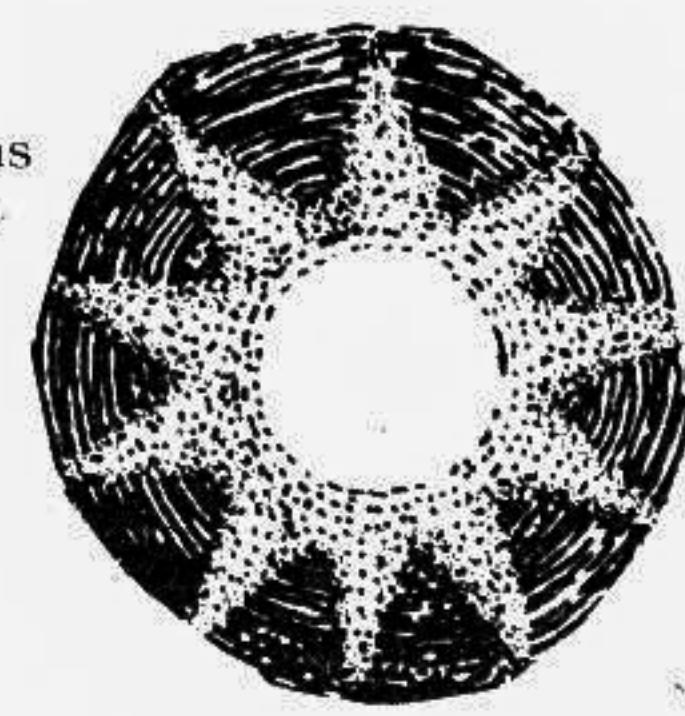


## poems Song-Lyrics by Rabindranath Tagore translated by Fakrul Alam

### Devotional Songs

(Tumi Kamon Kore Gan)

How wonderfully you sing, O master musician.  
I listen in amazement, I am all attention!  
The light from your songs spreads across the heavens  
The wind that sings your songs lifts across the skies  
Stones melt and in lightning speed surges  
The divine stream of your music.  
My heart feels like singing those tunes  
But my tongue can't voice them.  
I would sing them but the words just won't come—  
Defeated, my soul cries out.  
How you have ensnared me,  
By spreading a net of music around me!



(Tumi Je Surer Agun)

You've lighted up the fire of music in my soul.  
The fire has spread all around.  
All dead branches of the trees stir  
And dance in beat to that fire.  
And dance in beat to that fire.  
It lifts its hands to the sky to who knows whom!  
All the stars of the night sky are agast,  
What crazy wind is it that sweeps past?  
In the heart of darkness what pure red lotus has flowered?  
Who knows what power this fire has!

(Amar Bela Je Jei)

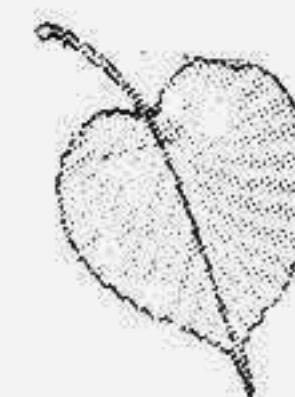
My time flies by every evening  
In harmonizing my tunes with your tunes.  
The one string of my *ektara* can't keep up with your sad songs.  
In vain I take part again and again in this sport  
Of harmonizing my tunes with your tunes.  
I have tuned my string with the music of the near  
But that flute keeps playing on afar.  
Can everyone join in the sport of heavenly music?  
Can just anyone cross over to the shore of the Universal Soul  
and cast a net of music.  
In harmonizing one's tunes with your tunes?

(Keno Tomra Amay Dako)

Why do you all call me? my mind won't be bound.  
Song after song leave me no time at all.  
People would show me the path, but no paths appeal to me.  
I scarce know where I go driven as I am by song after song.  
Whether you would bid me go or fault me I won't be dismayed.  
My mind is swept away by song after song.  
This day buds begin to blossom, the sky turns into a carnival of colours,  
And I am swayed in all directions by song after song.

(Dariye Acho Tumi)

You stand on the other shore of my song



### book review

## Supremacy of Destiny

Reviewed by Prof. Kabir Chowdhury

PERSONALLY I am not inclined to glorify the supremacy of destiny. I am more fond of such sayings as man is the architect of his fortune or where there is a will there is a way than sayings like man proposes God disposes or Our Lives are ruled by the stars. However, I have known of incidents which are difficult to be rationally explained and which seem strongly to point to the overriding supremacy of fate. Nevertheless, I still believe, as always, that man must try, whether he succeeds or not, to be the architect of his own fate and not busy himself with consulting palmists and horoscope-makers.

Occultism and palmistry may have a scientific basis. I do not know. But one can enjoy Mashiar Rahman's supremacy of Destiny without believing in occultism and palmistry. The book makes very interesting reading. At places it is fascinating.

The writer has examined the lines on the hands of six well-known persons of our subcontinent, namely, Hossain Shahid Suhrawardy, Mahatma Gandhi, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, General Ziaur Rahman and General Ziaul Huq and the lines on the hands of the German Nazi leader Adolf Hitler and of Winston Churchill, the illustrious prime Minister of Great Britain. According to him, the hands of all the above persons indicated what happened to them, both their rise and fall. These powerful leaders played a very important role in shaping the destinies of their peoples, but were unable to control their own destinies. Except Suhrawardy who died peacefully as far as is known a lonely death in a Beirut hotel room, away from his kith and kin and admiring countrymen, and Winston Churchill who met a normal death at a ripe old age the other six died violent deaths by accident, suicide, as-

sassination, army coup and execution. Mashiar Rahman has a facile pen. He writes with lucidity, firmness and conviction, but without any arrogance or braggadocio, a weakness that many who write on this theme succumb to. Parts of Rahman's book can serve as a refresher course in history apart from its occultist orientation.

The writer is not a conventional fatalist. In the introductory chapter of his book he emphasizes the need for adaptability of an individual for fighting the hostile forces around him. In his preface he refers to the ancient Indian law-giver Manu where the later speaks of the Laws of Destiny and says that the decrees of Destiny are a mystery, but our author finally concludes with the statement: "We must have recourse to means which depend upon man."

Mr Rahman says that in the hand of Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman

the Mount of Jupiter is found remarkably developed which is considered by the Indian school as the Guru or teacher of the planets. Hence, when Jupiter influences the destiny, it does not confer any great material fortune since the presiding spirit is regarded to be a Brahmin and a true Brahmin has nothing to do with material aspects.

While delineating the marks in the palm of Hussain Saheb Suhrawardy, Mashiar Rahman narrates that a close examination of the line of fate that has terminated on the mount of Saturn, interprets that this line is crossed and barred at places by horizontal lines arising from the Mount of Lower Mars, and the line itself looks wavy in the Mount of Saturn. It indicates that the planet Saturn is unfavourable to its possessor of this line and the malignant influence of Mars is also added to it to accentuate the degree of unevenness in

his career. The combined influence of the planets Saturn and Mars makes its possessor undergo sufferings, trials and tribulations and as such Mr Suhrawardy had to face constant reverse in life despite his extra-ordinary brilliancy and versatility.

While interpreting the palm of Late President Ziaul Huq of Pakistan, the author says that a branch of the Heart line runs towards the Mount of Lower Mars inside lif line beneath the thumb on the upper side of the Mount of Venus which, as the Indian school, puts it, as 'Rahu'. It indicates that the person is moved by murderous tendencies. The person, is obvious would be passionate, selfish, cruel and terribly insistent in his efforts to attain the objectives of his life.

Further, there is a horizontal line which takes its course from a cross mark on the mount of lower Mars and

runs to the Mount of upper Mars after bifurcating the line of Head. The author claims that it interprets not only phenomenal downfall, but a terrible and tragic end of his life. To emphasize the supremacy of Destiny over every thing else, Mr Rahman substantiates his conviction by quoting lines from Mahabharat, "No matter what a man wishes or desires, some unforeseen destiny or absolute power overrules it and compels a person to act not the way he desires but the way it is predestined or pre-ordained."

I congratulate Mr Mashiar Rahman, the author and Mrs Suriya Rahman, the publisher of supremacy of Destiny for making the book available to our readers. It is a highly interesting work and not infrequently an edifying one. I am sure, it will be a popular book and have a large readership including those who are interested in occultism-palmistry and those who are not.

### exhibition

## Muniruzzaman's Solo Painting Exhibition

by A Z M Haider

**A** post-liberation artist, Mohammed Muniruzzaman represents in his blood and bones ire and anger, fire and fury of the fiery youth that revolted against the occupation armed forces responsible for genocide, rape, plunder, arson and for perpetrating scorched earth policy in this country during those nightmarish nine months of the occupation period.

Muniruzzaman was perhaps in his early teens when the liberation war broke out in Bangladesh in 1971. Living with his parents and grand parents in his village home he watched hell let loose by the marauders in peaceful hamlets and busy urban centres which left a lasting impression on his sensitive mind.

Long afterwards in his maturer years when he sat down with his colour, paper and brush to draw water colour paintings, he was inevitably haunted by nostalgic sentiments of those stirring days of his hoary past. Those poignant images of ruined and ignited villages

Muniruzzaman blends ash colour with yellow to create a tint or shade of gloom and depression which characterizes most of his works either in water or oil and acrylic on a larger canvas. He seems to prefer pale yellow tinge to depict life of morbidity, uncertainty and despair in life people lived in war-ravaged Bangladesh during those stormy days.

and townships of people driven to destitution, of unending trails of homeless people trudging their weary ways to unknown destinations, of trees without leaves, of lifeless crestfallen crows sitting on mounds of rubble of ruins with their beaks down frequently flash across his mind's eye and he resurrects those pictures kept stored in his mind in his water colour paintings with the consummate skill of a seasoned artist.

Muniruzzaman blends ash colour with yellow to create a tint or shade of gloom and depression which characterizes most of his works either in water or oil and acrylic on a larger canvas. He seems to prefer pale yellow tinge to depict life of morbidity, uncertainty and

despair in life people lived in war-ravaged Bangladesh during those stormy days. He washes his water colour pieces with extra-ordinary subtlety which is reminiscent of the impalpable washes in the masterpieces of water colour paintings of Mustafa Monawar, Rafiqun Nabi Qayyum Chowdhury and others.

Muniruzzaman is not averse to bright colours representing sunny sides of life. He opted for pale yellow hue for his water colour works because in them he tried to delineate sad and sombre sides of life undergoing trials and travails. His colour combination is, therefore, ideally suited to the subjects

he has depicted vividly with a measure of success in the works on water colour. He has applied the same colour combination in his works on oil and acrylic. He has, however, synthesised acrylic with oil in a manner so as to impart right shade he requires for his oil paintings. For instance, the masterly intermixtures of oil with acrylic has imparted a joyless dismal cast to the picture showing dazed and misty human figures plodding towards an unknown destination with no hope to look forward to. The colour combination is consistent with the tragic experience those hapless, homeless refugees have undergone during the war.

Another striking aspect of his works

on oil and acrylic is human figure. By masterly strokes and touches of his brush the artist seeks to impart a new meaning and dimension to life, as it exists, in all its forms and manifestations. By strokes of his brush he tried to harmonize life with nature. Nature appears in his works with all its placidity and calmness. The destructive fury of nature seems to have escaped his notice.

While painting devastating flood that hit us last year he has portrayed houses floating in flood waters. But the elemental fury of flood that sweeps away hamlets and townships is absent in his portrayal. Muniruzzaman in his eagerness to show harmonious links between man

and nature has failed to take note of the fact that nature often brutalizes human life. He has merely depicted man's inhumanity to man but not nature's inhumanity to man.

Muniruzzaman's second solo painting exhibition, inaugurated by Professor Anisuzzaman yesterday at Shilpangan at Road number 5, Dhanmandi Residential Area, put up for display 40 water colour pieces and 25 works in oil and acrylic. The exhibition will remain open from 10 am to 9 pm every day till May 20. His first solo exhibition was staged in 1990. Besides, he has also participated in a number of group shows at home and abroad.

Muniruzzaman along with Mustafa Monwar and Rafiqun Nabi participated in Bangladesh art exhibition at Oman in 1997. Muniruzzaman was the lone Bangladeshi artist who had the distinction to receive invitation from Commonwealth Royal Overseas League to take part in an art exhibition at London.

My tunes find their feet, but I can't find you.  
The breeze stirs miraculously, don't keep your boat tied anymore—  
Cross over and come into my soul.  
With you I'd frolic in song and frisk across space.  
In sorrow I play my flute all day long.  
When is it that you will take my flute and sing on it yourself.  
In the joyous hushed night's intimate darkness?

(Ganer Bhitor Diye Jokhon)  
When I see the universe through a song  
I find Him then, I know Him then.  
Then His speech so full of light fills the skies with Love.  
Then from every speck of His dust shines the supreme message.  
Then He leaves the world and comes into my heart.  
Then my heart flutters in His grass.  
Forms dissolve, *rasas* arise, one's limits are lost,  
Then I find myself communing with the All.

(Shudhu Tomar Bani Noi He)

Not your Word alone, my friend, my dear one,  
From time to time caress my soul too.  
I know not how it is that I will meet  
The fatigue of the road, the thirst from a long day—  
I would like to tell you that this darkness is fulfilling.  
My soul would like to give and not take all the time,  
It carries along in its ambles whatever it has stored.  
Extend your hand, clasp it in mine—  
I will grasp it, I will fill it up, I will keep it with me,  
I will make my lonely journey pleasing.

(Tomu Nuton Kore)

Because I would get you anew I lose you again and again  
O harvest of my love.  
Because you would reveal yourself you remain hidden  
O harvest of my love.  
For me you aren't what is concealed; for me you are for ever.  
Sportively, you immerse yourself in the stream of time  
O harvest of my love.  
When I seek you my mind trembles with fear—  
My love surges at that time.  
Because you have no end you void yourself and blend into space  
With a smile that wipes away my sorrow of separation  
O harvest of my love.

### Songs of Boishakh

(Aesho, Aesho He Boishakh)

Come, come o Boishakh  
With your hot breath blow away the dying,  
Let the debris of the whole year be driven far away  
Let distant memories go, let dimming melodies fade,  
Let teardrops into the distance dissolve.  
Let weariness be wiped away, let decay be dispelled.  
In a fiery shower let holiness stir.  
Come and dry up the sap of desire.  
Blow, blow your conch-shell of destruction.

Drive far, far away the mist of illusion.

(Namo Namo He Boiragi)

Descend, descend o mendicant free of worldly desires.  
Light up your flames glowing with heat  
Extinguish the self and let the pure light of enlightenment  
Arise from the soul.

(Oi Bujhi Kalo Boishakh)

That must be a Boishakh storm  
Engulfing the evening sky.  
Why fear, who are you frightened of? Open all doors  
Listen to that deep roar it is your name being called.  
In your tunes and in your songs  
Respond to the storm's call.  
Whatever shakes let it shake — whatever passes, let it pass,  
Whatever breaks, let it shatter — whatever is left, let it last.  
(Hey Nuton)

O herald of the new,  
Let the auspicious hour of birth come around once again.  
Reveal yourself from the midst of a mist-filled sky  
Like the rising sun.  
Burst through the heart of the void and unveil yourself.  
Let the infinite's endless marvels be revealed in you.  
The conch sounds; the moment of revelation is at hand!  
My mind responds to the call for renewal  
Sent out this day every year  
On the twenty-fifth of Boishakh.

### Songs of Love

(Kal Rater Bela)

Last night a song came to me unbidden  
But you weren't with me then.  
What I always wanted to say in a lifetime spent silently shedding tears  
Became briefly in the dark a tune sparked from the embers of a sacrificial fire.  
But you weren't with me then.  
I had thought that at the break of this day,  
I would tell you what I then wanted to say.  
The scent of flowers spreads with the wind; birdsong fill the sky  
But what I wanted to say won't stick to my tune no matter how hard I try  
Now that you are nearby.

(Mone Rabe Ki na)

Whether you will bear me in your mind or not doesn't weigh mine down  
And so every now and then I come to your door singing causelessly  
Days fly by, but as long as I live, and I keep coming back to you,  
I would like your startled face to light up with that smile again and again,  
And that is why I keep singing causelessly.  
The flowers of falgoon keep falling as this first month of spring ends—  
But for now time has had its fill and nothing else matters.  
These days will end, the light fade, the songs cease, and the veena's music stop,  
But as long as I am here I will keep hoping you will fill up my raft of delight  
And because of that hope I keep singing causelessly.

