



#REVIEW

ASHWINER CHA CHAKRA: A tribute to singer Farida Parveen

At first glance, it looked like an intimate adda spot — a blackboard scribbled with “Ashwiner Cha Chakra,” a terracotta pitcher, a palm plant in a pierced clay vase, and a dheki propped in one corner like a nod to rural stillness. However, inside this corner of curated nostalgia, something deeper was brewing. It was an evening that stitched together memory, music, and vegan meals, all in honour of the woman who once gave voice to Lalon’s soul, Farida Parveen.

The event, organised by Faiza Ahmed, proprietor and fashion designer of the clothing brand Manas, was not a formal tribute in the textbook sense. Instead, it chose intimacy, the kind that lets grief breathe and admiration simmer. Ashwiner Cha Chakra was less of a memorial and more of a remembering.

“This wasn’t meant to be a programme,” said Faiza Ahmed quietly. “It was something I had to do with my hands, my heart, and my space. Farida Apa’s voice was not just music; it was a home for so many of us. I wanted to create a corner where that feeling could linger a little longer.”

At the heart of the evening was a performance by Gazi Md Abdul Hakim, flautist and husband of Farida Parveen. He did not say much, but his flute carried something words could not. It was filled with longing, gratitude, and a quiet conversation with someone no longer in the room but still very much in the air.

Anchoring the tribute was the ever-persistent presence of Lalon. His philosophy did not hover as a historical



footnote; it pulsed through the evening like a current. From the choice of vegan dinner (earth-conscious, body-respecting) to the absence of rigid formality, everything reflected Lalon’s ethos of simplicity, fluidity, and inner truth.

Another subtle but significant moment was Shama Rahman’s launch of a hair oil product during the gathering. It could have felt out of place, but didn’t. If anything, it offered a small yet poignant counterpoint: something healing, rooted in earth and care.

The evening did not end with applause. It ended with a collective

silence — people sitting a little longer than necessary, not wanting to be the first to leave. Some hummed, others clutched warm mugs of tea. Someone whispered a line from a Lalon song. No one tried to fill the air with platitudes. And that, perhaps, was the most respectful thing they could have done.

Farida Parveen was not just a singer. She was a carrier of thought, a keeper of questions. And Ashwiner Cha Chakra, in all its minimalism, was a fitting tribute.



By Ayman Anika
Photos: Courtesy