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THE
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MAGAZINE



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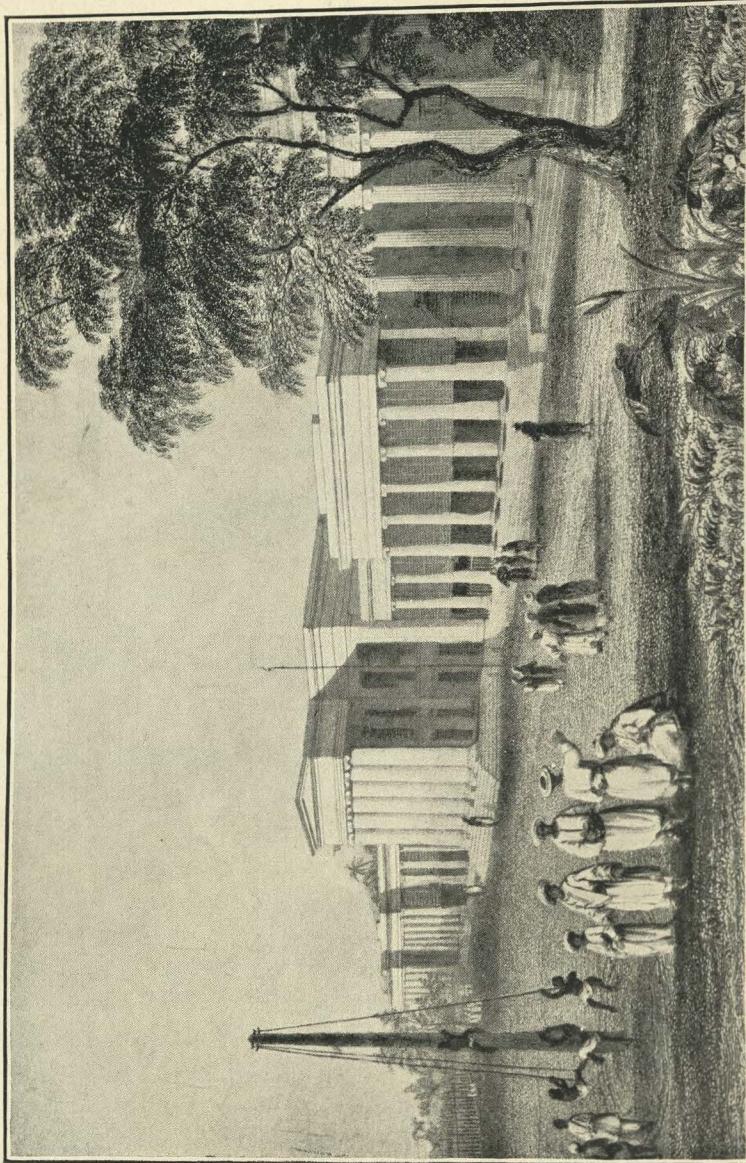
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HINDU COLLEGE



January 20, 1967 marks the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the Hindu College, the Senior Department of which was re-named Presidency College in June, 1855.

FOREWORD

The year 1964 marked the Golden Jubilee of the Presidency College Magazine. One more year has rolled by and the first issue after the Golden Jubilee is now being published. Let us hope that the College Magazine will maintain its standard and serve as an educational organ of the College. While the College has been running as usual, some of our problems are growing more and more complex. One such problem is the acute shortage of accommodation in spite of the new buildings.

It is high time that full-fledged post-graduate teaching was introduced (or, rather, restored) in this College in as many subjects as possible. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the Governing Body of the College passed a resolution on the 26th November, 1965, requesting the Government to accord a degree-granting status to the College. The resolution is now before the Government; it is much to be hoped that it will receive the consideration it merits. If there is any institution in India that should be granted this status immediately in the national interest, it is Presidency College, which for the last 150 years has filled the vital rôle of a centre of advanced training for the gifted students of the country. The implementation of the Governing Body's resolution will enable it to fill this rôle much more effectively than hitherto.

S. K. BASU
Principal

EDITORIAL

ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

*..... behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The Consort of his reign.*

Whether the present times will go down in history as a period of fruitful transition in the country's educational affairs, or a dark age of abject bungling is for posterity to judge. One fact, however, stands clear of all the dust kicked up by the Plans and Committee reports: our educational policies are still in the melting-pot. And the latest addition to this pot-pourri is the Education Commission's voluminous report—a report stimulating enough to spark off an editorial sermon. In a sense, however, it is unfair to the Commission to sit in judgment over its report for the full text of its deliberations is yet to be released. We have before us a summary of the report from which to draw our conclusions, and strictly speaking this is no proper summary. It is, in fact, an abridged version of the recommendations proposed. It gives us little about the thinking of the Commission on the various problems it has gone into. This being the case it would perhaps be better to study certain of the recommendations in the light of our own immediate hardships as students of the Calcutta University, than to range over the whole vast field of education through which the Commission's seventeen members have wearily plodded. The Education Commission has pulled few rabbits out of the hat for there are no surprises in the ills listed. For example, it needs no ghost to tell us that the educational structure is out of joint. The value of the Commission lies, therefore, not in its drawing fresh attention to this, but to the constructive suggestions put forward to set it right.

Dr. Kothari and his colleagues have rendered signal service in directing countrywide attention to the falling standards of Calcutta University. At long last the fat's in the fire. They have few bouquets to offer to the country's oldest university. Not unexpectedly this has caused a flutter in the roost. Newspaper reports indicate that the powers that be have not taken kindly to the idea of an investigation. By

suggesting a probe into the University's affairs, the Commission has unwittingly lifted the lid of a very nasty kettle of fish.

But no matter how many heads may roll, or how much heartburn it might cause, the rescue of the University from the morass in which it has come to be bogged down cannot be put off any longer. And to start from the bottom the first thing that should be done is to make the place physically clean. One wonders if there is any University in the world whose buildings can rival ours in dinginess and dirt, not to speak of ill-lighted corridors permanently filled with the stench of fried onions and other assorted smells. (The horrors of the cheap canteen have to be smelt to be believed.) It is all very well for the student community to be politically conscious but to express that consciousness by plastering the walls and steps with garishly painted posters is laying it on a bit too thick. And why only the students? One again wonders whether the University's practice of announcing the results of its post-graduate and Pre-University examinations on sheets of paper pasted on the walls is to be met with elsewhere. Would it be a terribly severe drain on the University's finances to install a few notice boards and to give the buildings an annual lick of paint?

Among the problems correctly identified by the Education Commission is that of the danger of unrestricted admission. As matters stand we are so many units being shuffled along assembly lines in the giant factories that are our universities. The U.G.C. has forced a phased reduction of students in a number of colleges but we still have miles to go in this respect. It is imperative that we slash the rolls further.

It is interesting to note that while the Science departments pick and choose, the Arts classes extend their hospitality to all and sundry. It is time for us to recognize that higher education is not everybody's cup of tea, and that the principle of selective admission be made a national policy for all courses and institutions. The problem, however, needs to be tackled at its roots. It will not do to merely crack down on the masses thronging the gates of colleges and universities without offering them alternatives. The process has to start lower down. Easy facilities for vocational training would absorb a large section of the not so academically minded who drift into the colleges for want of better things to do. The Commission has done some sane thinking on this point. It has stressed the need for a "concerted and sustained" programme to ensure that by 1980 some 20% of all enrolments at the lower secondary level and half of those beyond Class X are in

part-time or full-time vocational and professional courses. It is also hoped that by 1986 about a third of the total university enrolment in higher education should be provided through a system of correspondence courses and evening colleges. It has called for an expansion of industrial training and management institutes and says that a beginning should be made in the Fourth Plan to double the existing facilities. A rider to this proposition would be to consider guidance and counselling as integral parts of education at all stages. Years ago the Mudaliar Commission had strongly recommended that "the services of *trained* guidance officers and career masters be made available gradually and in an increasing measure to all educational institutions"¹—a valuable suggestion passed over in silence by the Government.

There is another front on which the problem has to be fought. The inordinate importance attached to University degrees in matters of employment must cease. How an Arts degree could possibly further a career in commerce passes comprehension. And since many commercial houses have started their own Management or Executive Trainee Schemes in which the candidates are licked into shape, the obsession with University degrees should be got rid of. It stands to reason that if the candidate is ultimately to be tailored according to a firm's particular needs, insistence on a formal University training is of little value. Unless we kill the habit of regarding degrees as passports to employment there can be no hope of the crowd of degree-hunters thinning out.

Teaching standards are a perennial source of heart-ache. The quality of University lectures in certain subjects beggars description, and not only University teaching, but undergraduate studies, too, have come under this blight. The teaching standards in most affiliated colleges are damnable. This directly results in low standards which lead to rioting in examination halls. It is not our intention to hold a brief for trouble-shooters hell-bent on anarchy, but in not a few cases are the examinees more sinned against than sinning. Teachers cannot be totally absolved from blame. Moreover, civilized methods of protest against erratic questioning and other irregularities (a fair share of which is carried by nearly every question paper) have all been worked to death. Anyone who has had any transactions with the University will readily swear to the insolence, crassness and maddening red-tapism that ties everyone from the lowest "notched and

¹ See B. D. Srivastava, *The Development of Modern Indian Education*, Longmans, 1963, p. 265. Italics mine.

cropt scrivener" to the most exalted in one gigantic knot.¹ It would perhaps be easier for a whole caravan of camels to troop through the eye of a needle than to get one's work done by our University men. There is only one language that is universally understood—the language of violence. It is amazing how much can be achieved through a little flexing of the muscles.

Most of our colleges are too poorly staffed to provide regular and efficient teaching. And the pity is that these colleges are mushrooming because the University is unable to resist pulls and pressures in granting affiliation. And once affiliation is granted the University loses all control. It cannot bring to book any college for its inadequacies and is bound to examine all candidates sent up for the finals. Under the 1951 Act the University's controlling authority over the colleges is limited and even that limited authority cannot be exercised for lack of administrative officers, and for fear of the inevitable pressures brought to bear on any benighted soul daring to tilt against these windmills. The Committee on Examinations Reforms now busy in framing a questionnaire would do well to ask a few questions about these powerful vested interests at play.

Contemplating the fate of most undergraduates grinding through such colleges, we at Presidency College cannot help being filled with gratitude for the little band of dedicated teachers who have made their profession the one passion of their lives, and who made learning a joy for us. Hour after hour, and long after normal college hours were over, we have sat enthralled listening to exposition and commentary of a beauty and brillance that set the soul aflame, a learning and scholarship before which the heart stood still. "Infinite riches in a little room"—and these we could not forgo were it to gain "all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." We have had a good innings and those who taught us are among the unsung heroes of history.

The solution to the sorry scheme of things prevailing elsewhere is theoretically simple. No matter what the set-up, if the quality of teachers is improved some good will come of it. And to do so one has to make the profession attractive. The Education Commission's recommendations for substantial up-grading of teachers' pay-scales at

¹ e.g. to get one's detailed mark-sheet one takes a challan from the rear entrance to the Cash section on the first floor, climbs to the fourth floor (lifts are only for the lame and the halt) to get it signed by a surly officer, deposits the urgent fee at the Cash counter on the first floor, hands in the receipt to the Marks section on the ground floor, and after a week receives the mark-sheet from a counter on the second floor.

all stages, reflects its awareness of the absurdity of ignoring teachers while trying to improve education, but it was in the happy position of not having to worry about financial resources. Surprisingly it has asked the Centre to bear almost the entire burden of additional expenditure. This is not as it should be. The State Governments must share the expenses for the sums involved are colossal ("astronomical" as Mr. Chagla gloomily observed). Education is a basic responsibility of the State and one of its chief obligations is to free our universities from financial worries. Need we stress that the money spent on education "pays itself back a hundred fold in returns of tremendous value for the life of a nation"? Today, the best brains of the country are being lured away to other paying professions and even those who, inspired by a spirit of sacrifice, try the gown for a time, soon begin casting about for a plot of greener grass. It is a matter of shame for the whole nation, as Dr. Radhakrishnan observed some time ago, that we deny our teachers even the basic amenities of life. The Government can no longer afford to drag its feet over this burning issue.

The importance of affording liberal library facilities to every student cannot be over emphasised. The U.G.C.'s scheme for text-book libraries is a commendable venture. Devaluation has hit students hard but matters could be eased somewhat by larger stocks in libraries, easier lending systems as well as generous book-grants to needy students. But the insanity of clipping pages by those who haven't the intelligence to summarize what they read must go. No amount of vigilance can prevent this. It has to be taught and inculcated at the earliest stages. We firmly believe that correct training in character building by parent and teacher right from the nursery will eliminate this curse.

The Mudaliar Commission strongly favoured the education of character as part of a school's curriculum—something to which little or no attention has been paid. And coupled with this is the question of extra-curricular activities. Do games, debates, seminars, symposia, public-speaking, films (as a serious art form) and the fine arts fall beyond the pale of education? There could be no greater travesty of truth to say that education is merely the acquisition of so much text-book information. One cannot help being struck by Tagore's conception of education as seen in his living poem, Santiniketan. A student of Viswa-Bharati University not only develops more freely but imbibes along with his lessons, the finer things of life. He emerges better refined, better cultured, in short, better educated, though perhaps in matters of dry scholarship the Calcutta University graduate may

justifiably fancy himself a cut above his Santiniketan counterpart. Classroom lessons are no imperishable treasures, but the ability to appreciate a work of art, or a piece of music, the ability to talk pleasantly and mix freely—these are permanent acquisitions and stand us in very good stead at every stage of life. And the difference between chaos and cosmos. It is the difference between Inferno and environs. It is a difference of two visions, of two attitudes to learning, of two interpretations of the word *education*. It is a difference as radical as that between ugliness and beauty, between evil and good, between chaos and cosmos. It is the difference between Inferno and Paradiso, between the castle at Elsinore and the forest of Arden, between Pandemonium and Eden. Just for an instance consider the convocation ceremonies of the two universities. On the one hand we have the music of Sanskrit chants and the beauty of the *chhatim* leaf symbol, on the other the degrees being carted around in baskets to cries of “*luchi! luchi!*”

One also wishes that the method of teaching through lectures be less rigorously practised and that more emphasis be laid on tutorials and seminars. Teaching, after all, is the art of assisting discovery, not of spoon-feeding. Little effort is made to develop a student's powers of thinking and independent judgment. One swears by one's lecture notes and even if one has an opinion to offer, one fights shy of it lest it be penalised. Judgments which differ from the one officially pronounced are rarely tolerated, leave alone respected.

It would be difficult to find a more ambitious post-graduate syllabus than the one current in the University, but more than the ambition, it is the content one feels tempted to cross swords with. At least the M.A. syllabus should have room for modern literature and modern movements (and modern does not mean T. S. Eliot), and at least a little of Continental literature—these not as compulsory topics but as optionals. There are equally glaring lacunae in subjects other than English. Students with Honours in Economics are compelled (not by the University, this is a Presidency College embroidery) to take Mathematics as their pass subject—perhaps wisely for mathematical methods are being increasingly used in Economics. But they spend months mastering the principles of astronomy where courses on Matrices, Set Theory or Linear Programming, we are told, would be of greater help. There are many other injustices burning to speak but it would be too tiring to catalogue them all. For example, the lot of science students being systematically frustrated in ill-equipped

laboratories has had to be left out, not to speak of the language muddle and the suggestion that there be a return to the old Intermediate courses.

But no editorial on education today could be complete without at least a quick look at the examination system. The entire system is carefully designed to encourage memory work, and the examinees oblige. Sheet after sheet is filled with memorized stuff and it grieves one to note that the device pays handsomely. A greater emphasis on tutorials (the marks of which would count in the final markings), periodic tests and terminal or yearly examinations would not only lighten the burden of heavily packed finals, but would ensure that the work is properly learnt. The results of this experiment in American universities show that there is little possibility of shirking or cramming ill-digested matter. We could do well to take a leaf out of their book. One hopes the Examinations Reforms Committee will be bold enough to suggest sweeping reforms and the authorities broad-minded enough to give them a try.

The use of a foreign medium of instruction, the imperfect knowledge of which compels the learner to take recourse to his memory, is responsible for the mechanization spoken of above. It will not do to indulge in platitudinous utterances to the effect that English is a great and noble language, a rich, international language, and that pleas for its removal are ignobly based on narrow, chauvinistic, rabidly anti-British prejudices. Fine words, it should be noted, butter no parsnips. There is nothing against allowing it to continue as a language in the curriculum but English will have to go as a medium of instruction. How long will we have to wait for a Prospero potent enough to free our culture and our boys and girls from the "cloven pine" of English? And to those who have the purity of the language at heart few things could be more painful than the daily horrors perpetrated on "the language of Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible" — "detestable boohooing" as Henry Higgins wrathfully phrased it.

The question of converting Presidency College into a University with full autonomy has been in the air for some time.* The suggestion demands the most searching considerations. The Education Commission has proposed the development of at least six major universities in the country, capable of undertaking "first class post-graduate work and research of an international standard." Presidency College could easily

* Since this question has been taken up in fuller detail later, it is only touched on here. See the note entitled *Degree-Awarding Status for Presidency College*, p. 21.

be one such, provided the Government agrees to defray expenses. It is a demand, we repeat, that deserves urgent and sympathetic attention. And even if this proposal is kicked under the carpet, permission should at least be granted for full post-graduate teaching in the College, though such a move wouldn't exactly warm the cockles of the University's heart. The University will probably take pains to see that the scores are even when it comes to correcting answer scripts—this danger will have to be faced. But post-graduate teaching in Presidency College would at least spare us the knowledge that "Aristotle wrote a book called *Poetics*," that "King Lear had three daughters" and—the one that took the cake—that "Milton's father was a Milton."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

To be asked to edit an issue of the Presidency College Magazine is, undoubtedly, very flattering to one's self-esteem, for a quick glance at the roll of past editors shows one to be in very distinguished company. One begins getting ideas about oneself. Definitely, a whole cubit is added to one's stature. But as it inevitably must, between the idea and the reality, between the potency and the existence (as Editor) there falls the shadow. The initial elation shades off into progressively darkening despair. Earlier, the Editor had fancied himself a line above the rest of creation, but the euphoria is pitifully short lived. To his great consternation he realises that he is completely at the mercy of the rest of creation for contributions. And when creation refuses to deliver the goods, the air which had been luminous with the jewelled rings of paradise since his appointment, abruptly ceases to be so. Things begin to take on a distinctly sombre look, especially because all cannot be grist that comes to the editorial mill. Contributions trickle in—it is the age of rations he is told—ghastly productions: poems like banshee wails, prose, reading which gives a feeling analogous to that experienced in chewing one's way through the soggiest of blankets, shamelessly plagiarized critical observations palmed off as intensely felt personal responses. It is the winter of editorial discontent. Much has been written on the refusal of our students to

write, but to no avail. Some refuse point blank, others promise and forget, still others say the thought is there, but it is struggling as in a "war-embrace" for expression. They are waiting, they tell the Editor for some kind soul to touch their lips with a live coal from God's altar, as the prophet Isaiah's were, and then the dykes will be breached. Such harmonious madness from their lips would flow, the world would hold its breath and listen as the Editor held his and listened. "Just you wite (wait)," they tell the Editor (as Eliza Doolittle cautioned Henry Higgins), the sun on the hill will forget to die, and the lilies revive, the dragon-fly come back to dream on the river. Till going to press, the sun, lilies and dragon-fly, remembered to die, persisted in drooping, and obstinately refused to dream, respectively.

* * * * *

Despite these early teething troubles the magazine has at long last seen the light of day and for this thanks are due to a number of people. I wish to place on record my deep sense of gratitude for the untiring help and guidance accorded me by Prof. Arun Kumar Das-Gupta of the English Department. Editorship is no lyric interlude in one's life, but it was indeed a pleasure to work on the magazine under the guidance and care of one so inspiring and helpful, for Prof. Das-Gupta has not hesitated a moment to go the second mile with me. My best thanks are also due to Prof. Hara Prasad Mitra, Head of the Department of Bengali, for readily agreeing to go through the Bengali contributions, and helping in the ticklish task of picking and choosing. To thank Prof. T. N. Sen, "master of those who know", is an acutely embarrassing proposition, and even a little temerarious —the sort of situation that might arise if a presumptuous amoeba suddenly took it into its head to thank the sun for favours received by the world at large, or if a little bit of aspiring plankton all at once resolved to square its account with the oceans. "Why, man" as many a contemporary Cassius in academic circles is given to observing from time to time,

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

His rod and his staff have comforted generations but not one in all those generations can ever hope to repay his debt

To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive.

Like a flaming torch he has been a light to others but a destruction to himself.

I also wish to thank the entire library staff for giving me free access to the inner sanctuaries and for tolerating my depredations in compiling the index published in this issue.

* * * *

A word about this number. The Magazine has been earning itself a bad reputation for consistently carrying in its columns "high-brow stuff." Sonorous discourses on matters of great moment have become a regular feature of the Magazine. I have not refused admission to sea-like voices, but I have also included in this issue contributions with a wider appeal, that can be read by all and not by a specialized few big with specialized knowledge accustomed to finding in the pages of the Presidency College Magazine, "the last reward of consummate scholarship". This will probably disconcert the purist who is all for dignity and pomposity, and who loves to excitedly point out the Presidency College Magazine as a crenellated castle housing medieval treasures. Some windows of this stuffy castle need to be smashed open to let in light and air. I have, therefore, had the temerity to publish some very simply written articles and some in a lighter vein—stuff that will certainly not set the Thames on fire but which, I hope, will win your favours by their simple sincerity and wit. And with men bent on worshipping "the shows of things", sincerity is certainly to be sought out, no matter how child-like it may look. It was after all the great bumble-bee in the Carlylian bonnet. And let the Magazine reflect for once the true standards of the College intelligentsia—the whole sweep of it from lovers of abstruse cogitations to lovers of fairy lore. Stranger bedfellows, I know, would be hard to come by, but as they say, it takes all sorts to make a College magazine. Whether this venture will land me in the soup I cannot tell. I trust it will not, but at least there is the comforting thought that there will be 6000 miles of very salty sea water between me and the angered by the time the issue makes its appearance. But in any event I sincerely hope the Magazine will be welcome to all palates and not merely to the gourmet's. It would be a thousand pities if it comes to be looked upon once more as caviare to the general.

Last year, Seminar reports and accounts of college activities were summarily scrapped—a *faux pas* about which the less said the better. The Seminar Secretaries enraged at not seeing their brain-children born, probably took their revenge this year by not sending in their reports. Repeated and urgent reminders in eye-catching rubric prominently posted in the General Notice Board failed to deter the Secretaries from wreaking vengeance on the hapless Editor. The sins of my predecessors, alas, came to be visited on my head. Students of certain departments may be pained at finding their activities going unnoticed. The Secretaries are to blame for this. It was not the Editor's doing.

The proper place for the Index appended to this issue should have been in the Golden Jubilee volume. For reasons which had safely been left as "unavoidable", it missed the bus last year. It has made it this year.

* * * * *

As we go to press the First Year classes are beginning. A word of welcome for the freshers with their shining morning faces (distinct left-overs from school for in college, faces rarely shine: they glow steadily). They will, no doubt, be welcomed by their respective departments, but the one being given them through the pages of the Magazine is no less cordial. Whether they will be able to look back to the years at Presidency College as three of the goldenest in their lives, or three of the blackest, is up to them. The years will be what they make of them. Many with no pre-knowledge of forbidden pleasures will find themselves suddenly pitch-forked into a co-ed system with its many allurements—at once a titillating and intensely disagreeable experience. Many illusions about the opposite sex are bound to be shattered and lessons learnt the hard way. They will emerge sadder and wiser from the many bouts of pleasantries exchanged with their opposite numbers, and I am sure, the experiences gained will stand them in very good stead in the years to come. It is futile, however, to preach caution for every generation will play the same. They will insist on rushing in where we would now fear to tread. The gods be with them!

Along with this one notices with regret the progressive deterioration in manners and behaviour of each new batch. One hates to bring this up but matters seemed to have reached a head. In dress and deportment, especially, Presidency College is becoming a rather ugly

sight. Will the authorities please stop the College from holding fashion parades and fancy-dress parties?—Strong language, admittedly, but entirely justified by the way matters are shaping at present. Let at least one educational institution in the city remain clean. It is for parents and college authorities to crack down on such aberrations, and see that young chits learn to respect their elders and seniors better, and that malicious scandal-mongering by cowardly backbiters be less frequently indulged in.

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It is our melancholy duty here to notice the deaths of several of our illustrious ex-students — Sri Rai Harendranath Chowdhury, M.A., LL.B., educationist and parliamentarian of very wide experience, former Education Minister, Government of West Bengal; Sri Nandalal Bose, one of the greatest artists produced by the country; Dr. Narendranath Law, M.A., Ph.D.; Sri Brindaban Sinha of the Paikpara Raj Family, advocate and Secretary to the Bangiya Sahitya Parishat; Sri Ullaskar Datta, the famous Bengal revolutionary; Sri Ajit Krishna Dutt, pharmaceutical chemist; Sri Bhaskar Mukherjee, former Chief Executive Officer, Calcutta Corporation; Sri Debendranath Ghose, Director of Apprentice Training, Government of West Bengal; Sri Bireswar Sen, stage, screen and radio artist; Dr. Indu Bhushan Roy, one of the senior most surgeons in the city; Dr. Sudhangsu K. Banerjee, eminent meteorologist.

We have also lost some ex-members of the teaching staff who died during the year under review—Prof. C. W. Peake, M.A. (Oxon.), I.E.S. (Mathematics and Physics); Prof. Bhupendra Chandra Das, M.Sc. (Mathematics); Prof. Hiran Kumar Banerjee, M.A. (Oxon.), B.Litt. (Oxon.), (English); Dr. Jyotirmoy Ghosh, M.A., Ph.D. (Edin.), (Mathematics); Prof. Sivaprasad Bhattacharya (Sanskrit and Bengali); Pandit Harihar Sastri, M.A., Vidyabhusan, (Sanskrit).

Since we last went to press some international figures have also passed away — Dr. Bhaba, India's foremost nuclear physicist, Sri Panchanan Maheswari, eminent botanist, Arthur Whaley (known for his translation of Chinese poems), Sri Asutosh Sastri (Sanskrit scholar), Harit Krishna Deb, Indologist, Gordon Craig, one of the makers of the modern theatre, Evelyn Waugh, novelist, Achille Mario Dogliotti, eminent cardiologist and Galtier-Boissiere, a doyen of the French press, V. D. Savarkar, renowned political leader and ex-revolutionary, D. D. Kosambi, mathematician, philosopher, historian and linguist of inter-

national repute, Miss Malvina Hoffman, one of America's foremost sculptors, L. Dudley Stamp, famous geographer. We offer our respectful homage to the memories of the deceased.

The sudden and tragic death of Sri Rabin Sanyal, a student of the First Year Geology Honours classes on April 19, 1966, came as a rude blow to his many friends. We know not what word of consolation to offer his parents and relatives and friends. *Requiescat in pace.*

* * * * *

The English students will be missing the lectures of one of their most brilliant teachers, Prof. Amal Bhattacharji, who is leaving for Cambridge in September. We wish him a happy stay in the U.K., but also wish on behalf of the many students feeling lost at his departure, that he return quickly!

Prof. Rabindranath Mazumdar, also of the English Department, is at present in Queen Mary's College, London, for higher studies. We send him our best wishes.

* * * * *

Some of our distinguished students are going abroad for higher studies. Sri Abhijit Roy Chowdhury (Economics) is going to Trinity College, Cambridge, Sri Amitbikram Mukherjee (History) to the School of Oriental and African Studies, London University, Sri Partha Behari Mukherjee (Philosophy) to King's College, London, Sri Jishnu Dey (Physics) to Sussex University, Sri Raj Kumar Roy Chowdhury (Mathematics) to Durham and Sri Subhas Basu (English) to University College, Oxford. Sri Debajyoti DasGupta is already in the U.K. taking a course in Chartered Accountancy. Our warmest wishes for success go with each of them. May they hold high the name of their College and acquit themselves with credit as ambassadors of their country.

* * * * *

Our College has again swept the board clean of medals and prizes at the last University examinations. Details are given below.

PERCENTAGE OF PASSES: P.U. (Arts) 91.6, P.U. (Sc.) 98.48; B.A. 96, B.Sc. 92.25; M.A. 83.3 M.Sc. 81.13.

The 6th place in P.U. (Arts) has gone to Presidency College, and the 1st, 5th and 8th places in P.U. (Sc.).

FIRST CLASSES—B.A. (3-Yr. Degree Course): English 2, History 1, Economics 4, Political Science 3.

—B.Sc. (3-Yr. Degree Course) : Physics 16, Chemistry 2, Mathematics 6, Statistics 1, Geology 2, Botany 3, Physiology 6.

—M.A.: English 2, Philosophy 3, Political Science 3, Sanskrit 2, Geography 2.

—M.Sc.: Physics 3, Chemistry 1, Applied Mathematics 3, Physiology 1, Geology 6, Zoology 2.

—“God's plenty!” as an incorrigible enthusiast quipped.

The Pre-University Arts classes at Presidency College are being abolished from this year. Government sanction to this effect was received some time ago.

* * * * *

The College has won fresh laurels this year at the All India Examinations. Sri Sujit Shankar Chatterjee, one of the finest jewels studding the crown of the College and the University has taken the 11th place at the I.A.S. examination held in November last. He was offered a place in the Foreign Service, but he loves his country too much to leave her. A pity because the Foreign Service badly needs to be bolstered by quality and intelligence. He has opted for the I.A.S.

Sri Saurindranath Roy, Sri Sankarlal Chakrabarty (allied services) and Sri Samarendranath Biswas have also been selected for the I.A.S. Our heartiest congratulations to each of them.

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Among ex-students who have achieved distinctions in public life may be mentioned Sri Sachindranath Chaudhuri, Finance Minister, Government of India, Sri D. N. Sinha, Chief Justice, Calcutta High Court, Dr. Bhabatosh Dutta, Education Secretary, Government of West Bengal, Sri Sisir K. Mukherjee and Sri Sombhu Ghose, both additional judges of the Calcutta High Court. Most of the present judges of the Calcutta High Court were alumni of the College.

We send them our felicitations.

* * * * *

Our debating and quiz teams (Pradeep Mitra, Somnath Sen, Sundar Chatterjee, Amit Mitra) deserve a big hand for the numerous trophies they have bagged in contests held all over the city. They themselves have probably lost count of their cups and prizes. There have been so many.

The drama unit also deserves to be congratulated on winning the Inter-College Drama Competition held at the I.I.T., Kharagpur.

The 150th anniversary of Hindu College, our progenitor, falls on 20th January, 1967. Plans are afoot for suitable celebrations.

* * * * *

For some time we have been watching a certain figure moving around the College, roping in people for the N.C.C., irresistibly reminding one of Falstaff recruiting soldiers. From him, passionately addicted to the pleasures of N.C.C. (for it haunts him, he says, like a passion), comes this report:—

The Presidency College N.C.C. unit, known as the 35th Bengal Infantry Battalion, has an authorised strength of 600 cadets, comprising 3 companies and 3 officers. But it has been seen that hardly more than 300 cadets are ever on parade at a time. This dislike for N.C.C. training stems from several factors. One is the built-in resistance to all compulsory things, another is the complete lack of incentive and encouragement from the College authorities, who would, nevertheless, like to see their unit as one of the best.

It is not possible for students to undergo physical exercise after attending classes the live-long day, especially when it involves trekking it to the maidan. Could not the parades be held on the College field which seems to serve no purpose other than being an ornament to the premises? I would also ask the people concerned to arrange for a subsidized canteen for the cadets. The raising of a girl's troop for the benefit of the large number of interested girls in the College should also be considered.

Some Presidency College cadets have done very well in the N.C.C. though they were not members of the regular College unit:

PRATIP KUMAR SEN (English Honours 1962-65)—was a member of the Squadron team (1st Bengal Armoured Squadron, i.e.,) that won the Earl Robert Shooting Competition in Bengal, and the All-India Burdwan Trophy Shooting Championships in 1963—attended two annual training camps with distinction—was awarded the Governor's Medal for the Best Cadet in Bengal in Nov, 1964—was a member of the C. U. shooting team which came second in the Inter-University Shooting Contest at Ambala in Dec. 1964—stood first in the *B* and *C* certificate examinations of his unit in 1963 and 1964—was among 8 cadets selected from Bengal to attend the All-India Summer Training Camp at Mt. Abu in May 1965—commanded his Squadron's troop of armoured cars two years in succession at the Calcutta Republic Day parade.

ADITI NATH SARKAR (English Honours, at present a 2nd Year P.G. student of the College)—joined the 1st Bengal Air Squadron in Dec. 1962—stood first in the *B* and *C* Certificate Examinations of his unit—attended annual training camp at Joynagar in 1963—obtained Student's Pilot's License in 1965—was a member of the West Bengal Contingent which won the Inter-State N.C.C. Banner at Delhi in 1966—was a member of the special Guard of Honour for the Prime Minister in Delhi—passed with credit the 51st Basic Mountaineering Course in Darjeeling in April 1966.

PARTHA BEHARI MUKHERJEE (Philosophy Honours, 1962-65)—also of the 1st Bengal Armoured Squadron—is a good rifle shot—attended two annual training camps—was selected to attend the Army Attachment camp at the Armoured Corps Centre and School at Ahmadnagar in 1965, where he was trained in all aspects of tank warfare—also received training in the driving and maintenance of all types of tanks in the Indian Army, as well as in the firing and mechanism of their armaments—stood first in the *B* and *C* Certificate Examinations of his unit in 1964 and 1965.

SERGEANT MIHIR SENGUPTA (Geology, 1960-66) also of the 1st Bengal Armoured Squadron—was selected to attend the Army Attachment camp at Sangroo, Punjab, in June 1966 with the 17th Poona Horse and the 3rd Light Cavalry—received training in Centurion, Shurman and the Russian PT 76 tanks.

* * * * *

A decision was taken by the College a few years ago that the two Science Blocks and the Assembly Hall, newly constructed, should be named respectively Jagadishchandra Bhavan, Acharya Prafullachandra Bhavan (this will accommodate the Chemistry Department), and James Hall (after Principal James, who first conceived the idea of an assembly Hall, and enquired till his last days if the College had its Hall). A resolution to this effect was also adopted by the Governing Body of Presidency College.

A small Government grant was asked for in connection with the inauguration of and name plaques for these three buildings, and for setting up three busts. A recent reply from the Education Department states that inauguration (of these buildings) is unnecessary. (We had proposed to invite the Rajyapal, as Official Visitor of the College, to perform the ceremony). It also states that the naming of these buildings is to be put off, and, as for the busts, an appeal to private

charity would be preferable to a Government grant for this purpose.

Let us compare. When the Main Building was constructed, the foundation stone was laid by the Viceroy, Lord Northcliffe, himself in 1872. When the building was completed in 1874, it was inaugurated by Sir George Campbell, Lt.-Governor of Bengal. The ceremony was attended by the Viceroy. The Baker Laboratory, when completed, was inaugurated by Lord Carmichael, Governor of Bengal, in 1913.

It seems that now, when we have a national Government, we have to consider as unnecessary what was *not* considered so under foreign rule. We also learn that the proposal to name the two Science Blocks after two of the greatest sons of Modern Bengal is one that had better wait!

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Since the columns of the College magazine have been used in the past to voice complaints, we intend following precedent in letting off some steam here.

For some years, the College has been playing a rather dirty trick on students seeking admission. For some mysterious reason Presidency College opens its admission and announces its selection lists when the other colleges have closed theirs. As a result applicants are forced to take admission elsewhere (which costs a pretty penny) while waiting for our decision. This practice deserves the strongest condemnation on all counts. There is no justification in compelling students to waste a whole lot of money before admitting them. One hopes this cruel game will be given up. The process of admitting students must be speeded up to synchronize it with those of other colleges. It does not befit a College of our standing to play ducks and drakes with other people's money.

The way tuition fees are collected from College students also needs to go by the board. Two days in a month are allotted (and for less than two hours on each day) for depositing fees, and in those four hours a hundred and fifty students, sometimes more, are expected to finish their business. It should be noted that the mad stampede at the cash counter in no way beautifies the College. What is worse the hours allotted invariably clash with classes. One skips one's classes to pay one's fees (for the College is extraordinarily prompt in striking names off the rolls), and then has to go about like a guilty thing, taking pains not to swim into the offended professor's ken. Cannot the first seven days of the month be kept apart or even two *full* days,

to receive fees? Why such an inept system should be followed in a College habitually given to making extravagant claims about its intellectual prowess, passes comprehension.

We have cried ourselves hoarse about the need for a canteen but to no avail. The need is paramount and all concerned are aware of it. There is little point, therefore, in stopping here to break this butterfly on the wheel of editorial indignation. The Magnolia canteen, for reasons not divulged, has disappeared. Dare we hope for a substitute?

The auditorium lies completed but unutilized. Rumours have it that we are waiting for a grand opening ceremony to be performed by some grand personage. How long all this grandness will lie germinating in the womb of the future, is not for us mortals to know. Meanwhile students continue being systematically suffocated in the Physics Lecture Theatre.

Our catalogue of woes is far from exhausted but we will wind up with one more. Though the Library has a splendid collection students are denied full benefit of it. The student catalogues are hopelessly out of date and most borrowers are not happy the way their requisition slips are rejected on grounds of non-availability. How far the books are really "out" needs a little looking into. We hope these remarks will not be interpreted as reflections on the library staff. They are fighting against overwhelming odds and doing the best of a bad business. Unless the staff is strengthened by fresh recruits, the present inadequacies will continue to show up.

The Chemistry Department will soon be moving into a new home. Could not the vacated rooms be converted into stack-rooms to receive the unending stream of books swamping the present limited space? The way books and journals have to be dumped in the Library is profoundly shocking to say the least.

* * * * *

But enough. We are murdering to dissect. We have discoursed at length on sundry things and aired our differences with the authorities on a variety of topics as unrelated as kings and cabbages. Despite these shortcomings, Presidency College continues to shine in undimmed glory—a glory which we could well describe as solar if we remember that the sun, too, is not without its patches of darkness. It is not for us, however, to ring down the curtain, sights trained only on the sun spots.

Editorship of the College magazine has been no bed of roses, but it will certainly be one of the happiest memories lighting up the Editor's later years. As he looks back at the close of his college career he cannot help sorrowing at the termination of an attachment that brought him so much happiness. And in what better way can one bid goodbye to Presidency College than with the very warmest wishes for its continued prosperity and greatness, and many years of plenty? —A prosperity and greatness which one feels will be her's till "the crack of doom", for she is "not of an age but for all time".

*Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.*

ED.

DEGREE-AWARDING STATUS FOR PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

On the 26th November, 1965, the Governing Body of Presidency College adopted a resolution asking the Govt. of West Bengal to take the necessary steps for conferring on the College a degree-granting status up to the post-graduate and research stages so that the College might have the power to frame its own syllabi and hold its own examinations. The resolution focuses a long-cherished feeling among numerous members of the College, past and present, that Presidency College (which, incidentally, completes the 150th year of its existence on the 20th January next) cannot fulfil itself nor give to the nation all that it is capable of unless and until such a status is attained.¹

For a number of years teachers and advanced students of Presidency College have been carrying on a lone struggle against conditions imposed by its affiliation to the Calcutta University. Inevitably, this

¹ The Executive Committee of the Presidency College Alumni Association adopted a resolution on the subject (reproduced elsewhere in this issue) in a meeting held on the 17th August, 1966.

futile battle has left its scars on the intellectual life of this College and the cumulative lesion makes such drastic remedy as the resolution proposes the only answer to the present condition. A College which insists, in the face of hostile criticism, on admitting Honours undergraduates on the basis of independent tests, owes it to its students that they should derive the full benefit of the incorporation of standards implicit in such tests in subsequent stages of their academic career, and be immunized against alien conditions of academic success or failure at the terminal stage.

It is a national necessity of the first magnitude that a country should have proper provision for adequate training of its talented youth. This means, in practical terms, that it should have a few select institutions, conveniently located, that impart education of a standard more advanced and exacting than what is provided by colleges and universities of the usual type. Such institutions must necessarily be autonomous in respect of their syllabi, curricula, and examinations. India has clear need of at least one such institution in each of its five Zones: east, west, north, south, and central. So far as the east zone is concerned, the rôle of such an institution belongs to Presidency College by natural right. It is thus a national necessity that the Govt. of W. Bengal should accord to Presidency College as soon as possible the status recommended by the Governing Body's resolution. In W. Bengal, at the present moment, there is not a single institution that educates talented students to the right standard. Presidency College could do it, and tries as a matter of fact to do it, but is frustrated in its efforts by its attachment to the moorings of the Calcutta University. The Govt. of W. Bengal owes it to the nation and to the State to liberate the College from an affiliation that tends constantly to pull it down and charge it with an express mandate for the establishment and maintenance of standards of teaching, study, research, and examination higher than those of any university in India.

DANTE MEETS BEATRICE IN THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE*

[This translation of *Purgatorio*, Canto xxx, Lines 22-73, is being reprinted from Vol. II of the Presidency College Magazine (1915) in commemoration of the 700th anniversary of Dante's birth. J. W. Holme, who translated this extract, was Professor of English in this College from 3rd November, 1910, to 1st August, 1923. An M.A. of Liverpool University, he came out here in the Indian Educational Service. A distinguished Shakespearean scholar, he edited the Old Arden *As You Like It* in 1914. He was also a fine Italian scholar. This free translation in blank verse of one of the most intimately personal cantos of the *Purgatorio* reveals the depth and richness of his intellectual endowments.]

Oft have I seen, before the break of day,
The glowing East all rosy with the dawn,
While in the West a softer flush was spread;
The sun arose, o'ershadowed first with mist,
Granting mine eyes endurance of his beams.
So, deep within a far-spread cloud of flowers
Flung round by angels' hands, I could discern
A lady olive-crown'd; her veil was white
But shining through her mantle green she seemed
Clothed in living flame. My weary spirit,
That long ago had trembled, broken down
With awe of that fair presence, felt again
The might of ancient love. Again there smote
Upon my eyes the splendour of her soul,
That first had pierced me even in boyhood's days.
Then as a frightened child runs trustingly
Unto its mother's knee, I turned me round
To say to Virgil, "Every drop of blood
Throughout my body trembles, for I feel
Within my heart the flames of ancient love."
But he my master, he my constant guide,
To whom for my soul's good I gave myself,

* Reprinted from *The Presidency College Magazine*, Vol. II, No. 4, December 1915, p. 254.

Had left me with the vision; all the grace
 That our first mother lost could not avail
 To keep from my bedewed face the tears.
 "Weep not, O Dante, weep no more for this,
 Keep back your tears for yet another sword!"
 As some great seaman from the bows or stern
 Looks o'er the crews that serve him in his fleet,
 And heartens them to greater deeds, so I,
 Turning around to hear whence came my name
 Saw there my lady, bending down her eyes
 To where, across the stream, I stood. Her veil,
 Crowned with Minerva's leaves, obscured her face,
 Yet regally she stood, and spoke as one
 Whose burning words are kept unto the last:—
 "Look well on me; indeed am I, indeed
 Am I Beatrice."

(Purg. XXX 22-73).

tr. J. W. HOLME.

PROF. HIRON KUMAR BANERJEE

DR. SAILENDRA KUMAR SEN

Professor Hiron Kumar Banerjee, who died 20th February, 1965, joined the Department of English at the Presidency College in 1923, and taught here for eighteen years (with one short break), creating a rich *personal* tradition. His pupils, themselves now in their middle age or perhaps past it, recall still the first thrill of listening to him. He spoke English as one to the manner born; and it was chaste, literary English all the time, and his accent and intonation were indistinguishable from the educated Englishman's. Though his exact Biblical scholarship was beyond the range of their interests, they sat for hours each week in the hushed atmosphere of the class-room listening in incredulous admiration. Many freshers had the superstitious belief that he could

speak only one language (which, of course, was English). But the senior students of the English Honours classes were privileged to meet him outside the class-room, and to them were revealed the Indian mind and personality of their professor who dressed in impeccable English style. He taught English literary history besides the English Bible, and we would have loved to hear him on Fielding and the mid eighteenth century but had to forgo that happiness, for he discoursed long and lovingly on whatever has significance, and a century's literature separated us from Fielding when the two years' course of lectures ended. It was something finer than scholarship and stronger than sensitiveness (though he had both) that characterized his discussions of literature in the class-room: this was a passionate regard for the values of life, evident particularly when he talked to us of Germanic heroic poetry, Chaucer's poetry and Chaucer's England, Malory and Henryson, the English humanists of the Classical Renaissance, Spenser, and the literature of the Reformation. He made a notable contribution to 18th-century English studies in his book, *Henry Fielding: His Life and Works*, which was published by Basil Blackwell in 1929. Originally prepared as a dissertation in the University of Oxford, the book is a valuable collection of primary materials, and after nearly four decades still needs to be consulted on some aspects of Fielding's personality and work.

After retiring from the Presidency College in 1941 when he was Senior Professor and Head of the English Department, he devoted a few more years to education as the Honorary Principal of St. Paul's College at Calcutta, and then settled at Darjeeling where he had long ago bought a house for his ailing mother. The cottage on the Birch Hill slopes, which he had affectionately christened Sunny Bank, had a regular stream of visitors, mostly from the educational institutions of the town, St. Joseph's College at far-off North Point, St. Paul's School on high Jalapahar, Loreto House, and the Government College. Having been his pupils or junior colleagues at the Presidency College, the Principals and the Senior Professors of the Government College at Darjeeling were privileged visitors, and often sought this upright man's advice. But whoever was close to him learnt from his life that good teachers are good men first.

MARLOWE, SHAKESPEARE AND THE THEIR TRAGIC KATHARSIS

SABYASACHI CHATTERJEA

Alumnus: 1952-55

Renascence comedy entered the English stage without much formal change. Jonson's school of Elizabethan comedy modelled itself very comfortably and with the translated ease of a madrigal on the formal blueprints of Terence and Plautus. In contradistinction, formal tragedy changed substantially. Elizabethan tragedy was essentially narrative. It told the complete story and sought to establish complete rapport between auditor and protagonist by taking the auditor from early introductions through gradual heightening of plot to the final narrative climax, placing equal importance on all phases of the narrative enactment. In this it differed from the formal discipline of renascence tragedy, which was essentially built around the climax and the catastrophe.

It could even be said that because of this formal change the essential purpose of tragedy suffered. Classical tragedy had been modelled on Freytag's Pyramid, the pyramid's incline building gradually up to a climax, from which there is a gradual descent to a plane of peace and tranquillity. Peace and tranquillity are not to be taken literally. Dramatic content does not necessarily resolve itself into peaceful equilibrium. Wars are fought, dead are strewn over battlefields, and concluding scenes reverberate to the sounds of war. Peace and tranquillity rule in the mind of the auditor when he leaves the auditorium and walks back home. There is a sense of justice having been done and what will be, will be. The dramatic passions built up in the minds of the audience are released. That is what the Greek dramatists truly meant by *Katharsis*.

The Kathartic end was not fully attained by the early Elizabethan tragedists' preoccupation with narrative completeness. It could have been attained if the English theatre chose to stage Greek-style drama in amphitheatres, continuing through the nights for ten or twelve hours. In the limited confines of the Elizabethan stage and within the short space of the three or four hours available, to achieve full kathartic fulfilment after a complete narration was impossible. The results would

have been comic, with Tamburlaine and Coriolanus hard-pressed for time and chasing their respective adversaries around their peninsular stage like Keystone cops.

One hates to blame the Elizabethan stage unduly. It is a matter of interesting speculation that but for the mechanical disadvantages of that stage the early Elizabethan tragedists would have forgotten Katharsis completely. It is certainly true that Christopher Marlowe tried his very best to forget when he allowed the Jew of Malta to fall through a trap door into the well of the stage.

Did Marlowe discover Katharsis by accident? It would appear from facts on record that he did. His accident was a child of structural experimentation.

The Elizabethan stage was structurally suited to comedy but was not cut out for the greater requirements of tragedy. In historical tragedy one required painted battlefields. The Elizabethan stage had not much by way of props. In tragedy people died. In the Elizabethan stage there were no drop screens to conceal the dead. Disposal of corpses posed a serious problem. It would have appeared extremely ridiculous if a couple of gawky stage-hands walked in to remove bodies while the audience looked on, or the erstwhile dead suddenly came to life and shuffled off the stage while the auditors were still filing out of the auditorium. Therefore the dramatists had to evolve ways and means of removing the dead protagonist with some decorum. Marlowe got rid of the Jew's body by making him plunge into the innards of the stage itself. In his other plays, he wastes the minimum of stage time to remove the dead hero. Just a few lines of convenience are composed to enable supporting characters to carry away their lifeless master.

Marlowe's was accordingly a Katharsis of convenience. Where one spent the best part of a classical tragedy in assuring proper release of built-up passions, Marlowe expected his auditors to release their emotions in a few minutes and gain a miraculous peace of mind shortly thereafter.

Yet, like all similar men of genius Marlowe was in the process of creative experimentation. Unfortunately for us, he did not live long enough to find a solution to his problem of dramatic structure. Other men of genius after him did and many of them profited from Marlowe's errors.

In Shakespeare's early plays, there are indications that he too used climax and catastrophe in a telescopic hurry. Shakespeare's earliest tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*, was published in 1594 and betrays consider-

able structural immaturity. The carnage is left until scene 3 (the last) of Act V draws to a close, where all dramatic scores are settled in a great hurry. The closing oration of Lucius is so typical:

Some loving friends, convey the Emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weed,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds to prey,
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And being dead, let birds on her take pity.

One can almost imagine Saturninus whisper, like Richard II, "Conveyors are ye all!" from his corner of the stage while Lucius so thoughtfully arranges the disposal of his body. And the good Lord take pity on the audience, from whom the calm, still thoughts of Katharsis are far away as vultures feed on putrid human flesh.

In *Romeo & Juliet*, Shakespeare's other early tragedy, he seeks the auditors' poetic acceptance of the place of death by allowing both hero and heroine to die conveniently in the tomb of the Capulets. There is still no attempt to use the period after death to any good dramatic purpose. *Hamlet*, written about 1601, contrasts favourably. Although the ending is typical and ruled by the requirements of the stage (Exeunt marching, presumably with bodies, as peals of shots are heard in the distance), there is already a sense of calm and of justice having been done. Othello, the Moor of Venice, in fact dies long before the physical act of his death. This play, published in 1604, closes with a sense of release which contrasts sharply with the involved intricacies of the early Iago scenes. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, was written about 1607 and is structurally more perfect. Here, as in his other late plays like *Tempest* and *Henry VIII*, the poet has attained full dramatic maturity.

A full circle has been made and *Pericles* ends in a Greek atmosphere. The hesitant experimentation of the early Elizabethans has at last blossomed out into a pure classical form. One almost hears the religious incantations as the last scene of Act V opens in Ephesus, the temple of Diana. And Gower speaks like a Greek chorus when a Greek Katharsis has been finally achieved!

In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
 Of monstrous lust the dues and just reward;
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
 Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen
 Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast....
 So, on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

ON KNOWING: AN ATTEMPT AT A LINEAR EPISTEMOLOGICAL MODEL

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[For THE GENERAL READER: If the sentences preceded by a single star (*) and the paragraphs preceded by the dagger sign (†) are omitted, no pre-knowledge of abstract algebra is needed though it is helpful. All the mathematics needed is developed briefly except for the sentences and paragraphs referred to above and the mathematical interlude which ends at the double star (**). In fact most of the article is for the general reader.]

This essay is not written for students of formal philosophy. The author will therefore freely use without apology terms like "mind", "quality", "category" etc., which it would take several treatises to explain. The author wishes to place certain problems of the theory of knowledge before students of the disciplines which are concerned with extracting the raw materials of knowledge—physicists, economists, psychologists, perhaps mathematicians (and others). Perhaps it is sometimes worthwhile to cogitate on what we really have extracted and why and how we do it.

Basic Limitation :

What we know is ultimately composed of sensations and concepts formed in the mind. Let us label any such elementary mental construct as $x(i)$ where i is an index. The term

“elementary” is relative. We may, for example, take $x(i)$ to be the mental view of the colour red. But we may break this up into smaller components: the feeling, the affect (*sic*) associated with the colour in my mind, the precise location in the spectrum where I place this colour and the breadth of the area I call red, and so on, each of which I may label $x(i)$. Therefore, “elementary” takes meaning with reference to the problem in hand. The set of all possible elements $x(i)$, comprising all the possible elements that can arise in the human mind in future, the elements that exist at present in my mind, in your mind, in the minds of every person existing at this instant, and the elements that have existed in the past, will be denoted by S , and called the sense space. The basic limitation is that *our knowledge can, in the final limit, take form only within S*. If reality exists outside S and S distorts this reality then the distortion is irreducible. This is a disheartening limitation. Scientific knowledge is obtained through experiments: actions on nature, reactions, and their interpretation. The interpretation rests finally on the connexion between the different steps of argument, based on logic. If logic, which springs from the mind, be inapplicable to external reality we cannot hope to know anything, ever. This possibility is not really far-fetched. E.g. the mind believes in the Principle of Causality: The same cause, *i.e.* the same sequence and assemblage of phenomena at one time point, leads to the same effect, *i.e.* the same (though possibly different from the case of the cause) sequence and assemblage of phenomena at the next time-point. But quantum physics claims that in most cases a single cause is associated with several possible effects, with varying degrees of probability associated with them. Sometimes one effect will occur, and sometimes another. Therefore, basic contradictions arise even within S . The problem of the relationship between S and reality is enormously more complex. Even mathematics founders on the rock of Godel’s theorem: In the system of arithmetic propositions exist which cannot be proved or disproved using the axioms of arithmetic and the laws of logic (consistency). People wonder if this holds for all logical systems.

This basic limitation sharply defines the boundaries of knowledge.

The easiest way out is to suppose that S is immutable, existing from time immemorial to time unforeseeable, complete and closed, with no interaction with anything else, so that the question of anything else does not arise. Phenomena and change are only apparent: everything is a part of the Red King’s dream. This view has close

connexion with certain schools of Hindu and Greek philosophy. We shall start from the opposite view-point.

Postulate I: *The apprehension of objects or entities outside the mind by the mind, e.g., the apprehension of a pencil, embodied in a certain element, $x(i)$ belonging to S or a collection of such elements is started from some actual entity present outside the mind.*

If we collect certain elements $x(i)$, say n in number, purposefully, i.e., if the elements have an underlying unity in choice, e.g. for the pencil the elements of colour (wavelength, velocity, amplitude), solidity (intermolecular spacing, forces, stability, amplitudes of oscillation etc.) etc., then the collection represents a distinct entity which we call a sense n -tuple, or sense-tuple, or s -tuple x . x corresponds to the pencil or to one aspect of it.

Let x correspond to the material aspect of the pencil in S , i.e., what it looks, feels, sounds like (we can be precise and list coefficients and constants of physical, chemical etc. properties) and y correspond to the uses of the pencil. Clearly x and y together mean something definite and sensible. Let us try to give some mathematical formalism to the concepts of the last two paragraphs.

Categories :

Let us prepare a number n of categories for describing any mental construct in terms of (mentally created) scientific concepts: refractive index, wavelength, dissociation constant, intelligence quotient erythrocyte sedimentation rate, adrenal cortex activity, the law of large numbers and so on. Conceivably, n might tend to infinity, denumerable or non-denumerable. If no restriction was made for convenience of handling n might tend to a continuous infinity. However, no details can be pursued in a general essay of this character.

Every phenomenon under examination can then be categorised. If the total number of categories n is defined as the maximum of all possible divisions into categories of all possible phenomena, then every phenomenon can be given n categories by placing a null entry $O(i)$ in the categories we do not apply. $O(i)$ is supposed to be a member of S . Then every phenomenon examined can be formalised as a sense n -tuple x consisting of n elements of the type $x(i)$ belonging to S . If we always take the n categories in a definite order the n -tuples are ordered. A geometrical picture of the different categories marking out different directions in an n -dimensional space emerges and the

formalisation becomes easy. Science is the filling (after preparation) of the categories.

The Nature of the Spaces of the $x(i)$ and the x :

We associate two elements $x(i)$ and $x(j)$ of S , e.g., we take the wavelength of red light and the intensity of the red light from a traffic signal. The result is a meaningful concept in the brain combining the two elements i.e. we get another element of S viz. $x(k)$. We write

$$(1) \quad x(i) + x(j) = x(k)$$

Evidently, (2) $x(i) + [x(j) + x(k)] = [x(i) + x(j)] + x(k)$

$$(3) \quad x(i) + o(i) = x(i) \text{ for every } x(i) \text{ in } S$$

$$(4) \quad x(i) + x(j) = x(j) + x(i)$$

The mind is a powerful entity. The red wavelength and the rather low intensity are simultaneously apprehended and formed into a new concept. From this compound view we may discharge the low intensity and still retain a concept of redness. The concept of subtraction creeps in:

(5) There exists a process inverse to $+$. The element in the mind that is instrumental in removing a mental construct from consciousness we denote by $-1(i)$ [$+1(i)$ naturally appears as the element of cognition]. We define a new operation between any two elements of S which we symbolise by writing the elements in juxtaposition: $x(i)x(j)$. The operation is not very easy to define. It is the abstraction from statements like "the colour of a sphere." The difference with $+$ is clear. $+$ is abstracted from statements like: "The pencil is *solid and red*."

Then, $x(i)x(j) = x(k)$ belonging to S . We write $-1(i)x(i) = -x(i)$. Clearly $x(i) - x(i) = O(i)$ — (5).

We are led into problems because we have to consider statements like "the colour of noise." The essay was written in a hurry just before the magazine went to the press and there was no time to analyse the point. Side-tracking is simple. In actual search for knowledge we shall discard such combinations and so no contradictions will ensue. *The situation is somewhat similar to the case of the real numbers. *They form a field except for the fact that zero has no inverse. *No problem arises in the cases that can be treated by real analysis because we forbid division by zero.

With this new operation the laws (1) to (5) are valid except for (4) with $1(i)$ playing the role of $O(i)$. The inverse operation exists: From the concept "the colour of a sphere" we can take away mentally

"colour" or "sphere" leaving a meaningful construct. Therefore, the operation "of" can be annulled.

(4) obviously does not hold. "The intensity of red" is different from "the red of intensity" The first makes sense, the second is inadmissible. $\therefore x(i)x(j) \neq x(j)x(i)$. (*However, there is no need to distinguish between right and left unit elements or inverses, as will appear on a little thought.) Left multiplication and right multiplication therefore differ in quality. This is quite a happy conclusion e.g. for a limited range of description the left and right quantities in phrases like "the colour of a sphere," "the intensity of red," "the separation of the electrons" differ in quality. Again there was no time to go into this interesting point.

The reader is left to justify

$$(10) \quad x(i)[x(j) + x(k)] = x(i)x(j) + x(i)x(k).$$

e.g. the *colour of a red solid* = the *colour red* + the *colour of a solid*.

In fact, if a particular solid is being thought of both sides reduce to *red*. (10) is not very strong. The scope is also limited.

Let us now consider the space formed by all $x = [x(1), x(2), \dots, x(n)]$, say $S(n)$. Consider two such sensetuples x and y . For brevity write $x = \{x(i)\}$

$$\begin{aligned} \text{We define } (1) \quad x + y &= \{x(i) + y(i)\} \\ &= [x(1) + y(1), x(2) + y(2), \dots] \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} (2) \quad y(i)x &= \{y(i)x(i)\} \\ \text{and } xy(i) &= x(i)y(i) \end{aligned}$$

*It is easily seen that $S(n)$ fulfils all the conditions for a linear space except the condition that a linear space is defined over a field. However, all the usual properties of a linear space may be reproduced, remembering the non-commutability of the $x(i)$.

Very often we shall have to consider certain properties of a whole sensetuple. The concept of a scalar product enters naturally. We define the scalar product of x and y as $x.y = x(1)y(1) + x(2)y(2) + \dots x(i)y(i) + \dots x(n)y(n)$.

We find $x.y \neq y.x$ in general.

*In the case of infinite dimensions the question of convergence will arise. *A rigorous pursuit will lead to problems of completeness etc. leading to a Hilbert space.

† From our point of view the dot product is unduly cramping because the final result is an element in S . The really useful result would be the embodiment into another sensetuple. Something like an outer product associating two sensetuples to obtain a third sensetuple

should be introduced. Unfortunately, there was no time to pursue these highly interesting and complex points. Perhaps further analysis may be undertaken later. Perhaps some-one more qualified might undertake the attempt with more fruitful results.

Reality :

The external entity giving rise to $x(i)$ in S we denote by $y(i)$. The space of all the $y(i)$ we call the essence space, E .

We must now know the relationship between $x(i)$ and $y(i)$. From the mentally apprehended qualities $x(i)$ of the essence elements $y(i)$ we must reach to the elements $y(i)$ themselves. The easiest way out is to assume that from the $x(i)$ no information regarding the $y(i)$ can ever be worked out because the $x(i)$ do not spring from the $y(i)$ but are projected by the mind on the $y(i)$. This view is not very appealing in its ultimate limit. We can distinguish between a pencil and a pen. On this view the apprehended difference is not due to the intrinsic differences between the pencil-essence and the pen-essence but arises simply from an effectively random selection from the non-denumerably infinite choices present before the mind. We do not adopt this view and introduce

Postulate IIA: To every $x(i)$ in S there corresponds a unique $y(i)$ in E which produces the $x(i)$.

Hence a subset E^1 of E generates S . If there are elements in E which are not apprehensible mentally (as is possible and in fact probable) E^1 will be a proper subset of E . Then the complement of E^1 will not come into our scope and we can label E^1 as E .

Postulate IIB: To every $y(i)$ corresponds a unique $x(i)$ in S .

Postulate II (A & B) establishes a one-to-one correspondence between E and S .

Postulate IIC: The association of the elements of S through + and "of" leads to the element of S which corresponds to that element of E which is obtained by associating the elements of E which correspond to the first-mentioned elements of S through operations existing on E analogous to these operations on E .

Postulate II (A, B and C) establishes an isomorphism between E and S . E and S have the same logical structure now.

Another postulate is required because there has existed practically from the beginning of logic an excruciatingly painful isolationist trick. Let us suppose 1 and 2 are two human beings with normal colour vision. Let us suppose that there are only two colours in the universe,

blue and red, without any intermediate tones. Let us call the colour impression on 1 of his blue B₁ and his red R₁ and the colour impression on 2 of his blue B₂ and his red R₂. Then if B₂ = R₁ and R₂ = B₁ it would escape detection. It would not be possible to distinguish this case from the case comprising R₁ = R₂ and B₁ = B₂. The rose that 1 calls red, 2 also calls red—because both were so taught from childhood. But the colour 1 sees in the rose is the colour 2 sees in the sky and *vice versa*. So we need the following postulate:

Postulate III: Allowing for individual variation the particular form of one-one correspondence established between E and S is essentially the same in every mind.

The following argument may be advanced: If experimentally mental activity is shown to reside in the brain (more generally the nerve, brain cell complex) and if the brain cells of 1 and 2 are shown to be identical, is not the postulate side-tracked? No. The identification clicks in some-one's brain cells and so we come to the central problem of the circular argument.

The Equation of Knowledge :

We have postulated the isomorphism of E with S.

An E(m) is defined in the same way as S(n) with all the same operations. Now, it is trivial to prove m = n. Mathematically, this follows simply from choice of bases. We give an intuitive proof: A mental category is a mental construct and so corresponds as part of a one-one correspondence with one and only one essential category.

When we formalize the correspondence between E and S we arrive at the *equation of knowledge*: $x = B y$ where B is an operator symbolising the operation of the brain complex in taking the impression from the essence space E to the brain or sense space S.

From this place to the double ** there is a mathematical interlude. Let us investigate the structure of the space of all B.

If $x_1 = B(y_1)$ and

$x_2 = B(y_2)$

Then (1) $x = B[y_1 + y_2]$

$= B y_1 + B y_2$ in the linear approximation,

and (2) $B[y(i)y] = x(i)B y$ in the same approximation, where $x(i) \longleftrightarrow y(i)$

(1) seems sensible enough. (2) needs closer scrutiny. What corresponds in essence world to the "intensity of red" we may write "i of r."

On applying B to i and r separately we get "intensity" and "red." Combining by "of" we get "intensity of red" again. However, close study is required to justify this assertion (2).

The operations B are not strictly therefore linear.

The operators B can be made isomorphic to and replaced effectively by two-dimensional arrays of brain activity coefficients $b(ij)$ where i and j each run over 1 to n. The arrays will not differ appreciably from the matrices we know except for differences arising from the rule $B[y(i)y] = x(i)By$. These may be treated consistently by requiring that the operation "of" have no meaning when two elements from E and S or E and $S(n)$ or $E(n)$ and S are in question. The E or S element which is a misfit is replaced by the S or E element (respectively) which corresponds. There was no time to go into the ramifications of this point or the step by step reduction of the operator into a matrix in terms of a suitable basis (extracted from the categories). To this extent this part of the essay is unverified.

The usual matrix-ntuple multiplication law may be taken over into the multiplication of the brain-array and the essencetuple. **

Materialism :

Then the law $x = By$ breaks up into n equations
 $x(j) = b(i1) y(1) + b(i2) y(2) + \dots + b(i j) y(j) \dots + b(i n) y(n)$,
i runs from 1 to n.

The law of multiplication has been used formally. The strong physical ground becomes clear when we make the following postulates.

The elements of brain activity may be broadly divided into two classes: (1) in formation gathered directly through our senses from essence-material via the equation of knowledge. (2) information handed down genetically from our ancestors.

Postulate IV: The two sets of information are of the same nature i.e. the set S is not divided.

The relevant biological assumption is that inherited information was once drawn through the senses.

Postulate V: $b(i j)$ belongs to E i.e. brain activity elements are not intrinsically different from the elements of other phenomena in essence space.

This is the crucial assumption of materialism.

As each element $b(ij)$ and $y(j)$ belong to E the law of multiplication used in the expansion is the "of" law in E.

The expansion shows that $x(i)$ belongs to E . This means that E and S which were taken to be isomorphic are actually one and the same space i.e. brain impressions e.g. thoughts and emotions are as much natural phenomena as earthquakes and revolutions. The B are therefore always operators mapping E into E .

Knowledge and its Limits :

The problem of knowledge is to know the $y(i)$. The $x(i)$ we know. Then if we know the $b(ij)$ the $y(i)$ may be solved out if the inverse of B exists. The concept of the inverse is elucidated below.

By multiplication of two operators we mean successive application. This may be concretized through the usual law of matrix multiplication. Then B^{-1} the inverse of B is defined by $B^{-1} B = I$ (left inverse) and $B B^{-1} = I$ (right inverse) where I is the unit operator which just maintains status quo.

The identification of E with S identifies $x(i)$ with $y(i)$ and makes B a truly linear operator. We now use the very general theorem of abstract algebra (Birkhoff and Maclane: chapter on groups; Rudin: chapter on several variables) : A one-to-one linear correspondence (a linear operator that is one-one onto) is invertible. $x = By$ can then be written as $y = B^{-1}x$ and directly solved if the $b(ij)$ are known. This process is the study of brain activity. As it is one part of the brain

Postulate IV: The two sets of information are of the same nature that must study another the process will be something like the following. We take a n tuple b from the $b(ij)$ belonging to $E(n)$ and operate with an operator C belonging to the set of the B to obtain a n tuple

$$c = Cb \text{ belonging to } S(n)$$

We retain the previous terminology of $E(n)$ and $S(n)$ because when we refer to the element in $S(n)$ we imply direct apprehension and when we refer to the element in $E(n)$ we know that the element is actually identified with some element in $S(n)$ although quite a deal of thinking and analysis of material and mental phenomena must be made before the identification is a matter of direct apprehension, although even direct apprehension will not be as direct as it sounds.

Now c is known. Therefore, b i.e. the $b(ij)$ will be known if the $c(ij)$ making up C are known. The different y will be known if the different operators $B_1, B_2, B_3 \dots$ etc. are found. The latter knowledge we are transferring to the set of the C . In general one B will give rise to n C .

Three things are possible as the process continues.

(a) The subset of the C will grow at a rate slower than the subset of the B i.e. we shall be able to choose the C in such a manner that although the B are all different some of the C will be the same.

(b) The subsets may grow at the same rate.

(c) The C subset may grow faster.

(a) means that in the attempt to analyse brain activity we are being able to explain more and more in terms of less and less. This is positive progress in knowledge. The other two possibilities indicate zero or negative progress. Upto now the process seems to have followed (a). But the prospect is in no way very rosy. The process of reduction will become more and more difficult as we approach towards the limit which may be a zero which can never actually be reached or a certain irreducible core. More-over the ghost of Poincare warns us that in this process of successive approximation, after a stage (a) may change through (b) to (c). In this case also progress stops at (b), though the ineducibility is now dynamic.

This is as far as we will go in this essay. There is an artificiality in the attempt in so far as the formalisation has been with an eye towards the discipline of linear algebra. Perhaps this is not the mathematical formalism most suited to this kind of analysis. But the fact that no aesthetically repulsive postulation has been used suggests that the form need only be broadened and deepened. Linearity can only be a first approximation as it assumes (1) no interaction between elements leading to a complete sense aspect i.e. between the $x(i)$ in the x , and (2) no interaction between essence elements before and during passage into the sense space via the brain complex.

Indulgence is solicited for lapses in rigour, naturalness, and perhaps mathematical soundness as the survey is so preliminary and deductive in character.

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A RETURN TO HOLOFERNES

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If Holofernes, the Pedant, were suddenly to come to life today, he surely would be amazed and delighted by what he heard and saw. For an easy familiarity with Art and Literature, preferably Continental or Oriental, is at present often thought to be a status-symbol as valid as the new car or the television set. Book-reviewers and critics and last but not the least, the coffee-house literati, seem to cultivate learning with a gusto that puts Thackeray's rather colourless Literary Snob very firmly in the shade.

What is important, to some people at least, is not so much what is said, as the manner of saying it. One has but casually to refer to a celebrated author here or to a well-known book there; to add a dash of world-weary cynicism, or else fill out with

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation....

And *voilà!* One is credited in one's writing and conversation with the indefinable *je ne sais quoi* of Culture.

The temptation to appear an *haut-ton* intellectual is strong indeed. Who is not familiar with the unkempt undergraduate vaguely wandering around, with Kahlil Gibran prominently rubbing shoulders with the "Life of Lenin" under one arm, and "Doctor No" discreetly tucked away beneath the other? Somehow, it is rather difficult to avoid the gnawing suspicion that he will finish only the Fleming.

Truly, with apologies to Coleridge and to Shakespeare, one could apply to these people the epithet "myriad-minded". When they are not pondering over the Sino-Soviet rift, or over the latest song-and-dance spectacular at the cinema, they are dissecting Marx or debunking Ginsberg over a cup of coffee. Nor do they stand alone. The brittle sophistication that is fast becoming the fetish of our times demands, as it were, that anybody with pretensions to education must be able to talk with equal fluency on Beethoven, Baudelaire, Bertolt Brecht and Art from the Mayans to Disney. If it is at all possible to drop a casual comment now and then on the Hoyle-Narlikar theory,

or on the avant-garde ballet —so much the better! As with Lamb's New Schoolmaster who was expected to be "superficially.... omniscient", a slight acquaintance with many subjects is becoming a value in itself.

The cult, in a more subtle and erudite form, has invaded even the fields of art and literary criticism. The major literary critics, from the earliest times down to the present day, have written because they felt they had something new to say on a particular poem or play, or because they wanted to preserve and to communicate their unique individual experience of it. Having something to say, they said it with a perception and a directness that makes for rewarding reading. Unfortunately, not everybody who sets himself up to be a critic is capable of deep response. And then there is the attempt to befog the student no less than the layman with an overwhelming weight of sonorous words. It is almost an esoteric language that one meets with here. Weighty parallels are drawn at the slightest pretext from Plotinus or from Mallarmé or perhaps from Jung with a cavalier disregard for relevance or necessity. The reader, steering a dizzy course amid this quicksand of words, rarely comes away with some fresh insight into the work of art that is being written on. All that he is left with is the overpowering impression that the critic is a very learned gentleman indeed.

Samuel Butler once wrote

He that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.

The point, of course, is that in too many cases the notion of education is being narrowed down to a bizarre preoccupation with externals. The temptation is to dazzle, to bewilder, to impress like the character in the P. G. Wodehouse novel who "wore his learning like a pocket-watch", and constantly pulled it out to display it. And yet there is a certain quality in genuine scholarship—a depth and a richness of tone, and a certain sincerity—that can never be confused with the hollow reverberations of pseudo-intellectualism. So let us frankly admit that we cannot all be connoisseurs, and if that is a disheartening fact—well, life has other compensations.

DONNE AND THE METAPHYSICAL SCHOOL

SURJA SANKAR ROY, *Ex-student*

It would be unwise on our part if we take the word "*metaphysical*" in its literal sense for then it would include not only Donne and his school but also poets like Milton and Dante. This epithet, not particularly happy, was first used by Johnson while attacking (primarily Cowley's) this type of poetry. Before starting our discussion we ought to keep in mind that Donne or Marvell is not a "*metaphysical poet*" in the sense that Dante or Milton is. Donne does not use poetry to set forth metaphysics, but utilizes his knowledge of Plato, Aristotle, the medieval philosophers and the new learning, when he writes poetry. So we must not take the word "*metaphysical*" in its original sense but merely as an accepted literary label or trademark.

Having discussed the word "*metaphysical*", we can now attempt at placing Donne against his background, both historical and literary. One feels, that this attempt, if successful, would further our enjoyment of Donne's poetry. I feel that the typically traditional aspect of Donne's poetry ought to be given more emphasis than is usually given. To give it more emphasis we must remember that Donne was an Elizabethan at heart, although he outlived James I and died in 1631 after seeing the dawn of the Caroline Age. A clearer understanding of this fact—that Donne after all was an Elizabethan and not so much of an anti-traditionalist as is generally supposed to be—is essential for a more thorough appreciation of his poems. This traditional aspect of his poetry is often ignored by critics. To make my point clear, I refer to Tillyard and Ellis-Fermor who have both pointed out that the Elizabethan mind could work on two distinct levels simultaneously—religious and laical. The transition from the religious to the secular, from the material to the spiritual was an easy one and it was only with the Jacobean Age (if not the last part of the Elizabethan era) that a gulf began to separate the two. Eventually this gulf became unbridgeable with the founding of the Royal Society at the time of the Restoration when Empirical Science claimed the whole material universe as its field of activity and the territory of Faith or Spiritualism came to be strictly limited and fenced off so as to leave all the rest to Reason. Donne, the hyper-sensitive man that he was, perhaps perceived this newly formed gulf and tried to bridge it in the Elizabethan (i.e. the traditional) way.

He employed (may be unconsciously) the Elizabethan, neo-Platonic concept of the "Chain of Being", (which incidentally has a medieval origin) to achieve his end. This might seem too bold to the reader but as a suggestion, I think, it ought to be valid. Moreover it enables us to penetrate through the anti-traditionalist myth surrounding Donne and helps us to explain plausibly his use of striking images (diverse and often apparently inorganically linked) from all walks of life. This concept of the "Chain of Being" made vivid to the Elizabethans, as it did to their predecessors, the idea of an organically related universe where no part was superfluous or detached. It enhanced the prestige of all creation (material or spiritual, animate or inanimate) even the most trivial part of it. Each and every object, of this world or the next, formed an intrinsic, organic part of this total "Chain of Being". Thus the imaginary "chain" related the highest of angels to the smallest of insects in an organic way. The influence of such a concept on the Elizabethan way of thinking and consequently on Elizabethan literature is not difficult to find. For one thing, the Elizabethan sense of degree and order springs from this fundamental concept. But since this is not really relevant to the present essay we can ignore it and pass on to a more far-reaching consequence. The idea of the "Chain of Being" enabled an easy transition from the secular to the religious (the Elizabethan vision of the perfection of the human soul being closely allied to this—"erected wit" and "infected will") and so men like Raleigh whose lives were active (in the secular or material sense of the world) could write such lines as "Give me my scallop-shell of quiet/My staff of faith to walk upon...." This note of duality this careful juxtaposition of the physical and spiritual, the scientific and the essentially religious, the flesh and the soul (which is so clearly seen in medieval allegories) can be found in Donne's poems in a more explicit manner. To him, love has both a physical and a spiritual existence and both are equally significant. Though the Elizabethan aspiration for the perfection of the human soul is there, the physical or rather the earthly aspect of existence (again in the Elizabethan way) is neither ignored nor belittled. Some of the similes of Donne might seem too unusual or the juxtaposition of his images might seem absurd to the modern reader and one is apt to judge them harshly if one does not keep in mind the social, literary and historical background of the poet and the Elizabethan (rather medieval) concept of the "Chain of Being" which established an organic relationship between all things—great and small, significant and insignificant, material and spiritual. The introduction of the image

of a pair of compasses in a love poem might seem too out of the ordinary and anti-traditional if we do not keep in mind the "Chain of Being" which in its own comprehensive way must have included both "love" and a pair of compasses and related them organically. The relation between the macrocosm and the microcosm often exploited by Shakespeare and Jacobean dramatists in dramatic work (not to speak of Donne and witty Elizabethan lyricists) is based on this fundamental concept. In conclusion, one must admit that the effort in Donne's poems to bridge the gulf between the world of spirit and the world of matter (as represented by the new sciences) by the help of such an all-embracing, comprehensive concept as the "Chain of Being" is more than obvious.

Again the traditional element in Donne's use of verse and wit is often ignored by critics. They generally remark on his "oddness" ignoring the typically traditional substratum on which it rests. "The primary aim of common Elizabethan poetry was not the spontaneous outpouring of emotion, whatever effects of simplicity, sensuousness and passion may be found in its best products." It was more of a conscious art often perfected through practice by the poets of the age. Rhetorical in technique, its main concern was to impose form and order upon experience. Wit, argumentation and logical development were, therefore, not alien to it. Artifice, convention, rhetorical craftsmanship were all accepted as natural and desirable. The element of wit is apparent everywhere in Elizabethan poetry especially in the songs of Shakespeare's comedies. Donne made good use of this wit-tradition, the form of argumentation of his Elizabethan contemporaries and predecessors, *carefully* avoiding the artifice, conventionality and the easy regularity of verse of the common Elizabethan lyric. But in this connection we should never lose sight of Donne's indebtedness to contemporary and past English dramatists. The language of Donne's poems, instead of being satiatingly sweet, is rugged, unconventional, direct, economical—fit for the purpose of expressing subtler kinds of introspection and psychological analysis. The familiar tone of living speech, intimate and individual, full of colloquial vigour, is everywhere discernible in his poems. There is stress, intonation, gesture almost as in living speech—"For Godsake hold your tongue, and let me love". Donne uses such tricks as assonance and alliteration not simply to create a pattern of verbal melody but to emphasise the tone and thought-content of a particular poem *e.g. The Crosse*. Unlike the common Elizabethan lyricist, Donne is not really concerned with the perfection of an individual line. On

the contrary, in keeping with the tradition set up by Marlowe and other English dramatists, most of his lines are run-on lines and the rhythmical effect belongs to the stanza as a whole—reminding one of later Shakespearean enjambed blank verse. It is the whole stanza that carries the impression of urgency, flexibility and profound expressiveness. Donne, one feels, chooses the right words, the apt intonations when “he analyses the experience of love in a variety of moods, ranging from cynical sensuality to a profound sense of union”. The tone of assertive forthrightness can hardly be missed in lines like “He is starke mad, who ever sayes,| That he hath been in love an hour”. The note of meditative musing is apparent from the choice of words. The use of long vowels—“Me thinke, I lyed all winter, when I swore|My love was infinite, if spring make more.” The rough cynicism of a snarling poet is obvious in the lines “Hope not for minde in women; at their best|Sweetness and wit, they are but Mummy, possest.” More remarkable are the transitions of tone in a few lines of the same poem e.g. *Lover's Infinitenesse, Aire and Angels*. It is worthwhile to note in this connection that nowhere in Donne's poems Reason is made a scape-goat at the altar of Passion. Instead, the fusion of passionate feeling and logical argument is his chief characteristic.

Yet I found something like a heart
 But colours it, and corners had
 It was not good, it was not bad
 It was nitire to none, and few had part.

There is no essential change of style in his religious poems. Like the secular poems they carry the same realistic force, the same dramatic vigour. Like the *Songs and Sonnets* they are breathlessly colloquial in diction, portraying the inner conflicts of the poet. Dramatic in tone, they vary from mood to mood, the elements of doubt and fear accelerating the sense of profound urgency and conviction:

Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
 I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
 And all my pleasures are like yesterday.

or

Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,
 Nor ever chast, except you ravish me.

This passionate regard for Christ has something typically medieval about it. The image of Time (equated with Death) that Donne uses in his religious poems, is a living one—not hackneyed, ornamental and

dead as is found in many popular Elizabethan lyrics. Though Donne employs debating tricks in his religious poems, the total impression that we get from these poems is that of earnestness and sincerity. In passing, we should make it a point to note that only in the *Hymne to God the Father* do we find an assured faith—a thing Donne had been seeking for all his life. The *Satyres* and *Elegies* are more or less adaptations to contemporary life of stock and traditional Latin themes. The lines we come across in this group of poems are polished to a certain degree, no doubt, but the brutal realism is never lacking—"On a huge hill,| Cragged, and steep, Truth stands." The Elegy entitled "*On his Mistris, Going to Bed*" has a realistic force which often tends to obscenity. Reading his "*Satyres*" and "*Elegies*" we are once again reminded of the great debt poets like Dryden and Pope owe to this great master. Donne's *Verse-letters* are of little literary merit or interest but "*The Storme*" and "*The Calme*" deserve mention because of their deep personal colour. The criticism that Donne shows little feeling for natural beauty, deserves a somewhat closer observation. One guesses that this apparent insensibility is self-imposed for there are passages of outstanding natural beauty "Gentle love deeds, as blossoms on a bough,| From loves awakened root do bud out now." We also feel that Donne could write with a simple lyrical sweetness, in the manner of his Elizabethan predecessors—"Sweetest love,/I do not go/For weariness of thee"—but he deliberately avoided and consciously refrained from the conventional fluency of movement and golden courtliness of diction.

Donne's use of images calls for closer attention than has been given earlier in the essay. The mere variety of his images is striking. One supposes he carefully avoided the conventional, shop-worn poetic images of his age. For him the image was not a superficial decoration but an integral part of the poetic structure, the theme frequently being developed by an extended or elaborated metaphor, for example, the image of a tear-drop in "*A Valediction: of Weeping*." Because he found the play of intellect a passionate experience, he drew striking images from his scholarship, "the recesses of learning not very much frequented by readers of poetry." This sort of verse is called "metaphysical poetry" primarily because the surprising, ingenious comparisons are often jumbled with details taken from philosophical, psychological or theological thought. Thus, metaphysical poetry is a kind of poetry that expresses a complete thought or emotion through an image or conceit which at first sight seems far-fetched or paradoxical. For example, Donne forbids his mistress to kill the flea which has sucked his blood and hers

because it is their "bridal bed", the "temple of their wedding". Donne knew that he was playing with the image, but in all Donne's poems there is the ironic paradox that the play has a serious undertone. The combination of humour, emotion and analysis is called "*wit*" by critics (*The Relique* being a good example). Later generations recognizing his greatness in this field (almost akin to originality) hailed him as "a king that ruled as he thought fit/The universal monarchy of wit." It is worthwhile at this point to draw the reader's attention to Coleridge's remark concerning "Imagination"—"the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities." This is *wit* or *conceit* at its best. *Conceit* at its worst reminds one of Johnson's damaging statement—"The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together." The tendency towards extravagance which formed the chief defect of later, inferior "metaphysical" poets can be found in Donne, too, "Pregnant again with th'old twins Hope and Fear." Metaphysical poetry is pleasing if extravagance of this kind is avoided as in Donne's religious poems.

Donne's influence on his own age, generally speaking, was three-fold. Certain of the love poets learned deeper passion and thoughtfulness. Some religious poets like Vaughan, Herbert, Marvell applied the *metaphysical* technique to their verse. The satirists who can be vaguely said to have stemmed from Donne reached their consummation in Dryden and Pope. His influence on Coleridge, Browning and especially Hopkins, not to speak of later modern poets, has been pervasive and also profound. We feel they have all been attracted by Donne's content—his recognition of the tensions and disparities between the physical experience and its real meaning—and by his flouting of conventional poetic language and attitudes. In matters of technique, many modern poets have learned from Donne's use of language and rhythms drawn from everyday speech, his dramatic exaggeration of metaphor or image, his method of anti-climactic understatement, and his devices of irony and psychological probing. In Donne, they possibly see one who, like themselves, cherishes and respects the intellect, yet feels the need for a spiritual hub. We feel that T. S. Eliot is right when he says, "Donne would never sink back to his earlier obscurity, he would always remain as a great reformer of the English language, of English verse."

PRAISE BE FOR LITTLE MERCIES

DIPANJAN RAI CHAUDHURI

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And thus the lengthening shadow of day falls across the church and the magnificent stillness is broken by the heavy, drowsy gong of the bell at dusk, for now is the time for a pain in the heart and it is the pain that catches every evening when the rooks are in cry, for now it is homing time for every-one, even for them that are in search in restless, tossing dreams. Remembrance returns, a shadow on the wing, in flits and stitches of agony, as frames of skies seen through forgotten windows with lonely majesty written in a hawk soaring far above thirteen storeys in city afternoons. This is the time for lullaby in bulrushes by cool, damp, dense green, shadowy streams. Still curves the river and the river is to be forgotten now, relegated to memory, an atavistic vision to be seen in dreams, *dej'a-vu*. It is lost, another man's river. The man is my brother but my river is his and I have lost it among the colours, sounds and the breath of home in my confused journeys each night. And this is the time for the lumps that ascend in spasms, honourably, and the tears of glory, and this is my empire which I lose and which I search for in the storms of *Baisākh*.

Another man's river is in my blood and the surges reach into the storms of *Baisākh* as the wind riots in my hair, as the lonely boatman plies between banks of fear and the river is a snake, glistening, flashing with the lightning. Heads light up on the tossing boat as the storm revels, and my heart.

These are the sultry days as the wait lengthens for tomorrow's rain, though I know as you do that streets will flood, and the diseased, beloved city wallow in blackness and slush. May we long for one instant for the riotous, for the crimson, for the sunset? May we whisper one word to the softness and warmth that nestle at the breast, trustful like by-gone centuries? This is the time for cold, calm realisation of failure, for the despair that is rational and complete, perhaps the time for a defeat, for a crucifixion.

The shepherd calls from hill to hill and the lonely, wild song hangs in the rarefied air. It is the blueness of the night and the lamp sways from side to side and is gone, as the farthest blue hill fades away, for

sleep comes as the respite and the mills of God pause in grinding.

Praise be for little mercies. The drops of dew of mornings still glisten on yesterday's rose, faltering before daybreak, before day breaks through the mountains. Praise be for little mercies. Praise be.

DEFINING THE RELIGIOUS QUEST IN OUR TIME

PRITISH NANDY

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Will the veiled sister pray
 For children at the gate
 Who will not go away and cannot pray
 Eliot: *Ash Wednesday*

If the religious quest is to have any significance in our time it is necessary that we define more clearly its specific domain of validity. Admittedly much of this domain will remain but an area of ignorance; yet it is necessary that we chart its boundaries to avoid the danger of either ignoring its legitimate scope of applicability or overstepping its limits, in other words, of over- or under-emphasising its contextual validity owing to ignorance or shortsightedness. This is of obvious importance in a culture guided as ours by values more commercial than we are willing to admit: in this almost schizophrenic split in our collective consciousness which is driving the contemporary mind into irrational and compulsive affirmations and negations of faith, it may help us to locate a scale of reference for conduct and be grasped by an ultimate concern, in order to resolve the doubts and dilemmas of our Faustian culture (to borrow Spengler's term).

On the one hand we have the critics of religion (as yet keeping the term religion undefined) who would have us believe that it is the remnant of man's earlier importance (Marx) or the projection of infantile fantasies (Freud) or the creation of barbaric imagination (Whitehead); on the other hand, we see its naive believers who would find beauty and morality in the caste-system and in the sense of preordained

duty¹, those who search for the consolations of faith in the arms of Sat-saibabas and their like. So as to avoid falling between these two stools we needs must find a few analytic tools by which it would be possible to define the scope of the religious mode and select the valid normative references therefrom. It would be pretentious for a brief note like this to ever attempt such a programme; its aim is merely to pose the problem, its nature, scope and contextual correlates, and clear the ground for any such attempt. For such an attempt it is not necessary to set up an entirely new system (as, for instance, Gurdjieff and Ouspensky² would have us) nor would it do to ignore the possibilities of any systematic analysis (as, for instance, the Kierkegaardians³ would have us): the former would be generally inapplicable and the latter would rule out all possibilities of empiricism in the study of a subject which, at least in part, should be open to them.

It would not do in such a context to limit the definition of religion in any way: the Hegelian definition, for instance, treats it as the knowledge possessed by the finite mind of its nature as absolute mind and such a definition, as Thouless observes,⁴ narrows the scope of religious activity, for it would appear that a man can only be religious, if he is a metaphysician. Similarly, none of the definitions in Professor Leuba's appendix⁵ is applicable satisfactorily in our context. Yet, in spite of the fact that it is not possible to define rigorously the valid scope and contextual implications of a specific concept, it is possible to locate its actual ground by the very act of drawing the limits. So one must admit the difficulties that are encountered in the definition of terms: one must acknowledge, in such a context, the consequential vageness of basic concepts.

To discuss religion and define its scope without moving in merry circles, it is necessary that we initially distinguish between the two levels of the religious concept: the personal and the interpersonal, that is, between religion as an experience and religion as a language for communication. These are not aspectual, as many would^c believe, but are two definite levels: they are two complementary sets forming the concept. They need not be mutually exclusive, for in certain cases we see an obvious overlapping: take for instance the Schweitzerian case where the religious language is itself so very much a part of the religious experience. However, it must be remembered that our reference to these levels can only be from the individual aspect, in spite of the social nature of the manifestations and consequential implications. For, as Fromm would put it,⁶ the basic entity of the social process is the individual, his

desires and fears, his passions and reason, his propensities for good and evil. So, to understand the dynamics of the process, it is necessary to understand the dynamics of the psychological processes operating within the individual: man's energies mould the social process. Failure to distinguish between the two levels, or the habit of looking at them as merely aspectual, has frequently led brilliant minds astray: Freud, Marx, Whitehead, are but a few to cite. Russell's distinction between religion as reason and religion as revelation comes somewhat closer to the nature of our argument, yet it is not as clear as we would like it to be. It is, as Abu Sayeed Ayyub points out,⁷ through a deplorable inexactitude in terminology (as well as perhaps in concept) that these two easily distinguishable and sharply distinct levels of the religious argument have come to be denoted by the same word religion. It is my contention that once this confusion is cleared and the argument established on its separate levels, the scope of religion will itself become visible. There need be no assumption of secularity in such an argument, for the various approaches of the different religions to common and specific questions need not affect our understanding of the possibilities and limits of the religious quest in general.

There is a more general aspect to this very problem: the condition of religion itself in our technocratic culture (to use Brunner's term). The religious institutions find themselves unable to provide the necessary guidance and insight for an age like ours, sadly in need of clues to the meaning of life and the dynamics of historical evolution. As Reinhold Niebuhr points out,⁸ orthodoxy has clung onto the dogmas of another day and its truths lie embedded in an outmoded science: it tries in vain to meet the perplexities of a complex and confused age with irrelevant and outmoded precepts. Its weakness lies in that, in spite of insights and perspectives in many ways superior to the liberal approach, it has prematurely identified the transcendent will of God with canonical moral codes, most of which are primitive social norms. Liberalism, on the other hand, is unduly dependent upon the very culture of modernity, with its shortlived prejudices and presumptuous certainties. As Mr. T. S. Eliot defines it in his *Idea of a Christian Society*, it is characterised by a progressive discarding of elements in historical Christianity which appear superfluous or obsolete, confounded with practices and abuses which are legitimate objects of attack, but as its movement is controlled rather by its origin than by its goal, it loses force after a series of rejections, and with nothing to destroy, is left with nothing to uphold and with nowhere to go. Its ethics, as Niebuhr

points out, are dominated by the desire to prove to their generation that they do not share the anachronistic ethics or the incredible mythological base of orthodox religion and it tries hard to show the compatibility of religion and science, by disowning the more incredible and difficult to accept portions of the religious heritage and clothing the remainder in terms acceptable to our time. It invests the transitory and relative moral standards of the contemporary age with ultimate sanctity and, obviously, a religious approach which capitulates to the ethos of a contemporary age is little better than that which remains enslaved to the partial and relative insights of the past. The failure lies in that, in both instances, the approach tries to resolve moral tension prematurely through its particular situational references, ignoring the transitory nature of such references and their specific contextual validity. In transforming the transcendent ideals of a religion into immanent possibilities for an age, both approaches have negated the original tension of faith and we face the danger of moral complacency in a situation where we have no right to be complacent.

On the existential level doubts abound and answers are few, unless ultimate valuations be sacrificed for immediate shortrun solutions. Here man moves without shadows in the lone Gethsemane of his psyche: his sense of alienation and estrangement from God and man, the fragility and contingency of his life moving from one Jaspersian *grenzsituation* to another till ultimate *scheitern*, his condemnation to freedom and the compulsion to choose, the dread and the anguish which haunt his existence, the fear of death and his loneliness in the face of this threat and the awareness of his Sisyphus-like destiny, moving the same boulder up the same hill eternally: all this is bound by the single consciousness of human finitude. It is perhaps on this level that man, in a certain sense, becomes aware of his nature and destiny, though this realisation leaves him as bewildered as before. Pascal and Kierkegaard, Van Gogh and Nijinsky, Baudelaire and Rainer Maria Rilke, Ivan Karamazov, Stephen Dedalus and Joseph K. and the host of other existential characters in the novels of Dostoevski, Hermann Hesse and Sartre show the human experience on this particular plane, the level of personal existence. As Tillich points out, the existential thinker needs special forms of expression, because personal existence cannot be expressed in terms of objective experience which is in turn open to objective analysis. Schelling uses traditional religious symbols, Kierkegaard uses paradox, irony and pseudonym, Nietzsche uses the oracle, Bergson uses images and fluid concepts, Heidegger uses a mixture of psychological and onto-

logical terms, Jaspers uses his 'ciphers': they all wrestle with the problem of personal or non-objective thinking and its expression. It is on this plane that the question of personal religion arises and its correlates are manifest; no normative nor systematically analytic study is possible on this level, the tools must be sensitively attuned to the inner dynamics of the individual case-study. The subjective experience of religion has its own motivations and correlates as distinct from the objective interpersonal level and it requires other tools for analysis. But these tools are like rubber scales and this introduces the question of their validity as a normative scale of reference. It ought to be made clear at this stage that the term existentialism has been accorded a meaning somewhat different from its common usage as a philosophical approach revealed in the writings of Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers, Merleau Ponty and Simone de Beauvoir and to some extent in the works of Nikolai Berdyaev, Camus and Gabriel Marcel. What is being discussed here is no specific approach to the question of religion (as mentioned before), but a particular level of the religious quest. The existentialist's view frequently coincides with the religious view of the existential level, but never in totality: that is, in a sense, the former is a subset of the latter, but does not belong to it. For there is another level of the religious argument, and that is the interpersonal. On this plane the analytic tools are of a different nature and are in fact more objective. Yet it ought to be remembered, as was stressed initially, that both levels of the argument must be studied in the content of the individual and his internal dynamics. On the personal level, not only is the experience various for different individuals but also specific tools are to be used in specific cases: in other words, systematic study on this level is difficult. It would be sufficient, therefore, to recognise this level and move on.

On the personal plane, religion is an experience, as James would say, in the sense that it involves neither a systematic objective analysis nor does it require a communicative medium: any necessary understanding of its dynamics would require a subjective awareness and understanding of the actual experience which is noncommunicative and open only to what we may call subjective analysis. On this plane, therefore, like Henri Barbusse's anonymous hero of *L'Enfer*, the subject must be able to "see too deep and too much"; he must wake from the secure and trivial world of Gasset's mass-man and feel the "loneliness of Siegfried, Parsifal, Tristan, Hamlet and Faust".⁹ Yet this does not necessarily mean that the way of the *innerlichkeit* is the only way out.

In a sense, perhaps, it is our specific civilization that is responsible

for the non-recognition of religion as a personal experience. For as Eliot points out and Tillich stresses,¹⁰ the religion and culture of a period are, in a fashion, inter-related. Of course, inter-relation is not too happy an expression and they themselves were the first to admit this. Ours is an other-directed culture (as Reisman put it)¹¹ where most individual behaviour-motives are socially-oriented: the Social Ethic (as Whyte labels it)¹² guides all our activities. Assuming implicitly without going into the arguments of the case that this two-way inter-relationship between the religion and the culture of a period holds, we may argue further that the religious correlate of such a society with its typically externalised values and behaviour-motives cannot but be other-directed itself. Consequently, the religious experience is shifted from the personal plane to the social level, where it no longer remains an experience but rather becomes a convention. And, as the process of socialization accelerates, the domain of personal religious experience progressively diminishes and the religious argument is forced onto the other level.

Rational principles are validly applicable on the interpersonal level so long as the personal plane is not forced to coincide with this level. In its normal domain, the inter-personal plane raises the question of communication: unless there is a language for religion, subject to certain laws of transitivity, there can be no social application of religion and communion is ruled out. If the communicative medium is weak, dogmas and rituals reign supreme. The task is to carry through a rationalistic critique of the religious heritage and to evolve a set of rational criteria (or at least locate them), by which the dogmas and trappings of communal faith are to be evaluated and critically studied.¹³ On the interpersonal level, it is not possible to hide one's head ostrich-like in the sands of a supra-rational personal faith. If communication be the vital religious question (as Professor Macmurray¹⁴ and others believe) or even if it be one of the vital questions (as assumed here), the problem of communication immediately arises. The religious concept must be partly de-personalized and subjected to an objective rationalistic critique which will be the first step to determining a set of objectively determined norms for conduct: this will serve as the auto-correcting dynamism which will progressively discard the unnecessary and obsolete trappings of social faith. This objective set of correctives can be provided only by reason.

This is a brief note on the problematic rôle of religion in our time. Its aim was neither to analyse the problems arising from such a position as held by religion, nor to study the rôle of the religious being in our

time; the object was to pose the problem, its nature, scope and contextual correlates, and to clear it from the cobwebs of vague speculation that the religious-scientists of our time are so fond of.

NOTES & REFERENCES

- ¹ cf. Vinoba Bhave: *Lectures on the Gita*, 1954, pp. 183-4. "The reason why the fourcaste system appears to me is its naturalness and its Dharma. Those alone are my parents to whom I am born. How can I say that I do not approve of them? The vocation of the parents naturally belongs to the son.... Each of us is born in a certain stream, in a certain environment, and hence to each of us has been assigned a duty in accordance with his Dharma. However simple, however unsatisfying it may be, this preordained duty alone is good for me, that alone is beautiful to me."
- One can virtually sympathise with A. B. Shah's impassioned criticism of the Acharya as "an enemy of enlightenment" (*Ten Years of Quest*, edited by Abu Sayeed Ayyub and Amlan Datta, 1965).
- ² cf. George Gurdjieff: *All and Everything* 1950.
- P. D. Ouspensky: *In Search of the Miraculous*, 1950.
- ³ in recent times the existential psychoanalysts have shifted their stand. As for Kierkegaardians, there are very few nowadays.
- ⁴ Robert Thouless: *An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion*, 1950.
- ⁵ Professor Leuba: *A Psychological Study of Religion*, 1912.
- ⁶ Erich Fromm: *Fear of Freedom*, 1960. A more relevant reference in this context would be his *Psychoanalysis and Religion*, 1950.
- ⁷ Abu Sayeed Ayyub: *Jawaharlal Nehru on Religion*, *Quest* 43, 1964. cf. also his definition of the religious quest on the personal level; this is particularly relevant in our context:
"...unlike science or technology which are co-operative endeavours, the religious quest is a solitary quest. It is an eternal quest, perhaps a hopeless quest, in the uncharted domains of the spirit, but a quest which everyone must undertake for himself if he is to realise his full stature as a man."
- ⁸ Reinhold Niebuhr: *An Interpretation of Christian Ethics*, 1964. *The Self and the Dramas of History*, 1956.
Also cf. his *Nature and Destiny of Man: A Christian Interpretation*, 1949 and *Beyond Tragedy: Essays on the Christian Interpretation of History*, 1938.
- ⁹ Oswald Spengler: *The Decline of the West*, tr. C. F. Atkinson, 1926.
- ¹⁰ T. S. Eliot: *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*, 1958. *The Idea of a Christian Society*, 1954.
- Paul Tillich: *Theology of Culture*, 1959.

Also cf. Professor Nikolai Berdyaev: *The Fate of Man in the Modern Age*, 1961, and Emil Brunner: *Christianity and Civilization*, Parts I & II, 1948.

¹¹ David Reisman: *The Lonely Crowd*, 1958.

¹² William H. Whyte (Jr.) *The Organisation Man*, 1956; cf. his definition of the Social Ethic on p. 7.

"That contemporary body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual. Its major propositions are three: a belief in the group as the source of creativity; a belief in 'belongingness' as the ultimate need of the individual; and a belief in the application of science to achieve the belongingness."

¹³ On the topic, reason in the context of the religious quest, there are two recent articles in *Quest*, both written by Professor Amlan Datta (*Cultural Unity and the Unity of Religion* and *Hinduism, Reason and Justice*). They present an interesting non-biased interpretation which would be relevant in this context.

¹⁴ John Macmurray: *Religion, Art and Science: A Study of the Reflective Activities of Man*, 1961.

Reason and Emotion, 1958.

The Structure of Religious Experience, 1936.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY

HIMACHAL SOM

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Glimpses of world history differ. My attempt is also sure to do the same—and perhaps differ more than most others. It is not for me to study the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt or to know how the image of God Gilgamesh appears in the Mohenjodoro seals. Neither do I intend to chase Pericles around the Parthenon or follow Charlemagne into St. Peters, nor do I desire to sail with Columbus and Drake or discuss political philosophy with Grotius and Diderot. Mirabeau and Danton are too conspiratorial for me, Austerlitz and Waterloo too bloody, while the Boxer Revolt and the Sepoy Mutiny are too complex for my comprehension. These and alike e.g. Mara and Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini and Johnson and Vietnam are for others. It is also for

the thick walls of Room No. 17 of the Presidency College Main Building to be with all of these; and remain listening to the same with attentive ears for years till years become too much for it to bear. Have you ever seen the room? Beneath the gloom and the dark shadows I am sure you will hear a faint depressed moan—it is wanting to be emancipated. So what I am going to narrate, though a part of history, is something it has never heard before. Some sympathetic reader may perhaps relate my anecdotes and their purpose to it. Then perhaps others may join in. Room No. 17 will once again be beaming—once again light and air will enter the room, lively lectures and interesting seminars will disrobe it of its gloom. Room No. 17 will be as lively as the History taught within it.

Thus my attempt here is to reproduce anecdotes about great people from history, whom most of us only know as great rulers and statesmen, or as great scholars and musicians.

The very first image that comes to my mind is that of Tsar Nicholas I. We all know him as an oppressive autocrat, but most of us are not aware of his striking capacity to carry his whole family in one of his outstretched arms. I am sure that he was not a bachelor and having looked up the genealogical table of the Tsars I find that there were at least four members whom we might definitely take to have constituted his family.

Tsar Nicholas might have been a very powerful man, but Henry VIII would you believe possessed super-natural powers, for otherwise how could that 'great husband of six wives' jump over centuries to do his bit for to-day's space programme. I wonder whether it is a case of transmigration (if so, cheers for Hinduism) or of resurrection (in that case Henry VIII's achievement of rising after more than 150,000 days totally shatters the record set up by Jesus Christ). Whatever may it be, a few years back the Ai Research Company of Los Angles asked the Tower of London for details of Henry's armours on the chance that the 'ye olde armourers' had some trick that might be useful in space-suit designs. A ninety-four pound suit of armour covers the wearer's entire body, but has beautiful articulated joints which allow free mobility. However, while Henry VIII might have something to teach the 20th century scientists a thing or two about protecting the body, the astronauts might have been able to drop a few hints to the Tudor court about keeping fit. Henry's first suit of armour measured thirtytwo inches at the waist while the girth of the last suit was fiftytwo inches. I would have recommended 'Limical',

Shifting from one monarch to another we find that Queen Victoria of the British Empire who was possibly one of the most powerful queens in history, had to at times be tame as a lamb. For it is recorded that one day the Queen lost her temper (not a very unnatural thing to do). Her husband Prince Albert wordlessly went to his room and locked himself in. The outraged Victoria stalked after him and pounded, "I demand you open this door!" There was no answer. She rapped again furiously. "Who is there?" shouted Prince Albert. "The Queen of England." The door remained shut. She rapped again, this time uncertainly. Still no answer. After a while she meekly whispered, "It's your wife dear Albert." Dear Albert instantly opened the door, his face wreathed in smiles. I am sure the husbands of to-day or those of to-morrow will learn from Prince Albert.

Writing about a queen my mind naturally travels (ah!) to the most famous of them all—famous in almost the opposite sense (though I believe that in her days Queen Victoria was quite romantic). I mean the beautiful Cleopatra. Almost all of us are aware that little things may have great consequences, and that trivial causes can move all mankind. Or as Pascal says "The nose of Cleopatra—if it had been shorter, the history of the world would have changed." If Mark Antony had not been enslaved by Cleopatra's beauty, he might not have lost the battle of Actium and might have been the founder of the Roman Empire. From this story numerous conclusions have been reached. I recall having read somewhere, the most whimsical of such conclusions, which suggests that the stubborn resistance of the British soldiers during the last World War was due to the prevalence of spinsterhood in Great Britain. The explanation of this paradox is to be found in the following sequence. The British soldier is nourished on beef and the quality of beef is due to an abundance of clover which needs to be fertilized by bees. But bees cannot multiply and live unless they are protected against mice. The field mice can be kept down only if there are cats enough to catch them and cats are favourites of the frequent old minds in England. These lonely virgins keep pets, who prevent the mice from destroying the bees, so clover flourishes luxuriantly and cattle wax fat to supply the soldiers of the queen with their strengthening rations.

From British soldiers and the second World War it is almost natural to lead on to Sir Winston Churchill. Most of us are unaware that the heroic author of the "V" sign and "We shall fight them on the sea " in his younger days when invited to parties, used

to stand at the doorway with one of his friends allotting 'ships' according to merit to passing beauties. ('Ships' in reference to Marlowe's description of Helen as the beauty that 'launched a thousand ships') To set down one of the many other instances illustrating Churchill's subtle sense of humour, is an incident reported to have taken place in America, when a lady asked him, "Doesn't it thrill you Mr. Churchill to know that every time you make a speech the hall is packed to overflowing?"

"It is quite flattering," Mr. Churchill replied, "but whenever I feel this way, I remember that if instead of making a political speech I was being hanged the crowd would be twice as large."

Many English diplomats share with Sir Winston this keen sense of humour. Even before the days of *Liberté*, *Egalité* and *Fraternité*, Lord Chesterfield while participating in an entertainment in France, attended by a brilliant circle of ladies, was asked by the great Voltaire (who, I presume, having spent a large part of the day writing on 'civil liberty', thought it wise to cool himself at a party), "I know you are a well qualified judge. Tell me who are more beautiful—the English or the French ladies?" In face of such a ticklish question most men might have quailed, but not the ardent Chesterfield (for if I am permitted to use an anachronism, he hailed from the land of the Great Churchill). Looking about the sea of feminine faces made lovely by the liberal use of rouge and other colourings he replied, "Upon my word, I cannot tell. I am really no connoisseur of painting."

Another British statesman, though humorous, was more caustic in his remarks. There is a story that when heckled in course of a public speech "Listen to him! and his father used to drive a wagon led by a donkey," Lloyd George calmly replied, "Yes, that's right, and to-day my father and the wagon are gone. But I see we still have the donkey with us."

I am afraid, that this emphasis of mine on English diplomats and their anecdotes may make their American counter-parts jealous. They will claim, "We too have a sense of humor", and then probably cite the story of President Theodore Roosevelt and his pride in his capacity to remember names and faces. Once at a White House reception the President stood shaking hands with a long line of visitors. At length there stood before him a little man from New York, a haberdasher, who specialized in making shirts to order. "Do you remember me, Mr. President?" asked the visitor, "I made your shirts",

"Major Schurtz? Why, of course, I remember Major", boomed the President heartily. "And how are all the boys in the old regiment?"

However, not all American Presidents were like Roosevelt, and Calvin Coolidge, for example, had a great memory. When Coolidge was a boy an acquaintance once tried to borrow \$5 from him, but was turned down. Many years later, after Coolidge became the President, the acquaintance came up from Vermont and was taking a tour of the White House, when he ran into the President. He again tried to borrow \$5 and was once more refused. His eyes wide with admiration the acquaintance exclaimed "Well, I got to say one thing for you Cal.... success ain't changed you one bit."

I am afraid that having mentioned the rulers of to-day, if I do not say anything of the great monarchs of the ancient past, they might frown and curse me. Thus, I have to remember King Solomon. But since there is no historical record of his sense of humour, I have to ask a little boy to supply me with something funny. This little boy when asked by his teacher "Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?" answered quite wisely too, "He had so many wives to advise him." Witty, though this may be I cannot assure the reader of the historical accuracy of this statement for the only thing that I know of Solomon is his wisdom in dispensing justice—a particular faculty, displayed with great tact by Harold MacMillan when he was the British Resident Minister in Algeria during the Second World War. When called upon to settle a dispute between British and American officers in the allied mess on whether drinks were to be served before or after meals, MacMillan's solution was worthy of Solomon. "Henceforth we will drink before meals in deference to Americans and will drink after dinner in deference to the British." No wonder Mac could become a Prime Minister.

Yet another figure from the ancient past drawing my attention is Alexander the Great. He wants me to focus the attention of the readers on the supreme injustice done to him by Diogenes. He alleges that on inquiring why he (Diogenes) was looking on a heap of bones, the philosopher replied—"I am searching for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

Not only do the rulers and statesmen have funny stories for us but scientists, writers and musicians are equally eager to tell us about their anecdotes. To most modern minds whenever they think of scientists, the first image that looms up is that Albert Einstein. During the later years of his life Einstein was one of the most lionized of men.

Once at a party, the hostess led him to the window and pointing to the heavens said "I can spot Venus. It always shines like a beautiful woman." "I'm sorry", said Einstein, "but the star you are pointing at is Jupiter." "Oh! Dr. Einstein," exclaimed the hostess, "you are just wonderful. You can tell the sex of a star that far away". I sometimes wonder whether Nietzsche was right.

Among the writers perhaps no one was such a store-house of wisecracks as Mark Twain was. One of his best quips in his reply to the French scholar Paul Bourget's statement—"When an American has nothing else to do he can always spend a few years trying to discover who his grandfather was." Mark Twain's reply was. "Quite right Monsieur Bourget. And when all other interests fail for a Frenchman, he can always try to find out who his father was." Quite in contrast to this statement is a thought-provoking remark of his, which though definitely not humorous, I cannot resist quoting. "Life, at its best is a loosing proposition. Nobody ever came out of it alive." Readers interested in existentialism may find in the above statement quite a "quotable quotation."

Probably the English counterpart, in this ability of making wisecracks would be George Bernard Shaw. Here, however, I confine myself to citing one of his more sober and eloquent anecdotes. When paying a visit to Shaw a distinguished visitor expressed surprise that the author had no vase of flowers in his home. "I thought," he said, "you were exceedingly fond of flowers."

"I am," Shaw retorted shortly. "I'm very fond of children too. But I do not cut off their heads and stick them in pots all over the house."

From literature we may safely turn to music. Once, after the great pianist Paderewski (who was incidentally the Prime Minister of Poland) had played before Queen Victoria, the sovereign exclaimed, "Mr. Paderewski, you are a genius." "Ah, your Majesty," he replied, "perhaps; but before I was a genius I was a drudge."

Whether Paderewski's conception of a genius is true, I doubt seriously. A genius, I believe, must be born a genius and to strengthen my argument I cite a fascinating story about Mozart. A young composer once came to him for advice on how to develop creativity. "Begin writing simple things first," Mozart told him, "songs, for example." "But you composed symphonies when you were a child," the man exclaimed. "Ah," Mozart answered, "but I didn't go to anybody to find out how to be a composer."

We have traversed much from Alexander to Macmillan, with the

actors of various dramas—of diplomacy, literature, science and music. And I hope that for a few moments at least we have lived history.

We live in deeds, not years,
 In thoughts, not breaths,
 In feelings not in figures on a dial,
 We should count time by heart throbs.
 He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest,
 Acts the best.

TWO POEMS

CHIRANJIB SEN

Third Year, Economics

THE DAWN

Yes, there was a dawn, rising,
 Out of a vacant, misty gloom
 Into a flush of roseate feeling
 And a splash of rainbow-promises,
 Charming with its bird song and gentle
 kissing breezes.

How real it seemed!—(More real
 than the superincumbent present)
 As though it were all!
 As though inviolate, incessant
 A sea of joy and of hope
 Supreme, everlasting, iridescent!

I saw that dawn come into my life
 Entangle and enmesh my waking heart
 In gossamer dreams—
 Unconscious of futility
 I felt my soul steep itself in its opiate splendour
 And its illusory immortality.

Then suddenly, the wind ceased
 And the rose fused into a metal-yellow
 Glinting and hard, glaring and harsh.
 The sun rose, and I felt the flash and gash
 Of a self-assertive reality.
 It was hot, it was sweat, it was day.
 But there was, there was a dawn.

FIREWORKS IN THE SKY

The evening was a soggy blanket
 Spread across the sky.
 And the day, lividly dying,
 Rotted into the gelatinous dark.
 The air stank with a morbid boredom
 And the tyranny of the repulsive Present.

When suddenly

They flashed into the night
 They roared and crashed
 Into a million glowing fragments!
 They flickered and they fluttered
 They spluttered and they guttered
 Into void and mocking darkness.
 Into dissolution they fled
 They had lived and were dead

and yet

They left behind their souls
 And shadows of their lives and loves and laughter,
 Forgotten flashes of joy
 Silent cracks of merriment
 And trailing smoky wisps of memories.

Silence reigned again and night, transfigured,
 Made timeless and infinitely enigmatic,
 Soundlessly melodious, motionlessly dynamic!

“THE BARE LONE HAND”

SUBHO RANJAN DAS GUPTA

Second Year, English

The sky's gloom increases again:

The weird sister of light, this darkness.
Her love is endless
Yet her face is never seen,
Like that lover
Darkness dominates the spring sky.

Reminds me of a last town
And its blurred palace —
Their beauty dawns on me.

By the Indian seas
By the Aegean shores
Or near Tyre's ruins
There was a city,
There was a palace, lost now;
Filled with riches
Persian carpets, shawls, pearls and jewels of wavy seas,
My lost soul, my closed eyes, my vanished dreamy desires
And you too —
All lived in the world once.
Orange-tinged sunshine
Many doves and cuckoos
Strewn shades of leafy boughs

— there were many;

Shone many orange rays
Many orange rays
And you dwelt too
Oh for centuries that I miss your face
Nor do I search for its beauty.

This spring gloom
 Brings in the distant shore's tale
 Lined with the golden tomb's melancholy,
 The lost apple's scent
 Many deer and the lion's ashy skin
 Rainbow-hued glass dome,
 Like a peacock's fan
 Coloured curtains

Rooms, farflung, rooms and rooms —
 Their flitting memory
 A dead silence and awe.

Curtains and carpets treasure
 Distorted taste of vermillion sun
 Blood-red glasses treasure
 Melon and wine! !
 And your bare lone hand;

Your bare lone hand.

Translated from *Jivanananda Das's*
 "নগ নির্জন হাত"

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S MESSAGE OF CHARACTER-BUILDING EDUCATION

KALYAN KUMAR CHAKRAVARTY

Third Year, History (outgoing)

A question was once put to Iole, Hercules' beloved, "O Iole, how did you know that Hercules was a God?" "Because", answered Iole, "I was content the moment my eyes fell on him..... He did not wait for a contest; he conquered wherever he was or whatever he did". That is what Vivekananda meant by character, a sense of mass, a sense of presence, a victory organised,

An education of character, in Vivekananda's formulation, must be an education of ideas, not of information, an education which equips the student for the struggle of life, and of such an education religion must be the basis — a religion not of ceremonies but of principles.

In the first place, an educative religion, according to Vivekananda, implies, Sraddha or faith in oneself.

We must not think we are nothing. We are sparks of the divine fire, not lumps of impure carbon and water. We are men, not leaning willows. We are guides, redeemers and benefactors, advancing on chaos and darkness — not cowards fleeing before a revolution. How can we be nothing? We are everything and we can do everything. "The old religion said," Vivekananda says, "that he was an atheist who did not believe in God. The new religion says that he is the atheist who does not believe in himself."

Therefore, in educating ourselves we must believe that envy is ignorance, imitation is suicide and that that which each can do best, none but his maker can teach him. (Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. There is no master who could have taught a Dante, a Kalidas, a Newton or a Goethe.) We must realise that we are mines of infinite knowledge, but this knowledge is often obscured by Avidya. What we have to do is only to take this cover off our soul and come in tune with the Omniscient. "We put our hands over our eyes" says Vivekananda "and weep that it is dark. Take the hands away and there is light."

In the second place Vivekananda insisted on 'Nishkama Karma' or the cultivation of the twin methods of concentration and detachment. We must work like masters, not slaves, through the freedom of love and not the bondage of attachment. We must concentrate upon the means, but detach ourselves from the ends. If we take care of the means, the ends will take care of themselves. We must give what we have to give, expecting nothing in return. It will come back to us, multiplied a thousand-fold, but we must not think of that now. Character, we must remember, is the tree, and reputation is but the shadow. A mind trained in this way would be able to accomplish enormous tasks without any effort.

Vivekananda advocated several methods of developing self-reliance, concentration and detachment which constitute the basis of his character-building education.

First, he emphasized the value of example and precept. The student, he said, must live in company with a teacher, whose character is a blaz-

ing fire. He must try to recapture the austere spirit of heroic manhood as embodied in the lives of the great-souled—Sri Ramachandra, Mahavira, Srikrishna and Sri Ramakrishna. He must also draw upon the Upanishads, the only literature in the world where we find the word “Abhiih” (Fearless) used again and again.

Second, he advocated self-culture. Not all the examples and precepts, he implied, would develop character in the student unless he learnt to apply his intellect to the proper use of his hands, legs, ears and eyes. A student has the primary wisdom—intuition—dormant within him like fire in a piece of flint. All later teachings are but tuition to bring this wisdom out by friction. Vivekananda insisted on physical culture as the first necessity of self-culture. He called upon the students to practise Brahmacharya, or chastity in thought, word and deed for a period of twelve years and thereby transform their sexual energy into spiritual energy. At the same time he propounded the development of concentration through Rajayoga. Rajayoga enables the mind to shut out all undesirable impulses and turn back on itself. A chaste brain in a strong body has unfailing memory and wonderful grasp.

Vivekananda stressed the necessity of strengthening the bases of his character-building education by spreading it among women and the masses—the two neglected pillars of society. Living images of Sakti, Vivekananda said, must be brought out of women through education and Brahmacharya so that they become fit to be mothers of heroes. Moreover, the masses must be made to realise that they are manifestations of the eternal spirit. This could be done by the popularisation of the gems of spirituality stored in Sanskrit.

Vivekananda's message of character-building education is eminently applicable to modern conditions. The present system suffers from two great defects.

First, it studies man in his objective aspect, not subjective. It imparts a knowledge of science Aparavidya and not of the self—Paravidya. It is due to this that we frequently find among students a tendency towards discontent, unhappiness and inaction—displaying itself in a premature contempt for life and disgust at the beaten tracks of men—a tendency which in England has been called Byronism and in Germany Wertherism. We are in the same quandary as Narada, who, having learnt all the sciences was still in unrest.

Second, it concentrates on facts, not on the mind. It looks upon the child as a mere learner, not a discoverer. Authorities want the child to minister to something which has nothing to do with its own well-

being. The State wants the child to work for national aggrandisement and support the existing forms of Government. The Church wants it to help increase the power of the priesthood. The School Master wants it to glorify the school. The parents want it to glorify the family.

Vivekananda's message seeks to correct this bias. He preaches the divine in man—the Upanishadic view of knowledge as the essence of self and *Nihshreyas*. Moreover he emphasizes a psychological approach akin to the neuristic method of modern educators which looks upon the child as not merely a piece in a jig-saw puzzle, but an end in itself, with its own rights and personality.

Vivekananda's message of character-building education, if adopted, would give us muscles of iron, nerves of steel, hearts of thunderbolts, self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control. It would lead us to devote ourselves to great thoughts, real affections, enduring undertakings. It would haul us out of the shifting sands of barren speculation and awaken us in a sphere where life is boundless in its duration, love in its sympathy, joy in its fulness. It would enable us to stand up against the long, dismal, drawing tides of rift and surrender, wrong measurements and feeble impulses. It would make men of us—men in every fibre—men to the fingertips.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE AN ARMAGEDDON* CUPID—A CONTENDER FOR SUPREMACY

PRADEEP K. MITRA

Third Year, Economics (outgoing)

The Second World War was going on—Hitler wading through oceans of blood and all that sort of thing. The college authorities didn't quite realise in the heat of combat what it was that they were doing. Perhaps the clamour for Emancipation had reached a new crest—as it often

* The author gratefully acknowledges his debt to all those in Presidency College who have (unwittingly) provided inspiration for this article. None of them, however, is responsible for the views expressed here.

mistakenly does—a plea for social “reform” amidst chaotic political conditions. They introduced co-education in Presidency College. One can attribute to them, perhaps, rash impetuosity; it would, however, clearly be unfair to accuse the venerable Buddhas of that bygone era of having framed a myopic educational policy. For surely, they couldn’t foresee that that decision of theirs would be fraught with momentous significance. Anyhow, to cut a long story short, amidst the visible turmoil, ravage, plunder and pillage raging over the plains of Europe, the arid deserts of North Africa and the war-torn islands of the Pacific, the authorities, in introducing co-education, inaugurated a far more sinister, abstract, insidious conflict in Presidency College—what has been termed, (not by the present author) the Battle of the Sexes.

The experiment began on a cautious note and the sexes were not as yet to be treated on an equal footing. Reliable chroniclers recount, in a jaunty vein of reminiscence, that this caution manifested itself in the fact that the fair ladies (to stick to a flagrantly inappropriate adjective purely because tradition will have it so) were expected to observe certain restrictions on dress, once they entered Presidency College. What precisely these restraints were is totally immaterial now. However, readers gifted with a flair for historical detail may be interested to learn that the salwar and kameez, for example, were strictly taboo. Non-observance of such regulations would, it was alleged, distract pundits of the Sanskrit department who, despite having heard of the awe-inspiring prowess of gifted women of Vedic India—Gargi, Khana, Leelavati and Maitreyee, to name but a few giants of learning—were gratefully inclined to view twentieth-century education (justifiably?) as an activity untainted by the stigma of feminine intrusion.* And the chroniclers continue, not without a trace of nostalgia, that the rules were adhered to. One may, of course, ask: if the rules were strictly observed, how do we know that their violation earned the pundits’ chagrin? Rhetorical question.

Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed and much water has flowed under the Howrah bridge since that fiercely nationalistic pre-Independence era. In due course came Independence, economic planning, democratic socialism, armed attack on the northern borders, the dynamite that was Shastri, and the Indira Gandhi era. Change was the key word in these years of tireless nation building. Inhibition among women soon became an outdated gospel and Presidency’s hesitant

* Sanskrit enthusiasts are requested to keep perfectly relaxed.

experiment flourished to an extent which even the most optimistic Second World War innovator hadn't, I'm sure, bargained for. Since regulation of dress was the expression of caution, it would be best to turn to current fashions to assess the present position.** Fortunately in Presidency College we don't have microscopic bikinis held together with a bit of elastic and a prayer. We don't have silver swimsuits which are supposed to be better than Vitamin A for night-time visibility. We don't have ruffled green and backless yellow synthetic to heighten illusion and deepen interest. And finally, we don't have topless suits in an essentially baseless and senseless era. But we do have necklines plunging dangerously close to sea-level and skirts aspiring daily to loftier heights. The latest in hair-dos makes for a curiously changing skyline, enough to baffle the most seasoned architect. The charming feminine face swathed in polychromatic hues initially caused a lot of desperate cry—the trend now is inexorably towards more hue and less cry.* No more evidence is required. The principal conclusion derived from the sartorial index is: liberalisation ho! liberalisation zindabad! liberalisation with a vengeance accumulated throughout centuries of the purdah! Time has ushered in the tyranny of the weak (?) to be accepted with mute resignation. In the early days, the sexes were treated on an unequal footing. The same is true today—with a slight difference. Discrimination runs in the reverse direction. Sociologists, psychologists, anthropologists, purists, etc. will explain the transition with reference to a changing scale of values in a dynamic society. They will attempt to evaluate its desirability with complex criteria. Irrelevant. We shall merely end on an agnostic "that's that".

*** The changed status quo is, however, pregnant with implication. It accounts perhaps for much of what you observe today. And there's a lot you observe. Chronologically speaking: first groups, then groups and couples, then a couple of separate groups, then groups of separate couples, and finally, couples. Presidency College, especially in autumn, presents a colourful spectacle whose charm none endowed with an iota of nobility could conceivably deny. You can't miss couples huddled together inside seminar libraries, listening to each other with rapt attention (unparalleled in class), discussing studies undoubtedly, for study, according

** Ladies invested with finer sensibilities may reserve the section from here to the next asterisk for a subsequent, surreptitious reading.

* Thank you, ladies, for reading upto here despite previous warning. You may now continue with impunity.

*** Readers of a somewhat puritan disposition may skip this paragraph, but only at the cost of losing the main thread of the exposition.

to the Rigveda, is worship. You find them perched serenely on the steps of the Baker Laboratories watching a match in progress: he describing a cover drive with vivacious enthusiasm, she totally uninjected by it, unable to grasp its subtlety, but nevertheless trying to sport an expression of undiluted ecstasy that would warm the heart of any M.C.C. official. You see them squatting with languid ease for hours outside the Arts library, waiting for a promised class, thus betraying a passionate interest in academic pursuit. You may stumble upon them behind the main staircase, sucking ice-cream with what you suspect is a curiously conspiratorial air—dismiss that as a product of the imagination; it's only a geographical accident that the Magnolia canteen is located in a secluded corner. You discover them together at the bus-stop well after classes have ended in the afternoon (they can't help it, all the buses are terribly overcrowded), she animatedly narrating a joke a friend came up with earlier in the day, he doubling up in mirth, for though he doesn't see the underlying humour, he's too perfect a gentleman to say so. (Professor Higgins surely was not a gentleman. Nothing else could possibly explain his tempestuous outburst: "They (women) are nothing but exasperating, irritating, vacillating, calculating, agitating, maddening and infuriating hags." Sir Galahad at the bus-stop scoffs derisively at these ill-advised, flippant observations.) Eventually when the relevant bus arrives, she dexterously manages to jump on to it (they are the weaker sex) and he is left behind, torn between an uncomfortably sacrilegious belief that Hamlet was right about frailty and a reasoned pragmatism that the State Transport Corporation cannot deliver the goods. You may chance upon them, nestling in pneumatic bliss (with apologies to T. S. Eliot) on the upper floor of the Coffee House, far removed from the lower echelons of sordid commerce (that's all the social life the college provides), he ready to scale the snow-capped peaks and scour the unknown depths of the heaving seas, nay, even commit suicide at her slightest request, yet unwilling to lend her his lecture notes. Or finally, you may meet them at a cinema-hall or at a painting exhibition gazing rapturously at each other, and occasionally at the painting for good measure, for joint cultural participation, someone whose name I forget, once remarked, sharpens the aesthetic faculties. No cause for despair. Rhapsody is real. Sir Thomas More's Utopia is not only here but is here to stay.

It emerges, therefore, that modern Presidency consists of an inspired group of Utopia-seekers. But it would be erroneous to imagine that this quest is sought to be realised at the expense of other interests. Academic

excellence is very much with us although some could admittedly do better if they did not spend hours with someone else. Cricket is a popular sport; it is only once in a while that an experienced batsman gazing blankly at the midwicket fence momentarily loses concentration and is bowled by one of better length. The Physics Lecture Theatre bursts at its seams when a debate is announced—it's only at times that a seasoned debater's stare gets suddenly fixed on the third row, making him go to pieces on a relatively innocent point of order. And occasionally the young lecturer, unwittingly taking a cue from the earlier Sanskrit pundits, stutters off the main stream of thought despite hours of elaborate preparation. Sometimes love's labour is lost when a passionate wolf, his imagination fired by an interesting target on the second floor, charging in agitated frenzy up the stairway, suddenly slips, in full view of his momentary goddess... for an agonising moment remaining poised precariously on the brink of amorous vacillation, before rolling down in a nasty mess, a tragic end to a comedy of errors, cursing himself for having caused much ado about nothing.

And on it goes. Strangely enough, a fierce debate has raged over the desirability of this state of affairs. Some have chosen to call it "Cupid's growing influence", others have viewed it as the necessary cost of what they believe is a hasty decontrol of pressures making for Emancipation, still others have dubbed it, the Battle of the Sexes. It is a curious, abstract, insidious battle, generating a bewildering plethora of opposing reactions embracing the entire gamut of human emotion. The feelings range from the tender word spoken at the Coffee House table, to the gentle flicker of recognition in the college corridors, to the detached amusement at the sight of an approaching couple, to the suppressed murmur of approval when a shapely beauty passes by, to the discontented grunts of burgeoning resentment at the clearly preferential treatment accorded to the emancipated at the college office, the library, the canteen and other places, to the open hostility when a fair co-ed earns publicity, to the sharp, saucy comment (poor translation of its native equivalent) made by a group of cultured young men to a group of passing young women. Perhaps no other battle in human history has evoked feelings diverse enough to span the entire spectrum of human sentiment—enchantment and odium, infatuation and abhorrence, devotion and estrangement, attachment and animosity. And perhaps it is this puzzling diversity which imparts a pungent, magic charm to it all, according to one school of thought, and renders it perfectly revolting according to another. Who do you

agree with? It is a complex, confusing issue, difficult, yet necessary to resolve. It all must be left to that detached, cold chronicler—history, to pass, in collaboration with posterity, the final judgment. But the immediate choice has to be your's. Is the battle of the sexes spurring us on to greater heights or is it secretly numbing our hearts and torturing our souls? You, the present reader, must answer this question. Ponder over it carefully and weigh the pros and the cons meticulously with a cool, balanced and open mind, for your very welfare depends upon it. But before you cast your vote, here's a timely word of caution. Do NOT attempt to identify either yourself or any of your friends in the passages of this article. For in that event, your verdict may be somewhat coloured.

A FILM IS A FILM IS A FILM

SOMNATH SEN

Third Year, Economics (outgoing)

No, dear Reader, the title of this essay is not a misprint. My subject is the cinema; my object is to show what it is, its relation with other forms of art, as well as its uniqueness as a medium of art. The subject has to be repeated to drive home the point that it is something special. It has been said that the cinema, of all arts, is the closest to the spirit of our times. We can no longer afford to neglect it.

Cinema-making is an art with the camera as a pen and with a special language of its own. But if it was only that then no more need be said. It is different because it is *also* an industry. With film making are connected the ideas of a conflict between forms, of a search for expressions, and of a creation of mediums. But with these common attributes come others. There are the scientific innovations, technical know-how, attractions of the box-office, the profit motive, huge advertisements and long queues—in short all the paraphernalia of big business. It does not require genius to see the inherent contradictions between means and ends.

Films are fundamentally of two types (leaving out hybrids.) The

first caters to a selected audience and shows the art at its best. But if that was the be-all and the end-all, the medium would die out. The second type—the predominant one—is what one calls the mass picture. Trick shots, simple plots made complicated, coarse laughter, and the inevitable fight between the demon-like villain and the god-like hero (the hero inevitably wins), are all shown in rapid succession. The auditorium is packed, it is a “box-office hit” according to film-land jargon, and the industry is maintained.

The trouble is that making a film involves a lot of money, more so than writing a novel or composing a symphony. An author or an artist is never impoverished by a single failure. A film maker can be beggared even before his work is complete. Also success must be immediate. A painting can be sold 50 years later, at a fabulous price. A film will not get an audience if it is shown a few years after it is shot.

So the dichotomy is complete. A yawning gulf confronts the director who can make the most artistic films possible and yet cannot find an audience. The spirit of art is harnessed by the force of commerce. And so continues the conflict as well as a search for an optimum reconciliation between aesthetics and economics.

In spite of all that has been said, the cinema above all else, is a form of art. Therefore, the natural question arises about its basic mode of expression and its philosophy. There can be no dispute about the fact that cinema is applied art. A director can never produce a film on the basis of a dogma or a certain philosophical idea. The maker will try to synthesise the chaotic world of human experiences and express the product through a special medium or language. The process must faithfully communicate the creator's *own* emotions, responses and reactions arising from human experiences.

Therefore, film philosophy comes after the film, not before. Satyajit Ray's “*Pather Panchali*” was called a product of the neo-realistic school. But it is difficult to visualise Ray wanting to make a film of a particular school when he began shooting. Nor did Resnais conceive the *nouvelle vague* before making “*Hiroshima mon Amour*”. It is film appreciation that creates film philosophy, not otherwise.

While on the subject of film appreciation, it will not be out of place to discuss the changing forms of the language of films. When Griffith and Chaplin were making their first films in the days of the infancy of the cinema innovations were rare. Today, when we go to any modern director's work, specially of the French school, we are confronted with a series of technical 'shocks' like the “freeze” or the “zoom”.

When the close-up was first introduced, people shrieked with fear. Today it is an essential feature of the cinema. So times have changed.

A debate has ranged between the classicist and the modernist about the necessity for all these innovations. In the good old days without any devices there was a Chaplin. No technical magic can produce his equal. But nevertheless, if properly used, the technological tools are important. They add a further dimension to the movie and they help penetrate deeper into the human mind.

Any film today is characterised by three things:—image, dialogue and background music. Talking of images we notice that to a camera, a tree is a tree and nothing but a tree. The camera expresses everything in its physical sense. Then, is a film a transcript of the material without the powers of expressing moods and expressions? Not so. The reason is simple. Since the camera can bring to us the immediate experience of physical reality more completely than any other media, it can also evoke the rich and immediate and varied responses of life itself. In real life a tree can give sensations of poetry or fascination or even repulsion. The same can happen in a film.

It is the sacred duty of the creator to choose and vary his space-time context, emphasising some details and suppressing others so that the desired reactions are evoked in the mind of the viewer.

In the silent days, great films were made. Nevertheless, the addition of dialogue has made the cinema stronger in revealing itself. Realism is not the greatest contribution of dialogue. When the silent epic "Battleship Potemkin" was recently shown in the College, we all noted its heroic proportions mingled with contemporary reality. Dialogue brings to us the individual more closely. The intimacy of the modern film and the one-to-one relationship between each character and each member in the hall were all absent in the great epics of the past. The belief of the classicist that dialogue at best was an aid and never an asset, has come to stay. We have lost the magnificent dynamics of the classicists. But we have gained elsewhere.

Background music has travelled a long way from the days of Edmund Meizet's orchestra music for "Potemkin". Today it is accepted as an integral part of a good film. (The breakdown of the formula has also begun with films like Elia Kazan's "Boomerang", where background music is conspicuous by its absence.) This tool adds a purely subjective dimension. It has no objective foundation because a counterpart does not exist in real life. But its efficacy in stimulating emotions, cannot be doubted,

A question that is oft discussed is what is the relation between cinema and literature. There is a school of thought that thinks that a film is based on its literary content. No "story," and the work is doomed! There are other similarities, too, between these two great forms of art. Literature deals with human characters and problems. The external world is transferred to the mind. There the physical is soaked in the mental (and perhaps the spiritual) faculties. The resulting compound is put on paper. Basically film making involves the same process with different tools.

But the opposition is also vociferous. According to Antonioni there is nothing called a literary or a figurative film. When the "internal form of film making" becomes predominant, the intimate correlation with literature must be denied. If the cinema is to remain just a translation of literature on the screen then its individualism must be sacrificed. That would be a tragedy.

No discussion on the cinema is complete without a reference to the star system. It is like playing a game of chess without the queen. The million-rupee matinee idols moving about the screen showering the sets with a distinctive personality of their own, are worth their weight in gold. The great love gods and goddesses attract millions to the auditorium. Can Hollywood ever forget people like Douglas Fairbanks, Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe?

But today the system is on the wane all over the world. Low budget films with new-found innovations or artistic creations without popular artists, are moving in. In Hollywood the "anti-hero" movement has been ushered in by men like Montgomery Clift or Gregory Peck. No longer the dashing overacting and the brilliant sunshine. Now, the soft-spoken, egocentric and brooding heroes are taking over. It is being discovered that the director creates the actor. The actor may even be a puppet. The star is just a part of the whole process and a part that has no right to dominate the whole.

So our brief survey of this strange world is nearing completion. On the one hand are long lines, obscene posters, precocious youngsters and stern censors. On the other are great artists, brilliant technicians, and intellectual audiences. The cinema is no longer new, but it is still struggling. It is trying to find a stable base as it moves through different phases like neo-realism, phenomenalism or the New Wave. Let us hope that it will find its measure and live. It shall become a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

FRUSTRATION WITHIN AND WITHOUT

AMIT KUMAR MITRA

Third Year, Economics

That shot came most unexpectedly. It fell upon the screen; froze for a few fleeting moments; and then melted away, though not thoroughly, into oblivion. The camera, travelling on the prow of a boat, had caught the images of a boy and a girl sitting on a floating jetty. In rhythm with the ripples the images broke and built. In rhyme with the whims of the waves they blurred and resharpended. An element of uncertainty could not have been missed by the audience. But most of all, an inexplicable sense of loneliness lent an uncanny feeling. A faint murmur kept lingering "Are you, or are you not, lonely?"

Pre-adolescence dragged you right out of the umbrella held up by your parents. Slowly but surely new realisation crept into your mind's domain. You began to feel that you were an individual, an entity 'utterly single'. In moments of retrospection this grew to be a major obsession. While introspecting you began to feel the pangs of a strange, subtle fear.

Youth symbolises this mass of energy which searches frantically for an individual and an ideal with which it can identify itself. Youth is constantly running away from something and at the same time running towards something. Yet most of us fail to run far enough both away from one end, and towards the other.

The walls that had been built brick by brick suffocate you soon. You reach out to communicate. You thrust your head over a wall or two and drink in the beauty of other gardens. Some walls apparently shatter. For a moment or two the butterflies can lend themselves to the wind without fear of being dashed to pieces against brooding brick barriers. But for how long? Has conjugation been able to obviate that loneliness? Have you been able to defeat that pervading void? Haven't you noticed the distortions, the gashes, and most of all the hollows?

Having focussed the camera on an entity our experience has not been very heartening. But if the lens is made to face the panorama before us, we are plunged further into the labyrinth. Life today is crowded with activities. Technological progress has brought with it immense facilities to 'increase the traffic'. Though we have even

probed the subtle workings of the stars and the moon, let alone much of the workings of the human mind—and though our attempts at mastering nature have not turned out to be totally futile—can we honestly say that we derive full satisfaction from this crowded existence? Can we establish a definite link between our daily deeds and our inner-most strivings? Or do we merely time our lives to the movement of a production belt that we do not control? Do we merely allow ourselves to float with the tide like bloated carcasses?

These questions have been harassing the thinkers of our times. Concrete shape has been given them in "Nineteen Eighty Four", "Brave New World" and finally in "The Outsider". Partial solution has been sought for in the 'Island'. Men are becoming aware of this purposelessness and disharmony in their lives. Some hold that today we arrest our inner creativity with external compulsion and irrelevant anxieties. Moreover the autonomous activities of the individual have progressively begun to get constrained. According to Mumford "we are falling a victim to our own mechanical culture". This is giving birth to an all-pervading frustration that is characteristic of this age.

For this reason a painting I recently saw, though apparently marred by a riot of colours, had such striking effect. The colours ranged from a cherry pink to a grimy grey, all heaped in a haphazard manner. Yet strangely enough the painting evoked a sense of nothingness inspite of the abundance of colours. By leaving a caption which read "Twentieth Century Life" the artist was making us toe the line we ourselves have chalked out.

YEATS AND ELIOT

SATYABRATA PAL

Second Year, English

Of the many poets writing in England during the first decade of the twentieth century, Yeats and Eliot were, perhaps, the greatest. Yeats, of course, had written much of his poetry before the turn of the century. Eliot wrote all of his from 1909 onwards. There is, however, a com-

mon period of about twenty years during which both were writing some of their best poetry. Yeats, at this stage, was the maturer poet; Eliot was experimenting in medium and form, and his poetry reflected his thought. It asked the questions, but did not as yet have the answers. He had begun to write free verse but had not mastered it. This indecision is reflected in the use of an unmetrical rhymed verse for most of *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. He does indeed use rhyme with superb effect to underline the banality of the seduction scene in *The Waste Land*:

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses,
Which still are unreproved if undesired.

But he has not as yet achieved this mastery.

Yeats, on the other hand, had already perfected his style. But now he began to change his style. This was not merely development, but a complete break from his early style. He identified himself with the drift away from the Victorian tradition, but he did not try to follow the younger generation. He developed within himself and his style changed with his thought. His development as a poet is remarkably like Shakespeare's. In both cases there is, in the earlier poetry, a concentration on style as an end in itself. In the later poetry, it becomes a vehicle for thought and accordingly, chastened, terse and, often, esoteric. The change in Shakespeare is obvious. Romeo, declaiming over the dead Juliet, sounds emotive and shallow beside Cleopatra's lament over Antony:

ROMEO:

Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorréd monster keeps
Thee in the dark to be his paramour?

(R. & J., V, 3, 102-5)

CLEOPATRA: The crown of earth doth melt. My lord!

O wither'd is the garland of war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls
Are level now with men. The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

(A. & C., IV, 15, 63-8)

The change in Yeats is equally remarkable. Beauty, especially the beauty of nature, becomes for him now a backdrop, or a setting which arouses a certain mood or train of thought.

In 1899 he writes:

I, too, await
The hour of thy great wind of love and hate.
When shall the stars be blown about the sky,
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die?

(*The Secret Rose*)

In 1919 the storm introduces a prayer for his daughter:

Once more the storm is howling, and half hid
Under this cradle-hood and coverlid
My child sleeps on.

(*A Prayer for my Daughter*)

Yeats comes out of his immersion in Celtic mythology and begins to write a sensitive poetry which is based on an awareness of the superficial aims and motives of contemporary life. This leads to the agony and virulence of "The Fisherman" period.

There is, therefore, in both Yeats and Eliot a quest, a quest for ideals in life and in poetry. They worked independently and appear to have been uninfluenced by each other. But when their subjects are so much alike, we can expect certain similarities of thought in their poetry, and it is interesting to analyse their reactions to a common subject.

There is about Eliot's earlier poetry a quality of despair. This is not as yet a reflection of the despair of a civilisation but the intensely personal despair of a poet trying to make society realise that the civilisation it stands for is decadent. Eliot uses the trivial and the platitudinous to shock his readers. Nothing of this sort had been done before and Eliot cannot find the optimum point. The banalities in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* becomes sometimes a bit too banal, too contrived; as a result an element of gimmickry comes in, especially in the overly conscious, repetitive parentheses. Eliot, like Yeats in his early period, becomes, to a certain extent, the victim of his style, as in passages like this:

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,

Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

There is, first, the nursery-rhyme effect of introducing an image in one line and strengthening it in the next—

sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned.....

The regression to childhood is strengthened by the image of “sprawling” and the eyes that watch. The image of pinning is anticipated by “My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin”—(but here another type of assertion), and deepens the sensation of helplessness in a world where such things happen. This introduces the image of the crawling insects (in “wriggling”) with all the unpleasant connotations of dirt and slime, which, in turn, with its images of crawling, sprawling, wriggling, leads up to the final climax in—

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

This is good workmanship, but Eliot overdoes it. He does not try to rise out of his despair. In his anxiety to make his point, he makes his men sub-human. There is a presentation of the problem but no solution. The poem ends on the same sinking note—

Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock and *Portrait of a Lady* are poems of a private revolt against a bourgeois society, the society in which Eliot moved. But with his maturity his imagery becomes more general, more universal.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
The worlds revolve like ancient women
Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

(Preludes, IV)

The despair still comes out through conscious cynicisms, but it is deeper and not so demonstrative. The poetry works up from *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* through *Gerontion*—

Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,
Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London,....—

to a climax in *The Waste Land*, which also marks the apogee of Eliot's poetry of despair. Fittingly, it becomes the voice of the indictment and the agony of the whole of European civilisation. Eliot's early poetry mirrors a disillusionment, a venomous hatred for the complacent who make the apathy of society possible, and a search for new and personally satisfying ideals.

The poetry of Yeats, about this time, reflects the same disenchantment and the same quest for ideals, but an increasing spirituality has helped him to transcend hatred. He has realised that—

to be choked with hate,
May well be of all evil chances, chief.

But Yeats' hatred, while it lasted, was as intense as Eliot's.

The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved.....

(The Fisherman)

As with Eliot, he goes back to the past for his ideas, but only to the immediate past, for Ireland in the first decade of the twentieth century had ideals enough for a poet. The fisherman symbolises the life of purity which the poet aspires after. Fishing is an archetypal symbol of man's pristine, innocent state, ultimately to be traced back to the vocation of St. Peter. Eliot uses this image in *The Waste Land* where

O City city, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in lower Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and a chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon:

is the only invocation of hope in the entire poem and the only breakaway from the "Unreal City".

Yeats' ideals are much more easily attained because placed in a less remote reality and he can rise above his initial frustration with ordinary life. This frustration is personal, but in this particular phase is more universal and comprehensible than Eliot's. Eliot's disappointment is essentially the outsider's disappointment and becomes comprehensible only when he deals with as immediate a subject as the decay of a civilisation. Yeats, however, is concerned with a subject which Eliot almost

never touches—the despair of man when he realises his dreams *are* just dreams. This is a despair a shade deeper than Eliot's.

I would have touched it like a child
 But knew my finger could but have touched
 Cold stone and water. I grew wild,
 Even accusing Heaven because
 It had set down among its laws:
 Nothing that we love over-much
 Is ponderable to our touch.

(*Towards Break of Day*)

Here, too, there is a disenchantment, a waking from a dream. But the dream exists, to be turned to. The ideal is not wholly shattered. The essential point of departure is that Yeats has already succeeded in transcending the world of the flesh. The woman is achieved, and there is no frustration. There are no moments to be forced to crises and the imagination can turn to higher things.

It is interesting to note that in this period Eliot's poetry almost always leaves an impression of darkness. *The Love Song*, *Preludes* and *Rhapsody on a Windy Night* are all set at night. By contrast, in Yeats' poetry the dawn motif is the most dominant.

Though I had long perned in the gyre,
 Between my hatred and desire,
 I saw my freedom won
 And all laugh in the sun.

(*Demon And Beast*)

The darkness and light in the poetry are symbolic. Eliot gives the impression of a man groping in the dark. His terrors and objectives are necessarily vague. This probably leads to his "fear of commitment."

It is impossible to say just what I mean!
 But as if a magic lantern through the nerves in
 patterns on a screen:

Yeats has passed this stage. In *The Fisherman*, he was approaching enlightenment.

Before I am old
 I shall have written him one
 Poem maybe as cold
 And passionate as the dawn.

His dawn is come about. His wish and poetry are fulfilled.

FAIR COLOUR AND STRENGTH, SOME BRISKNESS

The reader may glance at the title, and be led by curiosity to read what follows. He need not persevere, for, in these lines, he will not find even the vaguest explanation of the above; the reason being that the author himself does not know. What he will find, though, is a rather ill-written account of the writer's first trip to a tea-tasting room.

I had been told by my seniors in the office that time spent in the tasting room would be among the best and most fruitful hours of my life. ("Most fascinating subject; you'll have an absolutely super time," chuckled the Senior Assistant, rubbing his hands gleefully, and doubtlessly thinking of *his* most golden hours.) Accordingly, I swallowed my distaste and got on with the job. A foul, tea-stained black apron was put at my disposal, and, rolling up my sleeves, I strode into the tasting room. "One must not appear to be antagonistic to tea," I said to myself, "and definitely not in my job." One must also not appear to be frightened of utter ignorance and show it to the staff. Consequently, my manner was breezy, my eyes were focussed on a distant tray, and my heart kept time with the "thud, thud" of a pile-driver next door. Nothing of any national importance seemed to be afoot, but the staff appeared to be very busy. The smell of tea strongly assailed my senses, and, as far as I could see were rows upon rows of tins, some numbered in red, some in black and some in green. Shelves, trays, pots and cups completed the dismal picture, not to mention an endless number of files and a dozen round spittoons. However, I shrugged off my extreme discomfiture and carried on with the air of a man thirsting for knowledge of the cup that cheers.

The staff looked askance at me and whispered that here was another green sahib to add to their woes. I was very business-like and walked purposefully to the man in charge of the tasting room. "Aha, Mr. Brown," I boomed in a voice that was supposed to strike terror in his heart, but which evidently came out in the form of a squeak for he was not impressed, "and what do you have for me?" The aforesaid Mr. Brown turned, (he was scribbling on a long strip of pink paper) and gave me a somewhat shy smile. "Welcome here, Mr. Sen," he said, "you might like to start by taking a good look around this place; and please do not hesitate to ask me if you have any problems." I

laughed, a short, dry laugh, and patted him on the back. "Don't worry, old boy, I'll find my way around," and followed it up with a reassuring squeeze of the shoulder, which little bit of jollity had the disastrous effect of making Brown drop his pen nib-first on the floor. Later, I learned that this "old boy" had spent 35 years in the job, and had mastered to a fine degree the art of taking the rough with the smooth. Thus, to my profuse apologies he replied with a "Nothing at all, Mr. Sen, I assure you," and beamed like the benevolent sun.

After such an inauspicious start, I was determined to act like a professional taster, and embarked on the tedious venture of looking into sundry tins and turning out stuff that I would not ordinarily have touched, upon square cards meant for that purpose. Problems, a sea of problems, came at me from all sides. The art of tea-tasting, in coming to grips with me, appeared to employ all the holds at its call. I, however, rose to the occasion and mastered the situation. Some tea looked black, some brown, others were big, and the rest small. I treated each grade to a succession of keen glances, and my brain worked at fever-pitch to assimilate the various details. 40 minutes later, an enlightened Junior Assistant put down all the tins, brushed an assortment of tea-leaves off his shirt and strolled over to the hard-working Brown. I waited patiently for the fellow to notice me and made speech with him. "Very interesting, indeed, Mr. Brown," I said, "quite fascinating, actually. I feel I've made tremendous strides towards being a tea-taster." This last bit of self-praise was accompanied by an imperious wave of my hand which was intended to encompass the entire room. It also encompassed a couple of tins, which ultimately landed in a nearby spittoon. Brown hurried over to inspect the ruins and I followed casually. "Ye-es, Mr. Sen," he answered in reply to my recent acknowledgement of mastery over tea, "I am quite sure you have; and, incidentally those two tins contained samples specially sent from New Guinea for the Managing Director." I ought to have been aghast at this information, but I replied very breezily, "Oh, don't worry about a trifle like that. There's a lot more where they came from." But Brown was not to be consoled.

Then I strode over to another corner of the room, nearly knocking off a tray of cups in the process, and picked up another tin. It had a black number on it. Brown's assistant, Robertson, was arranging tins on a tray. I went to him and tapped him lightly on the shoulder with the tin, and also picked up a turn-out card. "Hullo, Robertson," I greeted him, "I've picked up some excellent stuff, Darjeeling, I think,"

turning out the contents of the tin on the card, in the manner employed by our senior tasters. The only fault in my professional handling of the stuff was that half of it landed on the floor and half of the other half fell into another tin. Robertson was more embarrassed than me, but he was also more direct in his methods than Brown. He spoke firmly, "Mr. Sen, this is a rather poor standard of Cachar Orthodox, about Rs. 4/- a Kg., so you are not quite right in presuming it to be a good Darjeeling grade. However, the tea you mixed it up with was one of our best Assam marks, valued at about Rs. 50/- a Kg. But, don't worry, these things do happen at first." (Did I catch a note of sarcasm in the last sentence? Anyway, Robertson was treated to a dark look.) Frankly, I could see no difference between the two.

I carried on, and came across a tray on which cups had been arranged. Tea is always prepared raw for tasting, and no palliatives like milk and sugar are added. I sipped the brew delicately and grimaced, hurriedly looking for a spittoon. Having got rid of the offensive liquor, I beckoned to Brown who came over with the hint of an amused smile playing round the corners of his lips. "Foul stuff", I gasped, "shouldn't touch it, if I were you." A kindly man, Brown had obviously dealt with such cases in his long tea-stained career. "No-o, Mr. Sen," he said, "This is our best, sold for Rs. 97.50 a Kg. at last week's sale." As far as I was concerned, it could have fetched Rs. 2.50. It did, however, fetch for me a growing dislike for this aspect of my future career.

Brown further pointed out that sipping delicately does not bring out the flavour. One had to draw the liquid in loudly with the same amount of air, making a noise which would not be considered good manners in drinking coffee in polite society. The object of this operation was to make the tea hit the palate. I tried it, and was partly successful. The liquid did hit my palate and continued up my nasal passage and some of it even went down my throat. It took me the better part of a half-hour to recover fully. The blessed stuff evidently hit my larynx also, for I had difficulty in speaking coherently for some time. In the process of recovering I knocked down a couple of cups and despatched a tin of choicest Assam tea down the nearest spittoon.

It was in this state the Senior Assistant found me. "Ha, and how are we getting along?" he boomed. (His voice would have made any competent Sergeant-Major turn green with envy). He cast his baleful look around and surveyed the ruin that had been caused. His b.l. came to rest on me and he gave vent to a deep-throated roar. "So

you *have* been learning, haven't you? What a ghastly mess." I realized that he wasn't angry, but just vastly amused, "Mr. Brown, what a super beginning for Mr. Sen, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha," echoed Mr. Sen mirthlessly, and was cut short in mid-career by a withering look from the S:A. "There's no future in tasting for you, my boy", he said grimly, "not for the present, anyway. I think you had better go to the Warehouses from tomorrow." And he went on with his tasting, dictating in a monotonous voice, "The GFOP has attractive style — liquors possess fair colour and strength, some briskness."

As I went out of the room, a sadder and much wiser man, I reminded myself to ask Mr. Brown at some future date how the Senior Assistant had fared on his first-ever visit to the tasting room.

P. K. S.

COUNT CAMILLO BENSODI CAVOUR— THE PIEDMONTESSE MACHIAVEL

AMITAVA TRIPATHI

Third Year, History

We think of those
Who blew the breath of life into her frame:
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi: Thee
Her brain, her soul, her sword.

Thus did Meredith celebrate in "The Times" the centenary of Garibaldi and he ^{is} fully justified in doing so, for none can deny that among the triumvirs who made modern Italy out of Metternich's mere "geographical expression," Cavour was the "brain", Mazzini the "soul" and Garibaldi the "sword" of the nation. While Mazzini inflamed the national consciousness of the Italian people, Cavour skilfully engineered the unification of northern and central Italy, and Garibaldi carried the Italian banners across Sicily and Naples, so that the country might be united at last.

While Mazzini gave the Italians the vision of a United Italy, it was reserved for Cavour to translate that ideal from theory into fact. He was the first person to realize that Italy could not make herself; she could only be made and sustained by exploiting the differences between the great powers. He showed his genius in neutralising Mazzini's adventurism, in winning over the republican Garibaldi to the cause of monarchy, and in securing Napoleon III's aid against Austria. Cavour steered the ship of Italian unity through the perilous straits of international diplomacy safe to the shore.

As Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Marine, and later of Finance, in D'Azeglio's cabinet (1850—1851), Cavour did much for the economic modernization of Piedmont which made a great appeal to other Italian states chafing under the yoke of foreign or native despots. On becoming the Prime Minister of Piedmont-Sardinia in 1852, he largely extended the kingdom's railway system and improved its armed forces. Piedmont was thus prepared for the great role it was about to play in the struggle for Italian unification.

The Piedmontese Premier's fundamental ambition was the creation of an Italian kingdom through the extension of Piedmont's frontiers. He realised the need of active assistance of a great power in achieving his goal, as war with Austria was certain, and from the beginning he knew that such assistance could only come from France. The great tradition of Napoleon III's uncle (Napoleon Bonaparte) Napoleon III's own need for glory, and his inclinations as an ex-carbonaro, would all be satisfied by assisting in the realization of Italian liberty; at the same time the eviction of Austria from Italy together with the French acquisition of Savoy and Nice as a reward would form an active revision of the settlement of 1815.

It is generally wrongly believed that Piedmont's participation in the Crimean War on the side of France and England was a masterly scheme of Cavour to win their friendship. Actually, however, as latest researches have proved, Victor Emmanuel II loved battles and Cavour reluctantly carried out a royal whim to avoid being dismissed. Although nothing concrete was gained by Piedmont's participation in the war, she did succeed in winning popular sympathy in England and France. Cavour seized his opportunity of being a representative to the Peace Congress of Paris (1856) by pressing for the cause of Italy's liberation from the Austrian yoke. Thus for the first time he put Piedmont on the map.

The bomb thrown by the Italian revolutionary Orisimi at Napoleon III in January 1858 turned the course of Italian history. The French

Emperor escaped unhurt and Cavour, fearing the loss of French support, urgently prosecuted the revolutionary parties. Fortunately for him, at this time Napoleon III wanted to avoid political concessions at home (demanded during the economic crisis of 1857) by a striking success abroad, and for this he needed Piedmont's friendship.

Louis Napoleon and Count Cavour met at Polombiers in July 1858, where it was loosely agreed that France would actively assist Piedmont to drive out Austria from Italy. Cavour, however, was to engineer the outbreak of hostilities in such a way that Austria would appear as the aggressor. After the victory Italy was to become a federation of four states under the presidency of the Pope. Victor Emmanuel was to have Lombardy, Venetia, Modena, Parma and the Romagna. A kingdom of central Italy was to be set up under Napoleon's cousin Jerome, who was to marry the Piedmontese princess Clothilde. France was promised Nice and Savoy as reward.

Cavour left Polombieres highly delighted but they were anxious months ahead of him. Lombards were ostentatiously enlisted in the Piedmontese army so that Austria might appear as a bully, when she justly demanded their expulsion. Moreover, Victor Emmanuel II began to make passionate speeches over the miseries of the down-trodden Italians. Lord Derby's pro-Austrian ministry, however, disapproved of the militant attitude of Piedmont and Prussian threat from the Rhineland frightened Napoleon into backing out. Luckily for Cavour, the Austrian Chancellor, Count Buol, foolishly seized Napoleon's withdrawal as an opportunity to crush an isolated Piedmont and his ultimatum saved the shrewd Italian diplomat's plans from being miscarried.

Satisfied that Austria could be blamed as the aggressor, Napoleon III intervened in the Austro-Piedmontese war in early June, 1859 and inflicted several defeats on the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino. Then in July, he suddenly made a volteface and concluded an armistice at Villafranca which left Venetia and even the quadrilateral of Lombard fortress-towns in Austrian possession. Cavour was thunder struck and resigned in disgust, when Victor Emmanuel II refused to listen to his unwise advice of continuing the war alone.

The Italians were deeply wounded by Napoleon III's cavalier attitude. His intervention, nevertheless, had at least won most of Lombardy to Piedmont, and before long the settlement was to be modified in Cavour's favour. Picasoli in Florence and Farini in Moderna, Parma and Bologna, had formed provisional Governments during the war and now asked for union with Piedmont. In January, 1860 Cavour re-

turned to power with a plan to offer Nice and Savoy again to Napoleon III, if he would allow Piedmont to annex Central Italy. The plebiscites held in Central Italy in March, 1860, highly favoured annexation and the central Italian States were united with Piedmont.

The most colourful episode in the history of the *Risorgimento* was yet to come. The revolutionary sentiment in Southern Italy, fomented by the Mazzinists, burst forth in the person of Garibaldi, the famous hero of Italian unification. Though not a master of Italian letters like Mazzini, nor a profound statesman like Cavour, as a daring captain of irregular troops, Garibaldi possessed a certain Homeric grandeur. He had little faith in diplomacy, especially after Cavour had bartered away his home-town, Nice. In May, 1860, under impossible conditions he led his famous band of "thousand" Red-Shirts to Sicily. (Cavour pretended that he did not know of the expedition and, in double mind, even tried to stop it a few times. Ultimately, however, he was obliged to fall back upon a policy of wait and see.) The disaffected peasants rallied under Garibaldi's banner and the terror-stricken Bombon army surrendered after feeble resistance.

Garibaldi's rapid conquest of Sicily and Naples greatly perturbed Cavour, as he feared that the republican might either sweep up to the north and proclaim a republic, or attack Rome which meant Austrian and French intervention. With the assent of Napoleon III, the Piedmontese Machiavel then sent the Sardinian army to occupy the papal States and next invade Naples. The scheme succeeded. Garibaldi formally acknowledged the authority of Victor Emmanuel and set off for his island home of Carpera, after refusing all honour and rewards.

Plebiscites held in Naples, Sicily, Umbria and the Papal Marches bought an overwhelming vote for union with Piedmont and the Kingdom of Italy was proclaimed with Victor Emmanuel II as the monarch. Cavour died in 1861, but with the annexation of Venetia in 1866 and Rome in 1870 the *Risorgimento* seemed to be complete. Italy was no longer "a geographical expression" but a nation state.

THE LEGEND OF BREGENZ

(Adapted from the poem by A. A. Procter)

JAYASHREE MUKHERJI

Second Year, History

Far, far away amidst the rugged mountains of Europe lies a lovely lake, its shining waters reflecting the starry skies in their blue heart, giving the impression that a piece of heaven lies below. And as the heavens look down upon this lake they see a little village on one of its shores, a quaint little village called Bregenz.

In the centre of the market-place of this village, there is a statue which is about three hundred years old, and though the statue looks weather-beaten, there is something about it which attracts the attention of the traveller for a moment. The statue is that of a young maiden seated on a charger with flaring nostrils and flying mane. The maiden looks a slight lass of nineteen; her hair is loose and flying wildly about her shoulders and her open mouth suggests that she is panting. But the expression on her face makes the traveller look at her again, for it is one of courage and determination, while the steadfast gaze in her eyes seems to enhance this mood. Slightly intrigued by this, the traveller turns to the old women who sit gossiping round the statue and asks them what this means. The women then proudly tell the traveller the following story.

Three hundred years ago, there used to live in Bregenz, a young girl and her aged mother. They lived very modest lives and the girl earned her living as a milk-maid. Then, one day, a handsome stranger came to Bregenz, who, by his polite ways and polished language captivated the lass's simple and girlish heart. Fortune seemed to smile on her, and finally when the stranger asked for her hand in marriage, she could not but accept him.

But the ways of fate are often cruel, and on that important day, when dressed in the white robes of a bride, she came to the parish church, she heard that the stranger had sailed away. It is said that the innocent and simple-hearted feel sorrow very deeply, and finally, unable to live in Bregenz anymore, the Tyrolese maid fled far away

to a town in the Swiss Alps, to forget the place that had given her so much pain.

At first, of course, it was impossible to forget Bregenz. The painful yearning of her heart would often lead her to the mountain-tops and make her gaze in the direction of Bregenz and think of her country and her people. When her master's children asked her to tell them stories, they were always the ballads of Bregenz that she repeated, and at night, when she prayed to her Creator, the accents of her childhood invariably rose to her lips.

As the months passed by, however, the peace and quiet of the little town seemed to fill her soul. The shining waters of the lake called to her no more; the memory of her native village faded away from her heart, and the Swiss were alien to her no more. She seemed to have become a part of them in everyway.

One day the peace and quiet that the little town had known were disturbed. A nameless fear seemed to have seized the Swiss. The farmers forgot to reap the harvest; the very cornstalks seemed afraid to sway gently in the breeze, and the children, instead of playing the charming games of childhood, clustered together, looking at the men in awe.

Then, one night, as the Tyrolese maiden served her master's guests, she learnt the truth, for one of the guests drank to the downfall of a little village that the Swiss were to conquer within twenty-four hours—the little village of Bregenz!

This toast was followed by uproarious cheering and singing, and no one noticed the silent maid, pale and trembling, rush out into the night. Scenes of her childhood rose before her eyes. What was this place? Just a treacherous country. Who were these people? Her country's enemies! The battlements of Bregenz seemed to look piteously at her—the hills, the plains, the very streets of Bregenz seemed to reclaim her for their own, and though laughter filled the night she heard nothing, save the call of those distant hills. Suddenly she knew what she must do—she ran to a white charger, and mounting it, turned her face in the direction of Bregenz.

The Rhine had overflowed that night, and even nature seemed against the maiden, for the sky darkened and within minutes rain poured down upon the earth. But there was no turning back. The cruel waves lashed her and the charger, the wind tore savagely at her hair—but she still went on towards Bregenz, tired and weary, aware only of those calling hills.

Two hours later she reached Bregenz, exactly at midnight, and gasped out her story to the guards and then due to the strain and exertion that her slight body had been labouring under, she fell dead.

The Tyrolese won that battle and in grateful memory erected a statue of the brave young maid.

Three hundred years have passed since that day, but her people have never been able to forget her or the day, when true to the dictates of her noble heart, she saved Bregenz. And the old women say, that even to-day, as the guard paces up and down at night, outside the gates of Bregenz, calling out each passing hour to the sleeping village, and as he looks up at the sky to see midnight pausing in the heavens, he calls the maiden's name.

OBITER DICTA

SUBHAS BASU

Second Year M.A., English

*We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence.*

—Shakespeare

Taking our cue from Charles Lamb, we could profitably classify mankind under two distinct heads—the men who laze and the men who work. Needless to say that the instinctive sovereignty, the splendour and regality that Lamb saw in the great race of borrowers is once again to be associated with the former. The superiority of the drone is beyond dispute. He gathers up in his person and comes to symbolise the glory and the greatness that is man. What a piece of work is the drone! How noble in reason, how rich in potential, how like a god in apprehension; what reserves of charm is he in possession of, what warm-hearted generosity, what winning meekness, what disregard for mercenary considerations. Wisely he lays not up treasures on earth for he knows the rust and moth doth corrupt. Consider the drones of this world—they toil not, neither do they spin, yet the worker with all his millions is not half so pleasant to behold as one of these: sleek, well-fed, lustrous, radiating confidence—a superb example of what Matthew Arnold in another context had called “rounded perfection and felicity of loveliness”. Nobility in great ones must not unrewarded go, and accordingly, blessed are the ranks of the drones, for it was written that they shall inherit the earth. And what of the worker?—born degraded with his lean and hungry look, perpetually tossing in life’s fitful fever, striving blindly, achieving nothing, cares settling on his heart like poisoned spider-web, sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought, laying waste his powers, getting and spending. A sordid boon if ever there was one. But the world insists on being disagreeable about the matter. It will have nothing to do with the noble race of idlers: it is all for the workers. Dismissed as a shirker and sponger, scorned and derided as a miserable parasite, looked upon as a disease on the face of the earth, the idler has fallen on evil days. The times are sadly irreverent and

worship is misplaced. To say, however, that the idler takes all this to heart is to misrepresent facts. With his customary benevolence and charity he forgives and forgets, for suff'rance is the badge of all his tribe —they know not what they do he tells himself. With the drone forgiveness is all.

To him it matters not a rap what poor estimate the world may form of him and his ways. In his heart of hearts he knows he is of the chosen race and has the Lord's blessing, especially during moments when men revile him and persecute him and say all manner of evil against him falsely. Removed from all the thunderous stress of life and away from the madding crowd, he rejoices in secret and is exceeding glad for the holy books tell him great is his reward in heaven. And this knowledge more than makes up for the trials and tribulations he may have to undergo on this our inhospitable earth. It is but momentary discomfiture, and the drone knows that when the light of eternity does come (as it is bound to, sooner or later) it will be longer than the darkness he is made to live in in this life. In moments of visionary splendour it has been revealed to him that he is the salt of the earth, "and if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?" he asks his tormentors in polite enquiry.

* * * * *

*Last night I went in a passion of joy,
Tonight the passion of sorrow came.
O light and darkness, sorrow and joy,
Tell me, are you the same?*

—Yone Noguchi

They say that those whom the gods love die young. If this be true I must count myself as one of their minions for they have blessed me with long spells of indifferent health throughout my early years. Admittedly, sickness has its darker side but if the Genius presiding over my life were to wipe my slate clean and allow me to repeat this stretch of existence, I would that ill-health visit me again and keep me in the Land of Counterpane. I would not exchange the sorrows of my heart for the joys of the multitude. In the words of the poet I would that my life remain a tear and a smile.

Laughter has had her champions. Certainly few sounds are lovelier to the ear, little music more divine than pure and radiant laughter—laughter that is a sign of one's joy in existence. The joy that fills the

soul with golden warmth, spilling over as iridescent laughter is like "sunshine on the deep sea." But it is not given to man to fill his four seasons with joy alone. The tragic and the comic insist on jostling each other in the scheme of things. Assuredly, God is a romantic: "he is continually mixing the *genres*". Laughter is inevitably stained with tears. The sky that rejoices in the morning's birth lies smeared with streaks of sorrow at close of day. All too often is the laughter muffled by sobs. We cannot help the elements of pain trickling through the facade of joy. And in moments of sorrow, one feels, no man is an island. Into an individual's grief enter all the misery of countless generations, all the immeasurable sorrow of human life. We do not weep in isolation. We weep together, pouring out the deep springs of our common humanity—"A tear to unite me with those of broken heart."

Sorrow is not without its rewards. It becomes the raw material of beauty. The end of the storm sees the rainbow spanning the sky as an iridescent arc of light, satisfying, wonderful. Tears that cleanse and purify, tears that give us deeper understanding of the high mystery of life, tears that lighten the burden of that mystery, tears that wash marvellously—these one would not exchange for all the laughter of all the ages.

..... and upon thy sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder

• • • • •
Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hem;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

* * * * *

The clamour

*Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.*

—D. H. Lawrence.

To return to the subject of idlers and dreamers. Flippancy aside, truely it is given to the so called wastrel to discover the kingdom of God and to fill his soul with the glory and the richness of it. It is for the leisured idler and not the restless worker to dally by life's wayside

beauties, to stand and stare, and see every common sight "apparell'd in celestial light".

From childhood I have been a lover of solitude. Perhaps this love grew out of a necessity—the long hours I have spent in the sickbed, perhaps it grew from something within me—a slant in my nature. I do not know. But I harbour no bitterness in my spirit for being somewhat deprived of a normal life and its routine pleasures. During moments of loneliness and leisure I have learnt to entertain myself in ways that are utterly unknown to all the muscled sportsmen and sinewy athletes I have come across, and have found a meaning and a richness in life that have filled my days with beauty.

In school, times without number they paid me a compliment when they called me Joseph, for what was meant to be a taunt was in reality a tribute. I thought with pride of the boy with his coat of many colours who grew up to save Egypt from a famine. Yet the world thinks dreamers are idlers and know nothing of reality.

Men are impatient with dreamers. They are dropped by the way-side as trinkets of little value. But "the world's coarse thumb and finger" can never hope to plumb the depths of a dreamer's world. It is not for the world with its crude blundering ways and its dim vision to enter the crystal world of the dreamer, or to see in that world the fine-spun webs of his fancies. In my day dreams I have been the companion of numberless poets and philosophers, of Stevenson and Mark Twain, of De la Mare and Lewis Carroll. I have travelled with Alice all over Wonderland. I have been on the magic carpet and seen many lands with Sinbad the Sailor. I have been kidnapped and landed safely at Treasure Island. I have cried my heart out when Little Nell died and forgotten her to romp with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, full of pranks and mischief. Shamelessly I deserted Snow White to love Cinderella. I have sat all day at my window watching the world go by, and at the crimson close of day while the scythes of dusk were busy raking gold and emerald out of the earth, I have stepped into Hiawatha's canoe and sailed over blue waters to lands beyond the sunset.

Hiawatha! What a crowd of memories come back bringing with them the perfume of fallen days—memories that stir in one a passionate yearning to be a child again, to re-enter that mysterious world where intimacy is unfettered by blundering bodies, where love is not freighted with sorrow, where comradeship is real and not disturbed by the secrecy of words. The years have spread their films over our joys and how

their colours run in one's mind, but what harm if we resurrect them once more before they come to rest in the silent sands of memory. Remembrance returns— remembrance of the many hours we lay together under a powder-blue sky, watching the dancing shadows amid a press of sunshine and the golden specks of Autumn toss shiveringly in the birches, or how we stalked our prey and leapt out tomahawks flashing, feathers flying. Remembrance of those grey and gold evenings outside your tent watching the western sky glowing like some vast foundry wherein new worlds were being cast, and the long nights when we lay curled in each others arms, sound asleep, safe and warm in the comfortable dark, or those silken late afternoons we spent searching the flowering glades for camp-fire fuel. Loveliness was then a net of golden filaments in which our world was caught—a loveliness lost and gone many lifetimes ago.

* * * * *

*To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.*

—Blake

In one of his poems Wordsworth says that we are out of tune with everything. This is a terrible indictment, but as true as it is terrible. With its “sick hurry and divided aims” the world has no time for the beauties that lie scattered even along the dusty towpath of everyday existence. Not till illness put me to bed did I understand the music of dripping rain-drops or of the tempestuous cloudbursts of *Srāvan*. It was only then that the poetry that inheres in the rainy darkness of July nights began to live for me —the poetry of heavy storm clouds freighted with rain and darkness massed on the horizon, while the winds heaved the green of the paddy fields into glorious waves. Not until then did I learn to listen to and distinguish the songs of the birds, the meaning of their strange calls, their wooings and little quarrels, their loves and despairs. Do we ever pay heed to the fact that not a day dawns without being joyously heralded by them: “sweet birds antheming the morn”? They never tire of rejoicing at the sight of morning awakening in the lilac coloured swaddles of dawn. They needs must sing him in, no matter how he comes or in what shape — leaping in with his lights and sounds and great smears

of salmon red, or stealing in, whimpering and shivering, wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist. They thrill to his presence. They cannot keep their place when he passes.

And what of their "heart-struck injuries"?—A solitary dove wheeling in lonely circles while its mate lies dead below, flying and fighting to pull out the nail driven through its little heart, unable to leave the spot, fighting exhaustion and misery — soundless, songless, heart crushed with sorrow, inconsolable and comfortless, none to give it a little cheer, a little solace, returning finally to its empty roost, weary and aching, unable to die, praying to God to pick him up.

The world insisted that I fill my leisure hours with hobbies. But stamp-collecting and meccano sets were always too harsh, too mundane — "of the earth, earthy". They do not lend themselves to the imagination. They belong to the world of lists and drafts and blue-prints. Of what use were all these to me? I who had lain in the grass all day long watching the wild flowers with thoughts too deep for tears and seen the goblin-men carrying their magic fruits to market, or listened with Hiawatha to the sea-gulls, those pale kings of the sunset, moving in with laughing cries and deep barks, bringing the gossip of the seven seas.

Not until then did I observe the gorgeous canvas that is the sky. We give thanks for the morning sky, and sing the glories of flaming sunsets, but it is really the night sky with its jewellery of stars that is intoxicating—the Milky Way lying like diamond dust upon the robe of some great king, the brilliant blue-white of Sirius, the fiery red of Aldebaran, the dull yellow of Capella. Stars have always fired my imagination — those gleaming pin points of light quietly throbbing, the pulse beats of the universe. Starlight is alive and never still: it is almost as though someone somewhere in the depths of space is trying to reach us through a message of goodwill. Their very names are friendly. Venus is any woman we love, Hercules any man we adore and the Bears are the bears of childhood. Legends live again in the stars: mythology is warmed to life. We are swept back across the centuries, down vast vistas of time to the fabulous past to re-live the oft-heard tales: Perseus freeing Andromeda, Castor and Pollux recalling their many exploits, Orion with his belt and sword and the faithful Sirius following, in full pursuit of the Pleiades. Each night the gods goddesses of ancient Greece wake to live their lives and play their parts, they feast and make merry, love and hate. But do we ever look up? We are tied to the earth by chains. We are worms that creep

and burrow in the earth, while Shelley returns as a skylark. We never know the end of a perfect day.

The hours spent in bed have taught me to distinguish with a rare sensitivity sights and sounds, colours and fragrances. I have observed the designs of feathery dust on the pottery and crockery of my home; the taste of friendly bread and butter; the blue bitter smoke of wood and rain-drops crouching in cool flowers. I have known the cool kindness of sheets that soothe away the creases of worry and the strong warm embrace of rough blankets, and the familiar feel of old slippers as comfortable as a bad habit. And it was during these moments of leisure that I have captured in the deep life of the soul the glory and the courage, the agony and the ecstasy of life, and seen the grandeur of God flame out from the humblest things, like "shining from shook foil".

THE ENGLISH SEMINAR

[Along with other Seminar reports, the report of the English Seminar sent in for publication in last year's magazine was axed. Readers are therefore being asked not to be unduly surprised at reading accounts of meetings held, though not exactly somewhere in "the dark backward abysm of time", yet quite some time ago. Normally one would have loved to let bygones be bygones, but custom has it that we place all our activities on record.]

The English Seminar met on August 29, 1964, to informally discuss the subject "Has Poetry any value or significance in the context of modern life? Shall we have more of it, or less of it, or none of it at all?" Initially the students seemed to be greatly awed by the occasion (staff members were not present as it was felt that their presence might inhibit free discussion — our habit of curling up like burnt feathers before our teachers is all too well known), but it was heartening to see the meeting soon warm up. It was a bad day for poetry. More people were eager to take her by the ears and hustle her off the stage of things, than to let themselves be worked upon by her charms — and this coming from students of English literature was surely warrant enough for gasping out an anguished, "Et tu, Brute?"

At a second discussion meeting held on September 26, 1964, the issue "The Modern Age is not conducive to the writing of authentic tragedy" was thrashed out. Being highly controversial the issue sparked off an unusually absorbing discussion. Special mention must be made of Sri Surja Sankar Roy who argued his case very cogently (and in his markedly individual manner) and Sri Tirthankar Chatterjee, who did a very capable job as chairman and raised a number of fine points in his summing up.

Under the auspices of the English Seminar a condolence meeting was held on 30th September, 1964, to mourn the death of Prof. Somnath Maitra, a former Head of the Department at this College. The Principal, Dr. S. K. Basu, was in the chair. Dr. Gouri Nath Sastri, Principal, Sanskrit College, and a former pupil of the late Prof. Maitra, was the chief speaker. At the close of Dr. Sastri's speech a resolution recording the English Department's profound grief and loss was read out, and a copy sent to the members of the bereaved family.

Prof. Ananta Nath Bhattacharya, Prof. and Head of the Department of English, Vidyasagar College for Women, and Lecturer, Rabindra.

Bharati University, and a distinguished alumnus of the Department, has agreed at the request of Prof. T. N. Sen, to deliver a series of lectures on "The Art of Poetry". The four lectures delivered so far (Dec. 12, 1964; Jan. 16, Aug. 7, and Aug. 28, 1965) have all been devoted to Plato. The Platonic background of poetry figured in the first lecture. He began with Plato's allegory of the Bacchic maiden in *Ion*, and then carefully analysed all Plato's remarks on poetry scattered through the other dialogues — *Phaedrus*, *Symposium*, *Laws*, and the 2nd, 3rd, and 10th Books of the *Republic*. He concluded his excellent lecture with the suggestion that Plato was probably guided by considerations other than aesthetic when he banished poetry from his *Republic*.

The second lecture was an attempt at answering the question *Was Plato an enemy of poetry?* Prof. Bhattacharya moved on to show that Plato's theory of poetry is linked with his doctrine of love in *Phaedrus* which he explained in detail in his third lecture. The audience was helped in following the lectures because of a syllabus distributed some 10 to 15 minutes before the start. We hope to make this a permanent feature of all future seminar meetings.

The fourth lecture was devoted to tracing the far-reaching influence of Plato's theory of poetry — those strange and beautiful echoes of Plato not only in later poetry, but in much later criticism, e.g., his doctrine of poetry was relumed by the Elizabethans (especially Sidney and Spenser) and the fact that the entire English Renaissance was leavened by the neo-Platonic idea of poetry belonging to the unchartered region of the soul.

On December 21, 1964, we met to hear Dr. James Vitelli, Associate Professor of English, Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, and Visiting Lecturer in American Literature, University of Bombay, talk on Mark Twain, and the next day to hear Dr. Egbert Oliver, late of Willamette University and Fulbright Visiting Lecturer in American Literature, Kurukshetra University, lecture on Walt Whitman.

On January 9, 1965, Sm. Jyotsna Bhattacharjee of Jadavpur University and a distinguished alumna of this College, spoke on "Oscar Wilde on Shakespeare's treatment of history and the staging of Shakespeare's plays." She made it her task to show the soundness and penetration of Wilde's Shakespeare criticisms as contained in his essay *The Truth of Masks*.

At a meeting on 30th January, 1965, Sm. Kajal Basu (SenGupta) lectured on "Reason-Emotion Antithesis in Shakespeare's plays, with special reference to *Henry V* and *Julius Caesar*". Beginning with a brief outline of the conflict between the medieval religion of faith and the new religion of reason and science in Shakespeare's age, she narrowed her enquiry to Shakespeare and showed that this antithesis runs like a thread through nearly all his plays. She then took up *Henry V* and *Julius Caesar* for more detailed study. Prof. Kajal SenGupta's lecture was one of the

most brilliant we have had the privilege of hearing at this College.

Mr. H. M. Williams until recently Reader in English, Jadavpur University, spoke on T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* at a meeting held on 21st May, 1965. It was more of a reading with commentary ("a guided tour" as he phrased it) than a lecture. The reading was punctuated by stimulating comments, lucid explanations and an honest tackling of all obscurities.

So much for our achievements. What of our sins of omission? It is to be regretted that interest in Seminar activities continues to be lukewarm. All the arts of persuasion at one's command have to be employed to entice members to grace a meeting with their presence. Occasionally perhaps it may not be so galling but when this becomes a recurring feature, there is little to do but throw up one's hands in despair. It is amazing to find loquacious speakers given to habitual frothing at the lips during many a Coffee House harangue, petrify at the mention of a Seminar discussion. Self-effacement is undoubtedly a virtue under certain conditions but not rarely does it pass into a 'umbleness smacking much too strongly of that Dickensian horror, Heep. Making attendance at Seminar meetings compulsory is an easy way out, but this sort of Draconian legislation had better be left as a last resort— till we have exhausted gentler methods. In the meantime some steps could be taken to make the meetings more attractive (a more dynamic Secretary, perhaps, as has been suggested), but what steps it is not easy to say. Unfortunately, it is much easier to diagnose the illness than prescribe a remedy.

SUBHAS BASU

(*Seminar Secretary,
in charge of meetings and discussions*)

THE ENGLISH HONOURS LIBRARY

The English Honours Library is now in the fortieth year of its existence. At the moment it has 31 members. Three books have been added to stock since the undersigned took over as Librarian from the previous incumbent, Sri Ashok Ghosh. In the past seven months there have been 284 issues. The low number can be attributed to the closure of the college during most of the months of March and April.

Thanks to the surprising generosity of its members, the library's coffers are gratifyingly full.

SATYABRATA PAL
Secretary.

GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE

A melancholy interest attaches to a gift received by the College some time ago. A complete set of *Historians' History of the World* was presented by Sm. Charubala Devi in memory of her deceased son, Shri Lakshmi-prasad Bandopadhyay (alumnus: 1925-31). The latter, to whom the books belonged, came out first in the first class in Ancient Indian History and Culture in 1931 and died tragically the next year of an injury sustained while doing physical exercise. Before his death he had made some name for himself by his satirical writings in Bengali.

Shri R. C. Ghose, Barrister-at-Law (alumnus: 1915-19), has once again evinced his love for his *alma mater* by presenting to the College the following:—(1) an album of 15 splendid portraits of famous English writers (collected by his distinguished father, the late Sri Charuchandra Ghose, former Chief Justice, Calcutta High Court, and alumnus 1890-96); (2) an album of 28 photo-prints relating mostly to English Literature (collected by Shri Ghose himself); (3) 53 valuable books, in excellent condition, relating to English Literature; (4) 18 books to the Bengali Seminar; (5) 9 books to the Philosophy Seminar; (6) 4 books to the History Seminar; (7) 5 atlases and 1 Wall Map to the Geography Department; (8) Colour photographs (mounted and framed) of the Lake District, England.

Sm. Ashabari Chaudhuri has lately presented to the College a number of valuable back-issues of learned journals relating to Philosophy and Aesthetics in memory of her late husband, Dr. Prabasiban Chaudhuri, formerly Professor and Head of the Dept. of Philosophy of this College, whose sudden and premature death in May, 1961, cast a gloom over the College.

An endowment has been received from Shri N. K. Mitra, M.A., LL.B., for the annual award of a Gold Medal (to be named "Akshay Narayan Mitra Medal") to a student of the English Honours classes.

An endowment of Rs. 10,000 has been received from Sm. Sisumati Das for the annual award of two scholarships (to be named "Bhupendra Chandra Das Scholarship") to two students of the Post-Graduate classes in Mathematics.

A donation of nearly Rs. 6,000 has been received from the President of the Sadler Hall, U.K., through the Govt. of India, for purchase of books for the College Library.

The College is profoundly thankful for each one of these gifts.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Association, founded in 1951, is composed of past students of Presidency College, as well as members of the teaching staff of the College past and present. The number of members at present is 1431 [199 (Life) and 1232 (ordinary)].

The subscription for a life member is Rs. 150/- and Rs. 5/- annually for an ordinary member, Rs. 2/- being charged in addition at the time of admission.

The Association holds 6-8 meetings annually, including programmes of entertainment, dramatic performances etc., and publishes a journal called *Autumn Annual*, a complimentary copy of which is distributed to each member. It also arranges programmes for entertaining the present students by holding recitation and music competitions. Arrangements are also being made for holding debates and essay competitions.

On previous occasions the Association helped poor and deserving students. Members freely come forward with personal contributions. The Principal, as Secretary, of the Association, invites all past students of the College to become members of the Association, and the invitation is extended to the present students when they leave the College.

The Executive Committee of the Association adopted the following resolution in a meeting held on the 17th August, 1966:

- (a) This meeting of the Executive Committee of the Presidency College Alumni Association extends its fullest support to the following resolution passed by the Governing Body of the Presidency College on the 26th November, 1965, requesting the Govt. of West Bengal to confer on the College a degree-granting status up to the post-graduate and research stages so that the College may have power to frame its own syllabi and hold its own examinations after its own high standards. The Committee is emphatically of the opinion that the proposed recognition of the status and importance of Presidency College as a national institution for the training of advanced students is overdue, and earnestly requests the Government of West Bengal to give to the resolution of the Governing Body the prompt and urgent consideration it calls for:—

Copy of the resolution of the Governing Body

“Resolved that in the interest of higher education and research in this country and of the future of the Presidency College as a unique institution for the advanced training of talented students, and in view of the national importance of such training for the best students of a

State, the Government be requested to make provision in the Fourth Five-year Plan of the State of West Bengal for conferring on the College a degree-granting status up to the post-graduate and research stages so that the College may have power to frame its own syllabi and hold its own examinations."

- (b) In this connexion this Committee would draw the attention of the Government of West Bengal to the recent recommendation of the Education Commission that each of the five metropolitan cities in India (including Calcutta) should have an additional University besides the existing one. The Committee thinks that the above resolution of the Governing Body of the Presidency College, if given effect to, may well help towards the nucleus of an additional University. Land for the proposed development is available for acquisition to the immediate north-west of the present campus of the College.
- (c) Resolved further that copies of this resolution of the Committee be sent to the Minister of Education, Government of West Bengal, to the Secretary to the Education Department of the Government of West Bengal, and to the Director of Public Instruction, West Bengal.

Awards on the results of the B.A. and B.Sc. Part II Examinations of the University in 1965

B.A. and B.Sc.

			(a) Maya Rani Ghose Silver Medal and Prize.
			(b) Thakurdas Kerr Gold Medal.
			(c) Adharchandra Mookerjee Commemoration Prize.
			(d) Bipinbihari Memorial Prize.
Subhas Basu	(a) Manackjee Rustomjee Gold Medal.
			(b) Kisori Mohan Mitra Silver Medal and Prize.
			(c) Preonath Ghosh and Gagantara Dasi Silver Medal.
			(d) Rai L. M. Chatterjee Bahadur Prize.
			(e) Tawney Memorial Prize.
Sujitsankar Chattopadhyay	(a) N. N. Ghosh Gold Medal (a gold-rimmed silver medal out of the interest of corpus).
			(b) Shamacharan Ganguly Prize (B.A.)
Abhijit Raychaudhuri	Qunlan Memorial Silver Medal.
Amiyakumar Chattopadhyay	(a) Bankimbihari Sen Gold Medal.
			(b) Sarveswara and Purnachandra Gold Medal (a gold-rimmed silver medal out of the interest of the corpus).
Sunanda Chattopadhyay	W. C. Ghose Silver Medal.
Arun Kumar Das	(a) Gangaprasad Gold Medal.
			(b) Tripundeswar Mitra Gold Medal.
			(c) Shamacharan Ganguly Prize (B.Sc.).
			(d) Nilananda Chatterjee Memorial Prize.

Swapankumar Datta	..	Mohinimohan Roy Memorial Gold-rimmed Silver Medal (a silver medal out of the corpus).
Ranjan Bhattacharyya	..	Ranjita Pal Silver Medal and Prize.
Snehansu Roychaudhuri	..	(a) Herschel Gold Medal. (b) Saroj Mukherjee Memorial Gold Medal. (c) Manmathanath Bhattacharyya Gold Medal (a gold-rimmed silver medal out of the interest of the corpus). (d) Parthakumar Mitra Gold-rimmed silver Medal and Prize. (e) Devendra Gangopadhyay Silver Medal. (f) Atindra Nath Dey Prize. (g) Harischandra Prize (to be paid upon his M.Sc. Degree in Mathematics). (h) Alfred Clarke Edwards Scholarship
Samirkumar Kar	..	McCann Silver Medal
Subhasis Sengupta	..	Hemchandra Dasgupta Silver Medal
Ranjit Kumar Chakrabarti	..	Shri Sudhindra Nath Bose Memorial Silver Medal and Prize.
Arundhati Nandi	..	(a) Basanti Das Gold-rimmed Silver Medal (a silver medal out of the interest of the corpus).
Rabindrakumar Aditya	..	(a) Thakurdas Kerr Gold Medal. (b) Adharchandra Mookerjee Commercial Prize. (c) Bipinbihari Memorial Prize.
Pradyotkumar Bandyopadhyay	..	(a) Manmathanath Bhattacharya Gold Medal (a gold-rimmed Silver Medal out of the interest of the corpus). (b) Hemchandra Dasgupta Silver Medal.

**Medals, Prizes and Scholarships awarded by the University,
M.A. and M.Sc. Examinations, 1964.**

M.A.

Sanskrit

Mrinalkanti Gangopadhyay	..	Gold Medal and Prize of Rs. 200. (a) Hemchandra Gossain Gold Medal and Prize (M.A.). (b) Keshentamani Nagendralal Gold Medal. (c) Nakuleswar Banerjee Gold Medal (a silver medal out of the interest of the corpus). (b) Sonamani Prize.
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Mental and Moral Philosophy

Supriya Chattopadhyaya	..	Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.
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History

Uma Ray .. Gold Medal and Prize of Rs. 200.
 Dr. Gauranganath Banerjee Memorial Prize.

Economics

Swapna Raychaudhuri .. Gold Medal and Prize of Rs. 200.
 Badal Mukhopadhyay .. Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.
 (a) Debendra Nath Dhar Memorial Gold-rimmed Silver Medal.
 (b) Pramathanath Banerjee Prize.

Applied Mathematics

Phulan Prasad .. Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.

Geography

Arabinda Biswas .. Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.

Zoology and Comparative Anatomy

Sati Makhija .. No Medal, Prize of Rs. 100 only.

Geology

Nabendralal Basak .. Gold Medal and Prize of Rs. 200.
 Asok Basak .. Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.

AWARDS OF MEDALS AND PRIZES BY THE COLLEGE

Awards on the results of the B.A. and B.Sc. Part I Examination of the Calcutta University, 1965.

Name of prize, medal, etc.	Name of recipient	Condition of award
1. Scindia Gold (Centred) Medal and Gwallior Prize.	Shri Arunabha Bagchi	Highest marks from the College in Honours in Part I Science Examination.
2. Scindia Gold (Centred) Medal and Gwallior Prize.	Shri Prabhas Chandra Naskar	Highest marks from the College in Honours in Part I Arts Examination.
3. Arun Sarkar Memorial Medal	Sm. Dipali Das and Sm. Chitra Mukherjee	Highest marks in Bengali Honours in Part I Arts Examinations among the students of the College.
4. Harish Chandra Kaviratna Prize	Shrimati Gouri Sen	Highest marks in Sanskrit Honours in Part I Arts Examination among the students of the College.
5. Chandranath Moitra Medal	This award is suspended this year as there is no candidate fulfilling the requirements.
6. College Prize	Sm. Anuradha Basu	Highest marks in Geography Honours in Part I Arts and Science Examinations obtained by a student of this College who has been admitted to the 3rd Year Class.
7. Sir Charuchandra Ghosh Memorial Prize.	Sm. Chitrata Banerjee	Highest marks in English Honours in Part I Arts Examination among the students of 3rd Year English Honours Class of the College.
8. Rai Bhadur Devender Chander Ghosh Prize.	Shri Rajat Kanta Ray	Highest marks in History Honours in Part I Arts Examination obtained by a student of this College, who has been admitted to the 3rd Year Class.
9. Kunja Behari Basak Medal	Sm. Dhira Basu	Highest marks in Practical Chemistry in Part I Honours Examination among the Chemistry Honours students of this College.
10. Cunningham Memorial Prize	Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya	Highest marks in Chemistry Honours in B.Sc. Examination among the students of this College.

Awards on the results of B.A. and B.Sc. (3-Year Degree Course) Examinations of the University in 1965.

Name of prize, medal, etc.

Name of recipient

Condition of award

11. Acharyya Prafulla Chandra Centenary Prize.	..	Shri Subir N. Bhattacharyya	..	Highest marks in Chemistry Honours in B.Sc. Examination among the students of this College.
12. College Prize	..	Syed Azhar Ali and Shri Asis Kr. Chattopadhyay.	..	Highest marks in Chemistry Honours among the students of 5th Year Class of this College.
13. J. C. Nag Memorial Medal	..	Shri Ranjit Kr. Chakraborty	..	Highest marks in Botany Honours in B.Sc. Examination among the students of this College.
14. J. C. Sinha Economics Prize	..	Shri Sujit Sankar Chatterjee	..	Highest marks in Economics Honours in the B.A. Examination among the students of this College.
15. Kartick Chandra Mallick Memorial Medal.	..	Sm. Sujata Nawn	..	Highest marks in Philosophy Honours in the B.A. Examination among the students of this College.
16. Chandranarayan Gold Medal.	(Centred)	Sm. Uma Ray	..	Highest marks in History among the students of the College.
17. Cunningham Memorial Prize	..	Sm. Minati Saha	..	Highest marks in Chemistry among the students of the College.
18. Nistarini Dasi Prize	..	Sm. Sunanda Sen Gupta	..	Best Laboratory Note Book in Physics among the 1st Year Degree (Science) Physics Honours students of the College.

Awards on the Results of M.A. and M.Sc. Examinations of the University, 1964.

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[The Editor's best thanks are due to Miss Manjula Dutt for the spontaneous and unstinted help she has given him in compiling this index. Modelled on the one prepared by Mr. Debdas Sen in 1939 (published in the Silver Jubilee issue), then a 5th Year student of this College, at present Lecturer in English, Calcutta University, this index follows the previous one in omitting Editorials, the various Notes and News, Seminar Reports and similar items. Any other omission that may come to light later may please be condoned as unintentional and purely accidental. To err, they say, is very human—Ed.]

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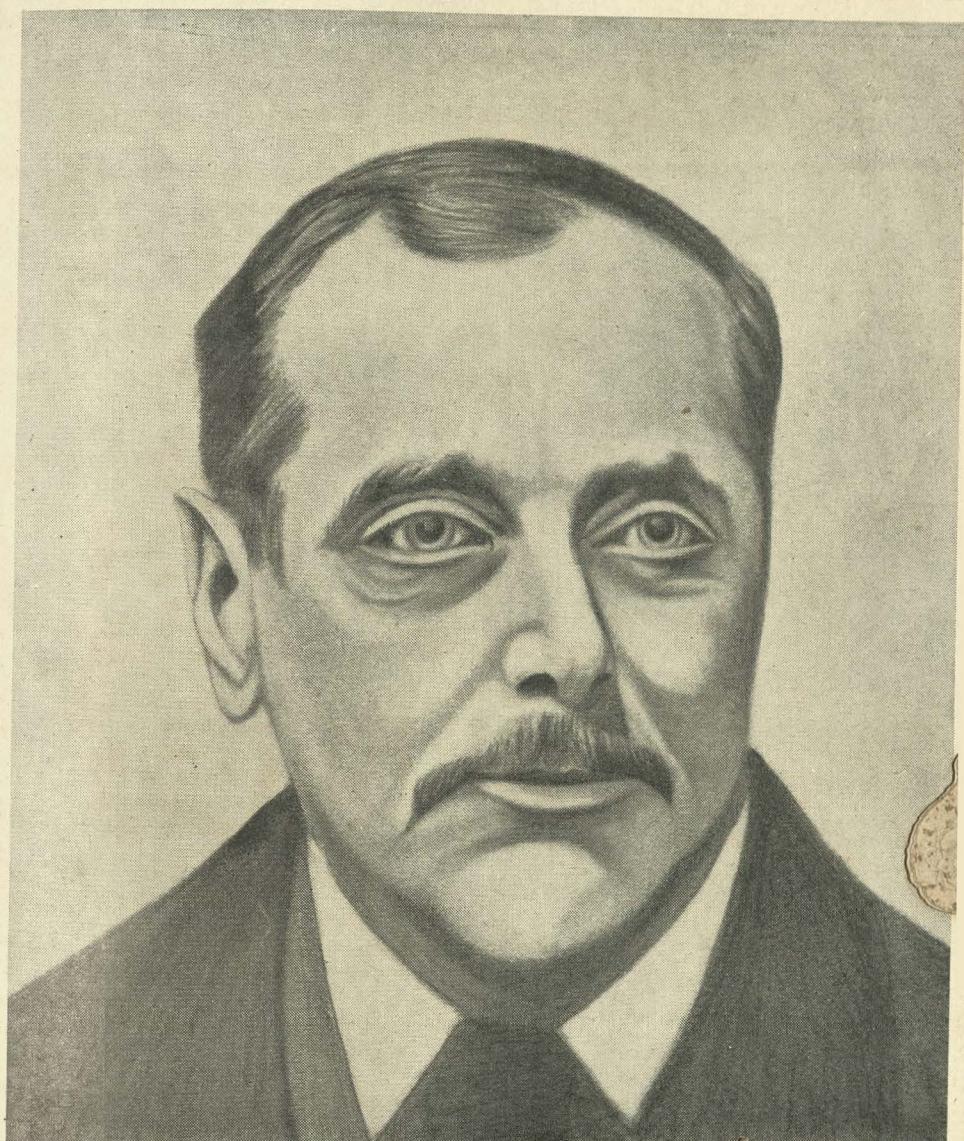
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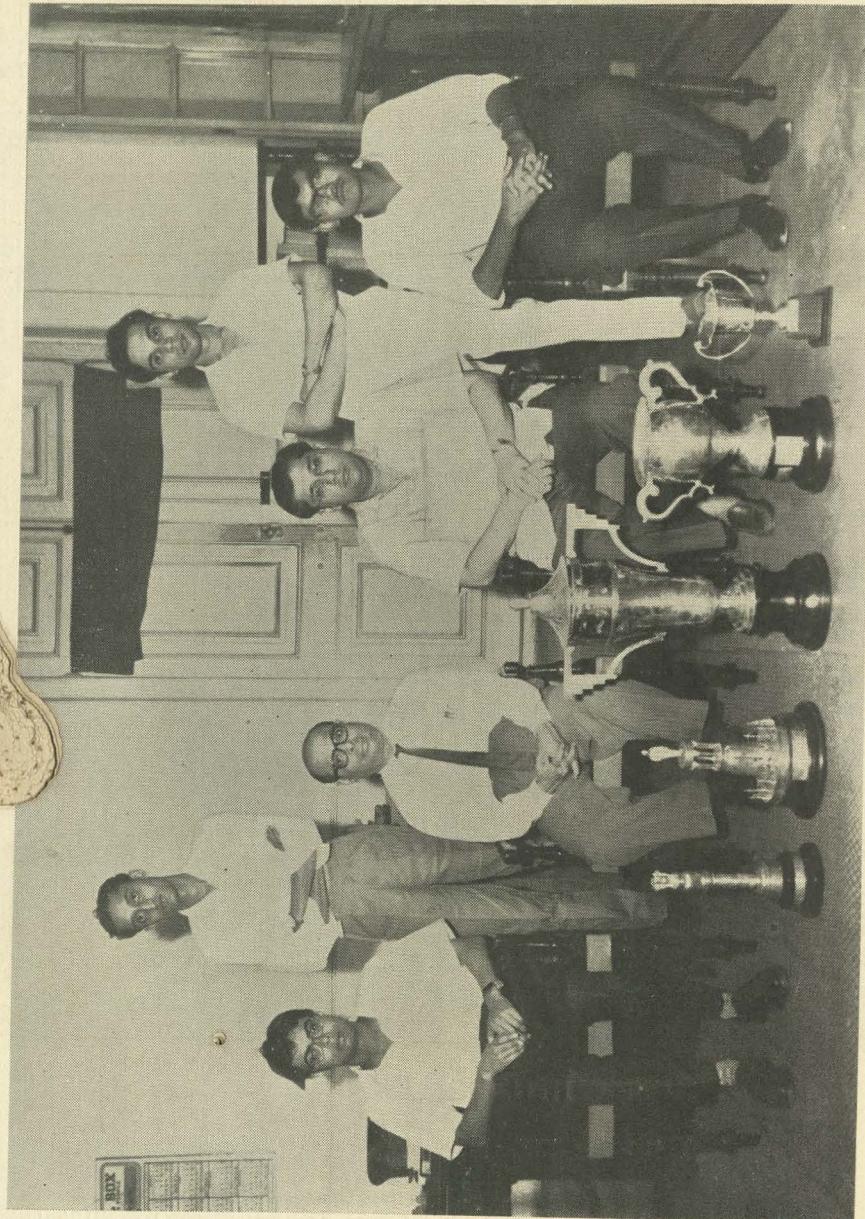
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H. G. WELLS

—Pencil Sketch
Raj Prasad Nandy
Third Year, English (outgoing)

DEBATING QUIZ TEAMS—1965-66



SITTING (L. to R.): Pradeep K. Mitra (Debate and Quiz Captain), Dr. S. K. Basu (Principal), Dr. S. Mukherjee (Prof.-in-charge, Debating and Quiz Society), Somnath Sen (Debate and Quiz).

STANDING (L. to R.): Amit Mitra (Debate) and Sundar Chatterji (Quiz).

প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজ পত্রিকা

তার্দ ১৩৭৩ :: :

ঃঃ ষষ্ঠিচতুর্থশং থণ্ড

প্রতিবেশী

[রাইনার মারিয়া রিলকে—Das Stundebuch থেকে]

অভিবাদক : সুজিংশঙ্কর চট্টোপাধ্যায়

বিতীয় বর্ষ, এম, এ—অর্থনীতি

উশ্বর, প্রতিবেশী তুমি,
কথমও যদি গভীর নিশ্চিতে ঘা দিই তোমার দৰজায়,
(তোমার নিঃশ্বাসের শব্দও না পেয়ে)
বিরক্ত হয়ো না ষেন ;
আমি যে জানি, তুমি ভীষণ একা !
যদি তেষ্টা পায়, কেউ নেই পাত্রিও এগিয়ে দিতে,
আমি থাকি পাশের ঘরেই, ডাকলেই পাবে সাড়া ।

তোমার আমার মাঝে একটি দেয়ালমাত্র,
মুখের একটি মাত্র কথায়
তা' ঘাবে গুড়িয়ে, নিঃশব্দ অভিবাদনে—
—তোমারই মৃত্তিতে গড়া মেই দেয়াল ।

কিন্তু দৃঢ়নেই নির্বাক !
দেয়াল তেমনি খাড়া !
গুরু আমার পক্ষ আআ—
পথ হাতড়ায় উন্টোপথের আধারে ।

ଆଶା

ଶୁକଦେବ ସେନ

ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ, ଏମ୍ ଏସ୍-ସି—ଉନ୍ନିଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ

ମୃତ୍ୟୁର ଶେଷ ସୀମାୟ ଏସେ
ଆମି ଗାଇବୋ ଜୀବନେର ଗାନ,
ସାମନେ ମୂର୍ଖ
ମୃତନ ଜୀବନେର ଚେତନା ନିଯେ ଭାଷର ;
ଦୂରେ ଶୁଇ ଆକାଶେ
ରାମଧର ସମ୍ପଦ ରଙ୍ଗେ
ରକ୍ତାଭ ରଖିର ବଲିଷ୍ଠ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି
ଘୋଷଣା କରଛେ ଜୀବନେର ଜୟଗାନ ॥

ଜୀବନ ଦେବାର ମହାବ୍ରତେ
ରକ୍ତ ଆରା ଘରବେ,
ବହୁ ପାଓଯାର ଆଶା
ନିରାଶାର ଆକାଶେ ଲୁପ୍ତ ହୟେ
ଫ୍ୟାକାଶେ ହତେ ଚାଇବେ
କିନ୍ତୁ ତବୁଓ ଜୀବନେର ପ୍ରବାହେ ରକ୍ତ
ସମ ଲାଲ ମଦିରାୟ ଡୁବେ ଗିଯେ
ଆଗାମୀ ଦିନେର ଆଗସ୍ତକଦେର
ମୁଖେ ଏଁକେ ଦେବେ ରକ୍ତାଭ ରକ୍ତିମା
ଜୀବନେର ଉନ୍ଦ୍ରାମତାୟ
ଆର ସତ୍ୟେର ବଲିଷ୍ଠ ବିଶ୍ଵାସ ॥

সংস্কৃতা

অতীশ দাশগুপ্ত

(বিদ্যাগ্নী) দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ, এম. এ—ইতিহাস

বন্ধুর বাড়ীতে
কোনো শ্রাবণের সন্ধ্যায়
মুখরিত হতে গিয়ে
স্মিত আমি
দেখেছিলাম
এক আশ্চর্য নারীর ছবি ।
ছবির চোখ দু'টি আঁমাকে
নিবিষ্ট করেছিল,
খুব তন্ময়ভাবে তাই
দেখতে দেখতে মনে হোল

আঁমার মনে হোল
সেই মেয়ের একচোখে ভয়
মৃত্যুর,
অ্য চোখে আশা,
যেন স্বপ্নের মত সোনার দিনগুলো
প্রায় হাতের মুঠোয় ।
এ মেয়ে যেন
সর্বনাশের অক্ষকারে
আবার আলোর চুড়োয়
মাঝকে বারংবার
নামতে আর উঠতে
আর উঠতে আর নামতে
দেখে,
নির্বিকার স্থির ।

ପ୍ରେ ସି ଡେ ସି କ ଲେ ଜ ପ ତ୍ରି କା

ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଗଭୀର ଓ ଶାନ୍ତଭାବେ
ଆମାର ମନେ ହୋଲ
ଏ ନାରୀଇ ଯେବେ
ମହାୟୁକ୍ତର ପୃଥିବୀ ।

କୋନ ବଲ ରେର ଲ୍ୟା ଓ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଥେକେ

ମାଲବିକା ଲାହିଡ଼ୀ

ତୃତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ—ଇତିହାସ

ତଥନ, କଲହାସେ ବନ୍ଦର ଜେଗେ ଓଠେ,
ଅନ୍ତିର ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ଟେଟୁ, କାର ସାଡ଼ା ପେୟେ ;
ତୀରେ ଏସେ ଆଂଛଡ଼ାୟ ଅବିଶ୍ରାମ ହୁବୁନ୍ତ ଆବେଗେ ।
ଦୂରେ, ବହ ଦୂରେ, ଆଲୋ ଜଳେ ଜଳେ ଓଠେ ନିଶାନଘାଟାର,
ତୀର ସଂକେତଧରି ଶୋନା ଯାଇ କାର ।
ଆର ଏକଟି ଜାହାଜ ଭେଦେ ତୀରେ ।
ପ୍ରତିଦିନ କ୍ଳାନ୍ତିଶୀମ ଏକଇ ଛବି, ଶହରେ, ବନ୍ଦରମଗରେ,
ଜେଗେ ଓଠେ ସହସା ଘୁମନ୍ତ ବନ୍ଦର,
ଆଡ଼ମୋଡ଼ା ଭେଦେ ଯାଇ ତାର ।
କାର ତୀର ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାର ସାଦ ଲୋନାଜଳେ ଭେସେ ଆସେ ।
ବନ୍ଦରକହାର ମୁଖେ ନବରଙ୍ଗ ଲାଗେ ।
ଆର ସେତୋ ସୁପ୍ତ ନୟ,
ମିଶୀଥିନୌ, ଲୋଭାତୁରା, ମଜ୍ଜା ଶେଷ ତାର,
ବରିଣ କ୍ଷାଟେର ଘେରେ, ପୁଁତିର ମାଲାୟ ।
ଦୂରେ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାରତ, ଆବେଗ-ଆପ୍ଲତ ସବ ନାବିକମନ୍ଦନ,
ସଙ୍ଗେ ଆମେ ସମୁଦ୍ରେର ସାଦ,
ଠୋଟ ଚାଟେ, କିମେର ତୁଳ୍ଯ !

କୋ ନ ବନ୍ଦରେ ର ଲ୍ୟା ଓ ଶ୍ରେ ପ ଖେ କେ

ମଧ୍ୟରାତ୍ରେ ଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହୟ ଉଦ୍ଦେଲ ଯୋବନ, ନେମେ ଆସେ,
ଶ୍ଵାଦ ପାଓୟା ବିଦେଶୀ-ପଣ୍ୟେର-ଠୋଟ୍ଟ, ଘାଡ଼େ ଓ ଗଲାଯା,
ପାରପାତ୍ରେ କରେକଟି ବୁଦ୍ବୁଦ୍,
ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ବୁଝି ନାମେ ଓର୍ଟେ,
କରେକଟି କଟିନ ମୁଖ ହୟତ ବା ବାକା ଦେଖା ଯାଯା ।
କେଉ କେଉ ଏଇଥାନେ, ଅତି ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତଭାବେ,
ହଦୟ ହାରାଯା ।
ଏହିଭାବେ ଏକଦିନ ରୂପସୀର କ୍ଲାନ୍ସଦେହତଟେ
ବିଦାୟେର ସମୟ ସମାଯା ।
କଥନ ସେ ବନ୍ଦରେର କାଳ ଶେଷ ହୟ,
ଆବାର ସେ ତୌତସର ବାଣୀ ବେଜେ ଓର୍ଟେ ।...
ଘୋର ଅନିଚ୍ଛାୟ ତବୁ...
ବାଣୀ ବାଜେ ନାବିକପୁତ୍ରେର ବୁକେ,
ବୁକେଓ ସେ ସାଂଗରକଣ୍ଠାର ।
ନୋଙ୍ର ଛାଡ଼ିଯେ ନେଓୟା ହୟ ।
ଅନେକ ଉତ୍ତାଳ ଚେଉ ଛଡ଼ାୟ ବେଳାଯା, ...
ଆର କିଛୁ ନେଇ ତାରପର,
ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଜଳ ଆର ଜଳ,
ନୌଲ ଜଳ, ସରସୀର ମତ ତାର ମସନ ଆବେଶ ।
ଓତେ କାର ଚୋଥ-ଛଲଛଲ-ପ୍ରତିବିଦି ? ବନ୍ଦରକଣ୍ଠାର ?
କ୍ରମେ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ, କୋଥାୟ ମିଳାୟ ?
ସେ ଚେନା ନଗର
କଥନ ସେ ଦୂରେ ସରେ ଯାଯା ।
ଦୂରନ୍ତ ପର୍ଶିମ ବାତାସେ
ହାହାରବେ କାର କାନ୍ଦା ଭେସେ ଆସେ ।...
କ୍ରମେ ଦେ ସବଓ ମିଳାୟ ।
ଶୃତିର ଉତ୍ତରେ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଜେଗେ ଥାକେ
କ୍ଷଣିକେର ମୋହମ୍ମେଦୀ ରାପେ
ଚିରଚେନା, ତବୁ କତ ଅଚେନା ସେ
ରୂପସୀ ବନ୍ଦର ॥

দেয়াল

কৃষ্ণরূপ চক্রবর্তী

তৃতীয় বর্ষ—বাংলা

খুব পরিচিত একটা জানালা উপড়ে ফেলে
ইট-স্তুরকী দিয়ে দেয়াল হয়েছে সেখানটা ।
মন বারবারই আশ্রয় নেয় বন্ধ সেই দেয়ালে ।
কিন্তু বৃথা । এই দেয়ালে চোখ বেথে বামধন্ব বা প্রজাপতি
দেখতে চাওয়া বৃথা ।

ভীষণ গুমোট হয় মনের নিঃশ্বাসে ।
বারবার ফেলে আসে হারানো স্পন্দের স্তুর
কঠিন বাস্তবে ।
কিন্তু বৃথা । ইট-কাঠ-স্তুরকীর দেয়ালে
প্রজাপতি ধরতে যাওয়া বৃথা ।

‘আমি’ মৃত

জীবেন্দ্রকুমার রায়

তৃতীয় বর্ষ—বাংলা

শিরশির করে শীতের হাঁওয়া বইল বন থেকে
বনাস্তরে । কুঁচকে গেলো গাছগুলো । তয়ানক ঠাণ্ডা ।
পাথীরা গা ফুলিয়ে নিলো । রেলগাড়ী বন্ধ । ফাঁক
আৱ বাড়বেনা ।

“ନିଜେ ର ଦିକେ ଚେ ଯେ”

ଆମାର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଏକଟା ତେଜ, ଶୀତେ ସେନ ଠାଙ୍ଗା ହସେଇଲି,
ଆର ଏକ ଶୀତେର ଧାର୍କାଯ ବାର ହସେ ଗେଲୋ । ଓ ଠେଲେ ବାର ହତେ
ଚାଯ, କି ସେମ ସବ ସଂକଳନ ଆଛେ—ସାମାଜିକ, ରାଜନୈତିକ,
ଅଥନୈତିକ, ବୋଧିଷ ଓ ଧ୍ୟାନା । ‘ଆମି’ କେ କେଉ ବୋଧେନି ।
ଶୁଣୁ ମିଛେ କଥା ।

ଶହରେ ଉପର ଧୁଁଝୋଟିଲେ ଧୁରେ ଧୁରେ ଏଁଟେ ବସଲ । କି ଚାପ ତାର !
ମେହି ଧୁଁଝୋ ମମେତ ବାତିଶେର ନିଧିମାନ ନେଇଯାର ଏତଟୁକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ଛିଲନା ।
ଆମାର, କିନ୍ତୁ କି କରିବ ନିତେଇ ହଲ । ମେଣିଲୋ ଆମାର
ବୁକେର ମଧ୍ୟ ଜମତେ ଶାଗଲ ଆଣ୍ଟେ ଆଣ୍ଟେ, ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ।
ତେଜ ତାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଲୁକ୍କିଯେ ଛିଲ । ଆର ବେରୋତେ ପାବଲ ନା ।
ମରେ ଗେଲୋ ।

ଶୀତେର ହାତ୍ୟା ବହିଲ ମିଳ ଥେକେ ବନାନ୍ତରେ । ଏଥିନ ଆମି
ମୃତ । ଆମାର ସବ ମଟେ ଗେଛେ । ମେହି ମରେ ଧାତ୍ୟା
ଆମିଟା ଶୀତେ କୁଁକଡ଼େ କୁଁକଡ଼େ ନିଶିହ ହସେ ଗେଲ ।
ଆମି ଫାହୁମ ! ଆମି ଏଥିନ ଆକାଶେର ଉଡ଼ତେ ପାରି ।

“ନିଜେ ର ଦିକେ ଚେ ଯେ”

ଶ୍ରୀ ଭରଣି ଦାଶଗୁପ୍ତ

ବ୍ରିତୀସ ବର୍ଷ—ଇଂରାଜି

ଅସହ ଦୃଢ଼ତା,

ଅଥଣ୍ଟ ମେଘ ଅନେକ ଶୁର୍ବେର ବଂ ନିଯେ

ମଧ୍ୟରାତ୍ରେ ଅଲ୍ସ ଅଲ୍ସ ଶୁର ତୋଲେ ।

କତ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପେରିଯେ

ନିଷେଷିତ ବୁଦ୍ଧ ଚେଯେ ଥାକେ

କଳମାଳୀନ ହସେ ହୁଜାତାର ଦିକେ ।

প্রে সি ডে সি ক লে জ গ ত্রি ক।

কত ফসল তোলা।

স্বপ্নজয় আৰ বালমলে আলো।

অস্ত্রনিহিত ক্ষয় নিরুত্তি খোজে।

কত সেতু তৈরী

দুই মুকুকে বেঁধে দিতে হবে

দীপ্তি শিখৰে কেন চোৱাবালি ঢোকে।

কত ফুল ফোটা।

প্ৰবল আশাৰ বন্ধায় তাৱা পূৰ্ণ

এই পলকশৰোতে স্বৰ্বাস কণিক অমৃত।

শেষে সহনীয় বিশ্বাস

মেষ বুদ্ধ সেতু ফল

অদৃশ্য

শুধু একটি তাৱা

অল্পামী

শুধু একটি চোখ

প্ৰতিজ্ঞা

শুধু একটি আশা

জয়।

আবাৰ অন্ধকাৰ সেও নিঃসন্দেহ

অনেক তাৱা আৰ গল্পে ভৱা

সোনালি সকাল সেও পূৰ্ণ

একটি শিখা জলে আৰ জলে।

সুন্দর বনের পথে

গৌতমপ্রসাদ সরকার

(বিদায়ী) বিত্তীয় বর্ষ, এম. এস. সি.—ভূবিজ্ঞান

হৈ-হল্লোড করে এক সময়ে ক্যানিংয়ে এসে পৌছান গেল। রাত্রি তখন প্রায় ন'টা। লঞ্চ আসতে এখনো অনেক দেরী। খাঁওয়া-দাঁওয়ার পর অনেকেই ঘুমিয়ে পড়লো—কেউ গল্লে মাতলো, কেউবা তাস খেলায়।

জেটীর ছাদে এলাম। অষ্টমীর আধো চাঁদ আলো আঁধারী মাঘাজাল বুনে চলেছে। আমার মতো আরও দু' একজন ছাদে দাঁড়িয়ে নদীর বুকে চাঁদের আলোর প্রতিফলন দেখছে—চেউয়ের উচ্চলতা উপভোগ করছে। তাবপর এক সময়ে দু'চোখ জড়িয়ে এলো ঘুমে।

* * *

উঠলাম খুব ভোবে। লঞ্চ ছুটে চলেছে সোজা পুবদিকে। গতকাল রাত্রি প্রায় দুটোয় লঞ্চে উঠে কখন একসময় ঘুমিয়ে পড়েছি খেয়াল নেই। তবু আফশোষ হতে লাগলো কেন আরো সকালে উঠলাম না—অনেক অ-দেখাই যে পেছনে ফেলে এলাম।

আঁকা-বাঁকা নদীমালা। সংখ্যায়ও অগণ্য। হৃথারে বিচ্ছিন্ন গাছের সারি—হেঁতোল, গেঁয়ো, বান, গোলপাতা আরও কত কি! তবে সুন্দরী গাছ এখনও চোখে পড়েনি। স্বাইপ পাথী দেখতে পাচ্ছি অগুন্তি। দূরে বড়ো নদীতে দু'টো শীমার। দুপাশের বনে জোয়ারের জলের দাগ স্থল্পষ্ট।

জলের বুকে বিচ্ছিন্ন চেউ। উচ্চল ফেনা। সময় সময় চেউ কমে আসে, তার বদলে দেখতে পাই ক্ষুদ্র তরঙ্গ (ripple)। দিক পরিবর্তন হচ্ছে ক্রমাগত। সূর্য কখনো বাঁদিকে, কখনো সামনে, কখনো বা পেছনে।

দূর থেকে ক্রমালু তৌরে চেউ আছড়ে পড়ছে। আছড়ে-পড়া চেউএর উপর পড়ে সূর্যরশ্মি নানারঙে ভেঙে পড়েছে; চেউগুলোকে বিভিন্ন রঙে রাঙিয়ে দিয়েছে। হঠাৎ চেউ বলে মনেই হয় না,—কষ করে চেউ বলে চিনে নিতে হয়। সত্যি চেউয়ের এই বর্ণবৈচিত্র্য অপূর্ব।

ভেসে চলেছি। আরণ্য প্রকৃতির সামিধ্যে বিচ্ছিন্ন অনুভূতি জাগে মনে। চোখে আমার স্থপত্তি—তাই পৃথিবীকে দেখছি রঞ্জীন, লাগছে মধুময়। গত বাত্রিতে জেটীর ছাদে দাঁড়িয়ে, আবছা-আলোয় চাঁদের পাশে কতকগুলো তারকাকে দেখে কেন বার বার বায়রনের 'There be none of Beauty's daughter, with a magic

like thee..." কিংবা শেলৌর "And the moonbeams kiss the sea..." কথাগুলো
মনে পড়ছিলো ?

আমি লক্ষের ছাদে সারেরের পাশে। কেমন যেন একটা অভাব-বোধ।
মন-কম্পাসের কাঁটাটি কোন্দিকে ?

* * *

চলেছি। দুপাশের গাছগুলোর ক্রম-পরিবর্তন হচ্ছে। নৃতন গাছের মধ্যে গর্জন,
বোঢ়ানিম এসব চোখে পড়ছে। গাছগুলোর আকৃতিও বর্ধমান।

বেলা প্রায় আটটায় কর্নওয়ালিস দৌপ অতিক্রম করলাম। কর্নওয়ালিসে কার্টুরিয়ারা
কাঠ কাটছে। ঘাটে বিরাট বিরাট নৌকো বাঁধা। কোনোটা কাঠ বোঝাই, কোনোটা
বা বোঝাই হচ্ছে।

আরও কিছুক্ষণ চলবার পর নৌলবর্ষ-রেখা কোমও এক নদীর পাশে এসে লঞ্চ
ভিড়লো, ঘণ্টায় ৮-১০ মাইল বেগে ক্রমাগত চ'লে এই এর প্রথম বিরাম। তৌরে কচি
ধান গাছের মতো কৌ কতকগুলো ঘাসের আস্তরণ। একটু দূরেই কার্টুরিয়ারা কাঠ জড়ে
করছে। কার্টুরিয়া দেখে নবকুমারের কাঠ সংগ্রহের কথা মনে পড়লো। নদীর তৌরে
চেউএর সাথে ছোট ছোট মাছ উঠে আসছে, লাফাচ্ছে। সুন্দরবনের কাদা মাছগুলো
বড়ে অঙ্গুত। ল্যাটামাছ ও পিরিগিটির মাঝামাঝি জীব; জলেও চলে, কাদামও চলে।
মেখানে লঞ্চ থামে সেখানেই ওদের দেখা যায়।

ভেবেছিলাম চূড়ান্ত লক্ষ্যে পৌছে গেছি, এবার নামতে হবে। কিন্তু তা নয়।
লঞ্চ আবার ছেড়ে দিলো। থেমেছিল কার্টুরিয়াদের কাছ থেকে বনের প্রট নম্বর জেনে
নিতে। আমাদের যাত্রার লক্ষ্য হলো ড্যালহোসী। সে দীপ এখনও অনেক দূরে।

নদী-তৌরের গাছগুলোর অনেক উচু পর্যন্ত শেকড় বের-করা। জলের পাশবিকতায়
গাছের আকৃ গেছে ঘুচে। এখানে সেখানে ভুঁই-ফোড় মাসিকা মূল দেখা যাচ্ছে,
পালতোলা নৌকো চলেছে—বাতাসে ফুলে উঠেছে পাল। দীনবন্ধু-দা সেদিকে আমার
দৃষ্টি আকর্ষণ করে বলে উঠলেন, "বন্দর ছাড়ো যাত্রীরা সবে, জোয়ার এসেছে, আজ।"

"ইয়া," বলে উঠলাম আমি, "মনে করন এইটৈই আৱব সাগৱ—এডেনের পথে
চলেছি আমরু—" অপুর কথা মনে পড়লো।

লঞ্চ চলেছে। যাত্রীরা সব উৎসুক—দূরে গাছের গুঁড়িকেই হরিণ বলে মনে
করছে! কিছুদ্বাৰ যাওয়াৰ পর অবশ্যে দৰ্শন পাওয়া গেল,—হরিণের নয়, একদল
রান্ঁিৱেৰ। মাঝে মাঝে পাথীৰ জটলা দেখে লক্ষের গতি মহৱ কৱা হয়,—তৌরের দিকে
এগোয়—বন্দুক গর্জে ওঠে—কিন্তু এই বেলা সাড়ে ম'টাৰ মধ্যে একটা পাথীও মারা
হয়নি। এক জায়গায় ছটো মদনটাক তাক কৱা হয়েছিল—গুলিও কৱা হলো, কিন্তু
তার আগেই মদনটাক-দৃশ্পতি উড়ে পালালো।

অবশ্যে হরিণও দেখা গেল, বেশ বড়ো বড়ো। কিন্তু এখানেও শিকায়ীদল নেপুণ্যের পরিচয় দিতে পারলেন না—বৃথা গুলি ক্ষয় হলো মাত্র। মারতে না পারাই ভালো—আমি যেন মেই কামনাই করছিলাম। ওরা যে প্রকান্তির শিশু। ওই শামল বনানীর ক্ষেত্রে, ওই বনের ছায়ায় কেমন সুন্দর ঘূরে বেড়াচ্ছে! মাঝের তো কোন ক্ষতি করেনি, তবে?

দূরে নদীর জল যেখানে তৌরে আছড়ে পড়ছে, সেদিকটাতে চেয়ে সত্যি মনে পড়ছিল—

“দ্রাদ়য়শক্তনিভস্ত তঘী
তমালতালীবনরাজিনীলা।
আভাতি বেলা লবনামুরাশে—
ধারানিবদ্ধেব কলকরেখা ॥”

মে সবই আছে, মেই অয়শ্চক্র, মেই কলকরেখা, মেই নীল বনরাজি, মেই রোদে চিক চিক বেলাভূমি, মেই লবণামু সবই আছে,—শুধু “তমালতালী”-র বদলে সুন্দরী, গরাণ, পেঁউয়া, কি গর্জন।

সূর্যকে কথনো বায়ে, কথনো ডাইনে রেখে লঞ্চ এগোচ্ছে। সেই গাছের সারি, সেই সোন্দর্যের প্রশ্রবণ—কোন কিছুরই বিবাম নেই। এতদিন জঙ্গল বলতেই কল্পনায় যা ভেসে উঠতো, এ ঠিক তাই। বরং তারও বেশী কিছু। মাইলের পর মাইল শুধু বন। অথচ এ বন তরাইয়ের জঙ্গল থেকে কতই না আলাদা। সামুদ্রিক বায়ু জোরে বইছে। আমরা চলেছি বেশ বড়ো একটা নদীর মধ্য দিয়ে। এক সময়ে লঞ্চের মুখ ঘোরানো হলো—এ নদী ছেড়ে, অন্য এক ছোট নদীতে ঢুকতে হবে। লঞ্চ আড়াআড়ি চলছে। বাতাসে ও চেউয়ে চুলছে। সে দোলানির মাত্রা ক্রমেই বেড়ে উঠতে লাগলো, এবং তা ‘দোহুল-দোল’ অয়। এক একবার মনে হতে লাগলো, লঞ্চ উন্টে ধাবে বুঝি বা! তয়ে সারেঙের ছোট্ট ঘরটিকে আঁকড়ে ধরছি।

না, না, আমি ঠিক তায় পাইনি। আমি এতই তীতু নাকি? আমি বুঝি অ্যাডভেঞ্চার চাইনে? চাই, বরং ঘোল আনার জায়গায় আঁঠার আনাই চাই। এই বাতাসের প্রাবল্য, এই উত্তাল তরঙ্গ, লঞ্চের এই দোলনি—এ না থাকলে ভালো লাগতো বুঝি? এসব থাকার জগেই তো আমাদের এই অমধ বৈচিত্র্যময় হয়ে উঠেছে। এসব থাকার জগেই তো অ্যাডভেঞ্চার জমে উঠেছে—তায় এবং আনন্দ আস্থক দুঃটিতে হাত ধরাধরি করে। যদি লঞ্চ ডুবেই যায়, যাক না! আমি জানি, আমি মরবো না; এই লবণাক্ত জলে চুব্বি থেতে থেতে, এই তরঙ্গ-ভঙ্গে ক্রীড়িত হয়ে হয়ে, এক সময়ে তৌরে আমি পৌছবোই। এবং লঞ্চ ডুবির ছবিটা, মরণের সাথে লড়াই করার দৃশ্টি, তখন ভালই মনে থাকবে।

কিন্তু সে সবের কোনটাই হলোনা। লঞ্চ ওপাশের ছোট নদীতে প্রবেশ করলো। হৃপাশে কত খাল, তার সীমা সংখ্যা নেই। তবে ওগুলো খুব ছোট ছোট, এবং ভাঁটার জন্যে ওগুলোতে এখন একেবারেই জল নেই। বেলাভূমি কোথাও ঢালু, কোথাও খাড়াই, কোথাও বা বন্ধময়—হঠাৎ দেখলে খরগোশের গুহার কথা মনে পড়ে। জল যেখানে তৌরে আছড়ে পড়ছে, সেখানে মাটি ও জলের অপূর্ব খেলা দেখতে পাওয়া যাবে। বাতাসের টেউ ও লঞ্চের টেউ—হইয়ে মিলিয়ে এক অদ্ভুত স্বন্দর চলমান পাকানো দড়ির মত চেউয়ের স্ফটি করেছে—এই দড়ি বাঁধতে চলেছে বেলাভূমিকে। এ চেষ্টার ক্লান্তি নেই, বিবাম নেই। মনে পড়লো কবিগুরুর কথা—

“সম্মুখ-উর্মিরে ডাকে পশ্চাতের টেউ

‘দিব না দিব না যেতে’। নাহি শুনে কেউ, . . .”

এ জগতে প্রাণী-অপ্রাণী নির্বিশেষে সকলেই একে অপরকে বাঁধবার জন্যে এত উদ্গীব কেন? মৃত্তিকা বাঁধছে বৃক্ষকে, বৃক্ষ বাঁধছে পত্রকে, পত্র বাঁধছে পুস্পকে, মাঝুষ বাঁধছে মাঝুষকে। কিন্তু সব বাঁধন ঐ নদীর চেউয়ের দড়ির মত শুধু ক্ষণস্থায়ী। আব সেই জন্যেই বুবি বাঁধবার আকুলতাও এত বেশী।

আবার হরিণ দেখা গেল। এবার একটা দু'টো নয়, অনেকগুলো। চোখে বাইনোকুলার লাগিয়ে দেখতে লাগলাম ‘লঞ্চ তৌরে ভিড়লো। বনুক হাতে দু'জন নেমে গেলেন। কিন্তু এবারও কিছু হলো না; কিছুক্ষণ পরে দেখি, এক ইঁটু কাদার মধ্য দিয়ে তাঁরা ফিরে আসছেন।

এবার লঞ্চটা যে জায়গায় চুকলো সেখানে জলের বর্ণ পরিবর্তন চোখে পড়ে সহজেই। খানিকটা জল সাঁদা, খানিকটা সবুজ।

স্বন্দরবন চিরসবুজ অরণ্য—শীতপ্রধান দেশের গাছের মত পত্রশূন্য হয় না কখনও। এটা বসন্তকাল। আকাশ পরিষ্কার। কখনো দু' এক ফালি হালকা মেঘের মৌকো আকাশ-গাঁও চলে যেতে দেখা যায়। কতকগুলো গাছের পাতা ঝরাগোর পালা স্বর হয়েছে, কতকগুলোর মতুন পাতা গজাচ্ছে। বছরে বছরে গাছগুলো পুরাতন জীর্ণ-জরাকে পরিত্যাগ করে যৌবনের আনন্দে হেসে ওঠে, প্রাণের জয়গান গায়; জীবনের জয়বাত্রা সূচিত করে। আজকের এই সোনার দিনটিতে, এই নদীবক্ষে ভাসতে ভাসতে, উমুক্ত মীল আকাশের মীচে চলতে চলতে, কত কথাই না মনে পড়ছিল। আমি প্রকৃতিকে ভালবাসি, তাই বৃক্ষ ভগবান আমাকে লোকালয় থেকে দূরে, বহুদূরে—এই প্রকৃতির রাজ্যে বসন্তের এমন সোনালী রোদে অভিষিক্ত করলেন! আমার সমস্ত দেহে পুলকের সঞ্চার হচ্ছিল—বাতাস এসে আমার চুলে সোহাগ-পরশ বুলিয়ে দিচ্ছিল। বিশ্বযুক্ত-আমি ভগবানকে ধন্বাদ জানাচ্ছিলাম। মানবীকে ভালবাসার পেছনে বেদনা আছে, প্লানি আছে, মিন্দা আছে—কিন্তু প্রকৃতিকে ভালবাসার মধ্যে এসবের কোনটাই নেই—সে

ভালবাসা স্বর্গীয়, তা অনিবার্যনীয় ; তা অফুরান আনন্দের উৎস । লঞ্চ চলছে আর চলছে, যেন এ চলার শেষ হবে না কখনও ।

“ঈ-যে বঙ্গোপসাগর !” বলে উঠলেন, আমার অনায়ৌয় পরমাত্মীয় দীনবন্ধু-দা, হঠাৎ চমকে এক মুহূর্তেই চোখ কান সজাগ হয়ে উঠলো—বঙ্গোপসাগর তাহলে আমাদের দৃষ্টি সৌমায় এসে গেছে ? ওঁ সাগর ! সাগর ! সে যে আমার কতদিনের স্মপ্ত ! আজ সে-স্মপ্তের কিছুটা অস্ততঃ সফল হয়েছে । নদী-মোহানার শেষ প্রান্তে, ওই দুই পাশের গাছের সারি ছাড়িয়ে, সেখানে আকাশ ও পৃথিবী এসে মিলেছে, ওই ওখানেই তো বঙ্গোপসাগর, ওখান দিয়ে, ঈ পথ পেরিয়েই তো কলকাতা থেকে জাহাজ যায় সিঙ্গাপুর, ম্যানিলা, টোকিও, যায় মাদ্রাজ, কলম্বো, কেপটাউন, কিংবা কোচিন, বোম্বাই, এডেন হয়ে শয়েজের পথে ইটালী কি ফ্রান্স কিংবা ইংল্যান্ডে ।

যে-নদীমোহানা দিয়ে বঙ্গোপসাগর দেখা যাচ্ছিল, তাকে বাঁদিকে রেখে আমরা এগিয়ে চললাম । পথে একজায়গায় দেখতে পেলাম বনবিবির মঞ্চ । গোলপাতায় ছাওয়া । কবে কোনু ভক্তের দল সিন্ধি দিয়ে গেছে, তার চিহ্ন বর্তমান ।

“আঁঠার বাঁকির মধ্যে আমি সবার মা ।

মা বলিয়া তাকে যে তার দুঃখ থাকেনা ।”

(বাঁকি-নদীর বাঁক)

বনবিবির এই উক্তি তাঁর ভক্তদের জলে-জঙ্গলে ভরসা জোগায় । কাঠুরিয়া ও মধু সংগ্রাহকেরা বনে ঢোকবার আগে শুধু বনবিবি নয়, গাজীসাহেব ও দক্ষিণ রায়েরও পুজো দেয় ।

আমরা এক ছোট নদীতে প্রবেশ করলাম । সুন্দরী গাছ অনেক চোখে পড়ছে । বিশেষ আকর্ষণীয় হলো গোল গাছের সারি । গোল গাছ দেখে গোলে পড়েছিলাম । কারণ গাছের সাথে নামের কোনো সামঞ্জস্য নেই । গাছ কিংবা পাতা-কোমেটাই গোল নয়, পুরোপুরি লম্বা ; দেখতে অনেকটা নারকেল গাছের ডগার মতো ।

শিকারী দল চেষ্টা করলেন অনেক জায়গাতেই, কিন্তু স্বিধা হলোনা কোথাও । তারপর তাঁরা চারিটি দলে ভাগ হয়ে চারটি দীপে নেমে পড়লেন । আমাদের লঞ্ছনানি এক থাড়িতে মোঙ্গুর করে রইলো, সন্ধ্যাবেলায় তাঁদের বন থেকে তুলে আনবে ।

বেলা প্রায় দুটো । জলের ওপরে ভাসছি । বাতাসের দোলানিতে লঞ্চ দুলছে । দূরে যতদূর চোখ যায় কেবল গাছের সারি, কেবল বন । আর সে বনে রয়েছে অসংখ্য নদীনালা । বস্তুতঃ সুন্দরবন নদীনালারই অঞ্চল—ম্যাপের দিকে চাইলেই তা বোঝা যাবে । কিন্তু বাস্তব সুন্দরবনে নদীনালার যে সংখ্যা, সাধারণ ম্যাপ দেখে তাঁর একাংশেরও পরিচয় পাওয়া যাবেনা । আমার আশ্চর্য লাগছিলো এই ভেবে যে, লঞ্ছের সারেং পথ চিনে নেবে কি করে ?

বিকেল হয়ে এসেছিল। মাঝে মাঝে পার্শ্ববর্তী উজ্জল থেকে আমাদের শিকায়ীদেরে বন্দুকের আওয়াজ শোনা যাচ্ছে। দূরে গাছগুলোর তলা সব এক সমতলে; মনে হয়, কেউ কাঁচি দিয়ে ছেঁটে দিয়েছে। ওটা আর কিছু নয় জোয়ার জলের উচ্চতার সীমাবেষ্ট। গাছের কোন ডাল এর মৈচে নামে না—তাই দূর থেকে গাছের নিম্নাংশের শাখা-প্রশাখাকে একই সমতলে দেখা যায়।

লঞ্চের ছাদে সব ভিড় করে বসে আছে, গল্প শুভ করছে। শিকার সমস্কে তাদের অঙ্গুত সব জলনা-কলনা। কেউ বলছে পাঁচটা হরিণ মারা পড়েছে, কেউ বলছে ছুটে। আবার কেউবা খোশ গল্পে মশ-গুল। কিন্তু সে সব শোনবার দিকে তখন আমার খেয়াল ছিলনা। সত্যি বলতে কি, বেলা ১০টায় মর্নিং ওয়াক কিংবা ভরতপুরে প্রাতঃস্নান কি করে হয় তা আমি বুঝতেও পারছিলাম না। তাঁছাড়া হরিপদবাবুর মতো ক্লাস নাইন পর্যন্ত আমার তো আর ধারনা ছিল না যে, পাতিকাক পাকলে দাঢ় কাক হয়? তাই সে সব আলোচনায় আমি রস পাইনি। শৰ্দদেব অস্তায়মান; আমার দৃষ্টি সেই দিকে। চেয়ে আছি আর চেয়ে আছি। একটু একটু করে—হালকা হতে হতে শৰ্দদেব মিলিয়ে গেলেন।

ততক্ষণে বনে টর্চের আলোয় সঙ্কেত দেখা যাচ্ছে—লঞ্চ ছুটে চললো তৌরের দিকে। হরিণ সত্যি মারা পড়েছে। বেশ বড়ো বড়ো। এক একটি গ্রাম ২৫-৩০ মের। কিন্তু মায়াদীপে যে দলটি নেমেছিলেন, তাঁরা ফিরলেন রিক্ত হন্তে। সঙ্গে সঙ্গে মনে পড়লো—“মায়াবন বিহারিগী হরিণী...” এবং তাকে ধরবার পথ যে অকারণ, তা বুঝতে ভুল হলোনা।

মায়াদীপ ছেড়ে চলেছি। ফিরে চলেছি পাকিস্তানের সীমানা পেছনে রেখে টিয়াবালির পথে। সে-দীপ বাঘ হরিণের প্রধান আস্তানা।

চলেছি, চলেছি, চলেছি অন্ধকারে।

টিয়াবালির তৌরে সার্টলাইট ফেলতেই বেশ কয়েক জোড়া ফিকে নীল রঙের উজ্জল আলোর গুলি চোখে পড়লো। গুলো হরিণের চোখ।

একটা হরিণ শিকার করা হলো। অপূর্ব তাক। কিন্তু হরিণ যে এত বোকা তা জানতাম না। সার্ট লাইটের তৌর উজ্জল আলো, লঞ্চের কর্কশ ফট ফট ভক্ত ভক্ত আওয়াজ—এ সব দেখে শুনেও পালালো না। গুলিটা লাগবাব পরেই কোমর ভেঙ্গে বসে পড়লো—এগোবাব শেষ চেষ্টা করলো বটে, কিন্তু ব্যর্থ প্রয়াস। মুখ খুবড়ে পড়ে গেলো।

সারেং বললো, সার্ট লাইটের তৌর উজ্জল আলো চোখে পড়লে আর ওরা চোখে দেখেনা। চলতে চলতে অনেক কথাই হলো। বালিগঞ্জের কোন্ এক শিকায়ী, তিনি নাকি মাথায় লাইট বেঁধে বাঘ শিকার করেন। আমরা অবিশ্ব বাঘের রাজ্যে এসেও বাঘ দেখতে পাইনি। বেঁচে গেছি। সব দিক থেকেই। কারণ বলা তো যায়না আমরাই বাঘ শিকার করতাম না ব্যাপ্তিরাজ নিজেই আমাদের শিকার করতেন।

আশে পাশে সাদা আবছা জল। দূরে কালোবন, ওপরে আকাশ। অঙ্ককার আকাশে তারা ফুটেছে। সারেং তারার আলোয় লঞ্চ চালাচ্ছে।

ডেক থেকে ওপরে উঠছি, হঠাৎ সিঁড়ির পাশে সবশেষে—গুলি করা হরিণটা দেখে চমকে উঠলাম। ওটা এখনও জীবিত; এবং ফ্যাল ফ্যাল করে তাকিয়ে আছে। কি সুন্দর বাচ্চা হরিণটা, বোধহয় বাচ্চা বলেই এত বোকা—তাড়াতাড়ি পালাতে পারেনি।

তিনটে হরিণের কোমটারই কিন্তু শিং নেই। বড়ো ছুটোকে কাটা হচ্ছে। কিন্তু এটা? সত্যি মায়া হয়। ডাঁগের ডাঁগের কালো চোখ দুটো উদাস ভাবে চেয়ে আছে। বেশ তো ছিলো নিরিবিলি বনের মাঝে আপন মনে—ওরা তো মাঝুষকে আর তাড়া করতে যায়নি,—তবে কি অপরাধে ওদের মতু?—প্রকৃতির ধর্মই হলো বলবানের, জয়। দুর্বলকে আস্ত্রসাং করেই সবল চলবে।

শিকারীদের একজন হরিণ শিশুটার দিকে এগিয়ে গেলেন। এবং মুখে হাত বুলিয়ে আদর করতে লাগলেন। —হ্যা, আদরই বটে! তার মাঝের কোল থেকে ছিনিয়ে নিয়ে এসে, বন থেকে তাকে গুলি করে এনে আবার আদর! সাধারণ মাঝুষের দৃষ্টি কত সুন্দর!—পদাকে সরোবরে, কি গোলাপকে গাছে দেখে তাদের তৃষ্ণি হয়না—বোঁটা ছিঁড়ে ফুলদানীতে এনে সাজায়। এইটেই কি উন্নত রুচি বোধ, মাজিত সৌন্দর্য বোধ?

যুমে এক একবার চুলে পড়ছিলাম। ভাবছি, যুমোবাৰ ব্যবহাৰ কৰা যাক। কিন্তু চোখে পড়লো আবার সেই কাতৰ চাহনি। তন্ম গেল ছুটে, এক মুহূৰ্তেই। হরিণ-শিশুটা দাড়াবাৰ ব্যৰ্থ প্ৰয়াস কৰছে—পা ভেঙে পড়ে যাচ্ছে—তবু খুঁড়িয়ে খুঁড়িয়ে ঘুৰে বসলো।

ৱাত্রি প্ৰায় দেড়টা। ছাদে ঘুমিয়েছিলাম। ঘুম ভাঙলো খালাসিদের চেঁচা মেচিতে। দু' জায়গায় তারা লঞ্চ থামালো, পথে নানা জায়গায় সার্চলাইট ফেলে জলের ধারে অনেক কুমীৰ দেখা গেল, বিশেষতঃ সূর্যবাড়ীতে। কুমীৰ শিকারের উৎসাহও দেখা গেল—কিন্তু অঙ্ককারে তাড়াতাড়িতে বন্দুক পাওয়া গেলনা।

সূর্যবাড়ী লোকালয়। দূৰ থেকে কুকুৰের ডাক ভেসে আসছে। গভীৰ রাত্রিৰ এ এক অপূৰ্ব অভিজ্ঞতা। ছাদে শুয়ে অক্ষত্রথচিত আকাশের দিকে চেয়ে আছি। মোদ্দৰ কৰবাৰ যোটা দড়িৰ উপৰ শয্যা পিঠে লাগছে। বিছানা আছে কি নেই। এক বালিশে দুজন যুমোছি। পাশেৰ দাদাটিৰ কাছ থেকে সপ্তর্ষিমণ্ডল ও ক্ৰবতাৰা চিনে নিলাম। বাড়ীৰ স্থাভাৱিক অবস্থায় আমাদেৱ এই জীবনযাত্ৰাকে হয়ত দুর্ভোগেৰ বেশি কিছু বলতে পাৱতামনা। কিন্তু আজ এই শীতেৰ রাত্রে, বুকে কাশি সতেও জলো-হাওয়াৰ মধ্যে শুয়ে, কোনোৱপ কষ্টাহৃত্ব আমাৰ ছিলনা, বৱং একটা অনিৰ্বচনীয় আনন্দে মনটা ছিল ভৱে। অহুথেৰ সম্ভাৱনাৰ কথা দু'একবাৰ মনে আসছিল বটে, কিন্তু সে-চিন্তাকে দূৰে সৱিয়ে রাখবাৰ মতো উৎসাহ আমাৰ যথেষ্টই ছিল।

কথন এক সময়ে ঘুমিয়ে পড়েছিলাম। সূর্যবাড়ী নয় নম্বরে ষথন লঞ্চ এসেছে, তখন উষার আলো ফুটে উঠেছে। ঘুম গেল ভেঙে।

বিচানদী পেরিয়ে পড়লাম গোসাবায়। গোসাবাতে লঞ্চ থামলো। হ্যামিন্টন টাউনের এক বহুবী বিচালয়ে আমাদের আস্তানা পড়লো। সেখান থেকে বিকেলে বাসন্তী,— বাসন্তী থেকে পুনরায় ক্যানিং।

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সেদিনের সেই অরণ্য ভ্রমণ আমার কিশোর-চিত্তে যে দাগ কেটেছিল তা আজও তেমনি গভীর। শুভির ঘোমটা তুলে সেদিনের কথা আমার মনের মণিকেঠায় এসে আজও উকি দেয়: সেদিনের সেই আলোর রূপ, আধাৰের রূপ অনিবচ্ছীয় আনন্দের সুধাপাত্র হাতে নিয়ে আজও আমার হৃদয়-দ্বারে আঘাত করে। চিরকাল ওরা আস্তুক এমনি করে। ওদের স্বাগত জানাই।

দুটি কবিতা প্রসঙ্গে

অভিজিৎ সেন

বিতীয় বর্ষ—অর্থনীতি

ইংরেজীতে একটা চল্লিত কথা আছে, “Great men think alike”—মহৎ ব্যক্তিদের চিন্তাধারার একটা ঘোলিক সাদৃশ্য থাকে। কথাটার ঘোলিকতা নিয়ে অনেক বড়ো বড়ো আলোচনা থাড়া করা যেতে পারে—আপাততঃ সেদিকে নজর দেবার চেষ্টা করে আমরা প্রামুচ্চিকতাকে লজ্যন করতে চাই না। তবে বিভিন্নকালে বিভিন্ন দেশে যে সমস্ত শিল্পী, সাহিত্যিক, দার্শনিক জনগ্রহণ¹ করেছেন, তাদের চিন্তাধারার বরাবরই একটা সামগ্রিক মিল লক্ষ্য করা গিয়েছে, এবং সে মিল শুধু বহিরাঙ্গিক নয়; নাড়ীর সঙ্গে নাড়ীর সংযোগ এবং অন্তরের সঙ্গে অন্তরের মিলন একটু মিলিষ্টিতে লক্ষ্য করলেই স্পষ্ট চোখে পড়ে। একই উৎস থেকে অনুপ্রেরণা পেয়ে গীতিকার গেঁথে চলেছেন গীত, শিল্পী রঙে-রেখায় ফুটিয়ে তুলছেন মনের কল্পনা, ওপন্যাসিক রচনা করে চলেছেন মানুষের দৈনন্দিন জীবনের হাসিকাম্মার আলেখ্য। কিন্তু ষথন তাঁরা সেই স্থষ্টিকে রূপায়িত করে তাকে

মেলে ধরছেন নিখিল বিশ্বের সামনে, তখন তারা যেন কোন এক অলিখিত মন্ত্রে বিভিন্ন রূপে রসে সংজীবিত হয়ে আমাদের চোখের সামনে হাজিরা দিচ্ছে ; একই বন্দর থেকে যাত্রা করে যেন ময়ুরপঞ্জীর দল তেসে চলেছে দিকে দিকে, বিভিন্ন পথে । এখানেই প্রত্যেক শিল্পী বা সাহিত্যিকের স্বাতন্ত্র্য ; এখানেই শ্রষ্টার সঙ্গে শ্রষ্টার পার্থক্য । ভাবের জন্ম একই মায়ের গর্ভে ; কিন্তু বৃক্ষি তাদের স্বতন্ত্র পথে, পৃথক রূপায়ণে । একটি ছোট্ট পাথির কৃজম, অথবা অরণ্যরাজ্যে প্রবেশাধিকারে বক্ষিত মামগোত্রাহীন একটি বগ্রাহুল শত-সংগীতের জন্মদাতা, সহস্র চিত্রের উদ্ভাবক, অযুত কাব্যের উদ্বোধক । তাই কবি কৌট্টি বলেছিলেন, “The poetry of earth is never dead”—পৃথিবী থেকে কাব্য কোনদিনই লুপ্ত হয়ে যাবে না,—যুগে যুগে, নব নব রূপে তাঁর প্রকাশ ঘটবে বিভিন্ন শ্রষ্টার হাতে ।

রবীন্দ্রনাথ এবং শেলী—প্রাচ্য ও পাশ্চাত্যের দুই দীপশিখা—এই বক্তব্যের একটি জনস্ত উদাহরণ । আরো একটু পরিষ্কার করে বলতে গেলে, রবীন্দ্রনাথের “বর্ষশেষ” এবং শেলীর “Ode to the West Wind” এই ধারণার স্বপক্ষে সন্তুষ্টঃ উজ্জ্বলতম দৃষ্টান্ত । একই অরুপেরণ এই দুজন শ্রেষ্ঠ কবিকে কী ভাবে বিভিন্ন পথে তাঁদের ভাব প্রকাশে সহায়তা করেছে তাঁর ওপর সামাজি আলোকপাতের চেষ্টা করাই এই প্রবক্ষের মূল উদ্দেশ্য ।

সম্পূর্ণভাবে নিজের চেষ্টায় কেউ কথনো চরম উন্নতি করতে পারে না ; কারুর না কারুর কাছ থেকে কিছু কিছু ধার তাকে করতেই হয় । রবীন্দ্রনাথ তাঁর বিশাল সাহিত্য জীবনে একাধিক ব্যক্তির দ্বারা প্রভাবিত হয়েছেন । শেলী যে রবীন্দ্রনাথকে বেশ ভালো ভাবেই মোহিত করতে পেরেছিলেন তাঁর একাধিক প্রমাণ আছে । তরুণ অবস্থাতেই রবীন্দ্রনাথ শেলীর প্রতি আকৃষ্ট হয়ে তাঁর অমুসরণ শুরু করেন—রবীন্দ্রভক্তরা ও এ বিষয়ে অনবহিত ছিলেন না । জীবনস্থূতির “বক্ষিমচন্দ্ৰ”-শীর্ষক অংশে রবীন্দ্রনাথ লিখছেন—“আমাকে তখন কেহ কেহ শেলি বলিয়া ডাকিতে আৰণ্ত কৱিয়াছিলেন—সেটী শেলিৰ পক্ষে অপমান এবং আমাৰ পক্ষে উপহাসমূহৰ ছিল ।” তবে রবীন্দ্রনাথ যতই বিনয় প্রকাশ কৰন না কেন, তাঁৰ কবিচিন্তার সঙ্গে শেলীৰ কবিচিন্তার একটা অঙ্গাঙ্গী মিল ছিল । এবং শেলীৰ কবিতা সংস্কৰণে আজীবন অজ্ঞ থাকলেও রবীন্দ্রনাথের কবিতা আমাদের মনে একই ভাব জাগিয়ে তুলতো—একথা অনন্বীক্ষ্য ।

শেলী এবং রবীন্দ্রনাথ, দুজনেই আজন্ম গতিবাদের উপাসক । একটা অঙ্গু দুরস্ত সর্ববিধ্বংসী “চৰেবেতি” এই দুটি মানুষকে নিরস্তর দোলায়িত করেছে । রবীন্দ্রনাথের “হেথা নয়, অন্ত কোথা, অন্ত কোনোখানে”, আৰু Skylark-কে লক্ষ্য করে শেলীৰ বুকফার্টা আৰ্তস্বর—“Teach me half the gladness / That thy brain must know” যে একই উৎস থেকে উত্তুত, একথা কে অঙ্গীকাৰ কৰবে ? সব কিছুকে দলে পিয়ে গুঁড়িয়ে এই যে গতিবেগ নিরস্তর ধাৰিত হয়ে চলেছে, এৰ কিন্তু কোনো লক্ষ্য নেই,

কোনো গন্তব্য নেই ; শুধু চলার আনন্দেই সে উদ্ভাসিত । নিত্যকাল ধরে চলাই শুধু তার একমাত্র উদ্দেশ্য ; ফলে শেষ পর্যন্ত এক সর্বব্যাপী নৈরাশ্য অবশ্যিকীরূপে তাঁদের গ্রাস করেছে তবে এই নৈরাশ্যের philosophy রবীন্দ্রকাব্যে ততটা উগ্রভাবে ফোটেনি যতটা ফুটে উঠেছে শেলীর কাব্যে । এর প্রধান কারণ, রবীন্দ্রকাব্যের পরিধি শেলীর কবিতার চেয়ে অনেক বিস্তৃত এবং স্থুরপ্রসারী, ফলে অগ্রাণ্য নানা জটিলতা কোন বিশেষ একটি তত্ত্বকে ফুটে উঠতে দেয়নি ।

শেলীর সঙ্গে রবীন্দ্রনাথের কবিধর্মের এই ঐক্য তাঁদের কাব্যের বিষয়বস্তুকেও সম্পূর্ণভাবে গ্রাস করেছে । তাঁদের কবিধর্মের সঙ্গে ওতপ্রোত গতিবাদ এমন জিনিসকেই বার বার বেছে নিয়েছে যাকে আশ্রয় করে নিজের পক্ষীরাজকে সে অবাধে ছুটিয়ে দিতে পারে । তাই ঝড়, বাঁচি, বল্পা, নদীশ্বেত, জলপ্রবাহ, “বৈশাখের নিরুদ্দেশ মেষ”—বার বার ঘূরে ফিরে তাঁদের কাব্যে দেখা দিয়েছে ; তাঁদের পাঁথায় তর দিয়ে কবির চঞ্চল হৃদয় বার বার বার উঠাও হয়ে গেছে কোনু অজ্ঞানার উজ্জানে । একই কারণে প্রকৃতির শ্রেষ্ঠতম দান সুর্যালোক তাঁদের এতখানি মুক্ত করেছে । শেলীর কাছে ইটালীর রোড়ালোকিত আকাশের নিচে শুয়ে আলোকস্বান বোধহয় পৃথিবীর সবচেয়ে কাম্যবস্ত ছিলো ; তাঁর জীবনীকারণা গ্রন্থে পাতায় পাতায় তাঁর উল্লেখ করেছেন । আর রবীন্দ্রনাথের ছিমপত্র, ভার্সিংহের পত্রাবলী, জীবনশৃঙ্খলি প্রভৃতি গ্রন্থে কবির সুর্যালোকপ্রীতির ভূরি ভূরি উদাহরণ আছে, তাঁর উন্নতি দেবার প্রয়োজন সন্তুতঃ নেই ।

এই সমস্ত নানা কারণেই “বর্ষশেষে” সঙ্গে “Ode to the West Wind” কে তুলনা করে দেখার কথা মনে জাগে । বৎসরের অপরাহ্নে সহসা একদিন ষে তৌত্র বায়ুবাঙ্গা প্রবল বেগে এসে শীতের পুঁজীভূত জীর্ণতার ওপর আছড়ে পড়ে, তাকে চুরমাৰ করে দিয়ে সেখানে নবজীবনের বীজ বপন করে আবার অজ্ঞানার উদ্দেশ্যে তৌত্রবেগে উধাও হয়ে যায়, তাঁর চেয়ে বড়ো reformer আব কে আছে ! সেই ভাবটিকেই অবলম্বন করে এই দুই যুগশ্রষ্টা তাঁদের কবিপ্রতিভাকে উন্মুক্ত করে দিয়েছেন । কেমন করে কোন পথে সেই চিন্তাধারা এগিয়ে গেছে, কোথায় তাঁদের সান্দৃশ্য ও পার্থক্য, তাঁর বিচার করবার চেষ্টা হয়তো বর্তমান লেখকের পক্ষে কিছুটা শুষ্টিতা তবে সহারুভূতিগীল পাঠক তাকে স্থিতহাস্তে গ্রহণ করেন, সেই ভরপ্তাতেই এই প্রবন্ধ লিখতে বসেছি ।

“বর্ষশেষ” কবিতাটিকে বাংলাভাষায় প্রকাশিত ঋতুবর্ণনার ঘাবতীয় কাব্যসৃষ্টির মধ্যে অবিসংবাদিতভাবে শ্রেষ্ঠ আসন দেওয়া যেতে পারে । রবীন্দ্রসাহিত্যের সেই বহুকথিত এবং বহ-আলোচিত বিখ্যাত বা জীবনদেবতা এখানে কন্দের ভূমিকায় অবতীর্ণ হয়েছেন । কথাপ্রসংগে ‘কল্পনা’র মূল স্তর এবং ‘বর্ষশেষ’ কবিতার মূল স্তর উভয়ের পার্থক্যের কথা অনিবার্যভাবে এসে পড়ে । ‘কল্পনা’ কাব্যগ্রন্থটির সমস্ত সৌন্দর্য এসে কেন্দ্রীভূত হয়েছে তাঁর চিত্রবসে । কবি শুধু বহিরঙ্গ ঋপবর্ণনাতেই এখানে উৎসাহী হয়ে

ଉଠେଛେନ, ଅନ୍ତରେ ଦିକେ ତାର ଲେଖନୀ ଯେମ ଆକର୍ଷଣହୀନ । 'କଲନା'ଯ କବିର କାବ୍ୟ ଯେମ ରାଜକୁମାରୀର ବନ୍ଧୁଚିତ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟବିଭୂଷିତ ବହୁମୂଳ୍ୟ ଶିବିକା, ତାର ବାହକଦେର ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ କିଛୁ କମ ନଥ । କିନ୍ତୁ ତାର ଅନ୍ତଃପୁରେ ରାଜକୁମାରୀ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗ ଯେମ ଅରୁପାଷିତ ; ଶୁଣ୍ଟ ଶିବିକାକେଇ ଯେମ ବସେ ନିଯେ ସାଂଗ୍ୟ ହଛେ ମହା ଆତ୍ମଦେବ । କବି ମେହି ବାହକ ଏବଂ ଶିବିକାର ପ୍ରତିଇ ଅଧିକତର ଆଗ୍ରହ ଦେଖିଯେଛେନ, ରାଜକୁମାରୀର ଦିକେ ତାର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ନେଇ । ଶନ୍ତେୟ ଶ୍ରୀପ୍ରମଥନାଥ ବିଶ୍ଵ ସାକେ "ସାଧନବେଗ" ବଲେଛେନ ମେହି "ସାଧନବେଗ" କଲନାୟ ଅରୁପାଷିତ ; ଚିତ୍ରବର୍ଣ୍ଣନାର ବାହିକ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏଥାମେ ଏକଚତ୍ର ସନ୍ତ୍ରାଟେର ଆସନେ ବସେ ତତ୍ପରିବେଶନେର ଚେଷ୍ଟାକେ ବେମାଲୁମ୍ ଚାପା ଦିଯେ ଦିଯେଛେ । "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" "କଲନା"ର ଏକମାତ୍ର କବିତା ସା ଏହି ଏକଦର୍ଶିତାର ବ୍ୟାତିକ୍ରମ । "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" ଚିତ୍ରକେ ଉତ୍ତରଣ କରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଁବେ ତରେ ; ଚିତ୍ରଧର୍ମିତାର ପ୍ରତି ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହୁବିଚାର କରେଣେ ତାର ଉପସଂହାର ରଚିତ ହେଁବେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଭାବେଇ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵଧର୍ମିତାର ଭିତ୍ତିତେ । କାବ୍ୟେ ଶିଳ୍ପକଳାକେ ଏର "ସାଧନବେଗ" କଥନୋ ଅସ୍ତ୍ରୀକାର କରେନି ; କିନ୍ତୁ କୋଥାଓ ତାକେ ଅତିରିକ୍ତ ସମାନ ଦେଇନି ; ଉପରସ୍ତ ଥାନେ ଥାନେ ଶିଳ୍ପକଳାକେ ଅଗ୍ରାହ କରେ ଏର ଗତିବେଗଇ ପ୍ରଥାନ ହେଁ ଉଠେଛେ । କବି ସତୀଶଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ରାୟ "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" ପ୍ରମଜେ ବଲେଛିଲେନ—“ଏ କି weird ବୁକଭାଙ୍ଗ ବୈଦିକ କବିର ମତ କ୍ରନ୍ଦନ । ଏ ଯେ କ୍ରନ୍ଦ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରେ ଦିକେ ଉଥିତ ଗାନ !” ସତ୍ୟିଇ "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" କବିତାଯ ଯେ ହାହାକାର ଏବଂ ପ୍ରମତ୍-ଗଣ୍ଠୀର ମହାମନ୍ଦ୍ରିତ ଧରି ଅଭ୍ୟବଣିତ ହେଁ ଉଠେଛେ, ଜଗତେର ଅନ୍ତ କୋନ ମାହିତ୍ୟ ତା କଥନୋ ଦେଖା ଗିଯେଛେ କିନା, ତା ଆମାଦେର ଜାନା ନେଇ ।

"ବର୍ଷଶେଷ"ର କାଠାମୋର ମେରୁଦଣ୍ଡ ଛୁଟିମାତ୍ର ଭାବ—ପୁରୀତନେର ବିଦୀଯ ଏବଂ ନୃତନେର ଆଗମନ । "ବୈଶାଖ" କବିତାଯ ଅର୍ଧାଂଶ ମାତ୍ର । ବନ୍ତୁ, "ବୈଶାଖ", "ବର୍ଷାମଞ୍ଜଳ" ଏବଂ "ଶର୍ବତ" କବିତାଗୁଲିର ସଙ୍ଗେ "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ"ର ସ୍ଥାନଟ୍ଟୁ ଏଥାନେଇ । ଅନ୍ତ କବିତାଗୁଲି ଶୁଣୁ ଏକଟି ଦିକେଇ ସମସ୍ତ ମନୁଃସଂଘୋଗ ନିବନ୍ଧ କରେଛେ ; "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" କାଉକେଇ ଉପେକ୍ଷା କରେନି, ତେମନି କାଉକେ ଏକମାତ୍ର କରେଣେ ତୋଲେନି । ତାହି ରଂପେର ସଙ୍ଗେ ଭାବେର ଏବଂ ଶିଳ୍ପେର ସଙ୍ଗେ ଗତିର ମିଳିବେ "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ" କଲନାର କାବ୍ୟମେଳାର ମଧ୍ୟେ ନିଃନଦେହେ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ।

"ବର୍ଷଶେଷ"କେ ଖାନିକକ୍ଷଗେର ଜଣ ଅବ୍ୟାହତି ଦିଯେ ଏବାର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଫେରାନୋ ଶାକ ଶେଲୀର "Ode to the West Wind" ଏର ଦିକେ । ଫ୍ଲୋରେନ୍ସେର କାହାକାହି ଏକଟି ବନେ ବସେ କୋନ ଏକ ଅକ୍ଟୋବରେ ବିକେଳେ କବି ଶେଲୀ ରଚନା କରେଛିଲେନ ଏହି ମହାଗୀତ । "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ"କେ ଯଦି ବଲା ଯାଏ ବାଂଲା ମାହିତ୍ୟର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠତମ ଝକୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣମୂଳକ କାବ୍ୟମୂଳକ କବିତା, "Ode"କେ ତାହଲେ ବୋଧହୟ ପୃଥିବୀର ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠତମ ଝକୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣମୂଳକ କାବ୍ୟମୂଳକ କବିତା, "Ode to the West Wind" ପୃଥିବୀର ସର୍ବକାଲେର ଶୀର୍ଷହନୀୟ କଯେକଟି କବିତାର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଆସନ ପାବାର ଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ଝକୁଶେଷର ଏହି ଉଦ୍‌ବାନ ବାଡକେ ଶେଲୀ ଶ୍ରଜନ ଓ ଧର୍ମସର୍ପୀ ବିଶ୍ଵଭିତ୍ତିର ସଙ୍ଗେ ଏକ କରେ ଦିଯେଛେନ । ଶୁଣୁ ପ୍ରକତିର ତାଙ୍ଗୁବଲୀଲାତେଇ ବାଡକେ ତିନି ସୌମ୍ୟବନ୍ଦ ରାଖେନ ନି ; ତାକେ ଉତ୍ତରଣ କରିଯେଛେନ ଚିରକାଲେର ନିଯମେ ଛନ୍ଦେର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟ । ଲକ୍ଷଣୀୟ ଯେ "ବର୍ଷଶେଷ"ର ମତ Ode ଏ ଝକୁଶେଷ କୋନ

চিত্রলিপি অঙ্কন করা হয়নি ; কিন্তু তবু কবি আশৰ্চ শক্তিতে বাঞ্ছার প্রমত্ত ন্ত্য, তার উদ্বাম বাধা-বন্ধনীনতা, তার চিরবিদ্রোহী মুদ্রণৰোল পাঠকের হাদয়ে সংক্ষারিত করে দিতে পেরেছেন। আব একটি উল্লেখ্য ঘটনা হলো, সাধারণ কবিশ্বলভ দৃষ্টিভঙ্গিতে শেলী বড়ের উপরে কোনো মানবিক ভাব আরোপ করেন নি। তাঁর কাছে বড় শুধুই বড়, মেঘ কেবলমাত্রই মেঘ ; তার বেশী কিছু নয়। এখানেও সমস্ত কিছুকে ছাপিয়ে দুটিমাত্র ভাব প্রধান হয়ে উঠেছে : যা কিছু পুরাতন, যা কিছু জীৰ্ণ, সব দূর হয়ে যাক ; আবির্ভাব ঘটুক ন্তনের ; আব আমি সেই সেই ন্তনের অগ্রদূত হয়ে পৃথিবীময় প্রচার করি তার মহস্তের বাণীকে। অপূর্ব ভাষাভঙ্গি ও পরিবেশনা এবং সহঘোগী ভাবধারা একত্রে এই মূল স্বরটিকে অনিবার্যভাবে, অঙ্গভূতে ধ্বনিত করে তোলে ; কোন্ স্বদূরের দেবালয়ের পূজারতির ঘটাধ্বনির মতো তার বেশ যেন সংগীতের শ্যায় পাঠক-মনকে অভিভৃত করে ফেলে। “Prometheus Unbound” এর ভূমিকায় শেলী আঘাতারা হয়ে বলেছিলেন —“I have a passion to reform the world.” “Ode to the West Wind” যেন কবির সেই প্রমত্ত কামনারই প্রতীক। সমস্ত জীৰ্ণ শীৰ্ণ চিন্তা, যত অবসাদ-অক্ষমতার ডালি, পুরাতনের যত পুঞ্জীভূত ক্লেদ —সব কিছুকে যেন এই বড় উড়িয়ে পুড়িয়ে দিয়ে চলে গেছে, পেছনে রেখে গেছে ন্তন উৎসাহ ও উদ্বীপনার নিরাভরণ ক্ষেত্রকে। মানুষের মনুশ্চক্রির সংগে বহিঃগ্রহণ নিবিড়তম একাত্মতা এই কবিতাটির মধ্যে প্রত্যক্ষ অহভূতির মাধ্যমে বর্ণিত হয়েছে ; কিন্তু কোনো দীর্ঘনিক মতবাদ অকারণে সেখানে হানাদারের মতো অনুপ্রবেশ করে তার শাস্তিকে বিস্তৃত করতে পারেনি।

১৮২২ খৃষ্টাব্দে জলে ডুবে শেলী বরণ করেছিলেন অপঘাত-মৃত্যুকে ; আব তার প্রায় আট দশক পরে ১৩০৫ সালের ৩০শে চৈত্রের সন্ধ্যায় এক উত্তাল বড়ের মধ্যে রবীন্নাথের কলম জম দিয়েছিলো “বর্ষশেষ”কে। অর্ধাং রবীন্নাথের সামনে তখন দৃষ্টিস্ত হিসেবে একটি অতুলনীয় উদ্বাহণ স্থাপিত এবং তিনি স্বয়ং স্বীকার করেছেন যে সে সম্বন্ধে তিনি অচেতন ছিলেন না। এই স্মার্তি তুলে ধৰে অনেক সমালোচক তাই প্রশ্ন তুলেছেন —তবে কি রবীন্নাথের চেয়ে শেলী মহত্তর ? রবীন্নাথ কি শেলীর দ্বারা প্রভাবিত, তাঁর চেয়ে নিয়ন্ত্রণীয় ? “Ode to the West Wind” এর সংগে কাব্যগুণের বিচারে কি “বর্ষশেষ” একাসনে বসবার অধিকারী নয় ?

কিন্তু এই অজুহাত দেখিয়ে রবীন্নাথের মত বিশ্ববন্দিত কবিকে অথবা হয়ে করে দেখানোর অপচেষ্টা শুধু অমার্জনীয়-ই নয়, দম্পত্তির মধ্যে তুলনা তখনই করা হয় যখন তারা সমস্তেরে বা একই প্রকৃতির হয়ে থাকে। কিন্তু “বর্ষশেষ” এবং “Ode to the West Wind” প্রকৃতিগতভাবে পৰিপৰের থেকে সম্পূর্ণ পৃথক। শুধু মাত্র উৎসটিই উভয় কবিতার পক্ষে অভিন্ন, কিন্তু তাঁর বৃদ্ধি মানবযন এবং জগৎসংস্মারের ওপর তাঁর প্রতিক্রিয়া—দুটি কবিতার

ପକ୍ଷେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆଲାଦା । ସଂକ୍ଷେପେ କବିତା ହୃଦୀର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଯେ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟଗୁଲି ଚୋଥେ ପଡ଼େ । ମେଣ୍ଟଲୋକେ ବିଶେଷଗ କରା ଯେତେ ପାରେ ।

୧ । ହୃଦୀ କବିତାର ପ୍ରକୃତି ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଭାବେ ପୃଥକ୍ । ଶେଲୀ ତାଁର କବିତାଯ ନିଜେକେ ଉପହାପନ କରେଛେ ଏକଟି ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟମୂଳକ ଏବଂ ଚିତ୍ରଧର୍ମୀ କବିତାର କବି ହିସେବେ ; “ବର୍ଷଶେଷ” ସେଥାନେ ମୂଳତଃ ବିଷୟଧର୍ମୀ ଏବଂ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ କାବ୍ୟ । Odeଏ ଶୁଣ ଥେକେ ଶେଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ବା ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷଭାବେ ବାଡେର ପଦଧନି ସର୍ବତ୍ରାଇ ଶୁନିତେ ପାଓଯା ଯାଯା, କିନ୍ତୁ “ବର୍ଷଶେଷ” ମାତ୍ର ହୃଦୀ ଶୁବକେର ପରେଇ ବାଡିକେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଗୁଣ କରେ ଦିଯେ କବି ନିଜେ ଏସେ ପାଠକେର ସାମନେ ଦୀଡାନ । Ode ଶୁଣ ବାଡେର ଭୂମିକାକେଇ ପ୍ରଧାନ ହିସେବେ ଚିତ୍ରିତ କରେଛେ, ଆର “ବର୍ଷଶେଷ” ବାଡି ଦିଯେ କବିତାର ଶୁଦ୍ଧପାତ ସଟିଯେଓ ତାରପର ଅନେକ ବୃତ୍ତତର ଜଗତେର ସନ୍ଧାନେ ବେରିଯେ ପଡ଼େଛେ, ବାଡି ମେଥାନେ ନିତାନ୍ତିଷ୍ଠିତ ଗୋଟିଏ ବ୍ୟାପାର ।

୨ । କବିତା ହୃଦୀର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆଲାଦା । ଶେଲୀର Odeଏ ଏକଟି ଭାବହି ପ୍ରଧାନ ହୟେ ଉଠେଛେ । କବି ଏହି ପୁରାତନ ପୃଥିବୀର ଜୀର୍ଣ୍ଣତାର ଭାବେ ଝାଣ୍ଟ, ଅବସାଦାଚ୍ଛମ; ଏହି ବୈଚିତ୍ର୍ୟହୀନ ଜୀବନ ତାଁର କାହେ ହୁବିଛି । ତାଇ ତିନି ପଞ୍ଚମେର ଉଦ୍ଦାମ ହାଓୟାକେ ଆମସ୍ତରି ଜୀବନାଚେନ—

“Drive my dead thoughts over the universe

Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !”

ଏହି ବାଡି ଶେଲୀର କାହେ ନବଜୀବନେର ପ୍ରାଚୀକ, ସବୁ ପାତାର ଉଦ୍ବୋଧକ । Odeକେ ପୁରାତନେର ବିରଦ୍ଧେ କବିର ବିଦ୍ରୋହ ବଲେ ଚିହ୍ନିତ କରା ଯେତେ ପାରେ । ଅପର ପକ୍ଷେ, ରବିନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥେର କାହେ ବାଡି ଏସେହେ ରୁଦ୍ରେର ରୂପ ନିଯେ । ବର୍ଷଶେଷେର ବାଡିକେ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ କରେ କବି ଯେନ ତାଇ ଉଲ୍ଲାସେ ଗେୟେ ଉଠେଛେନ—“କୁନ୍ଦ ! ତୋମାର ଦାରୁଣ ଦୌଷିଷ ଏସେହେ ହୃଦୀର ଭେଦିଯା !” ଯେ ମହାଶକ୍ତି ସମ୍ମତ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ସଂକ୍ଷାରାବନ୍ଧ ମଲିନତାକେ ଉଚ୍ଛେଦ କରେ, ଉପାଚିତ କରେ ମେଥାନେ ନବୀନ ଆଶାର ଜୟନ୍ତଜା ଉଡ଼ିଯେ ଦେସ, ମେହି ଶକ୍ତିକେଇ ବିଶ୍ଵକବି ‘କୁନ୍ଦ’ ହିସେବେ ଦେଖେଛେନ । ଏହି ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ଚିନ୍ତାର ହୋଇଯାଇ “ବର୍ଷଶେଷ” ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ମହିମା ଲାଭ କରେଛେ, Ode ଏବଂ ପକ୍ଷେ ଯାର ସ୍ପର୍ଶଲାଭ ଏକରକମ ଅମ୍ବତ୍ବ ଛିଲୋ ବଳା ଯେତେ ପାରେ ।

୩ । ସର୍ବଶେଷେ, ଚଢ଼ାନ୍ତ ବନ୍ଦୋବେର ଦିକ୍ ଥେକେଓ ଦୁଇ କବି ଏକନ୍ଦରେର ଅଧିବାସୀ ନନ୍ । ଶେଲୀର କବିତାଯ ଯେ ଦୁଇନ୍ତ ଆଶାର ବାଣୀ ବଂକୁତ, ରବିନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥେ ତାଁର କିଞ୍ଚିତ ଅଭାବ ଦେଖା ଯାଯା । ପୁରାତନ ବର୍ଷ ଶେଷ ହବାର ପର ନୃତ୍ୟକେ ଆସିଥିଲା ହେବେ; ଧର୍ମେର ମଧ୍ୟେଇ ହୃଦୀର, ହଲୁଦ ପାତାର ମଧ୍ୟେଇ ସବୁ ପାତାର ନିଗ୍ଯ ଅବଶାନ ଲୁକିଯେ ଆହେ, ଏହି ବନ୍ଦମୂଳ ଧାରଣା ଶେଲୀକେ ଏତନ୍ତର ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ କରେଛେ ଯେ, ତିନି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ୱାସେ କବିତାର ଉପସଂହାର ଟେନେଛେନ—

“... O wind !

If winter comes, can spring be far behind ?”

ଏହି ସର୍ବଗ୍ରାସୀ ଆଶାବାଦ ରବିନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥେ ପ୍ରେକ୍ଷଣୀୟ ନଯ । “ବର୍ଷଶେଷ”ର କବି କରଜୋଡ଼େ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ

জানিয়েছেন নতুনকে—তাঁর আগমনকে সংবর্ধিত করেছেন, কিন্তু শেলৌর মতো উন্নাদনায় আত্মহারা হয়ে পড়েননি। ধীর-গভীর ভঙ্গিতে “বর্ষশেষে”র কবি তাঁর কাব্যের সমাপ্তি-রেখা একে দিয়েছেন—

“বৎসরের শেষ গান সান্ধ করি দিলু অঞ্জলিয়া
নিশীথ গগনে”..

শেলৌর কবিতায় শক্তি, রবীন্দ্রনাথের কবিতায় শান্তি। Ode এর গতি দুর্বার, বাধাহীন ; “বর্ষশেষে”র গতি ধীর, সাবলীল, কিন্তু অনিবার্য। শেলৌর “Ode to the West Wind” উচ্ছ্বাসে, আনন্দে, শিকলভাঙার আনন্দে ভরপুর ; রবীন্দ্রনাথের “বর্ষশেষ” উদ্বান্ত গভীর মহিমায়। নিশ্চিত অবশ্যত্বাবিতায়, দ্রৈর্ঘ ও শান্তির স্পর্শে গৌরবাপ্তিত।

ঝৈ শ্বরের কান

রাজীব বিশ্বাস

দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ—বাংলা

শেষ টিউসানিটা সেরে প্রতুল যথম পরাহত মল্লর মত টিলতে টিলতে তাদের ৪৯এর বি নিধি দত্ত বাই লেন্টার জ্বাজীর্ণ দরজায় এসে দ্বা দিলে, তখন ওর মেজ বোন নৌক দরজাটা খুলে দিয়ে দাদাকে একটা প্রচণ্ড বিশয়ে ধাঁধিয়ে দেবার কৌতুকে উৎসাহ ভরে বললে “জানিস বড়দা, মা না আজ তুপুরে হাসপাতালে গেছে !” কথাগুলো কেউটোর ছোবলের মত বিষয়ে দিলো প্রতুলকে, সমস্ত স্বায়গুলো তাঁর বন্ধন করে বেজে উঠল একসঙ্গে। প্রতুলের ইচ্ছে করল ঠাস করে একটা চড় কষিয়ে দেয় ঐ রোগী মেয়েটার গালে। বিরক্তিতে বিস্তাদে গুলিয়ে উঠল তাঁর সারা গা। একটি কথাও না বলে নিজের দেহটাকে কোনমতে টানতে টানতে ওর ভ্যাপ্সা অন্ধকার খুপুরীর মত ঘৰথানাতে নিয়ে গিয়ে তক্তাপোমের ওপর আছড়ে ফেললে সে জীবনের প্রতি জমে ওঠা তাঁর বহুদিনের বিচ্ছফায়।

একটা অনির্গেয় যন্ত্রণার মোচড় ওর দেহটাকে দুরমুশের মত খেঁতলে দিচ্ছিল। কেতগুলো বিকৃত চিষ্টার কিলবিলে হিংশ কৌট ওর মন্টাকে ধেন কুরে কুরে কাটছে। অসহ

ଲାଗଛିଲ ତାର । ମା ହାସପାତାଲେ ଗେଛେ—କଥାଟା ଆବାର ଶ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ହୟେ ଉଠିଲ—ତାର ଅବମ ସନ୍ତାନେର ଜନ୍ମ ଦିତେ, ଏହି ଦୈନ୍ୟଦିଲିତ ସଂସାରଟିତେ ଏକଟା ବାଡ଼ି ପ୍ରାଣେର ଅବାଞ୍ଜିତ ସଂଯୋଜନ କରିଲେ ।

ପ୍ରତୁଲରା ସବଶ୍ଵର ମିଲିଯେ ଆଟିଜନ ଭାଇବୋନ, ଓଦେର ବାବା ଗୋପେନବାବୁ ମାଡ଼ୋଯାରୀର ଗନ୍ଦିତେ ଥାତା ଲେଖେନ, ତାର ସେଇ ଏକମୁଠୀ ଆୟେର ଶ୍ପର ଏତଙ୍ଗଲୋ ପ୍ରାଣେର ଭରମା ନେଇ । ତାଇ ଏକଟା ପାଶ କରେ ପ୍ରତୁଲକେ ଢାକରୀ ନିତେ ହୟେଛେ ତାର ସମସ୍ତ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନମାଧିକେ ଗୁଣ୍ଡିଯେ ଗୁଣ୍ଡିଯେ—ପ୍ରେସେର ଫ୍ରଫ ରିଡାରେର କାଙ୍ଗ—ଥାନଚାର ଟିଉମାନିଓ ତାକେ ମାରିଲେ ହୟ । କିନ୍ତୁ ତବୁ ସଂମାରେ ସଞ୍ଚଲିତାଟା ଆସେ କିଇ ? ଏକଟା ଉଷର କ୍ରମ୍ଭାତ୍ମକ ସବସମୟ ଯେନ ଓଦେର ଜାଣ୍ଟେ ଘରେ ରଯେଛେ । ଓରା ପେଟ ପୁରେ ଦୁବେଲା ଖେତେ ପାର ନା, ପରଣେ ତାଦେର ଏକଟା ଆନ୍ତ କାପଡ଼ ଓ ଜୋଟିମା, ରୋଗ ହଲେ ଭାଲୋମାତ୍ର ଚିକିଂସା ହୟ ନା, ଛେଲେମେଯେଦେର ଲେଖାପଡ଼ା ଶେଖାନୋଟାକେ ଯେନ ଶୌଖିନ ବିଲାସ ବଲେ ମନେ ହୟ, ସାରାଟା ଦିନ ମେଣ୍ଡଲୋ ପଥେ ପଥେ କାଟିଯେ ବେଡ଼ାଯ, ବାସ-ଟ୍ରାମେର ତଳା ଥେକେ ଉଠେ ଆସେ, ସାରତାର କାହେ ମାରଧୋର ଥାଏ । ଇତରେର ମତ ବାପ ମା ଭାଇ-ବୋନଦେର ଗାଲିଗାଲାଜ କରେ ଅଥଚ ପ୍ରତୁଲରେ ଏକଦା ମଧ୍ୟବିଭିନ୍ନ ଭନ୍ଦଗୁହ୍ୟ ବଲେଇ ପରିଚିତ ଛିଲ । ବିଂଶ ଶତକେର ଦୁର୍ବାର ଜୀବନସଂଗ୍ରାମେ ଓରା ବୋଧହୟ ହେବେ ଗେଛେ । ଏବାରେ ନିଶ୍ଚିହ୍ନ ହୟେ ମୁଛେ ଯାବେ ଏକେବାରେ ।

ଏହି ସମୟ କି ଦରକାର ଛିଲ ଐ ପ୍ରାଣଟାର । ମେଣ୍ଡ ଏମନି ଅପୁଷ୍ଟ କହାପରିହିତ ଅଶିକ୍ଷିତ ଜୀବନ୍ୟତ ହୟେ ପରିଣତ ହବେ ଏକଟା ପରିପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ସ୍ଵେ । ଓଟା ମରେ ଗେଲେଇ ଯେନ ମଙ୍ଗଳ । ଛି ଛି ଏକୀ କଥା ଭାବହେ ସେ— ଏ ଅନ୍ୟାଯ ଏ ପାପ ଘଣ୍ୟତଥ ପାପ । ବିଜୁ ସାମୁ ମିଲୁ ମୌର୍ଯ୍ୟର ମତ ମେଓ ତ ଏକଜନ, ଓଦେର ମତ ମେଓ ତ ତାର କାହେ ମେହେର ଦାବୀ ନିଯେ ଏସେଛେ । ପ୍ରତୁଲ ଚୋଥ ବୁଜେ ଭାବତେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଲ ଏକଟା ସତ୍ୟପ୍ରମତ୍ତ ଶିଖର ଶରୀର—ଏକତାଳ ତୁଳତୁଳେ ମାଂସେର ପୁଟୁଳି ଖୁଦେ ଖୁଦେ ହାତ ପା କୌପିଯେ କୌପିଯେ କାହାଦେହ କିଂବା ଦେଇଲା କରଛେ, ଓଦେର ଗାୟେର ଗନ୍ଧେ କେମନ ଯେନ ଏକଟା ମାଦକତା ଥାକେ, ଗାୟେ ନାକ ଗୁଁଜେ ସେଟାକେ ଗୁଁକଲେ ସମସ୍ତ ଚିନ୍ତାଯ ଯେନ ଏକଟା ସ୍ପେଶ୍ର ବିଭୂତି ଥିଲା ଥିଲା, ମନ୍ତା ମେନ କୋଥାଯ କୋନ ଦୂରେର ସୋନାଲୀ କୁଯାଶାର ମଧ୍ୟେ ହଠାଏ ପଥ ହାରାଯ । କିନ୍ତୁ କିଇ ପ୍ରତୁଲତ' ତେମନ କରେ ଭାବତେ ପାରଛେ ନା । ସେଇ ସ୍ଵାର୍ଥପର ଜଗନ୍ନ ଚିନ୍ତାଟା କେବଳଇ ଘୁବ୍ରୁବ୍ରୁ କରଛେ । ଉକ୍ତ କୌ ମୃଖସ ଏହି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶା ! ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ଦୋହାଇ ତୋମାକେ, ଏ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନାୟ ତୁମି ତୋମା ଦିଗ୍ନନ୍ଦା । ତୁମି ତାକେ ଦୀର୍ଘଦିନ ବାଁଚିଯେ ବାଖୋ । ମା ନା ବେଖୋ ନା । ଛିଃ ଛିଃ । ହେ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ଏକଥା ତୁମି ଶୁଣୋ ନା, ତାକେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ପରମାୟ ଦାଁଓ । ନା ନା କକ୍ଷନୋ ଦିଗ୍ନନ୍ଦା । ହୁଁ ଦାଁଓ ନା ଦିଗ୍ନ ନା । ହୁଁ ଦାଁଓ ନା । ନା ଦିଗ୍ନ ନା । ନା ନା ନା । ଓଃ ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ, ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ! ଆମି ଆବ ଭାବତେ ପାରଛି ନା । ଅମ୍ବହ ସନ୍ଦର୍ଭାଯ ଛିଁଡ଼େ ପଡ଼ିଛେ ମାଥା ।

ପ୍ରତୁନ, ତୋମାର ଏମନ କେନ ହଲୋ ? କେନ ତୁମି ତୋମାର ସତ୍ୟଜାତ ସହୋଦରଟିର ଜନ୍ମ ଏକକଣ ଭାଲୋବାସା, ଏକଫୋଟା ସହାନ୍ତ୍ରିର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶାଯ ଯିଛେଇ ତୋମାର ମନେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ହାତଢାତେ ଲାଗଲେ, ଷେଖାନକାର ସବ କୋମଲତା କଥନ ନିଃମାଡେ ଶୁକିଯେ ଗେଛେ, ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଧୂ ଧୂ କରେ ଜଳେ ଉଠେଛେ

একটা নিৰসু মৰমৰ দক্ষতা বুকফাটা তৃষ্ণাৰ আৰ্তিতে ? অথচ তুমি নাকি একদিন
ৱৰৌদ্রনাথ আৰুত্বি কৰতে ভালোবাসতে, বাঙ্কৰীকে পাশে বসিয়ে গঙ্গাৰ ধাৰে সূৰ্যাস্ত দেখতে,
পূৰ্ণিমাৰ বাত্ৰিতে ছাতে মাতুৰ বিছিয়ে শুয়ে শুয়ে আকাশেৰ দিকে তাকিয়ে গানেৰ কলি
ভাঁজতে ভাঁজতে কাটিয়ে দিতে অজন্ম প্ৰহৱ, আৱ তাৰিয়ে তাৰিয়ে উপভোগ কৰতে সেই
নিমগ্নতাৰ আতিশ্যটুকুকে ? প্ৰতুলেৰ আজ সবটাকে কেতুক বলে মনে হলো । সব ঝুটো
সব যেকী, তাৰ নিজেৰি নিৰ্বুদ্ধিতাৰ মোহ । হাসি পেল তাৰ, ভীষণ হাসি পেল, বড়েৰ
ঝাপটায় আছড়ে পড়া শাস্তীৰ ঝান্ঝান্ কৰে বেজে ঝঠার মতন সে হেসে উঠতে চাইলো ।
পারলো না । তাৰ বদলে শুধু তপ্তি নোনা জল ওৱ দৃচ্ছাখ ছাপিয়ে বেৰিয়ে এলো হ হ কৰে ।
আজ সে ছিবড়ে হয়ে গেছে । সংসাৱেৰ লোলুপ বুভুক্ষা তাকে নিংড়ে একেবাৱে
মিঃশেষ কৰে দিয়েছে । চৰিশ বছৱে তাই প্ৰতুলেৰ প্ৰোচৰেৰ শুৰু । তাৰ গাল দুটো
তুবড়ে ভেদে গেছে, কৰ্ত্তাৰ হাড় উচু হয়ে ঠেলে উঠেছে, তেমন কৰে সে যেন আজ
হাসতেও পাৰে না । রগেৰ কাছেৰ শিৱ দুটো তাৰ ভীষণভাৱে দপদপ কৰে
উঠল ।

বাইৱে থেকে ভেসে আসা খোলা ড্ৰেনেৰ উৎকঠ দৰ্বাস, পাশেৰ ঘৰে ভাইবোনদেৱ
মিশ্র চিৎকাৱেৰ তাৰওৰ আৱ মনেৰ দৰ্বহ বিস্বাদ সবশুন্দ মিলিয়ে প্ৰতুলকে যেন নৱকৰে কথাই
বাৰবাৱ মনে কৰিয়ে দিতে লাগলো । ঘণ্টায় তাৰ মন রি রি কৰে ঝঠে । কাৰ প্ৰতি এই
ঘণ্টা ? নিজেৰ জষ্ঠ, না ঐ মৰাগত সহোদৱটিৰ প্ৰতি, নাকি এই পৱিবাৱেৰ সবাইকাৰ জষ্ঠ
কি এই ঘৃণ্টাৰ প্ৰতি, এই সমাজটাৰ প্ৰতি প্ৰতুল নিজেই তা বুৰাতে পাৰে না । ঘৰ ভৱা
থিকথিকে অঙ্গকাৱে বাস্তাৰ এক খাবলা আলো পলেন্তুৰা খসা দেয়ালটাতে এসে মুখ থুবড়ে
পড়েছে । সেই আলোতে দেয়ালেৰ হিজিবিজি আঁচড়গুলো যেন এক একটা বিকটদৰ্শন
আকৃতিতে হঠাত জীবন্ত হয়ে উঠেছে বলে মনে হয় । প্ৰতুলেৰ ইচ্ছে কৰছিল দারুণ একটা
বিদ্ৰোহ কৰতে । একটা প্ৰচণ্ড বিক্ৰোৱণে ফেটে গিয়ে সমস্ত বিশ্বজগণ্টাকে চৌচিৰ কৰে
মন্ত্রাং কৰে দিতে । কিন্তু পাৰে না সে । দেয়ালেৰ ঐ ব্ৰেথাগুলোকে দেখে তাৰ ভয় কৰে,
ভীষণ ভয় কৰে, একেবাৱে মিশিছ হয়ে ঘাৰাব ভয় । একটা অদ্বুত অস্পষ্টিতে উনাখুনা
কৰে তাৰ মন । সে পালিয়ে যেতে চায় দূৰে, অনেক দূৰে, সমস্ত ষষ্ঠণাৰ কৰল পেৱিয়ে
একটা নিচিলু পৱিত্ৰাগেৰ আশ্রয়ে ।

পাশেৰ ঘৰে পুৱনো বুটজুতোৱ তলাকাৰ ধূলোবালি মেঘেতে ঘষে খচ্ছচ্ কৰে বেজে
ওঠাতে প্ৰতুল বুঝলো বাবা কিৰেছেন । তাৰ উঠে যেতে ইচ্ছে কৰছিল না তবু সে উঠে
গিয়ে ওঘৰে এসে দাঁড়ালো । গোপেনবাবুৰ মুখেৰ দিকে চাইল প্ৰতুল । কোন অভিব্যক্তি
খুঁজে পেল না, একটা নিৰ্থিৰ নিষ্পৃহা যেন জমাট বেঁধে রয়েছে । এই বৰক্ষ ব্যৰ্থ জীবন তাঁৰ
অহুভূতিৰ সমস্ত স্নেহীনকে বুৰি কেড়ে নিয়ে গেছে । “মা এখন কেমন আছে ?” অনেক
চেষ্টা কৰেও প্ৰতুল গলাৰ স্বৰটাকে স্বাভাৱিক কৰতে পাৱল না ; প্ৰাণহীন শুক্ষতায় থশথশ

କରେ ବେଜେ ଉଠିଲ । ଭାଇବୋନଗୁଲୋ ନିଃଶ୍ଵରେ ଘରେ ଦୀନିଯରେ ଶୁଦ୍ଧର ହୁଜନକେ । ତାଦେର ସାରା ମୁଖେ ଏକଟା ଅନାବ୍ରତ ଆଗ୍ରହେର ଉତ୍କର୍ଷା ଥରଥର କରେ କୀପଛେ ।

“ଭାଲୋଇ ଆଛେ ।” ନିରାମକ୍ଷ କଠେ ଗୋପେନବାବୁ ଜ୍ବାବ ଦିଲେନ । ତାରପର ସତ୍ତକେନା ଏକଟା ଫୁକୋସେର ଟିନ, ଫିଡିଂ ବୋତଲେର ବାକ୍କ, କାଗଜେ ମୋଡ଼ା କିଛୁ ଛୋଟଛେଲେଦେର ଜାମା ହାତ ଥେକେ ଟେବିଲେର ଓପର ନାମିଯେ ରାଖିତେ ରାଖିତେ ତେମନି ନିରିକାରେଇ ବଲଲେନ “ଏବାରେ ଏକଟା ଛେଲେ ହସେଛିଲ, କିନ୍ତୁ ବୀଚଲୋ ନା ।”

ଭାଇବୋନଗୁଲୋ ଯେନ କୁକଡ଼େ ଶିଉରେ ଉଠିଲ । ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ପ୍ରତୁଲେର ବୁକ ଟେଲେ ଏକଟା ଶୋଯାନ୍ତିର ନିଃଶ୍ଵାସ ନିଃଶ୍ଵରେ ବେରିଯେ ଏଲୋ ତାର ଆପନ ଅଜ୍ଞାତମାରେ । ବିଶ୍ଵରେ ଚମକିତ ହଲୋ ମେ—ଈଶ୍ଵର ଆଜ୍ଞା ତାହଲେ ମନେର କଥା ଶୁଣ୍ଟେ ପାନ !!!

ହିନ୍ଦୁଦର୍ଶନ ଏବଂ ଆଧୁନିକ ପଦାର୍ଥବିଦ୍ୟା

ବିକାଶକୁମାର ଦାଶ
୩ୟ ବର୍ଷ, ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନ

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ଦିଲୀପକୁମାର ଗୋପାଲ୍ମୌ
୩ୟ ବର୍ଷ, ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନ

ଆପାତଦୃଷ୍ଟିତେ ଦର୍ଶନ ଏବଂ ବିଜ୍ଞାନକେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସ୍ଵତନ୍ତ୍ର ଏବଂ ପାରମ୍ପରିକ ସମ୍ପର୍କବିହୀନ ବ'ଲେ ମନେ ହୁଯ । କେତୁ ବା ଏଦେର ପରମ୍ପରାବିରୋଧୀ ବ'ଲେନେ ମନେ କରେନ ।

ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ମତବାଦେର ଭିତ୍ତି ପରୀକ୍ଷିତ ସାର୍ଜନୀନ ସତ୍ୟ—ସା ଦେଶ-କାଳ-ପାତ୍ରର ଓପର ନିର୍ଭର କରେ ନା । ପକ୍ଷାନ୍ତରେ, ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ମତବାଦେର ସତ୍ୟତା ଯୁକ୍ତି-ତର୍କ, ବିଚାର-ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣରେ ଓପର ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠିତ ଏବଂ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସଂକ୍ଷାର, ମତାମତ ଓ ବିଶ୍ଵାସେର ଓପର ନିର୍ଭରଶିଳ । ଏତୟତୀତ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ମତବାଦେର ସତ୍ୟତା ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟର ସୁଧୋଗତ ନେଇ । ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ସତ୍ୟର ସତାତା ଅହୁଭୂତି-ସାପେକ୍ଷ, ଅତ୍ୟବ ସାଧାରଣେର ଅହୁଭୂବେର ଅତୀତ । ଅହୁଭୂତି ବ୍ୟତିରେକେ ଯୁକ୍ତିତର୍କେ ମହାରତାଯ ତାର ସତ୍ୟତା ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ କରନ୍ତେ ହୁଯ । ତୌକ୍ଷତର ଯୁକ୍ତିଦ୍ୱାରା ଆବାର ତା ଖଣ୍ଡନ କରାନ୍ତ ସମ୍ଭବ । କିନ୍ତୁ, ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ମତବାଦମୂହ୍ ଅହୁଭୂତିନିରପେକ୍ଷ

এবং পরীক্ষিত সত্যের ভিত্তিভূমির ওপর গড়ে উঠে। তাই এগুলো সার্বজনীন ও ব্যক্তিনিরপেক্ষ।

শুধু তাই নয়, উচ্চতর গবিনেট আধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের ভিত্তিমূলকে স্থান করেছে। কিন্তু, দার্শনিক তথ্যাবলী সূক্ষ্ম গাণিতিক সমাধান-নিরপেক্ষ। পরস্ত, তা সাধারণ গাণিতিক নিয়মের ও বক্ষন মানে না।

“বিজ্ঞানের আলোচ্য বিষয় জাগতিক বস্তু সকল, পক্ষান্তরে দর্শনের আলোচ্য বিষয় নিত্য ও শাশ্বত বস্তু। দর্শনের প্রতিপাদ্য বিষয় দেশকালের সীমার উর্ধ্বে অবস্থিত।”

কিন্তু আমরা যেন বিস্তৃত না হই যে বৈজ্ঞানিক মতবাদসমূহ মূলতঃ পরীক্ষিত সত্যের ভিত্তিতে প্রতিষ্ঠিত হলেও, কতকগুলো মৌলিক ধারণা ও বিশ্বাসের ওপর নির্ভরশীল। নতুন কোন বৈজ্ঞানিক মতবাদই পরবর্তী সময়ে পরিবর্তিত বা সংশোধিত হ'ত না।

আবার, প্রত্যেক চিন্তার বস্তুর সঙ্গে কতকগুলো ব্যক্তিগত বা নিজস্ব চিন্তাধারার যোগ থাকে—যে কারণে বিভিন্ন চিন্তাশীল ব্যক্তি একই বস্তুকে বিভিন্ন দৃষ্টিকোণ থেকে বিচার করেন।

তাছাড়া দর্শন ও বিজ্ঞান উভয়েই বিশ্বের চিরস্তন সত্যের সন্ধানী। এ ব্যাপারে উভয়েই বিচার, বিশ্লেষণ ও যুক্তির মাধ্যমে অগ্রসর হয়। প্রকৃতির সুশৃঙ্খল কর্মপ্রণালীর সাহায্য নিয়ে উভয়েই প্রকৃতির নিয়মাবলী একস্ত্রে গ্রথিত করতে প্রয়াসী। এটা নিশ্চয়ই অত্যুক্তি হবেনা যে দর্শন জগদ্বীতীত তত্ত্ববস্তু নিয়ে জগতের মাঝে নেমে আসবার চেষ্টা করেন। অন্তদিকে, বিজ্ঞান জাগতিক বস্তুনিয়ের বিশ্লেষণের মধ্যে দিয়ে বহুত্বের মধ্যে একস্ত্র-লাভে প্রয়াসী। জ্ঞানের দুটো দিক আছে—অথগু বা সামগ্রিক জ্ঞান এবং খণ্ড বা আংশিক জ্ঞান। জ্ঞানের পূর্ণতালাভের জন্য ‘অথগু’ ও ‘খণ্ড’ এই দুই প্রকারের জ্ঞানেরই প্রয়োজন। দর্শনের সামগ্রিক দৃষ্টি এবং বিজ্ঞানের বিশ্লেষণী দৃষ্টিভঙ্গী এক পূর্ণ সত্যাহৃত্বের পক্ষে অপরিহার্য। “একটি পাখীর দুইটি ডানার মত যেন এক অথগু সত্যের দুইটি দিক। দর্শন ও বিজ্ঞান পরম্পরের পরিপূর্বক।”

বিজ্ঞান ও দর্শনের মধ্যে সাদৃশ্য ও বৈসাদৃশ্যের কথা উল্লেখ করা হয়েছে। যাহোক পৃথিবীর বিভিন্ন দার্শনিক মতবাদসমূহের মধ্যে হিন্দু দর্শন যে সর্বাগ্রগণ্য একথা অবশ্যই কৃত্য—কারণ, প্রাণৈতিহাসিক যুগেই হিন্দু দর্শন যে বিশ্বাত্মবোধ ও বিশ্বপ্রেমের অমৃতময় বাণী বিশ্ববাসীর নিকট পরিবেশন করেছে তাতে বিশ্বাবিষ্ট হতে হয়।

এখন, আমরা দেখব যে ভারতীয় (হিন্দু) দর্শন ও আধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের মধ্যে কত স্থগতীয় সম্পর্ক বিদ্যমান।

এই বৈচিত্র্যময় বিশ্বের মূলে রয়েছে বস্তু ও শক্তি। স্বল্প কয়েকটি মৌলিক পদার্থের সময়ে ও বিচিত্র শক্তির ক্রিয়াকৌশলের সহায়তায় গড়ে উঠেছে বিপুল এ বিশ্ব। এই মৌলিক পদার্থগুলো আবার গঠিত হয়েছে কতকগুলো পরমাণুর সংযোগে। বিভিন্ন

ମୌଲିକ ପଦାର୍ଥର ପରମାଣୁଗୁରୁଲୋ ଭିନ୍ନ ହଲେଷ ତାଦେର ମୂଳେ ରଯେଛେ ଆବାର କରେକଟି ମୌଲିକ କଣିକା (fundamental particles) ସଥା ପ୍ରୋଟିନ, ନିଉଟ୍ରନ ଇଲେକ୍ଟ୍ରନ—ଯାରା ଅବିଭାଜ୍ୟ ଓ ନିତ୍ୟମତ୍ୟ ବ'ଲେ ଶ୍ରୀକୃତି ଲାଭ କରେଛେ । ଏହି ମୌଲିକ କଣିକାଗୁରୁଲୋଇ ନିଜେଦେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ସଂଖ୍ୟାର ଓ ବିନ୍ଦୁସେର ତାରତମ୍ୟ ଘଟିରେ ସୁଷ୍ଟି କରେଛେ ବିଚିତ୍ର ସବ ପଦାର୍ଥ । କାଜେଇ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ ହ'ଲ ସେ ବିଶେର ସାବତୀୟ ବସ୍ତୁ ମୂଳତଃ ଏକ ଓ ଅଭିନ୍ନ ।

ଆବାର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକଟି ଜଡ଼ ପରମାଣୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଆଧାର । ପ୍ରୋଟିନ, ନିଉଟ୍ରନ ପାରିପ୍ରକାଶିକ ବୋଲାପଡ଼ାର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଦିଯେ ପରମାଣୁର କୁକ୍ଷିଗୁରୁରେ ଆବଦ୍ଧ କରେ ରେଖେଛେ ବିପୁଲ ଏକ ଶକ୍ତିର ସଂଭାବନାକେ । ପରମାଣୁବିଭାଜନ ବା ସଂଘୋଜନେ ଆମରା ମେହି ଶକ୍ତିର ଆବିର୍ତ୍ତିବ ବା ଅନ୍ତର୍ଧୀନ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ କରି । “ତାଇ ଶକ୍ତିଇ ଜଡ଼ର ଏକମାତ୍ର ଉପାଦାନ ଅର୍ଥାଂ ଜଡ଼ ପରମାଣୁଶକ୍ତିକେନ୍ଦ୍ର ଛାଡ଼ା ଆର କିଛୁଇ ନୟ ।”

ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନଶୀଳ ଏହି ଜଗତେ ଆମରା ଶକ୍ତିର ବିଚିତ୍ର କ୍ରିୟାକୌଶଳେର ସଙ୍ଗେ ସୁପରିଚିତ । ବିଦ୍ୟା, ତାପ, ଆଲୋକ, ଚୌଷକ, ଶବ୍ଦ, ରାମାଯନିକ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ବିଭିନ୍ନରେ ଶକ୍ତି ଆମାଦେର ନିକଟ ଆତ୍ମପରକାଶ କରେ । ଶକ୍ତିର ଏହି ବିଚିତ୍ର ଅଭିଭ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ମଧ୍ୟେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଅତି ନିବିଡ଼ ମସନ୍ଦ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ । ଏକଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ତଶକ୍ତିତେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ ହୟ । ଶୁଣୁ ତାଇ ନୟ, ଏହି ରୂପାନ୍ତରେର ସମୟ ଶକ୍ତିର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ନିୟମଶୃଙ୍ଖଳା ଓ ଅକ୍ଷାଂଶ୍ରେର ସୁଗଭୌର ଜାମେର ପରିଚୟ ପାଇ । କାରଣ ଏକ ହଇତେ ଅନ୍ୟପ୍ରକାର ଶକ୍ତିତେ ରୂପାନ୍ତର ସର୍ବଦାଇ ଏକ ନିର୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଅନୁପାତେ ସାଧିତ ହୟ । ତାଇ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଶକ୍ତିର ଉଂସନ୍ତ ଏକ ।

ଆବାର, ଆଇନ୍‌ସ୍ଟାଇନ୍ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀଗଣ ପ୍ରମାଣ କରେଛେ ଯେ ବସ୍ତ ଓ ଶକ୍ତି ମୂଳତଃ ଅଭିନ୍ନ । ସ୍ଵତରାଂ ବିଶେର ସମଗ୍ରୀ ବସ୍ତ ଓ ଶକ୍ତି ମୂଳତଃ ଏକ ଓ ଅଭିନ୍ନ—ଉଂସ ତାଦେର ଏକ । ଅର୍ଥାଂ ଏହି ବିଶ ଏକେରଇ ପ୍ରକାଶ ।

ବହୁକାଳେର ଗବେଷଣାର ପର ପାର୍ଶ୍ଵତ୍ୟ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଯେ ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତେ ଉପନୀତ ହେଁବେ, ତା ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଦର୍ଶନ ବହୁକାଳ ପୂର୍ବେଇ ଦ୍ଵିଧାହୀନ କଠେ ଘୋଷଣା କରେଛେ—

“ସର୍ବ ଖୁବିଦିଂ ବ୍ରଙ୍ଗ”

—ଅର୍ଥାଂ ବିଶେର ସାବତୀୟ ବସ୍ତ ଓ ଶକ୍ତିଇ ବ୍ରଙ୍ଗର ପ୍ରକାଶ । ବିଶ୍ଵଭାତ୍ତବୋଧ ଓ ବିଶ୍ଵପ୍ରେମେର ଚରମ କଥା । ଏହି ସାର୍ବଜନୀନ, ସାର୍ବକାଳିକ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ଓ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ସତ୍ୟେର ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ହଲେ ପୃଥିବୀର ସକଳ ମାନ୍ୟମନେର ମିଳନମେତୁ-ରଚନା ସନ୍ତୋଷ । ଏହି ସୁମହାନ ଆଦର୍ଶେ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ ହ'ଲେ ପୃଥିବୀ ମହାଶାନ୍ତିର ଆଗାର ହୟେ ଉଠିବେ । ସମଗ୍ରୀ ମାନ୍ୟମନ୍ୟବତାବୋଧେର ଆଦର୍ଶେ ଏକିକ୍ରବନ୍ଦ ହୟେ ଏବଂ ନିଜେଦେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ସକଳପ୍ରକାର ବିଭେଦ-ବୈଷମ୍ୟ ଭୁଲେ ଗିଯେ ଏକ ମହାଜାତି ଗଡ଼େ ତୁଳବେ ।

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ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଥେକେ ପୃଥିବୀର ଉତ୍ପତ୍ତି କିଭାବେ ହ'ଲ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ତା ଅମେକକାଳ ଆଗେଇ ଜାନିଯେଛେ । ମେହି ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ-ପ୍ରକଷିପ୍ତ ଭୟକ୍ଷର ଅଗ୍ନିଗୋଲକ କତ ଶତ ଶକ୍ତି ବିବରନେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଦିଯେ ଧରଣୀତେ

পরিষ্ঠিত হ'ল ! প্রকৃতির সুন্দর পরিবেশ আবাহন জানাল নবপ্রাণের প্রথম অভ্যন্তরকে । দিকে দিকে ঘোষিত হ'ল বিজয়শৰ্ষী । তাবপর ধীরে ধীরে প্রাণের মধ্যে মনের ও বুদ্ধির শুরুণ দেখা দিল, জয় হ'ল মানুষের । শক্তির কী বিচ্ছিন্ন রূপান্তর !

কৃত সৃষ্টি ও প্রলয়, উত্থান ও পতনের মধ্যে দিয়ে এগিয়ে চলেছে এই মহাবিশ্ব । সূজন ও সংহারের মেই চিরাচরিত চিত্র । আমাদের এই জগৎ নিয়ন্ত গতিশীল, নিয়া পরিবর্তনশীল ।

এই পরিবর্তনশীল বিশ্বে সৃষ্টি, স্থিতি ও প্রলয়ের বিচ্ছিন্ন নীলা চলবে । তথাপি এর অতীত, বর্তমান ও ভবিষ্যতের উত্থান পতনের, ধ্বংস ও সৃষ্টির মধ্যে রয়েছে এক সূক্ষ্ম যোগসূত্র, এক সংঘবন্ধ ভাব । অতীতের ধ্বংসসূত্রের মধ্যেই বর্তমানের শুরু এবং এই বর্তমানের অঙ্গুরেই ভবিষ্যতের বৌজ নিহিত । তাই এ তিনটি সম্পূর্ণ তিনি নয়, পরস্পর যুক্ত ও নির্ভরশীল । “এই সামগ্রিক বৈচিত্র্যের মধ্যে যে একত্বের যোগ, তার অবশ্যই একটা প্রাণকেন্দ্র আছে । এই প্রাণকেন্দ্র অনন্ত শক্তির আধার । আমাদের বহিবিশ্ব ও অন্তর্বিশ্বের যাবতীয় বস্তু ও শক্তি এই মহান् শক্তিকেন্দ্র বা প্রাণকেন্দ্রের অভিব্যক্তি এবং তৎকর্তৃক বিধৃত ও নিয়ন্ত্রিত ।” এই মহাশক্তি কোন কারণান্তর-উদ্ভূত মহেন্দ্র অথচ জড় পদার্থও মহেন্দ্র । ইনি স্বয়ংক্রিয় এবং চৈত্যময় । এই মহান् প্রাণকেন্দ্রকেই হিন্দু দার্শনিকগণ পরমেশ্বর বা ভগবান বলেছেন ।

কঠোপনিষদের প্রোক্তে ব্রহ্মস্বরূপ মেই চৈত্যময় প্রাণকেন্দ্রের কথাই ব্যাখ্যাত হয়েছে ।

“ন জ্ঞায়তে ত্রিয়তে বা বিপশ্চিন্নঃ
নায়ঃ কৃতশ্চিন্ন বস্তুব কশ্চিচ ।
অজ্ঞা নিত্যঃ শাশ্বতোহঃয়ঃপুরাণে
ন হস্ততে হস্তমানে শরীরে ।”

এই ব্রহ্ম জ্ঞয়নীন, নিয়া শাশ্বত ও পুরাণ ।

বিজ্ঞানের জয়সাত্ত্বায় আজ এই মূলশক্তি স্বীকৃতি লাভ ত' করেছেই, এমনকি তা' চেতনার কাছাকাছি এসে পড়েছে ।

এগিংটন প্রমুখ বিজ্ঞানীগণ বিশ্বের মূলশক্তিকে মনসবার সঙ্গে তুলনা করেছেন ।

সাব জেমস জীনদ সাহেবের মতে বিশ্বের মূলশক্তির মধ্যে অঙ্গশাস্ত্রের বিশেষ জ্ঞান অসুমিত হয় । এই বৃহৎ সৃষ্টি বৈচিত্র্যপূর্ণ হলেও নিয়মশৃঙ্খলার বদ্ধনে আবদ্ধ । সমগ্র বিশ্ব যেন গাণিতিক ছন্দে স্পন্দিত । “গণিতশাস্ত্রের জ্ঞান বুদ্ধি ও বিচারশক্তির ওপর নির্ভরশীল—তা' আবার চেতনার ওপর নির্ভরশীল । তাই মূলশক্তি অঙ্গশাস্ত্রের জ্ঞানসম্পদ বলাতে শক্তির চৈতন্যস্বর্বা একরূপ স্বীকার করাই হ'ল ।”

ଶକ୍ତି ମାଧ୍ୟାରଗତଃ ନିୟମ ମେନେ ଚଲେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ତା' ବଲେ ଶକ୍ତି ସର୍ବଦା ନିୟମେର ବନ୍ଧନ ମାନେନା । କଥନେ କଥନେ ଶକ୍ତି ନିୟମଶୁଦ୍ଧିଲ ଉତ୍ତରଜ୍ୟ କରେ ନିଜସ୍ତ ସାତଙ୍କ୍ୟେର ପରିଚୟ ଦେୟ । ଉତ୍ତାହରଣସର୍କର୍ପ, ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନେର କମ୍ଯେକଟି ରହନ୍ତେର କଥା ଉପରେ କରା ସେତେ ପାରେ ।

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀପ୍ରବର ହାଇସେନବାର୍ଗେର ଅନିର୍ଦେଶ୍ୱବାଦ (Uncertainty principle) ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନୀ ମୌଲିକ କଣିକାମୂଳର ଶିତିହାନ (position) ଓ ଭବେଗେର (momentum) ଏକକାଳୀନ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ନିର୍ଧାରଣ କିଛୁତେଇ ସମ୍ଭବ ନାହିଁ । କୋମଣ୍ଡ ମିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ସମୟେ ଏ-ଚାଟିର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଏକଟି ସତ ବେଶୀ ଶୁଦ୍ଧଭାବେ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ କରା ଯାଏ, ଅନ୍ତଟିର ନିର୍ଧାରଣେ ଅନିଶ୍ଚଯତାର ପରିମାଣ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ଦେବେ ସାର । “ଶିତିହାନ ଓ ଭବେଗେର ଏକକାଳୀନ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ନିର୍ଧାରଣେ ପ୍ରକୃତିଗତ ଏହି ବାଧ୍ୟାଯ ଏକ ହିସେବେ ମୌଲିକ କଣିକାଙ୍କଳୋବ ସ୍ବାଧୀନତା ଅନୁମିତ ହ୍ୟ ।” (ସ୍ବାଧୀନତା ବଲତେ ଏଥାନେ ସଥେଚ୍ଛାଚାରକେ ବୋବାଯନା ।)

ଶକ୍ତିର ବିଭିନ୍ନ କ୍ରିୟାକଳାପେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ମାଝେ ମାଝେ ନିୟମେର ବ୍ୟାତିକ୍ରମ ପରିଲକ୍ଷିତ ହ୍ୟ । ମୂଳଜ୍ୟଗତେ (Macroscopic world) ଶକ୍ତିର କ୍ରିୟାର ଏକରପ ନିୟମ ଦେଖି—ଆବାର ଶୂନ୍ୟ-ଜ୍ଞାନଗତେ (Microscopic world) ଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାରେର ନିୟମ ଦେଖି । ଶକ୍ତିର ଏହି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାଶ-ଭଦ୍ରିମାୟ ତାର ନିଜସ୍ତତା ଓ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିହାତ୍ତି ପ୍ରକଟିତ ହ୍ୟ ।

ଏତନ୍ତାତୀତ, ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀବାତିର ତାରେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ପରମାଣୁ ଇଲେକ୍ଟ୍ରନ ତେଜ ବା ଉତ୍ତାପେର ତାଡ଼ା ଓ ପ୍ରଭାବ ଛାଡ଼ାଇ ସ୍ବାଧୀନଭାବେ କଷ୍ଟ ପରିତ୍ୟାଗ କରେ । “ଇଲେକ୍ଟ୍ରନେର ଏହି ଅନ୍ତୁ ଆଚରଣେ ଏଡିଂଟନ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକଗଣ ପରମାଣୁର ଆଭ୍ୟନ୍ତରିକ ଶକ୍ତିର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଚେତନାର ଅଣ୍ଟିଅ ଅନୁମାନ କରେନ (“ଚେତନା” ଏଥାନେ ବ୍ୟାପକାର୍ଥେ ବ୍ୟବହତ), କାରଣ ଚେତନା ଛାଡ଼ା ସ୍ବାଧୀନ ଇଚ୍ଛା ବା ଚେଷ୍ଟା ସମ୍ଭବ ନାହିଁ ।

ବିଶେଷ ମୂଲେ ସେ ଏକଇ ଶକ୍ତି କାଜ କରେ ଚଲେଛେ—ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ ଓ ଖଣ୍ଦିଗଣ ତା' ଅନେକକାଳ ଆଗେଇ ଉପଲବ୍ଧି କରେଛେନ । ପାଶାତ୍ୟ ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀଗଣଙ୍କ ଏ ଶକ୍ତିକେ ସୀକ୍ରିଟି ଦିଯେଛେନ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏହି ସ୍ଵିକାର ଓ ଉପଲବ୍ଧିତେ ସ୍ଥିତେ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଆଛେ । ପାଶାତ୍ୟବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଓ ପ୍ରାଚୀଦର୍ଶନେର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଶକ୍ତି ବିଷୟେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିଭିତ୍ତିର ମୌଲିକ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ପରିଲକ୍ଷିତ ହ୍ୟ । ପାଶାତ୍ୟ ବିଜ୍ଞାନ ଶକ୍ତିର ବିଶାଳତାଯ ବିଶ୍ଵିତ । ଆବା ପ୍ରାଚୀ ଦର୍ଶନ ଶକ୍ତିର ମହିନେ ବିମ୍ବିତ । ପାଶାତ୍ୟ ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଶକ୍ତିର ଜଡ଼ଦେ ବିଶ୍ଵାସୀ, ଅନ୍ତଦିକେ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଦାର୍ଶନିକଗଣ ଶକ୍ତିର ଚିତ୍ତତ୍ୟାମ୍ବାସତାତେ ବିଶ୍ଵାସୀ । ଭାବତୀୟ ଦର୍ଶନ ତାହାର ଶକ୍ତିର ପ୍ରକାର କରେଛେ—“ଥା ଦେବୀ ସର୍ବଭୂତେସୁ ଚେତମେତ୍ୟଭିଧୀୟତେ”—ସର୍ବଭୂତେ ଚେତତ୍ୟାମ୍ବାସତେ ବିବାଜିତା ଦେବୀ ମହାଶଙ୍କିତି ।

“ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଶକ୍ତି ସେ ଚେତନାସମ୍ପର୍କ ତା ଆଧୁନିକ ବିଜ୍ଞାନେର ଅନୁମିତି ; ପରୀକ୍ଷା-ନିରୀକ୍ଷାଯ ଅନୁମାନେର ସତ୍ୟତା ପ୍ରମାଣିତ । ପକ୍ଷାନ୍ତରେ, ଶକ୍ତି ସେ ଚେତନାମୟୀ ତା ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଦାର୍ଶନିକ-ଗଣେର ଅଭ୍ୟାସି—ତପ୍ରାଚୀନାବାବୁ ଉପଲବ୍ଧ ସତ୍ୟ ।”

ଶକ୍ତିକେ ଅଚେତନ ବଲେ ଭାବଲେ ତାକେ ଭ୍ରତୋର ଶାୟ ନିଜେର ଅଧୀନ କରେ କାହିଁ ନିଯୋଗ କରିବାର ପ୍ରୟୁକ୍ଷିତ ପ୍ରବଳ ହ୍ୟେ ଉଠେ । କାରଣ ଅଚେତନ ବନ୍ଧ ଆୟତନେ ସତ ବଡ଼ି ହୋଇ ନା



কেন, সমানের বা স্বাতন্ত্র্যের দাবী রাখে না। হিন্দু দর্শন শক্তির চৈতন্যসম্ভায় বিশ্বাসী বলেই শক্তিকে ভূত্যের আয় নিজ স্ববিধার্থে যথেচ্ছ ব্যবহার করবার পক্ষপাতী নয়। শক্তিকে অধীন করে তার যথেচ্ছ ব্যবহার করলে ফল কখনই শুভ হবেনা। আপনার স্ববিধা ও অপরের অস্ববিধার নিমিত্ত শক্তির যথেচ্ছ ব্যবহারের পরিণাম কখনই শুভ হতে পারে না। হিন্দু দার্শনিকগণ সেই মহাশক্তিকে দেবীরপে পূজো করেন। কাবণ তাঁর করণায় বিশেষ সকল সম্পদের অধিকারী হওয়া যায় ও শাস্তিলাভ সম্ভব হয়। তখন মহাদেবীর করণার ধারা মৃষ্টিমেয়ের প্রাচীর ভেঙ্গে সর্বসাধারণের মধ্যে ছড়িয়ে পড়বে।

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পদার্থজগতের গাঁয় মনোজগতের ক্ষেত্রেও একই কথা প্রযোজ্য। এই বৈচিত্র্যপূর্ণ মানবমনের মধ্যে রয়েছে একক সূক্ষ্মতম হৃদয়ের অস্তিত্ব। এই সমস্ত সূক্ষ্ম মৌল হৃদয়সমষ্টির পার্থক্য মনোরাজ্যে এনেছে বিচিত্রতা।

অঙ্গীর (carbon) ও হীরে (diamond) এ দুটি পদার্থে মূলগত পার্থক্য কেবল-মাত্র ভৌতিক পর্যাপ্তি (physical property)—যথা কাঠিণ্যে এবং ওজ্জল্যে। রাসায়নিক ধর্ম তাদের একই। কাবণ কার্বন ও হীরকের পরমাণু মূলতঃ অভিন্ন। কেবলমাত্র অণুতে পরমাণুর সংখ্যা ও বিন্যাসের পার্থক্য এ দুয়ের মধ্যে বিভেদ সৃষ্টি করেছে।

এইরূপ 'allotropy' আমাদের মধ্যেও বর্তমান। আমাদের দেহের অভ্যন্তরে যে সমস্ত বাসায়নিক ক্রিয়াবিক্রিয়া চলে সেগুলো মূলতঃ অভিন্ন। দৈহিক ও মানসিক শক্তির উৎস ও এক। পার্থক্য শুধু আমাদের মননে, চিন্তায় ও হৃদয়বৃত্তিতে। আমাদের মধ্যে হৃদয়বৃত্তিতে কেউবা কার্বনের মত নিষ্পত্ত, কেউবা হীরকের আয় সমূজ্জ্বল। এ কেবল হৃদয়ের একই সূক্ষ্মতম মৌল পর্যায়গুলোর সংখ্যার ও ব্যবহারণার তারতম্যের জন্যই সম্ভব হয়েছে। তাই এক আমরা বহু হয়েছি। এই বহুত্বের মধ্যে একটি সূক্ষ্মতম ঐক্যের উপলব্ধি হিন্দুদর্শনের মূলকথা।

পরমাণুর নিউক্লিয়াসের মধ্যে রয়েছে প্রোটন ও নিউট্রন কণিকা। প্রোটন পজিটিভ-ধর্মী। তাই অন্য কোন প্রোটন কণিকা যখনই পরমাণুর নিউক্লিয়াস অভিমুখে ছুটে যায়, তখনই অভূত করে বিকর্ষণের প্রচণ্ড বাধা। কাবণ, একই তড়িৎধর্মী দুটি কণা পরম্পর পরম্পরকে বিকর্ষণ করে। তাই উপযুক্ত শক্তির অধিকারী হতে হবে ছুটন্ত প্রোটনকে। প্রোটন যতই নিউক্লিয়াসের নিকটবর্তী হবে বিকর্ষণের পরিণাম ততই বেড়ে যাবে। নিউক্লিয়াসের সঙ্গে প্রোটনের মিলনের অন্তর্বায় হয়েছে বিকর্ষণ বাধার প্রাচীর। এই দুয়ের মধ্যে দূরত্ব যত হ্রাস পাবে প্রাচীরের উচ্চতা ও ততই বাড়তে থাকবে। তাই অল্পক্ষমতা সম্পর্ক প্রোটনের গতি ক্রমশঃ হ্রাস পাবে এবং অবশেষে একসময় প্রোটন নিশ্চল হয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে পড়বে। দেখা গেছে যে দূরত্বের পরিমাণ যথন অত্যন্ত হ্রাস পায়, তখন বিকর্ষণের স্বাভাবিক সূত্র আর থাটেন। এই অত্যন্ত ক্ষুদ্র দূরত্বের মধ্যে ($3 \times 10^{-13} \text{ cm}$

এর মত) তাৰা পূৰ্বেৰ স্বাভাৱিক ধৰণলো হাবিয়ে ফেলে। বিকৰ্ষণেৰ প্ৰচণ্ডতা তখন আকৰ্ষণেৰ আন্তৰিকতায় পৰ্যবসিত। প্ৰোটন ও নিউক্লিয়াস তখন আকৰ্ষণেৰ মিলন কৃপে নিমগ্ন। কিন্তু প্ৰোটনকে হতে হবে যথেষ্ট উচ্চক্ষমতাসম্পন্ন যাতে সে 3×10^{-13} cm এৰ দূৰত্বে বিকৰ্ষণেৰ উচ্চতম প্ৰাচীৰ লজ্জা কৰতে পাৰে। তখনই দুৰ্গম প্ৰাচীৰেৰ বাধা অতিক্ৰমে আসে মিলনেৰ অনাবিল আমল। অপেক্ষাকৃত অল্লিঙ্কুসম্পন্ন প্ৰোটন এই আমলেৰ পূৰ্ণতা থেকে বঞ্চিত। আমাদেৱ মনোৰাজ্যেও একই প্ৰকাৰেৰ ক্ৰিয়া প্ৰত্যক্ষ কৰি। আমাদেৱ মিলনেৰ অন্তৰায় হ'ল অপৰিচয়েৰ বাধা। স্বাভাৱিক অৰ্থে অপৰিচয় বলতে যা বোৰায় এ তা নয়। সাৰ্বজনীন মনেৰ সঙ্গে পৰিচয় আমাদেৱ হয়নি। কাৰণ একটি মনেৰ সঙ্গে অপৰ এক মনেৰ মিলনেৰ মধ্যে রয়েছে সংশয়েৰ বাধা। অপৰকে আপন কৰে নেবাৰ মধ্যে রয়েছে দুৰতিক্ৰম্য দিধাৰ প্ৰাচীৰ। মনকে তাই কৰতে হবে উচ্চ ক্ষমতাযুক্ত। হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে দূৰত্বেৰ ব্যবধান ষতই কমান ধাক্ না কেন প্ৰকৃতিগত স্বাভাৱিক কাৱণে সংশয়েৰ প্ৰাচীৰ হৃদয় উপলক্ষিৰ পথে ততই বাধা সৃষ্টি কৰে। কিন্তু, হৃদয়ে হৃদয়ে এই ব্যবধান যখন সূক্ষ্ম পৰ্যায়ে পৰিণত, তখন বাধাৰ বাঁধ পেৰিয়ে আসে মিলনেৰ মহৎ উপলক্ষি। উচ্চতম মনেৰ এই সূক্ষ্মতম অবস্থাই সমগ্ৰেৰ মধ্যে একেৰ সংৰোপলকি কৰতে সক্ষম। হৃদয়ৰাজ্য তখন তাৰ গতি অবাধ।

অধ্যাগক ৩গ্রামজীবন চৌধুরীর

সুতিসভা১

গত ৭ই ফেব্ৰুৱাৰী ১৯৬৬, অপৰাহ্নে প্ৰেসিডেন্সি কলেজেৰ গ্ৰহণগাৰ কক্ষে একটি মনোৱাৰ স্থূতিসভাৰ অঞ্চল্লান হয়। ইহাতে এই কলেজেৰ দৰ্শনেৰ প্ৰধান অধ্যাপক পৱলোকণত প্ৰবাসজীবন চৌধুৱীৰ একটি স্বদৃশ তেল চিত্ৰেৰ আৰৱণ উন্মোচন কৱেন অধ্যাপক হৰ্মায়ন কৰীৱ। শান্তিনিকেতনেৰ প্ৰথাত শিল্পী শ্ৰীৱাধাৰচণ বাগচী কৰ্তৃক অঙ্কিত স্বৰ্গত অধ্যাপক চৌধুৱীৰ স্বৰূহ প্ৰতিকৃতিটিকে প্ৰাণবন্ধ মনে হইতেছিল। সহকৰ্মী অধ্যাপক-বৃন্দ, প্ৰাক্তন ও বৰ্তমান ছাত্ৰ, ছাত্ৰী এবং গুণমুক্ত বহিৱাগত বন্ধু-বাঙ্কাৰে সেদিনকাৰ সুপ্ৰশস্ত সভাকক্ষটি যেভাবে পৱিপূৰ্ণ হইয়াছিল তাহা অধ্যাপক চৌধুৱীৰ প্ৰতি সকলেৰ অক্ষুণ্ণ ভালবাসাৰই নিৰ্দৰ্শন।

১৯৬১ সনে ডঃ চৌধুৱীৰ আকশ্মিক মৃত্যুৰ পৰে তাহাৰ ছাত্ৰ, সহকৰ্মী ও ভাৱতেৰ বিভিন্ন বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়েৰ দৰ্শন বিভাগেৰ অধ্যাপকদেৱ লইয়া এবং অধ্যাপক হৰ্মায়ন কৰীৱকে সভাপতি কৱিয়া প্ৰবাসজীবন চৌধুৱী স্থূতি বৰ্ক্ষা সমিতি গঠিত হয়। ঐ সমিতিৰ উদ্যোগেই এই সভা আহুত হইয়াছিল।

অধ্যক্ষ ডঃ সনৎকুমাৰ বহু মহাশয়কে সভাপতি কৱিয়া সভা আৱস্থা হয়। প্ৰাবন্ধ সঙ্গীতেৰ পৰ স্থূতিৰক্ষা সমিতিৰ সম্পাদক হিসাবে অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীনৱেশচন্দ্ৰ চক্ৰবৰ্তী সমাগত সকলকে অভ্যৰ্থনা কৱিয়া সংক্ষেপে স্থূতিৰক্ষা সমিতিৰ কাৰ্য্যবিবৰণী প্ৰকাশ কৱেন। এই সমিতিৰ প্ৰাথমিক দুইটি পৱিকল্পনা ছিল—একটি, ডঃ চৌধুৱীৰ তেলচিত্ৰ নিৰ্মাণ কৱিয়া কলেজকে দান কৱা, অপৰটি তাহাৰ রচিত, দেশী ও বিদেশী পত্ৰিকায় প্ৰকাশিত, শতাবধি প্ৰবন্ধাবলী হইতে নিৰ্বাচন কৱিয়া একটি সঞ্চলন গ্ৰহ প্ৰকাশ কৱা। এই উভয় উদ্দেশ্য সফল কৱিতে অধ্যাপক চৌধুৱীৰ অতি প্ৰিয় যে দুই তিনটি ছাত্ৰ (বৰ্তমানে অধ্যাপক) অক্লান্ত শ্ৰম কৱিয়াছেন—তাহাৰা নাম প্ৰকাশেও অনিচ্ছুক—আৱ যাবাদেৱ স্বতঃপ্ৰণোদিত দানে এই স্থূতিৰক্ষা ভাণ্ডাৰ পূৰ্ণ হইয়াছে, তাহাৰা সকলেই ধৰ্য্যবাদাৰ্হ। এখানে উল্লেখযোগ্য যে মৃত্যুৰ কিছুদিন পূৰ্বে আমেৰিকায় আমন্ত্ৰিত হইয়া ডঃ চৌধুৱী যে অধ্যাপক বন্ধুগোষ্ঠী লাভ কৱিয়াছিলেন তাহাদেৱ প্ৰীতিৰ দানই পৱিমাণে সৰ্বাপেক্ষা বেশী।

“American Journal of Aesthetics & Art Criticism” (Cleveland, Ohio)—পত্ৰিকাৰ প্ৰাক্তন সম্পাদক Thomas Munroeৰ চেষ্টায় ও আগ্ৰহে ঐ পত্ৰিকাৰ

১ এই বিবৰণটি দৰ্শন বিভাগেৰ অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীনৱেশচন্দ্ৰ চক্ৰবৰ্তীৰ সোজনে প্ৰাপ্ত।

“Indian Aesthetics” নামে একটি স্বদৃশ্ব বিশেষ সংখ্যা প্রকাশিত হয় স্বর্গতঃ অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর স্মৃতিতে এবং তাঁহারই রচিত প্রবন্ধগুচ্ছ লইয়া। এই সংবাদে সকলেই আনন্দিত হন।

স্মৃতিরক্ষাৰ প্রাথমিক কাৰ্য সমাপনাত্তে আশা কৰা যায় হয়ত স্বতঃপ্রণোদিত আৱো দান আসিতে পাৰে। অধ্যাপক চক্ৰবৰ্তী সেইজন্ত একটি প্রস্তাৱ সভায় উপস্থিত কৱেন যে—সঞ্চিত অৰ্থ পৰ্যাপ্ত হইলে অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীৰ স্মৃতিকে উজ্জীৰিত রাখিবাৰ জন্য এই কলেজে দৰ্শনবিভাগেৰ ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰীদেৱ জন্য প্ৰতি বৎসৱ একটি পুৱনৰ দেওয়া যাইতে পাৰে। সকলে এই প্রস্তাৱে সামন্দ সম্মতি দেন এবং সভাত্তে কেহ কেহ এই উদ্দেশ্যে অৰ্থ দান কৱেন। তাৰপৰ অধ্যক্ষ ডঃ বহুৰ আহ্বানে অধ্যাপক কৰীৰ ৷ প্ৰবাসজীবন চৌধুরীৰ তৈলচিত্ৰেৰ আৰৰণ উজ্জোচন কৱেন— এবং “Reflections on Science, Philosophy & Art” নামে স্মৃতিৰক্ষা সমিতি যে সঞ্চলন গ্ৰহণ প্ৰস্তুত কৱেন তাহার আহুষ্ঠানিক প্ৰকাশ ঘোষণা কৱেন। সেই গ্ৰন্থেৰ এক খণ্ড তিনি কলেজকে উপহাৰ দেন। প্ৰসন্দতঃ অধ্যাপক কৰীৰ তাঁহার ভাষণে বলেন :

“ডঃ চৌধুরীৰ মধ্যে বিজ্ঞান ও দৰ্শনেৰ মহামিলন ঘটেছিল। তিনি বিজ্ঞানেৰ জগৎ থেকে দৰ্শনেৰ জগতে এসেছিলেন। পদাৰ্থ শাস্ত্ৰ থেকে সাহিত্য, সাহিত্য থেকে দৰ্শনে। আমাদেৱ দেশে দৰ্শন বিজ্ঞান থেকে বিচ্ছিন্ন হয়ে পড়েছিল। ডঃ চৌধুরী সেই যোগ সাধনে সাহায্য কৱেছেন।”

ডঃ চৌধুরীৰ হন্দয়স্থিতিৰ প্ৰশংসা কৱিয়া তিনি বলেন : “তাঁৰ সহজ, সৱল ও স্মেহশীল মনেৰ জন্যই তিনি দেশে বিদেশে ছাত্ৰ-ছাত্ৰী ও সহকাৰ্মী সকলেৰ কাছে আকৰ্ষণীয় হয়েছিলেন।”

বৰ্ধমান বিশ্বিষ্টালোৱেৰ দৰ্শনেৰ প্ৰধান অধ্যাপক ডঃ জিতেন্দ্ৰনাথ মোহাম্মদ শ্ৰদ্ধা নিবেদন কৱিতে উঠিয়া ডঃ চৌধুরীৰ দার্শনিক মতবাদেৰ স্বন্দৰ ব্যাখ্যা কৱেন। তিনি বলেন :

Pravasjiban Chaudhury was no doubt a philosopher of science, but he was keenly aware of the limitations of science. He traced science back to its phenomenological presuppositions, namely to the realm of the subjective in which it is rooted. He also saw, and emphasised that science cannot explain the nature of the particular *qua particular* : this, it should be clear, hangs together with his interest in aesthetics and ‘deontic logic,’ as also with the view he held about the nature of scientific laws. Towards the end of his life he was getting interested in phenomenology. I am sure if he had lived longer, he would have made valuable contributions to this field where his real interest lay. His researches into aesthetics and the philosophy of science were only preliminary to an investigation into the nature of transcendental subjectivity.”

১ অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীৰ তৈলচিত্ৰটি বৰ্তমানে দৰ্শন সেমিনাৰ গৃহে রাখিত হইয়াছে।

ডঃ মোহান্তির পরে দর্শনের বর্তমান প্রধান অধ্যাপক শ্রীপরেশনাথ ভট্টাচার্য ও অধ্যক্ষ ডঃ বসু উভয়ে পরলোকগত অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর চরিত্র মাধুর্য ও ব্যক্তিগত গুণাবলীর উল্লেখ করেন।

অতঃপর ডঃ চৌধুরীর রচিত একটি কবিতা পাঠ করিয়া শোনান তাঁহার প্রাত্মন ছাত্র অধ্যাপক হিরঘায় বন্দেয়াপাধ্যায়। সহধর্মী শ্রীমুক্তা চৌধুরীর সৌজন্যে প্রাপ্ত দুইটি বেকড় হইতে ডঃ চৌধুরীর কঠিন সভাহৃ সকলে শুনিতে পান। একটি কলিকাতা রেডিও ষ্টেশনে প্রদত্ত ইংরাজী ভাষণ—অপরটি একটি কবিতা আবৃত্তি।

সর্বশেষে অধ্যাপক শ্রীমরেশচন্দ্র চক্রবর্তী তাঁহার সহিত স্বদৈর্ঘ সোহার্দের কথা উল্লেখ করেন। অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর লিখিত দুইটি ব্যক্তিগত পত্রের অংশবিশেষ পাঠ করিয়া তিনি অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর আনন্দময় গভীর জীবনবোধের পরিচয় দেন। ঐ পত্রের অংশ বিশেষে যে কয়েকটি পংক্তি লেখা ছিল তাঁহার মধ্যে অধ্যাপক চৌধুরী যেন নিজ স্বভাবটিকে ফুটাইয়া তুলিয়াছেন। তিনি লিখিয়াছেন :

“ধন, যশ যা পেয়েছি তা আমার গুণের বেশী হয়ে গেছে বলেই নিজেরও লজ্জা, ও অপরেরও ঈর্ষা কুড়োছি। আমি চাই সহজ স্থখ, শাস্তি যা ছোট একটি পরিবারের মধ্যে স্ত্রী-পুত্র-কন্যা নিয়ে মানুষ পায়। দার্জিলিং আপনার মেই ছোট সংসারটি,—পাশেই দেবতার বেদী—আমার মনে আঁকা আছে। শাস্তিমিকেতমে আমিও গ্রিরকম একটু প্রাণের আনন্দনিকেতন পেয়েছিলাম। বেশী পেতে গিয়ে, সাধ্যের বাইরে গিয়ে, মানুষ তার ছন্দ হাঁরিয়ে ফেলে।” আর একটি অংশ লিখিতেছেন : “ছোট জিনিসে আনন্দ নিতে পারে যে মন, অনেক পেয়েও যে অন্ততেই পরিতপ্ত, অন্তরের মাধুর্য ও পরিপূর্ণতা দিয়ে যে জগতের সকল বস্তুকেই স্বন্দর বলে দেখে—মেই মনের সঙ্গে আমার আছে কোথায় যেন মিঠানী।”

স্মৃতিসৌরভমণ্ডিত ভাবগন্তৌর পরিবেশের মধ্যে সভাপতিকে ধন্তবাদান্তে সভার কার্য শেষ হয়।

ଆମାଦେର ପଥ

ଅମିତ ରାହା

ଦିତୀୟ ବର୍ଷ, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି

କଥେକଦିନ ମାତ୍ର ହୋଲ, ରାଜନୀତିର ଆର ଏକଟା ନୃତ୍ୟ ସୁର୍ଣ୍ଣି ବାୟୁ କଲକାତା ସହରଟାକେ ବେଶ କିଛୁଦିନ ମହା-ଚଞ୍ଚଳ କରେ ରେଖେଛି । ତାର ଏକଟା ବିରାଟ ଅଂଶେ ଆମରା ଛାତ୍ରରୀଓ ଛିଲାମ ।

ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷ ଏକଟା ନୃତ୍ୟ କିଛୁ ଚାଯ । ବିଶେଷତଃ ଯଦି ଆବାର ମେହି ନୃତ୍ୟରେ ଏକଟା ମାଦକତା ଥାକେ । ମନ୍ତତାର ସନ୍ଦେ ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷର ଏକଟା ଅବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ଯୋଗ ଆଛେ । କୋନ୍ତା ଶିକ୍ଷା, କୋନ୍ତା ସଭ୍ୟତା, ମାନସିକ କୋନ୍ତା ଉତ୍ସକର୍ଷ ମେହି ଯୋଗକେ ଛିନ୍ନ କରତେ ପାରେ ନା ।

ଆର ଚାଯ ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷ ଏକଟା କିଛୁ କରତେ । ବିଲମ୍ବ ତାର ସହ ହୟ ନା । ସହସା କିଛୁ ଯଦି ହୟ ସାଧ, ତ' ହୋକ । ସେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବା ସେ ଚିନ୍ତାର ଧାରା ତାଦେର ଆନ୍ତେ ଆନ୍ତେ ଅଗ୍ରମର ହତେ ବଲେ, ବୀର ହତେ ବଲେ, ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷ ତାଦେର ଚାଯ ନା । ପୁରୋନୋ ବଲେ ବାଦ ଦେଯ ।

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଯୁଗେର ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ଣ ହୋଲ ଏହି ସେ, ଏହି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଯୁଗ ଚାଯ ଏକଟା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ । ଏକଟା ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ । ଆଂଶିକ ହଲେ ଚଲବେ ନା । ବହୁକାଳେର ଗତାହୁଗତିକ ପଥେ ଚଲେ ଯୁଗମାନବ ଶ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୟ ପଡ଼େଛେ । ଏଥିନ ଚାଇ ତାର ଏକଟା ନୃତ୍ୟତା, ନୃତ୍ୟରେ ଏକଟା ମାଦକତା, ମନ୍ତତା ।

ଏହି ସେ ଯୁଗଲକ୍ଷଣ ଏକଟା କୋନ୍ତା ଦେଶ ବିଶେଷେ ଦେଖା ଯାଚେ, ତା ନୟ । ଏଟାର ବ୍ୟାପକତା ପ୍ରତିଦେଶେ, ପ୍ରତିମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷେ ଛାଡ଼ିଯେ ପଡ଼େଛେ । ଗତାହୁଗତିକେର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷର ପ୍ରାଣଶକ୍ତିକେ ନଷ୍ଟ କରେ ଦିଚ୍ଛେ । ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷକେ ଦୁଃଖସ୍ଥୀ ହତେ ଦିଚ୍ଛେ ନା । ଦୁର୍ବାଶାୟ ଛୁଟେ ସେତେ ବାଧା ଦିଚ୍ଛେ । ତାଇ ପୁନରାବର୍ତ୍ତନେର ବଦଳେ ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷ ଏକଟା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଚାଚେ । ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନେର ଜଣ୍ଠ ଅଧୀର ହୟେଛେ ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷର ମନ ସେ, ସେ କୋନ୍ତା ନୃତ୍ୟତା ତାର ସାମନେ ଆସଛେ, ମେହିଟାକେଇ ମେ ବିନା ବିଚାରେ ଆକୁଳ ଆଗ୍ରହେ ମେନେ ନିତେ ଚାଇଛେ । ମାର୍ତ୍ତିଷର ମେହି ସମାତମ ବର୍କଷଗୀଳତା ଆଜ ଭେଦେ ଗେଛେ । ଶିଖିଲ ହୟ ଗେଛେ ତାର ବନ୍ଧନ ।

ଆମରା ଛାତ୍ରରୀଓ ଏହି ଆବରାଓୟାର ସାଡା ପ୍ରାଣେ ମଧ୍ୟେ ପେଯେଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଯୁଗାନ୍ତେର ଜଡ଼ତା ଏଥମାନ ଆମାଦେର ସାଧ । ଆମାଦେର ଏହି ସାଡା ଦେଖା ଯାଯ ରାଜନୀତିକ ହଜୁକେ । ଦେଶେର ଅନ୍ୟ କୋନ କାଜ ଆମରା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କରତେ ତେମନ ଚାଇ ନା । ରାଜନୀତିକ ହଜୁକ କରେ ଆତ୍ମନିରିତାର ବିଲକ୍ଷଣ ଆତ୍ମପ୍ରସାଦ ଲାଭ କରା ଯାଯ । ଆର ଦେଶେର କାଜ କରାର ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ନିମିତ୍ତେ ଭାଗୀ ହୟ ସମ୍ମାନଟାଓ ପାଇୟା ଯାଯ, ଆର ମୋଡ଼ଲୀଟାଓ କରେ ନେଇୟା ଯାଯ ବେଶ ।

ସେଥାନେ ତ୍ୟାଗ ଆଛେ, ସେଥାନେ କଷ୍ଟ ଆଛେ, ସେଥାନେ ଜୀବନେର ଯୁଗୀବର୍ତ୍ତ ଆଛେ, ସେଥାନେ ଆମରା ନେଇ । ସେଥାନେ ଏ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଆୟାସ-ଲକ୍ଷ, ସେଥାମେ ଆମରା ନେଇ ।

সকল তরুণ ছাত্রের মনের প্রগতি কোনদিকে, তা জানি না। আমার কিন্তু মনে হয় যে, এই সব হজুক আমাদের রাজনীতিক জাগরণ যা দিচ্ছে দিক, তাতে আমার কোন ব্যক্তিগত আপত্তি বা আক্রোশ নেই। আমাদের এখন রাজনীতিক দিকের চেয়ে অন্য বহু নীতির কাজ যে সব রয়েছে, তাদের দিকে মন দেওয়া একান্ত আবশ্যক। শিখ গুরু গোবিন্দের মত ‘দ্বাদশ বরষ’ ধরে নিজেকে আগামী জীবনের জন্য তৈরী করতে হবে।

সকলের চেয়ে যে জিমিস্টায় আজ আমাদের মনোযোগ আকর্ষণ করা উচিঃ, সেটা হচ্ছে প্রাথমিক শিক্ষা। মাঝসকে অঙ্কনিয়তির মধ্যে ফেলে রেখে রাজনীতি করলে, শেষ ফল বিপরীত তয়। সাধারণের এই অজ্ঞতায় রাজনীতিক পরিচালকদের একদিকে যেমন স্ববিধা হয়, তেমনি সময় সময় মাঝসের মনের ভিতর যে মহামারী উপস্থিত হয় ও অন্যে বাইরে থেকে উপস্থিত করতে পারে, তাও তেমনি স্বাগজনক ও ভয়াবহ।

জনসাধারণকে নিয়েই দেশ। গেটাকয়েক রাজকীয় আভিজাতোর তরুণ বিলাসীদের নিয়ে নয়। আমাদের মত জনকয়েক শিক্ষাপ্রাপ্ত তথাকথিত ভদ্রলোকদের নিয়েও নয়। ঐ যে যারা পথে হেঁটে চলে, যাদের কায়িক পরিশ্রমে উপাজিত অর্থে মুষ্টিমেয় কয়েকের বিলাস-লালসা পূর্ণ হয়, ঐ যে যারা ধনীর ঐশ্বর্য উৎপাদনের জন্য আসামের জঙ্গলে হাতীর পায়ে, গঙ্গারের দাঁতে, বাধের পেঁচে মরে, যারা কালাজের মরে, কালাপানি জরে তিনষ্টাব মধ্যে সারা শরীর থেকে বক্ত-ঘর্ম হয়ে আত্মীয়-স্বজন থেকে অনেক দূর দেশে মরে যায়, এবং মরেও ধনীর তরুণ-তরীকের স্থথ-স্বাচ্ছন্দ্য ও ভোগশক্তির উপায় করে দেয়, তারাই হল দেশের মেরুদণ্ড, তাদের নিয়েই দেশমাত্রক।

অথচ তাদের এটুকু শিক্ষা নেই, দৌক্ষা নেই, মনের কোনও সাধনা নেই। আমি বলি রাজনীতি জলাঞ্জলি যাক; আগে এদের শিক্ষা দেওয়া হোক। এই যে আমাদের দেশের কোটা কোটা লোক অশিক্ষায় এবং অশিক্ষার ফল কুশিক্ষায় যুগের পর যুগ জীবন কঢ়াচ্ছে, তাদের আগে শিক্ষা দেওয়া হোক। জীবন ও জগন্টাকে বোঝাবার স্বয়েগ স্ববিধা তাদের দেওয়া হোক। তারা বুঝুক যে এই সব শিক্ষিত লোকেরা, এই সব দ্বাদশাহীন ধনীরা তাদের দারিদ্র্যের কতদূর স্বয়েগ নিচ্ছে। তারা বুঝে যুক্ত করুক। তার পর যদি হেরে যায়, ধনী ও মিধনের যুক্তে, ধনী যদি জেতে ত' জিতুক। অঙ্কের কাছ থেকে অর্থ ছিনিয়ে নেওয়া তখন আর হবে না। এইসব আর্থিক অসহায়রা, মানসিক অসহায়রা যেদিন ভাবতের রাজনীতি বুঝতে শিখবে, সে দিন স্বরাজ সত্যিই আসবে। তার আগে নয়।

এই যে কত ফাঁওে কত টাকা ওঠে, সে সব যায় কোথায়? কতদিন আর দরিদ্র ভাবতের এই সব বিপুল অর্থ নিয়ে অকাতরে ছিনিয়িনি খেলা হবে? এ হোচ্ছে, সে হোচ্ছে, তা হোচ্ছে। আর এ হোল, সে হোল, তা হোল। হোল, ত, বুবলাম।

কিন্তু এই সব 'হোচ্ছে' ও 'হোলু' ভিতৰ দিয়ে দৱিদ্র ভাৰত সত্যিকাৰেৰ স্বাজেৰ পথে কতদূৰ এগিয়েছে তাই জানতে চাই। আমাৰ বয়স অল্প, বুদ্ধি স্মৃতি, জ্ঞান অপৰিণত, তবুও বুঝি যে যাদেৰ জোৱে আজ এক দল আৰ এক দলকে চেপে রেখেছে, তাদেৰ মনেৰ দুয়াৰ খুলে দেওয়াৰ কোনও চেষ্টা না কৱে আজ তাদেৰ সমাজেৰ দিক দিয়ে অপাংক্রেয় কৱে রাখা হয়েছে।

অখচ দেশেৰ ভদ্রলোকদেৱ অপেক্ষা এইসব অপৰিচ্ছন্ন, অৰ্ধ-উলঙ্ঘন, অৰ্ধ-মাহুষ দৱিদ্রদেৱ উপৰ সকল বিষয়ে, সকল কালে যথেষ্ট বেশী নিৰ্ভৰ কৰা যায়। পৃথিবীৰ সৰ্বদেশেৰ সৰ্বজাতিৰ ইতিহাসেৰ অধ্যায়গুলো খুলে দেখলে দেখা যায় যে এইসব মাহুষগুলো যতই দৱিদ্র হোক, যতই অশিক্ষিত হোক, তাদেৰ দিয়ে কথনও কোনও দেশেৰ বা জাতিৰ জাতীয় জীবনে খুব একটা বড় বকমেৰ কিছু ক্ষতি হয় নি। ক্ষতি কৰি, অনিষ্ট কৰি, আমৰা, তথা-কথিত ভদ্রলোকেৱা।

আমাদেৱ দেশেৰ এখন সব চেয়ে প্ৰকৃষ্ট পহাৰ হচ্ছে শিক্ষা দেওয়া। জেনা যুক্তেৰ পৱ জার্মানীকে নেপোলিয়েন যখন একেবাৱে পিষে দিয়েছিল, প্রাসিয়ানৱাৰ তথন কি কৰেছিল? কি কৱে এই বিৱাট জার্মান জাত তাৰপৰ আবাৰ তৈৱী হল? কি কৱে, কোন মায়া-মন্ত্ৰে, সেই পদদলিত জাতি অতি অল্পদিনেৰ মধ্যে শুধু যে মাথা তুলে পাঁড়াল, তা নয়, তাদেৱ দাপটে পৃথিবী টলিয়ে দিলে?

ঐ শিক্ষাৰ চক্ৰে। সে বিৱাট চক্ৰ। তাতে জাতি একটা জীবন্ত যন্ত্ৰেৰ মত গড়ে উঠল। জগৎকে কাঁপিয়ে দিলে।

আমাদেৱও চাই ঐ শিক্ষাচক্ৰ। যে শিক্ষা মাহুষকে মহুষ্যত্ব দেবে। মহা চেতনা দেবে। আজ আমাদেৱ এই শিক্ষাচক্ৰ পাঁড়ায় পাঁড়ায়, বস্তিতে বস্তিতে নানা ভাবে গড়ে তুলতে হবে। আৱ মাহুষকে মাহুষ বলে চিনবাৰ ক্ষমতা তাৰ নিহিত মঞ্চ-চৈতন্যেৰ মধ্যে জাগিয়ে তুলতে হবে। আমৰা ছাত্ৰৱা খেন দেখি যে কেউ ঘোড়াৰ লাগাম তাৰ মুখে লাগিয়ে ঘোড়াৱই মত অক্ষ নিয়তিৰ পথে তাকে ছুটিয়ে নিয়ে যেতে না পাৱে।

ଆମା ଦେଇ କଥା

ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରବିଜ୍ଞାନ ସେମିନାର

ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରବିଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଭାଗେର ସର୍ବଜନଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧରେ ବିଭାଗୀୟ ପ୍ରଧାନ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଉପେକ୍ଷନାର୍ଥ ଘୋଷାଲେର ଅବସର ଗ୍ରହଣେଁ ଫଳେ ଯେ ଅଭାବେର ସ୍ଥଟି ହେଁବେ, ତା' ଅଧ୍ୟାପକମଣ୍ଡଳୀ ଓ ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀବ୍ୟନ୍ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକେଇ ଉପଲକ୍ଷି କରତେ ଦେଇଛେନ୍ । ଏକାଦିକ୍ରମେ ତିନି ଦଶକେରେ ବେଶୀ ସମୟ ତିନି ଏହି ଐତିହାସିକ ସାଧନଶୀଠିର ସାଥେ ଯୁକ୍ତ ଛିଲେନ୍ ; ତାହିଁ ୧୯୬୪ ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚି ଅଗାଷ୍ଟ ମାସେର ଏକ ବର୍ଷଗ୍ରିହ ଅପରାହ୍ନେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଘୋଷାଲେର ବିଦ୍ୟାଯ ସମ୍ବର୍ଧନାର ଦୃଶ୍ୟଟି ଅତି ବେଦନାବିଧୁର ସ୍ମୃତିଚିତ୍ରରୂପେ ସମବେତ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକମଣ୍ଡଳୀ ଓ ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଦେର ମନେ ଜୀଗଳକ ଥାଇବେ ।

ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନେ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରବିଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଭାଗେ ପ୍ରଧାନରୂପେ ଆସିଲା ହେଁବେନ ଡଃ ନିର୍ମଲଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବନ୍ଦୁ ରାୟଚୌଧୁରୀ । ବିଦେଶ ଥିଲେ ଉଚ୍ଚଶିକ୍ଷାକ୍ଷେତ୍ରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରେ ଡଃ ଅମଲ ମୁଖୋପାଧ୍ୟାୟ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକରୂପେ ଏହି ବିଭାଗେ ଯୋଗଦାନ କରେଛେ ।

ଗତ ବ୍ୟବସର ପୂଜାବକାଶେର ପ୍ରାରମ୍ଭେ ବିଦ୍ୟାଯୀ ତୃତୀୟ ବାର୍ଷିକ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରବିଜ୍ଞାନେର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଦେର ବିଦ୍ୟାଯ ସମ୍ବର୍ଧନା ଜୋପନ କରା ହୁଏ । ଏଇ ଅବ୍ୟବହିତ ପରେଇ ବ୍ୟବସର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଦେର ସେମିନାରେ ପକ୍ଷ ଥିଲେ ସ୍ଵାଗତ ଜାନାନୋ ହୁଏ । ଅରୁଷ୍ଟାନଟିକେ ସାଫଲ୍ୟମଣ୍ଡିତ କରତେ ବହ ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଇ ଅବୁର୍ଧ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରେଛେ ; ତାଦେର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକକେଇ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧୟବାଦ ଜାନାଛି ।

ଗତ ବ୍ୟବସର ସେମିନାରେ ପକ୍ଷ ଥିଲେ କତକଗୁଲି ବକ୍ତୃତାମାଳାର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରା ହେଁବିଲି । ମାର୍କିନ ସୁକ୍ରବାଟ୍ର ଥିଲେ ଆଗତ ଡଃ ସଲ୍ ପ୍ରାଦୋଭାର ଓ ଡଃ ଜେବହାର୍ ବ୍ରାଉନ୍‌ଥଲ୍ ସୁକ୍ରବାଟ୍ରେର କତକଗୁଲି ସାଂବିଧାନିକ ବିଷୟ ନିଯେ ଆଲୋଚନା କରେନ । କଲକାତାର ମେଟ୍ରୋଜେନ୍ଡିଯାର୍ କଲେଜ ଥିଲେ ଏମେହିଲେନ ଡଃ ଅମଲ ରାୟ । ତିନି ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂବିଧାନେର କତକଗୁଲି ଜଟିଲ ସମସ୍ତା ନିଯେ ଆଲୋଚନା କରେନ । ଏହି ବକ୍ତୃତାମାଳାଗୁଲିର ମାଧ୍ୟମେ ଆମରା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକେଇ ଉପକୃତ ହେଁଛି ।

ଆମ୍ବୁଦ୍ଧର ସେମିନାରକେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ବକ୍ତୃତାମାଳା, ଆଲୋଚନାଚକ୍ର, ବିତ୍ରକ୍ଷାର୍ଥୀନାମାଲା ଏବଂ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଓ ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀବ୍ୟନ୍ ପରମ୍ପରା ସହଯୋଗିତାର ମାଧ୍ୟମେ ସାଫଲ୍ୟମଣ୍ଡିତ କରେ ତୁଳତେ ଆମରା ମଧ୍ୟମେ ଆଚାରାନ୍ତରେ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ସହଯୋଗିତା ଆଶା କରି ।

ପରିଶେଷ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରବିଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଭାଗୀୟ ପ୍ରଧାନ ଡଃ ନିର୍ମଲଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବନ୍ଦୁ ରାୟଚୌଧୁରୀ ଓ ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ-ବ୍ୟନ୍ କେ ଅନ୍ତରେ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଓ କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜାନାଇ ପ୍ରତିଟି କାଜେ ତାଦେର ସମେହ ଉତ୍ସାହଦାନେର ଜୟ ; ଆବର ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀଦେର ଆନ୍ତରିକ ସହଯୋଗିତାର ଜୟ ଜାନାଇ ଅବୁର୍ଧ ଧୟବାଦ ।

ଶୋଭମଲାଲ ଦତ୍ତଗୁଣ୍ଠ, ମ୍ୟାନାମାରା

অৰ্থনীতি সেমিনার

১৯৬৫ সালে, অৰ্থনীতি বিভাগের অধ্যাপক-মণ্ডলীৰ কিছু পৰিবৰ্তন হয়েছে। শ্রীঅমিয় বাগচী কেন্দ্ৰিজ বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ে ষোগদান কৰেছেন। শ্ৰীসঞ্জিত বসু উচ্চশিক্ষার জন্য M. I. T. গিয়েছেন। শ্ৰীমিহিৰ কুমাৰ বৰক্ষিত, শ্ৰীদীপক ব্যানার্জি, শ্ৰীশাস্তি চক্ৰবৰ্তী ও শ্ৰীমতী দেবৰামী দাস আমাদেৱ বিভাগে ষোগদান কৰেছেন।

গত পূজাৰ অবকাশেৰ পূৰ্বে, ততৌয় বৰ্ষেৰ ছাত্ৰছাত্ৰীদেৱ আমৱা দৃঃখভাৱাক্রান্ত দৃদয়ে বিদায় জানাই। ঐ মাসেই নবাগতদেৱ স্বাগত সন্তান্য জানানোৰ জন্য একটি অনুষ্ঠানেৰ আয়োজন হয়।

বিভাগীয় Planning Forum এ এবাৰ আমৱা বিশেষ কিছুই কৰতে পাৰিনি বলে দুঃখিত। গত বৎসৱ প্ৰাক্তন ছাত্ৰ শ্ৰীদেৱত্ৰত কৰেৱ ব্যবস্থাপনায় বিতৰ্ক, আলোচনা-চক্ৰ ও বক্তৃতাৰ আয়োজন কৰা হয়েছিল। এবাৰে বৰ্ধমান বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়েৰ খ্যাতনামা অধ্যাপক শ্ৰীঅজিত বিশ্বাস তাৰতীয় পঞ্চবায়িকী পৰিকল্পনা সমক্ষে বক্তৃতা দিয়েছিলেন। তাঁৰ কথা শুনে আমৱা উপকৃত হয়েছি।

আমাদেৱ ফোৱাম থেকে Bengal Engineering College Planning Forum Week এ বিতৰ্ক ও সাধাৰণ জ্ঞান (Quiz) প্ৰতিযোগিতাৰ জন্য প্ৰতিনিধি পাঠানো হয়। অংশ গ্ৰহণ কৰেন শ্ৰীপ্ৰদীপ মিত্ৰ ও শ্ৰীসোমনাথ সেন। আমৱা আমন্দেৱ সাথে জানাচ্ছি যে Quiz এ আমৱা দলগতভাৱে প্ৰথম হয়েছি আৱ বিতৰ্কে শ্ৰীপ্ৰদীপ মিত্ৰ ব্যক্তিগতভাৱে দ্বিতীয় পুৰস্কাৰ লাভ কৰেছেন।

গত নতুনৰে আমৱা একটা বিতৰ্ক-সভাৰ আয়োজন কৰি। প্ৰতিপাত্ত ছিল “Non-alignment is a myth.”। বক্তা ছিলেন, শ্ৰীমুন্দৰ চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শ্ৰীসোমনাথ সেন, শ্ৰীঅমিত মিত্ৰ, শ্ৰীমুজন চন্দ, শ্ৰীউচিষেন সাম ও শ্ৰীপ্ৰদীপ মিত্ৰ।

অধুনা Indian Institute of Management এৰ অধ্যাপক Dr. Miles Kennedy আমাদেৱ সেমিনাৰে একটা বক্তৃতা দেন। বিষয় ছিল “Capital Budgeting and the Firm.” তাৰ জ্ঞানগত বক্তব্য শুনে সকলেই উপকৃত হয়েছে।

পৰিষদেৱ পাঠ্যগারটি আমাদেৱ পড়ালভায় বিশেষভাৱে সাহায্য কৰেছে। অধ্যাপকদেৱ সাহায্যে বহু নৃতন পুস্তক ষোগ কৰা হয়েছে।

বিভাগীয় প্ৰধান শ্ৰদ্ধেয় ডঃ তাৰপস মজুমদাৰ ও অগ্রান্ত অধ্যাপকবৃন্দেৱ কাছে আমৱা চিৰকৃতজ্ঞ, কাৱণ প্ৰতিটি কাজে তাৰা আমাদেৱ অকুণ্ঠ উৎসাহ দিয়েছেন। বন্ধুবান্ধবদেৱ সহযোগিতাৰ জন্য জানাই ধৃতবাদ।

সোমনাথ সেন, সম্পাদক

বিতর্ক পরিষদ

বহু অস্তুবিধার মধ্যে থেকেও বিতর্ক পরিষদের কাজ স্বৃষ্টভাবে সম্পন্ন করতে পেরে আমরা আনন্দিত।

১৯৬৫ সালে জাহুয়ারী মাসে, প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় বার্ষিক ছাত্রদের মধ্যে বিতর্ক দিয়ে বছর আরম্ভ হয়। বিষয় ছিল “Debating is a waste of time and energy”। অংশ গ্রহণ করেন দ্বিতীয় বর্ষের শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র, শ্রীঅমিত সেনগুপ্ত, ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন। প্রথম বর্ষ থেকে বলেন শ্রীঅমিত মিত্র, শ্রীশুজন চন্দ ও শ্রীসোগত রায়। ঐ মাসেই প্রতিষ্ঠাত-সপ্তাহ বিতর্কে কলিকাতা বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের সঙ্গে আমাদের কলেজ প্রতিষ্ঠানিতা করে। অংশ নেন শ্রীশুন্দর চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীঅমিত সেনগুপ্ত, শ্রীদেবৰত কর, শ্রীর্য্য গুহ ও শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র। সভার প্রতিপাদ্য বিষয় ছিল “Intelligence is more useful than honesty”।

গ্রীষ্মাবকাশের পর কলেজ আরম্ভ হলে দ্বিতীয় ও তৃতীয় বর্ষের ছাত্রছাত্রীদের মধ্যে বিতর্ক আয়োজন করা হয়। প্রতিপাদ্য ছিল ‘Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri has failed to lead the country effectively.’ প্রস্তাবের স্বপক্ষে দ্বিতীয় বর্ষের ছাত্রদের মধ্যে ছিলেন শ্রীশুজন চন্দ, শ্রীচিরঞ্জীব সেন ও শ্রীরণবীর সেন। বিপক্ষে তৃতীয় বর্ষের পক্ষ থেকে বলেন শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র, শ্রীঅমিত সেনগুপ্ত, শ্রীমতী দেবঘানী বোস ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন।

যাদবপুর বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের আমন্ত্রণক্রমে আমাদের কলেজ থেকে চারজন প্রতিযোগীকে পাঠান হয়। বিষয়ের—“The welfare state exalts the promise of little pleasures at the expense of happiness”—বিপক্ষে কলেজ থেকে বলেন শ্রীশুন্দর চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীপৃথীশ নন্দী, শ্রীশুজন চন্দ ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন।

গত জাহুয়ারী মাসে একটি মহিলা বিতর্ক সভার আয়োজন করা হয়েছিল। বক্তাদের মধ্যে ছিলেন শ্রীমতী মালবিকা ঘোষ, শ্রীমতী শ্রীদেবী নায়ার, শ্রীমতী বন্দনা মিত্র, শ্রীমতী অহুভা পাল, শ্রীমতী সুদেৱা চক্রবর্তী ও শ্রীমতী ইন্দ্রানী সেন। বিষয়—“Morality is void without religion”। এবাবের কলেজের প্রতিষ্ঠাত-সপ্তাহে প্রাক্তন ও বর্তমান ছাত্রদের মধ্যে একটি উপভোগ্য বিতর্ক অনুষ্ঠিত হয়। প্রস্তাব (“Love is a myth”) সমর্থন করেন বর্তমান ছাত্রদল—শ্রীশুন্দর চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীঅমিত মিত্র, শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন ও শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র। বিরোধিতা, করেন কৃতী প্রাক্তন ছাত্রগণ—এখন বাঁরা প্রতিষ্ঠিত বক্তা—শ্রীসাধন গুপ্ত, শ্রীসিদ্ধার্থংশংকর রায় ও শ্রীহিরণ্য কার্লেকার। সভাপতিত্ব করেন ডঃ শিবতোষ মুখোপাধ্যায়। বিতর্ক পরিষদ কলেজের বাহিরে নিয়মিত প্রতিযোগী পাঠ্যযোগ্য পাঠ্যেছেন আর তাদের সাফল্যের তালিকা এবাবে বিশেষভাবে উল্লেখযোগ্য। বি, ই কলেজ, শিবপুর, শাশনাল মেডিকাল কলেজ, কলিকাতা, সেন্ট পলস কলেজ, আর আই, আই, টি, খড়গপুর, আন্তর্কলেজ বিতর্ক প্রতিযোগিতায়, আমাদের কলেজ প্রত্যেকটিতে দলগতভাবে গ্রথম হয়েছে। ঐ সব স্থানে সাফল্যের সঙ্গে অংশগ্রহণ করেন শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন। স্বরেন্দ্রনাথ ল কলেজ

বিতর্কেও আমাদের প্রতিমিধিদ্বয় শ্রীঅমিত মিত্র ও শ্রীঅমিতবিক্রম রায় প্রথম স্থান অধিকার করেন।

ব্যক্তিগতভাবে শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন, ষাদবপুর বিশ্বিষ্ঠালয়, বি, ই, কলেজ, মরেন্দ্রপুর রামকৃষ্ণ মিশন কলেজ, শ্রাশনাল মেডিক্যাল কলেজ ইত্যাদি স্থানে বিশিষ্ট স্থান লাভ করেন। কলিকাতা বিশ্বিষ্ঠালয় পরিচালিত সর্বভারতীয় উহরেন্দ্রনাথ মুখোপাধ্যায় স্বতি বিতর্ক প্রতিযোগিতায় প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় স্থান ও অধিকার করেন যথাক্রমে শ্রীপ্রদীপ মিত্র ও শ্রীসোমনাথ সেন।

ধন্যবাদ ও কৃতজ্ঞতা জানাই প্রথমে, আমাদের প্রধান উৎসাহদাতা ও পরিষদ সভাপতি ডঃ শিবতোষ মুখোপাধ্যায়কে। তাঁর অকৃষ্ণ সহযোগিতা ভিন্ন পরিষদের কাজ সম্ভব হত না। অধ্যক্ষ ডঃ সনতকুমার বস্তু ও পদার্থ বিজ্ঞ বিভাগীয় প্রধানকেও আমরা জানাই আমাদের কৃতজ্ঞতা।

সোমনাথ সেন

রবীন্দ্র-পরিষদ

গত বৎসর রবীন্দ্র-পরিষদের উচ্চোগে কয়েকটি সাংস্কৃতিক-অর্হষ্ঠানের আয়োজন হয়েছিল। প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজের প্রতিষ্ঠাতা দিবস উপলক্ষে অনুষ্ঠিত উৎসবের শেষ দিনে এক কবি-সম্মেলনের আয়োজন করা হয়। সর্বশ্রী সুভাষ মুখোপাধ্যায়, কৃষ্ণ ধর, মৌরেন চক্রবর্তী, সুনীল মন্দী, অলোকৰঞ্জন দাশগুপ্ত, শঙ্কি চট্টোপাধ্যায় প্রমুখ আধুনিক কবিতা এই সম্মেলনে উপস্থিত ছিলেন এবং তাঁদের স্বরচিত কবিতা আবৃত্তি করে শোনান। শ্রীসুভাষ মুখোপাধ্যায় ও শ্রীনীরেন চক্রবর্তী শ্রোতাদের কয়েকটি কবিতা-সমষ্টীয় প্রশ়্নের উত্তর দিতে গিয়ে কবিতার রীতি ও গতি-প্রকৃতি সম্বন্ধে তাঁদের স্বচিন্তিত ধারণা ব্যক্ত করেন।

এর পর পরলোকগত শিল্পিগুরু নন্দলাল বস্তুর স্মৃতির উদ্দেশ্যে শ্রদ্ধা নিবেদনের জন্য এক সভা আহ্বান করা হয়। এই সভায় প্রথ্যাত কলাবিদ শ্রীকল্যাণকুমার গঙ্গোপাধ্যায় আচার্য নন্দলালের শিল্প ও জীবন সম্পর্কে দীর্ঘ আলোচনা করেন। রবীন্দ্র-জয়েৎসবে কলকাতার বিশিষ্ট রবীন্দ্রসংগীতশিল্পীরা তাঁদের গানে, যন্ত্রসংগীতে এক মনোরম পরিবেশ গড়ে তুলেছিলেন। এই কলেজের ছাত্র শ্রীদীনেশ চক্রবর্তী ও তাঁর সহযোগীরা 'রবীন্দ্রকাব্যে প্রেম' নামক এক গীতি আলেখ্য পরিবেশণ করেন।

এই বিভাগের ভারপ্রাপ্ত অধ্যাপক ডঃ হরপ্রসাদ মিত্র ও অন্যান্য অধ্যাপকগণ তাঁদের স্বচিন্তিত উপদেশ দিয়ে এবং অর্হষ্ঠানগুলিতে উপস্থিত থেকে আমাদের উৎসাহ দিয়েছেন। এই প্রসংগে ইন্দ্রাণী সেন, অসিত ভট্টাচার্য, প্রণব পাল, অসীম চট্টোপাধ্যায় প্রমুখ ছাত্রছাত্রীদের অকৃষ্ণ সহযোগিতার কথা ও স্বীকৃত্ব।

দিলীপকুমার ঘোষ, সম্পাদক

সূচীগত

১৯৪০-১৯৬৬

[এই সূচীগত প্রস্তুত করার কাজে আমায় সাহায্য করেছেন শ্রীমতী চিরিতা বন্দোপাধ্যায় (তৃতীয় বর্ষ, ইংরাজী) । তাঁর অকৃত সহযোগিতা ডিম সূচীগতের কাজ সম্ভব হত না । এর জন্য তাঁকে আমার ধন্যবাদ ও কৃতজ্ঞতা জানাচ্ছি । প্রথমে খণ্ড, মধ্যে সংখ্যা ও শেষে পৃষ্ঠার উল্লেখ করা হয়েছে । —সম্পাদক]

আইয়ুব, আবু সয়ৈদ				ঘাস	৩৩	১	১৪
অমঙ্গলবোধ ও বৈজ্ঞানিক	৮৫	১	১	হৃদয়-সময়-স্পন্দন	৩৩	২	৩০
উকীল, বিজ্ঞপ্তি				ছুটীর গান	৩৪	১	৪৩
চিরসাধাৰী	৮৩	১	১৩	সাম্প্রতিক বাংলা কবিতার			
কবিৰ, হুমায়ুন				গতি	৩৫	১	৯
বৈজ্ঞানিক	৮২	১	২৯	গুপ্ত, শ্রবণ			
কবিৱত্ত, হরিশচন্দ্ৰ				বাংলা কথাসাহিত্যে ছুটি দিক			
সেকালের প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজ	৩৮	১	১৮	“ভাৰতবৰ্ষেৰ ইতিহাসেৰ			
”	৩৯	১	৮	ধাৰা” ও বৈজ্ঞানিকেৰ ঐতি-			
কুঙ্গ, অৱিন্দ				হাসিক দৃষ্টি	৩৬	১	৪৩
“হে তৈৱৰ, হে কুন্ত বৈশাখ”	৩০	১	৪২	গুপ্ত, স্বধীজ্ঞানিক			
কুশারী, কেতকী				ইংরেজী শিক্ষা	৩০	১	২৯
ছুটি কবিতা	৩৯	১	৪৯-৫০	গুপ্তভাষ্যা, পিনাকী			
ছুটি কবিতা	৪০	১	৬-৭	এস্প্ল্যানেড	৪৩	১	৬৩
সমালোচনা (বুদ্ধিবেৰ বস্তু				স্বদেশচিন্তা : বাংলা সাহিত্যে	৪৪	১	২০
ৰচিত “যে আধাৰ আলোৰ				গোস্বামী, কাননবিহারী			
অধিক”)	৪০	১	৮৫	ছুটি কবিতা	৪০	১	৩
গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়, বাসন্তী				দেওখৰেৰ সকাল	৪১	১	৪৩
আধুনিক বাংলা ছুটি গল্প	৪০	১	৫৩	গোস্বামী, দিলৌপকুমাৰ			
গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়, স্বধীৱকুমাৰ				হিন্দু দৰ্শন এবং আধুনিক			
ইন্ট্ৰোভাই	৩১	১	৫৭	পদাৰ্থ বিদ্যা	৪৬	১	২৫
গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়, স্বন্ধাত				ঘোষ, কমলকৃষ্ণ			
‘ফসিল’	৩২	১	৩৯	অঞ্জলি	২৮	১	২

ঘোষ, জ্যোতিৰ্ময়			চক্ৰবৰ্তী, জনাদিন	
শুভকামনা	৩০	১	পদাবলী-প্ৰসঙ্গ-গোষ্ঠী	২৯ ১ ৪৪
”	৩১	১	স্বধীৱ গুপ্তেৰ “মাধুকৰী, মাটিৰ মাধুৱী ও যাসাৰৰ”—	
ঘোষ, তুষারকান্তি	৩২	১	এৰ সমালোচনা	৩১ ১ ৬১
উৎসর্গ	৩২	১	৮৮	
সাংগৱেৰ ডাক	৩৩	১	চক্ৰবৰ্তী, নৰীগোপাল	
ঘোষ, প্ৰঠোঁকুমাৰ			উজ্জীৱন	২৯ ১ ৭৫
ইতিহাস থেকে	৩৩	১	চক্ৰবৰ্তী, সন্তোষ	
ঘোষ, প্ৰবাল			সুৱশ্রমা বধু	৩৮ ১ ৯
এথনো বইছে হাঁওয়া	৪৩	১	চক্ৰবৰ্তী, স্বথময়	
ঘোষ, ফুলত্বী			ৱৰীজ্জনাথেৰ “বলাকা”	৩১ ১ ২৪
বাংলাৰ অতি আধুনিক			চক্ৰবৰ্তী, হীৱেণ	
সাহিত্যেৰ গতি ও প্ৰকৃতি	২৬	১	দেখা	৩৪ ১ ১৮
ঘোষ, ভোলানাথ			চন্দ্ৰ, দেবৰত	
ৱৰীজ্জনাটক পাঠেৰ ভূমিকা	৪২	১	তুল	২৯ ১ ৭০
ঘোষ, শঙ্খ			সামাজিক একটু মৱিচ্	৩১ ১ ৪১
সময়	৪৫	১	চট্টোপাধ্যায়, অৱিন্দ	
ঘোষ, শান্তিকুমাৰ			গল্ল লিথিলাম	৩২ ১ ১২
জীৱন ও ঘোৱন	২৯	১	চট্টোপাধ্যায়, অসীমকুমাৰ	
বাংলা কবিতা সমক্ষে কয়েকটি			স্বপ্নেৰ জগৎ বাস্তৱ হতে বহু	
কথা	৩১	১		দূৰে ৪৩ ১ ৮৪
ঘোষ, সুশান্তকুমাৰ			চট্টোপাধ্যায়, তীৰ্থঙ্কৰ	
কলতান	৩০	১	ব্যৰ্থ সন্ধ্যা	৪০ ১ ৩৯
শ্ৰাবণেৰ সাম্যাহ যুথিকা	৩২	১	পঞ্চমাঙ্ক	৪৩ ১ ৩৩
ঘোষ, সুশীল			সময়	৪৪ ১ ১
আধুনিক বাংলা কবিতা ও			চট্টোপাধ্যায়, প্ৰণব	
কয়েকজন কবি	৩৩	২	গ্ৰহণপৰিচয় : (“চিন্তানায়ক	
বৃষ্টি শেষেৰ বিকেল	৩৫	১	বক্ষিমচন্দ্ৰ”—ভবতোষ দন্ত ও	
চক্ৰবৰ্তী, কৃষ্ণৱৰ্প			“বক্ষিমসাহিত্য পাঠ”—হৰ-	
দেয়াল	৪৬	১	অসাদ মিত্ৰ) ৪৫ ১ ১২৮	
চক্ৰবৰ্তী, গায়ত্বী			(“ৱৰীজ্জ সাহিত্য পাঠ”—	
কৰ্ণধাৰ	৪০	১	হৰপ্ৰসাদ মিত্ৰ) ৪৫ ১ ১৩১	

চট্টোপাধ্যায়, বিশ্বনাথ			বাংলা সাহিত্যের ভবিষ্যৎ ও
কল্পনা	৩৪	১	১
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, মঙ্গলাচরণ			বৰীজ্জনাথ ৩৪
অপরিবর্তনীয়	২৬	১	২৪
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, মলয়কুমার			ইতিহাস-বিজ্ঞান ৩৫
শিতা সরকার	৪৩	১	১
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, মৃণালকান্তি			চৌধুরী, রায় হরেন্দ্রনাথ
“ম্যাগনিফিসেন্ট অবসেন্স”	৪৩	১	৮১
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, রামগোপাল			বৰীজ্জন শতবার্ষীকী প্রসঙ্গে
নোনাজল থেকে	৩৩	১	৩১
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, লেখা			চৌধুরী, স্বহাস
কংগৱেকটি কবিতা	৪৩	১	৪৮
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শক্তি			বিশ্ব শতাব্দীর অপেরা
বাগানে কি ধরেছিল হাত	৪৫	১	৪৮
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, শামলকুমার			ঠাকুর, রবীজ্জনাথ
ভারতীয় কবি মানসের প্রতিভূ			বিশ্বভারতী
ও ব্যাখ্যাতা	৩০	১	২
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, সমীর			অভিভাবণ
জলপাইগুড়ির বন্ধ জীবন	৪০	১	১০
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, সুজিতশংকর			জগদীশ প্রশস্তি
ছাটি জার্মান কবিতার অভ্যাস	৪৪	১	১৮
প্রতিবেশী (অভ্যাস)	৪৬	১	১৮
চট্টোপাধ্যায়, হীরেন্দ্রনাথ			ত্রিপাঠী, অমলেশ
দন্ত	২৬	১	২২
ব্যঙ্গ-সাহিত্যিক বক্ষিমচন্দ	২৬	২	১১
চৌধুরী, কামাল বহীম			আধুনিক কবি (ইংল্যাণ্ড)
লেবেরেটরী	২৬	২	১০
চৌধুরী, প্রবাসজীবন			কানিদাসের কাব্য-প্রেম
কাব্য ও দর্শনের উপর্যোগীতা	৩৩	১	৪৪
শাস্তিনিকেতন	৪২	১	১০
চৌধুরী, বিনয়			প্রেসিডেন্সী কলেজ শত-
অবনীজ্জনাথ ঠাকুর	৩৩	২	১
			বাষ্পিকী ৩৭
			১ ৫৫
			দন্ত, অমরকুমার
			নতুন মানবতাবাদ
			৩৮
			১ ৩০
			দন্ত, চারুচন্দ
			মানুষ বৰীজ্জনাথ
			৪২
			১ ২০
			দন্ত, জ্যোতিময়
			জলের পুরাণ (অংশতঃ)
			৪০
			১ ৫
			দন্ত, ভবতোষ
			সমালোচনা (অঙ্গরকুমার
			মুখোপাধ্যায় ব্রচিত “বাংলা
			গঢ়ের শিল্পসমাজ ”)
			৪০
			১ ৮৩
			বৰীজ্জনাথ ও প্রমথ চৌধুরী
			৪২
			১ ৮২
			বামেন্দ্রসন্দের যুগ
			৪৪
			১ ৬৭
			দন্তগুপ্ত, অরংগকুমার
			অস্ত চাঁদের পথে
			৩০
			১ ৪৩
			প্রকৃতির নির্বাসন
			৩১
			১ ৩৬

দাস, নারায়ণ		দাসগুপ্ত, শুভরঞ্জন
স্মৃতি	৪৩ ১ ১২	“নিজের দিকে চেয়ে” ৪৬ ১ ৭
দাস, বিকাশকুমার		দাসগুপ্ত, হুরজিৎ
হিন্দুর্ধন ও আধুনিক পদার্থ-		“শার্ল বোদলেয়ের অবলম্বনে” ৩৬ ১ ৯
বিষ্ণা ৪৬ ১ ২৫		বিদিশা ৩৮ ১ ৫
দাস, শিশিরকুমার		ভিলানেল ৩৯ ১ ৪৬
বৃষ্টচূর্যতি	৩৪ ১ ৩১	—র ডায়েরী থেকে ৩৯ ১ ৪৭
স্বধামসঞ্চান	৩৫ ১ ২০	একটি সনেট ও একটি ট্রিশোলেট ৪০ ১ ১
নানারঙ্গের দিনগুলি	৩৬ ১ ৭	প্রচন্দ কোরক ৪১ ১ ৩৩
কলেজ স্ট্রীট	৩৮ ১ ৪২	প্রেম হতে দুঃখ হতে অহু-
দাশগুপ্ত, অতীশকুমার		কম্পা হতে ৪১ ১ ৩৪
ছাট কবিতা	৪৮ ১ ৩৩	দে, উৎপলকুমার
তুর্গেনভের কাছে	৪৮ ১ ১৯	লারা ৪৩ ১ ২৯
সংস্থিতা	৪৬ ১ ৩	দে, গৌরীশঙ্কর
দাশগুপ্ত, অরুণাভ		মাটী আর মাহুষ ৩৫ ১ ১২
আমেরিকা আবিষ্কার	৩৫ ১ ২৬	দে, জিয়ু ৩৮ ১ ১৪
দাসগুপ্ত, অলোকরঞ্জন		বেটেলাট ব্রেথ্ট ; কবি ও
শ্রষ্টার মৃত্যু	৩৪ ১ ২৯	মাট্যকার ৪৪ ১ ১৪
জ্যোতিভিক্ষু	৩৫ ১ ৩২	দে, বটকৃষ্ণ
সূত্রধাৰ	৪০ ১ ৮	ধূসূর সনেট ৩২ ১ ৩৮
কেন যে প্রবাহ থেকে দূরে		একটি কবিতার ইতিহাস ৩৩ ২ ৩২
আছ ৪৩ ১ ৭৫		ভুলের স্বর্গ ৩৪ ১ ৪২
দাশগুপ্ত, কল্যাণকুমার		দে, বিষ্ণ
নির্জন মুহূর্তে	৩৩ ২ ২৯	বহুমুখ ৪৫ ১ ৭৬
পদ্মা	৩৪ ১ ৩৩	দে, স্বলেখা
নীল কানা	৩৬ ১ ৬	‘পুনুর্ক্ষ’-র কবি রবীন্দ্রনাথ ৪২ ১ ৯০
দাশগুপ্ত, দীপক্ষৰ		দেব, অনন্তকৃষ্ণ
নায়ককে প্রচন্দ রেখে	৪৪ ১ ৩৬	রবীন্দ্রোত্তর শুগে বাংলা
দাশগুপ্ত, নীরবেন্দিরঞ্জন		কবিতা ৪১ ১ ৫০
কারাগারে হত্যাকাণ্ড	৩৫ ১ ৮০	দেব, মুনীতা
দাশগুপ্ত, লীনা		“প্র্যাণ-প্রে” ৩৮ ১ ৫৬
চলিষ্য মুহূর্ত	৩০ ১ ৫৭	

দেববর্মন, মানব		বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, শিবনাথ
তৈমুরলঙ্গের কান্না	৪৪ ১ ১০০	বিদেশের চিঠি
মনী, মনীষ		বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীকুমার
বৌরেশ্বর রায়	৪০ ১ ৪৪	এইচ, আর, জেম্স,—শুভি-
নাগ, চন্দ্রাবলী		তপুণ ৩৭ ১ ৩৭
চারিটি ফাণি	৪৪ ১ ২৭	বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীকুমার
নাথ, দিজেন্দ্রলাল		ঢিপ্পা ও শীত
সমালোচনা (“সাহিত্যের		বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, সমবেদনাথ
গতি ও প্রকৃতি”—নারায়ণ		বাঁশীর স্মৃত
চৌধুরী) ৪১ ১ ১৩		বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, সুপ্রিয়
নাথ, রাখালচন্দ		সমাজবিজ্ঞানের গোড়ার কথা ৩৫ ১ ৩৫
বধীন্দ্রনাথের রাজনৈতিক		বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, হিমায়
চেতনা ৪২ ১ ১৬		উপনিষদের একটি দিক
নিয়োগী, মৃচ্ছল		“বলাকা”
শেষের প্রহরে	৪০ ১ ৯	দার্শনিক কবি ডাঃ সুরেন্দ্রনাথ
পাইন, সুমীলকুমার		দাশগুপ্ত ২৮ ২ ৩
কলেজের স্তীর্মার পার্টি	৩৩ ২ ৩৯	অধ্যাপক ডাঃ সুরেন্দ্রনাথ
পাল, মনোজকুমার		দাশগুপ্ত ৩৭ ১ ৪৯
পাগল	৩০ ১ ৪৮	বর্দ্ধন, প্রণবকুমার
ছদ্মন	৩১ ১ ৩১	একটি স্বীকৃতি পরিবার
এক বলক আলো	৩২ ১ ২২	আমি পলাতক
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, অশোক		বসু, অশুরাধা
ইতিহাস	২৯ ১ ৩৬	মনে মনে
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, তপনকুমার		বসু, অমিয়
সাংকেতিক সাহিত্য	৩৪ ১ ১৬	ডোভারের উপকূল
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, দীপেন্দ্রনাথ		রামেন্দ্রহন্দুর ত্রিবেদীঃ তাঁর
শুঁয়োপোকা	৩৫ ১ ২১	স্বদেশচিন্তা ৪৪ ১ ৯
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়, প্রণব		বসু, বিমলেন্দু
“ব্যান্ডম্”	৩৪ ১ ৫১	সাধারণ মেয়ে
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়’ শ্রমীক		বসু, মালিনী
আমার ডায়েরী থেকে :		ক্রবাইয়া-ঝি-ওমর বৈয়াম
নাট্যাচার্যের সামিদ্যে ৪১ ১ ১৩		অগ্রজার বিদেশ

বস্তু, রাজনারায়ণ					
হিন্দু অথবা প্রেসিডেন্সী					
কলেজের ইতিবৃত্ত	৩১	১	৯		
বস্তু, সনৎকুমার					
মুখবন্ধ	৮২	১			
বস্তু, স্বত্ত্বাধরণ					
বোমছন	৮৩	১	৬৪		
বাংগাচী, শশাংকশেখর					
বঙ্কিমচন্দ্রের ঐতিহাসিক					
উপন্থাস	২৬	১	১		
" "					
(শেষাংশ)	২৬	২	৩৫		
রবীন্দ্রনাথের প্রথম মৃগ	২৭	১	১		
বিশ্বাস, দিলীপকুমার					
সমালোচনা (ঈশ্বরচন্দ্র গুপ্ত					
রচিত "কবিজীবনী")	৪০	১	৭৮		
বিশ্বাস, মহীতোষ					
একটি প্রত্যয়	৪১	১	২৩		
বিশ্বাস, রাজীব					
ঈশ্বরের কান	৪৬	১	২২		
বিশ্বাস, হরপ্রসাদ					
দেৱাপাণুমা	২৭	২	৭৮		
রবীন্দ্র বন্দনা	২৮	১	২২		
ভদ্র, দিলীপকুমার					
বিজ্ঞান ও বিশ্বজগৎ	৩৬	১	২৩		
গ্রন্থতির কল্প	৩৮	১	৬৮		
ভট্টাচার্য, অর্চনারায়ণ					
স্পন্দন	৩৪	১	৪২		
দিনের কবিতা	৩৫	১	৩৩		
ভট্টাচার্য, অসিত					
মিস্কুর প্রতি	২৯	১	৭৩		
ঐতিহাসিক	৩৩	১	১৪		
ভট্টাচার্য, চন্দ্রশেখর					
স্পন্দন কৌট্টস ও রবীন্দ্রনাথ	২৭	১	২৬		
আধুনিক বাংলা সাহিত্য	২৮	২	১৩		
ভট্টাচার্য, চারুচন্দ্ৰ					
আচার্য জগদীশচন্দ্ৰ বস্তু	৩৭	১	৩০		
জগদীশচন্দ্ৰ ও রবীন্দ্রনাথ	৪২	১	৩৮		
ভট্টাচার্য, দেবৈপদ					
বিভৃতিভূষণ বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়	৩২	১	৫		
যে জন আছে মাঝখানে	৩২	১	২৭		
গ্রন্থ পরিচয় ("কবিগুরু")—					
অমূল্যধন মুখোপাধ্যায় ও					
রবীন্দ্র-দর্শন"— হিরণ্য					
বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়)	৩৩	২	৪২		
গ্রন্থ পরিচয় ("উড়োচিটির					
ঝাক"—অশোকবিজয় বাহা					
ও "কোণার্ক"—বিজয়কুম্ভ					
শেষে)	৩৪	১	৫৬		
মানিক বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়	৩৮	১	৯		
ভট্টাচার্য, প্রদ্যুম্ন					
তিরিশে জামুয়ারী	৩০	২	৫১		
ভট্টাচার্য, প্রচ্ছেৎকুমার					
প্রথম ও শেষ	৩২	১	৪২		
ভট্টাচার্য, বৰণা					
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