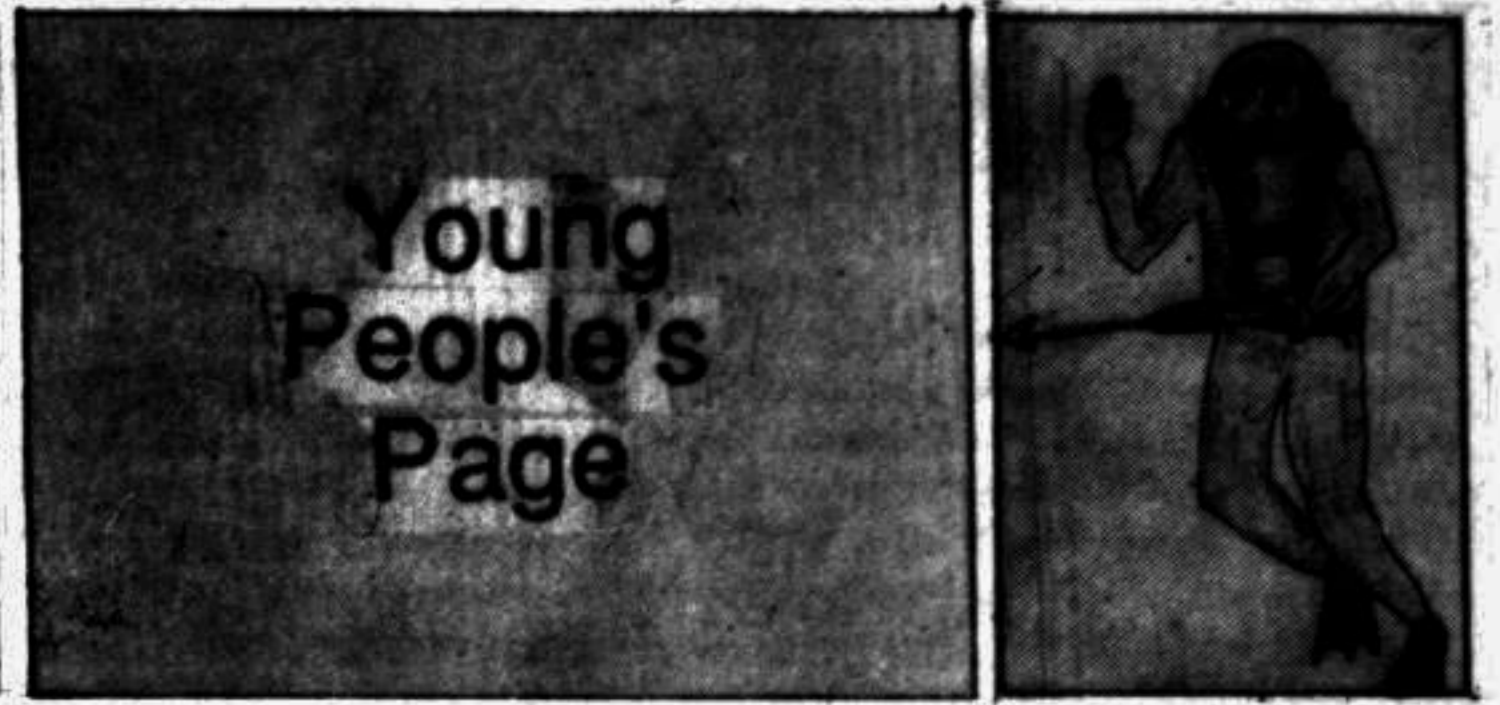


RISING STARS



CYNDI LAUPER

A Swinging Rock Star

Rajesh P Shrestha

most successful and popular singer. She was affirmed 'Best new artist of the year', named 'One of the women of the year 1984', 'Best female video artist award 1984', 'Best video performer MTV 1985', recipient of 6 Grammy awards 1985, 2 American video awards 1985.

Talking about her voice is only a little less technical than talking to Einstein about physics. As her golden voice

with her heart throbbing lyrics kept on hitting on every charts in US and UK, in 1989, she released her third album 'A Night To Remember' with a beautiful pile of songs. It included hit single 'Heading West' which was about her adolescent journeys that were artistic roads to self discovery — when she left home with Sparkle, her dog.

Besides her extraordinary



musical ability, outrageous rock star Cyndi Lauper 'is branching out into movies. In the new movie 'Vibes' alongside top names like Jeff Goldblum who starred in 'The Fly' and Julian Sands of 'A Room With A View.' Cyndi whose records always raced to the top of the charts, working in front of the camera is nothing new. An American organization called 'women in film' gave her an award for the imaginative video films that she also helped to direct for her records. Since her arrival as an international singing star, Cyndi had had multi-platinum albums in America, Canada, Japan, Australia, South America and Europe. She had been inundated with scripts from film producers eager for her to appear in their movies. Her acting talents elevated her to the international glittering status and turned her into the world's most prosperous feminist heroine.

'Vibes' is the story of Sylvia (Cyndi Lauper) and a man called Nick Deezey (Jeff Goldblum). Nick is a psychometrist, someone who can hold an object and say where it has been and what has happened to it. The couple meet after their psychic abilities are studied by a psychic researcher Dr Harrison Steele (Julian Sands). Then comes con — man Harry Buscafusco (Peter Falk). He tricks Nick and Sylvia into joining together for what he calls a 'Mission of Mercy' in the mountains of Ecuador that turns into a search for the ultimate source of energy in the universe. The film was directed by Ken Kwapis, script written by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo who wrote the hit movie 'Splash.'

Acting comes from the same place as singing, but singing is expressed differently. With singing everything comes out whereas acting is more quiet and concentrated.

Multimillionaire singer and actress Cyndi Lauper is the woman who has everything but she still thinks herself as poor because she was so far for so long. She wanted to see the world, see places in the books she read be like a letter with no address.

There's No Place Like Home

by Judith G. DeCosta

I'm sick and tired of living here with my entire family on my back I've just about had enough of being told to do this and that by my parents and being bullied by my stupid brothers and sisters and I've gotta get outta here ...

Many a young person thinks of this same thing at some time or another. These angry, alarming works coming from one who has a normal family life are the result of a frustrated impulse. Half the time when something like this comes out, you'll find that the family have little or no cause to be subjected to this hostility and that the accuser has had what we call just one of those days. Some act on the impulse to get away and steal out of the house in the middle of the night, so that they won't be missed until the morning when Mom calls to hurry down to breakfast 'cos the toast's getting cold.

That running away results in people getting a taste of real life, having to pay their own way through life. Some do well for themselves. Two months later the (now) young man of worldly knowledge will write a

letter of apology, saying he's sorry he took food like that but that he's having a great time; he's making it on his own, his love to little Irene, blah, blah. He is one whose determination to 'go solo' does not run out. Not all get that lucky. They realize the comforts of home and that they must have been out of their minds to leave everything important in their lives behind. Some crawl back shameful and dog faced, others pretend they just stepped out for a breath of fresh air!

Not only (unsuspecting youngsters) but (young adults) dream of the freedom living on your own offers. There are new people out there to meet, different places to go, adventures to have ... my, isn't life just great! But let's not pretend that this sort of life can go on forever. In the beginning we're hungry for excitement. Then we begin to become apathetic to it all — the magic wears off and we just want to be alone. Where's the best place to go? Home, of course.

Even the true cosmopolitan has a secret preference of location where he spends most of his time. Home need not be the place where you're born; it

hardly ever is. You, for instance, can live your whole life in Asia and envy the Parisians, but somewhere out there will be a someone who will envy you for living (happily?) in the beautiful tropics. It all starts with the urge to get away for a while and them builds up into what may be the biggest step in your life since going to school and college!

No matter where you go, no matter how right it may feel to be somewhere, a part of you keeps going "I want to go home, I want to go home". Businessmen, you will agree with me have the hardest time: they leave their families at home and go away hoping to struck up a good deal with big profits, just so that the family can have a comfortable life. No one, I suppose can have the same wonderful feeling a business person has coming back from a log trip and spending a while with the family.

Those who have a home to return to, a familiar environment to which they belong, are the luckier few. Others spend the major part of their lives looking for the right place to settle down. When that hap-

pens, the family life starts. Like a building, a family needs a solid foundation on which to establish itself. Home is that foundation.

Then one night, you'll find junior pack his little box to leave home, 'cos "life here sucks". Little does he know that the end of the street is as far as he'll get that fateful night. He'll decide the folks are not that bad after all. He still loves Mommy and Daddy. But the next time they blame him for something he didn't do, they'll be real sorry!

Junior will be find eventually, you'll see. Now and again he might put on a repeat performance of his spectacular (if anyone's watching, that is) Disappearing Act. He's likely to get pretty lost, but when that happens, his heart will know here to go. He'll follow it. The heart will yearn for home and junior won't object.

And although he seemed pretty intent on leaving half an hour ago, Junior will feel pretty good that he didn't get too far.

It will always be great to be back home. For each and every one of us.

Rising Stars

Our first ten young members of the 'Rising Star Club'. Please note your registration number.

- (1) Md Atique Ulla
Class - XI
The Aga Khan School
Reg No - RS 001
- (2) Mahin Rahman
Class - XI
Viqarunnisa Noon School
Reg No - RS 002
- (3) Julian D' Silva
Class - IV (A)
Greenherald International School.
Reg No - RS 003
- (4) Mahbubur Rahman
Class - XII
Dhaka City College
Reg No - RS 004
- (5) Mir Ahmed Shafi
Class - VII
The Aga Khan School.
Reg No - RS 005
- (6) Soheli Sadeque Juna
Class - VI
Cosmic International School.
Reg No - RS 006
- (7) Shahed Chowdhuri
Class - III
Willes Little Flower School.
Reg No - RS 007
- (8) Ehsanul Azim
Class - IX
St Joseph High School.
Reg No - RS 008
- (9) Mohammed Asifur Rahman
Class - VIII
National Bank Public School.
Reg No - RS 009
- (10) Talat Talha
Class - X
Dhanmondi Tutorial.
Reg No - RS 010



MY FRIEND CHRIS

By Zaki Omar

I wonder where Chris is? He could be anywhere in the United States and that is almost like being anywhere in the world.

Chris and I used to live in the same apartment complex. Only a few buildings away from each other. We both knew each other by name but had never actually met. Since, we lived in the same area we used to be on the same school bus. One day we were sharing a seat and began to talk. Nothing of great importance but we were both making polite conversation.

We got off at our bus stop but that was not the end, but the beginning of our friendship. He asked me if I would like to go and see a movie with him. I accepted. We really had a great time and from that day onwards we were the best of friends. We would do everything together. He would always come over or I would go over to his house. I had never met his mother so I asked him one day where his mother was. He told me that she was dead. He said this in such a tone of voice to make it clear that the subject was off limits.

I had met his father a few times but only briefly. Whenever I went over his father was rarely home. He would be at work the whole day and on weekends he would go out of the state to go skydiving. Once when his father had gone out for the weekend, Chris asked me to help him house-sit. That night I asked Chris why he never called his father 'Dad' but only by his first name. He took a deep breath and told me that the man was not his real father but his foster father. I did not want ask anymore questions because I could feel it was one of those off limits topics.

He looked at me and asked, 'Don't you want to know where my real father is?' I told him that I was curious but I did not want to pry. I felt, though, that he did want to talk about it and that he wanted to tell someone about his problems.

He started from the beginning. His real father and mother had never gotten married. They were living together but when he found out that she was pregnant, he left. It had not bothered Chris's mother

because she brought up Chris on her own. But one day, when Chris was seven years old, he came home from school to find that his mother had been raped and murdered. The anguish in his face could be seen as he told me this.

He was then put in a Foster home until he was able to be put up for adoption. When he was taken to court for adoption the only one to show up was his mother's fiancé. He told me very angrily that his real father had not even bothered to show up. None of his mother's relatives had come either. He told me that no one had ever wanted him except his mother, but then she was dead.

Things might have worked out for Chris if the relationship between his foster father and himself had been better. But they did not get along. They would constantly argue. During the 5 years they had been together things had gotten worse. He then casually changed the topic and we watched movies for the rest of the night. From that day onward he would always confide in me. I began to realize that Chris felt alone in the world. From

our discussions I began to see this hate inside of him. Hate for the father who had rejected him and for the God who had taken his mother from him.

It was 1987 when I came back to Dhaka from the States. Chris and I both promised to write to each other. I used to write once in a while and so did he but our consistency dwindled to 1 or 2 letters a year.

In 1990 I went to the States to visit my brother. My brother was still living in the same area as before I had left. The first chance I got I went over to Chris' apartment. He almost had a heart attack from the surprise of seeing me. We hugged and went inside his apartment. I asked him how were things between his foster father and himself. He told me that things had gotten worse because now arguments would turn into fist fights. We decided not to talk about problems and talked about what we had been doing with our lives for the past three years.

Things had been going pretty smoothly until one day when Chris came over with a black-eye and a cut lip. He did

not want to go back home that night and stayed the night outside. He had gotten into a fight with his foster father, when he had asked to see his bank account. The Government gave a certain amount of money to his guardian, monthly, which was to be used to pay for Chris' needs. Some of this money was to be saved for Chris for when he turned 18 because his foster father then had the right to kick him out of the house. When Chris found out that his foster father had used up all Chris' money the fight started.

After explaining his bruises he asked me a very odd question, 'Zak, you would die for your brother wouldn't you? What I mean is if you had the chance to save his life by giving up yours, you would, right?'

I said I would. He then said, 'You are my closest friend and I would give up my life to save yours without thinking twice. But you know I would give up my life also to save a complete stranger so that he could go home to people who loved him. Did you ever think that I could disappear? Nobody would know the difference and nobody would care. You could come back from Bangladesh in a year and never be able to find me. There would be nobody who could tell you where I was or what had become of me.'

He would come over regularly and we would discuss his problems. This was until I had to return to Bangladesh again. When I was leaving we promised again to keep in touch and to write to each other. At first we were both regular in our writing but slowly the letters stopped. I later found out from a friend that Chris had moved out from his foster father's house.

I know a lot of people who would like to live in the States. A citizenship would be even better than a green card. Well Chris made me realize that the States can be a very large, violent, and lonely country. It is understandable for a foreigner to feel out of place in the States but how does one begin to understand that a native-born American can be a stranger in his own country?

QUIZ CLUB

Here are this week's Quiz Club questions. Remember to send your answers no later than next week!

1. Who is the most recent Nobel Peace Prize winner?
2. Name any two countries where Mandarin is the local dialect.
3. Who was the most successful music group ever?
4. What is MacGyver's real name?
5. What is the new name for Constantinople?
6. Who wrote our national anthem 'Amar Shonar Bangla'?
7. Who was the athletic who in the 1988 Olympics qualified for the gold medal but did not get it because he had used banned drugs?
8. Who is Abebe Bikila?
9. What is the name of the oldest newspaper in South Asia?
10. Which is the saltiest ocean in the world?

Here are the answers to November 1, 1991 Quiz Club:

1. Roger Bacon.
2. Sweden.
3. Akbar the great.
4. Louis XIV.
5. Mongolia.
6. Bob Geldorf's 'Live Aid Concert' was watched by 2,000 million viewers on TV worldwide.
7. From the US, she was one of the first females to be an Olympic star.
8. Nadia Comaneci from Romania.
9. Los Angeles.
10. Pacific Ocean.

Bitter Loneliness

By Sara Rauf

Darkness falls like a black leather jacket. And I walk along the paved road, all alone. I had with me a backpack, and the things in it were my only belongings. I had nowhere to go, no place to run, nowhere to hide.

I was all alone in this world, with no one to love or care for me. It's a strange feeling, you know, to have no one to care for you. Imagine being in this big world with absolutely no one who is related to you or cares for you even a little. May be I do have relatives, but I have no idea who they are or where they are, or if they actually exist.

I don't even know who my parents are! They could be dead for all I know, and even if they are alive, I doubt if that would make any difference, for I have never seen or heard from them. I had been brought up in an orphanage for most of my childhood. It was when I was eight years old that I'd been given to foster families for adoption. I had been running away from them ever since.

My first foster family was dreadful. It's probably their attitude, that is responsible for making me so doubtful of the love and care of others, making me so cynical. They were bad, really bad. I was treated no better than a slave. I was made to do most of the household work and was sent to a really rotten school. I spent two years there—two dreadful years, that was sheer torture for me. But that was the time that made me tough—to be

able to bear not only physical pain but to overcome any barriers to what I want. Its sounds like Cinderella, but the only difference is that I did not have Prince Charming to sweep me off my feet. I had to run away. But that didn't get me far. I had to return to spend another two years in that horrifying orphanage.

It was again when I was twelve years old that another family took me under their wing. No matter how nice they were, I always felt like an outsider. The time with them was all over after seven months. The next three months were spent again in

the orphanage. After that, I had tried at least three other homes. However, with none of them could I find a real family. So I had to get away from them all.

Now, as I walk in the realms of this dark, dark night I keep wondering about the folks, from whom I have run away this time.

They are sure to be hurt and anxious. But I didn't care any more. Enough people have hurt me already in my life. It's high time someone got an idea of what I'd been through during my past years—the feeling of being rejected.

I didn't know where I was

heading for, but that didn't stop me. I kept on walking. I know, though, what I was looking for—a place more home than a house, a family of love, love that could be shared with me. I wondered if that was asking a lot. It is a selfish world.

My intuition told me that the police would again trace me down this time. But that did not worry me, for my intuition also told me, that somewhere and sometime in the near future I would find the golden happiness which I'd been searching for so long. I was glad, for I always believe in what I foresee!

Fill out this form and send it to us, and you will be a member of the Rising Star Club. Send in your writings, illustrations, and cartoons. It is an ideal opportunity to express yourself through the print media.



Name: _____

Father's Name: _____

School: _____

Full Address: _____

Telephone No. _____

Class: _____