

# **SEXUALITY is Itself the Skeleton of LOVE**

By Dibyendu Ghosal

There cannot be any body without the skeletons. Same is true for love. Love cannot exist without sex. Who will carry the burden of flesh and muscles and blood without the skeleton? None will be sexually aroused by looking at a pound of flesh without the skeleton. Sexuality is the skeleton of love. Love without sex is ridiculous. If we cannot understand or realize or express our sexuality in Love, we must be branded “in-vertebrate”. I am a liberal, Western cultured and broad-minded even though I had been brought up in an orthodox and conservative family and society. And so, I feel really constrained.

Can anybody recall the novel “Shesher Kobita” by the greatest of the greatest poet and Nobel Laureate Tagore? The message of perverted sexuality that the novel carries, has driven the last nail into the coffin of the sexuality of the Indian, especially the Indian as well as the Bengalee psyche. The hero of the novel ---Amit is a ‘platonic’ man-utterly rubbish and unrealistic. And Shobhanlal is shy but having a secret desire for female bodies and especially for Labanya, the heroine love without sex is like fire without its heat. Totally unrealistic, isn’t it?

Attraction or infatuation of a man and woman vice versa develops only because of secret sexual desire. Love is just the outer cover or peel of that fruit called sex. The main thing is “body”. If any gentleman says “I love you”, then he is a liar. Secret sexual desires cannot be covered up for long. No relationship without sexual desire can last for long. That relationship may exist, but loses its sheen and sharpness. Just ask a typical Indian or a simple Bengalee man or an Indian one the meaning of “falling in love”. His pitiable condition will not go unnoticed. He can never express his inner thought that he has been in LOVE with the lustful and sexy hourglass figure of his beloved girl. If the cleavage of the breasts of a young lady is suddenly revealed by the wind sweeping away her saree, not only the Bengalee, even the Indian man can utter frankly with courage that “how nice”, even though his eyes will stare at that Indian men and women

are just like a herd of ghosts and goblins without flesh and blood ---- only with skeletons and bones. Indian couples search for non-existent gods and goddesses to suppress their unsatisfied sexual urge. I am really happy that being an atheist I do not believe in Gods and Goddesses. Indian boys are taught to think about girls as 'sisters' and girls are taught to think about boys as "brothers". Utterly rubbish --- insensible. Actually nobody in our country India does not know how to express sex and enjoy life through sex. Sex is a 'sin' ---- as taught and advised by the parents and grandparents. I salute the West. There exists a competition in sexual satisfaction in the Western countries. That is, if any woman's body can no longer satisfy a man, he can easily find another woman or the 'other woman' can just intrude. Romance without sexual urge or sex is meaningless in the Western countries. Age differences and age barriers fade away in romance and sex. One of my high-society Latino girlfriend's is just above forty and married, staying in the USA. Our views on love and sex are same: There can easily be sexual intercourse ( be it secretly) between cousin brothers and sisters and among relatives. Percy Byce Shelley, that great English poet had 'platonic' relation with his sister-in-law Jane. English poet Lord Byron had indulged in sex with his cousin sister "Augusta".

Why do Indians do it? Write so ineptly about sex. With a population of more than a billion-plus now, they know how to do it all right. It is just that when they come to write about it they end up sounding like the Keystone Kops gangbanging the Chipmunk Choir. Is it because when they are doing it they are doing it in the vernacular, but when they are writing about it, they are writing in English, language of Nanny Victoria who would get her verbal knickers in a twist at the thought of a split infinitive let alone a crotch less thong? Oh, I see. You cannot talk very clearly, what with one's mouth being otherwise engaged. Well, all I can say is that your mouth has been so engaged for the past 1,000 years or whatever it has been since they carved us in stone here in Khajuraho.

Why cannot these 'lunatic apes' take libidinal inspiration from us? I mean, here I have been standing --- and how---- for 1,000 years, braving sun and rain, voyeurs and vandals, not to mention that sociopathic langur who appears to have unnatural designs on what the Americans would call my booty every time my back is turned, which is

always, considering my position, which can hardly be described as missionary, unless you happen to be an evangelist for VAT 69 whisky. And at the end of all this what happens?

Indian males seem to be proud and try to show themselves as “great” by branding any woman “sister”. The time is ripe to wipe off that mask of greatness in this post-modern world. Then, what is love? Or what is romance? Women must be proud of their bodies. Indulging in sex may be bad but thinking about it is not a crime. I have tried to visualize and imagine about women in a spiritual way but I failed.