The simplicity in harmony with the greatness invites you to be a part of it rather than making you feel like being in an alien planet. The teachers and the students step on this journey to reach the common good. It is the humbleness mixed with greatness present in the campus that attracts one. There is no presence of the arrogant announcements of all of a sudden sprouted up existences.

The shadows were getting lengthy. The tired April sun painted the dark blue sky with blood red patches. As I sat on the steps of the auditorium a cool southern breeze made the trees sway. It is the element that made the difference. It is the stirrup, a metal loop binding the reinforcements in columns and beams, bonding man and machine to strive for a common goal serve the nation. The solemn sacrifice and love radiating from the monument pervades this monastery of engineering. It is not about some experiments or projects; it is all about the human endeavour, sincerity and love. In this aged temple where machines are worshipped, a hymn from the depths of the heart is sung. It speaks of duty and love for the nation, for humanity. It sings of triumphs of human dream.

(The writer is a student of the Department of Civil Engineering, BUET)

"All the world's a stage,
and all the men and women merely players:
they have their exits and their entrances;
and one man in his time plays many parts..."
-- Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

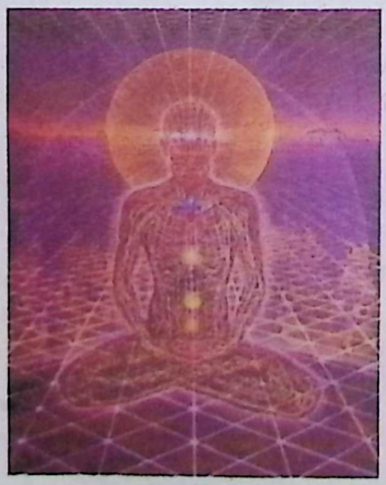
The problem of life



Dr Binoy Barman

THE problem of life is that one has to lead it. There is no escape. One cannot die even if one wishes. One cannot be relieved of the burden of life however intolerable it may appear. That is, the problem of life is the life itself, which we love and hate, which we own and disown, in our wake and dream, amid light and gloom, around centre and periphery. Life is a difficult riddle and all our time is spent to solve it in vain. We do not find any meaning to attach to it.

Life is meant for living. But why has one to lead a life? One has to do it because one cannot discard it. One has to pursue it because one is cosmologically designed to do so. The cosmic design is that the force of life will flow through time and space, through objects and ideas, through you and me, through generations. Humans and all other animals are the victims of cosmic plot. Humans are created to play the role of 'living being' and they have to play it. The end of the play is enacted through death.



Is death then the solution to the problem of life? Death comes suddenly and announces the end of life. Humans feign realising the meaning of life sitting in the long shadow of twilight. Death is the most potent determinant of the meaning of life. Noted English poet Robert Browning thinks so:

You never know what life means till you die:
Even throughout life, 'tis death that makes life live,
Gives it whatever the significance."

However, all may not have such poetic vision of life. To most of the people, I suppose, life is full of pain. The rose of life is full of thorns. The heart is pricked and injured by the harsh realities of life. Therefore the bloody view, rather than the rosy view, of life is much more visible. Soothing songs are lost. The sombre chants of Buddha are heard more acutely than anything else. Death appears as a demon rather than an angelic figure to the awe-struck eyes of humans. Death ultimately fails to provide any solution; rather it destroys whatever significance