

History Revived

TURNOVER produced by tourism in the United Kingdom during 1995 rose to 37 million pounds sterling, accounting for 5 per cent of the gross domestic product (GDP), reports the English Tourist Board (ETB).

England proved even more popular with holiday makers. There was a 10 per cent increase in domestic tourism trips and a rise of 3 per cent in domestic spending on English holidays to a record £6.8 billion pounds.

The ETB's annual report shows that while the seaside remained the most popular destination, accounting for four out of every ten holiday trips, visitors were being increasingly attracted to historic properties, especially those made famous by television programmes.

The BBC's serialisation of Jane Austen's novel 'Pride and Prejudice', for instance, helped increase the number of visitors to Lyme Park, in Cheshire, where it was filmed, by 178 per cent. The ETB chief executive, Tim Bartlett, says that 'investment in interpretation, refurbishment and new facilities at England's historic properties is paying off. England has a wealth of attractions which bring history alive to both our British and overseas visitors contributing revenue and jobs to many local economies all over the country.'

Mr Bartlett acknowledges that last year's fine weather played a part in tempting

British holidaymakers to stay at home but added that facilities and standards of accommodation had improved.

His point was underlined by David Quarumby, the new chairman of the ETB, who said he thought that the tide was turning and there is now, in the run up to the millennium, a superb opportunity for the industry to grasp the potential to drive the success of English tourism.

The ETB plans to focus on several key objectives, including improved accommodation standards, better training of staff, easier and more useful access to information and 'sustainable and environmentally friendly tourism'.

In 1995 visits to cathedrals and greater churches in England were estimated at 19.5 million and 15.4 million additional visits were made to historic properties. This information appears in the 20th edition of the English heritage monitor, the definitive document on the preservation, presentation and use of England's architectural heritage.

Nearly 60 historic properties in England attracted more than 200,000 visits in 1995. The tower of London attracted by far the highest number of paid admissions up 5 per cent to 2.5 million.

Westminster Abbey had the most free admissions, estimated at 2.2 million. (LPS)

Can 'Flash Gordon' Metamorphosize Bangladesh Cricket?

by Ishrak Ahmed Siddiky

21 years of independence and what have we to talk about in the world of sports? Disasters, losing by big margins etc. but by winning the ACC our cricketers have proved that we have something to cheer about. To me it is the



Gordon Greenidge

dawn of a new era in Bangladesh cricket. I would like to congratulate BCCB for selecting a good coach and that is the West Indian 'Black Jewel' Cuthbert Gordon Greenidge.

Gordon Greenidge started his career with the great Vivian Richards in the tour of India in 1975. In his debut test he scored 93 and 107 runs. In 108 tests, 16 times he was unbeaten with a batting rate of 44.72. He scored 7,558 runs with 226 century and 19 half century. He became 6th Wisden Cricketer of the year for 1977 and also became 6th West Indian cricketer of the year in 1977, 1981 and 1987. He retired from cricket in 1991. Presently he lives in England with his wife Patricia and with 4 offsprings.

Greenidge fast caught the eye of Bangladesh cricket officials in Malaysia. In there our ICC representative Mr Ashraf Haq contacted him, and persuaded Greenidge to decide to take over the job as a coach of Bangladesh national team. He will not only teach our national

cricketers, but he will also try to change the infrastructure of cricket in our country. At the age of 46 he is still fit and confident. His contract will start from Nov 1, and he will also arrive in Nov 1. In a press conference, he said that, he considers that training the Bangladesh team is the highlight of his 20 years career.

But can Greenidge really metamorphosize Bangladesh cricket? One of the best players of his time, can he be the best coach of the present time? In my opinion BCCB should give him all the powers as they did to Mahindar Amarnath. Can't Greenidge be like Dave Watmore and get Bangladesh in the World Cup. Greenidge termed BCCB as an exotic place, and mentioned that if it used properly, Bangladesh can do well. He also stressed on sponsorship. It is important to mention that Gordon Greenidge hasn't trained any other national team before, and this is

for the first time, he is training one. To him this is a challenge.

As our Prime Minister said that — we live in the same sub-continent, we breathe the same air, we take the same food, but still what's our problem. She is totally right. I also say why can't we be like Sri Lanka, India and Pakistan. Our country is a third world developing nation, and due to the shortage of fund we can't spend enough in cricket. We have many talents but we can't channelize them at the right direction. But saying that we don't have enough fund we are trying to hide our weakness. The officials of BCCB gives high hopes to the millions of sport zealots, and after losing by big margins they hide themselves and dishearten us.

I want to say that by winning a small tournament like the ACC is no good for us. Of course it was a moral boosting tournament, but this is not the end of the world. My mother say you aim the sky, you get at the top of

the tree, but if you aim the top of the tree, then you will fall at the ground.

Few years ago everyone knew Sri Lanka, as a war ravaged country but by winning the Willis World Cup, their identity have completely changed.

We must remember that by beating a bunch of 'B' string cricketers from India and Pakistan is not the talk. Our real test is in the ICC, where we will face stiff challenges from UAE, Holland, Kenya, USA, Canada and Malaysia. Our cricketers must have a professional attitude towards the game. Winning the ACC was just the stepping stones towards our destination, the Mount Everest of cricketing. We want to see our cricketers at the best. We have thousands of sport zealots, we have the whole nation backing us, and if they deprive us of the ICC trophy this time, the wound which is in our heart will never heal again.



— Star photo

Who Would Defend Our Earth?

by Firoj Alam

"WHAT kind of plan will our children inherit? Will they have room to roam, air to breathe and food to eat? Will they ever see any eagle flying free or enjoy the solitude of pristine mountain lake? This was the anxiety of the Time International just two days before the beginning of the Rio de Janeiro Earth Summit in 1992, the largest and most complex conference ever held by UNO after the momentous meeting of Versailles, Yalta and Potsdam. The peace loving people of this planet began to see the light at the end of the tunnel, thinking comprehensive measure for saving the planet — especially measure for protecting the Ozone layer and combating pollution will be taken.

Four years after the Rio Summit, the World's people had to accept a heart quaking news. "Ozone hole covers 90 per cent of the Atlantic" (Daily Star 13.10.96) other than getting any news of progress. However the report of depletion of the Ozone layer was first revealed ten years ago. In 1985 a British Antarctic Survey team, first sent this unpleasant news to the World inhabitants. Since then the environmentalist faces the toughest threat to protect this planet. In 1985 a global convention namely the Vienna Convention was adopted for protection of the Ozone layer.

The Montreal protocol came into effect on 1st January in 1989. The view of the Montreal protocol was to curb the consumption of carbon dioxide which helps to form the chlorofluoro carbon (CFC), the gas which the eats up Ozone layer every second. In 1974 Dr Mario

Molin and F Sherwood Rowland accused this gas for decaying Ozone layer.

Ozone layer acts as a shield and is safeguarding all the living things from the harmful ultra radiation.

This Ozone layer depletion is the by-product of the luxurious life lead by the inhabitants of the developed nations. For example, the USA has 5% of the World's population, it uses 25% of the world's energy, emits 22% of all carbon dioxide produced and accounts for 25% of the World's GNP. Same things happen in other industrialized countries like Germany, Britain, France and Japan etc. On the contrary, the developing and under developed countries emits very negligible quantity of carbon dioxide. For example India has 16% of the World's population, it uses 3% of the World's energy, emits only 3% of the all carbon dioxide produced and accounts for only 1% of the World's GNP.

A data given by World Resources Institution shows that the emissions of carbon dioxide in 1972 was 16.2 billion metric tons which stood at 21.9 billion metric tons in 1989. After 1989, some East Asian countries have achieved massive industrialization meaning addition of thousands of extra carbon in the air. The UN should impose an international tax on excision of carbon dioxide and other green house gases. It should restrict limits on the trade of timber from the earth's remaining forests. United Nations should exercise power to create an environmental police force to protect our planet, otherwise we shall have to meet the same fate as an predecessors the dinosaurs.



Save us!

— Star Photo

Demolition Surfie

by Nishat Hussain

"Not No! let go off me!" Surfie cried frantically hitting against the big baboon! With a cry he went crashing down to the ground with a dull thud.

His mother hearing his frantic cries came rushing to his room alarmed. To her surprise her son was sprawled on the floor his arms and legs hitting against the air. "Surfie!" His mother shook him.

"Mom? How'd she find me?" He thought. "Where is she? Caught off guard the mammoth of a man hit him. Surfie saw red. "Let me at him! Let me at him!" "Surfie? Surfie get up!" The intrusive voice persisted. A firm hand shook his shoulder. "Go away," Surfie muttered impatiently.

"No wonder your sister hates waking you up. Are you always so bad-tempered when you wake up?" His mother asked.

Reluctantly Surfie opened his eyes to meet that of his mothers which were filled with concern and at the same time puzzled.

"Where am I?" He sat up groggily rubbing his eyes. "What am I doing on the floor?" He asked surprised.

"Hey bud! Wake up!" Sami shook Surfie by the shoulder.

"Huh!" Surfie croaked out as he gave his surroundings a questioning look as sudden realization dawned on him. They were here to pick up a friend, Liya.

"Come in!" Liya cried out. The door opened a crack and a pair of heads stuck in.

"For goodness sake get in! She always lost her temper with them."

They came in grinning sheepishly. "Hi! How's... Whoa..." The next second they were sprawled on the floor in a heap.

"Hi down there!" She smiled sweetly. Too sweetly for comfort, Surfie thought scolding. Lesson number one. "She continued. "Watch where you are going."

"Well u don't have to be so smug about it." Surfie gave the menace who had brought them to their present predicament a disgusted scowl.

"Screwing up your face won't help."

Ignoring her he went on. "and since when have you taken up skating?" Then exclaimed. "Gosh! what happened to your room. It's like a cyclone hit it! You are more than Sami!"

"Hey! Sami grunted incoherently and whacked Surfie with a racket he found.

"Oh! Both of you stop it!" Liya scowled. "We've got more imp..." She was interrupted by a zooming Surfie who locked himself in the bath room. Liya shot Sami a questioning glance.

He shrugged. Nature's call, I guess. A minute later. "Help! Help! let me outta here!" The wail came from behind the bathroom door. Surfie was banging against the door, his wailing rose a notch higher.

"Oh, shut up!" The duo's futile efforts was soon rewarded when the door opened revealing disheveled Surfie and a broken lock.

One their way outside they came upon Liya's mom who was carrying a pile of plates. She looked like a wreck.

"Looking smashing Mrs. Hussain," Surfie parted. Rendered speechless. Liya's mom lost her footing and the plates went crashing down.

They made their way to Sound Garden studio. Liya lagged behind since she was carrying her backpack.

"Can't you leave home without that sack?"

"Don't you dare insult my bag!" Liya threatened wagging her index finger in front of his nose. "You pathetic creature!"

"Oh yeah?" his eyebrows twitched. "What'll you do - huh?" He taunted. Rising to her full height of five-feet three inches she found that he still looked over her. Not to be put down she stood on her toes and gave him a defiant stare.

"I'll kill..."

"Yeah! Yeah! I've heard that before." He turned and started walking again. Liya trotted hurriedly to keep up with him. She was intent on keeping up with them that she hadn't noticed Surfie stop abruptly and smirked right into him.

"Sheesh! You big oaf! Why'd you stop?" She demanded swearing under her breath.

Surfie looked at her as if she had a problem. "You okay?"

"Sami! Liya needed support." Help me. I'll kill him. If I don't then I'll die of a severe nervous breakdown!"

"Calm down... Sami glared at Surfie.

"What's with you today?"

"Me? Look who's talking." Surfie stated and with that crossed the road through a green light. Cars and rickshaws swerved left and right to miss him and ended up in a jam. Sami and Liya ran after him amid the cries of the angry drivers.

In the studio the rest of the band members, Rajababy Tinkumia greeted them when they entered the recording room. The room always reminded Liya of a huge fridge because of its heavy air-tight door and the freezing temperature inside. Liya could hear her teeth chattering and

wondered how the guys managed it, singing, playing and what not! To top it all they were all clad in shorts.

Shoeb was stationed in the sound proof room, behind the large glass wall. Shoeb found his glasses before he turned mad like a bat out of hell! Liya loved watching Shoeb's specs as they danced to the beat of the drums as he lashed out at them with the drumsticks.

The noise filtered through the large speakers stationed on either side of the glass wall.

"Surfie and Biraj tuned their guitars while Tinku tried to clear his throat by coughing. In Liya's opinion, Tinku was a lousy bassist and an even lousier vocalist.

"Hit it harder! Play mean. You've got to feel it!" Surfie advised crossly. "Come on from the top. A one... two... three... hit it!"

All hell broke loose as Shoeb went totally berserk. Metal nuts! Try to figure em out!" Shoeb was panting at the end. Totally wiped out. But Surfie was a slave driver and wanted another take. Shoeb did and in the process one of the drumsticks broke and it went flying up in the air did a somersault and landed on Shoeb's upturned face.

Liya took shots after shots including one of Shoeb with a bandaged nose. He had given her a weak smile instead of a "cheese!"

As Surfie tried to fix the adapter/converter. He slipped and fell. The gadget washed to the floor and broke into three separate pieces. He swore when his foot got entangled in the wires. Drumming his fingers he muttered. "This just isn't my day."

To everyone's delight (especially Liya's) Surfie started howling and jumping on one foot. "Oh! oh!" He fell on the couch next to Liya.

"Oh! The rain! The agony!" Liya took his foot and examined it. She plucked out the splinter of wood that had somehow managed to penetrate his thick hide.

"Thank!" He said grudgingly. "Don't mention it!" Liya smiled. She was enjoying this. Humph! Surfie scowled. As he sent down to pick his guitars, he heard a ripping sound. Oh no! His pants!

Liya couldn't help giggling. Under his glare she subsided considerably.

"And wipe that smirk off your face!" Swearing he went to change only to come out and

find Lima in a hysterical state. "Women!" He muttered when he saw her shoulders shaking with convulsion of laughter.

"Hey parrot!" She stopped laughing and gave him a hard stare.

"Don't you ever call me that again!" She chastised haughtily.

He grinned wickedly. Oh! I love it when she is angry. "Want some birdie?"

"Oh! I!" She jumped up to her feet ready for combat. "You!" "Uh-uh-uh." He wagged his index finger at her.

After their recordings had been done the gang took their gear and headed downstairs to the parking lot. Surfie hadn't noticed the rail in front of him and sent it sailing in the air with a kick. "Eek!" they dirty water splashed over a middle-aged lady. If looks could kill...

She let him off the hook after his profuse apologies had been taken into consideration.

"Today just isn't my day!" He sighed depressed. Everyone else seconded for confirmation adding insult to injury in the process. Liya had to comment on Surfie's unpredictable predicament. "Hey Surfman!" She called out. "A walking, talking, pitagati disaster - demolition Surfie" was what she had said.

"I hate that reporter-cum-photographer!" He muttered. "Face it. If she weren't willing to feature us we wouldn't have had any coverage. Biraj spoke.

"Yeah! And anyway. She's a nice gal." Shoeb interjected.

"To you every girl is nice." Sami laughed.

"Look where you are going diwan!" "Surfie scolded. "And keep your opinions to yourself!"

That very night Surfie sat on his bed thinking. But he couldn't find a single reason as to why everything had gone topsy-turvy that day. With a sigh he took his guitar, and played a few notes. Feeling that the guitar needed tuning, he did. In the process the wires tore and hit him in the face. "Shit!"

He felt like breaking the guitar. "Ugh! This just isn't my day!" He wanted to cry but thought he was too old to do that. May be if I sleep I'll be in better spirits tomorrow, he thought. But sleep evaded him the first few hours. And when he finally did manage to sleep, a face of a girl invaded his dreams. She was pointing at him, tears streaming down her twinkling eyes. Doubled over with laughter. He took the pillow and covered his ears so as to cut out the shrill laughter that seemed to have filled the room. "This just isn't my day!"

The Dubbing Mania

by Adnan R Amin



I still remember that fateful night to the nearest detail. I was seated right before the idiot box. Suddenly I heard something that made my hair spring upwards, my eyes pop out and me jump right out of the couch! At that time a series called "Dark Justice" was running — and all of a sudden, all the characters in it started speaking in Bangla. That was the start.

The news made headlines all over the country. "BTV infected with the dubbing-mania". From then on, everything starting from commercials to serials, even the English news at ten was supposed to be rumour had it, dubbed into Bangla. Well-luckily we did not have to see the realisation of the above mentioned things. But Bangla dubbed celluloids were everywhere. I, however, would say it was a good idea to dub the "Arabian Nights" as most of the people did not understand Hindi. But, as for "Dark Justice" and another contemporary futuristic serial "Tetramax", dubbing these were entirely pointless and meaningless. For there were already numerous entertainment in Bangla on BTV at that time. So instead of dubbing more such purely entertaining programmes, documentaries

and educational programmes could've been and should've been dubbed.

Recently—the popular cable channel Star Plus has started dubbing its popular serials and soaps in Hindi. This news itself is quite a shock, but once you've listened to the dubbed dialogues, you'll probably be stunned flabbergasted and totally over come with sheer grief. The dialogues are somewhat incoherent; the facial expressions never match the tones and the sequence of events is often abrupt. The total appeal of many TV serials is waning, owing much to such unplanned dubbed dialogues.

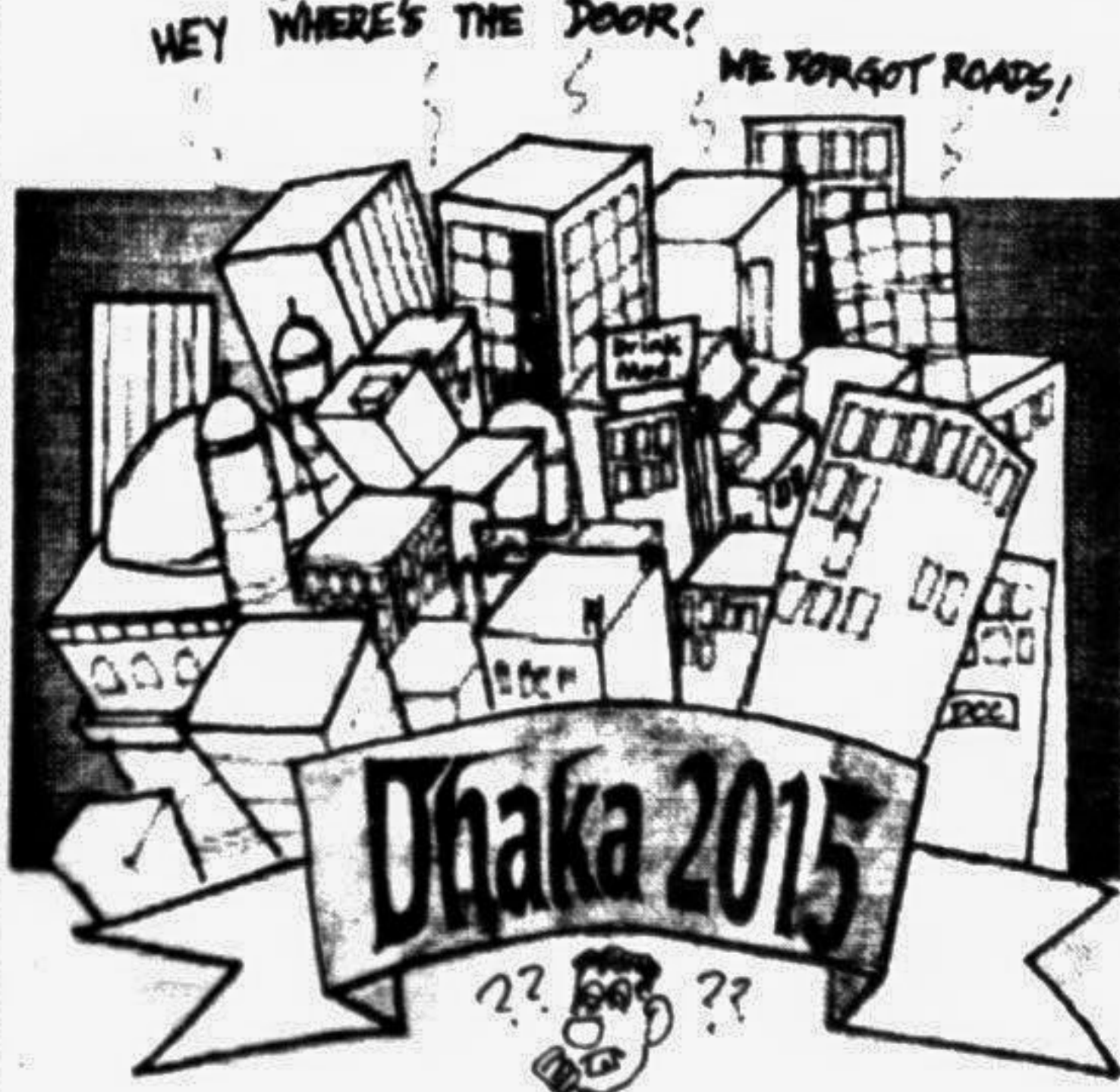
After much serious thinking, I've found one better place where the dialogues should be dubbed. It is, the live or recorded telecast of the sessions of Jatiya Sangsad. The BTV authorities could easily dub these short telecasts and turn the "conversations" there a bit more euphemistic; i.e. they could themselves expunge words like "beyadab (rude), dushtoo (evil)" and substitute milder, saner and less harsher words. I really hope to see the art of dubbing put to use in great causes such as this in future.

To Most.....

by Aneek Intesar Ahmed

TO most, what am I? A normal insignificant adolescent, Going through the turmoils of growing mature, Or am I truly a tempest of confused emotions, A rampant roar of frustration and rebellion, Finally to simmer then bloom with the wisdom of the ages? To most, what are the vast oceans? Large patches of water causing rift between the land-masses... Or are they the symbolism of Nature's indomitable nature? Are they Nature's age-old outcry: I defy you, you puny men! To most, what is the ever expanding unconquered space? Realms of lonely darkness, of no significance on earth... Or are we the Earth, minute constituents, Of this system expanding beyond the realm of rational thought.

bet your Imagination!



The Rising Stars bets various things over the readers' imagination about the future of Dhaka city in 2015. What will the city look like? Will there be more traffic? Jams? Or sub ways and high tech commuting systems would replace the jams? Will there be playing grounds or will the roof tops be considered as only playing grounds. Will the city dwellers see sun light from inside the crowded jungle of concretes or will the city be more planned. Shall we be rich or poorer? Will the politicians become saner and honest? Will there be more fights on the streets.... IMAGINE! Its high time for you to think how do you see Dhaka on 2015. By the way, will there be any spaceship to take me to mars so that I can live peacefully?