

# TEENS and TWENTIES

## The Eternal Search — An Obsession

by Monica

**B**LAISE Pascal was frightened by the eternal silence of the infinite spaces — so will be many whose agnostic convictions later succumb to the subliminal, prehistoric forces of their minds (the bitterest of the foes).

Pleroma, of the physical nature in engineering energy is wised time to time when ecumenical aliens (the researchers and scientists) are raring for newer breakthroughs. An energised world is crawling nearer the sarcophagus of the depleted natural resources — virulently usurped by man.

Man's singularity in his thoughts and a nation's singularity in his act have left the world bleaker in possibilities. Man's essence in his lines of thoughts has jeopardized the existence of this earth. The cobwebs of planetary discipline seems no more in a position to hold the threads of the thoughts of the thinking reed (as Pascal has told of man), the most feeble thing of nature. Billions of dollars spent on space arondissement in future, will cater to the interests of the few involved in these things directly or indirectly leaving the world's oceans contaminated by spilled petroleum products, its forests as parched terrains, its metal veins emptied, its places far and near to the nuclear testings total divestitures, these people will scamp to the futurity.

Prejudiced time to time we, the general public, go on telling the tales of these excavations of nature's idiosyncrasies by these pampered creatures. The eternal search of the "beginning of the cosmos" — the initial point of the galaxies reactionary — will it remain eternally an untenable fact?

This has been an unattainable objective of the scientific world. No empirical formula can simulate it; no equation of multi-dimension and higher order nonlinearity can hold this phenomena in the truly possible sense. Can it be thought of as a progression of a series of reactions? If it can be still the springing of different life forms cannot be explained by the tales of chain reactions.

How long this space digging of the strongly optimist scientists will go on? God scientists galaxy was particles, particles, particles and protons. As one of them has said all transient, and only these quarks can form the

Now it is said that in reality the Bose-Einstein condensate at a temperature of 273.15 degree Kelvin. Then what we can say that life sprang from explanation for the origin due to change in temperature, pressure and gravitational force physical changes of the bubbles made of quark particles and which finally led to such atomic rearrangements which gave birth to life.

Amino acids, the first forms of life is believed to form from synthesis of few gases then prevailing in the atmosphere. Every life form in the animal kingdom is formed from the building-blocks — the amino acids.

So what boils down from these new findings? Every animate and inanimate form of thing is formed from the mere combinations and segregations of molecules. Question remains, why only on the planet earth did the infinite forms of creature come into being, not in anywhere else?

The massive blackholes found which can even absorb light play another distinct role in the formation history. Were they present at the time of big bang or are they the results of the inexorable changes in the molecular kingdom and gravitational field?

The cobwebs of quark particles are still very much filmy to hold the cocoons of besprinkled life forms. Chlorophyll and haemoglobin are the two most naturally occurring porphyrins. These two are also metalloproteins — conjugated proteins. The non-protein group in a conjugated protein is the prosthetic group which can be separated from the protein part by careful hydrolysis. Porphyrins are substituted porphyrins which may be shown by any of the following formulae:

Chlorophylls (C55 H72 N4 O4 Mg or C55 H70 N4 O8 Mg) and Haemoglobin (haem, C34 H32 N4 O4 Fe + globin) are the two different things separating the plant and animal kingdoms. The main thing is that both of the metalloproteins have similarities in their structure. Heterodoxy inconclusively proliferated in the molecular kingdom: Was every big thing formed from specific naturally occurring molecules? It might be so that a vast section of big size animals were created separately, that is each and every species from each different kind of molecular combinations, thereby eliminating the possibility of gradual morphological change — from Amoeba Proteus to Homo Sapiens. An egg — the yolk floating in the pool of transparent proteins — can it be the picture of every earliest form of species? The cosmos in the beginning was an ocean of gases whereas the surface of the earth was submerged under oceans of water at the time the earth was in its rudimentary condition. Everywhere the seeds of formations are floating in seemingly etchless solutions.

Whatever playthings may the galaxy be of molecular changes, scientists will go out crazy to describe the innumerable occurrences. They may be jumping over the moon by their new findings. Mere brutting their quark particle theory behind the creation of the universe may not be a babel of it but they seem to be rather polyanthous in figuring the earth's matters by the same explanation.

The writer is a graduate of the Chemical Engineering department of BUET.

## Our Resolute Ruhool Amin

by Shahed Latif

Mohammad Ruhool Amin (Bir Shrestha)

**R**UHOOL AMIN was born in the year of 1935. His father's name was Paturai and was quite a well off person. Ruhool Amin was the eldest son of his parents and was followed by four sisters and two brothers and all of them were born in Noakhali district in the Baghchpara village.

As the eldest son, Amin completed his primary education from the school in his village in Baghchpara and after that he went to the neighbouring thana and completed his secondary school in Amishpara High School. As the family grew, it became more and more hard for Azhar Paturai to feed all his children and after completing his secondary education Ruhool Amin had to look for a job to help his father.

So, in 1953 he joined in the navy as a junior mechanical engineer. After getting the job, he was transferred in the April and crossed into the Arabian sea away from Karachi in PNS Bahadur for his preliminary training. In 1958 he completed his training. In 1965 he joined as artificer after completing his course and was transferred to PNS Bakhtiar in Chittagong in 1968.

When the war broke out in 1971 Ruhool Amin managed to escape from PNS Bakhtiar in April and crossed into the Indian territory of Tripura and joined the no. 2 sector and until September fought many land war under no. 2 sector. Many naval officers of the sectors and subsectors gathered in Agartala in an effort to build a naval force for the warring country and engine room artificer Ruhool Amin also joined them.

The Indian government presented the Bangladesh navy with two tug boats in an effort to build a naval force which were on duty in Calcutta. The tug-boats were bought in the Garden Reach Naval Workshop and were turned into gun boats using kinds of Canadian buffer guns like Canada and 500 pound of four markmine were installed like the British. On the 12th of October in 1971 the then mayor of Calcutta handed these to from the Garden Reach jetty and were named 'Padma' and 'Palash' and Ruhool Amin was in the charge of the engine room artificer of 'Palash'.

On the 6th of December the Muktabahini's captured the Jessore Cantonment. 'Padma' and 'Palash' in an effort to scare the Pakistan naval base of PNS Titumir left Haldia Base along with the gunboat 'Pavel' of the allied force and entered Bangladesh. On the 8th of December the Chittagong of the Indian army joined with 'Padma' and 'Pavel' on the Aree Bank of the Sundarban. The commander of the operation was captain Mahindra Nath Shamtha. On the 9th of December the gunboats entered Hiron-point at 8:00 pm without any resistance, after spending the night there the next morning at 10:00 am the two gunboat started advancing towards Mongla Port and reached there at 7:30 am without any resistance from the Pakistani Army.

The final assault began at 9:30 am the gunboat Pavel was leading the way, followed by 'Palash' and Padma, when the gunboats were very close to the Khulna Shipyard around 12:00 noon three fighter planes were seen stying.

'Padma' and 'Palash' guessed that it must be an enemy plane and they wanted orders to shoot, but Captain Shamtha said there was nothing to worry about because the planes belonged to India, but suddenly the fighters lowered and bombed 'Padma' first and then 'Palash'. The bomb struck straight at the engine room of Padma and the gunboat became totally inoperative. Scores of naval soldiers were injured but gunboat 'Palash' and 'Pavel' were still mobile. At this moment the captain of 'Palash' Lt. Commander Rai Chowdhury ordered the crew to leave the ship. He could not except defeat, he said why has it been ordered to stop the ship, he screamed and begged, "We are not scared of death! We will march ahead! We will win! We will not move away from our position," he ordered the canon crew's to fire at the planes and he went back to the engine room.

The naval soldiers were befuddled, because their commander ordered to evacuate the ship and on the other hand their engine room artificer told them to open fire. The planes again returned this time from the back and bombed on the gunboat 'Palash', destroying the engine room. Ruhool Amin's body was soaked with blood as it hit the engine room and he died. He could have easily left the ship and saved his life, but his own life became meaningless to him and he laid down his life for the cause of freedom.

Everywhere the seeds of formations are floating in seemingly etchless solutions.

## A Story of Domination Crossing the Steps of History: 1952

by Raihan Jamil

**A** very interesting fact, one might have noticed, is that we have a history of being dominated. Almost in all aspects of life — art, culture, tradition, etc even as a nation we were highly influenced and dominated by other nations. Our mother tongue, the Bangla language, was about to get snatched away from us. Even now, as we are not ruled over by anybody anymore, we have hold a tendency of following, or liking, other nations' culture and tradition, oblivious of our own one — the effect of being ruled over by others for such a long time.

Since 1757, the British ruled over us. The now Indian sub-continent, then India only, was totally under their rule. The land whose richness and abundance were enviable to others at that time, has almost nothing in store for us now.

So, what went wrong? What turned this green and pleasant land into a fitting subject of our petty? Quite simply, the British did — for the arrival of the Empire initiated the process of wealth removal, which has diverted agriculture and industry to satisfying the needs of the West, rather than feeding and clothing its own people. A relatively sophisticated social and commercial society was systematically destroyed to line the coffers of the British East India Company, one of the first great multinationals.

Anyway, after almost two hundred years of their rule, in 1947 the British left India, dividing it into mainly two parts — India and Pakistan. The two provinces of Pakistan were on the east and west side of India, formerly called as the East and West Pakistan. The West Pakistan's and the East Pakistan's (the Bengal region) had separate art, culture tradition and language.

Now, the West Pakistan's thought it to be their turn to rule the eastern Bengal region in every possible way. Among other things, what they wanted very much is to have a cultural unity, or in other words to impose their culture on us. In 1948 the then 1st in command of Pakistan, Mohammed Ali Zinnah expressed his willingness to make 'Urdu' the principal language of Pakistan, although the majority people of the Bengal region spoke 'Bangla' at a public gathering in Dhaka.

The Bengali people protested. The huge protestation kept this language issue quiet for sometime. But during the rule of Khawaza Nazimuddin, this issue again came on focus. And like the Pakistanis severity, the Bengali's revolt spread throughout the whole nation (of course only the Bengal part). The sporadic revolts turned out to be an united one.

The East Pakistanis called upon a general strike, on 21st February 1952, to establish the prestige and prosperity of Bangla throughout the Bengali nation. Being afraid to any mass movement, the autocratic government laid a curfew. On Dhaka, and resented all sorts of processions, meetings and other public gatherings. But the Dhaka University students assembled and breaking the curfew, tried to bring out a procession.

The police trying to stop this procession, open fired on the students, in front of the Dhaka Medical College. Salam, Barkat, Rafique, Zabbar and many other students died on the spot. The incident of this brutal killing spread throughout the nation and people became more agitated than ever. To set-off this condition, the Pakistani Government allowed 'Bangla' to be one of the other principal language. This great '52 Movement is known as the Language Movement.

The Language Movement is said to be the trigger, which united Bengali's more than ever, and helped to reveal nationality among them. According to the historians, this encouragement of the 21st February led to the Mass Movement of '69, and ultimately our War of Independence in 1971.

So, the 21st of February 1952, is a very important day for the Bengali people. But the tragedy of it is that, the new generation of our country knows a very little about 1952-21st Feb. Most of the English Medium students do not know anything about 1952. A general condition for all medium students is that, no one can tell the names of the 'shaheds' of '52, except for Salam, Barkat Rafique and Zabbar. A lot of students died in 1952, but we know only 4 names! As if the others did not die! Who can we blame for this condition? The authority? Or Ourselves? The writer is a TAG Member.

## "Conversing with the Fair Sex"

by Md Atiquzzaman

**W**S BEETAL chhanda ugai ban guys  
Kunt's bus guys phool  
Pyar as karna koyes kias  
Pyar hul muna ki bhool.

It was perhaps the momentous march of the caravans and the uniform stride of the camels in the Arabian deserts out of which grew the unique rhythmic song of the riders which incited the camels to a faster pace. The 'hida' or caravan song gave rise to the metres of Arabic prosody.

"Blood kur qhan'dha na dena tan janase  
To mere  
Phir kaise zinda na ho jaro sahraa dekh kar."

This prosodic rhythm fully preserved by Ghazal, the most expressive mode of Islamic poetry, underlines the popularity of the ghazal in every age and region, whether recited by the poet in a mushaira or sung in accompaniment by the minstrel.

Laterally meaning 'conversing with the fair sex', ghazal has a much broader canvas. While the Bedouins sang of the beauty of the desert maidens, the courage and generosity of the clans, the pangs of separation from their loved ones, the charm of the star-filled night sky, the fury or the gentleness of the desert winds; the Persian poets who carved the ghazal in rich ornaments of expressive words, suggestive allusions and masterly metaphors, brought a variety of subjects under its pall.

Consequently the Persian ghazal, though permeated with the nectar of beauty, youth and love, opened its bosom for philosophical thought and ethical concept as well as Sufistic symbolism as evidenced in the cherished ghazals of Hafiz. The Persian and later the Urdu ghazal retained the distinctive trail of ghazal — subjectivity and symbolism.

"Main about me nahin hai fery jessay aur  
natunay ka  
Dul ho dekh kar jessay hai, Jo qafir se  
dun niklay."

The Urdu ghazal, a gift of Iran to our ever-receptive culture, abounds in all attachments of ghazal — lyricism, intensity of feeling, subtlety of expression and pathos. The golden age of ghazal — from Meer Taqui 'Meer' to Mirza Ghalib manifested the variegated potentialities of ghazal when social and political consciousness was infused into the odes of love and beauty.

"Woh apne ghar me humaray, khuda ki  
qadrat hai,  
Zabhi hum anko, kabhi apne ghar ko  
dekhke hai"

Prior to 1857, the decline of an empire overshadowed the joyous mood of ghazals of Ghalib, Zafar etc representing the Delhi school while the Lucknow school, exuberating in the spring of its culture, produced poets like Jurat, Aatish and Nasikh who bedecked the visage of Urdu ghazal with sensuous lucidity and lusciousness.

"Ya othe ahi us gales se hum  
Jaise koye jahan se ahtau hai."

The despondency prevailing as a consequence of the failure of the struggle of freedom highlighted the need to reform and revitalize the ghazal. It was now more direct and bolder, full of thought and conviction rather than mere emotions as evident in Iqbal's ghazals.

"Ab to ghabrake geh kahte hai ki mar  
jessay  
Aur ke bhi chajin na paga to kidhar  
jessay"

Arzoo, Hasrat, Fani and Jigar present a blend of old and new followed by Firaq and Faiz who astonishingly use this medium for political and ideological expression, proving once again the elasticity and universality of the ghazal.

"Pathar bana diya mujhe  
Rozay nahil diya,  
Daman bhi tere gham se  
Bhigone nahil diya."

Words however sweet and beautiful are dormant till shaken by the melodious touch of the *Murab*, the singer. So far it had been the preserve of the elite to be entertained with the rhythm and music of the ghazal. The advent of the talkie, however, altered the situation in

favour of the common man. The ghazal, confined to the court and the courtisan now pervaded the atmosphere at homes and bazaar.

"Ya chhoday, na khatia, na Huram jhoute  
hai  
Dus gehi sath hai ke  
Tun jhoute ho, hum jhoute hai."

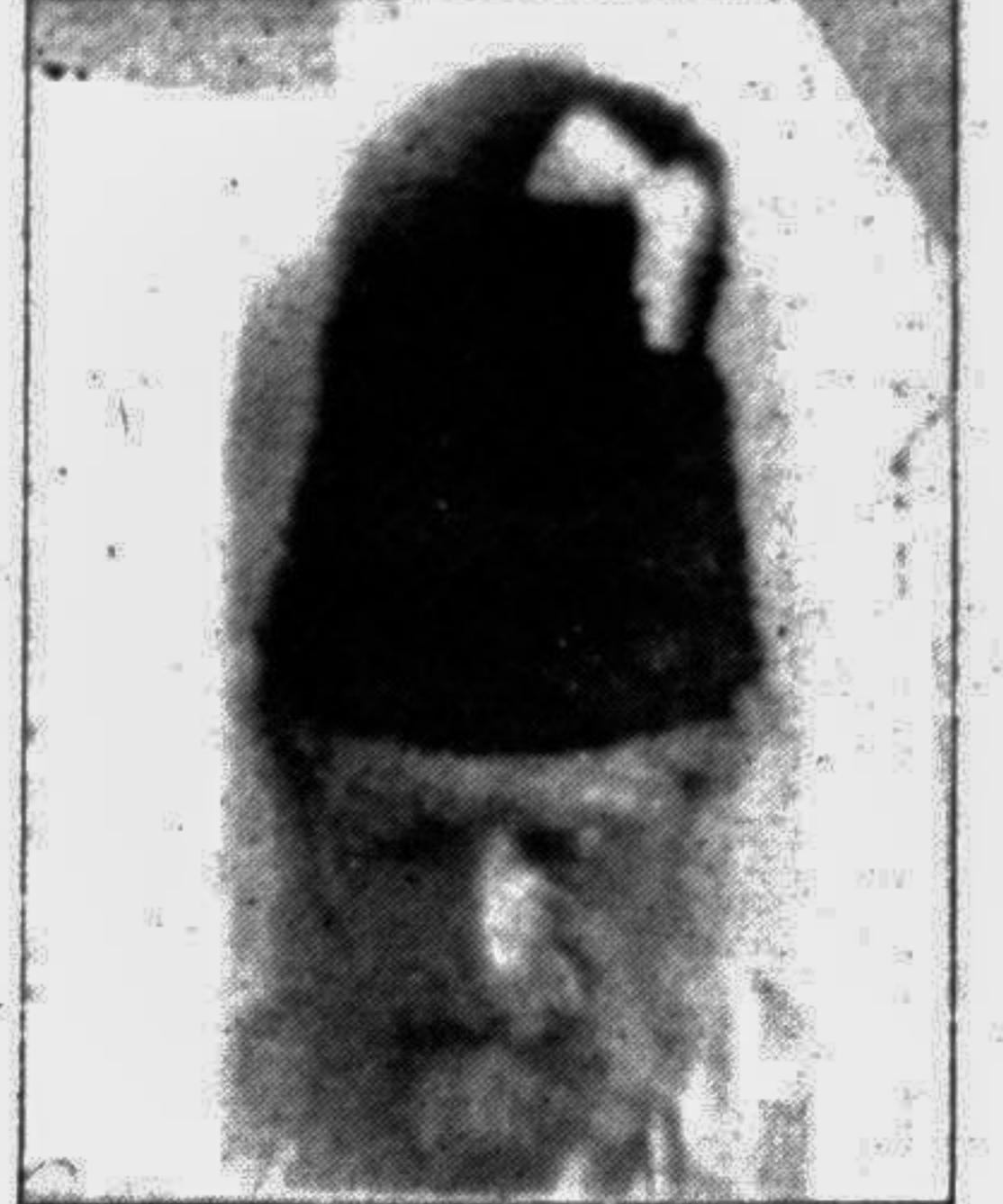
Composers of the eminence of Khemchand Prakash, Naushad, Ghulam Muhammad, Sachin Dev Burman, Madan Mohan and Khayyam succeeded with their immortal tunes in transforming the ghazal into something to enjoy and cherish.

"Teh se tabesbat ne jessay ka maza  
paga,  
Dard ki daban page, dard-e-badama  
paga"

Film ghazal was fortunate to have K L Saigal who was instrumental in popularising ghazal and bringing it to the lips of the laymen from the heart of the lover. Begum Akhtar with her dulcet voice and inimitable style gave new dimension to the art of ghazal singing.

"Teh par jar nahil; Hai geh we aatish,  
Ghalib  
Jo lagaye na lagay, aur bujhaye na  
bujhaye."

Talat Mahmood's mellow and haunting voice moulded every ghazal sung into a thing of



Nasiruddin Shah as Mirza Ghalib in Gulzar's TV serial.

beauty. Noorjahan and Lita Mangheshkar have no mean contribution in endearing the ghazal to masses.

"Zindagi yn bhi ghazal-hi jaati,  
Kisi tara rash ghazal ghazal ayar"

Today, many a kings reign the realm of ghazal singers — Ghulam Ali, Farida Khanum, Jagjit and Chitra Singh, Nina and Rajendra Mehta, Yunus Malik, Talat Aziz and Bhupinder Singh, Pankaj Udhass and then there is the living legend, one and only Mehdi Hassan. A connoisseur can, at ease, choose according to her or his taste, any or all of these singers to sing in the bedroom, with an immaculate artistry of voice, touching lyrics along with the skilled use of instruments which range from tabla, to sitar, to flute, keyboard... to santoor etc.

"Sante hai ke nuli jaati hai  
Har cheez duwa se  
Ek roz kunkhe manghe  
DeKhenge khuda se."

Phrases are collected from U various ghazals sung by Mehdi Hassan, Anup Jalota, Chitra and Jagjit Singh, U Collection of ghazals by Meer; Collection of ghazals by Ghalib.

[Parts of the article are excerpts from a cover of Mehdi Hassan's long-play titled 'Live in India']

## What are We Heading Towards?

by Nowara Munir

**H**AVE you by any chance had the time to open today's newspaper? What did you see? The headlines most probably were "40 killed, 30 injured", "100th day of hartal observed".

All this is actually a veil. It prevents us from seeing that the leaders of our country are in a constant battle for power. Their speeches and actions stink of greed. They use any means to get what they want. They lie, cheat, manipulate and kill just to remain on top.

Honesty does not exist for them. They merely utter that they want to help the people when in fact all they want is to have power and grow rich. The last government nor the present government have preached or practised what they have promised. And about the future government — I don't have much faith in them either. I have heard people talk of Ershad's time as being like hell. I still remember the day when Ershad lost power. Everyone was so happy. But I believe their days of happiness were numbered because the government which these people elected has not at all been successful either. The only thing it has managed to do is to go to foreign countries, and beg for their help. But we would not need this help if only our government was honest and patriotic. If the leaders themselves are corrupt how can they expect the country to remain in one piece.

We are all worked up about the coming election. How can we be sure that the future government will keep their promises or fulfil our dreams? We are again asking a big question and putting the pride of our country and its people into jeopardy. The consistent hartals, the fights and processions are not helping our country rather they are destroying it. All these harassments have no logical explanation. What is everyone fighting for? It is definitely not for our independence or our rights or our mother tongue? Then why the big fight for? They are fighting for greed, money and power, and those silly things at our expense.

The politicians of our country, do not respect each others opinions and ideas. They all insist only on their opinion, and thus the disagreement and unrest. Instead of helping the general people and the country, our politicians are doing just the opposite.

They are so busy fighting that they forget to stop and think where they are taking our beloved country to — a glorious future or a towards a wall. Does Bangladesh have a future? Only the general people know the true answer to this question.

"All men dream, but not equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity; but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible."  
— T E Lawrence of Arabia, "The Seven Pillars of wisdom".

## Marriage Jokes

\* Man is incomplete until he is married. Then he is really finished.

\* A happy marriage is a matter of give and take; the husband gives and the wife takes.

\* Marriage is an institution in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and the woman gets her master's.

\* A little boy asked his father, "Daddy, how much does it cost to get married?" And the father replied, "I don't know, son, I'm still paying for it."

\* Young Son : Is it true, Dad, I heard that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her?

\* Dad : That happens in most countries, son.

\* Then there was a man who said, "I never knew what real happiness was until I got married; and then it was too late."

\* When a newly married man looks happy we know why. But when a ten-year married man looks happy — we wonder why.

\* Married life is very frus-

trating. In the first year of marriage, the man speaks and the woman listens. In the second year, the woman speaks and the man listens. In the third year, they both speak and the neighbours listen.

\* After a quarrel, a wife said to her husband, "You know, I was a fool when I married you." And the husband replied, "Yes, dear, but a was in love and didn't notice it."

\* It doesn't matter how often a married man changes his job, he still ends up with the same boss.

\* A man inserted an 'ad' in the classifieds: "Wife wanted". Next day he received a hundred letters. They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."

\* When a man opens the door of his car for his wife, you can be sure of one thing: either the car is new or the wife.

Courtesy: Shahed Aziz

