

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

Manifestoes

Manifesto on Hungryalistic Poetry

Poetry is no more a civilizing manoeuvre, a replanting of the bamboozled gardens; it is a holocaust, a violent and somnambulistic jazzing of the hymning five, a sowing of the tempestual hunger.

Poetry is an activity of the narcissistic spirit. Naturally, we have discarded the blankety-blank school of modern poetry, the darling of the press, where poetry does not resurrect itself in an orgasmic flow, but words come up bubbling in an artificial muddle. In the rhymed-prose of those born-old half-literates you must fail to find that scream of desperation of a thing wanting to be man, the man wanting to be spirit.

Poetry of the younger generation too has died in the dressing-room, as most of the younger rhymed-prose writers, afraid of the Satanism, the vomitous horror, the self-elected crucifixion of the artist that makes a man a poet, fled away to hide in the hairs.

Poetry, around us, these days, has been cryptic, short-hand, cautiously glamorous, flattered by own sensitivity like a public-school prodigy. Saturated with self-consciousness, poems have begun to appear from the tomb of logic or the bier of unsexed rhetoric.

Poetry is not the caging of belches within form. It should convey the brutal sound of the breaking values and startling tremora of the rebellious soul of the artist himself, with words stripped of their usual meaning and used contrapuntally. It must invent a new language which would incorporate everything at once, speak to all the senses in one. Poetry should be able to follow music in the power it

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possess of evoking a state of mind, and to present images not as wrappers but as ravishograms.

Written by Malay

Published by Haradhon Dhara from 269, Netaji Subhash Road, Howrah, India, on behalf of the Hungry Generation.

(Hungry Generation XII)

Manifesto on Short-Story

Short-story is no more a thing like slice-of-life, a piece from a life-size mirror, a word-making of puzzling events; it is an anti-idyllic surging of the nuance, a quest of man for the KALON, a passing through the inferno of historical experience into the purgatorio of reflection.

Short story is the imago of a mourner. Hence, for its function, it has nothing to do with the communication of facts or ideas. It should only and only, burn down the spinal-cord of an individual alife, with an emotive valency that ran through the blood of Christ on Calvary.

Short-story, so far, has been five finger exercises in the log-table of love-tricks, a camouflage of alphabetical hypocrisy, a logical description of facts seen with the eyes of a dead reptile. Oldies of the blankety-blank school as well as the Recruits, who went to conquer this Venus, finished with crooked genitals, and returned to suck the public hemlock of Press geishas.

Short-story should be a crystal of the dark and vigorous disorder of today's vulnerable life, a snatch of the haphazard journey out and along a far, treacherous, and promising vista whose end is beyond any man's sight; a journey possible only for those who retain a vulnerable openness to being. Short story, like a spiritual outlaw, must stress the Line which is essence, as against appearance or accident. (The essence of a work of art is its unstated intuitions).

Short story being a dexterous, elegant and murderous art, is a cumulous of gestures. What it must aim for is a certain enhancement of the process of being, the affirmation of life, and of the significance of human destiny.

Published simultaneously by Pradip Chaudhury (Bishwabharati, Shantiniketan, India) and Haradhon Dhara (269, Netaji Subhash Road, Howrah, India) on behalf of the Hungry Generation.

The Object of Hungryalism (Hungrealisme)

1. To never imitate the reality of Aristotle, but to take the unenamelled whoring reality by surprise under the genital of Art.
2. To let speechlessness burst into speech without breaking the silence.
3. To let loose a creative furore, in order to undo the done-for-world and start afresh from chaos.
4. To exploit every matrix of senses except that of a writer.
5. To disclose the belief that world and existence are justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon.
6. To accept all doubts and despairs rather than to be content to live with the sense made by others.
7. To lash-out against the values of the bileged career-making animals.
8. To abjure all meretricious blandishment for the sake of absolute sincerity.
9. To stop writing and painting beyond the point of self-realization.

(Hungry Generation 10)

Manifesto of the Hungry Movement

1. Authentic discovery of my complete self.
2. To introduce myself and all that is me in front of me in every possible way during poetry.
3. To leak out after having detained myself in poetry right when for some reasons I explode and set on a journey inside me.
4. To challenge every value with my own ego, and then either accept or reject them.
5. To consider everything as real and then shake it to check if it's living or not.
6. To examine every angle instead of accepting something as it appears before us.
7. To abolish both rhymed prose and rhymed verse and use a simple personal style that can smoothly merge with the temper of what is being communicated.
8. To use also in poetry the same type, size and weight that words have in colloquial speech.
9. To reveal in poetry with greater frankness the sounds that fill up spoken words.
10. To break down the long-time established *entente* between two words and build new sentences with impure and illicit words.
11. To reject all the backing used in poetry until today and let it be primitive by itself without corruption from the outside.
12. To openly accept that poetry is the ultimate religion of man.

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13. To express sharply and from head to foot all the existential angst, nausea and disgust.
14. Ultimate personality.

[Caṭṭopādhyāy 2015: 114]

Object of Hungryalistic Politics

1. To de-politicise the soul of every individual.
2. To let every individual realise that existence is pre-political.
3. To let it be noted historically that *Politics* invited the man of the third quality, aesthetically the most lowest substratum of a society, at its service.
4. To make it clear that the conception of *Elite* and that of the *Politician* differ absolutely after the death of Gandhi.
5. To declare the belief that all the intellectual fuckeries called “political theory” are essentially the founts of fatal and seductive lies erupting out of abominable irresponsibility.
6. To demarcate the actual position of a politician in a modern Society, somewhere between the dead body of a harlot and a donkey’s tail.
7. To never respect a politician, to whatever species or organism he may belong.
8. To never escape from politics and, at the same time, neither let politics escape from the terror of our aesthetic being, and
9. To remodel the basis upon which political creeds are founded.

By Malay Raychaudhuri
(*Hungry Generation XV*)

Religious Manifesto of the Hungry Generation

1. God is Shit.
2. Religion is an omnivorous system of feud between man’s inself and exself which from God ejaculates Himself into the ebullience of the ultimate insanity where man is *I am who I am*.
3. Religion is the straitjacket “I” teaching God to walk upside down.
4. Religion is Murder, Rape, Suicide, Dope, Incest, Poison, Fucking, Delinquency, Addiction, Insomnia, Metamorphosis and *I continue*.
5. Religion is the principle of controlling things and nothings by going along with them, of mastery through adaptation. The highest form of man makes himself

a vacuum so that all things are drawn to him, he accepts every thing until by including all things he becomes the master.

6. Religion is a gangplank of negation of the inner nothingness of my "I".
7. Religion is a huge cunt where from emerges once for all the raving sickness of suicide leading to the divino-satanic self-nailing of my ME.
8. Religion is law that proclaimeth: "Bitch is he who believes and lives not in his own blood and bone but in the readymade saliva of Someone's sermononsense.
9. Religion is I with I, I of I, I from I, I by I, I less I and I is I.

by Malay Raychoudhury
(*Hungry Generation* 66)

Hungry Generation

Today poetry is inherent in the contradictions of life. It no longer tries to be a harmoniser of life; it is not an overpopulated blind anthill, nor it is an unrelenting collection of logic arguments. Today, in this time, the human need has manifested as a terrible hunger for the inescapable depth, so much so that the need to extract meaning from life is over. Today it's the time of meaninglessness, catastrophe, soul-lessness. The aforesaid hunger is not only hunger for world dissent: it is also psychological, physical and corporeal. The only nourisher of hunger is poetry, for what else would there be in life without poetry! Man, God, Democracy and Science have been defeated. Today poetry has become the only refuge.

Despite the presence of poetry, all the incoherence of human existence remains unbearable. Poetry is formed in the unhesitant rebellion of the inner world, in the tremendous irritation of the soul, in every drop of blood. Oh, but why is life still so dim? Perhaps this crisis is due to the unnecessary existence of those who view poetry and life in a different way.

What we think it is poetry is not only the outcome of the terrific attraction for disillusionment from life. Poetry can no longer be known as the trapping of universal nature into the cage of form. Today even the use of poetry as a way of salvation from this neglected earth is ridiculous. Knowingly, in full awareness, poetry is surrendering to the cruel demand of free poetic wisdom in the middle of a completely savage barbarism. In all kinds of prohibitions that is what you will find, the hidden treasure of the inner world. The only thing left inside will be poetry.

This time we must put an end to calling poetry the game of writing rhymed prose. The age of creating poetry by lighting up a cigarette and switching on a table lamp, by plunging the pen into the cerebral cortex is over. Today poetry is composed as spontaneously as an orgasm. For this reason, today the creation of poetry is possible only in a state of "conscious overwhelming" during the apex

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of rape, hangover or drowning. Declaring war against art is the first condition of poetry. One can also write rhymed prose owing to a whim or through contemplation but not poetry.

Whether it is dense with suggestions or musically harmonious, or it has the power to quench the angry, intense, turbulent hunger of both the internal and external soul – poetry is characterless like a devoted wife, asexual like a beloved, and unexposed like a goddess.

[Caṭṭopādhyāy 2015: 118]

Manifesto on the Objectives of the Hungry Generation

The main task of creation is to inspire man in his struggle for life. A painter can attain this goal in multiple ways through his work. Our main task is to attract the spectator's gaze in those directions of life that are neglected for socio-economic reasons. A painter, just like all the others, is part of the people. And that is why he is a political entity.

A painter cannot fulfill his responsibilities without support from his associates. In our society, where painting is mostly patronised by the wealthy elite, many painters surrender obediently to the requests of their patrons. A painter needs moral courage. He should persist in following his direction and reject the patronage of those who hold power in this society.

Painting is such a popular medium that, without any compromise, artistic creativity can reach to a wider public and create awareness on the necessity of art. A painting or the copy of a drawing is feasible as a beginning, but it cannot keep all the features of the original picture. It distorts the reality of the picture. On the other hand, since the painter uses imagination and illusion for a specific purpose, there are no such latent conflicts.

A painter devoid of self-respect forgets himself and ensures material prosperity by keeping in mind the demands of wealthy families and their taste and requirements. The painter of the Hungry generation is completely free. There is light at the top of his brush. A painter is the guardian of our conscience, the seer, the magician and the destroyer of evil. Thus, hypocrisy in painting is unforgivable.

Written by Anil Karanjai and Karunanidhan Mukhopadhyay
(*Hungry Generation 48*)

[Caṭṭopādhyāy 2015: 117]

“Three points by Moloy Roy Chowdhury”

1. It is for our inexorable crave that Hungryalism is the poeticaclysmic chap-eron of art of our own generation. Hungryalism, in itself, is a rejection of Realism, Stream of Consciousness, Sur-realism and such other melancrockereries.
2. Conceptions such as Monologue and Dialogue have definitely become obsolete for us. A man, because he is a Sinner, soliloquizes secretly when he speaks to others and to others when to himself. We replace them with our own conception of Sinologue.
3. To out passe [past] predecessors, who wrote with the sound of their gluttonic belches, Wrappers were called Symbols, and often Images. Obviously, we abjure such things. To us, all genuine Images, because of their own character, will henceforth be called Ravishograms.

(Hungry Generation 10)

*Kṣudhārta Manifesto of Free Poetry
by Saileshvar Ghosh (1968)*

- Poetry is the last religion of men
 - Not Buddha, Jesus or Ramakrishna. Poets/Poetry will keep liberating the earth
 - Poetry will lead people towards a new resurgence
 - Poetry is the hymn of the dirty soul that reawakened from bad consciousness – the flower that blossoms in the darkness
1. To expose the face of all hypocrisies
 2. To not worship Nature
 3. To not trust the so-called unsubstantial stuff known as Art
 4. To use yourself only from head to foot
 5. To not become the servant of the Establishment
 6. To hate every institution
 7. To take a look at the final boundary of human experience
 8. To spit out the salty plaster of civilisation
 9. To speak truth straightforwardly
 10. To see and manifest life as the Seer by going beyond the stage of reasoning
 11. To twist and turn in a personal way ordinary words in language
 12. To doubt all that was created
 13. There is no way of grasping truth besides experience – the pure intellect cannot grasp true life

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14. To use all the obscene words omitted by society and all the ideas condemned as obnoxious. These words hide many truths of contemporary life
15. To gradually break and spread oneself out
16. To see the world is to see oneself. Knowledge is Seeing.
17. To reveal all that is hidden in the top-secret land of existence, what gradually drags men to falsity and camouflage
18. To reveal the terrific relations of life
19. To abandon the life we were given and return to our real essence and merge with the basic rule and pace of creation
20. To leave the world of the intellect for the world of feeling, raising the mind to a state of anarchy
21. To defeat the power of nerves, mind and sensation and elevate them like Tantric ascetics
22. To touch the original point of the central fear of existence
23. To reject middle-class taste and values
24. To reject all bourgeois education
25. To regain freedom by liberating the obstructed mind in writing, death and sexuality, what totally deprives man of their freedom. To give freedom to obsessions in writing, that is danger for the bourgeois
26. To build a terrible relationship with the earth and with oneself, which will have to be revealed ruthlessly
27. Do not renounce to life, but immerge the clay of life into obscenity and then pull it out
28. To make oneself the icon of protest in this anti-life civilisation
29. To abandon bourgeois happiness and security

[Ghoṣ 2011: 303–4]

Kṣudhārta Resistance First Collection (1967)

Editor: Saileshvar Ghosh

Collector: Basudeb Dasgupta

Publisher: Subhash Ghosh, 2A Naren Sen Square, Kolkata

(Authors: Basudeb Dasgupta, Pradip Choudhuri, Subhash Ghosh, Subo Acharya and Saileshvar Ghosh)

Today there is no more need for art in this world. A terrible conspiracy to kill poets is happening! What did you expect? Under the pressure of Capitalism X (industry) X Communism, only the number of eunuchs has grown in the world. Hunger does

not belong only to this generation. The entire hungry India can be heard screaming in pain. Men are slowly losing the courage of speaking the truth. If they speak... everybody knows what would happen.

Advertisements on insurance companies – insurance on cancer, death etc.: “insure yourself today!” Nobody notices this big crime: when death becomes visible, any man becomes crazy and runs away. Careful readers will understand that many so-called poets and writers of Bengal have ensured. You can see them at the lake, at the park, at the restaurants in the evening, then heading back home around 9pm.

“Hunger is a fraud”. Actually life itself is a fraud. What’s more surprising than this is that after studying at school we forgot who tried to purify this stupid nation and how. It is known that who dies now won’t be hungry again. Those who are alive and want to stay alive will be hungry and scream, complain, insult, pretend, will stir hands and feet because of hunger. The bourgeois have made life obscene and bloodless. Nobody is free except for criminals. I request a free life: there is no third problem for men beside sexuality and death that can keep them trapped. Remember the “Down with Freud, with atom bomb, with Jean Paul Sartre” counter-movements for the preservation of freedom. Freedom itself is personal suffering. Let all the angry, sad, humiliated, selfish, soul-less martyrs in this loveless life join: let us build a powerful resistance.

[Ghoṣ 2011: 613–4]

Jyotirmoy Datta’s letter to Dick Bakken

My Dear Mr. Bakken,

I have at last got your letter of November 21; it was lying at the workshop, which I avoid visiting, and it was only by accident that I looked into the workshop mailbox last night.

But that isn’t the reason why it took me so long to write to you about Malay, Subimal, Subo and others. It was quite some time ago that Dr. [Edward Dimock, then professor of Bengali literature at Chicago University] passed on to me the papers that you sent him; I could have written you then; I didn’t, being rather uncertain of what to say.

Which I still am, but I am quite willing to translate any material that you send me. But I am still bewildered why should anyone in Portland, Oregon, be interested in publishing a special issue on the Hungry Generation. Is there not enough local talent in Oregon to fill up the pages of *Salted Feathers*, which you describe as a small magazine? Or is it due to an interest in the out-of-the-way, the quaint,

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the fantastic? It is like someone in Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh, bringing out a special number on the Trotskyite poets revolutionizing American poetry by bringing out the Penny Paper of Iowa City (editor: Everett Frost). Hurrah for the public relations work and promotion by Allen Ginsberg, Time magazine and the silly magistrate who convicted Malay!

This does not mean that I am not sorry for Malay for the predicament he is in. He is a nice fellow; I have contributed what little I could towards his legal expenses (you could send whatever fee you would have given to Malay); I have testified in his defence in court. But I don't think his imitation of what he thinks is contemporary American poetry is worth anything. One may or may not admire Allen Ginsberg's poetry, but one has to concede that at least most of the time Allen sounds like Allen and not somebody else. The HG people sound as if they know of no other poetry except that which is published in the magazines, pamphlets and books that Allen sends them, and whatever they have read has gone to their head and is coming out through their pen without the least alteration. I cannot derive any pleasure from the sight of a nice bunch of Calcutta kids desperately trying to ape the author of "Howl".

Maybe, it is interesting to Americans, as is the fact that some wives of Vietnamese officials and profiteers find American hair spray so indispensable that there is a flourishing blackmarket in this commodity in Saigon? But to one who is trying to purge the Bengali language of all that is false, conventional, derivative, all that is the result of fashion, all the literary echoes, Malay's regurgitation of a very limited experience of American poetry seems annoying. But I have the sense to see that this, despite the PROs, is a passing phenomenon, like the Anglophiles of the 19th century, like the Indo-Anglian poets of the immediate past; after all where are the poets of the 19th century Calcutta who thought they wrote like Byron and Scott and in which they were, unfortunately for them, in all probability right.

I assume that you, and Mr. Ferlinghetti, and Mr. McCord, are genuinely interested in Bengali poetry, that you are not only interested in tropical Kerouacs and Gangetic Ginsbergs but also in poets who are uniquely Bengali, who could not have been possible in the American tradition, who are not the creatures of some kind of literary PL-480 deal. There are, or there is, at least one poet who is walking the streets of Calcutta whose poetry is deeply rooted in the poets who have gone before him and yet whose poetry is shinningly new, the songs of an angel, the meditations and prophecies of a seer. Unlike Mr. Roychoudhury, whose reading in Bengali literature is not only slightly more deep than that of his guru, Allen, Benoy Mazumdar has lived with the works of the masters who have gone before him and even in rejecting it shows his profound awareness of the tradition. No one has ever used the Bengali language the way Benoy did in Phire Eso Chaka; but he made it seem that was the way it was meant to sound all the time. The way Malay writes it, one may think that the only poets who have gone before are the contributors of Fuck You.

I am writing this letter not to dissuade you from bringing out your special number. I would be delighted if it brings the HG people some money; I would be even happier if in some remote way it helps Malay in his trial. I would be delighted to help you to the best of my ability in translating any stuff you send me. But I had hoped that when it comes to Bengali poetry you would be more interested in what is unique to it rather than what echoes American poetry, although such phenomenon is interesting sociologically and politically, indicative as it is of how all pervasive, how unavoidable is America to the rest of the world today.

American tourists at the Paris Hilton eat hamburgers and chicken flown out from America. American diplomats in Calcutta drink Bourbon in the hot summer evenings (but their houses are airconditioned and thoroughly insulated from the humid weather) and nibble on pizzas brought frozen from the consular store. I had hopes they would have a little more curiosity about things that differ from the way things are at home.

Very sincerely yours,
Jyotirmoy Datta

(Bakken 1967)

Hungryalist Poetry

Basudeb Dasgupta

Air-conditioned God [Eyār kaṇḍisāṇḍ debatā]

In this dangerous kingdom of silence is our raft floating
hundreds of corpses are visible on the shoreline
for long burned under the sunlight, they are deformed
those whose life had vibrated until now
in happiness and grief electric current
whose life once while vibrating
from desire to desire
those lives had flown

In this dangerous kingdom of silence is our raft floating
burning sun overhead
golden colour on the right side of the river

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green carpet on sandy strip peeps
a naked man sits all alone on that strip
seeing the raft he jumps into the water
waves his hand while being washed away by the tide
as if he wanted to say something
who knows where he drowns in the heavy current
with half ton biscuit and a few saris
this small raft floats downstream

Dark hall-room
a fragrance of lavender
crowds of men run trampling the corpses of their loved ones
jump over hoping to get a fistful of food
fight with each other to get it
die
hundreds of incorporeal species in electric light
although goods for charity are not enough
terrible dearth of vehicles
and in order to reach the distressed area
the authorities never find a way
for the absence of diggers from one to one & half thousand
were buried in one pit, Sir
payment was rupees two per day
news further says that four persons in Bhootnath's house
died when the house fell over them when they were sleeping
although his state of affairs was more or less the same
happiness was not meagre in that tiny house
today beneath the open sky the ordinary truck driver Bhūtnāth
stoops with his head between his knees
the Subdivisional officer informed him:
twenty rupees more could not be given today from the poverty alleviating fund
because the person who has the keys to the cupboard did not come

Sky is crowded with vultures – air is polluted – the radar on the twentieth floor of the tower – cyclone forecast – just now the relief boat has been looted – where there is no death the police hawks – National Highway no. 34 is washed away – no piece of land is available so that help could be dropped – an insane girl is beating a tinplate and singing on the runway – missiles would be installed near the capital – quick feet someone went to take a nap at the hotel – bullet has been found from someone's holed skull – youngest among the rebels was eight years – our momentary humanity and lifelong crying is drowning in soft mud up to the waist – presently

inside the ring two bison are fighting for sexual supremacy – wastes of turbulent sounds – pet piglet pissed on the beautiful lady’s nylon – our mother came out with her dead child from the jute field – a few nylon petticoat might be the reason for fire – a crowd of vultures in the sky – the cupboard of every civilisation has preserved some skeletons – a vulture has hit the relief plane’s propeller – far away a mad girl beats her tinsplate and sings a song – she will also die now

I have covered my ears with both hands – I don’t want to listen any sound from the outside – I have covered my ears with both hands – I can’t stand the sound of words uttered by me – therefore, death –

You went for a bath and saw that water had turned yellow – in the still water you saw your acephalous shadow – from your face, your clothes, your body always emanate the smell of corpse – therefore, death death death –

I am abandoned among the deads – I have been kept in the lowest hole – you have kept away from my relatives – I don’t have the power to come out – will you perform magic deeds for the dead? – will the ghosts come out and sing songs of praise to you – do the dead feel your mercy inside the grave – is your magic visible only in darkness – will your religion be ever known in this country of oblivion – our flesh is unhealthy – our bones have no peace – fear has uprooted us – here everybody wipes his face and says: I didn’t commit any sin

[Cattōpādhyāy 2015: 91–2]

Utpalkumar Basu

The Pope’s Grave [Poper samādhi]

[VERE PAPA MORTUUS EST

A Hungry Generation message on the death of Pope John XXIII

Text by Utpalkumar Basu]

Looking through the red and yellow window glass
on that day, suddenly
in a sloppy afternoon
easily
I opened my eyes at the sunlight
“The Pope’s empire and
the resilience of his illness’s mysterious germs”
on a finger showing
the spherical circumference of a globe
I once told you in Calcutta

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“Let measure the Pope’s empire
and the resilience of his illness’s mysterious germs”.

Do you want to wage a war against germs?
well, I don’t want that
because if it does not turn into a holy war
looking at the reflection of a little globe
in the darkness of someone’s gaping mouth in Kurukshetra
like taken aback
will I become a puppet of the Kaurab?
would I not be like a bag myself
shaken
will I let you listen
dizzy after so much shaking
the internal sound of germs, of terror, of a quarter and a half rupee?
like many other men
these 27–28 years of such a little, aggrieved life
membranes veins guts
continuously descending
in the profound love of the body
why did we falter?
with true drunkards, sinners,
theologians, saints and thieves I could not mix.
I could not travel too far on a boat
love didn’t get stronger –
no dispute took place by the canal –

Reader, now, turn your face from the pulpit of Rome
and stare at the window afar
it seems that the glow is dying away
close to the Catholic mission
I would easily ask for powdered milk
for the starving children of India
after the death of 39 popes in shrewd knowledge
free microbes of 40 popes are coming back to life – in this sense.
But also us
like many other men
have 20 to 22 years more left to live.
Until then I’ll sit at the airport
I’ll watch the planes take off and land
or I’ll visit the press and recite my poems

I will not take thumb imprints will not take
marks of a tail's hoof
will not do it
change me
at the main window of a secret
when in the darkness yellow and blue colours
wipe out the Pope's kingdom today
as tiny as a microbe
innumerable, subtle and soft
Chief God has come attended by followers.

[Cattōpādhyāy 2015: 27–8]

Subo Acharya

On Rilke's Birthday

*A postage stamp for 15 rupees [Rāinār Māriā Ril'ker janmadine.
15 pay'sāy dāk tiki]*

What sort of beauty did Richard Burton or Gordon Craig find in the butthole!
I don't know who's this Richard Burton – *Who was Richard Burton!*
I actually don't like reading Rilke at all
I feel sleepy, it makes me yawn
when I said this, Prof. Buddhadeva Bose and Rabindranath's very reliable pupils,
Sadhana and her sister, got mad at me
I want Sadhana and her sister too
even though my body has absorbed water like roots, my thirst has not quenched
at that moment I felt like crying, I felt terribly empty
Saileshvar, Saileshvar, do I really want love from this earth?
in this collapse to a foul hell filled with fear
even if I'll leave with a rope around my neck
I want to go to heaven
I don't like hell, I don't like it at all
let's go, I will kick away the door of an undiscovered heaven
come on, Sadhana, let us celebrate your "66" wedding
come on, Sadhana, let's make love with naked penis
the possessed Beatnik found a divine world in marijuana
I remain awake in my intoxication – a black awakening
or I'll break down wasted, like glass, in a public kick
there is no heaven in intoxication

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no heaven in women
I have been restless enough
I have seen 501 penises washed in soap
I have seen microbes dying
I have seen infanticides
there is no way to come back to the other side of 30 thousand years
in that silent forest

but all these men, convicted, mistakes of nature
exile, my exile is on this earth
I don't want sin and inside the ugly rise of objects
yes, let this be over
and I don't even want love
I don't even need love
love is like an oracle
love is like a spring
love for a vagina like Taj Mahal, love for a penis like Taj Mahal
love for the body quickly fades away
yet I don't see any heaven out of the body
oh, the body – Rilke, I want to impregnate your Venus
I want her naked in copulation – all the *classic* forms of earth
I want to see everything like this

would I be free to wander after breaking Beauty
there can be no more divine dreams for me today
no divine woman
staying awake like Calcutta in the transcendental glow of this earth
but what a vast stream of time!

Like hard granite on a mountain
I am an ordinary man or a mad poet
I spread the light of my soul
all around only night – speak up Rainer Maria Rilke
say which prophecy you heard in the secret blue light
this starving Bengal and a Bengal putrefied in sultry vaginas
where many times I have seen my soul startling unnoticed
I can't hear any divine voice
because my soul is filled with its own blood
in which role will I scream out?
I can't control my penis
like Calcutta darkness

in the slope of time I have seen women
they were standing in the middle of things without hesitation – so natural!
which song did you sing to a woman?
which poetry did you read to her?
my hand overflows on her solemn breast
lips start hissing
she kisses – the mystery of her vagina upsets me
speak up, Rainer Maria Rilke

The emptiness of darkness roars like the waves of the distant ocean
but I have no urge
will I ring the bell against blind life?
mind – oh, it is mind that keeps the penis in erection
will I wander lonely and unsteady without milestones
a fading life burns in my soul

Blood coagulates in my soul
like a wind blowing in the night
the downfall of humanity in 100 international rapes
all over me there is a broken India
and the whole West
withdraws in the slippery vagina on the wicked path of U.N.O
seriously I don't want destruction but
resurrection does not mean Gandhi and Marx's mutual stimulation
I want a laxative and a beer
I want cigarettes and girls
I want love I want the poison of life I want death darkness
I want the essence of God I want prophecy I want contraceptives
I want to see all the money of the world burning
I want to see all the politics of the world burning
I want to see the sincere eyes of men, like mine

But my soul sets on fire
not even sincerity is of help
to be honest I see no way
I keep walking here like a blind man
speak up, Rainer Maria Rilke, say which prophecy did you hear
standing in this dangling creation

[Sen 2015: 59–61]

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

Poetry has Vanished from the World of Men [Mānuṣer pṛthibī theke kabitā šeṣ haye geche]

I walk in the midnight of an empty town
Far, aimless, I hear a call
like men's birth or secret skeletons
in the darkness close to the sea waves
death will wipe you out one day
we once used to be in love
all the love of the world will be destroyed in a black hole
the world of effaced poetry, the nights of Khalasitala and the nights of my love
my self-punishing running around on the empty road
a pocket with countless rupees (in dreams!)
all this is my ordinary life, my non-existing scream drowns in blood.
Today even poetry gets a taste of blood
it trembles all over in long sighs
some are scared of my existence
some leave with stooping heads
my scream full of blood will fade in my own breast –
not a shout will shake the earth, like men
a long time ago love was lost, suffering for love,
without love the heart spills blood, an empty heart, you
get drunk looking at the glimpse of a midnight light, do whatever
there is nothing like a divine life – looking at this little life an *obsessed* fear

or living in a hole of an immense and bleeding vacuum
men's alarmed stroll today in 1968 brings me close to indifference
why is there so much blood blood blood in my life?
who am I – who I am in this life of duties and embarrassment
I am standing like a celestial scream – implanted in poetry
worries cruelty awakens like immutability
for how long was I walking away from men
today I feel like coming back.

[Caṭṭopādhyāy 2015: 41]

Saileshvar Ghosh

To Pranati on the Street [Praṇatir janya rāstāy]

I am standing at this crossing because I will use Pranati
she liked it very much on the sea beach of Digha
she is not my woman, she will never be
yet I am running after her like a dog thinking that it was love.
1965 began yesterday
reading an English newspaper requesting volunteers for family planning in India
I thought that poetry is more fatal than a woman.
How fatal that
in September 1964 I spent sleepless nights
locked in Amherst Street Jail
the toilet was in the room
and there I saw all the prisoners pissing
that night after counting at least ten times with thieves
I dreamed of Pranati
After spending two nights with her
I felt a bit of love, really.
Perhaps she is thinking of something else
She is scared
seeing everywhere insult and mockery
Perhaps she will caress me even more this time
My whole day is passing very badly, and I cannot keep her face always alive
in my mind.

Now I want Pranati, as I want my own mother
Pranati, believe me, I want you.
I want to use you like Amul butter
I would even search for love from prostitutes
a certain predisposition is developing for all of them
I was ready to accept calling you a wife
I'm a half-man running
a half-man drunk
a half-man with a weapon
Seeing the quibbles that law gave to
thieves and associations of beggars
my blood became water
And seeing the publicity skills of the Ramakrishna Mission
I understood that I shall very soon die of anaemia.

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

Pranati, how hard it is to live like a man
to live like a husband, like a wife or a son
even living for one's own name is hard
to live by masturbation is even harder.
There's no sense in living only by writing poems.
Easier than everything is dying
Bimal had hairs on his chest
still he died
Nikhil weighed 160 pounds
still he died.
My head is reeling so I shall also die
Now, waiting for Pranati
back in my room we will think of something else,
and after sleeping in bed,
today I may be eager for something else!

[Ghoṣ n.d.: 25–26]

I am Hungry [Āmi kṣudhārta]

A woman turned into gold after I touched her body
I am a poor labourer, I live in Port Commission Quarter No. 5
at the touch of my breath the Communist Party of India split in two
my arms grew bigger my foot smaller my penis remained the same
I saw my mother sleeping with a god

My father lost everything in gambling – a crazy Van Gogh
had seen flames in the rice fields and in Tahiti's island
Gauguin's dog spread syphilis – I have pulled out
from my mouth a kind of sea whose tides don't swell, resist all attraction
I ran to my male friend after watching a boxing match on television.

I move around with you eat with you sleep with you
I steal your money to buy one woman after the other
when I enter a church its summit collapses, I am hungry
doors and windows of libraries close at my sight.

I was given ganja as payment for roasting roti bread
on the street I hear nothing but the sound of my own footsteps
my words light up the nuclear furnaces of India

when I'm really upset I fight with my friends
a friend stole ten rupees from me I hadn't returned him a hundred I borrowed
I don't give a shit, for I have tasted heavenly flesh
poetry rises like the monument, destroying my rationality
I tell the truth when I hallucinate – I see an angel
they fall apart at the impact of a rocket – when I'm hungry they drag me away
where my intestines fill with people's love

One of my friend is a bastard, another a traitor, another a murderer
they escaped to our gatherings without passports – another one
broke into railway wagons to loot all the aluminium ovens
I take my girlfriend to the bathroom – I am blind in one eye
I have never seen a Rolls Royce – I like smoking by myself
and if needed I push myself all the way to Dumdum Airport.

[Ghoṣ n.d.: 14–15]

I Plucked a Single Flower [Ek'ti phul chīmṛechi āmi]

I plucked a single flower and it was enough to break my world
every day I find my clothes ill-fitting on my body
I killed a bird whose song was meant to wake up the world
I will be released after destroying every faith!
Memories of sleeping with her father figure makes a woman sannyasi seek more
darkness
the grass knows that the lightning striking its breast is a game of power
at last I know that cutting off the stalk is the creator's finest act!

When there's a festival on the ground, from above us we are shown fear of
shipwrecks
our life is to watch, mesmerised, the male character playing the eunuch
a dervish had to self-immolate because his heart was overflowed with love
all the flowers that blossom on my cord, all of them are witches used to worship
you!
When I open my eyes I see the swan pierced by the arrow writhing in the pain of
death
if I nurse the swan back to life the hunter wants half of what I've saved
peace descends only at those moments when gold and iron cost the same!
When I pluck a flower, I'm a terrorist
I have offered my senses to the world

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

on the last train I heard the professional prostitute's enchanting song sitting with
the thieves
all weapons are off on pilgrimage now
murderers have located their personal sorrows,
the gods we have come to adore change their positions every day.
Like a serpent Satan coils himself around a young girl to drink from her breasts
the form in which I saw my mother from the womb burns bright in my memory
life demands from life, are all forms of violence your children?

I plucked a single flower and it was enough to break my world
a single tear falls on my face from space – I only gaze upwards
all the streams flowing from my body have gathered in a river
many kicks await you even if the scars from the shackles remain
the moment when terror was born, the world split in two, proponents and
opponents
when the Great Deluge begins every exponent of life seeks a safe sanctuary!

Thrust your son in the wedding bedroom, father, stand guard with your stick
over the iron bedroom, tonight he will be born and die soon after
the shortcut to heaven passes through hell!

I plucked a single flower and it was enough to break my world
a droplet of light self-immolates to reveal the image of my darkness!

[Sen 2015: 47–48]

Puck-talk with a Horse [extract from *Ghoṛār sāṅge bhautik kathābārtā*]

I

We'll not hang poetry upon treesky, tree itself has sprung up in the bedroom
Gravity pulls the tree knows smuggling – in the very bedroom goes on
Ceaseless alarm-attack; rises with the tree for long
Loveloverylove -. Ten years' rejected auction at Calcutta
Ratesupply sleep & love's pricelevel high – change hands at sharemarket
Heart fallback for daylong – for wholeday 33 impotents gestate
For wholeday oh Horse poetry's ghostly hunger remain!

II

For many years love begun many years with 33 ghosts
Spasms in ledger at calcuttabengal –

Many years totemyarn on mainroad whither oh Horse
Poetry erupts grazing grassweeds over 100 girls' breast!

III

100 housewives eat pregnancy-ritual, poetry alone bleed
We've opened charitable dispensary in the urinal
Calcutta dissolves – within heart copulationcluehavoc etc
Are bleached & blanched – hey, we don't trade in flour
100 satans turn together ghosts during day, breed mills & factories,
100 satans together cause abortion to housewives-
100 satans' variant tyranny suits wonder
What's this oh Horse poetry's daylong menstrual ooze!

IV

Too much woe accumulate by age 26 as if not age 26
Sleepjuice rot for 26 years yet don't grant view
Oh wordly oh trascendental oh cruel yet don't grant view
Crocodiles take away harvest at 26 – waterhill
Explodes transports appropriate by 26
Sitting unfamished the swindler within harlot's church
Upon 26 itself ravishes 26 years
Gradualcommencements occur in blood malignant spirits appear
26 messing years absurd anyhow
Oh Horse why never met for 26 cruel years!

(Malay's translation in *Hungry Generation #60*)

From 6 to 7 [☺ theke 9 er dike]

When the bell tolls at Cathedral church on my personal pulpit
a mast arises
with the sound of birth the empire's iron stone turns into dust
my memory befuddles when I place my hand on my lover's breast
when love is destroyed at Chowringhee Hotel in the Santhal village drowns
the sun of the aboriginals
when flowers of the secret garden are thrown to God
they explode like a hand-bomb
a dainty beggar like a king from the last century told me
about his dreams
screams of victory processions appear to me like the defeated grief

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at 5 pm the supermarket attracts me like the forbidden sex organ
no sound in the airconditioned bathroom
no human purchaser
no watercolours of childhood
one night a begum at the main door could not recognise me
and sent me to house no. 7 instead of no. 6!

[Ghoṣ 2011: 89–90]

Last Copulation [Śeṣ sahabās]

Death of men will take place only within the love of men
no man would waste his money
no woman would throw her waist ornament in the water
is there any meaning to our seas?
A child's cry, a beggar's smile, a prisoner's wish
they suffer more after released
for 20 or 25 years I will also have to use my sex organ
will have to wipe off my forehead's sweat
will have to pick up on my shoulders the festoon of a homosexual god
will have to listen to victory song, will have to give out the paddy of prosperity
or silver
will have to see price negotiations between brother and sister
my life does not light up like an electric bulb in a dark room
there is no childhood, no hereditary judgement for fathers
palms joined like the judgement seeker –
7 billion birth evasion of god Varaha Avatara
between the thighs the flower of my coitus
I also love
live
die like this
because the last copulation never happens, nightmare remains a fact.

[Ghoṣ 2011: 93]

The New Beginning of Realism [Bāstabatār punarārambha]

I.

Sabita, humans get nothing more than fear in coming to life. For the whole night, the blue candle of secrecy burns in your room. When I leave, you will again wait on the staircase. The child's hope will scream in the darkness: "Dad, oh dad, where did you go? Take me with you". All over the small lanes that surround your house I smelled that scent, Sabita. One day in the morning you will be able to hear the cancer in your uterus – what will I ask, what happened to you? Doubled up, living with your angry and tired tubes – I know, we must take this long-practiced drug. One of us will see the magnanimity engraved in the face of the imprisoned child and say: "Can you recognise me? You don't have to forgive me for ruining your mother, you don't have to forgive me. The three of us have found out the darkness in the sky known as truth!

2.

There's no feeling of cold or heat in my open body. Rape me. Why are you, human, turning your eyes away from the controlled room? Come and sit, look, this is my girl. I brought her and gave her to your hands. We don't know prostitution, we have no clothes to hide the robbed money – am I a refugee, then? I don't even know where I'm coming from, I don't know – in this open body of mine there is no feeling at all. Rape me or take my girl. Give her a little place to sleep next to your feet on the cold pavement. Do you remember where you want to go? Do you have money to go back to the old woman [at the brothel]? Is that your whole family? I don't remember, I don't remember anything of what happened. But I had a dream: that while leaving nobody would tell us anything, this is the rule, that when I say "take me or my girl" then everybody would say "don't disturb us, we are servants, we have work to do".

(*Kṣudhārta* 2, 1972–3)

False Story [Alīk galpa]

I accepted to be the fictional character of a false story. I've accepted to be a man who satisfies all the desires awaking at night in his body. I was told that I'll have to destroy all my enemies and stay alive. That I will steal their women, seize their land and gold. That I'll have to expand this sexual body towards death. Just like my ancestors went to work, learned to hide the bunch of keys in the pages of a book on sex – the conscious and the subconscious deep inside of their body – they went to work for gambling both phantasies of their whole being. The proud and

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full-of-himself will reject all these methods and rules. I am a man who learned the mantra of reincarnation after death. I accept that there's gravity in the parietal bone. I accept that my son's hand has descended below his waist. I accept your weary life, the misfortune of the living, leaning towards right or left, true land true light true darkness. I know I have nothing more than death. In my mother's womb, in the girl's womb – reincarnation happens gradually, entering the reincarnated body bit by bit. I have become truth in this darkness, silence, a monocellular crab. Wait like the weak, the opportunity seeker, the wound for rubbing, the flame for friction. Let the work start – attack! The cruel imagination becomes real in the smell of putrefaction. You false character, take a look at the real shape of your sister through the door lock. Do we stay human if we leave charm and wealth? No, for if this nightmarish experience of bodily convulsion stops, our imagination and bestiality will both be ruined. But it would be nice to know how this story ends. At the beginning of realism today, both hands are just hanging according to their own rules!

(*Kṣudhārta* 2, 1972–3)

[Ghoṣ 2011: 253–254]

Shakti Chattopadhyay

Border Proposal 1 (Addressed to the Prime Minister) [Sīmānta prastāb 1 – Mukhyamantrīr pratinibedan]

A beggar boy loved to stare at the boiled rice
and examined
the paddy plants spread in the moonlight
at the roots of the paddy
like silent waterfilled butter
glossy puffed up paddy in earth's simplicity –
Can paddy turn into rice?
Silent gods can talk
iron can melt
like supine women on the wooden region?
Yet that beggar boy would have loved to like rice.
He would have loved how many philosophies in life
even beyond life
how many intoxicated by cannabis
even living without paddy, without a woman, without moonlight

there must be something above.
Above all this there is God Oppressor of the Traveller
above all this there is God for Human Beings
busy in giving two bowls of rice to the beggar boy
contemporary like grass, even bigger than a bus
to carry everything.

The beggar's good boy was shaved
Many bad boys
never bothered about love
they are alive
they are clean too
how many good fruits like amla exist on earth
the beggar's good boy bad boy dropped from the beggar father's belly
in a phenomenal chaos Chinese peace is taking place on earth, freedom,
 melancholy and so on
stand close to war
stop all kinds of war
let us die of natural deaths
let us die, let us go in our familiar deaths
arrange the marriage between Kennedy and Krushchev
don't let them beat their womb's bomb-boys
let their bomb-girls die in their womb
let their marriage anniversary be lethal year by year
without Krushchev and Kennedy will there ever be a mother?
then stop violence, megaton war, explosion
otherwise the hungry will eat decomposed flesh as much as they need
from the party of the "snow hyenas" borders of a troubled India
with the red flag of blasphemy, only with the limping hunger of the body
seeing through the eyes of the snow hyenas the painted emaciated hunger
 of the women
Chief Minister, send a bunch of Hungry poets
although they can't write, they can devour transcendently
they devour the entire border and discuss the issue at the coffee house
there is perhaps not much difference between modern prose and verse
in Bengal marriages take place at 3,30
give Jyoti Basu a leather garland from Bentick Street
how was Soumitra's performance in *The Expedition*?
why can't people take poetry as they take rice

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will they take it once war is over? Even beggars have understood poetry
why won't you understand, dear professor, Chief Minister Sen?

(*Hungry Bulletin*, 1962)

[Cattōpādhyāy 2015: 21]

Art and Bullet [*Śilpa o kārtuj*]

No daredevil is there to come and piss in my mouth,
he knows I will bite, knows that who would reconstruct
Lord Buddha without limbs, other than the mad Ramkinkar Baij?
only once in life I have told an art-loving lady
groping the naked left parts: “what do you think?”
Art is enough! Why then a bullet was hung to the body?

(*The Hungry Generation* 5: 9)

Sandipan Chattopadhyay

Border Proposal 2 [*Śīmānta prastāb 2*]

The main perception about death is that:
1, it is an attack. 2, it is surely unexpected, but not secret, it is foretold.
3, many people do not die together. Death one by one,
attacks one at a time. Death does not have the capacity
to devastate all human beings.

I will say: this is a great unequal war. Disease
happens when, after cured, people think “I am alive”. With a smile, one should
say “this is wrong”.

Nobody gets cured of death. Still, life is about other people,
we think that we are all living together. But nobody ventures out of home think-
ing that

“we are not going anywhere”, that's why we always go out thinking “where are
we going”

If we remain silent, people will make us notice that we have spoken in fear.
Why don't we roam around all alone, singularly? In that case,
death won't seem vulgar at all.

When a person falls, everyone turns their neck to see him. I know these days the power of men respecting each other has grown, nobody says ah... still, how obscene is this act of looking.

That is why, if there is time, one should go *deliberately* alone. One should cross big and lonely fields more often. If everyone *singles out* oneself in this fashion, there's won't be to pick up anyone from the middle of the crowd.

If reaching the centre of the field, the whirling red will run and cover you, only a place will be left after the dust storm, the perspective of its time.

Everyone, one by one and alone, should go into the field.

What is the use of refusing? We don't want that the Yeti comes and puts its hands on our shoulders.

We have dressed ourselves. We wanted to avoid the unexpected attack. We don't want that someone finds us unprepared. Only for that we have kept us dignified, shaved our beard everyday.

Let us be called in the field. We are ready.

Communist Party

When the communists of this country are trying to live, let them live. Who is going to loose for that?

Sin [Pāp]

Kissing inside the temple is not right, not right, not right – that's why the police retreated. A sin was committed.

Love [Bhālobāsā]

When love rises, foolishness piles up. Today that redeeming foolishness is no longer there. Today on the throne sits a heavy and big brain. Heart does not have the capacity to dethrone it. Today who seats in whose place.

Fear [Bhay]

Who has placed only one book upside down on the shelf? It wasn't me at midnight!

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Friends [Bandhubāndhab]

Shakti's ship has sunk. The rope and chains are torn off. Sunil is walking with a torch. Shankar is my dog, I belong to Shankar
Dipak is now in Bhagalpur. Bhaskar has captured everything, ahah other than Jolly Folly Sharat doesn't like anything else. Can't see Sunil in the darkness. He walks with a torchlight only Ketaki and Ashutosh keep walking around together. Shakti dangerously plunges into water, now he floats with the help of a buoy. The buoy swings in one place, it doesn't flow away. In the strong sunlight, Deepen walks around covered with a corpse. Only Ketaki and Ashutosh...when one gets love, hope gets ruined from the roots. Their embraced roots are clearly visible in the water. Only Ketaki and Ashutosh are floating. Where do they go? They float and go to Chowringee, Dunlop bridge, Tiljala, Shyambazar, Chetla, they go to Bandel. From where did Bhaskar, Shakti, Sharat and Sunil get a cigar! All four light the cigar. Ketaki and Ashutosh's head float away from Chowringee. Goes to Chetla, Ultadanga, Behala, Bandel, Baranagar. Their rooted embrace passes away in front of Shakti, Sharat, Sunil and Bhaskar, swinging.

The Expedition [Abhiyān]

The movie "The Expedition" did not create any reaction in me. I haven't spent anything else except for three hours. What is the use of inviting people to watch such type of film and drama, isn't such usefulness over? Not that. This thing is either third or fourth class or mediocre production or a complete failure. Whatever that be. It is true that it is not first class at all, neither story nor its application. MA graduated driver, chaste harlot, completely positive and commercial, if you take away the hookah pipe and bowl from it, what is the difference from Bollywood films?

The *idiosyncrasy* of journalists for "The Expedition" is incomparable.

Even if it was a first-class movie, what is the purpose of inviting people? Opportunity and contentment of being seated without any purpose for three hours with about a thousand people like me? Whether the thermo nuclear war will take place today or tomorrow? It won't take place? It is difficult to think about it now. Many people in Europe go to the theatre or to watch a movie without thinking about this, but they go with their hands around the waist of a friend. Women don't go alone, nobody goes alone, at least men, everybody goes after a drink; they have surplus time even after drinking and purchasing tickets with dirty money, and even after that they may go for a drink.

Those who went to Indira cinema at all, those who went alone, they learned to drink (not intoxicants, hashish, mescaline, cannabis, opium or drugs, result of all the education and intelligence, let us assume, drinking). Then, since in India we do not have extra money in our pockets for cultural ‘intervals’, would anyone go to Indira cinema hall instead of drinking?

Note 1. Today in any reunion that would be established by the Hungry Generation the one who would be welcomed with flowers is Kanan Bala. For example, the dedication for art on behalf of this dancer, singer and actress in this country is now not anymore in vogue. This multi-talented woman some time ago said: “there are three stars today in Bengal: Sunita Sen, Uttamkumar and Satyajit Ray”.

Note 2. The cinema hall would have been empty, libraries vacant, nobody would have gone to see the real circus. Who would have agreed to spend on anything other than drinks. Idiots or people like me whose liver is damaged. No one would have gone to Indira without drinking.

The Prostitute [Beśyā]

There must be a mirror in a prostitute’s room, a wall-size mirror, small or big mirrors of cheap or expensive sizes, a few of them decorated.

Rarely I have seen food, but there are vessels. Vessels of glass, brass metal or bronze coated. These could be essential pieces of information about a prostitute,

that 1, she loves receiving presents; 2 she has a “soul”

3, her shamelessness is almost true; 4 she is fundamentally stupid

5, she behaves always as if there wasn’t anyone in front of her.

There is only one thing about her that must be carefully considered:

what is her state of mind when someone makes use of her body.

When a person comes by, she can be happy, disturbed, she can even hate him.

She is never jealous. When a “person” undresses her,

she is irritated, but once naked she feels comfortable, easy.

However, most of the men don’t take off their dresses together. Before lights go off,

they keep at least their underwear or their vest on. He sees the prostitute’s nakedness,

but won’t let her see his nakedness. After that, when they follow certain rules, the prostitutes,

they are helped by Satan or God,

that’s why they rarely suffer.

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Malay Roy Choudhury

Against the Freedom of the Artist [Śilpīr svadhīnatār biruddhe]

Those who want freedom of art are insane
I am against the freedom of the artist
Only the silly slaves of the establishment are free because they are not poets
they are clandestine liars and poor robots
Only sick cultures need poets
Poetry is prophecy because final destruction needs some warning
Civilisations need human culture to be sane
There is no need of poetry because it is nature
So far sane governments have not appeared yet
No poet can make any compromise because that's what he is
Poetry is meant to hurt the flesh
it's not my wish to wound men because I'm against that kind of violence
a poet has to fight empty-handed because he is real
a poet has to build his own way by himself
he shouldn't obtain freedom through bargaining and begging.
he shouldn't cry to get freedom from the outside
Egypt will be washed into the Nile
Van Gogh mentioned the raising of the iron curtain in one of his letters
Calcutta will be shattered into dust
but Jibanananda Das at least will stay, in me and you
I am against Freedom of Art
a free writer cannot be in such a sick wicked order
Poetry is sacrifice because it is made for men
this is why I say:
Let there be
shackles for the Poet
dungeons exhaling venomous blue vapours for him
electric chairs for him
Gallows, pyres for him
black sweaty chambers
loony bins for him
because Franco and Salazar's grave will become graze grounds of the future
I'll share the bed with Lorca and Pasternak
I don't ask anyone to guarantee for my Freedom
I will write whatever I please
I will write whatever I like, it doesn't matter where I am
I listen to the fragmented tides of my blood slapped by the moon

I don't demand my own Freedom to anyone
Poetry will kick the ass of million governments
all insane civilisations will knee down to Poets
no nuclear bomb can threaten the divinity of time
which is Poetry.

[Dutt 1986: 3]

Drinking Theory [Madyapān tattva]

Even now I am drinking alone, oh good gracious!
a few ounces of rice liquor
stale palm tree toddy
fried pork meat
scotch or Martini –
don't like this at all
a few jackals on the veranda
sing a blind chant
throughout the night, blowing a cigar
pulling out the spectacles from the left side,
I sit in silence
I know the earth and the motherfucker
called Dhruv, he
will accept
that racket will be
or call it as you wish

Bite [Kāmar]

India, Sir, for how long will you go on like this, seriously, I don't like it
India, I have eaten the kichuri of your jail for a whole month, that means 30 days
since September 1964 I have no job, do you know India
do you perhaps have a 20 rupees note?
India, they're bad, even rats are eating your paddy
what did they tell you, India, in Surabardi's control room?
tell me, nah! – I'm happy too, for god's sake, I can make *caricatures* too!
and where is Calcutta going after all this Neem-renaissance I don't know
India, do publish a couple of writings on Ultarath, Desh or Nabakollol magazines
I'll become a genius too or pass by Shantiniketan

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

I'll worship literature, give me a full dhoti-punjabi suite
this afternoon let's drop by at the liquor shop in Khalasitala, I will perform Ben-
gali culture
India, why are you not building an atomic bomb
if it explodes it will fill the whole sky!
will you take LSD? Both stoned in the sun at Nimtala with a packet
India, take this handkerchief and wipe your spectacles
let me win at this year's elections, please
I will wait at Chilka lake
on tomorrow's newspaper which speech will you deliver, India?
I've snatched away the keys to intoxicate you
India, I've secretly read love letters written for you
why don't you cut your nails? There's ink on the brink of your eyes
why don't you smear more ink paste on your teeth today?
you give blood for blood but if we do then it's us to blame
I won't worry about the cat's claw
how about we take a breath and make a compromise with yourself
India, raise 144 sections from the paddy fields
send all the great books of the world to Vietnam, oh oh
let's see if the war stops or not
India, say, really, what do you want

(Hungry Bulletin, 1966)

Pickpocket from Phulia [Phuliyār hāt'tān]

A dove flies for peace with a time bomb tied on its chest
a strange old man cannot eat
and keeps stumbling and falling on the sand hiding his face
it looks like the syringes have burnt his thigh-bones
it feels like I haven't seen the creaking of the grasshopper's half-closed legs for
so long
one day the greying hair of my corpse will flutter like that
there will be no explanation about building a bomb on lost men's day
the son of the milkman peed his pants for fear of eating cow meat
his thighs tremble out of panic for the 45 rupees rent he owes to his relatives
burnt carbide in their kisses blown in the wind
from the crumpled old leaves of the *shaal* tree
sniffing the sour fragrance of veg curry
vermillion paste smeared on both their foreheads

we've been smelling the delicious taste of a cooked kebab in the teats of so many
goats
the light of all the stars will reach our eyes after 4 ½ thousand years
will make a light year enter the time bomb
pigeons have made chimpanzees fly

(*Hungry Bulletin*, 1966)

Tumultuous Suicide [Tul'kālām ātmahatyā]

The word death is wrapped around the tongue, yet I
think about my own corpse in the mirror I can almost see
myself exactly as that corpse ordinary perverted as a result poetry or art
living or love or the same work every day on the street
beneath the tram's greasy wheels, Jibanananda's reddish eyes
in the fountain of young girls with Allan Poe
a naked gay in a bunch of grapes with Blake
we all need each other
my mother's picture hangs loosely on my head, the glass cracked in hundreds by
bullets
many are discussing about art
I hanged Tolstoy and Rabindranath's pictures, a coal-mine light
two cross-shaped unsheathed daggers
I remember the funeral procession of my dead brother
a naked hurly-burly of sweet young girls with wrapped souls
heated shield and sword enlightened by curiosity
the columns of Athens splashed on the forehead
that blood
the talent of the blind king Dhritarashtra in abusing Gandhari
the misery of thinking art as a decorative veil, word after word
the begging of children of the future dwelling in the middle of an iron pot
there's no such thing as a heart
we'll have to lie down in Ceylon, Sumatra and Java
huge cave-digging Buddha under rain and storm
after a thousand years from the bottom of the soil my big finger and uvula
a chandelier circulates in every house from one corner to the other
after scattering a handful of dust I want to proclaim:
let me think of myself
set the fire somewhere at night
let us all come back to our funeral pyres after robbing women

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

lifted of all troubles, let us take a deep breath on top of the pyre
for whom will all this paper be *free*
the utility of printed characters is over now
man did not profit from the flood of civilisation and culture
fools have increased
the stupidity of the creators of poetry and nuclear weapons
bodies of women have shaken
the echo of all their laughs
an empty love for laughter and a market of syphilis
once upon a time the beautiful and the auspicious was good
Reason was good
God was good
the Aztecs thought death was good
today there's nothing good except for suicide
an irresponsible kiss on a beheaded body
let live or die

(*Hungry Bulletin*, 1965)

Iron Rod [Lohār rod]

A wheel putrefies on breast mucus in belches maybe an inert whispering
the oppressive fascism of people suppresses my screams
their police goes on with investigation on the spot on top of my head's hair
they arrested a couple with grey hair
in the darkness someone scratches the rough skin of his legs
I see a fresh green juice floating in their tears
in five or six years the right side of my body will turn numb for paralysis
where the half-chewed grains of rice stop for a while
the firmly tied body's intestines will crack
there's nothing I can do, my nose's hair oozes in my breaths
before that I will get down a couple of times
in the voting list of Gariya, Punjibajar and Sonagachi
I will get down from the *up-country* party
I will see picked up from the wind the pollen of sun-plant and silk-cotton plants
men press and beat each other in a war of pillows
they will gain sexual freedom after marriage
through the oesophagus I will distribute cancer to the vaginal silk
my bones from my mother's fortress body
a very good extract will come out of bones powder

men will believe in an earth as round as an orange
a pear or a nutmeg
the earth will learn from the scrotum how to grow and shrink down

(*Hungry Bulletin*, 1966)

Apology to Rabindranath [Rabīndranāther kāche kṣamāprārthanā]

Today I see my corpse properly arranged in an aluminium box
half rib-bones scorched in the burning flame
forgive me
let my human brain rot
let my nails and teeth rot
keep me imprisoned by the elephant's chain
I want to see if the shark jumps out of the sea of blood
kick the rice plate and crash the glass of water to the ground
forgive me
sons perform the funeral ritual of fire with the masturbation hand
the silent copulation of insects besides the root of the wild cotton grass
for a long time I wasn't able to spit on their faces
this year during the rice harvest many dead bodies have fallen
our scream in the Betla jungle for hunting the bison
the deer's meat was cut with a spade
my sons and daughters played in the tower of Betla
and extirpated the hare's eyes
I want to keep my body alive in the aluminium box
forgive me

(*Hungry Bulletin*, 1967)

Terrific Electric Carpenter [Pracaṇḍa baidyutik chuṭār]

Oh, I'll die I'll die I'll die
the minute of my skin burns in the undisputable trump card
what will I do where will I go oh, nothing pleases me
I'll kick all the literary trash in the ass, Shubha
Shubha, let me sneak under your cloaked watermelon
in the loose shadow of a saffron mosquito net in a fragmented darkness
the last anchor is leaving me after all the anchors have been lifted

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

and I can't take it anymore, innumerable fragments of glass are breaking in the
cortex

I know, Shubha, spread your vagina, give me peace
every vein carries along a flow of tears up to the heart
the contagious sparks of the brain are rotting in an eternal sickness
mother, why didn't you give me birth in the form of a skeleton?
then I would kiss God's ass for billions of light years
but nothing pleases me, nothing pleases me
if I gave more than one kiss my body would be nauseated
how many times have I forgotten women after rape and came back to Art
in the solar bladder of poetry
what's going on I don't know, yet it happens inside me
I'll destroy everything, dude
I'll shatter your rib-caged festivals
I'll drag and elevate Shubha in my hunger
Shubha will surrender to me
oh Malay
today Calcutta seems like a procession of wet and slippery heads
but I don't understand what I should do with myself
my power of recollection is fading away
let me walk alone towards death
I didn't have to learn about rape and death
I didn't have to learn the responsibility of shedding the last drops after urination
I didn't have to learn to lie beside Shubha in the darkness
I didn't have to learn how to use French leather lying on Nandita's breast
yet I wanted the vigour of Aleya's fresh Chinarose vagina
on the queen of the vaginas the vigour of sweat like fragments of glass
today I walk towards the cataclysm refuging in my brain
I don't understand what I want to live for
I think about my debauched Sabarna Choudhury ancestors
I'll have to do something new and different
let me sleep for one last time on the skin of Shubha's breasts as soft as a bed
I remember the scorching radiance of the moment when I was born
I want to see my own death before leaving this world
Malay Roy Choudhury was of no use to this world
let me sleep for a few moments in your violent silvery *uterus*, Shubha
give me peace, give me peace
let my sinful skeleton be washed in your menstruation
give me birth again from your womb with my own semen
would I have been like this even if my parents were different?
would I have become Malay alias me from a completely different semen?

would there be Malay if my father had impregnated another woman?
without Shubha would I have become a business man like my dead brother
oh please, let somebody answer all this
Shubha, oh Shubha
let me see the world through your cellophane hymen
come back to the green mattress one more time, Shubha
like *cathode* rays sucked up with the glow of a sharp magnet
I remember the letter of that final decision in 1956
at that time the surroundings of your *clitoris* were being decorated with bear skin
rib-smashing aerial roots were then falling on your breast
stupid relationships are inflated on the way to senseless neglect
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
I don't understand whether I'll die or not
tumult was happening within the heart's entire loneliness
I'll break and destroy everything
I'll break everybody into pieces for the sake of Art
there is no other chance for Poetry except for suicide
Shubha
let me enter in the immemorial incontinence of your *labia majora*
let me go into the absurdity of griefless effort
in the golden chlorophyll of the drunken heart
why wasn't I lost in my mother's urethra?
why wasn't I shaken away in my father's urine after his self-coition?
why wasn't I mixed with phlegm in the menstruation?
yet supine with eyes half-shut beneath me
I suffered terribly when I saw Shubha seized by comfort
even after unfolding their faces in helplessness women can be treacherous
today I feel there is nothing as treacherous as women and art
now my ferocious heartbeat is running towards an absurd death
vortexes of water are coming up to my neck from the pierced earth
I will die
oh what are all these things happening inside me
I'm failing to catch my hand and my palm
from the sperm drying on my pyjama wings are spreading
30000 children fly away towards Shubha's bosoms
in flocks needles are running from blood to poetry
now the smuggling of my stubborn staff wants to enter
into the death-killing sexual wig entangled in the hypnotic kingdom of sounds
on aggressive mirrors hanging on every wall of this room I see
after releasing a few naked Malays, his unestablished conflict

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

Undecided Abode [*Amīmāṃsita ābās*]

The wheel of the cow's chariot cried in the night on the way to the village
I woke up, in the darkness I searched for the door in every corner of the room –
yet touching the wall on the left I realised a window was there all day;
groping in the darkness, putting the arm in a niche in the wall
I couldn't break the earth.

By that time the fading sound of the wheels was rolling far away.

(*Saitāner mukh*, 1963)

I [*Āmi*]

Drowning my hand
into
the water
I know it's my hand
into broken
water
then death / love / doubt / sin seems easy
God motherfucker bastard son of a bitch, look! I broke my hand

[Rāy'caudhurī 2005]

Phalguni Ray

Television of a Rotten Soul

Right Here [*Eikhāne*]

Right here the ocean merges into the river, a star melting into the sun
right here the tram's bell signals the bad driving and the stops
standing right here with a cigarette between the lips
I hear the secret sounds of poetry
touching the cold and the warmth of my blood
next to poetry the soul's screams and curses right here
the moon behind the foggy mist right here falls on the prostitute's menstruation

right here a 323 BC Greek hero forgets his desire of sex and rape
to implant valour and prowess in history right here
forgetting the taste of the soft body of Vishnupriya
Chaitanya's raised-arm love spreads from one woman to humanity – above all
the erect phallus of a man stays awake above history and religious conscious-
ness, right here

right here the scent of love of unsatisfied lover emerges from the grave
millions of mocking faces increase my ambition right here
my heart sinks when eyes meet real inquisitive eyes right here
right here one must go beyond reverential looks
I walk mile after mile in the hope to see a girl's face
only crowds of sluts
27 years – alone 27 years lying on my personal bed I see
poems of poets of poets close to brainless future sickly-nerves
all around me solid soundless dark in muddy four walls.

My Rifle, my Bible [Āmār rāiphel, āmār bāibel]

My rifle, my bible
with these two verses in my pocket I walk along the street of stories and poetry
along this street there's a road and a bazar named after a revolutionary from the
era of fire and the memorial of a martyr from the 1970s

and the shadow of the new library of the old university falls on the waters of Col-
lege Square

a bit further there's the morgue of Medical College and just opposite to the
morgue

a road runs between the temple and the library leading straight to the brothel

I walk along this way towards stories and poetry –

there are two poems instead of notes in my shirt-pocket

and below the pocket there's the undershirt below which there's my skin

and below the skin there's my heart

the bones of my heart have been cut by impersonal voices

but I didn't go to the Bone-cut [Harkāṭā] brothel area

yet now with some words I walk towards stories and poetry

I run to books with hunger to read

I run to lover with hunger for love and penis

but books haven't returned all this

the woman has

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

since then I sit by aquariums of red and blue fishes
and eat fried fishes,
instead of getting horny by the whore's big breasts I have only observed the
 mounds of flesh of her breasts
I have seen toothpaste being advertised in the bright teeth of my ex's husband but
 I haven't seen him smiling
at Ramakrishna crematorium there's Nimai sadhu
he eats well-cooked human flesh torn from burning corpses
considers this as his offer to god
he eats silt from the Ganges when he's hungry
he even eats his own shit and smokes marijuana singing the name of Hari
many think of him as Liberated
I also want liberation but that doesn't mean tearing and eating burnt flesh of
 burning dead corpses or eating mud or one's own shit
even Che Guevara wanted Liberty
and when India was ruled by others a poet had once written that
where the farmer breaks the earth to till and sow and the roads toil for twelve
 months
that's where god is
god is not at home
things like these were written about Freedom before independence
today I'm a poet of independent India
I see the unadulterated smile of countless kids chained in poverty and I think of
their path to Freedom – with two poems instead of grenades in my pocket I walk
towards stories and poetry – on this street there's a road and a bazar named after
a revolutionary from the era of fire and there's a memorial for a martyr from the
1970s on this road

Black Divinity [Kālo dibyatā]

Beside your world my feast of suicide
my song of self-willed death
has given me the great honour of Nirvana.

Here everything is done with words neutral to the tongue
the penis awakes and becomes a flute

and then, Black Divinity attacks
its piercing genius bursts out in a loud sharp laughter
trills of music vibrate out of jokes and dazzle their meaning

is Sound the Absolute Universe? Is everything Sound?
WhorePoetryLoveVagina or god or astronaut
well-mannered and obscene words are these the Absolute Universe?

I don't know, I don't know anything
but Satan, with his body of memory, keeps saying
Sounds, Words, Sentences, Sounds, Sentences, Words
Who's there? Where are you? Who are you, you crazy?
mad, melancholic, detached, come unveil this
unhistorical self-inscription *hitching fitching* countless monotony without
intoxication

what's all this going on inside my head? only memory arrives
and swallows this insane alphabet and then suddenly
all the past becomes a knife and along its sharp edges
walks and gasps at life, the hatha yogi

I stand below sullen skies and see all stairways winding down towards the
waters, I don't see
anything
I see the hilsa fish swimming from the ocean towards the sweet waters of the
mountains
tying its silvery existence up with humans from East Bengal and Mohanbagan
football clubs
and even hesitant men tying themselves to love because of the tugs of sex

In the urban neon light
beside my lonely shadow
instead of your lonely shadow
a tail attached to my body

I forget stuff like Darwin's theory or how to spell Freud's name and I walk this
road
the shadow of my prehistoric masculine walks beside me and then
I do not remember anything else
I do not remember whom I have cheated and who flicked ten rupees from me
I forget about literature through the diary of sorrow and even on Vietnam day I
forget about the Vietnam problem

In that moment I remember that every afternoon at five after college
you hang out with your boyfriend and I would walk alone

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

I look at the healthy asses of all those young men and regret
that I am not homosexual
beside your world this suicide feast of mine
this song of self-willed death
has given me the great honour of Nirvana.

Thus honoured, I walk the streets
my patella falls off my knees
I kneel and sit but I can't bow before anyone anymore
thoughts of love make the root of my teeth freeze in pain

of course I can cure all these diseases
because even before I began repenting the absence of tail and homosexuality,
I walked the roads,
alone and lethal, I
actually keep on hoping for life
even after walking from the maternal womb to the pyre

I used to walk – will walk – shall keep on walking
I used to walk with a universe of poets and scientists above my head
three traffic lights beside my head and body
walking through the brothel districts with drunk poets
I thought of Savitri and Satyavan
a burning candle would shoot up my head at that time
the *ghee* of Brahma's crown ablaze in rage and all my hair burnt down to ashes

of course I would keep the others hypnotised they could only see and hear my
shabby clothes
and Tagore's songs from my bearded post-ganja face
they wouldn't see that I have become a more skilled comedian than Charlie
Chaplin
in comedies I see my own comedy and its tragedy
to that sadness I react with a loud laughter that shatters the poetry-feasts of those
joyful clowns
and even those new mothers giving birth to dead babies
silent in grief
and all those vain lovers who promised to loot
from the pyres the vaginas of their lost beloved women
even they awoke –
all the broken melodies of life suddenly filled them with life

but I had stopped laughing
and right then –

All quiet on the furious front

Rimbaud's Paris or Miller's America

would come down easily on Khalasitala's country liquor shop

is that the Ganges? Is that the Jordan? Is that the Colorado?

everything mixes up and becomes like one thing

Black divinity would arrive from the midland between knowing and unknowing

would let me know that the colour of the menstrual blood

of the Honours Graduate student from Calcutta Women's College

is the same of that of a whore in the Bone-cut brothel

Black divinity would arrive from the middle land between sleep and awakening
and would let me know that

just like the Hungries

even Communist men need girls to love

Black divinity would arrive from the midland between remembrance and
forgetting

would let me know that close to sexuality women become

Ambrosia

Black divinity would come from the midland between dharma and adharmā

and let me know that you are infinite you are bliss

Today next to your world this suicide-feast of mine

this song of self-willed death

has given me the great honour of Nirvana.

Coming Back to Verbs [Kriyāpader kāche phire ās'chī]

I am drunk that's why my family-oriented and pious friends keep some distance
from me

on trams, trains, buses, pavements

I can't control the things I say

I can't do that at all

I saw a wife from a good family having multiple partners
surpassing whores

I throw money

I throw shattering laments and catch shattering laughter

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

I tried to keep my eyes on those of my girl
one hundred snakes shot out of vision
and slithered towards her
I hanged beefsteaks on the sanctified tufts of brahmin priests
to test the forbearance of the religious sacraments

every afternoon, except for Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, at 12.30 in the
sunlight

I try to listen to the songs of Tagore from the *paan* shop
I will loot all the rice from that *Shonar tori*, Tagore's Golden Boat
and give it to all the beggars of Shantiniketan
and I will row an empty boat and sing songs of the 22nd of *Shrabon*
along the flooded streets of the Calcutta Municipal Corporation
and I will sing "*ke jabi pare o go tora ke*"

I have hung an artificial snake on Christ's statue
I am the groundwork of sex behind the love between my parents
I tried to reject verbs but I return
to places nearby verbs

I Have No Conflict with People [*Mānuṣer sanṅe kono birodh nei*]

No, I have no conflict with people anymore
now if my creditor had an accident I'd take him to hospital
I can easily ask for a cigarette to my ex-lover's husband
as easy as growing a beard I am in this life

in Ramakrishna's devotion to Kali I see universal sexual peace
in Babli's devotion to her husband I see universal sexual happiness
if I lose a single slipper I buy a new pair
no, I have no conflict with people anymore

my uncomfortable gaze shifts from my sister's breasts
on the day of bhaiphota [brothers and sisters' day] I wander in the prostitutes'
area

if I die I will see the *corridor* of second births
until the moment before my birth I didn't know I would be born
I am a man without redemption involved in destiny
I am a man without destiny involved in terrorism
I have seen a dog crying in me constantly

for his bitch, a sannyasi becomes an eager debauch
to spoil the self-imposed virginity of the woman sannyasi
and even heavenly love is pulverised by this debauchery
eventually I'm in favour of seeking the joy of life instead of rhythm in poetry
that's why I have no conflict with life
no conflict with people

Fresh Information [Ph'reś in'phar'meśan]

Instead of informing about the mating of dogs the mid-September sun tells me
that autumn has come
I knew about the hidden relation between stars and ships from the neighbouring
fishing nets on the river
a friend of mine who became marine engineer told me how to determine the
direction of the ocean with the help of a compass after I'm gone what will
remain all around me?

When you get a glimpse of autumn in the mid-September sun then anyone would
eat mangoes from a half-ripe tree like my father
after he's gone I will eat mangoes from that half-ripe tree
I will die just like that and you will eat half-ripe mangoes
my ancestors that is Einstein or that affair about Rabindranath's famous
conversations
that is if there were no men there would be no meaning in the handsome Apollo's
idol of beauty
but even if there were no men the earth sun universe will be fine

What I want to say is that without men
nobody would be there to tell that the mango would be sweet also in the state of
unripe-ness
therefore, men have named "sun" the sun and "candle" the candle
It was men who said that apes were the ancestors of men or
humankind announced that this science is phonetics the other is philology
this disease is called Filariasis and that is a penis, flesh etc. etc.

In this situation what can we do
if a poet struggles to find his own voice?
I call "water" what my great grandparents used to call "water"
I call "fire" what my great grandparents used to call "fire"
it means that the sons and grandsons will say what their fathers said

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

the material name of things will be the same as the object, only the ideas behind them will change

like in ancient times the penis was seen only as organ of reproduction

today the penis is seen also as the radar of telepathic communication

many people have seen an apple falling from a tree but Newton did not see only the apple falling

he discovered gravity with it

Bhaskara had certainly discovered the law of gravity in other ways

and long before Copernicus, Aryabhata discovered that the earth rotates around the sun

through all these events only one truth is established

different inventors discovered many ideas through different methods

just like Ramakrishna's famous statement "as many opinions so many ways"

just like there is diversity in the unity of humankind and unity plays in that diversity

only critics blinded by knowledge sitting in caves of truth will say that

everything is a rehash of something else

ahi ahi

Bidyasagar learned the alphabet from someone else and then made it new in the children's primer *Barṇaparicay*

oh, you great bunch of critics tell me whose rehashed work was Bidyasagar inform me

instead of informing about the mating of dogs the mid-September sun tells me that autumn has come

you too give me some *fresh information*

or will you read Mao's quote and reply quoting the Taoist philosophy

wearing a cross around your neck holding Ramakrishna's *Lilāprasāṅga* in one hand and Havelock Ellis's sexology books in the other

you will say what Lenin said "neither a renouncer, nor a Don Juan! We must stay in a place between the two"

which one is it, Sir?

Indifferent Charminar [Nirbikār cārminār]

Mother I won't be able to laugh again with that polished snigger of your aristocratic society

with the moronic white teeth of a God full of compassion

with the intelligent look of Satan

I won't be able to treat my wife in matriarchal tradition as Ramakrishna did
I won't be able to eat saccharine instead of sugar for fear of diabetes
I won't be able to become Devdas in Khalasitala with my unhappy penis
on the eve of my ex-lover's wedding day

My liver is gradually rotting
my grandfather had cirrhosis
I don't understand heredity
I drink alcohol and read poetry
my father used to fast during pujas
on the day of Holi men press the breasts of the mothers of their neighbour-sisters
in the name of religion

Mother, many from your aristocratic society drank vodka on foreign journeys
I will indifferently light up my cigarette on your burning pyre
tears water my eyes if I think about your death I don't think about earthquakes of
land or flood of waters I didn't think of Vaishnava lyrics when I put my hands on
the petticoat's lace of my virgin girlfriend Mother, I will also die one day

At the temple of Belur my boundless sexuality awakened
looking at the international python ass covered by the skirt of a praying foreigner
Mother, I envy you because your sexuality will be associated for eternity to
baba's pyre
staring at my penis with modest filthiness I feel like a species from another planet
now the glow of the setting sun shines down on my face and the colours of
sunset smearing in their wings flocks of birds without family planning are
coming back to the peaceful nest of Banalata Sen's eyes – their time for egg
incubation has come

Some Flowers without Bees [Bhramar bihīn kichu phul]

Some flowers without bees wilted in blood right here
my swan, about to lay down golden eggs, my swan was cut down into pieces
right here – the oven satisfied with the scent of savoury meat
stared at a girl taking off her winter cardigan
in the heat of the endless oven of the sky
and retained its ardour in her breasts
my swan was cut down right next to her Picnic Garden
my blooded flowers without bees wilted that day

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

I have put my poetry about swans and flowers in the oven
for the meat had to be cooked
I longed to see the girl getting the scent of meat
because I handled a lot of meat
I have seen *vata*, *pitta* and *kapha* that is gas, bile and phlegm inside meat
in fact even the three qualities *sattva*, *tamas* and *rajas* –
Right, Darkness and Passion – reside in the carnivorous body

and yet I came out of one womb and peeked into another belly
to see the face of my child –
I saw the dead body of my father and understood
that living is important, I saw my mother's despair
and understood that even death can be important for life

and yet after all wisdom, without clocks and compasses, I
I axe my swan for a girl
I have thrown the poetry notebook in the oven for a girl
I see my being cry in my semen – right then
because it's already too late
on the sixth day of mourning I hug that girl's body
flowers without bees blossomed in blood on that day

I am a Human [Āmi māṇuṣ ek'jan]

I am human I can love and pee
I can use water in both ways – to extinguish thirst and clean the catarrh of
troubled nights
I can use alcohol in both ways – in sorrow and peace
I am a human walking from the womb to the pyre
from the *refrigerator* of creation I pull out
my personal soul

without rotting without eating it –
it walks aimlessly on the way to the brothel and remembers his lover's image –
it remembers that the body it inhabits
above this body's genius head there's often gallows or a joist
in his ears there's Rabindra sangeet, at times brain or *machine guns*
and then at times
only sky and sunshine and rivers of sunset
and darkness

in the dark sky he sees his lover's star-eyes and
the shape of Radha in the prostitute's look
I am human I can be cursed and I can curse
I am human
the body I now inhabit used to be
in the bodies of father and mother
and their bodies were once in the bodies of their
fathers and mothers, and so on
how amazing!

Ah, and who can say today
how many men like me, women like you
were around during the day of the first embryo
I can't write poetry anymore today but
look, woman
when I come close to you I find
my goddess – when I come near I feel like I become poetry myself
even a debauched can love and now the body where I stay
is shrinking, is terribly rough and torn
but in the light of a burning candle planted in its head it sees
lively lives of *amoebae* even in bodies ravaged by sorrow

no father, I am neither the son of gods nor of pigs
I'm just the child of humans – you-him-her-it-them-they all stayed
inside me –
inside me there's a graveyard of memories,
an endless mine of words and in the faith-ground
of theist communities clinging to the scrotum of the absolute universe
I roam alone, uncovered naked faithless
breathing easy breaths –
but when I hide from the people's eyes and sigh
then you, woman
look, that sort of water in the eyes of those lustful beasts
whose other name is "tears"
in the end I noticed that I bathe in the same Ganges water where I also pee
 In the girl I call a bitch
 I find a wife and a mother
 my broken soul blows to the Blue-Throated God [Nīlkaṇṭha]
 and loves more than Krishna's love for his cow-girls
 in Krishna's eyes, where in addition to nature

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searching in himself he could also find Radha
Woman – you are more beautiful than Radha
So that in Krishna's world devouring
I find the final magic metaphor of life
this is where earth begins
the taste of the cigarette spreads beyond the tobacco farms
and is found here in this smoke
this is where earth begins
here, love for babies awakes in the mind of abortion-seeking humans
here, the earth begins
a drowsy awakening descends upon sleep – ghosts of nightmares awake in torpor
wretched memories cry out, suddenly, from the womb of oblivion
the supreme Nature awakes here
in the worship of the phallus
in hearts of women
here consciousness begins

Television of a Rotten Soul [Naṣṭa ātmār ṭelibhisan]

I can see my hand
everyday on my hand there's the double brain line
the same that, they say, Cheiro the astrologer has
I don't believe in palmistry
hanging on bus-handles I came to hear sounds of poetry and death
in my skull instead of destiny there's a framework of bones
in sounds of bombs and bullets my fear of death awakens
I am a human who wants revolution
I kiss with the urge of desire and get pleasure beyond heaven
many times apathy lurks in such functions
in my mind the bodied divinity of wonder
I get drunk to write poetry
but I am reluctant to reflect on poetry
even revolutionaries after cleaning the barrels of their pipe-guns
are reluctant to fire
I follow Shri Chaitanya's religion of love and after giving love to the Naxals and
the Military I became listed as an enemy of both sides
I have seen people saying, "I'm hungry, give me bread" or "I'm jobless, give me
a job"
nobody gives bread or jobs and when humans need bread and jobs more than
Picasso, Sartre or Satyajit

they see that real society
made up of father-mother-brother-sister
your own wife, other people's wives
is built with sex and economy
on my palm I see the double brain line – what they say also Cheiro has
I don't believe in palmistry
yet, alas! My soul has observed that many women remain out of reach
because of my economic instability I am pushed towards the path of national
Revolution

which means that I use Sukanta's lines:
"you have destroyed my love
you have broken my house
how can I forget this?"
I use these lines as a weapon for a kind of mental battle
but the woman who used to play the role of my love
that woman herself has also moved to the safety of a refrigerator civilisation
and since then I have created my yoga postures
mixing Havelock Ellis' sexual psychology and Jagadish babu's *Gita*
I discovered the Oedipus complex long before reading Freud
but I don't like doing it with my mum
even though many times in the wild afternoon of my adolescence
I was ready to taste the body of any woman who was my mother's age
I once came out on the street to commit suicide
but the sound of grenades exploding all around made me run home
for fear of death
I knew violent Revolution even without reading "Das Kapital"

I don't like violence, I like Revolution
even I drank milk from the Dhansiri river
on the combative paddy fields
between landowners and peasants
I have celebrated the Poet's birthday from the banks of the Dhansiri
boozing in a rice-liquor shop
and searched for happiness in life
at times I carry cigarettes
but I have no matches
when I carry matches
I don't have cigarettes
at times when I feel the urge of sex
there is no container
no Radha, no Wife or women to use it

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when there are women
I have no desire for sex
when there's ready wit there's no indiscretion
or when there's indiscretion there's no ready wit
this is how days and nights go by
spending their time a bit differently
my Bengali parents gave birth to me
that is, my dad's body inside my mum's body
my little body out of the union of the two bodies
that is from duality to monism
I observe my desire to become a father in masturbation
the liquid flow of semen
a frame of 206 bones and, attached to the frame
fleshy nerves carrying thoughts
the seeds holding memories of sounds swim in the liquid sperm
Mr. Khanna speaks Hindi but his wife speaks Bangla
Mustard Khanna's 5-year-old son can speak both
through harmonic usage of tongue, teeth, palate, throat, lips
well, did the power of speaking and understanding come through the nitric acids
of his foetus?
dear heredity, what's this language thing?
I don't know whether it is the environment or needs that develop language
I don't know if love has a language or if there's only a language of sensations
I see humans made of bodies
some of them want to be James Joyce and others Alamohan Das
unfortunately, we don't have any influence on our own birth
was there ever a Buddha behind Suzuki's birth?
My Western friends
you also don't know Bangla from birth
just like many Bengalis don't know English from birth
you also feel hungry
you also go and check the loo and the bathroom when searching for a house
you also protest against Vietnam war
just like us, Allen Ginsberg can see the river of his poetry in dreams and
nightmares
yet, bastard, I am a Bengali
I will learn about the God of the Shatapatha Brahmana reading Max Müller
that's why I will take Soma and Sura, that is drug and wine
all at once, mostly in the evenings
and Buddhadeb Basu will write erudite essays on the Beat Generation saying that
the Hungries are illiterate

oh, why can't I think in English?
why are my parents Bengali?
oh, you Bengali, why have you even become a poet!
When the blue darkness of midnight falls down on the stars of your eyes
No, I won't take off your clothes now
I won't put my organ of words in your organ of reproduction
at Rasbehari crossing you can buy jasmine flowers
or a Hungry Generation book from Patiram book stall
But no,
I won't take off your clothes anymore
All over there is only the presence of Brahma
In the shape of books-knowledge-letters
Now, all over
I have seen books burning on a pyre in a French avant-garde movie
Kafka wanted to burn his manuscripts
I have burned my autobiography
I have never seen the Seine
I have never tasted absinthe or walked around in Paris
I'm a boy from the shores of the Ganges
on a night of tropical storm I have howled to the thunder:
"Thunder! Blaze out! Show your blue aura on the breast of the Ganges!"
With Christ's cross
and guns smuggled by Rimbaud
I have marched on processions of armed revolutionaries
on Gandhi's birth centenary
I have eaten beef and sang the name of Hari

I'm not drunk now
I'm standing here
without dreams
without daydreams or nightmares
without enthusiasm to smoke a cigarette
I sit in the Central Library
A man without books
Now you can go buy jasmine flowers or books of poetry
or you could even get impregnated by my friend
and I won't seek revenge
you can go now
let me see if the birth of a human being is nothing more but the by-product of his
parents' sexual desire?

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I am a Beauty Monster [Āmi ek saundarya rākṣas]

Looking at the painted wings of a butterfly
mankind moves on from separation to marriage – I am a beauty monster
I have ripped off the scent-fetching antenna of a butterfly

I do not have faith in anyone
lazy wicked sometimes I think of living as a prostitute's paramour
when hangover fades away
and seated among rejoicing friends in that drinking place I realise my failure in
love
I look inside the full-moon there's a burning thought

Now I'm lying in the drawer of a morgue – just a corpse
my alive body has been dragged away
to the menstruation cloth of a widow with broken bangles
I am lying inside the drawer of a morgue – the wood for the pyre lies inside the
trees
there is no love no birth-giving wife at the maternity hospital
I lie inside the drawer of a morgue
this is how I live days and nights lightnings droughts
how many girls have grown heaps of flesh on their breasts
how many pregnant girls have aborted – from Satyajit Ray's country
the movie *Love in Tokyo* went to East Africa – in Marcus Square
Bengali culture Indian circus – a poets' gathering at Rabindra Sadan and
Vijayantimala's dance – I got nothing
neither ascent nor downfall

From the prostitute's bathroom to my lover's bed
my easy journey has not ended – from the womb of the sky
that's why even today stardust keeps raining on earth
still I'm lying inside the drawer of a morgue, just a corpse
and my living body is carried away to the menstruation cloth of a widow with
broken bangles
looking at the colourful wings of a butterfly
people move from separation to marriage
people move on from separation to marriage
I am a beauty monster I have ripped off the butterfly's scent-fetching antenna

Personal Bed [Byaktigata bichāna]

Not only Radha – even the prostitute menstruates
the father of three children – the ideal man of family planning
masturbates since childhood, doesn't he?

I don't want to be Rabindranath – not even Raghu the bandit
I want to be Phalguni Ray – only Phalguni Ray

I stand between a maternity hospital and a crematorium
if you don't believe me just go and see – Bus 4, 32, 34, 43

I have noticed that the word Magazine
is related to Rifle and Poetry

Are We Renaissance and Resurrection? [Ām'rāi renesām o rejārek'san?]

If the body is ruined how can a disease outbreak be possible?
in the scorching heat of midday the siren tells it's lunch-break for some
and for some it's time to listen to Rabindra sangeet
no need to listen Rabindra sangeet for the deaf ones
the blinds don't need to look at Brach's or Picasso's paintings
is it the ideology of crows or the order of macaques?
the good deeds of past life or today's karma?
in which fruit shall I be realised?
who will tell through which path of Yoga –
the Hatha, Bhakti, Jnana or the Raja Yoga? Is there any Yogi left?
Where will Manu descend at the end of Manu's cosmic time?
whose son-in-law the Great Sage of Mud looking at his wife's breasts
would feel sexual attraction and reawaken the Kundalini Shakti through the prac-
tice of exhaling, inhaling and retaining breath
my awake penis goes limp after ejaculation
and it becomes hard to believe that it can stand "in that way"
in the spinal cord human self-confidence is standing up
yet men become hump-backed
some read the *Bhagavadgita* and collect merit
in this holy book some get information
about incest between brothers and sisters
girls come out of wombs of pregnant women and get pregnant in turn
human foetus

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about to manifest at the phallic door – foetus, can you speak? –
do you have the power to think?
ah, I won't get my embryo-life back
ah, I won't get my martyr brother's life back
ah, loving life I forget the dead ones
thinking of the dead I forget about those who are living
I get a woman's love and forget about the rejection of another
This is how I grow old and get bigger – but the size of my lying-in room
hasn't increased a little – thus without knowing Malthus theory I understood
that lands don't grow but men do increase in number
a herd of one-horned rhinos gets extinct – tales of mammoths have become *myth*
today
new mythologies are being created on humans
hey, human spermatozoa conqueror of the moon
your spacecraft has left for Venus
one day a joint venture of communist and capitalist countries will go towards the
Sun
and the Marxist-Leninist of India will be involved in civil war and will make
labourers even more bourgeois
and then the shoe salesman who earns 400 rupees per month
will show contempt for the school clerk who earns 150 rupees per month
and then will publish a magazine of poetry along with Uttam Kumar's autobiog-
raphy and will organise a poetry convention
by the countless memorials of adolescent Bengali martyrs
will pass loud and bright processions of married young Marwaris from Calcutta
and more will pass by
Bengali Hindus from West Bengal will read about the history of the freedom of
Bengalis in Bangladesh and will kill Bengali Hindus
in this apocalypse, Manu, where's your advent?
will we only know you as the father of Akuti, Prasuti and Devahuti?
where are you Krishna, slayer of the evil and protector of the good?
will we only read the Vaishnava hymns instead of pornography?
or are we the force of rising – we will be Renaissance and Resurrection
we, who want to make lovers our friends of bed and wisdom
like Prajna and Paramita – Wisdom and Perfection – in Mahayana Buddhism
we, who can't arrange bus-fares to make an Employment Exchange card
we, who haven't seen the sea anywhere but in movies
we, who write poetry about the sea even after knowing that Shelley and Hart
Crane drowned in the sea
we, who think of death not as death but as the *passport* to reincarnation
we, who call life a wonderful event

and discover the sutra of sexual geometry in reproduction
 but we can't discover the maker of the sutra
 we, who use the pen as bible and rifle
 and forget the grief for our dead children in the heat of sex
 we, who want to dry up the gunpowder of revolutionaries drowned in selfish
 crocodile tears
 and learned the lessons of not beating up or cursing anyone
 from Mao Tse Tung's book
 we, who read Tagore's poem "Ebar phirao more" to become communists
 renouncing to charity work to become revolutionaries by our own will
 Will we be Resurrection?
 or shall we listen to the taunts of the Babilis of the neighbourhood
 wearing our vests and lungi sitting in porches and smoking bidi
 we will listen
 indifferently
 to Rabindranath Tagore's songs

Artificial Snake [Kṛtrim sāp]

When I smoke I really feel like playing chess – I feel like
 studying *grammar* I don't want to be like Fisher and Fowler, the famous English
 grammarians
 after playing chess I crave smoking weed
 I need weed while studying grammar
 I never wanted to be like Panini
 I know that Sunitikumar, the language professor is three thousand times more
 educated than me
 I know that Superhero Uttam Kumar was two thousand times more handsome
 than me
 but inside me there's no feeling of inferiority
 when I flow
 in the procession of wise, talented, good looking and wealthy men and women
 in the procession of stupid, ugly and poor men and women
 I forget whether I am a man or a woman
 but when I touch my trouser-buttons or my chest-pockets
 from the consciousness of Hermaphrodite, I come back to masculine senses
 and once I come back I notice that breasts and asses of housewives and serv-
 ant-women from many
 households are very similar in terms of size and shape
 and I notice, lying in the showcase of a Calcutta boutique

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an
artificial snake
and this thing is even more *interesting* because the name of the boutique is
“Aristocrat”

[Miśra 2015]

Other Poems by Phalguni Ray

Personal Neon [Byaktigata niyon]

I am completely devoid of genius that is why I prove my talent
by touching my nose with my tongue
sometimes while walking in front of Manik Bandyopadhyay’s house I think
that he used to walk on this very street where
I, worthless Phalguni Ray, walk
sometimes travelling in second class trams I think
that this was the tram that overran and crushed
the body of Jibanananda
this is how I wandered – earth sun stars accompanying me
during my embryo moment another death descended on the solar system
sitting in a bar a friend of mine often drinks wine from faraway lands
one day he angrily scolded me and called me a toddy drinker and cannabis
smoker
for chopping off Ekalavya’s thumb
I felt Dronacharya was a murderer

(*Unmārga*, 1967)

[Miśra 2015: 14]

I Can’t Write Anymore [Kichu likhte pār'chi nā ār]

I can’t write
I can’t write anymore that all around
there are but dogs and prostitutes’ screams
laughs, mocking of eunuchs
I can’t, can’t write anymore

Handing me the keys of the universal lost dream-world
Rabindranath the theist terribly scolded me
in a drowsy nightmare a black Christ came to my sleep
the whole body wrapped by countless venomous snakes
he wanted to embrace me and
a foolish Faust holding the hand of Mephistopheles
kept going straight in the direction of Goethe's grave

If I had an acute pain in my head
today I would see Picasso's Cubic paintings instead of Sheridan's
and knowing that the attention and words of the spectators are not favourable
to my untalented peace
while reading the *Gita*
suddenly masturbation makes everything fine and I get a sort of comfort

even accepting everybody's loyalty until the end I
remain a slave to my own soul
yet I crave for freedom maybe a way for freedom
is to write something but I can't write nothing at all
I can't write, I can't write anymore
dogs and prostitutes' screams laughs mocking of eunuchs

(*Kṣudhārta*, 1968)

[Miśra 2015: 23]

Unnecessary Poem [*Anābaśyak kabitā*]

I am a newly arrived stranger on the earth's ancient back
now as the doctor slices the poet's vein to collect blood
I remember wanting to sell my blood
to drink and write poetry
have I gone to the dogs? Still today many secrets remain hidden
I am still afraid to die, which means that I love life
that's why I walk under a cloudy sky with the Red Book in one hand
and Jibanananda's poetry in the other
I don't like those who wear sunglasses when it's cloudy
I don't like those who believe in God when the world slams them
I love those who kick away idols of gods and ask *what is what* – with great
enthusiasm

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I took Marx Lenin Sartre Joyce Kafka to the coffee house and destroyed
cigarettes
then I walked by myself through a crowd of people, alone, actually
I'm getting nothing from books – hoping to get something from my lover
I run to her to find her sleeping with my elder brother, an officer
I am unemployed I used to speak of love with prostitutes – my brother, the
officer
bought my beloved a sari with his bonus and became her lover
the money he spent would have paid for my meals for a month, which means
it costs the same to cover my would-be wife's body and to feed me
can you imagine how we live
yet I love the naked child's smile, the renewal of the ancient earth
in front of my hungry eyes the beautiful woman's framework of bones
walks through time towards the pyre – I sell
fat philosophy books to buy bread and alcohol just for surviving, sometimes
I even manage, believe me, I even manage to write
an unnecessary poem.

(*ābaha*, 1972)

[Miśra 2015: 38]

Manik Bandyopadhyay's Spectacles [*Mānik Bandyopādhyāy'er caś'mā*]

Spring, on your dry hot fields stays my heart's stamp
not in the beat of the heart
in the mist of winter I exhale smoke from the mouth without a cigarette
without a woman on my bed
in the morning I feel that my penis gets harder
in whose belly will my child arrive?
one for which I will provide rice?
I live without a party flag without the love of a woman I live
I live in order to listen to the songs of Rabindranath in the sunlight of half past
twelve
No, I never wanted to be Rabindranath I never wanted to love Sumita
never wanted her body never wanted Mita's body
I only wanted her love but got nothing at all
of course the Khan army from Bangladesh
US mines from the coast of Tonkin and the CRPs hiding behind sacks of sand in
Calcutta have retired

China and Nixon signed a treaty
a jeep on the moon grain to India an army in Vietnam and competitors at the
Olympic games has sent white black America

Hindu Bengalis
have killed
Hindu Bengalis
in Calcutta – then under
Netaji
Lenin and
Gandhi's statue
the pilgrims of Shahid Minar have made public meetings – that is –
a lot has happened but I still haven't found a job
and so haven't found a wife
hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
nobody is willing to give us girls if we don't show money
neither a prostitute's protector nor a bride's father
but smearing on our body the ashes of this whore civilisation will we manage to
keep our organs folded in a loincloth and become ascetics?
To shed tears of mourning for martyrs and then become ministers?
on my way to the ballots I have seen a hungry man dying
but in the vote line even his name was sacred and his ration card was confiscated
my father died even after receiving the dietary treatment and also his ration card
was confiscated
I realised that in death there is no difference between a poor, an aristocrat or a
bourgeois and a communist
yet some deaths are lighter than a bird
yet some deaths are heavier than a mountain
oh India! will my death be light or heavy
oh India! will I be a corpse or a martyr – or will I die as Buddha died while
searching for the reason of death?
Death – are you just extinction or are you the *passport* for reincarnation?
who will tell me where is my real path?
who gave life to this heart – who will set the price of my heart?
who will give me pen and paper to write poetry?
who will provide with dietary treatment if I get sick?
who will provide food if I starve?
who will give me a woman if I long for love?
can the state provide for everything?
can communism make the *last boy first*?
can socialism turn a bad poet into a good one?

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yet the Vedic hymn “sangacchadhvam samvadadhvam” etc. means
our paths will be one
our language will be one
our thoughts will be one...this higher Communism
was invented by Indians four thousand years before Marx’s birth
let our meal be one
let our clothes be one...wonderful
but if hearing this, someone would also say ‘let our wives will be one’ then I mean
I mean I’ll fuck myself because I can’t think of sex with a woman and sucking
up to a cow as one thing
so even if we have drunk our mother’s milk we will never eat their flesh
although after drinking the cow’s milk we’ve eaten beef

(*Kṣudhārta*, 1975)

[Ghoṣ 2011: 284]

Song of Revolution [Biplaber gān]

There once used to be love in our souls
today without money all love has fallen apart
even revolutionaries have food problems
yet the man will still be worried to provide food for his lover
how many babus will keep their concubines only because they can get food

we are not even able to feed ourselves properly
without being able to take part to genocides and mass copying
for many we have become assholes
many of us on their last year of graduation
were rusticated because of politics
we didn’t want to be assassinated we didn’t want to become assassins
but instead of becoming martyrs we enjoyed killing the enemies of class
hearing the speeches of leaders in different maidans
has putrefied the ears of many of us
the souls of our brothers, mothers and sisters
in starvation and disease
their songs of life have come to an end, they’ve stopped
and all the erudite pandits have taken the last drag of their cigarette
and have happily gone to sleep

with this memory in front of me – we are the children of pain
we are such
and we don't fear
we just want to hear now
a song of revolution

(*Kṣudhārta* 1984)

[Ghoṣ 2011: 549]

The Final Womb [*Antim jarāyū*]

[I am having the urge to say a few things about the womb, actually the way words tend to forget the scent of foreign or home-grown words within a living language, like we do not remember when replacing *caśma* [spectacles] with *frame* that *frame* is an English word, so also when people get mixed in real writing the idea of writing itself becomes irrelevant, many times when people get closer to an abstract god they also get closer to abstract art poetry literature and to abstract film, as if life was a running film, one forgets that the creator is unmoved indifferent, and that the medium itself gets a life of its own]

Shot one: A burning pyre – around which a bevy of beautiful and ugly looking naked young women – their eyes brimming with tears.

Shot two: A Neem tree – full-moon beams dripping through its leaves.

Shot three: The blazing flames look upward to the sky and the naked young women with eyes full of tears look downward to the ground – *freeze*

Shot four: On the branches of the Neem tree a few men hang with a rope around their neck – they have no hands or legs but in each of their phallic regions there is a television set – beneath their hanging bodies that raging pyre and the group of naked young women with their eyes full of tears and above those dead bodies through the Neem leaves full-moon beams.

Shot five: The naked women together start ululating and suddenly from their vaginal regions appears an unripe foetus – like balls they plop to the ground – the women's faces contort with pain – they scream.

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Shot Six: The television sets on the hanging male bodies turn on. On one man's TV, one sees two young men copulating and those naked women laughing at each other at this sight. On another TV, a naked woman pleasures herself, moaning with pleasure, and a man pierces her bosom with a sharp knife – the woman shrieks.

On another TV an elderly woman is copulating with a dog and her old husband with his face hidden on the knees of a young girl is crying inconsolably.

Shot Seven: The naked women are picking up the aborted premature fetuses from the ground, their eyes are now drying up and the retinal dots in their eyes begin to burst – and as their faces are awash with blood the difference between beauty and ugliness vanishes.

Shot Eight: A raging pyre – a branch of the Neem tree over the pyre – dead men hanging by the rope on the branch – television sets on their sexual tree – the following words appear on each television set:

We want food clothes a place to stay

We want women we want poetry

We want alcohol, pure and pungent alcohol

Art is our alcohol

Literature is our alcohol

Our alcohol is the feeling of hunger

Shot Nine: The naked women face the pyre and in unison say – We do not want *theory* we want bodies we just want bodies and *theories* about bodies.

Their faces inundated with blood – and in each of their hands the dropped unfertilized fetuses – in their vaginal region bloom innumerable flowers – their colourful vaginas in a profusion of colourful flowers.

Shot Ten: A road – a gate at the end of the road – carved on the gate – *Maternity Home* – and on the far side, another gate with the words – *Burning Ghat* –

A twosome – a man and a woman, on the road

Man revolves around his Woman

Man interrogates his Woman

Woman interrogates her Man

Man replies

But no one speaks only makes gestures

No one speaks, only eyes language

Shot Eleven: This picture is getting projected on the television sets on the phallic regions of the hanging dead-bodies – the corpses have no hands and no legs.

On one man's TV, beneath a huge family planning poster the man-woman couple sits with 3 babies in their lap – crying.

On another TV the man is excited – his greying hair, advancing age, the woman's greying hair and advancing age too, but a quiet, naked kid in front of them – the woman holds in her hand the kid's penis with care and the excited man tries to smash a pair of spectacles with a fat fountain pen.

On another TV the woman's whole body turns into a skeleton – only the eyes are alive – only tears in those eyes, tears, and man is blind now and his large body leprosy stricken – their child, a full-grown man but with breasts like women – long hair like women, and man walk gingerly and woman pets his phallus – and both say this:

Give love back to us

Give love back to us

And their girlish-man child stares at the sky, agitated – not the least sign of beard on his cheeks – like women his eyes nose lips are shaped

Shot Twelve: A sole full-moon in the sky –

Shot Thirteen: All around the pyre the naked women and in their laps unripe foetuses plopped out from their wombs and in every vaginal region multicoloured flowers and every eye filled with tears and everyone chants again:

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Give love back to us
Give love back to us.

(*Svakāl*, 1972)

[Miśra 2015: 101–103]

The Second Womb [*Dvitīya jarāyū*]

Shot One
Deep green all around, green deep.

Shot Two
Innumerable black dots on green, innumerable.

Shot Three
Millions of people's weeping screaming laughing ridiculing on green each black dots are transformed into human faces of various races, the faces form a line and relentless weeping screaming laughing ridiculing is heard.

Shot Four
People of various races in various dresses proceed in a march beside Vaishnavas Muslims Jews beside worshippers of African semi-gods Buddhists beside Christians.

Shot Five
Single colour vultures fly over the procession of men of various countries various colours different ages, innumerable vultures over the procession continuously flutter deep blue sky flapping wings wails howls ridicules are raised further

Suddenly everything is silent.

Everyone stops in his own place.

Shot Six
Vultures float in void, still; men are in single line, some of them raise one foot some raise a closed fist, they are motionless.

Shot Seven
Darkdarkdarkdarkdarkdarkdark.

Shot Eight

Cutting through the belly of green widespread valley and solid slanting sky a mountain whose soundless waves have crossed horizon and gone afar.

Shot Nine

A bunch of naked babies, cry laugh make tantrums they lie on the widespread valley's grass in the form of dewdrops make tantrums and cry.

Shot Ten

Touching the peak of mountain a waterfall skip jumps below, waterfall's water is blood red.

Shot Eleven

Floodwater from the blood red waterfall washes away the babies, the babies float in blood river cries laughs.

Shot Twelve

Flocks and flocks of vultures suddenly descend on floating babies vultures leave their immobile position fly down – descending they put their beaks into each baby's eyes – tear off navel and penis of boys vagina of girls with their claws – blood oozes out of babies' eyes, blood oozes from navel penis vagina, blood flows mixes with blood river.

Shot Thirteen

Hundreds of birds' waking up morning songs and countless white birds chirping white

Everything stands still.

Shot Fourteen

From the left side of a Christ's statue a colourful procession of men come forward, people of various nationalities wearing their national dress come forward large procession of men, each having a testicle in place of their left eye and blood river flows from the right side of Christ's statue, torn pieces of flesh of babies in the river, some with only head some with heart stomach vagina or legless belly and on them are seated tired vultures.

Shot Fifteen

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7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

Shot Sixteen

Procession of people go round Christ's statue fall in blood river's water, country of green slanting valley drowns in blood Christ's nailed legs gradually stand in blood red river up to his thighs eyes of people of various colourful procession cry drops of water from their right eye, since they have penis in left eyes from there semen drip out – white semen mixed with blood floats – battered baby-limbs, vultures on limbs.

Shot Seventeen

Black snakes from around Christ's body slither down into blood stream – snake with easy swim reaches each human being and before they could restrain them they climb up and enter their mouth from far away voices reverberate I am soul I am soul I am soul I am soul I am soul I am soul...

Shot Eighteen

From the mouth of each man the hood of a snake protrudes snakes are found on the head of vultures which were seated on floating babies.

Shot Nineteen

Christ's statue starts stirring, shakes up all men tremble each visible square foot minute portion gets loosened in heavy water wails blood river starts ringing siren fast quite fast Christ's stone hand stirs vultures cry fly out into sky flap wings torn pieces of babies get joined again one's head joined by some other baby's thigh – some having leg in place of hand some have vagina in place of navel.

Shot Twenty

In order to save themselves from tidal waves people start to swim around Christ's statue – in place of smile two headed snakes peep out of their mouth in place of left eye stuck up penis queer limb babies crowded around Christ's penis vultures on them.

Snakes wave their hood on the crown of vultures.

(*Kṣudhārta* 1, 1970–71)

[walkatalk 2015]

Three Poems [Tin kabitā]

1.

Does the soul weight only 21 grams?
 only 21 grams?
 oh, soul – ascetic or debauchee
 our simultaneous manifestations in the body
 you, in the shoemaker's and in my body
 even though I am not a brahman I can recite the Gayatri Mantra
 a shoemaker after making shoes can watch the *test cricket*
 soul of mine, are you lighter
 than a cricket *ball*?
 soul of mine
 overcoming the boundaries of this body
 one day you will go in the direction of the undetermined *over boundary*
 in the same way, Mahakala, with death's *bat hand*
 from the *pitch* of our consciousness, will score time's *run*
century after *century* – before Christ until the Christian era
 leaving the ripped vest behind and taking on a new dress – from one body
 a new body will be born – this is how *relay* happens
 history literature civilisation – soul is always circulating
 with such a limited weight how could you pervade everything?
 it means that the evidence of that foreign scientist was wrong
 while Indians were right?
 those who lived long before Christ preached that
 soul has no end, no fear, no dissolution
 the soul cannot be observed, it resides in ideas
 just like there is no melody in the strings of the sitar
 the melody lies in the heart of the sitar.

2.

There at the end of the century
 a dim sun
 all the light of the human intellect
 has faded away
 because of the end of the universe

as many planets satellites orbiting around the sun
 only a meteorite has burned
 all the books of history and the geography maps of the world
 in the meteor's fire

7 Hungryalist Texts in English Translation

to see the beautiful woman's eyebrows eyes nose lips breasts
the eyes of the men won't open again

3.

I suddenly feel like crying
not for vain love nor for hunger
but because of the thought of dying
from the depth of life a voice of lamentation emerges
I once did not understand, I now do quite well
how much I loved life
in poverty and despair
on the shores of unsuccessful sexual impulse
that selfish love
was only through the light
on the shores of the valley of death.

(*Kṣudhārta* 7, 1984)

[Ghoṣ 2011: 551–2]