान है ।

आपने सुना ?

- सबसे ऊँचे पर्वत पर चढ़कर पता चलता है कि इससे ऊँचे पर्वत तो और भी हैं । - नेल्सन मंडेला
- दुनियाँ के सभी देशों के नेता एक जैसे होते हैं । वे पुल बनाने की बात करते हैं जहाँ नदी भी नहीं होती । - निकिता खुश्चव
- ईमानदार लोगों से लाभ होता है मगर कुछ लोगों को ऐसा लगता है कि इससे उतना फायदा नहीं होता, जितना होना चाहिए था । - एफ. एम. हबी



‘मैं हूँ ना’

प्रणव महाजन

ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी
अंतिम वर्ष

तन्हाई की रात, अतीत की बात
तुम्हें रुलाए तो
जंगल का वो सैर, दिनभर रुके बगैर
तुम्हें याद आए तो
तुम टूट के बिखर मत जाना
मेरे पास आना, “मैं हूँ ना”

जीवन का वो गीत, पंछियों का संगीत
तुम्हें न भाए तो
मिलते हो राह में कांटे, गम भी न कोई बांटे
जमाना अगर सताए तो
तुम डर के सिहर मत जाना
मेरे पास आना, “मैं हूँ ना”

झड़ जाए वेणि के फूल, जीवन लगे निर्मूल
कोई साथ न देने आए तो
सपनों का आकाश, बहुत दूर सूर्य के पास
नजर तुम्हें आए तो
तुम खुद पे बिगड़ मत जाना
मेरे पास आना, “मैं हूँ ना”

तेरी चांद सी सूरत, संगमरमर की मूरत
पर दाग अगर लग जाए तो
मैं एक तुम दूजा, मेरे सपनों की पूजा
तुम्हें आँख भी कोई दिखाए तो
तुम बिल्कुल मत घबराना
मेरे पास आना, “मैं हूँ ना”

आत्मकथ्य : यादों को संजोए रखना चाहता हूँ और कविता से बेहतर यह कार्य कौन कर सकता है।





नवजीवन

मनीष सिंह

जनपद अभियांत्रिकी

प्रथम वर्ष

जीवन प्रणय के शाश्वत बन्धन,
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अरुणिम प्रकाश की गति से,
टूटे परिवेशों की स्मृति से,
करें हम, नव जीवन संस्कार ।



Graphic by : Manish Singh, 1st Year

आत्मकथ्य : यह कविता नवजीवन का आह्वान है ।

आपने सुना ?

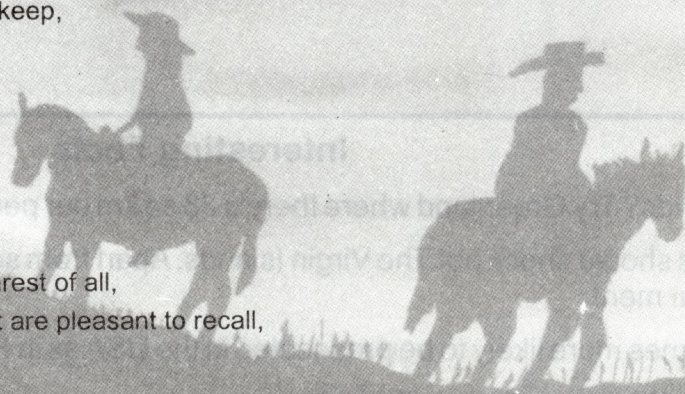
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How can I forget?

Md Intekhab
IIIrd Year, CSE

I will be missing you all very much,
Somebody please tell me why,
I say this from the very core of my heart,
It is no untruth; it is noble,
My heart cries in pain,
When I think of our separation,
At that moment I recall the day.....
The day we came close, we became friends,
It is still so fresh in my memory,
How can I forget,
How can I forget,
The talks between us, how can I forget the simple that we shared?
The love, the teasing, the jokes, the sweetness, the affection,
The warmth, the yes, the no, the come and the go,
The silence and the noise, the elegance and the poise,
It is so tough, so hard to separate, to become strangers when:
The time has come to leave to each other,
When the time has come to feel each other,
To care and to share, to smile and dance for a while,
I know it is difficult to remember each other,
Life is complex and full of tensions,
People forget acquaintances old,
But I have an unflinching faith that we'll keep,
Liking each other till death,
Our heart will never loosen the hold,
Wherever we go, whatever we do,
One thing is sure and this thing is true,
People who are close to the heart,
Time can never ever make them part,
As years go by, old friendship is the dearest of all,
For old friends share rich memories that are pleasant to recall,
They hold such an important place,
That no new relation can ever replace,
There is something so outlandish and nice about old friends,
That no one in the world can comprehend,
Do I pray to god that since you all mean so very much?
My life will be filled with happiness,
When you all will keep in touch,
I understand the pain and pleasure will be unbearable,



Graphics by : Ritika Nigam, IIIrd Year



But we have to separate,
Take a promise, take as oath,
That no one will ever eradicate the love's mark inveterate,
So here we go with lively hopes to meet again only God knows,
How and when?
We love each other very much that it hurts,
It hurts to have no one around when one needs them the most,
It hurts to just crave for someone to share the joy and pain,
But find everyone lost.
Take my life, take my joys, take my happiness, and take my poise,
But instead of all this,
Return me my friends,
Whom I will very much miss,
Because when the friend is the kind
Who shares is thoughtful, warm and really cares,
Then it is plain to see,
The kind of friends you all are to me,
And this time seems the perfect occasions to tell you all so,
That you all are loved, more than you all know.

Tube thought : I do not have adequate words to express my deep sense of nostalgia and pangs of parting with my friends. The above poem is a tribute to them specially to a lady with "brain eyes". Find her, here if you can in the poem above !



Interesting Facts

Sick of crowds? Try Greenland where there's 38 sq km per person.

Single guys should check out The Virgin Islands. Apart from sounding good, it has five women to every four men!

You're 66 times more likely to be prosecuted in the USA as in France.

Nearly 1% of Montserrations are police.

Most Zambians don't live to see their 40th birthday.

Guinea has the wettest capital on Earth with 3.7 metres of rain a year.

Almost half of Ecuador is protected



Stepping Stones To Success

Pranav Mahajan,
Final Year, ECE

*"You have failed many times,
although you don't remember.
You fell, the first time you tried to walk.
You almost drowned first time you tried to swim...
Don't worry about the failures,
for they have paved your path to success."*

Fast means of communication like internet, mobiles; ever advancing transportation media like advanced planes, underground electric trains and the conquest of the outer space through satellites and space shuttles really makes us ecstatic about the marvelous achievements of man. But a closer gaze into these achievements will ebb this ecstasy a little, for each of these success stories are actually the culmination of many failures. There is nothing to feel gloomy about this because it's the law of the nature that every thing existing today is here after overcoming a number of impediments. Achievement of success is no exception to this law. Every successful path has a long trail of failures behind it, but success is ultimately achieved because a person keeps striving for his goal with sheer perseverance.

One should not be scared of the failures. They make us realize about our strengths and weaknesses. It has been rightly said that one can learn a line from a win but a book from defeat. Lives of the great men justify this view. Thomas Edison was removed from school being described as a stupid boy by his teacher. And this very stupid boy, having only three months of formal schooling, is regarded as one of the greatest scientists. He failed about a thousand times before he invented the light bulb. Superstar Amitabh Bachhan had many of his starting movies as flops. He was rejected as an actor. Today this Big B is not only admired by the older generation but is the role model of a number of budding actors throughout the world. Recently BBC adjudged him as the numero uno. Abraham Lincoln failed in business, was defeated in the legislative race, senatorial race, congressional race and also in the elections for the vice-president. But today he is remembered as one of the finest presidents of America. Can anyone call these people failures? Obviously not, because they ultimately achieved their goals, although after encountering many failures and problems. Success means to win the war and not every battle.

Failure is the condiment that gives success its flavor. Failures reveal our true character and will power. A person who gives up on encountering a failure not only loses his goal but also hurls a message of his weak character. Nobody likes to associate with that person. He becomes a "real failure". Failures teach us to keep on struggling till the fruit of success is tasted. An English proverb says, "A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner." Everything is difficult before it becomes easy. One who quits after encountering a failure can never transform his dreams into the reality. To move ahead in spite of all the obstacles with full dedication and perseverance is what makes a winner.

Most people are scared of the failures because they think that on losing, the people will make their mockery and hence they will lose their reverence in society. But the reality is totally different. People always put their hats off to those hardworking people who keep on doing their work, in spite of failures, till they achieve what they aspire for. Had the Wright Brothers been demoralized by the criticism of certain people of that time, there would have been no planes today. If Walt Disney would have decided to quit as a cartoonist due to the refutation of his earlier works, we could not have enjoyed the Mickey Mouse. Life of all these great men speak quite clearly that true success means overcoming the fear of failure. Failing is not a crime but not to try because of the fear of failing is really a serious one. Success, that comes to a person after hard labour, may be in the presence of certain failures, but it makes the person not only



successful but also confident. Success is not measured by where we are in our life but by how we have reached there and what odds we overcame. It is not calculated by how high we have reached but by how many times we have bounced back after falling down.

Though one should not worry from the presence of failures, one should certainly try to minimize their number because lesser the number of failures, sooner the success will be achieved. But one thing has to be kept in mind that one should not try to achieve an early success by wrong means or by undue help from others because of the fear of failures. Such a success does not have any credibility and cannot be maintained for a long time.

A successful person takes failures optimistically thinking that he has moved a step further to his destination as his chances for committing the mistakes have reduced by one. He evaluates the reasons for that failure and tries to overcome them with more rigorous efforts. Every successful man has a number of failures to his credit. The irony is that we see only success and not the number of failures. We attribute the attainment of success to luck. Success is like a big building, constructed on the foundations of failures. What is visible to the world is the building and not the foundation. People often start constructing buildings without giving due consideration to strong foundations. The result is a sure debacle. Failures are indeed the stepping-stones to success. Never give up to them. It has been rightly said in the following Urdu proverb,

*"Girte hain sheh sawaar hi maidaane jung mein,
vo tafil kya khak gire ga jo guthno ke bal chale"*

Tube thought : Remember when you succeed, you just learn a line. But when you fail, you learn the entire book.

TECHNO JOKES

A priest, a drunkard, and an engineer were all being led to the guillotine to be executed. They ask the priest if he wants to face upward or downward when he meets his fate.

The priest says that he would like to die face up, so that he will be looking toward heaven when he dies.

They raise the blade of the guillotine and release it. It comes speeding down and suddenly stops just inches from his throat. The authorities take this as divine intervention and release the priest.

Next, the drunkard comes to the guillotine. He also decides to die face up hoping that he will be as fortunate as the priest.

They raise the blade of the guillotine and release it. It comes speeding down and suddenly stops just inches from his throat. So they release the drunkard as well.

The engineer is next. He too decides to die facing up. They slowly raise the blade of the guillotine, when suddenly the engineer says, "Hey, I see what your problem is!"



THE CHARISMATICS

Suhas Gupta
IIIrd Year, ECE

Charisma is seduction on a mass level. Charismatic people make crowds fall in love with them and then lead them along. The properties that charismatic people have, which make them stand out, could be their self-belief, their boldness, their serenity. They keep the source of these qualities mysterious. We follow them because we like to be led, particularly by people who promise adventure- or prosperity. Today, anyone who has presence, who attracts attention when he or she enters a room, is said to possess charisma. But even these less exalted types reveal a trace of quality suggested by the word's original meaning. Their charisma is mysterious and inexplicable, never obvious. They have an unusual confidence. They have a gift often smoothness with language that makes them stand out from the crowd. They express a vision. In our rational, disenchanted world, people crave a religious experience, particularly on a group level. Any sign of charisma plays to this of desire to believe in something. And there is nothing more seductive than giving people something to believe in and follow.

There are all kinds of misconceptions about charisma, which paradoxically, only adds to its mystique. Charisma has little to do with an exciting physical appearance or a colourful personality, qualities that elicit short-term interest. Believe it or not, a plain looking man or woman with a clear vision, a quality of single-mindedness, and practical skills can be devastatingly charismatic, provided it is matched with some success. Never underestimate the power of success in enhancing one's aura. But in a world teeming with compromisers and fudgers whose indecisiveness only creates more disorder, one clear-minded soul will be a magnet of attraction- will have charisma.

One on one, or in Zurich café before the revolution, Lenin had little or charisma (His confidence was attractive, but many found his strident manner irritating). He won charisma when he was seen as the man who could save the country. Call it the saviour syndrome: once people imagine you can save them from chaos, they will fall in love with you, like a person who melts in arms of his or her rescuer. And mass love equals charisma. How else to explain the love ordinary Russians felt for a man as emotionless and unexciting as Vladimir Lenin.

The world has grown more fractured. A nation no longer comes together on the streets or in the squares, it is brought together in a living room, where people watching television all over the country can simultaneously be alone and with others. Charisma must now be communicable over the airwaves or it has no power.

This must be carefully orchestrated. Punctuate your calmness with surprises; rise to climax; keep things short and terse. The only thing that cannot be faked is self-confidence, the key component to charisma since the days of Moses. Should the camera lights betray your insecurity, all the tricks in the world will not put your charisma back together again.

Tube thought : If you really want to become cynosure of all eyes. Try following above tips.



NO END!

Kumar Ashutosh,
IInd year, ECE

The Kindergarten classroom's door of St. Mary's Church creaked open to present a sorry figure of five in soiled white top, partly tucked in blue knickers emanating two skinny legs plunged into a pair of dusty black shoes through once white shocks. The appearance beckoned every glance present, showing moments of absolute silence...A soft voice struggling to break the void, emerged;

"Come in. Where you were for past two days? O! Jesus. What mess you have done with yourselves? Look at your dress and hair. Don't you have anyone to look after?"

'Look after', the phrase pierced into the figure, still sorry for his chaotic presentation, but unable to vomit out the language of his eyes through his lips. A gentle but careful tread brought him to sister's desk. Her soft gaze turned into an artificial frosty nose stare and her eye piece traveled down her nose line enquiring.

"Gentleman, have I asked you something?"

A squeaking reply came, "Sorry Sister".

Generally such a 'sorry' could have enraged the sister, but here the vent from which it came out, spoke something more, something unheard. Sister was lulled by the intricacy of the enigmatic dumbness.

Eyes down; the boy walked between the benches to reach the last one. Alone...he sat there looking past his broken collar button at something abstruse.

Sister was puzzled. Two hours had passed without a word from his side. He appeared entangled in some sort of day dream that was but jolly. His fixed gaze beheld every glance, his dumb voice screamed loud enough to allure attention...The morose meditation and utter silence were both broken by a bell that declared the arrival of lunch hours.

Soon every other was out into church garden with colorful lunch boxes, cartoon bottles and joyful eyes, leaving behind two persons in the room, the sister and the boy. The boy still appeared rock-stiff but sister could easily see that there was no lunch box on his desk. Emotionally dragged to him she softly asked, "Son! What has happened to you? I see you are not well? You have not even brought your lunch".

The answer was a quiet nothing. She was again to repeat but she got the answer. Two drops of water from a pair of fixed eyes rolled down his cheeks. Sister was perturbed.

"My momma is ill."

She brought her own box and gave it to the boy. He gobbled a few pieces and stopped. Sister was engaged doing her chores. He felt like eating no more.

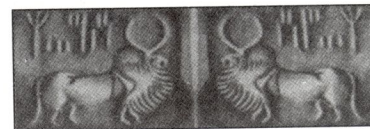
"My momma is ill."

He knew he had lied. His momma was not just ill but she was very very ill. She had vomited blood. He saw it with his own eyes. He was on the table waiting for breakfast when he heard the gargoyles. She had crumbled to the ground; her mouth still leaking blood and foam. He could hear his own shrieks. Neighbors had rushed her to the hospital. She had not opened her eyes till yesterday. He saw the tears that she shed to see him, but she had insisted on his going to school. Head promise...that's why he was here.

The eyes were dry again, the gaze stiffened and time passed by. The bell rang once again and declared it over. The birds flew out of the cage but a small figure waded to the core of it. He sat in the second row of prayer room in front of Jesus and candles. Here he had always waited earlier for his dadoo (grandpa), then for his momma and now for he didn't know what. The Father was kindling the flames. He tried to recall his father. He could not. He had once asked his momma about him, she gave no reply but wept at night. Her sobs had made him feel guilty and he never asked the question again...Head promise.

He fixed his gaze on the burning candles. He didn't like them getting smaller. He wanted to whoosh them off as he had done on his birthday and preserve them. He had got Doctor's suit that day. Momma wanted him become a doctor.

Graphics by : Manish Singh, Ist Year



White apron, stethoscope... The picture soon altered into something he did not want to recall--The doctors injecting liquids in his momma's veins and she twitching with pain. He hated those doctors. He would never become a doctor he decided.

A knock on the door woke him up. His aunty lay there calling him. His momma was alright. He felt his breath renewed. They climbed into taxi and headed to the hospital. Yesterday night, he had heard the fellows talking that she would die. He wondered, "How could she?" Death for him meant that, "one went on a long journey and we will meet him after that long long time." How true he was indeed!! He had seen death. His dadoo died. He wept that day because no one bought him balloons. He asked momma if it was so urgent to go. He could not recall her answer but he remembered that he went when he was asleep. He felt guilty...if he had awakened early he could have stopped his dadoo. He never slept till late again. Now he had decided 'he would not sleep.' If he slept, how could he stop momma from going away. He won't sleep...head promise.

He sat on a stool beside the wall in front of the bed. They had placed something on her nose. The room was choked with foul smell. He wished he too had that thing on his nose. In one corner there was a screen on which one line was jumping around another line, smoothly.

The night was dawning into the room. The play of lines had turned irregular and the movement inside the room had increased. He looked at the clock... 7:35. Soon a doctor came with an injection. He pierced momma's arm and two bodies winced at once. He closed his eyes.

It appeared that the busy world had forgotten him. The play of lines was on their original track once again. He liked that. A faint smile passed his face. He looked up to the clock 8:40...He felt hungry, but decided not to leave for mess downstairs. He liked the apples they gave, but if momma sneaked out during that then...the thought terrified him. He fixed his gaze on the lines and their play...up and down...up and down.

The clock read 10:10. He felt dizzy and stiffening in his back. He stood up and rambled for a while in the room. Suddenly he saw the screen. The lines were not playing well now. They had started to jump and straighten. Her momma was having low hiccups, he knew she was in severe pain. The boy and nurses were walking hurriedly. They started taking his momma to another room with red and green bulbs over its door and something written beneath them. They didn't let him inside saying, "your momma would be disturbed." He sat on a bench outside. The doctors had changed their night dress as he had one with Mickey mouse smeared over it. He felt them ridiculous in green gowns, a round cap and even some flap over the mouth. He could have laughed at them if it was some other time but here...

The door was shut. He fixed his eyes on the door and the time passed by...The sun had dawned. He could see his momma smiling on the bed saying she would be perfect in two days. They had breakfast and shared the apples. He was feeling on the seventh world when he was shaken by someone from behind. It was aunty...weeping? He realized he had been sleeping all night long. The sun appeared to be mocking at him. A certain fear crept into his mind. He looked towards the door that lay there flung open showing a vacant bed inside.

He realized...momma went away when he was asleep. He could not stop her. He felt anguished, "Why the hell did I sleep?" He lurked all the curses he knew unto himself. Suddenly he freed himself from the grip of his weeping aunty. "How far she might have gone? I would stop her." He ran downstairs. The whole of mourners ran behind him. He was the swiftest today...Soon he crossed the gate and headed towards the main road. Sprinting on the foot path he came a long way ahead the bunch behind him. He was the swiftest today...on the other side of the road, he saw his momma strolling forward-

"Aha! There she is!"

He cruised towards her, but it was not his momma. Someone touched him from behind. He turned to see his momma standing there. She was as pink and radiant as ever. She kissed him everywhere. He gave a side long glance to the road. The traffic had stalled there. The people were huddled towards something. He thought it was a Tamasha or so. He wanted to watch but the time was too big for that. After all he was meeting his momma after so much time.

Amidst the huddle, there lay a 'sorry figure of five' all drenched in blood, no signs of life left in it. It had been run over by a car. Away from the huddle, away from the blaring ambulance sirens, away from all the pains and miseries; the silhouette had a mother and a son strolling forward on a journey that has...no end!



THE BALLAD OF DREAMING SPIRES

Vivek Bhatia
IInd Year, ECE

Island, an island concealed
Island, an island genuine
Island, Island too ebon
Island, an island clandestine.

A long way off east
Land, a land of beasts
Flying dances, lighted beams
Land, a land of dreams.

Magical sensation, wondrous occupation
Occult, occipital secret alone
Amazed of facts known unknown
Beauty- beast- mystery, all undergone.

Listening Xypnus, the Fuehrer told
"Uphold, this threshold of gold."
Just free the caged bird
Don't delineate the voyage in curt.

Your Honour, we left Cape Horn
To summarize eastly duel danger born
Warships rushed to cut feud- corn
Immediately, we floated the new morn.

The frigate was sandwiched
Amid brothers concolorous
Both seem so near
But as far as the tears
Mischievous sun, too boiling the sea
But the latter was almighty
Soon the white army enslaved
The secret ravage yellow rays.

Perplexed by a sylph probably
We were facing south in fog
Blurred, innocent we realized it
After six, dozen a full clock.

The air rushing north east
A frigate struggling against
Skies of tyrant rains
Ship shivering with pain.

The sea of worldly existence
Deepened the expression of eyes
Unsteadily sweat sweating
In galaxy deserving ply.

Morose I slept in war
Dreamt a spirit speaking
"Falls aren't river's death
But obstacle to it's seeking."

Eyelids opened and shuttered
With witness of a light
Eden, Eden, Eden
Right in pitiable plight

The lives on the frigate
Soon nearly halved
By the lion- blooded crew
A headless head was calved.
Imaginary tones enriched
Amidst a mind sandwiched
Imaginary typhus enriched
If forth- hind is twitched.

After transparency of water
My opaqueness increased
At the sea- land encounter
Ah! My exile released.

But in a planet of lions
How long a deer?
In a land of famines
How long to cheer?

It was mysterious
As hollow cave in graves
And was wondrous too, as
A hollow grave in caves.

What it was happening
I couldn't understand,
But soon it was replaced
By a flying air of bands.

On a land of sprites
Drums, bagpipes, clarinets
In an abode of sprites
Discernment confluence, what to let?

Ghost occupying the groom- seat
The night- hag the bride's
The merry confetti of bones
Bloody feast, too besides.

Discernment brought a stop
To the waves of mind
The light scattered lastly
The blindness of a blind

The celebrations continued till
Moments left for dawn
Sitting unsleeping at night
Cheerfully made I pawn.

Tube thought : This ballad explicates a unique experience, a rare voyage of a frigate supreme, Xypnus, who was driven to an island of fantasy in an extraordinary manner. He never knew the cause, but observed the grant of nature with patience and dignity.



Where's my peace (piece)?

Vikas Saroha
E.C.E., Final Year

Starting with a brilliant streak of light

Good gracious, has the sun descended right in the middle. Something as bright as that was never seen before. What a tremendous form of uncontrollable energy unleashed. It's killing my creation. The solid part of my system disappearing and giving way to vapors.

Vapors of everything. Indeed an awful sight. The enormous cloud is gobbling up the sky, can't help it's destined to expand and fatten.

What's all this, sounds a bit bizarre. It seems to be a mere soup of alphabets. All too confusing. Let me start with my introduction. I am What did they call me? Forget it. I am the one who created this system called earth. After quite a few meticulous deliberations, was such an intricate balance arrived at. The system was self reliant and *was it beautiful?* And then I went on to make them, the first ones Adam and eve. Happily they lived till they adhered to the newly framed laws of the system. I enjoyed watching them. Then came the big breach, both of them united to produce more of their kind. Never again did this betrayal cease. I didn't design my system to support a race, it was for a few.

Anyways, a few changes was all it needed and the problem was temporarily fixed.

I introduced a few resetting mechanisms like the one in which the whole system goes freezing. A way to let the fittest survive. They continued to grow in number, abusing the resources never meant for them. Exploitation of the system, yes that's what I term it. A mad race towards falsified superiority. Hatred, rage, vengeance being spewed at each other. And in the process reaching on to nothing but annihilation. That's how it stands, *annihilated*. My system is gone. What are left are the nuclear reactions.

Who knows what the future turns out to be, frankly not even me. I love to let things take shape on their own. Perhaps the machines, which the humans had bestowed with the power to think as they did, may survive this suicide of a civilization. Otherwise I am preparing myself for yet another system creation. The humans took my *piece* and their *peace*.

* * * * *

The new system is as beautiful as the earlier one. There she stands under the apple tree, looking for him. But this time around there is no '*him*'.

The system shall live "amen!!!"

Thus spoke the creator.

Tube thought : The materialistic approach has brought the world on the brink of an end. The need of the hour is to slow down a bit and not let the creator write anything of this sort.



Who Stole our Cheese?

by VISHAL RANA
(ex-student)

No! This is not about the rats nor is it about change management or some other jargon that we commonly use now days. It is all about us, our lives and the rat race that we have forced ourselves into.

Do not be offended, I did not call you a rat what I meant by the rat race is the infinite replication of the macro life structure of human beings.

Did not get it still! In very simple terms for many of us laymen & lay women it actually is the phenomena of birth, reproduction and death. Did we make a difference or even thought about making a difference? Have we even tried to find some meaning into our actions or the way we are leading our lives day in and day out?

So what is the Cheese?

The constant honking of cars, the loud incessant music, the sun, the sweat, the cold embrace of the air conditioner, the sharp ring of the cell phones, the stink of the creek, the infinite spread of plastic, the cows that cause traffic jams, the cats and the dogs all around the garbage can, the puppy who got run over by the truck, the crows feasting over his remains, the old woman begging at the traffic junction, the naked children muck raking at the construction site, the labour women carrying the load and her infant, the hollow eyes of the old man who always sits right outside the building, the dark clouds, the fallen angels who you always heard about but did not have the guts to see, the creaking of the fan, the greasy food at the joint, faceless colleagues, the network terminals, the jet lags, the high rises of an alien land, people who do not talk to you and do not care whether you are living or dead... the list is never ending.. However, did we try to understand... where is the cheese and what surrounds it...? Looked into it..?

No not me, but for those who have had the chance to look into the fine matter of why are we are here, they never came back and told us what they found out. But just a simple thing has been told over and over again for centuries - we will not be able to see it in the material existence that we have but yes far away in some recess when we have left the sensual enjoyment of existence and sought oneness with Him we will see the light at the end of the dark tunnel.

What was that all about? Am I talking about spirituality here instead of Cheese? NO

BUT is all about finding our cheese.

Where is it? Who stole it? Can I hope to find it back?

The answer is not so mundane that it can be explained or even attempted to be answered here. It has taken the whole lives of a devoted few to understand and of many to attempt an answer.

But the cheese that you are looking for is and very surely quite different from the one your neighbor and most of the times when had is distasteful and unpalatable.

Why? That is not very difficult to answer and perhaps you would have been able to figure out all by yourselves?

It is all here and in front of us, staring into our eyes, the problem and its solution.

All we have to do is to tell us what is what? Which is the problem and which is the answer? The first step is the most difficult you either slip or you gain momentum.

But if you try, you might just see that the meaning of the sentence "What made Lazarus Laugh"?

Tricky is not it. But if was not then you would not have come to the end of it all and made the comment ahh I still do not understand what the writer is talking about. But for those who did not reach to this concluding sentence it is just another boring article.

However, the cheese my friend in the feud of existence was lost or stolen is our life... make the most of it... Do not spread it and eat it!

Beauty is truth, truth is beauty... that is all.



Expressions completed !



A flock of birds



Mermaids on the Dance Floor

Unbound ecstasy



RANGOLI

kullu dusshehra



mandi shivratri



Fairs of



mandi shivratri

mandi shivratri





mandi shivratri

mandi shivratri



Himachal

kullu dusshehra



kullu dusshehra



RANGOLI



Friends.... forever



Bura na mano.... Holi Hai !



Sleeping beauties



Hanging Monkeys



r h y t h m s o f l i f e

sanguine sonata



आमोद/प्रमुदित यल



सुनहरे पल

मेरा बचपन

चाँद-तारे

डी.आर.डी.ओ. में एक सीट खाली

दो घंटे का शाहजहाँ

"All That Glitters is Gold"

Joy, No Matter What

Saved by a Hair

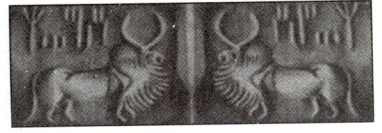
The Bougenvilla Garden

The Last Letter

Modern Level of Alleviation

Lost for Ever and Ever....

A Dreamy Encounter



सुनहरे पल

सचिन कुकरेती
वास्तुकला शाखा
प्रथम वर्ष

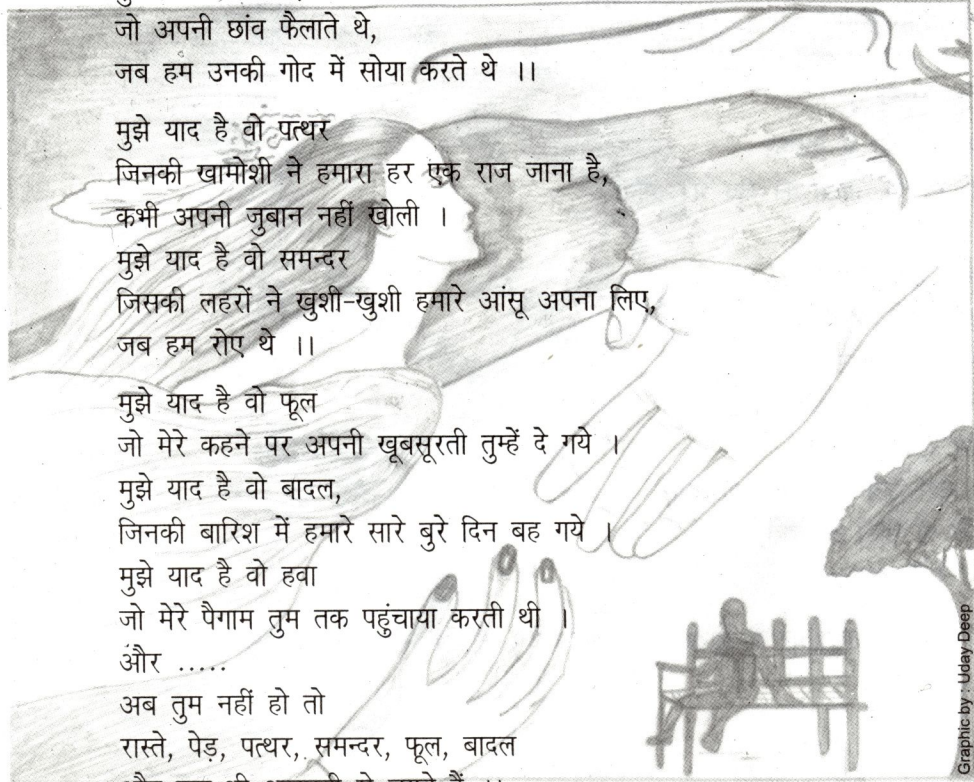
मुझे याद है वो रास्ते
जो लेट जाया करते थे जमीन पर,
जब हम चला करते थे ।

मुझे याद है वो पेड़
जो अपनी छांव फैलाते थे,
जब हम उनकी गोद में सोया करते थे ॥

मुझे याद है वो पत्थर
जिनकी खामोशी ने हमारा हर एक राज जाना है,
कभी अपनी जुबान नहीं खोली ।
मुझे याद है वो समन्दर
जिसकी लहरों ने खुशी-खुशी हमारे आंसू अपना लिए,
जब हम रोए थे ॥

मुझे याद है वो फूल
जो मेरे कहने पर अपनी खूबसूरती तुम्हें दे गये ।
मुझे याद है वो बादल,
जिनकी बारिश में हमारे सारे बुरे दिन बह गये ।
मुझे याद है वो हवा
जो मेरे पैगाम तुम तक पहुंचाया करती थी ।
और

अब तुम नहीं हो तो
रास्ते, पेड़, पत्थर, समन्दर, फूल, बादल
और हवा भी अजनबी से लगते हैं ॥



Graphic by : Uday Deep

आत्मकथ्य : मन की भावना को व्यक्त करने का सर्वोत्तम माध्यम कविता को मानता हूँ ।

भारत के प्रधानमंत्री

एक बार शास्त्री जी ट्रेन से सफर कर रहे थे। जब पत्रकारों को पता चला कि शास्त्री जी जो भारत के प्रधानमंत्री हैं ट्रेन से सफर कर रहे हैं वो भी तीसरे दर्जे में एवं उनका लड़का भी उसी ट्रेन के प्रथम श्रेणी में सफर कर रहा है। तब पत्रकारों ने शास्त्री जी से इसका कारण जानना चाहा।

शास्त्री जी ने कहा -“भाई कारण यह है कि मैं साधारण किसान का बेटा हूँ और वो भारत के प्रधानमंत्री का बेटा है”।

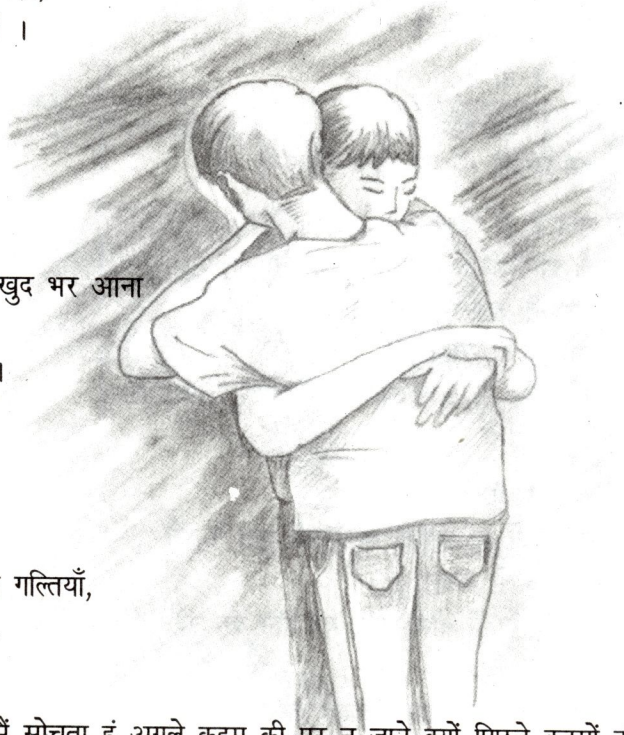


मेरा बचपन

अरुण डांडा

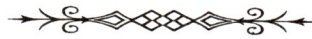
ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी
अंतिम वर्ष

खलिहानो की धूप और छतों जैसी शाम कहाँ,
घर के बाहर फिर घर जैसा आराम कहाँ ।
माँ के आंचल से देखे थे जो छिप कर,
वो काली रातों में अनगिनत सितारे
वो आंचल भी छूटा, तो रातें भी छूटी
जाने कहाँ खो गये वो सितारे ।
वो शिकवे सुनाना माँ की गोद में बैठकर
पोंछते हुए आँसू मेरे, माँ की आँखों का खुद भर आना
गालों पर लिपटे वो सुर्ख से आँसू
वो खुद भी रोना, और हमे भी रुलाना ।
बहन के हाथों की वो कच्ची सी रोटियाँ,
मजबूरी में खाकर भी तारीफें बंधाना
वो लंबी सी चोटी, वो गीली सी मेंहदी,
वो गलती छिपाना और सब से बचाना
खो गयी है ना जाने कहाँ अब तो नादान गलतियाँ,
पर चाहता हूँ अब भी वो मीठी सी बातें,
वो हँसना-हँसाना, वो रोना-रुलाना ।



Graphic by : Mudit Sethi, IInd Year

आत्मकथ्य : हर आगे बढ़ाते कदम पर मैं सोचता हूँ अगले कदम की पर न जाने क्यों पिछले कदमों की याद आती है ।



विज्ञान और सत्य

वैज्ञानिक लोग भले ही कितना भी शोध कार्य क्यों न करते रहें, एक वैज्ञानिक कितना महान् क्यों न हो, फिर भी उसकी इन्द्रियाँ अपूर्ण हैं। इसलिए उसका ज्ञान पूर्ण नहीं हो सकता। हमारे नेत्रों का मूल्य ही क्या है? हम सूर्य के प्रकाश के बिना कुछ भी नहीं देख सकते और नेत्रों ने जिन उपकरणों की खोज की है वो भी अपूर्ण है। अब यह कैसे संभव है कि हम पूर्ण ज्ञान प्राप्त कर लें? बालक भले ही यह जान सकता है कि दो धन दो चार होते हैं, परंतु जब वह उच्चतर गणित के विषय में बोलता है तो हम उसे गंभीरता से नहीं सुनते। जिन इंद्रियों के माध्यम से वैज्ञानिक ज्ञान प्राप्त करता है, वे सीमित और अपूर्ण हैं। ऐसे में ज्ञान का दावा करना खोखला दावा करने के सामान है। यह भ्रम है कि विज्ञान सत्य है।

- साभार : आत्म साक्षत्कार का विज्ञान



चाँद-तारे

अमित महाजन
यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी
तृतीय वर्ष

हे प्रिय !
तू कहे तो तेरे लिए,

चाँद तारे तोड़ लाऊं
नदियों की राहें मोड़ आऊं

मगर यह प्रकृति के विरुद्ध होगा

व्यर्थ ही भगवान और मुझमें युद्ध होगा

पर मैं जानता हूँ इसमें मेरी जीत होगी

क्योंकि मेरे संग तुम्हारी प्रीत होगी

भगवान को भी हमारे सामने हारना होगा

पर मैं खुद नहीं चाहता कि,

आसमान से चाँद तारे लुप्त हो जाएं

और सारे आशिकों की आंखें अश्रुयुक्त हो जाएं ।

आत्मकथ्य : पश्चिमी सभ्यता से प्रभावित युवा पर व्यंग्य है ।

Graphic by : Mudit Sethi, IInd Year

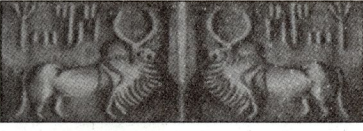


शाश्वत - सौन्दर्य

एक बार एक पुरुष को, जिसका शरीर तो अत्यंत सुगठित एवं बलवान् था, परंतु चरित्र अत्यंत संदेहयुक्त था, एक सुन्दर युवती से प्रेम हो गया। वह युवती केवल सुंदर ही नहीं, वरन् संत स्वभाव की भी थी। उसने उस पुरुष को मना कर दिया। परंतु उस पुरुष ने हठ नहीं छोड़ा। अतः उस युवती ने उसे सात दिनों की प्रतीक्षा करने का आग्रह किया। उसने पुरुष को एक निश्चित समय के बाद मिलने को कहा। वह मनुष्य सहमत हो गया एवं निश्चित समय की प्रतीक्षा आरंभ कर दी।

किंतु उस सन्त स्वभाव वाली युवती ने परम् सत्य की यथार्थ सुंदरता दिखलाने के लिए एक अत्यंत शिक्षाप्रद विधि का सहारा लिया। उसने उदर स्वच्छ करने के लिए अत्यधिक मात्रा में जुलाब ले ली और उसे सात दिनों तक दस्त होते रहे। उसने सारा दस्त यथोचित पात्रों में जमा कर लिया। इन सात दिनों में वह अत्यधिक उल्टी के कारण युवती न होकर कृश्काय होकर हड्डियों का ढाँचा मात्र रह गयी थी। उसका रंग काला पड़ गया और उसने सुंदर नेत्र गड्ढे में धँस गए।

निश्चित समय पर वह पुरुष उपस्थित था। वह उस युवती को देखकर पहचान ही नहीं सका कि यह वही सुंदरी है। अन्त में उस युवती ने कहा कि उसने सुंदरता को एक पात्र में रखा हुआ है, वह सौन्दर्य के इन रसों को भोग सकता है। उस पुरुष ने सुंदरता के रसों को देखना चाहा तो उसे दस्त एवं उल्टी के स्थलों पर ले जाया गया जहाँ से असहनीय दुर्गंध आ रही थी। उस पुरुष ने द्रवित सौन्दर्य की कहानी सुनी तो दंग रह गया। अब वह शाश्वत - सौन्दर्य की तलाश में निकल पड़ा।



डी.आर.डी.ओ में एक सीट खाली

अनिल कुमार सोनी

संगणक विज्ञान एवं अभियांत्रिकी

तृतीय वर्ष

नदी में डूब रहे आदमी ने, ऊपर से जा रहे आदमी को आवाज लगाई और कहा बचाओ।

आदमी ने रस्सी नीचे गिराई और कहा आओ।

डूबा आदमी रस्सी पकड़ नहीं पा रहा था, रह-रहकर चिल्ला रहा था।

बड़ी महंगी जिंदगी है, कल ही तो डी.आर.डी.ओ. में नौकरी लगी है।

इतना सुनते ही ऊपर वाले आदमी ने रस्सी खींच ली,

उसे मरता देख अपनी आँखे भींच ली।

भागा-भागा डी.आर.डी.ओ. कंपनी आया और बोला,

आपकी कंपनी का एक आदमी अभी-अभी डूब कर मर गया है,

इस तरह आपकी कंपनी में एक सीट खाली है।

यह लीजिए, मेरी डिग्री संभालें, और उसकी जगह मुझे लगा लें।

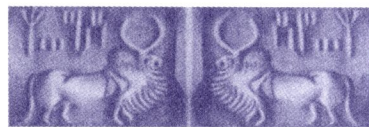
इतना सुनते ही मैनेजर मुस्कराया, और बोला

आपने आने में देर कर दी, हमने यह जगह अभी-अभी भर दी।

हमने यहाँ उसे लगाया है, जो उसे धक्का देकर यहाँ आया है।

आत्मकथ्य : यह कविता वर्तमान में सर्वत्र छापी बेरोजगारी पर व्यंग्य है।





दो घंटे का शाहजहाँ

चंद्रपाल

विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

बिल्कुल थक चुका था मैं पूरे दिन की दौड़-धूप से, शाम को घर लौटा थोड़ा आराम करने के लिए बिस्तर पर लेटा और कब नींद आयी पता ही नहीं चला। इतनी गहरी नींद में भी मैं जाग रहा था, ख्वाब जो देख रहा था। मेरी आंखें सामने की दीवार पर गड़ी थी जिसमें एक आलमारी भी है, खिड़की पर एक दीवार घड़ी लगी है, वक्त सुबह चार बजे का था। अचानक आये तेज हवा के झोंकों ने मेरा ध्यान खींचा। खिड़की बड़ी तेजी से खुल गयी, हवाएँ बहुत ठंडी और शोर करने वाली थी। सांय... सांय... कुछ वक्त बीता और धीरे-धीरे आवाज शान्त होने लगी, पर एक आवाज अभी भी मस्तिष्क में कौंध रही थी, टिक.. टिक.. टिक.. वो आवाज फर्श पर पड़ी घड़ी की थी जिसका शीशा तो टूट गया था पर सुईयाँ चल रही थी, सामने देखा तो खिड़की का पर्दा अभी भी हवा से हिल रहा था। पर्दा हटता तो सामने सफेद कपड़ों में परियों की शहजादी सी सूरत दिखती, व्याकुल मन मुझे खिड़की के पास ले गया, पर नजर नीचे पड़ी तो नजारा कुछ और था मेरा कच्चा-पक्का सा मकान अब वैसा नहीं रहा वो पचास माले की बड़ी मंजिल बन चुका था जिसमें मैं सबसे ऊपर की मंजिल पर खड़ा था, मेरे बिल्कुल सामने जो मूरत थी वो कुछ और नहीं बल्कि आसमान का ताजमहल था। उस पल न जाने क्यों लगा कि मेरे पैर हवा में हैं, मैं खिड़की से कूद गया, आज मैं हवा पर चल रहा था मंजिल थी आसमान का ताजमहल।

वहां पहुंचा तो देखा सैनिकों की पंक्तियाँ दोनों तरफ खड़ी हैं, सामने परियां फूल लिए स्वागत को खड़ी थी, सबके आकर्षण का केंद्र बना हुआ था जैसे मेरा ही इंतजार हो रहा हो। मुझपर फूल बरसाए जा रहे थे, कुछ उछलती मालाएं मेरे गले में आ गिरी तो कुछ नीचे। सब परियां एक सुर में गा रही थीं - शहजादे शाहजहाँ सुस्वागतम्। सैनिक अभिनंदन में सिर झुकाए खड़े थे, लगा ताज के अंदर का सिंहासन भी मेरी ही राह देख रहा हो।

सिंहासन पर बैठते ही सुंदरियों का नाच-गान शुरु हुआ, साथ में मदिरापान, सबकुछ महक रहा था एक अपना सा मजा आ रहा था। धीरे-धीरे नशा मुझे अपने आगोश में लेता जा रहा था, कुछ देर बाद सब शान्त हो गया फिर हल्का सा धुआँ छा गया जो धीरे-धीरे घना हो चुका था।

धुआँ हटा तो मैंने खुद को एक पलंग पर पाया जो चांदी का था - बिल्कुल सफेद। पर ये सामने किसकी मजार दिख रही थी कुछ लिखा भी हुआ था शायद शहजादी मुम...। पूरा पढ़ भी नहीं पाया था कि वो मजार खुल गयी और देखते ही देखते स्वेत वस्त्रों से लिपटी शहजादी का आगमन हुआ, बिल्कुल मेरे ख्वाबों की मुमताज सी दिख रही थी, वो चेहरे पर कौंधी सी मुस्कराहट लिए मेरे पास पायल की

झंकार करती आ चुकी थी। उसका सामीप्य पाकर मैं व्याकुल हो रहा था, जी चाह रहा था उसे बांहों में भर लूं और झूम उटूं। यूँ लग रहा था मानों कलियों का खिलना शुरु हो गया हो, सूरजमुखी हमें ही देख रहे हों, ना दिन लग रहा था ना रात, वो समय कुछ और था मानो प्यार का समय। इस प्यार भरे समय में प्यारी बातों का सिलसिला शुरु हो चुका था शहजादे-शाहजहां और शहजादी-मुमताज के बीच।

उसकी आंखें नमी लिए हुए मानो कह रही हो - 'शाह इसी पल ने मुझे मरकर भी जिंदा रहने को मजबूर किया, तेरे आने की राह मैंने सदियों से देखी है। आज तुम आए हो तो इन आंसुओं को तेरे आने की खुशी में बह जाने दो, मुझे रोकना मत आज रुकी तो बीती सदियों की तरह तड़पती रहूंगी'।

और वो मेरे बांहों में समा गयी। आज मैंने जो पा लिया था लगा इसी के लिए जिंदा हूँ। वक्त बीतता गया, शहजादी के पंखुड़ियों से होंठो को हिलते देखने में इतना डूब गया कि सुनने की भी फुर्सत न थी और जब सुना भी तो क्या - 'शहजादे मेरे जाने का वक्त आ गया है, खुदा ने चाहा तो फिर मिलेंगे' और फिर उसी मजार की तरफ चल दी, वो नजरों से ओझल तो हो गयी, पर मैं नजरें वहां से हटा नहीं पाया।

अरे! ये क्या? फिर वही हवा का तेज झोंका बिल्कुल पहले जैसा जो सीधे मुझे मेरे बिस्तर पर ले गया, लगा कोई सपना सा टूट गया हो। नजर पड़ी तो खिड़की खुली थी, घड़ी की आवाज अभी भी आ रही थी वो फर्श पर गिरी थी समय था प्रातः काल के छः। इधर मेरी पत्नी हमेशा की तरह चिल्ला रही थी - 'आज तुम फिर देर से उठे हो, पहले तो रोज पांच बजे उठते थे, न जाने क्या हो गया? जल्दी से नाश्ता कर लो ठंडा हो जायेगा, नाश्ता करते ही नहा लेना, मैं दीपू को स्कूल के लिए तैयार कर रही हूँ। तुम्हें उसे आज छोड़कर भी आना है, रिकशा तो आयेगा नहीं उनकी मांगे भी बहुत बढ़ गयी हैं, सब-के-सब हड़ताल किए बैठे हैं और हां तुम्हारे काले वाले 'पैंट-शर्ट' अंदर आलमारी में रखे हैं, सफेद कपड़े तो तुम्हें देने का मतलब ही नहीं बनता दो घंटे में सफेद का काला कर देते हो। उसकी बातों पर ध्यान देने की बजाए मैं बैठा-बैठा खिड़की से बाहर देख रहा था। वो बोलते-बोलते मेरे पास आ गयी और - 'सांप सूँघ गया क्या? अब यूँ ही मुंह सुजाए बैठे रहोगे कि कुछ करोगे भी, तुमने तो मुझे परेशान करके रख दिया है। अब जुबान को क्या हो गया?... सपने में कोई काट ले गया क्या? और मुंह खुला तो क्या बोल बैठा' 'आज हम यहीं रहेंगे शहजादी-मुमताज आपके सामीप्य में, हमें आज राजदरबार नहीं जाना संध्या होते ही तुम्हें हम ताजमहल ले चलेंगे। रोड पर हुए ट्रैफिक जाम से मेरा ध्यान भंग हुआ। अब घड़ी की आवाज नहीं आ रही थी वो छः बजे ही बंद हो चुकी थी। मुड़ा तो देखा मेरी पत्नी जोर-जोर से हंस रही थी मानो पागल होने की ठान रखी हो, मैं फिर से खिड़की की तरफ देखने लगा...

आत्मकथ्य : अपने सपने को हकीकत में व्यंग के माध्यम से पेश कर रहा हूँ।

Graphic by : Pawan Bhati, IIIRD Year



"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD"

Varun Rajput,
IIIrd Year, CSE

Have you felt lonely at times? Have you ever felt deprived and isolated? If yes, then nothing to worry about it, because loneliness is a disease which afflicts every mundane soul on the planet. If loneliness occupies the major part of our life then there is a need to tackle the problem head on because if loneliness grips then it can hurt you and your heart which will only make you more miserable.

Performing the same chores again and again my life too had become a bit drier. Worse I had no company to break away from the cocoon of monotony that had built quite strongly around my life. I felt shunned; my need for love and identity was not adequately met. To throw away monotony of my day to day life and to bring back enthusiasm I resorted to the recent technological developments that are changing human lives, meaning online dating or putting it simply-chatting.

Once while struggling to deescalate my accelerating fatigues I came across a girl, thank God she was honest enough about her gender and nationality because people on chat take others for a ride by pretending to be of opposite sex. Age I never bothered because I trust the maxim-"never ask a woman her age and a man his wage". On the initial chatting session we just exchanged our true names, place of residence and the time of next meeting. Her name was Maffy France Banez. Fortunately she was residing in the same city where I was working as a senior software engineer. Hardly a month had passed since my joining work and I had got fed up to the back teeth with the job conditions. She was quite apprehensive about divulging her address. May be she was a kind of a person who before bestowing trust on someone first ascertains the nitty-gritty of his personality.

When two strangers meet there is a lot to ascertain about each-other so the next chatting session was an elongated one. We discussed everything from family to friends, likes and dislikes. The ball was set rolling and our electronic rendezvous was more satisfying than what a live one would have been. The chatting sessions soared in number as we drew close to each other. Probably our search for someone to fulfill our need for love and identity was assuaged.

When there are certain goals to achieve wisely and prudently only then we feel stability in our lives. When we plan our day, our activities, we feel victorious at the end of the day for we have achieved what we have set out to do. After knowing her, the void created in my life was filled. I planned my day well so as to find out time to talk to her electronically. What ever I did, I did it with zeal and enthusiasm. The lost vitality of my life was regained. My peers felt the change in me; everyone whom I met; I felt was happy because I was happy. Entire world appeared to have change for good. Nature seemed to be in its full glory, the sight of the flowers was never as soothing as it was now. Was this love? Was I crashing in love?

Successful seduction rarely begins with an obvious maneuver or strategic device. I had not seen her, yet I was sure that I was mesmerized by her charm. Her physical attributes had nothing to do with it for I had not relished them. I was attracted towards her because of her character, her ability to radiate some quality that attracted me and stirred emotions in me in a way that was beyond my control. I relished everything that she wrote, which struck me by the idea of Maffy as an extremely charming and captivating woman. My mind was obsessed by her thoughts and I was devoured by the desire to meet her. So, when we met on the next chat I took the occasion by the forelock and asked her for a date with me. She reciprocated affirmatively and we decided on a date a week later. We decided to meet at the center of the Jogger's park near the fountain, at about five o'clock in the evening. Our clothes formed the basis of our identity as we had not seen each-other. She decided to wear a red dress and I a black suit. The stage was set and the play was about to begin.

Every night before going to bed I used to dream about her. "How beautiful she would be?" was the question I

Graphics by : Jaskirat Kaur, 1st Year



asked to myself umpteenth times. I planned everything for that day very meticulously. I rehearsed in front of the mirror, how am I going to shake hands with her, how am I going to begin the conversation in the most appealing manner. In fact, I had not left any stone unturned for preparing for that day.

Finally the D-day arrived. I had postponed all my engagements for that day. That day instead of going to work I had preferred to stay at home and prepare for the evening. Dressed up nicely in a black suit I placed by best foot forward. I bought a red rose on the way to the Jogger's park and reached at the meeting place exactly on time. My heart was skipping beat by the mere realization of the thought of meeting Maffy. But there was not a single young lady at that place, only an old lady sitting on a bench near the fountain. She was wearing the same red dress as Maffy had described and was holding a red rose, same as that of mine. "Was this a kind of a joke?" I asked to myself. I took it as mere co-incidence and opted to wait for Maffy, hoping sincerely that the name of the lady sitting on that bench is not Maffy. Time started to fade away but no one else arrived, I slowly started to realize what was hard to believe. I felt ditched by someone whom I had admired so much. I was disillusioned and on the horns of a dilemma- whether to meet the old lady or simply draw the curtains to the entire episode by walking out of the park. While standing there with a grief stricken soul, I asked to myself isn't she the lady whom I started to admire not because of her physical attributes but because of her character, her qualities that aroused in me a strong desire for her. She never ditched me; it was I who took for granted that she was young and beautiful. With this realization I moved ahead to meet the person who was endowed with such a fascinating character, no matter of what age she was.

"Are you Maffy France Banez", I asked the old lady.

"No", she replied. "A lady named as Maffy asked me to sit here and wait for a gentleman who would come in search for her", she added.

"She is waiting for you in the restaurant opposite to the park and this is her photograph", she said while handing over to me her photograph.

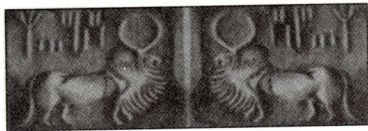
She was as beautiful as I had imagined and I rushed to the restaurant...

Tube thought : - *True worth of a person is determined by his demeanour, physical attributes play a secondary role. If you fall for someday make sure that his/her feelings for you will not change when you no longer possess those attributes which attracted him/her towards you.*

Golden Thoughts

"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time."

-- T.S. Eliot



Joy, No Matter What

Puja Trivedi,
Final Year, ECE

"There are just two ways to live your life- one as if everything is a miracle and other as if nothing is a miracle." Affirm today to open your eyes to all that is wonderful and beautiful around you. Enjoy and thank the Almighty for the beautiful gift of life He has endowed you with. Thank God for the beauty that surrounds you and for His kindness that you can experience it.

It is inherent human nature that we value things only when they are away from us. The sunshine feels so much warmer after weeks of rainy days. Our loved ones seem so much precious whenever they are not with us. We truly appreciate and value our health after recovering from a difficult and prolonged illness. We learn new respect for the fiscal deficit after working our way out of a burdensome debt. It's easy and natural to appreciate the good things after we have experienced life without them. Yet sadly, that can be often too late. How very much better it is to appreciate those good things we have while we still have them. For then not only can we appreciate them, but we can put them to a positive and a productive use.

The core of most of the problems, the stress and tension, is that 99% of us keep on waiting for "SOMEDAY". We say to ourselves- Someday I will truly start to live. Someday I will take the very best of the possibilities and make them real. Someday I will escape from the meaningless distractions that only waste my time. Someday I will realize that I always had the courage and confidence to fully live and wonder why I didn't start soon. Someday I will laugh at the petty angers, frustration, worries and annoyances that keep me from being what I can do. Someday I will learn to let go and live. But unfortunately, this someday never comes. We arrive in this world, perform our duties, willingly or unwillingly, and take our last breath still waiting for this *someday*.

We never realize that being happy is nothing but just a state of mind and that we don't have to ignore the difficulties to be joyful. We don't realize that we can enjoy a day even though there may be no objective or reason for being joyful. Joy is its own best reason. Experience joy not as a result, but as a cause. Let your joy be the spreading force that spreads its light far and wide. Take this richly beautiful day and just go with it. Take this moment, though it may have flaws and imperfections and live it. Instead of worrying that there's not enough time, go ahead and fully live what is here now. Realize that there is no need to wait for the gratification of every desire. For that will not bring the true happiness. There is no need to remain upset if events don't go your way, for even when the things have not gone your way, you are always free to be your best in the moment that is now.

Realize that today is the day to be joyful, because by living with joy, you are giving more than you receive. Live with joy, no matter what the world may demand. Believe that the *someday* you were waiting for is here, that there is no need to wait any longer. Accept this day, this life as a beautiful gift you have received with gratitude. Go with the flow, never hold back and let the stream of joy flow and spread, growing leaps and bounds and very soon you will find the life to be totally revitalizing.

Finally, I would like to pen down the famous quote, which goes like:

"The past is HISTORY,

The future is MYSTERY,

The present is a gift of GOD,

That's why it's called 'PRESENT'"

Tube thought : Punctuated with stress & tension, life of a modern man has become too wearisome. To lift our spirits we need to know the core problems & their solutions.



SAVED BY A HAIR

Jyotirmoy Mukherjee
IIIrd year, ECE

Actually the heading should have been only one hair saved on their head but on public demand I changed the heading. The hero of this story is my distant relative (in what way, is a puzzle), KESHI!!

It is said that behind every successful man there is a woman. But KESHI felt that behind every successful man there is his well groomed hair. So to make his hair long and give them shine he brought a bottle of oil from a peddler during his trip to Jhumritalaiya. The peddler promised that if the oil did not work he would give KESHI a few more bottles of that magnificent oil free of cost. Allured by this he bought a bottle.

On his return to his village the first disaster happened. He entered his house and called out for his wife. Opening the packing of the bottle he said, 'Just take a look at what I have brought'. Seeing the bottle his wife flared up and sent down so many select abuses that a volley of shots from a Kalashnikov riffle would have failed in comparison. He asked his wife the reason for her undefinable behavior. His wife said, 'Look at the bottle and you will know for yourself. Keshi examined the bottle thoroughly with his extensive thoroughness like that of Sherlock Holmes at work. And then the matter dawned on him. The peddler had managed to save the cost of the bottle by using an empty whisky bottle. Thus his wife thought that he had taken to drinking. Keshi explained everything and peace resumed.

Keshi had Tintin like hefts of hair on his head and it was his long time ambition to smoothen them down. Next morning (though not yet morning, as the natural phenomena of sunrise had not yet taken place), he applied the oil on his hair.

Later in the day (this time it really was day) he went to market. But due to some reason no body was coming near to him. His dearest friend the long nosed (Pinocchio look-alike) Nasik Puri happened to be passing by. He came up to Keshi and said in a solemn tone, 'It seems that you have taken fancy to a very strong drink. It doesn't matter if you drink at night but it is not advisable to do so in broad daylight. It may be injurious to your health'. Suddenly his head-bulb glowed and he faced the fact that the oil had a very strong disapproving odor.

He went home as fast as he could and washed his hair until only a faint smell remained. He decided that he had enough of it. He chucked the bottle out of the window and being pleased with his work went in front of the mirror to admire the effect of the oil.

And then thunder, lightning, flood and drought struck at the same time as he received a rude shock on viewing his own reflection in the mirror. The first thought that came to his mind was that he resembled Hercules prior to the Belgian detective with an egg like head devoid of all vegetation but two Belgian sleuths Thomson and Thomson (both with P as in pompous and without p as in hullabaloo).

He turned to his wife and asked to be bald or to be not that is the question!!

Tube thought : *With the tiresome job and unfathomable efforts that we put in our academic session we hardly get time for recreation. The above story is just an effort to relive us from stoical acceptance.*



THE BOUGENVILLA GARDEN

Rohin Gupta
Final Year, CSE

Harmony, so very Perfect Harmony;
Rhythm beyond the Realms of Metaphor;
Solitude occasionally interrupted by Silence;
And Mystic Vibrations go in between.

Bougenvilla Garden it is,
Paradise it seems to be,
Of Moonlit Skies and Twinkling constellations,
Can there be a Superior Celebration.

Celebration it is indeed,
By the Mighty Creation,
Of The Civilization that has Elevated,
And Mankind that is Liberated.

A Perfect Harmony Within,
Unforgiving Chaos waits outside,
The mind that is liberated,
And the Soul submissively Captivated.

Rejoice O Brilliant Mankind,
The Civilization's Elevation, Mind's Liberation,
The Oasis of Harmony in Chaos.
Chained Soul is a small price to pay.

The Swift Breeze dies down,
Eternal Hope still persists.
Far beyond the Grassy Garden Fences,
The Bougenvilla Harmony Blesses us All.

Tube thought : *The above mentioned Bougenvilla garden is situated in Phase V Mohali*





THE LAST LETTER

Souvik Kumar Chakrarty
3rd Year, ECE

I met this guy in the first year of college 'NIT HAMIRPUR, the best of them all', as we are used to saying it to our very discerning friends at home in order to cling on to our well-earned prestige. (The college may be in Hamirpur, but we reiterate it is in Shimla in case one thinks Hamirpur is somewhere near Samasthipur in Bihar.) In any case, the first look of him, let's call him Mr. Ganguly, told me that there was something very interesting and amusing about this character—a character that I had not come across before in my schooldays.

My first meeting with Ganguly was during our counseling sessions after our JEE. Ganguly was an average-built, fairly handsome lad with a hairstyle that spoke volumes of his craze for Salmaan Khan, and by providence divine there was no existing abuse in modern day English that I had not showered him with—our first point of conflict lay here.

We shook hands and smiled. Noticing me take a sly look at a girl, he said, "I dislike girlzzz!!" Such a long drawn out outburst, without any provocation gave me a hint that this guy was a diehard misogynist. You could be the world's most avowed euphemist but you would flunk at finding a better word to felicitate him. This is where the story begins.

Ganguly turned out to be my roommate for two long years. At the end of our long acquaintance I have come to know him better. He believed in dressing as shabbily as possible when he went to college. This, he said emphatically, 'would repel teachers' wrath and help to avoid girls!'

"You know, girls are like cockroaches," he would say, but in what way they resembled this insect, which many of them dread the most, I have yet not deciphered! All the truth I know is that the more you try to run away from a particular problem, the more you get entangled in it, and thus Ganguly got all the more entangled in the above aforesaid ivy. However he was my role model as far as fashion was concerned; he had a very good dressing sense when not in college, but in college you could not discern him from an urchin. He carried toothbrushes and toothpastes in his pockets. He said they were a good luck charm! Salmaan's style I believe!

While the other 'Tom Cruises' in the college would run madly after girls in the hope of somehow trapping one of these 'chickens' (that's the code for girls in the hostels), Ganguly never seemed to look at them. In fact he was very shy, and everyone took him to be a character that could be made a joke of.

The heroes of our college used to write love-letters and post it to their own addresses in order to get 'wah-wah' from their friends, it was Ganguly who got the first authentic love-letter the very first year of college—second semester to be precise. I could not preserve it. He consigned it to flames. He wanted to leave no proof of it.

It was summer. Immediately after the chemistry practical exam was over, he came to me sprinting; he could have defeated Johnson in a 100 mts. dash with this speed. His exams had gone awry! He had received a letter, and the cursed postman came to hand it over to him outside the laboratory just before the start of the exams.

The writer had taken quite some pains to write the letter in green and black ink. The writing was prim and proper, and the style suggestive of a lady's hand at it. It was not one of the fake ones that we were used to seeing in the hands of our friends all so often. The Tom Cruises were left wild eyed and strange. They knew that their 'baap' had arrived. The letter was adorned with designs and even sprayed with a ladies perfume, whose brand however I could not detect. Every one of us agreed that author had a long expertise at this art; she was a seasoned bird who had trapped many a worm.

Ganguly was sulky. He muttered, "Ladki Chakkar, khatarnak chakkar. You fall into the trap and you get sucked into it like a vortex. I am a good chap and good chaps never run after girls." How he sought to de-emulate Salmaan in this respect I could not configure. I tried to make him understand that he was not running after girls, but the case was just the reverse.

First time in my life I was coming across a character who was frustrated at getting a love-letter—the 8th wonder of the world. Our deep investigations revealed the identity of the girl who had written the letters. For this, we had to bribe quite heavily one of our friends (a girl at that). The load of the bribe rendered us unable to indulge in luxuries for that whole semester.

I revealed his lovers identity to Ganguly. His jaws dropped in astonishment. Abashed and crestfallen, he seemed to choke. Truly even I had the lurking feeling in my gut that we had bought a useless piece of news at an exorbitant amount. However the source of the news was reliable. However, Ganguly did not find the girl who had written the letter very appealing.

I asked Ganguly to meet the girl and sort the mess out. He was, however, too shy at it. It seemed as if he were the fairer sex who was being intimidated and dominated over.

The second letter arrived very soon. I intercepted it accidentally and the perfume that emanated from it lured me into committing the sin of opening up a personal letter not meant for me. It was Ganguly's love letter. She had asked him to meet her at a restaurant. I tried to mollycoddle him into being present at the spot. However, he refused to budge, fearing that it was an off-season All Fools day

Graphics by : Mudit Sethi, IInd Year

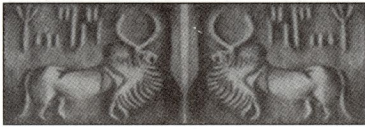


Modern Level of Alleviation

Rahul Sharma
IIIrd Year E.E.

Stroll out your bed and jump on the carpet of your room. Don't watch the tiny elegant birds chirping or don't gawk the trees or watch the sun rising. Glancing at a tree would be imprudent in today's era and watching a sun rise too, does the sun rise? Birds don't sound rhythm either, they make noise pollution. If someone is conflicting to this point, then the one should authenticate if birds can make rhythms as musicians. Put a rock record instead and start your day! It will give you enough strength and energy to make a rocking start. Take a bath, if you are feeling hot or else, what are the deodorants for. Brush your teeth for sake of your dentist. Shave half of your beard. Wear some fashionable clothes. Put on some perfume and in case you don't have a perfume, after shave lotion would be perfectly fine. Stuff yourself with the breakfast if it is already made or then just leave the house if it's your turn to cook the breakfast. Walk out your home in a very funky style and stand in the queue of the S. T. bus stand like a lower middle class citizen. On no account you should feel bad, for you are saving the money for not taking your own vehicle and plus it has its own advantages like you may see the fresh stock of chicks everyday with no tax at all. Step in the bus pushing other people aside. Don't worry about manners, as it won't help anyways. Always occupy your seat before anyone does. Like there's a saying in English, 'The early bird catches the worm'. Never give your seat to any of the old people. There are many old people around and you can't just keep helping them. Also who wants their boring lectures? But yes, if there is some young girl standing, then it's your moral duty to help her. Give her a seat besides you and don't forget to have a close look in her. Don't get afraid to talk to her. What would ultimately happen? You would only get beating from the public that will come from nowhere. That's it. Time pass for the journey by asking the chick's name and her number. If she's not interested in you then advise her to exile to Everest. Save your money by giving the bus conductor half the money for the fare and beg him to leave you. Always reach your office a little late. Let the Boss come first and then enter the office. After all you are more valuable than your Boss is. If you have not done your homework then always give sentimental excuses for that. You may save your neck that time. Lie down on your chair and access as much internet as you can by chatting and the things that I don't have to tell you. After all who leaves free internet? Use your office phone as if you were using your neighbour's one. False complement your young contemporaries, apparently of the opposite sex. Criticize other's jokes and yes, never laugh on them. Steal others' idea and present them in your style. If your Boss gets happy with you then always ask for increment in your salary and number of holidays. The Devil will give only 10% of what you will ask. During the lunch time, never ever share your lunch with others. Instead share others' lunch. Never tell anyone what you had for lunch rather ask him what he would serve for lunch. Never forget to take a nap after the lunch. It's good for health. Don't put tension to your brain for the office. Office is the perfect place to sleep at work. Plan for a movie during the office timings but always return before the closing timings of office. You may get checked. Always ask for the salary before time. Propose someone who can pay all the restaurant bills. Never talk about love during a date, rather eat as much as you can at the restaurant. Where else can you get such good food and restaurants to eat with your own money? Ask for your date to drop you home in the taxi or some vehicle. During the dinner at your own house never help your mother in her work. After all what are mothers for? Do not save the dessert for your other family members. Watch late night shows and don't worry about the noise. If your neighbors complain then lock their doors or puncture their vehicle or cut off their water supply. Order pizza for no reason and don't accept the order. Rather notify the delivery boy that you never gave any such order. Shop at internet @ on others credit cards.

Tube thought: *The modern man is so much affianced in his busy life that he has forgotten the values and the substance of a simple life. I wish this commentary makes him comprehend.*



Lost For Ever and Ever...

VR Sriram,
IIIrd Year, ECE

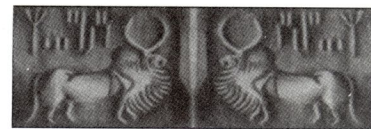


The sun shines bright, not as bright as you,
Seem sacred like the blue moon in the noon,
It was you, so big and yourself so strong,
These are the days, you seem to smoke so high,
As if you deem to be right and others wrong,
Regretting no tracks of your own foot sole.

What made you think, i shall do it off,
Meticulous dimes to just pay things off,
Dream of life no less than paradise,
What you saw was what you believed,
Experienced and old men were novice,
You hailed as one, the wisest of all.

With thoughts to bother you no where,
Will things ever last for ever and ever,
Felt that you fortunated this earth all time,
With all that you managed as mariner,
Now, that it shall be the time to realize,
You are over and out the age of adolescence !.

Tube thought : This poem is a small note as a memento to my batch mates during my engineering maritime (ECE 02-06). these are a few words about remorseful thoughts of for, having whiled away the age of adolescence.



A DREAMY ENCOUNTER

Arun Kamboj
IIIrd year, CSE

The lady who stepped out of the glitzy, gleaming Raymond's retail shop was perhaps the loveliest thing I had seen in years. She was of middle height, long-legged and dressed in a truly Indian attire, 'a saree'. While I stood at the opposite pavement with my mouth wide open at the gorgeousness of the feminine beauty, she gently tip-toed down the stairs.

And then the wonder of wonders happened. She smiled at me. She walked up to me with feline grace and asked, "Could you please direct me to the post office". "Err!! It's just at the turning to the market place, I said hardly able to coordinate my voice with my tongue". Realizing the enormity of the situation, I further continued, "Can I drop you there, I am myself going that way". She acceded to my proposal and got into the car with a cryptic smile hardly realizing that the edge of her saree had got stuck in the door. At the post office she got down and said, "I will be back within a few minutes". She was gone to be back in less than few minutes. She came back and said, "Could you please help me, I am running out of cash and they are not accepting my credit card". Before she could speak any more, I had already thrust a few hundred rupee notes in her hand. "You can have more if you want", I said. She went inside and came back after fifteen minutes and said, "Now you must accompany me to some restaurant for a cup of coffee and snacks". I gave my consent to the offer and she didn't even bat an eyelid at it. She got into the car with that very familiar mysterious smile on her face.

We got down at a wayside restaurant which she said was a favorite of hers. She got down and moved in. I followed her and entered the restaurant with some trepidation. We sat in a dimly lit corner under the suspicious gaze of a waiter. We ordered coffee and some snacks. A piano tinkled in the background, the pianist's face covered in the shadow. She was gorgeous and I thought as if she was trying to convey to me some speechless messages through her eyes. I got lost into her bewitching eyes. I was enchanted by her beauty and watched her as if I was under a spell. It seemed that every element of the surrounding had started singing paeans. She deserved to be pampered with roses, smothered with caresses, she was iridescent as the moon, and for me, she was life, body, soul and, yes heart.

The aura of the ambience coupled with her seemingly incomprehensible charm beckoned me to give a vent to my feelings. I was a volcano just about to erupt.

Suddenly everything went incongruous when she said, "Now I must return your money". We left the restaurant and reached the hotel where she was staying as a guest. "Now you must accompany me to my room please". We walked along thickly carpeted floor only to reach the door of her contemptuously numbered room '420'. "You must wait here till I get the money", she said and banged the door right up to my face.

Five minutes went by and I gently knocked at the door. There was no reply. Ten more minutes passed and I knocked a little harder continuously at the door and heard a familiar voice beside me yelling, "Why don't you take your pills if you can't sleep properly". I got up from my bed and watched my bruised knuckles.

It was a dreamy encounter with one of the most ravishing beauties of the world, the world whose boundaries were the confines of my pounding and still reverberating heart.

Tube thought : Our sub conscious mind is a great equalizer. Our dreams are made up of our well-cherished, unfulfilled desires.



GUFFAW

Here are some funny conversations between various leaders of different countries...

The Prime Minister of China called President Bush to console him after the attack on the Pentagon: "I'm sorry to hear about the attack. It is a very big tragedy. But in case you are missing any documents from the Pentagon, we have copies of everything".

Musharraf calls bush on 11th September:

Musharraf: Mr President, I would like to express my condolences to you. It is a real tragedy. So many people, such great buildings... I would like to ensure that we had nothing in connection with that.....

Bush: What buildings? what people??

Musharraf: Oh, and what time is it in America now?

Bush: It's 8 in the morning.

Musharraf: Oops... will call back in an hour.

Q: What do you call 1 Pakistani on the moon?

A: Problem...

Q: What do you call 10 Pakistanis on the moon?

A: Problem...

Q: What do you call 100 Pakistanis on the moon?

A: Problem...

Q: What do you call ALL the Pakistanis on the moon?

A: Problem Solved!!!!!!

A couple drove down a country road for several miles, not saying a word. An earlier discussion had led to an argument and neither of them wanted to concede their position. As they passed a barnyard of mules, goats, and pigs, the husband asked sarcastically, "Relatives of yours?" "Yep," the wife replied, "in laws."

Husband and wife were in the midst of a violent quarrel, and hubby was losing his temper. "Be careful," he said to his wife. "You will bring out the animal in me." "So what?" his wife shot back. "Who is afraid of a mouse?"

The following simple algorithms describe how guys and gals differ while performing a simple task of withdrawing cash from a bank machine:-

Boys:

- 1 Drive to the bank, park, go to the cash dispenser
- 2 Insert card
- 3 Dial code and desired amount
- 4 Take the cash, the card and the slip

Girls:

- 1 Drive to the bank

- 2 Engine stalled
- 3 Check make-up in the mirror
- 4 Apply perfume
- 5 Manually check haircut
- 6 Park the car-failure
- 7 Park the car-failure
- 8 Park the car-success
- 9 Search for the card in the hand bag
- 10 Insert card, rejected by the machine
- 11 Throw phone card back in the hand bag
- 12 Look for bank card
- 13 Insert card
- 14 Look for Tempon box (where secret code written) in hand bag
- 15 Enter code
- 16 Study instructions for two minutes
- 17 #cancel
- 18 Renter code
- 19 #cancel
- 20 Call boyfriend/husband to get correct code
- 21 Enter desired amount
- 22 #Error#
- 23 Enter bigger amount
- 24 #Error#
- 25 Enter maximum amount
- 26 Cross fingers
- 27 Take cash
- 28 Go back to the car
- 29 Check make-up in the rear mirror
- 30 Look for keys in hand bag
- 31 Start car
- 32 Drive 50mts
- 33 STOP
- 34 Drive back to bank machine
- 35 Go out of the car
- 36 Take card and ticket from machine
- 37 Go back to the car
- 38 Throw card on passenger seat
- 39 Throw slip on the floor
- 40 Check make-up in the rear mirror
- 41 Manually check haircut
- 42 Go into round about-wrong way
- 43 BRAKE
- 44 Go into round about-right way
- 45 Drive 5 kms
- 46 Remove hand brakes.

r h y t h m s o f l i f e

sophistry



अंतःचक्षु/अभिव्यक्ति के आयाम

r h y t h m s o f l i f e



फूल हँसता है

मुझे माफ करना

माँ भी सुनती होगी

कर्मयोग

Down upon the Memory Lane

Romantica

Revelation

Sun Setting, Son Rising



फूल हँसता है

वरुण अग्रवाल

ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी
प्रथम वर्ष

जानते हो किसी नादान ने कुछ किया है।

हां बच्चे ने फुलवारी से

गुलाब का महकता

फूल तोड़ लिया है ॥

पौधा मुस्कुराता है ।

काँटे चुप हैं

और जड़ों में है, मीठी सी हलचल

फूल

बच्चे की हथेली पर है

बच्चा खिलखिलाता है ॥

उस पल,

पर तभी

बच्चे के पिता ने फूल छीनकर

दूर फेंक दिया

और कहा

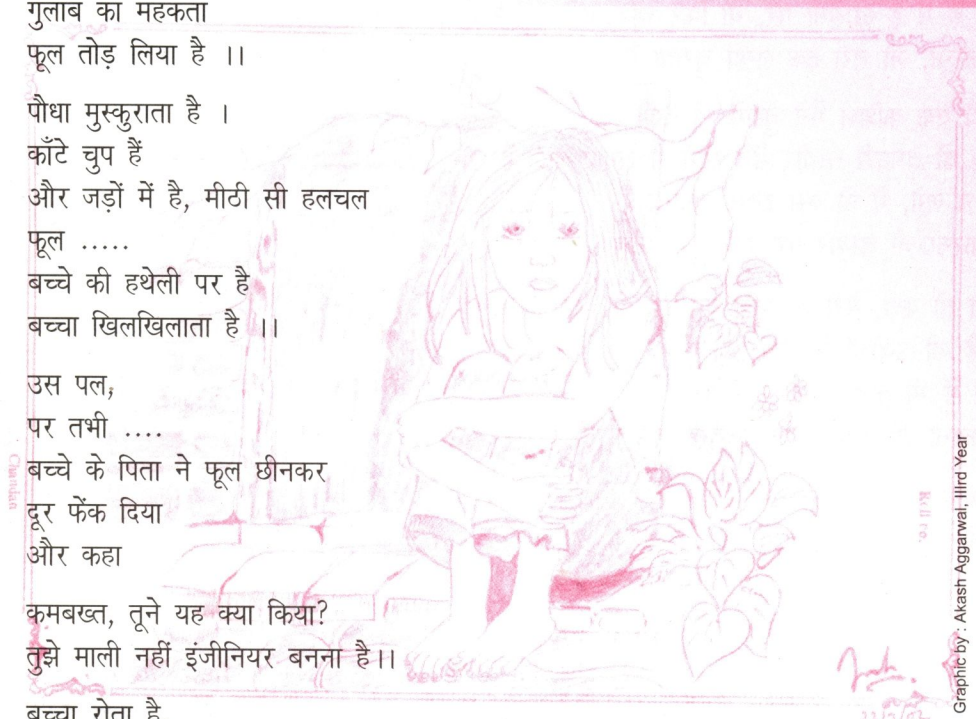
कमबख्त, तूने यह क्या किया?

तुझे माली नहीं इंजीनियर बनना है ॥

बच्चा रोता है,

पर धूल में पड़ा फूल

खूब हँसता है।



Graphic by: Akash Aggarwal, IITD Year

आत्मकथ्य : यह कविता उस समाज पर व्यंग्य है जो अपने विचार दूसरों पर थोपता है।

ऐश्वर्य समग्रस्य वीर्यस्य यशसह श्रियः।

ज्ञान वैराग्योश्चैववषण्णां भग इतीगना ॥

- विष्णु पुराण

भगवान् उसे कहते हैं जो षड् 'ऐश्वर्यों' से परिपूर्ण हैं। जिनके पास बल, यश, धन, ज्ञान, सौन्दर्य एवं वैराग्य है। संसार में अनेक धनवान् व्यक्ति है पर उनमें से कोई भी यह दावा नहीं कर सकता कि उसके पास प्रचुर धन है, पूर्ण बल है, असीमित ज्ञान है।



मुझे माफ करना

चंद्रपाल

विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

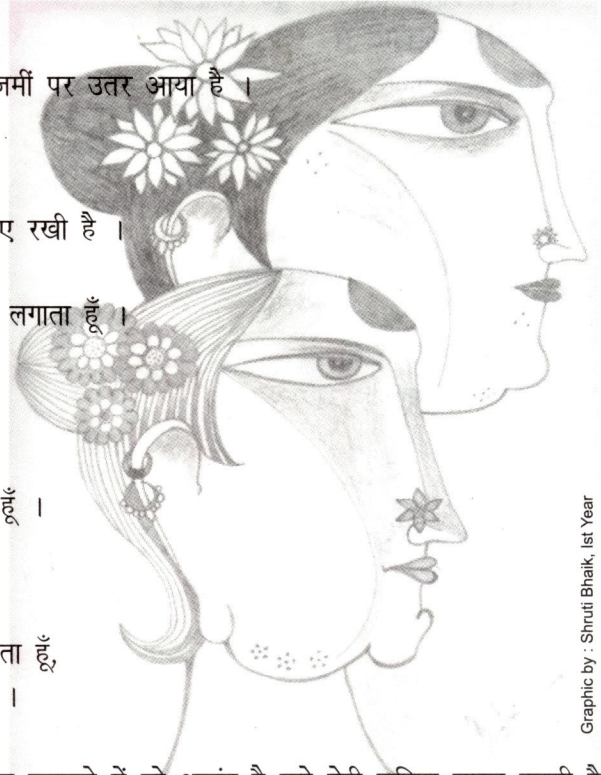
अंतिम वर्ष

वो चेहरे पर बालों का लहराना,
पानी की बूंद का भी मोती बन जाना,
कभी लगता है मैं हूँ आसमां पर, या फिर चांद जमीं पर उतर आया है ।
मुझे माफ करना, जो तेरा इक लम्हा चुराया है ।

कहीं न कहीं एक कशिश मैंने तुझमें भी देखी है,
हां आज भी वो तुम्हारी तस्वीर मैंने सीने से लगाए रखी है ।
तुम्हे नजर न लगे, मैं तो बस इतना चाहता हूँ
मुझे माफ करना जो तस्वीर पर काजल का टीका लगाता हूँ ।

उपमा दूं भी तो क्या, मेरी तो खुदा बन गई हो,
खुदनसीबी है जो उजालों में दिख रही हो ।
और ख्वाबों में भी तुम्हें ही पाता हूँ ।
मुझे माफ करना जो कभी रातों को तुम्हें जगाता हूँ ।

पास न आकर, छुप-छुप कर तुम्हें देखना,
ये दूरी है तो खफा न समझना,
कहीं छू न ले, तुम्हारे तो पास गुजरने से भी डरता हूँ,
मुझे माफ करना जो हाथों में हाथ बांधे रहता हूँ ।



Graphic by : Shruti Bhalk, 1st Year

आत्मकथ्य : कभी-कभी सच्चाईयों से दूर यादों के साथ पल गुजारने में जो आनंद है उसे मेरी कविता व्यक्त करती है ।

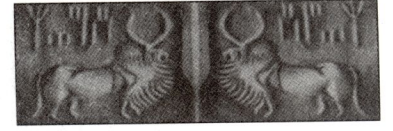


स्वर्ग और नरक

अगर आपके पास यह सब है तो मान लीजिए स्वर्ग है- जर्मन कार, अमेरिकन वेतन, चाइनीज फूड और भारतीय पत्नी। और अगर आपके पास ये सब है तो मान लीजिए नरक है - चायनीज कार, जर्मन फूड, अमेरिकन पत्नी और भारतीय वेतन।

समझ

एक व्यक्ति ने प्रसिद्ध चित्रकार पिकासो से कहा, “आपकी पेंटिंग इतनी कठिन है कि मेरी तो कुछ समझ में नहीं आता”। इस पर पिकासो ने पूछा, “क्या चीनी भाषा आपकी समझ में आती है ? - “नहीं”। “क्या आप जानते हैं, उसे 50 करोड़ लोग बोलते हैं?” पिकासो ने कहा।



माँ भी सुनती होगी

मुरली मनोहर

यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

रात को नींद खुली तो पापा बिस्तर पर नहीं थे। मुझे अंधेरे में बड़ा डर लगता था। सामने हैंगर में पड़ी शर्ट में मुझे कोई भूत घुसे होने का आभास होता था। इसीलिए आंखें बंद की और कुछ सोचने लग पड़ा। आज हमारा सातवां दिन था, दरअसल पापा को ऑफिस की तरफ से दस दिनों का टूर मिला था सो आज हम रामेश्वरम के एक होटल में ठहरे थे। सामने ही विशाल समुद्र था। शायद इसीलिए पापा को ये होटल पसंद आया था। यहां पहुंचते ही हमने पहले अपने सामान रखे और तुरंत समुद्र की सैर पर निकल पड़े। यहां मुझे बहुत मजा आ रहा था। लोगों की बहुत बड़ी भीड़ थी - जैसे मेला लगा हो। कोई पानी में ट्यूब लेकर तैर रहा था तो कोई पानी के छींटे से अपने दोस्तों के साथ खेल रहा था, पर उन दोनों पागलों में तो जैसे रेस लगी हो, पानी में तेज दौड़ने की। पर मुझे तो पॉपकॉर्न खाना था। पॉपकॉर्न खाने के बाद मैं और पापा समुद्री किनारों की सैर पर निकल पड़े। तभी सामने एक विदेशी लड़की दिखी जो दरी बिछाकर सोयी पड़ी थी शायद उसके पास कम कपड़े थे पहनने को। पापा वो देखो - पहनने को तो कपड़े नहीं पर काला चश्मा लगाए ऐसे बैठी है जैसे महारानी हो, कहते हुए मैंने पापा को इशारा किया। नहीं बेटे, ये सन बाथ यानि सूर्य स्नान कर रही है, कहते हुए पापा हंसने लगे थे।

आगे बढ़ा तो यहां कुछ ज्यादा ही भीड़ थी। लोग बोटिंग कर रहे थे और कुछ मेरी उम्र के तो ट्यूब में बैठकर मजे ले रहे थे। पापा मैं भी नहाऊंगा - मैंने कहा, तो कपड़े किनारे रखकर पापा और मैं पानी में आ गए। अर...रे पापा। आगे मत जाना नहीं तो डूब जाओगे, मैंने पापा के कंधे पर बैठे-बैठे ही शोर मचाना शुरू किया क्योंकि पानी पापा के सर तक आ गया था। फिर पापा ने मुझे दो-चार डुबकियां लगाईं। अब तो और भी मजा आ रहा था, मैं पापा की पीठ पर बैठा उनकी तैराकी के मजे ले रहा था। आस-पास लोगों का शोर था, पापा पानी में मछलियों की भांति तेजी से तैर रहे थे। कभी-कभी तो मैं डर जाता और पापा को जोर से

पकड़ लेता। अब वो शायद थक गए थे उन्होंने गोद में मुझे उठा लिया था। बेटे आप तैरना नहीं सीखेंगे, उन्होंने पूछा तो मैंने जोर से तालियां बजाते हुए हां कहा।

पापा के कहने पर मैंने जोर से अपनी आंखें बंद कर ली पर ये क्या? कुछ अजीब तरह का स्पर्श लगा। आंखें खोली तो किसी काले-कलूटे ने मुझे जोर से पकड़ रखा था। मैं चिल्लाया - कौन हो तुम, यहां क्यों आए हो और मेरे पापा कहां है? उसने हंसते हुए मुझे एक ट्यूब में डाल दिया। मुन्ना साहब आपके पापा ने मुझे आपको तैरना सीखाने के लिए भेजा है - उसने कहा और मुझे अंदर समुद्र में ले जाने लगा। मुझे उसपर और पापा पर बहुत गुस्सा आया, चारों तरफ की भीड़ में मैंने उन्हें तलाशा पर वो कहीं नहीं दिखे। तभी अचानक एक जोर की लहर आयी और मैं तेजी से आसमान की तरफ जाने लगा, डर से मैंने आंखें बंद कर ली, दूसरे ही पल धम्म की आवाज के साथ मैं नीचे आ गिरा था। जोरो का गुस्सा आ रहा था लगा पापा आ जाते तो इस कालू का हम मिलकर पिटाई कर देते। पर पापा तो पता नहीं कहां गायब हो गए थे। लेकिन अब लहरों के साथ ऊपर जाने और नीचे आने में मुझे आनंद आने लगा था। ट्यूब में बैठे-बैठे मैंने आस पास के लोगों पर पानी के छींटे फेंकने शुरू कर दिए। वो कालू कुछ दूरी पर खड़ा होकर देख रहा था। क्यों मुन्ना साहब मजा आ रहा है ना। उसने हंसते हुए पूछा। पर मैंने छीड़क दिया - तुम चुप रहो। तभी एक तेज लहर मुझे ऊपर ले चली थी, सामने किनारे पर खड़े पापा दिखे जो जोर-जोर से तालियां बजाते हुए खुश हो रहे थे। अब मैं थक गया था।

पापा ने उस कालू को एक घंटे के सौ रुपये दिए पर मैं अपने आप को रोक नहीं पाया और बोला - पापा आज बहुत मजा आया इसे पच्चीस रुपये और दे दीजिए। उसने कहा - शुक्रिया मुन्ना साहब, और आगे बढ़ गया अपना ट्यूब लेकर। हम लोग थके-हारे होटल में आकर खाना खाया और सो गए। इस वक्त मेरी नींद खुली तो पापा कि पापा बिस्तर पर नहीं थे। कुछ हिम्मत करके आगे बढ़ा तो बिल्कुल समुद्र के सामने वाले कमरे में हल्की रोशनी थी। अरे.... पापा यहां क्या कर रहे

Graphic by : Uday Deep, 1st Year



हैं, इस वक्त । वो कुर्सी पर बैठे थे हाथ में कलम और एक पन्ना था । सामने खिड़की से समुद्री हवाएं आकर देह को सुन्न कर देती थी । पर पापा फिर भी बुत की तरह बैठे थे । अरे... बेटा आप कब उठ गए ? कहते हुए मैंने पापा की आंखों में झांका । अर-रे आप तो रो रहे हो । अरे ! नहीं यार ये तो इन सर्द हवाओं के कारण ... गोद में बैठे-बैठे मैंने पापा के हाथ से पन्ना अपने हाथों में ले लिया और अब उसे पढ़ रहा था, शायद कोई कविता लिख रहे थे -

“कहां चले गए दोस्त, क्या कभी नहीं आओगे ?
तोड़ दिया ना, सदियों तक साथ रहने का वायदा,

पर अब तो आ जाओ, पल-दो-पल, मुन्ने की खातिर
ये सर्द हवाएं मुझे और मुन्ने को डराती हैं,
क्योंकि तुम्हारी याद बहुत आती है” ।

पढ़ा तो पापा के आंखों में झांकने की हिम्मत नहीं हुई, क्योंकि मुझे भी मम्मी की बहुत याद आ रही थी । चाहता तो था कि बिस्तर पर जाकर रो लूं पर पता नहीं क्यों पापा ने जोर से गोद में जकड़ रखा था । शायद मम्मी की तरह मुझे भी खोने से डरते थे ।

आत्मकथ्य : मेरे ख्याल से हर कहानी में सच्चाई नहीं होती पर कुछ सच्चाईयों की बुनियाद कहानी होती है ।



स्वप्न और सत्य

- विवाह वायलिन की तरह है । मधुर संगीत खत्म होने के बाद तार आपस में उलझ जाते हैं ।
- विवाह एक ऐसी संस्था है जहाँ पुरुष अपनी बैचलर डिग्री खो देते हैं एवं महिलाएँ मास्टर डिग्री हासिल कर लेती है ।
- शादी-शुदा लोगों को अपनी गलतियाँ याद रखने की कोई जरूरत नहीं है । नाहक एक ही बात को २-२ लोग क्यों याद रखें?
- राजनीतिज्ञ की पत्नी ने घर के कामकाज से परेशान होकर कहा, “मैं अपने पद से इस्तीफा देना चाहती हूँ” । “दूसरी व्यवस्था होने तक आप अपने पद पर बनी रहें” पति ने मुसकराते हुए कहा ।
- शादी के बाद बहू ने सास के कदम छुए क्योंकि सास भी कभी बहू थी इसीलिए सास ने आशीर्वाद दिए - “जीओ और जीने दो” ।
- विवाह एक ऐसी बेवकूफी है जिसे दुनियाँ का चालाक से चालाक आदमी भी कर बैठता है और बेवकूफ की तो बात ही छोड़िए ।
- उड़न तश्तरी और सुशील पत्नी में एक समानता है कि दोनों के बारे में सिर्फ सुना जाता है उसे देखा किसी ने नहीं है ।
- दुनियाँ में तीन तरह की औरतें होती हैं । पहली वो जो आपके साथ नहीं रहना चाहती । दूसरी वो जिसके साथ आप नहीं रहना चाहते और तीसरी वो जिसके साथ आपकी शादी कर दी जाती है ।



कर्मयोग

मुकुल मदान

संगणक विज्ञान एवं अभियांत्रिकी

द्वितीय वर्ष

अर्जुन को माध्यम बनाकर भगवान श्री कृष्ण ने समस्त मानव जाति को जो उपदेश दिया है, हम उसे 'गीता' के नाम से जानते हैं। गीता से आशय है जो 'गीत' के रूप में है। भगवान के मुख से इसका उच्चारण हुआ इसलिए इसे श्री मद् भागवता गीता जी कहते हैं। भागवत गीता के आरंभ में श्री मद् लगाकर इनके प्रति आदर प्रकट किया जाता है। इसी गीता ज्ञान तृतीय अध्याय को अपनी समझ के अनुसार आज को प्रचलित शब्दावली में जिज्ञासु जनों तक पहुंचाने का कार्य मैं इस लेख द्वारा कर रहा हूँ।

कर्मयोग की भावना को समझने के लिए हमें महाभारत के समय की सामाजिक स्थिति को ध्यान में लाना पड़ेगा। उन दिनों वेद के नाम पर कर्मकांड का बोलबाला था। वेदों के ज्ञानकांड की ओर से सामान्य जन विमुख हो रहे थे। ज्ञानमार्गी कर्मकांड छोड़कर वनों में जाकर उपासना और अध्ययन में मग्न रहते थे। समाज दो भागों में बंट गया था। एक भाग पुरोहितों द्वारा संचालित होता था। वह धनीमानी व्यक्तियों को स्वर्ग के प्रलोभन और नरक के भय दिखाकर उन्हें अनुष्ठान के लिए प्रेरित करता था। उनकी भाषा में कर्म का अर्थ कर्मकांड अथवा अनुष्ठान था। दूसरा वर्ग इन कर्मकांडों के विरोध में सन्यास लेकर हर प्रकार के कार्यों से पलायन करने लगा था। क्रियाशीलता से बचने के लिए उनका तर्क यह था कि कर्म अच्छा करोगे तो उच्च योनि में आकर फल भोगना पड़ेगा। बुरा करने से नीच योनि में जाना पड़ेगा। यह पुनर्जन्म का चक्र कभी नहीं टूटेगा और यदि कोई कर्म नहीं करोगे तो जन्म बंधन से छुटकारा मिल जाएगा।

जिस प्रकार कला व साहित्य के क्षेत्र में वाद-विवाद चलता है कि कला - कला के लिए या जीवन के लिए। इसी प्रकार उस समय यह विवाद था कि कर्म का उद्देश्य स्वर्ग प्राप्ति है या मोक्ष। ऐसे समय में जब एक वर्ग स्वर्ग के लिए महँगे अनुष्ठान रचा रहा था और दूसरा पक्ष इन सबको निस्सार कहकर संसार से पलायन कर वनों में जा बसा था, इस व्यक्ति की व्यथा कौन समझे जो न तो महँगे अनुष्ठान कर सकता था न ही उसके पास अध्ययन करने योग्य बुद्धि थी। प्रभु ने इन दोनों पक्षों के मध्य सेतू बनाने के लिए कर्म को कर्मकांड से अलग अर्थ देने के लिए कर्मयोग के नाम से नयी क्रांति का सूत्रपात किया। उस क्रांति का उद्घोष था, मोक्ष पाने के लिए घर-बार छोड़कर जाने की कोई आवश्यकता नहीं, केवल जीवन के प्रति दृष्टिकोण बदलने की जरूरत है। जिसके पास बुद्धि या धन के जितने साधन है उसके लिए उन साधनों के अनुसार मोक्ष का मार्ग मिल सकता है।

नेहाभिक्रमनाशोअस्ति प्रत्यवायो न विद्यते ।

स्वल्पमप्यस्य धर्मस्य त्रायते महतो भयात् ॥

प्रभु कहते हैं कि कर्मयोग की भावना से जो भी प्रयत्न किए जाते हैं वे नष्ट नहीं होते और यदि उनके पलायन में कोई भूलचूक रह जाए तो दोष नहीं होता। इस दिशा में किए जाने वाला थोड़ा सा प्रयत्न भी महाफलदायी होता है।

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन ।

मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूमा ते संगोअस्त्वकर्मणि ॥

प्रस्तुत श्लोक में प्रभु कहते हैं कि तेरा अधिकार कर्म करने तक है। कर्मफल तेरे अधिकार से बाहर है। इसलिए फल की कामना से कर्म मत कर, न ही तू ऐसा सोच कि फल की आशा के बिना कर्म क्यों करूँ। यह श्लोक कर्मयोग का सूत्रमंत्र है। इस सूत्र का विश्लेषण करने से चार तत्व मिलते हैं।

1. कर्म करना तेरे हाथ में है।
2. कर्म का फल किसी अन्य शक्ति के हाथ में है।
3. तू कर्म करते समय फल प्राप्ति की आशा मत कर।



4. फल छोड़ने का तात्पर्य यह नहीं कि कर्म करना छोड़ दे ।

जो व्यक्ति कर्म करते समय उसके फल पर ध्यान केंद्रित करते हैं, उसके तनावयुक्त होने की आशंका अधिक होती है । विपरीत उनके जो कर्म को कर्तव्य मानकर क्रियाशील होते हैं, वे तनाव से मुक्त होते हैं । उनको कर्म का फल सामान्यतः मिलना है । यदि फल नहीं मिलता तो उन्हें निराश नहीं होना पड़ता, व्यक्ति यह सोचकर हल्का रहता है कि मैंने अपनी तरफ से कर्तव्य पूरा कर दिया, जो फल मिलेगा उसे प्रसाद समझकर ग्रहण करूंगा । ऐसी मानसिक स्थिति वाले व्यक्ति का कर्म में लगे रहना ही उस व्यक्ति का पुरस्कार होता है । कामना को त्यागकर सफलता और असफलता को एक समान मानकर तू कर्म के प्रति एकाग्र रह । कर्म का फल मिलने और न मिलने में मन की अवस्था एक समान रहे उसी को समत्व योग अथवा कर्मयोग कहते हैं । प्रभु कहते हैं कि हे पार्थ ! फल की आकांक्षा से किया गया कर्म निम्न कोटि का है इसे करने वाले जन दया के पात्र हैं और निश्चयात्मक बुद्धि से निष्काम भाव से किया गया कर्म श्रेष्ठ है । निश्चयात्मक बुद्धि युक्त व्यक्ति अच्छे बुरे दोनों प्रकार के कर्मों के फल का भोगी नहीं होता । इसलिए कर्म करते समय तू बुद्धि स्थिर रख । इसी कुशलता को योग कहते हैं । जब व्यक्ति मन की कामनाओं को त्यागकर अपने-आप में संतुष्ट रहता है, उसे स्थिर बुद्धि वाला कहते हैं ।

दुःखष्वनुद्धिगमनाः सुखेषु विगतस्पृहः ।

वीतरागभयक्रोधः स्थिर्मुनिरुच्यते ॥

जो दुखों से व्याकुल नहीं होता, सुखों की लालसा नहीं करता । जिसमें प्रीति, भय और क्रोध छूट गए ऐसा मनुष्य स्थिर बुद्धि वाला होता है ।

संपूर्ण प्राणी अन्न से उपजते हैं, अन्न वर्षा से उपजता है, वर्षा यज्ञ से होती है और यज्ञ कर्मों से उत्पन्न होता है । मनुष्य को अनासक्त होकर निरंतर कर्मशील रहना चाहिए क्योंकि कर्म करने वाला परमपद मोक्ष पाता है ।

श्रीकृष्ण के वचनमृत को अपने शब्दों में रचकर मैंने जन-समाज तक कर्म करने की भावना को जागृत करने के लिए एक छोटा सा प्रयास किया है ।



शिकवे

तुम्हें शिकवे बहुत हैं और हमें मोहब्बत,
अब इंतजार भी करें तो किस हद तक ?

जब दूसरा पहलू आएगा सामने, तो ये इंतजार नहीं जिद्द होगी । पर मैं जानता हूँ ये कायम रहेगा, क्योंकि मैं तुमसा नहीं हूँ । तेरा प्यारा सा चेहरा और प्यारी अदाएँ बनाती हैं दीवाना मुझको, अब चाहो तो नादान कह लो या पागल समझ लो ।

जानता हूँ तुम्हारी पसंद अब्वल दर्जे की होगी और मैं कभी अब्वल नहीं रहा । हो गुड़िया सी तुम, तुम समझदार भी हो और मुझे अपनी पसंद और मोहब्बत पर नाज है । हो सकता है शायद मैं बीता कल भी न रहूँ पर तू मेरा आज है । परिभाषा तो प्यार भी लिए हुए है फिर चाहे प्यार मैं तुमसे करूँ या तुम किसी और से । प्यार कभी समझौता ना बने ये तुम भी चाहो और ये चाहत मैंने भी चाही । वरना लोग कहेंगे - तुमसे रखा बस वफा तक वास्ता जो कर बैठा खुद से वो थी बेवफाई ।

ये सच है कभी गुमान था मुझे मेरी सरहदों में चाहे तो जो हिस्से में आए वो हो रूसवाई । एक गुजारिश है तुमसे मेरी मुहब्बत पर तरस ना खाना, कभी मेरे करीब मत आना, वरना

“दफन होगा प्यार मेरा, और जो टूटेगा उसपर वो ताज होगा ।
ना रहेगी आत्मा भी उसकी, ना फिर किसी को मुहब्बत पर नाज होगा” ।



DOWN UPON THE MEMORY LANE

Shruti Sharma,
Final Year, EE

Top floor room in *Parvati Girls Hostel*, torrential rain of mid August, lying down on the bed, staring at the ceiling of my hostel room; I went down upon the memory lane. Today is utmost 3 years and 14 days since I stepped into the portals of NITH (the then RECH). It was the counseling day, a day of anxiety, hope and excitement. New and bright faces everywhere. Each young soul, a damsel, holding a portfolio of certificates accompanied by parents, ushering into the generation *NEXT*, into the academics with a lot of hope and expectation. There was a sense of satisfaction and relief when I got admission and moved to the hostel with all my bag and baggage. This was entry into an entirely new phase. Till now I had lined and studied in the secure, caring and solicitous lap of my parents. I eagerly looked forward to the much hyped hostel and college life. I had always imagined hostel life to be fun filled and enjoyable and it proved to be exact at this point.

Three of us (room mates) were looking at each other with suspicion and hope that *"we shall line, work and study together"*. All that time there was some sense of fear of facing the *"seniors"* and a lot talked about *"ragging"* of a *"fresher"*. I dreaded the seniors the same way as a bird of prey faces the predator. However my fears were almost unfounded. We enjoyed the interaction with seniors and soon got used to the expressions: *"Sir"*, *"Madam"*, *"Suprabhat"*, *"Shubhsayanka"* and the dress code (full sleeves suit, no new age look, hair tied up, looking simple and simpleton) for the freshers.

The class room milieu was fairly different and a lot exciting. The teachers here not only looked strict but also very regular in taking classes. It was in stark contrast to the school where we could gossip in the class and take liberties with teachers. The day here started fairly early with a bucket in hand and marvelous hunt for hot water to take bath with. I had been a lot excited about participation in cultural activities. This used to be my strong forte in school. Here, too, I got an opportunity of participation in *"Hill FFair"*. In addition to enjoyment it provided a sense of satisfaction to express talent and contribute a significant mite to the occasion and the institute activity.

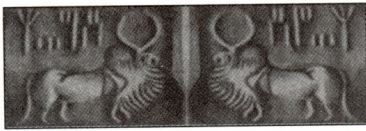
"Time is evanescent". First year passed by. On the day of registration into the third semester, we had a feeling of euphoria, that we are *"seniors"* and the *"jangoos"* (so called zoogangs, juniors) would call us *"Madam"* or *"Sir"*. Hearing these words satisfied my ego which was at low ebb for a year's time. We would advice the juniors on campus as well as non campus life with full air of superiority and stiff upper lip. In turn, they would obey us obsequiously. Now, we had freedom and guts to move around freely without any deportment and dress code.

Friendship bond had become very strong which grew stronger and tempered over the next 2 years. This is how three long years passed by so soon. The clock ticked too fast and each moment was enjoyable in one or the other manner. I could only wish to lengthen the time scale and live those moments again and again till the end of time. Now we are super seniors, the final year students, the students who are considered the wildest for dos and don'ts of the campus life. We enjoy leisure with abandon. Often, we gather in the room of one or the other friend, prepare soups, fruit chats, maggi, etc. We enjoy the evening walks on the campus roads which have nature's bounty of the avenues of pine trees. This is not for *"walk"* alone; everyone tries to flaunt dress and makes every effort to be the most attractive and smart of the lot. Often, we have Birthday bash in the hostels, unlike boys who give merciless bumps, with sweets, singing and dancing. All the while, the wall clock reminds that *"Time and tide waits for none"*. The countdown in the last phase of the campus life has set in. I have learnt many a lesson during this significant phase of three years in my life. I have learnt to face trials and tribulations in personal and academic life. I have developed love and attachment to my ***Alma Mater***. It is only in the hostel that I have learnt to manage myself, my time and my money. I believe that only the lucky few get the pleasure of hostel life and professional institutions of repute (like NITH). Now, I am a lot confident to face the challenges of competitive life with all the knowledge and skills acquired here.

Only one more year remains and I wish to enjoy this period to the fullest and take along the sweetest of memories that I shall treasure with fondness throughout my life.

Tube Thought : *Time sways and along with it the golden moments; what remains with you is only the reminiscence; that gives you sweet fragrance throughout your life.*

Graphic by : Mudit Sethi, IInd Year



ROMANTICA

Vivek Bhatia
IIInd YEAR, ECE

Coming with the glittering eyes
Why are you wetter than ice?

Flames feel ashamed before you
Seeing you, what moths can do?

Fabulous, killing alone Indica
I frame you as my Romantica.

Unbiased shy flying flow
Brave, serene, untriggered glow

May this rain be endless rain?
And the pain, an endless pain

She fluttered away with wings of light
Parted, pictured, my eyes' plight

Charming, chunky, snowy white
Deep, becoming envy of night

Windy, windy, windy night
Insight emerged a ray of light

Space, airy, widowed hut
Causing shining stars to shut

Savage, dark, jingle pristine
Clinking bangle unseen, clandestine

Wishing, wishing, I closed my eyes
But as the eyelids began to rise

Left puzzled, troubled you enigma
I'll never forget you, my Romantica.

TUBE THOUGHT : It is just the explanation of an impulse, an impact, an unforgettable lust, an achievement of seconds which made my brain think for a while. The beauty of that moment can guide anyone in life forever.

Graphic by : Shruti Bhaik, 1st Year



- Guatamalan women work 11.5 hours a day, while South African men work only 4.5.
- Kenyan women work 35% longer than their menfolk.
- Ethiopians are by far the most agricultural people on earth (both men and women)
- Looking for Czech and Slovak men? Half are in factories.



REVELATION

Rahul Shanu,
IIIrd Year, CSE

The sun was playing games with one. I knew I had to lose. I made last ditch effort but in vain. I watched it go down. The game was over. The light started fading. I could see the silhouette of mountains towering up, reaching the sky. Finally, the realization sank in to me that I am lost in the vast jungle of Koderma not knowing what to do next.

I took the torch out of my bag. The vastness of jungle, the darkness that was taking its hold on the surroundings, the strange sounds that suddenly erupted from nowhere were enough to send shudders down my spine. I started cursing my decision to venture alone in this area but it was too late. There was strange churning in my stomach and I felt giddy. All myths regarding my courage vanished in air. How could I ever think of venturing out in this wild, unknown terrain and that too with an ambition to meet ghosts?

Ghosts! Some of you might be tempted to call me crazy. Personally, I feel it was a combination of curiosity and lure of proving my valour that set me into this trap. It all started, when in a spate of incidences, five people of our village went on missing. They returned a few days later but completely blank-devoid of any expressions or feelings. Village was gripped in terror. As would happen in any other tribal village-ojhas were called. I was forced to watch their absurd rituals as faith or no faith I wanted my people to be cured. I knew what was coming as they closed their eyes and started shouting- 'Ghosts, Ghosts'. Their fingers pointed to the jungle. I could see the people trembling with fear. In a sudden change of attitude, the villagers slowly started avoiding the families of those unfortunate people. I felt frustrated. I tried to reason out with elder, but in vain. Ghosts have become a part of village life. Since my childhood, I had heard villagers mentioning some haunted place in the midst of mountains. The tales were fascinating and told with as much craft as any other village folklore. These tales thus created intrigue and fear among the people. I was fascinated and as a child had allowed my imagination to have a free run. They provided me with strange, creepy and often varied images of creatures hovering in the dark executing something this vicious. With the passage of time those images faded only to reappear that night. I could visualize them in almost everything that surrounded me. I was frightened to the extreme.

Darkness completely established its rule. It was like being lost in Erbus. I tried to relocate my way, but the beam of my torch was continuously failing to tear apart the reign of darkness in front of me. I desperately needed a safe place as it was unwise to spare the night in the arena of wild animals. It was the situation in which even the most atheist person would start believing, praying for his life. I did the same and my prayers were answered. I did manage two close shaves, once from a tiger and another from a snake. This much for those incidents, as they would distract us. However, these incidents left me drained both physically as well as mentally. I could barely move my feet. Anxiety had taken its hold on me. Yet I moved.

Abruptly the landscape changed and I was in open. Moonlight slightly seemed to challenge the hold of darkness. The vastness of the moonlit terrain was engulfing. The feeling of being lonely and helpless surged even more. The rocky structure in front of me stood like giants diminishing everything. It was raw terror of nature.

I heard a faint noise as if of moving water. Suddenly I was elated. That has to be the river flowing through my village. Finally a sense of relief came. All I had to do was to find the stream and to move alongside. I moved towards the source of the sound. It appeared as if the river was raging. The intensity of sound went on increasing and finally culminated to a roar, a deafening one. I was awe-struck as I put my sight to the giant waterfall ahead. It was huge, beautiful-the milkiness of water was in stark contrast to the darkness it was engulfed in. I had heard the elders mentioning this waterfall but the extent of its magnitude was beyond my imagination.

I rushed to its base. There was sprinkling of the water on my body. I sat on a rock and relaxed. The feeling can be compared to that of being in heaven. Suddenly my eyes got fixed to a structure. I moved closer to find a magnificently

Graphic by : Sougata Santra, IIIrd Year



carved statue of Goddess Durga. A rare beauty, a gem of craftsmanship. The weapon, face and the entire body reflected the divinity bestowed on it. I was moved, awe-struck. A feeling of calmness settled on me, as I felt myself being blessed by the goddess

I moved along the stream. It was much easier than roaming in the wild. I had moved for about a mile when I found myself being forced to deviate from my path. It was unwilling as if I was being pulled by the magnet. I resisted but in vain. I found myself moving towards a strange structure. Suddenly, the darkness was swept away as the structure lit up. It was very similar to my imagination of an alien-ship. Definitely, I had not seen anything like that on earth. I was bewildered by the thought of witnessing a true UFO in front of me. Was it true? I moved inside the structure.

The inside proved to be exotic. Every thing had state of art touch to it. It was as if I have reached 500 years ahead. It had to be UFO but I could not see anyone. A sudden interruption to my thought process was a voice welcoming me with my name. I turned only to find a creature not entirely different from humans. The only difference was perhaps a slightly enlarged head. He held his hand in front of me. I did not react.

'Bewildered?' he asked.

'Who are you?'

'Well! It is very difficult to explain. Let me introduce myself. I am Mayank. And I'm in a way an improved version of what you call homosapiens. In short I'm a man of future.'

'Is this a time machine?' I was amazed.

'Yes.'

'How can it be? Theoretically it isn't possible.'

'Many more things are possible in our time.'

'So, why are you here? What do you want?'

'A very small thing, as our ancestors, we want your blessings.'

'Just for blessings you have travelled in time?'

'Not exactly, I want something else too.'

'What?'

'Your brain, feelings, emotions'

'Oh, then you are the ghost.' I laughed. 'You know what have done to our men. Do you have any realization to the pain their family bears.'

'I have no choice. We are left with no other options. You don't know the future. Do you?'

I replied in negative.

'Man in his desperation of growth will take the civilization to the pinnacle of materialism. This machine is an example of that. But, with this materialism, will move a mechanical way of life. Emotions and feelings will take back seat. And slowly and subtly it will be eliminated from his existence. What's the use of this growth if he cannot feel life, does not cry, does not feel elated, and does not rejoice? Man of our time is like this.'

'Oh! But why are you snatching our people from their joy, their life?'

'Ah, we are collecting various samples of personalities, expressions, reactions, feelings of different people. We will replicate these and then will transplant these to our people. These will provide them with a new and better life.'

I laughed and laughed hysterically. He could not understand and remarked- 'You are behaving strangely.'

'Yeah! I answered. 'Man has developed a lot. Now, they will replicate emotions, very well. It's not your fault. You are devoid of these feelings to understand the fruitlessness of this expedition.'

'Fruitless. Why?'



'Well. Just by feeding emotions you cannot create more receptive man. Maybe it will lead to conflict in him. Emotions are progressive unit. It grows along with you. It is a part of your personality. It is not fed to you but it is immersed in you. Even if you succeed in your scientific endeavour chaos will reign your world' I felt he looked perplexed though his face was devoid of any expressions.

'Then what shall I do?' he asked.

'The erosion of feelings was a gradual progress. It took centuries. The regeneration will also be slow and time taking. Instead of stealing other's identity, use your scientific approach to study the human behavior and relations in our times and beyond our times. Introduce your people to the results from those feelings and then work out a plan.'

'Will it work?'

'I hope so. Give it a try.'

'I think we can think on this line. May be this will work for our degenerating civilization. Thanks for your help. I will let you out of the ship.'

'Bye. My best wishes are with you.'

As I was walking out, the sun was rising in the horizon. The red circle showed fresh energy. It was a new dawn with new realizations. For us and for them. As I chalked out my way to the stream I looked back. The ship was there, standstill, and with a flicker it was gone.

Tube Thought : Unnatural/Extraterrestrial things have always fascinated me.



Best patient

Five surgeons are discussing who makes the best patients on the operating table.

The first surgeon says, "I like to see accountants on my operating table, because when you open them up, everything inside is numbered."

The second responds, "Yeah, but you should try electricians! Everything inside them is color coded."

The third surgeon says, "No, I really think librarians are the best; everything inside them is in alphabetical order."

The fourth surgeon chimes in, "You know, I like construction workers...those guys always understand when you have a few parts left over at the end, and when the job takes longer than you said it would."

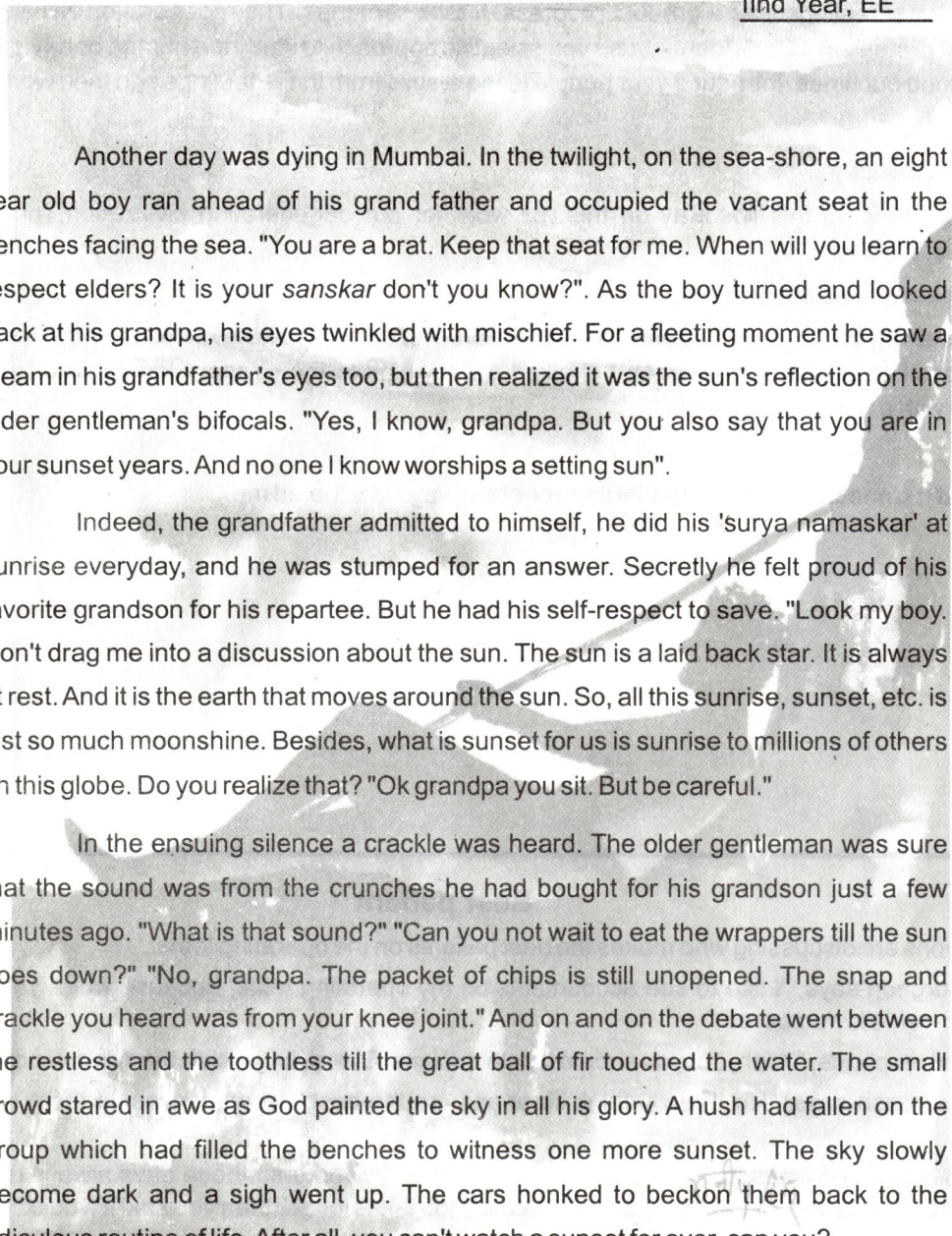
But the fifth surgeon shut them all up when he observed, "You're all wrong. Politicians are the easiest to operate on. There's no guts, no heart, and no spine, and the head and butt are interchangeable."



Sun Setting, Son Rising

Chandran

IInd Year, EE



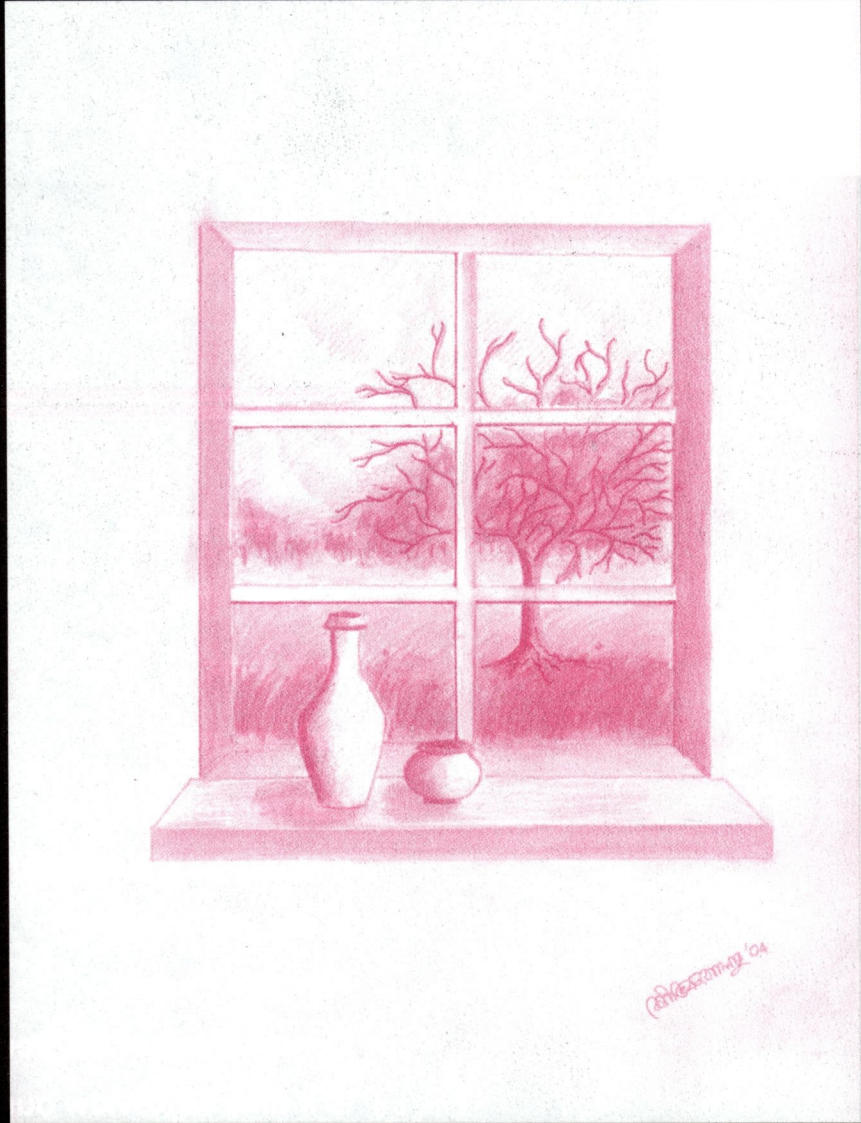
Another day was dying in Mumbai. In the twilight, on the sea-shore, an eight year old boy ran ahead of his grand father and occupied the vacant seat in the benches facing the sea. "You are a brat. Keep that seat for me. When will you learn to respect elders? It is your *sanskar* don't you know?". As the boy turned and looked back at his grandpa, his eyes twinkled with mischief. For a fleeting moment he saw a gleam in his grandfather's eyes too, but then realized it was the sun's reflection on the elder gentleman's bifocals. "Yes, I know, grandpa. But you also say that you are in your sunset years. And no one I know worships a setting sun".

Indeed, the grandfather admitted to himself, he did his 'surya namaskar' at sunrise everyday, and he was stumped for an answer. Secretly he felt proud of his favorite grandson for his repartee. But he had his self-respect to save. "Look my boy. Don't drag me into a discussion about the sun. The sun is a laid back star. It is always at rest. And it is the earth that moves around the sun. So, all this sunrise, sunset, etc. is just so much moonshine. Besides, what is sunset for us is sunrise to millions of others on this globe. Do you realize that?" "Ok grandpa you sit. But be careful."

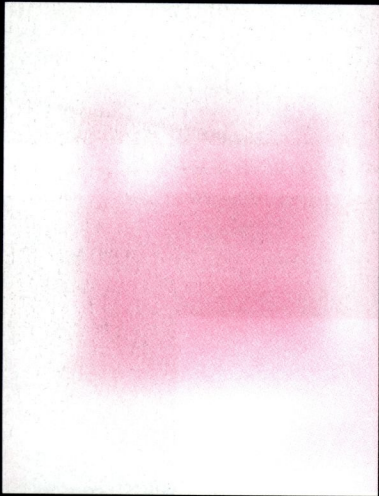
In the ensuing silence a crackle was heard. The older gentleman was sure that the sound was from the crunches he had bought for his grandson just a few minutes ago. "What is that sound?" "Can you not wait to eat the wrappers till the sun goes down?" "No, grandpa. The packet of chips is still unopened. The snap and crackle you heard was from your knee joint." And on and on the debate went between the restless and the toothless till the great ball of fire touched the water. The small crowd stared in awe as God painted the sky in all his glory. A hush had fallen on the group which had filled the benches to witness one more sunset. The sky slowly become dark and a sigh went up. The cars honked to beckon them back to the ridiculous routine of life. After all, you can't watch a sunset for ever, can you?

r h y t h m s o f l i f e

pragmatic insinuations



धरातल / यथार्थ चित्रण



राह

सपूत भारत माता के

ज़रा इनसे पूछिए

स्वार्थी इन्सान

सबसे बड़ा सच

Call for peace

If Music be the food of love, play on

Is the end in sight!

War and Peace

Demarcation of the Vendor

Is it time to Review our Foreign Policy

The Fallacies of Justice



राह

सुरभि गुप्ता

ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिकी
अंतिम वर्ष

सब कल्पनाएं हकीकत नहीं होती ।
सब खाहिशें पूरी नहीं होती,
हर झोंके में खुशबू नहीं होती,
सब आंखों में शरारत नहीं होती ॥

हर रिश्ते का नाम नहीं होता,
हर लम्हा ख्वाब नहीं होता,
हर मुस्कुराहट का राज नहीं होता
हर चाहत का मुकाम नहीं होता ॥

पर हर उम्मीद में सच्चाई होती है,
हर नजर में कुछ बात होती है,
हर पल में जिंदगी सांस लेती है,
कभी गिर जाएं तो हाथ थाम लेती है ॥

सब कुछ होते हुए भी कुछ नहीं होता
जिंदगी आगे निकल जाती है
और अहसास भी नहीं होता,
सहारे छूट जाते हैं, अपने खो जाते हैं ॥

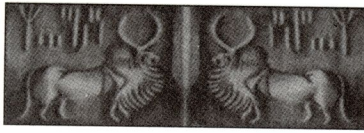
पर फिर भी जिंदगी का दामन थामे,
निकल पड़े हैं उन रास्तों पर
शायद कोई अहसास धड़कन बन जाए
हरपल मुस्कुराने की कोई वजह मिल जाए ॥

अगर कुछ न भी मिले तो किसी और की खुशी से
अपने लबों पर मुस्कुराहट मिल जाए,
और हम उन राहों पर चल दें, जहां जिंदगी ले जाए,
शायद उसी रास्ते पर हमारी मुलाकात हो जाए ॥

आत्मकथ्य : जब कोई चीज दिल को छू लेती है तब कविता लिखकर अपना उद्गार व्यक्त करती हूँ।

वाइफ

एक नेता जी ने हिन्दी दिवस पर भाषण देते हुए कहा, “मुझे बहुत दुःख होता है जब कोई अपनी पत्नी को वाइफ कहता है”। तभी श्रोताओं की भीड़ से आवाज आई - “हम अपनी पत्नी को वाइफ नहीं कहेंगे तो क्या दूसरे की पत्नी को वाइफ कहेंगे”।



सपूत भारत माता के

चंद्रपाल

विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

वो रहती है चुप, पर आंखें तो बोलती हैं ।
किनती यादें हैं, जो जख्म बन गए,
छिपाये उन्हें चादर में लिपटे सोती है ॥

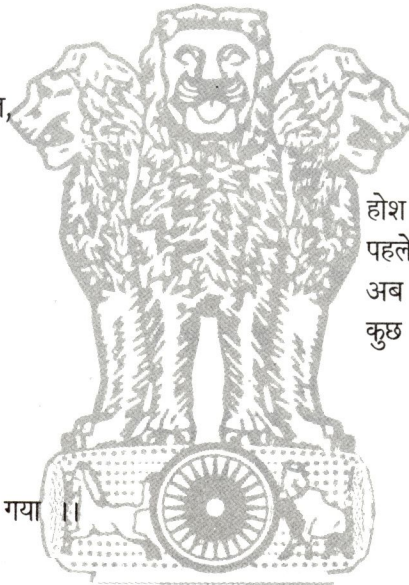
जब आई थी दुल्हन बन, रहती थी घूंघट में,
उठे घूंघट तो शर्माती थी ।
कभी सोती थी पिया गोद में,
कभी आंचल में लिटा बालों को सहलाती थी ॥

वक्त बीता और परिस्थितियां भी बदल गई ।
अब रह गई चारदीवारी में वो,
पिया को सीमाएं मिल गई ॥



दिन बीतने लगे खत लिखने में,
रातें यादों में बीत जाती थी ।
ये खत भी पहुंचते थे अधूरे,
कुछ पक्तियां तो आंसूओं से मिट जाती थी ॥

सीमाओं का क्या था,
जंग तो हर पहर छिड़ी रहती थी ।
अखबार तो बना देते थे स्याही की इमारत,
पर उसके तो दिल पर आ ढहती थी ॥



होश कहाँ रहता था इस हालात में,
पहले तो पड़ोसी भी दिलासा देते थे ।
अब वो भी कतराने लगे,
कुछ लोग तो दिखावा भी कहते थे ॥

एक दिन हुआ कुर्बान वो लाल
पर तिरंगा फिर तन गया ।
आज आंसू नहीं, गर्व था उन आंखों में,
तो क्या हुआ, एक लाल जोड़ा सफेद बन गया ॥
जख्म बांधे हैं म तिलक लगाते हैं ।

सत्यमेव जयते

आत्मकथ्य : शायद हम शहीदों की कुर्बानियाँ भूलने लगे हैं इसीलिए मैंने यह कविता लिखी है कि कहीं हम भूल न जाएँ ।



जरा इनसे पूछिए

सत्येन्द्र ठाकुर

ऋण आवेशिकी एवं संचार अभियांत्रिक

तृतीय वर्ष

क्या-क्या सितम करेगा, सितमगर से पूछिए,
कितना लहू पिएगा ये खंजर से पूछिए।

इंसान ही इंसान का क्यों खून पी रहा,
ये इंसानियत के कटे हुए सर से पूछिए।

अहसास दर्द का उसे होता है या नहीं,
नकाबपोश मौत के सौदागार से पूछिए।

नापाक ज़हन वालों ने क्या कुछ नहीं किया,
कफ़र्यु में नज़रबन्द हर एक घर से पूछिए।

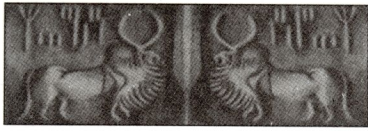
पलभर में खाक हो गई आबाद बस्तियाँ,
ये वादी-ए-कश्मीर के मंज़र से पूछिए।

नाकाम किए हैं अब तक जो मंसूबे नापाक थे,
ये आज़ादी से कारगिल तक के सफर से पूछिए।

हिन्दुस्तान पर फ़तह का ख्वाब नहीं आसां,
मिला शिकस्त का जो सबक वो सिकन्दर से पूछिए।

आत्मकथ्य : कभी कुछ दिल को छू ले तो कविता या शायरी के रूप में व्यक्त कर लेता हूँ।





स्वार्थी इन्सान

❖ धरातल/यथार्थ चित्रण

सौरभ कुलश्रेष्ठ
विद्युत अभियांत्रिकी
तृतीय वर्ष

सूरज अपनी गति से क्षितिज को छोड़ रहा था । आकाश में लालिमा छा गई थी पक्षी अपने अपने घरों में लौट रहे थे । सांझ की सर्द हवाओं के बीच एक मासूम चेहरा उम्र, कोई 13-14 वर्ष दुबला-पतला बदन और शरीर पर कपड़ों के नाम पर चंद कतरनों से ढका बालक कांप रहा था । तभी एक आवाज आई

“कुली ! कुली ।।” किशोर बालक ने सकपकाते हुए उत्तर दिया - “जी बाबूजी ।” “ये सामान ले चलेगा ?” “कहां बाबूजी ?” “स्टेशन तक ।”

स्टेशन वहां से करीब एक मील दूर था । मजदूर बालक ने फिर सामान पर नजर डाली, फिर स्टेशन की दूरी पर । फिर उसने पेटी को उठाकर देखा, किन्तु नाजुक कंधे साथ देने को तैयार नहीं थे । दो दिन से भूखा होने के कारण इतने भारी सामान को उठाने में अपने आपको असमर्थ महसूस कर रहा था । इतने में बाबूजी रौबदार आवाज में गुर्राए” सोचता क्या है ? चलना है तो चल वरना किसी दूसरे को बुलाता हूं ।”

उन शब्दों ने बालक को विद्युत का सा झटका दिया । वह घबराकर बोला, “अभी ले चलता हूं, बाबूजी । साथ ही वह विचारों के भँवर में खोता चला गया - पेटी भारी है । कुछ पैसे मिल ही जायेंगे । मां बीमार है वैद्यजी ने दूध के लिए कहा है । वह कांपते अधरों से फड़फड़ा कर बोला - दस रुपये लूंगा बाबूजी ।” “क्या...! दस रुपये ?” बाबू जी झल्ला उठे फिर विचारकर बोले - “पांच रुपये दूंगा, ले चलना है तो चल वरना ।”

उस बालक के आंखों तले अंधेरा छा गया । आज सुबह से उसने कुछ नहीं कमाया था । मां मृत्युशैया पर अपने प्यारे बेटे के इन्तजार में अन्तिम सांस गिन रही थी । वह भूखा था । उसकी आंखों के सामने वे रुपये ... पर भार । वह मन ही मन कहने लगा - “नहीं नहीं मैं अवश्य उठाऊंगा, अपनी मां के लिए ...” उसकी आंखें में से दो आंसू छलक पड़े । उसने दयाभरी नजर बाबूजी पर डाली कि शायद कुछ पैसे बढ़ाये किन्तु बाबूजी की आत्मा बेअसर रही । वे अन्य मजदूरों को आवाज देने लगे । नन्हें मजदूर ने अपना पूरा सामर्थ्य जुटाकर तुरन्त पेटी उठा ली । और स्टेशन की ओर चलने लगा । शीतकाल होने के कारण ठण्ड बढ़ गई थी, बाबू जी अपने गर्म सूट में थे पर वह छोटा बालक फटी कमीज में तेज सर्द हवाओं को चीरता हुआ, डगमगाते कदमों से आगे बढ़ रहा था ।



नगर की भीड़-भाड़ तांगे तथा साइकिल रिक्षेवालों की चिल्लाहट से बचता हुआ वह बालक स्टेशन तक पहुंचा ।

मगर होनी को कुछ और ही मंजूर था । दुर्भाग्यवश केले के छिलके को न देखने के कारण उसका पैर फिसल गया । बाबूजी की पेटी गिर पड़ी । बाबूजी ने पलट कर देखा बजाय इस बालक को उठाने के उस पर लात से प्रहार किया । वह नन्हा बालक दर्द से तड़प उठा ।

एक रक्तधारा उसके मुंह से निकल पड़ी और गले के नीचे उतर गई । मासूम नन्हे मजदूर ने तड़पते हुए कहा - “मां क्षमा करना । मैं तुम्हें दूध न पिला सका । बाबूजी मे..... रे..... पै..... से..... ।”

उस अन्तिम शब्द के साथ बालक के प्राणपखेरु उड़ गये । आसपास लोगों का जमघट लग गया । वह एक तमाशा बन चुका था । कुछ मनुष्य उसे देखने आये पर उनमें न मानवता थी न हृदय था । सबके अन्दर स्वार्थ छिपा था । स्वार्थपरक बाबूजी मौका पाकर गाड़ी में जा पहुंचे । सीटी देकर गाड़ी चली गयी ।

अर्धकार ने अपने आगोश में सबको समेट लिया था । आकाश में तारे दिखाई पड़ रहे थे । एक झोंपड़ी में तारे दिखाई पड़ रहे थे । एक झोंपड़ी में मध्यम रोशनी में एक मां अपने प्यारे बेटे की प्रतीक्षा में मृत्युशैया पर उसे देखने की चाह में अन्तिम सांसे गिन रही थी । किसी प्रकार उसने आंखें खोली और चारों ओर एक नजर डाली, धीरे से पुकारा “मुन्ना....” फिर आंखें मूंद ली - सदा के लिए ।

आत्मकथ्य : आधुनिक परिवेश में मनुष्य की प्राथमिकतायें बदल गई हैं । उसकी जिन्दगी से मानवता, त्याग, ईसानियत की भावनायें लुप्त हो चुकी हैं । रह रह कर मेरे मस्तिष्क में एक ही प्रश्न उठता है “मनुष्य इतना स्वार्थी क्यों बन जाता है ?”

Graphic by : Parvesh Chauhan



सबसे बड़ा सच

मुरली मनोहर

यांत्रिकी अभियांत्रिकी

अंतिम वर्ष

हर रोज की तरह वो आज भी भूखी-प्यासी जेठ की दोपहरी में घर-घर जाकर भीख मांग रही थी। चेहरे की झुर्रियां और सर के सफेद बालों का गुच्छा उसके जीवन संघर्ष की कहानी कह रहे थे। उस पर पेट और पीठ का संगम जठराग्नि की भयावहता के प्रत्यक्ष प्रमाण थे। किसी तरह वह लकड़िया टेकती आगे भीड़ की तरफ बढ़ रही थी। शायद उसे लगा वहां कुछ उसे खाने को मिल जायगा। भीड़ को चीरती जब वो सबसे आगे गयी तो एक आदमी ऊंचे टीले पर चढ़कर चीखता नजर आया। उसने खादी के कपड़े पहन रखे थे। सर पर सफेद टोपी थी। उसे देखकर गाँधी की याद आ गई और वह रुककर उसके भाषण को सुनने लगी।

वह अपने भाषण में पार्टी की उपलब्धियां गिना रहा था। उसने कहा कि हर घर में केबल कनेक्शन, हर हाथ में मोबाइल और तो और दूर संचार क्रांति हमारी पार्टी की देन है। ये सब बातें उसके समझ में नहीं आ रही थी पर उसने देखा कि टीले पर चढ़े आदमी ने जब 'फील गुड' कहा तो लोगों ने तालियां बजायी। खैर, दो दिनों की भूखी वह फील गुड का मतलब नहीं समझ सकी थी और जैसे ही आगे बढ़ी तो एक कार तेजी से सरकती उसके करीब आ गयी। ऐ बुढ़िया दिखायी नहीं देता क्या? - कार में बैठे बाबू ने कहा तो उनके कुत्ते ने अपने मुंह में दबाए ब्रेड को एक तरफ फेंका और भौं-भौं काके अपने मालिक के प्रति वफादारी और बुढ़िया से नाराजगी प्रदर्शित की। अब हादसा टल गया था। बाबू कार में बैठकर चले गए थे। वह जमीन पर पड़े ब्रेड पर लपकी तो न जाने कहां से दो चार कुत्ते चले आए। अब एक नयी लड़ाई थी - महाभारत की। यूं तो हमारे देश में हर रोज महाभारत है फर्क इतना है कि कल का महाभारत जमीन के टुकड़ों के लिए और आज का रोटी के टुकड़ों के लिए था। पर इस बार के महाभारत में

इंसानियत हार गयी और रोटी के टुकड़ों पर कुत्तों का वर्चस्व हो गया। उनकी जुबान होती तो कहते 'इंडिया शायनिंग'। पर ब्रेड अपनी किस्मत पर आंसू बहा रहा था।

बुढ़िया कुछ की तलाश में आगे बढ़ी पर उसके सीने में एक जोर का दर्द उठा और वह चक्कर खाकर गिर पड़ी अब वह रोड के बीचों बीच पड़ी तड़प रही थी। कार वाले लोग उसके बगल से लम्बी सी पों.... के साथ निकल जाते थे। कुछ ने गालियां दी तो कुछ ने दो-चार का नोट उसके शरीर पर फेंक दिया। बुढ़िया बेखबर दूसरे लोक में जाने की तैयारी कर रही थी। उसने आसमान की तरफ देखा तो परिंदे घर की ओर झुंड में प्रस्थान कर रहे थे।

ऐसा कहते हैं कि मरने से पहले सारा जीवन आंखों के सामने सिनेमा की तरह गुजर जाता है। उसे याद आ रहा था अपना गांव और घास-फूस से बना उसका घर, फिर शादी और दो साल बाद पति की पीलिया से मौत, फिर उसका छोटा बच्चा लोती मांगता और फिर कुछ बड़ा रुप जब उसके मुन्ने ने अपनी पहली कमाई से उसके लिए साड़ी लाया था। उसकी आंखों से खुशी के दो बूंद आंसू निकल आए। फिर उसकी आंखें बंद हो गयी - सदा के लिए, कभी न खुलने के लिए।

अब भी लोग सड़क से गुजर रहे थे पर नाक पर रुमाल रखकर क्योंकि लाश काफी देर से सड़क पर पड़ी थी। अगले दिन सबकुछ सामान्य था मानो कभी कुछ हुआ ही न हो। पर मैं एक बात कहूँ तो आप विश्वास नहीं करेंगे। पर यकीन मानिए वह बुढ़िया जिस देश में मरी थी, उस देश ने तरक्की काफी कर ली थी - खासकर सूचना प्राद्योगिकी के क्षेत्र में। क्योंकि डिस्ट्रिक्ट मजिस्ट्रेट के पास एक सड़क पर किसी बुढ़िया के लाश पड़ी होने की बात ई-मेल से पहुंची थी।

आत्मकथ्य : हमने सतही तरक्की तो कर ली है पर बुनियाद कमजोर रह गया है। मेरी इस कहानी का सार यही है।

Graphic by : Shruti Bhaik, 1st Year



Call for peace

Manish Chauhan,
1st Year, CSE

Future beckons the present, to learn from the past, to prevent what happened, from happening again.

Sound minded listen, lunatics mock, but when this call is for world peace, even lunatics have to heed to it.

Such is the scenario in today's cyber frenzy world where men are mere machines; trying to outshine each other just to survive in a cut throat competition. A world where men have become beasts and ammunition, and artillery are veritable symbols of destruction and tyranny. A world where everyone is in terrible rush, anxious for greater heights and wishes, so that children have very little time for their parents, and parents have very little for each other. The abode becomes an epicenter of pandemonium and unrest.

Call for peace seems to be a far cry in such a world where regular warfare and unrest breeds many quintessential Saddams and Osamas, but we must not lose hope and should try to adopt Gandhian policy of ahimsa and follow Buddha's middle path.

People must respect each other's dignity and a feeling of brotherhood and world fraternity as described by the phrase "Vasudheva Kutumbacum" must be instilled in young minds.

Organizations such as UNO must take steps towards disarmaments of nations, peace talks, cultural exchange programs and curbing monopoly of certain nations to attain the goal of world peace.

Above all we must learn to love our fellow beings and must have respect for mankind because when the power of love overcomes the love for power, the world will know peace.

Moreover we must all remember what Bapu said, "Permanent good can never be the outcome of untruth and violence". Hence, we must refrain from this evil of violence and should aim at attaining our common goal that is attainment of world peace.

Tube Thought : Industrial society with all its intended evils, has given rise to materialism. Call for peace its the need of the hours.



If Music be the food of love, play on

Kapil Sundrani
Final Year, CSE

'An artistic form of auditory communication incorporating instrumental or vocal tones in a structured and continuous manner', that is how we define music, literally. But we don't need definitions to understand music, or do we? The whole quandary can be stated quite simply by asking, 'Is there a meaning to music?' My answer would be, 'Yes.' And 'Can you state in so many words what the meaning is?' My answer to that would be, 'No.' Another aspect of the word is to denote punishment for one's actions, as when we say 'to face the music'. Quite contrary, aren't they? What we construe of it depends entirely on us. With elegance and unassuming brilliance music has the secrets of truth and transcendence, with messages for us all.

'I think I should have no other mortal wants, if I could always have plenty of music. It seems to infuse strength into my limbs and ideas into my brain. Life seems to go on without effort, when I am filled with music', says George Eliot. What a water-bath is to the body, music is to the soul; or keeping the present context in view, maybe I attach a 'should'. Music provides a healing touch. But when one listens to what is termed as hard rock, or what we have come to term as alternative music, one hunts for that healing touch; and especially with those bombastic lyrics, comprehensible only to the intellect: much beyond an ordinary listener like me. Apart from that *healing touch* it *stirs* and *rocks* the soul. Music incites us to tap our feet, but this aspect of it actuates to believe that music in reality has no language. Even the birth of hard rock ignited a firestorm of controversy-one critic called it 'musical riots put to a switchblade beat'. But if it generated much sound and fury, what, if anything, did it signify? What exactly are we trying to convey or connote is beyond comprehension. Altschuler shows, in particular, how rock's 'switchblade beat' opened up wide fissures in American society along the fault-lines of family, sexuality, and race. For instance, the birth of rock coincided with the Civil Rights movement and brought 'race music' into many white homes for the first time. Not to mention how these fissures creep in societies that adapt it. And it delighted in the separate world of the teenager and deepened the divide between the generations, helping teenagers differentiate themselves from others.

This in no way implies that I hate rock. Several wondrous and refreshing rock stars have kept on blessing us with some unforgettable music. Rock has given us many immortal creators. But blind and meaningless twitching of wires doesn't actuate me. My hunt is still on.

Music has become more of a presentation act. People adopt some lopsided looks and term it vogue. Rock stars are considered incomplete without those long hair adorned with capricious styles of theirs. The attitude is that of being different with a difference. We are considered hard-core fans, if we also snatch out our hair along with them in their stage-shattering performances. Groups search out some path-breaking names: Zero, Chaos Theory, Split, Bleeding Streams, etc. These are some of the names of Indian rock groups. What positive outlook.

'The creation of something new is not accomplished by the intellect but by the play instinct acting from inner necessity. The creative mind plays with the objects it loves', says Michele Shea. Creativity is seeing something that doesn't exist already. You need to find out how you can bring it into being and that way be a playmate with God. Over the years, the constant stream of ideas, supported by opinionated music, provide countless sterling examples of the enthusiasm and sheer imagination so often lacking in today's music. But time is such that people have started believing in re-mixes and those twist and turns of electronic gadgets. Agreed that it may sound pleasing once in a while, but one must be afraid of losing the sanctification of good creative music. One may argue that ornamenting songs from the yesteryears with new music does involve creativity. I would just say, try an existent song as a new melody and try composing one. The answer is straight. If one tries to count names of some conspicuous composers on ten tips, how many name contemporary names come to mind and how many names from yesteryears come to mind. What we try to make of it is entirely on us.

Time has come to this: the Gen-Y has started hating classical music, the origin of all. People listening to it are branded as old-fashioned. But just stop and ponder, when one ventures to learn music, where does he start: from the

Graphic by : Shruti Bhaik, Ist Year



Is the end in sight!

Vikas Saroha
E.C.E., Final Year

Smokes bellow out, they never cease.
Whatever come may, there'll be no peace.

This, they say, is the work of politicians,
Bodies charred and amputated limbs, keeping busy the medicos,
Hospitals abuzz, the press swarming,
Relatives nationwide never do stop frowning.

"They say it's the enemy who intruded."
But I say it's our men who get wounded.
"We'll drive those bastards out,
In the memory of those who bravely had fought.
Motherland is what we serve,
And nothing can get on our nerve."

Commendable is this soldier's feeling,
And off he goes without any sleeping.
Atop the hill, fire on his head,
"Mission is this- to get him dead"
Exhorts the commander!
Charging ahead, hurling grenade,
Together on enemy they pervade.
With valor was lit up their face,
Retreating enemy was given a chase.
Some died,
Some lived,

Then came the ceasefire,
Kin's feeling, spitting ire.
"Government gives away the land,
For which my son had fought.
This brings friendship and harmony,
Otherwise it thought.
Then why the hell did this war's fire,
Left me weeping at my son's pyre."

All forms of war must be shunned,
As never did a civilization flourish that gunned.

So friends the message is loud and clear,
Brave is the one who never lets war be near.

But who listens to the father, who lost his son,
They understand the language only of gun.

Once again we'll have a war to host,
And lives will be lost,
And lives will be lost.

Tube thought : Everyone dislike wars, still we had to fight as they were supposedly forced on us. How long will this continue. Let there be one decisive one and after that peace prevails all over.



WAR AND PEACE

Sanchit Gupta
IInd year, ECE

Burning hearts, loaded arms,
Grudges, grievances, growing distances.
Eyes closed, prayers unison,
Heart and mind, utter confusion.
War or peace, what's the solution?

When meandering curves are blocked by a boulder,
Water splashes in all directions.
When comfort zone is trespassed by an intruder,
Strength and action kills competition.
Harmful enemy deserves elimination,
Isn't war the only solution?

To frown is tough, a smile is easier,
A warm handshake out powers a hot punch.
Why hit back, melt thy anger,
Talk out differences, when situations are crunch.
War's just a distant illusion,
Isn't peace the only solution?

But why neglect the epic Ramayana,
Lord Rama's war against the sinner.
Or the historic battle in Mahabharata,
Fought just for the sake of land and power.
Didn't Chanakya-niti win in all conditions?
Isn't war the only solution?

Hold! Behold! Don't go too fast,
Ashoka the emperor ruined his march.
Ahimsa, non-violence gave us our freedom,
Have we forgotten Buddha's sermon?
War gives tears, it's complete destruction,
Isn't peace the only solution?

Wish for truce, be prepared for war,
Peace can't exist without a show of power.
Peace is the key to a happy life,
But a dangerous foe must always die.
War and peace make a unique fusion,
Victorious humanity; the only solution.

Tube Thought : Many times in our life we are confronted with situations when we can't decide, war or peace?



Demarcation of the Vendor

Rahul Sharma
IIIrd Year, EE

"*Paanch Rupiya Kilo*", she yelled to me as I asked her the price of brinjals she was selling. I went forward with my jute bag filled with potatoes, tomatoes and chillies. A woman selling ginger and coriander leaves was seen and unfortunately she had no eyes to see. She would identify the coins with their sizes and would notify the purchaser from the nearby vendors. They say, her husband snatched away her eyes for she saw him with one of the whores. On television, I often watched about the child labour advertisement and thus I was confirmed by the impetuous sight of the children selling lemons. Cows and goats would roam around as if they were scrutinizing the wonders of the human race. People with different sorts of looks and ages were seen bargaining peddlers for vegetables. A man selling *aggarbattis* (incense sticks) in two rupees was quite common. A *paanipuriwala* would not wash the dishes used for eating *paanipuri* properly as he was very crowded with public. The *Navsari Bazaar*, the so called vegetable market, was a stinking crowded place. The smell of gobar and chillies would fill up the inclusive ambiance. The market was famous for the fresh stock of vegetables which would lure the civics from the entire urban for their daily vegetables. Numerous *Laaries*, the so called vegetable vendor carts, could be gawked as far as eyes could see. It was seven in the evening and the vendors rented bulbs from the nearby shop and borrowed the electricity from each other with used and scruffy wires to allure public towards them. The light of the wattled bulbs would enlighten the atmosphere's mist filled with different sizes of mosquitoes. Street lights were of no use for the naughty kids would hit them with stones tied with string to catch the trapped kites. It was eight thirty by the time I finished purchasing bananas and grapes. I sat beside a tea shop nearby the market; I have a bad habit of drinking too much of tea irrespective of the time limit. I saw a horde of vendors returning their homes after daily hectic jobs. But what drew most of my attention was a lady, who would not walk with the herd, rather searching someone in the leftover market emptied by the people and the vendors. This was quite strange, for then she started crying and cursing, and after a long pause she returned back laughing in vain for victory. At first I thought she might be insane but my second thought took interest in her, for I had to write about an entry for some magazine. I returned home after paying the tea staller the bill of three cups of tea that I finished in no time. I sat on my chair and started framing the visions that I gathered from my visit from the crowded scorching market. My fingers started moving automatically when they went on the keys of the old typewriter that my father gifted me. My neighbours complained about the ticking sound that came from the old typewriter which irritated even myself. I went back to sleep for the new day of week.

I had no time to visit the market from the intact busy schedule of the week. But the very next Sunday I went back to the market spending two rupees for the bus fare. After purchasing the necessary items I went to the same woman. To my astonishment she was wearing the same old saree as last week but it was better washed this time. Her face was not old but she certainly had lost the youth on her face. Her eyes were red as if she had no proper sleep since ages. Her hair was full of dandruff and the market dust. She wore no ornaments. Not even a single black string around her neck. I thought how can any living being exist in this world in such a manner but the same appearances of other women made me think of the poverty line of India. I went near her and asked her name. She joked "*Arey sahib mein koi aisi vaisi aurat nahin hoon.*" "*Mujhe pataa hai!*" I replied. I insisted again and she finally identified herself as **Sushila**. I knew that it was not her original name and also that she won't reveal any of her secrets in front of me. So I asked a lady nearby who was also regular as Sushila. The lady was quite familiar with me for when I was young, I would accompany my mother who would buy vegetables from her. She told me to sit beside her as Sushila's story was as lengthy as others. I sat besides her and saw people watching me sitting beside her but I didn't mind that. She began; **Lata** was the eighth child in the family in **Bharuch** of the **Vaghrees**. Her father had a wrong conviction about her that she was the black sheep of the family and killed her mother. He boycotted her soon; she had not even started talking. She received no primary education but she could count money very early in her life. Her only friend was her elder sister who thought that Lata was only an innocent angel, the blame of her mother's demise during her birth was put forth by her father. Her father never loved her, but Lata received the most of the love from her elder sister. Lata would perceive people watching movies in the nearby *talkies* and was always fascinated to watch a movie. Her elder sister would save money, by not letting her father know, which she earned while selling tomatoes and lemons. She would insist Lata to

Graphic by : Khushboo Aggarwal, 1st Year



sell vegetables but Lata would rather comment that why should she work till her elder sister is with her. Lata by the time was so much dependant on her sister that she would never think of her father's hatred.

Nature is the most brutal enemy of mankind.

During 1996 when she was thirteen, her father with four of her sisters was among the deceased of *plague*. She bursted in tears during the calamity. For her elder sister was among the deceased. Her world was completely destroyed. She kept weeping for weeks not for her other family members including her father but only for her elder sister. Time is the healer, they say, and as time passed she was the youngest and dynamic vegetable vendor in the *bazaar* of Bharuch. She saved money and would never forget to purchase flowers on her elder sister's birthday. She would regularly watch movies for she had the complete freedom of doing anything. During one such visit to the *talkies* she met a ticket seller. The one who used to sell tickets not through the legal window, but in *black*. His name was **Shankar**. They would meet each other for days and one fine day Shankar proposed her to marry him. She readily agreed. After the marriage Shankar too joined vendor-ship. The vendor-ship of illegal alcohol and not of vegetables. He was a regular alcoholic but Lata never minded that. As Shankar would take Lata to watch movies, Lata never minded any of his bad habits. Lata never thought of future and would spend every *paisa* of her money on Shankar. The lust of marriage and movies and of course of Shankar *made* her turn her life. She started forgetting her elder sister. The very next year after her marriage Lata had forgotten her elder sister's birthday and the obvious flowers. Two years after their marriage Shankar became father of a son. A proud father to be but again nature had its brutality. The child was a polio affected child. The carelessness and much amount of alcohol in the blood accounted for the child's incapability. But still the father was proud enough for he wanted his son to takeover the act of selling alcohol. No matter if he's lame, at least he has hands to earn money. Police never came in the scene for they were the regular customer of what should never be revealed. Time passed by and another natural calamity took **Gujarat** to limelight again. This time it was *Earthquake*. This time the earthquake took a number of lives yet to be counted. Lives of rich and poor. No matter of what age but the difference is yet to be counted. Shankar lost his arms in one of such confrontations. The feeble wall of their house had collapsed. He was rushed to the Civil Hospital and was numbered 2053 in the list of the patients yet to be checked by the senior Doctors. By the time, his number came, it was 378 days after the catastrophe. When Shankar went up he found that his lost arms may take his life away. "For how would anyone live if someone loses his arms immediately after the earthquake?" I interrupted in between. "Shh..." she shouted and chew me out to remain hush. I obeyed. She continued, and gave Shankar a medical aid but not a complete scan: keeping out those huge machines which the poor people can never dream off. That's all one poor man knows for the medical things! Shankar departed Lata by 2002 and Lata was heavy with child by that time. Lata couldn't shed anymore tears for the most of which she cried during her elder sister's death. She remained sad. But she forwarded her life with her early child and the latter one yet to be born. She used to take her son with her to the market. 'Never leave your mother' was the main theme of Lata's child. The life went on for Lata. One day while she was about to gather up her vegetables, some of the riotous people attacked the market. Riots soon took over the complete market. Many were killed viciously. People shrieked for help but police couldn't listen for the attack was out of the blue. The killing was on the basis of religion. Many of the Muslims were exterminated and the Hindus were left free. Lata's lame child was swerved on his neck and his small innocent head was chopped down to the ground. Lata shouted of being a Hindu but couldn't save her son. She tried to reach her deceased son but was kicked by the heavy mob and people in hustle - rustle. She by that time lost her embryonic child too. She cried in pain. But in vain. She kept shouting "*Main Hindu Hoon!*". She was rushed to the hospital after the atrocious event. She then decided not to have any relationship with anyone for her dears were not allowed to live on this globe. She said the people who give happiness get the maximum pain. She left Bharuch and she moved to Surat. Now she sells vegetables here. "*Aur phir ...*" I asked. "*Bas*". She stopped, talking to another customer. I took out a fifty rupees note and gave to the old lady thanking her for the story. I went to Lata's cart and purchased the brinjals again. I gave her a smile and received the same. I respected her feelings and returned back to the typewriter. I now know what Lata used to search in the leftover market and the reason of her laugh was explained to me for now I now know her story. She stills sit at the corner of *Navsari Bazaar* selling brinjals shouting "*Paanch Rupiya kilo!*"

Tube thought : *In India millions of people living below poverty line face such problems. Middle and the upper class people can easily surmount these tribulations, but the poor being vulnerable are the major victims.*



IS IT TIME TO REVIEW OUR FOREIGN POLICY

Anand Prakash
IIIrd year, ECE

India shining: these two words are more a jargon for common man than a simple phrase describing burgeoning expansion and robust growth of India. Even if we accept that a much wider stage is haunting everyone, the question is: 'Are we able to make our presence felt in the international arena'.

Our political establishment clearly suffers with myopic vision as far as our foreign policy is concerned. We feel our chest swollen when our honourable PM gifted with wit and profound eloquence of speech sits between the United States president and his Russian counterpart. In fact this is not an achievement but actually a quagmire where India is precariously sandwiched.

Agreed we have started talking peace with our pesky neighbours with so called friendship cricket series and all permutation and combinations of confidence building measures, but look at the outcome. At a conclave our friend Musharraf stages a brazen Volte-face. He alarms us that if we don't discuss Kashmir he will terminate all peace measures. Adding to our woes, he goes on reiterating that he will continue his moral and diplomatic support for indigenous freedom struggle. Are we not living in a fool's paradise? Is a country like India, with an ever increasing economic growth rate, an emerging military power and an already acknowledged next super power worth receiving such a rouge threat from a nation which by no standards can compete with it? The answer unanimously is a big NO.

Not confining our discussion to Pakistan we must look at the USA, with its war against terror agenda being applied to selective nations targeting either Islam or vast oil fields. When our parliament was attacked and we were talking of straight confrontation, USA with all its diplomacy and pressure tactics forced us to avoid the unavoidable which could have easily shaped our future and outlook. But when it came to Iraq or Afghanistan, USA which was acting supinely at our time, acted catalytically to wage its selective military operations. Unfortunately we are banking on USA to help us but we must realize that we are far more capable of handling the terrorism problem on our own. On one hand USA is quashing Iraq and Afghanistan Syria and North Korea where as Pakistan who is responsible for clandestine transport of the most dangerous stuff on the planet is getting the rewards in the form of becoming a major non NATO ally which provides it access to electronic warfare technology and the sophisticated equipments we can only dream of. So are we diplomatically successful when our top enemies are hoodwinking the sole superpower in a big way?

We are no doubt emerging as a fast growing economy and a superpower according to famous BRIC theory but we are not registering ourselves at the big strafe in an emphatic manner. So what is it that we must do?

In simple terms we must understand one thing. In this globalization era where there is no justification for any restriction we are really blessed as we have a huge pool of intellect. Our foreign investments are increasing, GDP is increasing, more NTI funds are flowing in, agricultural growth rate is substantial and we certainly are in a strong position to launch a well planned onslaught in the world market. Hence, in a nation with a single vision, the goal solely is to propel our motherland to the greatest heights. Be it USA or China or Pakistan, no country should detour us from the path to achieve grand status- that of a world leader.

Most important thing is to realize one's own potential and capitalizing on it by adroitly marshalling our resources. We are stronger by all means and need not bank on any other nations to see us through. And whosoever comes as an obstruction between us and our success should be reciprocated adequately. The time is not far when we will be enjoying and relishing the much awaited status of a global leader.

Tube thought : Before accepting any legislation or policy we should analyse its repurcussions.



THE FALLACIES OF JUSTICE

Gaurav Kalia,
Kumar Ashutosh
IIInd Year, MED & ECE

पापी कौन मनुज से उसका न्याय चुराने वाला
या कि न्याय खोजते विघ्न का शीश उड़ाने वाला

Oklahoma, Alfred P Murrah Building, 19 April, 1995, the clock recorded the fateful incidence as in morning when at:

7:30... An employee, Noma finds a bomb squad around the building: squeaks about the bomb prevail in the air.

8:50... a truck driver gets his vehicle loaded at a gas station, asks route to the building

9:00... another truck joins the club of vehicles at the basement of the block, a lanky driver emerges out to merge into crossroads

9:02... a pair of deafening blasts, simulate a concentrated earthquake, blowing away the top six floors of the doomed structure, which rapid down to pulverize the concrete and its 168 dwellers including 19 innocent toddlers in the second floor nursery and mutilate more than half a thousand others.

The air is choked with cement and blood, concrete and flesh, cries that turn into wails and then into shrieks of pain, anger and allegations on the old villain... Islamic terrorists. But the case was a bit more abstruse.

10:30... A man aged 33 is caught speeding and without license plate on interstate 35. The computers in the police station where he is taken are showing the photographs of two "John Does", as the suspects were called by the Police, one of which has eerie resemblance with him. Suspected he is put in custody on an excuse that the magistrate was not ready for him. While he is being quizzed, the secret of his being a suspect, flies into the public, accumulating a frantic crowd in front of the Station demanding "bring him out" as if convinced that he was the bomber. Those swear and dells could move men but not a corpse... a corpse long died at the hands of American hypocritical prejudices, of fake prophecies and anti-human democracy.

The suspect was Timothy McVeigh born in 1968 at Pendleton, where two centuries ago its foreman had campaigned against the taxation policies of the Govt. His parents were a conflicted couple, father Bill an unadventurous man wedding against a fun loving lady. By the time he was 10, his parents were divorced. Tim wished to stay with his dad, lest he would feel alone. In this entire trauma, small Tim found his refuge with his grandpa Eddie, who gave him his first gun at the age 13, as he loved them as any other child. At school he was a solid but shy student, very conscious of his conduct and relations and had a single girlfriend for his whole high school life. Spanish teacher Deborah Carballo called Tim "a nice kid... You'll never find a person at Star point who can say a bad thing about him." He was always welcome in his neighborhoods. Not long hence, they witnessed a blizzard that cutoff them from the world. This bore a survivalist within him. The feeling coagulated so much that he was always shadowed by the fear of nuclear catastrophe and when had resources even bought 10 acres of land to abate the situation. The bullies at school and solitude at home made his psychology even more complex. He started saying uncanny things to women to impress them. The only things that fascinated him were guns and eventually the college became so unbearable for him that he opted out of it.

After trying a few dead end jobs, he finally found a franchise to quench his gun temptations when he joined army at the age of 20. An able marksman he catapulted to the success ladder earnestly and soon became a sergeant. Jose Rodriguez Gulf War Sergeant says, "He was an outstanding soldier who stood above his peers." His only fascination was guns and enjoyed cleaning his armors rather than wooing girls as his other counterparts. Deputed in Iraq during Gulf War, he exhibited exceptional courage and won Combat Infantry Badge and Bronze star, only to realize the hell that is war. After killing two Iraqis, he broke down and wept his heart out in his vehicle. His conscience told that he was a fiddle in American Hands of autocracy. After the war he had opportunity to join the elite Green Berets but could not, rather deliberately did not. Army had him only two things done, one he improved his shooting skills and two he met Terry Nichols and Michael Fortier, that made a trio that loved America but loathed its autocratic governance.



He left the army but could not leave his love for guns. He kept pursuing the guns fairs round the map, and in one of these met the people of right wing militia. Although he cared not to join the wing but was moved by the fact that still there were people who upheld the voice, the wish of the people or tried to do so. He bothered not for their ways nor for their background but only thing of his concern was their cause and it matched his. His dreams found, motivation in the pro Nazi novel "Tuner Diaries" where the hero, fed up with the federal arbitrariness blows up the FBI headquarters. Soon came out the movie "Red Dawn" where the hero, a survivalist carries out a guerilla war against the malignant system. These had a lasting impact on Tim who took refuge in a fantasy that he would fight against tyranny and become the hero. But destiny had plotted cruel coincidences...he discovered that Govt. was trying to pass new law curbing the possessions of the guns. Not much thence, a survivalist Randy Reaver's wife Vicki and son Sammy were murdered by the attacks. He was distressed but not disrupted. He still hated violence. But then came final blow...on 10th April, 1993 (exactly two years before the blast), the federal army had seized the Branch Davidians (a Christian sect that believes that Christ would reincarnate) adobe at Waco for past 51 days, on the allegations of child molestations and anarchy, finally burst into the old cathedral; firing. A mystic fire spread to engulf the leader David Koresh with his 80 followers. The slap on the face hurts you little but when it is on the cheeks of your beloved, you become a maniac. Tim found it as a signal of many more such to follow. He loved Americans and could not see them being churned under the dragon wheel of the hypocrite system. He had the choice...now or never, he chose the former with a pledge to avenge.

The planning of the revolution began. Tim, Nichols and Fortier chose the target, surveyed it and etched a plot. They arranged for 4000 kg of concentrated ammonium nitrate, prepared a home made but solid bomb and planted it into a truck rented on Tim's name. He drove it cozily to the building to blast the first bomb on the face of America, who according to him was devoid of sensitivity. His fate... he bothered the least. But he revered the American judiciary and needed a platform to vent his emotions. He did it in front of the world and...how! He was guilty of killing and anti-nationalism and was sentenced to death by lethal injection.

11 June, 2001, Terre Haute, Indiana: The demonized hero Timothy Mc Veigh is injected to death. He dies but leaves a series of unsolved mysteries and unanswered questions....

Are American most intuitive tribe of the world as the Bomb Squad started hovering round the building two hours before the explosion and the witness to this, the lady 'Noma' is missing since her first testimony? Tim and Terry had already surveyed the building, why did they ask the route to it on the final sojourn? Mysteriously they accumulated 4000 kg of ultra concentrated ammonium nitrate, which can avail only under close vigilance. Also the seismograph recorded two blast two times? Clinton Van Zandt, an FBI agent, realized the essence of the date and forecasted that culprit was a white American male in his mid 20's along with an associate and had a military experience. Astrologers do you hear...what a pin point prediction! Next, after committing such a catastrophe, he carelessly went on speeding on a freeway that too without a license plate. Too eager to get caught! In custody somebody had already disconnected the payphone. He was taken to court amidst a wild crowd while he had pleaded for a bullet proof vest or air route transportation. Why? These mysteries suggest only two things...either he was framed or he was too eager to die. If first is the case whose was the trigger else why would anyone wish to die the way he was going to..?

Whether he was a crusader or a sinister, but at least he had no regrets of what he had done. He was well aware that there were children inside but he christened it as "Collateral Damage". The person wept for unknown foes in Iraq, but did not shiver to hew his own men. Why? The clown of Pendleton became ghost of Oklahoma. Why? Return to the verses of Dinkar mentioned at the commencement and brood over these...Answer yourself. Is a child responsible for what he becomes or the society that fosters him...Who is sinister? One who fights the tyranny alone or one who slain the voice against peace...the peace in a graveyard????

Tube thought : 'Appearances may not be deceptive'; here they were indeed. The insight into the Mc Veigh's story leads to a misanthropist conclusion: society is heading no where. 'Violence in every form is sin'; but is it really? Look for one exception; you will end up finding many. Hope this was one of them.



The virtue of patience.

Patience is a necessary
ingredient of genius.

It shows the confidence of a man
to hang-on till his efforts bring result.

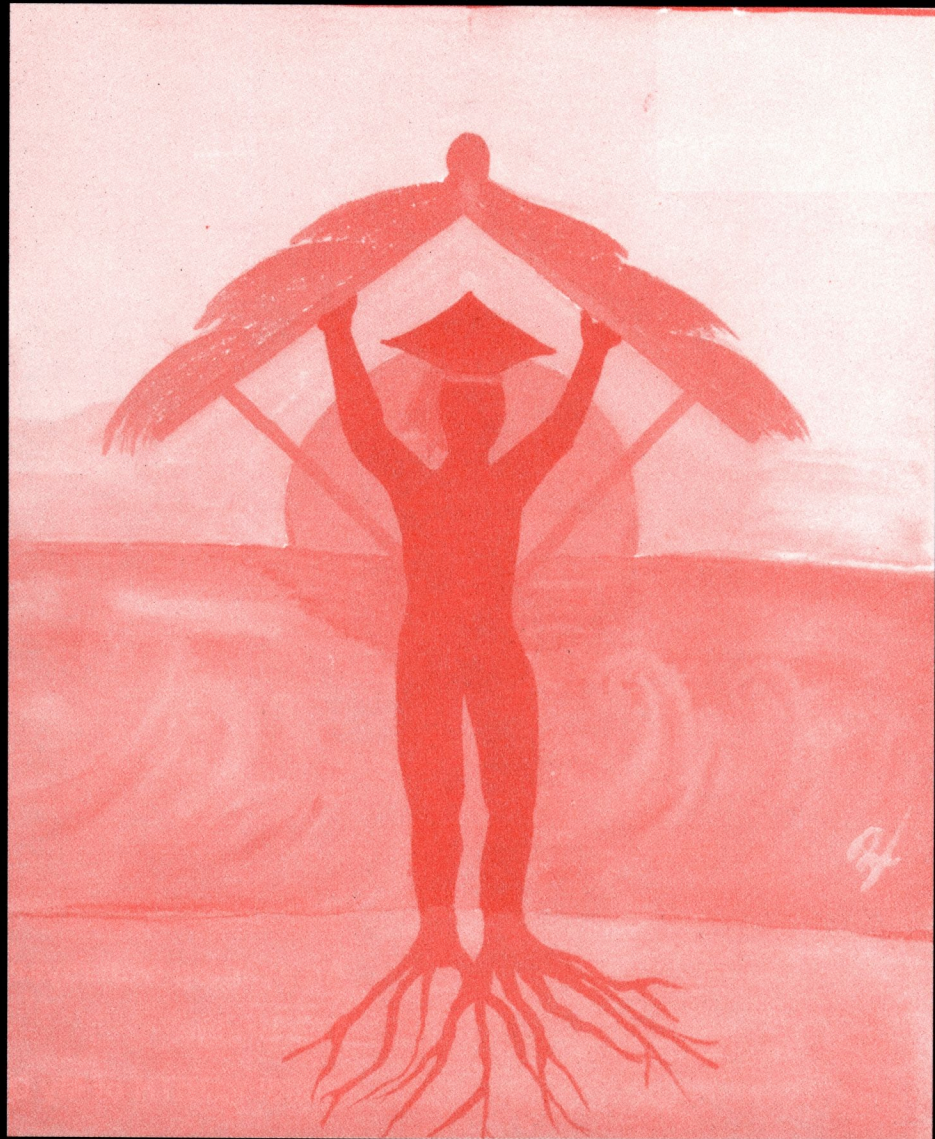
Patience is the strength of spirit,
not to lose courage in adversity and endure
that cannot be avoided.

Patience in behaviour sweetens the temper,
stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues prides
and bridles the tongues.

**So, possess your soul with patience
because sometimes,
a handful of patience is worth
more than a bushel of brains.**

r h y t h m s o f l i f e

rubicon



आतिथ्यशाला/वटवृक्ष की छांव

r h y t h m s o f l i f e



An evening with myself and the sea

The Bridge

Building NITH of My Dreams

जीव हिंसा-मनुष्य के स्वार्थ की चरम सीमा



An evening with myself and the sea

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Salty water lapping up my legs,
Repetitively, receding and surging
A life split into the present and memories scattered
Merging and surging like the sea.
A sweaty evening on the beach
Coffee and heat
All brewed up into a cup,
Sipping slowly, eyes shut.

Dark blue-black clouds
Hanging precariously themselves
Like birds clinging to power lines
Swaying in the gale wind
The smell of jasmine and wet thirsty earth
Intoxicating, overwhelming, electric.

The present glares too hard into my eyes;
Like sand blowing in the wind
Porous, wet clothes, sting
Clinging like the other lives I lived
And salt on my skin.
Gentle memory-laden monsoon wind
Seeps through my veins like fresh rain
The sea washes again and again
My footsteps

Tube Thought : I wrote this one after I visited the beach one evening in Chennai. It was late and slightly dark, the red sparks from the charcoal of the vendors selling many fried eatables had given a surreal glow to the water. Women dressed up in silk sarees and fresh jasmine wafted around. I lost myself in the environment and spent about an hour watching the waves sweep up my legs. Back in the hostel room I wrote this poem when it was beyond midnight.



The Bridge

Bimal Deep Singh
CSE, 1998-2002

Sitting near the windowpane in the hotel room I was watching the small kids playing in the nearby ground. They were enjoying every moment of the rain that had suddenly started pouring. Their tender age made them enjoy this downpour in spite of the temperature hovering around 10 degree Celsius. These kids had no tensions in life. They were so free from complexities of life. I wish life could be in this state of happiness forever.. Moreover these happy faces gave me something to cheer about in the whole day which otherwise turned out to be very strange and disappointing.

This trip to the hill station had given me a lucky break from the chaos of Mumbai city. My last two days went in meeting the various suppliers who would distribute our company's new detergent. These meetings took me across every nook and corner of this small town named Majipur. I wanted to enjoy the scenic beauty around the town but these meetings consumed too much time. It was difficult for me to convince people to buy and distribute the product especially because they were not so educated. Today I got free early and had full afternoon to enjoy the place around but I returned from midway. I was going to see an old temple on a hilltop in a hired cab. My driver was a lively chap ageing somewhere between mid thirties. He kept me busy with his songs and nice chitchat. He belonged to a nearby village where he lived with his parents.

I was enjoying the lovely weather and his melodious voice till he suddenly pressed the brakes. The car stopped to a halt. There was an accident on the road.

A small group of crowd surrounded the damaged car. Watching the state of the car I was clear that there could be no survivors. The Car had skidded off the road and then collided with the tree on the roadside. The bumper of car was damaged and the car was hanging half way down towards the trench. The doors of the car were open and it appeared that after the collision, the people in the car were thrown away into the trench with a severe impact. There were imprints of screeching tires on the road that extended up to a small trail where the jaded car stood. There were scattered glasses of headlight connoting the miserable event that happened in somebody's life.

"Sir, this is a very dangerous turn. Lot of accidents happen here." Driver said to me in a very sad tone.

We got out of our cab.

"No sahib, we can not trace the dead bodies in car." An old person standing nearby replied to my question. It appeared the people who stopped near the accident site were coming from a marriage party. There were the bride and the bridegroom in their traditional dresses. An old lady, probably the mother of the bridegroom was standing on the other side of the road looking down the trench. A small kid was holding the hand of the old man to whom I spoke. The old man probably was the father of the bridegroom. The bride was sobbing and had put her head on the shoulders of her husband. I thought she was in the state of shock to see such thing on their way. There were two more cars on the opposite side of the road and the people were chatting and laughing. I was surprised as they were not bothered about the people who met with an accident.

"You can proceed sir, I think this is a matter of police." The bridegroom said to me.

"Yes, I think so." I said and went back to my car.

I had to wait in my car for fifteen minutes as my driver just went out of site. I wondered how things in life suddenly take a U- turn. Probably the people were very happy and were enjoying their excursion till the tragedy struck.

My thoughts were broken by a sudden knock on the door. When I opened the door, there was no one. I felt irritated as somebody had tried to play pranks on me. Immediately I complained to the manager of the hotel to take care of such frivolous activities. I sat down on the sofa and switched the TV on. I surfed through various channels. Nothing could catch my attention so I switched the TV off. It was still raining hard and the darkness had taken over the surroundings. As it was too early for dinner I thought of resting for a while. I closed my eyes. Various images began to roll over my eyes. My boss always had something to complain about me. There was not a single day I could remember when he had not shouted at me. My wife had never been my pillar of strength rather she uprooted every pillar that stood beside me. Like my boss she had got some or the other issue to sort out when I returned home in the evening. I would see their faces again when I return to Mumbai tomorrow. At least last two days I just forgot about them. Also I wanted to forget what happened today.



My cab driver did not chat with me once we moved further in the cab leaving behind the damaged car and the onlookers. His changed behavior was a bit surprise to me because he stopped humming songs also. He looked very serious. Even his answers to my queries were very terse. I thought that people react differently to different situations so let him take his time. I wanted to ask him where he was for over half an hour when we got out of the cab. I was talking with the onlookers while he suddenly disappeared behind the nearby cedar trees. As the driver was not in a mood to talk I ignored that question. He again stopped the car near a wooden bridge.

"Sir, I will be back in a minute." He said and left.

I thought probably he wanted to freshen up. I opened the door of cab and started looking here and there. After racing a beautiful spot I took few snaps of it. I looked at my watch it was almost ten minutes since the driver had left the car. I started to grow impatient. I again got back into the cab and opened the magazine. There were no whereabouts of the driver. I slammed the door of the cab and started to walk in the direction where driver had gone. I left the road and took the wooden trail. I shouted hello twice at the top of my voice, as I did not know the name of the driver. I realized what a fool I was. There was no response from the other side. I started to curse the driver. Moving slightly further I found a pair of shoes. The pair of socks were lying outside the boots as if someone had removed the shoes in a hurry. There was also a bottle of whiskey lying there. Somebody might have drunk half the bottle and left. Had my driver had it? I asked to myself. I wished the answer should be negative, as drivers should not drink in this treacherous terrain while driving.

After shouting few more times I returned back to the cab. I felt no point in waiting more for the driver so I waved to the taxi coming from the opposite direction and asked for a lift. There was a group of college students in the taxi. With their consent I was allowed to sit in.

"What happened sir, car breakdown?" One boy asked.

"No, my driver in the cab disappeared, leaving me in this jungle." I said in some funny tone though I was very upset that my trip was spoiled.

"Oh! How bad. But our driver is very good. He has shown us all the places around." One girl said cheerfully.

"Excuse me sir." Driver in the car asked, "Can I ask you what exactly happened?" He said with some concern on his face which I could see as I was sitting near him in front row.

I explained everyone the whole events of the day, about the accident site and how the driver disappeared.

"No." Driver driving the taxi stopped the car. He put his hands on his face.

"What happened?" We all asked.

"One more victim of theirs. They will kill all the taxi drivers." Driver said with tears in his eyes.

"Who will kill what nonsense are you talking?" I asked.

"Sahib, you have seen one group wearing a marriage party dresses." He said.

"Yes, but how do you know..."

"This story of killing the drivers is going on in this region for ages by these ghosts" Driver said with trembled voice.

"Don't talk crap. Tell me why are you scaring us?" One boy raised his voice in taxi.

"Sahib I am not scaring you all. It is true. This story I heard from my grandfather that one family was coming from marriage of their son in their car. In the midway their car broke down. One driver from a nearby village offered them lift in his taxi. When the driver saw that there is enough jewelry and cash in hands of those people, which could change his life into comforts, immediately he formulated a plan to loot them. He took them near bridge and stopped the car. He lured them so see around the picturesque place. They got out and started taking some pictures. The driver had alcohol in nearby woods just to ignite his malicious intentions. Then he killed them all one by one by knife and threw their bodies in the lake. He..."

"Oh just shut up!" I was very angry because of his illogical talk. "Please I don't want to hear more of this and if you don't want to drive I'll take another vehicle for lift." I tried to open the door.



"No sir wait." One of the boys said putting his hand on my shoulders. Coming with support for me he said, "Mr. Driver we are not here to listen to this old superstitious junk. I don't want you to scare these girls from now on until we reach town. Understood?" He had authority in his voice.

"Ok." The driver said.

Holding the hands tightly of their boyfriends, the three girls had a very scary look on their faces. I felt like slapping the driver. I wondered why these people still follow such haunted stories. Is that the legacy they pass from generation to generation? One can still hear such numerous stories in remote villages across India. People still follow the rituals of sacrifice to witches, fraud hermits and spurious *sadhus*. This part of India still hasn't seen the twenty-first century.

After some more scolding from all of us the driver started to drive the taxi.

"I am sorry to all of you. I never meant to scare. I just wanted to tell *babuji* the truth." Driver said looking at me.

We were about to reach the town. The taxi took a turn at a curve. I recognized the point where I had witnessed the accident just an hour ago. To my utter dismay there was no damaged car, no people dressed in marriage party clothes and no shattered glasses scattered across the road. I felt dizzy at that moment which had an affect till now. I did not tell these details to anyone in taxi except the driver.

I had to open my eyes with a sudden knock on the door again. I looked at my watch, it was eight at night. Slowly I got up expecting the waiter who might have come to take the order.

When I opened the door there was no one around. I informed the manager again about this mischief by someone. I vent all of my day's mixed reaction of anger, scare and shock on the hotel manager.

I did not feel like having dinner. I ordered for fruit juice and snacks to eat. I wanted to talk to someone to liven up my mood but to whom I had no clue. Talking to my wife will make my state of mind from bad to worse so I avoided.

I called up hotel manager.

"Is there any news of an accident on the road towards hilltop temple?" I asked the manager.

"I don't think sir there is any such news. Let me confirm." Manager said. He asked my question loudly to other staff members. He never bothered to put his hand on the mouthpiece.

"No sir. Why are you asking such a question?" He asked.

"Nothing."

I was confused. I did not want to mention the same story again to hotel manager who then will ask number of questions.

The phone rang after few minutes.

"Sir, I confirmed from many people that no accident happened at that side but one other bad thing happened." Manager said, "Police has found a dead body near the highway. The exact reason for his death is not known. This is a small town, even a small event never gets unnoticed. Poor chap. I don't know if he also became the victim of those ghosts."

I could not believe my ears. In a state of shock I had almost dropped the phone.

"So that is turning out to be a true story." I thought.

I remembered my talk with the taxi driver who offered a lift to me after the students left. I wanted to ask him more about the story after I saw the accident site again.

"I wanted to know more about that story." I asked.

I hid the very fact of missing links near the accident site from him.

"First of all these ghosts are seen to only those people who are going to be their victim. They only talk and respond to people who they are going to kill." Driver said.

"No, I just wanted to ask what happened after the driver killed the people and threw their bodies in lake." I said jokingly.

"Oh that way. He then drove their car and threw it in the valley. He ensured that everything is covered under the veil of an accident."

"Indeed it is a great story." I clapped to driver's statements.

He was embarrassed.

"In spite of your thriller that really put me off the ground there is one flaw. If your killer ghosts kill the drivers who are destined to be murdered in this part of the world as you say, why then have I been able to talk to them? Why could I see them when nobody else can visualize their presence? It is amazing! But I suggest you to think over these points.



"They are your food for thought for tonight."

see them when nobody else can visualize their presence? It is amazing! But I suggest you to think over these points. They are your food for thought for tonight."

"I don't know sir. Really I don't know why you were able to talk to them. Only your driver who disappeared leaving you near the bridge must die. If we go by old stories, then the driver will be strangled and stabbed near the bridge. These ghosts take command over the person and direct him towards the bridge side where they were killed earlier. That is why they never return and their bodies always are traced near the lake."

I switched off my light and sat on my relaxing chair. I started to think over things again.

I felt very scared. Things were now fitting into place. I saw those ghosts because I am supposed to die soon. I was accompanying the driver so the ghosts saw me also as their victim. While returning from trip I could not locate the damaged car because the ghosts orchestrated the accident to stop us on our way. They vanished after talking to us. The driver acted very strangely after he talked to the ghosts at the accident site because he was commanded over by the ghosts. Ghosts might have taken him away and killed him. The dead body that police found might be of the driver. I could not find the relationship of the whiskey bottle and the pair of shoes near the bridge but I was sure that these signs also indicated the killing of the driver.

I was thinking very fast. *That means now I am supposed to die soon. When? It is a matter of time.*

I began to repent why I came here. I realized why there was no one outside when I opened the door because the ghosts wanted to scare me. They will kill me when nobody is around to protect.

There was a knock on my door.

I did not want to open the door.

There was a knock again. This time with more impact.

"They are here. I won't survive now." I thought.

Somebody entered my room. I closed my eyes.

I was leaving my room to check out from the hotel when I saw two small kids knocking the door of someone staying opposite to my room. After that they ran away towards the staircase and ensconced themselves.

The person after finding no one outside was very furious.

I was happy to find myself alive but wanted to leave the place soon.

When I was having a chat with the manager one waiter came to me.

"Sir, you slept early yesterday night. I came to your room to deliver your order. I knocked the door and as it was open, I entered. I returned after I found you fast asleep." Waiter told me.

I did not want to disclose in which state I was the previous night. I thanked the hotel staff and reception and left the hotel.

I caught the bus to reach the main railway station, which was two hours run from Majipur. I took a local newspaper but did not feel like reading as I normally do. I still had memories of the driver, the ghosts and the accident site which was enough to keep me occupied. I was silent and looking outside through the window.

When my bus took a U turn I saw someone outside that left me in a state of shock.

I saw the same bride and bridegroom

"Mom look film shooting going on." One kid shouted near me.

I looked out to find a film unit shooting certain scenes. To my shock the actors were the same marriage party characters whom I saw last day. The bride was crying on the shoulders of the bridegroom. Same damaged car was lying near the shooting site. Of course I found the same position of characters, father of the bridegroom holding hands of the little kid. I stretched a little out to find the mother of the bridegroom on opposite side of the road.

I felt deeply relaxed and a bit upset with my stupidity and nervousness the previous night.

I opened the newspaper.

On local news section there was a heading:

Police has recovered the dead body of a taxi driver Ramesh near the bridge. Near the death site police has recovered a bottle of whiskey and a pair of shoes that could be drivers'. The Police Inspector of the region Mr. R.D. Trivedi told the reporters that the demised might have slipped from the height possibly because he consumed a lot of liquor. He further said to wait till the final report of Post Mortem came.

Putting aside the newspaper, I closed my eyes. I wanted to sleep not because I could not sleep last night but because two deadly persons in my life were waiting for my arrival in Mumbai.



BUILDING NITH OF MY DREAMS

Mohit Mohal
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PGDIM XI, CLASS OF 2006, NITIE.

As I pen down this article, I am enveloped by a nostalgic feeling about NITH. The four years I spent here will definitely be the most memorable throughout my life. Right from the ragging in first year to the long walks in final year across the pine studded scenic campus, each and every moment is still intact in my memories.

To start, first and foremost I thank NITH my alma-mater and the faculty for their contribution in shaping me for a great future.

The purpose of this writing is to compare NITH with NITIE (National Institute of Industrial Engineering) where I am presently doing my Masters in Business Administration and to bring out some issues which require immediate attention by the administration and coming batches.

The biggest obstacle is the attitude of students and faculty. I am in no way criticizing them as the same applied, to a fair degree, to me also during my stint in NITH. Students give location, outdated syllabus, bad faculty and what not as reasons for poor performance. But apart from a few students, did the rest of us make a conscious effort to improve the situation? Or did the faculty take any major initiative to improve the situation. We Indians take it as our right to criticize but when it comes to action we draw a blank. The grass is always greener on the other side. Even in NITIE which is among the top 5 B schools of the country we harp about IIMA, the facilities they get and what not. So the first thing is to not to look at what we lack but to follow an approach that will truly and surely make a difference. The subsequent matters need immediate attention.

The first and foremost asset of any college is its alumni base. In order to attract the best intellectual capital a college needs sound placements. This is precisely where the alumni base fits into. They act as a bridge between the college and corporate world. So the first priority is to get the alumni base together and use their contacts to boost up placements. An alumni committee consisting of students should immediately take up this cause with utmost dedication without further delay.

Being a relatively new college, it does not have a strong brand image. So the need for promotional tools to boost up the awareness levels is a high priority. Say for example each year pamphlets giving details and the USP of our college ought to be sent to the industry. Definitely this will cost a fortune but remember you may have an excellent product but until you market it properly, it is just another product. So aggressive marketing is the need for the hour.

Apart from placements academics play an important role. A bad product with aggressive marketing grows at the rate of knots but it comes down even faster. All said and done the role of academics is not to be underplayed. There has to be more emphasis on introducing newer subjects, having a more application oriented examination system and above all a truly world class faculty. I would emphasize on the point of improvements in faculty quality and quantity.

Last but not the least is extracurricular activities or events like NIMBUS in our times. They are a perfect platform to create brand awareness in the industry and other colleges. The students ought to take an active role in this and come up with new and innovative events.

Carrying on these lines will definitely help creating a brand that is truly world class. So I call upon the administration and the coming batches to join hands and create a niche for NITH. Long live NITH.....We gonna be the best.....because some institutes like it at the very top.



जीव हिंसा - मनुष्य के स्वार्थ की चरम सीमा

श्रीमती मधु जैन
माता जी, सिद्धार्थ जैन
द्वितीय वर्ष

मनुष्य पृथ्वी के सभी जीवों में उत्तम है। वह इस सृष्टि के समस्त प्राणियों में सर्वश्रेष्ठ है। मनुष्य अनेक उपाधियाँ प्राप्त कर ले कितना ही ज्ञानी बन जाए लेकिन यदि स्वयं के बारे में यह न जान पाए कि मैं कौन हूँ कहां से आया हूँ, इस शरीर में क्यों रह रहा हूँ, कब तक रहूँगा, और इससे निकलकर कहां जाना होगा जाते समय क्या साथ ले जाऊँगा तो उसका समस्त ज्ञान व्यर्थ है। सृष्टि की रचनाओं में केवल मनुष्य देह ही स्वयं को पहचानने में सफल हुई है परन्तु आज का मनुष्य अज्ञान के अंधेरे में भटक रहा है। वह अपनी बुद्धि एवं शक्ति का दुरुपयोग कर अनेक अनुचित कार्य कर रहा है। जीव हिंसा उनमें से एक है। आज लाखों जीवों की मार्मिक हत्या की जा रही है। चाहे वह जिवहा के क्षणिक स्वाद के लिए हो चाहें सौन्दर्य प्रसाधन बनाने के लिए हो।

जरा सोचिए मूक, निरीह पशु पक्षियों में भी जान होती है। वे भी सुख दुख का अनुभव करते हैं। अन्तर सिर्फ इतना है कि हम अपने सुख दुख को व्यक्त कर देते हैं विशेषकर दुख को। पर वे मूक जीव अपने दुख को सहकर भी व्यक्त नहीं कर पाते। इनकी जान मात्र मनुष्य की स्वार्थ पूर्ति के लिए बिक जाती है। क्या यह मनुष्य के स्वार्थ की चरम सीमा नहीं है? सृष्टि के कण कण में भगवान विराजमान हैं। यदि आप सृष्टि के प्रत्येक जीव में उस सर्वशक्तिमान ईश्वर का निवास एवं शक्ति का अनुभव करते हो तो उसके द्वारा रचित सृष्टि के इन निरीह जीवों की हिंसा कर उन्हें खाने का साहस कैसे करते हो?

विश्व के किसी भी धर्म ने हिंसा का समर्थन नहीं किया है। भगवान महावीर ने कहा है: जीववहो अप्पवहो जीव दया अप्पणो दया होई। अर्थात् किसी भी प्राणी का वध करना अपना वध करना है। दूसरों पर दया करना अपने को सुखी करना है।

आरंभजं दुक्खमिणं
सभी दुख हिंसा से उत्पन्न होते हैं।
सब्बे सिं जीविं पियं
सभी को अपना जीवन प्रिय होता है।
इन सबका सार है :
“अहिंसा परमो धर्म” व “जियो और जीने दो”
एक सूक्ति में कहा गया है
यादृशं भक्षयेदन्नं, बुद्धिर्भवति तादृशी।
दीपो भक्षयति हवान्तं, कज्जलं य प्रसूयते ॥

अर्थात् “जैसा अन्न खाते हो, वैसी बुद्धि होती है। दीपक अन्धकार को निगलता है और कालिश्व को जल्म देता है।”

जिस भारत देश में पेड़ और गाय की पूजा की गई है, जिस भारत भूमि पर भगवान महावीर, भगवान राम महात्मा बुद्ध तथा महात्मा गांधी जैसे अहिंसा के पुजारी हुए, उसी भारत के अधिकांश वासी आज अपनी संस्कृति के पुजारी हुए, उसी भारत के अधिकांश वासी आज अपनी संस्कृति को छोड़कर पाश्चात्य संस्कृति को अपना रहे हैं। आप किसी को जीवन नहीं दे सकते फिर आपको किसी के प्राण लेने का क्या अधिकार है? कैसी विडम्बना है मानव के पार्थिव शरीर को छूने पर नहाते हैं, पर जिन्दा पशु को मारकर उसका मांस खाते हैं।

सब जीवों में उत्तम जीव मनुष्य का कर्तव्य तो इन मूक, निर्दोष, बेसहारा जीवों की रक्षा करना है न कि अपनी स्वार्थपूर्ति के लिए उनको ससमय ही निर्दयता से मार देना। बड़े दुख की बाता है अहमदाबाद में मूक पक्षियों की मसीहा श्री अखिल भारतीय हिंसा निवारण संघ की प्रमुख निरीक्षका श्रीमती गीतोवेन रांचिया की 28 अगस्त 1993 में नृशंस हत्या कर दी गई थी। उनका अपराध केवल इतना था कि वे पशुओं विशेषकर



❖ आतिथ्यशाला/वटवृक्ष की छाँव

गाय बछड़ों की मार्मिक हत्या रोकने के लिए प्रयत्नशील थीं । किन्तु उनका बलिदान व्यर्थ नहीं गया । उनकी हत्या की निन्दा हुई फलस्वरूप गुजरात सरकार नीति परिवर्तन के लए विवश हुई और 22 सितम्बर 1993 को जारी एक अध्यादेश के अन्तर्गत सम्पूर्ण राज्य में गौवध बन्द कर दिया गया । भगवान महावीर, भगवान राम तथा महात्मा बुद्ध की इस भूमि पर राम राज्य की स्थापना व अहिंसक समाज का निर्माण तभी सम्भव है जब सरकार भी इसमें पूर्ण सहयोग दे तथा शाकाहार तथा अहिंसा के क्षेत्र में कार्य करने वाले कार्यकर्ताओं को समुचित सुरक्षा प्रदान करे ।

विश्वशांति एवं सुख का आधार मात्र अहिंसा एवं शाकाहार है ।

सुख, शान्ति और आनन्द का, हर एक घर में वास हो ।

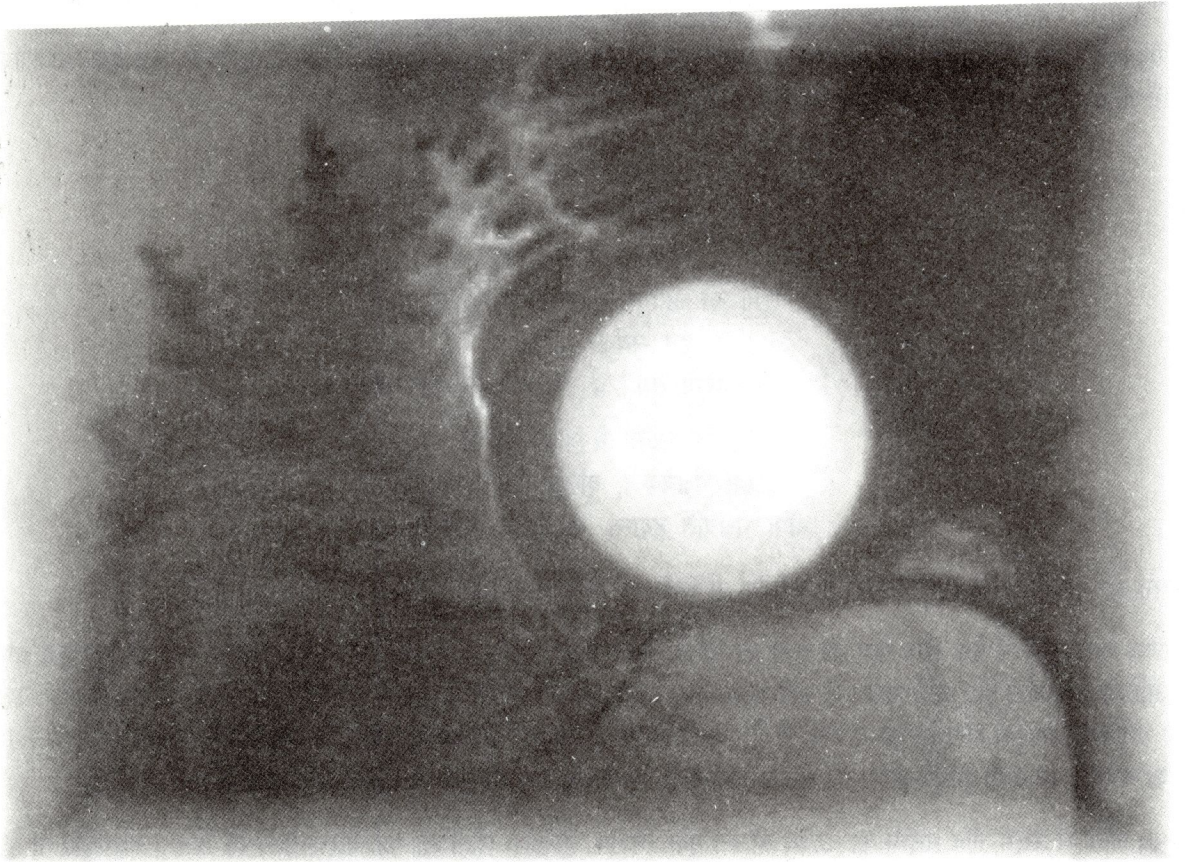
अहिंसा परमो धर्म में, जन जन का विश्वास हो ॥

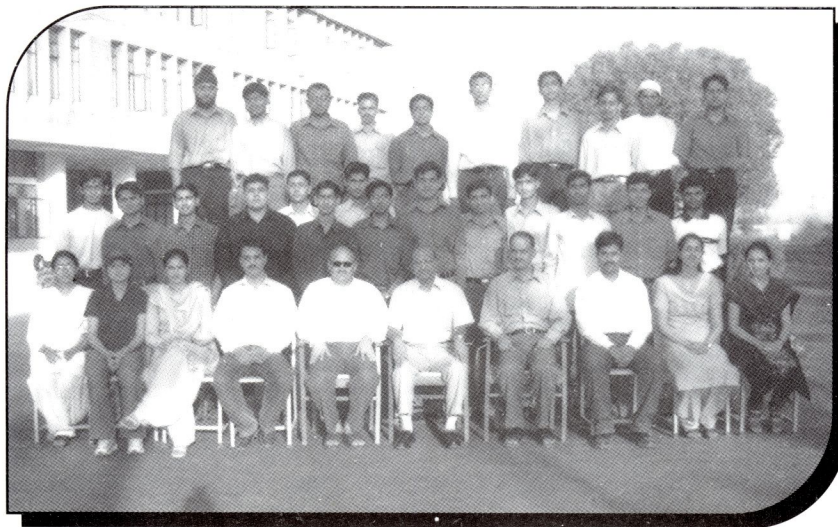
ॐ विश्वानि देवः सवितरः ।

दुरितानि पराशुवः ॥

यद् भद्रम् तन्नासुवः ॥

ॐ शान्तिः ! शान्तिः ! शान्तिः !



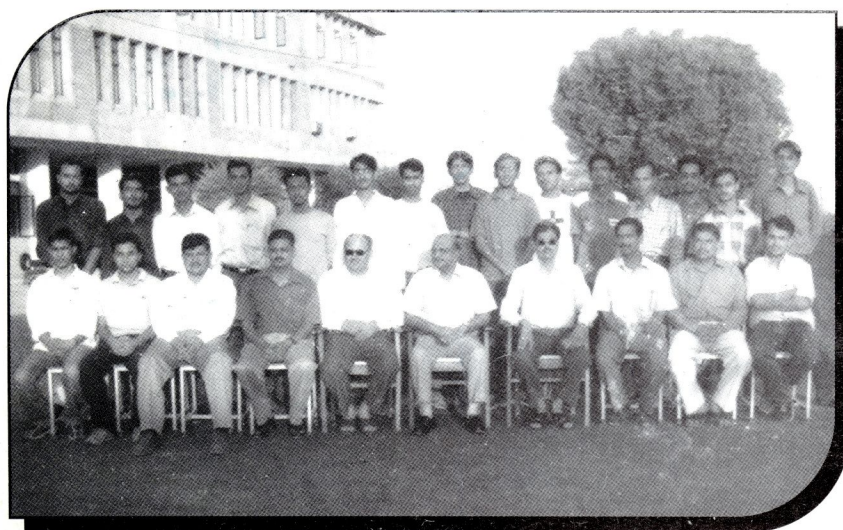


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Avowal

*Chandra Shekhar Sir, the padrone of 'SRIJAN' for making things easier and smoother
for us than ever before,
Our beloved Saroj Ma'm, the mentor who lent her helping hand wherever we craved for,*

Saroja, for his ardent zeal and correcting me whenever I stumbled,

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Varun, Intee, Chakravarty, Rahul and Suhas for steering the English section,
Saurabh, Arvind, Abhisek and Kohli, for their contributions in the hindi section,
Podder, Ritika, Sameer and Ashutosh, for leading almost all the fine arts work,*

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Saurabh, Abhisek & Kohli for Hindi nomenclatures,

Mukul, Sandeep & Trivedi, for collecting Hindi quotes,

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Podder, for most of the drawings at first page of each section,

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Mudit Sethi, for designing the cryptic,

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*All the NITians for their praise, criticism, support, advices and even mockery
throughout our work,*

My floor mates and batch mates for bearing with me throughout the work,

And anyone else, who helped us but whose name has been missed.

Rhythms of Life



जीवन-संगीत



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