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# এই সংখ্যার সম্পাদনী সভ| 

অধ্যাপক ख্রীঅমল ভট্টাচার্য্য ( সভাপাত)
" ख্রীহীরেন গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়
শ্রীঅশোকসঞ্জয় গুহ ( সম্পাদক)
ঐ̆দেবকীনন্দन মগুল (কর্ম-冋চি )



अिन्भौ पन्दना वास 1
山षे বर्ष कला।


## 

## কল্লেজ প্রসঙ্গ

প্র্রিকার্র কথ।

 প্রচীনপন্টী। অাই এবারও আপনাদের এই সশ্পাদকীয় অনাচারুটুকুকে লনাট-লিখন বলেই পানে নিঢে হল।







এর পরেই আপপনার্র চোথে পড়বে আমাদদর বাংলা বিভাপের রচনার לদஈষ্য।












## পর্রীকার ফন্নাফল্न।




 ছিলেন আমাদ্দর ছাত্র।





 বিজাপের ছাত্র শ্রীনীতংত্তণেথর মিত।

## কলেজ্গে পর্রিবর্তন।

























 নেই, এই ধারণাটি যেন সরকার শীঘই ত্যাগ করেন।

## 











# জেকালের প্রোিডেঙ্গী কলেজ 

( পূব্ব্বপ্রকাশিচেতে পর)
रॅর্রি凶চब্র কবিরন












 কর্রিলাম। তিनि অমাকে অছর কর্রিয়| চেয়ারে বসিতে বলিলেন, এবং ক্কাসে আমার












সাহেব, গাফ, সাহুব, হার্ণলি সাহেব—এই ৪ জনের অভিমতগুলিও পাঠাইয়্যাছিলাম। বলা বাহ্যল, তॉাছরা ঐ বই খানিতে খুব ভাল অভিমত দিয়াছিলেন। কিন্তু আমার ছু্ভাগ্য


 প্রথমমাক্ত 8 জন মেম্বার অমার পুস্তক মনোনীত করিলেন ন।। ত̆াহার। সিণ্ডিকেটটর

 এসিস্টাণ্ট, রেজিস্ট্রোর্, ছিলেন। আমি শেষোক্ত ব্যক্তির মুর্তে যাছ্ শ্রুনয়াছিলাম তাছ।
 ও বোর্ডের মতঢি ক্রফট সাছেবের হাত্ত দেন তথন এই বলিয়| দিয়াছিলেন, —"The opinion of an European is ten times more valuable than the opinion


 হইল। ইছাতত ন্ঠায়রত্ন মশাই অত্যন্ত বিরক্ত ও ক্ষ্র ছইললেন। এবং তাছাদের মত অগ্রাহ

 শক্তুন্তলম্, বেণী সংহার প্রভৃতি নাটক হইতত সন্দর্ভ সকল সং:গ্রহ করিয়া দিয়াছিলাম। টহাতে
 সভায় পেশ করিবার পর পূর্ববব: ন্যায়রতু মহাশয়, ব্বৃষ্ককমল ভট্টাচার্যা মহাশয়্র ও গুরুদাস বন্দ্যাপাধ্যায় জজ মহাশয়——ঐ তিনজন মত দিতেন না। কিন্তু আমার লৌভাগ্য বশত:
 মহাশয়ী এবং আর একজন ছাইকোটৰ্টে উকীল, নাম গোলাপ শাপ্তী সরকার এম-এ ৭ই চার
 আমি টত্রুলোক্যবাবুর মুখে শ্রুনিয়াছিনাম। ত্রৈলোক্যাবাবু আামাকক জিজ্ঞাস করিয়াছিলেন, "বক্কিমবাবু তোকে এত জালবাদে ৮কন ?" অামি বলিয়াছিলাম, "বঙ্কিমবাবুর প্রথম তিনখানি পুস্তক অর্থাং দুর্গেশনক্দিনী, কপালকুুুল। ও বিষব্বক্ষ অামাদের ছাপাথানায় ছাপী হইয়াছিল।

 মহাশয়্ন অারও বিরক্ত হইয়া এই প্রস্তাব ক রিয়া লইৰলেন, যে, এখন হইতত কোন বাছিরের ল্লোককে কোন পাঠ্য পুস্তক করিতে দেওয়া ইইবে না; বোচর্ডর নেন্বারগণ আপনারা গুস্তক
































 লাগিলেন। ত্থাk একটি একটি প্লোক এ৪ বার আমাকে পড়িতে বনিলেন। কিন্তু আমার












 একদিন রাত্রি ১০টার সময় রাইটাা্গ বিল্ছি-এ ছাজির হইতে অমার টপর হকুম ইইন।



 তনিলাম, বিচারকগণের একজন এক ছাব্রকে বলিয়া|ছিনেন, ঢোমাকে খদি ডেপুঢি ম্যাজিস্ট্রেট



 এইর্গপ আামার অগোচরে আমার ৮ জন ছাত্রের সাক্য লইয়্য় বিচারকগণ বসিয়া ছিলেন,




















 Professor. A Professor must point out difficult and important
 such things when I was a Professor in the Presidency College." ইशাてত





 "Haris dont fear, Sir Alfred Croft has told me that he has understood everything. When Haris can find out the mistakes of even Pandit Mohes Nyayaratna, he must be promoted." जমি বুবিলাম ডগবান,


এস্থলে আমার বক্তব্য এই—ন্থায়রত্ন মহাশয় যে আমার ভীর জাত্র্রোধ হইয়্ আমার




কর্রিয়াছিলেন। ছিল সাছেব ডিরেকটর সাছেবের নিক্ট অসিয় কির্মপ বলিয়াছিলেন অাহ অমি জাनি ন।। অমি ঔनিয়াছি মাত্র, সত্য মিথ্য। জানি ন।। ডিরেকটর সাহেব
 -It is a happy coincidence. যাছl হউক बায়রহ্ম হহাশ্য আমায় পৃর্টে ভালবাসিজ্ন। এবং আমার অন্নক বিপদ্ নিবার্রে। কর্রিয়াছিনেন। একবার তিনি আমাকে বলেন, হর্রিশ,

 অর একববার যथन לনি সাছেব অামাকে ছেয়ার স্কুলে ছেড পজ্ডিত কর্রিতে স্ছির্ন কর্রিয়াছিলেন,


 আর একবার যথন ডিরেককটার সাছেব আমাকক ঢাকায় পাঠাইতে ইচ্ছ। কর্রিয়াহিনেন,
 আমাcক ঢাকায় যাইতে হয় নাই। এই সকন করিয়া আাার চিরক্কতজ্ঞতার পাত্র ইইয়াছিলেন।


 आন্তরিক সশ্মান করিতাম।
 একজন কেশিয়ার কতকগুলি টাকা অপছরন করিয়াছছিন। এই বিষয়্রি নইয়্র তককালে সংবাদপত্রে ฆুব অরন্নালন হইয়াছিন। বেল্গ গবর্ণন্ণ্ট প্রেসিডেক্গী কলেজের সাতাপত্র অডিট করিতে হকুম দেন। ભে ব্যাক্তি আমাদিগকে খাত। দেখাইয়া বলিলেন-"‘দৃুন






 টাকা তছহপ ইইয়াছে দদখাইল। এবং গবর্ণমেণ্টের নিকট রিপোর্টি করিল, বে কেনিয়ারবাবু


 গবর্ণমেন্টের তছবিলে জমা হউক এব：রো সাহেবের বেতন হইতে প্রতি মাসে ৫০০，প゙｜চশত টাকা কাটির্রী লইয়া গবর্ণমেণ্টের ঢছবিলে জমা হউক। ষখন এই হকুম বাহির ছয় তথন অথিলবাবু কে小শ্যার কোথায় পলাইয়াছিনেন তাছা কেছ জানিত না। গ্বর্ণমেণ্ট ছক্মম দিলেন，



 সছিত দেখl করিতে আभিত，ভিনি অাহাকে কামড়াইতে ফাইতেন। তাহার নেম বুদ্ধিমতী ছিলেন। তিনি গব্রমেণ্টের নিকট এই বলি⿰㇇্য দর্রথাস্ত করিরেন বে，＂আমার স্বামী

 আসেন নাই এব：টাকাও দেন নাই।

এই রো সাছেব্বের আমরে একজন লাইব্রের্রিয়ান কতকঙ্গিলি বই বিক্রয় করিয়াছিলেন।





 অমি পুন্তকের ছিসাব দিতে বাধ্য। কিন্ত যেদিন ইইতে র্রা সাহেব আমার নিকট হইঢে



 （ দেড় ）বংসর নেয়াদ ছয়।

রো সাহেবের সময় র্র্সিডেণ্সি কলেজে নাটক অভিনয় ছইত। ছাত্রের বেশ｜ভূষ৷


 বেশভভূযা কর্রিয় দিতেন।

প্রেসিড্ডেন্সী কলেজের উত্তর 斤িকের উুান্ন ছাত্রের জিমনাসটিক করিত। শ্রীयুক্ত যোগীক্রনাথ সিংহ মহাশয় তাহাদিগকক শিক্ষা দিতেন।
 আমার সহিত তাঁছার একটু মনোমালিন্ঠ ছইইয়াছিল। প্রেসিড্ডেন্সী কলেজে প্রতি বৎসর ফারস্ট্ ইয়ার ও থার্ড ইয়ারের বাষিক পরীক্ষা হইত। সে বৎসর অমি ও মৌলভী ও নিটল সাহেব গার্ড দিতেছিলাম। তেতালার ছন ঘরের উত্তরদিকে 小ৌলভী সাছেব，এব：দ্ক্ষ্ণ দিকক অけমি，ও মধ্যস্থলে লিটল সাছেব গৗর্ড দিতেছিলাম। লিটল সাহেব মধ্যস্ছলে একখানি চেয়ারে বসিয়ী এক্থানি থবরের কাগজ পড়িত্ছছিলেন। তিনি बমীনভী ৫ আমাকক ক্বমান্বয়ে উত্তরদ্গিকে ও দক্কিণ দিকে গাদ্ড দিতে হুকুম করিলেন，এবং স্বয়ং ময্যস্তলে থাকিবেন এরূপ কথ্ বলিলেন। আমি বলিলাম，যদি আপনার এনাকার মব্যে কোন ছাত্র অপর ছাত্রের সহিত কনসাঙ্ট করে ব। পুস্তুক ঢেতে তাহা হইলে আমর্ আপনার এলাকার মধ্যে যাইঢত পারিব কিনা？লিটল সাহেব বলিলেন，－＂By no means．＂অমি বলিলাম，
 তাহাতে লিটল সাহেব একটু ক্রৌধান্বিত ছছইয়ী অামাকক কছ্নিনেন，＂Do you question
 আমিও ৩ বার ঐক্রপ উত্তর দিলাম। তাহাতে তিনি রাগিয়া টক্টক করিয়া জুতার শষ্গ করিয়খ আমার নামে নালিশ করিতে প্রিন্সিপ্যাল টনি সাহেবের নিকট গেলেন। এব： তাঁহাকে কি বলিলেন তিনিই জানেন। ক্ষণকাল পরে লিটন সাহেব অমাদের ছনে ফির্রিয়া অসিলেন এবং ত২প＊চা২ একটি বেছারা অসিয়ী আমাকে কহ্নি＂পজুতজ্ত，বড়｜সাহেব অপ，কে। সেলাম দিয়｜।＂তাহ। শুনিয়｜অমি তৎক্ষণাৎ টনি সাহেবের নিকট গেলাম। টনি সাহেব আমাকক জিঞ্ঞাস！করিলেন।＂হরিশ। कि হইয়াছছ ？＂আমি বলিলাম，－＂আপনি কি আমাদের দ’জনকে লিটল সাহেবের চাকর করিয়া পাঠাইয়াছেন ？＂টনি সাহেব কহিলেন， ＂By no means，you are all equal in the hall．＂आমি কহিলাম，－＂তবে निটল সাহ্বে অমাদিগকক তাঁহার চাকরের ন্যায় ব্যবহার করিত্ছেন কেন ？＂টনি সাহেব বলিলেন， ＂আ局，কাল আমি ভিন্নরূপ বন্দোবস্ত করিব।＂পরদিন হইতত অমাদের ৩ জনকে পৃথক ঘরে গাউ দিতে হুকুম করিলেন। আশ্রর্য্যের বিষয়，পরদিন নিটল সাহেব কনলেজে আসিয় অগ্রেই আমাকে বলিলেন，－＂Good morning，pandit．＂আমিও বলিলাম，＂Good morning，Mr．Little．＂তাহার পর ছইতে লিটল সাহেব আমাকে এক্টু ভাল বাসিতে লাগিলেন，কেন জানি না। ঐ বংসর আমার সক্কনিত＂র্পপকরত্যম＂নামে একথানি বই ফাসট，আর্ট্রের পাঠ্য হহইয়াছিল। আমি বেণী সংহারের একট্ট শ্লৌক ব্যীখ্য করিতৈছিলাম। Little সাছেব ঔ শ্লোকটি বাহিরে দাঁড়｜ইয়া শনততেছিলাম। আমি যখন আমাদ্রে বস্বিরার ঘরে গেনাম，তখন তিনি আমাক্ক বनিলেন，পণ্ডিত，তুমি কি

পড়াইতেছিলে，আমার বড় ভাল লাগিয়াছে，অামাকক সংস্ক্বত পড়াইতে ছুইবে। আমি এক্থীনি ম？প্রীণীত সংস্ক্তত পীঠ ১ম ভাগ जানাইয়া ডॉাহাকক 斤িলাম এবং বলিলাম，－সাহহ্ব！ অগ্রে বর্ণমালy শিশ্ষ কর। তিনি ২।৩ দিনের মব্যে ক থ শিথিয়ী আমাকে বলিলেন， পণ্ডুত，অমি বণ－মাল শিথিয়াছি। আমাকে বই পড়াও। যাহ ছউক তিনি এক মাস
 आমি তাঁহাকে হরে মুরারে মধ্রুক্টভারর ইত্তাগি শ্লৌকটি ণিখাইয়াছিলাম। লিিলল সাহেব স্কচম্যান ছিলেন ；স্থতরাং তিনি＂হরে＂ইত্যাদি স্থানে＂হদড়ে＂＂মুড়াড়ে＂বলিতেন।
 এম－এ ঐ দঢের ক্যাপ্টেন ছিনেন। কখন কখন ঐ দল গড়ের শাঠঠ খেলিতে যাইত। সেই
 নन্দী ঐ দলের পৃষ্ঠてপৗষক হইয়াছিন্নে।
 প্রত্তক ছোটনাট প্রেসিতেন্গী কলেজ দেথিতে অসিততন। আমার মনে হয়，একবার একজন ছোট লাট आমাদের সক্লের সছ্গে শেক্্যাণ্ড কর্যিয়াছিলেন। সে অনেকদিনের
 কার্য্য斤ক্ষতা দেথিয়া তাছার ডবন বেতন বাড়াইয়া যান। বেহারার নাম নন্ক্। সে ইংরেজি পড়ে নাই，কিন্তু সব ঔ্ৰষ্ের শিশি চিনিত। উক্ত ছোটলাট নनকু বেহর্যাকক যে শিশি

 মনে পড়ে এখনও।

এক সময় ককান ছোটলাট，（ আমার স্মরুণ হয় न1）ब্রেসিছ্ডেন্সী কলেজ দেথিতত
 দাড়াইয়া ঢ゙ছার সম্মান করিবার পর তিনি আমাকে জিজ্ঞাসা করিূলন－＂আআপনি কি

 এবং যাইবার সময় বলিয়্র গোলেন－＂Sanskrit is a very difficult language．＂

সেকালের প্রেসিড্ছেন্দ কলেজের ছাত্রেরা শিক্ককণণর অতিশয় বাধ্য ছিন।
 একবার কোন সাহেব অধ্যাপক ছাত্র斤িগকে Stupid，goose বলিয়াছিলেন। ছছলেরা

 পরদিন উক্ত প্রৌফে্সর সাহেব ক্রাসে অসিয়ী＂you gentlemen！＂বলিয়y সম্বোধন










 লেকৃচারার ছিনেন, এবং তথায় প্রাক্চিস করিয়া পরর কলিকাতায় হাই কোটট অাসেন।





 করেন। ঐ কার্র্য অমি ब্রায় ২০ বৃসর তাছার সাছীযযা কর্যিয় ছিনাম।

একবার পোলার সাছেব যখন কয়েক মাসসর জন্য অলিসিয়েটি: প্রিন্সিপ্যাল ইইয়|-
 ঘররন বেছার| ※ কাজ করিয়া পলায়ন করিয়াছিল। তাছাকে ধরিতে পারা পেল না। স্তরাং




 निজ বেতন ইইতে দিই, उবে পুজ৷ ছইবে ন।। পেডনার সাছেব সমד্ত শুনিয় পরদিন


















斤িত হইইয়াছিন।








 pandit ! you do not take a single drop of water for 36 hours." जाखि








 ক্ থাকক, তাছা হইৰলে পে ব্যক্তি বে গেলাসে জল খায়, সে পেলাসে অপর কোন ব্যক্তি




 কি প্রকাঢে জানিব বে অপপার্র মুথ্রের মধ্যে ককান রোপ আাছে কি না।" মিঃ গাফ নামে একজন সাতেব ফিনজজি পড়াইঢেন। তাঁার সহিত রি-বার্থ ( অর্থাং পুনর্জন্ম) সমד্ধে আমার তর্কবিতক্ক इইত। আমি তাঁহাকে বলিতাম কর্মফল স্ষীকার না করিনে ধনী ও নির্ধন, ঞানী




ইউরোঢপ অস্তিয়া নামে একটি দেশ আাছ। তथায় প্র্ত, ইউনিভারসিটি নামে





 হইইত পারে।
 ভক্তি করিত। একটি দৃঠ্ঠান্ত আমার মনে পড়িতেছে। একদিন नিটল সাহেব ও আমি
 অামাদের পঢ়় পড়িয়ী নীচে নামিতেছিন। ছাত্রদিগ<ে অাসিতে দ斤খিয়া আমি সিঁ ড়ির

 বनिढनে, "Who are you?" পে কহিন, "অানি ককার্থ ইয়াধ্রে ছাত্র।" সাছেব কহিলেন-"I fine you fifteen rupees." ছাব্রি ক্ষম। প্রার্থনা করাতে সাহেব তাহাকে ক্ষম করিরেন।
"প্রবাসী অগ্রহায় ২০৩२।"

## বিচ্ఠানের দর্তন

## চঞ্ঞলকুমার মজুন্দ্দার-Бতুর্थ বাষিক বিজ্ঞান

আইনর্স্টইন তাঁর একটি প্রবক্ধে বৈজ্ঞানিককে শার্লাক হোমসের সচ্গ তুলনা কররঢছন।' ঘটনার তথ্যাহ্রসন্ধান করর, পারিপাশ্শিক অবস্থ্| उ ঘটনাবলীর অন্ত্রম বিবৈচন্| করে ছোমস ছু‘তনটি সস্তাব্য ঘটনাবেষ্বনীর কল্পনা করতেন। তারপর সমস্তু স্ফত্র পীওয়|

 তথ্য সংগ্রহ করে চলেন, সমস্ত তথ্য থেকে ছ’তিনটি প্রকল্ল (hypothesis) প্র্সস্তত করেন,
 তন্বীয় বিঞ্ঞানের সনাতন বিশ্লেষন রীতি।

অইন্স্টাইঢের এই উক্গিচি অবশ্য ঢেশ-ও কালগত ভাবে সীমিত। কারণ ডিটেকটিভ

 ভাবে বলতে গোে বলঢে ছয় বে, বিজ্ঞানী-মনের চিন্তাধার্র বা দৃষ্টিঙ্গি বিশেষ বিশশষ
 আদিম যুগ থেকে আধ্ণুনিক যুগগ বিরাট প্রসারলাভ করেছে ও গভীরতর হন্যেছে। তার প্রসার মূলতः ধীরগাশী, তার বিকাশ ঘটেছে বিবর্তনের পথে। তবে মধ্যে মধ্যে যুগান্তকারী
 বেমন, ইউক্লিড, অকিমিডিস, গ্যালিলিও, নিউটন বা আইনস্টাইননর আবির্ভাবে।

স্বভাবতঃই বিজ্ঞানীদের চিন্তনবৈলৗী পরিবর্তনশীল। আধ্রিক যুপে রেনেসাঁসের পর যখ্খ সংঘবদ্ধ বিজ্ঞাঢের অভ্যুদয় ঘটে, তখনই ө্রথম লক্য কর্যা ভেতে পাঢে ষে, বিশ্বের সকল বিজ্ঞানী মন একটি মৃল নীতিকে অন্সসরণ করঢে চেয়েছে ; এই ঐক্যবোধ পরিবধ্ধি


 যান্ত্রিক যুদ্গর প্রতিষ্ঠy, যান্ত্রিকযুন্গের পতন, আঢেক্ষিকতার উৎপত্তি, এবং কোয়াণ্টাম মতবাদ। শেষ ছুটি একই কালে বিজ্ঞানীদের চিন্তাধারার মব্যে বিরাজ করূছ, এবং তার্যা সম্পর্কবিছীনও नয়।
) The Evolution of Physics-Einstein and Infeld.
 আর আকি刀িডিসের बেকানিক্মের মষ্যে। বিশ্ৰজণ সুস:বক্ক নিয়্রের রাছত্ব। এর মধ্যে অনিশ্চয়া কিচ্র নেই, সষ্তাব্যতার (probabality) কোন স্থানই এখাঢে নেই। নিয়েরে

 ছবে, এর কোন সীমী নেই। সাধারণত: এই নিয়ন সছজ সরল, নিউট্টন লিযেঘেন প্রক্ততি আর ঈশ্ব সর়লতারই অভিনাষী। যब্র্রयুগকক উন্নতির শিখরে তুলনেন গ্যালিলিও ও নিউটন। কোপাनिকাস ও গ্যালিলিও টনেনির বিত্বের গঠন-ধারণা পর্রিবতিত কর্রলেন,小ারির্সৌটলের মতবাদ খঋুন করুনেন, কিন্তু বিজ্ঞাের দর্শনকে পরিবর্তিত কর়লেন না।
 ভগবানের অচল নিয়্যমে বিশ্বাস তঁঁদগর ছিন।












 ফ্যারাড়ে প্রমাণ কর্লেন, চলন্ত তড়িৎ কণার কতকগুলি গুণ নিউটন পরিকল্পিত জগতের

 র্রথার উপরে থাকবে, চলন্ত অড়িংকাার বেলায় এ নিয়ম চলতে পারে না। ফ্যারাডে এবং









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[^0] করে যার ফল পরবর্তী কোন পরীক্ষাতেই অপস্তত হতে পাতে না। নীলস্ বোর বনেছছন,


 একেবারেই অসষ্বব। ${ }^{8}$
 এডিং্টন এই বৈশিষ্যু<ক বনেছেন "epistemological approach"।" এর মানে






 হতে পার্র। এই ভাবব বে প্রকল্প গঢ়়ে উঠনো, ঢাকে গীণিতিক প্রতীকে অভিবাক্ত করে গাণিতিক বিশ্লেষণ চললো: इয়তো গাণিতিক বিচ্লেষণে অজ্ঞাত কোন বস্তুর অস্তিত্ত


 এই প্রসংণে ডিরাকের মন্ত্য্য প্রণিধানযোগ্য: The only object of theoretical physics is to calculate results that can be experimentally verified, and it is quite unnecessary that any satisfying description of the whole course of the phenomena should be given." এथनে आামর।

 এডিংটন বলেছেন "epistemological approach"। বলা বাহ্ল্য, এই রীতির্র বলেই



8 Nature-N. Bohr. Quoted in Dirac.
© The Philosophy of Physics-Fiddington.
$\leftrightarrow$ The Principles of Quantum Mechanics-Dirac.






 যায় না বলেই ডিরাক অडিমত দিয়েছেন। এককক্থারু সাষারণ অন্সক্কি২স্র কাছে




 বেন সমর্ধমিতার অন্বেষণ করতে করতে বিচিত্র সুথশ্রীর অন্তরাল বেকে আমরী বার করেছি অপরিচিত ভয়াবহ ককাল।
 বিরাট শক্তি ও অমিত সষ্তাবনা নিচ্যে। অমু-পরমমাণ্র নিঃসীম শকক্তেকে লাভ তাঁর৷ করেছেন,

 অভাব ঘটেছে; এ ছই সন্মিলিত হলে বিজ্ঞানী-সমাজের অপাংক্ত্যেরেরও বিজ্ঞানের রাজ্যে অপ্রতিছত প্রবেশ ঘ্টবে।

## (শশেন ক বিতা

## শর্দিদ্দু ভট্টাচার্গ্য—প্রাক্তন ছাত্র

## 6কটি : অमিত

মুখ্যত অমিত-লাবণ্যর প্রেমকে ঘিরেই ‘‘েচের কবিতার’ কাছিনী-অংশ গড়়ে উटেছছ।

 জাবৃত্তি করঢছ কীঢ্ছ্-্-এর কবিতা:

Tender is the night.
And haply the queen moon is on her throne.


> "আরার কত্দূরে নিয়ে যাবে নোরে
ছে স্তন্দরী—"

এর মাঝঋানন কেতকীর জীবনে ঘটে গেছে বছ পর্রিবর্তন, সে জন্মান্তত্র লাভ করেছছ।
 निজেই বলেচে, মানুटের জীবন হচ্ছে অকশ্মি<ের্র গাথथ মালা; জীবন চনে অভাবনীয়ের

 সচ্পক কেন স্থায়ী ছল না, একथ্ ভভভে আयর। অবাক ছই ন।। আর লিলি গাঙ্গুলির সক্গে


 করতে হবে অমিতের চরিত্রেই।

অমিত কেতকীর কাছে প্রক্বত প্রেমের পরিচয় পায় নি। ঢাই তার ব্বচিত্র্য-সক্কানী মন অनায়াসেই কেতকীকে দুরেরে চুলে দিতে পেরেছে। দ্বিতীয়তঃ প্রেম ও বিবাহ ছিন গর কাছে সমব্যাপক। কাজেই বেখানন সত্যিকারের ভারোবাসার সঙ্ধান পায়্র নি লেখানে বিবাছ করার কল্পনাই লে কর্রতে পারে নি। কিন্ত্র কেত্ীী অমিতকে বূঝ্রতে পারে নি বলেই




 পারে নি, সে ফ্যাশানের চলন্ত বিজ্ঞাপন এই কেটিকে বিয়ে করুল কি করে? অই

 অশ্ৰই কি অমিতের জীবনে এত্ড়় পরিবর্তন এনে দিল ? কলকাতার সমাজ্জের বেটুক পরিমি







 এত অম্বাভাবিক ঠঠকবে না।

## অमছ : लाবबा

 ভাবে কোন্নে মেয়েেেই এর চোথে ধরেে নি। কিত্তু শিলড্ পাহাড়ে মোটর সংঘর্বের পর-


 লাষণ্যর মুত্বে। লাবণণ্যর র্রপ প্রভাত আলোর মত, তাতে অশ্পষ্টতার কুয়াসা বিন্দুমাত্রও নেই।
 নাদের বিচ্চুদের কারণ।

প্রেমের স্বজ্রপ টপনকির জন্থে লাবণাবকে অমিচের যতথানি প্রয়োছন ছিন র্অমতকে





 বিছাবত্তার ধূসর মরুভূূিতে প্রেমের ফুল ফোלানই অমিতের কাছে লাবণ্যর সবচেয়ে বড় ঋণ। লাবণ্য যে শিক্ষক জাতীয় নয়, নারীজাতীয়, এ আবিষ্কার শ্রু যডিশা ক্ররর নয়, লাবণ্যর নিজেরু।

অমিত জন্ম—রোম্যাট্টিক। অসম্ভবকে পাবার ছরাশ। ఆর জীবাননর অবলষ্থন। একই

 লাবণ্যকে ভাবলাবৌে অমিঢতর এ ভ্রম কেটটেছে। কিন্তু কেটিকে বেক্রেপে সে গ্রছন কঢরছছ তাত্ত সত্ছছছ হয়, অসস্তবের মোহ ওর এখনও সম্পুণ অপগত্ত হয় নি, ছয়তো এ-ই অমিত্তর শেয় ট্রাজ্জেডি নয়।

লাবণা কবি নয়। "জীবননর উত্তাপে কক্বল কথার প্রাৗী জ্রালাতে অামার মন যায় ন।।* * * * অামার জौবনের তাপ জীবনের কাজজের জন্থেই।" ওর স্ষচ্ছ বুদ্ধির কাছে অশ্পষ্ঠ ব| আচ্ছন্ন ছিল ন কিছুই। নিজের মনকে যেমন প্পম্টিাবে জেনেছে, অমিতকক ঢার স্বরৃপে

 করেছে। সেই জন্যে অমিতের প্রতি কঠিন হতে ওর বাধে নি। লাবণ্য প্রথম থেকেই জানত অমিত্তে মত লোককে ভালোবাস্য যায়, কিন্তু তাকে নিয়ে ঘর বাঁধী যায় ন।। ষেলাবণ্যকে অমিত ভালোবেসেছে সে যত্ট। মানবী তত্ট। কল্পনা না হলেও কল্পনার খাদ যে
 ভের্ডে পড়বেই। "আমার মব্যে এমন কিছ্ নেই যা তোমার কাছের দৃষ্টিকে বিন! লজ্জায় সইতে পারবে, নেই জন্যে দাম্পত্যে দুই পাতরে ছই মহন কতে পেওয়া অামার পক্ষ নিরাপাদ।" অমিত কথখ দিত্যে লাবণ্যকক ফুটিয়ে তুরেছছ। কিন্তু লাবণ্য জানে, কথা যেদিন ফুররাবে, যেদিন ক্কান্তি আসবে, সেদিন নোহমুক্ত দৃষ্টিতে লাবণ্যকে দেথে অমিত এর মব্যে কিছুমাত্র অসাধারণত্ব ব广 আকর্ষণ খু জে পাবে না। প্রেনের, এই অপমৃত্যু লাবণা সইতে পারে ন।। बোছমৃক্তির চরম অঘাত থেকে অমিতকক অব্যাছতি দেবার জন্মেই লাবণ্য অমিতকক বিয়ে করতে সশ্মত इয় নি। তাই भে বলছে: "বিঢ়ে করে ছু:খ দিতে চাই নে।" যে সজীব কল্পনা অমিতের মনে লাবণ্যর মানসীর্মপকে শাশ্বত করে রাখতে পারে তার পক্ষস্ৰালনের জন্যে প্রচুর পরিসর প্রযয়াজন। বিবাছিত জীবনে ছু'জনের সংসার তার তুলনায় অনেক সঙ্কুচিত। অমিত নিজ্জে এ-কथ্খ জানত, কিন্তু মানতে চাইত ন।। সংসারে নববধূ লাতv এক্ট। পাওয় যায়, কিন্ত যথন পাওয়া যায় সে চিরকালই নববধূ থাকে, এই হচ্ছে অমিতের অভিমত। কিন্তু "আমাদের সকলের চচয়ে বড় যে-পাওন।, সে মিলন নয়, সে মুক্তি"-একথাও অমিত অম্বীকার করহত পাঢর নি।







 ब্যোন
























বিকাশ প্রেম তার চেয়ে বেশি বাাপক। তাকে বিবাছ করলে প্রেম অার বিবাছ ছ’কুনই হারাতে ইয়।

সমালোচক শ্রীযুক্ত শ্রুমার বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়্যেন মতে অমিতের পক্ক কৌ্টিকে বিবাছ করা






 "এথানে এcে, আxর্য্য এই বে স্প্ট জানতে পেরেছি, পাথি আছছ, এমন কি, লারা গাनও


## লাবণ了: Wশাডনলাল



 পরিচম ছছন ना। অাজ অমিত ওর মনকে জাগিয়ে দিন। লে নিজ্জেকে চিনন। "সғ্ষার
 তেমনি অমিতকে বলতে পারে। তখনই লাবণ্য লোডনলালকে বু্যাল, তাকে গ্রহণ করন। এথানে গ্নন জাগে : লাবণ্য কি করে ছুজনকে ভানোবাসল ? অমিতকে সে অবোবেসেছে,





> "बে আাারে দেথিবার্র পায়
> অসীম ক্ষমায়
> ভালোমন মিশায়ে সক্কল"

তাকে বিবাছ ক্যার সিদ্ধান্ত করে লাবণ্য তার নারীজঢনাচিত বান্তবব্রুদ্ধিন পরিচ্য সিয়েছে।
অমিত বলেছিল, "শিমুল কাঠই হোক অর বকুল কাঠই হোক, যথন জ্রে তখন অগুনের চেহারাট্। একই।" কথ্থাট। সশ্পুণ সত্যি নয়। অর সত্যি বে নয় অমিত নিজ্জেই







 ভালোবসেও রোভনলাল কাছে এসে দ্ঁাড়াতেই লাবণ্য ককন তাকে গ্রহণ কর্নল তার রহম্ঘ এथातनই।

## শশষের কবিঅ

অমিঢের জীবন আকশ্মিকের গাঁथ। মালা, ఆর মনট। সত্তিই আয়না। এইজনে जমিত
 অমিত তার শেষের কবিতায় লাবণাকে যা বলেছে এ-ক্থ এ-ডাবে সে আণে আর বাে নি।






 বেশি ভাল লাণে।

## একট্টি জুখী পারিনার়＊

## 


 एচ্ছে সত্যিকার্রের আার্ট। আর ধিনি जমন লিयতে পাররন，তিনিই হৃচ্ছ্ন র্সততাকার্রের四存管।
．．．কিন্তু আমি ？．．．．．．আমার স্ছান cোথায়？＂
এতদূর ভেবে বিছানা থেকে লাষ্য়েরে উঠল লে। হঠাং তার মনে পড়ল，কলম চালিয়ে কিছ্র টাকা রোজপার করতেই হবে তার পরিবারেরে ভরণণোষণের জন্থে। Happy




 রর্যেছে？


 কश্খ ডাবতে স্রুহ কর্রেছি। তবুও—
 কাগজ বার ক’রে তার ঊপর গল্লের নামট্ লিখল্：

একটি হুষী পরিবার।
 ক’রে সে ভাবঢে লাগন স্থ্থী পরিবারটির পরিcেবেট। কেমনধারা হবে।

 পাচীর তুলে 斤িলেও शাও্যাকে আটকানো যাবে ন।। অতএব—সিউহ্থয়ান，কোয়ানতু：－
 बहिज।


纯 थারাপ !"

 A—বनেই భরা যাক।










 আयান লে তাবতে সুক কা়ন :














সে জাবার ভাবতৈ লাপল :
"ধরা যাক, ওর্ ছ’জনন এখন লাঞ্ণ খেতে বসেছে। এক্টী বরফ-সাদ্| টেবিলক্রথ

 কেন? পশিচমের লোকের্| বলে চীনদেশের রাঁধা নাকি, সবচচঢ়ে অগ্রসর, রসনা এবং স্বাস্য্য ছুয়ের পক্ষেই ভাল। অত্রব ওর্ চীনে খাবারই গাবে, কেমন? প্র্যথম প্লেট এল, প্লেটে কি কি আছে? ...
"জ্গলানী কাঠ..."
চমকক উঠে নে তাকাল, দেখল তার বঁ পাশে তার নিজের পরিবার্রে গৃহিণী এসে দাঁড়িয়েছে, ছুটে। বিষক্ণ চোথ ওর মুথের উপর নিবদ্ধ।
"কী বলছ ?" একই বিরক্ত হয়েই সে জিজ্ভেস করল।
"জ্ঞলানী কাঠ ত’ সব ফুরিত়ে গেছে, তাই কিছু কিনছিলাম। এর অগগের বার
 বলে কিনা ছু্রে যাট। ধর, ওকে আমি ছুশা পাক্কাশ ক’রেই দেব।"

"ব্যাট। ওজননও কম ঢেয়। ও বলজছ কিছুর্তেই ওथানন সাড়ে চবিব্বি সেরের কম নেই, ধর্র অমি ওকে সাढড় ঢতইশসেরের দাম দেব।"
"分क অছে, সাড়ে তেইশসেরের দাম গাও।"


 ( যার টপরে সে লিখেছছ: একটি স্থ্থী পরিবার) একটা অক্ক কষল এবং একন্র পরে মাথা

"কিন্তু—আমার কাূছত’ অত পয়সা হবেনা, অাশি কি ন্বই কম হবে..."
সে তখন ডে২ক্কে ড্রয়ারটী খুরল ওর ভেতর যী পয়সা ছিল সব বার করে ন্ত্রীর হাতে দিল।
 মাথাটl যেনকফ্টে পড়ছিল। পাচ পাঁচে পঁচিশ—আর যত সব আরবী ছরফের সংখ্য। মাথার





 একক অন্যের দিকে তাকিকে মিষ্টি ক'রে একটু হাসল, তারপর্র বিদিশী ভাষায়ি বল্লে :
'Chirie sil vous plait!'
'Voulez-vous commencer, chiri !'
'Mais nor apris vous!'



পেছন ফিরে একবার তাকাতৈ যাচ্ছিল সে, পেছনে অবিরাম যাওয়ী আসার শষ্র হছ্ছিল কিন্তু সে জর চিন্তার স্থত্র ধ’てর্র এগিপ্নে গেল প্রীণপণ অধ্যবসায়ে-

কিরকম ন্যাকামি-ম্যাকামি মনে ছচ্ছে, তাই নখ? ছয়ত কোন পরিবারই ঠিক এমনটি


 লেখিকা অথবা সাছ্ত্ত্যরসিক। কিংবা ধর্যাক, মেয়েীি কবি আর ছছলেটি কাব্যরসপিপাস্থ, অথব!…

অরর পারল না সে, পেছন ফিটে তাকাতেই ছ’ল তাকে। বইট্যের তাকের পাশেই
 যেন তার সামনে একটা বিরাট্ট অকর়-A
"আঃ।" ওর গালে একর্টy জলা কর্রিল, শিরদাড়াতে যেন কেমন ব্যথখ ব্যথ৷ করহিিন। অাবার একটা দौর্ঘাশ্বাস নিচ়ে সে ভাবতে লাগল :
"সুথী পরিবারটির बে বাড়ী তাতে অনেক ঘর থাকবে। তাতে বাঁ্াককি জাতীয় জিনিষ রাখার জন্য একটি ভॅাড়ার ঘর থীকবে। গৃহপ্বামীর পড়বার জন্য একট্য অলাছ্য ঘর রাঁখ হবে, সেই ঘরের্যে ঢেয়ান্নর কাছে অনেকগুলৌ বই রাখ্রার তাক থাকবে—সেথানন কিন্তু কোন বাঁধাকপি রাখl চলবে না। তাকগুলি বইতে ভর্ত্ত, কিছু চौন বই, আর কিছু বিচেশী। তার মধ্যে An Ideal Husband বইটার ডুকপি নিশচয়ই থাকবে। बোয়ার ঘরও একট। আলাদ থাকবে, বিছানার উপর নরম একটী চাদর, বিছানার খাটের নীচট। সবসময় পরিষ্কার ঝকঝকে থীকবে..."

সে একার नিজ্রের বিছানার নীচট্। দেবে নিল। আলানী-কাঠ সব পুড়ে ছাই হরে ছড়িয়ে পড়ে অছছ। একট। খড়ের 斤ড়ি মরা সাপের মত ঙ্কুচকে পড়ে অাছে।
 এক্ট অফুরন্ত প্রম্রবণণর মত তার বিছানার নौচে এচে পড়বে। সে তাড়াতাড় দরজট্য বন্ধ করার জন্ঠ উটে গোন। কিন্ত্র দরজায় হাত দিয়ৌই পে ভাবল, তার চেট্যে
 জনে ছিল।
 কাজ থাকলে সে এসে দরজজায় ধীকা দিত এবং ভভতরে আারার অনুমতি চাইত। অাচ্ছা, ধর। यাক, গৃহহ্বানী তার পড়ার ঘরে বসে অাছে, এমন সমস তার ন্ধী তার সঙ্গে সাহিত সষ্ষক্ষে আলোচনা করতে আসতে চান, তাছ’ণল তাকেও দরজায় টোকা बেরে আসতে হবে।

—'Entrez, cherie, Sil vons plait'—
...কিন্ত এমন यদি হয় মে গৃহমামীর সাহিত্য অলোচনা ক্যবার সশয় নেই, তথন কি
 ना লে নিশषয়ই তা করবে না। এ সব হয়ত An Ideal Husband বইটাতে আছে—ওঃ,
 কিনবই "
 রইইল, কারণ লে জানে চড়িটির দাঅ তার ষ্षী এবং গ্রইীত তার তিন বছরেরে ছোট্ট बেয়েী।

 ন।। পেই ভালো••। কেবল ఆরা দু'জন…কৃপাতকপোতী।"
 ভাবছিল: "কার্ন মাক্স যখন তাঁর Das Kapital লেথেন তথনও তাঁর ছেলেপৌের৷ চারপাবে কান্মাকারি করছিল। স্তিই মহাপ্রুকষ ছিলেন তিনি..."

 गুহু ক্রল।
 কালে তুলে নিন। তারপর তাকিয়ে দেখল দরজার বাপাশে তার প্তী ভীষণমৃন্জ্র নিয়ে Пাঁড়িয়ে অছে। হাতহটো এমনভাবে পেছনে করা বেন এখুনি শারীরিক ব্যায়ামের অন্থ প্রস্তু एक्ছु।
 नi, কেবল কাজ বাড়াবে—দ্থত' কেরোসিনের কুপিটা উন্টে গেছে, এথন রাত্রিবেল্। কি জ্রালা ? $\cdots ?$




 চোেে জল।




 হাগি চোথে জল।...

 ब্রাनাनो কাঠ অना इচ্চিল।

जে চমকে উঠে একবার্র ছোট নের্যৌার Fিঢে তাকাল। ওর চোথে তথনও জন
 カৈঁb..."

সে পাশ ফিব্রে একবার তাকাল বেদিকে রাষ রাশ জ্মালানী কাষ রাখl হচ্চিন।


 "नক্ষী মেয়ে, যাও, এభন খেলা কর্রোগে যাও।"

 জ্রালানীকাঠরাখার শস্যটী বারবার এসে আঘাত কর্িল।

চোখ ব্ধ ক’রে সে চুপ ক’রে বসে রইল।




## গারিতিক

## হর্রিপ্রেস্ন गা|্ন|-্्रাক্তন ছাত্র

 गा हड:।

 ধர্থবাছ জানিত্রে ড্নিরে আমন্ত্রণ করে। জীবনট। তার কাছে এ. পি. কিঃব। জি. পি. সিরিজ।
 তার পর্রিমাপ।






 এই গদ্লের অবতরণ।
 বুড়ো ব্য়েে মাকে বউ দেথাতে পারলিবন ?
 লেরেছে অবনী।


 মনে ছয় মাবো মাবে। जেবিট డ্রেডিটটর কালিমাथখ "ড়িপথে প্রেন্সে ঘুন্যুলি থাকবেন।, লেই বা কেমন!

অবনীর ব্যবসার বিরাটত্ত অামার জানা ননই, তবে সে ঝে পাকা ব্যবসায়ীীর সন্তান

 नाーఆ計 जनार्य।





 চােছিনেে।










 ঢ匕たে ট匕たে পড়় অবनो।





 ছাত্র।

## जुबून।

রামতারন অার অবনौর সামনেন দাড়ায়।











 जब বथाढढ!





 जाखান জাनान।



 অनात्र।



 जाफ़ा नख।





 'ठক্বাজ্র' অামাদের কাছ্ চলবে না।





0

 চলেছছ।
 ব্যাচিলর অবনী স্বগতোক্তি করে।
 অবনী তাকে ইসার্রায় ডাকে। কাঠের হাফ-দরজায় মাথ্ গলিয়ে বলে শ্যামাপদ, ডাকছিনেন কनন, স্যার?



শ্যামাপা ঘাড় নাড়ে।
এই মর্শে আাজই কাগজে বিজ্ঞাপন দিয়ে দাও।
 মানে ঐ অবিবাহিত|.....
 করে শ্ৰামাপ斤斤 সরে পড়ে।

 গড়ায়।
 দেউলে গ্রীয় সকলেই।
 नাইনগুলৌ নিদ্দিী করে। এর কোন্ট্। অাপনার আছে？

নनক্স্ট।

जচলাてক দেথেই চিনতে পারে অবনী।



小ের্যেটার সত্পে অেনাতে পারেন্য অবনী।

বসতে পারি？

 একট। লাভক্ষত্রি ঝু কি নিয়েছে লে।

आপনি তো খু ড়িয়ে ঋাটঢছন ন৷？
 হল। চাকরিটী তাহ’লে লেপেই যাবে，থোদকণ্ত। যথন চেন।।

অবनী হিসেব মেলাবেই।

সহজ হতে চেষ্টl করে অবনী। তার পরিপূণ্ণ দৃষ্টির সছজ চাহনি জচনার নত মাথার সাদ্য সীথির পথ ধরে গছন অলকরাশিতে হারিয়ে যায়।
 লালেনি কোন দিন। সেদিনও না।
 গলার পথ জুড়ে।

 চাকরিতে বহান কর্কলে সে ঋুশী হবে।

স্পদ্জাতো কম নয়। অবনীর 小েজাজের মার্কারী চড়ে়ে যায়।

निজের ওপর অস্ছু ক্রমশঃ হারাতত বসে অবনী। পাত্র হিসেবে সে কি অপছন্দের？



## 8



 याग्！

 मिয়ে মে কাজচলে না，সেই কাজের সহাঁ্র চেয়েছিন সে। জীবনের সছযোগী। কর্মের न习1


 কেমন बেন খל্לকা লাতে শামাপদ্র মনে।




बবनौ কেটে পড়েনা। কেমন বেন থতমত হয়ে যায়। শ্যামাপদর সাহস বাড়ে। অবनौর্য উত্তরট। অজুহাতের মত 小োনায়।


 ক্থা শোনা যায়। কান পাতলে বিশেষ কর্রে।

 অফিস কেরত ক্ষাস্তি নিয়ে েে চলেছছ অচনার ঠিকানায়।
 নতুন לঠ＜ক অবনौর কাছে।

সদর দরজায় ছোট একটি ছেলে ছ゙াড়িয়ে। বছর পঁ｜চ ছয়েকের। অচলার মতই দ氏খতে।

## শিবনাথবাাম্র কনিষ্ঠ বুবি।

 বনপে जবনौবাবু এসেটেন।
 অর তার্র বাবা মা, এই তিনজন মোট ঢাদরর স্সারে। অহ্থখ হর্যেছে তার বাবার, মায়ের न水।









অ|-পনি অथानन ?



চল্লুন, অাপ্গার স্বাAীর সস্পে দেখl করে অাসি।
 পারে।

অবনী খনিজ পাার্থ্থর কারবার করে। মাটির বিভিন্ন স্তুরে বিভিন্ন অজ্গাত বশ্তু বিশ্ময্র
 অা川 করেনি।


 बशैफ़। ।
 চিনি-কম-দদওা! চার্রের কইুম্বাদট। তখনও মিলিয়ে যাষ্র-নি।

 তার্র এতদ্দিকার জম খরচচর নথিপত্র তছনছ হয়ে যাবে, ত|' পে ভরেওনি ককানদিন।










 इश शः
 Fिज्ता दrat





 बোে।







 বনে মাcে মাৰে।


 जহেতুক জোরে ছেসে ওঠে প্রাণবোলা হাসি।
 পঢ়ে লে।


 স্বস্তি পায় না, তাই এহেন সতক্ক।
 অসম অার ऊ্রততর।


 মনের সমস্ত ভাবনাই এখন উন্মত্ত গতিতে তাড়িয়ে নিয়ে চটেছে টাইপমেসিনটা6ক। ১কাচক্ ঠকাঠক্......।

## জীবনটা এমনিই

## বন্দনা রায়ি-ষষ্ঠ বর, কলা

শতাবী পেন অপনিও ছ'তে পার্রেন, আমিও হ'তে পারি। তার অভিজ্ঞত সব নেशীই এখানে ওখান অর্রিত। ধ্যানয়াপৌ 斤িব্যঙান প্রাপ্তি তার হহ নি, মাইনাস









 মাঝামাঝি। বলুন, এ ছেন মার্কামার। ভদ্রলোকেদের কাউকে य斤ি দেখা যায় অনবরত এবট্য









 ছবি এবং একটি প্রু: বিকশিত নির্নজ্জ হুদয় কি ডাবে যুক্ত হত্রে গেল, আর যোগফ্ন পাচচর
 'age and modesty should go hand in hand' were the last words of Lord Buddha.



 পড়ল। চল বার্চ ছিনে বনভ্যাজ্রন কিসে, না মোড়ায় চেপে। ও-ఆ যাবেনা, ওরাও
 भ্মস্ নেমে যায়, ঢোড়| তো তুহু। প্রথমে তে বেশ চনল, তারপর পাডমিনিট যায় তো

 ধারর ঘাস। আর কি, নौচে ছিছিত, উপরে প্রলয়। নौচচ ভোজনরত অশ্বিনীকুমার, উপরে

 ওদ্ধত্তকেও উপেক্ষ刂 করে লে রোদ খামিক্যে দিন শতাবী সেনের ওভারকোটপরা দেহ। লে
 ফির্রে অসছিল। মাঝ রাস্তায় দেখ্য মিল্ল ঘর্মাক্তকলেবর বন্ধুর। ছ’টে। হাতই লাগাম


হত্রে ঘাস খাচ্ছে, খড়ি নেলালে—পন্নর মিনিট ধরে তো হবেই। এব: দূত্রে একটি আরেরিকান


 বিকেলের টেনো ও ক’লকাতাম ফিরে এসেছিল। কি বলব, পেদিন থেকে বেচারা ককাট ছেড়ে শাল ধরেছে, আর নিজের ক্যামেরাট্য এক তৃতীয়াঁশ মৃন্যে fিৈ্যেছে বিক্ক করে।










 পড় এককবারে জানলার বাইঢে? আর্র অমি সারা বাস ঘুজজ মরছি! ডাগ্যিস আপনি
 চালান। বাপ্, রে! কিক্তু হুযোপট। শতাবী সেন উপেক্巾। কর্রন না, আলাপ জমিয়ে নিন







 শতাবী সেন ছান ছাড়বার লোক নয্র, তাই ছেনেদের সম্গে ভাব জমিয়ে ఆদের লেলাঁ্য একদিন
 করতে হনে ঘা জায়গার প্রয়োজন তl ক’লকাত শহরে মেনা ছক্ষর বনেইই লেগুলো দেখাবার জন্থ কাউকে ডাক। बর্র পকক সষ্ভব নম্র।

बবশেবে সেই বহ প্রতীকিত শেলার দিনিি এল। ভগবান ভরসা করে স্ষুলের মাঠের













 কোন ট্রষ্টে জোপান ?"

এ ঘটনার পর একমাস শতাयী সেন বাড়ী থেকে বেরোয় নি। তবে বাড়ীতে বসে নষ্টও করেনি সময়ট।। জীবনে হাসি ও কান্নার অাপ্পক্ষিকতা সপ্বক্কে একট। প্রমাণ সাইরের



## হৃদ্যের় মৃতু্য

সঞ্জয় মজ্ুুমদার—চতুর্ধ বর্ষ ：সাহিত্য
ন｜－না আমি রোমায় ডাক্ববন ；
जামার বাঁশী ক্লান্ত হল জেনে


厄োমার বুたে চিছ্ জাঁক্বন।।
না－না আমি ভোমায় ডাকবনা।

जামার মাঘি ত্ত্ক জানো নাকি？



লজ্জা আামার কোथায় বল রাথি，－
শূন্যে ষীন মূন্ঠ কেবল বাকি ？
রাত্র ঢেউল সাজ্রেয়ে রেথ্থে নাকো

অাকাশ－আলোর দীথু নির্বাসে
পাত্র তরে নিয়োনা অার তুলে।

কঠিন－অশ川 লুকিষ্যে রাtেv，রাt্খ।।
ডোমার কাছে কিহूই রাখ্ব ন্।।
স্বর্শপ্রহর্ন কাচি্টি মুথর্র কাজে
ফিব্বব না অার তোমার গৃহের পাশে।
রাত্রি－ঘন বিবশ মনেন ভাঁজজ
তোমাব্র ম্ম্রণ জাগিচ্রে রাখ্যব না ；
অবোষ মেয্যে，‘োমায় ডাকবন৷॥

## দুট্টি কবততা

## 

## फलाGन





মুক করি তাক্ক: সবুজ సিয়খখী






কে যায় পাথ ふই, কে অাতে : ঢেত়় थ্কি



বিদায় দিছ যাকে একদ্গ আর তাকি




ওঢ়ায় ঝর্যাপীত্য বাকুল বেশাখী ।


## 

মধ্যরাত্রে ফিতের আসি হোটটলের আঠারো নমরে।
 অামি थাকি জাঠtররায়, সরেরোয় মন্দির্য কাকতি। অক্কের নিয়ম মেন্ন শূন্থের দিকেই যার গতি इয়না निঃশেষে লौन তবু তার ধনাত্ঘক মান কিছ্রেেই। অভএব চার্যুই ইটটের ব্যধধান কল্পনায় ধ্বংস করি আনন্দ্র ছুাতে fিই তুড়ি।


অামি 凶ীত্দাস নই উচ্চাশার। সকানে বিকেনে
 जভিভাবককর অাশ!, ভবিষ্যে, পরীক্ষার পড়।
 नৌকার মতन ধেন অাসাই নদौর চূর্ণ प্রোতেবে নদী প্রগল্ভ বেপে ধৌবনের হূপ্পিণ্ড হতে
 অমি তারি অলক্ষ্যের ছরষ্ত জোয়ারে হই লীন।

লে एার নিষ্ঠাম মম্ন : অাড়ালে সমস্তু দিন কেটট


 গেলা করে রেমন্তেন লেশুন সক্কায়। আর তারি




শশশশব কেটটছে যার ভ়ালু<কের নাচ দেবে পণে
 অধ্না সে কান্ত হয় মাত্র ছটি বিয়ারেরে গাসে।
অাহত পৌৗষষ নিয়ে দিন শুধু যায় আর অদে।

ব্যী<নে অক্ষম অামি। এপ্রিলের ঘুম-না-অাসা রাতে
 অর এই কथ্গ শিথি জীবনের জটিল জ্যামিতি যতবারইই পাঠ কর্রি সবচেচ্যে সত্য এ প্রমিতি:
হ্রায়ের্রে এই ব্ব্ত্তে অার স্থিতি স্পর্শচকের মত
 এবং এক্গা ওই ইম্মুলের ছছলেট্টাও জানে


## আশিনের মাঠঠ

## জয়চরণ সরকার-প্রাক্তন ছাত্র

অশ্পিনের মাঠে মাঠে পানের শিশুরা লেলা করে, নবাশত শিশিব্রেন নীল গক্কে তন্ময় বাতাস
 অসং:্যা চুমায় রাঙ্ লজ্জানত সকাননর ঘাস।


 বিпার্রের উপহার নিয়ে পোছে প্মেহেন অাশ্র্র।
 বিজ্ঞাপিত। কেটট যায় নিরন্ন অন্নক দিন গুণণ, তবুও অ্রের স্নেছে চূর্ত ছয় মাচিনি মিনার আকাশ সীসের প্রী টোনে অশ্বিটনর গান ধ্টেন

# তার চুনে গেলা কটর "র্রতের্র উধাও বাতাস    

অদিগস্ত গ্রসার্রিত অশ্বিনের উদাব্র ললাট। চোてে তর নীলমায়।, অ্বপ্ম-সংসার ছোট ঘরে, স্নেহের লৌরাcত্ম ভরা মাঠ ঘাট রোয়াক কপাট।

## 

## ডুটি কবিত

## 6কতকী কুশারী-চতুর্ধ বধ্য, কনা

## ब6

ব্যাকুল স্রেরে পেলব ছন্লে শরীর ঢোমার রবীক্রুস্ীীত,



তোমাকে পাবই স্ছির প্রত্য়েে তুবনন অামার বিমূর্ত্ত কল্পন।,

 প্রতিবিষ্থিত অন্তর্মিির স্বন্যবি।
জেনেছি আমার মিষি সত্তার ছুম্ প্রসারিত বিমুক্ত অম্বর, যিি জনন যেত শ্যু দুস্তর ব্যবষান,
 बোণিতত আর্দ্র হত না ব্যাধের ক্রুর বাণ।
হায় সে লাণিত এখন ব্যাপ্তু অকাশে বাতাণে নির্মন অল্গণে জমাট তোমার রজনীগন্গা-ছাল্কা বুকে,

ডোমার অামার চরাচর বেন পাপল কবির প্রেমত্ত জলযান,

 হয়েেেে বনানী ছারায়ান তার যত্ত্রণাতে, অামার হাঁয়্রে গ্রহ্সঙীত ধ্বনিত হয্যেছে অন্তিম ঝাক্কারর যন্ত্রে যত্রে বেদনাৗীা বন্দনাতে।
বে ণে বাধl পাই দূর্রে তো সরাই, তবু পর্বত সম্মুয্小 উদ্ধত, স্থচর্রিত এ কি পৃথিবীর শ্রধু ব্যু নাকি?
 লজ্বন করা চিরকালই ব্ৰি থাক্বে বাকি!

## দুই

যখন ব্বগক্নান্ত প্ৈাtষের নির্জীব আকাশে
অশてথর স্নিগ্ণ স্নায় ব্যাপ্ড ছিন শাখl-প্রশাখায়।
অশ্যুל সবুজ গক্জে ভবিষ্যের হ্যনি সষ্ণার;
রাঁির্র আরজ্ভ ভল আরও জল নিবিড়ষারার্য।

চেত্নার চতুল্দিকক রিম্র্বিম জলীয় রে*াঁ






বর্ম ৫কক ঋহু, পৃথ্বী Јর্রলশজমর,
ধ্বানির গভীর সাঁত্তে ঘুম এল সুক্বার মতন,



## 

## ক্রীড়াবিভাদেগর বাৎসর্রিক বিব্রণী:






নীচে সকল্ বিভাগের কাজজজর বিবয়ণ দিলাম:

## ফুটবলন










## ক্রিকেট:





 জ্রাল্ কর্র।



## হকি：


 হেরে যাই।





累অধীপকুমার বসু—সম্পাদক


## GホTইः：

 প্রিजि।

ছাতীশ সন্রকা木－সম্পাদক

## भ्यन এরিয়া গেगम् ：









## টেনিস ：

 कत्रिन नि।

> শ্রীজশোককুমার এোষ—স্প্পাদক

## জিম্－াসিয়াম ：



## इन्धी বিकाभ:








## নাৎরিক ক্ণীড়| প্র্তযোগিত্র:



 इয়ে ఆণ্d।
 বিতত্ কর্রেন।



















## অर্ষनीতি গসেমनाরः






 কাছ ণ্থে পাওয়া গোে।






 মনোজ্s একট ভাশল (দন।











 ব্যাপৃত অ|্ছি।








 ধন্ঠবা斤 জ্ানাই।

ब্রণবকুমাঃ বর্ধন ।<br> প্যানিং（োরাম－সম্পাদক


#### Abstract

রাজনীতি ৎসমিনার：    প্রধান অতিণ্রি হিপাবে অধাক 心্রে পেেরেরা উপপ্ছিত ছিলেন। 


1．Parliamentary Democracy in U．K．－Ramgopal Agarwalla．
2．The Political Ideal of Nationalism－Prakash Khaitan．
3．Democracy and Totalitarianism－Manish Nandy，
4．Interrelation between Liberty and equality－Prakash Khaitan．





 নির্মলকুমা木 মজুমা｜র।









 मভাসম্মেননেন্র আয়োজন কারা সঅ্তণ হত না।

际愿!


## ভ্রুজ্ঞান পরিষদ:








 "ঞ্ঞানোন্মেষক প্র্রিভনণ"-এর।









পর্রাশ্য উ










## বাংলা পীঠ゙চক্র:




 পণ্রিক্রুণ बा কব্রেই।
 আর্যোজিত লোকসজাটইই প্রশ






 বক্নাাপাধাযায। তার নিকট অ|মরা বৃতজ্ঞ।

 बাनिয়েছিলাম।


































## পদার্লবিছ। জেন্নার:


 ব্ল্যাদা নাম দিলাম।

D ff rential Equation, in Phys cs-E



Fermal', principle一



Co-mic rays, and their utlity in locating the magnetic pales of the earthसুদ্রেরख্পন চাকী।




## ভূত্ত্র্পার্রিম斤:










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 धটনা।



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## भরিসং্যান পাঠচ্র্র:


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## Editorial

All the good things of life have their seamy sides, too. The editor's job, while undoubtedly flattering to one's self-esteem, is not without its attendant headaches, especially when one has to cater to the varied tastes of a body as mixed as the students of Presidency College. A mean, after all, must be struck, some sort of a compromise patched up between the protagonists of prose and the lovers of poetry, between those who see in fiction the raison d'etre of a college magazine, and those who will not read anything but historical essays. People with vested interests in a whole sheaf of groupphotographs must be headed off to appeáse people who resent the encroachment of such photographs upon the limited space at our disposal. The athlete, one realises, must be satisfied no less than the historical scholar, the coffee-cup politician, the budding biologist, the poet in the green leaf, the young economist, the literary critic, the adolescent physicist and the short story addict.

Above all, however, ours is an age when economics is the grammar of all chaos. One knows, of course, that variety is the spice of a college journal ; but, unfortunately-thanks to the economics of scarcity-brevity is its soul. One must, accordingly, somehow compress within the Procrustean bed of strictly limited space a range of material of infinitely varied appeal.

Here, however, the editor is entirely at the mercy of contributors, and it is a strange fact that the writers of Presidency College have an undeniably narrower range of interests than its readers. It is, no doubt, pleasant to feel, in an age when the future of poetry is supposed to be gloomy, that the students of Presidency College lisp in numbers and the numbers come. One is delighted by a deluge of verses, exploring every possible poetic mood and manner-from romantic melancholy to the modern mode, from the pastoral convention to a futuristic defiance of all the laws of grammar and
spelling. So is it with a bountiful harvest of short stories, and a surfeit of criticism, which signifies a welcome revival of interest in literature.

All this, one hopes, may go some of the way towards amending the traditional reputation of the Presidency College Magazine as the stuffy forum of highbrows and eggheads. It is, however, unfortunate in the serse that some exceptionally interesting items in these domains have necessarily to be overlooked. Incidentally also, it is restricted in its appeal. Yet we are helpless. The plentiful crop of verses, short stories and literary criticism contrasts with the astounding poverty of contributions in the realm of popular science. Our historians seem content to let the dead past bury its dead without making much fuss about it in the columns of a college magazine. After a spate of extremely vigorous caricatures in our wall. papers, our cartoonists appear to have become inexplicably coy. Humorous short stories are conspicuous by their absence. Our feelings in favour of the armchair travelogue have been ignored.

This is our apology for our many sins of omission. No doubt, $i_{i}$ is-as the intelligent reader has already cleverly noted-an exceptionally lame one. It indicates, however, the directions along which our accomplished writers may proceed to make a better job of our second issue-if, sndeed, the inexorable laws of economics permit it ever to see the light of day.

# Chesterton the Eccentric 

Difak Rudra,

Third Year, Arts,


#### Abstract

A tousle-haired giant, carelessly accoutred in baggy tweeds, views with melancholy distaste the marble lions at the foot of Nelson's Column and wishes they were pigs. You have here a true-to-life picture of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, creator of Father Brown, author of 'The Man who was Thursday' and so many other literary flights-of-fancy.

The Chesterton the world knows is the all-too-elevated critic, essayist, philosopher and savant. What escapes overall attention is that he, above everything else, has stood up (with all his towering bulk!) for the cause of downtrodden idiosyncrasy. As a man who never sacrificed his exclusiveness to tradition, he is courageous, if not unique. In surprising harmony with this individualism, he has that rare appreciation of unromantic facts. While flooded Battersea rouses the homc-keeping Londoner in him, the soaked mackintosh-and-wellingtons are a vivid adjunct-there is no side-tracking from the 'goose-pimple weather' essence.


His appeal is universal. The 'piece of chalk' is a discovery as exhilarating to us as to the portly, meditative gentleman, sketching the soul of a cow on a Chichester hillock. His frank expostulations are both a challenge--to whosoever may disapprove-and an appeal-to those of us who stifle our innate convictions, to give vent to them. 'The meanest of all fears', he says somewhere, 'is the fear of sentiment'. Sentiment, or eccentricity, whatever highbrows may call it, is too often sheer sincerity. At the risk of being ridiculed, G. K. has poured out the wildest excesses of his unusual mind. 'Brown paper', to him, 'represents the primal twilight of the first toil of creation. Of the Augustans, he writes: 'The inspiration went in like sunbeams and came out like Apollo.' 'Lying in bed,' he says, 'would be altogether perfect if only one had a coloured pencil long enough to draw on the ceiling.' 'To a friend whose drawer was jammed day after day, he suggested: 'Think that you are tugging a fellow-creature out of an Alpine crevasse.'

Spontaneity is Chesterton's forte. This inimitable quality redeems many of his compositions, soaring in concept and, perhaps, obscure to the layman. The most outlandish of his ideas are pertinent to a measured degree. His down-to-earth sprees are succinct, but never staccato. A thoughtfully sifted finesse softens the crude contours of his bursting picturesqueness, The
colossal contours, soft and strong, of the Sussex downs remind anm that 'the mighty are merciful'. At the end of an 'ashen' autumn day, he sits despondently, 'watching the last tail of the tattered sunset and listening to the everlasting rain'.
G. K. is perhaps unprecedented in the way he displays a compromise, a legitimate half-way house, between unrestrained emotion and polished decorum. In his maddest moments, he is also the correct refined litterateur. It is this exquisite blending of the opposites that he points out as the medium in which our unrehearsed meditations are to be flaunted. Shun rodomontade, Chesterton insists, but do not, under any circumstances give up beauty when putting into words the language of your heart.

There is, however, one warning: Chesterton's economy with words is almost poetic, though he never leaves a thing unsaid. His is a creed of 'say it well, say it short, say it easy'. No stilted embellishments, but crisp, reminiscent outbursts, crowd his variegated contributions. His nostalgia is infectious; one is unwittingly stirred into the recollection of drifting memories. G. K. has neither the abstruse abruptness of Joyce, nor the acute nausea of Zola's abandon-he is more of a Tagore or a Rolland, a sprightly easy-going realist who finds much to be amended, but feels no vehemence with life as it is. He is at peace with the world and its delightful nothings: his war is against established niceties.

Call him great? Then listen to his terse, after-dinner self-exposition'I'm not really so large ; I'm being amplified by the loudspeakers here.'

# To Wit and to Woo: Mr. Thurber's Wonder-World 

Hiren Gohain

Third Year, Arts
'Have you lost your way, Sir?' said the dancing boy.
'All paths,' the Philosopher replied, 'are on earth, and so one can never be lost--but I have lost my dinner.'

The Crock of Gold, James Stephens.
Anyone who has seen Mr. Thurber's drawings must have realised that here is a humorist with a difference. Those incongruously melancholy faces, perched on incredibly globular figures, make him pause, and perhaps, ponder. If this chance admirer ever strays into Thurber's writings, the first vague impressions will doubtless solidify into an awareness 'of Thurber's peculiar genius. For, James Thurber is one of the foremost fantasy-makers of our age. He has added a fresh genre to the already enormous stock of humorous literature-no mean achievement if we consider how thoroughly the possibilities of newness in literature have been explored of late.

I do not suppose that the current craze for fantasy in American literature is a mere accident. A typical representative of this trend is Ogden Nash, whose cranium teems with such novel problems:

The trouble with a kitten is that
It eventually becomes a cat.
The streamlined American way of life strains at the average American's nerves until they are stretched to the breaking point. And, while some find relief in running berserk, there are few who go the whole length of such a radical departure. Indeed, to the great majority of docile city-dwellers, life is a dreary and monotonously repetitive programme, which affords them no sense of security, no sanctities to sentimentalise about. The savage, bloodcurdling writings that pour out of the American press nowadays reflect, in a measure, the emotional reaction to such an existence. For a fairly recent sample, you may turn to J. D. Salinger's 'Catcher in the Rye.' Whether this meaningless maundering on life in the new Babylon holds the mirror to a decaying society or not, need not concern us here. But it seems incontrovertible that a spirit of disenchantment is in the air. We suspect
that this has something to do with the tendency towards fantzon-building in America.
'Fantasy?' you ask, patronisingly. 'Well, why not? Let's have a look at the "dong with the luminous nose," or hunt some "snarks" in "the land of the jumblies".' But, strange though it may seem, the modern fantasymaker does not hold out such Victorian golden goblets. His fantasy-making is so urgent in tone, so fiercely insistent in its demand for an audience that a blissful momentary return to childhood is no longer possible. Rather is he a frightened, bewildered individual beating a frantic retreat from the hideous, work-a-day world. We should not blame him if there is no childlike charm in his business. But alas! Should we also condone the obvious fact that, for one thing, it is a potent cause of the fabulous currency of horror-comics?

The amazing array of humorists in contemporary American literature reflects just such a nation-wide hunger for relief from reality. And, if fantasy, when burdened with a lack of humour, can be equated to the nightmares of a nervous wreck or to purest megalomania, it has, when graced with a sense of humour, a fair chance of finding a back-door entrance to wisdom.

A sense of humour does not always imply a rollicking, horsy spirit. This elusive faculty often comes within an inch of 'the tragic sense of life'. Here I should like to make a reservation. I often come across people making outlandish claims for the sense of humour. It is, for instance, declared to be 'the other side of realism'. There is, no doubt a modicum of realism in humour. The genuine humorist sniggers when he sees someone leaping for the highest rungs of the social ladder and falling back on the ground to break his shins. The horror of the thing-perceived in the light of undiluted realism-is enough to shake the breath out of the most robust lungs. But the humorist is a kindly man, disillusioned perhaps, but emphatically free from rancour. He looks at human follies like a warm-hearted adult, consoling a child who is shaken by a stumble.

Then, what about Swift-in the feeble light of whose old age, even a 'rational' horse seemed better by far than man, 'a poor, bare, forked animal'? Here, one must suggest that this merciless flaying has plenty of dross mixed with genuine humour. We do not read Swift with a smile, but with a bitter taste in the mouth. Likewise, even the 'My Ford!' of Aldous Huxley's 'Brave New World' fails to lighten the gloom of a world where babies are conditioned and virtuous students of pathology blush to utter that horrid obscenity-'parents'! This, I believe, is the penalty of an all-absorbing intellect. Thurber is, fortunately, a more genial soul. Yet, he, too, extends his charity only to the hyper-frustrated victims of modern life. This characteristic he shares unexpectedly with the other great authors of the American tradition-Sherwood Anderson, for example,

At the opposite pole stands the humorist whose stock-attitude is selfmockery. Stephen Leacock, the great Canadian writer, may well be taken to represent this trend. Thurber, too, is conscious of his inferiority, but this consciousness is not, with him, a mere attitude. Rather is it so deeply ingrained that he need not flaunt it in his writings. We do not laugh superciliously at the sorry figure who is supposed to represent the author. Instead, we feel an overwhelming pity for the suffering fellow.

Indeed, it is for the wandering human figure, standing alone and bewildered in the shadow of our skyscrapers, groping his way through an estranged, urban world that Thurber reserves his deepest sympathy. One cannot enter into the mood of his rain-drenched evenings with their dripping neon-signs, skidding buses and ghostly passers-by without experiencing a serious upheaval in one's scheme of values. For Thurber projects on to a contemporary plane one of the perennial problems of American Jiterature from Melville's 'Moby Dick' to Hart Crane's 'The Bridge'-the problem of human destiny in an alien world.

The men and women we meet in Thurber's stories are not the rounded, full-blooded characters of the classics. They are cut-outs, caricatures drawn in the flat in a world before perspective. But he insists that this is Reality, and that what we are accustomed to take for the real is pure illusion. Thurber is not a puckish spirit who looks at us, blundering human doddards, to exclaim 'Lord! what fools these mortals be!' But his sense of the ridiculous is as keen as Dickens's.

I sense an inverted craving for peace and order in Thurber's writingsas if he is oppressed by the modern tendency towards chaotic complexity. Bald, middle-aged men, with the scanty remnants of a black harvest lingering on the shining convexity of their heads, are seen sunk in reverie. Corpulent and irate women, with no more than knobs for noses, keep them company, while trying to manage balls of wool. Besides, there are other worthy companions-drowsy dogs and complacent hippos, hermit-crows and irrepressible seals. Even his animals reflect Thurber's yearning for peace, repose and meditation.

There are other cartoons, too, which defy all attempts to unravel their meaning. The surrealists claim that these are drawn from the subconscious and betray Thurber's debt to their ideas. Thurber himself is discreetly silent on this point. These cartoons are pure fantasy, irrepressibly and absurdly funny. An editor with a rabbit's head on his shoulders faces a stunned woman in one of them. Scribbling on a piece of paper, he asks in a properly editorial manner, 'You tell me, Mrs. Zending, that I have just turned into a rabbit?' In another, a seal peeps from behind a bedstead while an irate wife rails at her husband, 'You! You with your seals and hippos! Won't you let me have a wink of sleep?'

Yet, despite these flights of fancy, Thurber's characters live the modern life with its sleeplessness and nightmares, its boredom and strain, and its
vague, uneasy fears. His is the world of the husband martyred by a wife who insists upon his accompanying her to lectures and classical concerts. His also is the world of the harmless fellow who is afraid to go out-of-doors because he is said to resemble a notorious gangster. Look for a wild, middle-aged, venerably bearded doctor, bolting breathlessly from an imaginary deluge, firm in his conviction that the waters are only a few paces behind him. This-as Thurber recalls solemnly-was the only occasion that found the doctor exercising his leg muscles.

All in all, Thurber's 'Fables for our 'Time' explore a novel technique in the realm of humour. Apparently following the tradition of Aesop, they preach morals conditioned by our changed times. The element of fantasy is sustained with infinite dexterity. A delightful harvest of puns and parodies awaits the reader. In one of his fables, the secretary-bird struts up to the owl and declares, 'Mr. Owl, I have some mighty questions in store for you.'
'To wit?' Mr. Owl condescends to respond.
'For a sample, why on earth do you keep indoors all day long?'
'To woo!' is the triumphant reply. The secretary-bird retreats, much abashed.

Mr. Thurber, I am convinced, represents-whether in pure fantasy or in weird visions of life-the very best in modern humour. It is, I think, reasonable to conclude that he will continue to delight future generations like that merry immortal, Lewis Carroll.

# The -Victorian Temper 

Indrani Guha<br>Sixth Year, Arts (Outgoing)

It is a commonplace of criticism that the literature of every age represents a reaction against that of the preceding period. This, nevertheless, is a most apposite starting point for an attempt to analyse the spirit of Victorianism. For, only in the perspective of the Romantic era can the distinctive features of Victorian literature be studied to advantage. A digression into Romanticism is essential for' any understanding of the Victorian temper.

Hulme has sought the essence of Romanticism in the cult of Man triumphant. Prometheus, defying the thunderbolts of Jove on the Caucasian mountain, has, for him, always been the prototype of the Romantic. For, indeed, the Romantic era was one singularly fitted to foster humanistic values. The French Revolution and the Greek war of independence sustained man's faith in his own perfectibility. Man was the fallen angel; he was fashioned in the image of God-a belief that was the occasion at once for a robust optimism and a wellnigh fanatical devotion to the lost Paradise. Man, it was claimed, was born free, but everywhere he is in chains, and it is our duty to recover for him his alienated birthright. Hence the insurgent note of protest in Romantic literature. Tempered by the fiery baptism of the French and the Greek revolutions, Romanticism was thereafter in instinctive rebellion against the imperfections of the existing social order. It was a revolutionary and an optimistic creed. Even more, it was an uncompromising and an unmixed one ; it offered a unique utopia and suggested a unique solution for all our problems. It excited, accordingly a mystic and emotional intensity of belief: the pure flame of single-minded faith burns bright in Romantic literature from Rousseau to Shelley.

This clarity and simplicity of vision, unfortunately, could not survive the changing times. The Victorian age was a complex era with its diverse and conflicting inspirations, its shifting cross-currents of thought. Predominantly, it was a confused and a divided age. Optimism had, by the mid-nineteenth century, become the monopoly of the philistines; the Benthamite faith in progress through science and the economics of laisser-faire was now, no doubt, the cornerstone of bourgeois morality. But to the sensitive conscience of the artist, it appeared to be overtly contradicted by the misery begotten of the Industrial Revolution. In the light of mechanistic science-of astronomy and anthropology-man had dwindled from the stature of a God into a clod of common clay, thrust by accident into an alien world, infinite
in its immensity as compared with his puny figure. Darwin had, once and for all, quenched the divine spark in man: the descendant of the anthropoid apes could no longer claim to be the inheritor of the lost Atlantis.

As faith in man was undermined, the futility of revolution came to be realised. To the Victorian, the industrial order is hateful, but protest is pointless, since this order is the logical outcome of man's evil nature. Hence the infinite melancholy that broods over Victorian literature. For, if the Romantic agony was the fruit of devotion to a Utopia which one believed to be attainable, the Victorian's was a deeper anguish; it was the sadness of one committed inevitably to an order which one despised. The sense of the lateness of time, the weariness of spirit, the burden of fruitless experience lies heavy on the Victorians from Tennyson and Arnold, lamentin's 'the iron time', to Dickens, Moore and Gissing, protraying the sordia but inexorable facts of urban life after the Industrial Revolution.

In this sense, Browning's response to his environment was unique and individualistic. Browning's optimistic vision is not clouded by any cons-iousness of evil. Evil deeds, in his philosophy, cancel each other out, so that while

> 'God's in his heaven, All's right with the world.'

His poetry, accordingly, is not pitched in the plaintive key of an age which has lost faith in itself.

Browning's deeply spiritual resolution was not, unfortunately, open to most of his contemporaries. And, for them, the consciousness of the inevitability of evil meant a paralysis of action. It sapped the sources of their spiritual energy, leaving thern in attitudes of listlessness-the resigned stoicism of Tennyson and Arnold, or the ironical detachment of Thackeray. It encouraged the artist to escape from the plane of social existence with its insoluble riddles to the isolation of the ivory-tower ; in this, it was the stimulus to the pre-Raphaelite conversion of art into a cloistral cult, culminating in the pure art for art's sake of the fin de siécle. It even lent a note of wistful pathos to the projection of the typically Victorian Utopias to which, according to the bourgeoisie, science and democracy were to lead us; even Tennyson, dreaming in 'Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After' of 'a Parliament of man, a Federation of the world' was aware, however dimly, that he was not blueprinting the future of mankind, but merely giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

The industrial civilisation, as it evolved in ninteenth century England, was not, of course, accepted without demur. Ruskin, the apostle of 'sweetness and light', waged his futile war on an utilitarianism by which God was Mammon and the ultimate values of life were determined by the calculus of economic profit and loss. Yet Ruskin's solution-the restoration of the
benevolent "patriarchal society of the past with the humane wage-relations of the small workshop system-was essentially Utopian: it bequeathed to the future a co-operative ideal, without weaving it into a satisfying ideology, appropriate to time and tide. This failure to evolve a feasible alternative lent to Ruskin's protests a thinness of timbre, a still, small falsity of intonatior, which deepened, where it should have dispelled, the Victorian gloom.

The Victorian era was, thus, the age of despair and of the inaction born of despair. Even more, however, it was the age of uncertainty. It had failed to work out a coherent philosophy amidst the conflict of mechanistic science and utilitarian economics with the humanistic ethic. For the Victorian thinker, the rejection of the one meant foregoing the benefits of science and democracy, the sacrifice of the other implied the repudiation of the time-honoured heritage of the European Renaissance. A single scheme of collective values is lacking; the individual's impression is one of spiritual disintegration, of deep-seated doubt where conviction had once reigned. To the Victorian writer, as to Auden,

> Man has no mean: his mirrors distort;
> The greatest Arcadias have their ghosts, too ;
> The Utopias tempt to eternal youth
> Or self-slaughter.

Merlin following the gleam, oblivious of all else, is, indeed, the embodiment of the wistful yearning of the Victorian soul, divided against itself, for unity of purpose, for a lost harmony of emotional conviction amid a gnawing awareness of the duality of things.

This, perhaps, explains why the fine poetic frenzy, the emotional fire sinks in Victorian poetry to so low an ebb. Tennyson, Arnold, the preRaphaelites (save, perhaps, D. G. Rossetti), even Swinburne with all his erotic excesses leave us cold. For, emotionally they are dilettantes: they lack the intensity, the spiritual absorption that comes of passionate faith.

This equally is the reason why Victorian poetry is so largely a harvest of moods and moments. The Victorian poet has no structural energy because he cannot think of life as a coherent whole: But if the brittle crystal of a unified vision of life has been shattered, the poet can now dwell delighted on the glittering facets of each separate splinter. Tennyson, for instance, has no peer in English literature in the rendering of moods, the evocation of isolated experiences. And Swinburne can capture the sensations of the stray moment with an accuracy as flawless as that of Victor Hugo's songs, which, in Swinburne's own exquisite words,

Or fell more soft than dew or snow by night, Or wailed, as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave.

Not all Victorians, however, could rest content with repining for a vanished faith. Their reaction to the spiritual vacuum which was their inheritance was the inculcation of the doctrines of action-

There's not to make reply, there's not reason why, There's but to do and die.

To achieve this, they were even prepared to 'divorce old barren Reason from their beds', to consciously cultivate dogma as the only outlet from a paralysing scepticism. There was, for instance, the imperialism of Kipling, based on the dogma of 'the white man's burden'. On an entirely different plane, there was the Oxford Movement, the Catholic revival which sought in authoritarian values, in the discipline of Roman dogma, a relief from the burden of fruitless rationalism. Above all, there was Carlyle. For Carlyle, the moral dilemma that beset the other Victorians-the choice between Christian values and the materialistic cult of science. and democracy-did not exist. He had rejected in toto the materialism of the utilitarians and the mechanistic scientists; he sought in German transcendentalism a spiritual interpretation of the material universe as the mere vesture of the divine reality.' He even repudiated that most sacrosanct of Victorian ideals-the democratic freedom that 'broadens down from precedent to precedent'installing in its stead the paternalism of hero-worship. The spiritual testament of the Victorian era enshrined, strangely enough, the creed of latter-day Fascism.

In rejecting the current social order, then, Carlyle went to the length of repudiating the ideals which had become an accepted part of the Victorian hetitage. His was far too radical a solution for the spirit of the age. Harmony, hence, was never established between the varied trends of Victorian thought. The Victorian remained, to the very last, a frustrated individual striving in vain to find his poise in the scheme of things.

# Whither Communism 

Pranab Kumar Bardhan<br>Fourth Year, Arts

[Written on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Russian Revolution]
It was in March, 1954 that Kruschev as a fraternal delegate to the 2nd Congress of the Polish Communist Party stood with other delegates in silence to commemorate 'the immortal memory' of Stalin. It was February, 1956 when Kruschev had performed the task, at least on the official level, of placing 'the immortal Lenin' on the pedestal from which Stalin had been knocked down, and there was none so poor to do him reverence. The 'thaw' had set in. Kruschev's picture of the Soviet Union between the assassination of Kirov in 1934 and Stalin's death in 1953 'bears a startling resemblance to the more lurid efforts of the extreme anti-Communist school' all these years. In the maelstorm of tyranny that lasted for twenty long winters, one man terrorised 200 million people, and helpless Kruschev danced when ordered and murdered as ordered. Heroically enough, he along with his colleagues who found themselves alive, waited for the monster to cie. And when their turn came, they started their blitz $\dot{a}$ outrance against the dead tyrant (in the fashion of the English royalists who hanged Cromwell after his death), with the fond hope that their own part in the twenty years of nightmare will be overlooked in thankfulness that it has ended, and 'that they will be able to go ahead untrammelled by the discarded garments of their past.'

## The Renaissance of Leninism

The Twentieth Congress, despite all that, has set a milestone in the halting evolution of post-Stalin Communism. The cult of the individual was shattered with a vengeance, giving place to the Leninist system of collective leadership. Much of the ideological junk of Stalinism 'which had stultified Communists at home and abroad for so long' was thrown overboard. Many of the victims of Stalin and Beria were rehabilitated and some even recalled from the house of the dead. And there was a general

[^1]10

alleviation of the tensions and fears of the Stalin regime. This process of de-Stailinisation-in social and administrative reforms, industrial and agricultural reorganisation and in ideological revision-was engineered by the neo-Leninist group (and partly also by the economic reformists or the so-called Malenkovites) which was-and is-gaining increasing importance in the ruling strata and whose aim is to revive old Leninist ideas in the context of the mid-twentieth century. The process was however not at all smooth. Off and on Stalin's ghost would shake its gory locks at Kruschev.

Under Stalin the whole industrial machine of the country groaned under the stupendous load of bureaucratic over-centralisation. Since 1955, a policy of diffusion of economic power is being steadily followed. In 1953, at the time of Stalin's death, $69 \%$ of all industrial production in U.S.S.R. came from centrally controlled factories and the rest from Union-Republic factories. At the end of 1956, the respective figures were $45 \%$ and $55 \%{ }^{1}$ And if the recent Kruschev plan for an economic overhaul is faithfully carried out, we may very well expect a kind of industrial federalism in Russia on the Leninist pattern of 'democratic centralism'. In the scheme of horizontal reorganisation of Soviet industry, a number of Regional Economic Councils (which Stalin had abolished) are to operate under the co-ordinating influence of the Gosplan, the supreme planning authority. There is thus the indication of a welcome change in the very structure of Soviet planning, and a greater scope is now being given to local initiative and planning from below. Economic decentralisation, however, would be but one small step to de-oligarchise the bureaucracy.

## The Apotheosis of bureaucracy

Kruschev fails to see that it would be merely 'the cult of personalty in reverse' to ascribe all the evils of the former regime to a single man. The sociologist sees Stalinism and its growth as a historical process determined by objective circumstances. Overcentralisation, total statism, 'bureaucratic deformism'-all these are to be explained by the feudal backwardness of the environment in which the first 'workers' state' had-un-Marxianly-set out to build Socialism. Marx conceived of the Socialist revolution as a historic process to be brought about by the proletariat-'the immense majority" of the population-of a fully industrialised bourgeois nation. "Lenin, on the other hand, sought to engineer a socialist revolution in an industrially backward country through the coup de force of a determined band of revolutionaries, organised in a highly centralised and semi-militarily disciplined party." ${ }^{2}$ Thus the October Revolution, as it is said, defied in its own way history's 'law of gravitation', as much as the Soviet scientists to-day

[^2]are trying to overcome the earth's gravitation. History had its revenge as Russia was driven to establish instead of a plebeian democracy the most ruthless type of the dictatorship of a bureaucratic oligarchy ever known. This new class of bureautratic rulers, as Arthur Koestler complains in his The Yogi and the Commissar, is following the history of 'all self-perpetuating groups': Socialism is thus being bogged down in a regime of entrenched privilege. ${ }^{1}$

## So Stalinism lingers . . .

Many other undesirable features of the Stalinist System, especially forced collectivisation and excessive priority for heavy industry, are still there. That twenty-five years of collectivised agriculture have failed to attract the vast peasantry is a pointer to the belief that an independent peasantry is potentially an enemy of the Communist regime. ${ }^{2}$ The economic history of Soviet Union has been and still is one of stubborn conflict of interests between the industrial workers and the peasantry, thus giving lie to the Marxist postulate of an automatic harmony of interests between the proletariat and the rest of society.. Another persistent feature of the Soviet, and for the matter of that any Communist economy, is the disproportionate concentration on heavy industries-an unbalanced planning, as it is called. It was only for a short spell that Malenkov could pursue his consumer-goods policy. On 24th January, 1955, Pravda came out with a sensational article which denounced the Malenkovite economists as 'vulgarisers of Marxism'. This article spelled the end of Malenkov's 'New Course' and was the prelude to his fall.

## Euthanasia of enthusiasm

The Volte-face in Kremin was followed by the eruption of the pent-up forces of criticism. Once given the green light, public criticism soon tended to flow in forbidden channels..

People began to ask questions about the whole system itself, which the Kruschev pattern of de-Stalinisation has left basically untouched. The Frankenstein was raising its head. Hastily did the ruling cabal decide to soft-pedal the new process. In two Pravda articles (on 16th and 24th July, 1956) the positive achievements of the system-even under Stalin-were

[^3]stressed again. The tightening of control was intensified after the Polish and Hungarian events. The Retreat started. ${ }^{1}$

## The god that failed . . . .

After forty years from the Revolution, Soviet Russia-from the shores of the Arctic to the Pamir-presents before us a horrid spectacle of paralysing uniformity. Russian Communism, at least, has failed to create a new world, a new civilisation and a new man. The Revolution indeed stands betrayed.

Behind the window-dressing of monolithic unity and unanimity there is ferment and discontent all around. Through modernisation of the economy and by raising the living standards of the people the Soviet leadership is today trying to dangle the carrot as it had previously brandished the stick. But how long will the people be content to live by bread alone?

## New Horizons

So 'to kinder skies, where gentler manners reign' we turn-where the Red Star shines on the Eastern horizon, where Communism, under the ideological and practical guidance of a great leader, Mao-tse-tung, is breaking new paths. Chairman Mao's February address on The Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People is indeed a New Testament for Marxist theory and practice. For the first time the leader of a Communist country came out with the glorious confession that even in a supposedly 'classless' society 'contradictions' among the people may exist and legitimately so. ${ }^{2}$ It is to be appreciated in the context of the development of Marxism in other socialist countries, especially in Soviet Russia. The Marxian dialectical logic-if it is any logic at all-transformed the liberal hedonism of the nineteenth century into a collectivist materialism which gave the ideology a definite absolutist bias. The individual was somehow fitted into the Procrustean bed of a class and was asked to believe in a unity which nobody found there save the glib parrots of Marxist phraseo-

[^4]$\log y$. The Eommunist party, we were told, represented the unified interests of the 'classless' Socialist society; to go against it in any way was a 'counterievolutionary crime' which must be suppiessed at any cost. Thus was raised the Stalinist fetish of the 'monolith' and the totalitarian Leviathan on the Czarist throne.

A reign of terror was let loose to prop up an exhausted dogma and its paranoeic Godfather. Even after his downfall-and what a fall was there!the new leaders were more eager to show their posthumous hostility to the bête noire than to revise the dogma itself. That task was taken up by Mao. He came out with the declaration that the 'non-antagonistic' type of contradictions between the Peoples' Government and the people themselves is to be given a leeway of legitimacy so long as it does not endanger the basic socialist structure. ${ }^{1}$ The divergent interests of the working class, the peasantry, the bureaucracy and even the 'national bourgeoisie' are to have a coexistential interplay-Rosa Luxemburg's 'free struggle of opinion'within the sacrosant periphery of socialist construction.

## The Floral coexistence

Mao has thus tried to bring Marxism out of the 'hothouse protection' of Stalinist orthodoxy into the open air flower garden of ideological coexistence. "As a scientific truth", he asserts, "Marxism fears no criticism, If it did and could be defeated in argument, it would be worthless.... Marxism can only develop through struggle; and this is true not only of the past and present-it will necessarily remain so in the future as well. What is correct always develops in the course of struggle with what is wrong." How long have we not heard such challenging vigour in a Communist voice!

Mao thus brings about a revolution in the whole concept of proletarian dictatorship and attempts with all sincerity to detach Socialism from its totalitarian shell. And as Isaac Deutscher observes, "the Leninist idea of a transition to Socialism through N.E.P. is given its first practical and gigantic test in China; in Lenin's own country, it was never applied.'2 Accepting the 'inevitability of gradualness', Mao proceeds to build Socialism within the framework of a mixed economy, in which the socialist sector expands 'peacefully' but steadily without causing those cataclysmic collisions which Stalin had made against the peasantry and the 'Kulaks'. Collectivisation of farms in particular, is progressing in a slow and subtle way as to avoid the 'rightist errors' of the Bolsheviks, and in industrial policy, the Chinese leaders, wiser by the painful experience of their Russian brethren, are now giving

[^5]greater weight to consumer interests. As regards his labour policy, Mao, following the Leninist principle, ${ }^{1}$ has recognised the workers' right to strike, a right which, for nearly 35 years, has been denounced in their 'fatherland' as a counter-revolutionary crime. In the intellectual sphere, the 'hundred flowers' policy definitely implies that artists and writers in China are no longer required to look upon things through the distorting mirror of dialectics and that 'socialist realism' is no more to throttle creative expression as had been the case in Stalin's Russia. Now that Socialism has been basically established in China, Mao is today eagerly trying to mobilise the willing co-operation of the bourgeoisie, the peasantry and the intellectual class in China's social and economic reconstruction. To get closer to the masses, ${ }^{2}$ a cheng-feng movement has been launched within the Party, which, according to the directive issued by the Chinese Communist Party's Central Committee on 27th April, 1957, is 'an extensive thorough-going rectification campaign against bureaucracy, sectarianism and subjectivism, to raise the Marxist ideological level of the whole Party and improve the working style so as to conform to the needs of socialist construction.'

## Another independent citadel

Since the 1948 break with the Cominform, Yugoslavia is evolving its distinctive pattern of Marxism-Leninism, its own socialist dialectics and its own system of political and economic organisation. 'The Yugoslavs' Marxism is born out of their needs, out of their history, out of the thirst of the South Slav for a home and of a future which must be their very own. ${ }^{3}$ With the introduction of workers' councils for factory management, the relaxation of agricultural collectivisation, the decrease in the activities of the secret police and of the bureaucracy, the reduction of federal control in the government reorganisation of April, 1951 and in subsequent measures of decentralisation, Yugoslavia is moving towards a more humanised and less rigid form of Communist government.

The withering away of the state or 'organised violence', and the establishment of a society in which 'the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all' has long been the dream of the imaginative Marxist. But the infernal persistency with which the fatherland of the proletariat has uptil now followed a policy of perpetuating the 'transitional dictatorship' bas once more exposed the Marxist 'illusion and reality'. Yugoslavia, however, seems to be the only socialist country that is aware of the ultimate anarchism to which she is ideologically committed and

[^6]towards which she is now groping, however painfully slow the transition may be.

Through workers' self-government in industrial enterprises, Yugoslavia is trying more and more to diffuse the economic functions of the government and to render extensive central interference gradually superfluous. The executive functions of the government are now being shifted to elected bodies, territorial and functional. ${ }^{1}$ In the scheme of syndicalist socialism, the Yugoslav Communist Party and the larger Socialist Alliance will have a leading role, educating the masses in socialistic conciousness and assisting the self-governing workers to arrive at right decisions. A greater democlatisation is being practised within the Party and some newer lines are expected to emerge at the Seventh Congress of the League of Communists to be held in November. But the Yugoslav leaders are not yet prepared to accept Djilas's proposal ${ }^{2}$ of a change in the one-party structure itself, and the whole system is still tilted towards dictatorship.

## The tremors in the Satellites

One sharp deviation from the past at the historic Twentieth Congress of C.P.S.U.-and the.one most fraught with dangerous consequences for the Soviet hegemony-was the thesis of differing roads to Socialism ${ }^{3}$ : that 'questions of internal organisation, of different social systems, and of different forms of Socialist development are solely the concern of individual countries.' ${ }^{4}$ Soon did the Kremlin seismograph anxiously register the disturbances of the subterranean forces so long imprisoned within the petrified Stalinist mould. ${ }^{5}$

## The Gomulka way

Poland was one of the first countries to be rocked. The land was swept by the flood of popular criticism. Now that Beirut-Poland's little Stalinwas dead (by March, 1956) the Polish people found it easier to express 'their suddenly remembered distaste' for the negative aspects of ten years of Communist rule. The economic demands of the underfed working class burst forth in the Poznan riots (28th June, 1956). The myth of proletarian support for the Communist regime was once more exploded.

The orgy of self-flaggellation continued unabated despite Moscow's repeated warnings and Mr. Ochab's notes of alarm. The old Party hacks,

[^7]along with their Kremlin overlords, looked ruefully as the 'managed catharsis' went on, culminating in the October upheaval and Gomulka's triumphant return to power. Since then Gomulka has been pursuing 'Poland's national road to Socialism' in the teeth of constant opposition from the conservative Stalinist faction, the so-called Natolin group. challenging the 'October line', and also from the more popular but less organised 'revisionists' in the extreme left, clamouring for greater liberalisation. For the present the Gomulka way has been directed towards three major lines of development: the introduction of workers' councils, increased administrative autonomy on the local level and greater freedom for the peasants in the choice of their methods and the organisation of their production, with, of course, an emphasis on encouraging co-operation. On the question of democratisation Gomulka is not, however, prepared to go far. In the 9 th plenum of the Polish United Workers' Party, he, in reply to an article by Kolakowski (published in Zycie Warszawy, 3rd Feb. '57), declared that in the existing circumstances the emergence of bourgeois political parties would 'create a threat of the revival of capitalism and of civil war'. 'Can you believe', he asked, 'that this would consolidate our western frontier? . . . . One may risk a few Zloty on a lottery, but no responsible Pole could subject the fate of Poland, to a lottery called . . . the free play of political forces. ${ }^{1}$

Inspite of all that, the Poles today perhaps enjoy a greater freedom than many of their comrades in the other Eastern European States. 'So far as expression of opinion is concerned', a recent observer comments, 'Poland today is one of the freest countries in the world'. Revisionists and dogmatists, the organised Catholic church under the nationalist Cardinal Wyszynski and its antithesis, the 'PAX' organisation of Boleslaw Piasecki regarded by many as Stalinist, believes in parliamentary democracy and votaries of proletarian dictatorship, all can and do raise their voices. The jolish Parliament has come alive. Non-Communist parties have regained some of their independence. So far as arts and literature are concerned. it was proclaimed by Premier, Mr. Cyrankiewicz sometimes back: "Let the new period be characterised by freedom of creation. Let nobody be afraid of bold and creative 'ferment'. Let nobody restrict his horizon." Poland has thus deviated considerably from the current Moscow interpretation of Marxism-Leninism. With a political realism that is so tragically rare among Marxists, Gomulka is now trying to secure the willing co-operation of all sections of the people in the country's economic revival. And as Deutscher observes, the social reality of this economic development is most likely to create and infuse among the people more demands for goods and ideas. So if the current policy of liberalisation is only the application of the classical Leninist tactics of 'reculer pou mieux sauter',-then. Gomulka is surely

[^8]playing with fire. Since last October, the Poles have been awakened to a fervid consciousness that would never allow any one to put the clock back.

## The Blood-bath of Budapest . . . .

Since the Bolshevik coup of 1917, Marxist visionaries all the world over had had many rude jolts. The rudest of all, in recent times, has been the Hungarian tragedy. After the end of the Fascist regime, Hungary under Zhd novist absolutism had evolved into a total Gleichschaltung to the Soviet system. In a country with Western traditions and civilisation, when the Communist authorities could not adapt themselves to the challenge of an alerted and powerful public opinion, the result was revolution. Despite fascist participation and American help, it was basically a popular revolt. People clamoured for a 'neutral, independent, democratic and socialist Hungary': the Soviet tanks thundered in reply. ${ }^{1}$

Mid-twentieth century Marxism took 25,000 lives as the price of a 'counter-revolution', and the imposition of Kadar-the appointed 'saviour' of Hungary-was imperialism's final answer. Quiet flows the Danube as Communism thus digs its grave.

## 'Ils n'ont rien appris ni rien oublié' . . . .?

Stalinists are still going strong in the satellite states of Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslavakia and East Germany. But the impact of the Twentieth Congress has not been totally lost even in these countries. The Rumanian leadership, for instance, is today trying to effect some changes, however mild, in its past attitudes and policies. Since the last elections in February, Rumania has been introducing a greater measure of decentralisation and workers' participation and a greater stress on local initiative: the management of nearly 4,000 enterprises has been placed under local Peoples' Committees. The imbalance between industry and agriculture is also being slightly corrected. In the field of agriculture, however, though compulsory levies have been abolished, collectivisation is still being pursued ruthlessly, covering, as it does, $30 \%$ of the total land area. As one observer has summed up, 'in the evolution of Mảrxist theory, Rumania is still backward'. The same is true of the other ossified regimes in Eastern Europe. ${ }^{2}$

## A tragic comedy of history

When in February 1956, Kruschev was hammering at the colossal statue of Stalin with gay abandon, he was, unknowingly perhaps, shaking the

[^9]prestige of his comrades all the world over. Nothing could have placed them in a more absurd position. Kruschev and Co. have, for their past mistakes, a scapegoat in the dead tyrant, but how can the Communist in India or Indonesia-who has so long consistently performed his gopak à la Stalin-blot out the stain of his servility to the ex-Big Brother? There is certainly a limit to the flexibility of human backbones. ${ }^{1}$

## No more sneezing when Russia catches cold-

Thus with the recantation for which no plausible excuse could be found, with the tragic humiliation with which the comrades have now to eat their former words about the doctrinal infallibility of Moscow, disillusioned communism would, it is hoped, no longer look blindly to the leadership of Kremlin. And with that collapses the whole system of monocentric Stalinist Communism. In an interview published in the periodical Nuovi Argomenti on 16th June, 1956, Signor Togliatti, leader of the Italian Communist Party declared: ". . . . . the Soviet model cannot and must not any long be obligatory . . . The whole system becomes polycentric, and even in the Communist movement itself we cannot speak of a single guide but rather of a progress which is achieved by following paths which are often different" More and more, at least in Asia, a greater faith has come to be pinned on the Chinese revolution rather than its Russian parent. "The Communist movement in Asia" says Ruth Fischer ${ }^{2}$, "has gained the enormous impetus provisionally symbolised by the Communist victory in Peking because, unlike European Communism, it expressed from the start the content of the Asian national revolution."

The resurgence of Asia is firmly wedded to the twin ideals of national independence and economic betterment. And in that context, Communism seems to be an alluring mistress. The romanticism of the young generation in Asia nods heavily to her appeal. The dead-weight burden of economic backwardness, the widespread agrarian discontent, hatred of Western imperialism (especially in the explosive Middle-East), the slow and halting way of the Western type of democracy to redress the mounting grievances, the 'revolution of aspirations' that has come with independence-all these make Asia a very happy hunting-ground of Communism for some time to come. ${ }^{3}$

[^10]But how long, the sceptic asks, will the uneasy marriage between the egalitarian content of materialistic Marxism and the emotive content of idealistic nationalism serve to placate the demands of a people who with their deep attachment to religion, with their fundamental individualist ethics, and with their democratic aspirations, are not in any way natural recruits to the Communist movement?

## The Ultimate Dilemma

It is on the question of democracy in particular, that the whole future of world Communism vitally depends.. If that is so, if the prospect for Communism is a function of its democratic concessions, then, it is argued, Communism is walking up a blind alley of history, for, in the ultimate analysis, these cannot be a rapprochment between Communism and democracy. The half-way house in which Gomulka and Mao choose to dwell is, we are told, a house of cards.

This is the dilemma which faces 'liberalised' communism to-day. Both Mao and Gomulka seem to allow diversity of opinion and the existence of non-communist parties which should act as real and even vigorous pressuregroups, but not as alternatives to government. If, however, these leaders do not want to take their fingers off the pulse of the people, they will have to go farther in the way of democratisation, sooner or later. Communism can and indeed must dissociate itself from the totalitarian state; if that involves doctrinal revision, it is worth taking-for all is not contained in the Book.

## It may stoop to conquer . . . .

If this is achieved, if an attitude of pragmatism can be adopted, the communist would find that the real kernel of Marxism still remains intact. Echoing a Marxist slogan, we can say that the Marxists have, in this process, nothing but the chains of rigidity to lose. If the Indian case is any example, -it is only when Kerala Communism shades into Avadi Socialism, the Communists have any chance of gaining genuine popular support. In the future evolution of human society, communism in its gradual descent down the hill of liberalisation may meet democratic socialism on an even plateau in which, let us hope, the world may find its final political equilibrium.

And, in that direction, there is evidence enough to conclude, recent communism points its shaking finger.

# A Critical Note on Marxism 

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The Communist Manifesto begins with the statement that "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." With this general premise about history as a whole, it proceeds to construct a theory of dynamic changes in the affairs of mankind and their organisational framework. It postulates that modern society is bifurcating more and more into two great hostile camps,-the bourgeoisie and the proletariat.

Assuming this proposition to be axiomatic, the first part of the Manifesto analyses the life-cycle of the bourgeois society. And this analysis is the outcome of Marx's Materialistic Conception of History. The fundamental tenet of the doctrine is that, economic factors would be found in the long run to determine all apparently political tendencies and the particular mode of production to shape the political form, and class-structure of each stage. From this standpoint, the outcome of the Industrial Revolution in the beginning of the nineteenth century was the division of English society into two classes. First, a small privileged class-the owners of the means of production; second, a large propertyless proletariat. Admittedly, there hạd been capitalists and workers-employers and employees even before the Revolution. But the outstanding feature of modern society is the pivotal position of the capitalists as a class. The State is organised, we are told, to give expression to their dominance. And, this results in a tussle between the capitalists and the proletariat on an economic plane. This hostile attitude, originating from irreconcilable economic motives culminates in a perpetual struggle which, in Marxian terminology, is "the class-war". Further, Marx says that as society changes and evolves, there comes the next phase. Capitalism will then take on a modified shape by the concentration of capital into fewer hands. At the same time, on the other hand, the dispossessed class will get consolidated. And in the ultimate stage, the proletariat will revolt, overthrow the bourgeoisie and dispossess them of the means of production. This overthrow, says Marx, is analogous to the ousting of the preceding privileged feudal class by the capitalists. And on the same thesis that political events are the reflection of the prevailing economic structure, the victory of the proletariat will give birth to a'new social structure with no class discrimination. Without discussing the stability of the so-called classless society,-the illusive Marxian panacea of social ills,--and the desirability as well as the feasibility of ushering in an era, when "the state will
wither away",-it can be cogently pointed out that Marx overemphasised the role of economic factors in provoking a revolution. The analysis is full of so many loopholes and lacunae that pressed against the facts of history, the whole edifice crumbles down. Certainly the economic factor has its part, but can all revolutions and mass uprisings be termed offsprings of sheer economic causes?

The underlying ideas of Marx's hypothesis can be pointed out briefly. Marx affirms class-struggle to be the gist of human history. He maintains, secondly, that the state is essentially a class institution, expressing the will of the dominant bourgeois class. It is a political pyramid with the economic structure as its base: a base which corresponds to the stage in the development of the powers of production. In the next place, he characterises the cxpansive nature of capitalism which requires an expanding market to satisfy its ever increasing hunger. And as a corollary, the need for expanding markets "chases the bourgeoise over the whole globe". Fourthly, Marx lays bare the "contradictions" involved in the failure of purchasing power in the developed industrial countries to consume the growing machine-products, which eventually leads to recurrent crises. The catastrophe, we are told, can be avoided only by ousting a large number of smaller capitalists-the poor victims in a Darwinian world of struggle for existence. And, consequently, this results in a vast destruction of productive instruments. Fifthly, he speaks of the necessary creation of the proletariat within the system of capitalist industry, and therewith the destruction through the increasing application of machinery of the varied skills of different types of labour, and the transformation of labour to a mere undifferentiated commodity. And, in the next step, as the skill is destroyed only to be replaced by inefficiency, Marx suggests that there grows a tendency for the working class to be dragged down more and more to uniform subsistence level. This tendency gains in momentum through the limitation of the market and the recurrent crisis of unemployment. Furthermore, he believes that this tendency is coupled with a second tendency for the middle class to be crushed out between the proletariat and capitalists through the increased concentration of capital, which flings more and more of them into the ranks of proletariat. Next, Marx holds up the key importance of the development of Trade-Unions among the proletariat. These are formed in the beginning on a narrow sectional basis, but thereafter increasingly on a class basis with a corresponding awakening of political consciousness. Ninthly, he recognises the service rendered to the proletariat by intellectuals and members of the ruling class who are either forced to line up with the proletariat or understand the nature of changing epochs of history and join hands with it. In the next place, Marx admits the national character of the struggle against the bourgeoisie, even though capitalism itself increasingly takes on a cosmopolitan colour. Eleventhly, he speaks of a contrast between the proletariat and all previous insurgent classes in that, whereas these previous classes developed their importance and
strength within the pre-existent social framework, the working class is goaded to revolt through its own growing impoverishment and misery. And lastly, Marx asserts the dependence of the bourgeois system both on the progressive accumulation of capital and on its periodical destruction by crises which tend to become continually more disastrous.

These postulates, no doubt, provide enough food for thought. But, while considering them, one must remember that the Communist Manifesto was written on the eve of the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848. Great Britain was then the most advanced capitalist country ; but the Industrial Revolution did not bring increasing wealth to the labourers in the new mines and factories. The workers reacted to this situation through consolidated TradeUnions. This had been steadily followed by the rise of the mass political movement of Chartism, which had all the symptoms of a hunger revolt. In this environment, it was not unnatural for Marx and Engels to think that there was a tendency for capitalist production to reduce wages to the rockbottom of a common subsistence level and to oust small producers from business. Nor was it unnatural for them to suppose that the workers would organise a powerful political mass movement, the thrust of which would be too strong for the capitalists to resist. And they maintained that such a movement could not crystallise in Great Britain because there was no theoretical leadership to guide the working class to accomplish its historical mission. History bears out the fact and hence any comment would be redundant. But one feels tempted to say that had Marx deferred for another decade the writing of the Communist Manifesto, his inferences from contemporary political movements would have been different.

Marx, being in Great Britain after the collapse of the Revolution of 1848, had ample opportunities to observe the changes and to modify, had he so desired, the doctrines set forth in the Manifesto. But he never did so. He was, probably, aware that in Great Britain, the diagnosis of "increasing misery" accompanying increasing capitalist concentration was not being borne out by facts. Marx, however, thought that this could be explained in terms of her advanced economic techniques-her ability to capture all she wanted of an expanding world market. From this standpoint, the improved living standards of skilled workers may be attributed to their getting a share in the procceds of world exploitation. These conditions were, nevertheless, considered by him to be temporary. On the other hand, in the continent of Europe, with its long lag behind Great Britain in capitalist progress, the diagnosis of 1848 still seemed to him to hold good, and there seemed no need to amend his doctrines. In short, Marx bolstered up, at all events, his general theory of capitalist concentration and increasing misery. But, as already pointed out, his analysis as related to British conditions no longer looked valid.

Marx in 1847 was wrong about the processes of class differentiation as capitalism developed and he greatly overestimated the effects of the "contradictions of capitalism" as manifested in current economic crises. He mistook
what was a passing phase in the development of modern industrialism for a continuous tendency calculated to result in the speedy overthrow of the entire capitalist system. And, as a matter of fact, that was one principal reason why Marxism in Western Europe underwent so profound a transformation in the hands of Marx's successors. But, strangely enough, the original pathology of 1847 was found to fit very much better the conditions in the less developed countries and especially in Russia which was then outside Marx's purview of capitalist countries.

It cannot, however, be denied that Marx's doctrine had a tremendous influence on working class thought. And, as a matter of fact, this has played a greater part than Marx's Theory of Value in making his name venerated as the Father of Socialism. But why does the theory attract the working class? The reason is not far to seek. It gives the working class the hope of winning the laurel of victory. Yet here, the thoughtful reader may pause and ponder. The Materialistic Interpretation of History states that the mere process of unfolding of history in accordance with the unalterable principles of social evolution,-whereby political changes follow and reflect economic changes,will, in due course, lead to the dispossession of the capitalist class. If this be so, is there any need of the class-war or the rise of the proletariat? Is the process of evolution violent and abrupt? Or, can we not have recourse to slow and peaceful methods of bringing about the millennium? Bewildering answers to these queries have been given by intellectuals and they are classified into two schools of Socialism-the Evolutionary and the Revolutionary. A thoughtful reader would be critical and cautious in delivering judgment. And the present writer here proposes to do no more than to focus attention on the political movements and ideologies of the present-day world and to judge the validity of Marx's doctrines in explaining the political acts and ideals of the present century.

Has the "clarion-call" of Marx (or to be precise, of Marx and Engels) succeeded in uniting the workers of the world? Has the proletariat over-thrown-or do modern political tendencies indicate that it will overthrow the capitalists in the way narrated in the Manifesto? Have Marx's prophecies come true? Indeed, it is patent in the present-day world that the monster of capitalism is slowly succumbing to the forces of decay. It is dying a lingering death. But its grave yard is not along the Marxian path.

In the modern world, progressive and developing countries have launched upon plans of building up welfare states-in most cases under democratic constitutions. This restores our faith in graduality. Workers and producers can be made to settle their disputes not by waging 'class-war' but by peaceful democratic means. The workers need not be daunted by any Frankenstein emerging from the fossil of unrestricted capitalism. Minimum Wage legislation, the Factory Act, Industrial Labour legislation and a host of legal devices are there to arm them against undue exploitation by capitalists. The State has assumed a vital role in every country. The ideal of laissez-faire is now a
fact of past history. Violent fluctuations in cconomic activity through the free play of the variables of income and employment are unlikely to recur. The tax and fiscal weapons in the hands of a modern State can arrest any such volatile fluctuations. Further, mixed economy has come to stay. We, in India, have a growing public sector. One imagines the ghost of Karl Marx shivering at these developments and at the futility of his doctrines.

In conclusion, Marxism in the present world stands discarded, dislodged if not dishonoured. Still, there are a few Marxists-perhaps haunted by the ghost of the nineteenth century bourgeois society-who are trying to preserve the crumbling edifice of Marxism from the rude shocks from reality. The lesson of history, unfortunately, is that dogmatism has never revived a dead creed.

# An Eminent Victorian 

Premendranath Addy

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He was Gilbert to his friends, the "Old Man" to the public of his own times, to posterity he has endeared himself as "W. G.". In appearance not unlike a major prophet out of the Old Testament, he was a bearded giant, flanneled and Victorian all through.

Grace was to cricket what Gladstone was to politics and Tennyson to poetry. Even more, through his skill he developed the basic principles of the game, through his personality he gave to it tradition and legend. When he entered the game, it was just village amusement; he left it as the national pastime of his country. From a mere abstraction he made cricket into a lising growth. He welded forward-play and back-play into the modern technique of batsmanship; he demonstrated the art of placing a ball; also he was the living embodiment of Victorian Cricket. "He found"-as Ranji said with a high dash of poetry-"cricket a one-stringed fiddle and left it a manystringed lyre." Bracketed with Gladstone and Queen Victoria he formed the great Victorian triumvirate. An object of admiration and awe, he was an institution in himself. Crowds flocked to see his play, sometimes only to see him. And what a sense of occasion he had! He never disappointed his admirers if he could help it. Once, on being given out early to a doubtful decision, he calmly told the Umpire not to be silly but to carry on with the game since "these people"-and he pointed to the onlookers with a flourish of his bat-"have come to see me and not you". Not always however did he get off with his retort militant. Once a very famous bowler, to an astonished W. G.'s discomfiture, knocked out both off and middle stumps with-a perfect
delivery. As the great batsman slowly prepared for the long trudge back to the pavilion, the bowler cried after him, "Hi Doctor! There's still another strump standing." By way of reply, the doctor's great black beard bristled.

Amid players in the field he was by virtue of his skill and size a Jupiter among mortals. His bat he used to good purpose. It caused destruction all around. By mid-afternoon, ten fieldsmen were reduced to perspiring blocks of wood, and the bowler to an incarnation of Despair itself. There is indeed a matchless description of W. G. at his best. "W. G. Grace", a reporter wrote of him, "is a large-framed, loose-jointed man, and you would say that his gait was a trifle peculiar, but when he goes into the field you see that he is quicksighted, sure-handed, and light-footed as the rest. He always goes in first, and to see him tap the ball gently to the off for one, draw it to the on for two, pound it to the limits for four, drive it, heaven knows where, for six, it all looks as easy as rolling off a log". In this particular game the sixer landed in a field of melons and in consequence took long to retrieve.

Those who saw W. G., willow in hand, on a lovely summer's day, treasured jealously the memory of that occasion. Years later they would probably babble about it around a chimney-corner to the younger generation sitting at their feet.

He was, lest it be forgotten, a great bowler too. That is why in an inscription placed beside a portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, the words -chosen wisely enough-were "The greatest of the World's cricketers; as a batsman supreme, as a bowler great". He was in fact a bowling favourite wherever he appeared, especially at Lords where, it is said, a hum of pleasure ran round the spectators when he put himself on to bowl. His action was classic to watch, and the cunning of his attack made onlookers laugh with sheer delight.

All in all, W. G. Grace was a mighty Victorian, an outstanding personality in the years before cheap journalism had made nearly all men indistinguishable. How definite are our impression of those eminent Victorians! Of Tennyson, with his cloak, his sombrero, his gruff laconics, of Gladstone's collar, Disraeli's forelock, Mathew Arnold's whiskers, Newman's ascetic frailty, or indeed of the satisfied look of many a pater familias, with a heavy watch chain adorning his considerable waist, as he sits in some old photograph surrounded by his trembling females, radiating confidence in progress and the future of the British middle class. To them add W. G., black bearded, resplendent in cream flannels and the M. C. C. cap and the picture is complete. His beard indeed was an essential part of him. It shared in his many triumphs and his lasting fame. Without it, he would be a lion shorn of its mane.

That then was W. G. Grace, maker and architect of England's national sport, and not even Lytton Strachey, with his devastating pen and his unceremonious manner, could have dethroned from his lofty pedestal this Eminent Victorian.

# A Homily On Neighbours 

Ashoк Guha

Fifth Year, Arts
It is one of the strange facts of modern life that we, of the mid-twentieth century, should continue, in the hard clarity of the light of reason, to delight in mystery; but then, to repeat the old platitude, fact must ever be stranger than fiction. Whether this is due to our desire to recapture the vintage flavour of older days of shadows, which today have melted away in a flood of light, or whether it is part of the paradox of modern life itself, I am not, of course, p:epared to say. Whatever may be the answer in this respect, we may fairly put down contemporary interest in neighbours to our curiosity as to skeletons in all cupboards. We conduct our archaeological researches in this direction with a relentlessness that few excavators could have known; and when we fail to unearth anything more objectionable about our neighbour than his moustache or his patronising manner, we nevertheless smile secretively, perhaps even indulge in a wink, and express our enlightenment in words to the effect that "There are more things on heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' What does it matter if it be a case of the Sphinx without a secret? We have enjoyed our share of mystery-making; and, for us, in this age, such things are.

Not to say, of course, that it is only today that one's neighbours have become a focus of mystery for the romantically-minded. The instinct for mystery we have always in us. And, it is to this eternal quality of man that we owe our age-old heritage of spicy scandal about the commercial traveller and the farmer's daughter. Ours, however, is the age of all-pervasive publicity. We live in the intermittent glare of flashlight cameras, in flats which offer unlimited opportunity for the eavesdropper. And the privacy of our neighbours is scarcely inviolate while we persist in collecting the material for our pipe full of daily gossip at holes in our separating walls. Thanks to the structure of the modern apartment-building, we are today in a position to proclaim to the world our neighbour's secret intentions of marriage, to trumpet forth from the house-tops the news of his designs upon the winsome widow next door: though, of course, we are rightly resentful if he reciprocates our attentions. Here, at last, is a field in which we have broken the monopoly of omniscience of all the little birds who whisper in the columns of our daily press; with regard to our neighbours, at least, any of us may justifiably boast

> I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips Let no dog bark,

Unfortunately, the subject of our probes is rarely content with turning the other cheek. Make him-though we may-the butt of family fun, the stock-target of all our private parodies, we cannot yet afford to chuckle complacently to ourselves, after Rosalind, about 'the dulness of the fool being the whetstone of wits.' For the fool has a method in his madness. He seeks retaliation ; he is bent on Shylock's full pound of flesh, and is not in the least averse to imbuing his dogs with this very literal doctrine. But, if he incites his bloodthirsty poodles to numberless helpings off over heels, he inculcates in his own children habits which are even more obnoxious. Indeed, his offspring combine, for us, all that is worst in the Modern Child, that bundle of assorted vice that forms the motif of so much of our afterdinner eloquence.

As if this were not provocation enough, the neighbour chooses to heighten our hangovers with the nerve-racking clatter of his crockery. Our spells of indigestion find his kitchen reeking of delicacies forbidden us in our present state of health. He preens his wives and daughters in the height of fashion, stirring the females of our families to a frenzy of emulation.' The result is, more often than not, a vicious spiral of sartorial competition, which, in an age of hard cash and high prices, spells certain bankruptcy.

The neighbour even appears to share Huxley's perfectly unjustifiable faith in music at night. His radios shatter stridently the peace of our 'tobaccotrances'; the midnight blare of his gramophones makes of our cherished cight hours one long bridge of sighs and yawns. And, what is more, his music is invariably of the most dubious brand. He adds to the cacaphony of rusty strings, Eliot's disturbing 'ariettes of cracked cornets', and the least gifted of our bathroom-singers would blush at the brazen monotone of his efforts at song.

Indeed, even in a world of shady morals, the ethics of our neighbours are unflatteringly below par. After all, the machinations of Sir Gregory Parsloe of Matchingham against his neighbour, the Ninth Earl of Blandings, his unscrupulous efforts for the success of his own Queen of Matchingham in her historic contest with the Empress of Blandings for supremacy in the Shropshire Fat Pigs class are all part of modern mythology.

Yet, if the neighbour's moral obtuseness is shocking, it is, at the same time, flattering to our self-esteem. We may now wear a proud air of conscious rectitude ; we can justify our feeling of belonging to a superior and a select caste in a world of benighted philistines. And this self-assumcd halo is, in itself, enough to deepen our sense of estrangement.

Hence it is that all the happy warrior in us rises up in everlasting crusade against the man next door. Here, we feel, is an opportunity no red-blooded man should neglect of satisfying his pugnacious instincts at no cost. One remembers-to revert to Woodhouse-that the tension between Sir Gregory and the Ninth Earl was not restricted to stock-rearing, that it would boil
over in nightly forays upon each other's gardens, that whenever the neighbours dined together there was always an ominous premonition of strychnine in the soup, and that the Hon. Galahad, the Earl's sprightly brother, sought to blacken Sir Gregory's reputation for temperance by reviving the forty-year-old story of the prawns. Indeed, so deeply ingrained is this crusading habit that we may fume at our neighbour in righteous wrath, invoke the blight on his potatoes, and the greenfly on his roses, and no questions asked, not an eyebrow raised; for such is the way of all flesh. We cannot, today, think even of our neighbours on Mars except in terms of a war of the worlds; for, in an age of space travel and baby moons, we have, projected our hostilities on to an inter-planetary plane.

All this, of course, does not imply that temporary rapprochements do not occasionally break in. One remembers Romeo and Juliet, the most celebrated in our gallery of Great Lovers through the Ages drawn from hostile neighbouring families. Here, however, one is tempted to assert that it is a case of distance lending an insubstantial enchantment to the view. Nothing, after all, is so potent in fostering adolescent gallantry as adult injunctions to keep clear of the squint-eyed siren next door: loving one's neighbour is never so delicioùs as when it savours of forbidden pleasure. Hence the upshot.

Yet such reconciliations are but passing episodes in a world where the dominant fact, in politics as in neighbourly relations, is the inevitable cold war. In this war, the weapons are barbed tongues or an icy speechlessness; no longer are they as innocuous or as innocent as the plum-stones that J. M. Barrie flung at Bernard Shaw's windows at Adelphi Terrace; indeed, it is sobering to reflect that Sir James might well have had to pay for his levity with the cost of the broken window-panes.

# D. V. Paluskar 

Amiya Kumar Sen

Ex-Student

Those whom the gods love-so it is said-die young. The death of Pandit Dattatreya Vishnu Paluskar took place at the premature age of thirtyfive, and was an irreparable loss to the world of music. We all know that the art of the executant has only transitory value, that in its highest manifestations it can be no more than a perfect reflection of the far greater and far more permanent factor-the idea and thought as expressed by the raga. Nevertheless, to achieve this perfect reflection is of vital importance, for it constitutes the realisation of the supreme and divine thought and idea of the raga in terms of actual sound, which is the raison d'etre, indeed the very stuff, of the art of music.

Paluskar was one of the supreme artists of our time. He carried on in the royal line of Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar, his father, and Pandit Vinayakrao N. Patwardhan, his teacher, and alone was fit, or almost fit, to meet them on equal terms, especially in the field of devotional songs. He possessed every requisite of the really great singer, tone, technique, musicianship, sensitiveness, taste, style and personality. Among singers, only a few have ever combined such intensity of expression and ease of execution with the unique quality of tone that distinguished Paluskar from all his contemporaries.

Pandit Dattatreya Vishnu Paluskar had the qualities of a saint. The spiritual goodness of his nature, his modesty, his gentleness, his firm purpose of will, his nobility and loftiness of thought and action communicated themselves to all who met him, and to the remotest listeners in the halls where he sang.

Paluskar was born at Karundwad, a small town near Kolhapur on May 21, 1921, and spent his early days at Nasik, where he received his primary school education. He was cradled in music. Bapuji, as Pandit Dattatreya Vishnu Paluskar was called by his intimate friends and relations, inherited the talents of his father, Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar-a name still remembered with deepest respect and veneration in musical circles. Pandit Vishnu Digambar in turn received his music lessons from Pandit Balkrishna Buwa, who introduced the Kheyal style of the Gwalior gharana in Maharashtra. It was through this apostolic succession that Paluskar acquired that stylistic heritage which he brought to a perfection hitherto undreamt of. His father, Pandit Vishnu Digambar was himself a pioneer in the art of

singing devotional songs, many of which he studied during his tour of India in the early years of this century.

At the age of eight, Bapuji was initiated into the study of music by his father. But Bapuji was not destined to receive paternal guidance for long, because when his father died in 1931, he was only nine.

Bapuji's cousin and other senior disciples of Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar nursed the last survivor of their revered Guru's twelve children and imparted further musical knowledge to him. Bapuji was able to study music at Gandharva Mahavidyala, Poona, which, at the time, was at the disposal of Pandit Vinayakrao N. Patwardhan, a leading disciple of Pandit Vishnu Digambar Paluskar. At Poona, Bapuji pursued his secondary school education (upto the matriculation standard) along with his musical education.

It was never in question that he should devote his life to music, but only later did circumstances dictate, as a consequence of his father's untimely death, that he should become a professional singer. So music became his preoccupation from infancy. His general education, therefore, was built mainly around his music. Throughout the early years of his life, for nearly fifteen years, this young boy toiled relentlessly to build up that incomparable technique and that magical voice with which we are all too familiar. He learnt the theory of music, first from his father's noted disciples, Pandit Vinayakrao Patwardhan and Pandit Narayanarao Vyas, and subsequently from some of the books written by his father before his untimely death.

Bapuji's first public appearance as a musician was in 1935 when he was invited to sing at the Jullunder Haraballabh Music Conference. Three years later, he made his debut over the Bombay station of the All India Radio on the occasion of the death anniversary of his father. His performances were very well received by music lovers and he was acclaimed as a singer of great promise.

In recognition of his mastery over music, the title of Sangeet Praveen was conferred on him in 1940 by the Gandharva Mahavidyalaya, Poona. The title of Sangeet Sumeru was also conferred on him in 1946 by the musicloving people of Benares.

Bapuji was devoted to his music and to his mother, who is still living, aged eighty. It was in deference to her wishes that he declined the invitation to tour the U.S.S.R. in 1954 as a member of a cultural delegation. Early in 1955, however, he visited the People's Republic of China as a member of the Indian Cultural Delegation.

Bapuji was a musician-a musician who used his voice as a means of communicating and expressing his personality. Only in terms of his qualities as a musician can one hope to explain, to understand or describe him.

He loved recording. As an incurable perfectionist, it delighted him, for he had so complete a control over his voice that he was by nature a very clean singer. Thus, with the aid of a gramophone, we may today have 'the touch of a vanished hand, and hear the sound of a voice that is still.'

Paluskar's sense of responsibility to the public came out of his reverence for music. Hard as he worked on purely technical problems of tone, sonority and articulation, he was not a 'virtuoso' in the word's modern and debased sense-though certainly in its seventeenth century application a 'connoisseur'. He never favoured display or brilliance of execution as ends in themselves, though he was almost overgenerous in his praise and admiration for his many contemporaries who have. Rather was his miraculous singing the result of a mastery of the physical-technical part of his art which was so complete that his mind and spirit were free to express themselves in music.

He was a musician who won the hearts of music lovers by sheer mastery of art and his bewitching style-a style whose origin can be traced back to the fifteenth century when the Gwalior style became prominent. A long period of time separates that age from the present, but there is little doubt that Pandit Dattatreya Vishnu Paluskar maintained his inheritance with supreme zeal and devotion. Musical circles will remember for ever his contributions to the art of singing Kheyal and Bhajan, in both of which he was the accredited leader of a rising group of musicians who consider neatness of form to be the most important factor in music. Into his devotional singing, he poured a lyrical intensity which made of the bhajan what it was meant to be-a consecration at the altar of the living God. He was not in favour of attaining great speed in tans and other embellishments of Indian classical music at the expense of detail-a defect which is manifest in the singing of many musicians. We all know how particular he was on this point. He was able simultaneously to sustain great speed and to achieve great clarity in his singing of Kheyal. His was no mere sweetness of the surfaces. Through the ripple of melodies, fluid as water, he was able, strangely enough, to suggest resonances of depth unsurpassed. Above all, he could create out of an evanescence of fleeting sounds a lasting impression which was his own rendering of the emotional value of the relevant ragan ability as often as not denied to the purely melodic artist.

Paluskar, indeed, has bequeathed to the future a lasting and magical memory. He has, it is safe to predict, secured a permanent place in the tradition of Indian art-an attainment difficult enough in the realm of music, which, as Arthur Symonds has said, is 'the only absolutely disembodied art when it is heard, and no more than a proposition of Euclid when it is written. ${ }^{1}$

[^11]
## Book Review

Twentythree Years Weep-Jiben Sidhanta. Published by Indranil Chatropadhyay, Calcutta. Pages 48. Rupees 1.50.

It has been claimed in the Publisher's note to Jiben Sidhanta's first book of poems that they have a certain uniqueness. The claim is a little preposterous and is therefore the last thing to pass unchallenged. For, in " 23 years weep" we find the echoes of a number of wellknown lines. For example, while the opening verses of 'Dawn' recall the oftquoted lines of Doune, we can hardly miss the Shelleyan ring in "Midnight".
"This demented agony to inspiring light
So a light to eternity-"
Also his invocation to Sri Aurobindo is reminiscent of Wordsworth's magnificent apostrophe to Milton. There is no necessity of accumulating similar examples, for the poet candidly acknowledges his indebtedness to his predecessors in "When poetry Ceaseth."

## "In Shelley's furrow I till the soil."

Nevertheless it has to be conceded that " 23 years weep" has its purple patches-its moments of genuine poetry. Like his own idol Shelley, Mr. Sidhanta exhales verse, as flower exhales fragrance. And when this spontaneity is attended with a deep emotional fervour, we get lines like,

> "Thine face be a beacon
> Like pole star of hazardous seamen
> Mine barge of life set sail
> Thro' main of thine unfolding love."

The very name " 23 Years Weep" need not scare away any of its readers. For, happily the poet is not wrapped up in any morbid self-consciousness or brooding melancholy. Occasionally there are tender undertones, of love, or wistful nostalgic longings of the soul expressed in verses which are marked by almost. a Keatsian lilt, e.g.,
"The dreambed that sticky feels by hopeless tears."
or
"To this drooping, spirit, embrace this wight In love-lorn kiss"-

Sometimes Mr. Sidhanta succeeds in portraying unusual scenes of macabre suggestiveness and mention may be made of one in "Death",
"One aged old moon shall rise Here from the womb of mucky harbour."

The excellence of Mr. Sidhanta's form however is questionable. And much of it appears amateurish, when we consider his fond predilection for jingling verses. For example, the opening line of that devotional lyric,"What Lila this thine O divine" completely mars the atmosphere. Secondly, his fondness for harsh sibilant sounds (or is it his incapacity to use right words?) often lends unnecessary reconditness and obscurity to his verses and makes them flat and prosaic e.g.,
"And lifting high the psychicising innateness
To a lofty pulpit of supra-sensory phase."
The getup of this small volume has been neat and tasteful. The printing is fairly good.
-K. S. R.


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[^0]:    २ Relativity Special and General Theory-Einstein, 1920.

    - Principles of Quantum Mechanics (Chicago Lectures)-Heisenberg.

[^1]:    * Contemporary Communism, is indeed an arresting topic for the political casuists. I am not, by any chance, one of them. A full prognosis is understandably far beyond my competence. On the communist question, as one commentator laments, there are no experts, only degrees of ignorance. The present article will serve its purpose if it gives a bird's-eye view of the picture from a sympathetic but essentially non-Marxist angle.

[^2]:    ${ }^{1}$ Kommunist, 1957, No. 3.
    ${ }^{2}$ On this point of difference between Marx and Lenin regarding the nature of the proletarian struggle, see John Kautsky's article, From Marx to Mao (Soviet Survey,
    July 1957).

[^3]:    ${ }^{1}$ See the excellent article of Milovan Djilas on Marxism in a changing world.
    "The actual establishment of a Socialist Society"-Trotsky warned the Communists twenty years back--"can and will be achieved, not by these humiliating measures of a backward capitalism, to which the Soviet government is resorting, but by methods more worthy of a liberated humanity-and above all not under the whip of a bureaucracy ... This whip... will have to be broken in pieces and burned at a public bonfire before you can speak of Socialism without a blush of shame."
    ${ }^{2}$ Marxism, in the ultimate analysis, is an urban creed.

[^4]:    ${ }^{1}$ See W. Leonhard's article, 'Return to Stalinism in the U.S.S.R.?' in Iniernational Affairs, July 1957.

    It seems that de-Stalinisation, to Kruschev, does not mean 'liberalisation', at least in the sense that many Hungarian, Polish and perhaps even Soviet intellectuals took it. It only means the modernisation of the party machine and the restoration of the supremacy of the party. For, the Leninist group, which Kruschev leads against the none-too-weak conservatives and technocrats, sees the Communist Party-not the police or the State apparatus-as the spine of Soviet society. It may be interesting to note that Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov were expelled from the Central Committee on the alleged ground that they had formed, as the Pravda editorial of 3rd July, 1957, called it, 'the anti-Party group'. More recently, the expulsion of Zhukov-with a dramatic suddenness that is only typical of iron-curtain mysteries-probably means that the rise of an over-mighty army leader is a threat to the direct control of the armed forces by the Communist Party.. The pity of the whole affair is that while these showdowns are taking place on such Olympian heights, the people of this vast country areat least it seems-but helpless onlookers.
    ${ }^{2}$ Mao originally took up the subject of contradictions in his essay 'On Contradiction' written in August, 1937. See his Selected Works, Vol. I.

[^5]:    ${ }^{1}$ Mao, however, lays down 6 criteria for the legitimacy of criticism, the most important of which is that the leadership of the Communist Party and the validity of the socialist path should not be disputed. So one is not still sure of the process by which, despite good-meaning Mao-tse-tungs, in the communist botanical laboratory 'flowers' may turn into 'weeds'.
    ${ }^{2}$ See Deutscher's excellent article on The Doctrine of a Hundred Flowers in The New Statesman and Nation, June 29, 1957.

[^6]:    ${ }^{1}$ Lenin declared that "the workers are bound in duty to defend their State, but they should also defend themselves against their State."
    ${ }^{2}$ The walls of Peking"-said Chou-En-Lai (reported in People's Daily, 26th April, 1957)-"are high and could separate the leaders from the masses."
    ${ }^{3}$ I am much indebted to a fine account of the recent developments in Yugoslavia by Mahesh Chandra in the Statesman, Aug. 29, 1957.

[^7]:    ${ }^{1}$ Those interested in 'the working of decentralised economy in Yugoslavia' may see with profit The Radical Humanist, 7th April, 1957.
    ${ }_{2}$ Milovan Dijlas, the former Vice-President of Yugoslavia, is now in jail because of his 'democratic heresies'.
    ${ }^{s}$ It was on this point that Stalin had expelled Tito's Yugoslavia from the Cominform and suppressed Gomulka in Poland, Rajk in Hungary and Kostov in Bulgaria.
    ${ }^{4}$ Quoted from the Soviet-Yugoslav agreement of 2nd June, 1955.
    ${ }^{5}$ Perhaps Russia now finds that Satellites over the earth are far more docile than satellites on the earth.

[^8]:    ${ }^{1}$ This was particularly in reply to Kolakowski's statement that 'democracy is a risk,
    a risk worth taking' but a risk worth taking'.

[^9]:    ${ }^{1}$ In 1848 also there was a liberal revolution in Hungary, followed by Russian intervention. History, un-Marxianly enough, repeats itself.
    ${ }^{3}$ The Communist Party Chief of East Germany, Ulbricht-one of the Stalinist die-hards-has also admitted 'Serious theoretical mistakes' and contradictions between workers and private farmers (see his speech at a conference with Scientists, propagandists and party workers on May 13, 1957).

[^10]:    ${ }^{1}$ A Polish periodical, Nova Kultura, published a letter (on 22nd April, 1956) which began: "I am eighteen. Now I find that what my family said about .. . the dictatorship of Stalin was true. I find that history was really forged. And I? I do not know how to change my soul for the fourth time without the fear that it will become a rag." (italics mine)
    ${ }^{2}$ See her recent book, Von Lenin Zu Mao: Kommunismus in der Banding-Ara.
    ${ }^{3}$ Communists are to-day in power in China, North Korea, Vietminh and the little State of Kerala in India. President Soekarno of Indonesia is also, we are told, of communist leanings, though he had to contend with several communist conspiracies starting with the desperate 1946 coup led by Tam Malaka. Syria in West Asia is also gradually coming uder Soviet influence. The Eisenhower Doctrine (-Eisenhower abhors a vacuum!-) has ultimately done a greater service to Russia than to America herself,

[^11]:    ${ }^{1}$ Reproduced with necessary emendations from ISM (February 1956).

