

Should our film enthusiasm only centre around Eid?

It was during the school-free weekends when my cousins and I would huddle in front of our grandparents' grey old CRT-TV after a hearty, yet customary lunch arrangement at their place. We would take up the gap on the floor between their king-sized bed and the unforgettable TV set to watch the black and white Satyajit Ray films, and even the vibrant late 20th-century Bangladeshi cinema, previously defined by over-the-top performances. The adults would lounge about on the bed, imbuing us with not only the significance of family viewing content but also a perception of what we understood as "our cinematic language."

