The caste system is a highly oppressive structure which is based on unequal socio-economic privileges. It is a socio-economic and political force that originates unequal distribution of resources of production and profit among the members of the society which leads to high caste hegemony and marginalization of the lower castes. The caste driven social structure in Indian society excommunicated a number of low castes, communities and tribes. In Indian, there were still many communities and tribes those were treated like slaves and inflicted with innumerable insults and atrocities. Even today too, there are many tribes and communities which are still blindly roaming in the darkness of ignorance. The imposed slavery and denial from every means of survival compelled them to choose undignified professions. One of such communities is Kolhati community in Maharashtra.

Maharashtra has a great heritage of folk art. There are many ancient art forms that are still very popular among people. One of the popular folk dance forms is Lavani. Commonly known as Tamasha- a folk dance- it is performed publicly and privately mainly to entertain rich people in the society. This dance form is basically performed by Kolhati women. It’s a great tragedy that in Kolhati community, unlike other communities, women are supposed to be earning agents in the family. In patriarchal social order, the whole expenditure of the family is earned by male members but it is not true with Kolhati community. They had their own tradition in which women perform dance and earn money to meet the needs of the family where as male members work as pimps and agents. They exploit these women irrespective of having been their father, brother, uncle and so on. Moreover, these women were not supposed to marry with anybody but they can live as keeps of high caste money lenders. They had no dignity, no personal or public space and no common womanhood. Like Uchalyas and Kaikadis, Kolhati women were by birth considered
eligible for physical and sexual exploitation. They had no dreams, no bright future, no aspiration, and no hope for any positive change. They had to depend on any of the male members in the family or the one who has paid for them.

*Kolhati* women were always subject to the wills and wishes of their clients. So often, they were forced to sale out their bodies to earn money or to serve sexual desires of the high caste political big wings. It was a sign of prestige for the high caste men to have low caste women or *Kolhati* women as their keeps. The *Kolhati* women would deliver their babies but as they were not legal wives of them, their children would be considered as illegitimate or Bastard. Kolhati women were completely exhausted by the indoor and outdoor men in the society. They had no education, no husband, no legitimate profession for earning livelihood and no social status. They were appraised until they are young and beautiful and once they become old they are thrown to die negligently. That was the predicament of *Kolhati* women. The worst was the case with their illegitimate children. These children would not get any fix name of their father even though they or their mothers know it. Moreover, if there is a girl, it is welcomed as she is a income source for the family in near future but if it is a boy, he is completely neglected and forced to live without mother. Sandhya Pande, the translator of this autobiography rightly flashes light on the devastating history of *Kolhati* community. She writes

The Kolhati community was originally a nomadic Rahjasthani tribe that migrated to western Maharashtra. They first earned their livelihood by performing acrobatic acts, but soon turned to more lucrative business of dance. The women of the Kolhati community were trained to dance and learn music. They were forced to entertain men and earn money, while the males of the community were lived on
the earnings of the womenfolk. However, though the men made their sisters and daughters dance to their selfish motives but their wives were never allowed to do so. Kolhati men rarely marry their tribe’s women. They roamed from village to village and abducted any young women they fancied. Through a simple ceremony called Melni, she became a Kolhati. (Pandey vii)

The deep sunk caste bias in the Indian society does not allow people to understand the background behind the forced involvement of Kolhati women in Tamasha. The society stamps them as the women of loose character. They are considered as immoral elements in the society and they are ostracized from the mainstream society. This inextricable stigma of being immoral is the result of the caste system which does not give any way out for them to break the age old traditions. The physical and sexual exploitation of the Kolhati women in general and harassment of their children in particular has been rightly depicted by Kishor Shantabai Kale in his autobiography Kolhatyache Por- Against All Odds.

Against All Odds is a pathetic story of the Kaikadi women who are forced to dance for the amusement of the rich high caste male and even to sale off their bodies’ to run the expenses of the whole house where men act as lazy pimps. Through this autobiography, Kishor Kale attempts to disclose the devastative nature of hypocrite Indian society that does not consider Kolhati women dancers as equal human beings. In the Indian caste driven social order, Kolhati women are supposed to dance in Tamasha. They were supposed to please the high caste customers with their lustful desires and in return to it they get abhorrence, insolence and segregation. Naturally, they suffered from low social status and exclusion from the mainstream life. In
addition to this, their children were considered as bastards who could not get a fix
name of their father.

As soon as Gangaram and Jiji were old enough, they received training
in the traditional occupation for the Kolhatis. Gangaram learned to
play the dhol, Jiji learned dancing and acrobatics… But Kishya Kolhati
had found himself a hen that would lay golden eggs… Jiji was pretty,
with a fair complexion and a straight nose. Years of training had made
a graceful dancer and a competent acrobat… soon she started travelling
from village to village with the troupes of Kolhatis. (Kale 05)

Jiji was not of the Kolhati community. She was a Sali – the caste of weavers.
Jiji- Tarabai- Laxmi’s daughter and Gangaram was her brother. Laxmibai with her
daughter Ta rabai (Jiji), ten year old girl and Gangaram, a twelve year old boy, ram
away and married Krishna Kolhati as his second wife. The Kolhati community in
Maharashtra is famous for acrobatics and dancing.they dance in the folk drama called
Tamasha. They dance to the tunes of Lavani, the genere of music and song. A woman
from a Sali caste marries with a Kolhati man and thus becomes a Kolhali woman.
The illogical social conventions convert her from Sali caste to Kolhatiand enforces
her to adopt the traditional profession of that community. The tyranny of the caste
compels her to be a Tamasha dancer. Kondiba, Krishna Kolhati’s legitimate son
began to enjoy the income brought by Tarabai. A turn of future made Tarabai to lie
with MAdhavrao Patil from Karmala, who loved her for a short time. The Kolhati
community claimed Jiji after Madhavrao Patil’s death. This is how the tyranny of
caste affected Jiji’s life
Shanta will have to earn for the family”, Kondiba decided… Kondiba pulled her out of school when she passed the seventh class and sent her off to dancing. Shanta objected, she begged, she wept

“I want to be a school teacher”, she cried.

“And what will you earn as a teacher?

He had no time for such sedate jobs which brought plenty of respectability but very little money. When Shanta would not agree he beat her until she gave in. She was sent off to Chandrakalabai’s tamasha party to learn dancing and singing. Shanta stepped out of her secure childhood straight into a hostile world waiting to exploit her youth and beauty. She was the fourteen years old. (Kale 09-10)

Shantabai Kale, Kishor’s mother, was forced to become a singer-cum-dancer in the tamasha (folk-dance) party. She wanted to continue after education after seventh standard and desired to take up a responsible job of teaching. She desired to adopt an honorable profession of teachers. She wanted to become a teacher but was compelled to be a dancer. Her caste demanded that “a girl from Kolhati community. The girl from a Kolhati community was required to earn money by satisfying those who come to the show to enjoy an evening of earthly pleasure. Each note given by an admirer was collected by rhythmically dancing to the tune set by the musicians. Shanta too was compelled to perform in this manner. Her Kolhati caste compelled her to collect money from this ignoble performance of servitude. The men who flocked to see the shows did not appreciate Shanta’s dance, but they liked to look at her and hear her songs. Much to her disgust, many a bold spectator would try to hold and squeeze her hand or touch her… the village dada from Manvat lusted a fier her. (Kale 13)
It was the tyranny of their caste that Kolhati girls were send off to learn dance when they were just eight or ten years old. They could be easily trained as their bodies and muscles were flexible and they could move them elastically. These girls were never gone off to school but Shanta’s case was different. She had completed schooling till seventh standard but now she was forced to learn dance. She was not a teenager when she started learning a dance. Therefore her dance performance was not as graceful as that of illiterate Kolhati girls. She was good at singing and she was beautiful. Therefore she always had to face disgusting taunts and irritating touches of the audience. Though it was all disgusting to her but this lot was the tyranny of her caste. At Manvat, a village rowdy and at another village a police man tried to harass her and attempted to carry her off. They suffered such atrocities only on account of the fate that they belonged to the caste of Kolhaties.

Chandrakalabai went off to live her man and her dance party broke up. Most of the girls joined other groups but Shanta went home. Kondiba was angry and unhappy to see Shanta home. “Who is going to feed the family?, he demanded. Shanta told him of her troubles and tied hard to make him understand her disgust at life she had lived… that they had feelings, desires, dreams, was something he would never acknowledge… Her father would not allow her to pursue her studies and her stint with the Tamasha party had already branded her as tamasha dancer. So who would now marry her? Where could she go?” (Kale 14)

After the disposal of Chandrakalabai’s dance troop, Shanta return home. This infuriated her father and he insisted on her duty to feed the family either through her singing and dancing or surrendering to become the “mistress” of a rich man. For Kondiba, his daughter was more of a money making machine. She was, throughout her life, treated as a machine and never as a human being. She was money getting
machine for her family and an easy toy for sexual gratification for her customers. Her life was reduced to the narrow confines of money and sex. There was nothing than that. And the ultimate cause of all this was the tyranny of her caste. It was her caste which enforced her to be a machine of money and machine rather a human being. It was tye malevolence of the caste tyranny that Shant had to serve the family by surrendering herself to the undignified profession of a tamasha dancer. It is the evil tradition of the Kolhati community that the men totally depend on the income earned by women in the family. The blindness of the evil tradition had so much blunted their sensibilities that even when Shanta narrated the disgusting life and troubles she face at Chandrakalabai’s dance party, it made nodifference to her family members. It was the in lot of the Kolhati women that they had to run the family either through dancing or through becoming somebody’s “keep”. Shanta was trapped in the whirl wind of the caste tyranny. On the one hand, she was branded as a tamasha dancer and on the other hand she was restricted of education. The main source of self realization and self enlightenment was kept away from her by her own people. That was the tyranny of her caste that had had blocked all other options of earning except her body. It was the great tragedy of Shantabai that, just like other Kolhati women, she was forced to be the bread-winner of her family. She had nthing except her body to offer. She fall the helpless victim of the caste tyranny. Kishor nattates her victimization

So it was came to be that Shanta was given to Namdeo Jagtap (MLA from Karmala, Solapur District) with all the ceremony of the – Chira Utarne_ the Kolhati ritual of selling a virgin girl… on the first night, Shanta was dressed in a rich red sari, gold jewellery, a mangalsutra, and even toe rings – just like a bride. A room with her father’s six room house was decorated with flowers and the teenaged Shanta was handed
over to Jagtap with much rejoicing… In Shanta’s life, as per Kolhati tradition, Jagtap took the place of a husband even though she was an unwilling bride. … He was her ‘Kaja’ or ‘Yejman’, her master.

… He (Kondiba) had kept up the family tradition. Her father had sold JIJI’s young body. His heart mellowed towards his young daughter, who had brought a shower of money to his house… (Kale 15)

Namdevrao Jagtap, an MLA from Karmala was attracted towards Shanta, the beautiful teenager. He gave the price demanded by Kondiba and became her master. The ceremony of giving away Shanta to her master was duly performed though Shanta was reluctant. The Kolhati community was struck in the deep dungeon of ignorance that they did not understand the triviality of their inhuman traditions and customs. It was the malevolence of the caste tyranny that left them away from the civilized modes of life. As a result of this, Kondiba followed the tradition of selling out his own daughter to get a permanent source of income. Selling the female body and to enjoy the shower of money earned by her body is the tyranny of the Kolhati community. Jiji and Shanta fall the victims of this evil tradition.

When Shanta was two months pregnant, Jagtap wanted to take her away to Karmala… But Kondiba refused. He resumed what he had happened to Chandrakalabai when she went to live with her parents. Within a few months, someone from his family had poisoned her. This was the common occurrence. The men who kept Kolhati women as mistress were usually rich… their family members did not like … money being spent… the risk of … any client to the property… then … would get rid of her by killing her… often the man himself tired of her… would get rid of her…Kondiba did not want to risk this. How
could he loose his most promising child. When Jagtap realized that Kondiba was not going to let Shanta come away from Nerla, he gradually stopped visiting her.

Just a few months ago, Shanta had been a bride, even if a reluctant one. Now, as suddenly, she was an abandoned woman with an unwanted child growing in her womb... worry and despair made her painfully thin. Finally, her father said, “Bai, the MLA is not going to come, better abort the child.” (Kale 16)

Shanta became pregnant after being given to the MLA, Namdev Jagtap. Jagtap wanted to take her to Karala but Kondiba turned down the offer remembering Chandrakalabai’s fate. After some months after her decision to live her paramour, Chandrakalabai was found poisoned. This was a deliberate act. Spending money on a ‘Keep’or running the risk of raising a claimant to the property was equally riskey an therefore, it was the best option to uproot the stem itself. Keeping this view in mind, Kondiba decided not to take such a risk. He found that the MLA stopped coming and that Shanta was an abandoned woman. he tells her to abort the fetus. This is the predicament of the Kolhati women. They are either abandoned or silenced by uprooting their very existence. Caste is caustic. It is injurious to existence for the Kolhati women. They were the pawns of misfortune.

She [(Draupadi - the local midwife-cum-abortionist] made Shanta lie down on the floor and started rubbing and massaging her stomach as hard as she could. Shanta screamed and screamed, but no one came to stop Draupadi. She said to Shanta’s mother, ‘The fetus is three months
old. I cannot make it fall… Kondiba was annoyed because a dancer with a baby is of less value…

Shanta started dancing even while she was pregnant. If she had not returned to the tamasha, her family would have starved. None of the men in her family … thought of finding some work…

So Shanta continued to dance through her pregnancy. When her ninth month began, she returned to Nerla, where I was born. (Kale 17)

The protagonist of the autobiography Against All Odds was born in such adverse conditions an adverse environment. The attempt of abortion failed. Shanta could not terminate her pregnancy as the fetus was by then of three months. Shanta was required to dance even in her pregnancy till she was eight months pregnant. If she stopped dancing, her family would have starved. The Kolhati men did not work but depended on the earnings of their women. It was the tyranny of the Kolhati caste that the men from this caste do not work and completely depend on the women. They depend on the women’s earnings received from their dancing and singing to the tunes of dholki. They sing in order to sigh. They dance just to fill their belly. The tyranny of the caste made them puppets as the strings are in the hands of the males in the family. The females are just decorated dolls whose desires are thwarted and dreams shattered every now and then.

“I was only about two months old when Bai rejoined the jalsa party. This time, Jiji also accompanied Bai to look after me. From a Sali, fate made her Kolhati… A tamasha dancer (like Bai-Shanta) has no time for her own children. Bai often had no time even to breastfeed me. Jiji used to get some milk in a bowl, dip a cloth in it and squeeze the drops into my mouth or let me suck on the cloth.” (Kale 18)
This shows how Kolhati women had complicated, twisted and insecure lives. They were troubled by hunger and poverty. They had never experienced freedom in their lives. They were like the cats and buffalos that are tied to the fixed peg and kept in a stable in a doggy corner. The Kolhati women were not even free to breast-feed their children. Their community and the caste in which they were born had made their life miserable. Their caste had put shackles of ignorance and illiteracy in their foot along with tunes. They were caged by the males from their own community. They were put under control with the tamash parties or their paramours. The entire amount was extracted by the male from their family. Many times, the women would be molested and physically tortured by their customers but they had to bear it meekly as their bellies were depend on their earnings. It was the destiny of Kolhati women that they had to suffer humiliation at the hands of family and the society. Their life was surrounded with pains, agonies and sufferings. At Dhanegaon, and Sangli, Bai had to escape the very night in order to free herself from the clutches of those men who tried to molest her. The tragedy of dharurkar’s death has made Shantabai lonely, heartbroken and without any means to survive. In the days of Dharurkar’s visit, Shantabai gave birth to Deepak. Then Sushila-Shanta party was formed so that Kondiba and his sons would live luxuriously without doing any work. The male in the family were lechers who sucked both money and flesh from their female relatives—sisters, daughters and other women like Jiji, Shanta and Sushila. The wretched condition of these women in particular and the ignorant attitudes of male in general was the tyranny of their caste which did not allow them to realize the zest of life and to reveal the reasons of their backwardness.

Thus, in one stroke, Kondiba destroyed the relationship between Sushila and Sopanrao. It was as if he had picked up a duster and wiped
out Sopanrao out of Sushila’s life. Sushila was miserable, but too
young to know what was good for her and too frightened of herfather
to defy or even argue with him. Poor Sopanrao cried and begged, ‘At
least leave my little daughter with me. She is the only child and heir I
have.’

But Kondiba would have none of it, and the Shanta-Sushila jalsa left
Selu. As it turned out, for one reason or another, Popat’s wedding could
not take place till six months later, but Sushila maushi’s only chance at
a stable, happy and delightful life had been completely destroyed.

(Kale 26)

It was on account of Popat’s wedding that Kondiba was adamant. He was in
hurry to fix and celebrate the wedding ceremony inorder to keep his face in the
community and not to lose his face by breaking the social commitment. As itturned
bout that the wedding did not tale for the next six monts, this was the time limit that
Sopanrao had asked for in orde to give money for the wedding to kondiba. Yet the
fatherin Kondiba was hot-headed and he destroyed the relationship between his
daughter Sushila and Sopanrao. He did not allo Sopanrao to keep his only
daughter and only heir with him. Kondiba broke the relationship deliberately as it was the
customamong the Kolhati people. The male members decide everything without
considering the sentiments of their female relatives. The tyranny of the male members
of the family is on account of the tyranny of the caste. Kondiba did not hesitate to
break the two hearts and the loving relationship between his daughter Sushila and her
paramour Sopanrao. This is the dictatorial behavior backed by the tyranny of the
caste.
Don’t go on like this, Sahukar, “they said to him.” We have our problems, too. Dancers like us are not here out of choice, but from necessity. We would much rather have husbands and our own homes to live in, but this is the only way our fathers and brothers and their families can survive. Man like you come to us and pursued us with your charming talk and money to give up dancing, but after a while you tire of us, and then we are left to get along as best as we can. Like a flower that that has lost its fragrance, we are thrown out. We lose everything—our youth, our families, and our dreams. Where are we supposed to go then? Society does not look kindly on poor, old dancers, Sahukar, and there is nowhere to go but the streets. If a dancer has children, they care for her, but if she is a childless, she becomes a beggar and dies on the streets. Besides, Sahukar, Shanta is not one to be lured by money. Leave her alone and go home. (Kale 30-31)

That was how the women in the group would try to persuade Krishnarao or Nana Wadkar from Sonpet to keep himself away from Shanta. Krishnarao or Nana Wadkar and Ramesh Patil were so much fascinated by Shantabai and Sushila respectively that spent money every evening. Both earned thousands but not kept a single rupee with them. Kondiba took it all and Jiji kept a very tight hold on the cash. This is how the Kolhati women were harassed by the paramount on the one hand and on the other hand they were harassed by the close relatives like Kondiba nad Jiji. The doddering old men and young bids just out of the shorts had the itch and come to the theater to pacify their itch. That is the way the tyranny of caste kept Kolhati women under tension.
Has a woman no right to her own life? Is the only aim of our lives to provide a livelihood for our fathers and brothers? It is a sin to be born a beautiful woman in a Kolhati community…

Nobody was paying us any attention until Sushi maushi noticed us. She came to me and suddenly all the sorrow and anger she had suppressed burst out of her. She started crying loudly. ‘Why have you brought these kids from Sonpeth?’, she asked, “they will pine and pine for their mother. They have cursed our house. A mother’s misery has laid the seven and half year curse on this house. Take these kids back to their mother immediately, otherwise, I will run away from house.

(Kale 43-44)

It is a sin to be born beautiful in Kolhati community as the examples of Shantabai, Susheela, Rambha and Baby illustrated. They earned thousands but could not keep a single penny with them. Their fathers and brothers lived off on their income. Sushila protested against the inhuman separation of children from their mother Shantabai. She pointed out that the mother’s curse had fallen on the house. It was unnatural to keep the children- Kishor and Deepak- away from their mother. They would pine and pine and perhaps they would die. There would neither be the kids nor be the mothers. This reprimand is quite peculiar to exemplify the tyranny of the caste among the Kolhatis. Their male relatives lived luxuriously drinking and eating meat every now and then. This is the routine of the life of the Kolhati women who were tyrannized by their caste and the close relatives like fathers and brothers.

Kalavati aji was already preparing for the fair at the temple of Goddess Sonari. This was an annual five-day fair attended by the Kolhati community. During the fair, the elders of the community usually had a
meeting in which the Kolhati council would hear and judge criminal and other cases from within the community. Kolhatis never went to law courts. All their grievances were heard by the Kolhati council, which was made up of the influential elder males of the community. Cases of the murder, rape, abduction or any other real or perceived antisocial behavior were brought before the council. In some cases, the person or family was cast out of the community. This meant that nobody could have any relations of any kind with that family. After some years, the family may again be admitted into the community on payment of affine. A similar Kolhati council meets at the Jejuri fair near Pune. (Kale 54-55)

The Kolhati council that meets at five-day fair at sonarior at Jejuri fair is another customary tyranny of the caste. The council consisted of the male elders who were not at all well-versed in law but went by the traditional customs to judge the cases which were even the criminal cases. They imposed fines and the amount thus collected was spent on the members of the council on drinking liquor, eating meat and merry making. The members of the community had to submit to the irrational dictates of the Kolhati council. This practice is wrong as the unauthorized courts do not have any legal standing. Even then, whimsically at random, so called justice or rather injustice was doled out. Many lives were ruined by this illegal practice run in the community for many decades.

Kusum broke away her family and eloped. She had done so with a Mahar, the lowest of the castes. Just like my mother, Kusum was subjugated to her family’s anger and insults, and her son, Sanjay was taken away from her. The Kolhati community declared Kusum an
outcaste, and her family was warned that they too, would be through out of the community if they allowed Kusum to enter their door. For a Kolhati, to marry a Mahar or a Muslim is the ultimate crime, but they have no scruples when it comes to accepting money from Mahar or Muslim men at dance shows… Harinana became an outcaste in Nerla…. (because he took Sanjay, Kusum’s son to his mother)… Kusum moved from Mumbai to Latur… For the Kolhati community, they were Mahars and were shunned separately… the eldest did not relent. (Kale 59-60-61)

The case of Kusum shows how the Kolhati community treated those who took their course for their own welfare. Kusum lived with Kamble, a man from Mahar caste, supposed by the Kolhatis to be the lowest community. She was outcaste and even Hari Nana who took her son Sanjay to her in Mumbai was also outcaste. The Kolhati community did not forgive Kusum and her two daughters, though of marriageable age, were not given shelter in the Kolhati community and they were as if driven out from both the communities- their father’s Mahar community and their mother’s Kolhati community. This is the way in which the tyranny of the caste compelled lo caste people to subjugate their own people. They are harassed through social boycott and in many other ways. Women are the most sufferers of such tyranny of the caste.

Baby maushi disliked him she was sixteen and he was forty. But her father loved his money and easy lifestyle, and she was forced to fund it by giving herself to the man who bid the highest for her youthful body. What a travesty it was of the father-daughter relationship. Kondiba ajoba had handed over his young daughter, still on the threshold of her
youth, to this forty-year-old drunkard. In the movies I had seen that brothers and fathers rushed to protect their sisters and daughters when any one passed a comment or whistled when they walked past. But a tamasha dancer’s brothers and fathers went out of their way to attract the attention of men to their sisters and daughters, so that they themselves could an indolent life. What kind of relationship was this, I wondered? And why, why did nobody oppose it. (Kale 63-64)

Shivajirao Henge of Akluj was the person who was Kishor’s aunt Baby maushi’s yejman (master) as he had performed the ‘chira utarna’ ceremony with Baby maushi. This alcoholic was a forty year adult when Baby was just sixteen year old girl. Kondiba and other male members in the Kolhati community made great efforts to bring men to their sisters and daughters. They enjoyed the easy life supported by the earnings of their female relatives. The tyranny of the caste is clearly noticed in such a perverted relationship between the pimps- brothers and fathers- who almost sold their sisters and daughters to the men of the age of their fathers and daughters.

The same evening, ajoba discovered that twenty rupees had been stolen from his shirt pocket. He looked through my schoolbag and found new books, a new slate and notebooks and a one-rupee coin. Without saying a word or wanting to listen my explanation, he started beating me, accusing me of having stolen his money to buy the books. Everybody gathered round and he slapped me, kicked me, and I screamed and cried. Aji rescued me at least, only to beat me herself. They did not allow me at say a single need in my defense. As soon as I could I ran to Jiji at the farm, sobbing all the way. I told her everything that had happened and Jiji rushed back to the house… yes, I saw him
give Kishya eight rupees… Aji also hugged me and said, “Won’t you talk to me Kishya? I am sorry, I was wrong… you should have been born into a better family than ours, Kishya.

Kondiba slapped and kicked Kishor suspecting him to have stolen his rupees to buy new books, notebooks and a slate. He did not give Kishor any chance to defend himself. Kishor could not utter a single word as both his grandparents hit him roughly. Kishor was not at fault. He was given eight rupees by Ramesh kaka. The false allegation was made on Kishor because he was depend on his uncles and grandparents. His mother had sent Kishor to Nera knowing well that Nana Wadkar would not tolerate his presence at Sonpeth. That was the tyranny of the caste which separated a son from his mother. Being a dependent, he was required to do all the odd jobs and was beaten by Popat mama whenever he was found amiss in his chores. He was tyrannies as a kolhati by the Kolhatis themselves.

… People were rude and insulting tome, since a young Kolhati boy obviously could not command any respect from the kind of people who came there. I was a delicate-looking boy and some of the men kissed me. The monotony of the song and dance routine every single evening was terribly boring. And most of all, the sadness and despair of the women behind their laughing facades affected me deeply and made me very depressed. For the women and for me, life seemed to hold no hope of happiness. In fact, their lives were sunk in a deeper darkness than mine. … But there was a loud shout instead.

“Where is my locket?”…

… Most of the men suspected me because I was in the room all night and the last to leave…
A girl named Usha came to the room and said to the man, “your locket and money are with me.” last night you were drunk and jumping and the locket and money fell on the floor. I picked it up for safe keeping.

(Kale  115-116)

Kishor Shantabai Kale worked as an errand-boy at a jalsa party theatre at Barshe. He was taken there by his Rambha maushi. He was rudely treated by one and all and was enforced to perform all types of odd jobs. On one night, a drunkard visitor to the theater lost his gold locket and money. Kishor was suspected of stealing the articles. He pleaded his innocence but a Kolhati boy like him is not at all trusted by anybody. It was then revealed that the articles were kept one of the dancers- Usha. This clarification convinced and pacified all but this incident shows how the caste mark tyrannized a naïve school boy like Kishor. The Kolhati community is branded as low and poor and so the allegations of stealing are revealed against any member of this community. This is the tyranny of the caste which is exemplified through this incident.

Nana periodically returned to Sonpeth and beat us black and blue each time he came. I was angry and fed up.

“Strangle us and let us die.” I said to Bai, “then you do whatever you want to do. But if you die first, what will happen to us? We will be begging on the streets or robbing or thieving. I am not going to listen to you anymore. I am going to kill Nana. (Kale  132)

“… Sushila maushi watched me and said, ‘God is really testing you, isn’t he Kishor?’ how much is he going to put you through? Even with your mother, your life is no better than dog’s.’ ” (Kale  133)
This was the fate of the persons from the Kolhati caste. Shantabai was ill-treated by all but she remained loyal to her yejman- Nana from Sonpeth. Kishor was fed up of the miserable life that he had to undergo. Sushila maushi also realized that Kishoe and Deepak had to life a miserable life although living with their mother. Shantabai and her sons had to live such kind of treacherous life because they were from the Kolhati community. It was the tyranny of the caste that the women from this community had to live as per the wishes of their masters and the illegitimate children of such women had to life a miserable life full of insults and insecurities. The tyranny of the caste is manifested through the sufferings of Shantabai and her sons.

He was silent then but after a few days he said, ‘Kishor I saw you going to the Kalamandir. And I have seen a woman there who resembles a lot.’

My heart sank. I knew that he thought she was my mother. After that day, Dahale was stilled in his behavior towards me. All the previous friendliness had gone to be replaced with cold disdain. I left the room I was sharing with him and went to live in sadashiv nagar. After a few days he called on me.

“It is not my fault that I was born in that caste and community”, I said to him sadly, “the lady you saw at the kalamandir is my aunt and not my mother. And anyway if caste matters to you so much, you should have asked me before making friendship with me.

Dahale apologized.

“I was wrong, come back to the room.”, he said. But I never did go back. (Kale 147-148)
Kishor Kale had to face the tyranny of caste at every step of life. He experienced it drastically while pursuing education. When was sharing a rented room with his friend. Once Kishor went to Lokmanya Kalamandir to meet his aunt Baby maushi, his roommate Dahale saw him going to the Kalamandir and ask him about it. He ever remarked that one of the women had a close resemblance with him. He changed his behavior with Kishor from that day. Kishor’s relationship with a tamasha dancer woman created a caste bias in his mind and consequently it converted into the trivial relationship with him. Kishor had to leave the room. This conversion of friendship into triviality was the result of the tyranny of the caste system. It was the malevolence of the caste distorted his social relationships. The tyranny of the caste system haunted him everywhere throughout his career.

Though it was so difficult for Kishor to beat the challenges of caste tyranny, he faced difficulties courageously. He followed the path shown by Mahatma Phule and Dr. Babasahed Ambedkar though he was not fully aware of their reformatory thoughts. He pursued education to break down the shackles of marginality and took tremendous efforts to reach to the centre of the society. The tyranny of caste gave him psychological sufferings more than physical. He had to undergo trifling situations in social and personal life and he could not express the agonies caused due to it to anybody. When he tried to convey his insulted feelings to his aunt, he got a clearer and terrible reality of life. He records it the following words

Then you can imagine how much trouble it causes us! No, you are not wrong, could. After all, this education, you are bound to feel ashamed of your mother and sisters, besides when you are of the caste as a tamasha dancer, you will feel insulted! Day before a tamasha dancer knows why her chaste must be covered by the pallu, somebody has
filled her breast with milk under the guise of chira. Isn’t that an insult? For two rupees you are expected to sit on a man’s lap isn’t that an insult? Don’t forget the few rupees for allowing a man to hold and press is what pays for the food in our house. Only a rare one like you gets educated. And even you feel ashamed of us. Isn’t that an insult to us? (Kale 151-152)

Rambha maushi, Kishor’s aunt, narrated the pathetic condition of her family when Kishor told her to leave Ambajogai as he was facing troubles on account of the presence of her as a tamasha dancer in Ambajogai. Rambha maushi narrates the tyranny of the caste which Kolhati women had to suffer. She tells that their mere presence seems to be insulting to him but it is too much humiliating to sit on a man’s lap for two rupees that he pays them. Kishor was an educated boy but he too was unable to understand the trials and tribulations, sorrows and sufferings and the unfair and unjust treatment given to the Kolhati women. She reminds him that for a few rupees a man is allowed to hold and press their hand but those rupees feed their family members including the lazy dependent male members. She narrates the tyranny of the caste that troubled and insulted her and the women in the community.

“Oh yes, I know. Here, take fifty rupees. Don’t be ashamed of your maushi.”

I felt very small and ashamed of myself. I apologized profusely to Maushi.

“Don’t you think we chose to be dancers?” She cried, “Do you think we enjoy coming here and dancing all night before all kinds of men? Do we wish to be insulted by your kind of people? People who are educated and yet do not understand the compulsion of our life?”
I returned to my room with a heavy heart. I did not go back to the Jalsaparty again and did not even go to college for a month. In fact, I was afraid of meeting Vilas again, that I never stepped out of my room. I asked my landlady to lock the door to my room from the outside…”

(Kale 152-153)

Kishor Kale is having the conversation with his maternal aunt- Rambha Maushi who is a tamasha dancer. Nobody, she tells Kishor, becomes a tamasha dancer with her own will and her consent. Every dancer from a Kolhati community is pushed forcibly in this dirty business by their fathers and brothers as has been the case with Shantabai, Susheela maushi, Baby maushi, Rambha maushi and others like Jiji and the rest of them. They had to dance before all kinds of men who only look at their beauty and do not appreciate their arts and skills of dancing and singing. This definitely is the tyranny of the caste of the Kolhatis. Kolhati women were the real victims of this caste tyranny that they were exploited by their own male relatives as well as other male customers.

…” She sat in front of her gods crying and asking.” What should I do now? What will become of me? Where will I go? Where will I go?

As if in reply Nana came rushing into the room, ‘Snake! Snake! There is a cobra in the sitting room with its hood spread out ready to strike. It twice struck at a piece of paper lying near my head.’ … She (Shantabai) folded her hands and gently bared gently bowed before the snake… the snake lowered its hood… Nana was very subdued. He was now convinced that if he were not good to Bai, the gods would punish him… never again did he hit Bai. What’s more he stopped going to tamashas and visiting other dancers.
... The municipal elections were announced. Nana was a member of Municipal council... Bai and I set out to work as hard as we could for him. Campaigning... all over his constituency... I spent every night painting slogans on public walls... the elections ending and counting began. Bai sat before her gods and prayers. (Nana and his opponent polled equal number of votes.) It was decided that a toss of coin would decide... Nana won. Nana felt that it was only Bai’s prayers that had brought him good luck. (Kale 136)

These two events convinced Nana that Shantabai will not desert him. He also became confident of Kishor’s loyalty towards him. The snake incident convinced him that Shantabai’s prayers and her Shiva worship and her devotion saved him from danger. Then in the Municipal elections also nobody else except Shantabai and Kishor and Nana won the election with the toss of a coin. That made Shanta and Kishor’s social position rise higher. This is the raised high status of Kishor and Shantabai Kale. The land of twelve acres was purchased by Nana in Kishor’s and Shantabai’s name. This made their social and financial position high.

I lived at Gurwar Peth in the Muslim area where a few rooms were let out to students. Dahale, an M.Sc student also stayed there. He helped me a great deal with my studies and it was because of him that I gained confidence in my work. Dahale explained to me that everybody had a problem in science in the beginning. There is no connection between the science you learn in class ten and what you learn in class eleven and was confident that I would make it to medical college. (Kale 146)

Kishor lived in Ambajogai to pursue education after tenth standard. There he met a very cooperative and mature senior student Dahale. He was doing M.Sc. he
helped him a lot to encourage him and to build his confidence. It was a tough task for Kishor to study science in English medium as he had completed schooling from vernacular medium. Often, Kishor was upset and worried about his studies but Dalale convinced him that it is difficult for everybody who come from non-english medium but with hard efforts and full dedication, he will definitely get good scores. These encouraging words of Dahale were a boosting factor for Kishor. He learned from him that only sincere efforts could help him overcome his problems. Indirectly, Dahale built and enhanced Kishor’s confidence. Kishor took great efforts to pursue education and overcome English problem. The successful transition to English medium studies was the initial marker of his beginning of rising social status and in near future his rise as an intelligent student confirmed its certainty.

One day, to my great surprise, my stepbrother, Surendra Wadkar came to visit me. Bandu dada, as I called him, had hardly ever exchanged any words with me when we lived in the same house in Sonpeth. He never spoke to Bai at all, but we were fond of him. He had a good heart and that touched both Bai and me. After he passed his M.Com exams, Bai had got him a job as a lecturer at a college in parbhani through Lonikar, an influential politician.

When Bandu dada came to my room with his friend, the room was locked from outside, as usual. He went to the landlady and asked her if Kishor Kale lived there. He told her that he was my brother, so she… unlocked it… I explained it saying … exams are round the corner and I need to study as much as I can.’

Bandu dada was impressed and after that he told all his friends that his brother was really hard working and studied all the time. (Kale 153)
Babdu dada, that is Surendra Wadkar, Nana’s son, once went to Kishore in Ambajogai where he saw that his room was locked from outside. When he enquires about Kishore to the landlady she opened the outer lock of Kishor’s door and let them meet him. It was a great surprise for Bandu dada when he saw the amount of efforts and dedication Kishore was putting in studies. At sonpeth, they were hard speaking to each other. He was a lecturer at Perbhani. But when he saw Kishor studying, it made him realize the changing future of Kishor. Bandu dada, a good hearted but a rare talker, started telling everybody how much efforts Kishore was taking. Kishor’s hard study and education raised his social status at the high level in Wadkar family in Parbhani and also at Sonpeth. Kishor’s tremendous efforts in pursing higher education were the indicators of his struggle to reach to the centre of the society.

Bai had sent a message asking me to come to Sonpeth as soon as the exams were over… ihad been in Sonpeth only for a couple of days when Nagin MAushi called me to Parbhani. Her children’s exams were there and she wanted me to teach them… I could not refuse Nagin Maushi. If she had not come to my aid just when I needed it, I would have been a dog abandoned in the streets. To me, she was a goddess, So I went off to Parbhani and put my heart in coaching the children. I even tried to teach maushi to read and write.she learnt to read… I longed to go back to Bai… but Nagin maushi said… “Stay with me.” Nagin maushi treated me like a son. I had ghee with every meal… I wanted to eat a dry bhakri and chatni with Bai… I saw a show on TV called ‘After class twelve, what?’ … she stressed that sincerity is counted… with an honest efforts anyone can succeed in any career.
The message hit me. I stopped worrying about my results. (Kale 156-57)

“… When the results did come… I stood second among the backward class students. … My admission to medical college was soon confirmed. (Kale 159)

Nagin maushi treated Kishor very affectionately. He was like a son for her. She called Kishor to coach her children after his twelfth exams were over. His result confirmed his admission in Grant Medical College in Mumbai. His attachment to his mother, his helping nature, his getting second position in HSC exams and his admission in medical college in Mumbai raised his status in his community and society at large.

I was given a place in the medical college hostel… Prasad became my friend from the very beginning. I received a letter from Professor A. C. Chaudhari of the Yogeshwari College, Ambajogai, inviting me to felicitate me on my success in the class twelve exams… and admission to the Medical College… at the felicitation program Professor Chaudhari said, “Kishor Kale has passed out of our college and is joining the medical college at Mumbai. He has faced very difficult and trying times with courage. He is an example that all of us can emulate. We wish and hope that his future is filled with great success…” The felicitation and award gave me great confidence in myself… Professor Chaudhari stressed that caste has nothing to do with efforts and hard work. He appreciated the sincerity of my efforts. (Kale 159-160)
Kishor Kale’s success at HSC examination and his admission to Medical College at Mumbai was well appreciated by his college and teachers. This gave him great confidence and satisfaction. His efforts were rewarded. It became that caste did not matter but what counted most was sincerity and hard work. His academic success brought him to the main stream. It broke down the narrow confines of caste hierarchy and let the teachers and students understand that caste does not matter in efforts to get success in life. His academic success raised his social status high. His efforts were appreciated by those who understood the distinction he had achieved.

“Despite some of the regular visitors, the Jalsa party earned very little money. Desperate measures were needed and Susheela maushi decided to take the plunge. She had no desire to go to Indapur, but helplessness had brought her there. Nana Patil lived in Indapur and he had been in love with Susheela maushi where she first danced at Modlimba, years ago. He had maushi to be his mistress, but she had refused. Now faced with desperation for money… She had faced to approach him again. She waited at the bust stop and sent me to contact Nana…

“I am Nana Patil.” “What do you want?” I introduced myself… I had come to Indapur with Susheela maushi. He was delighted… on the way, he asked me what I was doing? He was surprised and pleased. He asked if I was a tamasha dancer’s son… I told him that my mother had been a tamasha dancer once, but not any longer.” (Kale 166)

Kishor Kale is here again on a rescue mission. He accompanied Susheela maushi and contacted Nana Patil. He was pleased to enjoy Susheela maushi in hotel and gave two thousand rupees. Susheela maushi decided to live with Nana Patil as his mistress. She told Kishor that tamasha business is no more as lucrative as it was in the past.
Susheela maushi send one thousand rupees to Kondiba Kale. Then Nana Patil did not turn up and Kishor did not contact him again. Kishore plays a role of helper here. He helped Babitai maushi too and asked her to accept Hambirrao Patil. He helped his two maternal aunts to settle with their paramount. These acts of Kishor raised his respect in his community.

I was afraid that my hostel mates would find out that my mother was somebody’s mistress and look down upon me…

Whenever I went to Sonpeth, I came back to find the glass pans on my room windows broken…

Often in the middle of the night, there would be loud knocks on my door… my pathology notes were stolen… my troubles seemed endless…

(he found his door locked again and again. Once he found Harish Rathod… but then two boys who lived in the room across mine… were found)

So, taking courage in both hands, I confronted the boys… After that nobody troubled me in the hostel again. (Kale 175-177)

Breaking of the glass panes of his room and knocking on his door at midnight that was what was done and has taken as parting through the continuation of colonizers mentality imposed by the social fabric of the colonies in Asia and Africa. These refer to the history and geography of what Kishor has to face being born in the Kolhati community. He faced the situations boldly and courageously. The trouble makers tried to demoralize him and created hurdles in his painful journey to the centre of society. After the courageous dealing with humiliating situations, Kishor proved
his academic and social potential. It stopped the trouble makers’ activities of teasing. He accepted all the challenges and fought against all odds.

I never imagined that you would fall so low selling clothes like a petty trader. You, the son of Sonpeth’s sahukar! You are no brother of mine! And don’t you dare call me your brother, either. As far as I am concerned, you are dead, and for I am dead, too.

Deepak yelled at Ashok for not telling him what I was doing. Ashok opened his mouth, but I glared at him. So he shut up and Deepak left the room.

I slowly sat down again. I felt sad and demeaned. My younger brother had spoken to me most insulting and there was nothing I could say to him. Ashok tried to console me.

‘I would worship a brother like you Kishor,” he said. I was deeply touched. (Kale 175-177)

Kishore Shantabai Kale faced stark financial situations. He did not receive money from Nana, his mother’s keeper. In order to meet his daily needs, he sold shirts and clothes secretly. His younger brother who was studying in science stream at Ambajogai never knew the reality that Nana did not send any money to Kishore and that Kishore was persistently dogged by financial worries. He worked for a doctor during night shift from 5 pm to 7 30 am. He had hardly enough sleep. It badly affected his health and it became problematic for him to attend college regularly. To solve this problem, he chose an alternative of purchasing clothes from a wholesaler and selling them off at Ambajogai and Parli. In this endeavor, his friend Ashok helped him a lot. It was a secret business. One day, Deepak knew about the business of Kishore. He shouted at him but Kishore did not tell him anything. The secret selling
of clothes was not an alternative to study rather it was a medium of earning money to get enough concentration in studies. But it was only known to him and his friend Ashok. It was a below dignity work for Deepak, a son of a Sahukar and so he felt insulted of Kishores this act. He did not realize that it was the struggle of Kishore to survive and continue education without getting help from his parents. It was an attempt of becoming self reliant and accelerate the struggle to reach to the centre of the society. Hard efforts to pursue medical education was the journey towards the central locus of the society with proving oneself as equal or rather superior to other privileged groups in the society.

I came home… and found Kondiba sitting in the veranda with Rambha maushi’s baby besides him… he had a hundred rupees note in his hand… I walked in and sat down with the baby in my arms at the entrance. Suddenly, I heard the clink of glass bangles inside, and a strange man stepped out of the inner room. He shot a startled look at me… A horrible truth hit me hard in the guts. Ajoba was prostituting his daughter to earn money… Rambha maushi came out and sat down beside me.

‘Kishore, I beg of you, take my child away from here. Put in an orphanage but take them away from this hell’.

Maushi was begging me as if she was praying to god but aji and ajoba did not let me take the children away. (Kale 185)

Kishor was called to Nerla as Jiji was very ill. He wanted to take Jiji to the hospital in Mumbai but he was not allowed to do so as they all even Susheela maushi thought he wanted to grab Jiji’s property. At home, he found a hundred rupees note in Kondiba’s hand and saw a stranger coming out and Rambha maushi used as a
prostitute. It was Kondiba who had enforced his daughter to sell her body to feed the family. Helpless Rambha maushi requested Kishore to take away her children from the hellish life they were compelled to live. It was the fate of the women in Kolhati community that they had to perform dances for the earnings of the family. So often they were dragged in the undignified jobs like sex workers by their male relatives to meet the stark financial crises. Their children are compelled to born and brought up in the company of drunkards and musical nights of their mothers. There was no hope for any positive change in the future of the children. It was only Kishore who broke the shackles of age old tyranny of his caste and created his own destiny by undertaking hard efforts to pursue Medical education. In spite of having great difficulties, he paved a way from periphery to the centre of the society. He emerged as the only hope for positive change for thousands of Kolhati women and children.

I was worried about Deepak. Deepak had given up his studies before completing his twelfth standard because there was no money to pay his fees…

(Bai) ‘Kishore, do something for Deepak, set him on the right track somehow.’ She said to me.

… I worried over the problem for many nights and finally decided there was only one way out. I had to pay for Deepak’s education. I had only Rs. 2500 left from my scholarship money…

… But Deepak would be nowhere without at least a proper high-school degree. I borrowed Rs. 200 from Prasad and gave gave Deepak Rs.3000. At Karmala, I had him admitted to the college and found him a room to rent close to my aunt’s house. Prasad was so angry that I spent most of my scholarship money on my family.
“When you are in trouble, nobody comes forward to help you and you never think of your own future, do you?” he asked. (Kale 188-189)

Kishore has narrated how he overcame all the odds in his path of upliftment of his social status. Knowledge is the third eye that enables a person to conquer all the summits. Kishore’s education made him aware of his sorrowful surrounding. He realized the helplessness of the women in his community who are used as money making machines till they are young and abandoned carelessly at the most vulnerable days of their old age. He realized the ignorance of his community people who did not allow him to shift his ailing Bai to the hospital in the impression that he will usurp her property. It was a senseless logic of his relative who could not realize the kindness of a medical student- Kishore. He was even stopped from taking his cousins away from their homes to enroll them in school. Kishore’s life was engulfed in the illiteracy and unjust practices of his relatives. He had realized that the only way to bring their children out of the hellish life is education. He pursued education and even helped Deepak to continue it although having economic problems. He paid Deepak’s fees by taking debt from his friend. He spent most of the money of his scholarship on family without thinking of his future. Kishore took Deepak to Karmala and took a rented room for him. This selfless help to Deepak and other family members was the result of his self awareness. It was an intentional attempt of bringing out his brothers and cousins from the dungeon of ignorance. He even took Jiji to Mumbai and gave her medical treatment. His struggle was for the welfare of himself and his community. These were sincere attempts of Kishore to get out of the traditional bondage of dance and sexual act and to reach out to the mainstream of life by getting education and becoming self reliant individuals. All his efforts uplifted his status in his community and the society at large. It raised his social status and brought dignity to him.
There was no hope for me, it was all futile. I had some sleeping pills and I decided to take them. I shut the door and emptied the bottle of pills into my palm. But before I could swallow them, there was a knock on the door. It was Prasad. At first I didn’t opened the door, but I thought I might meet him for the last time. Prasad walked in with a big smile on his face as usual. He was naturally sunny nature, and he put on an even more cheerful face for my benefit.

“Kishore, my money order has come,” he announced with a smile, and handed me Rs. 200. Prasad knew of my difficulties and always helped me as much as he could. He was the only ray of sunshine in my life.

(Kale 190)

Kishore had to face tremendous financial difficulties during the last year of his college. There was a mountain of debts on him. He did part time job but his health got affected. The owner of the canteen demanded the arrears from him. He did not get any help from anybody. He got frustrated and decided to commit suicide by consuming the sleeping pills. As he was swallowing the pills, suddenly his friend Prasad had come and he happily announced that his money order had come and he put Rs.200 on his palm. It was the kindness of Prasad that he extended timely help to Kishore. Prasad was aware of Kishore’s situation and facts of his life. He was the witness of the valuable services that Kishore rendered to others and it made him so close to Kishore. Kishore’s help and compassion for others brought Prasad close to him and enabled him to treat Kishore as equal to him. The acceptance and understanding of Kishore’s nature and problems by Prasad also helped Kishore to successfully complete the journey towards the central locus of the society. It helped him to
successfully beat the challenges of caste tyranny and raise his status high in the society.

I took Jiji to Mumbai and admitted her in J.J. Hospital. The doctor and physiotherapist who examined her said that she would improve with treatment. I was delighted, but two days later, I had to rush to the hospital. Jiji was creating a great ruckus in the ward… “What happened Jiji, why are you screaming like a mad woman?” I asked.

“I don’t want to be operated upon, take me back to my brother. I cannot be cured until I die. And I want to die in Nerla where my brother will light my pyre… I had to take back Jiji (the caged bird who is bound to her father and brother) to Nerla back to her cage. … I had lost the battle because my general Jii had turned her back on the battle field. (Kale 190-191)

Kishore Shantabai Kale who was a third year MBBS student had to retreat because Jiji backed and did not show any signs of protest. Jiji wanted to go back to the cage of her brother. Jiji’s consciousness had made her to go back to her own cage in Nerla. She was conditioned to such reversals. Kishore could not do much for Jijias she had lost the never to protest. She did not want to be free. She did not want to be separated from her brother Kondiba who ruined her life by putting her in undignified acts and left her untreated in the days of her serious ailment. Kishore would have cured her but her mind was conditioned. She preferred hell at home rather than welfare and good health away from farm.

That money still not been returned and I was ashamed of face Nagin maushi… her daughter saw me in town… Nagin maushi greeted me with affection and wanted to know why I had not visited her either…
“You are a big man now, a doctor, and don’t want to associate with us anymore,” she said, sadly. I broke down, told her about my miserable condition. She was aghast.

Why didn’t you come here earlier?

I will send you Rs. 1500 every month from the fifth of October…. I could hardly believe my ears. Troubles were about to melt away. I thanked them profusely. (Kale 194-195)

Kishore was pursuing medical education from Grant Medical College, Mumbai. His financial condition was miserable. He tried every source but could not raise a single pie. He had not visited his Nagin maushi at Parbhani because then thousand rupees borrowed from her for Banku dada was not refunded by Nana and Bai. Finally, when Kishore was in Parbhani, Naginmaushi’s daughter saw him and insisted on his visiting Naginmaushi. Kishore was treated with affection by his aunt. Kishore was touched by her love and broke down. He told her all about his degraded financial condition. She promised to help him. Her husband promised him to send Rs. 1500 every month. This assistant pleased Kishore and thought all his miseries were over. Kishore’s poverty did not prevent him from altering his end of becoming a doctor- the first one from his community. This was possible on account of the timely help given to him by his friends like Dahale, Ashok, and Prasad and relatives like Nagin maushi. His upliftment through education made him a respectable person of high status in his community.

I soon as I recovered, I went to Parbhani, took money from Nagin maushi, and returned to Mumbai. With financial support from her, my main worries were over. I studied hard but failed my exams because I did not pay the examiner at the oral examinations a bribe of Rs.
40,000. Failing a year meant that I no longer receive scholarship. Even Lonikar stopped sending me money. But with help, I got a college grant that tied me over my difficulties. The Anti-corruption Bureau arrested the examiner who had demanded a bribe, and with a new examiner, I had a fair chance at the exams. (Kale 196-197)

There is always gap between the cup and the lip. Kishore Kale was on the threshold of success. He was about to be a doctor. There was only one hurdle in his way now. It was the oral examination. It was always a difficult ordeal. It became more troublesome for Kishore as did not have any money to pay the examiner at the oral exams. The examiner demanded forty thousand rupees to pass him. Kishore had no means to pay the bribe. As a result of this, he failed in the final oral examination. His financial difficulties worsen but he somehow tided over the situation. Then the corrupt examiner was arrested by the Anti-corruption Bureau and he got a fresh chance to go through the exam. He cleared the exam with the new fair examiner and he climbed the ladder of social upliftment and became truly a man of prestige, a medical practitioner, the first ever from the Kolhati community.

On 18 June 1994 the results were declared. I had passed. When I heard the results, I remembered how many years ago, a young girl had begged her father to allow her finish her studies so that she could realize her dream of becoming a school teacher. Then, I heard her small son say with determination.

“Ajoba bolta dholki baji.. Shala Shikesan ka karnewala hay… Panme shaleko janewalach…” (Ajoba says learn to play the dholki… why do you want to go to school? But I will go to school)
I had been a very long and very arduous road for me. At every step, there were hurdles and pitfalls. There were times when I seemed to be going backward rather than forward and times try dreams were just mirages in the distance. I faced several hardship and humiliation, but I also received unexpected help. I had been tried and tested every step of the way, but at last my dream had come true. Kisrya had become DR. KISHORE SHANTABAI KALE. (Kale 197)

All reveals have now ended to wrap up with the gentle sleep and warm successful attainment of the goal. The stuff of which dreams are made has been found to be solid, material and dreams have been realized. The ladder of prestige was finally climbed. Kisrya was destined to be a doctor as he was determined to continue his school and his studies rather than learning to play the dholak. His hardship, his pitfalls, his difficulties, his problems were finally overcome through hard work and talents. His dream had come true and Kishor was now Dr. Kishore Kale. His social prestige was raised to the heights on his becoming a successful person. He passed MBBS and that meant passing Mentally, Busily, Bodily and Socially.
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