



Student Politics

by A Ehsan Satu

ONE day a friend of mine inquired whether I was politically biased and favour any particular party or not. I answered in the negative which surprised him.

"I know too little about politics to get involved in it." Then he informed, "You don't need to understand it and besides, there's nothing to understand, all you have to do is to support a party you like and work for them." This is what student politics mean to the students of our country.

In our country, student politics is nothing unusual. When a student of high school gets himself involved in it, to him, it's something cool to do. At that age, every boy wants some adventure, some power, and politics gives him just that.

A student who does active politics, can have much power and can possess arms. When a boy enjoys that much freedom and power, he can't think straight any more. He wants to solve all his problems using his power, or in another words

misusing it, which obviously results in this violence. This is one of the most important reasons why student politics is harmful. It harms a student's career too, when a student is involved in politics, he has to attend many political activities and rallies which is bound to hamper his studies. This ultimately results in using illegal means in the exam. Sometimes he may even dare to use his political power to finish term.

At our age, we don't understand politics quite well to practice it. Student life is to know about politics, not to do it. We all love our country and want to see it prosper. We should support the party that would truly work for her prosperity without any self interest.

I've seen many of my friends ruin their lives doing politics, rather believing the wrong ideal. And I think if we can't stop this so-called student politics, now then it is never. We won't have a peaceful environment to study for a long, long time until it all ends.



Quotations

Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye.
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy.

Samuel Johnson

Chance
A chance may win what by mischance was lost.

Robert Southwell

Chance and valour are blended in one.

Virgil

An ounce of luck is better than a pound of wisdom.

Latin Proverb

It looks as though blind chance ruled all things. Our smallest actions may affect profoundly the whole lives of people who have nothing to do with us.

Somerset Maugham

DEEPA sat back against the elegant leather sofa with a familiarity that no longer felt uncomfortable to her. It all seemed part of her life now — the curved wooden tables, expensive curtains and crystal show pieces were all fragments of her dreams that she had been cherishing since the time when she began to enjoy the ability to imagine.

Deepa came from a family of ten — eight siblings and her parents. Her father was a simple school master who led his life with the principles that never really did much for him except getting him into trouble. He was a man of quiet disposition who never really thought much about his family. His life consisted of Shakespeare and Rabindranath.

Deepa never got to know her mother either. She remembered having glimpses of her during the day — sometimes cooking, sometimes gathering the dirty clothes to be washed or sometimes cleaning the uncooked rice — always with the same bored expression on her face. As far as Deepa could remember her mother never appeared happy or enthusiastic about anything. It was perhaps this gloomy vision that made her hate the kind of life they had and that dared her to dream of a life that existed outside the walls of their two room cheap flat.

Deepa, in one simple word, was a dreamer, but one who believed in what she wanted: with a longing that surprised many. Often she would talk about having a big house, servants and expensive possessions as if she could foresee the future. Her sisters would often mock at her saying that one day she would have a rude awakening.

Even her father commented, "The girl will hurt herself someday." But nothing could part her from her dreams. The best part of a day to her was the night. At night she would get up from the floor where she slept with her siblings and open the windows wide to look at the stars twinkling far away. To Deepa the sky symbolised unfathomable heights and unbelievable dreams.

The course of life changed once she began going to college.

With a lot of coaxing. She managed to persuade her father to put her at St. Margaret's which was place for the upper middle class people.

There she met Rita, a spoilt daughter of a wealthy father, who had the sophistication and charm that Deepa longed for. Now, when she looked back, she realised that Rita was the fairy god mother she had been waiting for. She had introduced her to big houses, expensive cars, lavish parties, Revlon lipsticks and Hindi films. Every Saturday she would lie at home to watch the latest movie at Rita's house and come back home with her eyes full of dreams. She would memorise the heroines' way of dressing and their way of behaving and imitate in the bathroom mirror for hours.

As college finished, a restlessness began to show in her heart. All this time she knew that something good was lying in front of her; but with the end of college she wanted everything immediately. And it was on a wet day in July that she became aware of what it was she needed to fulfill her dreams.

Her father came home that day looking quite pleased with himself. He began to whisper something to her mother about a boy who was coming to see her elder sister, Shukla who had just finished her Master's examination. The day passed in a fever of excitement as everything was prepared for the joyous occasion and the guests arrived just when the evening was away.

Deepa didn't know what it was she was expecting; but it was certainly not a man wearing a cheap *pajabi*, *khaki* pants and smelling of coconut oil.

Her prayers were answered when she met Ronjan at the university cafeteria. She was sitting there with Rita when he came in through the door. Deepa took a glance at the expensive pants, the St. Michael's shirt (by this time she was familiar with labels) and the

trendy after shave, and made up her mind about him.

It came as a blessing when he began to take interest in her as well. Intellectually he was not much stimulant — not like those heroes in Mills and Boon who possessed charm, wit, intellect and money. Ronjan only had one thing — immense wealth. Oh well, thought Deepa, at least I don't have to worry about half-hearted meals and footpath sandals.

In her heart she had decided that she would marry him and she did not care who objected to it. Her parents, when they knew

of it, were furious. Her father who never said much became red with anger and demanded to know "what qualification does he have?" To which Deepa replied, "When you travel in Mercedes you don't need degrees."

"Get out of my house. Get out immediately and don't come back" he stormed with a stubbornness and Deepa attributed such stubbornness to his narrow background. And so Deepa had walked out never to return again.

That was twenty years ago. Twenty years elapsed since she

had been married to Ronjan. Twenty years she resided in the big luxuriant house in Gulshan, travelling in the five different cars, possessing the best jewelry and clothes in town. In a way her life was not much different from her mother's. She had found out that boredom somehow crept in, no matter how one passes his/her life. After she walked out she never had much connection with her family. She knew her parents weren't well. So she would someday visit them with a basket of fruits or a packet of sweet.

Ronjan chose not to have any contact with his in-laws. Most of the time he was busy with board meetings or lunches with clients. As far as Deepa was concerned, Ronjan was the access to all the things in the market that she had longed for and she would not let him go.

Deepa had come a long way in life. She had developed and matured because she never had those crazy desires to possess things anymore, but may be it was because she had everything she ever wished for.

Sometimes she would visit the area she used to live in and look around the dirty streets, the unclean walls plastered with photos of movie stars, the flies buzzing around the piles of stale garbage and wonder that she had come a long way indeed.

Suddenly she glanced at the diamond stud in her finger. It gleamed and the sparkling emanated absolute power. It looked beautiful and empty — almost like those dreams of hers. On closer look they hardly proved fulfilling.

Slowly Deepa got up and opened the windows wide. Far away sprawled against the dark sky were those twinkling stars which used to fascinate her at one time. She wondered what it would be like to have a closer look at them. Were they nothing but heavenly bodies tossed away in a gigantic universe or were they more than that?

SHARIFF '96

The Doomed League: Will It Ever Finish?

by Ishrak Ahmed Siddiky



At the beginning of the football season I thought that, there won't be any soccer ball rolling this year at the Dhaka Stadium.

But suddenly, I was proven wrong, by our Honourable Sports Minister's declaration Friends, Bangladeshi country men lend me your ears I came to roll football not to bury it? (oops sorry I think I mixed it up with Mark Antony's speech).

The football season started very late this year, at this time of the year the football league was supposed to end. But unfortunately the football league started at mid August and I think it will finish in November.

The football league started haphazardly this year. We can say that despite many irregularities, the football is still rolling at a turtle's pace. Bangladesh football Federation has no plans regarding football. Even they can't make the game schedule properly. There was trouble in the binding system, trouble in the match between Mohammedan and Brother's Union, trouble with referees, trouble with Asian football confederation. It seems, that whenever there is football there is trouble. The Senior Division or Premier Division started from the 12th of August. It was scheduled upto 15th of September without any break, but due to the relentless number of problems this year, the league might not be over before mid November. And as the cricket season is coming by, cricket will be played on one side and football on the other, and you know we won't mind if football breaks the stump or if

they are leading in the points table. The plus point for Mohammedan is that they have players like Shabbir and Jewel Rana who can change the face of the game. And if they can keep their heads cool, I think they might win the cup.

Next comes Mukti Joddha Sangsads, this is one of the team, where the players have communication gap among themselves. They have many talented players but still they don't manage to win. They started off quite nicely but couldn't stay at the winning ways. They tend to give a lot of wrong passes, but I think they will improve in no time. They are on second spot with Abahani.

Then comes Brother's Union, this team's luck is so bad, that I don't want to mention. They started of their league campaign by facing all the tough teams. They play brilliantly from time to time, and their way of playing is really entertaining. But their results against the giants are not satisfactory. They nearly managed to win against Abahani and Mohammedan, but misfortune gripped them and they lost. They even lost to Farashganj. They should believe in themselves and they should also be confident and I think then they can do better.

The smaller teams like Arambagh, Farashganj, Youngmen's Fakirpool and Agrani Bank are playing good brand of soccer. They should keep up their reputation for they have a bright future awaiting them. They are the attraction in this years league. But they should stop playing fixed matches, which they sometimes

Referring still remains a problem in this years league, and this problem would never end, because all of them are masters in giving wrong decisions. In last year's league due to the referee's blindness Mukti Joddha lost to Arambagh by 2-1. This is really pathetic. There are many allegations against the referees. For example in the match between East End and Farashganj, referee Nasir Hossain gave a lot of bad decision, and as a result there was a fight between the players. This does not encourage good football. Our officials are praised outside for their refereeing, but at home they are regarded as cheaters. The man in black is having a tough time this year.

Nakhi of Mukti Joddha is the leading scorer in this year's league. He scored 5 times. Mizan of Abahani is in second position with 4 goals, and third is Ranjan of Mohammedan with 3 goals. Mizan scored the only hattrick in this years league. It is really a tough job predicting who will win. But I can tell you some of the nasty politics of Bangladesh football Federation. No one in the federation is sincere at their work. I know this words are nothing but putting the old wine in the new bottle, but this is the fact, we are facing today. Our failure is at every step. What has football given us, well I don't want to blunt the stab of recollection. But as long as we are not systematic, we can never improve; that's something guaranteed. Well we can at least be good in South Asia. And keep our fingers crossed, for it is hard to predict the future.

Common Platform for Youngsters

by Adnan R Amin

ORGANIZED by the "Bangladesh Debate Federation" (BDF), it was easily the largest gathering of young promising debators in Bangladesh.

With the month of September just around the corner, BDF successfully held the 2nd National Debate Festival on the 29th, 30th and 31st of August at the public library auditorium. It was preceded by a colorful rally of youngsters, which started from the public library and went upto the Press Club premises. Numerous young debators comprising of members from various educational institutions took part in the rally.

The Debate Festival was the second of its kind. The first one being held in the year 1994.

The main objective here was to promote debating and popularize it immensely amongst the youngsters.

In the last decade or so, the 'art' of debating has gained much popularity. Debating clubs were formed in myriad educational institutes — of them Notre Dame College being the predecessor.

The Bangladesh Debate Federation was formed in 1991.

The first ever chairman was Birupaksha Pal. Now Shamsul Kabir Babu is the present president of this organization, while Imran Khan a prominent member of the DCDC (Dhaka College Debating Club) is the secretary general; BDF mainly aims at aiding potential debators to excel, to come over their initial shyness. And it certainly has come a long way towards accomplishing just that since its inception.

The Federation holds a debate festival every two years in accordance with the constitution. The festival's objective is to bring together senior debators, potential one's and the younger pupils who wish to study other's styles. Participants come from as faraway places as Chittagong, Swandip, Mymensingh and many other places. In all, there were seven hundred and fifty-six members who registered under the BDF and they represented some 50 organizations. Every registered individual was given an identity card and various gifts such as souvenirs, folders and pens.

On the first day tele-communications Minister Md Nasim was present as the Guest of Honor. On being asked to say something to the audience, the Honorable Minister lauded the effort and added he was proud to be present on such a significant and important occasion.

The next three days saw exciting debate fiery, witty exchange of words, arguments being put forward and arguments being refuted and people's sense of humour being displayed in an expedient manner. Debates of every kind were held everyday. There were debates of the orthodox kind, three dimensional debates.

Anyway, there were besides Bengali debates, English debates as well and many English medium schools like, the Aga Khan School, Green Herold, Maple Leaf and Scholastica participated in the festival. It was good to see the barriers of language being broken down and all youngsters standing side by side for a common reason.

One thing which it would be imperative to mention is the security measures that were taken here. Admittance of unregistered individuals were absolutely forbidden and nobody without an ID card was allowed to enter. Consequently there were no unpleasant incidents in the programme and it ended peacefully. This is a very remarkable and laudable accomplishment and deserves due credit.

On the first day tele-communications Minister Md Nasim was present as the Guest of Honor. On being asked to say something to the audience, the Honorable Minister lauded the effort and added he was proud to be present on such a significant and important occasion.

Lastly it should be expedient to say that this year's debate festival was a huge success in spite of a couple of 'infinitesimal' shortcomings (which are not worthy of mention). At the same time it was a big step towards popularizing the concept of debating amongst all the youngsters. We hope and wish it will achieve more success next time in 1998.

Notice

EAR Avid Readers! A little cooperation from you and we hope we'll be able to shape up the two pages, the Teens and Twenties and the Rising Stars, just the way you want them to be. The following questionnaire we believe will provide us with a rough idea. So, if you want these pages to be more pleasurable to read, stuff the following lines and send it right away to us.

1. The sort of articles fascinate you most and would revel in reading them in these two pages :

2. Do you think we should bring out special editions featuring issues of common concern? If yes, what could be these issues?

3. Should there be more quizzes, competitions, jokes or cartoons?
4. What aspect(s) of these two pages need(s) to be improved?

5. What if the pages were dropped? How would you react?

6. Additional suggestions?

7. Do you want to be a contributor?

If yes, please write your name and phone number. We'll do our best to contact you.

Name : _____

Phone no : _____

We appreciate your time in filling this questionnaire.

— Rising Stars Editor.



SHARIFF '96