

Duty, Morality, Violence, and All That...

The Attacks of Oct. 26, on City University

Mrenal Kanti Das

Student, Dept. of CSE, City University, BGD

ABSTRACT:

Much throughout the yellow pages of history that we pretend to remember, thinkers who we call ‘philosophers’ have tried to tame some demonic beasts that plagues the existence of our hypocritical existence that we call human life. Much to such hypocrisy which is built into our fibers, we claimed that each problem is solvable by arguments that fills paragraphs, even multiple books, or oeuvre of a certain individual thinker, what happens to a person when one’s survival instincts enter the picture such as “kill or die” situation?

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*** NB: Throughout this short literature, *person*, and words associated with *person* means the author’s personal experience, and perspectives. It might feel like a depressing note, but it isn’t meant to be such.

To those who will never know, comprehend, let alone feel, and the reader might need some context of what happened on October 26... which we all know, but is left to the people to interpret;

I don't know what happened before I came into existence, but I was born into it. The earliest thing I remember is the scent of sunshine, which unfortunately I fail to breath no matter how I try to replicate the circumstances that might led to such a beautiful and mesmerizing aroma whilst basking in the kind warmth of the goblet of fire in The Architect's forehead. I didn't think much about what was going on the haunted house I used to identify as a home to return to after all afternoon of playing alone in the fields. Such never occurred to me that I was alone, because I was always inside my head, having a fictional world that more in proportion to the reality of my horrid circumstances.

I started growing up, and I was self schooled somewhat before entering primary as a second grader. The world wasn't kind to me then, nor is now, but my family was somewhat in an equilibrium. My biological mother made a 250 page notebook for me, and told me to number those. I only knew up to 99 at that point, which I did, but afterwards I was lost. She was away hand washing cloths, and I trusted her so much so much so that only she knows the answer to what comes after 99... because I didn't believe what others told me in the meantime.

I clearly remember, I tried to find patterns in what I was doing, mainly which deals with the treatment of decimal numbers, but even though I found something I identified to be a cycle that repeats after 10 numbers, I was still lost. Such marked the start of an addiction, something that still haunts me and doesn't let me sleep at night when I have something to think about.

I call it my workshop, sometimes Satan visits me as a wandering bad whilst I am working offering me countless devices of desire in extremely cheap exchanges, sometimes angels with their hard to make righteous senses which; even though hard and saddening, opts me to act righteously. By the way, Satan is a great singer, and he once took me on a tour to the 29th floor of hell; more specifically the bottomless abyss. Anyway... this workshop has been my greatest refuge. Because I think mathematics.

The haunted house haunted me as I went through life, but since I was living inside it, it never actually occurred to me that the house was plagued by disgusting human emotions. But when I started looking around with an objective perspective, I got to know that, "there are people who are monsters, and there are monsters who are people". Maybe such is a good quote, but nothing can explain my reality than it. When it did occur to me though that this is really am unearthy place, I started to count as I once started to label the pages of my first notebook. At first the integers were enough, then came in my understanding of karma and why actions are performed in the first place. Negative integers were introduced when I started to count the shattered pieces of my life with fractions. I learned some are transcendental, some of which I don't even know the definition of.

I started to lose everything when I was around 7th grade, I remember because it was the time of life when I had my first drink during a family event. It began its eclipse when I was in 9, and finally in my higher secondary. I always used to think to myself that these are normal, somehow giving me a solace in my workshop which I am a permanent resident. The world claims that, "one's head a very bad neighborhood to live in", but I have found that silence to be more comforting than the random chaos of hypocrisy and human emotions that stir that peace. My family completely broke apart during the second wave of COVID, which I still haven't recovered from no matter the times I stayed in my workshop. I was idle, unproductive, and miserable, something led me to understanding of why people say, "an idle mind is the workshop of Satan".

My workshop is filled with the things I have learned over the years, mostly concentrated around the view that provides a logic to and towards everything. I love mathematics, which is noted by its characteristics of popping out everywhere. Galileo said that nature is written in mathematics; couldn't be more true when I observe an abstract system. Even when I started reading Wittgenstein, I was trying to find a mean to understand the

limitations of language from a Turing Machine perspective. My family was breaking apart in the background, and to run away from such extreme noise, I was working in my workshop, as I am currently doing.

My stepmother was introduced in the picture when I was in 11th grade, and that left a wreck that I think was something I would never recover from. My mother became insane, which she still is now. Even in between, I was trying to find some meaning of the negative integer inputs of Euler-Riemann Zeta function after I learned the Euler product formula of primes. I fell into more despair as my family reached its breaking point, ultimately dissolving into fractional parts, and started to listen to Linkin Park and The Weeknd, and more depressing music. I don't recall how much it helped me, but I started displaying self-harming behavior as I was noticing the breaking of something I once called a home. I didn't get into any public universities, but I did get a scholarship to study at BRAC, then went to US after continuing three semesters. I stayed there for one semester, but even that was too much. Something, yes some things are punishable by The Architect Himself, which I note to be my cowardice. After all, jumping from one branch to another doesn't solve any problems. Whatever that might be... I lost hope, and was in that dire state of mind. People don't believe me, but even before coming to City, I was called for interview for Princeton and Columbia university. I was hopeful, because the one who called me was a close friend of Hugh Everett III who's thesis became the concept of multiverse in Quantum Mechanics. The conversation was amazing, and I was talking with a physicist who had some background in fundamental mathematics. It was my first time talking with one who is not a phony. With my newfound hope that will never happen, I started writing more and more theoretical literature. But as Fate had it, I didn't get into any universities I was called for interviews. I was shattered... after all, at this point of life, after losing things and everything, I was thinking to myself, that I would be fine with just anything.

A teacher of my father, after hearing the misery, got me recommended to City. I got admitted to it, and soon realized that this is something I probably never would've got. I am eating white rice; bare white rice after tasting biryanis. It doesn't taste good, but what could've I have done if I didn't get a chance to eat rice bare? At least I am being fed...

I tried, I tried to search for people who writes papers... even going to the length of talking with other people from neighboring university. Our halls were in clash at the time, and also July 36th was a whole nationwide movement. We were in couple of fights with daffodil, but it wasn't as much serious as one might think, the whole reason being I was a junior and I had to go because the senior blokes called us to join with cricket stumps and other hitting things or whatever.

I found some people to talk to, one being the head of GED, and our physics teacher. The latter lost his shine, and waning as I write, because he doesn't write physics papers, but the prior was a master of chemistry. But chemistry isn't mathematics, but still I gained interesting perspectives from him. And my high stories have been a good precursor to talk to him, that I noticed this mathematical phenomenon after I was high or drunk. Other than that, there were not even a handful of people who had a desire to talk to me, treating me and my papers as a nuisance. All of them who did though, gave me advices which even a child would be able to, and instructed me to go abroad or something that bears no meaning to a broken man like me. At this point, I was trying to survive... after all, I have nothing. These people, they don't understand how lucky they are to be having the things I have lost, and I ever had. Not looking down on people, but they should be looked down upon in my logical opinion. *After all, those who fail to recognize what they have, and are not happy with what they have, they never should be happy or allowed by fate to be, and it is inevitable that they never will be happy with what they have.*

Two semesters went by, and after the third started, somehow by coincidental happenstances, I met some people who are students in some public and engineering universities. This is not something to brag, but I learned that they're masters students, and somehow they're around the same age I have gained to my identity. Age is not just a positive integer, but it's a decimal digit which also categorizes a collection of mind; at least which I say to be a thinking mind, under a class of same juvenility. After all, age gap is something maintained by egotistical people, and is a barge when it comes to freethinking. One of them studies philosophy, and another is a civil engineer doing M.Sc. who I have been talking since this semester started. I get a civilized vibe from these two, not because

they're students or we are around the same age, and one being younger than me, but in the sense that *they think*. They think, and somewhat are active in doing whatever they are doing... I don't dream or have the desire to smoke any of them, but I pray I get there.

What happened with the civil engineer was interesting. She takes our CE class, which is a course where we're taught to draw how engineers draw things. We will be needing that in near semesters, but around that time, in was working on rewriting my paper, and also I found something that I thought to myself is going to be a theorem which will bear my name. I thought so at least, but I was 128 years late. I was investigating a three dimensional case, which specifically in my context is trying to understand if integrating a 2D shadow of a 3D object can give me the original shape back from which the shadow is projected from. I observed it, and then I generalized it... but as it turned out, the somewhat generalization of what I was thinking is going to be a theorem named after me, was observed by Hermann Minkowski in 1897, and Hugo Hermann Weyl in 1935. I was really late to the party of rediscovering things. Anyway, what she; the civil engineer is doing right now is building a percolation model that explains the flow of fluids through porous mediums, something in my understanding falls under the domains of probability. I, at that point, don't know that much about probability, nor was I ever interested in it, but after doing a little research, I was on board. On the last week of October, I had a talk with her on the progress of the paper.

The above paragraphs were what was going through my mind when Daffodil attacked our campus. Imagine... my whole life was flashing before my eyes. Still, at that moment, I was thinking of my family, my life, and some cages I shackle myself to. I remember the moment... I never saw cocktail bombs blast in front of me. Just when the last faculty bus was set on fire, there was a thing that came as a projectile... nobody saw it coming, but when it blasted into smoke, I had fear... for the first time in two or more so hours. That was probably the moment when I thought to myself that I might not live to see the day when I publish my first paper... Jeez, what was I thinking... even in times like that...

What daffodil did was more than just arson, they pillaged, and looted all the things they could. They were coming at us with blades, rods, bats, hockey sticks, and everything one can imagine to bash a head with. So were we, who were clearly outnumbered compared to the six to seven hundred students who were in front of us.

What is the role of Kant's duty for the sake of duty here? Does it really matter when it's an issue of life and death?

Kant's idea of action is not my favorite, but what Kant tells is somewhat interesting. I have seen Kant's principle as I was part of vanguard myself, but excluding those cowards who didn't participate in this existential crisis, the teachers were present too. One of them is our hall provost Dr. Imran sir. His actions of trying to negotiate was splendid, but I suppose even he failed to understand the temperature of the situation. He got bashed in places too, alongside those who thought of cozying with him to gain some screen time with him. Not only it failed horribly, but also resulted in some bruises that never was to be made in the first place. After all, all of us were sensed out, because they had guns, grenades, smokes, and most common were blades of different lengths. As much as I would like to emphasize the state of mind I had at the moment, which was like the last thing on earth, nothing was far from reality. After all, those who were seniors were the most coward of all; in response to which I thought it would be better to gift all them a pair of bangles and saree to fit what they are as a definition.

Unfortunately, Kant's idea of greater good is weak, and petty when it comes to life and death situations. As angelic or divine such words might sound, greater good doesn't mean good for all. It's good for majority. You cannot

measure good with such a scale, when the system has enormous number of little constituents. An universal act doesn't mean that it's good at first glance. We know that truth is bitter, and what these are, are transparent, but why does then Kant say that, "if truth shall kill them, let them die"? Why does he say such when he cares most about the majority? As hypocrites, we humans love to entertain lies, even when it harms an individual, just to save our skins. We build systems that judge sinners for sinning differently, whilst pretending that we are saints. Kant isn't a saint himself, just because he says all those philosophical lines that come from some ethical bible doesn't mean that it applies to all the scenarios. One might say that I am hating Kant for personal reasons, but trying to solve philosophy itself isn't something Kant have managed to do. As great thinkers who came prior, such communal aspect of looking at life only applies to the systems which is transparent. Such system can be called an ideal society, which only exists in scriptures... those are theoretical, not practical. And the situation we had on our hand on Oct. 16, wasn't theoretical, let alone ideal. We purely relied on the primitive survival instincts, and such petty notion of righteousness flew out the window as violence entered the scenario. I, no, we bashed a lot of blokes, some even bashed heads with hammers which resulted in 68 stitches on someone's head... just because we were defending our campus, we were not playing thieve-police, nor were we playing knights with sticks and handmade wooden swords. We genuinely were hurting people, with thick red blood on our hands...

Now Kant asks, where is the morality here? I ask Kant, do I get killed to have a conversation with him in the afterlife that, "I didn't hit the bloke who was coming at me with a stump, because I was too concerned about the morality and ethics I learned from my semester coursework where the faculty taught us about your theory of greater good. What do you say, did I do a good job by being killed?"

I strongly detest the notion of greater good, because each and every one of us are different. More I do is the concept of duty in such extreme scenarios. But as a human being, we need some basic standards, and basic orders, but such order and discipline isn't something that translates to the extreme circumstances we faced on that wretched night. Unfortunately, if anyone were to say, "Life had, had, and will not have any meaning, so do everything as if it's the last act of life", then I would've gladly supported it, or appreciated it. We did what we had to do. It wasn't any sense of duty... it was a primitive instinct. There existed no morality in what we did, no ethics, and everything there exists to define morality and ethics by the greatest minds that we read as philosophy. All of everything, there was no meaning or sense to it...

I would like to ask Kant if I ever meet him after I die, "is getting blood on your hands ethical or something?"... I'd love to hear what he has to say. If he lacks context, then I'd give him the whole story of Oct. 26. I would say, "whatever this duty for the sake of duty is, or greater good may be defined as, maybe this whole concept doesn't work when scenarios related to do or die enters the scene".