



Mechatrix

Presented by

अयांत्रिक

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From the Coordinator's Desk

*"I know not what happened, my heart is awake...
From the distance I can hear the song of the Ocean,
All around me, what is this frightful prison...
Break, break, break the prison,
Strike, strike it...
O what a song the Bird sang,
Here comes the rays of the Sun*

Translated lines of "Nirjharer Shopno Bhango" by Tagore

It's tough out there right now. That's undeniable. The coronavirus, with all its *novelty*, is dramatically altering the structure of our everyday lives with none-seen-nor-heard-of orders of social distancing, curfews, quarantines, lockdowns, cancellation or indefinite postponement of Public Entrance exams; the list is virtually endless!! It's pretty easy to fall into despair nowadays, trust me!! However, as vital as it is to act with vigorous responsibility for the good of everyone, it's equally important to search out the silver linings for our own sanity and mental well-being.

The silver lining painting the vistas of my quarantined introspection come from the perennial streams of creativity that pour out of students of my beloved Department, delineating their incredible and persistent drive to do something out of the ordinary. And, being in constant touch with them during this pandemic hours, I have learned (from them, actually) that this drive is spurred by the deeply 'motivating' power of boredom!! Good heavens, I thought; am I to believe this? But, as is evident from the consistent postings of poems, short stories, paintings, sketches, and allied works, and an ever-increasing volume of contributions received over the last few weeks, I am happy to acknowledge that *I have, too, started to believe in this working hypothesis!!!*


As the Coordinator, I cannot help but marvel at the banal creativity that these young minds have displayed. I'm hopeful that the readers, too, would agree on this point. As in the previous editions, meticulous care has been exercised by the Editorial Board to mix and match the contributions of different sorts to deliver overall balance and poise.

Before finishing off, I would like to thank Mr. Manoj Chatterjee (our beloved *Manoj-Da*), Academic Staff of my Department, for his contribution. I take this opportunity to congratulate the collective spirit and endeavor of TEAM *AJANTRIK*. Above all, I thank all my student contributors for letting me know that 'boredom' as a mental state is *lot more complex, intricate and happening* than the linguistic connotation attached to it!!!

Dr. Sumanta Banerjee
(Faculty Coordinator)



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Wildflowers

in Bloom



Wish of a Bird

With all your blessings, I couldn't

Move one step forward

With all my belongings, I couldn't

Move little things together

With all your wishings, I couldn't

Make little things bigger

With all your advice, I couldn't

Make the life easier

Oh ! My mother's, my real friends

Pardon me, if you can though silly

My excuses were, would pass by

Like ashes in the air, believe me

I tried my best, for your try

It's only the wish of a bird whom

I gave some water, a thirsty day

Never wanted me to make

Both ends meet together.



Mr. Manoj Chatterjee

[Academic Staff, Mechanical
Engineering Department]

Foreign যাই?

মুখ চুরিয়ে তার নামটি পড়ে
কোন স্বদেশে হৃদিশ করে
নীল ভোরেতে মেঘ চুরিয়ে
প্রথম ট্রেনে তার নামটি করে।

সেই বিকেলে খুব মজা তে
উড়ছে পাখি নাচছে ঘড়ি
সুর মিলিয়ে শব্দ বেচে
গাইছে সবাই ট্রেনের তালে।

দেশ পেরিয়ে লাল মাটিতে
হলুদ সবুজ গন্ধ মেলে
চিত্রছবির দেশ পেয়েছি
নতুন নতুন বেশ চিনেছি

অনেক আলো অনেক রঙ!
এই বুঝি সেই foriegn বল?
সবই প্রদীপ ছায়া ছাড়া
আলাদিনের প্রদীপ ভায়া।

মায়ার শহর নকল সবই
ছুলেই দেখবি ছাই পেয়েছি
মুকুঠ তারই অবশেষে
মূল অংশ সাজিয়ে নিলে।

Half ছুটিতে ঘুম ভাঙিয়ে
নতুন পোকা মাথায় গেথে
শুখনো কাগজ গুছিয়ে নিয়ে
সেই স্বদেশের হৃদিশ করে।



Durba Das

Mechanical 4th Year

है छाई जग में ये विपदा विशाल मगर

है छाई जग में ये विपदा विशाल मगर
अपना धैर्य जहाँ में सबसे भारी है।
माना है घायल हमारा संसार पड़ा पर,
आत्मबल से युद्ध हमारी ज़ारी है।

ये भ्रम था कि हम भगवान हो गए।
देखो आज हिन्दू-मुस्लिम इंसान हो गए।
न राजा ना रंक कोई, भ्रम टूटा ये सिद्ध हुआ,
जीवन की भीख मांगते बस छोटे भिखारी हैं।

है खेल महज़ ये काल चक्र का।
सरल है हल इस संताप वक्र का।
डरे नहीं और जागरूक रहे।
ना टिकने वाली ये चाईनीज़ बीमारी ३

Rahul Bajpai
Mechanical 4th Year



Rebellious

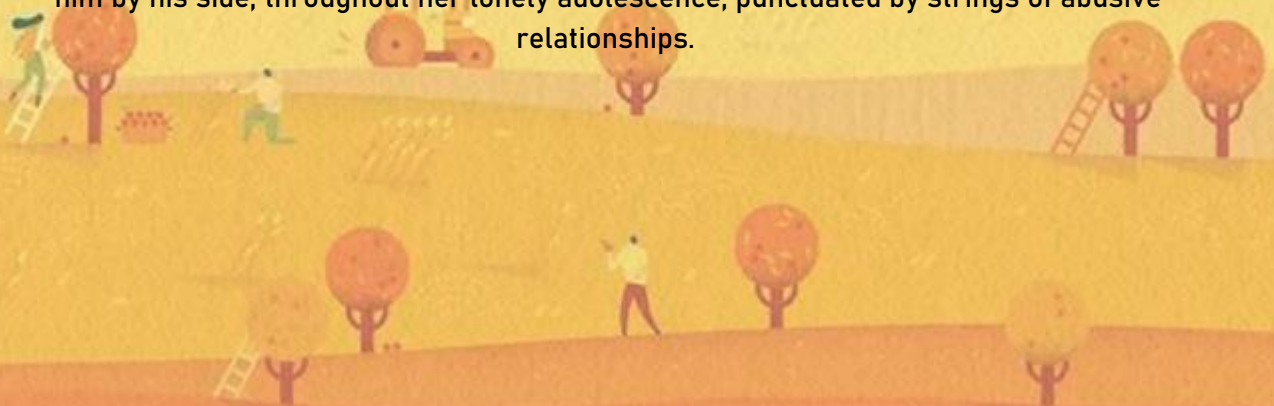
Broken glasses, torn roads, an empty bottle... that's all he had been seeing the last few days. Slung over her bony, withered shoulder, he had travelled miles... leaving the smoke of the putrid city, along the cold metal of the rail tracks...out into the open country. He had been her constant companion, from being the soaked pillow for her weary head at railway junctions, to her umbrella in the autumn drizzle, even the accidental ashtray for so many stubbed cigarettes at border patrols.

At times, he felt harshly critical of the casual callousness with which she handled him. After all, Italian leather has a prestige of its own, and vanity is present in varying degrees in everyone around us.. But thinking back on those nights under the foggy skies, on a dark Chicago curb, he really couldn't blame his mistress.

He had been there when the late Professor Zach Brown had been refused a cab while walking from the slums of Benton Harbour all the way to the Michigan State University for his morning classes. He had been there, lying on the desk, while the professor wrote on the board, and the white students tore sheets of paper from their copies to throw at him. In the hours after the class, as the professor sat at his desk, his heads in his hands... he had been haunted by the condescending peals of laughter echoing around the halls of the building.

He had been there, when the professor's wife was in her labour pains... Call after call to the authorities yielded in a polite refusal for an ambulance. Those services simply did not operate in the locality. He had been there to see her last moans of pain as the old professor gripped her hand tightly and the local nurse delivered the baby after a botched miscarriage. As the body of the mother was zipped up in a black non-descript bag, he had sat on the table, watching the baby cry unattended on the bed, as the old man sat bunched up in a corner, sobbing uncontrollably.

Years later, he had found himself flung onto the sidewalk, alongside the professor's corpse that lay in a pool of congealed blood. As usual, the boisterous white teenagers who had run him over, after getting drunk in the nearby pub, had got a clean chit from the police of the county. After all, just another black man had died in America. No one batted an eyelid. Since then, he had grown up with the orphaned girl. Her only memory of her father, she had kept him by his side, throughout her lonely adolescence, punctuated by strings of abusive relationships.



He was her only companion when uniformed men had taken possession of the two room house, evicting her onto the streets. And yes, although harshly critical, he had been a constant companion as the little girl, all alone in the whole wide world, blundered her way through drugs, cigarettes, clubs, and late night sleepovers at the houses of rich white clients in the urban centre of the city. He had also been there slung over her worn shoulder, as she made her way to the slums, in the early hours of sunrise, head bowed low to avoid the occasional smirk of the morning jogger.

It was a long life he had led... punctuated by fear, loss, indecision, and neglect. Shame had been an integral part of their daily encounters. Over time, his straps had gone loose, the chains rusty... the flaked leather had started to chafe against the skin of the bony shoulder that bore its weight. Eventually, he found himself at the bottom of a dark, damp cupboard. No issues, no regrets, he had accepted his fate... after all he had outlived most of his kind. An old satchel of Italian leather, faded, scratched, scarred by time.

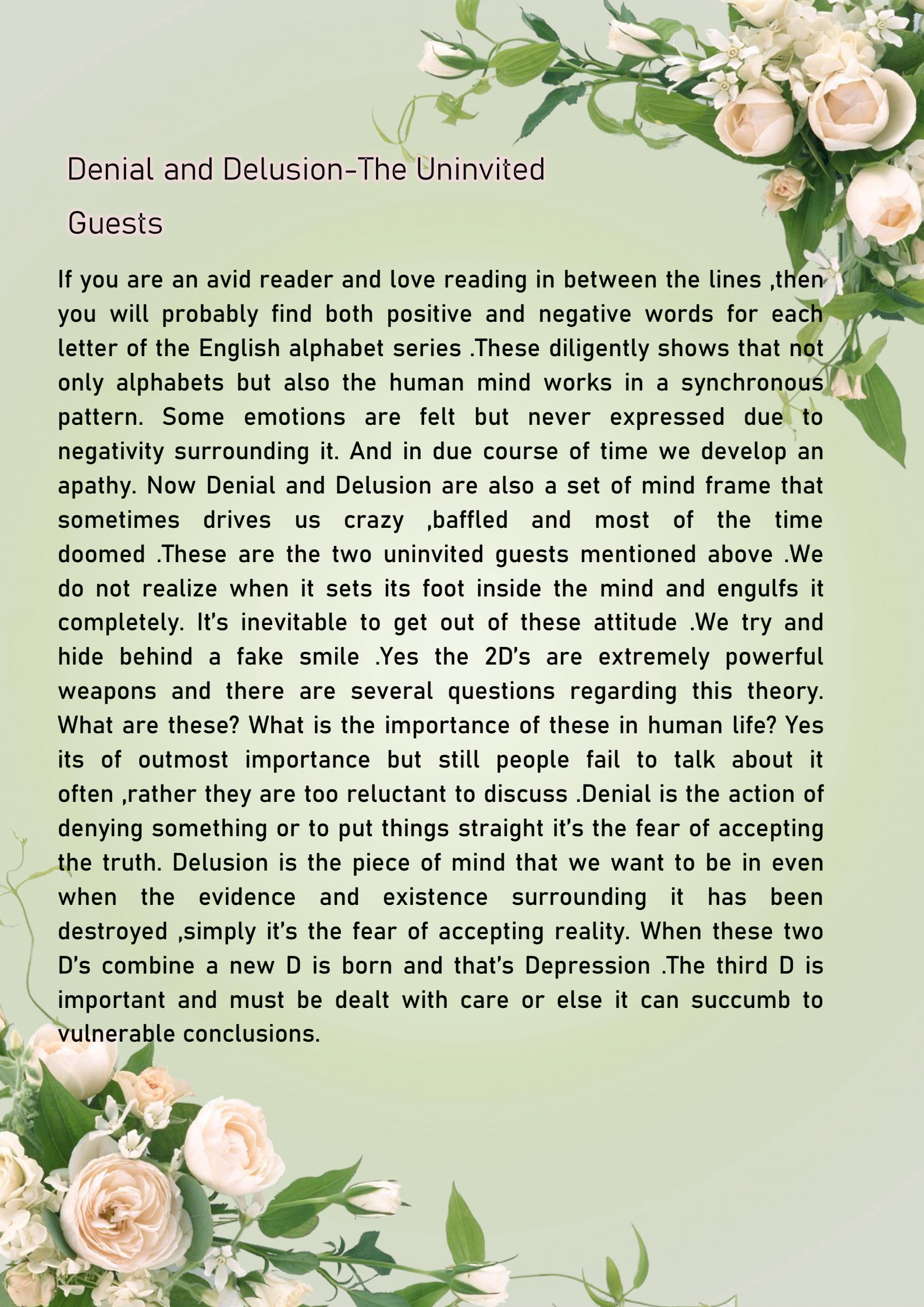
So, a few days ago, when she had pulled him out from under the years of dust and soot, he felt reborn, wincing as the morning light hit his eyes for the first time in almost a decade. And then, slinging him over the same, nostalgically uncomfortable bony, withered shoulder, she had set out on foot, with a goal in her mind.

And he felt proud, for it was in his abrasive touch on her scarred skin, that she felt the wrinkles of her father's loving hands. And it would be the memory of those wrinkled hands and the kind, weary smile on her father's lips, that would give her courage. The courage she needed to walk miles and miles to join the protests on the streets of the capital. The courage she needed to protest and voice those repressed grievances of twenty long years of her life, a life of abuse and neglect. The courage to tell the world what had happened in her life and in his. Yes, today, he was proud. Today, he was rebellious.

Krishnendu Adhikari

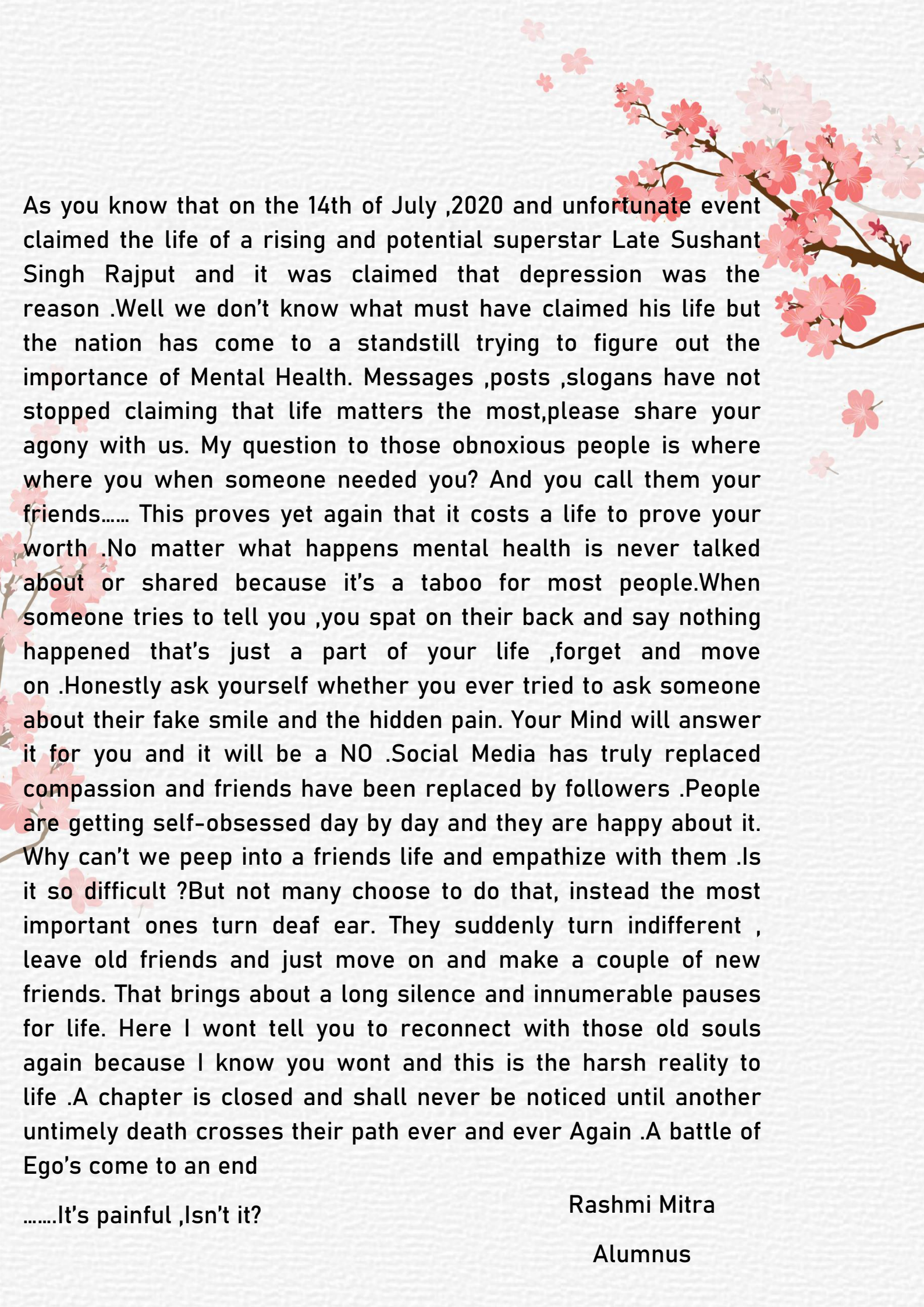
Mechanical 4th Year





Denial and Delusion-The Uninvited Guests

If you are an avid reader and love reading in between the lines ,then you will probably find both positive and negative words for each letter of the English alphabet series .These diligently shows that not only alphabets but also the human mind works in a synchronous pattern. Some emotions are felt but never expressed due to negativity surrounding it. And in due course of time we develop an apathy. Now Denial and Delusion are also a set of mind frame that sometimes drives us crazy ,baffled and most of the time doomed .These are the two uninvited guests mentioned above .We do not realize when it sets its foot inside the mind and engulfs it completely. It's inevitable to get out of these attitude .We try and hide behind a fake smile .Yes the 2D's are extremely powerful weapons and there are several questions regarding this theory. What are these? What is the importance of these in human life? Yes its of outmost importance but still people fail to talk about it often ,rather they are too reluctant to discuss .Denial is the action of denying something or to put things straight it's the fear of accepting the truth. Delusion is the piece of mind that we want to be in even when the evidence and existence surrounding it has been destroyed ,simply it's the fear of accepting reality. When these two D's combine a new D is born and that's Depression .The third D is important and must be dealt with care or else it can succumb to vulnerable conclusions.



As you know that on the 14th of July ,2020 and unfortunate event claimed the life of a rising and potential superstar Late Sushant Singh Rajput and it was claimed that depression was the reason .Well we don't know what must have claimed his life but the nation has come to a standstill trying to figure out the importance of Mental Health. Messages ,posts ,slogans have not stopped claiming that life matters the most,please share your agony with us. My question to those obnoxious people is where where you when someone needed you? And you call them your friends..... This proves yet again that it costs a life to prove your worth .No matter what happens mental health is never talked about or shared because it's a taboo for most people.When someone tries to tell you ,you spat on their back and say nothing happened that's just a part of your life ,forget and move on .Honestly ask yourself whether you ever tried to ask someone about their fake smile and the hidden pain. Your Mind will answer it for you and it will be a NO .Social Media has truly replaced compassion and friends have been replaced by followers .People are getting self-obsessed day by day and they are happy about it. Why can't we peep into a friends life and empathize with them .Is it so difficult ?But not many choose to do that, instead the most important ones turn deaf ear. They suddenly turn indifferent , leave old friends and just move on and make a couple of new friends. That brings about a long silence and innumerable pauses for life. Here I wont tell you to reconnect with those old souls again because I know you wont and this is the harsh reality to life .A chapter is closed and shall never be noticed until another untimely death crosses their path ever and ever Again .A battle of Ego's come to an end

.....It's painful ,Isn't it?

Rashmi Mitra

Alumnus

यूं मुस्कुरा कर अपने गमों को छुपा लेने की अदा,

यूं मुस्कुरा कर अपने गमों को छुपा लेने की अदा, तुम्हारी, बहुत निराली है ।
पर अगर मेरी मानो, तो, निकल जाने दो ये गम
नहीं तो अंदर ही अंदर ये मार डालेंगे तुम्हें ।
और, शोर भी नहीं पहुंचने देंगे हम तक ।
हम जानते हैं, कि बहुत आशाएं हैं तुम्हारी हमसे,
कि, हम खुद समझ कर सारी बातें, थाम ले तुम्हारा हाथ,
और बचा ले तुम्हें एक ऐसे अंधेरे में गिरने से,
जहां से निकल पाना बहुत मुश्किल है।
पर क्या करें, हम बोलते तो हैं कि तुम्हारे लिए हम हमेशा रहेंगे, पर असलियत में है नहीं ।
खुद ही संभल जाओ, जान जाओ की यह चेहरा नहीं मुखौटा है ।
जो ऊपर से तुम्हारा साथ देने का ढोंग कर रहा है।
अंदर से ये उस समय के लिए रुका है जब वह तुमसे तुम्हारा सब कुछ छीन कर तुम्हें छोड़ जाए।
निकाल दिया करो जो भी तुम्हारे मन में है।
मत सोचो इस दुनिया के बारे में जो तुम्हारे बारे में सोचता ही नहीं।
निकल जाने दो ये आंसू, ये तुम्हें कमजोर नहीं करते, बल्कि लड़ने की हिम्मत देते हैं कि वापस यह तुम्हारी आंखों में ना आए।
निकल जाने दो यह गम, मत रखो इसे दिल पर यह मार डालेंगे तुम्हें।
तुम जिन लोगों के कारण दुखी हो, जिन परिस्थितियों से दुखी हो, वह नहीं समझते कि तुम सही हो, तो लड़ो उनसे, डट जाओ, खुद को साबित करो, पर हारो मत ।
इस दुनिया में यही रीत है यहां लोग एक दिन याद करेंगे, रोने का नाटक करेंगे, दूसरे दिन भूल जाएंगे।
इनके लिए अपनी कीमती जिंदगी बर्बाद ना करो ।
ये जिंदगी जो तुम्हें मिली है, उसे खूबसूरती से जियो।
हर लम्हा एक नई उम्मीद है, उस उम्मीद का हाथ इतनी जोर से पकड़ो कि वह छूटने ना पाए।
माना गम के साथ जीना मुश्किल है, और, जिसके कारण, हार सब मान लेते हैं पर तुम इस गम को खुशी में बदल दो और जीत के दिखा दो ।

Subarna Kumari

Mechanical 4th Year



মুখোশ

ব্যাঙ্কের যাবার আগে দরকারী কাগজপত্র সব গুছিয়ে নিচ্ছিলেন প্রবীরবাবু। কাগজের ফাঁক গলিয়ে প্যানকার্ডটা পড়ে গেছিল নীচে।

দাদুভাইয়ের আদুরিনী ছোট্ট ঐশী তখন মেয়ে পুতুলটাকে শেখাতে ব্যাস্ত 'গুড গার্ল' কিভাবে হতে হয়।

পড়ে যেতে দেখে তাড়াতাড়ি করে ঐশী তুললো দাদুর প্যানকার্ড টা। ছাব্বিশ বছর আগের তোলা প্রবীরবাবুর পুরোনো একটা ছবি আছে তাতে। সাদা কালো ফোটোপেপারে হলদেটে ছবিটা পুরোনো হয়েছে বটে, কিন্তু সেই ছবিতে প্রবীরবাবু তখনও বসন্তের চৌকাঠ পেরোননি, তখনও তাকে বেরঙিন করতে পারেনি ধূসর।

ছোট্ট ঐশী ভালো করে দেখলো ছবি টা। তারপর খুব অবাক হয়ে জিজ্ঞেস করলো, "এটা কে দাদু?"

"আমি গো। চিনতে পারছো না বুঝি?"

"মুখোশ?"

"কোনটা?", প্রবীর বাবু নিজের মুখের দিকে ঈশারা করে, "এইটা?", তারপর ছবির দিকে দেখিয়ে, "না, ওইটা?"

Subarta Halder

Mechanical 4th Year





'Stories'

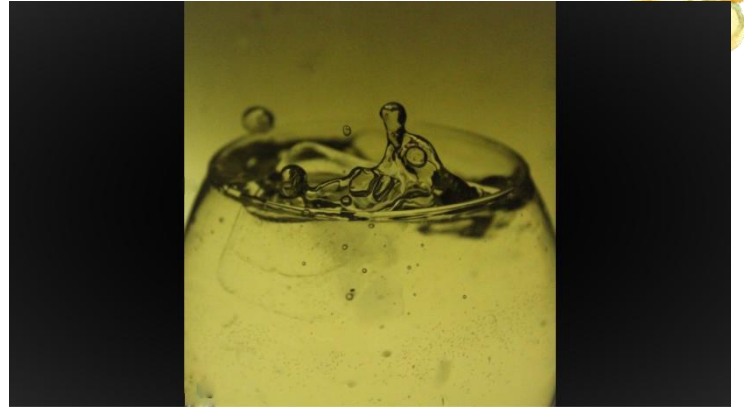
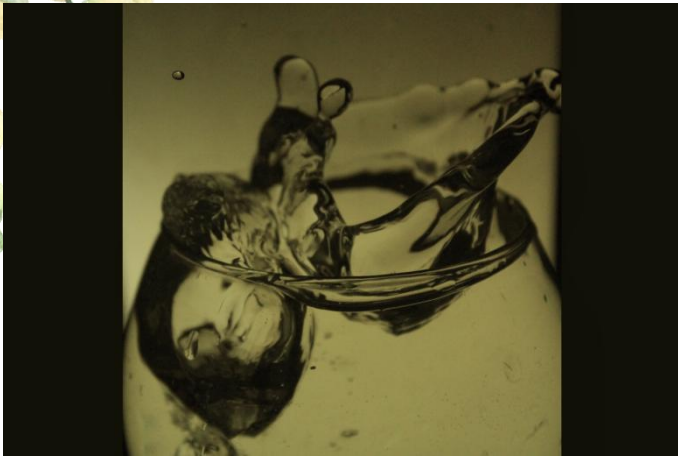
Snapped on the Go



Abhigyan Nayak
Mechanical 2nd Year



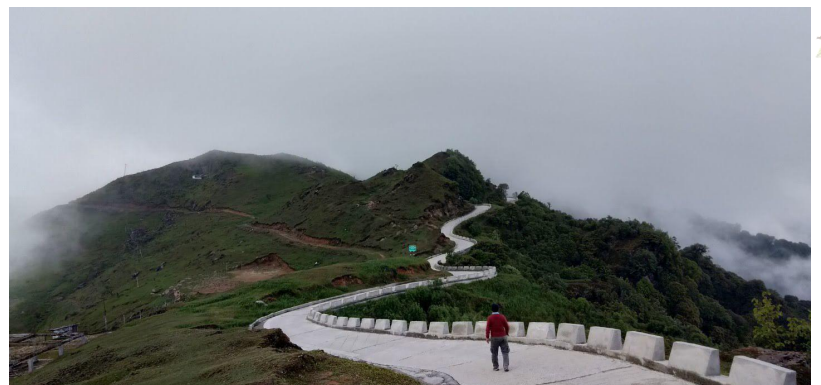
Oindrila Ghosh
Alumnus



Krishnendu Adhikari
Mechanical 4th Year



Nilankar Mitra
Mechanical 2nd Year



P.T.O.

Aakash Rajguru
Mechanical 2nd Year



Subarta Halder
Mechanical 4th Year

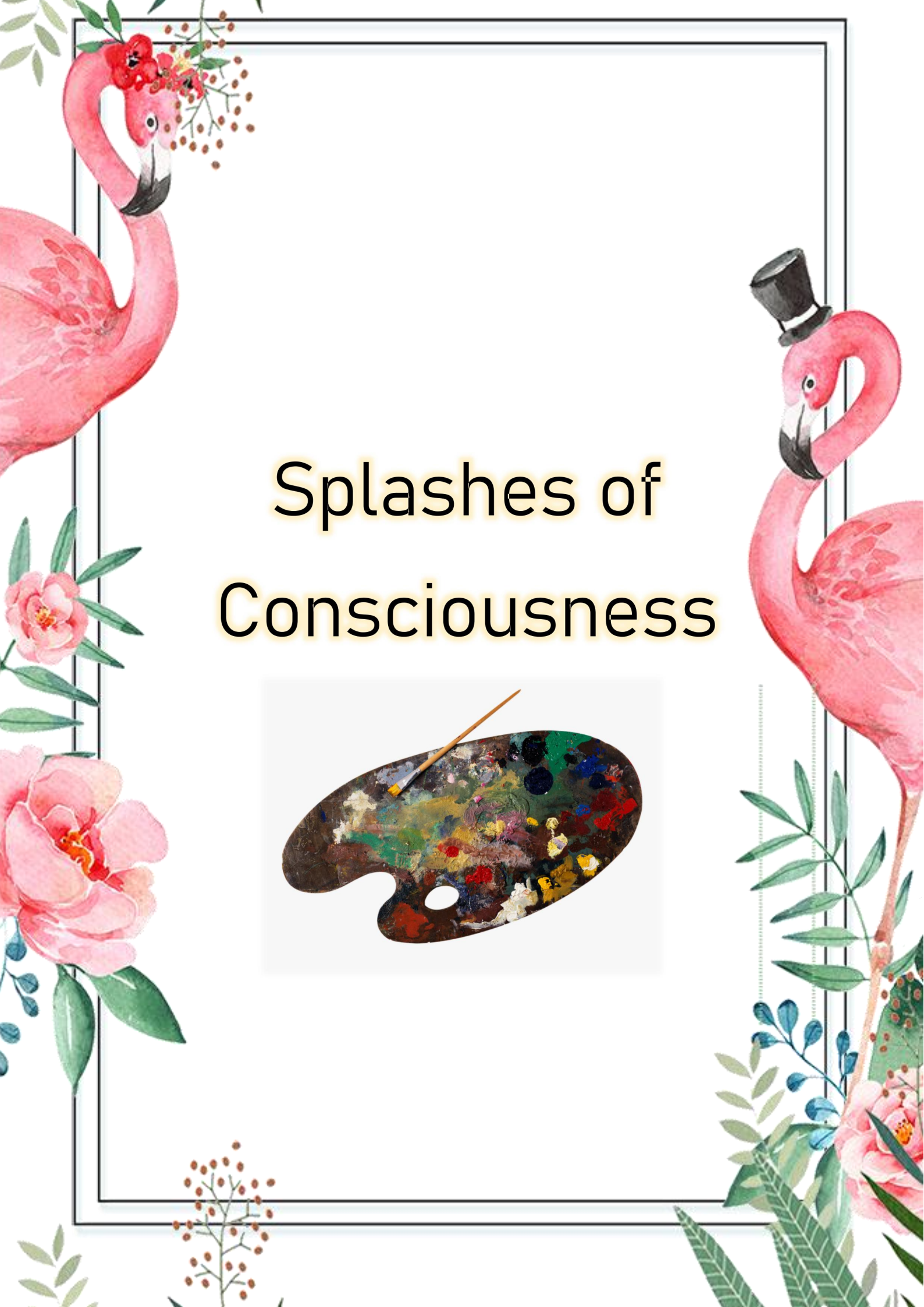


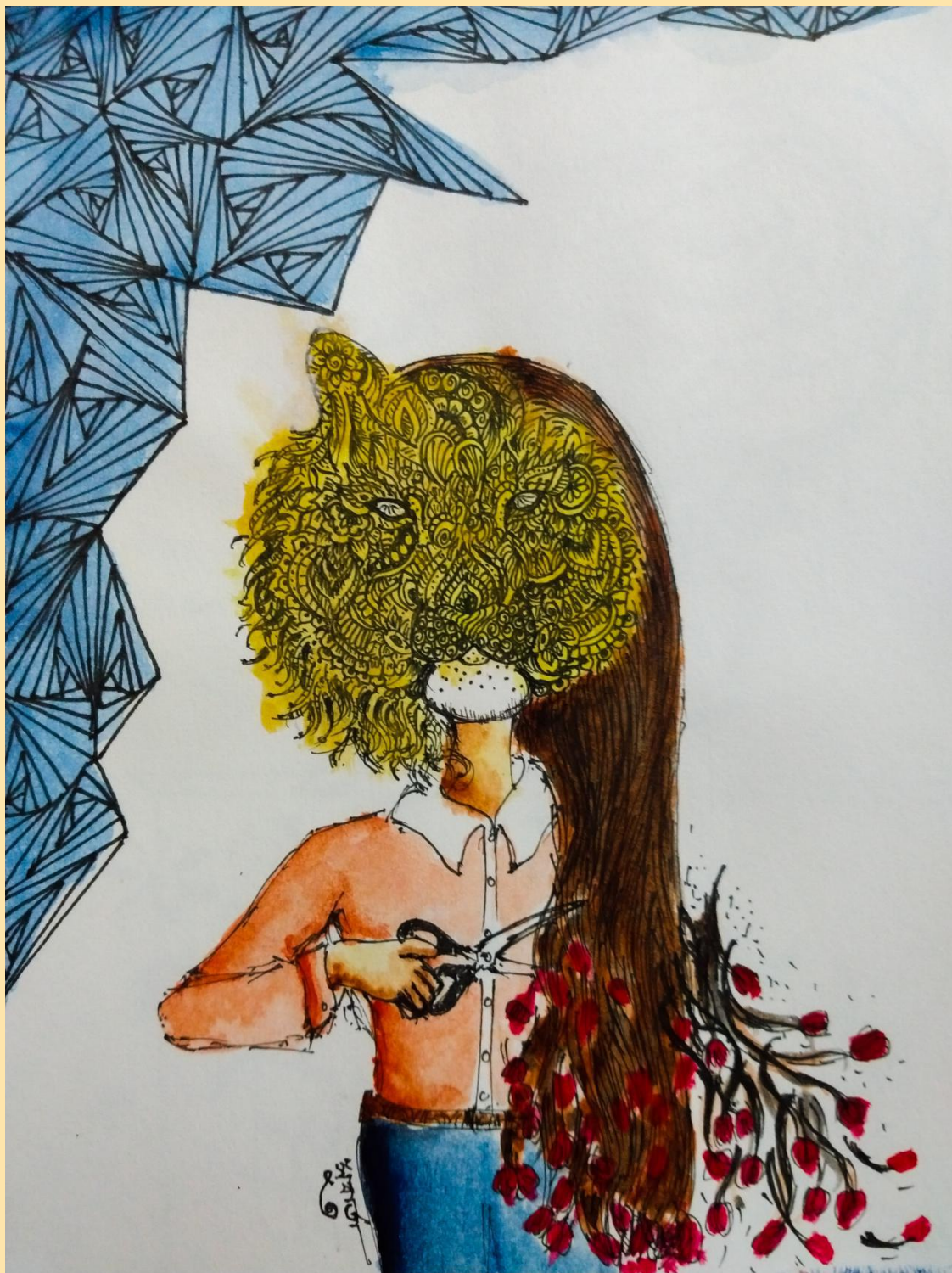
অসুখ সেরে গেলে পাহাড় দেখতে যাব...

Panini Paul
Mechanical 4th Year



Splashes of Consciousness





Subarta Halder
Mechanical 4th Year

“Defeat”

By Kahlil Gibran

Defeat, my Defeat, my solitude and my aloofness;
You are dearer to me than a thousand triumphs,
And sweeter to my heart than all world-glory.

Defeat, my Defeat, my self-knowledge and my defiance,
Through you I know that I am yet young and swift of foot
And not to be trapped by withering laurels.
And in you I have found aloneness
And the joy of being shunned and scorned.

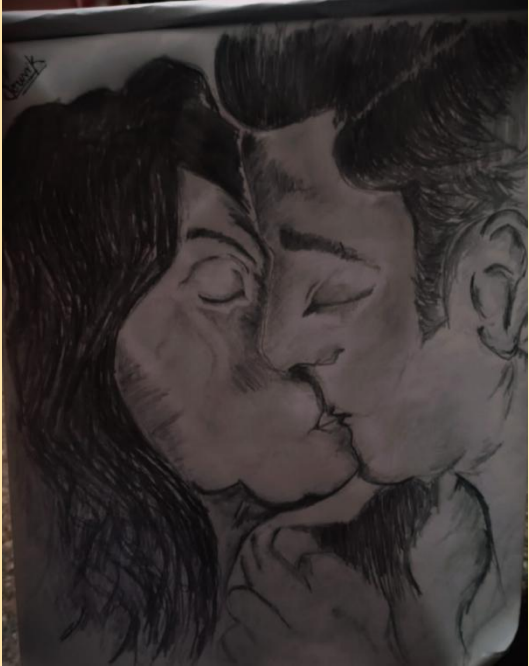
Defeat, my Defeat, my shining sword and shield,
In your eyes I have read
That to be enthroned is to be enslaved,
And to be understood is to be leveled down,
And to be grasped is but to reach one's fullness
And like a ripe fruit to fall and be consumed.

Defeat, my Defeat, my bold companion,
You shall hear my songs and my cries and my silences,
And none but you shall speak to me of the beating of wings,
And urging of seas,
And of mountains that burn in the night,
And you alone shall climb my steep and rocky soul.

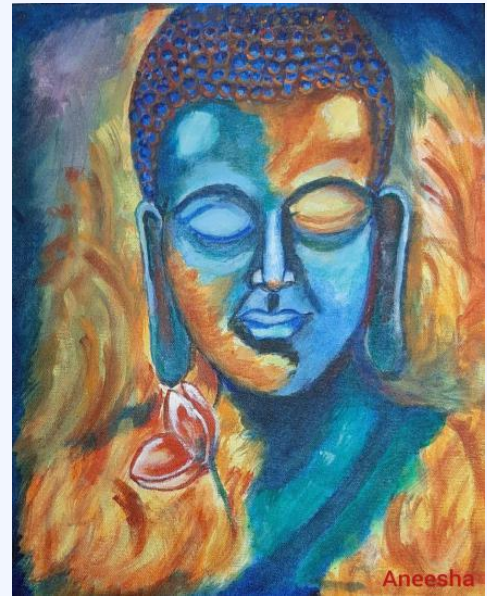
Defeat, my Defeat, my deathless courage,
You and I shall laugh together with the storm,
And together we shall dig graves for all that die in us,
And we shall stand in the sun with a will,
And we shall be dangerous.

Note: The reader is advised to appreciate Subarta's artwork in the
light of “Defeat”

Souvik Sasmal
Mechanical 2nd Year



Aneesha Chakraborty
Mechanical 4th Year

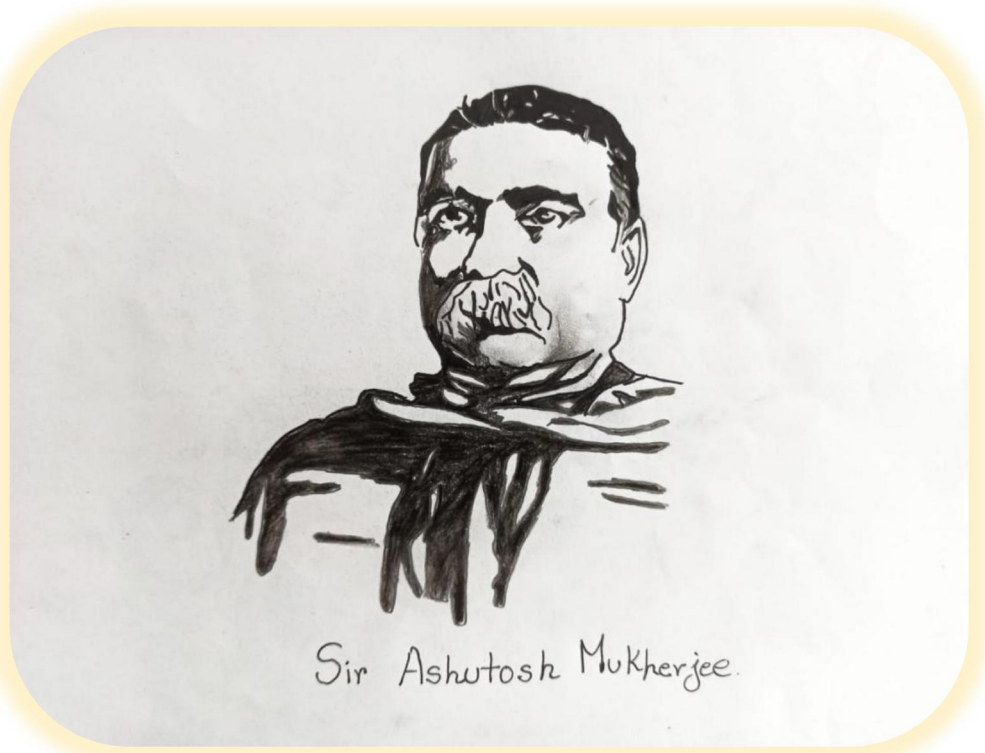


Krishnendu Adhikari
Mechanical 4th Year



A Tribute to the Legends

Souparno Dutta
Alumnus



Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee (29 June 1864-25 May 1924)

Sir Ashutosh Mukherjee, perhaps the most emphatic figure of Indian education, was a man of great personality, high self-respect, courage and towering administrative ability. He believed that to unbound the society from racism and discrimination of the British rule it was necessary to spread the light of knowledge from grass root to higher level of education. He believed in the acceptance of Western cultural values, but not at the cost of his own dignity and torchbearer of a new outlook, which was totally Indian yet entirely free from conservatism. He was often called 'Banglar Bagh' (Tiger of Bengal).





Sir Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis (June 29, 1893— June 28, 1972)

Sir P.C Mahalanobis, considered the father of modern statistics in India, founded the Indian Statistical Institute (ISI), shaped the Planning Commission and pioneered methodologies for large-scale surveys, known as Fractile Graphical Analysis .He is best remembered for the Mahalanobis Distance, a statistical measure. He made pioneering studies in anthropometry in India.





**A Tribute to the Three Stalwarts of Indian Cricket,
MS Dhoni, Saurav Ganguly and Sunil Gavaskar
(all born in the month of July)**

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