CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION
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It is a futile attempt to look into the very core of the heart of one either a poet or an ordinary human being. The strangest part also is its min*, which is the wonder of wonders and none can identify it with anything of our visible world. Yet we had the poorest attempt to see the different mins* of the poets who are the truest seers of that wonderful world of*nts but they too sometimes fail* to expose his own world of vision implicitly connected to his inner-self not controllable at the very moment of the inspirations for finest creations. Eternal spirit's eternal pastime begins at that moment and he is outside the ordinary phenomenal world.

We have seen how our rhetoricians touched upon the subject of our topic imagery and how vast it is for its variety. Even in the old classics Sanskrit, Greek, Latin etc. the imagery was in its primordial archetypes to the richer variety. But they had been treated as modern rhetoricians today so. So the very treatment and its angle of vision change* in the hands of the modern reviewers of poetry. As Sanskrit, Latin or Greek poetry is there in its eternal glory as the great epics or works of sublimity but none looked into the newer lights all the ancient works of the great mins*.

As a matter of fact, the Chitrakavya in Sanskrit literature is the old, secular symbolism of western literature and there is nothing like imagism in its crystalise* form in our
own literature, as the western thought has "envelope". It might be a vicious circle to see a symbol and image in the same group. Once discarded a symbol may also come up in its place in the new aesthetic value. But in our own literature we have no such striking development in this field of the imagery and symbolism as we see some particular instances e.g. Lotus which was the independent image some thousand years ago, continues to be so even to this date. In the hoary past poets used it as the standard of similitude first, then it would have presented itself with its sprightliness, perfume and the enchanting colour. It was treated as the symbol of supreme beauty. It bore much similarity with the beautiful face of a "amsel and later on it stood for that. It had with it the ambit of the suggestion of sense.

But trends come and go and in course of time with the appearance of bright new perceptions, the old context of new and fresh sensations might go and then lotus will stand for only lotus and nothing else. It is so evident today when we can enjoy the cricket test on the stadium built on the most topiary or solitary place or a big industrial plant built on a bed of lotuses, is a very busy town now. So the very image can change at our hands. Hardly have we time to stay and stare at the beauty spots or to read a line in the poem about beauty and love as these things are closely related with the "ark realities of life-money, matter, ambitions, social status etc. There is Freud, Jung or Adler to analyse our inner world. So
the primitive min* is visible and libi*o or its transforme*
aspects like anger either for social *istances or class-
struggle aire stronger. That image is bright in the modern
poetry. So others may not be willing to see our images as
valued in a sympathetic attitude now for the fear of such
eyes who can classify Shakespeare for some of the scenes in
his immortal plays as the modern communist, depicting the
donw trodden or their eternal problems.

Abhinavagupta called the delight, the sentiment arous­
ing out of the Chitrakavya or the images thereof as the
legen* of Vasuki and all that are har* facts which cannot
be ignore.*. C.D. Lewis also told us all about the various
poetic impressions as impressions of a hundred sorts, sensu­
ous, lively, lovely and many-hue* forming the image in the
ring-after ring fashion. Myria* minds of poets like Shake­
peare or any one in our perio* attract, but there is, in most
of our poems of the perio under consideration as seen from
the survey though not a complete and successful one, the
Indian concept of the melting heart (s*muti) in poetic expe­
rience which Mallarme called "the tear*rop of exquisite
relish" that makes its appearance in intense poetic experi­
ence, which belongs "the highest summit of serenity where
beauty ravishes our spirit. So something vital was lost to
the poet and our literature, at the same time. Though there
is the spirit of renaissance in Bezbaruis Natun pranar na
chakuyuri *i piti nhali ne tat/Puranl prithivi na-kei chai lao, he bin esharmat" or Agarwala's live spirit to worship beauty as his sole aim in life expose$ in "Sun^arar ara^hama jiwana khel" in the first phase of the romanticism, escapist like Duara has been compelle$ to see the void and great nothing in his "Sunya Parichai". Side by side we have mystics for their own region of faith to rest in the last resort the Spiritual Beauty or Nature and its beauty adored by someone that but it is seen in the last phase the most pleasing ones depicting the life, love in it through the most memorable impressions and experiences of brightest side of youth deeply in love as is the case for all to be attract$ by a particular pair of soothing sweet eyes and heart. So the sensuous images in Raichouhuri, Duara, Barkakati, Gogoi or Barua excel all other types of images in our poetry that have been robb$ of all its old world of romantic imagination by the next generation of poets led by Baruas-Amulya Barua, Hem Barua and Navakanta Barua. The new han$s left those singing in the tune of Edward Storev, one of the members of the Club. T.E. Hulme formed:

"Forsaken lovers, tumbling to a chaste white moon,
Upon strange pyres of loneliness and aught."

And tried to follow Rimbaud's "The sleeper in the valley" for the most powerful imagery: "The whole valley bubble
with sun-beams like a bee glass". And as the new generation of Auden-Spencer-Lewis owed much to the generation of Yeats-
Pound-Eliot our poets also followed in the same way from the Lake poets to the Eliot-Pound-Auden Spirit and inspiration. Even the Chinese ideograms which are pictorial and are parallel to the metaphysicals, Italian Marinism or Baroque poetry in Germany and also the Haiku of Japanese poets along with American Whitman or Pablo Neruda etc. are touched by the present generation now. Anzuleikha is not strictly beautiful as Omar Khayyam thought in her the moon that knew no wane. So the images change according to the sweet will of the poets and behind each poem is the human being as Richard Lewis opined. Images reveal the man.

As the spirit and enthusiasm of renaissance and romanticism create in the minds of the Jonaki and post-Jonaki groups, we see the true picture of their society and its past in their poems as Bezbarua, Agarwala, R.N. Choudhari, Rai-choudhuri could so well depict it. It may not be the criticism of our life but the real picture of a simple, the least complex life of the period though the last phase was the most disturb one for the World War II. Bezbarua was quite right to sing his anthem "O mor aponar aesh..."

Poetry is a mug's game. It is a hard nut to crack and one who is poor in that branch of creation cannot expect much for its beauty or meaning, etc. but those who are initiated in the poetic hieroglyphics it is possible to comprehend it in its subtlety. Even the simple knowledge of grammar and lexicon cannot help. Only the men of taste and instinct, can
learn and follow it quickly. To the province of connisseur
or Sahari\(\text{a}\)i\(\text{a}\)ya it is very easy as he, as an expert in discerning the intricate mess of veiled words and sense, gets into the aesthetic relish of deeper significance. But Sanskrit poetry has no unexpressed sense to be "arkly gathered. There is little ambiguity. Our poems in the period also like those ancient classics in simple lyrical tone are not complex either in structure or in meaning. And poetry has powerful means of imposing its own assumptions, and is very independent of the mental habit of the reader. It should be a sweet thing to have what is best and richest; if it is for the short space only as "eirre in Synge's play said. And our space is so short though the subject before us is a tremendous one. Critics are like barking dogs and some of them merely relieve them against the flower of beauty and those less continent, who afterwards scratch it up. We hope to see the unexplained beauty that arouses an irritation in us and then to find the good place to scratch it for the only reason that a line of verse is likely to give pleasure. The heightened imagination and finer sensibility to beauty from which romanticism sprang also react against the traditional feeling and all valued the supreme worth of imagination. Definitely Wordsworth claimed for imaginative vision an inner veracity, a power of seeing into the life of things not attainable by any other means. We have no such critics like a Coleridge or Hazlitt of the romantic period. Hazlitt described the English
Spying character in a frank way, that they were of a stiff clay, not moulded into every fashion. They were not forward to express their feelings. Our Bezbarua said in such frank way about us in his satire but no literary critic could do the needful though Dr. B.K. Kakati, K.K. Manique tried their best or some of the works of literary value and Dr. Kakati has surveyed some of the old and young poets in brief reviews. So we have no touchstone to our poetry of the period under review though new approaches are made by many. But contemporary critics could have been more successful to do the full bright work as the poets could have been met for the inner views about a poem. And there is no variorum edition of any poetical work by any poet. So our images in this review may also be too imaginative or imaginary at the same time. None can be perfect for others' vision and the inner world; seen through his own species. Blue spectacles making a blue world can be painted out, but not the pseudo-categories which lie behind the eye. So our naked eyes may fail to see all.