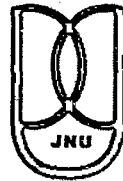


**TRANSLATION OF SOME CONTEMPORARY ASSAMESE
PLAYS INTO ENGLISH: A TRANS-CULTURAL STUDY**

*Dissertation submitted to Jawaharlal Nehru University in partial
fulfillment of the requirement for the award of the degree of
Master of Philosophy*

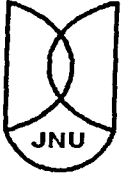
SHAFIQU ALAM



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July 20, 2006

This is to certify that the dissertation titled **Translation of Some Contemporary Assamese Plays into English: A Trans-cultural Study**, submitted by **Shafiqul Alam**, of the Centre for English Studies, School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, under my supervision for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy, is the candidate's original work and has not been previously submitted in part or full, for any other degree of this or any other university.

This dissertation may be placed before the Examiners for evaluation for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy.

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Supervisor

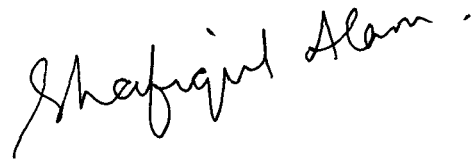
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DECLARATION

This dissertation titled **Translation of Some Contemporary Assamese Plays into English: A Trans-cultural Study** submitted to the Centre for English Studies, School of Language, Literature & Culture Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, for the award of the degree of Master of Philosophy, is a record of my *bona fide* work.

It has not been submitted in part or full, to any university for the award of any degree.



New Delhi
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...to my mother

Acknowledgement

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I am obliged to the original playwrights for giving me the permission to translate their plays.

[SHAFIQL ALAM]

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Introduction:

Literature and society are inextricably linked with one another. Society is ever dynamic and is constantly undergoing changes. Due to this flux in society literature too undergoes a series of changes. The change is visible in terms of the themes and subject matter of the literary works and the forms in which the literary works are produced.

Drama is a public genre as opposed to the other literary genres like fiction and poetry that are private genres. Like other literary genres drama too has undergone some sweeping changes - from the classical, the romantic, realistic or naturalist, symbolic, poetic, epic theatre, to the absurd and others. It is noteworthy that all these changes in the theatrical forms and techniques are a manifestation of the social, cultural, political, economic, and philosophical upheavals. Colonization and its late sibling globalization have been equally instrumental ⁱⁿ turning the world into a global village. Technological developments and media have further facilitated the exchange of ideas speedier and made literary text easily available as well as accessible from any part of the world.

Modern Indian literature(s) including the modern Assamese literature came under the influence of the developments in Western art and literature. Dramatic literature is not an exception in this regard. With the coming of the British colonisers and the beginning of English education came the baggage of Western thoughts especially through the medium of art and literature. And much of the literature produced after that time reflects the western influence in terms of their forms and techniques. Youths from Assam aspiring to pursue English education moved to Kolkata, which was at that time the hub for English education. As a result of that

the dramatic literature of the second half of the nineteenth century reflected the influence of the plays of Shakespeare through translations or adaptations. The dramatic production in first half of the twentieth century saw the influence of Ibsen, Shaw and other realist playwrights. However, the second half of the twentieth century saw the influence of experimental playwrights who experimented with different theatrical forms and techniques. The plays selected for translation in the present study belong to this later experimental phase.

In the second half of the twentieth century - the decade after India's Independence saw some sweeping changes in the political, economic, social and cultural spheres. These changes had drawn the attention of the playwrights and they started to write plays representing these problems and anxieties. The realist playwrights of the West like Henrik Ibsen, Bernard Shaw and others continued to haunt them but they had moved far ahead in terms of their experimentation with the theatrical techniques. This revolutionised Assamese theatre as more and more playwrights followed their footsteps in writing realist social plays using new theatrical techniques. Some Assamese playwrights started writing plays using the experimental forms popular in the West. Bertolt Brecht, Eugene Ionesco, Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter are some of the writers whose work attracted these Assamese playwrights. Arun Sarma is one of the most prominent playwrights who started writing plays inspired by the new theatre.

Arun Sarma (1931-) is the most notable and acclaimed contemporary Assamese dramatist. All his twelve full length and three one-act plays display variety in form and content. Most show avant-garde, anti-realistic tendencies, with touches of the absurd, symbolism, and allegory. Of them, *Sri Nibaran Bhattacharya* (1961), *Purush* ('Man', 1972; first performed 1968), and *Kukurnechia Manuh* ('Wolfman' 1987; first performed 1975) remain landmarks in the modern Assamese theatre. Violence, both at a mental and physical level, can be traced in several of Sarma's

plays. He is not averse to politics either. *Buranji Path* ('History Lessons', 1980), *Baghjal* ('Tiger Trap' staged 1983), and *Chinyar* ('Scream', 1984) follow the Marxist path, whereas *Anya ek adhyay* ('A Different Chapter', 1995) is a criticism of terrorism, relevant to the prevalent terrorist climate in Assam over the last two decades.

Dialogue in Sarma's plays emphatically establishes it as quality literature. His ability to choose expressive and resonant vocabulary may be directly related to his twenty-nine year career in broadcasting first as producer and later as station director. He has written forty-two radio plays, inclusive of translations and adaptations and twenty major documentaries, which attracted national and international recognition. His translation of Shudraka's Sanskrit play *Mrichchhakatikam* ('The Little Clay Cart') was staged by a *Bhramyaman* ('travelling or mobile') troupe in 1983, and was a trailblazing event for this kind of mobile commercial theatre. Interestingly although through Sarma's plays, Assamese theatre attained contemporaneity with world trends in the 1960s. His plays (except three for the mobile theatre and two early works of the 1950s) are not as widely performed as they are widely praised.

Saurav Kumar Chaliha is another prominent Assamese writer who is better known for his contribution to the growth and development of Modern Assamese short story. It would not possibly be wrong to say that Assamese fiction was born in the flux of '*restless electrons*' created by him in the short story of the same name more than half a century back. After reading the short story the reaction of the readers were widely different and often quite sharp. Some were appalled – a narrative that does not have a proper beginning or an end, no clear protagonist, no clear plot, such polyphony! Can this be a short story? Some were ecstatic – Oh, at last a proper modern story has been written in Assamese!

The story presented a deeply insightful picture of troubled times, at the most crucial juncture of modern Assamese history, when an emerging nation, free from slavery of colonial masters, tentatively started the task of governing itself through a democratic system, tasting the bitter sweet taste of freedom, living through the fervour of a failed revolution and dashed hopes. It presented the picture of Assam in the independent India roughly between the years 1942-51.

And it brought to focus, for the first time, the emerging *urban consciousness* in the society of Assam. It was the consciousness that came with the birth of an educated modern middle class that didn't have its roots in rural-feudal exploitation and was in the painful process of losing its tenuous links with the past, with ownership of agricultural land and churning of the society and release of social forces.

The play *Ghoruwa Ghotona* ('Household Events' 1962) also focuses on the emerging urban consciousness portrayed by the writer in his short story *restless electrons*.

Paramananda Rajbonshi started writing plays centered on folk narratives and folk plays. Following the tradition of the *Ankiya Nat* initiated by Sri Sankardev and inspired by the romantic plays of Jyotiprasad Agarwala, Rajbongshi tried to carry forward the tradition of Assamese theatre in its traditional form. He was not in favour of blindly imitating the western theatrical forms and techniques. He stood as an example to the other playwrights of his times in terms of rootedness to one's own culture and tradition. It is not that he shut the doors and windows to the rest of the world. He would rather modernize the ancient folk tradition of Assam by incorporating in it contemporary themes without compromising with the folk art form. He has shown that in his plays *Kamala Kunworir Sadhu* ('The Tale of Queen Kamala'), *Tejimola* ('Tejimola' a dramatic adaptation of Lakshminath Bezbaroa's short story based on the famous Cinderella story), etc.

Some of his other plays include: *Nangal, Mati aru Manuh* ('Plough, Land and Man'); *Tinita Bandoror Sadhu* ('Tale of Three Monkeys'); *Chakrabehu* ('The Trap'); etc.

The blending of modernity and tradition makes him one of the prominent modern Assamese playwright who did not accept modernity merely on its face value. Rather he continued accepting modernity only by virtue of preserving his rootedness in the Assamese theatrical tradition.

The dissertation attempts not only to study the translation of some key Assamese one-act plays into English but also to consider the theoretical and practical problems involved in such an exercise. The dissertation is structured into two parts – **Part One** is titled **Translating Assamese Drama** which attempts to introduce the readers to the Assamese theatrical tradition and some theoretical notions in theatre translation. **Part Two** is titled – **A Translation of Three Plays** which offers the translation of three Assamese one-act plays into English.

The **Part One** is organized into three sections. The first section – **Assamese Drama and Translation** presents a brief history of the Assamese theatre focussing on the use of theatrical forms and techniques at different periods. It further gives a brief historical account of the translation of European plays into Assamese language highlighting the influence upon Assamese drama.

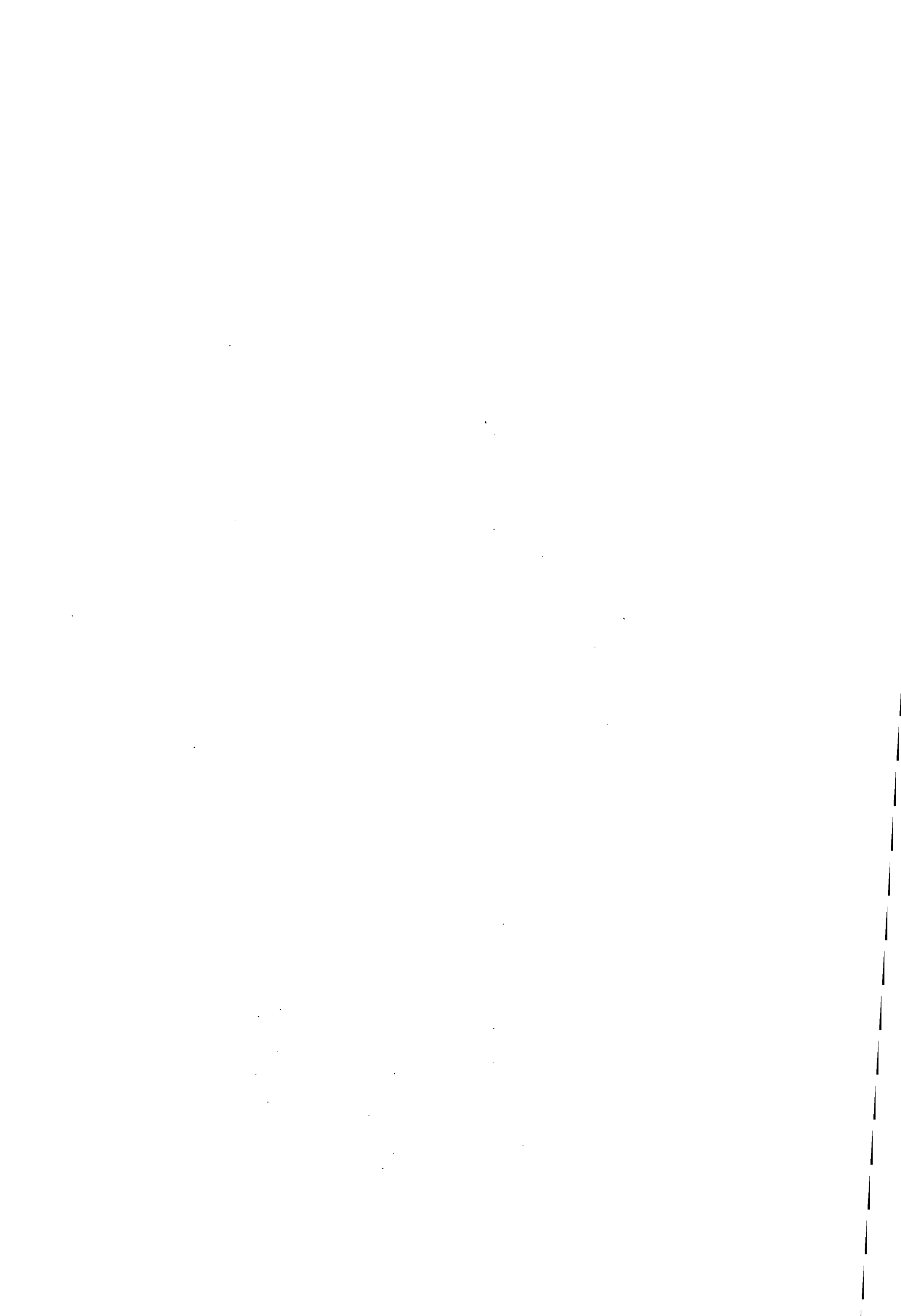
The second section – **Theoretical Considerations** talks about some of the current theoretical notions in the field of theatre translation. It tries to make the ground for the actual translation exercise to follow. Analyzing the pros and cons of the various theoretical debates it attempts at finding an appropriate method of carrying out the translation of theatrical texts.

And the third section – **Critical Analysis** attempts to present an analysis of the translated plays and also offer some of the findings of the translation exercise. The loss and gain during the process of translation has been pointed out and the functionality of the target text (TT) in the target language (TL) and target culture (TC) has been analysed. It further talks about the practical problems encountered during the process of translation and highlights the variations incorporated to make the target text functional.

The **Part Two** consists of the translation of three contemporary Assamese one-act plays: Arun Sarma's *Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya* (1961), Saurav Kumar Chaliha's *Ghoruwa Ghotona* (1962) and Paramananda Rajbongshi's *Kamala Kunworir Sadhu*.

Part I

TRANSLATING ASSAMESE DRAMA



Section – I

ASSAMESE DRAMA AND TRANSLATION

A brief account of the history and development of Assamese theatre from its origin to the present is essential to the understanding of the plays written and performed in the contemporary period. This will help the readers to get acquainted to the changes in the dramatic forms and techniques in Assamese theatre from its inception to the present times. Furthermore it will also be a step towards exploring the 'rootedness' of the contemporary plays in the culture and tradition of Assamese theatre.

It is equally important to look at the history of translation in Assamese theatre. A close look at the practice of translation from European plays into Assamese language which started way back in 1888, would give a fair idea of the influence of European plays on the forms and techniques in Assamese Drama in leading to its present form.

History and Development of Assamese Theatre:

Assamese theatre has a long history. By the end of the fifteenth century when the morality play and the interludes were being performed in Europe, Srimanta Sankardeva (1449-1568) institutionalized the theatre in Assam. Due to the unavailability of any document or any circumstantial evidence of any play being written or performed before that, Srimanta Sankardeva is considered to be the foremost playwright of Assam. His plays were in the form of *Ankiyã Nat*. He preferred to call his theatre form simply as *Jatra* or *Bhãonã*. *Ankiyã Nat* is a term attributed to his plays later on by his followers. 'Ankiyã' comes from the Assamese word '*Anka*'. In Sanskrit literature '*Anka*' means something similar to

drama or a dramatic activity. One significant thing to be noted is that written Assamese plays did not have any story division or acts. It may be probably because of this fact that they were called *Ankīyā Nat* (see Mahanta 1993: 9).

Looking closely at the *Ankīyā Nat* one can see some of the distinctive if not unique features characteristic of this particular dramatic art form. (1) The centrality of the narrator-performer or what is called the *sutradhara* (literally ‘thread-holder’) of the play. (2) Use of poetry/verse, song, *shlokas*, etc. (3) Use of *Brajawali*¹ language. (4) Use of rhythmic prose. (5) Use of music, songs and dance. Although the *sutradhara* in the *Ankīyā Nat* is modelled on the *sutradhara* in Sanskrit theatre, Srimanta Sankardeva gave newness to it keeping in view the Assamese tradition and his intention to instruct and teach the Assamese audience. Unlike the Sanskrit plays the function of the *sutradhara* does not end with the recitation of the preface or the introduction. The *sutradhara* of the *Ankīyā Nat* has its presence till the end of the performance. The *sutradhara* assumes the multiple roles of the singer, dancer, narrator, director and producer of the play. It can be surmised that the *sutradhara* is the mediator between the performers and the audience.

The *sutradhara* of an *Ankīyā Nat* plays the role of introducing and acquainting the audience to the nature and behaviour or the states of mind of each character. The *sutradhara* played the role of the director and the stage manager as played in a modern play. All the performers in the *Ankīyā Nat* followed the instruction of the *sutradhara*. He was the leader whose directions the performers followed while performing their respective roles on the stage. But as time passed on it was realized that the *sutradhara* is loaded with too many roles to play. Later some of the roles like singing, introducing the story and characters were assigned to some other people who would perform them from backstage. It must be mentioned here that the *sutradhara* of Assamese *Ankīyā Nat*, and Sanskrit drama bear some

¹ An old Assamese dialect that was popular among the masses in rural parts of Assam in the 15th century.

resemblance with other theatrical traditions in the ancient, medieval and even modern theatre. Ancient Greek plays had Chorus which although is distinctively different but had some close resemblance with the *sutradhara* in Assamese theatre.

Sri Madhavdeva (1489-1596), the disciple of Sri Sankardeva followed the tradition of his guru. But after the death of his guru Sri Madhavdeva brought in some innovations in the very form of the *Ankiyā Nat*. His plays were generally called *Jhumura*. Unlike Sri Sankardeva's plays, Madhavdeva's plays were short. On the one hand, Madhavdeva's plays dramatized small incidents from the life of Lord Krishna. Whereas on the other hand, Sri Sankardeva's plays were long and dealt with the complete lives of Lord Krishna and Lord Rama.

The dominant characteristics of Sri Madhavdeva's plays were song and dance and the central character in most cases was a female. Sri Sankardeva's plays had the adult Sri Krishna as the central character. The story is generally adapted from the *Puranas* and the two epics viz. *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*. On the other hand, Sri Madhavdeva's plays depict the child Krishna or *Balgopal*. Madhavdeva's Arjuna-Bhanjana ('Uprooting the Arjuna Trees') is the only play whose story is adapted from the *Puranas*. The stories of his other plays were adapted from Krishna Karnamrit a book of *shlokas* composed by a famous medieval poet named Bilvamangal.

By the end of the eighteenth century, the *Ankiyā Nat* started to perish due to political adversities, the instability of the nation, etc. In the beginning of the nineteenth century there were some sweeping changes in the art and literature due to various other social and political developments. With the advent of the British, western thoughts and ideas came along through the English education. Those who had the privilege of undergoing English education were enlightened by new

thoughts and ideas and were inspired to produce literary works in their own regional languages. As a result of which western genres like novel, short story, essay and modern drama had immensely influenced the fabric of regional literature.

Gunabhiram Barua (1837-1894) was one of those enlightened Assamese thinkers who ushered in new ideas about social reform in the early years of colonial rule in Assam. Like many other Assamese youths he was educated in Kolkata and was deeply influenced by the intellectual opinions of the “Bengal Renaissance.” He was also one of the first few Assamese who formally entered the *Brahmo Samaj* and propagated the liberal ideas of the *Brahmos* through his writing.

In his own life also he practised what he preached. After his first wife’s death, his marriage with a Brahman widow, Bishnupriya Devi, created a sensation in the orthodox society of Assam. He not only advocated the cause of women’s education but also took the bold step of sending his daughter Swarnalata to a boarding school in Kolkata when he was working in the small town of Nagaon in Assam as an Extra Assistant Commissioner. Both Swarnalata and Bishnupriya were encouraged by him to write and publish their work. Gunabhiram himself is remembered as a historian and a biographer. He also wrote regularly on issues like women’s education and marriage reforms in the first Assamese Journal *Orunodoi*, started by the American Baptist missionaries in 1846.

The first social drama in Assamese is Ram Nabami Natak, written by Gunabhiram in 1857 and published as a book in 1870. The play deals with the tragic story of a young widow and her lover *Rama*, both of whom were compelled to commit suicide because of social disapproval of their relationship. The author tried to make a strong case for widow-remarriage through this tragedy.

Gunabhiram's play was written two years after the Widow Re-Marriage Act was passed in 1856 after the strenuous efforts of Sri Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar. The same year also saw the publication of the Umesh Chandra Mitra's Bengali play Bidhoba Bibah ('Marriage of a Widow'). Apart from the English plays it was Mitra's play that had inspired Gunabhiram to write his play. The play had five acts with each act having more than one scene. The play also had a sub-plot. Although the play was written using the western form it also had some of the characteristic features of the Sanskrit theatre and Assamese *Ankiyã Nat*. This may be due to the fact that it was written at a time when the study of European plays had just started and the popularity of the Assamese *Ankiyã Nat* had not been completely diminished. There is no documentary evidence of the staging of the play. As a result of that, it was Hemchandra Barua's play Kaniyar Kirtan ('Lazy Man's Prayer' 1861) which became the first Assamese play to be staged in the modern stage. Kaniyar Kirtan does not reflect any characteristics of neither the Sanskrit theatre nor the Assamese *Ankiyã Nat*.

In the beginning of the twentieth century, it was Chandradhar Barua who popularised the Modern Assamese Puranic plays. He wrote three plays – Meghdoot Bodh ('Killing of Meghdoot' 1904), Tillotoma Sambhav ('Birth of Tillotama' 1929) and Rajarshi ('Rajarshi' ² 1937). By bringing the complicated verse form and the mythical story close to contemporary speech pattern and by giving it a human touch he revolutionised Assamese playwriting.

Jyoti Prasad Agarwala (1903-51) was the most celebrated twentieth-century Assamese dramatist. Jyoti Prasad's plays, in spite of their varied themes, also show the same characteristics as Gunabhiram's. He revolutionized playwriting, production, and music in Assamese theatre with his first drama, Sonit Kunwori

² The female deity safeguarding a kingdom and looking after its welfare

(‘Princess of Sonitpur’, 1925; staged in 1924). For the first time, a play looked and sounded purely Assamese. The plot, though a well-known myth, was given a dimension and form-new for mythological drama. An authentic Assamese atmosphere was created in sets, costumes, properties, songs, and dances. Hitherto songs were either in Hindustani classical or Bengali tunes, but here Agarwala used only Assamese folk and traditional melodies. He choreographed dances based on native folk and *Xatriya* (‘Vaishnava monastic’) forms too. Sonit Kunwari dealt with the romance of *Usha* and *Aniruddha* in Sonitpur district.³ Agarwala had joined Gandhi’s non-violent freedom struggle in 1921, and was imprisoned in 1931-2. An ardent propagator of artists’ commitment to the people, he often talked of revolutionary changes. Karengar Ligiri (‘The Palace Maid’ 1937; first performed 1935), which modernized Assamese theatre in form and content, epitomizes this change. Karengar Ligiri is a powerful play, written when the playwright was still in his early twenties, which sets forth ideas which were truly revolutionary for the time, especially in the areas of domestic relationships, women’s emancipation, and social change. Like the two earlier plays Rupalim (‘Rupalim’ 1960, written 1936) is romantic. Rupalim, has perhaps influenced later playwrights most strongly, because of its unconventional structural treatment. An underground leader of the Quit India movement in 1942, Agarwala leaned towards Marxism after Independence. So his next two plays, Khanikar (‘Artisan’, 1939-40) and Lobhita (‘Lobhita’ 1948), are more realistic. Lobhita is the story of a firebrand nationalist, which has its roots in a real incident. Indeed, Jyoti Prasad himself was a strong and staunch nationalist who served a jail term under the British. No wonder this play is so brilliantly-lit with a fervent patriotism. The allegorical musical Nimati Kanya (‘Dumb Girl’, published posthumously, 1964), based on

³ Aniruddha was the son of Pradyumna and grandson of Krishna. Usha was the daughter of King Bana of Sonitpur. Usha sees Aniruddha in her dream and falls in love with him. Chitrlekha helps the lovers to meet each other and both conduct their love affair secretly. But the affair leaks out and an angry Bana imprisons Aniruddha. Meanwhile Narada informs Krishna of what had happened. Krishna along with his brother Balarama and a vast army fights with King Bana. Aniruddha is rescued and given in marriage with Usha

folklore, professes that real peace on earth will come only when the reins of power reach the hands of the *Rup Konwar* ('artist-philosopher').

The one-Act play became popular in the second half of the twentieth century in Assam. It was initially believed that the one-act play form would not allow the use of tragic themes and would be only restricted to the comical themes. But it was not true, as the one-act play allowed various playwrights to deal with a wide range of emotions both tragic as well as comic. Another noteworthy thing about the popularity of the one-act play was its length. As the one-act play would deal with one incident it would not involve multiple stage settings. This facilitated the staging of one-act plays. And soon the one-act plays were written and performed in colleges and universities.

The street play is another alternate theatre in Assam, which is popular among the masses in the present times. These plays deal with social issues and are written and performed to bring social awareness. (see below)

The Present Theatrical Scene in Assam:

In an age when most of India is beholden to the satellite television for its daily dose of amusement and entertainment, a majority of Assamese rural population keeps itself engrossed in an almost forgotten form of entertainment: the roving or the 'mobile' theatre.

For eight months in a year, between September and April, at least 20 drama companies, simply known as theatre in the local parlance, tour across the vast state, stage plays during winter, spring or early rains. And every year, the audience packs the makeshift pandals in droves, making the mobile theatre the biggest

entertainment industry in the north-east, leaving the mainstream cinema far behind.

The USP of the Assamese theatre industry is of course the topicality of its themes. And there perhaps lies the reasons for its stupendous popularity and commercial success. Unlike the *Jatra* in West Bengal or the *Tamasha* in Maharashtra, which are still very much rooted in mythological subjects, the topics in roving theatres of Assam range from contemporary issues like militancy and the dilemma of politicians torn between duty and well-being of their families to the adaptation of 1997's smash hit, *Titanic* or a play on the life and times of Lady Diana.

Although the industry in its present form traces its beginning to the early 1960s, its origin has been traced back to the 16th century when social reformer Sankardeva, introduced the *Ankiyā Bhāonā*, popular plays through which he highlighted various issues and preached his brand of philosophy. In the early 1960s, a group of people from Pathsala, a small township in lower Assam's Barpeta district, established a theatre company and decided to enact plays which were close to the people's hearts.

Achuyt Lahkar, largely credited to be the pioneer in establishing the roving drama company concept in Assam, opened the Nataraj Cine Theatre in 1963, which depended heavily on amateur actors and technicians. The initial plays were also based on folklore and mythology.

The concept of entertainment throughout the world may have changed but in rural Assam, mobile theatre remains the single largest form of entertainment even now. And not surprisingly therefore, the theatre industry has grown manifold in the last 35 years. From a couple of companies, largely run by businessmen with abiding

interest in drama, the mobile theatre industry can now boast of nearly 30 full-fledged companies, all run professionally.

The mobile theatre has also undergone tremendous changes from its initial days as far as the themes, acting standards and production qualities are concerned. In the beginning, amateurs played various parts in plays adapted from Indian epics. It was a gradual process with people like Ratan Lahkar, a veteran producer now, brought Titanic to the Assam shores. He also started producing adaptations of classics like Illiad, Cleopatra and Crime and Punishment. As the audience response increased, theatre companies like Abahan, Kohinoor, Hengul and Bhagyadevi, began paying more attention to production values too. Large authentic sets made their appearance on the mobile theatre scene.

The reach and impact of mobile theatre has given a new impetus to some socially important issues like anti-AIDS, anti-drugs abuse and family planning programmes. Most companies voluntarily enact short, 10-minute skits based on these issues at the beginning of each play.

Among the contemporary Assamese dramatists mention must be made of Arun Sharma, Saurabh Kumar Chaliha, Sitanath Lashkar, Shyama Prasad Sarma, Paramananda Rajbongshi, Hemendra Kumar Borthakur and others. It is a matter of contention that the translation of European plays into Assamese had influenced the Assamese theatrical scene. As a result of this confluence of European and traditional Assamese forms some exceptional experimental plays were produced which added a unique flavour to the Assamese drama. And I am offering the translation of some of these contemporary plays hoping that it would be a great contribution to carry forward the sentiments and imagination of the regional playwrights.

Before going to the theoretical debates in theatre translation it is necessary to have a glimpse of the history of theatre translation in Assam. This would give us a fair idea of the influence of European drama in shaping the form of modern Assamese theatre. This will also show the assimilation of ideas and theatrical techniques from European to the Assamese theatre. The role of the translator in this process of assimilation cannot be overlooked.

History of the Theatre Translation in Assam:

The history of the translation of European plays into Assamese points out the western influence on modern Assamese drama. Further it shows how the new Assamese drama, in spite of the western influence and like any other drama in modern India, has evolved as a distinct literary genre. The history of translation also highlights the western impact on Assam's life and letters. It is a fact that the influence of the West on the development of modern Indian thought has been immense and the vernacular literatures of modern India owe much to such influence. This influence has also permeated all the branches of modern Assamese literature and on drama the influence has been so profound that the new drama, which came into being in 1857 with a social play, has hardly any link with pre-British Assamese drama having a four-century old history. The present work attempts to show how the new ideas coming from the West in the wake of English education not only changed the subject-matter of drama but also gave a new mould to dramatic style, technique and stage-craft. The work consists of translation of three contemporary Assamese plays into English and tries to show how the Assamese stage had adapted itself to the developments in stagecraft as a result of the influence of the European experimentalists. The old Assamese drama i.e. the *Ankiyã Nat* reigned supreme prior to the advent of the British colonizers. With the coming of the British colonizers came the import from European drama, which played a significant role in the evolution of the modern Assamese drama. It

is not that the western influence completely uprooted the tradition of Assamese drama. The western models were suited to the Assamese context by using various strategies. And some of these have been pointed out in the discussion that follows.

A close look at the influence of Shakespearean plays, through the various adaptations and translation reveals the fact that the plays were contextualized to the regional settings. The study and performance of Shakespeare's plays in original and in translation had helped the pre-Independence playwrights develop a kind of style and technique suitable for mythological, historical and romantic plays. The growth and development of modern mythological, historical and social drama in Assamese is the outcome of such studies. And with the reigning popularity of realistic plays of Henrik Ibsen, George Bernard Shaw and others the Assamese playwrights moved away from Shakespeare and started to follow their models to write social plays. Later on as more and more playwrights experimented with newer forms and techniques in theatre, the source of inspiration changed. Theatre of the Absurd and the 'epic theatre' of Bertolt Brecht are some of the few looked upon by the modern Assamese playwright as a source of inspiration for their inspiration.

Translation of western plays into Assamese language started way back in the year 1888. The first translations were Shakespeare's plays. Three Assamese youths namely Ratnadhara Barua, Ramakanta Borkotoki and Gunjanan Barua, undergoing English Education in Kolkata translated Shakespeare's play The Comedy of Errors into Assamese language as Bhrom Rong ('Comedy of Errors' 1988). Later, Durgeswar Sarma successfully translated William Shakespeare's plays As You Like It and Cymbeline as Chandrawali ('Chandrawali' 1910) and Padmavati ('Padmavati') respectively into Assamese. Following this many other plays of Shakespeare were also translated. Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors was again translated as Bhranto Binod ('Erroneous Pleasure') (1932). Romeo and Juliet was

translated as Amonlila ('Cheerless Sports' 1919); Cymbeline as Taara ('Taara' 1935); Othello as Ranjit Singh; The Twelfth Night as Manor Manuh ('Beloved Man'); Macbeth was translated twice as Bhimdarp ('Terrible Pride or Arrogance' 1918) and Biplobi Bir ('Revolutionary Warrior' 1949); The Merchant of Venice as Banij Kunwar ('Business Magnate' 1946); King Lear too was translated twice as Bishad Kahini ('Sorrowful Tale' 1932) and Asru Tirtha ('Tearful Shrine' 1950); Troilus and Cressida as Tarun Kanchen ('Tarun Kanchen'); The Taming of the Shrew as Dondurir Daman ('Subduing a Quarelsome' 1932).

The translations followed different methods. Satya Prasad Barua's translation of Othello (1974) and Macbeth (1974) is a word-for-word translation. The translator retained the source text without attempting to suit it to the regional context. Dayananda Pathak's translation of Romeo and Juliet (1974), Julius Caesar (1975), Hamlet (1987) and King Lear is considered interpretative translations. The translations were based on the concept of 'equivalence' whereby the translator brings the source text closer to the target culture. While Dinesh Sharma's translation of Julius Caesar and The Merchant of Venice, and Kirti Kamal Bhuyan's translation of Hamlet are said to be abridged translation. Here the translation is intended to merely transfer the source text in terms its theme and story to the target language.

The years after the 1950's saw the growing number of translation/adaptation of foreign/European plays into Assamese. Mention has already been made of the translation and adaptation of foreign plays into Assamese. But it is very encouraging, due to various reasons, the contextualization and experimentation developing alongside the translations. In and around the Indian freedom movement plays were used as means to spread the nationalistic ideals.

Atul Chandra Hazarika's Asru Tirtha ('Tearful Shrine' 1948) is an adaptation of Shakespeare's King Lear. Two years after that he translated Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice as Banaj Kunwor ('Business Magnate' 1950). The translator has contextualized the play according to the Indian or more specifically the Assamese setting. The main characters in Banaj Kunwor are Amiya Kumar (Antonio), his friend is Basanta Kumar (Bassanio) and Pratibha (Portia). Shylock has been adapted as Chandmal – a wealthy businessman. It is interesting to note that the character of Chandmal do not have any religious inclinations. He represents the ruling or the dominant class and Amiya Kumar (Antonio) represents the humble working class. Likewise the conflict of the Christians and Jews have been displaced with variance and suited to the Indian context. (Borgohain 1993: 500-501)

The plays written in the present times reflect the influence of the world theatre and acquaint us with the developments in the world theatre. Earlier only the plays written by Shakespeare and a few Bengali plays were at the disposal of the Assamese playwrights. Translation of plays other than that of Shakespeare flooded the Assamese drama. Satya Prasad Barua and Prafulla Dutta Goswami translated Sophocles' Antigone into Assamese. The poet Nabakanta Barua translated Euripides' Alcestis into Assamese. Satya Prasad Barua translated Henrik Ibsen's The Wild Duck as Bano Sankhi. Padma Borkotoki and Mahendra Bora translated Ibsen's The Dolls House and Ghost. Tennessee Williams's The Glass Menagerie was adapted as Polahor Rong by Ram Goswami. Kanak Mahanta adapted Chekov's Cherry Orchard as Cherry Bagan. Syed Abdul Malik translated the Chinese Opera The White-Haired Girl into Assamese. Sailen Bharali translated Samuel Becket's Waiting for Godot as Godor Opakhyat ('Waiting for Godot'). Apart from foreign plays some Indian plays were also taken up for translation. Jagadish Mathur's Hindi play Pehle Raja is translated as Prothom Roja ('The First

King'). Mohan Rakesh's Adhe Adhure was translated as Ahompurna ('Incomplete').

The one-act plays written and published during the last few years can be broadly categorized into two: translated and original. The one-act play first made its mark through the translations. Anton Chekov's one-act plays were suited to Assamese cultural tradition and translated. In the year 1964, Ugra Kakoti adapted Chekov's *Strike* into Assamese. A few years later three more plays of Chekov viz. The Bear, The Proposal, and Anniversary were adapted as Bundapor, Prastav, and Mahalakshmi Bankor Pancham Barhika ('Mahalakshmi Bank's Fifth Anniversary'). Stanley Houghton's The Dear Departed and Irish-woman Lady Gregory's Rising of the Moon were also translated into Assamese as Sanehor Huta ('Loving Relation') and Polatok ('Absconded'). These two plays were given Assamese context and the performance was also successful and drew a lot of audience. Likewise many other western plays were adapted and translated into Assamese language.

Section 2

THEORETICAL CONSIDERATIONS

Translation Studies has grown as a discipline with lots of theories postulated to understand the dynamics of the process of text transfer from one linguistic medium into another. It has also attempted to study the cultural exchanges that take place through the process of translation. Attempts have also been made to analyze the bridging of the cultural gap that exists between the source and target cultures. There have been innumerable academic debates over it. But, some aspects of this phenomenon still remain unexplored. Also the distinction between translations of various genres of literature has not been clearly marked. One needs to look at the apparent differences in the translation of poetry, fiction, non-fiction and drama.

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“Translation is a kind of activity which inevitably involves at least two languages and two cultural traditions.”¹ As this statement implies, translators are permanently faced with the problem of how to treat the cultural aspects implicit in a source text (ST) and of finding the most appropriate technique of successfully conveying these aspects in the target language (TL). These problems may vary in scope depending on the cultural and linguistic gap between the two (or more) languages concerned.² Edward Sapir also pointed out earlier that:



1 Toury, G. "The Nature and Role of Norms in Translation." 1978, revised 1995. *The Translation Studies Reader*. ed. Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2000) 200.

2 Nida, E. "Principles of Correspondence." 1964. *The Translation Studies Reader*. ed. Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2000) 130.

No two languages are ever sufficiently similar to be considered as representing the same social reality. The worlds in which different societies live are distinct worlds, not merely the same world with different labels attached.³

Language and Culture:

The definition of 'culture' as given in the Concise Oxford Dictionary varies from descriptions of the 'Arts' to plant and bacteria cultivation and includes a wide range of intermediary aspects. More specifically concerned with language and translation, Newmark defines culture as "the way of life and its manifestations that are peculiar to a community that uses a particular language as its means of expression,"⁴ thus acknowledging that each language group has its own culturally specific features. He further clearly states that operationally he does "not regard language as a component or feature of culture"⁵ in direct opposition to the view taken by Vermeer who states that "language is part of a culture."⁶ According to Newmark, Vermeer's stance would imply the impossibility to translate whereas for the latter, translating the source language (SL) into a suitable form of TL is part of the translator's role in trans-cultural communication.

The notion of culture is essential to considering the implications for translation and, despite the differences in opinion as to whether language is part of culture or not, the two notions appear to be inseparable. Discussing the problems of correspondence in translation, Nida confers equal importance to both linguistic and cultural differences between the SL and the TL and concludes that

³ Sapir, E. *Culture, Language and Personality* (Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1956) 69

⁴ Newmark, Peter. *A Textbook of Translation* (New York: Pergamon, 1988) 94.

⁵ *Ibid.* 95.

⁶ Vermeer, H. "Skopos and Commission in Translational Activity." 1989. *The Translation Studies Reader*. ed. Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2000) 222.

“differences between cultures may cause more severe complications for the translator than do differences in language structure.”⁷ It is further explained that parallels in culture often provide a common understanding despite significant formal shifts in the translation. The cultural implications for translation are thus of significant importance as well as lexical concerns. Lotman’s theory states that “no language can exist unless it is steeped in the context of culture; and no culture can exist which does not have at its centre, the structure of natural language.”⁸

Susan Bassnett underlines the importance of this double consideration when translating by stating that language is “the heart within the body of culture,”⁹ the survival of both aspects being interdependent. Linguistic notions of transferring meaning are seen as being only part of the translation process; “a whole set of extra-linguistic criteria”¹⁰ must also be considered. As Bassnett further points out, “the translator must tackle the SL text in such a way that the TL version will correspond to the SL version... To attempt to impose the value system of the SL culture onto the TL culture is dangerous ground.”¹¹ Thus, when translating, it is important to consider not only the lexical impact on the TL reader, but also the manner in which cultural aspects may be perceived and make translating decisions accordingly.

Language and culture may thus be seen as being closely related and both aspects must be considered for translation. When considering the translation of cultural words and notions, Newmark proposes two opposing methods: transference and componential analysis.¹² As Newmark mentions, transference gives “local colour,”

⁷ Nida, E. “Principles of Correspondence.” 1964. *The Translation Studies Reader*. ed. Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2000) 130.

⁸ Lotman, J., Uspensky, B. “On the Semiotic Mechanism of Culture,” *New Literary History* (1978): 211-232.

⁹ Bassnett, Susan. *Translation Studies Reader* (London: Routledge, 1980) 13-14.

¹⁰ *Ibid.* 14.

¹¹ *Ibid.* 23.

¹² Newmark, Peter. *A Textbook of Translation* (New York: Pergamon, 1988) 96.

keeping cultural names and concepts. Although placing the emphasis on culture, meaningful to initiated readers, he claims this method may cause problems for the general readership and limit the comprehension of certain aspects. The importance of the translation process in communication leads Newmark to propose componential analysis, which he describes as being “the most accurate translation procedure, which excludes the culture and highlights the message.”¹³

Nida’s definitions of formal and dynamic equivalence¹⁴ may also be seen to apply when considering cultural implications for translation. According to Nida, a ‘gloss translation’ mostly typifies formal equivalence where form and content are reproduced as faithfully as possible and the TL reader is able to “understand as much as he can of the customs, manner of thought, and means of expression” of the SL context.¹⁵ As opposed to that, dynamic equivalence “tries to relate the receptor to modes of behaviour relevant within the context of his own culture” without insisting that he “understand the cultural patterns of the source-language context.”¹⁶

Considering the cultural implications for a translated text implies recognising all of these problems and taking into account several possibilities before deciding on the solution that appears the most appropriate in each specific case.

Performability and Readability:

Most of the genre-focussed translation study involves the specific problems of translating poetry leaving the translation of dramatic texts as the most neglected area. There is very little material on the specific problems of translating dramatic

¹³ Ibid. 96.

¹⁴ Nida, E. “Principles of Correspondence.” 1964. *The Translation Studies Reader*. ed. Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2000) 129

¹⁵ Ibid. 129.

¹⁶ Ibid. 129.

texts and it is often believed that the methodology used in the translation process is not different from that as in prose. The dramatic text is essentially different from the prose text. The dramatic text has two components: the written/literary text and the performance text.

The earliest works that discuss theatre in semiotic terms can be traced to the Prague School semioticians in the 1930s. During that period, literary critics like Otamar Zich, Jan Mukarovsky, Jindrich Honzl and Peter Bogatyrev attempted to analyze the components of theatre in terms of structures and sign systems.

Zich in his Aesthetics of the Art of Drama (1931) claimed that theatre consists of heterogeneous but independent systems, none of which has special prominence. He was the first among theatre semioticians to deny the written text any automatic dominance over other systems. According to him the written text was just one of the systems that participates in the making up of the theatre as a total dramatic presentation. Zich's emphasis on the interrelationship between heterogeneous and interdependent systems in the theatre, as well as his refusal to give special prominence to any of the components involved in theatrical performance, had a considerable impact on later semioticians, and these views are still haunting different theories of theatre semiotics today.

Mukarovsky applied the Saussurian definition of the sign to art, taking the stance that a work of art resides in the collective consciousness of the public, and identified it as the semiotic unit whose *signifier* is the work itself and the *signified* the 'aesthetic object.'¹⁷ For Mukarovsky, this application represents the first step towards a semiotics of performance, in which the performance text becomes a macro-sign whose meaning is constituted by its total effect. This approach is

¹⁷ Mukarovsky, Jan. "The Arts as a Semiological Fact." *Semiotics of Art: Prague School Contributions*. eds. L. Matejka and I. R. Titunik (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1976) 3-9.

important for the semiotics of theatre and drama for two different but closely related reasons. First, it emphasizes the subordination of all constituents to a unified whole and the importance of the audience as the maker of meanings of this whole (macro-sign). Second, it views the performance not as a single sign, but as a network of semiotic units belonging to different but cooperative systems.

Bogatyrev in his Semiotics in the Folk Theatre was the first who tried to delineate the elementary components of theatrical semiosis by discussing the *mobility*, *flexibility* and *dynamism* of theatrical signs.¹⁸ When he refers to the transformability of theatrical signs, Bogatyrev means primarily the way in which the signs can shift, both in their own right and in the way in which they are perceived. Consequently Bogatyrev goes on to say that, signs in the theatre assume a set of values and functions in their own right and become infinitely changeable and complex. By advancing the thesis that the stage bestows upon all bodies and objects a signifying power that they may lack in their normal social function, Bogatyrev was the first semiotician to consider the signifying function of all performance elements. Another semiotician who took the same position was Jiri Veltrusky, who stated, “all that is on the stage is a sign.”¹⁹

After Bogatyrev’s article, Jindrich Honzl, too, contributed to a better understanding of the perception and the changeability of theatrical signs. In his article Dynamics of Sign in the Theatre, Honzl conceives the structure of the theatrical performance as a dynamic hierarchy of elements that cannot be determined *a priori*, and emphasizes that the changeability of this structure

¹⁸ Bogatyrev, Peter. “Semiotics in the Folk Theatre.” *Semiotics of Art: Prague School Contributions*. eds. L. Matejka and I. R. Titunik (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1976) 33-49.

¹⁹ Veltrusky, Jiri. “Man and Object in the Theatre.” *A Prague School Reader on Aesthetics, Literary Structure and Style*. ed. Paul L. Garvin (Washington: Georgetown Univ. Press, 1964) 83-91.

corresponds to the transformability of theatrical signs.²⁰ Moreover, Honzl finds that the audience's ability to read signs adds an extra dimension of complexity; he notes that there are times when "one of the components submerges below the surface of the spectator's conscious attention"²¹ because the audience's attention to dialogue or dramatic action may either push the visual components into the background or nullify acoustical perception.

After these stimulating studies on theatre by the Prague School semioticians in the 1930s, little work on the problems of theatrical semiosis was produced for almost three decades. It was in the late 1960s that the Polish semiotician Tadeusz Kowzan took up the heritage of the Prague School of Semiotics and revitalized theatrical and dramatic studies. Kowzan reasserts the basic Prague School principles—the semiotisation of the object, and the transformability and connotative range of the stage sign—and endeavours to establish a typology of theatrical signs and sign systems.

In an effort to codify and describe theatrical signs and sign systems, Kowzan draws the first distinction between *natural* and *artificial* signs. *Natural* signs, he claims, include phenomena that spring forth and exist without the participation of human will, those that are manifested involuntarily. For example, a flash of lighting is a sign of a storm; fever is a sign of disease, etc. *Artificial* signs depend on the intervention of human volition to signal or communicate something to someone.²² This opposition is by no means absolute and serves Kowzan in the formulation of an additional principle: the 'artificialization' of apparently natural signs on stage.

²⁰ Honzl, Jindrich. "Dynamics of Sign in Theatre." *Semiotics of Art: Prague School Contributions*. eds. L. Matejka and I. R. Titunik (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1976) 74-93.

²¹ *Ibid.* 90.

²² Kowzan, Tadeusz. "The Sign in the Theatre: An Introduction to the Semiology of the Art of the Spectacle." Trans. Simon Pleasance. *Diogenes*. 61 (1968) 59.

Anne Ubersfeld is another semiotician who is of the opinion that the linguistic system is only one of a set of interrelated systems that comprise the spectacle. Ubersfeld calls our attention to two important points: first, that any notion of theatre must see written text and performance as indissolubly linked; and second, that the written text is incomplete in itself. Starting with the premise that theatre consists of the dialectical relationship between (*written*) *text* and *performance*, she argues that it is impossible to separate the two, and points out how an artificial distinction between the two has led to the pre-eminence of the written text. In her opinion, the root of the problem is the perception of performance as a 'translation.' This position, based primarily on the concept of *semantic equivalence* between the written text and its performance, reinforces the belief that the context of the expression will remain identical when transferred from the linguistic sign system to a system of performance signs.²³ Such an attitude is very dangerous, argues Ubersfeld, because it leads to the assumption that there is a single right way of reading, and hence performing, the text. Eventually, any deviation by the director can be subjected to a value judgment that will assess his or her 'translation' as more or less deviant from the correct norm—in this case, the written text. Finally, according to Ubersfeld, a notion of theatre that separates the written text from the performance will unavoidably lead to criticism of anyone who appears to offend the purity of the written text.

Though the semioticians of the Prague School, as well as Kowzan and Ubersfeld, offer different approaches to the study of theatre, they all agree that the dramatic text (the written text) is only an optional system among other interrelated systems that comprise the spectacle, and see it as radically conditioned by its performability. This attitude towards the dramatic text in theatre semiotics has not only opened new perspectives in drama studies and theatrical practice but has also

²³ see also, Elam, Keir. *The Semiotics of Theatre and Drama* (New York: Methuen, 1980).

had a great impact on the field of translation studies. The challenging notion of playability or performability, especially, has led some theoreticians of translation studies to re-examine their position towards translating theatre texts.

In the 1980s, Susan Bassnett, following current tendencies in the semiotics of theatre and drama, argued that theatre has been one of the most neglected areas in translation studies, mainly because it has become common practice to translate dramatic texts in the same way as prose texts.²⁴

Assuming that a theatre text should be read differently, Bassnett asserts that a dramatic text is a fully rounded unit only when it is performed, since it is only in the performance that its full potential is realized. But if a theatre text must be read differently, wonders Bassnett, then does the theatre translator translate the play-text as a purely literary text or does he or she try to translate it with respect to its function within the complex system of the spectacle?²⁵ Trying to answer this fundamental question, Bassnett asserts that it is impossible to separate text from performance because the dialectical relation between these two components constitutes theatre. Following Ubersfeld's argument against the supremacy of the literary text and the perception of performance as merely a 'translation,' Bassnett, too, maintains that when a literary text acquires a higher status than its performance counterpart, there results the misconception that there is a single right way of reading, and hence performing, the text.²⁶ If this were so, then the translator would be bound to a rigid preconceived model of translation and should be judged according to how 'faithful' to or deviant from the written text his or her translation is.²⁷

²⁴ Bassnett, Susan. *Translation Studies* (London: Routledge, 2002) 119-131

²⁵ *Ibid.* 120.

²⁶ Bassnett, Susan. "The Translator in the Theatre." *Theatre Quarterly*. 10.40. (1981) 38.

²⁷ Bassnett, Susan. *Translation Studies* (London: Routledge, 2002) 121.

Having discovered the Prague School Semioticians' and Kowzan's discussions of the extra-linguistic and paralinguistic dimensions of the theatre text, Bassnett was one of the first scholars in translation studies to point out that the theatre translator must meet two criteria more than the translator of prose or poetry. The first criterion is that of *playability* or *performability*, and the second is that of the function of the text (translation) itself. The second criterion is a derivative of the first, since the function of a theatre text presupposes the written text as a constituent of performance. Examining the extent to which the notion of *performability* can be applied to theatre translation, Bassnett describes the importance of this concept in its implications for theatre translation. On the one hand, *performability* implies a distinction between the idea of the written text and the physical aspect of the performance, and, on the other hand, it presupposes that the theatre text contains within its structure some features that make it performable: a coded gestural patterning. Then Bassnett postulates that if *performability* is seen as a prerequisite for the theatre translator, then the translator must determine which structures are performable and translate them into the target language (TL)—even though major linguistic and stylistic changes may occur. This is, of course, something different from what the translator of other types of text does.

Nevertheless, the theatre translator encounters another side of *performability*: its continual change. According to Bassnett, since performance is determined by the various developments in acting style, playing space, the role of the audience, the altered concepts of theatre and the national context, the translator has to consider time and place as variables in the changing concept of performance. In other words, continues Bassnett, the theatre translator must consider the performance aspect of the written text (its gestural patterning) as well as its relationship to its contemporary audience. Yet the presence of the audience itself indicates that the function of theatre transcends the strictly linguistic level and reveals the public

dimension of the challenges a theatre translator faces when attempting to achieve an effect: “the translator must take into account the *function* of the text as an element for and of performance.”²⁸

In 1985 Bassnett’s position changed drastically. In her article “Ways through the Labyrinth: Strategies and Methods for Translating Theatre Texts,” she calls performability a “very vexed term”²⁹ and dismisses it as “the implicit, undefined and undefinable quality of a theatre text that so many translators latch on to as a justification for their various linguistic strategies.”³⁰ Moreover, she disregards her own previous position acknowledging the translator’s need to consider the undertextual rhythms and gestural language that are discernable within the written text.

In this article, Bassnett admits that her early theory of the theatre translator considering an existing undertext within the written text, decoded by the actor and encoded into gestural form, is “a loose and woolly concept.”³¹ The solution she now favors is to enquire into the *deictic units* of the text and analyze how *deixis* operates in both source-language (SL) and target-language (TL) texts.³² In Bassnett’s opinion, an investigation of the function of the deictic units in the SL text will help translation scholars discern which units are preserved in the TL text, what their presence or absence may signify and what happens to the dynamics of the scene when these units are altered during the transfer from the SL into the

²⁸ Ibid. 131. (emphasis added).

²⁹ Bassnett, Susan. “Ways through the Labyrinth: Strategies and Methods for Translating Theatre Texts” *The Manipulation of Literature*. ed. Theo Hermans (New York: St Martin’s, 1985) 90.

³⁰ Ibid. 101-102.

³¹ Ibid. 98.

³² see also Elam 1980: 138-48; and Aston and Savona 1991: 152-55 and 116-17.

TL.³³ She further emphasizes that it is not the presence of the deictic units per se, but *their function in the text* which is of great importance.³⁴

In the 1990s it seemed that the theories of theatre translation were polarized between two extremes: that of *performability* (*mise en scene*) and that of *readability* (*written text*). At the one extreme, Patrice Pavis, in his article “Problems of Translation for the Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre,” claimed that translation for the stage goes beyond the interlingual translation of the dramatic text; he advocated that “a real *translation* takes place on the level of the *mise en scene* as a whole”³⁵ (author’s emphasis). At the other extreme, Susan Bassnett, in her articles, “Translating for the Theatre—Textual Complexities” and “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability,” argued against any idea of *performability* and discredited any notion of performance-oriented translation; instead, she emphasized the written theatrical text.³⁶

Patrice Pavis starts his article “Problems of Translation for the Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre” with four problems peculiar to translation for the stage: (1) the intersection of situations of enunciation; (2) the series of concretizations of a theater text; (3) the conditions of theatre translation reception; and (4) the *mise en scene* of a translation.³⁷ (1989, 25-44). Dealing with the first problem, he maintains that there are two situations of enunciation: that which belongs

³³ Bassnett, Susan. “Ways through the Labyrinth: Strategies and Methods for Translating Theatre Texts.” *The Manipulation of Literature*. ed. Theo Hermans (New York: St Martins, 1985) 98.

³⁴ *Ibid.* 101.

³⁵ Pavis, Patrice. “Problems of Translation for Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre.” *The Play Out of Context: Transferring Plays from Culture to Culture*. Trans. Loren Kruger, ed. Hanna Scolnicov and Peter Holland (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1989) 41.

³⁶ Bassnett, Susan. “Translating for the Theatre—Textual Complexities.” *Essays in Poetics*. 15.1 (1990): 71-83.

--- “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability.” *TTR (Traduction, Terminologie, Redaction)* IV.1 (1991): 99-111.

³⁷ Pavis, Patrice. “Problems of Translation for Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre.” *The Play Out of Context: Transferring Plays from Culture to Culture*. Trans. Loren Kruger, ed. Hanna Scolnicov and Peter Holland. (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1989) 25-44.

exclusively to *either* the source *or* target culture (SC or TC), and that which is a mixture of the two (SC and TC). Pavis tends to believe that the translator and his or her translation are both situated at the intersection of sets of enunciation of differing degrees, a situation that is a mixture of both source and target cultures (SCs and TCs). For him, the translated text always consists partly of source text and partly of target text and target culture because any transfer involves the multiple dimensions of the source text (ST) adapted to the TL and TC; as well, it is the written ST that the translator usually uses as a point of departure.

Nevertheless, continues Pavis, the translator knows that the translation cannot preserve the original situation because it is intended for a *future* situation of enunciation, a situation the translator may not be familiar with at all. It is only when the translated text is staged for the target audience and culture that the text is surrounded by a situation of enunciation belonging exclusively to the TC. Thus, the translation, to varying degrees, occurs at the intersection of the situations of enunciation. Furthermore, Pavis holds that the theatre translation is a hermeneutic act, since its main purpose is to pull the ST towards the TL and TC, separating it from its source and origin.³⁸

Pavis, discussing the series of concretizations—the second problem peculiar to translation for the stage—tries to reconstruct the transformations of the dramatic text in the course of successive concretizations as follows:

To= the original text, which is “the author’s interpretation of reality”³⁹

T= the text of the written translation.

³⁸ Ibid. 25-27.

³⁹ Ibid 27.

T1= T, which depends upon the initial and virtual situation of enunciation of To and on the future audience, who will receive T3 and T4. In this instance, the translator is both a reader and dramaturge making choices from among the potential and possible indications in the text-to-be-translated.

T2= The dramaturgical analysis as a phase of the translation process, e.g., a coherent reading of the plot and the spatio-temporal indications found in the text and the stage directions, either by linguistic translation or by representing them through extralinguistic elements. The most important aspect of this step of the translation process “is the process of concretization (fictionalization and ideologization) that the dramaturge effects on the text”⁴⁰

T3= Testing the text on the stage; that is, concretization of T1 and T2 by stage enunciation. This stage of *mise en scene*—confrontation of virtual (To) or actual (T1) situations of enunciation—proposes a performance text with all possible relationships between textual and theatrical signs.⁴¹

T4= The stage concretization of T3 or *the recipient concretization/the recipient enunciation* during which the ST finally reaches the spectator in the TC.⁴²

Directly related to T4, or the *recipient concretization*, are the conditions of the reception of the theatre translation, which pose the third of the four problems particular to translation for the stage. Pavis asserts that any reception of a theatre translation is conditioned solely by the hermeneutic competence of the future audience, as well as the future audience’s competence in the rhythmic, psychological or aural spheres. The former stresses the importance of a target-oriented translation that can be understood by the (target) theatre audience—thus

⁴⁰ Ibid. 28.

⁴¹ Ibid. 29.

⁴² Ibid 29 (author’s emphasis).

fulfilling their expectations—and that also makes clear most of the translator's choices. The latter emphasizes the importance not of the 'speakability' of the text but rather of the "adequacy of speech and gesture," which Pavis calls "*the language-body*."⁴³

Nevertheless, in examining the conditions of the reception of the theatre translation, Pavis brings up the issue of *mise en scene* in such a way that the stage performance takes precedence over the linguistic text. In the most controversial section of the same article "Translation and its *mise en scene*," Pavis develops the idea of "*taking over the situation of enunciation*."⁴⁴ He says that an entire deictic system is the link between the translation already inserted in a concrete *mise en scene* (T3) and the theatrical situation of enunciation (T4). Once T3 and T4 are linked, then the dramatic text is comprehensible only in the context of its enunciation. But this context is realized by the use of deictics that are fully realized only in the *mise en scene*. To clarify the functioning of this theatrical economy, Pavis gives the following example:

"[O]ne might for example translate: 'I want you to put the hat on the table' by 'Put it there' accompanied by a look or gesture, thus reducing the sentence to its deictic elements"⁴⁵

Hence, for Pavis, it is the economy of the dramatic text and its translation for the stage that allows the actor to supplement the text by extralingual (i.e., intonation, pitch, etc.) and paralingual (i.e., gestures, mime, kinesics, etc.) means, which ensures the exchange between word and body, or what he calls the *language-body*.

⁴³ Ibid. 30 (author's emphasis).

⁴⁴ Ibid. 30 (author's emphasis).

⁴⁵ Ibid. 31.

In “Problems of Translation for the Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre,” after presenting his hypothesis of the series of concretizations (To, T, T1, T2, T3 and T4), Pavis tries to show how it is related to an exchange between the spoken text and the speaking body, as well as to the hermeneutic act of intercultural exchange. Most interesting is the section, “Intercultural Translation,”⁴⁶ in which Pavis gives a semiotic definition of culture, presents two contemporary opposing approaches to the translation of culture and, finally, introduces his own view. Presenting the two conflicting approaches, he states that the first one is to try too hard to maintain the SC in the translation in order to accentuate the difference between the SC and the TC. The result of this effort is the creation of an incomprehensible and unreadable text, which is unacceptable to the TC. On the other hand, says Pavis, the second approach is to try to smooth out differences to the point where one cannot comprehend the origin of the translated text. Dissatisfied with these approaches, he offers his own solution: a middle road consisting “of producing a translation that would be a ‘conductor’ between the two cultures and which would cope with proximity as well as distance.”⁴⁷

Finally, although he recognizes the diversity of ethnic and national origins, Pavis argues for a *gestural universality* and a *universality of culture*. To reinforce his point of view, he uses as an example the *Mahabharata* and explains how Carriere and Brook—the translator and the stage director, respectively—treated the mythic aspect of this Sanskrit text. He says that Carriere and Brook were able to translate the myth only by the theatrical discourse during which the actor’s body is shown in action and speech or, in Brook’s words, “the language of the stage.”⁴⁸ In this case, Pavis assures us that gesture is not limited to a social function (a social *gestus*) but rather “a universal encounter among actors of different cultures.”⁴⁹ In

⁴⁶ Ibid. 37-39.

⁴⁷ Ibid. 38.

⁴⁸ Ibid. 40.

⁴⁹ Ibid. 40.

this phenomenon of intergestural and intercultural translation, Pavis sees culture intervening at every level of social life, “in all the nooks and crannies of the text,”⁵⁰ and arrives at the following mythic conception of culture and translation:

“*Culture* thus becomes this vague notion whose identity, determination, and precise place within infra- and superstructure we no longer know. *Translation* is this undiscoverable mythic text attempting to take account of the source text—all the while with the awareness that such a text exists only with reference to a source-text-to-be-translated. Added to this disturbing circularity is the fact that *theatre translation* is never where one expects it to be: not in words, but in gesture, not in the letter, but in the spirit of a culture, ineffable but omnipresent”⁵¹

Bassnett holds the opposite thesis as far as theatre translation and culture are concerned. In her articles “Translating for the Theatre—Textual Complexities” (1990) and “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability” (1991), Bassnett refutes the encoded spatial or gestural dimension of the language of a theatre text, and claims that any such notion is problematic for the interlingual translator because it makes his task ‘superhuman.’⁵² Her main argument against the notion of the gestic text is that the theatre translator is expected to translate a SL text, which is incomplete and which *a priori* once contained a concealed gestic text, into a TL text, which should also contain a concealed gestural undertext. To emphasize her position, she states that if this concept is taken seriously, then the assumption is that during the translation process it is the translator’s responsibility to decode the gestic text while he sits at a desk and imagines the performance

⁵⁰ Ibid. 42.

⁵¹ Ibid. 42 (emphasis added).

⁵² Bassnett, Susan. “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability.” TTR (Traduction, Terminologie, Redaction) IV.1 (1991) 100.

dimension; and, in Bassnet's opinion, this situation does not make any sense at all!⁵³

It is in Bassnett's "The Case Against Performability," however, that the theoretical polarization between Bassnett's and Pavis's positions can be seen more clearly. In this article, Bassnett discusses Pavis's "Problems of Translation for the Stage: Intercultural and Post-Modern Theatre" and his view that real translation takes place on the level of the *mise en scene* as a whole. Although she agrees with his statement that translation theory has followed the general trend of theatre semiotics to reorient its objectives, Bassnett charges Pavis on the grounds that he favours *mise en scene* (*performability*) to the written text in his hierarchical system, and that he considers the written theatre text an incomplete entity. Moreover, she concludes that "[Pavis's] interlingual translator is still left with the task of transforming unrealized text A into unrealized text B and the assumption here is that the task at hand is somehow of a lower status than that of a person who effects the transposition of written text into performance."⁵⁴

Then Bassnett raises three arguments to refute any notion of *performability*. Her first argument is that *performability* has been used by English translators, directors and impresarios as justification for their various linguistic strategies—first, to excuse the practice of handing over a supposedly literal translation to a monolingual playwright; second, to justify substantial variations in the TL text, including cuts and additions⁵⁵; third, to describe the 'supposedly' existing gestural text within the written; and, last but not least, to describe what may be called a translator's ad hoc decision of what constitutes a speakable text for performers.

⁵³ Ibid. 100.

⁵⁴ Ibid. 101.

⁵⁵ see also Bassnett, Susan. "Translating for the Theatre—Textual Complexities." in *Essays in Poetics*. 15.1. (1990): 77.

Her second argument against *performability* comes from a different angle: its association with the “old-fashioned notion of universality.”⁵⁶ As an advocate of what is loosely referred to as ‘theatre anthropology,’ Bassnett disagrees in principle with the assumption lurking in the notion of universality or, put differently, the perception of the multilayered structure of the play as the constant (invariable/universal) elements that cross cultural boundaries. Instead, she holds that the starting point of any investigation must be the inconstant (the variables, or the particulars). According to that school of thought, Bassnett states that “the written text ceases to appear as the quintessential yet incomplete component of theatre, and may be perceived rather as an entity in its own right that has a particular function at a given point in the development of culturally individualistic theatres.”⁵⁷ To validate her argument, Bassnett summarizes Susan Melrose’s two arguments against the notion of universality in the theatre text.⁵⁸ Melrose’s first argument against the idea of a universal *gestus* is that *gestus* can only be culture-bound. Then she attacks what she calls ‘the neo-Platonic cringe’ of certain theatre people who yearn after ‘oneness’ and its hypothetical access to ‘truth’ and ‘sincerity’ or ‘deep meaning’ or ‘inscribed undertext.’ In this way, Melrose discredits the assumption that the playtext contains a series of signs that may transcend cultural boundaries. Agreeing wholeheartedly with Melrose’s arguments, Bassnett concludes that performability is “a term without credibility”⁵⁹ or “seen as nothing more than a liberal humanist illusion.”⁶⁰

In her third and last argument against *performability*, Bassnett holds that the very core of this notion derives from the naturalist theatre and the effort of the interlingual translator to escape the domineering presence of both the playwright

⁵⁶ Bassnett, Susan. “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability.” TTR (Traduction, Terminologie, Redaction) IV.1. (1991) 107.

⁵⁷ Ibid. 110.

⁵⁸ Melrose, Susan. *A Semiotics of the Dramatic Text*. (New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1994).

⁵⁹ Bassnett, Susan. “Translating for the Theatre—Textual Complexities.” *Essays in Poetics* 15.1. (1990): 77.

⁶⁰ Bassnett, Susan. “Translating for the Theatre: The Case Against Performability.” TTR (Traduction, Terminologie, Redaction) IV.1. (1991) 110.

and the performance text. In her opinion, it was the naturalist drama that imposed the idea of the scripted text, or the performance text, which both actors and directors have to study carefully and reproduce with some fidelity. It was also in the naturalist theatre that the role of the playwright increased tremendously, and as a direct result, the idea of fidelity was established and imposed on theatre texts and all participants in a performance. According to Bassnett, the implications of the increasing power of the playwright were significant for the interlingual translator, too; if the performers were bound in a servant-master relationship to the written text, “so also should translators be.”⁶¹ Finally, she concludes that the notion of *performability* was invented by translators in order to escape from that servile relationship and to exercise greater liberties with the written text than naturalist conventions allowed. In the last but most condensed paragraph of her article, “The Case Against Performability,” Bassnett, having refuted the ideas of both undertext and *performability*, goes a step further by inviting scholars to limit their investigations to two main avenues of study only: a historiography of theatre translation and a further investigation into the linguistic structure of existing theatre texts.⁶²

After taking note of the theoretical considerations that dealt primarily with the interlinking of language with culture and the polarization between the notion of performability and readability, it would be interesting to see their validity while undergoing the actual translation exercise and analyzing them thereafter. How the translator looks at them when s/he sits beside the translator’s desk? The next section tries to provide an answer to that. It gives an idea of how the translator deal with the theoretical notions while carrying out the translations and how the cultural boundaries are blurred in order to make the text communicable to the target readers/audiences.

⁶¹ Ibid. 105.

⁶² Ibid. 111.

Section 3

Critical Analysis

The contemporary Assamese plays translated in this dissertation have been judiciously selected as to highlight the change in the dramatic technique and themes that has revolutionized the Modern Assamese theatre. Also the three plays selected for translation are different from one another in terms of their forms: Arun Sarma's *Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya* is a play one may categorize as an absurdist play; Saurav Kumar Chaliha's *Ghoruwa Ghotona* is a play in the form of a monologue that deals with the urban consciousness; Paramananda Rajbongshi's *Kamala Kunworir Sadhu* is a play centered on folklore with song, dance and many other folk elements.

The translation of these three plays had been a tough job due to the inequality between the source culture (i.e. Assamese) and the target culture (i.e. English). Also the linguistic inequality between the target and source language was another hindrance that had to be steered across. The plays by Arun Sarma and Saurav Kumar Chaliha did not pose the same daunting task as compared to the one by Paramananda Rajbongshi, which was an unnerving enterprise because the play was decisively rooted in the folk tradition of Assam. As the structure of the play and the use of song and dance sequences are quite unique to the traditional theatre forms of Assam, it was quite difficult as a translator to carry forward the source text to the target readers in English language. Some of the instances of the conflicts and disputes encountered during the translation exercise have been discussed in detail in this section.

Before analyzing the problems encountered during the process of translation it would be necessary to look briefly at the themes of these three plays.

Arun Sarma's play *Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya* (1961) is the first play in Assamese language, where the influence of the 'absurd theatre' is clearly visible. The central character in the Sarma's play is Nibaron who is a playwright. Through the character of Nibaron, Sarma portrays the life of a playwright. Nibaron Bhattacharya is a sixty years old man. He had devoted his whole life to playwriting and performance of his scripted plays. But as a playwright and as an artist he is yet to obtain any recognition from the society. As a result of that he is frustrated and disappointed with his life but not completely broken. This pushed him to be an idealist. And like an idealistic man his thoughts, words and works have also turned disorganized and chaotic. This confusion and chaos is also visible in his thoughts, speeches, and activities. He does not behave like the other people around him. His attitude to life is totally different from others. His craze for theatre had made him unaware of his economic prosperity. He had four sons and a daughter. Among his four sons one is a ticket checker in a cinema hall, one is a carpenter, one a tailor and one a cycle mechanic. His only daughter is a college teacher who donates a part of her income for his theatrical productions.

Nibaron had already scripted twelve plays one after another. But all his performances failed to draw any audience. Even if a few audiences would come none would be present till the end. But despite his previous failures he scripts the thirteenth and the last play of his life in an attempt to reassert his faith in himself and on his humble profession. He sends invitation to five hundred selected audiences from all ranks of the society including playwrights, poets, sculptors, educationists, businessmen, politicians, etc. But on the day of the performance nobody turns up to watch his play and all the five hundred chairs of Nibaron's theatre hall remain empty. But he continues with his performance facing the five

hundred empty chairs. He climbs the broken wooden staircase to reach to the top of the stage but tumbles and collapses.

From the above description it is quite evident that Sarma's play was partly inspired by Eugeno Ionesco's play *The Chairs* (1952). Ionesco's play was about an elderly couple who sets up chairs and greets invisible guests arriving to listen to the Old Man's message to the world. The message is left in the hands of an Orator after the couple commits suicide. As the Orator is deaf-mute the message cannot be relayed. According to Ionesco, "the world is incomprehensible" and he is "waiting for someone to explain it."¹ Though, there is a striking similarity between the two playwrights on the same trope of the 'chair' yet the treatment of the plays by each playwright has arresting differences. In spite of the difference in the treatment one can easily see the influence of Ionesco on Arun Sarma's play.

Ionesco's play is an absurd play where the playwright tries to highlight the absurdity of human existence and the inability of human language to communicate the reality which he experiences. He focuses particularly on the failure of human language to comprehend the world. The structure of the play is not as rigid as that of a 'well-made play.' Sarma's play, on the other hand, as opposed to Ionesco's play has the structure of a well-made play with characters and dialogues resembling that of a realistic play. It is not through language but through the actions that the Sarma draws upon the absurdity in life. It is interesting to note that apart from the character of Nibaron, all the other characters resemble the ones found in a realistic play. This shows the playwright's skillful blending of the absurd and the realistic tradition within one play.

¹ Ionesco, Eugene. *Notes and Counter Notes: Writing on the Theatre*. Trans. Donald Watson. New York: Grove, 1964. pp 17-18

Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya is among Sarma's most talked about play. Although Sarma makes it very clear through his interviews that the play is not autobiographical but still some of the critics try to explore the elements of *künstle*-play in it. He further makes it clear that his objective is to make people think. He intends to make people wonder about the behaviour of the central character Nibaron and the *raison d'être* behind his actions. He wants people to raise questions about Nibaron's zest for playwriting and his repeated attempts to perform them inspite of his previous failures. This feature in Sarma's play would bring it closer to another theatrical development of the time, i.e. Brecht's 'epic theatre.' This seems a little far fetched but not completely out of the question.

Through this play Sharma tried to portray the difficulties in an artist's life, the indifference of the society to his art, the artist's objective and aims for his artistic creation. His desideratum was not just to inform the society but to go one step further to make his audiences think and to understand the ideals of the artist and to learn and relate to the incidents portrayed in his art. And in doing so the playwright had introduced another dramatic technique of *mise-en-abîme*. In this regard it can be related to the Luigi Pirandello's Six Characters In Search of An Author (1922) a play where the making of a play is highlighted. Although this seems a kind of loose connection it is notable that Sarma's play has a stage within the stage. The Scene I start with a description of the stage and the spectacle also includes the theatre hall where five hundred empty chairs are placed. The play may not be as meta-theatrical as the one by Pirandello, but undoubtedly a relation can be drawn at least in terms of its setting.

Saurav Kumar Chaliha's play Ghoruwa Ghotona portrays the urban consciousness through its central and only character Ashok Borthakur. It dramatizes the character's disillusionment and frustration and ultimately his revelation of the truth in his life. Ashok Borthakur is an urban man who is

cramped for space living in his one-room rented house. He decides to shift to a larger room having more physical space but as the play progresses he ultimately realizes the fact that it is not the room but the unwanted objects in the room that had filled up the physical space in the room. He gets rid of all the unwanted things by throwing them out of his window one after another and makes free space inside the room. At the end of the play he finds enough free space in the room and decides against shifting to a more spacious room. This realization is not just at the spatial or physical level but points to the mental level as well. The objects in the room symbolize his emotional attachments to so many objects – the pram, the leather shoes, the old letters, the damaged tri-cycle, etc. By discarding these things he not only creates physical space in the room but also clears his mind from old attachments and memory that no longer exists. At the end of the play he goes on to announce that –

“...we nowadays carry with us unwanted and useless things – the life has become complicated – ... we keep ourselves busy carrying unwanted things...”

Saurav Kumar Chaliha's play *Ghoruwa Ghotona* reminds us of Samuel Beckett's play *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958). It is a monologue about an ageing man who recorded his voice into a tape recorder thirty years ago and listens to it in his old age. In Beckett's play the only other voice is the recorded voice. In Chaliha's play there is no other voice audible to the audience but the character talking over the telephone gives the audience the feeling of the presence of another character.

The temperament and frustration of Chaliha's play central character Ashok Borthakur brings before to our mind the face of the 'angry young man' of the post World War II, Jimmy porter in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* (1956). The description of the room in Chaliha's play resembles that of the one room

apartment of the Porter family. It also relates to the disillusionment and chaos that prevails in a metropolitan setting. The description of the room draws attention to the living conditions of its inhabitants, and the lack of space in the room points out how an individual is trapped in an urban setting. While in Osborne's play at the receiving end is the upper middle class, in Chaliha's play it is the landlord class.

“...the entire landlord class is the same. And Mr. Bhatt is also no different. He too is a landlord. Why would Mr. Bhatt care for the comfort and discomfort of us inmates?...”

But the play is not restricted to a critique of the landlord class or any class oppression. It further moves deeper into the psyche of the urban citizen and tries to focus on his/her consciousness. The play dramatizes among many other things the loneliness, confusion, frustration, hopelessness that crops up in the minds of an urban citizen who is surrounded by materialistic desires and is aloof from any emotional and spiritual peace. The play starts with the character in a chaotic state of mind and ends with the character coming out with a revelation that allowed him to regain emotional and spiritual stability.

Chaliha's play is based on a real life story as narrated by someone who had a habit of concocting stories. The story does not have a very rigid plot structure. Therefore the play allows ample space for improvisation. And the character playing the role need not have to follow strictly a written script. Apart from the language it is the character's actions that are important. By following the actions of the character one can trace the upheavals in his mind. Through his mutterings in the course of the whole play the confusion in the central character mind gets resolved leaving him enlightened and ready to live his life with a renewed zeal.

Paramananda Rajbongshi's play *Kamala Kunworir Sadhu* is a folk based play, which deals with contemporary issues. Rajbongshi attempts a revival of the diminishing and extinct dramatic forms through his compositions. He takes the ancient forms but the subject matter is very contemporary. Rajbongshi's play coincides with "the back-to-the-roots movement that peaked during the 1970's, when the metropolitan Indian directors rushed to stage plays affirming their connections with traditional performance...to ideologically reject the Western model of theatre accepted unquestionably by their predecessors."² This was the time when playwrights like Chandrasekhar Kambar, H. Kanhailal and Habib Tanvir also started to write plays using the folk form.

Although *Kamala Kunworir Sadhu* has been written using a folk form, but its subject matter and theme is contemporary. It points to the issue of women's subjugation and tries to pass on the message of women empowerment by urging the audience to break free of the present patriarchal system, which oppresses the women.

The play is about a poor girl Kamala who has lost both her parents at an early age and stays with her grandmother. She used to lead a happy and playful life singing and dancing with her friends. And one day the King of Darrang passes by the village where Kamala lived. On his first sight on Kamala he is enthralled by her beauty and decides to marry her and take her along to his kingdom. The king already had three queens but without a son to carry forward his generation. The life of Kamala turns into a hell after her marriage to the King of Darrang. The other queens conspire against her with the help of a lady who is the king's fortune teller. Though another lady tries to help Kamala but she is detached from her. But not before she succeeds in her plan to help Kamala conceive. But the Queen with the help of the fortune teller provokes the King to sacrifice Kamala to please the

² Lal, Ananda. *Twist in the Folktale*. New Delhi: Seagull books, 2004. pp vii.

water deity to overcome a severe water crisis in the kingdom. Kamala follows the King's decision and sacrifices her life.

The narrator-performer in the play is used to narrate the sad tale of Kamala. And it is through the narrator-performer that the theme is substantiated. It is the narrator-performer's narration of the folk tale that builds up the platform on which the playwright invokes the audience to break free from the clutches of patriarchal King's age old customs and rescue the likes of Kamala from their oppression. Towards the end of the play the playwright declares -

...

The patriarchal King's age-old custom

We will break and destroy

And we will rescue the innocent Queen Kamala

...

Come let us all stand united and break

The King's customs...

It is through the character of Kamala that the playwright points out the suppression of women under the patriarchal male dominated world. It is Kamala who sighs for the helplessness of her fellow women and goes on to plead before entering the pond dug by the people –

KAMALA: O! Disciples of this state – I am an ordinary woman... ..Knowing everything... ..I am willingly sacrificing my life by going into the pond that you have dug... ..It is true that for the welfare of the state and its people ordinary woman like me has been sacrificing from time immemorial. Now, stop sacrificing me into the ponds you dig.

The playwright is therefore successful in his attempt to revive the folk tradition at a time when others were writing plays following the Western model. He has not only revived the folk form but also modernized it and made it a vehicle for giving a useful social message. Somehow the play also inspires other playwrights to follow on his lines in resurrecting the ancient folk tradition.

After having a look at themes of the three plays let me talk about the translation strategy I employed in translating the three plays. I had to choose between the broad categories of 'domestication' and 'foreignization.' According to Venuti, the domesticating method is "an ethnocentric reduction of the foreign text to target language cultural values, bringing the author back home" (Venuti 1995:20). In other words 'domestication' is a method that brings the source text closer to the target culture. For Venuti, 'foreignization' can take a number of different forms. Close adherence to the source text is one, and retaining cultural markers is another (Venuti 1995:20). In other words, 'foreignization' is a method that takes the target readers close to the source culture. Foreignization has now become central to translation debates because of its potential to fertilize the native literary ground. Although this potential might seem destructive in terms of conventional traditions but it is hugely enriching in terms of creativity and can only come forth in translation.

Since there is almost a consensus in the present times about the need to maintain the foreign essence in form and content of the source-text, I too have tried to follow the same in carrying out the translations.

I have translated the plays keeping in mind the target readers/audience who belongs to a culture not familiar to the source culture. In order to communicate the source text to my target readers/audience I have used descriptions which would familiarize my target readers/audience to the source culture. Also wherever an

equivalent idea or concept was available in the target language it has been replaced by that without altering the source text. And wherever there were no equivalent idea or concept descriptions and necessary footnotes have been used to communicate. In bringing the source text closer to the target readers/audience the functionality of the target text has not been compromised. I tried to offer not just literal translation of the plays but also to keep the functional element intact. In other words, I have tried to familiarize the target readers with the source culture but also the source text has been tailored to fit into the target culture. (refer to Pavis's model of 'concretizations' in section 2)

After a brief look at the themes and subject matter of the plays and the use of various theatrical strategies used by the playwrights, I would like to move on to some practical aspects regarding the translation of the plays. Some of the limitations have also been highlighted in the course of the discussion that follows.

Some practical Aspects of the Translations:

In Arun Sarma's play 'Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya' the names of the characters have been kept unchanged. Also the mythological reference through the dialogues has also kept unaltered. This is a strategy of familiarizing the target audience with the source culture. The names of the characters are quite common and give us a feeling of ordinariness of the characters social status. The descriptions and the stage settings also remain more or less the same as in the source text. In translating the metaphors priority has been given to sense translation as against literal translation. Apart from that wherever there is a cultural marker is found adequate descriptions have been provided so as to make it meaningful to the target readers/audience. In other words, both readability and performability has been kept in mind while carrying out the translation. As far as the theme of the play is concerned the functionality has been given the utmost importance.

In Saurav Kumar Chaliha's play 'Ghoruwa Ghotona' the names of the character have been left unchanged. As in the former play the names of the characters are very ordinary giving a realistic touch to the play. The language in the source text is a bilingual (Assamese with a few English words) language. The language is urban and metropolitan suited to a man who is educated and lives in a city. Although in translation that bilingual language is lost. But using a monolingual language I have tried to give a feeling of urbanity through the structure of the language and the flow of the speech. But somehow the exact effect as in the source text is found missing in the target text. However this has given me an opportunity to ponder over the translation of bilingual texts. Somehow the spontaneity and the flavour of the source text are seen to diminish in the translated text. It was not possible for me to go much deeper into the intricacies of that due to the limited scope of this present study.

In Paramananda Rajbongshi's play 'Kamala Kunworir Sadhu' some of the names are significant to the context of the play. Take for example the title character Kamala which has been derived from the flower *Kamal* i.e. 'Lotus'. It is significant to note that lotus usually blossom in filthy waters but very beautiful in appearance. The same can be said of the title character of Rajbongshi's play Kamala. Kamala is a poor orphan girl born in a poor family. Within the play this resemblance has been pointed more than once.

...

GIRL 1: The lotus never blooms in the absence of the sun. It is the case with our friend.

...

GIRL 1: She is the lotus blossom in filth. She lost her parents in her childhood. Her grandmother with utmost care nurtured her. She is our dear friend. Her name is Kamala.

KING: Aah! What a beautiful name it is – Kamala. It could not have been anything else.

...

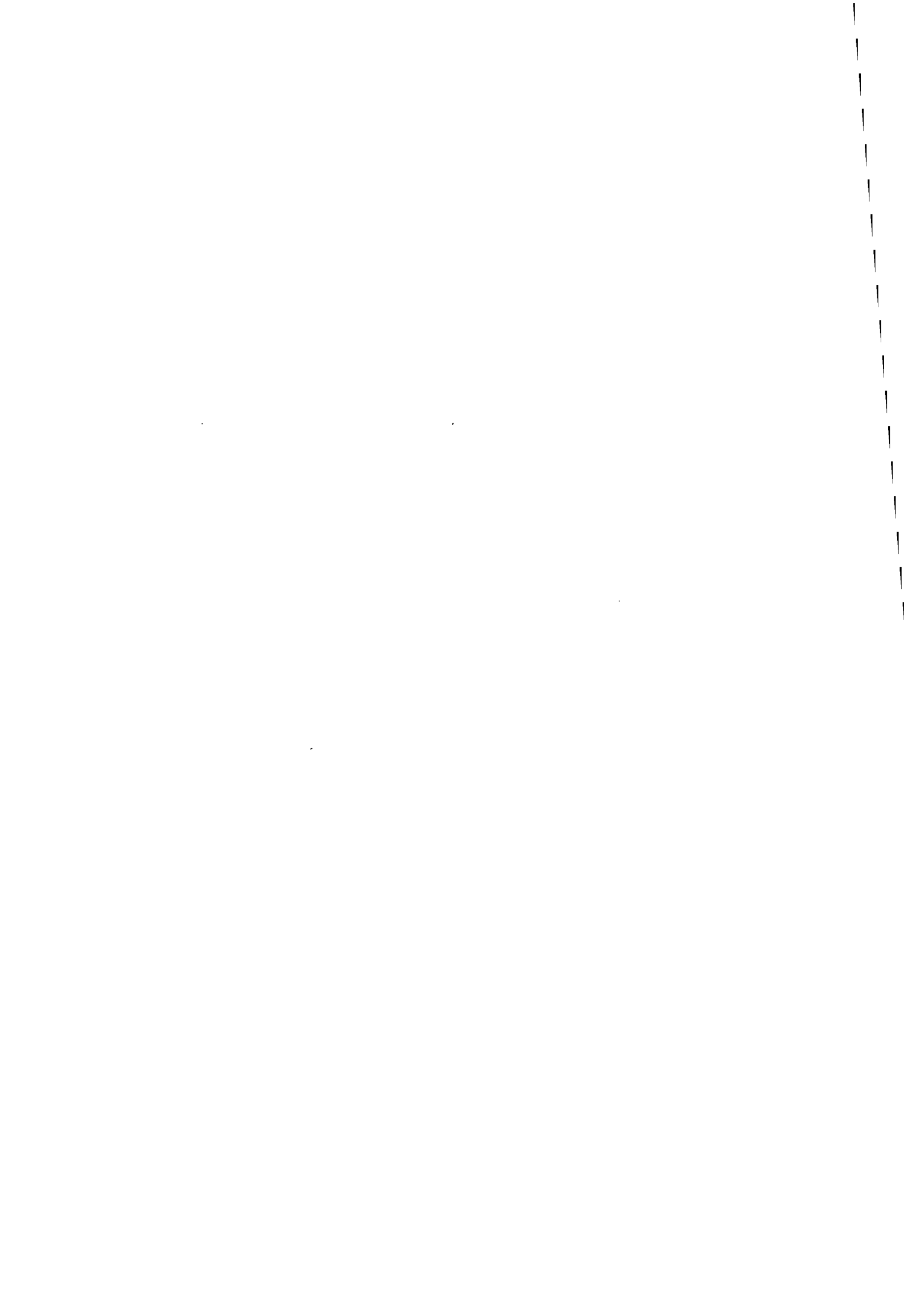
And when the King marries Kamala and takes her to his palace it is as if the lotus is transplanted from its filthy waters to fresh water where it could not fully blossom. And ultimately it has to be sacrificed in water at the end of the story. It seems that the playwright had chosen the name quite appropriately to suit to the characteristics of the flower. And that is why I have not changed the name. But in the translation the significance is lost as Kamala is reduced merely to a proper name without its significance as in the source text.

In some other case the name had to be changed. As for example, Mangalati and Chandika had to be changed as they appear in the source text. Mangalati is derived from the word 'mangal' that means 'good fortune,' whereas Chandika is derived from 'Chandika' an incarnation of the Hindu Goddess Durga symbolizing strength and fearlessness. The name Mangalati is used in an ironical sense as the character acts just opposite to the meaning of her name. But Chandika characterizes what her name means. She goes out and out to the rescue of the Queen Kamala and tries to empower her. She partially succeeds in her effort to do so. But for the target audience these names had to be replaced by Fortune teller in place of Mangalati and the Washerwomen in place of Chandika. The changes have been done to allow the target readers/audience to give an idea of their functionality in terms of their occupation and social status. Since, Mangalati and Chandika would not have any functionality in the translated text the change was somewhat unavoidable.

Some of these ideas may be seen in the actual translation that I have carried out in the next part of the dissertation.

Part II

A TRANSLATION OF THREE PLAYS



I.

“Shri Nabaron Bhattacharya” (1961)

A play by Arun Sharma

Characters:

NIBARON BHATTACHARYA – an old man

NANDINI – his daughter

DURGE – his son

UPEN – his son

DHIREN – his son

SUREN – his son

RAMESH – a young man

ROBIN – a young man

CART MAN –

Three young college girls –

Prologue:

(Front side of Nibaron Bhattacharya’s house. Three doors are visible. The first door is open and it leads to the main house. The second and third door leads to a room adjacent to the main house. Between the adjacent room and the main house lies a corridor. Both the doors of the adjacent room are closed. Above the second door is a broken glass ventilator. Near the door lies an old wooden chair. The third door is locked; a big old rusted iron lock is seen on it. A few steps to the front of the third door at an angle of sixty degrees lies an old empty charcoal drum. On the side of the drum, in the stage lies a narrow pathway.

When the curtain is raised Nandini is seen entering the stage. She is holding a few bulky books of English literature in her hands. She has returned home after the college classes. On entering the stage she removes her sunglasses. She stops by the second door and looks at the broken ventilator above it. She is about to knock at

the door but stops. After that she thoughtfully moves ahead to enter through the first door. As she is about to enter, Upen comes out of it holding a large bundle of movie posters in his hands.)

UPEN: Nandini, you are back.

NANDINI: You are still here Upen dada ('elder brother').

UPEN: I am already late. I was waiting for you to return.

NANDINI: Why what's up?

UPEN: I will return after the night show is over. I'll start the evening show then I will have to paste the posters of the new movie. Please keep my dinner.

NANDINI: You always have one thing or the other like this.

UPEN: What can I do? I have to follow my masters' orders. Lend me your goggles.

NANDINI: Why do you need ladies' goggles?

UPEN: Doesn't matter. I just need to strut. That's it.

NANDINI: Evening is approaching and the sun will set in no time.

UPEN: Give me, give me – the sun is still on the horizon. Just let me strut for a while.

(Nandini passes on the goggles to Upen. He puts on and is about to make a move when Nandini calls him from behind.)

NANDINI: Listen! Upen dada. I haven't told you the main thing.

UPEN: What's it?

NANDINI: Is there any good movie in the morning show tomorrow?

UPEN: Yes, would you like to go?

NANDINI: Definitely, I will. But I will not come alone. The principal madam and two of my colleagues will accompany me.

UPEN: It's not possible for me to get tickets for all of you. And whenever you people come I had to spend so much – buying you eatables, snacks, etc.

NANDINI: Don't be so mean.

UPEN: It's not just the professors that I have to cater to but the girls from your college too.

NANDINI: Aah! As if you don't like doing it.

UPEN: Forget it. Don't expect anything. (Turns to exit)

NANDINI: Upen dada – you must keep four seats for us.

UPEN: Ok. I will. But nowadays I check the tickets on the entrance to the upper class. (Steps to move out)

NANDINI: It seems you got a promotion Upen dada.

UPEN: Don't ridicule me, Nandini.

(While saying this Upen walks out. Nandini approaches the closed door at the centre of the stage and brings her ears close to it; she tries to hear something, waits for a while and then moves inside the house through the first door. Durge comes from outside. He is holding carpenter's instrument in his hands. Since he was doing carpentry his dress is filled with dirt and his face looks tired. A finger of his hand is bandaged with cloth. He enters looking towards the second door and the glass ventilator above it. As he approaches the first door he calls out – "Nandi" "Nandi" – and enters the house through the open door. After some time he comes out of the house leaving his instruments inside the house; a stool in his hand to sit outside the house. He unwraps the bandaged finger and calls Nandini.)

DURGE: Bring it Nandi. (Says to himself) I have been taken for a ride today.

(Nandini comes out with some cloth bandage and a bottle of iodine in her hand)

NANDINI: How did you cut your finger?

DURGE: It is not a cut. I was hammering a nail into a wooden plank, and I miss-hit the nail and I hurt my finger. My finger got crushed under the force of the hammer.

NANDINI: Aah! It might have hurt you a lot.

DURGE: If the hit from the hammer would cause pain how would I continue to do the job of a carpenter? O! Come on. Let's pour some iodine over the wounded finger.

(Nandini pours iodine on the finger and bandages it well)

NANDINI: O! I remember something very important.

DURGE: And What's that?

NANDINI: Have you seen the ceiling of the stage recently?

DURGE: No. I haven't seen it nor do I remember when I climbed on it the last time.

NANDINI: The wooden planks have rotten and the ceiling might collapse any time.

DURGE: Is it so?

NANDINI: You must replace those rotten wooden planks as early as possible. You know.

DURGE: Let those rotten woods remain at the top. What's the need for its replacement? That is just a place for amusement. God knows why our grandfather built such a building. Now our father has made good use of it. Now I don't have time to replace those rotten woods.

NANDINI: You are such a fool. If you don't do the replacement one day the ceiling will fall over our head.

DURGE: What a fool I am. Nothing gets into my head easily. That's why after ten years of carpentry I have injured my finger whiling fixing a nail. I have to do something about it.

NANDINI: You have to do it very soon.

DURGE: What do you mean by soon? I am taking up the work of another house. I can only spare time after I complete that work.

NANDINI: No way. Father has completed writing his new play today. And probably by next week the rehearsal for that play will start.

DURGE: Is it so. O! Not again. We will be taken for a ride for two days.

(Saying this Durge goes inside the house through the first door and comes out with an old towel, a soap and a bucket. He walks in through the corridor in-between. After a while Nandini comes out with a cup of tea in her hand and halts in front of the second door and knocks on the door. She waits for a few seconds and raises her hand to knock again, but decides against it. She returns to the first door with the cup of tea in her hand and looking through towards the corridor give a call to Durge.)

NANDINI: Durge dada. Have you freshened up?

DURGE: (From the corridor) Yes, I am almost done with it.

(As Nandini was about to go inside, Suren comes in. Suren's hands and clothes were soiled with grease and oil. He was holding some instruments used in repairing a cycle. Nandini addresses Suren on his appearance.)

NANDINI: Suren dada. How come you are here? Have you closed your shop?

SUREN: Yes, I have shut down my shop a bit early today. Actually I had to deliver a couple of cycles this evening and I have not been able to finish the repairing. The owners will be coming and will shout at me after finding that the work is not done. I am fed up of hearing people shout at me. That is why I have shut^{down} the shop early today.

NANDINI: You have got rid of it today. What about tomorrow? Then you have to face the double ire.

SUREN: (Suddenly realizing the fact) You are right, tomorrow I'll have to face them. They won't spare me then. I am thinking of shutting down the shop forever and starting a new business.

NANDINI: What number of business is your cycle repair shop?

SUREN: It's my seventh business. Now, will you give me a cup of tea.

NANDINI: (Holding a cup of tea) This one is for Durge dada. You go and wash your hands and feet. I will serve you another.

(Nandini and Durge go inside. After sometime Suren comes out stripped off his shirt, wearing only his vest and leaving the instruments he was holding in his hands. As he is about to move towards the corridor Durge comes out that way with a towel, a soap and a bucket in his hands. Suren asks for the bucket, soap and towel from Durge and taking them passes through the corridor. Durge enters through the first door.

The stage remains empty and silent for some time. The silence breaks with the sound of a tin box and a wooden trunk falling. The sound was coming from the special room. Some other sounds are heard and then silence prevails again. Now

the sound of the opening of the tower-bolt of the second door is heard. Slowly the door opens. A heap of old and unused things scaling half the height of the door is seen just at the entrance. A face is visible inside the room through the top of that heap. The face is that of Nibaron Bhattacharya. He comes out through that door by climbing and jumping from above the heap of things. After that he closes the door from outside and dragging a chair placed nearby he stands on it and through the broken ventilator he inserts his hand and raises the tower-bolt to lock the door. Then he gets down from the chair and moves towards the first door and looks inside once. After that he comes towards the pathway and sits on the old tin containing coal-tar. He keeps on looking towards the pathway. On his hand is a thick exercise book. Suddenly he stands up. He shouts at Ramesh (backstage) passing with his friend by that pathway.)

NIBARON: Is it Ramesh. Why are you showing your back to me? Ramesh I have spotted you.

(He goes out calling after him. Brings back Ramesh and his friend by holding their hands. Enters the stage talking to them.)

NIBARON: Ramesh. Why where you about to go back just after you had seen me on your way?

RAMESH: No, I mean. Kokaideu we had forgotten something. And that is why we were returning back. We did not notice you Kokaideu.

NIBARON: It is just like waking up a man who is already awake. How will you take heed of me?

RAMESH: No, I mean –

NIBARON: I mean you might have thought that just like the abandoned and damaged coal tar drum lying on the pathway, Nibaron Bhattacharya is too indifferent to it and an intricate part of it. Your thought is quite legitimate since the colour of the coal tar and my skin is same. But after all I am a living being. You cannot overlook me just like that.

RAMESH: (sadly) Nibaron Kokaideu. How can you say like that to me?

NIBARON: (with the pleasure of revealing a truth) Then I am capable of saying something. Yes, I can say something to you? Nowadays I am able to say things to others, you understand. And that's the beginning.

RAMESH: That's the beginning of what? Kokaideu

NIBARON: Hope, Prosperity and Progress. Leave that for the time being. Come let's sit for some time. Ramesh you have come here so many times but you have not seen my living room. Come I will take you to my living room and make you sit there.

RAMESH: (modestly) Not today Kokaideu.

NIBARON: Come, no need to make excuses. From tomorrow onwards I will be extremely busy, working on my next play. I don't have any work today. Come let's talk for some time in my living room. My new play is ----

RAMESH: Sorry Kokaideu, we have an engagement today.

NIBARON: Cancel your engagement. Press conference?

RAMESH: No.

NIBARON: Cinema?

RAMESH: No. It is not cinema either.

NIBARON: Then what?

RAMESH: (pointing to Robin) He has some work.

NIBARON: (as if not seeing Robin so far and suddenly noticing him) Who is he?

RAMESH: He is Robin Duwara. He is the new reporter of our newspaper who is working in our Shillong office. He is a good friend of mine. (Introducing him) And meet him he is ---

NIBARON: Sri Nibaron Bhattacharya. I don't have any other thing to say about me at this point of time. I am a man born untimely. I should have born at least fifty years later. Then only my complete introduction would have been possibly given and also easier for you to understand. Anyway, nice to meet you. Come Ramesh. Come Ramen.

RAMESH: It's not Ramen its Robin. Robin Duwara.

NIBARON: O! Robin. Come let's go in and sit. Come Ramesh.

RAMESH: Ok. Let's go in.

(Nibaron goes near the second door. Ramesh tries to follow him. But Robin stops him by pulling his shirt from behind and signaling him. Ramesh looks at Robin and shows his helplessness)

NIBARON: (standing close to the second door) This is my room, my study room, my laboratory, my bedroom, my sitting room, my heaven, and my hell. Stop here.

ROBIN: Then how will you enter inside? Isn't there any other way to enter the room? (Robin looks towards the first door)

NIBARON: That way (Pointing towards the first door) through that other room one can enter the house where Nandini and the others stay. (Pointing towards the third door) That is another door, which connects my room with the rest of the house. There is a big lock hanging in front of it. Once that was the real door to this room. But one day the key was rusted and broken. And from then on I stopped entering from that door. Now I enter from this door, which I open by climbing on this broken chair and opening the door by putting my hand inside through the broken glass of the ventilator. Ha! Ha! Ha! Now, look I will give a practical demonstration of what I had just said.

(Nibaron prepares to climb on the chair)

RAMESH: Oops! Careful, the chair is broken. You may fall somehow. (Tries to hold the chair)

NIBARON: No. No. You need not hold the chair. Look, how I jump to climb on it. (Jumps on it) The chair may look broken but there are some nails put on some strategic joints which is helping the chair to be firm on its feet. (Through the broken glass of the ventilator he puts his hands inside and tries to open the door)

RAMESH: Careful. The glass might cut your hand.

NIBARON: Don't worry, it won't. I have been doing this for so long.

(After doing that he gets down from the chair and open the door)

Look how¹ open the door. Now, wait and watch how I cross these rubbles.

Let me first cross and then –

RAMESH: Kokaideu, how will we enter through this door, this pile of rubbles blocks the doorway. Tins, boxes, screen cloths, rugs, logs etc. are lying in front of the door blocking it altogether. How can we cross this and enter the room.

NIBARON: I enter the room at least ten times by climbing over this huge pile of rubbles. These are the materials of my theatre's settings. Now look how I climb across it – you follow after me.

(Nibaron climbs over the pile of rubbles at the doorway and enters the room and gets out of sight)

RAMESH: (to Robin) the old man has crawled over this and reached the other side.

Now what do we do?

ROBIN: What kind of a person is he?

RAMESH: He is a strange person. I met him once in our press. He is a theatre person. Now he will read out his plays for at least two hours.

ROBIN: O! How dreadful. It's now time for Kuntala to come.

RAMESH: You are a fool. The pathway is not the appropriate place to meet your beloved when there are so many options in hand like the restaurant, coffee house, park, etc.

ROBIN: Let's run away from before it's too late.

NIBARON: (from inside the room) Ramesh, come inside as I climbed over the rubbles.

RAMESH: How can you get away now? The person will feel bad.

ROBIN: You go in. I won't.

NIBARON: (from inside) Hey! Ramesh come and ask your friend also to come.

ROBIN: Let me move out of this, else I won't meet Kuntala.

RAMESH: Without me if you can say that thing on your own to Kuntala, you may go.

ROBIN: That is why I can't go.

NIBARON: (from inside) Hey! Ramesh are you still there or gone.

RAMESH: (in a loud voice) No, Kokaideu, we have not left. We have started to climb. (in a soft voice) Come, Robin, we will do something and make an early exit. (Ramesh climbs on top of the pile of rubbles. Robin looks at his wristwatch and turns to the pathway....

SUREN: It seems he managed to get someone in his room today.

DHIREN: I have seen from the entrance two gentlemen entering. One of them resembled Ramesh Barua. The other one I failed to identify.

(Durge comes out through the first door and joins Suren and Dhiren)

DURGE: (As soon as he comes out) What happened Suren?

SUREN: The old man has two guests to talk to.

DHIREN: Not any talk but its father's rhetoric.

SUREN: I pity those poor souls.

DURGE: The old man has managed to trap someone today. Is it someone new falling in his trap? I wonder who he is.

DHIREN: It seems Ramesh Barua and a friend of him.

DURGE: Ramesh Barua. He is definitely trapped today. Father has just finished writing the script for his new play today.

DHIREN: Is it so? Then he will not spare them for at least two hours.

SUREN: Then surely we have something to cheer about.

DURGE: Let's wait and see what comes out. It would be fun seeing them fall as they come out of the room.

(They wait outside the doorway to see Ramesh and his friend fall as they climb the pile of rubbles stalked at the doorway. Nandini makes an appearance)

NANDINI: Durge dada. What is going on here?

DURGE: (Pointing towards the second door) Look father has got Ramesh Barua in his room.

NANDINI: What?

DURGE: The opening of the door and the rhetoric inside.

NANDINI: Who else is inside his room?

DURGE: He thinks it is Ramesh Barua.

NANDINI: Ramesh Barua!

SUREN: We are just waiting to see what happens next.

NANDINI: (in a deep and angry manner) Durge dada – Will you people leave this place at once?

DURGE: O! You want us to miss the fun.

NANDINI: I say you people just move inside. Nobody should wait here.

(They stare at each other's faces)

Don't you feel bad drawing pleasure from such an incident?

DURGE: O! We did not intend to - (Realize their fault)

SUREN: Never?

NANDINI: (looking towards the second door) I don't know what fathers are up to? I have said to him many a time not to take people to his room and trouble them. What will Barua think?

DURGE: I agree with you Nandini. Father is doing injustice to the people.

NANDINI: Come inside. Dhiren dada you are back. Now go and freshen yourself. I will fetch tea for all of you.

(Everyone is about to move in)

DURGE: (As they are about to go in) I will do something today?

NANDINI: What will you do?

DURGE: I won't disclose it now. But today I will settle this out.

(Durge passes a sharp look towards the third door and the lock hanging on it and moves inside the house. Dhiren picks up the bucket and towel and passes through

the corridor. Nandini and Suren enter through the first door. The stage is empty. Nibaron's voice is heard from the second door. Nibaron's words are audible.)

NIBARON: I think you don't have much time today. Come – I will escort you to the gate. Come, come ---

(Soon Nibaron climbs the pile of unused things at the doorway and comes out without making any effort. He was holding a notebook, which had the script of his play. Following him one after another Ramesh and Robin tumbles and falls with their face hitting the ground in trying to cross the huge pile of rubbles at the doorway. As soon as Ramesh comes –)

NIBARON: Be careful. Else you may fall.

(Ramesh falls on the ground. Stands up and cleans the dust from his clothes. After that Robin too falls on the ground)

NIBARON: Careful. Slow, slowly Robin. I don't mind you falling. But don't break my property.

(After Robin regained his balance he cleans the dust in his clothes)

What happened to you?

ROBIN: Is there any insect scrawling on those unused things on the doorway? It seems my skin is itching.

NIBARON: Insect! Heh! Heh! Do you think there can be any insect as long as I am present here? Of course there are ample spider webs. All the spiders are domesticated, so no need to fear. The spider webs are each one of their small forests. They hunt there, kill lives in order lead their lives and reproduce their progeny. I have never heard of the implementation of any birth control laws in their society. They have an open society, which I really admire. As if I am an ancient being, transported back in times to the Neolithic age. And from there as if I look over the massive hills and mountains of the present times to the future – that infinite and never ending sky.

(Suddenly noticing Robin standing near the coal-tar and looking outside)

Hey! What's up – What was your name – Robin. Yes, Robin why are you moving away towards the pathway.

ROBIN: No. There is a cool breeze blowing across here.

NIBARON: Aah! a cool breeze. Ok, ok. I haven't read out the script of my new play.

In the last scene –

RAMESH: Kokaideu. Not today –

NIBARON: No, No. I am not trying to read it out to you. You will see it yourself in the performance. I am just trying to say that unlike my other plays I will not leave anything unsaid. Each time before the last scene starts the play has to be called off. Nobody stays till the end. You were there on the performance of the last one in which the setting was on the waters of the river Brahmaputra.

RAMESH: Yes. I had been to it.

ROBIN: (with sudden interest moves close to Nibaron) On the waters of Brahmaputra?

(Soon he loses interest in the last section of Nibaron's long speech, and goes back to where he was standing and patiently looks outside. Ramesh continues to listen to Nibaron attentively.)

NIBARON: (Gets excited by Robin's intervention) O! The waters of the river Brahmaputra. I mean the stage was amidst the waters, and the audience seated on the banks of the river. The stage was designed like a harbour. It was surrounded by water and sky from all sides. The moon came out of the waters – the real moon. The starting of the performance had to wait for that moment. The sound of a boat from far in the waters approaching the harbour is heard. Then it is seen that the boat reaches the harbour. A single passenger is seen on the boat. He was wearing the dress of a huntsman – bow and arrow in one of his arm, a rifle in his hand, Fishing instrument and a kit bag hanging over his shoulders. He was wearing a leather jacket and old black breeches. He lands on the harbour. He stands by a tree without

any leaves on the bank and looks at the moon on the water. – He looks at the distant water mass and the sky above. Time passes on. Slowly he brings back his sight and looks at a nearby tree – A flock of birds is seen to descend on the tree. He picks up his rifle and aims shoots in the air – one of the birds falls to the ground. Slowly the person approaches towards the audience. Addressing the audience he starts to speak – Esteemed friends- my name is Nibaron Bhattacharya – the playwright and director of today’s play. Ideas fly in the sky like birds. They can be killed. I tried to catch an idea that flew like a bird. I thought that after catching it I would incite a sweet wave on its throat...so that it would sound infinitely melodious ... I thought to create in its voice an appreciation for beauty ... But I failed to incite neither a sweet melody nor an appreciation for beauty in its throat. Rather I might have killed that bird. And this is the bird that I have killed. Soon after this was said the sound of a flute playing a sad tune is heard coming from the middle of the river. The huntsman picks up the dead bird on his hands and walks into the river and boards the boat. The boat moves away from the harbour and soon the huntsman disappears from the sight. The sound of the flute is heard more distinctly. As if someone is playing the flute on a boat, which is approaching the harbour - Comes nearer and nearer – the second character in the play ...

ROBIN: (suddenly gets excited) Look! Ramesh is gone.

RAMESH: (breaks the silence) Yes.

NIBARON: Yes. Gone. What gone – Who is gone – Where gone? (Immediately looks at the pathway)

ROBIN: (Suddenly changes the tone of his voice and looking towards the wall) Oh! No. Look a big spider just passed this way.

NIBARON: O! A spider. Ho! Ho! No need to fear. The spider in my house doesn’t bite any humans. So, what was I saying Ramesh –

RAMESH: (impatiently) I had been to the performance.

NIBARON: But did you wait till the end?

RAMESH: Actually, I could not wait till the end.

NIBARON: That's it. Nobody waited till the end. Untill now I have performed in twelve plays. And in each of them there had been scarcely any audience. Whosoever comes, leaves in the middle of the performance. But this time –

RAMESH: When will be the screening of your new play?

NIBARON: Exactly after one month from today. That day I will be celebrating my sixtieth birthday. I will start the rehearsal from today.

RAMESH: So, this performance will be to celebrate your birth anniversary.

NIBARON: Yes. It's on the occasion of my birthday, my sixtieth birthday.

RAMESH: Who all will be performing this time?

ROBIN: (from a distance) Ramesh?

NIBARON: (paying attention to Robin's call) Who else will come in to perform in my theatre? My four sons and one daughter will be the only ones.

ROBIN: Your son and daughter!

NIBARON: Ramesh! What does your friend think of me? That – I have disowned my household, children and everything to be a famous artist. Huh! But I haven't discarded anything except my wife. I have not discarded her. It is she who have moved out of my life leaving a void in her place – and that void has completely occupied my heart.

(Durge peeps through the second door to see what Nibaroon and others are doing. He continues to peep from time to time)

ROBIN: But! Where do your children stay?

NIBARON: Initially we all stayed together in that old house which is on the other side of the pathway. But now I have made converted it into my theatre hall and shifted here. They all stay here – over there. I don't have any worries about them. Each of them is independent. Among the sons – one of them is a tailor, one is a carpenter, and one a cycle mechanic and one is a gatekeeper in the cinema hall. And last year my daughter has passed her

M.A. in English with a first class and presently working as a lecturer in the college. She has to give one month's salary to my theatre. Wait! I will introduce you to my daughter – Nandini! O! Nandini (goes inside)

ROBIN: Let's leave for today.

NIBARON: Just wait for a minute. Nandini –

(Nandini comes out)

NIBARON: Nandini, meet these people. Ramesh, he is like a family member to us.

And there standing near the pathway enjoying the breeze – He is – (looking at Ramesh's eyes)

RAMESH: Robin.

NIBARON: Robin Bhuyan.

RAMESH: Robin Duwara.

NIBARON: Robin Duwara.

NANDINI: Barua – Why are you standing outside?

ROBIN: Ramesh.

RAMESH: We will not come in today. I have some important work today. We will come some other time. (to Nibarón) Kokaideu, we are leaving now.

NIBARON: Wait. I did not say the most important thing.

ROBIN: Again.

RAMESH: What is it?

NIBARON: This time people have to admire my theatre. Whether the people like it or not, I am going to say before the performance whatever I have to say. In the first half an hour I will read out a long preface. That will be all about me – my long autobiography. This time I will tell about myself to the common people, social workers, critics, poets, litterateurs, and intellectuals. They must listen to my speech. This time they must –

RAMESH: Kokaideu – We are leaving now.

NIBARON: Ramesh, one more thing I am thinking. This time everybody in my theatre would be invited guests. I will visit nearly about two hundred or

three hundred people's house and give invitation to them – to watch my performance. This time you just wait and watch – at least these many people would surely watch my performance.

RAMESH: We are leaving.

NIBARON: O! Listen – Both of you must come too. And Ramesh you must also help me. Especially in the publicity you must be there – as you are a media person.

RAMESH: That's Ok! Kokaideu.

(Durge stealthily looks through the second door and hides himself)

NIBARON: I will talk to you later. (Suddenly sees someone on the pathway) Robin, just a few moments before you had seen a spider pass away in my house. At that same moment the real spider in your life also passed through the pathway. That event could not escape my eyes. Sorry for wasting your precious time. Now that same spider has just returned through the pathway. Go ahead Robin. Quick march – quick march – one, two –

NANDINI: (in anger) Father! Will you please keep your mouth shut?

ROBIN: (laughing) Ramesh, I am leaving.

(Robin goes out. Durge again peeps through the second door)

RAMESH: Ok! Kokaideu – We are leaving.

(Goes out)

NIBARON: Ho! Ho! Ho! Go now, but I will talk to you soon about the theatre.

NANDINI: Father! I have something to talk to you. Wait let me bring you a cup of tea for you.

(Nandini exits. Nibaron stops and looking at the notebook in hand moves one or two steps towards the second door. Suddenly recollecting something turns back and moves out calling Ramesh)

NIBARON: O! Ramesh – Ramesh – Wait – Wait a moment. Listen Ramesh (moves out)

RAMESH: (shouts from a distance outside) Leave it now Kokaideu.

NIBARON: (outside) Just a moment Ramesh – Ramesh – the important thing is that

–

(The stage is empty for a few seconds. Taking advantage of the Nibaron's absence, Durge comes out with a hammer and a wooden plank in his hands. Suren comes following him – Dhiren also comes – all of them in a hurry.)

DURGE: Today I will do something.

SUREN: Yes. Definitely.

(Durge closes the second door with a thud – in the middle of the door places the wooden plank horizontally)

DURGE: O! This will serve the purpose. I will nail here and close this door. Come hold it – (passes the wooden plank and the nails to Suren – Suren passes it to Dhiren) and this lock.

(Moves towards the big rusted lock hanging over the second door – prepares to break the lock with the help of the hammer)

DURGE: Come on!

SUREN: Break! Break it all over.

(Durge gives a blow on the lock with the hammer. At that moment Nandini comes out with a cup of tea in her hand. Suren and Dhiren also comes following her – all of them gets involved)

DURGE: I will do something today.

SUREN: Yes. Definitely.

(Durge closes the second door with a thud – in the middle of the door places the wooden plank horizontally)

DURGE: O! This will serve the purpose. I will nail here and close this door. Come hold it – (passes the wooden plank and the nails to Suren – Suren passes it to Dhiren) and this lock.

(Moves towards the big rusted lock hanging over the second door – prepares to break the lock with the help of the hammer)

DURGE: Come on!

SUREN: Break! Break it all over.

(Durge gives a blow on the lock with the hammer. At that moment Nandini comes out with a cup of tea in her hand.)

NANDINI: Dada. What are you doing?

DURGE: I will break the lock and open this door. And I will close that door by putting a wooden plank and nailing it. (Gives another blow on the lock)

NANDINI: Dada. Don't break that lock. Did you hear that –

(Durge stops again. Immediately Nibaron comes in shouting.)

NIBARON: Who is that? What are you doing? You – you scoundrels -

DURGE: Father! We are not going to listen to you today. We will break the lock and open this door today. You use this door to go in and out of your room.

NIBARON: You scoundrels! How dare you say that? Leave at once from here – You useless fellows. You advise me to enter through that door – You fool. Don't you see that the door is rusted? That door is closed. And that lock is rusted. You stick to only one thing. I will give you all a beating and bend your backs.

NANDINI: (in a serious and stringent manner) Father – Why are you shouting at them?

NIBARON: Because they have done something wrong. Why have they touched that rusted door?

NANDINI: They don't understand. They have been seeing how everyday you have to enter your room by making so much effort. (Pointing to the second door)

NIBARON: I don't face any difficulty! For me this is the easy and convenient door. (Pointing to the second door)

NANDINI: For you it may be convenient – For you it may be easy. But not for others. And I have been telling you many times not to forcefully take others to enter your room through that door. Why do you insult other people?

NIBARON: (Pointing to the second door) Nandini. Everyone has to enter through this door. – Those who know how – they can enter. Give – me the cup of tea.

NANDINI: This cup is cold. I will bring a hot one for you.

NIBARON: That cup is all right for me. (Sits on the drum holding the cup of tea) Nandini – now let us all go to the stage. I will read my play there. You scoundrels – come to the stage. Scoundrels! Where have you gone – Durge! Suren! Dhiren! Come – let's go to the stage.

The End of Prologue

Scene I

(At Nibarun Bhattacharya's Theatre Hall – on the stage. On one side of the stage is an old wooden staircase, which leads you to the terrace of the Hall. On another side is a path, which through which one can enter from the hall. There is another path, which leads to the green room. As the curtain is raised Nandini is seen sitting on a box and preparing herself for playing a role and looking at the dialogues. On one side Ramesh is seen sitting on a stool and holding the script of the play and looking at the dialogues. Ramesh is prompting the dialogues to Nandini)

NANDINI: ...Come Aniruddha! Follow me and keep coming. Let me take you to the top of those beautiful mountains. Aniruddha – Can you see those beautiful mountains? A blue coloured mountain on whose top some Gulmohar trees or some other tree on which red flowers blown all throughout the year. And behind those red flowers lies a mansion with a dome made of red coloured glass reaching – towering to reach the sky. A red coloured mansion in the mountain full with red coloured flowers. People say that on that mansion a lady lives – and that lady is still invisible and undiscovered. The stories of many men climbing the heights of that mountain in search of that invisible and mysterious lady have become a part

of history. Many educationists, artists, litterateur, philosopher, politician, explorers and many small and big personalities have been attracted to the mountain by the beauty of that lady. But till now nobody has succeeded in meeting her. Aniruddha! You too have to go today – to the top of that mountain. Because it is only you who can have a glimpse of – what the people on the lowland think - that those are not red flowers of Gulmohar – but a big fire covering the mountain top – a volcano. And amidst that fire is not a red glass mansion – but an inhuman prison house. And inside it there is no beautiful, modern and young princess but a simple living primitive lady. Aniruddha! The possessor of light! Your beam of light will unravel the way –

(Suddenly Nibaron’s voice is heard outside – “Halt! Halt!” Nandini and Ramesh stop the rehearsal and looks to the direction from which Nibaron has come. Nandini goes ahead)

NANDINI: Father has come.

RAMESH: (looks outside) He has come riding on a horse. I wonder where had he got that horse.

NANDINI: Is there any end to his imagination. He cannot resist after seeing a horse.

(Outside Nibaron comes riding on a horse – “Halt! Halt! This is a real fast horse”)

NIBARON: (comes in) Nandini – Nandini – O! (Sees Ramesh) Ramesh – You too have come – Ok! Good. I have some important thing to discuss with you.

NANDINI: Father! Why have you come riding a horse – Whose horse is this?

NIBARON: I got a real fast horse. Durge and others are loading chairs on the a few carts. I requested one of the cart drivers to lend me his horse as they load on the chairs on to the cart. What are you doing Nandini?

NANDINI: I am reading out a long dialogue by Dipali in the second scene of the play to Ramesh. Father! We could have brought the chairs later.

NIBARON: No! Only one week is left for the theatre. It is not good to leave everything for the final day. One more thing Nandini –

NANDINI: What?

NIBARON: I have asked them to get two hundred extra chairs. There would be five hundred people in total.

NANDINI: Why? You had told us about three hundred and how come it increased by two hundred more.

NIBARON: At first I had invited actors, playwrights, poets, journalists and educationalists. But yesterday I had also invited some businessmen and political leaders too. Including them the list of guests has increased to five hundred. I have been to each of them at least twice on an average. You know Nandini once you said that this big hall would look empty with two to three hundred people in it. Now that it will have five hundred. The hall will be full to its capacity. The congregation of people under its roof and having the capability to appreciate such intellectual and artistic work would really create a great occasion. Each of their eyes would brighten up in anticipation. They would be very careful and conscious about not missing a single word of the performance. There would be pin drop silence. And at the right moment the curtain will be lifted with the ringing of the bell – I will be standing in front of the microphone and start reciting the preface of the play which I had written – just as ice cubes falls the words will flow one after another from my throat.

NANDINI: Father! Give me the script of the preface. I will copy it down in good handwriting.

NIBARON: O! You have rightly reminded me of that. I have brought that in my pocket. Take it – Take it – Wait! Let me once read the beginning – Listen! (Takes out some papers from his pocket and starts to read) A hearty welcome to all my invited guests – Fifty-nine years ago one fine day a child was born on this day. And after fifty-nine years after its birth today one child is created. The child who was born that day is created today. His name is Nibaron Bhattacharya. And that same Nibaron Bhattacharya is

standing in front of you and humbly addressing you. I am going to present before you the script of a long story of Fifty-nine years - from the day of my birth to the creation of me –

NANDINI: Father! Stop it here for now.

NIBARON: O! Let me stop here – Nandini! I am thinking of one thing.

NANDINI: What is that?

NIBARON: I must print the preface of the play and distribute it to the audience along with the program.

RAMESH: Yes. Kokaideu! That can be done.

NIBARON: O! Ramesh you are here. I forgot you were here. Why are you sitting at the back? Ok! Tell me Ramesh! How is my idea of printing out the preface?

RAMESH: Definitely it is a good idea. I can get it printed from my press. And that too at a low cost.

NIBARON: The cost doesn't matter. Whatever cost comes I will bear. Beautifully in good quality paper – what will be the colour of the paper?

NIBARON: Think about it. As the content of the preface the colour of the paper should also signify some thought.

RAMESH: Light blue.

NANDINI: Light pink.

NIBARON: (thinks) Ok! Ok! How will it be? Bright orange coloured paper with the writing in deep red colour – What do you think?

RAMESH: Nandini! It will be great.

NIBARON: It will be great! Isn't it? Or if the colour of the paper would be of three or four colour and accordingly the writing would also be in three or four colour. Like white, yellow, orange, red, violet, and black – the paper would be of these six colours and the letters would also be of six colours.

RAMESH: It will be – (suspiciously)

NANDINI: Good! It will be good like that. Various coloured paper and various coloured print.

NIBARON: Not just any colour but the six colours that I have told.

RAMESH: It will be very beautiful.

NIBARON: It will be beautiful. Isn't it? (Thinks again) Oh! No! – No! – I think the paper should be of pink colour. That would be a colour between orange colour and the colour of blood. The letters on it will be of green colour. How will that be? Tell me!

NANDINI: It will be great! Father.

RAMESH: Yes. That will also be good.

NIBARON: Really would that be good. Ok! Than that is final. That is your work then. Print more than five hundred copies of it. Whatever be the cost, please take it from Nandini. Don't hesitate to take it from Nandini. She is my good daughter – she is my dear daughter.

(Holds her closer to him and gives a hug)

NANDINI: (looks outside) There come Durge dada. He has brought the chairs. Now those chairs need to be stacked on the verandah at the back of the green room. Those would be placed inside the hall after it is cleaned.

NIBARON: You are right. Quite right. First the hall needs to be cleaned and then only the chairs should be placed. The hall should be nicely decorated. Incense sticks should be lighted to keep the hall fragrant. So many people will visit. And all of them are my invited guests. You are right. O! Durge – Suren, bring those chairs this way (waits and then goes out). O! You fool! Durge! Why are you taking the carriage that way? You Fools! Bring the chairs from this side and stack them on the verandah of the green room.

RAMESH: (looks at Nandini) I am leaving.

NANDINI: Please stay back and sit for a while.

NIBARON: No, Nandini! We don't have time to sit back and talk. Ramesh, by tomorrow you must get the news of my performance published in all the newspaper circulated in the town. Keep that in mind – The responsibility of the publicity is completely yours. (Durge and the porters continue to bring

the chairs inside and stacking them) I am relying very much on the publicity - since all of my invited audiences should read about Sri Nibarón Bhattacharya's exclusive performance on the occasion of his sixtieth birth anniversary in the newspaper every morning and reminded that they are invited to watch it.

RAMESH: I will definitely publicize it appropriately through the newspapers – but you too have informed them all. You had intimated them by going to each of them personally.

NIBARÓN: I have gone at least twice to each one of them to invite. All the invited guests have assured me of their visit. This time I will present before all a performance that will leave a mark on everyone's mind. The invited guests are eagerly waiting for the day to come when they will flock here as soon as the sun goes down at around six o'clock and hear to what I would say. All of you must stand by me in carrying out such a heavy responsibility.

RAMESH: Do tell me! What else I have to do.

NIBARÓN: Nandini! What work should I designate him on the day of the theatre?

NANDINI: Let him be inside the Hall – looking after the guests and helping them take their seats.

NIBARÓN: You are right! There should be a responsible man inside the hall. Let him be there. Ramesh! You be there to assist the guests in taking their respective seats. The decoration in the hall, the well being of the guests will all be your responsibility. And also the publicity and the printing of the prologue – all these will be your responsibility.

RAMESH: Ok! Kokaideu! Is that all I have to do?

NIBARÓN: All of these are the most responsible work. To welcome my five hundred guests and assisting them to take their seat inside the hall is an important work. Aah! I am relieved after assigning you this work. You may leave now. Can he may leave now, Nandini.

NANDINI: How do I know? (Looking at Ramesh)

NIBARON: What? Go. Go. Ramesh you leave for now. Will you be able to come in the evening? The rehearsal for the play is going on in full swing these days.

RAMESH: Ok! I will try. I take leave now. (Leaves – looks at Nandini before making an exit. Durge and others along with the porters continue to bring in the chairs)

NIBARON: (goes to the corner of the stage) Nandini! Look I will stand here and holding the microphone – so that I am close to the wings where a oil-portrait of me will be placed and decorated with flowers. Nandini! It will be your responsibility to decorate it. I will stand here behind the microphone and look at my audience – five hundred people seated on those chairs. Five hundred bright faces waiting in anticipation. There would be a grim situation in this large theatre hall. The audience buzzing around inside the hall. (While carrying one of the chairs by Durge all of a sudden the arms of the chair breaks off and falls on the ground. Nibarun looks that way)

NIBARON: You Fool! Why are you bringing these broken chairs? You will make the guests sit on these broken chairs. Didn't you get good chairs?

NANDINI: All right, father! You need not worry about everything?

NIBARON: Nothing works without my concern.

(Upen comes in)

UPEN: Nandini! I told you that for fitting the lights I would get the electrician of our cinema hall – he said he couldn't come. What do I do now?

NIBARON: What do I do now! If you could have done anything properly using your own intellect.

NANDINI: Stop it! Father. Ok! Dada I will arrange something.

NIBARON: What arrangement? Hardly a week is left and to arrange for fitting the lighting in the entire hall. We cannot afford to postpone everything for the final day.

NANDINI: I will make some arrangement on my way back from the college?

NIBARON: Not just arrange something – you must bring him along. The lights inside the hall should be arranged in a good manner. So many people – from all parts of the town – the entire high society – ...the cream ... the elite of the society will come and sit inside the hall. The hall should be suited to their likes and taste and their aesthetic sense. That is why I am paying so much attention right from light to each number of chairs.

(Suren comes in)

SUREN: Nandini! There is no carpet there – he refused to give it.

NIBARON: There aren't. Oh! These fools do not a single work rightly.

NANDINI: Father! Why do we need the carpet?

NIBARON: I am planning to put a carpet from the pathway to the entrance of the theatre hall. I want all my invited guests to walk over the carpet and come to the theatre hall and sit inside. I know that there is a mat carpet in Medhi's house. I had sent this fool to inquire about that. And now he is saying that – there is no carpet – he refused to give it. There is no reason for not giving it. I had invited Medhi for the performance. And he happily accepted my invitation too. He promised to come. Why will he refuse to give something when I ask for? Why will I believe it? I wonder what this fool must have said to him – and what have he thought of it -

SUREN: Father! Whatever I am speaking is true.

NIBARON: Shut up! Shut up! How do I believe that you are speaking the truth? Speaking the truth! You will not be in peace until you will make this old man run around for everywhere. All of them are fools – Fools! (Bursts in anger, and prepares to go)

NANDINI: Father! Where are you going?

NIBARON: I will go myself. I will arrange and bring carpet, the electrician and everything myself.

NANDINI: Wait! You need not go.

NIBARON: Why?

NANDINI: I am there. I have already assured to bring the electrician. I will also arrange for the carpet. You need not go anywhere. I request you not to –

NIBARON: (calms down and softens – turns emotional) You are the only one I can trust. I wonder what if you were not by my side. Ok! Nandini. I will move inside the house. I need to carefully look at the prologue once again before finally I send it to the press. You look at the chairs and get the hall cleaned. So that on the day of the theatre we just have to dust it over. And tell these fools that from today evening there will be full rehearsal of the play. And they must stop everything – the cinema hall, cycle shop and tailoring. I am leaving now.

(Nibaron exits)

NANDINI: Suren dada. Why do you say that this or that is not done in front of father? I don't like the way he shouts at you in front of me.

SUREN: Look! Look at her – She feels bad seeing father shouting at us.

DURGE: (puts down the chair he was carrying and sits on it) You know Nandini! If we could store in a container whatever father mutters then the expenditure on one thing would have lessened.

NANDINI: What thing?

DURGE: Price of that thing has risen after some tax has been levied over it. Now, it costs rupees two per kilogram.

NANDINI: Durge dada! What is that thing?

DURGE: Sugar! (All of them laugh) If the muttering of father could have been dissolved in water then the expenditure on sugar would have lessened.

UPEN: I mean his muttering is wasted now.

NANDINI: What did you say?

UPEN: It is wasted just like that.

DURGE: Ho! Ho! – Nowadays he watches quite a lot of movies. So many new movies are shown in their cinema hall – and now he is promoted as the gatekeeper of the special class.

CART MAN: (Excitedly comes in saying something) Madam! The old master is riding my horse very fat. Madam! There he will fall now – he will fall – Madam! The old master fell from the horse – he fell down to the ground.

NANDINI: Durge dada! Suren dada! Come! Come fast! Father had a fall from the horseback.

(Nandini rushes out. Everybody rushes out and after some time comes in holding Nibaron who is badly wounded on his waist and one hand. They bring him to the middle of the stage and make him sit on the chair Durge had left. Nibaron cries in pain)

NIBARON: Aah! Aah!

NANDINI: Father! Where did it hit you?

NIBARON: Aah! Here - in my waist and on this hand – Aah! As if somebody has hit my waist with a spear. Uh! Uh! See if the horse has got hurt.

DURGE: The cart man is bringing back the horse.

NANDINI: Durge dada – Let us take father to the hospital. Go and call a rickshaw – it will be late if you get a taxi.

DURGE: O! Rickshaw! (Durge goes out shouting)

NIBARON: No need to take me to the hospital – Let me stay here Nandini.

NANDINI: You be silent father. I would do what is appropriate –

NIBARON: No! No! No need. Call the doctor here. If after reaching the hospital the doctors do not allow me to come back here. What will happen to my play? Only one week is remaining! I have invited so many people to see my performance. I cannot postpone the performance – I won't go – I will stay here. I will remain here – here.

DURGE: (comes in) Nandini! The rickshaw is waiting outside.

NANDINI: Dada! Do one thing. Go and immediately bring a doctor with you. Let father stay here. Come Durge dada let us take father to the easy chair in the green room.

(Nandini and Suren support Nibaron and take him inside)

NIBARON: If I lie on the bed it would be very disappointing. I will not lie on – I will get well before the theatre. Just one week is left. So many people will come to the theatre – I will recover. By then I will be perfectly fine!

(Everybody moves towards the green room. On that way two people continue to bring the chairs one after another.)

Scene II

(The setting – little change from the previous scene – the stage area with the curtain down. Behind the curtain is the area where the audience sits in the theatre hall. On one side of the stage is an old wooden staircase that leads to the terrace. And on the other side of the stage is a small platform decorated with flowers and beside it a microphone. And as the curtain is raised it is seen that the man in the last scene brings in a chair from the verandah of the greenroom and goes out and fetches another one. Durge rushes to the stage from the green room with a hammer and some nails in his hand.)

DURGE: Bring them quickly. Father is shouting inside the hall. He will get after our lives. How many of them are left?

CART MAN: (carrying a chair) Sir, three more stacks are left.

DURGE: Go and bring them quickly.

(Ramesh enters holding a bundle of colour printed leaflets in his hand)

RAMESH: I had told to leave twenty chairs separately. Have you left those?

DURGE: I don't know. I have not done anything like that. I took out all the chairs this morning and placed them in the hall. A couple of them were broken. I have repaired them and sent them back. You go and take charge of them. Father and Nandini are there inside the hall.

RAMESH: Kokaideu has come so early!

DURGE: He has not gone back after he came in the morning. He could not even stand properly, but he is there preparing the hall and also making life hard for us too.

NIBARON: Nandini! What is the time now?

NANDINI: It is already Five o'clock.

NIBARON: Just an hour is left now. (looks at Durge) You fool! Still holding on the hammer. When will you put on the make up? Less than an hour is left! (Durge walks towards the green room) Where are the others? (Looks at Ramesh) O! Ramesh have you brought the handouts – I was worried about that. You are so late! Let me have a look at those handouts. Let me see - Good – Not bad.

(Nbaron and Nandini anxiously look at the handout. Nibaron's eyes sparkle with anticipation and pleasure. Suren and Upen comes in a hurry holding a suitcase or an air bag in their hands. Nibaron notices them.)

NIBARON: Those fools have come now! Not an hour is left. Hurry up and put on your make up soon.

(Upen and Suren goes in)

RAMESH: Kakoideu I heard that you are here from morning.

NIBARON: I am here since morning. Five hundred invited guests – to make arrangement to facilitate so many guests, to arrange the stage, the hall, and to monitor the overall work – to sit back and check the progress of so many things – time passed out – and its already evening. Now everything is almost ready. You need not be here now. Four girl students of Nandini are sitting inside the hall. They will be with you. But as soon as the play begins you must allow those girls to leave – they must go back to their hostel by six o'clock. Take these handouts with you. The printing is excellent. The colour of the paper and the matter of the prologue are well matched. Isn't it Ramesh?

RAMESH: I think it's Ok.

NIBARON: Only your thinking that to be good won't do. All my invited guests should find it good – they must also like what is written on it. The whole success of the performance depends on this prologue.

NANDINI: Everyone will like it, father.

NIBARON: I hope they like it. Now go to the hall. I will come over there before the guests start to arrive.

NANDINI: Father you should not go out now. You sit over there on that chair.

NIBARON: Nandini, how can I sit idly?! Exactly at six o'clock I have to begin the performance. I need to look at the setting for the first scene. Ramesh, why are you standing here? – Go – It would be a shame if the audience comes in and finds no one to welcome them. Some of them may arrive here before six o'clock. Five hundred people – and to welcome them on our behalf is your responsibility. As the curtain rises, standing from behind the microphone I must find my guest looking towards me with contention and anticipation. Now go -

RAMESH: (hands over a leaflet to Nibaroon) Here - keep one copy of it with you.

NIBARON: No need of that. I have a handwritten copy with me. I was not able to sleep last night due to pain in my waist and arm. I copied the prologue last night and made a fair copy. I have tried very hard to make the writing look elegant and beautiful. Look here – There is some minor alteration in it as compared to the printed version. So I will read this one only. You go inside the hall. (Ramesh exits with the leaflet in his hands.) Nandini – What about the settings?

NANDINI: It's ready. Just needs to be brought and fixed on the stage.

NIBARON: What are you waiting for? Fix it on the stage immediately. We do not have much time in our hand. And you have your make up to be put on. Nandini, should I change my dress? If by any chance anybody comes to meet me in the greenroom.

NANDINI: Ok! Go and change your costume.

(Nandini supports Nibaron and takes him inside. Durge and Upen with incomplete make-up follows Nandini's instruction to fix any of the settings on the stage. The setting is simple and symbolic in nature. It may be such that – one wheel or a circular thing and three different coloured boxes. Durge and Upen place the boxes at specific locations on the stage as instructed by Nandini.)

DURGE: (as he places the boxes) Before the play has started there is already something wrong.

SUREN: We can already feel what the play will be like. It will take place only if people come.

NANDINI: Why are you dejected?

SUREN: Dejected! Why should we be dejected? (pushes a box) hold it there and place that box on that side.

NANDINI: Wait! Wait! Not too much on that side. Here – look – put it exactly there. A lot of free space is needed near the place from where for the prologue will be read.

DURGE: (Holding the wheel) Nandini, What about this wheel? Is this a *sudarshan chakra* (the deadly weapon of Lord Vishnu) or the wheel of a chariot?

NANDINI: Put that wheel on that side. Wait – not there – just move it a little bit that side – ok – that's right. Leave it there.

(Durge and someone else place the wheel following Nandini's instructions. The four girls comes in from outside. Durge and others are alerted.)

NANDINI: What happened Dipali? Why have you come here?

FIRST GIRL: Madam, we are tired of sitting idly in the hall. So we just came this way to see what is going on here.

NANDINI: The guests have not yet come. Isn't it?

SECOND GIRL: No. Madam, no one has come till now.

FIRST GIRL: Madam. I think we should leave now.

NANDINI: Wait! Why are you leaving so early?

FIRST GIRL: We are tired sitting inside the hall-

NANDINI: Go now – sit for some more time – You must reach the hostel by six o'clock. Isn't it? You may leave after fifteen minutes.

(The four girls walk back from where they had come. Ramesh enters)

NANDINI: Baruah! What happened?

RAMESH: There is no sign of anyone.

NANDINI: There is still some time left.

RAMESH: What is the time?

NANDINI: (looks at the clock) Now its half past five – the guests will start coming now.

RAMESH: Let's hope so.

NANDINI: Ok! Please go to the hall. And let Dipali and others leave after some time.

(Nibaron comes in with the support of Dhiren. His left hand is bandaged and is supported by a sling put around his neck. He is wearing a silk kurta, a silk dhoti and a silk shawl over his shoulders.)

NIBARON: Ramesh! Why are you here? Have the guests started coming?

RAMESH: Guests! (Ironically)

NANDINI: (signals with her eyes to Ramesh) Father! People have come... they have started to come.

NIBARON: Why won't they come? I had told them that the performance would begin exactly at six o'clock. Ramesh, what are you doing here? Go and help the people take their seats. Distribute the leaflets to them. (waits for a while and then) Here – the sound of a vehicle coming to a halt – somebody might have arrived. Go Ramesh – Quickly. (Ramesh exits) You cowherds! Why don't you move? Finish you make-up. Leave the settings – let it be like that. I don't need all that. My prologue holds the main theme. (Durge and other goes inside) Nandini – Let me just go out and see the people.

NANDINI: No Father. You need not have to go out now. Whatever I say, follow that only. Just sit here. When the performance is about to start you go near the

microphone. Let me now go in and put on my make-up. You sit here quietly.

NIBARON: Uff! Ok I sit here. Haven't you completed your make-up yet? Go – Don't waste any moment – each passing second is taking us closer to six o'clock - the sacred time of six o'clock. Five hundred people – audience – my invited guests, has already started coming - to watch the performance of my dramatic life - to listen to my life history. We must not make any mistakes. Go – O! please take out my spectacles from my pocket and hand it to me. Let me read my handwritten prologue by then.

(Nandini takes out the spectacles, opens it and helps Nibaroon to put it on)

You go now.

(Nandini goes inside. Nibaroon takes out a long handwritten notebook and reads out making some noise. In between the reading he raises his head and stares at the curtain i.e. towards the hall and with contention resumes reading. After sometime Ramesh comes in with the bundle of leaflet in his hands. On seeing Nibaroon he tries to walk back the way he had come but Nibaroon sees him.)

NIBARON: Ramesh! Why are you back again?! Is there any shortage of chairs?

Why are you here?

RAMESH: No. No. Everything is fine.

NIBARON: Many people have come. Isn't it?

RAMESH: People! Many people have come, Kokaideu.

NIBARON: Then why have you come back? Why are you back? They might need your help... they may need your assistance to get hold of a chair to sit. Go. Go to the hall. (Ramesh resumes reading the prologue in a serious manner. Nandini comes in after putting on the makeup)

NANDINI: Father!

NIBARON: O! Nandini. Let me see (looking at Nandini's makeup) Fine! Absolutely fine! Are they ready – those fools? Let me see what they are doing. (Calls them) Durge! Upen! Come here. Nandini. What is the time?

NANDINI: Fifteen minutes left to strike six o'clock.

NIBARON: Eh! Its already time. Hey! Durge!

(Durge, Upen and others enter one after another with makeup)

Let me see. (To Durge) Have you double knotted the tie? O! It's Ok! (To Upen) Ok! (To Suren) Let your hair fall over your forehead. And don't forget to jump at the right time. Wait! Let me see - raise your *lungi* (Cloth worn by men to cover the body below the waist) a little bit. (to Dhiren) O! That's all right. Keep the costume of the second scene ready. Everybody get ready. Give a final look on each of your dialogues. (Suddenly looks towards the hall) Nandini! Can you hear the vehicles halting – people are coming.

NANDINI: Yes. Father, they are coming.

NIBARON: I had told everybody that sharp at six o'clock. (Ramesh comes in – sees Ramesh) You are back Ramesh – you are still holding the leaflets. Why have you not distributed them yet? What are you doing?

RAMESH: I am going. I just wanted to say something to (pointing at NANDINI)

NIBARON: Not now. You go to the hall and distribute those leaflets.

RAMESH: Ok! I am going.

(Ramesh is about to go – Nandini moves towards him)

NANDINI: Wait! Baruah.

(Nandini goes with Ramesh behind the wings and pretending to look at the audience talks with Ramesh and return)

NANDINI: Father! (In a soft voice)

NIBARON: Nandini, what happened? Are we ready to start?

NANDINI: No, not yet. We have five more minutes.

NIBARON: Five minutes. Why don't you all get ready? Get the microphone ready for me.

NANDINI: I think we should start the performance after six o'clock.

NIBARON: Why?

NANDINI: Actually, my costume for the second scene is still not ready.

NIBARON: It can't be so! Six o'clock means six o'clock. There are so many people waiting outside and we just have five minutes on hand. What do you think? Why don't you come to the stage?

(Nandini goes again towards entrance of the hall pretending to have seen someone coming that way)

NIBARON: Nandini! Why are you going out that way? Why don't you take your position on the stage?

NANDINI: Just a minute, Father. These girls -

(Dipali and the other girls comes in from the hall)

NIBARON: (Looking at Dipali and others) These girls! Why have they all come in?

O! The hall might be full with people.

DIPALI: People!

NIBARON: People – my invited guests tonight –

(Nandini signals to Dipali and takes them back through the way they had come)

NANDINI: Come with me. You all come with me.

DIPALI: (in soft voice near the wings) Madam we are leaving now. How long will we wait?

NANDINI: Go – Leave now. You better leave for your hostel.

(Dipali and the other girls exeunt. Nandini comes back and returns and makes a move towards the green room. Nibaroon reads on the prologue, on raising his head finds Ramesh walk into the green room. Ramesh is not carrying the leaflets I his hands this time)

NIBARON: Once again! Ramesh, why do you keep coming in from the hall? You will ruin me! The crowd will be more towards the last minute. (pays attention to the sound outside) Hear – one more vehicle has arrived. People are coming. Ramesh! Are you distributing the leaflets? Have you finished them? Go – Go, now, People are still pouring in –

RAMESH: I am going Kokaideu.

(Ramesh signals Nandini and calls her to the wings. Beside the wings they talk like they did earlier)

RAMESH: There is no hope.

NANDINI: What to do now? My head is spinning now? Father will exactly start at six o'clock. What to do now? What should I do?

NIBARON: (shouts) Nandini! Nandini!

NANDINI: Father is getting impatient now. What do I do now?

(Helplessly clutches on Ramesh's hands.)

NIBARON: (excitedly) Durgeswar! Upendra! Dhiren! Nandini! –

NANDINI: Father is desperately shouting – I must go now –

(Nandini comes near Nibaron)

NIBARON: Nandini! What are you doing? How many more minutes left?

NANDINI: Actually – I mean – I mean –

NIBARON: What happened to you? Why are you so impatient? How much time is left?

NANDINI: Father, still two minutes on hand.

NIBARON: Just two minutes! Why have they made me sit here till now? Durge, Upen- You fools! What are you doing? – Why don't you take me to the microphone? I will go on my own. (Tries to stand up from the chair)

DURGE, UPEN: Father!!

NANDINI: Father, don't get up by yourself. Hold on to me.

NIBARON: It seems another vehicle has arrived. I think the last guest has arrived. Aha! So many people are waiting outside.

DURGE: People outside!

NIBARON: Don't open your mouth. You Fool! Nandini, Why are you waiting? Take me in front of the microphone. You Fools, Why are you waiting? Why don't you take your respective positions. Screen – light – microphone – ready Nandini – what's the time.

NANDINI: Father!

NIBARON: What happened to you people? What is the time?

NANDINI: It's six o'clock.

NIBARON: What are you waiting for? Put on the garland over my neck – Durge, Upen why don't you play the conch (it is played in an auspicious moment) and strike the bell to announce the start of the performance? Why don't you raise the curtains? People waiting outside will start shouting now. Five hundred people will shout at once. Ready – Ready.

(Durge, Upen and others is ready with the conch, bell, etc. in their hand)

NANDINI: Father!

(Puts on the garland over Nibaron's neck)

NIBARON: That's fine! (moves close to the microphone) Give me the microphone.

Aha! Is the screen and light ready? Blow the conch and raise the curtains.

Come on blow the conch. Nandini!! The curtains!!

(Making a lot of noise the conch is blown. And with that the curtains move to the sides. The echo of the conch persists for some time and then slowly vanishes. As the curtains are moved the audience see an empty auditorium with rows and rows of empty chairs. On each of the chairs lies a pink coloured printed leaflet, the one on which the prologue of the play to be read out by Nibaron is printed. Nibaron stands holding his breath looking towards the emptiness. At that instance the audience can see the backside and one side of his Nibaron's face. A deep silence prevails for some time. Nibaron slowly moves and face the audience. Nandini holds on to her breath – she stops from crying and looks sympathetically at Nibaron's eyes and calls him.)

NANDINI: Father!!

NIBARON: Nandini – Why is it that not a single person is seated on those chairs lined in front of me? There aren't any of my invited guests here inside the hall. All the chairs of this big auditorium are lying empty. Each one of them resembles an absent presence. I had invited so many people – I had arranged so much for them in spite of my ill health – but still why haven't

any one come? I haven't invited to trouble them. They were not even needed to spend any money. I have arranged so many chairs to welcome them respectfully and made them sit on these chairs comfortably. But no one had actually come to sit on these chairs. I had invited five hundred of them including artists, playwrights, actors, poets, academicians, journalists, politicians, but no one had come. Although in my previous staging few people used to come, and most of them would leave the theatre before the play would end. But today not a single one of them are here. Not a single one of them. Why don't they come? What crime have I done? (Nandini could not stop her tears, but Nibaroon doesn't look her way and continues to speak to himself.) I have not done any wrong to anyone! I had just invited them for the performance. I hoped they would come and enjoy my performance. They would listen to my dialogues. They would listen to my ideas, which I have written so arduously, my ideas about art and theatre. All the new ideas that I had gathered from my experiences with life, I thought would enlighten the people and awaken them to bring forth a revolution and steer them with renewed speed and dexterity towards prosperity and development. I had selected each word so arduously to express my ideas – the wonderful ideas. Nandini – give me my spectacles, I will read.

NANDINI: Father! (Holds back her tears and helps him to put on the spectacles)

NIBARON: I will read Nandini. I will speak. I will speak what I wish to speak. ...

My dear esteemed guests, an infant was born fifty-nine years ago in a world and after fifty-nine long years a child is created. His name is Sri Nibaroon Bhattacharya and he is now standing in front of you and humbly addressing you. I am going to narrate the script of the story of these fifty-nine long years from the time I was born till the time I am created. (After that Nibaroon narrates his long story without any pause. In between the narrations Nibaroon's narration is superimposed by the voice of Nandini and others.)

[NANDINI: (With tears in her eyes Nandini speaks over Nibaron's speech) Father! Why are you wasting your energy by speaking so aloud? Nobody is there to listen to your speech. Nobody is there to watch your performance.]

... I will unfold everything before you. And after listening to the script today you will...

(After that Nibaron faces the audience straight and moves forward towards them)

... You will understand, you will realize that for a great cause, for a creation of fine arts, how much an individual sacrifices, how much he suffers, how much criticism he faces for making his creation. I also had given such a fight, and lost the fight and won it at the same time. If you break up these fifty-nine years of my life into months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds then you will be able to see that so many crores of second is passed by for me to stand in front of you today. You would be amazed to know that I have already lived roughly two and a half crores of seconds to this day. And with the passing away of so two and a half crores of seconds is born Nibaron Bhattacharya with his hopes as a bright sun and the imagination as envisioning as the infinite sky. And taking pleasure on the creation of the sun and the sky...

[RAMESH: (comes close to Nandini) Please don't you all take Kokaideu back to his room.

NANDINI: (in a calm manner) No, Baruah, Let father speak today- let him speak out whatever he has in his mind.]

... I am helpless today. O! my absent guests. Have you wondered how in the horizon of my mind this sun had risen, an infinite sky, and above that thousands of enticing slides of my struggling life. On the bosom of the strong and deep waves of time, on the surface of the deep and infinite sea, I have allowed to shred light on each one of those thousand slides of my life's experience. (He moves towards the staircase as he speaks and starts to climb the stairs.) There is no respite for my efforts and my sacrifices, no

consolation whatsoever. (Continues to climb upstairs) Like thousands of dust particles flowing across a thousand years, my life is destined to this day. I am left only...

[SUREN: Nandini! Where are you? Why don't you console father?

NANDINI: Let him be on his own Suren dada. Let him speak as much as he wants to – Let him speak today.]

..... to pass away leaving whatever I have. (from the stairs) O! my sympathetic audience. Look – here I sprinkle the light of the sun and the colour of the sky present in my mind. I will sprinkle light and colour like this – on the human world, sea of time, only light and colour will I sprinkle, I will sprinkle. O the admirers of art, O the art lovers, O art inspired human society – here come and take the light and heat of my mind's sun, take the life, take the youth, and also take the colour of my minds's sky, the clouds, the rains, the life and love ... (Nibaron is not visible on the stairs.)

[DURGE: (shouts from inside) Nandini – Nandi – Why have you allowed father to climb the stairs - the balcony is damaged –

NANDINI: (She shrieks and with great concern looks towards the stairs.)

RAMESH: What?

DURGE: (Shouts in excitement) The balcony is damaged. Some untoward incident will happen now.!!

SUREN: Run! Hold back Father.

NANDINI: (shouts) Father, don't go that side.

RAMESH: (shouts) Kokaideu!! Nandini.

NANDINI: Father!!

(Durge, Suren and Upen climbs up the stairs and shouts)

Father!!!!

(Nandini shouts loudly and freezes in that position. Durge and others opens their arms from the staircase and looks up and freezes. Ramesh looks down from a step

Successful diplomat - Who knows the Art of avoiding war.

from the staircase towards Nandini who is already in a freeze position - with her face towards the audience.)]

... O you descendent of this universe, the ones who got light from the sun, colour from the sky, O you human beings- O the universe - Heh! Ah! Ha!
!!!!!!

(Nibaron makes a loud shriek and after that a long silence prevails. And along with the shriek Durge and others also shouts - Father!! Ramesh shouts - Kokaideu!! And Nandini could only utter - Aaah!! - all these shouts merge together.)

Till-10* Trickle down effect
End (Inclusive growth)

- a) Poverty & inequality of society) ① ①
- b) Strengthening military capabilities ① ④
- c) Internal security challenges like Kashmir, Punjab ① ②
- d) Strengthening international norms like global warming, peace outside India ③

A country is stronger, powerful and respected internationally when its economy is strong, robust and vibrant. And the precondition to a robust economy can't be achieved by erecting a large army but by removing the large army of poverty, ignorance and disease. Only a healthy, educated population can create vibrant economy not only by inventing technology but also by consuming the technology and creating a technically powerful national defence system or security system. So human development is the first criteria to achieve a higher rate of GDP which will ultimately ensure high investment in defence.

only page

II.

“Ghoruwa Ghotona” (1962) (‘Household Events’)

A play by Saurabh Kumar Chaliha

[ASHOK BORTHAKUR is seen on the stage. A room filled with all sorts of stuff]

Impossible – impossible – impossible [Looks around, moves ahead, collides with the objects in the room] Is this a place where humans stay? or is it a jute warehouse?! Here humans stay! How many times should I say this – How many times should I say this to Mr. Bhatt. Either he must allow me shift to the recently vacated bigger room or repair the store-room. One day I will be choked to death living amidst so many things. No. Why should Mr. Bhatt listen – the entire landlord class is the same. And Mr. Bhatt is also no different. He too is a landlord. Why would Mr. Bhatt care for the comfort and discomfort of us inmates? He collects the rent on time. No trouble. He rests without any worries. Why would he shift me to the bigger and spacious room at the same rent? Why would he bother to repair the store-room. Why would one take the trouble! Why would Mr. Bhatt take the trouble? [Continues to speak - he takes a pen out of his pockets- collides with a chair and becomes more impatient] Impossible! Impossible! [Looks for a place to sit- but the chairs are loaded with books, papers, bottles etc. – and the bed is neither empty. In a spate of anger he throws away the books from the chair on which he collided. Sits on the chair and puts one leg on the old typewriter kept on the floor and another leg on the radio also kept on the floor. Holds the pen with his lips and thinks] Impossible! It’s really impossible. I cannot continue to stay like this any longer. It will be on the headlines of the newspapers – ‘Young man found dead in room: Oxygen tragedy in city flat’. No. No, I have still not attained the age to be famous in such a manner – young man in question will be found still going strong for another hundred years. I just have to shift to a house where ample sunlight and air can enter. This house does not fit me anymore. Yes. I have fixed

my mind. [Opens the cap of the pen] I will write at once to Mr. Bhatt. At once I will serve a notice to Mr. Bhatt that I am vacating this room. [Searches for the writing pad on the table. The table is full of things, among them is a torchlight, an ash-tray and many more things – everything lies scattered on the table. At last he pulls out the writing pad from under the cushion on the chair.] Enough. No more thoughts. Decided once for all. Enough. That's final – [Starts writing but the ink doesn't come out of the pen] O shit! [Shakes the pen] What is the matter? Nothing works in the right manner. [Looks for the ink-pot. A number of bottles lie on the table – some containing medicine etc. Pulls one after another and pushes it away. Desperately looks for the ink-pot. Shouts abusively as he pushes each one of them. 'O Shit' 'Rubbish!' 'Impossible!' 'Nuisance' 'Shit!' 'Is this a house or a jungle! Kaziranga – no, no, Africa, Africa!'] And at last he takes out the ink-pot which was placed under the bed – fills the ink and starts writing. He reads out what he writes] Dear Sir – no He doesn't deserve to be greeted as Dear Sir – Mr. Bhattacharya I am very sorry to inform you that I have decided to vacate this room I had been occupying. You had given me an assurance that either you will shift me to the bigger room at the same rent as soon as it would vacate or at least repair the store-room – No [Strikes out] You had promised. But till now I have to continue staying in this congested room and use it both as a house and a private office. You very well know that I am not financially capable of paying an extra sum of rupees thirty for that bigger room. Originally – at the very beginning there was no such bond. But you are also not unaware of the fact that there has been an increase in the work in my private office as a result of which the materials in the room have also multiplied. Now it is impossible to fit in all those materials in this room. I have been repeatedly making requests to repair the store-room without any success. So ultimately I take great pains to inform you that

[Telephone rings. Suddenly awakens. Looks dejectedly. Stands up. Looks around. Could not find the telephone. Raises the overcoat, the bed-sheet, and stumbles

upon the cable lying on the floor. Shouts abuses. Holding onto the cable tries to trace the phone. Reaches under the table and after removing a heap of dirty clothes get hold of the telephone.] O! The clothes are already ready to be sent for laundry. The laundry boy was supposed to collect them but there is no trace of him. One can hardly rely upon these people. [The telephone keeps ringing] All right. All right. [Puts the receiver on his ear] Hello – Hello – Hello – Can't hear you – speak up – Hello – yes – yes, two zero nine – yes – Ashok speaking. Who is that? O! Bidyut! What is the matter? What – Mr. Paresh's house has been vacated? Has been vacated – today! What a bit of good luck! I was just writing a letter to Mr. Bhatt to notify him that – Really I cannot continue to stay in this house. It's too congested – the house and the private office together – let that go – Now to move to Mr. Paresh's house – definitely – definitely – It's a golden opportunity. What? I need to shift today? You mean today! Before five O'clock? You mean before five O'clock today? Why? Why is the hurry? Actually Suren Datta is also interested to take possession of the house. O! Now I get it. I get it. I have to go there and occupy before him. Yes, you are quite right – Suren Datta might offer double rent for that house to Mr. Paresh. He is after all a rich man. O! Somehow I have to get there before Suren Datta and take possession of the house – before five O'clock today. You know that – it would be a daunting task to pack my belongings at such a short notice. [Looks tragically at the room, presses the calling bell on the table, nobody answers, putting his palm over the receiver he shouts] Watchman! Watchman! Idiot, nobody is there when in need [abandons hope and resumes his talk over the phone] O! I understand the situation – Anyhow I have to shift by five O'clock. [Looks at the clock on the wall, waits for a few second and makes another attempt by pressing the calling bell] Ok! I should start packing till I get any help. Now see – there is no time to arrange a truck or a carrier – you come straightaway with your vehicle as early as possible. Whatever fits in I will shift – no petrol? What? No petrol? Fill some petrol and come – O! – Money – Shit! Ok! Ok! Then you fill some petrol in your vehicle and come as soon as possible – by

that time I start packing my things. The watchman is also not there. I am alone – No, I haven't sent him to the market either. O! You can't imagine – like Robinson Crusoe I don't even have Faradey at my service. What did you say? Friday? It's Friday and not Faradey. Ok! Ok! Friday. Then who was Faradey? Ok! Ok! Who is there? Is it Mr. Paresh? O! Definitely, I would like to have a talk with him. Pass the receiver to him. Hello – Yes – Ashok Borthakur speaking – Right! Bidyut told everything – so I will talk to you when I reach there. As Bidyut told me – I am just about to leave. You must not give the room to anybody else by then. O! Definitely – I have an understanding with you since a long time – Yes, he told me that. Ok, bye. [Puts down the receiver, takes a deep sigh and pulls out the handkerchief from his pocket and wipes the perspiration from his face. Looks dejectedly at the room and then at the clock on the wall.] Before five o'clock? ! This entire household! Dear me! [Being fretfully busy he presses the calling bell again] Watchman! Watchman! Stupid! How can I manage to wrap up this stable, – [fretfully pulls the trunk, opens the suitcase; empties the traveling bag and from the wardrobe, the bed, arms of the chairs, - shirt, pant, tie, dhoti, handkerchief from wherever he could get. Everything lie disheveled – and the telephone rings again] what a nuisance! [Picks up the receiver] Hello? Who is that? Mr. Muktiyar. Ashok Borthakur speaking. Mr. Bhatt asked to call me! To talk about the repairing of the store-room. Never mind – I am busy now. I don't have any time. I have to shift to a new house before five O'clock and I am right now packing my things – yes – I am packing. I will hand over the rent to you as usual – excuse me – I don't have time now – by five O'clock – There is no need of any repair in the store-room – [laughs] No. No. Why will I be angry? Why will I be angry? It takes time in these repair works – What did you say? – Rome was not built in a day. Yes Mr. Bhatt was right. [Gets irritated] That's a good argument. Rome was not built in a day. And compared that where does Ashok Borthakur's insignificant store-room stand. No. No. I am not sarcastic. Ok! Then I will hand over the rent to you as usual. Ok! Then. [Puts the receiver down] Oh! What sort of a man he is! [Resumes

to gather the clothes, looks anxiously at the clock] Time flies! Time Flies! [Pulls out a pram with broken wheels from under the bed] Time is out of joint! [Stops for a while and suddenly recollecting something looking at the pram] What is this? Where from has this come? Is it mine? [Tries to recollect] Aha! A year before Bhaiman's marriage ... when my elder sister Maniki and others were here – It was Babul's pram – and its wheel was damaged – she asked me to repair its wheel and send back. Shit! How shameful that I haven't got it repair till date – definitely I am a busy person. [Puts his hand on the pram] Is it rusted? I wonder! Whether this vehicle runs? [Doesn't run, the wheels are broken] It's the Nature's law that – sunlight, air, water, rust – wear and tear – everything is out of joint. [Reminded of time, looks at the clock, and gets busy] but is it justified to pack it now as Bablu is no more a kid he too have grown up now [pulls and throws out the pram outside the room] Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, – Roll! [Takes a deep breath] anyway, one of the things is lessened. [Puts in various types of dresses into the trunk and suitcase. Throws out one or two torn shirts and vests and also an old coat] Why had I kept this pram for so long? Only because, it belonged to my Bablu who is my sister Maniki's son – of course! This is quite very sentimental stuff. Sentimental! Sentimental! [Thinks and picks up the receiver] Hello? Hello? Two, double one please? Engaged? O! Thank you [keeps down the receiver] Next – What? What is after this? O! My shaving materials. [Gathers blade, mirror, etc. (looks at the mirror and runs his palm over his face – Should I get a shave?) ...] O! So many used and rusted blades – How come the watchman notice all this! It's time to dump all. [Throws out through the window] Next? – O! My shoes, slippers and other footwears! [From under the bed, top of the mosquito net, back of the door, from every probable and improbable place collects shoes, slippers, military boots (in good condition, bad condition, torn, worn out, shining, discoloured) and gathers them together – wraps two pairs of shoes in a newspaper – holds up some with their laces – smells them – puts a finger on the nose – after that holds a worn out slipper in front of the eyes and wonders] When did I buy this? O! This is the

one! The day I bought this one I met Dipali for the first time. Eh! How sentimental was I that I couldn't throw this one. [Settling his mind] Any way the past is dead and gone. That chapter is over now. I must dump it from my heart too. Yes, as the poet say 'Forget the past' [throws them out of the window in one go. After that looks at the other pair of shoes.] Eh! The room has turned into Bata Company – Ashok Borthakur Footwear Unlimited. [Holds the shoe laces again and thinks] – O! My mother had instructed me to store these and not to throw them away. According to Mother nothing should be thrown away – and these after all shoelaces. Mother said, "Whatever you will keep will also keep you". Yeah! Whatever you will keep will also keep you – that's a good proverb. But what will I do with all these now. What should I get by continuing to be sentimental? [Settles his mind again, and rolls the shoelaces and throws them into the wastepaper basket] Surely mother had not instructed me to hold on to a hundred years old shoelaces – that's absurd [The shoes starts to be sorted, a wooden slipper comes to the notice] Good! Good! [Thinks, making some effort] O! These are my Kalpa Kokaideu's slippers – he had left them here as he moved out in a hurry to catch the morning train – Aha! Now I remember. [suddenly gets anxious] How do anyone wear this? It's understandable that girls do wear high heels sandals – they belong to a peculiar species – but how can a male person wear such a clumsy thing [forgetting every other thing opens his sandals and tries to put on the wooden footwear – walks on wearing them – makes a lot of sound as he steps – tries to make a face resembling an old man and tries to imitate Kalpa Kokaideu] You know Ashok, you people will never know about these things, it is only us who understand ... the river know how far it stretches.... No need to be sentimental thinking all these. Its long time since Kalpa Kokaideu... [Turns silent] Anyway, here goes! [Throws through the window] O! This is left. [Picks up an ancient overcoat] O! My father's overcoat! Called as the ancestral property – O this ancestral property par excellence – my father's coat or any other coat in the house – Eh! The coat was so dear to my father. How can I part with it now – how do I

manage to still carry it along with me – it's so heavy. O! Why wouldn't it be heavy – year after year haven't it been the storehouse of the family – Anybody coming in or going out would dump in its pockets whatever needs to be stored – O! Lord! How heavy has this become? In its pockets Lord knows what all things are kept. [Searches the pockets and takes out one thing after another – starts with the old photographs...] Who is this in this photograph? O! It is my elder sister Maniki and Bablu ... This was the photograph when Bablu was just one year old – This one is Rohini's – our medical student Rohini is standing with a pose in front of the medical college – [Pulls out a book] Functions of a complex variable – huh! – Murder in Mombassa – huh! – An Easy Guide to Interpret Dreams – huh! – Adventures of Sherlock Holmes – Lakhimi's Cookery Book – Secret Press Directory Book 1355 – Srimad Bhagawat Gita [Flips a page] Sanjoy Ubas – huh! *Yoda Yodahi Dharmashya Glanibhavati* – [A dead cat] Good Heavens! What else is there only the Lord Almighty knows! [Buttons, thermometer, broken camera, chinaware dolls, balloon, *tulsi mala*, rubber balls ... the ball bounces away.] Impossible – Impossible – Incredible. [The telephone rings again, picks it up] Hello? Who is that? Bidyut? You are about to come? Ok – fine. What? O! I am still packing – No the watchman is not here – O! You come - come soon – it's nearly five O'clock – What did you say? O! Just like Robinson Crusoe – Yes – except the fact that Faradey – O! I mean Friday is missing. I am sure he might be smoking a *biri* somewhere. O! You come. [Puts down the receiver] O! What next? ... What next? ... Yes – my papers [scrambles his papers, pulls them, looks at them, sorts them and puts them into a file and into the waste paper basket] O! God it's impossible to think that so many papers had heaped up in this house. It's really shocking! I wonder how much paper is produced in Titagarh Paper mill! It is believed that the paper made there in a day can cover the earth many times. (How many times). That may be true. But if the paper in my room is joined together one after another then it might reach to the moon. It might also be sufficient for the return trip. Letters! ... Letters ... O! This is my mother's letter – my dear son,

after not receiving any letter from you for the last two weeks we are worried about you ... there is also no news of the medicine I had sent to you when you had a stomach problem ... [reads it out silently and puts it into his pocket] How do I throw this away – are these invitation card for marriage – Sri Sri Prajapataya Namah: Humble request, that on 18th Bohag (14th April) my teenage daughter ... Dear Sir, with reference to your letter no. P/11/27/D dated ... Sending your blood report ... Rohini decided to undergo medical studies... Please send the mark sheet through registered post ... enrolled Bablu in class three... [Stops and opens a bundle tied with a blue ribbon, hesitates to read] tomorrow I could not sleep the entire night. I was thinking the entire night about what you said to me in the evening... please meet me in the evening at any cost [reads the letter again - get lost in thoughts – and unconsciously picks up the receiver – thoughtfully looks at the letter] Two, double One please [suddenly comes back from his thoughts and drops down the receiver] No. No. There is no point in making any more calls to Dipali. The past is gone. I must abandon it. [Resumes to sort out the papers – a heap of papers is made on the floor and another on the table.] O! How difficult it is! One cannot free oneself from old attachments. The past clings on to you like.... It's hard to part with them – even painful to carry it along – I cannot leave back my mother's letters, I cannot throw away father's coat, I cannot get away with Dipali's face, and Bablu's ... [Takes out a feeding bottle from the drawer] I cannot leave all these things... as days pass on one gets engaged with so many things – all these used up and unwanted things one has to cling on to. [An old musical instrument – makes a sound after a finger struck its string] Wherever I search one or the other thing from the past comes flashing in front of my eyes. [Holding an old tennis racket and a pair of goggles he thinks] what do they say – skeleton in the cupboard – the past stacked in your cupboard – inside the closed cupboard the past is dumped. [Throws out a hot water bag through the window] This is an apt statement – skeleton in the cupboard – [Pulls out a tricycle. Papers, pens, pencils, hurricane lamp, petro-max] O! This petro-max was used in Bhaiman's marriage –

O! Lord! [Laughs after remembering an incident ... an old empty cigarette case – falls – Laughs – an old empty cigarette case, a matchbox, containers (gets hold of one – changes the expression on his face) bottle ... In spite of all these he continues to mutter something or the other – annoying – amazing – unbelievable ...get hold of a key operated rabbit – rotates the key – the rabbit moves away jumping – charmingly looks at it. Waits and looks at the clock – resumes to sort out the paper – innumerable calendar – some of them rolled] Tribune’s calendar – Monkey Brand *Biri*’s Calendar – Wow! What a splendid picture – on one side there is Nargis and on another side Jawaharlal Nehru and in between them is a packet of *biri* – of the year 1949 – United Homeo Hall – a calendar of the year 1943 – Sharma Book Agency – of the year 1950 – [Makes a heap of the calendars, looks for the match stick, burns them] This is quite symbolic! The past has been burned – by lighting a fire – this is a symbolic event – it might produce some smoke [Finds it difficult to breathe due to the smoke. The telephone rings] Hello? Yes. Ashok Borthakur speaking. O! Mr. Muktiyar? Aha! Sorry, I don’t have any time now – I have put up a fire in the house. No. No I haven’t put the house on fire. I am just burning the past – [Looks at the fire] The collection of the calendars of the past ten thousand years – What? You will report it? To Mr. Bhatt? Ha! Ha! Ha! Don’t worry. Don’t worry. It won’t cause any damage to Mr. Bhatt’s house. Don’t fear. Don’t fear. – Nothing will happen to the room – Rome was not built in a day – Tell this to Mr. Bhatt – Rome was not built in a day – Ha! Ha! Ha! [Contented – puts down the receiver] Ha! Ha! Ha! Bhatt has finally got a fitting reply this time – Rome was not built in a day [Suddenly gets alert] No time! No time! It’s already five o’clock – Hurry up – Hurry up. [pulls out a closed box – deluded] What is this? Where was it? [Touches it with his hands, after that smells it, after that frightfully puts his ear over the box to listen whether there is any sound made from inside. At last gathers some courage and opens up the box] O! One more skeleton from the past – a thing of the past – skeleton in the cupboard [From inside the box one after another he takes out the theatre costumes, false

beards and moustaches, shield and sword etc.] I presume there is some instance like this involving a box in a cinema? O! Something quite like this incident ... Aha! Once in the past – O! Those days when I was fascinated by theatre – my enthusiasm to work in the theatre – [Puts on a crown on his head – holds a sword on one hand – suddenly goes into a reminiscent mode – gets into the role of a king] O! Now I remember – yes – I remember – “Alexander and the Devil” Huh! “Alexander and the Devil” [Starts to act]

Are you the same devil from Theseus whose cruelty

I hear from the masses again and again

[Removes the crown – drops the sword – places a chair in the king’s place – stands in front of the chair and puts on an oversized moustache and addresses at the chair]

Who calls me the Devil without knowing my past and present

I am the Great Warrior from Theseus

[Again takes his former position – removes the chair – and plays the role of Alexander]

A Great Warrior? What! What! A Great Warrior?

Treacherous Devil – Inauspicious

You have destroyed one city after another

You have ruined the lives of the poor people –

[Again plays the role of the Devil]

Hold your tongue my Lord! Before it infuriates me

The warrior of Theseus makes a humble request –

[Telephone rings. Removes the wig and runs towards the telephone] Hello? No, no – Wrong number. [Puts down the receiver. Telephone rings again] Hello? Yes – Bidyut – What happened? You are still at your place. Why? Some guests? Who are they? Part them, part them soon it’s already five O’clock. Ok! Ok! As soon as possible. I have already finished – No – Friday is still missing. I have explored too

many skeletons in the cupboard. Just a moment back I have discovered the costumes of our dramatic society – all of those skeletons of our former days I am still carrying with me. Who knows! What else is there in the room! Anyway you come – come soon. [Puts down the receiver, about to open the cupboard but stops] This is a real cupboard. A real cupboard. What if a skeleton really comes out of this cupboard? O! I am going crazy. How can that be possible? [Opens the door of the cupboard – a skeleton is unleashed and falls on him. Amazed with disbelief - thinks – his face brightens up] O! It is Rohini's skeleton – O! This is the skeleton, which was there when Rohini was a medical student. – It frightened me. No. No. I don't have much time in my hand. [Looks at the clock] It's five O'clock. Clear the decks – clear the decks – now the final packing. Quick – Quick – [gets busy in compiling the things – throws away any unwanted things – picks up an empty bottle and reads the label 'Cord liver oil' 'Dulal's Talmisri' 'Hayward's Malt Whisky' 'Vitamin B-complex' ... and throws all that out. Likewise reads the labels of the containers 'Farex Baby food' 'Flint' 'Cow Brand Condensed Milk' ... throws them away. Looks at the clock – shouts – "impossible", "incredible", "here goes!" "No time." "No time." "Hurry! Hurry!" "It's five O'clock, it's five O'clock"... a broken tool, a chair with a damaged spring, a table without a leg, a damaged umbrella, puts down an old musical instrument and slowly the congestion in the room starts to vanish – on the table, wardrobe, bed, floor, book shelf etc. ample space is visible. Holds two damaged bulb and a light shade thinks for some time doesn't throw them but keeps them down – tries to wrap up the skeleton – amazingly looks at the room and runs to pick up the telephone – in a spur of excitement picks up the receiver] Hello – Hello – One O Nine A (109A) Please – extension A – Yes – [Waits and looks at the room with surprise] Hello? Bidyut? You haven't left your place yet? Good. You need not come at all. O! [Shouts] You need not come. I won't shift. O! [Shouts] You need not come. I won't shift. Yes. You are hearing it right. I discovered that actually in my room there is no constraint of space – no constraint of space. The difference between me

and Robinson Crusoe is [there is some problem in the connection – the other cannot hear properly] The only difference between me and Robinson Crusoe is that – the load of things which Robinson Crusoe carried with him were useful to him – and now we [Shouts] we nowadays carry with us unwanted and useless things – the life has become complicated – Cannot hear? [Shouts] we keep ourselves busy carrying unwanted things – O! You need not come. This house will easily fit me in – I will continue to stay here.

End

III.

“Kamala Kunwarir Sadhu” – The Tale of Queen Kamala –
A play by Paramananda Rajbongshi

NARRATOR: Hail Lord! Hail Almighty!

Everyone come and listen to
The tale of Queen Kamala
In the district of Goalpara,
In a village called Gauripur
Kamala play and dance with her friends
She is beautiful like the full moon
She stays with her grandmother, who is her only support

ALL : Come crow, come at once
Eat away the ripe fruits.

CROW : How do I came as water and filth is on the way.

ALL : We will stretch a silk cloth
Jump on it and come
(Crow prepares to move)
Crow - Crow where are you going?

GIRL 2 : Going to the pond to drink water.

ALL : Crow! Crow!
Drop a stone here
And immerse yourself in the expanding pond.
(The crow immerses)

CROW : Let me stitch with a needle

ALL : Don't

CROW : Let me stitch with a needle

ALL : Don't

CROW : Let me stitch with a needle

ALL : Don't

CROW : Whose waterfront is this?

ALL : It is the King's.

CROW : Whose waterfront is this?

ALL : It is the People's.

CROW : Do I step this on side or on that side?

ALL : Carry a net and chase away

(Traps the crow)

GRANDMA: Kamala! Where are you Kamala? (Outside)

KAMALA: Grandmother is here. I must go now.

GIRL 1: It seems that your grandmother can't live for a single moment without seeing you.

GIRL 2: Our friend is so dear to her grandmother.

GIRL 3: If she is put on her head.

ALL: It will be a feast for the lice.

GIRL 3: If she is put on the ground.

ALL: Ants will eat her away.

GIRL 3: And what if she is put in heaven?

KAMALA: Stop it! Don't kill me alive.

GIRL 1: We are just joking my dear friend.

GIRL 2: Listen! Listen! (All whisper in each other's ears)

GRANDMA: (Comes in) Kamala! O Kamala!

ALL: Hey! Old lady! Where are you going?

GRANDMA: (Presenting herself) I have come here to get a pumpkin.

ALL: Who had sent you?

GRANDMA: The King has sent me.

ALL: We have just sown the seeds.

GRANDMA: Is it so? Then I will come later.

ALL: Hey! Old lady! Where are you going?

GRANDMA: I have come here to get a pumpkin.

ALL: Who had sent you?

GRANDMA: The King has sent me.

ALL: We have just sown the seeds.

GRANDMA: Is it so? Then I will come later.

ALL: Hey! Old lady! Where are you going?

GRANDMA: I have come here to get a pumpkin.

ALL: Who had sent you?

GRANDMA: The King has sent me.

ALL: O! We have just put on the net.

GRANDMA: Is it so? Then I will come later.

ALL: Hey! Old lady! Where are you going?

GRANDMA: I have come here to get a pumpkin.

ALL: There it is on top of the roof.

Go and get it yourself.

(After some time)

...

GRANDMA: O Lord! Here I fall! Hold me!

(Everyone laughs)

GRANDMA: Enough girls! Wrap up your game now.

The sun is about to go down.

Kamala, come home with me.

KAMALA: Ok! Grandma. Lets us go, friends.

GIRL 3: Ok! Lets go now. It was amazing to see Grandma act so well in our game.

(Everyone leaves)

NARRATOR: With Kamala at the center her friends dance. They engage themselves dancing and singing in the field. Kamala's mind is very sad today. Taking note of Kamala's mood her friends try to know the reason for it.

GIRL 3: Friend. Why are you sitting like this with a frowned face?

GIRL 1: The lotus never blooms in the absence of the sun. It is the case with our friend. (Laughs)

KAMALA: Stop it!

GIRL 2: Then, why are you so down my dear friend?

GIRL 3: Harishchandra's mother is ill. He has gone back to his hometown. He will return only after two days. (Changes the tone) In the third quarter of night, champa flowers have blossomed in the moonlight, and our friend Kamala's ball of hairs tied on the head.

KAMALA: You all are so naughty!

GIRL 1: Aha! We are so naughty. And you are so very innocent just like that Kasanda flower which is blown there. And being so innocent you are in love with Harishchandra who washes his buffaloes on the banks of the Gagadhar river, and we a naughty bunch of girls are kept looking at.

GIRL 3: Even the beetle does not hover over our heads.

GIRL 1: But look how gloomy our friend looks without the beetle hovering over her head for one day.

GIRL 4: Even the buffaloes stops eating properly without Harishchandra near them. The Gagadhar river doesn't smile if the sweet sound of the *ditora*¹ played by Harishchandra is not heard.

GIRL 2: Then there is no question of our friend Kamala dancing with us.

KAMALA: You are crossing the limit. You want me to dance with you. That's what you wish. Ok then. Come lets dance.

SONG: Play the *ditora* melodiously

The damsel Kamala is dancing to its tune

Seeing beautiful Kamala dance

The ploughman stops to till the land

Seeing beautiful Kamala dance

¹ A single stringed musical instrument.

Seeing beautiful Kamala dance
The fisherman holds his net
The damsel Kamala's earrings
Glitters in the sunlight
The damsel Kamala's silken saree
Glitters in the sunlight

(Kamala and her friends go inside dancing from one side of the stage. The song will continue in the background.)

NARRATOR: Through the road near the field
Passes in the King of Darrang
Seeing Kamala and her friends' dance
The King is enthralled.

KING: Put down the *dulla*².

(Mood change) Aah! What a melodious song! What a beautiful dance! (To one of the *dulla* lifters) One of you go and call one of the girls dancing.
(Mood change) The colour of her skin is so fair, the silken hair falling on her shoulders is like peacock's feathers, the shape of her body is so curvaceous, she can't be an ordinary girl – she might be a damsel from the heaven – she is a dancing Urvashi.

GIRL 1: Who are you? Why have you called me?

KING: I am the king of Darrang. I am on my way back from Kuchhbihar the capital of my father's kingdom. I saw your dance, which have enthralled my heart. Aah! It is truly elegant. Marvelous! And above all I am captivated by the beauty of the one who is dancing at the center losing her self in the dance. She looks like the moon surrounded by a cluster of stars. I am a dejected King without any child, but on seeing the beautiful damsel I have regained

² A kind of Assamese litter used by affluent people to travel from one place to another. It is lifted by strong men on both ends.

hope. I feel that she is the one who will fulfill my desire for a child. I want to know her complete identity.

GIRL 1: She is the lotus blossoming on filthy waters. She lost her parents early in her childhood. Her grandmother with utmost care nurtured her. She is our dear friend. And her name is Kamala.

KING: Aah! What a beautiful name it is – Kamala. It could not have been anything else.

GIRL 1: But! Your Highness.

KING: Speak out! Young lady. Is there anything more that needs to be said about your dear friend?

GIRL 1: Our friend has already given her heart to someone. His name is Harishchandra who grazes buffaloes in the valley. He is from Chikangram village. He is very dear to our friend Kamala and both have vowed to spend their lives together.

KING: Aah! Against the King's wishes and the instance of the poor herdsman stands nowhere. You are crossing your limits by testing the King's patience, young lady. Don't you know the consequences of going against the King's wishes?

GIRL 1: Forgive me! Your Highness.

KING: Forgiven! Now go at once to your friend's house and ask her to get ready to accompany me.

GIRL 1: As you wish my Lord. (Exits)

KING: Minister!

GIRL 4: Yes, Your Highness.

KING: Make the necessary arrangement for us to take rest on the shade of that tree. You go immediately to the girl's house. By tonight all the necessary rituals should be completed so that we can proceed with the new queen.

GIRL 4: I will do exactly the same. (The King and his minister exit. Kamala and her friends come in singing and dancing. And after some time...)

GIRL 1: Kamala, come here and listen to me. Stop dancing now, else this dance will decide your destiny.

KAMALA: What happened friend?

GIRL 1: Seeing your dance and beauty the King of Darrang is captivated. That is why the childless King has decided to marry make you his queen.

KAMALA: What is it you say friend?

GIRL 1: The king has camped for tonight under the shade of the banyan tree by the riverside. He will marry you by tonight and take you away with him to his kingdom by tomorrow morning.

KAMALA: Friend! Are you speaking the truth? Or is it some kind of a joke? O! Since Harishchandra is not around you are trying to play trick on me.

GIRL 1: It isn't a trick. Nor is it a joke. When I informed the king about your commitments to Harischandra he threatened me in instead.

KAMALA: But, what about Harishchandra?

GIRL 1: Even the presence of Harishchandra would have little to do with your destiny. It is for sure that the pleadings of a poor herdsman would fail to change the King's decision. But still his presence would have consoled you.

KAMALA: Tell me. What do I do now?

GIRL 4: Let's not waste any more time and go straight to grandma. She might find some way out.

KAMALA: Look friend. My right eye has started to blink!

GIRL 4: Don't be impatient. Go back home immediately.

KAMALA: Look friend. My feet are also shaking.

GIRL 1: Don't be so weak. Go at once.

KAMALA: Look friend. My heart is beating very fast.

GIRL 5: Don't be overwhelmed with fear. Move at once.

NARRATOR: O! My child it is the King's order.

As firm as a line made on the rock.

You can't ignore.

Listening to grandma's words
Kamala gives her consent for the marriage
She leaves everything to God.
At Grandma's House today
Who will carry out the rituals?
Today is Kamala's marriage
Her friends shed tears

(Kamala enters the stage dressed in a bride's attire She bids farewell and takes her grandma's blessings. Her friends sing marriage song and bid her a tearful farewell. Kamala exits with tears rolling down her cheeks.)

MARRIAGE SONG: Peacock's feathers to bid adieu

And water to wash the feet
Don't shed tears
My sweet grandma
Bid farewell to me today
I will go to my new home
My dearest grandma
I am ready to depart
At this moment
I can only take your blessing

NARRATOR: Like this Kamala is married

To the King of Darrang
And with Kamala the King proceed to his state.
After travelling a couple of days they reach the King's palace
The bride and groom stand outside the entrance of the palace
What does the other queens do after that
Listen! I will now tell everything about that -

FORTUNE TELLER: It's a curse on us. I have a bad news for you. The King has brought with him a girl on his way back from Kuchhbihar. I have heard she

is quite beautiful. It would be so sad that you would be sidelined in the prime of your youth.

ELDER QUEEN: Are you serious. Say that it is not true. Say that it is a momentary joke.

FORTUNE TELLER: It is neither a lie nor a joke. The king on his way back the King halted in Gauripur village and married a young girl whom he had brought along with him.

MIDDLE QUEEN: It's madness. At such a late stage of his life the King doing such a deed is definitely not appreciable.

FORTUNE TELLER: Her beauty is incomparable. In spite of the presence three of you he has married again with the hope of getting his successor. There is no point in mulling over it now. The bride and the groom are waiting outside on the entrance door. It's better for you to happily welcome both of them.

YOUNGER QUEEN: She is the princess of which kingdom? Whose daughter is she? Tell us. Give us the complete introduction of the new queen.

ELDER QUEEN: O! Tell us. Give us her full introduction.

FORTUNE TELLER: What should I say? If I speak the truth it might not give pleasure to you. She belongs to a poor family. She is known by the name of Kamala.

ELDER QUEEN: She belongs to a poor family. Now she will share the bed with the King. And she will be one with us in terms of status. Intolerable! Intolerable is the thought of it.

FORTUNE TELLER: It may be intolerable, or inauspicious but you have to welcome both the King and the new queen to the palace. She may be an orphan who belongs to a poor family but now the King has married her. If you fail to welcome the new queen today the King will be hurt by this incident. He will be dissatisfied by your conduct. And as a result of that you may have to

pay for it. Use your brains please the King by welcoming the new queen to the palace. You can think later the plan to separate her from the King.

MIDDLE QUEEN: I think she is quite right. So let us welcome the bride and groom and bring the new queen to the palace.

YOUNGER QUEEN: Look sister. If we do something against the King's wishes then we may have to suffer adversities.

ELDER QUEEN: If it is so. Let us go and welcome the poor man's daughter and then separate her as soon as possible. The pleasures of the place will be turn into the pains in a prison-house. The floral bed will turn into a bed full of thorns. And the King will turn into a poisonous snake for her. We will make her life hell. Come let's go now. (The three queens exits. The washerwoman enters the stage.)

CHANDIKA: Who is it? O! Is this the Fortune teller? Ehh! This is so inauspicious.

FORTUNE TELLER: What did you say? Inauspicious. Seeing me on the way is inauspicious. Since I met you I have to take bath to purify myself. Else I too have to wash someone's dirty clothes in my next life.

CHANDIKA: I don't wash others dirty clothes. I don't create sensation by speaking about one household to another in the name of bringing good fortune. I have been observing very closely each one of your activities.

FORTUNE TELLER: What am I doing? What have you seen? Whatever I do who are you to keep an eye on me. O! You are jealous of my progress. It seems you are not contended after troubling your husband.

CHANDIKA: I may be troubling my husband but why did your husband left you? Why? Considering your behaviour. Looking at your conduct it was obvious for him to left you. Nobody would even think of separating from a well natured wife. You are a bitch! You whore!

FORTUNE TELLER: What? I am a bitch – a whore. Then who are you? What do you think? I am not aware of your activities - where and what you do. You whore! I will not spare you today. (Sound of the queen's welcoming the

newly wed is heard) O! They are bringing the new queen inside the palace.
You are lucky today. But I will surely settle the score on some other day.

CHANDIKA: I will wait eagerly for that day. (The three queens brings in Kamala)
Let me see the face of the new queen. O Lord! She is no less than any
Apsara (a dancer of the court of Lord Indra) from the heaven. (Says
touching Kamala)

CHANDIKA: Since you have entered the palace now you take the blessings of your
elder sisters. She is your elder queen. (Kamala goes ahead to take the
blessings of the Elder Queen.)

ELDER QUEEN: (Steps back) I don't want a girl belonging to a poor family need not
touch my feet.

KAMALA: Sister!

CHANDIKA: It's ok. Now take the blessing from the middle queen.

MIDDLE QUEEN: A girl who has troubled her parents should not touch a
gentlewoman like me. (Steps back)

KAMALA: Sister!

CHANDIKA: It's ok. Now go and take the blessing from the younger queen.

(Kamala moves ahead)

YOUNGER QUEEN: I would not tolerate the fact that a low caste, poor and
untouchable lady touch me.

KAMALA: Sister! What is my mistake? What did I do?

ELDER QUEEN: Your mistake? After captivating the King with your beauty and
charm – you pretend to be innocent and ask what have you done?

KAMALA: I swear! I have not yet seen the King's face. I was dancing with my
friends in the field when the King saw me. Against my wishes he married
and brought me here. What would I have done otherwise?

YOUNGER QUEEN: O! The King had married forcefully! When you heard that it
was the King – you might have been restless to get married.

KAMALA: Don't say like that sister. I swear! I swear! I have not agreed for the marriage because he was the King. It was the King who had forcefully...

ELDER QUEEN: O! The King had married her against her wishes! If you were against the marriage then why didn't you kill yourself by taking poison?
(Exits)

KAMALA: Sister!

MIDDLE QUEEN: Why didn't you jump into the river and die? (Exits)

KAMALA: Sister!

YOUNGER QUEEN: Why didn't you set fire on yourself and die? (Exits)

KAMALA: Sister! (Cries inconsolably)

CHANDIKA: Get up! If the King gets to know this then he will be really upset. And it is inauspicious on the first day of your married life.

NARRATOR: Kamala spends her time in the King's private room

With every passing day the other queens wriggle with jealousy

Days, weeks and several months pass by

But still there are no signs Kamala expecting a baby

And one day the washerwoman goes to see Kamala

And inquires about the well being of Kamala.

CHANDIKA: There is no Prince in this Kingdom. There are four queens. The future of the King and his kingdom is without any successor. Don't be shy. Tell me whether the King had deprived of your rights as his wife. It has been months since your marriage.

KAMALA: No. The King has not deprived me of my rights. It seems like the other queens I am also incapable of giving him a child.

CHANDIKA: I understand – I totally understand. If you don't mind should I say something? Promise – you won't mind it.

KAMALA: Look, in this huge palace there is no one except you who care for me. Speak up fearlessly whatever you want to.

CHANDIKA: Before your marriage with the King did you had any beloved?

KAMALA: Why are you asking me that?

CHANDIKA: There is a reason for that.

KAMALA: As you are like my own grandma. If I lie to you to you it would be a sin. Yes, I had – A herdsman by the name of Harishchandra. He was from Chikangram village. I loved me wholeheartedly. Even I loved him the same. But, -

CHANDIKA: I can understand. If I get bring your beloved to you. Will you meet him in private? Will you make love with him for a while?

KAMALA: Do you know what are you saying? Have you gone mad?

CHANDIKA: Don't be angry. I am completely in my senses – both mentally and physically. You are not a lady who is incapable of bearing a child. But still due to an impotent and infertile man why should you allow yourself to be called an impotent woman and face the wrath of the society all throughout your life.

KAMALA: I am unable to get your point.

CHANDIKA: At such an old age the sex-starved King in the hope of a child is making preparations for yet another marriage. Haven't you heard about it? When I pointed to him about his own impotency he rebuked against me. Again he will ruin the life of some other girl like you. Being a woman wouldn't you like to save the life of a fellow woman?

KAMALA: What can I do?

CHANDIKA: If a man can marry so many women what's wrong if you seek the companionship of a single man whom you love with your heart and soul? Why can't you present a child in gift for the welfare of the kingdom and for saving the life of helpless women like you?

KAMALA: But, it's a sin!

CHANDIKA: You think it's a sin! When a man does the same it is not a sin. During the sixty years of my life I have seen and heard so much. Sin and virtues

are human constructs. If someone does something that is good for the masses it can never be a sin.

KAMALA: Uuff! Don't make me nervous. I don't know what to do?

CHANDIKA: You need not do anything. In a weeks time I will bring your lover to you. Atleast one night you love him with your heart and soul. It is my responsibility to convince him. You need not worry at all.

KAMALA: But if the King somehow get to know of this arrangement? He will not leave me alive.

CHANDIKA: A childless life and a secluded life are worse than death. You don't worry. Nobody will get any clue about it.

NARRATOR: With this mission the washerwoman goes to Goalpara.

Brings Harischandra with her and shelters him at her home.

In the middle of the night the washerwoman goes to meet Kamala.

What happens after that – you see it for yourself.

KAMALA: (Hesitantly goes ahead) I am getting afraid.

CHANDIKA: It is just the jackal running below the berry tree – don't be afraid!

KAMALA: I am getting frightened.

CHANDIKA: It is only the dogs patrolling the frontiers – so don't be frightened.

CHANDIKA: It is the owls screeching on the mangroves – there's nothing to fear.

NARRATOR: One day the three queens came to know that Kamala is carrying a child for three months. Now listen what follows inside the palace.

A VOICE: All the other Queens are jealousy of Kamala. Still Kamala isn't happy even after being a queen. A girl from a poor family is now the queen and will soon be giving birth to a child and be the mother of the crown prince. The other queens will loose in status and turn as her maid. And also they would be divorced from the King.

NARRATOR: There is a scarcity of water in the Kingdom of Darrang.

The people are worried of this fact.

What will happen to their lives?

From every part of the Kingdom it is heard –

No water! No water!

How can life sustain without water.

A VOICE: It seems that your voice is slowly breaking up.

NARRATOR: I think I am getting thirsty. Give me a glass of water.

A VOICE: Water? Just a little while ago you said that there is no water in this kingdom.

A VOICE: You were quite right. The people are now worried of this scarcity of water. The King along with his people are digging a pond. Tell me - from where do I get water for you to drink?

NARRATOR: There isn't water in the kingdom?

A VOICE: The people dug a pond.

NARRATOR: Still there isn't any trace of water.

A VOICE: The people are bewildered.

NARRATOR: Without water how do you expect me to narrate?

A VOICE: You can quench your thirst from the sweetness of the Queen Kamala's tale.

NARRATOR: Come on then. Let us all enjoy the story of queen Kamala. (To a maidservant) Has the fortune-teller come?

A VOICE: Yes she came.

NARRATOR: Where is she?

A VOICE: She is waiting outside the Queen's rest room.

NARRATOR: Why is she kept waiting?

A VOICE: Waiting for your permission.

NARRATOR: Bring her at once.

The King's three queens are eagerly waiting for her.

(The three queens are seen waiting. The fortune-teller enters)

FORTUNE TELLER: (To the elder queen) Why have you summoned me to come here? Why are the other two queens looking at me in anticipation?

ELDER QUEEN: Our rival is present in the King's palace. And you are nowhere to be seen.

MIDDLE QUEEN: Since the time the new queen has entered the palace the King has stopped paying any attention on us.

YOUNGER QUEEN: And above that now the new queen is expecting a baby. It's already the third month. .

FORTUNE TELLER: Is it so? But this is of course good news for the King and his Kingdom.

ELDER QUEEN: This may be good news for the King and his Kingdom. But it is a setback for us.

MIDDLE QUEEN: The new queen will be the proud mother of the crown prince.

YOUNGER QUEEN: And we will be delegated to a status lower than the new queen.

FORTUNE TELLER: Is that so?

ELDER QUEEN: From the moment we came to know this we haven't had proper sleep.

MIDDLE QUEEN: If we don't find some way out then...

YOUNGER QUEEN: The fate of us three queens will be ruined.

FORTUNE TELLER: Tell me what I should do at this moment. I am not able to think anything right now.

ELDER QUEEN: We called you here thinking that you will help us to find a way to throw the new queen out of the palace.

FORTUNE TELLER: Wait! Let me think for a while. Let me see if something comes out of my old brain. (Thinks) There is a solution!!!

ALL THREE QUEENS: Have you found a solution? Tell us quickly what it is?

FORTUNE TELLER: My second grandchild has attained puberty. And I am planning to arrange for a ceremony for her by the end of this week. But I am unable to arrange the money for the ceremony.

ELDER QUEEN: Your grandchild is our grandchild. Don't worry about the expenses. We will send you enough money to carry out the ceremony.

FORTUNE TELLER: If that is the case. Then listen to what I say – the King has called upon me to predict the fortunes of his state. There is a scarcity of water in the state. I am planning to exterminate the new queen from the world on the pretext of predicting the fortune of the state.

MIDDLE QUEEN: Tell us in detail what is your plan?

FORTUNE TELLER: I will foresee the fortunes of the state and request the King to dig a pond – carry out a religious ceremony and sacrifice the new queen. After digging a deep pond and without any regret let the new queen go the bottom and submerge. That will please the water deity and the pond will be filled with water.

YOUNGER QUEEN: What a brilliant idea? I have never come across a clever lady as you. But if no water comes out of the pond! Don't you think that the King will punish you?

FORTUNE TELLER: Who says that there is no water under the ground? The moment I see wet soil coming to surface I will start the countdown and immediately request the King to send the new to the bottom of the pond. And the King and his pupils will be spectators of the agony of the new queen.

NARRATOR: With cruel intentions

She goes to meet the King

And starts to assess the fortune

With concern for the Kingdom

A VOICE: What did she tell him after assessing the situation?

NARRATOR: She said, "Listen! Your highness! It is a serious matter. The water deity is dissatisfied. And as a result there is this scarcity of water.

A VOICE: What was the King's reply?

NARRATOR: What exactly do you want to say? Give me a way by which I can please the water deity.

A VOICE: Is it so?

NARRATOR: The Fortune teller said, “There is a way. This poor servant can open her mouth only if you assure me that you will not punish me for what I say. The King assures her safety and requests her to speak without any fear. The Fortune teller said, “Listen, your Highness! Three is a very good solution – Dig a pond, offer prayers and sacrifice the queen you love the most. That will satisfy the water deity. And as a result of that the pond will be filled with water. Else the people will perish without any water to drink.

A VOICE: So what was the King reaction?

NARRATOR: Just like the thunder striking without any clouds. The King turns pale on hearing this. At this moment enters the queen Kamala.

KAMALA: It seems that you are very troubled with some thought. What is it that has been troubling you?

KING: Kamala you are very dear to me. According to the fortune-teller I have to sacrifice you to satisfy the water deity. On one hand the welfare of the Kingdom is at stake – there is a scarcity of water. And on the other hand, the thought of being separated from you troubles me. I am really confused. I do not know what to do?

KAMALA: The security of the Kingdom and the welfare of its people should be the above everything for us. I do not want to be responsible for not providing water to the people. I will happily sacrifice my transitory body to please the water deity.

KING: Queen Kamala!

KAMALA: No need to grief your highness. Don’t be overwhelmed with sorrow. The welfare of the populace will make me happy.

KING: Queen Kamala!

NARRATOR: Without the support of a stick comes in the washerwoman. She impatiently asks Kamala – “Is it true what I hear and see? I am taken aback on hearing this news.”

CHANDIKA: What am I hearing all this? That tomorrow the King will dig up a pond and sacrifice you.

KAMALA: You have heard it right. I have prepared myself to be sacrificed for the welfare of the state and its people.

CHANDIKA: No! No! You are carrying the future of this state in your womb. This is definitely a conspiracy. I have noticed the fortune teller frequently going to the Elder Queens secret chamber during the last couple of days. I am sure it is a conspiracy manipulated by their meetings. The King is trapped in it. You must clarify everything to the King. Don't sacrifice your life due to the jealousy of the queens.

KAMALA: I too think that it is a conspiracy against me. But I have dedicated my whole life to the King. And now I am even ready to sacrifice my life to keep his promise. I will not go against his wishes.

CHANDIKA: It is rightly said that the powerful overpowers the weak. The wife thinks that service to her husband is her greatest religion and on this very pretext the husband always exploits her.

KAMALA: Don't talk like that.

ELDER QUEEN: (Comes in) What happened? Why are there tears in the new queen's eyes on this auspicious moment? It's a privilege for her that she is chosen for sacrificing herself for the welfare of the state and its people. It is our misfortune! We are not so lucky.

CHANDIKA: You call yourself unfortunate? You can wage atrocities upon this unfortunate queen but you can't fool me like that. I have seen many instances of atrocities like this. But never in my entire life have I seen or heard of a woman going to the extent of killing alive a woman who is carrying a child in her womb. This is a heinous offence. You will not find any place even in hell.

ELDER QUEEN: How dare you say that? How can a woman of such low stature utter such words to me? Aah! It's intolerable. Is anybody around?

A MAIDSERVANT: What can I do your highness?

ELDER QUEEN: Take away this old lady from here – tie her hands and feet and strap her mouth – and put her in the prison house.

A MAIDSERVANT: As you wish your Highness.

CHANDIKA: I am leaving at once. It is a righteous match – the demonic queen of a lecherous King. You will not find a place even in hell. (Exits)

KAMALA: Sister!

ELDER QUEEN: It does not suit a lady of your stature to spend your time mixing with a lady of low stature. The Fortune teller has already fixed an auspicious time tomorrow. The work of digging the pond will be started today. So don't bring into your mind useless thoughts and prepare yourself completely.

KAMALA: But, Sister! What about the child I am carrying in my womb?

ELDER QUEEN: The child is very trivial as compared to the welfare of the state.

KAMALA: Sister! (Cries inconsolably)

NARRATOR: Carry a hoe on your shoulders

With a bamboo basket in your hands

Come out brothers and sisters

Let us dig a deep pond

There is no water in our wells pond

So friends let us dig a deep pond

And fetch water out of it.

SONG AND DANCE: The King digs a pond

The King digs a deep well

He sacrifices buffaloes on its banks

But all goes in vain as he gets no water

The King digs ...

He sacrifices goats on its banks

But all goes in vain as he gets no water

The King digs ...
He holds prayers on its banks
But all goes in vain as he gets no water
The King digs ...
And after consulting the fortune teller
He decides to sacrifice the new queen
The King digs ...

(Kamala offers her prayers, takes the blessings of the King and the other Queens and goes to one corner of the stage and makes a speech.)

KAMALA: O! Disciples of this state – I am an ordinary woman. I had never dreamt that one day I would be a queen. I had never thought that I would be a scapegoat of the conspiracy in the Royal family. Knowing everything about the conspiracy I am willingly sacrificing my life by going into the pond that you have dug. I don't know whether the water deity will be satisfied or not. But I know that the Royal family will be happy for sure. After the passing of one queen the King can bring in thousands of other. It is true that for the welfare of the state and its people ordinary woman like me has been sacrificing from time immemorial. Now, stop sacrificing me into the ponds you dig.

(With these last words Kamala enters the pond.)

NARRATOR: Queen Kamala enters the pond. The King looks at her from the banks.

Listen friends! - Of the tragedy of the new queen. The King inquires only about water.

KING: Kamala! How much has the water raised?

KAMALA: Listen! My Lord - The water has reached my feet.

KING: Kamala! How much has the water raised?

KAMALA: Listen! My Lord - The water is now above my knees.

KING: Kamala! How much has the water raised?

KAMALA: Listen! My Lord - The water has come up to my waist.

KING: Kamala! How much has the water raised?

KAMALA: Listen! My Lord - The water is now above my chest.

KING: Kamala! How much has the water raised?

KAMALA: Listen! My Lord - The water has reached my neck...

NARRATOR: Everybody out there!! Listen carefully to the tale of Kamala

Pay heed to the misfortune of an ordinary woman.

A VOICE: (To the Narrator) Tears in your eyes don't suit you at all.

NARRATOR: The story of Kamala has not overwhelmed me with grief and fear.

When will the masses wake up and rescue the woman who faces these kinds of atrocities. How long will they continue to be trapped by these patriarchal Kings? I think the thought of this has brought tears into my eyes. Or maybe I overwhelmed with grief and fear. How long do I have to keep performing the heart rendering tale of the Queen Kamala?

ALL: Kamala Queen's tale

You need not narrate any more.

You need not have to perform too

The patriarchal King's age-old custom

We will break and destroy

And we will rescue the innocent Queen Kamala

Till eternity Queen Kamala

Will be alive in our hearts

Come let us all stand united and break

The King's customs...

[Except the narrator woman everyone make a formation like a *dulla* symbolizing his customs.]

NARRATOR: Whose *dulla* is this?

ALL: It belongs to the King.

NARRATOR: Does he allow it to break?

ALL: No, he doesn't.

NARRATOR: And to borrow!!

ALL: No, he doesn't.

NARRATOR: And to enter!!

ALL: (Everyone looks in that direction)

(The formation breaks away. And the curtain falls down.)

End

Conclusion:

While undergoing the translation exercise I observed the fact that the translation process does not involve one single step. It involves multiple steps that I have identified broadly into three steps. The first step is, what in translation parlance is called as 'word-for word translation.' Here the text is transferred from the source language into the target language without considering any inconsistencies or nuances in terms of comprehension. The second step is what in translation parlance is known as 'sense translation.' It starts only after the first step is finished. In the second step the target text is modified by focusing on the translation of metaphors and other cultural markers. It is then appropriated by contextualizing in into the target culture through 'equivalence' The third step is a filtering process whereby the translated text is turned 'functional.' In this final step the structure of language is focused. The language is made more flexible by bringing it closer to the speech patterns of the target readers/audience. In this step the *gestural undertext* is fore-grounded to make the translated text functional.

After following these three steps the translated text can be brought closer to the target readers/audiences whereby the cultural gap between the source and target cultures is sought to be bridged.

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ইতিবৃত্ত

(প্ৰথম প্ৰকাশনৰ আগকথা)

‘এয়া গদ্য’ নামে মোৰ এখন অনাতাঁৰ নাটক আকাশবাণীৰ গুৱাহাটী কেন্দ্ৰৰ পৰা প্ৰচাৰিত হৈছিল। সেই অনাতাঁৰ নাটকখনকে মঞ্চৰূপ দি ছপাই এতিয়া কোৱা হ’ল ‘শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য’। নাটকখন কি হৈছে, সেই বিষয়ে মোৰ নিজস্ব এটা মূল্যায়ণ, উপলব্ধি আৰু বিচাৰ আছে; অৱশ্যে আত্মপ্ৰচাৰ বুলি লোকে ভুল বুজিব পাৰে, সেয়ে নাটকখন সম্পৰ্কে মোৰ একান্ত ব্যক্তিগত অভিমত তথা আত্মসমালোচনা অপ্ৰকাশিত ৰাখিলো। পঢ়ুৱৈয়ে, আৰু অভিনীত হ’লে পৰিচালক, শিল্পী আৰু দৰ্শকে জানিব আৰু ক’ব নাটক কি হৈছে। মই মাত্ৰ ক’ব খুজিছোঁ, নাটকৰ সত্তা আৰু সামগ্ৰিক স্বৰূপটোক দৰ্শক নাইবা পঢ়ুৱৈৰ বুদ্ধি আৰু চিন্তাৰ পৰ্য্যায়লৈ উন্নীত কৰি এক গভীৰ ৰসৰ ৰোমস্থনৰ সুযোগ দিবলৈ মই এক বিনয়ী প্ৰয়াস কৰিছোঁ। এই নাটকৰ এজন পঢ়ুৱৈক নাইবা কেতিয়াবা ক’ববাত মঞ্চস্থ হ’লে এই নাটকৰ এজন দৰ্শকক মই যদি দেখা পাওঁ, ক্ষণেকৰ কাৰণে হ’লেও, তেওঁ নিৰিডাভাবে চিত্তমগ্ন হৈ পৰিছে, তেওঁৰ বিন্যাসী, সঙ্কানী মনত এনে দুই এটা প্ৰশ্ন উঠিছে- শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য কি এনে এখন-দুৱাৰেদি কোঠালৈ অহা-যোৱা কৰে, তেওঁৰ ল’ৰা-ছোৱালীকেটা কিয় এনে বিচিত্ৰ, যোৰা দেখিলেই কিয় তেওঁ জপিয়াই উঠিবলৈ যায়, বাৰখনকৈ নাট্যাভিনয়ৰ এখনেও দৰ্শকৰ মন আকৃষ্ট কৰিব নোৱাৰাৰ পিছতো কি অদম্য আশা আৰু প্ৰেৰণাবে তেওঁ তেওঁৰ ত্ৰয়োদশ নাটক অভিনয় কৰিবলৈ ওলাইছে, কিয় পাচশজন নিমন্ত্ৰিত অতিথিৰ এজনো নহাৰ পিছতো তেওঁ জনশূন্য প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহৰ পাচশখন শূন্য আসনক সম্বোধন কৰি তেওঁৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ প্ৰস্তাৱনা ক’বলৈ ধৰিলে, চিৰিয়েদি ওপৰলৈ উঠি তেওঁ কিয় গ’ল ইত্যাদি ইত্যাদি- তেস্তে মই ভাবিম মোৰ নাটকখন লিখা সাৰ্থক হৈছে।

নাটকখনৰ অনাতাঁৰ আৰু মঞ্চ দুয়োটা ৰূপতে পূৰ্ণান্দ কৰি তোলাত প্ৰিয় বন্ধু শ্ৰীকুলদা কুমাৰ ভট্টাচাৰ্য ইমান নিবিড় ভাবে জড়িত আছিল যে এই নাটক আমাৰ দুয়োৰে যুটীয়া প্ৰচেষ্টাৰ ফল বুলিব পাৰি। শ্ৰীভট্টাচাৰ্যৰ ঠাইখিনি শূন্য কৰি দিলে মোৰ প্ৰচেষ্টাৰ বহুতখিনি অপূৰ্ণ হৈ পৰে।

প্ৰসংগক্ৰমে এই নাটকখন অসম সাহিত্য সভাৰ দ্বাৰা ১৯৬৬ আৰু ১৯৬৭ চনৰ শ্ৰেষ্ঠ অসমীয়া নাটকৰূপে পুৰস্কৃত।

চৰিত্ৰ সমূহ :

নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য

নন্দিনী

ৰমেশ

দুৰ্গে

সুৰেন

উপেন

ধীৰেন

ৰবীন

গাৰোৱান

তিনিগৰাকী কলেজৰ ছোৱালী

প্ৰস্তাৱনা

(নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য্যৰ ঘৰৰ সম্মুখ ভাল। তিনিখন দুৱাৰ দেখা যায়। প্ৰথম দুৱাৰখন খোলা আৰু ই ঘৰৰ মূল অংশৰ লগত সংলগ্ন। দ্বিতীয় আৰু তৃতীয় দুৱাৰ এটা বিশেষ কোঠাৰ লগত সংলগ্ন। এই কোঠাটো আৰু ঘৰৰ মূল অংশৰ মাজত মঞ্চৰ ভিতৰলৈ এটা সৰু কৰিডৰ আছে। কোঠাটোৰ দুয়োখন দুৱাৰ বন্ধ অৱস্থাত আছে। দ্বিতীয় দুৱাৰৰ ওপৰ পিনে ভঙা আয়নাৰ এখন ভেণ্ডিলেটৰ আছে। দুৱাৰখনৰ কাষতে এখন হেলেক-পেলেক ধৰণৰ পুৰণা কাঠৰ চকী। তৃতীয় দুৱাৰখনত এটা প্ৰকাণ্ড পুৰণা মামৰে ধৰা তলা লগাই থোৱা আছে। তৃতীয় দুৱাৰৰ অলপ আগলৈ যাঠী ডিগ্ৰী অৱস্থানত এটা খালি হৈ পৰি থকা পুৰণা আলকতৰাৰ ড্ৰাম। ড্ৰামটো যি পিনে আছে সেইপিনে, মঞ্চৰ বাহিৰত, আলিবাট।

আঁৰ কাপোৰ উঠাৰ লগে লগে দেখা যায় : নন্দিনীয়ে হাতত কেখনমান ইংৰাজী সাহিত্যৰ ডাঙৰ কিতাপ আৰু কান্ধত এটা মোনা আঁৰি লৈ সোমাই আহে। তেওঁ কলেজৰ ক্লাছ শেষ কৰি ঘৰলৈ ঘূৰিছে। মঞ্চ সোমোৱাৰ লগে লগে চকুৰ পৰা চান-গ্লাছযোৰ খোলে, দ্বিতীয় দুৱাৰৰ কাষত ৰয়হি আৰু ওপৰৰ ভঙা ভেণ্ডিলেটৰখনলৈ এবাৰ চাই দুৱাৰখনত টুকুৰিয়ালৈ হাতটো আগবঢ়াই ৰৈ যায়। তাৰপিছত কিবা ভাবি আঙুৱাই গৈ প্ৰথম দুৱাৰেদি ভিতৰ সোমাবলৈ ধৰোতেই হাতত কেখনমান ডাঙৰ ডাঙৰ চিনেমাৰ পোষ্টাৰ লৈ উপেনে বাহিৰলৈ ওলাই আহে।)

উপেন : নন্দিনী আহিলি ?

নন্দিনী : অ' তুমি যোৱাই নাই উপেন দাদা ?

উপেন : নাই যোৱা, দেৰীয়ে হৈছে, তোলৈকে ৰৈ আছে।

নন্দিনী : কিয় ?

উপেন : মই আজি একেবাৰে নাইট শ্ব' শেষ কৰি আহিম। ফাষ্ট শ্ব' আৰম্ভ কৰি নতুন ছবিখনৰ পোষ্টাৰ মাৰিবলৈ যাব লাগিব। ভাত ঢাকি থৈ দিবি।

নন্দিনী : তোমাৰ সদায় এটা নহয় এটা লেঠা থাকেই।

উপেন : কি কৰিবি, মালিকৰ যি হুকুম। বাকু মই যাওঁ। অ' চাওঁ, তোৰ গগল্‌চুজোৰ দেচোন।

নন্দিনী : লেডীজ গগল্‌চু কেলে তোমাক ?

উপেন : বাদ দে লেডীজ গগল্‌চু। মোৰ পাইতাৰা জমিলেই হ'ল।

নন্দিনী : সন্ধ্যাই হ'ব অলপ পিছত।

উপেন : দে দে. এতিয়াও বাদ আছে, অলপ পাইতাৰা কৰো।

(নন্দিনীয়ে চৰ্চমাযোৰ দিয়ে - উপেনে পিন্ধি যাব খোজে, নন্দিনীয়ে পিছ পিনৰ পৰা

মাত দিয়ে)

নন্দিনী : অ' উপেন দাদা, শুনাচোন, আচল কথাটোকে পাহৰিছিলো।

উপেন : কি হল!

নন্দিনী : কাইলৈ তোমালোকৰ হলৰ মৰ্ণিং শ্ব'ত কিবা ভাল ছবি আছে নহয়?

উপেন : ওঁ, যাবিনেকি?

নন্দিনী : যাম, মানে আমাৰ কলেজৰ প্ৰিন্সিপেল বাইদেউ আৰু মোৰ লগৰ প্ৰফেছাৰ দুগৰাকীও যাব।

উপেন : মই তহঁতৰ সকলোৰে কাৰণে টিকট কৰিব নোৱাৰো দেই। আৰু তহঁত গলে মোৰ বহুত লোকচান হয়। তামোল, ভজা বাদাম, চানাচুৰ যোগান ধৰোতে মোৰ এক আধ্যা পৰে।

নন্দিনী : যোৱা, বাহাদুৰি নামাৰিবা।

উপেন : বাহাদুৰি মানে, তহঁতৰ প্ৰফেছাৰবোৰকতো দিব লাগেই, আকৌ তহঁতৰ কলেজৰ ছোৱালীবোৰকো দিব লাগে।

নন্দিনী : ইস্, তুনি যেন বেয়াহে পোৱা।

উপেন : যা যা যা - ইমান সাহস সিহঁতৰ। (যাব খোজে)

নন্দিনী : উপেন দাদা- চিট চাৰিটা কৈ থলো কিন্তু-

উপেন : হ'ব যা, মই আজি-কালি স্পেচিয়েল ক্লাছৰ গেটতে থাকো।

(বাহিৰলৈ খোজ লয়)

নন্দিনী : তোমাৰ প্ৰমোচন হলনেকি উপেন দাদা?

উপেন : ঐ ঠাট্টা নকৰিবি দেই।

(উপেনে কৈ কৈ বাহিৰলৈ ওলায় যায়। নন্দিনীয়ে এবাৰ মাজৰ বন্ধ দুৱাৰখনৰ ওচৰলৈ আহি কিবা কাণ পাতি শুনাৰ দৰে কৰি, ক্ষণেক থিয় হৈ, আকৌ প্ৰথম দুৱাৰেদি ভিতৰ সোমাই যায়। দুৰ্গে বাহিৰৰ পৰা আহে, হাতত এটা গিৰমিট আৰু এখন ৰাঙা। দিনটো কাঠৰ কাম কৰি থকাৰ বাবে তেওঁৰ সাজ-পোছাক কিছু অপৰিচ্ছন্ন আৰু মুখত ক্লান্তিৰ ছাপ। এটা হাতৰ আঙুলি ফটা কানিৰে বন্ধা। সোমাই আহোতে দ্বিতীয় দুৱাৰখনৰ পিনে আৰু ওপৰৰ ভেণ্ডিলেটৰ পিনে চাই চাই আহে। প্ৰথম দুৱাৰখনৰ ওচৰ পাই 'নন্দা, নন্দা' বুলি মাতি ভিতৰলৈ সোমাই যায়। অলপ পিছতে গিৰমিট-ৰাঙা ভিতৰত থৈ এটা মুঠা উলিয়াই আনি বাহিৰত বহে আৰু বান্ধি থোৱা আঙুলিটোৰ ফটাকানি খুলিখুলি নন্দিনীক মাতে।)

দুৰ্গে : নন্দা, লৈ আহ। (নিজে নিজে কয়) বিহু বাজ হৈ গৈছে বাগ্নেকে।

(নন্দিনীয়ে হাতত বেণ্ডেজৰ কাপোৰ আৰু আয়োডিনৰ বটল লৈ ওলাই আহে)

নন্দিনী : কেনেকৈ কাটিলে?

দুৰ্গে : কটা নাই অ'। জোৰে হাতুৰী মাৰিছিলো কাঠত-পিছত এবাৰ গজালত নামাৰি হাতত কোবা বহুৱাই দিলো। ঠেটালি ছিঙি পেলালে।

(লগে লগে ফটাকানিৰ বান্ধ খোলাত ঠেটোলা খাই যোৱা আঙুলিটো ওলাই পৰে)

নন্দিনী : ইস্! দুখ পোৱা নাই?

দুৰ্গে : হাতুৰীৰ কোব এটাতে দুখ পালে কাঠ মিস্ত্ৰী কৰিবি কেনেকৈ? চাওঁ দে দে, আয়োডিন ঢাল।

(নন্দিনীয়ে আয়োডিন ঢালি আঙুলিটো ভালকৈ বান্ধি দিয়ে)

নন্দিনী : অ', ভাল কথা এটা মনত পৰিছে।

দুৰ্গে : কি?

নন্দিনী : আমাৰ ষ্টেজটোৰ ওপৰৰ ছাটখন দেখিছানে অলপতে?

দুৰ্গে : নাই দেখা- মোৰ তাত উঠাই মনত নপৰে।

নন্দিনী : কাঠবোৰ পচি একেবাৰে ভাঙো ভাঙো হৈ আছে।

দুৰ্গে : এ, হয়নেকি?

নন্দিনী : অ, পঁচা কাঠবোৰ যেতিয়া পাৰা সলাই দিব লাগিব।

দুৰ্গে : ওপৰৰ পঁচা কাঠ ওপৰত থাকিব, আকৌ সলাব লাগিছে কৈলে? সেই মাক্কাতাৰ আমোলৰ হাউলী ঘৰ। আমাৰ ককাই ভাল অট্টালিকা সাজিছিল দে সেইটো। দেউতায়ো এতিয়া ভাল কামত লগাইছে। এতিয়া আৰু সেইবোৰ পঁচা কাঠ সলাব নোৱাৰি দেই।

নন্দিনী : কিহে তুমি-! সলাই নথ'লে, কেতিয়াবা ওপৰৰ ভগা কাঠ আহি মূৰত পৰিব।

দুৰ্গে : অ' এৰাটো, মোৰ মূৰত আকৌ কথাবোৰ সহজে নোসোমাই নহয়। এনেয়েনো দহ বছৰ ৰাঙা আৰু হাতুৰী মাৰিও গজালত নামাৰি নিজৰ আঙুলিত কোব দিওঁনে? কিবা এটা কৰিব লাগিব দে।

নন্দিনী : সোনকালেই কৰি পেলোৱা।

দুৰ্গে : সোনকালেই মানে, ৰ আকৌ, মই ঘৰ এটাৰ কাম হাতত লৈ আছো- সেইটো শেষ নকৰাকৈ-

নন্দিনী : নহয়, দেউতাৰ নতুন নাটকখন লিখা আজি শেষ হৈছে। আৰু অহা সপ্তাহমানৰ পৰা কিজানি ৰিহাৰ্চেল আৰম্ভই কৰিব।

দুৰ্গে : হয়নে, আকৌ দুদিনমানৰ কাৰণে আমাৰ বিহু বাজ হ'ব তেন্তে।

(দুৰ্গেই কৈ কৈ ভিতৰলৈ প্ৰথম দুৱাৰেদি সোমাই গৈ এখন পুৰণা টাৱেল আৰু চাবোন আৰু এটা বাল্টি লৈ ওলাই আহে আৰু কৰিডৰেদি ভিতৰলৈ

সোমাই যায়। অলপ পিছতে নন্দিনীয়ে একাপ চাহ হাতত লৈ ওলাই আহে আৰু ২নং বন্ধ দুৱাৰখনৰ ওচৰত বৈ লাহেকৈ এটা টোকৰ মাৰে, অলপ সময় বৈ আৰু এবাৰ টোকৰ মাৰিবলৈ হাতটো তুলি আকৌ নমাই দিয়ে, আৰু চাহ কাপেৰে সৈতে ঘূৰি ১ম দুৱাৰৰ পিনে আহে, আৰু দুৰ্গক কৰিডৰৰ ভিতৰৰ পিনে চাই মাতে।)

নন্দিনী : দুৰ্গে দাদা, মুখ ধোৱা হ'লনে?

দুৰ্গে : (কৰিডৰৰ পৰা) হৈছে, গৈছে।

নন্দিনী : আহা, চাহ খোৱাহি।

(নন্দিনীয়ে চাহ কাপ লৈ ভিতৰ সোমাব খোজোতেই বাহিৰৰ পৰা সুৰেন সোমাই আহে। সুৰেনৰ হাতত আৰু গাত চাইকেলৰ তেল-চিকতি। ৰেঙ্গ বা তেনে ধৰণৰ চাইকেলৰ সঁজুলি তেওঁ হাতত লৈ আহে। নন্দিনীয়ে সুৰেনক দেখিয়েই কয়)

নন্দিনী : সুৰেন দাদা, আহিলাই যে, দোকান বন্ধ কৰিলাইনেকি আজি?

সুৰেন : এ, বন্ধ কৰিলো দে। আজি সন্ধ্যা কেবাখনো চাইকেল ভাল কৰি থোৱাৰ কথা। এখনো ভাল কৰিব নোৱাৰিলো। মানুহবোৰে নিবলৈ আহিব আৰু নাপাই মোক গালি শুনাব। সদায় মানুহৰ কিমান গালি শুনিবি? আজি সেই কাৰণেই দোকানকে বন্ধ কৰি থৈ আহিছো বাগ্নেকে।

নন্দিনী : আজিহে সাৰিলা, কাইলৈ আকৌ নাপাবা মানুহবোৰে? আৰু তেতিয়া দুগুণে গালি পাৰিব।

সুৰেন : (হঠাৎ যেন কথাটো বোধগম্য হ'ল) অ' এবাটো, কাইলৈতো আকৌ পাব। কাইলৈতো সুদাই নেৰে। এই দোকানকে একেবাৰে বন্ধ কৰি দিম বাগ্নেকে। নতুন বিজনেচ কৰিম।

নন্দিনী : চাইকেল দোকান, তোমাৰ কেই নম্বৰ বিজনেচ সুৰেন দাদা?

সুৰেন : সাত নম্বৰ। চাওঁ চাহ দে, চাহ দে।

নন্দিনী : এই কাপ দুৰ্গে দাদাৰ। তুমি হাত-মুখ ধুই আহা, যোৱা।

(নন্দিনী আৰু সুৰেন সোমাই যায়। ক্ষুণ্ণক পিছতে সুৰেনে হাতৰ বস্তুবোৰ ভিতৰত থৈ গাৰ চাৰ্টটো খুলি গেঞ্জীটো পিন্ধি ওলাই আহি কৰিডৰেদি ভিতৰৰ ফালে যাব খোজে আৰু সেই পিনৰ পৰা দুৰ্গেই মুখ হাত ধুই টাৱেল-চাবোন আৰু বাল্টি লৈ সোমাই আহে। সুৰেনে দুৰ্গেৰ পৰা বাল্টি, টাৱেল, চাবোন খুজি লৈ কৰিডৰেদি সোমাই যায়। দুৰ্গেই ১নং দুৱাৰেদি ভিতৰ সোমায়।

কিছু সময় মঞ্চ শূন্য আৰু নীৰৱ হৈ থাকে। হঠাৎ বিশেষ কোঠাটোৰ ভিতৰৰ পৰা এটা টিং আৰু কাঠৰ বাকচ পৰা - এনে দুই- এটা শব্দ হয়।

ক্ষুণ্ণক আকৌ নীৰৱ। এইবাৰ দ্বিতীয় দুৱাৰখনৰ ওপৰৰ পিনে ভিতৰৰ পৰা এটা খিলি খোলাৰ শব্দ হয়। লাহে লাহে দুৱাৰখন মেল খায়। দেখা যায় দুৱাৰৰ মুখখনৰ প্ৰায় আধাতকৈও অলপ ওপৰলৈ কিছুমান পুৰণা সাজ-পোছাক ইত্যাদিৰে বস্তুবোৰ এটা দ'ম হৈ আছে। আৰু সেই দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি ভিতৰ ফালৰ পৰা এখন মুখ দেখা গ'ল। মুখখন নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যৰ। তেওঁ দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি বগাই জাপ মাৰি বাহিৰলৈ আহে। তাৰ পিছত আকৌ বাহিৰৰ পৰা দুৱাৰখন জপাই কাষৰ চকীখন ওচৰলৈ নি তাৰ ওপৰত উঠি ওপৰৰ ভেণ্ডিলেটৰ ভগা আয়নাৰ মাজেৰে হাতটো ভিতৰলৈ সুমাই ভিতৰৰ পৰা দুৱাৰৰ খিলিটো লগাই দিয়ে আৰু চকীৰ পৰা নামি আহি ১ম দুৱাৰৰ ওচৰলৈ গৈ ভিতৰলৈ এবাৰ চায়; তাৰ পিছত ঘূৰি আলিবাটৰ পিনে আহি পুৰণা আন্ধতাৰাৰ ঢোলটোৰ ওপৰত বহে আৰু বাহিৰলৈ আলিবাটৰ পিনে চাই থাকে। তেওঁৰ হাতত এখন ফুলক্ষেপ কাগজৰ মোটা বহী। হঠাৎ তেওঁ এবাৰ থিয় দিয়ে। বাহিৰত (নেপথ্যত) বাটেদি বন্ধুসহ আহি থকা ৰমেশক চিঞৰি মাতে)

নিবাৰণ : হেৰা ৰমেশ, ঘূৰি গ'লা দেখোন, হেৰা, হেৰা ৰমেশ!

(মাতি মাতি বাহিৰলৈ ওলাই যায়। ৰমেশ আৰু তেওঁ বন্ধুক হাতত ধৰি লৈ আহে। কথা কৈ কৈ সোমাই আহে।)

নিবাৰণ : হেৰা, তোমালোকে বাক মোক দেখাৰ পিছতে হঠাৎ ঘূৰি যাবলৈ ওলাইছিল কিয়?

ৰমেশ : নহয় মানে, ককাইদেউ, আমি কিবা এটা পাহৰি আহিছিলো। সেই কাৰণেহে উভতি যাব খুজিছিলো। আপোনাক মনেই কৰা নাছিলো ককাইদেউ।

নিবাৰণ : কথাটো এই জাগি শোৱা মানুহক জগোৱাৰ নিচিনা কথা, তুমি আৰু মন কৰিবা কেনেকৈ-

ৰমেশ : নহয়, মানে-

নিবাৰণ : মানে বাটৰ কাষত পৰিত্যক্ত আন্ধতাৰ এই ভগা ঢোলটোত উপবিষ্ট নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যক ঢোলটোৰ সৈতে অবিচ্ছেদ্য এক অংশ-স্বৰূপ বুলি ভবাটো একান্ত স্বাভাৱিক কথা, বিশেষকৈ আন্ধতাৰ সৈতে মোৰ গাৰ ৰং যেতিয়া অভিন্ন। কিন্তু তথাপিও এটা জীৱন্ত মানুহ দিয়াচোন। ইমান অৱজ্ঞা কেনেকৈ কৰিব পাৰা বাক তোমালোকে?

ৰমেশ : (ক্ষুব্ধভাবে) নিবাৰণ ককাইদেউ - আপুনি মোক তেনেকৈ ক'লে!

নিবাৰণ : (কিবা এটা সত্য উদঘাটনৰ কৃত্ৰিম আনন্দেৰে) তেন্তে মই ক'ব পৰা হৈছে ৰমেশ। এয়া তোমাক মই ক'ব পাৰিলো? মই আজিকালি মানুহক ক'ব পৰা হৈছে, বুজিছা। আৰু ইয়েই সূচনা।

বমেশ : কিহৰ সূচনা ককাইদেউ ?

নিবাৰণ : আশা, উন্নতি আৰু কৃতকাৰ্য্যতা। বাক বাদ দিয়া এইবোৰ। আহা, অলপ বহা যাওক। অ', তুমিতো বমেশ ইয়ালৈ কিমান দিন আহিছা, মোৰ থকা কোঠাটো দেখা নাই। আহা, আজি তোমাক মোৰ কোঠাত বহুৱাম।

বমেশ : (বিনয় ভাবত) আজি নবহো ককাইদেউ।

নিবাৰণ : আহা, তহল মাৰিব নালাগে। কাইলৈৰ পৰা মই অসম্ভৱ ব্যস্ত হৈ পৰিম, মোৰ পিছৰ নাটকখনৰ কাৰণে। আজি অলপ নিষ্কাম হৈ আছো। অলপ কথা পাতো আহা- মোৰ কোঠাতে। মোৰ নতুন নাটকখন —

বমেশ : নহয়, মানে ককাইদেউ আমাৰ এটা এনগেজমেন্ট আছিল।

নিবাৰণ : বাদ দিয়া - এনগেজমেন্ট। প্ৰেছ কনফাৰেন্স ?

বমেশ : নহয়।

নিবাৰণ : চিনেমা ?

বমেশ : নাই, চিনেমাও নহয়।

নিবাৰণ : তেন্তে ?

বমেশ : এই, মানে তেওঁৰ কাম এটা -

নিবাৰণ : (যেন ইমান পাৰে দেখাই নাছিল- হঠাত এতিয়াহে দেখিলে) অ', এওঁ কোন ?

বমেশ : ববীন দুৱৰা। আমাৰ কাগজৰে ছিলং অফিছৰ নতুন ৰিপোৰ্টাৰ, আৰু মোৰ বন্ধু। আৰু ৰবীন, (ৰবীনক উদ্দেশ্য কৰি) এখেত হৈছে -

নিবাৰণ : শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য। ইয়াতকৈ আৰু বেছি পৰিচয় বৰ্তমানে তোমালোকলৈ মোৰ নাই। মই এজন অকাল-জন্ম মানুহ, অৰ্থাৎ অন্ততঃ পঞ্চাশ বছৰৰ পিছত মোৰ জন্ম হ'ব লাগিছিল - তেতিয়া হ'লে মোৰ প্ৰকৃত পৰিচয় কি তোমালোকক কোৱাত বা তোমালোকৰো বুজাত সহজ হ'লহেঁতেন। বাক, তোমাক লগ পাই ভাল পালো। আহা বমেশ - আহা ৰমেন।

বমেশ : ৰমেন নহয় - ৰবীন, ৰবীন দুৱৰা।

নিবাৰণ : অ' ৰবীন, ৰবীন ওঁ। আহা অলপ বহিবা - আহা ৰমেশ।

বমেশ : বলক।

(নিবাৰণ দ্বিতীয় দুৱাৰখনৰ ওচৰলৈ যায়। পিছে পিছে ৰমেশ যাব খোজে। ৰবীনে ৰমেশৰ চোলাত পিছফালৰ পৰা টান মাৰি কিবা এটা ইংগিত দিয়ে। ৰমেশে ৰবীনক চকুৰে উপায়হীন অৱস্থা এটাৰ ভাব প্ৰকাশ কৰে।)

নিবাৰণ : (দুৱাৰখনৰ ওচৰত থিয় দি) এইটোৱেই মোৰ কোঠা, মোৰ ষ্টাডি, মোৰ লেবৰেটৰী, মোৰ শোৱা কোঠা, মোৰ বহা কোঠা, মোৰ স্বৰ্গ, মোৰ নৰক। ৰ'বা, এতিয়া ইয়াৰ এই দুৱাৰখন খোলাৰ আকৌ এটা কায়দা

আছে। মোৰ সকলো কথাই অলপ ব্যতিক্ৰম জানাই। দুৱাৰখন ভিতৰৰ পৰা ছক লগোৱা আছে।

ৰবীন : ভিতৰলৈ কেনেকৈ সোমাব তেন্তে ? আৰু অন্যফালে দুৱাৰ নাই জানো ? (ৰবীনে ১নং খোলা দুৱাৰখনৰ পিনে চাই)

নিবাৰণ : সেইপিনে (১নং দুৱাৰৰ পিনে দেখুৱাই) সেইটো কোঠাইদি ঘৰৰ ভিতৰলৈ যাব পাৰি, য'ত নন্দিনীহঁত থাকে। সেই পিনৰ সৈতে মোৰ এই কোঠাটোৰ আনখন দুৱাৰ হৈছে সেইখন (৩নং দুৱাৰখন দেখুৱাই)। তাত সেইটো প্ৰকাণ্ড তলা লগোৱা আছে। এসময়ত সেইখনেই আছিল কোঠাটোৰ আচল দুৱাৰ। কিন্তু এদিন তলাটোৰ ছাবিপাত মামৰে ধৰি ভাগি থাকিল। আৰু মই সেইপিনে সোমোৱা বাদেই দিলো। এতিয়া এইপিনে, এই ভঙা চকীখনত উঠি সোঁ ওপৰৰ ভেণ্টিলেটৰৰ ভঙা আয়নাখনেদি হাত সুমুৱাই দুৱাৰৰ খিলিটো খোলো আৰু ভিতৰ সোমোওঁ। হেঃ হেঃ হেঃ - চাবাইক। মই এতিয়া প্ৰেক্টিকেল ডেমনষ্ট্ৰেচন দিম। (নিবাৰণে চকীখনত উঠিবলৈ যায়)

বমেশ : এ এ - চাব, ভঙা চকী, পৰিব কেনেকৈ। (চকীখন ধৰিব খোজে)

নিবাৰণ : নাই নাই, তুমি ধৰিব নেলাগে। মই এয়া চোৱা - জাপ মাৰি উঠিলো। (জাপ মাৰি উঠে) চকীখন যদিও দেখাত হেলেক-পেলেক তথাপিও ইয়াৰ কেটামান বিশেষ অংগত কেটামান গজাল আছে যি চকীখনৰ খুটাকেটা নিকপকপীয়াকৈ ধৰি আছে। (ভেণ্টিলেটৰৰ ভঙা আয়নাৰ মাজেৰে ভিতৰলৈ হাত সুমুৱাই খিলি খুলিব খোজে।)

বমেশ : চাব, আয়নাই হাত কাটিব।

নিবাৰণ : নাকাটে। অতদিন হ'ল এইদৰেই দুৱাৰ খুলিছো। (ভিতৰৰ গিলিটো খুলি, চকীৰ পৰা নামি দুৱাৰখন খোলে) এয়া চোৱা, দুৱাৰ খোলা হৈ গ'ল। হু, এতিয়া ৰবা- চোৱা এই পৰ্ব্বতটো পাৰ হ'ব লাগিব। প্ৰথমে মই গৈ লওঁ। তাৰ পিছত -

বমেশ : ককাইদেউ- এইপিনে কেনেকৈ সোমাব, দুৱাৰদলিত দেখোন মস্ত পাহাৰ। টিং বাকচ, ট্ৰিপাল, চট কাপোৰ, কাঠৰ টুকুৰা, দুৱাৰৰ মুখখন দেখোন গোটেই বন্ধ। এইবোৰ পাৰ হৈ ভিতৰলৈ কেনেকৈ যায়।

নিবাৰণ : দিনটোত অন্ততঃ দহবাৰ মই এইপিনে বগাই অহা-যোৱা কৰো। এইবোৰ মোৰ থিয়েটাৰৰ চেটিংচৰ বন্ধ। এয়া চোৱা মই উঠিলো, মই পাৰ হৈ যাওঁ- তাৰ পিছত তোমালোক আহিবা। (নিবাৰণ দুৱাৰ-মুখৰ দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি পাৰ হৈ ভিতৰলৈ সোমায় আৰু

নেদেখা হয়।)

বমেশ : (ববীনক) বুঢ়া ঘপ- ঘপকৈ উঠি সিয়াল পালেগৈ, কি কৰা যায় এতিয়া।

ববীন : কেনে ধৰণৰ মানুহহে এইজন?

বমেশ : এনে ধৰণৰ। আমাৰ প্ৰেছত এদিন চিনাকি হৈছিল। থিয়েটাৰ কৰা মানুহ। এতিয়া তেওঁ দুঘণ্টা নাটক পঢ়ি শুনাব।

ববীন : সৰ্বনাশ হ'ল, কুস্তলা যে আহিবৰ সময় হৈ গ'ল।

বমেশ : তুমিও আৰু এনে বুৰ্বক, ৰাস্তাতনো ছোৱালী লগ ধৰি প্ৰেম কৰাৰ দিন আছেনে আজি-কালি! ইমানবোৰ ৰেণ্টোৰী, কফি হাউচ, পাৰ্ক থাকোঁতে-

ববীন : মহা মস্তিষ্ক, এই চলতে পলাওঁ ব'লা।

নিবাবণ : (কোঠাৰ ভিতৰৰ পৰা) বমেশ, আহা, মোৰ দৰে বগাই পাৰ হৈ আহা।

বমেশ : সেয়া এতিয়া কেনেকৈ গুছি যোৱা? বেয়া পাব মানুহটোৱে।

ববীন : মই নাযাওঁ, তুমি যোৱা।

নিবাবণ : (ভিতৰৰ পৰা) হেৰা বমেশ - আহা, তোমাৰ বন্ধুকো আহিবলৈ কোৱা।

ববীন : মই যাওঁগৈ দিয়া। কুস্তলাক লগ নাপাম নহ'লে।

বমেশ : মই নগলে তুমি নিজেই যদি কুস্তলাক কথাখিনি ক'ব পাৰা, যোৱা।

ববীন : এৰাটো, সেইটোৱো হয়।

নিবাবণ : (ভিতৰৰ পৰা) হেৰা বমেশ -তোমালোক গ'লাগৈ নেকিহে?

বমেশ : (ডাঙৰকৈ) নাই ককাইদেউ, নাই যোৱা - এয়া উঠিবলৈ ধৰিছোঁ। (কঠম্বৰ নমাই) ববীন, আহা, এতিয়া কিবা এটা কৰি সোনকালে ওলাই আহিম। (বমেশ দুৱাৰমুখৰ দ'মটোত উঠে। পাছে পাছে হাতৰ ঘড়ী আৰু আলিবাটৰ পিনে ঘূৰি চাই চাই ববীনো দ'মটোত উঠে। দুয়ো অতি কষ্টেৰে দ'মটোত পাৰ হৈ কোঠাটোৰ ভিতৰ সোমায়। ভিতৰ পিনে টিং বাকচ বাগৰি পৰাৰ শুনা যায়। নিবাবণে হাঁহি হাঁহি কোৱা শুনা যায়।)

হেঃ হেঃ- ধীৰে ধীৰে, চাবা। তোমালোক পৰা, মোৰ বস্তুবোৰ নাভাঙিব। (লগে লগে ধীৰেন সোমাই আহে বাহিৰৰ পৰা। তেওঁৰ ডিঙিত এদাল গজ ফিতা মেৰিওৱা। কাষলতিৰ তলত কটা কাপোৰৰ এটা টোপোলা আৰু হাতত এখন ডাঙৰ কেঁচি। সোমায় কাষৰ ২নং দুৱাৰখনৰ খোলা অৱস্থাতো লক্ষ্য কৰে। এনেতে সুৰেনে হাতত টাৱেল চাবোন আৰু ৰাল্টি লৈ কৰিডবেদি ওলাই আহে। ২নং খোলা দুৱাৰখন দেখি আৰু ভিতৰত কাৰোবাৰ মাত শুনি সুৰেনে ধীৰেনক সোধে)

সুৰেন : কাৰোবাক সুমালেনেকি আজি আকৌ?

ধীৰেন : মই গেটৰ মুখৰ পৰা দেখিলো দুজন মানুহ উঠি গৈছে। এজন বমেশ বৰুৱা যেন লাগিল, আনজন চিনি নাপালো।

(দুৰ্গে ১নং দুৱাৰেদি ওলাই আহি সুৰেনহঁতৰ লগ লয়)

দুৰ্গে : (ওলাই অহাৰ লগে লগে) কি হ'ল সুৰেন?

সুৰেন : দুৱাৰ খোলা-ভিতৰত কথা।

ধীৰেন : কথা নহয় বজ্জতা, দেউতাৰ বজ্জতা।

সুৰেন : বধিলে বাগ্নেকে।

দুৰ্গে : বিহু বাজ হ'ল তেন্তে আজি। কোনোবা নতুন মক্কেল হ'ব নিশ্চয়। কাক বা পালে!

ধীৰেন : বমেশ বৰুৱা আৰু কোনোবা এজন যেন লাগিল।

দুৰ্গে : বমেশ বৰুৱা? বিহু বাজ হ'ল তেন্তে। আজি আকৌ বোলে দেউতাৰ নতুন নাটখন লিখা শেষ হৈছে!

ধীৰেন : হয়নে, কমেও দুঘণ্টা তেনে।

সুৰেন : ফুৰ্ত্তি এটা তেন্তে আজি আকৌ হ'ব বাগ্নেকে।

দুৰ্গে : মজাটো চাওঁ দে। বাগৰি পৰাটো চাই বৰ ভাল লাগে। (তিনিওটাই বমেশহঁত ২নং দুৱাৰৰ দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি ওলাই আহোতে বাগৰি পৰা দৃশ্যটো উপভোগ কৰিবলৈ সাজু হয়। নন্দিনী সোমাই আহে)

নন্দিনী : দুৰ্গে দাদা- কি হৈছে তোমালোকৰ?

দুৰ্গে : (২নং খোলা দুৱাৰেদি কোঠালিটোলৈ নিৰ্দেশ কৰি) বিহু বাজ হৈছে নন্দিনী, বমেশ বৰুৱাক বধিলে।

নন্দিনী : কি?

দুৰ্গে : দুৱাৰ খোলা ভিতৰত বজ্জতা।

নন্দিনী : কোন ভিতৰত?

দুৰ্গে : বমেশ বৰুৱা বোলে-

নন্দিনী : বমেশ বৰুৱা!

সুৰেন : মজাটো চাবলৈ বৈ আছে।

নন্দিনী : (গহীন আৰু খং ভাবেৰে) দুৰ্গে দাদা - তোমালোক ইয়াৰ পৰা যাবানে?

দুৰ্গে : ঐ যাবগৈ লাগে!

নন্দিনী : মই কৈছোঁ তোমালোক ভিতৰলৈ যোৱা। ইয়াত কোনো নাথাকি বা। (দুৰ্গেহঁতে ইটোৱে সিটোৰ মুখলৈ চাই)

তোমালোকৰ বেয়া নেলাগে এনেবোৰ ফুৰ্ত্তি কৰিবলৈ?

দুৰ্গে : ঐ এৰাটো - (যেন ভুলটো বুজি পালে)

সুৰেন : এৰাটো।

নন্দিনী : (২নং দুৱাৰমুখলৈ চাই) আৰু দেউতাৰ যে কি কাণ্ড! মই সদায় কওঁ মানুহক কোঠাটোলৈ সুমাই দিগ্দাৰ নিদিবলৈ। বৰুৱাই কি ভাবিব বাৰু।

দুৰ্গে : হয় দে নন্দিনী! দেউতাৰ এইটো ভাৰী অনায়া।
 নন্দিনী : বলা ভিতৰলৈ। ধীৰেন দাদা তুমি আহিলা, যোৱা, মুখ ধুই আহগৈ। চাহ একেলগে বাকিছো।
 (এটাইকেইটা ভিতৰলৈ যাব ধৰে)
 দুৰ্গে : (যাবলৈ ধৰাৰ লগে লগে কয়) আজি এটা কাম কৰিম ব।
 নন্দিনী : কি কৰিবা?
 দুৰ্গে : এতিয়া নকওঁ বল। মুঠতে আজি বিহু বাজ হ'ব।
 (দুৰ্গেই ৩নং দুৱাৰখনৰ পিনে আৰু ডাঙৰ তলাটোৰ পিনে তীব্ৰ দৃষ্টি এটা দি ভিতৰ সোমায়। ধীৰেনে বাল্টি টাৱেল লৈ কৰিডৰেদি ভিতৰলৈ যায়গৈ আৰু নন্দিনী সুৰেন ১নং দুৱাৰেদি সোমায়। মঞ্চ শূন্য। ২নং কোঠাৰ পৰা নিবাৰণৰ মাত শুনা যায়। নিবাৰণে কোৱা শুনা যায়)
 নিবাৰণ : তোমালোকৰ আৰু বহিবলৈকে সময় নাই। ব'লা-ব'লা —তোমালোকক আগবঢ়াই থৈ আহো। আহা, আহা।
 (লগে লগে ২নং খোলা দুৱাৰৰ দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি নিবাৰণ অতি সহজেই ওলাই আহে। তেওঁৰ হাতত এখন হাতে লিখা নাটকৰ ডাঙৰ বহী। তেওঁৰ পিছে পিছে ৰমেশ আৰু ৰবীন দ'মটোৰ ওপৰেদি এজন এজনকৈ বাগৰি হামখুৰি খাই মঞ্চত পৰেহি। প্ৰথমে ৰমেশ অহাৰ লগে লগে—)
 নিবাৰণ : হেঃ হেঃ চাবা চাবা — পৰিবা।
 (ৰমেশ বাগৰি পৰে, উঠি গাৰ ধূলি জোকাৰে। তাৰ পিছত ৰবীন আহি আৰু বেয়াকৈ পৰে)
 নিবাৰণ : হেঃ হেঃ, ধীৰে ধীৰে, ৰবীন তোমালোক পৰা, মোৰ সম্পত্তিবোৰ নাভাঙিবা।
 (ৰবীনে পৰাৰ লগে লগে গা-মূৰ খজুৱাবলৈ ধৰে)
 হুঁ, কি হ'লহে তোমাৰ?
 ৰবীন : ইয়াত ক'বাত বিছা আছেনেকি? গাটো খজুৱা-য়েন লাগিছে।
 নিবাৰণ : বিছা! হেঃ হেঃ হেঃ — মই থাকোতে আৰু ইয়াত বিছা ক'ত থাকিব পাৰেহে? ওঁ, অৱশ্যে মকৰা জালবোৰ আছে অপৰ্যাপ্ত। পোহনীয়া মকৰা, কোনো ভয় নাই। মকৰা জালবোৰ, সিহঁতৰ প্ৰত্যেকৰে একোখন সৰু সৰু অৰণ্য, তাত সিহঁতে চিকাৰ কৰি, জীৱহত্যা কৰি, জীৱন নিৰ্বাহ কৰে, বংশ বৃদ্ধি কৰে। সিহঁতৰ সমাজত জন্ম নিয়ন্ত্ৰণৰ কোনো আইন অদ্যাপি মই বলবৎ কৰা নাই। সিহঁতৰ এই মুক্ত-জংগম জীৱন, মোৰ বৰ ভাল লাগে। মই যেন এটা অতি প্ৰাচীন, এটা অতি আদিম অকৃত্ৰিম যুগলৈ একোবাৰ উভতি যাওঁ, আৰু তাৰ পৰা চাই পঠিৱাওঁ বৰ্তমানৰ সুউচ্চ পৰ্বত

পাহাৰবোৰৰ ওপৰেদি দেখা অনন্ত ভৱিষ্যতলৈ — সৌ অসীম আকাশখনলৈ—
 (হঠাৎ ৰবীনক কিছু দূৰত আন্ধতৰাৰ ঢোলটোৰ ওচৰৰ পৰা বাহিবলৈ চাই থকা দেখি)
 হেৰা, তুমি দেখোন, কি আছিল তোমাৰ নামটো, ৰবীন, হু— ৰবীন, তুমি দেখোন একেবাৰে বাটৰ ওচৰত ৰৈ আছগৈ।
 ৰবীন : নাই, এইখিনিতে মানে অলপ ঠাণ্ডা বতাহ মাৰি আছে।
 নিবাৰণ : অ', ঠাণ্ডা বতাহ। বাকু বাকু। তাৰ পিছত আচল কথাটো হৈছে মোৰ নতুন নাটকখনতো নুশুনিলাই? শেষ দৃশ্যটো—
 ৰমেশ : ককাইদেউ আজিলৈ—
 নিবাৰণ : নহয় নহয়, মই পঢ়ি শুনাৰ খোজা নাই। তোমালোকে অভিনয়ত নিজে দেখিবাই। মই মাত্ৰ ক'ব খুজিছো মোৰ আগৰকেখন নাটকৰ দৰে মোৰ ক'বলগীয়া আচল কথাখিনি এইবাৰ থৈ নিদিওঁ। কাৰণ প্ৰত্যেকবাৰেই শেষ দৃশ্য পোৱাৰ আগেয়েই নাট সামৰিব লগা হৈছে। মানুহ এটাও নাথাকে শেষলৈ। যোৱাৰৰ খনলৈ তুমি গৈছিলো নহয়, সেই যে ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ পানীত পাতিছিলো?
 ৰমেশ : ওঁ, গৈছিলো, গৈছিলো।
 ৰবীন : (হঠাৎ আগ্ৰহান্বিত ভাবে নিবাৰণৰ ফালে কিছু ওচৰ চাপি আহি) ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ পানীত?
 (পিছৰ নিবাৰণৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ সংলাপৰ শেষ ভাগলৈ ৰবীনৰ আগ্ৰহ নোহোৱা হয়, আৰু আকৌ আগৰ ঠাইলৈ গৈ ধৈৰ্যহীন ভাবে মাজে মাজে বাহিবলৈ চাই থাকে। ৰমেশে নিবাৰণৰ কথা তন্নয় হৈ শুনে)
 নিবাৰণ : (ৰবীনৰ আগ্ৰহত উৎসাহিত হৈ) ওঁ— ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ পানীত— ব্ৰহ্মপুত্ৰৰ পানীত। মানে মঞ্চ আছিল পানীৰ মাজত, আৰু দৰ্শক পাৰৰ বালিত। মঞ্চটো ঠিক পাৰঘাটৰ দৰে সজা হৈছিল। চাৰিওপিনে পানী আৰু আকাশ। কৃষ্ণ দ্বিতীয়াৰ জোন ঠিক পানীৰ মাজৰ পৰা ওলাই আহিছে। সঁচাসঁচি জোন। অভিনয় আৰম্ভ কৰিবলৈ সেই মুহূৰ্তলৈকে ৰৈ থকা হৈছিল। পানীত দূৰৰ পৰা এখন নাও প্ৰথমে কাষ চাপি আহি থকা শুনা গ'ল। পিছত দেখা গ'ল নাওখন আহি পাৰঘাটত লাগিলহি। এজন যাত্ৰী অকলে নাও বাই আহিছে। যাত্ৰীজনৰ গাত চিকাৰীৰ বেশ, এখন কান্ধত ধনু-কাঁড়, এহাতে বন্দুক, পিঠিত বৰশীৰ সজুলি আৰু কিটুচ বেগ। পিছনত চামৰাৰ জেকেট আৰু এটা পুৰণা কলা ব্ৰিচেচ। তেওঁ পাৰঘাটলৈ উঠি আহিল। কাষৰ পাত নোহোৱা গছ জোপাৰ গুৰিত থিয় হৈ পানীৰ মাজৰ জোনটোলৈ

চালে, দুৰলৈ—পানীলৈ, আকাশলৈ চাই পঠিয়ালে। কিছু সময় গ'ল। লাহে লাহে এবাৰ তেওঁ দৃষ্টি ঘূৰাই আনি কাষৰ গছজোপাৰ ওপৰলৈ নিষ্ক্ষেপ কৰিলে দেখা গ'ল— এজাক চৰাই উৰি আহি তাত পৰিছেহি। তেওঁ বন্দুকটো হাতত তুলি ললে, ওপৰলৈ গুলী কৰিলে, এটা চৰাই সৰি পৰিল। লাহে লাহে মানুহজন দৰ্শকৰ পিনে আগুৱাই আহিল। দৰ্শকক উদ্দেশ্য কৰি তেওঁ ক'বলৈ ধৰিলেঃ সমবেত সুধীবৃন্দ, মোৰ নাম শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য, আজিৰ এই অনুষ্ঠানৰ নাট্যকাৰ আৰু পৰিচালক। আকাশত আইডিয়াৰ অনন্ত চৰাইৰ উৰি যায়। সিহঁতক হত্যা কৰিব পাৰি। এটি আইডিয়াৰ চৰাইক মই ধৰিবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰিছিলো। ভাৱিছিলো ধৰি আনি তাৰ কণ্ঠত মই অমিয়া সুৰৰ টো তুলিম, সুৰৰ অপূৰ্ব মূৰ্ছনা তুলিম, ভাৱিছিলো তাৰ মাতত মই ৰূপকথাৰ সন্মোহনী সৃষ্টি কৰিম। কিন্তু সেই চৰাই কণ্ঠত অমিয়া সুৰৰ, ৰূপকথাৰ সন্মোহনীৰ সৃষ্টি নহ'ল। মই হয়তো সেই চৰাইক হত্যা কৰিছো। এয়া মোৰ সেই নিহত বিহংগ। এইবুলি কোৱাৰ লগে লগে নদীৰ মাজৰ পৰা অতি ক্ষীণকৈ বাঁহীৰ এটি কোমল কৰুণ সুৰ ভাঁহি আহিল। চিকাৰীজনে কাষত পৰি থকা চৰাইটো হাতত তুলি ললে, হন-হনকৈ পানীত থকা নাৱলৈ নামি গৈ নদীৰ মাজলৈ নাও এৰি দিলে। তেওঁ ক্ৰমে নেদেখা হ'ল। বাঁহীৰ সুৰ ক্ৰমে ওচৰ চাপি আহিল। যেন কোনোবা নাৱত বাঁহী বজাই পাৰঘাটৰ পিনে আহি আছে, ক্ৰমে ওচৰলৈ, ওচৰলৈ—নাটকৰ দ্বিতীয় চৰিত্ৰ.....

- ৰবীন : (হঠাৎ উত্তেজিত হৈ) হেই, ৰমেশ গ'ল।
 ৰমেশ : (তন্ময়তা ভাঙি) হুম্।
 নিবাৰণ : হুম্— গ'ল— কি গ'ল— কোন গ'ল— কেনি গ'ল? (দৃষ্টি বাটৰ পিনে তৎক্ষণাত ঘূৰাই)
 ৰবীন : (হঠাৎ কথাৰ সুৰ সলাই ঘৰৰ বেৰৰ পিনে চাই) নাই— নাই— মস্ত মকৰা এজনী এইপিনে পাৰ হৈ গ'ল।
 নিবাৰণ : অ', মকৰা. হেঃ হেঃ হেঃ— ভয় নাই, মোৰ ঘৰৰ মকৰা কেজনীয়ে মানুহ নধৰে। তাৰ পিছত বুজিছা— ৰমেশ—
 ৰমেশ : (অধৈৰ্য্য) মই থিয়েটাৰ চাবলৈ গৈছিলো নহয়।
 নিবাৰণ : কিন্তু শেষলৈকে আছিল জানো?
 ৰমেশ : মানে, অৱশ্যে শেষলৈকে থাকিবলৈ নহ'ল।
 নিবাৰণ : সেয়া, তাকেইতো কৈছো, শেষলৈ কোনো নাথাকিল। এতিয়ালৈকে মই বাৰখন নাটকৰ অভিনয় কৰিলো। প্ৰত্যেকখনতেই মানুহ নাহেই। যি-কেইটা আহে অভিনয়ৰ আধাতেই গুছি যায়। কিন্তু এইবাৰ—

- ৰমেশ : আপোনাৰ নতুন নাটকৰ অভিনয় কেতিয়া হ'ব?
 নিবাৰণ : আৰু ঠিক এমাহৰ পিছতে। সেইদিনা হ'ব মোৰ ষাঠী বছৰীয়া জন্মদিন। মই আজিৰ পৰা ৰিহাৰ্চেল আৰম্ভ কৰিম।
 ৰমেশ : তেন্তে এইখনৰ অভিনয় আপোনাৰ জন্মদিন উপলক্ষে?
 নিবাৰণ : ওঁ, জন্মদিন উপলক্ষে। মোৰ ষাঠী বছৰীয়া জন্মদিন উপলক্ষে।
 ৰমেশ : এইবাৰ অভিনয় কোনে কোনে কৰিব?
 ৰবীন : (দুৰৰ পৰা) ৰমেশ?
 নিবাৰণ : (ৰবীনে মতালৈ কাণ নিদি) মোৰ থিয়েটাৰত অভিনয় কৰিবলৈ আন আৰু কোন আহিব! মোৰ ল'ৰা চাৰিটা আৰু ছোৱালীজনী— সিহঁতেই থাকিব।
 ৰবীন : আপোনাৰ ল'ৰা-ছোৱালী!
 নিবাৰণ : ৰমেশ— তোমাৰ বন্ধুৱে মোক কি বুলি ভাবেহে। ঘৰসংসাৰ, ল'ৰা-ছোৱালী সকলো বাদ দি মই এটা মস্ত আৰ্টিষ্ট, হেঁ। কিন্তু মই একো বাদ দিয়া নাই, একমাত্ৰ পাত্ৰীৰ বাহিৰে। পত্নীকো মই বাদ দিয়া নাই। তেওঁহে আঁতৰি গৈছে মোৰ জীৱনৰ পৰা, তেওঁৰ আসন শূন্য কৰি, আৰু সেই শূন্যতাৰে মোৰ হৃদয় পূৰ্ণ কৰি।
 (২নং দুৱাৰেদি দুগৈ বাহিৰলৈ ভুমুকি মাৰি নিবাৰণহঁতক চোৱা দেখা যায়। পিছলৈও এইদৰে মাজে মাজে ভুমুকি মাৰি থকা দেখা যায়)
 ৰবীন : কিন্তু আপোনাৰ ল'ৰা-ছোৱালীহঁত থাকে ক'ত?
 নিবাৰণ : আগেয়ে আলিৰ সিপাৰৰ সৌ উৰলি যোৱা বাপতি সাহোন দালানটোতে আমি এটাইবিলাক আছিলো। এতিয়া সেইটো মোৰ বংগ-মঞ্চ পাতি ইয়ালৈ আহিছে। সিহঁতো ইয়াতে থাকে, সেই সফালে। সিহঁতক লৈ মোৰ কোনো চিন্তা নাই। প্ৰত্যেককে উপাৰ্জনক্ষম কৰি তুলিছো। ল'ৰা কেটাৰ এটা দৰ্জি, এটা কাঠ মিস্ত্ৰি, এটা চাইকেল মিস্ত্ৰি, এটা চিনেমাৰ গেটকিপাৰ, আৰু ছোৱালীজনীয়ে যোৱাবাৰ ইংৰাজী সাহিত্যত প্ৰথম শ্ৰেণী লৈ এম, এ, পাছ কৰি প্ৰফেছৰী কৰিছে। এমাহৰ দৰ্মহা মোৰ থিয়েটাৰত দি দিব লাগিব। ৰবা, মোৰ ছোৱালীজনীৰ সৈতে চিনাকি কৰি দিওঁ— নন্দিনী, অ' নন্দিনী (ভিতৰলৈ মাতে)
 ৰবীন : আজি যাওঁ।
 নিবাৰণ : ৰবাহে এক মিনিট। নন্দিনী—
 (নন্দিনী ওলাই আহে)
 নিবাৰণ : নন্দিনী, এওঁলোক, এওঁ ৰমেশটো আমাৰ ঘৰৰে ল'ৰা, আৰু তেওঁ, সৌ তেওঁ বাটৰ দাঁতিত বৃতাহ লৈ আছে— তেওঁ— তেওঁ। (ৰমেশৰ চকুলৈ চাই)

বমেশ : ববীন।
 নিবাবণ : ববীন ভুঞা।
 বমেশ : ববীন দুৱৰা।
 নিবাবণ : ববীন দুৱৰা।
 নন্দিনী : বৰুৱা— বাহিৰতে ব'ল যে—
 ববীন : বমেশ।
 বমেশ : আজি নবহো, জৰুৰী কাম এটা আছে, অন্য এদিন আহিম।
 (নিবাবণলৈ) ককাইদেউ আজিলৈ যাওঁ।
 নিবাবণ : ববা, আচল কথাটো কোৱাই নহ'ল।
 ববীন : আকৌ—
 বমেশ : আচল কথা!
 নিবাবণ : এইবাৰ মোৰ থিয়েটাৰ সকলোৱে ভাল পাব লাগিব। ভাল পাওক,
 নাপাওক, এইবাৰ মোৰ কবলগীয়া কথাখিনি অভিনয়ৰ আৰম্ভণিতে কৈ
 ল'ম। প্ৰথম আধা ঘণ্টা মই এটা দীঘলীয়া প্ৰস্তাৱনা দিম। ই হ'ব প্ৰকৃততে
 মোৰ নিজৰ কথা, মোৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ আত্মজীৱনী। মানুহক, সমাজৰ ব্যক্তিসকলক,
 সমালোচক, কবি, সাহিত্যিক আদি ইন্টেলেক্চুৱেল ব্যক্তিসকলক এইবাৰ
 মোৰ কথা ক'ম। তেওঁলোকক মোৰ কথা শুনাম। তেওঁলোকে মোৰ
 কথা, মোৰ বক্তব্য শুনিব লাগিব। তেওঁলোকে—
 বমেশ : ককাইদেউ আমি যাওঁ।
 নিবাবণ : আৰু এটা কথা ভাবিছে বমেশ। এইবাৰ মোৰ থিয়েটাৰত গোটেইবিলাক
 নিমন্ত্ৰিত মানুহ থাকিব। দুশ বা তিনিশ মানুহক মই নিজে ঘৰলৈ গৈ
 প্ৰত্যেককে লগ ধৰি নিমন্ত্ৰণ কৰি আহিম— আমাৰ অভিনয় চাবলৈ।
 এইবাৰ চাবা তোমালোকে, অস্তুতঃ সেইখিনি মানুহ আমাৰ অভিনয়ৰ দৰ্শক
 নিশিচত।
 বমেশ : আমি যাওঁ।
 নিবাবণ : ওঁ— বাকু শুনা —। তোমালোক কিন্তু আহিব লাগিব। আৰু বমেশ তুমি
 মোক সহায় কৰিব লাগিব। বিশেষকৈ প্ৰচাৰ কাৰ্য্যত তুমি থাকিব লাগিব,
 তুমি প্ৰেছৰ মানুহ যেতিয়া—
 বমেশ : বাকু হ'ব ককাইদেউ।
 (দুৰ্গেই ২নং দুৱাৰেদি ভুমুকি মাৰি চাই আকৌ মুখ লুকায়)
 নিবাবণ : তোমাক মই আকৌ ল'গ ধৰিম। (হঠাৎ আলিবাটত কিবা দেখা পায়)
 ববীন, এই যে অলপ আগতে— তুমি মোৰ বেৰৰ মকৰা এজনী গ'ল বুলি
 কৈ জাপ মাৰি উঠিছিল— ঠিক সেই সময়তে তোমাৰ জীৱনৰ আচল

মকৰাজনী বাটেদি পাব হৈ গৈছিল। ঘটনাটো মোৰ দৃষ্টিৰ পৰা সাৰি
 নগল। তোমাৰ বিশেষ সময়খিনি নষ্ট কৰাৰ বাবে মোক ক্ষমা কৰিবা।
 এতিয়া সেয়া আকৌ মকৰাজনী বাটেদি ঘূৰি গ'ল। আগবাঢ়া ববীন। কুইক
 মাৰ্চ— কুইক মাৰ্চ—ৱান টু—

নন্দিনী : (খঙেৰে) দেউতা তুমি মনে মনে থাকবানে?
 ববীন : (হাঁহি হাঁহি) বমেশ, মই আহিলো—
 (ববীন ওলাই যায়, দুৰ্গেই আকৌ দুৱাৰমুখৰ পৰা ভুমুকি মাৰে)
 বমেশ : বাকু ককাইদেউ— আমি আহিছো।
 (ওলাই যায়)
 নিবাবণ : হেঃ হেঃ হেঃ। ওঁ যোৱা, থিয়েটাৰৰ বিষয়ে তোমাক আকৌ ল'গ পাম।
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা, তোমাৰ লগত মোৰ কথা আছে। ব'বা, মই তোমাৰ চাহ কাপ লৈ
 আহো।
 (নন্দিনীৰ প্ৰস্থান, নিবাবণে অলপ ৰৈ হাতৰ বহীখন চাই চাই ১নং দুৱাৰৰ
 পিনে দুখোজ আহে। হঠাৎ আকৌ কিবা এটা মনত পৰাৰ দৰে ঘূৰি
 বমেশক মাতি মাতি বাহিৰলৈ ওলাই যায়)
 নিবাবণ : অ' বমেশ—বমেশ—ববাচোন ব'বা—ব'বা—ব'বা—হেৰা বমেশ। (বাহিৰলৈ
 ওলাই যায়)
 বমেশ : (বাহিৰৰ দুৱৰ পৰা চিঞৰি) আজি বাকু থাওক ককাইদেউ।
 নিবাবণ : (বাহিত) ববাচোন বমেশ— বমেশ— আচল কথাটো।
 (তিনি চেকেণ্ড মঞ্চ শূন্য। নিবাবণ আঁতৰি যোৱাৰ সুবিধা লৈ দুৰ্গেই হাতত
 এটা ডাঙৰ হাতুৰী আৰু এচটা কাঠ লৈ ওলাই আহে, পাছে পাছে সুৰেন
 আৰু ধীৰেনো আহে, এটাই কেটাই ব্যস্ত ভাৰে)
 দুৰ্গে : আজি বিহু বাজ কৰিম।
 সুৰেন : হয় দে বাপ্পেকে।
 (দুৰ্গেই ২নং দুৱাৰখন জোৰে সশব্দে বন্ধ কৰি— দুৱাৰৰ মাজ ভাগত হাতৰ
 কাঠ ছলা পথালিকৈ লগাই লয়)
 দুৰ্গে : ওঁ, হৈ যাব এইছটাৰে। ইয়াতে গজাল মাৰি বন্ধ কৰি দিম। চাওঁ ধৰ—
 (হাতৰ কাঠ ছলা আৰু গজাল কেইটামান সুৰেনৰ হাতত দিয়ে, সুৰেনে
 ধীৰেনৰ হাতলৈ পাব কৰি দিয়ে) আৰু এইটো তলা।
 (৩নং দুৱাৰৰ মামৰে ধৰা ডাঙৰ তলাটোৰ পিনে আগুৱাই যায় আৰু
 হাতুৰীৰে তলাটো ভাঙিবলৈ উদ্যত হয়)
 দুৰ্গে : বিহু বাজ!
 সুৰেন : দে ডাঙ বাপ্পেকে।

(দুৰ্গেই টলাত হাতুৰীৰে এটা কোব দিয়ে। এনেতে নন্দিনীয়ে হাতত চাহ একাপ লৈ ওলাই আহে পিছে পিছে সুৰেন আৰু ধীৰেনো আহে, এটাই কেটাই ব্যস্ত ভাৱে)

দুৰ্গে : আজি বিহু বাজ কৰিম।

সুৰেন : হয় দে বাপ্পেকে।

(দুৰ্গেই ২নং দুৱাৰখন জোৰে সশব্দে বন্ধ কৰি— দুৱাৰৰ মাজ ভাগত হাতৰ কাঠ ছলা পথালিকৈ লগাই লয়)

দুৰ্গে : ওঁ, হৈ যাব এইছটাৰে. ইয়াতে গজাল মাৰি বন্ধ কৰি দিম। চাওঁ ধৰ— (হাতৰ কাঠ ছলা আৰু গজাল কেইটামান সুৰেনৰ হাতত দিয়ে, সুৰেনে ধীৰেনৰ হাতলৈ পাব কৰি দিয়ে) আৰু এইটো তলা।

(৩নং দুৱাৰৰ মামৰে ধৰা ডাঙৰ তলাটোৰ পিনে আঙুৰাই যায় আৰু হাতুৰীৰে তলাটো ভাঙিবলৈ উদ্যত হয়)

দুৰ্গে : বিহু বাজ!

সুৰেন : দে ভাঙ বাপ্পেকে।

(দুৰ্গেই টলাত হাতুৰীৰে এটা কোব দিয়ে। এনেতে নন্দিনীয়ে হাতত চাহ একাপ লৈ ওলাই আহে)

নন্দিনী : দাদা কি কৰিছা?

দুৰ্গে : তলাটো ভাঙি দুৱাৰখন খুলি দিম। আৰু সেইখন দুৱাৰ কাঠ লগাই বন্ধ কৰি দিম। (কৈয়েই আকৌ তলাত কোব দিয়ে)

নন্দিনী : দাদা, তলাটো নাভাঙিবা। শুনিছানে নাই—

(দুৰ্গে আকৌ বৈ যায়। লগে লগে দুৰৰ পৰা নিবাৰণ চিঞৰি চিঞৰি সোমাই আহে)

নিবাৰণ : ঐ ঐ কোন, সেই কেইটা — কি কৰিছ? তহঁতে কি কৰ— কি কৰ—ঐ গৰুহঁত!

দুৰ্গে : দেউতা আজি আৰু আপোনাৰ কথা নুশুনো। আমি তলাটো ভাঙি এইখন দুৱাৰ খুলি দিম। আপুনি এইপিনে অহা-যোৱা কৰিব।

নিবাৰণ : গৰুহঁত! ইমান সাহস তহঁতৰ! নগলিনে ইয়াৰ পৰা অলগদুহঁত! মোক সেইখন দুৱাৰেদি সোমাবলৈ কয়— স্পৰ্দ্ধা! দেখা নাই সেইখন দুৱাৰত মামৰে ধৰিছে। সেইখন দুৱাৰ বন্ধ। সেইটো মামৰে ধৰা তলা। সদায় একেটা কথাত লাগি থাকহি। পিঠি ডৰা-ডৰ কৰি দিম কোবাই, জনা নাই।

নন্দিনী : (গস্তীৰ আৰু শাসনৰ সুৰত) দেউতা— তুমি দাদাহঁতক কিয় বকিছা?

নিবাৰণ : সিহঁতৰ দুষ্কৰ্মৰ বাবে। সিহঁতে মামৰে ধৰা দুৱাৰখনত কিয় হাত দিছে?

নন্দিনী : দাদাহঁতে নুবুজে। তেওঁলোকে দেখি আছে তুমি এইখন দুৱাৰেদি ইমান

অসুবিধাৰে অহা-যোৱা কৰিব লগা হয় সদায়। (২নং দুৱাৰ দেখুৱাই)

নিবাৰণ : মোৰ একো অসুবিধা হোৱা নাই! মোৰ কাৰণে সহজ আৰু সুবিধাৰ দুৱাৰ এইখনেই (২নং দুৱাৰ দেখুৱাই)

নন্দিনী : তোমাৰ কাৰণে সুবিধাৰ, তোমাৰ কাৰণে সহজ হ'ব পাৰে। কিন্তু আনৰ কাৰণেতো নহয়। আৰু তোমাক কেবাদিনো কৈছো, তুমি আন মানুহক জোৰ কৰি এই দুৱাৰেদি তোমাৰ কোঠালৈ নিবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰা কিয়, মানুহক অপদস্থ কৰা কিয়?

নিবাৰণ : (২নং দুৱাৰখন দেখুৱাই) নন্দিনী, এইখন দুৱাৰেদিয়েই মানুহ যাব— যি যাব জানে, যি যাব পাৰে। দে, চাহ একাপ দে।

নন্দিনী : এই কাপ ঠাণ্ডা হৈছে। গৰম একাপ আনোঁগৈ।

নিবাৰণ : হ'ব দে সেই কাপেই। (চাহ কাপ লৈ ড্ৰামটোত বহেগৈ) নন্দিনী, আমি এটাইকেটা এতিয়া ষ্টেজলৈ যাম। তাতেই মোৰ নাটকখন পঢ়িমগৈ। ঐ গৰুহঁত, ব'ল ষ্টেজলৈ। গৰুহঁত! ক'লৈ গলি তহঁত, দুৰ্গে, সুৰেন, ধীৰেন! ব'ল, ষ্টেজলৈ ব'ল।

প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ অন্ত

প্ৰথম দৃশ্য

(নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যৰ নিজস্ব বংগমঞ্চৰ মঞ্চ ভাগ। মঞ্চৰ এদাঁতিয়েদি ওপৰৰ ছাটলৈ উঠিবৰ বাবে পুৰণা কাঠৰ এটা চিৰি (ষ্টেয়াৰ-কেছ) দেখা যায়। এফালেদি প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহৰ পৰা আহিব পাৰ প্ৰবেশ পথ। আনফালেদি গ্ৰীণৰুমলৈ যোৱা বাট। আঁৰকাপোৰ উঠাৰ লগেলগে দেখা যায় নন্দিনীয়ে এটা বাকচৰ ওপৰত উঠি আসন্ন অভিনয়ৰ বাবে নাটকৰ সংলাপ এচোৱাৰ আখৰা কৰি থাকে। এদাঁতিৰ এখন টুলত বহি বমেশে নাটকৰ বহীখন হাতত লৈ সংলাপ অংশ চাই যায়, আৰু মাজে মাজে প্ৰম্পট কৰে।)

নন্দিনী : ... আহা অনিৰুদ্ধ! মোৰ পিছে পিছে আহি থাকা। মই তোমাক লৈ যাম সৌ সমুখৰ ধুনীয়া পৰ্বতৰ শিখৰলৈ। দেখিছা অনিৰুদ্ধ, সৌ দূৰৰ পৰ্বতটো? এটা নিমজ নীলা ওখ পৰ্বত, আৰু তাৰ শিখৰত যেন ভৰি আছে কিছুমান কৃষ্ণচূড়া গছ, নাইবা সদায়ে ফুলি থকা কিছুমান ৰঙা ফুলৰ গছ। সেই ৰঙা ফুলৰ মাজৰ পৰা আকাশলৈ ওলাই থকা এটা সুউচ্চ অট্টালিকাৰ ৰঙীন আয়নাৰে সজা চূড়াটো ইয়াৰ পৰাই দেখা পাবা। গোটেই শিখৰটো উপচি পৰা ৰঙা ফুলৰ মাজত এটা ৰঙীন কাচৰ অট্টালিকা। মানুহে কয়— সেই কাচৰ অট্টালিকাত থাকে এগৰাকী নাৰী, যি নাৰী আজিও অদৃশ্য, অনাৱিষ্কৃত। সেই অদৃশ্য মায়াবিনী নাৰীৰ সন্ধানত পৰ্বতৰ ওপৰলৈ বহু পুৰুষ যোৱাৰ কাহিনী আজি ইতিহাসত পৰিণত হৈছে। কত শিক্ষাবিদ, শিল্পী, সাহিত্যিক, দাৰ্শনিক, ৰাজনীতিজ্ঞ, নৃত্য-গবেষক আৰু সৰু বৰ ব্যক্তি সেই জনান্তিকা নাৰীৰ আকৰ্ষণত পৰ্বতলৈ গৈছে। কিন্তু কোনো আজিলৈকে সেই নাৰীৰ সৈতে পৰিচিত হ'বগৈ পৰা নাই। অনিৰুদ্ধ! আজি তুমি যাব লাগিব— সেই পৰ্বতৰ শিখৰলৈ। কিয়নো তুমিয়েই মাত্ৰ দেখিবলৈ পাবা, পৰ্বতৰ নামনিৰ মানুহে ভবাৰ দৰে, সেইবোৰ ৰঙা কৃষ্ণচূড়াৰ ফুল নহয়, — সেয়া পৰ্বতৰ শিখৰৰ চৌদিশ আঙুৰি থকা একুৰা বিৰাট জুই— দাবাগ্নি। সেই জুইৰ মাজত, ৰঙীন কাচৰ কাৰেং নহয়, সেয়া এখন নিৰ্মম বন্দীশাল। আৰু তাৰ মাজত, অপকৃপা সুন্দৰী আধুনিকা যুৱতী ৰাজকন্যা নহয়, তাত আছে এজনী সাধাৰণ সহজ সৰল আদিম নাৰী। অনিৰুদ্ধ! জ্যোতিষ্মান অনিৰুদ্ধ!! তোমাৰ জ্যোতিৰ শিখাৰে পথ উলিয়াই—

(এনেতে হঠাত বাহিৰত নিবাৰণে কোৱা শুনা যায়— 'ৰুকে ৰুকে'। নন্দিনী

আৰু বমেশে আখৰা বন্দ কৰি মূৰ ডাঙি সেইপিনে চায়। নন্দিনী থাওৱাই যায়।)

নন্দিনী : দেউতা আহিছে।

ৰমেশ : (বাহিৰৰ পিনে চাই) যোৰাত উঠি আহিছে। ক'বাত যোৰা এটা পালে আজি।

নন্দিনী : দেউতাৰ খেয়ালৰ কি অন্ত আছে! যোৰা দেখিলেই ব'ব নোৱাৰে। (বাহিৰত নিবাৰণে কয়, 'ৰুকে ৰুকে — বৰ তেজী যোৰা এইটো')

নিবাৰণ : (সোমাই আহে) নন্দিনী—নন্দিনী—অ' (ৰমেশক দেখি) ৰমেশ তুমিও আহিছ— বেছ ভাল কথা। তোমাৰ লগত কেটামান দৰকাৰী কথা আছে।

নন্দিনী : দেউতা—তুমি আকৌ কিয় যোৰাত উঠি আহিছা—ক'ব যোৰা পালা।

নিবাৰণ : ব'ব তেজী যোৰা এটা পালো। দুৰ্গেহঁতে গাড়ী কেখনমানত চকী বোজাই কৰি আছে, মই এটা গাড়োৱানৰ পৰা গাড়ী বোজাই হয় মানে অলপ সময়ৰ কাৰণে যোৰা এটা লৈ আহিছো। কি কৰিছ নন্দিনী?

নন্দিনী : দ্বিতীয় দৃশ্যত থকা মোৰ দীঘলীয়া সংলাপ এডোখৰ বৰকাক মাতি শুনাইছো। দেউতা, চকীবোৰ আজিয়ে নানিলে নহলহেঁতেন!

নিবাৰণ : নহয়। আৰু এসপ্তাহ আছে থিয়েটাৰলৈ। সকলো কাম শেষ দিনলৈ থৈ দিয়া উচিত নহয়। আৰু এটা কথা নন্দিনী—

নন্দিনী : কি?

নিবাৰণ : চকী আৰু দুশখন বেছিকৈ আনিবলৈ দিছো মই। মানুহ মুঠতে পাঁচশ জন হ'ব।

নন্দিনী : কিয়, তিনিশৰহে কথা কৈছিলো, আৰু দুশ কেনেকৈ বাঢ়িল?

নিবাৰণ : প্ৰথমেই শিল্পী, অভিনেতা, নাট্যকাৰ, কবি, সাহিত্যিক, সাংবাদিক আৰু শিক্ষাদিবসকলক মাতিছিলো। কিন্তু কালি আৰু পৰহি কিছুমান ব্যৱসায়ী আৰু ৰাজ্যনৈতিক ব্যক্তিকো মাতি আহিছো। এইখিনিৰে তালিকাত মুঠ পাঁচশজন মানুহ হৈছে। প্ৰত্যেকৰে ওচৰলৈ গড়ে অন্ততঃ মই দুৱাৰকৈ গৈছো। প্ৰত্যেকেই আহিম বুলি কথা দিছে। এতিয়া বুজিছ নন্দিনী, তই যে কৈছিলি ইমান ডাঙৰ হলটোত মাত্ৰ দুই তিনিশ মানুহ হ'লে বৰ বেয়া হ'ব দেখিবলৈ, এতিয়া পাঁচশজন দৰ্শক হ'ব। হলঘৰটো গুৱাই পৰিব। বুদ্ধিদীপ্ত, শিল্পকলাৰ প্ৰকৃত সমাদৰ বুজা দৰ্শক মণ্ডলীৰ এক সন্মানিত গান্ধীৰ্য্যপূৰ্ণ পৰিৱেশ। প্ৰতি দৰ্শকৰ চকুত আপ্ৰহৰ এক উজ্জ্বল দৃষ্টি। নাটকৰ এটা শব্দও যাতে শুনুনাকৈ নাথাকে তাৰ প্ৰতি সচেতন, সচেতন, কাঁহ-পৰি-জীন-যোৰা নীৰৱতা। এবাৰ যথাসময়ত শংখ-ঘণ্টা বাজি উঠিব আঁৰকাপোৰ একাষৰীয়া হৈ পৰিব, মাইক্ৰফোনৰ কাষত থিয় দি মই লিখি লোৱা

নাটকৰ দীঘলীয়া প্ৰস্তাৱনা পঢ়িবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিম, এটুকুৰা এটুকুৰা বৰফৰ দৰে মোৰ কথাবোৰ মোৰ কঠৰ পৰা সৰি সৰি পৰিব।

নন্দিনী : দেউতা, তোমাৰ ভাষণৰ খচৰাটো আজিয়েই মোক দিবা, মই ভাল আখৰৰে লিখি দিম।

নিবাৰণ : অ' ঠিক মনত পেলাই দিলি। মই জেপতে লৈ আহিছো। এয়া — এয়া ব— মই এবাৰ আৰম্ভটো পঢ়ো, শুনচোন। (জেপৰ পৰা কেইখনমান কাগজ উলিয়াই পঢ়িবলৈ ধৰে।) শ্ৰদ্ধাস্পদেষু মোৰ নিমন্ত্ৰিত অতিথিবৃন্দ, আজিৰ পৰা ঊনষাঠী বছৰ পূৰ্বে এদিন এই পৃথিৱীত এটি শিশুৰ জন্ম হৈছিল। আৰু তাৰ জন্মৰ ঊনষাঠী বছৰ পিছত আজি এটি শিশুৰ সৃষ্টি হ'ল। যিটো শিশুৰ সেইদিনা জন্ম হৈছিল, আজি সি সৃষ্টি হ'ল। তাৰ নাম শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য। আৰু সেই শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যই আপোনালোকৰ সন্মুখত থিয় দি এয়া আপোনালোকক বিনম্ৰচিত্তে প্ৰণিপাত জনাইছে। মোৰ জন্মৰ পৰা মই সৃষ্টি হোৱালৈকে এই ঊনষাঠী বছৰৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ এটি কাহিনীৰ এটি পাণ্ডুলিপি আজি মই আপোনালোকৰ আগত ডাঙি ধৰিছো—

নন্দিনী : দেউতা, বাকীখিনি এতিয়া থাক।

নিবাৰণ : ওঁ—থাক বাক— এটা কথা ভাবিছো নন্দিনী।

নন্দিনী : কি ?

নিবাৰণ : মোৰ প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো ছপাই নাট কৰাৰ আগেয়ে দৰ্শকৰ মাজত প্ৰথমেৰে সৈতে বিলাই দিম।

ৰমেশ : হয়, সেইটো কৰিব পাৰি ককাইদেউ।

নিবাৰণ : অ' ৰমেশ, ইয়াতে আছা— পাহৰিছিলোৱেই, তুমিও ক'ত পিছ ফালে বহি আছা! বাক কোৱাচোন ৰমেশ, মোৰ আইদিয়াটো কেনে হ'ব। প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো ছপাই পেলাওঁ যদি।

ৰমেশ : নিশ্চয় ভাল হ'ব, ময়ে ছপাই আনিব পাৰিম, আমাৰ প্ৰেছতে। খৰছ কমতে পাৰিম।

নিবাৰণ : খৰছৰ কথা নাই। যি খৰছ লাগে মই বহন কৰিম। সুন্দৰকৈ, ভাল দামী কাগজত— বাক কাগজৰ কি ৰং হ'ব ? (ৰমেশ নন্দিনী এটাই কেজনে ভাবে)

নিবাৰণ : ভাবাচোন, প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ কথাখিনিৰ দৰে কাগজৰ ৰঙটোৱো এক বিশেষ ভাবব্যঞ্জক হ'ব লাগিব।

ৰমেশ : পাতল, নীলা।

নন্দিনী - পাতল গোলাপী।

নিবাৰণ : (ভাবে) বাক—বাক এইটো কেনে হ'ব —উজ্জ্বল বাসন্তী ৰঙৰ কাগজ

আৰু তাত কথাখিনি গাঢ় ৰঙা ৰঙৰ— কেনে হ'ব ?

ৰমেশ : নন্দিনী। ভাল হ'ব।

নিবাৰণ : ভাল হ'ব, ভাল হ'ব নহয় ? নাইবা যদি কাগজৰ ৰং তিনি চাৰিটা আৰু কথাখিনিৰ ৰঙো তেনেকৈ সামঞ্জস্য ৰাখি তিনি চাৰিটা হয়। যেনে ধৰা— বগা, হালধীয়া, গোলাপী, ৰঙা, বেগুনীয়া আৰু কলা— এই ছয় ৰঙৰ কাগজ আৰু তেনেদৰে ছয় ৰঙৰ চিয়াহী।

ৰমেশ : তেনেকৈ— (সন্দেহ জনিত)

নন্দিনী : ভাল হ'ব, এইদৰেই ভাল। কেবাটাও ৰঙৰ কাগজ আৰু কেবা ৰঙৰ ছপা-নিবাৰণ : যিকোনো কেবাটাও নহয়, মই কোৱা ছটা ৰঙহে। কাৰণ এই কেইটা ৰঙেৰে আৰু ঠিক এই ভাবে— মানে কলা, বেগুনীয়া, ৰঙা গোলাপী, হালধীয়া আৰু বগা ভাবে মই গতিৰ কথা ক'ব খুজিছো। গতিৰ সাৱলীলতা ধৰ্মৰ কথা ক'ব খুজিছো। আৰু সেই ৰং-বৈচিত্ৰ্যৰ মাজত মোৰ প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো যেন সন্ধ্যাৰ আকাশেদি দুৰৰ পাহাৰলৈ উঠি যোৱা এজাক চৰাইৰ দৰে ওপঙি ফুৰিব। কেনে হ'ব ? কোৱা।

ৰমেশ : বৰ সুন্দৰ হ'ব।

নিবাৰণ : সুন্দৰ হ'ব নহয় ? (আকৌ ভাবে) ওঁহো—নহ'ল—নহ'ল। মই ভাবিছো— পিংক ৰঙৰ কাগজ হওঁক। গোলাপী আৰু তেজ ৰঙৰ ঠিক মাজৰ ৰঙটো। আখৰবোৰ হ'ব সেউজীয়া ৰঙৰ। কেনে হ'ব ? কোৱা।

নন্দিনী : ভাল হ'ব দেউতা—

ৰমেশ : হয়, এইটোও ভাল হ'ব।

নিবাৰণ : ভাল হ'ব নহয় ? ঠিক আছে তেন্তে। সেইটো কাম তোমাৰ থাকিল। পাঁচশ কপিৰ আৰু অলপ বেছিকৈ ছপাবা। যি খৰচ লাগে নন্দিনীৰ পৰা লৈ যাবা। নন্দিনীৰ ওচৰত তুমি একো দ্বিধা বোধ নকৰিবা, নন্দিনী মোৰ বৰ ভাল ছোৱালী—নন্দিনী মোৰ মা জনী— (নন্দিনীৰ বাহুত ধৰি আদৰ কৰে)

নন্দিনী : (বাহিৰলৈ দৃষ্টি দি) দেউতা, সৌৱা দুৰ্গে দাদা আহিছে। চকীবোৰ আহি পাইছেহি। এতিয়া সেইবোৰ গ্ৰীণ ৰুমৰ পাছ ফালে বাৰাণ্ডাতে দৰমকৈ থৈ দিয়া যাওক। হলটো চাফা কৰি পিছত তাত পৰা যাব।

নিবাৰণ : ঠিক কৈছে, ঠিক কৈছে। হলটো চাফা কৰি চকীবোৰ পাৰিব লাগিব। হলটো সুন্দৰকৈ সজাব লাগিব। ধূপ ধূনা আদিৰে সুগন্ধি কৰি ৰাখিব লাগিব। অতবোৰ মানুহ আহিব। আৰু গোটেইবোৰ মানুহ মোৰ নিমন্ত্ৰিত অতিথি। ঠিক কৈছে। ঐ দুৰ্গে, সুৰেন, চকীবোৰ এইপিনে লৈ আহ। (অলপ ৰৈ বাহিৰলৈ যায়) ঐ দুৰ্গে গৰুহঁত! সেইপিনে নিছ কৈলৈ গাড়ীকেখন ?

গৰুহঁত— চকীবোৰ এইপিনে আন, এই গ্ৰীণ ৰুমৰ বাৰাণ্ডালৈ—

- ৰমেশ : (নন্দিনীলৈ চাই) মই যাওঁ।
- নন্দিনী ! বহুচোন আৰু অলপ সময়।
- নিবাৰণ - নহয়, নন্দিনী, এতিয়া আৰু বহি কথা পাতৰ সময় নহয়। ৰমেশ, কাইলৈৰ পৰাই নগৰৰ এটাই কেখন কাগজতে আগতীয়াকৈ মোৰ অভিনয়ৰ বিতং খবৰ প্ৰকাশ কৰাই দিবা, মনত ৰাখিবা— পাবলিচিটিৰ দায়িত্ব তোমাৰ। (এইখিনিতে আৰু ইয়াৰ পিছতো দুৰ্গেহঁতে মাজে মাজে গাৰোৱান দুটামানৰ সৈতে চকী কঢ়িয়াই আনি ভিতৰলৈ নিব) পাবলিচিটিৰ প্ৰয়োজন মোৰ এই কাৰণেই যে মোৰ নিমন্ত্ৰিত প্ৰতিজন দৰ্শকে যেন এই কেইদিনৰ প্ৰতিদিনে পুৱা কাগজ মেলিয়েই এবাৰ মনত পেলাব পাৰে শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যহি তেওঁৰ ষাঠী বছৰীয়া জন্মদিনত এখন অতি অপূৰ্ব নাট্যাভিনয়ৰ আয়োজন কৰিছে আৰু তালৈ তেওঁক নিমন্ত্ৰণ কৰা হৈছে।
- ৰমেশ : কাগজত মই ভাল প্ৰচাৰ দিম বাক, কিন্তু আপুনিতো সকলোকে খবৰ দিছেই। নিজেই গৈছে সকলোৰে ওচৰলৈ।
- নিবাৰণ : গৈছো মানে, অন্ততঃ গড়ে দুবাৰকৈ মই নিমন্ত্ৰণ জনাই আহিছো। নিমন্ত্ৰিত সকলো অতিথিয়ে আহিব বুলি মোক একেবাৰে নিশ্চিত ভাবে কৈছে। এইবাৰ স্কুমাৰ কলাৰ এটি অতি অভূতপূৰ্ব নিদৰ্শন মই নিবেদন কৰিব খুজিছো। নিমন্ত্ৰিত অতিথি সকলোবোৰেই অতি আগ্ৰহেৰে বৈ আছে আৰু এসপ্তাহৰ পিছৰ আবেলি ছয় বজাৰ সময়খিনিলৈ, মোৰ এই অপূৰ্ব প্ৰস্তাৱনা শুনিবলৈ। মোৰ এই গধুৰ দায়িত্ব বহনত তোমালোক সকলোৱে সহায় কৰিব লাগিব।
- ৰমেশ : ক'ব, মই আৰু কি কৰিব লাগিব।
- নিবাৰণ : নন্দিনী, এওঁক থিয়েটাৰৰ দিনা কি কাম দিয়া যায় বাক?
- নন্দিনী : বৰুৱা হ'লত থাকিব, মানুহ বহুৱা-মেলাত।
- নিবাৰণ : ওঁ ঠিক কৈছ। তাত এজন দায়িত্বশীল মানুহ থাকিব লাগিব। এওঁৰেই থাকিব। ৰমেশ, তুমি মানুহ খিনিক বহুৱা মেলাত থাকিবা। হ'লৰ সাজ-সজ্জা, অতিথিসকলৰ সা-সুবিধা এই সকলোবোৰ তোমাৰ দায়িত্বত এৰিলো। আৰু বাকী প্ৰচাৰৰ কামখিনি আৰু প্ৰস্তাৱনা ছপোৱা— এই কেইটা কাম।
- ৰমেশ : হ'ব বাক ককাইদেউ, সেইখিনিহে—
- নিবাৰণ : সেইখিনি মানে? এটাইকেটা দায়িত্বপূৰ্ণ কাম! মোৰ পাঁচশজন অতিথি, প্ৰকাণ্ড হলটোলৈ তেওঁলোকক সন্মানেৰে আদৰি অনা আৰু বহুৱা অতি গুৰুত্বপূৰ্ণ কাম। আস্ তোমাক এইটো ভাৰ দি মই অতি সকাহ পাইছো। তুমি এতিয়া যোৱা। নন্দিনী—এওঁ এতিয়া যাব পাৰে নহয়?

- নন্দিনী : জানোঁ। (ৰমেশলৈ চায়)
- নিবাৰণ : জানো মানে? যোৱা, যোৱা, এতিয়া যোৱা ৰমেশ। সন্ধ্যা এবাৰ আহিবা নেকি? আমাৰ এইকেদিন নাটকৰ ৰিহাৰ্চেল অতি জোৰে চলিছে।
- ৰমেশ : বাকু চেপ্টা কৰিম। এতিয়া যাওঁ বাক। (প্ৰস্থান যোৱাৰ আগতে এবাৰ নন্দিনীলৈ চাই যায়। দুৰ্গেহঁতে গাৰোৱান কেইটাৰ সৈতে চকী কঢ়িয়াই আনি থাকে।)
- নিবাৰণ : (মঞ্চৰ এদাঁতিলৈ গৈ) নন্দিনী, চাচোন এইখিনিৰ পৰা থিয় হৈ মাইফোনটো মই ঠিক এইখিনিতে ল'ম। যাতে মোৰ কাষতে উইনচৰ ওচৰত শৰাইখনত মোৰ অয়েল পেইন্টিং ফুলৰ মালাৰে ধুনীয়াকৈ সজোৱা থাকে। মোৰ ছবিখন সাজোৱাৰ দায়িত্ব তোৰ নন্দিনী। ইয়াৰ পৰা মাইফোনটোৰ কাষত থিয় হৈ মই সম্মুখলৈ চাই পঠিয়াম। পাঁচশখন পুৰিপূৰ্ণ আসন্ন। পাঁচশখন আগ্ৰহ আৰু উৎকণ্ঠাৰে ভৰা উজ্জ্বল মুখ। এই বিৰাট হ'ল ঘৰটোত— এটা গাৰ্ভীয়াপূৰ্ণ পৰিৱেশ। দৰ্শকৰ অবিৰাম গুণগুণি। (হঠাৎ দুৰ্গেই এখন চকী আনি থাকোতেই হাতৰ পৰা চকীখনৰ নালদাল সুলকি সশব্দে পৰি যায়। নিবাৰণৰ সেইপিনে দৃষ্টি পৰে)
- নিবাৰণ : এই গৰু! ভগা চকীবোৰ ক'লৈ আনিছ? সেইবোৰ চকীত মানুহ বহুৱাবি? ভাল চকী নাপালি? এটা কাম যদি ইহঁতৰ হতুৱাই নিয়াৰিকৈ কৰাব পাৰিলোহঁতেন। কাঠ মিষ্টি— চাইকেল মিষ্টি কাম ৰুবি তহঁতৰ মগজুবোৰ কাঠ আৰু লোহা হৈ গৈছে। যা, ঘূৰাই দৈগৈ সেই ভগা চকীবোৰ। নন্দিনী, তই নিজে এবাৰ চাবিচোন চকীবোৰ, এটাইবিলাক ভালনে বেয়া।
- নন্দিনী : হ'ব দিয়াচোন দেউতা। তুমিনো সকলো চিন্তা কৰিব লাগিছে কেলৈ?
- নিবাৰণ : মই সকলো চিন্তা নকৰিলে নহয় নহয়। (উপেন সোমাই আহে)
- উপেন : নন্দিনী! লাইটৰ ফিটিঙৰ কাৰণে আমাৰ চিনেমা হ'লৰ ইলেকট্ৰিচিয়ানটোক যে আনিম বুলি কৈছিলো—পিছে সি আহিব নোৱাৰে। কি কৰিম এতিয়া?
- নিবাৰণ : তোৰ মুণ্ডটো কৰিবি! নিজৰ বুদ্ধিৰে যদি কিবা এটা ইহঁতে কৰিব পাৰিলোহঁতেন!
- নন্দিনী : ৰবাচোন দেউতা। হ'ব বাকু দাদা— কিবা এটা কৰিব লাগিব।
- নিবাৰণ : কিবা এটা মানে! গোটেই হলটোত নতুনকৈ লাইট ফিটিং কৰোৱাৰ কথা। সময় আছে হাতত এসপ্তাহ। সকলো কাম হ'ব বুলি পিছলৈ কেনেকৈ পেলাই থৰ?
- নন্দিনী : মই বাকু কাইলৈ কলেজৰ পৰা আহোতে এটা বন্দৰস্ত কৰি থৈ আহিম।
- নিবাৰণ : কৰি থৈ নহয়, বন্দৰস্ত কৰি লৈ আহিবি। হলটোৰ লাইটবিলাক ভালদৰে

সজাব লাগিব। ইমানবোৰ মানুহ— নগৰৰ গণ্য মান্য, উচ্চ ৰুচিবোধৰ প্ৰায় গোটেই সমাজখন। ইংৰাজীত কবৰ হ'লে— the cream..... the elite of the society আহি বহিবহি হ'লটোত। তেওঁলোকৰ ৰুচি, তেওঁলোকৰ বস আৰু সৌন্দৰ্য্যবোধৰ অনুকূলে হ'লটোৰ পৰিবেশ বা বাতাবৰণ হ'ব লাগিব। সেই কাৰণেই লাইটৰ পৰা প্ৰতিখন চকীলৈকে সকলোতে মই ইমান গুৰুত্ব দিছো।

(সুৰেন সোমাই আহে)

- সুৰেন : নন্দিনী— কাৰ্পেট তাত নাই — নিদিয়ো।
 নিবাৰণ : নাই। উস্, এটা কাম যদি হ'লহেঁতেন ইহঁতৰ দ্বাৰাই।
 নন্দিনী : কাৰ্পেট কিয় দেউতা?
 নিবাৰণ : পদূলিৰ পৰা হ'লৰ দুৱাৰমুখলৈকে কাৰ্পেট পাৰি দিম বুলি ভাবিছো। যাতে সুন্দৰ কাৰ্পেটৰ ওপৰেদি খোজ কাঢ়ি আহি দৰ্শকবৃন্দ হ'লত বহিবহি পাৰে। মেধিৰ ঘৰত এখন মেট কাৰ্পেট আছে মই জানো। এই গৰুটোক খবৰ লবলৈ পঠিয়াইছিলো। আহি কৈছে, নাই, নিদিয়ো। অথচ নিদিয়াৰ কোনো কাৰণ নাই। মেধিক মই থিয়েটাৰলৈ মাতি আহিছো। তেওঁ সানন্দে মোৰ নিমন্ত্ৰণ গ্ৰহণ কৰিছে। আহিম বুলি কৈছে। তেওঁক মই বস্ত্ৰ এটা খুজিলে কিয় নিদিব? মই কিয় বিশ্বাস কৰিম? এই গৰুটোৱেনো কি কলেগৈ— তেওঁ বা বুজিলে কি।
 সুৰেন : দেউতা, মই ঠিকেই কৈছো।
 নিবাৰণ : চুপ চুপ— ঠিকেই কৈছে। ঠিকেই ক'লে নিদিয়াকৈ থাকিব বুলি মই বিশ্বাস কৰিম। জানো নহয়। মোক বুঢ়াটোক তলৌতলৌকৈ ঘূৰাই ফুৰালেহে ইহঁতৰ শাস্তি। এইবোৰ এটাইবোৰ গৰু—গৰু। (খণ্ডেৰে যাবলৈ উদ্যত হয়)
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা, ক'লে যোৱা তুমি?
 নিবাৰণ : মই নিজে যাম। কাৰ্পেট, লাইটৰ মানুহ, সকলো নিজে খবৰ কৰি আনিম।
 নন্দিনী : ব'বা তুমি যাব নালাগে।
 নিবাৰণ : কিয়?
 নন্দিনী : মই আছো নহয়। লাইটৰ মানুহ মই আনিম বুলি কৈছো। কাৰ্পেটৰ মই ব্যৱস্থা কৰিম। তুমি যাব নালাগে। মই কৈছো—
 নিবাৰণ : (খং কমে, কোমল আৰু কিছু ভাৱপ্ৰৱণতাৰে) তোৰ ওপৰতেই মোৰ সকলো ভৰষা নন্দিনী। তই নহলেয়ে মোৰ কি অৱস্থা হ'লহেঁতেন। বাক নন্দিনী, মই ঘৰলৈকে যাওঁ। প্ৰস্তাৱনটো আৰু এবাৰ হাত ফুৰাই চাওঁগৈ, প্ৰেছলৈ পঠোৱাৰ আগেয়ে। তই চকীবোৰ আৰু হ'লটো আজিয়েই এবাৰ ভালকৈ পৰিষ্কাৰ কৰাই পেলোৱাবি। নাটকৰ দিনা যাতে ওপৰে ওপৰে

চাফা কৰিয়ে পাৰিব পাৰি। আৰু এই গৰুহঁতক ক'বি আজি সন্ধ্যাৰ পৰা এই কেদিন নাটকৰ পুৰা ৰিহাৰ্চেল হ'ব। সিহঁতৰ চিনেমা হ'ল, চাইকেল দোকান, দৰ্জিখানা আজিৰ পৰা বন্ধ। মই যাওঁ।

(নিবাৰণৰ প্ৰস্থান)

- নন্দিনী : সুৰেন দাদা— তোমালোকেনো দেউতাৰ আগতে ইটো নহ'ল সিটো নহ'ল বুলি কিয় কোৱাহি— মোৰ আগতে দেউতাই ইমান বকে তোমালোকক, মোৰ বেয়া নেলাগেনেকি?
 সুৰেন : এহ, এইজনী ওলাল আকৌ আজি, আমাক দেউতাই বকা দেখি বেয়া লগা।
 দুৰ্গে : (কঢ়িয়াই আনি থকা চকীখন কাষতে লৈ তাতে বহি) বুজিছ নন্দিনী, দেউতাৰ বকনিবোৰ যদি আমি জমা কৰি টেমাত ভৰাই থৈ দিব পাৰিলোহেঁতেন তেন্তে এটা বস্ত্ৰৰ খৰছ আমাৰ কমি গ'লহেঁতেন।
 নন্দিনী : কি বস্ত্ৰ?
 দুৰ্গে : বস্ত্ৰটোৰ কিবা টেক্স লাগি দাম আৰু বাঢ়িছে এতিয়া। কিলোত দুটকা হৈছে।
 নন্দিনী : কি বস্ত্ৰনো দুৰ্গে দাদা।
 দুৰ্গে : চেনি। (এটাই কেইটাই হাঁহে) দেউতাৰ বকনিটো পানীত গুলিব পৰা হ'লে চেনিৰ খৰছটো আমাৰ কমি গ'লহেঁতেন।
 উপেন : মানে বকনিবোৰ ৰেপ্ট হৈছে।
 নন্দিনী : কি ক'লা দাদা?
 উপেন : এনেয়ে ৰেপ্ট হৈছে।
 দুৰ্গে : হেঃ হেঃ—ই আজিকালি ফৰফৰ ইংৰাজী চলায়। খুব ইংৰাজী চিনেমা হয়তো ইহঁতৰ চিনেমা হ'লত, তাতে আকৌ আজিকালি ই স্পেচিয়েল ক্লাছৰ গেট-কিপাৰ।
 গাৰোৱান : (উত্তেজিত ভাবে কৈ কৈ সোমাই আহে) বাইদেউ, বুঢ়া বাবুৰে মোৰ ঘোৰাটো বহুত জোৰে দৌৰাইছে। বাইদেউ! সেয়া বুঢ়া পৰি যাব— পৰি যাব— বাইদেউ— বুঢ়াবাবু ঘোৰাৰ পৰা পৰি গ'ল— পৰি গ'ল।
 নন্দিনী : দুৰ্গে দাদা— সুৰেন দাদা— দৌৰা দৌৰা— দেউতা ঘোৰাৰ পৰা পৰিল। (বাহিৰলৈ দৌৰে। এটাইকেটা দৌৰি ওলাই যায় আৰু অলপ পিছত ককাল আৰু হাত এখনত অতি বেছি ৰকমে দুখ পোৱা অৱস্থাত নিবাৰণক এটাইয়ে ধৰি আনে আৰু মঞ্চৰ মাজত দুৰ্গেই এৰি থৈ যোৱা চকীখনতে বহুৱাই দিয়ে। নিবাৰণে কেঁকাই থাকে)
 নিবাৰণ : আহ—আহ!
 নন্দিনী : ক'ত দুখ পাইছা দেউতা?

নিবারণ : আহ্ এই ককালত আৰু উস্ এই হাত এখন—অহ্ ককালটো শেল মৰাদি মাৰিছে অ'। উস্ উস্। ঘোৰাটোৱে দুখ পাইছেনেকি চাচোন চা।

দুৰ্গে : ঘোৰাটো সৌ গাৰোৱানে ধৰি আনিছে।

নন্দিনী : দুৰ্গে দাদা—দেউতাক হস্পিতাললৈ লৈ যাওঁ, এখন ৰিক্স্ মাতা। টেক্সী আনিবলৈ গ'লে পলম হ'ব।

দুৰ্গে : ঐ ৰিক্সা! (দুৰ্গেই মাতি মাতি ওলায় যায়)

নিবারণ : হস্পিতালত নালাগে, মোক ইয়াতে থাকিবলৈ দে নন্দিনী।

নন্দিনী : তুমি মানে মানে থাকা দেউতা—মই যি কৰিম কৰিম।

নিবারণ : নহয় নহয়, নালাগে, ডাক্তৰকে ইয়ালৈ মাত। হস্পিতাল পালেগৈ যদি তাৰ পৰা ডাক্তৰে মোক এৰি নিদিয়ে! মোৰ নাটকৰ কি হ'ব? এসপ্তাহ আছে মাত্ৰ। অতবোৰ মানুহক অভিনয় চাবলৈ মাতিছো। অভিনয় পিছুৱাব নোৱাৰি—মই নাযাওঁ, মই ইয়াতে থাকিম। ইয়াতে থাকিম—ইয়াতে—

দুৰ্গে : (সোমাই আহি) নন্দিনী, ৰিক্সা আহিছে।

নন্দিনী : দাদা এটা কাম কৰা। বেগাই এজন ডাক্তৰকে ইয়ালৈ মাতি আনা। দেউতা ইয়াতে থাকক। চাওঁ দুৰ্গে দাদা, দেউতাক গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ আৱামী চকীখনলৈ লৈ যাওঁ।

(নন্দিনী আৰু সুৰেন নিবারণক ধৰি ধৰি ভিতৰলৈ লৈ যায়)

নিবারণ : মই পৰি থাকিব লাগিলে বৰ সাংঘাতিক কথা হ'ব কিন্তু। মই পৰি নাথাকো—থিয়েটাৰলৈ ভাল হ'মই। আৰু এসপ্তাহ আছে। অতবোৰ মানুহ আহিব থিয়েটাৰলৈ—মই ভাল হ'ম—মই ভাল হ'ম।

(এটাইকেজনে গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ পিনে প্ৰস্থান। সেইপিনেই দুটা মানুহে এখনৰ পিছত এখনকৈ দুখনমান চকী কঢ়িয়াই লৈ যায়)

দ্বিতীয় দৃশ্য

(দৃশ্যপট— আগৰ দৃশ্যৰ সামান্য পৰিবৰ্তন মাত্ৰ বুজাব লাগিব এটা মঞ্চৰ আঁৰ কাপোৰৰ পাছ ফালৰ অংশ। আঁৰকাপোৰৰ সিপিনে দৰ্শকৰ প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহ আছে। মঞ্চৰ এদাঁতিয়েদি ওপৰৰ ছাটলৈ উঠি যোৱা পুৰণা কাঠৰ ষ্টেয়াৰ কেচ। আৰু আন এদাঁতিত এখন সজ্জিত সৰু প্লেটফৰ্মৰ কাষত মাইক্ৰফোন। আৰু পট উঠাৰ লগে লগে দেখা যায় পূৰ্বৰ দৃশ্যৰ শেষৰ মানুহটোৱে চকী এখন গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ পৰা কঢ়িয়াই বাহিবলৈ লৈ যায় আৰু সেইপিনে থৈ আহি আকৌ দ্বিতীয় চকীখন আনে। দুৰ্গেই হাতত এটা হাতুৰী আৰু গজাল লৈ বেগাই গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ পৰা মঞ্চলৈ সোমাই আহে)

দুৰ্গে : বেগাই বেগাই নে। দেউতাই হলত চিঞৰি আছে। বিহ্ব বাজ হ'ব। ঐ আৰু কেইখন আছে?

মানুহ : (চকী কঢ়িয়াই নিয়া অৱস্থাত) আৰু তিন্থো বাবু—

দুৰ্গে : যা যা, বেগাই নে।

(ৰমেশে হাতত এদম ৰঙীন কাগজৰ ছপা লিফলেট লৈ সোমাই আহে আৰু কয়)

ৰমেশ : মই কুৰিখন চকী বেলেগে থ'বলৈ কৈছিলো, থৈছেনে বাবু?

দুৰ্গে : জানো, সেইবোৰ মই একো কৰা নাই। ৰাতিপুৱাই সকলো উলিয়াই দিছো আৰু এফালৰ পৰা পৰাই থৈছো। দুখনমান ইয়াত বেয়াই আছিল। মই এতিয়া গজাল মাৰি থিক-থাক কৰি পঠাই দিছো। আপুনি সেইবোৰ চাই-চিতি চম্ভু লওকগৈ। দেউতা আৰু নন্দিনী হলতে আছে।

ৰমেশ : ককাইদেউ আহিলেইনেকি?

দুৰ্গে : আহিলেই মানে। ৰাতিপুৱা আহি আৰু যোৱাই নাই থিয় হ'বই নোৱাৰে, ভগা ককালেৰেই কেকাই-গেঁঠাই অথনিৰে পৰা হ'ল সজাই আছে আৰু আমাৰ বিহ্ব বাজ কৰি আছে।

ৰমেশ : ওঁ, বাবু মই হলৰ পৰা আহোঁগৈ। চাওঁ এইখিনি ধৰকচোন, থৈ দিয়ক।

দুৰ্গে : এ, মই সেইবোৰ এতিয়া ধৰাধৰি কৰিব নোৱাৰো। মোৰ কাম আছে। ওপৰৰ চাটখন এবাৰ চাব লাগে। একো কৰিব নোৱাৰিলেও গজালকে দুটামান মাৰি থৈ আহো।

(দুৰ্গে ষ্টেয়াৰ-কেচৰ পিনে যাবলৈ উদ্যত হয়। নিবারণে নন্দিনীৰ গাত ধৰি অতি কষ্টেৰে কেকাই গেঁঠাই সোমাই আহে। তেওঁৰ এখন হাত বন্ধা অৱস্থাত ডিঙিত ওলোমাই ৰখা আছে)

নিবারণ : নন্দিনী, কিমান বাজিল?

নন্দিনী : পাঁচ বাজি গৈছে।

নিবারণ : এঘণ্টাও নাই আৰু! (দুৰ্গেক দেখি) ঐ গৰু তোৰ হাতুৰী এৰিবৰ হোৱাই নাই। মেক আপ নকৰগৈ কিয়? এঘণ্টাও সময় নাই। (দুৰ্গে উভতি গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ পিনে যায়) আৰু বাকী কেটা ক'ত? (ৰমেশক দেখি) অ' ৰমেশ তুমি আনিলা, মই চিন্তিত হৈ আছিলো—ইমান পলম কৰিছা। অ' প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো আনিছা। চাওঁ আ হা হা— বেছ—বেছ হৈছে।

(নিবারণ আৰু নন্দিনীয়ে অতি আগ্ৰহেৰে প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো চায়। নিবারণৰ চকুত আগ্ৰহ আৰু এক আনন্দৰ ভাৱ স্পষ্ট হৈ উঠে। সুৰেন আৰু উপেনে হাতত একোটা চুটকেচ বা এয়াৰ বেগ লৈ আহি বেগাই আহে। নিবারণে তেওঁলোকক দেখা পায়)

নিবারণ : এই কেটা গৰু, এতিয়া আহিছ। আৰু এঘণ্টাও সময় নাই। যা গৰুহঁত, মেকআপ আৰম্ভ কৰগৈ।
(উপেনহঁত সোমাই যায়)

ৰমেশ : ককাইদেউ আপুনি ৰাতিপুৱাই আহি আছেহি বোলে।

নিবারণ : পুৱা আহি আৰু নগলোৱেই। পাঁচশকৈ নিমজ্জিত মানুহ, ইমানবোৰ মানুহক সুচাৰুৰূপে বহুৱা, হালৰ ব্যৱস্থা, মঞ্চৰ ব্যৱস্থা, সকলোবোৰ সম্পূৰ্ণ হৈ উঠিছেনে নাই— সেইবোৰ শেষবাৰৰ কাৰণে ঠিক কৰা, অতবোৰ কাম বহি বহি তদাৰক কৰোতেই আবেলি হ'ল। এতিয়া আমি সকলো প্ৰায় প্ৰস্তুত। অ' তুমি ইয়াত থাকিব নালাগে। নন্দিনীৰ চাৰিজনী ছাত্ৰী আহি হুলতে বহি আছে, সিহঁতো তোমাৰ লগত থাকিব, কিন্তু নাটক আৰম্ভ হোৱাৰ লগে লগে ছোৱালী কেইজনীক এৰি দিবা, ছয় বজাতে হোষ্টেললৈ ঘূৰি যাব লাগিব। এই কাগজবিলাক লৈ যোৱা। অ' প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো ধুনীয়া হৈছে ছপাত। কাগজৰ ৰঙটো আৰু ছপা প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ কথাখিনিৰ সৈতে ৰজিতা খাইছে, নহয় ৰমেশ ?

ৰমেশ : হয়, মই ভালেই দেখিছো।

নিবারণ : অকল তুমি ভাল দেখিলেই নহ'ব নহয়। মোৰ দৰ্শক সকলে ভাল পাব লাগিব, তেওঁলোকে দেখি, পঢ়ি ভাল পাব লাগিব। জাঁনা, এই প্ৰস্তাৱনাটোতে মোৰ আজিৰ অনুস্থানৰ গোটেইখিনি সাৰ্থকতা নিৰ্ভৰ কৰিছে।

নন্দিনী : পাব, দেউতা, সকলোৱেই ভাল পাব।

নিবারণ : ভাল পাব, নহয় ? ওঁ তুমি যোৱা হললৈ। মই পিছত এবাৰ আকৌ যাম। মানুহ অহাৰ আগে আগে।

নন্দিনী : দেউতা, তুমি আৰু বাহিৰলৈ যাব নোৱাৰা। ইয়াতে সৌ চকীখনতে বহি থাকা।

নীবাৰণ : বহি থাকো কেনেকৈ নন্দিনী ! ছয় বজাৰ লগে লগে কাঁটাই কাঁটাই অভিনয় আৰম্ভ কৰিব লাগিব। প্ৰথম দৃশ্যৰ চেটিংচটো চাব লাগিছিল। ৰমেশ তুমি ইয়াতে ৰ'লা যে— যোৱা, মানুহ আহি হুলত কাকো নাপালে বেয়া হ'ব। কোনোবা কোনোবা ছয় বজাৰ আগতেই আহি যাব পাৰে। পাঁচশজন মানুহ। তেওঁলোকক আমাৰ সন্তোষজনোৱাৰ সকলো দায়িত্ব তোমাৰ। আঁৰকাপোৰ উঠাৰ লগে লগে মই যেতিয়া মাইক্ৰফোনৰ কাষত থিয় দিম তেতিয়া মাত্ৰ দেখিব লাগিব মোৰ সম্মুখত নিমজ্জিত অতিথিসকল অতি আনন্দমনে আৰু সাগ্ৰহে মোৰ পিনে চাই আছে। যোৱা—

ৰমেশ : (লিফলেট এখন নিবারণলৈ আগবঢ়াই দি) ইয়াৰ এটা কপি আপুনি ৰাখক।

নিবারণ : নালাগে, মোৰ লগত হাতে লিখা কপি এটা আছে। ৰাতি ককাল আৰু

ভঙা হাতৰ বিষত টোপনি অহা নাছিল। প্ৰস্তাৱনাটো কালি নিশা আকৌ ঘূৰাই নতুনকৈ লিখি লৈছো। অতি কষ্টেৰে যিমান পাৰো আখৰ সুন্দৰকৈ লিখি আনিছো, এয়া চোৱা। ছপাটোৰ সৈতে ইয়াৰ সামান্য সালসলনি হৈছে। গতিকে এইটোকে পঢ়িম। তুমি যোৱা হললৈ।

(ৰমেশ লিফলেট লৈ প্ৰস্থান) নন্দিনী চেটিংচটো—

নন্দিনী : ঠিক আছে, আনি বহুৱাই দিলেই হ'ল।

নিবারণ : তেন্তে বহুৱাই দে সোনকালে। ছয় বাজিবলৈ বেছি সময় নাই, তোৰ নিজৰ মেকআপ আছেই। অ'নন্দিনী, মোৰ সাজটো সলায়ে লওঁনেকি ? কোনোবা মানুহ যদি এতিয়া আহি মোক লগ ধৰিবলৈ গ্ৰীণৰুমলৈ আহে—

নন্দিনী : অ' ৰ'লা, তুমি কাপোৰজোৰ সলাই লোৱা।
(নন্দিনীয়ে নিবারণক ধৰি ধৰি ভিতৰলৈ লৈ আহে। দুৰ্গে উপেনহঁতে আধা মেকআপ কৰাতে নন্দিনীৰ নিৰ্দেশত যি কোনো এটা দৃশ্য সজ্জা মঞ্চত সজাবলৈ ধৰে। দৃশ্য সজ্জাটো সাধাৰণ আৰু কিবা এটা প্ৰতীক-ধৰ্মী হোৱা উচিত। হয়তো এনে হ'ব পাৰে- এটা চক্ৰ বা চকা আৰু তিনিটা তিনি ৰঙৰ চেপেটা ধৰণৰ বাকচ। বাকচ কেইটা দুৰ্গেহঁতে এটা এটাকৈ মঞ্চলৈ আনে আৰু নন্দিনীৰ নিৰ্দেশমতে বিশেষ বিশেষ ঠাইত থয়)

দুৰ্গে : (বাকচ থোৱাৰ লগে লগে) নাটক আৰম্ভ হোৱাৰ আগেয়েই বিহু বাজ হলেই।

সুৰেন : নাটক কি হ'ব বুজিছোৱেই। মানুহ আহিলেহে—

নন্দিনী : তোমালোক বাকু এতিয়াই হতাশ হৈছা কিয় ?

সুৰেন : হতাশ ! আমাৰ আকৌ হতাশ কিহৰ। (বাকচ খেলা মাৰি) দে বাপেকে ধীৰেন, সেইটো সেইপিনে লগাই দে।

নন্দিনী : ৰ'বা, ৰ'বা। ইমান সিফালে নিনিবা। এইখিনিতে— ওঁ—এইখিনিতে দিয়া। প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ ঠাইখিনিৰ কাষত যথেষ্ট ঠাই খালিকৈ ৰাখিব লাগিব।

দুৰ্গে : (চক্ৰটো লৈ) নন্দা, এই চক্ৰটো ? সুদৰ্শন নে ৰথচক্ৰ— এইটো ?

নন্দিনী : সেইটো এই দাঁতিৰ ফালে থোৱা। ৰ'বা—ওঁ—। সেইখিনিতে— আৰু অলপ সিফালে—ওঁ—হ'ব—হ'ব—তাতে—হ'ব।
(দুৰ্গে আৰু কোনোবা এজনে নন্দিনীৰ নিৰ্দেশমতে চক্ৰটো থয়। ছোৱালী চাৰিজনী বাহিৰৰ পৰা সোমাই আহে। দুৰ্গেহঁত কিছু অপ্ৰস্তুত হয়)

নন্দিনী : দীপালী কি হ'ল, তোমালোক আহিলা যে ?

১মছোৱালী : বাইদেউ, হুলত বহি বহি আমনি লাগিল। এবাৰ এইপিনে চাবলৈ আহিলো।

নন্দিনী : মানুহ অহা নাই নহয় ?
 ২য় ছোৱালী : নাই বাইদেউ, এজনো অহা নাই।
 ১ম ছোৱালী : বাইদেউ, আমি যাওঁ গৈয়েইনেকি ?
 নন্দিনী : ব'ৰা, এতিয়াই কলৈ যোৱা ?
 ১ম ছোৱালী : বহি বহি আমনিয়েই লাগিছে—
 নন্দিনী : বাক যোৱাচোন, অলপ বহাগৈ। ছয় বজাতহে হোষ্টেল পাবগৈ লাগে।
 আৰু পোন্ধৰ মিনিট মানৰ পিছতে যাবগৈ বাক।
 (ছোৱালী চাৰিগৰাকী অহা বাটেদি ওলায় যায়। ৰমেশ সোমাই আহে)
 নন্দিনী : বৰুৱা কি হ'ল ?
 ৰমেশ : কোনো উম ঘামেই নাই দেখোন।
 নন্দিনী : সময় আছে নহয় ?
 ৰমেশ : কেইটা বাজিল বাক ?
 নন্দিনী : (ঘড়ী চাই) চাৰে পাচ বাজি গৈছে। মানুহ এতিয়াহে আহিব।
 ৰমেশ : অৱশ্যে হয়।
 নন্দিনী : বাক যাওকচোন আপুনি হললৈ। আৰু দীপালীহঁতক অলপ পিছতে যাবলৈ দিব।
 (ঘীৰেনৰ গাত ধৰি নিবাৰণ সোমাই আহে। তেওঁৰ বাওঁহাতখন বান্ধি কান্ধত ওলোমাই (slingত) থোৱা আছে। তেওঁৰ গাত পাতৰ পাঞ্জাবী, পাতৰ ধুতি আৰু এখন পাতৰ চাদৰ। আহিয়ে ৰমেশক দেখা পায়।)
 নিবাৰণ : ৰমেশ তুমি ইয়াত কিয় ? মানুহ আহিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিছেনে ?
 ৰমেশ : মানুহ। (হেনাচ্চা ভাবে)
 নন্দিনী : (ৰমেশলৈ চকুৰে কিবা এটা ইংগিত দি) দেউতা, মানুহ আহিছে, মানুহ আহিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিছে।
 নিবাৰণ : আহিবতো। আহিবতো— মই সকলোকে কৈ দিছো ছয় বজাৰ লগে লগে কাটাই কাটাই অভিনয় আৰম্ভ কৰিম। ৰমেশ তুমি ইয়াত কি কৰিছা ?
 যোৱা, মানুহ বহুৱাগৈ। লিফলেট বিলাক বিলাই দিবা। (খস্তেক ৰৈ) সেয়া সেইখন মটৰ আহি ৰ'লহি, কোনোবা আহিছে। যোৱা ৰমেশ বেগাই (ৰমেশৰ প্ৰস্থান) ঐ গৰুহঁত ! তহঁত নায়াৰ কিয় ? মেকআপ সম্পূৰ্ণ কৰগৈ ৫ চেটিংচ হ'ব, যি হৈছে। মোক এইবোৰ একো নালাগে। মোৰ প্ৰস্তাৱনাটোহে এইবাৰ মূল কথা। (দুৰ্গেহঁত ভিতৰলৈ যায়) নন্দিনী, মই এবাৰ বাহিৰৰ পৰা মানুহখিনি চাই আহোঁ।
 নন্দিনী : নোৱাৰা দেউতা। তুমি আৰু বাহিৰলৈ যাবৰ প্ৰয়োজন নাই। মই যি কৈছো তাকে শুনিবা। চাওঁ, তুমি ইয়াতে বহি থাক। প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ সময়ত মাইক্ৰফোনৰ

ওচৰলৈ যাব। মোৰ মেক-আপটো কৰি আহোঁগৈ। তুমি বহি থাক।
 নিবাৰণ : ওঁ বাক মই বহিছো। তোৰ মেক-আপ হোৱাই নাই ? যা যা, পলম নকৰ, প্ৰতিটো মুহূৰ্ত্তই আশুৱাই গৈছে ছয় বজালৈ। ছয় বজাৰ পৰম সময়খিনিলৈ। পাঁচশকৈ দৰ্শক, শ্ৰোতা, মোৰ নিমজ্জিত অতিথি আহিবলৈ ধৰিছে। মোৰ জীৱন-নাট্যৰ অভিনয় চাবলৈ। মোৰ জীৱন-বুৰঞ্জী শুনিবলৈ। আমাৰ যেন কোনো ক্ৰটি নহয়। যা। অ' চচ্‌মাজোৰ উলিয়াই দি যাচোন জেপৰ পৰা। মই মোৰ লিখাখিনি পঢ়ি থাকো।
 (নন্দিনীয়ে চচ্‌মাজোৰ উলিয়াই, খুলি নিবাৰণক পিছাত সহায় কৰি দিয়ে) ওঁ তাই যা।
 (নন্দিনী ভিতৰলৈ যায়। নিবাৰণে এখন দীঘলীয়া হাতে লিখা বহী এখন মেলি গুণগুণাই পঢ়ি থাকে। আৰু মাজে মাজে মূৰ ডাঙি আঁৰ কাপোৰৰ পিনে অৰ্থাৎ হলৰ পিনে চাই এক আনন্দৰ ভাবেৰে পুনৰ পঢ়িবলৈ ধৰে। ক্ষস্তেক পিছতে লিফলেটৰ দ'ম লৈ ৰমেশ সোমাই আহে। নিবাৰণক দেখিয়েই বিব্ৰত হৈ তেওঁ ঘূৰি যাব ধৰোঁতেই নিবাৰণে দেখা পায়)
 নিবাৰণ : ৰমেশ, তুমি আকৌ আহিলা দেখোন ! কিবা চকী টকীৰ অসুবিধা হৈছেনেকি ? কিয় আহিছা ?
 ৰমেশ : নাই, নাই, সকলো ঠিক আছে।
 নিবাৰণ : মানুহ আহিছে নহয় বহুত ?
 ৰমেশ : মানুহ ! বহুত মানুহ আহিছে ককাইদেউ।
 নিবাৰণ : তেখেত তুমি আকৌ গুছি আহিছা কিয় ? কাৰোবাৰ কিবা প্ৰয়োজন হ'ব পাৰে, কাৰোবাৰ বহা চকীৰ অসুবিধা হ'ব পাৰে। যোৱা, যোৱা হললৈ। (ৰমেশৰ প্ৰস্থান। নিবাৰণে পুনৰ পঢ়াত মন দিয়ে, উদ্ভিন্ন ভাবে। নন্দিনী মেক আপ কৰি সোমাই আহে)
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা !
 নিবাৰণ : অ' নন্দিনী, ওঁ চাওঁ (নন্দিনীৰ মেক আপ চাই) বেছ, বেছ হৈছে। ইহঁত কেটাৰ হলনে, এই গৰু কেটাৰ ? চাওঁ কি কৰিছে ইহঁতে। (মাতে) দুৰ্গে, উপেন, চাওঁ, এইপিনে আহ। নন্দিনী কিমান বাজিল ?
 নন্দিনী : ছয় বজালৈ ১৫ মিনিট আছে।
 নিবাৰণ : অস, সময় হৈ গ'ল। ঐ দুৰ্গে !
 (দুৰ্গে, উপেনহঁত মেক আপ কৰি এটা এটাকৈ সোমাই আহে)
 ওঁ, চাওঁ (দুৰ্গেক) টাইডাল ডবল নট কৰি লৈছনে ? ওঁ ঠিক আছে যা— (উপেনক) ঠিক আছে। (সুৰেনক) চাওঁ চুলিখিনি কপালত পেলাই ল। আৰু মনত আছে নহয়, জাপটো ঠিক সময়ত মাৰিবি। চাওঁ ৰবি, লুঙীখন

আৰু অলপ উঠাই ল। (ধীৰেনক) ওঁ ঠিক আছে। তই পিছৰ দৃশ্যৰ পোছাকটো সাজু ৰাখিবি। সকলো সাজু হ। নিজ নিজ কথাবোৰ আকৌ এবাৰ চাই ল। (হঠাৎ হলৰ পিনে মূৰ ডাঙি) নন্দিনী, সেয়া মটৰ বৈছে, মানুহ আহিছে।

নন্দিনী : ওঁ, আহিছে দেউতা।

নিবাৰণ : মই সকলোকে কৈ দিছো কাটাই কাটাই ছয় বজাত। (ৰমেশ সোমাই আহে। ৰমেশক দেখি) আকৌ ৰমেশ তুমি, হাতত লিফলেটবোৰ লৈয়ে আছ। সেইখিনি এতিয়াও বিলাই দিয়া নাই কিয়? কি কৰিছা তুমি?

ৰমেশ : মই যাওঁ। এই এখেতক এবাৰ (নন্দিনীক উদ্দেশ্য কৰি)

নিবাৰণ : এখেতক কিয়? তুমি হললৈ যোৱা, লিফলেটবোৰ বিলাই দিয়াগৈ।

ৰমেশ : হয়, যাওঁ, যাওঁ।
(ৰমেশ ওলাই যাবলৈ ধৰে। নন্দিনী ৰমেশৰ পিনে আগুৱাই যায়)

নন্দিনী : বৰুৱা ৰ'বচোন।
(নন্দিনী ৰমেশৰ লগে লগে ওলাই গৈ উইঙচৰ বাহিৰত দৰ্শকে দেখা নেদেখা ভাৱত দুটামান কথা পাতি আকৌ সোমাই আহে)

নন্দিনী : দেউতা! (কোমল সুৰত)

নিবাৰণ : হেঁ কি হ'ল নন্দিনী? আৰম্ভ কৰিবৰ হৈ গ'ল?

নন্দিনী : নহয়। আৰু পাঁচ মিনিটমান আছে।

নিবাৰণ : পাঁচ মিনিট! সাজু নহৰ কিয় তহঁত? মোক মাইকটো ঠিক কৰি দে।

নন্দিনী : এটা কথা, অভিনয় ছয় বজাৰ অলপ পিছতহে আৰম্ভ কৰিমনেকি?

নিবাৰণ : কিয়?

নন্দিনী : মানে—মানে মোৰ দ্বিতীয় দৃশ্যৰ সাজুযোৰ ঠিক হোৱা নাই।

নিবাৰণ : হ'বই নোৱাৰে। ছয় বজা মানে ছয় বজা। বাহিৰত অতবোৰ মানুহ। মাত্ৰ পাঁচ মিনিট সময় আছে। তহঁতে কি ভাৱিছ? তহঁত নাই কিয়?
(নন্দিনী আকৌ প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহৰ পৰা অহা প্ৰবেশপথৰ পিনে আগুৱাই যায়, কাৰোবাক যেন সেইপিনৰ পৰা অহা দেখিছে এনে ভাৱত)

নিবাৰণ : নন্দিনী, তই আকৌ সেইপিনে ক'লে গৈছ? ষ্টেজত পজিছন নলৰ কিয়?

নন্দিনী : এক মিনিট দেউতা। এই এওঁলোক—
(দীপালীহঁত বাহিৰৰ প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহৰ পৰা আহে)

নিবাৰণ : (দীপালীহঁতক দেখি) এওঁলোক? এওঁলোক এটাই কেগৰাকী ইয়ালৈ গুছি আহিছে কিয়? হলত মানুহৰ ভিৰ হৈছে চাগৈ!

দীপালী : মানুহ।

নিবাৰণ : মানুহ, মোৰ নিমন্ত্ৰিত অতিথি সকল—

(নন্দিনীয়ে দীপালীহঁতক কিবা এটা ইংগিত দি অহাটোদি ঘূৰাই লৈ যায়)

নন্দিনী : ব'লাচোন ব'লা, তোমালোক ইয়াৰ পৰা ব'লা।

দীপালী : (উইঙচৰ ওচৰত সৰু কৰি) বাইদেউ আমি যাওঁগৈ, আৰু কিমান ৰ'ম।

নন্দিনী : যোৱা, যোৱা, তোমালোক যোৱাগৈ। হোষ্টেললৈ যোৱাগৈ।
(দীপালীহঁত ওলাই যায়। নন্দিনী উভতি আহি গ্ৰীণৰুমৰ পিনে যাব খোজে। নিবাৰণে প্ৰস্তাৱনা পঢ়ি থকাৰ পৰা মূৰ ডাঙি আকৌ হঠাত দেখা পায় ৰমেশ সোমাই আহিছে। তেওঁৰ হাতত এইবাৰ লিফলেটখিনি নাই)

নিবাৰণ : আকৌ ৰমেশ, তুমি বাৰে বাৰে কিয় আহি আছা? তুমি মোক ডুবাৰা। শেষ সময়ত মানুহৰ ভীৰ বেছি হয়। (বাহিৰৰ পিনে কাণ দি) সেয়া আকৌ মটৰ বলহি। মানুহ আহিছে। ৰমেশ! লিফলেটবোৰ বিলালা নহয়, সব শেষ হৈ গ'ল। যোৱা যোৱা, মানুহ শেষলৈকে আহি আছে।

ৰমেশ : মই গৈছো ককাইদেউ।
(ৰমেশে নন্দিনীক ইংগিতেৰে উইঙচৰ কাষলৈ মাতে। উইঙচৰ কাষত আগৰদৰে দুয়ো কথা পাতে)

ৰমেশ : কোনো আশা নাই।

নন্দিনী : কি কৰিম এতিয়া? মোৰ যে মূৰ ঘূৰি গৈছে। দেউতাই ছয় বজাত আৰম্ভ কৰিবই। কি কৰো বাকু এতিয়া? কি কৰো মই!!

নিবাৰণ : (চিঞৰি) নন্দিনী—নন্দিনী!

নন্দিনী : সেয়া অধৈৰ্য হৈ পৰিছে। কি কৰো এতিয়া বৰুৱা?
(ৰমেশৰ হাত দুখনত অসহায়ৰ দৰে খামুচি ধৰে)

ৰমেশ : মই গৈ কওঁগৈনেকি?

নন্দিনী : নালাগে, কিবা অঘটন ঘটিব।

নিবাৰণ : (উত্তেজিত ভাবে) দুৰ্গেশ্বৰ, উপেন্দ্ৰ, ধীৰেন, নন্দিনী—

নন্দিনী : সেয়া দেউতাই চিঞৰিবলৈ আৰম্ভ কৰিছে। মই আহিছো।
(নন্দিনী নিবাৰণৰ ওচৰলৈ আহে)

নিবাৰণ : নন্দিনী, তহঁতে কি কৰি আছ? আৰু কেইমিনিট আছে?

নন্দিনী : মানে—এ—মানে এই—

নিবাৰণ : কি হৈছে তোৰ? অস্থিৰ হৈছ কিয়? কিমান সময় আছে?

নন্দিনী : দুই মিনিট আছে দেউতা।

নিবাৰণ : দুই মিনিট। মোক এতিয়াও ইহঁতে ইয়াত বহুৱাই থৈছে কিয়? দুৰ্গে, উপেন গৰুহঁত কি কৰিছ—তহঁতে মোক মাইক্ৰফোনৰ ওচৰলৈ লৈ নাযাৱ কিয়? মই নিজে যাম। (বহাৰ পৰা উঠিবলৈ চেষ্টা কৰে)

দুৰ্গে, উপেন : দেউতা!

নন্দিনী : দেউতা, তুমি নিজে নুঠিবা, মোৰ গাত ধৰা।
 নিবাৰণ : সেয়া বাহিৰত কিজানি আৰু এখন মটৰ বলহি। বোধকৰোঁ শেষ অতিথিজন আহিল। বাহিৰত ইমানবোৰ মানুহ।
 দুৰ্গে : বাহিৰত মানুহ।
 নিবাৰণ : কথা নকবি গৰু। নন্দিনী, ওঁ তই কিয় বৈ আছ? মোক মাইকৰ ওচৰলৈ লৈ ব'ল। গৰুহঁত কি চাই আছ, নিজৰ নিজৰ ঠাইলৈ নাযাৰ কিয়? স্ক্ৰীন লাইট—মাইক, বেডী, নন্দিনী—সময়!!
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা!
 নিবাৰণ : কি হৈছে তহঁতৰ? কেইটা বাজিল?
 নন্দিনী : ছয় বাজিল।
 নিবাৰণ : কি চাই আছ? মোক মালাডাল পিন্ধাই দে। দুৰ্গে, উপেন, শংখ ঘণ্টা কাঁহ নবজাৰ কিয়? আঁৰ কাপোৰ নোতোল কিয়? বাহিৰত মানুহে চিঞৰিব এতিয়া। পাঁচশকৈ মানুহে চিঞৰিব এতিয়া! বেডী-বেডী (দুৰ্গে, উপেনহঁতে উইংচৰ কাষত শংখ, ঘণ্টা, কাঁহ লৈ বেডী হয়)
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা!
 (নিবাৰণক মালা ডাল পিন্ধাই দিয়ে)
 নিবাৰণ : ওঁ বেছ। (মাইক্ৰফোনৰ পিনে আঙুৰাই যায়) মাইকটো দে। ওঁ, এতিয়া, স্ক্ৰীন, লাইট, বেডী? বজা, শংখ ঘণ্টা বজা। তোলা, আঁৰ কাপোৰ তোলা— শংখ ঘণ্টা বজা। নন্দিনী!! আঁৰ কাপোৰ!!
 (তীব্ৰ ধ্বনিত শংখ ঘণ্টা কাঁহ বাজি উঠে। লগে লগে আঁৰ কাপোৰ দুকাষলৈ আঁতৰি যায়। শংখ ঘণ্টাৰ ধ্বনি কিছু সময় চলি থাকে, ক্ৰমে স্তম্ভ হৈ নোহোৱা হৈ পৰে। দৰ্শকে দেখা পায়, আঁৰ কাপোৰ আঁতৰি যোৱাত সম্মুখত এটা প্ৰকাণ্ড জনশূন্য প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহত শাৰী শাৰী কিছুমান শূন্য চকী। চকীবোৰৰ প্ৰত্যেকখনতে গোলাপী ৰঙৰ একোখন ছপা কাগজ অৰ্থাৎ নিবাৰণৰ ছপা প্ৰস্তাৱনাৰ একোটা কপি। আৰু সেইফালে চাই চাই নিবাৰণ নিথৰ হৈ থিয় দি ব'ল। এনে অৱস্থাত দৰ্শকে নিবাৰণৰ পিঠি ফালটো আৰু মুখৰ এফাল দেখা পায়। কিছু সময় এক মৰ্মস্পৰ্শী গভীৰ নিৰৱতা, এবাৰ লাহে লাহে নিবাৰণে সমুখলৈ ঘূৰি চায়। নন্দিনীয়ে বুকু চেপি, যেন অস্তৰ-ভাগি-আহিব -খোজা কান্দোনখিনি বন্ধ কৰি নিবাৰণৰ চকুলৈ চাই কঁপা কঠেৰে মাতে)
 নন্দিনী : দেউতা!!
 নিবাৰণ : নন্দিনী— মোৰ সম্মুখৰ চকীবোৰত এজনো মানুহ নাই কিয়, মোৰ নিমজ্জিত ইমানবোৰ অতিথিৰ দেখোন এজনো নাই। এই বিৰাট প্ৰেক্ষাগৃহটোৰ

প্ৰত্যেকখন চকী শূন্য হৈ আছে। একোটা একোটা মুৰ্ত্তিমান শূন্যতা। ইমান বিলাক মানুহক নিমজ্জণ কৰিলোঁ, ইমানবোৰ আয়োজন কৰিলোঁ, মোৰ এই অসুস্থ দেহাৰে, অথচ ইমান উদ্দীপনাৰে, আশাৰে, আয়োজন কৰিলোঁ, কিন্তু কিয় নাহিল বাৰু মানুহবিলাক? মইতো তেওঁলোকক কষ্ট দিবলৈ মতা নাছিলো। তেওঁলোকে গাঁঠিৰ ধনো ভাঙিব নালাগিছিল। তেওঁলোকক মই ভালদৰে আদৰ সাদৰ কৰি এই চকীবোৰতে বহুৱাৰ ব্যৱস্থা কৰিছিলো। কিন্তু কোনো নবহিলহি এই চকীবোৰত। পাঁচশকৈ মানুহ, শিল্পী, নাট্যকাৰ, অভিনেতা, কবি, সাহিত্যিক, সাংবাদিকক, ৰাজনীতিক মাতিলো, এজনো নাহিল, এজনো নাহিল! মোৰ আগৰ অভিনয়বোৰতো মানুহ সগায় কম হয়। অভিনয়ৰ শেষলৈ মানুহ নাথাকেই! কিন্তু আজি, আজি যে এজনো মানুহ নাহিল। এজনো নাহিল। কিয় নাহে বাৰু? মইনো কি দোষ কৰিছো? (নন্দিনীয়ে উচুপি উঠে, নিবাৰণে নন্দিনীৰ উচুপনিলৈ লক্ষ্য নকৰি নিজকে নিজে কোৱাৰ দৰে কৈ যায়) মইতো একো দোষ কৰা নাই। মই মাত্ৰ তেওঁলোকক নিমজ্জণ কৰিছিলো। আশা কৰিছিলো তেওঁলোক আহিব, মোৰ অভিনয় চাবহি। মোৰ সংলাপ শুনিবহি। মোৰ কথাবোৰ, ইমান ভালকৈ, ইমান সুন্দৰকৈ লিখা কথাবোৰ, মোৰ অভিনয় কল্পনাবোৰ, নতুন নতুন আইদিয়াবোৰ, চিৰাচৰিত আৰু নিত্যনৈমিত্তিকৰ পৰা উত্তীৰ্ণ হৈ যুগক, সময়ক দ্ৰুত গতিৰে আঙুৰাই নিয়া মোৰ অগ্ৰণী চিন্তাবোৰ, এটি মহৎ কলাৰ অভিনয় সৃষ্টিক উন্মেষিত কৰিবলৈ ভাষাৰ বুকুৰ পৰা বটলি অনা এই বচা বচা শব্দবোৰ, কথাবোৰ, ইমান সুন্দৰ সুন্দৰ কথাবোৰ! নন্দিনী, মোক চচমাযোৰ দে। মই পঢ়িম।

নন্দিনী : দেউতা! (চেপা কান্দোনেৰে চচমাযোৰ পিন্ধাই দিয়ে)

নিবাৰণ : মই পঢ়িম নন্দিনী। মই ক'ম। মই ক'ম মোৰ কথা। ... হে মোৰ নিমজ্জিত শ্ৰদ্ধাস্পদেয়ু অতিথিবৃন্দ, আজিৰ পৰা উণযাঠী বছৰ পূৰ্বে এদিন এখন পৃথিৱীত এটি শিশুৰ জন্ম হৈছিল, আৰু তাৰ জন্মৰ উণযাঠী বছৰৰ পিছত আজি এটা শিশুৰ সৃষ্টি হ'ল। তাৰ নাম শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য আৰু সেই শ্ৰীনিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্যই আপোনালোকৰ সম্মুখত থিয় দি আপোনালোকক এয়া বিনয় চিন্তে প্ৰণিপাত জনাইছে। মোৰ জন্মৰ পৰা মই সৃষ্টি হোৱালৈকে এই উণযাঠী বছৰৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ এটা কাহিনীৰ এটি পাণ্ডুলিপি আজি মই...

(ইয়াৰ পিছৰ দৃশ্যাঙ্কলৈকে নিবাৰণে তেওঁৰ সুদীৰ্ঘ সংলাপ ক'তো নোবোৱাকৈ একে লেঠাৰিৱে কৈ যায়। মাজে মাজে নন্দিনী আৰু অন্যান্যৰ সংলাপ নিবাৰণৰ সংলাপৰ ওপৰত চূপাৰ ইম্পজড হৈ যাব)

[নন্দিনী। (বুকু ভঙা কান্দোনেৰে নিবাৰণৰ সংলাপৰ ওপৰতে কৈ যায়)

দেউতা তুমি কিয় চিঞৰি বকি আছা? তোমাৰ সন্মুখত এটাও মানুহ নাই।
আমাৰ অভিনয় চাবলৈ এজনো মানুহ নাছিল।]

.....আপোনালোকৰ আগত ডাঙি ধৰিম। আৰু সেই পাণ্ডুলিপি শুনি...

(ইয়াৰ পিছৰ সংলাপখিনি কোৱাৰ লগে লগে নিবাৰণে লাহে লাহে দৰ্শকৰ
পিনে মুখ ঘূৰাই কিছু আগলৈ আহি থাকে)

.....আপোনালোকে বুজিব, আপোনালোকৰ বোধগম্য হ'ব, এটি মহৎ
সৃষ্টিৰ বাবে, এটি অভিনয় কলা সৃষ্টিৰ বাবে মানুহে কিমানখিনি ত্যাগ, কষ্ট,
বাঞ্চনা আৰু বিপর্যয়ৰ সৈতে যুঁজ দিব লাগে। মায়ো সেই যুঁজ দিছিলো,
আৰু হাঁহি হাঁহি সেই যুঁজত হাৰিছো— আৰু জয়লাভ কৰিছো। মোৰ
জীৱনৰ ঊণষাঠী বছৰক মাহ, সপ্তাহ, দিন, ঘণ্টা, মিনিট আৰু চেকেণ্ডলৈ
পৰিবৰ্তন কৰিলে দেখা পাব কিমান কোটি চেকেণ্ডৰ ক্ষয়ৰ পিছত জীৱনৰ
আজিটোত, এই মুহূৰ্ত্তত উপনীত হৈছে। আপোনালোকে দেখিব প্ৰায়
আঢ়ৈশ কোটি চেকেণ্ড মোৰ জীৱনৰ পৰা ইতিমধ্যে ক্ষয় হৈছে। আৰু এই
আঢ়ৈশকোটি চেকেণ্ডৰ ক্ষয়ৰ মাজেৰে সৃষ্টি হ'ল এটি নিবাৰণ ভট্টাচাৰ্য,
আৰু তাৰ আশাৰ এটি বিৰাট সূৰ্য্য, তাৰ কল্পনাৰ এখনি নিঃসীম আকাশ।
এই আকাশ আৰু সূৰ্য্যৰ সৃষ্টিৰ আনন্দত.....

[ৰমেশ। (নন্দিনীৰ ওচৰলৈ আহি) আপোনালোকে সোনকালে ককাইদেউক
ঘৰলৈ লৈ যাওক।

নন্দিনী। (ধীৰ স্থিৰ ভাৱে) নহয় বৰুৱা, দেউতাক ক'বলৈ দিয়াক, অন্তৰৰ
সকলো কথা কৈ শেষ কৰিবলৈ দিয়ক।]

.....আজি মই আশ্বহাৰা। হে মোৰ সুহৃদ অতিথিবৃন্দ! এই যে মোৰ মন-
ব্ৰহ্মাণ্ডত সৃষ্টি হ'ল এটা বিৰাট সূৰ্য্য, এখন অসীম আকাশ, তাৰ মোহনীয়া,
বিনন্দীয়া হাজাৰ প্ৰতিচ্ছবিৰ শ্লাইড। সময়-সমুদ্ৰৰ অটল গভীৰ বুকুত,
সমুদ্ৰৰ সুনীল সুশাস্ত আয়নাৰ স্বচ্ছতাত, উজ্জলতাত ভাঁহি উঠিবলৈ মই
এৰি দিছোঁ, এখন এখনকৈ সেই হাজাৰ প্ৰতিচ্ছবিৰ শ্লাইড। (নিবাৰণে কৈ
কৈ আশুৱাই গৈ কাষৰ চিৰিয়েদি ওপৰলৈ উঠি যায়) মোৰ এই এৰি
দিয়াৰ, মোৰ এই দি দিয়াৰ বিৰাম নাই, ক্লান্তি নাই, শুষ্কতা নাই। (চিৰিয়েদি
ওপৰলৈ উঠি গৈ থাকে) হাজাৰ ফল্গুৰ দৰে হাজাৰ যুগৰ বুকুলৈ বৈ
যাবৰ কাৰণে মোৰ আজি প্ৰস্তুতি পূৰ্ণ হৈছে। মই কেৱল....

[সুৰেন : নন্দা তই কেনি আছ? দেউতাক কিয় এৰি দিছ?

নন্দিনী : যাবলৈ দিয়া সুৰেন দাদা। তেওঁক যিমান ইচ্ছা ক'বলৈ দিয়া—
ক'বলৈ দিয়া।]

.....বৈ যাম, মই কেৱল দি যাম। (চিৰিৰ পৰা) হে মোৰ দৰদীপ্ৰাণ অতিথিবৃন্দ,

মোৰ মন ব্ৰহ্মাণ্ডৰ সূৰ্য্যৰ পোহৰ আৰু আকাশৰ ৰং এয়া মই ছটিয়াই
দিছো। এইদৰে মই পোহৰ আৰু ৰং ছটিয়াই যাম—মানৱতাৰ মাটিত,
সময়ৰ সমুদ্ৰত, কেৱল পোহৰ আৰু ৰং ছটিয়াই যাম, ছটিয়াই যাম। হে
কলামোদী সকল, হে কলাপ্ৰেমী সকল, হে ৰসগ্ৰাহী মানৱ-সমাজ—এয়া
তোমালোকক মই মোৰ মন ব্ৰহ্মাণ্ডৰ সূৰ্য্যৰ পোহৰ দিছোঁ, তাপ দিছোঁ,
জীৱন দিছোঁ, যৌৱন দিছোঁ, আৰু এয়া মোৰ মন-ব্ৰহ্মাণ্ডৰ আকাশৰ ৰং
দিছোঁ, ডাৱৰ দিছোঁ, বৰষুণ দিছোঁ, প্ৰাণ দিছোঁ—প্ৰেম দিছোঁ.... (নিবাৰণ
চিৰিৰ ওপৰত নেদেখা হৈ যায়)

[দুৰ্গে : (ভিতৰৰ পৰা চিঞৰি কয়) নন্দিনী—নন্দা —দেউতাক ওপৰলৈ
কিয় যাবলৈ দিছ, ছটখন ভগা—

নন্দিনী : (এটা ইস্ উচ্চাৰণ কৰি কিংকৰ্তব্যবিমূঢ় হৈ ওপৰৰ চিৰিলৈ চাই
পঠিয়ায়)

ৰমেশ : কি!

দুৰ্গে : (উদ্ভাৱল হৈ চিঞৰি কৈ আহে) ওপৰৰ ছটখন ভগা। বিহ বাজ
হ'ব এতিয়া!!

সুৰেন : দৌৰ, দেউতাক ধৰ!

নন্দিনী : (চিঞৰি) দেউতা সেইপিনে নাযাবা।

ৰমেশ : (চিঞৰি) ককাইদেউ!! নন্দিনী।

নন্দিনী : দেউতা!!

(দুৰ্গে, সুৰেন, উপেন চিৰিয়েদি ওপৰলৈ যায় আৰু চিঞৰে)

দেউতা!!!!

(নন্দিনীয়ে আ- বুলি এটা বিকট চিঞৰ মাৰি থৰ হৈ বৈ যায়। দুৰ্গেইতে
প্ৰত্যেকেই চিৰিয়েদি হাত মেলি ওপৰলৈ চাই বৈ যায়। ৰমেশে চিৰিৰ এটা
ওপৰৰ ষ্টেপৰ পৰা তললৈ নন্দিনীয়ে নিথৰ হৈ দৰ্শকলৈ তথা লাগি চাই
ৰয়।]

.....হে বিশ্বজন, এই সূৰ্য্যৰ পোহৰত প্ৰতিভাত হোৱা, এই আকাশৰ ৰঙেৰে
ৰঞ্জিত হোৱা, উদ্ভীপ্ত হোৱা, হে মহা বিশ্বজন, হে বিশ্ব ব্ৰহ্মাণ্ড—হে—
হে—হে—হা—!!!!!!

(নিবাৰণৰ এটা বিকট চিঞৰ যেন মঞ্চৰ ওপৰৰ পৰা শূন্যত মিলি বিলীন
হৈ যায়। আৰু সেই চিঞৰৰ সৈতে ঠিক একে লগে দুৰ্গেইতৰ—“দেউতা”,
ৰমেশৰ “ককাইদেউ” আৰু নন্দিনীৰ “আ”— বিকট চিঞৰটো মিলি যায়)

যবনিকা

ঘৰুৱা ঘটনা

[মঞ্চৰ ওপৰত অশোক বৰঠাকুৰ। বস্ত-বাহানিৰে ঠাহ খোৱা কোঠালি]

অসম্ভৱ—অসম্ভৱ—অসম্ভৱ [চাৰিও পিনে চায়, আগুৱাই আহে, বস্তবাহানিত বাৰে বাৰে ধাক্কা খায়] এইটো মানুহ থকা ঘৰ নে মৰাপাটৰ গুদাম! ইয়াত মানুহ থাকে! আৰু কিমান বাৰ ক'ম—ভটুক আৰু কিমান বাৰ ক'ম, হয় মোক ভেকেণ্ট হোৱা ডাঙৰ কৰ্মটো দিয়ক—বা ষ্ট'ৰ কৰ্মটোকে বিপেয়াৰ কৰাই দিয়ক, ইমানবোৰ বস্ত-বাহানি লৈ কি দম বন্ধ হৈ মই ইয়াত মৰা পৰিম! নাই, ভটুই কিয় শনিব—লেণ্ডলৰ্ড জাতটোৱেই সেই, ভটুও লেণ্ডলৰ্ডহে তেও, তেওঁ কিয় ভাড়াটিয়াৰ সুবিধা-অসুবিধালৈ চাব—ৰেণ্ডলাৰ ভাড়া পাইছে, কোনো ট্ৰাবল্ নাই, আৰামতে আছে, মোক ডাঙৰ আহল-বহল কৰ্মটোৱেই বা একে ভাড়াতে দিব কিয়, ষ্ট'ৰ কৰ্মটোকেই বা মেৰামত কৰাই দিব কিয়—কিহৰ গৰজ, ভটুৰ কিহৰ গৰজ! [কথা কৈ কৈ জেপৰ পৰা কলমডাল উলিয়ায় আৰু অন্যমনস্ক হৈ চকী এখনত ধাক্কা খায়, বিৰক্ত হয়] ইম্-পচিবল্! ইম্-পচিবল্! [বহিবলৈ ঠাই এডোখৰ বিচাৰে, কিন্তু চকীবোৰত কিতাপ, কাগজ বটল ইত্যাদি ভৰ্তি, আৰু বিছনাখনতো। খঙতে ধাক্কা খোৱা চকীখনৰপৰা কিতাপপত্ৰ দলিয়াই পেলায় আৰু চকীখনত বহি মজিয়াৰ ওপৰৰ পুৰণি টাইপৰাইটাৰৰ ওপৰত এখন ভৰি আৰু মজিয়াৰ ওপৰৰ ৰেডিঅ'টোৰ ওপৰত আনখন ভৰি মেলি দিয়ে, কলমডাল মুখত দিয়ে। চিন্তাশ্বিতভাবে] ইম্-পচিবল্! সঁচাকৈয়ে ইম্-পচিবল্, সঁচাকৈয়ে আৰু নোৱাৰি, এই ঘৰত আৰু এসপ্তাহ থাকিলে মই উশাহ বন্ধ হৈ মৰি থাকিম, কাগজত হে'ডলাইন ওলাব “ইয়ং মেন্ ফাউণ্ডে'ড্ ইন্ কৰ্ম : অক্সিজেন ট্ৰেজেদি ইন্ চিটি ফ্লেটা।” নাই, নাই, তেনেকৈ বিখ্যাত হ'বৰ সময় মোৰ এতিয়াও হোৱা নাই, ইয়ংমেন্ ইন্ কুয়ে'শ্বন্ উইল্ বি ফাউণ্ড

ষ্টিল গম্বিং ষ্টুং ফৰ্ এনাদাৰ হানড্ৰেড্ ইয়াৰ্ছ। ব'দ-বতাহ সোমাব পৰা ঘৰ এটালৈ যাব লাগিব, এই ঘৰটোৱে মোক নোজোৰে—অ, অ, মই মনস্থিৰ কৰিলোঁ, [কলমডাল খোলে] এতিয়াই ভট্টলৈ লিখিম— এতিয়াই ভট্টক নটিচ দিম, মই এই ঘৰ এৰিলোঁ [হাত বঢ়াই টেবুলত পেডটো বিচাৰে, বহুতো বস্তু, তাৰ ভিতৰত এটা টৰ্চলাইট আৰু এচুট্টে আৰু কিবাকিবি—সিচৰিত হৈ পৰে, অৱশেষত পেডটো চকীৰ কুচনৰ তলৰপৰা টানি বাহিৰ কৰে] বাচ, আৰু কোনো কথা নাই, ডিচাইডে'ড্, ৱাল্ ফৰ্ অল্। বাচ, দেট্চ্ ফাইনেল—[লিখিব আৰম্ভ কৰে, কলমত চিয়াহী নোলায়] ধেং! [কলম জোকাৰে] কি কাণ্ড! কোনো এটা কাম যদি—! [চিয়াহীৰ দোৱাত বিচাৰে, অসংখ্য বটল, দৰৱ.....,টানে আৰু বিৰক্ত হৈ ঠেলি দিয়ে, প্ৰতিটো বটলৰ লগে লগে গালি পাৰে—“ধেং” “বাবিচ!” “ইম্পচিবল!” “নুইচে'ল্”, “ধেং!” “ঘৰ নে জংগল! বাজিৰঙা...নহয়, নহয়, আফ্ৰিকা, আফ্ৰিকা!” আৰু অৱশেষত বিছনাৰ তলৰপৰা চিয়াহীৰ দোৱাতটো উলিয়ায়, কলম জুবুৰিয়ায়, লিখে, পঢ়ে] ডিয়াৰ চাৰ্—দূৰ! কিহৰ ডিয়াৰ চাৰ্!....ভট্টাচাৰ্য্য ডাঙৰীয়া, অত্যন্ত দুখেৰে সৈতে আপোনাক জনাবলগীয়া হৈছে যে মই এই ঘৰটোৰ দখল এৰি দিয়াৰ সিদ্ধান্ত কৰিলোঁ। ডাঙৰ কৰ্মটো খালী হলে একে ভাড়াতে মোক দিয়াৰ কথা দিছিলে, বা অন্ততঃ ষ্ট'ৰ কৰ্মটোকে বিপেয়াৰ কৰাই দিব বুলি আপুনি এচিয়'ৰেপ্ল—নহয় [কাটে] প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতি দিছিলে, কিন্তু আজিলৈকে মই এই ঠেক কৰ্মটোতে ঘৰ আৰু প্ৰাইভেট অফিচ দুয়োটাৰে কাম চলাবলগীয়া হৈ আহিছে। আপুনি জানে, ডাঙৰ কৰ্মটোৰ কাৰণে এ'ক্সট্ৰা—অধিকা—ত্ৰিশ টকা ভাড়া দিয়াৰ মোৰ সামৰ্থ্য নাই—অৰিজিনেলি—প্ৰথম প্ৰথম—তেনেকুৱা কোনো চুক্তি নাছিল, আপোনাৰ এইটোও অবিদিত নহয় যে মোৰ প্ৰাইভেট অফিচত কাম বঢ়াৰ লগে লগে বস্তু-বাহানিও বাঢ়ি গৈছে, এই ঘৰত আৰু বস্তু-বাহানি কুলোৱা মোৰ পক্ষে সম্ভৱ নহয়। আজি ছমাহ ধৰি ষ্ট'ৰ কৰ্মটো মেৰামতি

কৰাই দিবলৈ অনুৰোধ কৰি কৰি আজিলৈকে কোনো ফল নাপালোঁ। গতিকে অত্যন্ত দুখেৰে সৈতে মই জনাবলৈ বাধ্য হৈছোঁ যে.....

[টেলিফোন বাজে। চক্ খাই উঠে, বিৰক্ত হয়, উঠে, ইপিনেসিপিনে চায়, কোনো টেলিফোন চকুত নপৰে। ওভাৰকোটটো দাঙি চায়, বিছনাৰ চাদৰ দাঙি চায়, তাৰ পিছত মজিয়াৰ তাঁৰ এডালত উজুটি খায়, গালি পাৰে, তাঁৰডালেৰে হাত বুলাই বুলাই গৈ টেবুলৰ তলৰ লেতেৰা কাপোৰৰ দ'ম এটাৰপৰা এখন এখনকৈ কাপোৰ দলিয়ায় আৰু টেলিফোনটো উদ্ধাৰ কৰে] এঃ ধোবাটোৰ কাপোৰ জমা হৈছে গৈছে—বেটাৰ আহিম আহিম বুলি আৰু টিকনিৰে পাত্ৰ নাই—ইহঁতৰ যদি কাৰবাৰ কিবা কথাৰ ঠিক আছে [টেলিফোন বাজিয়েই থাকে] অল্ৰাইট্, অল্ৰাইট্—[কাণত লয়] হেল—হেল—হেল—কাৰ্ট্ হিয়াৰ্ ইউ—স্পীক্ আণ্—হেল, ইয়েচ্ ইয়েচ্, টু-জিৰ'-নাইন, ইয়েচ্, অশোক স্পীকিং, কোন, অ', বিদুৎ, কি হ'ল? কি, পৰেশবাবুৰ ঘৰটো খালী হৈছে? খালী হৈছে! আজিৰপৰা? হোৱাট্ এ' বিট্ অফ্ গুড্লাক্! মই এইমাত্ৰ ভট্টলৈ নটিচ দি চিঠি লিখিব ধৰিছিলোঁ। ৰিয়ে'লি, এইঘৰটোত আৰু নোৱাৰি, সাংঘাতিককন্জে'চন্— ঘৰ আৰু প্ৰাইভেট অফিচ একেলগে—যাক, পৰেশবাবুৰ ঘৰটোলৈকে— নিশ্চয়, নিশ্চয়—সোণত সুৱগা—কি? আজিয়েই স্মিফ্ৰট্ কৰিব লাগিব? আজিয়েই? পাঁচটাৰ আগেয়ে? আজি পাঁচ বজাৰ আগেয়ে? কিয়? কিহৰ ইমান লৰালৰি? অ', সুৰেন দত্তই ঘৰটো লওঁ বুলিছে? অ—বুজিছোঁ—বুজিছোঁ—অ, হয় কথাটো—তেওঁ গৈ পোৱাৰ আগেয়েই অকুপাই কৰিব লাগিব। অ, অ, ঠিক কথা, তই ঠিকেই কৈছ, সুৰেন দত্তই পৰেশবাবুক হয়তো ডবল ভাড়া অফাৰ্ কৰি বহিব—টকাৰ গৰম—অ, ঠিক, মই যেনেতেনে সুৰেন দত্ত গৈ পোৱাৰ আগেয়ে ঘৰটো দখল কৰিব লাগিব—আজি পাঁচটাৰ আগেয়ে, তই ঠিক জান? ধেং, বৰ ষ্ট'ৰ্ নটিচ্ হয় অ', পাঁচটাৰ ভিতৰতে মই মোৰ এই বিশ্বব্ৰহ্মাণ্ডখন কেনেকৈ পেক্ কৰিম [কৰণভাৱে কোঠাটোলৈ চায়,

টেকুলৰ ঘণ্টাটো টিপে, কোনেও উত্তৰ নিদিয়ৈ, ফোনৰ মুখত হাত দি চিঞৰে] কাঞ্চা! কা—ঞ্চা—আ! ইডিয়ট, দৰ্কাৰৰ সময়ত যদি কাৰবাক—[চেপ্টা এৰি দিয়ে, পুনৰ ফোনত কথা কয়] অ, মই বুজিছোঁ চিটুয়েচন্টো—অ, যেনেকৈ হওক পাঁচটাৰ ভিতৰত শ্বিফট্ কৰিবই লাগিব [দোৱালৰ ঘড়িটোলৈ চায়, কিছু সময় শুনে, এবাৰ আকৌ নিষ্ফল ঘণ্টা টিপে] অ, বাক মই সামৰো যিমানদূৰ পাৰো—আৰু চা, এতিয়া ট্ৰাক্-চাক ঠিক কৰিবৰ সময় নাই, তোৰ গাড়ীখন লৈ যিমান সোনকালে পাৰ আহি যা—তাতেই যিখিনি বস্তু নিব পাৰোঁ নিম—পেট্ৰল নাই? কি পেট্ৰল নাই? পেট্ৰল লৈ আহ—অ’—পইচা—খেং—অ, বাক—বাক—তেনেহলে তই গাড়ীখনত পেট্ৰল লৈ যিমান সোনকালে পাৰ আহি যা, মই ইতিমধ্যে পেক্ কৰোঁ—কাঞ্চাটোও নাই—অকলে—নাই, বজাৰলৈ পঠোৱা নাই—অ, নকবি আৰু—বিশ্বাস কৰাৰ দৰে, ফেৰাডেও নাই—কি ক’লি? ফ্ৰাইডে? ফেৰাডে? নহয়? বেছ, বেছ, ফ্ৰাইডে! কিন্তু ফেৰাডে’ তেনেহলে কোন আছিল? বাক—বাক—কোন, পৰেশ-বাবু নেকি? অ—নিশ্চয় কথা হ’ম—দে তেওঁক—হেল—ইয়েচ—মই অশোক বৰঠাকুৰে কৈছোঁ—অ—বিদ্যুতে ঠিকেই কৈছে, হয়, তাতেই কথা হ’ম—বিদ্যুতে কোৱাৰ দৰেই—হয়, মই এতিয়াই যাব ধৰিছোঁ—আপুনি ইতিমধ্যে কাকো ভাৰা দি নিদিব কিন্তু—অ নিশ্চয়, নিশ্চয়, আপোনাৰ লগততো সেইখিনি আগৰষ্টেণ্ডিং কিমান দিনৰ পৰাই—আছে—হয়—কৈ কৈছে? হয়—বাক, বাক—ভাল [ফোনটো নমাই থয়, নিশ্বাস এৰে, হয়তো কমাল উলিয়াই কপালৰপৰা ঘামো মচে—আৰু বিপন্নৰ দৰে কোঁঠালিটো চায়, তাৰ পিছত দেৱাল ঘড়িটো চায়] পাঁচ বজাৰ আগেয়ে?! এই তামাম সংসাৰ?! ডিয়াৰ মি! [ব্যতিবাস্ত হৈ ঘণ্টা টিপে] কাঞ্চা! কা—ঞ্চা—আ! ষ্টুপিড! নহ বাক এতিয়া অকলে এই আঁঠাবলখন কেনেকৈ সামৰোঁ,—[ব্যতিবাস্ত হৈ ট্ৰাক্ টানে, চুটকেচ খোলে; বেগ লুটিয়াই খালী কৰে, আৰু আলনাৰপৰা,

বিছনাৰপৰা, টেকুলৰপৰা, চকীৰ হাতলৰপৰা, কামিজ-পেণ্ট-টাই ধুতী-কমাল য’ত যি পায় বাকচত ভৰাব ধৰে, ঘামি উঠে, সকলো বেচিজিল হৈ যায়, পুনৰ টেলিফোন বাজে] হোৱাট্ এ’ নুইচেপ্! [ফোন তোলে] হেল? কোন? মুক্তিযাৰ বাবু? অ, মই অশোক বৰঠাকুৰ। ভট্টাই ফোন কৰিব কৈছে? ষ্ট’ৰ কমটো বিপেয়াৰ কৰাৰ কথা? নে’ভাৰ্ মাইণ্ড, মোৰ এতিয়া সময় নাই—মই পাঁচটাৰ ভিতৰত নতুন ঘৰ লব লাগে—পেক্ কৰিছোঁ—হয়, পেক্ কৰিছোঁ—ভাড়া আপোনাৰ হাতত দি যাম এজ্ ইউজুৱেল—এ’ক্ৰিকিউজ মি—মোৰ এতিয়া সময় নাই—পাঁচটাৰ ভিতৰত—ষ্ট’ৰ কামৰ মেৰামতিৰ আৰু কোনো দৰ্কাৰ—[হাঁহে] নাই, নাই, খং কৰিম কিয়, খং কৰিম কিয়, হয়, এইবোৰ বিপেয়াৰ্ বৰ্কত কিছু সময় লয়েই, হয়,—কি কলে? বোম ৰাজ্ নট্ বিল্ট্ ইন্ এ’ ডে’? হয়, ভট্টাই ঠিকেই কৈছে [মুখ ভেঙুচায়] বঢ়িয়া আৰ্গুমেন্ট্, তেখেতে ঠিকেই কৈছে, ৰোম ৰাজ্ নট্ বিল্ট্ ইন্ এ’ ডে’—তেনেহলত অশোক বৰঠাকুৰৰ নগণ্য ষ্ট’ৰ-কম্—নাই, নাই, কাটিং মাৰিব খোজা নাই—বাক, বাক, ভাড়াটো আপোনাক দি যাম এজ্ ইউজুৱেল—বাক—বাক—হয় [ফোন থয়] উঃ, কি মানুহ! [পুনৰ কাপোৰ-কানি টনাত লাগে, মাজে মাজে সন্দেহ হৈ ঘড়ি চায়] টাইম্ ফ্লাইজ্, টাইম্ ফ্লাইজ্, [বিছনাৰ তলৰপৰা এখন চকা-ভগা জীৰ্ণ শেৰাশুলেটৰ টানি বাহিৰ কৰি আনে] টাইম্ ইজ্ আউট্ অফ্ জয়ন্ট্ [বৈ যায়, স্তম্ভিত হৈ “প্ৰেম্” খনলৈ চায়] হোৱাট্ ইজ্ দিচ্? এইখন ক’ৰপৰা আহিল? মোৰেই জানো? [চিন্তা কৰে] আঃ, ভাইমনৰ বিয়াৰ আগৰ বছৰ...মাণিকীবাইদেউহঁত যেতিয়া আহিছিল—বাবলুৰ “প্ৰেম্”—চকাটো ভাঙি গৈছিল—মোক নতুন চকা এটা খুৱাই পঠিয়াই দিবলৈ কৈছিল...খেং, কি লাজৰ কথা আজিলৈকে আৰু সেইখন মেৰামত কৰোৱাই নহ’ল—অৱশ্যেই, ব্যস্ত মানুহ মই [“প্ৰেম্”ত হাত দিয়ে] মামৰে ধৰিছে নেকি?

অবিশ্বাস্য! ডে'হিক্লখন চলে নে? [নচলে, চকা ভগা]—প্ৰকৃতিৰ
 নিয়ম—ৰ'দ—বতাহ—পানী—মামৰ—ৰে'ৰ্ এণ্ড্ টিয়েৰ্—এড্ৰিথিং
 ইজ্ আউট্ অফ্ জয়ন্ট্, টাইম্ ইজ্—[সময়ৰ কথা মনত পৰে,
 ঘড়ি চায়, ব্যস্ত হৈ উঠে] কিন্তু এইখন জানো মই পেক্ কৰাৰ
 কিবা যাপ্তিকিকেচন্—বাবলুও ডাঙৰ হৈছে [“প্ৰেম”খন আধা চোঁচৰাই
 আধা বগৰাই কোঠাৰে বাহিৰলৈ পঠিয়াই দিয়ে] ব'ল্ অন্, দাও
 ডাৰ্ক এণ্ড্ ডীপ্ ব্লু অ'চন্ (ocean), ব'ল্! [নিশ্বাস টানে] যাক,
 এটা বস্ত্ কমিল যিহওক [বিচিত্ৰ ধৰণৰ কাপোৰ ট্ৰাক্ আৰু চুটকেচৰ
 ভিতৰলৈ দলিয়ায়, দুই এটা চিঙা অৱস্থা-নোহোৱা কামিজ আৰু
 গেঞ্জি আৰু এটা পুৰণি কোট দলিয়াই পেলায়] এই “প্ৰেম”খন
 নো বাক্ মই অতদিনে থৈ দিছিলোঁ কিয়? কিয় আৰু! মাণিকী
 বাইদেউৰ, বাবলুৰ বস্ত্ কাৰণেই, অফ্ কৰ্ছ! ডাল চেণ্টিমেণ্টেল্
 কাণ্ডকাৰখানা! চেণ্টিমেণ্টেল্...চেণ্টিমেণ্টেল্....[ভাবে, ফোন তোলে]
 হেল? হেল? টু ডাব্ল্ বান্ প্লীজ্,? এনগেইজ্ড্? অ'—থেঙ্ক্
 ইউ [ফোন নমাই থয়] নে'জ্ৰট্—হোৱাট্? ইয়াৰ পিছত কি? অ'
 মোৰ দাড়িখুবোৱা সৰঞ্জাম [ব্লেড্, আয়না আদি সামৰে (আয়নাত
 এবাৰ চাই লয় গালত হাত দি, দাড়ি খুৰাব লাগিব নেকি)....]
 ইচ্, অতবোৰ মামৰে ধৰা ব্লে'ড নো ই কাঞ্চাই দেখা নাই নে?
 এইবোৰ আৰু লগত ভাৰ বান্ধি লৈ গৈ কি কৰিম? নাই, এইবোৰ
 বিসৰ্জন দিয়াহে কথা [খিড়িকীৰে পেলাই দিয়ে] নে'জ্ৰট্? অ'
 মোৰ জোতা, চেণ্ডেল্, যাবতীয় ফুটৱেৰ্! [বিছনাৰ তলৰপৰা, আঠুৱাৰ
 ওপৰৰপৰা, দুৱাৰৰ চুকৰপৰা, সস্ত্ৰ অসস্ত্ৰ সকলো ঠাইৰপৰা
 জোতা-চেণ্ডেল-চপ্পল-মিলিটাৰীবুট (ডাল, বেয়া, চিগা, জৰাজীৰ্ণ,
 চিক্চিকীয়া, ৰং-নোহোৱা) বাহিৰ কৰে, দুয়োৰমান খবৰৰ কাগজেৰে
 মেৰিয়ায়, কিছুমান পুৰণি জোতাৰ ফিটা দাঙি ধৰে, শুঙি চায়,
 নাক কোঁচায়, তাৰ পিছত এযোৰ অৱস্থা-নোহোৱা চেণ্ডেল-শু চকুৰ

সমুখত দাঙি ধৰে, বিভ্ৰান্ত] এইজোৰ কেতিয়াৰ? অ' এইযোৰ!
 যিযোৰ কিনিবৰ দিনা প্ৰথমে দীপালীৰ লগত চিনাকি হৈছিল—অ'
 সেইযোৰেই—যিযোৰ কিনাৰ দিনা তাইৰ লগত প্ৰথমে চিনাকি
 হৈছিলোঁ—ইচ্, কি চেণ্টিমেণ্টেলেই নাছিলোঁ—অজিলৈকে পেলাই
 দিব পৰা নাই [মনস্থিৰ কৰে] যিহওক, অতীত মৰিল গ'ল/তাৰ
 কথা অন্ত হ'ল/মনৰ পৰাই তাক কৰা বিসৰ্জন/হা, কবিয়ে কবৰ
 দৰে, অতীতক যোৱাহে পাহৰি [এটা ভঙ্গী দি জোতাযোৰ খিৰিকীৰে
 বাহিৰলৈ নিষ্ক্ষেপ কৰে, লগে লগে আৰু আন কিছুমান জোতা]
 ইচ্, দস্তৰমত বাটা-কোম্পানী হৈ আছে ৰুমটো, অশোক বৰঠাকুৰ
 পাদুকালয় আনলিমিটে'ড্ [জোতাৰ ফিটাবোৰ পুনৰ তুলি লয়,
 ভাবে]—অ', এইবোৰ, এইবোৰ মাই পেলাই নিদি সাঁচি থবলৈ
 কৈছিল, মাই কৈছিল কুটা এডালো দলিয়াই পেলাব নাপায়, জোতাৰ
 ফিটা তো জোতাৰ ফিটা! মাই কৈছিল, “যাক ৰাখিবি, সি ৰাখিবি।”
 যাক ৰাখিবি, সি ৰাখিবি, হা ডাল প্ৰভাৰ্—কিন্তু এইবোৰেৰে মই
 আৰু কি কৰিম—চেণ্টিমেণ্টেল্ হৈ থাকিলেই হ'ব নে? [পুনৰ
 মনস্থিৰ কৰে, ফিটাবোৰ গুলী পকাই ৰে'ছ পেপাৰ বান্ধেটত পেলাই
 দিয়ে] মাই আৰু নিশ্চয় এশ বছৰ আগৰ জোতাৰ ফিটা কঢ়িয়াই
 থাকিবলৈ কোৱা নাই, সেইটো এৰ্চাৰ্ড [জোতাবোৰ চিজিল লাগি
 আছে, হঠাৎ এযোৰ কাঠৰ খৰম হাতলৈ আহে] গুড্ গুড্! [চিন্তা
 কৰে, কপাল কোঁচায়] আঃ! কল্পজোতাৰেই খৰম, পুৱাৰ ট্ৰেইন
 ধৰিবলৈ লৰালৰি কৰোঁতে পাহৰি এৰি গ'ল, হাঁ, এতিয়া মনত
 পৰিছে [হঠাৎ কৌতূহলী] এই বস্ত্ৰটো বাক্ পিন্ধে কেনেকৈ মানুহে?
 হাইহিল্ পিন্ধে ছোৱালীবোৰে বাক্ বুজিলোঁ, সিহঁত প্ৰাণীয়েই
 বেলেগ—কিন্তু মতামানুহে বাক্ কেনেকৈ এনেকুৱা এটা ক্লাম্জি বস্ত্ৰ
 [সকলো পাহৰি গৈ চেণ্ডেলযোৰ খুলি খৰমযোৰ পিন্ধে আৰু খটপ্
 খটপকৈ খোজ কাঢ়ি চায়, মুখত বুঢ়া মানুহৰ ডাৰ এটা আনিবৰ

চেপ্টা কৰে আৰু কল্পজ্যেষ্ঠাদেউৰ কথা অনুকৰণ কৰিবৰ চেপ্টা কৰে।
 বুজিছ অশোক, এইবোৰ কথাৰ তহঁতে এতিয়াও ভূ পাবৰ নৌ,
 আমিহে বুজোঁ...বোলো লুইতেহে জানে বঠা কিমানলৈ বয়...যাক,
 এইযোৰৰ বিষয়েও চেপ্টমেণ্টেল হোৱাৰ আৰু দৰ্কাৰ নাই, কল্পজ্যেষ্ঠাদেউ
 কাহানিবাই [নীৰৰ হৈ যায়] যিহওক, here goes! [খিৰিকিৰে নিষ্কেপ]
 অ' এইটো থাকিল [প্ৰাগৈতিহাসিক ওভাৰকোট এটা হাতত তুলি
 লয়] আঃ, দেউতাৰ কোটটো! যাক কয় এটা বাপতিসাহোন, এৰা,
 এটা বাপতিসাহোন par excellence—দেউতাৰ কোট তথা ঘৰৰ
 সকলোৰে কোট—ইচ্, দেউতাৰ ইমান মৰমৰ কোটটো আছিল, এইটো
 বাক মই এতিয়া কেনেকৈ এৰোঁ, ডাৰ বান্ধিয়েই বা লৈ যাওঁ কেনেকৈ,
 কমতো গধুৰ নহয়—অ, গধুৰ হ'বতো, বছৰৰ পিছত বছৰ এইটোৱেই
 ঘৰৰ সকলোৰে গুদামঘৰ হৈ পৰা নাই জানো, ওলাওঁতে সোমাওঁতে
 যাৰ যি জমা খবগলীয়া আছে চব তো কোটটোৰ পকেটেতেই গঞ্জীৰচে
 পেলাই দি—বাপু! কম ভাৰী হোৱা নাই—ইয়াৰ পকেটে পকেটে
 লাইনিঙৰ ভিতৰত অঞ্জে-ৰঞ্জে কি যে নাই দেবা ন জানন্তি কুতো
 মনুষ্যা [খুচৰি খুচৰি কোটটোৰ জেপবোৰৰপৰা বস্তুবোৰ বাহিৰ কৰে,
 পুৰণি ফটোৰপৰা আৰম্ভ কৰি....] এইখন কাৰ ফটো? অ', মানিকী
 বাইদেউ আৰু বাবুলু, বাবুলুৰ ১১ বছৰ বয়সত তোলা—এইয়া দেখোন
 আমাৰ ৰোহিণী, মেডিকেল কলেজৰ সমুখত প'জ দিছে আমাৰ
 মেডিকেল-ষ্টুডেন্ট ৰোহিণী—[কিতাপ এখন টানি উলিয়ায়] Functions
 of a Complex Variable—হঃ—Murder in Mombasa—হঃ—
 সৰল স্বপ্নফল বিদ্যা—হঃ—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes—
 লখিমীৰ ৰন্ধাৰঢা—গুপ্তপ্ৰেচ ডাইৰেক্টৰী পঞ্জিকা ১৩৫৫—
 শ্ৰীমদ্ভাগবতগীতা [পাত এটা লুটিয়ায়] সঞ্জয় উবাচ—হ—যদা যদাহি
 ধৰ্মস্য গ্লানিৰ্ভবতি—[এটা মৰা মেকুৰী] গুড় হে'ভনচ্! আৰু কি
 যে আছে ভগৱন্ত-বস্ত্ৰয়েহে জানে [বুটাম, থাৰ্মিটাৰ, ভঙা কেমেৰা,

চিনামাটিৰ পুতলা, বেলুন, তুলসীৰ মালা, ববৰৰ বল...বলটো বাম্প
 কৰি কৰি কববালৈ গুলি যায়]—অসম্ভব—অসম্ভব—ইন্ড্ৰেডিবল্—
 [পুনৰ ফোনৰ ধ্বনি। উঠায়] হেল? কোন? বিদুৎ? আহিব ধৰিছ?
 বেছ, বেছ। কি? অ, মই পেক্ কৰিব ধৰিছোঁ—নাই, কাঞ্চাটো
 নাই—অ, তই আহ, আহ, সোনকালে আহ, পাঁচটা বাজিবই—কি
 কৈছ? অ, ৰবিন্সন ক্ৰুচ'ৰ দৰে, ঠিক, মাত্ৰ এতিয়ালৈকে
 ফেৰাডে'—মানে ফ্ৰাইডে'ৰ পাত্ৰা নাই, কৰবাত বিড়ি খাই বহি
 আছে চিয়'ৰ! অ, তই আহ [ফোন থয়] অ, তাৰ পিছত...তাৰ
 পিছত...ইয়েচ্, মোৰ কাগজ-পত্ৰ [লণ্ডণ্ড কৰি কাগজ-পত্ৰ টানে
 মেলে, সৰিয়ায়, ফাইলত ভৰায়, ৰে'ষ্ট-পে'পাৰ-বাস্কেটত দলিয়ায়]
 বাম বাম, ইমান কাগজ ঘৰটোত জমা হৈ আছিল বুলি ভাবিব
 কাৰ সাধ্য? আচৰিত, আচৰিত! টিটাগড় পে'পাৰ-মিলত দিনে কিমান
 কাগজ তৈয়াৰ হয়? তাৰ এদিনৰ তৈয়াৰী কাগজেৰে বোলে পৃথিৱীৰ
 চাৰিওপিনে ইমান পাক (কিমান পাক?) মেৰাব পাৰি—হ'ব পাৰে,
 কিন্তু মোৰ ইয়াৰ কাগজবোৰ এখনৰ পাছত এখন জোৰা লগালে
 একেবাৰে জোনবাই পাবগৈ, ৰিটাৰ্ণ-ট্ৰিপলৈও জুৰিব জৰুৰ! চিঠি...চি-
 ঠি...অ' এইখন মাৰ চিঠি, কল্যাণীয় বাপু, আজি দুসপ্তাহ তোমাৰ
 কোনো চিঠি-পত্ৰ নাপাই বৰ চিন্তা হৈ আছে....তোমাৰ পেটৰ অসুখৰ
 কাৰণে পঠোৱা থেকেবাখিনি পাইছা নে নাই তাৰো কোনো খবৰ
 নাপাওঁ....[নীৰে শেষ কৰি জেপত ভৰায়] এইবোৰ নো কেনেকৈ
 পেলাই দিব পাৰি—এইবোৰ বিয়াৰ চিঠি নেকি?...শ্ৰীশ্ৰীপ্ৰজাপতয়ে
 নমঃ, সৰ্বিনয় নিবেদন, অহা বহাগৰ ১৮ তাৰিখ (ইং ১৪ এপ্ৰিল)
 মোৰ নুমলীয়া কন্যা শ্ৰীমতী....Dear Sir, with reference to
 your letter no. P/11/27/D dated...তোমাৰ তেজ-পৰীক্ষাৰ
 ৰিপোৰ্টটো পঠিয়ালোঁ....ৰোহিণীয়ে মেডিকেল পঢ়াকে ঠিক কৰিলে....-
 মাৰ্কস্বীটখন কেজিষ্ট কৰি পঠিয়াবা....বাবুলুক ক্লাচ শ্ৰীত নাম লগাই

দিছোঁ....[ৰৈ যায়, নীলা ফিটাৰে বন্ধা জাপ এটা খোলে, ভয়ে ভয়ে পঢ়ে] কালি ওৰে নিশা মোৰ টোপনি অহা নাই, তুমি কলেজ শেষ হ'বৰ সময়ত কোৱা কথা কেইটা বাৰে বাৰে ওৰে ৰাতি মনত পৰি আছে....আবেলি যেনে তেনে এবাৰ আহি যাবা [কথাখিনিৰ পুনৰাবৃত্তি কৰে, স্বয়ংক্ৰিয়ভাৱে অনামনস্ক হৈ টেলিফোনটো তুলি লয়, চিঠিখনৰ পিনে চাই অনামনস্কভাৱে কয়] টু ডাব্লু ৱান্ প্লীজ্ [হঠাৎ সতৰ্ক হৈ ফোনটো সশব্দে নমাই থয়] নাই—নাই—দীপালীক আৰু ফোন কৰাৰ কোনো মানে নহয়—অতীতক যোৱাহে পাহৰি, ইত্যাদি [পুনৰ কাগজ বাচিব ধৰে, মজিয়াত এটা স্তূপ জমা হয়, টেবুলত আন এটা] মস্কিল হ'ল এয়ে যে পুৰণি মায়াবোৰ থাকি যায়, সেইবোৰ ভালুকৰ সাঙিৰ দৰে গলত ওলমি থাকে, এৰিবও নোৱাৰি, লৈ ফুৰাবলৈও কষ্ট—মাৰ চিঠিবোৰো এৰিব নোৱাৰোঁ, দেউতাৰ কোটটোও এৰিব নোৱাৰোঁ, দীপালীৰ ছবিখনো এৰিব নোৱাৰোঁ, বাবলুৰ [দেৰাজৰপৰা এটা ফিডিং-বটল হাতলৈ আহে] বস্তুবোৰো এৰিব নোৱাৰোঁ—দিনে দিনে ৰামেলা বাঢ়ি যায়, সকলো শেষ হৈ যোৱা খতম হৈ যোৱা বস্তু গলত বান্ধি লৈ ফুৰিব লাগে [এটা পুৰণি বাদ্য-যন্ত্ৰ, আঙুলিত লাগি টুং কৈ এটা শব্দ হয়] য'তে বিচাৰোঁ পুৰণি দিনৰ কিবা এটা ভুতুংকৈ চকুৰ আগত জাপ মাৰি ওলাই আহে [এখন পুৰণি টেনিচ ৰেকেট আৰু এযোৰ গগলচ, হাতত লৈ চিন্তা কৰে] ইংৰাজীত কি এটা কথা আছিল—অ, skeleton in the cupboard—আলমৰীৰ ভিতৰৰ জঁকা—বন্ধ পেৰাৰ ভিতৰত তাহানিখনৰ কঙ্কাল [এটা হট্ৰাটাৰ-বেগ খিৰিকীৰে দলিয়ায়] ভাল বাক্যটোয়েই উলিয়াইছে—skeleton in the cupboard—[এখন ট্ৰাইচাইকেল টানি বাহিৰ কৰে। কাগজ, কলম, পেঞ্চিল, হাৰিকেন লেম, পেট্ৰমাৰ্জ] অ', ভাইমনৰ বিয়াৰ সেই পেট্ৰমাৰ্জটো—কি কাণ্ড! [কিবা এটা ঘটনা মনত পৰে, হাঁহে....পুৰণি শূন্য চিগাৰেটৰ টিন,

পৰে, হাঁহে....পুৰণি শূন্য চিগাৰেটৰ টিন, দিয়াচলাইৰ বাঁহ, টিন (একোটা হাতলৈ আহে আৰু মুখ বিকৃত কৰে), বটল....এই সকলোৰে মাজত মুখৰ বিশ্ফাৰণবোৰ বন্ধ নহয়: বিৰক্তি, বিস্ময়, অৰিদ্ভাস....এবাৰ এটা চাবি-দিয়া শহাপহু পায়, চাবি দিয়ে, শহাপহুটো জঁপিয়াই জঁপিয়াই গুচি যায়, বিমুগ্ধ হৈ চায়। ৰয়, ঘড়ি চায়, পুনৰ কাগজ সামৰে, অসংখ্য কেলেণ্ডাৰ, কিছুমান মেৰিয়াই থোৱা] ট্ৰিবিউনৰ কেলেণ্ডাৰ—বান্দৰ বয় বিৰীৰ কেলেণ্ডাৰ—বাঃ, বঢ়িয়া ছবি, এপিনে নাৰ্গিচ এপিনে জৱহৰলাল মাজতে বিৰীৰ পেকেট— ১৯৪৯ চনৰে—ইউনাইটেড হোমিও হল—১৯৪৩ চনৰ কেলেণ্ডাৰ— শৰ্মা বুক এজেন্সি—১৯৫০ চনৰ—[কেলেণ্ডাৰবোৰ থূপ কৰে, দিয়াচলাই ৰিচাৰে, জুই লগাই দিয়ে] বঢ়িয়া চিহ্নলিক বাপাৰ! অতীতক দাহ কৰি পেলালোঁ, পুৰি পেলালোঁ—বেচ চিহ্নলিক কাণ্ড—খোঁৱাই খাব অৱশ্যে কিছু [নাকত খোঁৱাই ধৰে। টেলিফোন বাজে] হেল? হয়, অশোক বৰঠাকুৰ। অ' মুক্তিযাৰ বাবু? আঃ—চৰি, এতিয়া সময় নাই—ঘৰত জুই দিছোঁ—নহয়, নহয়, ঘৰত জুই লগোৱা নাই, অতীতক পুৰি পেলাইছোঁ—[অগ্নিকাণ্ডৰ পিনে চায়] যোৱা দহ হাজাৰ বছৰৰ কেলেণ্ডাৰ-সংকলন—কি? ৰিপট কৰি দিব? ভট্টক? হাঃ হাঃ হাঃ, ভয় খাইছে কিয়, ভয় খাইছে কিয়, ভট্টৰ ঘৰৰ কোনো ক্ষতি নহয়, ভয় নাই ভয় নাই—ৰুমটোৰ একো নহয়—ৰুম ৱাজ্ নট্ বিল্ট্ ইন্ এ' ডে', ভট্টক কৈ দিব, ৰুম ৱাজ্ নট্ বিল্ট্ ইন্ এ' ডে', হাঃ হাঃ হাঃ [সোৱাল্লাসে ফোন নমাই থয়] হাঃ হাঃ হাঃ, ভাল উত্তৰটো পাইছে এতিয়া ভট্টই, ৰুম ৱাজ্ নট্ বিল্ট্ ইন্ এ' ডে' [হঠাৎ সজাগ হৈ উঠে] সময় নাই—সময় নাই—পাঁচটা ৰাজিল—হাৰি আপ, হাৰি আপ [এটা বন্ধ বাকচ টানি বাহিৰ কৰে, বিভ্ৰান্ত] এইটো আকৌ কি? এইটো ক'ত আছিল? [হাতেৰে চুই চায়, তাৰ পিছত শুঙি চায়,

তাৰ পিছত ভয়ে ভয়ে কাণ এখন লগাই বাকচটোৰ ভিতৰপৰা কিবা শব্দ শুনিবৰ চেষ্টা কৰে, অৱশেষত মৰসাহ কৰি টান মাৰি খুলি পেলায়] আঃ, আৰু এটা তাহানিৰ দিনৰ কঙ্কাল, অতীতৰ জঁকা, skeleton in the cupboard [বাকচটোৰ ভিতৰপৰা এপদ এপদকৈ থিয়েটাৰ পোছাক, নকল দাড়ি-গোফ, ঢাল-তৰোৱাল আদি বাহিৰ কৰে] এনেকুৱা কিবা এটা বাকচৰ কাণ্ড এখন চিনেমাতে আছে দেখোন? অ—ঠিক এনেকুৱা কাণ্ড....আঃ, এসময়ত, অতীতত—সৌ তাহানিখনৰ মোৰ থিয়েটাৰৰ উৎসাহ—তাহানিৰ থিয়েটাৰ কৰা চৰ্চৰ জঁকা....[মূৰত এটা মুকুট পিন্ধে, হাতত এখন তৰোৱাল লয়, হঠাৎ পুৰণি কথা মনত পৰে, ৰজাৰ দৰে ভঙ্গী দিয়ে] আঃ, মনত পৰিছে, মনত পৰিছে—“আলেকজেণ্ডাৰ আৰু দস্যু।” হা—“আলেকজেণ্ডাৰ আৰু দস্যু।” [অভিনয় কৰে:]

তয়ে কি সেই থ্ৰেচীয়া দস্যু যাৰ অত্যাচাৰ

শুনো প্ৰজাগণ মুখে এত বাৰম্বাৰ?

[মুকুট খোলে, তৰোৱাল থয়, ৰজাৰ ঠাইত চকী এখন থয়; আৰু চকীখনৰ সমুখলৈ গৈ এজোৰ প্ৰকাণ্ড গোফ লগাই লৈ চকীখনৰ উদ্দেশ্যে কয়?]

কোনে বোলে দস্যু মোক আদ্যন্ত নাজানি।

থ্ৰেচীয়া কুলজ মই বীৰ চূড়ামণি।

[পুনৰ আগৰ ঠাইলৈ আহে, চকীখন গুচায়, পুনৰ আলেকজেণ্ডাৰ হয়:]

বীৰ চূড়ামণি? কি! কি! বীৰ চূড়ামণি?

পাষণ্ড দস্যু তই অমঙ্গল খনি

নগৰে নগৰে তই অগণি জলালি

হৰিয়া প্ৰজাৰ ধন দাবিছে ডুবালি—

[আকৌ দস্যুৰ ডাও:]

ক্ষান্ত হোৱা মহাৰাজ! অযথা কুংসা ৰটনাৰ আগে

থ্ৰেচীয়া কুলজ এই বীৰে মাথো এই ভিক্ষা মাগে—

[টেলিফোন বাজে। গোফ খুলি টেলিফোনলৈ দৌৰে] হেল? No, no, চৰি—ৰং নাম্বাৰ [ফোন থয়। পুনৰ ফোন বাজে] হেল? ইয়েচ—অ’, বিদ্যুৎ, কি হ’ল, তই এতিয়াও ঘৰতে আছ? কিয়? আলহী আহিছে? কোন আলহী? বিদায় কৰ, বিদায় কৰ, সোনকালে পাঁচটা বাজিবই এতিয়াই—বাৰু,—বাৰু, যিমান সোনকালে পাৰ—মোৰ প্ৰায় হৈ আহিছে—নাই, ফাইভে’ এতিয়াও নিৰুদ্দেশ—বহুত স্কে’লিটন্ ইন দি কাবাৰ্ড আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিছোঁ—এইমাত্ৰ আমাৰ পুৰণি ড্ৰামাটিক্-চচাইটিৰ কণ্ট্ৰিউমবোৰ আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিলোঁ—চৰ পুৰণি দিনৰ কঙ্কাল, আজিও লগত লৈ ফুৰিছোঁ—আৰু বা কমটোত কি কি আছে কোনে জানে—অ বাৰু, তই আহ, আহ—সোনকালে [ফোনটো নমাই থয়। কাবাৰ্ড খুলিব খোজে, বৈ যায়] সঁচাসঁচিকৈয়ে এটা কাবাৰ্ড! এটা সঁচাসঁচি কাবাৰ্ড! যদি ইয়াত সঁচাকৈ এটা স্কে’লিটন্ ওলাই যায়? ধেং—মোৰ মাথা খাৰাপ হৈ যাব ধৰিছে—ইয়াত কেনেকৈ [কাবাৰ্ডটো টান মাৰি খোলে, জঁকা এটা হুৰমুৰকৈ ওলাই গায়ে-মূৰে পৰে। স্তম্ভিত অবিশ্বাস; ভাবে; মুখ উদ্ভাসিত হয়] অ’—ৰোহিণীৰ স্কে’লিটন্টো, অ’—ৰোহিণীৰ সেই মেডিকেল ষ্টুডেণ্টৰ দিনৰ সেই স্কে’লিটন্টো— ধেংবেৰি, একেবাৰে ভয় খুৱাই দিলে। নাই নাই, আৰু সময় নাই [ঘড়ি চায়] পাঁচটা বাজিল—পাঁচটা বাজিল—clear the decks, clear the decks—এইবাৰ ফাইনেল্ পেৰিকিং—তাড়াতাড়ি—তাড়াতাড়ি—[ব্যতিব্যস্ত হৈ বস্ত-বাহানি সামৰিব ধৰে, আৰু অদৰ্কাৰীবোৰ বাহিৰলৈ দলিয়াব ধৰে, একোটা শূন্য

বটল তোলে, নামটো পঢ়ে: “কডলিতাব্ অয়ল্,” “দুলালেৰ তালমিছৰি,” “হে’ৱাৰ্ডচ্ মল্ট্ হুইস্কি,” “ভিটামিন্ বি কম্-প্লেস্ক”আৰু দলিয়ায়। তেনেদৰে টিনবোৰ পঢ়ে: “ফাৰেঞ্জ্ বেবী ফুড্,” “ফ্লিট্,” “কাউ ব্ৰেণ্ড্ কণ্ডেঙ্গ্ড মিঙ্ক্”.....আৰু দলিয়ায়, আৰু ঘড়ি চায়, আৰু চিঞৰে: “ইম্পচিব্ল্,” “ইন্-ক্ৰেডিব্ল্,” “Here goes!,” “সময় নাই! সময় নাই!” “Hurry! Hurry!,” “পাঁচটা বাজিল, পাঁচটা বাজিল”.....। ভগা টুল, স্প্ৰিং-ভগা চকী, ঠেং-নোহোৱা টেবুল, এটা বহুবিকৃত ছাতি, এটা পুৰণি বাদ্যযন্ত্ৰ নমাই থয়, আৰু ক্ৰমে ক্ৰমে কোঁঠালিৰ ঠাহ-খোৱা পৰিস্থিতি বদলি যায়, টেবুল-আলনা-বিছনা-মজিয়া-কিতাপৰ ৰেক্ ইত্যাদি সকলোতে বিস্তৰ খালী ঠাই ওলাই পৰে, দুটামান পুৰণি বাল্ব আৰু লাইটৰ শ্বে’ড্ লৈ একমুহূৰ্ত্ত ভাষে, তাৰ পিছত সেইবোৰ নদলিয়াই নমাই থয়, জঁকাটো এবাৰ সামৰিবৰ চেষ্টা কৰে, অবাক হৈ কোঁঠাটোলৈ চায় আৰু টেলিফোনলৈ দৌৰে, উত্তেজিতভাবে টেলিফোনটো উঠাই লয়] হেল—হেল—ৱান্ অ’ নাইন্ এ’ (109A) প্লীজ্—এ’ক্সটে’নচন এ’, ইয়েচ—[ৰয়, আৰু সৰ্বিস্ময়ে সানন্দে কোঁঠাটোলৈ চায়] হেল? বিদ্যুৎ? এতিয়াও ওলোৱা নাই? ভাল হৈছে, তই আহিব নালাগে। অ [চিঞৰে] তই আহিব নালাগে। মই ঘৰ নসলাওঁ। অ [চিঞৰে] মই ঘৰ নসলাওঁ। অ—ঠিকেই শুনিছ। মই আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিলোঁ—কি আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিলোঁ জান? কি আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিলোঁ জান? মই আবিষ্কাৰ কৰিলোঁ যে মোৰ ঘৰত আচলতে ঠাইৰ অভাৱ নাই—আচলতে ঠাইৰ কোনো অভাৱ নাই। ৰবিগ্গন্ ফ্ৰুচ’ৰ লগত মোৰ পাৰ্থক্য [সিম্বে সম্ভৱতঃ ভালদৰে শুনা নাই, চিঞৰে] মই কৈছোঁ যে ৰবিগ্গন্ ফ্ৰুচ’ৰ লগত মোৰ পাৰ্থক্য এয়ে যে ৰবিগ্গন্ ফ্ৰুচ’ই লগত ভাৰ বান্ধি লৈ ফুৰা বস্তুবোৰ তেওঁৰ কামত আহিছিল—আমি [চিঞৰে] আমি আজিকালি—আমি অলাগতিয়াল বস্তু কিছুমান কঢ়িয়াই লৈ

ফুৰিছোঁ—জীৱন বহু জটিল হ’ল—শুনা নাই? [চিঞৰে] আমি ব্যতিব্যস্ত হৈ অলাগতিয়াল বস্তু কিছুমান কঢ়িয়াই লৈ ফুৰিছোঁ—অ, তই আহিব নালাগে, মোক এই ঘৰটোয়ে জুৰিব, মই ইয়াতে থাকিলোঁ।*

* শুনা কাহিনী এটাৰপৰা পৰীক্ষামূলক একাংকিকা হিচাপে নাটিকাখন কৰা হৈছে। এই জাতীয় ঘটনা এটা হেনো সঁচাকৈয়ে এজনৰ ঘটিছিল, কিন্তু মানুহজনৰ গল্প কোৱাৰ অভ্যাস আছে, গতিকে ঘটনাটো সঁচা নে কৰবাৰ পুৰণি গল্প, লিখকৰ জনা নাই।

মঞ্চত চবিত্ৰ এজন (টেলিফোনটো ধৰিলে দুজন), আৰু মঞ্চত প্ৰথমতে বস্তু ভৰ্তি, খালী ঠাই প্ৰায় নায়েই—সংলাপৰ উদ্ভাৱনাৰ (improvisation) কাৰণে কিন্তু মঞ্চত ঠাই আছে বিস্তৰ।

কমলাকুঁৱৰী

নামতী	:	এ হৰি এ নাৰায়ণ কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ সাধু শুনা সৰ্বজন।। গোৱালপাৰাৰ জিলাত গৌৰীপুৰ গ্ৰামে। মাউৰা কমলাই খেলে নাচে সখী সংগে।। সুন্দৰী কমলা যেন পূৰ্ণিমাৰ জোন। আইতাৰ সংগে থাকে খাই নাই আপোনজন।।
আটায়ে	:	কাউৰী কাউৰী আহ আহ পকা ফল খা খা
কাউৰী	:	পানী আছে বোকা আছে কেনেকৈ যাওঁ?
আটায়ে	:	এড়ী কাপোৰ টানি দিছে জপিয়াই জপিয়াই আহ (কাউৰী আগবাঢ়ি আহে) কাউৰী কাউৰী ক'লে যোৱা?
২নং	:	তোমালোকৰ পুখুৰীত পানী খাবলৈ যাওঁ।
আটায়ে	:	কাউৰী কাউৰী ইয়াত এটা কড়ি পেলাই দিয়া ডাঙৰ হোৱা পুখুৰীত তুমি সোমাই যোৱা। (কাউৰী সোমাই যায়)
কাউৰী	:	বেজী সিও সিও
আটায়ে	:	নিসিৰা।
কাউৰী	:	বেজী সিও সিও
আটায়ে	:	নিসিৰা।
কাউৰী	:	বেজী সিও সিও
আটায়ে	:	নিসিৰা।
কাউৰী	:	এইটো কাৰ ঘাট?
আটায়ে	:	ৰজাৰ ঘাট।

কাউৰী	:	এইটো কাৰ ঘাট?
আটায়ে	:	প্ৰজাৰ ঘাট।
কাউৰী	:	ইপিনে যাওঁ নে সিপিনে যাওঁ?
আটায়ে	:	জাল লৈ লৈ খেদি যাওঁ। (কাউৰীক বন্দী কৰে)
কমলাৰ আইতা	:	কমলা অ' কমলা? (বাহিৰত)
কমলা	:	আইতা আহিছে মই যাব লাগিব এতিয়া।
এক নং সখী	:	আইতাই দেখিছো সখী তোক নেদেখিলে এখন্তেকো থাকিবই নোৱাৰে।
দুই নং সখী	:	সখী আইতাৰ আলাসৰ লাড়ু
তিনি নং সখী	:	মূৰত থলে
আটায়ে	:	ওকনীয়ে খাব
তিনি নং সখী	:	মাটিত থলে
আটায়ে	:	পৰুৱাই খাব
তিনি নং সখী	:	আৰু একেবাৰে স্বৰ্গত থলে?
কমলা	:	ধ্যেৎ! মোক এতিয়াই জীৱন্তে নকৰিবা বধ।
এক নং সখী	:	ধেমালীহে কৰিছো সখী!
দুই নং সখী	:	এই এই শুন শুন (সকলোৰে কাণে কাণে কিবা ক'ব)
আইতা	:	(সোমাই আহি) কমলা, অ' কমলা?
আটায়ে	:	অ' বুঢ়ী, অ' ক'লে যা?
আইতা	:	(নিজকে প্ৰস্তুত কৰি) লাউ খুজিব আহিছোঁ।
আটায়ে	:	কোনে পঠিয়াইছে?
আইতা	:	ৰজাই পঠিয়াইছে।
আটায়ে	:	গুটি এতিয়াহে সিঁচিছো
আইতা	:	হয় নেকি? পিছত আহিম দে।
আটায়ে	:	অ' বুঢ়ী অ' বুঢ়ী ক'লে যা?
আইতা	:	লাউ খুজিবলৈ আহিছোঁ।
আটায়ে	:	কোনে পঠিয়াইছে?
আইতা	:	ৰজাই পঠিয়াইছে।
আটায়ে	:	এ গুটি এতিয়াহে সিঁচিছোঁ।
আইতা	:	হয় নেকি? এ পিছত আহিম দে
আটায়ে	:	অ' বুঢ়ী, অ' বুঢ়ী ক'লে যা?

আইতা	:	লাউ খুজিব আহিছোঁ।
আটায়ে	:	কোনে পঠিয়াইছে?
আইতা	:	বজাই পঠিয়াইছে।
আটায়ে	:	এ জালি এতিয়াহে পেলাইছে?
আইতা	:	হয় নেকি? পিছত আহিম দে।
আটায়ে	:	অ' বুটী অ, বুটী ক'লৈ যা?
আইতা	:	লাউ খুজিব আহিছোঁ।
আটায়ে	:	চালত আছে সৌৰা তয়ে চিঙি আনগৈ যা। (কিছু সময় পিছত) কলী ঔচ ঔচ! বগী ঔচ ঔচ!!
আইতা	:	মৰিলোঁ অ'! মৰিলোঁ অ'। (আটায়ে হাঁহে)
আইতা	:	বোলো আইহঁত এতিয়া খেল সামৰা। বেলি সৌৰা পাটত। কমলা আহা এতিয়া।
কমলা	:	ব'লা আইতা। আহা সখীহঁত।
তিনি নং সখী	:	ব'লা। আজি আইতাই ভাল ধেমালি কৰিলে আমাৰ লগত। (সকলোৱে প্ৰস্থান কৰে)
নামতী	:	কমলাক মাজত লৈ নাচে সখীগণ। নানা নৃত্য-গীত কৰে পথাৰ মাজত।। কমলাৰ মন আজি অতি বিমসন। তাকে দেখি সখীসবে কৰে সুমৰণ।।

তিনি নং সখী	:	সখী, এনেদৰে কিয় আজি মন মাৰি আছ?
এক নং সখী	:	সূৰ্য অবিহনে পদুমীৰ জানো হাঁহি ওলাই সখী?
কমলা	:	ধেং!
দুই নং সখী	:	তেন্তে কিয় আজি মন মাৰি আছ মোৰ প্ৰিয় সখী?
তিনি নং সখী	:	হৰিচন্দ্ৰৰ মাকৰ অসুখ। কালি গৈছে ঘৰলৈ। উভতিব দুদিন পিছতেই। (সুৰ সলাই) তৃতীয় প্ৰহৰ ৰাতি, ফুলি আছে চম্পা, শুনা সখী কমলা চুলি বান্ধা খোপা।
কমলা	:	তহঁত ইমান দুষ্ট!
এক নং সখী	:	এৰা, এৰা আমিবোৰ মহাদুষ্ট। তইহে সখী বৰ শাস্ত। একেৰাৰে সৌ ফুলি থকা কচন্দা ফুলটোৰ দৰে। অথচ তই শাস্তজনীয়ে গদাধৰ নৈৰ পাৰত মহ চবাই থকা হৰিচন্দ্ৰৰ লগত যি ধৰণে পীৰিত কৰাত লাগিছ, আমি মহাদুষ্টকেইজনীয়ে চাই থাকোঁতেই গ'ল!
তিনি নং সখী	:	আমাৰ মুৰব ওপৰত ভোমোৰা আজিকোপতি নপৰিল।
এক নং সখী	:	আমাৰ সখীৰ ওচৰত এদিন ভোমোৰা নেথাকোঁতে যিহে বিষাদ মলিন মুখ!
চাৰি নং সখী	:	হৰিচন্দ্ৰ নেথাকিলে ম'হবোৰেও ভালদৰে খাবলৈ এৰে। হৰিচন্দ্ৰৰ দৌতৰাৰ শব্দ নুশুনিলে গদাধৰ নেয়ে নেহাঁহে!
দুই নং সখী	:	সেয়ে কমলা সখীয়ে কিয় নাচিব আমাৰ লগত?
কমলা	:	তহঁতে সখী বহুত বেছি কৰিছ। মই তহঁতৰ লগত নাচিব লাগেতো? হ'ব বাৰু। নাচো আহা!
সমবেত গীত আৰু সংগীত	:	ভাল কৰিয়া বাজাওৰে দোতৰা কমলা সুন্দৰী নাচেৰে।। কমলা সুন্দৰীৰ নাচন দেখিয়া হালোৰাই হাল চাড়ে বে।। কমলা সুন্দৰীৰ নাচোন দেখিয়া জালোৰাই জাল চাড়ে বে।।

- কমলা সুন্দৰীৰ কাণেৰ ঢুল
বৌদে ঝিলমিল কৰে বে।।
কমলা সুন্দৰীৰ বেদুনেৰ শাড়ী
বৌদে ঝিলমিল কৰে বে।।
(নাচি নাচি কমলা সৈতে সখীয়েকসকল এদাঁতিৰে সোমাই
যাব। নেপথ্যত গীত চলি থাকিব।)
- নামতী : এহি পথে দোলাত উঠি
আহে দৰঙী বজা।
সখীসবৰ নৃত্য দেখি
হ'ল আত্মহাৰা।
(কেইগৰাকীমানে বজাক প্রকীৰ্ত্তমীভাৱে দোলাত লৈ মঞ্চত
প্ৰৱেশ কৰিব।)
- বজা : দোলা নমোৱা।
(Mood Change) আহ! কি অপূৰ্ব গীত? কি সুন্দৰ নাচ!
দোলাভাৰী, তোমালোক এজনে গৈ সৌ নাচি থকা ছোৱালী
এজনীক মাতি আনা। (Mood Change) কমলা বৰণৰ দৰে
গাৰ বং, পেখম ধৰা ময়ূৰৰ দৰে চিকমিকিয়া বৈ পৰা চুলি,
শিৱৰ ডম্বৰুৰ দৰে মধ্যক্ষিনী, এইজনীতো নাৰী নহয়? যেন
স্বৰ্গৰ পৰা নামি অহা নৃত্যৰতা উৰ্বশী!
- এক নং সখী : কোন আপুনি? কিয় বিচাৰিছে মোক?
বজা : মই দৰঙী বজা। আহিছো উভতি পিতৃ-পিতামহৰ ৰাজধানী
কোচবিহাৰৰ পৰা। হঠাতে দেখিলো তোমালোকৰ মন-প্ৰাণ
হৰি নিয়া নৃত্য-গীত। আহ সঁচাকৈয়ে মনোৰম! সুন্দৰ!
তাতোকৈ সুন্দৰ সৌৱা আপোন পাহৰা হৈ নাচি থকা মৰ্ত্যৰ
উৰ্বশী। তৰাৰ মাজত যেন শাৰদী চন্দ্ৰমা। নিঃ সন্তান হৃদয়
মোৰ উঠিছে উথলি এই চন্দ্ৰমাক দেখি। কিয় জানো মোৰ
মনে কৈছে এই উৰ্বশীয়েই পূৰণ কৰিব মোৰ অপূৰণ আশা।
শীঘ্ৰে সেই উৰ্বশীৰ মোক লাগে পৰিচয়!
- এক নং সখী : বোকাৰ পদুম তাই
সৰুতেই হ'ল পিতৃ-মাতৃহাৰা
চেনেহী আইতাকৰ কোলাত
লহপহকৈ ফুলি উঠা

- গোলাপী সখী আমাৰ
নাম তাইৰ কমলা।
- বজা : আহ! সুন্দৰ নাম! কমলা!
কমলা বৰণৰ দৰেই গাৰ বং।
নামে কামে অপূৰ্ব মহিমা।
- এক নং সখী : কিন্তু বজা -
- বজা : কোৱা কোৱা নাৰী আৰু কিবা আছে পৰিচয় তোমাৰ
সখীয়েৰাৰ?
- এক নং সখী : আমাৰ সখী যে এজনৰ ওচৰত বাকদত্তা মহাৰাজ। হৰিচন্দ্ৰ
নামে মৈষাল চিকনগ্ৰামত বাৰী। সখীৰ প্ৰাণতকৈও প্ৰাণৰ
জীৱন লগৰী।
- বজা : আহ! ৰজাৰ আকাংক্ষাৰ আগত সামান্য মৈষালৰ প্ৰসংগ?
তুমি ঔদ্ধত্যৰ সীমা উলংঘন কৰিছা নাৰী। ৰজাৰ আকাংক্ষাৰ
বিপৰীত কাৰ্যৰ ফল তুমি কি নাজানা নাৰী?
- এক নং সখী : দোষ মৰিষণ কৰিব মহাৰাজ।
- বজা : যোৱা। তোমাৰ সখীক শীঘ্ৰে নিজ ঘৰলৈ গৈ কোৱা সাজু
হ'বলৈ।
- এক নং সখী : হ'ব মহাৰাজ। (প্ৰস্থান)
- বজা : মন্ত্ৰী?
- চাৰি নং সখী : মহাৰাজ!
- বজা : সৌ বটগছৰ তলত আমাৰ বিশ্ৰাম শিবিৰৰ কৰা আয়োজন।
বালিকাৰ ঘৰলৈ তুমি গুছি যোৱা শীঘ্ৰে। আৰ্হি নিশাৰ
ভিতৰত শুভ কাৰ্য সমাধা কৰি কাইলৈ ওপজি পুৱা নিজৰ
ৰাজ্যলৈ কৰিম যাত্ৰা ন কুঁৱৰীক লৈ।
- চাৰি নং সখী : যিবা আঞ্জা মহাৰাজ।
(ৰজা আৰু মন্ত্ৰীৰ প্ৰস্থান। কমলা সহিতে সখীয়েকসকল গীত
গাই, নাচি প্ৰবেশ কৰিব। কিছু মুহূৰ্ত্তৰ পিছত)
- এক নং সখী : সখী, সখী! নাচ বন্ধ কৰা। এই নাচেই তোমাৰ কাল হ'ল।
কমলা : কি হ'ল সখী?
এক নং সখী : তোমাৰ নাচ আৰু ৰূপ দেখি দৰঙী বজা হৈছে মনমুগ্ধ।
নিঃসন্তান ৰজাই সেয়ে তোক কুঁৱৰী কৰি নিবলৈ কৰিছে
সিদ্ধান্ত।

- কমলা : সখী!
- এক নং সখী : সৌ গৌৰাংগ নদী পাৰৰ বটগছৰ তলত বজাই পাতিছে শিবিৰ। আজি ৰাতি তোক বিয়া কৰাই ওপজি পুৱাই লৈ যাব দৰং দেশলৈ।
- কমলা : সখী! সঁচাই কৈছনে? নে এয়া ধেমালি কিবা? অ' হৰিচন্দ্ৰ নোহোৱাৰ বাবে নিশ্চয় এয়া তহঁতৰ চালাকি!
- এক নং সখী : চালাকি নহয় সখী। নহয় ধেমালি! তোমাৰ আকাঙ্ক্ষাৰ কথা বজাক কওঁতে তেওঁ উলটি দিলে ধমকি!
- কমলা : কিন্তু হৰিচন্দ্ৰ?
- এক নং সখী : হৰিচন্দ্ৰ নোহোৱাই তোমাৰ কাল হ'ল কমলা, ৰজাৰ আগত সামান্য মৈষাল হৰিচন্দ্ৰৰ কোনো দাবী, কোনো বিদ্ৰোহেই অনর্থক বুলি জানো। তথাপিও হয়তো আজি সি তোৰ কাষত থাকিলে হ'লহেঁতেন সান্তনা।
- কমলা : মই কি কৰিম কোৱা সখী?
- চাৰি নং সখী : অতি শীঘ্ৰে আইতাৰ ওচৰলৈ যাওঁগৈ ব'লা সখী। আইতাই হয়তো কিবা উলিয়াব উপায়।
- কমলা : সখী, সখী। মোৰ দেখো সোঁ চকু কঁপিছে?
- চাৰি নং সখী : অধৈৰ্য্য নহ'বা সখী, যোৱা বেগতে!
- কমলা : সখী, সখী! মোৰ দেখো দুভৰি কঁপিছে?
- এক নং সখী : দুৰ্বল নহ'বা সখী, ব'লা বেগতে!
- কমলা : সখী, সখী! মোৰ দেখো বুকুখন কঁপিছে?
- পাঁচ নং সখী : বিহুল নহ'বা সখী, খোজ দিয়া বেগতে!
- নামতী : বজাৰ আদেশ আই
অ' আই শিলৰে বেখা
আগ্নি গৰীৰ মানুহ
নকৰিবা হেলা!!
আইতাৰ কথা শুনি কমলা সুন্দৰী।
মনে মনে বিয়াত বহে ঈশ্বৰক সুমৰি।।
আজি আইতাৰ ঘৰে অ'
কোনে দিয়ে উকলি।
আজি কমলাৰ বিয়া
কান্দে সৰে সখী।।

- (আইতাকক যথাবিহিত সেৱা কৰি কমলা কইনাবেশে মঞ্চত প্ৰবেশ কৰিব। সখীয়েক সকলে বিয়ানাংগ গাব। উকলি দিব। কান্দি কান্দি কমলাই প্ৰস্থান কৰিব।)
- বিয়ানাংগ : আগবঢ়াবলৈ মৈৰাৰ বিচনী
ভৰি ধূৱাবলৈ পানী।
নাকান্দিবা নাকান্দিবা
চেনেহৰ আই।
আজিৰ পৰা বিদায় দিয়া।
পৰৰ ঘৰে যাওঁ।।
মৰমৰ আইতা অ'
যাবলৈ ওলালোঁ।
যাবৰ সময়তে
সেৱাহে জনালোঁ।।
- নামতী : এইদৰে কমলাক বিয়া কৰাই
দৰঙী ৰজা নিজৰাজ্যলৈ বুলি
অগ্ৰসৰ হৈলা।
অ' কতবেলি পাইলা গৈয়া দৰং ৰজাৰ ঘৰ।
দৰা-কন্যা দুৱাৰমুখত উপস্থিত হয়।।
তাৰপাছে কুঁৱৰীসৱে কি কাম কৰিলা।
এহিকথা একমনে সকলোৰে শুনা।।
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : সৰ্বনাশ হ'ল আই, বিষম কথা হ'ল!
কোচবিহাৰলৈ গৈ ৰজাই আৰু এজনী
আনিলে কোচাই। শুনিছো
এইজনী বোলে ৰূপত আৰু একাঠী।
ভৰযৌৱন থাকোঁতে আইহঁত
আপোনালোক হ'ল এলাগী!
বৰকুঁৱৰী : মংগলতী বাই! কোৱা এই কথা নহয় সত্য বুলি। কোৱা
এয়া তোমাৰ ক্ষণ্তক ধেমালি?
মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : অসত্য নহয় আই, নহয় ধেমালি!
ওভতা পথত ৰজাই গৌৰীপুৰত বৈ
আনিছে সতিনীক একেবাৰে
কেঁকোৰা দোলাত লৈ!

- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : অসহ্য! অসহ্য মংগলতী বাই!
জীৱনৰ বিয়লি বেলা
বজাৰ এনুৱা কাৰ্য অতি গৰ্হিত!
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : ৰূপে গুণে অতুলনীয়া
আপোনালোক তিনিও থাকোঁতে
শুনিলো ৰজাই আনিলে এইজনীক
পুত্ৰ কামনাৰ অৰ্থে।
দুখ-শোক কৰি কোনো লাভ নাই আই।
পদুলিমুখত দৰা-কইনা আছে বৈ।
হাঁহিমুখে দুয়োকে আদৰি আনকগৈ।
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : কোন ৰাজ্যৰ ৰাজকুমাৰী
কাৰ বা তনয়া
কোৱাচোন বাই? নতুন কুঁৱৰীৰ ন পৰিচয়?
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : অ' কোৱাচোন কোৱা বাই?
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : কোনো ক'ম আইসকল, ক'লে কিজানি লাগিব জগৰ!
দুখীয়া দৰিদ্ৰৰ ছোৱালী তাই নাম বোলে কিবা কমলা!
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : দাল-দৰিদ্ৰৰ ছোৱালী?
কুঁৱৰী হৈ শুব ৰজাৰ পাটীত!
বহিবহি আমাৰ শাৰীত?
অসহ্য, অসহ্য এই কাৰ্য!
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : অসহ্য হ'লেও, অশোভনীয় হ'লেও আই আদৰি আনকগৈ
ৰজা আৰু ন কুঁৱৰীক! ঘাট মাউৰা, দাল দৰিদ্ৰৰ হ'লেও
ৰজাই কৰিছে বিয়া। পাট কুঁৱৰীক আজি যদি নানে আদৰি
মহাৰাজে পাব মনোকষ্ট। অসন্তুষ্ট হ'ব আপোনালোকৰ
ওপৰত। ফলত হিতে বিপৰীত হ'ব। সন্ধিৰ বাঁহ বুদ্ধিৰে কাটক
আইদেউ! ৰজাক দেখাই ন কুঁৱৰীক আদৰি আনি অস্তেষপুৰত
সুমুৱাই পিছে-পৰেহে এলাগী কৰাৰ কৰক চিন্তা!
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : মংগলতী বুঢ়ীয়ে উচিত কথাই কৈছে বাইদেউ! ব'লক দৰা-
কন্যাক আদৰি আনি ন কুঁৱৰীক লৈ আহো অস্তেষপুৰলৈ।
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : এৰা বাইদেউ! এই সময়ত ৰজাক কৰিলে অসন্তুষ্ট ইয়াৰ
ফল বিপৰীতহে হ'ব!
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : ব'লা তেনেহ'লে! আদৰি আনি ভিকৰ জীয়েকক এলাগী

- কৰিম অতি সোনকালে। ৰাজ অস্তেষপুৰৰ ভোগ তাইৰ বাবে
হ'ব কালকুট বিষ। ফুলাম বিচনা হ'ব কাঁইটীয়া শয্যা। আৰু
ৰজা হ'ব তাইৰ বাবে বিষধৰ সৰ্প। কৰিম তাইৰ দৰ্প-চূৰ্ণ!
ব'লা! (তিনি কুঁৱৰী সোমাই যায়। চন্দিকা বুঢ়ীয়ে প্ৰবেশ
কৰে)
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : কোন অ' এইটো?
অ' মংগলতী। যাত্ৰাপথতেই অমংগল। থুই!
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : হেৰা চন্দিকা, কি বুলি ক'লি? অমংগল? মোক দেখি তোৰ
হ'ল অমংগল? আৰু তোক দেখি? তোক দেখিলোঁ যেতিয়া
মই গা ধুবই লাগিব! নহ'লে ময়ো কেতিয়াবা কোনো জন্মত
কাৰোবাৰ মেখেলাহে ধুব লাগিব।
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : মই লোকৰ মেখেলা নোধো! তোৰ দৰে ইঘৰৰ কথা সিঘৰত
লগাই, মংগল চোৱাৰ নামত অমংগলৰ সৃষ্টি নকৰোঁ। মই
দেখি আছোঁ নহয় তই ক'ত কি কৰি আছ?
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : কি কৰি আছোঁ মই? কি দেখিছ তই? কি দেখিছ? মই যিয়েই
নকৰোঁ। তোৰ চকু কিয়? অ' মোৰ উন্নতি দেখি তোৰ চকু
পুৰিছে? গিৰিয়েৰৰ মূৰ খাইতী!
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : মই বাৰু মোৰ গিৰিৰ মূৰ খাইছোঁ। তোৰ গিৰিয়েৰাই তোক
এৰি দিলে কিয়? কিয়? তোৰ স্বভাৱ দেখি। তোৰ স্বভাৱ
দেখিয়েই মতাই তোৰ এৰি নিদি পাৰেনে? ভাল স্বভাৱৰ
তিৰোতাক কোন মতাই এৰি দিয়ে অ' অসতী! বেশ্যা!
- মংগলতী বুঢ়ী : কি মই অসতী? বেশ্যা! তই কি? তই? তই ক'ত কি কৰি
আছ মই কি নাজানো বুলি ভাবি আছ নেকি? হাৰামজাদী!
আজি তোক (বাহিৰত উৰুলি)
অ' কুঁৱৰীক লৈ আহিলেই। আজি ভাল সাৰিলি মাৰে। এদিন
হ'লেও মই তোক চাই ল'ম।
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : তোকো মই চাই ল'ম মাৰে!
(কমলাক লৈ কুঁৱৰীসকল সোমাই আহে)
চাওঁ ন কুঁৱৰীক। অ' ৰাম, সাইলাখ অপেচৰী যেন।
(কমলাৰ গাত ধৰি)
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : অস্তেষপুৰত সোমালো যেতিয়া আইদেউ আপোনাৰ বাইদেউ
কেইগৰাকীক সেৱা কৰক!

- এয়া আপোনাৰ ডাঙৰ বাইদেউ! (কমলাই ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰীক সেৱা কৰিবলৈ যায়)
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : (পিচুয়াই গৈ) খাব নোপোৱা ভিকছৰ ছোৱালীয়ে মোৰ চৰণ স্পৰ্শ নকৰাই ভাল।
- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : হ'ব আই! এইবাৰ মাজু আইদেউক সেৱা কৰক।
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : মাক-পিতাকৰ মূৰ খোৱা নাৰীয়ে মোৰ দৰে সধবা নাৰীক চুব নাপায়!
(পিচুৱাই যায়)
- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : হ'ব আইদেউ। এইবাৰ সৰু আইদেউক সেৱা কৰক।
(কমলা আগবাঢ়ে)
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : গোত্ৰহীন, যোত্ৰহীন অস্পৃশ্য নাৰীৰ স্পৰ্শ মই কেতিয়াও নকৰোঁ সহ্য!
- কমলা : বাইদেউ! মোৰ গাত কি দোষ? মই কি কৰিলোঁ?
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : তোমাৰ দোষ? তুমিয়েই বজাক মোহিনী বাণ মাৰি ভুলাই এতিয়া ক'ব আহিছা মোৰ গাত কি দোষ?
- কমলা : ভগৱানৰ শপত! মই মহাৰাজৰ মুখ এতিয়ালৈ দেখাই নাই। পথাৰৰ মাজত সখীসকলৰ লগত নাচি থাকোঁতে বজাই পালে দেখা। মোৰ অনিচ্ছাস্বত্বেও জোৰকৈ বিয়া কৰাই আনিছে। মই, মই কি কৰিম বাইদেউ!
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : বজাই জোৰকৈ বিয়া কৰাই আনিছে! বজা বুলি শুনি চাগে নিজৰ গা ইচাট-বিচাট!
- কমলা : তেনেকৈ নক'ব বাইদেউ! ভগৱানৰ শপত! ভগৱানৰ শপত! মই বজা বুলি বিয়াত নিজ ইচ্ছামতে বহা নাই। মহাৰাজে জোৰকৈ -
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : বজাই জোৰকৈ বিয়া কৰালে?
যদি ইচ্ছা নাছিল বিহ খাই নমৰিলা কিয়? (যায়)
- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : নৈত জাপ দি নমৰিলা কিয়? (যায়)
- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : গাত জুই লগাই নমৰিলা কিয়? (যায়)

- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
(ছকছকাই কান্দে)
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : উঠক ন-কুঁৱৰী! এইদৰে কান্দি থাকিলে বজাই গম পাব। গম পালে বেজাৰ কৰিব। আজি প্ৰথম দিনটো বেজাৰ কৰিলে বেয়া।
- নামতী : এহিমতে কমলা অস্তম্বপুৰে বৈলা।
আন কুঁৱৰী জ্বলি মৰে কমলাক দেখিয়া।।
এদিন দুদিন কৰি কেইবামাহো গৈলা।
তথাপি কমলাৰ গৰ্ভত সন্তান নহৈলা।।
একদিনা চন্দিকাই আথেবেথে গৈলা।
শুনক ন কুঁৱৰী বুলি কহিতে লাগিলা।।
- চন্দিকা : এই ৰাজ্যত ৰাজকুমাৰ নাই। কুঁৱৰী হ'ল চাৰিগৰাকী। ৰজাৰ, ৰাজ্যৰ ভবিষ্যত অন্ধকাৰ। সেয়ে আইদেউ নকৰিব লাজ। কওঁকচোন ৰজাই কিবা কৰিছে নেকি হেলা? কেইবামাহো হ'ল দেখো আপুনি গা ধোৱা?
- কমলা : মহাৰাজে মোক অকনো হেলা কৰা নাই চন্দিকাবাই!
বাইদেউসকলৰ দৰে বোধহয় ময়ো সন্তানৰ বাবে অক্ষম।
- চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী : মই বুজিছোঁ আইদেউ মই সকলো বুজিছোঁ। বেয়া নাপায় যদি কথা অলপ কওঁ আইদেউ? কওঁক বেয়া নাপায়তো?
- কমলা : চোৱা চন্দিকাবাই। এই প্ৰকাণ্ড ৰাজ অস্তম্বপুৰত এতিয়া তোমাৰ বাহিৰে আপোন মোৰ আছে বাক কোন? কি ক'ব খুজিছা নিৰ্ভয়ে কোৱা।
- চন্দিকা : আপোনাৰ আইদেউ বিবাহ পূৰ্বে নিশ্চয় ভালপোৱা আপোন এজন আছিল?
- কমলা : কিয় সুধিলা বাক বাই?
- চন্দিকা : আছে কাৰণ আইদেউ।
- কমলা : তুমি মোৰ আইতা সদৃশ চন্দিকাবাই। তোমাক ফাঁকি দিলে মোক পাপে চুব। আছিল। হৰিচন্দ্ৰ নামে এজন মৈষাল। চিকনধামত তাৰ বাবী। প্ৰাণভৰি ভাল পাইছিল মোক। ময়ো পাইছিলোঁ। কিন্তু -
- চন্দিকা : মই সকলো বুজিছোঁ ন কুঁৱৰী। যদি মই আনি দিও সেই আপোনজনক। মনে মনে আপুনি কৰিবনে লগ? কিছু সময়ৰ

- বাবে হ'লেও কৰিবনে দুয়ো সহবাস ?
- কমলা : চন্দিকাবাই! তুমি কি কৈছা? পাগলী নাইতো হোৱা?
- চন্দিকা : খং নাখাব আইদেউ। এই চন্দিকাই সুস্থ মগজু, সুস্থ শৰীৰেৰে কৈছোঁ। নাৰী আপুনি নহয় সন্তান অক্ষমহীনা। কিন্তু তথাপি পুৰুষত্বহীন, সন্তান অক্ষমহীন পুৰুষৰ বাবে চিৰদিন বাজী হৈ কিয় কলংকময় জীৱন কটাব?
- কমলা : চন্দিকাবাই?
- চন্দিকা : এই বৃদ্ধ বয়সতো একমাত্ৰ সন্তানৰ অজুহাতত কামুক ৰজাই পুনৰ বিবাহৰ কৰিছে আয়োজন। শুনা নাই আপুনি? নিজৰ অক্ষমতাৰ কথা মই সোঁৱৰাই দিওঁতে ৰজাই উলটি দিলে মোক ধমকি। পুনৰ আপোনাৰ দৰে আন এগৰাকীৰ জীৱন কৰিব ধ্বংস। কিয় আপুনি নাৰী হৈ আন এগৰাকী নাৰীৰ জীৱন নকৰে ৰক্ষা?
- কমলা : চন্দিকাবাই?
- চন্দিকা : পুৰুষে যদি একাধিক নাৰীক কৰাব পাৰে বিবাহ, আপুনি কিয় আপোনাৰ মনে প্ৰাণে ভালপোৱা এগৰাকীৰ সঙ্গ কামনা কৰিব নোৱাৰে? কিয় ৰাজ্যৰ মংগলৰ বাবে, আপোনাৰ দৰে অসহায় নাৰীৰ জীৱন ৰক্ষাৰ বাবে এটি সন্তান উপহাৰ দিব নোৱাৰে?
- কমলা : কিন্তু, এয়া যে পাপ!
- চন্দিকা : পাপ? পুৰুষৰ নহয় পাপ? হয় আমাৰ? জীৱনৰ তিনি কুৰি বছৰত বহুতো দেখিলো আইদেউ শুনিলোঁ বহুতো। পাপ-পুণ্য মানুহে গঢ়া। যি কাম কৰিলে দহৰ উপকাৰ হয় সেই কাম পাপ হ'ব নোৱাৰে কেতিয়াও।
- কমলা : উস্ চন্দিকাবাই! মোক আৰু নকৰিবা দুৰ্বল! মই মই কি কৰিম ভাবি পোৱা নাই।
- চন্দিকা : আপুনি একো কৰিব নেলাগে আইদেউ। এসপ্তাহৰ পিছতেই মই আপোনাৰ আপোজনক আনিম চপাই। অন্ততঃ এৰাতি আপুনি নিজৰ আপোজনক হিয়া উজাৰি কৰিব মৰম। তেওঁক সন্মত কৰাৰ ভাৱ এই চন্দিকাৰ। আপুনি নকৰিব চিন্তা।
- কমলা : কিন্তু যদি মহাৰাজে কিবাকৈ পায় গম? থাকিব জানো এই

- জীৱন?
- চন্দিকা : সন্তানহীন জীৱন অথবা এলাগী জীৱন মৃত্যুতকৈয়ো কঠিন আইদেউ। আপুনি নকৰিব চিন্তা। ৰজা-প্ৰজাই নাপাব কোনো ভুল!
- নামতী : এহিমতে চন্দিকাই গোৱালপাৰা গৈলা। হৰিচন্দ্ৰক বিচাৰি আনি নিজঘৰে থৈলা। মাজৰাতি চন্দিকাই যায় কমলাৰ পাশ। তাৰপাছে কি হৈলা শুনা সভাসদ।।
- কমলা : (সংকোচেৰে আগবাঢ়ি) চন্দিকাবাই! মোৰ দেখো লাগিছে ভয়!
- চন্দিকা : বগৰীৰ তলেৰে শিয়াল বপুৰা দৌৰে— কুঁৱৰী, নকৰিব ভয়।
- কমলা : বাই মোৰ লাগিছে ভয়।
- চন্দিকা : চুৰাপাতনীতে কুকুৰ ঘূৰিছে কুঁৱৰী নকৰিব ভয়।
- চন্দিকা : আমৰে ডালতে ফেঁচাই উচপিচাইছে কুঁৱৰী, নকৰিব ভয়!
- নামতী : একদিনা তিনি বাণীয়ে গম পালে বোলে কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ তিনিমাহ। তেতিয়া ৰাজ অন্তেষপুৰত কি হ'ল শুনাহক!
- দিহা : সতিনীৰ জ্বালা পায় সতিনীয়ে কৰে হায়
কিনো বিধি দিলা দুখ
বাণী হৈয়ো নাই সুখ।।
ভিকহুৰ জী বাণী হৈল
সন্তানৰ মাক হইবো
তাই হ'ব আমাৰ ৰাজবাণী।
বাণী গুছি দাসী হইবো
সতিনীয়ে লঠিয়াইবো
আমি হইবো ৰজাৰ এলাগী।।
- নামতী : দৰং ৰাজ্যত পানী নাই
প্ৰজাগণে কৰে চিন্তা
কি গতি হ'ব আমাৰ ভাই।
ই বোলে পানী নাই
সিও বোলে পানী নাই
পানী বিনে সংসাৰ নৰয়।।
- এজনী : নামতীবাই, আপোনাৰ দেখো মাত কমিছে ক্ৰমাৎ?

- নামতী : এৰা, মোৰ হয়তো পিয়াহ, লাগিছে। মোক অকনমান পানী দিয়া।
- এজনী : পানী? আপুনিয়েই দেখো ক'লে এই ৰাজ্যত পানী নাই?
- এজনী : হয় নামতীবাই। প্ৰজাগণে পানীৰ বাবে কৰিছে হাহাকাৰ। প্ৰজাই বজাই মিলি খান্দিছে পুখুৰী। পিছে পানীহে নোলায়। সেয়ে আপোনাক খাবলৈ দিও কৰ পৰা?
- নামতী : ৰাজ্যত পানী নাই
- এজনী : প্ৰজাই খাদে পুখুৰী।
- নামতী : পুখুৰীত নোলায় পানী
- এজনী : প্ৰজাই খায় হাবাঠুৰি।
- নামতী : পিছে পানী নহ'লে মই গাওঁ কেনেকৰি?
- এজনী : কিয় কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ সাধুৰ বস পান কৰি কৰি?
- নামতী : এৰা, কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ সাধুৰ বসকে পান কৰোঁ আহাঁ।
লিগিৰী,
মঙ্গলতী বাই আহিলনে?
- এজনী : আহিছে।
- নামতী : আছে ক'ত?
- এজনী : কুঁৱৰীটোলৰ দুৱাৰমুখত।
- নামতী : কিয় অহা নাই?
- এজনী : আপোনাৰ আঞ্জা নাই।
- নামতী : লৈ আহা শীঘ্ৰে।
বজাৰ তিনিগৰাকী ৰাণী
অধৈৰ্য হৈ বৈ আছে।
(তিনি ৰাণী বৈ থাকিব। মঙ্গলতী সোমাই আহে)
- মঙ্গলতী : বোলো কিয়নো মাতিলে বৰকুঁৱৰী আই?
লগৰ দুই কুঁৱৰীয়ে দেখো আছে উচপিচাই!
- ডাঙৰ কুঁৱৰী : বজাৰ ৰাজপ্ৰসাদত সতিনী সোমাইছে
বাই, তোমাৰ খবৰেই নাই।
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : নতুন কুঁৱৰী আহিবৰে পৰা
বজাৰ আমালৈ কাণফাৰ নাই।
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : তাতোকৈ ডাঙৰ অথন্তৰ শুনাহে বাই
নতুন কুঁৱৰীয়ে বোলে তিনিমাহ

- গা ধোৱা নাই!
- মঙ্গলতী : হয়, তিনিমাহ গা ধোৱা নাই।
এয়াতো ৰজা ৰাজ্যৰ বাবে সুখবৰ আই?
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : ৰজা ৰাজ্যৰ বাবে সুখবৰ
কিন্তু আমাৰ বাবে মহা অথন্তৰ।
- মাজুকুঁৱৰী : ৰাজমাতা হ'বগৈ নতুন কুঁৱৰী।
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : আৰু আমি হ'মগৈ তাইৰ সতিনী দাসী!
- মঙ্গলতী : ইয়ে হয় নেকি?
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : কথাটো জানিবৰে পৰা বাই
আমাৰ চকুত টোপনি নাই।
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : কিবা এটা উপায় নকৰিলে
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : এই তিনিকুঁৱৰীৰ ভাগ্য ৰসাতলে যায়।
- মঙ্গলতী : মই কি কৰিব লাগে কোৱাচোন আই
মই দেখো উৰাদিহ একো পোৱা নাই?
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : তোমাকেই বুধি সুধিম বুলি মাতিছে অনাই
ন-কুঁৱৰীক আঁতৰোৱাৰ কৰা কিবা উপায়?
- মঙ্গলতী : ৰবচোন ৰ'ব আই চিন্তা কৰি চাওঁ
এই বুঢ়ীৰ মগজুত কিবা সোমায়।
(চিন্তা কৰি)
পাইছোঁ উপায়।
- তিনি কুঁৱৰী : পাইছা উপায়? কোৱাচোন কোৱা
মঙ্গলতীবাই?
- মঙ্গলতী : এ মাজু নাতিনীৰ মোৰ কালি হ'ল ঋতুমতী
সাতদিনত ধুৱাম
টকা কড়িহে আইসকল হোৱা নাই যোগাৰ।
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : তোমাৰ নাতিনী আমাৰ নাতিনী
নকৰিবা চিন্তা বাই
যি লাগে টকা কড়ি পেৰা ভৰাই ঘৰলৈ
দিম পঠিয়াই।
- মঙ্গলতী : হয়নে? তেন্তে শুনা আইহঁত
বজাই মাতিছে কাইলৈ মোক
মঙ্গল চাবলৈ। ৰাজ্যত নাইকিয়া পানী

- খাবলৈ। মংগল চাই মই ভাবিছোঁ
এতিয়া নতুন কুঁৱৰীক আঁতৰাম
এই মৰ্তৰ পৰা।
- মাজু কুঁৱৰী : কোৱাচোন কোৱা বাই
কি তেনে উপায়?
- মংগলতী : মংগল চাই ক'ম বজাক
পুখুৰী এটি খান্দক, পূজা-পাতল
কৰি ন কুঁৱৰীক উছৰ্গা কৰক।
গভীৰ পুখুৰী খান্দি কুঁৱৰীক অকলে অতল তলিলৈ প্ৰেৰণ
কৰক আনন্দেৰে।
জলদেৱতাই তেহে সন্তুষ্ট হ'ব। তেহে পুখুৰী পানীৰে উপচি
পৰিব
- সৰু কুঁৱৰী : মংগলতীবাই
তোমাৰমান বুদ্ধিমতী কতো দেখা নাই।
কিন্তু যদি পুখুৰীৰ পৰা নোলায় পানী
বজাই জানো তোমাক নিদিব শাস্তি?
- মংগলতী : পাতালত পানী নাই, কোনে কয় আই?
পানী মাটি ওলালেই ক্ষণ গণিম মই।
তৎমুহূৰ্ততে কুঁৱৰীক পঠিয়াম তললৈ
বজা বাইজে দেখিব কুঁৱৰীৰ বিলৈ।
- নামতী : আখে বেখে মহানন্দে
বজাৰ কাষ চাপি
মংগলতীয়ে মংগল চাই
ৰাজ্যৰ চিন্তা কৰি।
- এজনী : পিছে বুঢ়ীয়ে মংগল চাই কি ক'লে?
নামতী : বুঢ়ীয়ে বোলে শুনক মহাৰাজ
বিষম কথা ভৈলা
জলদেৱতা হৈছে কষ্ট জল নাইকিয়া।
- এজনী : বজাই কি ক'লে?
নামতী : কি ক'লা কি ক'লা মংগলতীবাই?
জলদেৱতা তুষ্ট হোৱাৰ দিয়া এটি উপায়?
- এজনী : হয় নেকি?

- নামতী : মংগলতী বোলে বজা আছে এটি উপায়। বেটীয়ে ক'ব পাৰোঁ
যদি নধৰে দায়। বজাই নিৰ্ভয় দি ক'লে,
কোৱা মংগলতীবাই
ৰাজ্যৰ মংগলৰ বাবে নধৰো মই দায়।
বুঢ়ী বোলে শুনক বজা, দাৰুণ উপায়-পুখুৰী খান্দি কৰক
পূজা
প্ৰাণাধিক কুঁৱৰীক কৰক উছৰ্গা।
তেহে জলদেৱতা হ'ব তুষ্ট
পুখুৰী হ'ব জলপূৰ্ণ
অন্যথা হ'ব জনশূণ্য
যদি প্ৰজাই জলক নাপায়।
- এজনী : পিছে বজাৰ অৱস্থা কেনে?
নামতী : যেন বিনামেঘে বজ্ৰপাত
বজা হৈল মুৰ্ছিত প্ৰায়
এনেতে আহক সোমাই কমলাকুঁৱৰী।
- কমলা : দেখিছোঁ আপোনাক অতিকৈ বিমৰ্ষ
কিবা হেতু আপোনাৰ এই কাৰ্য?
- বজা : কুঁৱৰী, মোৰ প্ৰাণাধিক প্ৰিয়া
জলদেৱতাৰ সন্তুষ্ট হেতু
তোমাক মই কৰিব লাগে বোলে উছৰ্গা।
এফালে ৰাজ্যৰ স্বাৰ্থ নাইকিয়া জল
আনপিনে তোমাৰ বিৰহত চাটি ফুটি মোৰ মন!
কি কৰিম, কি নকৰিম ভাবি পোৱা নাই মই!
- কমলা : বজা আপুনি এই ৰাজ্যৰ
প্ৰজাৰ সুৰক্ষাৰ বাবেই
প্ৰজাৰ মংগলৰ বাবেই আমাৰ প্ৰয়োজন।
মোৰ বাবেই যদি প্ৰজাই নাপায় জল
হাঁহি হাঁহি মই মহাৰাজ
উছৰ্গিম জলদেৱতাক এই ক্ষণভংগৰ দেহ।
- বজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী।
কমলা : নকৰিব শোক মহাৰাজ
নকৰিব দুখ

- প্ৰজাৰ মংগলেই হ'ব মোৰ সুখ।
- ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী!
- নামতী : হাতত লাখুটি ধৰি আহে চন্দিকা বুঢ়ী
আথেবেথে কমলাক কয়
অ' কি শুনিছো আই কি দেখিছোঁ মই
শুনি মোৰ পৰাণ নৰয়।
- চন্দিকা : এইবোৰ কি শুনিছোঁ আইদেউ
কাইলৈ বোলে আপোনাক
পুখুৰী খান্দি কৰিব উছৰ্গা আমাৰ ৰজাই?
কমলা : তুমি ঠিকেই শুনিছা বাই
দেশ আৰু দহৰ বাবে ওলাইছো যাবলৈ মই
- চন্দিকা : নহয় নহয় আইদেউ
ৰাজ্যৰ ভবিষ্যত আপোনাৰ পেটত
এয়া এয়া গভীৰ ষড়যন্ত্ৰ!
আজি কেইদিনমান ধৰি মংগলতী বুঢ়ীক
দেখিছো মই বৰকুঁৱৰীৰ গোপন কোঠাত।
নিশ্চয় এয়া তেওঁলোকৰে ষড়যন্ত্ৰ আইদেউ
মহাৰাজ পৰিছে ফান্দত
আপুনি ৰজাক সকলো বুজাই দিয়ক আইদেউ
সতিনীৰ প্ৰতিহিংসাৰ দাবানলত
আপুনি নিজকে নকৰিব নিঃশেষ।
- কমলা : মোৰো মনটোৱে এনে সন্দেহ কৰে চন্দিকাবাই
কিন্তু মহাৰাজৰ আগত মই প্ৰতিশ্ৰুতিবদ্ধ।
নিজ স্বামী মহাৰাজে বিচাৰিছে যি
প্ৰাণত্যাগী হ'লেও ৰাখিম বচন
অন্যথা নকৰো মই।
- চন্দিকা : এনেয়ে নকয় আইদেউ লাউ সদায় পাতৰ তল।
পতি ধৰ্ম পতি স্বৰ্গ বুলি পুৰুষে সদায়
দেখুৱায় বল।
- কমলা : চন্দিকাবাই?
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : (সোমাই আহি) কি হৈছে চন্দিকাবাই?
সৰুকুঁৱৰীৰ দুচকুত চকুপানী

- এই শুভ লগনত? ৰজা বাইজৰ বাবে
দেহত্যাগ এয়া যে পৰম সৌভাগ্য
সৰুকুঁৱৰীৰ বাবে। আমাৰহেঁ কপাল
মন্দ। নিলিখিলে কপালত এই বিধাতাই।
- চন্দিকা : আপোনাৰ কপাল মন্দ? এই মন্দমতী
কুঁৱৰীক প্ৰতাৰণা কৰিলেও
এই চন্দিকাক নোৱাৰে বৰকুঁৱৰী আই।
সতিনীৰ প্ৰতিহিংসা দেখিছোঁ বহুত। কিন্তু
সন্তানসন্তৰা নাৰীক জীৱন্তে হত্যা
কতো মই নাই শুনা, নাই দেখা মই।
এয়া মহাপাপ বৰকুঁৱৰী! বৌ বৌ নৰকতো
নহ'ব যে স্থান!
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : চন্দিকাবাই? সামান্য এগৰাকী আলধৰা
লিগিৰীৰ মুখত বৰ বৰ কথা। উস্ অসহ্য!
এই কোন আছ?
- এজনী : যিবা আঞ্জা মহাৰাণী।
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : এই বুঢ়ী লিগিৰীক লৈ যা ইয়াৰ পৰা
হাত ভৰি বান্ধি মুখত সোপাদি
সোমাই থ পোতাশালত।
- এজনী : হ'ব মহাৰাণী!
- চন্দিকা : যাওঁ, যাওঁ মহাৰাণী! নাৰী লুভীয়া ৰজাৰ
উপযুক্ত ৰাফ্‌সী ৰাণী।
বৌ বৌ নৰকতো স্থান নাপাবি।
(যায়)
- কমলা : বাইদেউ!
- বৰকুঁৱৰী : সামান্য লিগিৰীৰ লগত অযথা হলি-গলি
তোমাৰ দৰে নাৰীক শোভা নাপায় কুঁৱৰী!
মংগলতী বুঢ়ীয়ে কাইলৈ
চাই থৈছে ক্ষণ। পুখুৰী খন্দাৰ কাম
আজিয়েই হ'ব শুভ আৰম্ভণ
কুচিত্ত মনলৈ নানি কুঁৱৰী
নিজকে সজাই তোলা সৰ্বক্ষণ।

- কমলা : বাইদেউ! মোৰ এই পেটৰ সন্তান?
 বৰকুঁৱৰী : ৰাজ্যতকৈ সন্তান অতি তুচ্ছজ্ঞান!
 কমলা : বাইদেউ! (হুকহুকাই কান্দি দিয়ে)
 নামতী : কান্ধে কান্ধে কোৰ লৈ
 হাতে হাতে পাচি লৈ
 আহা সখী আহা ভাই
 দীঘি খান্দো গৈ হে।।
 নদীত পানী নাই
 পুখুৰীত পানী নাই
 দীঘি খান্দি আহা সখী
 পানী তোলো গৈ হে।
 গীত আৰু নৃত্য : পুখুৰী খান্দি ৰাজা এ
 দীঘিৰ খান্দি ৰাজা এ।।
 পুখুৰীৰ পাৰে পাৰে মহ বলি দিলা
 মহ বলি দি ৰাজাই পানীকে নাপালা।
 পুখুৰী খান্দি
 পুখুৰীৰ পাৰে পাৰে পঠা দিলা
 পঠা বলি দি ৰাজাই পানীকে নাপালা।
 পুখুৰী খান্দি
 পুখুৰীৰ পাৰে পাৰে পূজাকে পাতিলা
 পূজা পাতি তেওঁ ৰাজাই পানীকে নাপালা।
 পুখুৰী খান্দি
 মংগল চাই পাছে ৰাজাই
 কুঁৱৰীক দান দিলা।
 পুখুৰী খান্দি।।
 (কমলাই পূজাত সেৱা কৰি ৰজা ৰাণী
 আটাইকে সেৱা কৰাৰ পাছত মঞ্চৰ এদাঁতিতে বহি ক'ব)
 কমলা : হে প্ৰজাসকল? মই অবলা নাৰী!
 কোনো কালে কুঁৱৰী হ'ম বুলি সপোনতো ভবা নাছিলোঁ
 মই। নাছিলোঁ ভবা ৰাজকাৰেঙৰ ভুৱা প্ৰতাৰণাৰ বলি হ'ম
 বুলি। জানি-শুনিও সেয়ে আপোনালোকে খন্দা পুখুৰীত
 আত্মজাহৰ বাবে আগবাঢ়িছোঁ মই। জলদেৱতা সন্তুষ্ট হয়নে

- নহয় নাজানো। কিন্তু ৰাজকাৰেং যে সন্তুষ্ট হ'ব সেয়া সত্য।
 এজনী কুঁৱৰী গ'লে ৰজাই হাজাৰজনী কুঁৱৰী আনিব। পিছে
 ৰজা ৰাজকাৰেঙৰ কুটিল স্বার্থত মোৰ দৰে অবলা নাৰীয়ে
 বিসৰ্জন দিছো যুগে যুগে। এইদৰে নিজে খন্দা পুখুৰীত মোক
 আৰু বিসৰ্জন নিদিব ৰাইজ!
 (দ্ৰুপদনশ্বৰে পুখুৰীত সোমাব)
 নামতী : কমলাকুঁৱৰী সোমায় পুখুৰীত। পাৰত বহি ৰজাই কুঁৱৰীক
 চায়।
 দেখা শুনা সভাসদ কুঁৱৰীৰ বিলায়।
 পানীৰ খবৰহে লয় ৰজাই।।
 ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী, মোৰে প্ৰাণেশ্বৰী
 পানীনো কিমানে হ'ল?
 কমলা : শুনকচোন শুনক মোৰ পতিদেৱতা
 পানী মোৰ এপটা হ'ল।
 ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী, মোৰে প্ৰাণেশ্বৰী
 পানীনো কিমানে হ'ল?
 কমলা : শুনকচোন শুনক মোৰ স্বামীদেৱতা
 পানী মোৰ একাঠু হ'ল।
 ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী মোৰে প্ৰাণেশ্বৰী
 পানীনো কিমানে হ'ল?
 কমলা : শুনকচোন শুনক মোৰ পতিদেৱতা
 পানী মোৰ এককাল হ'ল।
 ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী মোৰে প্ৰাণেশ্বৰী
 পানীনো কিমানে হ'ল?
 কমলা : শুনকচোন শুনক মোৰ স্বামীদেৱতা
 পানী মোৰ এবুকু হ'ল।
 ৰজা : কমলাকুঁৱৰী মোৰে প্ৰাণেশ্বৰী
 পানীনো কিমানে হ'ল?
 কমলা : শুনকচোন শুনক পতিদেৱতা
 পানী মোৰ এডিঙি হ'ল
 নামতী : কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ সাধু শুনা প্ৰজাগণ।
 অবলা নাৰীৰ এয়া এক অথস্তব।।

৬২

নাট্য সম্ভাৰ

- এজনী : নামতী বাই! তোমাৰ চকুত চকুপানী
একেবাৰে নুশুৱায়।
- নামতী : কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ কাহিনীয়ে মোক কৰা নাই
বিহুল! কিমান দিন বাৰু মই গাই যাম
এই দুখনী নাৰীৰ শোকাতুৰ সাধু?
কেতিয়া বাৰু প্ৰজাগণে
পুৰুষকপী বজাৰ দেউলৰ পৰা
নাৰীৰ সনাতন ঈৰ্ষা প্ৰতিহিংসাৰ পৰা
কুঁৱৰীক কৰিব উদ্ধাৰ? এই চিন্তাতেই
হয়তো মোৰ চকুত চকুপানী। হৈছোঁ
বিহুল মই।
কিমান দিন আৰু কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ মৰ্মস্তুদ সাধু
এইদৰে কৰিব লাগিব পৰিবেশন?
- আটায়ে : কমলাকুঁৱৰীৰ সাধু
আৰু নালাগে ক'ব নামতীবাই
আৰু নালাগে পৰিবেশন কৰিব
সাতামপুৰুষীয়া বজাৰ দেউল আমি
ভাঙি চিঙি চুৰমাৰ কৰি
কুঁৱৰীক কৰিম ৰক্ষা।
যুগে যুগে কমলাকুঁৱৰীক
আমাৰ হৃদয়ত ৰাখিম জীয়াই
আহাঁ আমি সকলোৰে বজাৰ দেউল
ভাঙে এতিয়াই।।
(নামতীৰ বাহিৰে আটাইবোৰে দেউল হৈ বয়)
- নামতী : এইটো কাৰ দেউল?
আটায়ে : বজাৰ দেউল!
নামতী : ভাঙিবলৈ দিয়েনে?
আটায়ে : নিদিয়ে।
নামতী : যাবলৈ?
আটায়ে : নিদিয়ে।
নামতী : সোমাবলৈ?
আটায়ে : (ইফালে চাই)

কলী ঐচ ঐচ ঐচ!
বগী ঐচ ঐচ ঐচ!!
ষে-কে-চ!!!
(দৌল ভাঙি যায়। আগত পটপৰে)

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