Buddhadev Bose is a poet of love. In the field of his poetry he conducted himself with a rare singularity of purpose. The purpose is to nurse the theme of love in an experimental garden, isolated from the stress and strain of life, as far as practicable. As he himself says:

"Loving you I desired like a fool
To have you for me and me only
Detached from the whole world"

(Dayamayee Mahila, Srestha Kabita).

He has neither any illusion about himself as a modern poet, nor any pretension of realism in his poetry. He knows and says it clearly that all he has written are poems of love. *Love is viewed from certain particular points of view. All the intensity of concentrated thought is directed to analyse and appreciate love, with a hope to penetrating the mystery of human nature concealed at the core of love.

This view of love crowning the greatest object of enquiry, may have some thing to do with the personal life of the poet. The poet lost his mother before he could understand what a mother meant to a child. He grew to man-hood under the care of his grand parents. Naturally, the love of a mother for her child, the profoundest of all love, he never could know and this remained an intriguing factor in his life, always luring him to a mysterious, unknown world of love, attractive yet deceptive. But this is

*"What ever I have Written are all - all poetry of love".
(Mrityur Pare Janmar Age, Srestha Kabita).
only one side of the question. Buddhadev Bose is endowed with a very critical mind; with senses so systematically trained that they can usually discern the husk from the core, the smell from the flower, the sound from the string. It is very natural that with such back-ground and such intellectual qualities he would be attracted by a personality like D.H. Lawrence. Lawrence is a soul quivering at the intersection of a magnificent tension between love and body. His passion or rather obsession to grope with the mighty power of love, both elemental and spiritual, terrified the world around him and there is no wonder that the attraction of such a courageous struggle would draw many a restless soul around him. The dark power that Ursula felt flowing through the body of Birkin annoyed many readers in their sleep.* Buddhadev Bose felt the same desire to know the nature of the dark power. Lawrence wanted to know whether social instinct of a man is more powerful than that of the sex instinct. "I think societal instinct is much deeper than sex instinct and societal repression much more devastating".1 Buddhadev Bose does not question the superiority of the social instinct but wants to revive the primitive challenge to the social repression of the sex. Influence of D.H. Lawrence is, therefore, not surprising on the poetry of Buddhadev Bose. Dipti Tripathi also traces Lawrence and Baudelaire's influence on Buddhadev Bose.2 But no attempt has been made to trace Eliot's influence on the poet. One reason for it may be that the impact of Eliot's critical writings and poetry was felt in Bengal only in the 30's of this century. In 1930 Buddhadev Bose had already published his "Bandir Bandana",

* Cf. Woman in love, D.H. Lawrence.
3. Ibid., p.55.
where, according to his own claim, he had found the ground under his feet. The other reason, as we have already noted, is the obvious preoccupation of the poet with the conventional subject matters, like love and its corollaries. Yet we can see that Buddhadev Bose is not free from certain characteristics which are accepted as Eliot's contribution to the modern poetry. These include a critical view of the modern artificial society, preoccupation with the problems of time, uses of images and symbols in a particular manner, rhythm of direct speech etc.

II

In Buddhadev Bose's poetry we come across such imagery and critical view of the modern life. The sketches of modern life depicted in his poetry reminds one of the poetry of Eliot, more than any other Bengali poetry. For example:

"Will you spare a moment? I shall sit beside you
My home is crowded by people,
Besides, there are other problems too
My mother is a highly strung woman,
And the children are noisy".

(Kono Mayer Prati; Srestha Kabita).

Or,

"I do not go out but stay here in this house,
(That means any place where I stay for the moment)

So that some of you may just drop in and spend the Saturday evening with me;

Or may be at 10 A.M. after you take your baby to the school,

With hairs undone easy and homely;

Or some-time in the mid-night in a momentary impulse."

(Swagata Vidaya : Swagata Vidaya)

Again,

"Let us go to Mai to-day

The evening is very beautiful - is not it?

What toys you are buying for Mimi this time?

However to go to the shop is what matters

Do you want any-thing new?

Nothing?

How can you utter such a lie?

(Mai- e, Damayanti).

This type of imageries with casual conversations can be often seen in Eliot's poetry. Let us see a few of them:

"Now Albert is coming back, make yourself a bit smart

He will want to know what you done with mony

he gave you

To get yourself some teeth. He did I was there

You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set

He said, I swear, I can-not bear to look at you."

(The Waste Land).
Or,

"And so you are going abroad
and when do you return?
But that is a useless question
You hardly know when you are coming back,
You will find so much to learn".

(Modern poets, almost always, draw the images of modern life with an oblique reference to the present-day life. Values of life have eroded gradually without our knowledge of it. Concepts and ideals like Truth, Beauty, Love etc. which were thought to have in them unchanging and intrinsic values and qualities, could not avoid the wear and tear in the hands of time. Values are, to a modern man, floating, and as a result, attempt must be made to ascertain them at a given place and time. Universal and eternal values are not generally acceptable to a modern man. We have already noted the treatment of 'love' in modern poetry. Eliot has seen love in his early poems, as an ordinary function of human being, pertaining to his day-to-day life, devoid of any spiritual or even emotional attachment. The assault on the typist is shown as mechanical routine of life and the girl on the canoe says after the act: "I made no comment, What should I resent?" Of course, what Eliot saw in the present day love making is not libido or sub-conscious or even physiology but the utter barrenness of human relation. In the early poems of Buddhadev Bose, we see a new approach to the theme of love with an emphasis on physical aspect of love making. It is a biological aspect of human life and it will force a girl to blossom into woman-hood and take part in the sexual life.
"There is no escape from its hands,
One day the body of all women
Must be filled with the nectar of youth."

(Nirmam Jauban; Damayanti)

Or,

Even the beggar girl who loiters in the street
Is bestowed with beauty—adorned with shyness
And postures of love;
The body becomes full of curves
With graceful movements.

(Do)

There is indeed nothing like the spiritual sterility or barrenness which we see in the poetry of Eliot, present in the poetry of Buddhadev Bose. Yet, we see that love is made devoid of all romantic attachments and even of spirituality, in a sense. Love is prompted by the sexual urge of man and woman and it is a mechanical and a routine matter. So Buddhadev Bose writes:

"You will tell me a lot of lies
And I shall give you a patient hearing, my darling!
In the pale candle light you shall go on
Loving me
My dear love"

(Amantran Ramake, Kankabati-o-Annanya Kabita).

Of course, there are candle lights and the setting is not so realistic as we see in Eliot's poetry:
"On the devan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles and stays"
(The Waste Land)

Besides, there are other modern imageries which remind us of Eliot.

"The lane is ugly slippery with lots of bends
The careless gets hurt from the projected stones.
Like unending debate the smoke from the wet coal fire
Grows up in the air".

(Barser Din? Siter Prarthana Basanter Uttar).

And in Prufrock we see another image of a lane where smokes gather.

Eliot wrote in the similar manner:

"The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes
The yellow smokes that rubs its muzzle on the window panes
Licked its tongue into the corner of the evening
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains"

Eliot describes a city evening by a very uncommon simile, making the image at once realistic and striking:

"Let us go then you and I
When the evening is spread-out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon the table".

(Prufrock)

Buddhadev Bose describes a rainy 16 morning in Calcutta:

"And beneath this rain drops
Calcutta is lying flat on her back"
Like a foolish middle-aged woman
Under the weight of her lustful husband,
Tired, almost lifeless; yet tolerant

(Bristir din : Ek din Chiradin)

Eliot writes:

"O do not ask 'what is it?
Let us go and make our visit
In the room woman come and go
Talking of Michel Angelo"

(Prufrock)

In one of the poems of Buddhadev Bose, a girl is told:

"I shall talk on light and un-important subjects
Which are understandable to you
(If I am at all to speak)
About the theatre we went the other day,
Gossip about our locality,
Or who is the most beautiful actress
in the cine world,
Or else about the merit of bob - cut hair"

(Kono meyer Prati; Kankabati)

Eliot gives us a picture of an old man in his 'Gerontion' a vivid picture of an old man, who is waiting for the rain, a spiritual intermission, in an otherwise meaningless life, being read to by a boy:

"Here I am an old man in a dry mouth
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain".
And Buddhadev Bose gives us the picture of an old man who is not hopeful at all; who has only his past to fall back upon. Memories of the past is the only help for the present and future:

"I am an old man, almost old,
What have I for me in this life?
What to think of save those intense memories?
Spicy, bitter, intoxicating memories"

(Mritur Pare Janmer age; Siter Prarthana...)

Again, there are other images which recall some of the exclusive images of Eliot. For example, Eliot writes in the 'Burnt Norton':

"Footfall; echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose garden."

And Buddhadev Bose writes:

"May be they are only doors
One part opening towards the horizon,
If we go through them to the other side
One day we shall arrive at the riches
Which the eternal time has preserved for us,
That is our inheritance".

(Ek Advut Premi; Ek din Chiradin)

Or,

"Some times in the noon of a day
Looks like another day I saw somewhere
As if the door will open if pushed slightly—
Slightly more.

(Ek din Ghira din - Do)*

The poet feels that there is the other world, on the other side of the door which we all desire to know. But for some unknown reason, we never dare to open that door and step to the other side. This is the mysterious world of reality which according to Eliot, "human kind cannot bear very much". Like the 'Lotos' that rises quietly from the pool and then vanishes abruptly, our view of reality consists of a moment only. Yet, we desire to look at the reality—to go there for a moment. Buddhadev feels the same desire. He waits for that moment to come, though he knows that he will not be able to unlace the shoes in time to enter the shrine of reality. The moment will come abruptly and go before the momentary fear and hesitation are overcome.

"Sometime, even now, I return to that door
The same door, same waiting
As if this moment is another day I know
As if the curtain trembles to be lifted now".

(Ek din Chiradin - Do)

Besides these imageries, there are some other symbols used by both Eliot and Buddhadev Bose. As for example, the cactus symbol. We have already seen how Eliot used this cactus symbol in his poetry. Buddhadev Bose also used the Cactus as a symbol of death and fear of death.

"The coast is covered with deadly cactus,
Here the vermillion mark of a married woman

*This also reminds a reader the story 'Door in the wall' by H.G. Wells.
Turned to blood, falls in drops;
The ghosts whisper to the ears of life".
(Biraha : Damayanti)
Or,
"Forget it, forget the fear,
The fear which is the cactus land of life"
(Mal-e, Srestha Kabita).

In spite of his pre-occupation with love, the poet cannot but see the hollow-
ess of the present society. In fact, it is this awareness about the pre-
sent state of civilization which is responsible for the dualism in his con-
cept of love. In this artificial and precautious modern society sex is con-
demned outwardly but enjoyed secretly; and love is hailed universally but
despised inwardly. It is not the absence of spirituality but the hypocrisy
of the present-day society which makes love appear with a double face before
the poet.

"Love? then you see
We love so many things
Our beloved aunt, blind cats
Table chair - all such tit bits"
(Kabi Massai, Srestha Kabita)

Here, he meets the heartless and insensible civilization of the day which
turns a deaf ear to the repeated appeals for the revival of love in human
intercourse. Eliot urged for the revival of Christian love and Buddhadev
Bose believed that love in its secular humanist form could be recovered in
the society.
But then, we see that he could not maintain his conviction in this regard and was not so much sure about attaining his goal:

"As a result, they have the gratification
Those who enjoy the senses and thus live
Or those who search for the unseen light
But those who are distracted, like me
in the mid-way?

What is their aim? What they are to attain?
What waits for them at the end?"

(Sandhi Langna; Swagata Vidaya)

Sometimes, he admits that it is better to turn to the body of a beautiful woman to escape from that contradiction, and that suffering that which comes from it:

"It appears that poetry is also a false promise
A consolation, an alternative only
The sweet body of a woman is much more desirable than poetry".

(Do)

This reminds us of those fine lines of Yeats:

"That some stream of lighting
From the old man in the skies
Can burn down that suffering
No right-taught man denies.
But a coarse old man am I"
I chose the second best
I forget it all a while
Upon a woman's breast"
(Day Break and a Candle End).

In the treatment of winter also we see some sort of similarities. Eliot finds in the winter the cessation of the spiritual torment which the month of April injects into the mind of an Englishman. Hugh Kenner quotes from Chancer to show the implication of the first few lines of the Waste Land.

"When that Aprille with his showers soote
The droughts of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swish licour
Of which vertu engendered is the flour....
Thanne longen flok to goon on pilgrimage". 5

Now a days, instead of pilgrimage there is at best a European tour. Yet, there is a stirring in the mind at that time, as the roots are stirred by the April rain and the flower of 'Vertu' blossoms. But the winter is welcome. All such urges go to a deep slumber covered by the snow of forgetfulness.

"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers".
(The Waste Land)

In the spring there is also the agony of breeding and blossoming, after a period of inactivity. But there is no such problem in the winter. To Buddhadev Bose, winter has that welcome forgetfulness:

"Come, forget your anxiety
Anxiety about money or health
Or for what comes next
Cast off the fear of the future
and pain for the past"

(Sita Ratrir Prarthana,
Siter Prarthana Basanter Uttar)

The difference is that Buddhadev Bose does not feel that this forgetfulness is painful. To him, it is a phase in the cycle of life and death; and life will revisit the land in the spring. There is no fear in him of a suspended rain which will keep the land barren for a longer period of time than usual. Spiritual sterility has little to do with the sexual sterility and the seed will again sprout out in an unfailling process. So, he welcomes the winter in the positive sense; it is only a period of waiting and not of real sterility:

"It is that death, splitting which the lost seed
returns without failure
Carmng joy to the fieldful of grains
And a wonderful success for the harvest.
Splitting that death, tearing apart that icy grave
Burns flowers in the dancing green"

* To Eliot "a superb trinity of culture, sex and religion is humanity's most worthy goal and the sickness of modern civilization is that the three impulses operate in isolation". (Ian Hamilton, The Waste Land).
Because of the immortal power of the spring;
Wait now for the rebirth of the death:"

(Do)

So, he wants winter to cover him with the forgetfulness of temporary death:

"If I could die this winter
As the trees die
As the snakes die
And remain dead through-out the winter"

(Ei Site, Nutan Pata)

Use of symbol in Buddhadev Bose's poetry:

Buddhadev Bose uses symbols taken mostly from the mythologies and classical writings. (A few modern symbols like cactus etc. are also used by him). However, they are almost always given a meaning that is more personal than traditional. For example, on the symbol of 'Draupadir Sari' he attributes the Hindu religious taboo on sex. Such taboo has made sex-unnatural among the Hindus. There is now sin in sex unless there is religious sanction behind this. It may be recalled here that sex repression of the church of the middle ages is not completely disapproved by Eliot:

"Although his distaste for casual sexuality is emotionally based on a conviction that sexuality is sacred, that it is in some way involved with or endorsed by religious feelings, his actual treatment of it in the poem is informed predominantly by revulsion." 6

But Buddhadev Bose has a different view in this respect. He wants that the taboos are to be removed; no religious or whatsoever suppression of the sex is good for the society. Through scientific knowledge sex is to be reclaimed to accept it as a normal human behaviour. There is a disgust about sex in the present frame in both the poets, but they are born of different attitudes. While Europe is tired of unrestrained sex, India is wearied of sex restrictions. So Buddhadev Bose writes:

"To pay back that debt
The full length of 'Draupadir Sari'
Must be taken off in this assembly,
Before my own eyes
She shall have to stand there all naked
Unadorned and easy.
And there will remain no supernatural magic
of an unknown mystery".

(Premie Bandir, Bandana)

The sex taboo has gone deep in the mind of the Indian people and in course of time sex has become more of a mystery than a normal aspect of life.

"The mystery behind the curtain of charm
Still did not reveal itself
It is impossible to take off
The unending 'Sari' of Draupadi'.

(Draupadir Sari)

In the symbol of 'Damayanti' he finds the humanity of love. Damayanti, who refused the hands of gods in preference to her mortal lover 'Nala' proved
that love is humane and it seeks its fulfilment through man and woman. There is nothing divine or Heavenly in love; as a matter of fact love is based on sex and biology and not on abstract ideas.

Yet, love is an deathless force:

"Yet the magic of flesh
Is not without meaning
The love that is naked pure lively
Does not die"

(Damayanti; Damayanti)

In the same manner, in search of personal symbols, he finds in Hanuman a symbol of loyalty to principle. In his case Hanuman is the image of a poet in search of his poetic goal.

Style and technique of Buddhadev Bose:

So far as style and technique are concerned, there are certain similarities between Eliot and Buddhadev Bose. In the first place we see that Buddhadev Bose uses conversational language in his poetry in the manner Eliot has used it in his poetry. For example:

"Well, when have you come?
We came on the twenty seventh
Putting up there in the Oakvil
Drop in there any day - please"

(Mal- E, Damayanti)

Occasionally, he strikes an excellent balance between the conversational language and the language of poetry, creating a new language for his own poetry.
"They are also not Bengalees
How will they know what words like
Father mother brother sister husband and wife
Mean?"

(Bidesini)

This is written in the typical Bengalee speech form; only the speech is distributed in different lines.

Buddhadev Bose uses mainly the 'Payar' to adapt his new poetic form and language. But in doing so, he depends more on the ear than on rigid rules of number of alphabets etc. As a result, we see that Buddhadev Bose's poetry has a verse form which combines the conversational with the poetic forms of language. But the conversational meets the poetic form mostly in the region of meaning and sound; so far as the structure is concerned, the conversational does not stress or twist the conventional poetic form, especially words and expressions to that extent as we see in the poetry of Sudhindranath. His poetry shows something of the 'auditory imagination' of which Eliot spoke in his essay on Matthew Arnold. The Miltonian music which charmed Madhusudan and which he adopted in his 'Meghnad Sadh Kavya' had never left the imagination of the Bengalee poets. It made its way in the poetry of Rabindranath in a slightly changed form. Music of 'Balaka' can be taken as an example of the great poets debt to Madhusudan, conscious or unconscious. Later poets were more conscious of the music of poetry as

7. "Therefore, Buddhadev Bose has depended more on ears than on eyes".
D. Tripathi, op.cit., p.143.
8. "The feeling for syllable and rhythm, penetrating far below the conscious levels of thought and feeling, invigorating every word, sinking the most primitive and forgotten, returning to the origin and bringing something back, seeking the beginning and the end". T.S. Eliot, Matthew Arnold, The use of poetry and Use of criticism, pp.118-119.
the subject itself captured the imagination of the twentieth century poets. However, the music is now more subdued, almost inaudible and resides mainly in the realm of imagination. Buddhadev Bose believes that poetry must use the conversational language but it should at the same time be poetic in its expression. About this he says:

"This strength of conversational language, this self expressed waves of emotion - there lies the rhythm of thought". From the rhythm of words and expression the stress is shifted to the rhythm of thought and that too, as Eliot has put it, is far deeper than the 'conscious level of thought and feeling'. Buddhadev Bose thus endorses the view that poetry must include the conversational language in it and at the same time retain the distinction as the language of poetry. The poetry now diffuses from the depth of meaning a music of its own.

"I could not understand it all
When silently they carried her off
In the sunny and smoothly pasted bright evening;
The carriers, enlightened and self controlled
Like signs of light, walk in light soft steps
As if trading on the air;"

(Ek Aparichitar Mrityur Smarane).

Apart from this, we see that in Buddhadev Bose's poetry there are certain experiments with the verse form which reminds one of Eliot. For example:

"In this rain why have you come
In this Calcutta" (Jonaki)

Thoughts and Ideas of Eliot and Buddhadev Bose:

There are certain ideas and thoughts in Buddhadev Bose's poetry which have remarkable similarity with some of Eliot's ideas and thoughts. One such idea is that man has only the right to work; in the result or the fruit of the work he should not be interested. Eliot writes:

"I say to you: Make perfect your will
I say take no thought of the harvest
But only of proper sowing".

(Choruses from the Rook)

And Buddhadev Bose writes:

"The harvest is for others
For you there is only the shudder of an
Unattainable dream - lost in the
Wilderness of a far-off green".

(Asambhaver Gan: Srestha Kabita)

It will be, however, a far-fetched conclusion to hold that Buddhadev Bose has taken this idea from Eliot, when the idea in all probability, taken by both the poets from Bhagavad Gita. But for the revival of many of the Indian thoughts the credit must go to the West. Through the eyes of the Westerners the Indians often rediscover their own inheritance. It is not impossible that Eliot has rehabilitated many of the Indian thoughts in India. However, to Eliot such ideas have the sanctity of scriptures and there is no romantic
trailer attached to them as can be seen in case of Buddhadev Bose. In Eliot, this particular idea is connected with the principle of the perfection of will and this ultimately concerns the importance of remaining patient and unruffled during the critical hours of life. There should not be any desire for reward of good work and perhaps, there should not be also any fear of punishment for the bad works committed in course of one’s disinterested performance. What is important is that the will is to be perfected. Thomas Becket says that he will perfect his will and wait for the things to happen with patience and forbearance:

"All my life
I have waited. Death will come when I am worthy
And if I am worthy, there is no danger
I have, therefore, only to make perfect my will".

(Murder in the Cathedral)

Buddhadev Bose writes:

"And for this death, you are to wait
You must be worthy of it

Offer yourself, surrender the ego in you"

(Sita Ratrir Prarthana : Siter Prarthana...)

Or,

"Teach us how to wait
Teach us the silence of patience"

(Damayanti : Damayanti)

In Buddhadev Bose this waiting is often the waiting for rebirth. Eliot could have little faith in rebirth which is different from resurrection and is a
heathen concept. For him there is the Christian belief of the eternal life of bliss in heaven. Yet, there is a similarity in the ideas of these two poets, Buddhadev Bose says in his poems that death is only a process – a reawakening at the end of a period of inactivity which is, in reality, a period of preparation.* He hints that this preparation is mainly mental and spiritual in nature though the process itself is almost mechanical.

About 'The Waste Land' Cleanth Brooks says:

"Life devoid of meaning is death, sacrifice, even the sacrificial death may be life-giving, a wakening to life." 10 The question of time also has entered the poetry of Buddhadev Bose. At the beginning, however, he subordinated time to the problem of love,

"It appears that time is also insignificant
An incident, static – without change
Millions of nights and days pass off
(Or do they come back again and again?)
To return to Damayanti – the eternal spirit of earth".

(Damayanti : Damayanti)

But then, he admits that time moves from past to future and then goes back to the past. There is a continuity in the movement of time. Like Eliot, he also believes that there can be no clear division between past, present and future.

Eliot writes:

"Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future"

* Cf. Sita Ratri Prarthana : Siter Prarthana Basanter Uttar
And time future contained in time past"
(Burnt Norton)
And Buddhadev Bose writes:
Past is not yet spent up - forget it not
The past that is waiting for you is
Called future".
(Sitarabrir Prarthana, Siter Prarthana...)
Or, "I appeared to me that
The robe on my person is my past
And the varanda where I pace is the future
While present is a line of endless ants
Dying beneath my foot"
(Nostalgia; Ek din Chiradin)
In his poem Ek Din Chiradin he searches, like Eliot, for the still point.
It appeared that the poet feels that consciousness of time and its movement
is not of real importance; it is essential to know the nature of the centre
of time which is like the eye of a cyclone clam and quiet - free from all
movement. About this he himself says:
"Subject matter of the poem, you may say, a play between time
and eternity. May be for this reason the poem is so inconsequential; abruptly
through an unknown channel memories of child hood has entered the poem. In
the ceaseless changes there exists a still point; in this poem there is a
quest for this. May be this is the subject matter of the poem; what is
happening has happened before - I wanted to give this a dramatic form." 11

11. Quoted from the recorded tapes of Buddhadev Bose’s talk with Ranjan
Bondopadhaya; Desh April 28th 1974, p.1054.
His quest for the still point leads him almost to the same point where Eliot has arrived in his "Four Quartets". The poet sees that we arrive at the same place, which we have left at the beginning, at the end of our long journey. Nothing, therefore, is lost; everything remains. We are only to know the secret of time to understand the truth about the existence of a moment in eternity. Eliot in little Gidding says:

"We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time".

Buddhadev Bose also finds the same movement in life:

"Because he is returned to the same place
From where he started his journey
He thinks; Does all the struggle to press forward
Mean a fight to return to the abandoned home
With the right to have a small room there?"

(Se-O-Annera : Swagata Vidaya).

As we have already noted he feels that nothing is lost in the course of time. Everything is preserved in the stream of time. Our job is to find them out:

"But nothing is lost
Every thing is there - they remain.

The incident of the moment moves with us
and even returns
Our aim is nothing but to
get them back".  (Sandhi langna : Swagata Vidaya).
This remains one of 'sea of time' of the Dry Salvages where all time accumulates and some are returned to the shore of time and others carried off by the weaves of time. The poet, therefore, feels that there is nothing to be afraid of in the course of our journey to the end of our life. We shall only arrive at the starting point. Of it may be that there is actually no forward or backward movements. All these movements, nature of which are not perfectly known to us, may be the same. In *The Dry Salvages* Eliot writes:

"And the way up is the way down
the way forward is the way back.

Not farewell
But fare forward, voyagers!"

And Buddhadev Bose says the same:

"Leave them: go forward and get them back".

*(Swagata Vidaya)*

So, after a long journey to many lands to discover his own self, he returns home to know that one comes back to the place from where one starts. This is a disappointment for him. This is not what he searched in his life. He wanted to know himself—his own self—and through it the reality of life and the creation. But here the prospect is dubious. One may have to move in an endless cycle without knowing the reality of life. He hopes that one may escape from the tyranny of time and realize his own self:

"It may be that running away
From this vast ancestral home
He may discover his own perfected self."

*(Se-O-Annera: Swagata Vadaya)*.
There is, however, one fact that remains - one reality of human existence on earth - that the mortal returns to the source of life at the end of his mission.

"After all this
An old saying escapes his lips:
O Sun! I am only the manifestation
Of the smallest particles of your light
O sourceless source! I am only a spark
Of your radiation
Take me back to you"

(SE-O-Annera)

We remember that every one goes back home and: "Home is where one starts from". 

(East Cocker)

* The 'Little Gidding' marks the return to the chapel of devotion, to the submission of the self, to kneel where prayer has been valid. The Indian religious tradition directs one to return to his own self, "Mind, return to your own abode." This home-coming, therefore, has a significant appeal to an Indian."