



S I was led to my first outdoor walk in the cou-A ntryside, I found myself enveloped by mother nature. It was not long before the beginning of dawn. Trembling and shivering, I covered, my first few steps, and a syllable escaped my breath. That syllable was lost in the morning mist, although it echoed everywhere. I babbled over and over again the alphabets I had heard my sister memories the night before. I loved the alphabets, and to my astonishment. I found them in every colour in nature.

That morning I crawled in my Grandmother's backyeard observing the brilliant golden radiance of the sun. My surroundings were overpoured with honey-coloured sunshine. The wind carried the smell of damp soil, and sang a tune of the clattering young foliage. The half feet tall grass around me, filmed with pearls of dew drops, tickled my nose. I proceeded until my eyes could scan the far horizon.

I found myself quite alone at that time. I guess my companion must have been left behind. Untroubled by the fact of being lost, I settled myself on a pool of mud near a shallow water source, a dead river. The moment I had peeped into the water. I saw, probably for the first time, my reflection, and the clear blue sky that went with it. With an inquisitive mind I dipped one of my fingers in the water. Instant, the beautiful reflection broke into uncountable craggy pieces. I giggled. My eyes fell upon the waves of water gently crushing on the other side of the bank. I busied myself, wondering if the river

by Rumana Tasmin Khan



stretched beyond the toy-like houses miles away, the fields of gold that played heave and sway

with itself. The houses near me were clay houses, not those with silvery shades. Surrounding them were bamboo bushes and a couple of haystacks. There were other trees also, some with much too early mango groove's as well as shadow bearing

banyans. Some of the trees had flowers that bloomed high above the ground. The reds, as I named them, appeared to catch fire beside their purely green leaves; a dazzling shade against the vanishing soft blue sky bathed in sunshine. The yellow only carpeted the ground under their hanging place, disguising themselves as butterflies rest-

ing on dark green branches, or

huge pollen grains scattered on the ground. My favourite, purple, was only paint on brown stems, brushed roughly by some careless painter.

Quite suddenly I noticed a fragrance coming from the nearby field of golden coloured flowers. My muddy body turned yellow as I crossed the field to view the vast land before me. The land was plain from horizon to horizon, and covered, every inch, by a green blanket. Parts of it were thick, parts shallow; parts were deep, parts were light.

I was completely lost in the diversity of flowers and fragrances, the humming of bees and songs of the wind. I passed by flocks of lazy birds shadding feathers, silver fishes glittering in crystal clear water, the sun playing hide-and-seek behind patches of clouds. But never before had I seen land, acre after acre, being spontaneously decorated by crops and the activities of people who made them grow, children who played on the branches of those trees.

For sometime I forgot my usual urban environment. All knew then were the alphabets that I read everywhere, the sense of freedom that I felt in every heart. I had fallen asleep in the wild before I was carried home. Years later, I learned of my ancestor's bravery on such a day and the days to follow; a bravery that snatched them from us to bring back the language we were born to love and understand, a freedom that we all cherish more than anything else. I wished, and still do, that could sleep like them, with them, embraced by my beloved Bangladesh.

Guns and Roses

Bios' and History AXL

EAD singer W. Axl Rose was born William Bruce Bailey on February 6. 1962 in Lafayette, Indiana. Raised in a strict religious household. Axl's steady churchgoing allowed his voice to flourish in gospel and choir groups. But he soon began arguing with his parents, growing his carrot coloured locks, and fronting rock bands.

At the age of 17, he discovered that his father, L. Stephen Bailey was actually his step dad. His blood father, he found out, was named Rose. Taking the name "Axl" from a band he'd been in, the young misfit and local jailbird rechristened himself W. Axl Rose. It wasn't long before the volatile manic depressive bolted out of the small time and into the City of

Soon, the bone-white singer with the serpentine sex step. bandanna, nipple ring, and tatoo bearing the motto "Victory or Death" was pounding all the LA stages. Axl was as electrifying on stage as Jim Morrison or Janis Joplin. His many voices ranged from a barbed, high piched wail to a tender whisper, and his simple yet intense lyrics bespoke of life in city jungles as well as "Paradise

Axl presented the conflicting image of an angel and a bad boy at the same time. He was at once dangerous and vulnerable, and this contradiction proved irresistible to millions of teenage girls. As Slash put it on early, "Axl does a lot of weird shit that nobody understands, but I love the guy. He's a sweetheart.

SLASH.

Slash, nee Saul Hudson, is the classic counter part to Axl. Cool, calm and clammy with his ever-present bottle of Jack Daniels, he wears a top hat above tangled mahogany locks that only reveal a dangling Marlboro. In the early days, he looked to the world like a Rock-N-Roll Cousin It. His naked riffs recall the raunchy influenges of Joe Perry Angus Young, with a touch of Metallica.

Slash was born in Stoke-On-Trent, England in 1965. His parents were ran interracial couple who divorced early on. His father, Anthony Hudson, had designed several album covers, most notably Mitchell's classic Court and Spark. It was a friend of Anthony who dubbed little Saul with his current name. Slash's mom. Ola, was a costume artist and designed David Bowie's clothing for his

1975 futuristic flick. The man



Astonishing Facts of GNR

SLASH auditioned for the guitar player spot in Poison before Brokklyn-native CeCe De Ville landed the gig with the LA glamsters.

'Before joining Guns N' Roses, Duff played drums in several LA-based acts, and was once offered to joint Uk punksters The Angelic Upstarts as a skinbeater. Although Duff rehearsed with the band, his reluctance to relocate to England led to him staying in LA and eventually hooking up with the Guns.

-Slash spent the last \$300 of his advance money from the first album on a snake, which he later "lost" at the first band house.

-While supporting Alice Cooper in Santa Barbara several years back, GNR were forced to perform their set without AxI, who arrived late and didn't have the pass needed to get into the venue. -GNR officially started recording UPI I and II at Rumbo Studios, in LA, on Jan 13,

-Before signing with GNR, Slash worked late nights at a newstand selling papers and Magazines

Prior to getting a record deal, Duff worked in construction, as a dishwasher and as a cook for five years.

-GNR was indirectly responsible for fellow LA rockers Faster Pussycat's record deal with the Elektra label. The two bands eventually completed a European tour together in late 1987.

-The first time Duff met with Slash and Steve was at a Jewish delicatessen in Hollywood called Canters. The three had met to discuss the prospect of Duff playing bass for Slash and Steve's band at the time, Road Crew.

Compiled by Sharier Khan

Who Fell To Earth. Ola also dated Bowie. In 1976, Anthony emigrated with 11-yr old Slash to Hollywood. It was Drummer Steven Adler who got Slash interested in guitar.

ADLER

Adler was born January 22. 1965 in Cleveland, Ohio. A teenage Kiss freak, it wasn't long before he bought his first guitar. But little Steve soon discovered his true love was for the drums. While beating on pots and pans and trying to save up enough cabbage for a full kit, he tried his throat at signing. Briefly and without success, he fronted one of many sputtering Hollywood garage bands that guitarist Slash was a member of. He soon got back to bashing. He played for the band Road Crew, along with Slash.

Adler at first, was far from perfect, but his chaotic meter actually gave the band a sense of wild, ever-changing tempo. Road Crew split when Guns was formed. Steve's exuberance and a big heart were a big asset to the band. He and bassets Duff McKagan formed a chainsaw. brain-busting rhythm section that was the snapping spinal column of GN'R.

DUFF Duff was born Michael McKagan in Seattle. Washington on February 5, 1965. The youngest of eight children, most of his siblings were in bands at some age, and his father sang harmonies in a barbershop quartet. It was Duff's broth Bruce who introduced him to the bass. Between the ages of 15 and 19. Duff joined and left 31 different Seattle bands, drifting from bass to drums and finally guitar. At 21, sick of the Seattle scene, Duff headed for Hollywood he soon switched back to bass. He plays simple, yet aggressive bass lines, recalling early Faces tunes and mixing nicely with rhythm guitarist Izzy Štradlin's 70's style.

LZZY

Izzy was born Jeff Isabelle on April 8, 1962 in Lafayette. Indiana. He looks like a modern Ketih Richards, crop topped, heavy lidded and scrawny. Izzy was a boyhood chum of Axl, and is the only member of GN'R with a college degree, and possesses a sharp, dry humor.

Together, these five were the underdogs who made it big, a garage band larger than life. There was a huge element of unpredictability to GNR's live performances, giving them an egde that would eventually slit the rock world wide open, and make GN'R the band they are till this day-the Most Dangerous Band on Earth!

by Sharier

Game Cheats

am sharing with you, the game computer lovers, some "dui nombori" tips. If you are a PC game buff, then I am sure you know some of them by now (some nerds may even know all these tips and more and might laugh at my attempt to pass these on to you. (Listen nerds in case you laugh at me for trying to be exclusive, I am working under a cheat code to act in GOD mode and therefore I am invulnerable to all sorts of wise cracks). I will cut the thing short and skip to cheat hints of games like Doom 1 and 2, Heretic and Hexen, won't that be cool

Cheat notes for Quake (shareware version):

All cheats must be entered at the console. Get the console by pressing the tilde (~) key.

Now type: GOD (10 get

voice.

invulnerability mode). SV-GRAVITY # (REPLACE #

WITH 1 OR 2 OR 3.. the lower the number the lower the gravity) NOTARGET (Monsters only

'attack you once you attack , them) Give # (replace # 1,2,3,4

etc to get a weapon. The weapons include axe, shotgun, double barrelled shotgun, nailgun, perforator, grenade launcher, rocket launcher and thunderbolt) Give S # (gives you #

shells for the shotgun or double barrelled shotgun)

Give N# (gives you # nails for the nailgun or perforator)

Give R #(gives you # Rockets for the grenade/rocket launcher) Give C # (gives you #

cells for the Thunderbolt) Give H# (gives you # units of health)

FLY-lets you fly! IMPULSE 9-gives you all weapons, full armour and full

IMPULSE 11-Gives you a Rune (!!!) - use it once per console visit IMPULSE 255-gives you

quad damage KILL-you commit suicide MAP E#M@-You warp to

episode #, level@. Note the space between the MAP and E#M@. NOCLIP-you can walk

through walls. But this also accounts for the floor, so you can't go up or down Tomb Raider part

and 2 (shareware): A single piece of cheap cheat trick: walk one step forward, then one step back, then turn round three times in any direction, jump backwards and you will get all weapons and ammo.

I shall get back to you with more next week. Enjoy the cheats.

Delay

All delay is hateful, but it causes wisdom.

Publilius Syrus Allow time and moderate delay; haste administers all things badly. Latin Proverb

Be wise today; aetis madness to defer.

Edward Young

Procrastination brings loss, delay danger.

Delays increase desires and sometimes extinguish

Thomas Fuller

of Living and Eloping!

by Muneera Parbeen

HESE days are full of problematic events. Young people fall in love, their parents/guardians absolutely refuse to agree to this relationship and so the young couple have to elope.

But the problem doesn't end here. Eloping with ones beloved is not so easy as is potrayed in Romantic novels or our TV dramas. The practical hurdles one has to overcome are more complex than the genius' maze in a youth park.

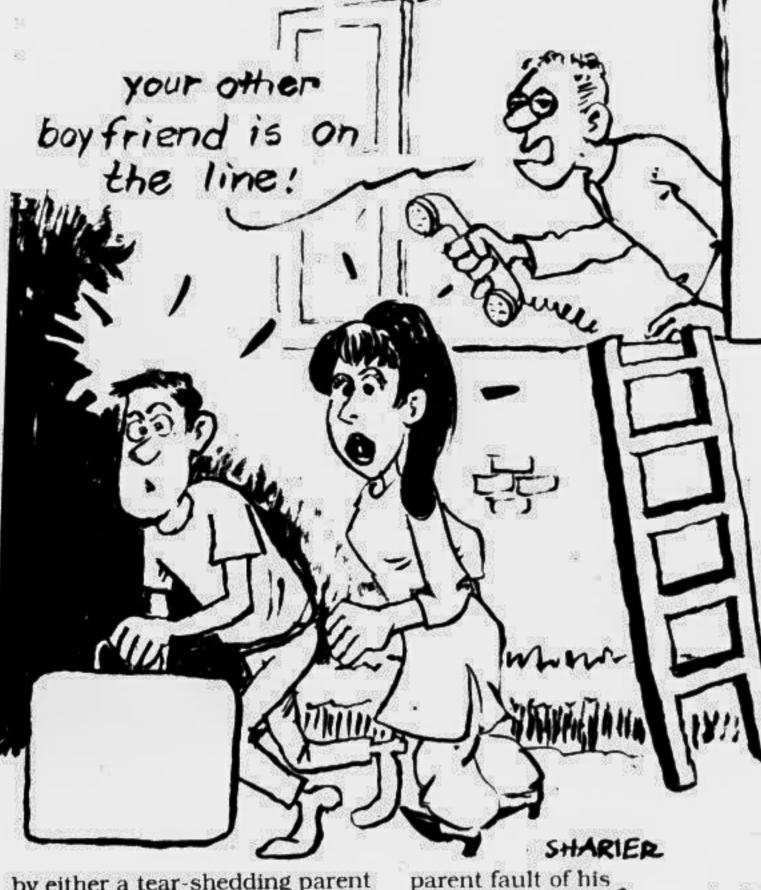
There are so many factors that one has to look into, so many preparations to make and so many details to think of. Why, you just have to pick up a Georgette Heyer's novel to get some tips. When young people chooses to elope therefore — the ones not directly involved, find an opportunity to sit back and witness their PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE, exactly in that or-

The Past: The past, meaning the period before the desperately-in-love pair elopes is rather shaky to remember, for the onlookers have no real idea. They are mostly seen consulting each other's best friends, complaining about the stubbornness of adults, sulking over their own indecisions. frowning over their limiting factors and taking in all sorts of advice that their sympathetic friends are able to offer.

Some piece of advices give hope to them, some tend to take away the dim rays of hope, and in these few days, the loving couple seem to decide on who their real well wishers are.

This PAST period also requires some time between the two actual forerunners of the plan, the couple themselves, who have to take the actual decision, make the actual move. They decide how many people to really take into their privileged UST and coofide in; life is difficult indeed!

THE PRESENT: Comes a day, and everybody realises that the couple "in question" has vanished. One fine morning (Later discovered to have been not-sofine afterall) some friend's. quite harmlessly, picks up the phone to ring up either one of them (missing) ones, and hey presto! The news is leaked out



by either a tear-shedding parent holding a farewell letter from , or an anxious the eloper parent who has no clue as to where his child is.

Chaos follow this first day. If the young guy & gal has been clever enough, they usually don't leave too many crumbs in their trail, so the number of CONFIDANTE, they have chosen are few & selective. These alias themselves go undercover if possible, for a few days, visiting far-away relatives. On the other hand, if the eloping party is a little more SLY, they leave a few false traces behind, such as the telephone numbers of guys they never really liked anyway, and so that the misled (& harassed) parent unknowingly torture these 'never-reallyliked-friends' and even then parents for a few days. If the parents are lucky, however they are able to trace a few (real) friends down, no matter what it takes, even if it means wasting a lot of precious time for no ap-

One wonders why anybody would go into so much trouble at all. The run-away pair could have easily done it themselves by quietly disappearing for a few days and reappearing when they had proved their points to the entire world and else. Well, I suppose they like to bask in the sudden limelight that they find themselves thrown in. After all, its a once-in-a lifetime occurrence!

Anyway, our story continues, one soon reaches a situation where everything is in sheer confusion and if all the people involved are foolish enough, they will have spread the news loud and wide, so that every creature alive is made aware of the situation (alas, the poor couple) quite UNNECES-SARILY! And heaven help if any jealous ex-boyfriends/girl friends are left behind. They too grab their opportunity to spread just about any kind (?) of story around.

THE FUTURE: The beginning of the future is a bit hazy again. Mostly the parents (who according to most, had no right to cause this havoc to start) have to send out sudden invitations to the sudden nuptials. Others, who can't face up to the music to cover up all this "mess" (which is really NOT to be called a "mess" according to some schools of thought) quit to the seclusion of home-towns and distant - districts, and the necessary steps are carried out in a hush-hush manner.

This is also the time that a group of new well-wishers swarm the newly-united couple wish them happiness [and to register themselves in the good books of the newly weds] by filling their — i.e. the couples heads with all sorts of true & false stories of what happened during their brief absence from society. If the young couple are stable enough, they are able to read between the lines and stay alert, else they quickly find themselves amongst a group of people who in the past were quite out of their horizon, but now of appears they are on the elopers sides. What a way to find out about human relation-Whether one ever gets to

learn his true story or not, life has to return to normal, and the concerned people do so, that too in the very same social circles as they had been in before. So one wonders, why there had to be so much objections and rejections in the first place at all? Why have so much trouble for nothing? But then again, nosey parkers will only whisper in dark corridors for a few days. then they have to forget it and move on with time. Who then remembers the rights or the wrongs done, or even the pain inflicted by two hearts wishing to beat together (it may be termed as selfish act by some. and quite just an act from the view of the couples own rights). As if they cared any way, so they too move on with their

The rest of us who looked on. well we had been moving forward with our lives all along. In the process, however we were privileged to have enjoyed a real-life entertainment absolutely free of cost!

[No offence meant, please]

yet so far

IFE is short, and shorter is the time you live out of it. You can pull yourself through in many ways, with help or without, during this "living" part. But whatever you do. do it right.

So were the words of one of my high-school Bangla teachers who lectured in English taking half the time of his classhour. Sounds like another of life's absurdities? May be; but interestingly. I found him explaining and expressing Tagore. Nazrul and the like quite at

Later after his death, I came to know that, though an MA in Bengali literature, he studied from Chaucer to Yeats on his own after he let his beloved go with blessings to marry his closest fiend.

If this (sacrifice?) was his way of doing things "right", then many of us have at least something to learn: he was so near to his dreams, yet he stood aside for somebody else's happiness. And now, I wish he had somebody like my Laksmi by his deathbed. The last couple of vears of my teacher's life were like Hemingway-in-war: "Eat good, sleep good, and you'll feel good." All this suggests me to lead a life with a PI's precision, but I differ because whatever and whoever you are, it should in my opinion profoundly be of

your own. I usually perform the necessities of life in three ways first. I act with a child's arrogance, and then, in an old man's mundane manner, but most of the time on my intuitions. Well, to me it always appeared that making moves on sixth sense are the most interestingly culm and the most demolishingly afire moments. For these are the intoxicated moments when I put both Laksmi and God in question, because they tell me that I am God in a body. I ask them: 'Is this a sort of

feeling, or a possibility, as you know that I am very much a human being with all the needs. desires and wants?" "Feeling," they say, adding that they knew all about my desires. "Then, why didn't you tell this to my father who was young during the Cold War?" I ask again. "He was told as well, but he didn't

listen like you do; he was too busy neglecting your mother."

they inform me. Do I sound Hamletesque with some illusion-ridden false conception of life? So also does Laksmi say, as she once told me I was an Outsider which I don't want to be. But poor "me" ... when she is near and my whole body flushes, tingles, tightens and sings, I try to tell her, with all my human-ness, that "love is blind and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that they themselves commit."

She retreats as I want to reach her sometimes saying that she had company and I wouldn't be the Lover-proper. I allow her to exercise her whims - it always has to be "I" in her arms, not "She" in mine. These are the times I feel like the devil who can cite scriptures for his

purpose. Meanwhile allow me to tell you about one of my buddies who is making his life jumbled, and with his, the beloved's desires in jeopardy. I ask him to pull her out of an insane marriage, but he says: "No, there's no future for us. He gives me a picture of a catch-22 crisis, which, he says, the provincialised society will not forgive his audacity. Hey Buddy, you're being enslaved by others' system; your business is not to reason, but to create. You can't judge your feelings by any "system

Love, or whatever, is "there" because it's there. Well possibly like my Laksmi, you will also not listen. Fine, then listen to this, your favourite Yeats' lines: "The wind blows out of the gates of the day. / The wind blows over the lonely heart./And the lonely heart is withered away."

This reminds me of my love. as I keep reciting the last paragraph from Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights: I lingered round them, under the benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass. and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

Laksmi make haste and come under this greenwood tree.

--- EK

ot before long she was in his heart He wouldn't do what she didn't want him to Everytime he rushes from home for a single glimpse of her Seeking and utilizing every opportunity

He gets, just to be with her Making up weird excuses. So that he can touch her somehow Looking at her with a longing. To see her pretty smile and listen to her husky

She wanted to love him with all her heart's fill, But can't cause of difference faith Suppressing her feeling everytime he were around But couldn't stop caring for him what-so-ever When she finally made up her mind To tell him that she really cared He came and told her That he had found someone else And was planning to ask her out. Ultimately breaking her heart

Faria Hasan Khan