

In March

by Begum Mahmuda Khatun Siddiqua

I still remember the blue of the sky covered with fog.
The dimly lit paths
You can't see the sun — only now and then the light
shines through
We will have to go a long way in that dim light
It won't do to get tired
It won't do to fall asleep
We have to have unflinching courage in our hearts
We have to keep our backs straight to cross the
ocean of blood.
Cover your ears tightly with both your hands
Or you will hear frightened screams
Come forward quietly
Behind you is the smoke and noise of the guns and
grenades
More than that is fear and the bloodshot eyes of the
enemy
There is a dream in your heart, there is a dream in
your eyes
That dream has to come true in the soil of this land
So march together
Create one heart, a pure heart
That will cover the martyr's graves with flowers
Only then will you see the bright sun
Then your smiles will dry your tears.

Translated by Afa Dil

Cold Thoughts on a Spring Day

by G A Momin

One who is not spoken to,
One who does not hear the voice of a man
gets dumb.
We all were dumb, utterly speechless,
For no one spoke to us and
We did not hear a man's voice since our birth.
And one who cannot speak can hardly protest,
One who cannot speak can hardly demand.
Verily this is an advantage for our adversary,
Our mutism was very useful for the enemy.

Then a towering sojourner steps in
and turns the voice of the steaming earth stronger
with his own strength,
and transmit them to us
He gives speech to our crippled tongue.
For decades he teaches us the language of protest
the language of demand.

Then finally on a quiet spring day of '71
among the blossoms and foliage
bestowing gentle fragrance and colour,
among the tall trees rustling in southerly breeze
in a life and love-preserving setting of Ramna green —

The mentor of the Bangalees, Bangabandhu
tames all the thunders of the sky
and all the ferocity of a norwester
and get them pressed into a battle cry
against the blood thirsty monster.

The monster is finally defeated
but its still-wagging tail
requires us to renew the battle cry
each year on this quiet spring day.

Once upon a Time

by Shamsur Rahman

Once upon a time an animated horse as lively as grass
came running and stood in front of a marsh.
Glow of sunset were shining still then
on its mane and along its roofs.

Stretching its neck over the crystal water,
it saw a halfmoon had started in its eyes
like a captive princess.
Defying the nonplussed gaze of forest's thick black sky
and its surrounding,

It plunged its mouth into the water,
not to drink, although,
but to paint kisses on the lips of the captive princess.

Dipping its mouth into the cold water
it raised its face, un-kissed.
And the pulverized moon regained its normal original
shape.
Since then, dream like water
water like dream
drip in drop
from the mane of the spirited animated horse.

Looking at the mysterious forest
suddenly it recalled that prostrated bold rider
who would hack on it
and roam around far and wide,
and on whose hand was the flag of love
and like the sun on whose head was the coronet.

Translated by: Abu Taher Salahuddin Ahmed

Oh, Independence

by Abul Ashraf Noor

Oh! Independence
Passion, love and the past still persist
Our hard-won victory in 1971 is far livelier to-day
And more dynamic than ever before
Never like a film it goes off
But it moves to the future
Against the "dictatorship of evil" on earth.

Oh,
Martyrs —
Independence is now our reality
Marking an idealistic commitment
To individual freedom in life
On the sacred soil of Bangladesh
Her blood-soaked earth echoes the voice
Of the martyrs who are alive in noble deeds now
Carrying the messages of truth
And compassion for everyone else
To end violence and horrors.

Oh, Independence
Passion, love and the past still persist
I wish to have a nice climb
To the top of glory and honour
With the taste of Independence
On an equal footing between "the haves and the have-nots"

Hail, thy, Independence!
Thanks
For the straight, sober and tough talks nationally and
internationally
When one comes across it such as myself
A new dimension of freedom means
That independence is where the home with honesty is.

LOOKING at the freshly
grown beard of a reti-
red government func-
tionary, my colleague, Profes-
sor Giasuddin, complimented
the new beard wearer for his
hitherto undiscovered and
unidentified courage to cover
the cheeks and chin. Professor
Giasuddin himself wears rather
bushy beards which luxuriantly
cover his cheeks and chin.
Besides metaphysical and
spiritual benefits they might
accrue to him here or hereaf-
ter, his beards lend to him a
sober earthliness and véné-
rable priestly look. Upon insis-
tence as to why courage —
physical, mental or spiritual —
is needed for growing and
maintaining beard, Professor
Giasuddin entered the intri-
cate realm of human psychol-
ogy. He claimed that the cheek
and chin in human face, being
a greeting and reception zone
of human feelings of assorted
variety, whisker beard or
masque creates a buffer ob-
structing the physical touch.
Affection, love or any other
human feeling, when built up
emotionally or mentally, cul-
minates in physical touch.
Beard or whisker just create a
buffer, a barricade. Moreover,
beauty spots which Poet Hafiz
extolled in his beloved's face
and which other connoisseurs
of beauty equally craved just
go hidden in the wilderness of
whiskers. Few people can
overcome this earthly tempta-
tion for beauty to get meta-
physical or spiritual enlight-
enment. The new beard wear-
er, however, is Mr Mohsin,
the fifty-eight year old supe-
rannuated government func-
tionary who could afford to be
courageous at this age! But
actually he did not. For rea-
sons not disclosed, his beards
fell premature and his cheeks
and chin emerged clean of any
hair. He lost his beard and

Distant Drum

M N Mustafa

But there were enemies of
beards too. King John of
Ireland was one of them. In
1185 he forcibly plucked out
beards of some chieftains.
Beards have their dark period
from the beginning of fifteenth
century. King Henry V of
England once had worn long
beards. Suddenly he started
shaving it off. Following the
King, entire English people
started shaving off beards,
discovered its demerit and bar-
ber's salons sprang up
throughout England. Following
England, Russia too took anti-
beard stance. But it took few
hundred years to take root, at
least a King was required to
circulate and enforce anti-
beard policy. It was Peter the
Great who denounced beard as
an abominable rubbish which
must not grow on the cheeks
and chin. Actually Peter had no
whiskers on his face to grow.

It was easier for him to de-
nounce anything which he had
not. But there were some gal-
lant people who could afford to
defy the King's order. The
King replied to such defiance
by imposing taxes on beard
wearers. The poor bearded
people could not pay taxes. So
they emerged clean shaven.
Louis XIII of France had no
beard. So it was easy for him to
ask his subjects not to main-

tain it. But it was not under-
stood why Queen Ann of
England had an anti-beard atti-
tude. She asked her subjects
not to wear beard. Abraham
Lincoln who had a bonny face
with deep contours wore no
beard at the beginning. It was
on the advice of a young girl,
who corresponded with the
President, he started
maintaining beard. The small
girl advised that whiskers
would cover up the deep facial
depressions. And the Presi-
dent obeyed. Winston Church-
ill, during Second World
War, twice attempted to main-
tain beard. But Clementine, his
over-assertive wife, did not al-
low Winston's cheeks and chin
to remain covered and buff-
ered. Her extra-territorial
jurisdiction over her husband's
cheeks was legal.

In one story, perhaps Ban-
galur Hashir Galpa, there is a
narrative how a priest suffered
because of his long beard. His
rival announced among the
people that if any one could
collect a piece of whisker from
the face of the priest, he would
certainly go to heaven. The
heaven seekers, throwing all
their reverence for the priest
to dust, forcibly plucked the
poor priest's beards. Leaving
the aspirant heaven seekers
satisfied with his whiskers, the
priest succumbed to the injury,
and died as a martyr.

Another bearded man who
was assaulted mercilessly re-
turned home with bruises and
scars. Everybody was sympa-
thizing with him. Suddenly the
assaulted man assured his
soothers that the miscreants
might have beaten him, but he
did not allow them to touch
his beard. Here beard was the
symbol of prestige.

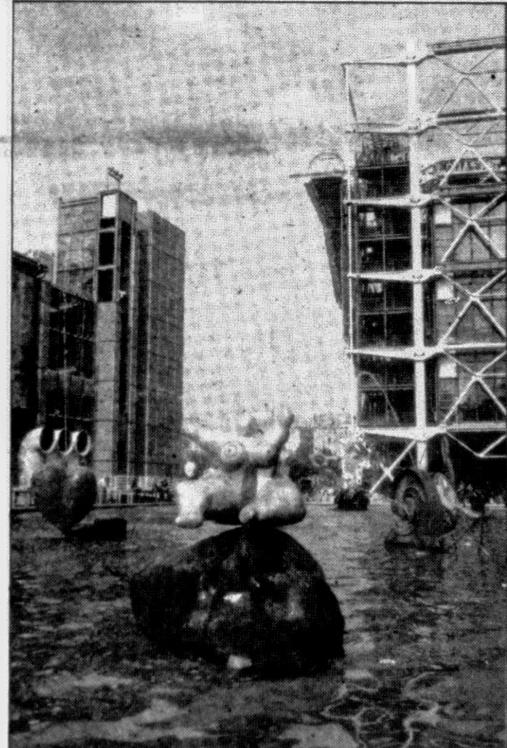
My superannuated friend
has kept his cheeks and chin
open for lips to land but has
lost both courage and beards.

Niki de Saint-Phalle, Creative Mourning

by Jea-Marc Dupuich

TINGUELY died in 1991.
They loved one another
and their names were
linked together in many
creations all over the world. In
Paris, the fountain in Place
Igor Stravinsky, between the
Pompidou Centre and Saint
Merri church, was their
common work. One can recog-
nize Niki de Saint-Phalle's
coloured figures and objects
and Tinguely's meta-mechan-
ics. The whole assembly pre-
sents a joyful carnival ballet of
water games.
The exhibition at the Paris
Museum of Modern Art dis-
plays a letter from Niki to
Jean, a post-mortem poem:
"Hymn to love, Cannibalism,
Communion, Jean, I eat you. I
take your strength. Your soul

Niki de Saint-Phalle's work was on exhibition in the
Paris Museum of Modern Art. Her "Nanas",
colourful models of girls, were the star attraction and
the memory of Jean Tinguely was like the soul of
her most recent creations.



The fountain Igor Stravinsky. It presents a joyful carnival baked
of water games created by Niki de Saint Phalle and Jean
Tinguely.

unites with mine." In fact, her
latest creations, the "Tableaux
Eclates", produced in 1993,
are compositions which are
driven by a small motor like
Tinguely's work.
The exhibition begins with
a homage to Matisse's "Dance".
Against a blue background,
"Nanas" (girls), which repro-
duces Matisse's dancing bod-
ies, break up into pieces and
then come together again.
"Arizona dream" presents an
atmospheric scene. Above the
setting of a hill, a sun, in the
form of a kind of yellow

crowns the had of the "Blue
Woman".

The creations of Niki de
Saint-Phalle's mourning are joy-
ful and full of life. Many of the
visitors are children. They
look, speak, touch, draw an
colour in. It is a celebration.
There is no doubt that
Tinguely, whose presence dis-
creetly hovers around the ex-
hibition, is smiling in his fine
moustache. It was he who, in
1988, said "Death has fre-
quented and caressed me. I
have turned her threats into a
celebration."

The Tree of Life

The exhibition goes back in
time, presenting furniture
which it is not forbidden to
try, picture-letters, which
speak of love, the couple and
AIDS, and numerous statues:
"Black Rosy", "the green Nana
(girl) with the black bag", "the
Bench" with its reader wearing
bright-yellow trousers and her
white, blue-streaked dog, a
huge blue "Temperance" with
gold wings, a "House Nana
(girl)", etc.
Colour reigns supreme. But
this has not always been the
case. Going further back in
time, the exhibition displays
pictures bearing objects stuck
together, the emblems of war-
like, death-dealing virility or of
a crucified motherhood, at-
tacked by carnivorous beasts
and insects. In these pictures,
the colours are dull, or white,
such as in the "Bride beneath
the flowering tree" or another
"Bride on horseback", three-
dimensional compositions with
life-sized objects.

The itinerary through the
exhibition enables one to ap-
preciate the path taken by an
artist who has followed her in-
stinct rather than schools. One
day, the burst of colours
surged forth, imposing its
bright palette on forms which
returned to the primitive ad-
oration of female forces, the
"Nanas" (girls). "I offer colour
and variety in an architectural
arrangement", she declared.
"We must try to brighten up
life. That is well and truly our
role as women".

"Variety in an architectural
arrangement" is exactly what
one finds on leaving the exhi-
bition. In the setting of the
austere beauty and classical
rigour of a stone monument, a
fountain, a tree of life bursting
with colour, spurts the thin
jets of water of eternal life.

— L'Actualite en France

American Journalism

Continued from Page 8
The news but to provide
"commentary or reaction" the
following morning to stories
people have already heard
about.
Other dailies throughout
the United States are using
advanced technology and offering
new kinds of information to
subscribers.
Writing in the Washington
Post, columnist Richard
Harwood points out that the
"Los Angeles Times-
Washington Post News Service"
distributes to newspaper
clients, hours before publica-
tion — news unavailable to
readers until the next morn-
ing" via computer links. The
Post, Harwood adds, is estab-
lishing a "Digital Ink" sub-
sidiary providing an
"electronic newspaper" re-
search service for clients who
can buy custom-made reports
on whatever subject they
choose.
Writing in Editor and
Publisher magazine, Michael
Conniff asserts that five years
ago many US dailies seemed
headed for the garbage heap of
history. Now, he says, "the pic-
ture" is very different.
Newspapers, Conniff notes, are
leaders in the electronic in-
formation revolution, providing
consumers with "audiotex" —
recordings of news and infor-
mation, such as stock market
quotes, available to local phone
users, "videotex" — news that
appears on home computer
screens; faxes of articles to

clients on demand; and even
"multimedia services" that can
incorporate a visual element
into the electronic message.

"There is not a single indus-
try in America so committed
to reinventing itself as news-
papers are today," Conniff ar-
gues, as dailies compete in the
information marketplace with
television.

The uses of audiotex can be
ingenious — for instance, the
Washington Post used a com-
puter to calculate the pro-
jected effects of President
Clinton's tax plan for individ-
uals who "punched in" personal
financial data using their
touchtone telephones. It has
offered audio excerpts of mu-
sical performances reviewed in
the newspaper.

USIS Feature
PAUL MALAMUD is a USA
Staff Writer

The Intro

Today we once again have
only a few exercises.

There is a chance to further
practise your phrasal verbs,
and our usual Wobbly Words
puzzle as well as the return of
the Language Lab.

Once again, we would like to
take this opportunity to
suggest that a good dictionary
is a very useful aid to
language learning.

In the exercise about phrasal
verbs there is one item that
you are probably very
familiar with but only in one
meaning. This particular
phrasal verb, however, has
several meanings and, just to
make life difficult, we have
chosen a sentence that
depends on one of the other
meanings!

There is a very wide range of
phrasal verbs in everyday use
in English, and smaller
dictionaries tend to ignore all
but the most common of
them. Of course this does not
matter so much when you
only deal with school
exercises, ie written English,
but they are not much help
when it comes to 'real',
spoken English.

The British Council Language Matters

Wobbly Words

Try this word puzzle. In each shape the letters are jumbled up. Put them in the correct order,
but be careful - some have more than one word. What do all of them have in common?

1	N S D L A I	3	O R E L E R A F	5	E H A L S S E L A C B
2	C I F F L	4		6	O U R R A H R B

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.

Grammar Game

Phrasal Verbs continued....

Fill in the blanks in the following sentences with one of the
following phrasal verbs:

take off, make off with, put off, run off, pull off

1. There were problems with the tickets so they

had to their departure.

2. There are more candidates than expected so I'll

have to a few more copies of the test.

3. Prakash a magnificent victory in the

recent swimming championships.

4. The burglar climbed out of the open window and

..... his spoils.

5. Salam is a very good mimic. He can lots

of famous people.

The Language Lab

Today's Language Lab is a
footnote to our vocabulary
game of last week.

Sometimes prefixes have
different functions and do not
always indicate the same
thing. For example, the words
flammable and *inflammable*
are not opposites. Both of
them mean that something
burns easily.

Originally, the word
inflammable was more
common. However, this was
considered ambiguous as
people might believe that a
particular material could not
burn, and gradually the word
flammable came into use.
Now most people are very
confused as this has increased
the tendency to believe that
inflammable must be the
opposite.

As a result it is now much
more common everywhere to
see the word *flammable* -
when lives could be lost if
there is any confusion, it is
better to be sure!

Some other words where the
prefix or suffix does not
indicate the opposite like this
are *invaluable* (does not mean
cheap!), *innumerable* (does
not mean none or not many!)
and *priceless* (does not mean
worthless!).

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