

TEEN'S and TWENTIES

Secure in my Insecurity

by Kazi K Arafat

MY twisted words live again so thanks, dear sisters for filling me with guilt & remorse, the hammer & chisel which break my heart and helps me sculpt these contorted thoughts that were once of a human. I know I'm welcome And thanks again, you sweet people for having the undying faiths & stupidity to believe that I, too, could be a dog with a bone proud of its corkscrew tail and corkscrew mind. I once heard a person say I could trust with my life! And I thought I could trust you with my life, too Why, couldn't I, since I've already trusted you with my secrets, my past, my reputation, my sorrows & joys, the sub-atomic composition of my heart, toenails & soul. It may even be that sometimes I've trusted you with my love & friendship. But then again, some of you sworn siblings of saccharine are really careless I've seen you accidentally drop the hearts of unbrotherly boys and break them in your absent mindedness So what if it happens that I have my life over to you, to trust & share & be sisterly to, and you lose it & it's never found again? My existence would disintegrate like I never was and will be Never I wouldn't be born, and I would have to forego this mid-eternity breath session, this organic sandwich with all it's paraphernalia. I would never be able to laugh with you at myself, look at the mirror & wish for a beard to cover my truthful face, Want to wear bracelets of blades because the chains are too heavy, or bury myself in misery, bathe in myself to cleanse myself and escape from the need to escape from myself vainly, myself-ly trying to be myself. And of course may be I would lose a few smiles too. But is that a great price for inexistence? I'm giving you my life to take care of right now, but only if you promise to lose it.

Duke Nukem 3D

by Sajjid Rizwan Matin

BEFORE starting off with this article I ask you — is there anything new to write about Doom or Doom 2? I guess these games are the most common in this universe. Probably all of you folks have played them. But those of you who still haven't played them — well I have a little suggestion — jump off your chair and drop dead cause Doom is not just another brilliant game, it is a revolution. The game was the ultimate in 3D action games and all its credit goes to the game masters of 3D software, and its distributor — Apogee.

Now let's peep into the other great games that Apogee had released before Doom's momentous appearance. There was Wolfenstein, there was Spear of Destiny, there were the sequels of Blake Stone and finally the Duke Nukem character.

Duke Nukem is an extra ordinary character, with a pumped up body and a lethal looks, he slithers through dangerous territories and tries to bring back order. His attitude is rather simple, you mess with him and you are dead. He's really a cool guy, wears sun glasses all the time and doesn't have fear in his heart. However, the first one in Duke Nukem's series, Duke Nukem 1, our hero goes on a mission to stop Dr. Proton, a madman bent on ruling the earth with his personal army of Techbots. The irrepressible hero, Duke, chases the crazy Doctor deep into the earth, then to his lunar space station and eventually into the earth's nuclear ravished future. Duke Nukem 1 has lots of features and effects, the backdrops have 3D images, supports joystick and has cheat codes. Here Duke can somersault or cling on to ceilings etc. and this was the basic Duke.

In 1993 Apogee Software released the 2nd Duke game, Duke Nukem 2 with four haphazard missions. And this one was another state-of-

the-art game packed with action and thrill. In this game, Duke Nukem, while interviewed on TV about his best selling book, "Why I'm So Great", is suddenly abducted by aliens. Duke's alien captor explains that Duke's brain will be drained of all his knowledge, which will be used to formulate a master plan to seize control of Earth. Duke has now two choices: He can be turned into a zombie by the EncephaloSucker (What a Name!), or fight his way out of this alien prison cell, then battle to end the hideous plans of the Rigelatins. Armed with four fatal weapons, blaster, laser cannon, missiles and flame thrower, Duke fears nobody. No enemies, mutations, robo-droids, guards, traps could blunder his escape.

And lastly the game masters of 3D Realm Entertainment developed and designed and Apogee released the ultimate Duke game, Duke Nukem 3D and this is the best. I really mean it. Its such an ingenious game that the makers hope it would wipe out Doom craze. It would be a new era in game playing, from now on it would be the Duke-age. And I solely believe them. Because, after playing Duke 3D you'll never look at any other games with respect. The shareware version of the game can be found easily but the original version comes only in CD-ROM. The story of the game is as follows.

After defeating the demonic aliens in Duke Nukem 2, our hero returns to mother earth riding on his jet propelled shuttle. But as some nitwit shoots down his aircraft Duke manages to jump off and descent atop a Hollywood building. And guess what! Its the damned aliens again! While Duke was busy wiping out the horde of evils in an alien zone, another pack of devilish aliens captured Hollywood. Now in the chaos city Duke has to



battle against the beasts, the chances are a million to one but that's what excites Duke most. On the rooftop Duke collects a pistol and swears in a brusque voice, "Those b... gonna pay for shooting down my rocket." And so the game begins.

The game is crammed with action and excitement. The sound effects are extraordinary. The cries of the aliens and the roars of the beasts are sure to fright the hell out of you. The music is also synchronized with the rapid action and bound to daunt you. The graphics are vivid, marvelous and rendered very carefully. The movements are easy and the actors are more intelligent. The architecture is also very good, levels are well designed. The Hollywood buildings are neatly planned and have lots of secret rooms which are inter connected by service shafts. There are spy cameras scattered in every level watching Duke's every move.

But there are other particulars that make Duke rather unique. Among them the most interesting thing is: Duke talks; he imprecates, he swears and he comments like "Damn those Aliens" or "Let's rock" or even "Die you son of a...".

Duke can crouch, climb, crawl, look up-down and jump. No other character in any other Doom like game can jump except Duke. Duke has an armory of weapons he can find and use like pistol, shotgun, RPG, chain gun, pipe bombs, laser gun and flame thrower.

There are other gizmos that Duke can use such as night vision, jet pack, bio suit and scuba mask. His jet pack can take him to spots of a level that normal heroes could not reach, the night vision enables him to see in the dark, the bio suit protects him from toxic fluids and his scuba mask provides oxygen under water.

Duke plays inside the buildings of futuristic Hollywood, in a submarine, in tunnels and under water and wherever he goes he nukes out everything.

As you play the character of daring Duke you travel through constant dangers and traps and sniper attacks. If you're the kind of person who gets pleasure from destruction Duke is the game that can give you absolute hard core pleasure. Because you can wipe out every single thing in the levels.

As in my case, I tried to destroy the whole

shebang of a level and except from a mirror in the toilet, I ransacked everything — lights, basins, commodes, dustbins, boxes, water pumps and even stacks of bottle in the bar. And the best part is that you can interact with other things (and secret character!) in many levels. For example you can play snooker at the bar or play video games in the arcade or you can watch a movie and many other things.

You can also use the toilet, and if you do so, comically your energy would rise. However there's another thing that sets Duke apart from other games; it has two ways of playing: with adult mode on or adult mode off.

The shareware version of the game has only one episode with a bunch of hair raising, eye-popping action levels. You start off from Hollywood Holocaust and finish it in the deadly canyons where you finally get to meet the boss.

The game sparks off with total thrill when you reach the canyon and blast off the mountains. From underneath the mountains appears a hidden abyss and the haven of the aliens. The path gets narrower, and higher and toxic dumps and lava flow beside the trails. So you have to calculate every step and movements while shooting out the alien snipers. Inside the secret hide-out the situation gets even worse. The atmosphere inside gets really horrifying. A constant humming will bother you all the way and as you move on, the sound will become more like a prayer of a thousand preachers.

Finally you'll find out the disgusting sight of millions of insect like things buzzing together. You'll pass by them and approach the boss's room where you'll discover the ravaged women turned into cocoon by the monstrous looking boss. After you succeed to kill the boss you'll have a short dialogue with him before he takes the last breath and jump off to another action packed episode. But that would be in the original version of the game.

To wrap up the whole thing, it can be said that Duke Nukem 3D is a real show stopper. It can blast the way through your screen with enough fire power to wake up your neighbors. So if you like high-octane action with a mix of clever and humorous characters, you'll LOVE this game.



Searching for the Secrets of Gravity

by John Boslough

EPHRAIM Fischbach's problem was small, and another physicist, Samuel Aronson, were studying findings from an atomic accelerator — or atom smasher — when they came upon a set of results they could not explain.

In seeming defiance of gravity, particles called kaons were behaving strangely in the accelerator. Says Fischbach: "We

thought of every possible explanation. Nothing worked. Finally on Halloween night we decided it could only be a new force — a fifth force."

If true, it was a Nobel Prize finding. Yet they were so cautious that they put the fifth force on hold for six years. Meanwhile they reexamined gravity experiments of the past.

Gravity has always occupied the best minds, including Galileo Galilei, the extraordinary 17th-century Italian who was the first modern scientist. Before Galileo, it had been assumed — largely from a dictate of Aristotle — that gravity causes a heavy object to fall

faster than a light one. Aristotle had confused the effects of gravity's pull with the distance something could be propelled: You can throw a small rock farther than a big one, so the big one must fall faster. Galileo decided to see what actually happens. In Pisa, where he was born, I climbed the worn steps of the tower that has been leaning southward almost from the day it was built in the 13th century. Nicole Beverin, a University of Pisa physicist who speciality is gravity, climbed with me.

"Galileo probably never dropped cannon balls or anything else from this tower," said Beverin, standing unsteadily on one of the precarious, slanting balconies. "He may have thought about it, but he didn't write about it."

Instead, he rolled balls of different weights down and up inclined planes. These ramps slowed them, making gravity's effect directly observable," said Beverin.

Galileo found that all objects, no matter what they're made of, fall at the same ever-increasing rate. Thus, if air resistance is ignored, a cannonball and a wooden ball dropped simultaneously will strike the ground at the same time.

This conclusion seemed to be reinforced by experiments conducted early this century by Baron Poland von Eotvos, a Hungarian who measured the effect of gravity on various test materials and found virtually no differences. Three-quarters of a century later Ephraim Fischbach and Samuel Aronson took another look at the baron's findings.

What they saw was startling. Said Fischbach: "The Eotvos tests actually showed that objects fall at slightly different rates according to their atomic makeup — the more tightly packed the atomic nucleus, the slower the fall. Eotvos's colleagues published the results after he died. They ignored the differences as statistically insignificant."

Fischbach's group analyzed the test materials of the original Eotvos experiments — asbestos, talow, copper, water, and platinum. But they could not find one material: snake-wood.

"We needed complete results," said Fischbach. "A personable Brooklyn native. But what was snake-wood? We knew it was a dense, tropical wood — nothing more."

Fischbach sent inquiries to chemists and lumberyards to south America and to Hungary. No luck. One day he read that 19th-century violin makers used snake-wood for bows. He started contacting musicians.

At last in Seattle he found his man: Alexander Illich Eppler, a balalaika player of Russian descent.

Courtesy — National Geographic

Of Neutrality, Morality and few Questions

by A K M Shahidullah

THE country is passing through an untoward period of crisis regarding values, ethics, norms and political culture.

All these grossly shatter the neutrality which is the basic standpoint of human morale. Through Rabindranath and Shakespeare defined human beings as not natural, odd things do happen when their activities become unethically biased.

We know, the writers, columnists or the intelligentia are the ones who steer a civilization, who uphold and deliver conscientious opinion, and help us muster all sorts of philanthropic and patriotic lessons.

Among these cowxwains, leaders come first, who give us the most cognitive lessons on contemporary history. They are teaching us how to deliver quixotic speeches. They are letting us to learn how to degenerate a nation day by day. They are showing us how to be expert in creating nationwide stalemate. They are making us to conceptualize how to demonstrate absolute vindictiveness both in the parliament and street. Where are they leading us to? I want to know some answer from readers those who are more or less natural and not captive to their conscience.

The teachers of highest educational institutions, poets and litterateurs who are regarded as the guardians of a civilization deserve mention. The instances they are leaving behind for us and forthcoming generations are very delicate for an inquisitive mind.

I lay emphasis on those who contribute editorials and run esteemed dailies. Numerous newspapers are being published daily to satiate news hungry people. As social scientist Carlyle said, "Newspaper is the fourth estate" it serves the most useful purpose in the realm of politics and in fact it wields the greatest power for moulding public opinion. However, the role and importance of newspaper is beyond description. But the real picture of this most common informatory instrument is infact in a sorry-state as the devastating famine of neutrality is prevailing in and with the management or policy-making body of almost all newspapers.

One Suraiya staying abroad, wanted to know through internet which paper she can read to get the right picture of her motherland. Some Delwar from Bangladesh humbly suggested her to read all of the newspapers and to apply her own judgment (Live from Internet. The Daily Star, 18.09.96)

Anyway, I would like to put forward a fervent appeal to all those who are concerned to dis-bursing, making and grasping news and views of this particular paper, please be neutral and try to look at the fact as it really is.

An Ideal Idle

by Mir Amtazul Hoque Ripon

WHAT is life? "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing" such has been termed by Shakespeare.

Masefield defines it as "a beauty, chased by tragic laughter." I, however, like what Shaw had to say, who states that life's "a flame that is always burning out." But why making a fuss of life tormenting by such prologue? There, of course, lies a reason.

October is moving up and for your kind information, the great nature has called my "Promethean spark" into being about two decades ago in this very month. So the month blends in with my entire entity. 18 October was the day this wretched fellow saw daylight for the first time.

Naturally my emotion in this month seizes me with a vengeance. Now, I've taken up my inkling with a view to share my personal feelings with the avid readers. Curious ones may go on with this hodgepodge but the others are forbidden strictly. No doubt will they find it a nagging and time-killing endeavour. I personally prefer Mr Curious to be a company in my journey.

I'm a Ctg Varsity-Law-Hons student who prefer not turning away sweet night's sleep till 11 am, and not turning out to university regularly. Not finding me in the campus or the vicinity is of a natural phenomenon and my buddies usually takes aback whenever they discover me in the premise.

At this point I want to extend my thanks to them who have already depicted me as an indolent chap. Such identification made me proud. Amongst my buddies it is only I who am indolent to the extreme, and I dare say it is worthy of mentioning in the world record book. Anyone amongst the readers proclaiming himself as an ideal idle may communicate with me after going through this article as early as possible so that I may put him in the right side.

The idea of antigravity first crept — maddeningly — into Fischbach's mind in 1979. He and another physicist, Samuel Aronson, were studying findings from an atomic accelerator — or atom smasher — when they came upon a set of results they could not explain.

In seeming defiance of gravity, particles called kaons were behaving strangely in the accelerator. Says Fischbach: "We

of a precious asset, and time is squandering away very fast and there are many things yet to be done. While brooding over such kind of thought, I can assure you, these guys are simply floating over stark slatness. As regards my own I too nurture so magnibulous a dream which distance from the reality, to be frank, amounts to something like Pacific Ocean.

Let's have a glimpse into another matter. I'm a maestro of one-day cricket not actually in practical side but in its theoretical or analytical one. Last year I was a stalwart of India. In its previous year, Australia was predominant amongst my favourites. This year I've switched to Sri Lanka. You may wink at me, taking me as a chance-seeker but virtually I'm not that. Each and every Bangalore has a list of nine test playing countries at his disposal and he may exercise his right to choose before Bangladesh joins up with it. Oh, another thing I've forgotten to mention — it will be far more auspicious for

the ideal idles amongst you to be a cricket fan.

Reading books is a hobby congenial to the nature of a lot like me. I believe philosophy will go quite well with the tastes and requirements of an idle. For him pondering over any ism is far more easier than to undergo any kind of exertion. From this perspective, I adore Rene Descarte, the father of modern western Philosophy, who preached the axiom "Cogito Ergo Sum (I think so I exist)". Avid readers are acquainted with the hint that lies behind it very well.

However, a new year is on the brink of emerging from the horizon. As many of you do, I too plan a 'to-do' chart on every new year's eve. The difference between most of you and me is that you do it with a view to make most of your upcoming times and start pacing toward it accordingly; but in case of mine, I generally follow "the art of stagnation". Let me explain.

Each year my plan resembles very much its previous one. Every year I prepare a long list containing my hanes and drawbacks (indolence is obviously perched atop it) and enter into an agreement with myself to subdue those shortcomings within that year (agreement of this kind are commonplace in an idles life). But whenever the question of implementing the plan arises I must-do-it-tomorrow syndrome beset me to the core.

To my sheer anguish that Mr Tomorrow hardly ever demonstrates his face. And in the meantime I discover that the prevailing year is about to finish its run. I've been swirling in this whirlpool for years but it hardly causes me to budge an inch. Surprised!

To be frank, I'm a devoted disciple of "Cinderella attitude." I do believe someday and somewhere in the upcoming future something amazing will take place in my life to turn all my dreams into a reality and I'll be able to meet vis-a-vis my dreams — princess.



Quotations

- Awaits alike th' inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Gray
- Deceit**
The brow, the eyes, the countenance very often deceive us, but most often of all the speech.
Cicero
- Deceiving a deceiver is no knavery.
Thomas Fuller
- Individuals indeed may deceive and be deceived; but no one has ever deceived all men, nor have all men ever deceived anyone.
Pliny