

সফলতা
এলে আমি
ভয় পাই
কারণ নতুন
কড় করলে
সফলতা
সংগে
সংগে
আসে না।

ঠিক কী-ধরনের বিপন্নতা থেকে
তেরি হয় একজন লেখক



POETRY

OCTOBER
An unfinished
poem

PURBITA DAS

Glamorous lightweight raindrops
from the October sky keep
my swollen heart in a secluded
place, mostly on Sunday nights.
These readymade, numerous notions of
making
progress, at once, turn my methodical
garden of words upside down and
i end up getting the constant feel of



ILLUSTRATION: MAISHA SYEDA

being one of the most miserable pieces
on this planet, called Mother Earth.
Truth be told, while feeling
an abrupt urge of being a perfectionist in
words and creating suspense, i keep on
building
up a mock-epic out of my legendary hours
spent on endless failures in this
line-making process.
The regret remains and also prepares
my sanity to head over for a long holiday
and turn my bedtime stories into like
an impure incense to
spread their vaporous nuisance all over my
overwhelming chest.
The reverse energy to fight the fear of being a
loser at the climax point of writing does not seem
to make my heart happy
at those miserable hours with scribbling.
Thus, my nights are put to an improper
sleep and i have the most horrible dreams
about the funnel of my insane voyages to fantasy
and
let me tell you beforehand that every freaking
time it only leads to a long time to lament until
the discovery of a new story.

Purbita Das is currently trying to find the
lost pieces of her existence through words, at
the same time, doing her post graduation in
Linguistics and ELT at the University of Dhaka.

ESSAY



A SURREAL
GRAPHIC NOVEL
by Subimal Misra

As I read Subimal Misra—I was therefore seized by the urge to bring out his stories, or “anti-stories”, in graphic form. And thus began a parallel quest even as I translated Misra, to find an artist who would collaborate with me on this. In 2009, I came upon the three volumes of stories by Yoshihiro Tatsumi—and felt that Misra was a Bengali Tatsumi in words, or that Tatsumi was the Japanese Misra in visual storytelling—their work seemed similar to me despite all the obvious differences.

VRAMASWAMY

I first heard the name of Subimal Misra in 2005, from my friend, Dr Mrinal Bose. I began translating his short fiction soon after that. But by this time I had become entranced with the medium of graphic novels, ever since I discovered *Maus* by Art Spiegelman in the 1990s, and went on to read and collect the work of some of the major names associated with this genre, like Osamu Tezuka, Will Eisner, Joe Sacco, Marjane Satrapi, etc.—all now available thanks to the internet and Amazon.

As I read Subimal Misra—I was therefore seized by the urge to bring out his stories, or “anti-stories”, in graphic form. And thus began a parallel quest even as I translated Misra, to find an artist who would collaborate with me on this. In 2009, I came upon the three volumes of stories by Yoshihiro Tatsumi—and felt that Misra was a Bengali Tatsumi in words, or that Tatsumi was the Japanese Misra in visual storytelling—their work seemed similar to me despite all the obvious differences. And I was convinced of the validity and potential of my vision.

Subimal Misra’s writing is very visual, in fact for him the stories are



ILLUSTRATIONS: SUBIMAL MISRA

“films”. Influenced by Eisenstein and Godard, he tried to introduce cinematic language into Bangla writing. So there are compelling reasons to think of a graphic interpretation of his stories.

After I had given up on my “Subimal-graphic” quest, in late 2017, I met Sambaran Das, thanks to film-maker Nilanjan Bhattacharya, and soon after that, he committed to collaborating on the “Subimal-graphic” project, towards

a volume of Misra stories in graphic telling. Sambaran selected a story to begin with, “An Evening in December ’72”, and devoting as much time as he could spare, he completed his drawing work in September 2018.

Although Sambaran and I had an English version in mind as our output, the idea of a standalone Bangla version also came up. After all, it is only appropriate that it is a Bangla—reading audience that welcomes the publication of a graphic novel by Subimal Misra.

So here at last, is a Subimal Misra story in graphic telling, and I hope this signals the beginning of a whole new domain of Subimal readership, and provides inspiration to a host of creative artists to jump in. We in South Asia have prodigious talent; it is time for us to make a mark in graphic literature. This work is a small step in that direction.

V. Ramaswamy’s translation of *The Earth Quakes: Late Anti-Stories by Subimal Misra* was published in 2024. Sambaran Das is a multidisciplinary practising artist, with a focus on the decadent metropolis and its vernacular popular visual culture.

POETRY

Silence

AHADUZZAMAN MOHAMMAD ALI

A star fell on the ground in the windy night,
Since then a silence envelops the entire space,
Everyone knew this;
Members of the family at home knew this,
People outside the home also knew this, The little kitten at home,
Even my bed, table and chair,
All furniture knew this,
Only I didn’t know what happened.
I was kept in a closed room,
There the musical notes of five poets were audible all the time.
The astronomical findings say my days should be full of music,
I must be kept far from silence.
But nobody understood I couldn’t
take in the soothing sound of music.

Ahaduzzaman Mohammad Ali is a former professor of Dhaka University.



ILLUSTRATION: AMRETA LETHÉ

