



Rabindranath's

**MALANCHA**

# THE THIRD EYE

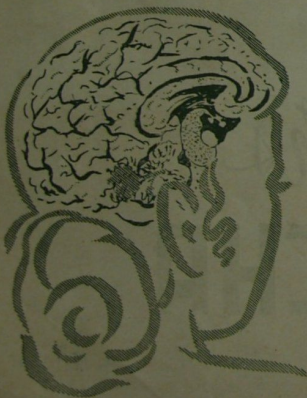
Maybe you have never known it, but you have a third-eye!

It is that eye, which sees the unseeables & unseen.

The pair of eyes, we have, can see upto the outer borders of materials & things; and halts there. It is the limit for the eyes.

But, to see through the 'solids' one needs his — 'third-eye'.

Strength & power of the third-eye vary with individuals. Some have weak ones & some have strong ones.



It is, through the third eye, that a painter conceives of an idea & paints it on canvas. It is the third-eye, which gives vision to the philosopher, as he sees 'unseeables', And with this third-eye a poet sees 'things' which he puts upon paper;—for the world to admire, appreciate & enjoy.



Ultra-powerful third-eye of Rabindra Nath Tagore, helped him to visualise, the fierce combat of emotions, ethics & animality, in the mind or soul of a woman, — he fondly names — Niraja.

Tagore saw very far. He followed 'life' up to beyond & that is the story of

## MALANCHA



## MALANCHA

A simple, sweet, yet sorrowful, is the story of Dr. Tagore's "Malancha", an epic in which the combat of emotions, within the soul of a woman, forms its principal theme. It shows in vivid manner, the fact, that a woman seeks the refuge of man not only for the purposes of Earthly existence, but;—beyond.

She thinks herself complete, only when she has her husband; and this, her supreme possession, she cannot bequeath, to anyone—for any consideration, whatsoever.

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Aditya was reared up by his maternal uncle, in company of 'Sarala', a good little girl, fostered by the same uncle. Blissfully they passed time and gradually Aditya set himself up in Horticulture and began Trading in flowers. The flower-garden or the Bower was called 'Malancha'.

The snare of fate spun around Niraja—another girl, and Aditya, and they were married,—frustrating the silvery dreams of Sarala,—who imagined herself in the place, which, Niraja now gained for her.

Heartbroken Sarala, welcomed Niraja, suppressing her inner feelings and mental pangs and Ramen—a cousin and friend of Aditya, solaced her, as a loving brother should do.

Time passes on.....

..... events pile up.

Aditya's maternal uncle dies;—taken over by a trade-catastrophe and homeless Sarala, comes to live with Aditya and Niraja.

'Jealousy', was born, in 'woman', when there were two of them,—and one 'man': and here,—time repeated itself.

Suspicion gradually creeps in upon Niraja's soul, as time passes and after an accident, she delivers a dead child, which unbalances her mind and disables her body.

ACTUAL SCENES FROM

*Rabindranath Tagore's*

**'MALANCHA'**

—('THE BOWER' IN MIND)—

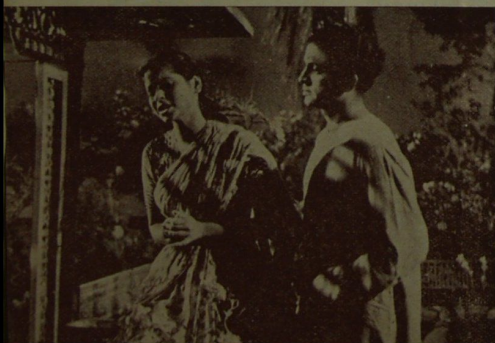
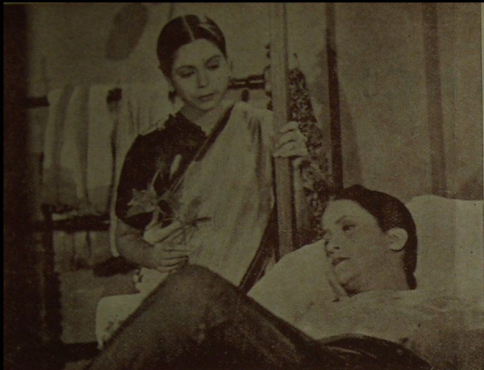
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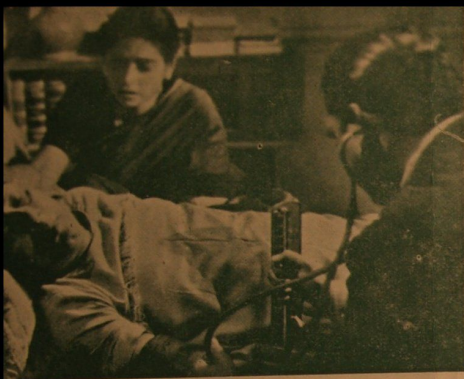
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Her body weakens and more does her mind, as time moves on. Her place of companionship, in the daily rounds, at 'Malancha', she had to surrender to Sarala and this was a sting on her mind. She imagined, she was loosing ground to Sarala.

Emotions stormed in her mind, as she grew physically weaker, day by day. She visualised in her mind, that the 'blank' she would leave behind her, is going to be filled up by Sarala.

She regretted her physical inability and imagined the woeful future of her husband,—Aditya ;—when she was no more.

At a time, she sympathises with her husband and wishes to sacrifice her claims upon the 'malancha' and Aditya, in favour of Sarala meaning, a peace and purposeful life to her husband. Jealousy and selfishness, innate in the woman, caught hold of her : as she imagines, what she was going to do. Her commendable resolutions, spirits up in the air. She could not 'sacrifice'. Desire develops within her and she clings madly,—to the earthlies

Ramen, a true friend of the trio, a pure and young bachelor,—sworn to remain as such, till the liberation

of the motherland—India,—solaces them, in their sufferings.

But fate ordains otherwise and in pursuit of his Ideals Ramen, annoys the ruling-power and he and Sarala, receive a term of imprisonment.

Remorse fills Niraja's heart, after a quarrel with Aditya, and sympathy for Sarala gains Niraja's mind.

She prepares for the inevitable, as she prepares herself for the final sacrifice, which a woman can possibly make. She made up her mind to leave Sarala under the care of her husband—Aditya and asks them beside her bed.

A fierce conflict between 'sacrifice' and 'jealousy' raging within—she made for the final announcement. Her soul revolted and jealousy takes her up—fully, as Sarala, puts in her appearance.

She shouts her away, as they stand—exclaiming that she would never part with her 'Malancha' or her husband, in this ; or the other part of life.

The climax of the raging emotions, is too much for her frail body. It gives way and her soul passes onto oblivion, while nature echoes her desires, in flowers, leaves, plants and in the air.





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