

Editorial

It was a tough job, a really tough job. Taking up the monumental task of editing the annual magazine of BITS, Pilani is not a piece of cake, especially when you are a second yearite. But then I had been taught, "Nothing that is worthwhile is ever easy." I will not lie. I was scared in the beginning and whether I have lived up to the expectations only time can tell.

As I started working, I was overwhelmed by the response I received. I feel really honoured and today I take this opportunity to thank everyone who came forward to be a part of the team, to submit an article, a sketch or maybe just a photograph. Forty-two articles, nineteen poems, numerous sketches and photographs, I was living an Editor's worst nightmare. However I had my faith restored that creativity was not a dying art. This time the team went to the people asking them their opinions about CF. Whatever I have put in is because that was the wish of the majority. I dedicate Cactus Flower to all these people — the creators and the critics.

A lot of positive criticism came forth for the betterment of the magazine because people acknowledged our integrity and trustworthiness. I believe that I have always tried to be different, daring, impossible, impractical, impartial and almost everything that asserts integrity of purpose and imaginative vision; when pitted against the 'play it safers', the creatures of the common place and the slaves of the ordinary.' That always pays off. There shall always be people who decide to dissociate themselves from CF. Frankly speaking we never miss them.

Gunter Grass had once remarked, "A writer must live up to the test of reality, including political reality and that cannot be done if he keeps his distance." An Editorial board too has to pass through this test and my young and fresh team have tried to make all of you aware of the various opportunities this institution offers us, let you know about the silent soldiers who fight a battle to give a better life to the underprivileged and try to put forward to you what we felt was wrong. There have been times when people have called my team watchdogs, like Cerberus guarding the entrance to the other world. I take that as a compliment and assure them



that we have really been almost everywhere, watching everything, for we guard this heaven of ours — BITS, Pilani. One must never forget that “The eyes of truth are watching you.” As the most powerful, fearless and outspoken medium of BITS, we have been those eyes for years. What gives us this power? The simple fact that we are perhaps the only autonomous body functioning today in BITS and we report only to someone called conscience. If anyone ever tries to infringe this autonomy be rest assured that trouble is near, autocracy is near, dishonesty is near.

How you treat this magazine lies solely in your hands. Whether in future it packages groundnuts or it adorns your shelf or replaces the confusion that was your trademark, I cannot say, but the truth shall remain. Everything that has been written will stay simply because we all are a part of this truth. That is why we call CF a mirror on our world. It would be futile to praise my teammates who have always stood beside the strong decisions I had to make. Ladies and gentlemen, it was an honour working with you.

Today as I read through this final draft of Cactus Flower, 2003, I cannot help but feel proud. It has braved many a storm and is now ready to face the world but this also means that I must now step aside. Someone had once remarked that it is very difficult to let go. Queen Galadriel had said, “I will diminish, and go into the West and remain Galadriel”. I too have made my decision to bow down and usher in a new dawn for a better tomorrow. I know that tomorrow is not far away.

Someone asked me the other day, “What makes you think that you can change anything? What are you fighting for? Immortality? You know CF Editors are not exactly Gods!”

That day I had smiled. Today I think she can find her own answer. After all “in this mortal world, everything perishes and will perish but ideas, ideals and dreams do not.”

That is all. And all that I ever needed to know.

*Yours in CF,
Madhurjya Banerjee.*



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