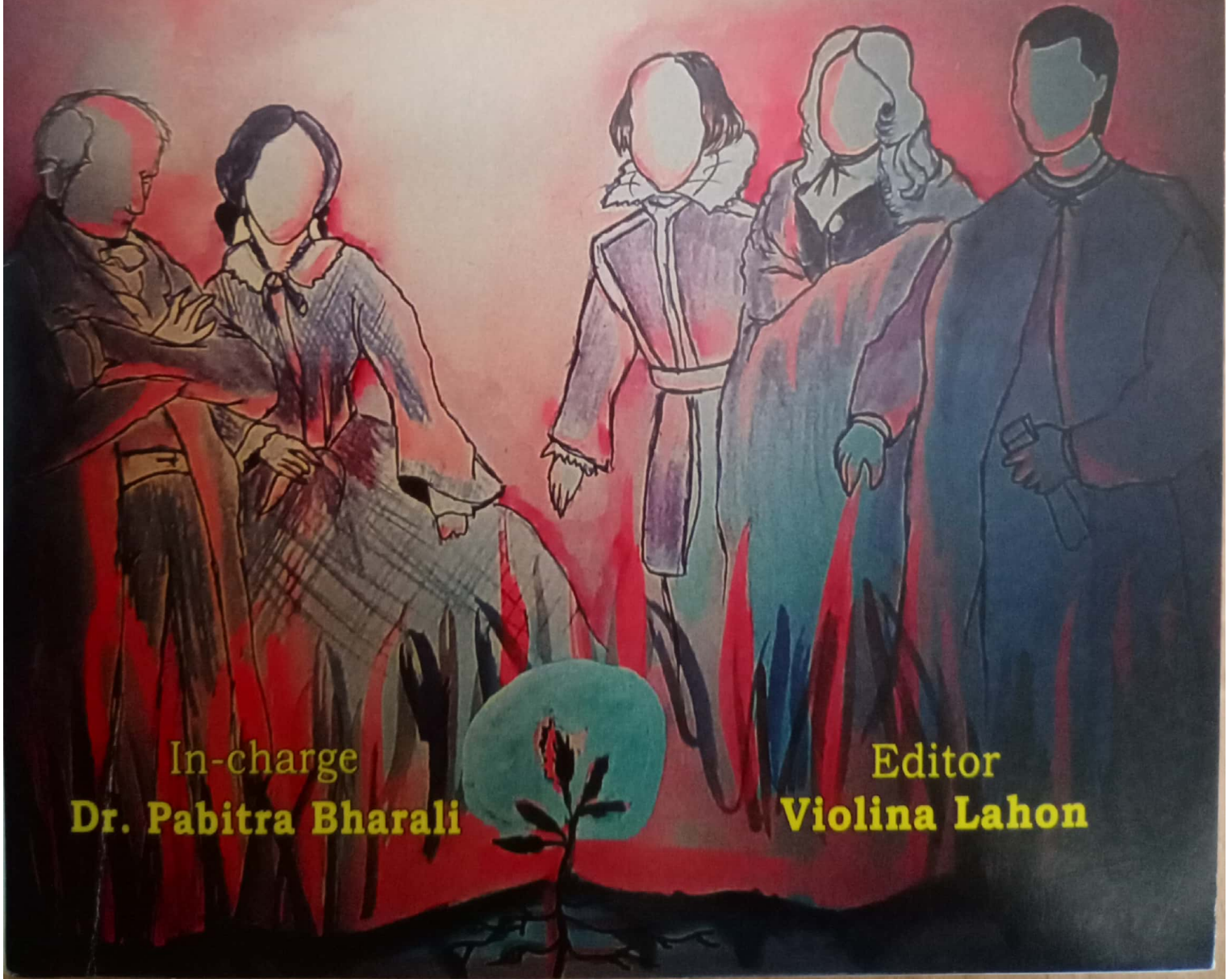


LITERARY RUMINATIONS

Inaugural Issue : February 2020



ESTD - 1965



In-charge

Dr. Pabitra Bharali

Editor

Violina Lahon

LITERARY RUMINATIONS

An Annual Literary Magazine

Inaugural Issue : February 2020



Department of English
Digboi College, Digboi, Assam

In-charge
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Literary Ruminations : 2020

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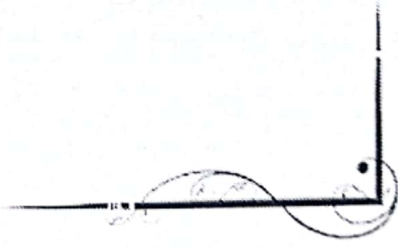
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*Dedicated
to
all the sacred souls
who sacrificed life
in the
service of Society,
Culture and Letters*



*Lives of great men all remind us
we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.*

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



ডিগবৈ মহাবিদ্যালয়
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2nd January 2020

Message

I am quite pleased to learn that the Department of English, Digboi College is going to publish an Annual Literary Magazine, "*Literary Ruminations*".

Writing is an exhaustive and pleasant experience. At the same time, it is one of the difficult yet productive skills too. No doubt this creative endeavor will bring out an array of artistic and scientific expressions with distinct individual signatures.

I do appreciate and applaud the editorial team for the work they have invested in realizing this tedious yet daunting task of putting together the myriad thoughts and dreams of students and faculty of the Department of English into a meaningful and delightful visual fest called "*Literary Ruminations*".

(Dr. Dip Saikia)



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH,
DIBRUGARH UNIVERSITY, ASSAM

Ph.0373 2370232

Date : 12-01-2020

Message

I have great pleasure in conveying my best wishes to the Department of English, Digboi College for presenting before the academia, its first annual literary magazine. Such endeavours as this will definitely go a long way in acting as springboard for honing writing and research skills and harnessing the unbound talents of young learners, while at the same time contributing as an enriching storehouse of knowledge on literature and literary art.

I congratulate the faculty, students and staff of the Department of English, Digboi College for initiating this truly commendable venture.

Hearty congratulations to the Editorial Team! Wish you all triumph in your future endeavours.

(Nasmee F. Akhtar)
Head, Deptt. of English
Dibrugarh University

Maneswar Barman

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Date : 11-01-2020

Message

I am simply beside myself with joy to learn that the Department of English of Digboi College is bringing out its own literary magazine *Literary Ruminations*. This maiden attempt is really a bold and inspiring one on the part of the English faculty of the college. I feel really proud that I had been a humble member of this department once. I am confident that *Literary Ruminations* will illuminate the literary horizon with brighter gems.

I congratulate the English faculty of Digboi College.

Maneswar Barman

Maneswar Barman

From the Editor's Desk

Dear Readers,

As the mirror to the thoughts and imaginations of the young creative minds undergoing English Major Course, you are holding on your hands the first annual edition of "Literary Ruminations, 2020" published by the Department of English, Digboi College, Digboi. Best attempts have been taken to showcase the journey of the dept. at a glance; also the works and achievements of the dept. as well as of the students.

"Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life;

But poetry, literature, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for." - anonymous.

Literature is an essential part of life that makes it vibrant and colourful. "Literary Ruminations" is creating a good space for the students to show their skills and enhance this form of art.

I am glad to come up as the foremost editor of the magazine "Literary Ruminations". It has been indeed a new and great experience for me. I hope "Literary Ruminations" will have a wonderful journey ahead. Its value will sustain throughout the upcoming years as the mirror to the literary world of the College.

A world inside a world of "imagination" and "fancy", the literary venture, will always find its place in the loftiest of all minds and sublime to all other subjects.

- Violina Lahon



Notes from the HoD cum Magazine - in-charge

Literary Ruminations - A Cherished Academic venture

An educational institution is the moulding ground for the young minds since avenues for intellectual exercises are unlocked here. Colleges as higher educational institutions have a pivotal role to play in fashioning the potential talents and as such, exercises in co-curricular areas have become an inalienable metaphor of collegiate education. To achieve this adornment, the department of English, Digboi College, has taken up diverse co-curricular activities over the years. Here's a brief account of the academic and co-curricular ventures of the department :

1. Organizing of Departmental Seminar on:

- a) 'Multifariousness of Shakespeare's Style' on 11.09.2002
- b) 'Theories of Origin of Language' during 2003-04
- c) 'Bacon's Literary Prose Style' during 2003-04
- d) 'Chaucer and the Nun's Priest's Tale' during 2003-04
- e) 'Indian English poetry : From Dutt Sisters to Ghose Brothers' during 2004-05
- f) 'Defining the self and treatment of Death in Emily Dickinson's Poetry' during 2004-05
- g) 'Bacon's Literary Prose Style' during 2004-05
- h) 'Framing/forming Identity : Fictional Representations' on 28.02.2018. Chairperson : Dr. Mrinal Kr. Gogoi. HoD, Assamese, Digboi College.

2. Organising of Workshop on:

- a) 'Understanding Linguistics' on 17.04.2017. Resource person : Dr. Priyankoo Sarmah, Faculty, IIT, Guwahati.
- b) 'Understanding Linguistics' on 20.03.2018. Resource person : Dr. Nasmeeem F. Akhtar, Faculty, Dept. Of English, Dibrugarh University.

3. Organising of Special and Interactive Session on:

- a) The Social and Cultural Background to Anglo-Saxon Literature on 29.10.2011. Resource person : Mr. Hitendranath Sarmah, Rtd. Principal, Margherita College.

- b) History of English Society and Culture : The Twentieth Century (1900-2000) on 18.03.2013, 21.03.2013, 01.04.2013 & 02.04.2013. Resource person : Mr. Hitendranath Sarmah, Rtd. Principal, Margherita College.
- c) Trends and Movements in the Twentieth century English Literature on 09.04.2013. Resource person : Dr. Mridul Bordoloi, Faculty of English, Dibrugarh University.
- d) Trends and Movement in British Fiction on 09.04.2013. Resource person : Dr. Mridul Bordoloi, Faculty of English, Dibrugarh University.

4. Organizing of Literary Quiz:

- a) District Level Inter-college Literery Quiz Competition on 31.03.2018. Quiz masters : Mr. Uttam Duorah, Women's College, Tinsukia and Mr. Sanjoy Das, Digboi College.

5. Performance of Drama:

- a) Ascene from The Merchant of Venice (The Trial Scene) on 15.12.2003
Roles : Kishanji Deb as Shylock, Bibi Ranjan Chakma as Antonio, Aarti Sharma as Portia, Nitul Kr. Dihingia as Bassanio, Prahlad Baruah as The Duke, Sandip Sarkar as Gratiano, Pallavita Sonowal as Nerissa.
Stage Direction : Tanima Sengupta; Stage Decoration : Sandip Sarkar; Make-up : Aparajita Hazarika, Tanima Sengupta, Punamjyoti Misra, Chitralkha Borboruah.
Direction : D. Chakraborty.
- b) Stanley Haughton's one-act play 'The Dear Departed' on 18.11.2004.
Roles : Kishanji Deb as Abel Merryweather, Barnali Hazarika as Victoria Slater, Anup Ghosal as Henry Slater, Mukul Dhungana as Ben Jordan, Pallavita Sonowal as Mrs. Slater, Chitralkha Borboruah as Mrs. Jordan.
In-charges : D. Chakraborty, B.R. Phukan, P. Bharati

6. Publication of Departmental Wall Magazine:

- a) Horizon - Published on 09.01.2004
In-charge : G. Buragohain; Editors : Prahlad Baruah, Nitul Kr. Dihingia; Sub. Editor : Kishanji Deb.
- b) Panorama - Facets of the Mind - Published on 07.09.2004
In-charge : G. Buragohain; Editor : Kishanji Deb

- Sub. Editor : Punamjyoti Misra
- c) Resurrection vol.-I (2012-13)
Adviser : P. Bharali; Editor : Debashis Dey
 - d) Resurrection vol.-II (2013-14)
Adviser : P. Bharali; Editor : Rimpi Sonowal
 - e) Resurrection vol.-III (2014-15)
Adviser : P. Bharali; Editor : Manju Kumari, Bikash Dutta
 - f) Resurrection vol.-IV (2017-18)
Adviser : S. Das; Editor : Junali Baruah
 - g) Resurrection vol.-V (2018-19)
Adviser : Dr. C. Chetia; Editor : Violina Lahon
 - h) Resurrection vol.-VI (2019-20)
Adviser : Mrs B.R. Phukan; Editor : Bagmita Dutta

7. **Conduction of Certificate course:**

- a) 'Spoken English Course' during 2003-04 and 2004-05
- b) 'DOEACC - ITES (Information Technology Enabled Services) Course' during 2007-08 and 2008-09)
- c) 'Communication Skills' during 2015-16.

8. **Student-Teacher Exchange Programme** for 6th Semester Students with Margherita College on 20.03.2015. Teacher involved : Pabitra Bharali

9. **Celebration of Special events** : Celebration of International Mother Language Day on 21.02.2019. Chairperson : Dr. Mrinal Kr. Gogoi, HoD of Assamese, Digboi College.

Faculty members are dedicatedly involved in encouraging and guiding students in co-curricular activities as well. Students active participations have brought honour to the department. Some select departmental achievements are:

- a) Consolation Prize in Cultural Procession on the theme 'Girl's Today', 51st Annual College Week 2018.
- b) 1st Prize in Science Awareness Procession (Theme - The Pink wareness - Breast cancer awareness on the occasion of 52nd Conference of Assam Science Society held at Digboi College, In-charge : Mrs. B.R. Phukan.
- c) 3rd Prize in Wall Magazine Competition, 52nd Annual College Week 2019. In-charge : Dr. C. Chetia. Editor - Violina Lahon

- d) 2nd Position in Departmental Proceession, 53rd Talent Development Week, 2020. In-charge : Sanjoy Das, Dr. C. Chetia.
- e) 3rd Prize in Wall Magazine Competition, 53rd Talent Development Week, 2020. In-charge : Mrs. B.R. Phukan.

The present magazine 'Literary Ruminations' is the outcome of a long-cherished academic endeavour of the department. Its concept germinated way back in 2003 when the department formed the English Forum and planned certain academic exercises under its banner as a part of which the department conducted. Courses on Spoken English, enacted dramas, published wall magazines and organized seminars (departmental), workshops, interactive sessions and literary quiz as stated above. Of course, the idea of the print magazine could not be materialized due to several factors, the necessary finance being a major one. While taking into account the increase in enrolment in English Major/Honours Programme, the venture has been reworked on by selecting its write-ups not only from the recent students but also from former ones who contributed to wall-magazines or the proposed literary magazine. Former faculty of the department Mrs. Debamita Chakraborty intimated her poetic sensibilities as a token of her goodwill for the department and has been properly accommodated in this volume.

The magazine envisions exercises in literary creations in English by the students of English Major/Honours in particular, although it keeps its door open to other students of the college as well. It is expected to serve as a launching platform for young creative minds to see their creative exercises in print. In addition, it will attempt to track its alumni and former faculties and publish their literary and critical endeavours. Our preoccupations shall be to adorn it with a sound health with a fine blend of creative criticisms and critical creativity.

As a faculty member, I urge upon all associated with the department to contribute towards the healthy growth of the magazine. As In-charge, I take the opportunity to convey my gratefulness to all the contributors of this inaugural issue of 'Literary Ruminations'. I thank my colleagues and students for their supports. My special and sincere thanks are due to the hon'ble Principal Dr. Dip Saikia for the financial assistance towards publication of this issue.

Date : 01-02-2020

Dr. Pabitra Bharali

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My Scars

✍️... *Bagmita Dutta*
BA 6th Semester.

Have you seen my scars?
The scars that I hid behind my smile
The scars that I hid behind my silence
The scars that I hid in my tears
The scars that I hid in the pages
My scars diagnosed as eternity of grief...

Have you seen my laugh?
You've noticed my filthy mouth
You've witnessed my anguish
But you failed to look into it
My laugh diagnosed as unerasable scars!



Voice of the Delicate Soul

✍... *Manju Kumari*

Session : 2012-15

My heart weeps to see myself in chains,
Chains of the society,
Fear of being alone.
Fear from my own loved ones,
Shall I not find Peace?
Shall I not enjoy my life?
Why? Tell me why?
What was my fault?
Only that I was born a girl !
Or that I was the reason of someone's happiness ?
I was meant to be someone's world.
But you didn't allow me to live.
Neither you allowed me to die.
I am dying every hour.
I am dying every minute.
Don't I have the right to be happy?
Don't I have the right to be free?
Tell me why? Oh please! Tell me why?



Sunshine in the Rain!

✎...*Violina Lahon*

BA 6th Semester.

Went to see the Sunset today,
Though there was nothing new
There were old vibes good and few
The Crimson sky throughout the horizon...
Mesmerizing and beautiful.
The faded memories took shape in the clouds.....
The inaudible childhood was way to loud.
The flying kites were no more seen

The front yard of my house was no more green.
And few people here sit like I do...
at the bay of the gray memories.....
Relating nature with life.....
And few people here

Count love lost and gained

And few people here.....
Find Sunshine in the Rain!



To The Floral Hoverer

✍... *Kajal Dey*
BA 6th Semester.

O the butterfly! hoverer of fragrant flowers!
Thy adoration the petals beautify,
Thy secret love they hold high
You move from flower to flower
Help them diverse their number,
O how I cherish your carefree life! ○

What if the Sun forgets to Shine

✍... *Priyanka Sonowal*
Session : 2017-18

Ever wondered what would happen
If for agility the Sun forgets to shine?
The world won't wake up,
The birds won't chirp
The new drops will fail to quench our thirst
Giddiness shall adore man and the wild
The gloominess of Sun will bleed the Earth! ○

An Eyegasm

✍️... *Rashmi Dutta*

Session : 1998-2001

While I'm searching for a glimmer,
As my miseries and sorrows simmer,
In the prevailing darkness blind
The darkness gets deeper and deeper
Pitch , Black, Scary , Horrifying kind.
I'm motionless and still
As I sweat , strive and scream
Though in a deep sleep
I can hear , I can feel,
That my senses defy me , as I grip
My arms and my limbs refuse me and I trip.
I'm overtaken , I'm overpowered
It's 'sleep paralysis' that makes me feel lowered
But the sudden enlightenment on me showered
An illumination , a divine halo that dispelled
The utter darkness -
Pitch , Black , Scary , Horrifying kind.
The halo of salvation
The halo of redemption
The halo of karma , mukti , moksha
Saving the religious , the righteous and the holy
From the clutches of the sinful , the impious , the disgraceful
and the unholy.
I regain my lost sense
To feel the divine presence
The spiritual presence - Oh! An eyegasm !

Appearing so real , so live ,
My charming Lord Krishna
With his sweetest consort Radha
Swinging away in glory
In the most ornate and flowery
-- The Divine Swing
In a pastoral setting
As if the beautiful Vrindavan canvassed in a painting.
The musical chanting of ---
" Hare Krishna , Hare Krishna "
The singing and the dancing of ---
The Gopis and the Cowherd Boys
The chirping birds , tweeting sparrows
The fleeting Golden Doe
All at the feet and toe
Of our Lord and Lady
Showering blessings to the needy.
In the divine dream , the eyegasm
The illumination still sparkling,
The sound of the conch still blowing,
The aroma of sandalwood still lingering
Dispelling all the darkness---
Pitch , Black , Scary , Horrifying kind !

○○○

Mystery Forest

✎... *Manam Mili*

Session : 2013-16

She started off sane and sober
For a journey of her own,
Packed some smiles and tears with her,
And stumbled upon a forest darker-greener;
Mysterious beings everywhere,
But fragrantly, did she pass the dusk and dawn,
Day by day, cleverer and clearer.

Light bugs, wild roses, sad poppies
Ever more curious to see;
With every step, the ground echoed
And the darkness knew her even as she tip-toed,
Covered in bruises, none could tell now who she might be
That girl roaming like gypsies.

Now to go back home is to turn away
From the challenges that she is bound
To uphold in that sorcerer's nest;
Home is a garden where she won't rest,
Happy, they exclaimed for she's found!
O! the forest of mystery running on the way!!



Dance of the Tadpole

✍... *Ritupal Saikia*

Session : 2011-14

I see those tiny newborns,
On the muddy pond water
Making their joyful moves.

Away from the cloud,
Is the tiny one,
That holds my sight.

Floating upright, its mouth
Touching the surface and
Its tail making continuous movements.

Begin the dance making loops
A smaller one with its head,
And a bigger one with its tail
Lasting less than a second.

After those glorious moves,
It plunges into the muddy water
Leaving me helpless, but
Just to wait for it again. ○

Inspiration

✍... *Preety Chetry*

Session : 2011-14

Your love
Comforts my heart,
When I am alone
Your gentle query,
Welcomes me;
To share my thought
Your concern guides me
Your care...
In times of need.
Your smile...
Cheers my world
Inviting me to laugh
Your belief in me
Gives me courage;
To follow my dreams
Your prayer and Wishes
Lead me to success;
And reminds me, you are
One of the best gifts
I have ○

Forever

✍... *Nang Sukholakhita Wailong*

Session : 2012-15

Forever we remain oblivious to the future,
Lost to the past and enduring our torture,
Forever we take chances to settle our scores,
Losing some battles and winning some war.
Forever praying out loud hoping someone will hear,
Forever crying softly but never shedding a tear.
Forever we exist behind a disguise,
O! the belief in forever keeps our heart alive! ○

Parting

✍... *Bandita Gogoi*

Session : 2013-16

I look at them,
From far as I stand
My only beloved friends move away
As they leave me alone on the way
I look at them with tears in my eyes
With no one to wipe them dry
The people I see all around
Have friends to take them in ride
But me! I am left behind.
To walk all alone leaving my past aside!! ○

A Little Deed of Happiness

✎... *Deepannita Dey*

Session : 2014-17

On the greens I see,
a person working so hard.
His hands busy planting a seed.

Not one, not two but hundreds together.
But he handles it with care.

He cares for it, for he can see in it,
Different people becoming happy with his simple deed.

He needs no money, he needs no fame,
But a little name of his in our prayers.

He unknown to us wants us to be happy.

Shouldn't we praise him
for this, little but
greet deed?



Mother Earth

✎... *Evangeline Bodra*

Session : 2016-19

This Mother Earth, who gives us life;
This Mother Earth, Heart filled with strife,
We love her not, though love we Should;
Her death we plot, for life's "own good".

She gives us air, food and home.
That's not enough we humans scream;
With greedy lust, our mouths do foam,
With evil hopes, our eyes do gleam

Her air we fill
With smoke and death;
Ourselves we kill;
For lack of breath;
The sea once clean,
Now choked with waste;
To drink, we fear
As death makes haste.

The soil once pure and full of life,
Now barren sand of farmers' strife;
No longer she can stand our "love",
Now we must flee like a scattered dove.



A Selfish Sea

✍... *Purabi Sonowal*

Session : 2017-18

Sea of Sound,
Sky of pain,
Sleepless nights,
Thousand colours flashing
Through my eyes,
In Search of an alibi,
Looking beyond what
Seems to be the end,
Is a glimpse of hope,
or bitter sense.
Joy to the world we say,
But with a simple sense
Selfish, bitter, crying games.
Every soul out there for himself.
Wash it away with tears,
But gain back the strength to fight.
You never know what lies ahead
But what lies within you!

The Dreams of a Sprout

✍... *Akashitara Nath*

BA 4th Semester

In green and red suits
They unfold mysteries
with armies and guns
They tell us epic histories.

They teach me to fight
And give me strength
Like a mentor or a teacher
Or just a friend

My entire childhood past
In dreaming their existence
They lived in history
I now have evidence

I am a sprout
just fourteen plus two
I now have faith
My heroes are true.



The Dark Waves in Jammu and Kashmir

✎... **Sharmistha Boral**

Session : 2012-15

The Place of heaven on the earth
And the paradise of people's heart
Lost its beauty in a single night...
Strong flow of water took away
All the happiness of their life...
People were borne to the safe sites
But children remained empty in stomachs
The ungrateful waves overhurlled everything.

The happiness, the peace, the joy of being in heaven.
It all smashed away.
The waves turned to bitter tears
And pain in heart.
With the loss of life and belongings,
The waves brought fear to the eyes
Yet the hope is there
To regain the heaven and its springs.

○○○

My Mom, My World!

✍️... *Shahnaz Farhin*
BA 2nd Semester

Sometimes I really ponder,
How my Mom is such a wonder!
She brought me into this world,
And helped to unwrap it's beauty fold by fold
There she was always holding my hand,
Helping me to walk, teaching me to stand.

Every thought of her makes me smile,
Every pain of her makes me cry.

Loving and Selfless as she is
My first teacher my first friend
My Mom, My World!



Nature's Cry

✎... Anindita Hazarika

Session : 2013-16

My walks amidst nature reindorses Her love
But oh! The people,
Why don't they feel the beauty of it?
Why don't they give a chance to themselves,
To fall in fancy and romance with the sweetness of nature?
When mother earth becomes angry,
Calamities occur,
None else, but we become the sufferer.
With drops in eyes she
Is there no one left to love nature?
Is there no one left to console the nature? ○

Transgender

By ... Megha Dey
BA 2nd Semester

A taboo
in a society priding in morality
It's Creation Not them
who sidelined them
Separated in society institution workplace
And from parents
Devoid of shelter
where can they go?
Devoid of livelihood
can they feed themselves
but by curses
For fear of which you
throw a coin
And Not out of love.
When will the society mature
And
accept it as a colour
celebrating togetherness?



Twelve Silver Cups

✎ ... Mahuasri Das

Session : 2012-15

Jeffery was a splendid runner, and at his school sports, he always won all the running prizes. He already had eleven cups. So that year, when he again won another prize for running, he had his twelfth silver cup. He was very pleased. Jeffery's parents were very proud of him. But then a great misfortune grabbed him.

One night, a burglar got into the house and stole all the twelve silver cups. The burglar had no time to take any thing else from the house because Spot, the dog, began to bark. Jeffery's father woke up and heard a noise and tore downstairs, even his Mother woke up and followed her husband downstairs. When father switched on the light, he saw a dark figure running down the garden. His Mother rushed to his room and when she switched on the lights, she saw that Jeffery's cups were stolen. His Father ran into the garden to catch the man, but the man had disappeared. The police came and made lots of enquiry. But nobody seemed to be able to get back those cups.

Jeffery was very unhappy because they were his, and he had been proud of them. He was filled with grief. His mother tried to console him. The police-man took a lot of notes and asked a great many questions, but was unable to catch the thief, though he said he felt sure that he knew who it was. Two weeks went by and nothing was heard of the twelve silver cups. Jeffery's parents were also very much tensed for Jeffery, as he almost went into depression. Then another bad luck came to Jeffery. He lost his tortoise !

He had Slow Coach, his tortoise, for six years, and was fond of the quaint old creature. He had two pets – a dog named "Spot" and the other, the tortoise, named "Slow Coach." Jeffery loved them very much. Slow

Coach would let Jeffery tickle him under the chin and would always poke his head out when Jeffery whistled a special whistle. But now he was gone ! 'Oh, Mother, where do you think he can be?' Jeffery asked his mother. He said he had hunted over every bit of the garden. His Mother said that he must have escaped into someone else's garden.

Jeffery went to look at the fence, and he looked very carefully indeed. "Mother was right !" Jeffery uttered. The wire was not so strong and Spot had scraped at it, and bent it back in one place so that he might get into the big ploughed field at the back. The brown shell of the tortoise is so like the earth that he won't be able to see him if Slow Coach was right under his nose. Jeffery asked Spot to come and help him. He said to Spot 'Find Slow Coach ! May be your nose will find what my eyes can't!'

Spot squeezed through the hole in the wire and danced over the field, yelping. He sniffed here and there and then he and Jeffery both saw the same thing ! In the middle of the field a piece of earth flew up into the air and then another. Jeffery ran over the furrows and when he got to the place, he laughed 'Its old Slow Coach burying himself for the winter. He said. 'What a long way you've walked over the field, Slow Coach!' 'Waff !' Said Spot, and danced around the tortoise. There was nothing much to be seen of him except one hind leg, for he was now half buried. Jeffery pulled Slow Coach gently out of the soil. 'Slow Coach, you have your own box of moss and bracken at home in the shed, he said. That's where you sleep for the winter, not in a damp, cold field. Where you might be hoed up! Come along !"

Spot went to the hole and sniffed there. Then he began to scrape excitedly at the earth, and in a few moments Jeffery was spattered from head to foot with flying soil.

'Stop, Spot, Stop!' he yelled. 'Are you thinking of burying yourself for the winter, too ? you're not a tortoise ! Don't be silly !'

But Spot wouldn't stop. He went on and on digging and then a strange thing happened. He pulled hard at a dirty brown rope, and yelped loudly.

Jeffery put the tortoise down and helped, Spot. He pulled at the rope - and a sack came slowly up from the earth. Something inside it clinked. Jeffery undid the rope and looked inside the little sack. Yes, the thing had hurriedly buried them in the middle of the field, meaning to return for them when it was safe. The twelve silver cups all were in the dirty sack, very dull and tarnished, and with scratches here and there but it was safe.

With Slow Coach in one hand, the sack over his shoulder and Spot yelping round his feet excitedly, Jeffery rushed home.

He shouted with joy and hugged his mother. He yelled, "I've found my twelve silver cups. At least Slow Coach really found them up; but I've got them, I've got them, I've got them!"



Resurrection

✍ ... Beedya Banik
Session : 2013-16

'Won it at last!' John said as he entered the palace recently captured!
'Yes my Sir! This is the greatest battle I have faced in life' - saying this king Albert sat relaxed at the throne newly won.

The sentinel came in. The king asked - "What's it?"

Princess Rosaline. The king made a gesture.

The princess came in followed by a throng of crying children and wailing women. The cries brought silence to the king! The Princess left without uttering a word.

The sad souls were taken to the shelter after some time. Night came over. All the courtiers fell fast asleep, but John Albert was disturbed in the mind. He thought over and over again!

He was also a serious hunter, his court and hall wore shoes of pure leather. He claimed Rosaline's hand – what was wrong in it? He was the bravest and most powerful king in the continent. For Krome's unsupportive behavior he has prove it to him again.

'Yes, I have won it!' Albert tried to calm his mind. He closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but sleep was a far word now. He got up, wore his robes and went to the shelters silently.

He could hear the women's continuous wailing from the distance. He entered the sheltering hall. He saw the marks of tears on the cheeks of tired children who had fallen asleep.

He came back; passed a restless night.

Next morning, he called the court. The captured king Krome was produced at the court. Princess Rosaline was also called in.

'You have opened my eyes, dear princess ! we are all going to live a new life' - saying this, king Albert freed king Krome and led to the throne.

The whole court turned stone for a moment. And then there were the applauds.

'I have an order! King Krome declared, 'Capture the prince, John.'

The court became silent again!

Capture John for Rosaline's marriage!

A radiance glowed over king Albert. He said to himself - " Humanity over powers Animality!"

The Power Of Silence

✍ ... **Bikash Dutta**

Session : 2012-15

Joe was an old man aged 75 years. He lived very happily and formed a beautiful family. His children grew up and moved to different cities to pursue good career. He lived in a small village carrying the memories of his deceased wife. Joe had four grand children and they used to visit him during their holidays.

And it was the vacation time and Joe was eagerly waiting for the arrival of his grand children. He was preparing his home for the kids, cleaning the home, mowing the garden, rearranging the household items, buying the favourite foods and dress for the children. In this busy arrangements, he lost his favourite watch.

The watch was gifted by his dead wife when their first child was born. Joe treasured the watch and it became his sole companion after his wife's death.

He forgot the watch in the pleasure of receiving the kids at home. It was only the next day when he was about to take bath, he remembered that the watch was missing. He saw the watch last when he was arranging things in the barns. He was shocked and felt very upset.

His grand children asked him why he was so dull and what troubled him.

Joe said, 'Dear children, I lost the most precious watch I have ever had and I ever got in my life. It was gifted by Your Grandma and I lost it while cleaning the home. I feel I'm missing my heart'. Joe was in tears and the children promised him that they would search the watch for him.

One granddaughter asked, 'Grandpa, do you remember when you saw the watch last, before it was missing?'

Joe told, 'I guess when I was cleaning the barn !'

The children decided to search for the watch in the barn. The barn

was full of waste materials, books, scraps, broken furniture etc.

The children searched for more than two hours with the help of Joe and a servant, but could not find it. Joe was completely shattered and asked the children to stop searching as they could not find anything. The kids were also very sad, and consoled their Grandfather.

One grandson again moved to the barn, and Joe asked why he was going there again. The little boy requested others not to follow him and remain silent.

While the others were little surprised, they still followed him. The little boy went to the barn and sat there in silence.

The other children reached him and asked him what he was doing and the little boy asked them not to make noise.

He sat there for about 15 minutes and then rushed to his Grandfather. Yes, he got the watch and happily gave it to Joe.

He was surprised and asked how he was able to find it. The little boy replied 'I sat there without making a noise and the barn was so silent. And then the 'Tick tick tick !'

The power of sound! The power of silence!



Sustenance

By ...Steffi Gomes

Session : 2016-19

It was a Sunny Sunday noon. Pinky and Pratik were getting bored. They had watched enough of television. Just then Pratik remembered his remote controller that he had bought from the market. He hurriedly run to the storage room and looked for his remote. Pinky followed him too. She asked, "What is it, Pratik?"

"It's a remote, sister, But I don't know what to do with this", said Pratik.

Then Pinky thought of something. She took the remote and pressed a button. As soon as she pressed, they both felt dizzy. When they opened their eyes, they were surprised to look at their surroundings. They saw a big castle with two massive doors. They didn't know which door to enter. So they choosed the first door.

The door opened up to a vast deserted land. They stepped inside and saw nothing, so they came out and opened the next door. It opened to a dark, awful place. As they stepped inside, a huge monster stood behind them. Pinky and Pratik started screaming.

The huge monster said, "why are you screaming ? Can't you see, I am the Garbage monster created by you – the humans. You dumped all waste on earth, destroyed its beauty and created your own lavish world. I am the result of you reckless behavior."

Pinky and Pratik realized what they and the humans have done. They apologized to the monster and requested him to let them go. They also promised that they would take care of the environment from now on.

The monster took mercy and left them.

Pinky and Pratik murmured, "Our Nature, Our Future!"



Spiritual Realism: A new era

✍️... *Bipasa Saha*

BA 4th Semester

Spirituality is a broad concept that has many approaches of its own. At its most basic level, it deals with the idea of being concerned with the human spirit or soul as opposed to material or physical things. Digging deeper, spirituality also connects with people's belief in the presence of a greater body which guides us towards the right path. However, the definition of spirituality is different for every other individual. Some may believe that spirituality is closely linked with a church, temple or any other religious body while others believe that their spirituality resides with the idea of the Greater Good and finding their own individuality through it.

Spirituality itself is a vast depth of human faith on which almost everyone believes ardently. For ages, people have believed that there is a Superior power which holds the world together and binds us into a delicate string of hope, strength and humanity.

How ever, the world has evolved over the years. Scientific developments, after a complete period of technological boom has caused a shift in people's faith and religious beliefs.

The times have changed.

There was a time when one could blindly believe in another being and hold onto their faith without any doubt or query. A time when black was easy to differentiate from white. But that time is lost now. Development and change has helped us move forward towards the future. But it has also brought a new age of clarity as well as scepticism. Where everything is clearer, the grass, more greener; the world has also learned to see everything from under the microscope. And by everything I mean Spirituality too.

Following a religion is holy. But to completely submerge ourselves in our faith that we follow any superstition blindly, without any objection - is

that a right thing to do?

I have always believed that our spirituality defines our character. However, anything which is overdone can be harmful. Having belief is good, it is the positivity that the world needs. But is having a blind belief acceptable?

Realism in spirituality is just the link that connects these two worlds - the pre-scientific age of blind faith and superstitions and the post-scientific age (of blind faith and superstitions) and the post scientific age (of sceptical scrutiny) -together.

The new world has exploded into a new culture, giving rise to imagination and creativity. It has given people a chance to accept their individual thoughts. This battle between spirituality and reality has brought together a new thought. We have our new beliefs that tell us that science is the future and then, we have our old beliefs that teach us that religion is our past. And we are stuck in between. And to solve this dilemma of human beings, we introduced something new -Spiritual Realism.

Spiritual realism is for people who believe in spirituality but who refuse to blind themselves with superstitions, magical thinking and hostile emotions that come along from these superficial norms of religion and spirituality. We are all a part of a global institution. Divided by oceans but connected by humanity, we want to step forward in this world and also stay atuned to our spirituality. This new age hardly knows what gave birth to the spirituality and religions of the past. But yet, we want to believe in it. Though, in this new era of spiritual realism, we have gained a new clarity.

Our beliefs are still equally stronger than they were a few decades ago, but we have managed to break apart from the blindness that existed along with it. We have learned to comprehend what is unjustifiable and what is just.

We understand what we can explain, we absorb what we feel is just and we keep what we know is morally acceptable. We want an answer to every question. And we only accept what we have an answer to.

Still, we human beings are, at the end of the day, spiritual beings. Surely, we can accept, explore and believe in the spiritual faith without

accepting superstitions, magical thinking, hostile religious thoughts and infantine god worship.

Spiritual realism is a concept which enables us to think rationally and be realistic in our search for the spiritual. It gives us the power of reason and understanding. On our quest to find the spiritual, it gives us the power to think in the highest regard.

Spiritual realism accepts all that is good and positive for the world and rejects everything that is hostile and negative for our existence.

In our journey to find the wonders of the universe and the centre of our existence, spiritual realism gives us hope of positivity and success. Even though the world is a big, unsolved mystery to us, we believe in its force and take it as a challenge.

Spiritual realism rejects anything that can be morally unethical and corrupted. Any practice or process which disrupts the positive energy of our souls and destructs the universal humanity of the Earth is deemed negative and wrong by the beliefs of spiritual realism.

Spiritual realism has brought a certain harmony in this world that nullifies any ill-practice and encourages us to live in peace with others as well as with our ourselves.

But are we right in changing all these norms that have been going on for centuries? Our views are clashing with those of our ancestors. Is our transition of faith disappointing our elders and hurting their long-held beliefs and faiths?

Spiritual realism is the new era of spirituality and religious culture. But are we correct in breaking apart from the old values?

A practice accepted by millions becomes a culture.

Is this new era of spiritual realism really the beginning of a new culture? Or does it only make the end of one?



Psychic Identity in D.H. Lawrence's novel *Sons and Lovers*

✍️... Asharika Barua

Daisymol Joseph

Evangeline Bodra

Session : 2016-19

'Sons and Lovers' by D.H. Lawrence is the story of the Morel family set in a small mining village in North England in the early 20th Century. It deals with ties connecting mother and son with an emotional precision and a clarity of compelling detail which derive in part from the autobiographical nature of the novel. The total meaning of the novel – Gertrude Morel's love for the second son, Paul – depends not on the moral pattern displayed by the shape of the action, but on the powerful symbolic patterns of suggestion which bring out the psychological truth of the relationship. It is universality of this theme which has made 'Sons and Lovers' a perennial classic.

In psychology, identity relates to self-image, self-esteem and individuality. Psychologists most commonly use the term to describe the idiosyncratic things that make a person unique. The characters in 'Sons and Lovers' went through self tormentation that had a heavy impact on their psychic identity. The character, Paul came under the influence of oedipus complex.

To begin with, the most significant aspect of the novel is its concern for psychic state of the characters. The story of the midland miner's son, Paul Morel, is replete with the psychic conflicts. Paul Morel was born to an unrefined miner, Mr. Walter Morel and a refined cultured woman Mrs. Gertrude Morel. As he grows up, Paul is introduced to a life filled with abusiveness, which he realises, had long drawn his mother in to it. Mr. and Mrs. Morel, and the influence of this on their children are all transcribed from the life of the author, David Herbert Richard Lawrence. The environment surrounding Paul and Mrs. Morel's strong will to protect her children owes a

large influence of his mother on him. Mrs. Morel who feels dejected and unhappy with her own life vicariously lives through the lives of her children, the constant protection and care disturbs the normal balance between the child and his mother. Her constant interruption are like boulders in Paul's way into maturity. Lawrence infuses the psychological state of oedipus complex here which is a psychoanalytical theory of Sigmund Freud. Freud refers to the study of mother fixation or the child's excessive love for the opposite sex parent at the cost of the other. It is thought as a necessary stage of psychosexual development. This theory is based on the 5th century B.C. Greek mythology character Oedipus who unwillingly kills his father Laius and marries his mother Jocasta. Lawrence made infantile sexuality his subject in the novel which he himself has experienced in his real life.

Mrs. Morel makes her children husband substitutes for the dissatisfaction towards her husband and for emotional fulfillment in them. Mrs. Morel's jealousy for other women in her sons' lives always created waves of conflict. Her elder son William torn with conflict between his mother and his love for 'Gipsy', suffered from terrible spiritual anguish and finally died. Mrs. Morel makes her second son the victim of her love. The damaging effect of the influence of Mrs. Morel is best seen in her relationship with Paul. He loves her almost like a lover, and watches every physical movement of her with delight when they go out for a walk they are almost like lovers. Mrs. Morel, too, loves him more than her other children and feels "As if the naval string that had connected its frail body with hers, had not been broken". The mother is the very axis and pole of his life.

Paul's love for Miriam is a desperate attempt to free him from the excessive attachment to his mother. But he cannot give to Miriam what he has already given to his mother and this resulted in the terrible and torturing conflict with him, and the disharmony between him and the woman who wants all his love, to her he can give but half. Mrs. Morel is jealous of Miriam because she will suck all his soul and leave nothing for her. Therefore, she does her best to break her relationship. Paul is conscious of the damaging influence of his mother on him.

The battle of sexes is the central theme of Lawrence's novels and in 'Sons and Lovers' it takes the form of conflict between the mother and Miriam for the soul of Paul. Paul is aware of his need for both of them, but

can give himself wholly to neither of them. The result is intense and heart-breaking suffering. In the latter part of the novel, the conflict between Miriam and Mrs. Morel is replaced by the conflict between Miriam and Clara. Unable to reach satisfactory relationship with Miriam, Paul turns to Clara. But the relationship is as unsatisfying as the previous one for the dark shadow of the mother-image is also there. Paul is incapable of satisfactory sexual adjustment owing to his mother-fixation. The oedipus-complex was weakened and it stunted him emotionally. Mrs. Morel and Miriam are both wrong in being too possessive. Both want to possess the soul of Paul. Clara is also over possessive as far as the body of Paul is considered. She disgusts him with her constant love-making and kissing even in day time and in the office. Successful 'Polarisation' would have resulted had these woman recognised that Paul was a separate identity with a separate soul of his own, who can reach fulfilment in his own way. Mrs. Morel failed to recognise this truth and so ruined the life of Paul and his father. To a very large extent her damaging influence is responsible for the tragedy of Paul.

Many incidents in the novel are based on the experiences of Lawrence but we must remember that a novel is primarily a work of art, and even when it is based on the personal experiences of the writer, it is not a faithful reproduction of the facts of life. The facts of life undergo a process of imaginative selection and ordering, and the whole experience has to be re-organised and shaped for the purpose of art and that is what Lawrence has done in most of his novels.

From the discussion we can derive the following conclusions :-

- ◆ Paul vacillates between hatred and love for all the women in his life, including his mother at times.
- ◆ Mrs. Morel, Miriam and Clara failed to recognize that Paul has a separate soul of his own.
- ◆ The over possessiveness and the love of the mother proved to be the damaging influence that inflicted tragedy in Paul's life.
- ◆ The disturbing childhood of Paul made him a victim of Oedipus Complex.

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The Funny Side of English

By ... Saurav Sharma

Session : 2011-14

English is one of the most widely spoken languages in the world. One out of every seven people in the world speaks English. English has the most widest vocabulary, half of the books over the world are written in English or have been translated to English. Billions of telephonic calls, emails across the world consist of English letters. English to be true is the noblest language which has generated great master pieces in literature. Never the less, after all these achievements of English, there is also a funnier side to it which half of the world's population have either thought or will think after the lines below:

French fries were not invented in French.

There is no egg in eggplant or ham in hamburger.

Neither apple nor pine is pineapple.

If the plural of box is boxes, why is the plural of ox, oxen? If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, why doesn't a humanitarian eat humans?

Why do people recite at a play, and play at a recital?

How do we ship by truck and send cargo by ship?

Have noses that run and feet that smell?

Park on driveways and drive on parkways?

Sweetmeats are candies, sweetbreads are meat.

We take English for granted. But if we explore or think about it's paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square, and guinea pig is not from Guinea and nor a pig.

Why is that writers write but fingers don't fing?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth and choose, cheese? One goose, two geese, So one moose should be two meese? When a house burn up, it burns down? You fill in a form by filling it out, and an alarm clock goes off by going out. And why, when I wind up my watch, I start it but when I wind up this essay, I end it?



Man and Nature

✍ ... **Reeya Sarkar**

BA 6th Semester

When man and Nature meets, the question is what kind of relationship do they have. The relationship between human and nature can be described in different ways; it can be beautiful, cruel or at times puzzling. Human responds to nature in different ways. Based on their surrounding, humans can simply accept nature, deal with their situation, or make efforts to change it. Human evolution has been necessitated by nature from the time human beings were Homo Sapiens and eventually becoming modern men.

Human beings constantly developed alternative ways of coordinating with nature. Humans are forced to contend with the changing patterns of weather; and other natural processes affected human until they found out ways of dealing with it using advanced technology.

The interaction between environment and society depends largely on the social and political system. Even the capitalistic and socialistic system of perceptions and reactions to the environment are quite different. The differential interactions are due to human distribution of natural resources, uneven economic and social development, difference in demographic factors, varying view points of the governments and individuals towards environment, etc.

Man cannot be considered in isolation from his environment. On this world, the needs of people still differ enormously. At one time the environmental problems debated in international organizations would predominantly have been those recognized by the developed countries. In the society, man is connected with his environment by constant interaction. As a clean mind requires clean body, similarly a clean environment is essential for a clean society. The basic prerequisite for translating the healthy living environment for the future will thus be to outline an ideal model life for human society, a model of its culture, its style for living its needs, its materials and its production on the basis of the development for which it will be possible to satisfy demands, etc. Moving to this modernization, we have reached to a point of time where it is required to give a serious think to the environmental problems resulting from this modernization. ♦♦

Man and Environment

✍️... **Ismita Nath**
BA 6th Semester

Man and environment are inter-related. The environment influences the life of human beings and also human beings modify their environment as a result of their growth, dispersal, activities, death, decay etc.

Thus all living beings including man and their environment are mutually reactive affecting each other in a number of ways and a dynamic equilibrium is possible in between the two i.e. human beings (Society) and environment.

The different social structures like industrial, agricultural, religious, aesthetic etc. have developed during various stages of human civilization and these structures represent human being's accumulated cultural resources based on natural environment. The interaction between environment and society depends largely on the social and political system. The differential interactions are due to uneven distribution of natural resources, uneven economic and social development, dissimilarity of demographic factors, varying view point of the governments and individuals towards environment etc. The burning issues like quality of environment, disruption of earth's natural ecosystem, environmental degradation and pollution, ecological imbalances, depletion of resources etc. can be approached and solved only after considering the value judgements which may be determined by taking into account the consequences of environment programme on the entire society and society's response towards the improvement programmes.



Kindness to Animals

By... **Nandita Bordoloi**

Session : 2011-14

We all know that kindness is a great virtue and important duty of man. It is rightly said by Sir Charles Darwin that "the love for all living creatures is the most noble attribute of man." But most men take it in a limited sense and think that it is enough if they are kind to their fellowmen only. The idea of kindness to other creatures does not enter their minds.

This is regrettable indeed since all living creatures are offsprings of a common father. According to Sri Aurobindo "Life is Life - whether in cat, or dog or man. There is no difference between a cat or a man, the idea of difference is a human conception for man's own advantage." It's clear that kindness should be extended to all these creatures alike. No doubt man has become the lord of creation by virtue of his intellect. That is the reason why he should be kind to his weaker fellow-creatures. It is a pity that we often forget this duty and treat cruelly with many animals, even with those that do us good.

Let us take the case of the cow. She gives us milk, and ploughs our fields and in fact, acts like mother, But She is cruelly with treated when she fails us for some reason. Immanuel Kant rightly observed "We can judge the hearts of a man by his treatment of animals.

All this is not only ingratitude but cruelty and an offence in the eye of God. These dumb creatures cannot speak, but they feel and suffer as man does." Unseen they suffer, unheard they cry, in agony they linger and in loveliness. they die." So it is the duty of every man to be kind to animals, as no act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.



Live your Identity

✍️... **Christopher Budding**

BA 6th Semester

Our Identity comprises of our personal characteristics, feelings or beliefs that distinguish us from other individuals. We primarily get our identity from our parents. Besides we build up our identity from our peers and Media. A person who accepts his own moral and psychological identity becomes open to all that life in reality is. Capable of personal direction, he may pursue his goals with some degree of satisfaction and learn to appreciate who he is.

We visualize our identity in relation to others. "In psychotherapy a person learns how to see himself both as an individual and as a part of humankind."

He experiences givings and receivings from others. He learns that he has the capacity to enrich others and to be enriched by them. Personal identity can be achieved in no other way".



Positive Outlook: The key to success

✍️... Sumi Seal
Session : 2013:16

'I can' is a word that gives wing to one's dream and it gives success in his/her life. It is a normal thing for human minds to get confused about different things in life. But it is a common thing in human life that we all get confused between "I can" and "I Can't". First of all we must know why this confusion occurs at all. It begins because most of us create a painful mental exercise, without experiencing it in reality, by deviated imagination or self-talk. When such imaginations or self-talks are negative, disabling and weakening, the result is the beginning of "I Can't".

The "I Can't" thinking is self destructive and commonly held by most of us" Why do people say "I can't" ? Before saying can't" they Should say "I'll try" or "I can" and then "I'll try my level best."

Some key values for success are

- ◆ Instant building of self confidence;
- ◆ Removing of negative thoughts.
- ◆ Choosing action for desired result which will motivate one to be effective and progressive each moment; and
- ◆ Improving the mind by reading the classics.

The need is to change outlook : Instead of fearing shadows, we should search the source of light behind the shadow.



The Deluge

✍... **Debamita Chakraborty**
Faculty (1994-2008)

It had rained incessantly
It was as if someone had viciously ripped open the skies,
The rain poured and showed no signs of letting up,
I was shivering and was plunged into darkness :
Scared as hell, I was almost numb.
Surrounded by a raging river I stood still
It's severity seemed unpredictable:
Unused to the vagaries of nature I was dumbstruck!
The deafening sounds of thunder,
the roiling river made me tongue-tied,
It was a catastrophe and I trembled...
A firm hand held my palm in an iron grip,
A quiver coursed through my veins
I could see a silhouette of a knight
Who helped me across a makeshift bridge
My saviour, who carried me through the slushes
My bridge of life, My Messiah.



YOURS SINCERELY

✉... Dr Chandana Chetia

The other day I attended a lecture on the 'importance of ethics in modern society'. It was very motivating ; I yearned to be the perfect individual described there-in the person who is free of all vices like telling lies, selfishness, jealousy vengeance , to name a few. The " perfect " individual has only good qualities in him --- selfishness, purity of thought , sympathetic nature , so on and so forth. On introspection , I found that I am indeed a very bad person. However, I also concluded that all the bad qualities that I have , could be justified ! Consider the following very carefully and decide for yourself.

You say that being selfish is bad.... Agreed. But show me a single person who is not selfish. You might be doing a lot of social service but ask yourself - why do you do it? You do it because it makes you happy or because it's your ideal in life. But then it's YOUR happiness YOUR ideal . You help others to satisfy YOUR conscience because you know that when you have something , you always owe something to people who have nothing. Please don't misunderstand me; I don't mean that selfishness is a virtue . I'm only saying that it's not as bad as it is portrayed by the people. Each and every individual is selfish - he lives for himself and only himself. When you stop saying " I " , there is nothing but void. Keep saying 'I ' but also learn to say 'we' . Infact , people call you selfish not for pursuing your own good (everybody does that) before neglecting your neighbours. (On the lighter side , neighbours will always appreciate selfishness for it is they who'll profit by it !)

Then consider jealousy. Jealousy plays a very important role in love. When you love a person very much , you tend to become possessive about that person. And this possessiveness manifests itself in the form of jealousy - you become jealous not of the person but of some other X, Y, Z's , in his / her life , who cry upon the time that the person would've

otherwise spent with you . Let me drive home this point by a simple example . Suppose X and you are very good friends. 'X' makes a new friend 'Y' and you find neglected by 'X' because of now , you become jealous of 'Y' . It's quite natural. That jealousy you realize because of the importance of 'X' in your life. Of course . it'll be terrible if this trait makes you do some physical harm to Y. Too much of anything is bad . You should be jealous , but only to a certain limit.(and mind you , no one but you yourself can decide what the limit is.....)

Let me now come to a very 'interesting' vice -telling lies. Ask yourself - have you not lied to anybody during the past 2-3 days? Taken in the very strict sense , any trivial lie that you say even for fun , is also a lie (the sin type) . But then the most playful and harmless pranks have their origin in lies . Everybody enjoys the pranks but if you were to sit in judgement upon me , then playing pranks would be stamped as 'sin' or 'crime'. Telling lies , therefore is okay as long as it does no harm , whatsoever , to anybody.

Let's look at this from an entirely different viewpoint. Imagine all, and I mean 'all' people on this earth were good. What the would the lawyers and policeman do? And how would anybody become famous then? (for their virtues? because there are so many bad people exist in the world. You realize the importance of being good. (as the saying goes-" But for the fools , we would not have prospered") And only because there's a bit of hatred , you yearn for true love. But for sorrow, you would'nt have appreciated happiness. Among all the species , that God has created , only man has the power to think, to reason, to feel and to express those feelings. Man was made to experience a wide range of emotions --- happiness , sorrow, sympathy, jealousy , love , tolerance, greed, selfishness, pain etc. So, let's experience all the emotions and then decide for ourselves what's good and what's not. Don't you think when God has bestowed on us so many qualities , he would have given us a little bit of brains to sift the bad from the good ? Finally , though I may be bad , I'm happy the way I am. Given a chance to become someone else,

I'd still prefer to be myself. And I would 't want to be perfect person . That's because being selfish makes some things my very own and thanks to jealousy , I have realized the importance of some people in my life (i.e my place in other people's lives) And finally , I just can't stop speaking "silly " lies to play pranks on my friends ! Food for thought : (lines from 'Goodbye' by Alan Lewis" Everything we renounce except ourselves ; Selfishness is the last of all to go ; Our signs are exhalations of the earth, Our footprints leave a track across the snow".)



THOUGHT AND SPEECH PRESENTATION IN JAMES JOYCE'S SHORT STORY "THE BOARDING HOUSE": A Stylistics Perspective

Sanjoy Das

Introduction:

Stylistics is a branch of Applied Linguistics and basically deals with the study of style in literary and verbal language and the effect the writer/speaker wishes to communicate to the reader/hearer. It is a method of textual interpretation based on a systematic analysis of the different linguistic features of the text. The aim of this research paper is to make a stylistics analysis of one of the most famous short stories of James Joyce namely "The Boarding House" taking into account the aspects of speech and thought presentation.

In literary works, speech and thought presentations are two distinctive markers. They are techniques and devices that novelists employ to communicate their own or their

character's point of view. Usually the novelists report the events from their own point of view and the main events in the third or first person and in the simple past or present tense. But in order to save the narrative from being monotonous, the novelists report what the characters said or thought and try to reproduce their speeches as faithfully as possible. An author has a number of choices in the manner the thought and speech of the characters is displayed. He or she can use the actual words uttered by the characters without any modification and can create an impression that the characters are speaking in our presence. He or she can also just refer to the nature of the speech made by the characters without quoting the actual words.

This paper focuses on analyzing thought and speech presentation in the story by means of stylistic approach proposed by Leech and Short (2007). According to them there are five techniques in speech and thought presentation in fiction. They are:

1. Narrative Report of Speech Act/Narrative Report of Thought Act	NRSA/NRTA
2. Indirect Speech/Indirect Thought	IS/IT
3. Free Indirect Speech/Free Indirect Thought	FIS/FIT
4. Direct Speech/Direct Thought	DS/DT
5. Free Direct Speech/ Free Direct Thought	FDS/FDT

The Presentation of Speech:

1. Narrative Report of Speech Act (NRSA): It is more indirect than indirect speech. Here the narrator does not reproduce the actual words uttered by the person whose speech is being reported. When a writer reports the speech made by a person without actually quoting the words uttered by him, we see the event entirely from the writer's perspective. E.g.:
He promised his return.
2. Direct Speech (DS): In Direct Speech, the words uttered by the speaker are quoted within inverted commas. A narrator uses the Direct Speech to report verbatim what a character said in a particular context. E.g.:
He said, "I'll come back here to see you again tomorrow".
3. Free Direct Speech (FDS): Here the characters speak directly without the intermediacy of the narrator and consequently the reporting clause is omitted in the presentation of such a speech. E.g.:
'I'll come back here to see you again tomorrow'.
4. Indirect Speech (IS): Here the words of the speaker are reproduced in the third person with a reporting verb and the speech is presented from the point of view of the narrator. In Indirect Speech, the reported speech is always dependent on the reporting verb and the narrator intervenes as an interpreter between the readers and the person whose speech he reports. For example-
He said that he would return there to see her the following day.
5. Free Indirect Speech (FIS): It occupies a place between direct speech and indirect speech. In Free Indirect Speech, the reporting verb is omitted but the function of the 'tense' is similar to that of its

function in Indirect Speech. Free indirect speech is neither a verbatim reproduction of the original speech nor is it a mere indirect rendering of the original. For example-
He would return there to see her again the following day.

The Presentation of Thought:

Just as the speech can be presented as NRSA, IS, FIS, DS, FDS the thoughts of the characters can also be presented as NRTA, IT, FIT, DT, FDT.

1. Narrative Report of Thought Act (NRTA): Here the writer does not reproduce the thought of the characters; he simply records the character's thought process. For example-
He longed for a change. (NRTA)
2. Direct Thought (DT): Here the thought of the character is reproduced verbatim by the narrator. For example-
He wondered, "Will I ever see her again?"
3. Free Direct Thought (FDT): Here the thought of the character is presented directly without the intermediacy of the narrator, and, consequently, the reporting clause is omitted in presenting the thought. For example-Will I ever see her again?
4. Indirect Thought (IT): Here the thought of the character is reported in the third person with a reporting verb. For example-
He wondered if he would ever see her again.
5. Free Indirect Thought (FIT): It occupies a place between direct thought and indirect thought. As Leech and Short point out "the FIT version differs from that of DT by virtue of the backshift of the tense and conversion of the first person pronoun to the third person (Indirect features) and also by the absence of a reporting clause and the retention of the interrogative form and question mark (Direct features). For example-
Would he ever see her again?"

Now before we look into the stylistic features of thought and speech presentation in James Joyce's short story 'The Boarding House', it is

pertinent to know the story in brief. 'The Boarding House' describes 'an affair' between Polly, the daughter of Mrs. Mooney who runs a boarding house and a young boarder. Mrs. Mooney's boarding house is occupied by music-hall performers, tourists and a few young Dublin clerks. When Mrs. Mooney's daughter Polly becomes involved with one of the boarders, Mr. Doran, a clerk in his mid-thirties, Mrs. Mooney does not interfere; she rather allows the affair to continue till the other boarders have noticed it. At an opportune moment, she insists that Mr. Doran marry her daughter. Mr. Doran, who has already started to worry about his involvement with Polly, is worried that his employer might get to know of his affair with Polly. He also fears that Polly might try to 'put an end to herself', if he does not marry her. Knowing full well that his family will look down on this marriage as Polly belongs to a lower social class; Mr. Doran agrees to marry her. However, the whole story is not taken here for study; only two extracts from the short story are chosen for stylistic analysis. The reason is that these extracts form an important part of the story and very much serve the purpose of the stylistic analysis. The first extract delineates the inner vexed and confused state of mind of Mr. Doran and the manifestations of it in his outward activities. The second extract presents a more relaxed and visibly less perturbation side of Polly which she experiences after meeting Mr. Doran.

The Extract for Analysis:

Extract 1-

(1) Mr. Doran was very anxious indeed this Sunday morning. (2) He had made two attempts to shave but his hand had been so unsteady that he had been obliged to desist. (3) Three days' reddish beard fringed his jaws and every two or three minutes a mist gathered on his glasses so that he had to take them off and polish them with his pocket-handkerchief. (4) The recollection of his confession of the night before was a cause of acute pain to him; (5) The priest had drawn out every ridiculous detail of the affair and in the end had so magnified his sin that he was almost thankful at being afforded a loophole of reparation. (6) The harm was done.

(7) What could he do now but marry her or run away? (8) He could not brazen it out. (9) The affair would be sure to be talked of and his employer would be certain to hear of it. (10) Dublin is such a small city: everyone knows everyone else's business. (11) He felt his heart leap warmly in his throat as he heard in his excited imagination old Mr. Leonard calling out in his rasping voice: "Send Mr. Doran here, please." (12) All his long years of service gone for nothing! (13) All his industry and diligence thrown away! (14) As a young man he had sown his wild oats, of course; ((15) He had boasted of his free-thinking and denied the existence of God to his companions in public-houses. (16) But that was all passed and done with...nearly. (17) He still bought a copy of Reynolds's Newspaper every week but he attended to his religious duties and for nine-tenths of the year lived a regular life. (18) He had money enough to settle down on; (19) It was not that. (20) But the family would look down on her. (21) First of all there was her disreputable father and then her mother's boarding house was beginning to get certain fame. (22) He had a notion that he was being had. (23) He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing. (24) She was a little vulgar; (25) Some times she said "I seen" and "If I had've known." (26) But what would grammar matter if he really loved her? (27) He could not make up his mind whether to like her or despise her for what she had done. (28) Of course he had done it too. (29) His instinct urged him to remain free, not to marry. (30) Once you are married you are done for, it said. (31) While he was sitting helplessly on the side of the bed in shirt and trousers she tapped lightly at his door and entered. (32) She told him all, that she had made a clean breast of it to her mother and that her mother would speak with him that morning. (33) She cried and threw her arms round his neck, saying: "O Bob! Bob! What am I to do? (34) What am I to do at all?" (35) She would put an end to herself, she said.

Extract 2:

(36) Polly sat for a little time on the side of the bed, crying. (37) Then she dried her eyes and went over to the looking-glass. (38) She

dipped the end of the towel in the water-jug and refreshed her eyes with the cool water. (39) She looked at herself in profile and readjusted a hairpin above her ear. (40) Then she went back to the bed again and sat at the foot. (41) She regarded the pillows for a long time and the sight of them awakened in her mind secret, amiable memories. (42) She rested the nape of her neck against the cool iron bed-rail and fell into a reverie. (43) There was no longer any perturbation visible on her face. (44) She waited on patiently, almost cheerfully, without alarm. (45) Her memories gradually giving place to hopes and visions of the future. (46) Her hopes and visions were so intricate that she no longer saw the white pillows on which her gaze was fixed or remembered that she was waiting for anything. (47) At last she heard her mother calling. (48) She started to her feet and ran to the banisters. (49) "Polly! Polly! (50) "Yes, mamma?" (51) "Come down, dear. (52) Mr. Doran wants to speak to you. (53) Then she remembered what she had been waiting.

Analysis of the extract:

Table 1: Categories of Speech Presentation

Category	Brief Description	Example from the extract	Sentences in the extract	(%) in the extract
Narrator's Report of speech act (NRSA)	Reference to an illocutionary force of utterance or utterances	She looked at herself in profile and readjusted a hairpin above her ear. (Sentence-39).	Sentence(s): 15; 19; 28; 39 (Total:04)	17%
Indirect Speech (IS)	Representation of an utterance or utterances via a reporting clause (e.g., he said) followed by a grammatically subordinated reported clause. The language	She told him all, that she had made a clean breast of it to her mother and that her mother would speak with him that morning.	Sentence (s):32; 22 (Total:02)	08%

	used in the reported clause is appropriate to the narrator (in terms of pronoun, tense, lexis, etc.)	(Sentence-32)		
Free Indirect Speech (FIS)	Representation of an utterance or utterances without a reporting clause (e.g. he said)	He had made two attempts to shave but his hand had been so unsteady that he had been obliged to desist. (Sentence-2)	Sentences: 2;14;17;18; 24;35;37;38 ;40;47 (Total:10)	42%
Direct Speech (DS)	Representation of an utterance or utterances via a reporting clause (e.g. he said) followed by a grammatically independent reported clause, which is typically enclosed in quotation marks. The language used in the reported clause is appropriate to the speaking character (in terms of pronoun, tense, lexis, etc.)	Sometimes she said "I seen" and "If I had've known." (Sentence 25)	Sentence(s) : 11;25;33; (Total-03)	12%
Free direct speech (FDS)	Representation of an utterance or utterances without a reporting clause (e.g. he said) and using language that is appropriate to the speaker (in terms of pronoun, tense, lexis, etc.). The speaker speaks directly without the intimacy of the narrator.	What am I to do at all? (Sentence- 34)	Sentence (s): 34; 49-52 (Total-05)	21%
		TOTAL	24	100%

Table 2: Categories of Thought Presentation2

Category	Brief description	Example from the extract	Sentences in the extract	(%) in the extract
Narrative report of thought act (NRTA)	Simply, the thought process of the character is recorded.	Mr Doran was very anxious indeed this Sunday morning. (Sentence -1)	Sentence(s): 1; 3; 4; 12;13; 29; 43; (Total-07)	24%
Indirect Thought (IT)	The thought of the character is reported in the third person with a reporting verb.	While he was sitting helplessly on the side of the bed in shirt and trousers she tapped lightly at his door and entered. (Sentence-31)	Sentence(s) 5;20;21;31;41;42; 44;45;46;53;36 (Total-11)	38%
Free Indirect Thought (FIT)	It differs from DT by virtue of the backshift of the tense and the conversion of the first person pronoun to the third person (indirect features) and also by the absence of a reporting clause and the retention of the interrogative form and question mark.	The harm was done. (Sentence-6)	Sentence(s) 6;7;8;9;10;16 (Total-06)	21%
Direct Thought(DT)	The thought of the character is reproduced verbatim by the narrator.	Nil	Nil	
Free Direct Thought (FDT)	The thought of the character is presented directly without the intermediacy of the narrator, and consequently, the reporting clause is omitted in presenting the thought.	What could he do now but marry her or run away?	Sentence (s): 23;26;27;30;48 (Total-05)	17%
		TOTAL	29	100%

Findings and Conclusion:

The analysis of the above two extracts shows that there is a little bit of more use of thought presentation than speech presentation. The table shows that James Joyce uses more thought presentation in the story and thus gives more importance to the inner thought process of the characters. To bring out the theme of the story, it was crucial for the author to make proper use of the thought presentation. There is maximum use of indirect thought (38%) which shows that the narrator is just a reporter of the inner world of his characters. He stays outside the realm of the characters world and looks at it as a detached onlooker. Regarding the use of NRTA, FIT and FDT the author uses (24%), (21%) and (17%) respectively which shows the author's intrusion into the inner world of his characters. The table also shows that there is no use of DT in the story.

As regards the use of speech presentation, the author uses maximum amount of FIS (42%) in contrast to just minimal use of IS (08%). Thus the abundant use of FIS creates an authorial voice which distances the reader from the words of the characters. The second most used speech presentation is NRSA (17%). It was mostly used by the author to describe an event. Next speech presentation which is used in the story is DS (12%). With its use the author tries to present the story from the point of view of the protagonist.

To sum up the author has used speech and thought presentation as two distinctive markers and devices to communicate his and the characters point of views in a very lucid manner. The application of these two markers or techniques also helps present the theme of the story very successfully to the readers.



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TIME AND DECAY IN SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

Baby Ritu Phukan

Time is the general term for the conscious experience of duration, and it is a concept which deals with the occurrence of events. Time always seem to be mysteriously slipping away from us; no sooner do we grasp a bit of it in our consciousness, then it has slipped away into the past. Time allows man to grow each moment, create and re-create, and in this process, time eventually leads to decay and death, devouring everything. Every moment is a moment of change and ultimately we came to realize that mutability is the fact of life. With the passage of time, the Elizabethan age which believed to be god-centered has changed its views to man-centered, where man was the nodal point; i.e. religious existence was sufficiently dormant and new humanism existed.

Shakespeare, through his numerous sonnets tries to illustrate the fact that 'Time' is the 'Destroyer'. To pursue Shakespeare's ideas about time, we must do it largely through the images he uses. He thinks more in symbols and in emotional and moral intuitions. He tells an idea not by its internal logical coherence, but rather by its appeal to his imagination, his heart, and his moral sense, and by its applicability in a real situation or a concrete image. For instance, the image of ruins is associated in one poem with the poet's old age, and in another with the decay of most durable structure by the agency of time, we can infer that Shakespeare associates the loss of youth and physical beauty with the break-down of an order and structure occasioned by the decay of time.

T.S. Eliot says: 'We die in every moment'. In Sonnet 60, Shakespeare sees in one sweep all man's life from birth to death and identifies the process of time with death. The passing of the minutes is part of the whole system of death in which time involves us.

To defy the ravages of time, Shakespeare looks at material things, however

durable or constructed with craft and skill and perceives that nevertheless they fall and decay. In Sonnet 64 there is a curious acceleration of the destructive process of time, which makes the cliffs and towers seem to crumble in a moment- a mockery of their seeming strength. The flux of time is expressed and the very sound and rhythm of the perpetual change and destruction of the sea-coast is evoked in the line:

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store; (Sonnet 64)

The waves seem to beat against the rocks and retreat again and again. To 'destroy' means literally to "unstructure" : time attacks order and form. Time attacks identity itself, as stated in the following line:

Or state itself confounded to decay; (Sonnet 64)

Here 'state' means not only the pomp and dignity of high position or great riches, but also echoes the meaning of the same in the previous line: a concept as basic as 'form', 'existence' or 'identity' - the grid-lines of creation itself.

The process of decay which gives time its duration is evoked in various images in the sonnets. While talking about the ravages of time, Shakespeare could not let go the image of the dying flower

*Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:* (Sonnet 18)

A flower has no strength at all, and the pathos of this total powerlessness when pitted against the brutal 'rage' of time is enormously effective.

The effectiveness of the flower image used in this way lies largely in the fact that flowers are among the most delicately ordered and intricately formed of creations; they exemplify beauty; but they are at the same time the most fragile of natural objects. The bitter pathos in the dying flower-image lay in the fact that Shakespeare saw value and purpose in something which he could not consider at that time as anything but subject to the laws of time. The tragedy of beauty and love is that they demand of us imperatively a recognition and belief in their ultimate value and purpose, but that they exist within the world of time, seemingly ruled over by an unutterable determinism.

Shakespeare looks at his young friend and at his own youth and sees the forces arrayed against them:

*Against my love shall be as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn;* (Sonnet 63)

Time is a tyrant who destroys all that he rules over. Time's assault is perhaps only an external thing. Here social externals are shown to be transient -

*Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die."* (Sonnet 25)

Time is also the destroyer of the moral order in man, if he succumbs to its tyranny. Time, the corrupter of the flesh, is also the corrupter of the soul. It corrupts us if we involved ourselves with externals, with the world of social favor and outward show that is subject to time. And if we are only creatures of time, then we are governed in our every action by an irreversible deterministic process. The love that is rooted in one is subject to time's laws, and is ended by the bitterness of satiety or forgetfulness. The tragedy of Troilus and Cressida is precisely that sensual love is created but also destroyed by time; this feeling is strong in the sonnets. Time rules autocratically over all false outward appearances, falsifier of true vision, and the deceiver of true sight.

Shakespeare's idea of time then has developed, from a vision of time as the destroyer of order and beauty, through the conception of time as the ruler of external and material things, towards an ethic in which time becomes the corrupter of the soul and the senses when human beings yield to the domination of its determinism. All these effects of time seem to aim a destructive blow at love: for love is nourished by beauty which time destroys. Shakespeare tries to solve these problems of time by a most inadequate answer - the possibility of reproduction. Life builds and orders, records the past, reproduces itself for the future; and is Shakespeare's first answer to the problem of time. If the special beauty of

his friend is forever doomed it may at least be partially and imperfectly transmitted to the future through his children:

*This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.* (Sonnet 2)

All forms of beauty are only platonic shadows of his substance. Shakespeare here faces the problem of T. S. Eliot:

*Time and the bell have buried the day
The black cloud carries the sun away
Will the sunflower turn to us, will the clematis
Stray down; bend us; tendril and spray* (From *Burnt Norton*)

It is not enough that the cycle of season will bring another spring. There is something special and particular that must, it seems, pass away. While searching for another answer to the problem of beauty's transience, Shakespeare comes to the point that 'love' and 'verse' are the defiers of 'time'. He always speaks of time as an enemy to be defied, never as a power whose laws are to be accepted and submitted to. The phrase 'Devouring Time' in the first line of Sonnet 19 is suggestive from Ovid's *Metamorphosis* and it is in desperation that he defies time with his poetry, admitting that beauty will pass away, but asserting that something can be rescued from its wreck:

*But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worse, old Time, despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young,* (Sonnet 19)

The word 'love' in this last line is perhaps ambiguous: it could refer not only to Shakespeare's friend but also to his own feeling of love. Shakespeare is groping towards a conception of beauty as the effect of love, which can be preserved, where beauty cannot.

The sonnets not only describe the fear of losing youth by the ravages of time, there is an undercurrent of terror at his own personal extinction

and, worse still a foreboding that perhaps the love which the poet feels and celebrate will itself fade away. Of course, if we accept the suggestion that beauty was to Shakespeare the externalization of love, then the vanishing of beauty would naturally imply the disappearance of love. "Every poem" is "an epitaph" in a sense; and each of these poems celebrates and attempts to externalize a state of mind and soul that may pass away. And ultimately, the power of poetry proves to be an inadequate answer to the problem of time; as it can only preserve beauty when it is informed by love but it does not guarantee the endurance to love itself. Poetry merely extends the memory of love (and hence the beauty is projected by love on what is loved) in time; it is only a recording not the perpetuation of an entity. What Shakespeare is looking for is a vision of love which is eternally valid in itself, which triumph over time not just by being recorded, but by being independent of time. Shakespeare's final answer is that true beauty is internal; that true beauty is generated by a kind of love to which time is irrelevant.

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Quantum Poetics

- Dr. Pabitra Bharali

Literature reflects human development and that way major movements of science have found space in literary works; e.g. Geocentric to Heliocentric to centre-less universe. In other words, as a mirror of society, literary works depicts scientific developments as well. Use of scientific terminology by literary person is a notable phenomenon. T. S. Eliot's view in his seminal essay 'Tradition and the Individual Talent' that the poetic mind is a receptacle that works as a catalyst for poetic output is a fitting example of it. Quantum poetics - poetics based on relativity theories and particle physics - developed by Charles Olson during the middle of the twentieth century showcases one significant poetic reading that uses 'scientific' ideas to poetry.

The concept of quantum poetics developed as a result of the belief in the loss of dignity of a poet in front of a scientist. While highlighting it, critics such as William Carlos Williams (*The Embodiment of Knowledge* 51) and I.A. Richards (*Science and Poetry*, 1927. 15) insisted on the development of a new poetics that could draw upon the revolutions introduced by twentieth-century relativity theories and particle physics. If poets want to remain a significant force in the age of Einstein, they need to develop a quantum poetics.

The term "quantum poetics" was introduced by Patricia Monaghan in her dissertation of the same name, where she analyzed the ways Wallace Stevens, Linda Gregg, and other American writers incorporated ideas from modern physics into their poetry. Daniel Albright's *Quantum Poetics* is an examination of the works of Yeats, Pound, and Eliot in light of their studies of physics. Of course it is Charles Olson who helped his peers establish a poetics founded upon insights from physics. His *Projective Verse* (1950) draws heavily from special theory of relativity. He called for a poetic meter based on the poet's breathing and an open construction based on sound and the linking of perceptions rather than syntax and

logic. He favoured metre not based on syllable, stress, foot or line but using only the unit of the breath.

According to Williams Carlos Williams, Einstein's 1905 theory of special relativity was in essence a theory of measurements. As he explains, the length of an object is a more fluid attribute than our every-day perceptions lead us to believe. While in everyday life, objects appear to have well-defined shapes and sizes, special relativity predicts that the shape and size of an object are dependent on the relationship between objects and observers. He further observes that an object's shape and size depends on the relationship between the object's velocity and the velocity of an observer. E.g., if a poet who is stationary on earth sees a rocket heading towards the earth at an extraordinarily high velocity, that rocket would appear to shrink, or "contract." However, observers on the rocket would find that nothing about their vessel had changed. Again, a short duration of time for an observer aboard the rocket may seem an eternity for an observer on earth.

Einstein's special relativity synthesized space and time into a single "space-time" unit. For many poets, the revolutionary concept of Einsteinian space-time necessitated a rethinking of poetic space and time. In fact, this 'relativistic or variable foot', as Williams names it, is the fluid poetic metric that replaces the fixed metrics of pre-twentieth century which was Syllable based and regular. For example, the iambic (unstressed+stressed) pentameter has a fixed-metric system:

x / x / x / x / x /

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

x / x / x / x / x /

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

On the other hand, Williams' relativistic/variable foot holds the idea that each line of poetry ought to be read for the same duration of time. In reading a poem in this manner, one must stretch out or lengthen the pronunciation of certain words while foreshortening or contracting the pronunciation of other words.

In Einstein's special relativity rockets and planets stretch and shrink as they move through space-time, in variable foot poetics, words stretch and shrink as they move through the poem. A befitting example is Williams' poem named "St. Francis Einstein of the Daffodils":

*April Einstein has come
to liberate us
[. . .]
April Einstein
[. . .]
has come among the daffodils
shouting
that flowers and men
were created
relatively equal*

In "Projective Verse," Olson advances a system of poetics in which space and time are as "entangled" as they are in Einstein's special relativity. He writes: "if a contemporary poet leaves a space as long as the phrase before it, he means that space to be held . . . an equal length of time": (212)

e.,g. in Incunabula

*love by word of mouth,
 ,love,
 love by mouth.*

As an illustration of this reading strategy, we can analyse Navakanta Baruah's *Eta Premor Podya*. The following two readings depict how poetic metre has been explored, time has been spaced to evoke the sense words stand for:

- monot porene arundhoti=monot porene=arundhoti

-monot porene arundhoti=monot porene space-time=arundhoti space-time

Quantum Poetics is the poetics of particle physics as Poets use physicist's particle theories to analyse poetry. Just as Quantum mechanics envisions a world of indeterminacy, chance and chaos. The atomic school

of poetry believes that a poem's strongest meanings reside in its smallest elements- symbol, image, vortex.

A host of works have come up on quantum poetics the notable among them being Daniel Albright's *Quantum Poetics: Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and the Science of Modernism*, Joseph Beaver's *Walt Whitman: Poet of Science*, Gillian Beer's "Wave Theory and the Rise of Literary Modernism" *Realism and Representation*, Ian F.A. Bell's *Critic as Scientist: The Modernist Poetics of Ezra Pound*, Scott Buchanan's *Poetry and Mathematics*, Emily Grosholz's "Poems Overheard at a Conference on Relativity Theory", Kurt Brown's (ed) *Verse and Universe: Poems about Science and Mathematics*, Wayne Kobylnski, *Getting to X: Paul Muldoon's Quantum Poetics* and already mentioned Patricia Monaghan's *Quantum Poetics: Science and Spirit in Twentieth Century American Poetry*. These works stress on the discussion of the varied aspects quantum poetics that enrich the creation, analysis and enjoyment of poetry. To conclude, Quantum poetics serves the purpose of popularising complex theories of mathematical/physical sciences.

Works Cited:

- ◆ Albright, Daniel. *Quantum Poetics: Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and the Science of Modernism*.
- ◆ Barua, Nabakanta. "Eta Premor Padya". *Sanchayan*(1971). Ed. Maheswar Neog. *Sahitya Akademi*. 2002. 392-393
- ◆ Charles Olson and the Quest for a Quantum Poetics Poetry. Ed. Stephen Fredman. *Blackwell Publishing*, 2005. pp. 212-230.
- ◆ Monaghan, Patricia. *Quantum Poetics: Science and Spirit in Twentieth Century American Poetry*.
- ◆ Richards, I.A. *Science and Poetry*. M.S.G. Haskell House Publishers; Reprint of 1926 ed., 1982.
- ◆ Williams, William Carlos. *Selected Essays*. New York: *New Directions*, 1969.

Academic Achievements

2013 : Shibashish Purkayastha.

1st class 3rd position with Distinction (66%)

Ruma Nath - 1st class 9th Position (62.44%)

2014 : Rimpi Sonowal - 1st Class 71st Position (63.14%)

Nandita Bordoloi - 1st Class 77th Position (62.57%)

Debashish Dey - 1st Class 84th Position (62.07%)

Shampi Nag - 1st Class 102nd Position (60.21%)

2015 : Manju Kumari - 1st Class (60.93%)

2016 : Manam Mili - 1st Class (64.71%)

Anindita Hazarika - 1st Class (64.64%)

2017 : Madhusmita Baruah - 1st Class 19th Position (68.86%)

Deepannita Dey - 1st Class - 32nd Position (67.21%)

Binita Chetry- 1st Class - 106th Position (60.79%)

Karuna Pradhan - 1st Class - 115th Position (60.07%)

2018 : Sumedha Bhattacharjee - 1st Class (62.85%)

Tanushree Chetry - 1st Class (60%)

2019 : Dikshya Chetry - 1st Class (67.14%)

Evangeline Bodra - 1st Class (61.14%)

Pride of the Dept.

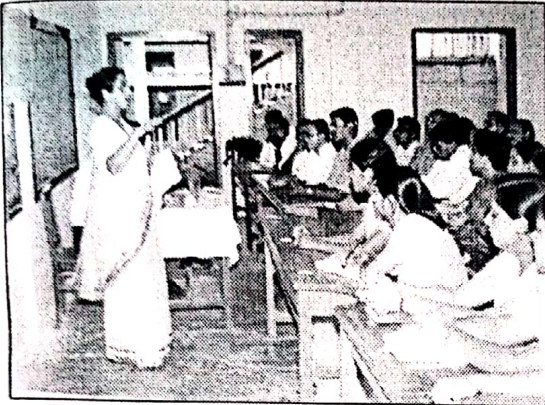


Shibashish Purkayastha

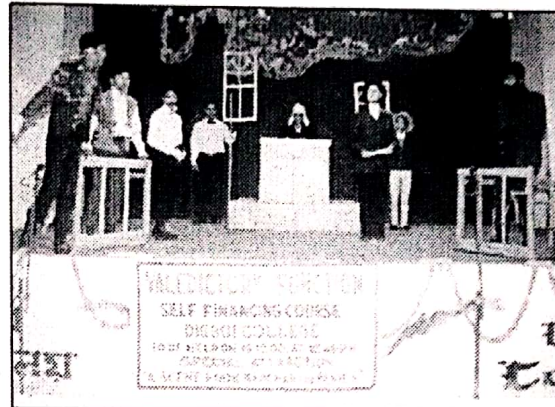
Departmental Achievement in Literary Quizes :

- 1) First Prize in Inter-College Literary Quiz competition organized by Dept. of English DHSK College, Dibrugarh on 29-09-2011
Quiz Team - Shibashish Purkayastha, Rajanikanta Upadhyay, Binod Babu Rajak
- 2) 3rd Prize in Inter-College Literary Quiz Competition organized by Dept. of English, DHSK College, Dibrugarh on 29-09-2012
Quiz Team - Shibashish Purkayastha, Ruma Nath, Shompi Nag
- 3) First Prize in Inter-College Literary Quiz Competition organized by Dept. of English, Digboi College on 31-03-2018
Quiz Team - Sumedha Bhattacharjee, Steffi Gomes, Daisymol Joseph

GLIMPSES OF DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES



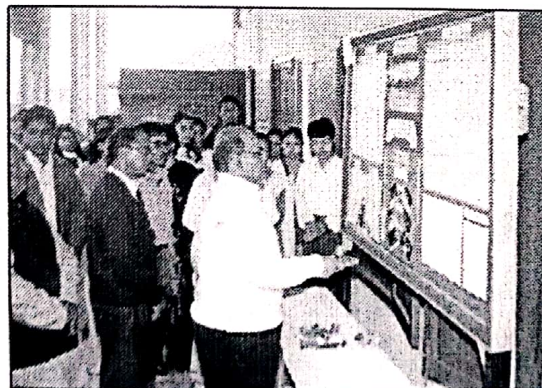
Inauguration of Spoken English Course on 12-08-2003. HOD Ranjumoni Dutta is explaining course objectives.



Performance of "A Scene from The Merchant of Venice" on 15-12-2003.



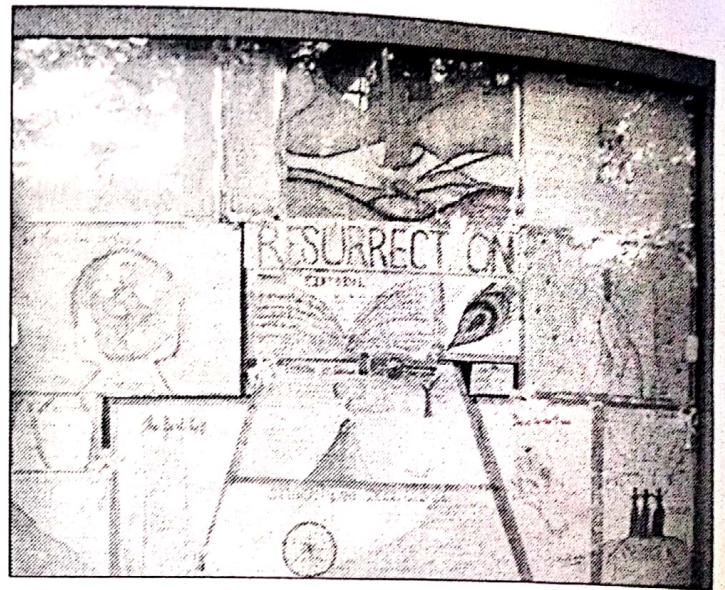
Performance of Stanley Haughton's One act Play "Dear Departed" on 18-11-2004.



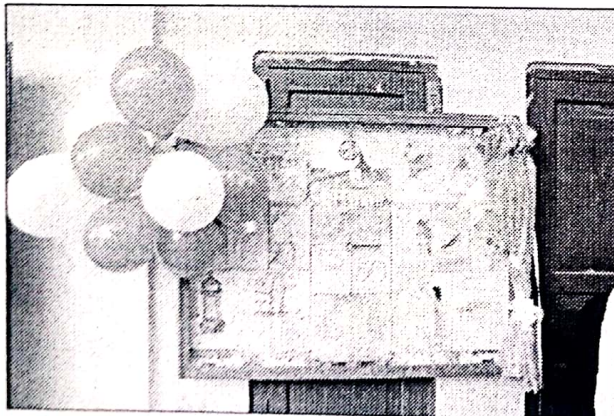
Inauguration of Departmental Wall Magazine *Horizon* on 09-01-2004.



Departmental Wall Magazine,
Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-I
(2012-13)
editor - Debashish Dey,
Advisor - P. Bharali



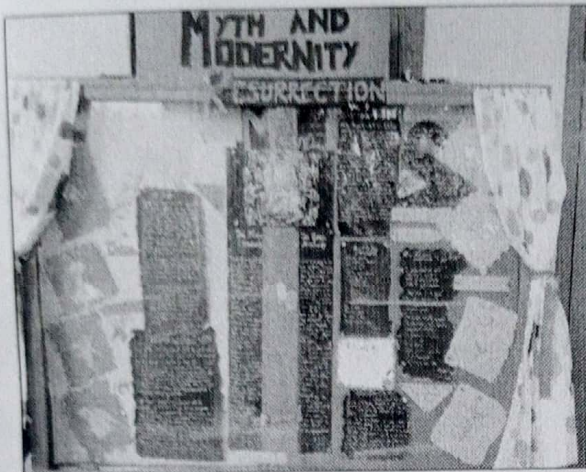
Departmental Wall Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-II (2013-14)
editor - Rimpi Sonowal
Advisor - P. Bharali



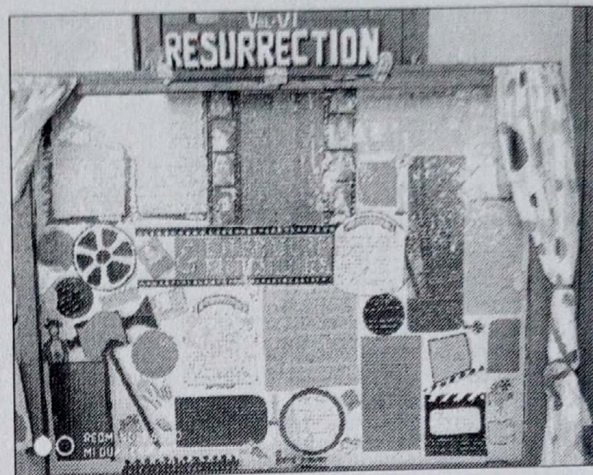
Departmental Wall Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-III (2014-15)
editors - Manju Kumari & Bikash
Dutta, Advisor - P. Bharali



Departmental Wall Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-IV (2017-18)
editor - Junali Baruah
Advisor - S. Das



Departmental Wall Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-V (2018-19)
editor - Violina Lahon
Advisor - Dr. C. Chetia



Departmental Wall Magazine,
Resurrection Vol-VI (2019-20)
editor - Bagmita Dutta
Advisor - B.R. Phukan



Celebration of International
Mother Language Day
on 21-02-2019. Resource
Person Dr. Mrinal Kr. Gogoi



Celebration of International
Mother Language Day
on 21-02-2019. Inaugurator
Dr. Dip Saikia



Principal Dr. Dip Saikia's first instant academic visit to the department. January - 2012



Student-Teacher Exchange Programme with Margherita College on 20-03-2015.



Receiving the Prize for cultural procession (2017-18).
Theme: 'Girls Today'



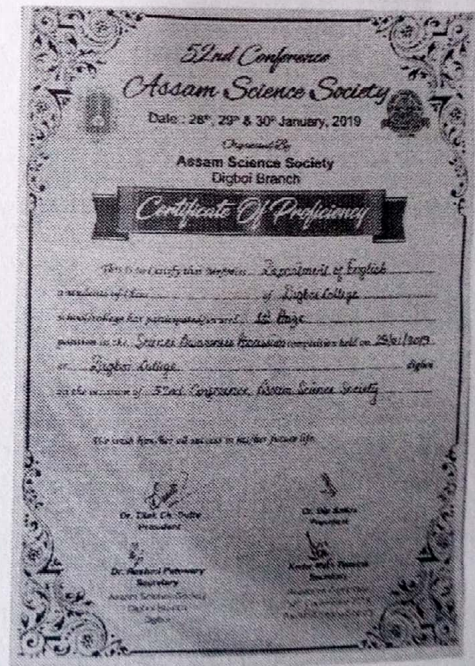
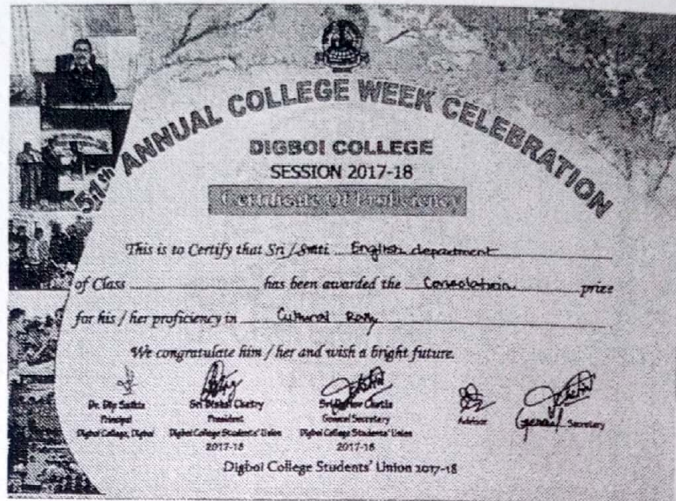
Departmental Cultural procession (2017-18).
Theme: 'Girls Today'

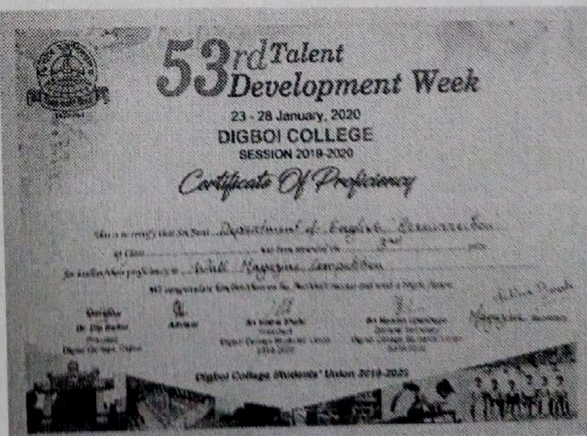
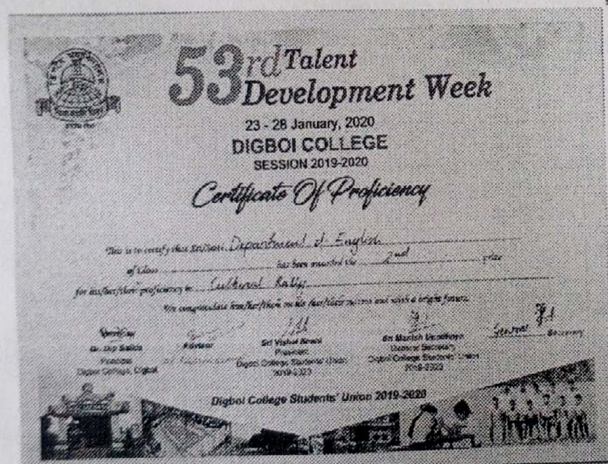


Departmental Cultural procession (2018-19).
Theme: The "PINK" Awareness



Departmental Cultural procession (2019-20).
Theme: "Virtual Addiction"





CHERISHED MOMENTS



