

One Who Stayed Back: Sunanda Shikdar's Partition Memoir *Dayamoyeer Katha*

DEBJANI SENGUPTA

Abstract: This paper looks at a Bangla memory text by Sunanda Shikdar, *Dayamoyeer Katha*, published in 2008 to critical acclaim. The narrative centres on the writer's first ten years she spent in East Pakistan with an aunt (between 1951–61) while her family lived in West Bengal. Set in a remote village called Dighpait in East Pakistan, the text is intensely nostalgic in tone; it allows the writer to create a world of affect that is personal yet imbued with aspects of memory and identity of two communities, Hindus and Muslims. Living as a minority in East Pakistan, the writer raises several questions regarding religion and caste that critique the new nation's formation. Firmly attached to the land and the people around her, including the lower castes and Muslim field hands who work for her family, the child/narrator is able to question and critique the taboos of her society through the intricate acts of love and compassion that she learns from the people around her.

Shikdar portrays a gallery of people from her childhood who form an integral part of the village economy, buffeted by the Partition. The narrative unfolds a warm, intimate, agriculturally sustained world of harvests, village fairs, voyages by boats, *pathshalas* and playmates that the precocious girl is a part of, just as it exposes the fissures within such a society. The memoir goes against the canonical Partition narratives of exile, resettlement and rehabilitation; instead, it can be seen as a project of recovery of a way of life now irrevocably lost, yet whose memories have strong resonances and influence on issues of identity and belonging.

Keywords: Autobiography, Partition of India, landscape, memory, history writing, Hindu-Muslim relation in undivided Bengal

Like those birds that lay their eggs only in other species' nests, memory produces in a place that does not belong to it.

Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life*¹

The topography of dispossession and dislocation that the Partition of India in 1947 brings alive is often memorialized in Bangla by literatures of habitation that form a distinct corpus we may call landscape-memory texts. Set on a particular geographical site, these texts often explore a "sociability," marked by negotiations with the land and aspects of belonging to one's community and through relationships with another.² Within this literature, there is a group of life writings by people who did not become homeless after 1947 but who stayed back in their places: the narrative trajectory of many of these is not migration; instead, they deal with the accounts of the quotidian life of people and a place that they remember for the rest of their lives. As such, their autobiographies flow against other well-known Partition narratives of exile and homelessness. If the nation is not just a sovereign site but also "imagined communities", as Benedict Anderson suggests, what does it denote to imagine oneself *into* the nation, especially if one's location is outside its borders? As a Muslim living in India or a Hindu in Pakistan, how does one imagine one's national and notional belongingness? In what ways can identity be shaped by moving or

staying in one place? Can that place be “home” even when an identitarian history interferes to proclaim that one does not belong there? In Bengal’s partition literature, geography becomes deeply caught up in history and politics: the political consequences of being a refugee or a minority in a land that is both “active” and symbolic.³ Situated within a memorialized landscape, the self remembers the ever-active past to recover (that is never complete and stable) and recreate a time and a place of belonging that would confer meaning to lives cleaved in half. Partition’s direct fallout was to make borders where none existed and to give rise to two categories of “bare life”: the “refugee” and the “minority”. When India was partitioned, many Hindus from East Pakistan stayed back, either for political reasons or they thought that the division was temporary; some had ancestral property or jobs. Scheduled caste communities like the Namasudras, with strong ties to the land, refused to move following the example of their leader Jogendra Nath Mandal who stayed back in East Pakistan till 1950.⁴ Some exchanged properties and came to settle in one place as many others left. This continual motif of journeys, done and undone, recur in Bangla Partition literature extensively.⁵

This essay looks at a memoir that gives us a different account of a self that lives on the margins. Partition has aptly made clear that there are no linear histories of habitation and belonging; narratives are complicated by movements of people who move, only to come back or who do not move at all. Often, the place of the “home” where one chooses to stay becomes a “sacralized space”, a way to reclaim the land, a language and life that was shattered with 1947. The imperatives of the story of this attachment to the land subvert the way how the same land is divided and mutilated. In these life stories, the landscape and the people living in them become a “text” that confers a web of meaning to the displacement of the Partition to arrive at a shape of how the land, both natural and symbolic, helps to construct an identity implicated within and without the nation.⁶ Partition memoirs in Bangla are replete with symbols of loss and journeys. They are agonizing representations of the deep trauma of homelessness and voyages across borders into terrains of hope and disillusionment. However, the autobiography of a journey is refashioned in a text where the protagonist does not travel at all. Sunanda Shikdar’s *Dayamoyee Katha* (Dayamoyee’s Story) is such a narrative of being deeply rooted in a place where she lives with her aunt (whom she calls Ma) as her family stays back in India after 1947.⁷ This makes her life story remarkable on many counts. The memoir, published in 2008 to critical acclaim, creates a new kind of autobiographical mode that centres on the writer’s first ten years that she spent in East Pakistan between 1951–61. Living in a remote village in East Pakistan, her narrative is strongly contemplative in tone to transform a world of affect with aspects of memory and identity of communities, both Hindus and Muslims. The text makes visible many strands of identities and communities that are the markers of Partition’s life stories yet radically different in its episteme. Instead of an opposition between nature and nurture or artifice and simplicity, the landscape in this text is charged with the symbolism of a changing world; a world where all the old certainties are set to collapse. Yet this world is infused with a robust mythopoetic colouring through which the history of the subcontinent and especially of the Partition is to be represented. In the Western pastoral tradition, the idyllic natural world is self-absorbed, but it may point to a critique of the civilized artificial world outside. In Bangla partition memoirs, elements of the pastoral are used to recreate a history of its people. This is, however, problematized by not making it a self-sustained natural world but by the creation of a contested terrain of politics and history. In this text, the landscape is not just a sign system for historical and mythological events or a commodity; rather, the landscape is the message. Shikdar’s autobiography deals with “the ideas of *home* in the shifting invocations of a territory – an ancestral village very often, sometimes a keenly contested terrain of politics and history...an elemental, enigmatic site of nature” (Dasgupta, *The Lie of Freedom*: np).

Dayamoyee's narrative begins with the news of a death: the death of Ajom Sheikh, her Dada, who had nurtured her in childhood with an invisible bond of love and care. Her widowed aunt had employed the Muslim field-hand Ajom to look after their farmlands. Daya, also called Sunanda, grows up within the loving protection of Ajomdada who teaches her a deep connection to the land. Riding high on his shoulders, the child loves to trek along the river Bongsho and Jhinai. "I knew where by the river-bank grew the dandakulash shrub, where were the grass flowers; which village and which river-side had how many mango, jaam and jackfruit trees, I knew that too. And I knew the birthmarks on the back and chest of my Dada" (13). Right at the beginning of the autobiography, Shikdar talks of this interdependence she had experienced and learnt from a man who was the "other" in the scheme of her caste-ridden Hindu social order. In Daya's "society of inheritance" where "one's birth determines everything," caste is an essential marker; it "manifests itself as regulations on touching others, literally and figurally, in conjunction with good and bad" (Jaaware, 2019: 23). These regulations, however, have little effect on the narrator. Firmly attached to the land and the people around her, including the lower-castes and Muslims, the child questions the taboos of religion and caste through the complex acts of love and compassion that she imbibes from her world:

In our village, there was a lot of trouble around caste and its taboos. Our neighbours Nitai and Gourda were very fond of my mother and me and wanted us to go with them to visit the Kali temple at Khaguria. We set off in two boats. We would travel together, live closely, even touch each other but, we could not eat with them as they belonged to a lower caste. . . . one day I went to their boat to play with Nitai's daughter Jyotsna. My mother warned me, 'Beware Daya, don't eat anything except fruits.' One day I ate a few fried puti fish from them. (38)

Similar interdiction also extend to the Muslim neighbours but, Daya refuses to follow the taboos of a Hindu way of life; she eats and drinks in the homes of her Muslim and Scheduled caste playmates and gets the nickname "jaitkawuni" (someone who has lost her caste status). Everyone tells her that she is a child, so it is not a sin to do whatever the heart tells her. Yet Daya's freedom is encompassed by her understanding of the pain visible all around her: the pain of being different, the pain of being a Muslim ruled over by Hindu zamindars, the pain of being hungry. In this way, the idyllic world that Daya inhabits is both self-reflexive and much larger than the self-contained world of the conventional pastoral. It allows her to be more than acquainted with the humiliations of poverty and of being different. Sudhirdada, the effeminate boy of the village whose mysterious death saddens her, is a part of this universe. Daya's transgressions allow her to be at one with people with whom she shares not only food but also an ethos of life. She keeps *Roja* with Ajom; Dada, who carries her on his shoulder and who will one day sell his only cow to come and visit her in India many years later.⁸

Even as a child, the acts of touching people (literally and metaphorically), who are shrouded within the laws of untouchability, allows Daya to understand how her simple actions transform herself and connect her to those around her. When she comes away to India and begins a new life, she passionately evaluates the transformation those acts of unpermitted touch had wrought in her:

I am a vagabond by nature, but I love to collect seeds of fruits. I feel pain even to trim tree branches. I am happiest watching the slow growth of plants and trees. I have inherited all this from my Dada (Ajom). And my habit of reading? That was from him too. He was illiterate, but he would walk miles on an empty stomach to listen to Yedalikaka read the Koran and other books. . . . I have also inherited his vagabond nature. I don't cling to things, I lose everything. Ajom Sheikh was a landless farmer, and his only possession was his plough and bullock. How great a vagabond was he that he could sell his only animal to come see me in India for ties of affection! (11)

In the lines above, we can see an essential marker of Daya's identity: it is not a monadic identity but deeply dependent on others whom her Hindu society would never consider equal. This bond of love negates the many interdictions and taboos practised by Hindus in Dighpait that become the cause of Muslim political assertions in the new nation. This is articulated in the text by Sobhan Ali, who tells Daya that she would one day understand this "apoghinna," this hatred, that Hindus had for Muslims, when she grew up (89). Daya's refusal to follow the social and religious taboos challenges stereotypes of Muslims and lower castes as the hateful 'Other' and creates paradigms of conceptualizing and experiencing human relations historically and spatially. Certainly, Daya's world is not idyllic, but there is an implicit understanding that the bounties of nature are to be shared with each other. When a field-hand catches a fish surreptitiously from Chand Khan's pond and is caught red-handed, Daya's aunt tells Chand, "In God's world, the fallen fruits and the fish in an open pond belong to everyone...where have you come from that you do not know this?" (53) The village is riven with caste and religious divisions, yet there is a desire for equity and justice, however fleeting, that comes as lessons from the natural world. The adivasi tribes from the Garo hills often come down to hunt for wild potatoes in the jungle next to Daya's home and they are allowed to roam the area in search of small animals like porcupines, mongoose or feral cats that are edible (55); the Hindu homestead of Daya and her aunt gives shelter to lower-caste families who were earlier employed to carry the family palanquin.

Riding high on Dada's shoulders, Daya has a particular affinity with the landscape around her; her intimacy with the flora and fauna of her land creates in her a profound intuitive ability to understand her human world as well. Every aspect of the village she will eventually leave is drawn with meticulous care, as if the trees, bushes, rivers are to be remembered with love yet never with sentimentality. The landscape is viewed with a fierce, elemental passion, as if to name and remember every tree and river will ascribe a new weight of meaning to them. Longing is the open trope of this memoir: a desire to recreate a subterranean memory of a lost childhood that will make sense of everything that comes after it. The rapport that Daya shares with her Dada is also a manifestation of this intense desire to belong. It is this hermeneutic of yearning that encloses the narrative with such a powerful trope of the lost pastoral; it creates a circle of love and compassion that the memoir constructs intelligibly. Yet unlike the conventional pastoral, Daya's world is ever-expansive in that it gestures beyond the organically connected world of people and nature; it points to the creation of a history through an ordinary life lived with freedom and an ability to value the hidden and the unknowable human self. The vastness of the self, into the knowable storytelling *shashtor* (sacred books) that Daya hears and the *mukto antyokoron* (open-mindedness) that she recognizes in Bhulipishima, a relative, is to enunciate and celebrate the selfhood that is at once layered and constructed through the impulses of imagination and action. When Bhulipishima, a widow at a young age, leaves Daya a bunch of paper and a pen, the path of this open minded connection to the world registers in no uncertain terms. When Shikdar begins to compose her autobiography, Ajomdada and Bhulipishima are the two formative poles of her consciousness (34-35).

Although extending patronage to poor Muslims and lower castes, Daya's family is a minority in East Pakistan: every day the village empties as their Hindu neighbours leave for India. The economic and social churning that Partition creates is explicitly described in the little girl's recollection:

I had understood something that nobody had ever told me. Everything around me was turbulent. Everything around me was changing very fast As I grew up and learned to walk to the courtyard, I could see the house in front, Poluda's home, become a ruin overnight. They had left with utensils, piris made from jackfruit wood, sacks filled with muri and chirey, trunks and beddings tied up in mats piled high on the bullock drawn cart. (18)

The economic and social changes mark Ajom too: his sharecroppers' job is gone as his Hindu employers leave, and he now works as a field-hand in Daya's family land. The Muslims, who come to settle in Dighpait have exchanged their lands in Cooch Behar to resettle in East Pakistan. Chand Khan and Achorbhai are "ripuchi" (refugees) who find a place in Daya's narrative just as people like Yedali and Sadik who are her father's childhood friends. Shikdar presents a gallery of portrayals of her childhood, both Hindus and Muslims, bargadars, field-hands or kaamla, neighbours, zamindars, traders or peons who form an essential part of her world and the village economy. The narrative represents a warm, intimate, agriculturally sustained world of harvests, village fairs, boat rides, village schools and playmates that the precocious girl is a part of:

Big happenings seldom took place in Dighpait. There was no riot in Dighpait. The road to Dighpait was full of water bodies and rivers; between their fluid paths, the news of our village did not reach the world outside. Just as there were no riots here, nobody cared or knew how many people died in floods or famines, how many people lived on grass seeds, leaves and creepers, wild fruits and vegetables, (people who lived off the land, marginally existing were said to live sucking the earth, *mati chaitya khaiyya*) who tried to eke out a living and failed to do so; that news never reached the ears of the world. The Government did not care, nor did the landowners, who ruled over us, care for the lives and sorrows of the people (45).

However, the little girl/narrator is not untouched by the more significant events taking place around her. She waits eagerly to read the newspaper *Ittefaq* although she is often scolded for knowing so little of the written word. Daya is curious to learn about the world, if not through the word, but through observation and participation, although what she knows and understands may seem to be useless by the standards of modern capital:

I had learnt at an early age how to use the dhenki and make rice and chirey, to use the pounding stones and break lentils, and bathe the many cows and calves we had at home named Buri, Tepi, Bisshut, Shukkur, Mangal. although all this knowledge did not come to any use later in my life (85).

Other kinds of knowledge too would be a part of Daya's life: the names of different varieties of rice, the readings from *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the teachings of Islam, the divisions of religion and caste. When the cow Buri dies, Daya asks, "Was Buri a Muslim?" as she watches a grave being dug for her. "How good it would have been if humans too had no jaat" she ponders on hearing that Buri was an animal and did not have any! The knowledge of the self and the world intertwines in Daya's consciousness, not to give a narrow sense of herself but a realization that she lives with a "baundlepona" (a delirious madness that comes from being truly free), an eccentric creative quest for wide-open vistas and a rejection of social constrictions. Daya's knowledge also encompasses pain and separation, a realization of what it means to leave home forever and be uprooted, with the systematic destruction of the village economy earlier sustained by the rentier Hindu landowners or their Muslim service providers. The implications of the changes are not lost on her: Ajomdada has lost his *barga* because the landowning Dey family has left for India. Partition has meant a pauperization of poor Muslim *bargadars* and artisans who had lived by working on Hindu land or had depended on Hindu patronage. The new owners of the land are either the wealthy Muslims or the Hindu tradesmen like the Karmakars who buy it at throwaway prices. However, an important difference exists between them: the Hindus rent out the fields because they are too proud to be seen as agriculturists. The economic vacuum created by the Hindus is filled by the new entrants, the Muslims from West Bengal, whom the village calls refugees. Daya's aunt tells her that they were not to be compared with the Muslims of the village, *bhumiputras*, who belong to the land and are not rootless. (21) The loss of their Hindu neighbours fill the Muslims

too with great sorrow. Modinabhabi who waits for Suresh Lahiri to return home, tells Daya: “Never forget your village....Sureshdada went to Hindustan and never came back. His home is now a ruin, there the birds and the trees weep”(69). This element of *daya* or compassion suffuses this text so that “the overarching rubric of *daya* (she uses *meherbani* too) Sikdar wields like a master craftsman in order to achieve such an effect. This particular mode of interaction—individually and collectively—surely comes from a cultural sense of cooperative mutuality, a natural form of straightforward camaraderie that springs forth and develops from actual liking of other human beings and creatures” (Chakraborty 2013: np). However, Shikdar’s “cultural sense of cooperative mutuality” encompasses a deeply equitable core that includes the natural world as well. When she sees Ajomdada at *namaz* she asks, “Dada what did you tell Allah?” Ajom Sheik answers that he has a prayer, a supplication for all those whom God has sent to live in the universe: humans, animals, insects, trees and bushes, who must be kept from harm. When the child asks him what about Hindus who pray to goddesses like Kali and Lakshmi, Ajom replies, “ There is no quarrel between Allah and Durga or Lakshmi. ... *O shob mayinshe kore*... humans do that” (12). Shikdar’s autobiography lays bare a project of recovery: a recovery of a time (*chronos*) now irrevocably lost and a mythology of togetherness (*topos*) whose script reside in her: “ I am still not a Muslim, a Hindu or a Christian, probably I had never wanted to” (12). In the memoir, the recreated landscape and the people living on them are “read” and connected through a time that seems both disjointed and seamless. Daya’s experiences are in time and also within a time that is out of joint. She realizes that the time past and what the future presaged can only be held together within acts of remembrances: the difference between the *kalojira* and the *hashkhol* rice, the mango trees laden with harvest, the water bodies filled with piscian life, the differences between Hindus and Muslims are all aspects of Daya’s world but which had existed in time and are recreated through memory. Every living thing, whether it is a particular form of grass or her favourite food, is archived to create a landscape of affect: it is tangible and sensual, making it a living topography through which humans labour. The landscape is invoked with a certain epistemological appeal: it is not only a reference point to understand Partition and how it influenced people’s lives, but, also to ask the readers to read it as a world that contained the seeds of its own destruction. The larger project of this memoir is to mythologize the geography through an “evocative symbolism” (Dasgupta, *The Lie of Freedom*: np) and to weave a personal history of the Partition. The story of Madinabhabi is a case in point. From an young age, Madina was a playmate of Suresh Lahiri. The boy would sit in the courtyard to study while Madina would sit nearby to listen. They would play hide and seek, and because they brushed against each other at play, Suresh would have a bath and then go to school. Suresh’s father, Ganesh Lahiri, wanted to leave as soon as the country was partitioned (“the sky fell on our head the villagers often said”) but he had to stay because his large property took time to be disposed of. When the final date is set, Suresh asks Madina to sew him a *kantha*. Madina had wept inconsolably when she heard that the Lahiris were to leave, but she begins to stitch a quilt that she embroiders with shared childhood memories. However, before the *kantha* is finished, the Lahiris leave the village. Madina discontinues her embroidery, distraught; everyone thinks her mad as she wanders the village roads. Daya promises Madinabhabi that she will take Suresh Lahiri’s *kantha* to India if Madinabhabi can only finish it. Like the stitches of the *kantha*, the relations between Hindus and Muslims are invisible and interdependent; weaving together a sense of reliance, a syncretic tradition of living in the same land, loving the same seasons and experiencing the small joys of togetherness:

One event of great happiness in Dighpait school was the Saraswati pujo. Kanuda and Faluda were two Hindu students and all the teachers were Muslim. Still the pujo took place....the Muslim teachers and students participated with equal enthusiasm (98).

“...[W]hen we...set off on the trail of ‘social memory’ we will inevitably end up in places where...we would rather not go, places that represent a reinforcement of, rather than an escape from public tragedy,” writes Simon Schama (1995:18). Such a topography does not always gladden the eye but also recollects the pain and trauma of an event, a public tragedy. In this memoir, Dayamoyee undertakes a regimen of both remembrance and forgetfulness. Early on in her narrative, she states that she would “think that the ten years before 1961 has been erased from my memory” and “I had tried to obliterate that time from my mind” (10). It is only in 1971, with the birth of Bangladesh, that a process of recovery begins. A letter arrives from Ajomdada, and old memories resurface. When she receives the news of his death a few years later, she decides to write about her childhood and *Dayamoyeer Katha* is born.

This autobiography is history writing in the form of a memoir. Memory’s invisible grip evokes nostalgia and it is a vital ingredient of the text. The narrative alerts us to a world brimming with significance, not because it is “symbolic” but because it contains other possibilities: of being and becoming. It includes the prospect of another kind of history of the subcontinent: a history that is conjured through the age-old intimacy of its people and the pangs of hunger that knows no difference of caste or religion. Dayamoyee’s book is ultimately the history writing that was not allowed to happen: Partition brought, in one fell sweep, an end to a long syncretic tradition of closeness and inter-dependence that lived in our land. In a sense, it is an idealistic history that will always hover over the material history of animosity that Partition articulated and made visible. Dayamoyee’s memories, mobile and unmoored, bring alive the threads of a remembered history of love that was once true and real.

Indraprastha College for Women, University of Delhi

Notes

- ¹ Michel de Certeau. *The Practice of Everyday Life* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), p. 86.
- ² I use the word “sociability” after Aniket Jaaware (2019). He states that “every moment of interacting with those people we do not know we have to find that moment’s sociability” which is “how one relates to others”. See Aniket Jaaware, *Practicing Caste: On Touching and Not Touching* (Delhi: Orient Blackswan, 2019), p. 171.
- ³ Schama, S. *Landscape and Memory* (New York: Vintage Books, 1996), pp. 3–19 posits the argument of how landscape myths have been a recurrent pattern in European civilization. Landscape is active because it is metaphorical. My view is that in partitioned Bengal, the metaphor of the landscape operates not always in reality but through memory and is often a metonymy of a fractured and partitioned country.
- ⁴ Anwasha Sengupta. “Partition and Dalit Politics in Bengal: The Figure of Jogendra Nath Mandal”. In Jalil R, Saint T, and Sengupta D (eds) *Looking Back: The 1947 Partition of India 70 Years On* (Delhi: Orient Blackswan, 2017), pp. 24–35.
- ⁵ In undivided Bengal, the movement of people within the province was an accepted practice, especially during times of natural calamities or for livelihoods. In 19th century, tea gardens or jute industry workers travelled extensively with the help of the new railway lines that came up all over the province. Partition meant a new set of journeys, including those who moved in an

- opposite direction or refused to move. See Himani Bannerjee, 'Wandering Through Different Spaces' in *The Trauma and the Triumph*, vol 2, (Kolkata: Stree, 2009, pp. 105-130) as well as Hasan Azizul Haq's novel, *Agunpakhi* (2006).
- ⁶ Sengupta, D. *The Partition of Bengal: Fragile Borders and New Identities* (Delhi: Cambridge University Press, 2016), pp. 230-235.
- ⁷ Shikdar S. *Dayamoyeer Katha* (Kolkata: Gangcheel, 2008). All translations from the Bangla text are mine. In Bangla, *katha* is both word and story, as in *kathakata*; the title plays with this double meaning so that we read the memoir as both life story and (her/his)story.
- ⁸ Chakravarty P. "The Return of Daya" in <http://kafila.org/2010/29/the-return-of-daya-prasanta-chakravarty> reads the memoir as a text of 'daya'/*philia* inserted within the everyday: "The overarching rubric of *daya* (she uses *meherbani* too) Sikdar wields like a master craftsman in order to achieve such an effect. This particular mode of interaction—individually and collectively—surely comes from a cultural sense of cooperative mutuality, a natural form of straightforward camaraderie that springs forth and develops from actual liking of other human beings and creatures. The important idea is to *really know* another person, investing in every single social relationship or a situation with passion and investment. This is what in ancient Greece would be called *philia* (though its origin is brotherly love): when one refers to a character or disposition that falls between obsequiousness or flattery on the one hand and surliness or quarrelsomeness on the other. This form of mutuality may also lead to a self-sufficient mode of fulfilled life and act as a strong buffer against the excesses of rampant individualism/communicative interaction and a resilient provocation to the obverse ethical modes of non-engagement and surpassing detachment from our everyday political predicament."

Works Cited

- Bagchi J and Dasgupta, S. *The Trauma and the Triumph*. Kolkata: Stree. 2009.105-130. Print.
- Certeau de M. *The Practice of Everyday Life* (trans. Steven Rendall). Berkeley: University of California Press. 1984. 86. Print.
- Chakravarty, P. "The Return of Daya." <http://kafila.org/2010/29/the-return-of-daya-prasanta-chakravarty>.np.
- Dasgupta, R. "The Lie of Freedom: Justice in a Landscape of Trees," nd. n.p. Unpublished article.
- Jawaare, A. *Practicing Caste: On Touching and Not Touching*. Delhi: Orient Blackswan. 2019. Print
- Schama, S. *Landscape and Memory*. New York: Vintage Books, 1996.3-19. Print
- Shikdar, S. *Dayamoyeer Katha*. Kolkata: Gangcheel. 2008.
- Sengupta, A. "Partition and Dalit Politics in Bengal: The Figure of Jogendra Nath Mandal" in *Looking Back: The 1947 Partition of India 70 Years On* edited by R. Jalil R, T. Saint, and D. Sengupta. Delhi: Orient Blackswan. 24-35. Print.
- Sengupta, D. *The Partition of Bengal: Fragile Borders and New Identities*. Delhi: Cambridge University Press. 2016. 230-235. Print.