

Theo 101

By Ahmed Tahsin Shams

Reviewer Rash-ha Muntaqaa smells the violet fragrance

*"Let dreams be drowned in tunes and rhythms
And let there be no safe guard
The play button should swim naked
Rest should be chewed by sharks"*

- Misreading Metaphors

A grimace envisaged—his medieval shawm as pulsates: on the way being sharks' dinner, to know half is more perilous than not knowing at all; there sits the poet, crosslegged. He smirks. And trillions of illustrations on their trapeze of words, swing in the brain-stomach. The bookworms may gallimaufry between the still-chewing and digested pieces of word-papers. The fingers of versifier play his oboe to this cavernous. He chooses unbridling his readers to go and pen the end of the myth. That is thirty four-offshoot sea Theo 101 versed by Ahmed Tahsin Shams for all fond-of-scriptures (or not). Antivirus Publication (Liverpool, England) comes up with the engrossing piece of which have-to-behold petals wrapped so well embossing thoughtful sagacity that even ones who cannot read would love showcasing it.

Holy shoes run off his doggerels scorning the quirky poverty of slaughtering veins blood-stormed. The gluttony of 'Oesophagus' at the day's fall stabs him to the neck to forget all the fasting and deeds (putrid or not) until evening. From the inception throughout the spree, the poet passes a vibe: the Holy Writs, metaphors and all the deep words spinning since the beginning now are turned into grapevine, malformed, misread where father roared to ignite and his children scheduled 'to fear regularly'! He thinks "only the third eye can read the prophets' deed" for "Patriots and terrorists row the same boat" and truth should never go rapt by the minute flow as can be warped though worshipped. Sarcasm and revolt swivel all over, every black ABC of the leaves he wrote on. Poles apart are the poet's each a sip and the spurious' trivial trip:

*"Life!
I love, you live"*

—Pages and Words

He skims away the menace "in the name of Godot or Redeemer" on the hazard-ice—"Leaves who love green /

Never fear the wind"; for he perceives knowing the 'no' seeking the pen that writes 'water' on water.

(C)_ (I)ng' (seeing) through the valiant eye of drawings in the words, Shams' puns offer a ride athwart dot route to the blank root. The poems insist his fellow travelers seeing elf with 'C Elf' (self) mirroring '9|6' to find if they are leading life without living as their crew said or for it is a crusade where the beacon always remains unseen. Enthrillingly, the poet pens colours that he sees in words. He smells colours when he verbalizes our unsmelt violet fragrance. His hypallages pay different melody apiece. He plays a celesta in each assonance, every alliteration; callous or not —

*"Grey grasses
Mossy fungal cassava
Grandiose mushroom
Evaporated opaque genre"*
—Pregnant Pain

Shams entwines never told tales over smoking tea with all his allusions mostly in 'Please Do Not Read'; sometimes just a chat or a warm thanksgiving goes on, and sometimes they smile to his poems or leer to others, or shrug. His readers may get him their first ever pencil mark on the notebook throughout this drive of time and settings. His laid-back storytelling bit by bit sends the neurons a message: as if he were there! While reading Shams, his pesky travelers may sneer and to them, he knows this — so 'Peace! You mumbling fool!' because this is the beholder eying his view from his very own true path.

There he has the undistorted books from the Eden, actualities from every rebel living thing talked to, there he meets two Supremes all made up as per individuals' perspectives and a God that badly is secluded craving for a tête-à-tête.

The post modern poet has some deliberate repetitions and antiquity in his lingo-run that glistens for him even bolder. 'No' is not 'nothing', he knows. So he starts all over from the ancient mossed granite walls to the baffled moribunds this age. This miasmic air endures the hodge-podge muddled out from the cerulean peak of knowledge untouched and he metaphored the ways out, the staircase



that elevates to the zero.

Shams seems to have his self-made epithets keeping some idea on which may help understanding him more. Browns are most possible to be meant humans that are

usually claimed to be made of mud, or dirt. Humans in his verses receive metaphors like 'Brainy Grey-Dual Holes' too where grey stands for meanings like a blend of black and white aura inside beings.

"After meeting all -isms", Shams' philosophy sketches paws-feet-eyes-mouth of brainless lust as the image of visor mutterings by blinded followers of religions. He goes atleast with no fag creed that instigates, tantalizes towards greed, and flips derision like rewarding with seventy thousand gelmans afterworld in change of fasting the holiness of earthly urge. He portrays an epistemophobic God whom knowledge scares. This God manipulates his creations bribing them, the tree of knowledge-fruit stays hidden aside.

The figurative mails as the poet unenveloped are better said his masterpieces. 'Letter de Heaven', 'Note from Mirthland', 'Message from an Angel' and 'Letter from a Dead Man' can be found epitomizing readers' thought-cocoons —

*"What's a wife cloned in thousand times?
And what's madira not if mesmerized?"*

— Note from Mirthland

Life gets green to greener names amid Shams' touch, vague as he prefers not defining anything, but raw; as Purnendu Patri would say "Prattler Chevalier heaving his thoughts whirl play". And anti-antonym Shams says "Peare's poor player life is"; for he reasons the end not valuing only the path and he goes with whatsoever carpediem. He sees hundreds of tombs everyday swathing the temples' ground, the heart of nirvana peeps out from corners. Eventually, you never know what this squall is really thinking! His clarinet sings —

*"Don't waste your tear
It's just graveyard
Life is life
When
You live out there"*

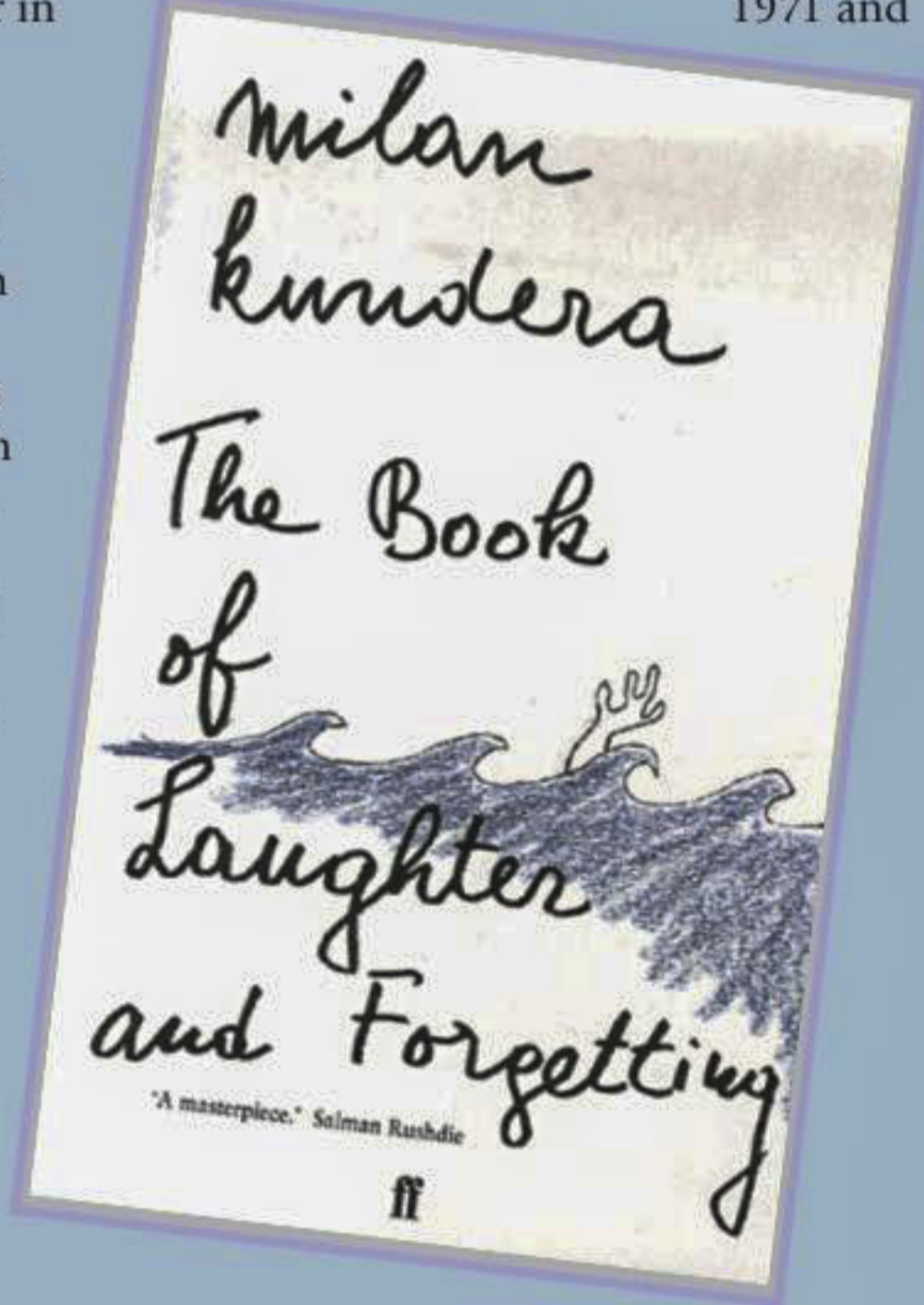
The reviewer is a literary enthusiast

"The Struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting."

A.S.M Masudul Islam reviews the book by Milan Kundera

THIS novel, published in 1979 in France, by Czech writer Milan Kundera explores the basic human nature of how people tolerate the torture and suffering of which they have no control. People tend to forget their past and we learn nothing from history. This novel even alludes to our Liberation War in the torture unleashed by the Pakistani junta.

Actually this book is not a novel but collection of some short stories which have been consolidated according to a common theme. The novel is divided into seven parts. Each part has a unique story of its own. Part one (entitled Lost Letters) deals with the life of Mirek before his imprisonment. Mirek was a supporter of the recently toppled government and has been pursued by the police for his previous activities. It tells us how Mirek had an affair with an 'ugly' woman named Zdena and persuaded her to get the love letters which he wrote to her. Part two (entitled Mama) outlines consensual extramarital affairs of Karel with Eva. When Karel's mother paid a visit to Karel and Marketa, she almost catches three of them on the act but bypassed this as Eva reminds her of a girl from Karel's childhood. This new found information adds fuel to Karel's affairs with Eva. Part three (entitled The Angels) tells us the story of a horoscope writer. Some critics say it is Kundera himself (as he uses code name R.). The story follows after the Russian Invasion of Czechoslovakia. Part four (entitled Lost Letters) describes Tamina's desperate attempt to recover her love letters and diaries which she left behind in Prague. To retrieve her love letters and diaries she got involved in a brief relationship with her customer Hugo. Part five (entitled Litost) portrays Kristyna's relationship with a poetry student. This part describes many literary nicknamed figures such as Voltaire, Goethe and their trivial arguments over trivial matters. This part titled "Litost" cannot be translated in other words, it's very difficult to define. But it can be read as someone's weakness at which one cannot take action. Part six (entitled The Angels) is the continuation of Tamina's story whom we met in Part four. Here she has been marooned in an island where she befriend many children with whom she engaged in sensual relationship but gradually it turns out to be hostile relationship. The children united got together and revolted against Tamina. Ultimately she tried to escape but was chased by the children and she drowned in the sea. She heard a laughter before she died. Part seven (entitled The Border) outlines Clevis's family and their debauchery. It appears that Kundera is portraying the truth with a tint of fiction. This novel's characters Mirek, Tamina, Clevis are from our everyday life. Laughter and forgetting have been brilliantly sketched by Kundera with a tint of satire.



The reviewer is District Information Officer, Joypurhat.

Author: Sheikh Lubna Akhter

Publisher: Murdhanno Prokashani

Price: 200 Tk.



Lying On the Couch

Author: Irvin D. Yalom, M. D.

Publisher: Harper Perennial

Reviewed by Tulip Chowdhury

LYING on the Couch is a story that opens up like the unfolding petals of a blooming flower. It is a gripping book that throws light on different theories and practices of psychotherapy. It's about Justin and Carol and their problem-ridden marriage and about Marshall and practice. And there is Earnest Lash, Justin's therapist who talks of his patient's behavioral patterns. Coming in second and third person views, the story throws light into human lives from different windows.

Ernest had been counseling Justin for five years. Justin and Carol had married for the wrong reasons and it was a daily warfare for them. Ernest tried to show Justin that there was nothing to hold him on to that marriage and yet Justin would not go for a divorce. Carol was a die-hard lawyer and she was paying for Justin's therapy sessions hoping that he would get out of his indecisions about life and then the marriage could work for both. They had twins, an eight-year old boy and a girl. Justin had no time for the children or his wife. Carol had gone for therapy when she was dumped by her high school boyfriend. She held low opinions of psychotherapists despite sending Justin to one. She called them "shrinks" for her experiences had ended in sexual exploitations and only added to her misery.

Ernest's failure to get Justin out of his marriage faced an awakening when one day his patient announced that he had left Carol for a much younger woman called Laura. Ernest was vexed. How baffling humans were. For five years he had tried to convince Justin to leave his wife but in vain. Then, a much younger woman, with a flip of her fingers assured him that leaving his wife was the best thing for him. And not only that, he recalled that during the last sessions, Justin had not even mentioned Laura to him. How come his patient was keeping secrets from him? He confided to his psychotherapist friend, Marshal, "I tried visual imagery and urged Justin to project himself into the future—ten, twenty years from now—and imagine himself still stuck in this lethal marriage, to imagine his remorse and regret for what he had done with his own life. It didn't help."

Reading about patients, we find Shelly, a deep rooted gambler. He was under counseling with Marshal and was the husband of Norma, Carol's friend. When Shelly married Norma, he promised to give up gambling and to give complete financial control of his bank accounts to his wife. But he was not able to give up poker. He played poker with money

from the secret account he had with a bank. When his wife found his secret she sent him the separation papers through Carol. But there was a loophole for Shelly, if he went for counselling and cleared his gambling habits, she would reconsider her separation plans.

There was Peter Macondo, the millionaire with filthy habits and too much money for his own good. His children dropped out of school, took to drugs and hardly talked with him. His ex-wife refused to talk about any of

him as soon as he fell into her trap. Carol probed into Earnest's life trying to gain a hold on him. Earnest tried to share some of his own life just to build up a closer doctor-patient relationship. In the process he formed the opinion that 'a patient has confidentiality, but the therapist has none.' He knew that all he confided in Carol will be disclosed to other therapists down the lane.

There was Eva Galsworth, a dying patient of Earnest. The fifty-one years old cancer patient has been coming to Earnest for her sessions for the past year. He had unstintingly devoted himself to easing the pain of her dying. But one day Eva sent a message saying, "It's time." Earnest rushed to her side and he held the frail body against his own as Eva breathed her last. Eva had lived the last days of her life and termed the last days as, "sucking the marrow out of the bones of life."

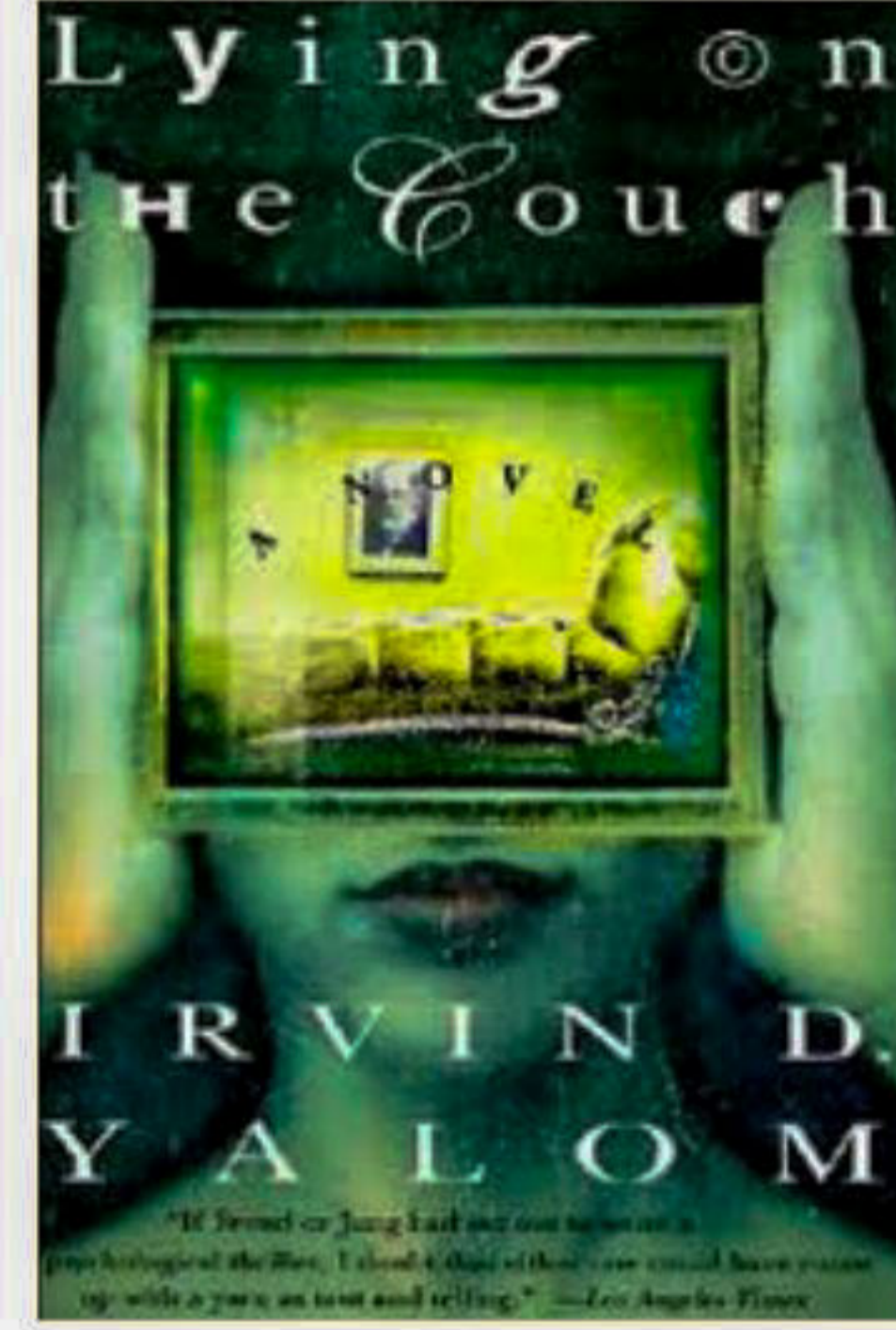
Both men, Earnest and Marshall were dedicated to their work with their patients. But at times they get into troubles too. When Marshall broke a law of the doctor-patient ethics code, it had him running to the court. When he asked Carol to be his attorney, she told him, "I have evidence that psychiatrists may be among the most gullible of people. I mean, after all they are accustomed to people telling them the truth—people paying them to listen to their true stories. I think psychiatrists are easy to swindle."

At one point Earnest too was on the verge of giving up his restraint on himself as Carol continued with the sexual advances. Throughout the book, readers get a picture of human nature, of greed and impatience. The therapists and their patients, with their problems and prospects are characters caught in a real life drama.

Lying on the Couch is a master work of presenting psychotherapy with a storyline. As characters go through ups and downs of everyday life, readers find a blending of their own life with them. The working of the human mind is held up to the readers with its tantalizing ways.

The author, Irvin David Yalom, is an American existential psychiatrist who is emeritus professor of psychiatry at Stanford University, as well as author of both fiction and nonfictions. He bonds the serious aspects of life with sensitive touches and yet presents life with the artist's touch of humor. A completely absorbing book to keep the reader up till the last page.

Tulip Chowdhury writes from Massachusetts, USA.



those problems. He wanted to marry a much younger woman but was afraid that the woman might be a trap for his money. And so, Macondo came to Marshall for therapy. With Marshall's help Macondo was able to settle his problems with his family and also to marry his young woman. The case studies of the people taking psychotherapy become intense as the reader gets to learn view-points from the patient and the doctors.

Things become twisted for Earnest when Justin's wife Carol planned a revenge on him for she was confirmed that Earnest had convinced her husband to break the marriage. Since Carol had faced sexual advances from the therapists before she thought that Earnest will do the same. She started going to Earnest under a false name and tried to lead the psychotherapist into a relationship. She looked for the signs every session, planning to frame

Classics Corner

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