

Satyashodhak Anna Bhau Sathe :
A Humanitarian Literature

17-08-2018

CERTIFICATE

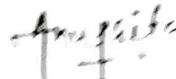


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This is to certify that Mr./Ms./Mr. Intervan Lawrence Shinde
From Bhagwan Loba Arts College, Chindwad participated in
a workshop / seminar / conference / colloquium in the field of Interdisciplinary International
Conference on Satyashodhak Anna Bhau Sathe : A Humanitarian Literature
organized by Career Spirit Education (I.A.P.), Santacruz, Mumbai on 8 October 2018
at Maulana Abul Kalam Azad Research Center, Aurangabad. He/ She has delivered
a talk/ presented a paper entitled My Journey to Russia - A Travelogue
New perspective.


Dr. Vasant Gaikwad
(Co-ordinator)


Dr. Ramesh Landage
(Convener)


Ms. Anuprita More
(Organizing Secretary)

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Satyashodhak Anna Bhau Sathe :
A Humanist Philosopher

Editor

Dr. Vishnu Patil
Dr. Mahesh Waghmare
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17. Ms. Devade Bhagyashri Baburao- Research Scholar, Dept of English, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar Marathawada University, Aurangabad.
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26. **Mr. Taterao Bapurao Nikalje- Dept. of English, Sant Bhagwan Baba Arts College, Sindkhed Raja Dist-Buldana**
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28. Mr. Ambulgekar Kailash Gangadhar- Dept. of English, D.D. Shinde Sarkar College, Bhawani Mandap, Kolhapur.
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34. Mr. Ambadas Dadasaheb Sakat- Assistant Professor, Dept. of English, Kisan Veer Mahavidyalaya, Wai

My Journey to Russia- A Travelogue: New Perspective**Mr. Taterao Bapurao Nikalje**Dept. of English, Sant Bhagwan Baba Arts College, Sindkhed Raja Dist-
Buldana**Abstract :**

Anna Bhau Sathe was a social reformer, folk poet, and Dalit writer from Maharashtra, India. He was born on August 1, 1920 in the village of Wategaon near Sangli district of Maharashtra in a family belonging to the Dalit Mang community. Poverty due to caste based discrimination had prevented Sathe from obtaining formal education. His brother Shankarbhau recounts in his biography of Sathe, titled *Majhe Bhau Annabhau*, that the family members worked as laborers at the site of Kalyan tunnel when it was being constructed. Kalyan is in Thane district of Maharashtra. In Bombay, Sathe undertook a range of odd jobs Anna Bhau Sathe who has not completed any formal education, a Dalit, poor, downtrodden, marginalized, subjugated and exploited how he got the opportunity to visit Russia? How he was selected to go? What would his experiences be? I was very eager to know about him and without any delay I took to read 'Maza Russiacha Pravas'. It was unimaginable, unforgettable and very hilarious. Immediately I thought that this unbelievable journey must be read by everyone.

Anna Bhau Sathe's work:

Sathe wrote in Marathi 35 novels, one among which was *Fakira* (1959). *Fakira*, which is currently in its 19th edition, received a state government award in 1961. There are 15 collections of Sathe's short stories. A large number of his short stories have been translated into many Indian and as many as 27 non-Indian languages. Besides novels and short stories, Sathe wrote a play, a travelogue on Russia, 12 screenplays, and 10 ballads—powade (Marathi). Anna Bhau Sathe wrote directly from his experiences in life, and his novels celebrate the fighting spirit in their characters who work against all odds in life. However, its beginning took place in Marathi language in Maharashtra. The credit for the upliftment of the dalits and fostering in them a sense of self-respect goes in the first place to Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar who was from Maharashtra and the dalit masses there supported him loyally and unflinchingly.

Anna Bhau Sathe's Journey to Russia :- A Travelogue

Before Anna, Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar went to foreign countries. He described some of his experiences in the form of letters; he had not published them in a

book form. Hence the credit of first Dalit travelogue in Marathi goes to Anna Bhau Sathe. He belonged to Mang or Matang community which was supposed to be one of the most underprivileged and depressed communities in India. Caste System in India is probably, the main factor which is responsible to divide India as touchable and untouchables on the basis of colour, occupation and the wrong concepts of purity and pollution. Dalits are the victims of Caste system in India on a very larger scale. They were treated as inhumane; a much degraded work of skinning the dead animals, cleaning the villages was allotted to them.

As a worker and a member of Communist Party Anna received an opportunity to experience and observe workers life, and their problems. Anna penned out the ground realities of workers life, Advisees, Nomadic Tribes, Women's pathetic conditions and exploited ones through his novels, short stories, dramas, poems, and ballads and sensitized the ironically called high class society. Anna's journey from Mangwada of Wategon to Russia was not very smooth. His way was full of thorns like exploitation, marginalization, subjugation & heart rendering poverty. Actually he was moneyless to visit Russia but on the basis of charity received from the people of Maharashtra his desire to see Russia fulfilled.

Anna Bhau Sathe was a novelist, short story writer, poet, dramatist, an actor, performer, singer, ballad composer and what not. He used to play skillfully on musical instruments like Harmonium, Tabala, Sarangi, Dholki, Bulbultarang and such others. He was already skilled in handling sword, axe, vila and Dandpatta.

Travelogue is a tool to understand our history, socio-economic and socio-political conditions of the society as well as the personality of the individual travel writers, their attitude towards the life of the people where they visited. What those writers experienced and saw the degree of their subjectivity and objectivity in their writing can be analyzed. We have a huge body of travel literature to be studied and analyzed from the mere factual records they have recorded. Widening the horizon is precisely the purpose of travelogue. It was money rain when the people of Maharashtra got the news as Anna Bhau Sahte is going to Russia'. With this miracle half of the expenses were collected. However, in spite of lots of difficulties, he got the passport. Finally he was ready to fly to Russia. The unseen Russia was floating in front of my eyes. After taking a long leap our flight landed. He was cautious, emptied my mind with a sigh. In that night many friends were present with flowers near the door of the

flight to welcome us. Outside it was very cold and cold wind was piercing the skin continuously.

In the memory of courageous fight of Russian people in the Second World War I, spontaneously, composed a ballad on the battle of Stalingrad. Along with the Red Soldiers my fame flourished in Berlin and now, as a member of delegation of Indo- Soviet Cultural Society, he was going to Moscow. But he had to travel lonely from Mumbai to Delhi then other members who all were unknown to meet him. In the very morning many people were present to welcome us at Leningrad. He found the city of Leningrad very pleasant and peaceful. One couldn't find the hustle and bustle like Moscow. But the architecture of city was very splendorous and charming. He was envied to see young boys and girls reading books while walking on the footpath near the flower-bed. After wandering several times on the banks of river 'Neva' flowing from the Leningrad, he was satisfied to see the ship where the first flag of October Revolution was hoisted.

At some distance from Leningrad city is a garden. He didn't remember its Russian name therefore he was calling it as 'Shanti Udyaan'. In 1942 when Nazi crusaders surrounded Leningrad, in the battle by the starvation millions of people died. Anna Bhau Sathe saw several old people standing before sacrificial fire praying making the sign of 'cross' on their chest. In that premises no one dares to pass joke and indulge in merry making except engrossing with the thought of hate and anger of the war. Because it is the monument of millions of soldiers who scarified their lives for the sake of Leningrad and it holds the name of Lenin. That's why the garden, the fire don't disappear from the eyesight. Garden is the symbol of the fire of hate burning in the hearts of Russian people against the war.

After that we visited the museum in Leningrad. Thousands of years articles are preserved there. Mrs. Tatiyana Katenina was explaining me in Marathi about each and every thing. I saw there the Indian coins from Samrat Chandragupta to till date and was surprised especially to see Marathi weapons 'sword' and 'patta'. Tipu Sultan's sword was also there.

In Moscow, he gained several friends including photographers, motor drivers, garden workers, hotel waitresses and lift operator old women and from them he got the very core of Russian soul. In Moscow he delivered first speech in Marathi. Two interpreters were standing behind me. It was presented in front of Russians as from Marathi to English and English to Russian. The audiences and well-known personalities of Moscow were present. They were delighted to

know that he would speak in Marathi. He started his speech. "Perhaps this is for the first time that you have to hear a speech in Marathi. But Maharashtra is a state of India where 3.5 billion people speak Marathi and they are also honest and courageous like you. Mr. Afsani visited India and he had also landed his first step to my Marathi land Maharashtra state, in the Empire of Shivaji. Here, he was speaking in Marathi of the state.... ! "We were marching towards Azerbaijan's capital Baku from Stalingrad, boarded on the plane at the morning 7 o'clock and for the whole day it flew in the sky. Seating near the window he was watching the land but unable to see it through the clouds. Anna Bhau Sathe saw statues, schools and several gardens. Everywhere he found education. Statues located at places were also offering a kind of education. I convinced that they were not interested in exhibiting the wastage things. Each and everything of that country was like an ornament of life to them. While our flight was crossing the Caspian Sea to Baku he looked below and felt that earth is like a green planet.

The City of Baku was very beautiful, amazing and mind-blowing. While returning Hamid sahib asked "Shahireaziz how is the Baku?" "You are rich" he answered. But he didn't like it and with reluctance he said, "Don't label us rich. You can say us 'free'". Baku was surrounded by several oil wells. Oil means fire and that would be the reason behind calling the city 'Baku'. There were not hundred but thousands of oil wells at Baku. Some of them were of hundred years of and others of 10 years old. Some of them were 2.5 kms in depth. Bailing out the infinite oil from the womb of earth the country was prospering. The people of the country were skilled in scooping out the oil from the earth. Now they were invading the sea and struggling with the nature. Amidst of the Caspian Sea they raised a well planned small city. Defining its route they connected the city with the world creating a wonder.

Next day we went to see a shared farming project. It was 112 miles away from Baku. On the way we saw several towns. A miracle happened in Soviet Union. Cities and Towns were distance less. Towns achieved the same status as cities. They were small and people used to work in farm hence called Towns. After watching the shared farming project he entered in a double story building. All the people followed me. It was a house of a farmer. Ten persons were living there out of them five were working in the farm and 5 children were going to school. In that house he seen two radios, a T.V. and a telephone. Everyone had a separate room, cot, mattress, mirrors etc. observing that all he remembered the prosperity of ancient knights. Comrade Lenin was architecture of that new world of communism. For him it was like a dream world. And he was

wandering in it. During his journey, he saw Russia, travelling by flight, railway, car and on my feet. He met with happy, glad, humble and intelligent people. He was travelling to Baku from Tashkent which was very long journey. But he didn't see a poor, beggar, starved and a lazy man. The reason was communism. Russian man ate, drank and rested a lot because he worked a lot. For them work was worship. Like a religion they followed the work very keenly. That's the reason of their progress. After three days excursion of Baku they said goodbye to the grand Baku- the capital of Azerbaijan. In Moscow, Anna Bhau Sathe saw a second play. That was produced by and for the children. The theater was for the children where several shows organized regularly. A thing of wonder was that it was always crowded by the children. For tickets they had to make queues.

At Leningrad he saw a movie. Being late he received seat quiet in the first row. As the movie began he felt the whole theater running on the vehicle. He was feeling like going ahead of all as he was sitting in front and was looking here and there. A big fountain came near to me and very heavy spark of water gushed out from it. Going near the sprays he bent down with the fear of getting wet. And all the audiences laughed. He was ashamed of his act. They landed at Tashkent and on the same day we got to see a beautiful play 'Dilaram', at that time also they reached late at the theater. The play had already begun and not a single ticket was available. With nervousness they were looking here and there. The news of our arrival reached to the audiences who were in the theater. Some of them came out and gave their tickets and went away. Then they occupied their seats. He received new lesson of honoring the guest what a generosity and sensitivity!

● Conclusion:

In nut shell, at Soviet Russia, Anna Bhau Sahte saw various aspects of Russian people and amazed to see her boundless business, talent and art, literature and generous culture. When they left Delhi some of our members were nervous. The shadow of consumerism against the Soviet was constant in our mind. Anna Bhau Sathe was thinking what development could be possible by the communism? No one is capable in this world to provide happiness to each and every man. There must be some vacuum. Wherever Anna Bhau Sathe went in Russia he found acclamation of peace. Everyone was crazy for peace. It didn't mean that they were helpless. They were great, powerful and believers 'in the noble hands of India and Russia the world peace is safe'. The old mother thought only of my son should not kill to anyone and he himself shouldn't die in the battlefield. They have to live and develop their country. They want peace because, it is their experience that it is only in the time of peace the life

blossoms in a true sense where the art develops and flowers blossom. They have seen and practically experienced its effects hence they don't want war. In short our people blesses with millions of blessings to their Prime Minister who is striving for peace. He will never forget that vision of Himalaya and the memories of Soviet Russia. No, it's not possible to forget me! He believes that wanderings in Russia are a fruition of his life. Unknowingly he felt attracted towards motherland in that obsession he smoke a cigarette and as he lit up second one saw the red board and Delhi arrived.

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