Liminal Existence, Decentred Gaze: Atin Bandopadhyay's "Atapurer Bhut" as a Case Study

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This paper examines "Atapurer Bhut" ("Atapur's Ghost"), a story written for young adults by Atin Bandopadhyay, one of the most well-known names within the Bengali literary canon. It studies the production of the uncanny simultaneously as a point of identification and otherisation within the liminal spaces between *bhadralok* domains and the hinterlands of the Sundarbans.[1]

Horror is a genre often closely conflated with children's literature in Bangla: most stories on ghostly apparitions are written for children, though horror fiction for adults exists. Bengali ghost stories typically explore storytelling around entities whose spectral existence occurs due to violent death or as transcendental punishment for moral shortcomings such as greed. Some become ghosts out of a sense of being wronged, due to untimely deaths rooted in momentary violence or persistent abjection. Subjection to or perpetuation of violence therefore figures as the driving force and anchoring causality that dictates the action in the story and often influences its resolution. For instance, Rabindranath Tagore's *Shey* stories describe ghosts existing as echoes of their living selves, while Trailokyanath Mukhopadhyay's eponymous Lullu is characterised as much by his rather human opium addiction as his inhuman magic. Similarly, one finds that spectres in Dakshinaranjan Mitra Majumdar's *Thakurmar Jhuli* as well as in works by later authors like Bibhutibhushan Bandopadhyay may have a compulsion towards violence, regardless of dubious trustworthiness. Upendrakishore Raychoudhuri, his son Sukumar Ray, and his grandson Satyajit Ray teeter between the comic and

the horrific to portray ghosts who may reward good behaviour or kindness, seek revenge, be vulnerable to human trickery, or elicit laughter through their actions. Lila Majumdar and Tarashankar Bandopadhyay write kindly, benevolent ghosts who remember and retain enough humanity to be humorous, as well as demigod-like manifestations who are as unpredictable as forces of nature, like the malevolent *Nishi*.

Ghost stories for children and adolescents are often written as moral parables, with wrongs righted or punished, so that the spectres can achieve their goals and move past the act of wrongdoing they committed or suffered. The still-living are also either rewarded or punished in relation to and often directly by the supernatural elements in the story, rather than by human norms or agency. The genre of horror fiction has thus been used quite often to explore disenfranchised communities and different archetypes of victimhood.

Bengali ghost stories, whether they take the comic route or pursue a sombre, sometimes scarier path of thrill or tragedy, include rewards for moral behaviour (and/or cleverness) as often as supernatural aspects and occurrences. They may be read as parables in their reliance on a sense of absolute morality, insofar as a parable is typically understood to convey ethical instructions through fiction. Moral absolutism, an ethical perspective that adjudges actions as intrinsically right or wrong and allows no compromises or circumstantial mitigation, best reflects the binaristic, polarised understanding and emulation of ethical principles characteristic of children.[2] However, as in the story being discussed in this paper, there is often a simultaneous and contradictory vein of events that resonates with divine command theory to determine how the moral norm of good rewarded and bad punished may play out in a particular situation. Divine command theory suggests that the moral righteousness of an action is directly related to whether it was performed as an act of obedience to a direct, divine command. Disobedience, even if well-meant and relatively righteous, is intrinsically immoral.[3] The story at hand is, curiously,

an example of *both* absolute morality and divine command theory, often in disruptive and contradictory ways that are left ambivalent and unresolved. Reward and punishment are not meted out through human control or agency but supernaturally endowed, as is usual in such stories. Its elements of thrill or terror, and what is eventually offered as a happy though rather unresolved ending, revolve around this notion of rewards for morally right behaviour.

The protagonist of "Atapurer Bhut" is a young girl called Kopali, who lives in penury with her father and younger brother, Kutu, in a small village in the eaves of the Sundarbans in Bengal. Her mother works as a domestic helper in an affluent household in Kolkata, to which the story exclusively refers as the "house of the Babus," where babu stands in for both mister and master, giving the reader an early taste of textual ambiguity. Her elder brother works in a hair-cutting saloon and rarely returns home. Their father studies cheap books of medical and/or spiritual remedies and peddles them, as well as his reputation as a know-it-all, in Atapur and its neighbouring villages. Kopali had to discontinue her education after the fourth grade because it became unaffordable, and she is the only member of her family who is not working for a living; even Kutu is a goatherd.

The story foregrounds Kopali's deep fascination with and love for leftover jars, discarded shoes, clothing, or utensils: for the creature comforts that her mother's employers hand down to her, which make their wattle-daub home look and feel as prosperous as she can manage. In the course of the story, Kopali's father comes home from her mother's place of employment with a mirror that used to belong to a young woman who had committed suicide days before her wedding. The arrival of this mirror marks a change in their lives, along with a gift of two eggplant saplings from Nata Dadu, a kindly elderly neighbour with a green thumb. The plot unfolds thereafter, with the reader hurried past the magical growth and fecundity of the gifted eggplant saplings, and a never-named old woman who buys a hamper of eggplants every dawn with a boxful of money.

Nata Dadu's death—confirmed and debunked and reaffirmed—runs through the story like Schrödinger's cat, even as his gift brings about a brief interlude of dreamlike prosperity which is ruined after Kopali's parents actually see the saplings, returning the family to its previous state of penury. The story ends with Kopali receiving a bank passbook with an undisclosed but substantial amount of money saved in her name, which she can access as an adult.

The story contains the ghost of a man killed by a tiger; life at the edges of a swallowing jungle and its chief hunter; a mysterious old woman who may or may not be Bonbibi herself: tropes and figures that one might expect to elicit horror and fear, if only because they remain in excess of the everyday. Instead, this ghost story, with its plethora of supernatural and preternatural elements, relies on building a sense of surrealism that proceeds primarily from the city and what it sends forth to Kopali. This includes the bank passbook which, though arranged for by someone from home, whether the goddess or the dead man, has to come from an urban location because that is where the modern civic machineries of banking lie. While Kopali is firmly located in her village at home throughout the story, Kolkata keeps acting as the absent presence that underlies her existence and complements the local, inexplicable phenomena. One may say that the story tries to draw the reader's attention to the way in which, for disenfranchised peoples like Kopali, city-based civic amenities and creature comforts are more surreal than jungles, man-eating beasts, sylvan goddesses, and similar spaces and figures which/who are not sufficiently 'civilised' to be deemed human by the mainstream.

Arjun Appadurai's introduction to *The Social Life of Things* discusses the freeing of the commodity—or the object (or service), whether commodified or not—from the restraints of objective existence and value, such that it gains a subjective value dependent on its context and circulators.[4] This accomplished, he turns to the question of the classification of an object which has usually been imagined in two

dominant ways, as either a commodity or a gift, where these are in opposition.

Marx's definition of commodity moves through parsimonious definitions and analyses into an intricate relationship between commodity and money, exchange value, and an impersonal market. Appadurai finds that this expansiveness has reduced considerably, such that commodities are special kinds of manufactured goods (or services) that are always associated with capitalist modes of production. Current constructions also largely exclude objects and services obtained through barter, which are assumed to be formally entirely separate even when they are coexisting, though Marx acknowledged a commonality of spirit between the two. Barter is currently increasing, but in a manner that allows for the fiction that it occurs between communities rather than within them. This feeds into the notion that the commodity and the gift are deeply opposed; the combination of the two leaves one with the concept that gift exchange and commodity exchange are mutually exclusive. While there has been a move away from what Appadurai calls the purist definitions of Marx and Mauss, their influence lingers in an overly simplified notion of contrasts, which parody both poles of behaviour and artificially reduce human diversities. Gifts are seen as embedding goods and services within a web of social relations, while commodity exchange is held to represent the amoral, acultural drive of goods for one another, mediated by currency rather than sociability.

Though neither is clearly spelled out, this has two major implications. First, the sign value of a commodity is always already embedded in its use value (value quote), and this sign value, depending on the context, is a subjective provisional judgement. Further, drawing from the first, the stringent demarcation between the commodity and the socially exchanged gift becomes an increasingly false demarcation. Mauss leverages his argument on the fact that gifts are also essentially exchanged: though gift-giving cultures don't have open economic retributions attached to an inequality of exchange, such parsimony

does carry a social price, albeit one implied rather than openly stated. Appadurai uses the parameters of exchange and (subjective) value to examine both Marx and Mauss and show the ways in which they largely engage with these two in similar ways, with only minor, superficial differences. One finds Appadurai making a deliberate move towards "thing" instead of commodity and gift. Appadurai thereafter emphasises the importance of context: things have subjective value, but it is not only that a thing has subjective value but that it can exist simultaneously across several contexts and different valuations. Moreover, though Appadurai apparently examines primarily the circulation of commodities, which would most probably correspond to consumption,

> Focusing on the things that are exchanged, rather than simply on the forms or functions of exchange, makes it possible to argue that what creates the link between exchange and value is *politics*, construed broadly.[5]

The other conclusion that follows this definition is that the same definition of goods which goes beyond the economic restricted definition of commodified goods and services can therefore allow us to look at a broader spectrum of things as goods now, things that would normally be associated more with institutions. It might look as though by opening up definitions of the thing or commodity/gift, one is sacrificing specificity in order to discuss everything in a general sort of way. However, one may instead think of it as bringing a greater number of things within the circumscription of a particular specificity.

In "Atapurer Bhut," the eggplant saplings and ghost-ridden mirror are things at the intersection of gift and commodity in Appadurai's sense of the term, as well as fetishes that house and drive the magic. Appadurai's blurring of the boundaries between commodity and gift is of great use in reading the foregrounding of Kopali's appreciation

for the hand-me-downs her mother totes home. Further, the narrative blurs the distinctions between goods-as-salary, what Appadurai calls "things," and fetish objects, contrary to expectations about the foregrounding of fetish objects, or even the supernatural/preternatural origin attributed to them. Narrated by Kopali, the story turns jungles and tigers into banality, while empty jars of Horlicks, dalda, cups, and saucers are fetishised—none more than the passbook at the end, of course. Thus, the story intermingles the proceedings of wage labour with fetish objects—both produced through the interaction of the affluent urban household and the rural poor of the Sundarbans—and treats them alike.

"Atapurer Bhut" is narrated like a parable, but, unlike traditional parables, it offers no easy resolution that emerges with logical neatness; certain things remain unresolved and inexplicable. The reader is left to wonder whether the events of the story took place, or whether there was instead a mass hallucination in which not only Kopali but also her parents and neighbours saw their prosperity.

The story ascribes to the logic of absolute morality that is characteristic of most stories for children or even young adults: good people are rewarded, while bad people—like Kopali's ambitious parents and her elder brother—get punished. The punishment takes the form of a single sustained taste of prosperity of which they are subsequently deprived. One may also follow the internal logic of the story and formulate the moral that bad people should not be shown the eggplant saplings, or the latter will lose their magical properties. Whether those punished would be considered wrong in a framework of relative morality remains ambiguous and ultimately irrelevant.

The story involves two deaths, both unnatural, both perhaps leading to some kind of spectral apparition or haunting. A young woman, a member of the family that employs Kopali's mother Shubankari in Kolkata, commits suicide days before her wedding. Kopali is connected to her through a mirror handed down to her without them ever having met. Nata Dadu, a kind and generous

elderly neighbour, is carried away violently by a tiger and presumably devoured, since his body is never recovered. Nata Dadu is described as a good nurturer of the land to which he belongs as well as a worshipper of Bonbibi: a local in every sense of the word. He is also described as a kind, fiercely independent, rich but austere and simple-living man immersed in tending to saplings and plant growth in general. He is the eponymous ghost of Atapur and arguably the most benevolent, kind, and intelligent rewarder in the story. The two deaths are experienced very differently by Kopali and consequently described very differently in the story, even though she only hears of both deaths, rather than witnessing them. The death of the young woman, whom she has never met in life or death, is consistently romanticised; Nata Dadu's death is close—both immediate and localised—and the violence of scuffing and blood and drag marks is detailed. Several mysteries remain unresolved: whether Nata Dadu is dead, the identity of the old lady who buys Kopali's eggplants every dawn, whether the supernatural occurrences are caused by Bonbibi or the dead woman acting through her mirror, and who opened a bank account for Kopali. While she may be very earnest and sincere, Kopali's limited perspective and confused beliefs make her narratorial voice unreliable at best. That Kopali is rewarded for her morally correct behaviour is the foundation stone of the story. Further, while she gets a taste of material comfort from the objects her mother sends home from Kolkata, whether through the benevolence of her employers or her deception of them, the lasting rewards issue from supernatural sources at home. This remains the case regardless of which of the previously mentioned entities—Bonbibi, the eggplant-purchaser who might be Bonbibi, Nata Dadu, or the mirror of the dead woman—are at the root of her prosperity.

Significantly for the reader, there is a lot of ambivalence about how exactly Kopali's parents are immoral or bad and deserve punishment, or how they can spoil a magical gift-giving plant. They are a poor family, where everyone is forced to work: Kopali tends to the house,

Kutu herds goats, the eldest brother and the mother have full-time jobs. The father tries his hand at whatever comes his way and has the air of someone 'knowledgeable.' One must ask, therefore, wherein the sin resides. Is it in the father's knowledgeable air which is directly monetised, or in the possibility of insincerity in this knowledge? Does he believe in the tricks and household remedies he learns from books, or is it a trick for him too? The story refuses to disclose to readers whether Kopali's father thinks his work is one of deception, instead emphasising that his knowledge is hard earned: he invests his meagre resources in buying books, though his wife's babu might scoff at their quality. He then learns them by heart, investing not only money but effort; further, he fasts during the auspicious weekdays before he plucks the healing roots, to all indication practising his art with sincerity. He may try to turn whatever resources are at his disposal into a source of income, but he has, from what we can glean from the story, some integrity about it.

In considering Kopali's mother, readers have access only to Kopali overhearing an accusation of theft levelled against her by her formerly benevolent masters; whether she actually stole anything or was falsely blamed remains a mystery unresolved by her parents' conversation. In the privacy of their bed, Kopali's father grumbles, "Show them all our wealth, and say why would Shubhankari steal?" [translation ours]. The only other information the story vouchsafes beyond this is Shubhankari's great efficiency and reliability when it comes to her duties as a domestic maid. Even if Kopali's father exaggerates his wife's abilities, the fact remains that her employer must at least be satisfied if not relieved with Shubhankari's service. This satisfaction also explains her employer's munificence in allowing Shubhankari to take home so many things. Of course, the question of whether they are in fact bountiful or whether Shubhankari has been quietly stealing items she believes will not be missed is shrouded in mystery; the reader has no way of knowing the truth. The story only reveals that Kopali uses the things her mother brings back to make their own

household as comfortable and prosperous as she can. If her parents and brother are to be punished for being aspirational or materialistic because they come home after their sudden prosperity to enjoy the benefits, Kopali is arguably the most persistently materialistic of them all. The story dwells on her contentment with the leftovers and excesses of the Babus: she is delighted when she has to wish for a trunk because they have valuables—largely groceries—to lock up. While Kopali is hardworking, so are her parents and her brother. She is also a pretty girl, but no particular significance is attached to her appearance, even though its being mentioned in an abrupt aside implies its importance.

One may wonder, therefore, whether reward and punishment in the story lie hidden in the way in which Kopali perceives people, with those she believes to be not quite right rendered eligible for punishment. Perhaps it is instead a Romantic conception of children as residing in the age of innocence and therefore incapable of harm; a conception which is in concordance with Bengali cultural constructions of children being innocent due to their overall ignorance of good and evil. The other possibility is that of ascribing it to the divine commands of Bonbibi, and Kopali's submissive and terrified obedience to what she believes is Bonbibi's will, up to and including the goddess' whimsical liking for the mirror.

One may also trace in this story a conversion of moral capital to financial capital, in a way very evocative of the allegories and absolute morality of children's stories or of fairy tales, with Kopali being given a magical plant because of her goodness. All the supernatural occurrences in the story rely on a principle of rewarding, even as they shift from monetary rewards that eke out creature comforts to be shared by the entire family to financial rewards for Kopali. As previously discussed, one may also read this story as evoking the divine command theory with its capricious and whimsical and outright proprietorial divine/phantom superpowers, at least insofar as Kopali is convinced that Bonbibi wants the mirror for herself.

This conviction leads Kopali to vacillate between gratitude and guilt towards both Bonbibi and her mother's employers in Kolkata, and she is apologetic without any awareness of a specific error.

It is notable that Kolkata functions as a place of magic and wonder for Kopali, who is overawed by the casual generosity, the prettiness of the things that are sent to her (the saree, the mirror), and the quality and quantity of all that her family receives. Kolkata is an aspirational place from where she gets things that are not just useful but also pretty—a surplus she is otherwise not allowed—as well as the actual salary her mother receives. The salary, despite being earned, is still a matter of wonder for Kopali, insofar as it strikes her as strangely generous that her mother's employers feed and house her, allow her to take home their surplus belongings, and pay her every month as well. Shubhankari's much-praised labour becomes normalised, even obscured, in Kopali's narration. Interestingly, so does her economic relation with her employers, whom Kopali perceives as benefactors rather than employers whose generosity must be balanced against the allegation of theft and the financial insecurity into which they abruptly plunge their employee.

In some sense, therefore, for Kopali, Kolkata is not dissimilar to the other source of good things, though it depends on the generosity of affluent old men, unlike the magic of her home which depends on the fairytale logic of rewards for good behaviour. Despite the generous excess, both function through economic transactions. Kolkata, from where all good things come to her household, is an aspirational place of wonder which feeds, houses, and pays her mother a good salary and, beyond this economic transaction, further supplies her with surplus material. At home, the old lady buys the eggplants from her at increasingly high market rates, thereby inserting an economic transaction into the more openly magical space of home, the generous excess of which lives not only in the eggplants themselves but in Nata Dadu giving her the saplings. The latter also assists Kopali by overseeing the new constructions she undertakes, and is presumably

the person who starts the savings account for her. The two deaths and their magical legacies—Chhordi in Kolkata and her mirror, Nata Dadu at home and his saplings—also draw the two places into a disrupted parallelism.

If the story follows a conversion of Kopali's moral capital into financial capital, one must question the nature of this moral capital. The story ends with a punitive loss of their familial prosperity, with the money instead put in a bank account in Kopali's name, making her the sole benefactor. Nor does the story reveal whether Kolkata is a source of corruption as well as generous excess, since the employers Kopali so venerates turn out to be ruthless in terminating the employment of an efficient maid, without any proof being supplied in the story.

One must also query whether the story constructs economic and natural occurrences as equally unpredictable. There may be other similarities, since the natural bounty of the Sundarbans transmutes itself into the financial bounty expressed through the modern, and to some extent urban, token of the bank account and passbook. Objects change into money which changes into objects and then again into money time and again in the story, though the symbolism is left unclear, unless it is that of the protean nature of all things. In part this may be ascribed to the tight third-person narrative, since Kopali's perspective, as a child faced with such strange occurrences, is unfocused and rarely distinguishes between what she considers factual and her own speculations. Appadurai's problematisation of the clear binary of commodities and gifts is crucial here, in the way objects are simultaneously gifts and prizes, justifiable remunerations and unpredictable inflows of items of luxury or necessity.

The narrative of "Atapurer Bhut" is a perfect instantiation of hybrid modernity, with the bank passbook functioning as one of the most potent symbols of magic in the climacteric of the text, despite its mundane, urban associations. The material prosperity it embodies is one characterised by aspirations towards modern

urbanity: a step upwards from boiled rice to packaged noodles. However, the interplay of modernity and tradition, reality and the unreal or surreal, cannot be reified into a commendation of one above the other. For Kopali, her mother's employers, the mirror-imprisoned ghost of Chhordi, Natadadu, Bonbibi, and the eggplant-purchasing old lady are alike in the fear, awe, wonder, and trust they elicit. In effect, one may observe an inversion, such that tigers are a normal part of life while scraps of urbanity are treated as awesome and nearly magical, arguably disrupting the suturing the text offers. Kopali's narrative reverses and dwells in direct aberrance to the intended reader's perspective of Kolkata being commonplace and the Sundarbans wondrous. The jungle, the tiger, the vegetable patch, her privations, the moral deficiency and greed that make people steal from their own families are normalised, commonplace, unremarkable for Kopali. Any frustration she feels finds its way into her daily prayers to the goddess Bonbibi, which become rants and one-sided conversations for the overburdened, overwhelmed, and lonely girl. All the things a typical urban-oriented, if not urban-located, child reader would consider exceptional are normalised. All that is exceptional comes from the city: the mirror she believes is haunted, that is put under the goddess' photo either to protect herself or to appease the goddess; the abundance of hand-me-downs; the material objects that she finds unnatural and illogical. Eventually, the most surreal things start happening when they start emulating the Kolkata babus at home, with their newfound prosperity, with a house like the babus, with groceries that even include the noodles that the babus would have bought, and a domestic helper to meet her family's demands of treats. Arguably the ghostly function—insofar as ghosts are unknown, unreliable, uncontrollable variables who may be kind and generous one minute and be capricious and wreak havoc the next—is performed by Kolkata and its inhabitants, as Kopali perceives them.

The whimsical nature of the Kolkata babus, from Kopali's

perspective, and her naturalisation of much that is exoticised in mainstream texts and media, informs the disruption readers might experience in the story, despite Kopali functioning as the site for suturing. However, one must also keep in mind that Kopali is crafted by a *bhadralok*-liminal male author, and the dissonances one feels about and in relation to her are deliberately set in place. "Atapurer Bhut" both emphasises and disrupts the mainstream–marginal binary occupied by the urban-centric *bhadralok* and the rural/jungle-adjacent poor, even as it destabilises and blurs the same through the presence of the bank passbook at the end. In such a situation, and in light of all that remains ambiguous and unresolved in the narrative, one may turn to the notion of ambivalence yet again. The ambivalence of the narrative necessarily raises questions about the agency and personhood allowed to Kopali, and whether the story is feminist or merely well-supplied with female characters, human and other. Further, one must ask whether Kopali functions as the site for interpellation/suturing for the reader, exerting a gaze—with all the power relations implicit therein—on the narrated events, or whether she merely offers her narratorial perspective.

One must here discuss the story as a parable. Parables often have religious associations, which this story draws upon in depicting Bonbibi, the jungle, and the tiger who is a part of the folklore around both. The story perhaps succeeds as a parable not only because of its moral leanings but also because of the way in which it manages to perform its parabolic content. It is a deeply localised iteration of an otherwise familiar trope of divine intervention. Despite its particularities, it manages to locate itself within the domains of both mainstream Bengali (arguably *bhadralok*) literary canon and children's literature.

Ambiguities also cluster around the figures of Kopali and her mother, Shubhankari. While Kopali has a name that signals her luck, Shubhankari is an avatar of Durga as a munificent figure. This is of course neither the only nor the most prominent aspect of the

goddess, who is as whimsical as Bonbibi in her generosity and rage. Shubhankari works, presumably round the clock, in Kolkata in order to sustain and provide for her spouse and children and emerges as a prime mover of the plot and the characters, other than those tangled with the supernatural. In place of the neat dichotomy between Bonbibi and the urban household, one may see a more ambiguous relation between Bonbibi and her human double Shubhankari, who conveys prosperity home from Kolkata in lieu of her competence, if not also her loyalty. This prosperity—unlike that earned by Kopali—does not vanish from their home, though it might destabilise the space in Kolkata from which it is extracted. It also destabilises the previously discussed dialectic of spaces and benefactors. One can only speculate, as this paper has, whether the freebies hauled home by Shubhankari are evidence of her employers' munificence or her thievery; the narrative remains ambiguous about this point, as about so much else.

The story evidently structures itself around a polarising of these two spaces: the village in the Sundarbans where Kopali lives, and the space of Kolkata where Kopali's mother works. There is a notable narrative emphasis on rewards for moral correctitude, and these rewards primarily take the form of economic prosperity. One may see this both in Kopali's constant preoccupation with creature comforts and the final moment of prosperity crystallised in the bank passbook with money in Kopali's name. Following this, one may observe what is nearly a contest between the powerful entities occupying these two spaces, in ways that affect both. The awe, fear, and protection evoked by Bonbibi is nearly mirrored, in Kopali's head, by the munificence and charity of her mother's employer. Kolkata feels as mythic, or more of a truly utopian space, compared to the relative wildness of her village, nestled as it is in the jungle that hosts the goddess. At times, her exoticising and deifying of Kolkata begins to surpass her awe/attachment to the goddess and her land. However, the twist in the tale is that Kolkata eventually fails her, with her heretofore

generous employers sending Shubhankari home on the basis of ill-founded allegations that her parents continue to contest. Kolkata and the employers who had drawn Shubhankari to the city abruptly cease functioning as the charitable wonderland Kopali believes them to be. Moreover, one must consider that the mythic/supernatural reward for her moral righteousness, which arrives in the form of a bank passbook ensuring financial security for her and only her, issues from the Sundarbans despite the fact that such a token of modern urban prosperity would typically be associated more with Kolkata than the Sundarbans.

NOTES

1 Atin Bandopadhyay, "Atapurer Bhut," in *Kishore Galpasangraha* (Kolkata: Ananda Publishers, 2010), 663-676.

2 Lawrence Kohlberg, "Kohlberg's Stages of Moral Development," in *The Psychology of Moral Development: The Nature and Validity of Moral Stages*, Volume 2 of Essays on Moral Development (Harper & Row, 1984).

3 Michael W. Austin, "Divine Command Theory," Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy, accessed March 1, 2020, https://www.iep.utm.edu/divine-c/.

4 Arjun Appadurai, "Introduction," in *The Social Life of Things: Commodities in Cultural Perspective*, ed. Arjun Appadurai (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1986).

5 Appadurai, "Introduction," 3.