

EDITOR'S  
NOTE

*"Sometimes standing against evil is more important than defeating it. The greatest heroes stand because it is right to do so, not because they believe they will walk away with their lives. Such selfless courage is a victory in itself."* — N.D. Wilson, Dandelion Fire

Before anyone can hope to win a war on the battlefield, one needs to win the battle in one's mind. Taking up arms requires a gearing up of courage. We lived this truth for eight months, two weeks and two days in 1971 to stand victorious on a land we are proud to call our own. SLR salutes the heroes of Bangladesh for their valiant attitude, their relentless action and their ultimate sacrifice.

MUNIZE MANZUR

THE VICTORIOUS ATTITUDE  
(EXCERPT)

Orison Swett Marden

*Go boldly; go serenely, go augustly;  
Who can withstand thee then!*

-Browning.

**W**HAT a grasp the mind would have if we could always hold the victorious attitude toward everything! Sweeping past obstacles and reaching out into the energy of the universe it would gather to itself material for building a life in its own image.

To be a conqueror in appearance, in one's bearing, is the first step toward success. It inspires confidence in others as well as in oneself. Walk, talk and act as though you were a somebody, and you are more likely to become such. Move about among your fellowmen as though you believe you are a man of importance. Let victory speak from your face and express itself in your manner. Carry yourself like one who is conscious he has a splendid mission, a grand aim in life. Radiate a hopeful, expectant, cheerful atmosphere. In other words, be a good advertisement of the winner you are trying to be.

Doubts, fears, despondency, lack of confidence, will not only give you away in the estimation of others and brand you as a weakling, a probable failure, but they will react upon your mentality and destroy your self-confidence, your initiative, your efficiency. They are telltales, proclaiming to every one you meet that you are losing out in the game of life. A triumphant expression inspires trust, makes a favorable impression. A despondent, discouraged expression creates distrust, makes an unfavorable impression.

If you don't look cheerful and appear and act like a winner nobody will want you. Every man will turn a deaf ear to your plea for work. No matter if you are jobless and have been out of work for a long time you must keep up a winning appearance, a victorious attitude, or you will lose the very thing you are after. The world has little use for whiners, or long-faced failures.

It is difficult to get very far away from people's estimate of us. A bad first impression often creates a prejudice that it is impossible afterwards wholly to remove. Hence the importance of always radiating a cheerful, uplifting atmosphere, an atmosphere that will be a commendation instead of a condemnation. Not that we should deceive by trying to appear what we are

not, but we should always keep our best side out, not our second best or our worst. Our personal appearance is our show window where we insert what we have for sale, and we are judged by what we put there.

The victorious idea of life, not its failure side, its disappointed side; the triumphant, not the thwarted-ambition side, is the thing to keep ever uppermost in the mind, for it is this that will lead you to the light. You must give the impression that you are a success, or that you have qualities that will make you successful, that you are making good, or no recommendation

masterfulness, force, that achieves results, and if we do not express it in our appearance people will not have confidence in our achieving ability. They may think that we can sell goods behind a counter, work under orders, carry out some mechanical routine with faithfulness and precision, but they will not think we are fitted for leadership, that we can command resources to meet possible crises or big emergencies.

Never say or do anything which will show the earmarks of a weakling, of a nobody, of a failure. Never permit yourself to assume a poverty-stricken attitude. Never show the world a

and plan for yourself, that you have a forceful mentality.

The victorious, triumphant attitude will put you in command of resources which a timid, self-depreciating, failure attitude will drive from you.

This was well illustrated by a visitor to the Athenæum Library in Boston. Ignorant of the fact that members only were entitled to its special privileges, this visitor entered the place with a confident bearing, seated herself in a comfortable window seat, and spent a delightful morning reading and writing letters. In the evening she called on a friend and in the course of

we see only failure ahead we will act and look like failures. We have already failed. If we expect success, see it waiting for us a little bit up the road, we will act and look like successes. We have already succeeded. The failure attitude loses; the victorious attitude wins.

Had the lady in Boston had any doubt of her right to enter the Athenæum and freely to use all its conveniences, her manner would have betrayed it. The library attendants would have noticed it at once, and have asked her to show her card of membership. But her assured air gave the impression that she was a member. Her victorious attitude dominated the situation, and put her in command of resources which otherwise she could not have controlled.

The spirit in which you face your work, in which you grapple with a difficulty, the spirit in which you meet your problem, whether you approach it like a conqueror, with courage, a vigorous resolution, with firmness, or with timidity, doubt, fear, will determine whether your career will be one grand victory or a complete failure.

It is a great thing so to carry yourself wherever you go that when people see you coming they will say to themselves, "Here comes a winner! Here is a man who dominates everything he touches."

Thinking of yourself as habitually lucky will tend to make you so, just as thinking of yourself as habitually unlucky and always talking about your failures and your cruel fate will tend to make you unlucky. The attitude of mind which your thoughts and convictions produce is a real force which builds or tears down. The habit of always seeing yourself as a fortunate individual, the feeling grateful just for being alive, for being allowed to live on this beautiful earth and to have a chance to make good will put your mind in a creative, producing attitude.

We should all go through life as though we were sent here with a sublime mission to lift, to help, to boost, and not to depress and discourage, and so discredit the plan of the Creator. Our conduct should show that we are on this earth to play a magnificent part in life's drama, to make a splendid contribution to humanity.

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or testimonial however strong will counteract the unfavorable impression you make.

So much of our progress in life depends upon our reputation, upon making a favorable impression upon others, that it is of the utmost importance to cultivate mental forcefulness. It is the mind that colors the personality, gives it its tone and character. If we cultivate will power, decision, positive instead of negative thinking, we cannot help making an impression of masterfulness, and everybody knows that this is the qualification that does things. It is

gloomy, pessimistic face, which is an admission that life has been a disappointment to you instead of a glorious triumph. Never admit by your speech, your appearance, your gait, your manner, that there is anything wrong with you. Hold up your head. Walk erect. Look everybody in the face. No matter how poor you may be, or how shabby your clothes, whether you are jobless, homeless, friendless even, show the world that you respect yourself, that you believe in yourself, and that, no matter how hard the way, you are marching on to victory. Show by your expression that you can think

conversation, referred to her morning at the Athenæum.

"Why, I didn't know you were a member!" exclaimed the friend.

"A member! No," said the lady, "I am not a member. But what difference does that make?"

The friend, who held an Athenæum card of membership, smiled and replied:

"Only this, that none but members are supposed to enjoy the privileges of which you availed yourself this morning!"

Our manner and our appearance are determined by our mental outlook. If

## Where My Darlings Lie Buried

Begum Sufia Kamal

The shivering cold nights of wintry *Paush* have passed. And now dewdrops of a morning are like tears, shed by mothers, sisters, widows, as they gaze forlorn at the mounds where their darlings lie buried. For the last nine months the soil of this land was drenched with bubbling blood. And now the fecund earth lies under the warm and golden sun, and brings forth her dower of flowers of the season. There is a smell of ripening harvest in the air. Drowsy with this atmosphere, or through sheer weariness, our darlings have dropped off to sleep. No, I shall not disturb them in their slumber. I shall leave for them, instead, a kiss on the green mounds. As I touch the grass tenderly I seem to feel the clasp of millions of eager hands, and millions of merry voices speak to me: "Don't you feel proud of us, Mother, that we have liberated our Bangladesh?" Ah, my daredevil darlings that you have indeed done! In the comity of nations you have indeed laid out for your Mother Bangla a bright carpet, dyed with your ruby-red blood. Now, and through the ages *Mahakal* – the great God of time – will stand at attention to pay you homage for the marvel you have done. Ah, our dear ones, you are deathless!

*(Written on December 27, 1971 following the liberation of Bangladesh on December 16. Reprinted with permission from family.)*

## Face To Face

Rudra Muhammad Shahidullah

(Translated by Helal Uddin Ahmed)

We want to speak.  
We have come to speak of our hunger,  
We shall speak.

You stand with raised bayonet,  
Aim your rifle,  
You let loose your armed goons,  
Set your truck upon us.  
You cannot hold us back.

We have come to speak about our lack of clothing,  
We shall speak.

Baton charges cannot send us back,  
Teargas cannot stop,  
Rifles cannot make us retreat,  
Machine guns cannot halt.

We have come,  
We shall speak about our homelessness.

The peasants will not be on your side  
The workers will not abide.  
The students will not support you  
Nor beauty favour.  
The dreams will not be had.

They are in pain  
They suffer and yearn,  
Raise their hands in dissent.

The trees curse you  
The crops curse you  
Blood curses you  
Children curse you.

Millions of deaths do not hinder,  
We have arrived.  
We shall speak about our lack of education  
We shall speak about our dearth of medicine  
We shall speak about our homelessness  
We shall speak about our lack of attire  
We shall speak about our hunger and deaths.

We have come from the bamboo fort of Titumeer  
We have come from the fortress of Sepoy Mutiny  
We are peasants of Tebhaga, fighters of Nachole  
We are workers of the jute mills, brothers of Surya Sen.  
We have come from the Liberation War of Seventy-One,  
Guns atop shoulders, cartridges slung on waist, grenades grasped in hand –  
We have arrived.



## A Million Men Surround Me

Shahid Suhrawardy

A million men surround me;  
Through the night  
I hear them march,  
Beasts neighing to the fray,  
And in the gloom of trees  
I see the frosty glint of steel  
Narrowing the circle round  
My obstreperous heart.  
O friend!  
Through all this din,  
Like humble rain  
Falling on the quickening land,  
I know your nearing steps,  
And feel upon my hand  
The lightness of your lonely hand.

*Reprinted from "The Collected Poems of Shahid Suhrawardy" with permission from UPL.*

## Come, O Guide of the Age

Kazi Nazrul Islam

(Translated by Kabir Chowdhury)

Come, O guide of the age,  
The fearless and the bold.  
Come, O the eternally beautiful,  
The serene and the confident;  
I sing your victory.  
Come, O hero.  
The raised thunder.  
Come, O the unconquerable,  
The cruel and the arrogant,  
I sing your victory.

O the healer of the sorrows  
Of dumb millions,  
Wake up.  
O the leader of the age;  
I sing your victory,  
I welcome you.

Listen to the heartrending  
cries over there  
Come, O the severer of fetters.  
The child is awakening,  
The child is seeking light  
Come, O the rising sun,  
I sing your victory,  
You I welcome.

*From 'Kazi Nazrul Islam in English Translation' (Dhaka: Nazrul Institute, 2000)*