

# RISING STARS

## His Dreams are Ours Too

by A F M Aminul Haque

JUST for the sake of the readers quest or query let me first explain the reason why I've been interested to write a few lines on one of Alamgir Kabir's films — "Suryokanya".

The answer to that is quite mysterious; the thought about the movie haunted me for the last few days; for no reason at all. Alamgir Kabir undoubtedly one of the best directors of his age and probably this holds true till now as well. I wouldn't remember all the details and even the name of all the characters of "Suryokanya" but the story had a very serious effect on my impressionistic mind since I saw it.



To cut short, the story was mainly based upon the dreams of a poor artist. The story went on while describing the nature and the characteristics of the artist. He was a man who despite of his poverty he was a king in his heart. This was described through his works and expressions. Once he stood on the top of a tower to relief himself from mundane things of life.

He dreamed of having a society with no problem, poverty and depression. He became so excited that he went on for a lecture, standing on that tower, giving promises to the people, until his dreams broke to reality with huge laughter and clapping of poor children who were calling him mad. The artist, however, at last took a job in a shop of his rich friend as a decorator.

There the real story begins, he spent long nights to create a model, a girl, with all his intellects and artistic care. In his dreams the girl became alive and she talked to him. This became his habit, listening and loving the girl he created. That girl told him how she was, she was quoting stories based upon some mythologies. However, she told the artist that he was the man who came to rescue her, and she also fixed a date and a time.

The artist unfortunately were behind the schedule and so was running to reach for the shop but couldn't make it for an accident. In the hospital his younger sister introduced him with a friend of her who was exactly the girl he created! He tried to ask her and open his mouth too, when he remembered the promises he gave the girl in his dreams.

The whole story was explained and displayed by a super dreamer Alamgir Kabir who had the audiences mesmerized till the climax. Kabir's passion simplify the facts and even after the show we couldn't just forget it. We kept it in our mind for long and this inspired us to think for such a society. Their is where Alamgir Kabir succeeded and remains in our heart. His dreams touch us and become our own.

## Rain or Shine!

by Sonia Hossain

A dark dense cloud hung over the sky like a pride of hungry lions — roaring as if they haven't eaten for months. The wind started blowing vigorously, mixing the dirt, leaf and other things on the ground, a thunder followed, almost like a loud explosion, striking a tree nearby. After a while heavy drops of rain started splashing on the roads, roofs and everywhere. It was the most refreshing thing in months everybody had prayed for-rain. They had a terrible summer. The scorching, sultry heat, the stinking sweat, headaches, bad-temper, oblivions, and worse of all prickly-heats, had driven everybody out of their mind.

Everybody came out, the children, the parents, the grandparents, the maids, even the dogs! Only the cats and birds shunned from it, seeking shelter wherever they could. They came out singing, dancing, feeling the cool water splashing all over themselves. For the whole hour they soaked, delirious, enjoying themselves as were the trees, the thirsty soil. They came back totally soaked and feeling a great sense of accomplishment. They dried themselves clean, had khichuri with fried eggplant and omelettes, settled to watch a new sensational Hindi block-buster, and a good night sleep.

Next morning the sun was up before most people, smiling and drying up the mess the clouds had done. Some urchins still looking for fun bought tyres along, cheap sunglasses and swam around. What a natural swimming pool! They couldn't have been blessed with anything better. The vendors came in cursing; where on earth would they set their stalls. They had heck of a trouble purchasing goods, getting transport, and settling down. They cursed again. At least they could increase the prices and make-up for it, plus an easy way to make some easy profit. He stopped cursing and grinned when his first customer came on a black motorcycle.

## Open a book

by Sadia Karim

Open a book, and know the past. Open a book, and your knowledge grows fast. Open a book, so you learn much more. Open a book, like opening a door. Learn about the planets, like Mercury, Venus and Mars. Also learn about the moon or comets, Asteroids and stars. A book can take you anywhere. A book is something for us to share. Open a book, and see what's in. Open a book, it helps you win.

## Just Another Sorry Tale

by Sanjida Shaheed

LOCKING myself in my room, I was studying for an exam, the other day, when I heard my mom's voice from the other side of the door — she was leading somebody towards my room. I unlocked my room and tugging my mom closely, came a little girl, not more than 8 yrs of age. From the look of her oil-soaked hair and emaciated face, I was certain she was someone from desher baari. Mom was uttering to me, "I've brought a new mehmaan who wants to know where apa (I) is."

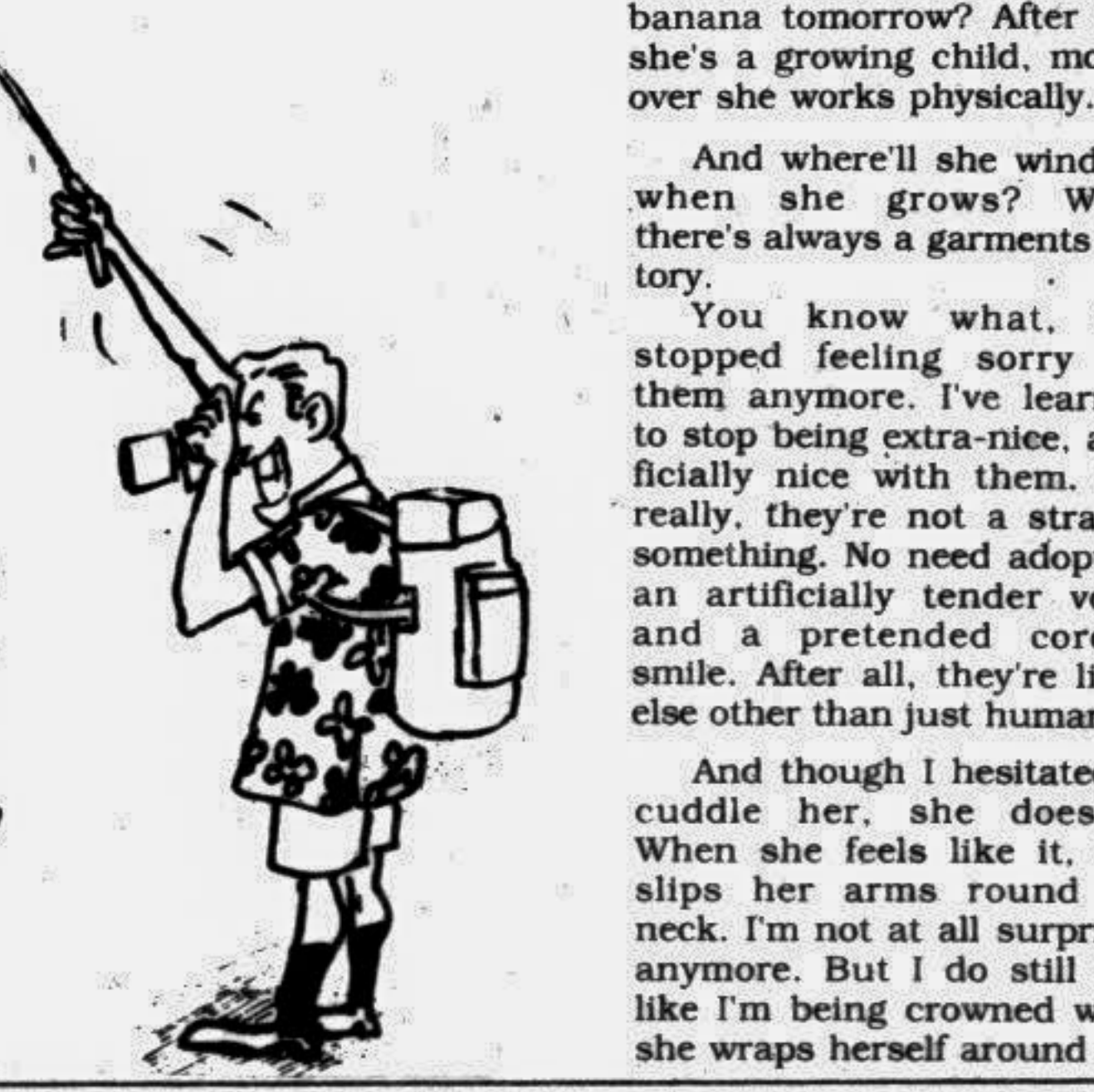
I looked at her. She seemed so small, frail, delicate — but not at all timid or despondent, though not jaunty. I don't know what came over me, I felt a wave of sympathy. I wanted to reach out and hug her. I know this sounds silly. Maybe I shouldn't have written this, especially 'cos it's true.

I wasn't expecting what my mom blabbed out next. She said the pitchai was here to serve as the long-looked-for helping hand. Well, we did badly need a helping hand, but this... this little... pardon me, I can't find the right word.

I felt my body tremble with a sudden sweep of emotion. She herself seemed nonchalant of her fate. Her face looked ossified — no fleck of fear or trepidation distorted it even in the slightest degree. She just seemed to be looking around, trying to familiarise herself with the new surroundings. Well, humans have no other healthy alternative than to inure to the mockery of the weird sisters. What had she to do but grow a hard crust on her heart? Her mother had died, and her father had married again. The step-

mother didn't treat her well, not even giving her enough food — her body served as a better testimony than her mere words. At our place, she'll have enough to eat and a roof over her head and there'll be none to physically abuse her. What I consider for her to be a cruel irony of fate is actually a cherished God-send from her viewpoint. I adopted an easy-going manner with her — in an effort to make her feel free and at home. I said such reassuring things like after finishing her odd jobs, she can play with my childhood toys and can learn to read and write under my guidance. She was a second grader until her mother died. She'll be more at home with me, than with mom. For

she'll find me to be more or less on the same eye-level as her. I'll be more of a chum than, as my mom, a mistress. And sure enough, she was soon following me at my heels. And when we sat together in the same room she'd try to catch my eye. Aware of this, when I made eye-contact with her, she simply gave a candid smile. O, she is so guileless. Does she think I'm her peer? Well, if she does, then she's not much mistaken. For I always feel inexplicably bonded to these little hapless creatures. Her face is not exactly what you'd call pretty, regarding her facial features. But there was some other kind of beauty in her face — that being the beauty of facial expression. Nothing could



## Quiz Club

DEAR Quiz Crackers! Owing to some unavoidable reasons, we were not able to bring out quizzes to you. However, from now on, you will have ten quizzes to crack weekly. And here are the ten for this week. Grab a paper and answer them as soon as possible. After all, if you are the first one to send us correct answers, we will have an award for you!

1. Which three men shared the noble peace prize in 1994?
2. Who is the Prime Minister of Bosnia and Herzegovina?
3. Which country currently has the highest GDP growth?
4. What is the name given to the central bank of USA?
5. What is the capital of Gambia?
6. What does 'SNOBOL' stand for?
7. How long did Tyson take to beat Peter McNeeley in the MGM Grand Garden?
8. What part of the body is affected by the disease Meningitis?
9. What is 'Elysium'?
10. Who is the current President of FBCCI?

## Competition: Short Story

AN opportunity across the board! Why not grasp it and give your imagination a full play! Your story should begin like this:  
The funeral was in full swing, and I managed to wriggle out of a few prying eyes. Behind me was the mango grove that shrivelled under the pall of the foggy white. Suddenly, I could see a figure in silhouette stalking towards the source of the muffled groan that broke in the eerie silence of the night....  
If you rank among the five best writers, you will receive an award, and your story will be printed in The Daily Star. So hurry up and send your imaginative story by 11th of this month. Good Luck!



## Today

by Tarannum Laila

SOMETIMES we think life is too harsh. Maybe, it is. But it is upto us, to free this world of constricted beings to warm the world with tenderness.  
It is the war, the poverty we say. But who creates all this? Ogres, monsters, and wizedevs? No, it is us. We the great (!) humans.  
We observe daily, the blood shed, the ruins of man. Is it just some distorted activities of some retarded beings?  
No, it is all cold blooded plans, of world leaders. Plans to kill and rin the world. They do not think of us. They never care.  
It has always been dreams — never reality. It has always been comments — Never affection. It has always been acquaintances — never friends. It has always been intelligence — never popularity. It has always been rejection — never acceptance. It has always been hostility — never love and care. It has always been rules — never freedom. It has always been oppression. It has always been manipulation. It cannot be the honking of cars. It cannot be the air rich in CO<sub>2</sub>. It cannot be the deserts. It cannot be the strifes. This cannot be harmony.  
Harmony, can be the seret songs of birds. It can be the fresh air and cool burge. It can be the forests dense with the fress. It can be tolerance in the world. This can be Harmony.

## 'Nora and My Sister'

by Russell Talukder

"DADDY used to tell me what he thought, then I thought the same. And if I thought differently, I kept quiet about it, because he would not have liked it. He used to call me his baby doll, and he played with me as I used to play with my doll."

The above statement of Nora of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" expresses the very circumstance in which most of the women of our society are victimized and trapped from the very beginning of their grown up stage. I used the words "victimized" and "trapped" not to exaggerate but to accuse the parents for misguiding their daughters without knowing how to guide children. We have to omit the point that our society and people are not educated enough to understand all these instinctual problems. I am talking about the well educated family who understands all these problems but never intend to come over. How a woman can be victimized and trapped by her parents? Ibsen's portrayal of Nora's life convinces us with the fact. But these kind of women in our society are

not rare, rather they are very available. A conventional society like ours is barren to produce a man without corruption. It is through the parents that, in most of the case, a child learns to misread and mislead. If heredity does bear corruptions then how a new generation can build a tower of perfection.

My ancestors never learnt to think themselves as an individual. Accordingly, my parents, did give me the opportunity to think and grow up individually. They always used to set forth a group of conventional arguments in the way of my thinking which seemed to me the obstacles of my individual freedom. But, here comes the irony. Since I am a man, I, at the cost of some sacrifice and compromises, have been able to over these hindrances. Now I can practise freedom in my own lands as well as in my fatherland. But my sister who recently had to give up education after the intermediate exam and was bound to get married with a fellow ten years older than her, got the opportunity to

## The Picture Window

by Sirajul Islam Farooq

In the middle of the last year, billions had the opportunity to share the excitement of the biggest ever sports event on earth — "The World Cup Football USA '94" via a magic box called the television. The TV helps to bring the world closer to us.

Seeing something on the screen gives a certain event or occurrence more credibility. Besides entertainments, programmes like debates, interviews, showing of exotic places of the world, programmes on health, environment, literacy and so on help in creating public awareness. Hats off to the British scientist Mr J L Baird who invented such a "Wonder Box" back in the early part of the 20th century.

Sports, music, happy news, sad news, disasters, discovery, historic events — we get everything. Most consider the TV as an absolute must for their lives. Volumes can be written about the good effects of TV, but then, disadvantages too, can be quite a lot in number. With first TV generation of this country well into its twenties, the educators, sociologists, paediatrician and child psychologists have started looking significantly worried of the impact of TV on the young. Indications mount that TV has exerted

an alarming influence, particularly on our oriental beliefs, values and behaviours of our younger generation. My personal and humble observation depict children under five with TV at their homes, watch an average of 14 hours of TV or video a week. Today's a first year college going student has passed at least 12,000 hours before the screen — more time than he or she has spent on any other single activity except sleep.

With present level of advertising on TV, he or she has been exposed to about 2,00,000 commercials and shared more than 8,000 killings or violence. Therefore, after parents, TV has become perhaps the most powerful influence on values, beliefs, attitudes and behaviour of young generation.

Beyond and doubts, this picture window has imparted numerous benefits also. Generally, the TV children enjoy a wider and sophisticated knowledge of a larger world. With so many other encouraging aspects, it is observed that dosages of violence on screen tend to produce aggressive and rowdier behaviour among the young. The traditional development of very childhood has significantly been restrained by TV. All leisure time spent in front of the wonder box has also deprived children of such pursuits as reading, outdoor play or even very simple solitude. Few years ago, after school and early evening hours used to be time for playing. Now plug in picture box has taken away most of those hours. It is observed that TV basically teaches children is passivity. Accustomed and conditioned to see all problems resolved in few minutes, the TV generation exhibits low tolerance and frustration when they are asked to go through say, a chapter of text book. If it looks hard, they dissolve into tears. They expect everything easy like watching the TV. Now let's come to the inflated commercials. Most show what they are not actually. Many feel, this permanently distorts children's view of morality. By the time children step into their teens they discover most commercials lie than to try to find which are telling the truth. This make them believe that, like commercials of TV,

## Another Good and Genuine Adult Institutions are Riddled with Hypocrisy

The programmes of Bangladesh Television (BTV) with its obvious limitations deserve high appreciations for good number of selected shows. Apart from imported movies for kids, programmes locally produced with the participation of our child performers are also reasonably very good. But it's simply awful when a movie like "Dallas" continues to (recently withdrawn) occupy the BTV screen for more than a decade. What did it transmit? All unfair and foul power struggle within and outside the family, conspiracy, illicit affairs, absence of fidelity, shattered families and so on. The serial "Dallas" does not even represent the true picture of good families in its country of origin — the USA. On the contrary, viewers has the opportunity to enjoy advertisements on mass education, protection of environment, Jap classic "Oshin". Bangla drama serials like "Sangshaptak" by late Shahidullah Kaiser and Dr Humayun Ahmed's "Kothao Kayu Naiye". The later two serials leave little doubts in one's mind about the death of highly gifted writers and producers in this country.