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The Legend-Our Legend

by

Dr. Abdun Noor *

Yearnings of the soul of a *bangali* remain for a great ***adda.*** **As so called rebel students of the Dhaka University, during late fifties, we could claim no exception to this yearning. We sought meaningful *adda,* which shall enable us to converse effectively, and allow us to articulate far reaching ideas and visions for our society. We designated ourselves as champions for exchanging ideas that will make a difference to our society. Our thoughts and visions shall generate economic and social reforms across thousands of global villages. Little we knew at that age that ail youths in all societies during all times grow up as rebels with global yearnings to gather and to share. We were of no exceptions.**

But our youthful yearning for rejuvenation was restrained by lack of a proper facility where we could open our hearts without any constraints of time, environment or space. Usually we gathered at the canteen of *Modhuda.* He was all ways welcoming. His waiters treated us with relative cordiality and maintained a continuing supply of *sandesh or nimki* for our ever expanding tables. He brewed continuingly his tea, **perhaps over three days. He would extract the last remains of caffeine that a dried tea leaf could ever hold. He will serve this tea liquor for us with a layer milk s/wrj as a symbol of his cordiality. Modhuda was all ways hospitable. But our own** apprehensions of his of mode of billing will keep us anxious. Modhuda have had a unique system. He kept his fat ***hishaber*** *khata,* the cash book, not on the measure of what each of us consumed individually, but on the criteria of how much time we, have spent, collectively, occupying his canteen **tables** for our **adda. We presumed!** |

Despite our unlimited hours of ***adda*** at the canteen **we seem to be breaking up** ending up our adda with unfulfilled yearnings. **We talk, we debate, we cut jokes,**| we pull each other, we shout; and yet we find, **somewhere down the time stream, thel rhythm** of a *sitar* has lapsed, the *jhankar* of a heart **has misfired.**

I opened my mind. Mustafa Zaman is a relatively tall stylish young man graced with] an ever smiling face and endued with an inquisitive listening attitude. We need a] place of our own, where we could gather ourselves regularly, on a weekly or] monthly basis. This would not be a place of vain adda for conquering the world. Rather, in this gathering, we shall share and exchange our creative works. We shall; read our creative writings, such as essays, short stories or poems. We shall recite poems of our favorite poets. We shall share our ideas. We shall listen to each other.; We shall value and appreciate each other's creative contributions. Our ***adda*** shall he creative, constructive, and focused.

Mustafa Zaman agreed readily. "Let us pilot this unique adda. We could hold this *adda* at **our home". Mustafa Zaman volunteered with his trademark smile.**

''Are you sure?" I asked.

^Absolutely! We live in Purana Paltan. Our home is quite close. We can walk down from here in ten minutes."

***'Will your parents concur?" I ask with deep apprehensions.**

"Leave those formalities with me", assured Mustafa Zaman. "Shall we arrange this adda for next Sunday in the afternoon, around 3p.m?"

Mustafa Zaman, to make his name *adhunik* and distinctive, recently have added a *uadabi,* Abbasi, following his last name. The resonance of the name, Mustafa Zaman Abbasi, sounded great.

With that inspiring gesture of Abbasi, our forum ***Amader Ashar*** came into being. We Wrote on ruled white papers several copies of a *biggopti,* news release announcing that **tie** first ***baithak*** of *Amader Ashar* will take place at *Hiramon Manzil* on next Sunday at **3** p.m. Those who are interested to participate and listen to creative works of our youth lare invited to attend. Mustafa Zaman delivered the news release by hand for Daily Ittefaq at Wari, and for Daily Song bad at Bangshal. Similarly,I carried out this Besponsibility for Daily Azaad at Lalbagh. We noted to our surprise that *biggopti had* Been published with care by all the three daily newspapers.

Mustafa Zaman was waiting anxiously at the end of the stairs of *Hiramon Manzil.* Our **lieeting** room was in upstairs. As we go up the stairs of *Hiramon Manzil,* the ***foithakhana*** isin the right hand side, with large lighted windows, covered with Embroidered draperies. Mustafa Zaman has moved the sofas and the center tables to he walls, and laid out wide spaces for sitting down on white bed sheets. Abbasi has |so made arrangements for snacks: *naaru, **muri** bhaja, andgurer chai.* What more we
eed for our first session of *Amader Ashar?*

xcept the participants. Yes they came. Some came alone; others came with friends, altogether, we have had about 30 participants. We started our proceedings. Mustafa laman laid down the rules of our creative forum. The *Amader Ashar* shall not hold any
Bredetermined agenda. It is a forum for creative works: be it arts, music or literature. Rll those who are seeking cultivation of creative works will be welcomed. We will not Create a formal organizational set up ***for Amader Ashar,*** either with a President or with **j** Convener. Any participant *of Amader Ashar* could take the initiative for leading the ■ext session. The venue of each session shall change and rotate. The first session is taking place today at *Hiramon Manzil.* It is now up to the participants to determine When and where the next session will take place and who shall take the lead.