DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

J 177554

by Ashoke K Bagchi

rang the doorbell and it was promptly attended by a teena-

glance that he was yet to start the daily routine of shaving.

He led me to the room of Stephan Warzynski and left. I asked

Stephan, "Is he a new import from Wroclaw, one of your grand-

sons?" He gave out a big laugh, rather ridiculting me and said,

"Herr Doktor, change your glasses! He is not a boy, she is a girl,

but rather unprovocative to the wolfish eyes of the males! She is

Magdalena, Fraeuline Magdalena Fuchs, of Szeged in Hungary.

Since you left for your holidays in India, Anny and myself have

adopted her as our foster child to mittigate our sins of being

mous cyclist of Europe in the early twentics. He ran his family

business but after the Polish debacle he fled from Poland on a

bicycle and came to Vienna for survival. His only daughter Anne

Marie came with him and enrolled in the Vienna University

School of Medicine after the World War II. Stephan was a clever

He melted those and transformed into rods of various di-

mensions and eleverly stuffed those inside the hollow frame of

his bicycle and spirited away to Austria. In his own words :

"Herr Doktor! Es Waere das schwerste und gefaerlichste arbeits

metner lebens". (Doctor! it was the most difficult and dangerous

pastries. Then I could see a tatooed number on the inner side of

ously under developed for her age. Gradually, day after day, she

revealed a grim ancedote of her tortured past. "I was born

Magdalena Fuchs, the eldest daughter of Joshua and Klara

Fuchs. My father ran a small shop dealing in second hand win-

ter garments. I had another sister and a kid brother. We lived in

a modest house in the predominantly Jewish area of the city of

Szeged very close to our temple. After the anschluss of Austria

by Hitler, non-Jewish people of our town started to behave pe-

cultarly with us. Often they pelted the school going Jewish chil-

dren with stones, rotten-eggs and tomatoes. They shouted

"Jude! Jude! Schwine hunde!" The Nazi influence on our non-

Jewish citizens increased day after day. One day my father,

mother and grandmother were ordered to be present at the local

municipal office, where the officers asked them many absurd

questions. In the school, the teacher Miss Elena Paztor ordered

me to sit in one corner of the room, even though I was the best

student of her class! Even my ten-year old mind became bur-

dened with ominous thoughts of more such repressions. One

midnight a posse of six uniformed youngmen came to our

doorstep and painted a star of David and a large "J" on the door

In a few minutes she appeared with a pot of coffee and a few

She was a very friendly girl in her early twenties but obvi-

person; he had quite an amount of ancestral gold.

her left arm "J 177554", a marking for a Jewl

Stephan was a sagacious Polc from Warzawa who was a fa-

members of the Aryan tribel"

tob of my life!

ged boy in gray trousers and a shirt. It appeared at the first

AJUDDIN, the late lamented Awami League leader, whose death anniversary was observed last week has a place in our hearts. After all these years, the question whether he should have been the head of government in Bangladesh, under a parliamentary system, with Bangabandhu as the figurehead Head of State remains largely an academie question, but not necessarily an irrelevant one. After all, it is by tackling - and often answering seemingly irrelevant questions - that we develop an in-depth understanding of a historical process. Tajuddin belongs to one such historical process, turbulent but relatively brief and finally cruelly cut short in what must

be recorded as one of the most heinous crimes

committed in our history A good authoritative book on Tajuddin is overdue, not one with the outpouring of grief, but a political study. May be the one a noted Bangladeshi economist Dr Attur Rahman has been working on will give as a new insight into the Awami League leader, with due emphasis on his political philosophy, expertise and working style. I trust, Rahman will resist the temptation of turning Tajuddin into a hero - or, for that matter, into an unsung rival of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, Instead, he should treat the Awami League leader as a decent human being - and as a good political leader - whose undoubted expertise in running the administration remained largely unused, much to the loss of Bangladesh.

ENIOR to me by a couple of years. Tajuddin was my contemporary at the Salimullah Muslim Hall, occupying a three-seat room, for a while sharing it with, of all persons, Nazrul Islam, It was a cruel coincidence, for little less than three decades later, the two shared a cell at the Dhaka Central Jail in their last days before the jail killing robbed the country of four of our leaders.

Quite close to the room of Tajuddin at the Hall was another three-seat room where one occupant was Shahidullah - I think, he started using his last name, Kaiser much later - who. for all practical purpose, was one of the confirmed communists of our student days. The relationship between Tajuddin and Nazrul Islam on the one side and the other two 1971 martyrs, Shahidullah and Munir Chowdhury on the other was ambivalent, with their shared concern for the rights for the people of the then East Pakistan often overshadowed by hidden infighting between the communist faction and the nationalist forces.

All this is part of my recollections, hazy in places and disjointed, especially in details, in others. My earnest hope is that they will not be quoted as "authoritative" by any historian or a biographer of Tajuddin.

However, where I am quite willing to be some kind of a source of information relates to the fact, that even during our student days, Tajuddin was a good organiser, especially at the committee level, incredibly unflappable and always looking for a consensus through a low-key approach to divergent viewpoints. He shunned theories - his reading of political books seemed selective - and his understanding of the causes of economic impoverishment of the erstwhile East Pakistan and its remedies, like that of the Sheikh, was rudimentary, but not necessarily wrong. After 1971, this "inadequacy" on the part

MYWORLD

S. M. Ali

of both Tajuddin and Mujib was taken full ad vantage of by some members of the first Planning Commission: who, according to one Minister of the 1972 cabinet, "taught the gov

ernment what economics was all about!" During student days, Tajuddin's big drawback was that he was a poor speaker, especially when it came to addressing public meeting. We cannot recall many occasions when Tajuddin and other Awami League leaders shared a platform with Muntr. Akhlagur Rahman and other student communist advocates and addressed the same audience. In such situations, with their superb delivery and near-hypnotic spell over student activists, Munir and Akhlague would have stolen a march over the Al. leaders, except of course Mujib. But, again, when did the Sheikh become that fantastic orator that he turned out to be several years later? Maybe this had some thing to do with the evolution of Bangabandhu s political philosophy over the years - and

In subsequent years, my meetings with Tajuddin and other leaders of the then East Pakistan were in my capacity as a journalist, first of the erstwhile Pakistan Observer and then of Lahore-based Pakistan Times. For a period, these meetings were frequent; later they became few and far between.

It was the time of great personalities, like Moulana Bhashani, Fazlul Huq, Shahid Suhrawardy and eventually Sheikh Mujib, casting their long shadows over the pre-1958 Pakistan, before General Ayub put the country under martial law. Looking back, what I recall most vividly, but with some dismay, is that none of these leaders saw the need of promoting a second-in-command at the decision-making level. Personal authoritarianism was gradually becoming a major factor, perhaps a decisive one, in our political legacy that continues to this day. more than three decades later.

However, it must be said in defence of these leaders that they did stand head and shoulder above their deputies. Who could come anywhere near matching the lucidity of expression of Suhrawardy, especially in parliamentary debates? Who could rival Moulana Bhashani in rousing the emotion of a vast audience? Who could move the hearts and minds of tens of thousands better than Fazlul Hug? And, in years to come, who but Sheikh Mujib could transform an eager audience into a frenzied multitude, by the sheer force of his personality and charisma?

Someone may well say that our present-day leaders have inherited the personal authoritarianism of their predecessors in more than full measure, but without their expertise, vision, force of personality and charisma.

On the face of it, it was not easy for Tajuddin to grow up, as a politician, under the shadow of Mujib. Sadly enough, he did not get much of a chance, either from Bangabandhu or from des-



A rare photograph: Tajuddin Ahmed with Bangabandhu Shelkh Mujibur Rahman

So, the man I met a few times in early 1972 was a little unsure of himself, still feeling his way into playing a pivotal role in the administration and watching feuding sections in the bureaucracy with a mixture of aloofness, anger and

Yet, Tajuddin was one Minister who was learning all the time, doing his homework with a select few civil servants and members of the Planning Commission with the seriousness that one rarely saw in his colleagues.

As one civil servant told me in 1972, "You give Tajuddin a good briefing on a complex issue. He will listen to you with undivided attention. take notes and, on the following day, ask you questions you may not have thought of." Then in a matter of days, the Finance Minister, the position then held by Tajuddin, would either approve or reject your plan of action.

OW I wish I could end my tribute to my friend, Tajuddin on this positive note Unfortunately, there is a somewhat sad epilogue that cannot be left out.

In mid-1974, then working in liong Kong, I was advised by my diplomat brother Muazzem in Washington DC that Tajuddin would like to spend a couple of days in the British colony on a private visit en route to Bangladesh and take the advantage of seeing me as a friend.

Tajuddin had no interest in shopping or sight-seeing, which suited me fine. So we spent a good deal of our time, chatting in the Finance Minister's hotel room and then walking up and down the streets of Kowloon, looking for decent but inexpensive Indian or Chinese restaurants.

Tajuddin was then at a critical - indeed the most depressing - stage of his political career. At home, his working relationship with Mujib had reached a breaking point. There were differences which the Finance Minister could not fully explain, perhaps because he himself could not understand them himself, over policies, issues

relating to Awami League, rising corruption and mismanagement, and the long-tern goals of the government. Above all, there was a clash of personalities, aggravated by the Sheikh's totally baseless, as Tajuddin put it, suspicion of the Finance Minister's political ambitions.

A different kind of suspicion overshadowed the position of Bangladesh at the World Bank whose meeting Tajuddin had just attended in Washington. There were tough questions about the country's massive drive towards nationalisation and about the government's commitment to socialism. He was gracious enough to take the blame on himself for avoiding softer options. However, he did say, something to the effect. "My hands were tied by Bangabandhu and by members of the Planning Commission.

When we said goodbye at the colony's Kai Tak airport, little did I realise that this was the final farewell between two good friends.

A few months later. Tajuddin resigned from the government

TRITING nostalgically about the past is hardly the monopoly of this columnist. A copy of Bangla daily, "Sylheter Dak" The Call from Sylhet) of April 27 that has just landed on my desk carries a touching piece on Murari Chand College, better known as the M C College, written by a maternal uncle of mine, Janab Mahmudur Reza Chowdhury. Now a retired banker, he talks about his life in the college as a dormitory student in mid-thirties, about his teachers and about the incredibly inexpensive, by today's standard, of the living style in Sylhet. Then, there are little known facts about our town which should move many hearts and enlighten the present day students of the

While recalling how students of his days followed a set of standards and values which dominated their lives. Uncle Chowdhury pleads with students of M C College today to "stay away from active politics" and see, if by doing so, they

It is a plea that comes from the heart of a long-time resident of Sylhet, Janab Mahmudur Reza Chowdhury.

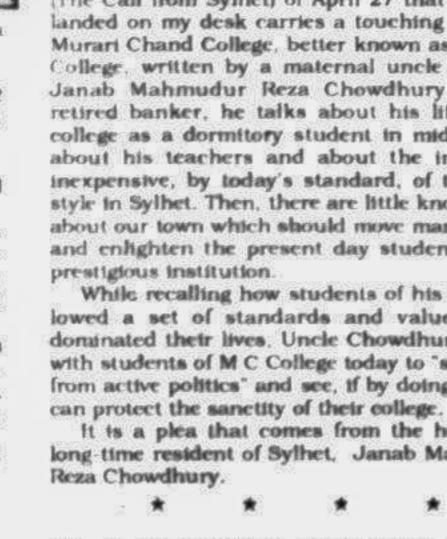
T was probably proof-reading error, an oversight in editing or a mistake by the typesetting computer - I dare not blame the writer - but in a feature that appeared in this paper on last Tuesday, a part of a sentence said. 'a wife of a Joreign diplomat', an atroctous use of an indefinite article

I passed an anxious day awaiting a call from the diplomat concerned, wondering if he would ask me, "How many wives do you think I have?" But no call came. The envoy is every inch a diplomat -- and a good one at that.

We do have problems with the use of articles both definite and indefinite ones — especially in South Asia. Here's an example:

While speaking on the Constitution of India when it was passed by the country's Constituent Assembly, probably in late forties, Pandit Nehru had reportedly complained. "I am far from pleased with the use of the definite article. It has been used where it should be left out, but omit ted where it should be kept."

Well, if the Constitution of India can get away with it, why should we get too uptight about an error in The Daily Star?



Within the course of about three months our lives became unbearable. One night while I was in bed with Miklos, my kid brother, my parents were discussing something very softly.....all that I gathered was, the house of Mr Kuhnz was raided and all the members were arrested and taken away to an unknown destination. The phenomenon became more and more frequent and we were not spared. Only three days after the Yum Kippur Festival, we were taken away loaded in a ricketty truck and driven away to an unknown place where we were incarcerated inside a barded wire enclave. There were a few wooden barracks on one side of the compound, we lodged there for seven days. On the eighth morning, father and mother were taken away, that was the last time I saw them in my life. Myself, Irene, my sister, and brother Miklos and other children were rounded up; our heads were shaved and a woman with a machine wrote the number J 177554 on my left forearm. Irene and Miklos also received markings with different digits. The process was so painful that we all shivered and wept. I asked the woman 'why are you numbering us?' She made a ghastly grimace at me and said, 'We are marking the swines for the

slaughter house, Hil Hil Hil Hil' She laughed like a witch of the story books! "We were whisked away for a long journey into Austria and entered the small city of Mathhausen near Linz, the capital of upper Austria. As a barely 11 year old girl I was employed in the kitchen of the Gauletter for peeling potatoes and other odd jobs. The superintendent of the kitchen was a kind-hearted motherly woman named Frau Bayerlein, who took piety on me and used to give me some extra food and delicacies out of the pilfered "Care packets" meant for the American prisoners. The good food was rather disastrous for me as it improved my health and changed my configurations unexpectedly and made me look like a blooming beauty. One day the Gauletter's assistant Herr Rotbart came to inspect the kitchen and immediately commissioned my services for his personal apartment. What happened thereafter can be imagined by any sensible person, it was a con-

"One Friday morning I heard that my sister Irene and my brother Miklos were deported from the camp to an unknown destination, I never saw them again! I wept and wept. The only way the butcher Rotbart tried to pacify me was by way of his carnal conjugative process. I do not yet know why suddenly he dismissed me and called for isidora's services for him. I again

tinuous process of child abuse which metamorphosed my 11-

year old frame into that of a woman of child-bearing propor-

came back to the kitchen. "The nocturnal bombing raids over Germany were ever increasing. The American bombers came from the southern sky and pounded German military targets. There was a constant rumour that US infantry divisions of one General Bradly were

fast overrunning Germany from the south. "It was an usual Tuesday, suddenly there was a flurry of activity inside the whole camp. The gates were flung open and a group of American soldiers accompanied by the Red Cross People entered into the camp. That 4th day of July coinciding with the US Declaration of Independence was the day of deliverance of a destitute Jewish girl of barely twelve years minus her

parents, a sister and a brother! "A frame of bone and flesh which had undergone carnal torture by members of the so called superior humans of Aryan origin.... Those barbaric people were totally oblivious of the fact that their Son of God Jesus Christ was also born a Jew in Bethlehem!

"After lots of interviews and medical check-ups we were despatched to Vienna. Where I waited and waited for years until one day when two good samaritans, Herr Stephan Warzynski and Fraculine Anny Kraft, adopted me as a recompense for their

Aryan supremacy into the realities of humanism!" EPILOGUE: Our dear Maggy graduated with honours from the Vienna University School of Medicine in 1954. She emigrated to the USA where she is a Pacdiatrician today. She did not marry as she said, she had nothing pure to offer to her husband as her virtues and purity as a woman had already evaporated after the carnal tortures by the superior Aryan demoniacal

Bulbul's Birthday

by Syed Ali Kabir

The wind has stolen I've given you No birth-day gift. The "Kamini's smell Has rectified the omission. You were born on the same Starry course as Rabindranath and Satyajit Roy. The fact was emphasised By the 'Kamini' flower. invading the wind with its rare smell.

adherents to Nazismi

Translated by Abu Rushd

The Pubs and Beers of Britain

by Duncan McWhirter

N Britain, the pub — short for public house - is a place where alcoholic and other drinks and, usually, snacks and meals are sold. It is a traditional feature of virtually all British towns and villages.

For many people, the pub, often a building of character or even historic interest, is a kind of club, a convivial meeting place where one can relax, talk with friends, and play such traditional games as darts or bar billiards, as well as enjoy a drink.

Indeed, there are as many kinds of pub as there are communities - city pubs specialising in lunches for businessmen;

large "road houses" providing restaurant-style meals; modern pubs catering for young people, with juke-boxes, live music and electronic games; and traditional village pubs with a minimum of frills but cosy and

friendly. There have been significant changes in the character of pubs in recent years. Once a place where men went to drink beer, the pub has become a more general meeting point and place of entertainment. Women now are more willing to go into pubs unaccompanied, licensing laws on the permitted hours of opening and rules on the admission of children have been relaxed, and most pubs serve

National Campaign

Drinking habits in pubs have also changed, with a great increase in consumption of lager, cider, wines, vodka, fruit juices and mineral water.

At the other extreme, the efforts of the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA) were instrumental some time ago in halting the trend towards pressurised keg beer produced by a few large national companies. It helped, first, to maintain the availability of traditional cask-conditioned brews from smaller local brewcries, with their greater flavour



and individuality, and then to

reintroduce it in areas where it

had disappeared. CAMRA even

persuaded the big breweries to

improve the quality of their own

beers, however, as self-ap-

pointed guardian of the nation's

beer palate, CAMRA is ever-vigi-

lant against the encroachment

of bland, gassy keg beer and the

swallowing up of small real-ale

breweries by the large compa-

brands, said to be the largest

variety available in any one

country. They range from black

stouts - of which Guinness is

the best known internationally

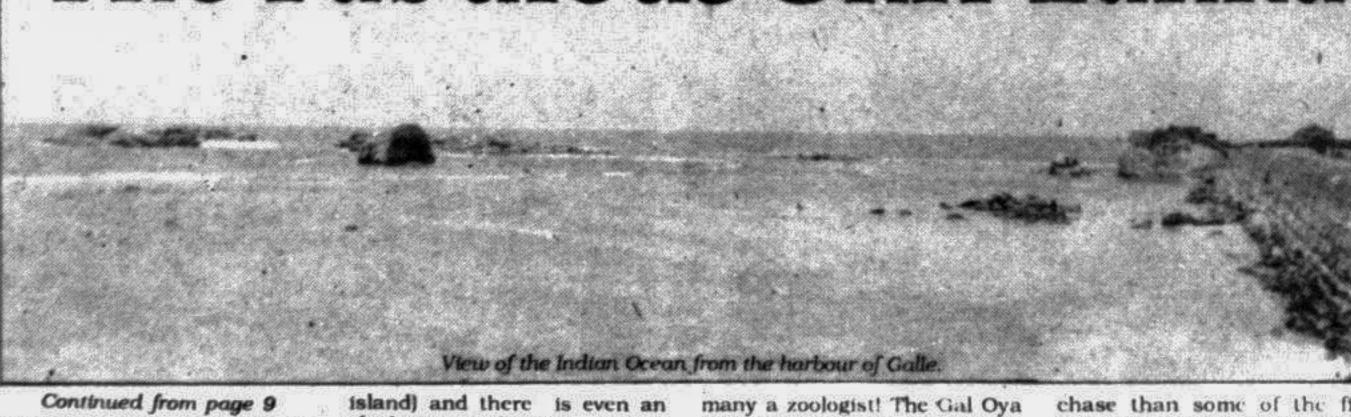
- through mild ales and bitter,

to thirst-quenching light lagers.

Britain has about 1200 beer

A customer in a pub about to receive a pint of freshly-drawn beer.

The Fabulous Shri Lanka



elephants who seem to be greatly loved and certainly pampered. The tourist can see these adorable animals at play, bathing, and performing cute tricks. They wander in large herds in the national parks of Wilpattu (in the neighbourhood of Anuradhapura) and Ruhunu (in the southeastern part of the

elephant's orphanage - just to ensure that no one is left out!

The wildlife parks are sanctuaries for the abundant variety of animals, birds and other creatures found on this island. There is something unique in the coastal town of Batticaloa in the form of a singing fish — a phenomenon which has baffled

National Wildgame Park is one place where shuttlebugs can indulge their passion with endless shots of elephants, sambhur, deer, leopard and other exotic animals not found else-

For the inveterate shopper who cannot resist souvenirs of his travels, what better pur-

chase than some of the fine gems for which Shri Lanka is famous? Ratnapura, 55 miles southeast of Colombo is a mining centre for precious stones such as sapphire, topaz, emeralds and garnets. What more satisfaction can the traveller get than that of displaying these "trophies" of his adventures back home?



Dambulla Cave Temple, exterior view, southwest of Sigiriya.

The British drink 111.5 million litres per head per year, eighth in the world behind Germany, Czechoslovakia, Australia, Denmark, Belgium, new Zealand and Ireland. Fruity Taste

When other nations began to

change to the modern technique of larger brewing in the mid-19th century, Britain stuck to its proud traditions of ale production. Today, more than a century later, the British still brew mainly ales - mild, bitter, pale ale, brown ale, old ale, barley wine - using hops and a fast, warm fermentation and maturation process to produce a naturally fruity taste. These brews outnumber

lagers, which employ a slower, colder fermentation method to obtain the golden hue popular worldwide. But the major foreign-owned lager-producing companies are gradually wooing younger consumers through massive advertising, and the fact that their products are more easily available in the supermarkets.

Despite the threat from

strong international competition, many of the smaller British breweries have survived by producing excellent barrelconditioned beer for sale directly in local pubs.

Over the past 20 years, the big five national breweries -Allied Lyons, Bass, Courage, Whitbread and Grand Metropolitan - have reduced the number of plants by more than half, and only about 50 per cent of the old established regional and local breweries have survived. But within the same period, about 70 new "microbreweries" have opened and 60 brew-pubs are active.

Theatre Pubs

Some pubs are theatres. The most prominent of these are The Gate at Notting Hill, the King's Head in Islington and The Bush at Shephered's Bush. Others keep springing up, such as the Duke's Head in Richmond, and the Hen and Chickens, also in Islington.

Other pubs have live jazz and blues. The Bull's Head in Barnes features mainstream jazz every night in its back rook. Jazz is the big feature seven nights a week and at lunch time on Sundays at the Prince of Orange in Rotherhithe, while New Merlin's Cave in Islington has had a jazz policy for decades, and the Weaver's Arms in neighbouring Stoke Newington is home to the accordion-led strains of zydeco -swamp music - which has become an important part of the London blues scene.

Other pubs again, particularly on Saturday nights, have become regular showcases for comedians and other entertain-

The writer is LPS Special

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All the smell of the "Kamini" flower,