

## TRANSLATION OF ANNA BHAU SATHE'S SHORT STORY 'PRAIYASHITTA' FROM MARATHI INTO ENGLISH WITH THEMATIC ANALYSIS

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### **Atonement**

Subbadra and Leela were busy doing manual work at a quarry. They were dropping stones in a hopper of a crusher hurriedly. Both of them wore cleanly washed sarees. And they looked almost similar. Their physique was similar, and both of them were of similar age. They were having watery eyes, sharp curved noses and a happy countenance. They looked different from all other working women on the site. They were known for their beauty. Under the hot sun, both of them were carrying stones on their heads. Beads of sweat accumulated on their foreheads. Their well developed breasts trembled while they were doing physical activities at a quarry. Their long and toned calves got stretched while walking at the site. Their husbands worked with them. So nobody dared to tease them. Uma was Subhadra's husband and Bali was Leela's husband. Uma and Bali worked as electric drill machine operators. They would drive their machines at a two hundred feet high mountain cliff. Both of them were stout and sturdy. They were short tempered too. So other workers gave them respect out of fear.

They used to blow up a mountain and break rock layers into pieces. Those unskilled workers were slicing the age old mountain. They were taking a vertical cut. It was a wonder. It was like ants pulling mount Meru. Indeed ants were doing so. Those workers were slicing mountains from top to bottom. It was a huge five hundred feet massive cliff. Workers dug pegs on its head to tied big ropes. They threw ropes down at the bottom of the quarry.

Thousand of hands toiled there every day. They blew up rock and reduced it into pieces. They striked crowbars against rock surface to crack it. Machines clanked all day long. The  
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drove loaded trucks inside the quarry. Smell of explosives and dust particles intoxicated wind. So it became lethargic and blew slowly. Workers whispered with one another. They talked less and worked more. Action speaks louder than words. Bali and Uma would drive drill machines. A rotating beat of drill machine pierced hard rock while entering in its hard surface. It seemed someone thrusting a hot iron bar in to a butter pot. Bali and Uma sat in a trolley of a moving crane to reach at a five hundred feet high cliff.

The four persons were close relatives. Subhadra was Bali's sister. She married with Uma. Leela was Uma's sister. She married Bali. The marriage brought two families together. Their marriages took place on the same, and day and place. One priest performed their marital rituals. Soon after their marriage ceremony was over the two couples left their native place and migrated to Mumbai in search of bread. They looked for job here and there and finally they were chosen as workers at this site. The two men used to sit in a trolley of a crane which was pulled upwards touching the vertical surface of rock. They used to drive drill machines on the hard surface of rock. They would operate drill machines to take holes on the rock surface. In the evening they used to stuff holes with explosive material connect all holes using a long wick and kindle it to bring out explosion. They were paid extra three rupees as overtime. Their wives also worked there as daily wagers. Four persons would earn eighteen rupees in all every day. Their wives grew anxious to see their husbands doing dangerous work. It was a risky and fatal work. The two men used to sit in a trolley of a crane which lifted them upward near the site. They used to make holes in the rock all day long. They knew well how to set explosive tubes in every hole and to connect them with a long wick. They would kindle the wick and then would return back speedily. Then their wives would become relaxed. At the end of the day all of them would happily return back to their cottage. This was their routine work. They experienced the strange fear every day. This fear was deeply rooted on their minds. What would have happened if explosion took place quickly before they reached downward?

The owner of quarry allotted them a cottage. The two happy couples raised a makeshift wall in the middle portion. Each one earned nine rupees every day. Now their income was satisfactory. They overcame the problem of drought. Their native village was badly hit by drought. They needed some money for daily expenditure. Still they could save four rupees every day. Off and on they could send money order to their parents. Now they were living happily. Hard work was the secret of their well being. They used to do hard work. The owner of quarry provided free lodging to workers. They could avail this benefit. The two couples

placed wooden boxes at the center of the cottage to divide space two prates. Uma and Subhadra occupied in one compartment while Bali and Leela occupied the remaining half portion. They were close relatives. They shared their joys and sorrows with one another. Subhadra knew that her bother lived as her neighbour. Leela too knew this truth. The close relatives lived as good neighbours. They were hard working persons. Hard work was the secret of their happy life. They were enjoying earthly pleasures.

The owner of quarry raised hundreds of makeshift cottages near the site. People from various strata of society resided in this colony. They were having different social background, colours and qualities. Beggars, rag-pickers, and criminals resided there. Mumbai police drove some criminals out of the city to curb incidents of crime. Those history stheeter criminals came to reside here. In a day time they would work as wagers and in the night time they brew alcohol in their cottages. They were having different castes like Dawari, Kajari, Vanjari, Fase Pardhi, Wadar etc. The hardy, stout and audacious men were working in quarries. Physically handicapped men, old men and children used to go in Mumbai to beg people. They beg other to earn their livelihood.

Some boot legers lived there as like dictators. They used to sell alcohol to workers on credit. On the salary day liquor sellers would collect the due amount and its interest. Their customers were workers. Different kind people lived in that colony. Most of them were workers. They used to work hard work all day long. In the evening they would sing songs, bhajans etc. Some of them used to take heavy drinks so they got inebriated. They used to wreck havoc in the colony. They were often engaged in violent acts. They used to wield knives. Their life was full of troubles. There lived many vagabonds but nobody had guts to quarrel with Uma or Bali. Both of them were strong and powerful .They worked hard to earn extra money. They fell in habit of taking drinks every day. All workers in that colony succumbed to habit of taking alcohol. In the beginning Uma and Bali started taking drinks on holidays. Then they started taking drinks every day. Taking drinks was a sign of social status. Bootleggers carried liquor bottles in their bags. They used to wander in search of customers at work sites. Many scoundrels were involved in brewing business. Workers drank wine as like tea. Their wives averred their husband's habit. They always tried to stop their husbands from taking liquor. They had no concern for not care their health but they were worried about the waste of money.

The sun almost touched the western horizon. It was 6 pm. Workers stopped doing work now, switched off their drill machines, placed their tools down, changed clothes, holded bags

under arms and started returning back to their huts. Quarry was almost empty. Someone blew a whistle. It was a sign to alert other workers. An explosion was going to take place. The atmosphere was tense. Bali and Uma held petromax lamps in their hands. They sat in a trolley. It was pulled upwards. It stopped halfway touching the surface of the steep cliff of the mountain. Subhadra and Leela were anxiously watching their husbands' activities. They stood at little distance away. They looked worried. Their husbands' life was the most precious thing for them. How could they live without husbands? Bali and Uma started connecting wicks to explosive tubes and they lighted it. Then they quickly took the trolley downwards. In a trice they crossed the distance of two hundred feet. They reached at the foot of the mountain and hid at the safe place. Their wives let out a sigh of relief. They muttered God's name repeatedly and holded breath. They thanked God for securing their husbands. On reaching near their husbands they laughed like innocent babies. The two couples started returning to their hut. Behind them a burning wick carried fire to dynamite tubes so they exploded. The scene behind them was terrible. It seemed as if a mountain caught fire. They experienced tremours. Stones were thrown in the sky and then they fell heavily to the ground. Dust smeared red powder on Wind's cheeks. A cloud of red dust particles was formed. Speaking to one another the two couples went near the lake which was situated near the quarry. Green leaves and blue flowers of lotus plants grew inside water and covered the surface of the lake water. The flowers were swaying merrily due to wind. Subhadra looked at blue lotus flowers. She happened to meet the old woman. She was her neighbour. She sat at the shore of the lake covering her body with a half portion of a saree and was washing the remaining half saree. She had only one saree. Subhadra said, "Aaji, The sun is about to set now." The old woman said, "Let the sun set. I don't care. She wore a smile on her face and pleasantly said, "I have to wash half part of my saree today. And I will wash the remaining part tomorrow. You may go. I am coming."

Zingrya reached at the lake hurriedly. He was lame in one leg. He was a history sheeter. Once he fought against his rival and him hitted a blow at his mouth and all his teeth fell. He became a crimnal. He caused a nuisance for Mumbai Police. So they drove him out of the city. He arrived at this quarry. It was on the outskirts of Mumbai. Zingya did not mend his behaviour. In a day time he used to work in the quarry and in the night time he used to brew liquor. He lived on selling liquor. Workers colony was an ideal place for this business. It was a suitable place for brewing liquor illegally. It was a far away from the city, it was safe place and there was availability of customers. Zingrya was indebted to Mumbai Police. They drove him out

the city and he discovered this place to start his business. Zingrya palpitated because he ran speedily. On reaching near two couples he said “Where are you going, Umaji?”

Uma Said, “What? I am going back to my cottage.”

Wearing fake anger on his face, Zingrya said, “Why should someone prevent you from going to your house. Take your time. You live a dully and drab life. You are entangled in a pattern-going to workplace and returning to house.” Subhadra got angry. She said, “Oh man, why are you not allowing us to go back to our cottage?”

Zingrya proudly said, “Your cottage? Who says that it is your cottage? Listen Oh my mother, Chimanlal Seth is a kind man.”

Raising her eyebrows with a surprise Leela said, “You are a street animal. You know not what family is.” He began laughing loudly.

Bali said, “You are a rascal. What are you saying?”

Zingrya replied, “Fresh stock is available today. It is excellent.”

Subhadra became angry with him. She said, “We do not require it.”

Zingrya said, “Oh woman, who is asking you to buy bottles? I am talking to Bali and Uma. I do not sell liquor to women.”

“Is it really good?” said Uma, “We don’t have money to buy it.”

Zingrya answered, “You may pay me afterwad.”

Raising his hand upward, stretching two fingers of his hand Bali said, “Give us two bottles.”

Zingrya said, “Two bottles. Enough. One bottle suffices to experience kick. After finishing the first one you may walk like an austronaught and then after finishing the second one you the first one walk with your legs above and head downward..”

Then you may exhibit a circus show on the busy street. Police will arrive and they will become your ring master. They will ask you questions. They will arrest me too.” Then all of them laughed. Zingrya separated two men from their wives. He leaded them to his hut. The two men said to their wives, “You go to the cottage. We will return back late night.” Subhadra interrupted them. saying, “Don’t come late. And don’t keep us waiting.”

Bali said, “No you eat dinner and then sleep,” Subhada and Leela called bad names to Zingrya. The two women turned back to go to their cottage. Darkness filled all nooks and corners of the settlement. The two women cottages looked as like a herd of sheep ruminating silently in the dark night. Houses looked bleak. They looked as like a mad man’s worn-out,

dirty and patchy blanket. A gust of wind entered in the settlement. Due to wind old, rusty roof tins placed on dwarf houses began clanking. It looked as like an angry man who bares his teeth.

Yonder the settlement there stood two hills. They stood vis-a-vis. Two pylons were installed on the tip of hills. Two blinking lamps were fixed at the tapering end of pylons. They were emitting red light every now and then. Pilots flew aeroplanes in the space between two banking lamps. They were alert signs to help pilots to avert a crash. Aeroplanes flew through the space between two hills and then pilots would land them on the airport. Many planes flew over this settlement. All renowned persons were visiting Mumbai. Many tourists, politicians, heads of countries, scholars, pundits, scientists, technicians etc. visited Mumbai. They wish to know Indian culture and they also want to compare it with western culture. Kings, knights too frequently visit Mumbai. Some travelers are recipients of highest civilian award like Bharat Ratna, Padmasri, etc. Many authors, poets, noble laureates, novelists travel through air. They flew over this settlement. Nobody tried to look at this small settlement which was located on the outskirts of Mumbai. Historians and archaeologists study the remains of ancient Indian civilization. They excavate graveyards in Delhi and adjoining places. Nobody wishes to study life of poor labourers. They reside in small crowded cottages. Mumbai stands for prosperity and modernity. It was fifteen miles away from this settlement. A milestone was dug near the settlement. It reads 'Mumbai 15 miles.'

It was past midnight. Subhadra and Leela were tired of waiting for their husbands. They worked hard all day long. Those spent women wanted to retire to bed quickly. Their eyes looked tired. Displeased, they put off kerosene lamps and retired to their beds. The tired bodies slowly entered in reign of sleep and soon they began snoring. It grew the streets looked deserted. One drunkard fellow got inebriated and was babbling loudly. A cry of a small whimpering baby was heard every now and then. Bandicoots scuttled here and there in dark. Cats began mewling harshly. They stood face to face and began quarrelling to one another. Jackals ambushed near the lake and they wanted to drink water. They howled and ran here and there. Night hours were passing silently.

Bali and Uma got intoxicated, they caught hold of each other's hands and took unsteady steps. In the end they reached near the cottage. They had lost control over their bodies and brains. They swayed. They pushed the door open but they could not identify their compartments. They crawled inside compartments. Two women were sleeping relaxedly in two compartments. They were tired. How could they realize who entered in the cottage at late

night hours? Subhadra and Leela were accustomed to late arrival of their husbands. This happened frequently. Uma and Bali used to go out to take drinks and came to cottage late night.

Some fateful moments came and passed. The two inebriated men committed a grave mistake entering in wrong compartments. In the dead of night intoxicated bodies touched with tired bodies. The two couples experienced a strange sensation. They could not resist their companions. They could not restrain their urges. In two compartments two couples committed sexual acts. After some time they slept relaxedly in the dark. Their breathing, heart beats became normal again. Soon they started snoring. Nobody recognized who their partner was and with whom they slept. Women were tired and men were intoxicated. Having sex with blood relations is forbidden. They committed incest act. Some hours passed by. The morning came. The sun started moving upward at the eastern horizon. People awoke. After finishing their sleep workers started preparing to face making preparation of the forthcoming day. Women began burning firewood in stoves.

Subhadra and Leela woke early in the morning. They lighted oil lamps in their compartments. Flickering flames illuminated dark corners of their compartments. Both of them were shocked when they saw their brothers were lying on corner beds. When they remembered night activities they became panic. They experienced a burning wick was carrying fire to all explosive tubes. Their hearts ached; they were ashamed of their dirty act. In a trice, they started behaving madly. Their parched throats indicated that they were afraid of their acts. It seemed that words stucked in their hearts. In a moment all their hopes, aspirations, ambition, happiness reduced to a heap of ash. They were afraid of light. They put out lamps quickly. Darkness filled dark corners of cottage. It was hard to extinguish flames of regrets emanated in their hearts. They came near the lake nervously. Uma woke up. He realized that he had committed a grave mistake. He left the cottage quickly. Bali too followed him. Till this morning the two couples were close relatives, they never kept distance from one another but from this moment onward they were hiding their faces. They were afraid of showing their faces to one another. They avoided giving explanation. Nobody wished to know where others had gone. Other labourers in the colony did not know what had happened with them. They were busy preparing to go to their workplaces. Everything seemed to be normal. The sun set. Labourers working inside the quarry watched the sun reaching towards the western horizon. Their work time was directly proportional to the movement of the sun. That day all workers attended the site except two couples. They were close relatives too. Nobody inquired why they had not attended their work.

Nobody raised doubt: The workers worked all day long. The old woman went to the lake to wash the remaining half portion of her saree. She was waiting for Subhadra and Leela.

After a while workers were set free. Everybody collected their clothes and left the quarry hastily. They heard that someone was blowing a whistle. It was a sign of alarm to alert workers. They were expected to keep distance from explosives. The workers waited for some time to watch explosion. They were fond of watching explosion every day. Bali entered in the quarry. He was quite late today. He holded a lamp in his hand. Today he was alone. Uma, his companion, was not with him. Zingrya ran towards him. He stopped Bali and said, "Hey man, where is Uma? Are you coming to my hut today? A fresh stock is available." Bali kept a mum. He picked up a coconut sized stone and struck Zingrya down. Zingrya fell to ground. He took another stone and smashed Zingrya's head. Zingrya cried and wriggled like a wounded snake. He died on this spot. Bali holded rope in his hand and moved upward. People saw Bali when he killed Zingrya. They were stunned. On reaching at the site Bali kindled a wick but instead of returning back he stood there silently. Workers said, "Bali. Run. Don't stop. Move." Bali turned his deaf ear to them. In a trice explosive tubes which were set inside rock blew up. Mountain caught fire. Dynamite tubes got exploded one by one. Bali was hurled in the sky and fell to the ground. Workers ran towards the spot. The old woman reached to the lake, saw two dead bodies floating on water surface. She shouted loudly. Workers ran towards the quarry and there was noise so nobody listened what she was saying. People congregated near two dead bodies. One was Bali's dead body and other was Zingry's dead body. The overseer phoned police to inform the event of death.

The old woman was crying loudly. Workers ran towards her. When they reached at the lake they saw the old woman crying. She pointed her finger to the lake. They saw two dead bodies floating there. One was Subhadra and other was Leela. Blue flowers and green leaves encircled their faces. The dead bodies were floating in still lake water. Louts flowers spread over their faces as like a shield. They prevented sun rays falling on their beautiful faces. Their playful eyes became pale and were staring vacantly at empty sky. They looked fearless too. Hundreds of workers shed tears. Women and children could not help weeping. Pal of gloom loomed over the entire settlement. Four persons lost their lives. They were- Bali, Subhadra, Leela and Zingrya. People waited for the police. Then a forest dweller ran towards them. He told them that Uma committed suicide. He climbed on a bibwa tree holded a branch, tied a knot of the rope, tightened a noose round his neck and hanged himself. Police van arrived. They



took stock of the situation. They did panchnama and examined took possession of Uma's dead body. Nobody knew why all of them ended their lives. They scarified for the sake of Indian culture. It was atonement.

Police were confused whether to write events in their diary as suicide or murder. Finally they wrote in their diary that the three persons committed suicide one persons was murdered and one person died in accident. At that time they heard a thunderous sound of a big plane. It was flying over their heads in the bright blue sky.

### **Thematic Analysis of the story 'Praiychitta'**

The theme is the underlying message or a big idea. It is a broad message about life of humans in general. No writer writes a story without a purpose. There is a specific reason behind it. Anna Bhau Sathe wrote his stories to tell about distress in familial relations.

The story deals with the theme of morality. The two important characters Bali and Uma take drinks and commit grave mistake under its influence. Then they realize their mistake. Getting frustrated they decide to end their lives. Their own mistake ruined their lives. They are obliged to end their lives. Because they violate ethical norms and it is a non-pardonable offence. People practice ethical or moral values. These are the backbone of culture. Bali, Uma, Subhadra and Leela are close relatives. The close relatives become married couples and live in two compartments of the cottage that stands beside their workplace. Anna Bhau Sathe portrays life of poor, unskilled labourers. Although they are poor, they value ethics and self-respect. They never make a compromise with moral values. They practice moral and cultural values with utmost sincerity. Marriage is considered as a holy union of a woman. There are unwritten rules regarding sexual relations. They are men of character. Drought hits their village and they have to face many problems. How to earn livelihood is the major problem for them. In search of work they go to Mumbai. They get work at a quarry on the outskirts of Mumbai.

All of them work hard every day. They earn some money to run their families. They save some money and send money orders it to their parents. Bali and Uma are stout and sturdy. They are hardworking men. Labourers do hard work, it is dull so they are prone to bad habits like smoking or chewing tobacco or taking drinks. They enjoy relaxness. Bali and Uma start taking drinks. The story deals with the theme of alcoholism and its consequences. Liquor addiction is bad. In the early phase a man drinks alcohol and later alcohol drinks him up. Labourers easily fall in this evil trap. Leela and Subhadra are beautiful hardworking women. The character of Zingrya stands for evil qualities. He provides alcohol to workers. His action

changes the course of action in this story. He is a 'wanted' criminal or a sort of history sheeter. Mumbai city police drive him out of the city. He arrives at quarry. He brews liquor and supplies it to workers. Uma and Subhadra dislike Zingrya because they know evil consequences of liquor addiction. They could not prevent their husband from taking drinks. They are anxious about their future.

In the opening line we acknowledge the action time and place. It is the work hour. Subhadra and Leela work at a crusher. They dig a quarry to recover stones. Workers carry stones to a crusher to convert it into mettle. They push stones in the hopper. The quarry stands beside the crusher. The story sets in a quarry and adjacent colony which is located on the outskirts of Mumbai. Toward the east of Mumbai there is a huge mountain range. The quarry is in operation in this area. The owner provides cottages to labourers for free. There is a lake near the quarry. We see huge buildings, sky scrapers in Mumbai. The raw material is supplied from such places. Workers are prone to alcoholism. They have to do mechanical work every day. In labour colonies residents are illiterate men.

On that fateful day Zingrya invites Uma and Bali to his cottage. They accept his invitation and take heavy drinks. In no time they get besotted. Nobody stops them to do so because most of workers are adults. They are addicted to tobacco, smoking, or alcohol. Both the men take heavy drinks and arrive at their cottage late night. Here they commit a grave mistake. Their mistake of identifying their compartments ruined their lives. Its consequence was terrible. This mistake causes their tragic death. They do not commit it on purpose. Still they cannot deny committing unpardonable offence. Without discussing this to one another each one of them decides to end his life. Their wives are tired due to hard physical work so they fell asleep. They have waited for their husbands. The two besotted men enter in the cottage and enter into wrong compartments, sleep with women without identifying them. Unfortunately they are not their wives. Under influence of liquor they commit sexual act in the dark night. The tired women did not resist them. They mistake them to be their husbands. Early in the morning they realize their mistake. Incestuous sex is a taboo. It is an unforgivable offence. They regret. They lose dignity of their relation. Nobody commits mistake intentionally. Without giving any explanation to one another, they end their lives.

Anna Bhau Sathe tells how Indians respect moral values. They respect such values at the cost of their lives. Even poor labourers abide by moral and ethical values. They are very rigid as far as practice of moral values is concerned. They do not forgive themselves when their self-

respect is at a stake. This is the reason why Indian values are respected everywhere. Indian culture is unique. Piety of marital relations is the bedrock of Indian culture. The two happy couples sacrifice their lives for the sake Indian culture.

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