

Glimpses of the past, through the looking glass-

NE dawn of 18th Juy": The invading army were slowly moving towards Dhayopara from Kalihati. At 5 am when the party had reached Kasturipara Bazar. the freedom fighters were first of the enemies With no time to be the ass was concely took file away from position The freedom ed in tense antici-

army were cautious others waited in hunter waiting for i

a mile When the arm outside Dhayop came into lighters range of the ose. The inand hell b and no idea that freedom hehters and they paid dearly. The first rille life seriously,

vôy totally unpre s och an attack scale tered in all directions and started firmg almiessly. The freedom fighters had attacked from the charth causing the remaining trops to take refuge in the south part of the the troops started returning fire aiming to the north.

Unknown to them at that time, six fearless freedom lighters were creeping up from belfind. When in range they opened up a torrest of gundire with devastating results their silently slipped away. Ten persous were killed through and about Iwenty wounded in that single incident. This sudden attack from behind was shattering blow to their n The army had lost their w fight, and slowly they with drew 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 SWAD-HINATA '71.

was born on the 23rd

HE 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,

incredible romantic exper-

ience. On that starlit night, I

was silently enjoying the love-

balleds of Richard Main in the

Patuakhali by bus. On the way

we came to cross three beauti-

ful rivers by feri. Patuakhali

was the home-town of my

friend, Moin. Set amidst pic-

turesque surroundings, I loved

- 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

stead miles of golden sands.

towering cliffs, surfing waves

rare conch shells, colourful

Buddist temples, delightful

sea-food - was Kuakata. At

Kuakata we found one of our

senior friend rather the big

would never forget his hospi-

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 pic-

ture here. Most of the people

are on the fishing business.

The place is also a dream land

for smuggling on the sea-bor-

ders. Several tourists had been

Local peoples are a major

problem here and for that rea-

son the Parjatan people could

never turn this spot into a

genuine tourist attraction.

Apart from hanging the sign-

board of Parjatan Complex, ev-

ery effort to develop the com-

munications and accommoda-

The next morning we rode

on a van to the seashore. The

jungles on the way, the thun-

dering roars of sea, the palm

trees on the beach, all of them

were simply marvellous.

tion facilities went in vain.

harassed in this spot.

brother type named Monir.

had as we heard before. In- '

staying the Moin's house.

From Barisal, we started for

walkman.

while going to Barisal, an

by Fyyaz Shahnoor

March 1971. 3 days before the war started. I was too small to comprehend or feel the trials and tribulations of a country at war. Too small to remember how my grandma held me to her bosom when hiding in the bathroom of a clinic near Bangladesh Rifles, while the attack plan. Pakistani army bombarded the t. I don't even reow my mother car in her arms, true paddy fields in sea le recluse. Beild too a country of country. ke solace in books. Like of my generation what not see then, I now tree see through books. Yes one ! call argue some books are bi- * ased telling one side of the story but most are well docu. mented and reliable, And

through this wonder in looking

stass I look back and I find

that Can visualize 1971, even.

though I had not experienced

«it, physically. ** ' Now can one forget the pain the suffering of the people of Bangadesh in 1971. How can eyen try to comprehend happened. Why did the Pakistani's kill so ruthlessly? And why did a fraction of our own blood, sided with the Pakistant's in a mad bid to try to cripple this nation at birth? We have no answer only doc road. Disoriented and confused mented proof of the mindless acts of cruelty our people had to endure: This is the testimeny of Mohd Delwar the only erson who survived the mass killings at Rayer Bazar Badnobhumi. He was abducted from his family on the 14th of December blindfolded and then taken to Rayer Bazzar the loosely tied blindbuld see what was

> were fying up the prisoners. Someone from among us called out to the Al Badars, 'You are killing us even though you yourselves are Bengalies, Why are you killing us? If it were the Panjabies instead of you, we would understand, but why you? 'What was our wrongdoing?' A member of the Al Badars hit the man with a rifle and roared 'shut up.' I was trembling in fear. I tried to

> > by Anam Mahmud

could not control my emotion

barefooted on the beach, sea-

doves and albatross were flying

over the surfing waves. Soon

the sun rose, tearing apart the

bosom of the ocean. It

coloured the beach with a hue

of shy red. We were busy with

our cameras attempting to

moments in picture.

capture the wonderful

stocks near the beach.

Sharpins, Vetki, Rupchanda,

prawns are exported abroad in

frozen forms here. We also saw

some rare sea-fishes whose

bones and tails are used in the

formulation of some expensive

drugs. Flying fishes, star-fishes

and "Biri-fishes" (local people

claims that it can smoke ci-

garettes) had mostly attracted

Another interesting thing

of the beach of Kuakata is that

is always kept clear by the lo-

cal people. They believe in the

myth that unless the job is

done, the gods my put curse

After breakfast in a restau-

rant near the shore, we went

for a sea-bath. We played with

the surfing waves, hugged the

sea, several hours passed by

when we found the sun just

the jungle near the shore.

There stood a lovely Buddist

temple, full of statues. The

decoration on the statues im-

pressed me. It was indeed a

well-preserved, quiet and pic-

Soon we rushed to the sea-

shore to watch the sun-set on

the sea. Kuakata probably is

one of the rare sea-beaches in

the world which presents the

view of both the sun-rise and

sun-set due to geographical lo-

The sun was already set for

the western sea, its rays fell on

the beach creating wonderful

combination of colours. Sudd-

enly it disappeared in the blue

ocean, with an explosion of

red, darkness fell across the

land, infinite stars were

In the evening, we explored

on them.

above our head.

turesque spot.

cation.

Later we visited the fishery-

ancient mother of nature.

when I came near the sea, the

As we were walking

brough his eyes.

to him. Let us try to

I could see that the merci-

less members of the Al Badars

think of a way to escape, some way to stay alive. No, there was

no way out. Even so, I kept thinking, I have to stay alive. A man approached me and tied the end of my shirt to that of the man behind me. The captive behind me had somehow recognised

the man that had come to tie us up, 'Aziz Bhai, you? You have brought me here to murde hashall have to die eve you are here? Oh God! . The man carrying the offe

walked ,away, indifferently Then the Al Badars started their mindless slaughter. They started bayoneting and shooting people. The cries of dying people filled the air mixed th maniacal retorts Killthem, kill them all. That was freten but reality. This part was taken from the book Ekatturer Ghatak Ke Khot published by Multan Chetona Bikash Kendra

After months fourne through hell Bang it's freedom. People were jubilant, bewildered by icelings of extreme joy. I could not witness this long awaited birth. but I know what It meant to most of the p through hanara lmam and her book Blood and Here are e segments from that book 6th Dec: "All India Radio announced the extension of the ceaselife till three in the afternoon. Since middly there has been a tremendous con motion and excitement all or the city. They say that I Pakistanis have decided to sur render. Disregarding the cur-

people decended on the and shouted prothe slopens Gen-slongwith his 90,000 dered at three in the afternoon, is the inally indewith December: ing we all roof-top to hoist the flag cest I wealled how on 26th of March I had to pull

down the flag of Bangladesh. On the same flagpole I raised the flag again. Everybody wept but there were no tears in my eyes. The entire city is laughing and crying at the same time. People are happy because at last they are free but the price that had to be paid was immense."

the phosphorus in them, the

entire, the view, the pleasure,

was something one will never

nic in our dak-bungalow.

Yousuf, was the chief cook it

was our last-supper at Kuakata.

At the time of goodbyes, I

could feel the music of pain in

the air. I promised to myself

that, I would come back to

Kuakata, my dreamland some-

At night we arranged a pic-

forget.

day, soon.

Kuakata — My Dream City out her for so long. twinkling the sky, the surfing waves lighted up-because of

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

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 After seeing her, Hajra's fa-

Live, Love & Laugh - You Calypso Kings! by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

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

Oh: those wonderful Calypso Kings of mine!

Ramadhin and Valentine Those gorgeous spin 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! After them, came the greatest of them all Sir Garlield 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 Outhbert, Dessie, 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 in Garner, Croft, Roberts, Marshall, and obviously the poetic Michael Anthony Holding!

foday the mantle rests on, the mighty shoulders of Richard Benjamin Richardson Who has with him

Williams, Campbell, Adams, Hooper and Keith Arthurton And off 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 Dessie Havnes 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

ODAY was the happiest day of my life! I am so A happy! Well, I went to the airport at 9:30 a.m. And on the very first plane came my lamily! Atfirst 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 of her eyes. She dropped the two bags she'd been carrying and started running towards me. I simply gazed at her, capfivated as though I'd never seen anything as beautiful. She was my mother. I didn't know how I'd managed to live with-

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

Shaju and Kancha came with Hajra's parents on the

capped Hajra's corpse.

ther 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 became a family member. Alter 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 Octo-

Naureen and Shaju are watching me write. They're

giggling because I wrote that ! 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!!

"My Father Knows Best"

thinking. They go by

by A M M Shahabuddin HAT'S the highest tribmodern youth has ute, or in modern terdeveloped an enlightened

civil award," that a son can economics of the marriage. confer on his father. Any father They sometimes try to would be proud to receive such escape through an option an award from the hands that instead of carrying the he held since long. avoidable load of marriage. A When I became father for the recent report says that an first time I thought I had increasing number of something Japanese men are opting constructive. If marriage for simple bachelorhood can be considered as the than the complex sailing into an unknown fatherhood. On the other ocean, fatherhood can be hand, young Japanese seen as the first lighthouse women are on the lookout which beams your future. I for rich successful know i couldn't do it alone. husbands. Hence men of Somebody has a greater ordinary means have no contribution. So when chance of marriage, even if relatives, friends and they want to go for it. neighbours came flocking to congratulate me. I showed the door of the room where O the other party (Labour Party?) was lying there like

reinforced by us by adding another mouth. 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 breadearner, 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

an anchored ship after

crossing the turbulent seas

and has just unloaded its

most valuable cargo.

Humanity has been

minology, "the highest

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

VERYBODY was overdressed in their winter best. I was 'inappropriately attired' - and some people were, well quite surprised to see me there. I for Yusuf Khan a. k. a Dilip Kuhad gone to sit in proxy for the mar wanted me to see him in memory of my father. He would not have missed this

opportunity for the world, had he not died in 1987. Our friend Anis and Rubana,

in the reception committee

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) vears : My daddy can do anything.

7 years : My dad knows a lot, a whole lot years : My father doesn't

know quite everything. 12 years: Ob. well. naturally

father doesn't know that ei-

14 years: Father? Hopelessly

2

AGE 25: DAD'S GREAT 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 know 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.

My Father's Hero by Maqsoodul Haque

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 Dilip Kumar held court. Shamelessly they clapped as Dilip Kumar made an occasional suave dig at their stupid-

Dilip 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 Dilip Kumar that he has received all his adulation which we Bangladeshi's usually reserve for everybody, posthumously.



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