

The NISTian, Vol 1, Issue 1, 1997

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

It gives me extreme pleasure to see the first issue of "The NISTian". In just three months, NIST has captured the imagination of the educational community of Orissa and it is my earnest desire that we - the students, staff and faculty of NIST - continue to earn many more laurels in the future. "The NISTian" is one more feather in our cap.

Sangram Mudali

ABBREVIATIONS (Manish Jaju)

NIST - Nuisance Is Seldom Tolerated

US - Unlimited Spending

INDIA - I Never Delay In Anything

PIA - Please Inform Allah

AI - Allah Informed

POISON - Please Open If Suicide Occasion Nears

LIGHT (Suryanarayan Senapati)

My life has no light
All vanishes in blackish night
Life has no point right
Like a falling kite.
with full of struggle & fight
has no direction definite.
I am standing alone in a blight
looking the stars in space sight
They are looking in the sky bright
without any care of blackish night.
Although it a greater height
Now I understand the secret and think in Quite.
Then I try to face the struggle with delight
and begin life with full of light.

LOVE (C.Praveen)

It is tender, It is mild,
What a mother gives her child,
It is raised & unfurled.
By God in this, wonderful world.
It is found in every kith kin.
It laces one away from one's sin,
So beautiful, placid.
joyful and limpid.
This simple thing found
in every heart that is sound,
This whole world, it can unite,
To make it a real delight.

THOUGHTS... (Shantanu Lenka)

I am a student of NIST. Another four to six years and good riddance to studies. Then I'll look for a job. Will I get it? If I don't, what will be the use of my having sacrificed my early life in such a hard penance?

And marriage! What do I think of marriage. Of course, a time will come when I'll have to choose the lucky girl (Ed.:BIG ego!!). I can let my parents choose her, or I myself may hunt for her. But somehow, I don't fancy myself on a bride-hunting spree. Nor do I want to marry just anybody without so much as a look at her. However,, I know somebody is waiting for me. When I see her, I'll recognize her.

Anyway, I'll spend my youth and middle age toiling at my job to keep the wheels of life greased. Until, at last, I retire and have all the time for myself. What will I do then? Shall I do all that I want to do now - go about swimming, boxing, taking pictures, dancing to the funkiest disco tunes -- wait a minute!! -- I'll be too old for that! I mean, you hardly expect a seventy year old man to be dancing, swimming or boxing!

So I'll probably sit around a fireplace warming my hands and feet for the rest of the journey.

And then my last day on earth. How will it be? I guess the sun will shine in all its glory while the birds will divinely sing. Occasional breeze will make the greenery gently dance, playing. Everything going on as usual. While I ... I'll be lying on the bed whispering with great effort, some famous last words to my sobbing wife and children, brothers, grand sons/ friends ... or will I be alone on that day?

May be I'll be killed in an accident ... stepping out with an ice cream cone in my hand. lost in memories of childhood and home. When suddenly out of the blue a truck or a car ... or, will it be a heart attack ? or, flipping through the pages of some magazines, contentedly sipping a hot cup of tea in the early morning ... WHAM ... I am gone ... just like that!

Not much sense in crying over spilt milk, but, when one knows that the milk will spill, one is in a dilemma.

Or am I too voting for such thoughts?

MY HEART'S PSALM (Reshma Rout)

MY poetry - it's not pessimistic,

It's a mystery

For it has it's poem in the society.

Today what it contains-

Is the silent dumbness and numbness
of this profaning tide of time.

In age. we run out of tingling fancies.

To discover their embedded fulfillment.

But how,'???'

perhaps by crucifying wisdom.

By giving a death blow to peace

Drawing with us ravages of violence,

To the world of eternity,-

By making peace prophet that is losing its fragrance

By making ourselves clouds which NOT CANNOT –
but DO NOT rain.

Imagination garbed with the glass walls of guile.

Is not the fodder for poetry,

for life is not a paradise

To be fed with the sublime.

Believe in the existence

This blooming but amidst

The prison-walls of society

Would blossom into a flower beauty,

ONLY AND ONLY IF,

They in their profound proficiency

Could BREAK THROUGH THE BARS

And flock into the psyche of man,
And point an indelible profile
with a brush of emotions
And the colour of heart.
And slowly nurture in them a REALITY.

JUST A SIMPLE MAN (Seemant Lenka)

You have to love me.
If I am lovable. then welcome,
otherwise move on with your life,
A devotee of God.
Hard on my promises.
Come from the heavens.
Truthful to my soul.
Liked by everyone.
young & old.
Neither a He-Mam, nor a Superman,
Just a simple man.
Every heart has little lies,
some truths also;
Some evils.
but some holiness also.
If you can love my foibles.
Support me,
else leave me.
If you can keep pace with me.
Then march forward.
Think it my selfishness
or my eagerness

SUCCESS (Akash Das)

Steps to success are so slippery,
Not all can climb to reach the top.
Days of achievement seem to sweet.
Singing to the tune of the heart,
Joy taking higher and higher.
In the life of the unsuccessful,
Should all there is be inability?
For at times ability is ignored,
Skids you down the slope of life.
Persons, effects and all,
with passage of time become history.
And in the long run buried,
in the sands of time

PEACE (Manoj Sahoo)

So petty's the human mind.
never can contain peace,
can only think of things,
Soon to materialize.
The heart is like a drum,
driving the human being.
away from real. everlasting peace.

As it beats again and again.
A symbol of desire.
reflecting human illusion.
The heart has no contact with peace.
remaining a mere human avocation.

DARK MUSINGS (Debabrata Parida)

With the very thought of the evening. I feel lonely. I do not know why, I feel, as if I have lost everything. I was sitting on the balcony attached to my room, inside the world of selfishness & intruders. As if the cold breeze passing through me is laughing. Laughing on me & my emotions. I close my eyes. My feelings piling on me like that of a person sitting on a chair with a photo album in a large lonely room. It's the feeling of having nothing. Thoughts like a small plant but deeply rooted.

Broken. Shattered, frustrated by it. No courage to fight with this unknown selfish world. Cursing my fate. Asking "How long?" The wind answered with a cruel hiss. I was terrified...

... till a cool breeze, with the affectionate touch of my mother. woke me. Once again, I was raids to fight against my fate & the world.

"MISSION ... POSSIBLE" (Ashutosh Panda)

Remember QSQT'S Song ?

" Papa kehte hain nam karega,.Beta hamara aisa kaam karega.....

All of us have come here to realise our dreams, to come upto the expectations of our parents. to set high standards of excellence in education, defying the excruciating pain of Acting family.

But here, the scenic settings of lush green surroundings, the beckoning lighthouse, the warmth of friends alleviate the pain & opens the gate to a whole new world full of hopes & promises. How great would it be to keep our promises! That's what I call a mission. Arid it could be a "mission possible."

Tomorrow some of us would be computer professionals, some communication engineers & some electrical engineers. And I would appreciate it if all of us would come together & really think about what is it that we shall be contributing to our nation.

No! I am not spouting some airy theory on patriotism. I am concerned about the people of India, of the world. Think! Thousands of men, women & children dying in wars', dying of hunger. Think of the ignorant & illiterate people living in dark dumpy surroundings from Malaysia to Mississippi. Their lives are bitter as wormwood; the very life is burning out of them. They can only think of their past, with no future in sight. Can't we do "something" for them? However small that, "something" may be!

The embryonic blueprint, that I have on my mind says I want to open up an industry, where a lot of people can work together, women can live in decency, and children can play. I can't do it alone. I need all of you who have the guts. power & energy to work. You CAN make a difference. Just reach out your hands. Won't you?

LIFE'S LIKE.. (Sushanta Das)

Life's like arithmetic
where friends are added
Enemies & joys multiplied
sorrows divided.
Life's like a 'Tempest'
Neither a 'Midsummer Night's Dream'
Nor a 'Comedy of Errors' '
So live it 'As you like it'.

TRUE LIES (Ajit Kr. Pattnaik)

One fine morning in the middle of night. two dead boys got up to fight. They turned their backs and faced each other. They took their guns and shot each other. Two deaf policemen hearing the noise came to the rescue of the two dead boys. If you don't believe me, ask the blind man who saw, it too.

ABOUT A FRIEND (Manas Ranjan Mishra)

An uncalled guest.
No one can tell
When 'n' where
You appear.
But sooner or later.
you surprise
each individual
No calendar's been made
no rule's been formulated
Have no sense of time
place nor person
Impolite, you never knock.
Moving faster than the fastest
Oh! Dear.
You are so special that
you meet but once
and take them for a long drive
Afterwards, pages of their diaries
remain blank.
You interfere never
in those blank spaces.
gregarious,
a large number to make own.
Calm 'n' cool
Striking fear
when you come here.
Oh! Dear Death.
Embrace me
and teach me the final truth
in your arms.
Come to me, Dear Death!

QUIET CORNER (Trupti Ranjan Lenka)

Letters from home. from mothers & fathers, wives, daughters & sons, sisters, brothers & sweethearts - all your nearest & dearest ones - telling you all that has happened & much that they have written before. it's nice though, to have them repeating that You are loved in their hearts. The writing now feeble. now steady. now uninformed & childishly traced. but each on arrival has thrilled you & each one a dull day has graced. Junior is walking & talking. or baby has cut a new tooth. mother is knitting you woolies, & Dad's in the Home Guard! There much never much grumbling or grouching for things that are now hard to get, the theme of each fond letter-writer is the loved one they cannot forget,, they hope you are bearing up bravely. Your exile is borne by them too. In the meantime' they write you a letter - your dear ones are thinking of you.

NIST DREAMS (Shrikant Panda)

"These are the legal papers wherein I have taken charge of all those live & dead bodies that I had brought from the medical college, on my head," said Anupam softly. "No need to feel sorry, it was all my plan to get this way'

"Now listen to me, I have planned my final maneuver on this project. I am going to put this in action tomorrow, morning. After many repeated failures. I have derived a group of equations that clearly depict the relationship between the soul in a body & quantum electrodynamics. The soul has a definite electromagnetic character, especially when in a body but loses them & becomes a property of the space-time continuum when independent. What I am going to do is to install a chip in the live body itself, record & retain the functional properties for a period of time & then detach the soul, in the form

of its very special character from the body, painfully trapped in a special Amaze cage. Next, the wave cage can be transmitted to any special physical place, within the sun or a blackhole or a nebula. Because of the special characteristics of the soul that has been entrapped, it is going to send back its special experiences to the computer through the chip in the form of radio signals."

. "We have already installed the chip in that

AIDs patient body & we are going to carry the process on that body, so get prepared," said Dr.Panda ...

... thud. thud,thud! The noise ruptured my eardrums and my consciousness. I heard Mr. Sahoo, the waterman of Hostel No.2. NIST, shouting at the window,. "I have released the water, you can go have your bath." Well! Not a bad dream while it lasted!

SEARCH (Abhishek Chatteilee)

The pleasant breeze your smile,
The thundering storms, your anger,
Your tears. precious pearls,
Your beauty.
No pen can sketch.
no voice can describe
A poet's poem.
An artist's masterpiece.
A mirage,
Running after a mirage.
I know you exist.

DIRECTOR'S FOOTNOTE

Qi What is Dr. Reddy's favorite hobby?

A: Changing the timetable.

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AN ECHO (Prafulla Kr Purohit)

I gazed out of the sea,
In malicious retaliation,
It roars back at me,
"What are you doing?"
The waves chant,
mocking me throatily,
I freelance, work on & off,
Mutter vaguely,
turning away and escape.
Trying to show,
That nothing worries me,
Nothing worries me'?!

THE LAST WORD (Dr. Ravi P. Reddy)

Wielding the editorial pen is a job fraught with many a peril and a lot of responsibility. On one side You have to encourage original ideas and try to maintain standards. On the other, You have to try and avoid hurting the feelings of the budding authors and poets of NIST. Therefore, it is important to say a few words about the basic editorial policies followed in choosing articles for this issue.

First priority has been given to originality. Try to write original ideas, thoughts, stories and poems, and you will find a place of honor in this magazine. In this issue, I have accepted a few articles which are obviously not original but they have been selected because of some other good quality.

Second priority is to avoid cliches (bindi like the sun, hair like dark clouds, eternal love), immature analyses based on wrong facts ("Japan does not have English in their schools"- wrong!!), and outdated topics (the 1989 cricket tour).

The final restriction which forced me to drop some articles is the physical restriction of a creating a four page magazine.

For people writing poetry, I have a few suggestions. If you go for a classical style poem (the style of Wordsworth. Keats. or Shelley) having rhyme, metre etc., go totally classical. On the other hand, you want to try out modern and post-modern style (Walt Whitman style), use the appropriate style and also submit in the format in which you want it to appear. **DO READ A LOT OF POETRY TO IMPROVE YOUR OWN POEMS.**

For people writing prose pieces, some advice. Remember. brevity is the soul of wit. So. keep them short and sweet. Reading a tot of prose in particular. Magazine middles, will help you in writing good articles.

Do check Your spellings whether it is prose or poetry. And next time, I would like to see some good cartoons from our NIST artists!