

INVERSION OF REALITY!

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A book with a message? So it seems: *Vedanta Jyotsnar Amogh Mummyte* –a collection of Bengali poems by Sailendra Nath Basu—a 112 page, hard-bound book, priced Rs 50,00 only, published by the poet himself on behalf of “Madhayahna” from 27A, Amherst Street, Kolkata-700009, evokes inversion of reality to a glimpse into the absurdity within it. Like surds seeking root leads the mathematical journeyman to the irrational and imaginary world built around the rational and the phenomenal, similarly Sailendra's web of words and imagination scaffolds a Surrealistic platform on which surfaces the vain pomposity of whatever appears as magnificent enterprise leading to a beyond—a void, a vast vacuity and an empty meaninglessness enveloping the apparently real. Dedicated to aunt Durga whom the poet fixes on a flitting rhymed universe, lonely, looking outward anxiously rapt in the pensive clouds of misty dawn—an image of sadness. The poet strolls and encounters with Alexander and Caeser, tramples on the ruins of Babylon, is horrified at Jalianwala-bagh, witnesses legalised torture at Abu Ghraib, visits fading Mao's China and finally breaks down in front of the wailing wall of Singur, a saga of lies and brutality sanctified by a fascist fundamentalism putting on the vain garb of Marxism. The wail suggests the sound of vandemataram or the melancholy notes of ustad Bismilla Khan's flute! The poet is not sure. The melody is there still ringing but it prefers to remain inaudible to the uninitiated. In this lonely expedition the poet meets flitting shadows. He follows. He reaches the ancient Nile valley where history begins. But he finds the most ancient culture reduced mummy preserved in coffin in deep darkness. He ponders until a gentle moonlight of vedanta reveals itself and darkness appears gradually retreating.

From this surreal base in the glow of vedantic light the poet sees through the illusion of history and civilisation destined to be consigned at least to mummy in cold dark cellar in the deep underground. He catches hold of the fraud and emptiness inherent in apparently lofty ideas and ideals and ideologies. It's a false fraudulent world, in short. There are forty poems composed at various times in the past two decades. The poet's aloofness from, yet concern for, contemporary social events is amply clearly demonstrated. At some places his choice of idioms and phrases failed him to reach lofty heights. He humbles in the eerie world. Sometimes he stumbles and is knocked, and turned pedestrian. Somehow he clears himself through the debris to a level where the subconscious mind prevailed thus pointing out the contemporary madness glorified in the name of Marxism as far, far from progress and development, a mirage truly. □□□