

SKETCH: YAFIZ SIDDIQUI

## VINCENT WILLEM VAN GOGH

(30 March 1853 – 29 July 1890)

Van Gogh was a post-Impressionist painter of Dutch origin whose work—notable for its rough beauty, emotional honesty, and bold color—had a far-reaching influence on 20th-century art. After years of painful anxiety and frequent bouts of mental illness, he died at a very early age from a gunshot wound, generally accepted to be self-inflicted (although no gun was ever found). His work was then known to only a handful of people and appreciated by fewer still.

“ I dream of painting and then I paint my dream.

Do not quench your inspiration and your imagination; do not become the slave of your model.

In spite of everything I shall rise again: I will take up my pencil, which I have forsaken in my great discouragement, and I will go on with my drawing.

The more I think about it, the more I realise there is nothing more artistic than to love others.”

SOURCE: WIKIPEDIA AND BRAINY QUOTES

## ARE WE REALLY THERE YET?

Just a couple of days back, a friend was talking about her “eligible for marriage” sister whom the potential groom’s family was about to “see” that evening. What bothered me was that the groom-to-be lives abroad and won’t even be present during the first meeting. His parents were just coming to see whether my friend’s sister would make a good wife to their son or not. How can you know a person in one meeting when it comes to making such a life altering decision. On another occasion, I was talking to someone about a common friend who was “looking” for a girl. I imagined a market place where I was looking for a fresh, shiny fruit. Even though we talk about equality, we are still ages behind when it comes to treating women equally to men. I am not asking girls to adopt the same method to “look” for the perfect match. It’s about having the right to take one’s life in their own hands. It’s the 21st century; we talk about equality and gloat about having a female leader. And yet, we end up with dishevelled faces struggling to fight for female rights in a land of non-empathisers. These stories will probably not be taken as seriously, but it shows the mentality and attitude of our general people. It shows how women are still being showcased to the world like a product in a shop, waiting to be chosen by people who think that they are “right” for them.

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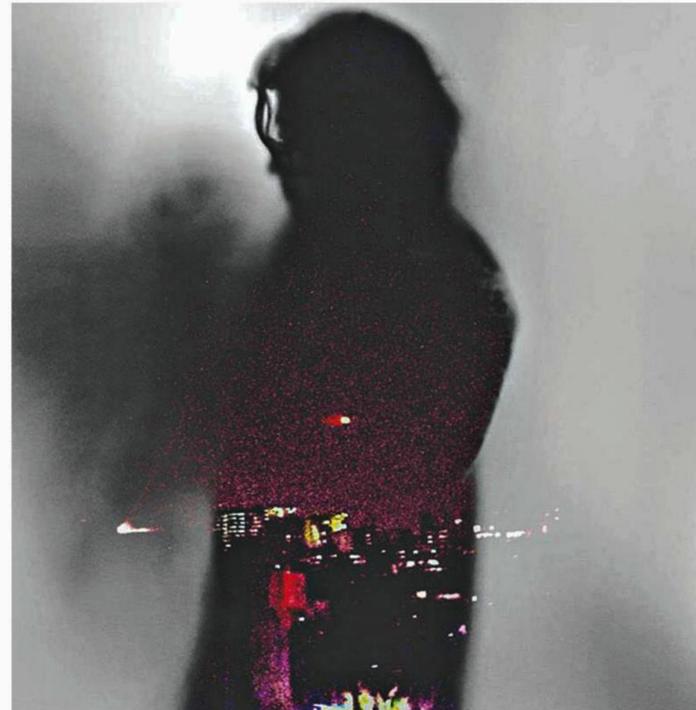


PHOTO: KAZI TAHSIN AGAZ APURBO

## IN THE HOPE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

One evening I was going to Dhanmondi 32 on a Gazipur bound bus from Azimpur. There was unbearable traffic congestion on the road. So, after reaching Kalabagan, I decided to walk the rest of the way to Dhanmondi. As I walked by Dhanmondi Lake, I noticed that two kids, who lived by the lake with their parents, were reading books in the light of lamp posts. People like me who were passing by were as astonished as I was to see their enthusiasm for study. Despite my desire to talk to them, I could not stay there for long. I just want to say that these kids are like our brothers. They have dreams just like us. They also want to be educated. We have a responsibility towards them. Being a teacher, I have seen many students who never concentrate on their studies. Their parents had to resort to energy drinks like Complian and Horlics to “increase” their kids’ concentration. Private teachers are hired to teach these kids in every subject. I suggest that these parents who spend lots of money on their kids’ education -- follow the example of these poor kids who after working or begging all day long, try to continue studying in the dim light of a lamp post. I urge people who feel that they have a responsibility toward society to bring these poor children to light. Let their potential be explored. Who knows some of these kids might one day turn out to be the next Ishwar Chandra Biddiyasagar?

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## SPOTLIGHT



# ROSES, EVERYWHERE!

FAYEKA ZABEEN SIDDIQUA

PHOTOS: KAZI TAHSIN AGAZ APURBO

A mixed bouquet of lilies with fern leaves or a colourful assortment of orchids are undoubtedly magnificent. But let’s face it, roses are classic! Who can ever underestimate the power of a bunch of red roses?

We are here to take you on a blissful tour of fragrance and beauty. A tour that gives you the feeling of being in an old master’s classic painting of beautiful blooms or a part of a divine display of a flower garden.

Not very far away from Dhaka, six of the villages of Birulia Union, Savar, are in full bloom with millions of roses. Acres of lands dedicated to ravishing red roses, exuding style and grace, bathed in winter mist, are

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