

ANTI-MATTER

Tuhin Sanyal, 1993

When I look back at the evening of December 3, 2006, I realize how I had the feel of boarding 'Time-Past'. As if something queer and, simultaneously, worth relishing had taken me back to my initial days in school, seen me safely through a repeat journey through those self-same classes, corridors, years and teachers' hearts...all within minutes. WAM 2006 was an epitome of some sublime paradox. We were told that the programme would last for some hours, and may be it did too, but I felt that the lovely minutes ticked away all too soon. They were sheer minutes, and quality ones, for that matter. Reminiscences afoot, I walked amidst those tall swans flocking the semi-gothic water-tank, our makeshift fountain on certain occasions, yawning at what we always called 'the new building', while the band played on in the opposite field. A queer merger it was though— a la Anjan Dutta kissing the Countess of Saxony, no offence meant. I could turn back and see how many miles I had walked in life. And I thanked my alma-mater repetitively, as I would in some prayer. I felt like God, observing the essences of the past and the present all at the same time, all present in my pulsating self. I felt my wrist over and over again, or may be the bones inside, and I could sense St.Mary's all inside me...in my lymph and marrow. I carved out for myself quietude even in the throng and professed love for those wonderful teachers like Mr.Harold Dias, Mr.Smith, Mrs.Menon, Br.L.S.Dias, Br.M.B.White, Br.Cerazo, Mrs.Sharmen Dias, Mrs.Alphonso, Mr.Francis, Jharna miss, Mr. Gurudas Banerjee and so many more—people who crafted a human being of the silly 'me'. I could feel that similar vibes from people of varied and different batches interwove like the World Wide Web and translated to camaraderie. All this was possible for A FEW GOOD MEN— the Marian brethren, and people like Debabrata Guha, Anirban Roy (Kohinoor-da) who put their hearts into WAM'06.