

TEENS and TWENTIES

A CD Worth Collecting

Journeyman Project: Time-Cop of the Future

by Sajid Rizwan Matin

REPORT to the Temporal Security Annex Building in five minutes. This message pops up in the corner viewer of your communicating glass when you start the game. The Journeyman Project Turbo, a game that evidence the fact that CD-ROM is taking the world gaming into a golden age. The theme of the game as described in the trailer is as follows:

You come from the future where the world is in peace but you journey through the past where the times are unraveling. This non-linear time traveling adventure game puts you in the driving seat of the world's first time machine. Somewhere and for some reason there has been an attempt to sabotage history and you alone are responsible for discovering the source of this act and bringing it in a halt.

But it's not so easy as it reads, which in this case, makes the game even more brilliant. The Journeyman Project Turbo is a CD game with 644 Mega Bytes of exhilarating adventure released by Presto Studios which consists of a highly creative and powerful team of multimedia game makers. It's a CD worth collecting or may be worth buying a CD-ROM drive for, and I'll try to make you realize why? Here goes...

Your radio alarm wakes you as usual. The newscaster excitedly burbles as your eyes slowly adjust to the new light of morning. You get up from your bed in Caldoria Heights, your apartment room high above in the sky hanging city of Caldoria. Stumbling from the bed you lurch towards the bathroom and gaze at your reflection in the mirror. With this outstanding opening, The Journeyman Project begins its resolutely fantastical tale of time travel, time distortion

and contact with strange fearsome robots.

The plot seems simple: as an agent of the Temporal Protection Agency, your duty is to maintain the continuity of time. But there has been a mysterious conspiracy under way to change the future. Temporal rifts have been detected and you have been assigned to resolve them.

When you reach the Agency's head quarter you will be ushered to the command centre after confirming your ID by a lot of mouthful of tests, once there you're every move will be interpreted till the real adventure starts where you enter Pegasus — the time machine that everybody knows as a seized project.

You have to travel 200 million years into the past in the pre-historic age to collect the chronicles of all history, then

you must compare this account with the altered reality of contemporary 2318. What this amounts to is a series of three adventures in three different time zones.

Each of the futuristic scenarios represents a key moment in the history that has in some way been tampered with. You travel in the Mars Colony to save it from destruction caused by an access card bomb, and to the science centre where you have to save a scientist from a robot programmed to kill. You also have to time travel in Norad 6 base in USA to avert an attempt of unauthorized nuclear missile launching, which in course of time, would result to a failure in the peace talks in the post-war world, which was set to ratify the world wide unification treaty.

And in each time zone you face your opponents — seven foot alloyed monstrous robots. You continuously risk your life in these alien time zones to adjourn a conspiracy — which could dismiss any chance of liaison with some other alien peace loving civilizations. You travel to different levels of time and space and experience encounter of dangers and a lot of puzzles to solve. The advantage of this kind of multi-level game structure is that it gives you a number of different challenges to tackle with. If you find yourself stuck in one world, you can return to your time machine and explore one of the others instead. But there's one thing you are prohibited to do, that is to leave anything back that actually belongs to another time zone, also you can not make any major changes in any of the worlds, because these would violate the rules of time traveling and the changes would result to an unpredictable future. So, though you are playing with time you still have to be very cautious about not fouling with time. You are deployed there only to prevent any changes in the past.

However, this storyline has also given the designers plenty of opportunity to let their imagination roam free — and they really did exploit this chance. Each time zones has been painstakingly moulded, with polish background, intelligent usage of light and shade and colour and an attention to detail everything to be as perfect as possible. All these have added realism to each occasion and believability of the scenarios — drawing a very ambitious science fiction future world. And the production values of Journeyman Project are

with remarkable verve and imagination.

For ultimate enjoyment of the game the designers Presto Studios have advised, to turn out the lights and can up the speakers. Although it would be harmful for the eyes, specially when I always have to wear glasses, still I took the advice and I eventually developed a habit of playing in a dark room using headphones. I realized that they were not wrong, it's not a game you just play, you experience it. The game is very exciting indeed, but it won't last forever — you'll finish the adventure fairly quickly compared to other complicated science fiction games — but the expression on your friends faces as you show them the game in action should be enough to warm your heart time after time.

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Living With A Broken Heart

by Muneera Parbeen

LIVING with a broken heart isn't easy. Imagine the plight of a heartbroken lover who has just lost the love of his life, or one who has been ditched or perhaps the one whose relationship with his beloved has simply fallen apart. Why me? Wonders the dejected soul. WHY ME? His entire world falls apart as he suddenly realises that all he had was nothing but castles in the air. His life now becomes a long journey in an endless desert where nothing can quench his thirst. He feels as if he has failed in the very purpose of living and as if all has failed him as well.

Everything looks and seems blank to him, the simple effort to breathe becomes hard. The days seem all too empty, the nights all too long... what is there to live for, he wonders. It takes an enormous effort to get through another day. Each day brings on a fresh impact of sadness and bitterness, not to mention the feeling of worthlessness. What has the new day to offer to the broken heart? Things get done simply because they have to be done, most don't get done anyway. He eats and sleeps only because he has nothing else to do. The first few days or weeks pass by with a feeling of

him and he realises that pulling long faces isn't so bad after all. The heartbroken one now finds some meaning in everything that is pessimistic. No studies leading to poor results? — Of course, what would it lead to anyway. Indifference and irresponsibility at work leading to setbacks in his career, why not? who is there to share the success with? In effect — a short life? Sure, after all what is there to live for?

Gray walls look far more attractive than white ones and crumpled clothes feel more comfortable than ironed ones... who is there to notice anyway. Late nights and dark circles under the eyes no longer cause any worries and a few more premature wrinkles are kind of appreciated. After all life has lost its purpose for him in all ways. Every happening (or not happening) now leads him to more and more restlessness. And the real part of it is that he has to bear through it all by himself. Slowly these frustrations set on and if things get out of hand, self-destruction comes on as a relief as he launches headlong into a campaign of it. By hurting his own self he gets enough comfort, literally drowning in his own sorrows. He lets go of his everything as



rejection, loneliness and utter bitterness as he tries to cope with the very existence of one's being. Familiar sights and faces bring on a fresh surge of pain as the broken hearted lover realises the enormity of what he has lost, or rather been robbed of, in some cases. Things that once gave him so much joy and pleasure now drives a knife through his very same heart, the once much-played songs now sound bitter false dreams and false promises are all he can remember. The sadness, loneliness and helplessness cuts through his soul and the person finds no solace in anything he does or attempts to do. Parents don't usually accommodate for these kind of feelings, many friends fail to recognize its depths and most people shun the troubled one. Where to find any peace? Dark rooms, empty corners and sad music offers some solace at times. The sad scenes in movies suddenly become more meaningful to

nothing seems worth compared to his loss. Smoking, drinking and perhaps even worse come on bringing with it some kind of a comfort — a comfort that is actually shortlived. It leads on to a lower self-esteem as he identifies himself as the sad reason of his failure. The more he falls into depths of self-pity, the more he starts to believe in his unworthiness. He thinks that he has entirely lost in this battlefield and so deserves nothing at all. The wise say that there is hope ahead, miracles tell us that there are times for better things to come, by. But WHAT comfort is that to any broken heart? To the broken hearted one 'hoping' is like building castles in the air and he is much wiser to that now. To him darkness offers peace and comfort, the clouds keep him in shade but frankly speaking — nothing eases the pain off his chest really. He suffers all alone in silence for too long... as all the broken hearted ones know.

Well, I intended to go to a few more theatrical performances but my short stay prevented me from doing so. However for the prospective London comer I have one message please make an effort to see at least one theatrical performance it is worth it.

Fantasy

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

HERE she was walking on the street How wonderful she was looking You should have seen the diamonds on her feet.

There she was talking with the guys They were all going crazy You just should have seen their eyes.

You like her dearly, so do I my friend Hallucination or reality She's come here to make an end.

The more you see her clearly The more she makes you think Life is nothing but a funny mystery.

And yet you want her more The madness just doesn't seem to end She knows the answers to the past and the present.

Still you're not satisfied with this party You just seem to ask for more Now you want the secrets of eventuality.

If only you could understand That she was a mirage you saw Just before the dawn.

ONE of my pals discovered the new and intricate meaning of the word "POLICE" according to him. P—Polite (to the ruling party and just the opposite to the opposition). O—Obedient (to the baton). L—Loyal (to the money). I—Intelligent (enough to turn turtle at the time of necessity). C—Courageous (to swoop over students and journalists) and E—Efficient (in snoring).

To speak the truth, I don't want to believe him, but how may I ignore him but the fact? You'll understand me better, if you have had a past experience with these witty gentlemen. It'll be a rare case, if your problems are ever solved by our cops. Suppose, you have been mugged from a hijack-prone area of your city, and the mugger has taken all of your valuables except (mercy) your underwear. And you decided to go to the police, you certainly proved yourself a nincompoop.

The OC at first would pass a comment almost in a reprimanding tone. "Why have you gone there? Don't you find any other place to go?" As though mugging was a legalised crime in our country and you had

POLICE - What Does The word Stand For?!

by Anonymous

done an illegal act by entering the area. He would then listen to you with an indifferent attitude.

After your description is completed, he would yawn and probably scratching his belly he would utter those words: "OK go home, we'll see." The bitter truth is they never see anything. Because they like to close their eyes consciously or unconsciously to almost anything that is of no material value to them.

Lets look at another case, say for some unknown reason you get busted and end up in the lock-up. Naturally as a role and as part of their sacred duty you get sweet kicks, slaps and spankings. You are at a loss, what to do? Wait and take it easy. No request would work.

You should think and manage an influential telephone call or a *Bara Bhai*. If you could send a message outside (of course, bribing a sentry) and you would sometime later find the OC saying "Yes, yes sir, sorry sir, we didn't understand, OK, sir, no prob...". Then a sentry would come grinning and make you free, the OC would simply say "Sorry, we have mistakenly arrested you."

If you were an ill-fated man and had failed to manage a phone, you could adopt another way. You might offer the OC a deal shamelessly. At first the OC would show an attitude that he is 'the most honest man' in this world. You shouldn't lose your heart. Allah

loves those who keep their patience. After a while you would hear the whisper of a sentry — "Bish hazar taka. *Dite parben?*" (Can you manage Tk. 20 thousand?)

So far I have described only a partial picture of the fact. But the real picture is more shocking. Perhaps you can recall the recent police access in J. N. Hall, beading the journalists, sensational rape case in Dinaipura. You will get more from the dailies — even robbing, mugging, and blackmailing etc. by the cops.

I should remind you about another side of the coin i.e. all cops are not dishonest and some of them have even given up their lives for noble causes.

Theatre in London

Enchanting Experience of A Lifetime

Towheed Feroze writes from London

tion of modern means of communication, has become smaller and the fame and flamboyance of the English theatre has transgressed the boundaries of England. By the early 20th Century the Superior Standard of the English Theatre was firmly established.

But before we go further on we must add a few facts about the heritage of the English Theatre. "Dramatic" or the art of drama has always been in the blood of the English. Way back in the 15th century Theatre had a special place in the life of the British people. The Globe Theatre still stands as a proud monument upholding the legacy of the English theatre. Over the centuries theatre in England has matured. Just like a good wine comes to perfection after maturing English theatre has reached its pinnacle after centuries of gradual development. Many people rightly point out England to be the cradle of the theatre.

London especially is a city with innumerable theatres. Going around London I have seen with keen interest among the English an unfathomable attraction for theatrical performances. By summer London gets filled with world acclaimed movie producers, directors and celebrities of the celluloid world and their main purpose of coming to this cosmopolitan city is to watch theatres. People from all over the globe come here to London to see stage adaptations of famous books, plays etc.

Virtually all theatres in London are packed every evening. I myself had the pleasure of attending three theatrical performances. The Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams, Mousetrapp by Agatha Christie, An Ideal Husband by Oscar Wilde. Of all Tennessee Williams plays the Glass Menagerie is most deeply autobiographical. According to Williams, the Glass Menagerie is a static drama. Its a play whose interest does not depend on incident or situation but holds its audience through the revelation of ordinary truths. The Glass Menagerie is an effort by T Williams to explore the beauty and confusion of living. In the play the main attraction are the glass animals which represent the fragile delicate ties that must be broken, that you inevitably break, when you try to fulfill yourself. Needless to say that the performance was exquisite the acting superb and the lighting perfect. A delicate melancholy tune added to the deepness of the performance.

I have always wanted to see "The Mousetrapp", a theatrical adaptation of Agatha Christie's famous novel of the same title. We bought tickets to see The Mousetrapp which has been running at the St. Martins theatre for the last twenty two years. The Mousetrapp is at its 44th year. It is a phenomenon in the theatre world. It was first presented on the 25th of Nov 1952 at the Ambassadors Theatre. It ran there until Sat 23rd March 1974 it was transferred the

following morning 25th March '74 to the Larger St. Martin's theatre. It has been going on there since then. When Mousetrapp opened on the 25th Nov 1952, Sir Winston Churchill was Prime Minister, Harry S. Truman was President of the USA and Stalin was the head of the Soviet Union. Meat, bacon, sugar, cheese, butter and margarine were still rationed in England and every man and woman in the country had to have an identity card.

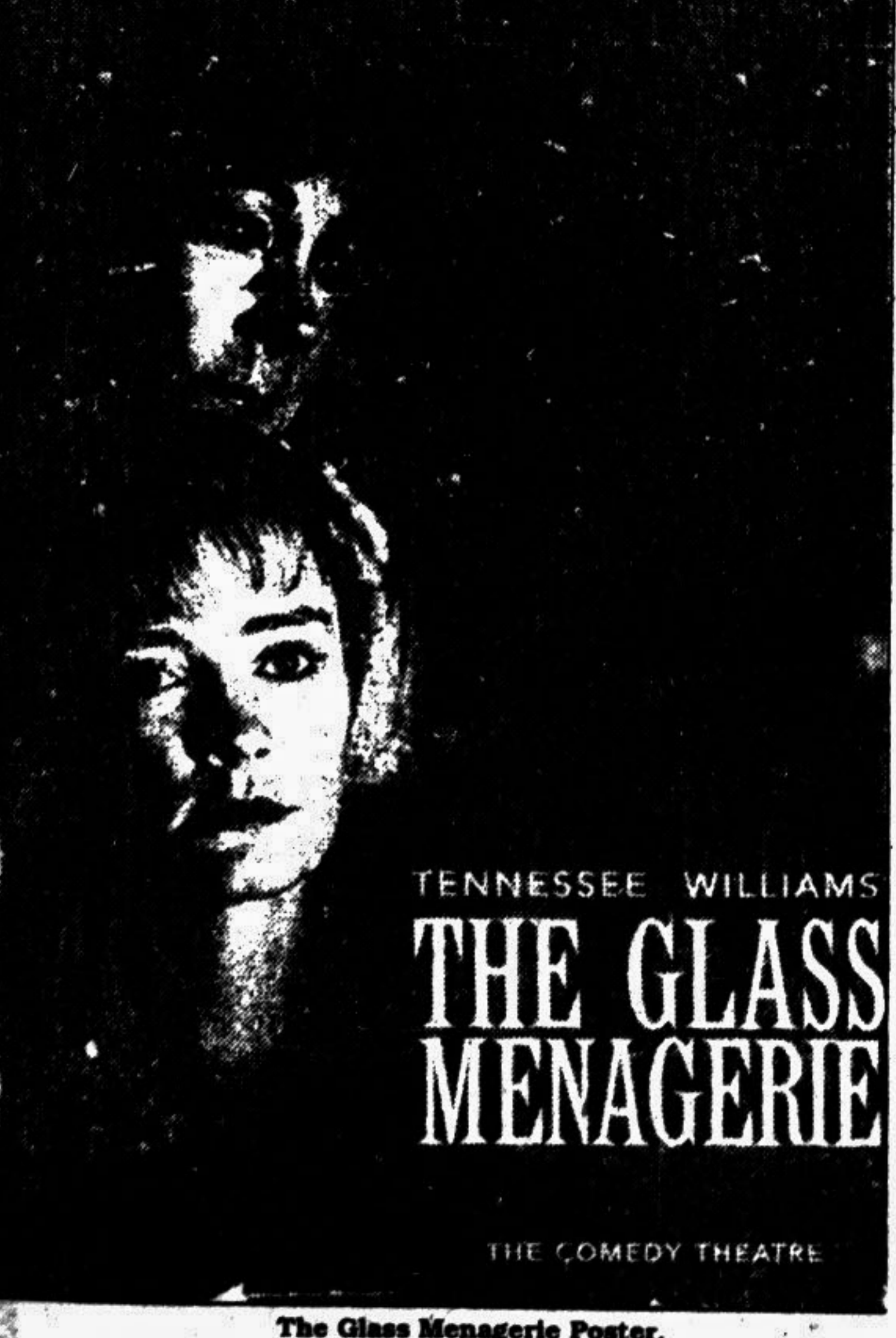
In its 43 years in the West of London, the Mousetrapp has been seen by more than ten million people and if all these people stood in a line, the queue would reach to Agatha. The play has been performed in 44 other countries throughout the world and has been translated into 24 languages. In the West End of London alone takings have exceeded £25,000,000. There 269 actors and actresses have appeared in the play and 124 understudies. All the facts mentioned above clearly highlights the phenomenal success of "The Mousetrapp". It is still playing at the St. Martin's theatre and from the looks of it seems it will go on till Armageddon.

A cynic is a person who knows the "Price of Everything but the Value of Nothing" yes it would have been rather disgraceful if I had left London without watching "An Ideal Husband" by the king of wit Oscar Wilde. "An Ideal Husband" is a satire with a paradoxical humour and a perverted outlook on life being the most prominent.

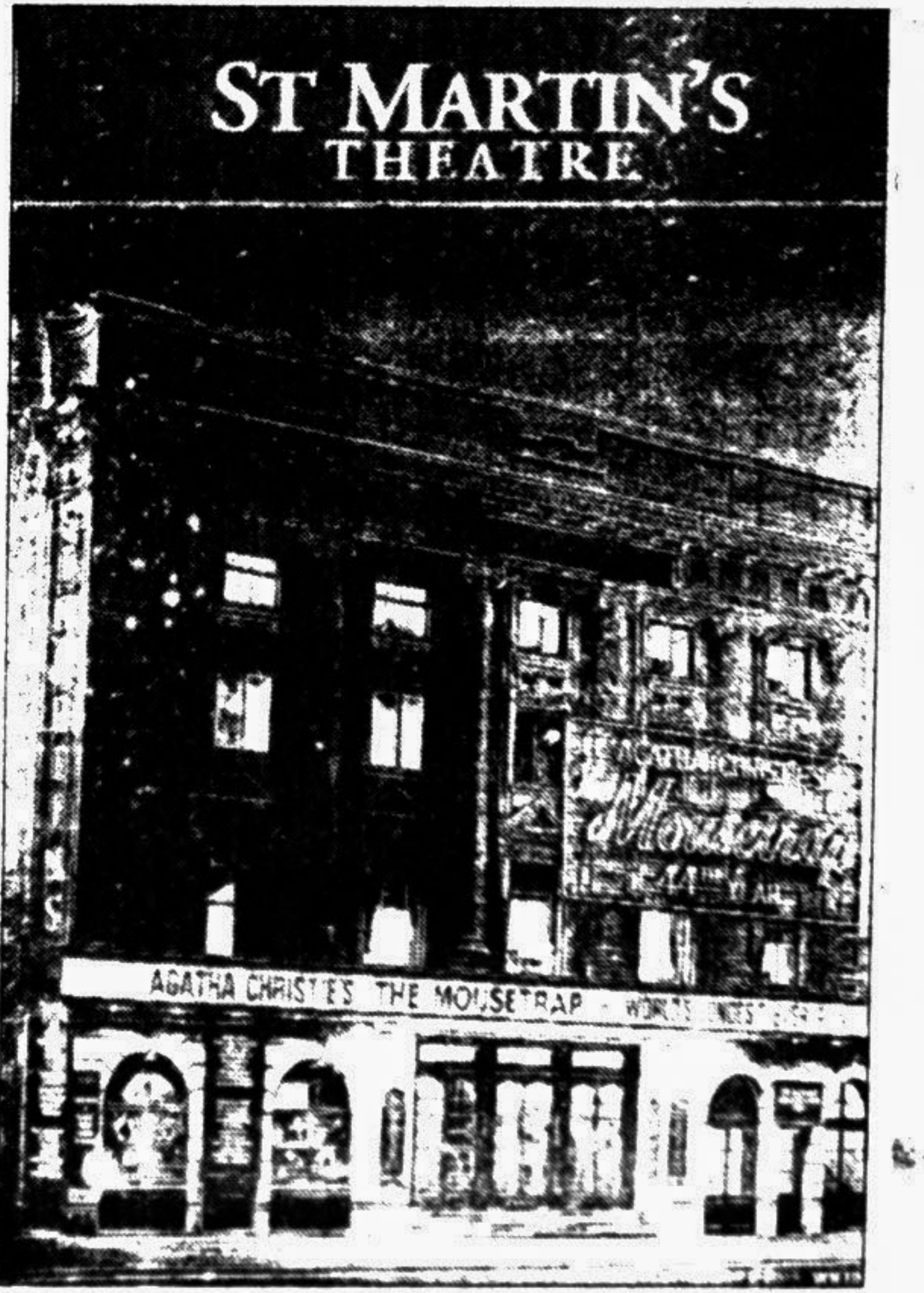
To Wilde tolerance was a vital element of life and through the role of Lord Goring in "An Ideal Husband" Oscar Wilde expressed his tolerance "Nobody is Incapable of Doing a Wrong Thing and Nobody is Incapable of Doing a Foolish Thing".

The characters in "An Ideal Husband" are extravagantly emotional and are naturally egocentric. But they do not show their feelings or realise their emotions. They speak witicism instead. The more emotional they become the more extravagant the wit. But beneath the wit there's always an intense emotional reality. Oscar Wilde in his play succinctly analyses a woman's ability to forgive and alas it is the woman's ability to forgive that becomes the resolution of the play.

Every work of art is in some sense autobiographical. Mozart was obsessed with two sisters in life, and then with two sisters in *Così fan tutte*. Beethoven dreamed of a perfect wife locked in the cell of his own deafness, just like Floristan in prison in *Fidelio*. Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is as autobiographical as he could dare to be, and as emotionally honest as the public stage of the time would allow. The play lives not because of its wit but of its compassion. In one word I must say that the play "An Ideal Husband" is absolutely transcending.



The Glass Menagerie Poster.



St. Martin's Theatre in London