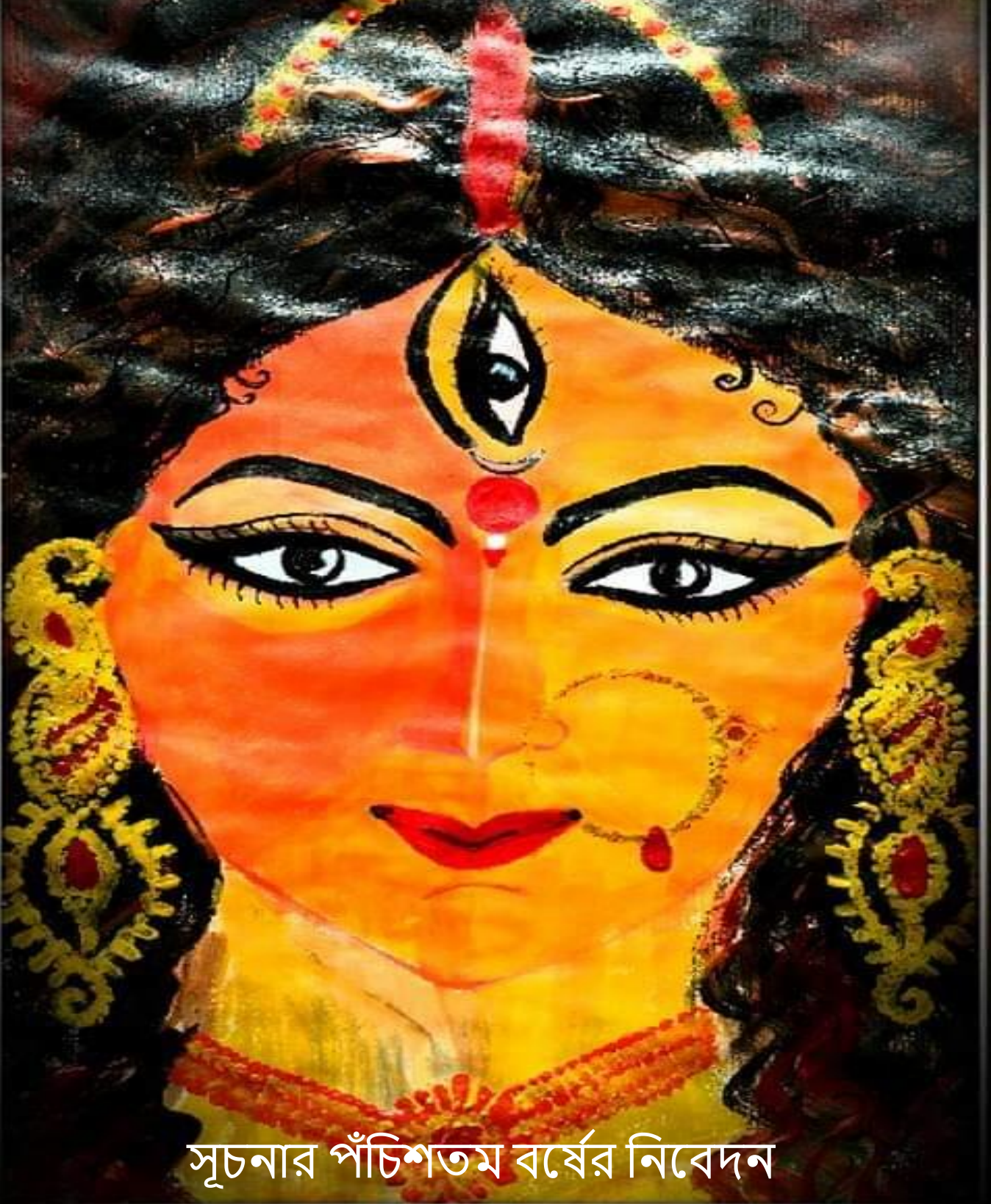


হেঁচৈ পত্রিকা  
**SUCHONA**  
HOI CHOI MAGAZINE

CELEBRATING  
25 YEARS OF  
SUCHONA



সূচনার পঁচিশতম বর্ষের নিবেদন



# SUCHONA GOVERNING BODY MEMBERS

## 2023-24



**PRESIDENT**  
Debashis Chatterjee



**SECRETARY**  
Shrravonii Paul



**TREASURER**  
Amit Bhattacharya



Romy Lodh



Srijit Das



Sudeepta Kalaver



Shuvendu Das



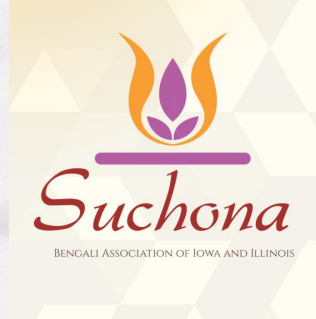
Kusal Dutta



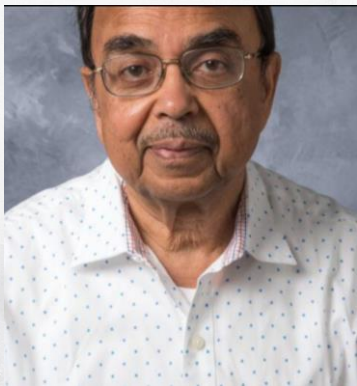
Krishnendu Ghosh



Ranabir Saha



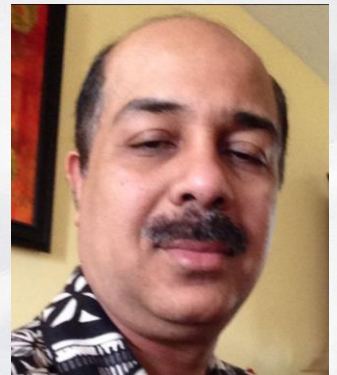
## 25<sup>TH</sup> YEAR STEERING COMMITTEE MEMBERS



Sukumar Ghosh



Jayeeta & Jishnu Sen



Subhasis Mukherjee



Romy Lodh



Debashis Chatterjee



Shuvendu Das



Shrravonii Paul



Nirmal Dutta



## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

DEBASHIS CHATTERJEE

Dear Friends,

Nomoshkar !

On behalf of Suchona, I welcome you all to this special milestone that marks 25 years of Suchona's existence. Our team has worked diligently to design this grand event with music, dance, drama, good food and a memorable get-together. It will be highlighted by a melodious musical concert performed by Sa Re Ga Ma Pa famed singers with live music. It will be a perfect setting to celebrate the spirit of Suchona members in all its traditional forms.

In addition, it also has a distinct vision with a message –

- **Solidarity:** We stand as one Bengali community irrespective of age, gender, background, place of birth, experience, or residence.
- **Diversity:** We strive to promote diversity by welcoming opinions of all within our family. We encourage all of our members to participate so that there is participation from every segment.
- **Financial Maturity:** We will continue to pursue corporate sponsorships and donations that will propel us to be more creative and embark on projects, which may be languishing due to lack of funds.
- **Growth:** Each of us knows at least one local Bengali who is not actively part of Suchona.

## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

We need to reach out to all Bengalis in the area who share an interest in our culture and include them in the Suchona family. Inclusion of new members will create fresh impetus and we will not only survive but thrive for many years to come.

Our goals cannot be fully accomplished instantly. However, we will certainly progress with a tremendous amount of collective enthusiasm and commitment. Suchona stands for "Spirit of Bengalis in Eastern Iowa and Illinois" and this event is a true reflection of that cohesive spirit.

I would like to thank all the Alumni members that have travelled and taken time out of their busy schedule to be physically present amongst us. This signifies they still care and have a special place in their heart for Suchona.

An event of this stature cannot be organized without volunteers and meticulous teamwork. I would like to thank the Steering Committee, Governing body, Cultural team, Fundraising team, Decoration team and all the other volunteers for their commitment and hard work to make this event a reality. It took hours of planning and dedication out of everyone's busy schedule.

I hope you all enjoy 'Utsab' and I look forward to your continuous support.

Best Regards,  
Debashis Chatterjee



## FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

ROMY LODH - SHRAVONII PAUL



Dear Friends & Family,

Suchona is more than just a social gathering; it's a whirlwind of emotions. As we plan and prepare for our 25th year, we're riding a rollercoaster of feelings—a mix of excitement, eagerness, a touch of stress, joy, and happiness. We've had moments of laughter, restlessness, and anticipation, all intertwined with memories. And the cherry on top is the upcoming reunion event, where we can relive the good times from then and now.

This magazine is our way of capturing and sharing these emotions between its pages, as experienced and expressed by our members and loved ones. We hope that, when you revisit these pages in the future, it will bring a smile to your face and help you relive those cherished moments.

Our sincere thanks to Praneel Samanta for his support and contributions to the magazine compilation, which started back in 2022. And a very special thanks to Sushant Sengupta for printing and sponsoring our Hoi-Choi magazine and flyers for this 25th year.

We're incredibly grateful to all our members, families, donors, sponsors, the wider Indian community, and everyone who played a significant role in making this event a success.

Here's to the next 25 years and beyond.

Warm regards to all.

# Down the Memory Lane

Sukumar Ghosh

Immigrants, all over the world, start looking for their own identity. Towards the end of the 20th century, it was pretty much the same story with the Bengalis who migrated to Iowa and started looking for their own identity. Those were the pre-9-11 days, life was easier, the world was less polluted, people were more trusting, and the environment was conducive to the growth of religious and cultural activities. What the Bengali immigrants were looking for was a platform. It all started in 1985 with the celebration of the first Saraswati Puja in Latika Bhatnagar's Iowa City house, followed by almost yearly such Puja celebrations at the International Center lounge of the University of Iowa, and Spring or Fall (Bijoya) cultural events either at the basement of Wesley Hall (120 N. Dubuque St) or McBride Hall auditorium of the University of Iowa. Jishnu and Jayeeta Sen were involved in cultural activities from the very early days, and their hard work and sincerity indeed paid off. Sumita Ghosh was the anchor of religious activities. Every year we waited for the new arrivals and looked for what talents they have brought with them to showcase to all of us. Indeed, many of them had talents in dance, music, and acting. We started putting together small performances in and around the campus of the University of Iowa. Resources were scarce, but there was no shortage of enthusiasm.

Following the Y2K scare (some may not be familiar with this now) near the turn of the millennium, there was an influx of software professionals in the Cedar Rapids area, which boosted the Bengali population. Although many of them were here for a very short period, some took interest in these activities, and the question of forming an official platform came up. In one summer afternoon of 1997, there was a meeting of the Bengalis, where the name Suchona was chosen for the new organization..



*The first Durga Puja of Iowa was held in Central Park Presbyterian Church, 1700 B Ave NE, Cedar Rapids. It was a grand success and received good press coverage too*

Satyapriya Roy (then a Rockwell employee) was instrumental in drafting the first constitution and the first governing body consisted of Latika Bhatnagar, Kalpataru Barman (he later started Calcuttaweb.com), Diptesh Das, Sukumar Ghosh (President), Malay Kar, Runa Musib, Malasri Das-Roy (Treasurer), Jishnu Sen (Secretary). Since then, sadly, three members, Latika Bhatnagar, Satyapriya Roy, and Malay Kar passed away

Starting Durga puja was, however, another story. During the late 80s most of us used to go to Chicago for the Puja celebration. During the 90's some of us started attending Durga Puja at the Hindu Temple of Minneapolis. In 1997, we found out that the Minneapolis Hindu Temple was planning to bring a new image of Durga from Kolkata.

So we inquired what will be done to the current idol and learned that they would perhaps give it away to some organization. Immediately, negotiations started, and after some time, Minneapolis Hindu Temple authorities informed that they were willing to give it to us for a donation of \$101, on condition that we have to perform Durga puja regularly. So, one morning in 1998, Dr. Chirantan Ghosh and I drove to Minneapolis, and carried the idol back to Iowa City in a minivan. It was placed in the puja room of our house in Iowa City. This is the idol that we had worshipped till 2018 for our Durga puja.



The old idol was moved to the Hindu temple of Eastern Iowa in Cedar Rapids, and from there it was shifted to the Vedanta Society of Iowa, housed at the residence of Tirthankar and Nandini Banerjee in Cedar Rapids.

The first Durga Puja of Iowa was held in Central Park Presbyterian Church, 1700 B Ave NE, Cedar Rapids. It was a grand success and received good press coverage too. For various reasons, we failed to acquire the same venue for the next year's puja and had to shift to a different facility in Atkins, about 10 miles west of Cedar Rapids. Note that the Hindu Temple in Cedar Rapids was not there at that time, and our Durga puja was attended by many people outside the Bengali community. Since the third year (i.e. 2000) the puja has been consistently held in the Scottish Rite temple in downtown Cedar Rapids, except for 2007, when exorbitant rent escalation forced us to move the puja to a smaller facility in North Liberty. In 2001, the famous Bengali poet Joy Goswami was visiting Iowa City as a part of the International Writers Program of the University of Iowa, and he was an honored guest of our Durga puja celebration, where he participated by reciting poems from his own book, as well as poems on the 9/11 incident (that he learned about first hand during his stay in Iowa City). Over the past few years, due to the rising cost, the venue of Durga Puja had been shifted to different places in the neighborhood – these include a smaller hall at the Scottish Rite Temple in Cedar Rapids, the Montgomery Hall in Iowa City Fairgrounds and the Clear Creek Amana School in Tiffin, Iowa.

*Picnics and get-togethers*



Suchona is also proud of its philanthropic endeavors: for the first 4-5 years since starting Durga puja, Suchona was able to make small donations to local and international charities. It was a good gesture to the state and the community that we live in. For some reasons, the practice has not been continued in the subsequent years.

We were fortunate to have Mr. Krishna Sastry, a resident of Cedar Falls, IA as our priest for Durga puja -- he continued with this for several years. We appreciate his sincerity and dedication. Never did he accept any money in exchange for his services – instead, he donated to various charities whatever money Suchona offered him. Unfortunately, a few years ago, he suddenly passed away. Since then Viraj Anavkar of Cedar Rapids has taken over as the priest of our Durga Puja. His sincerity, humility and dedication are really admirable.

The main driving force behind Suchona's onward march was a vibrant cultural base. For more than decade, every year, Suchona members would regularly meet and rehearse for the cultural events to be staged during Durga Puja. There were no social media or Google hangout at that time -- during the summer months, enthusiastic members would assemble at the University of Iowa Field House for drama and dance rehearsals under the able guidance of Jishnu and Jayeeta Sen, often accompanied by Subhasis Mukherjee, then a resident of Moline. Subhasis himself was an accomplished Tabla player, and served as a resource person for contacting well-known musicians from India.





*Durga Puja celebrations with the new idol , pic from 2019 Durga Puja held at Unitarian Universalist Society*

During Durga Puja, there was such a strong participation of the Bengalis from Iowa City, Cedar Rapids, Ames, Bettendorf and Moline that we would often forget that we were living outside India.

I did not try to name the numerous other people who actively participated and contributed to the activities of Suchona, since any omission will offend people whose names may have been inadvertently left out. Also, my summary is heavily biased towards the first 10-12 years of Suchona, since during the subsequent years, my contact with mainstream activities of Suchona faded quite a bit. Nevertheless, this article will give the readers an idea about the history of Suchona, and I hope that the younger generation will build on this foundation to take Suchona to new heights.



# সূচনার সাথে সূচনা

## Message from Raajhorshee I

সূচনার ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর  
 হাজার - হাজার - হাজার - হাজার  
 স্মৃতি, অনেক গল্প, অনেক স্মৃতি  
 অনেক স্মৃতি, অনেক স্মৃতি, IOWA স্মৃতি  
 সূচনার সাথে ওরা স্মৃতিতে আছে  
 সূচনা হলো, শ্রাবণী আর ওর স্মৃতি  
 আর স্মৃতি স্মৃতিতে তৈরি হলো নতুন  
 বাংলা ছবি - সাদা রঙের পৃথিবী  
 ও শ্রাবণী - ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর  
 ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর - ২৫ বছর  
 IOWA তে ছবি তোলা, স্মৃতি স্মৃতি  
 অনেক গল্প, অনেক স্মৃতি

রাজর্ষি

সূচনার ২৫ বছর উপলক্ষে সবাইকে জানাই আমার আন্তরিক শুভেচ্ছা।  
 অনেকগুলো বছর আর তার সাথে অনেকগুলো স্মৃতি, অনেকগুলো গল্প,  
 অনেক না বলা কথা, অনেক সত্যি হবেই স্বপ্ন ..

আমার কলকাতার অনেক পুরোনো কমরেড শ্রাবণী আর ওর সুন্দর  
 দেখতে বর সুশান্ত সূচনার সাথে অনেকদিন ধরে যুক্ত। অনেকটা পথ ওরা  
 একসাথে চলছে সূচনার সাথে। ওরা IOWA তে থাকে।

সূচনার ২৫ আর আমাদের প্রায় একটা নব জন্ম হলো। শ্রাবণী আর  
 সুশান্ত প্রযোজনা করলেন আর আমার পরিচালনায় তৈরি হলো নতুন  
 বাংলা ছবি সাদা রঙের পৃথিবী।

আপনাদের প্রার্থনা, শুভকামনা, ভালোবাসা যেন সবসময় আমাদের  
 সাথে থাকে। সূচনার জুনের উৎসব থেকে দুগ্লা পুজো আর তারপর  
 রিলিজ - IOWA তে আসবে সাদা রঙের পৃথিবী। কয়েকদিনের অপেক্ষা  
 মাত্র।

ভালো থাকবেন সবাই খুব ...

রাজর্ষি

রাজর্ষি

Photograph by Stuti Gupta



Photograph by Snigdha Dutta



sd

# শেষ ইচ্ছে (অগুগল্ল)

শ্রীজিৎ দাশ

-অরুন্ধতীর নিখর শরীরটা নিমতলা শ্মশানের চুল্লিতে ঢুকিয়ে দিয়ে অমরেশ আর অনিন্দ্য শ্মশানের গেটের উল্টোদিকের চায়ের দোকানের বেঞ্চিতে এসে বসে। পাশাপাশি।

বসেই অমরেশ ভাবে, পাক্কা আট বছর পর এইভাবে, অনিন্দ্যর এত কাছাকাছি বসে আছে সে। অরুন্ধতীর মুখটা ভেসে ওঠে। এমনটাইতো চেয়েছিল অরুন্ধতী, তাই না? শেষদিন পর্যন্ত চেয়েছিল বাপ আর ছেলের মিটমাট হয়ে যাক, যাতে আবার সবাই আগের মত একসাথে থাকতে পারে। কম চেষ্টাও করেনি। অরুন্ধতীর পক্ষে যতখানি করা সম্ভব ছিল, তার থেকে বেশীই করেছিল। তবু পারেনি.....

অমরেশের গা ঘেঁসে বসে ঠিক একই কথা অনিন্দ্যও ভাবছিল। বাড়ি ছেড়ে চলে আসার পর থেকে আর কোনদিন মায়ের মুখে সেই আগের ঝলমলে হাসি দেখতে পায়নি অনিন্দ্য। অনেকবার মনে হয়েছে, মায়ের কথা ভেবেই না হয়..... তবু বাবার মতই নিজের ইগো থেকে বেরাতে পারেনি! ইস, মা যদি এখন দেখতে পেত.....

অমরেশ আর অনিন্দ্যর কথাগুলো শুনতে পেয়েও কেমন অদ্ভুত নির্বিকার থাকে অরুন্ধতী। শুধু ঠোঁটের কোণে একটা হাল্কা তাচ্ছিল্যের হাসি। এতদিনে এই স্বার্থপর মানুষদুটোকে অরুন্ধতী খুব ভাল করে চিনে গেছে। কাল থেকেই আবার এরা আগের মতই থাকবে। অরুন্ধতী জানে, শ্মশানে বসে এসব ভাবটাই দস্তুর! তবু, তবু ভীষণ ইচ্ছে হয় আরও খানিকটা সময় ধরে পুড়তে.....



**MATI KHANTI, KHANTI MATI**  
**(SAVE SOIL.ORG)**  
**[BY ROMY LODH]**

Some time back, Sri Sri RamaKrishna Paramhansa had uttered the simple truth, “Taka Mati, Mati Taka” (Literal translation: Money is soil, soil is money... implying money is as worthless as soil, which is considered to be of little value to the common man. People run after money, but money cannot buy real happiness). Unfortunately, the majority of humanity did not truly understand his words and instead implicitly or explicitly believed in, “Taka Khanti, Khanti Taka” (implying money is very valuable). And now, I’d like to share with you that if we continue on our current course of unconscious negligent behavior toward soil or the environment in general, pretty soon we will all be saying, “Mati Khanti, Khanti Mati!” (Soil is very valuable). Well it has always been so but many have ignored that fact for the most part.

In early 2022 I first heard the phrase, “Soil is going extinct” and I thought what a ridiculous notion it is given that we live on a giant mudball! As I got involved with the Conscious Planet’s SaveSoil movement, I understood that it is cultivable/agricultural soil that is going extinct. And non-cultivable soil means no agriculture, so no food production. It is that simple!

I am a SaveSoil volunteer (one of 16mil+) and I’m helping spread awareness of the global soil crisis. The Save Soil (SaveSoil.org) movement aims to save (cultivable) soil from extinction by raising awareness among 4 billion+ people and increasing organic content in soil to a minimum of 3-6% through policy changes across all nations.

**Issue:** (Agricultural) Soil is going extinct i.e. we won't be able to grow food in the future due to desertification. Agriculture, deforestation, and other factors have degraded and eroded topsoil at alarming rates. Globally, 52% of agricultural land is already degraded. The planet is in crisis. If current rates of soil degradation continue, this would be the end of life as we know it. By 2050 90% of the world's soil could be degraded i.e. within the lifetime of the majority of the people alive today, especially the youth.

**Solution:** Governments across the world need to introduce policies to reverse desertification by increasing organic content in soil to a minimum of 3% to 6%.

**How:** YOU and I can help raise awareness of the soil crisis amongst our family, friends, colleagues, and on social media by using the hashtag #SaveSoil and sharing a soil fact from SaveSoil.org or other credible sources.

You can also join the Save Soil movement [here](https://consciousplanet.org/action-now) (https://consciousplanet.org/action-now) and help spread the word on social media (only needs ~10min/day of your time). Since the Save Soil movement started, so far 74 nations have signed Memorandums of Understanding or shown their support for the movement. Additionally, UN organizations, such as UNCCD and the Food and Agriculture Organization, the **World Economic Forum**, and many other global organizations support the Save Soil movement. Global leaders, such as **Dr. Jane Goodall** and Klaus Schwab, soil scientists, such as Dr. Rattan Lal and Dr. Jo Handelsman, and influencers, such as Tom Brady, will-i-am, and Rosario Dawson, also have come together in support of the movement... among many other [supporters](https://consciousplanet.org/our-supporters) (https://consciousplanet.org/our-supporters). The Save Soil movement has been featured on [The Daily Show with Trevor Noah](#), [The Guardian](#), and many other major news and social media platforms.



I had also reached out to Iowa soil expert, Dr. Rick Cruse of **Iowa State University**, and he immediately agreed to support (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XCC3xtE2Nmc>) this great cause. In a 2018 TEDx talk [<https://youtu.be/3mClrxhNsBs>] (not related to the #SaveSoil movement) he said Soil is being lost in Iowa TEN times faster than it is being replaced! This goes to show that while scientists across the globe are aware of the crisis, we need the masses to raise their voices so that governments are encouraged to make appropriate policy changes to save soil.

Few other areas where I have been able to bring awareness in our

Iowa: ● SaveSoil information booth at the University of Iowa's Decarbonization Summit during Earth week, Apr 21, 2022

● Iowa City Community School District (ICCS) superintendent, Matt Degner, agreed to bring awareness of the SaveSoil movement in our local schools. Currently there is traction in the elementary schools and that effort is just getting started.

● Information booth at the Iowa City Farmer's market

● Shared information and posters at the Iowa State Capitol in Des Moines ● Presented to about 30 students at a middle school summer camp

● Coralville Mayor, Meghann Foster, proclaimed March 21, 2023 as SaveSoil Day. And, with YOUR support, we can have a much broader reach in Iowa and the rest of the world!

Thank you for your time and efforts on sustainability for our and the next generation's future.

**#SaveSoil... Let's make it happen!**

**The issue and solution in one picture:**

The issue and solution in one picture:



**Every second,**  
one acre of soil  
becomes desert  
- UNCCD



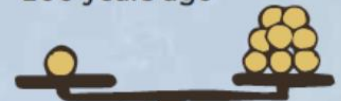
**52%**  
of world's  
agricultural soil is  
already degraded  
- ELD Initiative



World's soil can  
nourish crops  
only for another  
**60 years**  
- UN FAO

**8 oranges**

today have the same  
nutrients as 1 orange  
100 years ago



## How To Make Soil Alive

Soil needs organic content  
to nourish crops.

Organic content comes from  
plant & animal waste.



### Soil is dead



Plant &  
animal waste  
added to soil



Soil organisms feed  
on organic content.  
Generate nutrients  
for plants



Soil becomes rich

Cheaper & Nutritious Food  
Less Climate Change  
More Biodiversity  
Less Poverty



Plants and  
animals grow  
and flourish



Government  
Policy In  
192 Nations

Minimum 3-6%  
Organic Content  
For Living Soil



**Action  
Now**

## Save Soil Supporters



Kiss the Ground: A must watch documentary! (Available on Netflix, Youtube or for free on SaveSoil.org)

# KISS the GROUND

NETFLIX

SEPTEMBER 22

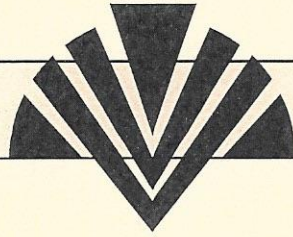


Clicks with Herky and Cy!



Dancing with Masai in Kenya - #SaveSoil Edition :)





**PROCLAMATION  
CITY OF CORALVILLE**

*WHEREAS, "Save Soil" is a global movement, launched by Sadhguru, uniting world leaders, visionaries, influencers and citizens of all nations behind a common purpose – to restore and safeguard the world's soil; and*

*WHEREAS, "Save Soil" aims to address the global soil crisis, recognizing that 52% of the world's agricultural soils are already degraded, and by 2050, 90% of Earth's soil could be degraded; and*

*WHEREAS, addressing soil degradation issues would bring solutions for the loss of biodiversity, nutritional deficiencies, food security, water scarcity, climate change and mass migration; and*

*WHEREAS, the proposed solution is advocate for policies across all nations towards soil restoration and aim to increase organic content in agricultural soil to a minimum of 3-6%; and*

*WHEREAS, in an effort to raise awareness and activate support from leaders and citizens alike, Sadhguru was on a 30,000 km journey as a lone motorcyclist covering 27 nations over 100 days since March 21, 2022; and*

*WHEREAS, this movement is supported by 81 nations globally.*

*NOW, THEREFORE, I, Meghann Foster, Mayor of the City of Coralville, do hereby proclaim*

*MARCH 21, 2023*

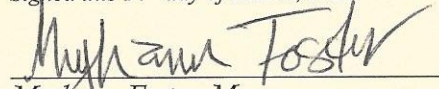
*as*

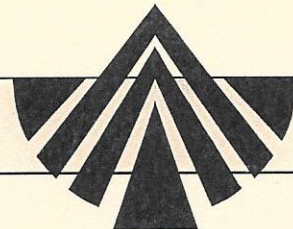
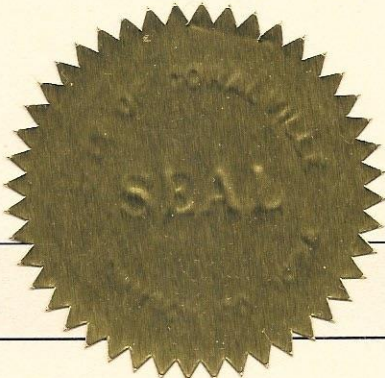
***SAVE SOIL DAY***

*in Coralville as soil is vital to all life and urge all citizens to be a part of the "Save Soil" movement to support national policies towards soil restoration and aim to raise the organic content of soil to a minimum of 3% - 6%.*

*BE IT FURTHER PROCLAIMED, that I urge all citizens to participate in creating bright futures for our children and the future of our planet.*

*Signed this 14<sup>th</sup> day of March, 2023*

  
*Meghann Foster, Mayor*

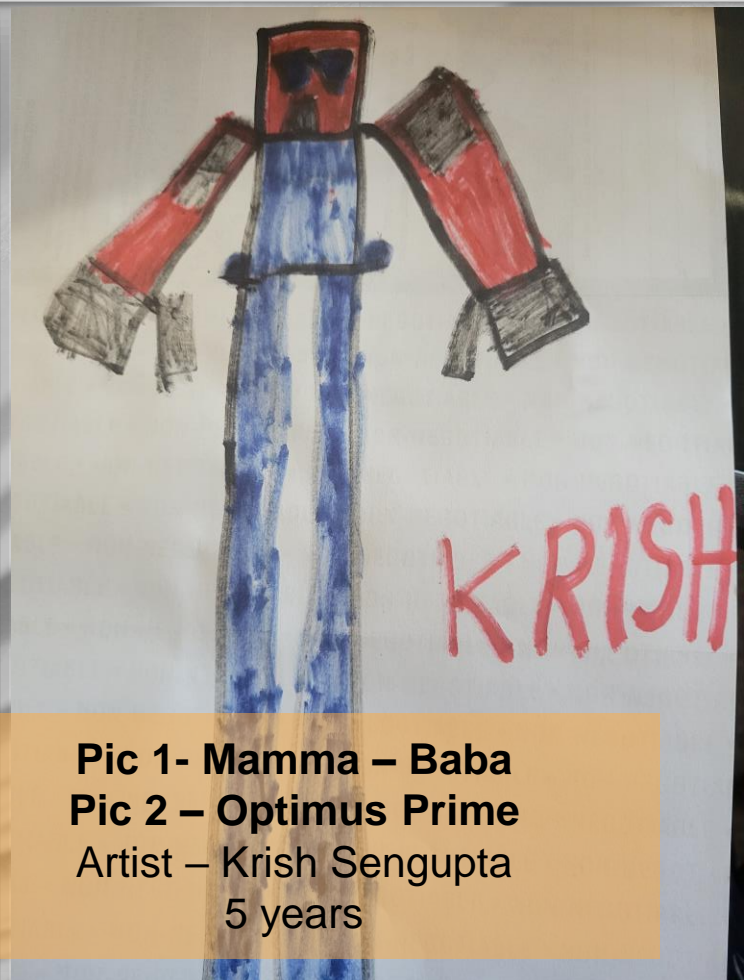
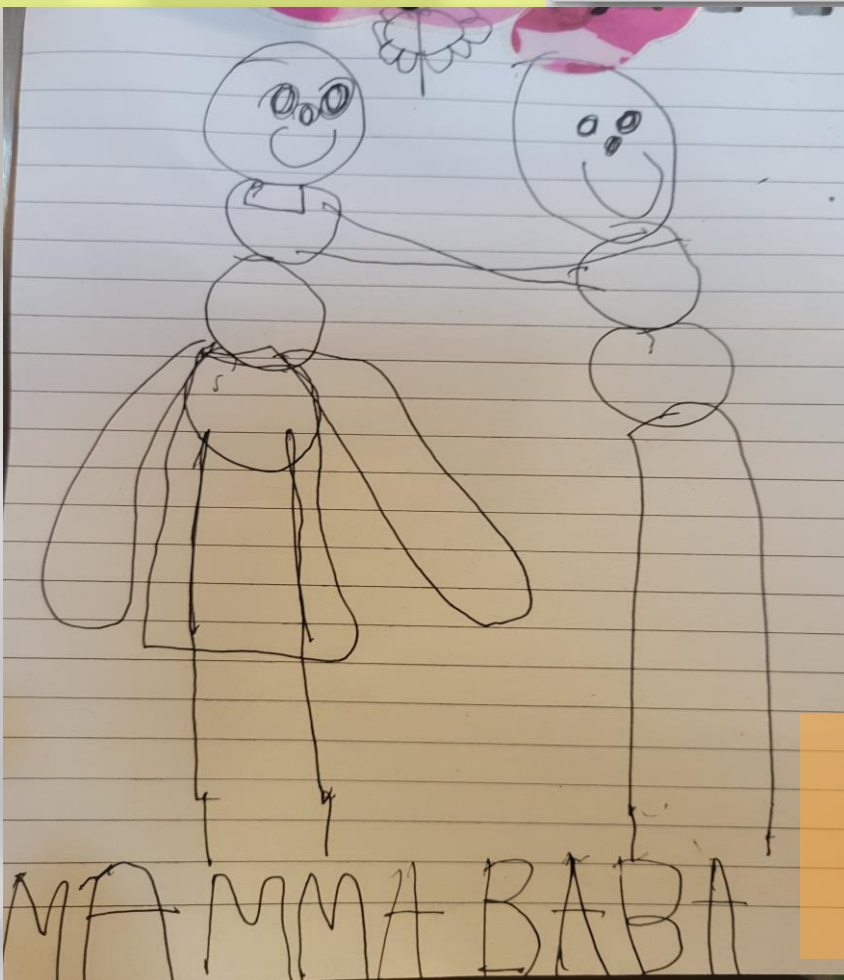


**Ma Durga**  
Artist - Rih Chatterjee  
9 years



*This world is  
but a canvas  
to our  
imagination!*

- Henry David  
Thoreau



**Pic 1- Mamma – Baba**  
**Pic 2 – Optimus Prime**  
Artist – Krish Sengupta  
5 years

Pic1  
Summer Days

Pic 2  
Our Universe in  
a nutshell

Artist:  
Adhrit Kalaver

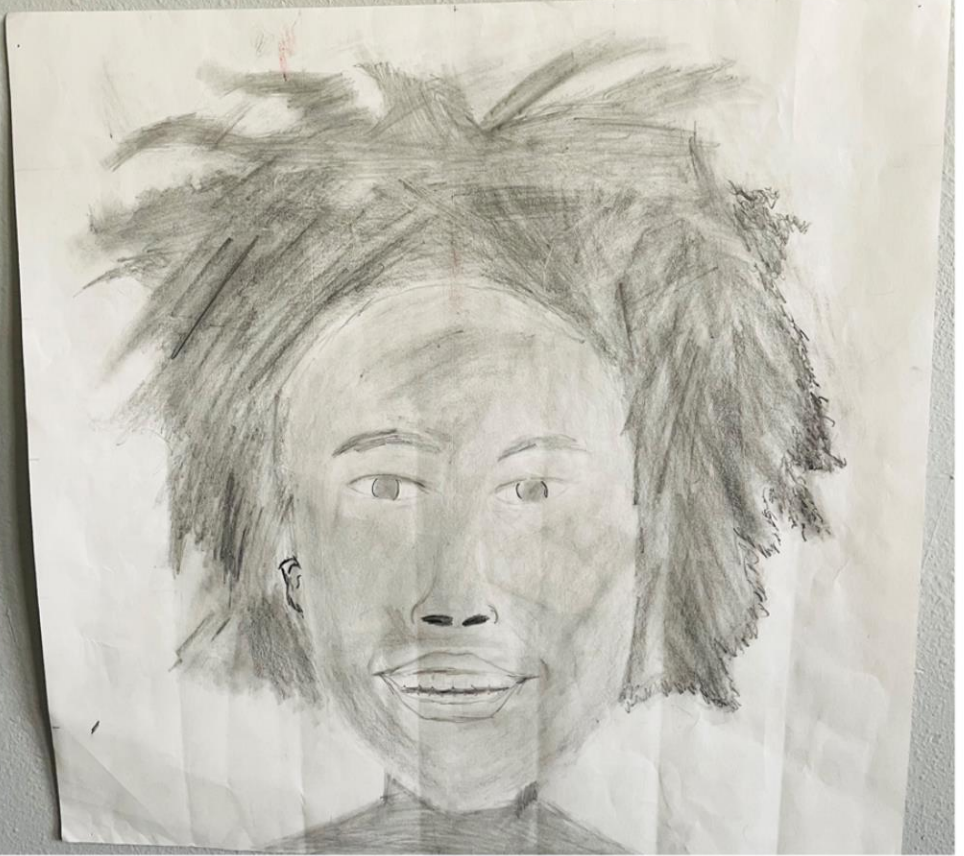


Pic1  
**Portrait of  
Soccer Player**

Pic 2  
**Messi**

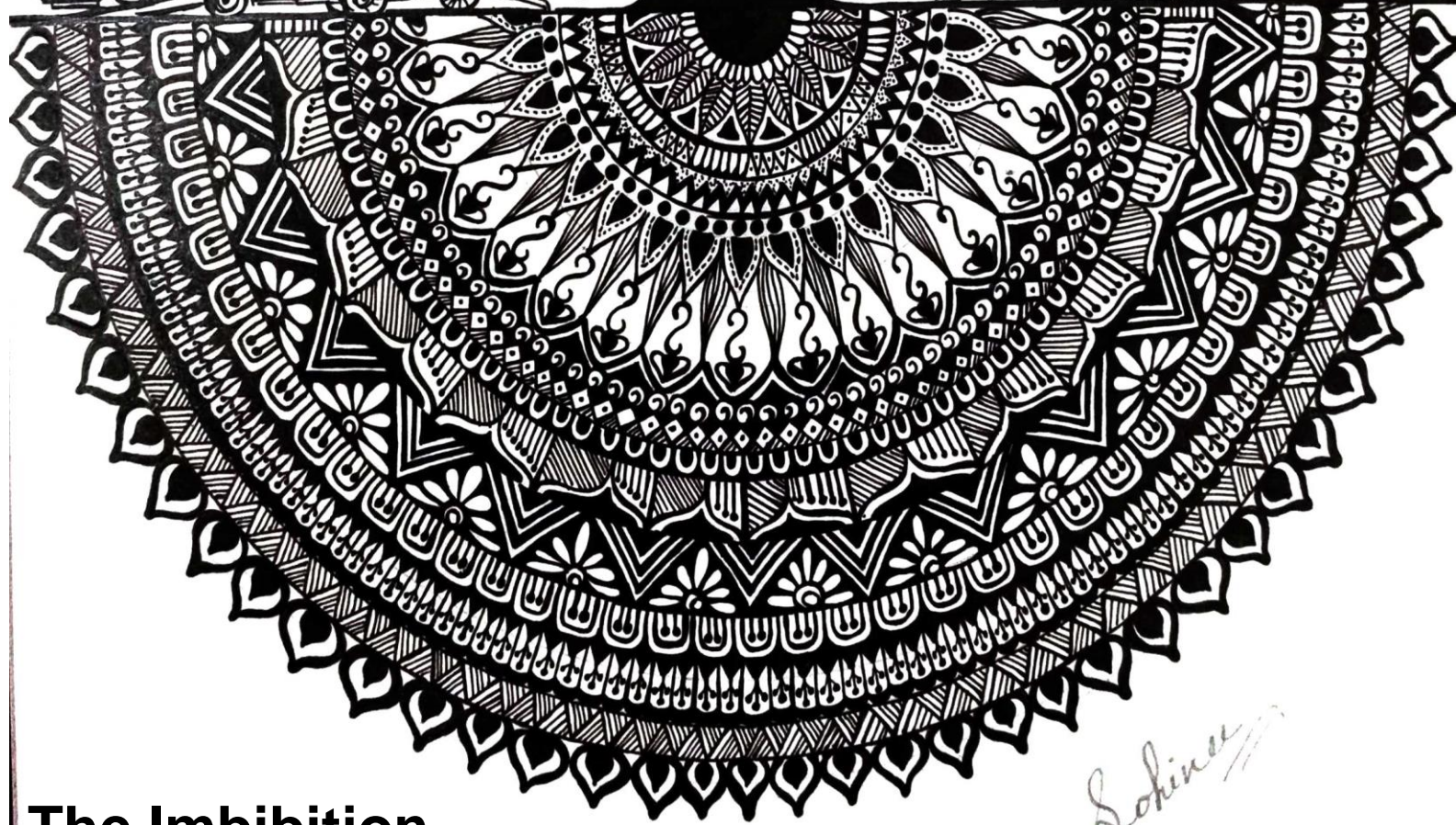
Artist:  
Advait Kalaver

# BROTHER





# The Imbibition



*Sohinee*

## The Imbibition

Mandala Art by Sohinee Barman



**Northern Lights**  
Acrylic painting on canvas  
Artist -Shrravonii Paul

# পেইন কিলার (অগুগল্ল)

শ্রীজিৎ দাশ

সুজয় আরেকটু ঘনিষ্ঠ হতেই গলাটা জড়িয়ে ধরে ফিসফিস করে পায়েল – “আজ নয়। প্লিজ। ব্যাক-পেইন-টা বড্ড বেড়েছে।” থমকে গিয়ে পায়েলের দিকে কয়েক সেকেন্ড তাকিয়ে থাকে সুজয়। “ওঃ, সরি, আগে বলবে তো!”-- একটা দীর্ঘনিঃশ্বাস ফেলে পায়েলের শরীর থেকে নেমে যায়।

পাশ ফিরে শোয় পায়েল। এপাশ ফিরে শুয়েই বুঝতে পারে সুজয় একবার টয়লেট থেকে ঘুরে এসে আবার পাশেই শুয়ে পড়ল। আধ ঘণ্টা কেটে যায়, কিন্তু পায়েলের কিছুতেই ঘুম আসছে না। নাঃ, আজ মনে হচ্ছে একটা পেইন কিলার না নিলে ঘুম আসবেনা।

খানিক পর সুজয়ের দিকে পাশ ফেরে পায়েল। সুজয় অঘোরে ঘুমোচ্ছে। বেডল্যাম্পের মৃদু আলোতেও সুজয়ের মুখটা স্পষ্ট দেখা যাচ্ছে। নির্লিপ্ত, নিশ্চিন্ত।

চমকে ওঠে পায়েল। আধঘণ্টা আগেও তো সুজয়কে একটুও ক্লান্ত লাগেনি। আর পায়েলের অত কষ্ট হচ্ছে জেনেও ..... হঠাৎ খুব কান্না পায় পায়েলের। ব্যথাটা তীব্র হয়।

দৌড়ে উঠে গিয়ে ঘরের সব আলো জেলে দিয়ে আবার সুজয়ের মুখের ওপর ঝুঁকে পড়ে পায়েল। তন্ন তন্ন করে খুঁজতে থাকে ..... একটা, শুধু একটা দুশ্চিন্তার দাগ। থুড়ি, পেইন কিলার!

# She

She was the work of art,  
Beatific in its way,  
Unbaffled, unruffled,  
She was the purest of kind,  
And suddenly  
the artist took her soul away,  
in the wind, a cruel sway...  
Bereaved, all black she was,  
Emptiness was the way of her eyes,  
But now  
she grew a little art herself,  
Her soul, her white, her light she'd say,  
was now something  
that could get people baffled,  
get people ruffled,  
cause that was the one who was  
Ruffled itself...

-kindu

Photograph by Snigdha Dutta



Photograph by Pravakar Paul

# Through Music into Healing

- Bimal K. Pal .

Scientists and clinical researchers all over the world have accepted Music, rhythm, tone and sound as a healing modality.

About " Sky Music" in the Encyclopedia Britannica - ( vol.2 ,9th edition,page747)

"Pythagoras having remarked the relation which subsists between the tone of a musical chord and the rapidity of it's vibration, was led by analogy to extend the same relation to the planets and to suppose that they emit sounds proportional to their respective distances and form a celestial concert too melodious to affect the gross organs of mankind " .

According to Pythagoras each planet rules a specific musical note. The vibrational number of each such note is different since the speed/orbital movement of planets are different . According to him Sun's tremor creates the note 'C' (Indian "सा"). Similarly, vibrations of other planets creates other notes. In the same way "D" ( Indian "रे-खाषभ ") by Saturn, "E"- ("गा- gandhar") by Mercury , "F" (म- Madhyam") by Moon, "G" (पा Pancham) by Mars , "A"-("दा" Dhoibot) by venus, and "B"( -नि Nishad) by Jupiter .Hence human body is intimately connected with musical notes!

We all know that universe cannot be restricted to fixed definition. But it is fact that all life forces get energy from the sunlight, moonlight, rain, water, air and soil and the invisible divine sound of the sky. The distinctions and differences that held good in other times and climes can have no sense or value in the world of music. Music means the " world is one!". Music has no boundaries, barriers nor divides.

Human nervous system responds very strongly to melodies and rhythm as our bodies have electrical channels and network of nerve fibers which works for Healing.

There is sound within Music but not all sounds are Music. A soft and sweet melody induce relaxation and reduce stress.<sup>1</sup>

If you sing a song alone in a solitary home or in a desert -

Though alone -

You will have an audience!

The soul within you! -

"The almighty- Paramatma".

Poetry is wisdom-composed of Sweet Words that enchant the heart !

That make song of birds!

Poetry composed in sweet tones

That sings in the minds and bones!

If we can intone and chant" OM

We can enchant the minds of others too!

A song can inspire life,

A song can make you cry!

A song can make you smile,

A melodious rhythm can make you dance.

A song can stimulate nerves for sleep!

Life adds, synthesizes, as sound creates tones and melodies.

Mozart's symphony & Beethoven 's Music surge are still immortal and so is the voice of Lata Mangeshkar or other immortal genius!

According to mythological doctrine- Krishna played flute to invite Gopikas with the help of melodious tunes. Enchanting melody played by Krishna turned night to be pleasant and liberated all Gopikas from their duties and engagements!

As the melodious flute became self luminous sound to perfect the nervous systems and vitality !

Bhairav (Raga)- Bhairon

Bhairav has its name from "Bhairava" -an incarnation of Lord Shiva. The Raga is identified with Peace and Devotion.

Guru Nanak, Guru Ramdas and many more used this Raga in their composition.

According to mythology it is the first Raga. It is believed that it emanated from the voice of Lord Shiva!

For Peace of life one must be able to realise a psychological harmony within.

This " Bhairav- ভৈরব ঠাট" and Raga "Malkaush মালকৌষ" have significant resemblance and are late night/early morning Raga. These ragas are extremely effective for blood resonance. Disorders of blood circulation, High or low blood pressure , irregular breathing etc, are corrected when the patient is absolutely receptive .

Vocal harmonics can create changes in our physiology, such as slowing down our heart rate and respiration, changing our brain wave patterns, releasing certain neuro-transmitters and hormones . According Jonathan Goldman, President of Spirit Music, - "Intent is the key factor when using the voice or the instruments, to heal. According to him the person desire healing to occur, must be receptive for Healing.

Music can produce magical results on our physical, mental, emotional and spiritual wellbeing – and even has subtle healing qualities.

So, whenever you listen to music, Enjoy!





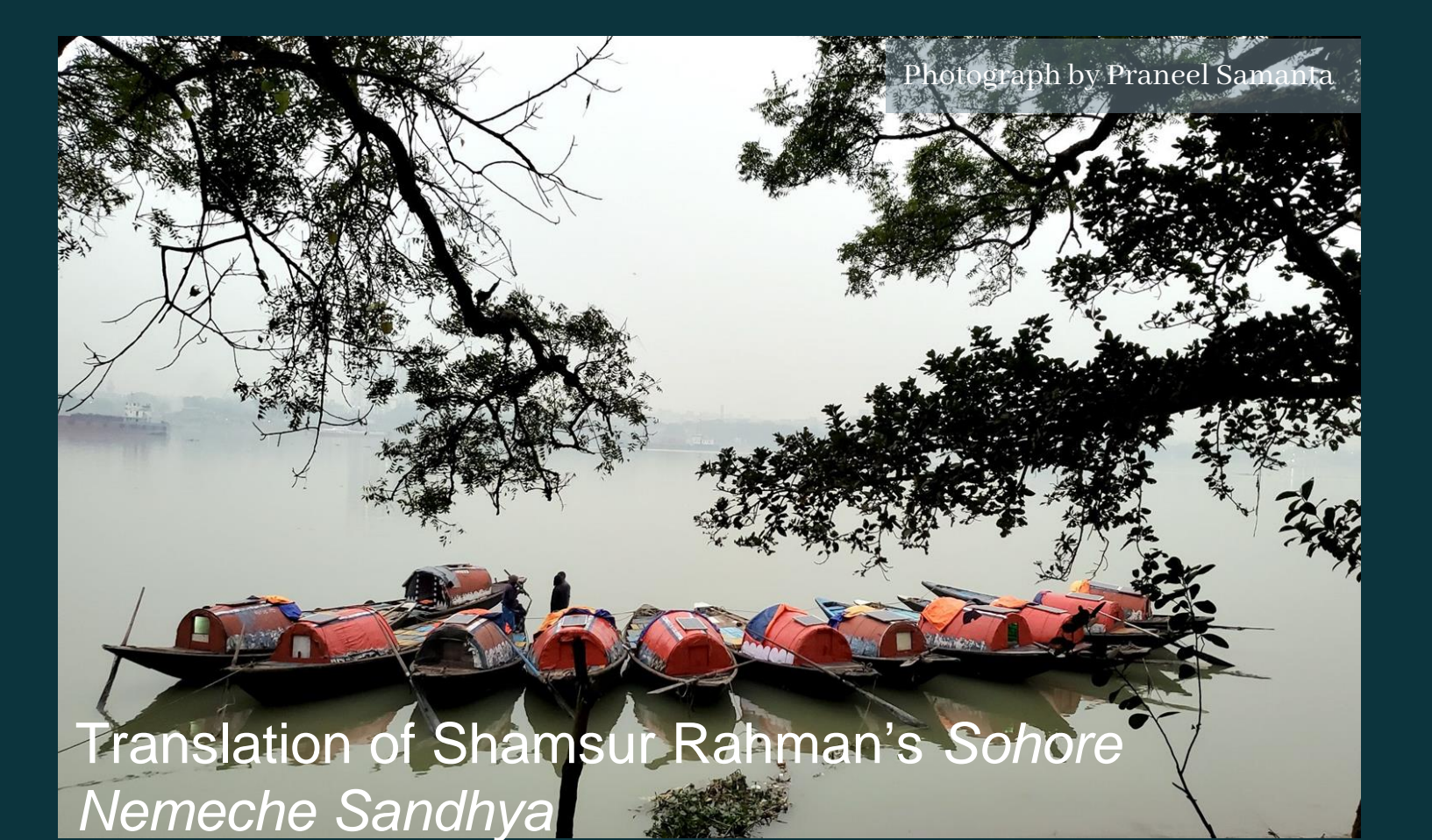
Oh Sh\*t!

To shade my space with colors in brim  
Reaching for red, I spoil it with green  
The patches of unknown shade trips down  
My soul is now wrapped in a green gown  
Whose lament was so new underneath?  
that even I was being strange a bit...  
Oh, the spoiled color – I get  
“Oh Sh\*t!” were the words I made

Even a superlatively taken cautious sip  
With my strongest grip, they trip  
And here comes the broken sharp edge  
My heart is now threatened into cage  
So fragile my heart, with traces of faith  
Was again being strange, sees only wraith  
Oh, the faulty fall – I get  
“Oh Sh\*t!” were the words I made

While simplifying strangest bits of life  
If the heaviest burden comes alive  
Awestruck my mind would freefall through head  
Making me feel terrible, worn, and dead  
But if ever again I fade  
“Oh Sh\*t!” were the words to be made

-kindu



Translation of Shamsur Rahman's *Sohore*  
*Nemeche Sandhya*

-Praneel Samanta

Evening has descended on the city, like a silent priestess  
Kneeled in prayer. Unemployed youth on the sidewalk,  
An underfed clerk wanders around, walks past staring lustfully.  
Some people stand still like a painting, mistaking stores for mirages  
Some of them with hope flaming in their eyes.  
A tired bird-seller engages in a vicious argument  
With a disabled wanderer. Even a dream-filled policeman, habitually  
Blows his whistle. The dark veil trembles a little.

Evening enfolds me too in the darkness of her hair  
And rings a melancholic bell around every molecule  
Of my existence. Angry woodlands chase me  
With camouflaged soldiers from every direction  
My eyes close in fatigue, what overwhelming lust for life  
Did you awaken in my worn-out being?

# The Funny Man

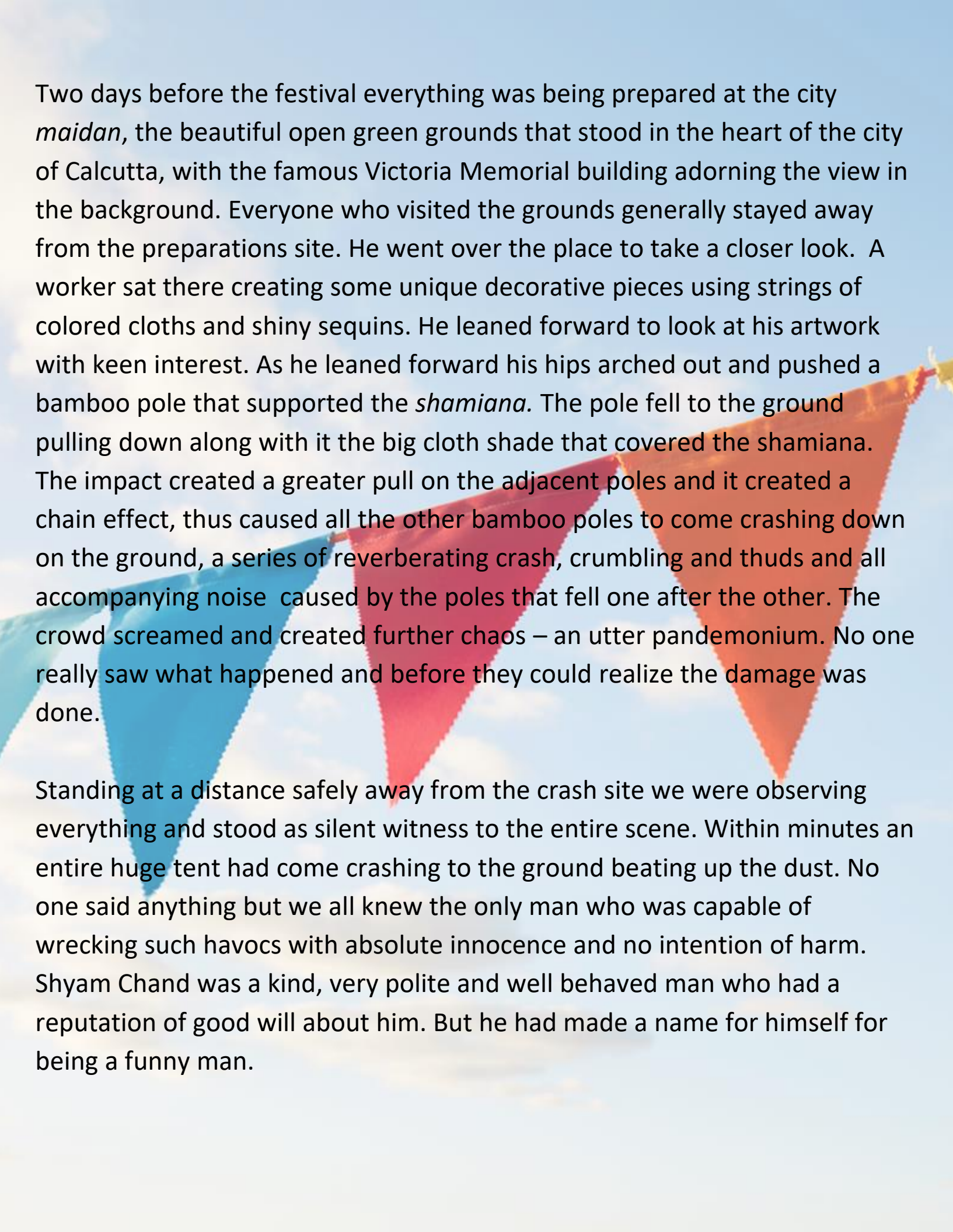
An extract from the book “ The Musings of a Wandering Mind –  
A Collection of Short Stories

Author - Shrravonii Paul

We all went for a trek, all twelve kids of the neighborhood. He was our guide and the only adult accompanying us. The hill we trekked was not too high but had slippery moss growing on the slopes because of the frequent showers. We trudged along in a line, and some were holding on some long sticks for balance. He climbed up by the side, stood few feet ahead of us and clapped his hands to draw our attention. He was warning us about the moss and told us to be careful enough not to slip and fall. We stopped to look at him as he spoke, all twelve pairs of attentive eyes. He finished talking and turned to continue his ascent. He tripped on a stone and slipped on the moss, and then went rolling down the hill. We saw him disappear into the prickly leaf hedge about twelve feet below.

And then the laughter broke out.

There was a festival and a grand celebration in the city. In those days of our childhood, any occasion that called for crowd celebrations meant building a big *shamiana* or tent that were supported by bamboo poles and decorated with colorful clothes and decorative pieces and seated all the guests and visitors.



Two days before the festival everything was being prepared at the city *maidan*, the beautiful open green grounds that stood in the heart of the city of Calcutta, with the famous Victoria Memorial building adorning the view in the background. Everyone who visited the grounds generally stayed away from the preparations site. He went over the place to take a closer look. A worker sat there creating some unique decorative pieces using strings of colored cloths and shiny sequins. He leaned forward to look at his artwork with keen interest. As he leaned forward his hips arched out and pushed a bamboo pole that supported the *shamiana*. The pole fell to the ground pulling down along with it the big cloth shade that covered the shamiana. The impact created a greater pull on the adjacent poles and it created a chain effect, thus caused all the other bamboo poles to come crashing down on the ground, a series of reverberating crash, crumbling and thuds and all accompanying noise caused by the poles that fell one after the other. The crowd screamed and created further chaos – an utter pandemonium. No one really saw what happened and before they could realize the damage was done.

Standing at a distance safely away from the crash site we were observing everything and stood as silent witness to the entire scene. Within minutes an entire huge tent had come crashing to the ground beating up the dust. No one said anything but we all knew the only man who was capable of wrecking such havocs with absolute innocence and no intention of harm. Shyam Chand was a kind, very polite and well behaved man who had a reputation of good will about him. But he had made a name for himself for being a funny man.

Not just because he was jovial or humorous by nature, but because even with his utmost innocent harmless actions he would end up doing something that would leave the people around him crack up into reverberating laughter. The interesting thing about this man was that he never tried to purposely do anything comic, but his actions would often end up the onlookers into some laughter riot. He never seemed to mind being the center of all jokes. On the contrary, he enjoyed seeing others happy even at the cost of his own esteem.

But people loved him for more reasons than one. He was honest, polite and helpful. There were few miserly neighbors who exploited his good nature to get a lot of work done without spending a penny, it somehow never bothered Shyam Chand , who was only happy to help. Sometimes the naughty kids in the neighborhood would tease and mock him. He would pass it off with a smile. He never got angry. In fact he was so calm that even though a few times I tried to trace every emotion or expression on his face when someone misbehaved, hoping to see some expression of wrath, to my surprise, I never saw any sign of irritation between his brows. His smile was contagious. His nature intrigued me. He had so much joy in him. His appearance invoked smiles amongst the onlookers. Some smiled because he was pleasant, and others because his very presence was like a threshold to another moment that could initiate immense laughter.

There was innocence in his aura. He was just a year shy of forty, but his eyes and smile was as bright as that of a child.

While returning home from school one day, my friend munched away on a banana and carelessly tossed the peel on the side of the road. As the rest of us protested for the sake of cleanliness and hygiene, the friend tried to reason out that he was only trying to help the squirrels by the roadside.

The childish conversations and arguments soon shifted attention to one frail figure that emerged out of the side streets. It was Shyam Chand. He was going somewhere to attend to his business. He saw us and smiled and then crossed over to our side of the road to offer us a shade from the scorching sun with his large black umbrella. We watched him as he walked towards us. He placed a foot on the banana peel and he slipped. He fell to the ground with a thud and his umbrella rolled away in the breeze. And then the laughter broke out.

I often felt guilty for laughing at the funny man, but I was caught in the paradox. His actions were indeed funny and not outrageously laughing at them, or at least not manifesting a smirk would have been a great act of self control. But what seemed like a consolation to my guilt was that he himself smiled sheepishly when he saw us laugh. It seemed like he was happy to see us happy; or at least that is how I reasoned in my mind each time I laughed.

I grew up seeing him just like this. Years passed but nothing changed around him. I often wondered, was he always like this? I used to wonder how anyone could be so happy and contented about life. It seemed like he had no pains, nor worries nor any troubles in his life. Was it true? I sometimes mused about what his life would have been from his experience and I used to think that even though he had a very simple humble lifestyle, he was probably one of those who never had a penchant for the material comforts and it was probably the way of life that he had desired and attained that made him such a happy man.

I would have probably forever dwelled in my false notions, until one fateful day that I had the chance to know him more closely and discovered those unknown facts about the funny man, which were not so humorous at all, but they literally answered all the questions that I harbored in my mind for over the years.

It was a summer afternoon somewhere in the wake of May. The sultry summer was at its peak and the weather forecasted the Nor'westers , commonly known as the *Kalbaishakhi* that was marked by violent thunder showers and storm around that time of the year. By the time our school got over for the day the dark rain clouds had covered the horizon and wind turned crisp. Tiny sharp specks of dust blew in the air like tiny sharp needles. As I walked briskly homewards from the bus stop, the wind turned violent. The dust particles thickened and it was impossible to see anything through that storm. A loud thunder tore across the skies and the rain came down in buckets. I knew I could not make it towards home which was still another few blocks away. I took the side street and knocked on that one door that I knew would always answer to anyone in distress.

I had often walked passed Shyam Chand's little abode but never went in there. With the storm outside leaving little chance of escape, for the first time I saw the place where he lived. And for the first time in all these years, had a chance to know in a way I never knew him at all.

He lived in a small one room house which was just a little bigger than our garage. At the right corner of the room was a small bed, and just above it was a wall mounted shelf which had about a dozen books neatly placed. At the other corner was an old stove with a tiny table that had few utensils. There were only two windows that were neatly covered with homemade curtains and one single sofa with simple upholstery. Everything in the room reeked of his simplistic lifestyle and humble nature. Nothing in the room really caught my eye except that one wall which faced his bed.

On that wall he placed the photographs of his family, his parents and his sister. And below the picture frame stood a closed chest covered with an old colorful blanket. I often remember people would say that Shyam Chand had some hidden treasures in his home, which were his family possessions.

As I looked intriguingly at the chest, he probably read my mind and pulled it up towards me and opened the lid to reveal his treasures. There in that old metal chest, covered in that old blanket, lay his most treasured possessions, his most cherished memories of his life.

There was a torn candy wrapper gingerly stuck inside an empty match box. As I look at it, he said, that it was the first candy that he had bought for his sister with his pocket money. She ate the candy, threw the wrapper, he saved it. There was little piece of paper that had turned pale and yellow over the years with some crayon marks scribbled on them. He reminisced how his little sister tore a sheet from her scrapbook and scribbled with crayon to make a birthday card for him. In that old metal chest he had placed every small and big things that he could save for over the years that reminded him of his sister. From the two broken buttons of her dress, to the one worn out lace with which she tied her hair, the little plastic ring that she wanted to buy at the town fair or the little blue hospital gown that she wore the last time that he saw her. He saved everything that reeked off her memories. It has been close to three decades that she had died, but she lived in his memories and in the treasure that he preserved.

As I glanced through his most treasured possession, he told me the story behind each of the things. As he shared his tales from his childhood , I could see his joy, his tears and his face filled with emotions that he had never displayed before us. For the first time I saw him cry, for the first time I saw him laugh so loud, for the first time I saw him look distressed and in despair as he recalled how life changed for him.

His parents worked at a construction site in the city and one day an accident claimed the lives of several laborers and his parents were among the unfortunate ones.



He was just twelve years old then and his sister was a few years younger to him. The sudden death of the parents left the two children not only orphaned but pushed the sister into a shock and depression. He shuddered as he recalled the time when the children were called to the construction site where the bodies of the dead laborers were laid down for identification. Seeing her parents' lifeless bodies the sister tried to call them repeatedly, hoping they would wake up. When her repeated cries and pleas did not go answered and as everyone tried to stop her and take her away , she gradually grew silent and soon went into stupor. She refused to talk or respond or do anything. Seeing her condition, some neighbors took her to the local hospital where she was diagnosed as chronically depressed and stated that it would be difficult to get her back to normal if she did not respond .Shyam Chand was too young to even understand what was happening and when he asked the doctors to tell him why his sister would not talk to him, one kind doctor explained that his sister was sad and unless he made her laugh, she would not get well soon. Not knowing what to do, he tried to talk to her or tickle her to laugh each day, but the nurses took him away from her as they did not want him to disturb the patient. Within the next few days the doctors reported that her body was refusing any food and within a week the news of her death reached the neighborhood.

At that young tender age, caught in a difficult time of his life where he lost his parents some days back and soon followed by his sister, he probably did not even understand what had happened, his entire life changed at the blink of an eye. The heavy difficult medical terms that the doctors meticulously used to define her symptoms never made their way to his conceptual understanding. All he knew was that his sister had forgotten to laugh, and she was sad. Years had passed but this truth always haunted him. She died because she forgot to laugh.

Lying there in his small room on his bed at the end of each day he would look at their pictures and remember his loved ones through his silent tears.

It had been a couple of hours since the rain had stopped, and the storm had mellowed down. The wind was still murmuring but the dust had settled down with the heavy showers. It was dark outside, and I knew my family would be worried, so I took his leave and walked back home. He had offered to walk me home, but I refused. I wanted to be alone.

I had never been more silent and introspective as I was that day. The events of the entire evening flashed before my eyes and the incidents of the bygone years and all our experiences about the funny man started to dawn upon me with a different level of realization that never occurred before. I was able to see more than what I knew over the years and perceive things that I never noticed earlier.

That day as I walked back home, I could not hold back my tears from flowing. I had always appreciated his good nature, but now I respected him more than ever. All these years we grew up laughing at that man, sometimes mocking him, teasing him, and laughing at his actions, only thinking how we made a fool of him. But hardly did we know that all these years he only acted like one so that he could make us laugh. He was spreading laughter and happiness around him, even if it is for a while, even if it was for that moment. But he was giving us all the reason to live. He gifted us the most expensive thing, that no one can buy, nor can anyone afford for all the money in the world- sheer Laughter!

Really, he was a funny man!

# অবচেতন

জিষ্ণু সেন



- বিকেল ঘনিষে সন্ধ্যা নামল,  
• বন্ধুর ডাকে দিবানিদ্রা টা গেল
- এদিকে চলে আয় নির্ভয়ে ,  
• খেলব মনের সুখে, যতক্ষণ ইচ্ছে
- নেই কোন হোমওয়ারকের চাপ ,  
• বা মা এর পড়তে বসার হাঁক
- গোধূলির ক্যানভাসে তখন বান্ধবীদের সিঁথি  
• পাশে ঘুমন্ত বউ , দূরে ছেলের হাসি
- জানি সম্ভলতা, কীর্তি বা ঠোঁটের উষ্ণতা  
• চেলা কাঠের আগুনে পাবে না পূর্ণতা
- রক্তের এক বিপুল বিপন্নতা গভীর নির্জনে,  
• আজও দেয় হাতছানি মনের গহনে
- ঘুমন্ত বউ আমার দিকে পাশ ফিরে শুল ।



Photographs: Snigdha Dutta

# FRIENDS ON A MISSION

By  
Aatreya Dutta

As Aatreya, Athira and Nishika said together “We are going to climb Appalachian Mountains”. As they trudged the oxygen that was dissolving, Nishika said “Maybe we should make a camp”. Then Athira exclaimed, “Where’s the camping gear?”. “I think I forgot it”, said Aatreya. “Now what are we going to do”, said Nishika. “I guess we’ll have to improvise”, said Athira. “Maybe we can build a lean to shelter”, said Aatreya. So, they started searching for wood. “Okay we have everything but how do we put it together”, said Nishika. Athira dug through her backpack, “Look guys I found the SAS handbook, we could get some advice from it”, said Athira. “It says to build it near a water source and food”, said Aatreya. “Wait we forgot we still need food and water”, said Nishika. “We have water from lake but we need food”, said Athira. “Hey guys, I saw a raspberry bush when we were climbing, it’s not that far”, said Aatreya. So Aatreya went looking for the berries while Athira and Nishika were building the lean to shelter. Aatreya was picking berries then to her amazement she saw a big bear, but she didn’t scream. She knew you should not make a noise when you see a wild animal. Then she slowly walked back....”I got the berries “ said Aatreya. “Good job guys, we have food, water and shelter,” said Nishika. “Wait we need fire”, said Athira. Aatreya went through her bag “Guys I found matches”, said Aatreya. “Hey Aatreya, can I have those matches and Athira, can I have the handbook?” said Nishika. “Oh yah, we can look at the steps of how to make fire,” said Athira. It says, “You need wood, something soft and rocks”, said Aatreya. “Okay Athira, get some wood and Aatreya get something soft, and I will get the rocks”, said Nishika.

- They had formed the rocks in a circle, they put the wood in a diagonal line, so the fire went up. They rubbed the match on the box, and they had fire. After they made the fire, they decided to go to bed. Right before Athira went to bed, she heard a howl coming from behind the lean-to. "Guys there is a wolf outside", said Athira. They ran like a cheetah to the peak of the mountain. "I think we lost it", said Aatreya. After they caught their breath, they noticed that they were at the peak, and they had low oxygen levels. "How will we get down?", said Nishika. "Why can't we just climb down?" said Athira. "Well, if we go down, we won't have enough oxygen left to go down", said Aatreya. She went through her bag, "I found a transmitter, let's see if it works", said Aatreya. Hello, hello is anyone there", said Nishika. "Hello, what's your problem", said the speaker. "Well, we're stuck on the peak of Appalachian Mountains, said Nishika. "We went hiking, and we got lost so we set up a camp at the north side of the mountain", said Aatreya. "Okay, we are sending a search party", said the speaker. The transmitter stopped. "I think we should go to the shelter", said Athira. Then they trudged along...That morning they tried to get another signal, but it was no use. There was a storm going. "What if they don't find us", said Aatreya. Then they heard a helicopter hovering down to them. "Yes, we are alive", said Nishika, Athira and Aatreya. It was their happiest day of their lives because they lived, no, even better they survived. After they were home, they told their parents everything about them being lost. When they were at their home, they drank lemonade. They lived happily even after.

\* \* \*



**The Mystic: Shiva**  
Acrylic on canvas  
Artist - Shrravonii Paul

# INCREDIBLE

By 'Mona Awesome Mojo'

Dear readers, how are YOU feeling today?? On top of your world, happy, FREE amazing, or kinda low, stressed, and down.

As you may realise that we are all INCREDIBLE, in our own unique ways...but sometimes, we just don't feel special because of various experiences and circumstances, and of course our own mindset, attitude.

Every rain drop becomes divine and clear, the grass greener, the shrubs, the flowers we walk by each day more beautiful and radiant, once we truly acknowledge the power our minds have on our lives. Well, if we start looking at ourselves as the only STAR in our lives, since it is our thoughts, feelings, emotions, and behaviour that influence our responses, actions, and choices which ultimately impact our success and satisfaction, then we can achieve a much more meaningful, happy, harmonious, productive, calm, and flourishing LIFE.

HAPPINESS is the new definition of WEALTH; happiness that springs from freedom, the ability to be ourselves without harming anyone, expressing ourselves with ingenuity and creativity, and stepping into our true authentic selves.



It only takes a shift in our mindset, choices, actions, and lifestyle to transform us to live in GLORY, with joy, positivity, confidence, competence, empowerment, SATISFACTION, prosperity, and happiness....and most of all to stop daily stress and grind.

We tend to cling to our unproductive habits, beliefs, superstitions, generalizations, even though they are nothing but a sinking ship, taking us down. It is amazing how our struggles just disappear (like I lost my excess-weight) as we give up on our limiting beliefs and embrace empowering strategies and actions.

The seriously weird part is that it is super easy to change our energies such that we vibrate positivity and thereby attract equal or higher levels of awesomeness in all forms into our lives.

I recently attended the Tina Turner Musical, here in Sydney where I live, and it felt surreal, a bizarre coincidence that I was privileged to relive her life and all her beautiful melodies just days before she passed on!!! I emerged with vitality and determination from her strength and perseverance!

We may be a speck, but an important, unique speck, with our very own individuality, in this massive, humongous, beyond fathomable creation. So, here is to our delightful journey on Planet Earth, a life full of appreciation and to being INCREDIBLE - Cheers!!

For further reading, please search for the eBook "The Art of Loving Life" on Amazon

# ভালোবাসার নানান তাক

- জয়িতা সেন

একটা ভালোবাসা আলমারির ওপরের তাকে তোলা থাকে

দামি বেনারসি র জরির মতো

কিশোর বয়সের তুলতুলে মনটার মতো

অনেক যত্নে ন্যাপথালিন মুড়ে রাখতে হয়,

অবরে সবরে বার করা

সম্রাজ্ঞীর মতো তার অহংকার

কোহিনুর হীরের মতো উজ্জ্বলতা

দুস্প্রাপ্য এবং সুদূরস্থ।।

আরেকটা ভালোবাসা রাখা থাকে

আলমারির মাঝের তাকে

শিফন শাড়ির মতো।

সে আছে

তার সারা শরীরে ঝিলিমিলি বাদলা চুমকির যৌনতার বুটি সাজ

তার ভ্রুভঙ্গীতে চন্দনের বনের ইশারা,

ক্ষণস্থায়ী, যেন শুধু এক সন্ধ্যের জন্য রাতপরীর গল্প।।

আলমারির সব থেকে নীচের তাকে রাখা থাকে  
আটপৌরে ভালোবাসা।

হলুদের দাগ লাগা, একটু যেন রংচটা,

রোজের গেরস্থালির সঙ্গে ওঠাবসা তার,  
নীরব নিষ্প্রভ।

কৌটোকাটার আওয়াজে, ভাত ফোটার ভোরে  
সে থাকে,

আঙ্গুলে আঙ্গুল না ছোঁয়া ছুটোছুটির সকালে  
সে থাকে,

বিপরীত মুখী শুয়ে থাকার কৃষ্ণপক্ষ রাতে  
সে থাকে,

তার সবটুকু গভীরতা নিয়ে

স্পর্শবিহীন নৈকট্য নিয়ে

মেঘেদের বারান্দা হয়ে

সে থাকে



# Utsab

Celebrating 25 years of Suchona



## A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA

Sa Re Ga Ma Pa Fame Singers



Shirsha



Debarpan

**Suchona association of Iowa invites you all to enjoy an evening of Indian musical extravaganza by SaReGaMaPa fame artists.**

**June 24th, Saturday, 8pm onwards.  
North Liberty High School**



## A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA Sa Re Ga Ma Pa Fame Singers



Shirsha

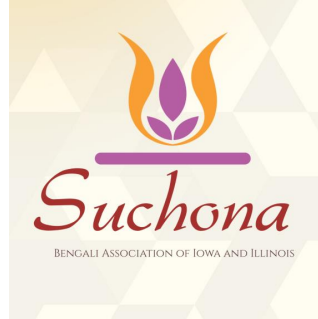


Debarpan

Sa Re Ga Ma Pa fame singer Shirsha will be performing live at Utsab.

Shirsha was chosen from Canada to participate at SaReGaMaPa in 2008 and won accolades from renowned artists like Kumar Sanu, Usha Mangeshkar, Pritam and Santanu Moitra. She was also chosen winner at the singing competition "Voice of Storm" by musical maestro Shankar Mahadevan, and later also shared stage with him. Shirsha has also performed along side other artists like Ash King, grammy Award winning Pianist Laura Sullivan, Larry Goldings, Christian McBride. This very talented singer will completely enthrall you in her melodies.

Debarpan will be performing live at Utsab - celebrating 25 years of Suchona. This very talented singer has already performed in Iowa mesmerizing the audience with his songs and talent. He is back in June to add more charm and melodies to the musical evening with his amazing performance. A SaReGaMaPa little champs first runner up and co founding member of the Green Room Tapes which has over 50000 subscribers and millions of views, this wonderful singer is sure to linger in your minds with his melodies.



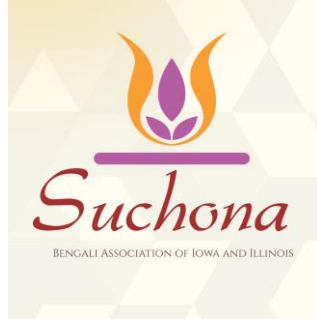
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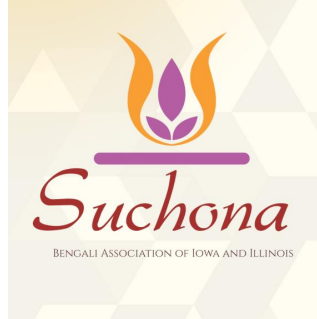
Kind Samaritan who chose to stay anonymous



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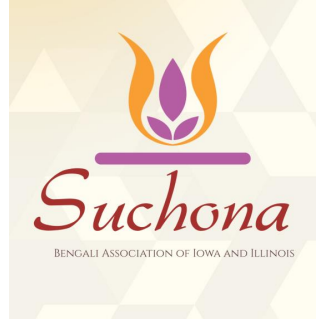
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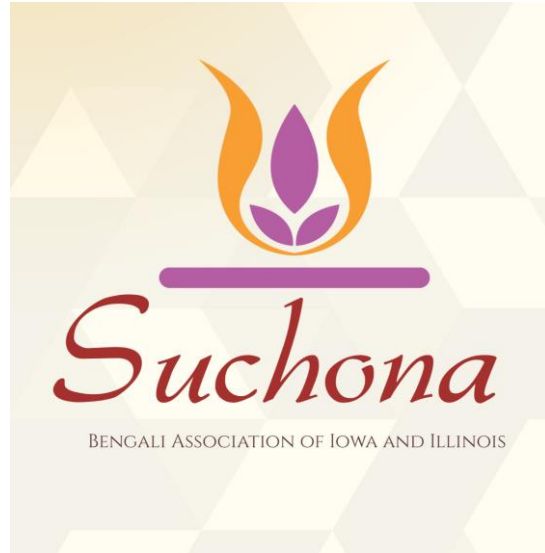
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