

# END OF A SAGA



## A Tale of an Anguish

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Lucky Akhand does not need any introduction. We all know his immense contribution to our music. Moreover, it feels like a herculean task to write about him because there is so much to say. I am not saying this out of humility, but my immense respect

music. Some of his songs were used in films like Syed Salahuddin Zaki's "Guddi", but that was after they were already unimaginably popular. He was way ahead of his time and highly experimental when it came to compositions. He mixed both Eastern and Western influences which culminated in a beautiful plethora of unique music. If someone's creations had been that popular since its inception to more than five decades, there is no doubt in my mind that he was, is, and forever will be an absolute legend. What saddens me further is that in our country, artists are not valued according to their work, but they are accountable for their personal lives. No matter how great an artist Lucky Akhand was, people would find a way to criticize him. This, in my opinion, is completely wrong and in no way a means of measuring the greatness of an artist. Another dismal thing that I have observed is that we are never able to give an artist his dues while he is alive, but tributes and condolences tend to pour in when he passes away. I got to know Lucky Akhand through Shampa Reza, while he was weaving his magic for Kawsar Ahmed Chowdhury. The two were absolutely fantastic. Lucky bhai would give beautiful tunes to Kawsar Ahmed Chowdhury's lyrics in mere seconds. During their tenure, they would give birth to wonderful

creations which would amount to eighty percent of Lucky Akhand's hit songs. Lucky bhai, Shampa Reza and I were supposed to work on a project together, but that eventually never happened so I unfortunately lost contact with him. The next time I would meet Lucky bhai was when we had brought Pandit Ajoy Chakrabarty for our 'Celebrating Life' program. Lucky bhai contacted me and told me that he wanted me to set up a meeting, as he wanted Ajoy to sing a few songs for him. Unfortunately, being the naturally moody individual that he was; he showed up two hours late to the meeting and it ended up being not very fruitful. Lucky bhai got very upset at this and was presumably angry towards me. I later got to know that he had made this song for the sole purpose of Ajoy Chakrabarty singing it: this was one of his dream projects. I ask myself now; could I have tried a bit harder for the project? Maybe I could have, if I was aware of the fact that it was so dear to him. Lucky Akhand is now at a place where he is above these worldly matters, singing his ethereal tunes in heaven. I would like to end with a request to our young artists: do sing his tunes to your heart's content, but please do so with the knowledge and perfectionism that he possessed. The legend of Lucky Akhand will live on this way.

## A Promise

FAHMIDA NABI

Lucky Akhand left us in tears, as well as leaving the urge to finish his unfinished music. "So incomplete and unfulfilled": That's all he would talk about before he passed away. That leaves us all in grief. He was our heart and soul in the modern music industry, and was the only musician who was able to bring Modernism in his composition since a long time ago. He was like a philosopher who spoke through his tunes. His music could bring the attention of all youngsters of all generations. What a legend he was! My family and I are lucky to have grown up learning his music. Lucky Chacha, Happy Chacha, Kawsar Ahmed Chowdhury and my father used to have music gatherings, with us as the audience. That's how we got so close to him and his music. He was an aspiration to change the development in musical language for decades. His range of diversity in music inspired the odds. We will never forget you. Your music lives within us. Don't worry. From me, Numa, a promise, to you.

