

## ARUN KOLATKAR'S *JEJURI*: A RELIGIOUS SATIRE

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### Abstract

Indian English Poetry is remarkable very great. It has gained name and fame both during pre-independence period as well as post-independence period. Arun Kolatkar, one of the leading literary voices of his generation has contributed immensely towards raising Indian English poetry to its present canonical status. His poetry demonstrates indisputably that Indian poetry has come to acquire a distinct identity of its own.

Jejuri is a place of pilgrimage, about 60 km from Pune, Maharashtra, India. Kandhoba is the local god of the temple. Arun Kolatkar's poetry collection covers an excursion to the temple and the village. The paper will highlight the satirical and humorous elements present in the poems written on the travel, right from digs at religion as a business, and the atmospheric at a temple.

**Keywords:** Jejuri pilgrimage, superstition, spiritual quest, satire, contemporary society

Arun Kolatkar, one of the leading literary voices of his generation has contributed immensely towards raising Indian English poetry to its present canonical status. His poetry demonstrates indisputably that Indian poetry has come to acquire a distinct identity of its own. Earlier Indian English poetry was mimetic. Unable to resolve the duality of the position inherent in the rootedness in the age old culture and the impact of western education, the poet sought refuge in romantic escapades. However the dichotomy between the two value systems—traditional roots on the one hand and acquired modern culture on the other has become a poetic reality today. The self-conscious voice of yester years has therefore been replaced by authentic voice of its own. Arun Kolatkar was a poet from Maharashtra who wrote in both Marathi and English. His poems reveal a keen eye for observation and deciphering things.

His poetry is something of a trendsetter in both the languages. In Marathi, his poetry is the quintessence of the modernist as manifested in the “Little Magazine Movement” in the 1950s and 60s. His early Marathi poetry was radically experimental and it displayed the influences of the European avant-grade poetry like Surrealism<sup>1</sup>, Expressionism<sup>2</sup>, and The Beat Generation Poetry<sup>3</sup>. These poems are oblique, whimsical and at the same time dark, sinister, and exceedingly funny. Some of these characteristics can be seen in *Jejuri* and *Kala Ghoda Poems* in English, but his early Marathi poems are far more radical, dark and humorous than his English poems.

Jejuri is a place of pilgrimage, about 60 km from Pune, Maharashtra, India. Kandhoba is the local god of the temple. Arun Kolatkar's poetry collection covers an excursion to the temple and the village. The book follows a chronological order with satirical and humorous poems written on the travel, right from digs at religion as a business, and the atmospheric at a temple. *Jejuri* is an expression of a major issue concerning Contemporary Indian Society. The poem is about a local event in Maharashtra but is a representative of all the similar events in the nation. It is the only book of poems to have won the Commonwealth Prize. It has thirty-one poems, but can be read as only one exploration on a common theme. Amit Chaudhuri<sup>4</sup> has rightly said it is “a sequence of stunningly simple but haunting poems, *Jejuri* is one of the great books of modern India”

*Jejuri* has provoked a considerable amount of debate because of its attitude to the religious experience. *Jejuri* is one of the famous temples in Maharashtra, popularly known as 'Khandobachi Jejuri'. It is one of the major Gods in Maharashtra. The God of Jejuri-Mhalsakant or Malhari Mantad - is popular among Dhangars<sup>5</sup>. Khandoba is known to be their god. Jejuri is to the South-East of Pune towards Phaltan.

As the temple is on the hill, one has to climb almost 200 steps. But the climbing is not so tough and the wonderful view of Jejuri town is marvelous. The idol of Khandoba in the temple is beautiful. Various weapons like sword, Damaru, and Paral are of historic remembrance. Khandoba, the deity at Jejuri is the fighter God of the Marathas. He is shown astride a horse and has an angry warlike look. He is also known as the warrior God who saved mankind from the demons. The five hills around Jejuri are considered as the relics of the five demons killed by Khandoba. For this reason he has a large following among the Kshatriyas also. Animal sacrifice is performed to appease the God. He is also considered as a fertility symbol. Therefore the newly married women visit the town, and many childless couples are believed to have been blessed with children after their visit to Jejuri. Many of such children, particularly the first-borns, are offered to God Khandoba. The female children, offered to Khandoba are called 'Murlis' and the male children are called 'Vaghyas'. They are called as 'children of god' and earn their livelihood by singing and dancing in praise of Khandoba.

Kolatkar has written the poem *Jejuri* not to celebrate the God Khandoba or to pay his personal tribute and homage to him. In fact he does not even fully or whole-heartedly believe in idol worship to be a kind of superstition, though he does not openly say so anywhere in the poem. While going through the poem *Jejuri*, it depicts a direct and unflinching attitude of denial and disbelief.

Kolatkar's *Jejuri* is a religious satire. Satire on religious hypocrisy is not a new topic for literature. We can see its representation in British as well as Indian English Literature right from Langland to Modern Age. William Langland, in his *Piers the Plowman* flings a ruthless satire on pomposity of religious fundamentalism. Chaucer in his *The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, Milton in his *Lycidas*, Dryden in his *The Hind and the Panther*, T.S. Eliot in his *Gerontion* and many other poets wrote on pretense of religious beliefs and empty rituals availing nothing. M. Satyanarayana one of the leading Indian critic calls it 'Kolatkar's Wasteland'

A well read rationalist, Kolatkar wanted to apply his mind to the situation around. He himself has believed in the sanctity of religion but now is unable to justify it. Therefore, he decided to visit Jejuri, a centre of pilgrims which his forefathers must have visited several times before. But what he finds in Jejuri are only ruins. The impressions he gathers are not very pleasant, rather bleak and gloomy. *Jejuri*, then, is about noticing and observing what is before us, not giving it a name or “sacred” or “holy” just because it is considered so. In such skepticism is a

certain kind of sacredness because adherence to truth produces a sanctity which the blind imitation of tradition cannot.

Irony is one of the most conspicuous features of Kolatkar's poetry. His treatment of the theme in the poems of *Jejuri* is ironical from beginning to end. He does not attack the superstitions of the people directly. He exposes the absurdity of superstitious beliefs by the use of irony.

'The Bus' the opening poem establishes the theme of *Jejuri*. Here the poet tries to exploit the age old theme of a religious pilgrimage through Manohar – a man with a modern sensibility and scientific naturalist who gives us a skeptical perception of the whole pilgrimage. The Bus – a State Transport Bus is proceeding to the temple of Khandoba in Jejuri, a small town fifty miles from Pune. The poet and his companion Makarand, and the bus load of pilgrims start on their pilgrimage to Jejuri. The windows of the bus are covered with tarpaulin. They symbolize the mental insulation and narrow-mindedness of the pilgrims. The cold wind which slaps the tarpaulin which in turn nudges the elbow of the pilgrims is symbolic of the reasons which try to attack the thick tarpaulin like beliefs of the pilgrims:

A cold wind keeps whipping  
and slapping a corner of the tarpaulin  
at your elbow.

Manohar, a pilgrim with a modern sensibility, tries to search out for signs of daybreak in the lights spilled out by the bus. But the sunrays are not allowed completely hence the receptivity to change is very limited.

You look down the roaring road.  
You search for the signs of daybreak in  
What little light spills out of the bus.

The head lights of the Bus which again dispel the darkness of a little area are symbolic of the solace the human mind experience through these religious rituals. The only sign of daybreak that Manohar sees is the sight of his own divided face. The conflict is between his own mind which wants to go a pilgrimage on one hand and his skeptic mind which questions its credibility on the other. The split image in the old man's spectacles symbolizes this idea. His pilgrimage to Jejuri has the objective of going beyond the vermilion caste mark. Then the sun rises, aims and shoots its beams into the bus, touches the diverts temple, and the direction of the bus changes. The images of the sun suggest a splitting, a breaking into two. The speaker's own face appears to be on either side of the bus when he gets off.

At the end of the bumpy ride  
With your own face on either side  
When you get off the bus

The last line of the poem "you don't step inside the old man's head" makes it clear that the pilgrims enters Jejuri, with the same urban skeptic mind, without succeeding in his efforts of getting adjusted to the religious temperament of the common people, Indians. This poem establishes the theme of perception and alienation.

The next poem 'The Priest' opens with a sarcastic note depicting the ugliness and commercialization of Jejuri making use of the religious imagery simply to dig at the rituals and bring reality into light.

An offering of Leel and Launch  
on the cold altar of the culvert wall  
the priest waits.

The priest, whose livelihood depends on the pilgrim's faith in the phallic shrine of Shiva waits-, is the bus a little late? The priest comes out of the temple to take a view of the bus. At this time the priest's head is exposed to the morning sunlight; and he is inwardly reciting a mantra again and again as a form of prayer to have his wishes fulfilled. The priest, in fact has begun to pray for the speedy arrival of the bus.

The bit of the betel nut  
 turning over and over on his tongue  
 is a mantra  
 And ends in a ghastly manner –

In this poem the poet is mocking at the priest's worldliness and his greed. The priest is not a genuine priest in any sense of the world. He does not wish to live a simple life depending on these offerings of the pilgrims. He wishes to enjoy some of the luxuries in his life too. The poem, skeptically views a priest calculating what he will get from the tourist's offerings.

Purring softly in front of the priest.  
 A catgrin on its face  
 And a live ready to eat pilgrim  
 Held between its teeth.

The poem 'Heart of Ruin' depicts the state of utter dilapidation and neglect. The Maruti temple has come down and is knocking the head of the apes – God.

The roof comes down on Maruti's head.  
 Nobody seems to mind.

A mongrel bitch has made her swelling for herself and her puppies. The puppies play over there. The flooring too is in very bad condition. The tiles shakes as the puppies run over it.

The black eared puppy has gone a little too far.  
 A tile clicks under its foot.

The temple of Maruti the heart of ruins leads the poet to conclude, that it is no more a place of worship. On the other hand, the poet seems to be happy to believe that IT IS TRULY A HOUSE OF GOD, sheltering different creatures.

No more a place of worship this place  
 Is nothing less than the house of god.

Rajeev Patke comments "The shrine is the 'Heart of Ruin'. Kolatkar's noncommittal insouciance notes with whimsical accuracy every visual detail to be encountered in a slow amble in and around the shrine, while carefully maintaining a blind spot for the dereliction of faith at the exact centre of he will not look at directly".<sup>6</sup>

'The Doorstep', 'The Water Supply', and 'The Door' further describes the ruins, the dry water supply system, the door and the pillar on the doorstep. In 'The Door' the ironical account that a pair of shorts is drying on the door is the only thing that holds the door from running away completes the picture of a temple. The difficulty in knowing the reality, visualizing it and perceiving it can be seen in 'The Doorstep'. There is no proper infrastructure. There is no repairing done during these long years. The structure present over here has to be supposed whatever the people say. There is no proper doorstep.

That's no doorstep.  
 It's a pillar on its side.  
 Yes.  
 That's what it is.

The temple of Khandoba at Jejuri does not have a high ceiling. It is rather a low temple. Not much of sunlight can enter this low temple. Hence the pilgrims cannot see clearly the various stone and bronze images or statues which are kept there. One has to light a match stick to view or see the gods.

A low temple keeps its gods in the dark.  
You lend a matchbox to the priest.  
One by one the gods come to light.

The darkness inside the shrine prompts him to claim that the gods themselves are in the dark in this low temple. Actually, the speaker is as much in the dark as the gods whom he cannot see clearly. The gods too are not surprised at this lack of attention. The pilgrim observes the various Gods till the light of the matchstick dies.

For a moment the length of a matchstick  
Gestures after gestures revive and dies.  
Stance after lost stance is found  
And lost again.

Here the poet points out at the lack of electricity, which is a sign of modernity. The darkness is symbolized with the darkness of perception of people visiting this shrine. There is no proper management at the place which is considered to be sacred form thousands of people. Among the statues the protagonist sees one of the goddess which has eighteen arms. The protagonist asked the priest the name of the goddess. The priest replied that it is a goddess having eight arms. The protagonist replied that he has counted eighteen arms but the priest still asserts that the statue has eight arms. The priest is hardly able to reply in a satisfactory way. Here is a conflict between fact and belief.

The eight arm goddess, the priest replies.  
A sceptic match coughs.  
You can count.  
But she has eighteen, you protest.  
All the same she is still an eight arm goddess to the priest.

Disappointed the protagonist comes out of the temple in the sun lighting a cigarette to smoke. Incidentally he sees children playing on twenty foot tortoise. The poet assumes this too to be some of the holy belief but the poet has not given any indication in the poem.

You come out in the sun and light a charminar.  
Children play on the back of the twenty-foot tortoise.

The small poem ‘Chaitanya’ contains an important message which is conveyed through one vivid image, that of Chaitanya<sup>7</sup> spitting out the seeds of the grapes that he has eaten. Chaitanya did not like the stone images of Gods lying neglected – even without flowers in Jejuri. This poem shows that Chaitanya liked the stones of Jejuri because “they are sweet as grapes” and he transformed these stones into Gods.

‘Sweet as grapes  
Are the stones of Jejuri’,  
He popped a stone  
in his mouth  
and spat out gods.

The image seems to be blasphemous, but what it implies is the god-making ability of Chaitanya. He had the capacity to turn stones into gods. Eating and spitting out both suggest a



supernatural, if irreverent, attitude to this otherwise miraculous transfiguration. The implication, of course, is that the belief in gods is absurd.

‘An Old Woman’ is another important poem because it brings out several layers of meaning. No pilgrim centre, however holy, can escape the sight of the tragedy of poverty, old age and the utter sense of loneliness that these bring. Jejuri is no exception of it. The old woman in the poem is alone and poor, who makes a pathetic attempt to earn out a living by pretending to guide pilgrims. When the pilgrim replies that he has already seen the shrine, she still clings to him and, in fact, tightens her grip on his sleeves:

An old woman grabs  
 hold of your sleeve  
 and tags along.

The protagonist looks around. And he looks at her. Her face is full of wrinkles, had begun round her eyes spread through her face. The protagonist is suddenly shaken and realizes what else an old woman do to earn her livelihood.

When you hear her say,  
 ‘What else can an old woman do.  
 on hills as wretched as these?’

The poem is important because Kolatkar has portrayed the aridity and the barrenness of Jejuri through this old woman. Hill is symbolic of the ascending planes of higher consciousness. The wretchedness of the hills indicates the lack of human efforts in this direction. Her eyes reflect the sky of inner-consciousness. They give a glimpse of the vast potential of the Life-force in mankind. The realization is such a shattering experience that everything else seems to collapse.

‘The Blue Horse’ presents the spectacle of a group of singers singing in a keyless passion in praise of Khandoba’s horse at the house of priest. The group of singers is led by a “The toothless singer” who:

Opens her mouth.  
 Shorts the circuits  
 in her haywire throat.”

But the poet’s reaction to the whole thing is only predictable. It strikes him as a “bit of sacred cabaret act.” This poem describes a religious ceremony which the priest has arranged at his house for the convenience of protagonist. Of course the priest must have been paid enough money as his fee for thus obliging the protagonist.

You turn to the priest  
 who has been good enough to arrange  
 that bit of sacred cabaret act at his own house.

Kolatkar’s utter contempt of the priest is obvious. The singers sing of a Blue Horse on which Khandoba had ridden away after killing the demons and after having murdered his wife. But the picture on the wall of the priest’s house shows a white horse. The protagonist asks priest for the explanation.

“The singers sang of a blue horse.

How is it then, that the picture on your wall shows a white one?’

The priest artificially imparts a bluish hue to the picture on the wall in order to make it look blue. Once again we see the negligence about the accuracy or the fact. The true history is not known by the priest; hence the religion is in darkness. The interruption or queries doesn’t affect the priest and the singers. They carry on with their drums to be beaten with great force.

The tambourine continues to beat its breasts.

In the poem ‘The Priest’s Son’, a young boy is often deputed by his father to take the tourists to different parts of the temple and explain them the significance of the various statues and of some of the hills. In this poem, the priest’s son takes the protagonist to the different places connected with the various legends about Khandoba and his deeds. There are five hills, situated close to one another, which are described by the priest’s son to the protagonist as being the stone figures of the five demons whom Khandoba had killed.

these five hills  
 are the five demons  
 that Khandoba killed

But, when asked whether the boy really believes that story, the boy does not reply and merely looks uncomfortable. He shrugs and, looking away, draws the protagonist’s attention to a butterfly in the grass, thus trying to make the protagonist forget the question which he has asked:

he doesn’t reply  
 but merely looks uncomfortable  
 shrugs and looks away  
 .....  
 look  
 there’s a butterfly  
 there

In this poem in fact the priest’s son, himself does not believe in the authenticity of the stories about Khandoba. But, just for the sake of livelihood he has to give credibility to the legends and cannot deny it. Hence, Jejuri has become a place to earn one’s livelihood rather a place of devotion. King Bruce says “*Jejuri* is, I think, less a poem of skepticism and a poem about a modern wasteland’s loss of faith than a poem which contrasts deadness of perception within the ability to see the divine in the natural vitality of life.”<sup>8</sup>

In the poem ‘Makarand’ the protagonist frankly refuses to join the worship which the pilgrims have come to offer to the image of God Khandoba. The protagonist would rather prefer smoking outside than go inside shirtless for the worship. His objection is not merely to his taking off his shirt but to the worship itself.

Not me.  
 But you go right ahead  
 if that’s what you want to do.  
 Give me the matchbox  
 before you go,  
 will you?

‘Makarand’ records the rationalistic attitude of a modern young man to God, religion and pilgrimage. He (protagonist) went to Jejuri in quest of enlightenment, a spiritual fulfillment. Instead of religious sanctity, awe-inspiring mysticism, he finds that there is only poverty, hunger, aridity, ugliness, decay and dilapidation, ignorance, absurdity and materialism. It is a critic on Hinduism with spiritual bankruptcy. Kolatkar views the entire process of religious rites with disgust. ‘A Scratch’, the title itself conveys the idea that, merely by scratching a stone at Jejuri, a pilgrim would come across or discover a legend which proves the sanctity of temple of god Khandoba.

It is very difficult to decide at Jejuri what is god and what is stone. The dividing line between a god and a stone at jejuri is very difficult to determine because any stone, which a

pilgrim picks up, may prove to be the image of god; and the next stone which one picks up, may turn out to be god's cousin.

what is god  
 and what is stone  
 the dividing line  
 if it exists  
 is very thin  
 at Jejuri  
 and every other stone  
 is god or his cousin

Any stone which the pilgrim picks up, either from the dirty, loose earth or from the hard rock would find the stone to be sacred stone and a personification of some god. There is one huge rock, of the size of a bedroom. This portion of the rock is Khandoba's wife who had been turned into a stone figure by Khandoba when he had struck her down with his sword in a state of fury. The crack, which runs across that portion of the rock, is the scar of the wound which the wife had received from her husband's sword which had a broad blade. The rock bears witness to Khandoba's murder of his wife in a fit of anger.

that giant hunk of rock  
 the size of a bedroom  
 is Khandoba's wife turned to stone  
 the crack that runs right across  
 is the scar from his broadsword  
 once in a fit of rage.

Kolatar here ridicules the blind faith of the Maharashtrian pilgrims who visit Jejuri to offer worship to Khandoba. There is no limit to the number of stone images of the gods whom the pilgrims can worship. In the 'Temple Rat', the rat's familiarity with the terrifying god, Malhari Martand rouses a smile. The rat-

'Oozes halfway down the trident,  
 like a thick gob of black blood'  
 and makes 'A ripple in a divine muscle'

The rat dominates the temple so much in the poem that the teenage bride's worship of the stone Linga recedes to the back-ground. One is tempted to say, 'May be Malhari Martand like it that way'.

The mythopoeic imagination which made gods out of grape-seed and demons out of rock is acknowledged,<sup>9</sup> by the pilgrims visiting Khandoba. 'A Song for a Vaghya' deals with the traditional worship of Khandoba. God is a name which can be played back in reverse.<sup>10</sup>

I know it as fangs  
 inside my flanks.

In 'A Song for a Murli' deals with the female devotee, sings songs praising Khandoba. The institution of a Murli, corresponding to the 'Devadasi' elsewhere in India naturally deteriorates to prostitution.

keep your hands off Khandoba's woman  
 you old lecher  
 let's see the colour of your money first.



The cupboard in a sarcastic manner shows how the gods are preserved according to their status. We can see how stone gods are neglected and bronze gods get fare treatment. But the gold gods as they are made up of precious metals are locked up for safety.

‘Yeshwant Rao’ is a poem about a god whose name is Yeshwant Rao and is believed to have no head, no hands, no arms, no feet, in fact none of the limbs which every god possess. Being headless, armless and feetless, he is regarded as the patron god of all those human beings who have lost one or the other of their limbs on account of some dreadful diseases or on account of some accident. Those, who are short of a limb, go to Jejuri to offer worship to this particular god who has the power to restore the lost limb to the petitioner who comes to him:

Yeshwant Rao,  
 He’s the god you’ve got to meet.  
 If you’re short of a limb,  
 Yeshwant Rao will lend you a hand  
 and get you back on your feet.

The irony is that, the god, who himself is maimed, is supposed to have the power to make the bodies of maimed human beings whole. The protagonist leaves the temple town disappointedly and moves towards the railway station. The protagonist comes across Hair cutting saloon, café, flour mill. The best mocking part of the poem ‘Between Jejuri and the Railway station’ is that when the protagonist leaves the temple town he has a coconut in his hand and a priest’s visiting card in his pocket:

You’ve left the town behind  
 with a coconut in your hand,  
 a priest’s visiting card in your pocket

The protagonist moves ahead towards railway station with few questions knocking his head. One seems to have lost his consciousness and feel like a dead person. The protagonist’s entire visit proved to be utterly futile and his quest for enlighten was absolutely vain.

M.K.Naik comments, “The penultimate section, ‘Between Jejuri and the Railway Station’ presents an experience which provides a sharp contrast: ‘A dozen cocks and hens in a field of Jawar/ in a kind of a harvest dance’. This is a obviously a vision of primeval vigor and the joy of life sadly missing both from the temple (i.e., religious tradition) and the railway station (machine civilization). The poet is generally skeptical and ironic, though moments of sympathy (as when he encounters an old beggar woman and a teenage wife) do break in. The poem opens with a journey (to Jejuri) and closes with the return journey in the offing, thus suggesting the motif of a quest.”<sup>11</sup>

‘The Railway Station’ which has six sections with separate titles exploits the idea of a time table and a journey in an admirable manner to suggest the timelessness into which Jejuri has sunk and the absurdity to a quest for that matter, the absurdity of ant type of journey in space or in mind. This poem gives us a picture, a graphic, of the desolate scene which the railway station presents. The indicator at the railway station indicates nothing. It does not work. For one who has seen many gods and demons the indicator appears to be:

a wooden saint  
 in need of a paint

The wooden saint remains mute and cannot tell us when the next train is due. Like everything else the sleeping dog at the station is symbolic of the place where gods and time, have gone to sleep. The dog has a many body, and could be regarded as the spirit of the place:

the spirit of the place

lives inside the mangy body  
of the station dog

The man at the tea-stall throws dish-water on the protagonist's face when he asked him the question. The station master is a two-headed man who does not believe in any time-table published in the year the railway track was made. Here again he sees the blind faith of the station master who doesn't talk and

he keeps looking anxiously at the setting sun  
as if the sunset were a part of a secret ritual

The protagonist frustrated with the station master and losing hope of the arrival of train vows-

slaughter a goat before the clock  
smash a coconut on the railway track  
smear the indicator with the blood of a cock  
bathe the station master in milk  
if anyone tells him about the  
arrival of next train.

The setting sun in the end appears like a wheel – but it seems to be a wheel of the train which never comes on time. The wheel like-sun reminds us of the wheels of the bus which had brought the pilgrims to Jejuri. R. Parthasarthy comments that the “poem evokes a surreal world in which imagination and reality are fused, in which contradictions in logic are acceptable to the imagination, ordinary concepts of time and space do not operate, and everything is seen with an innocent eye”.<sup>12</sup>

‘The Railway Station’ is the very embodiment of futility, ineffectiveness, and absurdity. It is not a satire on the railway station but a most depressing account of desolation and despair. Kolatkar's *Jejuri* offers a rich description of India and a town Jejuri which is a spiritual quest. It is an effort to find the divine trace in a degenerate world. With irony as a weapon *Jejuri* is the work with a unique and visionary voice.

## REFERENCES

- 1) Surrealism - It is a 20th century movement of artists and writers (developing out of dadaism) who used fantastic images and incongruous juxtapositions in order to represent unconscious thoughts and dreams
- 2) Expressionism – It is a technique of distorting objects and events in order to represent them as they are perceived by a character in a literary work.
- 3) Beat Generation Poetry – Beat poetry emerged in the US in the early 1950s, when a group of American writers and poets came to prominence. Jack Kerouac created the phrase "Beat Generation" to represent their anti conformist attitudes. These writers were called Beats, and were sometimes called Beatniks. They rejected mainstream American values and experimented with drugs and alcohol to increase the intellectual aspects of their interests.
- 4) Amit Chaudhuri was born in 1962 in Calcutta, where he now lives, and grew up in Bombay. Educated there, in London, and at Oxford, he has taught at Cambridge and Columbia. He has written several works of fiction, a critical study of the poetry of D.H.Lawrence, and edited *The Vintage Book of Modern Indian Literature*. Among the many awards he has received are the Commonwealth Writer's Prize, the Los Angeles time Book Prize for Fiction, and the Government of India's Sahitya Akademi Award.
- 5) Dhangars – is one of the oldest tribes in Maharashtra.

- 6) Patke Rajeev S. 'Poetry Since Independence' in *A History of Indian Literature in English*, Mehrotra Arvind Krishna (ed), C. Hurst & Co. (Publishers) Ltd., 2003, p. 256
- 7) Chaitanya – was a great Vaishnavite figure (saint) of the 15<sup>th</sup> century. He hailed from Bengal, but travelled all over India spreading his cult of ecstatic devotion to Lord Krishna.
- 8) King Bruce, *Modern Indian Poetry In English*, OUP, UK, 1987, p.170
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- 11) Naik. M.K, *A History of Indian English Literature*, Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, 2009, p.217-218
- 12) Parthasarathy S (ed), *Ten Twentieth Century Poets*, OUP, New Delhi, 1994, p.40