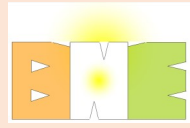


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Bengalees of New England





বর্ষবরণ

পাপিয়া ব্যানার্জি

বৃষ্টি মানে –

গা ঘেঁসে থাকা দুটি শরীর
গঙ্গার ধারে কদম ফুলের গাছের তলায়।
জলের ফোঁটায় গোল গোল ঢেউ নদীর বুকে
রাস্তা-ডোবা নোংরা পচা হাঁটু জলে
কেউ বা ভাসে ডিঙি ভেলায়।

ঝোড় হাওয়া –

ময়ূরপংখী চাঁদিয়াল ভাসছে নীলে
ছাদের উপর দারুণ মজা পাঞ্জা লড়ায়।

গরমের অলস দুপুর –

বিটনুন মাখা ডাঁসা পেয়ারা
বেলপানা আর কুলের আচার
রসিয়ে খাওয়া চিলে কোঠায়।

শরৎ আকাশে সোনার ছটা –

ঘন নীলে তুলোর ভেলা
আগমনীর বার্তা পাঠায়।

বসন্তের এই নরম হাওয়া

উধাও হঠাৎ তাপের চাপে
তবুও সরব কোকিল কণ্ঠ
মন-মাতিয়ে আবেশ ছড়ায়।

শুভ বিজয়া --

ই-ম্যাল আর হোয়াটস-আপে
নিমকি গজা তঙ্কি সবই বিস্মৃতপ্রায়।
শিকেয় তোলা পৌষ পিঠে –
স্ট্যাটাস রাখতে ছুটছে ওরা পৌষ মেলায়।

বছরের শেষ বড়দিনে –

লাল সবুজ ক্রিশমাস ট্রি
পশ্চিমকে বরণ করায়।

এইভাবে পিছুহটা দিনগুলো সব
স্মৃতির বুলির ভার বাড়িয়ে
ভবিষ্যতকে কাছে টানায়।

নিরর্থক

পাপিয়া ব্যানার্জী

জীবন অবিশ্রান্ত -
সীমাহীন, যতিহীন
ঘূর্ণমান অনর্গল আবর্তে।
নির্বাধ সঞ্চরণ-
অলস গতানুগতিক।

সমাজের অজগর বেষ্টনে
আমি তুমি বাঁধা
একীভূত অস্তিত্বে
অথচ কেউ কারো নয়,
শুধু প্রয়োজন মাথা তুলে আছে
এভারেষ্টির উচ্চতায় -
নিসাদা মহাশূণ্যের গভীরতা নিয়ে।

আশা আকাঙ্ক্ষা কুহেলিকা যেন-
পুঞ্জীভূত অনর্থ বাচন।
নেই গান, নেই প্রাণ,
জীবাত্মার অপকর্ষের জ্বালটুকু ছাড়া।



The Town

By: Anika Ghosh

I guess windows are a comfort place for me. It's quite relaxing to wake up on a busy street. The chaos calms me down. I draw what I see because it takes up my time. All my friends are busy, and I don't even have that many, so I'm usually alone. Practically everything that happens is in my view since I'm so high up. There is a sketchbook I use to capture just about everything that happens. During the daytime, everything is so colorful and pretty. We are everywhere. It's the beauty of nature. The chatter across cities about us makes everyone want to visit us.

One must sneak into our town to see what it's about. People look into here and are surprised by what they find; it's not at all what you would expect. We greet them the best we can, we aren't very good at it, but we try. They tell us how we scare them because we appear out of nowhere. Asking us how we do it like it's a magic trick.

The town is so lit up at night. All this light, yet it's so silent. The yellow across buildings mixed with the black of the sky makes the night that much better. I sit and stare at my window. Out there. This whole world and people want to waste it doing useless things that won't even matter. I don't get hungry or thirsty there. I don't feel the need to attend to normal everyday life. No one in this city does. We all live our lives differently. Each one of us, different in every way possible. For some odd reason that scares tourists. It's almost like they don't like diversity.

I don't really do much in my day. I roam the streets like I'm a lonely ghost who seeks revenge and justice for their loved ones. I take pictures of everything I see. It doesn't matter what it is; if I can take a picture, I take the picture. I always add them to my photo collage. My collage has all sorts of pictures in it. I've taken them over the years. Sometimes I wonder if my oldest photos are older than me. I highly doubt it though; I'm pretty old. Some call them creepy and tell me I'm a lively ghost, but I prefer the word vintage instead. I like to show my collages off to others. The city always has exciting new opportunities for this. It's far away, but it's worth the wait. The yearly mural allows everyone in the city and outside to add one photo. I have so many, it's way too hard to decide. This year I submitted a black and white photo. The photo had a ton of art on a wall in the middle of the city. When I submitted it they asked how I got the photo. I tried to explain to them that this was my photo and I took it a few years ago. I was told that it wasn't possible.

There was a small town that was known for conducting experiments on the people and buildings without their knowledge. One day one of the experiments had gone wrong. One of the children got into the safe room where the experiments were kept and pulled the trigger not knowing what would happen. The pulling of the trigger caused the building to explode. The building that the art was on. The whole place was on fire. The foliage around caught on fire, spreading throughout the town. Very few could run away in time. The majority of the townsfolk turned to ash within seconds, and there was so stopping it. That happened 68 years ago. Since then no one has heard about us. They boarded up the town and never mentioned it again. They called it the ghost town, or whatever was left of it.



শুভ শারদীয়া





প্রকৃতি -শ্রী সুশান্ত কুমার বসু

তোমার মাঝে খুঁজে বেড়াই
আমার হারিয়ে যাওয়ার সুর
দূর দিগন্তে ঘুরে বেড়াই
দেখি রূপ থেকে অপরূপ।
কোথাও দেখি রবির প্রকাশ
মনের মাঝে ছড়ায় রঙ
কোথাও দেখি দিগন্তের পটে
সাগর আকাশ টানে মন।
পাহাড় তোমার রূপ যে বাড়ায়
সুন্দর করে গড়ে তোমাকে
তাই তো তোমায় দেখতে ছুটি
দূর থেকে দূর দূরান্তে।
সমুদ্রের মাঝে চেউ তো আছে
পাহাড় থাকে নীরব হ'য়ে
তবু কেন টানে মন
চোখ জুড়ে ঐ পাহাড় থাকে।

পাহাড় তোমার রূপ যে কতো
রঙও আছে বোঝে না সবাই
যাকে টানে সেই বোঝে
কি আছে আর কি বা নাই।
মনে আমি বিস্ত্রবান
সঙ্গতি সামান্য
ইচ্ছা আছে পাহাড় প্রমাণ
কল্পনাতেই আনন্দ।
তবু আমি যেতে চাই
পেতে চাই তোমায় কাছে
ইট কাঠের শহরে থেকে
জীবন যেন থেমে থাকে।
একঘেয়ে এ-ই জীবনে
তুমিই আমার বাঁচার উপায়
তোমার কাছে তাই তো যাই
জীবন যাতে সচল থাকে।।

কবিতা আমার - শ্রী সুশান্ত কুমার বসু

কবিতা আসে না মনে
রয় সে গোপনে
লজ্জাবতি লতা যেন
নিজেকে রাখে সঙ্গোপনে।
যদি সে দেয় ধরা
যত্নে রাখি নিজের কাছে
আদরে ভরিয়ে রাখি
হারিয়ে ফেলি কখনো পাছে।
সে যে কবিতা আমার
থাকে না সে ধরা বাঁধা
মনকে নিংড়ে নেয়
অন্তরে বাঁধে বাসা।
তাইতো লিখতে বসি
কলমের ডগায় আসি
নাচে যেন নৃপুর পায়ে
মিলন্তি শব্দে ভাসি। শব্দগুলো সাজিয়ে তুলে
লিখে রাখি খাতা খুলে
সেই শব্দই কবিতা হয়ে

ঝরে পড়ে খাতার কোলে।
সেগুলি সব নরম হয়
ছোঁয়া তো যায় না তাদের
তারা শুধু মনকে ছোঁয়
অন্তরটা ভরিয়ে রাখে।।



Ransomware Attacks - Difficult Choices

By Ryon Das, 14

You're scrolling through your work email on a Monday morning, while still suffering from the last dregs of sleep. Suddenly, you see an email from jr318@netflix-stuff.com saying that you can get a free discount on Netflix premium for the next year if you click right now! Bursting up, you click it naively; next thing you know, you're locked out of your computer - you can't access bank accounts, your company has its data frozen and hidden, your kids can't do their school work, and you can't look at the pictures of the relatives and friends who are no more. You just experienced what is known as a ransomware attack!



In the first five months of 2021, according to the cyber prevention website Black Fog, a whopping 120 high-profile ransomware attacks have occurred, which is increasing every year. In addition, every month in 2021 to date, has recorded more announced cases of ransomware attacks than the corresponding month in 2020. All of these numbers give us quantifiable evidence, but what are Ransomware attacks?

Ransomware Attacks, according to the Cybersecurity and Infrastructure Security Agency, are defined as "[a] form of malware designed to encrypt files on a device, rendering any files and the systems that rely on them unusable. Malicious actors then demand ransom in exchange for decryption [so that the data can be returned and reused]." The events above are, thankfully, imaginative, but a real instance of this is the highly-publicized Colonial Pipeline Attack. On May 7th, the oil company, described as the 'jugular of infrastructure in the United States,' by energy



expert Amy Myers Jaffe, was hacked by the hacker gang DarkSide. The attack attracted international headlines, and it was the first time many people heard about Ransomware attacks. The Colonial Pipeline attack ended when the FBI and the company paid the 75 bitcoin demanded by the cybergang (or 4.4 million USD) to get their data back and end the severe shortages the attack had brought on in that week. Other attacks have targeted schools, hospitals, government services, and

"To pay, or not to pay?" Like the famous inquiry by Shakespeare's Hamlet, this is the question that company leaders, but also common people targeted by ransomware attacks nowadays, have to answer. Ransomware assault victims have two choices: (I) They don't pay the money; instead, they rely on law enforcement to get their files and data back. (II) They can pay the money and hope that the data is returned. There are clear upsides and downsides to both of the options, and depending on the situation, it is important to make an enlightened decision best suited to the situation you, your company, or your organization are in.



Why should people not pay? Well, the reasons are pretty clear. For one, you won't have to pay large sums of money to rogues. Another reason is if these assailants don't get money from their victims, they might realize that their tactics aren't working and stop these terrible deeds. Paying will just encourage them further. Finally, if one does pay, there is no guarantee that these hackers won't just ask for yet more money.

Of course, there is always a flipside. Data could have been worked on for years, and it might be essential for a company to pay the ransom. In addition, there might be a big public issue caused if the ransom isn't paid, as shown with the Colonial Pipeline attack with national oil shortages. Finally, holding out on the payment could backfire massively. CNN reported that the whole City of Baltimore (30th biggest in the US) faced a systems shutdown in 2019 with ransom being valued at 76 thousand dollars. Mayor Bernard Young held out, and now the attack cost the city a projected amount of 18.2 million USD. That's 103x the ransom value.



There are big decisions one has to make if ever targeted with ransomware. This article was meant to inform you about your choices, and maybe even sway you to one of the sides, depending on the way you see the world. Either way, the best option you have is being proactive now and making sure you know not to click on suspicious-looking links. Make backups of all of your important data/files. Also, vote for leaders who have strong, detailed plans against cyberterrorism of this manner. Educate others on ways to protect against these attacks, but if the worst comes to pass, remember your options and make informed decisions.



Celebrating the Festival of Goddess Durga in the USA
by
Medha Bhattacharyya

I am far away from my hometown, Kolkata
Yet I am not alone
I am amidst new friends
Old friends
Virtual friends|
Who have become my very own.
'The pandemic has taken away a lot of our freedom',
We complain.
But has it?
Is it all?
Hasn't it taught us to value life,
To respect our time with our loved ones,
To rethink and relive our lives once again?
On the day Mahalaya was celebrated,
I became nostalgic
I would miss puja with my family—
My elderly parents in Kolkata.
Yes, I did miss them.
But Ma Durga made it possible for me
To experience her benevolence in Massachusetts.
I could attend her puja
With devotion
This is home now
With new people in my life
All that matters is the will to celebrate
This was the celebration of my first Durga Puja in the US.
The experience was unique in its own way
The mirth of festivity was all around
It was infectious
People I met were so amazing that it did not feel
I was meeting them for the first time
Not even once did I feel lonely.
No wonder long ago, the Maha Upanishad said,
'vasudhaiva kutumbakam',
'The world is a family'.



Courtesy—Shreya Sarkar

কুমকি

অনমিত্র রায়

অনেকদিন পর আজ (১৮ এপ্রিল, ২০১৮) আবার চেক-আপের জন্য গিয়েছিলাম নারায়ণা সুপার স্পেশালিটি হসপিটালে। কীসের চেক-আপ, আবার কেন— এসব প্রশ্ন অপ্রধান, অবান্তর। তাই সেসব কথা থাক। মূল গল্পে আসি।

টোটোয় চেপে যাওয়া, আবার টোটোতেই ফেরা। আসা-যাওয়ার পথে একটা রেলক্রসিং পড়ে। ভাগ্য প্রসন্ন থাকলে রেলগেট খোলা থাকে, তা না হলে কী হবে বলা মুশকিল।

আমি রেলগাড়ি ভালোবাসি। আমি রেললাইন ভালোবাসি। আমি রেলক্রসিং ভালোবাসি। দু-দিকের রেলগেটের আশেপাশের ছোট্ট এলাকাটুকুর মধ্যে যে ‘খাঁটি শহুরে নয়’ ভাব, আমি সেই ‘ভাব’টা ভালোবাসি। তাই যেদিন দেখি, রেলগেট বন্ধ আর একটু পরেই লম্বা একটা ময়াল সাপের মতো মালগাড়ি যেতে শুরু করল, যার মধ্যে একটা ‘গেলেও হয়, না গেলেও ক্ষতি কী, তাড়া তো কিছু নেই’ ভাব, সেদিন আমার মন এক অপার আনন্দে ভরে যায়। আমি তখন ডান দিকে তাকিয়ে দেখি রতন মাছওলা রুই মাছ কাটছে, পাশে অনন্ত অপেক্ষায় সাদা-কালো বেড়ালটা শুয়ে, বাঁ-দিকে তাকিয়ে দেখি খবরের কাগজওলা তার সাইকেল-ভরতি খবর নিয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে, কিংবা এক জুতো বিক্রেতা হাওয়াই চটি থেকে শুরু করে আরও নানা জুতোর পসরা নিয়ে ক্রেতার অপেক্ষায়, এমন অনেক কিছু। আজ সেরকমই একটা দিন ছিল। সকালে যাওয়ার সময়তেও, বেলায় ফেরার সময়েও।

আজ যাওয়ার পথেও রেলগেট বন্ধ, ফেরার পথেও তাই। যাওয়ার পথে বিশেষ কিছুই ঘটেনি তেমন, ওই প্রতিবার যেমন ঘটে। সামনের রিকশাচালক তার রিকশা ছেড়ে পাশে আনাজওলার সঙ্গে কয়েক মুহূর্তের গল্পে মশগুল, এক বাইকজন ক্রমাগত ফাঁক খুঁজছে, কীভাবে আরও দু-তিন চাকা এগিয়ে যাওয়া যায়— এইসব আর কি!

ফেরার পথেও রেলগেট বন্ধ। প্রথমে একটা ফাঁকা এক্সপ্রেস ট্রেন অত্যন্ত ধীর লয়ে, তার স্বভাববিরুদ্ধ ছন্দে চলেছে হয়তো-বা কারশেডের উদ্দেশ্যে। সে চলে গেল, বলে গেল না। তারপর এল এক মালগাড়ি। ততক্ষণে আমি আনন্দে আত্মহারা। একদিন এক মালগাড়ির মোট বগির সংখ্যা গুনেছিলিলাম। বেশি নয়, মাত্র উননব্বইটা। ঠিক যেমন কোনো জিনিসের গায়ে দামের পরে লেখা থাকে, 'only', এক্কেবারে তেমন। তা বলে, আজ আর গুনিনি। বসে আছি, আমাদের টোটোর সামনে আর একটা টোটো।

এমন সময় আচমকাই আমাদের টোটোর ডান পাশ দিয়ে একটা সাইকেল একটু এগিয়ে গিয়ে আমাদের টোটো আর সামনের টোটোর মধ্যে যে সামান্য ফাঁকটুকু আছে সেখানটায় থমকে গেলা দেখি, একটা নীল লেডিজ সাইকেলে বাচ্চা একটা মেয়ে। বুঝতে পারছে না, ওইটুকু ফাঁক দিয়ে সে তার সাইকেল নিয়ে বাঁ-দিকে কী করে যাবে। মেয়েটির গায়ে সাদার ওপর সবুজ ছোপ ছোপ নকশা করা হাতকাটা একটা ফ্রক। তার সাইকেলের সামনে হ্যান্ডেলের সঙ্গে লাগানো একটা চোকো বাস্কেট (ঝুড়ি বললে ঠিক যেন মানায় না)। সেই বাস্কেটে একটা সাদা রঙের প্লাস্টিকের প্যাকেট।

হঠাৎ সেই বাচ্চা মেয়েটিকে দেখে আমার কী হল কে জানে, আমি মনে মনে তার নাম দিলাম 'ঝুমকি'। বাধা পেয়ে ঝুমকি আমাদের টোটোর দিকে মুখ ফেরাল। যেকোনো শিশুকে যেমন দেখতে হয়, ঝুমকিও তেমনই নিষ্পাপ। হয়তো ক্লাস ফোর, কি খুবজোর ফাইভে পড়ে। ঝুমকি তাকাতেই দেখিলাম, ওর চোখে কোনো রাগ নেই, কোনো দুঃখ, আনন্দ, ঘৃণা, ভয় কিছুই নেই। যেন এক অনুচ্চারিত জিজ্ঞাসা, 'তোমরা আমার জন্য মাত্র এইটুকু জায়গা রেখেছ?' কাউকেই কিছু উচ্চারণ করতে হল না, ব্যাপারটা খেয়াল করে আমাদের টোটোচালক গুটুদা হ্যান্ডেলটা একটু বাঁকিয়ে সামনের চাকাটা আরও খানিকটা বাঁ-দিকে ঘোরাল।

এবার ঝুমকি অনায়াসে সেইটুকু পথ দিয়ে বাঁ-দিকে এল। আমাদের সামনে মালগাড়িটা তখনও চলছে তার নিজস্ব গতিতে। তার কোনো হেলদোল নেই।

আমাদের টোটোর বাঁ-দিকেই সামান্য দূরে মাটিতে বসে ছিল এক মাছবিক্রেতা। রুই, চিংড়ি আরও কতশত। এক ভদ্রলোক মাছ কিনছিলেন। ওরা ঝুমকিকে দেখে হাসল। ঝুমকিও হাসল। বুঝলাম ওরা তিনজনেই আঞ্চলিক। এবার ঝুমকি তার সাইকেলটাকে টেনে ‘এক হাঁট’ উঁচু ফুটপাথে উঠল। তারপর এগিয়ে গেল একটা দোকানের দিকে। দূর থেকে দেখতে পেলাম, ঝুমকির ঠোঁট নড়ছে। দোকানদারও কিছু বলছে। এরপর ঝুমকি অনেকগুলো জিনিস নিয়ে সেই সাদা প্লাস্টিকের প্যাকেটে এক এক করে ভরতে লাগল।

ঠিক এই সময়ে রেলগেট খুলল। মালগাড়ি চলে গেছে। আমাদের টোটোও আস্তে আস্তে গড়াতে শুরু করল সামনের দিকে। রেললাইনের কাছাকাছি পৌঁছে একবার পেছনদিকে তাকালাম। দেখলাম, ঝুমকি তার জিনিসপত্র সাইকেলের সামনের বাস্কেটে ভরে সাইকেলটাকে ঠেলতে ঠেলতে ‘এক হাঁট’ উঁচু ফুটপাথ পেরিয়ে রাস্তায় নেমেছে। কী মনে হতে, ডান দিকে তাকাতে দেখি, মালগাড়ির শেষ কামরাটা আবছা দেখা যাচ্ছে।

ঝুমকি আর মালগাড়ি যে যার নিজের ছন্দে নিজের পথে পা বাড়িয়েছে।

Kitty and The Ball of Wool

Anamitra Ray

There is a baby cat. Her name is Kitty. She loves to play most of the time. She loves to play with a ball of pink wool. One day while playing, the big ball of pink wool unrolled. It unrolled and unrolled and unrolled. At a point of time it became a long and long and long string of wool. The ball disappeared.

Kitty tried to find the ball here and there. She searched under the cot, under the sofa, under the table. But nowhere could she find her favourite ball of pink wool. Everywhere she could see only a long long string of pink wool.

Kitty became surprised. Kitty became sad. She sat silently at a corner of the room. It seemed that she was about to cry. Suddenly there, into the room entered Rumki, the little girl. She recently learnt how to make a woollen sweater.

Rumki again rolled the long, long pink string of wool. She has to make a sweater for her little brother. So she began knitting. And the ball of pink wool dropped from her lap on the floor.

Kitty watched everything. She became happy. She became excited. She jumped and got hold of the ball of pink wool.

Rumki continued knitting. Kitty playing on and on.



With Best Compliments
From
Bengalees of New England



In loving memory of Tapati Lahiri (1939-2021)



Tapati, also called Tia by her family, was born in Kolkata, India. She was the second of four children born to Uma Sanyal and the painter Phani Bhusan Sanyal. Tapati was raised in North Kolkata in a politically engaged extended family for whom art, music, and literature played a prominent part. She earned her B.A. at Vidyasagar College, an M.A. in Bengali literature at Calcutta University, and a post-graduate certificate at Visva Bharati University (Santiniketan), a renowned open-air center of learning located in West Bengal.

After university, Tapati taught at a girl's school, worked as a private tutor, and was active in organizing cultural programs featuring theater, music, and recitation to celebrate the Bengali New Year and other occasions. Born with a beautiful voice, she studied singing, learning the repertoire of the Bengali poet and composer Rabindranath Tagore. She was cast in an important role in a public production of the play *Siraj Daulah*, and was considered by the director Satyajit Ray to act the part of Durga in his 1955 cinematic masterpiece *Pather Panchali*.

Tapati was married and emigrated in 1966, living first in London, where she trained to be a Montessori school teacher, before moving on to Cambridge, Massachusetts in 1969, and finally settling in 1970 in the environs of Kingston, Rhode Island, where her husband worked as a Faculty Librarian at the University of Rhode Island. She was an early member of URI's Indian community, hosting graduate students who lived far from home and regularly preparing samosas and other Bengali snacks for the International Coffee House on URI's campus. She continued to maintain strong ties with the growing Bengali community of the greater Boston area, helping to organize cultural events that were fundamental in establishing solidarity and life-long, sustaining friendships for transplanted Bengalis in New England.

In the late 1980's, she became the director of the YMCA After School Program at South Road Elementary school, and went on to become a teacher's aide for special education students at South Road School and later, at West Kingston School. In 1999, she decided to return to University to earn an Early Childhood Education degree and Teacher Certification at URI. She completed her studies in 2009, and was inducted into the Kappa Delta Pi International Honor Society. Though she retired from the South Kingstown School Department soon afterward, she continued to work as a substitute teacher and helped to found the Gandhi Essay Contest, a state-wide education initiative to encourage Rhode Island youth to think critically and write about non-violent social change. In her career as an educator, she worked with hundreds of young children in South Kingstown. She was a proud member of the South Kingstown Coalition Against Racism, and with her husband, engaged in philanthropic work in West Bengal, India to provide support for the health and education of children living in poverty.

An ardent reader of Bengali literature, Tapati published poetry in numerous Bengali literary magazines and newspapers. Her Bengali translation of Dilip K. Dutta's biographical commentary of the Assamese poet and song writer Bhupen Hazarika was published in 1991. In 2016, she was part of the cast of "Voices," a story-telling production by the New England theater group Off-Kendrik, narrating true experiences about the South Asian immigrant experience.

Tapati was a gifted container gardener, a devotee of cinema and classical Indian music, a highly skilled knitter, a fierce Scrabble player, and a passionate cook who opened her home innumerable times to guests, treating them to her sumptuous Bengali cuisine. She will be remembered for her nurturing spirit, her dedication to principles of social justice and tolerance, her sense of humor, her curiosity, and the countless friendships and family relationships, spread across three continents, that she cultivated and held dear.

She is survived by her husband of 55 years, Amar Lahiri, by daughters Jhumpa and Simanti, and by two grandchildren, Octavio and Noor.



In loving memory of Sitansu Shekar Mitra (1937-2021)



Dr Sitansu Shekar Mitra passed away on Sunday, April 25, 2021, after a long illness. Dr. Mitra was born on October 3, 1937, in Calcutta, India and led a life of great academic success. At age 18 he won the prestigious Ishan Scholarship Award which allowed him to earn a BA and MA in Mathematics at Presidency College and the University of Calcutta respectively. His academic distinction was such that he was offered a position at the University of Calcutta's Department of Mathematics the day after he received his Master's degree in 1960. This led Dr. Mitra to become the youngest professor at the University of Calcutta's Department of Mathematics.

Dr. Mitra continued his studies abroad and subsequently was awarded the prestigious Fulbright and Commonwealth scholarships. Dr. Mitra and his wife Pranati (Datta) relocated to Toronto, Canada, where he studied Non-Euclidean Geometry at the University of Toronto. After earning his second Master's he continued to build on his academic success, earning his Ph.D in Mathematics at Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania in 1970.

Dr. Mitra took his expertise in mathematics to the burgeoning field of Computer Science. He began his career as a programmer at Pennsylvania's Bureau of Corrections. The young family moved to the Boston area in 1978. Over the next 40 years he continued in Computer Science as a working professional, teacher, and author. He wrote books on Database Theory, Expert Systems, and Oracle Database Tuning. He also wrote several articles and a book about 19th and 20th century Bengali history and literature, a lifelong passion along with Mathematics. Dr. Mitra leaves behind his loving wife Pranati (Datta) Mitra, his son Partha and daughter-in-law Claudia of Bronxville, NY and his other son Ansuman and daughter-in-law Sarah of Medford, MA. He also leaves behind his nephew Dev Kumar Roy of Miami, Florida and his niece, Ashoka Bose of Kolkata, India. Dr. Mitra will be deeply missed by the Bengali community of Massachusetts where Dr. Mitra and his family lived for 43 years.



**In loving memory of
Archana Bandopadhyay
(1953-2021)**



Archana was born in Sivasagar, Assam on July 17th, 1953 to Dr. Suresh Chandra Dutta and Mrs. Milan Mayee Dutta. The family fondly called her Khuku (baby girl) as she was the youngest of seven siblings. At an early age, she moved to Calcutta with her family. She completed her schooling in Calcutta from Victoria College and graduated from Calcutta University majoring in Arts. Professionally, she worked at the state department of civil defence through the mid 80's and 90's. From her college days, she loved to dance and trained with her Guru Shanti Bose. As a highly talented individual she got early opportunities to perform professionally with several well renowned Bengali artists including Bhupen Hazarika, Suchitra Mitra at prominent venues such as Rabindra Sadan et al. After a few years of courtship, Barendra and Archana tied the knot on December 14, 1978. Debaleena was born several years later. In the late 90's, Archana moved to Boston with her husband and daughter. She had an uncanny ability to connect with people. In the twenty plus years she spent in Boston, she created life long friendships. In 2015, she moved to Sacramento with her husband. Yet again, she was able to form strong friendships within a short span of time. In Boston, she had a successful banking career, working at Citibank, Citizens Bank, Bank of America.

Archana was a dedicated wife and a loving mother. Archana treasured and supported her daughter and embraced every moment with her. Within the community, she was extremely social and loved to entertain friends and family. We will forever cherish all the fond memories we have with her and she will live forever in our hearts.



**In loving memory of
Deepak Deb
(1953-2021)**

Deepak Deb was born in Tripura, India, on August 10, 1960. After graduating from Hijli High School, Kharagpur, he went on to receive a Bachelor of Electrical Engineering from Jadavpur University. He worked as a consultant for Capgemini for the last 10 years.

Knowing Deepak (beloved Deepak da to many of us) was to know what it meant to celebrate life in the face of any odds. He was a passionate and progressive voice, a man of many interests. He enjoyed community theater, traveling, gardening, music, art and genuinely making people laugh. He was also actively involved in a number of charities in India as well as Massachusetts.

Deepak's warmth, generosity, and positive attitude has touched the lives of many. His words, deeds, memories will be in our hearts forever. He is survived by his wife, Krishna Deb, son, Sayon Deb, daughter-in-law Kerry Flett, brother Dilip Deb, sister Bani Chowdhury, and other family and friends.



Cover page Graphics -Sayantani Nandy



Bengalees of New England has always strived to promote Bengali culture, heritage art and music. This year has not been an exception to that. Even though Covid-19 has been lurking on us the entire team, we were still able to hold all our yearly events successfully. We are thankful to our patrons, community members, volunteers and well-wishers for their support and encouragement during this trying time.

With prayers for good health and prosperity

BNE Executive Committee 2021

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