1966

THE

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

MAGAZINE
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GIFTS TO THE COLLEGE

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

AWARDS AND PRIZES

INDEX 1940—1966
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 Commision’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
sugesttng 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 our’s 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” —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

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"cropt scrivener" to the most exalted in one gigantic knot. 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 brilliance that set the soul afame, 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

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1e.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

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* 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 write (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.

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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.

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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 Ullasakar 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 Bhusan 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-Boisserie, 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.*

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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.

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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.

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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.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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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".

\[ \text{Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale} \\
\text{Her infinite variety.} \]

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,

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 classroom, 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 classroom: 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.
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!
ON KNOWING

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

DIPANJAN RAI CHAUDHURI
Ex-student. Second Year M.Sc., Pure Physics (outgoing)

[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 \( (\text{wavelength, velocity, amplitude}) \), solidity \( (\text{intermolecular spacing, forces, stability, amplitudes of oscillation etc.}) \) 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 \( (\text{we can be precise and list coefficients and constants of physical, chemical etc. properties}) \) 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 \( (\text{mentally created}) \) 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

$$ x(i) + x(j) = x(k) $$

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

(3) $x(i) + o(i) = x(i)$ for every $x(i)$ in $S$

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

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. \( x(i) \times (j) \neq x(j) \times (i) \). (*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

\[(10) \ x(i) [x(j) + x(k)] = x(i) x(j) + x(i) x(k).\]
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 \( x = [x(1), x(2), \ldots, x(n)] \), say \( S(n) \). Consider two such sense:tuple s \( x \) and \( y \). For brevity write \( x = \{x(i)\} \).

We define

\[(1) \ x + y = [x(i) + y(i) \]
\[= [x(1) + y(1), x(2) + y(2), \ldots.]\]
\[(2) \ y(i)x = [y(i)x(i)]\]
\[and \ xy(i) = x(i)y(i)\]

*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 \( x.y = x(1)y(1) + x(2)y(2) + \ldots x(i)y(i) + \ldots x(n)y(n) \).

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 \( E \) 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 = By 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 x1 = B(y1) and
x2 = B(y2)

Then (1) x = B[y1 + y2]
= B[y1] + B[y2]

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

\[
\begin{align*}
x(i) & \rightarrow y(i) \\
(1) & \text{ seems sensible enough. } \\
(2) & \text{ needs closer scrutiny. What corresponds in essence world to the "intensity of red" we may write "i of r."}
\end{align*}
\]
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

$$x(j) = b(i1) y(1) + b(i2) y(2) + \ldots + b(ij) y(j) + \ldots + b(in) y(n),$$

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: $b(ij)$ 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 \( BB^{-1} = I \) (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 \( y = B^T x \) 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 \( c = Cb \) 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 \( B1, B2, B3 \ldots \) 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 Mallarmè 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 learned er 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 dishcartening 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 unbridgable 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 says, | That he hath been in love an houre”. 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, posses.” More remarkable are the transitions of tone in a few lines of the same poem e.g. *Lover’s Infiniteness*, *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 insensitivity 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.”
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, *deja-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.

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DEFINING THE RELIGIOUS QUEST IN OUR TIME

PRITISH NANDY

Second Year, Economics

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 (Whithead); 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
duty, those who search for the consolations of faith in the arms of Sat-sai babas and their like. So as to avoid falling between these two stools we need 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 Ouspensky would have us) nor would it do to ignore the possibilities of any systematic analysis (as, for instance, the Kierkegaardians 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, 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 appendix 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 vagueness 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 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, 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, 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, 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 outdated 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”. 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, 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) where most individual behaviour-motives are socially-oriented: the Social Ethic (as Whyte labels it) 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. 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 Macmurray 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).


3 in recent times the existential psychoanalysts have shifted their stand. As for Kierkegaardians, there are very few nowadays.


5 Professor Leuba: A Psychological Study of Religion, 1912.


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 unchartered domains of the spirit, but a quest which everyone must undertake for himself if he is to realise his full stature as a man.”


9 Oswald Spengler: The Decline of the West, tr. C. F. Atkinson, 1926.


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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.

The Structure of Religious Experience, 1936.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF WORLD HISTORY

HIMACHAL SOM

Second Year M.A., (Modern History)

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 Mohenjodaro 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 geneological 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 ardoit 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 wise-cracks 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 losing 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 wise-cracks 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.

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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 roscate 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
“নগ্ন নিজস্ব 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 Omniscent. "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 “Abhih” (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 jigsaw 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 fullness. 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.

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**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

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*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 thoroughly inclined to view twentieth-century education (justifiably?) as an activity tainted 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

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**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 up to 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 uninfected 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 tempestous outburst: "They (women) are nothing but exasperating, irritating, vacillating, calculating, 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 Renoir 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 medium, 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, emphasizing 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 sharpened. 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 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 in spite 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:**

That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred 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 fishermen 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 discomfort 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 in 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.

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COUNT CAMILLO BENSODI CAVOUR—
THE PIEDMONTESI 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 Polombieres 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 MUKHERJII  
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 every way.

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 pitously 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.
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, sickled 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 maddening 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 Nogochi

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 hems;
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 wayside 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 other's 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 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 Williamette 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. Prabasjiban 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 Roychoudhuri .. (a) Herschel Gold Medal.
(b) Saroj Mukherjee Memorial Gold Medal.
(c) Mammanathan Bhattacharya 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
Subhas 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) Thakuradas Kerr Gold Medal.
(b) Adharchandra Mookerjee Commercial Prize.
(c) Bipinbihari Memorial Prize.
Pradyotkumar Bandyopadhyay .. (a) Mammanathan 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.

Sanskrit

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

Mental and Moral Philosophy

Supriya Chattopadhaya .. Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.
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<td>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.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Zoology and Comparative Anatomy</td>
<td>Sati Makhija No Medal, Prize of Rs. 100 only. Arabinda Biswas Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Geology</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Nabendralal Basak Gold Medal and Prize of Rs. 200. Asok Basak Silver Medal and Prize of Rs. 100.</td>
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AWARDS OF MEDALS
AND
PRIZES BY
THE
COLLEGE


1. Scindia Gold Medal and Shri Arunabha Bagchi Gwallior Prize.
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

2. Scindia Gold Medal and Shri Prabhas Chandra Naskar Gwallior Prize.
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

3. Arun Sarkar Memorial Medal
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

4. Shri Charuchandra Ghosh Memorial Prize
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

5. College Prize
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

6. College Prize
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

7. Sir Charuchandra Ghosh Memorial Prize
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

8. Rai N. Dinesh Naskar Chander Pratap Prize
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

9. Kalian Debbarah Basak Medal
   Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

10. Cunningham Memorial Prize
    Name of recipient: Shri Subir N. Bhattacharya

Condition of award:
This award is suspended this year as there is no candidate fulfilling the requirements.
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</tr>
</thead>
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<td>Highest marks in Chemistry Honours among the students of the College.</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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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. Deb das 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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H. G. WELLS

— Pencil Sketch
Raj Prasad Nandy
Third Year, English (outgoing)
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 (Debate).
প্রসিদ্ধিভূষিত কলেজ পত্রিকা

প্রতিবেশী

[ রাইনার মারিয়া বিলকে—Das Stundebuch থেকে ]

অনুষ্ঠান : সুজিতশঃর চটেপাড়ায়

বিতৃত্ব, এল, এ—অধ্যমনীতি

ঈশ্বর, প্রতিবেশী তুমি,
কখনও যদি গভীর নিদ্রায় না দিয়ে তোমার দরজায়,
( তোমার নিজের শয্যা না পেয়ে )
বিরক্ত হয়ে না দেন ;
আমি যে জনি, তুমি জীবন একা !
যদি তোষা পান কেউ দেই পাতল্টিও এগিয়ে দিয়ে,
আমি যাকী পাশের ঘরেই ডাকলেই পাতে সাঁতার।

তোমার আমার মাঝে একটি দেয়ালএড়া হলে একটি মাজ কথায়
তা খাবে ওঁড়িয়ে, নিজস্ব অভিবাদনে—
—তোমারই মৃত্তিকে গোড়া সেই দেয়াল।

কিন্তু দুজনই নির্ভারক !
দেয়াল তোমর গোড়া !
ওদু আমার পাখু আগ্রাবে—
পথ হাতোর্ণ উটেপাড়ার আধারে।
আশা

শুকদেব সেন

দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ, এম্ভোর-সি—উভূতি বিষয়

মৃত্যুর শেষ সীমায় এসে
আমি গাইবো জীবনের গান,
সামনে হর্ষ
নৃতন জীবনের চেন্না নিয়ে ভাবঘ্রাস;
দূরে ওই আকাশে
রামধূর সম্পত রঙে
বক্তৃত বস্ত্রের বলিহার অভিব্যক্তি
দৌড়া করছে জীবনের জয়গান।

জীবন দেবার মহাবেত

রক্ত আছে বরে,
বহ্ন পাওয়া আশা
নিরাশার আকাশে লুত্ত হয়ে
ব্যক্তি হতে চাইবে
কিন্তু তবেও জীবনের প্রবাহে রক্ত
খন লাল মদিবাজ ফুলে গিয়ে
আগামী দিনের আগ্রহকের
মুখে একে দেবে বক্তৃত রক্তিম।
জীবনের উদ্ধামতায়
অঞ্চ সত্যের বলিহার বিপুল।
সংস্থিতা
অতীশ দাশগুপ্ত

(বিদ্যার দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ, এম.এ-ইতিহাস)

বন্দুর বাঢ়ীতে
কোনো আলোর সন্ধ্যায়
মুখের হতে নিয়ে
ফসিত আমি
দেখেছিলাম
এক আশ্চর্য নাটীর ছবি।
ছবির চেখ ছুটি আমাকে
নিবিড় করেছিল,
খুব তৃষ্ণাভরে তাই
দেখতে দেখতে মনে হোল

আমার মনে হোল
সেই মেয়ের একচোখে ভয়
মৃত্যুর,
আম চেখে আঁশা,
মেন বর্ষের মত সোনার দিনগুলো।
গ্রাম হাতের মুঠোয়।
এ মেয়ের মেন
সবাদের অক্ষরকারে
আমার আলোর চুড়ায়
মাঙ্গেকে বাঁবার
নামে আম উঠতে
আম উঠতে আম নামতে
দেখে,
নিবিড়ে হির।
গ্রে নিতে নি কলেজ গানিৰে।
অত্যন্ত পাতা ও শান্তভাবে
আমার মনে হোল
এ নারীর যেন
মহাবুদ্ধির পৃথিবী।

কোন বন্দরের ল্যাঙ্ক্ষেপ থেকে
মালবিক। লাহিড়ী
তৃতীয় বর্ষ—ইতিহাস

তখন, কলহঞ্জে বন্দর জেগে ওঠে,
অন্ধির চঞ্চল চেঁউ, কার সাড়া পেয়ে;
তীরে এলে আঘাড়ীয় অপিরাজ হরস্ত আবেগে।
দূরে, বহু দূরে, আলে। অলে অলে ওঠে বিশামাটাপার,
তীরে সংকেতগুলি শোনা যায় কার।
আর একটি যাহার গোড় তীরে।
প্রতিদিন ক্ষুঞ্জিনী একই ছবি, শহীদের, বন্দরগুলি,
জেগে ওঠে সহস্র গুৰুস্থ বন্দর,
আঘাড়ীয় গোড় তালে তালে।
কার তীর প্রতীকার থাল লোলাস্ফে ভেজে আসে।
বন্দরকর্তার মুখে নবী লাগে।
আর সেটা স্বপ্ন নয়,
নিশ্চিন্তা, লোভাদুরা, সন্তা শেষ তার,
রতিন স্থানের ঘেঁষে, পুটিতর মালাঘাট।
দূরে প্রতীকারত, আবেগ-আঘাত সব নাবিকনন্দন,
সঙ্গে আমে সম্বন্ধের থাল,
ঠোট চাঁটে, কিনের চুক্তায়।
কে ন বন্ধুরের লা ও পা পে থেকে

মধুরাং চেল হয় উদেল যেবন, নেমে আসে,

স্বাধ পালে বিদেশী-পন্যের-চোট, ঘাড়ে ও গলায়,

পালিতে কয়েকটি বুড়িদুধ,

শুধু বুলিন নামে অথবা করো কিছু মুখ হয়তো বা বুঝা দেখা যায়।

কেউ কেউ এইখানে, অতি অনগ্রতা জেনে ভেঙে,

জুড় হারায়।

এইভাবে একদিন রূপনীর ক্ষান্ত ডিইহেন্দুতে

বিদ্যার সময় ধরায়।

কথন যে বন্ধুরের কাল শেষ হয়,

আবার সে তীব্রতর বাণী বেঁধে ওঠে।

থেকে অনিশ্চিত তরে।

বাণী বাজে নানকপুরের রুকে,

রুকেও যে সাগরকান্তার।

নোঙ্গ ছাড়িয়ে নেওয়া।

অনেক উভয়ে চেল ছড়া জলায়,

আর কিছু নেই তারপর,

শুধু জল আর জল,

নীল জল, সরবরাহ মত তার মন আবেশ।

নতুন কার চুপ-চুপ প্রতিবিধ কী বন্ধকান?

কোথা ধারে দীরে, কোথায় মিলায়?

সে চেনা নগর

কথন যে দূরে সরে যায়।

ধরস্ত পশ্চিম বাতাসে

হাহাকে কার ক্ষমা ভেঙে আসে।

কোথা সে বসে মিলায়।

স্বতির উভয়ে শুধু গেলে তাকে

কানের মোনিমরী রূপে,

চিবচেনা, তবু কত অচেনা। সে

রূপনী বন্ধু।
দেয়াল

কৃদন্ত চক্রবর্তী

তৃতীয় বর্ষ—বাংলা।

খুব পরিচিত একটা জানালা উপড়ে ফেলে
ঈদ-সরকার দিয়ে দেয়াল হয়েছে সেখানটা।
মন বারবারই অশ্রুর নেন বদ্ধ নেই দেয়ালে।
কিন্তু বুঝ। ঐ দেয়ালে চোখ রেখে বামঙ্গ বা প্রজাপতি
দেখতে চাওয়া। বুঝ।

ভীষণ শুভ্রট হয় মনের নিঃশব্দে।
বারবার ফেলে আসে হারানো। বর্ষের সুর
কপিল বাড়বে।
কিন্তু বুঝ। ঈদ-কাঠ-সরকারের দেয়ালে
প্রজাপতি ধরতে যাওয়া বুঝ।

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'আমি' মৃত

জীবন্দুসুমার রায়

দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ—বাংলা।

শিরাপির করে শীতের হাওয়া। বইল বন থেকে
বনশ্রাপে। কুঁচকে গেলো পাখিওলো। ভয়ানক ঠাও।
পাঁজারা গা ফুলিয়ে নিলো। রেলগাড়ি বন্ধ। জীব
আর বাড়বেনে।
“নিজের দিকে চেয়ে”

শুভরাম্ভ দাশগুপ্ত

দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ—ইত্যাদি

অসহ্য দৃঢ়তা,
অবগুণ্ডে অনেক দৃঢ়ের বং নিয়ে
মধ্যর্থে অলস অনস হুর তোলে ।

কুতুহল পেরিতে
নিপোষিত বুদ্ধে থেকে
কল্পনালীলা হয়ে স্নাতাতার দিকে ।

আমার মধ্যে একটা তেজ, শীতে যেন ঠাঁকা হয়েছিল, আর এক শীতের ঢাকায় বার হয়ে গেলো। ও ঠেলে বার হতে চায়, কি যেন সব বক্তব্য আছে—সামাজিক, রাজনৈতিক, অর্থনৈতিকৰ বোধার যাসনা। ‘আমি’ কে কেউ রোপেনি।
শুধু মিছে কথা।
শহরের উপর দুঃখুজোগুলো। দুঃখুজো বাঁধে নিম্নায় নমেয়ার একটুকু ইচ্ছা ছিলনা। আমার, কিন্তু কি রকম নিতেই ফাল। সেগুলো আমার রুকের মধ্যে জমেতে পাগল আঁকে আঁকে, ধীরে ধীরে।
তেজ তার মধ্যে দুঃখের ছিল। আর বেষমেতে পারল না।
মরে গেলো।
শীতের হাওয়া বাজল বার থেকে বনাস্তের। এখন আমি মৃত। আমার সব মরে গেছে। সেই মরে ছাড়া।
আমিটা শীতে কুঁড়কে কুঁড়ে নিশ্চিহ্ন হয়ে গেল।
আমি কাংস্য। আমি এখন আকাশের উড়তে পারি।

“নিজের দিকে চেয়ে”

আমার মধ্যে একটা তেজ, শীতে যেন ঠাঁকা হয়েছিল, আর এক শীতের ঢাকায় বার হয়ে গেলো। ও ঠেলে বার হতে চায়, কি যেন সব বক্তব্য আছে—সামাজিক, রাজনৈতিক, অর্থনৈতিকৰ বোধার যাসনা। ‘আমি’ কে কেউ রোপেনি।
শুধু মিছে কথা।
শহরের উপর দুঃখুজোগুলো। দুঃখুজো বাঁধে নিম্নায় নমেয়ার একটুকু ইচ্ছা ছিলনা। আমার, কিন্তু কি রকম নিতেই ফাল। সেগুলো আমার রুকের মধ্যে জমেতে পাগল আঁকে আঁকে, ধীরে ধীরে।
তেজ তার মধ্যে দুঃখের ছিল। আর বেষমেতে পারল না।
মরে গেলো।
শীতের হাওয়া বাজল বার থেকে বনাস্তের। এখন আমি মৃত। আমার সব মরে গেছে। সেই মরে ছাড়া।
আমিটা শীতে কুঁড়কে কুঁড়ে নিশ্চিহ্ন হয়ে গেল।
আমি কাংস্য। আমি এখন আকাশের উড়তে পারি।
গ্রে সিডে গি কলে জা প জি কা।

কত ফসল তোলা।

অষ্টগুণ আর বলমলে আলো।
অক্ষরমিত ক্ষর নিরুক্তি দেখে।

কত মেঠু তৈরিী।

চূুঁ মরচে বংশে দিতে হবে
ধীর শিখরে কেন চোরাবালি চোক।

কত ফূল ফোটা।

জ্বর আশায় বসতাম তাম পূুণ
এই পলকমেতে স্বাদ কনিকে অমৃত।

শেষে সহনীয় বিশ্বাস

মেঠ বুঝ মেঠু ফল
অদৃশ্য।

শুধু একটি তাম।

অহুকামী।

শুধু একটি চোখ

প্রতিজ্জ।

শুধু একটি আশা।

জয়।

আরাম অলক্ষার সেই নিসন্দেহ।
অনেক তাম। আর গন্ধে ভর।
সোনালি সকল সেই পূুণ
একটি শিখা জলে আর জলে।
হয়-নয়ন করে এক সময়ে কান্তিমিত্তে এসে পৌঁছান গেল। রাত্রি তখন প্রায় নাই।
লখ আসতে এখনো অনেক দেরী। খাওয়া-দাওয়ার পর অনেকেই ঘুমছিলেন পড়লো—
—কেউ গলে মাতলা, কেউবা তাম শেলায়।
জোটের ছাদে এলাম। অথবা আপে চাঁদ আলো। অথবা: মায়াক্রান্ত রুনে চলেছে। আমার মেরা। আরও ছ' একজন ছাদে ধাড়িয়ে নাশীর রুক ঠাকুরের আলোর প্রতিরক্ষা দেখছে—ঠাকুরের উজ্জ্বলতা উপলব্ধি করছে। তারপর এক সময়ে ছেড়ে দিতে জড়িয়ে এলা যুথে।

উঠলাম খুব ভোরে। লক ছুটে চলছেন সোজা পুরুষকে। গতকাল রাত্রি প্রায়
ছুটের লকে উঠে কখন একসময় ঘুমছিলেন খোঁজ নেই। তবে আকাশে হতে
লাগেলো কেন আরো সকালে উঠলাম না—অনেক অ-দেখাই যে গেছেন ফেলে এলাম।
অকা-বাইকা নদী নালা। সংগ্রাম ও অগণ। ছুড়ার বিচিত্র গাছের সারি—নেতাল,
গায়ে, বান, গোপালপাড়া। আরও কত কি! তবে সুন্দরী গাছ এখনও চোখে পড়েনি।
আইপে পার্থী দেখছে পাঁচি অপূর্ব। দূরে বড়ো নদীতে ছুটে তীব্র। ছুফাটের বন
ঢায়ারের জলের দার ঝাপ্পাই।

জলের রুকে বিচিত্র চেউ। উচ্ছাল কেন।। সময় সময় চেউ কথা আসে, তার
বদলে দেখতে পাই ছুঁত তলর (ripple)। বিক পরিধান হচ্ছে কমাতে। ছুঁত কথা।
বিচিত্র, কথা। সামনে, কথা। বা পেচেন।

দূর থেকে কমচালু তীব্র চেউ আছে পড়ছে। আছে পড়ে পড়ে। চেউএর উপর পড়ে
সুরথশি নানারঙে সেকে পড়েছে; চেউলোকে বিচিত্র রঙে বিভিন্ন বিভিন্ন বিভিন্ন। হঠাৎ
চেউ বলে মনেই হয় না,—কে বলে চেউ বলে চিনে নিতে হয়। সত্যি চেউরের এই
বিচিত্রিতা অপূর্ব।

তেসে চলছি। আরণা প্রভৃতির সামনে প্রভৃতি অনুজ্জতি জাগে মন। চোখে
আমার ধর্ক্কাটিমা—তাই পরিবাকে দেখছি রশীন, লাগছে সুখদ। গত রাত্রিতে
জোটের ছাদে ধাড়িয়ে, আবহা-আলোয় ঠাকুরের পাশে বিকলগুলো। তাঁতকাকে দেখে কেন
বার বার বায়রের 'There be none of Beauty's daughter, with a magic
like thee..." किंवा शेलीर "And the moonbeams kiss the sea..." कथागोळा मने पडलिला?

अमी लक्षेर क्रांचे सार्जेंटचे पाल्याळ. केसम येन एका अभाव-बोध. मन-कष्टाचे काटाट कोन्दिसें?

चेल्ही. दुःखाचे गंधगोळ्याचे क्षम-परिवर्तन हजारे. नूतन गांव्याचे मध्ये गर्वन, घोडानिम एसर गोळी पडले.

बेला प्राये अटीताचे कर्नापरिणाम धूप अतिक्रम करलम. कर्नापरिणाम काळी काल्या. घाटे विराट विराट नौका बांधा. कोनेटी. काळ बोळाव, कोनेटी बोळाव हजारे.

आरो बिनंकु चल्हार पर नौदरवर्गे केसम एक दौराचे पाल्याळ एसर लक्षेर भिडलो. दृष्टांक ८-१० माइल रेगे क्रमशीत चले एसर एसर बिराम. तीरे काट धान गांव्याचे मदत कोणतेये गाव्याचे अंतर्गत. एकून दुःखी काळी कर्नापरिणाम काळ फडेळ. कर्नापरिणाम डेखे नवसुराचे काळ नागेंद्र कणामुळे काळ महागोळा बोळा. अंतुत. लयातमाह व सिरिदित्ति मांडामारी जीव; जलेच चल, काळागोळच. देखें निर्देश धान धानेन्यासे ओवरे देखा याय.

भेजलिअ चूडासू अनम्ने पूर्णे गोळी स्तंभ हजारे, एांचे नामते हवा. किन्ने ता नये.

लक्ष आरार हेचे दिली. त्येंची काळी कर्नापरिणाम काळ खेंके बनने प्रथ मदत जेने निते. आरामदेखे शाल्यने लक्ष हजारा ज्यालेहोसी. दे धूप एका अनेक दूर.

नौदर-दौरे गंधगोळ्याचे अनेक उप पर्यंत शेशकड शेखर-कर. जेले का पाशिकत्याचे गांव्याचे आक गेंदे युथे. एकाने देशाकाळे भू-भूणो भासिका युले रेगा या, पालेला नौका चेल्हे-वातावर युले उठेहे पाल. वाहनहू-दा देसेंके आमार दृष्ट आकर्षण करल उठेहे, "बंदर छाडला याजीरा सवे, जोया एसेहे, आज?

"हा." बले उठेहे आमी, "मने कसो एकेही आराम झ्युं-एडेने पाळे चेल्हे आराम." अतुत रुपा मने पडले.

लक्ष चेल्हे. याजीरा तर उत्सुक-दूरे गांव्याचे गुड़ीकें हरिण बने मने करते. किच्छू हायोराचे पर अवशेषेचे सत्य रोग्या गेले,-हरिणे केले, एकोन बालारे.

माझे माझे पाषाठी जटला देखे लक्षे रात्री पत्ते मद्यर करा हसे.-तीरे किंके एश्ले-सुंदर राज्जे चेंच-तक एसर बोळा मार्गे एक. मार्गे मार्गे हुन्ने. एक जयगात शुटी मणटाक मुक्त करा होवेली-सूलाह करा हला, किंके तीरे आरामी मणटाक-बंपत कुडा राळा गोळा.
অবশেষে হৃদির শব্দ গুলি বলে, বেশ বড়ো। কিছু এখানেও নিকটবর্তী নয়নের পরিচয় দিতে পারলেন না—বাহুল্য গুলি কর হলো মায়। মাত্রে না পারাই ভালো—আমি যেন সেই কামনাকে কবিতায়। ওয়া তো প্রকৃতির শিখ। ওই আলাদা বনামীর ক্ষেত্রে, সে বর্ণের চায়ায় কেমন হনীর ঘুরে বেড়াছে! মায়ের তো কোন কৃতি করেনি, তবে?

চর নদীর জল যেখানে তীরে আছে পড়ছে, সেদিকেতে চেয়ে সত্যি মনে পড়ছিল—

“দুর্যাস্তক্রমিত তোর
তথ্যের বাণী৷
আমারি ভাষা লবানূঘ যাত্রায়—
ধারানিখত করলেও।”

সে সবই আছে, সেই অর্থক্ষ, সেই কল্পনায়া, সেই নীল বনাজি, সেই পোড়ে চিক চিক বললোতুমি, সেই লবণায় সবই আছে,—গুঁ “তথ্যের” বললে হস্তীর, গর্গণ, গেড়া, কিংবদন্তি।

হৃদিকে করলে। বায়ে, করলে। তাইনে রেখে লঙ্কা পড়ছে। সেই গাছের নারি, সেই দৌলটের প্রতিক্রিয়া—কোন কিছুই বিপদ নেই। এতদিন জগত বলতেই কেনায় দান দেয়ারা, এ ঢিক তাই। বরমার কাজে হিসেব কিছু। মাইলের পর মাইল জগত বন। অপর এ বন তরস়ের জগত থেকে কতই না আলাদা। সামুদ্রিক বায়ু জোরে বইছে। আমরা চলছি শৈশ বড়। একটা নদীর স্বর্ণ দিয়ে। এক সময় লঙ্কের যুধ দোলানো হলো—এ নদী ছেড়ে, এক এক ছোট নদীতে তুকতে হবে। নঙ্গ আড়াআড়ি চলছে। বালতানে ও চেউনের চুলছে। সে দৌলানির মাঝার কক্ষেই বড় উঠলে লাগলো, এমন তা ‘দৌল-দৌল’ নয়। এক একবার মনে হতে লাগলো, লঙ্ক উড়তে যাবে রুনি বা। তবে সারাতের ছোট ঘটনাটি আরসে হবার।

না, না, আমি ঠিক তব পাইনি। আমি এতই ভীত নাকি? আমি হৃদি অড়কার চাইনে? চাই, বর্ণ দৌল আদার আদার আদার আদার চাই। এই বাতাসের প্রকল্প, এই উভয় তরস্ক, লঙ্কের এই দৌলনি—এ না থাকলে ভালো লাগতো। দূরি? এবার থাকার জন্তে তো আমাদের এই অন্য বিতর্কদের হয়ে উঠেছে।’ এবার থাকার জন্তে তো অড়কার জন্মে উঠেছে—ভয়, এবং অনন্য অনন্য হাত ধরার কথা। যদি লঙ্ক হয়ে যায়, থাক না। আমি জানি, আমি জানি। না; এই লবণায় তলে চূর্ণী খেতে ক্ষেতে, এই তরস্ক-তরস্ক ক্রীড়া হয়ে হয়ে, এক সময় তীরে আমি পৌঁছবাই। এবং লঙ্ক তুরির ছুটিট, মরণের সাথে লঙ্কানি কবর দৃষ্টি, তখন তাকুই মনে থাকবে।
কিন্তু সে সময়ের কোনটাই হলোনা। লক্ষ ওপাশের ছোট নদীতে প্রবেশ করলো।
ছুলায় তেত ধান, তার সীমা স্থান নেই। তবে ওগোলো যুক্ত ছোট, এমন ডাটার আঁচল ওপাশের এমন একাকীতেই অল নেই। বেলায়ুক্তি কোথাও চলে, কোথাও খাড়িই, কোথাও বা বুড়োফার-হঠাৎ মেঝের খোলায় থাকার কথা মনে পড়ে। জল দেখান তারে আঁছড়ে পড়েছে, দেখানে মাটি ও জেলের অগ্নিও খেলে দেখতে পাওয়া যায়।
বাতাশের চেষ্টা ও লক্ষের চেষ্টা-দুইয়ের মিলিয়ে এক অমুস্কৃত রথ্য চলানো পাওয়া। দড়ির মত চেউরের চট্টি করেছে—এই দড়ি বাঁধতে চেঁচে বেলায়ুক্তি।
মনে পড়লো কবিগুলো কথা—

"সমুদ্র-উত্তলে ভাকে পথচারের চেঁচে।
 দিব না দিব না যেতে। নাহি এরে কেউ...।"

এ জগতে প্রাণী-প্রাণী নিবিষ্টি সকলের একে অপরকে বাষ্পার অঙ্গে এক উদ্দীপক কেন? মৃত্যুর বাধার বুককে, বুক বাধার পত্তকে, পত বাধার পুলকে, মাঝে বুকের মাঝাকে।
কিন্তু সব বীমন ঐ নিদর্শন চেঁচের দড়ির মত শুক্র ফাল্গুনীর।
আর সেই জঙ্গেই বুকে বাড়ির কূলুকাঠ এত বেশি।

আবার হরিণ দেখা গেল। এবার একটা ছোট নয়, অনেকগুলো। চোখে বাইনোক্লার দেখিয়ে দেখতে লাগলাম 'লক্ষ তীরে ভিড়লাম। দুবুক হাতে ছাঁড়ন নেমে গেলেন। কিন্তু এবারও কিছু হলো না। কিছুকণ পরে দেখি, এক হাটু কাঁদার মধ্য
দিয়ে তারা ফিরে আসছেন।

এবার লক্ষটা সে ঝাড়গায় দুর্গলো। দেখানে জেলের কর্ষণ পরিবর্তন চেঁচে পড়ে সহজেই।
খামিতে গলা সাদা, খামিতে সরুজ।

অন্যরকম চিরসঞ্জীবন অন্ধকার—শীতকালীন দেশের গাছের মত পরশুত্র হয় না কখনও।
এটি বাসন্তক। অকাশ পরিহর। কখনো ছো এক কালী হালকা মেঝের মোকা।
আকাশগাছে চেত যেতে দেখা যায়। কতকগুলো গাছের পাতা ঝাড়ের পালা হুক হয়েছে, কতকগুলো নতুন পাতা গাছাঁছে।
বর্ষের ঘাড়ের ছাড়ও। শুরুতে জীবন-রক্ষকে
পরিধান করে যৌথের অনন্দে হেসে ওঠে, প্রাণের জর্জরা গায়।
জীবনের জর্জরা আড়িতে হয়। আজকের এই সোময় দিনটিতে, এই সোময়ে ভাসতে ভাসতে, উন্মুক্ত নীল আকাশের নীচে চলতে চলতে, কত কথাই না মনে পড়ছিল।
আমি এছাতকে ভালবাসি, তাই বুঝি ভাবান আমাকে লোকালয় থেকে দূরে, বহুপূর্বে—এই প্রোক্তির রাজ্যে বহু সেখেল সোনালী লোকে অভিষেক করলেন।
আমার সম্ভাবনা সেই পুলকের সকার হচ্ছে—বাতাস এসে আমার চুলে সোনাগুলো বুলিয়ে দিচ্ছি।
বিচ্ছিন্ন-আমি
ভাবানকে দুলায় জানাচ্ছি।
মানুষকে ভালবাসার পেছনে বেড়া আছে, গ্রামি
আছে, নিদ্রা। আছে।—কিন্তু এভাবেকে ভালবাসার মধ্যে এমনে কোনটাই নেই—সে
ফাতবাবু শর্মাইন্ডী ভাষায়, তা অনির্বচনীয়; তা অদৃশ্য অনলের উৎস। লঞ্চ চলছে আবার চলছে, যেন এ চলার শেষ হবে না কথনং।

“ঈশ্বরে বদ্ধপসাগর!” বলে উঠলেন, আমার অনন্য পরমাণুর দীনবন্ধু, হঠাৎ চক্ষে এক মুহূর্তেই চোখ কান সজ্জাগ হয়ে উঠলেন—বদ্ধপসাগর তাহলে আমাদের দৃষ্টি সীমায় এসে গেছে? ওঠ সাপার! সাপার! নে নে আমার কর্তব্যের ব্যথ! আজ সে-স্থগের কিছুটা অন্ততঃ সকল হয়েছে। নূবী-মোহানার শেষ আগ্রে, ওই দুই পাশের গাছের সারি চাঁদিয়ে, দেখা আকাশ ও পুষ্পিণী এসে মিলেছে, ওই ওপদেই তো বদ্ধপসাগর, ওখান দিয়ে, ঐ পথ পেরিয়েই তো কলকাতা থেকে জাহাজ যায় দিনাপূর্ব, মানিল, টোকিও, যায় মাত্রা, কলকাতা, নিউই, কিছু কিছু, ওমাই, একে একে হয়ে সুর্যের পথে ইটালী কি স্ট্র্যাই কিংবা ইংল্যাণ্ড?

দেনুবী মোহানা দিয়ে বদ্ধপসাগর দেখে দাচিল, তরু বীরকীয় রেখে আমার এগিয়ে চলাম। পথে একজনের দেখতে গেলাম বনবিবির মধ্যে। গোলপাতার ছাপো। কবে কোনো ভেদের দল দিয়ে গেছে, তার চিন্তা বর্তমান।

“আঠারো শৈলির মধ্যে আমি সবার মা। মা বলিয়া তাকে যে তার ছবে তাকেনা।”

(দৃষ্টি-নূবীর বীক)

বনবিবির এই উক্তি তার ভক্তদের জলে-জগলে ভরা জোয়ার। কাঠিয়া ও মধু সংগ্রাহকের বনে চোকার আগে শূল বনবিবির নয়, গালীসাহেব ও দর্শন রাতেরও পুত্রে দেয়।

আমার এক ষোল মাত্রীতে প্রবেশ করলাম। স্বদেশী গাছ অনেক চোখে পড়েছে। বিশেষ আকর্ষণীয় হলো গোল গাছের সারি। গোল গাছ দেখে গোলে পড়েছিলাম। কারণ গাছের সাথে নামের কোনো সামঞ্জস্য নেই। গাছ কিংবা পাতা-কোচাটাই গোল নয়, পুরোপুরি লাভ; দেখতে অনেকটা মাঝি গাছের পাতার মতো।

শিকারীর দল চেলো। কলামে অনেক জায়গাতেই, কিন্তু স্থিতিহীন হলো। কেনার তুমি চারিটি দলে ভাষা হয়ে চারি দিয়ে নেমে পড়লাম। আমাদের লক্ষ্য এক খাড়িতে নেওয়ার করে রইলো, স্থানাদের তাদের বন থেকে তুলে আনামে।

বেলা প্রায় ছুটে। জলের ওপরে ভাসছিল। রাতাসের দোলানিতে লম্ব হয়েছে। দুর দুর চোখ যায় কেবল গাছের সারি, কেবল নয়। আর সে বনে বয়েছে অস্থায় নীরব। বসন্ত: সূর্যবর্ণ নীরবনালাতে ভাস্কর্য—মাঝের দিকে চাইলেই তো বোঝা যায়। কিন্তু বায়ু সূর্যবর্ণ নীরবনালাতে সতা, সতা, সতার মাঝে তার একাংশেরও পরিচয় পাওয়া যাবেনা। আমার আশ্চর্য লাগছিল। এই ভেবে যে করে, লকের সারের পথ চিনে নেবে কি করে?
বিকেল হয়ে এসেছিল। মাঝে মাঝে পার্শ্ববর্তী জনগণ থেকে আমাদের শিকারীদের বন্দুকের আওতায় শোনা যাচ্ছে। দূরে গাছগুলোর তলা সব এক সমতলে । মনে হয়, কেউ ঝাঁপ দিয়ে ছেড়ে দিয়েছে। তাই আর কিছু নয়। জোয়ার জলের উত্তরাধিকারী নীরাঙ্গে।

গাছের কোন ভাল এর নীচে নামে না—তাই দূর থেকে গাছের নিঃস্বাদের শাখা-প্রশাখাকে একই সমতলে দেখা যায়।

লম্বের ছাঁদে সব ভিড় করে বসে থাকে, গল্প গুজব করছে। শিকার সমস্যার তাদের অভ্যস্ত সব জননা-কর্ম। কেউ বলছে পাচটা সুরিন মারা পড়ছে, কেউ বলছে ছাঁট।

আবার কেউরা খোশ গল্পে মশুম। কিন্তু সে সব শোনার দিকে তখন আমার খেয়াল ছিলনা।

তাতির বলতে বিষ, বেলা ১০টায় মানিং ওঠাক কিংবা তরুণের অভ্যন্তরে কি করে হয় তা আমি বুঝতেও পারছিলাম না। 

তাই হলো হরিপদের মতো কৃষ্ণ নাইনি পর্যন্ত আমার সে আবার ধরানি ছিল না যে, পাতিকাক পাকল ধূঢ় কাক হয়? তাই সে সব আলোচনায় আমি রুদ পাইনি। সুর্যের অভ্যন্তর আমার দৃষ্টি সেই দিকে।

চেয়ে আছি আর চেয়ে আছি। একটু একটু করে—হালক। হতে হতে সূর্যের মিলিয়ে গেলেন।

ততক্ষণে তবে টাঙ্গের আলোর সক্তিতে দেখা যাচ্ছে—লম্ব ছুটে চাললা তীরের দিকে।

হরিণ তাতির মারা পড়ছে। বেশ বড়া বড়া। এক একটি প্রায় ২৫-৩০ সেব। কিন্তু মায়াধীপে যে দলটি নেমেছিলেন, তাই কিবুলেন রিক হয়ে।

সঙ্গে সঙ্গে মনে পড়লো—“মায়ান বিহারীর হরিণী...” এবং তাকে ধরাবার পর যে অকারণ, তা বুঝতে চুল হলোনা।

মায়াধীপ ছেড়ে চলেছি। ফিরে চলেছি পাকিস্তানের সীমানা পেছনে রেখে টিয়ারাবালির পথে।

লেখীন বাণ হরিনের প্রধান আত্মাত।

চলেছি, চলেছি, চলেছি অক্ষরূপে।

টিয়ারাবালির তীরে সার্চলাইট ফেলতেই বেশ কয়েক ছোড়া কিংকে নৌল রেলের উজ্জল আলোর গল্পী চেবে পড়লো। ওগুলো হরিনের চেবে।

একটা হরিণ শিকারী করা হলো। অগ্রে তাক। কিন্তু হরিণ যে এত বোকা তা জানতাম না। সার্চ লাইটের তীরে উজ্জল আলো, লম্বের কর্কশ ফটো উজ্জল তুঁতু আওয়াজ—এ সব দেখে অবেগে গলালো না। গুলিটা লাগবার পরেই কোমর ভেঙে বসে পড়লো—এগারোর শেষ চেটা করলো। বলে, কিন্তু বাণ্ড প্রোয়াড। মুখ ধূঢ় পড়ে গেলো।

সার্চলাইট বললে, সার্চ লাইটের তীরের উজ্জল আলো চেবে পড়লে আর ওরা চেবে দেখতে।

চালতে চালতে অনেক ঝাঁকা হলো। বাণিজ্যের কোন এক শিকারী, তিনি নাকি মায়াধীপ লাইটের বাণ শিকার করেন। আমার অবিশ্বস্ত বাণের রঙ্গী এসেও বাণ দেখতে পাইনি। ছুঁচে গেছি। সব দিক থেকেই। কারণ বলা তো যায় আমার বাণী বাণ শিকার করতে না বাণাপাঠ মিছেই আমাদের শিকার করতেন।
ৃদ্যরবনের পথে

অম্বল পাশে সাদা আবহাও জল। দূরে কালোন, ওপরে আকাশ। অক্ষকার আকাশে তারা ফুটছে। সারের তারার আলোক লক্ষ চালাচ্ছে।

dকে দেখে ওপর উঠছিল, হঠাৎ সিংহের পাশে সরেশেগুলি করা হলিংটা দেখে চমকে উঠলাম। ওটা এখানে জীবিত; এবং মৃত্তিকায় করে তাকামী আছে। কি হন্দর বাচ্চ। হরিণটা, বোধহয় বাচ্চা বলেই এই বোকাক্তানাট্টিড়ি পালনে পরিলেনি।

নিজের দ্বিতীয় কোনকেই কিন্তু শিং নেই। বড়ো ছুটকে কাঠ হচ্ছে। কিন্তু এটা? সত্যি মহল। ধর ভাগ কালো চোখ হাঙ্গা উদাস ভাবে চেয়ে আছে।
বেশ তো ছিল। মিহিবিলি বনের মধ্যে অপন মন—ওরা তো মাঝেক আর তাড়া করতে চায়নি, তবে কি অপরাধে ওদের মুখ পতি?—ক্রুদ্ধতার ধর্ষ হলো বলবানদের, জল। হরিণকে আবৃত্তির কাঁধে করেই সব চলে।

শিকারীদের একজন হরিণ শিংটির দিকে এগিয়ে গেলেন। এবং মুখে হাস বুলিয়ে আদর করতে লাগলেন। —হাঁ, আদরই বটে। তার মাঝের কোল থেকে বিনিয়োগ নিয়ে এনে, বন থেকে তাকে গুলি করে এমন আবার আদর! সাদার মাঝের রুগি কত ধর!—
পথকে সরোবর, কি গোলাকার গুঁড়ে দেখে তাদের দৃষ্টি হয়ন—বোটা চিড়ে ফুলসামীতে এনে সানায়। এইটেই কি উচ্ছিষ্ঠ বোধ, মাঝিক নোদখ বোধ?

থেম এক একবার চুলে পড়ছিলাম। আবছি, যুমারের বায়সা করা যায়। কিন্তু চেখে পড়লো আবার সেই কাদর চাহিন। তরা গেল চুল, এক মুহুর্তই। হরিণ-শিংটা।
ধীরির রাখ প্রয়াস করেছে—রা ভেঙ্গে পড়ে বাজ্জে—তবু মুঘলে মুঘলে বুঘলে থেকে বদলা।

রাগি গায় দেড়টা। ছাদে যুমিয়েছিলাম। থম তাঙ্গলা খালবারসিদের চেঁপা মেরিয়ে।
'আর্যগায় তারা লক্ষ থামলে, পথে নানা আর সারাতলটি ফেলে জেলে ধরে অনেক কাম্পর দেখা গেল, বিশেষত শর্বরাবীতে। কুমির শিকারের উৎসাহে দেখা গেল—কিন্তু অক্ষয়ে তাড়াতাড়িতে বলস্ক পাওয়া গেলেন।

পৃথিবী লোকলন। দূর থেকে বিছুরের ডাক ভেঙে আসছে। গভীর রাগির
এ এক অপূর্ব অভিজ্ঞতা। ছাদে শয়ে নক্ষত্রচিত আকাশের দিকে চেয়ে আছি। নোদয়
করবার মোটা ঘড়ির উপর শয্যা গিয়ে লাগছে। বিচিত্র আছে কি নেই। এক বালিশে
তুম যুঘলো।
রাগির দীপের পাতায় মাঝের মাঝে দেখা গেলো, এই জীর্ণদাসরাজে হয়ে দুধঃস্ফূর্ত আশ বলতে পারতাম।
কিন্তু আজ এই শীতের রাতে, বুক কান্ত সেকে জল-হাওয়ার মধ্যে আর,
কেন্দ্রের কাঠাচ্ছিলো আঘাত ছিল।
বর্ষা একটা জলবিন্দুর আমাদের মাটি ছিল তারে।
মাটির সত্যসমারূপ কথা একবার মনে আসছিল বটে, কিন্তু সে-চিফাকে দূরে পরিয়ে
রাখবার মতো উৎসাহ আমার যথেষ্ঠ ছিল।
কখন এক সময়ে যুদ্ধের খেলা পড়েছিলাম। স্বর্ণবীর্যের নয় নথিতে যথাক্রমে থাক্ক এসেছে, তখন উধার আলো ছুটে উঠেছে। যুদ্ধের পরে ভেঙে।

বিশ্বাসী পেরিয়ে পড়লাম গোনাবায়। গোসাবাংে লক্ষ থামলে। হ্যামিল্টন টাউনের এক বহুবী ভিত্তিতে আমাদের আত্মান। পড়লে। সেখান থেকে বিকেলে বাসন্তী,— বাসন্তী থেকে পুনরায় ক্যানিং।

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সেদিনের সেই অর্থ্য অম্র আমার মিছোর-চিত্তে সে দাগ কেটেছিল তা আজও তেমনি গভীর। স্বত্ব ঘোষটি তুলে সেদিনের কথা আমার মনের মধ্যে ভিত্তিতে এসে আজও উকি দেয়। সেদিনের সেই আলোর রূপ, আহরের রূপ অনিরত্নীয় আমাদের স্বধারণ হাতে নিয়ে আজও আমার হ্রদ-যাহার অধিষ্ঠাত্ত করে। চিরকাল ওরা অঙ্গু একমনি করে। তোদের স্মরণ আছে না।

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দুটি কবিতা প্রস্তুত
অভিজ্ঞৎ মনো
বিভিন্ন বর্ণ—অবিভিন্ন বর্ণ

ইংরেজীতে একটা চতুর্থ কথা আছে, “Great men think alike”—মহৎ ব্যক্তিদের চিন্তাধারার একটা সৌন্দর্য পাড়ে। কথাটির চতুর্থতা নিয়ে অনেক বড়ো বড়ো আলোচনা খাড়া করা থেকে পারে—আপাততঃ সেদিকে তাদের দেবার চেষ্টা করে আমরা গৌরবে বাক্যতার তথ্যের কথা চাই না। তবে বিভিন্ন অর্জন দেশে এই তুমি শিক্ষা, বাংলিক, শাসনিক জাগ্রত করেন, তাদের চিন্তাধারার ব্যাপারে একটা সাধারণ মিল লক্ষ্য করা গিয়েছে, এবং সে মিল খুব সহজাত বাংলার নয়; নাড়ীর সঙ্গে নাড়ীর সম্পর্ক এবং অন্যের সঙ্গে অন্যের সঙ্গে যখন এমন একটা নিঃসূচিত লক্ষ্য করলেই স্পষ্ট চেষ্টা পড়ে। একই উৎস থেকে অধ্যায়ণ সূচনা করে পীড়াতা সেগুলো চলেছে গীতা, শিক্ষা রঙে-রঙে দুটি সেগুলো চলেছে মনের কল্পনা, ঔপন্যাসিক রচনা করে চলেছে মাঝের দৈনন্দিন জীবনের হাসিকাহাসি আলোচনা। কিন্তু কথা না। তোহার সাহিত্যে রূপান্তর করে তাকে
The poetry of earth is never dead”—\textquoteleft{}pithivir\textquoteright{} from "The Ode to the West Wind" by John Keats

Teach me half the gladness/That thy brain must know"
কোনো কোনো নেই; ধূল চালার আদেশেই সে উদ্ধারিত। নিতাকাল ধরে চলাই ধূল। তার একমাত্র উদ্দেশ; ফলে শেষ পর্যন্ত এক সর্বোচ্চ নীতি নির্দেশ অনুসারীভাবে তাঁদের গ্রাস করেছে তবে এই নীতির philosophy ব্যাখ্যায় ৮০ টি উচ্চ বেথে কোনো সত্তা ফুটে উঠেছে শেখার কাছে। এর প্রধান কারণ, ব্যাখ্যার পরিধি শেখার কবিতায় চেয়ে অনেক বিষয় এবং সুদর্শন্তাও, ফলে বহু নানা জটিলতা। কোনো বিষয় একটি তর্কে ফুটে উঠতে দেয়নি।

শেখার সঙ্গে ব্যাখ্যার কিন্তু এই অংশ শেখার কাছে বিভিন্নতে৷ তাঁদের কবিতায় নিয়মটিকে সম্পূর্বতায় গ্রাস করেছে। তাঁদের কবিতায় সঙ্গে তত্ত্বাত্মক পাঠ্য এমন নিম্নকেই বাণ বাণ বেঁচে নিয়েছে যাকে শাশ্বের করে নিন্দের পক্ষপাতেকে সে অবাক্য তুষ্ট দিতে পারে। তাই সহজ বুঝা, পান, নানা ভঙ্গুর, ছোটের, “বেশির পাশে বেশির মেয়ে”—বাণ বাণ খুব ফিরে তাঁদের কাছে দেখা দিয়েছ; তাঁদের পাঠাব ভয় দিয়ে কবির চক্ষু। ধারে বাণ বাণ উঠতে হয়ে গেছে কোনো অজানার উদ্ধে। একই কারণে অনুমতির শেষবেলা দান স্বর্গীয় শেখার এতথায়ি মুখ। শেখার কাছে ইতালীয় রৌহালোকিত অঙ্কায় নিচে শুরু অলকানম বোধহয় পুরুষর সত্তবে কামনায় ছিলো; তাঁর জীবনীর অঙ্কের পাঠায় তাঁর উপেক্ষা করেছে। আর ব্যাখ্যার দিকে, ভারতের গানের সাধ্বিক, জীবনীতি প্রভৃতি এগে কবির স্বর্গীয়ক্রিয়ার দ্বীপ ভুরি উদাহরণ আছে, তাঁর উদ্দেশ্য দেখার প্রয়োজন সম্মত। নেই।

এই সময় নানা কারণেই “বর্ষামো” সঙ্গে “Ode to the West Wind” কে তুলে। কবর দেখার কথা মন ভাঙে। বর্ষার অপরাধে সহসা একদিন যে তীর্থ যাইয়ে। এর প্রথমে এমন শীতের পুরীতীর্থ জীবনতার উপর আহরণ পড়ে, তাঁকে চুংমার করে দিয়ে দেখানো নববিদ্বনের রূপ বদন করে আবার অজানার উদ্ধে তীর্থরেখা উদাহরণ হয়ে যায়, তাঁর চেয়ে বড়। reformer আর কে আছে! সেই টাইটেই অবলম্বন করে এই দুই স্রীমতী তাঁদের কবিতাতিবাগে উঠতে করে দিয়েছেন। কবরে কবর কবর পেছে সেই চিন্তার দিনে এগিয়ে গেছে, কোথায় তাঁদের সুর্দৃষ্টি ও পার্থক্য, তাঁর চিন্তা করার চেষ্টা হয়নি। বর্ষামো লেখকের পক্ষে কিছুটা খুষ্ট। তবে সহায়হৃদয়ীল পাঠক তাঁকে নিশ্চিত হ্রাস করেছেন, সেই তর্কাতেও এই একদিন লিখতে বেশি।

“বর্ষামো” কবিতাটিকে বাংলা ভাষায় প্রকাশিত বহুপ্রাচীন বাষ্যতন্ত্রীর মধ্যে বিস্তারিতভাবে এখন অনলয় দেখায় উপরে। ব্যাখ্যার শেষ সুস্থিত এবং রাজালোকিত বিশ্বদেবী বা জীবনীলেখা এখনের গুরুত্বপূর্ণ অবনীত হয়েছে। কথাপ্রত্যেকে ‘কল্পনার’ মূল হয় এবং ‘বর্ষামো’ কবিতার মূল হয়ে উন্নতের পার্থক্যের কথা নির্বাচিতভাবে এসে পড়ে। ‘কল্পনার’ কবিতাটিকের সমান সৌন্দর্য্য এসে কেন্দ্রীভূত হয়েছে তাঁর চিত্রনে। কবি ধূল বহির্ভিত্তিক সূচনানাতেই এখানে উদাহরণ হয়ে
Prometheus Unbound" and the theme of reforming the world. "Ode to the West Wind" and the theme of celebrating the spirit of the West Wind. These themes are closely related to the idea of reform and progress.

1822 সালে ভূতের নিদর্শন করেছিলেন অপহরণ-যুদ্ধক; আর তার প্রায় আট দশক পরে ১৮৩২ সালের ৩০শে চার্লসের সময়ে এক উভয় ব্যাপার মধ্যে ব্রীজনের কল্প জন দিয়েছিলেন। "বর্ষেশেকে"। অর্থাৎ ব্রীজনের সাধন তখন দৃষ্টান্ত হিসেবে একটি অভ্যন্তরীণ উদাহরণ হয়ে পড়ে এবং তিনি ব্যাপক করেছেন যে সে সময় তিনি অভিনেতা ছিলেন না। এই সৃষ্টি তুলে ধরে অনেক সমালোচক তাই এগুলো তুলেছেন —তবে কি ব্রীজনের চেয়ে শেষ মহাত্মা? ব্রীজনে কি শেষের দ্বারা প্রভাবিত, তার চেয়ে নিম্নান্তর। "Ode to the West Wind" এর সংগে কাব্যগুলির বিচারে কি "বর্ষেশেকে" একান্তে বসবাস অতিরিক্ত যা?

কিন্তু এই অভ্যাসের দিকে ব্রীজনের মত বিশ্বাসিত করিকে অথবা হের করে দেখাও অপচায়। শুধু অন্তর্জাতিক নয়, দক্ষিণ এবং প্রতিপালনাধীন সমস্ত বিশেষিত বেদনা তুলনা। তখনই করা হয় যখন তার সম্পর্কে তাই কেন্দ্র "বর্ষেশেকে" এবং "Ode to the West Wind" প্রকৃতির ভাবে পরিপূর্ণ পাশ দিয়ে মনবন্ধু তার প্রতিক্রিয়া—হের করিকে অভ্যাস, কিন্তু তার ব্যাপক মনবন্ধু এবং জ্ঞানসাধারণের ওপর তার প্রতিক্রিয়া—হের করিকে অভ্যাস.
"Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!"

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?
শেষ টিউসামিট। সেরে প্রতুল ধন পরাহত মর্ম মত টলতে টলতে তাদের ২১এর বি নিবিড় দেখ বাই লেনার্ড ইরাণ জবাব এদে যা দিল তখন ও মেজ বোন নীর দরজাট। খুলে দিয়ে দাদাকে একটা প্রচোদ বিশ্বয়ি বাধিয়ে দেবার কোঠুকে উৎসাহ ভের বললে “জাণিয় বড়দিন মা না আঁক হরে হাসপাতালে পেটে।” কথাগলো কেউটের ছবিলের মত বিনিয়ো দিলো প্রতুলের, সমস্ত অস্যগলো তার উন্নয়ন করে বেঁধে উঠল একদশ।
প্রতুলের ইচ্ছে করল ঠাপ করে একটা চড় কথোয় দেখ ঐ বোঝা মেনেটার পালে।
বিরঞ্জিত বিখ্যায় শুলিয়ে উঠল তার রাগ। একটি কথাও না বলে মিজোর দেহাটাকে কোমহের টানেতে তানেতে ও ভাবে। অক্সার খুজরীর মত ঘরানাটে নিয়ে গিয়ে তবাপের শুরু আছে নূব ও জীবনের প্রতি জমে ওঠা। তার বহিণের বিভূতকর।
একটী অভিজ্ঞেয় স্বপ্ন মোচক ওর দেহাটাকে দুর্দমের মত বেঁচে দিয়েছিল।
কথাগলো বিখ্যাত চিঠার কিলবিলে হিংলো কোটে ওর মনটাকে কেন কুর কুর কাটেছে। অন্য
লাগছিল তাঁ। মা হাসপাতালে গেছেন—কথাটা আবার সেপ্ট হয়ে উঠল—তাঁর নবম সপ্তাহের জন্য দিতে, এই দৈনিক সংসারের একটা বাড়তি গ্রামের অবহিত সময়কাল করতে।

গুলুলার সমৃদ্ধি মিলিয়ে আটজন ভাইবোন, ওদের বাবা গোপনবাবু মাতোয়ারীর পদতলে থাকে। লেখেন, তাঁর সেই একমুখ। আঘাতের ওপর একটা গ্রামের ঘড়ি। নেই।

তাই একটা পাঁচ করে গুলুলাকে চাঁদবার নিজে হয়েছে তাঁর সময় বলতে পারতে ওড়িয়ে গেলের—গ্রামের প্রফেশনাল ক্ষেত্র—খানাটার উদ্দেশ্য তো করতে সময়। কিন্তু তুর্কু সংস্কারে সাতালতাটা আসে কই? একটা উষ্ণ সতর্ক সবসময় যেমন ওদের জানতে হয় রয়েছে। ওরা পেট পুর হবে এখান থেকে পায় না, পরে তাদের একটা আঘাত কাপড় কোটেনা, বোঝা হলে তালামত চিকিৎসা হয় না, ছেলেমেয়েদের লেগাপড়া। শেখানোর কাজে যেমন শুভকামনা বলে মনে হব, সাহায্য। তিন সেগুলো পথ পথে কাঠে বেঁধে, সাম-ট্রামের তলা থেকে উঠে আসে, মারিকা কাছে মারিকার গায়।

ইতেমের মত বাপ মা ভাই-বোনদের গল্পগল্প করে অথচ গুলুলার একদা ধর্মনিষ্ঠ দুইহাসত্ত্ব বলিয়া পরিচিত ছিল।

বিশ্ব শতকের দ্বিতীয় বিশ্বযুদ্ধের গোষ্ঠী গেছে এবং নিক্ষিপ্ত হয়ে মুছত হাতে একনিষ্ঠ।

এই সময় কি দরকার ছিল ঐ গ্রামটায়। সেফল্য এমনি অপূর্ব কলাপরিহিত অশ্লীল জীবনী হয়ে পরিণত হবে একটা দুর্লভ অমায়াছে।। ওটা মরে গলেই সেন মনো। ছিল ছি এক কথা ভাবছে সে—এ অভাবী এ পাপ ঘৃণায় পাপ। বিভু সামু সিলার মত সেও ত একজন, ওদের মত সেও ত তাঁর কাছে মেহের দাঁড়ী নিয়ে থেকেছে।

গুলুলার চোখ বুজুড়ে ভাবতে চেয়ে কেবল একটা সতর্ক একক শিশু শিশুরী—একজন তুলুলুলে মানুষের পুত্তলি যেদে হাত পা কারিগরে কারিগরে করিয়ে দেয়াল। করতে, ওদের গায়ের গল্পে কেবল সেনকে একটা মানবতা থাকে, গায়ে নাক গুচ্ছে নেটেকে ওকলে স্বাস্থ্য চিকিৎসায় সেনকে একটা যৌবন বিশ্ব হবে, যেমন যেমন কোন দুর্বলী দোলালী রৌদ্রীর মধ্যে হাঁটিন পথে হাঁটায়। কিন্তু কই গুলুলার জন্য করে তাঁতে পারে।

মেহের স্বাস্থ্য চিকিৎসায় কেবলই ঘৃণায় করতে। উঁচু, এমন এই প্রত্যাশা। ঈশ্বর ঘোথাই তোমাকে, এ গ্রামের তুমি কান দিবেন। তুমি তাঁকে স্বাস্থ্য বাঁচিয়ে রাখে। না না দেখে। না। চিন্তা চিন্তা। হে ঈশ্বর একথা তুমি জন্মেন না, তাঁকে দীর্ঘ পরামর্শ দাও। না না কর্মনা দিবেন। হয় দাও না দিও না। হয় দাও। না নির্দেশ না। না না না।

ও ঈশ্বর, ঈশ্বর। আমি আমি ভাবতে পারি না। অনন্য বিশ্বাস ছিল ঘড়া পড়েছে মাথা।

গুলুলার তোমার অনেক কেন হলে? কেন তুমি তোমার সমগ্র হৃদয়ের মধ্যে একক ভালোবাসার, এককটা সুখ-হুমকির প্রত্যাশায় মিছি তোমার মনের মধ্যে হাটিয়ে দেবার কথায় সেখানকার সর্ব কোমলতা কখন মিসাড়ে শিকে গেছে, পৃথিবীর কলে অলটঁ ঘড়ে ফেলছে।
একটি নির্দুল মস্তক দখল। বুকফাটা শুকনী আরামটি? অথচ তুমি নাকি একটি বরাবরাথ অনুভব করতে ভালোবাসেন, বায়নীকে পাশে বসিয়ে গায়ের ধারে উত্তরাধীকে তুমি পৃথিবীর জাতির হাতে মাত্রাদি বসিয়ের উর্দে তোমার মনের কিছু প্রশ্ন হেক্টে নিজের আত্মিয়স্ত্রাঙ্ককে শ্রদ্ধের সাথে যাত্রায় তোমার কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে ভাইটের দিনের ভালোবাসে গায়ের কর্তিতিতে উঠতে হয়ে বলে অন্যরাই গায়ের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে শান্তির উত্তরাধীকে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে কিছু প্রশ্ন হেক্টে নিজের আত্মিয়স্ত্রাঙ্ককে শ্রদ্ধের সাথে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে শান্তির উত্তরাধীকে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে কিছু প্রশ্ন হেক্টে নিজের আত্মিয়স্ত্রাঙ্ককে শ্রদ্ধের সাথে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে শান্তির উত্তরাধীকে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে কিছু প্রশ্ন হেক্টে নিজের আত্মিয়স্ত্রাঙ্ককে শ্রদ্ধের সাথে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে শান্তির উত্তরাধীকে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে কিছু প্রশ্ন হেক্টে নিজের আত্মিয়স্ত্রাঙ্ককে শ্রদ্ধের সাথে তোমার মনের কর্তিতি ভালোবাসতে 

বাইরে থেকে ভেসে আলা গোলা দেনের উৎকট হবার, পাশের ধনবদীর ভাইবোনদের মিল চিকাকের তাতর অর মনের দুর্গন্ধ বিষাক্ত সবুজ মিলিয়ে প্রজ্জাতকে মনে মনে করাই বারাবার মনে করিয়ে দিতে লাগলে। সুবাসঃ তার মন রি রি করে ভুল। কার প্রতি এই সুবাসঃ। নিজের জন্য, না ঐ নয়,তাতর সহায়ের যোগ্য, নাকি ঐ পরিবারের সদস্যদের প্রতি নয় কি এই যোগ্যতার প্রতি, ঐ সমাজের প্রতি প্রতি নিজেই তার বুদ্ধি হন কেন। কই সারা স্বর্ণকে অপরকের রাত্রে এক বাবল আলা পলেলে বসা দেয়ালটাতে যেসু মুখ থেকে পড়েছে। সেই আসলে দেখবার হিংসবিহি আচারগুলো যেন এক একটা বিকটদশ আনতিতে দুঃখ জীবন্ন হয়ে উঠেছে বল মনে হয়। প্রতুলের ইচ্ছে করলিন দারুণ একটা বিশ্বাসের করতে। একটা প্রতি বিশ্বাসের কেটে গিয়ে সমস্ত বিষয়গুলোকে চেনা করে নক্ষত্র করে দিতে। কিন্তু পারে না সে। দেয়ার ঐ বেঞ্চালোকে দেখে তার ভয় করে, তীব্র ভয় করে, একবারে মনে হয় শাংখ ভয়। একটা অন্তর্নিক্ষিতে উদ্ভাবন করে তার মন। সে পালিয়ে পাতে চায় দুরে, অনেক দূরে, সমস্ত পরামর্শ করে পেরিয়ে একটা নিদর্শ্ব পরিবর্তনের আশায়।

পাশের ধনবদীর বুকফাটা তলাকার গুলোবালি মেঝেতে ঘরে ঘুমোয়িকে করে চিন্তা করে চিন্তা ওঠাতে প্রতুল রুমেলা বাচা ফিরেছেন। তার উচ্চে ঘরে ইচ্ছে করছিল না। তবু সে উচ্চে ঘরে ওঠে এসে গুরুত্ব দত্তা। গোকন্দবালি গুরুত্বের নিকট চাইলে প্রতুল। কোন অভিযান প্রাঙ্কে প্রেম পান না, একটা নিখীর নিরাপত্তা সমস্ত অনুতানের কুশি কেঁদে নিয়ে গেছে। এই কথা বার্তা জীবনের তাত অহুতির সমস্ত ভোষনকে কুশি কেঁদে নিয়ে গেছ। “না এখন কেমন আছে?” অনেক চেটা করেও প্রতুল প্রসার হত্তাকে সাহায্যিক করতে পারল না। প্রাণীকাণ্ডী শ্রীবাল শ্রীবাদ
হিন্দুদর্শন এবং আধুনিক পদার্থবিদ্যা

বিকাশ কুমার দাশ
৩য় বর্ষ, পদার্থবিদ্যা

দিলীপ কুমার গোস্বামী
৩য় বর্ষ, পদার্থবিদ্যা

আপাততঃ দর্শন এবং বিজ্ঞানকে সম্পূর্ণ ব্যতীত এবং পারস্পরিক সম্পর্কবিহীন বলে মনে হয়। কেউ বা এদের পরস্পরবিরোধী বলেও মনে করেন।

বৈজ্ঞানিক মতবাদের ভিত্তি পরিক্ষিত সাধারনত সত্য। দেশ-কাল-পাদকের ওপর নির্ভর করে না। পক্ষাবলী, ধার্মিক মতবাদের সত্য। যুক্তি-তর্ক, বিচার-বিশ্লেষণের ওপর প্রতিষ্ঠিত এবং বাক্যাংশ সংকলন, মতামত ও বিশ্বাসের ওপর নির্ভরশীল। এতে তাত্ত্বিক দার্শনিক মতবাদের সত্য। নির্ভরের বুদ্ধিগত সৌন্দর্য। ধার্মিক সত্যের সত্য। অহংকারের সাধারণ অহংকারের অহংকার। অহংকার ব্যক্তিকে যুক্তি-তর্কের সহায়তায় তার সত্য। নির্ভর করতে হয়। তাত্ত্বিক যুক্তিগত আদার তা খোল করাও সত্য। কিছু, বৈজ্ঞানিক মতবাদসমূহ, অহংকারিত্বিনির্দেশ

নিবিড় মল্ল এবং আধুনিক পদার্থবিদ্যা

করে বেঁধে উঠল। ভাইবোনগুলো নিঃশেষে মরে ধাঁড়িয়েছে ওদের শানকে। তাদের মারা মুখে একটা অনাঙ্কন্তে অঘাতের উৎক্ষিত ধরনের কাগজে।

"আলোই আছে।" নিরামল কথা গোলিয়ানার শর্ম ছিলেন। তাদের সময়ের।
একটা মূর্তির সিঁড়ি, বিকি গোটার বাঁকা, কাগজে মোড়া। কিছু মৌতের আগে।
হাত থেকে টেবিলের ওপর নামিয়ে রাখতে রাখতে তেমনি নিষিদ্ধকরণ বললেন। এবারে
একটা ছেলে হয়েছিল, কিন্তু বাচলে না।

ভাইবোনগুলো খেল কুঁকড়ে মিউড়ে উঠল। পুলিশের বুক ঠেলে একটা
খোলার নিঃশেষে নিঃশেষে গেয়ে এলে। তার আগে আগে।
বিশ্বয়ে চমকিত হলে। সে—ইতি আজো তাহলে মনে কথা অনুতে পান !!!

হিন্দুদর্শন এবং আধুনিক পদার্থবিদ্যা
এবং পরীক্ষিত সত্যের ভিত্তিভূমির ওপর গড়ে ওঠে। তাই এগুলো সার্বজনীন ও ব্যক্তিনিরপেক্ষ।

লাল তাই না, উচ্চতার গাছিত অধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের ভিত্তিমূলক বহুল কর্মজীবনে।
কিন্তু, দার্শনিক তথ্যায় বৃহৎ গাণিতিক সমাধান-নিরপেক্ষ। পরস্পর, তার সাধারণগাণিতিক নিয়মের ও সংস্কার মানে না।

"বিজ্ঞানের আলোচনা বিষয় জগতিক বস্তু সকল, পক্ষান্তরে দশনের আলোচনা বিষয় নিয়ে ও শেষ শন্ত। দর্শনের প্রতিপাদ বিষয় দেশকালের সীমার উচ্ছেদ অভিমুখ।"

কিন্তু আমার। যেন বিশ্বাস না হই যে বৈজ্ঞানিক মতাদর্শতা মূলতঃ পরীক্ষিত সত্যের ভিত্তিতে প্রতিষ্ঠিত হলেও, কতকগুলো মৌলিক ধারণা ও বিষয়ের ওপর নির্ভরশীল।

নতুন কোন বৈজ্ঞানিক মতাদর্শই পরবর্তী সময়ে পরিবর্তিত ও সংস্কারিত হত না।

আবার, প্রত্যেক চিন্তার বস্তু সঙ্গে কতকগুলো রাজ্যত্ব বা নিজস্ব চিন্তাধারার যোগ থাকে—যে কারণে বিভিন্ন চিন্তাধারা ব্যক্তি একই বস্তুকে বিভিন্ন দৃষ্টিকোণ থেকে বিচার করেন।

তাছাড়া দর্শন ও বিজ্ঞান উভয়ই বিশেষ চিন্তন সত্যের সমাধান। এ ব্যাপারে উভয়ই বিশারদ, বিবর্ণনা ও যুথের মাধ্যমে আলোক হয়। প্রতিপাদের সূত্রপাত কর্মপ্রণালী

tাও নিশ্চয়ই অনুসরণ হবে। যে দর্শন জগদ্ধাতৃত তত্ত্বের নিয়মে জগতের মাঝে নেমে আসবার চেষ্টা

করেন। অগ্রদূত, বিজ্ঞান জগতিক বস্তুনির্ণয়ের বিষয়ের মধ্যে দিয়ে বহুবিধ মাধ্যমে একসাথে প্রয়োগ। জানের ছুটী দিকু আছে—অথবা সামাজিক জান এবং কিছু বা অস্বীকার।

জানের পূর্বাভাসের জন্য ‘থাক’ ও ‘থাকে’ এই দুই প্রকারের জানেরই

প্রয়োজন। দর্শনের সামাজিক দৃষ্টি এবং বিজ্ঞানের বিবর্ণনী দৃষ্টিযোগ্য এক পূর্ণ সত্যসজ্জিত

পদক্ষেপ অপরিহার্য। "একটি পালনীর ছুটীটি ভাবার মত যেন এক অথবা সত্যের ছুটীটি দিক।

দর্শন ও বিজ্ঞান পরস্পরের পরিপূর্ণ।"

বিজ্ঞান ও দর্শনের মধ্যে দৃষ্টিপথ ও বৈদগ্ধয়ের কথা উল্লেখ করা হয়েছে। সাহায্য

tের পূর্ববর্তী বিদ্যালী ধার্মিক মতবাদসমূহের মধ্যে হিন্দু দর্শন যে সর্বন্ত্রতা একথা

অনুসারীকৃতি—কারণ, প্রাগৈতিহাসিক যুগেই হিন্দু দর্শন যে পৃথিবীকে ও বিশ্বেরের

অমূল্য্য বাণী বিশ্ববিদ্যা নির্দেশ করেছে তাতে বিদ্যায় অভিত্ত হত হয়।

এখন, আমার। দেখুন যে ভারতীয় ( হিন্দু ) দর্শন ও অধুনিক বিজ্ঞানের মধ্যে কত

সংঘর্ষ সম্পন্ন বিভিন্ন।

এই বৈচিত্র্য বিশেষ মূলে রয়েছে বস্তু ও শক্তি। বস্তু কর্তার দৃষ্টিকোণের সাহায্য ও বিচিত্র শক্তির ক্রিয়াকারীদের সহায়তায় গড়ে উঠেছে বিপুল এ বিষয়। এই

মৌলিক পদার্থগুলো আবার গঠিত হয়েছে কতকগুলো পর্যায় সংযোগে। বিভিন্ন
মৌলিক পদার্থের পরমাণুগুলো ভিত্তি হলেও তাদের মূলে রয়েছে আবার কয়েকটি মৌলিক কণিকা (fundamental particles) যথা প্রোটিন, নিউট্রন ইলেকট্রন—যারা অভিভাবক ও নির্ধারণ বলে আচরণ করে। এই মৌলিক কণিকাগুলোই নিজেদের মধ্যে সংযোগ ও বিভাগের তত্ত্বে ঘটে হয়েছে বিচিত্র সব পদার্থ। কারণ প্রমাণিত হল যে বিজ্ঞানের যাবতীয় বস্তুই মূলতঃ এক ও অভিভাবক।

আবার গ্রন্থের অধ্যায়ে এই জাতীয় শক্তির আধার। প্রোটিন, নিউট্রন পারস্পরিক বোঝাপড়ার মধ্যে দিয়ে পরমাণুর বুদ্ধিসম্পদের অভিভাবক করে মূলে রয়েছে বিপুল এক শক্তির সক্ষমতাকে। পরমাণুবিভাগ বিশেষ যা সংযোগে আমরা সেই শক্তির অবিভাবক বা অস্ত্রাত্মা গ্রন্থের কার। “তাই প্রতিষ্ঠিত জ্বর্ণের একমাত্র উপাধি আধ্যায়ে জ্যোতি প্রমাণিতের চাহুড়া আর কিছুই নয়”।

পরিবর্তনশীল এই অভিভাবক আমরা শক্তির বিচিত্র ক্রিয়াকৃতির সঙ্গে সংশ্লিষ্ট। বিদ্যুৎ, তাপ, আলোক, চোখ, শব্দ, রাসায়নিক প্রক্রিয়া বিভিন্নক্রমে শক্তি আমাদের নিকট আত্মপ্রকাশ করে। শক্তির এই বিচিত্র অভিসম্পদে মূলতঃ অতি নিষ্ঠ সফল বর্তমান। একশতি অশুটিকে বিশ্বাশ হয়। এখানে নয়, এই রূপান্তরের সময় শক্তির মধ্যে যথেষ্ট নিয়মশুদ্ধতা ও অশুটাত্ম যুগোত্রী আমাদের পরিচয় পাই।
রাজন এই হিতে অত্যন্ত কারণের শক্তিতে রূপান্তর স্বর্গায় এক নিষিদ্ধ অসুচিতি সাধিত হয়। তাই বিশ্ব শক্তির উৎসও এক।

আবার, আইনট্যাঙ্গুলিতে মিশিত বিজ্ঞানীণ প্রমাণ করলে যে বন্ধ ও শক্তি মূলতঃ অভিভাবক। হতে বিষ্ণুর সময় বন্ধ ও শক্তি মূলতঃ এক ও অভিভাবক—উৎস তাদের এক। অর্থাৎ এই বিশ একেরই প্রকাশ।

বস্তুকের গবেষণায় পর পা নতুত বিজ্ঞান যে নিষিদ্ধে উপনীত হয়েছে, তা হিন্দু দর্শন বস্তুকে পুরুষেরই বিদ্বাহরণ করে বোঝানো করে—

“সর্ব বিশ্বের ভঙ্গ”

—অর্থাৎ বিষ্ণুর যাবতীয় বন্ধ ও শক্তিই রেখে প্রকাশ। বিজ্ঞানীণতাতে ও বিশ্বের চরম কথা। এই সর্বজ্ঞানীন, সার্বজনিক দার্শনিক ও ব্যবহারিক সত্তায় অনুসরণীয় হলে পৃথিবীর সকল মানবেরের নিম্নদূর-চর্চা সত্য। এই সমগ্র সমান্তরে সাধারণ অনুপ্রাণিত হলে পৃথিবী মহাকাশের আগার হয়ে উঠে। সর্বত্র মানবজাতি বিশ্বের বদনে আমাদের সমস্যার ভিত্তিক হয়ে এবং নিজেদের মধ্যে সকলপ্রকার বিজ্ঞান-বৈশ্ব তুলে গিয়ে এক মহাজাতি গড়ে তুলবে।

—পুরুষ থেকে পৃথিবীর উপাদে কিভাবে হল বিজ্ঞান তা অনেককাল আসেই গ্রানীতুলে।

সেই দর্শন প্রক্ষেপ ভয়কর অর্থের কল শত শক্তি বিশ্বের মধ্যে দিয়ে ধরণীতে
পরিণত হল। প্রকৃতির হস্তের পরিবেশ আবাহন জালাল নব্যগুণের গ্রন্থের অভ্যাসের কারণে।
দিকে দিকে মাটিত হল বিশ্বাস। তাইতর বীের বীের প্রাণের মধ্যে মনের ও মূখের
ফুল দেখা দিল, যা হল মায়ের। শক্তির কৌশল উপলব্ধি হলে।
কথ স্টহ ও প্রলয়, উদাহরণ ও পতনের মধ্যে দিয়ে এগিয়ে চলেছে এই মহাবিশ্ব।
সৃষ্টি ও সংহারের সেই চিরায়ত চিত্র। আমাদের এই জগত নিয়ম গতিশীল, নিত্য
পরিবর্তনশীল।
এই পরিবর্তনশীল বিশ্ব স্টহ, চিত্রি ও প্রলয়ের বিচিত্র লীলা চলে। তথাপি এর
অভীত, বর্তমান ও ভবিষ্যতের উদাহরণ পতনের, পঞ্চ ও শ্রীর মধ্যে রয়েছে এক স্তম্ভ
যোগসূত্র, এক সংস্করণ তাই। অভীতের অস্ত যোগসূত্রের মধ্যে এই বর্তমানের শুধু ও এই
বর্তমানের অপূর্বত্ব ভবিষ্যতের বীের নিহিত। তাই এ তিনটি সম্পূর্ণ ভিন্ন নয়, পর্যায়
যুগ ও নিজস্ব। “এই সামাজিক চীতিদের মধ্যে ষে একশের দোষ, তার অবশ্যই
একটি প্রাণকের আছে। এই প্রাণকের অন্তর্ণিত আত্ম। আমাদের মূলধ্রু ও
অন্তর্দ্রুীর যাত্রায় মূলত ও শক্তি এই মহানু ধর্মকের বা প্রাণকেমের অভিব্যক্তি এবং
তৎক্ষণ্ঠ বিশ্ব ও নিজস্ব।” এই মহাশিক্ষক বোধ করানোর উল্লেখ অথবা জড়
পদাতন। হেমন ইন্দিক এবং চীতত্ত্ব। এই মহানু প্রাণকেমেই হিন্দু
ধার্মিক পালন হলে তাহ বলেছেন।
কেহের মুখ রোধ দিয়ে চীতত্ত্ব প্রাণকেরের কথাই ব্যাস্ত
হয়েছে।

“ন হয়তে মিলিতে বা বিপিনিন্‌
নামে কৃত্রিম গৃহূ কৃত্সা।
অজ্জন নিত্য শায়তানেরপুরি না
ন হতে হেমনে শরীরে।”

এই তৃণ জামাইন্ন, নিত্য শায়ত ও পুরাণ।
বিজ্ঞানের অভ্যাসের অন্ত এই মূলশক্তি শীতের লাগ ত' করেছেই, এমনকি তা
চীতত্ত্বের কাছে কাছে এছাড়াও ঝড় ঝড় ঝড় ঝড় ঝড় ঝড়েছে।
এদিন প্রাণ মূলশক্তিয়ে চীতর মূলশক্তিকে মনাশের মধ্যে তুলনা করেছেন।
সার জীবনের কীন্তু সাহসের মতে, বিশ্বের মূলশক্তির মধ্যে অবশ্য প্রাণের বিশেষ জ্ঞান
অর্জন করছিলেন। এই বৃহৎ মূল চীতিকাশ্মূর্তি ও মূলশক্তির লক্ষণ নিজস্ব—তাঁতাঁ
আবার চীতত্ত্ব ও পুরাণ নিজস্ব। তাই মূলশক্তি অবশ্যের জ্ঞানের বিশেষ মনাশের বিশেষ
চীতত্ত্বের একটি বীের তাঁতাঁ হল।”
শক্তি সংখ্যাগত: নিয়ন্ত্রণ মনে চলে, কিন্তু তার বল শক্তি সংখ্যা নিয়ন্ত্রণের বর্ণনা মনে না। কখনও কখনও শক্তি নিয়ন্ত্রণ উৎসর্গ করে নিয়ন্ত্রণ হতায়নের পরিচয় দেয়। উপরাখ্যাত, পদার্থবিজ্ঞানের কেয়েকটি রহস্যের কথা উল্লেখ করা যেতে পারে।

বিজ্ঞানী প্রদর্শ হাইসেন্ট্রের অনিশ্চিত্ব আদেশ (Uncertainty principle) অনুযায়ী মৌলিক কার্যকারিতার বিভিন্ন (position) ও তর্কের (momentum) এককালীন শুঙ্গ নিষ্কাশন বিষয়ে এসকল নয়। কিন্তু এই অস্পষ্টতা একটি মহত্ত্বপূর্ণ নিয়ন্ত্রণ করা যায়, অন্তত নিষ্কাশনের অনিশ্চিততার পরিমাণ ততই কমে যায়। বিভিন্নতা ও তর্কের এককালীন শুঙ্গ নিষ্কাশনের প্রক্রিয়া এই বাণ্ডে এক হিসেবে মৌলিক কার্যকারিতার চাঁদভূমি। অন্তর্ভুক্ত হয়।” (বৈজ্ঞানিক বলতে এখানে দেখো হীর্ণচাঁদের বোধগম্য।)

শক্তির বিভিন্ন ক্রিয়াকলাপের মধ্যে মনে নিয়ন্ত্রনের বাতিক্রম পরিলক্ষিত হয়।

- মাক্রোস্কোপিক বিশ্ব (Macroscopic world) শক্তির নিয়ন্ত্রণ এককালীন নিয়ন্ত্রণের দেধি—আবার স্বজ্ঞ।
- মাসক্রোস্কোপিক বিশ্ব (Microscopic world) তাত্বিক প্রকাশ্যের নিয়ন্ত্রণ। শক্তির এই বিভিন্ন সমাপ্তির হীর্ণের হয়।

এটিতে, বিজ্ঞানীর দর্শনের মধ্যে অসংখ্য পরমাণু ইলেকট্রন ভঙ্গ বা উঠাপনের চাইন। প্রভাব একটি মহত্ত্ববান করা পরিবর্তন করে। ইলেকট্রনের এই অস্তুতে অচেতন অস্তুতিতে প্রকৃতি বৈজ্ঞানিকগণ পরমাণুর অস্তুতার অনুভূতি অখ্যায়ন করেন (“চেতনা” এখানে ব্যাপকরে ব্যবহৃত), কারণ চেতনা ছাড়া বাছুর ইচ্ছা বা চেষ্টা সম্ভব নয়।

বিষয়ের মূলে যে একই শক্তি কাজ করে চলেছে—হিন্দু দার্শনিক ও বিধিবিশ্র তার অনেকাংশে অনেকেই উল্লেখ করেছেন। পাঞ্জাবী বিজ্ঞানীগণও এ শক্তিকে বীর্যত নিয়েছেন। কিন্তু এই মৌলিকও উল্লেখিত বৈজ্ঞানিকগণের মধ্যে পর্যায়বিদেশ উষর্থী মৌলিক পরিলক্ষিত হয়। পাঞ্জাবী বিজ্ঞানীর মৌলিক বিশ্বাসযুক্ত হয়। আর প্রাণ চেতনা শক্তির পরিমাণ বিমূঢ়। পাঞ্জাবী বিজ্ঞানীর শক্তির জরুরি বিশ্বাস, অনুভূতি হিন্দু দার্শনিকগণ শক্তির চৈতন্যবীতি বিশ্বাস। ভারতীয় দর্শনে তাই শক্তির পুজা করেছে—“চন্দ্র ষটকালে চেতনাবিশ্বয়েষিনিতেই—পূজো থেকে চৈতন্যবীতি বিন্ধিত” দেবী মহাশ্কিঞ্জে।

“অবশ্য শক্তি যে চেতনাসপ্ত তার মনুষ্যবিশ্বের অনুভূতি, পৌরুষ-নারীর বিশ্বাসের বৰ্ণনায় প্রথম প্রথম। পাঞ্জাবী, শক্তি যে চেতনায় তা প্রাচীন হিন্দু দার্শনিক-গণের অভিভূত—তপতাধরা উল্লেখ করতা”।

শক্তির অন্তর্ভুক্ত বললে তাকে তৃতের কাছে নিজের অধিন করে কাজে নিয়োগ করবার প্রক্রিয়া গ্রহণ হয়ে ওঠে। কারণ অন্তর্ভুক্ত বল অন্তর্ভুক্ত তত বড়ই হেকি না।
কেন, সমানের বা হাতায়ের দাবী রাখে না। হিলু দর্শন শক্তির চৈতন্যময় বিশালী বলেই শক্তিকে তৃণের মত নিষ্ক ব্যবিধানে যে ভায় ব্যবহার করবার পক্ষপাতী নয়। শক্তিকে অধ্যান করে তার যেহেতু ব্যবহার করলে ফল কথনই হয় হবে। আপনার রূপ ও অবস্থার অবমিকার নিয়িত শাক্তির যেহেতু ব্যবহারের পরিমাণ কথনই সত্য হয় পারে না। হিলু দার্শনিকগণ সেই ভাষাবিশ্বে সেবীরূপে পুজো করেন। কারণ তার কর্মাণি বিশ্রে সকল সম্পর্কের অধিকারী হওয়া যায় ও শাস্ত্রীত্ব সন্নিহিত হয়। তখন মহাদেবীর কর্মাণি ধারা সূত্রমেয়ের প্রাচীন ভূমি স্বরাধারের মধ্যে ছুড়িয়ে পড়বে।

পদার্থবিশেষতের তার মনোস্বরূপের ক্ষেত্রেও একই কথা প্রদেশ। এই বিচিত্রপৃষ্ঠ মানবনের মধ্যে রয়েছে একক শৃঙ্খলা হৃদয়ের অথবা। এই সমস্ত যুগ মৌল হ্রদয়সমূহের পার্শ্বকা মনোরাজ্ঞে একেই বিচিত্রত।

অণু (carbon) ও হীরে (diamond) এ দুটি পদার্থে মূলত পার্শ্বকা কেবল-মাত্র চেতনাসঞ্চাও (physical property)―মধ্য কথিতে এবং এচিত। রাসায়নিক বর্ণ তাদের একই। কারণ কারণ ও হীরের পরমাণু মূলত: অভিন্ন। কেবলমাত্র অনুরূপ পরমাণুর সংখ্যা ও বিভাগের পার্শ্বকা এ দুইয়ের মধ্যে বিচ্ছেদ করিতে হবে।

এই যুগ 'allotropy' আদমের মধ্যে বর্তমান। আদমের দেহের অংশ যে সমূহ বাস্তবিক কিছুঁযুক্তির চলন সেগুলো মূলত: অভিন্ন। বৈদিক ও মানবিক শক্তির উৎস ও এক। পার্শ্বকা অথবা আদমের মনে, চিন্তায় ও বিদ্যুৎবিত্ব। আদমের মধ্যে হ্রদয়সমূহে কেবল কার্মিকের মত নিষ্কর্ষ, কেবল হীরের ভায় সমৃদ্ধ। এ কেবল হৃদয়ের একই শৃঙ্খলা মৌল পার্শ্বকারের সংখ্যায় ও ব্যবহারপার্থের তারতম্যের অত্যধিক সন্ন হয়েছে। তাই এক আদম বহু হয়েছে। এই হৃদয়ের মধ্যে একটি শৃঙ্খলায় ঐক্যের উপলক্ষই হিলুষ্মণের মূলকাঠ।

পরমাণুর নিউক্লিয়াসের মধ্যে রয়েছে প্রোটিন ও নিউক্লিয়াসবিকা। প্রোটিন পরিমিত-ধর্মী। তাই অন্তঃকোন প্রোটিন কিন্তু পরমাণুর নিউক্লিয়াস অভিমুখে চূড়ায়, তখনই অহ্যত করে বিকর্ষণের প্রাচীন বাধা। কারণ, একই তঁত্রিত্ব হই কাজ পরস্পর পরস্পরকে বিকর্ষণ করে। তাই উপলব্ধ শক্তির অবকাশী হতে হয় হচ্ছে প্রোটিনক। প্রোটিন যতই নিউক্লিয়াসের নিকটবর্তী হতে বিকর্ষণের পরিমাণ ততই বেড়ে যায়। নিউক্লিয়াসের সংখ্যাতে প্রোটিনের দিনের অন্তর্যামী হয় দিনের বাধার প্রাচীন।

এই হৃদয়ের মধ্যে দূর্বল যত হারান পাচে প্রোটিনের উচ্চতা ও ততই বাধাটুকু ধারকে। তাই আরোপী সময় প্রোটিনের গতি অনুরূপ হারান পাচে এবং অবশেষে একসময় প্রোটিন নিশ্চিত হয়ে দৃঢ়ভাবে পড়বে। দেখা গেছে যে দূর্বলের পরস্পর যখন অনুরূপ হারান পাচে, তখন বিকর্ষণের অভাবী হতে আর পারে।

এই অনুমতি কৃত্রিম দূর্বলের মধ্যে (3×10^{-19} cm
এর মতো তারা পুরোনো বাটিভিক বর্ণনালো হাজিরে ফেলে। বিকর্ষণের প্রচুরতা তখন আকর্ষণের অন্তরিক্ত পর্যবসিত। প্রোটিন ও নিউক্লিয়াস তখন আকর্ষণের মিছ রুপে নিম্পন্ন। কিন্তু প্রোটিনকে হবে হবে যেহেতু উন্নতমজাসময যাতে সে $3 \times 10^{-13}$ cm এর দূরূহে বিকর্ষণের উচ্চতম প্রাচীন অবশ্য করতে পারে। তখনই দূর্গম প্রাচীনের বাধা অতিক্রমে আমে মিছনের অনাবিল আনন্দ। অপেক্ষাকৃত অধিকাংশ প্রোটিন এই আনন্দের পূর্বত্তা থেকে বিকির্ষিত। আমাদের মনোবিজ্ঞানে একই প্রকারের কিছু প্রত্যক্ষ করিঃ। আমাদের মিছনের অন্তরাল হলো অপরিচিতের বাধা। বিভাবিক অব্যাহতি অপরিচিত বলতে যা বোঝায় এ তা নয়। সার্বজনীন মনোর সঙ্গে পরিচিত আমাদের হয়নি। কারণ একটি মনের সঙ্গে অপর এক মনের মিছনের মধ্যে রয়েছে সংঘটনের বাধা। অপরকে আপন করে নেবার মধ্যে রয়েছে দুর্দিকশয়া বিদ্যা প্রাচীন। মনে তাই করতে হবে উচ্চ কায়াব্যক্তি। হদয় হদয় দূরন্তের বাধামূলক যেতে যদি ক্ষমার সহায়ক না কম প্রকৃতিভা বাটিভিক কারণ সংঘটনের প্রাচীন হবর উপলব্ধির মধ্যে তাই বাধা হণ্ড করে। কিন্তু, হদয় হদয় এই বাধামূলক যখন যত্ন পরিণতে পরিণত, তখন বাংলার বাধা পরিবিমুখে আসে মিছনের মধ্য উপলব্ধি। উচ্চতম মনের এই স্বাভাবিক অল্পত সময়ের মধ্যে একের স্মৃতিপ্রদ করতে মহাম। হদয়রাজ্যে তখন তার গণ্ড অবাধ।
অধ্যাপক "অবাস্তবচিত চৌধুরীর
সৃষ্টিকর্ম"

গত দুই ক্লেরকারী ১৯৬৩, অপরাজে প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজের গ্রাহাগার কক্ষ একটি মনোরম সৃষ্টিকর্ম অঞ্চলে খুঁজে পাওয়া যায়। ইহাতে এই কলেজের দর্শনের ধারাধার অধ্যাপক পরের ওকাডিগত অবাস্তবচিত চৌধুরীর একটি স্বল্প তৈল চিত্রের আবরণ উজ্জ্বল করেন অধ্যাপক হরমান কবির। শাস্ত্রীয়তাচরণ দ্বারা বাণিজ্যিক কারণে অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর সৃষ্টি অভিযন্ত্রিত করার অবস্থা মনে হইতেছিল। সহকার্য অধ্যাপক-রূপ, গ্রাহাগার এবং বর্তমান ছাত্র, ছাত্রী এবং উদ্যুক্ত বহিঃবাহী সেমিনার সম্পর্কে সভা কর্তৃসভা পরিপূর্ণ হইয়াছিল তাহ। অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর সৃষ্টি সকলের অনুকুল ভালবাসায় নিশ্চিত।

১৯৬৩ সনে ট চৌধুরীর আকাশ্য মৃত্যুর পর তিহার ছাত্র, সহকার্য ও ভারতের বিভিন্ন বিখ্যাত লেখকের দর্শন বিভাগের অধ্যাপকদের সহিত এবং অধ্যাপক হরমান কবিরকে সভা কর্তৃসভা। প্রবাসীজিবন চৌধুরীর সৃষ্টি রূপ সমিতিতে গঠিত হইয়া ছিল। ঐ সমিতির উদ্যোগেই ঐ সভা আহৃত হইয়াছিল।

অধ্যাপক আসন্ন বহু মহাশয়কে সভা প্রতিষ্ঠা করিয়া দত্ত অনন্য হয়। প্রার্থনা সদ্যক্ষের পর শুরুর্গুলি সমিতির সম্পদ হিসাবে অধ্যাপক শীতলচন্দ্র চন্দ্রকীর্তি সমাগত সকলকে অন্তর্ভুক্ত করিয়া সংক্ষেপ শুরুর্গুলি। সমিতির কার্যকর সমিতির প্রাধান্য একটি ঐ চৌধুরী তৈলচিত্র নির্মাণ করিয়া কলেজের দান করেন, অকালে তিহার পুর্ণসূচনা এবং বিদেশী পরিক্রমায় প্রকাশিত, শাস্ত্রীয় এবংতাবি এরূপাবলী হইতে নির্মাণ করিয়া একটি সম্পন্ন প্রোগ্রাম তৈরি করিয়া। এই উদযাপন উদ্দেশ্যে সকল করিতে অধ্যাপক চৌধুরীর অতি গ্রিন যে চৌধুরী তিনি ছাত্র (বর্তমানে অধ্যাপক) অকালে অমর করিয়াছেন-তাহার নাম একাধারে অমিতকে আর বীরভূমের সত্যপোষিত হয় এই শুরুর্গুলি তাহার পূর্ণ হইয়াছে, তাহারা সকলকে ধ্যানবাহী। এখানে উল্লেখযোগ্য যে মৃত্যুর কিছুদিন পূর্বে অমিতকে আমর্ণিত হইয়া তাছার যে অধ্যাপকবৃদ্ধি লাভ করিয়াছিলেন তাহার সৃষ্টির দানই পরিমাণে সর্বপ্রথম।

"American Journal of Aesthetics & Art Criticism" (Cleveland, Ohio)—পরিকার গ্রাহাগার সম্পাদক Thomas Munroeর চেষ্টা ও অগ্রহে ঐ পরিকার

1 এই বিবরণটি দর্শন বিভাগের অধ্যাপক শীতলচন্দ্র চন্দ্রকীর্তি দৌড়ের দ্বারা সংগঠিত।
"Indian Aesthetics" name a Sikh bhakti vishesh sathya prakriti. Anagaphatk yudhurir shruti iti man tathastai rachita prakaranach naiya. Sva bandhane suklaye anunahit ham.


Pranajh: Anagaphat kavir tathar 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 emphasized that science cannot explain the nature of 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.

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 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.
ডঃ মোহাম্মদ ইমরান ১৩০৫ সালের বর্ষায় প্রথম দিয়ে আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন। তার পর অধ্যাপক হামিদ আলী শাহ, পিতা মোহাম্মদ আলী শাহ, মোহাম্মদ মুহাম্মদ শাহ আদালতে হাজির হন।
আমাদের পথ
অমিত রাহা
বিতৃত বর্ণ, অন্তর্ভুক্ত
কয়েকদিন মাঝে হোল, রাজনীতির আর একটা নতুন যুগী বাহির করতে না। সহরটাকে বেশ কিছুদিন মহা-চক্র করে রেখেছিল। তার একটা বিরাট অন্ধ আমরা ছাড়াও ছিলাম।
মাহুষ একটা নতুন কিছু চায়। বিশেষত যদি আমাদের সেই নতুনতার একটা মাধ্যম থাকে। মন্ত্রীর মুখে সাহসের একটা অবিচ্ছেদ্য যোগ আছে। কোনও শিক্ষা, কোনও সভ্যতা, মানসিক কোনও উৎকর্ষ সেই যোগকে ফিরতে পারে না।
আর চায় মাহুষ একটা কিছু করতে। বিলুপ্ত তার সহ হয় না। সহসা কিছু হয়ে যায়, তা হয়ে যায়। বৈজ্ঞানিক বা যে চিন্তার ধারা। তাদের আঁতে আঁতে অগ্রসর হতে বলে, বীর হতে বলে, মাহুষ তাদের চায় না। পুরোনো বলে বাধ দেয়।
বর্তমান যুগের বিশিষ্ট লক্ষণ হোল এই যে, এই বর্তমান যুগ চায় একটা পরিবর্তন। একটা সম্পূর্ণ পরিবর্তন। আংশিক হলে চলবে না। বর্তমানের গতানুগতিক পথে চলে যুগমনের অদ্ভুত হয়ে পড়েছে। এখন চাই তার একটা নতুনতা, নতুনতের একটা মাধ্যম, মন্ত্র।
এই যে যুগলক্ষণ একটা কথা দেখা যাচ্ছে, ভাব না। এটার ব্যাপকতা প্রতিদিনে, প্রতিমানে ছড়িয়ে পড়েছে। গতানুগতিকের পরিবর্তন মাহুষের প্রাণকে নষ্ট করে দিচ্ছে। মাহুষকে দুঃসংহতী হতে দিচ্ছে না। হুরাশায় ছুটে গেয়ে যায়। সহস্তরে পুনরাবৃত্তির বদলে মাহুষ একটা পরিবর্তন চাচ্ছে। পরিবর্তনের ক্ষেপে অধিক হয়েছে মাহুষের মন যে, যে কোনও নতুনতা তার সামনে আসছে, সেই ক্ষেপেই সে বিনা বিচারে আবৃত যাচ্ছে মোনে নিতে চাইছে। মাহুষের সেই সন্তান বক্ষশীলতা আজ ভেঙে গেছে। শিখিল হয়ে গেছে তার বক্ষন।
আমরা ছাড়াও এই আবহাওয়ার সাড়া পাবে, কথা যাচ্ছে। কিন্তু যুগলক্ষণের ক্ষেপে এখনও আমাদের যায় না। আমাদের এই সাড়া দেখা যায় রাজনীতিক হোল। দেখে সেই কথা আমরা লম্বা করতে সেই কথা নয়। রাজনীতির মজুক করে আরাম্বিতার শিক্ষণ আমাদের ভাইকে করা যায়। আর দেশের আর একটি উপলক্ষ নিমিত্তের কাছে সম্মানের পাওয়া যায়। আমাদের মোড়টাও করে নেওয়া যায় বেশ।
সেখানে তাকে আছে, যেখানে কথা আছে, যেখানে জীবনের যুরুরবৃত্ত আছে, সেখানে আমরা নেই। সেখানে এ লক্ষ আয়াস-লক্ষ, সেখানে আমরা নেই।
গে লিডে দি কলেজ পরিকা

সকল তরল ছাত্রের মনে প্রতিষ্ঠা কোন দিকে, তা জানি না। আমার কিছু মনে হয় যে, এই সব হঠাৎ আমাদের রাজনীতিক আগ্রহ যা দিছে দিক, তাতে আমার কোন ব্যক্তির আত্মপ্রকাশ বা আঠালো নয়। আমাদের এখন রাজনীতিক দিকের চেয়ে অনেক বছরই কাজ যে সব রয়েছে, তাদের দিকে মন দেওয়া একটি আবশ্যক। নিঃস্ব গোরিদের মত ‘বাদশ বর্ধ’ ধরে নিজেকে অপরাধী জীবনের জন্ত তৈরি করতে হবে।

সকলের চেয়ে দে জিনিসটাইয় আজ আমাদের মনোনীত অংকর্ষণ করা উচিত, সেটা হচ্ছে প্রাণীশিক শিক্ষা। মানুষগণের অধিকাংশ মনে করা হলে বাংলাদেশের পরিপক্঵তা এবং উন্নতি হয়। তা নয়, যদি যারা মনে করেন তাহলে তাদের জন্য জীবনের জন্য বাংলাদেশের জন্য উন্নতি হয় এবং উন্নতির পথে উপস্থিত হয় তাহলে তাদের নিজের মাধ্যমে তাদের মাধ্যমে।

অনাদরগন্ধের নিয়েই দেশ। গোটাকিছু কর্মী আর তাদের আত্মকারী তরক বিলাসীদের নিয়ে নয়। আমাদের মত জননর্ত শিক্ষাপ্রধান অমর হেদায়ার নিয়েও নয়। যেদিন যারা ক্ষত্রি চলে, যথার্থ কার্যকর পরিপক্঵তা এবং উন্নতির যুগের মুখ্য কার্যকর বিলাসালাম পূর্ণ হয়, তাদের যে সব হয়তো উদারণের জন্য আসায় অল্প অধিবাস মনে হয়েছে, যারা যাত্রা করে, তারা তাদের উপর উন্নতি যে হয় তা তাদের নিজের নিজের সম্ভাবনার সংক্রান্ত উপায় করে দেয়, তাই হল দেশের মেরুদণ্ড, তাদের নিয়েই দেশ ধ্বংস করে।

অন্য তাদের এইটুকু শিক্ষা নেই, লীলা নেই, মনের কোনও সাধনা নেই। আমি বলি রাজনীতি জলালীলা যাদু; আগে এদের শিক্ষা দেওয়া হোক। এই সে অমাদের দেশের কলা কোটি লোক অশিক্ষা এবং অশিক্ষার ফল মূর্তিষ্ঠা যুগের পর যুগ জীবন কাটান, তাদের আগে শিক্ষা দেওয়া হোক। জীবন ও নজরপাক বোঝার দ্বিতীয় মহিলা তাদের দেওয়া হোক। তারা বুঝবে যে এই সব শিক্ষিত লোকেরা, এই সব হজমযোগ্য লোকীয় তাদের কার্যকেশ করতে সক্ষম হোক নিঃক্রিয়। তারা বুঝতে যায় যদি শুধু যে তাদের আর জীবন হয়। এইবার অর্থ অসহায়, মানবিক অসহায়। যেমন ভারতের রাজনীতিতে বাস্তবে শিক্ষা, সে দিন খাদ্য মূলিভই আসে। তার আগে নয়।

এই সে কত কাণ্ডে কত টাকা ছাড়ে, যে সব যায় কোথায়? কতদিন আর দিনেই ভারতের এই সব বিপুল অর্থ নিয়ে অকারণে কুঞ্জিনি থেকান হবে; এ হোক, সে হোক, তা হোক। আর এ হোক, এস হোক, তা হোক। হেল, তু, বুকালাম।
কিন্তু এই সব 'হোলার' ও 'হোলার' ভিতর দিয়ে দরিদ্র ভারত সত্যিকারের মহাকের পথে কতদূর এসেছে তাই জানতে চাই। আমার বসব অস্থায়ী, বুদ্ধি মূল, জান অপরিণত, তবে বন্ধু যে দেশের জোরে আমি এক দল আর এক দলকে চেষ্টা দেখেছি, তাদের মনের হৃদয় খুলে দেওয়ার কোনও চেষ্টা না করে আমি তাদের সমাজের দিক দিয়ে অপারেশন করে রাখা হয়েছে।

অতএব দেশের ভবনেলকের অপেক্ষা। এইসব অপরিণত, অস্থায়ী, অস্থায়ী, দরিদ্রদের উপর সকল বিষয়, সকল কাজে যথেষ্ট দেশি নির্ভর করা যায়। পৃথিবীর সবগুলির সর্বজাতির ইতিহাসের অধ্যায়গুলো খুলে দেখলে দেখা যায় যে এইসব মানবগুলো যতই দরিদ্র হোক, ততই অশক্তি হোক, তাদের দিয়ে কখনও কোনও দেশের বা জাতির জাতীয় জীবনে খুব একটা বড় তরেকের কিছু ফলিত হয় নি। সত্যি করিয়ে দেখুন করি, আমরা, নানা-কথিত ভবনেলকের।

আমাদের দেশের এখন সব চেয়ে গ্রুটে পশ্চাৎ হচ্ছে শিক্ষা দেওয়া। লোকের মাঝে পর জাতিনৈতিক নেপালিন তখন একেবারে পিচে দিয়েছিল, প্রাসাদময়। তখন কি করেছিল? কি করে এই বিষয় জাতিকে জাতির তাপর আবার তৈরী হল? কি করে, কোন মায়া-মহাদের, সেই পদলীল জাতি অতি অন্ধকারের মধ্যে শূন্য যে মাথা তুলে দাড়াল, তা নয়, তাদের দাঁতে পৃথিবী টিলিয়ে দিলে?

এ শিক্ষা চর্চা। সে বিষয়টি চর্চা। তাতে জাতি একটা জীবন্ত জগতের মত গড়ে উঠবে। অগত্য করিয়ে দিলে।

আমাদেরও চাই এই শিক্ষাচর্চা। যে শিক্ষা মানুষকে মহাকে দেব। মহা চেন্টার দেব। আমার আমাদের এই শিক্ষাচর্চার পাড়ার পাড়ার, বলিতে বলিতে না। তাব গড়ে তুলতে হবে। আর মানুষকে মানুষ বলে চিনিয়ার কমতা তার নিহিত মহ-চিতত্তের মধ্যে জানিয়ে তুলতে হবে। আমরা ছাত্রর যেন দেখি যে কেউ মোড়ার বাগান তার মুখে লাগিয়ে দোড়ারই মত অন্ধে নিয়িতিত পথে তাকে ছুটিয়ে নিয়ে যেতে না পারে।
আমাদের কথা

রাষ্ট্রিবিজ্ঞান সমিতির

রাষ্ট্রিবিজ্ঞান বিভাগের সর্বনাম্বিকময় বিভাগীয় প্রথম অধ্যাপক উপরস্থান্ত্র সহায়কের অবসর গ্রহণের ফলে যে অভাবের দৃষ্টি হয়েছে, তা’ অধ্যাপকমণ্ডলী ও ছাত্রছাত্রীদের প্রত্যেকেই উপলভ্ধি করতে পেরেছেন। একাদিকেই তিনি দশকের দেশে বেশি সময় তিনি এই ঐতিহাসিক সাধারণগুলোর সাথে যুক্ত ছিলেন; তাই ১৯২৪ সালের আগামী মাসের এক বর্ষাকার অপরাধ অধ্যাপক গোষ্ঠীর বিদায় সাধনের দৃষ্টিতে অতি স্বনামধনীয় নতুন অধ্যাপকমণ্ডলী ও ছাত্রছাত্রীদের মনে আগ্রহ থাকবে।

বর্তমানে রাষ্ট্রিবিজ্ঞান বিভাগের প্রথমান্তরে আসীন হয়েছেন ডঃ নির্মলচন্দ্র বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায় রায়চৌধুরী। বিদেশ থেকে উত্তেজিত হয়ে তথ্যাৎ অধ্যাপক অধ্যাপকোপন্ন এই বিভাগে যোগ দান করেছেন।

গত বৎসর পুণ্ডরকীর্তি বাদীয় রাষ্ট্রিবিজ্ঞানের ছাত্রছাত্রীদের বিদ্বান সমাধান করা হয়। এর অনুসরণে পরিসংখ্যান ছাত্রছাত্রীদের সমিতির পক্ষে যাত্রা আরম্ভ করা হয়। অধ্যাপকটিকে সাধারণাত্মক করতে বহু ছাত্রছাত্রী অন্তর্ভুক্ত করেছেন; তাদের প্রতোষকেই অত্যন্ত ধন্যবাদ জানানি।

গত বৎসর স্মৃতিপ্রদীপের পক্ষে কতকগুলো বক্তৃতামালার ব্যবস্থা করা হয়েছিল। মার্কিন যুক্তরাষ্ট্র থেকে আগত ডঃ সুল প্রাদেবাদ ও ডঃ জেরোফায় রাউন্ডস যুক্তরাষ্ট্রের কতকগুলো সার্বিয়ান বিষয় নিয়ে আলোচনা। কলকাতার স্টেটজেডিয়ার্স কলেজ থেকে এসেছিলেন ডঃ অমল রায়। তিনি ভারতীয় সাধারণের কতকগুলো জটিল সমস্যা নিয়ে আলোচনা করেন। এই বক্তৃতামালাগুলির মাধ্যমে আমরা প্রত্যেকেই উপকৃত হয়েছি।

আমাদের সমিতিকে বিভিন্ন বক্তৃতামালায়, আলোচনচ্যুতি, বিভক্তিচ্যুতি এবং অধ্যাপক ও ছাত্রছাত্রীদের পরস্পর সহযোগিতার মাধ্যমে সাক্ষাতকরণ করে তুলতে আমরা সমভূক্ত আছি, এই বিষয়ে ছাত্রছাত্রীদের সক্রিয় সহযোগিতা আশা করি।

পরিপূর্ণ রাষ্ট্রিবিজ্ঞান বিভাগীয় প্রথম ডঃ নির্মলচন্দ্র বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায় ও অধ্যাপক-রূপকে অত্যন্ত শ্রদ্ধা ও কৃতজ্ঞতা জানাই প্রতিটি কাজে তাদের সক্রিয় উৎসাহদানের জন্য; আর ছাত্রছাত্রীদের অত্যন্ত সহযোগিতার জন্য জানাই অন্তর্ভুক্ত ধন্যবাদ।

শৌভনকল্ল দত্তগুপ্ত, সম্পাদক
অধীনতা সমিতির সেমিনার

১৯৬৫ সালে, অধীনতা বিভাগের অধ্যাপক-মণ্ডলীর বিষয় পরিবর্তন হয়েছে।

শ্রীরামের বাংলা কলেজে বিষয়বিস্তায় অধ্যাপন করছেন। শ্রীধর্মত বছর উচ্চশিক্ষার জন্য ম. ই. টি. গিয়েছেন। শ্রীসিদ্ধর কুমার বক্ততা, শ্রীপতি ব্যানার্জি, শ্রীমান চক্রাভতি ও শ্রীমতী দেবদানী দাস আমাদের বিভাগে যোগদান করেছেন।

গত পুনর্জাত অবকাশের পূর্বে, তৃতীয় বর্ষে ছাত্রছাত্রীদের আমরা দ্বিতীয় কান্তিতে হয়ে বিদায় জানাই। ঐ মাসেই নবাগতদের বাগত সমাধ্য জানানোর জন্য একটি অনুষ্ঠানের আয়োজন হয়।

বিভাগীয় Planning Forum এ এর আয়োজন বিষয় কিছুই করতে পারিনি বলে দৃঢ়ভিত্তি। গত বৎসর প্রাক্তন ছাত্র শ্রীরামের বিভাগের ব্যবস্থাপনায় বিকর্ষণ, আলোচনা-চর্চা ও বক্তৃতার আয়োজন করা হয়েছিল। এবারে বর্তমান বিষয়বিস্তায় খ্যাতনামা অধ্যাপক শ্রীধর্মত বিষয়ে ভাট্টাচার্য পক্ষাধিকারী পরিকল্পনা সঙ্গে বক্তৃতা দিয়েছিলেন। তার কথা শুনে আমরা উপকৃত হয়েছি।

আমাদের দোষারো থেকে Bengal Engineering College Planning Forum Week এ বিকর্ষন ও সাধারণ জান ( Quiz ) প্রতিষ্ঠানের বিষয়ে তথ্যপ্রস্তাব হয়।

'ফার্স্ক' করেন শ্রীপতি মিত্র ও শ্রীমানসন্দী সেন। আমরা আমাদের সাথে জানায় যে Quiz এ আমরা দ্বিতীয়তায় এক্ষেত্রের বিকর্ষন শ্রীপতি মিত্র ব্যক্তিগততাকে ব্যক্তির প্রস্তাব করার কথা হয়েছে।

গত মাসের আমরা একটি বিতর্ক-সত্যায়ন আয়োজন করি। প্রতিগাছ ছিল “Non-alignment is a myth.”। বক্তা ছিলেন, শ্রীরামের চট্টগ্রামাধ্যায়, শ্রীমান সেন, শ্রীমতি মিত্র, শ্রীমতী চৌধুরী, শ্রীমতী সনাতন ও শ্রীমতী মিত্র।

আধুনিক Indian Institute of Management এর অধ্যাপক Dr. Miles Kennedy আমাদের সেমিনারে একটি বক্তৃতা দেন। বিষয় ছিল “Capital Budgeting and the Firm.” তার জাননি অনুসারে বলেন অনেকেই উপকৃত হয়েছে।

পরিবর্তের পাঠাগারটি আমাদের পাড়াগার বিশেষজ্ঞর সম্পর্কে সাহায্য করেছে।

অধ্যাপকদের সাহায্যে বছর নূতন পুনর্বতন বোধ করা হয়েছে।

বিভাগীয় প্রধান অন্যদের বঙ্গ তাপস বন্ধুদার ও অন্যান্য অধ্যাপকদের কাছে আমরা চিরকুতন্ত্র, কারণ নিশ্চিত করে তৈরী আমাদের অনুষ্ঠান উৎসাহ দিয়েছেন। বদুমুখিদের

নাম নায় নায়, সমাধিক

নোমানাথ সেন, সমাধিক
বিতর্ক পরিবর্তন

বহু অহতিধারার মধ্যে থেকেও বিতর্ক পরিবর্তনের কাজ সুখভাবে সম্পন্ন করতে পেরে আমরা আনন্দিত।

১৯৬৫ সালে জাহাঙ্গীর মাসে, প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় বারিক ছাত্রদের মধ্যে বিতর্ক দিয়ে বছর অবস্থান হয়। বিষয় ছিল "Debating is a waste of time and energy"। অংশ গ্রহণ করেন দ্বিতীয় বর্গে প্রশ্নপত্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র, প্রশ্নপত্র সেনগুপ্ত, ও শ্রীসোমানাথ সেন। প্রথম বর্গ থেকে বলেন প্রশ্নপত্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র, শ্রীরূপ চন্দ্র ও শ্রীনীলেগত রায়। ঐ সময়ে প্রশ্নপত্র-সমাহার বিতর্কে কলিকাতা বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের সঙ্গে আমাদের কলেজ প্রতিষ্ঠা করে। অংশ সেন প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায়, প্রশ্নপত্র রাজিয়িত সেনগুপ্ত, শ্রীনীলেগত রায় ও শ্রীনীলেগত মিত্র। 

সভার প্রতিশ্রুতি বিষয় ছিল "Intelligence is more useful than honesty"।

শ্রীমতীকের পর কলেজ আয়োজন হলে দ্বিতীয় ও তৃতীয় বর্গের ছাত্রছাত্রীদের মধ্যে বিতর্ক আয়োজন করা হয়। প্রতিষ্ঠান ছিল "Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri has failed to lead the country effectively." এর আগে বধকে দ্বিতীয় বর্গে ছাত্রদের মধ্যে ছিল শ্রীরূপ চন্দ্র, প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র সেন ও শ্রীনীলেগত রায়। বিপক্ষে তৃতীয় বর্গের পক্ষ থেকে বলেন প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র, প্রশ্নপত্র রাজিয়িত সেনগুপ্ত, শ্রীমতী দেবাণী বোস ও শ্রীসোমানাগুপ্ত সেন।

যাদুপুর বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের সমাহারকে আমাদের কলেজ থেকে চারাগাভী প্রতিষ্ঠা করার পাঠান হয়। বিষয়ের—"The welfare state exalts the promise of little pleasures at the expense of happiness"—বিপক্ষে কলেজ থেকে বলেন শ্রীসুদ্ধ চট্টোপাধ্যায়, প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র সেন, শ্রীরূপ চন্দ্র ও শ্রীসোমানাগুপ্ত সেন।

গত জাহাঙ্গীর মাসে একটি সাহিত্যি বিতর্ক সভার আয়োজন করা হয়েছিল। বক্তাদের মধ্যে ছিলন শ্রীমতী মলিনবিনা ঘোষ, শ্রীমতী শালিবাবু নারায়ণ, শ্রীমতী বননা মিত্র, শ্রীমতী অস্থা পাল, শ্রীমতী বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায় করুণা ও শ্রীমতী ইন্দুনারায়ণ সেন। বিষয়—"Morality is void without religion"। এর আগে কলেজের প্রতিষ্ঠাতু সমাহার প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র ও বর্তমান ছাত্রদের মধ্যে একটি উপভোগ বিতর্ক অনুষ্ঠিত হয়। প্রত্যেক ("Love is a myth") সময়ে করেন বর্তমান ছাত্রদল—শ্রীসুদ্ধ চট্টোপাধ্যায়, প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র, প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র, শ্রীসোমানাগুপ্ত সেন ও শ্রীনীলেগত মিত্র। 

বিষয়ের—করেন কৃষ্ণ প্রফুল্লচন্দ্র রাজিয়িত মিত্র—এখন ঈশ্বর। প্রতিষ্ঠা নব্দা—শ্রীমতী বননা মিত্র, শ্রীমতী যোগেশ্বরী করুণা ও শ্রীমতী শালিবাবু নারায়ণ। সভাপতিক করেন দুই শিবরুপ মুর্মুরাগায়।

বিতর্ক পরিদর্শনের বার্তায় নিয়মিত প্রতিষ্ঠাতা পাঠিয়েছেন আর তাদের সাক্ষাত্তের তালিকা এবং বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের আন্তরিক। বিষয় ছিল যে শিবরুপ মুর্মুরাগায়। বিতর্ক পরিদর্শনের বার্তায় নিয়মিত প্রতিষ্ঠাতা পাঠিয়েছেন আর তাদের সাক্ষাত্তের তালিকা এবং বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের আন্তরিক।

বিতর্ক পরিদর্শনের বার্তায় নিয়মিত প্রতিষ্ঠাতা পাঠিয়েছেন আর তাদের সাক্ষাত্তের তালিকা এবং বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের আন্তরিক।
বিষয়ের সমস্ত সমস্যার সিদ্ধান্ত ও শীর্ষস্থিতির কারণ প্রথমে স্থান অধিকার করেন।

ব্যবসায়িতভাবে শ্রীপদ্ম মিত্র ও শ্রীলোমনাথ সেন, হরপুর বিবিধভাবে, বি, ই, কলেজ, নারোপুর রামনুজ মিশন কলেজ, রামনাথ মেডিকাল কলেজ ইত্যাদি হালনা বিষয়ে নিজের স্থান লাভ করেন। কলকাতা বিবিধভাবে পরিচালিত সরকারী হর্ষভাবে মূল্যায়নে বস্তু বিষয়ে প্রতিদিন্তিতায় প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় স্থান ও অধিকার করেন স্থানমত্রে শ্রীপদ্ম মিত্র ও শ্রীলোমনাথ সেন।

ধারণাটি ও শুধুমাত্র। জানাই প্রথমে, আমাদের সংহিতায় উৎসাহদাতা ও পরিদৃষ্ট সর্বপ্রথম ত্রি বিশ্বাসী মূল্যায়নের কার সাধ্য হত না। অধ্যাত্ম ভূমিতে মনোহর বস্তু ও পরামর্শ বিষয় বিভাগীয় প্রধানকেও আমরা জানাই আমাদের কৃতজ্ঞতা।

লোমনাথ সেন

রবীন্দ্র-পরিষদ

গত বৎসর রবীন্দ্র-পরিষদের উদ্বেগে কয়েকটি সাংস্কৃতিক-সংস্থার আদেশ হয়েছিল। গোয়াজুড়ী পলিতের প্রতিজ্ঞাত বিভব উপলক্ষে অনুষ্ঠিত উৎসাহের শেষ দিনে এক কবি

সঙ্গে সঙ্গে আয়োজন করা হয়। নবীন প্রতিষ্ঠার মূল্যায়নসের, কবি বিভব, নদীর ভাষায়, নীরম চলচ্চিত্র, সুনীল নন্দী, অলৌকিক রূপমুখ্য, শক্তি চট্টোপাধ্যায় প্রমুখ অধ্যাত্মিক কবি যা এই সময়ের উপস্থিত ছিলেন এবং তাদের বস্তুত কবিতা আরুনক করে শোনান। শ্রীভাগ মুখোপাধ্যায় ও শ্রীনীরম চলচ্চিত্র প্রভূতদের কর্তৃক কবিতা-সংস্থার প্রথম উত্তর দিয়ে নিরীতি কর্তার রীতি ও গতি-প্রকৃতি সম্পর্কে তাদের মূৰ্ত্তিত ধারণা যথেষ্ট করেন।

এর পর পরিকল্পনা শিল্পীর নন্দলাল বসর প্রতি উদ্যাগে অধ্যাত্মিক নিবেদনের জন্য এক সত্য আলাদা করা হয়। এই সত্য প্রতিষ্ঠাত কলাবিদ রবীন্দ্র-পরিষদের গুরুদেহের অন্তর্গত নন্দলালের শিল্প ও জীবন সংস্করণে স্থায়ী আলোচনা করেন। রবীন্দ্র-সমাজের স্মৃতি বহিঃস্থ রবীন্দ্রনাথ শিল্পীর সঙ্গে যথাসাধ্য এক মেনের পরিবেশ গড়ে তুলেছিলেন।

এই কলেজের ছাত্র শ্রীনীরম চলচ্চিত্র ও তার সহকর্মীরা 'রবীন্দ্রকায়া

গ্রেম' নামক এক গতি আলোচনা পরিবেশে করেন।

এই বিষয়ের ভাষাগত অধ্যাপক ডা. হরপুর মিত্র ও অমাল অধ্যাপকগণ তাদের মূৰ্ত্তিত উদ্যোগ দিয়ে এবং অত্যন্তনীতিতে উপস্থিত থেকে আমাদের উৎসাহ দিয়েছেন।

এই প্রস্তাবে ইন্দ্রীয় সেন, অনিতা আচার্য, প্রথম পাল, শ্রীমান চট্টোপাধ্যায় প্রমুখ

ছাত্রছাত্রীদের অনুসরণহীন সমাজ সংরক্ষণ।

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