

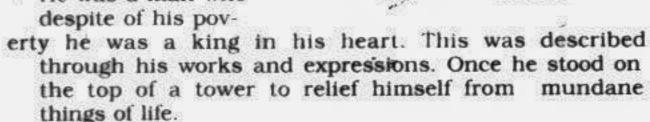
His Dreams are Ours Too by A F M Aminul Haque

UST 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. However, I am not going to describe the whole story instead I'll try to focus on his work on dream and reality.

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 pov-



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 prisoned, 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

classes will be dismissed.

"Why don't you watch some-

thing nice on the video?" The

cars can't be used, either the

'RICKSHAW!" The rick

shawallas charge double then

normal, their rates are sea-

sonal, you know. They would

go at a snail's rate, if you bar-

gained. Anyway they always

win the battle - they never

seem to have change. On they

way, they start their tactics.

they start complaining ... It is

either their sister's wedding.

signal, oh no! beggars they

surround the passengers,

their houses are flooded too.

their arms are broken, their

somebody died, they are

crippled they don't need your

sympathy just your money....

you give one, the other looks

solemn, okay another taka

and they are all around you.

Thank-God it's green light

again! It'll be a miracle if you

reach your destination in one

piece - it started raining

again. It continous to rain, for

the next whole week. "Curse

the rain I can't go to the

beauty-parlor!" "Curse the

damn rain I can't meet my

smiling slyly, knowing it's ab-

sense had been missed.

There's traffic jam every-

where, those who were stuck

at home for the whole week

temperature is now picking

Open a book

by Sadia Karim

knowledge grows fast.

much more.

a door.

anywhere.

Open a book, and know

Open a book, and your

Open a book, so you learn

Open a book, like opening

Learn about the planets.

Also learn about the moon

A book can take you

A book is something for us

Open a book, and see

Open a book, it helps you

like Mercury. Venus and

or comets. Asteroids and

"I wish it rained!"

Next week the sun is up.

The rickshaw stops at the

or their parents are ill.

just too flooded!

dark dense cloud out will be poor and the hung over the sky like a pride of hungry lions — roaring as if they haven't eaten for months. The wind started blowing drivers didn't come, or it's 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 whereever 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 omlettes, settled to watch a new sensational Hindi block-buster, and a

good night sleep. Next morning the sun was needs to move about. The up before most people, smilup from where it had left and ing 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 makeup for it, plus an easy way to make some easy profit. He stopped cursing and grinned when his first customer came

Stay home and don't be naughty," the parents told their children before they left home. It rained so it's no use going to school. The what's in school is probably flooded, and even if it is not, the turn win.

on a black motorcycle.

Just Another Sorry

by Sanjida Shaheed

OCKING 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 tailing 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 wanned to reach out and hug her. I know this sounds silly. Maybe I shouldn't have writ-

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

ten this, especially 'cos it's

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 l 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 austerity, guilelessness and childish frankness. I haven't been pondering

on her fate without being confronted by the crucial questions: what's the use thinking of them? Will I be able to do anything worth mentioning?

Well, there are definitely

some things I can do. Like, can abolish that imperceptible rule that servants have to dine squatting on the kitchen-floor. She can at least be allowed a chair in the kitchen, if not in the dining room. And why'll she have to watch TV squatting (again) on the floor? Surely our chairs won't become dirty and stinky if she sits on them? After all she'll be given a good amount of soap for the sake of our own good health. And surely we won't go bankrupt if she's allowed a bigger helping of that chicken or an egg today and a banana tomorrow? After all she's a growing child, moreover she works physically.

And where'll she wind up when she grows? Well, there's always a garments fac-

You know what, I've stopped feeling sorry for them anymore. I've learned to stop being extra-nice, artificially nice with them. For really, they're not a strange something. No need adopting an artificially tender voice and a pretended cordial smile. After all, they're little else other than just human.

And though I hesitated to cuddle her, she doesn't. When she feels like it, she slips her arms round my neck. I'm not at all surprised anymore. But I do still feel like I'm being crowned when she wraps herself around me.

Quiz Club beat her facial language of

EAR Quiz Crackers! Owing to some unavoidable reasons, we were not able to bring out quizes to you. However, from now on, you will have ten quizes 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

Who is the Prime Minister of Bosnia and Herzegovina? Which country currently has the highest GDP growth?

What is the name given to the central bank of USA?

What is the capital of Gambia? 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

N 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!



'Nora and My Sister'

by Russell Talukder

aDDY used to tell he what he thought. I 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 instinctical 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? Ibsens portrayal of Nora's life convinces us with the fact. But these kind of women in our society are

In the middle of the last

year, billions had the oppor-

tunity to share the excite-

ments 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

screen gives a certain event

or occurrence more credibil-

ity. Besides entertainments,

programmes like debates, in-

terviews, showing of exotic

places of the world, pro-

grammes on health, envi-

ronment, 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

news, sad news, disasters,

discovery, historic events -

we get everything. Most con-

sider the TV as an absolute

must for their lives. Volumes

can be written about the good

effects of TV. but then, dis-

advantages too, can be quite a

of this country well into its

twenties, the educators, so-

ciologists, paediatrician and

child psychologists have

started looking significantly

worried of the impact of TV

on the young. Indications

mount that TV has exerted

With first TV generation

Sports, music, happy

the 20th century.

lot in number.

Seeing something on the

bring the world closer to us.

not rare, rather they are very think of her own available. A conventional society like ours is baren 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 fathers land as well as in my own land. 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

individuality. While she was with us, my father used to treat her in a way as if she had nothing of her own. I assure you, she was much more brilliant student than I. but my father and our wellwishers thought it best not to allow her study in the university or college level; because it might misguide her and she might turn rebellious instead of being a pet house wife. What my parents expected from his was that she might turn out as a good house wife and would not involve herself in any kind of act that would illfame our heredity Accordingly she never dared to argue against the surroundings she had undergone throughout her seventeen years; rather she was afraid of my father that her disobedience might annoy him, who fundamental, introvert and finally, though he has all the institutional certificates but does not tune with any intellectual and cultural forbears. I can hardly remember any incidence in which my father inspired us

instead of being happy, were rather afraid of him. My sister gave what my parents expected from her. But my parents never knew what she expected from them; what she wanted to be: - her desire of individualism. My father and mother

taught her damnly how to become an wonderful house wife. She married the person chosen by them and now staying with her husband. Her husband does possess every earthly possessions except culture.I have mentioned before that my sister was a very intelligent student and used to participate in college debate and was awarded champion in every year. I have seen her reading Rouseau, Shakespeare which she used to quote in her speech. I knew she did not understand exactly the indications of their writings at that age, but I am sure these readings wont ever fade away from her memory. The only cause that keep me in anxiety is about her married life. I am sure that she will suddenly be just as like Nora today or tomorrow and thus I wonder hasn't she been trapped?

The Picture Window

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

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.

for our achievements. We.

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.

other 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 dearth of highly gifted writers and producers in this country.

Today

by Tarannum Laila

OMETIMES we think life is too harsh. Maybe, it is. But it is upto us, to free this world of concited beings to warm the world with tenderness

It is the war, the poverty we say. But who creates all this? Ogres, monsters, and wizoveds? No. it is us. We the great (!) humains,

the ruins of man. Is it just some distorted activities of some retarded beings?

We observe daily, the blood shed,

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 accquaintances 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 CO₂ It cannot be the deserts. It cannot be the strifes.

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.

This cannot be harmony.

by Sirajul Islam Farooq an alarming influence, par-

ticularly on our oriental beliefs, values and behaviours of our younger generation.

her, got the opportunity to

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 violences. Therefore, after parents, TV has become perhaps the most powerful influence on values, beliefs, attitudes and behaviour of young genera-

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.

It is observed what 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.