Just Friends — The Debate Rages On

by A Zaki Choudhury

OU know, life had been pretty cool these last few weeks. Slow but cool. No new fatwas or hartals to help us along the path towards peace and prosperity. About three weeks back, I read the paper and found something called 'Just Friends'. I read it and agreed with it. The next week, I open the paper and find accusations like the writer of one article telling the writer of a previous one, to grow up and are you following

First, I think the respective writers ought to cool off, sit down and count to ten. If that doesn't work, then pour a glass of water over your heads. In 'Just Friends?' [shall we just call it article No. 2 for heaven's sake?) the writer Guinaz Alam alleges that the writer of article no 1 (Trishna) had blatantly insulted readers belonging to the so-called free mixing group. I'm afraid I don't have the brain-piercing, mind-bending intellect of Ms. Gulnaz, but I don't think anybody was insulted in No. 1. In No.1, the writer was simply trying to grow awareness among the ultra conservative parents through humour and sarcasm.

Even though this may cost me (my life). I have to question the wisdom of Ms Gulnaz. In two sentences the writer has pretty much destroyed the credibility of her whole essay. "Approximately half our society has accepted freemixing. Give them another couple of decades and the other half will also accept it too." Wait a minute, here. Where did we get half of society? I don't think even 5 per cent have accepted freemixing. And the whole thing gets even more confusing when we try to figure out what defines freemixing. But I was even more astounded when the writer was telling us that it will only take two decades for the rest of society to come to terms with freemixing.

Gee whiz, only two decades. 20 years, nothing much. Think how many Romeos and Juliets will choose to end their lives knowing it will take only 20 years for society to accept their relationships. Oh, what a tragedy! Even Shakespeare will weep in his grave.

But there is a more serious side to this. The present parental generation will not exist in 20 years. And the same girl who ran away to marry her dream guy will, in 20 years, be telling her own teenage daughter that she has been receiving too many phonecalls from her male friends.

The writer tells us about some overzealous youngster who tend to touch each other needlessly. I wholeheartedly agree with her. Such gestures are nothing other than stupidity. But is extremism on this side of the line only? Aren't there some parents who do not permit their daughters to go out alone on let them receive their phone calls only after screening them? Aren't these actions just a display of paranoia? I don't think it is fair to pick out the meaningless actions of one side only. There are weird people on both sides of the finch. But please, don't throw away the whole basket just for a few rotten apples.

At the end, I would like to say that all those people who bought that stuff seriously, about throwing away the paper and spying on their daughter and then beating her till she was half dead — this was only a humourous attempt at pointing out the extremism of some parents. Humour, as we know, is the best medicine. But some people just have

some adverse reactions.

Who Will Win the League Title?

by Ishrak Ahmed Siddiky

already proved that by win-

rhythm. They tasted their

first defeat when they lost to

Brothers Union. One of the

biggest problem in this years

tournament, is the way refer-

ing is done. No body is happy

with the man in black. For

tween Mohammedan and

Rahmatganj, the referee

awarded an unnecessary

penalty and also an offside

goal. The BFF (Bangladesh

Football Federation) is trying

to get foreign referees. But so

The main attraction of this

superbly.

year's league are the foreign

players. Recently Abahani

brought 2 European and 2

tragi players. One of them is

Mohammedan also brought 2

Russian players. One Andrei

Kazakov last year's highest

goal scorer is also playing

this season. The most excit-

ing match was between

Mohammedan and Muktijo-

ddha Sangsad. Muktis were

to two goals up but atlast lost

by 3-2. Mohammedan beat

the Muktis same way as

Abahani beat Brothers Union

The game between Aba-

hani and Mohammedan also

took place, the game was a

draw, but it was helpful for

Abahani in retaining the first

position. Other teams like

Muktijoddha Sangsad started

well but couldn't keep up

their form. Their misery

started when they lost to

Mohammedan. Their coach

Man Jang Kang is trying hard

to bring the Muktis to the

Union this season was hor-

rendous. They presented us

with very poor football,

shocking their fans. They are

trying hard to get back in the

Farashganj. Rahmatganj

Agrani Bank, Wari improved a

great deal, and still has the

and failure the league is going

on, and will go, for one will

be the winer and other be

the loser. And let's keep our

finger crossed, for if we

make a prediction, it may not

Among all the problems

giant killing instinct.

The smaller teams like-

title race.

be right.

far failed.

playing

in 1985.

S the second phase of the Lifebuoy Premier ning the two cups, but at this division football moment, lost their old league is going on in full swing, it is very hard to predict who, this year, will emerge as champions. All the teams are giving their best efforts to win the prestigious gold cup.

Last year's champion example in the match be-Abahani will try to win the cup this year also, and is leading the points table with 26 points. The most astonishing thing is that Youngmen Fakirerpool Club, whom everyone knows little about, have completely utilized the weakness of the strong teams, and they, quite unexpectedly, are in the second position with 21 points. This young team proved that they shouldn't be so lightly taken, and should be given preference too.

Drawing with Abahani, and Muktijoddha, and by beating Brothers Union they already proved their talents. Mohammedan, whom everyone thought will likely win this cup also. (since they won Federation and DAMFA Cup) are in the third position. And are very eager to win this league also, but so far failed.

This year's league football is very tough, and every team has the eye for the cup. But so far as the points table is " concerned Abahani is really in a very strong position. Now in everybody's mind there is only one question who will win this year's title? But in my opinion, the team which will play good, and will entertain football fans, should claim the cup.

Mohammedans are very strong this season, for they

My Brother by Aysha Wisam Rashid

brother's name Who pretends to be like he-man.

He looks like a clown And jumps up and down. He is always restless And sometimes very care-

I love my brother very.

very much.

Island of Barbarians

by Siraj-us-Saleheen Lovell

AC, tac, snip, snip, sni ppety snip, blitze, clang, swoosh, slash — now what do you make of that? What is that place in which you enter with a lot of hope but come out looking like a hen pecked homosapien. Aha! you've got it. It's nothing but the barber-shop. You're wondering, why

this unnecessary attack on the poor barbers? Don't be alarmed. Im just gonna emphasize on the experience each good citizen of the city bear with reasonable tolerance in any barber shop and then you'll see who's poor and who's not.

If all the barber shops of the country would start collecting those multi-coloured hair pieces they mercilessly snip off from every desolluted customer, it would definitely be possible to build-up a mountain equal to the Himalayas. But nowadays our barber brothers are becoming unemployed. The cause you ask? Why, don't you see the boys of today. These days you can't tell a boy apart from a girl (hair! hair!). (Thank-God there are still a few good men who still keep the barbers busy — who else! the army, you got it right again.)

Whenever you feel a tickle in your ears or on your neck. you feel that you should visit the barber shop and have a haircut. What is this place? (To me it's a place close to hell) A single room with something like a roof on it's top which, instead of saving you is a threat to your dear life. The room consists of two or maximum three chairs litted for the customers convenience and some mirrors just dangling from the wall. The chairs seem like hungry haggards without food for many days and with many itchy insects and rodents as their permanent residents who, in a damn care mood happily chew away the remaining parts of the poor

Sometimes they extend their attack on the unlucky customers, who gives themselves up totally on the barber's liberty. There's the mir-

T was a rainy morning

when I woke up, by a

loud cracking of thun-

chair, through which you work; he absent-mindedly whistles to any tune from must use magnifying glasses or binoculars to recognize Philips Top Ten but of course your own face. You may try the peculiar sound resembles the magic words. Mirror. the horn of a Morris-Minor mirror on the wall, who's the of the 50's); then you may ugliest of them all?" definitely be sure of loosing an ear or half a nose. A joke Definitely you. Then there's the ultimate horror - the on this account must be barber himself, an expert in his own work (is he?!). A humongous figure with a

matching gigantic face.

mostly covered by his own

hairs seeing which you won-

treat himself

der. "A doctor never can

A customer, while grittily accepting the mind-boggling attacks of the barber, noticed a dog patiently waiting near the chair where he sat. He got curious and asked the barber. "Is he your pet dog?"

each pull of his blade (Ughh!) There's a very peculiar but common habit of these snippety snipers which is to do just the opposite of what you tell them to do. If you tell them not to touch the backhair, they'll cut it so short. you'd wonder. "So this is where Paul Gascoigne use to have his hair-cut!" Everyone likes to keep a little hair in the front (which is not so much to ask for). But those champion choppers don't think alike. They'll cut the front side in such a way, as if he is mowing the front lawn of your house.

some and horrific experience - having a shave. When the barber starts an 'All in Vain' sharpening process of his ultra-blunt razor-blade which. in a few seconds will be applied on your butter-cupped cheesy cheek; you literally start saying your prayers (maybe for the last time) I don't want to have a recollection of those excruciating and painful experiences and loose my appetite, 'cause after our dear barber performs his duty (most uncompromisingly), your sure to get ten or twenty instaneous pimples on your purely preserved cheek. and the adjoint areas become disjoint making you look like a horror movie actor. Not to mention blood spots also. which indicate a fine cut and gash job summing up the whole business.

Wait! wait! it's not finished yet. What about the massage part, where the buffoonic barbarian very happily slashes, whips and slaps away ness seem like a fun and play to him. To us it seems that

So my friends take my bea (ian). Happy hair cutting.



your whole body, most probably imagining that he's on the process of preparing flour for making 'chapati' This extremely barbaric busihe's trying his best to break each and every bone of our fragile body. "One man's happiness is another man's

advice and be self dependent. Let those hairs grow as they like, than go to brother bar-

laughed and said to me that I

was crazy and I had to finish

schooling and college and it

said that he met a lot of cute

He gave me a big hug and

Arts vs Science?

by Sanjida Shaheed

T is interesting to note ways of human nature which is such that no matter how respectable one's own occupation, or how much reverence one has for one's own talent, one always looks with envy, inspired by awe at someone else's successful career. In this case, we'll discuss the traditional conflict between the arts and sciences. An artist, despite extraordinary skills concerning his domain, marvels at the one whose laculty is science. And vice versa is equally plausible.

But then goes the gulf-removing statement, "There's no science without art and no art without science." However, one is intrigued and even stupefied by the somewhat grinding down-to-earthness of an outrageous Oscar-Wilde-saying, "All art is quite useless". Does that instigate then that the sciences have defeated arts in the long run?

No answer is available for the above question. Because such a question itself can't even exist in the discerning mind. Comparison can take place between two or more things only when they can be judged from one single viewpoint, under one common criterion. But science and art follow two utterly different courses - science raising its red hat of success in its fashion and art advancing in its own distinctive merit - hence they fall under two dissimilar criteria and ergo cannot be

compared with each other.

onventionally it is believed with much ardour that a child with an aptitude for maths is superior, by any criterion, to one who is an excellent poet. As one understands, maths and poetry belong respectfully to the faculty of science and arts. And so, generally the child who composes beautiful poetry but hasn't a flair for maths is considered a dullard. And the child who gets a 100 in maths is considered to be a genius. Can we then safely assume that this scientifically gifted child can achieve through his brain power scientific fruition and also beat the artistically inclined child in the other one's domain? Reality holds a negative evidence against such a superior kid in this matter, in most cases. Of course once in an aeon, emerges the kid with a flair for both the sciences and the arts. But we're talking of a general situation here. And so, clearly it is unjust to discriminate between the two children in the context of brain power - and that applies to a much larger scale, of course. And so, educational institutes and parents must stop looking down upon students wanting to study the arts, instead of science. It is very feasible that these kids are equally talented as those in the science faculty. Only that they choose to prove their productivity in a different manner.

Being able to solve maths problems is only one side of the story. But we need both sides of the story to groom our brain and heart, in order to be in a higher echelon as the best creation on earth.

A world destitute of arts is as unimaginable as is one

lacking modern-day scientific amenities. And only art and not science can groom a human's aesthetic and moral sense — the source of all desired human action and cooperation in every sphere of life.

Science with its rapid advancing manner, brings opportunities, i.e.: jobs, money, status, but arts on the other hand brings poverty. This is the first and foremost reason why parents are all game for science when it's time for their children's higher education. But surely, parents need to understand that neither art nor science can ensure a person's daily bread if the person concerned is incompetent. And it is best to leave students to study the arts if that's what their mind is tuned to. It is clearly plausible that one can never be thought to excel in one's studies, if one has no real love or passion for one's courses.

Last of all, we need to establish the evident fact that there's no such thing as "art vs science". Art and science simply aren't rivals, they're both obligatory to retain our humanness.

And so it is well worth approving and appreciating the arts as much as the sciences. And we can start off with giving an early education on both art and science to young minds. While science will provide them with knowledge, art will bestow them with wisdom.

grew tired and he was asking me to look after his business but I simply couldn't and I didn't have the responsibility. I finished my schooling and I knew my friends were starting to be responsible. I tried to look after but couldn't do it as much as was supposed to. One day my dad was betrayed by his trusted manager. It was all over. He needed help but for his age he became sick to do anything. Later he gave me a quick marriage because he knew that I was not responsible enough to look after his

properties and I needed someone to take care of me. My mother died because

she couldn't bear my fathers death and had no one to turn to. Days passed I knew my husband was not enough to take care of me. He was a simple man and my fathers properties were all gone. Days turned into week and then to months and then years. Now I am pretty old with three children and as I look at my older teenage daughter I remember the times when all was so easy and simple.

rors, one each infront of a

butcher ready to perform slaughter on the meat-ball infront of him. His nails, resemble the one's, owned by the wicked witch who just now jumped out of our childhood bad dreams. Just imagine the immense brainbeating pain you feel when the master begins his work of art (?). And if, by any chance,

his hands slip-off (which is

most likely cause while on

When he picks his tools

(scissors, combs, razors etc.)

and he begin to work, oh!

save us, he looks like a

Oh, no sir! He's just an outsider, waiting for the bits and pieces of meat (preferably ear or nose) to fall while I work." Just imagine, if the trend still goes.

The barber then answered.

Sometimes the artist attempts to size up the sideline of your backward locks. Attempts in the sense that he uses a razor for the job which rather denounces the word sharpness, as it is as blunt as the brain of a donkey. But at times you can find pieces of your own skin come of with

My Past Teenage Years him to marry me. He

der. As I watched, showers were pouring my thoughts and turned to the days when I was a mere child and everything seemed so simple. It was a rainy morning of October and my friends and I were having a chat, how much we hated rainy days and what effect it had in our lives though we understood

I particularly as a person hated rainy days, it seemed to me more boring than anything. I could not watch the cute baseball players and also I had to stay at home for not catching a cold.

nothing about it.

I was thirteen to fourteen at that time and was particularly crazy about rock music. After an hour of boring nagging of my mother about my marks and also about my music I finally finished study-

ing for the coming quiz test. Now in my house there was a boy known as Nantu who used to study at a very simple school beside our house. It was sad thing because

he had such interest in studying but due to financial constraints he had to work in the house, while I, who had no such interest in studying, was studying in one of the most exclusive and expensive school in Bangladesh.

My father was obviously a very important person in the society. And I was obviously his only daughter Sabrina. After hours of gossip with my friends I particularly joked about Nantu. Days passed as smoothly as a silk. One Saturday my 15th birthday was to be celebrated and

by Nabila Ali

obviously wanted to look the

best among all. I spent hours after hours deciding what to wear and right make up to attract cute boys over my party. It was obviously fun and I realized that I was the center of male attraction. As a year rolled by I was sixteen and then suddenly I felt attracted to a boy in my school.

He was pretty smart with a lovable face among girls like us. I was so attracted to him that I couldn't stop being tongue tied when I am in front of him and after days of sharing feelings I finally tried to tell him that how much I obviously loved him. One day I obviously tried to propose girls like me but he was not so stupid. That night I was

was too early.

heart broken and I spent hours crying. Then slowly I begin relationship with another boy. He was from a poor back ground but I fell in love with him and also in a way I begin to do what he says and in the end I realized that he toyed with my affections. After a year or two daddy begin to face problems with his business. He was getting old and he needed someone but I was not clever enough and our relatives were not that friendly. He

"Cockrophobia"

by Hana Shams Ahmed

HE cockroach landed right on my shoulder. I screamed at the top of my lungs as I tried fervently to shove it off. It landed on the floor with a sort of a crackling noise and I ran out of my room running into my mother who had rushed to find out what had happened.

"What happened, sweetheart?" my mother asked with utmost concern.

"It's a large, ugly cockroach ma!" I cried out. My mother went in and killed it with one blow from her sandal. I heaved a sigh of relief. winning track. For Brother's But my mother wasn't very

"Don't you ever, ever scream out like that about something so trivial. . . . "trivial, ma?"

"Don't interrupt me. I used to kill cockroaches since I was less than half your age. You should be ashamed of yourself. You almost gave your father and me a heart attack. . .

I had just finished reading Brenda Clarke's "Beyond the world" and was feeling really emotional so I went towards my window and stared out into the darkness outside when this gross incident oc-

But that was not the end of it. That night as I was almost falling asleep, I heard a familiar crackling noise. I woke up with a start ready to run as fast as my feet could carry me when I realized that I was under the mosquitonet. [God! I'll never sleep without a mosquito-net, ever again!) I looked at the side of the net and there it was! the ugly insect was slowly (real slowly) making its way up-

over my head with fear. When opened my eyes to see whether it was gone or not, I saw it on top of the mosquito-net, crawling slowly again. It seemed to be enjoying itself by mocking me. It was almost an hour before I finally stopped hearing or seeing it. It probably left through the window (bored with me) or maybe it hit the ceiling fan and got killed.

I pulled my pillow

Poor chap! (not that I feel sorry for it — I don't) I slept through the rest of the night peacefully (no coekroach dreams) but I still haven't gotten over my fear/phobia of cockroaches. Someday I hope to get over it. If any of you guys/gals out there have any advice for me, I'm all ears.

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