

# TEENAGERS and TWENTIES

## Girls! Girls! Girls!

by Sharier Khan



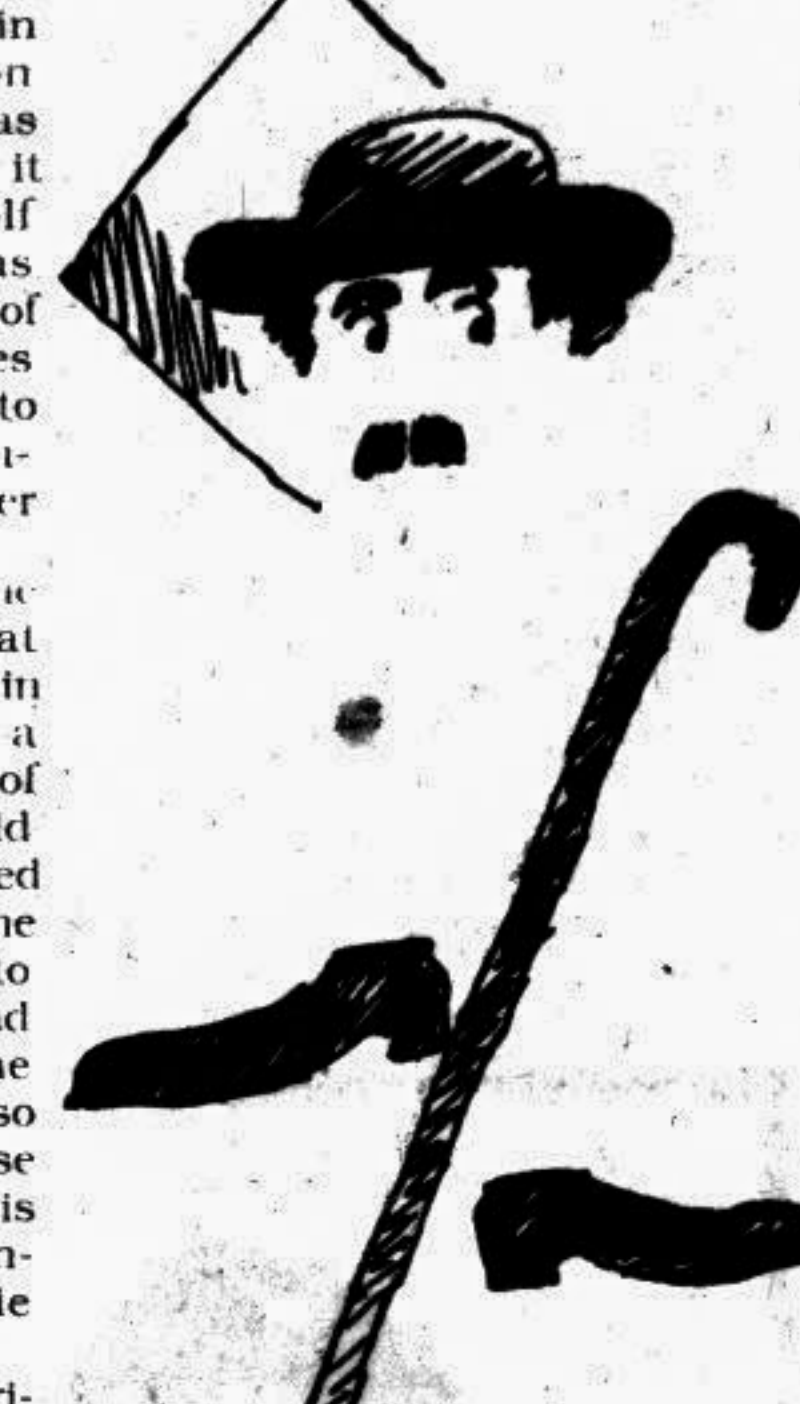
"No, don't go. Come inside," she invited me.  
 "Omigosh!" I almost screamed, "no thank you."  
 "What's your name?"  
 I uttered my name and ran like the wind. I don't wanna hang around here, any more. After a couple of days, I forgot the whole thing and was taking a short cut home from my school.  
 The spot: back yard of the flat of my friends'. Environment: a still pond. Lots of bushes. Tall trees. Time: 3 pm. Everyone asleep. Even the street dogs. Background music: some ravens cawing. My feeling: Ignorant of the horror to come. Singing Deep Purple.  
 "Hey boy! Hey boy!"  
 Suddenly I heard this husky low pitch female voice. My hair raised. Who or what is it?

the elder sister Ruma.  
 "I love you Ruma," he told her one day.  
 "You? giggles... you must be kidding," she replied.  
 While he was coming out of Ruma-Seema's house, he met Seema. "I love you Seema." "Don't be silly," she laughed.  
 So you laugh at me? Rubel pondered. Finally he mailed them love letters separately. Both the sisters opened their mails. Both secretly sighed. "Oh Rubel... why you... you cute boy... sigh!" Both thought and fell in love with Rubel's letters which simply said, "I love you" and these simple words were written with his OWN blood. How romantic! How true an admirer you are! But little did they know how true, he actually was?

Taltu Rubel would never use his own blood for a girl. He only helped himself with chicken blood to write those letters. The sisters, ignorant of his multi-lateral love affairs and what Rubel really meant still pester him after years of the incident and Rubel is in hiding (with other chicks of course) and is busy with his medicine profession and he is still eligible. (That's what he loves to believe) enjoying his bachelor days.  
 Zahid Babu understands girls' psychology very clearly; that is, he knows what they look for in their boyfriends or what will be the course of their action if he told them something or wanted them to listen to him.  
 Babu is a smoker. He smokes 555. Each stick costs him Tk 3. When he is on a date, he requires at least eight cigarettes to keep his bluffs on the track. If he does not smoke, he may start bluffing Samina in the way he had bluffed Rubina. In other words, he loses track, and as a consequence the girl.  
 His observation about girls are, "invariably, my date would snatch my sixth cigarette, because it is around that time emotions run high and the pressure is immense and love is on air. She very thoughtfully advises me not to smoke in the future and throws the stick away." "Babu says adding," I can't stand such a loss, throwing away a cigarette worth three taka. I can't let it happen."  
 So what Babu does is, he keeps one cheap filter tipped cigarette in his pack of 555. "When I sense that the girl is going to snatch my cigarette, I bring out my Navy. She snatches that and throws it away." He confesses, "I pretend a cigarette is nothing to me... you are the one I care for."

## Charlie Chaplin, The Tramp

by Fyyaz Shahnoor



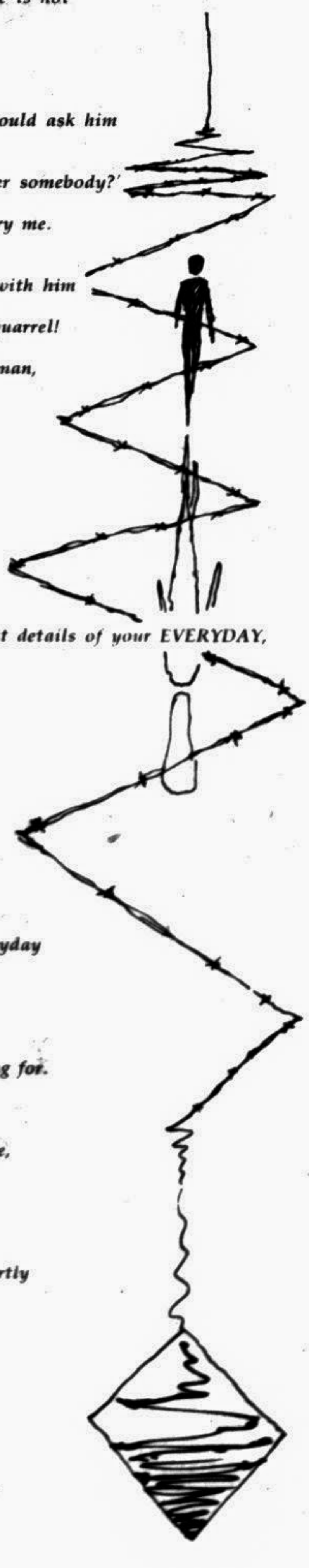
ON the 16th of April 1889 in a hovel in Kennington, London Charles Spencer Chaplin was born. As fate would have it that very same year Adolf Hitler, the great dictator was to be born. Maybe the birth of these two contrasting figures was one of God's divine plan to maintain a balance in the human race, that we shall never know.  
 But this we do know for the entirety of the 53 years that Charlie Chaplin was involved in movies he gave the world a very valuable gift, the gift of laughter. He made the world laugh like it has never laughed before. Yet ironically the joy he created was always attached to an acute sense of sadness and shame. Sadness, because the vices of the human race are so blatant. And shame because that is the way we are. And his portrayal of this mighty contrast is what made Charlie Chaplin a genius.  
 Charlie was born of theatrical parents. He had a very bitter childhood. His father an incorrigible drunkard had grown insensitive to the needs of the family. And his mother, a frail woman, was ill most of the time. These unfortunate circumstances threw young Charlie into the reality of a harsh world at a very tender age. A world where only the strong survived and the weak, however honest they might be, were sure to be broken.  
 From this and picture evolved a more mature philosophy which Charlie Chaplin used in most of his works. At the age of five his mother fell very sick and Charlie was forced to take a job in his mother's dancing hall. In 1906 his young career took a very important turn as he joined the Fred Karno Company. He travelled widely with Fred Karno whetting his acting skills. His first real break came when he was visiting the USA for the second time and caught the eye of a young director Mack Sennett of Keystone Film Company. From then on there was no looking back. The ugly duckling suddenly found out that he had turned into a swan.  
 Keystone Film Company signed Charlie on in a one year contract with 150 wages per week. In the first shooting at the studio Charlie was ordered to put on make-up. Charlie Chaplin, the nobody, went into the make-up room, but when he came out he was transformed into Charlie Chaplin the tramp. A sad impression of a human being that the world in time would come to love. He had put on a tight jacket with very loose baggy pants. His shoes were enormous and out turned. He had a bowler hat on and swinging a walking stick Charlie walked into the studio. He was an instant hit. This vagabond appearance was to be his trademark for a very long time to come.  
 Charlie Chaplin the vagabond was a simple man with simple needs. He was a loner, floating from one place to another like a twig in a vast sea. He portrayed the man we see on the streets, tattered shirts, dirty hands. He is the man we so fervently try to avoid. He has no definite destination or origin. He is an outcast because society has shunned him. He is a funny man in a pathetic sort of a way. Sometimes he is rebellious, protesting the vicious ruthlessness of modern society. A Don Juan, a noble knight in a vagabond's clothes. Sometimes he wins but most of the times he is defeated. But the thing that made the tramp unique is his unconventional sense of righteousness. Hungry, he could steal from a child. But he was also capable of giving away his last morsel of bread to a person in need.  
 This silent picture character and the story line was influenced by an incident that had happened when Charlie was a small boy. Everyday the butchers would take a herd of sheep to slaughter in front of his home. One day, to the amusement of little Charlie, one sheep got loose. People all over the place tried to catch the stray sheep jumping up and down and falling over each other in the event. This comic scene hit Charlie to be the funniest event he had ever witnessed in his life. At last the sheep was caught and Charlie suddenly realised that the sheep that had given him so much pleasure was destined to die. It is this sharp contrast that Charlie brought into perspective in his movies.  
 America loved Charlie the Tramp. They flocked to the movies to get a glimpse of him. In England and the Continent Charlie was a sensation. But alas all good things have to come to an end. His constant portrayal of the vagabond as the innocent victim of a heartless American society soon induced harsh, biting criticism. People are fickle minded by nature, and the industrialists of the growing American society soon started to project an image that Chaplin was a sym-

pathiser with the communists. The press as usual soon made up colorful pictures of Charlie Chaplin the communist. And in a post-war American society this was a hard blow from which Charlie would never recover.  
 As long as Charlie played the part of the harmless weak willed buffoon he was accepted. But when he played the role of a strong willed working class man who made the industrialists look like buffoons (Modern Times) he was condemned. His refusal to accept American citizenship didn't help either. His argument was that he was the citizen of the world and that no one country could claim him. American would not forgive him for speaking his mind. They started harassing and humiliating the man that had given them so much.  
 In 1948 Charlie wanted to go to visit England to shoot his next project Ligne Lights. He applied for a visa that would allow him to return to America after his work was finished in England. The income tax department would not grant Charlie permission to leave if he did not settle his dues. The foreign department sent over three officers to interview Charlie and find out if his going abroad was necessary. After many other complications, on the 17th of September 1952 Charlie Chaplin and his family boarded the Queen Elizabeth on his way to England. As the final humiliation the American Foreign Affairs Department sent a telegram to the ship stating that Charlie was band to enter American soil ever again.  
 Charlie lived the last days of his life in peace and tranquility in Switzerland. He bought a 37 acre garden house in a quiet village of Corsier. In 1975 Charlie Chaplin did once return to America. He went there that time to receive the Oscar Awards for lifetime achievement. In 1975 4th March Queen Elizabeth honored Charlie Chaplin the Knighthood. At the age of 88 in 1977, 25th December Charlie Chaplin, the man, the legend, passed away quietly in his sleep.  
 For fifty three years Charles Spencer Chaplin acted and directed movies. He was involved in 81 movies throughout his long career. He acted in 80, directed and written script for 67 of those. Of them, 75 were silent movies. Maybe the greatest genius of Chaplin movies is that they defy time and space. Anyone anywhere and at any point of time can relate to his themes. All his creations had a universal appeal because they portrayed life as it is, not as it should have been. We still laugh when we watch his movies. But very few of us perceive that we are actually laughing at ourselves. That was Charles joke on humanity. As his biographers agree, Charlie Chaplin always had the last laugh.  
 Source — Charlie Chaplin by Momtaz Uddin Ahmed

## An Agnostic View of Murder!

by Maqsoodul Haque

In one of those wandering, meandering, wondering's of my mind, this, just quite a few days before I gave up on my religion, I thought,  
 I read somewhere in some Holy book, that till justice is not forthcoming, GOD gets so very angry that his house in Heaven continues to shake and rattle, if man commits a crime, called MURDER!  
 'Why', I asked dear GOD, as only a child like me would ask him 'why do you get so upset if man kills man, since you have foreordained birth and death, what does it matter to you if I go ahead and murder somebody?'  
 Till a very long time this thought continued to worry me. GOD as usual being very, very, busy has not replied to me, and since I love GOD so much and cannot quarrel with him I have almost come around to believing, that GOD does not want to get involved, in man's quarrel!  
 'But GOD men are going to die anyway, so what if man, figured out some sharp way and squirted out a little blood and despatched somebody to you earlier than necessary, after all you have created a fast paced world, and wait a minute, aren't we doing this everyday to dogs, cats... even to the little chicken on my dinner table?'  
 The thought last night, quite rightly was:  
 I have planned your, coming and going, you are only mortal, I have taken lot of pain in working out, the minutest details of your EVERYDAY, while I was busy elsewhere to, UPSET MY PLANS FOR YOU !!!  
 Because man has cheated on GOD's plans, because man decided to act GOD, man therefore is given the responsibility to sort out his quarrel to the 'satisfaction of all concerned. Hang him, set him free, forgive him or whatever justice is always forthcoming in a murder, Time only is the greatest deception!  
 Of late there is a murder story getting printed everyday the space is growing, with faithful representation of the crime reflecting our collective contempt for murder. I am glad the space is growing, for I think sooner or later we will have all the stories that we have been waiting for.  
 For all the murder dear Bangladesh bore of hers sons, lovers and mistresses, of all the patricide, matricide, homicide, infanticide, ..... maybe even the genocide!  
 It gives me immense pleasure that the progress of GOD, is already on the way. We will have everything straightened out very shortly I trust you GOD thankfully, while religions continue to quarrel endlessly, and I rebel for agnosticity.  
 But before I go away, Dear GOD two questions, of all your great inventions could you not have perhaps forgotten religion? Also please tell me, what happens to those that murder in your name?  
 They still have not got this figured out, the YOU are not as small, as they think YOU are!



## For You Khan Shaheeb

by Begum Sipra Khan

THOSE who are connoisseur of music know very well how creative an artist Ustad Sagruddin Khan was. This talented musician of the sub-continent is no longer with us but he will live long, indefinitely in the ocean of his creation and by the immense wealth he left behind — for us.  
 Ustad Khan passed away on the 13th April 1994 though it was not unexpected as he was on his matured ages but still I could not accept the fact from my heart. He had taken the responsibility to serve the melody of music, and for that he ought to have lived a bit longer. We got a lot from him and yet the music lovers expected a lot more from him.  
 I personally, am ever grateful to him. I was not only his student but also his life partner. He crowned me with his love and affection. How successful he was as a husband beside a musician and above all as a man, nobody knows better than me. His presence will ever remain in my heart. I always prayed to this man, 'desolate everything, all the treasures hidden in you,' and he gave all he could to me and my music.  
 There is no such artists in India with whom he didn't play 'Serangi'. His Serangi could talk; both in vocals and instrument, his work was unparalleled. A rare gift on earth His melodious voice had its own style, which still make us cry. India's famous singer A T Kanon, Malobika Kanon and violinist shishir kana had said 'Ustad Sagruddin Khan's Serangi' had life and he put that life in his voice.  
 I am not worth of evaluating him. The very little favour I got from him was enough for me. All India Radio of Calcutta was his favourite place. There everybody called him as 'Sagarda'. He was really worth of that Unkarnath Tagore called him as 'Sur Sagar'. He got the title 'sadanwanda' at the Bangla Sanskrit Sammlan. This cheerful man left behind his famous deeds for us.  
 The book written by him 'Sar-Sur-Sagar' and the cassette of his classical music will show us the path which leads to divine music. There may not be a second music mentor like Khan Shaheeb. A voice trainer like him, not only in India but also in this subcontinent, is rare. He used a very scientific method to teach his students how to vibrate and keep up with the fluctuations, adjust to the ups and downs of music. He researched on various uncommon mode of music, he was such a devoted and a dedicated artist. He was in love with his work which was his passion as well. He could not finish all his works, he planned to do a lot more with music.  
 At the moment I am translating his book 'Sar-Sur-Sagar' into Bangla. I think people of Bangladesh will be benefited with this book. This book will be of great help to the students and also to those who play music and are doing research, work with classical music. There are various uncommon modes of music that are not played or sung now-a-days.  
 He wrote this book thinking of the people, who would want to research on this subject. So that my teacher, my beloved and respected Khan Shaheeb's soul rests in peace.  
 Translated by: Aminul Haque Shanto

## Groping in the Dark

by Kazi Khaled Arafat

Promises are spoken — Promises meant to be broken. Truth died the day before it was born. But no one speaks out Cuz our tradition is damned, Unhallowed.  
 Our lies — rising from the dust. To sink low in shameless shame. Then left, forever to rust.  
 We believe in fantasy — The only way to justify; And our legal technicality — It makes justice blinder than the crook. Where guns are fired and looks are burned. When hate is bred and love is spurned — is it too late to return?  
 While the storm rages 'I won't be held down', Winds of hope whisper 'Peace will come around'. But all of us has got to try To find out the reason why And do our best to let the evils die.

## Manners That Matter

by Siraj-us-Saleheen Lovell

At last the hero of the movie meets the villain.  
 Villian: "Oh No! Please spare me! I promise not to do it again!"  
 Our hero gives a sarcastic smile and says, "Now I've got you, you double-crossing man!" He slowly places his hand on his nose, and shoots out every remaining level of dirt stocked up in his beak-like nose, all over him. Cut!  
 Don't be alarmed. The real movies aren't so bad. I just made it up from my fantasy and from the dislike for such peculiar mannerisms, which are sometimes a daily routine for some people.  
 For instance, imagine you've got the exquisite chance of talking to the most beautiful babe in your class, but suddenly, while talking you realize she's constantly putting her smooth and slick index finger into her ears and doing a most gross cleaning job. Definitely you don't want such an experience (better stay away from her). Again — you meet an old friend after a long time; you feel excited about it, but alas what's he doing? He talking to you with one friendly hand on your shoulder, but with the other one, is toying away with the buttons of newly bought expensive shirt, and RRRIP! a button comes off, tearing a good portion of the shirt you most boastfully showed off. What do you do? Nothing but cry in the wilderness.  
 I had a friend once who had this peculiar notion of putting both his middle and index fingers in the two tunnels of his nostrils every five minutes now and then (a habit indeed). You think that's gross! Then what would you call people who randomly like to grind out the ins and outs of their noses and clean the same hand on their own dresses?  
 Did you ever see the body-massage (that's what they think!) of some animals from time to time? If you didn't then don't worry, because some of our own species have the same habit. Yap, I'm talking about body-scratching.  
 Some of them have been so habituated, that they show-off of the flesh. You're wandering about the skin? Look again, it's stuck on nails of the scratcher (Yuck! I'm feeling sick). Many even try so hard to resemble a common (gross also) domestic animal known as 'Pig'; using their nose again, as a weapon. They try to achieve the sounds made by a pig (not knowing the consequences) by blowing hard and making unique, ultra-sonic, extra-terrestrial sounds loud enough to explode other car-drums. Some look extremely hungry and start chewing off their fingernails instead of real food. Only God knows what good flavour they find in those garbage-clanned nails.  
 The fairer sex have con-jured up a habit of hair plucking. It seems like they dislike the natural beauty given by the Al-mighty, so they tear off as many as they can (is it a competition? Beats me) to rather show-off their bald scalp. Ugh! a bald-headed babe is not my type of girl. They even try to stock-up those tiny-wing creatures that have resided there for such a long time. What're they up to? Maybe they'll eat loose-fry (God save us!) It's not the Ramadan season, you may see chaps spitting every bit of saliva out from their mouth (who cares if one drop falls on anyone) and wiping the remains with their own back-hand.  
 I hope I've been able to describe you what's gross and what's beyond gross. Do you have such peculiar idiosyncrasies? If so, then take my advice and wipe away such repugnant behaviour or otherwise, you'll be left alone, alone and alone. Bye for now.