

TEENS and TWENTIES



Let Us See What Love Means Today!!



Boy Meets Girl: But Where?

by Fyyaz Shahnoor

Boy meets girl. Fall in love. Live happily ever after. For any other city this would be an acceptable series of events. Unfortunately for the Dhakaite this fairy tale is not so rather it always turns into a nightmare.

The congested atmosphere of Dhaka stipulates that boy rarely finds suitable meeting place for romancing with girl. It also stipulates that if he does find an appropriate place he also automatically inherits the chance of unexpectedly meeting the girl's mother (whose elder brother just happens to be the Chief Police Commissioner) or her brother (who is the reigning champion of the Bangladesh Karate Federation) or the girl's neighbour (who has been dubbed the most notorious rumour monger by the SUN).

So falling in love in Dhaka can be a very risky undertaking, one would have a better chance of survival speeding down Mirpur road on a Harley Davidson with no brakes on. Fortunately these threats on physical well-being does not deter our enterprising youths. In fact most find the experience of clandestine romantic rendezvous most stimulating.

Naturally the most common places for dating are the parks of Dhaka. Chandrima Uddyan, Ramna Park and Dhanmondi Lake seem to be most popular. Soheli, a classmate (MBA 29th Batch), says he definitely prefers the parks to other dating places. It's quite, it's romantic and there is no fear of getting caught red handed (or red lipped as the care might be) by anyone. The only problem seems to be the annoying presence of snooping badamwalas, tokais and beggars.

His advise to would be lovers is to always keep some change handy. Also Soheli complains about some corrupt police habildars who are more interested in the couples monthly pocket money and how willing they are in parting with it rather than preserving law and order.

There should be some sort of law, he says, that would prosecute anyone infringing on the love birds rendezvous rights. Here, here!

Kum Kum has found an ingenious way to meet his beloved. Both love to ride on Riksha's and often they hire a Rikshawala for an hour or so and tour the city. Kum Kum finds this way of dating quite gratifying and says that a Riksha can make a very cosy haven. You're never in any place too long so dating doesn't become monotonous. Also another merit is that he and his beloved have gotten to know quite a few alleys of Dhaka that any common Dhakaite would not discover in his lifetime.

Couples often meet in restaurants. But to most this

thing that the stronger sex should pay the bill (I stridently disagree). Another major problem arises when the love birds do too much gossiping and too little eating. Obviously this annoys the restaurant owner who tends to be totally devoid of romantic sentiments. And at most times his insistent "will there be anything else" means "you've wanted enough time, now get the hell out of here".

Some couples prefer the verandahs and corridors of different faculties of Dhaka University. A quite soothing atmosphere prevails over these places in the evening when classes are off. Couples take this opportunity quite frequently, sharing endearments and doing what cou-

Naturally I threw up at this love sick remark. Uhggg! Halls are also quite popular. It's safe, it's cheap and most of all it's cosy. Although you have to bear the occasional sneer and caustic remarks by other not so fortunate inmates you have to bear. And if you are a "cadre" or happen to have an elder brother who is then those foul mouthed monkeys can easily be silenced. A threat or two never did anyone any harm.

Unfortunately there are very few places in Dhaka where couples can meet and that too without disturbance and embarrassment. Fortunately with their applaudable ingenuity they have been able to magically conjure up meeting places even in this congested city.



To hold hands or not, to fall in love or not, to be his or not. Photo Amran Hossain

is an expensive habit to pursue. Frequently indulging in this method of dating usually leaves the male participant scavenging for extra change at the end of the month. These are not my words but Taher's (Bangla, 3rd year, DU).

Of course he does not complain, after all according to him it's the most natural

Some find the libraries the best place for dating. The British Council seems to be the most popular place. Soheli and Moushumi are veterans of libraries. When I remonstrated them that libraries are reserved primarily for studying Moushumi cutely replied "Oh we do study. We study the art of love".

But that is only natural, after all family feuds did not stop Romeo and Juliet from meeting even though they were a bit precarious in choosing meeting places. As the man said "Love will conquer all".

Note: Names have been changed to protect the innocent (guilty?).

TCHHAKED

by Sharier Khan

THIS FLOWER SAYS, YOU LOVES ME NOT! I'M GOING TO TCHHAK YOU NOW!



FALLING in love and being tchhaked (ditched) have a common reaction among males and females. In both cases, they loose appetite. Tchhak, which is root of many masterpieces like Romeo and Juliet, boring poetry and heavy metal, can make you a philosopher or a playboy/play girl (if you are underage); playkid. If you are overaged; playsenale. Tchhak takes place in disguise of bizarre excuses or a mere disappearing act. The gals draw the curtain to a relationship with excuses like, "my family would never allow me to marry a clumsy oaf. Please forgive me. I am sure there are other pretty girls for you."

The guys, similarly say, "my mom says I have not grown up. My mom says she would not allow me to get married now. my mom says..." The gals interrupt, "sounds bad to me, can I talk to your mom?" The guys close the chapter saying, "uh-oh, mom says she would not talk to strangers."

Gals or guys also disappear all of a sudden — which is another approach of "tchhak". Then after two years, they suddenly bump on to each other in a market. "Is that you Mini? My god? You look Max!" The fat Mini looks at Sarek with sarcasm, "Oh my! I knew the world is getting small, but you are getting smaller. The khat you are, how are you bell-bottom?" Naturally, the conversation ends just like that.

There are tchhak-comeback and then tchhak again too. In this act, both the guys and gals are not so sure about their feelings. The gal who has suddenly become interested about the first boy in the class, who is not handsome but has got a fabulous collection of notes, tchhaks her 'good ol' boyfriend Jhuna saying, "boy, why do you stink so much?" Jhuna argues, "what, me stinking? You should be happy with this smell because that's the smell of a man." If that's the smell of a man which I should be happy, about, hand me over your socks and buzz off," Mita would

reply in her bid to ditch Jhuna.

After the examination, Mita gets bored with the first boy who thinks it is cool to talk about demographic transition at a quiet corner of Suhrawardi Uddyan. Mita openly reverts saying, "your conversation stinks. No you don't have to explain that this is the smell of knowledge which I should cherish. Just record me a speech on Demographic transition in a tape and get out of my sight."

So the story goes as Mita gets back to Jhuna. But again during the exam season, she flies back to the first boy. Such a gal would settle for a wealthy fellow after she completes her education.

Tchhak can take place for various. One guy, Dipu, was tchhaked because when

he told Mira "I love you" from a very short distance, he sprayed spit on Mira's face. Mira forgot to bring an umbrella to protect herself from Dipu's spit.

Shafquat tchhaked Rima for a similar reason. Rima and Shafquat were in love firstly over phone. Then one day, Rima wrote him a letter asking him to come over next Monday evening. Shafquat flew to her place. Her parents were away. His thrill became anticlimatic after seeing her. But when she started talking, from a distance of six inches to make the matter worse, Shafquat sank in a pool of onions. She must have had a lot of onions before seeing him. Shafquat did not wait to listen to what she was saying. He jumped out of the drawing room and ran for his life. He still sees the

nightmare — an onion is saying I love you. Rumman was a simple minded guy with a very honest soul — and that was the reason for the tchhak he had. He was not very romantic, but was successfully carrying out an affair with Rumana for several months until one day Rumana complained, "what kind of guy are you. You never appreciate my face or never compose a poem for me." I will try," Rumman had said.

On the next day, when they were passing a field where a cow was grazing, Rumana said, "you know, cows do have a very beautiful pair of eyes." In the next week, when the couple was having a semi-romantic time at a Chinese restaurant, Rumman finally revealed his romantic self saying, "do you know how beautiful your eyes are?" Rumana blushed, "really? Yes, really. Your eyes remind me of the eyes of a cow," Rumana whispered. Rumana left without a word or explanation. Rumman failed to understand why she never met him again. Later his well wishers explained, "could you not compare her eyes with something more delicate - like a deer?"

I came across two types of people, other than ever aggrieved loners, in my life. One type of people counts the number of romantic relationship (which are very shortlived, therefore, I would term them as relation boat, not ship) and count the number of tchhak he or she got in a manner a hunter counts his/her victims. The other kind, sticks to a single relationship for a long time (Such a long time that those should be termed relationrail, not ship) and do not know the vociferous meaning of Tchhak. For those who fall in to the first category, my advice is: Tchhak her/him, before he/she tchhaks you. It is more dignifying. Those who do not know the meaning of tchhak (puts me to sleep), my advice is: please be tchhaked — it is more poetic.

She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not

by Siraj-us-Saleheen Lovell

EVERY living being has a specific season in the year, when they go nuts, absolute head over heels in love with their opposite sex. In other words, they've got a mating season. Think again mate; every species except us human-beings. The main distinction as well as advantage of us humans over all other living species is that we can go nuts to love or to be loved 12 months a year, 4 weeks a month, 7 days a week — isn't that amusing? To many people, love is the most holiest thing in one's life (too true, too true). But let's see what love means today.

Subject: Infatuation. Hero: Ding-bat Donkey boys.

Range: College to just admitted varsity freshmen. The most common and of-course cheap way of attracting is to whistle to a passing babe on a three-wheeler. But don't even think of smacking a flying kiss to a babe in a four-wheeler, 'cause she'll return a resembling smacking slap on your clean-shaven cheek and next moment you're on the surface of the moon.

Then there's the next-door neighbour policy. Today's tough one's use various signs and symbols with their hands and mouth to attract the neighbourhood nymph (maybe even his first love). Beware my dear brothers! don't make your first love a disaster. Don't follow the footsteps of the boy who used the same policy on his next-door neighbour's beautiful daughter for a good number of months and at last, when the time came to meet her face to face (in the alley) he found out that she was their maid-servant (sad, sad).

Don't forget the love-letter policy. What passionate words those love-sick fall-guys write in each love-letter is really a wonder! They compare their love-one's to rose-buds, deer-eyes, lamb-chops, potato-chips, frog-legs, dog-tongues etc, etc..... In such cases the little brothers and sisters are a soul savers. They serve as postmen, the language is of-course Egyptian hieroglyphics

to keep secrets which only their beloved Cinderellas understand.

The beloved babes then return their answers written on the toddler's face (a black eye or a broken nose) which definitely indicates negative. What's happening to the country? There should be a law against child-abusing. That's not all. There's the telephone process a most commendable one. This is one way in which the male-machos have less chance of being bodily damaged. But I warn you, watch your ears; 'cause a girl's most dangerous and most effective weapon is her tongue. Her angry talks is more painful than the bullets of any guns.

There's some other things to remember and keep in mind while using this method. Turkey's sometimes pour their gibberish love-talk in the tender ear-lobes of the heroine's mother (Oh-oh! you're in the wrong hands), who, after giving

ing proxy as her daughter for some time, invites the unlucky boy to her house. The boy, feeling butter-flies in his heart, buys a king size bouquet and starts for his buttercup's house. I think I don't have to detail you with the following incidents. If you still want to know, then ask that boy, who's now in the hospital with a broken neck and fractured skull (he doesn't have any brains to worry about). Love really is a strong drug!

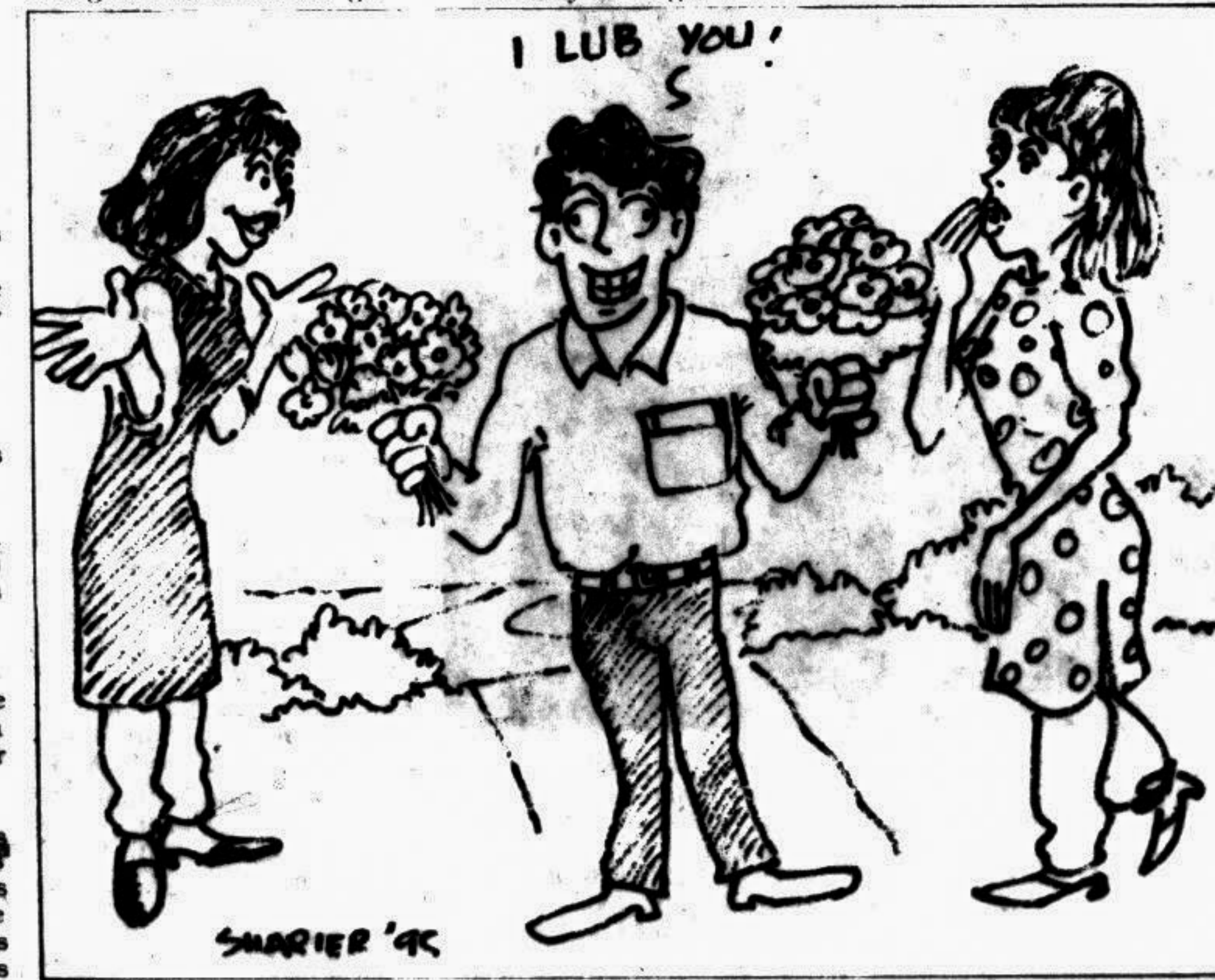
Sometimes class-friends and mates are the helping hand for the boys in the bush. But nowadays you can't even believe your own flesh and blood, so why friends. In most third person cases, the third person himself falls in a pool of love with his friends fish-fry and "A friend is need is a friend indeed." So don't ever merge love and friendship together — you'll loose both.

You may love a girl with all

your heart, you may dream of being her loved-one (or body-guard), you may think her voice to be equal to a nightingale, but alas! When you talk to her for the first time what do you hear! Is this the voice of a nightingale or the groaning of an old Volkswagen, or the chorus opera of a bunch of froggies on a rainy night.

Do you ever wonder why lads and lasses go rushing to the coaching centers. A-hal you've got it right. These centres are an ideal place for Eye-selection. Even the video and audio cassette shops are perfect place for the cat to trap the mice not an ideal love-story thought. The only problem is — the guys have to spend handsome money on cassettes which would scare even a donkey to death.

There are many other aspects of love that you should remember before being totally infatuated. So my love-stricken lunatic friends, "Look before you leap."



I just had to let it go — John Lennon

It happened in another lifetime. He really didn't want to think of it, but he had to. There's no point in escaping or trying to keep away. Some decisions in life just have to be taken — not for the sake of taking them, but for the sake of life — so that nobody gets hurt in the long run. Yes, sometimes he feels sad for doing what he had to; but he doesn't feel sorry, for that's the way things were and are meant to be.

Is this love that I'm feeling — Bob Marley

It all started on a fine afternoon, perhaps ten years ago. He had just turned fifteen. A friend of his introduced him to a girl. The acquaintance in fact stopped there for he paid no further attention. What's the big deal? At the age of fifteen, you bump into someone of the opposite sex numerous times everyday. Inherently, he was extremely restless — never managing to concentrate his mind on anything for too long. But come to think of it — yes — there was something different in the girl. She was a strange girl for she looked strange. No, there must have been something different in her. He did realize the difference after some time. He had really fallen in love, for the first time.

You've got to take the bitter with the sweet — Carole King

The first of anything is sweet. But the sweetness or the madness has to end at one time. Nothing can carry on forever, but then every rule truly does have its exception. And this particularly sweet and bitter experience turned out to be such an exception. After realizing he had grown a fondness for the girl,

No Regrets!

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

he made up his mind to go to her house. All he knew was in which road she lived. Well, if Scott could have conquered Antarctica, why couldn't he find out a lady's house? All said and done, he entered that mystical road in a posh area of the city. A beautiful goddess must have smiled on him that day for the very first door he knocked turned out to be her house! Well, that was an easy way in conquering the mystical continent Antarctica. The next task now was to melt the ice.

Fire and ice equals water — David Crosby

The acquaintance between him and her turned out to be a long lasting one. This truly wasn't the lady you bump into every day. The ice

of Antarctica had started to melt with the fire of love. Today he remembers the way she laughed, the way her hair moved in the air, the way she walked — everything seemed to be unique and alluring. Both of them were young and naive. The more they saw each other, the more they wanted to see each other. The madness just didn't seem to end. But then, one day he came to his senses and finally decided to strip himself of this everlasting divinity.

Goodbye don't mean I'm gone — Carole King

Seven years elapsed. Sometimes his friends thought he lived in fool's par-

adise by not expressing his feelings. But he had his reasons. He was waiting for an outlet. Finally such a day arrived.

He went to her house, now in a more posh area of the city, a few days before her birthday to say goodbye. Come to think of it now, after three years, he made the right decision.

She was his first love in his teenage life and thus turned out to become a goddess to him. A goddess can never become human for which reason, the Greek kept their gods and goddesses on top of Mount Olympus. She was in reality human, like all mortals are, a person of flesh and blood. He would have expected a lot from her and she would never have been able to match his expectations.

Deep love generally turns to hatred. The more you know someone, the less enthusiastic you become in knowing the person further. A star looks beautiful from a distance. Let it stay like that. The closer you get, the more chances are that either you will be burnt out, or the star herself will. So, it's better to look at the star from a distance. Then the star will shine on you and you won't have to ask for anything else and feel sorry.

Love means never having to say that you're sorry — Love Story (Erich Segal)

Within the last three years, he got deeply involved with other women. But not a single one can compare with her. He hasn't seen her since that day he said goodbye before destroying her and himself. Now she is the goddess in his life, the "little mermaid" who will be in his heart forever. Probably she also realizes why he did what he did. He said goodbye because he loves her too much and didn't want to hurt her in the end. So, why should he feel sorry?

I Loved You

by Alexander Pushkin (1829)

I loved you, and that love, to die refusing May still — who knows! — be smouldering in my breast. Pray be not pained — believe me, of my choosing I'd never have you troubled or distressed. I loved you mute, hopelessly and truly, With shy yet fervent tenderness aglow; Mine was a jealous passion and unruly... May God grant that another will love you so!

Note: When talking about Pushkin, the word "love" seems lovelier than anything else! Pushkin is simply not translatable. This poem, however, has been translated from the Russian by Irina Zheleznova, taken from Alexander Pushkin: Selected Works Vol 2, Poetry, Raduga Publishers, Moscow, 1990. Courtesy: AIC