Chapter IX

Contents:

Some limitations in the literary application of Freudian findings.

1. Artistic imperfections resulting out of the indiscriminate use of psychological findings.

2. Tragic inclination of the irrational unconscious in its literary use.

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4. Freudianism: a bar to the realisation of spiritual truth.
Modern fiction has everywhere been subject to very many faults or imperfections for its increasing emphasis on the scientific accuracy in description of events. A searching study of the influence of psychology in literature would certainly press one to conclude that literature has lost art in analysis, its tragic capability in exaggeration of morbidity and loneliness, and its philosophy and spiritualism in its exclusive stress on realism or renunciation of idealism. The unlimited possibilities of theme, the new depth, new subtlety and the new complexity have been possible for literature to achieve at the peril of its own intrinsic endowments. W.H. Hudson's remark is worth quoting in this connection: "Art cannot without self-destruction adopt the aims and borrow the methods of science."¹ The literary advocates of the new realism, however, pay little heed to the truth of the remark, and in their enthusiasm, go direct to actual life and reproduce what they find there with photographic fidelity.² The consequence of this rather indiscreet preoccupation has been fatal in common practice. Bent on reproducing life's actualism, they often give in their fiction "detailed pictures of the sordid, base and ugly", which seem anything but true to life at large. And sometimes what is written to dignify their


². Ibid.
flotions is but the much-ado-about nothing of a certain class, of writers whose chief concern seems to be the elaboration of the trivial and the commonplace, and who offer as little but cross-sections of life as seen through a powerful microscope. Hudson pleads for the rejection of the theory of realism on grounds that it involves in another form the old confusion between scientific and poetic truth.

The literary imitators of the psychological realism have everywhere been bitterly criticised for their idolatry and for the bane they have caused to literature. Malcolm Cowley (America) satirically portrays a bohemian paradise to mock at the works of Freud and D.H. Lawrence. Mathew Josephson attacks the Freudian novels of Waldo Frank for portraying characters' subconscious to the exclusion of their consciousness. "We shall hearken only to the subconscious strata of the brain, observing only instinctual behaviour, and speak only in the shadowy dictum of dreams." Frank's fictional persons have been mocked at as slack balloons appended to bulrush genitals rather than human beings. Sherwood Anderson, May Sinclair even, not to speak of the lesser writers, now forgotten, have become subject to severe criticism for writing in accordance with the psycho-analytic formula. Raoul Reed is stated to have said in The Freeman that the good writer

4. Ibid.
studies closely and sees clearly not psycho-analysis but life, and that the business of the novelist is to describe life as he sees it and not to explain it. Beresford argues in the same magazine that a self-conscious use of any scientific knowledge inevitably results in meretricious writing. He has expressed his annoyance at the monotonous series of heroes suffering from Oedipus complex. Beresford, however, maintains that the use of Freudian material by writers is inevitable, and believes that it would ultimately result in a better literature once the material is "so assimilated and transmuted as to become a personal experience and conviction." In the preface to The Greatest American Short Stories, A Grove Day writes that "the use of types taken over from clinical histories has seldom resulted in first-rate fiction." He considers the writings of Conrad Aiken an exception to this. In the opinion of the extramentalist, Robbe-Grillet (1922- ) conventional (by which he means psycho-analytic) plots presuppose a coherent decipherable, universe, something many of to-day's artists can no longer believe in. Another French writer, Nathalie Sarrante has argued that the psychological analysis in fiction is obsolete for our time and is in general false because it distorts and oversimplifies psychological reality.

7. Ibid., p. 42.
to name a distinguished literary precursor of psycho-analysis is stated to have expressed through one of his characters (Father Palsey) that scientific materialism, now a great power has analysed everything divine, handed to us in the holy books, spared nothing of all that was sacred of old. But as a matter of fact he continues, it has analysed the parts only and overlooked the whole in its marvellous blindness.¹⁰ To this J.W. Beach adds that psychology may be consistent, but it is not true; it is mythical. What we have to do away with is not intellectual or religious wrong-headedness but simply mania, simply this and that form of psychological perversion.¹¹

Manik Bandopadhyaya, most disposed to scientific investigation of life at the beginning of his literary career as a novelist renounced the application of Freudian psychology towards the latter part of his career on grounds of its mystic inclinations. In explaining the mysterious problems of life he says, Freud relies on mysticism, which is a part of religion. Freudianism can give partial and not the whole truth about life. He denies the preponderance of the unconscious in the mind and holds that mental diseases are consequences of both environmental and sociological impact and can be ameliorated through psychological and sociological insight.¹²

¹¹. Ibid., p. 100.
Almost the same view has been expressed by Malik and Birendra Kumar Bhattaoharya through some of their fictions.

Explaining the drawbacks of the psychological method in fiction, Paul West writes in the preface to his *The Modern Novel* that art is a "deliberate construction" and 'essentially parasitical'. A fiction without artistic control of the experiences or ideas it represents is anything but a fiction. The aim of art, he continues is to enlighten and not to increase the chances of chaos. Life may be chaotic but art is disciplined. About the stream of consciousness method in fiction he writes that the method gives scope for too much chaos and self-indulgence which endanger the artist with the loss of self. The followers of the method, he continues, in an urgency of revealing the irrational aspects of the mind try to ignore the essential order that lies behind the chaotic. Paul West concludes that the interior flux and the fictional account of how one experiences, it will inevitably conflict with the nature of art.

In the light of the wisdom of these remarks on the general drawbacks of psycho-analytic method, it is now not hard to illustrate the drawbacks of fictions of a particular language, of our language in particular where fictions are not numerous. Our fictions are faulty with the exception of a very few not only because they are far apart from our tradition but also because they deviate from the standard of a good fiction.

Our quest for the limitations of psycho-analytic fictions certainly presupposes our notion of an ideal condition
in which a fiction has been or can be perfect both in matter and technique. Of such a condition as this, we have practically no tradition of our own, prior to the intrusion or application of psycho-analytic discoveries into it. What our Lakshminath Bezbarua and Padma Nath Gohain did with their half historical and half social novels, namely, Lāhari, Padum Kuwari and Bānumati in the field of long fictions was not worth more than a beginning both in respect of form and matter. Neither in plot nor in characterisation these novels show any remarkable distinction. They could, however, tell stories, which their readers most passionately sought for delight and edification.

The historical novels of Rajanikanta Bardaloi written under the influence of the English Scott are unique in our literature from the historical point of view. Dr. Birinchi Kumar Barua commends their lofty idealism, their philosophic depth, descriptive power, their creative imagination and charm of style.13 About his fidelity to life, Birinchi Kumar Barua writes that his novels do not aim so much in recreating history as at imaginatively depicting the life of man and woman.14 Still what has been remarked by Hudson upon those of Scott can be unequivocally applied to the novels of Bardaloi: his novels are for most part defective in construction. He is at his best in description and action. As an interpreter of character his method is wholly unlike that of the modern psychological

novelist; he does not indulge in elaborate analysis. When he attempts to deal with complex mental and moral conditions he naturally fails and he has little power over the stronger passions except those (and the exception is significant) of patriotism and loyalty.\textsuperscript{15}

The novels of Dandinath Kalita, Daivachandra Talukdar and Muhammad Fear are "never concerned with the nuances of character and situation that spring from awareness of the growth of the human mind in response to critical stimuli." They have indeed, nothing comparable to Jivanar Bātat. But Birinchi Kumar Barua's Jivanar Bātat is a psycho-analytic novel, and is, indeed, the most powerful one in our literature, in its "fidelity to the great essential motives and impulses, passions and principles, which shape the lives of men and women.\textsuperscript{16} Our critics are of opinion that this novel has attained to the standard of a great novel as construed by Hudson in his \textit{An Introduction to the Study of Literature}. It is a realistic novel on the rural life of Assam. But realism here is both artistic and idealistic. There is no extravagance of romance in it, no attempt at stuffing it with direct didacticism. The novelist appears here neither a propagandist nor a preacher.\textsuperscript{17}

\textsuperscript{15} W.H. Hudson, \textit{An Outline History of English Literature}, p. 219.

\textsuperscript{16} W.H. Hudson, \textit{An Introduction to the Study of Literature}, p. 166.

\textsuperscript{17} Ibid., p. 169.
All novels written before the war and after it are inferior to the two novels of Birinchi Kumar Barua, remarks Homen Bargohain.\(^{18}\) Jivanar Bātāt is a tragedy of modern life so intensively arranged as to aggravate in the manner of Hardy that "happiness is an occasional episode in the tragic drama of our life."\(^{19}\) The morality here is conveyed in the texture of characterisation, i.e., in the beautiful portrayal of Tagar, in the love and faith to her lover, her obedience to her parents, fidelity and devotion to her husband, her faith in God, her passive suffering in the hand of her mother-in-law and in the cruel hand of destiny. The novel is minutely psychological, but free of any impression of monotony or analytic heaviness, for what is psychological here is also very natural or real.

Still, while acknowledging it as the greatest of our novels, the literary critics are not silent about its aesthetic or artistic imperfections. Dr. Satyendra Nath Sarma points out in his criticism of the novel the irrelevance of Tagar's delivery pain and Sukomal's behaviour, consequent upon his suffering from dysentery and pain at anus. Life cannot deny the reality of such experience but inclusion of it in art is suggestive of obscenity, he continues.\(^{20}\)

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20. Ibid., p. 187.
Birinchi Kumar Barua's second novel, Seuj Patar Kapani, has a little structural unity in comparison with that of the first. It is less artistic than the first, but greater than that. A really great novel, it has been stated by Hudson, is likely as a rule to approximate rather to the loose than to the organic type. The looseness in the plot of the novel is undoubtedly for purpose, greater than artistic. But in so doing the novel has failed to give that amount of aesthetic pleasure, which is derived from an organic type, i.e., from the compactness and symmetry illustrated in the first.

The conflict between art and analysis is more conspicuously felt in the fictions of Dinanath Sarma. Sarma's 'sad failure' as an artist has been ascribed to the abundance of his knowledge about the mind. In the three novels, namely, Uga, Sangram and Nadai, he gives up the conventional principle of plot, i.e., that of developing conflicts through two or more opposing forces from without. The conflict in all of them takes place in the mind of the hero or the heroine. The novelist concentrates on the analysis of the person's mind, i.e., 'his emotions, feelings, and experiences' - the action and reaction against the environment, which entraps him or her. Dr. S.N. Sarma remarks upon Nadai as the creation of an adult hand. Here is a point of significance. The three novels,

22. Dr. S.N. Sarma, Asamiya Upanyasar Bhumika, pp. 188, 189.
23. Ibid., p. 177.
though they are unconventional in plot are more or less organic in a sense. But the materials in the first two (Usā and Sangrām) are psychologically patterned to achieve a pessimistic end. The two heroes are educated and neurotic. Bipin is bisexual by nature. Budhinit is an unemployed, ideal youth unable to adjust to the cruel, social environment. Both are unheroic heroes, as all psychological heroes are. Dinanath Sarma, enthusiastic though he is as a novelist over the study of his person's mind is not, as a rule, able to make an artistic display of the mental sufferings. The success in Nadāi is ascribable to his familiarity with the material. Nadái is an elemental youth, competent to fight all oppositions from the physical world.

The condition of all good work in literature is as has been pointed out by Hudson "fidelity" of the artist to his experience. The grasp and thoroughness in writing a fiction can come from the familiarity of the creator with his material. The success of Birinchi Kumar Barua as a novelist and that of Rama Das and Haliram Deka as story-writers is unquestionably due to their 'fidelity' to the material. And the reverse is true of Dinanath Sarma. The most defective, artistically, of the novels is perhaps his Sānti. The novel is new like the other three in its renunciation of the traditional plot, but it is even unlike them both in material and technique. The plot is complex, but loose. There are subplots and episodes or accidents having little or no logical connection among themselves and with the main plot. The history of Dhogram's
frustrated love, and that of his beloved Famiile's treachery in love are not indispensable to the main plot. In the same way, the sexual behaviour of the irresponsible Anil, of the unusually devoted Thomas to his wife have possibly been urgent for analytic purpose. From the artistic or aesthetic standpoint they do not seem to be relevant.

Most of the artistic imperfections of a psycho-analytic fiction, thus proceed from the creator's lack of fidelity to the materials. The psychological discoveries of Freud about the human mind and behaviour are not easy things for popular comprehension. Most of the creative writers who are romantically tempted to allow themselves indulgently to stray in, are of the common make-up, in whose writing the use of psycho-analytic discoveries proves a nuisance to their art and also to their readers. The minor writers generally fail in their treatment for want of powerful observation. The major writers can through their real creative genius absorb that knowledge into personal experience and can utilise it successfully to achieve the desired end. Instances of writers attaining substantial fidelity through a sheer power of realistic imagination even when they are handling scenes and incidents which have never come within the range of their own experiences and observations are not rare in the history of literature.24 Shakespeare, Dostoevsky, Lawrence, Sophocles and Eripides treated the Oedipus problem most accurately without

reading Freudian psychology.

In a cultural atmosphere like ours the creative life is full of inhibitions as we have explained earlier. For impositions, inherent and external, our fiction writers have to face the music of utilising the scientific discoveries. Dr. Birinchi Kumar Barua writes about Malik's Cabi Ghar, one of his popular novels: "In Chabi Ghar (Picture House), Malik covers psycho-analysis and social consciousness. Unfortunately the story is lost in the experiment." But Malik has done so honestly and intentionally, I believe. The application of psycho-analysis entails such irreparable loss or expense on life as the creative writers are unable to compensate. Freud has indicated the nature of the loss in his statement: "There are two tenets of psychoanalysis, which offend the whole world and excites its resentment; the one conflicts with intellectual and the other with moral and aesthetic prejudices. The mental processes are, in the opinion of Freud essentially unconscious; and impulses, sexual in nature play a peculiarly large part in the causation of nervous and mental disorders." 

Syed Abdul Malik is inherently disposed to our traditional preoccupations towards optimism. Those fictions of Malik, which incline towards optimism look 'shallow' but are, if I am not incorrect, comparatively free of technical

26. M.V. General Introductions to Psycho-analysis, p. 452.
27. Ibid.
imperfections. The depth and artistic imperfections in Malik's 
Maram, Marahā Pāparī, Frān Powār Pīsāt, Frān Hervār Pācat, 
Jowār āru Upākūl, Seṭ Upākūlar Seluwa Pār, Kābitār Jamāa and 
Irānī Kuwarī proceed from his psycho-analytic indulgence. In 
these he seeks indulgently to explore in the manner of James 
Joyce the despicable aspect of life. It is for his pride in 
romantic indulgence that he has achieved so little through art 
even when he has known so much about life in comparison with 
our young writers. In Ābiye Main's arrest on charge of 
stealing a necklace in Kanthāhar and his imprisonment without 
defensive reaction, for example, he could have achieved much 
more than what he has, had he left himself open to the 
influence of depth psychology in Main's characterisation. In 
the depiction of Rajeswar in Nālādhiyā Carāye Bāo Dhān Khāya, 
Homen Bargohain has achieved under the influence of depth 
psychology a depth corresponding to that of Joseph K. in 
Kafka's The Trial. Again what Malik has done in Eka Bekā Bṛtta 
out of Ajad's search of self-identification is no better than 
a distortion of existential psychology.

The most daring of our psycho-analytic writers is 
Homen Bargohain, most of whose fictions suffer loss of artistic 
brilliance. We may not be justified in assigning him to the 
likes of the American Waldo Frank but he is one of our fiction 
writers who has been most exeriated by a class of critics for 
his Freudian obsession. His fiction has hardly a person who 
does not correspond to a specific pattern of depth psychology. 
The artistic consequence of such conscious use of scientific
knowledge has been fatal. He has worked on a series of fictions, long and short from Mahāswetār Biyā onwards, where characters are victims of Oedipus complex, either in the positive or in the negative aspect of it:

(1) In the unconscious of your father lies a distorted desire for you"  
Mahāswetār Biyā.

(2) In every woman who came into contact with me I used to seek the image of my mother. Dipali, Bibha, Jahanara, Rebeka, Madhuri - indeed in every woman of the world I wanted to get my mother back. But the mad yearning remained for ever unfulfilled.  
Epitaph

(3) Occasionally Jayanta thinks that he and his mother are looking secretly at each other from a distance beyond a certain bound; they are two independent personalities, inimical to each other.  
Sanatorium

It is doubtful if anybody can tolerate reading them, when put together in a single collection. In some of his fictions, persons with phenomenal behaviour fall suddenly or inartistically to satisfy the creator's orase. The introduction of Ranjit, the sadist, has not enhanced the readability of Subālā; nor does the elimination of him from the novel can, I think, make it less enjoyable. The introduction of Ranjit's sadistic behaviour to Subala by the old prostitute appears less
interesting than Freud's featuring of sadism throughout the Major Works. The night scene in Kuśṭlaw, devoted to Sundarjan's attempt at inversion on Ratna, and Ratna's reaction to it does not seem to be an essential part of the novel. Sibanath's sensitivity to smell in Pitā-Putra would have been more pleasing, had it been left as a trait of his normal personality. But it has been detailed to a neurotic pattern instead. Sibanath and Prahlad are the creator's own projections made under the unworthy influence of the American Hemingway, who as W. M. Frohock points out in his *The Novel of Violence* has been more concerned with the relations between himself and some projections of himself and a harsh and hostile social environment than with relations between human beings. 28 To remain open to influence is not perhaps a vice for a creative artist. "Knowledge of life may be obtained in various ways besides direct personal experience, it may in particular, be obtained through books and through conversation with other people, who have touched the world at points, where we have not touched ourselves." 29 But an extravagance of it without proper assimilation makes exhausting demand on the writer's inventive energy. In some of his fictions Barghain has failed to attain substantial fidelity in handling psychological findings. Gautam, the artist in Octopus is a creation of wrong observation. He is a sadist, I think, on a par with Bob, the Negro soldier in the story. The man who delights himself in killing one woman


after another, and the man who enjoys the sight of killing are 
both sadists of the same magnitude. Bargohain's interpretation 
of Gautam as an artist - a lover of order or beauty is a 
startling distortion of psychological truth. Art is not quite 
out of reason. Gautam's extolation of Judy, dead in the hand 
of Bob, to the level of Cordelia, dead in the hand of King Lear 
is artistically at fault. It is a sheer nonsense to attempt to 
create pathetic beauty out of such death.30

The interpretation of Haranath in Marakar Swādhiṇata 
is faulty from the psycho-analytic view point, and disappointing 
from the artistic. It is not in conformity with the tenets of 
depth psychology to say that Haranath was normal as a young man 
in view of the other details in the story about his abnormality 
in adulthood.

It is not possible to make an excursion searching 
artistic imperfections in each of the whole range of psycho-
analytic fictions. But a general heaviness is characteristic 
of fictions committed to this responsibility, not satisfying 
from the artistic point of view. This is undoubtedly due to the 
preponderance of chaos in them; and chaos in a psycho-analytic 
fiction is always artificial, meretricious, i.e., attractive in 
the surface but common-place in implication, for it is 
decipherable and coherent. And here is perhaps the justification 
of a critic being impressed that a psycho-analytic novel is dry, 
dismal, dogmatic and artificially diffuse. Nothing goes in it

without explanation, - of infantile predisposition aggravating neurosis in adulthood. It is hard to find in the whole range of our psycho-analytic fictions one without persons who are not obsessed by a feeling of guilt, sin, and most commonly of loneliness in some form or other. Loneliness is, I think, the most common source of suffering for a psycho-analytic hero. Occasionally they are either proton or electron as in the fictions of Saurabh Kumar Chaliha - drewry ghosts without adequate behaviouristic references. These ghosts can be made like demons, lurid and luscious, with the variety of life's primitive experiences. No persons in Barghain's fictions appear dry - as dull skeletons. His Sibanaths, Rajeswars and Prabhlads are both men and minds. He is as much concerned with their subjectivity, i.e., their action and behaviour as with their soul, i.e., with what goes in their consciousness. In the hand of a lesser writer, of whom we have many, a psycho-analytic hero figures as no better than "a seamy serpent of sex and aberrations." The lesser writers imitate psycho-analysis slavishly and revolt against traditions arrogantly. With them art becomes in practice, a lush appreciation of amoral sex.

Psycho-analysis has been highly commended as a method of curing mental diseases on the one hand, and mercilessly stigmatized as a systematic guide towards pessimism on the other. The trend of literary application of psycho-analysis is undeniably towards pessimism. The note of pessimism in psycho-analytic fiction proceeds as we have suggested earlier in the chapter from the undue stress it lays on the exploration of the
mind, which comprises, as Freud puts it "processes of the nature of feeling, thinking and wishing" and "such things as unconscious thinking and unconscious wishing."\(^{31}\)

Indian literature, prior to the application of psychoanalysis into it was optimistic, ideal and philosophical. We have discussed the tradition of pure, spiritual sexuality in old Indian literature. The tradition has been continued by our modern masters, namely, Lakshminath Bebarua, Rajanikanta Bardaloi and Sarat Chandra Goswami almost in a spirit of idolatry, and occasionally occurs in the fictions of the most modern of our writers, namely, Malik, Bhattacharya and Homen Barghain in an atmosphere of neurotic ambivalence. Assamese fiction owes the spirit of analysis and the use of scientific discoveries about the mind to the continental fictions, particularly English. Even English novels which brought our fiction into being was optimistic, moral and philosophical in the eighteenth century. The psychological method occasionally occurred as in the novels of Fielding and Richardson, but was not systematically practised. The well-made novels of the Victorian novelists were even comic notwithstanding their frequent penetration into the person's unconscious.\(^{32}\) The Victorian novelists were, as a whole bracing in their moral tone. They did not discourage their readers as did their counterparts in France with their fatalism, nor did they make

\(^{31}\) M.W. General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.

\(^{32}\) J.W. Beach, The Twentieth Century Novel, pp. 28, 44.
them feel that good and bad are indifferent in a world over which man has no control. The same might well well be said about the fictions of the Russian Tolstoy and Dostoevsky even in their psychological preponderance.

The decadence in English fiction starts with the young psycho-analytic writers of the eighteen nineties, who used to "treat realistic theme realistically" without responding to passions or sentiments. They have no allegiance to the "ideas of morality and standards of conduct." There is nothing optimistic about George Moore's treatment of life. We may just as well apply the same to the novels of Hardy, Lawrence, Conrad, Sherwood Anderson, Thomas Woolfs, Faulkner, Dos Passos, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Harold Fredrie, Theodore Dreisser, J.M. Machado, De Assis (Brasil). They preserve the silence of the grave on the fuss of life. They lead their readers deceptively towards pessimism, towards flouting all values, moral and spiritual. The man under their analysis is a man determined by heredity and environment. His is a world of darkness where human values are counted meaningless. The enthusiastic writers seem to forget the fact that psycho-analysis is a science of understanding and curing mental diseases caused by constitutional and environmental factors, and advocate in practice the wholesale overthrow of restraint and discipline in education, sexual relations and other spheres. They seem to lustily conclude that "all repression is bad and all conventions are to be flouted."

33. J.W. Beach, The Twentieth Century Novel, p. 54.
Though Sigmund Freud stressed on reason for the settlement of all human problems, it is doubtful even if he restored anything for man here to sustain life. It is a question of consequence if he himself had really believed that a change or improvement of environment and blood would solve for man the problem of adjustment and bring him peace.

In _New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis_, Freud has modestly renounced his claim to a 'Weltenschauung' on the ground that science is still in its infancy. Art, philosophy and religion, which man considers to be the sources of truth and value, and on which he relies for peace and salvation are in his consideration the enemies of science. About art he says: "Art is almost harmless and beneficial, it does not seek to be anything but an illusion." Freud rejects outrightly or rather unsympathetically the claim of the latter two to give a unified solution of all the problems of our existence. He distinguishes his psychology of the unconscious from philosophy, which relies exclusively on man's conscious experiences, and borrows its strength from revelation, intuition or inspiration. The religious belief that "there is a power in the universe, which watches over the well-being of every individual with parental care and brings all his concerns to a happy ending" is

35. Ibid., p. 875.
36. Ibid., p. 874.
37. Ibid.
in Freud's opinion a mere illusion. The destinies of man, on the contrary, are incompatible with a universal principle of benevolence or with a universal principle of justice. And even if we leave, he adds, inanimate nature out of account and consider the destinies of individual man in so far as they depend on their relations with others of their own kind, it is by no means the rule that virtue is rewarded and wickedness punished. Dark, unfeeling and unloving powers determine human destiny; the system of rewards and punishments, which, according to religion, governs the world seems to have no existence. Erich Fromm states Freud to have criticised religion in his The Future of an Illusion that it seeks to keep man in bondage and dependence and prevents him from attaining the paramount task of human existence, i.e., freedom and independence. Man must leave father and mother and grow up to face reality. This is Freud's main argument against religion. All great religions have proceeded from the negative formulation of incest taboo. Buddhism aims at ridding man of all familiar ties in order to find himself and his real strength, and Christianity insists on man's disobedience as the beginning of man's freedom and reason.

39. Ibid.
40. Ibid.
41. Ibid.
42. Erich Fromm, Psychoanalysis and Religion, pp. 96, 97.
43. Ibid., pp. 83, 84.
Psycho-analysis overlooks all the spiritual demand of man and all the needs of the human mind.\footnote{M.W. Lecture 35 "A Philosophy of Life", p. 874.} About occultism (which "assumes that there are in fact more things in heaven and earth than are dreampt of in our philosophy") Freud says that the general human inclination is towards credulity and belief in the marvellous.\footnote{Ibid., Lecture 30, p. 822.} Mysticism, spiritualism which once threatened his scientific outlook are nothing but transference of thought "I should like to point out that my inserting the unconscious between the physical and what has hitherto been regarded as the mental, psycho-analysis has prepared the way for the acceptance of such processes as telepathy.\footnote{Ibid., Lecture 30, p. 822.} By telepathy he means that ideas, states of excitement, volitions, which occur in the mind of one person, can be transferred through space to another, without the usual means of communication (words or signs) being employed.\footnote{Ibid., p. 829.}

Freud's attitude towards love is neither philosophical nor optimistic; it is sharply realistic and scientific. Man is utterly defenseless in the highest state of love. Just as the mystic can never be sure God is there, so love carries us to that intensity of consciousness in which we no longer have any guarantee of security.\footnote{Rollo May, Love and Will, p. 101.} Freud discovers in the treatment of

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{M.W. Lecture 35 "A Philosophy of Life", p. 874.}
\footnote{Ibid., Lecture 30, p. 822.}
\footnote{Ibid., Lecture 30, p. 822.}
\footnote{Ibid., p. 829.}
\footnote{Rollo May, Love and Will, p. 101.}
\end{footnotes}
the war-neurotics the ideas of masochism and the repetition
compulsion and the polarities of love and hate, life and
death. And it is here that his attitude towards Eros differs
from that of Plato. Plato considers Eros to be bound up with
the possibilities ahead, which 'pull' one; it is the yearning
for union - and moves one toward the more-than-nature. Freud's
Eros, on the other hand, is a force coming out of chaotic,
undifferentiated, instinctive energy-sources, along predictable
and prescribable paths toward mature life, and only partially,
painfully civilized love. Love cannot thrive in co-operation
with will.50

Freud considers will an illusion, and argues for
complete determinism, which, in practice, makes 'will'
meaningless, along with cure or adjustment, psycho-analytic
treatment aims at. For Aristotle man's irrationality is "a
temporary aberration to be overcome by right education or re-
education of his maladjusted emotions." But Freud's man has
primitive cannibalism, and aggressive instincts which have the
element of power in them, and which determine his behaviour.
Man's will gets powerless in the service of three masters,
namely, the id, the super-ego and the external world.51

Freud wanted to place man in his own position, ridding
him of the Victorian illusion as we have explained in the first

49. Rollow May, Love and Will, pp. 84, 85.
50. Ibid., pp. 87, 88.
chapter of the thesis.

The removal of illusion is a good riddance for man. But in ridding man of his illusion he has alienated him of his ego, - the last blow on man as he says after the first two given by Copernicus and Darwin respectively.52

The fictional version of this tragic truth in our language is Malik's Aghori Atwar Kabini. All psycho-analytic fictions are, as a matter of fact stories of disintegrated men and women, with sex at their origin.

The modern notion of tragedy is not so much the killing or destruction of life as it is the lack of greatness and dignity in man, presentation of meaninglessness. Complete confusion, banality, ambiguity and vacuum of ethical standard as demonstrated by O'Neil in his The Iceman Cometh, Waiting for Gadot, and Death of a Salesman, and by Virginia Woolf in her Who's Afraid are some of the essential features of modern tragedy.53

The note has been very impressively struck in Malik's Dr. Arunabhar Asampurna JivanI and in Radhika Mohan Goswami's Miyati, and is more or less the common theme of our post-war fiction. The framework of morality and philosophy in which Pallav has systematically or with classical rigidity disciplined himself is reduced to dust by the preponderance of incest in the world of Sankar and his daughter in Malik's Gahwar. Jury, 52. M.W. General Introduction, p. 562. 53. Hollow May, Love and Will, p. 111.
transformed to the life of an ideal dancer gets reduced to an ordinary prostitute in Prānō Powār Picat. Malik’s attitude towards love and sex in Seṣ Bātir Jonāk is destitute of all religious and philosophical associations; it is sharply realistic.

There is nothing ideal, philosophical and optimistic in the treatment of sex by our modern writers. Birinohi Kumar Barna’s Jīvanar Bātāt has been remarked upon by Dr. S. N. Sarma as a modern tragic version of Kalidasa’s Śākuntalā. In B.K. Bhattacharya’s Bangā Megha, the young disrupt the traditional values along with the superstitions represented through the old Brahmin widow. In Cinkani Suti the problem of love is discussed from different angles to the effect that no solution, free of ambiguity is reached. In Pratipad all attempts at ideal or philosophical speculation over love is discarded in preference of a scientific regulation of all human relationships. The artistic realisation of religion or God here is just the same as that in Freud’s New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis. The two worlds, physical and spiritual, pictured in Ballawi are not fit abodes for the likes of innocent Ali.

The diamonic urges of Freudian psychology, such as perversions, neuroses, psychoses and madness are most aptly demonstrated in Bargohain’s fictions. It is hard, of course, to determine whether it is tragic or pessimistic or simply chaotic in implication. His characters are active and capable

of doing evil even when they are entrapped both from within and without. His young men are generally violent and some of them at worst to the extent of robbing their fathers of their consorts. He has even old fathers who can rationalise away the possibility of their daughter's marriage, preoccupied in their unconscious incestuous fixation. Positive biological, sexual violence between father and daughter as demonstrated in Malik's Gahwar does not occur in any of his fiction, but psychological diamondic violence of sex in the father-daughter and mother-son relationships nowhere so preponderously occur as in his fictions, and the implication of such violence is essentially tragic. Economic hardships force Subala's mother to force her daughter to professional prostitution. Bargohain's Bob, Haranath, Ranjit are typical instances of the diamondic extreme as explained by Rollow May in his *Love and Will.*\(^{55}\) These characters seem close approximations to those in the fictions of Thomas Woolfe and Faulkner in their tragic violence.

The novels and short stories of Padma Barkataki are as a whole tragic in their firm insistence on the idea of determinism (i.e., the lack of free-will) and in their concentration on the plight of individuals trapped by heredity and environment. They frankly deal with human instincts and exaggerate sordid and pessimistic detail.

The proton and electron section of persons in Saurabh Kumar Chaliha's fiction is too dense in their loneliness and

those of Kumar Kishore's are too tender to stand life. An excessive tenderness puts Animesh Bhatta in Kawar ōru Kankāl in frequent fits of weeping. The tragedy of Gautam Barua, Palash, Miss Barua and Ranjan, Bikash, Lalita proceed if I have not misconstrued them, from "a paralysing fear of their own tenderness", i.e., from their individual neuroses, of which a kind of narcissistic tenderness is most characteristic.

Fate, destiny and many other concepts of Freud, such as libide, Thanatos and Trieb are forces which reside in man, can seize him and render him "nature's tool". When a man fails to come to terms with them he falls victim to pathological suffering.

Bhupendra Kumar Bhattaoharya's Kaurav, Rini Barua's Adhbut Trpti, Kirtinath Hazarika's Acetan, Ramu Barua's Aprakāś, Bhagawan Sarma's Eikhan Kār Hāt, Dipali Dutta's Kunti Bilāp, Nirban, Debidas Neog's Phalgu are some of our fictions which get to the core of pessimism. A searching study of our fiction would make it easy for us to justify what the critics have often complained that psycho-analysis is "a systematic training in indecision", - "a disease of which its therapy purports to be the cure."56