



Volume 1 May 2015

## CONTENT

1. AakashMallika
2. Poems by Pradipto Bandyopadhyay
3. Poems in Santali and Bangla translation by Ramdas Murmu
4. Poems of Jidi Majia, the Chinese poet, translated in Bangla by Ashis Sanyal, the eminent poet in Kolkata.
5. A Look Back, a short memoir by Webster Davies Jyrwa, the eminent writer in Khasi language.

**1. Aakash Mallika**—the name of a Poetry Journal? Yes, Aakash Mallika has a story to tell. It suggests 'Bhuma'- the wide expanse and captivating beauty. My own association with it is quite old, leaving a deep imprint on my psyche, nay, the whole being. I have seen it in different seasons with a variety of messages since my birth.

Aakash Mallika is essentially a Cork Tree, native to Southern Asia spread over India, Myanmar, Thailand and Southern China. Its botanical name is *Millingtonia hortensis*, named after Thomas Millington, the British botanist. The tree is known by various names—Aakash Mallika in Bangla, akash mallige in Kannada, neem chameli in Hindi, akash chameli in Marathi, kat malli in Tamil and akashnimb in Konkani. The tall deciduous tree with delightfully fragrant, white, waxy and trumpet –shaped flowers are grown both in avenues and gardens. The blooming trees in Bengaluru and Mysore are a feast to the eyes. I still recall my journey from Suri, Baruipara to Sainthia in a bullock cart half a century ago after the Durga Puja, when I saw these trees with white flowers hanging, on the road side. Alas, those are not there now. A victim of widening roads and the process of urbanization. The tree-its bark, leaves, and various extracts has got many medicinal properties. The fragrant flowers bloom in the night and early in the morning between October and December, and fall and carpet the ground around.

The lone tree on the southern side of our house at Mahanad, Hooghly, West Bengal was really a towering one and a wonder to us all. My grandfather, Dr. Pravash Chandra Bandyopadhyay sowed the seed of this tree way back in 1937. It was gifted by Rai Bahadur Nalininath Guha Majumdar, O.B.E. I.P., the then Special Superintendent, C.I.D. Calcutta Police, a friend and well-wisher of my grandfather. My grandfather had visited the Rai Bahadur's house, Kedar Dham at 1/1/1 Hazra Road in Calcutta.(vide my book, ' Bina Rekhar Path':Kolkata:2005).

The tree stood tall and lived up to 25<sup>th</sup> May, 2009, when it could not sustain the heavy onslaught of the cyclonic storm nicknamed 'Aila' which lashed the coastal districts of West Bengal and Orissa. I could not see the felled tree--its sad demise, as I was staying in New Delhi at that time. Though the mother tree is no longer there, some of its offspring are in the vicinity.

The myths associated with Aakash Mallika tree are interesting. One story says that this is a heavenly tree brought to the earth by Lord Krishna. Satyabhama and

Rukmini, Lord Krishna's wives, quarreled over this tree. Sensing the problem, Krishna planted the tree in Satyabhama's courtyard in such a way that, when the tree blossomed, the flowers fell in Rukmini's courtyard. An excellent solution, indeed! Another myth says that Parijataka, a princess fell in love with the Sun. The Sun, however, left her and bitterly disappointed she committed suicide. A tree came out of her ashes. This new tree could not stand the Sun and so it blooms at night and the flagrant flowers fall to the ground like tears before the Sunrise.

The AakashMallika is being launched with flowers and their different facets for the readers all over.

## **2. Poems by Pradipto Bandyopadhyay**

### **Shades of Memories**

The hippocampus goes on and on

Storing maps and contours of all around,

An unending process- layers of memories in our deep psyche.

Gaya Prasad fell in a crevice in Siachen-Saltora range at an altitude of over twenty thousand feet,

Buried in snow with pulmonary edema,

For eighteen years he remained untraced in combat-ready uniform.

He was in hopes and hearts of his father, wife and sons

In a tiny hamlet of Mainpuri.

With passage of time the memories gather dust towards oblivion.

Suddenly on one morning the scorching rays of the Sun somewhat melted the ice and a hand came within the ken of a recce team.

A quick excavation discovered Gaya Prasad in deep slumber, un mutilated

With memories in sparkling glaze.

Likewise open sesame keys unfold the storehouse in dreams,

What a glowing silhouette!

The fears and uncertainties of the present dig out from the depth stories in a series

Startled I wake up- speechless and drained out.

.....

## **Strange Turn**

The crescent shaped curve—a sleepy ‘Hansuli’ necklace or  
the cutting edge of a sickle?

No, from Jattala to Kalyanpur the winding zigzag way

Has taken a sudden turn towards Bongopal,

That resembles the virtual shape of a boomerang.

So Chintamoni, the ill-fated personage,

From an isolated land but with an irresistible urge

Had perforce to come back to nearby Ghoshpur,

Despite being catapulted into the distant air.

That’s an enchanting rhythm of life.

Lush green trees on the banks of Meghsayar beneath the dark clouds-

A close embrace of man and Nature.

Its gravitational pull is so strong that the escape velocity of the catapult

Failed in the race.

The vast expanse of the paddy fields dotted with bamboo poles

With earthen pots hanging with remains of eatables.

The farmers had offered ‘saadh’ to the paddy plants about to shoot

The ears of corn.

I reached Chintamani's home.

The man with jute grey hair,

Feet firm on the ground,

Green velvet all around and the Nature's bounty.

A retired teacher, he has moved far ahead, but always looked back

Again and again.

He still writes his story in 'mandakranta' and iambic pentameter.

.....

### **Fathomless, and impenetrable, too**

Rontgen rays so sharp,

Bring out untold secrets,

Yet I have no access to his mind

With impregnable and abysmal depth

Perhaps impossible to unravel.

The mind is probably a chemistry

Or the end-result of a fusion of hormones in plenty,

Inherited from the unknown ancestors

In a genetic flow.

The secret mysteries remain hidden outside the

Ken of every one far away with the full glare

of public view.

So he continues to be distant even in

Close proximity.

The shadow of clouds hanging over his eyes and face.

I hear deep sighs of a tired boat lashed by

Torrential tide with no indication of

Reaching the shore.

I don't understand him, nor does he

Know me.

Yet we are only slaves of sapless habits.

-----

### **At Midnight**

I was awake

till the hissing sounds

Of the midnight spirits

came in waves,

faded among the dazed pine leaves

through the pomegranate trees with ripening fruits.

I am in a land alone,

Not able to trace my mind

In the distant peak

Through the white rain.

My neighbour says,

I live in a haunted house,  
The undelivered soul in quest of his  
Mate he held dear,  
Comes at the appointed hour.  
In the outhouse the brooding  
Chowkider dozes,  
Curses his fate which keeps  
Him apart from hearth and home,  
One thousand miles away  
In a grotesque hunt for food.  
All the three fates locked in one Compound  
I am down on my cold bed  
Memories heavy on my eyes and face  
Diabolical flames from the AMRI hospital,  
Stampede and unending procession of the dead.  
My midnight steeped in dark fear.

.....

### **Topsy-turvy**

I stepped out of my study in a  
Foggy morning,  
The neighbour's car down below  
Wet with mist sped away  
To a lackadaisical destination.

I move to and fro on my  
acupressure sandals,  
Reminiscing the broken relation like  
ashes of a burnt out cigar.

My briefcase lying pale with dust  
On one end,  
Is full of the counterfoils of the cheque books,  
Drafts of letters which were not  
responded to  
by my fancied sweethearts.

I mused over my past and a  
Fugitive pain  
Gave a sudden jerk.

The kerosene stove was burning on the other side  
with a saucepan of water.

My bed tea was not brewed,

I failed to decipher the message of an

Unknown feeling,

Which took one away from my

real surroundings,

till the 'kring'' krong' sound

of my calling bell.



With expectation, and startled

Out of my numbness I opened the door,

No angel 'in waiting'.

The hawker has kept a bundle of newspapers,

Gory with tidings of horror and topsy-turvydom.

.....

### **Trace**

Brown stubs

Dots in the square field

Seriatim

The full past out,

Faint remains of memory,

Food for grazing cows,

Mowing objects for passersby.

All good things come to an end,

But leave a trace

that is hard to deface.

### **Speck**

A drop of water

Surges into the river,

No trace,

Lost forever.

A paper boat

Still floats,  
Tossed over,  
Hither and thither.  
Faces slings of gales,  
A plaything of waves.  
An abject pitiable speck.  
Still the boat knew not  
How to be a drop.

### **Strategy**

Long ago there was barter,  
    Before legal tender  
        Knocked man out  
            In hot pursuit of lucre.  
    The past left its hang-over on them  
        The worshipper of Mammon.  
    So he stands beside the counter  
        Cold and matter of fact.  
He weighs things slowly as usual  
    To the farthest weight,  
Measures up and passes them  
    Over in lieu.  
No qualms, and no problems of conscience.  
The account squared up with no balance.  
It is a clear operation, a sleek style,  
He is an easy volunteer to be a guinea-pig,  
I, a reluctant conduit,  
    Part of the strategy well-laid out.

## **No Escape**

Static trees on a moving spree,

Impossible?

Questions targeted

On the possible,

No philosophizing.

But who defines?

The eternal dilemma between Being and Non-being

Haunts with deadly perpetuity.

No escape.

But we forgot that we were in a speeding train.

## **Waves**

Moonlight on white ripples glitter.

Released laughter hides pathos like red glow of a wound.

With fester below.

Yelling jackals yonder send shock waves

to the fowls.

And he waits for his turn behind the cowshed.

The demon would come certainly to

have his share.

## **Filigree**

All my castles are in the air

Shimmering of a tinsel filigree.

I flit into the dream world

Below the cozy warmth of the usual quilt.

Build structures storey upon storey

Till the milkman rings up the calling bell,

With the stroke of seven exact in my clock.

And I got a piercing pain in my right finger.

A deeply entrenched needle

Stops my day dreaming .

The demon of a routine with wide open

Mouth in waiting.

His Sphinx-like presence

As enigmatic as ever

Saps all my creative energies.

The tick of time is a cruel reminder-

My term has come to an end.

And I must make room,

The sooner the better.

## **Exit Gate**

It is a double knot

easy enough to strangulate me.

My experience in tying is doomed.

It comes back as a boomerang.

I have dug the canal with diligence.

Now why do I cry hoarse?

If a crocodile lets itself in?

So I move in search of an exit gate

In the melee.

or I must or I see the end crystal clear.

## **Witness**

She and I face to face

On a stone block

Which can hardly accommodate two

Up above the Kamakhya temple.

My eyes glued to hers,

No, I did not see there

Bottomless perdition,

Nor did it indicate

Any surrender.

They reflected my dreams,

My concerns on the base of

Her dreams and concerns

All absorbed,

Resolute and hard-headed.

I saw her mind through her eyeball,

Ready to take up a role,

Profound and understanding.

Soundless words flow from eyes to eyes,

Overwhelmed only for a moment

To be ready for the fight ahead.

The mighty Brahmaputra down below

Lilts on and on,

An eloquent witness to the unending

human drama.

### **Smug Belief**

The planets move to a conjunction.

Nodes with their aspects

Cast shadows on my fate.

I find a meaning in my helplessness

When benevolent stars are powerless

to redeem my lost glory.

The alarm did not ring at the appointed hour,

And I slept well beyond seven.

Nobody waited for me in the bus,

I walked with silent steps.

Thorny bush stung my feet,

now deflects me from the path

I chose once.

A snake moved with a quick curve

In fear of the chasing mongoose,

An omen as blood-curdling as ever.

I remembered the evil phase

dictated by bad stars.

I came to senses in the dark.

And pushed myself forward.

At least I was protected by the smug belief

that an extra-terrestrial agent

lies under the surface

with a causative trend.

### **Destination**

Who says—I missed the bus,

I am ensconced in my station

With a ticket for the destination

In cool contemplation of the chain happening.

As ruffled as ever.

The bellman sounded the news

of the approaching train,

I readied myself for a possible berth.

No sooner than the train touched the platform,

I jumped into the compartment

Loaded with men and chattel

with no room vacant for me.

I pushed further up and managed to squeeze

Into a small arena.

The train sped fast.

Though no seat was available,

I shall at least reach the spot.

### **Joy of life**

It is a crescendo,

I shall seize the ambience

With all my might.

Porphyria's lover

Immortalized the moment

Taking it out of the Time's purview.

So today I am resolute,



I feel the onrush  
of tears of joy  
I dance, laugh,  
and somersault in gay abandon.

I have tasted the nectar of life,  
My head erect standing straight

At the gate

With a strong will to arrest death.

I shall sing only paeans of life,

Metered in a high pitch.

After five cloudy days,

The sun has leapt in the sky.

Its tender benign touch,

And the darkness of chaos fades out in hiding.

### **Two Fishes**

So we all play roles

In the seven ages and stations,

We respond on expected grooves,

Rotating on the axis of conformity

We always have something

Up on our sleeves,

Or else what is the dual life for?

We do what we deny,  
Say what is not intended,  
Intend what is not meant.

All our deeds are off the cuff.

So when I got down in a wayside station,  
Parting ways with my accompanying ladylove,  
I was unfazed.

As she cared little for my enchanting stories,

The Greenfield and the red Sun.

She rid me of her scheme of things.

We moved apart, at least I believed,

Like two fishes in the reverse order,

Round and round fruitlessly

With the dizzy speed of an auto lift.

### **Reverie**

I gazed at the sky,

The lodestar chided me,

Stern and bright, shining high.

I looked within.

A visage came on the scene,

Looking intently at the rock

Stained by crimson blood  
Reflecting the vermillion of her parted braid,  
for a salvation from a curse  
She cannot wish away.  
I stumbled  
A moving spirit as if broke my reverie  
In the haze of autumnal moon.  
I decided not to move my head up,  
I walked on the meadow path, straight and brisk,  
Repeating the tune of a folk song  
I memorized in my green days long ago

### **As Before**

Words come like a raw kick of areca nut,  
I could not gulp the fast food,  
Stale but hot.  
'Crafty females turn men into lambs,'  
They cautioned me.  
A disbeliever I was,  
Headed straight into their kingdom,  
Undaunted.

Nothing happened.

Spell failed,

I laughed as before.

### **Overtaking**

New moves,

Uncertain steps,

Pulsating

Trepidation.

News comes in waves

Unannounced,

Overtakes me.

Drained of all sap,

I lie

Dry and cold,

Brown and dead.

### **Strange**

It was a high tide,

Gushing flow of silvery water,

Sparkling with Sun rays.

An escapade from Lord Siva's

Unkempt locks,

With the vivacity of a genie  
bottled up and suddenly liberated  
by the sleight of hand of a wizard.

Desert soaked the flow,

A sudden break,

As if a stern vacuum brake.

Like the aircraft vanishing

In deep hills beyond glaciers,

Out of ken forever.

Hers is a strange reaction,

Alternating between the two extremes.

.....

### **3. Poems in Santali and Bangla translation by Ramdas Murmu**

**Ramdas Murmu**, a former employee of the Tribal Welfare Department of the Government of West Bengal is now engaged in literary activities. He lives at Mahanad, Hooghly. I have made a brief reference about him in the book 'Santali Bhasa O Rabindra Bhabnar Du Ek Katha', a book based on the book 'Santali Bhasa' by my grandfather Dr. Prabhas Chandra Bandyopadhyay.

Four poems in Santali by Shri Ramdas Murmu have found place in the Journal. The original poems are in 'Olchiki' and the poet himself has translated them in Bangla. The poems give a vivid picture of the Santali life and culture.

We might recall that Santali language has been recognized by Sahitya Academy. This year Shri Jamadar Kishku has been presented with the Sahitya Academy award for his drama 'Mala Mudam' in Santali. Shri Kishku, a former employee of The Income Tax Department is engaged in literary activities. He is a resident of Saptagram in Hooghly district in West Bengal.

උපදේශන



දෙවන ඉංග්‍රීසි උපදේශන පොත උපදේශන  
දෙවන සහ මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන  
සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල,  
දෙවන ඉංග්‍රීසි උපදේශන පොත  
සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල

ඉන්ද්‍රීය උපදේශන සහ ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
උපදේශන පොත මානව සම්බන්ධතා,  
ඉන්ද්‍රීය සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල සහ  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල,  
ඉන්ද්‍රීය සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල

මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල;  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
ඉන්ද්‍රීය සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල  
උපදේශන පොත මානව සම්බන්ධතා

උපදේශන පොත මානව සම්බන්ධතා  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල,  
ඉන්ද්‍රීය සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල,  
ඉන්ද්‍රීය සමාජ සේවක මණ්ඩල,  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
මානව සම්බන්ධතා ප්‍රවර්ධන මණ්ඩල  
උපදේශන පොත මානව සම්බන්ධතා

## সেরেঞ (সাঁওতালি) গান (বঙ্গানুবাদ)

এটা গান শুধু গান  
নেই কোন দ্বিধা দম্ভের ভান  
নেই কোন দেওয়ার,  
কাজের মজুরি পাওয়ার,  
এটা শুধু ভালবাসার কল,  
হাঁসি খুশি পূণ্যের ফল।  
আমার গানেতে যদি না পাও আনন্দ,  
হইব না হিংসুটে, করিব না নিরানন্দ,  
ভালবাসা দুয়ার করিব না বন্ধ,  
লুকায়ে রাখিব না কোন কিছু দ্বন্দ,  
রাত্রি অন্ধকারে বাদল দিনে  
ভাল আছি আপন মনে।  
চাই না কোন সোনাদানা,  
পথ চলার সাহায্য লাঠিখানা,  
জীবনের আনন্দে  
আমি আছি মুক্ত শান্তিতে।  
ঘুঘু পাখি আর কোকিলের মত  
গান গেয়ে যায় দুপুরে যত।  
গানের মজুরি দুধের বাটি  
চায় না আমি আছি খাঁটি।  
দেশ বিদেশে ঘুরে বেড়ায়,  
আমন্ত্রণ পত্রের মত ধেয়ে যায়,  
মূল্য মজুরি কিছু নাহি চায়,  
আনন্দে শুধু গান গেয়ে বেড়ায়।

## ඉන්ද්‍රිය ඉන්ද්‍රිය

ඉඤ්ඤා ඉඤ්ඤා ධර්මාදිඤ්ඤා භවං  
ඤ්ඤා ධර්මා ධර්මා භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං

භවං භවං ! භවං භවං භවං භවං !  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං,  
භවං භවං භවං භවං !

භවං භවං ! භවං භවං භවං භවං !  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං,  
භවං භවං භවං භවං !

භවං භවං ! භවං භවං භවං භවං !  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං,  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං  
භවං භවං භවං භවං !

භවං භවං ! භවං භවං භවං භවං !



## অভ্যর্থনা বারি (দারাম দা: সাঁওতালি)

দেশ বিদেশে সঙ্গে করে  
পুত্র সন্তান স্ত্রীকে নিয়ে,  
সঙ্গে পুঁটলি ভুট্টার ছাতু,  
হরতুকি বয়ড়া ওষুধ নিয়ে,

এসে গেলে,  
ওহে কুটুম, এস বস।

বনজঙ্গল পাহাড় পর্বত  
পার হয়ে নদীনালা,  
পেটের খিদে ভুলে গিয়ে,  
চারিদিকে ঘুরে বেড়িয়ে,  
এসে গেলে,  
ওহে কুটুম, এস বস।

নাইকো মোদের আরাম কেদারা,  
সূতার বোনা দোলনা খাটিয়া,  
আছে শুধু খেজুর পাতার চাটা,  
শালপাতার চুটি, অভ্যর্থনা জল বাটি  
কাছে এসো;

ওহে কুটুম, এস বস।  
আছে আমাদের মছ্যার লাড্ডু,  
কেঁদ পাকা আর বজরার ছাতু,  
এতেই সন্তুষ্ট হও।  
দূরে দাঁড়িয়ে থেকে না আর,  
কাছে এসো,  
ওহে কুটুম, এস বস।

ගාලුක ගැල

නලො ජනලො ගනනගා !  
 ගැල' හිහන.බ ගැ ගනගන බලනල !  
 ලැගගන ගන න.ගුබලල  
     ගලන.ල ගන ගනගලලල  
 ගන.උග ගන.බලන.න ලනහනග  
     ගලන.ල ලල ලලල !  
 ගලලගන බනලල හලල  
     ගැලනල ගන ගනනලල,  
 බනගන ලනහනග බබබන.ලලල  
     ගනගන බබබන ගනබන !  
 ලනබනග ගනගන ග  
     ගනබනග ලලල  
 ගලලල ගනබන ග  
     ගනබන බනබන ;  
 ගනගන බනබන බනබන  
     බනබන බනබන !  
 ගනබනග ලලල ල  
     ගනබන. ගැලන  
 බනබන. ගනබන බනබන  
     ලනබනල ලලන,  
 බබබන.බන බනබන  
     බනබනබන බනබන !  
 බබබනබන බනබනලල  
     බනබන බනබන,  
 ගන.බබන බනබනබන  
     බනබන බබබනබන  
 බබබන.බන බබබන බනබන  
     බන-බනබන !  
 බනබනබන බනබන ගැල

ଘଟଣାଟି ଚିତ୍ରଣ,  
ହୃଦୟରେ ଥିବା ଘଟଣା  
ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବା;  
କଥାଟି ନିଜ ପରିଚୟରେ,  
ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ଗଠନ ।  
ପଠକ ପଠକରେ ଠିକ  
ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ଘଟଣା  
ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ଘଟଣା ରୁ

ଘଟଣାଟି ଘଟଣା  
କଥା କଥାରେ ହୁଏ  
ଘଟଣାଟି ଠିକ୍ ।

### ହୃଦିଶ ମେସୋ (ସାଁଓତାଲି) ମନେର ଦିଶା (ବଞ୍ଚାନୁବାଦ)

ଓ ପ୍ରକୃତ ଠାକୁର,  
ଗୋବର ଜଳ ଦିଅେ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ କର ।  
ଜାହେର ଥାନ ପୂଜାର ମଞ୍ଚପ,  
ବଞ୍ଚର ସେ ସୁରେ ଗେଲ,  
ବକ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିଲ  
ଗାହେର କଚିପାତା  
ଦୋଳା ଦିଅେ ବାତାସ କରେ  
ପାଖାର ମତ;  
ବୈଶାଖେ ପାଖି ଡାକିଲ  
ଅଶଖ ଗାହେର ଡାଲେ ।  
ଦିନଓ ପାର ହଲ,  
ବଞ୍ଚର ସେ ସୁରେ ଗେଲ,  
ଶୁକନୋ ପାତା ବାରେ ପଢ଼େ  
ପଥ ଧୁଳାୟ ।  
ଶାଳ ଗାହେ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିଲ ।  
ମହୁଆ ଗାହେଓ ଫୁଲ ଏଲ ।  
କୈନ୍ଦୁ ଫଳଓ ପାକିଲ ।  
ଗାହେର ଡାଳପାଳା  
ଝୁଁକେ ଝୁଁକେ ପଢ଼ିଲ,  
ମାଟିର କୈନ୍ଦୋର ମତ  
ସମୟ ସେ ଏଗିଅେ ଚଲେ ।  
ମହୁଆ ଗାହେର ଫୁଲ  
ମନିମୁକ୍ତାର ମତ ସେଜେହେ,  
ଧରିତ୍ରୀ ମାଅେର ଏକି ଖେଲା ।  
ଥୋକା ଥୋକା ପଲାଶ ଫୁଲେ

ଡାଳ ନୁଅେ ପଢ଼େ ଚାରିଦିକେ,  
ପୃଥିବୀ ସେ ଜ୍ଞାନ କରେ  
ଆପନ ମନେ ମୋହିତ ହଅେ ।  
ସାଦା ହାଗ ଓ ଲାଳଚେ ମୁରଗି  
ବଳି ଦାଓ ପ୍ରକୃତ ମଶାୟ  
ଶୁଦ୍ଧାଚାର ନିୟମ ମେନେ ।  
ସମୟ ସେ ପାର ହଲ,  
ବଞ୍ଚରଓ ସୁରେ ଗେଲ,  
ଡାଳ ଥାକାର  
ଦିଶା ଦାଓ ।  
ଡାଳଭାବେ ଦିନ ସେନ  
ଓଜ୍ଜରାନ କରତେ ପାରି,  
ଧାନ ଧାନୋ ସେନ  
ପୂର୍ଣ ଥାକେ ।



মহাকাল (সাঁওতালি ভাষা)  
(বঙ্গানুবাদ)

ওরে কাল! ওরে মহাকাল!  
বিছাইয়াছ তোমার জটা জ্বল,  
তোমার জালে আছে যুগ বাঁধা,  
কত ছন্দে-ছাঁদা।  
অট্টালিকা আছে তোমার লুপ্ত পাহাড়ে  
সিংহ দুয়ার আছে ঘন্টাগড়ে।  
আসা যাওয়ার পথে কর কোলাহল,  
ওরে মহাকাল!  
কত বৎসর পার হল,  
কত যুগ এল আর গেল,  
উড়ে বেড়ায় তমসা মত  
শুকনো পাতা ধূলাসম।  
একে একে উড়ে যায় ওরে  
ছিন্নভিন্ন করে,  
বাদ্যযন্ত্রের মত কে বাজায় ঘরের চাল  
ওরে মহাকাল।  
তুমি কি জন্মেছিলে শিয়ালের ডাকে?  
তোমার দেখা হয়েছিল কি পাখির ডাকে?  
কাজ করে যাও গোপনে গোপনে  
রাত্রির অন্ধকারে আপন মনে,  
কত রূপ পালটালে।  
ঘূর্ণি ঝড়ের মত ওলটালে  
যুগে যুগে কত কাল,  
ওরে মহাকাল।  
নেইকো তোমার কোন বেজার।

করিতেছ যে যুগের বিচার।  
যুগে যুগে কাঁধে নিয়ে কত।  
সুখ দুঃখ হয়ে বেড়াও যত,  
কত নামধাম ঠিকানা।  
শীত বর্ষার ফাল্গুনের কত অজানা  
আর কত কি করিতেছ বল,  
ওরে মহাকাল।  
হেঁচট খেয়ে পড়ে গেল কত কবি।  
নষ্ট হল তার লেখনি ছবি,  
তুমি তো আছ সাক্ষি,  
দেখেছ সবই লক্ষীটি।  
পাতার পর পাতা।  
অন্ধকারেরও ইতিহাস  
লিখিয়াছ কত কাল,  
ওরে মহাকাল।  
রূপ সাগরের সুশীতল জলে,  
লুকিয়ে আছে কত কী লোকে বলে।  
মণি মুক্তা সোনা দানা,  
রূপের মত বাকবাক করে যোল আনা,  
কষ্ট করে লোকে খুঁজে বেড়ায়।  
পানকৌড়ির মত ডুব দেয়,  
দুঃখ কষ্টে হল সে নাকাল।  
ওরে মহাকাল।  
ওরে কাল! ওরে মহাকাল।  
ধরিব্রী সৃষ্টির কারিগর।  
মোহিনী রূপ তোমার পালটাও।  
আবর্জনা আছে যত সব ওঠাও।  
সরাও তোমার ইতিহাসের জঁতা  
উন্মুক্ত কর লুকানো অতীতের পাতা,  
অন্ধকারে আছে যত আড়াল,  
ওরে মহাকাল।

#### 4. Poems of Jidi Majia, the Chinese poet, translated in Bangla by Ashis Sanyal, the eminent poet in Kolkata.

**Prof. Ashis Sanyal** (b.1938) is an iconic personality in the field of poetry in West Bengal, India and Bangladesh and for that matter in SAARC countries. He is a prolific writer with over 150 books, both poetry and prose, to his credit. As President, World Poetry Festival Prof. Sanyal is the moving force in bringing together the poets of a large number of countries writing in different languages under one platform.

His translation of various foreign poets in Bangla has earned acclaim in the literary world. He has translated the poems of the Chinese poet, Jidi Majia --- 'Aguner Akshar'—'Words of Fire'. Three poems have been selected from this volume and included in this Journal—AakashMallika'. Jidi Majia belongs to Nuosu hill community in China.

## কেনটুটা ফুল

অ্যাডেস পর্বতের উঁচু ঢালুতে  
কার জন্য তুমি প্রস্তুতি হও?  
হয়তো তোমার হেঁয়ালির কোনও উত্তর নেই।  
যখন রাতের বহুমুখী কানাকানি  
তোমাকে সব দিক থেকে ঘিরে ফেলে,  
তোমার নিজস্ব কাণ্ডের ইচ্ছাগুলিকে  
তুমি বিরত করো,  
নক্ষত্রের নীচে তাদের উন্মুক্ত করে দিতে।

সকালে যখন শিশির বিদ্যুগুলি  
ঝলমল করে গুঠে,  
সূর্যালোক ছড়িয়ে পড়ে  
স্তম্ভতার ভেতর দিয়ে,  
এবং আকাশের বিশুদ্ধ পরিসর  
কোনও প্রতিধ্বনি তোলে না—  
শেষ মুহূর্ত পর্যন্ত  
তুমি শুয়ে থাকো সুন্দর পৃথিবীর খুলিতে,  
দ্বিধাহীনভাবে  
মন্ত্রমুগ্ধের মতো,  
প্রোজ্জ্বল ভালোবাসা যেমন অপেক্ষমাণ,  
ঠিক তেমনি তার দীর্ঘ অনুপস্থিতিতে।

আমি জানি,  
কেনটুটা, রেড ইণ্ডিয়ানদের মোহময়ী সম্রাজ্ঞী,  
প্রস্তুতি হয়  
পেন-পাইপের হৃদয়স্পর্শী শব্দে,

তুমি কি দেখাবে  
তোমার আদিম মুখাবয়ব?

১. কেনটুটা : ইনকাদের পবিত্র ফুল, পেরুর জাতীয় ফুল। প্রচলিত যে  
রেড-ইণ্ডিয়ানদের পেন-পাইপের শব্দেই কেনটুটা প্রস্তুতি হয়।

## আকাশ ও পৃথিবীর মাঝে আমি আমার কবিতা লিখি

আকাশ ও পৃথিবীর মাঝে আমি আমার কবিতা লিখি।  
কারণ, আমার উপরে একমাত্র মহাকাশে,  
যা চাই এমন কবিত্বময় পংক্তিগুলি আমি সেখানে পাই।  
বস্তুত এই আশ্চর্য ঘটনার জন্ম হবার আগেই সময়ের ছায়া  
আমাদের ভেতর দিয়ে শতবার অবশ্যই অতিক্রম করেছে।  
আমরা প্রকৃতির সন্তান, বরফ-চিতার ভাই,  
উচ্চভূমির কৃষ্ণখাঁড়ের অবতার, সপ্তমের মুকুট,  
আকাশের শামিয়ানায় সবুজ পান্নায় এক সূত্রে গাঁথা পুঁতি।

হয়তো তা আমাদের অন্য সত্তা, মোড়লের মতো,  
তার লালচে বাদামি কপাল শোভিত থাকে নক্ষত্র-রত্নে।  
আমি লিখতে চাই তাদের এবং মাটির গর্ভে ফিরে এসে,  
দেখতে চাই আমার কবিতা, সোনা ও রূপোর আংটার মতো—  
যদিও বোবা তবু অক্ষুব্ধের ঝিলিক দেখায়।  
ক্ষমা করো, বায়ঙ্কলা পর্বতের দেবতারো,  
আজ আমি প্রাকৃতিকের প্রহরায় ছিলাম সুন্দরতম পোশাকে,  
যাতে আমার কবিতা হয়ে ওঠে মানব-আশীর্বাদের স্তব।

আমি আমার কবিতা লিখি আকাশ ও পৃথিবীর মাঝখানে,  
কারণ ঝড়ো পাখির স্মৃতি আমার একমাত্র উৎকর্ষ।  
যখন পর্যায়ক্রমে গ্রহের সমুদ্রে থাকে আলো-অন্ধকার  
তখন কে তোমাকে রাজাসনে বসায়, চিরন্তন সূর্য,  
তোমাকে আমাদের মুকুটহীন রাজা হিসেবে? সব কিছুর  
সার্বভৌম অধিকারে,

তার স্বপ্ন-বিবর্তিত বাস্তবের নিত্য পর্যন্ত।  
সংখ্যাভীত আত্মা একদা বিশ্বাসের খড়ের আঁটি প্রজ্জ্বলিত করেছিলো,  
কালো খাদ চিরে, বসে থাকা নদীর তৃষ্ণায়।  
সমস্ত জীবই লক্ষ্যহীন, আমরা অপেক্ষা করে চলেছি—  
যে পাথরের জন্য আমরা অপেক্ষমাণ ছিলাম, তা সর্বদাই পাথর,  
যত সময় অপেক্ষা করি তা সাময়িক প্রমাণিত সময়, তবু  
আমরা অপেক্ষা করি একটা সিদ্ধান্তের জন্য।  
সত্যি হল, তা শুরু করে একটা অন্য উপসংহার।  
আমাদের অপেক্ষা হল ঘাতকের অপেক্ষা,  
তা শেষে পরিবর্তিত হয় শব্দের অর্থে,  
নির্জনতাকে শব্দ করায়।

নতুন জীবনের মৃত্যু ঘটায়, অনেক আগের কাজের কারণে।  
আমাদের উৎসব ইন্দ্রিয়ভোগের আকাঙ্ক্ষায় নয়,  
আলো আর উষ্ণতার দূতকে অভিবাদনের জন্য।  
তিনি দ্বিধাহীন ডাক দিয়েছেন,  
সিংহের লেজ বিশিষ্ট এক শৃঙ্গী অশ্বের মতো তিনি আবির্ভূত হন,  
পরিবেষ্টিত পাহাড়ের দেওয়ালে।

আমি আমার কবিতা লিখি আকাশ ও পৃথিবীর মাঝে  
কারণ, আমার জন্ম শুধুই জন্ম,  
কিন্তু আমার মৃত্যু-মৃত্যু হবে না  
কারণ, আমি ভবিষ্যৎ থেকে ফিরে এসেছি।  
আমার কোনও নাম নেই : এই উপত্যকার নাম আমার নাম।  
আমি আমার কবিতা লিখি আকাশ ও পৃথিবীর মাঝে  
লাল আদর্শের আহ্বানে। লাল রংয়ে  
আমাকে যোগ করতে দাও রক্তিমতা  
কারণ, তা আমার চোখ ভরে দিয়েছে অশ্রুতে।  
আমি জানি, সেই সব পথ প্রদর্শকরা

মানবতার বীর,  
তাদের কাজের পরিসর কালের বাইরে,  
পুরাকালের কিংবদন্তী ছাড়াও তাঁরা ভাঙে—  
সেই কিংবদন্তীর আগেই তা ফিরে পায় মূল দেশ।  
তাঁরা সৃষ্টি করে আজকের কিংবদন্তী।  
আমি তাঁদের নাম সূচিবদ্ধ করতে পারি না,  
ঠিক আমার নামের মতো  
হারিয়ে যায় গানের ক্রিয়া-কর্মে।  
তাঁরা প্রাচীন রোমান যোদ্ধাদের দলে অবস্থান করেন  
তাঁদের মহিমাষিত আত্মা  
গ্রথিত হয়ে আছে দেশের সঙ্গে।  
আমি স্বীকার করি,  
কবিতার কোনও পংক্তি সেই উত্তরাধিকারকে বিবৃত করতে পারবে না।  
তবু আমি ইচ্ছে করি,  
তাঁদের প্রশংসায় বন্দনাগীতি রচনা করতে।

১. বায়ঙ্কলা পর্বত চিঙঘাই—তিব্বত উপত্যকার একটি বিখ্যাত পর্বত।



## এক ধরনের কণ্ঠস্বর

— আমার কবিতা রচনা সম্পর্কে

আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার জন্ম সঠিকভাবে জুন ২৩, ১৯৬১ তে।  
আগেও হতে পারতো না,  
স্পষ্টভাবে বললে, পরেও না।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি নিজেই হলাম যদুচ্ছ ঘটনা।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার মাতা-পিতা দু'জনেই  
নউসু জাতিভুক্ত;  
তঁারা চাইগা আলুর বংশধর,  
নউসুদের পবিত্র নায়ক।

আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার পিতামহ ছিলেন সুপুরুষ,  
কিন্তু আমার পিতামহী কিছুটা কুৎসিত।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি বাস করি একটি ছোট শহর ঝাউনুতে,  
যেখানে অনেক নউসু এবং ছনরা একসঙ্গে বাস করেন,  
তঁারা পরস্পরের সঙ্গে পরিচিত,  
তবু তঁাদের মনে হত পরস্পর অপরিচিত।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি শিশু হিসেবে কোনও একজনের কাছ থেকে  
আঘাত পেয়েছিলাম।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি সব সময় লজ্জা বোধ করি,

তবু নিজেকে প্রকাশ করতে চাই।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, এক গ্রীষ্মে আমি বা-জিনের একটি গ্রহ পড়েছিলাম,  
যার নাম ছিলো  
সাগরের স্বপ্ন।

আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি খুব ছোটবেলা থেকেই  
মৃত্যু সম্বন্ধে সচেতন ছিলাম।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার দুশ্চিন্তগুলির চেয়ে  
বেশি গুরুত্ব দেই আমার আনন্দকে।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার একজন হুণ চিনা আয়া ছিলেন  
যিনি প্রায়ই দাবি করতেন যে,  
তার নিজের শহরে এমন একজন মানুষ ছিলেন,  
যিনি নিজেকে বাঘে পরিণত করতে পারতেন,  
এবং সেই বাঘ রাতে  
ধাক্কা দিয়ে মানুষের বাড়ির ফটক খুলতে পারতো।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি প্রায়শ আনুগত্য দেখিয়েছি  
দুরন্ত কল্পকাহিনীকে।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, ভালো গল্প বলতে পারি আমি।

আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার কাকা একবার এসেছিলেন আমার শহরের বাড়িতে,  
এবং বলেছিলেন যে তিনি তার বাড়ি থেকে

ভূত তাড়াবার পরিকল্পনা করেছেন,  
যার জন্য তাঁর একটি ডেডা ও আটটি মোরগ প্রয়োজন।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, দু'বার জলে ডুবে গিয়েছিলাম,  
কিন্তু দুইবারই মৃত্যুর হাত থেকে রক্ষা পেয়েছি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি ভালো সঁতার কাটতে শিখেছি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি বিশ্বাস করি পৃথিবীতে প্রতিটি জীবেরই আত্মা আছে।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি ১৯৭৮ সালে ভর্তি হয়েছিলাম  
দক্ষিণ-পশ্চিম সংখ্যালঘু মহাবিদ্যালয়ে,  
যেখানে আমি পড়েছিলাম  
ক্যু য়ান ও 'মিখাইল শলোকোভের রচনা।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার বাবা গোহো এবং মা কুনিই গোত্রের।  
তঁাদের এই কারণেই আমার মনে হয়েছে রহস্য।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি নিজেকে ব্যাখ্যা করতে অসমর্থ।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি ভালো ও মন্দের তফাত বুঝতে চাই।  
আমি কাফকা ও দস্তয়েভস্কির বন্দনা করি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, চিনা ও নউসু আমার ভাষার  
কেন্দ্রীয় স্নায়ুতন্ত্রে মিশে আছে একসঙ্গে।  
আরও আশ্চর্যের বিষয়,  
মূলে চিত্রলিপিতে লিখিত হতো।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,

স্টার নামক একটি কবিতা পত্রিকা ছিলো,  
যেখানে আমার কবিতা নিয়ে একটি বিশেষ অংশ ছাপা হয়েছিলো।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
আমাকে সহ্য করতে হয় বিভিন্ন সংস্কৃতির সংঘর্ষ,  
এর কোনও অন্য পথ নেই—  
যে অঞ্চলে আমি বাস করি তার বিবেচনায়।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, যেখানেই আমি আমার জন্মভূমির লোকসঙ্গীত শুনি  
আমার চোখে জল ঝরে;  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, বহুসংখ্যক মানুষ লালের অন্তর্নিহিত অর্থ  
বুঝতে পারে না।  
পীত ও কালো বর্ণ মিলে নউসুদের তিনটি মৌলিক রং রয়েছে।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার মায়ের কথা ভাষা জীবন্ত,  
হাস্যরসে সমৃদ্ধ।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
যখন আমার চার পাশে কেউ থাকে না,  
কারণ, ছাড়াই মনে হয় কাঁদছি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, যখন আমি নয় বছরের বালক ছিলাম,  
আমি বোকার মতো আমার ছোট বোনকে মেরেছিলাম,  
এবং এখন পর্যন্ত  
আমি এর জন্য লজ্জাবোধ করি এবং অস্বস্তি ভোগ করি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, বহু লোকের সঙ্গে আমার সাক্ষাৎ হয়েছে,  
যারা ভালো বা মন্দ কিছুই নয়।

আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, একজন নউসু সম্যাসী আমাকে নির্দেশ দিয়েছেন,  
 আমাদের মানুষদের ইতিহাস, লোকসাহিত্য,  
 রীতি-নীতি, মনোভাব, ভূগোল প্রভৃতি সম্বন্ধে।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমরা বাস করি আণবিক অস্ত্রের যুগে,  
 কিন্তু আমরা প্রধানত চাই বিশ্বশান্তি।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি জীবনের অর্থ পর্যবেক্ষণ করেছি,  
 এবং আকাঙ্ক্ষা করেছি প্রকৃতির সঙ্গে যথার্থ আদান-প্রদানের;  
 অবশ্যই এরকম আধ্যাত্মিক সংযোগ  
 এসেছে হৃদয়ের গভীর থেকে,  
 বহিরঙ্গ থেকে নয়।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমার সুদীর্ঘ সময়ের ইচ্ছা  
 আমার মানুষদের প্রাচীন ইতিহাসের সঙ্গে কথোপকথন,  
 তবু আমি প্রায়ই বোবা হয়ে যাই।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি আমার হৃদয়ের সত্য অনুভূতি  
 ও দোলাচলকে ভাষা দিতে চাই;  
 আমি অনুভব করতে পারি,  
 অলৌকিক শক্তি আমাকে এগিয়ে নিয়ে যাচ্ছে।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি আশা করি  
 আমাদের রয়েছে নউসু আবেগী রং,  
 যা সকলের সঙ্গে অঙ্গীভূত।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 আমার জন্ম থেকেই রয়েছে আদর্শের ধারণা

তবু আমি তাকে কখনও দুর্ভাগ্য হতে পারে ভাবিনি।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি মনে করি  
 মানবিক বোধশক্তি কোনও ফাঁকা কথা নয়;  
 তা চায় আমাদের অস্ত্র উন্মুক্ত করে  
 ভালোবাসা প্রদান,  
 মানুষের নিয়তি নিয়ে সম্পর্কিত থাকা,  
 একটি ছোট উপজাতিকে গভীরভাবে জানা,  
 আমাদের আরও মানবিক করে তোলা,  
 যাতে আমার অবিচলিত বিশ্বাস।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমরা মানুষেরা এই পৃথিবীতে বাস করি  
 ক্রমাগত স্থান পরিবর্তন করে;  
 নিজেদের সঙ্গে এবং জীবন্তদের সঙ্গে ব্যবহারে  
 আমরা আইন ও অন্তর্গত বিষয়কে  
 আঁকড়ে ধরি।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আধুনিকতা এবং প্রাচীন ঐতিহ্যের জ্বরদস্তি  
 আমাদের হৃদয়কে বেদনার্ত করেছে,  
 যা তথাকথিত সভ্যসমাজ  
 কখনও তার অভিজ্ঞতা অর্জন করেনি।  
 আমাদের পিতাদের প্রজন্ম  
 কখনও নিষ্কিপ্ত হয়েছে  
 এই অভূতপূর্ব আইনহীনতায়।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমার মনে হয়,  
 আমাদের আত্মবিশ্লেষণী শক্তি,  
 যা চিন্তাপ্রবণ উপজাতীয়দের

বাইরে থেকে বিষন্নতার রংয়ে প্রতিভাত করেছে।  
 দীর্ঘ সময় ধরে  
 এই রং আমাদের হৃদয়ে আন্দোলিত।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি বিশ্বাস করি,  
 মৃত্যুর পর  
 মানুষ, আকাশ ও মাটির মাঝখানে  
 শান্তিতে বিশ্রাম নেয়।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমার পিতা ছিলেন  
 একজন উজ্জ্বল সম্ভাবনাময় ব্যক্তিত্ব,  
 তিনি সমস্ত জীবন ছিলেন  
 সং ও দয়াবান;  
 যখন সুরাসক্ত থাকতেন,  
 তখন তিনি তাঁর অতীতের কথা বলতেন,  
 যা আমার চোখে আনতো  
 নীরব অশ্রু।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমার বাবার মৃত্যু হয়েছে,  
 এবং নিশ্চিত তাঁকে হারিয়েছি আমি।  
 তিনি ছিলেন সত্যিকারের মানুষ,  
 দেখামাত্রই যা বোঝা যায়।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, একদা রোমে  
 আমি একজন মানুষকে দেখেছিলাম,  
 যার চোখ ছিলো হতাশায় পরিপূর্ণ;  
 তাই আমি বিশ্বাস করি,

সারা পৃথিবীর মানুষের মধ্যে  
 যন্ত্রণায় কোনও পার্থক্য নেই।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, যখন আমি কংক্রিট ও স্টিল রডের ছায়ায় দাঁড়াই,  
 আমার নিজেই অর্ধেক মনে হয়।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি আমার হারানো  
 ইহদির বীণাযন্ত্রটি,  
 যা শহরের নৃত্যদানে বাজতো,  
 সর্বদা তা খুঁজে বেড়াই।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি দেখতে চাই,  
 পৃথিবীর মানুষেরা  
 পরস্পরকে ভালো করে বুঝুক।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, এই পৃথিবীতে—  
 এক শত নারী আমাকে ভালোবাসে,  
 কিন্তু তাদের মধ্যে মাত্র একজন স্বীকার করে,  
 সে আমাকে স্বপ্নে বিশ্বাসঘাতকতা করেছে।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, আমি নিজেই ও অন্যদের বলতে চাই—  
 জীবন খুব সংক্ষিপ্ত।  
 আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
 কারণ, কলম্বিয়াতে একজন ছিলেন,  
 যার নাম গার্সিয়া মাফুইজ,  
 চিলিতে একজন ছিলেন,  
 নাম পাবলো নেরুদা,  
 সেনেগালে ছিলেন একজন মানুষ,

নাম এল এস সঁগর,  
এবং ম্যাক্সিকোতে একজন আছেন—  
ওস্ট্রাভিও পাজ।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, সময় সময় আমি হয়ে উঠি  
ব্যাপক আক্রমণের নিশানা।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি প্রায়শ  
জাদুকরের মতো সাংকেতিক ভাষায়  
বলতে ইচ্ছে করি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমি কখনও  
'ভুল বুঝাবুঝি' শব্দটির অর্থ বুঝিনি।  
আমি কবিতা লিখি,  
কারণ, আমার আর কোনও বিকল্প নেই,  
এবং মনে হয়  
এই কাজের আমি উপযুক্ত।

### 5. A Look Back, a short memoir by Webster Davies Jyrwa, the eminent writer in Khasi language:

**Webster Davies Jyrwa** (6<sup>th</sup> July, 1923—21<sup>st</sup> January, 2015) is an eminent personality in Khasi literature, culture and society. He played a significant role in setting up the All India Radio Network in the northeastern part of the country. He was a good violin player, and a knowledgeable person in tribal art and folklore in Shillong, Meghalaya. He carried forward the legacy of So-so Tham and a host of other writers of Meghalaya. On his ninetieth birth day he wrote a brief memoir, which gives a resume of his activities and dedicated the same to Him--

In His hands,

The mountains not so high:

In His Hands,

The Valleys not so low.

An extract from his autobiographical write-up is given below.

I first met Mr. Jyrwa way back in 1976 when he was Station Director of All India Radio in Shillong. He and myself along with Mr. L.K.Mitra of National Savings Organisation formed a close media team for publicity of the Government of India in Meghalaya. My friendship continued till his (Mr. Webster Davies Jyrwa) demise in a hospital in Shillong.

My video interview with Webster Davies Jyrwa is available in You tube, courtesy my Website: [www.pradiptobandyopadhyay.com](http://www.pradiptobandyopadhyay.com).

### **A Look Back**

**By Webstar Davies Jyrwa ( 6<sup>th</sup> July, 1923—21<sup>st</sup> January, 2015)**

*“When one stands on the brink of life and the decades seem to be slipping behind the horizon, indicating that what had once seemed an endless journey, had come to an end, events of the past stand out more clearly.”*

I remember, when I was reading at the welsh Mission M.E. School, Mawkhar, Shillong, we had shifted from the rented house at Jaiaw Laitdom, to another rented house at Jaiaw Langsning. My loving mother had been given two rooms at the backyard of the main building, belonging to a distant relative of ours, at a very considered monthly rent. The accommodation was a kitchen room, with a small open space for use as a storing place, in the ground floor and another room, on the first floor, connected by a stair case from the kitchen. The accommodation was quite comfortable for a small family. We were only four-my dear mother, my elder brother, myself and our sister who was ailing from birth.

Our dear mother had to work very hard, to support the family. She made ladies' and children's dresses, on orders by friends and neighbours and sometimes, she would sit on the Phoenic sewing machine till late in the night. She hardly had time to visit friends and relatives. She had to depend on me and my brother to look after cooking and washing and to go to the local market. She had also to go and look after our vegetable farm at Mawlai Nonglum, twice or thrice a week. I often went with her, mostly on holidays and Saturdays; otherwise also, we have an old man, our neighbour, who looked after the farm and to see that proper fencing was done, to protect the vegetation from stray cattle.

A few months after we had shifted to our new accommodation at Jaiaw Langsning, our mother got a job at the Dr. Robert's Hospital, Jaiaw, to look after the Linen room and to make the uniforms of the newly recruited nurses. It was a salaried job. I was happy that my mother would get some relief from sitting on the sewing machine all day. She would also, have time to go to the farm now, which she liked very much.

My brother Arthur was a very good footballer. He would spend his evenings, after school, at the Students' field. Jaiaw, playing football or sometimes go with his friends to Polo ground.

When we were in Class VII C of the Shillong Govt. High School, we lifted the Pugh Running Shield in the Inter Class football competition.

Although I loved football in my School days, I would like to sit with a painting brush and some paints, at the corner of the big building, painting sceneries, flowers, etc. I got a certificate of “Proficiency in Drawing” when I was in the Shillong Govt. High School.

The eldest son of our House owner was very fond of fishing. Whenever he got time, he would take permission from my mother to take me with him to Umiam River for fishing, carrying a spare fishing rod for me.

Umiam River, in those good old days, was the favourite place of the anglers, as besides the scenic beauty of its surroundings, and the crystal clear water, it was a river where the beautiful red fins hill trouts were in plenty.

When I was in Class VIII, my aunty bought me a second-hand Italian made Violin. I had already put my hands on the borrowed mandolin and learnt the rudiments of music. I started learning the Violin. seriously, and I was given regular Violin music lessons by Mrs. Trilian Pariat, a renowned Violinist and her husband, Mr. Orpheus Pakma, who was also a good Violinist but who would, on Saturdays and holidays, prefer to go angling to Umiam river than giving lessons.

I continued learning the Violin through proper method, for some years but as I have to help my mother in the Linen Room at the Hospital and looking after our farm at Mawlai Nonglum, besides other household duties and my studies, I discontinued my music studies and shifted to playing popular music, with my friends.

When I entered service in 1943, it was a period of the Second World War. The World war had started since 1939, when I was in High School and continued till 1945. For an educated youth, there was no problem in getting Govt. jobs. Some of my School friends had been recruited in the Armed Forces and some of them had been involved in the selling and buying business which was very profitable, because of the large concentration of the armed forces and the heavy demand of fresh vegetables. The war also, I remember, had brought many problems to the local people.

I remember, there was shortage of supply of some essential commodities like Rice, Sugar and Kerosene Oil. People had to take Ata in place of Rice and had to stand in long queues to get sugar and kerosene oil as per their entitlement in the Ration Cards. Even the wife of the Deputy Commissioner of Supply had to stand in line to get her quota. Shillong had become a War zone and many men in uniforms viz, the Tommies and the Yankees were roaming about causing alarm to the people. The fear of the possible air raids by the Japanese--the enemy of the Allies (Allied Forces of the British) had created panic to the people of Shillong who, some of them, sent their young children to their Kith and Kin in the nearby villages.

The District authorities had taken all precautionary arrangement, against any possible air attack by the enemies by asking people to dig trenches in their compounds, and to take shelter there, at the sound of warning Sirens and to come out, only when they heard the All Clear Siren. People were also instructed not to let lights coming out of their houses at nights times so that the enemy would not get a chance of seeing lights from the air, and to put dark shades on their windows.

The war came to an end and although it had brought fear and many inconveniences to the people of these regions. It had not caused any unfortunate incidents.

The posting of the Allied Forces at Shillong had, on the other hand, been a boon to the village farmers and people in business. Besides, the people of Shillong, in particular the local youths, who were very much interested in Western Music, got a chance to see good musical films and other good movies which hardly came to Shillong. The Cinema Halls, showing English films, were packed following every change. The Garrison Theatre at the Cantonment area, which was originally meant for the Army, was a very popular place, not only for the men in uniforms but for the public who thronged the hall every day, to watch good English movies and the entertainment troops, the ENSA from across the seven seas. Arrangement was made at this Hall for community singing of popular English compositions, with Lyrics and music, both staff and tonic solfa, projected on the screen for half an hour before the main show and at intervals. All this, one can say that the war had promoted the Cultural activities of Shillong.

In 1948, I formed the Jaiaw Orchestra, with regular members from Jaiaw and some from other nearby localities, who were all playing string musical instruments like Violins, Mandolins, Guitars (Spanish & Hawaiian), Banjos, Ukuleles and also the Key Board and Drum sets. It was a group of about twenty players.

The Orchestra met regularly and practiced all the popular Western Music available in Music Sheets which we received, regularly on orders from the music dealer, Braganza & Co. Calcutta. We also learnt Khasi tunes, most of them were my compositions like “Ha lynti sha Kyllang”, “Mairang”, “Sha l’i ling”, “Wah Umiam” and others. In no time, we had mastered many compositions and played in Concerts and musical shows arranged by many local clubs and organizations, for raising funds for Schools and Hospitals.

In 1957, we put up a show to celebrate our Third Anniversary, at Dinam Hall Jaiaw under the Patronage of late Shri A. S. Khongphai, an advocate in the High Court. We played a good number of popular western tunes like “Danube Waves”, “After the Ball”, “Where the Sweet Roses grow”, “Loveliest night”, “South of the Border”, “Love letter on the Sand”, “Me and my shadows”, “There’s no Business like show Business” and also Latin American numbers viz., “Brazil”, “El Pasoda”, “Blue Tango”, “O Solemeo”, “Spanish Eyes” and Some Khasi popular compositions.

The show was a great success and we were given contracts to play Dance Music, at Ferndale Hotel, on their Saturday “Candle Lights” Dance Programms.

In 1953 and 1954, we played at the European Assam Tea Garden Clubs at Bhuttiachang and Tangla, with a smaller musical group consisting of Bonarwell Lyngdoh, John Ryntathiang and myself on Violin. Noel Arbor Khongwir on Mandolin. Arthur Warren who played the Harmonica, Franky and Mark Fernandes the Goanese, playing Saxophone and Drumsets and also Eugene Rynjah, playing the Piano.

In 1957, the Jaiaw Orchestra was invited to play at the Raj Bhavan, Shillong, on the occasion of the Independence Day Centenary Celebration (1857-1957), on the 15th and 16th August 1957. We played beautifully and it was a remarkable

performance, highly appreciated by all. Later on, I was conferred with a “Certificate of Proficiency in Orchestra” by the Governor of Assam, Sir Fazl Ali.

I was a music teacher and leader of the Jaiaw Presbyterian Church Choir till 1957. I can still recollect that memorable Sunday, in 1941, when I conducted the Choir, singing the Handel’s Messaih. “Worthy is the Lamb” at the huge congregation of the Open air Service at the Students’ Field, Jaiaw, on the occasion of the Centenary Celebration of the Khasi Jaintia Presbyterian Church.

In my High School days from 1939 to 1943, I was a Boy Scout. The Headmaster of the School, Rev. T. E. Pugh, M.A. (Oxon) was our 1st Group leader. The then DPI (Director of Public Instruction), Mr. G.A. Small was the Commissioner of the Scout movement. Those four years were the glorious years of my life. I took active participation in all the programmes of the Scout movement viz, cleaning drive, tree planting, traffic control, first aid services, whenever arranged by the Red Cross and assisting the volunteers in many Public functions. With my fellow Scouts, we built the SMALL HUT at the Umtyngar Scout Training Centre.

Mr. G. A. Small took keen interest to promote and upgrade Scouting in the State. He encouraged the School in Shillong to take up Scouting, for moral uplift and for good leadership. Training in many disciplines were arranged. Signaling practice was arranged, regularly at the beautiful lawn in front of his Bungalow, near Pine Mount School. Mr. Small, on many occasions came out of his room to participate in the practice and to encourage us. I remember, our Scout Master Mr. S. G. Nalle taught us music at his residence in Mission Compound and another Scout master, Mr. F. Shylla taught us swimming at the bend of Umkhrach river, where the fresh running waters had formed a deep pool, at a place called ‘Sohdienglong’, where the J.N. Stadium stands now. At that time, it was the 4th Furlong of the beautiful Race Course, around Polo ground. The Sohdienglong natural swimming pool was about twenty yards long and quite suitable for swimming practice. Training in other disciplines like First Aid, Cooking, Painting and Bee-keeping were imparted by resource persons, separately.

After passing the Matriculation in 1943. I entered Government Service as an Office Assistant in the office of the Deputy Commissioner Khasi Jaintia Hills. Mr. A. G. McCall ICS was the Deputy Commissioner.

Attached to the Political Branch, in the Office of the Deputy Commissioner, I got the opportunity to accompany the Deputy Commissioner. I still recall the first tour of Mr. A. G. McCall to Mawmih (Shiliangum), staying overnight, below the Diengiei Hill in the Camps. He talked nicely to the local people and he received whatever the people brought him, fresh eggs and vegetable to show their respect to him but Mr. Mc Call told me to pay them double the cost. I had also accompanied Shri. Josingh Rynjah, the Additional Deputy Commissioner many times on his tour to decide cases of British Sirdarships and the elections of the head of the Sirdarships or Elakas, by counting of heads. Mostly, the elections were arranged at the Circuit House, Cherrapunjee as most of these Sirdarships are in the areas bordering East Pakistan, down the slopes around Shella Confederacy.

The regions down the slopes of Cherrapunjee, bordering East Pakistan were very rich in Oranges and Betel-nuts. In orange seasons, hundreds of boats, laden with

these products, cruised down the Shella river to the border markets in Pakistan, every day but the partition of India brought strained relationship with Pakistan, giving rise to immense hardships to the people of these areas as they could no longer market their perishable products. Road communications were non-existent in these areas with deep terrains and sheer cliffs.

These problems came to the information of Rev. J.M. Nichols Roay, the Cabinet Minister of the Assam Government, he himself, a man from Shella who, perhaps spoke to Governor of Assam and gave a suggestion for the possibility of making an Airstrip at a place down the Shella river to airlift these perishable commodities to the markets at Kolkata. Shri. N.K. Rustomji ICS, the Advisor to the Governor was deputed to inspect the area. I had been put on duty--to accompany Mr. Rustomji, a high ranking bureaucrat whom I had never worked with nor met him.

On the day we had arranged to go to Shella, Mr. Rustomji, came with his vehicle in the morning to pick me up from near my place at Jaiaw. He came out of the car and helped me in with my luggage. I felt so little and was very much embarrassed by his good behaviour. He talked to me nicely all the way and that feeling of fear and inconvenience disappeared from me.

We reached Cherrapunjee and went straight to Rama Krishna Mission School where the Rama Krishna Maharajji was waiting for Mr. Rustomji. We spent the night at the Ram Krishna Mission Guest House and next morning, Mr. Rustomji left for Shella.

The journey to Shella was on foot via Laitkynsew. We climbed up the steep stony footpath and from the hillock, we walked down the slippery village footpath, a distance of about ten kilometers and reached Shella at sunset.

Mr. Rustomji spent the night at Shella bazaar area, in a small accommodation arranged by the Rama Krishna Mission.

Next morning, we went to the proposed airstrip by a small boat, along the Shella river. At many places, where the water was very shallow, Mr. Rustomji got in and out of the boat and he tramped through wide open fields till he reached the open place for the proposed construction of the airstrip.

Mr. N. K. Rustomji was welcomed by the elders of the Shella Confederacy and local headmen of the villages. The proposed location was found very suitable and Mr. Rustomji came back to Shella bazaar. Mr. Rustomji, I remember, was not well and he was down with flu. He was carried to Cherrapunjee and taken to Shillong. He was hospitalized at the Dr. Roberts Hospital for a couple of weeks.

Air lifting of the oranges and perishable cash crops was discontinued, as the landing and taking off was very difficult and also to avoid untoward unforeseen dangers.

I had accompanied Mr. G. P. Jarman, the Dominion Agent of Khasi States on his frequent tours to the Khasi States, for hearing cases of boundary disputes, appointment of Heads of states by counting of Heads, the signing of the Instrument of Accession by Chiefs or Rulers of the Khasi States and many other matters, during the interim period of political changes in Khasi Hills. All the journeys were on foot, staying overnight at available Inspection Bungalows or in bamboo and thatch huts, built by villagers, at convenient locations and at a suitable distance from the villages.



I remember, one afternoon when we reached our bamboo and thatch accommodations at Patharkmah, we were told that a rogue elephant was at large in those areas, and that a few days before, it had killed a Nepali girl, tearing her to pieces. The Headman of the village told us that he had arranged volunteers from the village to keep watch over us at night and they would make huge fires around our accommodations, to thwart off the elephant that might cause any danger.

Later in the evening, a well built and strong looking stranger came to see Mr. Jarman, in his camp, with a companion who was holding a rifle. He introduced himself to the Dominion Agent as the Deputy Syiem of Nongstoin and, he had come all the way to kill the rogue elephant which he had followed the whole day. I could recognize him, immediately. He was Wickliff Syiem, the Deputy Syiem of Nongstoin. Mr. Jarman had some coffee with him and he left us.

We could not sleep that night, even though we heard voices of the volunteers, who were putting huge fires around our huts. Early in the morning, we heard sounds of shooting and later on, we were told that the rogue elephant had been shot dead.

In 1952, I was deputed, on Foreign Service with four office assistants from the office of the Deputy Commissioner, to start the new Office of the Autonomous Khasi Hills District Council. The jail building of the Syiem of Myllem, situated at the Jeep Stand, near the Iewduh (Bara Bazaar), by the side of the contonment area, was selected for the Office. Shri, R.T. Rymbai, Special Officer of Tribal Area Department of Assam Civil Secretariat was also deputed as the Secretary of the Legislative Council and of the Executive Committee.

In 1954, I was appointed the Sheristadar of the District Council Court with Shri. Cromoline Lyngdoh, the Session Judge, Assam, as the first Judge of the District Council. In the same year I graduated. Later, in 1957, I was appointed as the Upper Division Assistant at the Assam Civil Secretariat (Education Branch).

In 1959, I applied for the Executive post in the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Govt. of India and was called for interview at the UPSC Delhi. I got through the interview and got appointment as the Programme Executive of All India Radio. I was posted at the All India Radio, Guwahati.

All India Radio, Guwahati was a big Station. It was commissioned on 1.7.1948, the same year as the All India Radio, Shillong. It broadcast programmes in Assamese and also in other languages and dialects viz. English, Hindi, Sanskrit, Karbi, Bodo and Nepali. Shillong Station, with a 1K.W. Medium Wave transmitter was only a relay Station. It manufactured programmes in many tribal dialects viz. Khasi, Jaintia, Garo, programmes in Naga dialects viz. Angami, Ao, Manipur and programmes in Mizo. These were recorded in Tapes and sent to Guwahati for playing back from this Station. Only News were broadcast live. I was in charge of all the programmes in tribal dialects and also the programmes in Nepali, Tibetan, Tea garden programmes and N.E.F.A News letter in English.

Mr. V. Krishnamurti was the Station Director of all India Radio, Guwahati.

In 1962, I was sent on transfer to Nagaland, to make necessary arrangement, especially for broadcast of programmes in the existing dialects as broadcast from Guwahati and some other new major dialects; to find Announcers and News Readers and also to scout for local talents.

I proceeded from Guwahati by an office Station wagon with the News Editor, who came on transfer to Nagaland from Delhi. At Dimapur, we were joined by Shri. S.S. Sharma, Programme Executive and Shri K. Mathur Assistant Engineer who came to Dimapur by train from Delhi, on transfer to Nagaland. Shri. M.G. Vaidya, the Station Director who was posted to Nagaland AIR Station, Kohima had gone before us. He was staying at the Inspection Bungalow, Kohima as accommodation for all of us was being arranged by the State Government of Nagaland.

All India Radio, Kohima was finally commissioned on 4.1.1963, in a rented building.

Although Kohima looked peaceful, inspite of the insurgency, Curfew was imposed from dusk to dawn. Curfew passes were arranged by the Deputy Commissioner, Kohima to those on essential duties. Besides, "Curfew passes", one has also to know the "Password".

I remember one night, I was coming out of the office, after my duties and I was going to the Inspection, Bungalow, where I was staying, I suddenly heard a big shout, "Who? Password!". It was a dark cloudy night and faintly could see the night sentry, with a bayonet pointed at me. I got so frightened with that loud commanding voice and I replied "RUM" The sentry shouted again, "What?" He came nearer and I saw the bayonet, a foot in front of me and I came to my senses and replied, "WHISKY!" The sentry asked for my passport and allowed me to pass. The "Password", that night was, "WHISKY".

We were staying in a quarter in Sema Colony called "Town Area No. 9", which was earlier occupied by Naga rebels and it was a very popular place. It was at a stone's throw from our Station. I remember one evening, in April 1964, our News Editor informed all of us, in the Office that he saw suspicious movements of Army Troops, at the Kohima Bazaar area. He suspected some unfortunate incident would take place in Kohima. Otherwise also, every night we heard sound of gun shots and the night was too silent without such firings. We became accustomed with such firings.

The Station Director gave instructions that only skeleton staff—two Announcers and some Engineers should stay in Office at night, and all should be dropped to their quarters, before night fall.

At around 7 p.m. we heard gun shots coming from the wide open area, opposite our quarters. After sometime, we heard some more firings. Fearing that bullet might hit our quarter, all the three officers staying in the quarter, one of them with his newly married wife, shifted to my accommodation, at the back room, against a great wall. Our cook-a Nepali boy prepared some tea and snacks but before we could take whatever was prepared, suddenly there were intermittent firings and counter firings by the Army which had taken position at the top of a hillock above our quarters. The poor cook was crying heavily and we had to console him. The firing came to a stop and myself and Mr. Sharma crawled slowly, through the narrow ditch, to reach the Station. We found that all the Scheduled programmes were on the air, as usual and the staff were in high sprints, enjoying the sound of firings. After the closing of the Station, we crawled back to our quarter.

Shortly, after taking our light dinner, whatever had been hurriedly prepared, the firing started again and continued till past midnight. Our quarter, an old Assam type building was shaking all the time at the heavy sound of firings coming out of light and heavy machine guns placed by the army at the hillock, above our buildings.

It was dawn and there was no more sound of firings. We heard sounds of broken plates and falling utensils and we were so scared that some undergrounds had been taking cover at the kitchen, attached to our main building. We found, instead, some stray cattle taking shelter there, as scared as we were.

The Gownburra (Headman) who was living below our quarters, came to see us and he was happy that nothing had happened to us. He only lamented at the loss of his drink “Modhu” which he kept in the gourd, below his bed, and which was hit by a stray bullet. He gave a big laugh.

Kohima was widely known to the rest of the world as the place where the Japanese Forces, who came with the purpose to capture the Rail Head at Dimapur, were repelled by the Armed Forces of the Allies in the Second World War (1939-1945). The battle at the hillock known as the “Battle at the Tennis Court”, was very fierce and many brave soldiers of the British Army lost their lives. In remembrance of all those who died there, the British Government built a wonderful War Cemetery, which has been looked after by a Care-taker, till now. A monument was also raised at the foot of the Cemetery, with the following inscriptions :-

*When you go home,  
Tell them of us and say;  
For their tomorrow,  
We gave our today*

In my four and a half years of dedicated services at the All India Radio, Kohima, I had the opportunity of travelling to nearly the whole of Nagaland. I had gone to collect programmes to Wokha, Mokokchung, Tuensang, Zunebuto, Phek, Chakhasang, Melori, up to Akheko. I remember my sweet association with all the tribes of Nagaland. From Kohima, I was transferred back to AIR, Guwahati.

In 1967, I was sent to Tezu, to make necessary arrangement for the opening of the New Station there. Tezu was the headquarters of the Lohit District of Arunachal.

I proceeded by road, with Shri. Bhowmick, a Transmission Executive from Guwahati, up to Dibrugarh and next morning, we went to Saikhowa Ghat, on the bank of the mighty Brahmaputra. It was in summer and the river was in full spate. No boats could cross over to Sadiya on the other side. We had to go by the Cargo Steamer of the Army which took us half a mile down the Brahmaputra, and we had to be ferried up slowly, by a small boat, till we came to Sadiya Ghat where the office Jeep was waiting for us.

We went by Jeep up to the banks of the turbulent Digaru river and crossed the river by a raft or flotilla, which also carried our jeep. The raft got stuck at the middle of the river which was shallow and from there, it was pulled by the tamed elephants.

Tezu Station was formally commissioned on 15.8.1967 and I was in charge, till another Assistant Station Director came to relieve me.

Tezu All India Radio is a small 250 watts Medium wave Station and broadcast programmes in Mishmi and Khampti dialects. It also broadcast programmes in simple Assamese, Hindi and English.

In 1972, I was sent from Guwahati to take charge of the Dibrugarh Station as the Station Director had to go on leave, suddenly and other officers had also left Dibrugarh, due to a communal trouble which flared up in the city.

Even though AIR Dibrugarh was commissioned in 1969, it still functioned from a rented building at Jalan Nagar. The new building had just been completed but it was built at a place outside the City and not well connected by regular public transport. I had to take all necessary actions for shifting the broadcasting Station to the new building and to make arrangement for the staff who were living in the Office quarters at Jalan Nagar. I had to face a lot of problems as the situation was not favourable for smooth running of Office and for broadcast of daily programmes.

In 1973, I was transferred to Tawang and I was required to go, immediately as the Ministry was pressing for the early commissioning of AIR, Tawang.

I was hesitant to go, fearing the extreme climate of those snow covered mountains areas and the possible reinvasion by China. Moreover, I had been too frequently transferred from one difficult Station to another. I sent a representation to Delhi and I received a personal request from Shri P.C. Chatterjee, the Director General, All India Radio. I had known Shri. Chatterjee as a very eminent person and a man of very high Calibre. He also knew me personally and I have great respect for him. I agreed to go.

I went to Tezpur by Jeep from Guwahati, and was received by Shri. V. Kohli, the Assistant Engineer, who had come all the way from Tawang. We stayed at the Inspection Bungalow, Tezpur for a couple of days and met the respective Army officers at the Corps Command. Tezpur to make all arrangements for the ration of the staff of All India Radio, Tawang and also for Petrol and Diesel for the Vehicles and the Station. Arrangement had already been made by the Directorate that we would draw ration for all the Staffs posted at AIR Tawang and P.O.L. from the Army.

From Tezpur, we proceeded to Bomdila, driving through dangerous narrow roads. The roads were often blocked for hours together by army convoys. Slowly, we climbed up to Bomdila, the Headquarters of Kameng District of Arunachal. We stayed at Bomdila for two three days and met the Deputy Commissioner Shri. Martin Dai and his Officers and sought their assistance for the appointment of Staff artists (Announcers and News readers) for the Tawang Station and also made arrangement for recording of spoken word programmes by different resource persons, available at the District Headquarter. We then moved slowly to the Dirangtong Valley, a fertile land with plenty of apples grown at the Agricultural farm and other fruits and vegetables. Dirangtong was known as the granary of Arunachal.

From Dirangtong, we had to travel up the serpentine roads and slowly, we reached a placed called, "Shangrila" where stood a monument, with these inscriptions

Builders will die

But the road will survive.

We continued the journey by Jeep through the roads covered by thick ice, which had become very hard, and at some places, we had to use chains in the tyres to avoid skidding. All along these icy roads, the border road jawans had to clear the thick ice for the regular movement of Army vehicles. We reached SE LA PASS at 14,000 ft and from there we came down to Nuranang and Jang. From Jang we came to Tawang Chu, a roaring river. From Tawangchu, we climbed up the stone falling roads and passed the small villages of Lao, Khrimo, Bomdir, Namet, Gangkhong, Bomba and reached Tawang at 10,000 ft.

Tawang is quite a picturesque place, surrounded by majestic icy mountains, rising one after the other. The Thagla ridge across Tawang rises up to 15,000 ft.

At the separate ridge across Tawang, towards the west, stands the Buddhist Monastery which is one of the biggest Monasteries in South East Asia.

All India Radio, Tawang, was inaugurated on 23rd November 1974 by Shri I.K. Gujral the then Union Minister of Information and Broadcasting, Govt. of India.

The Station originated programmes in Monpa dialect and also played back commercial records of Hindi and English music. Hindi songs were very popular amongst the Monpas.

To feed the daily programmes, I had to go to the nearby surrounding villages with the Monpa announcer to collect programmes of Monpa songs and dances. I had gone up to Pamakhar and stayed there for a couple of days. I had also to go to meet the officials of the State Government at Bomdila, many times, to collect spoken word programmes and Monpa songs. During the Festivals like Dungiur, Losar, Torgia, Gepa, Chong Sandhu, arranged at the Cultural Centre at the Monastery, we collected quite a number of programmes and Monpa songs and Dances like the Yak dance, the Lion and Peacock Dance, the Raja Rani Dance and also Dramas with costly wearing apparels and masks, accompanied by music.

I had climbed the icy mountains of Tawang along with Mr. V. Kohli. Asstt. Engineer and four Jawans, provided by our Army friends, up to Mila Pass, overlooking the Plateau of Tibet at 17,000 ft. The journey was very tough. It was a memorable journey.

In 1976, I was transferred to Shillong as the Station Director of All India Radio, Shillong and I became the first Station Director from amongst the tribals of North East India.

Shillong AIR Station was commissioned on 1.7.1948. It was a 1 Kilowatt MW Auxiliary Station. It was only in 1969 that it became a full fledged Station, with a Station Director as the Head of the Station.

The Station was housed in a temporary building of the Assam Assembly Building when it was commissioned in 1948. The Office was then shifted to Ashley Hall, from where it was shifted to the permanent Building near the Governor's House, in 1977.

In the same year, the Regional Training Centre was commissioned and Shri. A. Palit Assistant Station Director was put in charge of the Centre. It was during my time, as the Station Director that a big plot of land was purchased by All India Radio at Rynjah where many staff quarters were immediately constructed.

In 1980, I was nominated to represent All India Radio at the South East Asia Pacific Conference at Chiangmai. Thailand from 16th to 27th June. I was nominated as one of the Chairpersons of the conference and read a paper “Broadcasting to the Ethnic Communities’ at the Seminar.

In 1982, I was one of the Ten Station Directors of All India Radio who were nominated as “Selection Grade Station Directors” and felicitated at the grand and prestigious Function at the Directorate. In the same year, the Union Minister, Shri. Basant Sathé i/c Information and Broadcasting came to visit Shillong AIR Station with the Union Secretary. The Chief Minister of Meghalaya Capt. W.A. Sangma who had earlier requested me to lead the Garo Wangala Dance contingent, to take part in the Opening Ceremony of the IX Asian Games, 1982, at Delhi, spoke to the Union Minister at the Governor’s House, Shillong and I was sent to the State Govt. on deputation as the Director of the Institute of Art and Culture and Tribal Research.

In 1983, I retired as the Station Director (Selection Grade) All India Radio and again, at the request of the Chief Secretary, Govt. of Meghalaya Mrs. Mrs. Trivedi, I joined as the Director to re-organise the Institute of Art and Culture and Tribal Research and remained there for one year only as Mrs. Trivedi had already been posted as the Chief Secretary, Government of Assam.\

.....

**Edited and uploaded by Pradipto Bandyopadhyay.**