CHAPTER 4

Dalit Literature of Post-Independence Era Quest for Identity:

Prose and Poems
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The Dalit literature written before 1960 in different regional languages was not accepted, not even considered by the mainstream writers. Dalit writers were in a very scattered minority groups. It was also the fact that the Dalit writers were divided among the different regional, language groups. And they followed the ideologies of Dr. Ambedkar, Phule, Periyar Ramaswami and others. As a result, Dalit writers could not collectively present the ideas and thoughts of Phule and Ambedkar. In 1958, *Maharashtra Dalit Sahitya Sangha* had held the first conference of the Dalit writers in Bombay. Because of the passive attitudes of the writers the ‘first conference of the Dalit writers went almost unnoticed. No daily or weekly except Acharya Atre’s *Maratha* took any notice of it.’ (Dangle 242)

After the death of Dr. Ambedkar, the Dalit writers were divided into different parties or in different ‘ism’. These writers had tried to establish Dalit identity in the limited arena of their believed ‘ism’. As a result, the Dalit writers of that era could not contribute anything fruitful to Dalit literature:

Dr Ambedkar’s life and philosophy are a source of inspiration to all Dalit writers. But there is one group of creative artists, thinkers and writers
who feel that Ambedkarism and Marxism support each other. In other words, they want to fight on both class and caste levels. Another group considers Ambedkarism complete and does not want any other ‘ism’ to be grafted on to it. A third stream of thought is of those who want to have Buddhist literature rather than Dalit literature. (Dangle 243)

During 1960s, the influential and appealing Marathi Dalit writings were created by the Dalit writers. It is appropriately remarked by Nityanandam, “It is only in Post-independence India that Dalit writing has come into its own.” (Nityanandam 204)

In Marathi Dalit literature the writers like Narayan Surve, Anna Bhau, Shankarrao Kharat and Baburao Bagul had written noteworthy prose and verse which have represented the problems and issues of Dalits of that period on the bases of their experiences. Out of these authors, Baburao Bagul has created the new trend among the Dalit writings. He has authentically presented the contemporary reality in his literary works. By presenting a strong sense of revolt and protest against the existing conditions, he made mainstream writers and critics speechless. In his article Dalit Literature: Past, Present and Future Dangle has remarked:

But in the sixties were published some stories which gave great momentum to Dalit literature. These were by Baburao Bagul. His stories rebelled against the social system and gave it a jolt. His collection of short stories Jevha Mi Jaat Chorli Hoti (When I had Concealed my Caste) took entire Marathi literary
world by storm. It was hailed by Marathi periodicals and reviewers. Some thought it resembled the jazz music of the Blacks, for some others it was the epic of the Dalits. (Dangle 243)

Dr. Ambedkar’s thoughts and philosophy have strongly influenced the Dalit writers. Ambedkarite ideology is one of the marked characteristics of the Dalit literature. Honour of Dr. Ambedkar is also commonly found subjects especially in Dalit poetry. In the poem *Children of Ambedkar (Ambedkar ki Santan)*, Jai Prakash Kardam, a Hindi Dalit poet reminds Dalits, Dr. Ambedkar’s dreams of egalitarian society. He also reminds Dalits the struggle for their human rights:

...Children of Ambedkar

would not tolerate any more

Exploitations and Atrocities

would not remain silent; would ask for all accounts

for tears of Krishna; helpless of Harkhu and mourning of

*Hariya*

and would break chains of injustice and exploitation

To write a new history (Kardam 139-140)
The hopes, restored by Dr. Ambedkar have given great enthusiasm to the Dalit writers. As an outcome, the Dalit writers have presented the age-old injustices, atrocities, irrational and inhuman attitudes of the upper-castes. In the poem, poet boldly and firmly resists any kind of atrocities. Further, he warns the orthodox Hindus that Dalits do not silently suffer any kind of injustices. Rather, Dalits will react fiercely against such deeds of the shallow-minded Hindus. Along with that the Dalit poet rings the bell of beginning of new era of Dalits.

The agonised souls of the Dalits are tormented at such a level that their hearts often feel only one cry that they would not like to take birth in this land where they are treated merely as the filthiest aliens. This land is only for the non-Dalits where even an animal has life but a Dalit has not. Such a feeling of being an alien into in his own motherland is aptly composed by Marathi Dalit poet, L. S. Rokade in his lyric To be or Not to be Born, originally drafted in Marathi which is translated in English by Shanta Gokhale:

   Rivers break their banks

   Lakes brim over

   And you, one of the human race

   must shed blood

   struggle and strike

   for a palmful of water.

   I spit on this great civilization (33-39, Rokade 2)
The poet presents that to live like an alien in once own motherland is not accepted to Dalits by any means. Further the poet rejects to take birth in such a land which does not allow him to have his human rights:

Sorry, mother, but truth to tell

I must confess I wondered

Should I be born

Should I born into this land? (47-50, Rokade 2)

In this song, the poet rejects such a land which does not recognise her own sons as human beings but as the ugliest kind of epidemic for rest of the society. The pain and sufferings are unbearable which let the poet spit on the great Indian civilization.

Human values are at the centre of the Dalit writings. Humanity is of one of the distinctive characteristics of the Dalit literature. Gujarati Dalit poet M. B. Gaijan’s narrative poem *Kutch Earth Quake And Bhago, a Valmiki* presents the chief element of the Dalit literature i.e. human values. The poem also presents extreme pain of humiliation of the Dalit poet. Besides, poet has presented mythological references of injustices and butcheries of the orthodox Hindus. Through the character of Bhago, a Valmiki by caste (one of the Dalit castes) poet has depicted the reality of one of biggest democratic nations. The poet has presented the reality of the Post-independence democratic India. Constitution has abolished
untouchability but pity is that it is still practiced. It presents that all Indians are equal. But reality is somewhat different:

I am Bhagalo from Valmikivas

From segregated and the last colony!


Baba Saheb created the constitution.

Considered all are equal,

Brahmin is equal to Valmiki! (1-2, 8-10, Gaijan 231)

The reality is presented through representing the earth quake in Kutch region of Gujarat in the year 2001. The Dalit Bhago was helping the victims of the earth quake. Without seeing day and night, he has assigned himself to the task of humanity. Even he does not care for food and water for this human task. He has dragged out the buried alive men, women and children under the ruined houses. He has also dragged out the dead bodies. Dalits do appoint themselves as volunteer when such calamities take place. But pity is that their humanistic task will be rewarded with humiliation. Thus, he is an ambassador of humanity in the time of calamity:

Without water and food,

Me, Bhago, drags human beings
From the debris, I save living beings! (35-37, Gaijan 232)

When Bhago is told that food is given he himself has taken the food which results into his humiliation. The humanistic work of the Dalit was rewarded with the humiliation by the orthodox upper-caste Hindus. The scenario of humiliation and pain are authentic presentation in the poem:

Hatefully shouted someone;

“An that is Bhagalo, a Valmiki

From the bhangi colony...any

.... you away .... keep distance.”

At that time

thousands of scorpions stung my heart,

the fire flashes out from my eyes,

........................

From the inner most of my soul anger shout.

“Ayy didn’t you say, all are equal?” (47-53, 56-57, Gaijan 232)

Thus, equality is nothing but a Utopia for Dalits. The Dalit Bhago saves the non-Dalit men, women and children. Even drags out dead bodies of the non-Dalits. Instead of showing
humanity, the orthodox Hindus humiliate the Dalit Bhago just for food! The poem exposes 
the inhuman attitudes of the shallow-minded upper-castes. M. B. Gaijan has presented 
faithfully humanity of Dalits on one hand and on the other anger, pain and sorrow of Dalits in 
the poem.

The inhuman brutality of the shallow-minded Hindus and a sense of being alienated 
are the common features in the Dalit writings. The experienced alienation, untold sufferings, 
and the rotten life can never be reinterpreted faithfully by any non-Dalit writers but by the 
Dalit authors. Such a dignity less life of the Dalits is authentically represented by Amitabh, a 
Dalit Marathi short story writer in his realistic short story *The Cull*. It is translated in English 
by Asha Damle. In it, the Dalit author has presented the factual, pitiful, unhygienic, filthy, 
and truthful picture of the life lived by Dalits. The mind appealing and harsh realistic 
situations are portrayed in the story.

One of the realistic and authentic situations is presented in the story when the Dalits 
are cutting the pieces of the meat of the dead cow one after another. At the same time the 
vultures, dogs, and the like animals are waiting for their turns:

Vultures, kites and crows were squawking, screeching, fluttering their wings; 
mangy dogs were howling, barking in protest, wagging their tails 
ingratiatingly; what else could they do? (Amitabh 194)
In rural India, Dalit’s condition is extremely pitiable. In the above mentioned story the writer has highlighted the unpleasant reality of the Dalits. Due to extreme poverty and untouchability, for survival Dalits had to depend on unhygienic meat of the dead animals. Earlier, not only the meat of cows but goats and buffaloes were also taken as food by the Dalits. This is one of the extreme depictions by the Dalit narrator about the pathetic and inhuman condition of the Dalits. Such an authentic description of Dalits’ pathetic live was not mentioned anywhere by the mainstream writers. Dalit world could only be interpreted truthfully by the Dalit creative writers. The pathetic, poor, and unimaginable life of the Dalits is realistically presented in this story:

On the scrub under the gum trees were gathered all the Mahars from the shanty town. Each carried a knife and some kind of container. Some made do with a broken piece of a mud pot or a rag. Some didn’t have even that, so they would have to carry the meat in the folds of the dhoti or sari they were wearing. (Amitabh 192-93)

Thus, even after the sixty five years of independence the pathetic conditions of the Dalits are not improved yet. The reason is obvious that the orthodox upper-castes are not ready to accept Dalits as equal human beings. Thus, crisis of identity is always a part of Dalit literature.

Suffering and pain of the Dalits are presented by Darla Ravikumar in his short story *That’all . . .What More is to be Desired?*. It is translated into English from Telugu by Dr. V.
V. B. Rama Rao. In one moment the story moves to flash back and in the next moment it moves to present situation. This technique is perfectly treated in the story by the Dalit author. It is a story of a Dalit couple who is educated and do government job. But even education and job could not change the attitudes of the non-Dalits towards the Dalits. This is the underlined idea of the story.

Ravikumar has used first person narration technique to create the desired effect on the readers. The story begins with the husband who is waiting for his wife. The story is moving towards the hardships of the Dalits who do job. The injustice done to the Dalits is presented with the help of difficulty in transfer. The views of the author are presenting differences between the Dalits and the orthodox Hindus:

Not that alone: his wife too worked in a private college as a lecturer. Even though my wife’s is a government job, Dr Sharma’s wife gets more and then she needn’t go to another place since the college is in this very locality. However hard I tried, they were telling me that there were no vacancies in any place nearer than the one she worked in. But vacancies had been found to places nearer for non-Dalits. The pranks of these transfers are known to those powers that be or to corruption. (Ravikumar 327)

The status of Dalits in society does not change even after they got education and job. The attitudes of the orthodox Hindus towards the Dalits are not changed entirely yet. Economic and political empowerment has changed Dalits’ life. However, social segment has not
changed. This harsh reality is presented in the short story. Even the Dalits are capable to keep servant for the house hold works, the non-Dalit servants are not ready to work in the Dalits’ houses:

We are not able to find a maid. For Dr. Sharma and others good maids are easy to get. Their servants put up with all kinds of taunts from them. Then, why don’t they work for us? We’d care for the servants better than they do. We’d pay them well. We’d talk more with them. While in conversation the topic of caste come up and we have to mention ours. I am not able to understand why this is happening. (Ravikumar 328)

The educated Dalits treat the non-Dalit servant rationally and with humanistic behaviour. Dalits also offer good money to the non-Dalit servant for the work. Yet the non-Dalit servants are not ready to work in Dalits’ houses. Such irrational and orthodox thinking of the non-Dalits could not be changed even after the independence. Such belief of the non-Dalits is stinging to the Dalits at soul.

Gujarati Dalit poet M. B. Gaijan’s narrative poem *All of a sudden, I will Come* presents anger and pain at the same time. He has also presented the history of cruelty and bias of the orthodox non-Dalits. Further, the poet has shown the humanity of the Dalits. Even after injustices and atrocities of the orthodox Hindus, the Dalit poet asks for their hands to live as fellow human beings. Thus, poet has spread the message of brotherhood. Dalit poet has
complained against Krishna and Rama, gods of the Hindus for their inhuman and irrational actions against Dalits:

I am pained as declared a Shudra by Krishan’s tongue

That is I

Who was hanged upward down split the belly by pointed arrow of Rama (5-8, Gaijan 233)

The poet has presented the history of injustice and atrocity against Dalits of the orthodox upper-castes. The poet has also presented injustice and atrocity of the Hindu gods against Dalits. On the name of religion and for the maintenance of supremacy, the orthodox Brahmins had made Dalits untouchable and compelled them to live like filthiest beasts:

I am born by the wise-Brahmin mother

but because of religious preaching

cast out as Chandal

Born as “Mayo” I am burnt alive

in the midst of the “Sahastralinga” (9-13, Gaijan 233)
Unlike past downtrodden and untouchables, in present time Dalits are conscious enough to get their rights being humans. But the attitudes of the shallow-minded Hindus remain as they were. This is the irony of democratic India that even after the declaration of constitution; caste-based discriminations are still practiced. That is the reason why the Dalit poet feels suffocation in the free India:

Since the centuries thus

I am prevented, tossed, hanged,

Swollen, split out, burst out

fallen, decayed and get recovered by Self

frequently swollen [swollen] and burst.

Today I am suffocating and dying.

Extend your hand to me

and bring me out. (16-23, Gaijan 233)

Later on, the poet has warned the non-Dalits to treat Dalits as fellow human beings or will ready to face the fury of the Dalits. The anger of Dalits is like volcano which will burn everything and turn the world into the inferno. Since ancient time to the present time, the inhuman and irrational approaches of the orthodox upper-castes are presented in the poem:

Otherwise heys, Palito-ghosts
with self and sound furry [fury]

I will become Lava and

come all of a sudden,

…. burst like a volcano

… burn everything

…. create the inferno

All of a sudden I will come. (24-31, Gaijan 233-34)

Thus, the pain and sorrow of Dalits on one hand and on the other inhumanity and injustices of the non-Dalits are ancient-old. The poet feels sorry and anger for the non-Dalits and their gods because in the race of atrocity and injustice towards Dalits even the Hindu gods are no longer left behind. So the Dalit poet rings the last bell of warning for the shallow-minded non-Dalits and tells them not to act inhumanly. Otherwise suddenly the poet will burst like a volcano and burn everything and create an inferno.

Pain and anger of Dalits are presented in an appropriate way by the Hindi Dalit poet Malkhan Singh in his lyric I’m Angry. Here, the poet has presented a realistic picture of the Dalits through portraying his wife and his son including himself. The poet has depicted his pain, anger, and pathetic condition of the Dalit in a very balanced manner:

mother cleaned latrines
father slaved unpaid

and collected the left-over food and ate it.

What has changed since then is this:

my wife has gone to clean latrines

son has gone to school

and me! writing poems. (2-8, Singh 208)

The poet is a witness of pathetic conditions of his parents. He himself has experienced humiliation being Dalit. But unlike himself and his parents, his son has rebellious attitudes. Such nature of his son is the reason for father’s worries:

therefore when I see my son

stretching tight his tail and grunting furiously

I become angry but frightened as well

because grunting denotes rebellion

and rebellion is no mistress of the

money-lender (15-20, Singh 208)

Even after independence and declaration of constitutional rights, Dalits are denied their human rights. Further, Dalits are treated as slaves. Humiliation and atrocities are constantly practiced against Dalits. The poet himself is a victim of such anti-social treatments of the
orthodox Hindus. The father does not want his son to experience the inhumanity and atrocity. Further the poet has presented his parents’ submissiveness to the humiliation. His father was so frightened of non-Dalits’ atrocities that he did not wish to raise his voice of protest. This advice of his father is followed by the poet. He has not raised his voice either:

son, honour, justice and basic rights
are all human’s ornaments but not of slaves
believe my words
give up the dream of becoming human
for your offspring and keep your lips sealed
ever since I have remained dumb (34-41, Singh 208)

The poet’s mind fills with anger and rebel after seeing the rebellious attitudes of his son. The poet wants to raise his voice of protest. He wishes to throw away the imposed social status on Dalits:

my old blood becomes a boiling cauldron
and my mind like a bull gone crazy
wildly risen to throw away the yoke. (46-48, Singh 208)
Thus, anger is common feature among the Dalit writers as they were/are worse victims. Education gives a powerful weapon to express their experiences into literary creations. The same medium is used by the poet to outburst what Dalits are feeling since old ages.

In Gujarati language the same outburst of anger is composed by the Dalit poet Chandu Maheria in his poem *Time-Bomb*. It is translated in English by Rupalee Burke and Darshana Trivedi. The poet has angrily reacted against the injustices and atrocities of the orthodox non-Dalits. He warns the orthodox Hindus that when the anger of Dalits’ blasts, everything will be changed forever:

I write this ‘last verdict’ with the
Boiling blood of innocent people.

I wish to warn you–
Your victory-flags shall be in tatters,

I swear –
Time-bomb we are

Time shall cease to live the day it blasts

–and that day is now .... (11-18, Maheria 57)

Dalits do not tolerate atrocities and inhuman practices of the shallow minded Hindus is a marked change in the behaviour and attitudes of Dalits. At the same time, a warning is also
given to the non-Dalits that Dalits will react very furiously if they are treated inhumanly like their ancestors. This message is clearly mentioned in above lines of Chandu Maheria.

Often the anger is presented with harsh and bitter tongue which is a trade mark of the Dalits’ use of language to present authenticity in their realism. In the poem *One Day I cursed that Mother-Fucker God* of the Dalit Marathi poet, Keshav Meshram the use of this kind of language is found. At the same time, the Dalit poet warns that no longer Dalits meekly suffer at the hands of the non-Dalits. In the poem, the poet has used bitter tongue to criticise Hindu god and Hindu religion. It is translated by Jayant Karve and Eleanor Zelliot with Pam Espeland in English. The poem opens with very bitter words against Hindu God:

One day I cursed that mother-fucker God.

He just laughed shamelessly.

My neighbour, a born-to-the-pen Brahman, was shocked. (1-3, Meshram 117)

The starting opening of the poem gives shocks to upper-caste Brahmins. The poet criticises the orthodox Hindus harshly. He satirises the non-Dalits for their blind following of religion and caste-system. This bold and strong voice of protest jolts the non-Dalit elites:

Shame on you for trying to catch his dharma-hood

in a noose of words.”
I cursed another good hot curse.

The university buildings shuddered and sank waist-deep.

All at once scholar began doing research

into what makes people angry. (8-13, Meshram 117)

Poet’s anger bursts like a volcano and he uses bitter tongue to criticise God. The poet remarks that he has cursed God on his birthday. He complains that even God is insensitive to Dalits. If not so, then Dalits would not live in extreme poverty. Even Dalits would not have to do dirty jobs and would not have to be pimp. Dalits have to live with such realities of life which are extremely painful. So the anger of poet bursts on Hindu God and orthodox Hindus. The extreme worst living conditions of Dalits are because of the non-Dalits’ anti-social and inhuman attitudes towards Dalits. Further the imposed social status of the Dalits is justified with the help of religion and religious scriptures. So, poet calls upon God to live the life lived by the Dalits. But the poet is sure that God cannot live the worst life of Dalit:

“You could never do such things.

“First you’d need a mother

one no one honors,

one who toils in the dirt

one who gives and gives of her love.”

One day I cursed that mother-fucking God. (30-35, Meshram 117-118)
Keshav Meshram is the spokesman for Dalits in general and the Marathi Dalits in particular. The century old anger, on the one hand bursts on so called Hindu god and on the other the shallow minded upper castes Hindu. The poet shakes the non-Dalits from the roots and gives the strongest jolt to the orthodox Hindus. At the same time, the poet warns onward that now Dalits do not suffer meekly.

Thus, the poem is a distinctive example of Dalits’ use of language. The Dalit poet has used bitter tongue to satirise and criticise the non-Dalits and their God. He used such bitter words because the non-Dalits are responsible for the inhuman and filthy life of the Dalits.

Anger against the upper castes is one of the themes in the Dalit literature. In the Punjabi short story Psychiatry Ward of Mohandas Phillauria presents the same angry mood of the Dalits. It is written in the first person narration. The story is translated into English from Punjabi by Narinder Kumar Bhangu. Anger against the ways of the non-Dalits to deprive the Dalits of getting equality through education is narrated in the story. The issue of Reservation is highlighted in it. The constitution of India has provided Reservation to the Dalits. But the same Right of Reservation for the Dalits is opposed by the shallow minded Hindu doctors in the story.

The story begins with the narrator who needs psychiatric treatment. The Dalit character gets angry when he hears the word “file” because he works as a government employee. After the doctor’s suggestion, the narrator’s family members admit him in psychiatric ward of the hospital. When the Dalit writer is moving in the ward, he finds a
poster of the agitation of the non-Dalits against Reservation of the Dalits. Seeing the poster, he gets angry and utters:

Looking around I saw a poster pasted over the window. “Doctors are on agitation against reservation. Please support them.” I got irritated after reading that poster.

“What is this struggle – you bastard?” I was murmuring.

“We didn’t. The doctors did. They were on strike against reservation. It was called off only yesterday,” said one of them. . . (Phillauria 179)

The poster makes the writer angry. When he removes the poster, the sweeper tells him that he has done a good job. This conversation of the writer and sweeper is heard by the security guard. He humiliates the Dalit sweeper and scolds him. He warns him that if doctors come to know of his odd behaviour, they will punish him:

“Well done, Babu, You have done wonders, I have been thinking of removing it for many days–anyhow, the doctor’s strike has been called off. They are brothers-in-law of reservation.” He was a bit abusive.

The security guard . . . got hold of him by his collar. “Oh! You brainless, how many times I told you not to speak uprightly like this always. In case you are caught by the doctors, they will reprimand you, and will speak ill to you. They, too, are the messengers of death. Look, how they kill the patients slowly,” the guard was warning him and was looking around. (179)

A systematic scheme of the non-Dalits to deprive Dalits from higher education is exposed by the Dalit author. The Right of Reservation for the Dalits is opposed by the shallow-minded
Hindu doctors by strike. But the Dalits are conscious of such scheme of the orthodox and shallow minded Hindus. Here, author advises the Dalit sweeper that they have to fight firmly against the non-Dalits. The writer exposes the non-Dalits’ such scheme:

> What we have got as of now. I got this broom and you this stick - and now at the time of our boys – they demand stopping reservation. And in their own case, if they fail to get admission here, then they would get in South by paying tens of lakhs and get their children become doctors. I tell you – you hold this stick firmly in your hand and I will also flex my muscles, only then it will do.” (179)

Another incident is narrated when a doctor who is examining the writer says him that he can speak anything that he wants to. As a part of treatment, the doctor even says that the Dalit author can abuse anyone whom he hates before of him. Following advices of the non-Dalit doctor, remarks the Dalit narrator:

> “. . . Release your emotions and feel relaxed. Abuse - abuse, you would be just right by abusing. Come on abuse,” . . .

> “They are bastards – those, who have pasted these posters against reservation.” I threw the pieces of torn posters on the doctor’s face. No sooner did I do this than almost four or five men caught me forcefully. (181)

Thus, education is the only powerful means for the Dalits to fight against humiliations and atrocities committed by the orthodox Hindus. This fact is well understood by the orthodox Hindus too. So they try their best to keep off Dalits to get higher educations. The Punjabi
Dalit story writer has exposed the same evil scheme of the non-Dalits in the story. And because of such evil workings of the non-Dalits, the Dalit writer is angry on them. Here, the Dalit writer is spokesman of Dalits.

Dalits’ suffering because of a Dalit is always reflected in the Dalit writers works. Dalit literature is a live document of Dalit’s sufferings after sixty five years of independence. Education and welfare schemes for the Dalits are frequently launched by the government, but after reading the poem of Pathik Parmar it seems that still the inhuman practices against Dalits are continue. This is observed in the poem *Something happens to Them* of Dr. Pathik Parmar, a Gujarati Dalit poet. It is translated in English by M. B. Gaijan. The poet remarks that the orthodox Hindus’ mind is full of vices. And their inhuman practices against Dalits are evil actions:

As I start to write, something happens to them.

I write on my misery and something happens to them.

Who are dirty, whose mind is full of vices?

As I raise the basic quest, something happens to them. (1-4, Parmar 130)

The Dalit poet remarks that in the Hindu religion there is segregation. So to lift his social status Dalit poet wants to change his religion. This action of the Dalit does not prefer by the non-Dalits. The poet complains that even after independence the Dalits are humiliated on name of caste and religion is very cruel:
How much cruelty is committed by segregating on the name of religion?

Now I change my religion and something happens to them.

All the evils fully flowered today, what is the cause of it? (7-12, Parmar 130)

Direct and simple words are used by the Dalit poet to expose injustices committed on one hand, and jealousy and envy of the non-Dalits towards Dalits, on the other. In the poem, the poet has not only presented the real ugly faces of the non-Dalits but also filthy vices of the orthodox Hindus.

Mina Gajbhiye, a Marathi Dalit poet has presented pain being Dalit in the poem *Both are Useless*. It is translated in English by Jayant Karve and Eleanor Zelliot. It is a short poem which is a satire on the non-Dalits. The poet considers the efforts of the upper castes to give food or to mention Dalits in the mainstream literature as superficial. This type of actions of the upper-caste Hindus do not erase or eliminate the poverty and misery of Dalits. The pathetic, miserable and wretched conditions of Dalits are presented in the poem:

What will you do for those whose hunger is an ache?
Shed two tears?

Give a forth of a slice of bread?

What will you do for those

who don’t quite live

and don’t quite die?

Write a beautiful poem on life?

Or a beautiful poem on death?

What ever you do--

It’ll be useless. (Gajbhiye 78)

In the poem, the poet considers the sympathy and pity of the upper castes as good for nothing. Thus, according to the poet, the pity of the non-Dalits is useless.

Dalit’s pain is depicted in the poem *Autumn* written by Telugu Dalit poet Boya Jangaiah. It is translated in English by Dr. K. Purushotham. The poet has proclaimed that the Dalit era is arising and no one could stop that. The pain of being a Dalit is also found in the poem. It also depicts the worst and inhuman dealings of the upper castes Hindus towards Dalits. The inhuman practices of the non-Dalits are presented in the poem. It also presents the imposed social behaviours on Dalits. The filthiest living conditions of Dalits are also mentioned in the poem:
In the name of fate

You have fastened earthen spittoons

To the mouths of the Dalits

You have hung brooms on our waist

To sweep the floor while treading

To touch a human is sin! (1-6, Jangaiah 325)

The poet presents the envy of the non-Dalits. In present time Dalits are getting education. The orthodox Hindus dislike it. The poet has warned the orthodox Hindus that now the time has changed. So if the non-Dalits do not change their inhuman and irrational practices against Dalits, their condition will be like a fallen leaf:

When the innocent dumb creatures are

learning the alphabet

To re-live the tradition of Valmiki.

Having made up,

When the half-naked bodies are walking

with a smile

Why do you look enviously?
Why do you recourse to extremities?

Your condition being like

The fall of a leaf! (14-23, Jangaiah 325)

Thus, Dalits’ voice cannot be neglected. The future is the time of Dalits. The Dalits have suffered a lot but the sufferings will end soon. At the same time, the poet also presents that the condition of upper-castes is no better than a fallen leaf.

In a long narrative Telugu poem *The Roaring of the Dalit* by Prattipati Malleswara Rao who is popularly known as Sambuka has presented how since ancient times to the modern time Dalits have been deprived of their rightful place in society. To remove the identity of Dalits being human, the orthodox Hindus have used religion, caste, custom, injustice, and atrocities as their weapons. Dr. Ambedkar has aptly remarked:

One caste enjoys singing a hymn of hate against another caste as much as the Germans did in singing the hymn of hate against the English during the last war. The literature of Hindus is full of caste genealogies in which an attempt is made to give a noble origin to one caste and an ignoble origin to other castes.

(Ambedkar 50)

Even before the birth, the suffering of a Dalit begins right from the mother’ womb:
Even before I fell into this world,

When I was still in my mother’s womb

I grew as an untouchable. (1-3, Rao 158)

But the vision, given by Dr. Ambedkar of a new caste free society will be constructed by the Dalits and thus the Dalits become the first revolutionaries of the modern world:

But we will be the architects of

a new socialist society that will drive away

the dark kingdom of the exploiting high caste;

we are the chariot drivers

of the oppressed and suppressed caste

We’re the offspring of the pioneers of the Modern Revolution

We’re the builders of a caste free society. (137-44, Rao 161)

The poem is translated into English by P. Naga Jasmine. The poem’s title is in itself gives clear indication that the Dalits are now fighting against all kinds of injustices and atrocities of the non-Dalits. The ugly construction of the existed society must be demolished. And a new caste free and society of equals must be reconstructed. This mammoth task has been under
In literary creations of Joseph Macwan, a Dalit writer and the founding father of modern Gujarati Dalit prose, Dalit’s pain is faithfully narrated. Self experiences of being Dalit are presented in his works with a positive outlook. As a result in his writings anger is less visible. Nowhere in his writings ‘bitter tongue is used.’ (Gaijan Dalit. 144) His short story *Eclipsed Rotalo* is a famous and authentic tale of Dalit family. In the story, the character of Heta, a loving mother is a representation of ideal Dalit mother. Dhanji, an average Dalit father and their son Raghu, the hope of the family are living in extreme poverty. Mother and father want their son Raghu to get good education so that at least his life would be better.

*Eclipsed Rotalo* is a story of poverty. How the family is struggling to live their lives. Heta and Dhanji are doing work in the farm to earn their bread. They can eat their meal after whole day’s hard work. Yet this hard work is not good enough to remove their extreme poverty. The writer has presented the misery and poverty of the Dalit family:

Heta brave at heart, but with no money in hand, she often lost heart. She measured the *bajari* in bowls as she removed it for grinding. “Two *rotlas* for Raghu’s father. Men need more food for they have strong bodies and do more labour. One for myself; a woman is satisfied when she sees her husband satisfied. One is more than enough. One for Raghu, one half for the morning,
the other half for school.” This was when Heta’s heart would burn. What misfortune! None of them could ever eat to his stomach’s full. . . (Macwan 47)

The family lives in poverty. The poverty cannot become hurdle in love for one another in the story. They care for one another.

Raghu eats *rotalo* (a typical Gujarati millet-bread made by hand and backed on earthen-pan) every day at home in morning and at school in recess time whereas his class-fellow eat various snacks. This let the poor Dalit boy Raghu feels indifference among them. As a result, he does not take *rotalo* to school. His mother, Heta worries about it. So for the sake of her loving son she prepares ‘*Kansar*’ and ‘*Thulu*’ from wheat. She explains her son why she cannot make such food as well as ‘*Rotali*’. Their poverty is an extreme pain for them. Poverty is the worst enemy to all Dalits:

The truth dawned on Heta and she told Raghu endearingly: “Beta, *kansar* and *thulu* can only be relished if they are made with a few drops of oil. You can eat these because they are straight from the fire, but once they cool down it will be painful for the throat to swallow them. I don’t mind making wheat *rotalis* but there’s not a drop of oil in the house! Like ghee, oil is also beyond our reach now. . . *Rotalas* of *bajri* from the summer crop are whiter to look at. Moreover, they help fight hunger better!” (50)
The Dalit family is so poor that they even cannot afford oil in their meals. Another picture of poverty has presented by Mackwan in the short story. ‘Raghu was turning the pages of his geography text-book in the light of the lantern.’(51) In their hut there is no light so they have to use lantern. In such poverty, the ray of hope is education for Raghu. Mackwan believed that education is the only means that can change present scenario of the Dalits:

Heta moved her fingers lovingly in Raghu’s locks, thirsting for oil. She said gently: “Don’t think too much, beta. Ignore all hardships and put your mind to study. Everything will be well in the future.” (51)

Raghu is an intelligent boy. He is brilliant not only in sports but also in study. Sometimes even his teachers are suspecting him that he goes to tuition so that he can be so brilliant. However, except Gujarati teacher, he is neglected. This is an unaccepted behaviour of the non-Dalit teachers. With mild words of Raghu satire is done by Mackwan:

Nobody could beat him in kabbadi [Game of Robust]. The cricket coach had often told him: “Raghu, if you get proper training, you could become a second Karsan Ghavri!” The geography teacher would always ask him the first question; the pandit [scholar] of Sanskrit would be astonished on hearing Raghu recite the Sanskrit shlokas [verses] flawlessly. The English teacher would feel threatened by Raghu’s flair in the language. The maths teacher inquired many a times with suspicion, “Do you take tuitions?” Raghu’s chest would puff up with pride and yet he could never get rid of the
feeling that except the Gujarati teacher, nobody really gave him the opportunity or encouragement that he truly deserved... (52)

As story develops Raghu could not stop himself for his hunger for good food. One day his father falls ill. As a result, his mother could not go to work at the field. So there is no food for Raghu to eat. His classmates bring different kind of refreshments as they, unlike Raghu belong to non-Dalits’ family. So out of hunger and longing for good food Raghu steels lunch box of his classmate Mintu and eats it. Mintu complains about his lunch box to teachers but none of the teachers care much about it. But, being a good fellow, the Dalit boy Raghu repents on his own action. And he decides not to steal again.

Next day when Raghu reaches to school and decides to tell Mintu that it was he who had stolen his lunch box. But the very day Mintu comes with his father to complain about Raghu. His father along with principal calls Raghu to principal’s office and asks him that was it he who stole and ate Mintu’s lunch? Raghu could not say anything as his eyes fills with tears and throat chocks. Here, through the character of Dr. Amin, father of Mintu Mackwan has exposed the ugly scheme of the non-Dalits to deprive Dalits of education. This mean task of Dr. Amin is satirised by Mackwan:

Dr. Amin said: “You ought to rusticate him Sir. We belong to a cultured society and if our children study with such thieves, they will also pick up bad habits. Education is meant for the cultivation of character, not thieves.” (54)
Thus, the upper caste Dr. Amin is in favour of destroying the career of the Dalit boy. The story ends here. The story ends with this satire of Mackwan on non-Dalits. Unlike, Dalit writers who have very harsh and kin satire on the non-Dalits Mackwan has used mild satire.

The unpleasant truth of the upper caste Hindus is that to deprive Dalits of their status and dignity of being human. This fact is very honestly and realistically unmasked by Bandhumadhav in his short story *The Poisoned Bread*. It is translated from Marathi into English by Ramesh Dnyate. The Dalit characters Grandpa and Mhadeva, the grandson are looking for job in the fields of the shallow minded Hindus. The Grandpa, in fact, wants to beg for the grandson. But he is insulted by the non-Dalit Bapu Patil. Here, fear of the orthodox Hindus is also formed by the story-teller that the world is changing and equality, if not today then tomorrow will be obtained by the Dalits. The author has depicted a very harsh reality of Dalits that since age-old time the Dalits are crushed in such a manner that even after being insulted they react generously and in slavish manner:

‘Why do you say that, Anna? I am your slave. I have come to you on purpose on hearing of the operations at your threshing floor. My lord is our bread-giver and we find it a privilege to beg for our share of corn, master. I am your begging Mahar and feel proud to be so.’ (Bandhumadhav 147)

After receiving such an answer, the shallow minded and orthodox Bapu Patil has ‘added insult to injury.’ (148) He says that the Dalits have polluted Lord Vithoba of Pandharpur. And because of the Dalits, the river Chandrabhaga is drying up. Hearing such insulting words,
Mhadeva who is educated asks for replies of Bapu Patil. Unlike the non-Dalit Anand’s Bakha, a fatalist, Bandhumadhav has made his character revolutionary against the orthodox Hindus, the age-old enemy. This is a basic different between the character portrayal of the non-Dalit and the Dalit writer. Mhadeva strikes on Bapu Patil:

‘Patil, will you kindly tell me what you meant when you accused us of forgetting religion, abandoning our caste and of polluting the god? And if a religion can’t tolerate one human being treating another simply as a human being, what’s the use of such an inhumane religion? And if our mere touch pollutes the gods, why were the Mahars and Mangs created at all? And who, may I know, who indeed, created them? And would you please tell me the name of the god whom the Mahars and Mangs can claim as their own?’ (148)

Listening these words form a young educated Dalit, Bapu gets angry; and sought that Dalits are not human beings but the footwear:

‘Look here, boy! Simply because you’ve had a little education, don’t think you can teach me. You should know that God intended to have a definite hierarchy. . . . Put every man in his proper place, as they wisely say. A chappal is never worshipped in place of God, is it?’ (149)
But the educated soul of Mhadeva has exposed that because of education the untruth of the non-Dalits could not stand as truth. He raises his voice with a sense of awareness and answers:

‘So you think you can treat us like your footwear! But are we really like that? Aren’t we also made of the same flesh and blood as the rest of you? We too are born after nine months in our mother’s womb. Isn’t it logical then, ‘I ended rhetorically, ‘that basically there’s hardly any difference between us? (149)

Unexpected answers from the Dalits make Bapu Patil furious. But before the condition gets worse, Grandpa handles the situation by pleading to Bapu not to get angry on Mhadeva as he is just a boy. Then, both Grandpa and Mhadeva works in the field but when it is time for getting reward of grain of whole day’s work; Bapu Patil has not given ‘even a few measures of jowar.’ (151) The realistic picture of the exploitation of the Dalits is presented by the author. Then Grandpa is begging to Bapu Patil for crumbs which are turned green and foul. Further, flies are swarming over it:

Grandpa begged Bapu Patil for those crumbs. The oxen seemed to have refused to eat them. They were smeared with dung and urine. Grandpa collected them all with happy excitement and nearly put them into his sackcloth. And he left place but not before blessing the Patil. (151)
This inhuman and cold heartedness of the shallow minded Bapu Patil could not be tolerated by the revolutionary Mhadeva. He even mocks at Grandpa for the acceptance of filthy pieces to eat:

‘We’ll gulp down the crumbs you collected. Haven’t we got these rotten pieces as a reward for labouring all day long? A good exchange indeed! Are we any better than cats or dogs? Throw a few crumbs at us and we are happy,’ I said mockingly. (151)

Mhadeva puts forward his thoughts of dignity and pride in front of Grandpa. After a little conversation on the topic of independent work to retrieve the dignity of human being and to forbid the land-right, Grandpa also agrees with grandson:

‘You’re right, my boy. I am convinced. You’ve touched my heart,’ said Grandpa and threw a few crumbs from his sack to the dogs squatting opposite our house. (152)

The rotten pieces of crumbs are cooked with dulli and they enjoyed the supper. But next morning Grandpa is vomiting and purging because of the crumbs. The crumbs eaten by him turned into poison said the doctor who examined him. Grandpa is at the threshold of death. At this very moment he utters his last words to Mhadeva are to live with dignity and pride being the Dalits and throw away age-old accepted conditions for life and livelihood:
‘Mhadeva, don’t weep, my boy. I’m an old thing now. And being so old, I may stop breathing any moment. What can I say to you now? I can only say: never depend on the age-old bread associated with our caste. Get as much education as you can. Take away this accursed bread from the mouths of the Mahar... (153)

Thus, the Dalit writers can give words to the sufferings, pains, and trauma and not the orthodox and shallow minded Hindu authors. The best possible solutions according to the non-Dalits are to offer sympathies and a few minor changes in existed social conditions. But they could not ever dare to ask their orthodox Hindu brothers to change the society as a whole. Whereas the Dalit authors do not only expose the cruelties and atrocities of the orthodox and shallow minded Hindus but also willing to acquire equality in every aspects: social, economical and political.

A change is found in the attitude of the Dalits in modern writings. The change does not take place sudden but a long struggle to get rights being human. In the short story of Harish Mangalam, a Gujarati Dalit author The Foot-Track, originally written in Gujarati; and translated in English by Rupalee Burke presents a tit for tat belief of the Dalits. Unlike Anand’s Bakha, a fatalist who is too strong to raise voice of protest; Dhanji, Shiva, and Eshwar are not ready to tolerate any atrocity of the non-Dalits. They are not only raising their head against the inhuman and unjust dealings of the non-Dalit Bahechar, the dribbler but also teach him lesson.
Shiva, Eshwar, and Dhanji are the three Dalit revolutionists who are labourers in the fields of the non-Dalits. But one day the Dalits are passing by on the foot-track near by the field of the non-Dalit Bahechar. When he sees the three walking on the foot-track, he gets irritated and runs after them to beat them:

As soon as he caught sight of Eshwar, Dhanji, and Shiva on the foot-track, he reacted as on seeing monkeys. “You rascals... just wait!” Then, with a spade in hand he began to run after them. (Mangalam 4)

However, the three are lucky enough to be saved by another upper caste Dhulsinh. But these Dalit youth have decided to teach lesson to Bahechar. They got chance to put their decision into action and beat the non-Dalit Bahechar until the non-Dalit able to escape form the scene:

Eshwar and Dhanji were startled to see Bahechar approaching them. Taking a cude, the twosome ran to take cover in the lane. Clutching at stones they lay in wait for the dribbler. The moment he entered the lane, stones flew at him, one hitting him on the forehead. “Who the hell is it?” He yelled out in pain. The blood gushing out from the wound. . . . Shiva pounced upon him like a hound and dragged him by the leg. They beat him black and blue. . . Just as he was trying to turn over and stand up, Dhanji’s powerful kick landed on his butt. Eshwar tugged at his dhoti. . . Bahechar jumped over the parapet and escaped, the loose end of his dhoti trailing behind him. “Damn you dribbler! Coward... just wait...” Shiva shouted indignantly after him and spat at him. (9-10)
This encounter becomes the talk for the Dalit colony. Thus, the author has stated that nowadays the Dalits are not ready to tolerate the inhuman and unjust atrocities of the non-Dalits. At the same time, the Dalits are ready to strike back. This very reaction of the young Dalits is shocking to the elder Dalits:

The elders were stunned. “Times have truly changed. In our time we had to not only bow down to the high born but also toil for them!” (11)

In this short story, the writer has shown that the Dalits are not ready onwards now to stoop their lifted head. A change is clearly mentioned by the writer that the Dalits are now awakened and fight for their rights by all possible means; and not stop until they are given their Rights being humans.

The value of enlightenment spread by Phule and Dr. Ambedkar among Dalits is brought forward by the Dalit literary geniuses into their prose and poetry. The self respect taught to the Dalits by them is one of the themes of the Dalit literary writers. The untitled Marathi poem by the Dalit poet Waman Nimbalkar which is translated in English by Graham Smith is composed the same self awareness:

I stand today at the very end of the twentieth century.

All around me is in flame...

Taking in one hand the sun, in the other the moon,
I am conscious of my resolve,

the worth of the blood of Ekalavya’s broken finger. (Nimbalkar 78)

After cultivating awareness of self, the Dalits are ready to undertake the new century in their hands to full fill the dreams of Phule and Dr. Ambedkar to reconstruct egalitarian India.

Violence is a weapon of the orthodox Hindus which is used time and again against Dalits so they canont have the status and dignity as human beings. When the Dalits try to get the status of human being they are mercilessly crushed by the upper castes. This matter is known well by the Dalit writers. So, atrocities on the Dalits are condemned into the literature of the Dalits. The subject of atrocity on the Dalits is one of the themes of the Dalit literature.

How the Dalits are deprived from education with the help of violence is depicted in the short story Teacher’s Fee (Gurudakshina) of Telugu Dalit writer Chilukuri Devaputra. It is translated in English from Telugu by Dr. K. Purshotham. One of the characters of the story Mr. Shastri, an orthodox Hindu teacher along with other orthodox upper caste Hindu teachers at Kaaluvapalli village had beaten Nallappa, a Dalit boy who latter on became unconscious only because he had drunken water from the pot. The orthodox Hindus’ violence stopped, not because their sense of punishment was satisfied but because they feared that the Dalit boy might die. What a righteous and justifiable act of the upper caste teachers is? The same orthodox Hindu Mr. Shastri was treated affectionately and with humanity by the same Dalit Nallappa while Mr. Shastri was travelling by train to pay visit to his younger son Gourinath Shastri who lived in Orissa. The worst case of atrocity is depicted by the author thus:
It was summer then too. . . . Once I felt so thirsty. My tongue was drying up. When I asked the upper caste boys to pour out water into my cupped-palms, they didn’t oblige me. What was to be done? I myself went up to the pot, took out water in the tumbler, and drank swiftly. Then I felt contented. But you had noticed me drinking water myself touching the pot. What else then? You had thrashed me with a tamarind-stick till I grew unconscious. The rest of the teachers too had their turn of thrashing me they stopped beating me lest, they thought, I might die on the spot. (Devaputra 324)

The orthodox upper-caste teachers had severely beaten the Dalit boy just for drinking water from the pot. The Dalit boy’s tender mind becomes victim of ‘the non-Dalit phobia’. As a result, he left school and education forever. Thus, a promising career of the young Dalit boy ends pre-maturely:

‘That’s all. I was scared of stepping into the school premises ever again. Then on, I stopped going to the school, saar. Later, my father left me with my mamma, maternal uncle in Ananthapur asking him to train me in some work. At last I could learn this work, saar!’ Nallappa went on narrating. (324)

Public behaviour of Dalit and of the orthodox Hindu is compared in the story by the write through the characters of Nallapa and Mr. Shastri. The upper caste Hindu character Mr. Shastri is of opinion that Dalits must neither be treated as equal to them nor they should be
educated. This belief is exhibited through the means of merciless violence on the Dalit boy Nallapa. In doing so, the orthodox Hindu teacher has no humanity at all. On the contrary, he and the other orthodox upper caste teachers are satisfied that they have done a great job by practicing their worst belief against Dalits. As a result, the Dalit boy left his study. This is how a promising career of the Dalit boy comes to an end. But after a period, the same Nallapa meets the orthodox Hindu teacher in the train. He instead of hating Mr. Shastri, treats him with humanity. Thus, the author has shown one of the characters of the Dalits, humanity and brotherhood. At the same time, the writer has highlighted the inhumanity of the orthodox Hindus.

For their lust for power and prosperity, the non-Dalits have used weapon of violence against Dalits. The poem *Ekalavya* originally composed in Marathi by Shashikant Hingonekar, a Dalit poet which is translated in English by Gail Omvedt and Bharat Patankar; shows anger of the Dalit poet that if Ekalavya had not meekly suffered the violence beneath the mask of good virtue of ‘gurudakshina’ (teacher’s fee) then the history would have been different:

*Forgive me, Ekalavya, I won’t be fooled now*

*by their sweet words.*

*My thumb*

*will never be broken.* (10-13, Hingonekar 98-99)
But, the Dalit poet is not ready to be victimised by any means of the non-Dalits. Unlike Ekalavya, the poet, the spokesman of the Dalits will not give up his mastered field, i.e. writings. Nor will the Dalits let themselves to be victimised at the hands of the non-Dalits.

Often, a wrong history is presented to the world by the non-Dalits. To expose this lie the Dalit writers are reinterpreting the history. At the same time, truth is being offered to the world. The fact behind to reinterpret the history is not to show that the Dalits were having a rich culture in the past; but to live with pride and honour in the present that is an utopia for the Dalits. An attempt of this fact is clearly mentioned into the poem *My Hereditary Rights* of Boyi Bhimanna. It is translated form Telugu in English by Dr. K. Purushotham. In the poem, the poet has presented his anger that if the historical personalities like Arundhati, Matsyagandi and the others had raised their voice of protest against the injustices, the history would have been different. However reality is different. The poet satirises the great Indian tradition:

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Today

He is a caste Hindu, while

I, who belong to his race is a Dalit

This is what the Indian tradition is!

The progress we made till today! (26-30, Bhimanna 320)
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The poet wants to tell the world that Dalits were great people and lived with respect in ancient time. But this fact is hidden somewhere in the Indian history. So, he wants to expose cunning scheme of the non-Dalits how they made Dalits so miserable:

My hereditary rights of the Vedic greatness

were

Stolen and buried over here

It's because

I've been made an outcaste so far

Denying me my hereditary rights (34-39, Bhimanna 320)

But the poet is not carrying for history any more as he himself is capable enough to throw out the inhuman atrocities of the non-Dalits; as he is having mightier weapon of words than that of dagger. With the help of it he would let the world know the evil schemes of the orthodox and shallow minded Hindus to deprive Dalits of their Human Rights.

Post-independence era is marked by different literary movements in India. Dalit Literary movement is one of them. The Dalit Literature has captured attention not only at national but also at international level. Dr. Ambedkar’s motto— to spread light of awareness of dignity, of self respect and of equality is very well carried by the modern Dalit writers. Thus, Dr. Ambedkar remains the major source for this type of writings. The Dalit writers
have shown the world that Dalit Literature is unique in its aesthetic values and in its presentation of Dalit culture and language. Dr. Ambedkar’s motives are strictly and aptly followed and executed in their literary writings by the Dalit writers.

On the whole, the quest for Dalit identity is the major force for the Dalit poets and writers. As a result, the cry for identity is obvious in Dalit literary writings. Dalit writers are, with their all might working in the direction of establishment of Dalit identity along with human dignity. For the worldwide acceptance of Dalit culture, the Dalit writers have presented each and every dimensions of Dalit culture. To present Dalit culture effectively, Dalit writers have used the language of Dalits. This use of the Dalit dialect is the stamp of authenticity and reality in their literary writings.

Thus, in a true sense, the struggle started by Mahatma Phule and Dr. Ambedkar for Dalit’s identity is carried with extreme zeal and enthusiasm by the Dalit writers. They have raised the cry for identity in different regional languages. Dalit writers prefer poems first and then prose.

**Works Cited**


