

"I have loved you from the first moment I saw you" ... Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, the sad and introvert widower hero of Leo Tolstoy's epic *War and Peace* was rapturously expression his emotional longing, to Natasha Rostov, the little little lady of win-some beauty. Andrei is a fictional character. A work of Tolstoy's fabulous imagination. So are Sydney Carton of *A Tale of Two Cities*, David Copperfield of *David Copperfield*, Clyn Yeobright of *The Return of the Native*, Romeo of *Shakespeare* and Devdas of Sarat Chatterjee. But by God! their appeal is so overpowering, Romeo and Devdas are so often used to describe reckless and dejected lovers. They have become part of our vocabulary. Love indeed is an engrossing subject. Literature has enshrined it on the altar of great aesthetic height.

Love in a word, is the child of a basic inner need of man. It seeks sympathetic emotional support; a trustworthy partnership which puts the sense of self-worth on a firm foundation; a gratification of sexual desire; a possession which can be prized and even used; a reckless adventure which breaks the monotony of the daily grind. It's difficult to decipher the human mind in its totality. My inquisitive discourse will therefore have the imperfections of an incomplete profile.

My humble effort is more an enquiry than an analysis. Because many noted poets, writers, psychologists, sociologists, anthropologists, psychiatrists and scientists have written extensively on this interesting subject.

Love, specially in the courting stage, brings on an euphoric, and not infrequently a blissful spell. In whatever language it is expressed, the feeling has the same fascinating resonance, the imagination has the same colourful aura. Sir Walter Temple lends credibility to this view when he states with deep fervour, "The greatest pleasure of life is love".

Love as a word, has a broader meaning. It covers a wide range of emotional attachment. It is the love between men and women which draws greater attention and interest. In addition to this amorous feeling, one may love one's children, parents, friends, country, pet animals, hobbies and many others.

In describing love between men and women, particularly among young people, two words go together - romance and love. They make a splendid pair in illustrating love among this age group. Because their love is of exuberant nature in contrast to the more sedate nature of love among people who are relatively older.

Romantic love is interpreted differently by professional people with authority or their subjects. According to the TIME magazine story, the anthropologists observe that love, specially romantic love has always been a matter of the

head, and it's the flowering of world literature which has re-located it in the heart nearly five or six centuries ago. The holders of the scientific view further state that love is a 'cultural fantasy'. Romance is linked to the development and availability of modern amenities like, time, comfort and a certain level of refinement in the arts and letters. Romantic love cannot thrive without these nourishments. The scientists, however, concede that romantic love is real and is bred into our biology. The psychiatrists explain the euphoria of romantic love in a biochemical way, attributing it to the concentration of cousins of a chemical called amphetamines which include dopamine, norepinephrine and special phenylethylamine.

The psychologists' observation of romantic love gives a predominant role to human mind and its acquired experiences. The father of modern psychology, Sigmund Freud created a sensation by his theory on the origin and development of attraction among opposite sexes. He termed it 'Oedipus Complex' for men and 'Electra Complex' for women. A short description of the background of these two names will facilitate better comprehension of Freud's theory.

Oedipus, as we know, is a character of the Greek mythology. He was destined by the Delphic oracle to kill his father Laius, the king of Thebes, and later to marry his mother, Queen Jocasta. He was, therefore, abandoned to a jungle where he was raised by a shepherd. But it did not preclude the oracle from coming true. Oedipus grew up, met his father on the road, got into a fight and killed him, ignorant of his identity. He went on to conquer Thebes and married his mother Jocasta. When the incest came to light, Jocasta hanged herself. Oedipus tore out his eyes and left Thebes with his daughter Antigone to Athens where he died.

Electra, on the other hand, was the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytaemnestra, and the brother of Orestes. She had great love for her father. When her father was killed by her mother, she fiercely persuaded her brother Orestes to avenge the death of their father by killing Clytaemnestra. Orestes did accordingly.

Oedipus complex is held to be a universal infantile experience during which in the phallic stage (three to five) the boy has sexual tendencies towards his mother which outwardly manifests in deep emotional attachment, and look on his father as a potential rival. The girl child also goes through a similar emotional attachment towards her father. On reaching adolescence, this attraction attains optimum physical and mental potency. They start searching for a replacement for their mother and father for the fulfillment of their emotional and physical need.

Adolescence or teenage

LOVE The Interest Never Fades Away

period is a testing time of life. Romantic love holds great sway over the minds of the teenagers. The prodigious energy of the youth, the vitality of ascendant physical growth, the polychromatic expanse of imagination, the insatiable hunger for establishing self-worth, the exuberance of newly found independence, all combine to make teenagers the favoured children of romantic love. They are capable of breaking any barrier, reaching any height, going to any length and paying any price for love.

Teenage love has wondrous elements to make it into a fable, into an immensely popular tale. In such a state, the person of love is placed on a pedestal where earthly frailties have no place, where no dark traits sully the image. Love reigns supreme.

by Syed Maqsood Jamil

To my mind the most captivating saga of teenage love is Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo and Juliet were from two feuding families. The Montagues and the Capulets of Verona. There was so much rancour between the two families that any kind of exchange between the two was unthinkable. The hatred was visceral. Everything about Juliet appeared divine to Romeo. Risking the wrath of the vengeful Capulets, he stands by the side of the wall facing Juliet's window and gallantly proposes, "But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun/ Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon/ Who is already sick and pale with grief! That thou her maid art far more fair than she! Be not her maid, since she is envious. Her vestal livery is but sick and green. And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. It is my lady. O, it is my love! O that she knew she were! She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that? Her eye discourses; I will answer it. I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks; Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven/ Having some business, do entreat her eyes/ To twinkle in their spheres till they return/ What if her eyes were there, they in her? The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars/ As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven/ Would through the airy region stream so bright/ That birds would sing, and think it were not night. That sounds so far-

fetched, like the outpourings of someone in a trance. But can there be an aesthetically better way of describing the charm of teenage love?

Let us now judge why elderly men and women fall in love, sometimes muddling all calculations and why one falls in love with someone in particular, not with the other. The factors are almost akin to those of the teenagers except that they generally tend to be a bit more circumspect, more guarded and, in fact, a bit more easy-paced. The propelling factors in most cases are, physical beauty, the thrilling nature of the relationship, sexual attraction, similarity of taste, harmony of disposition, intellectual adaptability, similar views and attitudes, pity, kindness, sympathy and even circumstances. However, piously I may try to explain,

the idea of covering it with a broad sweep is an unrealistic proposition.

There are cases of love which are thoroughly confounding. The one with the good look falling in love with the unattractive, the rich falling in love with the poor, the eminent falling in love with the commoner, the virtuous falling in love with the sinner, the intellectual falling in love with one who has little interest in the acquisition of knowledge, the white falling in love with the black, the unmarried with the married etc.

The dominant social view is that it is convenient to fall in love with someone of one's own community. By that I mean, things like race, language, religion, nationality, social and financial status etc. In case of compatibility of these factors, social acceptability does not remain a remote prospect. Still men and women fall in love with each other ignoring dictates of all kind. It has happened in the past. Cultural liberalisation and greater scope for human exchange brought about by globalisation of international community, has further lessened the fear of such kind of love being eyed with disfavour. Such marriages make sensationally inflated stories in newspapers because of the element of scandal in them. These are the unsung heroes and heroines of all times.

The role of love in history is no less an interesting matter. It adds drama and colour.

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There are many historical examples where a monarch has risked his empire, faced great odds, built monuments, even committed abominable crimes for love. To my mind, the brightest among them is King Edward the VIII of British Empire. He gallantly abdicated his throne to marry his woman of love, Mrs. Wallis Simpson, a divorced wife of an American diplomat.

Edward the VIII reigned for only 327 days, and abdicated his throne on Dec 11, 1936, with these stirring words: ".....

A few hours ago, I discharged my last duty, as King and Emperor and now that I have been succeeded by my brother the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart. You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the empire, which as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty five years tried to serve. But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King without the help and support of the woman I love.....

On the other hand, many mighty monarchs have committed abhorrent crimes, for their women of love, sometimes to please them, sometimes to dispense with them. Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent of Ottoman Empire was much enamoured with his Georgian wife Roxelana. He had great qualities but because of his love for Roxelana, he committed despicable crimes which sullied his image. It is said that under the influence of Roxelana he assassinated his capable Prime Minister and brother-in-law Ibrahim. Later, he committed the most barbaric crime of sentencing to death his sons Mustapha and Bayazid to pave the way for the son of Roxelana.

There is an element of possession in love, specially for the men. Getting the woman of love is a matter of great pride. It brings in a feeling of profound fulfilment. This feeling has great intensity. John Keats has so wonderfully put this feeling into an unforgettable poem. He beseeches Fanny Browne "I cry your mercy-pity-love! aye, love! / Merciful love that tantalizes not. / One-thoughted, never-wandering guleless love! / Unmasked and being seen — without a blot! / O! let me have thee whole-all-all be mine! / That shape, that fairness, that sweet minor zest! / Of love, your kiss, — those hands, those eyes divine. / That warm, white, lumen, / million pleasure-breast! — / Yourself your soul in pity, give me all. / Withdraw no atom's or I die.....

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can assume the character of malignant hatred, barbaric vengeance, and pithless violence. We do not have to go far. Our newspapers often carry news items of ghastly violence committed against women by dejected lovers. Killing, pouring kerosene oil on the body and setting it on fire, scalding the face and the body by throwing acid are common abominations committed against hapless women, especially against teenage girls, by dejected psychopathic lovers.

Cases of suicide because of failure in love often come into news. In cases of rejection, failure or diminution of love, it is mostly the women who bear the cross, pay the penalty and suffer the most. In Bengali literature Devdas has, however, been glorified to the status of a deity. The general view, I am afraid, tends to favour the men. This is my personal assumption.

I believe my exercise in describing the unpleasant and tragic side of love will remain incomplete if I do not dwell a bit on Shakespeare's *Othello*. The inner insecurity of the black moor Othello, who was so deeply in love with Desdemona, boorishly succumbed to black suspicion. That she was carrying out an illicit love. His suspicion obsessed him like a demon. Othello ultimately strangled Desdemona to death in a burst of intense mental turmoil. His repentance was no less devastating in its effect. Othello loudly bemoaned "Whip me, ye devils! From the possession of this heavenly sight! / Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur! / Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! / O Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead! Desdemona! Dead! Of O!

King Henry the VIII in spite of his good education, handsome appearance had a wicked trait of marrying women for love and later ditching them with vilest cruelty. For marrying Ann Boleyn he defiled the papal excommunication, fathered a child who was to become Queen Elizabeth I. Once his love ran its course, Ann was sent to the gallows for the charge of infidelity.

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In a Jam by Arjuna

PEOPLE who have been to any of Asia's megacities — Bangkok, Calcutta, Tokyo, Jakarta, Manila and Taipei, to name a few — usually have mixed feelings about their visits. They are either highly critical of some places or much impressed by others.

But one thing they tend to agree on is that traffic in all these cities is horrible.

Bumper-to-bumper vehicular traffic, as well as congested infrastructure, is a norm rather than a rarity in these urban centres. And the fact that each city is bursting at the seams with humanity doesn't help the situation one bit. If migraines, anger and frustration caused by this intolerable traffic are vocalized, the sound could probably be heard halfway around the world.

Even in Phnom Penh, just emerging from a United Nations-brokered election, the traffic problem has begun to set in, leaving just about every foreigner aghast. Cycles in full speed pay scant regard for traffic lights even as flatbed trailers from the countryside and other vehicles challenge them for the right of way.

Mornings and evenings are the most scary moments for anyone who has just been through the hustle and bustle of Poichengtong airport. The most vivid recollection of my stay in the country is the breakneck speed at which my Checkpoint-employed friend rode his bike on a Saturday outing to Tonle Battambang, a trip which fortunately allowed me to live to tell this tale.

"Farangs" (foreigners) in Bangkok no longer consider the traffic gridlock the butt of jokes as even royalty has intervened with suggestions on how to restore law and order in a country experiencing economic growth of an unprecedented kind. My eyeballs almost popped out in fear as I sat in a "tuk-tuk" (motorized scooter) and recalled the doleful city I last visited ten years ago. The middle of the road "Bangkok Post," after much persuasion, has even devoted a page daily on the issue of motorizing woes, a big concession, indeed and proof of the gravity of the situation.

Something must be done in this "city of charm," or we may all go the way of a frustrated Thai cop who turned all the traffic lights green one day out of exasperation and ended up in a nut farm. Getting the woman or man of your love is only a segment of the tale called love. It is the transition from romantic love into conjugal love which puts love to a great challenge. As the Christian marriage vow says "to cherish love till death do us part". In fact, the real test of love begins after marriage. The drudgery of daily life, the boredom of proximity, the unveiling of the frailties, all contribute to the fading away of the polychromatic image of pre-nuptial love. The loved ones no longer look like defied characters enshrined on the altars of love. The dream peels away, the rugged reality of unadorned life becomes razor-sharp. The period of adjustment tests the emotional foundation of romantic love. Those who hold into each other, be it in prosperity or in

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Thirty-nine Royal Bengal Tigers

by Hubert Francis Sarkar

Thirty-nine Royal Bengal Tigers roar at once. As I see the formidable rage thus embodied, I am raised from a half-trance.....

The Sundarbans, that half-forgotten paradise. Calls me. Haplessly, I hear the wild cries.

The worldly-wise knows the subtleties. For this, I cannot shed crocodile's tears, I do not see in it any beauty.

Nostalgia, yes, nostalgia tears down our time-constraints, calls us to the wilderness.

Otherwise, the rat race for the top place becomes ruthless. And, then, at once a dense forest disappears....

Step-by-step, the indigenous men surrender to the mafraiders.

Why shouldn't they? They have lost all knives, swords and spears.

And, the world has become used to see a lot of tears!

Even if the hungry-angry millions raise enormous clamour, the circus organizers, the pageant sponsors cannot afford to abandon all the glitz and glamour.

How far the world can go austere?

Yes, the world embraces the avant garde, the haute couture.....

Yet, again, thirty-nine Royal Bengal Tigers roar at once. As I see the formidable rage thus embodied, I am raised from a half-trance.....

Samoa

by A. T. M. Ghyasuddin

Samoa. Two thousand miles away. Two eyes floating on the vast blue expanse. Emerald with crystal radiance. Heard of the twining creepers of the land. With luxury of flowers. Coiling round the branches green. Its thick leaf embracing the mellowing dew. With slow softness like the light. Dawning on the lap of darkness.

Luatala: your two eyes cradle. That Samoa, all the time.

Beneath the hardware of a computer. Billions of vibrations yield the words. The propositions we want.

Under your charming exterior. Cruelly hard. In the heart of hearts the vibrations you have. Can't there be expressed a word 'love'. Beginning of a welcome programme.

Television News and Creativity

by Khurshida Haq

news, its depth, interest in it and impact of it over the people, vary to an extent. Hence the world 'creativity' cannot be ignored in news either.

News writing or reporting or presentation of a news item is an art which needs special skill. A journalist should have the ability together, prepare and present news in an appropriate and interesting way. First of all, he needs to recognize news. What is news? At different ages, news experts and scholars had tried to explain this question. More than a century ago, American journalist John B. Bogart uttered the famous dictum on news: "When a dog bites a man, that is not news, but when a man bites a dog that is a news". This definition of news soon spread among the journalists and was popularised. Bogart emphasized dramatization in

labelling). It is all right for a school child to consume an egg at Tk 2.50. At 13/- per half, the market controllers are not in sight, and there is no official explanation. In this society, round-table conferences are not popular or successful. Nor any thing egg-shaped. Go flat out for quick profit.

Perhaps the time has come

However, all these definitions do not entirely clarify news. As news contains human characteristics and deals with the human mind, no scientific formula has yet been devised or evolved to define news through which news can be recognised or identified and evaluated. For this, journalist Ken Metzler has truly said — "Journalism is a window open to the world and the world can be an exciting adventure or a hopeless bore; it's up to you." This indicates that the responsibility lies with the journalist himself to recognise, judge, gather