সाপ

आभात जीमन पत চাক্তির শোক বিপ্রাদীল ভোগে বাতাাস भाग সব NA HE 년 디 সর শব ग्य भक বাভাস ব্যভ্যাপ जमूत्र गन् व्यामाक प्रचादव আর বিপ্রনীল চাজির শোক আমার ভীষণ দর

been an enthusiastic fellow traveler of the group is thanked for contributing photographs.

Na attracted both encouragement and opprobrium. Abdul Mannan Syed mentioned it warmly in essays on little magazines; the late (Shaheed) Munier Chowdhury spoke about it in a lecture as well as in a TV programme. The denigrators took offence at especially at the use of obscenities. This is still a delicate issue in our part of the globe, and deserves careful critical examination. I wish to comment on a particular example from Kazi Shahid Hasan's "Arohan Mantra" (Mantra for Mounting) in the second issue:

"READ THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Everyone advises me to read the writing on the wall

Writings on the wall: Karim+Maya Belal Belal Belal....The future of the country is in your hand Please don't wank....."

The poem exploits an ambiguity. "The writing on the wall" is a warning of difficult times ahead. Punningly, it also may be taken to mean graffiti. Let us take the last piece of supposed graffiti. In Bangla it exploits a pun: Desher bhabishwat apnar haatey Haat marben na. As graffiti on a toilet wall it is amusing and nothing more. Transferred to a literary journal it is still amusing, but it also acquires certain resonances of both universal and topical relevance. The serious meaning of "writing on the wall" comes into play. We can interpret the line thus: You are contributing willy-nilly to building the nation's future, so it is advisable that you do not waste time on sterile pleasures. In the present context, as we face the dread prospect of an eco-apocalypse, pursuing consumerist pleasures is equivalent to the sterile delight of masturbation, and brings the catastrophe closer. One of the valuable lessons of a literary education is that it teaches us to dig beneath the surface of language and life and not to yield to knee-jerk Grundyish responses.

Na belongs to literary history. Four of those associated with it have passed away, one gave up writing, another is an NRB who no longer writes. Only Rabiul bhai is still active as a writer, poet, art critic, and head of an architectural firm. If I compliment him on his eventful life he of course responds with Na-ish self-reflexivity: "Nah!" He would do us a great service if he were to compile the issues of Na in an anthology.

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