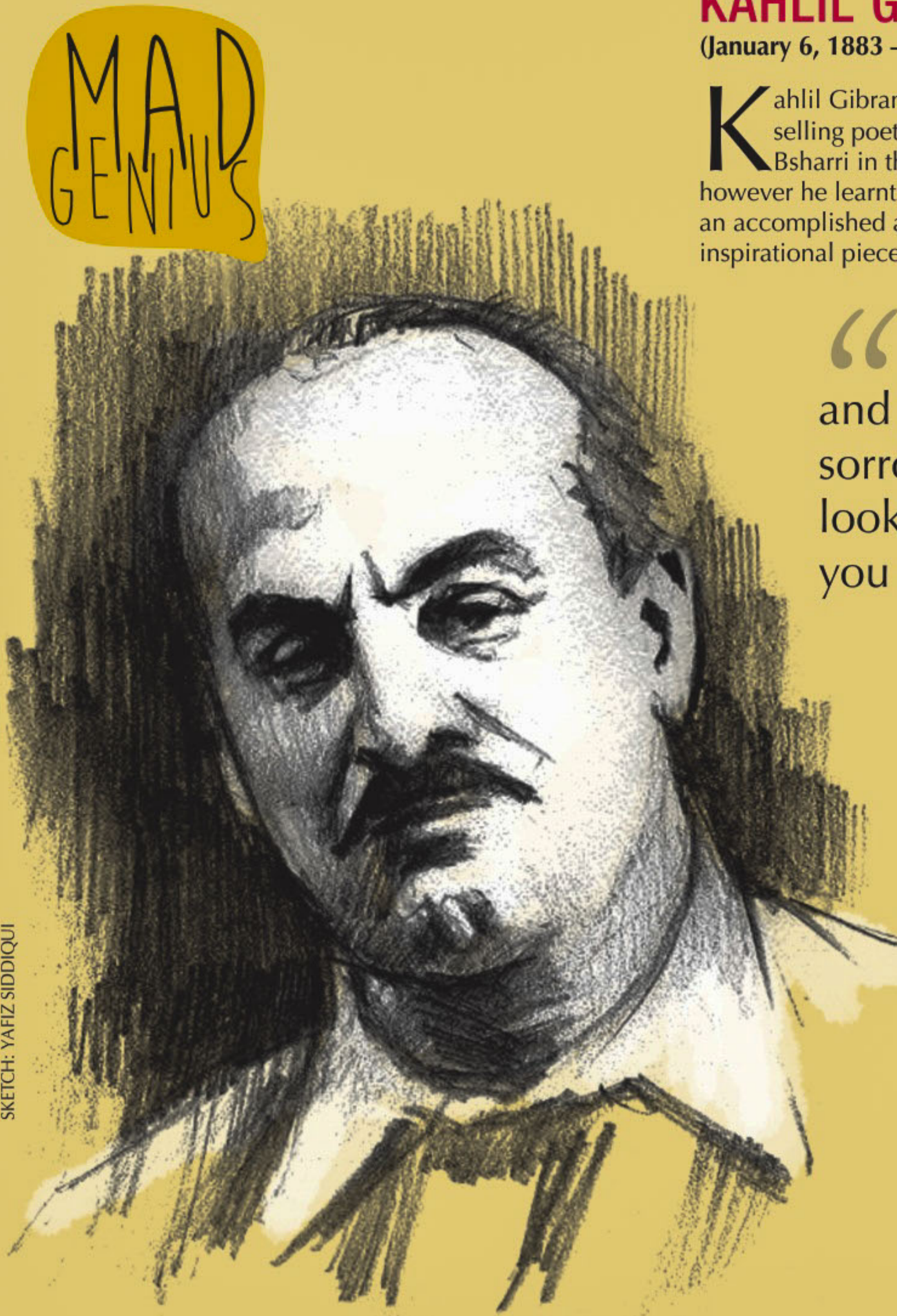


MAD GENIUS



SKETCH: YARIZ SIDDIQUI

KAHLIL GIBRAN

(January 6, 1883 – April 10, 1931)

Kahlil Gibran, was a Lebanese-American artist, poet, writer of the New York Pen League and the third best-selling poet of all time, after Shakespeare and Laozi. Born in an underprivileged family of the town of Bsharri in the Mount Lebanon Mutasarrifate, Khalil did not receive any formal education in his youth; however he learnt the Bible and Arabic language at home and later was enrolled in Art school and turned out an accomplished artist in drawing and water colour. His best selling book *The Prophet*, a collection of 26 inspirational pieces written in poetic English prose style, has been translated into over 20 foreign languages.

“ When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy. When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seared with scars.

I prefer to be a dreamer among the humblest, with visions to be realised, than lord among those without dreams and desires.

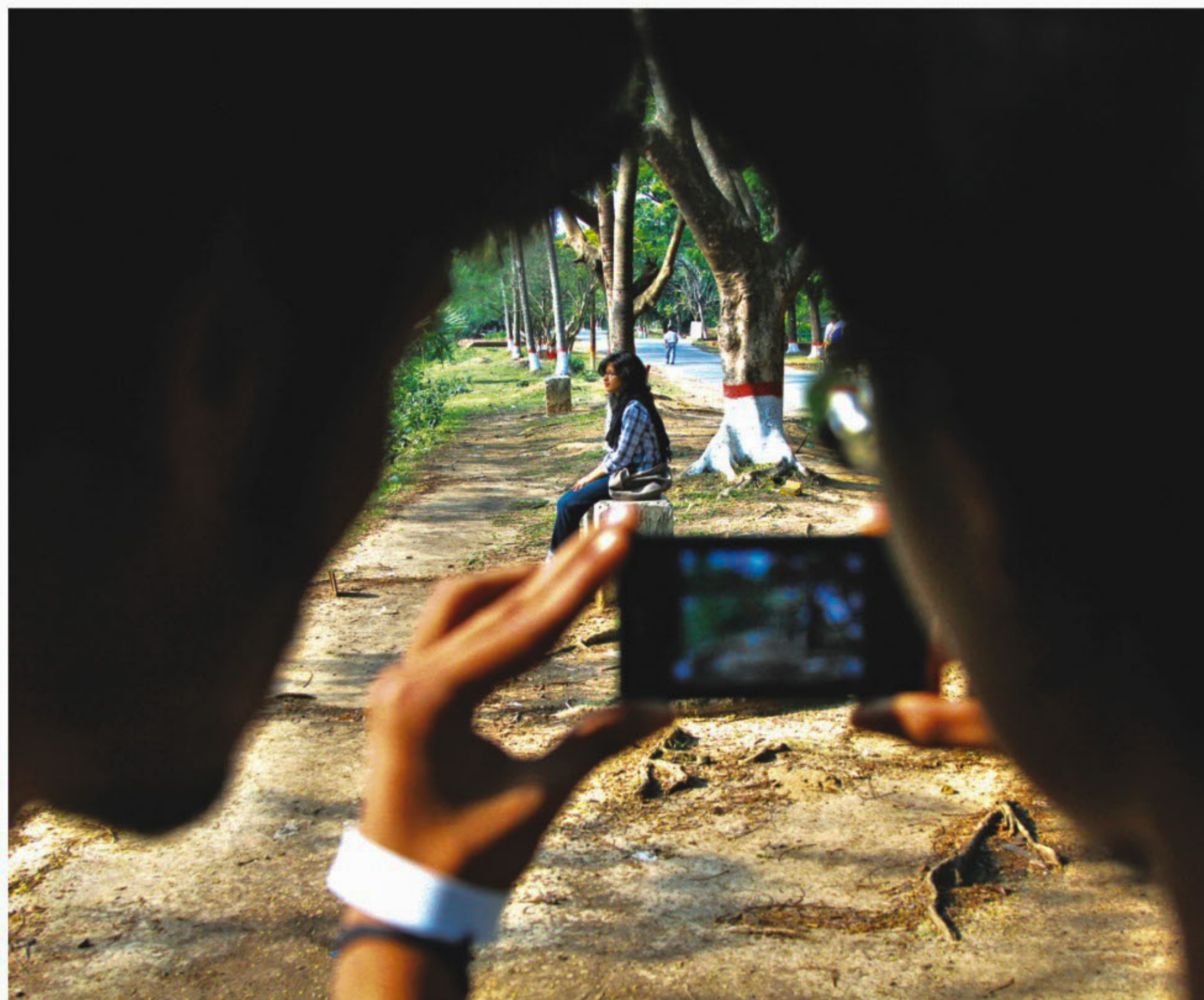
I wash my hands of those who imagine chattering to be knowledge, silence to be ignorance, and affection to be art. ”

SOURCE: WIKIPEDIA AND BRAINY QUOTES

STUPIDITY EVERYWHERE

Last Friday. I went to Dhaka International Trade Fair- 2016. Being the weekend, the place was quite crowded and everybody was very busy trying to make an entry. I was waiting in the line to buy a ticket from the counter. Suddenly, a middle aged man pushed me hard to enter the line and I fell down. But he didn't pay any attention to me. Rather, when I charged him for his misdeed, instead of being sorry, he seemed very angry and started arguing with me. I was quite astonished seeing his attitude. Such irresponsible people never ever follow any rules anywhere.

Farzana Ithuma
Mohammadpur, Dhaka



MORALS FIRST

I would like to report an incident of eve-teasing here. A few days back my friends and I were teased by students of a reputed college. This so called respected institution is educating some unruly eve teasers which is very unfortunate and alarming. When travelling by college bus, these students harass every girl they see on the roads. Handling these perpetrators is not easy, especially when there are fifty of them passing lewd comments, making vulgar gestures towards girls. Youth are the future of a country. But looking at them I can only see men devoid of conscience; a country which is led by such students, who are disrespectful towards women, will surely fail. I sincerely hope that some measures will be taken to curb this evil practice. To be properly educated, certification of degrees is not enough. One has to have morals first.

Mahe Rukh
BUET, Dhaka

SPOTLIGHT

A FIGHT FOR LAND AND LIVELIHOOD



AHMAD IBRAHIM

PHOTOS: KAZI TAHSIN AGAZ APURBO

Mondagini Bakti stands in front of me with her left hand on her hip and her right hand outstretched towards the light, her palm stained with the yellow of ground turmeric. “Usually, I grow tomatoes, sometimes potatoes and also eggplants. But this year, I've also planted some watermelons. They're still seedlings, but I expect them to grow very big”, she quipped.

“You see, when our ancestors came here, they had nothing and when we tried to escape the British, they hunted us down and brought us back,” said Kanak Rajbangshi, the women's leader (*sardarni*) of Begumkhan tea garden inside Chandpur Tea Estate. “When they were brought back, the British pointed to hills and told us that if we wanted to, we could farm there. And that's what we've done

for over a hundred years. The wage from working on the tea fields did not sustain us then, and it doesn't sustain us now. It's the land that keeps us alive.” Suddenly, there was a ripple of footsteps outside the lawn where we were all sitting, and the faint trill of a bell. “They've crossed the bridge!” exclaimed Ponchomi, tea worker for over 50 years now. “Let them come,” replied another,

who sat a little further back and covered her face with a white saree. “The only way they'll move us is if they kill us all”. What happened next was a spectacle that could hardly be believed. A flurry of footsteps and a few loud cries later, the women had vacated the spot and gone into their respective homes. They came out wielding large machetes and sticks and in a few cases, bows and arrows. The