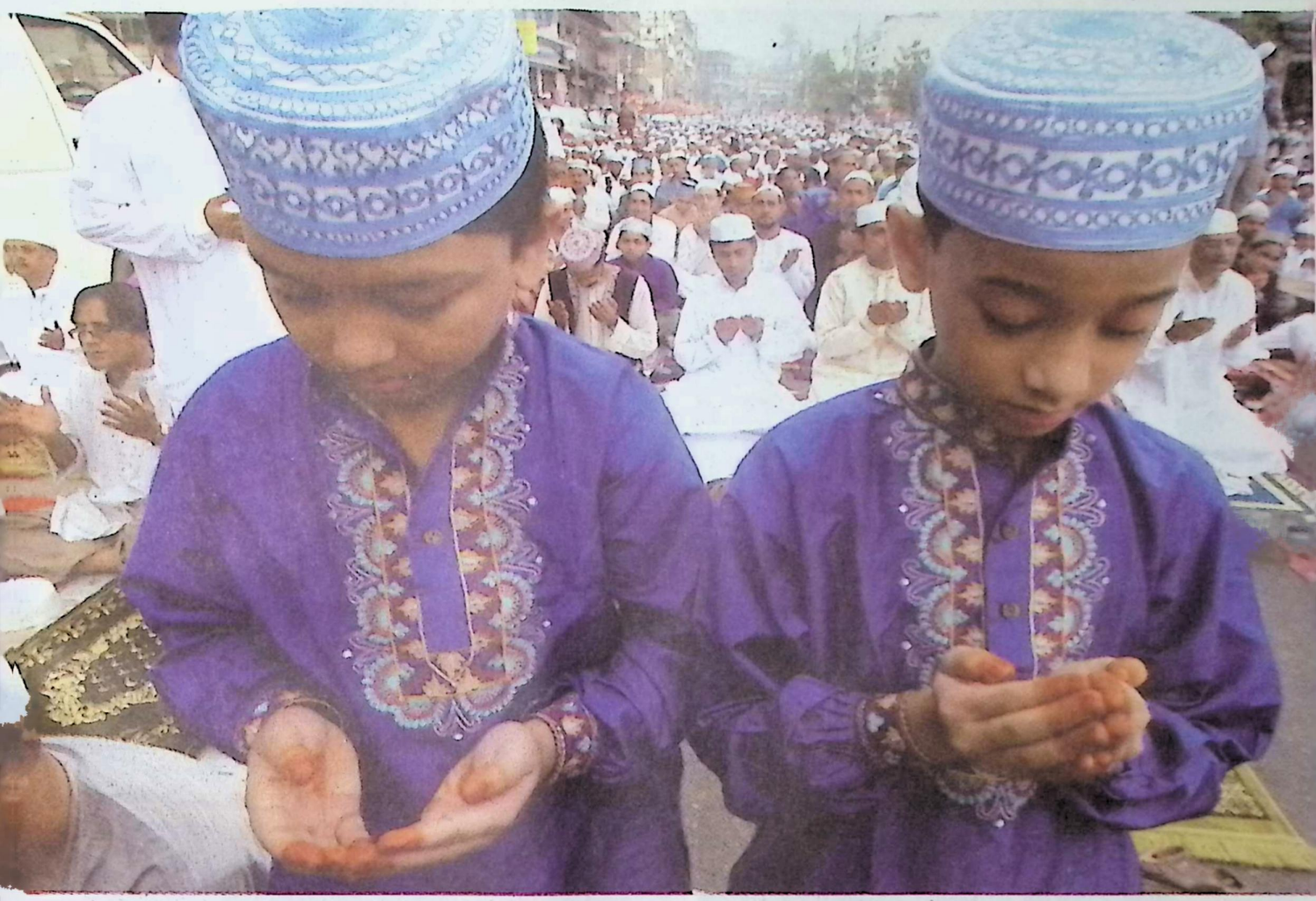


I must confess that I do miss the Eid visits, both ways, visiting and being visited. Any number of messages that I receive, however craftily composed, especially because of the crafty composition, puts me off.

kept blaring away about the misery. We let them we thought, and went on with our shopping binges.

The other remarkable thing was that; on this Eid the number of text messages of greetings that were exchanged on mobile surpassed any of our previous festivals. Personally, I must have received hundreds of them. I do not have anything against text messaging. After all the mobile operators have to be kept in business also. Besides, it makes life so much easier for people desirous of connecting with others, especially on a day of festival. I appreciate all this. But, I must confess that I do miss the Eid visits, both ways, visiting and being visited. Any number of messages that I receive, however craftily composed, especially because of the crafty composition, puts me off. Somehow there does seem to be very little heart in them. It is like our younger days when we (indeed all Bangalis) used to think that we were God's gift to poetry and composed poems of all sorts to impress others. It was we who were important not the people who read them. The greetings seem to have that kind of bland flavour. I think, we must, venerate some old values for days that are so special to us. The days would be earmarked for going back to people that are emotionally important for us, or the people we enjoy being close to--sharing in real terms; the joy of happiness from the heart. ■