

# TEENS and TWENTIES

## Glimpses of the past, through the looking glass

**by Fyyaz Shahnoor**

ONE dawn of 18th July: The invading army was slowly moving towards Dhayopara from Kallihati. At 5 am when the party had reached Kasturipara Bazar, the freedom fighters were first alerted of the enemies' position. With no time to be wasted an offensive attack plan was conceived. The assault was launched in the early morning. The freedom fighters were in tense anticipation to kill.

The invading army were moving towards Dhayopara in a single file. In cautious speed. Not so the others who were waiting in the bushes. When the army was a mile outside Dhayopara, the invading army had no idea that they had come so foolishly close to the freedom fighters and they paid dearly. The first burst of rifle fire seriously wounded eight to ten of their party.

The enemy totally unprepared for such an attack scattered in all directions and started firing aimlessly. The freedom fighters had attacked from the north causing the remaining troops to take refuge in the south part of the road. Disoriented and confused the troops started returning fire aiming to the north.

Unknown to them at that time, six fearless freedom fighters were creeping up from behind. When in range they opened up a torrent of gunfire with devastating results. Their silently slipped away. Ten persons were killed and about twenty wounded in that initial incident. The sudden attack from behind was a shattering blow to their morale. The army had lost their nerve and slowly they withdrew like a group of well-behaved schoolchildren.

It has all the elements of a good war movie or classic thriller you're wondering. Well that was just a minor chapter from our nine month long liberation war. I took this paragraph from Kader Siddiqui's autobiographical book SWADHINATA '71.

I was born on the 23rd

## Kuakata — My Dream City

**by Anam Mahmud**

THE cold winter breeze, the silence of night, even the constellation of the Great Bear on the clear sky, excellent reciting of poems by my friend Shujan, made the atmosphere of our launch, while going to Barisal, an incredible romantic experience. On that starlit night, I was silently enjoying the love-balls of Richard Main in the walkman.

From Barisal, we started for Patuakhali by bus. On the way we came to cross three beautiful rivers by ferri. Patuakhali was the home-town of my friend, Moin. Set amidst picturesque surroundings, I loved staying the Moin's house.

At last we reached our final destination, Kuakata, a 71 km road winding through green fields and some picturesque rivers. The road was not that bad as we heard before. Instead miles of golden sands, towering cliffs, surfing waves, rare conch shells, colourful Buddhist temples, delightful sea-food — was Kuakata. At Kuakata we found one of our senior friend rather the big brother type named Monir. I would never forget his hospitality.

At night, in the Motel, Monir Bhai gave us a briefing on Kuakata. Kuakata is like Texas, at Billy the Kid's time. Murders, violences, terrorism, smuggling are a common picture here. Most of the people are on the fishing business. The place is also a dream land for smuggling on the sea-borders. Several tourists had been harassed in this spot.

Local peoples are a major problem here and for that reason the Parjatan people could never turn this spot into a genuine tourist attraction. Apart from hanging the sign-board of Parjatan Complex, every effort to develop the communications and accommodation facilities went in vain.

The next morning we rode on a van to the seashore. The jungles on the way, the thundering roars of sea, the palm trees on the beach, all of them were simply marvellous. I

## Live, Love & Laugh — You Calypso Kings!

**by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury**

Oh, those wonderful Calypso Kings of mine!  
First came George Alphonso Headley, followed by Lord Learie Constantine.  
Who said the Calypso Kings  
Would wreck the English ships with pace?  
For then came along  
Ramanadin and Valentine  
Those gorgeous spinn pals of mine!  
In then came the three W's  
Worrell, Weekes and Walcott.  
I still can't figure to this very day  
How much talent they've got!  
All them, came the greatest of them all  
Sir Garfield Sobers they named him  
For he alone showed how mighty he was  
With 365 not out, his maiden Test ton  
At Sabina Park, Kingston.  
Kanhai and Lancy, then gave the mantle to  
Clive Hubert Lloyd.  
The man they called "Papa" and "Big Cat".  
Who gave the world, the most invincible Test team of all time:  
In Canthbert, Desse, Vivian, Murray & Kallicharran  
They formed the batting side  
With Papa and Larry Gomes to come out from their hide.  
Then came the fearsome plethora of pace bowling  
to Garner, Croft, Roberts, Marshall, and obviously  
The poetic Michael Anthony Holding!  
Today the mantle rests on, the mighty shoulders of  
Richard Benjamin Richardson  
Who has with him  
Williams, Campbell, Adams, Hooper and Keith Arthurton  
And of course, without doubt  
The "little man" from Santa Cruz, Trinidad  
Who broke everything and so the Aussies named him  
"Prince" Brian Charles Lara, that blessed lad.  
(After all, Viv was the King!)  
Then comes Chanderpaul and the "little" Murray  
Who are then followed by  
Ambrose, the two Benjamins  
And the most artistic of them all  
The Great Courtney Andrew Walsh!  
It was Desse Haynes who taught me once  
The basic philosophy of life —  
"Live, Love & Laugh", my old boy, he said to me.  
Yes, you Calypso Kings!  
That is what I have tried to do, ever since!

(This poem was written after The Caribbean veterans convincingly defeated India in the BSI Master's Series Final and showed the Cricketing world why they are the best).

## Bad Fortune VIII

**by Sarah Shehabuddin**

TODAY was the happiest day of my life! I am so happy! Well, I went to the airport at 9:30 a.m. And on the very first plane came my family! At first I couldn't recognise them because their faces were marked by grief.

Then, I shouted, Mom! and waved. Mom looked up and saw me. She opened her mouth as if to say something. She just stood there. Then a solitary tear rolled down from her eyes. She dropped the two bags she'd been carrying and started running towards me. I simply gazed at her, captivated as though I'd never seen anything as beautiful. She was my mother. I didn't know how I'd managed to live without her for so long.

It was one blithe reunion full of embracing and tears and laughter.

Soon enough, we were home. Towards noon, we could hear cars, trucks and police cars.

Shaju and Kancha came with Hajra's parents on the next plane.

It was then that I told them all that Hajra was dead. Hajra's mother refused to believe it. Then, we all went to where I'd capped Hajra's corpse.

After seeing her, Hajra's father said, It was for Hajra that I came to France. Now I'll take her back to Pakistan, her real mother....

A prayer session was held in the Pakistan Embassy for Hajra. Things had stepped into rhythm pretty quickly.

My family rejoiced about having me amongst them once more and grieved at the same time for Hajra who, over the years, has almost become a family member.

After lunch everybody read my journal. I don't think I'd have made it without.

Thank you.

Next week we'll be off to Bangladesh. Until then I'll be really busy giving interviews all over the place. I'll be showing you to everybody. I think I'm gonna be famous.

I'm starting school in October.

Naureen and Shaju are watching me write. They're giggling because I wrote that I'm now they're giggling cause I wrote that!!! And now they're giggling cos I wrote that!!!

Oh, it's hopeless. Life is back to normal again!

I'm off to tea with the President now! Ciao!!

**The end**

## "My Father Knows Best"

**by A M M Shahabuddin**

modern youth — seems to have adopted Marx's advice on establishing matrimonial relationship.

Now, as an anecdote, the following is an evaluation of a father by his son, beginning at the age of four and till growing himself an old man of 65. (Quoted from a US journal)

4 years: My daddy can do anything.

7 years: My dad knows a lot, a whole lot.

8 years: My father doesn't know quite everything.

12 years: Oh, well, naturally father doesn't know that either.

14 years: Father? Hoplessly

modern youth has developed an enlightened thinking. They go by economics of the marriage. They sometimes try to escape through an option instead of carrying the avoidable load of marriage. A recent report says that an increasing number of Japanese men are opting for simple bachelorhood than the complex fatherhood. On the other hand, young Japanese women are on the lookout for rich successful husbands. Hence men of ordinary means have no chance of marriage, even if they want to go for it.

Fatherhood is no doubt a complex project. It's a combination of so many 'Yes' and 'Nayes', so many responsibilities, duties and obligations. You are the patriarch, the chief architect, the main bread-earner, main source of giving proper education and training. If you fail at any of these stages, the whole thing goes out of gear and control. Not only you collapse, but the whole process collapses. So you, as a father, will have to be over-cautious at every step.

In Western countries, like America, they have simplified fatherhood in a number of ways. There thousands of unmarried mothers are bearing the brunt, while the 'sinner' fathers are flying about in other greener pastures like butterflies. So when we talk of fatherhood, we can leave out the loose and permissive sections of the Western society.

But one thing is true. In modern times, both boys and girls are conscious enough about the consequences of marriage. In our days, when we married, we were just 'novices'. We didn't know even the ABC of what marriage means. We took marriage as one of the so many institutions through which a man or a woman passes during their journey from the cradle to the grave. We accepted it as a *fait accompli*. Today the

Even once-a-prophet of the now-doomed communist world Karl Marx, in a letter to his life-long friend and supporter Engels, said that "the men of ordinary aspirations" shouldn't go into the hazards of marriage. (Marx wrote this letter to Engels after the death of his two sons and when one was in death-bed without treatment as he had no money to call in a doctor). Although communism seems to be on its death bed, counting the number for its last journey, at least in Eastern Europe and former Soviet Union, the new generation — the

old-fashioned.

21 years: Oh, that man is out of date. What did you expect?

25 years: He knows a little bit about it, but not much.

30 years: May be we ought to find out what Dad thinks.

35 years: A little patience. Let us get Dad's assessment before we do anything.

50 years: I wonder what Dad would have thought. He was pretty smart.

60 years: My Dad knew absolutely everything.

65 years: I would give anything if Dad were here so I could talk this over with him. I really miss that man.



## Time in Frame

"Time in Frame" is for those interested in photography. Send us your best photograph with a caption (if required) and a small technical detail of the shot taken. Show the others what you see through the lens. Your coloured or black and white photographs could be on campus politics, every day Dhaka, of course beauty and anything different that your creative mind captures which others hardly notice. Every week the best entry would be published in this new column — introduced just for you. Send us your work in time for the next issue.



Sweet Dreams: Where are their fathers, their mothers or their homes, nobody knows? — Photo by A K M Mohsin

## My Father's Hero

**by Maqsoodul Haque**

for Yusuf Khan a, k. a Dillip Kumar wanted me to see him in person. The 'hero' who has been in the forefront of the motion picture business in India, coming to town for the first time in his life is great news indeed. The press was going hysterical in its adulation. It was nice to hear adjectives like, 'living legend', 'humanist', 'thespian', 'philanthropist' etc being injected immediately before or after his name, as if it would be a cardinal sin if one did not! Nonetheless, it was a pleasure to see the man at the Sheraton Hotel's, Winter Garden on the 23rd January. It was a gathering of 'all' types, and the jokers from the Government and the Opposition, who would otherwise not sit side by side in Parliament, were sitting pretty as Dillip Kumar held court. Shamelessly they clapped as Dillip Kumar made an occasional suave dig at their stupidity.

Dillip Kumar started to speak and everything fell hush. His speech was esoteric, and I can vouch that half the audience did not understand a word he was so beautifully enunciating. It was more in the nature of a sermon. Anybody that understood a smattering of either Persian, Urdu or impeccable English i. e. his preferred language of 'impression', were translating the word of the genius in Bengalee, for benefit of others in the table! He was larger than life, and having age on his side (seventy something), he allowed philosophy to take over whenever he felt a straight answer would hurt or embarrass, punctuating a phrase here, a punch line there or unleashing the greatest weapon of them all: poetry! Yusuf Khan played a great 'mind game'. He emphasised on the 'quality of life'

without sounding like a preacher, and behind his discourses in religion, sat a very very intense 'modern' mind. To think that the man half a century back broke against an orthodox Muslim society to act in cinema, and took it one step further by giving himself a Hindu name, shows the great rebel in him. All said and done, it was a great evening, and I left the place in a daze.

I was glad for myself, and I was glad that my Dad had such

a hero. I was also glad for Dillip Kumar that he has received all his adulation which we Bangladeshis usually reserve for everybody, posthumously.

