

WHAT'S ON THIS WEEK

Story of Stitches: The Art of Nakshi Kantha

Exhibition celebrating 30 years of Aarong
Venue: Plaza, National Art Gallery, BSA
Date: July 16-19



Musical Soiree

Title: Barshay
Rabindranath
Artist: Fahim Hossain Chowdhury, Sajed Akbar, Salma Akbar
Organiser: Dakkhini Rabindra Sangeetangan
Venue: National Music and Dance Centre, BSA
Date: July 19 Time: 7pm



Solo Exhibition

Title: Striking Thoughts of a Silent Soul
Artist: Poet Farah Deeba Zaman
Venue: Russian Center of Science and Culture, House 510, Road 7, Dhanmondi
Date: July 13-21 (Except Friday and Saturday)
Time: 12pm-8pm



Musical Soiree

Title: Srotar Ashor
Artistes: Chandana Majumder, Sharmin Shathi Islam, Nirhor Chowdhury and Alakananda Subrita
Organiser: Chhayanta Sangskriti Bhaban
Date: July 17, Time: 7:15pm



BUZZ

"Manush Bodol": Animesh Aich talks about his latest project

MAINUL HASSAN

The script is complete and Animesh Aich is all set to begin shooting for his first drama serial *Manush Bodol*. Animesh is the writer and director of the serial. Ali Bashir is the producer of the serial.

"Everything is ready. If all goes well, shooting for the serial will begin from 25th of this month," said the talented young director whose *Gorom Bhat Othoba Nichhok Bhoor-er Golpo* received much acclaim.

Talking about the upcoming serial, Animesh said, "*Manush Bodol* revolves around two individuals -- Mujib and Wares -- who look alike (both characters played by Abul Hayat) but are from completely different backgrounds. Wares is a successful and affluent novelist while Mujib makes his living as a typist -- confronting extreme hardship every day.

"This is also the first time that seasoned actor Abul Hayat will be seen playing two roles in a serial," Animesh added.

Revealing more about the serial, Animesh says, "For inspiration for his next novel, Wares travels to the Sundarbans and is not heard from for a while. His family becomes concerned, even though they are familiar with the writer's nature. In the past, while writing a book, Wares has travelled to places in search of the perfect element and theme, and was not heard from for a long time; but this time things seem different.

"One day at Motijheel, Wares' sister Lubana (played by Shampa Reza) comes across Mujib and is convinced that she has found her brother. Lubana manages to bring Mujib to Wares' home.

"Initially Mujib insists -- telling them that he is not Wares and that they are making a big mistake. But gradually he starts having second thoughts. The comforts and temptations of a pampered life are too much to resist."

The serial will be shot in Dharmra, Dhaka and the Sundarbans.

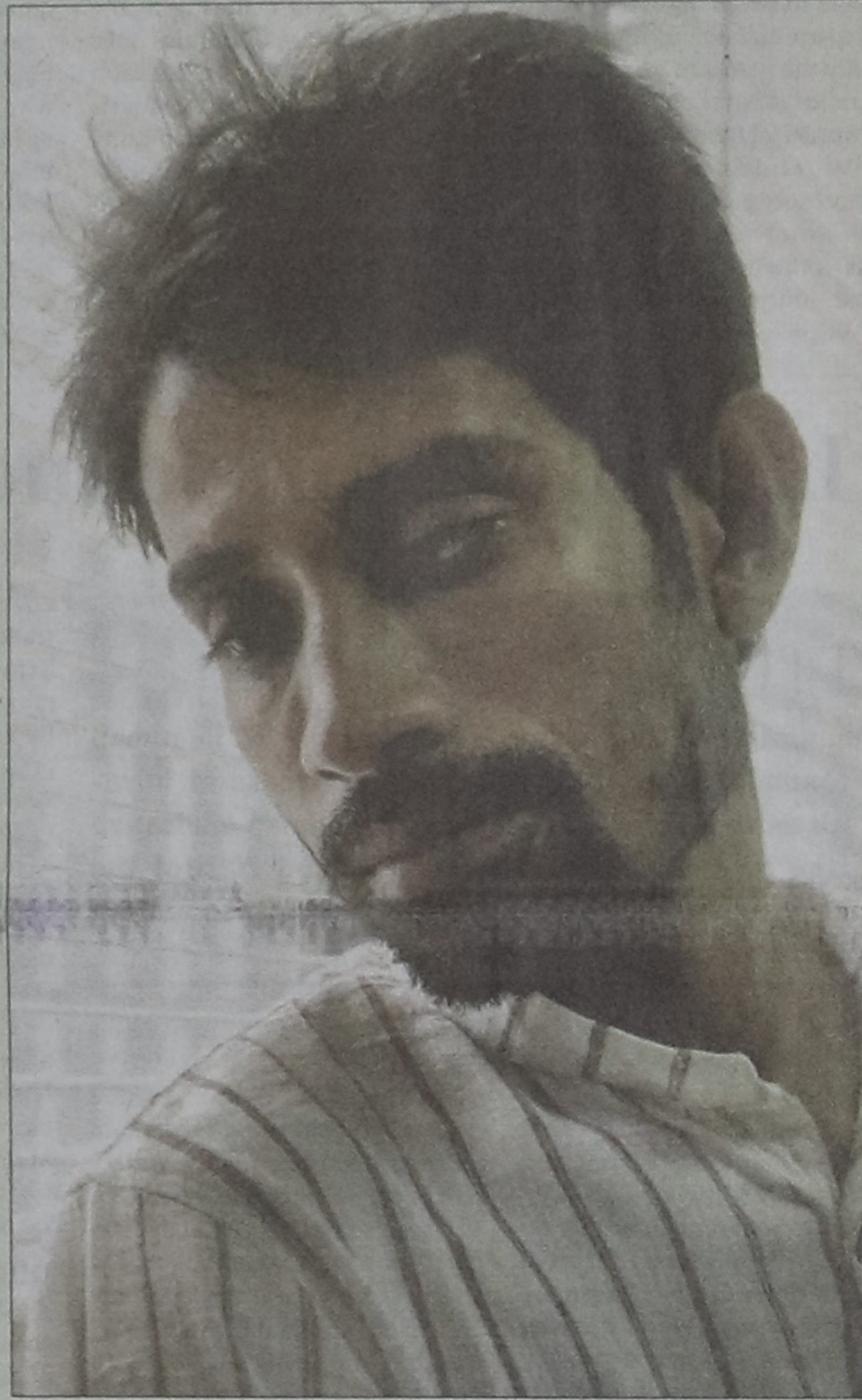
Apart from Abul Hayat and Shampa Reza, the cast also includes Dolly Zahur, Aupi Karim, Sahiduzzaman Selim, Azad Abul Kalam, Shatabdi, Iresh Zaker and others.

"Most of the serials these days are failing to meet the expectations of the audience because the stories are not compelling enough," said Animesh.

Referring to serials such as *Bahubrihi*, *Shangshaptak* and *Ayomoy* that are now considered classics, Animesh said, "When we look back and compare these classic TV serials with today's works, it's easy to be disappointed. Very few contemporary productions can live up to that standard."

Optimistic about his new project, Animesh said, "I am hopeful that the serial will be able to live up to the audience's expectations."

Manush Bodol will be aired on ntv soon.



Animesh Aich

PHOTO: MUMIT M.

Nirmalendu Goon honoured in Mymensingh

AMINUL ISLAM, Mymensingh

Two books -- *Naf Thekey Mahananda* and *Muktijuddher Certificate* -- written by Monjur-ul-Haque and Hamidul Alam Sakha respectively were launched at the Mukul Niketan High School auditorium recently. An album featuring recitation titled *Janmabhumi Shurjo Shontanera*, edited by poet Mosharraf Karim, was also launched on the occasion.

Renowned poet Nirmalendu Goon inaugurated the event. Eminent educationist Dr. Shafiuddin Ahmed was the chief guest while Amir Ahmed Chowdhury, convenor of Sammlito Sanskritik Jote, presided over the programme. Among others, poet Sazzad Kader, Dr. Md. Abdul Hamid, Professor Ali Idris, folklore researcher Golam Ershadur Rahman, poet 'Md.' Abdur Rashid and Mymensingh Press Club Secretary Mozammel Haque attended the programme.

At the programme, Nirmalendu Goon, Mosharraf Karim, Monjur-ul-Haque, Hamidul Alam Sakha and Dr. Shafiuddin Ahmed were honoured with crests for their contributions to their respective fields. The felicitation was followed by a cultural programme. Artistes of Mukul Niketan Sanskritik Academy performed at the programme.

Aniruddha Kar's silent manuscript



Three women by Aniruddha Kar

FAYZA HAQ

Aniruddha Kar, whose recent exhibition "My silent manuscript" was held at Zainul Gallery, says that he is influenced by contemporary happenings around him. He says these include socio economic and political incidents. "My paintings reflect my time and this is often seen in the form of symbols," says Kar.

In one painting one sees a man, in an almost monkey form, sitting and contemplating his struggle with a lion, which symbolises man's confrontations with life. Behind are picturesque trees in the forms of splashes of orange and grey. Two paintings bear the portraits of a man and a woman.

"I've tried to simplify the human images to the best of my ability," says Kar. "Lovers of

spring" brings in the season's colours, using blue to bring in drama and to offset the other colours. Two figures are brought together to depict intimacy.

"Three women" present the forms of three mature women, seen from front, back and the side. This has been the subject of many artists before Kar. "I've tried to play with lines and colours," says Kar. Even when he depicts an embracing couple, the artist has satire in mind.

"Ingratitude" presents a woman petting a cat, whose eyes look mean and evil, and which has no intentions of returning the woman's affections. Simple lines and curves form the garments and drapery. A bird in jagged splashes of yellow, grey and orange, flies through the flat blue window behind. "Under the lamp" has a huddled up figure

with cubistic limbs, holding a fire at the back.

A creation in sweeps of grey, depicts a man, curled up in a balcony, pondering his life. Flying figures with houses and trees belong to the "Magician" series.

Kar tries to present his ideas on the canvas in the simplest possible way.

A Masters student of painting, Kar has Rafiqun Nabi, Farida Zaman, Shishir Bhattacharya and Jamal Ahmed as his teachers. He admires Picasso, Braque and other Cubist artists from Europe. He also likes the works of Fernando Botero and Marc Chagall.

Kar says he spends time with his viewers in order to help them comprehend his art. "It is not enough for me to paint. I should be able to convey a message to my viewers," says Kar.

Excerpt: "Life with My Sister Madonna"

Pop superstar's brother Christopher Ciccone's controversial new book

Madonna's estranged brother Christopher Ciccone recently released a book about his relationship with his pop superstar sister. You can read an excerpt from the book, "Life With My Sister Madonna," below.

The Lanesborough Hotel, London, England 8:30 am, September 25, 1993

The alarm rings in a low-key British way. I get up, peer through a gap in the thick, purple silk drapes, and the sun glimmers back at me. Luckily, the weather's fine. After all, this is the UK, land of rain and fog. The Girlie Show tour, which I designed and directed, opens tonight, and we don't want the crowd getting drenched before the show even begins.

We. The royal we. Madonna and me. My sister and I, she who is still fast asleep in a mahogany four-poster bed in her suite adjoining mine. The royal we, so fitting for a woman who is sometimes a royal pain in my ass. Although Buckingham Palace, the queen of England's residence, is just across the road, in my estimation and that of millions of fans, she is the real queen of the universe -- Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone, my elder sister by twenty-seven months, who, just eleven years after the release of her first record, is now one of the most famous women in the world.

I eat an orange. No big English breakfast for me, no matter how much I like it. Otherwise, I'll probably throw up when Madonna and I take our scheduled six-mile jog at eleven. Just as we did yesterday, just as we will do tomorrow -- and on every other day during the tour. Schedule, in fact, is my sister's



Madonna and Christopher Ciccone walk the red carpet during the 70th Annual Academy Awards.

middle name. Up at nine in the morning, in bed by eleven at night, with every hour in between planned by her as rigidly as any military campaign. With her mania for making lists, for running her life according to a timetable, in another incarnation Madonna could easily have run a prison, directed airport traffic, or been a five-star general.

Sadly for her, though, her nights can't be structured or played out according to a strict schedule, because she is an insomniac and rarely sleeps more than three hours each night.

Anais Nin, who along with Joan of Arc, is one of her heroines. Anything to get her through those long, hot airless Manhattan nights, nights when her mind didn't switch off, when fantastical candy-coloured visions of her future sparkled in her brain. Unbridled desire for fame and fortune, you see, is incompatible with sleep.

This morning, though, I am confident that my sister is sleeping, a deep sleep. Her tightly wound high-octane energy has meant that when she is on the road, she sometimes needs a sleep aid. But who can blame her? She's now a superstar, a legend, one of the universe's most famous women, and in just eleven and a half hours seventy-five thousand fans will be screaming for her, throwing themselves at her feet, worshipping her. The pressure to perform, to entertain, to sustain, and to simply remain Madonna is immeasurable, and even I -- who am now the closest person on earth to the Queen of the World -- can't truly fathom how it feels to walk in her size-seven shoes, stalked by so much expectation, so much adoration, so many who love her, so many who hate her, so many who long for her to fall flat on her famous face.

Nine and time to wake my sister. I unlock the door between our suites. Too late. Loud snoring -- not a pretty sound -- is coming from her opulent marble bathroom. She's in the midst of her morning routine: swallowing a great gulp of warm salt water, gargling, snorting it up her nose, and then spitting it out. Abrasive in the extreme. But essential, she believes, for maintaining her voice.

I flick through CNN for five minutes. Then I open the adjoining door to Madonna's suite again. My sister, dressed in a white sweatshirt and black Adidas sweatpants, is sprawled

on her powered-blue satin-covered bed, drinking black coffee with sugar, nibbling sordid doughnuts.

I grab a bite and then give her a brief kiss. "You okay, Madonna?"

She nods. "But I still didn't sleep much."

Like our father, a man of few words, neither of us have any use for small talk, as we know each other's glances and gestures by heart and can decode them with unerring accuracy. So that when my sister places her hands on her hips, fishwife style, I know there's trouble. When she starts picking on her nail varnish, usually red, I know she's nervous. And when she tucks her thumb in to the palm of her hand and wraps her fingers around it, which she may have appropriated because she believes her fingers are too stubby and always tries to hide them -- I know she needs reassurance. And for the past ten years, day and night, I've been happy to give it to her.

My job description may not be conventional -- although I might sometimes be termed Jeeves to Madonna's Bertie Wooster -- my ability to reassure my sister in times of trouble or self-doubt is one of the primary reasons that -- unlike a myriad of less unfortunate others to whom she has granted admittance to Madonnaland, then summarily exiled I have survived. I have endured both as her "humble servant" -- as I sometimes sign my letters to her when I want to give her a hard time -- and as the one person in our family ever to work for her long-term as her assistant/dresser/shoulder-to-cry-on, and as the only family member with whom she still maintains a close relationship at this point.

Lennon lyrics fetch £350,000

John Lennon's handwritten lyrics for *Give Peace A Chance*, have sold for £350,000 at a rock memorabilia auction.

The piece of musical history was expected to fetch around £200,000.

The framed lyrics were sold by Gail Renard, who was with Lennon the moment the Beatles icon scribbled them down on a piece of paper in a hotel suite in Montreal during Lennon and Yoko Ono's historic Bed-In for Peace in 1969.

The lyrics - to become part of *Give Peace A Chance* - were supposed to be used for a recording session of that song later on the evening of 1 June but shortly before the recording, Lennon asked Renard to rewrite them in larger print so that everybody participating could see them.

Renard recalled being uncertain whether her personal memorabilia would do well at auction.



John Lennon

"I panicked, because I didn't think it would sell," she said.

Renard added that if it hadn't she would have savoured the memories: "I had the greatest time

in the world and met some splendid people."

While the Lennon lyrics were expected to fetch the highest price, it was another Beatles item that claimed the record.

A drumskin used by the Fab Four on the front cover of their 1967 album *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, fetched £450,000.

The drumskin smashed Christie's estimate by selling for nearly five times as the anticipated price of around £100,000.

Other items that went on sale were a pair of prescription sunglasses worn by Lennon, a Marshall amp used by Jimi Hendrix for concerts in the late 60s, a rare poster from punks The Sex Pistols and a 1974 Rickenbacker guitar belonging to Paul Weller.

Source: Internet

Generating awareness on the ills of early marriage

OUR CORRESPONDENT, Sathkira

Rishilpi, an Italian NGO, based at Binerpota village in Sadar upazila, is continuing with the innovative cultural programme to generate awareness among the people to confront early marriage and dowry.

The NGO has been organising several cultural programmes featuring plays, folk songs (*baul* and *jari* songs), dance and more since 1998 to generate awareness among the people on the ill effects

of early marriage and dowry.

Viewing to eradicate early marriage and dowry from the society and also to educate the people in rural areas where the rate of early marriage is very high, the NGO Rishilpi, launched the programme under the banner of "Amar Sonar Poribar".

The artistes of "Amar Sonar Poribar" staged a play titled "Shesh Parinati" on July 13, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the organisation at its auditorium.

The play depicted how early marriage and dowry not only

devastates the lives of adolescent girls but also their families -- at times claiming the lives of teenage wives.

The cast of the play included Padma Rani Mallik, Fatema Khatun, Chandra Rani, Anjali Rani Mondal, Nasrin Begum, Rahima Khatun, Rita Rani Sarkar, Bhagabati Rani, Joyosree Rani and Anju.

The NGO plans to arrange similar programmes at several venues, in particular in the rural areas, and will also arrange motivational programmes and rallies throughout the year.