

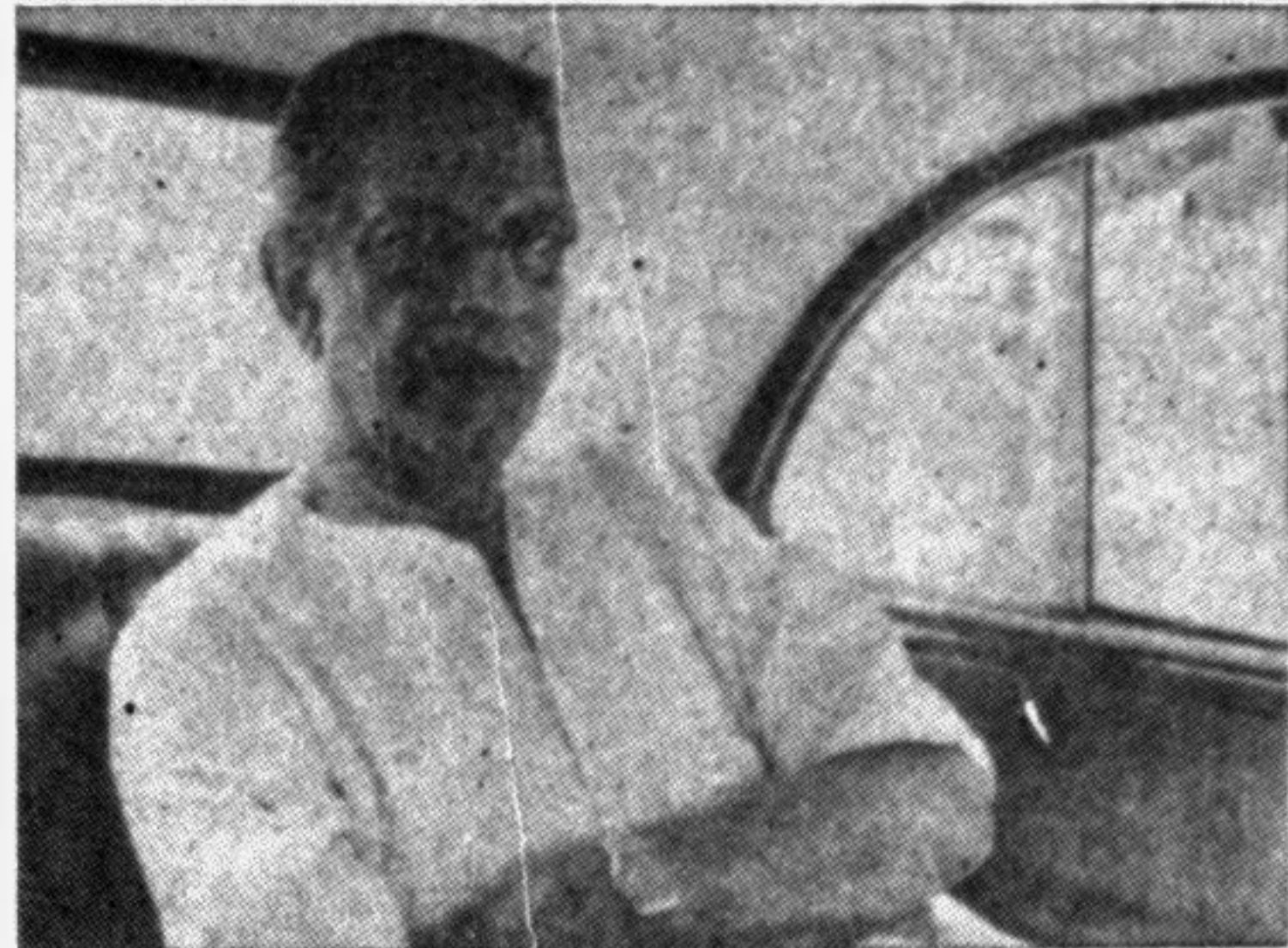
TEENIS and TWENTIES

Portrait of a Genius Satyajit Ray

by Samia Islam

one looked into it, displayed picture and the other was called a magic lantern which showed moving pictures if one turned a handle. Possibly, his fascination with these two

rushes of the film would get him the rest of the capital to complete the film like any new



Satyajit Ray — the master movie maker and story teller

gadgets is what set him off on a journey that finally ended with an Oscar award.

In his youth he spent two years in Shantiniketan taking art classes which had a lasting influence on his life and work. The poet Rabindranath Tagore himself had wanted Satyajit to study at his institution and the effect that this place had on Satyajit is apparent in most of his movies. We find strains of Tagore songs in the background in almost all of his films. He also adapted three of Tagore's stories for his films Charulata, Teen Kanya and Gharey Bahirey.

He was exceptionally particular in choosing music for his films. Who can forget the heart rending strains of Raga Patadeep in Durga's death scene in Pather Pachali? In Devi, he used Shama sangheet, in Jalshaghar he used Indian Classical music and in his more recent Agontuk and Shakha Prashakha he opted for Tagore songs. So the allegations that his choice of music was pro-west is baseless. His diverse taste and appreciation was behind his choice of music in each one of his films.

To think that he started making Pather Pachali with a meagre capital of Tk. 8000. He thought that the primary

and young moviemaker but because of the lack of funds the film was delayed for two years before it was finally released. But when it did, it made history!

In his quest for perfection Satyajit Ray always dealt with detail in his films as he did in his books. He laid emphasis on shot divisions, visual details. His son, Sandeep Ray, recalls an incident from the memories of his childhood that shows his father's depth of understanding of the art of film making. At the time Satyajit Ray was thinking about the title card for his film Gharey Bahirey. He specified the type face, type point and other technical details in his preliminary drafts on the layout sheet. After Ananda Publisher's had done the P.T.S. type setting it was observed that the measurement of the layout sheet had coincided perfectly with the P.T.S. type. His lettering and calligraphy was so perfect that it was almost un- canny.

This craving for detail gave rise to quite a few funny situations during shootings like the shot in Shonar Kella where Feluda and co. race on camel back to intercept a train to Jaisalmir, a sharp rise in coal

prices went up and the train that was supposed to be in the scene was taken out of commission. Lots of coaxing and cajoling later the train was

brought to the site and after three takes, the light was almost gone for a fourth take. The shot was okayed. But film making was a treat with Mr Ray because his sense of humour kept his crew and cast going against all adversities as the late Utpal Dutt said in an interview.

Around 1986, Mr Ray, influenced by Ibsen's work, made Ganoshatru, Agontuk and Shakha Prashakha all of which were critically acclaimed. His political ideology, always subtly present in his movies like Hirak Rajar Deshey, became apparent in these three films. In Hirak Rajar Deshey he followed the true Bertold Brecht style to satirically portray the inconsistencies of the capitalist mode of production. Through laughter and joy, he pointed out the social standing of the downtrodden working class.

After a life time of making exquisitely sensitive and superbly directed films he was presented with the lifetime achievement award at the Academy Awards at Los Angeles, USA.

Unfortunately few days after receiving the prestigious Oscar, he left us for the here after, leaving behind a legacy that will enrich this sub-continent for generations to come.



Satyajit Ray giving directions for a movie

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Almost all his films have been appreciated and awarded at every film festival ever held. His Pather Pachali alone was awarded 12 different times. These include — Best Human Document, Cannes, 1956, Selznick Golden Laurel, Berlin, 1957 and Best Foreign Film, Afro Arts Theatre, New York.

The next most appreciated film was Aparajita which was awarded in Venice (1957), San Francisco (1958), Denmark (1967), London (1957), New York (1958-59) and Berlin (1960). He also received a Golden Bear in Berlin (1973) for Ashani Shanker and Charulata was judged the Best Film (1965) in Acapulco.

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Atlantis: One of the Greatest Mysteries of all time

by Towheed Feroze

There are even in this age of science some events of the past which have remained unexplained. In the last hundred years or so human society has progressed beyond imagination. If this rate of development is maintained then within the next century man will have conquered the entire galaxy. Curiosity is one of our main characteristics. In order to quench his curiosity man has conquered the sea, the sky, the nature etc. man has also been intrigued by his past therefore to know his past he has studied history. In order to acquire knowledge about the evolution of the society he has carried out archaeological excavations, and expeditions to know how society and civilisation have evolved. Man has made strenuous efforts to salvage from the ocean of time, past civilisations. But there are certain civilisations which have baffled mankind. One of these mysterious civilisations is the one that flourished in Atlantis. Atlantis — a virtual utopia has confused archaeologists, historians, researchers for centuries. Yet apart from Plato's account we get no concrete notion about this lost civilisation. The issue of Atlantis has reached such a length that serious debates were held among eminent archaeologists, historians as to its location. Atlantis has influenced and will continue to influence the imagination of millions. Is it merely a legend based on myth or did it really exist and if it did exist then where? These questions continue to haunt modern day scholars. Few great unanswered mysteries have had as much energy, thought and words wasted upon them as that surrounding Atlantis. The legendary lost city that was a paradise on earth.

The legend has it that Atlantis was blessed with lush vegetation a cultured people, immense wealth and natural minerals including gold, silver and food in abundance. The source of the great kingdom of Atlantis which vanished from the face of the earth centuries before the birth of Christ was Plato. The Greek philosopher Plato describes Atlantis as a great nation where people of

great wealth and beauty lived in ultimate bliss. Plato also puts it that it was destroyed by a violent volcano eruption followed by a tidal wave which plunged the island beneath the waves forever. Thanks to Plato's account Atlantis has become the holy Grail for many adventurers, archaeologists, historians but un-

ports. Perhaps the most credible possible site is that of Bimini, a small island in the Bahamas which has a gigantic question mark hanging over it as a result of a series of unexplained finds. In 1969 a fisherman brought archaeologist Dr Manson Valentine to view curious rectangular stones lying in eight metres of



The Bahamian Island of Bimini. Underwater remains found here have convinced some people that this is the site of Atlantis

fortunately none of them were able to discover the remains of the submerged utopia. Since Plato's day theories on the real identity of Atlantis have been endless, and the search to substantiate them fruitless.

One eminent American politician revived the modern day interest on Atlantis when in 1882 he published two works on the subject Atlantis: the antediluvian world and "Ragnarok the age of fire". His account put Atlantis in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, a huge continent which thrived and prospered for centuries before sinking beneath the waves forever.

But sadly for Atlantis enthusiasts most of his theories have been debunked. The vast ridge in the Atlantic which runs from Iceland to Tristan da Cunha is not sinking in fact it is rising and has been doing so for thousands of years. There have been marked the sicily isles off Cornwall's coast as a possibility. But this theory has been proved erroneous by ex-

water north of a spot called paradise point. Divers and archaeologists arrived on the spot to identify to which civilisation these stones belonged to. But no one has yet been able to prove that they were a MNA made or whether they were the part of the ancient city of Atlantis. But one prominent professor Dr John Hall of Miami University declared in 1970 that the wall was in fact a natural phenomenon called Pleistocene beach-rock. However, two later expeditions to Bimini in 1975 and in 1977 revealed a block of stone with a carved edge, something definitely crafted by man. To this day its origin has not been established.

Atlantis is still shrouded in a mysterious veil. It has become the topic of many major movies and best sellers. Atlantis continues to tickle our imagination perhaps there are certain things which will never be discovered. But these elements of the past will continue to thrill mankind.

A Child's Random Pranks

by A S M Nurunnabi

day asked his mother to allow him to come back home by the last trip of the bus evidently would provide him with further opportunity to pass several localities by the school transport as it would go dropping other students at their residences. His mother, of course, said a firm 'no' to his request, telling him that he should go to the school by the first trip and come back home by the last trip. No surprise on that account. Tanjir apparently felt frustrated.

One of his stubborn attitudes is that he refuses to take any food at his breakfast. His mother naturally feels worried. She fills his tiffin-box with food that he usually likes, so that he may feel like taking the food when hungry during school tiffin-period. That strategy also failed, as it was seen that the tiffin-box returned with the food unopened. I later found out that there is a method in his distaste for home-cooked foods. One day he confessed to me that the sandwiches, pizzas, hamburgers, etc. at the fast food shops are his favourite foods. I took him to a select fast food shop in the neighbourhood. There he ordered his sandwiches, with sufficient amount of sauce and a couple of coleslows. There I found that there was no lack of hunger on his part, rather he ate voraciously and with relish. Thereafter his visit to the fast

food shop became a daily routine with the change of menu to pizza or hamburger etc after his return from school, because as a grandfather I couldn't bear him going without food the whole morning, particularly when his mother remains away working in an office.

Another of his wicked pranks is his propensity for drawing on walls. His mother had given him a lot of drawing pencils to draw on his sketch books, as required in his drawing classes at school, but his interest seems to lie elsewhere. When nobody is watching at home, he uses his drawing pencils for another purpose. He uses his drawing sketches on the blank walls of the rooms. He never spares them even if they are newly discovered. We used to make him understand that drawing on freshly painted walls is not desirable. But our words of advice go unheeded. Even when such walls are repainted, the random drawings never cease. Thereafter we gave up any attempt to desist him from such practice. Thereafter a sort of persistent determination seized me. The more he painted on the walls, the more we had them repainted to see how far he could go in his marathon exercise of drawing. From my little knowledge of child psychology, I felt that as he would grow older, there must come a stage when he would himself give up his unseemly prank. For the moment, we are just waiting to see the end of it.

There is another behaviour pattern which is perhaps normal with most children. His avidity for new play things is enormous. Whenever a new toy is presented to him, he will play with it for some time. Thereafter his interest in that toy wanes. He will then pick up a screw-driver to rip it apart to find out how the toy works. After his curiosity has been satisfied, the damage has been done. There remains no way to re-assemble the parts of that toy and make it workable. As a result, his collection of playthings consists of skeletons of various parts of the toys that once gave him joy but now a graveyard of the various limbs of such toys. He, however, feels no regret on this account. He will perhaps outgrow this stage also.

So far I am concerned, I find it interesting to observe the various aspects of display of child behaviour.

The Ocean Is Busy

After the ancient tempest was over, the Eagle sat on the mountain-top. He looked upon the Sisyphean Ocean. So dramatically appropriate. The ashen water was scarlet and lulling. It brushed his soul — More rippling than his own feather. The lonesome Eagle realised there was no rain with the storm. He felt painfully thirsty, craving to liquidate the iceberg. But remembered the Delphic line drawn Between He and the Ocean. Yet, and yet, he let a feather fall from his wing into the water.

Oh! the Wind was cruel, It took it to the shore — A lassie liked its colours and she pinned it into her hair. The Eagle cursed the Wind beneath his wings. The night fell ... and it was Moonless. He waited, sleepless and long, long enough to be history. Waves were making uninvited sounds. That pierced him with a battery of elegiac arrows. The secret bleeding didn't stop with Dawn. He saw the Ocean taking care of 'sharks and whales.' Before flying away. The Eagle looked at the mauve Sun — His eyes shimmering ...

—EK
7 July 1996

Mouth Media

by Someone the Great

Going at each other behind the back. Take a cover of excuses from the next gossip attack. What extras we have, what minimums we lack. It's everybody's duty to the society to yack.

About your friend's brother — he is a nerd. That's what a week ago, I overheard. Your spouse admitted saying it — but mum's the word. At least for a nanosecond and a third.

I've learnt of a new secret — and "a secret it'll stay" I promised the shadow while the body was away. "It's a matter of life and death". But that was yesterday. And by now 2n² is in the fray.

I confided my complaints — you were genuinely shocked. The same day 49 sympathizers knocked. They called on the phone when they found the door locked. Call it a funny feeling, but I think I'm being mocked.

If you promise amnesia I'll leave you a note. There's a head that's so light that in water it can float. It's my 23rd cousin's — but please, don't you quote. And don't you tell anybody of what I just wrote.

Respect -- Do We Know All That It Means?

By Tazreena Sajjad

THE concept of respect seems to be one that is taken, should I dare say, a bit too callously nowadays. In conservative societies like ours respect, unfortunately overlaps too often with induced fear to a point where it ceases to be a natural reciprocal action. We, the young, the old, the teachers and the taught seem to be rather ignorant about what respect entails, projects and conveys. Reverence is something earned — earned because of the strength of one's personal integrity, values, convictions, knowledge — in summation of one's humane qualities. It is not an inherent birthright this realization painful as it is, has to be recognized by every intelligent member of a progressive society.

It is by no means being advocated that one should not respect elders and deprive them of what is rightfully theirs — a recognition of their dignity. This is an appeal to those who expect respect, to pay the same to the giver irrespective of the age. And this is the tragic flaw in our society. We fail to recognize and acknowledge the individuality in each person based on biased perceptions because of how old one is. A child of six deserves as much respect for his views for wisely as a person just as a man of forty; by refusing to accept the child as an individual, we not only crush his self-worth, we deprive ourselves of adding just a little dimension to our world which become injured with only the wearied cliched views of the ones we consider to be wise and worth listening to. Instead of a democracy, the universe in each of us becomes despotic and stagnant.

There seems to be a total misconception about age and wisdom. Age does not always mean wisdom or knowledge. Yes, age leads to experience undeniable. But can a man really consider himself wise if he builds such an understanding of himself on arrogance? Wisdom is not based on pride, on self-congratulation. It is founded on the principles of humility, compassion, human values and self-worth. Sadly these principles are now misread by our society as signs of weakness and submissiveness. Perhaps in no other field than the educational institute can the misuse and abuse of respect be more obvious. The very place where a child develops into an individual can be

seen as the oppressive mechanism which destroys and crushes individuality because self-esteem and self-worth are concepts that one probably never mentioned. Teachers demand respect, but there are many, sad to say, who do not give the same kind of reverence to the student based on perspective grades, and because of who he is, of what he represents, of him, the person, the individual, does not hurt to appraise a child regardless of his or her clan ranking or talent, though they are communicable; ultimately, what is important is the person, not his ostentatious self. If you respect a child, you are actually respecting yourself; as the day goes — you can respect others only when you respect yourself. An institution would indeed be very poor if it held only the responsibility of producing homogenous unidentifiable zombies with excellent academic reports.

Which brings into focus yet one more thing — the role of the teachers our mentors and guides. Teachers are indeed our role models because during our constructive year we build on what they are and who they are. We incorporate in ourselves what we admire and never in them. Their roles ultimately are not to teach fact-jabulous, poetry, or even to intimidate, but to show us a better way of being, of understanding what we know. Somehow, this message seems to have gotten lost along the way. Today, teachers believe that a personal contact with a student, an exposure of their sense of humour, of the child in them leads to an infringement of not only discipline but impinges on the line that divides the instructor from the instructed. If we look to our so-called western 'gurus' we can see the growing awareness to bridge the difference between the student and the teacher. Yes, some of the methods are radical by any standards and all cannot be adopted. What can be learned is that a teacher can do so much for a student and teach him so much more that is found in the pages of books.

Sharing of views, opinions, encouragement of questioning, acceptance of conducting view-points are only some of the ways in which a teacher can take on the role of the surrogate parent. The tragedy lies in the fact that this was something known to the intellectuals of our country during

our parents' time. It is one lesson, one chapter, our teachers have to revise because sadly, they like their pupils, have forgotten.

Respect is the foundation love of any constructive civilisation. With it comes acceptance, acknowledgement and most importantly, trust. When a teacher listens to a child, the child feels respected and strives to achieve that respect time and again. Listening, trusting teaches him values that cannot be found in books.

It is only a pity that while we seem to have the talent for emulating the virtues of the western world, we seem to ignore its virtues one of which is respect for individuality. Believe me, teachers' respect of what you assume is the respect being shown by traditional greetings may not always be sincere it may not be important to some, but for those care — please realise that students respect a teacher all the more when she or he can easily blend in with his students. Be one of them, share what he knows and let them voice their thoughts, hear what they want to say. Any one can be a professor. It only takes someone committed to be all that the title 'teacher' imbues.

One does not know all the answers — if you admit it, you are not showing your incompetence, you are merely saying you too are human, approachable and eager to learn. So maybe next time when you are teaching, wink at the child whom you always pick on, listen to the child of five whose serious theory you normally dismiss by laughing. Respect them just as you would like to be respected. It's not easy. But I promise you, you won't be the loser.

Quotable Quotes

By Khaled-Bin-Husain (Tony)

1. What more a single downpour can do to my deserted heart, that has witnessed the tremendous forms of nature for years.
 2. True love is warm, gentle, caring, often makes melancholy notes just like a silent stream.
 3. Love never sets a trail of selfishness behind, it is the thirst of the soul that seeks love in return.
 4. When you are dreaming, don't open the door to reality, cause the whole episode might be different in it.
 5. Love cannot be always expressed to the loved one. It remains deep inside the heart, creating a texture of ingenuity and passion. Remembrance gives pain inside.
 6. Love is an endless definition of emotional amplitude.
- I wish to be born again and never reach my youth because it is the time when surrounding influences to be human no more.