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.

L. Achilo Kikon
Assistant Professor
Dept. of Political Science,
ICFAI University Nagaland

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India celebrated its 68th year of Independence on 15th 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**

2. Jana gana mangala dayaka jaya he Bharata bhagya vidhata. Jaya he, jaya he, jaya he. Jaya jaya jaya. jaya he!

**Translated Meaning**

1. 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 Vindhyas 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.

"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 24th January 1950.
### Saare Jahan Se Achcha

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sāre jahān se acchā hindostān hamārā</th>
<th>Translated Meaning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ham bulbulain hai is ki, yeh gulsitān hamārā</td>
<td>Better than the entire world, is our Hindustan;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ghurbat men hon agar ham, rahta hai dil vatan men</td>
<td>we are its nightingales of mirth, and it is our garden abode</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>samjho vahīn hamen bhi, dil hain jahān hamārā</td>
<td>Though in foreign lands we may reside, with our homeland our hearts abide;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>parbat voh sab se ñuchā, hamsāya āśmnā ka</td>
<td>Regard us also to be there, where exist our hearts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>voh santari hamārā, voh pāsbān hamārā</td>
<td>That mountain most high, neighbor to the skies; it is our sentinel, it is our protector</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>godi men kheltī hain is ki hazāron nadiyā gulshan hai jin ke dam se, rashk-e-janān hamārā</td>
<td>In the lap of whose, play thousands of rivers; gardens they sustain, the envy-of-the-heavens of ours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aye āb, raud, ganga, voh din hen yād tujhko</td>
<td>O waters of the Ganga mighty, do you recall the day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>utarā tere kināre, jab kārvān hamārā</td>
<td>when on your banks, did land the caravan of ours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>maz'hab nahīn sikhtā āpas men bayr rakhnā</td>
<td>Religion does not teach us to harbour grudges between us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hindvi hai ham, vatan hai hindostan hamārā</td>
<td>Indians we all are, India, our motherland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>yūnān-o-misr-o-romā, sab mit gaye jahān se</td>
<td>While Greece, Egypt, Rome have all been wiped out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ab tak magar hai bāqi, nām-o-nishān hamārā</td>
<td>till now yet remains, this civilization of ours (it has stood the test of time)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>kuch bāt hai keh hastī, miṭati nahīn hamārī</td>
<td>Something there is that keeps us, our entity from being eroded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sadiyon rahā hai dushman, daur-e-zamān hamārā</td>
<td>For ages has been our enemy, the way of the world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iqbal ko'ī meharam, apnā nahīn jahān men</td>
<td>Iqbal! Is there no soul that could understand the pain in thy heart?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>m'alūm kya kisī ko, dard-e-nihān hamārā</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**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

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 lily 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 flash 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 mows 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 Mace 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!

Bankim 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.
Like a Guest

Monin Boro, 3rd 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.

•••
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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Art, Design & Layout

Rupanka Bhuyan

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