

## Message from the Issue Editor



Dear Readers,

In life, being positive is what keeps a person constantly in check with his/her attitude i.e., not to feed on the

negativity that crop up every now and then, but to wisely confront it. A society where people have stopped thinking positively, good and beneficial outcomes cannot be expected. Given the circumstances our society is in, we are becoming more skeptical - with an attitude that nothing much can be done to change it. But what would minds of negative ever contribute, except bring more devastation to the already existing broken society. If we go down the lane of human history, advanced societies too were built on ruins. It was their positivism that enabled them to rise up and move forth from the rubbles.

Let us try not to let negative thought influence our minds but if it does, turn that into something positive. It is not easy but I am not saying it's impossible.

William James, an American Philosopher & Psychologist said, 'If you can change your mind, you can change your life'. Changing our lives means changing our society in turn. We cannot but agree with this as everything stems from the mind - both Positive & Negative. It is for us to decide which one we feed more to make it grow. So make it a resolution to cultivate something positive every day, and you will ultimately see the result, be it as little as giving a smile.

So I encourage the ICFAI Community of Nagaland to build up an environment of positive thinking where we can all grow together as individuals who can bring positive changes in the society.

Have a fruitful reading.

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# On our National Anthem

Kamal Hussain, Lecturer, Dept. of IT & Mathematics

India celebrated its 68<sup>th</sup> year of Independence on 15<sup>th</sup> August 2014. And like every time, a keynote address was delivered by the Honourable Prime Minister of the Country and the National Anthem was sung. In such a time like this, I wonder how many people, in particular, Indians understand the meaning of the National Anthem: a few totally, some to a certain extent and a lot completely ignorant. It is not just the state of my mind that has made me come to this conclusion – that only few lakhs of the population understand the meaning.

Therefore, I pose before every Indian, this question: in which of these three categories do you find yourself? If not in the first category, then the following is for you.

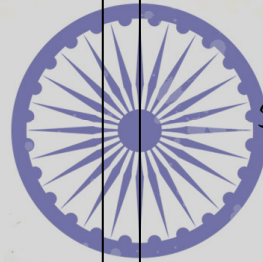
## Jana Gana Mana

Jaana Gaana Maana Adhinayaka Jayehe  
Bharata bhagya vidhata;  
Punjaba Sindhu Gujarata Maratha,  
Dravida Utkala Banga,  
Vindhya, Himachala, Jamuna, Ganga,  
Ucchhala Jaladhitara;  
Taba Shubha Naame Jaage  
Taba Shubha Ashish Maage  
Gaye taba jaya gaatha.  
Jana gana mangala dayaka jaya he  
Bharata bhagya vidhata.  
Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he,  
Jaya jaya jaya, jaya he!

"Jana Gana Mana" the national anthem of India. Written in highly Sanskritised (Tatsama) Bengali, by Nobel laureate **Rabindranath Tagore**. It was first sung in Calcutta Session of the Indian National Congress on 27 December 1911 "Jana Gana Mana" was officially adopted by the Constituent Assembly as the Indian national anthem on the 24<sup>th</sup> January 1950.

## Translated Meaning

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people,  
Dispenser of India's destiny.  
Thy name rouses the hearts of the Punjab,  
Sind, Gujarat, and Maratha,  
Of the Dravid, and Orissa and Bengal.  
It echoes in the hills of Vindhya and  
Himalayas, mingles in the music of the  
Jamuna and the Ganges and is chanted by  
the waves of the Indian sea.  
The pray for the blessings,  
and sing by the praise,  
The saving of all people  
waits in thy hand.  
Thou dispenser of India's destiny, Victory, victory, victory to  
thee.



## Saare Jahan Se Achcha

## Translated Meaning

sāre jahān se acchā hindostān hamārā  
ham bulbulain hai is ki, yeh gulsitān  
hamārā  
ghurbat men hon agar ham, rahta hai dil  
vatan men  
samjho vahīn hamen bhī, dil hain jahān  
hamārā  
parbat voh sab se ūnchā, hamsāya āsmān  
ka  
voh santari hamārā, voh pāsbn hamārā  
godī men kheltī hain is ki hazāron nadiyā  
gulshan hai jin ke dam se, rashk-e-janān  
hamārā  
aye āb, raud, ganga, voh din hen yād  
tujhko  
utarā tere kināre, jab kārvān hamārā  
maz'hab nahīn sikhātā āpas men bayr  
rakhnā  
hindvi hai ham, vatan hai hindostān  
hamārā  
yūnān-o-misr-o-romā, sab miṭ gaye jahān  
se  
ab tak magar hai bāqī, nām-o-nishān  
hamārā  
kuch bāt hai keh hastī, miṭati nahīn  
hamārī  
sadiyon rahā hai dushman, daur-e-zamān  
hamārā  
iqbal ko'ī meharam, apnā nahīn jahān  
men  
m'alūm kya kisī ko, dard-e-nihān hamārā

*Better than the entire world, is our Hindustan,  
we are its nightingales of mirth, and it is our garden  
abode  
Though in foreign lands we may reside, with our  
homeland our hearts abide,  
Regard us also to be there, where exist our hearts  
That mountain most high, neighbor to the skies;  
it is our sentinel, it is our protector  
In the lap of whose, play thousands of rivers,  
gardens they sustain; the envy-of-the-heavens of ours  
O waters of the Ganga mighty, do you recall the  
day  
when on your banks, did land the caravan of ours  
Religion does not teach us to harbour grudges  
between us  
Indians we all are, India, our motherland  
While Greece, Egypt, Rome have all been  
wiped out  
till now yet remains, this civilization of ours {it has  
stood the test of time}  
Something there is that keeps us, our entity from  
being eroded  
For ages has been our enemy, the way of the world  
Iqbal! Is there no soul that could  
understand the pain in thy heart?*

*Saare Jahan se Achcha is a poem. It was re-written in 1931, When india was not divided. It became a symbol of resistance to the English rule of British-occupied India written originally for children in the ghazal style of Urdu poetry by poet **Allama Mohammed Iqbal** the poem was published in the weekly journal **Ittehad** on the 14th August 1931.*



## Vande Mataram

Vande maataram

Sujalaam Suphalaam Malayaja Shiitalaam  
Sasyashyaamalaam maataram ||

Shubhrajyotsnaa Pulakitayaaminiim  
Pullakusumita Drumadala Shobhiniim  
Suhaasiniim Sumadhura Bhaashhiniim  
Sukhadaam Varadaam Maataram ||

Koti Koti Kantha Kalakalaninaada Karaale  
Koti Koti Bhujai. Rdhr^Itakharakaravaale  
Abalaa Keno Maa Eto Bale  
Bahubaladhaariniim Namaami Taariniim  
Ripudalavaariniim Maataram ||

Tumi Vidyaa Tumi Dharma  
Tumi Hr^Idi Tumi Marma  
Tvam Hi Praanaah Shariire

Baahute Tumi Maa Shakti  
Hr^Idaye Tumi Maa Bhakti  
Tomaara I Pratimaa Gadi  
Mandire Mandire ||

Tvam Hi Durgaa Dashapraharanadhaarini  
Kamalaa Kamaladala Vihaarini  
Vaani Vidyadaayini Namaami Tvaam

Namaami Kamalaam Amalaam Atulaam  
Sujalaam Suphalaam Maataram ||

Shyaamalaam Saralaam Susmitaam Bhuushhitaam  
Dharaniim Bharaniim Maataram |"

**Bankin Chandra** composed the song **Vande Mataram** in an inspired moment, **Rabindranath** sang it by setting a glorious tune to it and it was left to the genius of **Shri Aurobindo** to interpret the deeper meaning of the song out of which India received the philosophy of new Nationalism.

## Translated Meaning

Mother, I bow to thee!  
Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
bright with orchard gleams,  
Cool with thy winds of delight,  
Dark fields waving Mother of might, Mother free.

Glory of moonlight dreams,  
Over thy branches and lordly streams,  
Clad in thy blossoming trees,  
Mother, giver of ease  
Laughing low and sweet!  
Mother I kiss thy feet,  
Speaker sweet and low!  
Mother, to thee I bow.

Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands  
When the sword flesh out in the seventy million hands

And seventy million voices roar  
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore?  
With many strengths who art mighty and stored,  
To thee I call Mother and Lord!  
Though who savest, arise and save!  
To her I cry who ever her foeman drove  
Back from plain and Sea  
And shook herself free.

Thou art wisdom, thou art law,  
Thou art heart, our soul, our breath  
Though art love divine, the awe  
In our hearts that conquers death,  
Thine the strength that nervs the arm,  
Thine the beauty, thine the charm.  
Every image made divine  
In our temples is but thine.

Thou art Durga, Lady and Queen,  
With her hands that strike and her  
swords of sheen,

Thou art Lakshmi lotus-throned,  
And the Muse a hundred-toned,  
Pure and perfect without peer,  
Mother lend thine ear,

Rich with thy hurrying streams,  
Bright with thy orchard gleams,  
Dark of hue O candid-fair  
In thy soul, with jewelled hair  
And thy glorious smile divine,  
Loveliest of all earthly lands,  
Showering wealth from well-stored hands!

Mother, mother mine!  
Mother sweet, I bow to thee,  
Mother great and free!

# Like a Guest

Monin Boro, 3<sup>rd</sup> Semester, B.Com.



Like a guest we are  
Our life is made only for a while  
Rich or poor, great or small  
Created are we all equally  
None of us created eternal  
We don't exist forever on earth  
When time comes everyone  
Has to desert the world  
Like a dry leaf which  
Falls in the winter

Hope and pride will evaporate  
Like ocean water  
Souls will delivered  
Far away from the human society,  
Beyond imagination  
No one will ever born again  
Because life is a journey to death  
And death is a journey  
To eternal life.

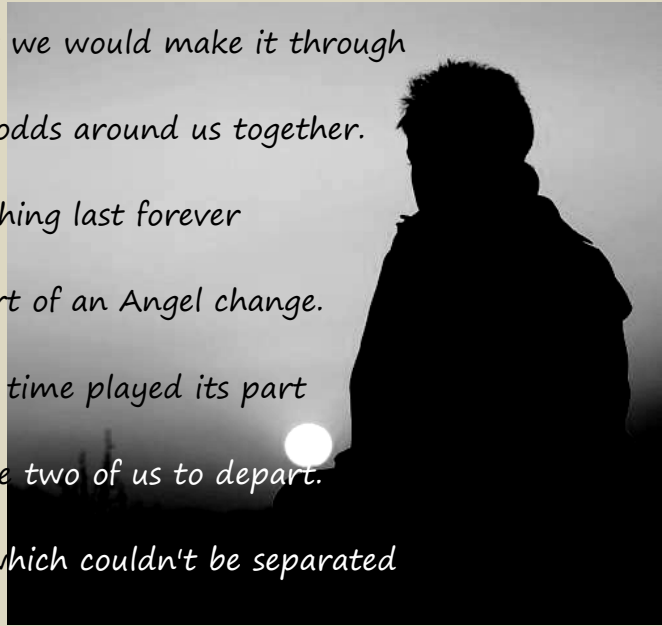
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## *Strangers with memories*

*Pele Kesiezie, 3<sup>rd</sup> Semester, B.A.*

*Time stood still the day we met again  
bringing back the memories of the bygone days.  
We stared at each other like some strangers  
And went our separate ways.  
We always thought we would make it through  
Fighting all the odds around us together.  
But nothing last forever  
Even the heart of an Angel change.  
The hand of time played its part  
And make the two of us to depart.  
The hearts, once which couldn't be separated  
Now act like strangers unwanted.  
The joy, happiness and sorrow  
Slowly they faded into memories.  
Now we are nothing more  
But strangers with memories.*

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