

বাসন্তিকা



*Bengali Cultural Association of Arizona
Spring 2007*



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Magazine and Membership Directory
Bengali Cultural Association of America
Spring, 2007



বাসন্তিকা ২০০৭

Saraswati Pujo 2007

Pujo starts	10:00 AM
Pushpanjali	12:00 PM
Prasad and Lunch	12:30 PM
Entertainment	1:30 PM
Jhalmuri & Tea	5:00 PM
Cultural Program	6:00 PM
Dinner	8:30 PM

Saraswati Pujo – Starts at 10:00 AM; Pushpanjali – 12:00 PM

Purohit: **Nikhil Bhattacharya & Amitava Bhattacharya**

Children's fun competition – Starts at 11:00 AM

All children are welcome. Coordinator: **Sampriti Bagchi & Sandeep Bagchi**

Cultural Program – Starts at 6:00 PM

Master of Ceremonies – **Arko Chowdhury & Antora Majumdar**

The Events for the evening are:

1. Saraswati Vandana based on Raag Yaman; Presented by **Trisha Ray**; Harmonium accompaniment: **Megna Rajaram**.
2. Rabindra Nath Thakur's 'Birpurush' - Recitation by **Sayan Mahapatra**.
3. Sukumar Ray's 'Shotpatro' - Recitation by **Jigisha Bagchi**.
4. Karoake Song presented by **Eashan & Rajesh Das**.
5. Shiter Haoya'i Laaglo Nachon - Dance recital presented and choreographed by **Arpita Kundu**.
6. Classical Bandish "Bhavaani Dayaani" – Presented by **Debashri Muralidharan**.
7. Sukumar Ray's 'Shotpatro' - Recitation by **Rishi Sanyal**.
8. Dushtu Bagh" by Upendrakishor Roychoudhury
Participants: **Roshan Sanyal, Rohan Ray, Sayak Dutta, Ronit Banerjee, Rounak Mukherjee & Subhayon Bhattacharjee**.
Direction & Script - **Meera Sanyal**; Sutradhar - **Sharmistha Ray**.
Stage and costume - **Debjani Mukherjee, Aloodeepa Dutta, Anindita Bhattacharjee**.
9. Arizona Bengali School Presentation
Poem - Sharthok Janam Aamaar by Rabindranath Tagore
Song - Teler Shishi Bhanglo Bole by Annadashankar Roy
Dance - Based on the song Dhitang Dhitang Bole
Participants: **Jigisha Bagchi, Gaurab Banerjee, Ipsha Banerjee, Urvi Banerjee, Somashree Biswas, Dipro Chakraborty, Isha Chakraborty, Trisha Dasgupta, Sruti Guhathakurta, Devashi Ghoshal, Divya Ghoshal, Royina Roy, Ruhika Roy, Akash Samanta**
Narration - **Dipro Chakraborty**; Choreography - **Anita Banerjee**; Keyboard - **Barnali Banerjee**; Tabla - **Deepen Chakraborty**
10. Classical songs based on Raag Shankara and Raag Bhairavi – Presented by **Meghna Rajaram**.
11. Dance composition – Welcoming the Spring
Participants: **Sneha Ray & Trisha Ray**; Choreography – **Nita Mallya**.
12. Koutuk Srutinaty - Miss Sutanuti written by Satyaban Mitra.
Participants: **Tamali Chowdhury and Sujit Sanyal**; Director: **Sujit Sanyal**.
13. Dance composition – Baranmala
Participants: **Alodipa Dutta Chowdhury, Rajashi, Sutapa Barua, Surabhi Sengupta, Trisha Chowdhury**.
Vocal : **Sonju Barua**; Direction – **Susmita Mukherjee**.
14. Prize Distribution and Vote of Thanks.



Message from the Board...

Sunday, January 14, 2007

Dear community members, well wishers and dear friends,

Saraswati puja has arrived!

As 'Diwali' – the festival of light is to Lakshmi, goddess of wealth, and 'Navaratri' is to Durga, goddess of strength, might and power, Vasant Panchami is to Saraswati, the goddess of knowledge and learning. She represents the free flow of wisdom and consciousness. She is the mother of the Vedas, and chants to her, called the 'Saraswati Vandana' often begin and end the Vedic hymns.

It gives us immense pleasure, privilege and inspiration to serve the Bengali Community and begin the year 2007 with Saraswati Puja. As you all are aware, the mission of Bengali Cultural Association of Arizona (BCAA) is not only to organize Bengali social, cultural and spiritual events but also to promote, teach and share the rich Indian culture and traditions through such events.

And truly here we are again, sharing the information and ideas amongst our members through the 'Basantika' Magazine, and allowing ourselves to immerse in the divine spirit of 'Ma Saraswati' on this auspicious occasion of Saraswati Puja on Jan 27, 2007!

We must also mention and sincerely thank the 2006 BCAA committee for conducting the business of this association in an extremely organized and professional manner. The new 2007 committee members would strive to keep up and continue with the good work done by the previous committees!

The new members that have joined our community recently have brought much needed diversity to our community through their active participation and contribution in various events and activities of BCAA. We want every community member to whole heartedly join in all activities of the association and enrich the community with their talents.

Saraswati Puja 2007
Basantika

And to all community members, current and new, the 2007 BCAA committee is here as always, to serve you 'emphatically' through the various events and activities planned throughout the year. As always, hope we can count on 'all of you' for your unprecedented support and enthusiasm to drive us through this year!

We also take this opportunity to announce the year 2007 proposed calendar events starting with 'Saraswati Puja' on Jan 27th, 2007 followed by 'Picnic', 'Rabindra Nazrul Sandhya', 'proposed cultural event with a distinguished performer' (yet to be determined), Durga Puja from Oct 19 thru Oct 21 and Lakshmi Puja on Oct 27, 2007. We hope to firm up some of the event dates as we progress through the year.

We sincerely hope that your continued support, enthusiasm, energy and devotion to promote all BCAA events through this year will help us achieve our mission satisfactorily.

Our sincere thanks in advance to all community members for their successful involvement in various activities of the Saraswati Puja beginning from the Puja, food preparation and distribution, performing and organizing of cultural events to basic administration and in making this Puja a grand success!

Our best wishes and regards to the community for the year 2007!

Sincerely,
2007 BCAA Committee.

2007 BCAA Committee Members			
President	Soumya Biswas	president@azbengal.org	H: 480.394.0043
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	Rajesh Das		H: 623.322.1979

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Cover Design by Dipsikha Das.

Stage Backdrop



Artists: Ipsha Banerjee (8 yrs), Urvi Banerjee (8 yrs), Somashree Biswas (5 yrs), Isha Chakraborty (5 yrs), Avik Chowdhury (10 yrs), Shilpika Chowdhury (13 yrs), Trisha Chowdhury (11 yrs), Shruti Guhathakurta (9 yrs), Antora Majumdar (13 yrs), Aritro Majumdar (10 yrs), Sachi Sengupta (4 yrs) & Suravi Sengupta (11 yrs).

ଦର୍ଶିନା ହାଓୟାୟ
ନବୀନ ମୁକୁଳ
କଟିକାଠାର କଲ୍ପନା

Spring

By Sneha Ray (11 years old)

Its that time of year again
When snow melts
To uncover newly sprouting plants
When tiny green leaves
Cover the bare branches of trees
When blossoms bloom
In magnificent shades of pink and red
When hibernation ends
And animals start their lives over new
Yes, its that time of year
For spring is here



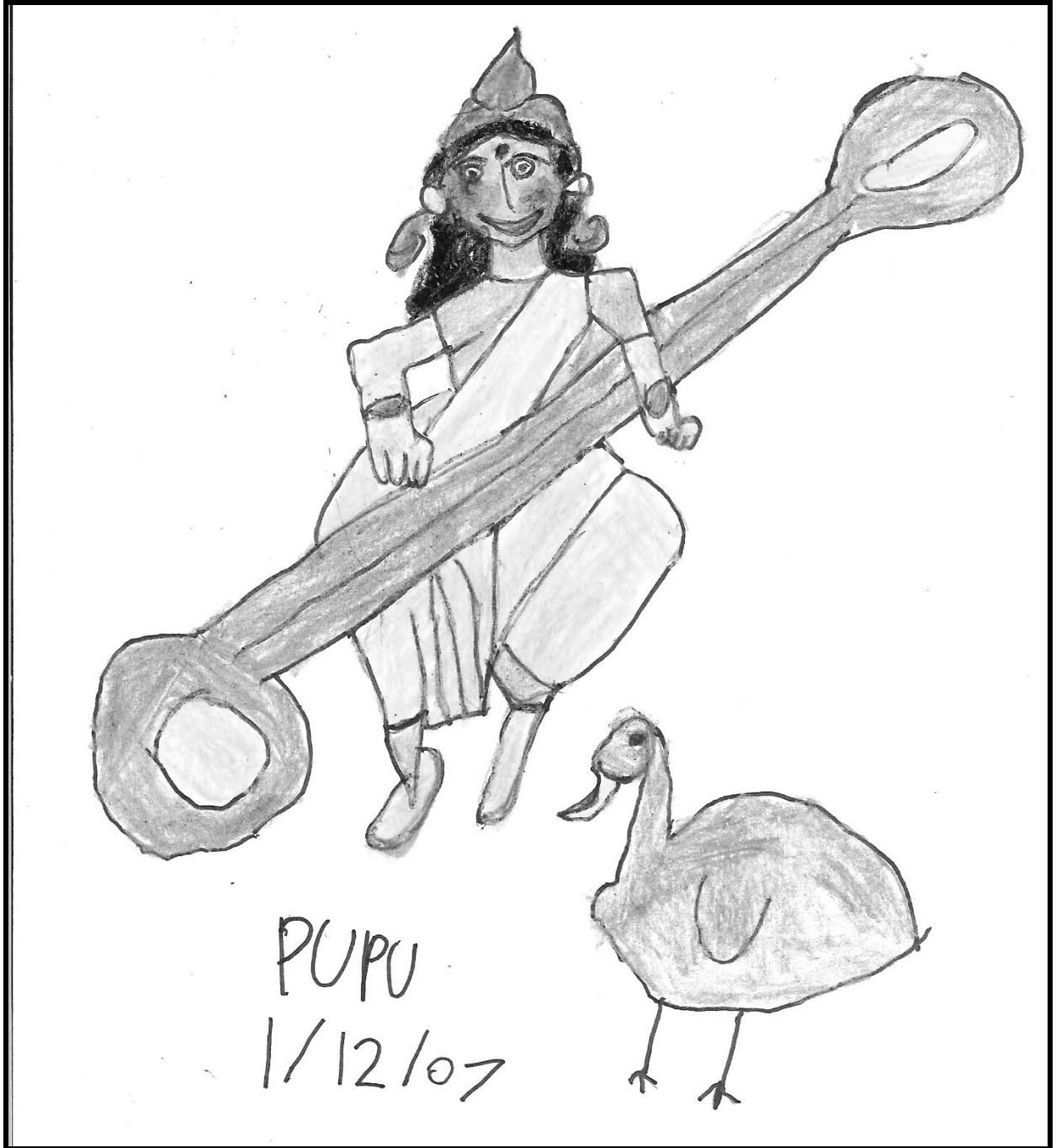
Sunrise

By Sneha Ray (11 years old)

The wind ruffles my hair
As I watch the birth of a new day
The blanket of blue over my head
Sifted colors- from pink to red
The light crawled over the ground
Like a sneaky cat making not a sound
The golden sphere rose from my right
Shining in its path, beams of light
I watched this wonder like it was a dream
A dream- ignoring how real it may seem.

Devī Saraswatī

By Somashree Biswas (5 years old)





Sparky

By Ipsha Banerjee (8 years old)

Once there was a puppy named Sparky. Sparky was a cute white puppy. But one thing seemed out of place. It was his home. Sparky lived right beside a golf course (note to doggies and puppies: never go into a golf course – you are sure to get some bumps on your head). Anyway, coming back to the story. Sparky was born to a family who ran away after being hit by golf balls and poor Sparky was left behind. What could Sparky do?

Sparky had a good friend Quail. Quail did not live in the golf course. He lived in a beautiful home just beside the golf course. Sparky however could never go to Quail's home because Quail's owners hated puppies. So they played in the open fields and loved to frolic together.

One day, Sparky decided to find a home for himself. There were many homes by the golf course and Sparky thought he surely would find a nice home to live in. He had no idea what was going to happen next. So with his friend Quail, he wanted to give it a try!

Running and jumping, they went to the first house. At the main door, they scratched and pecked. Sparky scratched with his tiny little paws, Quail with his strong little beak. The owner peeked through the door trying to find someone standing. There was nobody in sight and the door was closed. Poor Sparky! He was so small and who would care for a little bird. Door after door, Sparky and Quail scratched and tapped. They all opened and closed but no one saw the friends at the door.

Sparky really wished someone saw him. They decided to give one last try. When they started scratching and tapping, the door went wide open. Out came a cute little girl. Sparky jumped on the little girl and started licking her hand. Imagine her surprise when she saw the little puppy trying to get in. She gave a shriek which could be heard a block away. Her friends came running down from other houses. "Courtney, Courtney, what happened?" Courtney couldn't talk at all. She was busy hugging the little puppy and giving him kisses all over. "Lisa, Samantha, looklook...I have a puppy here". By that time, Courtney's parents were there too. "Daddy, can I keep him" Mommy can I keep him? Please...please...please...". Well, daddy and mommy did not have much choice. They took the puppy to the vet, got all the shots that were needed (the parents were scared of rabies, you see....) and then they all came back home.

Well, for Courtney, she got a beautiful cute puppy and Sparky got more than he asked for. He got a home as well as Courtney. For Courtney's friends down the block, they kept opening their doors to see if another Sparky came along. And remember Quail? He did not like his owner so he made a nest in the backyard of Sparky's house and all lived happily ever after.

Nighttime

By Sneha Ray (11 years old)

The sun dips and sets
As the first of nighttime begins
The sky shifts colors
From deep blue to coal black
The moon glows bright
As it rises to its rightful position
The stars start to flick on
Filling the sky with their radiant glow
The crickets chirp and hum
As they begin their nighttime musical
The owls rise from their daytime slumber
And start to rummage for their food
The city lights shuts off
As silence spreads through the valley
I roll into bed after watching the rise of nighttime
The sight of it still flashing before my eye

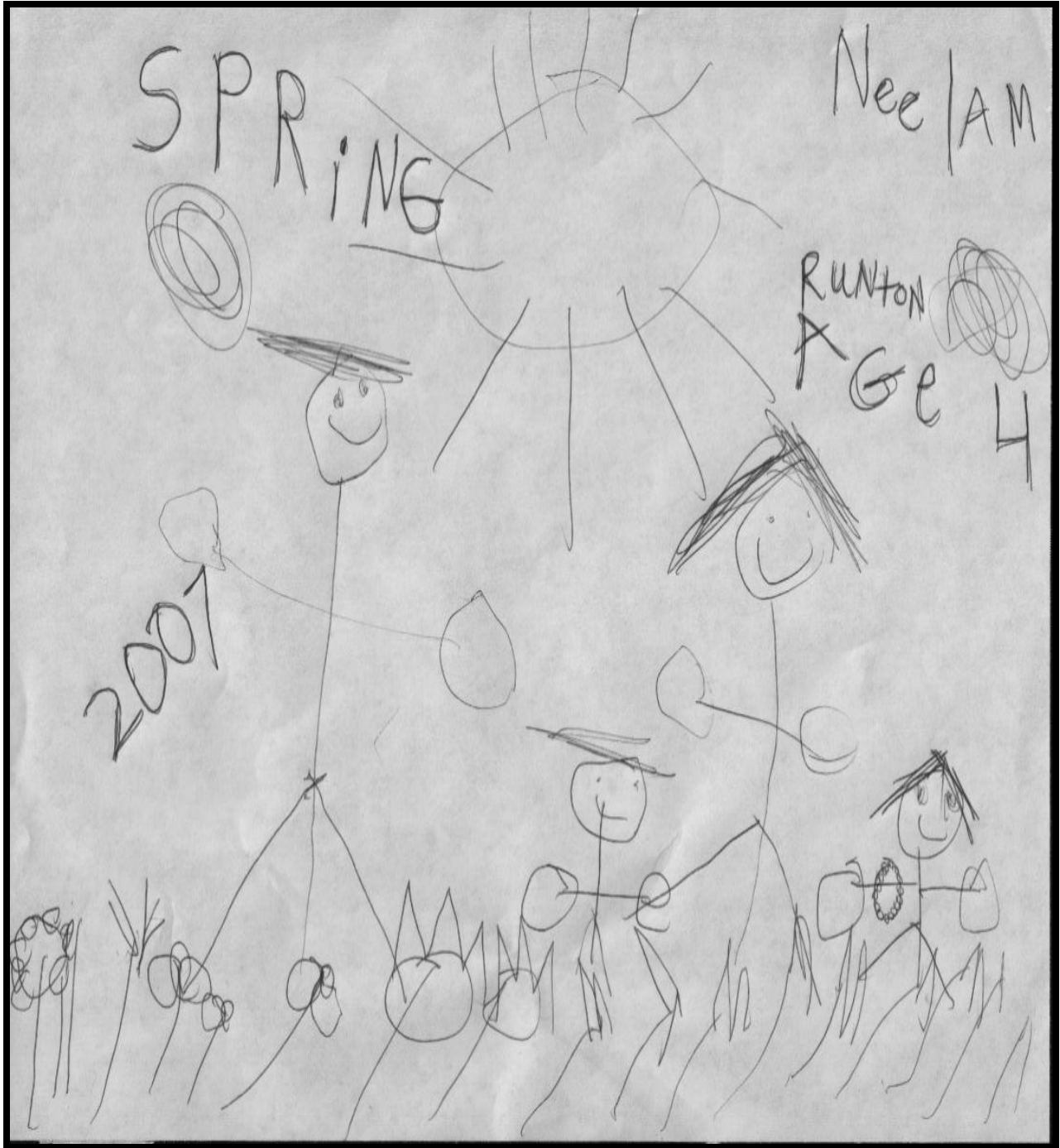
That Cat

By Trisha Ray (9 years old)

When I saw that cat
I thought about my hat
How it was so pretty
Unlike that ugly bat
I saw a bat in a cave
And kicked it on its back
And when I thought of that
I thought about that cat

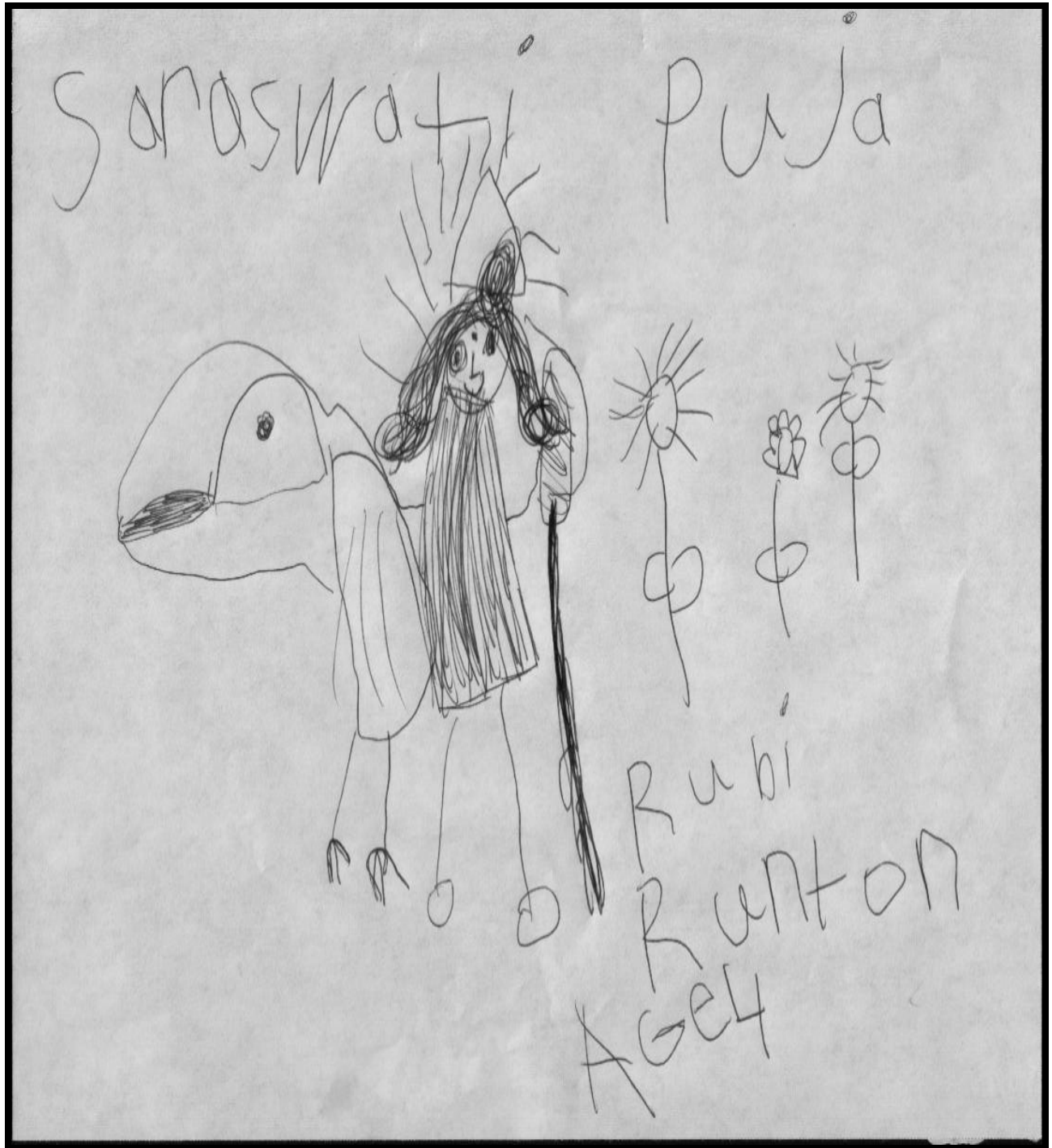
Sketch of Spring

By Neelam Runton (4 years old)



Saraswati Puja

By Rubi Runton (4 years old)



Ma Saraswati

By Isha Chakraborty (5 years old)

Ma Saraswati is the Goddess of my books
And I like the way she looks.
She has a pet swan
And I think I saw it at dawn
She is really good at the Bina
That's what I told my friend Ariana
Oh! Goddess keep me bright
All through my life



Holiday Greetings!

By Antora Majumdar (13 years old)

It's been a long time since I saw you last
and another year has come and passed
I'm sending along this poem I wrote
instead of mailing a boring card and short note.

First off I just want to say
that we have all been doing very well these past few "days"
We've had some happenings around here that were very mundane
but other events were exciting so I can't really complain

We've taken a few interesting vacations
to places like Houston, Tucson, and many other different locations.
I saw NASA and South Fork Ranch
I admired Texas's capitol building which gave me a taste of their legislative branch

An exciting event that happened for me personally
Was winning an essay competition Woop-ie!
I received a telescope and some astronomy software
I can't wait till I'm able to observe constellations in the night air

Dad is busy working for Toyota
Ever since we came to Phoenix from Savage, Minnesota
Reading is still one of his obsessions
and the latest electronics seem to be his favorite possessions

Mom stays at home and takes care of the house
Working hard for her kids and spouse
At the end of a long day when she starts to relax
she enjoys listening to music and that's a fact

Aritro is entertained by sports
and plays basketball on the courts
He is into numerous computer and video games
"I can beat anyone" is what he proclaims

I am of course doing fine
school and guitar has taken up most of my time
the free moments I have are spent with friends
or taking pictures through my camera lens

So now my update is done
I hope reading this was at least a little fun
Happy Holidays to all of you
adieu

A Flying Dragon

By Uroi & Ronit Banerjee (8 and 5 years old)



The Haunted House

by Suravi Sengupta (11 years old)

"Beep... Beep...Beep" 13-year-old Antora slapped her pink fuzzy alarm clock and jumped out of bed. "Today is another dull Saturday" she thought, it was one of those days when you had nothing to do, but sit there and stare into space, basically getting bored. She grabbed her jeans and a gray worn out t-shirt and ran down stairs, where she bumped into her mom. "Antora, remember to remind your dad about your brother's soccer game this afternoon, I have to go to work for a while so I will be a little late" informed her mom. "Ok, bye" Antora replied. Antora snatched a piece of toast and went outside, where she spotted her friend, Shilpi. "Hey" Antora called out, "Oh, hey" Shilpi replied, looking bored. They both had a blank look on their faces like they had no idea about what to say. "I have to go to the boring soccer game this afternoon" Shilpi blurted out, "Me too, have no option" Antora replied with a sigh. "Well I'd better go inside," said Shilpi "I have to go to Asha Aunty's dance class in an hour, I wish we had dance class everyday that's how much I love it", "See you at the soccer game, bye" replied Antora. When Antora got inside she saw her dad reading the newspaper on the kitchen table with a hot cup of tea. "Hey dad, Oritro has a soccer game this afternoon, mom told me to remind you" said Antora "Oh yeah, I almost forgot about that, I am looking forward to the game" her dad replied. "Oh yeah, *me too*" replied Antora with a sarcastic note.

"Go Oritro kick the ball, GO, GO, GO!!!" shouted Antora's dad, "I see your dad's having fun, what did I miss?" asked Antora's mom as she arrived, "Nothing much, it's only Oritro trying to kick the ball" Antora replied. Antora got bored so she met up with some friends, Sneha, Sruti, Trisha, Suravi, and ofcourse Shilpi. "This is a really boring soccer game, how come the parents are having such a good time?" said Sneha, everyone nodded in agreement. Sruti replied "We all know why the parents are having a good time silly, their sons are in the game" Suravi changing the subject suggested "Hey lets play Truth or Dare". Everyone looked at her as if she was crazy; no one plays truth or dare anymore. "Well it's the only thing we can do" said Antora, everyone agreed. "I go first" Trisha called out, "I pick...Antora, truth or dare", "I'll pick dare" Antora answered, "Ummm, let's see, you have to go inside the haunted house and steal something from inside of it,...can be anything" said Trisha "What! We're not allowed to go in there, it's forbidden!" exclaimed Antora. "Remember what happened to Tommy Hendrickson last year, when he went to the haunted house and he never returned". "I think we should all go to the haunted house" said Suravi; "Yeah!" they all shouted out.

Antora's mom overheard the conversation "Did I here something about a haunted house?, you know that place is off limits, you know better, I hope you don't go in there or else you are grounded for a week, Antora, and if I find out you girls were in it I will take the pleasure of informing your parents too, THAT IS A WARNING, you hear me haunted house is off limits" warned Antora's mom. When she left, ignoring her caution the girls went about with their plan, and they agreed to go at midnight when everyone was asleep. "I'll wake up first, and wake everyone else up" said Suravi "We all have to bring a flashlight" reminded Sruti "And a first aid kit...just in case" Suravi added. "Ok, get set and ready for a scary night," Shilpi whispered excitedly.

As the clock's two hands became one, Suravi quietly hopped out of bed and grabbed the flashlight and first aid kit, she silently went outside and woke everyone up. "Psssst, open up your window, Antora" whispered Suravi "ok, I coming" replied Antora. "Alright, is everyone here? Off to the haunted house we go" called out Shilpi. "We have to be extra quiet, because Mrs. Johnson, who lives next door, might hear us," said Sneha "Why does that old grandma even stay there," mused Shilpi. The girls climbed over the fence and ignored the beware sign and in a sneaky manner, went inside. "Creeeeek" the doors loud screechy noise startled the girls, "Ok, we're in the house, let's steal something FAST and get out" said Trisha "I think Antora should steal, it was her dare" said Sneha "Ok I'll do it! I will steal that bowl over there" Antora declared as she pointed at the dusty bowl with her flashlight. "Ok I got it, now let's get out of this place before someone catches us" said Antora in hurry "Yeah" everyone agreed. When Suravi was about to get to the door they heard footsteps from upstairs, "Let's get out of here, fast" said Shilpi, "Uh, there's just one problem girls the door is locked!" said a startled Suravi, "I'm scared" said Trisha. They all were a little frightened about this creepy situation. They heard the footsteps again, "Maybe we should all go up there and see who or what is making that noise," Sruti suggested, "Well it is a good idea, come on you guys don't be a chicken, maybe who ever or what ever is up there can help us get out of here too" said Antora.

"Creek...Creek...Creek" the stairs were unstable, "These stairs are really old it feels like they are going to break" whispered Trisha. "TAP...TAP...TAP" it was the footsteps, "It came from that room where all the masks are" noted Sneha "Who wants to go inside that creepy room first?" Suravi asked everyone turned to look at Antora; "ME!" exclaimed Antora, as everyone nodded. "Suggestion please, let's go in together" corrected Suravi. Once in the room Shilpi discovered "Wait! two of the masks are missing, since two spaces are empty, assuming there were 12 masks before, now there are 10" said Shilpi "BOO!" someone shrieked from behind, "Ahhhhhhh!" they all shouted and looked around. They saw two masked creatures standing near the door swaying like ghosts. The girls were very scared and could feel cold sweat running down their necks. "Hey girls wait a minute these guys have the same costume's that my brother and Shilpi's brother wore for Halloween, don't you recognize them?" yelled out Antora. So Antora and Shilpi ran towards the ghosts in a split second without giving them any time to run, grabbed them first and then took off their masks. Guess what! The girls discovered that the ghosts were none other than their own naughty little brothers. "Do you guy's always scare people like this?" quipped an angry Trisha, Oritro retorted "Yep that's our favorite pass time, we just overheard that you guy's were coming over here tonight, so we decided to scare you" "You girls looked really ghastly, I wish I had a camera to click, that would be a great poster 'HANGING OUT WITH THE GHOST' and we could post it up at school" Abhik guffawed. "Wait till I tell mom that you were scaring us, you'll be punished for life" said Antora "But remember you'll be grounded for a week" Oritro reminded. "Well at least I can tell on my brother" said Shilpi, however Abhik warned "No you can't, because mom's going to ground YOU for a month and not for a week, Remember the talk last week the next time you are in trouble, you would get a MONTH". "God! Abhik is such a pain" retorted the angry Shilpi.

"So how did you lock the door?" asked Suravi "Actually we never locked the door" answered Oritro "Then who locked it?" Trisha cried out. "Maybe there really is somebody in here" exclaimed Sruti "Or may be we are on the show "PUNKED" and we are being filmed right now" suggested Suravi.

TAP...TAP...TAP it was the sound of the footsteps again, "Nice try, we're not scared anymore, with your mysterious footsteps" screamed Antora. There was a mysterious silence. "It's not us, we are standing here" cried Abhik. "Then who is it?" Sneha whispered. TAP...TAP...TAP, the footsteps grew louder and closer when suddenly someone grabbed Antora's shoulder, "Ahhhhhhh!" Antora screamed, "Wow, we scared you good didn't we" said a familiar voice. "Dad?" Antora exclaimed "...and your mom" replied Antora's mom "we told you not to come to the haunted house, but you didn't listen, and so we thought a good scare would be a great lesson for you kids" scolded Antora's mom "So, am I still grounded?" asked Antora "Oh yes, and I'm going to call your friend's parents too" said Antora's mom "Oh MAN" Antora wined. Then Antora's dad questioned, "So, Antora, what did you learn from today's experience?" "That you should never play truth or dare" replied Antora. "CLOSE" replied Antora's dad with a sigh.



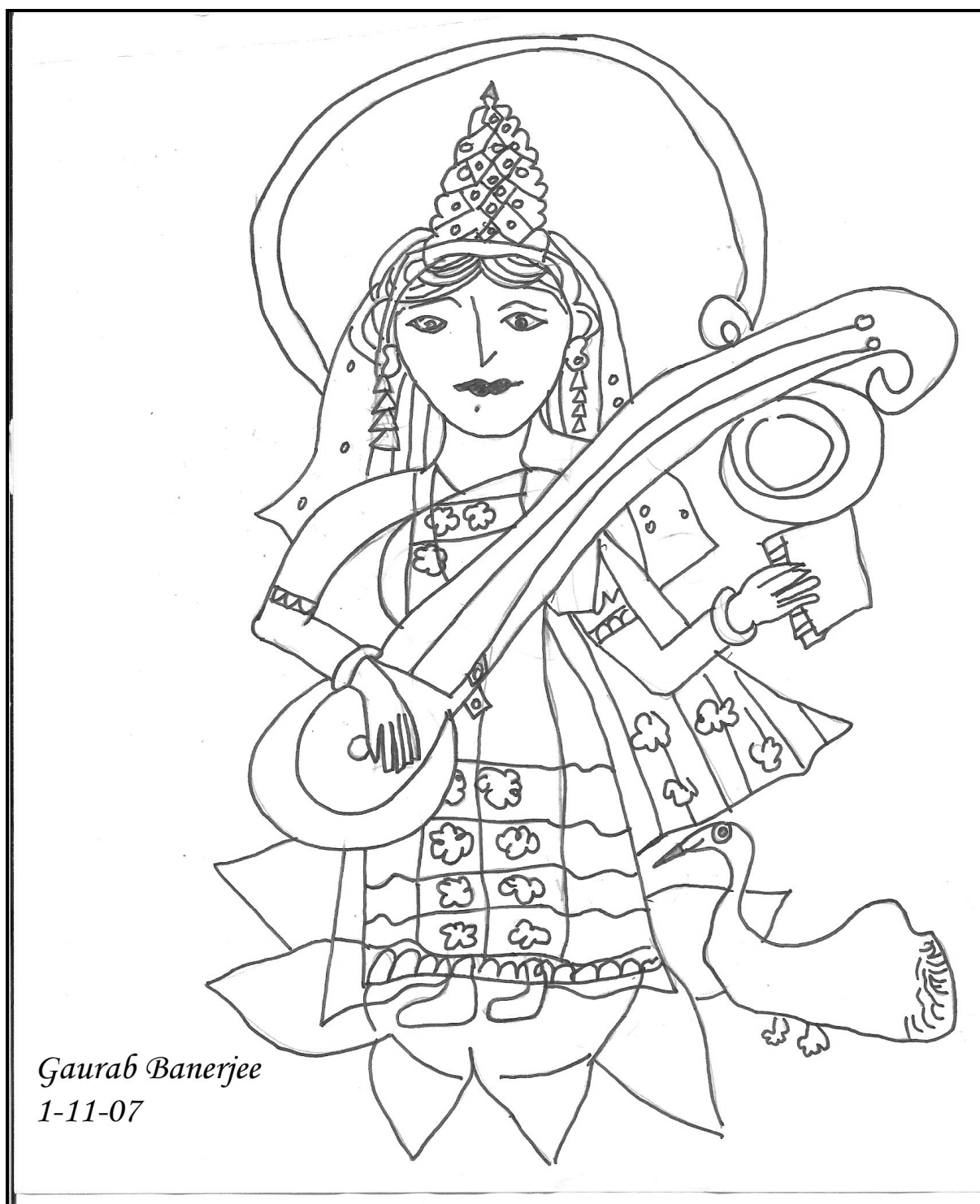
The Happy Fish

by Sachi Sengupta (4 years old)



Sketch of Ma Saraswati

By Gaurab Banerjee (7 years old)



Gaurab Banerjee
1-11-07

মজার আসর

Did you know that ...

Compiled by Sujit Sanyal

The world's longest

- River is the Nile in Egypt
- Highway is the Trans-Canada, about 8000 km

The world's highest

- Mountain is the Everest in Nepal
- Waterfalls is the Salto Angel Falls, Venezuela

The world's biggest

- Desert in the world is the Sahara desert
- Delta in the world is the Sunderbans (West Bengal, India)
- Stadium in the world is the Strahov Stadium, Prague.

The world's largest

- Island is Greenland
- Ocean is the Pacific ocean
- Bay is Hudson Bay, Canada
- Strait is Tartar Strait
- Peninsula is Arabia
- Gulf is Gulf of Mexico
- Bell is the Tsar Kolkol at Kremlin, Moscow
- Temple is Angkorwat in Kampuchea
- Church is Basilica of St. Peter, Vatican City, Rome
- Dome in the world is Louisiana Superdome, New Orleans, USA
- Cinema in the world is the Fox Theatre, Detroit, USA
- Airport in the world is the King Khalid Intl. Airport, Saudi Arabia
- Railway tunnel in the world is the Oshimzu Tunnel, Japan
- Library in the world is the United States Library of Congress, Washington DC
- Museum in the world is the American Museum of Natural History

The world's tallest

- Self supporting structure on land is the C.N. Tower, Toronto, Canada at 1,815 feet.
- Office building is the Sears Tower, Chicago
- Statue in the world is the Motherland, Volgograd, Russia
- Dam in the world is Nurek Dam in Tajikistan at 984 feet

The world's fastest

- Train is Shanghai's maglev train at 268 MPH or 431 KM/H

- Airplane is the X-43 at Mach 9.8 – rocket powered and unmanned
- Boat is Spirit of Australia at 317.60 MPH or 511.13 KM/H
- Car is the Thrust SSC at Mach 1.02, which is 763.035 MPH or 1227.94 KM/H
- Roller coaster is Kingda Ka goes from 0 to 128 MPH or 204.8 KM/H in just 3.3 seconds
- Bird is the Peregrine Falcon - when it spots prey, it goes into a controlled dive, the fastest recorded being an amazing 242.3 MPH or 390 KM/H
- Fish is the Sailfish (200 lbs), which has been clocked at speeds over 68 MPH
- Men - Justin Gatlin and Jamaican Asafa Powell, running 100 meters at 9.77 seconds
- Woman is American Florence Griffith-Joyner – 100 meters in 10.49 seconds

World's largest producer of

- Coffee is Brazil
- Tea is India
- Manganese is USA
- Rubber is Malaysia
- Newsprint is Canada
- Rice is China

The world's oldest

- Known city is Damascus
- Underground railway is in London
- Living person is Emiliano Mercado del Toro born August 21, 1891 in Puerto Rico
(Imagine living through two World Wars)

Did you also know that

- Country of Copper is Zambia
- Land of Rising Sun is Japan
- Armpit of Africa is Cameroon
- Sugar Bowl of the world is Cuba
- Land of the midnight sun is Norway (this is also attributed to other Nordic Countries)
- Bread Basket of Europe is Ukraine
- The Roof of the world is Tibet
- Island of cloves is Madagascar
- Land of White Elephants is Thailand
- Land of Morning Calm is Korea
- Land of Thunderbolts is Bhutan
- The country whose National Anthem has only music but no words is Bahrain
- The country where there are no Cinema theatres is Saudi Arabia
- The country where military service is compulsory for women is Israel
- The country which has more than 10,000 golf courses is USA
- The hardest naturally occurring material is the diamond
- The coldest place on the earth is Verkhoyansk in Siberia, Russia.

Smile a while...

Compiled by Sanjay Banerjee

Guilty or not guilty ??

A defendant was on trial for murder. There was strong evidence indicating guilt, but there was no corpse.

In the defense's closing statement the lawyer, knowing that his client would probably be convicted, resorted to a trick.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I have a surprise for you all," the lawyer said as he looked at his watch. "Within one minute, the person presumed dead in this case will walk into this courtroom." He looked toward the courtroom door. The jurors, somewhat stunned, all looked on eagerly. A minute passed. Nothing happened.

Finally the lawyer said, "Actually, I made up the previous statement. But you all looked on with anticipation. I therefore put to you that you have a reasonable doubt in this case as to whether anyone was killed and I insist that you return a verdict of not guilty."

The jury, clearly confused, retired to deliberate. A few minutes later, the jury returned and pronounced a verdict of guilty.

"But how?" inquired the lawyer. "You must have had some doubt; I saw all of you stare at the door."

The jury foreman replied: "Oh, we did look, but we noted that your client didn't."

Phone bill

The phone bill was exceptionally high and the man of the house called a family meeting.

Dad: Folks, this is unacceptable. You have to limit the use of the phone. I do not use this phone, I use the one at the office.

Mom: Same here, I hardly use this home telephone as I use my work telephone

Son: Me too, I never use the home phone. I always use my company mobile.

Maid: So what is the problem? We all use our work telephones.

Smile.....

A young lady recently returned from her honeymoon, was complaining to her friend about her husband's drinking habits. "If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" her friend asked. "I did not know he drank," the bride said, "until one night he came home sober".

If you had purchased \$1000.00 of Nortel stock five years ago, it would now be worth \$49.00. With Enron, you would have had \$16.50 left of the original \$1,000.00. With WorldCom, you would have had less than \$5.00 left. With Lucent, you would have \$3.50 left of the original \$1000.00

But, if you had purchased \$1,000.00 worth of beer one year ago, drank all the beer, then turned in the cans for the aluminum recycling REFUND, you would have had \$214.00. Based on the above, the best current investment advice is to drink heavily and recycle. It's called the 401-Keg Plan.

Memorable Quotes

Put your hand on a hot stove for a minute, and it seems like an hour. Sit with a pretty girl for an hour, and it seems like a minute. THAT'S relativity - **Albert Einstein.**

The brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working the moment you get up in the morning and does not stop until you get into the office - **Robert Frost.**

The trouble with being punctual is that nobody's there to appreciate it - **Franklin P. Jones.**

We must believe in luck. For how else can we explain the success of those we don't like? **Jean Cocturan.**

It matters not whether you win or lose; what matters is whether I win or lose - **Darrin Weinberg**

Help a man when he is in trouble and he will remember you when he is in trouble again - **Anonymous**

Whoever said money can't buy happiness, didn't know where to shop – **Anonymous.**

Alcohol doesn't solve any problems, but then again, neither does milk – **Anonymous.**

The number of people watching you is directly proportional to the stupidity of your action - **Anonymous**

Don't worry whether the world ends today, its already tomorrow in Australia – **Anonymous.**

Intellectuals solve problems; geniuses prevent them - **Albert Einstein.**

Effective Medicine

A woman went to the doctor's office where she was seen by one of the younger doctors. After about four minutes in the examination room, she burst out, screaming as she ran down the hall. An older doctor stopped her and asked what the problem was and she told him her story.

After listening, he had her sit down and relax in another room. The older doctor marched down the hallway to the back where the young doctor was writing on his clipboard. "What's the matter with you?" the older doctor demanded. "Mrs. Reid is 62 years old, has four grown children and seven grandchildren and you told her she was pregnant?!"

The younger doctor continued writing and without looking up said, "Does she still have the hiccups?"

One liner. . . .

Judge: Why did you hit your husband with a chair?"

Wife: "I couldn't lift the table."

They call our language the mother tongue because the father seldom gets to speak.

"What do you use for washing dishes?"

"Oh, I tried many things but found my husband best."

"Young man, do you think you can handle a variety of work?"

"I ought to be able to. I've had 12 different jobs in four months."

বসন্তে বসন্তে
ছন্দে আনন্দে
প্রবীণের প্রেরণা

Tale of Raja and Rani

By Rupanjana Sengupta

I am Rani, very insignificant me in this wide immense world. I am from the village Kendu Billa or Kenduli 18 miles from Bolpur. Since I was a child I started to work as a servant girl in the big city called Kolkata. I take pride that I worked for only six houses through out my life. I am not like the other servant girls who are akin to mercenaries working for greed; I worked for loyalty and fondness for those families. I am proud that I have always been very honest- the families have always said, "No one can be trusted like Rani" That should be one thing adorning my epithet. No one has ever called me a thief.... ever. Trusted me in the name of Radha-Madhav Jiu. Now that I am retired and weak, my body gives in to its aches and pains. I am back in my village Kendulli near the image of my Radha- Madhav Jiu. Although I am alone today I have my reminiscences, they are my only belongings .I think about the good times, the bad times, the families I've worked for, though they were never my own I secretly felt they were mine, I have them in my prayers and thoughts, I am the owner of my experiences and my memoirs, they only belong to me. I think about Debi boudi, Rekha boudi, their children, Meera pishi, Amrit dadababu, Maya boudi and particularly about Raja. How is he doing? Does he think about me? Does he feel my existence although I feel his? Does he know that I am alive? Oh those memories some sweet and some bitter always the pride looming over my thoughts, I have worked hard, with honesty, with utmost sincerity churning my blood through my sweat. Though not privileged I have never been a thief although a little nagging thought always claws at my heart, I ask myself have I been robbed instead?

The first house that I worked in was Maya boudis. She was very giving and nice, her name suited her a lot she was the "Debi of Maya" She always gave me a little of everything that her daughter ate. This was very magnanimous since other houses had separate food for the servants and many times I had heard the horror stories from others about the rotten food. Chumkidi, Maya boudis' daughter was ten and I was thirteen. I even got to touch Chumkididis' toys and after I finished my work at night I was allowed to see some television with the family. Maya boudi would recite a lot from Robi Gurus' poems, I had seen others sing but Maya boudi used to always recite, she didn't even need a book, she knew her poems by heart. In the afternoons when I massaged her legs she would explain to me those poems, how the words flowered into thoughts. This was my best time of the day. Chumki didi who went to "shaheb" school wasn't interested in those Bengali poems, but I was. I always craved for education but had none. Maya boudis' gift of poems was the closest I came to learning. Sometimes I get angry with my Radha- Madhav Jiu why do bad things have to happen to the good people. Why isn't the irony of God a mirage? I still remember the day when Maya boudi found out she was pregnant she was ecstatic. This time she yearned for a son. Elders came and quipped that they were positive that this time Maya was going to have a son; her appearance gave away the fact that she was carrying a son. Hundred percent it would be a son that was their unanimous oracle. On the contrary Radha- Madhav Jius' verdict was a stillborn son. Maya boudi looked so pale as if all her life's color was squeezed out of her living. She was like a sad wasted dried out leaf withering away into depression. I felt sad and I prayed to my Radha- Madhav Jiu asking Him to bring back happiness to my Maya boudi, bring back her poems, bring back her wish

winged in living reality. Maya boudi stopped being happy, she was never the same, she had stopped reciting her poems. Time flowed and every thing took its own turn. My marriage was settled; I was going to be married. At sixteen everyone in my village thought it was high time that I should be married off.

My marriage to Keshto Pramanik was like a business deal. My father had to sell his land to meet the expenses of my marriage, Baba didn't have any option and he made the poor mans' choice. Moreover the village elders suggested, as Baba was the proud parent of two sons he could afford to sell the land. Since he had only one daughter he has to pay up only once after that my lucky Baba would reap two dowries in the future, thanks to my brothers. My husband Keshto on the other hand was very happy with the short-term lottery, he could now afford to buy the gold chain that his mistress demanded. Yes I was married at sixteen, "Yes" my husband did have a mistress who had her own two children and two of his, "Yes" he was a drunk and "Yes" he used to beat me up whenever not pleased, and yet I became pregnant. Whenever he visited away from his frolics his sole amusement would be beating me up. So I decided to run away to the big city with my baby son. I reflected that at least I would get paid for my hard work, here at my husband's family payment of a servant girl working for seven adults were slaps and kicks.

Back I came to Kolkata. I didn't want Keshto to find me, safest place was Maya boudis' haven. Debi of Maya willingly kept my son with her whereas I took refuge in my Pishis house. When I came back after three months, my only treasure was no more mine. My Raja searched for his Ma and found her in Maya boudi. Crying for his own was no more he was crying for Maya Ma. Then I saw Maya boudis' smiling hue which had all come back she was in love with my baby son. She was reciting her poems to my baby and he was listening with captivity staring deep into boudis' eyes and smiling, cooing , nuzzling comfortably held tight by his new mother. They made such a beautiful painting just like my Madhav with his Yashoda Ma, though pangs of jealousy were ravaging my inside, killing me slowly. My Radha- Madhav Jiu brought back Maya boudis' wish winged in living reality. Maya boudi asked for the gift and I did not have the heart to refuse. Maya boudis' husband suggested that I look for work elsewhere since Raja shouldn't struggle with the reality of being the servant girl's only treasure.

I went to Maya boudis' house once in a while to steal a spec of memory with Raja. My Radha-Madhav Jiu saw to it that I lived up to the epithet, I wasn't allowed to become a thief; Raja treated me like any other servant girl. During one of my visits I had an opportunity to be with Raja babu without his Maya Ma. Raja babu at this time was a little boy of seven going to school. When he returned from school I saw him and I realized he had become a "ভদ্রলোকের ছেলে" suited booted with a tie and everything. He went to a Shaheb School. I wanted to snatch this moment since Maya boudi wasn't there. Raja Babu inquired, "Where is Ma?" Why isn't she here, she is always there when I return from school, and who is going to feed me? He threw a fit! I felt sad I thought "আহারে বেচার", he must be missing his Ma a lot". I quipped, "So what your Mom isn't there? I am here for you, I will feed you Raja dada" Raja Babu angrily retorted, "My mother doesn't allow maid servants to feed me, they are full of germs. I want my Ma right now". That was it! He did not eat till his Ma returned. It was a rude awakening Raja dada had shoved me to my right place. I delved in self-pity for the moment on the other hand I realized that Raja babu was nurtured too much and could afford to throw a tantrum. Raja babu could express his "ব্যবহার" and his "বায়না". Realizing his comfort I felt satisfied. Only Chumki didi scolded Raja dada and asked him to behave. She knew but she kept it to herself. I always felt she was matured for her years.

I yearned for mother hood, to rob the sound of someone calling me “Ma”. I realized Raja was happy and this kaleidoscopic view made me feel contented. The belief that my Raja gets his own kingdom of good food, good clothes, good toys, good family, “shaheb” education; My Raja gets to be different than me. Has a better life than mine. Today he is in America, he doesn’t remember me, and the truthful fact is that he doesn’t know I exist. However I like to relish my denial wondering may be he recognizes my sacrifice. Of course in reality he would probably be ashamed to acknowledge me.

Now that I am retired I have come back to my village Jaya- deva Kenduli. My parents are both with Radha-Madhav Jiu and my brothers have their own families, not that they are ungrateful for all the monetary help they recieved from me throughout their life, once in a while they walk up to my hut to visit me. My husband contended with his drunken self-passed away in his early years. I don’t feel sad about it, I never got to love that man. Actually I am happy that he didn’t search too hard for me and was satisfied by his mistress in his carnal pleasures bordering on violent sadism. I am happy to sing “kirtan” at the temple and survive on the “Bhog”. I am a village simpleton I don’t long for much needs. I am happy to be near my Radha-Madhav Jiu serving Him till the end. During “Makarsankranti” there is a big “Mela” at our village ,this “Mela” is also known as the “Mahotsab” of Jayadeb Goswami. Lot of people visit from the city; my small village transforms herself into a big city. During this day I am always out peering into the strange faces searching for the known essentially looking for my Raja, may be he is visiting this inconsequential village to discover my Radha-Madhav Jiu. Just may be, may be someday he might come by visiting..... I cannot get rid of this nagging dream. My spirit gave away my life. Some times I question my Radha- Madhav Jiu “Whose gift is bigger mine or Maya boudi’s”? I remember some of the snippets from the poem Maya boudi would recite:

রাশি রাশি তারা তারা ধান কাটা হল সারা
কাটিতে কাটিতে ধান এল বরষা
এক খানি ছোট খেত আমি একেলা
গান গেয়ে তরী বেয়ে কে আসে পারে
দেখে যেন মনে হয় চিনি উহারে

It feels like the poet is talking about me, thanks to Maya boudi that I can connect my thoughts to this poem. She taught me to discover words blossoming into expressions. That was her gift to me. I am glad that though I had so little I could give away so much, the boat is full and I am empty waiting for my Radha- Madhav Jiu to embrace me for life. In conversation with God I ask Him “Am I that small? I am a Rani too, I had my kingdom too with my Raja the only pearl. How am I small? No! No! No! I am not small I am in truth very exceptional just like the bright “Druva Tara” in the universe emitting its glow so that others can fulfill their journey satisfied”. I pray to my Radha- Madhav Jiu asking Him about the reward for my good Karma hoping that I should be born to be a true Rani in my next birth .A Rani who can keep her Raja forever. My swan song to my Radha- Madhav Jiu:

“হরি দিন তো গেল সন্ধ্যা হল পার করো আমারে “

P.S: I had asked Google Didu “Villages of West Bengal” and the search came up with “The temples in Birbhum- Kendu Billa” <http://www.hindubooks.org/temples/bengal/birbhum/page1.htm>. Exerpt in Bengali of Tagors poem thanks again to Google didu from the website about poetry: <http://victorian.fortunecity.com/canal/178/file/rabi2.htm>

Praying for Peace

by Goutam Banerjee

Growing up along the bank of river Ganga
To settling down here in Chandler,
From strolling along the bank of Danube
To driving around the Huangpu river,
I feel happy to mix with people around the World
Who are emotionally all similar.
They care for themselves and for others
And everyone wants peace and not war.

This World has produced great sages and thinkers
Who led us philosophically,
With similar messages of love and unification-
Even if the followers chose to brand them separately.
Yet, many rulers of this World today-
Be they known as religious or political leaders-
Want us to believe that only their ways are better
While others must be reduced to splinters.

In their endeavor to establish their ways
They espouse the high road to convert or to kill;
Some do this in the form of religion,
Others take the high road to 'Democracy' pill.
This is my humble request to all the rulers today
Who want to force their ways on us;
Wake up from your snooze and drop your maniac egos,
Give Non-Violence and Peace a chance.

A Matter of Heart

by Amitava Bhattacharya

The morning newspaper spread on the dining table before him, retired software specialist Binayak Sarkar was waiting for the breakfast to be served, as he was engrossed in reading the latest news about the war on terror. Wife Sharmila had taken her shower, and was done with her prayer. She was now busy preparing the breakfast. The whistling of teakettle, clicking of ejecting toaster, rattle of cups and plates and thumping of refrigerator door, all indicated full action towards a forthcoming breakfast.

Binayak looked at the wall clock – the minute hand was closing in towards eight o'clock. "It's about eight!" he exclaimed. "Oh well, it is not too late for a winter morning for a retired couple," he tried to justify.

"It may not be late for you, but it is for me." Sharmila started pouring tea in the cups.

"Why so?" Binayak looked puzzled.

"Because, I have to take care of endless chores inside the house, without your help. I am not retired like you."

Binayak did not answer. He could never understand why all his contributions towards the household – in technical, mechanical, intellectual or sheer physical aspect – were always trifled by Sharmila. The only reason, he could glean from her frequent grumble was that – she thought a man in good health, in his right mind should not retire from his job – just because he has attained the retiring age.

"I shall go for a walk and then I shall go for a haircut," Binayak said.

"Fine with me." Sharmila was busy trying the new kind of waffle, which she found at supermarket the previous day.

The breakfast progressed with Binayak making remarks and Sharmila providing her second opinion on headline news of the day – US approach towards global terrorism, vagary of stock market, amazing achievements of Tiger Woods, illegal immigration through the southern border.

Breakfast soon over, Binayak came out of the house for a long walk. "Hi, Hi," a child's excited greetings drew his attention. It was his neighbor's four year old daughter Jessica, doing her routine – waving her hand and attracting his attention, only this time even more vigorously.

"Hi, Jessica," Binayak waved back.

"I have a dog," she pulled out a little dog on leash and showed it to him.

"Nice dog. What's his name?"

"Tyson. Would you like to pet him?"

Binayak wondered if the proud athlete would have been flattered by this four legged representation.

"Sure I do." Binayak went over and petted the dog. Jessica was pleased, and he resumed his long walk.

It was now eleven o'clock. Binayak decided that it was the right time for a man to go for a haircut. The more serious customers – the wrinkled face ladies for their perms, normally prefer after lunch session with their hair stylist. He got into his car and in few minutes was present in his regular place. He registered his name at the front desk, pulled out the US News from magazine rack, and settled himself in a chair to wait for his turn.

It did not take too long as he predicted.

"Biniak," a woman in her early twenties standing at the front desk called out, as she gazed at Binayak.

He had never seen her before; she was a new employee. Binayak stood up, put the magazine back in place, and approached her. She was beautiful by all standards – he thought – with her blond hair, beautiful eyes and the rest. She greeted him with a smile, a very sincere and warm one, which uplifted his spirits.

"Did I pronounce it correctly?" she asked.

"It's Benaok," he smilingly replied.

"Benaok. Forgive me, I am so poor in pronouncing names."

She led him to a chair, draped an apron around him, and then introduced herself, "My name is Shirley."

"Nice to know you".

"It is easy to remember my name, it rhymes with Charlie," her voice resonated with youthful exuberance.

She asked him about his preferences regarding the cuts and trims, then selected the right tools and proceeded with her job. She did not seem to be a silent worker type. She started chatting on various subjects starting with weather. It was soon known to him, that she was from a small town, and only recently had left her parent's nest. She extricated some information from him too about himself. When she heard he was retired, she said, "I know a retired man who said that he was tired of working his whole life, but now he finds – he is re-tired."

"That happens sometimes," he commented.

She continued doing her job with the extreme care of an artist creating a fine art – selecting various scissors and clippers, stooping down and inspecting from various angles, making a small cut here and a small clip there. The clock went on ticking as the chair next to Binayak was occupied and vacated by two persons already. He was amused by the sincere effort of a rookie in doing a good job; after all he had plenty of time in hand to spare. Finally the artwork completed, she held a mirror behind him. "How does it look?" she asked.

"Very nice," he encouragingly replied. She looked very pleased.

At the cash counter he gave her the regular tips. She looked overwhelmed. She tilted her head to one side and with the sweetest smile said, "Thank you."

Binayak came home and told his wife, "A new girl cut my hair today."

"Oh yeah? How old is she?" Her face looked stern.

"I guess, she is in her early twenties."

Sharmila did not reply. But, the gloom on her face could not be missed.

One month passed by. It was time for a haircut again. Binayak came to his regular place. He registered his name at the front desk, and took a seat to read a magazine and wait. Soon his turn came, but it was not Shirley this time. A hefty middle aged lady greeted him with a congenial smile and seated him in a chair. She looked into the computer and came back. "How do you want it today?" she asked, "Just like the last time?"

"Yes," Binayak replied in short.

Her hands played over the scissors, clippers and razors like the hands of a maestro, and the whole job was done in a few minutes. Binayak was satisfied and came to the counter to pay. "Benaok." He was startled to hear a voice. He looked up and found Shirley working on a customer at other end of the floor, waving at him. She reminded him of Jessica. He waved her back. The hefty lady looked askance at him.

"She is my favorite hair dresser," Binayak assuaged her.

As he came home, Sharmila looked at his hair. "Was it the same girl today? She asked in a belligerent tone.

"No, it was one of the other persons. But she waved at me?"

"Oh, yeah? And what did you do to her?" she appeared to be at a point of explosion.

"I waved her back."

"You never do that to me!" She stomped away from him.

Soon a month was gone and it was time for haircut again. Binayak was at his usual place, poring over a report in National Geographic on preservation of rhinoceros in India. "Benaok." His concentration was jolted by the call. It was Shirley again.

"Hi, how are you today?" she greeted her with a wide smile.

"Fine, how are you doing?" Binayak returned her smile.

"Out of six girls, I am the one who will take care of you again today. Benaok, you know, we are destined for each other." She cast a soft glance at him.

"Looks quite that way," his voice quivered with amusement.

The artwork was taking its usual double length time. A few minutes down the process, Shirley said, "You are so quiet. I know, it is hard to be so far away from home."

"This is my home here now," Binayak reassured her.

Shirley flashed a smile of pleasure.

When it was all done, Shirley did not hold a mirror behind Binayak this time. Instead, she stood behind him and placed her two hands on his two shoulders and pressed gently. "How does it look?" she asked.

He looked into the mirror. She standing behind him and her smiling face over his head – like a beautiful picture of a couple in a frame. The sight was unusual; and he thought, could be a bit inappropriate.

"Looks fine," he managed to hide his embarrassment.

He came home and Sharmila was there watching 'One life to live', in television. "Who cut your hair today?" She sounded like a drill sergeant.

"You won't believe it!"

"What! Her again?"

"Yes. And you know what she said? She said that she thinks that She and I are destined for each other."

"I don't know why my father had chosen a man like you for me! Had he thought that I was so cheap!" Sharmila's shriek could shatter a wineglass. "Go – find a lawyer today!"

Next month Binayak was in the same place again for his haircut. Half a dozen people, mostly women, were busy doing their work. Shirley was not there. A different lady took care of him.

Four years went by, nothing much changed in Binayak's life and Shirley's memory faded away from his mind. He was for haircut again at the same place, and was reading a magazine. "Benaok," he heard the call from front desk. "Amazing," he told in his mind. "Someone could pronounce my name correctly! Looks like people are learning it finally!"

He came to the desk and was greeted by a lady who was a newcomer. She looked beautiful, younger than thirty, a pearl necklace around her neck; she had a placid face and a congenial smile. A fleeting image rising from the depth of his memory, passed through his mind. He sensed a resemblance between the face and the image, but could not pinpoint its identity. He was led to the chair and she placed the apron over him. "How have you been doing?" she asked like an old acquaintance but

Binayak was unmindful.

"I am fine. How about you?" Binayak, absorbed in thought, gave a casual reply.

"My name rhymes with Charlie."

"You are Shirley!" Binayak almost jumped off his chair.

"Yes."

"I didn't see you here for a long time. Had you moved to work somewhere else?"

"Yes, I worked at a place ten miles north of here. I met a man two years ago, married him, and now we have a daughter. I have moved back here, as we like this area."

"Good decision. It is a nice part of the city to live and work."

"That is our picture," she pointed towards a framed picture on the dresser.

Binayak looked at the picture – a beautiful blond young woman with a cute little girl on her lap and a man standing behind them. He looked carefully, the woman was Shirley, but who was that man? He sensed some oddity. Binayak leaned forward and took a closer look. The man looked dignified, but with salt and pepper hair, was more than twice her age! Binayak steadied himself from the shock.

"His name is Ali Jaffar," she said. "He is from Jordan."

Binayak sat in stunned silence. "Women have a sixth sense," he told himself. "I have to forgive Sharmila."

WOMEN'S REVENGE

"Cash, check or charge?" I asked, after folding items the woman wished to purchase. As she fumbled for her wallet I noticed a remote control for a television set in her purse.

"So, do you always carry your TV remote?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "but my husband refused to come shopping with me, and I figured this was the most evil thing I could do to him legally."

* * * * *

A man and his wife were having some problems at home and were giving each other the silent treatment. Suddenly, the man realized that the next day, he would need his wife to wake him at 5:00 AM for an early morning business flight. Not wanting to be the first to break the silence (and LOSE), he wrote on a piece of paper, "Please wake me at 5:00 AM." He left it where he knew she would find it.

The next morning, the man woke up, only to discover it was 9:00 AM and he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and see why his wife hadn't wakened him when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed.

The paper said, "It is 5:00 AM. Wake up."

Desi জীবন

এপার থেকে ওপারে, পূর্ব থেকে পশ্চিমে,
মনে হয় যেন দোল খাচ্ছি পেন্ডুলামের দোলায়,
সারা দিনের আলো ও রাতের অন্ধকার,
তারই মাঝে জীবন বেশ ঝলকায়।
রেডিও-তে ইংরেজী গানের হটগোল এদেশে,
বিভীদ ভারতীর গান শোনার সময়টা মনে আছে কি?
দেশের বাস বা ট্রেনে ভ্রমণ, বিদেশে হাওয়াই জাহাজ পাড়ি,
ঝাকুনি-টা বরাবর এক কি?

গিল্লী এখানে বাড়ীতে থাকে একা,
ভোজন করাতে পারিনা রোজ ঝালমুড়ি ও ফুচকা,
কাজের লোকের না-আসার কাহিনী ও শুনিনা
তবুও কি শুনিনা কতো কি ঝামেলা?
দেশ বিদেশের জলবায়ু সবইতো এক,
সূর্যোদয় ও সূর্যাস্ত হয়ে চলেছে অবিরাম,
কফি হাউসের আড্ডাটা হয়ে গেছে “Get Together”,
মনের মাঝে মনকে না খোজে মনকে দাও বিরাম।

রাস্তায় যানঝট, অনেক ভীড় ও শব্দ,
এদেশে সে যে একেবারে অল্প,
তবুও ওখানের ভীড় ঝালাপালা ও রসগোল্লা ভালোলাগে,
মিছিল ছারা ফ্রী উয়েতে যেতে কেমন লাগে?
“STD” বদলে হয়ে গেছে “long distance” ও “international”
আড্ডা হয় না পাড়ার মোড়ে মোড়ে, পাড়ার কাহিনী নয়যে আর সাধারণ,
এখন যদিও হয় বার্তালাপ অনবরত দেশ বিদেশে,
সবাই জানো ফোনের পয়সা ও ফোনের সময় চলে অনর্গল।
দেশে বেশ ছিলাম আমরা
মাঝে মাঝে অফিস ছেড়ে দেখতাম ক্রিকেট “live”
এখন হয়না সেই সুযোগ,
তবুও কি কম হয় ক্রিকেট “night”?

পূজোর উৎসাহ ও উদ্দীপনা, গড়ীয়াহাটের ভীড়ের মাঝে কেনাকাটা,
এখানে হয়ে গেছে সব “short cut” ও “high lights”,
উড়ে গেছে সব ছুটি, দীপাবলীর আলো সমাহার
হয়েছে ক্রীশ্টমাসে ছুটি সাকার, হৃদয়ের বাহার।
দেশের আকাশ দেশের বাতাস, সবই নির্মল,
এদেশের আকাশ দেশের-বাতাস নয়কো কোনো অংশে কম,
হাজার প্রশ্ন যদি আসে মনে সংগোপনে,
শুধু ভাবো জীবনকে কিভাবে এগিয়ে নিয়ে যাবে।

বিনয় সাহা, ০১/০৭/২০০৭

রোটটিং ম্যাগনেটিক ফিল্ড বা নিছক সরস্বতী পূজার গল্প

অভিষেক ভৌমিক

সরস্বতী পূজার কথা বললেই আমার stepper motor এর কথা মনে পড়ে যায়। যারা বহুদিন Electrical Engineering এর বই বেচেছেন তাদের মনে করিয়ে দি যে এটা আপনারা Control System এ পড়েছিলেন। সেই trigger খেলেই motor টা একটা certain angle এ ঘুরে যেতো। বা synchronous motor ও হোতে পারে। Rotating magnetic field এর সাথে “হু হু” করে ঘোরা। “হু হু” টা quote এ রাখলাম। তারো একটা ইতিহাস আছে। যাদবপুর এর electrical engineering viva এ একটা প্রশ্ন ছিল Synchronous motor এর starting কিভাবে হয়। কোনো এক মহান ভাবি engineer এর উত্তর ছিল “হু হু” করে। সেই গল্পের ভিন্ন ভিন্ন রূপ আপনারা শুনে থাকবেন। কিন্তু মজাটা একই।

যাইহোক যে কথা বলছিলাম। motor এর সাথে পূজার সম্পর্ক। আমি সারা বছর সুন্দরি নারীদের পানে চাইলেও সরস্বতী পূজার দিনে শুধুই ছেলেদের দেখতাম। এজন্য দয়া করে আমার নামে বাজে রটনা ছড়াবেন না। এর একটা গুট কারন আছে। আর সেটা হল পূজার দিনে ছেলেদের নিজেদের প্রমান করার চেষ্টা। অসাধারণ সব পোশাক পরে (নির্ভর করছে তার বা তার বাড়ির রুচিবোধের উপর), চোখে sunglass (যদিও আকাশ মেঘে ঢাকা) হাতে বালা পরে সাইকেল চেপে চেপে ঘোরা যত মেয়েদের স্কুল আছে। একটি মেয়ে হেটে যাচ্ছে। পরনে শাড়ি (বাসন্তি রঙ by default)। অন্য দিন হলে হয়ত তেমন নম্বর পেত না। কিন্তু লোকে বলে সরস্বতী পূজার দিনে মেয়েদের রূপ নাকি খুলে যায়। তাই একটা মেয়ের জন্য অন্ততপক্ষে ছজন ছেলের ত্স্মার্ত চোখের synchronous rotation। মনে মনে কল্পনা করুন। আপনার চোখেও ভেসে উঠবে ছবিটা। এখানে মেয়েটির রূপ যেন একাধারে stepper motor এর pulse আর synchronous motor এর rotating magnetic field। আমার কাছে মেয়েটির রূপের চেয়েও পুরুষমনের এই ছান্দিক বিবর্তন অনেক বেশি আকর্ষণীয় হয়ে উঠত।

আরেকটা বিষয় বাংলা খবরে খুব চর্চিত হয় সরস্বতী পূজার দিনে। সেটা হল ওটা নাকি প্রথম প্রেম আর প্রথম সিগারেট খাবার দিন। আমার এই দুটোর কোনোটারই সৌভাগ্য হয়নি সরস্বতী পূজার দিনে (কখনো হয়েছে কিনা সেটা গোপনই থাক...)। আমার চেনা বন্ধুদের মধ্যেও কাউকে করতে দেখিনি বা শুনিনি। তবে এটা hypothesis testing এর পক্ষে enough data নয়। আপনাদের সেই সৌভাগ্য হয়ে থাকতে পারে।

আরেকটা কথা মনে পড়ছে সেটা হল স্কুলে স্কুলে exhibition আর function। সরস্বতী পূজো উপলক্ষ্যে। চলত প্রায় তিন চার দিন। সবাই স্কুদে বৈজ্ঞানিক আর গণিতভক্ত হয়ে উঠত। ক্লাস সিক্স এর ছেলেরাও আপনাকে কোয়ানটাম কমপুউটিং নিয়ে ‘funda’ দিয়ে দেবে।

confidently... আপনি হা হয়ে যাবেন। আরেকটা মজার জিনিস হল quiz। উত্তর ঠিক ঠাক দিলেই চকোলেট। মেয়েদের স্কুল থেকে দল বেধে মেয়েরা যেত ছেলেদের স্কুলে। ছেলেদের demo দেবার উত্তেজনা যেত বেড়ে। গলার জোর হতো আরো চড়া। রসায়নের চমক দেখে মেয়েরা comments খাতায় লিখত “দারুন হয়েছে...অসাধারণ”। ছেলেদের কষ্টের রাত জাগা হত সার্থক!

আরেকটা জিনিস আমার হত। সরস্বতী পূজোর দিন খুব পড়তে ইচ্ছে হত। আর মা কিছুতেই পড়তে দিত না (বাবা-মারা এই পদ্ধতিটা চেষ্টা করে দেখতে পারেন ছেলেমেয়েদের প্রথম করানোর জন্য)। জোর করে পড়তে বসানোর বদলে আটকান। বলা যায় না ছেলেমেয়েরা অদম্য উৎসাহে পড়াশোনা করে প্রথম হয়ে যেতে পারে।)। শীতের সকালে স্নান করতে গিয়ে জমে যেতাম। তারপর নতুন জামা পরে অঞ্জলি। সংস্কৃত মন্ত্র বুঝতে না পেরে বিড় বিড় করতাম। শুধু মনে মনে বলতাম এবারের মত বাঁচিয়ে দিও মা...

The Philosophy of the Stock Market

Once upon a time, in a small village, a man appeared and announced to the villagers that he would buy monkeys for 10 rupees each. The villagers seeing that there were many monkeys in the forest went out and started catching them. The man bought thousands of monkeys at 10 rupees each. As supply started to diminish, the villagers started to stop their effort. To keep them going, he announced that now he would buy each monkey at 20 rupees.

This renewed the efforts of the villagers and they started catching monkeys again. Soon the supply diminished even further and people started going back to their farms. The offer rate increased to 25 and the supply of monkeys became so small that it was an effort to even see a monkey let alone catch it. The man now announced that he would buy monkeys at 50! However, since he had to go to the city on some business his assistant would now buy on behalf of the man. In the absence of the man, the assistant told the villagers “Look at all these monkeys in the big cage that the man has collected. I will sell them to you at 40 rupees and when the man comes back you can sell it to him for 50”. The villagers queued up with all their saving to buy the monkeys.

After that nobody found the man and his assistant, only monkeys and monkeys and monkeys all around..... *

ঈশ্বা

-অনীতা ব্যানার্জী

ইচ্ছে করে হারিয়ে যেতে তেপান্তরের মাঠে,
ইচ্ছে করে দুনিয়াটাকে পেতে নিজের মুঠে,
ইচ্ছে করে আকাশমাঝে তারার মতো জ্বলতে,
সাগরমাঝে ঝাঁপ দিতে আর হিরে মানিক পেতে

যদি হতেম ঘাসের সবুজ,
ফুলের সুবাস শিশুর অবুঝ,
গরিব ঘরের একটু রুটি,
হতেম টাকা কোটি কোটি,
ইচ্ছে করে প্রেমিক হতে,
পতিতার মনের ব্যাথা হতে,
গুন্ডা হতে ডাকাত হতে,
গুন্ডা ডাকাতের প্রেম পেতে।

যদি পিপড়ে হয়ে হত আমার অবাধ বিচরণ,
যদি রাজা হতাম করতাম তবে অবাধ বিতরণ,
ইচ্ছে করে চশমা চোখে মস্টারমশাই হতে,
ইচ্ছে করে মৃত্যুর পরটা কেমন তা দেখতে।

ইচ্ছে করে সুর হতে, নাচের তালের বোল হতে,
সৌরজগতের বাইরে গ্রহের প্রাণের সাথে মিশতে,
ইচ্ছে করে জারোয়াদের সাথে গিয়ে থাকতে,
(আর) পাহাড় কেটে নদী ভেঙ্গে নতুন দেশে পৌঁছতে।

আঁধার রাতের পর যদি হতাম আলোর রাশি,
মনে হয় হয়ে যাই গভীর আলিঙ্গনের খুশি,
ইচ্ছে করে মানুষ হয়ে জগৎটাকে পেতে -
ইচ্ছের মুকুল হতে নতুন প্রাণের জন্ম দিতে।

Existence of God

by Sourav Banerjee

It is a never ending debate. The existence of God can not be proved and can not be demonstrated. But beyond our perception and doubts and within relevant documentation, it is as true as you and me. All religions and civilizations that ever existed and many discovered or undiscovered documents tend to mention about a power, the super power called God. Holding a small lamp in a dark room, we can only see a portion of the room which is illuminated. That doesn't mean that the whole room does not exist. Our knowledge in totality can similarly be described or can be pretended, for those who are not ready to accept the truth. When we talk about truth, generally a question comes up in our mind 'What is truth?' Where is the perimeter, where does it end? When can we tell that "I know the truth"? Literally from our previous knowledge of religions and lessons, we can say that truth can never exist without engrossing an individual. If we know the truth, we are the truth itself. If you know god, you are God. Illusive concept, right! It is very hard to understand. We are living in the twenty-first century with our unexplored technical and scientific developments. Some concepts are theoretical, some can be proved and some we are still trying to prove. But as learning the truth is to become the truth itself, proving some thing can embellish or illuminate our existence for ever which will not require any individual existence. But still we can try to understand and learn. With our earliest scientific discovery and our ancient philosophical concepts we can find that they are intended to merge. Hence, our understanding of God gets clearer.

Time (Kala) is a hidden central parameter in most of the hymns from "Vedanta". "Time brings everything to Light (Jyoti), to an eternal Life (Amrit). Time enlightens the whole room with even a small lamp in your hand. Knowledge (Jyana) is known to you but it is shrouded with your unknowingness. It is you who can remove the mask from your knowledge." These are well known hymns from 'Vedanta'. Despite these facts we can understand these philosophical hymns with our scientific understanding.

Each and every existence in this universe tries to see in to the future. 'Future', is the most illusive and darkest existence in this universe. When we say future exists, that means somebody should see it or may control it as an outsider from the outside of this space-time. When we say something outside this space time then that something is beyond our reach and immortal. We all can see three dimensions and a unidirectional flow of time which unfolds every event only in one direction, same as "Tamasoma Jyotirgamaya". We can not go faster than this unwrapping phenomenon. That does not mean that unwrapped illusion does not exist. But as a 5th dimensional person one can see us and solve our problem. When The Superstring theory with ten dimensions confronting several illusive results, invention of 11th dimension resolved the problem, which is just a view from a higher dimension, gave us The M-theory. Being a three dimensional being, it is impossible to perceive any higher dimensional being, which may posses

the artifact of controlling lower dimensions. Hence, any existence which can see the unwrapping of our space-time and know past and future or one, who can control the speed of light or can run with higher velocity than light, can go beyond future. Definitely that person is from a higher dimension. As a three dimensional being, we need to cut through 3 dimensional object (e.g. operation, surgery) to find solution. But a higher dimensional being may have that power without intervening or without cutting through the lower dimension. As an example we can easily rectify a fold of a playing card which intervening 3rd dimension by a two dimensional object. We can make the playing card flat again which is impossible for the playing card to do if he or she is alive. The power one may call as GOD's power. May be the higher dimensional being is an existence, which may be mortal or immortal, we don't know but he is beyond our perception, beyond our capability, beyond our control or beyond our illusion and doubts. He is GOD to us.

As an example Genes carry our secret codes, what exactly and what is going to be with us, biologically. A seed carries all hidden codes in it to make a particular tree, the exact way it is going to be. With same analogy it can be told that the strings are units of everything. Any particle in the universe which has been discovered or is going to be discovered or probably will not be discovered, are results of particular vibration modes of the strings (open ended or closed loop) each mode of vibration (like mode shape) creates a particular proportion of Gravitational and Electromagnetic force. But we only discover the particles those have very high Electromagnetic force and weak Gravitational force. But it's always possible to have such particles (due to certain vibration mode) which have very high gravitational force and weak electromagnetic force. But we can not discover them. We can predict such results from experiments by having results on loosing 'gravitron' from our space. However, the center point is, string theory is the unified theory of relativity and quantum mechanics which gives us enough understanding on true so called reality. Now, how we can prove such high gravitational force particle exists? Scientists and Engineers are trying to prove experimentally. After relativity which will be biggest discovery by the man kind on earth. If it is proved, the string theory will be proved. It will be proved that the music from each synchronized and balanced vibration of the strings from a violin is creating the eternal symphony, which is our Universe. Now the question is "Who is creating this symphony, who is playing this violin and why?"

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- Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It's the transition that's troublesome."
 - Complex problems have simple, easy to understand wrong answers.
 - Most people are only alive because it is illegal to shoot them.
 - It's amazing that the amount of news that happens in the world everyday always just exactly fits the newspaper - Jerry Seinfeld.

God is Love

Dr. Tushar K. Ray

All love springs from God since God alone is our Love Divine
Who is transcendental in nature and ubiquitous as a Being
And holding this endless cosmos in an invisible matrix
God is forever in spontaneous creation for eternal fun and glory!

God is immanent in all discerning things making a lot of sense
And is present in endless space that also makes whole sense
Since God is the Supreme Being pervading this vast universe
Our narrow intellect can't fathom it, but holistic feeling truly can

Intellect helps to navigate this world using its discerning power
Mostly useful in the narrow span of our day to day dealings
While Love as our holistic feeling is all-pervading and vast in scope
Enabling us to deal globally and live in the moment in true feeling

Thus intellect and feelings are our dynamic duo
And men seeking harmony need a balance between the two
So, working with both the gifts using Yoga-Meditation
Could help a person to find the life of a balanced attribute

Life is only a web of relationship based on give and take
And egoless service is sure way for solid progress of a soul
While intellect seeking selfish gains mostly feeds own wily ego
Selfless service in due love helps to attain our supreme goal

January 1, 2004, Tempe, AZ 85281

Revised May 31, 2004



My New Year's Gift

Dr. Tushar K. Ray

What a priceless wondrous revelation
The departing 2006 had in store for us!
Only a week prior to ending its reign
By endowing us with a gorgeous grandson

Then came along the long anticipated 2007
Amid a spectacular mass celebration
Like the scores of new years passed in my life
Though this year added a matchless rhythm

The prompt emailing of my grandson's face
Brought a rare joy from half a globe away
Filling my heart with Fun the real time
And reverberated with an unsurpassed grace

The calm photo of my adored grandson
Seemed like a Mini Yogi in deep contemplation
Radiating pure love in all directions
While looking at me with a calm, smiling face

The radiant face of my newborn grandchild
Deeply etched my conscious mind
Becoming a part of my inmost Heart
Thus replaying my life in a unique tune

The upcoming years will be bathed in wonders
With many new charms – this I know,
While the amazing Internet will keep us together
Where ever in the new world I may go!

Jan 1, 2007; revised 1/15/2007

The Sun Gazing*

Dr. Tushar K. Ray

In truth I am a son of this self-revealing Sun
Like all beings on earth that ever was born
As Sun is the source for our supporting power
Counting all ancestors that we owe our origin

The Consciousness is behind these amazing sights
That we can feel straight as a conscious being
And as embodied love we are one with the universe
Where Sun is the model of our selfless loving

The consciousness causing this glorious Sun
Is at one with the one that we possess within
With such emotion if we just gaze at the Sun
We shall gather the power of the Sun within

Steadily we would gain the nature of the Sun
As our ego will melt away by the Sun's power
And spontaneous revelation of the divine Love
In our egoless body will suddenly appear

Such union with the Sun is called the Sun-yoga
The best way to free any psychophysical block
And a combination of Sun-yoga with other yoga form
Would speed up the realization of our own pure Self

October 13, 2006
Dedicated to Hira Ratan Manekji,
Known worldwide as HRM

তোমারই জন্য

সৌরভ ব্যানার্জী

এ সব তোমারি জন্য -
গাঁয়ে পুকুরের সবুজ জল, আঁধারে মোরামের -
কাঁকর ভেজা পথ, থেকে
শহরের ধোঁয়াটে সূর্যাস্ত।
পাহারের পর পাহার, নদী সমুদ্র পেরিয়ে আসা
তরুমূলে অপেক্ষার স্মৃতি চিহ্ন।
হাজার বছরের এই চক্রাবর্তে তোমার আমার মধুকর
বাঁশি।
এ সব তোমারি জন্য -

কিছু ভুলে যাওয়া কথা; কিছু হারিয়ে ফেলা ব্যাথা
কিছু হঠাৎ পাওয়ার নেশা; কিছু অপেক্ষা লুকিয়ে ফেলা।
কিছু নীলচে ঘুমের আভা; কিছু সবুজ পদ্ম ফোটা
কিছু অথৈ মেঘে ভাসা; কিছু লালচে পাওয়ার আশা।

উঠানে রোদের হাসি খেলা; আজ আতীত মনে থেয়া
তোমার ভালোবাসা; আজ লাভ ক্ষতির-ই খেলা।
গন্ডি তোমার পাশা; আমার মায়ায় বাঁধা নেশা
আঁধার হলে দেখি; আমার কৃষ্টি ধূসর আশা।

হঠাৎ জেগে দেখি; কিছুই হয়নি সারা,
আমার আঁকরে ধরে থাকা; সেতো ধুলায় পাগল পারা।

আবার নতুন করে পেলাম; তোমার হৃদয় ব্যাথা
আমার সৃষ্টি দিয়ে গেলাম; হে বৃষ্টি অপরাজিতা।
তোমার চোখের জল; আমার শিশির ভেজা রাত
তোমার ভালবাসা; আমার বহু যুগের পথ।

তোমার অবাধ কোলাহল; আমার ব্রান্ত কাজের সুর
আমার ঘুমের পরেও রাত; তোমার স্পর্শ অনেক দূর।

স্বপ্নে হৃদয় রেখে যাও এখানে

সৌরভ ব্যানার্জী

রামধনু রং মেখে যখন তুমি এসে দাঁড়ালে -
গোধূলির এক চিলতে আলোয়।
তোমায় দেখে বুঝেছি বহু যুগ ধরে ক্লান্ত পথিক,
আমি বসে আছি তোমারি অপেক্ষায়।

মুহূর্তের অবচেতনতা যেন আমায় ঘিরেছে -
তোমার মায়াময় বাহুবন্ধন।
তোমারি চোখে ; আমি দেখি - বিন্দুবৎ,
আমার মৃত্যুর পর জন্মের দ্রন্দন।

জীবন সেতো তোমার আমার দূরত্ব পূরণ -
ভালোবাসা তীর সাংকেতিক।
এ ক্লান্ত পথের পারে যদি কোনো দেশ থাকে,
তবে সে তোমারি কাছে ফেরার পথিক।

ভালোবাসার কাশ ফুল দোলে তোমার বুকের মাঝে;
পরিপাটি কুহেলিকা,
এ সংসার ছেড়ে, আমি ফিরে যাবো -
তোমার ঘন নীল স্বপ্ন পারে।

চারিদিকে অবাস্তুর চাওয়া পাওয়া, শুধুই ছুটে যাওয়া
তোমার আঁচল ফেলে;
আমি ক্লান্ত পথিক মায়ার বাঁধোনে বলি -
“স্বপ্নে হৃদয় রেখে যাও এখানে”।



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Bengali Cultural Association of Arizona

Balance Sheet as of 31st December 2006

Source of Fund	\$	Application of Funds	\$
Capital	13,445.91	Fixed Deposit	5000.00
Surplus	3,527.35	Security Deposit	500.00
-	-	Receivable	1000.00
-	-	Bank Balance	10,185.01
-	-	Cash at Hand	288.25
Total	16,973.26	Total	16,973.26

Income & Expenditure Statement for the year ended 31st December 2006

Income	\$	Expenditure	\$
Ad Receipts	627.00	Honorarium & Donation	4,750.00
CD/DVD Sales	320.00	Insurance	100.00
Food Festival	752.00	Rent – Hall & Equipment	5,872.87
Subscription	18,870.00	CD/DVD Purchase	272.00
Pranami	25.00	Decoration, Prizes, etc	1,834.10
Concert	8,636.00	Food and Catering	7,496.30
Sponsorship	1,500.00	Utensils & Accessories	1,059.91
		Beverage	122.86
		Consumables	976.46
		Cleaning Expenses	1,505.64
		Printing & Stationery	1,923.59
		Transport	1,043.55
		Website Expenses	170.37
		Miscellaneous	75.00
Total	30,730.00	Total	27,202.65

BCAA Members Directory 2007

Name	City
Adhya, Mahua	Phoenix
Acharya, Sudip Kumar and Sancheta	Tempe
Agarwal, Amit and Tanima	Scottsdale
Ali, Shabeena and Mohammad	Chandler
Bagchi, Sandeep and Sampriti	Mesa
Bajpai, Rajni	Phoenix
Balasubramanium, Anindita and Bala	Glendale
Bandhopadhyay, Subhasish, Saranee	Tempe
Banerjee, Ajoy	Phoenix
Banerjee, Anindya and Payel	Scottsdale
Banerjee, Anita and Sanjay	Phoenix
Banerjee, Aroni	Phoenix
Banerjee, Bibhuti & Monica	Chandler
Banerjee, Debasish	Phoenix
Banerjee, Sanchita	Tempe
Banerjee, Shampa and Gautam	Chandler
Banerjee, Swati and Koushik	Chandler
Banerji, Kingsuk & Suchitra	Phoenix
Bansal, Nivedita & Amit	Tempe
Barua, Sanju and Basumitra	Mesa
Basu, Gargi and Aparesh	Scottsdale
Basu, Subhasish, Soumi	Chandler
Basu, Zebunnisa, Subhajit Dey	Tucson
Behal, Amit and Suchi	Maricopa

Name	City
Bhadra, Shamik	Glendale
Bhadra, Sumanta & Anindita	Chandler
Bhattacharjee, Anindita and Subhajit	Anthem
Bhattacharya, Gouri and Amitava	Chandler
Bhattacharya, Sheila and Nikhil	Gilbert
Bhowmick, Supriyo K	Mesa
Biswas, Soma and Sandeep	Tucson
Biswas, Sudipta and Soumya	Chandler
Chakladar, Goutam	Gilbert
Chakraborty, Boisali and Sankhajit	Chandler
Chakraborty, Chaitali	Tempe
Chakraborty, Debejyo	Tempe
Chakraborty, Dipanwita and Deepen	Scottsdale
Chakraborty, Judhajit	Tempe
Chakraborty, Shaibal	Tuscon
Chakraverty, Niranjana	Tempe
Chatterjee, Suchindran & Susan	Peoria
Chattopadhyay, Aditi and John Rajadas	Chandler
Chaudhuri, Joyotpaul	Tempe
Chaudhuri, Nandita and Asim	Phoenix
Chaudhuri, Sharbani and Suprio	Chandler
Choudhuri, Boudhayan	Phoenix
Choudhury, Probir and Rina	Phoenix
Choudhury, Kaushik	Scottsdale
Chowdhury, Indraneel	Glendale

Name	City
Chowdhury, Kajal and Urmi	Scottsdale
Chowdhary, Manjari	Phoenix
Chowdhury, Provati and Subrata	Kayenta
Chowdhury, Sarbari and Debashis	Chandler
Chowdhury, Tamali and Sudarshan	Gilbert
Das, Alka and Indraneel	Chandler
Das, Dr. Anandya	Scottsdale
Das, Anirban and Nibedita	Chandler
Das, Bobby and Rajesh	Phoenix
Das, Dipsikha and Chandrasekhar	Goodyear
Das, Jhunu and Anirban	Scottsdale
Das, Subhrendu	Phoenix
Das Tapash & Karmakar Kanka	Yuma
Das, Parthsarathi & Moon	Laveen
Das, Shantanu, Soma	Scottsdale
Das, Shashikala and Swapan	Chandler
Das, Swati & Jayanta	Scottsdale
Dasari, Srinivas & Raji	Scottsdale
Dasgupta, Arundhuti and Rana	Scottsdale
Dasgupta, Madhuchanda	Phoenix
Dasgupta, Neelanjana & Sanjoy	Scottsdale
Dasgupta, Sanghamitra and Arunabha	Phoenix
Datta, Madhusmita, Santhosh	Scottsdale
Datta, Manjira	Scottsdale
Datta, Subrata and Alodipa	Chandler
Debsinha, Nupur	Phoenix
Dey, Sandwip	Phoenix
Dutt, Arobindo, Rani	Chandler
Dutta, Avijit	Tucson

Name	City
Dutta, Kaushik & Susmita	Phoenix
Elliot, Jaya and Robert	Chandler
Ganguly, Sumita and Tapan	Phoenix
Ghosh, Amlan	Mesa
Ghosh, Chandrani and Collin	Avondale
Ghosh, Pavel	Tempe
Ghosh, Rituparna, Amit nag	Tucson
Ghosh, Sourav/Trina	Chandler
Ghosh, Sumana and Arabindo	Chandler
Ghoshal, Jayati and Kaushik	Gilbert
Ghoshroy, Soumitra	Tucson
Gopal, Sudhakar	Phoenix
Gore, Jinia and Rajesh	Phoenix
Guha, Ratan and Chitra	Tucson
Guha, Sandip & Aparupa	Grand Rapids,
Guhathakurta, Barnali and Subhrojit	Tempe
Gupta, Arnab K. and Kalpashree	Phoenix
Hazra, Purnima and Tarun	Phoenix
Joardar, Nibedita and Kuntal	Tucson
Kanapathipilla, Mathumai	Tempe
Kankar Siddhartha & Jaganatha	Tucson
Kollengode, Indira and Rajaram	Scottsdale
Kumar, Sanjeev and Ranjana	Phoenix
Kundu, Nupur and Tribikram	Tucson
Kundu, Rita and Arun	Laveen
Majumdar Ajanta and Aniket	Phoenix
Mazumdar, Anadamaye	Scottsdale
Majumdar, Prabir and Das, Indrani	Scottsdale

Name	City
Majumdar, Rangan	Tempe
Majumdar, Samar	Phoenix
Mazumdar, Priyaranjan & Mallika	Scottsdale
Mazumdar, Sumit	Tucson
Misra, Anjan and Mrinalini	Phoenix
Misra, Satya	Gallur
Mitra, Rathin and Manju	Phoenix
Mitra, Susheshna and Nilanjan	Tucson
Mondal, Saptarshi and Saptaparnee	Chandler
Mukherjee, Subhasish and Supriti	Phoenix
Mukherjee, Atanu and Rhituparna	Scottsdale
Mukherjee, Debjani and Joy	Gilbert
Mukherjee, Jagriti and Aniruddha	Phoenix
Mukherjee, Mithu and Nilendu	Surprise
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Mukherjee, Rick, Subha, Julie, Dida	Phoenix
Mukherjee, Shirsendu & Gargi	Tempe
Mukherjee, Soumi	Tempe
Mukherjee Susmita, Gan	Chandler
Nath, Dilip	Scottsdale
Nath, Dipti and Amitava Sen	Phoenix
Nath, Somdatta	Gilbert
Nayak, Jayanti and Samir	Scottsdale
Pal, Nabanita and Parimal	Scottsdale
Pal, Sukumar	Phoenix
Paria, Partha and Anuradha	Phoenix
Patra, Subhankar	Scottsdale
Puri, Pinku and Rahul	Scottsdale
Ray, Abhijit & Sarmistha	Chandler

Name	City
Ray, Kanika and Tuhin	Phoenix
Ray, Manjulika and Rajib	Pasadena
Ray, Mayuri and Jayanta	Glendale
Ray, Mukta and Tushar	Tempe
Ray, Ranjan	Tucson
Ray, Reba and Basudeb	Phoenix
Roy, Biswanath & Amrapali	Chandler
Roy, Koyal, Joy	Tempe
Roy, Sankar and Ruma	Chandler
Roy, Suchandra and Asim	Phoenix
Roy, Suchitra and Ramendra	Tempe
Runton, Rajashi and Dave	Chandler
Sagar, Geeta and Jagdish	Chandler
Saha, Kringan	Phoenix
Saha, Paromita and Binoy	Chandler
Saha, Rajarshi	Tempe
Saha, Ranjita and Naresh	Chandler
Samadder, Partha and Rita	Tucson
Samanta, Arindam & Soma	Cave Creek
Sanyal, Amit	Tempe
Sanyal, Madhumita and Sujit	Phoenix
Sanyal, Meera and Ranjan	Chandler
Sarkar, Rekha and Rajib	Gilbert
Satpati, Anu and Ratan	Scottsdale
Saxena, Sanjay & Ruchi	Glendale
Sen, Bharati and Joyanto	Scottsdale
Sen, Bibi and Nilanjan	Scottsdale
Sen, Gautam and Jeanne	Anthem
Sen, Shaikat & Debarpita	Gilbert
Sen, Sharmila and Arunabha	Tempe

Name	City
Sen, Partha & Indrani	Phoenix
Sen Roy, Nilanjan	Phoenix
Sengupta, Ayan	Scottsdale
Sengupta, Rupanjana and Kabul	Phoenix
Silverstein Vivek A, Victor M	Tucson
Sinha, Priyabrata & Hoimonti Sen	Chandler
Sinha, Arup	Scottsdale
Shome, Raka	Phoenix
Tandon, Anand	Phoenix
Tarajdar, Suchimitra	Tempe

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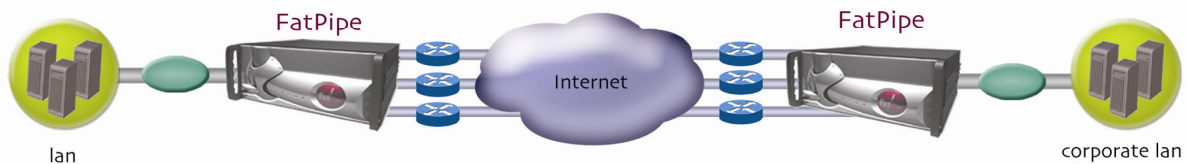
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