

RISING STARS

"Take Life as it Comes"

by Rabeth Khan

In recent years, a handful of young creative artists have almost made it to the top and established themselves as regular faces in the television dramas. One of these talented young people is Afsana Mimi. She is another name for simplicity and elegance. A charming, beautiful lady in her mid twenties has created quite a reputation in a short time.

Afsana Mimi joined the world of acting through stage drama, around 1986. Her first television drama was telecasted in 1990. The drama was 'Zero Point', a story based on the struggle against autocracy. After that Mimi had been rather unfortunately out of television till the year 1992. Then again she came back and pursued her acting career unabated. Incidentally, she came to the limelight initially not because of the roles she played in her drama but for an advertisement of Peps-Gel tooth-



Elegant Afsana Mimi

paste shown in the television around '91.

With an eagerness to know about Afsana, I met her in her house in Malibagh. I was mesmerized by her breath taking beauty. She resembled a petite, beautiful Bengali maiden. She is a student of English literature in Dhaka University with her final exams coming up in October.

When asked to choose the best character in a drama she has played, Mimi answered with a smile, "In my three-and-half year career there was the 'Bokul' character in the popular drama 'Kothai Keyo Nai' which I liked best. That role really left strong impression on me and made me popular. Speaking about the characters she wants to play, Mimi expressed, "I always want to do a role in dramas written by Rabindranath Tagore and William Shakespeare. But unfortunately none of their plays are dramatized in the television. There is one drama of Rabindranath every year and it is very difficult to be a part of it. I hope my desire will be fulfilled someday."

When asked about her interest in modelling, she smiled, "I am interested in modelling as it has helped me to come to this stage but I place it after acting in terms of interest. Very recently I have completed shooting for an advertisement of Lux and it is supposed to be screened coming August. It was a quality advertisement and now it will be difficult for me to choose anything below that standard. But anyway, if I get good offers I will certainly do it in the future."

Speaking about the difference of normal television drama and package drama, Afsana Mimi said, "There is nothing that different, with the exception of the technical areas. The technical areas of the package dramas are good and the drama sets are more naturalistic. But the quality of the stories are nearly the same. The introduction of package dramas is a very encouraging fact. If this trend continues, more young people can come in and take acting as a profession. But at the same time there are two things which are preventing package dramas from becoming a

success. BTV does not pay the package drama producers in time, and they advise the producers to complete the making of the whole drama within a small budget. But that is not possible. Apart from all the people involved, there are expenses for technical equipment too and so it is expensive to produce a package drama."

About the accusation that one has to have good connections to get into the television scenario, Mimi answered, "Yes the allegation is true (maybe partially). There are a lot of promising performers who can't come into television because they don't have any backing, to change this situation, it won't be easy. The whole system has to be altered gradually."

When asked to comment about the transition of television stars into the cinema world, she said, "I think it is a very positive sign for the big-

screen. I myself at one stage wanted to join the film industry permanently. Accordingly, I starred in a commercial film 'Dil' as a second actress. The film was a big hit and I got more offers to be the lead actress. But then my conscience clashed with my desire and I gave up the idea of doing films anymore. I knew, I wouldn't fit in those unsophisticated roles. In my opinion, the transition of television stars into big screen will be a success if those stars can bring back sophistication and perfection in our films."

After all those mind-racking questions, I asked her how she feels about romance and the parent's reaction about it. Mimi answered the first question with an equally romantic smile, "To me it is one of the best moments of life." Replying to the second part she said, "Parents usually criticize romantic affairs and I take that casually. I think all parents can't accept what their children do. Even I may not be able to agree what my children will do. A gap is always created at the end of every generation. But romance at an early age would not have happened if our social bindings were loosened a bit. Like when a boy sees a girl as a normal friend he does not think of her as anything else. But if there is a lack of communication, then he tries to communicate with her through 'love-affair' as a media. So our society should allow free mixing and it should be used positively. But romance at an early age is always risky."

The greatest necessity in her life is acting and to make herself ready for any type of situation to be faced in the world. Afsana Mimi's most unforgettable moment in life is the moment when she first appeared on stage. "It was a feeling which I never really can explain," she said. In an advice to the young generation, Mimi said, "Take life as it comes, enjoy it and don't make it unnecessarily complex. Be friends to all and enemy to none. Shape your future with the correct education."

Afsana Mimi has just begun her journey but she has performed commendably so far. The path of glory is there for her.

Nose-Picking is an Example

by Susmita Roy

If you're the type who goes berserk when a cute baby comes into view, you might also be the one who encourages the baby's habit of thumb sucking with unmeaningful (or baby words) like 'goo-goo' and 'ga-ga'. Usually the baby then instinctively sticks out a pink tongue at you and follows it by a salivated sneeze right in your face. Now the 'goo-goo', 'ga-ga' is where you're mistake is. You see, you should never encourage bad habits and mannerisms.

We all, young and old alike have mastered some form of bad habit or the other and we hardly ever notice them or rectify them. I have a queer feeling that a few of you out there, at this very moment, are thinking "other people may pick their noses but I don't". Yes — but see if you possess any of these — what shall we say — exceptional (?) qualities described below.

It's rather vague whether it can be explained by the simple harmonic motion of Physics) but quite a number of folks at times often feel the urgent desire to display "simple harmonic motion." The best example is shown by people who move their legs rhythmically from side to side or up and down while in a sitting position. The tempo varies from a very slow one to a very fast one. I have also personally witnessed a girl who rocks to and fro on the heels of her feet while reading out in class.

I have often admired her for her sense of balance and the way she never exceeds her centre of gravity, a modified version of this is the common case of an unrockable chair which is rocked by every sane person at least once in a lifetime.

If one observes closely, it will fascinate him to see the extent to which a mouth innovates a person to practise — unawarely of course — his rituals of daily bad habits. Chewing food — a task we're compelled to do is a factor in this case. Some of us, for some reason or the other, knowingly or unknowingly or maybe even genetically find nothing wrong with showing at least 16 of our teeth and 45 per cent of our saliva-fed mouthful while eating (in a voracious manner).

If we kept the food to ourselves instead of displaying it publicly, the appetite of many of our lunch companions would not be lost. But, is it not a fact that more people might lose their appetite for talking if their companion's mouth smells of bacteria — acted-on previous night's dinner and plaque?

Yawning out loud with the accompaniment of a full view of the soft pallate and a sonorous sound from the vocal cords mightn't be all that bad but burping is. Recently I've sadly said farewell to a friend of mine who was famous for her outbursts of probably the loudest and lengthiest burps in the world. I hope her American friends can tolerate her burps as well as we were forced to. (It took us 9 years to get used to it!) Thank heavens

burping doesn't spread germs but unfortunately coughing and sneezing do. And those of you out there who are coughing and 'choo-ing' away at this very moment — cover your mouths for heaven's sake.

A task executed mainly by Bengali mouths is spitting on almost anything ranging from streets to peoples' shirts. It's an art and it wouldn't be a surprise if competitions were held once in a while.

A lot of people in this world, even respectable executive ones, exhibit the act of "teething" by gnawing at a pencil butt or the plastic cap of a Biro (popularly Econo in Bangladesh). Students who

succeed in splitting open a pen cap (into the shape of a peeled banana) with the help of their teeth are sometimes envied by colleagues. This is true!

Talking of chewing, the teeth is also widely employed throughout the world for the popular act of nail biting. The practitioners of this habit may just be fond of cleaning out their dirty nails, chewing on them for fun or may only have an uncontrollable passionate desire to make them as short as possible. Nail chewing isn't the only chewing that goes around because many females are often found chewing away another dead material — their



hair (ends)!

The word hair can also remain us of the few who at their leisure pull at (the base of) their hair. German combing of hair may be the favourite past-time for many a self-conscious male but if only they know how many girls find it irritating.

It is probably (and thankfully) rare but there have been reported cases of people who scratch their body obscenely in front of other people. It's really the pits when it's the armpits or the belly being scratched furiously as though the person was the proud possessor of body lice. (Those unfortunate ones with scabies may be excused — but temporarily).

Alas, now inevitably we must start a smelly side to this article. Although we may be unaware or unmindful at times about the bad smell being expelled from our yech-mouth and/or body and/or feet, unfortunately those within our vicinity are totally aware and disgusted by the fact. If your disgusted neighbour is your pal or even an unknown person (rather-victim) he/she may be too embarrassed or forgiving to protest about the air pollution.

Friends are not only turned off by stinky aromas (which may also evolve from your 'wind') but also by certain severe cases of elbowing and slapping in a 'friendly' manner. Please, you expert elbowers out there, watchout for your friend's fragile ribs. There's also the problem of slouching for many of us and this reminds me of a pretty friend of mine who, but for this habit of hers, could've been more attractive.

Probably the most universal bad habit is smoking and the rarest — winking while talking. Yes, not blinking — it is winking! I wouldn't have believed it myself unless I'd experienced the horror of being winked at during a very sober conversation. I was taken aback initially as I witnessed a (winking) fellow after a sentence like: "How do you like your new physics teacher?" Later I understood that 'winking' was that person's habit — nothing intentional — but very annoying.

There you, habit, sorry — have it folks — a feeble attempt of mine to put forward a very few common bad habits and mannerisms which fortunately can be rectified if we are just a little aware of ourselves. However, personally I wish people (including myself) would stop lecturing and tell me how I could stop biting my nails.

So Why Haven't You Written to me?

by Sonia Hossain

DEAR Nicko,

Hi! I know you received the birthday card I sent you. I had it registered, and it didn't come back. It's been three months since. I surely don't expect you to send me a birthday card, that's because I doubt if you even remember. Anyway, it's over. So how long has it been that you left? Seven years? I don't know how you have been, but I hope from the bottom of my heart that you are salubrious and happy, very, very, happy. Nicko I missed you so much ... everybody has.

Rina got married yesterday, she was one of the prettiest bride, I ever seen. I envy her, they're such a wonderful couple, you should see them together. He is a doctor too, they even rented a small apartment-cute. Nicko, where have we gone wrong? Your mother broke has arm yesterday. She slipped in the toilet, don't have to worry she is in good hands, but she keeps asking for you and your father, least you could come, your father has been dead long ago.

She has a high temperature, the doctor said not to worry. I almost forgot, Silvia had her third son, few weeks back, he shares my birthday. Such a cute creature, I was there, they haven't named it as yet. She wanted a girl, so that she could comb her hair, make pretty, pretty dresses, but most of all I think because she want her little daughter to have what she never did — a mother.

Russell had asked about you, he's a million-air' now, his business is going on great, but you should see him now, he has almost no hairs left, and his teeth are mostly fake he's got them made of gold. He keeps asking if ever I need money to go to him! He has become the local Sherlock.

Remember Naughty? your dog? He died, suddenly of a heart attack, he never let us know. We gave him a nice funeral. We had to burn our favourite writing desk, the termites had gone into it and left almost nothing. It had gathered a nice little crowd, we burned it at one cold, cold night. I saved all your writings, I didn't know you had written all those poems. I didn't know you could write so nice, it touched me, I didn't know reading poetry could bring so much life into somebody and make them cry.

I'm going to tell you something, please don't be mad, promise? I took your writing to a publisher and they loved it, they sent it to London, they liked it too, and it is going to be published. No need to worry, you'll get the money plus as many copies as you like reasonable, of course.

My school is going on just fine. Kids they are something else. We are considering to buy computers in the school, with the rapid growth of technology, not knowing it makes you feel like you belong in the stone age. Sometimes just using a calculator makes me confused! This year our garden was the envy of the whole neighbourhood. We had herds and of flowers, and we even had a parrot nesting. I miss you so much.

There was a gypsy here some months ago, she claimed to be a palmist, she read mine, said you'd be coming this month, she lied, because in just one minute, this month is going to be history. I never stopped loving you. I don't cry anymore, my tears have dried up, it's all arid and acidic in there.

I know you married again, we never even divorced, so I'm still lawfully your wife. You have a three-year old kid, is it boy or a girl? Is she pretty? — your wife? You could have told me I would have understood. I really would like to see you again, sometimes I think of the honeymoon we never had, cheers me up a bit. I don't know if we'll ever meet again, anytime, anyplace, the doctors said I have got breast cancer, the doctors aren't lying like the gypsies! But I wish they were. It's much to advance for modern technology to do anything! Darling, please take care of yourself, and continue writing those marvelous poems, so that I could hear them from heaven.

Your loving wife,
Sara

A Flirt? Who? Me?

by Nishat Hussain

FLIRTS? Heard of them? Let me freshen up your memory. They are none other than us — you, me, he, she, they, etc etc etc. Flirting is a fact of life. We are all flirts one way or the other. We all flirt once in a while maybe more than that, especially when we need something, i.e for our own benefit.

In my whole seventeen years of existence, I must have seen every type of flirt there is. I have seen many people (from different cultures) go about with their different technique in flirting. But if you think like me then you will find out that there are only three kinds of flirts.

The Naturally outrageous flirt: These flirts know what they want and how to get what they want. Flirts of this type are usually known as 'the most flirtations' as they graduate from high school. If you think that they are ashamed of receiving such litters then boy,

their targets discreetly, these are naturally subtle flirts (NSF). Their targets seem to find these type of flirting more comfortable. One of the many disadvantages of being a NSF is that messages don't usually get across to their targets. If one NSF is really serious about his or her target and can't relay this message, and supposing that the target is interested too but because of so much subtlety, comes to the conclusion that the NSF just wants to be friends.

Being a flirt of this type has its merits. After all no one wants to jump into anything too fast or too soon, so being a NSF one has time to think before taking the final leap. This is good because then the person gets to know more about his or her target. But remember don't scare 'em targets.

The unnatural flirt: Some (or most) people fall into this category. Those who are the



are you wrong! In fact, these type of flirts are proud of their born-artistic capability to make romantic eye contact, talk swathy, etc, etc.

Their technique includes using charm to its fullest extent. Be it during classes, a party or even ceremonial occasions, they have no trouble flirting. Though they are outrageous, any thing can go wrong. They may come on too strong and scare their 'targets' away. (Targets here means the object of interest). Since flirting comes so naturally to them their 'targets' may find it hard to take them seriously. Most probably they'll think I am just another person to have fun with! Whatever the situation and place, these type of flirts have no problems getting their messages across and its obvious they are trying to flirt with you and at the same time, make no move to hide it.

The naturally subtle flirt: Beside the outrageous type there are those who attack

beginners or novices on the art of flirting falls in this group. The people they are shy, basically the inexperienced sort.

The UF is like an actor who is so obviously acting, unable to live up his act. Their messages, if they come across, are done so in a totally unnatural way. Their efforts seem to be fruitless but do not despair, failure is the key to success. Practically all of us have gone through this stage at least once in our lives. We have to start somewhere and try harder, after all, practise makes perfect.

Which ever the category you may fall in there is one thing of importance to remember. The object of interest or better known as the 'target' is also human, and there is no need to try to be someone you are not, or do something you are not capable of just to get his or her attention. Just be yourself. But then again, if it only were that simple ... I'll leave it to you guys to decide for yourselves.

AVIK & THE MISSING MACHINE

by Sharier



The Ghost of Kal Boishakhi

by Jamal Ahmed

ONE night recently as I was preparing to go to bed, a gust of wind blew my window shut. I heard loud noise of thunder.

It was a Kal Boishakhi. The wind started blowing madly and then the rain poured down.

I rushed to close the windows which were beating the panes vigorously. After a while I felt safe and peaceful in my mind although the nature outside was as angry as a mad bull. I took a kantha and went to bed. I felt cozy and almost fell asleep. Suddenly I could hear a knock on my window. It repeated several times. I looked at my wall clock. It was 12 midnight.

"Who is there?" I enquired.

"Hi Jamal, come out Aswad and Russel are here," said my best friend Mahboob.

I opened the window and could see all the three friends wet and eagerly waiting for me. I immediately knew we were going to have adventure. In the Mondol's house nearby the mangoes were as sweet as apples. Soon four of us struggled our way to the big mango garden of Mondol's. We decided that two of us would climb on the tree when the other two would stay under it.

The wind was ferocious. But we had to get the mangoes the sweetest mangoes of the town

Mahboob and me were soon on top of the tree which was swaying in the wind.

Russel and Aswad were busy picking the fallen mangoes on the ground, and we were trying to get the biggest ones in the tree.

Suddenly Russel and Aswad started shouting at us. "Quick, come down, come down quickly something is coming this way."

We did not hesitate for a second. We started getting down from the tree as fast as we could, forgetting the sweet mangoes.

Aswad and Russel started to run. I looked in the opposite direction. I could not believe what I saw.

A tall figure clad in snowwhite, dress standing few feet away from the tree. It was as tall as Gulliver in the Lilliputian country. Of course, I felt like a Lilliput. "Oh, my god it's a ghost!" I said loudly. Next thing I remember, I was running with all my energy towards my home.

Next day Mahboob, Aswad, Russel and I met near our playing field. We looked at each other then sat at a quiet place and discussed for hours about the strange ghost.

Never again shall we go back to steal mango from Mondol's garden, we vowed to one another.