

P R E F A C E

There is a history behind every creation - sweet or bitter, glorious or ignoble. In the mind of the author the past gets into the present, and the present looks back with nostalgia over the moments that are no more and are of no interest to the reader. Autobiography transgresses objectivity; the unconscious intrudes, and the skeleton in the cupboard comes out and walks alive in the corridor.

An amorphous mass crystallizes itself with a local habitation and a name - this is the story behind every creation whether it be the birth of a thought or of supernova. To the environment from which it grows it is ambivalent. It is sustained from and yet stands over against and in opposition to that which surrounds it. And like every child of time, it will have its day and then pass into the silence of eternal Naught.

The central core had started to take shape when the accident of the award of the Griffith Memorial Ras Research Prize in letters in 1959 by Calcutta University tempted the author to start writing. When completed friends suggested that it might be submitted for the Ph.D. of an University. The kind consent of Dr. P. Roy, Reader, University of North Bengal to become the research guide rounded off the series of accidents that results in the ~~present~~ present version of the work.

There is little change between the original and the present version of the work. The changes that have been made are of two types, linguistic and structural.

Although the author has made a systematic search for linguistic slips he cannot guarantee that none has been overlooked. The credit for changes of letter type goes to Dr. Roy whose extensive corrections have been incorporated in the present version.

The author gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Dr. Roy.

Not that the work does not require changes other than the above ones. But, then, when can the misgivings that some faults have been overlooked be completely allayed? Lethargy, coupled with self-cheating feeling that no fundamental changes are required, has dictated the easiest course of letting everything to itself.

The mind of an author inevitably turns to the friends in whose association he has grown and to the teachers at whose feet he has learnt. As regards friends, they are all dissatisfied, for the work, to them, is too conservative. As regards teachers, they are disappointed, for to them it is too radical. And in the humble opinion of the author it is neither.

Conceived, planned, drafted, written, corrected, bound the work with all its redeeming virtues and besetting faults stands out there, independent of everyone who happens to have any hand in it, to meet, like every other creature of time, its destiny.
