

## A PENETRATING EVALUATION OF JIBANANANDA DAS' SENSIBILITIES: A CALM ANGUISHED VISION FOR AN ENLIGHTENED INCARNATION OF LIFE IN A DEPLORABLE WORLD

Shahinur Alam Sarker<sup>1</sup> & Zillur Rahman<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Associate Professor, Department of Humanities, Khulna University of Engineering & Technology, Khulna, Bangladesh

<sup>2</sup>Associate Professor, Department of Language and Communication, Patuakhali Science and Technology University,  
Patuakhali, Bangladesh

### ABSTRACT

Jibanananda Das (1899–1954), a modern Bengali poet, looks with a romantic measure of belief using every opportunity that presents before his eyes. For a moment, Jibanananda Das goes beaten in his skills of experiencing the circumstances of life, but here immediately he absorbs the insistence of transforming his hard experiences regained with sensibility into a loving world. This, usually we realize, gives him the sensibilities that happen immediately after sensibility. Welogically can bear the sensibility of J. Das and then his sensibilities and wonder if such a birth of sensibilities is more than that of a common human being. This develops a calm seriousness and forces smoothly to open the world of vision – a living image that discovers in a world of disquiet born in a deviation of life. J. Das' sensibilities, though on such an obvious distaste world, lie inside his psyche looking at the nauseating surroundings of life. He, amazingly insipid in life, we seem to think, claims that he loses something peaceful, he has yet something cheerful and so consoling.

**KEYWORDS:** Sensibilities, A Distaste Life, Vision for a Bright Life

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### INTRODUCTION

There are many things of life which a human being conveys though in dreams and observes heartily the expected as to say hopeful scene in reality. This lures J. Das' sensibility on such things of life and he feels an irresistible hurt which the things of life exert. The degree of significance, which J. Das' sensibilities attach to things of life, looks his aesthetic spirit. His aesthetic attraction, worthy of drawing attention, is born from his philosophy of life – an effort to come out of an ugly existence: 'Birup prithibi o birup bortoman thaka sa (Jibanananda Das) atitar sukhomoy srmitir jogota barobar probash korta chay, jakhana sa anak bashi sbacchondo bodh kora'<sup>1</sup>(He, being freed from the unfriendly world and present, wants repeatedly to get in the past happy memory bearing world. Here he feels profoundly comfortable' the authors, trans.) (Mukhopadhyay 23). Basically J. Das, Mukhopadhaya says, only wishes so life where he could have the fulfillment of all desires: 'Taka (Jibanananda) sai sob payachir dasha niya jak, jakhana kabolmatro acha sokol akhankhar poritripiti .' ('One needs to bring Jibanananda Das in those countries, where he only has satiety for all desires' the authors, trans.) (23).

### The Nature of his Sensibilities

The trend of his sensibilities looks calm, but wonderful and an impeccable manner: ‘a (Jibananandar chondo) jano upolahoto monthor srotosbini – thama – thama ojosro dash o komar badha thaka thaka udash, alosh gotita boya colacha. Ata prochur utsahar tara nai, acha akti modhur abosadhar klanti’ (‘This rhythm, as if affected with the blow of stone, is a slow current – it, stopping at a lot of dashes and commas, moves in an indifferent and slow speed. Here is no movement of huge inspiration, but there is the tiredness of a sweet taste. This harmony reaches our ear from a far distance’ the authors, trans.)(Basu 30). He wishes a life without deviation ever since he has felt life: ‘Jibanananda babur kobitay ja surti agagora bajacha taka engraji somalocokar bhasay ‘Renaissance of wonder’ bola jay’ (The harmony, which persists from beginning to end in the poems of Jibanananda Babu, is renaissance of wonder in the language of English critics’ the authors, trans.)(Basu 30). What argument does he base his wonder on? We find the base of his wonder: ‘Jibanananda babu ai songsarar osbtitto agagora osbikar korachan, tini amadar hat dhora ak oprubo rohosoloka niya jan, - sa mayapuri hoyto amra konodin dakha thakbo’ (‘Jibanananda Babu denies from beginning to end the existence of this real life, he brings us in an unprecedented mysterious reflection, which we may have experienced once’ the authors, trans.) (Basu 30). It cares of sour life and seems envious of pleasantness in real life. The move of his sensibilities manytimes grows from the direct smell of a nauseating life: ‘Toba mona hoy dakhbar moto cokh ar anubhob korar moto hridoy tar chilo, abong tini aporimay kobitbo soktir odhikari chilan. Abokhoy, apocoy, apobay o asusthotar ghobhir upolobdhi ar bikhoto hridoyar bisrosto anubhutika karjokor bhasarup dita tar paronggomota chilo oporisim’ (‘It seems that he had eyes to look at and a heart to feel, and an immeasurable poetic talent. He had an unlimited profundity to reflect the waste, loss, futility, illness and the scared perception of the torn heart in an effective language’ the authors, trans.) (Haque 44). In addition to this, it lies a lot on the view of nature which underlies much of his life: ‘Prokitika jabhaba uposthaphon korla jbora klanti – jogojbor – abosad – riktota – usorata kingba hotasha – sthobirota – akakittota – bangmoy hoyta utha, sabhabai Jibanananda nisorgo cittro ongonka sbacchondo anubhob korachan’ (‘Jibanananda feels comfortable to delineate nature in the way, nature can be represented in a fruitful way in fever, tiredness, the pains of an era, the distaste, the void, warmth or hopelessness, immobility and loneliness’ the authors, trans.) (Mahmood 231). His sensibilities can share this view and are eager to live the life of permanent beauty, not a transient one out of his contemporary distaste life: ‘Manobiy gunaboli thaka sotti sotti manus jokhon bicchinno hoyta bostu sorborsbo jiboncatonay amulito hoy tokhon somosto rokomar bhrosto ar nosto corittrar manusar jantob poridhika bariya day’ (‘When a man, being separated from a human beings’ qualities, involves in awareness based on matters, he increases the living spectrum of a brutal human with the manners based on deviation and waste. Jibanananda, the sensitive poet to so horrible manners, depicts the contemporary realities of so horrors in the text of his poetry’ the authors, trans.) (Mahmood 233). He, as we take his sensibilities on trust, believes in his absolute expectation of a full and permanent recovery from such violations of life. He no longer hopes of the impermanence of the beauty of life and so suffers pleasingly from the unpleasantness of violations of life's beauty. It looks the common way of his sensibilities in the practical world, where he shows no manipulation. Just his nature of sensibilities takes its route when uncouth seems to have existence on a life of his believed beauty: ‘Kothay kon sa ghor jakhana kobir hridoy shantir sthayi ashroy pata para, ar ja shanti du’ dondar noy’ (‘Where is the house– where the heart of the poet can have a permanent shelter of peace, which is not of a temporary existence, the authors, trans.)(Rafique 14).

### The Survey of J. Das’ Texts

Let's have a survey of J. Das’ text that will build a study of the view where his sensibilities become embroiled in a soft anguish on unattractiveness of life. J. Das, a poet of modern age, lives most of his life in the awareness of his soul digging

deep for the beauties of life. Why had he been in search of beauties in life? The question, then, lies in the disturbing states of life that create a profound feeling of joyous uneasiness in his romantic psyche and require eventually him to have a thorough search of beauties in life. First of all, let's look at his sensibilities on the beauty of life concerned with physique. He spots that misery of life smears the freshness of physique:

Ja pata sobuj chilo – tobuo holud ho'ta hoy, -  
Shitar harar hat ajo tara jayni chuya;  
Jamuch jubar chilo, to'buo jar hoya jay khoy,  
Haimonta rataraga jho'ra jay, po'ra jay nuya – (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Jibon' 28 - 31)  
The leaf which was green is to be yellow,  
But the effect of winter still doesn't reach the leaf;  
The mouth which was juicy yet goes dry,  
Before the month of Haimonta it goes fallen, or goes bent' *Gray Manuscript* 'Life' the authors, trans.

Besides life, he notices, passes away and beauty –which, J. Das believes, can only exist in youth, goes out from his life. He appears in the idea: 'Hamontar jhora ami jhoribo jokhon / Pothar pathar moto tumio tokhon / Amar bukar 'pora shuya roba' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Nirjon Sbakkhor' 63 - 65) ('When I fall down in the storm of *Haimonta* - late autumn / Will you lie on my breast as the leaf of a street does' *Gray Manuscripts* 'A Lonely Signature' the authors, trans.). *Haimonta* – Autumn reflects the time when beauty of nature goes vanished. J. Das meditates passionately the damaging effect on physical beauty and *Haimonta* works as a means for the psychic concern. Moreover, illness causes blemish on physique and it touches J. Das: 'Abar jano fira asi / Kono ak shitar rata / Akta him komlalabur korun mangso niya' (*Bonolota San* 'Komla Labu' 3 – 5) ('If I could I would come back/On some wintry night/As the soft, cool flesh of an orange' 'An Orange' 3–5, Alam, trans.). Furthermore J. Das' heart for intellectual beauty, we feel enough him with it to be away from common human beings, looks prettily jewelled. He with sensibilities claims entirely himself dedicated to elegance of intellectuality, of which rays shut out the curse of darkness: 'Sristir sindhur buka ami ak dhau / Ajikar;' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Koyakti Lain' 8 - 9) ('I'm the crest on the wave of creativity / I'm of this time' *Gray Manuscripts* 'A Few Lines', 5–6, Alam, trans.). When would such a wave of creation be possible and how can we expect so? He with intelligence in this time fights a battle against ignorance: 'Kau jaha jana nai – kono ak bani - / Ami boha ani' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Koyakti Lain' 1 - 2) ('What no one has ever known – the message I convey;' *Gray Manuscripts* 'A Few Lines' 1, Alam, trans.). What being on an intellectually dark world ultimately creates a necessary intellectual world of his own, resultantly separates from the common ones. The only view of the darkness of intellectuality strengthens his sensibilities. Also J. Das believes in the indomitable energy in life and it, he feels, can defeat any morbidity: 'Onggarar moto taj kora ontororar tola, / Jokhon akankkha ak batasar moto boya asa / Ai shokti agunar moto tar jibh tula jbola' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Jibon' 82 - 84) ('As a cinder burns, just in such a way a desire in the depth of heart moves as wind blows/This energy burns as fire burns raising its flame' *Gray Manuscripts* 'Life' the authors, trans.). But it doesn't fit in with his surroundings of life. At the moment circumstances in life baffles his energy and his sensibilities achieve a high fever: 'Bhosmar moto tai hoya jay hridoy fakasha / Jibon dhoar moto, - jibon chayar moto bhasa' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Jibon' 85 - 86) ('So heart goes as pale as ash goes / Life floats as smoke or shadow does' *Gray Manuscripts* 'Life' the authors, trans.). This, he considers, deserves the credit of a cheat to his belief. And he in his importance of inner-enticement longs for a charmed world of success far removed from failures: 'Prithibirdayalar 'por / Akabaka asongkho akkhora / Akbar likiyachi antorar kotha' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Sbopnar Hat' 43 - 45) ('I have written once the ideas of my psyche on the world with a lot of curbed

letters' *Gray Manuscript* 'At the Hand of Dreamauthors, trans.) The world of failures fell deep in darkness: 'Sa - sob barthotha / Alo ar andhokara giyacha muchiya' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Sbopnar Hat' 46 - 47)('Those failures have gone in light and darkness' *Gray Manuscripts* 'At the Hand of Dream' the authors, trans). Instead of succumbing to the actual – failures, he with a more moving heart and passionate eye, creates what is in effect a new type of world – dream in reality: 'Dhusor sbopnar dasa giya / Hridoyar akhangkar nodi / Dau tula tripti pay –' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Sbopnar Hat' 49 - 51)('In the country of pale dreams the river of the desire of heart creating wave feels comfortable' *Gray Manuscripts* 'At the Hand of Dream' the authors, trans.). This, his hope and consequentially the reality, absorbs from him an idea of deception in life. What is more is that there has been a widespread range of the implication of pains in an uncouth life. This scene is occasioned by his living in a cruel world. All, J. Das has laid in the depth of his soul, evolve his spell not only on the libertylost natives of the sub-continent but also on that of the whole of the human beings of the world. The people of the world, treated with cruelty, give rise to an affectionate eye of J. Das. 'Ja pran gumri kadicha niral shuni ja tar dhoni' (*Jhora Palok* 'Nikhil Amar Bhai' 3)('I feel the sound of the soul, which weeps in a suppressed grief' *Fallen Feathers* 'The World is My Brother' the authors, trans.). The tenderness of his heart with a fresh loneliness dwells in the scene when the world shrank in showing love to human beings' freedom and so human beings look chained: 'Akash hotacha kalo / Kahadar jano chayapata hay, nibha jay alo' (*Jhora Palok* 'Nikhil Amar Bhai' 8 - 9)('The sky is going dark / With the touch of someone even the bright light goes vanished' *Fallen Feathers* 'The World is My Brother' the authors, trans.). His conception of life, in which his sensibilities look fascinated, grows from his exploration of realization – empathy for liberty for peoples: 'Sobar bukar bedona amar, nikhil amar bhai' (*Jhora Palok* 'Nikhil Amar Bhai' 7)('In me lies the pains of all ones, the world is my brother' *Fallen Feathers* 'The World is My Brother' the authors, trans.). And another point, we can refer to the sensibilities of J. Das, for humanity looks that the question of his humanity raises a scene less of thinking than of feeling, less of head than of psyche and thereby he searches the sources of inhumanity – envy for humanity, but without this scene his existence is zero and so his shelter is in intact peace of nature – paddy field: 'Kabol kastar shobdo prithibir kamanka bhula / Korun, nirih, nirashroy.' (Satti Tarar Timir 'Khata Prantora' 43 - 44)('Only the sound of sickle makes one forget the sound of cannons / The view is tragic, humble and shelterless' *The Darkness of The Seven Stars* 'At Crops and Fields' the authors, trans.). In face of cannons creating tragic consequences for human beings destined to doomed failure and hopelessness, J. Das' sensibilities attach to peace of nature with a sickle making sound while cutting rice paddies. In addition to these, we discover that the mean spirit of human beings' heart shines in J. Das' sensibilities: 'Jai kuj gologondo mangsa foliyacha / Nosto shosa poca kalkumar chaca, / Ja sob hridoya foliyacha / - Sai sob.' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Bodh' 105 - 08)('And like that hump – a goitre erupting on flesh/Rotten cucumber – putrid pumpkin – /All that have grown rank in the heart – ' *Gray Manuscripts* 'An Overwhelming Sensation' 103–05, Alam, trans.). He witnesses some very distressing scenes that build up nests of generosity in his heart. The crisis of human being's generosity develops distaste for human beings in his soul: 'Paba na ahlad / Manasar muchdacha konodin' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Bodh' 92 - 93)('Will it never know the deep delight?/Ofgazing at the face of a man' *Gray Manuscripts* 'An Overwhelming Sensation', 90–91, Alam, trans.). His heart as a romantic loves human beings with high sense of heart surrounding a society with love, kindness and dignity: 'Jadar hridoya kono pram nai, priti nai, korunar aloron nai / Prithibi acol tadar suporamorso chara' (*Agronthitho* 'Adbhud Adhar Ak Asacha Aj' 3 – 4)('Those who feel no love – no affection – or the flutter of pity/Have become crucial to controlling the world' *Uncollected* 'A Strange Darkness', 3–4, Alam, trans.). He can't stand the world amidst this state; instead his insight imagines what it would be like a light in the world: 'Adbhud adhar ak asacha a prithibita aj' (*Dhusor Pandulipi* 'Bodh' 1) ('A strange darkness had descended on the world these days' *Uncollected* 'A Strange Darkness', 1, Alam, trans.).

### **The Analysis of the Texts**

Let's look at the reason that inspires to reveal his sensibilities much in sweet anguish and in something deep way in an appalling world. First of all, we can observe that beauty, withered either for age or misery of life, deepens his sensibilities. The pains of a short-lived beauty makes a strong impact on J. Das' sensibilities and it looks a solution that could bring a permanent beauty in a permanent life. He therefore exposes a strong desire for a lasting life where he can enjoy the beauties of the world. His usage – 'Anonto jibon' (Eternal life) reflects his shock on a short-lived life. In an eternal life then he could burst into joys experiencing green wind: '...man's access to time discontinues with death. Sartre lamented, "man's misfortunes lies in his being time-bound". In J. Das there is no lamentation as such. Time is important to him because man lies in time as part of the same. J. Das emphasizes time because time to him is man's lived experience. In his own capacity, he is capable of evaluating and interpreting this experience. Frequent temporal references in the poetry of J. Das reflect his unabated anxiety about life' (Faizul Latif Chowdhury 118). In impassioned sensibilities wind so turns into green. Again his usage – 'Haimontar jhora' ('In the storm of Haimonta– Late Autumn') brings into light his friendship with a permanent life as Haimonta– Late Autumn in Bengali calendar appears in the death of life: 'Jibanananda das haimontar kobi' ('Jibanananda Das is a poet of Haimonta – Late Autumn' the authors, trans.) (Jahangiri 35). And Haimonta in his philosophy – 'Notun fosola suborno jug asa' – Sukantar ai catna Jibanananda anuposthit.' ('A bright colored era comes with the yielding of new crops, but this awareness is absent in J. Das' the authors, trans.) (Jahangiri 35–36). What emergence of awareness then on Haimonta develops in J. Das? The view comes: 'Jhora patar bhasso likhachan Jibanananda Dhusor Pandulipi kabba' ('Jibanananda writes the reflections of fallen feathers in Gray Manuscript' the authors, trans.) (Jahangiri 36). Also, Jibanananda Das divulges fervent sensibilities for the misery of life which he thinks responsible for the loss of beauty. Green leaves turn yellow without the touch of time that causes naturally yellow and it engenders commotion in J. Das' psyche for misery. Even he can perceive the role of misery for the pale of beauty in how the reviving spirits of heart dry up before a physique reaches a time for the natural loss of beauty. J. Das' philosophy for the eternal beauty of physique raises him beyond real life to an idealized life where he feels the magic of idealistic beauty amid its ugliness. He is cheerfully suffered with the haunts of age and misery, but they enable him to achieve more than thrills in deepness. His sensibilities so seem entirely offshoot of the concept of beauty of physique with the exclusion of reality concerned with it: 'Kono ak andhokara ami / Jokhon jaibo ca'la – arbar asibo ki nami / Anak pipasa lo'ya a – matir tira' . . . (Dhusor Pandulipi 'Pipasar Gan' 1 - 3) ('When I will depart for some darkness/Will I with a great interest return on this earth' the authors, trans.). Why ever does he crave for his return from the after-life on the worldly life? To enjoy the beauty of life: '- Shudhu mor dahar talasa / Shudhu mor snayu shira roktar tora' (Dhusor Pandulipi 'Pipasar Gan' 6 - 7) ('Only for the sake of my physique/Only for the sake of my neuron, vein, and blood' Gray Manuscripts. 'The Song of Thirst' the authors, trans.). He, one of the most modern romantic geniuses, greatly enjoys his sensibilities in pains with beauty of physique. His romantic version of philosophy occupies a backdrop for the achievement of beauty. And this ethos of his exuberant pains set against the stamps of reality concerned with physique in many poems. Besides J. Das, one of the most fecund modern poets, nurtures a pure mind as he has frankness in heart. Quite surely he becomes surprised in the scenes of cheat in life. The enjoyment of beauty of life as conceived with J. Das' sensibility creates an aesthetic kind of awareness basically in disagreement with the type of awareness derived from his realistic life. As regard the aesthetic kind of awareness he estheticized from life a kind of potential power before which morbidity of life doesn't operate. But in this purely conceptual aestheticism he supposes a level of realization in reality where his conceptual appreciation of reality

and his realistic reality continue to be at odds. He attains a level of belief for his philosophy of aestheticism about desires of human beings to be equal to fire supposed as having creativity, powerful skill and the like. Bhattacharya so arrives at an idea about J. Das: 'Dhusor Pandulipi kabba angar abong daoyalar somonbito kolporup anupata sbabhabik sthan adhikar kora acha. Agunar etibacok sristishil shuddhisucok abong punurudpadok khomota anggikar kora angar a khattra ak shoktiman protika porinoto hoyacha. 'Jhora Palok' – a angarar dhara – kacha jonakir tatkhoi ora-ori lokkho kora giyachilo, Dhusor Pandulipi kabba angar poucha jata cayacha nokkhotrar kkhonoshashboto jibonar porinoti par hoyo anno konokhana' (16)('The collective imagined reflection of cinder and wall in proportion possess commonness in Gray Manuscripts. The positive creative purifying and reproducing power of fire promises that cinder works in this context as a symbol offering power. There is observed in Fallen Feathers that glow worms fly around cinder, but in Gray Manuscripts cinder wishes to reach somewhere else crossing the consequence of a temporary life' the authors, trans.). It overwhelms us about his strong sensibilities on a potential desire of a human being. But it cheats him that his believed aestheticism and possessed reality don't equate. A surge of references from his poetry centers his concerns to translate his reality into idealized version where he studies the principles of beauty. The astonishing trend about his realities conjures up the view of a hard life. His family both of his own and his father's, though educated and noble, leads a poverty stricken existence. The touch of a life of minimum luxury has been far away from his reach: 'Sorbanananda bhobonar (Jibananandar pitar basbhoban) dayittbo chilo borishal shohorar sikkhabistarar / Sbocholota jaka bola ta chilona. Sattanananda Das sa jugar graduate hoyo sottbao songsar chilo tanatanir songsar. Toba morjada chilo'('The responsibility of Sarbanananda Bhobon (the residence of Jibanananda's father) is to spread out education in Barisal. What we call affluence is not available with this family. The family is with economic hardship though Sattanananda Das is a graduate of the time. But the family had dignity' the authors, trans.)(Dasgupta 19). And another scene of his own poverty, that speaks not of his loving care but of his sour experience, appears in the concept of Majumdar: 'Jibanananda – khorogpur kolaja engrajir adhapokar cakuri nan. Kintu cuti nayar aporadha tini cakuricut hon. Sata 1950 – 51 salar ghotona. Jibanananda darun artho kosta nipotito hon. Ar agao ja tar arthonaitik sbacchondo chilo ta kintu noy. Bostuto arthokosto tar nitto sohocor.' ('Jibanananda joins as a professor of English in Khorogpur College. But he was given sack because of leave of absence. This is an incident in 1950–1951. Jibanananda falls in a severe economic hardship. But before this he had no economic affluence. Indeed economic hardship is his daily companion' the authors, trans.) (116). In addition to poverty we can hold of him that in life the unpleasant states such as the division of the sub-continent on the basis of two nations' theory and his migration from then East Pakistan to India, the problem to continue permanently a job, the panic born from the Second World War and the like were to some extent in critical opprobrium from many of critics about his reality in life. J. Das though he believes to be cheated in life as for the gap – his belief in potentialities that life can't have the challenges, but his facing the challenges, seeks to assess life in the aesthetic values of his philosophy. It is the importance that he attaches to his reality and feels life's joy amidst unpleasantness: 'Amra mritur aga ki bujhita cai ar ? Jani na ki aha, / Sob ranga kamnar shiyora ja dayalar moto asa jaga / Dhusor mritur mukh' (Dhusor Pandulipi 'Mritur Aga' 43 - 45)('What else need we know before death? Do we not know, alas, / The one wall that raises its head and surround all deep desires, / The pale face of death?' Gray Manuscripts 'Before Death,' 43–45, Alam, trans.). What's more that J. Das finds life a potential existence because of its success he discovers as if failures have not happened in his clime. So, sunnier than sunny clime attracts him. Profession, being bound both with rules and challenges, resists his desire for liberty and smoothness. Liberty in his first job in Kolkata City College could advance his life, but the bondage to the free expression of one's thoughts, that compel him to leave the job because of his revelation of evil as supposed by then administration of the college, shocks him:

'Prothoma tini 1922 sala kolkatar siti kolaja tutor pada jogdan koran abong 1928 sala cakuricuto hon' ('At first he joins Kolkata City College as a tutor in 1922 and is given sack in 1928' the authors, trans.)(Majumdar 115). Why can he no longer continue his work? The response comes: 'A somoyta tar jibonar annotomo bhoyaboho, karon Sojonikanta Das jabhaba shalinota biborjito bhasay shonibarar citi – ta 'songbad sahitto bibhaga' Jibananandar kobitaka akromon koran tata kono kobiroi matha thik thakar kotha noy.' ('This time is a severe hardship in his life, because the way Sojoni Kanto Das attacks the poems of Jibanananda Das with a language devoid of decency at the column – Songbad Shahittya Bivag (column of literary information) in Sonibarar Chiti (the letters of saturday) can't console any poet' the authors, trans.)(Majumdar 115–16). Moreover, he at his career has not been able to enjoy freely his liberty and smoothness because of his being in job: 'Jibanananda khorogpur kolaja engrajir adhapokar cakuri nan. Kintu cuti nayar aporadha tini cakuricuto hon' ('Jibanananda joins as a professor of English in Khorogpur College. But he was given sack because of leave of absence.' the authors, trans.) (Majumdar 116). His belief in success is doomed to failure. Life, he looks believing, is accused of cheating him. Contrary to his hope shakes his belief of bright hope. So, he as a romantic brings in his heart a new era of inspiration with dream, which removes pains and continues to stir the sauce of inspiration. Furthermore, J. Das'sensibilities startflourishing in an extremely cruel world. In every human being, J. Dasfeels, a life with liberty-loss looks infringing his world. It happens when the onset of cruelty finds its course, compassion between a human being and another one loses its speed. A huge reserve of latent desire then for freedom in a human being's breast bursts with hatred. J. Dasconsiders that it stimulates inequality in society and perpetuates pains in his self. There is the sign of his severe trouble in the hard reality of the leadership in the world: 'Boishakhar kothin poricoy pai. Matir fatola prithibika dakha jay bisrosto; khorar stup pora thaka digonta jura – jar rong noy sonar moto sbopno madur. Kothin rajnoitik bastobotar somoya boishakh tar kothinrupa abirbhuto.' ('The hard identity of Baishakh is experienced. The world looks weary with the cracks in land; the pile of hay lay far and wide on lands and its color doesn't be as sweet as the color of gold. Baishakh appears toughly in the hard reality of politics' the authors, trans.) (Jahangiri 31). Such a prolonged state of relations in society damages his psychic union with society. Being well aware of this anguish his sensibilities look more comfortable with nature than with people. He shows a deep empathy for the oppressed peoples' situations – pathetic, mild and shelterless: 'Dasha dasha uponibash sthaponkari Engraj, American, Forasi, Portugij, ar Olondajra nijadar chara ar sobaika borbor bhabta abhosto chilo. Bharotiyora chilo tadar cokha native. Nijadar ganokhonda dikkhito dasdar tara shikhiyachilo kibhaba sbojatika borbor bhabta hoy. Ai das-srani nijadar apato – sukhar ashay poshcimaprobhudar kacha bikiya diyachilo brihottrar such– shanty – somriddhbi. Mackwellar sikkhay sikkhito ai sraniti chilo Kolkatakandrik budbiparar morol. Mona rakhar acha, ai morolra engrajdar motoi saotal bidrohoka borbordar acoron bo'la birohdhita korachilan. Ai morolra purbobanglar bangalidar tacchillo kora 'bangal' bola daktan. Jibanananda Das sai 'bangla'r jibonacar khurai tula anlan manobar hajar bochorar bonconar etihis. Shudhu poradhin bharon sadharon manusoi noy, prithibir sorbokalar sadironmay sorbopranar jonnoi tini bathitho hridoyka dharon koracilan buka' ('The colonists – the English, Americans, French, Portuguese, and Dutch coloniasing countries think all other nations instead themselves uncivilized. The Indians were according to them 'Natives.' They teach the slaves converted to their own learning how to think their own nations as uncivilized. This class of the slave thinking immediate benefit for their happiness sells the happiness, peace, and enrichment of the broader portion of their nations. This class learning with the teachings of Maxwell was the leaders of the intellectual society centered to Kolkata. These leaders, it is to remember, oppose the Saotal revolution addressing it uncivilized. Also these leaders ridiculing call the bangles of the East Bengal 'Bangal'. Jibanananda Das digging up the ways of life of those bangles brings their history of negligence of thousands of years. He bears not only the pains of the hearts of colonized

India, but also that of all ones of all ages in his soul' the authors,trans.) (Shahriar 140).He then being in nature but forgets completely: 'Kintu bastob jibona protikulotar abhigata bar bar jorjorito hoyo prokritir nirjonotay ashroy khujachan'(He, however being repeatedly hurt with the adversities of reality, searches shelter in the loneliness of nature' the authors, trans.)(Majumdar 126).J. Das'sensibilities, filled with anguish in a pathetic world, culminate in a bright world lit with a hope of truth – honor to humanity – a romantic cheers in a filthy world in distaste. Not only these analyses in regard of his sensibilities as represented in the survey but also other analyses come before us. J. Das' sensibilities add substance to his heart'sfertilization that grows the cells of love, affections, sympathy, compassion and the like. Otherwise, it will get too ugly to have comfortability with human beings and J. Dasidentifies it mean hearted. He as romantic considers human beings' heart away from reality, which lures their heart to so types of manners that they fall victim to cruel decisions. He imagines heart with pollen of compassion that finally produces seeds of beauty in manners – a generous heart.This realization in his sensibilities, he seems to have thought this reality, comes of the cruel scenes, that come about in his time: 'Jibanananda sbadhinota andolonar uttal torongo-obhghatar modho diya boro hon. Tarpur prothom bisbojuddhar damadol. Tarpur juddhar somoyar o juddho-uttor somajik o rajnoitik osthirotha abong mullobodhar obokhoy. Arpor bishar doshokar hindhu musolmanar danga, collisar durbhikho, ditio bisbojuddho abong a dhonar coloman oshanti tar bodhka biporjosto koracha'(Jibanananda grows up in the vibrancy of independence movement. Then the confrontation of the First World War was available. Later, the social and political instability and the violation of values after that time of war persist. Next to this reality the riot between the Hindus and the Muslims in the 1920, the famine of the 1940, the Second World War and the like unhappiness depress his sense' the authors, trans) (Majumdar 118). So what he needs to be happy in the world looks a frank exchange of view reflected in his heart and then in art. He with his trial portrays aesthetically in his sensibilities the victims of the uncompassionate society with strange darkness 'Adbhudh Adhar' 'A strange darkness' authors, trans.);but critics employ this wonderful darkness as the milestone to the life of love in society. We can know immediately what happens in his psyche: 'Bola bahullo bish shotokar bishar doshokar upomohadasha bishasoto abibhokto banglar somajik rajnoitik poristhitir pota abong asohojog andolonar potobhumita Jibanananda Das bidrohi kobi Nazrular kabodharay probhabito holao muloto romantic manosprobonotar adhikari abong sbopno o soundorjobodhar rupokar abong modhobitto manosar rupokar Jibanananda Das chilan Robindronathar adhikotor songlongo'(Though it is impertinent that Jibanananda was moved with the poetic trend of the rebel poet Kazi Nazrul at the context of socio-politics of the sub-continent – particularly that of undivided Bengal and that of the uncooperative movement of India, he was basically with romantic psyche, an architect of dreams and beauty and especially near to Rabindronathean in delineating the psyche of middle class'the authors, trans.)(Mahfuzullah 63). The intended view appears from his sensibilities that the sheer distaste of the mean heart takes his heart away and it comes back to enjoy in the imagined view of heart as captivated in the following: 'Manob khoyito hoyna jatir baktir khoya' (Bala Abala Kalbala 'Jotodin Prithibita' 8)(Humanity doesn't lose existence for the deviation of a nation or a person' In Time, Out of Time and a Time Apart 'As Long as Anyone in the World'the authors, trans.). As a result of this hope for heart his sensibilities' commitment to excellence yields an inner beauty, not physical appearance:'Anak rattrir shasa tarpur ai prithibika / Bhalo bola mona hoy; - somoyar omay adhara / Jotir taronkona asa' (Bala Abala Kalbala 'Mahatma Gandhi' 1 - 3)(After a long night the world seems to be fine; / The emissary of light comes in the condense darkness of time'In Time, Out of Time and a Time Apart 'Mahatma Gandhi'the authors, trans.). Then the heart amazes us: 'Prithibir potitoka bhalobasa tai / Sokolari hridoyar 'pora asa nogno hat rakha; / Amrao alo pai – proshanto omol ondhokar / Mona hoy amadar somoyar ratrikao.' (Bala Abala Kalbal 'Mahatma Gandhi' 5 -

8)(Loving the fallen of the world/keeping the naked hand on the hearts of all ones/we feel light/it seems the darkness of the night of this time calm and pure'In Time, Out of Time and a Time Apart'Mahatma Gandhi' the authors, trans.).

## CONCLUSION

J. Das, a modern Bengali romantic poet, born in a tough reality of life but brought up in the affections of a human being, seems to develop his sensibilities in the pathetic form of life. But he as romantic torn at the circumstances, rises from this version of life on its reversion that opens to us a life of excellence seemed as romantic. In anywhere of life, either physique or psychic, beauty damages, his sensibilities come across and fall hurt. Unattractiveness throws some attractiveness on J. Das' sensibilities, which lie though not in his frenzied but agonized state of psyche. He wonders why fairness loses either for misery or age, why a life as conceived but pretends and why a human being can't exist after all as a human being devoid of a human being's manners. This, after all, looks the gist of his doctrine – Romantic Idealism, which, he considers, consoles him in the reversion of life. Alimujjaman Chowdhury opines that the reversion of life from the version of coarseness makes a nice change for J. Das because of his romantic idealism: 'Prokrito prostaba kobi Jibanananda Das klanto, kkhoyisnu, bishirno potobhumir antorala jibonar sundor bhobisotar sbopnacari ak atmonimogno kobi' (Indeed Jibanananda Das is a devoted poet to dream a bright future life behind the context of tired, wane, and pale world' the authors, trans.) (56). He has no ambition other than to continue a life of good sense not ethical but aesthetic as imagined: 'Sucatona, ai potha alo jbola – ai pothai prithibir kromomukti hoba / Sa anak shotabdir kaj' (*Banalata San* 'Sucatona' 22 - 23)(Good sense, enlightening in this way - the world can get rid of darkness / It is a task of scholars through centuries' the authors,trans.).J. Das sets his sensibilities about with their amazing pains and thereby restores a human being's life in a distaste world: 'Protidinar jibanka, tar rurtaka, tar birupotaka Jibanananda aboishoi jantan. . . kamon kora 'nirashar' jonmo hoy. Shrayo o mongolar ja bodh acha tar mona, bara bara ta ahoto, piritto, roktakto hoyo otha'(Jibanananda must know life, its difficulties and adversities ... He knows 'how the birth of hopelessness breeds.' What the sense of the best and welfare exists in his mind becomes wounded, sick and smeared with blood' the authors, trans.)(Sirajul Islam Chowdhury79).

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End- note

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<sup>i</sup> This is a Phonetic Transcription from Bengali to English. The transcriptions are mentioned immediately not only before the translations of the main document of the article but also immediately before the translations of REFERENCES. After the transcriptions the translations reflect the meaning of the original texts. The transcriptions are cited before every translations of the article. A reader of the article can identify the meaning of texts with the help of translations along with the original texts from transcriptions and the quoted sources. The citation of- Phonetic Transcription from Bengali to English' is avoided after every transcription for the escape of repetition of same idea in many contexts of the article. It may create distaste in readers and the article may lose beauty.