

# RISING STARS

## CENSOR THE CENSORS!

**R**AHMAN, the Hapless, Hopeless, Prim and Propah' BTV censor entered the TV station with his own perverse sense of purpose—there was work to be done or to be precise, cutting and pasting to do (more cutting than pasting if you ask me).

His first stop was the studio that relayed 'MacGyver'. He patiently sat through the screening of the episode to be shown next week. The following conversation took place between him and the projectionist.

Rahman: "The first scene has to go."  
Projectionist: "Why on Earth? It only shows Macgyver tanning himself."  
Rahman: "It might provoke impure thoughts in Bangladeshi women. And anyway, it's anti-Islamic for a man to lie half-naked in public view."  
Projectionist (exasperated): "What else?"  
Rahman: "The bit where he kisses his cousin goodbye."  
Projectionist: "For heaven's sake! She's only 6 years old."  
Rahman: "A kiss is a kiss. Such things are offensive to our culture."  
Projectionist: "Suit yourself. We have to leave out ten minutes for the ads. So far, you've only left out 7 minutes."  
Rahman: "O.K. Cut out that long-winded conversation in the middle."  
Projectionist: "But it's vital to the plot!"  
Rahman: "Who's going to figure that out? Most of our

By Sagheer Bin Faiz

viewers are too dumb anyway!" (That's what he thinks.)

Rahman may be fictional but in reality, there are many Rahmans scurrying around the BTV corridors. From the com-



fort of your home, it's easy to picture the BTV censors as mindless robots, carrying on with their job, paying no heed to their critics. At least, that's the impression that they seem to give everyone. After all, these censors have been criti-

cised time and again by word of mouth, by newspapers, magazines and so on. They show no sign of relenting. I have in fact met with a few of these censors and their justifi-

been complaining so much about these censors but now they have become so tired of complaining that they have accepted it as a fact of life. Take the TV series 'Twin Peaks' for example. Chunks of dialogue have been indiscriminately cut off so much so that people actually resort to renting the episode, taped in the US, from video clubs. I myself have seen some of these 'uncensored' episodes and there doesn't seem to be any justification in cutting off the scenes that they did. The censors seem to go to new heights of stupidity everyday. What turn of mind could make them censor newlyweds kissing or for that matter, Bill Cosby kissing his daughter goodbye as she heads off for college, or for that matter Dr. Doollittle kissing a seal goodbye as she heads off for the ocean? If you remember, they used to censor a part of the opening theme to 'Miami Vice' because it showed a bikini clad surfer. But yet, you see women in bikinis and jackets on the currently aired 'Eurotops'!

One is led to wonder what, if any, moral values these people have. They censor not in view of what the public finds offensive but what they with their seemingly restricted mentalities might find offensive. Unfortunately, this censorship has spread to the radio as well. A DJ friend of mine who works in the popular 'World Music' programme was

admonished by the bigwigs for playing a track called 'I'm Too Sexy'. Sexy generally means attractive, but the offensive bit here was the use of the word sex. My friend was told that this would offend many listeners. When the song was mentioned in 'World Music's Top 10 Countdown, it was called 'I'm Too Lurvely'!!! As far as I know, 'I'm Too Sexy' is a pretty hilarious single without an offensive word in it and most of the young people in Dhaka have taken to it very nicely and World Music is targeted towards the young audience.

I wouldn't consider these acts of censorship to be hypocrisy if it was applied to all forms of media. But look at the press. There seems to be no sense of censorship there. Newspapers can write about rape, homicidal gays and sex education, but one mention of those things on TV or radio and 'BANG! BANG! YOU'RE DEAD!' If you took some time to look at the more trashy tabloids like 'Chitrobanja' and 'Chhayachondo' and read the unbelievable stories they printed, you'd wonder what happened to censorship there. One of the more mature magazines 'Bichitra' recently featured a story on the growing problems of child prostitution in Dhaka.

If the press has the guts to deal with such issues without anyone complaining, do the BTV censors actually think that the general public will take them seriously?

## The Miracle

by Judith G Decosta

Susan has just come back from her date with Mr Wonderful but her room mate seems a little sceptical. Why is Lisa so suspicious? Read on to find out more

"H"e's not divine, he's human like the rest of us. But he's a good man."

"Does he love you even half as much as you love him, does he? Do you think you could handle it if the two of you don't make it together?"

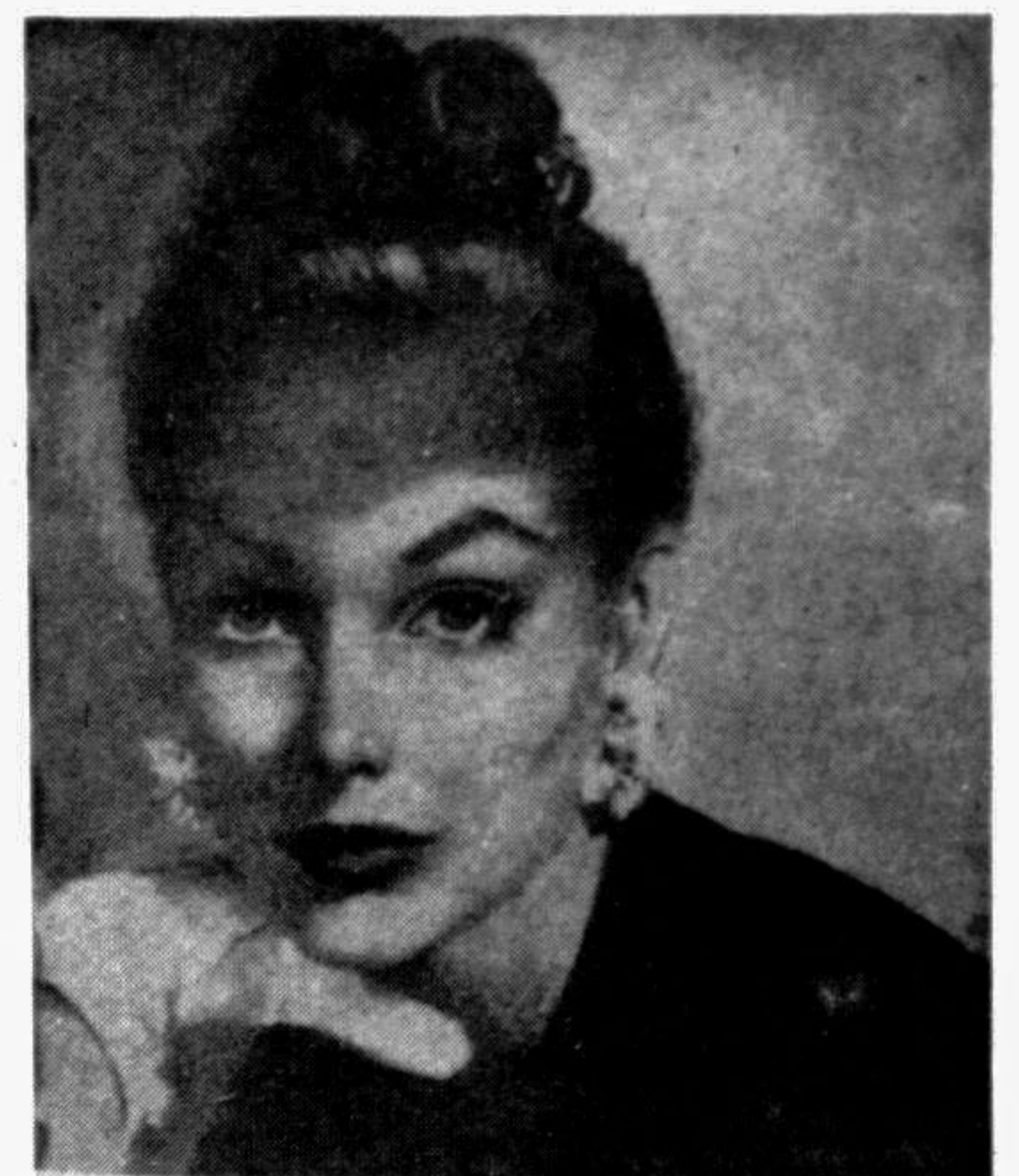
"That's a bridge I'll cross when I come to it."

"As good as you say this guy Dick is, I still say he doesn't deserve you," she leaned over and kissed Susan on the cheek.

"Thanks," said Susan, warmly hugging her friend. "But please do not call him Dick!"

Over the next few months as their relationship with Richard developed, the Susan had become an object of pity for the new one. She had once read somewhere that one is able to pity another only if he can alienate himself from the subjects in concern. In that case, she did feel pity for her old image for she felt totally alienated from her old self. In retrospect, the Susan of old was an introvert who wore her hair pulled back and her glasses at the tip of her nose. She dressed as if every occasion was a business meeting and most of the time that's just what it was for she kept her social life to a bare minimum. She would never dream of going around town till the late hours of night and falling asleep without the help of a good book or a cup of hot milk. The new Susan wore her long, rippling waves of hair loose, abandoned the glasses and dressed to kill. Gone were the formal business suits and were the most feminine wear of the season. The new Susan was wildly in love. Happiness was no longer to be found in the happy endings of romance novels. It came to her in hu-

man flesh and blood. Lisa, however, did not share her friend's new happiness, with the same attitude. As an outsider to their relationship, she was able to figure out things either Susan didn't care to notice or Richard didn't care to explain. Susan seemed a little too involved with a person she hadn't known for a ways mentioned a large family who lived 'outta town' but where were the pictures to back that proud note in his voice when he spoke or them? Was it all a fib? Did he (like most mysterious boyfriends) have the odd skeletons best left in the closet? From the look of things the family was a closely knit one so how come he didn't want them to meet his new girl or why was he



The new Susan

long time—Susan never gave so much to a guy whom she hadn't even known for six months! And from the looks of it, the poor girl was giving far more than she was getting. Liz wondered how come Old Dick (her own secret pet name for 'Darling Richard') was always popping over to the flat, but not once did she hear Susan say that she'd been to his place. Apart from this he al-

never willing to drive Susan up to their home for the weekend or something?

Curiously got the better of her, so Lisa once or twice hinted that maybe he was not the angel Susan had made him seem. She however, the topic on the basis that he was rather shy and if he wanted to let her know something they had tell in his own sweet time.

To be continued

## Movie Review: Curly Sue

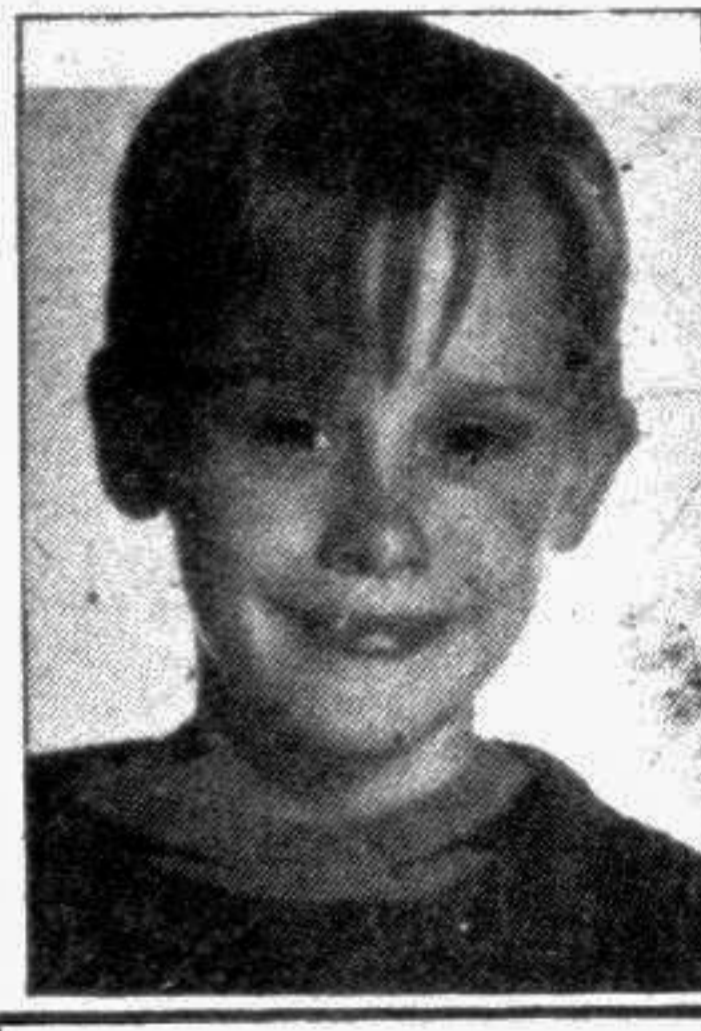
The story is about a nine year old brought up by a man called Bill Dancer. Nothing so odd — except that they are both penniless and are both con-artists. Bill and Sue have, all their lives played the most tragic father and daughter duo and scenes where she has to clobber her 'Father' for people to notice and give them a free meal are truly heart-wrenching.

at a restaurant of the classy lady's choice) and life goes on that night. Only the next night she really hits him with her car and feels responsible for their safety and welfare and takes them to her apartment. Watch the heart of this strictly business-minded lawyer (Kelly hynch) melt away while Curly Sue (not called so far her masses of curly hair) inadvertently works her way through the lady's heart.

## Star Profile

Name — Macaulay Chikín  
Date of Birth — August 26, 1980  
Interesting info — Mac is the third of seven children in his family.  
He's been acting from the age of four.  
He's done ads for Apple Computers, Gillette and Kraft foods.  
His favourite pastimes are skateboarding, playing Nintendo, and he loves baseball and basketball.  
He was paid the princely sum of one million dollars for his role in 'MY GIRL' co-starring with Dan Akroyd, Annette Bening and Jamie Lee Curtis.  
He comes from a family of actors. His brothers and father and his aunt, Bonnie Bedelia (Bruce Willis'

wife in the 'Die Hard' movies). His current project is 'Home Alone' 2 and he's also working on a horror film.



## Jokes

To err is human, but it takes a better excuse the second time.  
A middle-aged man was shuffling along, bent at the waist, as his wife helped him into the doctor's waiting room. A woman in the office viewed the scene in sympathy. "Arthritis with complications?" she asked.  
The wife shook her head. "Do-it-yourself," she explained, "with concrete blocks."  
Anyone who uses the term "dirt cheap" hasn't tried to purchase a 50-foot lot lately.

## Inflation is when the buck doesn't stop anywhere.

Anyone who has the willpower, the determination, the discipline and the grit to run 10 miles every day deserves something better.

## Riddle

— Tanimor Hussain  
There is a house  
There is a door  
There is no window  
There is no people  
Ans — A grave  
It is a bird, but can't fly  
It has small wings, long neck, long legs  
It has a heavy body.  
• Ans — An ostrich

## GOD

### Maissa Karim

Who, what, where is God?  
Have you ever wondered?  
He is mightier than the rampaging sea waves,  
Which is just a curt of water in his hands.  
He is just, he is mighty.  
The boiling, fiery sun is just as a golden ball to play with.  
His rules are hard to break as hard as trying to cut through a steel wall many miles thick with your own flesh hands.  
He holds you in his power like the force of a magnet to a nail.  
He is here..... and there  
The dark, the unknown the powerful, the mighty.

## Three Faces of Pete

by Readul Islam

Adults sometimes act in very wild and strange manners, while children take things calmly. I found this out at a barbershop.

I was reading the paper in a saloon one day. Scissors were going snipety — snip, faces were being shaved, and people were sitting around, discussing politics, or reading papers. It was a normal saloon scene.

The door opened, and Mr Jones entered with his six-year-old son Bill. He told Bill to get his haircut and come straight back home. Then he left. Bill came and sat on the couch in front of me. He was carrying a shampoo bottle. He saw me looking at it, and he explained that Peter was in it. Surprised, I asked, 'Who's Peter?'

He replied, 'My pet worm'. Bill had come into town only three days ago. This was the first time I had seen him. Bill's turn to get his haircut came. He took the shampoo bottle with him, and put it on the counter beside him. The man on the chair beside Bill had asked for a shave and a shampoo. His shave was finished. I saw the barber take Bill's shampoo bottle by mistake. Before I could say anything, the worm was squirted out into the barber's hand. 'Aaaa! A worm!' He screamed. He flung the worm away. The worm landed on Mr Peterson's newspaper. He was terrified, 'Aaargh! Help! The worm's biting me!'

Someone commented, 'How can it be biting you? It's on your paper.'  
'Help! It's biting my newspaper! He flicked the worm off.'

It landed on Mr Kirby's nose. Mr Kirby was a bit deaf, and also needed glasses. He

peered at the worm. 'Hey, what's on my nose?'

Bill calmly said, 'It's Peter. He's nice.'

'Mice!' screamed Mr Kirby. 'I hate mice.' He tried to hit the worm, but he missed and hit his nose. His glasses went flying one way, and the worm, another way. He gave an unearthly howl. 'Owl! My nose. It's bleeding. Get me some tissues!'

Peter, who was Mr Markovich's son, picked up Peter, who was Bill's worm. He showed it to his father, 'Look father, a worm. His father hit it off Peter's hand.'

Bill said, 'Please! Don't hurt my worm.'  
'Kill it!' shouted the barber. He lunged for the worm, but tripped over Mr Kirby, who was groping around for his glasses and screaming that his nose was bleeding.

A cat entered the saloon attracted by the commotion. The cat's name was Peter. Its owner came after it.  
'Kill the worm!' someone shouted.  
'Don't kill Peter!' Bill pleaded.

'Who's trying to kill my cat? Show yourself, villain.'  
'Who's trying to kill my son? Villain, show yourself.'

'Wait, who is Peter?'

'My cat!'  
'My son!'  
'My worm!'  
'My nose!'

'Oh, is Peter your nose?'  
'No, you fool. Get me some tissues for my bleeding nose.'  
'Where's the worm? Fry it.'  
'Don't!' Bill said.  
'Did you see where my glasses went?'

'I think they went that way.'  
'Well, go find it and get me some tissues!'  
'Where's the worm?'

'Where's my cat?'

'Where's my nose — I mean tissues for my nose. Can't you see it's bleeding?'

Bill had now become interested in a bottle of shampoo. He raced through the room, squirting it on everyone. 'Bill the brave shoots down evil forces trying to kill his worm!', he cried.

'Give me some tissues — yuk, tissues, I said, not shampoo, Tissues!'  
'Bless you!'  
'Where's the worm?'

The din quietened down as the discovery was made that the worm had disappeared. I thought Bill would be disappointed. But he was playing with shampoo. How could I ever forget such a character?

## Registration

Here is a new list of Rising Star members. Welcome to our club. We look forward to print your poems, stories, jokes, articles. A message to our other members: We have received many of your articles, poems etc and will be printing them as soon as possible, so don't lose heart OK?

- Omar Chowdhury, War, Dhaka Rs 00162
- Rehán Chowdhury, War, Dhaka Rs 00163
- Trishna Lalmita, Dhaka Rs 00164
- Raiyan Shahriar Islam, Dhanmondi, Dhaka Rs 00165
- Polash Ronjon Sanyal, Shantibagh, Dhaka Rs 00166
- Farha Kamal, Swambagh Rd, Dhaka Rs 00167

## Quiz Club

Here are this week's quiz questions. See if you can answer all of them correctly and get a very attractive prize. Don't forget — answers should reach us by Thursday July 23rd!

- Who is Japan's Prime Minister?
- Which is the largest salt water lake in the world?
- What is the largest peninsula in the world?
- Who wrote Jungle Book?
- Who said 'Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country'?
- Where was Marco Polo from? When was he born? (just give the year)
- Which game is the term 'China man' associated with?
- What is the famous trophy — the Ryder Cup given for?
- Who created the famous character James Bond?
- Who is the head of state of Malaysia?

- Answers to July 4th's Quiz Questions.
- The star-spangled Banner.
  - The New York Philharmonic — over 11,000 concerts.
  - Ludwig Van Beethoven.
  - Samuel Clemens
  - West Indies
  - 'Dangerous'
  - The Orient Express
  - Venice, Italy
  - Lhasa Tibet (12,087 feet above sea level).
  - Tokyo

## Emy and the Ghost

by Irina Ahmed

ONE morning Emy, a girl of 12, was walking down an empty, crooked street. She came to an old stone house covered with moss. She went to the main door. Her curiosity made her enter. She knew that it was the house of a doctor who committed suicide 80 years ago.

She opened the door and went in. The door closed by itself. Emy turned to the door and tried to open it. But it wouldn't open! Emy was seared to death. She turned around again. This time she saw a shimmering white figure in front of her. It was very tall and had long black hair.

He came closer to Emy, took hold of her firmly and said, 'Don't be afraid my dear. I shall not harm you. I am the ghost of

Doctor Jonathon. As you are the first person to come to my house in 80 years, I invite you to have breakfast with me this morning.'

He took Emy to a large room. Then he clapped his hands three times and you know what? A large table appeared with empty dishes plates and jugs on it!

By this time Emy had forgotten that she was with a ghost and was not the least afraid. She was very hungry. She asked the ghost, 'Doctor, where is the food for all these plates and dishes?' 'Sit down and wish for whatever you want for breakfast,' said the ghost.

Emy sat down and wished for treacle pudding, chocolate, milk and jelly as she was quite

a greedy girl. In a moment all the things appeared on Emy's plate and the other plates too!

After breakfast Emy gossiped with the ghost. They got on very well. In the afternoon, they had lunch and in the evening Emy said she wanted to go home. The doctor led her to his laboratory. He made her stand in a circle drawn in blue chalk. He danced around the circle chanting a queer song. A puff of green smoke rose and surrounded Emy. The doctor's ghost quickly placed an unusual coin in Emy's hand and closed it. As soon as her hand was closed, Emy found herself in her own cosy bed. She thought it was all a dream, but when she opened her hand she saw that unusual coin was still there!

**ROBERT THE DUCK**

Hey, Uncle Robert! Look, I'm on television!

SEE?

ROBERT THE DUCK BOOKMARK

COMPETITION

1) Cut out the coupon.

2) Answer this question: What is Robert's nephew's name?

3) Jerry B. Currie

4) Cluckosuno

5) Send the coupon your answer along with 2 taka to enter the competition to: Robert the Duck, Bookmark Competition, Easton Garden Rd, Dhaka.

6) Five lucky winners will be selected by lottery & each will receive a Robert-the-Duck Bookmark.

7) Draw will be held next Friday.

8) Winners' names will be given later.

9) Send your full name and address.

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: \_\_\_\_\_

— Innocent Erendrú New York USA