

RISING STARS

WE always considered Shubho a genius — in all aspects. He was a poetic fellow with all kinds of tendencies we never dreamt of following. He woke up at 12 noon, bunked college, and had breakfast along with a number of sedatives. Then he would start to paint (oil on canvas) and draw people waking up at 12 noon and having breakfast with marijuana. We ignored his bad habits just for one reason. He was a micro version of Jimmi Hendrix.

This Bengali Jimmi Hendrix would therefore spend the dull afternoon listening to music by The Doors or Deep Purple pop in some more sedatives like seduxin or phensidyl, then start playing his guitar like crazy.

Back in 1982, we (more or less all the guys of the same age in the city) were amazed by his talent. One day we heard that Shubho had formed a band called the Phasing Point. We were thrilled. At that time there were small numbers of bands in the country like 'Feedback', 'Souls and Miles'. But we considered these bands either vegetables or lacking originality. So we thought this was it. Phasing Point was going to boil the whole musical arena of the country.

Phasing Point started practice almost everyday. The line up was: Miaz—vocals, Hamid—bass, Shubho—guitar and keyboards but the band had not yet found any drummer or a back up guitarist. It needed a drummer like Ian Page (of Deep Purple) ... no, no, Led Zepplin's Bonham, but some one like Carl Palmer of Emerson, Lake and Palmer would do. "Sharter, if you find anyone like them," said Miaz one day (loaded with drugs of course), "pleash, let ush know."

Miaz never could pronounce anything properly. He would pronounce song as "shong", but that was his style.

One day we heard that they were getting ready for a super-hit concert. They had temporarily arranged a drummer and a keyboardist. The drummer was a professional man and he had never heard of rock and roll. But he knew all Hindi songs by heart. The keyboardist (a close friend of the band members) had only finished learning the major and minor chords. His name was Dulu (presently he is known to be a famous composer among the bands of the coun-

The Concert — Part I

by Sharier Khan

try). We thronged to the practice spot. After all we had to maintain liaison with them and pretend to be close friends of the band in order to get 'patta' (attention) from other guys.

Now, I was amazed to see the drummer. He had a hair style of 1974, wore disco shoes (pointed black shoes with a golden plate

stead of many people's kun toward 'Karl Marx' to practice pseudo intellectuality. Shubho and Miaz were alright. But they were always stoned and could not practice. 'I'm off to sleep, you practice', Shubho used to say. Others did not mind, for Shubho was a master musician. Miaz was always busy mixing ice cubes and

at an old community auditorium. So on the scheduled time, out we went heads high. Dhaka city was going to have a historic musical time at last. We got into the auditorium. There was arrangement for 250 seats. The seats had just started to fill up. I found out that almost every one in the audience was known to me.



on its top, a tight jeans and a skin-fit shirt. Man, was he ridiculous! He could not catch any of the beats of Phasing Point's music. Shubho was shouting out names at him every now and then. Dulu seemed to be stupefied.

Hamid the bassist, was in our opinion a snob. We never had any 'patta' from him. He would not talk unnecessarily and he never let anyone touch his bass guitar. Unlike Shubho he did not touch drugs and probably used to read 'Adam Smith' in-

lemon in phensidyl. "Okay," at last one day Shubho gave us "patta," you take the charge of selling 20 tickets. "You get a ticket free of course," he added. Gulp! I did not expect such responsibility in order to get 'patta'. A ticket cost 50 taka to 10 taka. Back in 1982-83, that was like 500 taka to 800 taka!

Anyway, since Shubho had a reputation of a Jimmi Hendrix, I managed to sell 18 tickets to my friends after a lot of persuasions.

The concert venue was fixed

and was busy discussing with my friends what the super-band might play.

It was 5.15 pm. The concert was supposed to begin at 5 pm. I asked some band helpers, "What's wrong, why the heck is the concert not beginning?" "Oh Shubho is making it late," he answered.

It was 5.30 Shubho was not still there. What had gone wrong? Now the band's helpers went out somewhere to make a phone call. He returned with the news that Shubho had just woken up from a nap and he would arrive by 6 pm. The audience became very impatient. Some of them brought along their own pot in hope of getting 'high' during the concert. They started smoking their pot and within minutes the auditorium became unbearable.

6 pm houseful! In fact, the house was full of impatient people ready to burst with music, rock and roll!

The light went on in the stage. We could see silhouettes of four persons. Shubho, Hamid Miaz and Dulu. The drummer was missing. The audience clapped. Then pin drop silence.

Shubho looked as if he was unaware of the audience. Drunk he seemed. Were the heck is the drummer? Miaz fixing his microphone, spoke through the speakers (600 watts), he is in the loo! The audience chuckling did not know how to react. Miaz also sounded drunk. Suddenly, the drummer walked in. He was loaded with drugs too. His buttons were undone. Hamid looked embarrassed while Dulu baffled. "What is this?" suddenly the drummer said, "the four others rushed to the spot on the stage where the drummer was pointing. The floor has a ditch I see," Hamid exclaimed.

The stage's floor is made of pieces of wood. It was set up during the British period. Now there were various traps on the stage. In front of the drum set, there was a hole. There were also some loose pieces of wood. "Never mind, the audience awaits us," we heard them say. "Ladies and gentlemen," Miaz turned around and tried to look for ladies among the audience. Seeing none but his mother, he said, "er hi guys, we are the 'Phasing point'!"

to be continued ...

A Day to Remember — or Forget

by Ashish Jay

THESE are days in our life when an experience may be so embarrassing that it would want us to disappear from the face of the earth till eternity. But as we grow older, and a little wiser, those very embarrassing moments of the past turn out to be memories of good old days. When we recall them later, they simply give us pleasure. Such a day for me was the first day of my 6th grade in a new school, which I still remember at the end of that day, at night at about 9:30 PM as my mother put me to bed and reminded me that I had another big day ahead of me. I looked at her and thought to myself, if only she knew what I had been through all day.

I woke up at about 5:00 in the morning. I am usually not an early riser, but that particular day I had every reason to get up early. My school was new, books were new, clothes and shoes were new. I was having a feeling of a new day. I was pretty excited and found myself ready to go to school by 5:30 A.M. but my class was scheduled to start at 7:30 A.M. Anyway I did my best to spend the two hours fast, by doing something but it turned out to be the longest two hours I had ever had. I reached school couple of minutes before 7:00 A.M. Because every one had to attend the assembly for half an hour. During the assembly, they used to make us sing the national anthem, take the oath, then read from the religious book. The last the worst part of this daily ritual was exercise.

By the time I found myself in class, I was too exhausted to even think. Then as the teacher entered the class we stood up like very obedient students. He started to take the attendance and asked the new students to approach his desk, which we did. He asked for our roll number, some of the students knew their's roll and so told him and got back to their seats. The person who was standing in front of me didn't know his roll number, which made the teacher furious and he started to beat him up. By that time I realized that this was the end of my exciting day. It was not only that I didn't know my roll number. The main problem was that I didn't know the meaning of 'roll number'. When I told him he looked at me with an evil smile. Without bothering to explain he began to box my ears and he started to beat me up. I was lost, I couldn't figure out what I had done wrong to deserve this. Perhaps it was something to do with the killing of the cat at first night, an expression often used by adults that left me totally bewildered.

During the break, as I was going down the stairs to the rest room, one of my class mates was coming back up, going back to class. On his way he stopped in front of me and punched me on my stomach. I wasn't ready for such kindness. May be that's how he greeted people on the first day. I sat there on the stairs for some time holding onto my stomach.

But later in my senior year, he became one of my friends.

We had one physical education class on that day. In this class it was up to the student to choose any game he wanted to play. Some of them were playing soccer, some cricket, some basketball and some like myself were just walking and watching the games. I was watching cricket. The field was at a good distance from the school building. I was physically but my mind was wondering some where else. Then suddenly I heard this bang and realized it was on my head. I was hit by the cricket ball. It started to bleed. The students stopped their game and came running towards me, picked me up and looked for some water to put on my head. There wasn't any in the field and the school building was away. But beside the field there was a golf course and the tee was just off the field (a tee is, from where the golfers hit their ball). On the tee, golfers usually have a bucket of water which they need to wash their golf balls. So they took me there and started to put some water on my head. I felt a terrible burning on my head and the smell of the water was terrible. I told them that it can't be water, they smelled it and realized it wasn't water but urine. Before that incidence I thought of golf as a very sophisticated game and the golfers as civilized, but after that I changed my mind. I was disgusted, they took me to the rest room, I where I washed my head more than 15 times after which I went to home, and didn't show up for days.

JOKES

The bright Irishman says he won't buy a nuclear fall-out shelter now, but will wait until he can buy a cheaper one second-hand.

Paddy was having dinner with some friends in their house in Donegal when a severed snow storm developed. "You must stay the night with us," insisted his friends. "You can't possibly go home in this weather."

"That very civil of you, replied Paddy. 'I'll just go home and bring my pyjamas.'

Whiz kid!

World-famous violinist Stefan Milenkovic, 10, practices in front of the Breakers, a mansion in Newport, Rhode Island U.S.A. He came from his home in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, to play at the Newport Music Festival. It was his first trip to the United States and certainly not his first musical performance. Stefan has played more than 500 concerts. He began performing at age 3, and he won an international competition at 7. Although he practices twice a day, he still finds time for skateboarding, bicycling and playing video games.



Stefan Milenkovic — National geographic world

Triumphs and Defeats of Bangladesh in Sports

by Rabeth Khan

BANGLADESH is known as the land of rivers, but sorry to say that not even a single swimmer of international standard have come out from these rivers. The same theory applies for shooting. We have so many guns and users (like mastans, hijackers, robbers and huntman of Sundarban) but the number of sharp, talented marksmen is very less. In other sports like basketball, volleyball, tennis, table tennis and athletics we can at least try to go to a respectable position.

Out of all the above mentioned sports we have good prospects in shooting and swimming. We have international standard shooters like Ateequr R, K S Parveen and A S Nini in our midst. Ateequr R has won gold medals in both Commonwealth Games and SAF Games and K S Parveen, the first woman of Bangladesh to win a gold medal in SAF Games while A S Nini was also the winner in Commonwealth Games. All these wins propelled

our hopes sky high. But after our dismal performance in the Asian Games, all our dreams went down the drain. The unsuccessful result in the Asian Games proves three things: Either our success in the Commonwealth Games was a fluke or the games itself was below the Asian standard or our shooters were carried away by the initial victory. Whatever the reason might be, our only job should be to correct our flaws and put ourselves on road to victory.

Now, let us come to swimming. Neither our mermaids nor our mermen could spur any twilight for our country. Only Brojen Das was the exception. He was one of the best swimmers in Asia in his time and became the first Bangladeshi to cross the English Channel. But apart from him, the standard of swimming is deflating gradually. We are even behind Sri Lanka. In the past SAF Games, our performance looked very

discouraging. The only silver lining in the otherwise gloomy picture is Mosharraf Hossain who has consistent wins in his pocket. His achievements include three gold medals, three silver medals in the SAF Games and respectable positions in other international events. But for how long will he be able to carry on? May be for another two years at best. So our duty is to go round the country, pick up talents and give them proper training.

In athletics, we are again a disappointing bunch. All our athletes lack stamina, power and proper training facilities. One name which I have to mention is Shah Alam. He was crowned the fastest man of South Asia and carried that honour for a long time with pride and dignity. But a tragic road accident ended his life as well as our dreams which revolved around him. Disappointing but true that we have no one to regain the mantle which Shah Alam held for long.

In sports like basketball and volleyball, we don't have much of a future but we can try to consolidate our current position. The same principle goes for tennis and table tennis. It is surprising that Nepal is better than us in table tennis, while in tennis our neighbours India have come up to the international standard which they proved by beating Switzerland and France in the Davis Cup. We have talented players like Hira Lal and Mohiuddin Jhilan but due to lack of experience and training there is no importance of their rich talent. In boxing and wrestling, we don't stand a chance even against Pakistan. In the previous SAF Games, most of our boxers lasted a minute or two against their opponents.

Anyway, we should spend more time on sports we have chance of succeeding like football, cricket, hockey, chess and shooting. By sending the respective teams outside the country to participate in international tournaments to enhance their experience and train them under the guidance of standard foreign coaches we hope to attain our much desired achievements.

Life

by Trishna

LIFE stories usually start with a delightful beginning and conclude in a tragedy. But mine seems to be packed with sorrow, tears and pain. My parents named me Dipesh with all the affection that they had, when I made their dream come true, being born as their one and only son. My childhood memories however, are the ugliest ones. My father cared for me and I loved my mother with all my heart. I respected her for what she was and for whatever she did. She was my idol. My father was mostly out for work, so naturally I was more attached to my beloved mother.

From my early age I had seen my mother falling ill too often and I used to think that this was due to all the work in the house that she used to do. But I could never guess that her illness was due to the deadly disease called — CANCER. Quite a few years later, that is almost four years after, I heard that my mother was going to accept death very soon. I was thirteen then and even today my eyes fill up, my body trembles and my heart throbs faster as those terrifying memories attack my brain.

I can never forget the frightening condition of my mother when she waited for death. She was extraordinary-looking, her beauty uncomparable. Her lovely, long hair started to fall off, until she had become almost bald. Her nails darkened and she had become something more than just, thin. We all consoled her but everybody lacked the power to cure her.

My prayers to God always requested him for my mother's life. But he too did not respond. I spent nights sleeplessly, cried without any limitations and endured the deep pain in that

Life

young heart of mine. I was determined to do something about this situation. But what? I thought of every way but nothing that could save my mother's life. The doctors had spoken their last words and my mother fought helplessly with the deadly disease, all alone in the hospital.

I was lying in bed, weeping. The night had added to my depression. I looked out of the window. The moon was shining, the stars twinkled but the darkness remained. It conquered the whole world. I heard the door of my room open and I saw a shadow enter. It was my father who had come to give me courage. But I was convinced that his consolation would not be beneficial. He stroked my hair and noticed me crying. Then he started his fatherly lecture — that same old 'everything will be fine' stuff. I hated him for giving me false hopes and I knew that he himself was aware of the future and was very sure that everything would not be fine. He left with a good-night kiss and I was lost in thoughts that then seemed meaningless.

It did not take long for the day to arrive when I was going to lose the most precious person in my life. My father phoned from the hospital and I was taken there by my grandmother. I could sense sorrow in the air. I had guessed what the emergency was, but I felt that it was just too early for the forth-

coming tragedy. We reached the hospital and I climbed up the stairs; the stairs that led me towards an incident that I always wished would never occur. I walked towards my mother's cabin and I faced a woman who had ready for death. She was breathing with great difficulty. Each breath she took needed much more effort than her body could provide. She opened her eyes as I went near and took my hand; she wanted to say something but she could not. Her rolling tears expressed the hurt inside. I got lost in silence, my lips were sealed and I saw my father crying like a mad-man. My mind was numb and I finally managed to say, "Mummy, please don't leave me." Her eyes provided a sea of tears for the final time and she whispered in a shaking voice, "Dipesh, I don't want to". She smiled the same way as she used to before being sick. Cancer could spoil her facial and physical beauty but not her smile. She never used to say good-bye whenever we got apart from each other, instead she always smiled. She did that this time too. I knelt down on the floor and rested my head on her hand. I could hear all the others howl, but I was silent. Her dead body remained in front of me. My mother was gone.

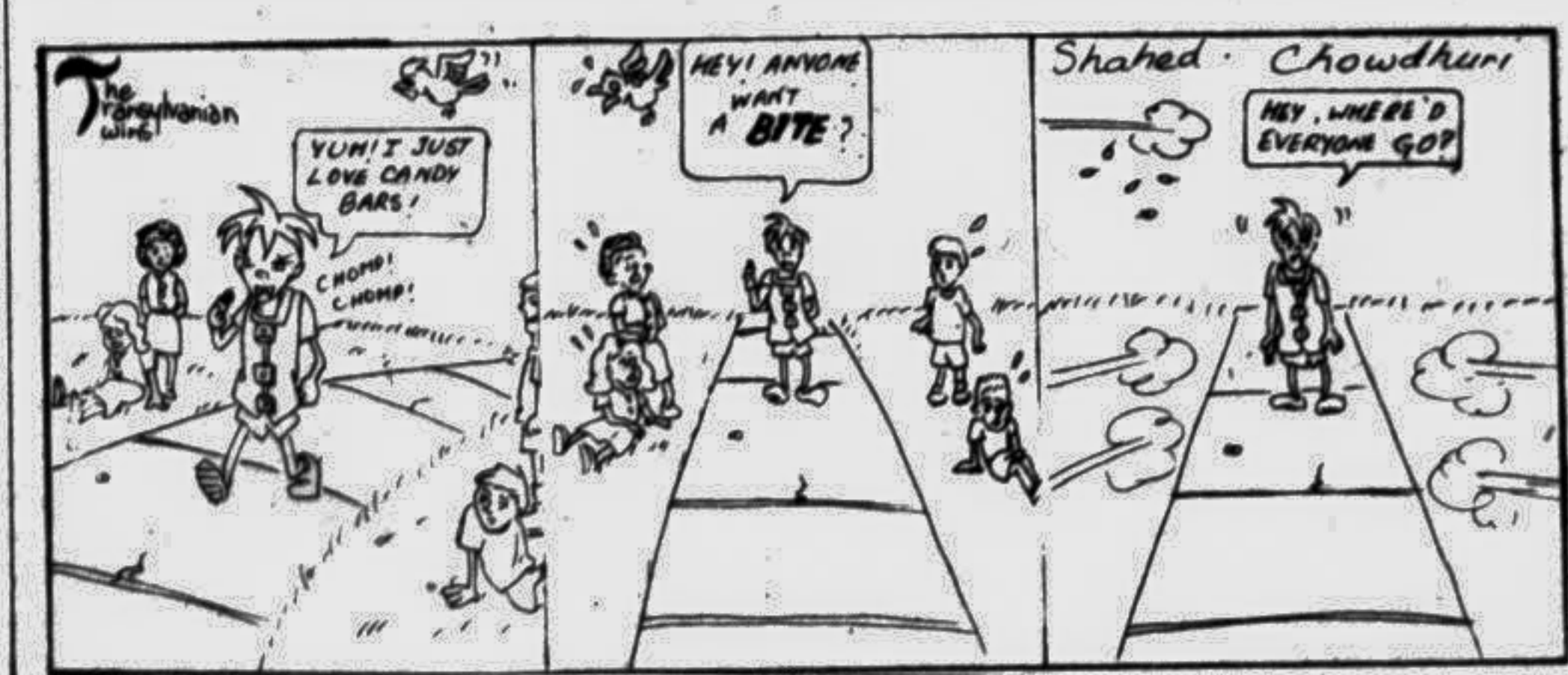
For days, since my mother had left this world, I had been in tension. I was worried about whether my father would bring someone else in my mother's place. On taking advantage of the opportunity, one day, I walked up to my father and stood in front. He asked me, peeping out of the newspaper which he was reading, what I wanted. With stored courage I asked him, "Dad, will you marry again?"

(to be continued)

STAR PROFILE



Name : New Kids On The Block
They are: Jordon, Joe, Toe, Donnie and Danny
Did you know :
— Jordon wears braces, takes zillions of vitamins each day and wears a lucky bracelet.
— Joe, if he wasn't a pop singer would like to be a real estate developer.
— Joe was the last member of NKOTB (whatever that is!) and is a Catholic.
— Donnie is the second youngest child, has eight brothers and sisters and manages group called 'The Northside Pass'.
— Danny wears contact lenses and was once caught stealing clothes!
Information collected by Tehreen Islam



My Quest

by Zinnia Ahmad

I set out into the wide, wide world to roam. With trust and faith as companions from home. As I walked through hail and frost, News came to me that Peace was lost. At once I started my quest, I knew no sleep; I knew no rest.

I looked for Peace in Friendship, But there Dispute already had a strong grip. I looked for Peace in Modesty, But from these as well I had to flee And I looked for Peace in Love, But there, unfortunately, I received a shove.

By then, trust had tattered and faith had fled. Every night, silently, I sobbed in bed. Finally I decided that home I shall return So back I turned and began to run I finished my journey back home without cease And there I found waiting for me Friendship, Modesty, Love and Peace.