

EDITORIAL

I am in a love affair with Bangla grammar. It's not like I am good at speaking or writing in Bangla, regrettably so, but I just really enjoy small tidbits of Bangla grammar that I learned in school.

When I hear an interesting word, if I can remember its grammatical roots, I will tell my annoyed/astonished friends everything I know about it. The shondhi, the shomash, the prokriti-prottoy, whether the word has a Sanskrit root, and if it does, what level of distortion it's currently suffering – I'll say it all. It has become a bit of a party trick at this point, and while I love the attention I get from it, I like to think there are other, more important reasons.

Language is fluid, it transforms, it flows, the same language can roll off the tongue or get stuck in the back of the throat. I was lucky enough to have some excellent teachers of Bangla grammar growing up, and despite failing to learn many things they wanted me to know, I think the one thing that impressed upon me is how Bangla grammar is all about transformation. It's beautiful, it often feels like magic, and I am in love with it.

– Azmin Azran, Sub-editor, SHOUT



PLAYWATCH

BOOKS



DESIGN: MRITTIKA ANAN RAHMAN

The Essential Mohiuddin Ahmad

HASIB UR RASHID IFTI

The first time I asked my father “How did Bangladesh get here?” was back in Class 9 while reading about our political history in the form of a dull Bangladesh and Global Studies book. My father explained the transition from Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman to Sheikh Hasina and the people that came and left in between. Pretty straightforward.

The next time I asked my father the same question, he simply sighed, “It’s too long of a story to tell.” That’s when I came across a book named Jashoder Utthan Poton: Osthir Somoyer Rajniti.

The name “Jashod” rang a bell because Abba repeated this name while getting nostalgic about the political unrest in the late 70s. I bought the book instantly – no reviews, no expectations, no preconceived notion.

The following seven days were the most thrilling ones I could have had as a reader. In my amateur eyes, it felt like unravelling state secrets. A story ripped straight from the pages of a chaotic political thriller. Betrayal, heartbreak, vengeance and agony – after I was done reading it for the second time, I finally realised the genius of the master storyteller that is Mohiuddin Ahmad.

Mohiuddin Ahmad himself was an eyewitness to the political transitions in Bangladesh. Yet, the sheer amount of effort behind research and interviews for maintaining historical accuracy is evident in his works. His true artistry lies in the simplicity of his storytelling. Be it the intricate analysis of the November military coups of 1975 or the dramatic political crisis during 1/11 – his effortless storytelling, assorted with praiseworthy attention to detail, make each

major political event in Bangladeshi history a riveting thriller.

However, there’s more to his books than being just another inspection of our political history. By reading books like Bela-Obela: Bangladesh 1972-1975 or Ek-Egaro, you get a broader picture of the chaos that has been our political climate. More importantly, you realise – it was all here, on the very same streets you and I walk. Revolutions, the ones that succeeded and the ones that failed.

While Ahmad does provide the answer to “How did we get here?”, this new understanding of our nation’s history poses a bigger question whose answer already lies shrouded by our past – “How much did we have to sacrifice to come this far?”

It’s not just about our struggles before independence, it’s also about what came after. Protests, unrest, and violence, all in the heart of Dhaka, in an independent Bangladesh. Young men and women, no older than myself, off to change the course of their independent country – all for an ideology they believe in.

While Ahmad dives deep into the complicated political affairs of the past and the lives of controversial figures like Siraj Sikder or Serajul Alam Khan, he also succeeds in interpreting the mindset of the youth in a newly born and chaotic Bangladesh.

And that’s where the essentiality of Mohiuddin Ahmad lies, I believe. Knowing about our turbulent past not only helps us understand our journey thus far, but also perceive what the future might hold for us.

Remind Ifti to be quieter at
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TITLE OF YOUR MIXTAPE



A	B
Chaina Bhabish Arnob	Keep Talking Pink Floyd
My Foot Subconscious	Child in Time Deep Purple
Bol Ke Lab Azad Hain Manto	Rock The Night Europe
Will He JOJI	Rocc Climbing Remble ft. Lil Yachty

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