



FROM APATHY TO OBSESSION



Gen Z's Movement for Justice Beyond Stereotypes

Moriom Sultana

Remember when politics was just that boring thing we tried to avoid at the dinner table? Let's pause to move forward, and now here we are - it started with a meme, a tweet, a YouTube video, or maybe that one Netflix documentary. Suddenly we were googling notable Revolutions at 3 AM, not for our exam, but because we needed to know. We started following

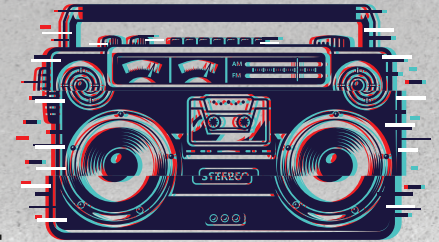
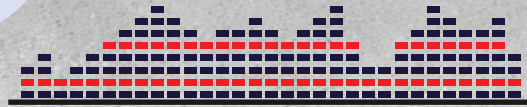
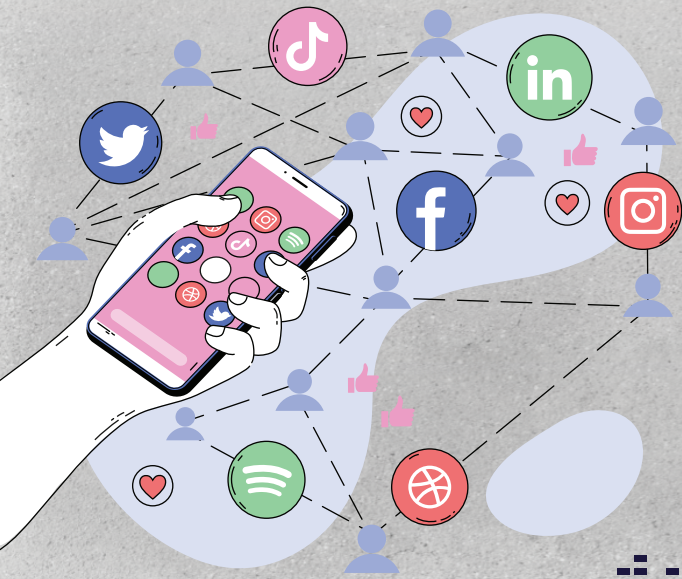
threads, looking for verified sources and if necessary, constantly challenging our existing knowledge, perceptions and engagement. Of Course, we are not flexing our newfound knowledge. It's about demonstrating resilience, solidarity, and a deep sense of responsibility toward societal issues. Forget those stereotypes that often label Gen Z as self-centered, far from reality and too

distracted by the screens. Stepping beyond the stereotypes and challenging the status quo, this generation is actively reshaping how society views them. At the heart of this transformation is a commitment to create a more equitable and just society. This generation is opening up the door to a new era of activism – driven by values, fueled by technology, and focused on justice.

ECHOES OF FREEDOM:

From Radio Waves to Social Media

Fatema Tuz Zohora



In the turbulent days of 1971, as Bangladesh fought for its long-awaited independence, people were desperate for any form of updates about the deadly war of liberation. With communication limited to the crackling radios, they clung to every broadcast about the war, with the light of hope for some positivity ignited in their

minds. Amidst this desperate time, **Shadhin Bangla Betar Kendra** emerged as a lifeline, becoming the nation's voice. This radio station provided crucial updates and fueled the spirit of liberation across the country.



Fast forward to 2024, communication has evolved into multitude forms, with social media at the forefront. We witnessed the rebirth of a modern-day radio in the shape of **Facebook, Twitter** during the nationwide student protests. People quickly shared information, posted urgent appeals

and raised awareness against misinformation harnessing social media to draw international attention. In those crucial moments, social media became a pivotal bridge, bringing Bangladesh's situation onto the global stage and into the headlines of international news channels.

Social media became more than just a medium of communication, it transformed into that exact radio station where people heard the echoes of their voices, rekindling the spirit of our identities as Bangladeshi. It became our own "Shadhin Bangladesh Betar Kendro".



FASCISM

AND ITS WEAPONS

Jarraf Rahman

"Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely"

- Lord Acton

The concept of fascism and corruption can be made interrelated because of how a fascist has to turn everything into absolute autocracy to consolidate the powerhouse. But, how can a fascist corrupt everything and ensure an autocracy? Simple! Using power. However, where does such power come from? The answer includes power of words, power of **mind-games** and power of **incentives**. To execute it, a fascist turns its eyes towards the law enforcers such as the police, intelligence wing and ultimately, the army. Here, the army remains the Queen of chess play, a very hard to tame yet very powerful tool for a fascist. To lure more



and more people into the strings of a dollhouse, the fascist provides absolute power to them which ultimately turns the corrupt people into the fascist's pawns, however, ensues a carnage in the way. Finally, when the these people owning power start implementing the ideologies of the **"Big Brother"**, the "Big Brother" ascends to be a fascist who owns hundreds and thousands of weapons, ready to unleash hell on whomever defies the ideologies. Who are the prey? The people of the country, absolutely.



Bangladeshi

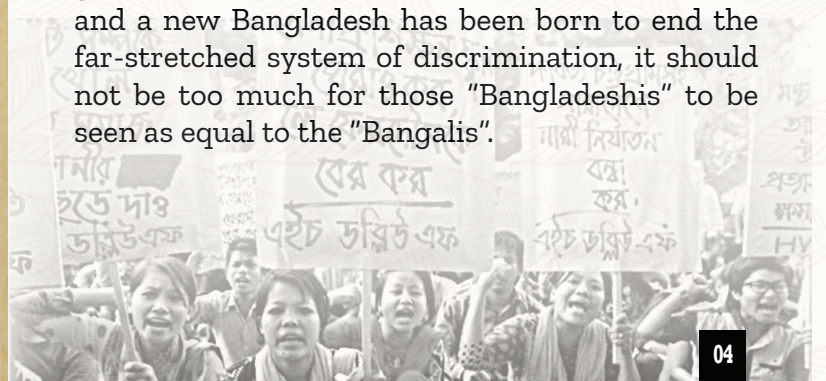
Not Bangali

Tale of the Ethnic People

Muhd. Nazmus Saquib



While the country is rejoicing for the recent fall of autocracy, are we having the inclusion of all corners? Or is it bypassing the lonely hills where the Bangladeshis, not Bangalis, live? These people have been living in the same nation that we do, yet get treated differently. Political and social marginalization have always been there, plainland ethnic people lost their lands and have become workers in their own lands. Deprivation, discrimination and negligence have their marks in every place of their lives. Their rights as well as their identity always get slipped out of our minds just because they are not US! The infrastructural development can be a single sector that the government has worked on, ironically that is also mostly for the tourists; the locality is still deprived of basic needs like education, health-care, and even fresh water. This misery has been lasting not only for years but actually for decades. Many peace treaties have been signed, and countless promises have been made, but not much has been changed. The people still live under the constant fear of getting oppressed by the military or even getting bullied by fellow "Bangali" citizens. Since there has been a shift in power and a new Bangladesh has been born to end the far-stretched system of discrimination, it should not be too much for those "Bangladeshis" to be seen as equal to the "Bangalis".



1984

George Orwell

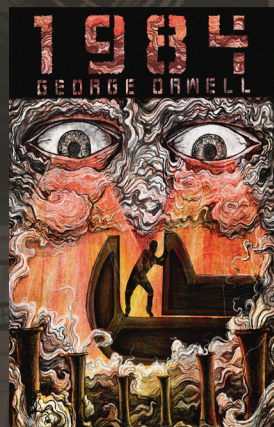
Imagine, You're living in a place where reality is whatever the government (Big Brother) says it is. One day, $2+2$ equals 4, the next day it equals 5, and if **Big Brother** says it's 3, you better believe it or face a fate worse than trying to explain your internet browsing history. Winston Smith, our not-so-brave hero, dares to ask, "Wait, isn't $2+2$ always 4?" And thus begins his tragic, albeit predictable, downfall. Orwell touches on all the things we love to hate: oppressive governments, the perils of surveillance, and the horrors of brainwashing. It's like **'The Hunger Games'** but with less archery and more psychological trauma.

On Bookreads, **1984** scores **4.2** out of **5** (Pretty solid), proving that people still enjoy a good dystopian tale even if it makes them question their life choices. Amazon reviews are equally positive, averaging around **4.7** out of **5** stars.

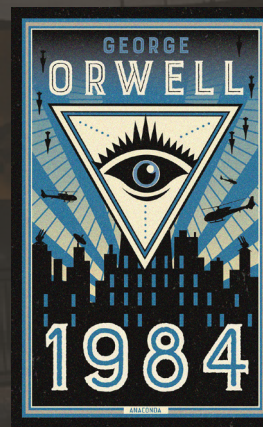
Now, an anecdote of the plot (SPOILER ALERT!!) The novel takes place in Airstrip One, a province of the superstate Oceania ruled by the **Party**, led by the mysterious and omnipresent figure, **Big Brother**. The Party maintains power through propaganda, surveillance, censorship, and brutal enforcement by the **Thought Police**. The story begins with our protagonist, **Winston Smith**, who begins to feel rebellious and skeptical of the Party's grasp on truth and reality. The plot thickens when the protagonist is involved in an illicit love affair with **Julia**. Winston then finds the **Brotherhood**, a covert resistance movement and the Party's most formidable proponent. As the story develops, both of them are finally deceived and subjected to terrible psychological and physical suffering at the Ministry of Love. The novel's most well-known premise, "**Room 101**", depicts the ultimate kind of torture, fitted to each individual's most sinister fears.

So, all I have to say is that this novel is a classic for a reason. It's the kind of book that sticks with you like gum on your shoe, constantly reminding you of the terrifying potential of unchecked power. But don't worry, it's not all doom and gloom—oh wait, YES, it is. But at least you can laugh at how absurdly relevant it still is today. So go ahead, pick up a copy, and enjoy the existential dread!

Would I recommend it? **Absolutely!** Just make sure you're in a good mood before diving in, because Orwell's world isn't exactly a barrel of laughs. Moreover, he introduced a new tongue called **NEWSPEAK!!**



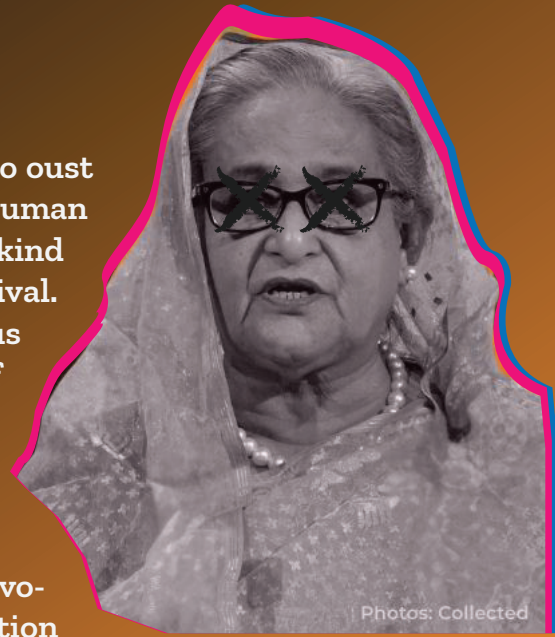
ISHRAK FARHAN



Memos Injured The Dictator

Throughout modern history, art has been used against dictators to oust them from their tyranny. As much as art is an inherent aspect of human nature, so is rebellion. Since the beginning of our existence, mankind has been rebelling against nature's forces and animals for its survival. So it is just normal that art has become an outlet for the rebellious spirit of humanity. From the Arpilleras that became the symbol of Chilean women's protest against the brutal Pinochet dictatorship to the most recent meme culture that we saw being used to raise voices against autocratic power in Bangladesh, art has always carried the spirit of people and elevated it.

In recent days, Bangladeshis have seen a momentary yet powerful revolution unfold in front of their eyes. Similar to the days of the liberation war in 1971, when artists used Shadhin Bangla Betar Kendra as their outlet, students had Facebook and social media to spread their words this time, most especially their art carrying the words of revolution. With changing times, art has taken many new forms, and now memes and graffiti could very well be considered a form of visual art that conveys the voice of revolution. Through lighthearted pictures and funny lines associated with them, the memes carried deep messages against the ongoing oppression that many mass media platforms dared not express in broad daylight. Those virtual memes were not 'virtual' anymore when they were painted on the walls. Remember "Charampatra" from 1971? Yes, that one satirical radio show that kept the momentum of the war as well as being a stress reliever for the country. For 1971- Charampatra, and for 2024- memes are essentially a fun way to express people's opinions. But often they seem to cross the lines, particularly from a constructive viewpoint. However, from the Quota reformation to the fall of autocracy- memes have been the movement's life all along. Even the nitpickers appreciated its presence while continuously reminding the people of Charampatra with its creative and powerful messages spread throughout the country. From memes in the online world to graffiti on offline walls, the words were seeded deep into the minds of people. The amateur and impromptu graffiti done by the students on the walls all around the country in the midst of processions might not always seem like some artistic specimen, but their value and impact were far greater. With our country finally emerging from the dark days of oppression and rebellion, memes and graffiti will always be there to remind us of those days when something trivial could carry our voices and make them heard.



Photos: Collected

- Pushpita Amin



REVOLUTION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THEN WHAT? ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ah, **revolutions**—the big, dramatic break-ups in history's little black book. Think of them as that one toxic relationship you keep revisiting, hoping it'll be different this time. Spoiler alert: it never is. The French tried it, and even the good old Arabs jumped on the bandwagon, only to find themselves tangled in a web of complications that none can help their way out of.

Let's start with the French Revolution, that grand spectacle of powdered wigs, guillotines, and a very angry (quite angry) mob. The French decided they were done with Marie Antoinette's cake party, so they got together and chopped off some heads, including Louis the 16th. You'd think that after overthrowing a king, they'd finally chill out and enjoy some freedom, right? Wrong! Instead, they spun the wheel and landed on - Napoleon. Because nothing says "**we want liberty**" like crowning an emperor, right? It's like throwing out your broken toaster and replacing it with a flamethrower. Sure, it's flashy, but breakfast is still ruined.

Meanwhile, the Arab Spring, unlike any other spring resembled a scene of the ultimate neighborhood block party gone wrong. Picture this: everyone's excited, there's chatter about bringing out new recipes, sprucing up the old block, and finally getting rid of that weird smell by the block that everyone complains about. But then, as more folks start pouring in, things start to get a bit chaotic. The guy in charge of the barbecue suddenly wants to run the whole party, the DJ starts playing his own mixtape on repeat. Before you know it, what was supposed to be a fun and refreshing get-together turns into a hot mess. What started with high hopes and tremendous ideas as more people tried to take control spiraled into a series of chaotic, messy events that left everyone trying to figure out where it all went wrong.

What's the lesson here? The next time you hear someone shout "**Revolution!**", just remember: revolution is like a giant spinning carnival ride. At first, it's thrilling—people hop on, shouting for change, and the wheel starts turning faster and faster. But as the ride picks up speed, things start to get a little wobbly. Folks are holding on for dear life and praying for it to stop. Why must the wheel of revolution stop? Well, if you let it spin too long, you'll end up with a carnival of confusion rather than a festival of harmony. By hitting the brakes at just the right moment, everyone gets off the ride, shares a laugh about the wild spins, and moves on to the next attraction—**TOGETHER.**

Now the million-dollar question is, how is it relevant or in any form pertinent to today's context? Well, I believe,

A HINT IS ALL IT TAKES FOR THE WISE MAN.

[NB: NO DOUBT, TWO DISTINCT HISTORICAL EVENTS MAY NOT SUFFICE TO PROVE A POINT, BUT THEY ARE INDEED INDICATIVE OF AN UNWARRANTED POSSIBILITY.]

Ishrak Farhan

End of the line ”

- NAIMA ZIA

When I first joined the **Voice of Business (VoB)** club in 2020, the world was grappling with the uncertainty of a global pandemic. I still remember the uncertainty I felt when I was recruited during the onset of the COVID-19 pandemic. The pandemic had shifted many activities online, and joining a new club during such times made me apprehensive about acceptance and belonging. Little did I know that this club would become an integral part of my university experience and personal growth over the next four years.

As the years progressed, so did my involvement and responsibilities within the club. From a newcomer in 2020 to serving as the **General Secretary in 2024**, each role has contributed significantly to my personal and professional development. I've had the privilege of witnessing and contributing to four annual magazine publications, each one a testament to our collective creativity and hard work.

BRANDRILL 4.0, a national-level competition, was another highlight of my journey—a reminder of the impact we could make beyond the confines of our campus. Additionally, coordinating the **Job Market Essentials** program gave me invaluable insights into the professional world and allowed me to help fellow students prepare for their careers. The writing contests we organized not only honed my organizational skills but also gave me a deeper appreciation for the power of words and ideas.

Each event, no matter how big or small, has been a learning opportunity, teaching me everything from attention to detail to strategic planning. Perhaps the most enriching aspect of my time with Voice of Business has been the people I've met. The club's dynamic nature, with new members joining each year as others graduate, created a constantly evolving environment rich in diverse perspectives and ideas. These connections have not only contributed to my personal growth but have also built a network that I'm sure will extend far beyond my university years. The skills I've developed, the challenges I've overcome, and the friendships I've forged have all played a crucial role in shaping who I am today.

To the Voice of Business club, its members past and present, and all those who will join in the future: thank you for being an integral part of my journey. The memories we've created and the growth we've achieved together will always hold a special place in my heart.





The Curfew

Nafij Al Shaikh

My comrade, Neil M. Nahian, and I were wondering, 'What now?' Hiding in Neil's neighborhood, far from home, I suddenly received over 20 calls within five minutes. My parents were crying helplessly, unsure of what to do. They are asking for my guidance on how they can save me from this disaster named Curfew. I had yet to learn what this meant, what would happen now and what I should do.

To give you some context, I was posted as the International Secretary of the Bangladesh Students League, Salimullah Muslim Hall. The moment I got into DU I had this idea that I would witness everything that was there during my time on this campus. Which I did! The reason I joined BSL was simple, and admittedly, a bit selfish. I wanted to see how life is in the hall and I had this confidence in me that by joining the largest organization in the country I could bring change to the systematic glitches that this organization has. I was aware of all the wrongdoings that this organization undertook over the years but then again I did know the history of Bangladesh Chatradal and Bangladesh Chatra Shibir. So, what do I do? I completely ignored my ethical boundaries and became a leaguer, until recently, when I found a better alternative for mental peace and stability in this amazing organization, Voice of Business. I consider myself exceptional in my multifaceted activities. For example, I joined VoB, I became the Head of HR & Finance and in the meantime, there is this great opportunity to serve this club as the President and the other opportunity to serve BSL and become a part of the wrong team that shall bring me a lot of power and positions in near future. So I did this, I compared myself with my friends who are involved in Politics and then I compared myself with the people who are in VoB. I did realize, that I love the people in VoB more than the people who are in BSL. Why? Because the people in VoB do not preach violence. I stepped away from BSL and joined VoB. Letting go of power and living like a normal citizen became harder than I expected. Wherever I go, there is this political dominance that controls everything that this country owns. I wanted change but it was all beyond my capacity. So I focused on other things such as drumming. I was depressed for sure. What happens next? Abu Said, even more clueless than I was, was shot dead by the police. At that point, I knew, what I was going to do.



I knew I had to take a stand. On the night of August 16, 2024, Nahian and I made our decision. We would do the right thing, no matter the cost. Later that night, my leaguer friend from Gazipur called me: He was coming to TSC with 100 armed leaguers to beat the sh*** out of the students of DU. I greeted him and took him to my hall. Little did he have any idea on what side I was standing with. The next morning, I went to Shaheed Minar. I had one 500 taka note with no change. This peanut seller offered the fare saying, "Mama ami apnader dol e." (I somehow managed the 500 taka changed and paid myself) but that, created magic in me. From that day on I started investing every knowledge I had on politics and road clashes for the great cause, "Our Voice." I did not know any of the Shomonnoyoks but saw my friends there. Moshir, Shammo, Rakib, Nahian. I became fearless. Whatever happens, we are in this together. I became viral due to my violent protest against the police and the political leaders were fuming. I started receiving threats from various people. I even received threats of getting shot and whatnot! Now how the movement was for me, I will write about that some other time. I want to dedicate this write-up to Nahian's parents.

So I went back to his home on July 19. I was there with Nahian and another friend. Both of us were extremely tired due to the day-long protest with multiple violent clashes against the police. So at night we decided to take a breather and went to this other friend's house. I was supposed to go back to my house late at night as I had no idea that a curfew might be announced. But they just did. I started panicking. I was shivering with no clue on what to do now. I was stuck with a family for I don't know how long. But, to my utter surprise, I found them so kind that it made me believe in the success of this movement once again. Auntie welcomed me as her own, saying, 'You are just like my son. Whatever my son did, you did it too. Don't feel left out, Abbu. This is your home as well. He is your brother.' It was this warmth and acceptance that shielded me from the storm outside. Nahian's father was the same too, calling me exactly the way he calls nahian and asking me about my day and everything. If I had not met them, I would have been in deep trouble from getting abducted to whatnot. I was welcomed by another mother and father who took care of me exactly like my parents would. The alert nights were filled with wonders, what will happen now? what will happen next? what did Hasina do? what will she do now? But no matter how scared we were, I saw uncle and auntie acting calm and composed. That strength, I needed it. It saved me. As for Nahian, he still is one of the smartest men I've met. He was my brother and he still is my brother. The brotherhood that you share during the revolution is something compared to none. There is this impeccable trust between each other knowing that we got each other's back. Thank you so much, my brother. Love you!

Oh, do you wanna know when the curfew was declared what Nahian said to me? -" We are in this together."

ONE LAST TIME *(Almost)*

SADEA NAOWAR KHAN

I am supposed to be good at words, but words fall short, so of course, so do I, when I try to write about this club.

However, unfortunately for you, that's a defeat I happily accept because, could I ever shut up about VoB?

I often find myself in conversations that go 'You were the last person I thought would be in a club.' Well, me too. So it goes without saying that the cliché "**MORE THAN A CLUB!**" applies! It's a cliché for a reason. No, many reasons. No, many good reasons.

I signed up for this journey hoping to serve the students while I was here, but I never imagined staying for as long as I did. I failed to find a reason to leave amidst all the ideas I had that were not only encouraged, but brought to fruition, and not without the team my peers were able to harbor. I dreamt, I worked, I failed. I dreamt, I grew, I won. I dreamt, I loved, I lost. And then I dreamt some more.

It's difficult to gain and allow ownership when you believe in the temporariness of everything. But this place, I know, belongs to me, and I belong to it as well. Something I can't say about many other things, people, experiences in life.

To **Nafij** and **Naima**, the gems who I shared my responsibilities with, I think I've finally found the answer, you guys! It's not the things we did or did not do, or something as fictitious as our name or legacy, it's the common affinity we have felt as parts of this club, all of us, in all tenures, all designations, that makes us special. And for once, I instead find comfort in being no different.

VoB

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