



Du Banglar Mati: A History of Suffering

Susmita Paul

Research Scholar, Department Of Bengali, Visva Bharati Santiniketan

Date of Submission: 14-11-2021

Date of Acceptance: 29-11-2021

ABSTRACT: Country is a very sensitive issue for any human being. Especially when it comes to land issues. There can be no greater hardship than to leave everything behind and move to another place. It is an intense pain, an unwanted thing that will never be found again. Many people have had such deviations since the partition of 1947. People of Bangladesh have come to West Bengal People of West Bengal have gone to Bangladesh. It simply came to their notice then and there, but they never got back. Over time, their loved ones have departed. All that remains are these homeless people and their moments, memories.

KEYWORDS: Partition, Country, India, Bangladesh, Two soils, Land

Partition is a sensitive issue, especially for those who have been displaced by partition. The people of Vitehara still remember when they had to leave their land and everything and move to a new place in search of a new country. It's about their past, the relationship they left behind and those beautiful days. It is not possible for them to go back there even if they want to. Yet the intense tension of land, houses, plants, animals and birds has to be ignored; In the tension of time one has to forget, the past has to be mixed in the present context. These events become painful in our one-way life. There is no way to deny the past again and again, then there are more than one question mark of the present. All in all, the people who have lost their land are upset, they are damaged again and again. Just like-Sabitabrata carries the burn wound in his mind. Writer Kana Basu Mishra, in her *Du Banglar Mati*, shows how the past of a human being is repeatedly pushed into the cycle of the present. Going back to the past raises multiple questions in front of him, while reminiscing, Savitabrata forgets about his family, forgets about his current situation; The salty walls of an old two-story house on Dilkhusa Street in the Park Circus, the sleepy state of Kolkata in the pouring rain, with the constant downpour.

“ . . . Only the stray dogs are barking. And the beggars have left the wet sidewalks and

are lying on the floor of the sheds of some houses covered with torn plastic plaster. A while ago the rain came down. Now the speed has slowed down a bit. The roads are deserted. Tram, the bus is running nothing. Even private cars and taxis are on strike. Sabitabrata sleep very little, so he often witness Kolkata at night. Winter, summer, monsoon, autumn, spring, nothing is left out. . . Sabitabrata's body will never be able to compete with the mountain. He is like a bird that stays awake at night. That bird sees the sleeping world. Surveying the sleeping man, the wings matched and just flew from one branch to another. Sabitabrata, of course, sits on one branch. But his mind is just a nightmare of sleepless night. From man to nature, from nature to man. Sometimes the pain of a vacuum remains like an isolated island.”¹

This Bengali man, dressed in dhoti-Punjabi, seems to have grasped the past from time to time since he retired from the bank's management. Go back and sit down to tear up history. He wants to take every member of the family to the premises of his past. Although Sarma is very angry about this, he is also very upset. Although the members of the house understand Savitabrata, not everyone understands. Every now and then Savitabrata becomes bewildered in a dream - **The boat is going through the bill. Vadhu is sitting in the gutter of that boat. The oars are rolling. And Ali is sitting in another gallows. Logi in Ali's hand. Sabitarat is sitting on the deck of the boat. Both of them are singing. Ali is pushing the soil under the water with a log. The faint smell of that soil is wafting through Savitabrata's nose. Ah! What a relief. Chola Kalmi bush next to it. Piles of water hyacinth in the water. Ananda Beel's boat is going to remove the water hyacinth step. Sabitabrata is lying on the deck. Suddenly Sabitabrata woke up. When he bumped into the beautiful tree, he started spinning round and round. The boat capsized on the edge of the water hyacinth.**² He thinks that the village of his love, the beautiful forest, the river channel, the canal, the bill, everything gives him a hand. In his



sleep he chased after his grandfather's zamindari, vitebari. At the age of seventy, Savitabrata cannot explain to the people of the house that he did not come from a fake world. He is the man of love; Picking up the harvest of the market of love, he is actually floating in the boat of dreams. In fact, from the weight of age and the loneliness of the present time, Sabitabrata wants to immerse herself in a little memory juice. It is quite natural that in old age man's attraction towards the past seems to increase for some unknown reason and his memories of East Bengal have become a part of the reminiscence of lonely life sitting in Savitabrata's house.

Sabitabrata understands that it is very difficult to inform them about the tension, whether it is his wife or children. What is the tension of the country, they will know how! He realizes that his emotional distance from his family has become too much for him. Those who were born in this land of Bengal, those who are anagana in this Bengal, how will they understand what is the thing of losing the country. So Sabitabrata thinks- **He is like a lonely islander. There is no notice of no entry to that island. But none of them want to reach. Sabitarat smeared the soil of the island on his head. Thinking that he was exiled to that lonely island, his happiness is no less. Everyone has something good for themselves. That love or affection cannot be shared with anyone. If you want to share or who will take? Everyone's mood is different. No one can be someone's favorite partner. Sabitabrata smoked while thinking about the words. Her father, Grandpa, used to grumble. The days have changed. Where is the rumble now? That is luxury, everyone will laugh. Although the desire remains in his mind. Still, he smoked a cigarette and forgot about his roar. Savitabrata remembers, as a child, he saw the servants of the house pulling the hook. He was also very greedy. To taste the hookah. What's in a hookah? Where does the word come from? Savitabrata once hid his uncle's hook. Rosik's uncle was an employee of their zamindari. What will be the age of Savitabrata? Seven years. That's why he was beaten by his father. The hunkota was placed in the corner of the living room. Rosik Khuro did not have to endure less reprimand.**³

Today's old Sabitabrata wanders around and tries to recognize the young Sabitabrata in his sleep. Today's mature thoughts enter into the dialogue of dreams; Savitabrata was no less experienced in the car of a happy world. It has become a habit to suffer from nostalgia even while walking in the midst of various tensions. Although

he still has contact with Abutaleb between friends and memories. He was a very good friend and used to study in the village school at the same time. **In fact, the pain of the two is the same somewhere. The soil of the birthplace of the two in two places. Abu Taleb was born in Hooghli. Savitabrata was born in Kushtia. Abu Taleb grew up in Upper Bengal. Even if you are on the other side, you should pull more on the other side.**⁴ Abu Talib was originally from Bengal. People in mamabari in Upper Bengal. Although the land of two Bengals is very valuable to him. The soil of two Bengals is full of feelings. Although Abu Taleb used to travel from Dhaka to Bengal for work. He came to Savitabrata in Calcutta as a place to stay for business needs. The biggest thing for Sabitabrata is that it is a journey of the mind. He cannot suppress the longing of the heart. He wants to run away, but he cannot or will not be able to do so because not everyone in the house will agree to this.

The mental structure of Savitabrata's wife Sarma is completely different. She lives in the present, she doesn't like to be in the past. She takes reality very much. Sarma Sabitabratar, a daughter of Bhabanipur in Kolkata, did not see village life. So there are many differences between Sarma and Savitabrata. He can't even explain, can't share his thoughts. Dilkhusa Street repeatedly explained to Savitabrata that it was true. However, Sarma also wants to run away from the world one day. He has to go with a madman like Haridasi. But it is true that some of these crazy people take people away from the world. However, Sarma has to stay in the world of accounting because this world and the key is in her hands. All the other creatures of the world are looking at him, all the disturbances in his rhythmic fall. So don't say much to Savitabrata because Savitabrata is a different person on the whole, who loves to be like himself. However, Abu Taleb comes in the midst of this tension. Let Savitabrata hold childhood and memory. The arrival of Abu Taleb in Calcutta after a long time seems to have revived Savitabrata. From going to school together to climbing a tree, eating guava, playing thief-cop, everything seems to be muttering to Sabitabrata. Abu Talib also says- **Can't forget the old days. That's why I come to you in India. The tension of memory is in great pain, brother. I also go to wrestling. I can't forget Padma, Gorai river. That Chatharipur, Kalkuthi. Aha !. . . Hera is good for those who do big business. Those who are poor. Tago big irritation. Drought or not? Aman paddy, aus paddy all gone. That is why the poor farmers of Dash village are suffering. Then came the cyclone. How many people were**



defeated at the wrong time! Thika khoksa yai peraii leprosy. I am looking for everything. Where will the tension of the dash go? Father, mother, I became a human being in the Mamago family. Nana, Nani, Jor Kaira took Dhaira. I also liked Hey Dash. I grabbed the deposit, I thought I would stay here, so I didn't stay in Dash. Dhakai ahan became my dash.⁵

Sabitabrata said, take me to business Abu Taleb. Then come back from Bangladesh once. Abu Talib said, "You have no business anymore, friend." You will become my friend and go around. I will take you to Bangladesh. Everyone in your family will go. If I take it to all the corners, I will see how the enjoyment will rise. In fact, Savitabrata does not understand when the people who are known for their distance and mental tension have passed away, they have gone so far in the path of memory that it is not possible for them to come back in any other way. Abu Talib continues to look for his own people in the grave, and Sabitabrata also talks about his own people, who have been mingling in the dust of the crematorium for a long time. The novel ends with a strange torment; This pain is the pain of losing, the pain of not getting- which is hard to explain in words. Abutaleb-Sabitabrata is like the soil of two Bengals; Those who come together in one place, even though there is an impenetrable wall between them, leaves a question mark- **Blue sky across miles upon miles above the heads of their two friends. Clouds like combed cotton. Countless birds are flying in the sky. They are walking on the velvet of green grass. He is hiding the sun with his right hand on his forehead. Savitabrata does not understand. They are birds of which country? Here? Or the other side?**⁶

FOOTNOTES:

- [1]. Mishra Basu Kana, Chati Uponnyas, Prataya Prakashani, 61 Mahatma Gandhi Road, Kolkata- 700009, First Publish Kolkata Book Fair, January-2009, P- 164.
- [2]. ibid, P- 167.
- [3]. ibid, P- 169.
- [4]. ibid, P- 195.
- [5]. ibid, P- 193-194.
- [6]. ibid, P- 197.