

Eroticism and Jayanta Mahapatra's Poetry

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Abstract

This paper proposes to throw light on Eroticism in the contemporary social life as depicted in the Poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra. As hunger and sexuality remain our basic issues, Mahapatra says frankly about love and sexuality. He compares today's eroticism with the help of three K's -- 'Kamasutra' 'Konaraka' and 'Khajuraho'. Eroticism, the issue of conjugal life and love laden aestheticism is lost its fragrance and freshness for the amalgamation of 'glocal' and westernized model. The perverse sex culture marginalizes the aesthetic 'rasa' eroticism. Vatsayan's Kamasutra's sixty four petals of erotic postures, the iconography sculptured on temples of 'Konaraka' and 'Khajuraho', 'rasa' erotic vision of 'sr'ngara', 'abhimana', 'auchitya', 'vasana', 'kama', 'rati', 'sambhoga', all are smashed by westernized sex culture. Our vital force in erotic culture should be controlled and disciplined following the paths of three K's and also other authentic erotic lessons—magnetized by the power of 'shakti' in different forms of 'Durga' and "Chousatti Yogini".

Today we have been passing through an age which is in speedy momentum where love, sex, eroticism transmute in every body battery of electrified orgasm. Man and woman instinct aspires for the sexual hunger to appease their lust with varied forms of their erotic zone. Jayanta Mahapatra is a poet of love and sex where eroticism becomes the blue gem of his poetic impulse. With the hunger zeal in his pen, he scrabbles words, gropes into darkness. Erotic venture catches him towards Gopalpur-on-sea. To quote Mahapatra —

"Often have I imagined myself walking those sands, my solitude and my inherent sexuality working on me, to face the girl inside the dimly-lit, palm frond shack. The landscapes of Gopalpur choose me, and my poem. To face perhaps my innerself...."

[About "Hunger" and "Myself" / Door of Paper]

As hunger and sexuality remain our basic issues, Mahapatra says frankly about love and sexuality. From the very ancient pages of poetry we can get some famous erotic lines ever written by the poets. Most of the erotic poems come from Indian and Arab cultures. In early Sanskrit literature Kalidasa's "Meghaduta" (5th C.) springs erotic aspirations. We may get the entire erotic experience from the budding love lyrics. Side by side the suffering of woman, the man is also under grief here. The love lyrics consisting single verses opine the mood of srngara (physical love). Sanskrit norms banned all the expression of sexual play touching the modern readers with blank allusions to genital organs. The bodily

expression like breasts and buttocks are frankly mentioned. The sexual intercourse in the terminology of the “Kamsutra” of Vatsyayana is perceived in the allusions. We have the glimpses of sixty four petals of erotic patterns. Some times the erotic and devotional and lyric merge freely. To quote from New Encyclopedia - “And at times it is impossible to make out whether the free sexual imagery employed is to be taken literally or as an allegory of the human soul courting the love of its god. The task-not a very pressing one is made more difficult by the fact that some “*Bhakti*” (devotion) religions have characteristic of *Bengal Krishanaism*” (The New Encyclopedia Britannica vol.27 15th edition 2007, P – 639). In Arabian culture “Hamasa” and “Muallakat” of the 10th century perceive the erotic pages with sexual and lusty scenario. The lyrical tune of “Ghazel” gives the impulsive notes to arouse erotic feelings in Persian, Arabic and Turkish verse in the middle ages. In Greek erotic verse Sapho, an Anacreon blooms a great number of erotic verses. The erotic epigraphs in Greek Anthology (compiled C. 925) are a fine collection of eroticism. Most of the Greek erotic poems are lyrical. The roman writers like Catullus, Propertius and Ovid are wedded to erotic verse. In Ovid’s “Amores” and “Ars Amatoria” courtly love mixed with erotic sap always made the amorous juice salty and sensually aromatic.

Most of the Medieval Latin lyric poetry was erotic and the Goliards made a notable achievement. Their works are set in ‘Carmina Burana’. Erotic love poems are also found in Gottfried von Strasburg’s “Tristan” (13th C.) and Chaucer’s “Troilus and Criseyde (late 14th C.). Chaucer’s “Miller’s Tale” gives some erotic venture to the height of vulgarism of coarse tasted mass. In the Renaissance period poets like Bioardo, Tasso, Ariosto, Spenser, Marlowe and Shakespeare by virtue of their artistic genius have presented the erotic visions both physically lascivious and mentally provoking. Marlow and Chapman’s “Hero and Leander” (1598) and Shakespeare’s “Venus and Adonis” (1593) are outstanding specimen of eroticism. Italian Renaissance poets Giovanni Pontano and Marino have oozy thoughts of erotic words. In French field Ronsard’s “Les Amours de Marie” (1555) is unique.

19th century French symbolists like – Gautier, Baudlaire, Mallarme and Verlaine give touch of erotic thoughts and feeling in their poetry. Pre – Raphaelites like D.G.Rossetti’s “The House of life” (1881) and Swinburne’s “poems & Ballads” S (1866) are excellent examples. In the modern scenario there are so many poets who use eroticism to ponder over the poetry.

So before we are going to discuss Mahapatra’s eroticism let us have a brief sketch of Indian aesthetic tradition and Rasa theory to touch our erotic venture. In Vedic poetry, Valmiki’s ‘slokas’, Bharat’s “Natyashastra” have the references of ‘Rasa’ theory. It is Bharat’s “Natyashastra” (5th century B.C.) which gives the full view of the application of ‘Rasa’. Rasa is the aesthetic emotion comes from the maxim ‘*vibhavanubhava* –

vybhichari – samyogad rasanispattih (Natyashastra, 6.31). Rasa is like seed. As from seed we get tree to flower, flower to fruit and fruit to seed, so 'rasa' gives all kinds of 'bhavas'. It is the soul originator of all human feelings and emotions. To quote K. Krishnamoorthy -

"Literature is stimulus by which multiple and over fleeting moods feelings and responses are made to fall into a pattern around the more or less permanent nucleus of an emotion.

This organized complex response is termed Rasa."

("Rasa as canon of literary criticism" P – 65)

Rasa may be divided into – *Vibhava*, *Anubhava*, *Vyabhicari*. *Vibhava* is the objective condition of producing an emotion. *Vibhava* may be of two kinds – *alambana* and *uddipana*. 'Alambana *Vibhava*' means a person or persons with reference to whom the emotion is manifested. 'Uddipana – *Vibhava*' means the circumstances that have excited emotion. So Radha and Krishna love- affair (the subject of innumerable poems in India) may be the excellent example. The beautiful physical gestures and figurative allurements with which Krishna attracts Radha are nothing but so called *alambana Vibhava*. And when the dusty dusk wipes her face with the rosy hue of the golden cloud, when the horned moon is seen playing hide and seek with Chakrabuk-chakrabukee, when the *bhramor* is prolonging his last lusty kissing with the blooming lotus, when the allured Radha waiting for *Kanu*, and when the beautiful natural scenery is preparing herself for the desired meeting, 'Uddipana *Bibhavas*' is left only to be named. And 'Anubhava' is the bodily expression by which the emotion is expressed. Thus the inviting glances of a lady, her beckoning lip-smile, her swinging locks, her moving wavy body may be regarded as 'anuybhava'. And 'Vyabhicari bhava' or 'Sancharibhavas' means a series of diverse emotions that feed the lamp of a dominant emotion. Whenever Radha is waiting for Krishna feeling restless, feverish, sitting up and down, audio-visual mindscape, heaving deep sighs, pining for love, so all these feelings in the context of waiting convey the love or '*rati*'! This '*rati*' is the '*Sthayibhava* of *Srngara*' or the erotic Rasa. So '*Sthayibhava*' is the stable condition of the state of mind in the erotic vision. There can be eight or nine states in this situation. They are '*harsa*' (laughter), '*rati*' (love), '*Karuna*' (compassion or pain), '*Krodh*' (anger), '*Utsaha*' (dynamic energy), and '*jugupsa*' (disgust). '*Bhaya*' (fear), '*Ascharya*' (wonder) and '*Shanta*' (calm). So these bhavas are the bodily states and also the psycho-physiological postures that the lovers opine at their '*Purbaraga*' period and *Srngara* position. Bharata again gives the eight rasas (nine rasas according to later text) as follows – '*Shringara*' (erotic), '*hasya*' (comic), '*karuna*' (pathetic), '*rudra*' (angry), '*vira*' (valour), '*bhayanaka*' (terrible), '*Bibhatsa*' (disgusting), '*adbhuta*' (surprise) and '*Shanta*' (calm). Later Abhinavagupta, Anandavardhana re-establishes these bhavas. With the proceedings and formulations of schools like Alankara School, Gyna Riti School, Dhvani School, Vakrokti School, Auchitya School. This Rasa

theory becomes more fertile and our eroticism plays the vital role in every body battery of charged orgasm. Beauteous aspects ooze from the erotic art and dance. In Mahapatra's poem "The Movement" the creative process gives the 'Sthayibhava' with the foot steps of dance –

"The foot opens in the dance: between
Lies its mystery. The dew turns in
Its hour of obedience to the noonday sun
Every moment is, to preserve balance
From the taking in within wind.

[The Movement]

Mahapatra's aesthetic tradition touches the erotic ideas with controlled words. The absence gives the Feeling of the presence and the presence gives the feeling of absence. In the first collection of his poems 'Close the Sky': 'Ten by Ten' he writes the shortest emotion entitled "Woman" –

"Even
when she is
Even
When she is not

[Woman]

The woman reveals two words – the body and mind – the external world and the world of inner mystery touched with varied 'bhavas'. To quote Desai — "It is the parallelism of Clauses, along with the semantic linking of 'woman', 'she' and 'she' that create some teasing ripples of floating feeling without substance, of 'Sancharibhavas' without a clear 'Sthayibhava' (there is apparently a suggestion of 'rati') emerging from them. The technique of working in the areas of 'anuranana' (resonance) – as far as language is concerned and of 'Sancharibhavas' as far as emotions and thought are concerned – becomes fruitful only is there is some fund of common experience linking the poet and the reader." (S.K. Desai, "The Poetic Craft," The Poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra Ed. by M. Prasad. 116 – 17).

So writing poetry on eroticism needs a kind of free jolly making to ponder over the matter with sexually installed muscles. Sex is the important part of life. One has to maintain 'auchitya' and 'abhimana' to depict the erotic gesture and relationship.

Mahapatra's poetry retains 'auchitya' which gives the images certain obliquity and unity. His treatment of sex is half romantic and half modern. (Ref. Niranjana Mohanty 'The Quest': P – 38): half romantic because of his constant awareness of death and of a humble sense of inadequacy. To quote Mahapatra –

"My first poems were born of love, of love's selfishness and of a huge pity like the poems of many others whom I admire and it was only of myself I thought as words to possession of my senses, measured me and linked me with the fable kingdom of love"

(Youth Times / 10)

His love poems fused with erotic vision are "Close the Sky", "Ten by ten" and "Svayamvara and other poems". His amoral desires, passion,

emotion are injected in these poems. But it never has the plethora of emotions or passions but the ecstasy of love with the fear of separation. Fleeting time also sketches the dreaming world. Love is the supreme good of human being. It conjugates two strings of emotion into one. It should be spontaneous but conscious. In his poem 'Love', he uses sketchy and pointed words and opines everything. Here the title itself is the part of the poem. His artistic zeal has a ray. Aesthetic tradition gives 'Rasa' culture –

Love
Like poetry
leave thought alone
to find the meaning
that each one
is doing
something new
to words
in a medium
cut to size.

(Love / Close the Sky)

So the excellent thinking! Body, mind and heart go hand in hand in proportionate manner. The lover must maintain time scheme and hearty touch for its utmost fulfillment. Creative fruitful love handshake and amoral desire to gain new spirit is the panacea of his poetic scheme.

"You stare at
it long
it will not turn
to
a sentence
or sun"

(Love / Close the Sky)

Here 'sun' is applied to have eternal bond and without full stop gives the touchy network of man's anxiety. Stop is here without stop. It is awaking and journeying knowing no destination. His poetry has the love and sex mingling together. He talks freely about this. Eroticism also runs through the cell of these poems. The love poems "Another Evening", "Woman in love", "The whorehouse in a Calcutta street", "Hunger", "Armour", "Love Fragment", "Of that love", "Lost", "The Farewell", "Sometimes", "Apartment", "Morning", "An ordinary Day" and so on. "Lost" is the casket of his poetry. Here sex is soporific or causing drowsiness or sleep. It explores the positive result of the physical union of lovers. Here lost is ambiguous. The dream of his youthful days of rapture and contentment that opine the positive offshoot of present erotic venture. So the expense of spirit clashed with the agonizing sense of physical inadequacy. Here love appears embedded in a matrix of general lament. So many contradictions and inconsistencies in the speaker's articulation. 'Abhiman' seems to pervade –

"Here I have learnt to recognize you
at a distance,

the evenings heavy,
the half-light wandering round the room

.....
And outside my hands, where
your body keeps shrinking in space,
the first faith of some child goes wrong
like some defect in a mechanical toy;
yet what does it lead to?
To what fateful encounter?
Like a misplaced watch, this half-light.
Where was I when lost it?

[Lost]

So lost in physical spirit, gain in the creative world of mind. Physical contact is the only safeguard. The half-light in itself is powerless to protect the women from threat of time the prerequisite for stability and safety, for the transcendence and defiance of time is a warm embrace in the half – light. The woman is stretched out on the stone breath of her lover, she is also in motion. It has a spiritual experience underneath. The lovers cross the barrier of mundane and temporal vegetable world into the realm of the infinite and eternal panorama. In "A missing person" we have the same smack of bondage in sleep and the stirring of desire. The lovely woman is "at the edge of sleep" and the "drunken yellow flames" of the lamp in her hand reminds loneliness, lack of partner, loss of own identity and own self. The 'Vyabhichari' or; 'Sanchari Bhava' gives diverse thoughts-

"In the darkened room
a woman
cannot find her reflection in the mirror
waiting as usual
at the edge of sleep
in her hands she holds
the oil lamp
whose drunken yellow flames
know where her lonely body hides.

[A Missing person: A Rain of Rites, P- 7]

Mahapatra's is a unique vision of love themes. Mixture of hope and fear, dream and reality, meeting and separation, anxiety and fulfillment are dreamy thoughts merged into the solace breathe of mankind. Fulfillment of love has an enquiry note-

"Can love grow old and tubercular with age?
Or bend by the contortions of constant use?

.....
can love tank in odd and secret voice?

[Bells: Svayamvara & other poems, p- 27]

Some times the lover's palatable mind springs with doubt and fear. Separation haunts to his heart throbbing zeal-

"Leaf to leaf, crown to crown
act to act,

Or the unspoken words
That wait between the moments

For how long can we
Prolong this together ness
Of being invulnerable together,

[Intimacy: Svayamvara and other poems p- 27]

The poet is passionate and impatient. Love's anger brings the genial spirit of renewal love, love's amoral eyes where pride demurs, but the poet is innocent as child, weeps, frets, tears tickle. Isolation and suffering invited in his love scheme. The 'Sthayi Bhava' escapes.

"I close my eyes
to find my self alone,
in a vision of glaciers, cold and barren
on the roof of my unending night."

[Love poem: Youth Times, Feb 1, 80]

He knows no defeat, no chance to escape from love affair as his eyes are wet, waiting for the snows to melt. We also see Mahapatra's love leads to separation, alienation and melancholy strain. In "Another Evening" the lover longs for his lost beloved and his lamenting notes ushered an elegiac note-

"Your absence
is part of growing older, and this October
a time for measuring and indefatigable
memory".

[Another Evening]

In 'Woman in Love' we have the poet's emotion and passion for love's satiety. After the love's consummation he aspires for the constancy of love. Her woman's body is compared to blue waves and lover to a boat. Man's love and lust are too small to appease the thirst and depth of woman's way palpable physis. Woman's vast erotic zone is applied here

"And if on the endless blue waves of your body
someone leaves a boat, a touch
it would only drift about, like a child asleep"

[Woman in love / Love Start P – 24]

In Mahapatra's poetry love is articulated in the poem "The logic". Here the lover's approach unharmed the woman's hibernated feelings. The 'devoted pads of flesh pave the ground' and he utters "Make me small and edible love". Hypnoticism catches the beloved and lover's harsh treatment cools her. So the 'Sthayibhava' erupts -

"The scalp hurts not from the steep drag
of your hands but from my own practiced drivel".

[The Logic]

Mahapatra is free and frank in the matter of love and sex. Whatever he sees and feels unlocks strikingly in order to overcome the pangs of love. In the poem "Hunger" he shows how the fisherman does insist for temptation to a customer to appease his lust with the fifteen year old daughter. The fisherman will fill up belly and the customer will fulfill sex

starvation. So 'Hunger', is the symbol both for food and lust. To quote the hungry notes with extreme erotic vision –

"It was hard to believe the flesh was heavy on my back.
The fisherman said; will you have her, carelessly,
Trailing his nets and his nerves.....
I heard him say; my daughter, She's just turned fifteen....
Feel her, I'll be back soon, your bus leaves at nine.
The sky fell on me, and a father's exhausted wife.
Long and lean, her years were cold as rubber.
She opened her wormy legs wide. I felt the hunger there,
The other one, the fish slithering, turning inside."
[Hunger]

Here 'wormy legs' signifies degraded prostitute's affair. Here people comes to have sex relationship are compared to worms. As the worms poison the flower's honey so the customers corrupt the girl's purity and chastity. In 'Bride' the 'Sancharibhava' is at the supremised vision. The bride is sleepless in her hungry limbs and dreams to burn with the 'pressure of her sun ripe breast'. She awaits to burn her lusty fire-

"And lets
the fierce lightning race
wave after wave through her
sun inflamed flesh."

["Bride" / Svyamvara and other poems]

Sometimes Mahapatra's lusty feelings burst with cracking sounds, sometimes attaining orgasm with secrecy and silence with controlled tones. In the poem "of Armour" the physical union with secrecy denote silent thoughts-

"and you look beyond her
where you've closed the door
afraid to be your hysterical hour
you could if you would not
press your own skilled ghost
against her tumbled heart
if she only let you be
yourself naked and gaping
hanging on the doorstep without a name."

[Of Armor : Rain of Rites]

Sexuality, prostitution and poverty go hand in hand in Mahapatra's poetry. In this poverty, stricken India the women sell their physic-centric orgasm to earn their bread. Vulture like male feelings draws sexual hunger and appeasement. So whore house becomes symbol for abode of sexual enjoyment. The customer prostitute relationship denotes commercialism in the whorehouse. Sometimes voyeurism stimulates the customer with the erotic postures and pornographies. The customer being the hollow man of corrupted society feels alienated to enter the house with a kind 'Prufrockian' manner. His inquisitiveness to learn the pastiness of the prostitute, shattered with the time centric professional prostitute sex hunger. So relationship without passion, touch without

lovelorn amorousness, only profession undaunted with punctuality.
 Eroticism in the modern calendar lost its fragrance-

"Like a girl holding on to your wild wilderness,
 as thought it were real, as though the renewing voice
 bore the membrane of your half woken mind
 when like a door, her words, close behind;
 "Hurry, will you? Let me go
 and her lonely breath thrashed against your mind"

[The whore house in A Calcutta Street]

Economic disparity leads to choose the profession; erosion of body
 electricity becomes the identity of their profession. Eroticism bids
 farewell. Even the poet is dejected to love lore desires. His own psyche
 slips back to his own lost love with amorous erotic touch-

"In my dreams when I fondle Kamala's brazen breasts
 my hands encounter the blind flowers at a desecrated tomb."

[A Father's House / p – 18]

'Vasana' (desire) is in the poet's inner fire. Cold limbs want to warm up
 his feelings with long waited perching tongue –

"Years have passed
 since I sat with out, watching
 the sky grow lonelier with cloudlessness
 waiting for your body to make it lived in."

[Life Signs]

Rain also gives the erotic desires among mankind. Man and woman feel a
 kind of stimulating weather to make relationship. It arouses the amorous
 and fire in sexual union. Mahapatra's selection of a hut and its inmate's
 consummation in a night of rain represents the whole society drooped in
 sexual orgasm —

"A time of rain, and the old town
 stinks of mould and wet dog's skins.
 A mist of embarrassed thoughts slowly sweeps
 The dark space at the river's edge
 Where our homeless women have put up their huts.
 There's sound of crying in there,
 of an evening jasmine being born,
 the sounds of satisfaction after love's been made.
 who cares why a frail. Flower raises its head
 and smiles? Or when one loves
 one quickens one's death?"

['In a Night of Rain']

Here on such a night no one cares, no one follows anyone. A man's heart
 is moved. Eroticism hangs heavy in a night of rain.

Man has lost his identity and murdered his conscience. The son of the
 priest of the Hanuman Temple rapes a fourteen year young girl behind
 the holy shrine. The violence rises against innocence. The four
 policemen assault her times without number till to the 'scarlet death':-

"In the Hanuman Temple last night
 the priest's pomaded jean-clad son

raped the squint eyes fourteen – year fisher girl
 on the cracked stone plat form behind the shrine
 and this morning
 help father found her at the police station
 assaulted over and over again by four policemen
 dripping of darkness and scarlet death.”

[“The lost children of America”]

Today's giants like Ravana (the priest's son) deflowered the virgins day by day but the laws remain mute for appeasing their own lust. So injustice is everywhere under the veil of justice. India is a holy land. People from foreign lands are streaming into this country to get peace and harmony. From the time immemorial the lost children of America come here to purify and to get peace of mind. So –

“They wander, this lost children of America
 flaunting their long unkempt hair and their bare feet;
 a man named to the waist, the fringes
 of his torn shorts tow weary chapped mouths-
 a woman, her face of old porcelain
 burnt in the harsh sun
 clothed indifferently in a discolored sack
 her breasts weak and sagging
 having lost their glimmer and their power;
 the lost children wander bare eyed

.....

perhaps in search of many gods, to ask for strength

[The lost children of America]

Here the modern generation always has vulture eyes to beautiful women. Their eyes filled with sexual starvation. So the beauty passes, they utter.....

“It is your body we see, March's fickle weather,
 behind which your untold past and future like abandoned
 like a pit, a nut or stone. Not much else.
 You are hunger among bronze peacocks,
 Your uncertain nights torn
 By strange flutes from stronger past.”

Again we feel voyeurism in manly outlook. Man has lost his dignity. They penetrate into the female body and enjoy erotic venture. Her beauty will fade away and men stand like faithless pilgrim – a sense moral disorder in the society –

“Until your ageing womanhood becomes pregnant with youth
 leaving behind a body that had lost its horse
 and riders, breasts humbles, in total silence.
 Then how will you love, Madhuri?
 Fro man have only fire in our flaming nests
 And we will forget the faith that moved us
 We will forget”

[Madhuri Dixit : Randim Descent]

Erotic vision clutch our auchitya and 'abhimana'. Indian love with aesthetic tradition adorns the virgin gallery till the last day of deflowering

ceremony - lover's aspire –

“You know
I will not touch you
Like that
Until our wedding night.”

[waiting]

So what a gallery of 'rasa' thoughts erotic venture are accumulated in both the young minds. 'Sancharibhava' with erotic culture paves the way to the 'Sambhoga' of their impulsive 'rati' and 'Srngara' of their impulsive 'rati' and 'Srngara'.

Now the Indian aesthetic tradition with the invasion of post-colonial discourse has destined to a kind of extinct condition. Today's eroticism is the amalgamation of 'glocal' and westernized model. The perverse sex culture marginalizes the aesthetic rasa erotic orgasm. Indian eroticism, which bears the stamp of beautified iconographical khajuraha setting and Konaraka archeology, lost the fragrance in the shadowy 'post modern' culture. Jayanta Mahapatra with his penetrating eye feels and depicts it in his easel of poetry. Vatsayana's 'Kamsutra's' sixty-four patterns of eroticism, Rasa-erotic vision of 'Srngara' 'Abhiman', 'auchitya', 'vasana', 'Rati', 'Sambhoga', 'Kama' all are smashed by westernized sex culture. Indian Rasa theory is based on psychological state of human condition but we are ignoring them. In the words of Kapil Kapoor “Part from being ignorant that there is something like Indian thought, there is presumed opinion about that thought 'purana hogaya hai' – it has been superseded by new structures of knowledge etc... I never argue that one must not study other traditions. Let me quote Bhartrhari (5th C) who says “what does he know who knows only own tradition?” There was a confident India internally, intellectually rich, with three very powerful 'Sampradaya' – Brahman, Baudha and Jaina – also interacting with the then centers of learning - China, Middles. But today we have to change that a little – “what does he know who does not know his own tradition?” So this is unfortunate that we are under chains in colonizers views till now. When we make comparisons with what Europe achieved through interaction with Indian studies in the 19th century and what we have. What an irony in this tradition of erotic culture! Mahapatra with his poetic vision supremises his poetry in terms of eroticism wandering from temples to temples, collecting scrapes of incidents in the day to day life affairs. He with the touch of Rasa theory wants to solve the problem in the Indian cultural studies. We have to identify our own 'asanas' from the others clutch. G.B.Thampi says,

“Unless the west independently appropriates
the oriental cultural heritage
..... It will not become part of international scholarship”

[Thampi, G.B.op.cit. p – 36]

Our feelings are our own oozed out form our bodily passion not to be borrowed from other self. Eroticism with 'sancharibhava' must not be

westernized in the Indianised erotic culture. Our vital spirit must be magnetized and charged by the power of 'Shakti' in different forms – “Uma, Gouri, Kali, Bhavani, Rudrani, Sarbani, Sarvmanangala, Aparna, Parvati, Durga, Chandika and Ambika (Door of Paper, p-109). In the temple of Hirapur the poet has the enchanted vision of “Chausathi Yougini” at Ranipur – Jharial, Khajuraho and Bheraghat. There he has the feelings of eroticism, to quote Mahapatra,

“For art is substance. Love, lust, illusion.
Substance in the surge of passion.”

[“Door of Paper”: p – 109]

so times without number today's Lakshmi, the fourteen year old outcaste sweeper girl with her small, tight lotus bud breasts and Mrs. Sen aged thirty-five look like twenty-one appear in his impulsive feelings. In his essay “An orissa Journal: July to November” he says –

“And the Mrs. Sen types flaunting the knowledge of the three K's - the Kamsutra, Konaraka and Khajuraho – in their affluent living rooms, seem a sorry feedback of sex from the west” (“Door of Paper”, p-14).

Mahapatra's poetry which is based on Indian aesthetic tradition, Indian iconography and rasa theory, appeals for the reawakening of lost glory of Indian eroticism shadowed by colonial culture. Mahapatra's words matured in erotica recalls.....

“I remember the words from the Silpa Prakasa
desire is root of the universe. From desire all beings are born----”

[A symphony in stone: Door of Paper, P – 110]

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P.C. K. Prem

DARKNESS

In the darkness of room snakes lurk
 wait for sun to reach
 and smile with a hiss, I fear
 and the rays turn to little porcupine.
 dance outside with a bowl of milk
 in a long wait I stand to get it
 or the bowl refuses to contain the white liquid.
 and I sit and sit with a bunch of superstitions
 gathered from grandma lullaby and fairy tales
 as the pixies crowded a green gradient for a siesta.
 for long hours with arms stretched to hold a basin
 empty and insipid weaving colourful sonorous songs
 while it controls the breeze singing an airy lore
 and debunks in silence glories gathered in dustbins.
 it is like a ghost warps that does a good job
 and holds concerts of desires with snakes curled up
 waiting for a charmer to let a ballet come up
 with pungent smells raised up in silky prancing.
 gleaming around in waste with bowls as snakes coiled up
 tell in loud shushes the conspiracy of languid imps
 in soft hugs of spirits of darkness in unholy alliance
 as I imagine a scenario of bullets in the air
 while blood spills on the roads and water
 as words of bowls continue to wait for the milk
 And I sit quietly with washed out tired breathings.

