

# VICTORY PLEASURE DEATH

by Sajid Rizwan Matin

**W**E'VE won. We've beat the Kenya team. We are in the Cricket World Cup.

It's very difficult for me to describe how I feel about it, how much excited I am; but that wasn't the case for those jubilant people out on the streets on the day of the glorious victory, singing songs, playing music,

motorbikes and on foot; some came with their friends, some with their family. And most of the people had flags and festoons carrying with them. Some jaunty people painted the flag of Bangladesh on their faces and shirts.

Boys and girls danced on the streets, nobody was hostile towards them, nobody made any remark. The gathered crowd migrated from one corner of the

passing through TSC (god knows why it had to pass through TSC); an excited youth suddenly snatched one of the melons; and you know how much people like to follow a deviant act. Everybody around the truck jumped over it and started looting the melons. Within minutes the fully loaded truck was seen fleeing with only a few bunch of fruits left.

The melons were then cracked and distributed among the rejoicing crowd. But what happened next was more exciting; a group of students started to throw pieces of melon at each other and in an instant the whole crowd joined in the melon throwing action. Everybody started launching melon pieces towards the sky. Thousands of red and green fruit scum were flying in the sky and bombing upon the people; seemed that it was raining melons. But because of the spirit of the crowd, these crazy stuffs seemed very natural and everybody took them as part of the celebration (except for the melon owner, I guess).

It was more or less the same all over the country. Colour fights were held inside many residential halls among the students, but they didn't come out on the streets; they coloured themselves and painted their bodies but no colours were splashed on passing by people or cars. Everyone restrained themselves from any detrimental acts.

There could be several reasons for people to behave so good and not to commit any crimes on that day. It could've been the announcement of banning colour fights or the immediate actions of the law enforcing agencies. Whatever the reason may be, precautions were made because of the violent behaviour of the demoralized youths on the other day when Bangladesh won over Scotland and confirmed playing in the World Cup.

On that day people all over the city: students, businessmen, officegoers, housewives, were soaked in red, blue, pink, purple etc. colours. Most of the cars were made multicolored. These created a really hearty environment, people were cheerful and didn't mind such things. On the contrast, it looked a little odd to be fresh and clean.

It was quite natural that there would be parades or processions roaming around Dhaka after that victory over

Scotland cricket team. People will throw paints at each other, they will dance, sing, make merry. You can not blame them for squirting colour at you, rather you should enjoy the moment; it's just not everyday that Bangladesh gets the chance to play in the World Cup!

But there are limits for everything.

Trouble erupted when the attitude of the cheering crowd

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changed from cordial, joyful and sprightly to coercive, malevolent and spiteful. At many points of the city, the mob started damaging property. They used low quality paints and mixed them with waters collected from drains and sewer, these paints caused harm to the skin and many of the vic-

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tims developed rash. Some idiots were extremely eager to wet everyone with color; so, when they failed to spray colors at the passengers, they broke the glasses of the cars with bucket and spurted paints. Some over

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excited hoodlums took the chance of chaos and tried to break into some schools and colleges. As a result, as witnesses have said, some children were hurt and teachers hospitalized. Some sick people attacked the women and tried to assault them. And, most unfortunately, there were nobody to protest such heinous acts, even the police didn't make a move

until the situation got far out of hand. Already there were two deaths.

Everybody who loves Bangladesh must have been spirited by the same feeling, including those who don't even watch cricket. Idris, the man who was stabbed to death and the man or men who killed him weren't rival teams; they both were Bangladeshis/Bangalis (or whatever you call a citizen of Bangladesh). I'm 101% sure that Idris was excited as much as any other supporter of Bangladesh. But why did he have to die for this victory? Just because he didn't support the ruinous and venal acts of those miscreants. So, is that how you get paid for your honesty and morality? You get stabbed and the and nobody gets any condemnation. Wow!! What a great nation we are!

Another unidentified youth was run over by a truck. According to some newspapers he was running around with a bucket of paints making trouble on the street; while some other newspapers reported that he was actually being chased by some paint throwers. That incident reveals how far the madness increased during the celebration.

If that man was one of the reprobates, it was a severe punishment for him (sounds vengeful, but that's how I feel about the miscreants); but what if he was a victim of the jubilant crowd; who should be accounted for his death? You can't blame the truck driver, if someone suddenly jumped under his truck what can he do? You can't either trace the persons who chased the helpless man. Isn't this incident an example of accidental homicide?

If we compare the events of the two days, we can jump to the definite conclusion that the reactions of people on the 13th was greater and more exciting; because people from every corner of the city joined in without any fear of getting hurt or embarrassment. It proves that we can have a really good time without paints (a little could be permissible) or vehemence. We can take lessons from our experiences of these two days. We should not only repine the unwanted deaths but also remember how we can celebrate such glorious occasion with good spirit and loving emotion. Let's hope that we can have a lot of good times ahead of us and many reasons to unite in such a huge mass.



by Arun Kumar Biswas (Kallo)

**T**HAT was a gala-day when I joined to enjoy the orientation programme in Dhaka University campus. Some of my newly admitted fellow mates were with me. In the first half of the function the chairmen of all the departments delivered sentimental speeches about the reality of human life. How pure those talks were! It moved me immensely and I realized for the first time the appropriateness of the title 'The Oriental Oxford' given to our dear Dhaka University. Later, a band of singers (students of this institute) presented to us some patriotic songs full of vivacity and sympathy. We sat just at the feet of Aparajeya Bangla to feel the blissful touch of nature.

Boys and girls of different ages were roaming about, while some were having chat in an artistic manner and a shadowy atmosphere gave them all motherly affection, with colourful birds chirping in joy.

The generosity of teachers and warm reception of senior brothers delighted me so much that I forgot even to take lunch that noon. And I think, it would be no overestimation to call this University 'The Paradise for the intellectuals.'

When the cultural programme was just to begin, I saw a group of armed young men rushing madly towards the 'Dil Chatter' with a heavy noise. I could not figure out which party

they were affiliated with and what would be the probable issue of their campaign.

Boom-boom-boom and all the spectators were trying their utmost to hide themselves without taking a single glance behind. Even the teachers took no attempt to stop these hooligans by applying their vast knowledge of long experience.

As a result, the function was in tatters. Being surprised at the bombastic din and bustle, I was just muttering 'Oh God. What is going on. If it is a heavenly seminar, how horrible will be the battle field?'

Since I'm a romantic teen, I got myself admitted to Dhaka University in English Department last year. I nourished various colourful dreams and wanted to be the best server of my dear motherland specially in literary arena. Not only I, but many other pupils may design such a solemn desire in their inner heart. But at times nothing can assure me of the fulfillment of my future objectives.

On the contrary, some unruly incidents common to our campus make me pessimistic of my success. So far as I know, education and mal-adjustment can never go together. And it would be much better to declare classes closed rather than keeping the unlawful political environment. Now I think it will be of making no injustice to give the title 'The Intellectuals' Bedlam' instead of 'The Oriental

Oxford.' Yet it's actually a mother of hope, after adorning the post of VC by Dr A K Azad Chowdhury, we notice some remarkable changes on DU campus.

It needs no saying that he is an accomplished administrator whose hearty attempts help us to have a sigh of content and make us much more fresh than ever before.

Now I would like to finish by just telling you an interesting incident that took place a few days ago. We all the students, were absorbed in our lesson when our madam was teaching us on John Donne's love poem.

At the climactic part of the poem, an enormous procession with inaudible slogans was going on just in front of our classroom. We got seriously vexed and expressed our anxiety in all possible ways while our madam did not feel so at all.

She stopped for the moment but no sign of perturbation appeared in her face. After the procession had passed away, madam resumed the class with a simple smile and others laughed too, but I could not do so as I found no reasonable cause.

I, of course, then asked them why they had laughed at nothing. What I could gather is that the sensitivity of the personalities of this institutions has been blunted at the frequent pinching of such noisy guests. Perhaps they are accustomed to this unwelcome disturbance.

## The Generation Gap

by Scarface

**S**OMETIMES I just want to stop taking it anymore — stop taking it from "them." As society and civilization spins a sinister web of confinement around me, I feel my soul gasping for some fresh air. I don't understand such big words and I don't want to. Civilization and social obligations make me sick. Why this unwholy preparation to shackle the very existence and being of the race, that itself was born free? Today, they are striving to leash my freedom trying to incarcerate my soul. A wall of seclusion, discrimination, sexism and racism, is being erected. They hide behind society's lies and that's what they intend to hand down to us, only gruesome lies. Well, let me tell you this, I don't give a damn about society and its values can go to hell. I will, and believe me I will break down your walls of seclusion and your sheaths of protection and go on to lead my own life. For — can't you see — my hands aren't tied anymore? My voice is free. It's time to speak out in protest, speak out in defiance. It's time to speak out to my world, To my generation.



shouting and chanting slogans of triumph, parading through streets of Dhaka. A mammoth crowd gathered around the university area, dancing and singing all together, they were full of spirit but well disciplined. There weren't any bad incident on that day, nobody got hurt; people came streaming in with cars, rickshaws, buses, trucks, DU to other corners and circled around the TSC ground. Almost every victory rally visited the DU campus; it was the center of the spirit. The best thing was that the people showed patience and respect to others. There were no harassment, no destruction no brickbats, no fights. However, there were some weird incidents. A truck with melons was

## CHILD'S DIVERSIONS

by A S M Nurunnabi

**E**VERY child has its own ways of finding diversions. But, by and large, children derive immense joy from playing with toys. The toys cover a wide range. It is not necessary that such toys need be expensive. Toys much less in value provide no less enjoyment than the more expensive ones.

This is an obvious fact of child psychology. Another patent fact is that children cannot be expected to take prolonged care of their playthings which are damaged in the process of their search for clues as to how they function after their initial interest has been satisfied. Many parents, however, complain about this characteristic of their children.

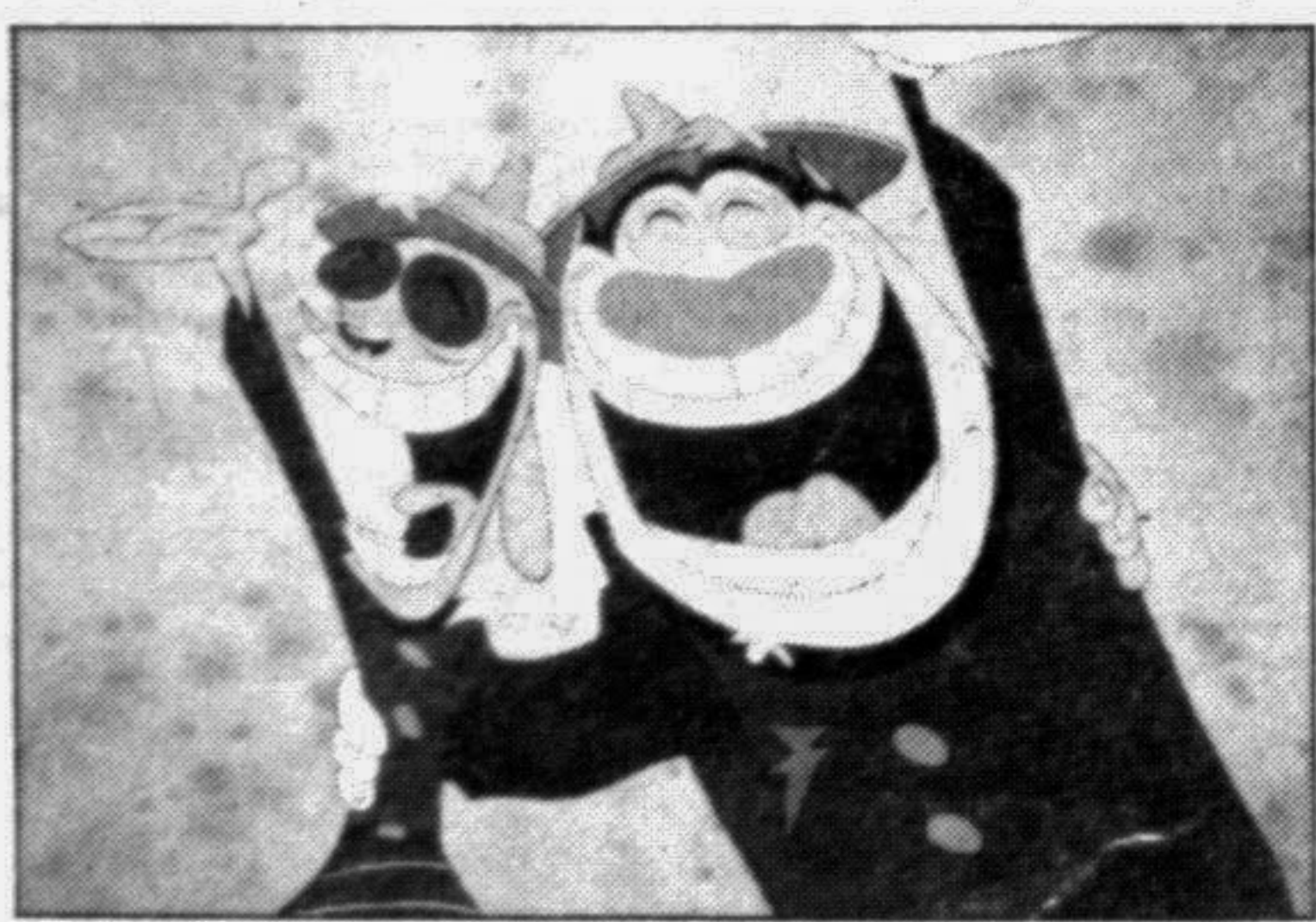
My young grandson Tanzir, six-year-old, is not free from this characteristic. When his curiosity gets the upperhand in respect of the mechanism of an expensive toy, his mother's temper flares up. This tendency in Tanzir is, however, hard to control. As a result, he has been left with a large heap of the broken parts of his toys which fell victims to his incurable curiosity.

Lately, Dhaka city has been experiencing spells of load-shedding areawise. This has provided Tanzir with new scope for enjoying himself. Instead of candles which are mostly used during such spells, he has developed a liking for small torch lights fitted with pencil batteries. I had no idea that his new hobby could go to such lengths. Whenever the load-shedding starts in his area, he will switch on his small torch light and keeps it going without any break.

He claims that he is thereby helping other members of the family in doing their work. Since a small torch light with pencil batteries has a limited life span on account of the heavy demands made on its functional capacity, I am called upon to provide replacement batteries almost daily. This game continues almost everyday with regular load-shedding for an hour or so every night. There is another dimension of his diversions which has become rather routine for him. A



particular TV channel on satellite TV known as cartoon network dishes out cartoons of various descriptions for long periods everyday. Tanzir's mother works in an office. When she goes to office after dropping Tanzir at his school nearby, it is my daily duty to escort him back home at the end



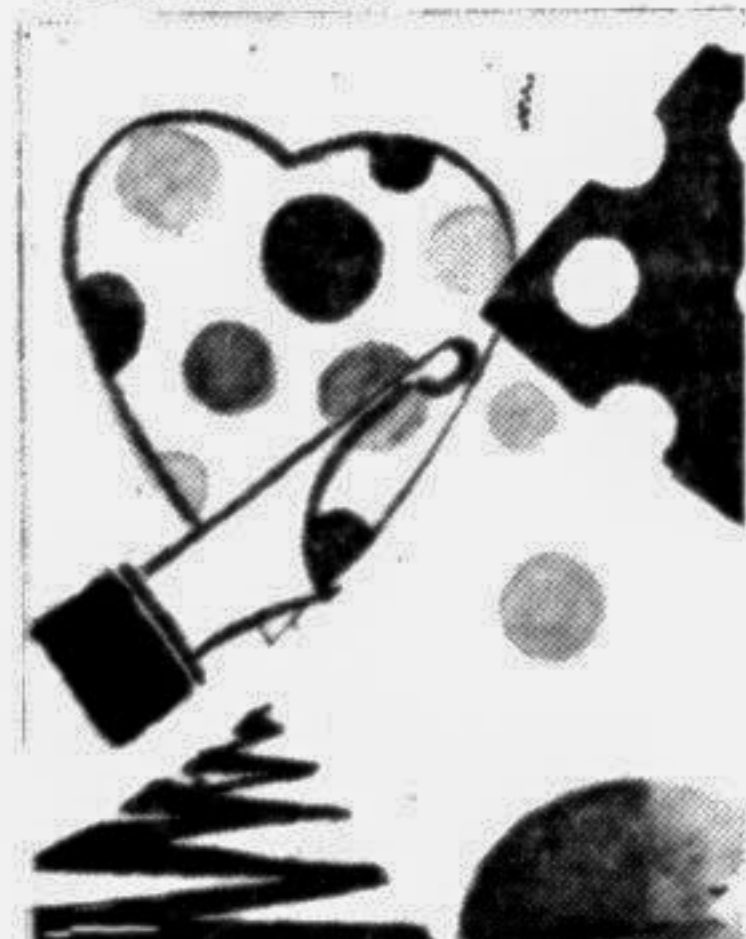
of the school hours. But for Tanzir the end of the school hours does not actually mean the end of his stay at the school premises. With some of his mates who stay behind for sometime waiting for their mother's arrival, he goes on a spree playing with the swings, slides, and other hanging

pedition. Thereafter he reverts to TV watching till his mother returns from office when that specific TV programme is invariably shut off.

A great surprise awaited us a few months later when we detected that, though Tanzir goes to a Bangla-medium school, he could reproduce the dialogues of some of the main characters of his favourite cartoons, although, I suspected, he did not understand the meaning of much of such dialogues. But I found that there are expressions in English which used to come to him readily and he uses them as and when needed. When alone playing with his toys, most of which are in broken conditions, he rattles his cartoon dialogues.

I didn't teach him these expressions. When load-shedding starts, he would instantly say in English, "Don't worry, I have my torch light". Whenever he helps me in any way and I say 'thanks', he is prompt with his reply: "You are welcome." There are similar expressions that he uses frequently such as "Leave it to me" and "I can help you". All this makes his mother somewhat bewildered.

I seek to assure his mother that at the young age, a child picks up a foreign language quickly. In Tanzir's case, the exposure that he receives from TV cartoons has brought about the change and there is no reason to feel uneasy about it. Rather it is paving his way for admission to an English-medium school.



## Through Sagor's Eyes

by Sharier Khan



**S**AGOR has got a different perspective, at least when it comes to looking at things. His naked eye sees things in color but his mind interprets them in black and white. To him, interpreting the world of color in black and white is the ultimate challenge for a photographer (or should I say 'photo-painter'). He now brings this challenge before us to perceive his interpretation and combination, by holding an exhibition of his photographs at the Drik Gallery in Dhanmondi. "Color," Sagor, who is now in his early twenties, says, "is something we see normally. Black and white is different. It

has got a number of points to consider. It is primitive (because inferior animals see only in black and white). Secondly, making textures in black and white is challenging and fun. Thirdly, this is the medium through which the art of photography began and lastly, all the great photographers had worked in black and white."

He has also specialized himself in computer graphics. "This is where I limit photographic manipulations. In the dark room where I develop my films, I try to avoid manipulation as much as possible."

Sagor is perhaps one of the first Bangladeshis to have had graduated on photography and

computer graphics. "I went to the USA to study BBA. But I always craved to be an artist," Sagor says, "so when I completed my BBA I was attending a class on painting as a student of Arts. It was boring, just opposite to that class room, another class was being taken by a very lively teacher. It was a class on photography. Then I attended that class and found it very interesting and appropriate for me since I was not much of a painter."

"Later I got admitted to the photography course under the graduation program for arts. I passed last year and had held a photographic exhibition there as part of the course," he says. "Now I am putting a total of 60 photographs in the Drik Gallery. Of them, 10 were exhibited in the show I held in America."

Sagor's another simple and straight-cut approach to photography is emphasizing on beautiful composition than obscure "meanings." "I believe a photograph should look pleasant to the eye than puzzling to the mind," he says, "so when you look at my photographs, you don't look for any hidden meaning there."

"My thrust is in fashion photography and women. Fashion photography in Bangladesh is a field which terribly needs attention. Bangladesh has got a few fashion photographers and I don't believe they have taken it to any heights. One of my teachers used to say that fashion photography is not about clothes. It's about women. This I strongly believe. Therefore I try to portray with my camera and computer graphics the beauty and strength of women — and above all their attitude."

Practicing model photography in USA and that in Dhaka is another challenge Sagor faces. "There is this cultural gap. The social setting and demands are different. The women are different. In USA, I could ask my models for a pose and there was no problem. But in Bangladesh, I have to compromise with the cultural restrictions. This, I would call, easternisation of the westernised ideas on model photography."

"So what I intend to do after the show is over? "Sagor says, "I would have to be practical. I am still looking for the financial prospect of model photography in Bangladesh. But even if it does not pay me well, this is going to be my life long hobby," the perfect Dhakaite says, "once you have it in your mind, you can not get the bug out of you."

Sagor's show will continue everyday till May 1.

