

From oppression to Resistance: A Study of Selected short stories of Mahasweta Devi

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Abstract

Mahasweta Devi (1926-2016) is one of those few writers of India who have an unyielding commitment and passion for the downtrodden. Her powerful stories about the dispossessed along with her activism, on their behalf, have made her one of the best-known, and most frequently translated, of India's authors. She writes about the lives of ordinary men and women, particular about subaltern consciousness. Her stories give voice to tribal – Santhals, Lodhas, Shabars and Mundas and the junction of folk and the modern, the mainstream and the margin. Her stories are deeply rooted in her own experiences with the people about whom she writes.

She is an extraordinary writer who wrote, worked and fought for the marginalized tirelessly for almost six decades. She remained actively involved in the struggles of tribal and underprivileged communities in the border areas of the three adjacent provinces of Bihar, Orissa and West Bengal, especially in the districts of Mayurbhanj, Medinipur, Purulia, and Singhbhum. Irked by the gross indifference of the contemporary writers towards the suffering humanity, she takes up cudgels against the establishment. She justifies violence where the system fails to do justice. The protagonists of her stories take to violence when they realize the futility of their protests against repressive social system. As a matter of fact, Mahasweta Devi suggests that

violence is necessary to quicken the process of social transformation. Almost invariably her protagonists turn violent towards the end of her stories. There is the progressive kind of violence. The present study is an attempt to go deep in the roots of the problems of these people. The stories are taken from her collection of short stories, *Bitter Soil*. The first story taken for study is *Little Ones*, in which Mahasweta Devi depicts exploitation of poor villagers and their resistance, the final outcome of oppression. Mahasweta Devi describes how the corruption at the end of greedy landlords may reduce the ordinary human beings to pygmies. The story set in Lohri, a terrible place, situated at the meeting point of the boundaries of three districts, Rachi, Sargiya and Palamau, affected by drought and famine.

The villagers are not provided with the relief material, sanctioned by the government to them during famine but it is used by the local landlords for their personal use. All this results in malnutrition and reduced size of the villagers to that of pygmies. The only alternate left with them is to steal the relief material. In another story, *Seeds*, she exposes the motivation behind the voluntary land donation by the upper class zamindars to the landless after the Independence. It also shows how the *Seeds* of rebellion are sown in the form of corpses. Violence in turn is suggested as the only way out. As in this story, the landlord, Lachhman Singh manipulates the political machinery, even getting away with murder, until Dulan Ganju, the protagonist retaliates at the end of the story by smashing Lachhman's head with stone. After the killing, Dulan buries the headman under a pile of stones - an exact reversal of what the headman got Dulan to do to the victims of his oppression. Thus, the protagonists turn to violence as a remedy of their everlasting oppression.

Key Words: Violence, Oppression, rebellion, downtrodden, tribal.

In the foreword of the Telugu translation, Mahasweta Devi wrote for *Rakasi Kora*. She says: “When they [the oppressed] rise, get organized and fight back, only then history can be changed.”(vii)

Mahasweta Devi is one of those writers who wrote, worked and fought for the ‘Dalits’ or ‘Subalterns’ for almost six decades. In fact, she is one of those few writers of India who have an unyielding commitment and passion for the downtrodden. The main thrust of most of her creative work is the release of human soul from all kinds of oppression. Particular about subaltern consciousness, she writes about the lives of ordinary men and women. In her elaborate Bengali fiction she often depicts the brutal oppression of the tribal people and untouchables by potent authoritarian upper caste landlords, money lenders and venal government officials. Her powerful stories about the dispossessed along with her activism, on their behalf, have made her one of the best-known, and most frequently translated, of India's authors.

Her trenchant, powerful, satiric fiction has won her recognition in the form of ‘Sahitya Academy’ and ‘Jnanpith Award’, the highest literary prize in India, in 1996. A social activist, she has spent many years crusading for the rights of the tribal and was also awarded the Padmasree and the Magsaysay, the Asian equivalent of the Nobel Prize, in 1997, for her activist work amongst dispossessed tribal communities.

Born into a well known artistic family in January 1926 in Dhaka, then in British India, Mahasweta Devi writes in Bengali. She was born and brought up in a literary ambience, as both of her parents were national intellectuals and litterateur of standing. Her father Manish Ghatak was a poet as well as a novelist. Her mother Dharitri Devi was also a writer and a social worker. Mahasweta Devi started writing at a young age, and contributed short stories to various literary

magazines. Between 1956 and 1965, she had written ninety-four works of fiction. She is a very prolific writer. Exposing exploitation and domination in the post colonial state, Devi's writings are different from the literature of diasporic nostalgia for the place left behind. Her first novel, *Nati*, was published in 1957. Her literary masterpieces, among others, include *Jhansir Rane* (1956), *Hazaar Chaurasir Ma* (1975) (translated into English as *Mother of 1084*, and later made into a movie), *Rudali* (1997) (adapted in a play as well as into a movie), *Agni Garbha* (1978), and *Chatti Munda O Tir* (1980), *Aranayer Adhikaar* (1977), and stories like *Draupadi*, *Breast Giver*, *Dolouti the Bountiful*, *Shri Shri Ganesh Mahima* etc.

Mahasweta Devi is one of those rare writers who always aspire to find and explore something challenging and new, and never accept the existing ideals. Her heroes and heroines are almost leaders who struggle against exploitation- such as Birsa Munda, the tribal leader in *Aranayer Adhikar*, or Titu Mir, the peasant leader, in her novel *Titu Mir*, who led a revolt against the British in Bengal in 1830-31. In her most famous work *Hazaar Chaurasir Ma*, her heroine is not a leader, but the book examines the popular resistance to oppression from a different angle: the mother of a young Naxalite boy muses on the social and political factors that have driven her son towards an extreme position.

Devi's stories and novels are deeply rooted in her own experiences with the people about whom she writes. She has been a tireless crusader of the subaltern's cause, and has focused her efforts on getting justice for the dalits and the tribals of the West Bengal and adjoining areas. In her tribal work, life is not romanticized. Her main concern is to expose the stranglehold of feudalism over land and poor people. Her sympathetic portrayal aims to capture the pain and torment in the life of the oppressed people. In an interview with Gayatri Chakraborty Spivak, she tells:

The tribals and the mainstream have always been parallel The mainstream simply doesn't understand the parallel. . . . They can't keep their land; there is no education for them, no health facilities... they are denied everything That is why I started writing about the tribal movements and the tribal world I repay them their honour. (Leon35)

Her primary endeavour is to break the stereotype images about the subaltern and to know their practices as well as recognize and honour them. She writes:

After thirty one years of Independence, I find my people still groaning under hunger, landlessness, indebtedness, and bonded labour All the parties . . . have failed to keep their commitment to the common people. I do not hope to see in my life time any reason to change this conviction of mine. Hence, I go on writing . . . about the people. (quoted in Bandyopadhyay vii)

As Devi comments on the atrocities committed against the dispossessed tribes, which then are forced into petty thieving, crimes and delinquency, and then are branded as criminals by the society and the police, she also comments on the social agenda that should occupy each one of us:

I am working for the criminal tribes of West Bengal for the last twenty years. Very closely. No one else in India works for these criminal tribes. Because, they are so unfortunate that even other tribals believe that they are criminals. They also kill them. So, with one tribe I am especially close. The Kheria Sabar tribals of Purulia. Last February-this year's February-one of my tribals, Budhan Sabar, was brutally killed by the police and the jail authorities. The police almost killed him, then sent him to jail, where he expired. So I had filed a case, public interest case, with the Calcutta High Court in February. (Devi)

She recalls the time spent with her subjects' 'preparation' for writing. From 1963 to 1975, she went to Singhbhum, Ranchi, Palamau and Chaibasa areas of Jharkhand every year to spend time with the tribal people, who lived lives of extreme deprivation as bonded labourers and nomadic groups. They had no right to education or access to health facilities and were living off the meager resources of steadily shrinking forests. Mahasweta Devi soon became involved in a movement to better their conditions. One means that she had used with great effectiveness for the

betterment of these people has been her creative work. Her writing reflects her deep familiarity with the Santhal, Kheria and Lodha tribes. From her many stories and novels, as well as articles, essays and reports, we learn how difficult it is for tribal people to gain the facilities and privileges taken for granted in the mainstream society.

She believes that mere sympathizing with the poor doesn't help them; she lives with them in order to bring their grievances and demands to the view of a generally indifferent bureaucracy and sets off movements for the redress of different modes of exploitation. So the subjects of her stories become the subjects of her life. In fact, the main thrust in the bulk of her creative work is the release of human soul from all kinds of oppression.

The protagonists of her stories take to violence when they realize the futility of their protests against repressive social system. As a matter of fact, Devi suggests that violence is necessary to quicken the process of social transformation. Talking about the various manifestations of violence in modern literature, G. N. Devy opines that in Mahasweta Devi's fiction, violence is given a Marxist interpretation and all her characters, generally coming from rural backgrounds, are farm workers, tribal, poor women and subalterns. As he further observes: "They face exploitation at the hands of the landlords, Government officials, policemen and money lenders. Almost invariably her protagonists turn violent towards the end of her stories. Theirs' is the progressive kind of violence" (5).

Her stories take us to the roots of the problem of complete ignorance on the part of the civilized which makes the situation deeply ironic. This is also the cause of Devi's anger towards the so-called ideas of progress. She believes that the root cause of these ills lie in the inability of the tribal mind to break free from primitive myths. In other words any move to bring these

people into the mainstream will have to function within the paradigms of tribal narratives. The reason, the protagonist of *Little Ones* fails, is precisely he refuses to accept that his discourse is unintelligible to the starving tribal for whom he ostensibly brings relief supplies. Mahasweta depicts his traumatic encounter with a group of tribal who appear to be small kids. But actually they were adults, reduced to the size of emaciated children on account of malnutrition. Their bodies never developed, they were born and brought up in starvation. They have seen rice – but only in dreams. Starvation has been the sole meaning of their existence in postcolonial India. Malnutrition as a cause of stunted growth in the case of pygmies, writes the author, has been affirmed by anthropologists.

In the story, *Little Ones*, she exposes such a system that keeps the tribal locked in the age old cycle of poverty, hunger and disease. Being an activist as well as a writer, she depicts the true picture in her stories:

‘Shishu’ (Little Ones) was born of tribal experience. My experience keeps me perpetually angry and makes me ruthlessly unforgiving towards the exploiters, or the exploiting system. That the mainstream remains totally oblivious of the tribal situation furthers that burning anger. (*Bitter Soil*, ix)

Little Ones or ‘Shishu’ in Hindi is a hair-raising tale of starvation where people become reduced in size to pygmies due to hunger and malnutrition over years. As Devi herself says:

Starvation over generations can reduce ordinary sized human beings to pygmies. Of course, the starving Aagariyas are savagely angry at a system under which some people eat three meals a day while they are forced to starve! For I believe in anger, in justified violence, and so peel the mask off the face of the India which is projected by the Government, to expose its naked brutality, savagery, and caste and class exploitation; and place this India, a hydra headed monster, before a people’s court, the people being the oppressed millions. (ix)

The story takes us to Lohri, a village, which is situated at the meeting point of the boundaries of three districts - Ranchi, Sarguja and Palamau. The village is painted as a terrible

place, where people lack even the basic resources to start living. It presents the vicious cycle of hunger, neglect, poverty and hunger again. In this tale of poverty and hunger, the relief officer, who has been appointed by the Food Department, is stunned to see the distance between the romanticized image he had, of the way the tribal lived, and the stark reality which he faces. He is shocked to see, how these tribal live in sub-human conditions. In a very natural reaction, he is repulsed at their grotesque appearance and unnatural existence: “Never in his life has he seen such an arid, uninhabitable place. The sight of those who come for relief, the near naked, shriveled, worm ridden, swollen bellied adivasi men and women, repels him” (2).

It comes out in a tale narrated to the relief officer that whenever relief is sent to this village, it gets stolen. One reason behind this activity of stealing is that the people here are not honest and the root cause of this dishonesty is that the soil of this village is infertile. That is why the villagers indulge in the act of stealing. It is this hunger and poverty which forces the inhabitants of Lohri to steal the relief material which is for them only. This whole process of stealing of relief material is going on for so many years and the culprit is still a secret for the authorities as well as for the villagers. Anyone who dares to catch the culprit gets crazy. Now the villagers start believing that there is some supernatural power that turns everyone crazy whosoever tries to come in the way of tribal, stealing grain. But reality is something else. The real culprit is the village *Tehsildar*. He is a cunning man who: “every year steals from the *relief* and consolidates his own affairs. He’s extremely corrupt but very efficient. He appoints ten Agariya youths to clean and look after the camp” (13). Irony lies in the fact that everyone in the village thinks him to be one of the helping hands in the noble cause of relief and no one can even think of suspecting him.

The whole scene displays Mahasweta Devi's consummate skill in depicting the horror and the sheer inability of the relief officer in facing up to what he sees before his eyes:

Fear, terrible fear. Terrible, terrible fear. He feels a terrible fear. Why are they advancing in silence? Why don't they speak? Their bodies are now clearly visible. What's this? Why are they naked? Why is their hair so long? If they are young, young boys, adolescents, then why is their hair white? Why do the girls, the little girls, have empty, sagging breasts? Why is he coming forward? The one with grey hair. (18)

His mind grapples with the horror of the situation, he is still not able to accept that such wanton neglect and atrocious realities exist in this world of Copernicus, science and five year plans: "Because if this is true, then all else is false. The universe according to Copernicus, science, this century, this freedom, plan after plan. So the relief officer reiterates – '*Na! Na! Na!*'" (19).

Showing both, testimony of her commitment to the cause of the starving tribal as well as her thorough grasp of the political and social dimensions of the problem, Mahashweta Devi says:

There are about two and a half crores [25 million] of such people who still live in bondage. Because 1871 Criminal Tribes Notification Act was repealed, but Government of India re-introduced a Habitual Offenders Act in 1959 for every state, which is nothing but a repetition of that British myth, Criminal Tribes Act. So, what happened before-that continues. ("On Tribal Welfare")

The landlord's exploitation of the peasants and their deprivation of fair wages is the main theme of the second story taken up for study. In this story, *Seeds*, Mahasweta Devi exposes the motivation behind voluntary land donation by the upper caste zamindars to the landless after independence. This was done in order to get rid of barren and useless land by the zamindars. But irony lies in the fact that in all these stories, the peasants are not unaware of these strategies adopted by the landlords: "There is a proverb which says that what you pick up free is worth

fourteen *annas* . The land, free but there was not even fourteen paisa profit from it.” (*Bitter Soil* 25)

The protagonist of the story, Dulan, is also very much aware of these strategies. But he has to survive. As soon as he got the land, he thanked Lachhman Singh, the landlord, for giving him ‘such a fertile piece of land’ but at the same time he shows his helplessness to farm it. On his request Lachhman Singh writes a strong appeal to BDO advocating that Dulan should get money in installments to buy plough and bullocks, seeds and fertilizers. Dulan further uses his strategy to extract money from the government displaying that plough and bullock: “Every alternate year. Every time he takes the money, he says, the bullock died, *hujoor*. He takes the money, collects the fertilizer and sells it at Tohri. Hoists the sack of seeds onto his shoulder and brings it home” (29-30). Reaching home, he decides to eat those seeds after boiling them and make it rice. He and his wife enjoy paddy seeds as their dinner.

One day an issue regarding increase in the daily wages of the villagers gets raised in the village. The villagers demand a raise of twenty five *paise* in their daily wages as the labourers of the neighboring villages are given eight *annas* a day, but they are forced to work in the fields of Lachman Singh for four *annas* a day. They are deeply aware of the uphill struggle, and yet know that a battle can be fought on many fronts and in many ways: “The *gornment* belongs to Lachman Singh. The *gornment* belongs to Lachman Singh, Daitari Singh, Hanuman Misra. If such a *gornment* is fleeced by someone who happens to be a Dulan Ganju, then the villagers are bound to be full of appreciation” (30).

One day Karan Dushad, who used to work as a labourer in Lachhman’s fields arrives in the village. He got indulged in a dispute with Lachhman and was sent to jail. Now after coming back, he motivates the villagers to be united and ask for the increased wages:

... Let's organize ourselves in advance. Talk things over with him. Ask the police to be present during harvesting. Our demands are very few. We're harijans and adivasis. We won't get good wages in these parts. We'll fight for eight *annas*. Women-men-children, eight *annas* for everyone. He's giving four *annas*. This will be our 'twenty-five paise battle for an additional four *annas*. (32)

Initially the work of harvesting and gathering of the corn goes off peacefully. Each worker gets eight *annas* as daily wages and it is all because of Karan Dushad: "Karan Dushad became a *hero*. A fairy tale comes true" (33). But this peace is not at all acceptable to Lachhman Singh. He has already conceived a plan to let things according to him:

As evening draws to dusk, in the radiance of the setting sun, Lachhman Singh accompanied by his Rajput caste brothers, attacks the Dushad quarters in Tamadih.

Fire rages, people burn, huts collapse. (33)

Dulan, the protagonist, is forced to bury Karan and his brother Bulaki, in his field. He is told to guard the land. This is the reason why Dulan always sleeps on the *machaan* in the middle of the field, though nothing grows in the land:

At the point of Lachhman's gun, Dulan buries Karan and his peaceful brother Bulaki in his land. Terrified, head bowed, he digs deep holes with his shovel. Lachhman . . . says - Breathe a word of this to anyone, you cur and you'll join Karan Dushad. We can't trust the jackals and wolves not to dig up the corpses. Build a *machaan* here tomorrow. Stay on guard at night. I'm the son of Rajput! Karan lit this fire -from now on, there'll be more dead bodies. (34)

Lachhman is very well aware that no one in the village will raise a voice against him. Those who have seen all this will not say anything: "They have read the warning in Lachhman's sharp, silent gaze. He who opens his mouth will die. This has happened before. Will happen again" (35). As the time passes everyone is forced to forget that two persons, Karan Dushad and Bulaki are missing from the village.

Though Devi does not glorify violence, yet she is deeply aware of the way the mind of an oppressed works. The human spirit has its limitations to bear oppression and victimization and the consequence violence. During the harvesting, the storm of exploitation breaks once again as Lachman Singh fires shots on the labourers working in the fields in which many labourers are killed: “Four horses carrying four corpses. This time Lachman’s men help Dulan. Deep, deep pits are needed. The land is soaked with monsoon rain and autumn dew. Four corpses piled one on the other. The burden within Dulan grows even heavier” (42).

But the tragedy is that Dulan will never be able to reveal this secret to anyone. Dulan’s fear proves true as one fine day when harvesting is going on Dhatua, his own son, raises his voice against the low wages they are given. He leads the labourers and refuses to work in Lachman’s fields. Dulan and his family wait and wait for Dhatua but he doesn’t come. Next day, Lachman Singh himself tells him:

Sorry, Dulan, I forbade them, but still these beasts opened a fire. . . .

– Dhatua?

–Buried. . . .

Yes. But don’t open your mouth, Dulan. Or else your wife, your son, son’s wife, grandson, no one will be spared. Take, I’ll give you money, lots of money. Your son called the police. . . . But remember I am sparing Dhatua only because he’s your son. I haven’t fired a single bullet today. I could have felled Dhatua with a single shot. But I didn’t. (49-50)

Dulan contemplates again and again, and finally he decides to go mad. To take revenge from Lachman Singh, Dulan decides to cultivate his barren land. This seems to be the only way

out to avenge his son's death. He starts uprooting the *aloe* and *putush* from his land as he wants to sow seeds in his land. It seems that he wants to prove that the blood and bones of the poor labourers do not reap thorny bushes alone but they can give life to paddy as well:

For a few days, Dulan clears the undergrowth. Prepares the land and then he fetches the seeds and says- These seeds are not for eating. I'll sow them on the land. . . Scattering seeds on the land he chants, like a mantra- I won't let you be just aloe and *putush*. I'll turn you into paddy. Dhatua? I'll turn you into paddy. (43)

When Lachman comes to know of this he gets very angry and comes to Dulan in his field. At this point the story charts the pangs of seething anger which explodes one day in a form of extreme violence on the part of Dulan. He kills the village headman Lachman Singh with a rock. The violence and the brutality of the killing amply illustrate the nature of sentiment of the tribal, which erupts in such acts when the oppression cannot be tolerated any further:

Dulan below, Lachman on horseback. All at once. Dulan grabbed Lachman's foot and pulled hard. Lachman fell. His gun was hurled away. The gun in Dulan's hand. Before Lachman could gather his wits, the butt of the gun slammed into his head. Lachman screamed. Dulan smashed the butt into his collar bone. . . .

He began to smash in Lachman's head with a rock. Over and over again. Lachman is a professional killer, he knows the value of a bullet, murder does not upset him. He would have killed Dulan with a single bullet.

Dulan is not used to killing, a rock has no value, this death is the result of years of intense mental turmoil. He continued to smash Lachman's head in. (54)

After the killing, Dulan buries the headman under a pile of stones, which is an exact reversal of what the headman got Dulan to do, to the victims of his oppression. This is the natural outcome of years of silence, which should not be equated with acceptance and condoning of suppression of rights: "Laughter begins to well up inside him. So, Malik protector, you're like the disgusting Oraon-Munda? Buried under stones? A stony grave?" (54) The search of Lachman continues for a few days. No one even suspects that Dulan can do such a thing: "At no stage do suspicions

centered on Dulan. It is natural not to suspect him. It is impossible to imagine Dulan killing Lachman, whatever the circumstances” (55).

In end, contented Dulan gives away his paddy to his fellow peasants in a poignant sharing of spirit, of something sacred, which was paid for by the sacrifice of youth of the village, and his sons.

–My paddy is your seed. Take it.

–You’re giving it away?

–Yes, take it, reap it. There’s a long story behind this-

–Did you use fertilizer?

–Yes I did, very precious fertilizer. Dulan’s voice disappears like the string of a served kite losing itself in the sky. Then, clearing his throat he says – You harvest it. Give me some, as well. I’ll sow it again and again.

There is in the ripe green paddy nourished on your flesh and bones! Because you will be seed. To be a seed is to stay alive. Dhatua - Dulan’s voice trembles as he says the name. Dhatua, I’ve turned you all into seed. (56)

Thus, the birth of a consciousness is established as part of a cycle of oppression, awareness and sacrifice. Ultimately, Mahasweta Devi declares her most heartfelt convictions:

I have come only to make our thinkers and policy makers see the reality of the denotified tribes. I had gone to Bhopal for a seminar on the subject. It was also the focus of my talk at the Delhi University. And it will take up every waking hour of my stay in Baroda, the head quarters of the Group. (“Badge of All Their Tribes” 14)

Mahasweta Devi documents in her stories the dehumanizing experiences of the tribal people and also highlights their struggle to overcome the oppression by high-caste landlords, money-lenders, corrupt government officials and brutal police officials. Mahashweta Devi writes these stories with a motive to sensitize the people towards the harsh reality and also to make them feel ashamed of the true face of India.

After a deep analysis of these stories, we find that profound humanism imbued with a deep-rooted love for the suffering of humanity lies at the core of her philosophy of life. In all her writings, she tries to depict the life of ordinary men and women, particularly of the Adivasi (tribal) people like the Santhals, Lodhas, Shabars and Mundas, the simple joys and sorrows of their lives, their exploitation and sufferings and conditions of abject poverty in which they live.

The dalits are treated worse than animals. Their presence is usually banned from upper-class localities. Even then they are bound to hang clay-pots from their necks so that they may not pollute the streets of the privileged by their spittle. They carry brooms tied to their bodies so that while passing through such 'upper lanes' they can wipe away their footprints.

The main purpose of her writing is to expose the many faces of the exploiting agencies. "I believe in documentation", she writes in her introduction to *Bitter Soil- A collection of her short stories*, "After reading my work, the reader should face the truth of facts, and feel duly ashamed of the true face of India." Her writings are based on fact but not fiction. She further adds that: "I have not written these stories to please my readers. If they get under the skin of these stories and feel as the writer feels that will be reward enough" (*Bitter Soil* x). She roams all over the country and spends days and months, mixing freely with these people. She not only depicts their life in her writings but also tries to change the conditions of their life through various social welfare activities. Most of her short stories portray the life of the downtrodden and the neglected people of the country, destroyed by man's greed, narrowness and selfishness. Some of her writings will undoubtedly overcome the barriers of time and live in people's minds, for the years to come.

In her elaborate Bengali fiction she often depicts the brutal oppression of the tribal people and untouchables by potent authoritarian upper caste landlords, money lenders and venal government officials. It is no wonder that in all her stories runs a single thread – a profound concern for the human predicament and sincere hope for the better future of mankind. Thus, taking every aspect of human suffering to the heart, she focuses on the social evils and tries to find out solutions to the problems. In fact, the source of inspiration in all her work seems to be anger, luminous, burning passionate, directed against a system that has failed to liberate the people from these horrible constraints. So the protagonists in her plays rebel against the existing morals and become martyrs. Devi appears to suggest that the solution to the age old oppression and exploitation lies in the hands of the oppressed. And sacrifice on the part of the victims is inevitable to defend their inalienable rights to freedom and happiness.

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