



Violence: A Social Evil

by Najeeb

MANKIND, unfortunately, cannot exist without violence. Ever since Kane murdered Abel, this evil had its roots planted in humanity. There is no road that society can take to end this depravity forever. Violence is seen on streets ranging from the gutters of the city to the boulevards of high society.

If that is not bad enough, this vice is glorified on television, in movies, video games and even on children's cartoons. The amount of violence a child is exposed to is unbelievable. On his video gamemachine, he will be breaking bones, tearing out hearts and chopping off heads.

On this favourite cartoon, he will see wars of devastation, or four crazy turtles brandishing weapons wherever they go. And when the child gets tired of this, he will watch a tasteless sport like wrestling. And when this does not satisfy his thirst for violence, he will pick any of a thousand violent R movie. And when that is not enough, he will try out one of those fighting sequences he sees his idol perform on the screen. And it goes on and on until that boy joins the ranks of a million other boys like him obsessed with brutality and wanton destruction.



This boy, in order to quench his bloodlust, will perform hideous crimes on the streets. All the violence he saw had aroused the killer instincts and savagery that dominated primitive man to such an extent that it controls his actions. Every act of violence that he commits leaves him thirsty for more savagery. This boy is not alone in all his violent ambitions; there are many others like him. This perhaps helps to explain the volume of violence seen on Dhaka streets. Let me describe a few examples of the severity of the moral depravity on the streets.

A factory worker was picked up by a gang of hoodlums. They committed unspeakable acts of violence, and two hours later the mutilated body of the man was found on the street. Even more recently, a boy was kidnapped from the markets. A few hours later, his body was dropped at the same site and not a single person screamed in protest. Is it that the people live in fear or are these horrible acts commonplace in our society?

Another example of violence that I want to give is the waging of gunwar on the university campus. I wonder if those politically motivated students know the cause that they are fighting for. Or are they merely fighting for the thrill of it? Do they realize they are holding back years of progress by hampering the education of a thousand other students who unlike them are intelligent and have bright futures ahead of them.

Violence is now exhibited on even comic books, which only a decade ago were revised for only the most noble heroes. The gallant Batman of yesterday has been replaced by a madman who tears through lawbreakers with razor-sharp claws. Punisher, another so-called "hero," blows up cars if they pass a red-light, shoots jay-walkers and wife-abusers. This new set of heroes must have been created for a more bloodthirsty group of readers. If these are the heroes of today, I shudder to think of tomorrow.

All this uncontrolled violence is certainly having adverse effects on our youth. In Britain, a ten-year old boy killed his younger brother while following the moves of the wrestler on television. The court had no idea of what to do with the young juvenile. The incident was repeated in both Singapore and India. These show the seriousness of the situation. If Shakespeare were alive today, he would not call the world a stage, but a warzone filled with psychopaths.

View of a Battlefield

by Shazieh Ahmed

It's not enough to now what's right,
Unless I'm strong enough to do it.
I hate the wrong concrete jungle where once stood a green forest.
I hate the wrong great buildings that dwarf the common men.
I hate the wrong in people who puts me in exclusion and rejection.
It's not enough to have a dream,
Unless I'm willing to pursue it.
I dream of unvetted windows, privacy of the door.
I dream of hearts invaded by erotic music.
I dream of minds created by the Cannibals.
It's not enough to visualize the Beliefs.
Unless I learn to live it.
I believe the dripping water's taste is bitter and cold.
I believe that a starving child's stomach is an endless pit.
I believe that reality is lie a haunted house.
It's not enough to reach for love.
Unless I care enough to give it.
I love the home of power within myself.
I love the intimate communion between you and me.
I love the union of life with life.
Yet, in my dreams, in my right's in my truths, in my

love - at the end of each night I surrender to isolation.
It's not enough to be in isolation;
It's sound is hammering and it is an eternal battlefield.
It's a life showing her dark moods amidst the sun light.
It is black with a abyssal sensation.

FRIENDS

by Shumon Momen

There won't be absolutely no fun.
Unless of course there's more than one.
Yes they're the ones to rely on.
The ones you can cry on.
Friends are there.
For the pain to bare.
With real friends there won't be a catch.
So you won't be dispatched.
Friends are to play.
Today and everyday.
When you're in a fight.
They'll stand by tight.
You can share
With groups with pairs.
No curves with friends.
No bends no ends.

17th April, 1990.

"G and interview the professor" he had told me, but he forgot to mention how painstakingly labourious a task it is to mingle with these notorious intellectual personalities. This editor had been on my case from the day he started working for the paper. I mean, come on, one day I am the dubious crime reporter and the next day this guy shows up and blows me into the inert technological preview section. If only I hadn't been reared among the most discreet of aristocrats, I would have told him to shove the job. Well he didn't get off easy though. I had my friends in the board of directors give him a tough time, but most unfortunately I still was stuck with interviewing this..... Dr Promporf Schneider.

I was detailed to meet Dr Promporf at his, most humble, dwelling I had supposed. Well when I got there I felt quite a sting to discover the riches the doctor possessed. I mean even I myself, being born in unfathomable riches, had never trodded upon such magnificent a mansion. But that was not all, the interior design of the palatial mansion was of such splendour that even the interior of the Queen's palace would have looked shabby compared to it. I was totally in awe, the professor had to be very rich indeed to be able to afford this.

The professor's timing though was not as much in harmony with my nerves as was his mansion. I had to await two restless hours at the quite impressive, library before the professor could stake some precious moments on my account.

Finally, after quite a few hours of cursing my luck on getting this lousy assignment, I met the professor. I was taken aback at the sight of a man of such elegance that couldn't even be surpassed by a true prince. For some time I really toyed with the thought of the professor truly being a prince.

"Mr Adison I presume," even his voice had an air of dignity about it.

"Yes sir" I answered and added, "I've been sent from the London Tribune weekly to interview you, sir. I really didn't need to address the professor as sir, nor did I normally address even my official superiors as sir, but I felt a urge to display some respect.

Even if it was an uncommon act for us blue bloods.

"I do not mean to be rude Mr Adison, but I am a very busy man. I would prefer you start with your questions."

"Oh! I understand completely sir. I will try to concise this interview to a minimum."

"Thank you, very much Mr Adison. Now could I ask one more favour of you?"

"Of course, I would be honoured to aid."

"Well, I really could do without the constant array of 'sirs'."

"My apologies again sir..... humpf doctor."

"Now that's a lot more acceptable. Well so what are you waiting for, question away."

"Do you mind doctor if I switched on the recorder?"

"No I don't, why should I?"

"Just making sure that you wouldn't be offended."

"Okay doctor, now could you please inform me on your latest experiments?"

"Umm Mr Adison, I am not in experimental science. Actually I am a theorist. I am a theoretical physicist, and don't need to conduct experiments."

"Oh! I'm sorry," I tried not to project my ignorance, "what latest theory are you working on?"

"Mistaken again my friend. We rarely work on new theories, because we are always busy trying to figure out all the flaws in the old one. You see Adison, can I call you that?"

"Of course, I never liked much formality."

"Anyway you see Adison theoretical physics, or any other science, is not half as interesting or blood chilling as is the work you do. So all the scientist tend to be rather boring persons, it's the work that does that to them."

"Okay, so could you tell me about the 'old' theory that you are working upon and inform me on any latest development?"

"Yes, I assume Adison that you know a bit about the general theory of relativity."

"Well doctor I am, normally, a crime reporter and therefore don't need to familiarise myself with your complex theories. I hope you can ignore my ignorance."

"No problem Adison. You see the main perspective of the theory of general relativity is gravity. The theory explains that gravity can bend light waves, well actually it explains

PLAY THE FOOL

by Bobby Hajjaj

quite a bit more but we don't need to discuss that.

"Now I am working on a mathematical possibility, extended from the general theory of relativity. I'm sure you have heard of an unorthodox interpretation of the general theory of relativity, which states that there are an infinite number of universes."

Though I hadn't but the vaguest idea of what an infinite number of universe meant, I knew better than to interrupt the professor's speech.

"A few years ago this interpretation was proven redundant, well not really proven but anyway the idea was discarded. I myself also thought it was too far fetched to have any real impact and so discarded it myself. Well last year just out of mere curiosity I tried to devise a mathematical roulette to increase my chances of winning some on the racing circuit. Not that I really won anything but I found out that by a mere modification of the infinite universes interpretation I had the mathematical equations which

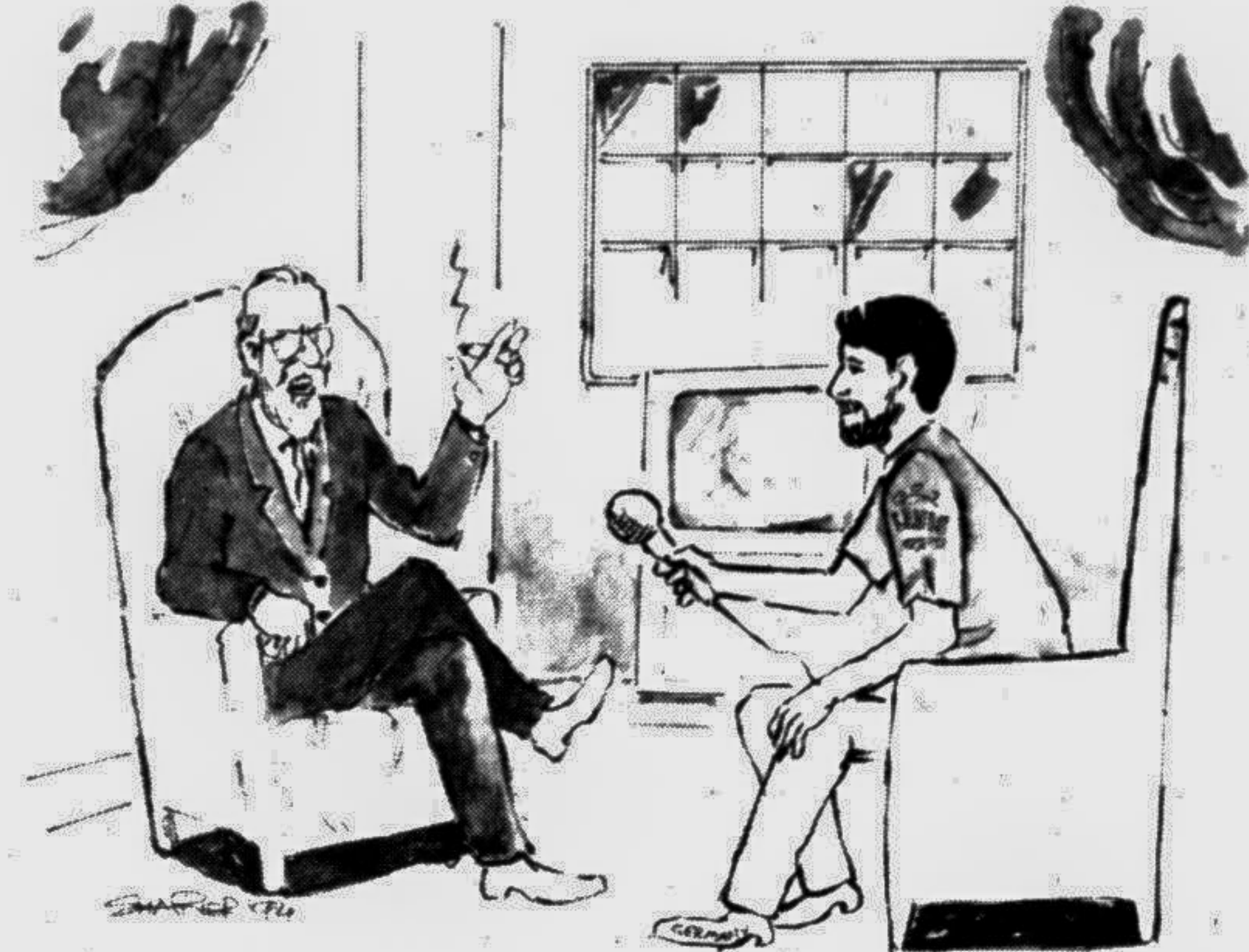
would increase my chances by a margin of more than ten per cent.

"The many universe interpretation states that all the universes are a subtle shift from any one in probabilities of occurrence. I understand from the look on your face that you having a little difficulty following, well I shall elaborate. Suppose Mr Adison that you are playing basketball and you make a basket, well for that particular incident there will be an universe with another identical Mr Adison who shall miss."

I understood what the professor said but I couldn't believe it to be true. I mean an universe will be created to imply on every probability. "Doctor are you stating that there can be an universe where JFK is still alive, an universe where Elvis was never born or an universe where evolution never took place?"

"You are a fast learner Mr Adison."

"Thanks but I could do without the mister."



It is just the Beginning for Bangladesh

by Nahid Hussain

BANGLADESH won the recently concluded seven-nation youth cricket title held in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Bringing fame for the country, for the first time in any major international tournament. Following the dismal performance of the national cricketers in the ICC cup held in Kenya last year, this is a sweet change and ego boosting victory, no doubt.

The Bangladeshi colts defeated Sri Lanka in the final by a convincing margin of 53 runs

Malaysia, Papua New Guinea, Hong Kong, East and central Africa and Denmark were the other nations in the meet.

This is a big achievement for Bangladesh whose boys have been playing for two hundred years already. Led by former cricketer Enayet Hussain Siraj (manager) and Naimur Rahman Durjoy (Captain), the youth trained at the national stadium and other playing grounds. They were very disciplined on and off the

route to the final in the nine-day meet.

The manager said that "They did know much about the way the other teams played. Therefore whatever strategies were taken, were decided during the match."

In the round-robin encounter against Sri Lanka, Bangladesh had lost four wickets for 30 runs near the slog overs and were restricted to a modest total. However they caused havoc in the Sri Lankan middle over

gave their best."

Bangladesh is aiming to win the IOC cup to be held in 1997. "This was actually a preparation for that coming tournament" said the manager. "We have taken a long term programme to achieve success."

This Sri Lankan youth team will one day be their national team. If the Bangladeshi youth bloods maintain their performances then they can achieve the test status which they are particularly seeking.



to exact a precious revenge over their rivals who had earlier inflicted a one-wicket defeat upon them.

241 runs, an overwhelming task was set for the Sri Lankans by them which was a big pressure on them. They lost wickets quickly in the early overs but threatened to come back at one stage. Then inspired by Durjoy (Captain), Bangladesh returned in the match. The Sri Lankans could not take it and were skittled out for 185 runs.

field and played with grit and determination which ultimately led to their success.

The youth team apart from two players from the national team that went to Kenya were neophytes in international cricket. They were under no psychological pressure about the failure in ICC anyway and did not let thoughts about it hamper their performance.

Earlier Bangladesh defeated Malaysia, Hong Kong, Papua New Guinea, East and Central Africa and lost to Sri Lanka en

batting line up. They had a chance and gave the match their best shot which turned out to be a competitive, gruelling encounter which they finally lost. But they returned with a bang in the final and won convincingly.

"Cricket is a very uncertain game. You can never tell what will happen" said the manager. "They were very depressed after losing a virtually won match. But in the final, the boys forgot about everything that had happened before and

Cricket is one of the most popular sport in Bangladesh. There is always adequate funds for the sport. Pepsi is their biggest sponsor. The Government is also taking active part in this and removing any obstacles which appear in the way. Off and on teams have been invited so that the players get international exposure.

Let us hope that they succeed in their mission to becoming 1997 ICC champions and reach the 1998 world cup finals.

Whales

'CETACEA - the whale, is the biggest living mammal on earth. The word Cetacea, standing for the whole order of whales, was derived from the language Latin and means 'sea monster'. Their awesome and immense size earned them such a name.

Most scientists believe, 60 million years ago, the ancestors of modern whales were a certain species of wolf-sized quadrupeds, living on the shores of estuaries and lagoons. There, the profusion of fishes and shrimps enticed them to try trading. Gradually, nature began evolution by re-

shaping those which were best equipped for swimming. Over ten to fifteen million years, their bodies grew, forelegs shrank into flippers and hindlegs disappeared. To propel themselves through water their bodies became tapered. The nose, in some, rose to the top, enabling them to breathe without filling their lungs with the brine.

With abundant supplies of food, the whales turned into the largest creature that ever lived. A Blue Whale - which grows up to an amazing length

of 100 feet, beside a brontosaurus would seem like a hippopotamus beside a hog. Some of it's arteries are big enough for a child to swim through.

A whale can easily eat up to 9000 pounds of food a day, which may contain some 24 million calories. Yet they are skippy eaters, relatively. The babies can drink up to some 130 gallons of milk a day.

Whales have very loud voices - sometimes as loud as an elephant. The layers of cold, deep seawater trap and 'pipe'

the sound enabling whales to communicate over thousands of miles.

In the early sixties around 70,000 whales were slaughtered every year. Today, issued by the international whaling commission a temporary ban restricts commercial whaling. We should also continue our efforts to save these noble creations, the giants of the deep.



Nana Bhai

by Fariha Andaleeb

I know we can't walk hand in hand,
There's life and death I understand.
For you to be back I'd do anything,
There's happiness and sorrow that memories bring.
When I find myself starting to cry,
It makes me wonder why you had to die.
Whenever I think, you are in my thought,
Your picture is in every locket I bought.
But you are still special in every way,
For ever and ever every day.
When I see the tears in my mother's eye
It makes me want to cry.
Your friendly smile and loving heart,
Can never keep us far apart.
(Written in memory of late Lt. Col. A B M Yasin)

Behind the Smiling Face

by Anonymous

Bye guys, I smiled back, see ya later and good luck for tomorrow's test. With another flash of smile I skipped down the stairs saying 'good afternoons', with the usual bearing face, to passing teachers. I smiled at mom as I sat down in the car.

I started telling her about what happened in school today. Funny, amusing incidents. Both of us were laughing to our hearts content when I suddenly saw a couple pass by. At once I was reminded of the secret that lay deep in my heart. And for the thousandth time I told myself all that was over for me. You know why? Just because I trusted and believed someone, too much. Because I thought our feelings for each other were mutual. Because the truth was discovered too suddenly, too unexpectedly.

I am not sure when I just started suspecting him. May be it was that day of La Bamba when he casually told my friends, 'She (me) is so gullible. She'll believe anything I say.' I simply laughed with my friends at the remark, but conscience suddenly sprang up asking, 'And how do you now he isn't taking advantage of that?'

I paid no attention. I watched the stars twinkle at night and heard the birds sing during the day. 'Life is too good to be true' was one of my statements in my diary.

But only two days later the same diary said: I hate him. It was on a sudden impulse that I went on quest of the truth, just to prove conscience that it was wrong and I am right. And I lost in the bargain.

Initially I was numbed with shock. I turned into a stone as I slowly absorbed the terrible truth. Pumbness then turned to a boiling pool of anger which duly turned to a flood of hatred. It wasn't the fact itself that made me hate him but the fact that I had been deceived by that one and only person I trusted. This realisation had struck me with such a great force that I could not ever bring myself tell anything to my own friends.

Soon we reached home. With a heavy heart I got down from the car and headed towards the stairway. I hurriedly buried my deep, dark secret behind a smiling face as I greeted or aunt descending the stairs. With a happy, cheerful face I rang our door bell. It was opened and I entered the house. But I stopped dead in my tracks.

Floating through the air came one of my favourite songs: Everything I do I do it for you. I stiffly walked into my room, put the stereo off and caused my brother for putting on this song. He was surprised by my sudden outburst. But he had no idea that the person who gave me the cassette was no longer my favourite. With a mixed emotion of shock anger, hurt and hatred, I threw the cassette out of the window. That is where it belonged.