



POVERTY AND IDENTITY CRISIS IN SHARANKUMAR LIMBALE AUTOBIOGRAPHY *THE OUTCASTE*

CHITRALINGASWAMY M¹, Dr. M.H. RUDRAMUNI²

¹Research Scholar, Department of Studies in English, Manasagangothri, University of Mysore, Mysuru, Karnataka.

²Professor, Department of Studies in English, Manasagangothri, University of Mysore, Mysuru, Karnataka.

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ABSTRACT

The lines begin with no food, no house, no education, no work and no resource, all the identity of poverty in the biography. Along with this no caste identity to the author, hungry, stealing something, for it getting punishment, early marriage, divorce and lonely life without husband, and get ready for illegal relationship was the main issue in the biography. That is Masami exploited by Hanumanta Limbale birth of Sharankumar Limbale without any caste identity become *Akkarmashi* untouchable no identity because of illegal relationship. Next is humiliation in the society at school college work can be seen even the boy grows with the mother he was not treated well in the society because of no identity of father. I am an alien my father is not a Mahar by caste or my mother is of higher caste. He got his identity as Limbale while joining to school because of his father name as Limbale and try to get the caste identity through his name he says when ever they heard that my name as Limbale they thought I must be a Lingayat by caste and recognised me as one of them it was of no use to him. As I was a dalit who become Brahmin by attitude but high caste people did not even allow me to stand live their doorsteps I was an outcaste in all no peace of mind. The present society depicts in the following lines once I met my old friend of mine we came from the same village he worked in a bank worked hard and overcome the poverty Mallya had undergone an intellectual transformation he was from a slum had now become well-to-do though he had very little education born though dalit he had not read dalit literature by me. The author become well now dalit activist and frustrated with caste humiliation and became a Buddhist.

As it is a very much interesting autobiography of a person who neither have a caste identity nor a rich resource but come up in his life side a phoenix without any body's support. A wonderful life story inspired every reader and at all levels. He denies changing himself to an upper caste by accepting Buddhism.

KEY WORDS: Poverty - no good food - no good home - no good education - no jobs - no resources and no caste identity. *Akkarmashi* - illegal relationship – humiliation - no care of mother or father and even the society really

Poverty is a general issue in India and Identity crisis is very difficult issue for poor. Poverty can easily analysed in the book in the following para to go Sangya your father has left to dig pits without eating any thing. Bhiwari bai was very annoyed at Paraya you must take food to him or he will starve the whole day without food if not he will chop you in to pieces when he returns. It is an example for poverty. No sufficient food.

The next identity of poverty shown here about Hary's mother did not have proper clothes to wear as well there is no proper shelter for the poor is a poverty stricken where there is no identity for them. As they live in the locality where heaps of garbage tin sheds dogs pigs were their companions. Eating different kinds of food like Chapati and Kheer are only on the occasions' of weddings of higher castes. For the sake of food a women becomes a whore and a man a thief. The life of the poor is identically begin in the morning with a tea without milk. No soap for bathing and washing clothes they use stone and mud for this what more can explain that this the poverty and identity.

In the words of the author of this book the identity of poverty is found at the sight of my sisters who had gone go sleep hungry. I lost my appetite and could not sleep. Once my sister steals from the market some eatables why the poor steal for the sake of hunger if they had enough to eat would they steal? While block marketers become leaders whereas those who are driven to steal by hunger are considered criminals. When I hit my sister Vani eat the Banana Skins snatched them from her not to eat them but myself eat them after wash in the river and take a scold by my mother why you beat her let her eat worms or skins and live why do you make it a matter of prestige? Where is the identity for poor? There is nothing great in this world except something to be eat when we were hungry; if not it happened as in the above para.

Ithale Kamble was a farm worker contract to a landlord he worked hard, the animals in the shed he looked after were no different from this bonded labourer his poverty was his sad lot as he worried about his food. This Ithale Kamble toiled on the farm owned by Hanmanta Limbala a Patil. The father of

the author in this biography this rich man was out to ruin a poor man's family as her made with his mother Masami how people who enjoyed high-caste privileges authority sanctioned by religion inherit property have exploited the dalits of this land how patil used Masami and exploited her life. Hanmantha Limbale and Masami birth to the author Sharankumar Limbale but even though he born in prestigious Hindu Lingayat community but as his mother a Mahar made him a difficult identity as his grand father a Muslim the author neither a Muslim nor a untouchable and High Caste, he him self questions whom am I?

He suffered a lot in his early life where he lived under poverty as Mahar community.

The authors life begins with his grand mother Santamai started living at the bus stand. When I entered to register my name in the school it was again a identity for the author who is the father of this boy his mother Masami says. Hanmanta Limbale after long struggle and the favour of the head master Bhosale he officially get a name as Limbale. Hunger is bigger than man and hunger is more powerful like words in the book gives us the mark of poverty, if there were be no wars if there was no hunger and is story about how people suffer of hungry they fell fray to higher caste and try to steel food or sell them selves to others.

For the poor people rainy season was night mare as it explained in the following paras, they are living in the bus stand the rain dripped in through the holes in the roof, the chill wind made us shiver no sleep all the night as thunder roared and lighting flashed through our the night no rugs to cover ourselves. It is real problem of Indian poor people one who have their own houses.

Are we ever going to be lucky enough to wear good clothes and have nice food to eat? What immoral link did we have with this Mansion? Where did we stand in the line of thil patil caste? We are born to a patil and yet we could not claim to belong to this Mansion why does not this Mansion accept us? Why is this Mansion dumb? Why are its jaws locked? Why is its tongue tied? These lines shows the who is responsible for the fate of this boy why the upper class people are accepting the children

born so illegitimate sense if he accepted he may get identity to his life or he may come out of his miserable poverty.

I felt as if Dada was my real father though we happened to be of different religions Dada affection did not smell of his religion, during the free ships at my high school studies again I suffer with the identity crisis as I have to get my guardians signature on the application form I had name my mother as my guardian because Masami was not married to Hanmanta and I could not very well enter his name though I was born to their relationship. I never wanted Masami Hanmanta Limbala named as my guardian in the official record.

The sarpanch was in a real fix about how to identify me but I too was a human being what else did I have except a human body? But a man is recognized in this world by his caste and religion nor a caste I had no inherited at all what identity had?

While submitting my application form our class teacher asked me don't you have a father? I replied he is dead he asked what about your mother? I replied she took is dead these words are really shocked the readers how a boy toughened about his identity.

I asked my mother about my father my mother asked me tell my teacher that she was the patils whore at that time he could not no the meaning of that word whore and happy god discriminates between man and mind he makes on rich and the other poor one is high caste the other untouchable what kind of god is this that makes human beings hate each other? Is not everybody's blood red? Then why this discrimination between one human being and another? Why are we ostracized? Lot of questions arise here about the human identity.

I am an alien, my father is not a mahar by caste in the maharwada I felt humiliated as I was considered and called as AKARMASHI suppose I go to Baslegaon would my father allow me into his house? Would my father allow me into his house? Would the mother there give me food? My father lives in a Mansion my Mother in a hut, and I on the street where will I die? Where are my root exactly?

Is I have any identity of my own? My mother once said "the fathers of my children may be different but they are all born to me, thus when Nagi got annoyed and abused me you have no connection us our fathers are not the same hearing which I cracked within and without the feeling of alienation weighed heavily on my mind.

I used to escape if anyone tried to hit me on such occasions I longed intensely for Baslegaon My So called father belonged to Baslegaon what kind of place was Baslegaon my father land? What sort of people were they? What were my relatives there like? What were my brothers and sisters like? What was my home there like? Should I go there in search of my roots? How many days would it take? Would my father recognize me? I was always curious about Baslegaon on many occasions I nearly set off but was scared of leaving, if went there I knew I would be finished. I am born of a mahar woman how would they let me enter their house? They will torture me to death. I never did get as far as Baslegaon, what one can better than this or dare to go to his father to convince him he did injustice to him, we may be children born out of caste but does that mean we must be humiliated? What exactly is our fault? Why should a child suffer for the sin of its parents? It is better abort I was fetus? No risk of my identity and humiliation. Who claim me when both my mother and father rejected me? So, whenever I look at my mother I grew wild with anger why did she commit adultery at all?

Do we exist just for the sake of that hunger? Beyond hunger lies a vast life there is life beyond bread I cannot bear to think of Masami caught between bread and lust, but what about us? Will society accept us? Or are they going to be victims like my mother? I never got real love from my mother so she was not my mother in the true sense. When lthal Kamble husband of Masami died the children telling each other "Our mother's husband has died" what a panic of identity. Suddenly after the death of their father Suryakant and Dharma who are own sons came to their mother really wonderful identity time had stretched forwards and backwards after how many years were the mother and her two sons meeting? Like thus Suryakanta Darma Nagi Nirmi Vani kand I were all born to the same mother.

We cannot imagine this Narayan patils well Mahars dig the well gave their sweat for it there is water in the well but now the same mahars are not allowed to draw water from it not even drinking water. What is so peculiar about our touch that it pollutes water, food, houses, clothes, graveyards, tea shops, gods, religion and even man? How is a person born with his caste? How does he become untouchables as soon as he born? Asked for my caste and religion I replied that I was a Hindu Mahar he asked in surprise "is there Nimbale among the Mahar as well? I replied yes. But I was real sense was afraid of my caste because I could not claim my fathers caste and religion. Our poverty and caste did not allow us to enjoy the luxurious of college life as we wear altered cloths the pain of poverty is so deep that it is limitless we barely had money for a cup of tea, for my identification a stopped saying namaskar and started saying jaibhim instead whenever I heard that reservation facilities for dalits were about to be cancelled it used to scare me if these facilities are cancelled give us our own dalits than we are educated only because these facilities exist they were like a father to us if there were no facilities we would have had no facilities we would have had no such education would have been at home grazing cattle and helping our parents. Those who says that facilities must be cancelled should first face casteism themselves they must share the life of the untouchables why should we be suspicious of you? Other higher-caste boys of my age addressed us derogatively but I had to address them respectively on his secret marriage with Nagi Nadu was driven out of the house by his father and had of the house by his father and had been staying with us since then I am twenty five years old now and cannot recognize my own brothers nor my father they are all alive we may not recognise each other even if we happened to travel in the same bus that's what this journey of life is like these words you know one can break their heart our's eyes are blind folded and we wonder not knowing where on the battle field of life we fight out own fathers uncles sisters brothers mothers we battle with ourselves as if we are our own enemies all this is because we are controlled by caste and poverty proposal of mallyas sister to marry but it was refused by Mally's parents because I was

not of pure blood, these people love contentions more than they do human beings, where there is no identity for me.

Every customer from another village who came to us for liquor was asked if there happened to be a girl in their village born to a patil and his concubine a woman of our caste the girl I married needed be a hybrid like me to ensure a proper match. A bastard must always be matched with another bastard no one else will marry their daughters to a bastard like me. I accepted even though I did not know how his daughter whom I had never seen looked moreover I was not getting any other proposals so I was to marry kumsum and my sister Nirmi was to marry Maryappa Kamble's son Hari.

My marriage was one identity less one because no one interested in my marriage even after my marriage my mother-in-law said there is no discipline in your house so they refuse to send my wife with me and said we won't send our daughter until you are independent when would I get a job? And suppose I did not get one? Then I asked that is your opinion why did you arrange the marriage?

In one occasion I met Dad's friend this was annoyed by our father-in-law you say that you are a relative of that Muslim we have told every one that you are of pure blood you must have some self-respect otherwise do not enter our house I felt terribly insulted. So a Muslim cannot be my relative because his religion is different from mine we are like animals of different species.

I got a job as a telephone operator at Ahmedpur I took the position because of my poverty and discontinued further education Santamai and Dada had by now become old and I was married I was responsible for my people and had to be financially independent. Whenever they heard that my name was limbale they thought I must be a Lingayat by caste, the Lingayats quickly recognized me as one of them I started to living in their locality I began to take an interest in their group which sang devotional songs to shiva. I hid kthe photographs and books of Dr. Ambedkar instead I reading novels by V.S. Khandekar I greeted a dalit friend with a namaskar instead of Jai Bhim even if some one said

Jai Bhim to me I responded with a Namaskar. If I happened to be going with a high caste friend and some time if some one greeted me jai bhim I was worried that my caste would be revealed, if they came to know my caste they would drive me out of the house I had rented from a high caste land lord I was afraid of losing my identity and prestige. Thus we lived keeping our caste a secret. When some body suspicious they kept asking for the surname of my in-laws. I told lies as Bhosale or Pawar or other high high caste instead of the real one Kamble, when ever Dada come to see me I felt he was my father, if any body asked him about his caste he said it was Lingayat he lied for my sake, what kind of religious burden do we carry like a porter his load? Why this burden of religious thrust upon us can't we discard it? How has man lost khimself under this huge tree of caste religion.

When I was transferred to Latur again I faced the problem of finding a house in a good locality in a new town and my caste followed me like an enemy they frankly said "We don't want to rent out our house to Muslims and Maharas such a big town but I could not get a single room, every town and person was caste conscious. This casteism has dehumanized everyone.

Tulsi plants were dept at the entrance of every house in the living room of every house in the living room of every house hung photographs of the Gods Rama and Shankar I felt I was alien in such localities to me this way life seemed hostile. I now felt guilty about asking to rent a house. I used clean clothes bathed everyday and washed myself clean with soap and brushed my teeth with toothpaste there were nothing unclean about me then in what sense was I untouchable? A high caste who is dirty was still considered touchable at last I settled in house in Bhimnagar the locality nauseated me as I was a dalit who become a Brahmin by attitude but high caste people did not even allow me to stand live their doorsteps either I should live in Bhimnagar or in the dalit locality or eve in a Muslim locality I was on outcaste in all other localities. No peace of mind. Once I met my old friend of mine we came from the same village he worked in a bank worked hard and overcome his poverty. Mallya had undergone an intellectual transformation he was married and his

mother was staying with him. This person from a slum had now become well to do though he had very little education his house is also well furnished he did not know that my book had been published. Though born dalit he had not read dalit literature. Mallya's mother was rather uncomfortable while she talked to me she had changed her son was now a sahib. Hence this transformation.

As author himself accept khe is akarmashi as such have no identity of caste as well he live in the mahar locality instead of his father's high caste identity. It made him to starve a lot with poverty aw well of caste education job marriage family and even the society as a whole could not recognise him either as a dalit or as a high caste now the author working as the regional director and as well-known dalit activist we can identify him as dalit he himself accepted it after tried to live like a lingayat and got frustrated.

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