

# TEEN and TWENTIES

## The Other Side Of The Rainbow

by Asrarul Islam Chowdhury

Waiting for someone or something is really annoying. One gets a fatigue in doing so. There's probably nothing more boring than having to wait. Indeed, no wonder why sometimes one ponders at the thought of those boring lines in school where one comes across those immortal prophecies that teach all the virtues of life so that one can transform into an "ideal" mortal!

What do you learn in school? Simple, nothing but what we read in the text books. The boundaries of the classroom, in both theory and in practice, are extremely narrow. It's not often that you come across a dazzling teacher who'll challenge you to break these narrow walls, and see for yourself what lies outside there. Indeed, the well, for the frog inside it, is all that the frog knows. You simply have to come out and fight for yourself. After all, today's world is such that "you've gotta fight as if you're never gonna die". There's no point in being a spoilt sport. It's better to accept the facts. Nobody's going to come and tell you, hey, "you've gotta fight". And even if a prince charming does come to your rescue, he's not going to be able to change the world.

Surprising as it may seem, Kaushik was waiting, and waiting, for the train to come. He had heard that it would be at least two hours late. There he was stuck in the middle of a small town with nowhere to go, waiting for a train to get himself back to the city. He learned that he had got himself stuck in a town that was so ridiculous, it didn't have a circuit phone. Even the telegraph office was empty! The situation was simply intolerable.

Intolerable or not, Kaushik had to wait. He was born for the waiting. Really, unless one has a bitter experience, it's really difficult to understand how painful waiting is. Two hours seemed like two decades to Kaushik. So, he finally decided to do something. The best thing was to walk around here and there. The situation was so much precarious that it wasn't possible for Kaushik to leave the station, because he didn't want to take the risk of missing the train if it came while he was out roaming around the town. So, he started to take a stroll within the premises of the station. A mild shower outside also ruled out any possibility of roaming outside the station premises.

One of the advantages of being on the side of the "haves" is that one can sympathise. You can say so many nice things to people. It's so lovely being on the other side of the rainbow, Kaushik was walking and thinking about this. The little boys and girls were looking at him. They weren't asking for anything but, for some reason or another, Kaushik felt sorry for himself, sorry for being more better off than they were. It wasn't his fault that he was affluent, was it? Showing a sympathetic attitude was all he could do. People seem to accept poverty, deprivation, hardship, and all those bad things in life, as their fate. They are taught so from the very first day they come to this world. If one hears something from one's childhood, again and again, one gets the impression that it is true like the rising sun. No wonder Goebler, Hitler's propagandist, was correct when he declared that it's easy injecting a little lie than a

large one.

Yes, the poor must blame themselves for their own plight. One man simply can't make a difference. After all, Kaushik was not a messiah to the poor, and not for once in his life did he ever consider himself as such. His was a happy life, getting whatever he wanted with the least effort. All he had to do was make a wish, and hey presto! the magic wand was in his hand!

What's the point in spending idle time thinking about the poor when he can't change the whole world? So, Kaushik took out his pouch of tobacco and started to roll a cigarette. He's being smoking tobacco instead of ready made cigarettes since his days in college. A sense of being different from others was the main reason behind doing so. He didn't give up the

hour or so of waiting would be enough. On the opposite side of the platform, Kaushik noticed a man selling pottery and other stuff. Now that the rain had almost come to a standstill, he decided to go to the other side of the platform and take something back for his mother. After all, one doesn't always get the luxury of getting rarities like this in the city.

The man was selling beautiful pottery. The whole lot would have cost a fortune had it been in one of the display rooms of the established handicraft centres of the city. Kaushik was simply astonished at the finishing of virtually all of the pottery, notwithstanding their rock bottom price. The so-called established sellers in the city of our rural handicrafts must be making a fortune, by any standard, and thus realize

to give the woman the cauldron. The woman started to leave the place. Her child, rested in the mother's hands, was crying like hell, just for having the little cauldron.

Kaushik was observing the entire matter with keen interest. That small cauldron was worth the price of may be nothing to him. Moreover, the potter could have been a good sport and given the woman the little cauldron for free.

Kaushik felt sorry for the mother but, more for the little child. He was neither a saint, nor an evil man. What harm would it do to buy the little cauldron for the girl? So, Kaushik went to the potter and bought a few more things, besides the little cauldron, and gave it to the girl.

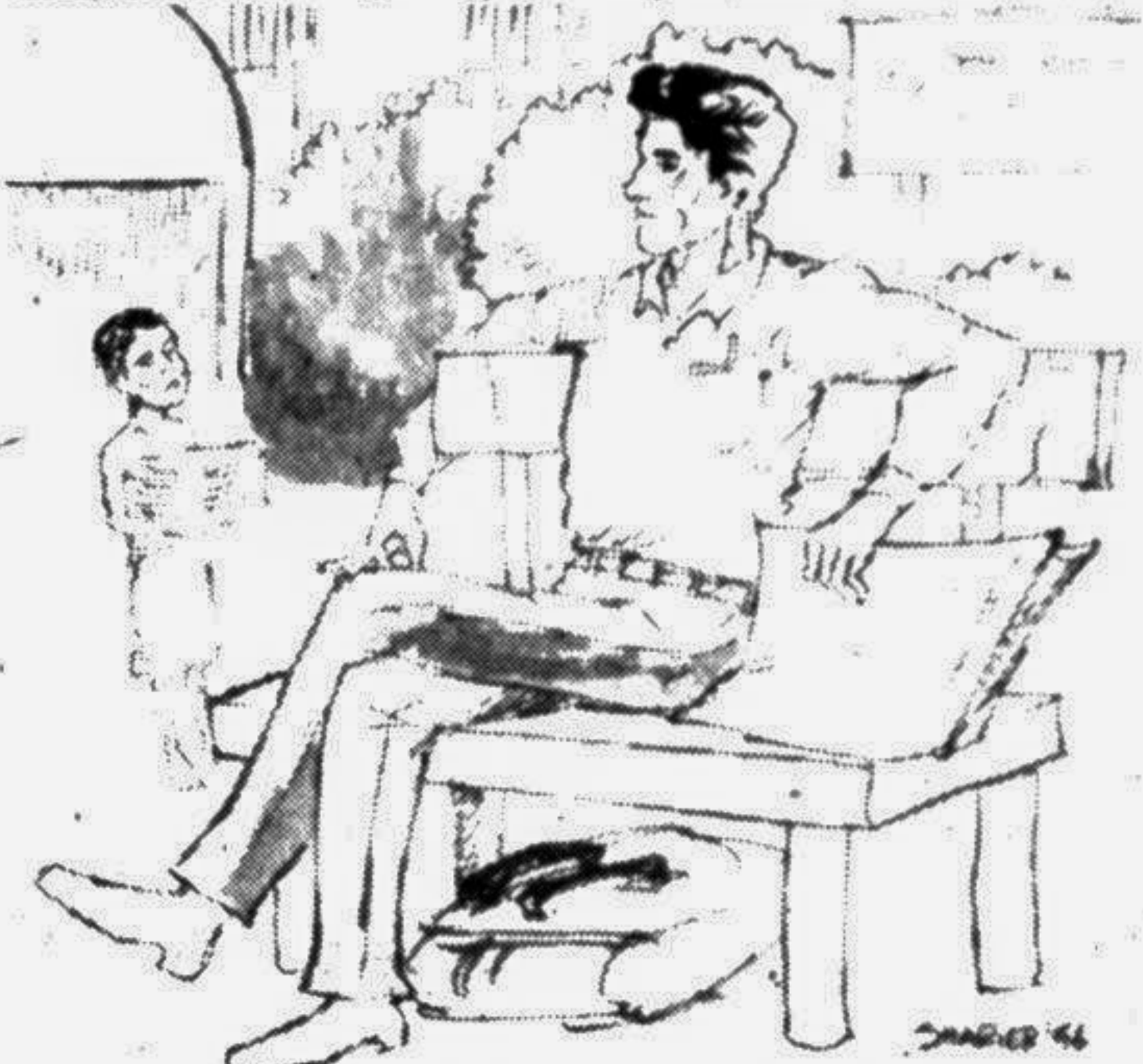
One should have seen the joy in the face of the little girl. Really, it takes so little to bring a smile in the lives of the teeming people of this nation of ours. The sight of such an ecstatic smile on the face of the little girl brought a deep sensation in Kaushik's heart. It was now, for once in his life at least, that he understood how painful it must be to be on the side of the "have nots". No wonder, Denis Goulet was right when he said, "poverty is a cruel kind of hell".

Ever since his childhood, Kaushik had been hearing and reading that the entire country was being flooded by development. May be those who saw development around them didn't incorporate the smile on the face of that child into their definition of outlook. And yet, like it or not, that's the real meaning of development — to be able to laugh and also make others laugh at the same time. At least, that's the way Kaushik always viewed development. Economists, politicians, historians — nobody, simply nobody, seems to look at things from this spectrum.

Kaushik woke up from his deep thoughts by the sound of a train. Yes, the train had finally arrived. He approached towards the other side of the platform where his train was waiting for its passengers. A beautiful rainbow had risen in the "clear blue sky". The rain was gone and the air was full of a gorgeous aroma, the type one gets after a fresh shower. A wonderful speck of sunlight was coming out from the clouds.

Kaushik has always been a dreamer. His grandmother told and read to him so many fairy tales in his childhood that it was possible for him to dream so much. The lady used to tell him that on other side of the rainbow there's a land — a land where nobody cries, and everybody is blissful. Kaushik always dreamt of going to the other side of the rainbow to see if there really was such a "dream" land. Why can't we take our children to such a land? Why is that we have to see them cry? Certainly, the numerous gladiators, whose blood drew the red sun in our glorious flag, didn't rise to the occasion for us to deprive these teeming millions. After all, they do deserve more, don't they?

Yes! May be there is such a land on the other side of the rainbow, after all. To be or not to be, that is the question! Who'll be the messiah to take us there? The train started to blow its whistle. Without wasting a single moment's time, Kaushik sprinted, got on the train, and grabbed a seat. He was soon on his way back home.



habit, although his mother must have requested him for more than a zillion times to do so. In fact, come to think of it now, that's the only request of his mother's, Kaushik has failed to keep.

While he was busy looking around here and there and puffing his rolled cigarette, a boy of hardly ten years of age approached him and offered him a newspaper. The daily newspapers come at around about noon in these parts of the country. Unfortunately, he didn't get his favourite paper. So, he settled for his second choice and at once went to the sports page. He always wanted to be a sportsman, and really envied all of his friends who were good in sports. A sense of deprivation has, from then on, always driven him to open the sports page of a newspaper first.

Time was rolling on, and still there was no news of the train. In the mean time, Kaushik had almost finished reading the entire paper. During his growing up days, Kaushik used to do one thing to rid himself of boredom — hum to himself one of his favourite songs. So, he started to hum "elo barasha je shahasha mome (ai) of Satnath Mukherjee. Immediately, he was transformed back to his college days. Each song has a personal image in each person's mind. Kaushik must have heard, and sang, this song thousands of times during his days in the college so, whenever he hears or sings this song, he just cannot but remember those "golden days".

News of the train finally arrived. Probably another half an

hour or so of waiting would be enough.

market of choice of the 'Zee' generation. This market specialises in the selling of garment factory manufactured clothing that is usually exported to the western world. Though most of the wares are rejected for quality, this market's patrons do not seem to mind the missing button or random hole. The fact that 'jee-jay' Sophia's shirt is actually available in Dhaka is enough to keep them happy.

The actual shopping conditions are much worse than New Market's, but that does not keep away the yellow plated vehicles. The crowded stalls are loaded with bargains. The average shirt that retails for \$ 25 in the United States can be purchased for Taka 90 here. So, it does make sense to squeeze through, haggle and sweat it out in 'Bongo'.

The vendors at 'Bongo' have adapted their marketing techniques to these buyers with western tastes. They will greet you, sell to you and bid you farewell in English, if Bengali is not your language. Confused about what colour suits you? 'Bongo' vendors will tell you, only too happily what does and they can go on to say what is hot this season and what is not (of course, the particular vendor you are talking to has the 'hottest' offerings). So, for fashion advice look no further than your friendly 'Bongo' vendor.

You just have to 'love' 'Bongo'. It makes you look cool at those Thursday night parties. And yes, we believe your dress is from London. Just look away when someone else walks in wearing the same thing.

## Jim Morrison: The Lizard King

by Towheed Feroze and Shahryar Feroze

Yes, Jim Morrison was no ordinary man. He was a man surrounded in mystery. He was a man possessed by the spirit of a dead Indian shaman. He was the lizard king crawling through the doors of perception. Jim Morrison was a man who discovered the spirit of music. Born on December 8th 1943 Jim James Douglas Morrison enjoyed a typical American boyhood — swimming, reading, peeping on girls, goofing off, bullying his younger brother. He was outstandingly intelligent and had an IQ of 149. During his teens Jim developed a passion for reading. Soon he also devoted himself in writing poetry. At home his life was far from idyllic. His mother was domineering, his father was a remote figure, rarely seen by the family as he climbed higher and higher up the naval ladder. Later Jim would become so estranged from his parents that he never wrote, spoke to or saw them. In the BIO sketch which accompanied the doors' first album he claimed that they were dead. In 1965 Jim entered UCLA film school. During his teens Jim formed a strong liking towards film making. It was here that he met Ray Manzarek later to be one of the leading figures of the band 'The Doors'. Ray was the best student of the cinematography department. After passing out from the UCLA film school Jim went to Venice. That was the peak moment of the hippie era. LSD tablets were sold over the counter, beach boys were on car radio and all the girls wore flowers in their hair. By this time Jim had taken to drugs, he was stuffing monumental quantities of LSD tabs every day. It was in Venice that Jim Morrison's writing capability flourished.

He was continuously writing and writing. The poems just poured out. Some of his best songs were written during his stay in Venice — 'moonlight drive', 'soul kitchen', 'celebration of the lizard' were written during this time. It was also the time when Jim felt an irresistible compulsion to sing.

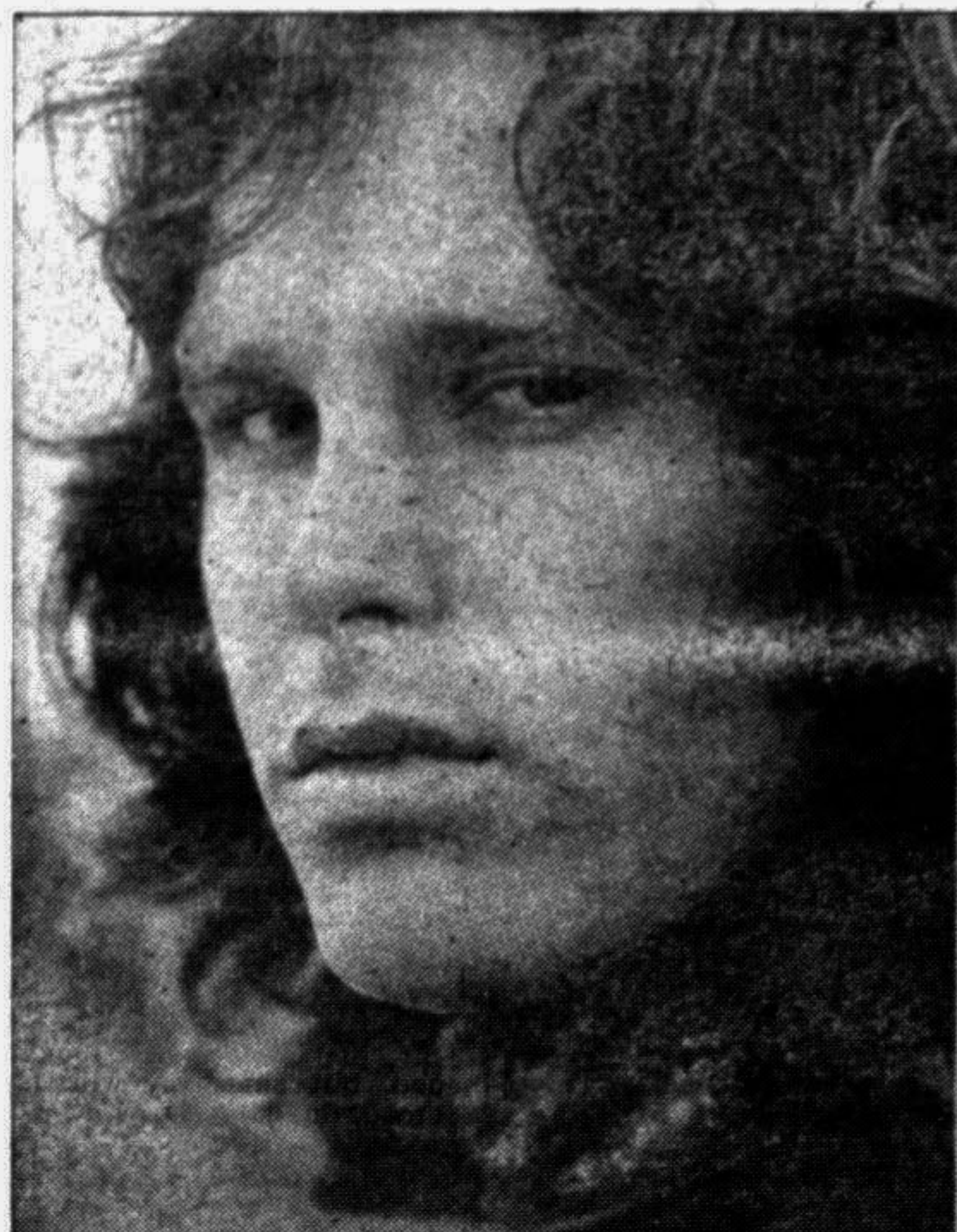
Opportunity knocked when again he met Ray Manzarek on Venice beach. Jim told Ray about his songs and Ray asked him to sing one for him and Jim said "well the one I got here is called 'moonlight drive' and it goes like this lets swim to the tide, let's swim to the moon and Rays reaction was that of awe and admiration. Instantly Ray proposed to Jim "hey let's form a band and make millions". This was just the idea Jim had in mind himself. He named the band "the doors" he had taken it from the title of Aldous Huxley's drug book "the doors of perception". Huxley in turn had taken it from a phrase by the poet William Blake: "If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is — infinite."

Jim said he wanted the band to be the doors between the known and the unknown. Soon after the meeting on Venice beach Ray invited Jim to his house where Jim popped LSD pills by the dozens to broaden his perception and consciousness. Initially the band started with Rays brothers Rick and Ravens but Rays brothers did not care for Jim's psychedelic lyrics and after a few failed performances they became disillusioned and left the band. Ray then brought Densmore

Can you dig it.  
My meat is real  
My hands — how they move  
Balanced like little demons  
My hair — so turned and writhing  
The skin of my face — pinch the cheeks  
My flaming sword tongue  
Spraying verbal fire flies  
I am real  
I am human  
But I am not an ordinary man  
No No No

who was Ray's classmate in the transcendental meditation class. John Densmore's Jazzy drumming captured the hearts of Ray and Jim. Densmore himself liked Morrison's mystic voice and subsequently he joined the band. Initially the record companies rejected their songs, a little disheartened the band continued practising. By this time Jim's voice had developed a distinctive tone.

"whisky" a go go". But due to profanity the band was fired. But by that time they established as the hottest band in town. By this time the band was signed up by Elektra company. The band was flown to New York for the official signing and a month long Elektra organised gigs. The gigs proved to be successful. It was also in New York that Mr Hyde Jim's Dr Jekyll began to emerge. The heavy drinking,



Jim Morrison Mystery still shrouds his death.

Jim lost thirty pounds in eight and became lean and sexy. The puppy fat on his face had melted away, revealing a face that was ancient Greek beautiful, framed perfectly by his lion's mane hair. He was a veritable pop Adonis. To fulfil the cap left by the Manzarek brothers Robby Krieger joined the band. Robby had an intricate Flamenco and Folk style of playing the guitar. Densmore, Raymanzarek and Morrison: The doors line up was complete. Clouds of the Vietnam war were to be seen and every adult had to enroll. To avoid being selected John claimed to be gay. Robby's rich parents hired a psychiatrist to say he was unfit for service. Jim took a load of drugs increasing his heart rate told the selection board that he was queer. And so deceiving the authority they continued their practise. The band started playing at a bar called the

drug abuse started taking their toll. In one incident, he stripped naked and stood on the window pane screaming. Jim Morrison at this time met Pamela Courson whom he termed as his cosmic mate Pamela was the inspiration of many of Jim's songs. Among them are "love street", "queen of the highway", "road house blues". The first album entitled "the doors" was released in 1967. And within weeks "light my fire", topped the charts. The Jim Morrison of 1967 looked like a rock and roll deity. With the rocketing popularity increased Jim's drinking as a matter of fact alcohol became the major force in his life. Stage performances grew theatrical, Jim Morrison became unpredictable. Once he was sober and the next moment he was dead drunk. The phenomenal success of "light my fire" was followed by the overwhelming popularity of "people are strange" when the

music's over and "Unknown soldier" stirred the consciousness of the so called civilised world. It's anti war theme later influenced the main theme of many popular songs. By this time the doors confirmed themselves to be the best band of the whole of the United States. When the doors was criss crossing the United States, its fame reached to an all time high. It was in one of these tours that Jim was arrested for lewd, lascivious behaviour and public exposure — setting the record for the first musician to be arrested on stage. Jim Morrison was later found guilty of public exposure.

With this event started the sad downfall of the lizard king. Too much alcohol aggravated his health condition. Jim seemed to have lost all interest in Music. More and more he withdrew within himself. In most public appearances he used to appear too intoxicated to perform. In one incident Jim even verbally insulted the audience. Gradually the audience and the fans started to reject the Lizard King. Too much consumption of alcohol coupled with his Psychotic Behaviour paved the way for his destruction. Other members of the band especially Densmore on one occasion decided to leave the band only because of Morrison's inconsistent and drunken behaviour. After releasing the LP "LA Woman" Jim moved to Paris with Pamela Courson. Paris proved to be a pleasant respite for Jim for a while everything went just fine but. A trip to Morocco, Corsica and Spain proved to be idyllic. But eventually depression took over Jim. On the fifth of July, Pamela told Bill Siddons to come right away when the latter phoned her. After arriving Siddons found Pamela with a death certificate and a sealed coffin. The next day with Pam, Bill and three friends in attendance, the Lizard King was buried at Pere La Chaise cemetery. But the mystery shrouding the death of Jim Morrison is yet to be explained. Twenty five years after his death fans still hold the belief that he is alive somewhere and will make an abrupt appearance someday.

People believe that Jim Morrison's death was a Hoax to deceive the people so that he could lead an easier life. What happened the night Jim died is still an unexplained phenomenon. There have been regular sightings of Morrison and people wrote over the tombstone of Morrison "Morrison is not dead". How Morrison really died can never be known as the person knowing the facts that is Pamela, died three years after the death of Morrison and took to the grave the details. But it is generally believed that Morrison died of an overdose of heroin. Jim Morrison is dead but the lizard king's songs, poems continue to thrill millions around the globe. The appeal of Morrison's songs have not faded on the contrary in the nineties, a new wave of doors and Morrison mania swept through the world. It seems Jim Morrison is reciting from the other side.

The night is young  
And full of rest  
I can't describe the way she is dressed  
Shell pander to some strange requests  
Anything that you suggest  
Anything to please her guest.

## To 'Bongo' or Not To Bongo

By Sabrina Shama Chowdhury



WE have all been to New Market — the Mecca of high fashion and almost anything else you might need. You enter through heavenly gates of fruit and are instantaneously approached by mobile vendors with everything from mothballs to safety pins. Giant, white balls of cheese are always available on either side of the shopping arcade, with a free taste before the aggressive bargaining begins.

Choose any particular afternoon to experience the local dating scene. Gangs of college girls meet their beloveds and walk aimlessly down the aisles in hypnotic trances of passion, yet wary enough to notice nosy and suspecting "Aunties". Unfortunate Cliques of unattached men look on with jealous frustration that shows through rude and crude remarks. This is aura of traditional shopping.

The Hawkers Market of Fulbaria — affectionately and simply called 'Bongo', is the

market of choice of the 'Zee' generation. This market specialises in the selling of garment factory manufactured clothing that is usually exported to the western world. Though most of the wares are rejected for quality, this market's patrons do not seem to mind the missing button or random hole. The fact that 'jee-jay' Sophia's shirt is actually available in Dhaka is enough to keep them happy.

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## Search For Bliss

By Farhana Yusof

Once she was there to love and care,  
Now I live with a heart that is bare;  
All the love I had given to thee,  
And is now left with emptiness inside staring blankly at me.

O she was incomparable, so lively and divine,  
In ways more than one was she refined,  
She was thoughtful, helpful and so kind,  
A more brighter star did never shine.

When the star faded away into the black night,  
The sky lost all its splendour;  
Nothing could ever replace the luminous light,  
Everything had lost their power to render.

The tragedy has surpassed all belief,  
Brought fresh pain and offered no relief;  
Days and nights go endlessly by,  
Still there's no end to all the bitter cries.

What is this world but a place  
Where love, and hate are continuously in a race,  
Where lives like withered petals shrink and die,  
Where dead dry leaves sway in the air and lifelessly lie.

Is there no place for a little peace?  
No place for comfort, hope and bliss?  
Life's weary progress really tires me,  
I wonder, "What more is there in life to see?"  
Hours pass, days go by,  
No bonds are formed, there is no tie;  
The past is remembered, treasured and missed,  
Long long way to go in the search for bliss.

## An Article On A Rock Band

Kazi K Arafat

NOW don't any of you members of the great Faceless Imperturbable Public fool yourselves into thinking that this piece is on a musical group. Because it's not. It's on... oh, heck, I guess you guys would be more interested in a commercial, money-making, greed motivated quarter than in hearing about how the face I saw in a dream two years ago was covered with pimples and why, through the propheticizing of that dream the face I see in the mirror is in that state two years after two years ago.

I'm writing this article as a special favour to my buddy prince I could go on with the introduction, but I guess since this is the morning, and you've just woken up to read my masterpiece (no doubt), and it would be a waste of kinetic energy to go back to sleep after climbing out of bed and, for the great occasion of the publication of this work, brushing your teeth.

Digital was first formed in 1987 AD when five people woke up and said "I'm gonna form a band today." (Though those five people weren't necessarily the same five people who formed Digital).

Anyway, the original line-up saw two albums. Digital debuted with "a self-titled album in 1992. Produced by Sargam. The second album was also self-titled, released by sangita in 1993. There also released a couple of songs in compilations, although various others. However, things didn't really get after that, so the group

split up. And was rejuvenated, either by water (golden vain) from the fountain of youth or a new line-up. I'm not sure which.

Anyway, the constipated faces you see alongside this article are the doughty champions of rock 'n' roll, otherwise called Digital, as it is now. In the far left the bespectacled guy is the bassist an expert at



Digital

drummer. Standing behind him, all face, is the keyboardist Apu, who is actually taller than he looks, (But aren't we all?) He owns a Korg M-1 and is nowhere, near Jon Lord, (which is obvious to anyone who's heard him play)

Last but not least, the band leader Sohel is dressed in black just like his guitar hero — Tony Iommi — incidentally, Sohel plays the Guitar and

slapping his Ibanez (and getting slapped himself) He tries to follow Gezer Butler, but we all know who is what, right? Mr Moonface in the middle is Prince a professional nice guy with a semi-lunar grin who plays a Premiere Set and listens to Randy Castillo's skin panding and doesn't let all these qualities stop him from being a well, not so good

Sings, too. He's not just there to hang around and haunt the practice sessions. (Even though you'd never realize it) I wish I could say the same for the rest of the band.

PS: They're at the Sruti studios right now, making yet another album — but it'll be good for tapping phones with bugging rooms with recording over may be even listening to it!