The Presidency College Magazine
প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজ পত্রিকা

বিষয়টিম খও

পৌষ ১৪০৬
এই সংখ্যার সম্পাদনী সভা

অধ্যাপক শ্রীহরিচন্দ্র চট্টোপাধ্যায়
অধ্যাপক শ্রীকৃষ্ণনাথ দাস
শ্রীকৃষ্ণ শকর রায় (সম্পাদক)
শ্রীবিষ্ণু ঘোষ
শ্রীলিঙ্কন রায়
শ্রীঅশোক বেঝারী
শ্রমিতি রোন্দী মুখোপাধ্যায় (কর্মসচিব)

অধ্যাপক শ্রীমন্তইচ্ছার মুখোপাধ্যায়, অধ্যাপক প্রেসিডেন্সি কলেজ কলকাতা প্রকাশিত।
প্রকাশিত, ১৬ এ টেমার লেন, কলকাতা ৯ থেকে মুদ্রিত।
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*Note: The text is in Bengali.*
Some things somehow remain. This, I discover, is especially true of Presidency College. The old walls and the wrought iron gates, the austere Doric of the clock tower and the flamboyant Ionic of the Baker Laboratories, the oils in the great Library and the sparkling college green, all remain, if only to lift and drop a question on our plate – is that all that remains?

We have lost so much and made gains so different from our losses that any comparison is utterly meaningless. What we have lost in spirit, feeling and temper, we have made up with growing numbers and Coca Cola Nites, websites and 'Presi'-ness, big words and bullying, a little learning and an overwhelming banality. This is, perhaps, an exaggeration. And that, incidentally, is not the purpose of this editorial. The point is only to make ourselves clear.

What surprises one, sometimes, is that our name still sells, and that it sells often for the wrong reasons, leaves one a little sad. Baser manufacture has followed a golden past. The only thing we have learnt, and learnt well, is to sell ourselves. We have not been born out of our purple and gold past; we have appropriated it. We know the words but miss the meaning; and we are not even conscious of this. Presidency College never ceases to surprise one.

The important thing to know about Presidency College is that it is hardly a college with a difference any longer. Unseemly grief and obtrusive shock at this can both be written off as namby pamby. The truth that matters, it
seems to me at least, is that all we are trying to learn here are particular subjects, according to sterile, prescribed syllabi. In doing this we are missing out on the more enduring lessons Presidency College has been teaching its pupils for so many generations now. To begin with, a stint at Presidency College has meant, and should still mean, much more than a good degree and spells of illicit doping; it has been, and should still be, an exercise in, what a late alumnus and teacher called, tidy thinking and lucid expression. Oscar Wilde, writing from Reading Gaol, rebuked Bosie for not having acquired the Oxford temper, in a tone so noble and tragic as to defy definition. We could do much the same to each other for having almost completely lost the ability 'to play gracefully with ideas'. Talking of things Presidencian, it would not be entirely out of place here to remember a certain Horatian dictum which is particularly true of the genius of our college: it is easy to be original; it is far more difficult to establish one's private rights on common ground, to stick to the beaten path and yet find one's way to originality.

Enough said, though. We started out by dipping our pen in gall. Now that we have been through, what was at its worst, an area of darkness and, at best, a twittering world of shadows, we can afford ourselves the luxury of letting our hair down. Admittedly, Presidency College is a rather wonky seminary today; but it is also other things besides. Here, laughter and the many sounds of youth ring in the great quadrangle at noon; fresh, shining but hesitant faces first seen in mid-autumn acquire a lambent, assuring glow by early winter. Here, to be merry is to burst into song.

And this, indeed, is the time to make merry. For we survive, willy-nilly, as jolly candidates for a brave, new world. So, "another cup of wine — and while that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of the past departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor — where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected? Passed like a cloud — And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them to you all, my masters!".*

Riddhi Sankar Ray

* Charles Lamb: New Year's Eve in The Essays of Elia
Love left me stranded at the station,
And the last train's gone by,
What was once holy water,
Tastes like bitter wine.

The coeval bard Jon Bon Jovi waxed lyrical in despair. It is perhaps apposite to vicariously empathise in introspection about our ethos. In other words, life here is an existential trap. A lucid characterization of the trap is forthcoming from the Utilitarian oracle John Stuart Mill. "Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access or the only ones they are capable of enjoying". Illustrations endure. The tepid commiseration to the college cyclone relief fund for the calamity ravaged people of Orissa pales into oblivion in contrast to the passionate nationalism induced by the Pakistani siege of the barren Kargil mountains.

As the Mahatma used to say, we have to turn the searchlight inwards. It is no use blaming politicians or the state. We live in a democracy within and without the College. The politics of apolitic, is nothing but narcissistic gratification. And that calls for the new millennium survival kit. Nifty contraception and network computers. The latter is on the anvil at the Presicom. The computer club for Presidencians ushers the college into the information age.

A pragmatic dedication to the liberal Presidency is the panacea to our predicament. And to be enamoured by a dream. The dream of autonomy. Amen.

Lincoln Roy
Leaves are falling

Amalanjyoti Das
Third Year, English

Leaves are falling, dear Lida,
Falling through the morn and night.
Hold the candle close
So I mistake not your face.
I've spent my soul, run my race,
Now, I'm sick and comatose.
Over-used love, like dead leaves
Dream weary in their deep bed,
Agitates. Yet Lida, do not grieve,
I shall be perfect when I'm dead.

Discolouring the radio-active weeds,
Yet in another place, at another time
Someone (or was it Something?)
Opened the musty burnt pages of history:
It cries, it smiles, it dreams of
Toy soldiers on puppet chains.

"On that day..."

From Rupasi Bangla, Jibananda Das
Translated by Dr. Manjubhash Mitra

'নেই নিন এই মাঠ জুড়ে নাকো জানিন'

On that day this meadow will not be silent I know
This river under the stars
Will go on dreaming even that day
The desire for golden dreams never ends on this earth!

Because I will go away
Will not the flower of chalta be wet with dew
Wafting in soft waves of fragrance?
Will not the owl of Lakhsmi sing for its Lakhsmi?
The desire for golden dreams never ends on this earth!

Calm lamps everywhere – wet smell – faint din
and bustle
The crossing boats have anchored close
near the emerging river bed;
These stories of the earth will remain for ever;
Assyria is dust today, Babylon has turned to cinder.

Nuclear Puppets

Sanchari Sur
Second Year, Sociology

When beneath the old bridge
Blood had flowed,
We hoped not for a flood
But a bed of weeds—
And so it was:
Blood soiled weeds ;
Now, nothing but remnants
In our scarlet memories.
Ourselves, we thought, wiser;
The blood shed a testament
To our shattered minds and souls :
A blotter to the animal perspective
Of our dual beings.
We walked beyond a deceiving mist of
delusions
But the light was dazzling,
And we ended in a maze of slimy stagnation
Where tracks ran in circles; not straight lines.
We trudged on the path of Nemesis
To destination Catastrophe
With disdainful hearts and binary minds,
Beneath the old bridge blood had flowed

The Wild Duck

Buno Hansa, Jibananda Das
Translated by Dr. Manjubhash Mitra

The grey wing of the owl flutters towards the stars
Leaves the wetland answering the moon's call
afar
The wild duck spreads her wings — I hear the
whizzing whosh
The Queen

Amalanjyoti Das
Third Year, English

That the queen should paint the dawn
With the juice of her sweet smile
Was the moth of hope blown in the lawn
Where young men gathered, come distant miles.

Knee-deep in expectation wild
Breathless we stood awaiting the sun;
A fresh lad got her roses at a run
And the queen laughed a delighted child.
Then came the king with his warlike train,
Sprinkled bitter pollens of good bye,
For who is to love with dread in vein
And all our heart brooks soon ran dry.
Geography and Trade

Dr. S. Bhaumik
Alumnus and Teacher, Economics

Geography for a long time determined the course of development of the analytical body of the theory of international trade—particularly its pattern and basis. By Geography we mean a given set of a certain space in nature with all the peculiarities in terms of climate, soil condition, water resources, mineral deposits, and the human beings working and living on it for their subsistence and well-being. In the course of working on this set with the help of their tools, labour and intelligence, they were able to produce goods which they exchanged for others which they were not disposed to produce with inhabitants of another set for gain or utility. In the process, the peculiarity of each set gave or imbued its products with a certain attribute or character based on the attribute peculiar to that set. And nations started on maximizing through trade or exchange the gains or utility stemming from geographic difference. Much of the Classical Theory of Comparative Advantage—especially the portion formulated by David Ricardo—may be attributed to this origin. And according to his line of thinking, one country may produce wine much better than the other producing callicoes, and by exchanging them may improve upon their previous position of well-being. This essay seeks to establish that this geographic determinism of trade is as much relevant today as it was in 1817.

The Interval: The focus of economists underwent a series of significant changes over time. Though economists consider their subject as an important branch of social science—analysing in the process the behaviour of social members with reference to money and prices in their everyday business of life, the primary accent always had been and is the maximization of selfishness, taken individually or collectively. Consequently, as A. P. Lerner once said: "What economists economize is love". When you economize on love you do otherwise elsewhere. We look for economies that flow from material comparison of costs and prices across commodities and countries. Though geography still retained some semblance of control on such cost differences, the accent became relaxed, qualified, and somewhat compromised in favour of economic categories which harped on material gains or losses.

With new ideas and experiences obtained from observation of market conditions, organization of industry and development of science and technology therein, economists found that geographic difference does not explain everything of trade. This is because when two nations are identical in geographic endowment of resources or factors, in the tastes of their people, and even in terms of technology development, they still can gain by trading with each other. Hence geographic difference has its limits. According to authors formulating the new theory of international trade, the answer may lie in economies of scale and their exploitation. These economies have their origin in the development of 'Own' assets and resources by firms—the calculated use of which endow them with certain competitive advantages, over their rivals—domestic and international. So long as the firms can and are able to confine to themselves or internalize the benefits stemming from such assets, they continue to hold their sway over international exchange and investment. The assets offering these eco-
nomic policies are capable of multiple uses at multiple stages or levels of production, and on multiple locations. As they are produced and developed under private property, they do not lose their ownership by original firms even when they cross the borders of another nation. Hence there took place a significant shift in thinking on the basis of trade away from nature and geography to human contrivance and calculation.

Return to Geography: A seminal paper by Robert Mundell, \(^3\) published in the American Economic Review in 1957, created a stir in traditional trade theory. This theory assumed that what nations exchange are goods and not their factors of production. The latter were assumed to remain in their respective locations. Mundell held that if this assumption could be relaxed and factors of production made mobile internationally, then the purpose of trade could be served in an alternative way. And factors of production could be made mobile by reducing tariff or transport costs imposed by nations to suit their particular objectives. When this is done, nations having scarcity in the supply of certain factors and also looking for them, could avail themselves of these factors in quantities and proportions determined by their demand and production requirements. In this way, mobility of factors would substitute for mobility in commodities between and among nations. Thus factor mobility would achieve exactly what mobility of goods internationally or through international trade, used to accomplish or was expected to do.

However, the important point here is not only the substitution of factors for goods, but the implication one reads in this. If factors could be made mobile internationally, then one can move away from the traditional notion of a given geographic location-oriented organization of production for export and specialization, and hence trade, to organization of production for the above purpose or any other purpose, anywhere in the globe, by ordering the required amount of factor supply. We quote, "It makes no difference in which country a commodity is produced... if supply functions are independent of the distribution of factor endowments."

This is exactly what multinational firms do when they set on organizing their production and trade. Dispersal of production across countries and use of the particular assets in them, holding in fact the ownership of the assets, are the two basic tenets of the multinational trade of firms. The first is adhered to take advantage of relative cheapness of comparable locations determined by geography. The second follows from the private property concept of asset development. If the first condition does not exist to begin with, firms are able to make them amenable. That is, firms are able to change factor prices in their chosen locations by either pressurizing the host countries/locations where they intend to operate or by influencing international institutions.

It is the latter that is being consistently practised by multinational firms ever since their emergence in a big way after the Second War. In fact, it would be more correct to say that firms are representing their respective nations in pursuing and achieving what the latter did in their heyday in exploring and exploiting new areas. We quote Stephen Hymer, "The industries in which international operations occur are often industries in which international trade was or is important." New institutions and ideas have been created for this purpose. Reference can be made to General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT in short). Ever since the first round of talks on tariff reduction in 1948, this international body met eight times (the last being at Punta del Este in Uruguay in 1986) as a ministerial conference. It achieved more than 90 per cent tariff-cuts till the World Trade Organization came to replace it in 1995.

For Whom the Bell Tolls? It is a fact that the success of GATT was confined to items that we broadly refer to as final goods. An important item on which significant portions of world trade has taken place in the contemporary period is the intermediate good – which is doubtless a finished good but not a final
good. This item does not become the property of the importing nation the moment it crosses the border of the country which develops it. Nor is its utility destroyed after a single use—because it is not a final good. It can be used and re-used umpteen times at different levels of production and stages over multiple spaces or locations. It is this particular item—the intermediate good, that is the stock-in-trade of multinational firms and business, and whose ownership and benefits are retained by numerous measures of internalization (the most talked about being Patent Right). And it is this item which has escaped the glare of GATT and its tariff-cutting enthusiasm. Hence there is little or no tariff on these items. Thus GATT by bypassing deliberately or otherwise these items, has directly assisted the multinational firms to not only retain their share of world trade gains, but also to augment them over time.

The extent that the above development is a fact, more and more area will come under the ambit of multinational business, experiencing greater mobility in factors of production—especially capital. One might jump to the conclusion and say that it must have improved the lot of the capital-poor third world countries. The current accent on capital account convertibility is a case in point. But hold yourself. The mobility in factors is always in response and in relation to objective economic incentives. Hence the factors (especially capital and technology) that we might have in our economy may only stay for a while and move away in a hurry for locations considered more lucrative. On the other hand, the created or ‘manipulated’ mobility in factors achieved by global firms by pressurizing international institutions are not so short-lived in its effect. They will continue to draw upon these factors even by bending or mending national laws. Geography will become the first casualty because it offers itself without any condition and also because it can neither move nor speak. At the same time, geography vindicates herself. That nations or their firms when they speak of trade or production, or the other way round, have to speak in terms of location or locations in a certain geography, is her reply.

References:
1) Ricardo, David : Principles of Political Economy and Taxation (1817).
2) Lerner, A.P. : Biography
In Defence Of Economists

Siddhartha Bandopadhyay
Alumnus (1991-94), Economics

Ever since I took up the study of Economics I have been facing numerous comments and questions from various people, most of whom have, at best, only the faintest notion of what makes up the fundamentals of this social science. I believe my experience is by no means unique—friends, colleagues and associates tell me that the person who has no comment to make on Economics is indeed rare.

The most common allegation that people make is that the economist (and by inference the subject itself) has made no useful contribution to society—as people put it, our predictions are all wrong. I am not entirely convinced that the usefulness of a subject should be judged by its predictive power—in fact, such comments seem to indicate that forecasting is the only substantive role of the economist. One may as well demand that economists be replaced by soothsayers!

Incidentally, I do not wish to enter the debate about our success (or the lack of it) in forecasting events. It would take me into a debate where the general reader (for whom this is intended) may wonder where he has been led. I have no wish to revive opinions about the dryness of the subject by presenting a whole bunch of statistical counter-evidence. Let us at least bury the notion of Economics, being the "dismal science". I may mention in passing that most governments and industries do not seem to share the low opinion that the laity has of the predictive ability of economists.

Without attempting to offer a general explanation of the reasons behind Economics (and economists) having to suffer at the hands of the general public, it may be worthwhile to try and trace how this became part of the common man's parlance in India. And for that we need to briefly recapitulate recent history. The impact of liberalisation on the Indian economy has not been uniform. Ever since Dr. Manmohan Singh began his programme of 'stabilisation and structural reforms' economists have come to the forefront of the public eye. And unlike the physical or the natural scientist whose worth is never questioned by the common man, economists have begun to face the sceptre of public criticism, something which till recently was the exclusive misfortune of the creative artist. While that was in no way his aim, the greatest contribution of our ex-Finance Minister seems to be the demystifying of the subject!

This, of course, does not mean most people still do not consider the economist to be somewhat similar to accountants and men of commerce. I have even heard it said that it is a ladies' subject—it is my belief that the person who said so was confusing Economics with Home Science!

Having come this far I must risk boring the reader by briefly outlining what I believe constitutes the core of Economics. Textbooks normally use definitions which label Economics as the study of how best to 'allocate scarce resources among competing, alternate uses'. If normative judgements are to be made it would point out that funding project X would lead to a denial of project Y. A vast majority of economists believe that the role of the economist should end there. The actual choice of how resources should be allocated is not in the realm of Economics. The economist should merely clinically assess the likely consequences of alternate allocation and refrain from making value judgements.
This position, to my mind, is unnecessarily restrictive and indeed when studying underdevelopment where issues of poverty and inequality come to the forefront it is hard to take a totally value-neutral stance. In fact, it is ironic that a subject which has concerned itself with the well-being of individuals should distance itself from normative issues. It is perhaps heartening to note that the work of one of the pioneers of such thought, our present Nobel Laureate, has been duly recognised.

Having tried to present at least a very broad idea of what Economics is about, let me say that notwithstanding a current tendency in academic circles for rigorous, tightly knit work confined to mathematically precise, value-neutral abstractions where the emphasis on economic content is secondary, there is a recognition that we need to shift towards research on more substantive economic issues.

To me, the study of Economics is the study of how different human beings (economic agents) interact and the potential scope such interaction has in bringing about conflict and co-operation. A formal framework for such research, namely game theory, is available to us and there is growing interest in this area.

The role of Economics in explaining how society works seems prominent today and while one would not like to guess what place it would occupy in the history of social thought it is ironical that society at large should be so agnostic about it.
Some time back my college celebrated her 175th year of existence—the umbilical cord, the pre-natal stage accommodated, and I can only hope that the dust raised by limousines of dignitaries, motorcades of their minions, has repaired to rest. An exercise in narcissism, commented a young man. But would Narcissus find libidinal fulfilment among an array of cameras and lights? The Greek youth in me did not.

Amidst the spotlighted activity and meretricious merriment, the genius of the place was absent: the spirit of quiet intellectual pride tempered with tender grace had fled. Or perhaps with the passage of years it no longer continues to reign. Loud-mouthed ostentation has intruded upon its cloistered serenity. Macaulay's concept of a liberal occidental education can, after all, pay slow, gilt-edged dividends in an age of desired quick returns. Teased out of thought by the mystery of change, an average mortal like me in my middle age, a witness to things, returned as a pupil to the early sixties, to Presidency College and the Department of English, with Tarak Nath Sen as its Head.

It was him that I missed most—his presence in the Arts Library, and with him a culture whose values were unmixed and un tarnished like the Doric pillars that still support the clock tower. "The tall deodars in the front, the sudden greenness of whose leaves one unperceived spring morning entered the heart with a gentle shock of mild surprise...", have gone. What remains are scattered, framed images of a glorious past dedicated to scholarship and sharing its delights with students.

We, a group of eleven at first, which dwindled down to eight, met him formally in a cubicle below the book-racks of the Library. This is where he took his classes, often running for hours and deep into the evening. The magnificent flight of stairs, surprisingly without handrail, was strenuous for his afflicted heart. That this tall, frail man had a robust constitution only a decade back, that he was suffering from an unusual cardiac ailment early in life and living on borrowed time, I came to know much later from Professor Subodh Chandra Sen Gupta's tribute and introduction to Tarakbabu's slender but distinctive corpus, *A Literary Miscellany*, published on his death. This perhaps accounts for his keen perception of time and mortality, and for the choice of the seven poems of Tagore he translated. I wonder whether anyone has bettered them.

Salt and pepper haired, neatly clad in dhoti and kurta, the latter changing shade in winter, a parted chudder over his shoulder, he taught, among other sundry items in the syllabus, *Macbeth*, which may well be the richest among Shakespeare's tragedies. With a voice never rising above a hush, with delicate fingers elegantly expressive in movement, the blackboard sparingly used, he brought to life the Renaissance in Europe and the mighty civilizations of Greece and Rome, never for a moment losing sight of the text, punctuations included, or of the Elizabethan stage. It seemed as if a parallel mind was at work on the bard. "Play's the thing" he used to say in his inimitable style, as he dwelt on the self-slaughter of a man and woman and on that Rubicon of the soul which, unlike the one in history, once crossed, cannot be recrossed.

I learnt from my father to wonder and question. From the extraordinary headmaster Clifford Hicks, I learnt to marvel. And though I enjoyed my years in a Methodist school, there was a sense of cultural isolation and the
desire to return to the mainstream, to College Street, hallowed by memories of the greats of nascent Bengal. In TNS I saw them all, experienced their moral, intellectual and physical courage. And for the first time the world of romance that lies in precision was opened out to me by someone never nurtured in seminar­ies abroad, and yet whose command over many European languages was considerable – his English free from the redundant; his French a delight to hear.

A phenomenal combination of the scholar and the teacher, of the specialist and the knowledgeable, his face was lit by a pair of clear but liquid eyes that would look at you calmly with the expression of a man who has experienced a lot through books. I cherish the memory of a wet day in July when he read out for me “Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance”, repeating the line six times, and I felt the indescribable in the pulse.

Himself a raconteur, his ears were ever ready for an anecdote. In spite of his somewhat commanding presence, he had an internal fund of placid, quiet gaiety. When the news of a certain important minister’s death reached the college, an overzealous colleague asked him, “What should we do?”, meaning should a condolence meeting be called or a holiday declared, he quipped, “if it’s a question of should... call him back to life”.

In today’s world of academics scurrying after favours and preferments, playing time­servers to the powers that be, jostling colleagues at college ceremonies for showtime fame, lapping up private tutorships and running after the head examiner’s post, I miss him more. I know that the shy, retiring, self-effacing giant of a man would have felt embarrassed reading this. So I conclude, and with Lambs, “Fantastic forms! whither are ye fled!”.
Subaltern mobilisation and consciousness have come to be regarded as important themes in Indian history since Ranajit Guha’s important intervention in 1982, when he declared the agenda for a new kind of history writing that would restore the subaltern as the subject in a history of his/her making. Understanding subaltern consciousness and mobilisation would be impossible, as ably demonstrated by the researches of the Subaltern Studies collective, without an analysis of the role played by religion in that process. The Devi movement (1920s), the Santal rebellion (1855), the peasant movements in the United Provinces (1918-21) are important cases in point. But to recognize religion as central to subaltern consciousness to the exclusion of everything else would be to undermine the complex interplay of other socio-economic factors which informed the peasant’s or tribal’s everyday life in very real ways. Yet we need to mark a certain caution before reading religion as a mark of “false consciousness” or as being instrumental in helping subaltern mobilisation.

Gautam Bhadra through his analysis of two frontier uprisings in Mughal India shows that the mobilisation of subaltern groups against the elite displayed many structural dissimilarities and were motivated by disparate factors. For instance, the revolt of Sanatan Sardar was a movement of peasants, paiks and Kuch nobility alike against the imposition of the Mughal mansabdari system over tracts in north eastern India where the paikan system had hitherto prevailed. The peasant cultivator’s financial problems were magnified by the humiliation and outrage suffered by their indigenous rulers at the hands of the Mughals. It must be mentioned in this context that an important factor tying the Kuch nobility to the royal house was the restoration of the Kamakhya temple by the latter in the 16th century and a movement of sanskritization that sought to establish the kshatriya status of the Kuchs. The tone of the Hathikheda rebellion was different. Unlike the former, this movement began as a low caste affair of elephant-catchers against the oppression of one, Baqir Khan. They were subsequently joined by ryots oppressed by Balabhadra, and the Kuch nobility.

Despite these differences in the constitution of the uprisings Bhadra notes certain points of commonality. Both revolts occurred in the north eastern frontier of the Mughal empire, a region where central authority was weak. Furthermore the leaders of these revolts were men engaged in specialised professions as militiamen and archers (ghurduwari and palipaiks). Hence in addition to peasant and tribal discontent resulting from changes in land revenue arrangements, the weak influence of the centralised Mughal state in north east India, the status of sardars and ruling families owing to their religious deeds, the presence of specialised professions are important considerations in subaltern mobilisation. Religion does not figure explicitly in the cases mentioned above, although caste solidarity was an essential factor in mobilisation as revealed by the first case.

David Hardiman’s analysis shows how an adivasi-tribal movement spread in a large part of western India under colonial rule. The inspiration for the movement came from what the adivasis believed were the Devi’s commands and spread across the countryside through tribal meetings and rumours. The movement resulted in the tribals abjuring flesh and liquor, observing rules of hygiene, and boycotting parsi liquor dealers and landlords. It was believed that failure to do the above, interpreted as the Devi’s commands, would bring grave misfortune. Hardiman argues that the Devi
movement is to be understood not simply in terms of the adoption of certain values by the tribals, but rather in terms of the adivasis' comprehension of relationships of power. The commands of the Devi are to be seen as a "mutually reinforcing package". On the one hand the adivasis, by appropriating the values associated with the regionally dominant higher castes like the Brahmans and Vaniyas, sought to democratise and implicitly change themselves; on the other, the commands of the Devi were a rebellious assertion against the Parsis, and was interpreted as such by the latter. Hardiman's arguments in favour of reading the Devi movement as a non-violent mode of adivasi assertion against Parsi exploitation is persuasive, resonating Gandhian overtones. It is also understandable how emulation of higher caste values was a means to change their position in society by reforming their habits and economic practices. But what remains unclear is the reason the adivasis attributed the motivation for their change to the commands of the Devi.

A parallel case of the subaltern's attributing the motivation behind their actions to a divine agency may be found in the Santal movement of 1855, referred to by Ranajit Guha in his celebrated essay, "The Prose of Counter-Insurgency". Guha's reading of the uprising goes thus: "Religiosity was by all accounts central to the hool (rebellion). The notion of power which inspired it... (was) explicitly religious in character. It was not that power was a content wrapped up in a form external to it called religion... Hence the attribution of the rising to a divine command rather than any particular grievance; the enactment of rituals both before... and during the uprising...; the generation and circulation of myth in its characteristic vehicle – rumour". Guha in sharp contrast to Hardiman refuses to see religion simply as the non-rational expression of secular, rational, non-religious factors like class, power, economy etc.

Despite the varied accounts of subaltern mobilisation advanced by the scholars of the Subaltern Studies collective, one fact that emerges with a degree of certainty is that subaltern mobilisation was the product of the subaltern's own perception of events. This latter could very well be at odds with the mainstream interpretation of events forwarded by contemporary elites. Such was the case with peasant mobilisation during the nationalist period, documented by Gyan Pandey and Shahid Amin. The peasants in U.P. or the population of Gorakhpur were oblivious of the ideology of satyagraha, ahimsa and swaraj propagated by the central Congress leadership. To them Gandhi was a Maharaj, a brahmin, a sadhu, a deota capable of performing miraculous feats that would alleviate their daily pains; while their notion of swaraj was a millenium where taxation would be limited and their everyday problems would be got rid of. These ideas were formed independent of Congress district level workers and in some instances even of the local leadership. They spread across the countryside through rumours whose importance in subaltern mobilisation and consciousness is repeatedly stressed by scholars like Guha, Amin, Hardiman and Pandey.

In conclusion it may be argued that the motivations behind subaltern mobilisation were manifold. To pin them down to a single factor like religion or economy would be to misconstrue the complexity of the subject in hand. Shahid Amin's account of Chauri Chaura (Event, Memory, Metaphor) mirrors the multivocality of subaltern consciousness and mobilisation which cannot justifiably be tied up into a single "cause". While we cannot generalise about the central idiom that went into the making of subaltern consciousness, we can draw certain conclusions pertaining to the modalities of mobilisation among peasants, tribals, landless labourers etc. from the brief account of the movements cited above. It may be argued that rumours, oral, aural and visual communication, are supremely important as modes of subaltern mobilisation. Also crucial is the role played by images of human and divine leaders. Thus subaltern consciousness and mobilisation brings before us a world which is so varied that it is impossible to explain it in broad brushstrokes. We need to concentrate instead on particularities that shaped each event. In these, non-institutionalised religion plays as important a role as the economy.
He was disliked by his professors at Harvard. His influential parents refused to acknowledge him as their offspring. He was ridiculed by the country's politicians. He frequented rock concerts. He was into drugs – cannabis, marijuana, LSD. He refused to take up arms even for his own nation. He believed in love, in peace. Flowers gave him power. Hashish provided him with a peek into the psychedelic world of spiritualism. He was brilliant, yet different.

Criticised yet emulated, deprived of recognition yet a mascot of universal brotherhood; he has remained a freak – the odd man out. He is the hippie.

It was the 1960's. American B-52's were pounding North Vietnam daily; fresh kids hardly out of college were dying in the killing fields of South East Asia – fighting a war they could not understand, a cause they could not comprehend. Neither the wreath laying ceremonies nor the gun salutes could compensate for the loss inflicted – in human terms.

And while the nation was busy paying its last respects, a new movement spread like wildfire across the continent, through the various strata of society – the Flower Power Cult.

They came in hordes. Campuses across the west exploded. Clad in jeans and carrying guitars, hooked onto a new era of music (spearheaded by the Beatles, Dylan and Hendrix) and pot, they converged on Carnaby Street in London – their Mecca.

And in a unified voice, a voice that could no longer be ignored, a voice that had become too loud to be dismissed as the maniacal gibberish of a drug addict they asked the one question that left diplomats and politicians nonplussed – WHY?

Those accountable, those in power – the authorities, tried to suppress the voice labelling these new intellectuals as part of misguided youth. But their arguments failed to convince. The new phrases were catchy and attractive.

Peace and Love, Meditation and Nirvana. A state of eternal, perpetual bliss. A utopian concept, that beckoned enticingly... The hippies' beliefs were as addictive as their pot.

In the kaleidoscopic Summer of Love, in 1967, the Beatles – the cult gurus, held up a mirror to the world; a mirror called Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

And in that mirror the world saw sense for the first time in the mindless cavortings of the hippie movement. They saw not the sordid gutterland of drug addiction but the exciting possibilities of creative substance abuse; they saw not the nonsensical madness of deranged junkies but the inspired idealism of a new generation of prophets and they realised why the hippie preferred the ghats of Benaras to the streets of Manhattan.

Today Carnaby Street is abandoned, deserted. Double breasted suits and modern electronic gadgets have replaced the bell bottoms and rattling love beads of yesteryear. The air is no longer thick with the pungent smoke of burning hashish.

The hippies have gone. Yet they remain. The key word in international relations has changed from war to peace in the past three decades. The Israel PLO accord, the crumbling of a barrier called apartheid, a photograph of Bob Dylan in a Beijing shop, a sign saying 'Give Peace a Chance' outside Kosovo – images of broken light that ensure the universal fact that hope will always triumph over despair, that faith will remain in the world till the last human being is wiped out; ensuring the fact that all we’ll ever need is love...
"A Few Blackguards": The Company and the Kanungos Of Bengal
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The Mughal office of the Kanungo was described by Moreland as "the permanent localised element of the central revenue administration. It represented the state agency of record preparing the 'muazina' and the 'taqsim' papers, registering the 'dastur-al amil' and updating the 'jumma' roll. They were expected to report impartially entire circumstances. The Hedait-ul-qawanin (c. 1715) set exacting moral qualifications for the office because "the Emperor's business goes on in reliance on your papers". The Ain ritually styled the Kanungo as 'the refuge of the husbandman', who mediated the equation between imperial and local interests. The administration of Alivardi Khan in Bengal was by all standards an able one. It was only in the waning years of his reign that a creeping paralysis began to set in.

The Kanungos alongwith the small zamindars, taluqdar, chaudhuris and superior tenure-holders formed a middling landed stratum beneath the class of magnates ruling from the forts. The power the Kanungos availed themselves of kept the zamindar in 'an effectual awe'. They, alone, possessing the avenues to information, the zamindar had to purchase their consent and the reliance of the government on their records for every species of information secured the Kanungos from detection. Their continual residence and crucial mediating position in local society delivered the whole revenue business of the foujdar cutcheery into their hands. The revenue settlement being conjectural, the zamindar was obliged to let them have farms at an undervalue, 'baze zamin' under myriad denomina-

tions and 'hauts' and 'ganjes' with certain immunities.'

The Sadr Kanungo, himself set the precedent by building up the extremely underassessed Rokunpur Zamindari. The choice mahals, dispersed all over came as the rewards for indulgent doctoring of the jumma roll. As the zamindaris sequestered in the parganas became kanungoi possessions, the daftars became appendages of the zamindari establishment. Jonathan Duncan left such an instance from Purnea, 1783. The Dinajpur Raj grew out of a kanungo acquisition. In the Bikrampur pargana 'the qanungos and the zamindari officials had by unscrupulous means a greater property than the zamindars themselves'. James Grant feared that the "Kharife Jumma... a grand source of emolument to the zamendar and canungoes... by the fraudulent extension of it through collusion, under the ignorance, corruption, or negligence of Government... hath become enormously great,... must in end, inevitably absorb all the most productive, still existing territorial funds of the state".

From the earliest days the Company's district personnel encountered 'a solid, if passive, resistance' from 'the confederation of interests' of zamindars and Kanungos. It became the most ubiquitous, perhaps the most recurrent theme of early English revenue annals. I quote here two instances of this. "The ignorance of the real produce and capacity of the country in which we were necessarily kept by a set of men, who first deceive us from interest and afterwards continue the deception... from a necessary regard to their own safety"— the
select committee under Verelst observed on August 16, 1769. The Revenue Board declared on December 15, 1772 that the power of the Kanungos was “highly pernicious to the interests of the Company, by encouraging collusions and concealments among the zamindars, by depriving us of the means of procuring a thorough knowledge of the country”.

“To control so formidable a combination of intriguing natives, or penetrate into the mysteries of their will and private interests, through a mass of such obscure materials as were designedly thrown in the way of European investigation to perplex and mislead, required what was impossible...”. In that ‘intricate scene of collusion opposed to exaction and of unlicensed demand substituted for methodised claims”, the Company stood assured that it was intervening in the interest of ‘the industrious ryotts’ who ‘lose all confidence in the government’ but for native designs. The collector of Chittagong reported on July 10, 1773 how he in his ingenuity had come up with a settlement “approved by talookdars and ryots, the most useful and valuable members of the revenue”, to the detriment of the zamindar and Kanungo.

The Mazhar-a-Shahjahani (1634) recognised this combination — the Kanungo as partner of the Jagirdar in exaction business. The Mughal state in this was deemed to have made Common cause with the raiyat. The contours and structure of the conflict are apparently similar. But the situation was different. The Company was no preserving successor to the Mughal state in Bengal.

Whatever it may be, the combination of the Bengal zamindar and Kanungo was corporeal and the embezzlements stand beyond doubt. But the fact also remains that “the reluctance of the Kanungos to give up their registers was regarded by the Company's servants as dishonest contumely, not always with reason”. If Lakshmi Narain had assiduously built up the Rokunpur zamindari, the other Sadr Kanungo Mahendra Narain was found in 1787 to be “in the utmost poverty and distress”. His son was “illclothed, dirty, and uninstructed, like the child of the meanest cooly in bazaar”. The Paradise of Nations’ was indeed going through a trying time.

“On the accession of Cossim Ally Khawn the administrative premises of Alivardi were entirely subverted and the jumma which his amils collected from the parganas, instead of being the regular produce of the country arose from the plunder of the ryots”. His amils bypassed the Kanungos in spite of the ‘Butlickchee’ (“who called for the Mauzina ...from the Kanungos...to give satisfactory information on these points to the amil”). The functions of the Kanungos were totally abolished and the records destroyed in Mir Kasim’s reign which passed out without a sadr punyaha. With Mir Jafar on his second lap, the Kanungs resumed office but the Resident cared not a farthing for their records. The Naib Kanungo remarked ‘since the English came to power, no one had enquired about them and the gentlemen never consulted them about making settlement’ and despaired ‘without full authority and support of the government what can we do’. With the arrival of Supervisors (1770) complaints poured in of oppression by the amils and the zamindars, collusive efforts to conceal information, forcible seizure of property in one case, murder in another, and were directed not only against the amils, but also against the Diwans and Kanungos. But a sharp retort from the Resident himself more or less settled the score — “Is it possible sir, you should be so infatuated as to believe the present misery and distress of the country arises solely or in the greatest measure from the oppression of the amils. That they have done mischief I do not deny but the greatest cause of the decline of the country has proceeded from such large sums being required from the districts”. Pran Kishen Singh, the Naib Kanungo revealed that with the removal of the cutcheery to Calcutta (1772), the Sadr Kanungo daftar was doomed to be even more inoperative. Yet the pargana Kanungo retained utility in the foudari districts, as Reza Khan
was to argue.

The remonstrance of Saiyid Muhammad Reza Khan on July 2, 1771 was a performance of high statecraft. It contained a convincing circumspection of the affairs of the state. Most importantly it tried to project a new dimension into the Kanungo debate. It invoked the constitution of the empire in asserting that the office of the Sadr Kanungo "has been instituted ever since the first dominion of the Emperors, Lutchmynarain and Mahindernarain their appointees by right...". This assertion, disguised in a plea is the entry-point into another question.

With the 'punyah' of 1769 at the Murshidabad Durbar, attempts were on to foster the nucleus of a parallel non-Mughal administration. The Company was desperate to gain "capillary powers". As Becher wrote to Verelst on October 10, 1769 - 'I have since my residence at the Durbar (since January 1769) induced the Nabob to concur in measures that tended to lessen his authority'. No section of the 'riaya' was so obtuse as not to comprehend that the constitution was being subverted. But they were overcome by the crisis of 'inquilab'. One Naib Kanungo was singular as he made a legally unassailable representation before the Supreme Court. He denied the Court its authority as the sadr Kanungo Lachminarayan "is a servant of the King of Hindustan, and being exalted greatly above all the people of Bengal by being promoted to the post of Kanungo, is in the management of affairs obedient to the Diwan of the Subah alone; and, besides this, has no connection with the Company or any English gentlemen". This resistance was distinct from the opposition 'through collusion'. This was corporate, constitutional and, it is fair to argue, Mughal.

Warren Hastings was said to have believed in English interference but only 'along the lines of practice of natives'. The important thing to note is that the axe of his 'inquisition business' fell on the moffusil Kanungo. A nominal restoration was effected in 1774 but their energy kept fizzling out.

In a contemplative moment, John Shore felt that it was in the pacific disposition and habitual subjection of the natives that they enjoyed a security without example in the records of history. "At this moment, no government can have a stronger appearance of permanency than our dominion in Bengal". That keyword 'permanency' ushers in a new chapter.

Philip Francis, Solon incarnate, had missed out on the parentage of the Permanent Settlement. He was to be partially vindicated with regard to the Kanungo daftar. Earnest in his belief in private property, he felt that "as Government, we have no right to inquire into the value of any man's estate". He regarded that 'such a measure' as evaluation of assets 'never was practised under the original Mogul government' except 'the single case of Cossim Ally who... was determined to make the most of an uncertain, temporary possession.' He was naturally uneasy about the Kanungs and on December 1, 1778 plainly questioned whether they were of any use.

More tempered opinion kept on toying with the idea of revitalising the daftar. John Shore in his Minute of June, 1789 gave out thus—"of late years and more particularly since the establishment of the English authority,... the whole system (of revenue) has fallen into insignificance or abuse. The canongoes have been as ready to take advantage of this as others; and hence the office has been thought by some as of no use, because little was derived from it. The conclusion is not warranted by the laws of reasoning". The Collector of Bhauglepore wrote to Shore— "If a minute local scrutiny into the circumstances of a zamindary be (as you were pleased to inform me in your letter of the 10th of August) repugnant to the orders of the Court of Directors, I should be cautious of recommending for the canongoes the resumption of their former functions"12, which otherwise he would have.
By 1785 there were already a number of high officials in Bengal to whom, after the disaster of the farming experiment, a zamindari settlement appeared to be a panacea. Cornwallis and the majority of his colleagues were biased a priori in favour of the zamindars. They felt it unnecessary to seek legal or traditional justification from the Roy Royans and Kanungos. The Marquis in his Minute of May, 1793 held that Kanungos 'are not only useless, but their continuance would be prejudicial to the country'. With the permanent fixture of public assessment the Kanungos would no longer be necessary to explain rights and their records, 'the cloak to every species of frauds and abuse', would be done away with. The Kanungo daftar was abolished in its entirety on July 5, 1793.1

Cornwallis in effect made the welfare of the Bengal population dependent on a system of leases, and at the same time destroyed the machinery of registers by which alone such a system could be constructed.2 The Regulation VIII of 1793 "was to change the public and impartial village records (of the patwari and the Kanungo), by which the cultivators had held their fields, into a private and hostile record under the control of the landholders". The patwari was now on the zamindar's payroll, the muqqadam bought off, and the munsif 'in collusion with zamindari interests'.3

In 1810, the Kanungo daftar was considered for reinstatement. In 1812 the abolition was acknowledged to be 'impolitic'. Finally, the Regulation I of 1819 (4) declared that "Kanungs shall be appointed throughout the Province of Bengal and for the same duties as are prescribed in Regulation V, 1816" for the districts of Cuttack et cetera. But it bore 'lamentable results; ...the contumacy of the proprietors revived, to prevent new inquiries regarding the assets and situation of their estates, and on this occasion their contumacy prevailed'.4

The realignments were complete. The Kanungo now stood by the ryot at the receiving end and the Company had no illusions in being in league with the zamindars. The collusive combination with zamindars precipitated the first abolition of the Kanungo's office; years later in the praxis of the same Company law, the disapprobation of their erstwhile confederates perpetuated their demise.

Notes
1. Mr. Edward Baber's letter from Midnapore, December 13, 1772.
2. Nathalekha Ray, Change in Bengal Agrarian Society c. 1760-1850.
3. James Grant, A Historical and Comparative Analysis of the Finances of Bengal.
4. James Grant, op. cit.
5. John Shore, Minute of December 8, 1789
7. R.B. Ramsbotham, Studies in the Land Revenue History of Bengal 1769-1787
9. Johan Shore, Minute of December 8, 1789
11. Proceedings of the Committee of Revenue 1775-81, October 3, 1777 as in Ramsbotham, op. cit.
12. Ranajit Guha, A Rule of Property for Bengal, with Ramsbotham, op. cit.
13. Letter of S. Davis to Board of Revenue, December 6, 1787.
14. The Fifth Report from the Select Committee, 1812, remarks that the lands which the kanungo 'possessed in the right of office, and some of them by inheritance through many descents were pronounced resumable, on the principle of being merely the servants of the state, and removably at pleasure'.
15. John Shore exclaimed that they had wanted an 'English gentry' with deep control over a deferential. Instead they had an 'Irish' class of non-productive and non-resident rentiers lording it over an impoverished gentry — in C. A. Bayly, Indian Society and the Making of the British Empire.
17. F. D. Ascoli, Early Revenue History of Bengal.
"Churasi Siddhar Kahini": Illusion of Liberation?

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This piece is an attempt to understand the intricacies of the Sahajiya cult. I propose to read a few aspects and explore the possibility of a critique of Siddhahood as 'a narrative of liberation'. My staple read will be Aloka Chattopadhyaya's "Churasi Siddhar Kahini".

There is a general tendency to posit different writings belonging to a single style as a genre, to accord them a single 'name' and thus jeopardise their specific incidence. Aloka Chattopadhyaya has presented a brilliant overview of the literature of the Siddhas in her 'Churast Siddhar Kahini'. Unfortunately, she has adopted the same hackneyed method of projecting the Siddhas as a generic class and subsequently their poetry as a meta-narrative of class. In the process Siddhas and their self-texts lose their specificities.

Chattopadhyay is of the view that the Siddhas brought about a radical change in the social structure. It was a gigantic 'movement' which extended from the north to the south. Siddhas enabled the people to unite in a struggle against their exploiters. They provided an effective leadership to the people at large.

Chattopadhyay thus reads a social meaning into the texts. However, when we read the texts, we do not find any such attempt to lead the people towards a mass upsurge. The Siddhas do not have a propensity to subvert the social order. Chattopadhyay depicts the Siddhas as a 'unified movement', but fails to locate their individuality.

'Siddha' literature I think exists for itself. While reading the texts, we have to desocialise the stories. These texts have their own tales to tell— their very own narratives. Thus their crusade against untouchability which Aloka Chattopadhyay tries to prove so painstakingly does not seem to have a solid foundation on which Siddha ideology was based.

Dombhipa's story is an emphatic plea for a king to be of the kingly caste. Dombhipa once reigned over Magadha. He fell for a Sudrani and had ritual intercourse with her. He then renounced his kingdom and was initiated into Siddhahood. His subjects once again offered him the throne. But Dombhipa rejected the offer on the ground of his losing the kingly caste. He asked his subjects to cremate him so that he could be purified by the sacred fire and take birth again.

It is thus proved that not always did the Siddhas advocate against the inanities of untouchability. It was still taken for granted that a king could belong only to a higher caste. We should therefore treat the texts as self-evident and deal with them separately rather than considering them as a whole.

The emphasis on any particular genre takes us far away from the stories, where the value of the text lies in itself. We are made to arrive at the same conclusion from different texts. As a result the efficacy of liberation is highly valorized. It becomes the ultimate goal of the Siddhas. The demarcating line between the texts becomes quite blurred.

Chamaripa and Saraha, thus belong to the same genre of 'Siddhas' although their texts are diametrically opposite. While Saraha advises his disciples to search for truth in everyday life and worldly pleasures, Chamaripa asks his disciples to eschew worldliness alto-
gether. Not all the texts show the Siddhas as selfless and earthy saints. There are Siddhas like Kahnapa who because of their immense pride cannot attain liberation.

At the same time it is also quite tragic to find that while placing themselves on the margin of society, the Siddhas quite unconsciously slipped into the fetters of the social control mechanism.

Tzvetan Todorov deals with the notion of 'genres' in his 'Genres In Discourse'. There he shows that it is because genres exist as institutions that they function as 'horizons of expectations'. The Siddhas clung to nomenclatural homonymy as they felt that it would establish the validity of their self-texts— their poetry.

In search for the legitimisation of their texts, they negate their individual identity and slip into another over-arching construct which is the Siddhahood. Hence 'Pa' becomes the ubiquitous configuration which helps the Siddhas establish themselves as a genre and the specific signifiers such as 'Lui', 'Saraha', 'Kahna', 'Darika' lose their meaning. Thus the entry point into Siddha poetry is perhaps in the politics of identity and not in the narrative of emancipation.
Let's get one thing clear first. I am not trying to cash in on this millennium hoopla. So you can spend your precious greenbacks on jiving in Times Square or frolicking with the natives in New Zealand. My tips are strictly free. Of course if you are overwhelmed by gratitude after reading this, there's no need to bow and scrape: I have a bank account. With that little bit of an introduction here we go.

I. Stop introspecting: Too much thinking has never helped anyone apart from the occasional Al Capones and Lucky Lucianos. Too much introspection and a feller's likely to start thinking he's some kind of genius and creating trouble. After all God created every man equal and who are you to think you are any better than the masses. Worse, you might end up discovering you are not Superman but a rather unappetising variety of Clark Kent; and that just won't do. Too much thought and you'll end up a Van Gogh. Pretty foolish you'd look too, running to a doctor with an ear in an ice-pail.

II. Never listen to what others say: You have lived with yourself for all your life so how on earth can anyone know you better than yourself. In any case, all advice can be countered (irrespective of whether you are four or forty) by saying it's too late for you to change. We all know the parable about the father, the son and the donkey. Remember, the father-son duo took everyone's advice and the donkey got the ride home.

III. Pretend (like yours truly) that you know everything about everything: If you've ever heard television VJs talking about love, you know what I mean. You may assume, like an American politician once did, that Latin is the language spoken in Latin America but don't worry: you'll always find someone who thinks Latin equals Ricky Martin. It really helps to use certain words and phrases, in conversation, like 'post-modernism', 'dialectical materialism', 'existentialism', 'categorical imperative' and so on. Pronouncing correctly the names of philosophers three-fourths of whose names are not meant to be pronounced helps you make friends and influence people. Don't actually learn anything. The age about to dawn is the age of the anti-intellectual.

IV. Forget all that liberal nonsense: You don't want to share the fate of a once-fish-now-fried do you? Then please don't go about preaching the equality and harmony of all religions. In India today only a particular colour is right unless you want a fight.

And please behave like a male if you are one. Have a slug-fest, participate in a world war, show women where they stand. Don't you dare get into all that sensitivity and understanding, crying and caring nonsense. You are not a sissy are you?

If you are a woman don't forget to gush in excess over your partner or be labelled a heartless bitch leading a poor guy on. Sacrifice everything for the love of a man who'll give you welts on your back in return; but surely you didn't expect anything else did you? Remember our country, to this day, has a glorious heritage of sacrifice and 'sati'.

V. Don't think of honesty too much: Now, now, you surely don't believe in this outdated concept—do you? Tell me which is a better option—confessing an affair to a husband hoping he'll understand or keeping mum and becoming one? And do you think Bill Gates got to where he is because of his honesty and
integrity? After all even if there is an after-life the gate-keepers of hell have to be venal.

VI. God helps those who help themselves: As if you will have too much time and money to help others. Social service is for trillionaires. If you are a poor millionaire, no one will expect you to feed kids on the street. Don't listen to crackpots on the fringe who say material things don't matter too much and love and relationships are the only meaningful things in life. Just ask them what bread made only of relationships tastes like. Besides, you have experienced a home-theatre system and it doesn't come cheap.

VII. Get rid of books: Look at it this way. If you don't have books at all you don't have books to burn in Bradford. Too many people start reading, too many figure out they are being conned too much... well you know the rest. And why go to all that trouble when you have television—double the fun, one-millionth the brain-use. Ask any kid of the nineties. He can confirm.

VIII. Be American: Since all young people are trying so hard to be Americans, here are a few pointers. A few years from now the only culture we will have will be the hamburger culture anyway.

a) Treat the elderly like they ought to be treated: Shove them off to old age homes and hospitals. Indian traditions be damned.

b) Use "cool" to imply any complimentary adjective.

c) Enjoy the ululations of post-pubescent things with shampooed hair and squeaky voices uttering profundities like "Our love is forever" and the like. You may not understand why the performer wants you to "give it to me, baby" since by any reckoning he has much more of everything than you have and you have crossed infancy years ago — but don't let such trivialities bother you too much.

d) Berate your mother tongue. Feel it infra-dig to converse in it even if it is the sweetest language in the world. Speak only in Americanese which as we all know is a lingua franca quite different from English.

e) Don't pay heed to anyone saying freedom and modernity is only in the mind. Learn from the Americans what broad-mindedness is all about. Fidelity is for fogeys.

That I think is sufficient to more or less keep you on your feet. As for myself, I think I'll go to the utopia in my mind. At least, I won't have to practise there what I've just preached.
On Amartya Sen—
"Master of those who know"

Gaurav Gooptu
Second Year, Economics

In 1933 when Rabindranath Tagore was asked to name the son born to the daughter of Acharya Kshitimohan Sen, he chose Amartya, meaning other worldly.

In October 1998, the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences announced that it had selected Amartya Sen for the 1998 Bank of Sweden Prize in Economic Sciences in memory of Alfred Nobel, worth $ 978,000. The first Asian economist, he was awarded for a lifetime’s work for investing the ‘dismal science’ with concerns like Social Choice, poverty index, the study of famines—issues far removed from the market oriented research of the last few laureates.

The work that the Nobel citations mention most emphatically is his seminal work ‘Collective Choice and Social Welfare’ published in 1970. If offered an answer to the U. S. Nobel laureate Kenneth Arrow’s ‘Impossibility Theorem’ which argued that it was impossible to devise a voting system with an outcome both rational and egalitarian. If it was rational, allowing full harmonisation of individual preferences it may well be dictatorial, and, therefore, not egalitarian. Sen combined abstract logic, economics and philosophy to alleviate this pessimism, showing that there are ‘grey areas’ in individual and group choices. While Arrow had, in effect, said farewell to democracy, Sen indicated that the case for democracy was not lost and there was a lot of middle ground in the analyses of choice. Sen’s ‘Collective Choice’, and his later works on the subject, notably a philosophical exercise on rationality and justice, published in ‘Mind’ added a new dimension to the work of philosopher John Rawls, who criticised utilitarians for subordinating individual claims to the overriding demands of the general good. Sen elaborated the argument, establishing that individuals transact better among themselves when they are better informed about each other. This is only possible in a democracy.

In his 1973 work ‘On Economic Inequality’ Sen for the first time provided a yardstick to measure inequality. Sen devised a new formula for poverty indexation, based on income inequality of people below the poverty line. This formula, called the ‘Sen index’ is now a standard tool for calculating the Human Development Index (HDI).

In 1981, coinciding with Satyajit Ray’s ‘Ashani Sanket’—a film on the 1943 Bengal famine, Sen published his milestone work, ‘Poverty and Famines : An Essay on Entitlement and Deprivation’. He went to the extent of showing that famines are a result of maldistribution rather than food shortage.

Sen’s most recent concern is that even well functioning markets cannot take care of the problems posed by a shortfall in ‘human capabilities’. These are caused by inadequate education, poor health services, skewed social stratification and gender inequalities. He also argues that variations in social opportunities can be reduced by strong political protest and opposition. These concerns are portrayed in ‘India : Economic Development and Social Opportunity’, a book he co-authored in 1995 with the Belgian economist Jean Dreze.

Sen’s rise to eminence has been phenomenal ever since his first major publication, ‘Collective choice and Social Welfare’ (1970). Throughout the 1970’s and during most of the 1980’s he was in the best of faculties, the
London School of Economics and Oxford included. Having been the Lamont Professor of both Economics and Philosophy at Harvard University for a decade (1987-98), he secured his place in the high table of 'liberal' America, with such Boston economists as Galbraith, Samuelson and Solow. In 1996, Sen became the first non-American president of the American Economic Association. Finally in January, 1998, he returned to his alma mater, Trinity College, Cambridge, as Master, a coveted post never before held by a non-white or even by a non-Brit.

The wonder kid that the Presidency College of the '50s had nurtured, has grown, over the decades, into a consummate scholar. In fact, some years ago, his articles on Tagore's essays and paintings in the 'New York Review of Books' were well received. They reinforced the image of Sen's amazing versatility.

Today at the age of 65, after the climactic finale with the Nobel, Sen can hopefully mellow into a philosopher in the classical mould, deliberating on the eternal issues of justice and equality.
This is staccato writing. Not for style, but as a matter of convenience. It is on what I have seen, heard, been told during my twenty three years of teaching in our college— the singular object of my sense experience as far as a good part of my waking hours is concerned. The reader may take it as a diary without dates and names. What mainly underlies the clippings from my memory of recent times is apprehension and a touch of sadness. Apprehension of the college withering away. Sadness over the fact that we are not doing anything to reverse the process. Much of this brief writing is focussed on the students. But I can assure them that I am equally dismayed about ourselves, the teachers and administrators.

Portico

Since 1874 when the college shifted to its present campus the space must have served as a covered entrance giving entry and exit a certain dignity, even formality. It was meant to be a space for transit, at most transient conversation. Now, we find the space continuously occupied by students, even after college hours. Their body language has diverse expressions— of sloth and slumber, of planning and conspiring and of rejection and defiance. Seldom there is respect for a hurrying teacher. Sometime ago, I had an empty cigarette packet thrown at my feet, the maximum symbolic disregard some of those usurpers could show. May be one among them recently put up a poster on the outer wall of the Arts Library : ‘মেহি একটি ইট খায়তে পারে।’. I wonder, if they succeed, where will they find another space for indulging in such narcissistic radicalism without paying any kind of rent. At the time of admission of freshers, students' union elections and the Milieu, the same space is converted into a counselling centre, a parlour for bargaining and brow-beating, and a reception centre, respectively— with assorted pieces of furniture.

Corridors

The long corridor in front of the Arts Library is always crowded and noisy. On worn-out cement baskets, designed as flower pots to deter students from sitting, blossom and break any number of relationships. In the early part of the day and in the evening, even strangers come. Nobody bothers, nobody as per the uncodified rules of the game. Not even the administration. The L-shaped corridor which defines the north-western border along the Arts Library is dreaded by the senior library staff afraid of treading into quiet intimacy. Both the corridors witness a bold consciousness of sorts prompting a girl student to caress, feed and pamper her canine friend. Is it part of a global concern for the animal world, or a reassertion of traditional Indian orientation to the entire living world, or a moment's respite from human relationships? Whatever it is, I remember that the students nearly revolted against the Principal's decision to reduce the number of dogs in the college.

Walls

The inner walls of the portico is abused by a perpetual cover of posters, some pasted by various student groups, and some by outsiders— traders of music cassettes, for example. It is worth wondering how these outsiders manage to enter the campus and go as far as the Netaji Subhas Building at the western end. The memory of recent student unrest against
a plan to introduce a register to record the entry and departure of outsiders is still fresh. There is no concept of trespassing. In fact for those who know, the college provides a short cut between Chittaranjan Avenue and Bidhan Sarani. To return to the walls, they carry a range of posters put up by the students, despite more civilised provision for the same. Some posters are seasonal, like the “Vote for...” posters or posters demanding xerox facility etc. which appear in good numbers immediately before the Union elections. Some posters are occasional like “হাইকোল মদ ছেড়েন” as a rebuttal to the college administration’s attempt to oversee juvenile indulgence in the canteen. A few proclaim demands on the government, like grant of autonomy or filling up of vacant teaching posts. In the early 1980s I read a poster ‘আমরা কিছু ও পরি, রবীন্দ্রনাথের গাই,’ signifying a cultural tension as well as an assertion of the right to bi-culturalism. Among insiders, teachers and non-teaching staff do not refrain from posterizing on the walls. Their posters are basically political in character. Those organisations which hire the Derozio Hall leave their mark by posterizing on the walls of the Baker building along the path leading to it. To these are added reasonably well placed posters announcing campus recruitment by corporate houses. I am sure I have missed many others because my distaste very often overrules my inquisitiveness. But I have a good guess: the posters that advertise theatre-cinema-music — are considered by their producers to be unlike the rest, likely to induce intellectual exuberance and a sense of moral discomfort; or they propagate political positions, both marginal and mainstream; or they create a market sense.

Vending

In fact, some people vend. It can be lozenges in portable jars or tea in transparent plastic cups — something for the throat or perhaps for sheer diversion. It is sometimes “master card” of a foreign bank, hawked by smart, suave and somewhat unintelligent looking young people. Unintelligent, as I recently found it difficult to convince them that hawking master cards and selling potatoes do not differ, and that a college is a college. But to my dismay, many of my colleagues cooperated with them forgetting that a college is a college! If drugs and call girls are available in the canteen as was recently reported in important dailies, then vending is complete except that of life saving drugs.

Ragging

To me it is funny, absurd and fascist. Funny because senior students queue eagerly at the door of a classroom when a teacher addresses the freshers. Absurd in their eagerness to tease them, by asking them to spell their names backwards for example. Fascist, because they impose themselves upon freshers when they are vulnerable. My senior students assure me that after the ‘session’, they take the freshers to the canteen for a treat. It is their right. Hard pressed to explain ‘why so’, they manage to say that this has been going on for a long time. If I know correctly, the ritual began in Marine Engineering colleges and then it was taken over by other engineering students like those in IIT, Kharagpur. This was defended as training in toughness. The general category students possibly started suffering from an inferiority complex.

Milieu-ing

Organising the Milieu is a similar imitation. IIT Kharagpur students called it ‘spring festival’. To lend it a little smartness, the name was abbreviated to ‘spring fest’. I have no idea when, why and how such occasions came to be called ‘Milieu’ in our college.

In the 1950s and 60s, the students called a late afternoon—early evening session of music performed by students and a few professional singers, ‘social’. The transition from ‘social’ to ‘festival’ to ‘fest’ (and to ‘Milieu’) is actually a change towards longer, more robust,
more westernised, more instrumental, more noisy and more expensive indulgences. Our students are no exceptions. The radicals in Presidency College a few years back tried to alter its character, but they did not repeat the attempt apprehending that it would be politically costly. The administration grumbles and grieves only.

On such days, the college pathways have a series of stalls giving it a look of trade melas. Advertisements of sponsors are hung from every possible point in the iron-net fencing of the college ground. I understand that the Milieu fund is out of the Principal's reach as is the enormous money collected through selling poor quality xerox copies of the previous year's admission test questions to young aspirants. To get back to the Milieu, the portico becomes a centre for announcements, some bureaucratic like "volunteers are requested to...", some evidently personal and intimate like, "तुम्हारा फूल एक रिहायशी काउंटर ना आलो, आमी सत्य राग करबो!". The incipient conjugality is interesting.

I suppose I have written enough to convey my feelings. The sobriety of an authentic academic culture has been lost, probably beyond retrieval.
There's something I love more than my girlfriend. It's sleeping. My mother often scolds me for sleeping too much. It is daily routine for my mother to hammer me up from bed in the morning. Thoroughly disgusted at having been branded as "somnolent", I decided to resolve to lessen my sleep. As I penned my antisleep New Year's resolution, my eyes fell on the listless lizards on the ceiling, and before I could properly plan my schedule of sleep, I was off for a trip to slumberland.

I relish having sleep as my best friend. It provides me with a temporary journey to my dreamland, far from studies and the tensions of daily life. Sometimes it betrays me during my exams; when I plan to study throughout the day, it appears to lay its heavy paws on my eyes.

Now let me introduce sleep to you. Sleep is defined as unconsciousness from which the person can be aroused by sensory or other stimuli. During sleep, there is a loss of muscle tone and a change in both cutaneous and deep reflexes; visceral change including fall in metabolic rate, lowering of blood pressure, heart rate, central body temperature and rate of respiration; and an elevated threshold for all types of sensory stimulation.

There are two kinds of sleep: rapid eye movement (REM) sleep and non-rapid eye movement (NREM) sleep. During REM sleep, there are rapid movements of the eye despite the fact that the person is asleep. However, sleep is not interrupted but the threshold for arousal by sensory stimuli and by stimulation of the reticular formation is sometimes elevated. In a normal night of sleep, bouts of REM lasting 5-30 minutes usually occur on an average, every 90 minutes. REM sleep is usually associated with active dreaming. However with age, the period of REM sleep decreases.

NREM sleep is also referred to as slow wave sleep (SWS) as during such sleep the brain waves are very slow. It is "dreamless sleep" (alas!) and is divided into four stages. A person falling asleep first enters stage 1, which is characterised by low-amplitude, high frequency EEG (electroencephalogram) activity. Stage 2 is marked by an appearance of sleep spindles. In stage 3, the pattern is one of lower frequency and increased amplitude of EEG waves. Maximum slowing of the large waves is seen in stage 4.

Each sleep cycle lasts for about an hour and a half and comprises a period of approximately 75 minutes of NREM and 15 minutes of REM. Four or five such cycles occur during an adult's nightly sleep.

The search for the scientific cause of sleep has caused a lot of sleeplessness to scientists. There are various theories which attempt to arouse the true cause of sleep.

Some biochemists have claimed (in vain) that sleep is produced owing to an accumulation of acetylcholine in the cerebral cortex. However they have not been able to provide any experimental evidence.

It is common experience that we feel drowsy after a meal due to increased blood circulation through the intestines and decreased cerebral circulation. So it was initially thought that reduced cerebral blood flow promotes sleep. However, evidence revealing increased cerebral blood flow during sleep rejects this theory.

Pavlov, the famous scientist noted for his
work on conditioned reflex, suggested that sleep is nothing but a conditioned inhibition of the cerebral cortex.

Another earlier hypothesis proposed that lactic acid is responsible for causing sleep by depressing the activities of the cerebral cortex.

However, the brain remains active during sleep. Besides, the oxidation of lactic acid soon supplies energy to the brain. Hence this theory, too, is thoroughly demolished.

Scientists have found a possibility that prolonged wakefulness causes progressive accumulation of a sleep-promoting factor in the brain stem or cerebrospinal fluid that leads to sleep. They transfused c.s.f. from sleep-deprived dogs to the cisterna magna of normal dogs and observed that the recipients slept for three hours longer than normal.

Still another theory is the ARAS (Ascending-Reticular-Activating-System) theory. Reticular activating system (RAS) is a complex polysynaptic pathway, part of which bypasses the thalamus to project sparsely into the cortex while another part passes through some thalamic nuclei to project sparsely and non-specifically onto the whole neocortex. Wakefulness is due to high activity in the RAS when impulses are conveyed to the brain. When the RAS is simply fatigued during the period of wakefulness, sleep occurs. However, the ARAS theory has mainly tried (in vain) to describe periods of the wakefulness rather than sleep.

However, the most conspicuous stimulation area for causing sleep is the raphe nuclei in the lower half of the pons and in the medulla. Serotonergic neurons of the raphe fire slowly as a person enters sleep, and during REM sleep, the cells stop firing. Serotonin may be involved in the neural mechanism related to slow sleep. In addition, serotonin may have effects upon cells of the locus ceruleus that trigger paradoxical sleep. The norepinephrine-containing neurons in the locus ceruleus have been considered to play an active role in the mechanisms that control sleep states. This is by far the most probable justification for the cause of sleep.

Recently, it has been found out that the sleep-wakefulness cycle has a circadian rhythm and is controlled by a circadian clock which is a complex biochemical system that cycles in a period of approximately 24 hours. The biological (master) clock in the suprachiasmatic nucleus (SCN) of the brain controls the sleep-wake cycle. The circadian rhythm has a conspicuous effect on the sleep cycle of air travellers going east or west.

There is a common belief that snoring is a sign of deep sleep. Actually, snoring is produced by vibration of the soft palate which may signify a breathing problem.

Sleep is essential for the normal functioning of human body. In the absence of sleep, higher brain functions are most susceptible to deterioration. Tremors, nystagmus, ptosis, dysarthria, and affective disorders appear.

In the world we live now, every flying second counts. So sleep can be aptly described as 'the thief of time'. However, it is a shocking truism that we spend one-third of our lives in bed.
The Emperor’s New Prime Minister

Deep Pal
Second Year, Philosophy

The King felt like getting a new Prime Minister. He was bored of the old one, and as everyone knows, anything new is always far more exciting. So he sent for the people of the Bureau of Statistics. “I want a new Prime Minister”, said the King. But the chief of the Bureau of Statistics had had too much to eat at lunch. He did not feel like going out in the sun to ask for opinion. He wanted his siesta. “It was a full moon two days ago. A full moon enters men’s heads and makes them do strange things. It is not the right time to seek opinion”, he said. But the King wanted his new Prime Minister. “A new Prime Minister or your head!”, thundered the King. Being a highly logical person, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics chose the former. He had only had his lunch. He figured it made no sense in dying before dinner.

In the kingdom, there lived a happy old man. He had no one in the world except his donkey. He had nothing in the world except his hut and a cabbage patch. He was happy because he never went hungry. When he was hungry he made cabbage soup. He would have the soup; his donkey would have the cabbage. The King’s statisticians came to the old man—“We want your opinion for a new Prime Minister”. Now, the old man did not know what having an opinion meant. “I do not have an opinion”, he meekly said. “How can you not have an opinion?”, shouted the chief of the Bureau of Statistics. “You must have an opinion. In ten days we will return to take your opinion. You must have it by then or else—”. He did not know what he would do if the old man did not have an opinion in ten days, so it seemed logical to leave the sentence midway, turn around and march away, which is what he did.

Now the happy old man was no longer happy. He did not know what an opinion was; he had never seen one and did not know where to get one. He was too old to go out and look for one. The chief came back ten days later. “So, do you have an opinion now?”, he asked the man. “No, your highness. But I have a cabbage and a donkey. Will you take them and forgive me for not having an opinion?”. Now, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics was actually a farmer’s son and loved cabbage soup. So he took the cabbage under one arm and rode the donkey home. The chief was a highly conscientious man. He knew that half of what he got he must give to the king. He had taken the cabbage. So he must give the donkey.

While his wife made cabbage soup, the chief of the Bureau of Statistics went to the King with the donkey. “All the people have given their opinion, sir. Only one man did not have an opinion; he gave his donkey instead”. The chief did not say anything about the cabbage as he was not sure which the King would have preferred. The King had never seen a donkey before, which is obvious, as the royalty cannot be expected to be sufficiently knowledgeable about such ordinary beings. It would absolutely ruin their reputation. The King took an instant liking for the donkey. He particularly liked the way it could turn its head to the left or right at the tug of the harness. None of the Prime Ministers he had had seemed to be able to do that so well. So he made the donkey his Prime Minister. “Anyone can be a Prime Minister in a democracy”, he firmly said to silence his critics. Soon, he was so happy with his Prime Minister that he issued a decree that only those who could turn their heads to the left or right as efficiently as the new Prime Minister would be eligible for the position.

And that solved the problem of finding a Prime Minister for ever.
Nostalgia
Projit Bihari Mukharji
Alumnus (1996-99), Philosophy

I cannot write this article. It is only the dead who have a voice. The living are merely echoes. In fact I fear this effort. The spectre of Presidency haunts me. Or rather the spectre of Me that haunts the legacy of Presidency, like a contraceptive.

But then, that is the beauty of Presidency, it allows you the luxury of death. And also the privilege of reincarnation. Like a phoenix you arise from the ashes to lead not only a new life, but several new lives. You are vapourised. A transformation of the self into pure space. Empty space. Space that houses a plethora of life.

Images are safer... They allow you to read yourself. To exile your others to the temple of doom. Yet the temple at Presidency was broken, its tiles smashed, its memory affirmed. The curse of the homeless gods haunts me yet. Its memory deprives me of the riches of forgetfulness. Oh! What a burden memory is. The Japs were accused of all sorts of tortuous deeds at the end of the last War, but I'm sure none were worse than memory. Nostalgia... its very presence is depressing. All those exclusions! The necrotic dance of the un-living. The dead. That is Nostalgia.

The prison of Nostalgia is a terrible one. The dirty walls; the vile malodorous vapours of the carcasses of life and the ponderous din of the necromancer... these are several new innovations there, introduced as per the recommendations of the Seventh Pretensions Commission (which by the way has also decided to pay the Porcupine Rs. 25,000 p.m. while the rabbit dies for want of carrots.) ...that though is the rabbit's own fault for if carrots are hard to come by why does he not survive on Pramadda's cha? The rabbit I must say has always been guilty of having his nose high up in the air whilst fornicating with the Porcupine's step mother behind our backs in good-ole All-Mad-Din Street. For why else would he choose to have a quiverful of 22 porky spikes apparently to kill the Minotaur. Who by the way after his rather unfortunate brush with one Hercules Schwarzenegger, a woe begone chunk of illiteracy had lately assumed residence under the divine feet of the Lord Shiva in the temple of doom itself. So ultimately Ms. Rabbit, Porcupine and Minotaur got together to put paid to our dreams to see distant lands in the not too distant future.

Nostalgia may be terrible, but it is also light. It is meaning. It is enlightenment. It is Bodhhi... The supremely incomprehensible, yet painfully dear. On looking back alone say some that you may attain what is ever approaching, but never quite there. In retrospect alone can you be enlightened. I am awake to the prospect of unravelling this supreme mystery. Though I wonder whether "its elementary, my dear W." would not actually subtract from its charm. I look on in some trepidation how the Enlightenment would look in the Shroud of Retrospect. I daresay not by half as garrulous as in discourse. The fluidity of Nirvana allowed me the luxury of enriching my treasure trove of images. In my assumption of Power (and please don't say "power") I hail thee, Oh, Enlightened One!

If the Ganges is the lifeblood of India one must never forget its body either... The Landmass. The sheer stolid rigidity of the land against which the fluidity achieves its meaning. The fabric of commitment, the fecundity of custom... what would one do without these? To be able to trust, to expect and to believe is indeed a great solace. It provides the very backdrop against which the intricate motifs of
life's meaning and the ostensibility of flight 
aquire relevance. Cogency. That is what the 
Remorseless One handed to me. "Here now, 
with your feet firmly on the ground go ye out 
and stretch your wings," sayeth He.

With these and of course the blessings of 
the Mother Goddess, out I went to try and fly 
an even keel. The flight I tell you was no easy 
job. Red Riding Hood. Yes so indeed we 
thought. But alas, consternation aplenty. It was 
the big bad Wolf. While looking on in blind 
despair at the hideous Pandemonium that the 
Wolf wreaked I could almost taste the frustra-

tion of the Sphinx. But, Oh! Disappointment, 
it was almost as tasty as flesh itself. One 
should quit being feasted upon when one tasteth 
the best. But best is a relative term. Defined 
in terms of the Worst. And the worse can 
always be better at being worst. If only to 
please the Best.

Being on the way to Presidency I can only 
pity The Outsider deprived of this eloquent 
silence. I commiserate the music of the dead. 
Even though it might be A Happy Death. The 
silent apprehension of the Waiting for Presi-
dency is indeed far more ex-pressive.

Ghosts are the raw material of poets. I am 
no poet. I am a spectre. I cannot write this 
article. Presidency cannot write this article. For 
he has a bad throat. Actually ghosts are de-
prived of bodies (as if we aren't). But then 
again who said we are not ghosts, not me. To 
come back to the end ghosts need bodies. 
Fear not for they are bound by the West 
Bengal Premises Tenancy Act. Therefore the 
point behind saying all this is that if I am to 
write this article I would need your body. Rent 
negotiable. Kindly consider.
Do We Brook No Other India?

Lincoln Roy  
Second Year, Philosophy

History repeats itself like an old hat that is dropped often. That may sound trite but it reeks of abject reality in coeval India. At least as far as our subjection to our (representative) masters' proclivities are concerned. A seeming throwback to the intolerant nuances of medieval Europe, whence for a subject to think otherwise meant treason to the king and to believe otherwise meant heresy to the Church.

But all that changed with the political evolution of the nation state. A couple of notable landmarks in this evolution were Joan of Arc and later the Revolution in France, which helped to precipitate the political construct of nationhood.

The political construct of the Indian nation was institutionalised by representative democracy. An institution now relegated to the classic encounter between the politics of privilege and the politics of identity. The rape of the will to acquire an identity by the will to retain privilege. In a pathetic tale poignantly depicted by George Bernard Shaw in St. Joan, the protagonist endeavours to free the people of France from English domination inspired by a dream where ‘God instructs Joan’s mission’. She sets out to acquire an identity for her people but the secular arm (comprising the English and French nobility) and the religious arm constituted by the Church collude to thwart her with the common objective of retaining their privileges which derived from the political and economic deprivation of the hoi polloi and the monopoly of the Church over God, indeed faith, denying personal theistic belief and ‘contact’.

Put in the economic context in the words of Bertrand Russell, "From the highest to the lowest almost all men are absorbed in the economic struggle. A struggle to acquire what is their due or to retain what is not their due".

In the politics of democratic representation, the struggle ‘to acquire what is their due’ denominates the quest for identity and ‘to retain what is not their due’ denominates privilege. This struggle at both levels is an existential trap. That is, the will to exist perpetuates the struggle. Hence the ruling or the political classes struggle for power, exploiting or suppressing the need of an identity—social, economic or political of the so deprived. The anachronistic intolerance is borne out by this power struggle.

An examination of the behaviour of the two national parties in this perspective will evaluate their political semantic to the nation.

The Congress Party in the recent past anointed their monarch, Mrs. Sonia Gandhi was declaimed to the Nation as a devoted citizen — never mind the legal polemics. That Mr. Pranab Mukherjee said was for the lawyers to explain. As if the law is an alien culture to be explicated by experienced interlocutors. The Congress President made a speech at the ceremony to withdraw her resignation. A denouement of the vengeance wreaked on the heretical trinity comprising Sharad Pawar, Tariq Anwar and P.A. Sangma—who were excommunicated from the party.

The heresy was dissent. But dissent is elemental in the democratic social contract. The conflict of reason is essential to democracy. To say, in the words of Sonia Gandhi, "Those who trust me come along, those who think otherwise are free to part ways", is to repudiate dissent. The liberty to ‘otherise’ is fundamental to democracy. The licence to free speech depends on it. However a political organisation like the Congress Party purporting democratic credentials will not brook dis-
sent. Iconoclasts are shown the door. Of course, they are ‘free to leave’ but that would dilute the political organisation into an anarchic soup.

The caveat of expulsion from party membership ensures obsequious conformity to the monolithic diktat. Much like the threat of excommunication for heresy. Expulsion would mean the loss of political fortune and identity. It would mean the might of the organisation against the truant individual. The latter would surely be at a political disadvantage. Not everyone has the kind of identity possessed by Sharad Pawar and Mamata Banerjee. The privilege of heading the Congress Party, it is apparent, commands the servility of the Congressman.

Mrs. Sonia Gandhi may be an indispensable identity to the Congress for votes and hegemony but must her indispensibility be foisted on the nation? Sycophancy is not the stuff of democracy — although it may lend itself to autocracy. The lack and abhorrence for alternative leadership may spawn from an identity crisis within the party but it must not subsume the Indian political ethos. Besides, one must remember that charity begins at home — democracy is not merely election to power structures, it is a continual process of debate and consolidation. A party aspiring to be elected to democratic governance must internally practise democracy. Otherwise, it will be akin to throwing out the baby with the bath water.

"We the people of India" who adopted the democratic ideal in the preamble to the constitution on the twenty-sixth day of November, 1949, should expect our representatives to adhere to it. To honour the liberty of expression enshrined in it.

Reality depicts a contrary picture. Does the Congress Party represent the political ethos of the nation? And if it does — what is the apparent redefinition of our political ideals?

That brings us to the BJP or the Sangh Parivar. The French Revolution saw the segregation of the secular arm from the religious arm and the delegation of the former to governance. In fact, historically, nationalism as we know it in India has had an overall secular orientation. But not any longer — in the other national party. Their atavistic conception of the Hindu Rashtra is their chariot to power. Christian converts are coerced back to Hinduism. Such is the degree of intolerance that Christian tribals who were not Hindu to begin with are not spared. Condiagn salvation for heretics!

The political classes of the Sangh Parivar retain the privilege of power in exploiting the majoritarian Hindu identity to political ends. The communal flames ignited by invoking specious Hindu pride is political arson scorching the Indian nation. To believe otherwise is deemed heretical. The secular ideal is the other facet of the Indian nation coextensive with democracy. Does a national party like the BJP represent the secular ethics of the nation? The answer obviously is a strident No.

A tryst with dichotomy faces our nation. A vote to repudiate the secular or democratic ideals enshrined in the Preamble. Take your pick— Ram Rajya or Sonia Rajya! The barely succulent cleavage revealed in national politics is a calumny we must stand up to. For our notion of nationhood is at stake to be burnt alive like Joan. Are we a nation of self-seeking nihilists or Hindu fanatics? Well that semantic question is best left to be interpreted by the representatives of the people. Because they claim to represent us!
Demystifying Philosophy

Amrita Banerjee
Second Year, Philosophy

To the modern mind, Indian philosophical thought (Darsana) often seems to imply certain notions — a sense of renunciation or 'tyaga', accompanied by discussion regarding subjects like 'maya' or the delusiveness of the world and the role of fate in human life. Indian philosophy has been viewed as "worthless scholasticism" and nothing similar to the systems of the western thinkers. Indian thought, however, is not what it appears at first sight and it may well be said that India was one of the important centres of logical and systemic development of thought.

It is interesting to note that the term 'Darsana' comes from the word 'drs', 'to see'. The 'seeing' may be confined to perceptual observation or may be extended to conceptual knowledge or intuitional experience. Thus, 'darsana' is a type of perception aiming at knowledge of truth, a whole view revealed directly to the soul sense.

In India, philosophy had its source in the naive utterances of the Vedic poets. It was in the 'asramas' or the distant forest hermitages that the 'munis' got the opportunity to reflect upon the deeper problems concerning life. Dissatisfaction with the evils that had gradually crept into society, coupled with the love of wisdom and thirst for knowledge, prompted the thinkers of ancient India to critically re-examine the age-old beliefs. Thus, philosophy in India arose out of a practical need, posed by the presence of moral evil in life. Incidentally, it is the problem of how to remove this evil that troubled the ancient Indian most, and 'moksa' in most systems is considered to be the state in which it is overcome, in some form or the other. Philosophy in India has had a very intimate connection with life, and discussions of metaphysical problems eventually followed.

The variety in Indian thought should never be underestimated. The views of a multitude of thinkers, the doctrines of numerous schools fascinate us. Although each system retains its distinct character, there is a point where they merge. The emphasis in general lies on man, his experiences and his sufferings.

'Atma-vidya' or realisation of the self is regarded as the highest knowledge as well as the highest end of human life in the 'Upanisads' — the philosophical literature of the Vedic period. Although many symbolical expressions of the 'Upanisads' do not bear any meaning for the modern man, they have not lost their significance altogether. The message they contain still acts as a source of inspiration. This is because the 'Upanisads' are not based on mere theological reasoning, but on experiences of spiritual life — the intuition and realisation of spiritual experiences of a number of men. They represent a glorious age — an 'age of enlightenment'.

In the 'Upanisads' themselves, the ethical implications of the central conception was not worked out. To put into practical application the general idea of self-realisation elaborated in the 'Upanisads', to make all this readily available to ordinary man, was the work of a great teacher. It was none other than Buddha, the 'enlightened one'. But the fact remains that the metaphysics of the 'Upanisads', when translated into the ethics of self-realisation, provided and still provides for a spiritual need which has been felt through the ages.

The 'Catvan arya Satyani' (Four Noble Truths) of Buddha makes one aware of pain and suffering, the fundamental realities of life.
DEMYSTIFYING PHILOSOPHY

The 'Astangika-marga' (Eight-fold path) on the other hand, shows one the way to moral reform. In fact 'nirvana' is not merely a negative ideal, but a positive one. It is the perfect type of enlightenment. Nagasena, an eminent teacher had categorically stated: “It is through difference in their Karma that men are not alike, but some long-lived, some short-lived...” Thus, it is evident that Buddhism is a philosophy of self-help, and of self-discipline which lays great emphasis on practical ethics.

A strong advocacy of the duty of non-injury to life in any form which reflects the preservationist attitude of modern times, is the special contribution of the Jaina school of philosophy. Yoga philosophy, on the other hand, goes deep down into the psychology of attention and concentration and lays down a practical path to liberation by the gradual concentration of attention on the nature of the soul, along with physical culture and moral discipline coupled with meditative exercises. From these illustrations it becomes clear that 'Darsana' in every sense becomes a way of life.

While the 'Puranas' contain the truth in the garb of myths for the easy comprehension of the majority, the teachings of the 'Gita' try to motivate life. In the 'Gita', man's struggles, his sense of frustration and self-accusation are not to be dismissed as errors of the mortal mind. Arjuna's hesitation, his undecidedness in the presence of the 'Eternal', symbolises a crucial phase of human life.

It would not be irrelevant at this juncture to quote from a few verses of the 'Gita', which remind man about his mission on earth and help in the over-all development of his personality.

“Karmany eva dhikaras te
ma phalesu kadacana
ma karmaphalahetur bhur
ma te sango’ stu akarmani”

[To action alone hast thou a right and never at all to its fruits, let not the fruits of action be thy motive; neither let there be in thee any attachment to ‘inaction’.

This verse contains the essential duties of the individual although these should be carried out with a sense of detachment.

One of the numerous verses, state that man should guard himself against certain passions and emotions. It says that from anger arises bewilderment; from bewilderment, loss of memory; and from loss of memory, the destruction of intelligence (buddhinasa). This is the cause of our downfall:

“Krodhad bhavati samimohah
samimohat buddhinaso
buddhinasar pranasati.”

There is an apt expression of the modern attitude of self-help being the best kind of help in the 'Gita' in the following verse:

“uddhared atmana’ tmanani
na’ tmanam ava sadayet
atmai’ va hyatmano bandhur
atmai’ va ripur atmanah”.

[Let a man lift himself by himself, let him not degrade himself, for the self alone is the friend of the self and the self alone is the enemy of the self.]

In the 'Gita', we are called upon to unite vision (yoga) and energy (dhanuh) and not allow the former to degenerate into madness or the latter into savagery. There is an emphasis on some degree of consistency in life. The double purpose of human life — personal perfection and social efficiency — is indicated here. The teachings of the 'Gita' have, therefore, been an inspiration to modern social and religious reformers.

It may be conclusively said that ancient Indian thought continues to be relevant even today. The Indian systems are more than theoretical discussions; they are ways of moulding life and individual personality. Indian thinkers have always thought with a purpose. The reason behind this may have been a strong belief in the fact that if philosophy of even the most catholic kind is confined merely to intellectual discussion, it loses its meaning and significance. Therefore, thought in India has always adapted itself in keeping with the demands of an ever-changing society. Indeed, it is not improbable that a critical re-appraisal of ancient Indian thought and a sympathetic understanding of the same may reveal to us new sources of strength.
The Mahabharata is both a literary creation and a history. But the historical worth of this virtual encyclopaedia of Indian thought has been doubted for a long time, particularly by European scholars. However, its historicity had its stout defenders as well. Consequently opinions regarding the Mahabharata have ranged from branding its episodes as fictions to "याहे नाही, भारते, याहे नाही, भारते". Polarities such as these stand in the way of a scholarly search for a historical kernel in the epic.

In spite of differing criticisms it can now be safely assumed that the Mahabharata does include some factual history, especially its central theme, the great battle at Kurukshetra. The fact that it is a part of our national consciousness should be proof enough. The silence over it in later Vedic literature does not necessarily disprove its historicity. A good guess would be that since most Indian texts were religious and their authors were not interested in matters purely political, mention has not been made. Yet such ancient texts like the ‘Asvalayana Gṛhya Sutra’ and ‘Sankhyana Sranta-Sutra’ do mention the disastrous battle of Kurukshetra. Even Panini refers to the heroes of the war as worthy of worship.

But to rate an event as historical it has to be fixed within a time-frame. This is what historians of ancient India find difficult. The most common belief is that it happened around 3102 B.C. which in the light of evidence seems impossible. Again some scholars have pushed the event down to 575 B.C. which makes Yudhīṣṭhīrā almost a contemporary of the Buddha. Had the case been such there would have been mention in the enormous body of Buddhist literature.

More reasonable seems another school. This has placed the battle around the 15th century B.C. Such a view was supported by Bankim Chandra, a noted intellectual of his day, on grounds of astronomy. But this needs correction in view of literary and archaeological knowledge. Excavations at Hastinapur have revealed that a part of the place was washed away by a flood around 800 B.C. The Puranas contain references to it and place it during the reign of the seventh successor of the first king of the post-Kurukshetra period. This suggests that the battle took place between 900 and 1000 B.C. Archaeology gives evidence of the flood and thus lends credence to the Puranas and we can suppose that like the flood, the battle was an event in history.

The time-frame thus hypothetically arrived at should lead us to consider the significance of the epic. The fact that it is a part of our socio-cultural consciousness has already been mentioned. An attempt at establishing its historicity has also been made. What remains to be done is gauging the magnitude of the confrontation. It must have been a great one, marking the end of an era and for this the following reasons can be placed. To start with, one should consider the sheer sweep of the land the epic mentions and covers. Within its sweep lie all the cities or ‘mahajanapadas’ mentioned in Buddhist literature, generally considered historical. Apart from the magnitude of the war this adds claim to its historicity and gives one a sense of historical continuity as well. As regards its significance one should note that the thirty or so kingdoms that the epic
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refers to later forms the heartland of the mighty Magadhan empire. Their number diminished, they showed greater autocratic centralisation which is bound to follow with time and more improved communication during the Magadhan period.

In conclusion the writer wants to affirm that authentic political history in India does not start with the 6th century B.C. Rather it took shape earlier and Kurukshetra was a water shed. The pre-Kurukshetra era was predominantly tribal and pastoral, a Kshatriya political era, primitive and restricted, which met its end with the great war depicted in the Mahabharata.

So in the light of later excavations, findings, researches and knowledge we should not date the beginnings of our political history with the 6th century B.C. as is commonly done. Instead, we should stretch back to the days of Mahabharata which concluded with Kurukshetra, the end of the old order, not without leaving a chain of continuity till 600 B.C.
The Haunting Spectre
Sharmistha Goopu
Second Year, M.A., History

This essay explores the menace of Hindutva from a literary, political and historical standpoint. Studying the past it can be argued that the roots of communalism may be traced to the late 19th century. What was unique about this phenomenon is that it had the power to encompass all cross-sections of Hindu society. This becomes evident from a study of the politics of the Nagari controversy alongside the writings of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay. This danger became all the more pronounced during the second and third decades of the 20th century, with the emergence of a Hindi-Hindu elite in northern India, together with the growth of the RSS brand of Hindutva. And owing to an 'imperfect' decolonisation heralded by the Congress, post-colonial India continues to be under its dominance. I will demonstrate this taking the demolition of the Babri Masjid as a watershed in Hindutva politics. Finally, I will explore the role of the media in stimulating this consciousness, and analyse the impact of this menace at a popular level in contemporary society in an attempt to demonstrate its potential to trigger off regional nationalisms.

The nucleus of the Hindutva menace may be traced back to the later 19th century in the Urdu-Nagari controversy, and in the campaigns to develop the Hindi language. The debate over Urdu and Nagari culminated in a memorial to the government asking for the introduction of Nagari as a court script, and during the 1880s and 1890s the Nagari movement tended to become a communal crusade against the Urdu language and Muslims in government service. It was also during this time that Hindi began to acquire a body of literature and a standard form, and it gradually came to be equated with a Hindu nationality. Language and script was becoming the basis for the growth of an aggressive communal identity which found reflection in a growing awareness of the need to protect and promote Hindu interests. For instance, Hindus had always objected to Muslims sacrificing cows on Baqr Id, but it was only during the 1880s and 1890s that such protests began to take on an organised form. One of the principal forces in this context was the Arya Samaj, which during the 1880s launched a vigorous cow-protection movement in upper India. The movement climaxed in 1893 with the outbreak of communal riots in which Muslim villagers were massacred by bands of Hindus.

Notwithstanding the potential for generating manic mob violence, the most intriguing aspect of Hindu communalism appears to be its capacity to influence a literary elite. The earliest exposition of this is to be seen in the works of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay. While his attitude to the Indian Muslims has been a subject of considerable controversy, it is difficult to overlook Bankim's overt hostility towards the Muslims. In 'Anadamath', the victorious Santanas go on a happy spree of burning and looting Muslim villages apparently inhabited by people who had nothing to do with the Nawab's alleged oppression. The second example is perhaps more telling. In discussing what really happened at Plassey he writes, "If you do not believe what I say, read the book entitled 'Seir Mutaqquherin' written by a shaven-headed, cow killing Muslim." In fact, Bankim like many of his contemporaries did look upon the centuries of Muslim rule as a period of
bondage and considered the resistance of the Hindu chieftains to the Delhi Emperors as a form of national resistance. In all the five essays addressed to ‘Bahubol’ (1873-1885), Hindus are involved in a protracted trial of strength with the ‘Mussalmans’. Bankim’s main grievance was that the foreigners, both the ‘Mussalmans’ and the British but mainly the former, had denied the Hindus the glory of ‘Bahubol’ or the strength of arms, thereby identifying the Muslims as the principal adversaries. Such sentiments found expression in his pejorative use of the term ‘yavana’ while referring to the Muslims. The ‘otherising’ of the Muslims was coupled with a glorification of the Hindu past and a search for the perfect man who would deliver the nation from the yoke of subjection. This found fulfillment in the pages of the ‘Krishnacharitra’, with Indian nationalism becoming for Bankim an essentially ‘Hindu’ nationalism. The glorification of the Hindu icon (as in ‘Krishnacharitra’) is also very interestingly reflected in his novels, indicating how deeply the notions of a ‘Hindu identity’ had taken root in Bankim’s mind. Thus in most of his novels a Muslim lady coveted a Hindu man, and it was always he who rescued her, to cite an example, Ayesha’s love for the Hindu Jagatsimha in his first novel ‘Durgeshnandini’. Bankim however merely stands out amongst a host of others, who being prominent members of a western educated modern intelligentsia, were nevertheless gripped by a passion for the glorious Hindu past, as for example, Ramesh Chandra Dutt in his novels ‘Maharashtra Jiban Prabhat’ and ‘Rajput Jiban Sandhya’. I have sought to confine myself to an analysis of the writings of Bankim only, one of the founder fathers of Indian nationalism, who defined ‘Indian’ in terms of the ‘Hindu’, and for whom the vision of a new India was the vision of a Hindu state, under the leadership of a ‘superman’ like Krishna.

The ominous ringings that were first heard in the 1880s and 1890s became all the more pronounced during the second and third decades of the 20th century. The growing menace of Hindutva during this period may be situated in the context of the rise of Hindutva as a language of the upper castes and literati in upper India, and the pan-Indian ambition nourished by the Hindi speaking people. A significant development in this context was the Hindi-Urdu differentiation. Even after the adoption of the Nagari Resolution in 1900 it had remained a matter of controversy as to whether Urdu literature would be a part of the Hindi tradition. But during the 1920s, as Hindi was gradually becoming crucial as the self-image of a confident mofussil community in the towns of upper India, such controversies were sought to be resolved once and for all by the codification of Hindi-related knowledge or the compiling of major works of Hindi, as for instance, Acharya Ramchandra Shukla’s ‘Hindi Sahitya Ka Itihas’ published in 1929. In this the author indicated the irrelevance of the Urdu-Persian tradition for the development of modern Hindi, and there was a systematic denial of literary works written in a mixed Urdu-Hindi. Most importantly, the new Hindi was heavily Sanskritised and began to be dissociated from its spoken forms like Awadhi, Bhojpuri etc., which were now looked upon as accretions which had polluted the ‘purity’ of the language. The emerging Hindi identity soon came to acquire a religio-cultural dimension and this was fostered by the constant use of religious and mythological symbols. Thus in Shukla’s ‘Hindi Sahitya Ka Itihas’, there were repeated references to geographical images which had a parallel mythological relevance e.g. Ganges, Himachal, Vindhyachal Parbat etc. Significantly, such perceptions did not remain confined to an upper class urban literati, but soon percolated down to the masses, and this had largely to do with the spectacular advancement in printing technology. Textbook creation, now no longer the preserve of a gifted few, became a very important agency for the dissemination of a moral revivalist
consciousness, and boldly stated that only Hindi in the Nagari script could become the national language.

The coalescence of a dominant Hindi-Hindu identity received a new impetus from the 1920s, with the emergence of the RSS brand of Hindutva/revivalist nationalism, which really constitutes, to this day, the fountainhead of aggressive Hindu communalism.

Right from its inception in 1925 the RSS programme of ‘Hinduisation’ involved a specific construction of the Hindu self, as a virile, masculine, communal self, which celebrates aggression and violence and is intolerant of other faiths, and even of other interpretations of Hinduism. Such conceptions were iconically represented in the cult of Ram as the masculine warrior god, and to date, Ram continues to be central to the RSS cultural project.

At this point I would like to qualify that I have divided my essay into two sections, one dealing with the colonial build-up (which reached a high watermark in the communal holocaust of 1947, and the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi), and the other dealing with the post-colonial menace culminating in the present strength of the RSS-VHP-BJP combine. Logically, with the creation of a separate Islamic state in Pakistan, the forces of Hindu communalism should have worn themselves out in post-colonial India, but it was precisely in the post 1947 period that the forces of Hindutva came to acquire their most menacing proportions. The possible explanation here, it seems to me, has much to do with the phenomenon of an ‘imperfect’ decolonisation, whereby the Congress, League and the British imposed the truncated settlement of 15th August. What effectively took place was a ‘passive revolution’, and a nation put together so artificially was found to be torn apart by questions of nationality and identity. At the same time, the forces of Hindutva, now (in the post-colonial period) reaching a high-point in organisational efficiency, found it easier to target a marginalised (given the population transfer to Pakistan) Muslim minority. Most significantly, it was really in the post-colonial context, particularly during the 1980s and 1990s, that the popular image of Ram was transformed from that of a benign king into a symbol of the RSS brand of aggressive Hindu masculine energy, by which the Hindutva brigade sought to condition oral culture and a hand-me-down history in a society largely marked by illiteracy or semi-literacy. The event that I have chosen to focus in this process is the temple-mosque controversy in Ayodhya. Without going into the details of the event itself, I propose to analyse a few aspects of the build-up that reached its high water-mark on 6th December. Crucial to my understanding is the role played by commercialised mass entertainment, and the series of symbolic political rituals that were meant to involve each and every individual of Hindu India.

Primarily, I would like to analyse the impact of the television serial ‘Ramayana’, which brought Ayodhya to millions of Hindus within their private domestic space, and assembled a grand national congregation, being beamed into every household or community centre at a fixed hour every Sunday morning. This programme reduced Hinduism to its mythology which was projected as the essence of nationhood. There is a certain spirituality associated with the serial that has been hyped by the producers themselves. Prem Sagar, for instance, stated in an interview to Philip Lutgendorf that “we want to preserve it (the video tapes of Ramayana)....no one has ever received it without touching it to their foreheads”. In fact, much of the VHP’s power in being able to present its world-view as natural derived from the impact of the Ramayana serial. Significantly, the VHP’s audio-visual productions i.e. the Jain Studios video productions, ‘video raths’, Rithambara audio cassettes, could largely build on the themes that the serial had outlined. Ramanand Sagar’s Ramayan for instance popularised Ram’s life and character as the national ideal. The VHP
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developed this point by indicating that Ram's heritage had reappeared through the rebirth of the baby 'Ramlalla' in Ayodhya.

Significantly, the VHP itself has used the media in a distinctive and effective manner as a result of which the RSS-BJP-VHP network has far outstripped other political parties as far as media manipulation is concerned. While political leaders like Rajiv Gandhi used the media for electoral purposes alone, the VHP, for instance, took to the creation of political pop—the words of traditional bhajans were recast in popular film tunes, and the video productions largely made Ram behave like the Hindi film hero.

Together with the creation of a popular political culture, the VHP has since the early 1980s, invented a host of political rituals, primarily sacrifices and yatras—Ekmata Yajna in 1983, Shri Ramjanaki Janambhoomi Yatra in 1984, several other ratha yatras in 1985-89, the Shilan Puja and Shilanyas ceremonies at Ayodhya in 1989, and, finally, Advani's Rathayatra in 1990.

Many of these rituals were designed to encourage active contribution from everyone—a brick, a rupee, or the purchase of a bottle of Ganga water, whereby, the organisers of Hindutva aimed to create a feeling of oneness. This solidarity was crucial to the Hindutva agenda, which went ahead with its much publicised 'karseva' on 6th December, rallying behind it the frenzied support of large sections of the country's population, who believed that they were advancing towards the establishment of Ramrajya.

I am referring here to the demolition of the mosque at Ayodhya as a watershed in Hindutva politics of the post-colonial period. By 'watershed' I only mean the climactic point of a particular phase in Hindutva politics and do not imply that the menace itself got diffused in any way, having reached its peak during the Ayodhya campaign. Rather, the overt and the abrasive was deliberately toned down in the post-Ayodhya period as the Hindu Right sought to present a gentle face, and the attention of frontranking leaders now came to be increasingly engrossed in a 'cultural' agenda. This had been on the cards ever since the inception of the RSS and had been insidiously working itself towards indoctrination in every corner of the country. Their agenda, which began to create ripples during the mid '90s had become a roaring controversy by the last years of the decade, reaching its climax in 1998, at the October conference of state education ministers. It was proposed here to make the learning of Sanskrit from Classes III to X and the study of Hindu religious texts, namely the Vedas and the Upanishads, obligatory in an attempt to 'Indianise', 'nationalise' and 'spiritualise' the content of education in government controlled schools and colleges. At the same time, much was made of the culture symbolism of the hymn sung to the Hindu Goddess of learning, the Saraswati Vandana and the national song, Vande Mataram. While this agenda was largely foiled at the official level by the unanimous opposition of the education ministers belonging to political parties other than the BJP, nothing has been done to stem the tide of mass conversions (shuddhi) or to confront the indoctrination that continues to be rampant in the RSS Vidya Bharati schools. In the last section of my essay I wish to analyse and present certain hypotheses in order to demonstrate the potentialities of Hindutva's cultural agenda to trigger off regional nationalisms.

In my opinion, the essentially North Indian Hindu high caste ethos that Hindutva is trying to impress upon the nation today would inevitably generate insecurities and tensions, particularly, in the peripheral regions, amongst those who owe allegiance to alternate religious-cultural systems. Such insecurities, in the long run, could well be the starting point for secessionist movements buoyed by a fierce cultural and linguistic protectiveness. Can it not be argued therefore that the forces of Hindutva might ultimately end up in engineer a fragmentation of the nation by stimulating movements of self-determination?

Apart from the obvious centrifugal tenden-
cies that could be generated, there might very well be a psychological fragmentation of the nation at large. Generally speaking, we can trace the beginnings of a certain psychological integration of the Indian nation to the emergence of the middle class, and the instrument of this integration was the introduction, of English education which emphasised a common language and uniform curriculum. Today, in the context of the ethos that is being nurtured by the forces of Hindutva, a frighteningly large chunk of an upcoming generation is steadily being alienated from a greater pan-Indian consciousness. Communalism and sectarianism are being systematically ingrained into their psyche. For instance, the “Sanskriti gyan” programme of the Vidya Bharati Schools imparts cultural knowledge to such effect that November 2, 1990, when an assault on the Babri Masjid was repulsed by the police, should be mourned as a “black day in history”. As regards the history of the freedom movement, the RSS and its leaders are projected as pivotal to the struggle for independence. These schools observe Teacher’s Day not on September 5, the birth anniversary of Dr. Radhakrishnan but on July 25, which is supposedly the birth anniversary of the sage Vyasa. They celebrate Children’s Day not on November 14 but on Krishna Jayanti. With such efforts at indoctrination stealthily at work, how would these children, the future citizens of the country, be expected to sympathise with the alternate orientations of their countrymen or identify with the ethos of a greater India. In such a situation it would hardly be surprising if aggressive acts of communal hatred and bigotry emerge as the order of a future which is not really too far off.

Hindutva at this moment is in a triumphant mood having emerged ideologically and electorally as a viable alternative to the Gandhian-Nehruvian legacy of a democratic state adhering to a composite national culture. If this aggressive nationalism is allowed to expand further, gradually closing in upon our secular territory, our tryst with destiny of 15th August, 1947, which created a sovereign, socialist, secular India will have to give way to vile fundamentalism. In such circumstances, it becomes the duty of every ‘Indian’ to resist the force of fundamentalism and protect the dreams of those millions of an upcoming generation yet untarnished by any communal bias.
Dali and his World

Sugata Ray
Third Year, History

"I was definitely not a historic man. On the contrary I felt myself anti-historic and apolitical. Either I was too much ahead of my time or much too far behind, but never contemporaneous with ping-pong playing men. The Spanish Civil War changed none of my ideas. On the contrary it endowed their evolution with a decisive rigour. Horror and aversion for every kind of revolution assumed in me an almost pathological form. Nor did I want to be called a reactionary. This I was not; I did not 'react'—which is an attribute of unthinking matter. I was going to continue to be, as always, Dalinian and only Dalinian!" This is what Salvador Dali thought of himself and the world around him in 1942. In this context it is both possible and interesting to compare and contrast Salvador Dali with his great contemporary Pablo Picasso. While Dali declared himself to be essentially apolitical and even against politics or anything committed to progress, Picasso was much more committed to the progressive ideas of his days and was often prepared to give his artistic vision a broader social and political perspective.

A crucial phase of Dali's creative period was the troubled decades of the 1930's and 1940's. A chronological study of Dali's works of this period might offer some interesting insights into the ways in which Dali's ideas and responses to his world were formulated and articulated. These works include 'Persistence of Memory' (1931), 'Composition - Evocation of Lenin' (1931), 'The Invisible Man' (1929-33), 'The Face of Mae West' (1934-35), 'Soft Construction with Boiled Beans: Premonition of Civil War' (1936), 'Invention of the Monsters' (1937), 'The Metamorphosis of Narcissus' (1937), 'Spain' (1938), 'Impressions of Africa' (1938), 'Beach with a Telephone' (1938), 'Shirley Temple the Youngest Sacred Monster of the Cinema' (1939). We shall select a few of them and try to analyse with a view to understand Dali.

In the Depression years of the late 1920's and early 1930's the insecurity and the apparent obliteration of the individual must have been one of Dali's chief concerns. Seen against the backdrop of slump and unemployment, Fascism and Soviet Socialism, naked aggression and persecution, 'The Invisible Man' (1929-33) does not quite show that Dali's socio-political concern was sufficiently deep to give the painting the grim appearance it deserved. The bright colours used in the painting convey a sense of happiness and confirms Dali's 1942 stand.

The man who was invisible soon swung back into action with vengeance from the late 1930's. This sudden bursting in of the individual came at the time of the Spanish Civil War, a bloody struggle for the cause of humanity, liberty and progress against the anti-democratic military regime in Spain. In this context Dali painted 'Soft Construction with Boiled Beans: Premonition of Civil War' in 1936. "In this picture", Dali wrote, "I showed a vast human body breaking out into monstrous excrescences of arms and legs tearing at one another in a delirium of auto-strangulation". As for the boiled beans "one could not imagine swallowing all that unconscious meat without the presence... of some mealy and melancholy vegetables". He employed a meticulous academic technique and was inspired by early
masters such as Francisco Goya (1746-1828). The "geological landscape" bears a resemblance to Goya's 'Colossus'. The background gives a hint of the autumn sky, peaceful and serene, while the internal conflict of Spain is symbolised by a horrifying figure, gigantic in size, reduced to a set of leprous and warring limbs; head and body tearing each other in a frenzy of pain. It embodies for Dali, what he described as, that "blind history" which had claimed the lives of many of his friends including Garcia Lorca. This painting reveals Dali's utter lack of faith in progressive ideas and actions, in the human will to improve its lot and in the possibility of an unblemished and incorrupt social formation, as well as in lessons drawn from history. For him the Spanish Civil War, the struggle between ruthless tyranny and freedom-loving people committed to protect and preserve democracy, was self-destructive. While Picasso's 'Guernica' is a stupendous creative effort to capture the multifarious aspects of this epic struggle in a grand artistic vision, the strong and intelligent man in Dali's painting uses all his skill to tear away the different parts of his body from each other in a desperate effort to hasten his doom. 'Soft Construction with Boiled Beans' is a study in tragedy.

'Spain' painted in 1938 shows people killing one another and apparently relishing the job, the whole action set in a terrain the features of which indicate a female form. The underlying idea — Spain=motherland=the female form being ravaged by her sons killing each other — is crude and hackneyed. Spain sets her own sons against each other who destroy their motherland and leave her barren. While the face of the woman, sad and almost tearful, is quite young, the feet are those of a very old, tired and battered lady. There is a strong link between 'Soft Construction', 'Autumn Cannibalism' and 'Spain' — the destruction of oneself, bordering on masochism. They show the same intelligent and callous, determined and relaxed, painful and happy, self-demolishing postures of the human forms, in a serene landscape.

It is a terrible journey which Dali's characters undertake but never complete. Indeed they know that they will never complete it. Yet, the realisation that their lives will be tortuous, tormenting and painful is never lost on them. Dali, not only makes his characters accommodate these compulsions, he forces them to extract pleasure out of their self-destructing efforts. A humanity, which had to pass through all the ravages of poverty, hunger and dehumanisation, could express itself only through sadist and masochist idioms.

It was a strange revenge which Dali might have been taking upon his time. For his world, fierce, corrupt and uncertain, he had only abuses and curses. Not only did he place the socially accepted good and bad at par, he, in fact, tried to shock his contemporaries into realising that all their efforts to uplift society to a higher idealised plane were ridiculous. But then, there must have been a way out of the crisis of identity which disturbed him so much. Is the 'Persistence of Memory' (1931) a step in this direction?

"Nothing is gayer than the persistence of memory. Soft watches... are masochistic because they are so eternal. Like fillets of Sole, they are destined to be swallowed by the sharks of mechanical time. Like Camembert cheese, they are also mystical, St. Augustine having said, that cheese can be assimilated to the body of Christ." This is how Dali described his work. Unlike his other paintings, there is little action in the 'Persistence of Memory'. Indeed, it is strangely opposed to all action. The coffin contains the dead, the far off mountain ranges are still, the landscape — land, sea and sky — is extremely quiet. A living form lies on the ground, motionless. Only the tree trunk with a single branch growing out at one end of the coffin, strangely resembling an outstretched palm, holding and offering a cheese-like watch, betray tension and latent action. There is no fragmen-
tation, no grimaces and no violent suicidal action. Here each character is complete in itself and has a very complex relation with the others. Almost all the characters are motionless, but not dead; they are living and intelligent entities contemplating on what is to come. The hint of twilight makes this strange alignment of landscape and character seem slightly mysterious. This then is Dali’s visualisation of the persistence of memory. For one, who moved away from his world and not with it, this was a convenient refuge. It is here that life originates from, and even against, un-life, watches and waits calmly for things to happen always carrying with it the idea of the essential death.

And yet Dali sold, and sold well. Frightened out of his wits by the doom that failure would have brought to him, Dali likened himself to the crucified character (was it Christ?) hanging with his cross, nobody-knows-from-where, with the hint of an abyss of destruction far below; perhaps it was only as a hope against hope that Dali added the tranquil scene containing a lake surrounded by not-so-high hills in the painting ‘Christ of St. John of the Cross’ (1951). Highly sensitive to the requirements of the market, Dali tried to shock people into buying his paintings. His psycho-analytical pretensions, his professed sympathies for Nazism and Hitler and his effective self-advertising stunts, made sure that his art survived in a hostile world. Although some of his paintings are almost classics, Dali is a lesser artist compared to the Renaissance Greats, the tortured Impressionists of the nineteenth century and even his grand contemporary Pablo Picasso.
Thoughts of a Madman

Jishnu Dasgupta
Second Year, History

Mad men are dangerous. Society has to be kept safe from them. Their convoluted minds register no fear, no respect. They actually believe in their hallucination. Worse, they speak their minds.

The very green grass urgently needs to be cut in this extremely wet monsoon. And the heavens, to dreamers, is the arena for one more struggle between the sun and the clouds. There are still people silly enough to dance in the rain. Even after the floods at the end of September. Despite the discomforts of disrupted telephone and electric lines. As for the graver consequences for our neighbours between the IISWBM and the Hostel, frankly, are we not more concerned about the gender of Sachin’s newborn than the ‘masses’.

After all we are Presidencians, true leaders for generations, the heirs to Amartya Sen and Satyajit Ray, Rajendra Prasad, Subhas Bose and Henry Louis Vivian Derozio himself. Like the leaders who represent those pavement dwellers in the House of the People we grow deaf ears and retreat into our ‘talk shop’ on College Street. We are aroused (pun intended) when their world invades ours and we sally forth to block College Street. Whether the enemy is from Kolutola or the Zoological department, the coldness of (রামনাথ) hearts is warmed only by cigarettes, our vision blurred by the smoke. If our sensitive and uptight noses are perturbed by walking past their dwellings, there is always the spicy smell soothing our nostrils at Promodda’s canteen, Gunjan, Tasty’s or even Pepsi Food Station.

The hawker near Gariahat, untouched by ‘Sunshine’ shouts ‘Kargil, Kargil, Kargil’, urging fatigued shoppers to buy imitations of military fatigues. He too knows of the ‘intelligence failure’ and the import of sugar, of the victorious armed forces and the able leadership of Vajpayee, of Bakreswar and ‘আসকা ওপর মজা ফুল’. Or is it my imagination working overtime again? My mind invading the intellection of others as intellectuals are supposed to? Intellectuals who sit all day with a ভাঁড়ি of tea in one hand, and a Charminar in the other, and stare at the roof of the canteen. The roof, by the way, is seeping and may cave in any day. But while it lasts, it will remain the ছেলে to make merry. Or at least, be remembered as such. Threatening to undermine the image of student politicians who dare to step on the unholy turf.

Most of these politicians were recently falling over each other to proclaim their loyalty to the Nation and love for their slain brethren. But if someone swims against the tide? He of course deserves to be assaulted at Sealdah station. And their fellow marxists? Unable to get to the snowy mountain tops they will find rooftops to proclaim their undying love for the Nation. The ‘jhoota azadi’ of 1947 is now to be cherished and protected. Notions like ‘enemies of the people’ have no place in a Party Congress sponsored by Coke. The ‘people’ after all had no place in the golden jubilee celebrations of the red Peoples’ Republic. And Marxist orthodoxy here has to remain content with challenging the decency of salwar-kameez and making demands for the ethnocentric re-appellation of the state and her capital.

And then, there is Derozio. The master himself. Are we not the youth of today’s Bengal (sorry, Bangla), and as Presidencians, heirs to Derozio and his compatriots? So, those who
THOUGHTS OF A MADMAN

stay closest to college must have beef 'handi kabab' at Mohammadiya's. But beef-eaters must be kept out of their residence to keep it Hindu. After all, Derozio was a teacher of the Hindu College.

But surely Derozio is no longer important in a Presidency where people ask, “What is HLV?” He no longer fires our imagination. He cannot be a rival for icons like Shahrukh Khan and Ajay Jadeja. What can the poor man do anyway, caged as he is in front of a hall named after him. His stony form gazes helplessly as his image is constantly overwhelmed by pungent odours from the Chemistry lab. Perhaps, this is apposite in a land where Gandhi Jayanti is celebrated by telecasting 'Border'.

Presidency is a dream; a dream that has haunted generations of the Calcuttan existence, that makes your heart skip a beat each time you turn the corner of the Baker Laboratories building and see that huge clock ticking, keeping time for a timeless institution. That is, if you are one of those about whom Suman sang.

“এই যে দেখেছি কারের কারের ক্ষান্ত চোখে
খানাবাজীর যুগেও অন্য খানা চোখে।”

But dreams, love and craziness are very old friends.
“If rape is inevitable”, a senior once told me, “then lie back and enjoy”. If falling in love is, by all means, do. But falling in love with a dream... is dangerous. For then you are captivated in a cocoon of maya and you are oblivious to reality. Even if you see the truth quite plainly, you still refuse to believe it, with an obduracy that will surprise you when you wake up. Your conviction is like a bubble that becomes reality; indeed your very existence.

Worse, it encourages other improbable dreams. Dreams of excellence. Of independence. Or is the proper word, autonomy? So it is ‘sensible not to dream’. But as the Bard said, “If music be the food of love, play on”. If dreams be the food of your existence, please for Christ's sake, or for Rama's, Allah's or Marx's, do dream.
The aim of this paper is to discuss (i) whether the following sentences have the same meaning, (ii) whether they have the same truth-value, (iii) whether there is some assertion common to all of them, and (iv) if there is some such assertion, whether it can be defined.

1. All men are mortal.
2. Whoever is a man is mortal.
3. Wherever there is humanity, there is mortality.
4. If anyone is a man, then he is mortal.
5. If humanity is present somewhere, then mortality is also present there.
6. (If \( x_1 \) is a man, then \( x_1 \) is mortal), and (if \( x_2 \) is a man, then \( x_2 \) is mortal), where the universe of discourse contains only two objects.
7. (If \( x_1 \) is man, then \( x_1 \) is mortal), (if \( x_2 \) is man, then \( x_2 \) is mortal), and (x) (if \( x \) is a man, then \( x=x_1 \) V \( x=x_2 \)).

Both RUSSELL and WITTMENSTEIN have discussed the question whether there is any universal fact corresponding to a universal sentence or proposition. According to Russell a universal proposition such as (1) is not reducible to a conjunctive proposition such as (6). Moreover, according to Russell, a universal proposition is not reducible from a set of singular or atomic propositions such as '\( x_1 \) is a man and mortal', and '\( x_2 \) is a man and mortal', if there are only two human beings. We need to add a universal proposition among our premises in order to deduce a universal as a conclusion from these premises. Hence if a universal proposition cannot be deduced from a set of singular propositions, then obviously they do not have the same meaning. Now the question is whether the meaning of (1) can be the same as the meaning of any other universal proposition such as (2) or (3). Russell says:

"Now when you come to ask what really is asserted in a general proposition, such as 'All Greeks are men' for instance, you find that what is asserted is the truth of all values of what I call a propositional function."

From this remark it follows that what has been asserted in (1) is the truth of all values of the propositional function 'If \( x \) is a man, then \( x \) is mortal'. He also says that 'All men are mortal' means the same as '\( x \) is a man implies \( x \) is mortal' whatever \( x \) may be, and it also means the same as 'If anyone is a man, then he is mortal.' From some of his remarks about the 'is' of predication, and the meaning of a predicate such as 'mortal' which mean the same as 'Wherever there is humanity, there is mortality'. Hence, according to Russell, the sentences from (1) to (5) would not differ in meaning.

Now the question is whether (1) is equivalent to (6). In several passages he has said that a universal proposition (or a general proposition) cannot be made true by a set of particular facts. He says:

"There are particular facts, such as 'This is white': then there are general facts, such as 'All men are mortal'."

Moreover, according to Russell, we cannot describe the world completely in terms of particular facts or atomic facts. He says:
"Suppose that you had succeeded in chroni­
cling every single particular fact throughout the
universe, and that there did not exist a single
particular fact of any sort anywhere that you
had not chronicled, you still would not have got
a complete description of the universe unless
you also added: 'These that I have chronicled
are all the particular facts there are'."

As regards the objectivity or the nature of
a general fact Russell says:

"It is perfectly clear, I think, that when you
have enumerated all the atomic facts in the
world, it is a further fact about the world that
those are all the atomic facts there are about
the world, and that is just as much an objective
fact about the world as any of them are. It is
clear, I think, that you must admit general facts
as distinct from and over and above particular
facts. The same thing applies to 'All men are
mortal'."

From these remarks of Russell it follows
that a general fact cannot be inferred from a
set of particular facts because it is something
over and above particular facts. For this rea­
son we cannot infer 'All men are mortal, from
x_1 is a man that is mortal' and 'x_2 is a man
that is mortal', if there are only two men. In
order to infer the proposition 'All men are
mortal' we must add the general proposition
'All men are among those I have enumer­
ated.' Hence, according to Russell, (1) is
equivalent to (7), but not to (6). Furthermore,
according to Russell, if there is a knowledge
of general propositions such as 'All men are
mortal', then there must be the primitive knowl­
dge of general propositions such as 'All men are
mortal', then there must be the primitive knowl­
gage of general propositions such as 'All men are
mortal', then there must be the primitive knowl­
gage of general propositions such as '(x) (if x
is a man, then (x=x_1) V (x=x_2))' which are not
derivable from inferences.

But Wittgenstein does not subscribe to the
Russellian conclusion that a general fact is
over and above particular facts or atomic facts.
Hence a general proposition like any other
proposition is a truth-function of atomic propo­
sitions. It is, in fact, equivalent to a conjunction
of singular propositions which are reducible to
a set of atomic propositions unless they are
themselves atomic propositions. Wittgenstein
says:

"If all true elementary propositions are given,
the result is a complete description of the
world. The world is completely described by
giving all elementary propositions, and adding
which of them are true and which false." (4.26,
Tractatus)

From this remark it follows that according
to Wittgenstein the world can be fully de­
scribed in terms of the atomic or elementary
propositions alone. For this reason the analy­
sis of any proposition, including a general
proposition, must end with a set of elementary
propositions. To quote Wittgenstein:

"It is obvious that the analysis of proposi­
tions must bring us to elementary propositions
which consist of names in immediate combi­
nation." (4.221, Tractatus)

"Every statement about complexes can be
resolved into a statement about their constit­
teuts and into propositions that describe the
complexes completely." (2.0201, Tractatus)

From these passages of Wittgenstein it
follows that component universal propositions
such as 'x_1 and x_2 are all the men that there
are, in the analysis of universal propositions
such as 'All men are mortal' are reducible to
universal propositions about objects which are,
in turn, reducible to atomic propositions about
objects. Hence the universal proposition in (7)
which is about complexes is reducible to a
universal proposition about objects which is
again reducible to a set of elementary propo­
sitions. In support of the view that the quan­
tifier 'all' can be dispensed with, a few more
passages may be cited from his Tractatus.

"I dissociate the concept 'all' from truth­
functions. Frege and Russell introduced gen­
erality in association with logical product or
logical sum." (5.521)

"If objects are given, then at the same time
we are given all objects."

"If elementary propositions are given, then
at the the same time all elementary proposi­
tions are given." (5.524)
Hence, according to Wittgenstein, the proposition 'x₁ and x₂ are all the men that there are' is not something over and above the proposition 'x₁ is a man' and 'x₂ is a man', if there are only two men. Moreover, according to Wittgenstein if we do not reduce a universal proposition about objects, then it will result in meaningless expressions. This point of Wittgenstein can be stated clearly if we take a universal proposition about objects such as 'Everything is red.'

According to Russell the proposition 'Everything is red' is equivalent to 'x₁ is red, x₂ is red, and if anything is an object, then it is identical with x₁ or with x₂.' But according to Wittgenstein the third conjunct which is a primitive universal proposition in Russell is a meaningless expression. Wittgenstein says:

"Thus the variable name 'x' is the proper sign for the pseudo-concept object... Wherever it is used in a different way, that is as a proper concept-word, nonsensical pseudo-propositions are the result.

So one cannot say, for example, 'There are objects'..." (4.1272, Tractatus)

From the above passage of Wittgenstein it follows that any proposition of the form 'x is an object' is a meaningless expression. Since this type of meaningless proposition (expression) is entailed by the proposition 'x₁ and x₂ are all the objects that there are,' the latter is also meaningless. It can be demonstrated in the following way:

If the proposition '(x) (If x is an object, then (x=x₁)V(x=x₂))' which is the symbolic counterpart of the proposition 'x₁ and x₂ are all the objects that there are,' the latter is also meaningless. It can be demonstrated in the following way:

If the proposition '(x) (If x is an object, then (x=x₁)V(x=x₂))' which is the symbolic counterpart of the proposition 'x₁ and x₂ are all the objects that there are,' the latter is also meaningless. It can be demonstrated in the following way:

If the proposition 'x' is meaningful, then its and only if its negation 'x is not an object' is also meaningful. If 'x is an object' is meaningful, then its antecedent, viz., 'x is an object' is also meaningful. If 'x is an object' is meaningful, then its antecedent, viz., 'x is an object' is also meaningful. Again if it is meaningful, then its antecedent, viz., 'x is an object' is also meaningful. If 'x is an object' is meaningful, then its antecedent, viz., 'x is an object' is also meaningful. This follows from his acceptance of the thesis that a proposition is meaningful if and only if its negation is also meaningful. He says, 'The positive proposition necessarily presupposes the existence of the negative proposition and vice versa.' (5.5151, Tractatus). Now let us consider whether 'x₁ is not an object' is meaningful. If it is meaningful, then it is either true or false. If it is true, then the name 'x₁' does not designate anything. If a logically proper name does not designate an object, then it is meaningless. If it is meaningless, then the sentence which contains it is also meaningless. Hence the proposition 'x₁ is not an object' is meaningless. If it were so, then 'x₁ is an object' is also meaningless according to the significant criterion of negation. Since, 'x₁ is an object' is the antecedent of the proposition 'If x₁ is an object, then (x₁=x₁)V(x₁=x₂)', the latter is also meaningless. Hence the proposition '(x) (If x is an object, then (x=x₁)V(x=x₂))' which implies a meaningless proposition is also meaningless.

From this proof of Wittgenstein it follows that the irreducible universal proposition of Russell is meaningless. Hence (1) cannot be equated with (7) which contains or implies a meaningless proposition. What (1) expresses can be expressed by (6). Hence, according to Wittgenstein, (1) and (6) are not only equivalent, but also express the same proposition.

This objection of Wittgenstein remains unanswered from the standpoint of Russell so long as we accept the significance criterion of negation as a universally valid criterion. Since Russell himself has accepted this criterion, and since one of his proofs for the view that 'x₁ exists' is meaningless is similar to Wittgenstein's above proof, there is no answer to Wittgenstein's criticism from the standpoint of Russell.

Arthur Prior in his article, 'What Do General Statements Refer To?' has raised the question whether there are different types of universal propositions. In this article he is proposing the view that there are different uses of the word 'all' depending on the context of its use. Some uses of the word 'all' refer to existent objects, some other uses refer to actual (or present), past and future objects; still other uses either
refer to mythical objects or do not have any existential import.

Let us consider the following propositions of Arthur Prior:

(a) All John's children are asleep.
(b) All cats like fish.
(c) All unicorns have a single horn.

First of all, Arthur Prior asks whether the question, 'What has been referred to in these sentences?', is an appropriate question. It may be said that if we emphasize the word 'all', then this very question can be ruled out. The propositions from (a) to (c) have the form 'All Xs are Ys' and any proposition of this form simply says that 'No matter what X you take, you will find it is a Y'. But he has ruled out the possibility of dissolving the question in this way. He says:

"Still maybe there is the odd case in which the question is in order. For example, suppose some adults are gathered in a downstairs room and there is a great clatter of children upstairs, and some member of the party says wistfully, 'All John's children are asleep anyhow.'

Now the question is whether the proposition 'All John's children are asleep' can be equated with 'If John has a child, then he/she is asleep', as we equate 'All Xs are Ys' with 'If anything is an X, then it is a Y', or 'Whatever is an X is Y, where 'X' and 'Y' are 'predicate expressions'. It seems to us that Arthur Prior is not willing to ascribe the same 'if-then' or 'whatever' interpretation to all propositions of the form 'All Xs are Ys'. He says:

"One thing that people might mean by saying that a general statement 'All Xs are Ys' refers to a certain individual A, is that A is one of the individuals that would have to be a Y for this general statement to be true. And the sorts of individuals that qualify as being 'referred to' in this sense will differ a great deal from one sort of general statement to another."

From this remark of Prior it follows that the type of entities referred to by a general proposition will not be the same in all contexts. In the case of 'All John's children are asleep', Prior thinks the reference is confined to the existing children of John. Hence it cannot be interpreted as 'whoever is a child of John is asleep' or 'If x is a child of John, then x is asleep.' But the reference of the proposition 'All cats like fish' is not confined to existing cats only. Hence it cannot be interpreted as 'Produce me any cat you like: that cat will like fish.' Since we cannot produce dead or long-dead and unborn cats, this interpretation cannot be assigned to this type of general proposition. Hence according to Prior it is not equivalent to 'Whatever is a cat likes fish.' What it says, Prior thinks, can be stated as follows: It not only is the case, but always has been the case and always will be the case that whatever is a cat likes fish. Hence in this case the reference is not confined to the existing cats only. It includes both the past and the future cats as well, but it does not include any imaginary cats. But in the case of 'All unicorns have a single horn' there is no reference to any past, present or future unicorns. According to Prior the person who utters this sentence might mean that it is said in the books that whatever is a unicorn has a single horn.

From this discussion of Prior it follows that there are different uses of a universal proposition, and the meaning or the reference of it depends, in some cases at least, upon the context of utterance. Hence the meaning of 'All men are mortal' cannot be equated with 'Whoever is a man is mortal' or 'If anyone is a man, then he is mortal,' because in one of its uses 'All men are mortal' refers to past, present and future human beings. Since there is no such reference in the hypothetical proposition 'If anyone is a man, then he is mortal', the meaning or the reference of it cannot be equated with 'All men are mortal'. 
শুনু কথেন কথা এবে সম্পাদক

অট্রিলিকা আর তাকে কেষ্ঠ করে ঘটে চলা নানা প্রবাহ, যারা আর নানা মুহুর্তকেও অন্যান্য বন করতে সক্ষম——তাদের মধ্যে কাকে শিক্ষা
প্রেরণাপ্রমাণ বলতে——সে প্রশ্নের দিকে একটা অবিশিষ্ট যাত্রা রয়েছে। এখন সেই যাহারা চেয়েই
একাধিক পথের সূজনে নেমে পড়া হয়, নাকি
নেহাত না চাওয়াই এখানে প্রকৃতি, এ শিকারে বেশ একটা তথ্য রয়েছে। আর এর চাইতেও বড়
অংশটা রয়েছে এমন কেনা ভাবনা ভিতরে না-
গিয়েছে। তা যে দুটি ভাবনা কথা বলা গেল,
এদের ভিতর একটা মূল বৈপরীত্যের বিপদ
থাকলেও, যাহার সত্য। আর পল যে রয়েছে,
তা-ও প্রতিভ। আর দুটি ভাবনার ভিতরে দায়া
যাচ্ছে অট্রিলিকা হল ‘ফুল’ ফাইল একটা, আর
প্রাণাঙ্গকের বিশিষ্ট কেনা পক্ষে তাইকে কেষ্ঠ
করে ঘটে চলা প্রবাহের কথাও অন্তত অনুভবের
কারণে পাওয়া। এর অর্থ এই নয়, যে দুটি পক্ষে
এক হয়ে গেল। তবে দু'পক্ষেরই ভাবনাশীল বৃত্তে
এটা ব্যাপক তত্ত্ব। সত্য; কারণ, এটা ‘আহ্ব
সিংহসন, তুমি নিয়ন্ত্রণ আইস’ ে-র প্রতিক্রিয়াঃ
নিত্যনিমিত্ত কেনা দলের কথা নয়। বর্তম
কত্ম দলের সাথে কিছু সাধারণ রয়েছে ঐ
অংশতার, যার এ সমস্ত ভাবনা বাইরে দেশ
নিশ্চিত এবং এমন সৃষ্টি নিশ্চিততার পথে
নিশ্চিতিতার প্রয়োগে। এই সরা-সারি বলতার
ভিত্তি থেকে কেনা অন্যরূপক (যাঁতি-কিংকুতি)
প্রকাশ সত্তার নয়; অতএব এই বর্তমান মুখতারত
এটা প্রথমেই জানানা দরকার ছিল। যাই হোক এই
যে অট্রিলিকা এবং তৎক্ষণ্ঠ প্রবাদারা—ভাবনার
যে অবশ্যাতি, তার ফলস্বরূপই আপনাদের
আমরা পাঠার পুঠোগুলি সচেতন ওঠাতে কল্পিত।
বলতার পথের কথা। এখন একটু দেখে নেওয়া
দরকার যে অংশে বিশ্বাসের ভিতরে,
কিন্তু শিক্ষায় ইতিরাষ্ট্রীয় নীতি
কর্মে আমাদের গতানুগত নিজস্বের দায়েই
অনুমোদিত হতে পারবেন।
"...কথা আমারা বলি, মানে যে কারও ওয়া এড়ি পারদিয়ার অক্ষরের দায় কাঠে অংশগ্রহণ পুনরুত্থান অর্থনুষ্ঠানের দায় কাঠে অংশগ্রহণ। কি
ভাবগুলি, যেমন অর্থনীতির হয়ে, তার দায় সম্পদের
ইউরোপায় মাদার চাপানি। একথা ভুলে কিছু
নিশ্চিততার সৃষ্টিতে কথাটি ধরে প্রতিদিন বর্ষ লিখিত
হওয়ায় আগেই কলমের পিছন বসে সত্তর হয়
ওঠায় একটা প্রত্যক্ষতাতের দাবী কথা থেকে
কেন শোনায় যাচ্ছে। কিছু সমস্ত এই যে এটাঁ
প্রিয়বাদি কলেজ পত্রিকা

সতর্কতার দিকে চোখ রাখলে এই প্রেক্ষাপটির কথা মানে রাখা যায় না। আর তা যদি মানে রাখা না যায়, তাহলে বর্তমান অবস্থায়কে অবজ্ঞা করার প্রয়াসও আবার। অবার এত সত্যি যে পূর্বতার বড় বোঝেই আপমাদের হারার বিশেষ দৃষ্টি অধ্যায় মোক্ষের নয়। সুতরাং এমন সত্যি বিশ্বার করেও নূতন দিকে পা ডুবানো। নূতন কিন্তু কল নূতনি কিন্তু অর্থে সমস্যাকুল বিদ্যায় পোষটি আর সমাধান করার দিকে প্রবল আসতে পারে।

এমন নূতন বিষয়াট অনন্য আসে, যখন, কোনো একটি বিষয়শীলতার, তার কে বা উদ্ধৃতি দিতে যথাযথ প্রয়োজন হল না এবং তার প্রতি কোনো হিসেবে কোনো অস্পষ্ট সঠিকতা হয়। বর্তমানে যে কাজের ক্ষেত্রে আমাদের হাত, তারা পরিপার্শ্ব ও তারা ভিতরের পুরুষ ভাবে পরিপ্রাপ্ত ও উচ্চতর যে কোনো বিষয়ের নূতনি সেই, একটি এমন অভিজ্ঞতা বুদ্ধিভাগীত্য— কেউই করতে না।

বিষয় করাবার কথা কিছু যায় থেকে গেলে। নবজায় নূতনি কিছু হওয়া নয় এবং বিজ্ঞানী দুই তার প্রতি কিছু বিষয়ের কারণে যে নূতন বিষয়ে ভাবার কথাই কিছু থাকল না, তা নয়।

কারণ, এমন আমাদের মজা সমস্তে যে নিশ্চিততার কথা বলি আমরা, তার ভিতরের সঠিকতা আমাদের মন তুলে দেওয়া যায়।

অসাধারণ নয়, একইভাবে অসাধারণ নয়, যখন পরিপ্রাপ্ত সে বিষয়ের কোনো সঠিকতা নেই। তো সামান্য কথা। অতএব এক প্রকার নির্দেশের অনুসারে যে যুক্তিতে সমন্বয়, তাই নূতন নুতনি কিছুতে যে অথবা ণ নুতনি তত্ত্বী তোলা, যুক্ত অসাধারণ নয়। অর্থাৎ এই মূল মূলে আমর প্রতিজ্ঞ মূলের চেয়ে অনেকের ভাবা হয়ে যায়। তাহের বা কেন? যদি প্রকল্পের হওয়া না কেন, অন্যতম তো ভাবতে। কেনা কোনো দিক থেকে এ হাতে এক বিপর্যয় বাট। তার নিজের কেয়েরই এমন অবস্থা। অতএব অন্যান্য ক্ষেত্র বিষয়ের কলামের পিছনে আমি কতটা নিশ্চিত, নিশ্চই যোগাল মাঝে। তবু সবার ঘুরে ঘুরে পড়তে, আর তার আগে অভি পাতে পান্ডুক, তবু 'আমার হিংসা বিরাম পায় না গেল।'

"পৃথিবীর শীতের তলায় কিন্তু পিতৃ পিতৃপালন সেনারা, সেই সঙ্গে রাজের জোরের খুঁজি। উপরের তলায় একগুলি পাহাড় মাটিতে খুল উঠে, ফুল ফুটে—— সেই সঙ্গে একসময় আদের।" (রায়, 'নতুন কাব্য')

*মহানাগরিকবৃদ্ধ আমাদের কাছে এই উপরের তলায় একটিকে কারিগরির বলে সম্ভব খুঁজিতে দান— সদিয়ে অতঃপর তাদের তাদিক কিছু কেন্দ্রী। তার যে চুলে অপ্রিয় এই লিপিকরণের, তা না। তবে হলো এই যে এমন ক্ষেত্রে মাটির উপর আর নিদিয়ে যাওয়া আসে। আর সামনেই খাঁচা হল, তাহলে আর যকৃতপুরী কখনই রাখতে কেন? আর তাই যদি হলে তবে দুই কিছু এক তুলতে থেকে ছুটে দিন মেয়ের সেয়েলা ঐ একপ্রকার দুর্ঘটের থাকা গেল। আমার এমন কথা তুলে নিয়ে করতে দুর্লভ মন হয়, আর উন্নতকরণ থেকে উঠে আসা চোরের কথাও মনে পড়ে— যা সাথে মাটির দিনের চাইতে উপরের অপূর্বতে দুড়ল কেন্দ্রী। তাই সেনার এজেন্ট, মহানাগরিকবৃদ্ধ? করাবার কি জানি। খুব জানি 'ধূঢ় চমক দিয়ে তাই তো ডাকো।' আর এই জাড়ের বসন্ত মেয়ে হলে, তার সম্পদে কবর পড়ে সেই বাঞ্ছা পালায়। 'সেনাকে' জমিয়ে তুলে তো পরিবর্তন হয়ন— শফিক যতই বাড়তে যোগাল পেলে না।'

'লেখা এক আই আর, লেখা আমাদের সেকেলের নাম আরামে ওদিনি মেয়ে কাটির জন্যে রাখলাম।' (নীলনিমিত্ত মুকুন্দপাদাচরণ/জিন্নাবাদ সেলোসহ আমি তোমার)
নবীন কাহন কথা এবং সম্পাদক

যাহা শাহের অর্থে চাইতে আমার অর্থের প্রতি অধিক আগ্রহী তাদের প্রতি এক প্রকার আপূর্বিত জ্ঞান। শাহের কাছে বিশ্বস্ত জ্ঞান। শাহের কোনো নিদর্শন বিশ্ব-পরিবর্তনী বড় জীবন্ত রয়ে সবকিছু; আমার নিদর্শন বিশ্ব-পরিবর্তনী তো নয়।

আর এই বিষয়ে তাদের চাইতে প্রাণায়মন্ত্র হয়ে ওঠে। তোমরা গড়ে ওঠে আমাদের কারণ ‘এক্ষেত্র এই আপনি আকাশের কঠিন সাথে আহত এবং অসমাপ্ত বিচার টেক্সটগুলি বিতর্কিতে। যাই হোক, এমন তাক্ত-বিচারের বহিঃপরের সর্বনাশ না দিয়েই, আমাদের চেষ্টা এবং মাদকে এবং প্রাপ্তিতায় এর পার্থিব চেয়ার-টেক্সটের ফেনেরি দেওয়ালগুলি। যারা আমাদের কথার তোঙ্গিতে অবিশ্বাসিত প্রতি আনে এর কথা আগব, নিশ্চয় সত্য হয়ে থাকবে বলে আমার প্রিয়ের। একাধিক এই ঘটনায়, এইসব আমার তার ভোগভাবের অন্য থাকার ছিল— আমার জানি এ জানি যে, সেসব চেয়ারের ভিতর অনেকের প্রতি যেমন উদ্ধার ছাড়াও বিস্তার হয়ে আসে মাথা, তোমার আমাদের শিকার তর্কের বিচাে, জন্মান তথ্যে স্থানান্তর উঠে যেতে।

আবার এই জানি, আমাদের বিচার শাসনের দিকেও এইভাবেই নির্দেশিত ভবিষ্যদের মাথা ও তর্কে। তাই এই প্রায় উত্তরে পড়ে। তাই তো এমন অন্যা কোনো শব্দ আমারে রেখে যাব না— এমন শপথের পথে চলাচল কি ভাল নয়? কিন্তু এই

ভাণ্ডারের দিকে পা বাঁধানো আর পুরোহুত উদ্ধার তাক্ত-বিচারের দিকে পা-বাঁধারের ভিত্তির কোনো চিন্তার চলাই কোনো চিন্তার চলাই নয়। তাত্ত্বিক আমাদের অর্থের সত্ত্বেও অনেকের কাছে বিশ্বাস, আমার থেকে তুলে দিচ্ছ উদ্ধারের রূপ, আমাদের সাক্ষীতাও করতে সমান জনিয়ে। এতে ভবিষ্যৎ যখন এই বিচার বিদৃষ্ট ধারা দেখবে, তখনও সেখানে আমরা আছি এখানে উদ্ধারের সত্ত্বেও নির্দেশ। যদিও তাদের স্বজাতীয় প্রাদেশিক বাধাও বাধাই, আমাদের হাতিয়া তুলেছে এখন।

'ওরে অবক ভোরের ফুলচোর বিচ্ছাসার বেনিক্স দেবেছি আমি তোর।'
(শিবালী মূলোপাদায় 'বিচ্ছাসার বেনিক্স দেবেছি আমি তোর এ বেশ এক ভাবিতে। যখন লিখিত, তখন তো আমিই লিখিত।
অতএব প্রসঙ্গতা যা মনে আছে, লেখার চেষ্টা করা গেল। কারণ আমি জানি, বড় শাসনের বড় অর্থ, পরম্পরা কথনো ব্যাপিত, কথনা সম্ভবত করেছে। বাইরের করার কেনা থেকেও সরবর চাইনা। কারণ 'আরও আগাম সইবে।'। আর এই শব্দের ভিত্তির কোনো আদুর আর জোরের বিলোপে থেকে দিয়েছে নিষ্ঠায়। কারণ, যে আর মহানগরিক অপরিচ্ছন্ন, আপনাদের হাতে কোনো অতিরিক্ত নিয়ম তুলে দেব মহানগরিকতার মতন, এমন কর্ম নয়। স্বাক্ষর করিবে তুমি এ মূল্যপর্যায়ে শেষবোধি ভূমিকা। তা স্বাক্ষর করতে লক্ষ্য পায় না ভোরের সূর্য ও আর স্বাক্ষরের সূর্যাস্ত এবং সম্ভাবিত-পরবর্তী আধুনিক সত্ত্বেও, সমান ভালবাসার কথা। অতএব 'ওরে অবক ভোরের ফুলচোর.....'

ফাকিদুলী ঘোষ
প্রকাশসিদ্ধির কথা

আবারও বর্ষ প্রাক্তনকে কলেজ-পরিকা প্রকাশ। ঘটনাচক্রে সময়টা শতাব্দীর প্রাচী বর্ষো।
ইতিমধ্যে শুরু হয়ে গেছে অতিক্রমের কুটিনোটি—আগামীর হৈ-তাজটি আর উজুলতায়
পুড়ে যাচ্ছে আমদেরও অস্ফুটকে চম্পলিঙ্গলা। এই নম্বরের প্রবাহের— তাদেরও
অশ্রুপ্রাণ, আশ্চর্যকি মায়া, যাদের মুখগুলো খুলোর চাদরে চেরিনিহ হল অবস্থার
মূলতঃ উচ্চারণে ভিড় বল উদাসীন তাকা গেছে এদের।

আর এমত লাইনটানা যাপনের ফিতর হ'লেকি নামক পায়নি নাবজয়ল, মোড়ের
বিচ্ছেদে—টামলেইন পেরোতে গিয়ে কেউ কেউ বারবারই ফিরে গেছে এক রান্তা থেকে
অন্য গলোলকের কারামাষ্টি খেলায়। ফলত কুঁসা পরিণামে পড়ে আছে তারা আমাদের
হুমকে পরিনতিগীত।

তবুও এই “রোগীর রোগার মত অক্ষয়ঃকার সরাইমায়ান্য” রোড়ুর সমাবে একদল হাত-মুক্তো
করে চলেছে নির্মত।

শাস্ত্রী ও বাণ্ডো এমনকি তাদের মধ্যবর্তী নৈশধৰ্মও ধরতে চেয়েছি
এই অসুখ ও অনুপকার লিপিমূখুল, বলতে চেয়েছি “আর বৃষ্টি বোঁশে...”

রেশমী মুখোপাধ্যায়

ঝাঁদ্বীকার

সম্পাদনা ও প্রকাশনার কাজ করতে গিয়ে, কারণে-কারণে, ঝঞ্জ সমাহ করা গেছে।
এরা—শ্রীমুখের মোহ, শ্রীমতি রোহিণী বুদ্ধোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীমতি মুখার সূদ, শ্রীজগুয়
দশগুল, শ্রীমুখুদ্ধার্যণ বসু, রীহস্যসাদ সান্তল, শ্রীমতি সৌধী মুখোপাধ্যায়, শ্রীমূর্ত
কোষার দেশ, শ্রীমতি মুখা আলী, শ্রীমতি অপুলক্ষী ভট্টাচার্য— অপাতে দৌয়ার মেরোজ
দেখিয়েছেন। অন্যতম শ্রীরোহিনী কর আমদের ছেড়েও হঁটিয়েনি। আমারা তাঁর কাছে এই
জন্য কৃতজ্ঞ।

শ্রীবিধুলী দাস, শ্রীমূাৎস দশগুলু ও শ্রীহীরুণ চটোপাধ্যায় আমদের দুর্ভাগ্য
লাভ করেছেন। অগ্রাহযুক্ত মহানদীর প্রথম।
"We are so small between the stars
So large to gain the sky
Lost among the subway crowd
I try to catch your eyes."

— Leonard Cohen
প্রলাপপরিচয়
মিথুন নারায়ণ বসু (প্রথম বর্ষ, বংলা বিভাগ)

আমি তোমাকে সেইসব সময়ের কথা বলতে চাই, যখন পারের তলায় মাটি ফাঁকা হয়ে যায় আর মাঝেখানে অতিকর্তা হয়ে শরীরের সমক্ষ রঙ্গ চোখ দিয়ে-কান দিয়ে-নাক দিয়ে হেঁটে চলে যায়, যেহেতু তারা মরে যেতে গিয়ে মরে যায়। চোখের সম্মুখ, রক্তবর্ধন একটি চাপে ফটকে থাকে এবং চুলগোলকমূলের প্রতিটি কিছু অপসারী চাঁদের ফলে ক্রমে বেরিয়ে আসে। কানের আবরণ নিচে শুরু দেখা দেয়। রঙ দুটো একটা আরেকটার উপর চেপে যায় আর অন্যে পাই মাথায় ভেতর কি একটি হয়ে যায় না। বেদনা বুলির হাড়লো আবরণ ফেটে যেতে যেতে।

আমি তোমাকে সেইসব সময়ের কথা বলতে চাই— যে সব সময়ের তলায় চিকা একটি আঁধাঁল দূরে
থাকে অগ্নিতে যায়। খাদ্যের মিষ্টি আমি পিছে খাব থাকি
আর আমার সমস্ত হাস্যের হাস্যের সমক্ষ আওয়া
পরিবর্তন হয়। যেতে পারে আমি একটি আঁধাঁল দূরত্ব নিস্কে চেষ্টা করি। আমার আঁধাঁল খাদ্য বিশেষ আমি
একটি আঁধাঁল দূরত্ব পেয়ে যায় না। তাই আমার সমস্ত
অংশকে জড়তে একটা খাদ্য হয়তো আছে। এক অংশ আমাকে
পরেও আমাকে এক বিশেষ অংশের বিশেষ দাঁড়িয়ে
থাকতে হয়। যখন আমি সেই খাদ্যের ভিতরে পা ফুটলে সে নামে; তাই পাখির পাখি পাখায় সমুদ্রের আমার রক্ত-মাংস আর বীরের দলা
ওয়া ওয়া পড়ে থাকে যায় আর সেইসব রক্ত থেকে মাংস থেকে বীরের ফেটে যায়। করিষ্ণন করিষ্ণন তারা। তারা আসে
ফাঁকে সাম-কেলে চেপে, সিংহে যে আর প্রধানন্দনতাকে
চাপা দিয়ে যায়।

যখন নারায়ণ তাদের মোক্ষলেশ দুর্গোত্তর পাতায়
চক্রে রাখতে রাখতে হঠাৎ উঠতে হয়— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে— যখন দুটো চোখ পুড়ে আসে। আমি
হাঁটতে হাঁটতে সেই পাখির প্রবেশ করে। সেই প্রাণে অবার আমি
জোন যায়, যারা অবিরত কাছাকাছির সাথে পায়োক্ষ করে
আমি বিভিন্ন তাদের সন্তান। বাতাস আমি লুটে লুটে গুঁড়ে চাই।
কবিতা
সেই গলোর ভাঙ্গা যেখানে আমার দুখা হয়নি কোনকি। আমি তোমাকে
সেইসব অক্ষর আমার খোঁজার কথা কলে চাই আলা।

আমি সেই গলোর ভাঙ্গা যেখানে মুখ মুখে শুন করতে চাই
সেই চোখের দিয়ে যার শেষ কাব্যবদ্ধীর তীরে আসে। তোমায়
থেমায় যে সময়ও কথা আমি কখনো বলতে পারি সহ সমানুযোগেতে
আমি আত্মা ভূমিষ্ঠ হতে চাই আলা,
পৃথিবীকে পৃথিবীর মতো কারে পেতে চাই—
জীবনকে জীবনের মতো কারে।

০ড় টি কাজল
সুমন চন্দ্রবর্তী (বাংলা বিভাগ)
এর কাজল নাকেও না তাদের ক্ষুদ্র চিঠ্ঠিকথা
আজকের কাজল রামের কাজল সাড়া পাওয়া যায়, তাহার চেষ্টা করি—একক কাঝো পাত্তে যার,
একখানি লেখা এসে আরেক দুটির মুখো কেবল নিয়ে যায়—
কোনটি কোন তুষার এক হলে পেলি
আকাশের গায়ে দেখে— এখনো ছড়ানো আছে
আসমান কতও লো সহজ আকর...

বৃষ্টি নামে বৃথকি— শীগগির ওটীটে নাও—
অমেৰ লাটাই!...
শীতকাল

সৌমিত্র ঘোষ (ইংরেজী সামাজিক, দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ)

এইসব প্রেমমূলক ভালো লাগে।
জলজ শাওলা হয়ে মনে হয় দেখে যাই।
এসব নেকটার থেকে উঠে আসা আত্ম।
সূর্য সরে গেলে যেইসব জ্বালা
কখনো কোথা করে দেখেছি ইব্রাহিম, হেমনেত্রে।
যদিও মেটে, ধুলর
এই কাল, জ্বট হয়ে শুচ্চিক পত্রনির্ধার
দিয়েছ অস্বীকার, অস্মর।
ছায়ার জলাশয়— সমলোকী
তাপ, অধিক পর্যন্ত প্রাণে দিয়ে
জিম-জিম কাচারের নিঃশব্দ সৃষ্টি তুল
করেছে। কালে তুষ দিয়ে সেথি
উত্তাপ, উত্তাপ,— আকাশ। ধুলর
রাত্মীত হলো, লাল-লাল, সবজ শীতার
আকাশ নেমে আসে, বসে
সেই উত্তাপ ঘিরে।

ভেতরে তাকিয়ে দেখি জল,
ধুলরনি পাতা ভেনে যায়, ইনক্ষেপের সারস।
পুরাণের কবিমতের গদ্য ফিরে আসে;
আমি বাহীবার উত্তাপ ভালোবাসি।

বিবর্মিয়া

সৌম্য সুদর্শন মুখোপাধ্যায়
( আতরকেল, দ্বিতীয় বর্ষ, বালা বিভাগ)

পাতার আবর্জনা আর ছেয়েছে হেলাগ
আসনের মধ্যে ওঠে আছে মাটি,
গরেয়া খুলের কলালা পথ
গেরেছে ছলছলে ছোখ খুলে মরে
লেন : দীর্ঘকর্ণী প্রেম,
ধূপের ঘরের নিকটপার্বতে
দেখেছি তেমনি মুখো পরিত্যাগ
করেছে বিকেল, পাতার আবর্জনা
আর ছেয়েছে হেলাগ আসনের মধ্যে—
মনাকে,
ধু ফাঁক করে চেয়ে আছে মেঝে নিজস্বতসা....
বোধাদয় : প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় ভাগ
কৌশাক রায় চৌধুরী (অধাপক, বাংলা বিভাগ)

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‘ছেড় হয়ে নেমে পড়ল মশাই
সর হয়ে নেমে পড়ল মশাই
সেখ নেই? সেখে দেখতে পান না?
সর হয়ে যান, ছেড় হয়ে যান’—

আকাশ সাইনের দুগা চরিত্রে চাপলে এবং মূর্ধন্য গায়ে মাঝে সেই। অমি তাই কান্তা অনুসারে বলেছি যে তাই। পরমাণু ভীত তালিয়ে যেতে যেতে, আমার পাশে দণ্ডচরিত্র এক ধারা আকাশ-ধারিকে তারা বাকুল করে শুখোজল হয়, সাধারণের মতো কারণ বলেছি যাদের মতো।

—‘আরে না, মমতাই কামাবুজ, ভিজিকে।’

‘সে কি? কেন কামাবুজ, লালাদি?’

আকাশকালাবু সহস্রাবৃত্ত উদ্ধে নির্ণয় করলেন, ‘বুঝলেন না? এ হল পাওয়ার প্রের ক্লাইমেন্ট? আমি বড় না তুই বড়? আমি হলুদ আচার— তো আমি একেনর কর্মজীবন অনুমিত হলেন। এই নিয়ে মনে চালতে চালতেই— পাঁই।’

’নিঃস্বক একটি স্ত্রী উদ্ধর আর দুটি কোনো স্ত্রীর প্রেমের ফাঁক দিয়ে পাঁই পাচার্যরকে। গোষ্ঠ কোনো বিষটায় যাম। সেখে বাঈয়ে কাল। ‘আর কোনো বড় হবে রে? আর কোনো বড় হবে রে? তাকে কলের অন্যান্য বাইরে আকাশে দার্শনিক হয়ে গেলেন।

বাস তত্কালে জীবনদায়। অমনি দরজার একটা মাত্র হাতলেই দিকে মার মরু এদের বেলা এল একপ্রকার আত্ম হাত। যত শঙ্কাশলে ভঙ্গে আসে কেবল— সর হয়ে যান, ছেড় হয়ে যান।

আর আমি আর্টেইন্যার নায়েদের মাঝির মত সূর্য তোলেন শান্ত ঘোষ—

‘আরও কত ছেড় হব ঈশ্বর
ভীতের মধ্য দাঁড়ালে।
আমি কি দিতা আমার সমান
সবে, বাজারে, আড়ালে?’

গুরুঘ্নিত হতে হতে আমার স্ত্রীর পেরিয়ে যায়।
কেইটার চিঠিকে সন্দেহ যেতে— ‘দেখি ভাই! আরেকট। পেছনের দিকে এলিয়ে যান।’


রুপাঙ্গ রংস, নাকি এমন এক ক্ষেত্র হিসেবে— যেখানে নিজে বাঁচতে গেলে বাঁচিয়ে তুলতে হয় অন্যদের! মন্দর কি এক করণ হতে চেয়েছিল? নাজর মন্দর সারাম যেমন একক প্রাণিয়াল। নাকি হয়ে চেরেছিল মুল মাঝারি। উত্তরটা জানা হয়ে হেঁকে ক্রাইস নাইসের আর্থুরের ভাবে। সর্বভাইত করতে গেলে ফিটনেস হতে হয়। বারে ক্রাইস পড়েছ মায়াগুার। আরও পরে নিত্যে। ফিটনেস কে? না একালে ফিটনেস কে? যে যোগ।

যোগ কে? যার জীব আছে। জীব করার? যে অন্যকে দাবে দিয়ে দেয়, কাঁধে দেয়, কান মুখ দেয়, সাপেক্ষে করে, চলত কান্তা থেকে ঠেলে কেলে দেয়, ফাসি দেয়। তারপর, বড়েরের বেল কলা পূর্ণ হলে ওয়ালেনা বড়ি আন্ধিটের পাঠিয়ে দেয় আউসউইঁজে। যায়া‘ছেড়’ তারা খুব শিপিগর যুক্ত যায় হেরে গেছে, তাই
প্রেমের কলেজ পত্রিকা

সে বেঁচে থাকে এবং কোনো বিশিষ্টি কেউ কোনো সময় সত্যিই লাইফ ইহা না আর পাওয়ার পেশ, না হাউসেস বাংলা ওনলাইন সহায়তা।?

আমি কি নিত্য আমার সমন্ত প্রশ্ন এটিই। কিন্তু আরও কেউ থাকেন। যেমন সেই আজকালবার। বড় বড় তুলে ইন্ত অন্তের করলেন। অন্তের প্রিয়জন হয়ে পেল চোটির বিপ্লবী ছেলে। দুর্দশায় মোটা দিক না থাকলে মেয়েন উল্টো হবে তাকে। কোন পকেটে পুরো, এক বৃদ্ধ পুলিশ বত্রিশটি কাঠে ফুলে নিয়ে তিনি অনেকের খুঁড়ি দিলেন—'কেউ সর্ব হবে না মশাই, মোটাও হতে বেলে না কাউকে। বরং সবাই দেখে বেলায় যাই। আরাগা হয়ে যাবে। দেখি মাসিমা, হাতটা ধরলে।'

হত না হয় ধরা পেল, কিন্তু জয়গা কি হবে, হয় সত্যি?

—‘না হয় না।’
—‘হয়।’
—‘ইউ মার্কসিস্ট! সেই তোর শায়ামা, চেঙে চোখ কয়েটি আমার ওকে মন করে, ‘ডাঃ শুধু নো সা’ কমিউনিজিজম ইহা না লঙ্গেস ওয়ে কম প্যাসিফিস্টিজ মত প্যাসিফিস্টিজ।’

—‘বাংলায় বলে।’

—‘কি করলে? আপনি ত ডাউতিনে পাতা দিলে না।’

—সে বলেছে, আপনি শুধু যোগাযোগ শ পাঠ চাইলাম। কেবল আমি কেন? ব নতুন তিনি ডাউনের জীবনের মিউজিয়াম ইহা এর তত্ত্ব প্রতিষ্ঠা করতে। কাক কাকের মাস্ত খায় না, মারা কাকের মাস্ত খায় না, আকাশকের মাস্ত খায় দেয় দলবদ্ধ ভাবে। সারিয়ারাদির পথাকা যে উচ্চ করে সেই যোগ্য সহায়তা একটা গৌরবপূর্ণ বেসিক ইনস্টিটিউট। কাক, শায়াম, হাতি, বাড়ি, এমনকি মানুষেরও।’

—‘আপনি কলেজ, লাইফ ইহা না আর পাওয়ার পেশ না হাউসেস বাংলা ওনলাইন সহায়তা।’

—আমি কোনো নেতৃস্থানে দেন গেছে করছি না। বুটাই সত্যি। সত্যি শুধু একরকম হয় না।’

—‘এটা কি কিছুই না কি নৃত্য? ’

—‘এটা সায়ে।

—‘রিয়ালি? সেন লেটস কাম তু নিউচন সা’—তিনি কি কোনো নির্দেশনা করছিলেন? মুক্ত আইটিমেলার মতো সমর্থ কেন হয়।’

আমি কি করে জানা কেন হয়, নিউচন তো দেখেছি শুধু মাঝে মাঝে দেখতে দেখতে। কিন্তু আধ্যাত্মিকতাটি নেমে কি? এখানে নিউচন। তোমাদের কোনা কোথায় পেল? নিউচন বা নো। আমি কথা করে শুরু হয়। মাঝে মাঝে। ইতিহাস শুধু মাঝে মাঝে আলাদা নয়, প্রেমিক প্রেমিক নয়। আলাদা মোটাই পেম শুধু কথা নয়। একেই সে কোনা?

ও সাহিত্য—এই সব হলোলে বাপারের অন্ত সম্পর্ক নিয়ে প্রশ্ন করে। মাঝে মাঝে নিয়ে একটা লেখার কথা পায় কিনা, একটা কথা ভাবতে পারে একটা অন্যমাঝ হয়ে গেছিলাম। সেই মুখের কথা তোর শেষ প্রস.

—‘আপনি আলেন সা—আইটিমেশন টেস্টে ওয়েটিং নিউচনের ফার্স্ট পাসন হয়ে আমার ইচ্ছা হয়েছিল নিউচন নিউচনের লাৰ্টকে আর্থিকোগারা জল খাইয়ে দিয়ে।’

—‘সে কি?’

—‘সিরিয়ালি মন হয়েছিল। কেন কি, আমি চেয়েছিলাম কেবিনের বাঁচায়। পাওয়ার ফুল হতে। পাওয়ার ফুল উইথ অর্থ, কীভাবে আরও যাচ?’

—‘আর সে তো সবাই চায়।’

—‘ইহা। শুধু সেটাই চায়। তাই আপনি বলে আলেন টেকনিকের ওপাশে। যেখানে ছোট চেয়ের, মেজ
বোধহেন: প্রথম ও দ্বিতীয় ভাগ

চেয়ার, ভুল চেয়ার দিয়ে তৈরি হয়েছে ইনসট্রুমেন্ট—
গোলিয়াহ, আন্তর্জাতিক টি ইংরেজ লাঞ্চার জুর। অমরা
মেয়েদের থেকে একের পর এক গোলিয়াহের সম্প্রেক্ষণ—এককন প্রতিষ্ঠান হয় বলে। সা’—মে আই
কল ইট আ চেয়ারের গমè?

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মার্ক মার্কে চেয়ে বুঝলেই আমি চার্ট কালা
মেয়েদের চেয়ে দেখতে পাই। আগে অক্ষর মেয়ে
লাল কাপড়ের পর এক সাজানো। একটুপরেই ওখানে
আলো জলে উঠে। এসে বসবাস একে একে নরমনাম্সক—
ইথি আমিনা, বোকালা, মোবুরু। শুধু হচ্ছে কে আফ দ্য জাপানেস। সে সেং সেবার নতুনকরে।

এ নটকের আর্কিটেক্ট রাজাকানার সকলেরই
বিশ্বাস থাকতে হলো বাইরে। সব দৃষ্টে, আমাদের, জামালসেবা শুধু রাখার জন্য একজন প্রয়োগ
করেন ভূল ও পালা রাখে। আরেকজন ব্যাখ্যা হোতে।
তিনি কম্পণী বাইরের মায়ের বিশ্বাস—"শাখার বরা
শর্কের দরে, মার্ক তারপর রাখা করে। অথবা কাচাই
খেয়ে ফেলো। এক একগুলি শুধু লে বাইরের
অফিস অভ্যাস হয়ে শুধু তারপর করেন নেন।
একটি দৃষ্টি নেতিক্ষেত্রে চার্টের চেষ্টাবাসনের প্রতি
রূপ হন। গার্ডকে ডেকে আদেশ নেন—ও মাথাটা
কাটানো মাথা চেপে ধরা—হচ্ছে অলা করে।
আরে, বর্জিতা চুলে রাখে, আমি নিয়ে চাই। এইন্ধন
তার দুই পিঠেরা করে বাঁধা। শুধু নতুন না।
একবার দুটো... এরপর থেকে গোটা নতুন জুর, যখনই
কোন পান থেকে চুদ খায় সবকাছা ফিরে
হবে, সোফার লমিবার, শোনা যাবে শুধু টানার
আওয়াজ। পানের পরে তার অংশকে কিনারাত
কো-রিলেটিভ। অমরা আচ্ছাদন হিসেবে সেদের
বাজার—মালো রঙীনসজ্জিত—নির্দিষ্ট এই
খাদ্যপদ্ধতি পথে বেয়ে কুলকাওয়াজ করতে শুরু
একটি অন্যসব হয়, করণপুর নিয়ে করায়। অন্যতে পাঠায় ক্লানের শব্দ。 মাথায় ডেসে উঠে আগে
অঙ্গুর চাঁচন করে ফাড়া চেয়ারে।

সেই দোয়ারের কোজি থেকেই আমি বাণ্ড করে
শিখেছিলাম। কারণ হাফপুট পরে ছয় নিজ করে
শিখেছিলাম। প্রয়রে গোঁয়েছিলাম একপ্রাপ্ত, একনয়
এক নয় সীমা হয়ে আধৃতা গীতি। যে অনে আমার
পিতাকরীর তার বালুক করে গেয়েছেন। তার পিতা
গোঁয়েছে দৃকের অপূর্বতে। এখনও গাওয়া হয়।
টাওয়া
যে সকল চিত্রকলার হয় একজনমূখী।
শুধু
বসায় থাকে রাজ্যের থেকে মানার। শুধু
নদে
শুধুরাখানারাজারে কে করে আমাদের আত্মত্ব
করে। 
এক হচ্ছে, এক মনে, এক প্রাপ্ত।

আনলে সত্যতার ভোরেলো থেকেই অপার
শিখনক্ষুতির প্রাপ্ত উনিসার দেখে, সেই ব্যাপারের
সামন বিপর্যয় হয়ে, মনুয় অবিকল হকার চেয়েছিল
কোঁদার অপূপার স্থলে। যা ভালবাসা আছে রেখেছে,
রাখে। অতিরায় তার সূত্র প্রণয় হয়।
এই অমুখ
আজাদের মহাকালে বলি দেয়া হয় মনুষ্য
ভগবানের। তারপর আপনার আপনের আপনার
নিয়ন্ত্রণ তাই কিনারা ভগবানের আরেকটি
শুধু লাভ অলনমদালীন বলে প্রকাশ হয়।
কম্পা
অর্জন করার যে প্রাকৃতিক শক্তি মনুষ্যের করায় ছিল,
তা ব্যবহার হচ্ছে যে কর্মের সম্পূর্ণ। প্রাপ্তে।
দৈনি
ভগবানের প্রধান দাবি করা হল, কিনারার অকালে।
বিজনার অকালে। বিশেষে হল, একাদশার
পুনর্নিশ্চিত হল, প্রাকৃতিক নরকের বিভাব শান্তায় সম্পূর্ণ।
সাহিত্যমূলক, বিকেপারিত, অনিবার
মানবনগুলো গোয়ার লক্ষণ—রাগের অক্ষরের লক্ষণ—
রুশেরা বাহিতে কোঁদার দলমুকল, কেন্দ্রের আওয়াজ, অতিনিয়ন্ত্রণ পার্টনারদের অন্তিমত।
আর এদেশে
গাইড হচ্ছে বিশ্ব হচ্ছে তিনি পৃথিবী রূপদাতা।
কিছু কয়েক কিছু বিশ্বের তা নির্দিষ্ট হয় না।
একটি জীব থেকে বুঝিম হয় প্রতিপোষ।
ষেসিডেশি কলেজ পরিকা

মধ্যে বিশ্বেল, যাত্রির মধ্যে ব্যাপ্তি, ক্রেতার মধ্যে আহিস্তগোন— ষট্টাসকে প্রারম্ভে, আরও পরে তিনের—আমাদের দেখা গেছে, কমনের বিরুদ্ধে প্রতিদ্বন্দ্বিতা সর্বদাই কমমনের ক্ষেত্রে ভিতরের কাউকে প্রতিষ্ঠিত করা অথবা নতুনতর শুধু আরোপণের দিকে নয়, বরং কমনের সংক্ষিপ্তকে কিনারের লক্ষেও ধারিত হতে পারে। এটা খুবই বাধ্যবিক, এই ফরাসী যুদ্ধের কাছে কেনও কেনও প্রমাণ উল্লেখ জীবনে দর্শনের নয়। মানবের ভাষা রচনা করতে। যার মূল কথা হয়েছেঃ নয়, আনার্কিয় রিপ্রেজেন্টকশন নয়, পার্টনিশপন। রোডিকেল নয়, আন্তর্জাতিক। রোডিকেলেনায়ন, সেটারলাইকেনায়ন নয়, ফিডেস্ট্রোলাইজেনায়ন। ডিজাইন নয়, চাল। পদ্ধতি নয়। ভাষার সার্টিসট। সার্টিসটি নয়, আনার্কেটিসট। সিম্বুলারনট নয়, বরং প্রুলিটেন অথবা চুক্ত।

—আপনারা সব কিছু এত গুলিয়ে দেন কেন কল্পনা তো?
—কেমনী যা সব কিছু এত দিনিয়ার ওয়ে দেখ কেন?

‘আমি সেসচারি’ প্রয় শতির মতৈ মনেরে এই কথা কুলে চোরের ঘটে উঠে দোড়া পাঠান। আমি কলাম, ‘শুধু কি সেসচারি ছিলেন?’
—ব্লিংকিয়া! তুমি যে কবি। কবি কি তুলোয় শোয়। মৃত হলে শোয়। সেগুলো চালায় হলে শোয়।
—আর শুরিয়ে বে লিখিলেন, কবি গুলো থেকে আনন্দবাদারের সিদ্ধিতে।

—লিখিলেন নাকি? দেবো তো পাদ্যার।’ বলতে বলতে পাঠান আবার সব করে চোয়ারর বেলে পড়ে।
—আর তো দোর করে কি আছে। এই তো প্রতিষ্ঠাতা। বিভিন্ন পাপের অনেক ভাব পাপের। মেন্টেকে একাকী শক্তি কিংবা একজন কুঠির ও হেতুকে হাম করে ফেলতে কমতায়নের বড়ো বড়ো মায়ের সময় লাগে।

এইবার পাঠানের মুখে আরও বিষয় হয়ে যায়। বলে, ‘এক প্রাতন পুলিশ অফিসার না, সার, খুব ক্ষয়ক্ষয় নিয়ে একটা প্রবন্ধ লিখেছে—‘সুদীকর, সে এক মহা ইমরা’
—পাড়েছি।

—আবুন কাওটা! তুই বাটা পার্টেটে-মাস্টার। মাতাল লংকাটে দুঃখচার কেনাইনিই অথবা রন্ধন থেকে উজায় করেছিল, সেই অস্যাকার তুই আইনসম্যকতাতে তার পিঠ চাপাড় দিবি?

—সেবে, সদরে প্রায় সারে।
—যেমন প্রতিষ্ঠান আপনাদের দেয়।’ বাকি হাইস হেসে পাঠান রায় দিল, ‘আপনাদের সার, লিটেন হিজের সেই লাইট অপারেটর এর মত। সঞ্চয়েলা অক্ষরি দিয়ে লাইনপাপারের বাড়ি স্বাগত, অন্মি মে করে পাক খেয়ে যাচ্ছে গ্রাহী চাই প্রমুখপ্রেক্ষিত নিচত্তে নিচত্তে বাড়ি। আক্ষরি নামাতে না নমাতে তের সময়। এই চকির থেকে আপনাদের মুখি নেই।
বোধেরম: দ্রুত ও বিশ্বায় ভাষা

মহা মহা তত্ত্ব দিয়া প্রতিষ্ঠানের দোয়াল ফুটিতে করেন। তারপর আবার আর এক তর্কের পুটিস মারেন। আপনাদের সকলে কথা বলাই বৃহৎ।

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পাঠান নিজেও এক মহা আইন। আসল নাম কলাবাঙ্গালে পাঠান নয়। নামটা দিয়ে ওর বক্তুরা। কোন যে মুখতুরা আলিম লেখায় আছে না, পাঠান মুখতুরা একজন হাজারের বক্তুরা। আসল বক্তুরা আলিম উড়িয়ে লাই অট্টালেসি, বুদিমেলফসি, জিনমেকসি। উড়িয়ে দিয়ে মার্কসিজম, ফ্যাক্সিজম, হেসেনবিজম—

সব—সব টুকু। উড়িয়ের মধ্যে একজন শুধুমাত্র, ওর, তুই রুষী অনামাননকীট। বক্তুরা বললা, না। আলিম অনানন্ত উড়িয়ে দেব। তেন, আনন্দের পাঠানও এর রকম আন্টারিয়ন অথচ বৈদূর্য চুল আর কিছু দাড়ি দেবলে দোষাই যাবে না এমন কোড়া।

তাকে রাগ মানোরজ যন্ত্র যুগ-যােগ এ আমি আমি এরদের দেবল ধরলে মত হুটকুটি শেদ ঠাই বনল করি, তুই কুমাড়ের ভাল হতে নিয়ে, ঠাঁক মন পাঠান ওর কাণে সুই দিয়ে—‘শোন, অতিস্ত জুরকম—একটা বিবিয়ে ইন ইনসেস্কন, একটা বিবিয়ে ফর ইনসেস্কন’

সে ঘরের অংশে মত দেবর বুড়িকের বলে, আসন। একটা হল গিভেন, যা নিজের সম্পর্কে কোনও ধারণা দিতে পারে না। আর একটা দিয়াশিল চেতনা।

—হাং। এমন এই যে তুই কম্পান কে দেখছিলো, কিন্তু কম্পান প্রতিক্রিয়া হনসর একটা প্রতিষ্ঠানে দেখছিলো, আসল বক্তুরা তো গিভেন, একটা জনতার। তুই প্রক্রিয়া এটি কি কম্পান মানে আসলে কাজ করছে একটা নেতার সংঘর্ষ যা তেকে চেতনার জ্ঞান।

—তাতে কি হল?

—ফেলে দেখ, তোর চেতনা মানে সর্ববিশেষ কোনও কিছুর ধরা যাক একচের কম্পানের চেতনা। কিন্তু কম্পানের চেতনা বলল সত্যিকারের কিছু হব্রান। এই হল কম্পানের সকল তুই যে চেতনার হলি—তার

চেতনা। মানে, বসা আর চেতনার বিশ্বায় বিরত।

—তাতেই বা কি? পাঠান মাটিতে পা ঠোকে।

—তাতে হল কি, প্রতিষ্ঠান যেমন ছিলো তেমনই তেকে যাচ্ছে, আমরা যে যার চেতনার অলাপে তাকে

সুইতু যদি না দেখি, চেতনার যদি আবা স্থানীয়তা। সেটা তো কেউ দিল বা না দিল, পাতা গেল বা গেল না একক কেন্দ্রে চেলার হতে রেলে মোজা নয়। স্থানীয়তা আছে কোন চেতনা আছে। চেতনার কল্যাণে যে কোনও বিবিয়ে ইন ইনসেস্কনে আলো বিবিয়ে ফর ইনসেস্কন চেতনা আছে কোন স্থানীয়তা ভোগ করি। কখনও যদি এ গুুটা মুখচুষ্টি সংবৎসর হয়, ফ্যাক্ষালিফ যৌথ হয়, তখন, তার মার্কের আমাদের সক্রিয়তা যার ধারকে পারে। গিভেন আমি থেকে নিজের হচ্ছি আনার জন্ত অন্য আমির দিকে হোটা যোগ পারে।

—পারে তো হোটানা না কোন কেন? 

আমি চারনাথ। কোন কোন মানেই, দুর্ঘণ ক্ষয়ক্ষয় আর একটা বুলিওয়ার জি ও ফহল কথে নড়বে করতে করতে এ টেবিল থেকে ও টেবিলের

দিকে হুটিতে হুটিতে বলি গুটিয়ে ছুটে, আর সব ভেরে নিয়। ‘করুন, ভাবু প্রাক্তন করে,’ বলে চল যেতে গিয়েও পাঠান হিচে দোঢ়া। বজসের ভয়িত বলে,

আজ সাক্ষাতের আপনাকে একটা জিনিস দেখার।

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জিনিস তা আর কিছুই নয়, প্যান্টলটিনের একটা জীর্ণ নয়। সদ্যবেলা সিদ্ধির তলায় আলো অত্যধিক দৃষ্টি পাঠান করতে সেটা মোলে ধরে—‘আমরা সারে, এখানে অন্ধকার টাঁচনা। সিপিগীর জলীর বহিনী চুলছ। একটা। নাম দেব না শক্ততার দেবুধৃত। আপনি সুভাষ্টত হবেন?’—‘না। কারণ পাতার গ্যাপ-অপটিকনের থাকায় থাকতেন। তার কেনও নিষিদ্ধ বস্তু বা প্রতিষ্ঠান সেরীসরি নয়। তোর কথা যে মাত সারাধিন ভেবে দেখলাম, কম্পান নিজেই এক সর্বজ্ঞানী মেশিন।

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লেকেরিস্ট কলেজ পত্রিকা

সে গ্রসে করতে পারে সবাইকে—যারা ক্ষমতা বন্ধনের করে আর যারা বঞ্চিত হয়। ক্ষমতার ফল পাতা আছে রেন বন জলদে, অধিয়নে—আদালতে, ক্রেদি-কালচারে, গোষ্ঠী-পরিবার, এমনকি আমার মনের মধ্যে। আমি একই সেবক যা প্রয়োগ করি আর প্রস্তুত হই। নানান ক্ষমতায় চাপে ফটক হয়ে যাওয়া বিজ্ঞাপনের যারা নামের লেখার মেঝে বলে, ভাত দে হারামজীব। বলে না?

—হাঁ বলে। কিছু সার, ক্ষমতার কলেন সহার্সিতার কথা, গোয়াড়া যা বলেছিলেন, সেটা তাছাড়া বোধহয়। প্রথম ভাব? আর আজা যা কলেন সেটা বিশিষ্ট ভাব? দুইটাই সত্যি?

—দুইটাই।

—এক সত্যি থেকে আরেক সত্যি পৌছার লাগচ্ছ তাহলে একবারই মনোগত?

—আমার কথে, প্রাথমিক ভাবে তা থাকি?

—আমি প্রাথমিকতর পার হয়ে এসেছি। তাতে সময় আমার নয়। কলেন বলতে পাঠান আমাকে ফেলে এগিয়ে যায়। আমি নাগাটার কথা ভাবতে ভাবতে বাড়ির পথ ধরি। মন পড়ে, কলেন প্রথম একবারের মোকাশমানী করেছি। আসলে প্রাথমিকতর এক সংশয়নেরার প্রথমে সেনের বুদ্ধির করে কান্তার। উনিশের মহিমাধ্যে এক লোকটাওয়া বা চূর্ণিকী দুধচিপুলিয়োলা যাচ্ছ। সেনের থেকে কৃষ্ণচারী দুর্লভের দিকে সরবরাহ করে রাখায় যত তভাগ্য কলেন্দ্র। প্রথার দুর্ভাগ্য একাকী অবশ্য হতভাগ্য নয়, বন্ধুর মোকাশ বলা যায় একে মনন, যাদের আপনাতে আছে। সেই অপর বা অমুকবাক্য বা সমালোচনকে পরিকল্পনা, বাড়িতে ও সমাজের রুপে সমাজের তর্ক করে জন্ম এই জনকল্যাঙ্কাবি বীরবেদ্যো। এর চন্দ্রকাবণ বিশিষ্ট হল, নজরদারীর অবশ্য থেকেও কাজ করে যেতে পারে।

আর নজরবক্ষী, কখন করে ওকে নজর পড়ে যে কথা জানে না বলে বদন্তন শুদ্ধি ও ‘ভাববিধ’

থাকতে বাধ্য হয়। জনকল্যাণের এই লো-জুবাব মনের লোককে পাওয়া। মানসাং আনন্দ করেছে আমাদের সমাজ-সংস্কৃতি। অথবৎ অন্যদের চিন্তায় করেছে, মূলের থেকে জন্ম করেছে। সিংহরিত সংরক্ষণে লুফত করে নিয়েছে পুরুষের অধিকার। তিনি দেখে, মানুষের মৃত্তি হলে থেকে যায় মানুষের। পোশাক যা বলে লাল পেলিনে নদিয়া দুর্লন্ত স্থানের চিহ্নিত করেছে আমাদের পাঠন—ন্যায়তত্ত্ব নিন্দনুু।

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সেটা ছিল মৃত্তি ঘোষণা রাজি। পাঠন আনন্দ না। কিছু আনন্দ পাতা দেয়নি। সে মূখের পড়েছিল পোশাকেই। তারপর রাত গুঁড়ে হলে, আকাশে বাণ্ডা। সেই তবে ভারী মাননীয় এক সঙ্গে আলোয় তুলে গেল চরমার। মনের আঙ্গুল থেকে, খাদ্য নেই পেরেছে ওকের, কলকাটার মনের পিতা থেকে, ল্যান্ডরের আর লাইব্রেরির বন্ধানু ভেল করে নদিয়ে এলেন কারা করা যায়। মুখ্য উদাহরণে পোশাক পার হয়ে যেতে যেতে থেকে বাড়ি দুলেন। পাঠনের বিষয় থেকে পাঠনের নাচের কথার পরীক্ষা। সেই মুখে দেখে একবার জানিয়ে ফেলে, বেলিঙ্গ ভেল করে মাঠের পাড়ে হাঁটে করে নদিয়ে জননি। নীল গলায় কী জননি আসল করতে করতে পাঠনের শায়িত সেই পাড়ে পাড়ে দিয়ে এগিয়ে গেলেন সুভাষচন্দ্র, বিজ্ঞাপন। অম্বুর, ওরা ও চিনে পাঠনি।

কিছু ততক্ষণে ভারী বুটের শব্দ তুলে সিংহ দিয়ে নেয় আসলে ওইসবাইে পাঠনের দিকেই। তিনি অত্যন্ত, ওকে নিন্তঃ শান্ত করেছেন।

এরপর আমাদের সেই চলে পাঠনে, যার হীরু মত চুল, গলে কটি ধাড়ি, সে ক্রমে ইতিহাস হয়ে যায়। জননি হয়ে ফোলে। প্রথমে আর অন্যরাওর মধ্যে দুই পা তুলবিয়ে আমারা আপনাকে করি আর এক আরভের জন্য।
মানসিকক
রোজনী মুখোপাধ্যায় (দ্বিতীয়বর্ষ, বাংলা বিভাগ)

“নষ্টজল পরিহার চাই/একক তুমি আত্মভূক নিক্ষেপ”
—শঙ্কর দাশগুপ্ত

এই যে বিবর্তন সম্ভা থেকে তুমি সরিয়ে নিয়ে যাচ্ছে হতে আর সমুদ্র সকাল জুড়ে ছড়িয়ে যাচ্ছে শুক্রপূর্ণগুলি—
একক কি ক্রান্তিকাল বলা যেত? শহরের উপরের একলা ফিরে যাচ্ছে বৃষ্টি আর এমন নিজস্ব অনুভবে
আমি যুমহে পড়ে থাকছি পরিরামগীন। আমার শিবনিশ-বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায় ক্রমশ বিধি ভেঙে উঠে আসছে—কপাল
থেকে গড়িয়ে যাচ্ছে বিরক্ত বাদামের খোলা আর আমি
উক্তচকুকু। পুল থেকে যেন মুছে নিতে চাইছি অষ্ট
শোকগাথাগুলি।

“There ain’t no cure for love”
—Leonard Cohen

বিভূশিত বলেছি পার্সল্পরিকাত। বাড়িভাগ
আরেক থেকে আমি সরে পড়িয়েছি দুরতর স্বপ্নতে—
অতঃপর, হে খনিজারা, প্রণয়ের প্রতি আমি আজ কিছু
দূরত্বশীল।

“হরি, দিন তো গেল, সকাল হল, পার কর আমারে”

দূরত্বের যা কিছু হিংসক তুমি বোঝ তাইও নেশায় নিয়ে নির্মৃত
শিতাচার আছে—তাই জননিহিত অভিমানগুলি প্রাপ্ত
হয়ে গেছে সাধ্য শোষণার নিচে। আলোকিত বিষয়গুলি
প্রকাশন শেষে অন্তর্ভুক্ত হল; আমার যাত্রিতে মেঝেঝে
মুহুর্তের অভিমুখে আমি ইচ্ছা করছি হিম—অন্তর্ভুক্ত
আপাতগুলি বস্তুত আশ্চর্য মনসালা যে মত; প্রত্যাহার
পথের শেষে মর্যাদাম থেকে ধূঁকে সমিধ জ্বরে করা
গেছে বেশ—পরিবর্ত শোক দিয়ে আজ যুদ্ধে কেন্দ্রো
পাপ—এসো কবি, উপকূল জুড়ে সমাজ নাসার সারা
হোক।
Silence
and a deeper silence
when the crickets
hesitate

[The Spice-Box of Earth
poem: Summer Haiku, 1961]

'Silence'...

Suzanne
sailor, sailor, sailor...
heroes in the seaweed/there are
children in the morning/they are leaning out for
love..."

[Album: Songs of Leonard Cohen
Pub: 1967]
Songs of love and Hate' [sic] the album that Kuban has released so far. You who wish to conquer pain/You must learn to save me well" —(This album was released in 1973, and the tracks were recorded in 1972.)

"One night I burned the house I loved/It lit a perfect ring/In which I saw some weeds and stone/Beyond—not anything"

This is the beginning of the track "Before the House" from "The New Skin for the Old Ceremony" (1973). The album was recorded in 1972.

"Your voice came down to dust" —(This track is from the album "Death of a Ladies' Man" released in 1977.)

"As a falling leaf may... who by water?... who by very slow thought I saw an eagle... but it might have been decay?... who by something blunt?... who by a vulture... I never could decide." (Story of Isaac, accident? who in Solitude? Who in this mirror?... And who shall I say is calling?)

"The trees they got much smaller/the lake—a lady's mirror... I thought I saw an eagle/but it might have been a vulture/I never could decide." (Story of Isaac, Album: "Songs From A Room").

"When it all comes down to dust" —(This track is from the album "Death of a Ladies' Man" released in 1977.)

"Your voice came down to dust" —(This track is from the album "Death of a Ladies' Man" released in 1977.)

"As a falling leaf may... who by water?... who by very slow thought I saw an eagle... but it might have been decay?... who by something blunt?... who by a vulture... I never could decide." (Story of Isaac, accident? who in Solitude? Who in this mirror?... And who shall I say is calling?)

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"The trees they got much smaller/the lake—a lady's mirror... I thought I saw an eagle/but it might have been a vulture/I never could decide." (Story of Isaac, Album: "Songs From A Room").
rest/A moment in the air/So your head upon my breast/So my hand upon my hair.”—
ভালোবাসার ব্যাক্তি থেকে প্রিয়তা বিশেষ দিকে অস্তিত্বিন্দীতে আমারের বদনি শিক্ষিতেছে “true love leaves no traces/If you and I are one.” এর পরবর্তী বছরই প্রকাশিত গ্রন্থ ‘Death of A Lady’s Man’ এ তিনি লিখেছিলেন, “Now the Master of this landscape/he was standing at the view…”
এই বৃত্ত মাত্র বিষয়ের অবতারণা এই কাব্যের, যে “The man she wanted all her life/was hanging by a thread”—রুচির সুন্দর ছিলের মধ্য দিয়ে কোনো এক মানুষকে সুতোর মতো গলিয়ে তীর্থে রাখতে চায় কোনো এক মানুষী। এ জানা তার নিজের মানুষকে সে কতটা চায়, নিবিড়তায় অথবা আপাত গাঁজারভাবে।

বহ বছরের অতিক্রান্তে, সময়ের সঙ্গে নিজের ভারসাম্যের ভারসাম্যের ভারসাম্যের ভারসাম্যের ১৯৮৪ সালে কোহেন আমারের নাচে বললেন একটি স্থান হেসলার সুরের মূর্ধার্য, তালে তালে। “Let me see your beauty/When the witnesses are gone/...Show me slowly what I only/Know the limits of/Dance me to the end of love.” [Various Positions] এই নাচের আহ্বান শব্দ ও সুতোর নিজের জন্য। জায় নিজের নিজেদের গৃহিতীর মূলকামায় অঙ্গীকার করে যে শিক্ষিত, তাদের জন্যে। “Touch me with your naked hand”— এই কামনা শুধু বাক্য নয়। শিক্ষার সম্পিশ্চনকে বোঝায় রাধে—

“If it be your will
that I speak no more
and my voice is still
as it was before;
I will speak nomore,
I shall abide until

I am spoken for,
If it be your will.”

সকলেই সব জানে, “Everybody knows”, কারণ “That’s how it goes”। “I'M YOUR MAN” ১৯৮৮ সালে কষ্টতে লাল রূপ নিয়ে গৃহিতীর ধর্মের কাছে এসে প্রথম মিডিয়ার রেকর্ডগুলোতে গলার ‘melody’ মাঝে মাঝে ‘Lyric’ ছড়িয়ে প্রতিদিনের অবস্থায় করার ক্ষমতা রাখতে। কিন্তু অট্টালিকা পরিবর্তে কোহেনের পরিবর্তের ক্ষমতা অন্যভাবে নিজেকে দেখালে। “I don't like your fashion business, mister”— আমরা ম্যানহাটানে এবং ব্যাবিলনে করা করারো কৃমি বছরের একেরপ্রথম পর, কারণ system কে পরিবর্তিত করা একটি প্রত্যাহার মানুষের শিক্ষাভাবেও বদনি ছিলো। সেই ঘটনা এই গানগুলোতে চাপা, নিচু, গর্ভের কষ্টতে মাঝেমাঝে সুরকে অঙ্গীকার করলো। তার ‘Diamonds in the mine’এর মতো গানেও সুরকে তিনি বহুবার যুগায় বা ভালোবাসায় আবার করেছেন। কিন্তু সেগুলোতে মানুষ-মানুষীর প্রেমের যে সম্ভাবনায় যুগায়, তাকে মেনে নেওয়া হয়েছে। আর এখানে কোনো তিনি আধিকৃতিক চাপে বহুবার যুগায় ধর্মসাধারনের কথা, মানুষের পরিবর্তিতকরণ কথা। আবার বাদিকটি ভাবে বললেন,”But a man never got a woman back/not by begging on his knees...If you want a father/for your child/ or only want to walk/ with me a while/through the sand/I’m your man.”

তিনি তার নিজের অবস্থান অবিভক্তিতে—here I stand.’ অবহেলা সম্পর্কে এরকম পরিমাপ দৃষ্টি তুর্কে নিজের বলায় যে, তিনি ভালোবাসার সীমাবদ্ধীর প্রতিকূলে : “I’m just paying my rent everyday in the tower of song.”

১৯৯২ সালে কোহেন লিখে কোহেনের আমেরিকার সংক্ষিপ্ত ইতিহাস, বর্তমান ও ভবিষ্যৎ একটি গানের ভিতরে—“Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.”
"But I was waiting for a miracle." Koenenin, who died a little after the end of the book, said that Koenenin's art is a "tower" of struggle and "The traffic moves on sunset over the painted arrows, words and lines. It is best not even to whisper about this perfection. This is the end of my life in art."
'And if I hadn’t read...’ I was about to say. ‘And if I hadn’t read Hegel would be an exorbitant defect for a philosophy teacher, for a Marxist intellectual, for a Bataille specialist. But for me? Where do my reading duties begin?’

The author begins by discussing the influence of Hegel on different philosophers and specialists. He asks, ‘Where do my reading duties begin?’

The reading duties begin when I encounter a medium in which the incomunicable is communicated. The author then poses a question: ‘Where do my reading duties begin?’

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পাঠের ইতিহাস: ইতিহাসের পাঠ

"ক্ষমার একটি বিশেষ প্রকার উপনিবেশনাদের প্রসঙ্গে গায়কী চরিত্রে প্রিয়ভাব বহন করেছে একটি শব্দক্স, 'enabling violence'— হেন্টার্সেল মতে শান্তিজোগ করে নেয়ার আমাদের সময়ে, সে সকল তার অধিকারে যা। সেই পর্যন্ত আমরা কাহারু উপনিবেশিকদের প্রসঙ্গে কমিটি-ই মনোন্মৃত্তী টান কমিটি ও অন্যতম হয়ে উঠেছে। প্রশ্ন একটি থেকে থেকে পাল্টে, যায় শিক্ষার সময়ে কমিটির (অথবা উপনিবেশিকদের) সমালোচনার কি কমিটির (যা উপনিবেশিকদের) বা অপূর্ব কোনো স্থান থেকে কথা বলেন? তাঁর আমি তার স্থান।

ফুকোভূকির বিষয়ের প্রথম লেখা হয়েছিল "তা তার কথা মনে হয়। আমি পদ্ধতির অন্তর্গত, অন্যান্য কোনো স্থান— তাঁর উপিঠুতি তার নিধারণ না, চরম যা একদিনই। তাঁর 'আমার' কথা তা 'আমি' এক কথা, 'কমিটি'ও কথা বলছে, দুইটি পড়ছে চরিত্রের চরিত্রে।

আছে কাছে পড়েছে 'আমি'? টেক্স্ট— থাকে 'কমিটির মাধ্যমে' বলছি একটি আগে— তেই টেক্স্টেও কি পূর্বের সময় 'আমি'-বিভিন্ন একবার? থেকে নিয়ে, জানানো 'কমিটি'? তাতে যান হয়, হয়, তাঁকে আপাত তাঁকের পথ তার তাঁ হয়, তাঁর কিছু স্থান 'কমিটি'র মাধ্যমে 'আমি' বা 'অ-কমিটি' নিহত নেই কোনো অর্থে আছে।

আর আছে বলেছে তাঁ এ সকল মাধ্যমান, media-শ্যামল দুই

শ্যামল বহুমাসের কথা সে তালু যাবে ইতিহাসের পাঠ প্রসঙ্গে। এখন আমি তাঁর পাঠের ইতিহাসের ধরন। পাঠ মানী অনন্য ইভেন্ট সাজানোর অনুভূতি— এ পর্যন্ত এই সৌদী আমরা। কিন্তু যদি এটি 'পাঠ'-এর কথা বলি, তাহলে কি আমারা স্ফূর্ত হয়ে থাকি প্রতিষ্ঠান, প্রতিষ্ঠান সাধারণে— যা কোনো প্রতিষ্ঠান প্রতি সমর্থন না? হিন্দু মধ্যবর্তী পাঠায় জ্ঞানহীন একটি চূড়ান্ত মাঝে বেশ জনপ্রিয় হয়েছিল।— 'আরে একটি পশ্চিমী কঠিনতার সমাপার্থন শব্দের ওয়া তালু বিক্রি হচ্ছিল। আরে নাম করার উদ্দেশ্য সাহা একটি বিজ্ঞাপন দিলো। পাঠ বা-দিকে একটি টেক্স্ট লোক, মাঝে ওয়া বিশিষ্টর শিখি ও ভাবাইয়ের মুক্তি-পর্যন্ত ওই লোকটারই ছিল। তালু ইতিহাসে ওয়ার বিভ্রম শক্তির সমাধান হচ্ছিলো যেহেতু বলা হয়েছিল। খুব শিক্ষাগত বিখ্যাত বস্তু হয়ে গালো।’ এই পর্যালোচনাটি চূড়ান্ত কথা একটি সম্পাদক ও নথি বললে, “ওরা সব দোনা থেকে বায়ে পড়ে কি না.’ সাধারণায় সমাধা প্রতিকার অভিমান তা এই গরে খুবই পর্থক— মানুষের আলাদানা কিন্তু করেছে চলে। বরং যে ভিতরাটির উপর এই অভিমান দাঁড়িয়ে রহেছে— এই পাঠের বিভিন্ন— এই ভিতরাটি কতবোধ্যর অসাধারণ হতে পারে, হৃদপ্রভাব হতে পারে একপক্ষের কাছে, সেই দাঁড়ায়। জ্ঞানের চূড়ান্ত বলেছে যে একটি নিউ-লিকটরে সামাজিক প্রয়োজনীয় এখানে আসা তাঁর। পাঠ করলে তবে কী বুঝে? টেক্স্টের দৃশ্যাণ। যার এক একে একরাট প্রশ্ন (হিন্দু মধ্যবর্তী পাঠায় জ্ঞানহীন বলে, দুই বখে দুই) পাঠকের চলাচলে ও প্রবন্ধ। অতুল ভিতর প্রশ্নের অসাধারণ আছে।

'পাঠের একটি ইতিহাস আছে। সে ইতিহাস সবক্ষেত্র, সবক্ষেত্র এক নয়।' প্রিন্টের বিশিষ্টকর্মীর অগ্রগণ্য রূপের দৃষ্টিতে কিছুটা হয়ে একটি দৃষ্টিপথ দিয়েছে।

"Although readers and texts have varied according to social and technological circumstances, the history of reading should not be reduced to a chronology of those variations. It should go beyond them to confront the relational element at the heart of the matter: how did changing readerships construe shifting texts?" প্রাক-মুসলিম ও মুসলিমদের পাঠ মানূ দিক, তেজে দিক আলী ও চীনা পাঠ, আলাদা আরো ও বাঁচাইয়ের হেলেটো-পাঠ ভিত্তি। তাহলে জ্ঞানীর মূল্যকর্ম থেকে পারে, রবিতাজিত হতে পারে, আলাদা বাগান (meaning) কেবল হতে পারে। প্রথম
to the general functioning of a textual system."

could not concentrate in my reading...either exclusively or primarily on those points that appear to be the most 'important', 'central', 'crucial'. Rather I deconcentrate, and it is the secondary, eccentric, lateral, marginal, parasitic, borderline cases which are 'important' to me and are the source of many things, such as pleasure, but also
The subjectivity of the discourse is given by the presence, explicit or implicit, of an 'ego' who can be defined 'only as the person who maintains the discourse'. By contrast, the objectivity of narrative is defined by the absence of all reference to the narrator. Storytelling becomes a problem only after two orders of events (real and imaginary) dispose themselves before the storyteller as possible components of stories and storytelling is compelled to exfoliate under the injunction to keep the two orders unmixed in discourse. "The 'objectivity' of narrative is defined by the absence of all reference to the narrator."...Storytelling becomes a problem only after two orders of events (real and imaginary) dispose themselves before the storyteller as possible components of stories and storytelling is compelled to exfoliate under the injunction to keep the two orders unmixed in discourse.

"Where do my listening duties begin?"
ग्रहण उर्फ़ गवाह
कुणाल सिंह, दिल्ली वर्ष, हिंदी विभाग

वह रात के देर तक जामता है। उसे रात में बहुत सारे काम होते हैं। दिन में बहुत-सी चीजें हैं, बहुत-सी घटनाएँ जिन्हें वह साबुत ही लोलता जाता है और रात को जब सभी सो जाते हैं और कोई नहीं आने वाला होता तो वह एक-एक चीज को, एक-एक घटना को निकाल कर चैन से जुगाली करता है। देर तक फिर कुछ नहीं बचता और सबकुछ बच रहता है।

आज चौथा दिन है। उसे लगता है, अब कुछ नहीं होने वाला। उसके से शायद अब कभी नहीं फिरेगे जिनकी वजह से सबकुछ कट गया।

gलती उससे हुई है और गार्गी की निगाह में वह हमेशा के लिए पिर गया है। शर्म से उसके सामने नहीं पड़ता और वह इसे उसका पुनर्जन्म समझता है कि उसने इकार कर दिया है। वह लाख चाह कर भी अब उससे सामान्य होकर आयुक नहीं हो पाता, क्या करें?

उसने आखें मूंट ली। वह उसकी पुरानी आदत है, वह आखें मूंट लेता है। पहले भी वह उसकी गोद में सिर रखकर देर तक लेता रहता। उसके शरीर की भीनी नशीली-सी गंध (जो अक्सर कूंचारी लड़कियों के शरीर से रिहती रहती है) उसकी चारी ओर तितली होती और वह आखें मूंट लेता (उसके अंग-अंग की गाढ़े जैसे खुलते लगते हैं)। वह सोचता, वह गुरुङों ऐसे बिता सकता है। लेकिन अब कहाँ! काश! उसके शरीर फिर रहते।

रात एक सीमा तक चुप बनी रहती है – तब तुम जाग सकते हो, अमेर बारे में सोच सकते हो। लेकिन एक समय ऐसा आता है, जब रात के यन्त्र बीतने लगते हैं। तब जागना आसान नहीं रहता। सोनने की लड़ी टूट जाती है और सहसा याद आता है, सिगरेट पिये एक असता हुआ। उसके बाद से रहना ही ठीक होता है। वह भी यही करता है।

(O O O)

वह देर तक चुप रहता। तब वह टेलीफोन के दूरे से तक फैले सवाल समाधान को युक्त लगा जाता। उसे याद भी नहीं रहता, वह ऐसे कितने देर चुप खड्डू सकता है, जबकि दूरी तक वह डर जाता। इसे कोई अपशब्द समझता, और जल्दी से बील पड़ता – 'धुम हो न, हो न गार्गी?'

'हूँ' – वह जागती नहीं, नीद में ही ऊटी-ऊटी उसकी ऊटी आवाज में उसे मैराथन पार्क आने को कहती है। नहीं – वह वह कहती नहीं, वह उसकी आदत है, जो आया देगा उसके अवचेतन में उससे कहलावा देती है और अवचेतन में ही वह तैयार होती है, बस पकड़
प्रेसिडेंसी कॉलेज पत्रिका

कर पार्क पहुँचती है जहाँ वह पहले से ही उसका
इंतजार कर रहा होता।

उसे आश्चर्य होता है, वह हमेशा इतनी जल्दी कैसे पहुँच जाता है, मानो उसके पंख हों।
कॉलेज में भी वह हमेशा जल्दी में रहता।
अक्सर कहीं दूर दीख जाता, पैंस के पार, एक
भीड़ से निकल कर दूसरी में लोप होते हुए।
पूछने पर वह डर जाता – ‘पता नहीं, मुझे
लगता है, मेरे नाम न कर दूँ।’

‘किस बात की – गोल्डी?’ वह पूछती तो
वह कुछ नहीं कहता। चुपचाप उसकी इंग्लिश से खेलने लग जाता है और पूछता है कि आज
उसने कोन-सा साबुन या पफ्फ्यूम इत्यादि
किया। वह हमेशा इसी तरह की बेतुकी बातें
करने लग जाता है।

वह कॉर्पर रही है। मन की किसी अनजानी
कोट में एक छूट-बिकास-सा डर है और से
लगा, वह अपनी किसी अनिश्चित बिखर नहीं ले
जाना चाहती, बीच में ही कहीं सोख लेना
चाहती है। लेकिन वह नहीं, उसके अनदर ही कहीं
वसता है और उसना ही ठोस रूप में, कि
जिसना वह खुद है। उसे नजरअंदाज नहीं किया
जा सकता।

उस दिन वह कॉलेज के पोर्च में खड़ा
सिगरेट पी रहा था, और वहीं शून्य में टिकाये
हुए। उसे अक्सर वैसे बेमलबंद खड़ा देखा
जा सकता है। वह दूर से ही एक खेल खेलने लगी।
उसे यह देखने लगी कि जैसे वह कोई अनजानी
हो और तभी – हाँ, तभी कहीं खटका हुआ,
और उसने अपने भीतर कुंडली मारे उस डर की
संध पाई। अब तो कहीं कोहरे के पार से ऐसा
लगने लगा है कि उस डर का होना ही वस्तुतः
उसका होना रह गया है और उसे झुललाना
अपने-आप को झुललाना होगा।

वह अक्सर सपने में देखता है कि वह एक
सुनसान अँधेरी गली में खड़ा है जिसकी दोनों
और ऊंची-ऊंची इमारतें हैं। सहसा दूर एक
आकृति उभरती है। वह कोई लड़की है जो
प्रेमबुलेटर जैसी पहिचांक बाली एक गाड़ी ठेलती
हुई उसकी और आ रही है। उसने एक लखा
चौगा पहन रखा है जिसमें उसके सारे अंग ढूंढ
गये हैं। माण्डे पर भी स्कार्फन बिधा है। शून्य में वह
उसे देख कर डर जाता है और भागना चाहता है
लेकिन किसी मायावी आकारण में उसके पार
जा देते लखाम लगते हैं। वह देखता है
प्रेमबुलेटर (या उस जैसी ही गाड़ी) में कुछ सवाल
है जिसमें चुंबन देने वाली गोल्डी फुट रही है।
वह लड़की उसके पास आती है। धुंधलक्ष में वह
उसके बच्चे को देखना चाहता है। ठीक-
ठीक कुछ दिखायी नहीं देता लेकिन उसे लगता
है, इसे कहीं देखा है। वह कहता है, वह प्रारंभ
बेचती है। वह उसलुक होता है। प्रेमबुलेटर में
रोशनी पंकज का चौज़ प्रारंभ है जिसे वह
लोगों के लिए लायी है। वह हाथ डालकर
अपना प्रारंभ उठाता है। रोशनी और धुंधलके
का एक खेल…… और सहसा डर कर दो
कदम पीछे फिटकर जाता है। हाथ में मरी हुई
विचित्रित के लिए पंख और कुछ हड्डियां हैं!
ग्रहण उर्फ गवाह

उसका प्रारंभ देखकर लड़की खिलखिला पड़ती है। अंधेरे में उसकी हृद्दी चिमनादड़ को फड़कड़ बना। लड़की रात के घोरे में गुप्त हो जाती है और उसने जुता पड़ जाता है। कहाँ सुना है, इस हृद्दी को। सहसा उसे लगता है, हाँ – वह बही है, बही है, पर इसमें पैरक जिसका वह उस हृद्दी को किसी जाने पहचाने चेरेरे पर बिठा पाता, नींद ढुट जाता है और वह देख तक दरा-दरा-या बिखरते पर पड़ रहता।

न जाने किस बात पर एक दबी-सी मुस्कुराहट से उसके होट रंग गये। तब वह चौंक गई। वह मुस्कुराहट क्यों? किस बात पर? – वह नहीं जानती। कोई कहता था कि हम इंतजार किया करते हैं, किसी खड़के का। कभी हम बिना बात के हृद्दी दौड़ जाते हैं, पर वह यहाँ ही नहीं। किसी के बल्ले ऊपर क्षेत्र में वह कोई चूट चुटकी या बिस्तर गई बात रहती है जो हमसे एकान्त पाकर पर उठने लगती है। और भी छोटी बातें – जैसे कि हम महसूल होता है अपने पसों का बनाना या कि खुद इन छोटी बातों का बिखरा।

लेकिन वह दर जाती। उसे चुप्पी से हमेशा डर लगता है, खासकर तब जब वह उससे कुछ पूछती है और वह चूप रह जाता है। तब वह अंधेरी हो जाती है और उसके सामने अन्तिम सम्बंध खुलने लग जाती है – एक के पीछे एक। वह उससे चिरही जाती है और उसका दम ढुटने लगता है। वह घबराया उठता है – ‘गोल्डी,

tum kuch kahen, kahin n goli di.’

वह चाहे जैसा हो, तब समझ जाता है। उसे अपने में भी लेता है या उसकी कनाडियों को अपनी हंसियों के बीच ले लेता है। तब वह देखती है, उसकी गोल परेली आंखों छोटी हो आई है और उसमें घाय आ भरा है। वह देखती है, उसका जोर बारह आता है। उसकी भाषा छोटी सौंप सी छाँटी में मीठी-मीठी चुपचाप चुपचाप लगती है। तब - तब वह देखना बद लगती आती है। किसी पागल-सी रहस्यमयता में उसकी आँखें मुंडने लगती हैं और उससे उसके गर्म होटों का स्पर्श। कहीं ऊपर पर दिलीलित हुआ पानी का सपा और वह ढूंढने-उठाने लगती है। सभी जैसे एक बांछ ही और अंत में आंखें से दो बूढ़ कुछ पड़ते हैं। तब उसे लगता है, वह अंधेरी नहीं। वे ठुमरी का सबसे भावनाशील जोड़ा बनाते हैं।

मैराधन पार्क – किसी अंधेरे ने अपनी उस प्रेमकी की बाद में बनाया था जिसे कह बहुत प्यार करता तो और जिससे शादी नहीं कर पाया। समाई के बाद मन चलाया कि उसकी मंगोलर की धाम्मा है (वह उन दिनों लाइफ थी)। अपने अंधेरे में वह ढूंढ-सी गई थी। दिन-दिन-पर इस उदाहरण में (पार्क के पहले वह उजाड़ ही थी) बेहोश रहती। लेकिन वह हमेशा उसके आस-पास बना रहता, जैसे उसके करीब रहकर उसे बचा सकता है। कभी ढूंढकर सुनाता, कभी कोई कविता पढ़ता। लेकिन हर साथ उसकी आँखों में बढ़ी-बढ़ी ढूंढ़
ही भर आतीं। तब वह चुप उसे देखता रह जाता। अन्त समय में उसने उसे कसकर पकड़ रखा था, मानो मूंड को चुंबनी दे रही हो। उसने संघर्ष गले से कहा था— एकबार उसे धीरे-धीरे ले, उसके जिसम से होकर निकल जाय।

वह मना नहीं कर पाया था और दोनों देर तक एक दूसरे से चिपटे रहे। लगता था, कुछ देर के लिए नियत की भूल जाना चाहिए हों। उसके बाद उसे एक जुड़ सी उठी थी और उसकी जमड़ी ढूँढ़ की गई थी। उस समय उसने उसकी याद में यहाँ पार्क बनाया और कुछ तो वह भी मानते हैं कि वह अब भी जिन्दा है और यहाँ पेड़ों की छोटी में, ठुमरों, कोटरों में हवा वनकर रहता है। लेकिन इस बात को मानने वाले बहुत थे।

बाहर यहाँ आते हैं। गोल्डी की यहाँ अच्छा लगता है। देख उसे हो गई। उसने देखा, हमेशा की तरह वह यहाँ पहले से मौजूद है। वह देख कदमों उसके पीछे आई और 'बूढ़े' की आवाज की। वह डर गया। वह हंसी लगी।

'तुम क्या गए?'
'हूँ...।।' — उसने सिर हिलाया। वह छोटी बालों में भी झुंड नहीं कहता।

गार्दी ने टेनिम की बड़ी जीप और उपर सफेद कमिज बहन रखा था। अंखों पर वहीं गोल्डी प्रेम बाला चरस्मा और बाल हमेशा की तरह ही कसकर बंधे हुए। उसने देखा, वह कोई सिगारी गुड़िया लगती है — हलकी और छुईमुई-सी।

चरमा उतरा दो तो वह चेहरा कुछ यदि लिखा है। कहाँ देखा था इसे — याद नहीं आता।

देखा, वह मुकुरा रही है। वह अपने इस ऑकेपल पर लज़ा गया। लेकिन नहीं — इस मुकुरा में कोई बंधन नहीं। यह तो अवरुद्ध मुन्न नहीं करने के पहले महज शव तलाशती एक मुकुरा थी, जिसका अलग से कोई अर्थ नहीं होता, कोई रहस्य नहीं होता।

 हो ऐसे चमकता चतुर्र पर सुमाल विस्तार उसकी अंग पीठ रखी हुई बैठा था और वह चुप खड़ी थी। उसने महसूस किया, उसके बीच एक पतली-सी छाया दोला रहा है। वह डर गई। उसे लगा, वह उस अंग्रेज की प्यासी आत्मा का श्राप है, जिसका प्रेम अभूर्त रहा गया। लोग कहते हैं, इस पार्क में याद करने वालों पर उसका ग्राहन लग जाता है।

सहसा उसकी निगाह नीलामिरी के एक पेड़ के तने पर ठिठक गई। तने पर खुत्ता कर किसी ने लिखा था — ‘लेख।’ वह अपने में खोया हुआ कहीं दूसरी ओर तक रहा था। वह फिर उस शब्द को देखने लगा। फायर पहले लिखा गया होगा। छिले हुए। छाया पर हकी की लालिमा उतर आई थी। उसने अपनी बौद्ध उपलब्धि
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को उस शाब्द पर फेंका। अर्जिव से एक रोमाँच से सारा शरीर झंझना उठा। वह झट घूम गई और अपनी पीठ से शाब्द को सांप दिया, कहीं गोल्डी की नजर न पड़ जाय। लेकिन उसे कोई खुबर न था, वह कहां और था। गाँवी ऊपर देखने लगी। मन्द हवा में पेड़ की हरी-हरी पत्तियाँ बड़े बड़पने के साथ हिल रही थी, वह एक कठोरहार्दा और ऊपर पेड़ों की समन नीली हसतिमा के बीच झूकता-छिपता आकाश का मैलढ़ूं फौंक।

'क्या यहाँ किसी ने किसी को पहली बार देखा था?' क्या यहाँ किसी ने यायां किया था?

वह चिचिया, वह आकाश, ये पेड़ और किसी मायावी रहस्य में झूमती ये नीलगिरी की पत्तियाँ - क्या ये गवाह है रही हैं।

उसकी पीठ पर जैसे घिस्तानी हुई चुनबुगाहट - 'लब....लब.....लब.....' तने पर खुशबू हुआ यह शाब्द किसके प्रेम का गवाह बना है?

गोल्डी तैयार ही वन बैठा रहा। आज कितनी अर्जिव बात है, वह वहाँ आये में बंद है वह कुछ महसूसती-सी, कुछ खोजती-सी। पर क्या? उन दोनों ने कभी यहाँ यायां किया था, कभी झंझ, और कभी मायावी। क्या उनकी मौजूदगी का भी कोई गवाह छूटा? क्या कल यहाँ आने वाला कोई नया जोड़ा उनके बारे में जान पायेगा?

उसने हड़प्पा कर झर-उद्ध देखा, कुछ छोटे तो नहीं रहा, लेकिन नहीं - कहीं कोई निशानी नहीं। चिचिया उड़ चुकी ही और पत्तियाँ वैसे ही एक 'प्रेम' के साथ हिलती हैं। कहां कुछ नहीं बदला। उसने देखा, गोल्डी हिला। कई लगे जल के सतह पर जैसे एक मुलायम छुआन और वह ढांक गई हो। 'चले?

साँझ होने वाली है।' गोल्डी की ओँखों में एक तरह की ज्योति है जिसमें दिखला सारा गुलाम, शिक्का, पश्चाताप शुल्क-सा गया है।

चलने समय उसने एक बार कलायी से उस शाब्द को देखा। इस बार उसे कुछ आपक्षिक जान पड़ा। वह चल पड़ी। हो, कुछ अपशक्त था। हम जिस बिंदु से चलना शुरू करते हैं, उसके दुबारा पूंखचने के पहले अपने पीछे-पीछे अपने अनजाने ही गवाह छोड़ते जाते हैं और जब उस बिंदु पर पुनः पूंख जाते हैं तब हमारी धूरी पूरी होती है। फिर जैसे हर कुछ चुनौती हो जाता है एक बिंदु से चलकर दूसरे हुए पुनः उसी बिंदु पर पूंखचने, शर्म बनाना ही होता है। फिर कुछ नहीं बच रहता। उसने डराए-ॉडरे फिर उस निशानी को देखा - 'लब'। वह जहाँ किसी अपरेंटिने प्रेम की निशानी है। तभी यह बातची, अथवा इसे शर्म हो जाना चाहिए था, खत्म हो जाना चाहिए था। (इस आपि भूमि पर यायां करने वालों पर उस शाब्दिकी आत्मा का ग्रहण लग जाता है।)

फिर अद्वितीय क्या हुआ कि वह रात की ट्रेन से इलादाबाद चली आई, पढ़ाई बीच में ही छोड़कर। वह सोचती है, उसके अनजाने ही जहाँ उसके सम्बन्ध के कुछ गवाह छठे होंगे, कौन ने उसकी धूरी पूरी नहीं हो पाई। वह उसकी आखिरी गुलामकाल थी।

(समाप्त)
दुर्घटना
- सुनील कुमार, द्वितीय स्नातकोत्तर (द्वितीय वर्ष),
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सुभाष जब बाजार गया तो पता नहीं था कि ऐसा कुछ हो जाएगा। गंगे दांत निकाले खिसके निपोतें राजीव जी रास्ते में मिले थे; पता नहीं क्यों इतने खुश थे। मैंने कहा कि "भाई। आजकल आप क्यों चमक रहे हैं?"

"क्यों नहीं चमककर?"

"मलब।"

"मलब यह कि आजकल अखबार को बहुत मसाला मिल रहा है।"

"क्या मसाला?

"अगर भाई प्रोफाइल! तुम भी पढ़ रहे होंगे कि आजकल सड़क दुर्घटनाएं बढ़ गयी हैं। नाम अधिक और आतंक का माहौल है। बिहार के गुड़ गुड़ गयी है।"

"भाई मेरे! मुझे सिर्फ प्रोफाइल कहने से काम नहीं चलेगा।"

"क्या मलब?

"मेरे मेंटल लिखता हूँ।"

"ओह ओ! मेरे फिर घुल गया।"

और एक बार फिर राजीव जी के गंगे दांत। ही-ही। और उनके 'भीतर' छिपे आदमी से और ज्यादा पिघलने लगा।

"तो मैं चलू?" - मैंने असहाय होकर आजा चाही।

"जी विलकुल।" - उन्होंने आजा प्रदान की एवं राहत भी।

गली पार कर सड़क पर पहुँचा तो देखा कि बड़ी भीड़ लगी है। लोगों की मकबरें-सी भन्ना हट। क्षेषण। एक से पुला -

"कि होई हादा?

एक गंगे-सी गली को कूच कर ब्याकर बिने दिया हुआ।

उन महाशय ने जवाब दिया कि

"आर कि होई? सकले एकटे लॉरी चार जनके आहौत कोरीछ।"

"कारो मूला?

- मैंने अनावस्था ही पूछ लिया।

"हैं। दूर जन।"

"आर?"

"आर अन्यर हस्पातल सीरियास।"

ब्राह्म आगे बढ़ने पर। सामूहिक स्वर।

"आगुन लगाये दो। छाद भी ना। सानार और कि इसके आगे कुछ खास से युक्त को आलू चिपक लगा।

तभी पिटट की आवाज सुनाई पड़ी और भगड़। सभी अब तक कोई छोड़ देंगे तो क्या में है। भीड़ में पिछड़ गए लोग आहत हो गए। पता चला पुलिस का सूचना छोड़ रही है, साथ ही लाठी-बाँधी। दुकानों के 'शाद' 'रुड़ड़-भड़ड़क। मिर्गे हुए, 'शाद' के नीचे जाकर दूकरे पोख-छ: लोगों के साथ में भी दाखिल हो गया। जो लोग बच गए थे दूसरे
दुर्दट्या

आश्रय की तलाश में दौड़ते गए। यहाँ अंदर भर से मुक्त होते ही -

“तोरा पाललिचिस केनौं?” - एक बुड़ा जवानों को उत्सेजित करते हुए बोला। मैं उसे पहचानता था। वह कभी दादा-भाईया हुआ करता था।

“ऐसा सोमवार आमी ओनेक हैजार फिलान। तोमर मुझे। ओनेक दुकाखो होलो!”

“ओमने दाड़िये, ओंदर (रेंक के जवानों को) संगे नया कोरा ओभित छিলो। दुर्दट्या!”

“ओनेक दुकेख होलो।”

बुड़ा आना उगल चुका था। जवानों के चेहरों पर धीरे-धीरे कुश्ता उगलने लगी। मैं हड गया हूं। साथ खड़े सजान की पलकें झप-झप झपक रही हैं एवं आंखों में पोलिया का-सा पीलापन। दुकन खुश है कि और लोगों की तरह उसका माल नहीं लुटा। लगभग पौने घंटे के बाद छेँद से झांकने पर दूर-दूर तक दरवाजी शानत जीतन-मी हंसी हंस रहें थी।

“तोर एवार?” - बुड़ा फिर से सबकी आंखों को तोल रहा था।

“चोलुका।”

शतर थोड़ा-सा उठा और हम सभी बाहर हैं। साथ खड़े सुजान अपने को हमसे अलग आते चलने लगे। मैं भी सत्तबा होकर तेज़ कदमों से चलने लगा। थक्क के पार गयी, मैं खुसी है फिर भगवाद। पता चला पुलिस दब गयी पहिला की लाभ उठा दे गयी है एवं इसके कोशियों की सांख्यते के साथ आश्चर्य एवं हंसिया पर उगर आयी है एवं एक लंगातर दूसरे अश्चर्य गोले फट पड़े। आंखों में पता नहीं भुन उतरआया या गोले के ध्रुव में वे लाल हो गयी। में भाग रहा हूं। साथ के सामान और घर के लोगों पर जुड़ला रहा हूं। यकायक ईट-पाठ और सोडा-बादा की बोतलें हवा में उड़ती-लहराती नजर आयी। मैं और तेज हो जाता हूं। रोज पतल में खाते होते वाली दूरी, आज बड़ी ही जा रही है।” खड़े-युद्ध कई बार जोर और भीमा पड़ता रहा। ईट-बोतलें उड़ती रही। पुलिस-पालिका संघर्ष में दोनों और ‘यस-नो’ होती रही और अंत में पुलिस सफल हो गयी थी।

‘शानत (?)’ आ चुकी थी छा चुकी थी। मुझे सात बजे से शरू हुआ तुफान थोड़ा धम मग था।

”दिन के डड़े जाते ही मेरी स्रोतिकोटियाँ (?) को भूख लग गयी थी। कुछ लोट कर चावल-माछ खाकर जिवानिया में थे। कुछ ही देर में सुरक्षा घेरे में छिपे नेताओं-वालों के सचिव नायकों की भीड़ झण्डे-लेकर अपना क्षेत्र थक करने लगी जो अबतक जगह में डर से दुकाकिया पड़ी हो।”

“चोलबे ना - चालवेना।” की सामूहिक ध्वनि हवा में थुंककर कानों और हिमांग का नसों में दौड़ने लगी। गभी के झण्डे लोगों में अपनी ज्यादा या ज्यादा ‘आलिहायत (?)’ प्रस्तुतित कर रहे थे। कई दुर्ग लोगों जो जमकर कर से कहीं जाते थे। धटना के आज ही घट जाने पर अभी निकलने के कारण दुकान थी।

“देफिक” शाम को नामित हो पाया। मुझे शाम को विवाह-उद्घाट में जाता था, इस लिए कदम, थोड़ा-सा मुंदा लिये ने के, लिए मेलून की और बढ़ा गया। वहाँ वन्द भीड़ थी। मेरा नवन हर मे आने वाला था। मैं बदन प्रतीक्षा हेतु बैठ गया और ‘फिरे मिरा - किचिमिच’ में हो रही यात्रा को जानने की
कोशिश करने लगा। यकायक वही सजन \begin{itemize}
\item जो शात \end{itemize}

\begin{itemize}
\item अब उनके चेहरे बड़ी खूप ऊर्ध्वतन करता है। वे लगातार बोल-बोल तो कहते हैं। ताक वे अपनी साहित्यिक (तुष्ट) कार्यात्मक तथ्य होते है। लोग उनके बाहर की दादी देंगे रहे थे। में \begin{itemize}
\item क्योंकि क्षुद्र समझ नहीं पा रहा था। बहस में साथ खड़े एक अन्य व्यक्ति भी क्षुद्र पड़े। वे जोश में कह उठे -
\item 'तुम्ही, ने खुदरा-जिन्न बनाने की बात की है।' 
\item 'क्षुद्र नहीं बनेगा। कितना 'एक्सर्टेंट' तो होगा। क्या हुआ?' - साथ बाले ने विरोध विरोध किया।
\end{itemize}

सजन जी एक बार बोल पड़े।-
\begin{itemize}
\item 'दो दिन पीली देता है। तात्पर्य हारा होता है। आवारा दुर्देहरी।'
\item 'एं दीक्षा सुरी गंडोगोल हाय।'
\end{itemize}

पता नहीं और क्या क्षुद्र प्रसाधन के नाम पर बकते, लाना भेजते रहे। में ठीक से सुन नहीं पाया।
\begin{itemize}
\item 'ओसी। खोमा (अभाव) मांगता था।'
\end{itemize}

-एक ने कहा।
\begin{itemize}
\item 'ओसी सब ज्ञान था।' - दूसरे ने कहा।
\end{itemize}

तभी एक चालक बाल पड़ा -
\begin{itemize}
\item 'लगती अभ लोग नहीं है। अभ 'हर्व' देता है। ओ लोग सुनकर भी अनुसूचत। कर देता है। पैसा जाने वालों थोड़ा तोटा भी बिल्ली बिल्ली आरंभ।'
\item 'दूर जी मोशाय। आप-नारा 'ओबेस्टिक' को उनके आए। अर दुर्गायाना तो होए जाए।' - एक दूसरे बाले ने विरोध विरोध किया। दल ने भागों में बंट गया था। एक दल चालक का समर्थक था तो अपने बचत देंगे बालों का। एक तीसरे रंग में भी था, जो न इंसान का था, न उदर का, न जाने कहीं खोज उठा था। बुढ़े का दल और उसके होमार जवान एक से बढ़कर एक अपनी बहादुरी के किस्से गर्व से कह रहे थे। सभी अपने द्वारा देंगे गए पत्थर-बोतलों को दुर्देहरे से ज्यादा बना रहे थे। आखिर मुहल्ले के प्रमुख दादा बनने का साबान था। बुढ़े की खाली 'सींट' का हकदार जो बनना था। बुढ़ा अपना उत्साहिक खोज रहा था और खुश हो रहा था। इतने में राजीव जी मिस्कियाते-से सलाम करते हुए निकल गए। यकायक में खो-सा गया, अर मौत का कुख्यात हुआ एवं खराबे के रंग का चालून के रेशों-या छिटौं सिर मेरे सामने लोड़हड़ी में बंट गया। मुझे वह वहीं मौजूद तमाम लोगों के चेहरों पर चिपका हुआ दी ढ़ड़ा एवं मुझसे पूर्ण में लगा (हर एक \begin{itemize}
\item 'रामान किसान हुआ?'
\item 'मेरे पति का, जो गेज मुझे पीना और ज्यादा कमाने के लिए कहकर गाए उड़ा था। गाली बकता था। और बोंसरक स्कार में मुआवजा मांग रहा है।'
\end{itemize}

- 'या इस ट्रक मालिक का, जिसे बीमा कंपनी क्षतिपूर्ति के लिए रूपरेखा या नया ट्रक देगी।' 

- 'या इन लोगों का, जो जारी (हमारे में) अपनी दादागिरी को दिखाकर आने-वाले समय में रोटी चलाने-कमाने(?) और गाली को संभालें(?)।'

- 'या उस बुढ़े का, जो अपने जवाबों की नयी खेप में अपना उत्साहिक दूर रहा है।' 

(8)
'आँखे'
- सोनम सिंह
'हिंदी विभाग
प्रेसिडेंसी कॉलेज, कलकत्ता

कहते है आँख सुंदरता का दर्पण है,
आँख इस संसार में शायद
सुंदरता का आधार है
इस मिठी के कण-कण में छिपे
यथार्थ की पहचान है।
�े सब कुछ देखती हैं
अच्छाई और बुराई दोनो देखती हैं।
पर हमेशा खामोश रहने को विवश होती हैं,
क्योंकि ये हरसती हैं,
जिस संदर्भ से अवगत हैं,
ये ये सुंदर नहीं कह सकती,
और उस मिथ्या की प्रशंसा करती हैं।
ये कैसी विवशता होती है,
कि न चाहते हुए भी सच को ढूंढ
और ढूंढ को सच कहना पड़ता है।
हदय जिसे स्वीकार करता है,
उसे ही अस्वीकार करना पड़ता है।
क्यों?
क्योंकि ये आँखें असहाय हैं,
अपने नाम पर, चेहरे पर
ये सुंदरता का मुख्यात्मा लगाई फिरती हैं,
बातचीत से अवगत होकर भी
अनन्य हो न फिरती हैं।
ये आँखें कितनी सुंदर और कितनी लाचार हैं।
सड़क पर
भटकता हुआ चेहरा
आपना असली रंग खो चुका था।
दोपहरी की धुप ने
उम्मेद का कला नहीं किया।
और न ही रात के अंधेरे ने,
बल्कि आदमी को आदमियत ने।
चूँकि, अब
आदमियत की परिभाषा
बदल दी गई है।
कभी, बचाने का नाम हुआ करता था,
आज बचाने का नाम है।

लम्बे अन्तराल के बाद
चेहरा
फिर सहारा खोजने के लिए
निकल पड़ा सड़क पर।
देखकर भी उम्मेद
नहीं देखता है कोई
और धक्का देकर
अगे निकल जाता है।
और खो जाता है अपने रोजमर्रा में।
हमेशा की तरह
एक वार फिर
चेहरे का अंशित
टुकड़े-टुकड़े हो जाता है।

फिर सम्भवता है,
बटोरता है
ई- मा-
के टुकड़ों को,
फिर चलने लगता है।

शो-केस में रखा हुआ,
चमकीला कला जुता,
आकर्षित करता है
हर गुजरने वाले को।
पर, कला चेहरा
अनदेखा हो जाता है।
कारण,
एक का आकर्षण,
दूसरे को उपेक्षा।
क्योंकि,
हर गुजरने वाले के मुख पर
जंगल-गीत का छंद है
चरित्र का दर्शाज़ा बन्द है।

फिर
वह चेहरा
भटकने निकलता,
जब शाम
हर खुली हुई चीज़ को
बन्द करके चला जाता है।
सियाफ़ी में लगे ताले का रंग
अंधेरे में चुल जाता है।
चेहरा ताल को टूटाता है,
छोलने को कोशश करता है।
लेकिन
व्य-थू।
श्राक-हार कर
सेलफ में सखी किताबों के
सादे पृष्ठों में
हुबक जाता है।
सब से पुछता है -
क्या यहीं मेरा वास है?
चूंकि,
आज हर आदमी एक लाश है।
उसमें ज्ञान-कानून है।
सब कुछ पाने का जुनून है।
लेकिन
कौई तो होगा
जो उसे अपनाएगा।
वह कौन होगा?

- पापिया दे
द्वितीय वर्ष
'हिंदी विभाग'

अनुभूतियों का संदर्भ
- संगीता मुखर्जी
द्वितीय वर्ष 'हिंदी विभाग'

'सुख और दुख'
ये दो शब्द
(दो-दो अक्षरों का)
और ये अनुभूतियाँ
कितनी अलग हैं?
कि मिलाने में इसे
प्रयास सारे विफल हैं।

तलाश
में
एक मनुष्य
असंभव-हो ही नहीं सकता!
क्योंकि
बिसर गया है मनुष्यत्व।
में
हवा, पानी, परिदा
यह भी नहीं
क्योंकि
उनकी तरह मयाबिद सीमा नहीं मेरी।
पर में
अपने को जानवर भी नहीं कह सकता
क्योंकि
उनके आचरण का
पूरा अनुगामी भी नहीं।
तो में क्या हूँ?
(एक प्रश्न)
मुझे तलाश है (कुछ शब्दों की)
जिसमें में
अपना
अविनाशी पीयो सकूँ!

(७७)
‘बीरान चम्बल’
- पंकज कुमार मिश्र
‘हिन्दी विभाग
प्रेसिडेंसी कॉलेज, कलकत्ता

डाकुओं को नववर्ष की
शुभकामनाएं देने के लिए
मैं चम्बल के बीहड़ों में आया
भगर वहां के दृश्य को देखकर
सकन्तकाय
मुझे एक भी डाकू नजर नहीं
आ रहा था
हर राहगीर स्वतंत्र तथा निर्भय
अपनी राह पर जा रहा था
कहीं पर भी ना गोलियों का शोर था
ना घोड़ों की टापों की आवाज
ऐसा लग रहा था कि यूज़े वहां
आ गया हो पूरी तरह रामराज
तभी मैंने एक राहगीर को
अपने पास बुलाया
और उसके सम्पूर्ण –
एक सवाल उठाया –
‘‘क्यों भाई,
यहां के डाकुओं का क्या हो गया है?
कोई भी नजर नहीं आ रहा
क्या सभी के सभी
पुलिस के आतंक से
इतना घबरा गए हैं!’’
इतना चुनौती ही राहगीर बोला –
‘‘नहीं जनाब,
बे तो सभी चुनाव जीतकर
लोकसभा में आ गए हैं!’’

(१२)
## The Presidency College Magazine

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