

Dedicated to my late father
Vivekananda Bhattacharya who
taught me to read, think and learn
and
my late mother Karunamayee with a
big heart, who donated both her
body and eyes for the furtherance
of science.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that the thesis entitled "Anatomical Knowledge and Anatomy of the Medical Knowledge: Some (post)Colonial Inquiries" submitted for the award of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy of the University of North Bengal, is a record of authentic research work carried out by Jayanta Bhattacharya, MBBS, under my supervision. He was enrolled at this University on 20.10.2003. His Registration Number is 280001. No part of this thesis has been submitted for any other degree or diploma. The help received from various sources has been duly acknowledged. There is nothing in his habits and character which may debar him from being admitted to the degree.

Samar Deb 19.01.10

(Samar Deb)

Supervisor

Acknowledgement

I hope that it would not sound superfluous if I take resort to Wittgenstein – “Knowledge is in the end based on acknowledgement” (*On Certainty*, 378) – for paying my serene feelings to those persons who are in some way or other have made this work possible. It is also an Indian way of expressing one’s inner currents of emotions. If my father were, there he would have been the happiest living person to see this dissertation finished. He does live with me, but does not see it with our ‘earthly’ eyes. My mother does the job of being both mother and father. She is there even in her far away abode of the mortals to shower her blessings to find it finished. She derives blithesome pleasure to know that it is finally completed.

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On my part, I am incapacitated by two quite gnawing handicaps: first, absence of full scale institutional (in academic sense) environment during the whole period of this study, and, second, individually lacking an academic milieu wherein my lacunae could be judged and counter-arguments could be faced.

This deficit has been partially mitigated by an altogether different ambience of continuous psychic and mental nurturance from my family – sometimes hotly debating, even quarrelling and sometimes in a very jovial and playful environment. All these episodes form the collage of a human life in which I am embedded. This spectrum of my life is constituted of all my family members – Bhaskar (my brother), Chandana, Kalpana, Didi (elder sister) and my late Dada (elder brother). My ‘disciplining’ *femme fatale* (Dipa) has always absolved me from my ‘so-called’ family tasks. Should I thank her? Dipa was the invisible (sometimes transcendental) and perpetual source of *élan vital*. Knowledge, if any, should not make me ignoramus or so unscrupulous to thank her with a formal acknowledgement. She is there with me.

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