

RIISING STARS

Feedback's Feedback !

By Rahat Fahmida

"Melaie jai re, Melaie jai re," tune of this very song draws a large crowd of youngsters. It gives them a rib-tickling effect! Maqsoodul Haque, is the script writer and lyricist of this popular song. He is known to many as the lead singer of the modern musical group—Feedback.

Feedback is one of the oldest surviving musical bands in Bangladesh. Formed in 1976 it moved forward with the objective of positioning itself as a professional band within the shortest possible time. At its nucleus was a team of dedicated young musi-

from the appropriate and proper blending of the Western form into Bengali music. In that Feedback has proved that Bengali music can be successfully incorporated into Western norms—including their vocalist peculiar intonation which is not perverse but certainly, not in keeping with established or normally accepted Bengali contemporary singing style. Its musical brilliance comes from its years of performing live in concerts and in the hotel scene in Dhaka. It averages about fifty concerts in a year all over the country.

dried up—it ought to be assertive in temperament and forthright in execution. Feedback wants its songs to find its rightful place in the world of music.

Their cassette titled Ullash has taken the market by storm and has been acclaimed as the milestone in the modern post independence Bengali band music. Feedback, from the end of 1987 has started a trend which will remain significant that is the use of computers and sequencers in music. Frustrated at the poor amplification and tuning abilities of conventional drum

Bass, and Labu Rahman on lead guitar and vocals.

Having seen Maqsoodul Haque in many moods for years together, knowing about his dedication to music, anything I write on him will turn out to be a bit modest. Of Assamese origin his family is now settled in Bangladesh. It would surprise many to know that, Maqsood has never received any formal trainings in music. Music is rather embedded in his blood and to deny that is impossible. He was singing for a group called Fiasco, when Feedback gave him an offer. After a formal audition he joined the band in 1978. From then onwards he worked with the motto of taking the band in a different direction—one with a new style altogether!

As Maqsood put it, that rivalry and competition existed before and exists today. Now they have formed an association of sixteen different bands of which Maqsoodul Haque is the president. These bands cooperate with one another and see to the fact that all the musical bands can perform in concert. Though solo concerts are rare nowadays, but an announcement of Feedback's solo concert has a spontaneous effect.

The lead singer of Feedback sees the future of the musical bands in Bangladesh to be promising, provided there are plenty of genuine and enthusiastic promoters.

Looking into his personal life, it shows that his professional commitments does not come in way of his family life. His wife is extremely cooperative and understanding. He has named his only son Dio after the famous Rock singer Ronnie James Dio. The young little Dio, at times performs with his father. Maqsoodul Haque is not just the lead singer of this band. He is country manager of Cad Pacific, in Bangladesh.

Until now some of the most favourite numbers of Feedback are: Chithi, Mela, Mousumi, Majhee and Chokh. They ensure an active audience participation during their concerts, who reciprocate by singing with them.



Maqsood and his band members, blending the music of east and west.

clans, fresh out of school and with a burning desire to make it big.

The musical band's influence is of course totally Western and it plays known Western form, from Disco, Rock and Reggae with Jazz and Funk interspersed with original Bangladeshi traditional approach. But the brilliance and success in its music comes

Feedback does not believe so much in the concept that, 'sweetest songs are those, which tell of the saddest thoughts.' Their music is spontaneous, vivid and lively. In essence their music is bold and contemporary and stands against the cultural snobbery that permeates Bangladesh—indeed the whole of Bengal. Tears from Bengali music have

set the band decided to computerise the entire drum and rhythm section of the band.

The band consists of five members, Maqsoodul Haque is the lead singer, and the spokesman. He is supported by Fuad Nasser on Key board and vocals, Md. Pearo Khan on Rythm programming and vocals, Sekandar Ahmed on

Bet You Didn't Know

Where did Lady Godiva ride naked through the town?

Since 1678 Lady Godiva's legendary ride naked through the streets of Coventry, England, has been reenacted every seven or eight years. But today the lady wears a body stocking. The famous ride, if it took place, happened around the year 1067, according to the chronicler Roger of Wendover. Godiva, her long hair falling loosely round her body, rode through the market place accompanied by two soldiers.

Legend has it that Lady Godiva pleaded with Leofric, Earl of Mercia, to lessen the townspeople's tax burden. Exasperated, the Earl declared he would do as she asked, if she rode naked through the town. Lady Godiva did so and the Earl cut the townspeople's taxes. Over the years the legend became embellished. The soldiers disappeared and, in the 17th century, the legend of Peeping Tom crept into the story. Tom is said to have been struck blind because he could not resist peeping at Lady

Godiva through a window as she rode by.

The facts record that Coventry's early fame rested on the foundation of a Benedictine monastery by Leofric and his wife Godgifu (the real name of Godiva) in 1043.

The phrase "to send to Coventry" (to refuse to speak with someone) might well have been the fate of Peeping Tom. But although the origin of the phrase is uncertain it seems more likely to have originated during the Civil War. Captured supporters of King Charles were sent by Cromwell's forces to Coventry for imprisonment.

When were human sacrifices made?

Human sacrifices have been made throughout history. But seldom have they been so terrible as the ceremonies associated with the religion of the Aztecs, who began to establish their civilization in present day Mexico in about 1168.

The Aztecs, who in many other respects were a compar-

atively enlightened people, believed that human bloodshed was the way to make sure that the sun would rise each day. At one of their biggest sacrificial ceremonies about 20,000 people were slaughtered.

The chief places for sacrifice were two great pyramid temples, 100 feet high, in the capital city of Tenochtitlan, which was built on an island in the middle of a lake.

An Aztec warrior's aim in battle was to take his enemy prisoner and hand him over for sacrifice to his war-god. On the day chosen for the ceremony the war drums were sounded and the prisoners were taken, one by one, up the winding stairs round the outside of the temple to the altar. Here their chests were cut open and their hearts torn out as offerings to the sun. Afterwards some of their bodies were eaten at ritual feasts.

The great empire of the Aztecs, stretching from the deserts of northern Mexico to the tropical forests of Guatemala, seemed to be at the height of its splendour when the Spanish conqueror Hernando Cortez landed with a tiny army from Cuba in March, 1519. After being treated as gods, the invaders were attacked and nearly destroyed. But within two years the Aztec ruler Montezuma was slain by his people and his empire overthrown by Cortez.

Contributed by Sarah Ali



A store manager heard his clerk tell a customer, "No, ma'am, we haven't had any for a while, and it doesn't look as if we'll be getting any soon." Horrified, the manager came running over to the customer and said, "Of course we'll have some soon. We placed and order last week." Then the manager drew the clerk aside. "Never," he snarled, "never, EVER, say we're out of anything—say we've got it in order and it's coming. Now, what was it she wanted?" "Ruin," said the clerk.

W	A	L	P	S	P	E	A	R	F	I	E	L	D	S
M	A	C	K	P	O	N	O	C	H	N	O	R	S	D
B	G	L	S	F	I	E	E	T	R	E	D	G	A	A
R	N	U	T	G	N	D	F	C	H	P	Y	O	G	U
D	T	A	M	U	D	E	I	Y	A	I	O	L	I	G
E	M	F	A	N	O	O	H	M	V	U	N	K	S	H
A	D	O	C	U	P	T	S	E	N	F	U	Y	C	T
Y	B	R	G	T	O	N	S	H	M	T	L	A	B	E
A	I	E	Y	N	A	R	I	A	I	B	R	D	O	R
M	G	O	V	D	R	U	Y	K	L	N	E	D	E	N
C	R	L	E	O	W	T	J	H	I	E	A	I	U	C
N	A	P	R	A	F	E	I	T	F	N	H	K	N	A
H	T	W	L	Z	Y	R	N	L	K	G	R	T	O	P
K	W	A	O	T	S	C	G	P	U	D	H	R	E	A
O	L	L	E	R	T	N	E	C	A	M	U	A	R	T

By Sumaiya Andaleeb

Teenage Tensions

by Tahmima Anam

Some people have it worse than others: I suppose it just depends on your personality. But whether its ingrained in you, or you're a victim of extenuating circumstances, moodiness is displayed by all of us fickle human beings at some point in our lives.

Psychologists say our age is prime time for moods—and for once I think they're right. I'm not justifying it, but I do believe that our 'in-betweenness' harbors a lot of varied and sometimes stormy behaviour. Some say it is because of our chemicals changing and our hormones going haywire, but I'll have to disagree there. Granted our actions are known to be somewhat affected by our biological processes, however, I think there are more important reasons behind the alien behaviour adults term 'adolescence.'

They call us the 'me generation' and, to a certain extent, I think it's true. Try to remember the last time your parents denied you something material. Our parents' never-ending monetary funds have bred a bunch of pretty stubborn beings. I am, of course, generalising. There are those of us who very seldom get ruffled, and hardly ever get angry. For those of you out there, congratulations.

Now, for the rest of us, things aren't so easy. Academic pressure, social pressure, and our melee of other problems makes us ready to explode at the slightest suggestion.

Of all our responsibilities, our academic ones probably pose the greatest amount of problems. Once again, the exceptions (geniuses and teenage prodigies) are congratulated and very graciously excused. Life isn't as easy for those of us without photographic memories. In our fast-paced, competitive societies, it is a huge effort just to keep your head above water, and coming from the backgrounds that we do, we are expected to do much better than not drown. Your parents would put their every resource to work to help you

get your fair share of A's—they would move heaven and earth to put you at the top of your class. This, of course, puts you under tremendous pressure. You are expected to perform at a very high level as a result of all their efforts.

Social pressure is another tough thing to deal with at our age. Not everybody can feel secure about their relationships all the time. Disagreements with friends can very easily make you unduly sensitive and put you in that don't-touch-me-or-I'll-scream mood that parents are so afraid of. Then there's that guy or girl who will distract you from everything else, but I won't go into that. We all know how fatal these things can be. I'd say avoid them if you want to stay sane and healthy for a few

more years.

No matter how hard you try to hide your mood, it will pop out of your veneer sooner or later. The thing is to try to not let it give you any permanent damage. An outburst with a friend is okay once in a while: your peers are likely to understand since they're probably having similar problems. But three times a day may wear out your friends' patience. Try to channel your extra energy into something constructive when you're frustrated, don't break a glass, try to cool off before you do anything. A cold shower is a good antidote for your inner fuming.

Your mood swings will affect and surprise your parents more than anyone else. Starting from the sweet age of twelve, you are likely to be-

come a bit of a mystery to them. They may try to figure out what's wrong, which can be very frustrating, or they may try to understand, which is different. When you get annoyed with them, try to take a minute to figure out what their motives are. Chances are they probably don't mean to nag, and are just trying to figure out what you're up to. Something you take for granted may very well be an enigma to them.

So even if reading this has still left you in a deplorable state, you may take comfort in knowing that there are probably hundreds who share your misery, and millions who are much worse off. I'd say count your blessings, take a cold shower, and things may look a little brighter.

"To have faith in his own ideas"

WHAT children should be taught in school is an issue of national concern and debate. Talk ranges from subjects on the curriculum to sports activities. Should religious studies mean only Islam, or should we learn about the faiths of others as well? Is science more essential than sewing? Should we be taught in English or Bengali? There is no end of questions banded about and expert offering their opinions. But the crux of the issue was best summed up over a century ago by Abraham Lincoln. In a letter to the headmaster of his son's school, he raised those points which constitute a true education, which make a complete human being. Here are his words on what a teacher must pass on to a student:

He will have to learn, I know, that all men are not just, all men are not true. But teach him also that for every scoundrel there is a hero; that for every selfish politician there is a dedicated leader. Teach him that for every enemy there is a friend. It will take time, I know; but teach him, if you can, that a dollar earned is of far more value than five found. Teach him to learn, to lose and also to enjoy winning. Steer him away from envy, if you can; teach him the

secret of quiet laughter. Let him learn early that the bullies are the easiest to lick. Teach him, if you can, the wonder of books, but also give him quiet time to ponder the eternal mystery of birds in the sky, bees in the sun, and flowers on a green hillside. In school teach him it is far more honourable to fail than to cheat. Teach him to have faith in his own ideas, even if every one tells him they are wrong. Teach him to be gentle with gentle people, and tough with

the tough. Try to give my son the strength not to follow the crowd when everyone is getting on the band wagon. Teach him to listen to all men, but teach him also to filter all he hears on a screen of truth, and take only the good that comes through.

Teach him, if you can, how to laugh when he is sad. Teach him there is no shame in tears. Teach him to scoff at cynics and to beware of too much sweetness. Teach him to sell his brawn and brain to the highest bidders, but never to put a price tag on his heart and soul. Teach him to close his ears to a howling mob and to stand and fight if he thinks he's right.

Treat him gently, but do not cuddle him, because only the test of fire makes fine steel. Let him have the courage to be impatient; let him have the patience to be brave. Teach him always to have sublime faith in himself, because then he will always have sublime faith in mankind.

This is a big order, but see what you can do. He is such a fine little fellow, my son.

Contributed by A M M Adeeb

Giving

by Maissa Karim

Help the poor, the needy, the helpless children.

Give them the love, care, joy that they never could have.

Think not of yourself as superior, rich and beautiful.

Be a person that god would have liked to create.

Live in heaven for a while.

QUIZ CLUB

Our Quiz Club this week focuses on personalities. Try your hand at the questions and see if you can win a FREE copy of your favorite book. Please write clearly and send your answers to the following address:

Rising Stars Editor
The Daily Star
28/1 Teynbee Circular Road
Dhaka 1000

Quiz no. 2

- Which ancient Babylonian king came up with the rule of an eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth?
- What is the date of birth of Bangabandhu Sheikh Mujibur Rahman?
- What was the name of the woman who committed suicide with Hitler?
- What are the names of the 21st of February martyrs?
- What is the name of the Bangladeshi who designed some of America's first Skyscrapers?
- Who invented the sonograph?
- Name Rabindranath Tagore's children?
- Who was the first Bangladeshi to win the Magsaysay award?
- Where is Mother Teresa from?
- Who was the founder and first king of Rome? (hint: the city is named after him.)

• What did the rug say to the floor?
Don't move, I've got you covered.

• What did the mayonnaise say to the refrigerator?
Close the door, I'm dressing.

• What is a food-lover most likely to say when asked to go on a diet?
It's better to die eating than live starving.

The Last Supper

by Zeenat Chowdhury

THE house looked like a graveyard to me. Every one was soundlessly asleep. I peeped out of my hole to stare wide-eyed into the darkness and have the darkness stare back at me. Tonight I was alone on my escapade, because tonight I had to prove myself to my family, to show them that I had grown up and would be able to take care of myself. My task was to fetch food for the family.

I looked around and progressed step by step, being very careful. There was a sudden noise and I froze in my tracks. I was as stiff as a corpse and probably as pale as one! I slowly turned my head to see a fleeing cockroach. I managed to breathe again. I finally reached a table and I could smell food. I sniffed here and there and yes! It was food. Better still, it smelt like cheese. I climbed onto the table and looked around with delighted, sparkling eyes. I must have died and gone to heaven. There was food all around. My eyes dashed from one item to another, not knowing which looked tastier.

I decided on the cake and after that I just plunged out of one and into another. I was having the time of my life. Suddenly, I noticed a little bit of Danish blue cheese in one corner. My mouth watered. I always had seen the advertisements for them on TV, but never got around to actually tasting them. Foreign cheeses after all were a luxury to us. Without another thought, I charged into the cheese and took the whole thing into my mouth. I heard a sudden snap and turned around to see a mesh-door staring blankly at me. I panicked, my ears and nose twitched with fear and I ran all around, but there was no way of getting out. I was trapped!

The sound of footsteps awoke me. I awoke hopefully thinking that everything was just a nightmare and I was actually lying in my little hole, comfortably asleep with the rest of my family. I was, in reality, lying in a cold, wooden box, all alone. I could only see a belt of a gown tied around a waist, coming towards me. When it reached me, it bent

down and I came face to face with a human face. He looked straight at me and smiled a very amused smile. He looked very pleased with himself as he sat down with a newspaper. As I looked at him, I realized what was going to happen to me. The thought was banging at my brain, but for some reason, I could not feel its force, fully. I suddenly realized that a pair of huge blue eyes was staring at me. The look was one of surprise, awe and kindness. It belonged to a little girl. She was nice; she gave me some of her cereal and only got a scolding for that by the man. I heard her ask him what he was going to do with me; as he answered, I saw her eyes open wide with dismay and shock. She looked at me and I looked back with pleading eyes to encourage her to argue on my behalf. She tried, but was quietened by the horrid man. Her eyes travelled helplessly from me to the man and from the man to me. The man got up, came and took the box up. I gave the girl one last desperate look, but she only ran out of the kitchen and I knew what my fate was to be. There was nothing more to be done.



A FAN OF PLUMAGE: A hornbill shows off its fancy tail, fanning it out like the headdress of a Native American chieftain, while lounging in the Mirpur zoo.

— Photo M. Haris Uddin