

Dying, in defence of liberty

T is tears we shed this morning. It is the memories we go back to, of the illustrious men and struggle for liberty, in the dusk that was to her- new state of the Bengalis was to be maimed at cide of Bengalis in 1971. ald the end of Pakistan in these parts, these patriotic Bengalis --- teachers, writers, doctors, engineers, journalists --- were picked up and pushed to sudden death in the torture chambers of the Pakistan occupation forces and their local cohorts, the goon squads of the Jamaat-e-Islami known as al-Shams, al-Badr and Razakars.

The aim of the killers was simple: the soon to

birth as a way of ensuring that the new nation cealed behind masks, scoured diverse areas of life force of a nation. Dhaka looking for their victims.

Snatched from their families, these brave

emerge republic of Bangladesh could not be Bengalis who like millions of their fellow counpermitted to launch its freedom in the ecstasy trymen awaited the dawn of freedom were to be women whom freedom came close to touching that comes of victory. These collaborators of the murdered in cold blood. Rayerbazar would and yet could not. For in the final hours of our army, indeed the army itself, decided that the become yet one more metaphor for the geno-

Today, it is our tears that speak of those we did not take off. The macabre plan was to zero in have lost. It is our cracking hearts that revisit the on its intellectuals, at various levels of society, old streets of ancient sadness. And through and despatch them to an early end. For three those tears and cracking hearts, we recall the days prior to the eventual triumph of the historical lesson: that those who die in the Bengali nation, the killer squads, faces con- defence of liberty are those who symbolise the