



**ECHOES BY**  
ASRAR CHOWDHURY

# THE DAY THE MUSIC DIED

**I**  
My student Monir, a Lecturer in Economics at Bangladesh University of Professionals, dropped me a line, “Sir, did you see the news? Shane Warne died.”

All deaths are unexpected. Some are so unexpected, they are unacceptable. Warnie, as he was fondly called, was one such death.

That same day, March 4, 2022, Rodney Marsh of Australia passed away. He was 74. I started actively following cricket in 1985/86. Rod Marsh played his last Test in 1984. I also missed Dennis Lillee and Jeff Thomson, who retired near to Rod Marsh.

Rod Marsh took 343 catches and made 12 stumps in Tests. Dennis Lillee also took 355 wickets in Tests. I can tell more stories about the Australian sides that included the trio, but that would be an academic exercise, not one that I experienced. Warnie was different, though.

**II**  
I was born in 1970. This makes Saeed Anwar (1968), Michael Atherton (1968), Brian Lara (1969), Shane Warne (1969), Waqar Younis (1971), Muttiah Muralitharan (1972), Sachin Tendulkar (1973), and Shivnarine Chanderpaul (1974) special to me. This generation is my generation.

Every individual has a chauvinism to their own generation. I am no exception.



PHOTO: **CRICKET.COM.AU**

I have a chauvinism to these players from my generation because I grew up with them. Still, Warnie was different.

**III**  
When it comes to the Ashes, I support England. I spent my childhood and a part of my youth in the UK. Supporting the team that the Aussies call POM (Prisoners of His/Her Majesty) comes natural to me.

In my generation of Ashes, all England supporters have a love-hate relationship with Warnie. From the “ball of the century” bowled to Mike Gatting in the 1993 Ashes at Old Trafford to his forty wickets in the 2005 Ashes that England ultimately won, Warnie was always the threat. Still, Warnie was different.

West Indies is my ultimate Test team. And Warnie was the only Aussie with

whom I could identify. I still do not find a parallel to this day with Aussies. Warnie had that West Indies spirit. Fierce on the field, carefree off it. Yes, some of his carefree experiences did land him into trouble, but that was Warnie. Love him or hate him, you could never but be amazed with him.

**IV**  
I missed Warnie’s stint in the IPL. I do not follow franchise cricket. However, in commentary is where I will miss Warnie the most. I grew up listening to the commentary of Henry Blofeld, Tony Cozier, and Richie Benaud in the days of radio. Warnie, to me, came closest to that commentary, adding to it his honesty to call a spade a spade.

If there is one Aussie England supporters would have loved were theirs, it was Warnie. Ask the Barmy Army, they will tell you. Warnie’s untimely departure makes Dylan’s lines “Life is so easy to look at; hard to define” shine. Warnie is now in a good place. May he rest in peace.

Note: The “chauvinism” quote is from Ramachandra Guha, a leading writer on cricket from India.

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## A timeline of giving up on your undergraduate degree

**HASIB UR RASHID IFTI**

Sigh if this sounds familiar – a hyperactive, over-enthusiastic university junior knocks you with a query and along the conversation, you get an idea about his anticipations and premature aspirations regarding the bait he paid for.

Yet, as you look past your inner cyberbully, you recognise this gullible fresher as a shadow of your own past, full of expectations and ignorant of the foil-wrapped depression that awaits.

Your relationship with your university is much like Bangladeshis’ relationship with road safety. You can’t pinpoint exactly when you gave up on it, but now it’s too late.

Here’s looking back at your juvenile days as a university student.

### BOOKS, A RELIC OF THE PAST

Going to Nilkhet, and buying academic books thicker than your brain that made you buy all of them in the first place. Sounds familiar? If so, here’s something else that should ring a bell as well – not even touching 70 percent of them by the semester’s end.

The number of books bought being inversely proportional to the number



of semesters is a basic thumb rule of higher studies. Around 3 AM before your semester finals, once you’re done dealing with panic attacks, and halfway through your hunt for those precious slides your lecturer provided months back, you look at those sooty and grimy relics and loathe the person you’ve become.

### FALL OF THE FUTURE FACULTY MEMBERS

Sure, your seniors have laughed at you (and everyone else in your department) about your ambitions of being a faculty member. But being the certified Golden

A+ boy you are, you’re delusively confident about your capabilities based on the Bangladeshi education system. Hey, if English for Today didn’t make you give up on English as a language, your university possible can’t make you give up on your degree.

Thirty minutes into staring at the first semester lab quiz, you realise being a university lecturer is not your cup of tea. After the quiz ends, once you go to your section’s group chat, you see people conveniently nailing problems you didn’t dare attempt and yet have the audaci-

ty to whine about it. Maybe you really should’ve reconsidered that “buying you a rickshaw” threat by your father when you had the chance.

### NOTES, TO TAKE OR NOT TO TAKE

The first thing a university student gets introduced to is the notes of previous batches. Nobody knows who took those notes in the first place or when they were taken. Yet, generations of engineers, doctors and corporate slaves stand on the shoulder of that one person and their legacy.

However, a fresher might not always comprehend the gravity of said notes and make the bold attempt of actually considering taking lecture notes. Mid-semester, with the date and course code written on top of a blank page and 30 minutes into the lecture, the fresher realises he’s not the NCTB-sealed good student anymore. Yet, he doesn’t care, knowing that the topper’s probably going to take the notes for the entire class.

Only when the fresher gets a notification of his topper friend reacting to a meme he shared, does he realise that it’s time to give up.

*Remind Ifti to be quieter at hasiburrashidifti@gmail.com*