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# LIFE

Style

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PHOTO: SHAHREAR KABIR HEEMEL

## Memories of

# MARCH

**সুরক্ষিত দেয়াল  
নিরাপদ পরিবার**

এলো বার্জার ব্রিড ইজি ভাইরাকেরার। এর সিলভার আয়ন টেকনোলজি তৈরি করে অ্যান্টি-ভাইরাস কোটিং, যা দেয়ালে আসা ভাইরাস ও ব্যাকটেরিয়া ধ্বংস করে। পরিবারের সুরক্ষায় কোনো আপোস নয়। বার্জার ব্রিড ইজি ভাইরাকেরার যখন দেয়ালে, আমরা নিশ্চিন্তে সবসময়।

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# The caffeinated love affair

To the unsung T S Elliot within you who's measured out his life in coffee spoons, it's okay if you never quite knew just what it was about the same coffee shop you love so much. The monologue of caffeine reads best with the symphony of the grinding and banging of coffee beans, the gurgling and whistling of foaming milk and, finally, the glugging and slurping of the perfect cuppa playing on as if the coffee machine behind the counter was an impeccably-timed, single-piece orchestra, brought to life by the soul of every coffee house — a barista.

Even if you think that was a poor metaphor, the sentiment still stands. The coolest culture brewing in the city is the one fuelled by coffee and the hottest profession today is that of a barista.

Remember Central Perk? 'Tis a fictional coffee shop where the iconic group of six friends in the great American sitcom "Friends" hung out day in and day out to "grab a cup of coffee" that went perfectly with Chandler's sarcasm and Phoebe's songs! The series' end left us daydreaming about coffee culture that was only satiated about a decade ago when the OGs of Dhaka's coffee game, Tabaq, North End Coffee Roasters and GJC tried out their hand at brewing the perfect shot of espresso.

But none of these giants made the city's uncompromising tea-drinking palates fall quite so madly in love with the romance of a steaming pot of coffee like Crimson Cup.

Sure, Crimson Cup is currently one of the biggest coffee brands for the youth of

Bangladesh but there's more to this brew than just roasted beans. If you resonate with Robert Frost's poetry, you might know, "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

And that's what CC does for you — it takes you in, on good days and bad. If you walk up to the register and initiate a conversation with any of the baristas, you'll see what warmth and kindness they have to offer. Take as much as you need; it's showered like confetti anyway. Tell them a funny story and they'll laugh with you. Vent about your stressful day and they'll make your coffee extra strong. Share with them something that makes you sad and they'll give you the biggest smile to warm your soul. Confess



It's possible that Gloria Jeans Coffees, being more of a family-style restaurant, is better suited for a Thursday night out with your kids. Arguably, dates at Second Cup Bangladesh are cosier on its leather sofas and piping-hot coffees served in mugs that might as well be called tubs! Unmistakably, reading a book in your own amusing company is more peaceful in the hush of Nerdy Bean Coffee Haus. Whatever your escapade, it's the nostalgia of old memories and the exciting possibility of making new ones that pull you into a café.

Sheltering you from the selfishness of the big city, a coffee shop is where you can speak your mind without the burdens of accountability and judgment. Here, you can unravel potent mixes of authors and entrepreneurs, students and journalists, closeted and open personalities. Strike up a conversation with the stranger before you and you may discover a mutual love for Arctic Monkeys; overhear stories of business bubbling in next table and stimulate liberal debates about politics. Engage in satirical verses with other writers and bring back the lost art of penmanship by dribbling ideas on tissue papers. Foster a community of rich

social mixing and romanticise the idea of coffee and conversation.

In this spirit, during 2020's quarantine, Let's Pretend We Are All at Crimson Cup started out. A Facebook group of about 5000 members, it was a virtual community band of coffee lovers in Dhaka. As the world of eight billion people fiercely united against a single microbe, the group cushioned its members by showering them with support and positivity. Photos taken at Crimson during happier times and unique stories experienced at the café were shared via online posts by the masses. By effectively "pretending CC regulars were at Crimson Cup," nostalgia was ignited and hope was renewed to look forward to better days.

Coffee works where inspirational quotes fail. Next time you inevitably find yourself at a coffeehouse, stop and feel the love in the air. It'll smell like freshly-poured coffee. And that's the tea!

**By Ramisa Haque**

**Photo: LS Archive/ Sazzad Ibne Sayed**  
Special thanks to Zobayed Hossain Zubo, barista extraordinaire at Crimson Cup Coffee, for spilling the beans on Dhaka's coffee culture.

that you fell in love and they'll celebrate your relationship with you.

Crimson Cup has great coffee, just like any other coffeehouse, but ask a regular why they frequent the café and they'll tell you how it's their home.

CC may very well not be your cup of tea. Some laugh louder with friends under the bulbs of North End Coffee Roasters.



us on /Sandalina

ঐতিহ্যের আর এক নাম আধুনিকতা  
ঠিক যেমন রূপচর্চায় আভিজাত্য মানেই

## স্যান্ডালিনা

### সোপ

রূপচর্চায় আভিজাত্য...



#SINGER

# SINGER Microwaves with new offers

There's no place like home and there's nothing that even comes to homecooked food. That being said, it's natural to crave a pizza and a grill every now and then. But you can't just bake a pizza in your regular stove.

Or imagine slow cooking a chicken for a special occasion. A microwave oven will let you have all of that.

The necessity of a microwave for a kitchen cannot be overstated. This modern appliance is an integral part of modern life and let's face it, you don't want a kitchen full of coal and ash. A microwave will allow you to cook in modern style, while ensuring that your food is cooked precisely how you want it. And SINGER, with their wide range of microwaves will meet your need.



Take the SMWD36GC for example. With its 36 litres capacity, it's a very family friendly appliance. But it offers so much more. Not only can you cook, heat and grill in this device, there are 5 one-touch recipes that include dishes like popcorn, alu bhaji, mix vegetable, chicken jhal curry and beef kebab cutlet.

In addition to that, there are 6 built-in recipes for making things even easier for you. All you have to do is select your desired dish and the pre-installed programme will do the

rest. SMW-D20SO offers the same feature of built-in local recipe which will ensure that you don't have to concern yourself with the timer and temperature setting.

SMW30GCB8 offers a bit smaller capacity but it makes up for it with other modern features like digital display. Having trouble with frozen food? Worry not, for it comes with features like Jet Defrost and Weight Defrost for such a situation. This is an all-in-one oven, meaning it offers microwave, grill, and convection. Whether you want to cook

deshi, Continental, Thai, Chinese or Western dish, you can avoid any fuss by using the pre-set cooking menu. Even if you prefer sweet items over savoury, your baking needs can easily be indulged with this device.

SMW930MCO on the other hand offers an all-in-one oven with added safety features such as child lock that will surely come in handy. The eye-catching floral design will offer a sleeker look in your kitchen and the touch button control brings a luxurious feel that everyone can get used to. With the LED display and 10 pre-set cooking menus, it should make life easier in the kitchen. The struggles for grilling and baking for special occasions can finally come to an end.

You can avail a special offer at SINGER showrooms by the end of March where you can get Tk 2500 discount in exchange for an old microwave oven on the model SMW930MCO. The offer expires soon so you might want to hurry up and check it out. SINGER offers two years warranty on all microwaves and 0 percent EMI for 6 months. With only 20 percent down payment, you can get a microwave oven for your kitchen (terms and conditions are applied).

For more details, visit their website on: <https://singerbd.com/>

By Ashif Ahmed Rudro  
Photo: Shahrear Kabir Heemel

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# THE DARK NIGHT

## memories of 25 March 1971

On 1 March, 1971, General Yahiya Khan, the then-president of Pakistan, announced the indefinite suspension of the General Assembly that was scheduled for 3 March, 1971. I was watching a cricket match between Pakistan and New Zealand at the Dhaka Stadium when the news broke out.

Upon hearing the news, an unprecedented reaction engulfed the spectators. The crowd turned into a raging mass, a huge hue and cry with nationalistic slogans soon filled the galleries and echoed around the cricked field. Some of the spectators collected the newspaper and set those heaps of paper on fire.

The suspension of the first national assembly session at Dhaka by President Yahiya led to a dreadful consequence, beyond the imagination of the people of Pakistan, and one which would change the course of history forever.

On 7 March, 1971, Bangabandhu delivered his historic speech at Ramna Racecourse in front of a colossal crowd of thousands of eager people, and this became the turning point for the Bangladesh Liberation movement.

My friends and I, along with thousands of others, marched and joined this historic assembly chanting political slogans. His speech inspired people and gave them light and hope amid the darkness of political conspiracies. Bangabandhu told the people that this struggle was for freedom and liberation.



A non-cooperation movement against the Pakistan government started as directed by Bangabandhu. All government offices and bodies, as well as business, other than emergency services, were shut down. Meanwhile, President Yahiya negotiated



with Bangabandhu to resolve the political crisis. Yahiya was seemingly killing time in collusion with his political partner, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, as a part of a far-fetched conspiracy to keep political power with them.

As the issue of transferring power became more and more imminent, a political crisis threatening to tear apart everything was brewing. Ultimately, the political crisis remained unresolved, and as a consequence of the Yahiya and Bhutto conspiracy, Operation Searchlight and the genocide of Bangladesh became a grim reality.

### 25 March, 1971

The atmosphere was tense that evening of 25 March, 1971 and numerous rumours circulated — with ominous warnings for what was to come that night. We were gathering at Mailbagh crossing, and mingling with the bewildered crowd. Some groups were chanting slogans and waving the Bangladesh flag.

People were getting contradictory information from one another, precipitating confusion in the air. Some of my friends were at the meeting with the revolutionary council members and confirmed the

rumours to be true — the army would crack down on Dhaka at night. An unknown fear gripped the people's minds.

Throughout the entire month of March 1971, we had received secret guerrilla training. We were recruited from among the most trusted members of the Student League, the student wing of Awami League. We were trained with dummy rifles, a kind of wooden piece carved into the likeness of a 303 single fire rifle usually used by the police. During the evenings of the turbulent days of March, theoretical training classes were taken by a retired Bengali army officer.

Based on the training that we received, on the evening of 25 March, we organised the people and erected barricades on the major roads to stop the advancing platoons of the army in their armoured vehicles. A strong sense of Bengali nationalism permeated the volatile political atmosphere. People from all walks of life united to halt the advancing army.

There were some steel pipes stacked beside the road. During that period, there used to be strips of empty land on both sides of the roads with rain water drainage facilities; many company vehicles and heavy

CONTINUED TO PAGE 10

## HOROSCOPE



### ARIES (MAR. 21-APR. 20)

New methods will make war much faster. Passion will be your only answer. Listen to reason. Your lucky day this week will be Monday.



### TAURUS (APR. 21-MAY 21)

Entertainment should include physical activities. Travel will be exciting. Go after your goals. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.



### GEMINI (MAY 22-JUN. 21)

Sign up for mentally stimulating courses. Your romantic endeavours will be successful. Don't let anything interfere with work. Your lucky day this week will be Friday.



### CANCER (JUN. 22-JUL. 22)

Believe in your talents. Complete your hobbies. Don't be afraid to pursue unfamiliar grounds. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday.



### LEO (JUL. 23-AUG. 22)

Don't manipulate emotional situations. You'll be detail oriented this week. Do something together. Your lucky day this week will be Tuesday.



### VIRGO (AUG. 23-SEP. 23)

Curb your stubborn nature. You are best to be discreet. You will meet work goals this week. Your lucky day this week will be Sunday.



### LIBRA (SEP. 24-OCT. 23)

Seek counsel from someone you trust. Your partner will be irritable. Put your money away for emergencies. Your lucky day this week will be Wednesday.



### SCORPIO (OCT. 24-NOV. 21)

You may receive false information. You can easily motivate others. Keep your feet on the ground. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.



### SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 22-DEC. 21)

You will do well with work this week. Sudden changes may surprise you. Pamper yourself. Your lucky day this week will be Tuesday.



### CAPRICORN (DEC. 22-JAN. 20)

Don't get into debt. Try to avoid conflict by any means. Make changes that will enhance your appearance. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday.



### AQUARIUS (JAN. 21-FEB. 19)

Look into expanding your perception. Look for alternative methods for work. Being overly generous wont impress anyone. Your lucky day this week will be Saturday.



### PISCES (FEB. 20-MAR. 20)

Don't overindulge. Make financial deals this week. Your partner may not be honest with you. Your lucky day this week will be Thursday.



# AGE-OLD TRAVELOGUES

## Rare glimpses of Bengal's forgotten past

Bengal has been visited by several travellers through the annals of history. Braving challenging voyages, they came to our land from far and wide. Today, their travelogues give us intimate insights and invaluable eye witness accounts of an olden Bengal that is hard for us to even imagine, let alone confidently comprehend.

But with the experiences they have penned down, we can travel back in time! And hence, we present five such travellers and some highlights of their tours.

### Meeting Hazrat Shah Jalal (R)

Bangladesh is a land of many saints, and one name that heavily inspires and influences us is Shah Jalal (R) of Sylhet. Innumerable people continue to pay their respect to this great man and visit his mausoleum.

Centuries ago, the celebrated Moroccan globetrotter Ibn Battuta had the opportunity of actually interacting with him in person (although he used a different name, it is widely accepted that he was indeed referring to Shah Jalal of Sylhet).

Ibn Battuta came to Bengal in about 1346. He visited Chattogram, "which is large and situated in the seashore." He also went to Sonargaon, from where he boarded on a vessel to Java.

In his travels, he was very eager to meet the highly revered Shah Jalal, which he did.

"When I presented myself to him, he arose and embraced me. He then asked me of my country and travels," he wrote, adding that the saint told his disciples to treat him honourably as a guest.

The traveller also left us some curious notes on the saint's habits and lifestyle: "... he fasted through a space of about 40 years, never breaking his fast till he had fasted throughout 10 successive days. He had a cow, on the milk of which he usually breakfasted; and his practice was to sit up all night."

The whole episode is of intrigue and legends.

To illustrate, a miracle — which took considerable time to unfold — was about Shah Jalal gifting a garment which he was wearing, to Ibn Battuta.

He had foreseen that the traveller would lose the garment one day to a king. Consequently, the globetrotter promised, "As he has clothed me in his own clothes, I will never enter with them into the presence of any king..."

But, in China, it so happened that a king by a twist of fate somehow saw the garment and wanted it, and ordered to have it taken off him, hence making the saint's foresight come true.

This story actually continues and complicates further. In short, Ibn Battuta came across the clothing again a year



later, on yet another person, apparently for whom the saint eventually intended it for!

### A splendid kingdom

Ma Huan, a Chinese traveller, visited Sultan Ghiyasuddin Azam Shah's court as an interpreter to a Chinese Ambassador, in the early 15th century. The traveller had seen Chattogram and Sonargaon, and had described the kingdom of 'Pang-ko-la' (Bengal):

"It is a kingdom with walled cities... It is an extensive country and its products are abundant... The rich build ships in which they carry on commerce with foreign countries. Many are engaged in trade and a good number in agricultural pursuits... The language of the people is Bengali. Persian is also spoken here... Not having tea, they offer their guests betel-nuts in its place. The streets are well-provided with shops of various kinds, drinking and eating houses, and bathing establishments."

One thing that ought to be said here is that many travellers, including Ma Huan, did not forget to mention the globally renowned muslins, speaking highly of it.

### The Sonargaon splendour

Continuing with our journey through time — and that of the glory and excellence of

our heritage weaves — we travel to the next century, when the English merchant and traveller Ralph Fitch visited Sonargaon, in about 1586.

He had identified 'Sinnergan' (Sonargaon) as the place "where there is the best and finest cloth made of cotton that is in all India."

His accounts also remind us of the iconic chieftain, commonly known today as the leader of the so-called 'Baro Bhuiyan,' Isa Khan: "The chief king of all these countries is called 'Isacan,' and he is the chief of all the other kings..."

### Meeting Nawab Shaista Khan

There were many subahdars who ruled Bengal during the Mughal era, some more known to us than others. And among those whom we know much about, a couple of names have risen to the height of legend; the subject of much fascination. One such ruler is Nawab Shaista Khan. Hence, with much expectation, we turn to Jean Baptiste Tavernier, a French jeweller, who left us an account of his 1666 encounter with the historic leader in Dhaka, a provincial Mughal capital back then.

Keep in mind that we are talking about a time when Lalbagh Fort, which is often associated with the Nawab, did not come into existence yet (construction work begun more than decade later).

He visited Shaista Khan's wooden house, which some historians hint to be a site in the riverbank, where there once stood a 'palace' of the Nawab, of which nothing exists today.

On the other hand, Tavernier lodged with the Dutch during his stay in Dhaka.

Anyway, he presented the Nawab with a number of precious items, such as an emerald jewel and a fine scarf with gold and silver embroideries; and his son "a watch having a case of enamelled gold, a pair of pistols inlaid with silver, and a telescope."

From his writings, it is evident that he sold some items to the Nawab.

It seems that Tavernier visited Shaista Khan a number of times when in Dhaka, and that the Frenchman may have had a favourable impression on him, as on the last day, the Nawab was gracious enough to give him a special passport, which granted him the privilege of being "able to

go and come throughout all the territories of Great Mughal (empire) as one of his household."

### Dhaka in ruins

One may say that the glorious sun had sunk with the coming of the colonial era. The eyewitness account of Bishop Reginald Heber, when he was in Dhaka in 1824, reflects that, as he painted a melancholic picture of the city — "merely the wreck of its ancient grandeur," where various buildings had "all sunk into ruin, and overgrown with jungle."

It was a time when the Naib Nazims of Dhaka were puppets in the hands of colonial rulers.

Shams-ud-Daulah was the Naib Nazim during Heber's visit. He was, Heber noted, "... shorn of all political power, and is not even allowed the state palanquin."

The guards and his court were largely ceremonial in nature.

Of the man himself, Heber had left us vivid description: "He is a good-looking elderly man... He sat for a good while smoking his hookah, and conversing fluently enough in English, quoting some English books of history... He cautioned me against going amongst the ruins, except on an elephant, since tigers sometimes, and snakes always, abounded there... He was dressed in plain white muslin, with a small gold tassel attached to his turban."

Heber's episode was during a time of oppression and misery, a land bearing the heavy burden of colonisation.

Of course, now looking back, things have turned around. Bengal has come a long way from there. Gone are the colonial rulers, and gone too, are the latter oppressors of (West) Pakistan who committed heinous atrocities, fighting against which, we brought about the birth of an independent Bangladesh — which we are now celebrating the golden jubilee of!

As the poet Rudyard Kipling once wrote: "Cities and Thrones and Powers Stand in Time's eye, Almost as long as flowers, Which daily die; But, as new buds put forth To glad new men, Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth, The Cities rise again."

By M H Haider  
Creatives: Biplob Chakroborty





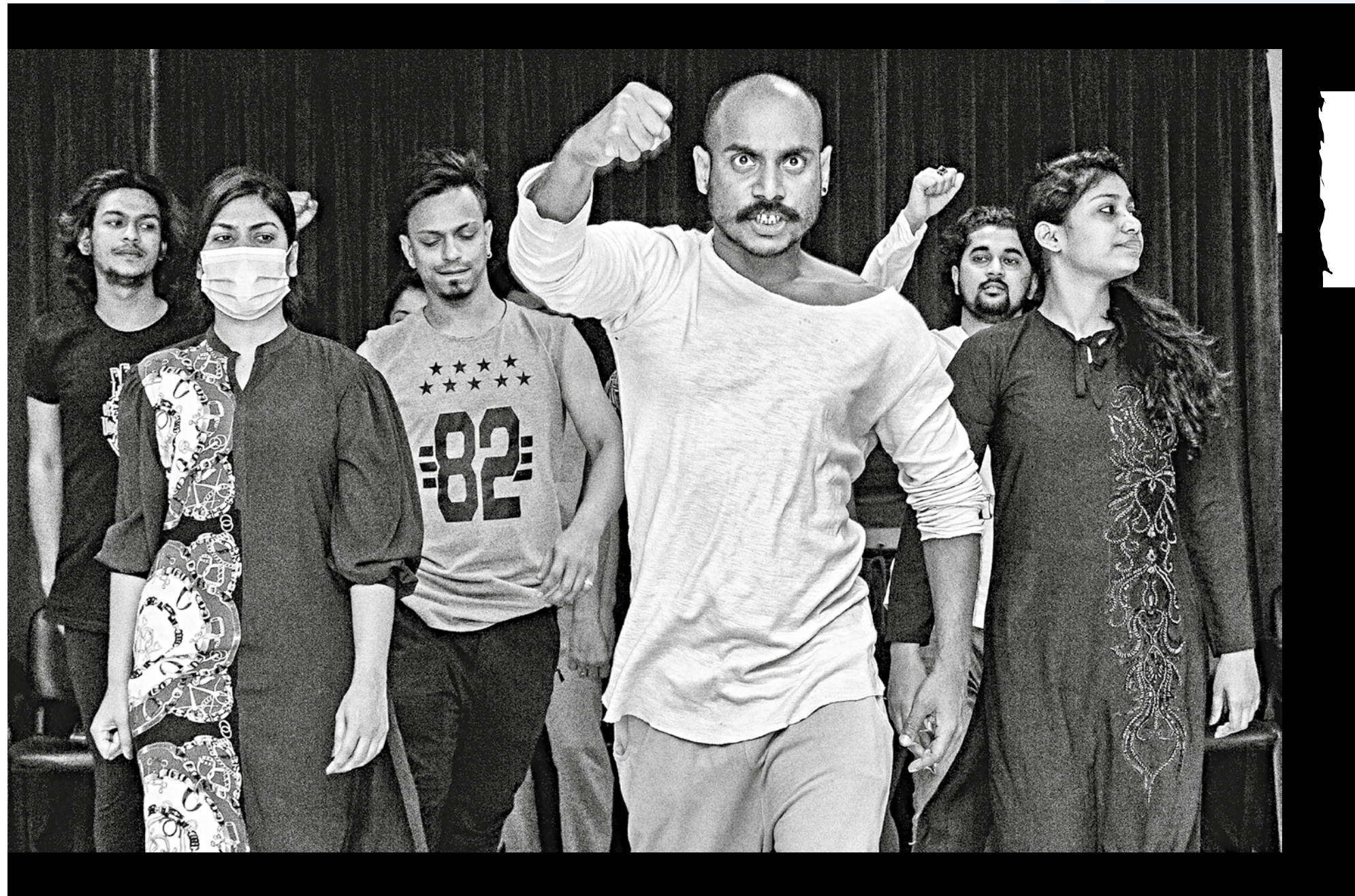


# SLOGANS AND THE BANGLADESH SAGA

## Celebrating 50 years of

# INDEPENDENCE

This week, Bangladesh will be reaching a grand milestone. The nation is about to celebrate 50 years of Independence — our golden jubilee! Therefore, The Daily Star — along with the whole country at large — is now busy wrapping up numerous preparations to welcome the new era and rejoice at this very special and distinctive Independence Day.



And we are excited to announce that we are making a commemorative video — sponsored by Tradesworth Household Limited and directed by Goutam Koiri — featuring a plethora of slogans which were chanted during various struggles in our history.

The Bangladesh saga is a chequered one, where numerous protests and revolutions and obviously, the Liberation War, have paved the way to where we are today.

Because whenever our freedom was trampled, or whenever a plot against our identity was hatched, we stood up —

united as a people.

And in unison we chanted slogans, making our demands heard.

Slogans are indeed within the soul of every movement or revolution. After all, a few powerful words can fuel passion, ignite patriotism, unleash wrath, and even bring down autocrats.

Now, what would happen if you compile slogans of some major revolutions and the War? You'd get a quick history of Bangladesh!

Well, that's what The Daily Star aimed to do with this audio-visual production.

We dived deep into history, collected slogans, and chanted and roared them out — for everyone to relish in the glory of our nation and appreciate the sacrifices of our forefathers — all in an electrifying video coming out soon!

Many of these slogans are not chanted anymore; after all, those events and movements are long over and the demands met. On the other hand, many old slogans have also lived on, sometimes evolving slightly to fit into the times.

For the youth, we wish it will shed light into the fascinating past of Bangladesh,

introducing many slogans which are now extinct and unheard of.

For older generations, we wish it shall be a nostalgic walk down the memory lane, taking them back to those days of fierce spirit.

And as for us here at The Daily Star, it is our humble tribute to Bangladesh in celebration of its golden jubilee!

**By M H Haider**  
**Photo: Shahrear Kabir Heemel**  
**Keep your eyes on our Facebook page for the video. Coming out soon!**





#FOOD

# Shab-E-Barat recipes

## BASBOUSA

Basbousa is a typical Middle Eastern dessert, very popular in Egypt. It is a dense, semolina-based moist cake, gooey with a fragrant simple syrup. Some recipes add coconut, while others add a cream filling, but in its most basic form, basbousa is a semolina cake drizzled with syrup and decorated with nuts.

### Ingredients

2 cups semolina  
 ¾ cup butter or ghee  
 1 cup yoghurt  
 ¼ cup orange juice  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 tsp baking powder  
 Zest of one orange  
 Peeled slivered almonds for decoration

To make the syrup —

2 cups sugar  
 1 cups water  
 1 tbsp lemon juice

### Method

**For the syrup** — Place the sugar, water and lemon juice in a pot over medium heat. Bring to a boil, lower the heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

**For the base** —

Mix the semolina, ghee, yoghurt, juice, sugar, baking powder, and orange zest in a pot until homogeneous. Brush a baking dish with ghee. Pour the batter into the baking dish. Level the surface using a



2 cups sugar  
 ¾ cup melted ghee  
 ½ tsp cardamom powder  
 3 tbsp chopped nuts  
 2 cups hot water

### Method

Wash and soak mung daal in hot water for 2 hours. Drain the water completely and dry grind the daal to a paste without adding water. Heat ghee in a pan. Add ground paste and fry in medium heat till it becomes golden brown. Add milk and cook until thick. Add sugar and mix well. Cover and cook for 5 minutes on low flame.

Add cardamom powder and chopped nuts, mix well.

When the halwa starts to leave the sides of the pan, remove and garnish with nuts. Serve warm or chilled.

## POTATO HALWA

### Ingredients

2 cups potato, boiled, peeled and mashed  
 1 cup full cream milk  
 1½ cup sugar or as per taste  
 ¼ tsp cardamom powder

¼ cup ghee  
 ¼ cup mixed nuts, chopped

### Method

Heat ghee in a non-stick pan. Add mashed potatoes. Fry on low heat till it turns slightly golden in colour. Add milk, sugar, cardamom powder and mix well. There should not be any lumps. Stir continuously until halwa turns dry. Add mixed nuts and mix well. Cook for another 2 minutes.



wet hand. Use a wet line to make cuts in the pattern that you like. Decorate with peeled almonds. Bake on the bottom rack of a preheated oven at 180° until golden brown (about 30-35 minutes). Take out from the oven and allow it to cool for 5 minutes. Drizzle with sugar syrup (the amount depends on how sweet you want the basbousa to be). Decorate with ground pistachio. Serve once at room temperature.

## MOONG DAL HALWA

### Ingredients

2 cups yellow mung daal  
 2 cups thickened milk





Garnish with nuts and rose petals and serve.

**PUMPKIN HALWA**

**Ingredients**

- 2 cups pumpkin grated, blanched
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ cup mawa
- 2 tbsp cashews or pistachio chopped
- 1 pinch cardamom powder
- ½ cup milk

**Method**

Heat ghee in a pan. Fry the nuts till golden and keep aside. To the same pan, add grated pumpkin. Fry for 4-5 minutes or till the raw smell goes off. Pour the milk and cardamom powder. Cook until milk is absorbed. Add sugar and cook till the sugar melts and the halwa thickens. Add mawa and half of the fried cashews. Mix well and stir continuously for a minute. Remove from heat, garnish with rest of the cashews and serve.

**POPPY SEEDS HALWA**

**Ingredients**

- 1 cup poppy seeds soaked overnight
- ¼ cup ghee
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ cup cashew nuts
- ¼ cup almonds
- ¼ cup pistachios
- ¼ cup sugar

**Method**

Drain the poppy seeds and grind with very little water to a thick paste. Heat ghee in a non-stick pan. Fry the nuts until brown. Remove from pan. In the same pan, add poppy seeds paste and sauté for about 12-15 minutes or until it turns light brown. Reduce heat and add milk. Cook and stir continuously, till it begins to thicken. Add fried nuts and sugar. Mix well and cook for another few minutes. Transfer into a serving bowl, garnish with fried nuts and serve hot.

**COCONUT MAWA BARFI**

**Ingredients**

- 2 cups desiccated coconut
- 1 cup mawa, grated or crumbled
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp ghee
- 2 tbsp chopped almonds



2 tbsp chopped pistachios

**Method**

Grease the pan with ghee. Add mawa, sugar and put on low to medium heat. Add milk and allow the mawa to melt completely. Add coconut and mix well. Cook on a medium heat until the mixture turns thick and begins to leave the sides of the pan. Grease the tray and transfer the mixture to it. Allow it to cool. Cut into barfi shapes. Garnish with chopped nuts and serve.

**SHEERMAL**

*Sheermal is a mildly-sweet, saffron-flavoured naan popular in India and Pakistan. While this Moghul delight is traditionally prepared in a tandoor, it can also be comfortably prepared in a tawa in the convenience of your own kitchen. Using warm milk and spices in the dough gives it a really rich flavour. Do not forget to brush the sheermal with a little ghee before serving.*

**Ingredients**

- 2 cups plain flour

¼ tsp saffron strands

¼ cup ghee

1 tsp sugar

1 tsp baking powder

½ tsp cardamom powder

½ cup milk

Salt to taste

**Method**

Combine the saffron and 1 teaspoon of hot water in a small bowl, mix well and keep aside. Combine the flour, ghee, sugar, baking powder, cardamom powder, saffron water mixture and salt in a deep bowl and knead into a soft dough using milk. Cover the dough with a wet muslin cloth and keep a side for 30 minutes. Divide the dough into 10 equal portions. Roll a portion of the dough into 4" thick circle using a little plain flour for rolling. Prick the rolled dough with fork. Heat a griddle and place the sheermal over it and cook it on one side till it puffs slightly and then turn over. Cook it on the other side till it puffs a

little and then roast it on an open flame till it turns golden brown from both the sides. Brush each sheermal with a little ghee and serve immediately.

**RUMALI ROTI**

**Ingredients**

- 2 cups plain flour
- Pinch of baking soda
- 1 tsp ghee
- Milk for kneading
- Salt to taste

**Method**

Combine the flour, salt and baking soda in a bowl and knead into a soft dough using enough milk. Keep aside for 1 hour. Knead again, divide into 10 to 15 portions and roll out each portion very thinly. Place a wok upside down on a flame. Stretch the roti a little on all sides and heat on an upside-down wok till done. Serve hot.

**Photo: Shahrear Kabir Heemel**

**Food: Selina Parvin**

**Styling: RBR**

**BEOL | adani wilmar**

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# The dark night memories of 25 March 1971

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

equipment were parked there. The frenzied mob moved those structures to the road, thus blocking the passage of normal traffic. On the other side, the Malibagh-Mouchak road was also blocked with bricks and other structures. In the meantime, some members of the police force appeared from the adjacent Rajarbagh Police Lines and lent us a helping hand to erect a formidable barrier of steel structures.

At around 10 o'clock at night, the sound of gunshots penetrated the thin air, coming from the airport and adjacent areas. The police force took charge of the situation and dispersed the chaotic public, told them to evacuate the place, return and stay home. They busted the street lights to darken the streets so that the enemy force couldn't locate them. The police soon disappeared into the darkness of the chilly night and took offensive positions on the roof of the CID and DIG building.

Soon, we realised that the final hour has arrived and the army was on the loose. Unfortunately, we were all unarmed. Although not terrified, but without weapons, nobody could stand a chance against trained armed forces.

I returned home, informed family members of the situation and told my parents and other members of the family to take shelter, and lie down on the floor at the back of the house. As time went by, gunshots were coming nearer and then suddenly everything fell quiet, into an eerie silence; even the street dogs stopped their usual clash of clans — the nocturnal creatures went into hiding.

I was lying on the floor with my family members. Only my elder brother, Azizul Huq Chowdhury Kaoser, was not with us. He was organising secretary of Dhaka City Student League and an active member of the secret group. I assumed that he was with his



political aides to deter the army's aggression.

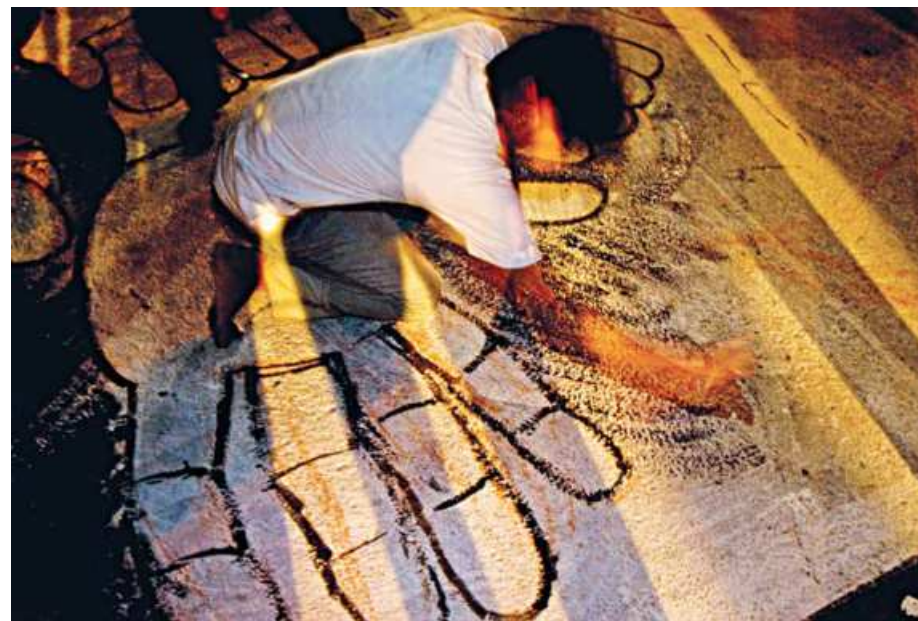
Soon, the sounds of gunfire from automatic weapons and military vehicles became distinctive. An unknown fear went through my mind and I was gripped by uncertainty. Sounds of firing by machine guns were soon heard. They had broken the barrier!

The Pakistan army attacked Rajarbagh Police Lines from all directions. The police fired back and we recognised the sounds of the 303 rifles.

In retaliation, the Pakistani soldiers soon

superimposed the rifle shots with their powerful automatic modern weapons. Heavy fighting soon ensued between the armed sides. The sounds of bullets were reverberating around the buildings. Every now and then, tracer bullets illuminating the night would flood the darkness of the night with so much light, they made the police easy targets, as if they were standing in plain daylight. Bullets were raining on them from all directions. We had no prior experience of how the ground shakes in a war zone being showered with artillery fire. For the first time in my life, I smelled gun powder. The sheer number of bullets made the atmosphere dense with smoke from the gun powder.

Suddenly, the Pakistan army set fire to the corrugated barracks at the eastern side. Ultimately, all ammunition were exhausted and the sound of single shots became



more and more scattered, indistinct. The remaining police force started to escape to save their lives. Some of them came running through the narrow alleyway between our houses; couple of them knocked on our house asking for escape routes. I directed them towards the Mouchak Road behind our house. I don't know the ultimate fate of those escaping policemen. Apparently, many of the escaping police were wounded, but we were helpless as the army was still carrying out their killing spree. We were just listening to the horrific sounds of gunfire and waiting for all this to be over!

**26 March, 1971**

Slowly, the sound of gunshots died down. A chilling fear crawled up my spine. We were petrified that soldiers might carry out a house to house search and go on a killing spree. At last, the darkness of the night disappeared as dawn broke, every now and then, the silence shaken by the sound of passing armoured vehicles.

After a while, I gathered some psychological strength and stood up. I slowly walked down to the front of my house and opened the door a little bit, peeping through gap. The roads running along the two sides were empty, not a single creature could be seen.

Soon, I heard the sound of an armoured vehicle. A heavy truck carrying some soldiers was on its way to the Rajarbagh Police Lines. All the soldiers were sitting alert with their weapons in hands. Another one was standing behind the driver's cabin with a LMG on the roof.

A dense cloud of black smoke was rising from the still burning barracks and

covered the eastern sky, the sun yet to be clearly visible. Hot air was blowing from the devastated burnt ruins, intermittently whirling around the empty spaces, carrying a distinct pungent smell towards our house. Now the whole area was permeating with the burnt smell. The dawn stretched a bit longer. Since it was a deliberate attempt by the Pakistan army, the thought of firefighters coming to help was beyond our imagination, though a firefighting station was just across the police barracks.

I started moving with my family members — my parents, three brothers and a sister. My elder brother, Kaoser, was still missing. It was presumed that he had been staying with his action group somewhere near Dhaka University.

I came out to assess the situation and walked down the narrow lane leading

the regular programme was interrupted with some government instructions, on repeat. Some religious programmes were being aired as well. President Yahya Khan said in a nationwide radio broadcast at night that Awami League would be completely banned.

**The Aftermath**

At that moment, people all around the country had no idea that unprecedented atrocities were carried out around Dhaka city and elsewhere in the country. Even we were completely unaware about the mass killing and devastation.

The news of battle against the army spread quickly; also, the news of mass killings in Old Dhaka, predominantly in Hindu areas, and the attack on Dhaka University Iqbal Hall and Jagannath Hall spread in the city like wildfire.

Members of the Nucleus and other students who escaped the onslaught of Pakistan Army revealed the horrific situation at Dhaka University campus on the night of March 25.

On the night of the 26th, a member of the Sareng Bari offered us shelter. The homemaker, Mrs Sareng, was very kind and helpful. We were amazed at her hospitality as she offered beds and quilts to us. Nights and early mornings were still chilly during spring time in late March.

Next morning, after returning to our homes, we became busy making breakfast for the family. Next day, on 27 March, 1971, a radio announcement informed us that curfew would be lifted for two hours to facilitate the members of the public to purchase food and other necessary items.

The moment had arrived. Curfew was relaxed after ten o'clock and we were out. My father went for shopping; my brothers and sister, along with my mother, came out from the hideout and set foot in open space.

I walked down the narrow lane leading to the main street. At the end, many other onlookers assembled and looked around to see the devastation. I met there with my friends Azad, Mahboob, Karim and a few others, juniors and seniors.

We could clearly see the streets and adjacent buildings. The black smoke still came out from the burnt barracks on the eastern side, an acrid smell blowing intermittently from the wreckage. We were astonished to see the DIG and CID buildings were riddled with bullet holes, like a honey comb. Several gaping holes, seemingly from artillery fire, were visible. All of a sudden, a man appeared before us from nowhere; walking like a zombie, tumbling like a drunk. We were astonished to learn that he was hiding inside the rain water drainage system, running along the roadsides to save his life during the battle. He had been late in going home that night, and got caught in the warfare. Luckily, the dry drains were like a trench that saved his body and covered him from the sight of the army and crisscrossing bullets, although they were firing the cannons only a few feet from him.

A feeling of uncertainty gripped us. We did not know what was to become of us. We all felt insecure, but were happy to be alive.

**By Sanaul Huq Chowdhury**  
**Photo: LS Archive/Sazzad Ibne Sayed**

*Sanaul Huq Chowdhury is a retired marine engineer. In 1971, he was a student of Dhaka College. Politically alert from that age, Chowdhury played an active role in student politics. This week, 50 years since that fateful evening, he shares his experience of the dark night that was 25 March, 1971.*



# The next 50 years: we need to change

It is said that we humans live out our lives on this planet to fulfil our goals and dreams, all in accordance with our destiny. It is what makes us get out of bed in the morning, power through our days, close our eyes at night, and repeat.

It is also said that the circumstances of one's birth is irrelevant, that s/he can achieve greatness with hard work and sincerity.

In that same way, it can be said that nations, like men, also have their own destiny. Take our own Bangladesh. Its birth was bloody, the circumstances for it, the right to speak our mother language, so unique that no other such case exist elsewhere, and now, 50 years later, on the verge of leaving the Least Developed Country category by the UN CDP.

Bangladesh has come a long way in its 50 years of independence. We suffered heavily in the early years, losing the Father of the Nation, the multiple military coups, but after the restoration of democracy in December 1990, the country has slowly, but steadily, began to advance and has nearly met all the goals set forth for the country all those years ago.

So, when I was wondering where Bangladesh would be another 50 years from now, I went for the stereotypical thought-process; maglev trains, no pollution, free energy, free Wi-Fi on the streets for anyone to use, flying cars, the lot. But as I take time, look out the window and see the country I was born into, I can't help but feel that while the country, as an entity, as gone beyond what my 10-year-old self ever

imagined, its citizens may not have taken the same evolutionary jump.

We humans, as a species, have apparently advanced immensely in the last 40-50 years. But I feel as though during that advancement, we lost something important; empathy, and our own citizens fall into this as well. I see this lack of empathy, garnished with an unhealthy amount of selfishness everywhere.

Now you might argue that I am being ungrateful, or I am being sour for being dealt a bad hand at life. To you, I say that when I see teenagers cutting up kittens on Facebook for "entertainment," or acts of violence against women publicised on social media, or to the petty theft that happens to someone involved in a hit-and-

run, or people being run over because of competing buses, or the amount of people killed by medical malpractice, and the many other "seemingly normal" incidents

that happen every day does not portray a healthy citizenry to me. The absolute tragedy about all this is that it is not due to a lack of infrastructure development at all. As I said before, the country is advanced well beyond expectations. It's us, the people that have not kept up. This is why, in a country with so many facilities designed to get your work done fast and efficiently, you still have to pay extra on the side to get things done.

This is why our sellers don't think twice about using colours and preservatives in food that are lethal for human consumption; the very same items we end up giving to members of the community who are sick. This is why, when the signal on the road goes green, it is not the cars,

people cross on the road when there is a foot over-bridge, literally over them?

I once saw a dog use the foot over-bridge on a very busy road and was left astonished at its intelligence, and as I looked down, I saw people scale over guard-railings on the island to cross that same busy road; make of that story what you will. This is why, when someone is desperately ill here, the first thing we do is book air tickets to fly abroad. This is a particularly sore point for us because, let's not forget, some of the leading doctors in many major foreign healthcare facilities are from here.

Imagine if doctors here actually put patients first, instead of their wallet; that would be real advancement if you ask me. It is this lack of empathy that I feel when I speak of what I want to see changed in the next 50 years.

I could go on and on, but this wouldn't be fruitful. So, I will say this; in the next 50 years, I would like a nation where its people displayed empathy for one another, that we use the already established, and still to be established infrastructure to actually better ourselves. I hope that 50 years from now, there is no such thing as violence against women. I hope that in the future, no household has to cross international borders to get treatment for serious illnesses.

A knife in the hands of a child is a dangerous thing, and so it can be said about social media in the hands of people with no idea of its capabilities, and so maybe in the next 50 years, we can discard our bad social media habits and actually tap into its potential for good. If we as citizens rise to the occasion, this nation doesn't really have to worry about its image around the world anymore.

As for the maglevs and free Wi-Fi, I can wait, but perhaps no pollution can get here a bit sooner so that I can live to see my country 50 years for now.

**By Obiwan  
Creatives: Biplob Chakroborty**



run, or people being run over because of competing buses, or the amount of people killed by medical malpractice, and the many other "seemingly normal" incidents

but the people that decide to cross first. We don't hesitate to badmouth traffic police, but what about the pedestrians? Disagree with what I said? Let me ask you, why do





#FASHION

# Modest fashion by Tahoor

Butterfly shaped kaftans, oversized capes and bell-bottom pants. We are not only discussing our Eid wardrobe wish-list here, but what is trending in the world of modest fashion.

Modest fashion has taken the world by storm in recent years, not only because it's popular with the Muslim women, but also with everyone else who believes in 'timeless and sophisticated' fashion statements.

Restrictive, tight-fitting clothes have had their moment in the fashion calendar, now it's time for the longer-length, looser fitting clothes. Yes! You heard it right; an amalgamation of the '70s and '90s is back being trendy again.

Lisa Hossain, mother of two and a banker by profession, prefers to wear the loose-fitting kaftan over her regular jeans and t-shirt when she steps out of the house. "I feel so comfortable and liberated and that's style for me," admits Hossain.

Haniam Maria Chowdhury began her fashion initiative Tahoor with the sole aim of providing fashionable clothing to those who prefer to wear modest fashion wear. "Back then, there was a serious scarcity in the segment. Personally, I didn't find much option regarding modest fashion wear even though I loved experimenting with



new styles and designs. Hence, my own journey encouraged me to start Tahoor. Today, I have nine branches around the country including, Dhaka, Chattogram, and Sylhet. People from all segments of life come to buy our clothes, not just Muslim women but everyone who prefers a loose-fitting, comfortable and trendy styling

that is timeless and sophisticated," said Chowdhury.

Rudmila Khundkar, an avid fan of modest fashion, relays to us her reason behind being an ardent fan.

"Modest fashion can be worn all throughout the year; I can wear a cotton midi during the summer season. It looks so

feminine and attractive. During the winter, I can wear the same thing, coupled with a cape or a jacket and leggings. I can even accompany a scarf with the same styling and look no less than a French actress," giggled the fashionista.

Modest fashion has become a huge deal in the global fashion arena, including Bangladesh. Tahoor's collection is available online, on various e-commerce sites including Evaly, Priyo Shop and Daraz.

"I am surprised that people even go to online sites to buy our fashion wear. It must mean that we are providing something that customers really want," said Chowdhury.

We can also say that it is a trend that we have seen before and one which we have chosen to retain and wear all throughout the year and eras.

**By Fashion Police**  
**Photo: Wedding Angels by Nusrat Oni**  
**Models: Tazkia, Nazifa, Raina, Anika, Roya, Mysha, Parcha, Shoily**  
**Jewellery: Kolors of Kathmandu**  
**Bags: Rim Bangladesh**  
**Wardrobe: Tahoor by Haniam Maria Chowdhury**  
**Hair and Makeup: Glam Addiction by Mysha**  
**Location: Shebakunjo**