of undivided Bengal (87) is cartography at its best.

There is only one lacuna in this anthology. The editor has been influenced by P Lal's flawed understanding of translation though she is superior to Lal in the act of translating as will be shown in a moment. Lal came to believe in the primacy of the imagination over authenticity while he painstakingly botched up the Mahabharata, which he tried to translate over the years. Unlike Umberto Eco, Lal felt the need to invent, and not coin, new words when his own vocabulary proved inadequate for that tough task. Contrast him to Father Mignon SJ, still alive, who has just finished translating the Holy Bible into regular Bengali. Fraser is in the line of Mignon SJ, rather than Lal. Therefore, Fraser's translators are immaculate in their grasps of both Bengali and English and yet Fraser unnecessarily speaks of the pitfalls of translation (57–9). But here too she is able to hold her own since she comments on the narratorial exigencies of Bengali literature vis-a-vis English narrative techniques (59). Her own 'Looking Back' proves that Fraser needlessly worries about translation. Readers are mercifully spared 'transcreations' in this anthology.

This reviewer is surprised that generations of Indian students read Padmini Mongia (see her dated *Contemporary Postcolonial Theory: A Reader* (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 1996)), Meenakshi Mukherjee, more ancient than Mongia, and Bill Ashcroft to understand India's colonial history and the partition event. Yet our syllabi framers somehow forget to recommend Fraser while they effusively praise Romila Thapar, Irfan Habib, and Aijaz Ahmed to students of English literature and history. It may be that Fraser's humanism and non-partisanship scares hate-peddlers and atheists. It also may be that her poetry scares hardened academic hearts and prevents her book from being kept in Indian, and of course, other South Asian libraries. Poets have been known to cause anxiety since Plato.

Any student or scholar wanting to understand Bengal partition and the *whatness* of the colonial situation should read this book. The best is kept for the last: Fraser's endnotes are the single most important reason why she is on a par with Richard Slotkin (b. 1942) and cause enough for us to trash the Modern Language Association's inane rules, especially regarding endnotes. What Slotkin has done for American culture aka Exceptionalism, Fraser has done for India and Bangladesh. Mushirul Hasan's first line in his foreword to this anthology can only be appreciated after finishing the book: 'Literature has emerged as an alternate archive of the times' (xiii). This book makes Fraser equal to Ismat Chughtai (1915–91) (see Ismat Chughtai, *A Life in Words: Memoirs* (New Delhi: Penguin India, 2013)).

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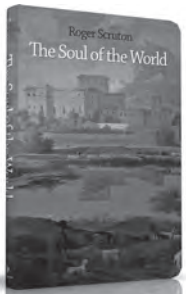

The Soul of the World
Roger Scruton

Princeton University Press, 41 William Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540. USA. *www.press.princeton.edu*. 2016. 216 pp. PB. $17.95. ISBN 9780691169286.

Roger Scruton is a man fixed in his views. That music is not music for him if it is not sacred: he condemns 'the depravities of popular musical culture' (152); as he condemns so many others, like evolutionary psychologists, in this treat of a book. But what is wrong in reclaiming the domain of the intellectual to those who are intellectuals? Jonathan Swift condemned fools; as did Shakespeare before Swift and Horace in his *Odes* much before Shakespeare. In a world where Masters' degrees are for sale, it is natural that Scruton will be dismissed as incomprehensible and orthodox. 'The Sacred Space of Music' (140–74) is the best piece of writing on music today except for the references to music that one finds in the novels of Haruki Murakami.

In his last chapter, 'Seeking God' (175–98), Scruton urges us to 'move on from [René] Girard's emphasis on sacrificial violence' (182) to 'another order of things, which reveals itself in moments of emergency, when we confront the truth that we are suspended between being and nothingness' (185). In Stephen King's *Desperation* (1996) God keeps his covenant through the little boy David's conscious search for God through prayer. This reviewer recommends that Freudian analyses of cult horror fiction give way to the paradigms constructed by the likes of Scruton; because while Scruton does not bow to non-transcendent, structuralist pressures,

Freud rejects all metaphysics. Are we not tired of having everything deconstructed without ever understanding what Logos is? Who amongst us will say that our lives are like onions with no inner meaning and there is an eternal slippage of meaning? Scruton knows and proves that the early and popular Derrida and his acolytes are wrong—we need more of Scruton than of *Of Grammatology*.

Unlike what is found on the Internet about this book and Scruton generally; Scruton is a theologian of the caliber of Karl Barth, Rudolf Bultmann, and Jürgen Moltmann. Scruton is a theologian since he speaks of standing 'on the edge of a mystery' which is the God of the Covenant (185). Philosophers know it all; only a theologian is moved by music, God and 'Our relation to God ... as an intentional ... relation' (188). Scruton mercifully avoids being plebeian without being difficult. Dense writers are only dense.

Arthur Schopenhauer haunts this book. But Scruton has not explicitly mentioned him anywhere.

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Alternative Standpoints: A Tribute to Kalidas Bhattacharyya
Edited by
Madhumita Chattopadhyay

D K Printworld (P) Ltd, 'Vedasri', F–395, Sudarshan Park Near ESI Hospital New Delhi 110015 . *www.dkprintworld.com*. 2015. xxii + 258 pp. PB. ₹900. ISBN 9788192570297.

Frank Kermode gestured towards the sense of an ending. That which has a finality is neither art nor philosophy. The genius of Maitreyee Datta is to end her analysis of—Kalidas Bhattacharyya's understanding of self within Yogachara Buddhist concepts of self (140–51) in this *festschrift* with 'Perhaps ... I feel' (151). The subjectivity involved in *doing* philosophy is best illustrated by this admission to interiority; the phenomenological turn which certainly influences Datta and of course, Kalidas Bhattacharyya. Husserl is everywhere in this volume, but is only mentioned twice in the book, other than once in the index. For example, in Goutam Biswas's chapter on Kalidas Bhattacharyya's aesthetic ideas (159–75), we have an explication of *feeling of feelings*, emotions fluctuating between the individual mind and the sublation of that mind into the universal mind (171).

If one attends seminars in the humanities, one hears of Derrida, Lacan, Alain Badiou, and of the subaltern studies' group *ad nauseam*. It is as if Indian philosophers have no place in learned discussions. Of late one hears of Giorgio Agamben and Martha Nussbaum. Nary a word on Indian thinkers who might be used to foreground disciplines as diverse as literature, political science, and film studies. It is akin to blasphemy to have no reference to American and Continental philosophers in an international symposium, say on, immigration or the rise of religious extremism. Yet Kalidas Bhattacharyya's understanding of *Anekanta Vada* is unknown to most. Western savants do not care to understand that cosmopolitanism is a Hindu concept; neither a Jain concept nor is it a Greek concept as is mistakenly taught in classrooms worldwide and mentioned on the Internet. Tara Chatterjee's *Anekanta Vedanta* (112–24) should be read by English literature scholars first since they are the ones who hardly know that they are mistaking as Western, concepts which Indian doyens of modern philosophy have already written on. How many Masters' and post-Masters' English-literature students know of Kalidas Bhattacharya's monograph on Indian cosmopolitanism published in 1982?

It is the sad state of Indian studies—literary and philosophical—today that while Western scholars acknowledge the contributions of the likes of Kalidas Bhattacharyya and Bimal Krishna Matilal, Indian academics are ignorant of them. Madhumita Chattopadhyay has done a great service to Indian and world letters by editing this volume. Hopefully, Indian lovers of all things First World will now wake up and refer students to this book. It is time that we stop grinding Anita Desai and Manju Kapur under the millstones of Julia Kristeva and bell hooks in the name of appearing avant garde. Kalidas Bhattacharyya can provide the requisite hermeneutical lens; if only one has the sense to read him. May be, in the future the Centre of Advanced Study in Philosophy, Jadavpur University, will bring out a similar volume on Bimal Krishna Matilal.

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