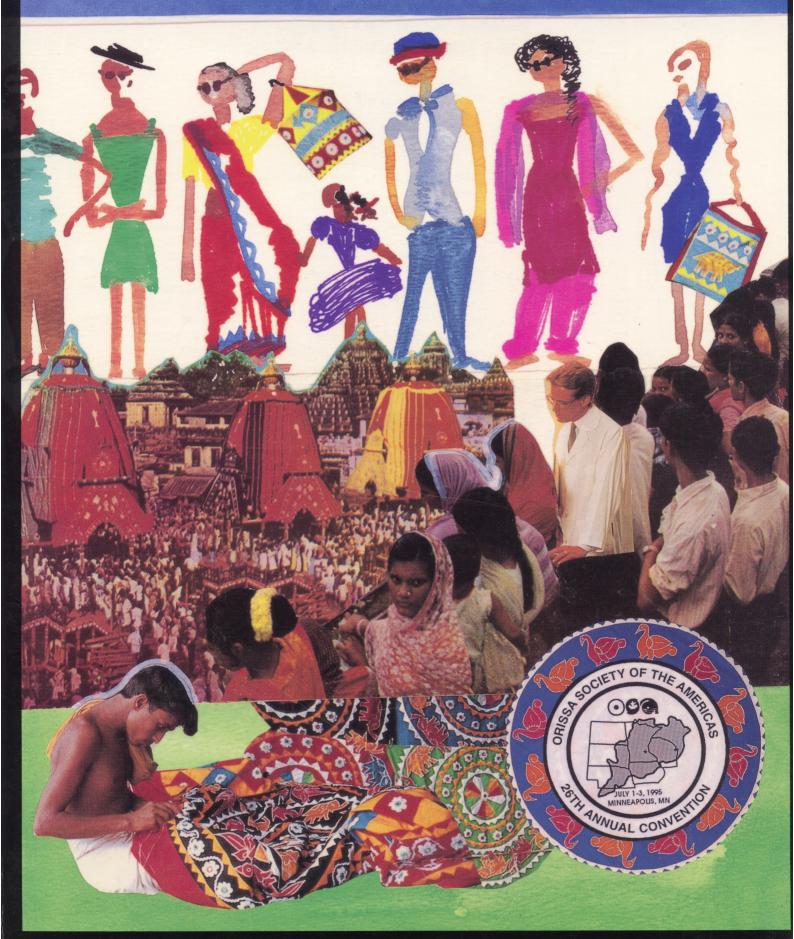
ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICAS 1995 CONVENTION





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* New Chapter (Provisional)

Advisors:

Hemanta Senapati

Digambar Mishra

MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

COMMITTEE

Haralal Choudhury Bijan Rao

Devi Mishra (Chair)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT WASHINGTON

July 2, 1995

The Orissa Society of the Americas Minneapolis Minnesota

Dear Friends:

I am pleased to have this opportunity to extend my personal greetings to everyone associated with the Orissa Society of the Americas. While I regret that I cannot be with you in person, I want to offer my best wishes to all of you.

On the occasion of your 26th Annual Convention, I especially want to thank your outstanding organization and its members for the efforts you are making for your community and for your country. Please be assured of my confidence in your continuing success in the years to come.

Again, please accept my congratulations during this special occasion. I look forward to working with you in the future.

Sincerely,

Al Gore

AG/mrm



ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS

THE TWENTY -SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, MINNEAPOLIS JULY 1-3, 1995

> PRESIDENT: VICE PRESIDENT: SECY/TREASURER: EDITOR:

Sita Kantha Dash Gope Patnaik Bijan Rao Alekha Dash

President North-West (Host Chapter)

Smriti Panda Convention Committees

Convener Sarat K. Mohapatra

Co-convener

Smriti Panda

<u>Food</u>

Sandhya Sahu (Coordinator) Rupa Dash (Co-Coordinator)

Smita Sahu (Youth Rep.)

Kajal Chatteries

Debashree Mohanty

Fem Panda

Kusuma Kotini

Housing

Pranab Chatterjee (Coordinator) Bani Mohanty (Co-Coordinator)

Debesh Dash (Youth Rep.)

Finance

Bhabani Misra (Coordinator) Amitabh Sahu (Co-Coordinator) Leena Mohapatra (Youth Rep.)

Souvenir

Alekha Dash Editor/Coordinator Lalu Mensinha (Co-Coordinator)

Somesh Dash (Youth Rep.)

Pramilla Chetty Kaloana Dash

Sabyasachi Mohapatra

Digambar Misra

Sura Rath Brajendra Sahu

Registration & Reception

Gyan Dwibedy (Coordinator)

Deba C. Navak (Co-Coordinator)

Abhijit Misra (Youth Rep.)

Niranjan Pati

Rajendra Naik

Cultural

Prasanna Mishra (Coordinator)

Tanni Misra (Co-Coordinator)

Sheila Sahu (Youth Rep.) Tina Mohapatra (Youth Rep.)

Ashok Mishra

Sujata Patnaik

Sushreesangita Kar

Pratao Das

Srigopal Mohanty

Sanjukta Mishra Sujil Mohanty

Nandita Behera

Youth Activities

Durga Panda (Coordinator) Rajesh Dash (Co-Coordinator)

Ashish Mohanty (Youth Rep.)

Ashish Dash (Youth Rep.)

Trupti Nayak (Youth Rep.) Jogesh Panda

Nihar Mahapatra

Dharmaraj Kolini

Jayanth Majhi

Program

Bijoy Misra (Coordinator)

Rupak Mahapatra (Co-coordinator)

Pragya Mishra (Youth Rep.)

Dear Friends,

The 26th OSA Convention marks the 25th Birthday of the Organization. It gives me a great pleasure to be part of probably one of the oldest Indian Organizations in USA which has kept its Convention tradition for the last 26 years. The convention arrangements require a lot of hard work and dedication by many individuals. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of them for their help, support and guidance.

Let me give you some highlights of the 26th OSA Convention:

The theme of this year's convention is "Integration". The theme is symbolic in many of our activities throughout the Convention. The Convention Seal represents the integration of Northwest Chapter (integration of several states), Orissa (our mother land) and OSA Organization (represented by the OSA Logo). The Convention committees integrate youth in each of the committees and several of our youth activities focus on joint participation by youth and adults.

This year, we have created a Homepage for the Convention. In addition to doing the registration electronically, one can browse through all the details of the Convention sitting at a distant computer.

Communication is important to foster integration. These days electronic mail service provides a faster way to communicate. We have started the process of incorporating the email addresses of many individuals in the OSA Directory. Although the email listings are far from complete, we feel this is a modest begining. We hope this will help in easier and faster communication among us.

The OSA organization is a socio-cultural group and the convention is a way to build sociocultural ties - to meet with families and old acquaintances and to develop new contacts and relationships. The forums and cultural activities remind us about our culture and heritage and help us understand some new issues. During this 26th Convention, we have stated several forum discussions on "Culture and Heritage", "Integration" and Life after retirement". Several dedicated forum discussions on Orissa Development Projects are intended for developing some futuristic visions for the Orissa development activities and more specific fund raising efforts on several ongoing projects.

The success of an organization requires a process of successful transitioning in leaderships. This requires a good vehicle of communication between the kids, youth and adults. In order to establish this link, our preregistartion forms had a section on youth biodata. We have solicited input from the parents to create a separate directory of our youth. We hope to compile such a directory at the time of the Convention depending on the feedback from the parents.

As the Convener of the 26th OSA Convention, I have enjoyed working with many of you and more importantly getting to know many of you whom I did not know before. My special thanks to those who attended the Convention. Those of you who couldnot attend the Convention because of lack of time and personal commitments, I hope to see you in future conventions.

Sarcat K. Morapatre

Sarat K. Mohapatra

Convener, 26th OSA Convention





Message from the President

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Immediate Past President Raghunath Dass:

Student Representative Deviani Mishra: Youth Forum Dear Friends;

July 2, 1995

On behalf of the Executive Committee and the Board of Governors, I welcome you all to the 26th Convention of the Orissa Society of the Americas.

The Northwest Chapter organizers and members have been working very hard for past one year to make the 26th OSA convention the most memorable and eventful ever. I thank everyone who has contributed to the success of this convention and other projects OSA has undertaken.

I am proud to announce that our Orissa Society of the Americas has grown from seventy members to six thousand during the past twenty five years. We are now the elite, highly educated and richest ethnic group in the USA and Canada.

I am also proud to announce that OSA has gone beyond holding one convention a year.

- OSA has contributed significantly in Orissa Development projects: Kalinga Hospital, Ravenshaw College, Fakir Mohan University, Kalahandi Project (SEEDS) and Anadalok.
- Brought scholars and artists from Orissa Dr. Manorama Mohapatra, Dr. Prativa Ray, Dr. Jibanaanada Pani, Dr. Kanhu Misra, Dr. Hrudananda Ray, Mr. Prafulla Mohanty, Guru Manoranjan Pradhan, Geeta Mahalik and others.
- Opened OSA Center in Bhubaneswar and Cuttack and plan to open centers in Balasore, Berhampur and Sambalpur in the future.

Through OSA center, we can start OSA development projects and monitor their progress. We can assist Oriya students (for higher studies) and scholars and artists to come abroad.

Last year OSA President, Dr. Dash conducted higher education seminars in Bhubaneswar, Cuttack and Balasore and guided many Oriya students to come abroad. OSA President also attended Ravenshaw College Trustee meeting, Fakir Mohan University Foundation Meeting, Berhampur College Directors meeting, Cuttack Rotary Club, Orissa - USA Chamber of Commerce meeting and visited Kalinga Hospital, Konark Dance Academy. OSA has taken an active role in these projects and contributed substantially.

Many chapters have been very active in organizing and promoting Odissi dance, and music programs, and other functions. California chapter, under the leadership of Dr. Purna and Mrs. Gopa Patnaik, have brought Guru Manoranjan Pradhan to teach and promote Odissi dance in USA and Canada. New Jersey chapter, under the leadership of Brajendra Sahu, has brought Geeta Mahalik for Odissi dance performance to be held at the 26th OSA Convention and in other cities in USA and Canada. My special thanks to Dr. & Mrs. Patnaik and Mr. Sahu for their efforts. Our local artists -Chitralekha Patnaik, Sushree Sangita Kart, Nevidita Behera, Gopa Patnaik, Sujit Mohanty, Pratap Das and others have made significant contributions to our community in promoting Odissi dance and music.

As we grow, our needs and problems grow also.

- We have to manage OSA funds in the range of \$100,000 to \$200,000 and we have not developed clear fiscal
 management policy yet.
- OSA Journal's standards are on par with other national journals now. Thanks to editors Dr. Alekh Dash, Dr. Kula Mishra, Dr. Digambar Mishra, and Dr. Lalu Mansingh for their good work. It is about time for us to set up guidelines for articles and news items.
- OSA has been presenting awards to outstanding high school students, Kalashree and outstanding Oriya. OSA
 does not have clear and specific guidelines for the selection of the award recipient and this is being finalized
 and printed in OSA journal
- Membership drives have not been very successful as all chapter presidents have not paid much attention to memberships drives. Also, we need the help of chapter coordinators and members to update OSA Membership Directory.
- OSA members have been seeking the help of OSA office for VISA, immigration, loans, medical treatment, employment and projects in Orissa. This has created a problem as well as opportunity for OSA office.
- OSA can generate good income from advertisement, sponsorships, grants and membership. This needs manpower and money.

Our problems and opportunities ask for a part-time Executive Director. This person will manage OSA funds, do membership drives, collect advertisements and write for grants. Also, this person will run day to day OSA office work under the guidance of OSA President and Executive committee.

The financial Status of OSA is better than ever before. After the \$34,000 contribution and pledges, OSA has a balance of \$40,163.97 exclusive of interest income from long term investments and profits from the 26th OSA convention.

I am proud that OSA has a strong foundation now and looking forward to a bright future. All of you have helped in building this great organization and I am part of it

My special thanks to Dr. Nilambar & Mrs. Anu Biswal for contributing to the Subrina Biswal Award; Dr. Bhagabat and Mrs. Puspalaxmi Sahu to youth programs; Dr. Sitakantha and Mrs. Kalpana Dash to Ravenshaw College, Fakir Mohan University, OSA Guest travel, OSA operation and OSA Convention, OSA Center, Kalahandi Project (SEEDS) and student Rescue fund; Dr. Hemanta Senapati to OSA Center; Dr. Dhiraj Panda to Routrapur Vocation College; Dr. G.S. Tripathy to Bimbadhar Education Trust; Dr. Debi Mishra to S.C.B. Medical College, Mr. Manoranjan and Dr. Minati Pattanayak to Kalahandi Project (SEEDS) and other to their project of choice.

I sincerely thank Dr. Bijan Rao our OSA Secretary and Treasurer for a fine job in accounting and fiscal management, Mrs. Gopa Patnaik for her leadership in cultural programs; Mr. Manoranjan Pattanayak and his committee for the 25th OSA convention, Dr. Sarat Mohapatra, Mrs. Smriti Panda and the their committee for the 26th OSA convention; Dr. Alekha Dash and Dr. Lalu Manasingha for OSA Souvenir and journals; Dr. Bagabat Sahu and Jaganath Society for sponsoring lectures; OSA Chapter presidents and coordinators for their contribution to OSA and all others who have been silent partners to OSA and contributed to OSA in many ways.

Dr. Hemanta Senapati, President - elect, Mrs. Sujata Patnaik, Vice President - elect and Dr. Parakhita Nayak, Secretary/Treasurer - elect are good organizers and leaders. I am confident that OSA can look forward to a challenging and eventful future and continuity of the ongoing programs.

Respectfully.

Dr. S. K. Dash

President

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR

The OSA journal/Newsletter is published by the Orissa Society of the Americas twice a year. We welcome short stories, essays, poems, news items and information of interest to our readers and ideas, suggestions and comments in the form of letter to the editor. Manuscripts should normally not exceed four type-written pages (double-space), and must include a few lines about the author(s). We encourage submission of manuscripts in ORIYA. Since these manuscripts are printed in Orissa, we request you to submit these manuscripts in Oriya well in advance of the deadline for a particular issue.

The next issue of the journal, The Fall Issue, will be published by the newly appointed editor. Since at the time of publication of this issue, no decision has been made by the new office bearers, OSA President has requested me to accept articles for this issue. In due course, I will forward all those articles to our new editor. Manuscripts and other items for this issue must reach me by October 30, 1995 at the following address:

Alekha K. Dash
13518 Sahler Street
Omaha, NE 68164
Tel: (402) 280-3188 (W)
(402) 492-9707 (H) Fax: (402) 280-5738
email: adash@creighton.edu

We wish to remind the representatives of the various OSA chapters to send news worthy items of interest pertaining to their chapters for inclusion in the Journal/Newsletter. These constitute important components of this publication.

I am especially thankful to Dr. Sita Kantha Dash, President of OSA and all the OSA members for their trust on me and providing me this special privilege to serve as the editor of this Journal of the Orissa Society of the Americas (JOSA). For the last two years, I have tried my best to maintain

the quality and high standards set by my predecessors. From my little experiences as the editor, I can well imagine how much hard work and time commitment are involved in carrying out this job. I sincerely wish to salute all the highly talented past editors for their commitment and unrecognized social services for this society. On behalf of the OSA and OSA Journal, I convey my heartfelt gratitude to all the contributors, reviewers, and souvenir committee members for their help and consistent support for this souvenir issue. Major editorial support for this issue was provided by Dr. Sura Ratha, Dr. Digambar Mishra, Dr. Sarat Mohapatra and Mrs. Kalpanamayee Dash. I sincerely acknowledge their help and support. I wish to congratulate Dr. Lalu Mansinha and his team for a high class Silver Jubilee Souvenir. My special thanks to him for his valuable suggestions and guidance for this issue.

I would like to share with our readers several of personal experiences as editor of this journal during my term of office. There was a time when we did not have enough articles for an issue. I had faced the same problem for my first journal issue. But time has changed, I am really proud to say that we have highly qualified and motivated potential contributors for this journal in USA and Canada. The important strategy which has worked for me for soliciting articles is through personal contact (verbal or written). Various Chapter Presidents and other individuals can also be great assets to the editor in this regard. One individual, who deserves special thanks and belongs to this category, is Mr. Brajedra Sahu of New Jersey. Direct telephone contacts with our youth has also resulted in positive outcomes. Some statistics of the articles received by my office are given below.

Total articles received	93
Reviewers negative	
recommendation	6
Articles published	73
Unpublished (lack of	
space or late arrival)	14
Contributors:	
Youth	19%
Female	46%
Male	54%
From USA	78%
From Canada	5%
From Orissa	16%
Invited Articles	11%

The second point I want to emphasize here is the review process adopted for the unbiased selection of the articles for publication. Total number of eleven reviewers were involved in this process. The review form was developed by me and a copy of the form is attached for our readers. Reviewers were selected depending on their publication history in this journal and other related journals. I thank them all for their time and effort.

REVIEW FORM

JOURNAL OF THE ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICAS

Please send vour recommendations and comments within two weeks to the Editor. ______

Article No:

Title:

1. Is, in your opinion, the manuscript acceptable?

In its present form After minor revision* After major revision* In a condensed form* Not at all*

2. Is it clearly presented and well organized?

Yes

No

* Please specify below

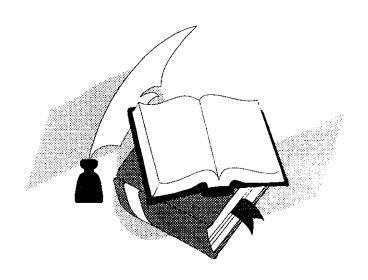
COMMENTS (please continue on a separate sheet if more space is needed

I convey my sincere thanks and appreciation to

support and encouragement. My sincere thanks to Mrs. Amrita Mahapatra for the design of the front cover keeping the theme of the convention in mind. Last but not the least, I wish to thank the following individuals: Mr. Andrea Ichwan. Mr. Debendra K. Mohapatra, Smita Dash, Chandrasri Das, Chandrakanti Mohanty, and Thelma Cornelius for their help and support for this issue. On behalf of this organization. I congratulate all the newly elected office bearers and wish them a great success ahead. In spite of my continuous effort, typographical and other errors might have disturbed some of the members and I accept responsibility with sincere apology. Thank you all and God bless you.

convention and their team for their continuous

Alekha K. Dash, Editor



the Convener and Co-convener of the 26th OSA



Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

Minutes of the Executive Body Meeting on July 2, 1994

The meeting of the executive body was held on July 2, 1994 during the 25th OSA convention in Panoma, New Jersey, with eleven persons present. Dr. S. K. Dash presided.

Budget for 1993-94 was presented and passed. Dr. B. K. Rao pointed out that the expenses shown for the guests was \$2250.03 rather than \$21250.03 which was a typographical error. Dr. Rao also presented the concerns of the auditing committee about the status of the fixed deposit of \$35,500.00. It was decided that Drs. Dash and Rao would join the committee of Drs. H. K. Senapati, K. K. Dwivedy, and P. Satapathy which had been previously appointed for the administration of this fund. Dr. Senapati will inform Drs. Dwivedy and Satapathy about the status of this account and he will convert the account to a CD before July, 1995.

Proposed budget for the year 1994-95 was presented and passed. It was recommended that OSA center at Bhubaneswar be allotted a sum of \$1000.00 per year. Any more funds spent for that purpose must be collected from special pledges for that purpose.

Dr. Prasanna Mishra proposed that Minneapolis be chosen as the venue for the 1995 OSA convention. Even though Texas chapter had proposed Dallas as the venue for 1995, it had not been done in the correct format. After discussions, Minneapolis was selected as the 26th OSA convention site.

Dr. Rao proposed that the different chapters of OSA not use the tax free status of OSA because the chapters mostly did not respond to his request of supplying their financial statements for the purpose of being included in the tax return. It was pointed out that no filing of tax return was necessary as previously the necessary paper work had been done. Therefore, the proposal of Dr. Rao was dropped and he was advised NOT to file a tax return.

The letter from Dr. S. K. Behera proposing that a site at California be chosen for the 1996 OSA convention was presented to the executive body. It was decided that as Dr. Behera did not present the case as the request from the California chapter, but rather as a personal request, no decision would be taken. However, he would be informed by Dr. Dash about the decision so that suitable procedure could be followed during the ample time left before the proposed convention.

Dr. B. Sahu proposed that as the Ratha Yatra of lord Jagannath was within one week of the usual time for the OSA convention. That could cause the division of attendees and decrease general participation in both the functions. Therefore, the OSA convention and the Ratha Yatra should be merged. After discussion, it was decided that sometimes, when the times for both the functions actually clash, such a merger can be considered. The decision of when such a combined convention should be held for the first time was deferred to a later date.

Minutes of the General Body Meeting on July 3, 1994 25th OSA Convention, Pomona, New Jersey

The meeting was held with Dr. S. K. Dash presiding. Dr. B. K. Rao, Ms. G. Patnaik, and Ms. D. Mishra were present at the dias.

After the welcome address of Dr. Dash the proposed budget was presented by Dr. B. K. Rao. There was no objection to the proposed budget. Dr. Rao also mentioned about the decision of the executive body on the venue for 1995 convention. There was no opposition to Minneapolis being chosen as the venue. Dr. Dash informed that there were 25 Oriya families in Minneapolis and there were 100 families within a small radius from the city.

Priyadarshan Patra mentioned that the money collected by him for Praharaj memorial would be used strictly for Kalahandi/Bolangir relief in memory of Mr. Praharaj. Other funds collected by OSA in this regard would be used for the memorial as decided by OSA.

Mr. Bijay Mishra requested that all the discussions be continued in Oriya. However, after a few minutes it was pointed out that the second generation Oriyas might have difficulty in understanding the details if the discussions were carried out in Oriya.

Ms. Gopa Patnaik suggested that the chapters of OSA and various other communities could take advantage of Guru Manaranjan Pradhan (artist) who had been invited to U.S.A already. He would be available for workshops and performances.

Ms. Devjani Mishra discussed the activities of the youth forum which was dissolved last year. A new coordinating group had been formed. They were keeping in touch through news letters. She suggested that the younger persons should participate in the various processes of organization. This met with unanimous approval and Dr. Dash promised that such participation would definitely be in place for the next convention. During the discussions it was decided that there should be no special forum for the "youth". Every forum should be freely available for all ages except the very young. Any age specific activities should be marked as such.

- D. N. Patnaik expressed the opinion that while celebrating the convention as Oriyas, we should also not forget our being Americans as well. Priorities should be on helping the poor.
- Dr. G. S. Tripathy suggested that there was no need for us to be defensive in front of politicians about our position. He also suggested that in stead of selecting a distinguished Oriya each year we should include those who help Orissa even if they are not Oriyas.

Srigopal Mohanty was praised for his production of the play "Chha Maana Aatha Guntha".

There was a general concern that the cultural programs were too long. Dr. Tripti Jena suggested that each aspiring participant should submit video tape for prior viewing and approval. This would cut down bad quality performances and the timing would be known accurately. Dr. Subash Mohapatra proposed that the number of performances from each group should be restricted.

Discussions on OSA expenses led to the suggestion that the funds received as membership dues from life, patron, and benefactor members should constitute principal funds for OSA and should not be spent. Only the interest from this fund plus other collected amounts should be used for various expenditures. Finally it was recognized that OSA needed more contributions and each chapter should help the president in going for fund raising drives. This can help OSA to undertake many development projects in Orissa.

Dr. Dash, OSA president, thanked OSANY members and organizers for holding the 25th OSA convention and doing an excellent job.



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Proposed Budget for 1994-95

<u>Income</u>

Contributions Fakir Mohan University * Kalahandi - Bolangir Relief * Membership OSA Center at Bhubaneswar ** Subrina Memorial award from Dr. & Mrs. Biswal Youth activities *	\$2,000.00 \$5,000.00 \$1,000.00 \$5,000.00 \$1,000.00 \$500.00 \$1,000.00
Total	\$15,500.00
<u>Expenses</u>	
Election expenses	\$500.00
Fakir Mohan University *	\$5,000.00
Journal printing/mailing	\$3,500.00
Kalahandi/Bolangir Relief *	\$1,000.00
Miscellaneous	\$500.00
OSA Center at Bhubaneswar **	\$2,000.00
Postage & mailing (other than journal) Subrina Memorial award	\$1,000.00
Youth activities *	\$1,000.00 \$1,000.00
Total	\$15,500.00

- * These expenses are by pledge only.
- ** Only \$1000.00 will be allotted by OSA for this purpose. The rest amount will be by pledge only.



Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF OSA: 7.1.94 - 6.30.95

<u>INCOME</u>

Balance as of 6.30.94 Advertizement in Souvenir	41,823.79 600.00
Bimbadhar Memorial Educational Trust Chittaranjan Help Fund Cultural programs Fakir Mohan University Guest Expenses Kalahandi/Bolangir Relief Miscellaneous Donations OSA Center at Bhubaneswar Ravenshaw College Trust Routrapur Vocational College Subrina Memorial Fund Interest Income Membership Dues Youth program TOTAL INCOME	1,000.00 314.00 100.00 3,300.00 3,600.00 150.00 340.00 2,200.00 3,200.00 16,000.00 500.00 371.25 5,385.00 1,000.00 79,884.04
EXPENSES	
Bimbadhar Memorial Educational Trust Chittaranjan Help Fund Cultural Program Fakir Mohan University Guest Expenses Journal & News Letter Kalahandi/Bolangir relief Miscellaneous OSA Center at Bhubaneswar Postal Expenses Ravenshaw College Trust Routrapur Vocational College Service Charge for Bank Souvenir Related Expenses Subrina Memorial Scholarship Youth Program TOTAL EXPENSES	1,000.00 500.00 400.00 3,200.00 3,991.00 4,448.38 150.00 583.43 693.62 228.14 3,200.00 16,000.00 75.50 3,000.00 1,000.00 1,250.00 39,720.07
Balance	40,163.97

Distributed as follows:

\$35,500.00 - Under management of Dr. H. K. Senapati \$4,500.00 - CD at Household Bank \$163.97 - In Checking Account for OSA

Accounts maintained and submitted by Bijan K. Rao, Secretary/Treasurer. Accounts audited by Dr. K. K. Dwivedy, Dr. P. Jena, and Dr. P. K. Mohanty.

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF OSA CONVENTION Panoma, New Jersey, July 1-4, 1994

INCOME

Registration	12,921.00
Accommodation	22,804.00
Food	18,530,00
Food (Friday)	1,271.00
Membership	155.00
No Shows	655.00
Donation (Non-members)	2,350.00
Donation (Members)	3,600.00
OLDE (Lunch)	3,000.00
Advertizement	9,794.00
T Shirts	3,275.00
Lottery & Pan	780.00
TOTAL INCOME	79,135.00
EXPENSES	
Food	23,897.41
Accommodation	19,555.00
Hall & Equipment Rental	3,756.65
Printing & Mailing	4,084.45
Cultural & Seminar	2,120.77
T Shirts	2,700.00
Registration	1,740.10
Refund	1,388.00
Sports	295.98
Miscelleneous	1,595.19
Bank Charge	294.34
Souvenir	6,571.97
TOTAL EXPENSES	67,994.86
BALANCE	11,140.14

In addition, all the expenses for telephone and FAX (\$3,841.14) were donated by Dr. Minati Pattanayak.

Submitted by A. Dutta, Secretary and Co-Convener.

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF OSA

Mrs. Sujata Patnaik

Being born and brought up in Orissa, I claim a natural bonding with Orissa and wish to serve the interests of Orissa in my small way. I am married in a family which has been serving the interest of OSA from the very first day of its existence. The head of this family here, Dr. Promode Patnaik, passed away in March, 1992 while still working for the betterment of the OSA. His dream was to build a Mini Orissa in USA. He had never, for once, stepped down to think back otherwise, when some Oriyas commented, "OSA is a farce, OSA does not mean anything to us, OSA does not do anything for us, what is the purpose of OSA? Why OSA had to live long? etc." There is no law ever made by anyone to make us feel proud for who we are and where we belong to. He thought that each and every Oriya was duty-bound to contribute to the glory of Orissa.

I was highly motivated by him to become an active member of the OSA as soon as I reached the U.S. Today, I believe that it is my duty to

take such a responsibility and serve the interest of the OSA with the help of every possible means and with the blessings of Lord Jagannath. Even though OSA is built for last 26 years, it is still a very small organization, and it is imperative that we make it strong and stable. Please join us and help OSA to strengthen it's foundation.

I like to extend my deepest gratitude to you all for allowing me to serve you as Vice President of the OSA. I like to thank my husband, Mr. Gyana R. Patnaik, who is also the representative for Chicago Chapter for encouraging and supporting me. I thank Dr. Hemanta Senapati and Dr. Parakshita Nayak for giving me the privilege to be their teammate. Finally, I like to invoke Lord Jagannath for the good health of all of us.

Thank you all and God bless you.

Aurora, IL

MEET OUR NEWLY ELECTED OFFICE BEARERS



Standing left to right: Dr. Hemanta K. Senapati (president-elect), Mrs. Sujata Patnaik (Vice President-elect) and Dr Parakshita Nayak (Secy./Treasurer-Elect)

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INTEGRATION

INTEGRATION IS THE SPIRIT OF SEEKING UNITY WHILE PRESERVING ETHNIC INTEGRITY. IT FOSTERS FAITH, FAIRPLAY, RECONCILIATION AND UNDERSTANDING AMONG THE PEOPLE. INTEGRATION ALSO MEANS AWARENESS OF RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ETHNIC INDIVIDUALS AND THE PARENT LAND WE LIVE IN, FACILITATING RESPECT AND RECOGNITION OF EACH OTHERS' BELIEFS AND VALUE.

Sabyasachi and Amrita Mahapatra, Lincoln, Nebraska.



INTEGRATION: THE THEME OF THE 26TH OSA CONVENTION

FOREWORD BY THE EDITOR

The 26th OSA Convention Committee has selected very carefully the topic "Integration" as the theme of the Convention. Integration is a "catchall" for the solution of a broad range of socio-cultural issues. It entails association of broad range of age groups and understanding the values of individuals, cultural integration of people of diverse cultural values, social integration of various societies etc. One of the most common and fundamental trait which acts as a catalyst for integration is to identify and recognize the importance of each and every individual entity irrespective of their race, sex, socio-economic status etc. On the other hand, self importance, "I am the best", acts as a catalytic poison for integration.

I recollect a story from Upanishad which my father told me on several occasions during my early childhood. The story was probably documented around 100 B.C. This describes a conflict between the five vital organs of the body. The five vital organs/functions in our body as described in Upanishad are: Voice/Speech, Eyes/vision, ears/hearing, brain/comprehension and nose/breath. As Atibadi Jagannath Das's Oriya Bhagabata says,

"Bahuta loka jahin mili Abasya upujai kali"

One day all the five vital organs started an argument amongst themselves about the self importance of each individual organ. Each organ felt, "I am the best". These arguments drew no conclusion. They all went to see God Prajaapatee to resolve the conflict. Prajaapatee replied, "If the loss one of you renders the body useless to function, that organ should be considered the most superior."

On the site, voice left the body for a year, came back and asked the body, "Did you feel my separation?" The body replied, "I could not speak and felt like a dumb even though I could see, hear, think and breathe". Voice re-entered the body.

Eyes left the body for a year, came back and asked the body the same question, "Did you feel any difference when I was gone?" The person replied, "I couldn't see and felt like a blind person even though I

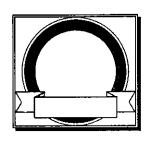
could speak, hear, think and smell". Eyes entered back into the body.

Ears left the body next, came back and posed the same question to the body, "Did you feel my absence?" The body replied, "I could not hear and felt like a deaf person although I could breathe through my nose, see with my eyes, think with my brain and talk through my vocal chord". Ears reentered the body.

Now, it was mind's turn to leave the body for a year. After a year mind came back and asked the same question as the others, "Did you feel any loss due to absence?" The body replied, "I was a living entity without a mind. I couldn't think, but could talk, hear, see and breathe". The mind re-entered the body.

Finally, it was the turn of nose/breath to leave for a year. The other four vital organs revolted and begged nose not to leave the body. The five vital organs realized that each is indispensable for the body to function.

The story demonstrates that body is a thread binding the five vital organs and it cannot function by the loss of one. The same is also true for the human society. We are all important discrete units of the society. It goes without saying that we achieve more by staying united rather than separate entities. United we stand and divided we fall. A small story from PANCHATANTRA (Story of the Doves) demonstrates the usefulness of staying connected may appear in the next issue of the journal.



AFTER AMERICA, QUO VADIS?

Arjun Prasad Purohit

Centuries ago, our ancestors went to off-shores like Javadwipa, Sumatra, Bali, Shyamadesha, Kambudesha and Swetadwipa, etc. and established colonies, built temples, promulgated Sanatana Dharma, improvised trade and commerce and instituted law and order. During the second half of this century, Oriyas again are settling in a new continent.

Some of us came looking for adventure, some came to seek a better way of life; some came to further our education; some came to join husbands, wives, or children; and though many of us went back, so many of us stayed here to start a new life. Our number is not large. We are dispersed from bitter cold spots like Alberta and Labrador to hot spots like Texas and California. We have coped with bitter snow storms, earthquakes, Vietnam war, social upheavals and discriminations along with glorious moments such as the landing of man on the moon, explosion of scientific breakthroughs, and unparalleled economic gains.

Nevertheless, most of us ask, at least once in a while, is it worth it? Should I go back? Should I stay? How do I pass on to the next generation my values and my heritage? Do my children have a future in this continent? So, quo vadis?

Obviously, questions are many and there is no simple answers. As a semi-retired, aging psychologist, who came here in mid sixties, I will try to provide a framework of understanding our conflicts and some possible solutions. I have watched from my vantage point, people of all ages, from many cultural backgrounds and from different stages of adjustment to America I have watched their triumphs and tragedies, as they rose to the zenith of accomplishment in academics, business and personal growth; I have watched them descend to the depths of despair, and depression and marginalization.

A good analysis of this subject appeares in J.W. Berry's "Psychology of Acculturation" in J. Bernan (Ed.), Cross Cultural Perspectives, Nebraska Symposium on Motivation, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press (1990; 201-234).

Some of the ideas from that essay are used in used in this article.

One way to broadly conceptualize coping with a new culture is to address two issues: a) Do I retain my values of parent culture?, and b) Do I learn the values of this host culture? If the answer is yes to both issues you are in an Integration mode; if your answer is yes to a and no to b, then you are in a Separation mode; if your answer is no to a and yes to b, you are in a Assimilation mode; and if your answer is no to both, then you are in a Marginalization mode. These, of course, are extreme generalizations. Most of us find ourselves in a continuum of the four modes.

INTEGRATION MODE

This is the healthiest of the four modes. Confident of our heritage and values, we pick the best of elements of both cultures assimilate the two.

The trick is to find the best values in both. No culture is completely free of good values and bad values. Another point to remember is that society, whether Oriya or American, is not monolithic; each society has segments which are wholesome. compassionate, resourceful, optimistic, effective, forward looking, energetic, accepting, etc., and segments which are ugly, decrepit, pessimistic, destructive, backward looking, lethargic, prejudicial, etc. Furthermore, every culture has intrinsically good and bad members. It helps if one comes from the good segment from the parental society. Most of us will remember kind and helpful individuals whom we met when we arrived: we also know, the ruthless people who tried to destroy and exploit us.

Integrated persons manage to live both physically and psychologically with the healthy elements. When faced with hard knocks in life, they not only get good social and emotional support within the host culture, they also remind themselves as to who they are and what great heritage and traditions they belong to: and they

manage to bounce back. Needless to reiterate they are psychologically healthy and resilient. We have many members in our community who belong to this group and their company is most exhilarating.

SEPARATION MODE

Persons who belong to the purest extreme of this category would regard anything Oriya is the best and simultaneously regard anything American is the worst. Most of the time, though, they would refer to the best elements and often defend the weakest elements of Oriya culture.

They are uncomfortable in the company of Americans and find solace in only Oriva company, food, dance, music, traditions, literature, etc. They constantly talk about going back, strive to find mates for themselves or for their children only among Oriyas. If they are parents, they usually have severe conflicts with the adolescent children, especially those who grow up here from infancy and have a tinge of rebellion. Such persons tend to be rigid and Because of their fear of inflexible. "contamination," they do not venture out even into the good segments of American Society and usually deprive themselves of wholesome experiences. They attract discrimination from the host community. Such a strategy often works well, if such persons live in a large Oriya which satisfies most of their ghetto psychological, cultural and physical needs. The trouble is, we do not have Oriya ghettoes sufficiently large enough for them to be self contained. On the positive side, they are not internally conflicted because they simply avoid conflicts; they externalize the blame unto others and have conflicts with others, often not realizing the actual source of the problems.

Often such persons have tried to integrate or assimilate into the host community but for a variety of reasons found the host community indifferent or unaccepting; therefore, they give up trying any more and implicitly find solace and comfort in the parental culture. They are great hosts and repository of Oriya artifacts.

ASSIMILATION MODE

Persons who are radical examples of this mode, reject everything that is Oriya and accept

everything American, without discrimination. They actively avoid Oriya friends, desperately try to forget the language, deride all Oriya traditions, music, food or heritage and often pretend they are not Oriyas at all. constantly try to form an identity of the mythical American. This of course, produces stress. especially internal stress, since if they cannot absorb American values or if they are rejected by the host community, they tend to believe that it is their fault. They must modify their ways to be acceptable and therefore are too flexible and always externally determined. They become lucky if they happen to find a segment in the host community which is wholesome. compassionate and accepting.

This strategy usually works to the advantage of the individual if the difference between the host community and the individual is minimal - the difference is heritage, skin color, language and class etc.

For example, first generation people from England and subsequent generations from Europe have an easier time in assimilating. However, our skin color makes us immediately recognizable as "alien" even though we might have spent most of our adult life here or are even born here. Therefore, people of our background have to develop successful coping abilities to deflect rejection, teasing, outright οг discrimination. Assimilating individuals do not have an internal core of identity. This is why when their assimilating strategies and coping abilities fail, they become victims of despair and depression. Often they would resort to the mode of separation or marginalization.

MARGINALIZATION MODE

Persons belonging to the extreme of this mode say no to both issues. They reject the values both the sides and in return are rejected by the host as well as the parental community. Furthermore, since they do not have any comfortable core value system, they do not derive any comfort in an identity of their own. Marginalization also occurs when one subscribes to the unhealthy values of both societies. Consequently they resort to unhealthy tendencies, such as alcoholism, drug addiction and vagrancy etc. They develop severe pathological problems, and because of any sense

of trust and lack of capacity to benefit from rapport with anybody, they are very resistant to counseling. Because of the dispersed nature of our community, it is hard to marshal efforts to rehabilitate such individuals. They tend to exhaust the energy of the helpful individuals and require concerted and revolving efforts of many to induce some sense of direction for a prolonged period. They need to have refuge in a primary society which of course is not possible in America.

It is not for me to suggest which of the first three modes one should choose. It will depend very much on one's priorities, comfort level, stage of acculturation, ultimate destination, personal convictions and a host of other factors. My plea of course is not to fall into the trap of marginalization. North America can be very cruel and punishing if you are in that state. In my experience a few people who have successfully come out of this state have had to go back to Orissa, where kith and kin would stand by such individuals no matter what shape he or she is in. Should such persons choose to stay here and rehabilitate, they probably proceed along Separation mode first before trying Assimilation or Integration. This is simply because it is easier to relearn and be comfortable with an old and familiar life style than a completely strange one. This of course means finding Oriyas who will be patient and compassionate enough to tackle such a challenge.

Lest you begin to diagnose all the emotional problems because of failure of cross-cultural adaptation, let me hasten to add that there are a host of other reasons people have such problems, including intellectual and skill deficits, neurological and brain chemical imbalance, environmental toxicity and many situational factors. However, good cultural adaptation has a moderating influence even in genuine psychopathological conditions.

Comparing my experience with other cultural groups, I think our group is doing well indeed: we are psychologically robust, intellectually and academically super achievers; economically vibrant; culturally confident; admired by the host society for our contributions; and a look at our youngsters says it all. Our kids, on the whole, could not be any better. Sure, we have our share

of personal tragedies but it is nowhere near other immigrant groups' experience. Therefore, we must be doing something right. Let me outline three of the many issues we must address to improve our lives.

1. Improving Social Support Network

Our origin is in the extended family system which acts as a great shock absorber for most of our stress and strain. In fact, it incorporates all the social and welfare institutions of a modern well equipped industrial nation, and some more. And we live mostly isolated, dispersed all over North America primarily consisting of nuclear families.

We are fortunate enough to have brilliant individuals: doctors in every branch of medicine, kind of engineers, philosophers, every sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, physicists, chemists, etc. These people are a great resource and may be able to guide us through myriads of life's problem. Reach for the phone before you take a drastic step or stew endlessly on issues which may be shared and diffused. It will never be a substitute for direct face to face care and touch, but we have to adapt to the realities of our situation. And who says you can't drive over or fly if necessary over the week-end to reach a friend? Many issues such as reactive depression domestic violence. (including post partum depression, suicidal thoughts etc.) could be handled much better through a social network rather than through the traditional North American style psychotherapy. Professionals do not really know us. And often the cure is worse than the malady.

2. Learning ways to cope with adolescent turmoil

We as a group are perhaps the best parents of children but often feel inadequate when it comes to cope with adolescent turmoil. Back home, we never had to deal with this issue: kids followed what we told them; they did not argue. Our teenagers follow the norm of the host culture, which of course is normal. Here they are under tremendous pressures; caught between our expectations and norms on the one hand and the peer pressure as well as general North American expectations on the other, they often have more stress than their typical peers.

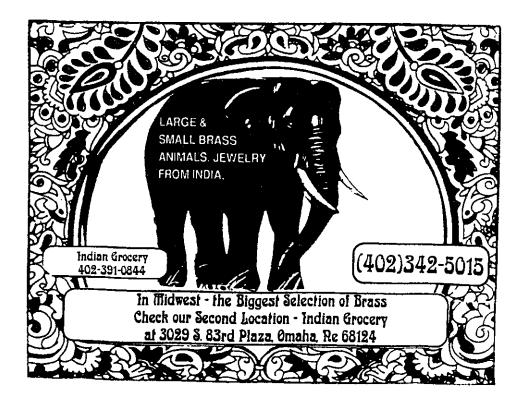
We need to learn about them, and the best way is get educated by them. Communication is a buzz word nowadays, but what I mean is that we listen to them instead of reading the riot act or quote from scriptures. Instead of relying on lots of self help books or wisdom from talk show (watch Oprah?) we should use our instinct and put ourseves in their shoes and think how we would cope. We could talk to other parents who successfully coped with such issues

The strategy to deal with this issue revolves around three goals: a) how to stay ae course which does not get disrupted too much; b) how not to do something which will impact our relationships even after the adolescence is over; and c) how to manage the situation so it does not result in permanent injury such as drug addiction, pregnancy, suicide, aids, etc. No simple answers and no surefire solutions. My impression is that though most of us have gone through grueling experiences, we have managed to survive. And most kids have also thrived in spite of us! I also feel that the strong bond we manage to establish when our kids are small goes a long way to withstand stresses brought

upon by adolescent turmoil.

3. Coping with old age

A reasonably significant number of our members are reaching the golden years, including yours truly. For us, life has turned into something, though certain, but never planned. Life is no more structured in terms of work. Kids are We can read books, watch TV, do gone. gardening etc. for so long. Some of us have planned to go back to Orissa to retire but some of us found that Orissa is not the same Orissa we left and our friends and relations have their own lives. And of course we are used to North American life-style. We really need to address this issue and hopefully some decent solutions will emerge. I am thinking in terms of having a communal residential center where members can stay long periods, preferably in a temperate climate, can listen to Oriya songs, see Oriya movies, discuss political stuff in Orissa, reminisce in our favorite memories, have some pakhala and pakodi for a change, and play bridge until wee hours in the morning... Any idea?



STAYING CONNECTED

Bijoy K. Misra

A sweet potato stood in a glass of water on a window sill, in time, will grow sprouts at the top, with roots dangling into the turbid water below. If this were a mere scientific experiment lasting for a brief time period, perhaps a few valuable botanical observations would serve the purpose. however, the aforementioned roots seek firm ground, a deep and caring soil would have to be found. We the North American Oriyas are likewise in a state of suspension where for many of us, the earth we grew up on, played upon, and drew sustenance from through early adulthood is simply too far to gain a firm grip with these unsteady wayward roots; and for the rest, there is no past tense, only an aggressively pulsating present pushing toward an unknown future.

The history of the world has been for a good part the history of nomadism and the mixing of peoples; and through that process, the transfer of cultural advances from one group to another, from one civilization to another. Paper and printing just as the magnetic compass, for instance, originated in China; trigonometry in ancient Egypt; and the numbering system in India. Such advances have not been without a price - the basic mixing of races and ethnic groups was always as if explosive, immiscible chemicals came together, at least initially. Even in recent times, many countries in the world - the former Soviet Union, Yugoslavia, Ethiopia, India, Israel, Britain among others - face some sort of ethnic crisis. Despite the heavy initial toll, the historic sharing of cultural advances has been a positive force in the blending of the current civilization. Such sharing of values until they became the common inheritance of the human race, implied much more than cultural diversity, it implied that some cultural features were not only different from but better than others, e.g., the Indian numerals displaced their less efficient Roman counterparts. People have repeatedly chosen to replace parts of their own culture with elements from another if these served their purpose more effectively. Viewed in this light, cultural diversity brought about by the migration of people is not a static picture of differentness, but one of dynamic competition in which what served human

purposes more effectively survived while what did not tended to decline or disappear. Due to its overall positive influence, we do not view immigration per se as our issue of investigation. Nor is the Oriya immigrating to North America an issue. Oriyas held a long practice of trading with distant places, and at times, settled in far way locations such as Ceylon and Indonesia. America was found on an immigrant-welcoming tradition. It accommodates everyone who will share a commitment to democracy, toleration, mobility, and the rule of law. Most Americans celebrate their ethnic roots while taking justifiable pride in around a near virgin soil to turning technologically the most advanced nation in the current world. The rapid progress has called upon the mental and physical skills from all corners of the earth. The best and the brightest responded. just as we did.

Instead, we seek ways to derive from the local soil the dual nutrients of the energy and vigor of a young society tempered by the culture and wisdom of the old. While we extol the virtues of the mixing of peoples, a process to benefit from it has eluded our ancestors. For example, while India has long been exposed to various cultures, the vedic fundamentals have remained more or less intact, and in many ways a good thing. It can be argued, however, that a conscientious effort to maintain the currency of the culture and the civilization might have permitted Indians to retain their leadership position enjoyed in the past. It is also observed that Indians settling abroad have been typically less fortunate in conveying the old world values to their successors. We, however, live in a new era - an epoch marked by the 747, videocassette, and communication satellites among others, where severing the umbilical cord with our roots becomes unnecessary. In addition, we are fortunately a group of highly knowledgeable, intellectual professionals fully capable of grasping the subtleties and the nuances of cultural differences, and carving out a culture that is a good fit for us, and which can best serve our future interests. At the moment, we stand a good chance to develop a process by which our new abode of choice remains connected to, builds

upon the lessons from, and is in harmony with our past.

We should note that this article is not a clarion call to secede, i.e., for fragmentation, segregation, or tribalization of American life. Although American news media is unrelenting in reporting on toxic emotions boiling over among various races and ethnic groups, due to our small size, geographic diversity, and a pragmatic, peace loving disposition, we pose no threat to any group, nor are we physically threatened to require selfprotection. Nor do we desire isolation, i.e., to build a community incomprehensible to every other group in America. We simply recognize that today there exists an insufficient tie to our roots and a context in which to place ourselves and our children, and that it is possible to be an effective part of the whole while maintaining an identity.

Any successful venture is directed by an image of the future in the minds of its active participants capable of affecting what to come. We can build the system. A process if it exists, will only result by the active participation by all. We are a proud people with rich traditions constructed by culture. We need to consider what ancestral legacy we wish perpetuated, and how best to carve out a niche in which our successors can benefit from the cumulative knowledge from two cultures to lead a meaningful, ethical, and value laden life as responsible, contributing citizens in a safe and secure environment.

Our community is a small fragment from Orissa mingled with the American sociosphere without which it could not survive. But thanks to modern scientific and social inventions, there is no longer the need to accept any social system ipso facto much as we accept seasons and other natural phenomena around us which we observe but do not control. Over a long period, the process of living through the ordinary business of life, in ordinary relationships, with the family and among friends etc., yields valuable "Folk Knowledge" knowledge which permits generations to lead meaningful lives and perpetuate themselves. Our folk knowledge encourages that the sacred aspects of life - spiritual needs and certain emotional healing - are best met by an organized religion. The religious institution has an enormously important social function in the establishment of a personal identity. Our sacred books, slokas, and sutras provide a rich reservoir of allusions, affective and emotive communication. How best to ensure that the Hindu system which taught us faith, and served generations of our ancestors well in providing therapy during mental and spiritual distress will be available when needed in the future?

Ethics - the learning of approved values and obligations - is an important aspect of our distinct heritage. Ethical values can hardly be defined by any one specialized institution making it rather difficult to study and codify. Distinguishing between good and bad, right and wrong, approved and disapproved requires finely honed skills - a well developed "Sixth Sense" - which are acquired and shared from experience. Lacking the Oriya environment, how to capitalize on past practices where they can best serve the community's purpose within the American context?

The Oriya art - literature, music, dance, painting, sculpture and architecture - forms a rich repertoire, and occupies a place of honor and pride in our culture. Through out the year, the bucolic, pastoral Oriya land is alive with festivals celebrating the religious, ethical, and artistic accomplishments. The Oriyas in North America generally recognize the vastness of our artistic Various activities are routinely traditions. practiced to maintain a level of their awareness. Trained adults have brought, and children have learned classical music and dance. The Toronto produced "Chha Manna Atha Guntha" was an expression of our inherent artistic abilities, and our respect for the classics. These personal efforts have found exposure at our annual get together. the Convention, where each year, the quality and quantity of cultural programs have demonstrated steady improvement. The annual gathering is by far the best medium of social and cultural exchange which we have been able to put in place. A great deal of enthusiasm, effort, and expense is involved in organizing this important event. While the hard work of the local chapters in putting together the "Mela" is laudatory, frequency and duration limit the Convention as the sole institution of culture transfer.

Everyone at the Convention feels able to pass the time of day with everyone else, since merely being there makes it socially safe to do so, and as you walk around, several members look up at you, obviously anticipating recognition, and to call a friendly greeting. Some times, it is so; some times the furtive glances betray puzzled incredulity and turn hastily away, and a few times, an apology is heard. Even so, the important business of the society is processed, and the days fly by swiftly with music, dance and drama punctuated by copious consumption of food, and gossip. Bodies return to far away places with certain emotional needs satiated, as well with words unsaid, messages not heard, desires unmet, and the heart still crying out, "How we got where we are?", while the mind is unsure if it learned more than it forgot.

When we return home, we find no more a set of effective circumstances to carry forward the culture transfer. My children's environment is so different from my own that whenever I begin that familiar speech, "When I was your age...." it carries very little as conviction. An added burden for our children is that growing up in an immigrant family is not always easy. Individuals are divided on conflicting social and cultural demands while facing the challenge of entry into an unfamiliar and difficult world. Assimilation experiences can range from easy acceptance to traumatic confrontation. The early American immigrant experience is not a reliable guide for our group. The descendants of the past European immigrants who confronted the dilemmas of conflicting cultures were uniformly white. Even those who were a some what darker hue than the natives found that the skin color permitted them to skirt a major barrier to entry into the American main stream. As a result, the process of assimilation depended largely upon an individual's decisions to abandon the immigrant culture and to embrace American ways. No doubt that the

choices available to our children are some what different in a time frame when the majority of new immigrants to America range in skin tones. One clear opportunity is to continue to pursue high achievement and economic growth goals which America offers with a deliberate preservation of the Oriya values, particularly those that are likely to serve our long term interests best. Developing such distinct abilities can keep many important options open for the future. For example, if the current rate of world wide development in free markets and privatization continues, then the best opportunities for growth - the chief driver which brought us to this country in the first place - for our children may not be confined to the social circumstance and the markets in the US. International business houses are already clamoring for bilingual, multicultural executives. Knowledge of another language, another culture is no longer a defect to be overcome, but a prized virtue. Our well nurtured children can stand a good chance to provide leadership in the new world in general, and within the Indian context in specific.

Herein lies the challenge. To stay connected to our roots to derive sociocultural values, and strategic advantages - not just to survive, but to shine as global citizen in a shrinking but increasingly competitive world. To produce high achieving progeny provided with at least two competencies rather than one. To set an exemplary synergistic Oriya-American culture.

The author is grateful to the ideas of many, and welcomes more.

Wheaton, IL.



WOMEN OF ORISSA AND THEIR DAUGHTERS OF TOMORROW Sarita Misra

We were sitting in a restaurant on the way back from Detroit. My aunt and one-year-old cousin were coming back with us to spend a few weeks with us in Huntsville. As I watched our little Anya react gleefully to the tapestry of fries and ketchup she had so skillfully transported from her high chair to the floor, I thought, "Don't get too excited Anya! You'll be imprisoned in that wretched car seat you loathe so dearly in about two minutes! " I turned to my mother and asked her if my elder brother and I even had car seats when we were babies. My mother said that we had not and related an interesting episode of how when my father's parents had come to visit us in the 70's, she, along with her brother-in-law, took them to Walt Disney World. She mentioned that at the time, she had just come to this country herself and was unaware of the fact (along with the rest of her company) that one could rent a stroller for a day in the park. Thus, she would carry me around Walt Disney World all day long and then head back with everyone to our apartment where she immediately began cooking dinner for her in-laws. I found the story amusing and wondered how she had the energy to cook a meal for five adults after caring for my brother and me all day in Walt Disney World. I increduously asked her how she could not have known that strollers were available for rent. Her answer further intrigued me.

"If you only knew, " she said, "the things some of us (the women) didn't know, coming to this country for the first time with two young kids...l could probably write a book about all of these experiences !" This simple comment set my mind spinning. I began thinking, "What was it like for my mother, my aunts, and all of these "aunties" I know? I can't count the number of tirnes that I have heard menfolk at Indian gatherings remind all of the youth of the sacrifices they made coming over here; leaving their parents, completing their education, finding a job and supporting a new family in a foreign land. Yes, they did make sacrifices and I respect them greatly for this. However, we must acknowledge that the women of Orissa made sacrifices which were of a more arduous and distinctive nature.

Many of the women of Orissa came to the United States fresh off the "bedi." They entered two very distinctive worlds concurrently. They entered the world of marriage with its customary Indian practices. At the same time, they moved to the United States, during the culmination of movement as womens traditional male/female roles were being questioned and challenged. Our mothers left a country that preached, "Live for your husband and children" only to enter one that preached "Live for yourself alone." As women, they trespassed a world of contradictory messages, roles and standards. As their daughters, we were literally born into this world, and we live with these same challenges today to an even greater extent. The majority of our mothers and fathers came here with adopted beliefs of what a woman SHOULD be, not what a woman CAN be.

Many will argue: "Why should such roles be questioned? Why confuse situations? Let the man's top priority be to support the family and if the woman has a job, fine, but her first inclination must be to take care of the house and take care of the children."

I do not wish for the above sentiments to be misinterpreted, although the request in itself is futile. I do not insist that my Oriya "sisters" embrace one extreme or the other by strictly focusing on either career or marriage; each of us must only do what she feels is right. We can achieve a balance in our lifetime with family and careers as our mothers did before us in environments more belligerent and confounding than we can ever imagine. We have already realized as daughters of Oriya women that we do not have to "settle" for a marriage where it is assumed that we can have a career, take care of the house, and raise our children without substantive contributions from our spouses.

People have told me that my standards for marriage are too high and that I must learn to "adjust" my expectations. If my brother were to say that he seeks a spouse who cooks well, cleans well, and who will take good care of his children, no one would dare question such standards. However, whenever I have expressed these very same sentiments. I have been told that I must be willing to "adjust" such advice is ambiguous. First of all, I have never stated that I would be unwilling to adjust or compromise in a marriage. Secondly, I find it ironic that it is essentially young women who are told to adjust and compromise when women have been doing so since the beginning of time. We have already compromised our voices, our beliefs, our dreams for far too long. As little girls we are told to keep quiet, speak softly, do not laugh loud, be seen but never heard. As young women we are advised to "look pretty" and learn to cook in order to find a decent husband? As mothers, we are told that if we work, our families will be neglected. However, if we stay at home, these very same "advisors" (often other women) look down on us. Messages such as these build up subtly and snowball over the course of a lifetime until we are convinced that we do not have significant voices with anything worthwhile to say. We come to believe that we must remain silent, adjust and compromise to standards set and followed by a patriarchal society which refuses to nurture women while insisting that they nurture all others.

When will the time come when we turn to our sons and say, "You must adjust. You must help with the housework and children. You must contribute just as much to the maintenance of the

home and family as your wife does."

Thinking back to my mother's comment about a book of her experiences, I find myself intensely wishing that not only she but each and every Oriya woman in the States would take on such a project. While I doubt that any bookstores will see an onslaught of The Oriya Woman's Experience in America on their shelves any time soon, I say to these women: tell us about your experiences whether they be good or bad, write about them, share them with us for we as your daughters and sons not only want but also need to know about thern. We must know where you have been in order to see where we are going.

I have immense respect and appreciation for my mother and all of the women of Orissa. They have lived their lives with balance and harmony, raised beautiful families, and contributed infinitely to their communities. They are phenomenal women of a rare caliber and as their husbands and children, we must thank them and show them our love and support on a daily basis. How can we do this? One of my favorite quotes by P.J. O'Rourke may help us find a starting point: "Everyone wants to save the earth; nobody wants to help Mom do the dishes."

Sarita Misra is the daughter of Devi and Sarojini Misra of Huntsville, AL.

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ALTERNATIVE INTEGRATION

Jyoti Mahapatra

When I entered college, among many other changes, was an upgrade of my concept of integration. Up until now it meant schooling children together, and not fighting over whose water fountain belonged to whom. But there I was, eager to begin a new life, when the idea of segregated dorm rooms buzzed throughout the campus, quiet and unimposing but bold nevertheless. The prospect seemed odd, out of place. I thought to myself, haven't we gone over this already?

I later learned that some of the minority students were fed up with the harassment, stares, and feelings of alienation they (more often than I fathomed) had endured. These students did not want the duty of educating everyone around them, they were tired of always being a lesson to ignorant people. It was unfair, they cried, to have to endlessly prove themselves; why was their brilliance in spite of their color and not because of or with it?

Suddenly their ideas made sense and I realized serious thought must go into such a matter as supporting segregation. Surely I didn't agree with it, right? But how could I not--who was I to say that when whites declare it, go ahead, but when minorities do, forget it, no way?

Drawing from my own experiences as all humans are likely to do, I thought about what influence integration had on my life so far. Initially, it brought me to a new continent, full of

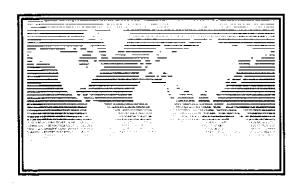
as much opportunity as obstacles. Integration had shown me that sometimes you had to go out of your way to find people who are like you, they don't always come to you or are easy to spot. I learned that trying to look good to your friends while obeying your family rarely worked. Some values overlapped, and many didn't. A close family could suffocate you and it could surround you with love when no one else was there.

Only after I made the effort to look good to myself was I regarded the same by both family and friends. As much as I may have tried to hide it, my beauty stretched across my entire world because I had become a little bit of each.

My love of and need for independence, respect, and intellect was the product of all the people around me, not just dad or my best friend.

Most importantly, integration brought an appreciation by both my friends and family for the other. Through me, each side experienced the other, and in the end they were no longer sides, one opposing the other. This unity is what integration now means to me-two groups, no longer groups, indistinguishable from each other once compassion is present. No one should have to bear discrimination and no one is worthy of sitting back and letting someone else do all the educating. Integration now takes the form of another word in my mind-together.

Jyoti is the daughter of Dr. Sabyasachi and Amrita Mahapatra of Lincoln, NE.

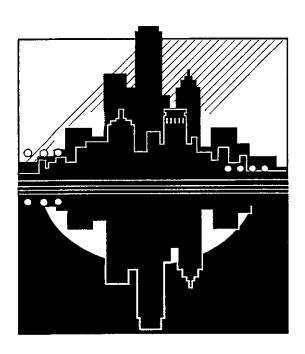


OUR CHILDREN

"YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN, THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF. THEY COME TROUGH YOU BUT NOT FROM YOU AND THROUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU. YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU. YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS - FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS. YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES BUT NOT THEIR SOULS - FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW WHICH YOU CAN NOT VISIT, NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS. YOU MAY STRIVE TO BE LIKE THEM BUT SEEK NOT MAKE THEM LIKE YOU - FOR LIFE GOES NOT BACKWARDS NOR CARRIES WITH YESTERDAY. YOU ARE THE BOWS FROM WHICH YOUR CHILDREN AS LIVING ARROWS ARE SENT."

KHALIL GIBRAN

(Submitted by Devi & Sarojini Misra, Huntsville, AL.)



A LESSON FOR THE LIVING AND LOVING

Mukta Mohapatra

On March 19, I went to Disneyland. This may not seem particularly exciting, but it was to the people I accompanied. I went with CCS (Crippled Children's Society). It is an organization for disabled people of all ages. The group that I went with was over 15 years only. I did not go for service points, or to impress people with my kindness. I went because I thought it would be fun.

On the bus ride over, a couple of the disabled adults were commenting on the fact that they got a discount because it was some kind of national recognition of the disabled week. I knew they were kidding, but at the same time, I heard bitterness in their voice. "If you bring a gimp, you get a discount. Yeah, but that's only 'cause it's National Gimp Week." I sat in the front quietly as they made snide remarks about the volunteers. "The only reason they're here are to get those service hours for their college applications." I began to feel the same bitterness and frustration that they did as the day went on.

There was a point in my life, where I might have felt a sense of superiority over them. As the day went on, however, I learned that I have handicaps also. There were eight people in our group including myself. Courtney has been working at CCS for several years, Kelly and David were in their twenties, Temeka, Randy, Marieke, Dan and myself were all in our teens. Temeka was in a wheelchair, and everyone else had mental disorders. Everyone has virtues of their own, and my group was no exception. Dan caught on to the songs on the rides much quicker than I did. Temeka was much more patient. Kelly was grateful for everything. David was fun-loving yet responsible. Where some people might insult their friends, Randy and Marieke

were respectful of each other, and they were very close.

All day, people would stare when we walked by. At first I felt self-conscious, then I felt angry. After a while, I noticed that no one else in my group appeared particularly bothered. I realized that what other people thought didn't really matter. My opinion of myself was the only one that mattered.

Dan was my buddy for the day. We were supposed to keep an eye on each other. When we were standing in line for *Pirates of the Caribbean*, Dan was asking me questions. "Is it dark in there? Is it scary? If I get scared, will you be there?" Dan and I did sit together, and he liked the ride. When we went on *It's a Small World*, I was impressed with the details of the dolls, as I tried to identify each country. Dan spent the whole time admiring the bright blue water. He made me wonder how obvious something had to be before I noticed the beauty in it.

That day at Disneyland, I learned a lot. Some people think racist people are closed-minded, yet these same people look down on people that are in wheelchairs. We are all handicapped in some way, and we have no right to look down upon another human being. Dan is so innocent, that some people treat him as if he doesn't know what's really important in life. But Dan is happy. I had fun on this trip. I'm glad I went to Disneyland with some people who turned out to be good friends. May be we should all learn to admire the bright blue water we are riding on instead of labeling the dolls around us.

Mukta Mohapatra is 16 years old. She lives in Long Beach, CA.





LIVING IN TWO WORLDS

Dave Dash

India has a culture that is very rich and beautiful. America has a culture that is very diverse and widespread. Neither culture can be considered better than the other, nor can either culture be left out when I am asked about my background. I may have limited knowledge of both cultures, but I know enough to respect both.

India's culture has been maintained for thousands of years. It is probably one of the oldest cultures that is still practiced. It has beautiful dance, artwork and literature. It is the birthplace for a strong religion that is practiced by people worldwide. Another rich aspect of India's culture is its languages. Sanskrit is the root for numerous languages and is traceable to Greek and Roman.

India has a beautiful culture, but we must not let it cast a shadow over other cultures. Another culture that has influence on me is the American culture. This comparatively new culture is a combination of mostly European cultures, but it also has a lot of African and Asian elements. Unlike Indian culture, American culture is diverse. Due to this diversity, Americans accept other ideas and cultures easily. America has strong emphasis on freedom and equality. Two things that make the world a better place.

These two cultures have predominated my life. Living in both cultures is an uphill battle. So many pressures are on me. There are three main pressures: friends; parents; and myself.

My friends and other acquaintances are my most influential pressures. They mostly represent American society. They influence the way I talk and act around people.

The next most persuasive of my pressures is my parents. They want me to become more "Indian." In other words they want me to have Indian friends, eat Indian food, go to Indian parties, go to our temple and even visit India.

The third pressure is my conscience. Unfortunately, most of my life I tended to ignore it. Now, I try to focus a little more attention to what I think is right and how I should live. I seem to take what I think is the best from both the Indian and American cultures.

Unfortunately, I did not have a good balance of the two cultures. When I was a small child, my largest influence was my parents, and henceforth I was immersed in the Indian culture. As I grew older and went to school and made friends, I slowly had more American customs introduced. I felt that there was too large of a difference between the two cultures and I seemed to act different around parents and friends. This led to me to feel very bored around my parents. I still feel this way, but it's not uncommon to see parents and children not getting along.

During this past school year, I accumulated a great self-confidence in my self. I mostly gained this because I was studying the Hindu religion. The religion helped me in school and with friends, because it made me act like myself and not fear anything. For the first time, I inadvertently brought in part of Indian culture into my American "world." I also didn't feel afraid to share my Indian culture with my friends. It made me feel good that Indian culture was not so far away.

Although I have opened up my mind to both the Indian and American cultures, my parents' seem to stay with only Indian culture. They seem unwilling to compromise anything. My argument is that they don't understand half the culture and that they should open up their minds. Now if I do anything that doesn't parallel with their views or ideas, it is considered "American." I found that to be very general since my parents have no idea about what the American culture is except for the little bits that they gotten from TV.

Probably the most depressing thing that they do to me, is the way they act towards my friends. My best friend who wanted to talk to me had to go through a rude conversation with my dad. The way I found out was that later she told me that my dad was very impolite on the phone. My parents have no values on my friends. I assume that they are not used to me having my friends call me on the phone, and they seem to overhear my conversations which bothers me.

I assume the over-protection is the way they are brought up. Even though they are rude

to my friends, and I quarrel with them, I try to endure it. I also keep in mind, that I am at an advantage by having knowledge of two cultures. My parents only know one. Living in two worlds is a continuous uphill battle, and I am far from the peak. The best way I can ascend is to bring the two worlds closer together and make peace between them.

Edina, Minnesota.



MAY Deepak Rohan Mishra

When children are out you know it's May
They play all day since daylight stays
Look out the window there are water guns
everywhere
There's a Super Soaker right over there
It's kind of late but still quite bright
It's 8:00 and not even night
Flowers are blooming
It's not gloomy
Trees are growing
Leaves aren't blowing
That's how you know it's May

Rochester, Minnesota.

AN UNTITLED PIECE

Pragya Mishra

Walking along the frothy shore, sand squishes between tiny toes and shells prick at feet. The sun shines down warmly, highlighting the white-capped waves making a rainbow of deep colors. A lone crab cautiously crawls to meet the fading water, leaving dots of tiny foot-prints behind him. A seagull dives to the surface, disappears for an instant and comes up with a minnow. The triumphant cry of the seagull fills the air drowning out the roar of the waves....and a stench of fish and salt lingers. The next wave appears, licks the toes and goes back to its home... the ocean.

Rochester, Minnesota.



THE FREE Pragya Mishra

At last it is free, with no more ties to the earth.

It will explore like never before...

Swaying with the wind,

Playing games with the clouds.

With a little breeze, it may even touch the sun.

We try to catch it, that bright red dot
We had tried to hold on.

But the balloon is no longer ours

It has a mind of its own.

It is free at last

Rochester, Minnesota.

These four articles (Living in Two Worlds, An Untitled Piece, May and The Free) were submitted as part of the essay/short-story/poem competition for the youths.

THE FOUR SEASONS

Elora Pattanaik

Spring is the time to plant the bulbs, to enjoy the flowers, and to hear the birds.

Summer is the time to play outside, to go to the beach, and the countryside.

Fall is the time to rake the leaves, to harvest the crops and to give thanks.

Winter is the time to enjoy the holidays, with friends and family, and light and candles.

Elora, daughter of Lalit and Asima Pattanaik, is a 3rd grader at Birmingham, Alabama.



LIFE Alok Dash

What is the true meaning of life?

Is it to be number one in school?

Is it to have the highest paying and most prestigious job?

Is it to be the most popular athlete, musician, actor, or actress in the world?

Is it to have the best clothes, cars, and the most money?

Is it to be the most beautiful person the world has ever seen?

Is it to pray twenty-four hours a day and carry out religious acts?

"Or" is it to live with love, happiness, and the determination to the best of one's ability without comparing ourselves to the others around us?

What is the meaning of life?

Alok Dash is a distinguished honors student in the freshman class of Pope John High School of Sparta, N.J. He is the past president of his grammar school and an active member of High School Student Council.

A FOREST, A FOREST

Abhisek Khandai

A forest, a forest, it is nice to see. A forest, a forest, sloths, moths, and bees.

A forest with birds, a forest with ants. A forest with animals, a forest with elephants.

A forest, a forest with flowers and trees.
A forest, a forest, for you and me.

Abhisek Khandai is a 3rd grade student. Aurora, IL 60504



DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

Anand Dash

The eminent morning sun rises in the fire bleached sky.

The birds of night wait patiently for the black chilly night to come.

The lucid water from the mountains slowly trickles down,

splashing water on the dry parched earth.

The crisp and frigid air has yet to be pierced by the sounds of young birds crying of hunger.

The majestic trees are waiting anxiously for a refreshing bath of water from the rains.

The hawks screech into the misty morning cracking the silence that the night has left behind.

The time has arrived for the moon to embezzle the light the sun bestowed.

The time has arrived for the day to come to an end.

The sun that had risen so brilliantly in the bright morning sky will leisurely set into

the darkness of the night.

Anand Dash is a distinguished honors student in the Freshman Class of Pope John High School in Sparta, NJ. He is a regular contributor to the literary magazine at his school.

THE ESSENCE OF SPRING

Anulekha Mohanty

An Array of daisies, swaying to the rhythm of the breeze, they leave their fragrance, across the meadows, as a sign of their fresh bloom.

Yet in a distance, one can hear the songs of the chirping birds, sitting among the chartreuse color buds, that wait to unveil.

While above, lies the sun,
pouring out it's magnificent rays to the coldness below,
bringing the sign of spring, to a land,
lost beneath the blanket of snow.

Out in the fields, the wild flowers bloom, bringing the butterflies to roam.

Now a new blanket has formed, one of pleasures and happiness, which will last till once again, when we are blanketed beneath the snow.

Anulekha is the daughter of Pradeep and Sujata Mohanty of Columbus, Ohio.



IT'S ME Nivedita Patel

I am the cloud
The moon always gets in front of
I am the moon that disappears
When the sun comes out
I am the sun that stops shining
When it starts raining
I am the rain that stops
When the birds start singing
I am the bird that flies away
When it gets cold
I am the cold that is going to remain
Till you come back into my life again

Nivedita Patel is an undergraduate student at Rutgers, the State University of NJ.

NFL FOOTBALL '94 (75TH SEASON)

Swarup Misra

So you're surprised that you've made Super Bowl Fame,
Yet it wasn't easy winning that Championship Game.
Even before you won that division,
You thought that the players should have a decent revision.

You have prepared your team so they have nothing to work on,
But the team's owner really wanted to sign Deion.

People say your schedule is so hard,
But NFL games aren't game cards.

Do you worry much about San Diego?
Or pay more attention to San Francisco?
I'm tired of critics who start all these rumors that are nothing but lies,
You get so fed up that you feel like strangling the critic's tie, but it's the NFL where you have to deal with it.

Great players in the NFL kept this game going,
Old fans always kept cheering and roaring
Joe Montana, Joe Namath, Bart Starr, Len Dawson are a couple of quarterback,
And Calvin Hill, Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Marcus Allen are a couple of running backs.
Yet Vince Lombardi was the most inspiring of them all.

All the old uniforms brought back your heart 'cause you thought those were nice,
I'd rather watch football than play Yahtzee with dice.

Swarup is a 7th grader, son of Ranganath and Suchismita Misra of Grand Blanc Michigan.



TREES

Srotalina Nayak

Trees trees trees all around,
Trees trees trees
Everywhere you see!

Trees trees trees gives a lot of shade and give oxygen too:

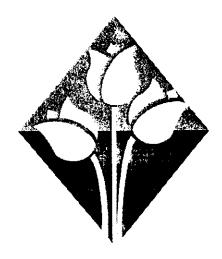
It help us breathe and help us dance Please plant a tree don't take a chance.

Under these trees, are
roots roots roots
Roots brings water,
Sun gives light,
Pour some water to make tree bright.

Guess who is happy?

Everyone, He! Ha!!

Srotalina, daughter of Sujata and Surya Nayak (Silver Spring, Maryland), is ten years old. Some of her poems are well recognized by the American Academy if Poetry. Srotalina is also a good Kathak dancer and learning Fold dance of Rajasthani Gharana. She won the 1995 best award in a dance competition which was held in Washington, DC. She has also performed few "Live Television Programs" in the Metropolitan Washington, DC area.



CALIFORNIA DREAMS

Amy Pradhan

Lights! Cameras! Makeup! Action! I've got to be there, see the latest attraction!

Los Angeles! Hollywood! Burbank and more! I want to see them and have them right at my door!

I could dine with the stars, live like a queen, Even chat with Tim Allen and Mr. Charlie Sheen.

I would become famous, own the shining spotlight.

Autographs at noon and parties at night.

People would love me, they'd bow at my feet, Shower me with flowers, and other things sweet.

I'd be honored and looked up to, wherever I'd go I'll have my own acting agent, my own TV show.

I know it's a dream, a fake fantasy. Never to come true, not meant to be.

So, I'll never partake in L.A., where the sun shines brighter. I'll never become an actress, but may be I'll end up a writer!

(The dream... and the Reality...)

Amy Pradhan is a 6th grader in high honor role. She primarily loves to write stories, poems and scripts for plays. One of her script on Ancient Greece was enacted on stage in Palmer, MA. She is the daughter of Asis and Jolly Pradhan of Palmer, MA.

Satya B. Shaw 1800-634-1742

Mutual Funds, Annuities, Life, Health, Disability Insurance, Education Funding, and Estate Plan

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Contributors & Pledges for

ORISSA DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS

\$15,000 or More

Dr. S. K. Dash Dr. Dhiraj Panda

\$3,000 or More

Dr. G. S. Tripathy

\$1,000 or More

Mr. Manoranjan & Minati Pattanayak
Dr. Bhagabat Sahu
Dr. Hemanta Senapati

\$500 or More

Dr. Nilambar & Anu Biswal

Note: This is a partial list. Many OSA members have made direct contributions to their projects of choice in Orissa.

DEVELOPMENT PROJECTS OF ORISSA

Debendra Nath Mishra

Orissa, the ancient land of Kalingas' is famous for its scenic beauty, hoary antiquity, abundant natural and mineral resources, inhabited by hospitable people with Lord-Jagannath, the lord of the universe as symbol of assimilation of all cultures, tribal, and nontribal, all religions, Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity and of all shades of thought is an unique state in the Eastern part of India. Culturally advanced and religiously ahead of others the state symbolizes the principle of unity in the diversity of India. But unfortunately the state is economically backward with more than forty percent of its people living below the poverty line and Bapuji, the father of the nation was moved by observing the extreme poverty of the people of the State and aptly described it as the epitome of Indian poverty. If any state in India requires eco-development at a faster rate Orissa needs it the most - while drawing the attention of the August audience here and esteemed friends of Orissa residing in America who constitute some of the best brains of mother India I would like to phase out my humble address into three stages. In the first part I will briefly indicate the economic profile of the state vis-à-vis the Indian scene. In the second place it is imperative to indicate the development projects which are under the pipe line in Orissa in different sectors. In the last part I will try to indicate briefly the role which my esteemed friends can play in making their mother land prosperous and developed.

ECONOMIC PROFILE OF THE STATE

The economy of the state exhibits all the characteristics of under development like growing incidence of poverty, unemployment, low per-capital income and inadequate development of infrastructure. Agriculture continues to be the dominant factor in the state economy as more than 50 percent of the state income is derived from agriculture and the sector provides employment to 64 per cent of the working force. Seventy percent of the coastal area being rain-fed agriculture still continues to be a gamble in the monsoon.

DEMOGRAPHIC FEATURES

The population of the state as per the last census is 316.60 lakhs, which is 3.74 percent of the population on India. The land area of the state is 155.707 square

kilometers which is 4.74 percent of the land area of the country. The decimal growth rate of population is 20.06 percent during 1981-91 which is less than the country as a whole. Density per sq. km. has increased to 203 in 91 as against 169 per sq. km. in 1981. Urban population of Orissa is 13.38 percent as against 25 percent in the country as a whole. The sex ratio witnessed a fall from 981 to 971 females per 1000 males. The rate of literacy is 49.1 percent as a whole as against 52 percent in the country. to remove illiteracy total literacy campaign has been 1 launched to achieve cent percent literacy by the end of the century out of the total population of the state 38 percent of population belong to the schedule caste and schedule tribes. What is shocking about the state is the high rate of infant neonatality in the state as compared to the country as whole.

EMPLOYMENT INCOME

As 86 percent of the people live in rural areas agriculture and allied activities continue to be the main source of employment for the majority of the people. Sixty-four percent of the working population depend on agriculture. Government has launched variety of self employment and wage employment schemes to reduce the dependence on agriculture of the 3.16 crores people near about main workers constitute 32.78 percent as per the last census. The cultivators constitute 14.53 percent, agricultural laborers constitute 9.40 percent, house hold industries one percent and the rest 8 percent are employed in other activities. Unless our industries are developed and tertiary sector is expanded our dependence on agriculture will continue to be the same. When 50 percent income is derived from agriculture and 65 percent of the work force depends on it, two important conclusions can be drawn from Unless the agricultural income increased by modernizing agriculture we cannot increase the per capita income of the state and secondly unless other sectors like industry and tertiary sectors are developed the state income will continue to be a depressing one. What is more shocking is that fluctuations in agricultural production due to unfavorable weather conditions increase instability in the growth of the state income. The economic history of Orissa is nothing but occurrence of flood, drought, cyclone and the consequent loss of income. The per capita income of the state at 80-81 prices in

92-93 was Rs. 1442 as against the national average of Rs. 2239.

AGRICULTURE

Agriculture is the most important sector of the economy of the state. More than 50 percent state income is derived from agriculture as against the national average of 30 percent. More than 64 percent people are employed in agriculture. The rate of growth of agricultural production is just little above 2 percent per annum as against the national average of 3.5 percent. Rice is grown roughly in seventy percent of the cropped area and 70 percent of the agricultural production is rice. This is shocking because the price of rice and wheat do not yield more of surplus to the rice growers. Developing agricultural production by changing cropping pattern is essentially required to improve agricultural income and as such the income of the state.

It is said that in the Koraput district of the State of Orissa rice plant was first discovered in India. Orissa has been the center for Central Rice Research Institute but unfortunately the yield rate of rice is 13 quintal per hectare whereas the national average comes 18 quintal per hectare by 92-93.

So far as consumption of fertilizer is concerned it is only 21.1 Kg per hectare which is much lower than the adjoining state of Andhra, West Bengal and Bihar. They consume fertilizer per hectare 119 Gs, 90 Kg and 50 Kg, respectively.

IRRIGATION

Irrigation is essentially necessary for increased agricultural production and for supplying wage employment to the agricultural laborers throughout the state. Development of Irrigation constitute the core policy of the Government. By the end of 92-93 total irrigation potential that has been created amounts of 21.20 lakes hectares. This is roughly 37 percent of the net area sown, of the total irrigation potential created major and medium irrigation projects constitute near about 45 percent and the rest is lift, minor and other sources of irrigation.

POWER

Orissa constitute to be a power deficit state. One of the reasons for lower level of industrial production is limited availability of power. As per Government statistics in 92-93 the demand for power has 11151.5 million units and availability was 7316 units. Out of this 5455 came from Hydro and Thermal Power Projects of the state and the rest was available from central and public sector units like NALCO. For rapid industrialization, general electrification and for development of light industries, the Govt. is very keen to complete the ongoing power projects and to take up some new projects during the 8th plan. This is a gigantic task and involves a total outlay of more than 3000 crores, of rupees. Of late govt. is thinking of inviting private sector to participate in the production and generation of electricity.

INDUSTRY

Orissa is industrially a backward state of India. With roughly 4 percent population of India it produces only 2 percent of the industrial product of the county. By 93-94, 271 large and medium sector industries were set up with an investment of Rs. 1124 crores. The economic emancipation of Orissa lies in the establishment of small scale industries. By 92-93 near about 42,000 small scale units have been set up in the state with an investment of approximately Rs. 600 crores. The new industrial policy of the Govt. announced in the year 1992 offers attractive incentive and provide marketing support to small scale units. The private sector investment is very weak. Even then two steel plants, one supported by MESCO group and another Integrated Steel Plant supported by foreign investors are coming up in the district of Jajpur.

MINERALS

Orissa is famous for its mineral deposits. Nearly 19 percent of the total deposits of the minerals of the country exist in Orissa. The important mineral reserves include coal, chromite, iron ore, bauxite, manganese and lead. These minerals offer greater scope for mineral based industries. But their exploration varies from 0.1 percent to 5.1 percent. Low rate of exploration is due to low rate of investment, lack of modernization and absence of infrastructure facilities.

HEALTH AND FAMILY WELFARE

"Health for all by 2000 AD" has become the national policy. To bring health care nearer to the people health sub-centers have been proposed with more doctors and nurses for every 5000 people. To control population explosion the efforts of the state government is worthy in the sense that the rate of growth of population in Orissa is lower in comparison to the national average. Problem of

malnutrition is one of the most important problem which we are facing in our State particularly in the tribal pockets despite the efforts of the Govt. in the I.C.D.S. program. Special efforts are necessary to accelerate this program.

EDUCATION

Education is the key to the economic development. Without human resource development there can not be higher economic development. this has been mostly the experiences and the conclusions of American economist. Therefore total literacy campaign is in full force in the State. Vigorous efforts are being made to check the drop-out of the students from the schools particularly in tribal areas. For providing higher education there are 615 colleges functioning in the state with the intake capacity of 3 lakhs students. At present we have 5 engineering colleges and one dozen engineering school with half a dozen management institutes and centers catering to technical education.

FOREST, FISHERY AND ANIMAL RESOURCES

Thirty percent of the geographical area of the state is covered by the forest. National Forest Policy prescribes that at least 33 percent of the land area should be under the coverage of forests for ecological balance. Conservation of forests, afforestation and raising plantation are the programs which are being taken to increase the forest resources of the State.

The State has got vast marine coastal land. Fishery resources cover a coastline of 480 Kms and brackish water area, of 590,944 hectares and inland water of 650,582 hectares. This is an important source of self-employment to the people, similarly development of the cattle population of Orissa is also a source of higher income and employment.

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Government has proposed an expenditure of Rs. 1 crore for schemes like non-conventional source of Energy, Scientific research - integrated rural Engineering Program and development of electronics.

WOMEN DEVELOPMENT

For the development of the weaker sections like women who lack skill, literacy and education, Govt. is trying to develop their skills and education and undertaking several welfare measures by establishing one WOMEN DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.

RURAL DEVELOPMENT

Rural development is the key to the economic development of the state, programs, like IRDP, ERRP, TRYSEM and JRY are underway with million wells program and Indira Abas Yojana. Special programs have been launched for the ST. and SC population which constitute 22.2 and 16.21 percent of the total population respectively.

STRATEGY OF PLANNING

With this scenario of the State's economy the 8th plan which is currently under operation have the following strategies and objective.

So far as strategy is concerned we want to be par with the national level in different sectors. This would require massive investment. Roughly the percapita income being Rs. 1450/ - 90-91 at 80-81 price the national per capita income being Rs. 1920/- to close this gap would require an extra investment of Rs. 40,000/- crores.

The objective of the planned development in Orissa has been to give priorities to schemes connected with generation of resources and creation of assets, completion of the on-going projects which contribute to higher production and employment generation is given first priority, secondly externally aided projects linked with creation of assets and involving central assistance are fully funded to ensure their timely implementation.

Thirdly the core sector programs like minimum needs program, health for all by 2000 AD, total literacy campaign and development of agriculture and industry are given importance. For the convenience of analysis I have chosen the externally aided projects where funding is provided by the Central Government and outside agencies for discussion in my paper. This is particularly relevant because more international agencies are also involved in these projects.

AGRICULTURAL AND CO-OPERATION DEPARTMENT

National Agricultural Extension project (NAEP) has been in Orissa since 1984-85 with the objective of providing continued assistance for reorganizing and strengthening the agricultural farm extension machinery of the state. Due to very slow progress

the program has been extended up to another three years i.e. by the end of 1992-1993. The proposed outlay is near about 20 crores.

Training and Extension for women in agriculture in Orissa: This project is being implemented from 88-89 with 100 percent assistance from DANIDA in four districts of Orissa. The proposed outlay is 2.71 crores. The objective of the project is to increase the yield of agriculture and horticulture produce by impairing training to increase the skill of the small and marginal farmers families.

National SEED PROJECT. Multistate National Seed Project Phase III has started with I.D.A. assistance in 1988-89. The Orissa component of the project is estimated to cost Rs. 1.52 crores and will operate for six years. The main objective of the projects to reorganize the organization connected with storage processing, testing and distribution of seeds.

INDO-DANISH WATER SHED PROJECT in KORAPUT. This project has been started with Danida's assistance.

ENERGY DEPARTMENT UPPER INDRAVATI HYDRO ELECTRIC PROJECT

This project is operating since June 1983 and was started to be completed by 1992 which has not been possible. The project will provide canal water in KORAPUT district. The project is likely to be completed soon.

IRRIGATION DEPARTMENT: UPPER KOLAB IRRIGATION PROJECT

The project has been started as a state project since 1976 but started operation with O.E.C.F. loan from Govt. of Japan. the project will provide canal water in KORAPUT district. The project is likely to be completed soon.

FOREST DEPARTMENT

The SIDA assisted social Forestry project is in operation in all the districts of the state. Since April '88 with the objective of tree plantation in and around human habitation to meet the needs of fuel, fodder, timber, fruits and to restore ecological balance.

ORISSA TRIBAL DEVELOPMENT PROJECT

The International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD) assisted tribal Development Project of Orissa in Koraput Block of KORAPUT district. It started in May 1988 and will be implemented over a period of 14 years. The main object of the project is to integrate the intensive development of the Tribes, residing in the block. The total estimated cost of the project 31.28 crores.

RURAL DRINKING WATER SUPPLY PROJECT

The project is operating since 1987-1988 in Cuttack and Puri districts for the supply of safe drinking water by the construction of tube-wells, minor water supply scheme and rejuvenation of tube wells. The overall project target is to provide 10,000 tube-wells and 15 piped water supply schemes.

RURAL DEVELOPMENT PROJECT

This project has been started in the state with assistance from U.K. the project is being implemented over a period of five years with a total financial outlay of Rs. 6555.41 lakhs. The physical component of the project consists of construction of 10 Sub-centers, 12-L-H.U quarters. 3 P.H.Cs and 2 C.H.Cs along with staff quarters and the purchase of vehicles. For the use by the project managers.

DEVELOPMENT OF GEM STONE RESOURCES OF ORISSA

This U.N.D.P. assisted project has come into operation since Feb. '90. The project is proposed to be constructed within an estimated cost of Rs. 2.29 lakhs in the district of Kalahandi, Bolangir, Sambalpur, Dhenkanai and Phulbani with the U.N.D.P. assistance of Rs 2.1 lakhs in terms of technical personnel. The objective of the project is systematic exploration of gem stone resources of the state and to export the stones to foreign countries for earning foreign exchange.

PROJECT FOR SKILL DEVELOPMENT

With rapid Industrialization in the state the need for crafts man would be much more than with 17 ITIS

including 4 for women with a total intake capacity of 5000 students. Government of India have launched vocational training project with World Bank assistance. This project envisages establishment of women ITIS. One related Instruction Center, one basic training center and one Advance Vocational Training System Unit for in service craftsman. The total estimated project cost is more than Rs. 103 crores. The State Government will provide 50 percent of the total cost as State share.

Strengthening of Technical Education Project under the World Bank Program for polytechnics. This is a project founded by World Bank for capacity expansion, quality improvement and for efficiently improvement in polytechnics. Tow more new Women Poly Technics are to be established.

PIPELINE PROJECTS

There are projects which have been proposed to the Government of India at different times for consideration and grant of suitable assistance. Government of India has been requested to consider these projects liberally keeping in view the poverty of the state.

ROLE OF OUR FRIENDS

- (a) While implementing these projects our performance falls below our projected amount. Sometimes, they attribute it to faulty implementation. Implementation is the main problem. Our friends, technocrats and scientists can suggest how under given constraint we can minimize our obstacles, and improve our projected performance.
- (b) Orissa has got more of physical capital but so far as human capital is concerned our

achievements vis-à-vis. The nation is far from satisfactory. Unless we develop our human capital we cannot develop our physical resources. Friends of Orissa in America, I would request to lend your help and co-operation in this regard.

- (c) While implementing projects we have dilemmas. To illustrate while implementing prawn projects the question of environmental and ecological degradation's stand on the way. While expanding our roads with World Bank assistance we cannot cut trees because they will bring environmental disaster. We are in difficulty. Laws of the land stand on the way. What I plead for is that our friends can make some suggestions how to avoid the dilemma between environment and development.
- (d) Lastly it has been said that foreign capital and investment which enrich China mostly, come from the Chinese nonresidents. But so far as foreign investment in case of India is concerned, the Indian nonresidents do not respond as vigorously as the Chinese. Unless our friends from India and Orissa have a liberal attitude to develop Orissa we will lag behind. I therefore, plead in the same vein as our Barrister Madhusudan Das, that we should at least think for five minutes daily for the development of Orissa, then we can do justice to our mother land. Should I request our friends to follow his foot prints.

Rtn. Debendra Nath Mishra, President Rotary Club Of Cuttack Mid-Town

"PITRUSMRUTI" FRIENDS COLONY, BAJRAKABIT ROAD CUTTACK-753 001 ORISSA (INDIA)

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NEED FOR QUALITY HEALTH CARE IN ORISSA

N. C. Panda

In 1946 the World Health Organization (WHO) defined health as "a state, of complete physical, mental, and social well-being, and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity". But today, in the hitech field of medicine the word well-being has no meaning and there is no "well" man. If some one thinks he is well, the doctors will tell him that he has not been investigated completely and will be able to detect some deviation from the normal. Normality like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. In New England Journal of Medicine Dr. Fitzerald says, "We can not fix everything, though we do something marvelously well; nor can our patients no matter how intelligent they are prevent all diseases and death."

This reminds of the pathetic story of one my doctor friends, who retired after serving Government of Orissa in a high position. He was otherwise active, hardworking, and able to undertake long tours, so on and so forth. Occasionally, he could tell that he was not feeling well. He would feel something unusual in his chest. He was thoroughly investigated, at all bigger institutions in India and in England but nothing tangible came out he was declared fit. But he would complain off and on in similar manner. Then doctors have a beautiful hypothesis that mind runs the body and both are inter-dependent. In other words they call it, "Psycho-Somatic Relationship". With this doctrine where technology fails he again fixes that the disease of the patient is due to psychological causes. True, it can be but it did not help in my friends case. Practically he was reconciled with assurances from all meaningful circles. But alas one day he had a massive heart attack and could not be saved. Now on analysis of the case history several facts emerge. Has he any mistake? Perhaps not. Has science failed to detect his ailment? That is also not totally correct. Might be there are limitations. There are many things beyond the reach of the present day technology. It is now becoming very clear that most, if not all the diseases that we are heir to have their origin in our genesand, of course, they are being modified by our environment. It is, therefore, very difficult to blame anyone or our lifestyle completely under any circumstances. That is how study of genetics, genetechnology and genetic engineering has gained its importance in present day research and its applications. Like any new invention it also gives new rays of hope similar to rise of the morning sun which heralds end of the dark night and beginning of a bright day.

Have I in anyway become pessimistic while analyzing the case history in the foregone paragraph? The answer is no. In medical practice, analysis of a case history gives information which strengthens the hands of a doctor in dealing with the future cases, thus bringing in lot of optimism. Where wisdom bestows, pessimism disappears and optimism prevails. Actually there is a narrow margin of difference between two philosophical out looks, like good and bad, till one merges with the other through brilliant ideas of wisdom.

However, one has to analyze betterment of health prospects of millions of people of Orissa who statistically form the majority and come under preventive and curable diseases. Those few diseases for which cure has not yet been spelt out can certainly be given relief and their life span extended.

Orissa has a total area of 1,55,707 sq. Kms. with 30 districts, 50+ sub-divisions, 147+ Tahasils, 4386+ Gramapanchayats, 314+ Blocks and 50,972 villages. Total population of Orissa as per 1991 census is 31,512,070 of which Males, Females are 15,979,904 and 15,532,166 respectively. Total number of people residing in villages come to 27,279,615 and that in urban areas is 4,232,455. It has been ascertained that 44.7 percent people remain under poverty level. The present statistics clears that majority of people are rural based and agriculture is their main profession and source of income.

Prior to the present health management system which mainly developed during the British rule, India and more so Orissa had traditional systems of medicine like "Ayurved" "Unani" and several others. In the later part of nineteenth century and thereafter, due to scientific inventions through out the world the present medical system developed. Regular syllabi of medical curriculum were framed and respective books were written. Medical schools, colleges and advanced centers for medical research were established mostly in urban areas. The present S.C.B. Medical College at Cuttack is an outcome of this endeavor. It started as a Medical School in 1875 and thereafter was converted to a college in 1944. Subsequently two more Medical Colleges were started in

Orissa, one at Burla, Sambalpur (V.S.S. Medical College) in 1959 and the other at Berhampur, Ganjam (M.K.C.G. Medical College) in 1961. The aim of these centers were to educate students and generate doctors who would spread out in urban and rural areas to render medical help. Initially due to less number of doctors they mostly concentrated in urban areas. However the main emphasis was on treatment of patients who would come to medical centers, may it be a dispensary in a village or bigger hospitals in towns like those in Sub-Divisional Head Quarters, District Head Quarters or hospitals attached to Medical Colleges. Arrangements for indoor facilities and for certain minimum operations were existing in Sub-Divisional and District Head Quarter Hospitals. On the other hand hospitals attached to Medical Colleges had greater facilities in comparison to those existing at Sub-Division and District Head Quarter levels.

Subsequently, there was a radical change in the concept of health care management system. It was conceived that better health care would be provided in case preventive aspect of diseases be undertaken simultaneously to treatment. As a matter of fact, most dreadful diseases like malaria, leprosy, smallpox, tuberculosis, cholera, dysentery, ankylostomiasis (hookworm infestation), etc. could be prevented if adequate public health majors are undertaken.

Considering the importance of prevention of diseases along with treatment, the Bhor Committee report was published in 1946. Depending on this report, Primary Health Centers (PHC) were established in Block levels in 1952, PHC looked after control of communicable diseases, maternal child health program and school health scheme in addition to treatment of attending patients in the hospital. In subsequent years there were several other reports like that of Maduliar Committee in 1961, Mukherjee Committee in 1966, Kartarsing Committee in 1974 and Srivastav Committee in 1975. They all laid emphasis on Primary Health Care System and its betterment. It was realized that in order to provide better health care and prevent communicable diseases certain other aspects like public education, housing, water supply, food and nutrition, sanitation etc. should be simultaneously improved. So an all out integrated effort was lunched through various agencies of Government. It was also realized that population explosion should be controlled in order to make all schemes successful and meaningful. Accordingly, Family Welfare Program

introduced at the Primary Health Center level. As such, the Primary Health Centers became main level of operation of Health Care System. developing Primary Health Care System improvements were simultaneously made in Sub-Divisional and District Headquarter Hospitals. They served as secondary and tertiary health care centers. Ultimately Medical College Hospitals served as apex centers and patients from all over the state are referred here. Hence Medical College Hospitals have to be adequately equipped to take the load of referral Accordingly, in addition to classical departments of Medicine, Surgery, Obstretic & Gynecology, Eye & ENT, sub-specialty or super specialty departments were created. To name a few they are Neurosurgery, Plastic Surgery, Cardiology and Cardiothoracic Surgery, Pediatrics, Neonatology etc. In order to support treatment facilities, improvement of investigation procedures developed in the departments of Pathology, Biochemistry, Radiology etc. Non-invasive techniques like Ultrasound, CT Scan, Magnetic Resonance also developed side by side. Besides classical procedures improved computerized sophisticated methods also came into operation encompassing wider applications and better information.

In spite of a stratified health care system from Primary Health Center to apex level, newer problems like cancer came up. Regional Cancer Centers were developed by Government of India. There is one at Cuttack. Acharya Harihar Cancer Center for Research and Treatment. It was observed that when patients come to this center, they have their disease in advanced state. It is told that early diagnosis is the best treatment of cancer. Needle aspiration and cell cytology are the best procedure for early diagnosis which can be adopted in the field. This means sophisticated procedure has to be adopted in the Primary Health Center at the best at Sub-divisional or District Headquarter level.

Specialists in this line with minimum facilities have to be provided at the Primary Health Center, Sub-divisional or District Headquarter levels. It is only then cancer cases can be detected at the early stage and treatment instituted forth with. The number of cancer cases are so many that they cannot be handled in cancer institutions alone. Hence medical colleges have to be equipped for this purpose simultaneously. Further more, treatment of cancer is multidisciplinary. Surgery, Medicine, O & G, ENT and Radiotherapy have to be developed paripassu for early and effective treatment. Many diseases can be

conceived like cancer where sophistication has to be carried to village level for better health care. They are detection and treatment of Diabetes Mellitus, Eye Care including cataract operations etc. The problem is so vast that different agencies other than Governmental system are involved for adequate materialization of the schemes. In recent years non-Governmental Organizations (NGOs) like that of Rotary, Lions, Ramkrishna Mission, Saibaba Society etc. are actively involved in implementation of some of the Health Program.

Government of India and State Government are also encouraging other NGOs for carrying out some other health schemes in rural and tribal areas.

There has been improvement in economic condition of people in the recent years. As such they want fast diagnosis and treatment of the diseases. Hence, for those who can afford, many diagnostic

centers and private nursing homes have come up. The nursing homes are mostly for surgical purposes and obstetric and gynecological management. Even though diagnostic centers have come up, they are not under one roof and are not governed by quality control program. This system has to be organized in a more consolidated manner under one roof as far as practicable with spick and span procedure with approved and accurate quality control parameters under guidance of specialized doctors. Similarly surgical specialties which have developed in the Government or Nursing home sectors in Orissa can not handle coronary by-pass or transplant surgery. technical know-how is available the infrastructure is lacking. In order to provide wholesome quality health care in Orissa it is worth exploring these aspects and working out the details to develop different specialties according to necessity.

Dr. N.C. Panda is the retired Director of Medical Education & Training, Orissa.

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ORISSA...AND ITS DEVELOPMENT: WHY WE SHOULD CARE

Devi P. Misra

From the post-World War years until as recently as the 1980's the world economy has been dominated and shaped by the industrial G7 countries. India has always been regarded as a "developing" country similar to the other "third world" countries in Asia and Africa.

Step into the Nineties - the notion and concepts have drastically changed. Forecasting the future in 1991, Time Magazine described India as a sleeping giant. By 1995, India is regarded along with China as one of the foremost players and participants in the global economy, even better positioned than former Soviet Union and Eastern European countries, no more shrugged off as an underdeveloped country.

Under the astute leadership of present Indian Government, specifically the Finance Minister, liberalization of rules is being championed as a means to facilitate the progress of the national economy into the global arena in the 21st century. Simultaneously, the central government is giving enormous latitude and power to the state governments to attract various industries and plan their expansion.

In the wake of this massive industrialization of the states, the whole of south, Maharashtra, Gujarat, Haryana, Punjab and even West Bengal have increased their stake with sheer dynamism and vision. The states who are lagging way behind include Bihar, UP, MP, Assam, Rajasthan, and Orissa. In the last fifty years of post Independence India only two capital projects were developed in Orissa - Paradip Project and the steel plant in Rourkela although Orissa is one of the richest states with yet untapped mineral resources. This is because the bureaucracies controlled by the politicians perpetuate a corrupt system of government and resist change. There is no incentive for the private sector to prosper.

The annual state revenue of Orissa is spent paying the salaries of the government employees. The majority of the educated public crave to be government employees. Once employed, they think it is their birthright to hold the position notwithstanding their performance.

During their tenure in office, bureaucrats and politicians are guided by the personal goal to amass wealth at the expense of the public funds that would carry them through not only their own lifetime but that of their next two generations. There is no strategic long-range planning or coordination for future project developments in Orissa. Through the bureaucratic red tapes and hurdles the government stifles incentive for growth in the private sector.

When we try to define Orissa's location or existence even to people in India, we mention with pride Jagannath Temple, Konarak and Ashok's rule in Orissa, but that was way in the past of Orissa's glory. When we talk of our cherished heritage and leaders, we can only think of a few stalwarts like Gopabandhu, Madhusudan, Radhanath, Mayadhar, Fakirmohan but again that is in the past. We have not taken their inspiration to forge ahead into the future.

The different avenues that can help OSA put forward a futuristic outlook to envision Orissa away from the agricultural backstage to the industrial forefront are as follows.

1. EDUCATION:

In the majority of instances in Orissa education is undertaken without objectives and without goal or result oriented planning. Because of lack of basic education there is explosive population growth leading to various socioeconomic strife, disparity.

Many established OSA members in faculty positions at different universities could encourage bright students (not necessarily relatives) from Orissa for further studies here. They could initiate regular seminars and symposia on different topics of interest at various universities in Orissa in addition to encouraging basic and fundamental research in liaison with the faculty there.

A few cases in point. Dr. Tarapada Das has been instrumental in having an array of Physics Ph.D.s in this country now separately heading physics chairs in different universities. Dr. Sura Rath has almost single-handed (with few local

INDO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP FOUNDATION A FRIENDSHIP FORCE FOR THE PROGRESS OF ORISSA

Subhas C. Mohapatra

Orissa is beset with numerous problems. It is among the most backward states of India in all fronts: education, economy, health care. Yet Orissa is among the richest states when it comes to natural resources. This is compounded by Orissa's cultural base which inhibits rather than promotes migration of Oriyas, especially in business ventures, to other states for economic upliftment. This is again a contradiction to Orissa historical past when it was Oriyas who sailed far and wide as \'Boita Puas\' in business ventures. Thus, Orissa has a mixture of glorious past and ignominious present.

The Oriyas who trickled in to USA and Canada in the fifties and sixties came with the above legacy. After their arrival, among which I was one, the Oriyas undertook two tasks without much loss of time: a) Create an atmosphere under which there will be greater influx of Oriyas to the North American Continent and b) Create an organization that will bind and blend the Oriyas in the North American Continent in to one large family. The success and failure of the two undertakings can be debated depending on the perspective under consideration, but there is no doubt that we are enjoying the fruits of OSA and its annual convention because of the above two.

As we the Oriyas continued to meet year after year, a common theme began to emerge. This theme is the need to expand the sphere of our activities and efforts: helping Orissa rekindle its glorious past to remove the prevailing darkness. But the past mechanisms are not available to the modern Orissans. Therefore every thing must be started almost from the scratch, and this must be done in the context of larger India rather than the narrow interest of Orissa. This is where unanimity disappeared and divergence set in. What can be done? Who should do what? How to foot the bill? When to do? Where to do? Should the work be done independent of the involvement of the people and government of Orissa or in collaboration with them? What ever we do, should it be targeted exclusively for Orissa or should it include other regions of India and our present home-country? Combine with all

these the biggest question of all: ACCOUNTABILITY! When it comes to accountability, in my opinion, some of us have an interesting trait. We demand accountability from others but feel offended when others demand accountability from us. Some also try to amuse at the failure of each other as long as they prosper as individuals, and when prosperity somehow bypasses them, they do not hesitate to pull the relatively prosperous one down.

IAA was born in 1988 against the above backdrop. Its charter was drafted to make it distinctly different from the standard nonprofit (503c) organizations we are familiar with. It is similarity to other organizations in that it has a legally required board of directors. The similarity ends there. Some of IAFF's unique features are summarized below:

I. ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION

- 1. Nonprofit, nonpolitical, nonreligious.
- Administered by the board of directors (chaired by the president) with the help of a board of advisors pooled from different regions and different walks of life.
- 3. Conducts activities under different programs and different projects under each program (expanded further below).
- 4. No more than 15 days gap between submission of proposals to the board of advisors and advisors' decision. No more than one month gap between project approval and initiation, subject to the promptness of the parties in Orissa.
- 5. No project is undertaken without legally binding memorandum of agreement.
- 6. No provision for membership: This is to avoid endless debate and defeat of the minority idea(s) by the majority.
- Accountability only to the donors, regulatory government agencies and the board of advisors. Thus, people with curiosity and empty words (i.e. those who only throw out ideas but are not available for financial support or execution) are meticulously kept out of IAFF.

II. FINANCE: IAFF's activities are funded through tax-deductible donations. The donations fall under two categories: General and Designated.

General donations of any amount are received from any one. Receipts are supplied for donations exceeding \$5.00. These funds are deposited in an interest bearing account and used for projects which will serve the general interest of a large sector of population in Orissa or here in USA.

Designated donations are accepted on a selected basis. The person wishing to make a donation must first submit a proposal along with the budget outlay. The president of IAFF will review the proposal to examine its compatibility with IAFF's charter and objectives. If the proposal meets this requirement, the IAFF will develop operating procedures for approval by the donor. After the donor approves the operating procedures, he/she/they will be required to remit the donation plus 6% (or \$50.00, whichever is less) service fee. This fund will be deposited in an interest bearing account of the IAFF. After receiving the donation, the IAFF communicate with the designated beneficiary and develop memorandum of agreement. The donation money will be remitted to the beneficiary after the memorandum of agreement is signed by all concerned parties. If IAFF and the beneficiary can not execute a memorandum of agreement, the donation, along with the service fee minus the actual expenses for printing and postage etc., will be returned to the donor. If the interest of the donation is sufficient to meet the postage and printing costs, etc., the entire service fee will be returned.

III. OBJECTIVES

- Improve understanding of the people of USA about India and vice versa. This will be accomplished through cultural, scientific, technological, and educational exchange programs.
- To generate and sustain interest on India in the descendants of Indian immigrants to USA and Canada.
- To aid economic upliftment of various regions of India. Activities are limited only to Agriculture, Education and Health care because at IAFF we believe that these are the three most important components for the

existence and functioning of a democratic society. The above mentioned activities are limited only to ultra-structure building, not crisis management. For example, IAFF will undertake projects that will help prevent hunger, but will not attempt to feed the hungry. Similarly, projects will be undertaken to promote general health and disease prevention, but will not attempt to cure specific illness or disease. IAFF will undertake projects to enhance the operation and efficiency of existing educational institutions and creation of institutions with new educational concepts, but will not participate in the creation of more number of institutions of the types in existence. Projects will be undertaken to educate farmers in modern agricultural technology but not to solve specific agricultural problems of specific farmers.

IV. MECHANISMS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

 At present, IAFF carries out its activities under three programs summarized below:

A. THE USA PROGRAM: This program is dedicated to improve the understanding of the people of USA about India. This is accomplished by presenting seminars and lectures to schools, church and civic groups on various aspects of India, especially through comparison between USA and India. A proposed activity is to send high school seniors in their final year (i.e. before entering college) as summer-apprentices to various parts of India. Attempts are underway to secure corporate sponsorship of this project. In addition, disaster relief contributions were sent for California earthquake and Oklahoma City bombing.

B. THE OSA PROGRAM: This program is targeted for the welfare of the Orissans living in the North American Continent. It is designated as OSA program because priority will be given to collaboration with the OSA in accomplishing this objective. But activities will also be taken independent of the OSA where deemed necessary. For example, the interest-free student loan to students who have come from Orissa for graduate education in this country is independent of OSA whereas the Subrina Biswal Prize in Performing Arts is awarded in collaboration with the OSA during its annual convention. A \$1,500.00 loan scholarship was awarded to Mr.

L.N. Mohapatra, who is a Law student in the Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, IL.

C. THE ORISSA PROGRAM: Before describing further details, it is germane to briefly discuss the philosophy and history behind this program. At the IAFF, it is believed that even though India is considered as a developing country, many of its states are rather very advanced and are in par with many western-European countries with respect to economy. technology. infrastructure. Thus, India's backward status comes primarily, if not exclusively, from its backward states such as those in the Northeastern corner, Orissa, Bihar, UP and MP. It is further believed at the IAFF that it is easier to bring these states to a higher living standard with less input and through the use of indigenous technology as compared to further improving the advanced states, which may involve not only the "principle of minimal return", but will most certainly involve importations of foreign technology at the cost of scarce national resources.

The above consideration was linked to the fact that the NRIs of this country and Canada can make major contributions to the above objective through their economic assistance, know-how sharing, and project supervision, and establishing governmental and non-governmental contacts inside India. Discussion during a 5-year period preceding the founding of IAFF showed that there is considerable agreement among varied groups of NRIs with respect to the above analysis. A great deal of interest also emerged in trying to get different things done. But the major \'interest-killer\' was cynicism and skepticism. Very few believed that any thing can be done under the prevailing circumstances in India (i.e. during the past decade when India saw political and economic instability leading to depletion of gold reserve). Further discussion showed that the backward states of India would benefit from almost any thing regardless of its nature, extent and timing. It was also felt almost unanimously that people who could be relied upon in getting these things done should be those who have no personal agenda. This is where I came into picture. Friends and associates knew that I was an easily contented person without any personal ambition or drive. Some of them also knew that the extinction of the local India Association was averted because several of us took personal

interest in creating a sound economic and cultural base for the association. They also knew that I had a visible role in starting a soccer leagues which is now the largest in the whole USA in terms of number of participants and capital outlay. Thus, there was frequent prodding from various quarters for me to plunge into some kind of undertaking. Thus, I became the president of the IAFF.

Soon after becoming the president of the IAFF, it became apparent to me that it would be futile to undertake activities in various parts of India without first examining to what extent IAFF can play a role in India. I was fortunate to have many private and governmental contacts in Orissa. If projects could be completed successfully in Orissa, it would be a matter of emulating this success in other parts of India through people who have similar contacts in their states. This gave birth to the ORISSA PROGRAM. describe here various projects etc.

CURRENT PROJECTS IN ORISSA/INDIA: Journal grant to the Sambalpur University (third year), Library grant to the Gopabandhu Women's College, Athgarh (third year), Development grant to the Sarankul College (second year), Earthquake disaster relief for South India.

PROJECT UNDER NEGOTIATION: Computer grant to the SCB Medical College Library.

PROPOSED PROJECTS: 1) Center for Women Welfare - This project has been approved by the board of advisors and has been awarded to the Athgarh Women's College. Operating procedures and memorandum of agreement are under development. 2) CARES (Center for Applied Research Education and Service) - This center was opened at the OUAT (Orissa University of Agriculture and Technology, Bhubaneswar) in 1993. Projects have not been initiated because of frequent administrative turnover at the OUAT. Discussions are in progress to initiate a lecture series on EMERGING ISSUES. A farmer training program is also being contemplated.

For additional information on IAFF and its programs please send inquiries to IAFF, 1413 Boxwood lane, Apex, NC 27502, Tel: 919-362-7653, Fax: 919-363-0238.

REMEMBER ORISSA-DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Girija Bhusan Patnaik

Very recently a news items appeared in Oriya Newspapers. That was an appeal by the Inspectors General of Police on behalf of a citizen of Guyana whose ancestors were Oriyas. The story goes somewhat as follows:

That was early twentieth or late Nineteenth century. People were taken as slaves of British India to British Guyana. The easy pray were children. A young lad from District of Balasore lost his way and ultimately found his place in Guyana. He had no way out but to settle there. He did not know the address of his parents or his village but noted down the name of the village in his dairy. He died and some how or other his son did not take any interest (or had failed) to locate the village. Now is the turn of his grandson, an affluent person. But he is keen to search his roots. He is longing for identification though this is the third generation. He has searched the Diary and through the Inspector general of Police wants to know if any relation' of him is still alive in the village and he longs to come and meet them.

We, the people of Orissa, are happy to go through the journal of the OSA and we would like to congratulate the editor for beautiful bridge building between the Oriyas remaining abroad and their roots in Orissa. That shows that the Oriyas or their sons & daughters have not lost their roots.

The OSA and its journal play the role of a bridge. We are happy that the oriyas long to remain in touch with the land of their origin, the land of lofty ideals and carry it from generation to generation. the flow continues and will continue to grow in the future.

It is with pride we come to know that Jagannath Culture is being propagated in USA by the Oriyas in the USA Jagganath is not a religion but a culture. Jagganath is claimed by Adivasis, Hindus, Buddhist, Jains to be their deity. Lord Jagganath wakes up to the songs of Salabeg, a Muslim devotee, Guru Nanak, Sri Chaitanya had paid visits to Him and the Gurudwara of Cuttack, known as Dantun Gurudwara of Cuttack and the Gadagadia Ghat of Cuttack, where Sri Chaitanya have reported to have rolled in the sand, stand as monuments of their visits. It is also claimed that Jesus Christ had visited Puri but this is yet to be authenticated. However, all these indicate one

thing; That lord Jagganath transcends all barriers and is the real lord of the Universe.

We are happy to know that the old students of the Sriram Chandra Bhanja Medical College remaining in USA met in December, 94 on the occasions of the Golden jubilee of the college. The SCB Medical College Golden Jubilee Committee made necessary arrangements for it.

We are happy that the Principal of Ravenshaw College, Cuttack and the Ravenshaw College Old Boys Association are making arrangements for a conference of the Old Ravenshavians and the Conference was scheduled to be held in the month of December, 94. They intend to invite the Ravenshavians in India & abroad for the purpose.

The Viswa Oriya Sammilani is also planning to have its second-conference in December, 94. Justice Harihar Mahapatra had planned for a conference of the overseas oriyas for the economic & Cultural development of Orissa. But it has got a set back due to his serious illness. But the speaker of the Orissa Legislative Assembly, Sri Judhistir Das, is planning for such a conference.

The Universe, is in touch with all these organizations and will be happy if oriyas remaining abroad drop a line intimating their visit to Orissa and the Universe will be happy to arrange a get together for them. It will be more like a family reunion and we will be happy to know of the visit of the friends at least a month ahead.

You, brothers & sisters, are precious jewels of our state. Circumstances have forced you friends to remain outside, but you are in the hearts of our people and please do not forget them.

Kindly ponder what you can do for ORISSA and what Orissa can do for you.

The Universe, Maitree Sarani, Cuttack-753001. Orissa. Tele: 601836/601633

Gram: CULTURE

PROPOSED "FAKIR MOHAN UNIVERSITY"

Sri Rabindra Mohan Das

The determination and single minded devotion of Vyasa Kabi Fakir Mohan Senapati for preservation of Oriya language, had saved it from near extinction, when Bengali language was going to replace the mother tongue of Oriyas. His efforts have greatly contributed to the formulation of the new State of Orissa.

Unfortunately, we the Oriyas have not yet done much to commemorate the sacred memory of the Vyasakabi.

The elites of Balasore Town, under the banner of Education Foundation - a registered Society - have been endeavoring since 1970 for the establishment of a University to be named after "FAKIRMOHAN," just like West Bengal Government's establishment of "ISWAR CHANDRA VIDYA SAGAR UNIVERSITY" at Midnapur.

The University Grants Commission has already recommended to establish a new University at Balasore in order to arrest the further deterioration of higher Education in Orissa, as Utkal University has been over burdened with a very large number of graduate colleges.

In order to facilitate this process, the Education Foundation has already constructed a Four-storeyed massive building at Vyasa Vihar on the National Highway No. 5.

The entire project of building construction in all respects will cost five crores of rupees at present. The Education Foundation is engaged in raising funds for the purpose in a financially backward area, such as ours.

The proof and Experiment Establishment, Interim Test Range (ITR) and Indian Space Research Organization (ISRO) at Chandipur Balasore, have also expressed their inclination to help in the research of high order when the University is established.

The people of Balasore have been elated to learn that "Orissa Society of Americas" at their Jubilee convention of 1994, have taken keen interests for honoring Vyasakabi by demanding "Fakir Mohan University" at Vyasa Kabi's birth place. The people of Orissa will be highly grateful to Oriyas in America for their suuport and help for this massive project.

When established, this University will help the meritorious students of Orissa to get greater scope for developing their talents in Science, Technology and other useful and necessary faculties.

The people of Balasore look forward to the next Convention of the "Orissa Society of Americas" in July 1995 for a positive action in the matter of establishment of "FAKIR MOHAN UNIVERSITY" at the birth place of Vyasa Kabi.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

The author is the former leader of the opposition in Orissa Assembly and is presently, Secretary of Education Foundation, Balasore and President of University Action Committee of Balasore. He is a renowned Freedom Fighter of Orissa; a staunch Gandhian; Chairman of Balasore Zilla Vikash Parisad; President of Balasore Seva Sangha; President of District Khadi and Gramodyog Sangh; President Mahatma Gandhi Vichar Manch, Bhadrak, President Gandhi Seva Sangha Kanya Shrama; a trade unionist in undivided Bengal; President Jnana Vigyana Sanstha, Balasore.



ORNET

Subrat Mohapatra

Ornet is a list of ORISSAN's over the world. The articles and discussions are mainly pertaining to our motherland (ORISSA), our problems, solutions, News etc.

This medium consist of professional gentlemen and women of all ages. So please be considerate in your type of posting. Usage of slangs is never appreciated.

A request to post your own constructive original articles. Please DO NOT use this medium for any kind of personal conflict or misunderstanding.

IF YOU ARE A NEW MEMBER TO ORNET, PLEASE COME FORWARD TO INTRODUCE YOURSELF WITH YOUR NAME, BACKGROUND AND YOUR ORIGIN IN ORISSA THAT WAY WE COME TO KNOW EACH OTHER.

ABOUT ORNET LISTSERV

It works at cs.columbia edu as any other listserv. The process is automatic and does not require anyone intervention.

TO SEND TO ALL MEMBERS OF ORNET

send your mail to ornet@cs.columbia.edu and your article get distributed to everyone.

TO ADD A MEMBER TO THE ORNET DISTRIBUTION LIST

Please inform the new would be member to send a mail from his account to listserv@ cs.columbia.edu and on the body of the message (not the subject) add one line:

SUBSCRIBE ORNET your name

i.e.
To: listserv@cs.columbia.edu
Subject:
CC:

SUBSCRIBE ORNET Subrat Mohapatra

Remember only the email address where he is sending the mail will get appended to the ornet list.

FOR ADD/DELETE PLEASE MAIL TO listserv@cs.columbia.edu NOT ornet@cs.columbia.edu

TO SEE THE LIST OF RECIPIENTS OF ORNET

send mail to listserv@cs.columbia.edu and on the body page add one line

RECIPIENTS ORNET

There are a lot of other things you can browse about ornet.

TO GET A SET OF AUTOMATIC COMMANDS LIST

send mail to listserv@cs.columbia.edu and on the body page add one line

HELP

The list of help commands are: from listserv reply.

Everything appearing in [] below is optional; everything appearing in \Leftrightarrow is mandatory. Recognized requests are:

help [topic]

Without arguments, this file. Otherwise get specific information on the selected topic. Topics may also refer to requests.

set < list> [<option> <value>]

Without the optional arguments, get a list of all current settings for the specified list. Otherwise change the option to the new value for that list.

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

subscribe <list> <your name>

The only way to subscribe to a list.

unsubscribe < list> (or: signoff < list>)

Remove yourself from the specified list.

recipients < list> (or: review < list>)

Get a list of all people subscribed in the specified list.

information <list≥

Get information about the specified list.

statistics < list> [subscriber email address(es)]

Get a list of subscribers along with the number of messages each one of them has sent to the specified list. If the optional email addresses are given, then statistics will be collected for these users only.

Get a list of mailing lists that are served by this server.

index [archive | path-to-archive] [/password]

Get a list of files in the selected archive, or the master archive if no archive was specified.

get <archive | path-to-archive> <file>
[/password] [parts]

Get the requested file from the specified archive. Certain subparts may be obtained by specifying them as optional arguments. release

Get information about the current release of this listsery system.

which

Get a listing of mailing lists to which you have subscribed.

The requests below are list owner specific:

reports < list> < password>

Obtain all reports about the specified list.

edit <list> <password> <file>

Obtain the specified file for editing.

put <list> <password> <keyword> [args]

Manipulate addresses and change system files.

approve <list> <password> <tag>

Approve the message identified by the tag number for posting to the specified moderated list.

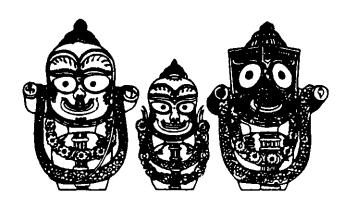
discard <list> <password> <tag>

Discard the message identified by the tag number sent to the specified moderated list.





କଗନ୍ଧାଥଃ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ନୟନ ପଥଗାମୀ ଭବତୁମେ



ନତ୍ରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥ୍ୟ ସ୍କ୍ୟଂନ ନ ତ କନକମାଣିକ୍ୟବ୍ୟକ୍ୟ ନ ସାତେଃବଂ ରମ୍ୟାଂ ନଖିଲ କନକାମ୍ୟାଂ କର୍କଧୂମ୍ ସଦା କାଲେ କାଲେ ପ୍ରମଧ ପରନା ସୀତତ୍ରଟେ । କ୍ୟନାଥଃ ସ୍ୱାର୍ମୀ ନସ୍କୁନ ପଥରାମୀ ଭ୍ୟରୁମେ ।। ୭ ।।

Neither I crave for a kingdom, nor for gold, rubies, and wealth. I do not pray for the most beautiful woman coveted by all. Your leela is sung in every age by Shiva Shankar. Oh Lord, the master of the universe, appear in my vision.

ଭାଗବତ ବନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାହୁ, ପୁଷ୍ପଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ସାହୁ, ଜୟା ସାହୁ, ପ୍ରିୟଦର୍ଶୀ ସାହୁ, ଶ୍ୱେତପ**ଦ୍ମା ସାହୁ** ଆଥେନ୍କ ଆଲାବାମା ।

ORISSA: YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

Lalit Mansingh, IFS

The 25th Anniversary of the Orissa Society of Americas is a very special occasion and an important milestone in the Society's history. This is evident not only from the unusually large gathering of the Overseas Oriya Community but also the galaxy of dignitaries and outstanding sons and daughters of Orissa present here, led by Hon. Shri K. P. Singh Deo. It is an occasion for deep introspection and self analysis, so that we discover where Orissa and Oriyas stand on the eve of the 21st Century.

I have chosen to speak on a topic which is as sweeping as it is challenging: Orissa Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.

History unlike light does not proceed in a straight line. Orissa's chequered history had its ups and downs - from the heights of glory to the depths of defeat and despair.

From the mist of Indian antiquity emerges a great kingdom called Kalinga. In the Mahabharata war we see the King of Kalinga entering Kurukshetra with a formidable formation of war-elephants, to fight on the side of Duryodhana. Unfortunately, for Kalinga, it was not the winning side.

A more spectacular defeat awaited Kalinga in the 3rd Century BC when the Mauryan Emperor Ashoka decided to conquer a territory he has described as Avijta i.e. previously unconquered. The Emperor paid tribute to the bravery, and recklessness, of the defenders: 100,000 soldiers killed: 150,000 taken as prisoners of war. Ashoka renounced war, became a Buddhist and used Kalinga as a base for his missionary activities overseas.

Two hundred years later Emperor Kharavela appears on the scene. He conquered large tracts of territory in the South and the North, including Ashoka's Magadha. He relished his victory by making his elephants and horses drink from the River Ganga.

We skip a few centuries and find the Sailodbhava dynasty ruling Orissa from the 6th to the 8th Century AD From the ports spanning the Eastern seaboard, merchants from Orissa reached distant destinations in Sri Lanka, Burma, Thailand, Java, Bali, Sumatra, Borneo, Malaya and Cambodia. Historians point to the links between the Sailodbhabas of Orissa and the Sailendras of South East Asia, the builders and patrons of the great temples of Borobudur and Ankor Wat-The rituals of Balijatra and Khuduru Kuni Osa in Orissa today remind us of a great maritime past.

The Golden Age of Orissa came with the Ganga Dynasty which ruled from the 11th to 14th Centuries. The great temples of Puri, Bhubaneswar and Konarka were erected during this period. Orissa remained a strong, powerful and independent Kingdom, even while the neighbouring States fell victim, one by one, to the conquest of Muslim invaders. In 1568, Orissa became the last Hindu Kingdom in India to lose its independence.

According to historians, the next three hundred years constitute the Darkest Period of Orissa's history - a period of continuous slide into decline. Repeatedly exploited and plundered by invaders, Orissa became the hapless victim of the power struggle between the Muslims, the Marathas and the British.

By the beginning of the 20th Century, Orissa existed only as a geographic expression. Oriyas lived as aliens in three different British provinces: Bengal, Bihar and Madras. Worse still, Oriya culture was under threat and the Oriya language was almost extinguished as powerful groups conspired to declare it as a dialect of Bengali.

It is appropriate on this occasion, to pay tribute to our great leaders who stubbornly fought for Orissa and saved her from oblivion. Special mention may be made of three of Orissa's founding fathers: Barrister Madhusudan Das, Maharaja Shree Ram Chandra Bhanj Deo of Mayurbhanj and Maharaja Krishna Chandra Gajapati of Parlakemidi. Madhusudan Das was undoubtedly the greatest among them. He was the first Oriya graduate, the first Oriya advocate, the first Oriya to join the Viceroy's Council and

the first Oriya Minister. Through the Utkal Sammilani founded in 1903, Madhusudan Das waged a struggle for more than three decades to achieve the cultural revival and political unification of Orissa. To those who now take Orissa for granted, it is worth reminding that Orissa became a separate province only in 1936 and attained its present geographical form only in 1949. The British certainly had a sense of humour in creating Orissa on 1 April 1936.

I have so far attempted to present, in a capsule the Orissa of yesterday: from the pinnacle of its glory under the Chedis, the Sailodbhavas, and the Gangas to the depth of its degradation under the Muslims, the Marathas and the British.

Let us now turn the focus from the past to the present.

An assessment of Orissa should rightly begin with an inventory of its physical assets. It has an area Of 60,000 square miles, slightly larger than Florida. 40% of this is said to be covered with forests. The Eastern coastal belt of Orissa has rich alluvial soil and the abundance of water. According to the National Commission on Agriculture, Orissa, with 4% of India's geographical area has 10% of the country's water resources. The Western region is endowed with extensive mineral resources. Orissa has one of the world's largest deposits of coal, iron ore, bauxite, dolomite, limestone, manganese and graphite. It has nearly 20% of India's total mineral resources, including 98% of chromite, 70% of bauxite, 33% of graphite and 26% of iron ore.

The Chilika lake, with 450 square miles of shallow back waters, combined with an extended coastline of 500 kms. on the Bay of Bengal make Orissa a treasure house of marine resources.

It would be logical to assume from this impressive inventory that Orissa must be one of the most prosperous States of India. Unfortunately, the reality is quite the contrary. In the mid-19th Century, British administrators described the Orissa region as the most backward area of the Bengal Presidency. One Hundred and Fifty Years later, Orissa retains the unhappy distinction of remaining the most backward province of India. Per capita income in Orissa in 1989-90 was Rs.1557, which is 50%

of the per capita income of States like Punjab, Maharashtra and Haryana. According to a statement made in the Indian Parliament on 20th December 1993 by Mr. Giridhar Gomango, Minister of State for Planning, 55.61% of Orissa is below the poverty line, making it the Poorest State in India. In other words, while the rest of India has forged ahead, Orissa has remained at the bottom of the pile.

The development of human resources reveals a mixed record. The progress of education in the State has been a redeeming feature. Orissa did not have a University until 1943. University was established that year with 115 colleges and 300 High schools. Today, the State boasts of 5 Universities, 3 medical colleges, 6 Engineering and Technical Colleges and over 300,000 students. Nevertheless, literacy in Orissa is one of the lowest in India. It is 48.5% compared to the Indian average of 52.2%. Female literacy is only 34%. Among the tribals in Orissa, who constitute 20% of the population. literacy is as low as 2%. Infant mortality in Orissa is 122 per thousand, among the highest in the country. It reaches almost 150 per thousand among the tribal population. The national average is 80 per 1000.

The growth of infrastructure has been slow and inadequate. Orissa has only 122 kms. of surface roads per 1000 square kms. of area, compared to the national average of 269 kms. Only 15% of Orissa's villages are connected by all-weather roads, compared to 41% at all-India level.

Orissa, which was power surplus until 1982 has been suffering a power famine since then. Power is currently imported from far-away Chukha in Bhutan and neighbouring Farakka in West Bengal. Power availability in Orissa today is 721 MWs against a total demand of 1271 MWs, a deficit of over 43%. Current projections forecast a deficit of 22% even by the turn of the century.

The history of industries in Orissa is even more revealing. Madhusudan Das is regarded as the pioneer of industry in Orissa. Around 1885, he established the Orissa Art Wares to revive the traditional arts and crafts of Orissa, especially gold and sliver filigree. Thai was followed in 1897 by Utkal Tannery which was set up to process local hides and skins and produce shoes,

bags and other finished products. Madhu Babu was a great visionary, but a less than a brilliant business manager. His two ventures were commercial disasters, forcing him into bankruptcy in his declining years.

From 1885 to 1947, Orissa had only 2 industries, a paper mill and a cotton mill. By 1962, after two Five Year Plans, there were around 15 industries including the Public Sector Rourkela Steel Plant. By 1993, some 300 large and medium industries had been established. These may be statistically impressive but Orissa's place in the industrial map of India is still insignificant.

A simple fact will illustrate the industrial backwardness of Orissa. Per capita output in the industrial sector is less than Rs.1000 in Orissa, compared to Rs.2000 at all India level. The figures for progressive states like Maharashtra, Gujarat and Punjab range between Rs.4000 and Rs.4500.

The question we should all ask ourselves today is: Why is Orissa poor?

It has been fashionable among our intellectuals to ascribe the backwardness of Orissa to exploitation by outsiders. Orissa's decline following the death of Mukunda Deva in 1568, was blamed, in varying degrees, on the Muslims, the Marathas, the Tamils, Telegus, Biharis and Bengalis. Orissa, however, has been under Oriya administration for nearly sixty years. I wonder if this has brought much cheer and joy to the common people.

The recollections of past glories cannot erase the misery of the present. It is a matter of national shame that 12.5% of Orissa's population do not get two meals a day; that children are reported to be sold by starving parents in Kalahandi; that young girls from tribal areas are flocking to Delhi and elsewhere to seek employment as domestic servants.

Most of the statistics I have quoted are those published by the Government of Orissa. If I have drawn a pessimistic and bleak picture of Orissa today, it is not to minimise the considerable improvements which have taken place in many walks of life. The intention is not to point accusing fingers at any one or find a

scapegoat but to provoke a collective rubbing of minds to discover why Orissa suffers from poverty in plenitude. Only then can we find ways to expedite the pace of change in the future.

What then is the outlook for the future?

I would like to present two alternative scenarios: a nightmare and a dream.

First, the nightmare. I would like you to imagine Orissa twenty years from now. The population will have doubled from the present level of 30 million to approximately 60 million. Cuttack and Bhubaneswar will merge and become one urban area. Congested roads lack of drainage and sanitation, and pollution will transform Cuttack-Bhubaneswar into the worst urban slum in India. The story will be repeated in cities and towns all over Orissa. The forest cover will be reduced from 40% to a mere 10%; thanks to the combined greed of contractors, bureaucrats and The magnificent wild life of local leaders. Orissa, including the tigers, cheetahs, elephants, crocodiles and turtles will face extinction. Urban and industrial wastes will be drained into the rivers and the sea. The beaches will became filthy and unhygenic. The Chilika lake will lose its unique ecological character. Much of it will be reclaimed for human habitation; the rest of the lake will be turned into a large aquacultural pond for breeding prawns and fish.

Modernisation will come with a vengeance into Orissa. Bars, casinos, night clubs, videoparlours and discotheques will be common features of the urban landscape. Lawlessness will increase and criminal elements will become powerful through political connections. For the masses of people life will be nasty, brutish and short; for the elite, it will be insecure and full of stress.

This is a pretty grim picture, and many of you may be inclined to dismiss this as the product of the fertile imagination of the son of a poet. I beg to submit that this is no flight of fancy on my part. Much of what I have described is already taking place.

While official statistics claim that 40% of Orissa's land area is covered with forests, the

latest remote sensings show that the forest cover is no more than 19%.

Two other illustrations will suffice to remind us how close we are to disaster.

The first relates to Talcher, situated in the heart of the industrial complex of Orissa. When I visited Talcher some ten years ago, I could not believe the surrealistic landscape which greeted me. As far as the eye could see, everything was covered under thick layers of gray ash spewed by the thermal power station and other industries in Talcher. It looked to me like the aftermath of a nuclear accident. I shudder to think what Talcher looks like today, after the addition of the NALCO Aluminium Smelter and the new Super Thermal Power Station.

As for Chilika. Few can resist being carried away by Radhanath Ray's poetic tribute to Chilika: Utkala Kamala Bilasa Dirghika/Marala Malini Nilambu Chilika. At the present rate of encroachment and pollution, Chilika will not remain either Marala-Malini or Nilambu.

Let us turn away from this harsh depiction of reality to my dream of the Orissa of the future. In this scenario, there is orderly economic growth. The mineral rich western region is earmarked for industrial development, with stringent protection of the environment. A series of super thermal power stations, based on Orissa's enormous reserves of coal, convert Orissa into the powerhouse of India's Eastern With an abundance of power and mineral resources, Western Orissa develops as an advanced industrial region, specialising in metallurgy, heavy equipment and a host of major manufacturing industries. All this is achieved without degrading the environment or disturbing the balance of nature.

In the rich, fertile eastern seaboard there is emphasis on tourism, agriculture, electronics, agro-industries, aquaculture and small scale industries. The traditional arts and crafts flourish throughout the State. Famous fashion houses and interior designers use Orissa's handloom and handicrafts in their creations.

Urban planning ensures the orderly growth of cities. Wide and well maintained roads provide easy access to all parts of Orissa. The forest and

tribal areas are preserved as a part of India's precious natural heritage. Tourists come in the millions not only to admire the ancient monuments but to absorb the immense natural beauty of the forests, mountains, lakes and beaches. The ports of Orissa become active again, carrying cargo from the eastern region of India to farthest destinations.

To avoid the nightmare and fulfill the dream is the greatest challenge facing the leadership in Orissa today.

Orissa has traditionally suffered from an impediment, which I may describe as the, Orissa Time Cycle. This represents the period Orissa has taken to catch up with the rest of India. Historically, there has been a 50-60 year time lag. (It is interesting to note that even the Mughals and the British occupied Orissa fifty to sixty years after they had established their presence in the rest of the country!) Industrialization took place in most parts of India in the early years after independence whereas the process seems to be starting in Orissa today.

The Orissa Time Cycle needs to be broken and Orissa must join the mainstream at an accelerated pace. With the liberalization and restructuring of the nation's economy in the past few years, India is poised for a great leap forward. Orissa must not miss her date with destiny this time.

Oriyas overseas have made their mark in diverse professional fields not only in the United States and Canada, but all over the globe. The stereotype of the shy, immobile, homesick, Oriya is now a figment of the past. In the course of my assignments abroad, I have been pleasantly surprised to discover Oriyas in the most unlikely places: from the deserts of Arabia to the darkest corners of Africa. Most recently I have met them in Nigeria, the Ivory Coast and even the tiny Benin Republic.

I firmly believe that Non-Resident Oriyas have an important responsibility in the shaping of the Orissa of tomorrow. Their experience of the new frontiers of science and technology and their exposure to the forces of international trade and commerce will be of inestimable value if Orissa has to leap-frog into the 21 Century.

I believe the time has come for Orissa to adopt an external policy. Authorities in Orissa must seek out new markets for Orissa's products and attract investments from abroad. Non-resident Oriyas will have a significant role in this regard.

I have therefore the following suggestions to make for OSA:

- (i) the creation of a Small Standing Group within OSA to prepare a socioeconomic data-base on Orissa and identify areas in which overseas Oriyas can make significant contributions.
- (ii) the formation of two other broad groups: (a) to survey and identify the projects in which Overseas Oriyas can invest and, (b) to identify socio-cultural Non- Government Organizations (NGOS) for making effective use of charities in donations from Overseas Oriyas. I am confident that these groups will, render a most valuable service to hundreds of overseas Oriyas all over the world.

Three major areas come to mind where non-resident Oriyas will have a natural advantage: First: Hi-tech industries and services; Second, Exports, and Third, Tourism.

Oriya professionals in Europe and North America have distinguished themselves in a wide range of industries and services: electronics, telecommunications, computers, production and banking. These are the very areas attracting foreign investment to India in recent years. And herein lies the most cheerful news which has come from Orissa in a long time. In the financial year April'93 to March'94 Orissa was the third largest recipient of Foreign Direct Investments (FDI). FDI approvals for Orissa during this period totaled Rs.780 crores, following Rs.1514 crores, for Maharashtra and Rs.956 crores for Delhi. What it means is that Orissa's economic potential has received recognition from overseas investors. convinced that Non-Resident Oriyas should stake out a major role in this development.

The export prospects from Orissa are enormous. There are the traditional staples: minerals like iron ore, manganese, bauxite and chrome. It should be easy to add to this granite and other stones which are in great demand all over the world. Orissa's traditional arts and crafts, textiles, sculptures and filigree jewelry have a vast market if only we can expand production

and follow the market trends. Export of manufactured products will be possible after Orissa sets up a solid industrial base.

Tourism is the third major area in which Orissa's Potential has been exploited only marginally. The global tourism market consists of 500 million tourists per year of which only 1.8 million visited India in 1993. Only a small fraction of this came to Orissa. According to a draft tourism plan some 5 million tourists are expected to visit India by 1997. Using a simple rule of thumb, a million tourists will generate foreign exchange earnings of around \$1 billion.

I am convinced that with a little effort tourism can become a major income generator for Orissa. Consider the unique attraction: incredible natural scenery with mountains and forests teeming with wild life; vast white beaches with sun and sand; two thousand years of art and architecture magnificent temples embodied in monuments and a rich living legacy of dance, music, folk arts and crafts. Orissa has been the home of three major religions: Jainism, Buddhism and Hinduism. Religious tourism can be a major attraction not only for pilgrims within India but visitors from Japan, Korea, Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and other prosperous East Asian countries.

These are only suggestions in outline. The mapping out of details can best be done by the Non-Resident Oriya groups I had suggested earlier. I earnestly hope that this will be the beginning of a close, two-way collaboration between Orissa and overseas Oriyas for the future prosperity of Orissa.

I would like to refer in this connection to a problem which is agitating a number of Overseas Oriyas: a perception that the authorities in Orissa are lukewarm, often hostile in dealing with their proposals. The recent experience of the sponsors of the Kalinga Hospital Project is cited in support of this feeling.

It seems to me to be a case of mismatched expectations. Oriyas in Orissa are often offended by the supercilious attitude of returning natives who seem to have lost touch with the reality of India. Overseas Oriyas in return, are hurt when their prosperity and success abroad

seem to be resented and their genuine desire to help Orissa is misunderstood and discouraged.

These are wrinkles which need to be ironed out. We are fortunate in having the presence, at this convention, of distinguished political leaders, senior civil servants and businessmen from Orissa. I would urge our leaders present here to consider setting up, either in Delhi or Bhubaneswar, a small cell for extending help and guidance to Overseas Oriyas.

I would like to conclude on a note of robust optimism for the future of Orissa. It is not

without symbolism that India's latest technological achievement, the 2500 km ballistic missile Agni has been launched from Chandipur, not far from the ancient Surya temple at Konarak. With Lord Jagannath being assisted by Surya and Agni, Orissa's destiny is safely in the hands of the Gods.

This article was derived from the key note address of Lalit Mansingh, IFS at the 25th Silver Jubilee convention of OSA. He is the High Commissioner of India to Nigeria. Ambassador of India to Cameroun, Chad and Benin.



OUR HERITAGE

G.S. Das Mohapatra M.S., F.R.C.S.

It is paradoxical to reckon Orissa as a poor state in India, compared to many states in the country, which are well off at present. The past history of Orissa and its continued prosperity and glory from 600 B.C. till the death and defeat of Maharaja Mukundadev in 1568 A.D. shows that it was one of the finest states from all aspects of consideration. The lofty economic prosperity, cultural superiority, the renowned sturdy soldiers of the states, the skillful and resourceful navigators, who brought fortune in trade and commerce from the outside world are some of the brilliancy of the country during those days.

Many people, who put a cursory look at the state of affairs, believe that the adversity of Orissa has been due to repeated floods, cyclones, famine and other natural devastation. But floods, cyclones, earthquakes, etc. are global factors and it is very difficult to assign these to the cause of adversity of Orissa.

The kingdom of Kalinga, Utkal and Kosala covered a vast area in the historical geography of ancient India on the east coast of the country. In medieval times, the territory of Orissa is said to have extended from Ganges to Godavari and from Amarkantaka to Bay of Bengal. The Surya Dynasty extended their empire as far as south of the river Kavery in the 2nd half of the 15th Century. In fact this was the most glorious period in the history of Orissa.

In the 6th Century B.C., Magadha had no political rivalry with Kalinga. During the reign of Chandra Gupta Maurya, through his empire extended from Hindukush on north west to the south of Mysore, he did not invade Kalinga, which was an independent country. His son Bindusar also failed to incorporate Kalinga in the vast Magadha Empire. Ashok, Emperor the great, and son of Bindusar, became uneasy of the glory of Orissa and engineered the plan of establishing Magadha Empire in the whole of India including Kalinga in 261 B.C.

The other factors which prompted Ashok to invade Kalinga was its wealth acquired by trade and almost Dominionship in Indonesia, Indochina, Cambodia and even Burma. the long

awaited Kalinga War of Ashoka started in 261 B.C. and the nature of the war has been clearly described by Ashok himself in his "Rock edict XIII." He stated that "In the Kalinga War, 100,000 people were killed and 150,000 were carried as prisoners and yet Kalinga was not subdued, fully. He wanted further strengthening his army to knock down Kalinga. The victory of Ashok on Kalinga war resulted in its loss of independence for the 1st time. However, things took a different turn at this stage and seeing the blood shed and death of so many people, Ashok got converted to Buddhism and became Dharmashok instead of Chandashok.

185 B.C. Kalinga again became independent and the Chedi dynasty came into power. Kharavela succeeded his father, after his pre-mature death in 49 B.C., as the 15th king of Chedi dynasty. He was only 15 years old when he became the Yuvarai. He was a very cultured man.He was efficient in literature and science of administration. He was a great musician too. He fought against Magadha in the 12th year of his reign and acquired some portion of Magadha Empire in Central India. He adopted Jainism as his religion and engaged himself in religious activities, excavated caves in Udaigiri and Khandagiri, which exist till today. His empire extended beyond Kaveri on the south to Ganges on the north. From this time to the 16th Century A.D. Orissa had an independent king till the death of Mukundadev, who was killed by a traitor while he was engaged in a prolonged war against the Afghan rulers of Bengal. Orissa lost her independence in 1568 A.D. The history of Orissa from Kharvela to Mukundadev was a glorious period with an independent Hindu ruler.

The Chinese pilgrim Hiuen-tsang also visited Orissa on 1639 A.D. and has given an extensive description of the language and culture of Orissa and its people. During this period, the prosperity of this part of the country known as Kalinga may be noted as below: The Oriya people were excellent navigators and used to sail to Indonesia, Malaysia, Cambodia and other places and many of them settled in those places and even today there is a Hindu settlement, in Bali

and the largest Temple complex "Angekar" in Cambodia was an Orissan contribution.

The residual memory of "Bali Jatra" (voyage to Bali Island) in the month of November, at the end of harvesting season, when the merchants of Orissa used to sail to far Eastern Asian countries by the sea, is celebrated every year at Cuttack near Barabati Fort by worshipping paper boats and putting them in river Mahanadi to symbolize the far eastern voyage.

If you look to the existence of the golden triangle i.e. Bhubaneswar, Puri and Konark and estimate the massiveness of the temple complexes in the Temple city of Bhubaneswar, The Jagannath temple city of Puri and the world famous "Sun Pagoda" of Konarak, you will realize the massiveness of these constructions, when the engineering acumen of the people of Orissa was superb. The iron pillars of Konarak, which were used in the constructions of the Sun temple during the rule of King Narasinghadev in 1238 A.D. are still lying unrusted all these 800 years. It is a wonder of the scientific world. It is certain that these pillars were not brought from any other country but were prepared in huge furnaces at the temple site. At least history will not say that there was any iron smelting factory anywhere else in the world. Even today the technique of making non-rustable iron is unknown. The art and architecture, the fineness of the carving on the stone are one of the best in the world and are still existing for the last 800 years or more. Some people who want to downgrade the culture of Orissa and its greatness opine that these things were performed by laborers and architects who were forced by the tyranny of the rulers. It defeats all commonsense to reason as above. An oppressed mind, a whip on the back and a hungry stomach cannot, with a simple instrument, make a stone smile and keep them smiling for 1000 years. This state of affairs and cultural superiority must have come at the height of political, social and economic emancipation.

The administration of Orissa, politically, passed from the Afghans to the Mogul and to the Bhonsle's of Nagpur, and the Marathas. From the Marathas it went to the Britishers.

It will be seen that these rulers oppressed the people of Orissa, taxed them beyond their

capacity, dismembered the state and amalgamated it with adjoining states. So much so that when the Britishers occupied Orissa, it consisted of only 3 districts, Cuttack, Puri and Balasore. The Oriyas, though powerless did not take it lying down. They fought against the British by the "Paika Bidroha" and joined the First War of Independence of India (under the British Rule) under Rani Laksmibai of Jhansi.

Thus it is very evident that a part of the country which was so glorious, so cultured, so economically sound suffered because the subsequent rulers were inimical to them. They were afraid of their bravery and wanted to keep them subdued. The first English Educational College "Ravenshaw College" in Cuttack was established in 1866 A.D. by a benevolent Commissioner of Orissa Mr. Ravenshaw. Before that the people of Bengal, Madras and Bombay had the opportunity to have many institutions for educational facilities, Orissa was neglected and left behind. Oriya language was banished and Bengali was introduced.

However, with independence of the country, with its long coastal line, forest, hills and dales, its massive deposits of mineral ores of all types and our Oriya youths venturing for all adventures and training, there is a bright future for Orissa.

The dying art and craft of stone carving, the appliqué work of Pipli, the patta painting of Puri, the brass work of Kontillo, the silk sari of Berhampur and Nuapatna, the matha silk of Balasore, the world finest silver filigree work of Oriya smiths is reviving very fast and shall soon bring back the glory of Orissa.

Time can do many things and ups and downs in the history of a nation, can always be revived, if the population and youth take the challenge of the time. The foreign rulers might have sucked and destroyed our country, but in the course of time they themselves have disappeared though they thought themselves to be invincible. Now it is your time to excel the glorious past of Orissa by your resourcefulness, perseverance, strong determination, self confidence and above all your honesty and sincerity.

Dr. G.S. Das Mohapatra M.S., F.R.C.S. is the retired Chairman of Surgery, Cuttack.

ORISSA'S AMERICA CONNECTION

Anadi Naik

Sarangadhar Das was the very first Oriya to come to the United States. He was born into a middle class family in Dhenkanal, which in those days was a principality. After completing his degree in engineering he returned to his native land. However, he did not want to join the civil service because he did not want to serve under the British. He started the very first sugar factory in Dhenkanal. Since the area was ruled by a king who was a despot, Sarangadhar's enterprising effort did not sit well with the ruler. He found himself embroiled in the Dhenkanal movement. Along with Malati Choudhury and Birabar Subahu Singh he led the agitation of the masses against the despotic ruler.

Dhenkanal was one of the hundreds of small and big principalities in India and they were all protected by the British. Therefore, it was obvious that the fate of the Dhenkanal people was tied to the fate of the larger population of the country. While leading the agitation in Dhenkanal, Sarangadhar also was active in the anti-British movement in other areas.

While studying in the United States in the 1920s he became acquainted with the labor movement and Socialist thoughts. When Jawaharlal Nehru and others formed the Congress Socialist Party, Sarangadhar gladly joined them. Eventually, he found the Congress Party, as a whole, was not radical enough. So he joined the Praja Socialist Party - a combination of Acharya Kripalani's Praja Party and the Congress Socialist Party.

In independent India, Sarangadhar Das became a member of the Parliament. He maintained his main residence at Baji Rout Chhatrabas in Angul. He was a founding member of this chhatrabas. In order to continue agitation in Dhenkanal, the leaders had to stay just outside the boundary of the principality so that the king and his people could not reach them. Angul was perfect for this purpose. Those workers who were endangering their lives and properties for the movement, also had children who needed care and education. The chhatrabas was started out of this necessity.

Sarangadhar was married to Freda, a woman of deep commitment and free spirit, from Chicago. For a while both of them lived in Orissa. Because of his political activities as well

as public demands on his time Freda at times felt isolated. Just to get away from all that chaos she would come to America. MY MARRIAGE TO INDIA is her autobiographical narration.

Sarangadhar Das died in 1958. At that time. Freda was living in the U.S.A. Upon learning of his death she returned to India to pay her last respects to her late husband.

During India's freedom movement, Quakers both in England and America, were supportive of the Indian people. Gandhiji's creed of nonviolence attracted them. One of the British Quakers, Horace Alexander was part of the Congress entourage during the delicate negotiation in Simla before the partition. Naturally, they wanted to help the people of India who after freedom were still struggling to overcome poverty, disease and lack of education. American Friends Service Committee, the executive body of the Quakers found an old china hand named Wilfred Howarth to help them.

Before the communists took over China, Wilfred, and his wife Merry had done rural development works in China. Now they were asked to go to India. The Quakers took on two projects: one in Rossulia of Madhya Pradesh and the other in Barapali, Orissa.

The American group realized very early on that the improvement in sanitation was a key to improved health in the villages. In Barapali, they started manufacturing a new kind of toilet by using cement, brick and sand. It was affordable. At the beginning these toilets were used in schools and government quarters. Later on their use became universal.

Sometime in the 1920's a book called BIJULI HULA appeared in the Oriya literature. Its author Pandit Krupasindhu Hota was a High school Sanskrit teacher by training and a professional agitator by vocation. The book was about the marvels of electricity. This was the very first science related book in Oriya. The next one was Udanta Thalia written by Dr. Gokulananda Mohapatra, in the 1950s. Gokulananda babu came to study in the United States. He was influenced by the abundance of science fictions books in the United States. Upon his return he wrote several books while still teaching at the Ravenshaw college and working on his Ph.D.

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

Over the years many Americans have visited Orissa and many Oriyas have settled in the United States. Their intermixing has enriched both knowledge and family life. Oriyas, as a part of the broader Indian population in America, continue to make their contribution in various fields. They send money and offer ex-

pertise to Orissa. In recent years, Oriyas settled in America have made themselves felt in Orissa. Their prosperity here continues to influence their former homeland.

Anadi Naik is the president of the newly formed Maryland-Virginia chapter (Provisional) of O.S.A.



DINNER TALK

Bijoy Kumar Mishra

This happened in November 1990, a year after I landed in America. I had gone to my aunt's place in Nashville during thanksgiving. She had invited many Oriyas for dinner. I had not met any one of them in Orissa, but I felt quite good meeting them in such a far off place. My aunt's place seemed like a small section of Orissa. I was re-experiencing a part of my old self, an escape from my half-acquired professional, individualistic American image. I was happy that I did not have to guard so much my language, and that I could talk incoherently, at times jumping from one topic to another, and join in others conversation without worrying. The warmth of feeling was so intoxicating that nobody seemed to mind such things. I looked forward to eating rice and curry, and playing cards afterwards.

As the dinner was getting ready, we all moved into the kitchen talking and carrying our conversations through; the smell of chicken curry, rice and mixed spice had engulfed the air around us. I liked the aroma. Others must be feeling this way, I thought.

"I miss those day-to-day moments: the people on the roads, clusters around the paan shop, and a lingering background of chaos. It is great fun to be here, and talk in Oriya as much as possible," I said excitedly to one of the guys leaning against the kitchen wall. Before he could reply, I heard a lady's voice from the back. "Have you managed to speak in Oriya here?" I looked back to pay attention. She continued in English ..."I do not remember when I last talked in oriya, may be, when I talked to my mother two month's back. At best, I might have talked two hours in Oriya in the last two years," she said with an air of arrogance in her look. She spoke good English with an American accent. She seemed to have enjoyed every bit of it--the accent, the pause, and synchronized looks as she spoke and paused. I began to feel lousy at my excitement in speaking in oriya. I seemed parochial, and she seemed like an American or at least international. She must be really smart; within a year she had gotten rid of her nagging past, and had successfully distanced herself from

her typical Oriya image.

I started feeling very small and guilty. Did I forget that I was in America? Am I too much of a native? I wanted to proudly say that "I talk breathlessly in Oriya almost every week with my relatives and friends here." But I felt shy. What would others think--that I still love chuda, mudhi, nadiabada, and speak such a flat, inane and proverbial language like Oriya! I became defensive.

The next moment something aroused me from my sudden retreat. I started hating her--her confident look, signs of new found freedom, and "don't care" attitude. She suudenly seemed shallow and pretentious, shy of her heritage; higher education had not made her humble-I consoled myself. I thought about Fakirmohan and Madhusudan--our leaders who stood up for Orissa and re-claimed the glorious Oriya heritage. What did she think of herself? She must have spent twenty-five years in Berhampur before coming here, must be talking to her parents at least once in origa every month. She was just showing off; the time had come for me to defend my oriya patriotism with unwavering confidence. I cleared my throat, "I speak oriya almost every week. I am so lucky unlike you guys," I said very proudly. "Every week? Are you in America or Orissa? You must behave like an American when in America," she said both sarcastically and patronizingly. Others started laughing; I felt embarrassed. I too joined in their laughter in nervousness.

I again failed to give it back. I remembered that the same thing had happened when Bibeka almost refused to speak in oriya after his one-and-half year stay in Australia eight years ago. After our meeting I felt terrible because I had tolerated his twisted Australian accent and listened to his half-cooked porno stories in English. I must not feel diffident this time. I prepared myself. I fumbled again. "Not every week..., but almost every fortnight, ... every month perhaps! You know I have relatives here with whom I talk in oriya" (...for hours, I was about to say, but refrained at the last moment).

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

I painfully adjusted my tone and figures, and brought my language euphoria to a neutral level.

"I'm so busy in my research that I hardly get time (I felt as if I have come to America to see Disney land and eat hamburgers). I do not know how I managed this trip. It is my friend Gita who insisted that I should come and visit some oriya families here; otherwise" It sounded as if she had honored Gita and the Oriya folks of Nashville by coming to the South from the east coast. I did not know whether it

was my anger or envy, but I could no longer stand her.

"Is Gita an Oriya?" I asked as meanly and sarcastically as possible. Gita gave a neutral smile looking at me and then at her. I could not know what she thought, but she gracefully turned toward my aunt to help her prepare the last dish for dinner, my favorite badichura.

Ithaca, New York,



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GHOSTS OF ORISSA

Mamata Misra

(Warning: side-effects of this article may include a bout of laughter, a visit to memoryland, or scary dreams depending on your personality. Neither the author not the OSA is responsible for the side-effects. Please read at your own risk.)

Having lived about half my life outside Orissa, I had forgotten everything about the various kinds of Oriya ghosts that terrorized our countryside. An Oriya short story by Mahapatra Nilamani Sahu brought back some childhood memories.

We, Oriya parents are very good at scaring our young. That is the easiest and the best way to quieten a crying child. In our days, it did not take too much imagination to scare off a kid. Some kids could be scared off easily by the long horns of the big bulls wandering the narrow streets. (Everyone knew that the bull had the right of way in all traffic situations.) Some kids needed a harmless but scary looking creature like a homeless beggar. Many were afraid of the darkness, which was in plenty around the house after sunset. Moderately brave kids (who were not afraid of the darkness itself) needed to be reminded of the nocturnal beings the darkness may present. Nature helped the parents of these kids by providing appropriate sounds such as the hoot of a solitary owl or simply the sound of branches brushing against each other on a windy night. But, for the rescue of the parents of the real tough kids, a family of ghosts were invented by our ancestors many generations ago. Grandparents, being live witnesses of these scary creatures, were especially good at telling ghost stories.

Unlike the other kids in my school, I had never seen a ghost. Unfortunately, there wasn't even a single distant relative who could claim to be a witness of a ghost. Nevertheless, I had taken care to learn about the characteristics of the various species. It seemed important to be able to properly identify one in case it decided to present itself some day. Even though I have encountered various spooky creatures over the many Halloweens in USA, I haven't encountered the ones whose activities kept us kids engaged in hours of discussions in the absence of high-tech games or television.

The tallest of all Oriya ghosts is the Bramha Rakhyasa. It is as tall as a palm tree and has very skinny and long arms. If you are going

alone at night it first blocks your way and raises a storm by swinging its arms. You may be strong enough not to be blown away by that storm. But if you wait until you hear its thundering laugh you are sure to vomit and die. A Bramha Rakhyasa usually lives on a large Banyan tree, the kind that is becoming rare. As the name suggests, Bramha Rakhyasa is a Hindu ghost.

The Muslim ghosts, naturally, live in the part of the town where the Muslims live. Unlike the Bramha Rakhyasa, who is a loner, these ghosts live in groups. They love meat and fish. You are doomed if you carry meat or fish with you if you must walk their street. First, they surround you. Then, they snatch away your grocery bag and eat the meat from it. But since you never have enough meat in your bag, they make dead meat out of you. Muslim ghosts like living on Kadamba trees, the kind you don't find very often any more.

Ihampuri is a female ghost who can never harm you if you know how to chant your Gayatree. She is a cute little girl with very very long hair. Her hair falls all the way to the ground and you almost feel sorry for her knowing that she has no one to help her take care of the extra long hair. You also wonder if she has a face under the hairy veil. She likes to draw your attention by swinging and dancing in your way. You can ignore her or if she gets really annoying you can chant your Gayatree to send her back home. Ihampuri liked to live in a Saharda tree next to a slum area. Even though there are more slum areas now, you don't see as many Saharda trees next to them any more.

No one can forget about the Madla ghost likely to be found in a Kochila tree (very rare now-a-days) next to a hospital. It has no limbs, head, or face. It rolls like a big ball and sneaks up on you from behind. Prevention of death is difficult if a Madla piggybacks on you. It will nail you down to the ground with its muscular weight and your heart can stop easily. But if you were scared enough to have an instant

negative drink, then you may collect some of the fluid with your left hand and throw it at the beast over your right shoulder. Madla is a clean ghost and will immediately leave you alone.

The most playful of all the ghosts is the little guy Babna. On a hot summer night, when the kids are sleeping on the terrace or a courtyard, he just lies down there pretending to be one of them. Then the fun begins. He tickles, pinches, or makes you sneeze by putting a twig in your nostril. But when you get up, he runs fast before you can spot him. If your eyes are sharp, reflex is good, and if there is moonlight, you may be able to see his shadow climbing up the Tamarind tree that he calls his home.

A Worker ghost is the trickiest of all ghosts. A Worker ghost is workaholic by nature and likes to have your company while doing some sort of hard physical work. If you are a laborer, never discuss your plans for the next morning in the presence of an invisible worker ghost, unless you are asking for trouble. It knocks on your door pretending to be your coworker and leads you to your work site. A worker ghost does not like to talk. It lets you do all the talking and never says anything beyond an occasional "yes" or "ok". The worker ghost is very energetic and it keeps on working when you get tired and feel like taking a break. But if you stop working, it gets you for that. No one knows where a working ghost lives. It probably does not have a permanent home as it keeps on moving looking for new work and workmates.

In addition to these ghosts, who originate from dead people, there are the live ghosts called Daharnees. Daharnees are always of female sex and are of a family related to the witches of the west, who became extinct by ritualistic witch-burning long ago. Every village in Orissa had one or two Daharnees. Daharnee is always on the lookout for healthy babies. She seems very much interested in babies and looks at them with deceitful love in her eyes. Most Oriya moms never mistake her interest to be instinctive love for a child in a childless woman. (After all, why do you think a Daharnee is childless?) The ignorant moms who fail to hide their babies from the sight of a Daharnee suffer the grave consequences. The Daharnee simply sucks the blood out of the babies with her quick but powerful glance with her thirsty eyes. The babies cry through the night, develop some kind of sickness the next day, and die within a few days.

However, Daharnee elimination was not practiced in Orissa, probably for a good reason. Daharnees were great for ecology. They were very athletic too (although that was not a good enough reason). Many female witnesses were ready to testify that at night, a Daharnee went out to the fields to feed on human waste. The reported feeding method was remarkable and is worth-mentioning. A Daharnee did a perfect hand stand and a perfect hand walk. Thus, walking with her hands, she roamed the smelly fields all night, cleaning them up directly with her mouth, keeping her feet perfectly clean and her hands relatively clean. She always careful to take her clothes off before engaging herself in this athletic feat. This precaution helped her to resume her pretend human role at the crack of dawn. As a child, I was particularly impressed by this cost-effective method of keeping the open-air latrines of rural Orissa clean. disappointment was mainly due to the lack of spectators during this nightly athletic event and the lack of cameras with flash in the few witnesses who claimed to have good vision especially at night. My grandmother had confessed once that when she was a young bride, she always skipped supper to prevent the need to visit the latrine at night because she didn't have the nerves to encounter one in action.

In Orissa, female ghosts usually outnumber their male counterparts. The cremation grounds are invariably occupied by female ghosts of many kinds. Some of them, the ones that love to scare you with the sound of their jingling ornaments, prefer to live in Bamboo bushes. When I was growing up, Bhubaneswar was full of Bamboo bushes. (Now they are lost to urbanization.) But I never heard those soft jingles, perhaps because the howling jackals, who also liked the bamboo forest, were too loud.

Each female ghost has its speciality. You already know about the Daharnee. The *Pithasurnee* is the ghost of a woman who enters her widowhood before leaving her childhood. She continues to live her cursed and condemned life even in her ghosthood. The tree she lives on is bound to fall; the river from which she draws her water is bound to dry up or change course.

Another class of supernatural female beings found in Orissa is known as the *Thakuranee* class. A Thakuranee acts partly like a ghost and partly like a goddess. She is worshipped with love, fear, and reverence. She

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either lives in your village and takes care of it or attacks your village and claims lives. Thakuranee who looks after an area is worshipped daily and gains the status of a goddess. She protects the area from an intruding Thakuranee like Bardie (Cholera) or Basantei (Smallpox). But in spite of her efforts, the intruders sometimes succeed in entering the area. Bardie and Basantei are real killers. Basantei's appetite is mild compared to Bardie's. In a five-day combat, Bardie may claim about 25 lives whereas Basantei may be satisfied with about 9. But both are worshipped with fear and reverence from the minute they set foot in a village until they leave. Basantei has left Orissa for some time now but Bardie still pays visits every now and then.

The classification of ghosts will not be complete without the mention of animal ghosts. Animal ghosts are always found in plenty in Orissa near the slaughter houses. Unlike animals, the animal ghosts walk only with the hind legs, reserving their fore legs for attacks on lone travelers. This also makes them look taller than they are. Animal ghosts make many scary wild noises. They have large, ugly teeth and they usually have their tail up when they attack.

Thanks to Mahapatra Nilamani Sahu, these long lost childhood images have come back to me and before I lose them again I share them with my young friends who can neither read about them in Oriya, nor hear about them from story tellers and witnesses who live far away.



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ORIYAS IN AMERICAS

Sarat C. Misra

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old Town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And trees that overshadow each
well known street
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still.
A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.

- H.W. Longfellow

In the post famine, second half of 19th century and the early 20th century, Oriya villagers, landless laborers and unemployed artisans migrated out of the states in search of succour. There is a sizeable Oriya population in Assam, Sylhet of Bangladesh, Calcutta and New Delhi. The migrants to Burma had to come back under pressure from its military regime. A few Oriyas left in Rangoon and in the country site have adopted Burmese way of life and a number of them have married the Burmans. This phase of emigration lowered the prestige of Oriyas outside as a vast majority were performing lower Oriyas got known outside as cooks, iobs. gardeners, and at best, plumbers.

Following the formation of the formation of Orissa province in 1936, and thereafter Independence and the merger of the states, the Oriya identity and sense of pride were re-established and the Oriyas started moving out of the State to other parts of the country and abroad as professionals, administrators, business executives and have earned respect for the land of Lord Jagannath outside. One of the most successful emigrant groups constitutes the Oriyas in Americas, i.e. U.S.A. and Canada.

There are about one million Indians in U.S.A. which is about less than 0.5% of the total population. The total number of Oriyas in U.S.A. and Canada is about 10,000 which is a microscopic minority. Most Indians in U.S.A. are Bengalis, Kerali Christians. Gujaratis and Punjabis of either hue, turbaned or otherwise. The number of Oriyas being few and having arrived late in comparison to other Indians in U.S.A; the earliest having gone in the early

fifties, have not been able to match with the performance of other groups of Indians. Indians have already become Nobel laureates, found places in Senatorial approved jobs and established business houses. Individually. some Oriyas have done exceedingly well like Dr. Jitendra Mohanty, the Philosopher, Dr. Jogesh Chandra Pati, the Scientist and Mrs. Geeta Meheta, the Writer. As a group, the impact is yet to be felt.

A vast majority of Oriyas have gone to U.S.A. or Canada on the basis of their merit and not on sponsorship basis. Unlike other Indians, Pakistanis and Bangladeshis, one hardly finds an Oriya doing menial or a small job. It has a middle class identity. Neither it has touched the upper crust of the Indian community nor are its members, people of lower category.

The 2nd generation Oriyas born in U.S.A. to the emigrants are making their presence felt in the Schools and Universities. They are exceedingly bright and ambitious and an American friend of mine described them as "those dark, brainy and aggressive guys." The White Anglo-Saxon Protestants (W.A.S.P), the main stream of American life, almost compare them in tenacity, ability and perseverance with These youngsters are still like formless caterpillars. It will take some time to find out who will become the rarest butterfly of ail. I am sure, some of them would become world famous scientists and pioneers, some may even make to the Podium of Stockholm if not to the White House lawns.

Like all immigrants, the Oriyas are also fiercely ambitious. It is said that the intensity of

ambition of an immigrant is direct proportion as to how recently he/she has set foot on the stores of the adopted country. The generation which landed in the fifties and sixties has worked hard, earned the Ph.D. from prestigious universities and has gone up in the ladder holding tenurial university professorships, senior Govt. jobs and even some important corporate positions. They are yet to establish themselves as prosperous businessmen, as almost each Oriya landed only with his academic talent and not with bagfuls of money like the Patels of the East Africa. I am sure, the second generation, will have more time, inclination and wherewithal for commercial enterprises and political involvements.

The Oriyas have problems too. Many of them belong to middle class families and provide wherewithal to their kith and kin. Being a small widely dispersed community, the chances of interaction among itself are limited to few cities and its suburbia. Some of those, who had left in the early sixties and are at the threshold of retirement are finding their umbilical cord severed from the motherland, by the demise of their parents. The children had grown up without any direct contact and affectionate warmth of their grandparents and show lesser interest in visiting the motherland. Special effort is necessary to keep the cultural mooring. Thanks to Chitralekha Academy, Opali Operajita and Sushri Sangita, the cultural life is agog and flowing. The annual convention of the Orissa Society of Americas (OSA) absorbs the cultural appetite every year and strengthens it. The Orissa Society of Americas holds its annual convention every year in various important cities in the USA and Canada. This annual convention is normally held in the first week of July every year dovetailing it with the American Independence day on July 4. The OSA brings out a stimulating Journal reminding people of their cultural heritage and articulating the longing of the older generation. The Oriyas take keen interest in the developments in Orissa and there is no Oriya house in U.S.A. and Canada without the three Statues of Lord Jagannath, Lord Balabhadra and Subhadra, the Konark wheel and Applique work of Pipli. The OSA has also invited talented Oriya dancers and singers to visit them to reinforce their ties. Lord Jagannath, Lord Balabhadra, Lord Subhadra and Sudarsana have been installed in Shri Ganesh Temple, Hindu cultural center at Nashville, Tennessee. These idols have been made in Puri of Neemwood and the consecration ceremony was accompanied by Yagnas and Homas lasting for about a week. The Jagannath Society of Americas has found large numbers of Oriyas as devotees.

The Oriyas in Americas like any other first generation immigrant group have their problems of marriage, social interaction, pangs of separation from the motherland and post retirement settlement. They are braving these problems manfully. This talented group will no doubt inspire youths of Orissa and make them target and success oriented.

India, the land of enchantment, despite of its property, has a strange spell of influence of all its offsprings, wherever and whatever they may be. This longing for the motherland, I have seen and experienced in the eyes of my immigrants friends. To quota Emme Roberts:

"Persons who have never quitted their native land, cannot imagine the passionate regrets experienced by the exile, who in the midst of the most gorgeous scene pines after the humblest objects surrounding that home to which he dares not hope to return. The feeling may be perverse and wayward, but where all is strange, the very magnificence of the landscape is apt to revolt the mind and many persons will, like the author, in a fit of despair contrast the Ganges with some obscure rivulet, the magnolia with the daisy, to the disparagement of the mighty rivers and the monarch of flowers. to do justice to the sunny land of India its visitors should have the power to leave it to Europe at pleasure."



VEDIC STUDIES AND PUROSOTTAMA JAGANNATHA

Kanhu Charan Misra

Lord Jagannatha is a universal deity, worshipped by all sects in India along with Balabhadra, Subhadra and Sudarsana. Srikshetra or Purusottama Puri, where the towering temple of Jagganatha is situated, has been a veritable ground of India's divergent meeting philosophical systems-Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism, which have been assimilated into the cult of Jagannatha. Such is the place that attracted many saints and religious reformers Madhwa, Sankara, Ramanuja, like Ballabhacharya, Kabir, and Nanak.

Now, I' il tell you the mantras that are followed in worshipping the deities in the Jagannatha Temple. Jagannatha is worshipped in Puri not only by the ten-syllable Mantra Om Gopijanaballabhaya Swaha, but also by the eighteen syllables Om Kleim Krsnaya Givindaya Gopijanaballabhaya Namah. This Om or Pranava is reminiscent of the Vedic strand; it kleim is indicative of Tantra, while the other aspects of the mantras emphasize the pauranic or Vaishnavite forms. Therefore, the modes of worship are partly vedic, partly tantric and partly pauranic. There is perfect coordination in the mantras.

The conception of Jagannatha, Balabhadra and Subhadra as well as Sudarsana seems to have originated from the yogic tantric system and developed into Vaishnavite system. The vedic and tantric dhyanas, vijamantra snana and nyasa are followed in the ritualistic practices from morning till evening.

The three deities have different colors: Subhadra, the symbol of Prakriti or Sakti has yellow color. Prakriti is the source of all living things and forms which assume various colors as they grow and develop. However, the origin is characterized by yellow color. Balabhadra, who is the symbol of Pure Being or Pure Indeterminate Spirit has white, which is also a synthesis of all spectral colors. Lord Jagannatha has a dark color. This darkness seems to suggest the veil of mystery which surrounds the Supreme Lord. Black is no color in itself, nor is it a synthesis of colors. It's the negation of all colors as well as colorness. According to some, the

three colors of the deities represent the three races of the world: white, yellow and black.

For quite a few centuries now, Jagannatha has been portrayed as the *Purusottama*. *Purusottama* is a compound word consisting of Purusa and uttama, meaning a good or paramount person. The word/it Purusottama does not occur in the whole of samhitas, Brahmanas, Aranyakas or upanisadic literature., but appears in the Purusasukta of Rg Veda.

Thus neither the vedic nor the upanisadic purusa (or to be a little flexible, Virat Purusa, which in later times gave rise to Purusottama) has got any relationship with our Jagannatha Purusottama. Iconographic similarity and resemblance have tempted some scholars to connect him with the purusa described in the verse apanipado ("one without hand and foot"), but that is a misconception. In no case can a god like Jagannatha in his present form be understood from the upanisadic purusa. Although iconographic features of Jagannatha Purusottama are derived from the upanisadic purusa, no direct connection can be established as far as the present god and the cult are concerned. No such god or cult can be seen in the vedic or upanisadic The purusottama discussed in purusa. Purusottama yoga and elsewhere is an elaboration of the concept that is seen in the Svetasvetara Upanisad and sankhya philosophy.

The first case where a meaning can be justifiably attributed to the *purusa* of the *Rg Veda*. From the number of adjectives and attributes juxtaposed to the purusa and also from the highly philosophical tone of the hymn, it is amply clear that the purusa discussed there is a great purusa, one having thousands of heads, eyes, feet etc. Most probably, this concept developed into a concrete theory at later times.

Then again, Purusa which was a generic form for man in its earliest stage, slowly and gradually culminated in a concrete philosophical concept in later times. It meant the citadel of all power and activities like creation, sustenance and dissolution. Thus it gave rise to uttamapurusa or abhayapurusa of the Gita and depicted the same

as the ultimate reality. It is strange that in almost all puranas and epigraphical records, we find the mention of *Purusottama* but not Jagannatha. It seems to me that the name Jagannatha has been borrowed from the Buddhist literature. In *Vishnu Sahasranama* or in *Amarakosa* the name Jagannatha is not found as a synonym of Vishnu.

The images of Jagannatha, Balabhadra and Subhadra are not made according to *dhyanas* and iconographic texts. The traditional as well as philosophical aspects of Lord Jagannatha show that - "he is visible and at the same time invisible" The *prakriti* joins with him along with the *purusa* (Vishnu purana). This is also supported by Vishnodhrmottara purana.

According to the tantric tradition, the devotee with a view to reducing the significance of the form of *Paramatma* (supreme soul) conceives Him as a person though devoid of arms, legs, eyes etc. He can visualize everything with super-mundane movements. By this a noble attempt has been made in the Temple of Jagannatha to give a peculiar symbolic form of the Infinite.

There is significance in the material used to make the images. The images of the deities are made out of Nimba wood. Wooden images are not commonly used for worship in shrines. But according to Bhavisya Purana, Nimba wood is considered to be one of the best and most auspicious material for making images of Vishnu. (It is to be noted that Jagannatha is the only deity throughout India who is made of wood and is called darubrahma.)

According to the same purana, wood of different trees will be used by different castes in making images. Suradaru, sami, madhuka and candan are auspicious for Brahmins. Arita, Khudira, Tinduka and ashwastha are auspicious for the Khudira and chandan are Kshyatriyas. auspicious for vaishyas. Kesara, surjaka Amra, Sala are auspicious for the Sudras whereas nimba, sriparna, panasa, arjuna are auspicious for all castes. So the images of Jagannatha and His associates have been carved out of nimba wood as He is worshipped by all castes. Further, the Vaikhanasa Agam says that the tree is of three types: male, female and neuter. Nimba belongs to the male category and as such is the

strongest and best material for the construction of the Vishnu images.

The Bruhat Samhita while speaking about the making of images assigns the importance of daru. The text lays down that by worshipping the wooden images or vigrahas the worshipper gets all the four things, namely ayu (longevity), sri (wealth), vala (strength) and jaya (victory), while a worshipper gets only one or two things by worshipping images made of other materials namely mani (jewel), stones, and other substances. The earlier kings of Orissa were influenced by this sastric tradition and made the images of Nimba wood.

Looking at the style and design of the carvings and the use of the basic natural colors, scholars are also of the opinion that the wooden images of Jagannatha trinity have resemblance with the wooden images of the tribal community in which the limbs are not properly carved or inscribed. The images with little or no proportionate design refer to some crude state of image making. The images of Trinity are thus thought to have evolved out of tribal culture and to be pre-vedic. Who knows if this wood material has some connection with the wood used by other people of ancient civilizations of the world?

It is interesting that the philosophy underlying the cult of Jagannatha has a support in the purusottamavada of the Gita. The Gita makes a distinction between ksar and aksara and presents the Lord who is beyond both and at the same time who comprehends both of them in a new form distant from the other two. The Supreme Lord is incomprehensible (achintya). But the ksara and aksara are both comprehensible. Besides there's dualism and opposition between the ksara and aksara. But the Absolute is not opposed to any. Lord Jagannatha is conceived in the same way. He is other than), the ksara and aksara. The incomprehensibility of the Supreme Lord is also suggested by the dark color. Krishnacha barnam tamasajanatayae. It means that all the colors culminate in dark as it is all pervading.

To determine the antiquity of Jagannatha is a difficult task. Legend and tradition throw some light on the problem. In the Rg Veda, we find a reference to Daru in the sukta which runs thus:

ado yaddaru plavate sindhoh pare apurusam, rabhasva tada durhano tena gachha parastanam. Sayanacharya (1300-1380 AD) interpreted the sukta in the following manner: "There exists at a sea-shore in a far-away place the image of a deity of the name Purusottama which is made of wood floating as it were in the sea. O ye, by worshipping that wood indestructible, attain the supreme place of the Vaishnavite." But after his own interpretation, he casually mentions another interpretation which was prevalent at the time, but which was perhaps considered by him as unsatisfactory. The second interpretation means that the evil spirit is asked to use Daru (wood) as a boat for crossing the sea and going away to a far-off island. This verse also occurs in the Atharva veda with a slight variation.

This may lead some to suppose that the worship of the deity purusottama or darubrhma might have been in vogue even in the remote past.

Dr. P.V. Kane does not accept Sayana's interpretation. He is of the opinion that the second interpretation fits more in the context. The second interpretation runs as follows: "Oh poverty, possessed of inauspicious face, take resort to that wooden vessel, deserted by men floating at the coast of ocean at a distant place, leave for another island."

According to D. T. N. Dharmadhikari, Director of Vaidic Samsodhanmandal, Pune, India, the atmosphere of the entire sukta of five verses is admittedly related to driving away poverty. To take this verse out of context and interpret it with reference to Purusottam may be violating the general rules of interpretation. Though this particular verse may not shed any light on the Vashnavite character of Lord Jagannatha, the attempt may be made to trace the existing Vashnavite element of Jagannatha Puri to the characteristics of Vedic Vishnu or similar deity.

The famous digest-writer (Nibandhakara) who has done justice to the treatment of the topic relating to Lord Purusottama is no other than Raghunanda, the sixteenth century Bengali dhrmasastra writer whose tattvas include his treatise entitled "purusottama tattva". In this book he has referred to the Rg vedic mantra that has a distinct bearing on the holy nature of the Lord Purusottama Jagannatha.

During the time of Sayana, the popularity of darubrahma conception of Utkal was unique and the wooden image of Purusottama singularly attracted the attention of vedic scholars. This might have influenced him to suggest the above explanation. According to Savana, there are three suktas in Rg Veda which suggest that daru was regarded as the symbol of Brahma. The immutable aspect of Brahman as different from the mutable aspect is compared with a tree with many branches: vrksa eva divitistatyeka or k u s vrksak kasmedam varnam pruthivinisthataksara. In these suktas the seer enquires "what can be that tree and what can be that forest in which it stands out and out of which the earth and heaven came to be designed by gods?" Sayana after reading these suktas together makes a very significant suggestion at the end: that the tree which is most ancient and imperishable is Brahman himself. On the basis of the conception of Sayana, Brahman can be symbolized as a tree and the pranava is the symbol of Brahma. The four Mantras of Pranava (omkar) may correspond to the four vedas of Brahman and in the Jagannatha temple the four forms are carved to translate Brahman worship into pranava worship. It is to be noted here that in the Skandapurana and in Niladrimahodaya, the deity is taken as Pranavarupi (devah pranavarupeenah). This pranava worship later on took the tantric form and subsequently the puranic form and in this way the worship of darubrahma and pranava has been transformed into the worship of Balabhadra, Subhadra and Jagannatha. All these must be understood to constitute the basic tradition of Jagannatha worship as is current now.

Pranava is called the Sabdabrahma, because it is at the root of the world of sounds. "Tasya vachaka pranavah," says the yoga system; "Om ityetad aksharamidam sarvam" or "sarvam omkareva" says the Mandukya. "Sarvam hi etad ayamatma brahma," Mandukya Brahma continues, "Om iti dhyayatwa atmanam," says Chhandogya. So brahman, atman, and Om-and if we like, paravak,-these four are to be correlated. Strangely, each has got four mantras or padas. As far as Vak is concerned, the padas are para, pashyanti, vaikhari and madhyama. From this perspective, Balabhadra may be Vaikhari, Subhadra the connective link may be Madhyama and Jagannatha the lotus-eyed may be pasyanti and Sudarsan the paravak.

According to the pacharatra school, these four figures may be interpreted as virata, sutratma, antaryami and suddha. There is perfect correspondence between these four and other forms like vaisvanara, taijasa, prajna and santa, or visva, taijasa, prajna and turiya advocated by the same pancharatra school. So there seems to be a definite reason to believe that Jagannatha in all four forms taken together is not only the universal deity worshipped by all the castes of Hindus but that it is the most ancient divinity, the one and only Lord worshippable, the one and only truth realizable and the one and only end attainable, namely the Brahman. The atman and

the paramjyoti as sighted in the deep spritual experience by the seers of upanisadas and Jagannatha is Jagannatha, not because He is the Lord of the Universe but because He is the Universe and the source of the Universe and more particularly because He is all and everything. His total aspect is revealed in the four forms taken together, and when these are taken together we not only have a comprehensive view of things but we have comprehension itself. If the comprehensive view is philosophy then the philosophy of Jagannatha is not a type of philosophical doctrine but philosophy itself.

Institute of Orissan Culture Bhubaneswar, Orissa, India.



Bhagabat Sahu

It is appropriate and necessary that we start any occasion with "OM" (AUM). "OM" is called Pranava, the primordial and the very first holy sound of this Universe. It is in a way "Logo" of Sanatana Dharma. "OM" is auditory and graphic symbol of Brahman.

"OM" (AUM) is a combination of three letters (A) (U) (M) (M) It was synthesized very thoughtfully and intelligently by Seers into an intricate letter. When we open our mouth and create a sound it is 2(A), and when we close the mouth and utter an sound it is (M). In between opening and closing the mouth, if the sound is continued (U) comes. For guttural and labial enunciation, "A" and "U" become "O" as in "A" phonetically stands for the "OM." beginning of sounds, "M" the end, and "U" all Hence "AUM (OM) the middle sounds. represents all of the sounds in this Universe. The sounds or the words represent all of our thoughts possible in this Universe and conceptually "OM" covers everything that we can think of.

Graphically in the letter. The front two curves are the fusion of (A) , and (U) represent Bhu (Worldly things or gross physical body) and the Bhuvar (Sukhma sharira, physical or subtle body) respectively. The curve projecting from the middle represents (M) and it stands for Svah (Causal plane). The small

curve or Chandra-bindu which is the lingering sound of OM stands for the Absolute Brahman (Turiya).

In another analysis A, U and M stand for waking state (Jagrat), dream state (Swapna) and deep sleep state (Susupti) respectively. "OM" is the beginning letter for all Vedic slokas, mantras and even tantras. It is the beginning sound of Gayatri, Havan and Shanti Pathha. The Mandukya and Taittriya Upanishad elaborately describe OM as Brahman. All this cosmic Universe is Eternal "OM." One who knows OM knows Atman.

The Bhagavad Gita (VIII. 12-13) also says "Controlling all the senses, confining the mind in the Heart, drawing up the Prana-Vayu (through the Susumna) towards the head Sahasrara), and thus occupied in the practice of Yoga, he who departs from the body uttering the one-syllable OM denoting Brahman, and meditating on me, attains the Supreme Goal." Further in Verse IX. 17, Lord Krishna says "Pavitram Om-Karah": I am the Holy word OM.

Hence, one who knows "OM" and chants "OM", knows Atman and Parambrahman and attains mokshya (liberation).

"OM"

WISDOM OF THE AGED: A GLIMPSE OF MEDICAL PRACTICE IN ORISSA IN 1950

Ghanashyam Tripathy

I graduated from S. C. B. Medical College (then Orissa Medical College) in 1950 with a degree in Medicine. I was accepted for house surgeonship under Prof. R. L. Khera. By then my friend and classmate, Dr. Aditya N. Barman (Gandhi), was the junior surgeon under Prof. Khera.

Another classmate, Dr. Dibakar Sharma, who came from Ali (which is my home), after completing six months of duty as a physician went to practice medicine at Kalupara Ghata eighty kilometers from Cuttack on the bank of Lake Chilka. He took over the practice of Dr. Chaitaniya Nath, an L.M.P. who had died prematurely from cancer of the testes. They were related by marriage so the family invited Dibakar to take over the practice.

Private practice in India meant just running a clinic and selling medicine to make a living. The practitioners had no privilege in hospitals. In any case, there was no hospital or any other health facility within forty mile from Kalupara Ghata.

Some months after his departure, Dibakar wrote me a letter saying that he had a chronic duodenal ulcer patient who did not respond to medical management and needed an operation. There was no lab work or x-ray to confirm the diagnosis besides his clinical diagnosis from the history and physical examination. I advised him to send the patient to he was reluctant to do so stating that the patient was very poor (financially) and was unwilling to go anywhere else. Dibakar wanted to know if it would be possible for Gandhi and me to come to his place to do the surgery. I discussed it with Gandhi and he was quite enthusiastic to go to Kalupara Ghata to do the surgery. Then we decided to take Dr. Raju Mahanti as anesthetist. Raju was not an anesthetist. He had finished one year of house officer-ship and did not have a job. He was just spending his time with Dr. Bahidar, the chief anesthetist at the hospital. Raju had given open ether anesthesia under the supervision of Dr. Bahidar and was quite eager to come with us.

It seemed to me that Dibakar wanted the operation in his place to make an impression on his patient, his family, and also the people around Kalupara Ghata to show them that he had influence and friends in Medical College of Cuttack who would come to do the surgery whenever his patients needed an operation. We had the plan ready: Gandhi was the surgeon, I was the assistant, and Raju Mahanti the anesthetist, and Dibakar would act as the instrument nurse.

We set one weekend when all of us would be off duty to go to Kalupara Ghata. Keep in mind that:
(a) we had not seen the patient, (b) we did not know the facilities Dibakar had, and (c) we did not know if Dibakar had any instruments and supplies. The only thing he assured us was that he had a steam sterilizer, intravenous fluid, normal saline, and 5% dextrose in water.

Also, picture in your mind that the place is in a remote area of Puri District. There was no electricity, no telephone, no running water, and no connection with the outside world. Under these conditions four young doctors were going to perform a subtotal gastrectomy (removal of part of the stomach) on a patient they had never seen.

Since Gandhi was a junior surgeon, he had access to the operating room supplies of the hospital. He brought from O.R. the instruments we needed, suture materials, gauze, sponges, and cans of ether for anesthesia. Also, remember that we were doing this surgery for our pleasure, not for money.

By then Gandhi had just bought a third or fourth hand MG convertible automobile from the police superintendent, Narasingha Rath. We were joined by three Tiki Mahanti, a friend and relative of Gandhi, who came with us to help Gandhi in driving because Raju Mahanti and I could not drive. This sport car needed to be pushed to start the engine. We started on Friday evening after dinner and drove for a while; then

we had a flat tire. The spare tire had not been cheeked for a while, so it did not have enough air. We pumped air with a foot pump and continued on our journey with the convertible top down. In India, when we traveled, we always carried extra cans of gasoline, so we were not afraid of running out of gas (petrol). But we had no protection from the rain showers on our way, and the top would not stay up so we had to tie it. Finally, we reached Dibakar's place at about six a.m. dusty, dirty, tired and wet.

The first thing we wanted to do was to operate that morning so we could watch the patient on Saturday. On Sunday we had planned a boat ride on the Chilka lake. By Sunday evening we would leave for Cuttack and Dibakar would take over the post-op care. So we were in a big hurry to start the surgery.

Even before breakfast we went to see the operating room facilities. The building was a mud house with a thatched roof. If I remember correctly, it had four or five fair sized windows with iron gratings. There were no glass nor screens in the windows or in the door. The room was well ventilated and had adequate natural light to do the operation, we thought. The operating table was just a flat wooden table. The rest of the things we did not even care to look at. The surgeon decided that we had brought enough instruments and supplies adequate to do the gastrectomy in natural light without any problem.

Next we went to see the patient. He was pale as paper and emaciated; only skin and bones. He looked like a corpse. It pleased us, especially the surgeon, because there was no fat or muscle to fight for exposure, and it would be a very easy gastrectomy. If it came to the worst, gastroenterostomy (a by-pass operation) could be done in half an hour. The patient was both happy and scared to see us. He pleaded with us to find out his chances of recovery from the surgery. We sounded a very optimistic note to him, as if there was nothing to it. He then cried and said that he had three small children and a wife and was worried what would happen to them in case he died. His family assured him not to worry about those things at that moment. The family would never abandon his children and would take care of them.

We then had our breakfast, it was rather a lunch. We had puri, curry, bananas and papayas, etc. After breakfast we started to unpack the instruments and the supplies for the surgery. Then Dibakar came with a very grim face and told us not to unpack. First, we thought the patient had probably died. He then told us that the patient did not die but he did not want to be operated. What really happened was that while we were having breakfast, the late Dr. Nath's father, who was over seventy years old, spoke to the patient and advised him not to undergo the surgery. He told him that even if he came out of the surgery there would be no one to take care of him after the operation because we would leave and he was sure to die. Dibakar tried his best but could not convince the patient again for the operation. So the operation was canceled and the wisdom of the aged prevailed. The senior Nath was absolutely correct. The patient had no chance of surviving the surgery. Most likely he would have died during induction of open ether anesthesia. There was not even any oxygen available there. We were somewhat disappointed because we could not demonstrate our skill and knowledge to impress the people there. The most disappointed person was Dibakar. He was angry and ashamed. He thought he lost his prestige among his friends and the confidence of his patients.

Since we had nothing else to do, after a great lunch of fish and fruit we went for a pleasure boat ride on Chilka Lake for the whole day. For dinner we again had crabs, shrimp and fish dishes of various kinds. The irony was that Dibakar was a strict vegetarian from birth and the place was heaven for seafood lovers. We returned the next day. The return journey was uneventful.

This incident created friction and unpleasantness between Dibakar and the Nath family, so he left that place before the end of the year. He then opened practice at his native place, Ali. I usually visit him whenever I go to my village. I last saw him in 1992 and he is still practicing along with his son who became an Ayruvedic doctor. Of the other characters in this drama, Raju Mahanti, came to the USA and has been dead for many years. Gandhi is still practicing vascular surgery and lives in Flushing, New York, and I am retired.

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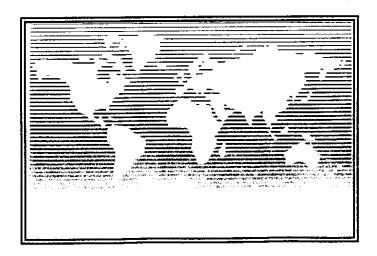
The Kalupara Ghata experience woke me up from my sleep. I realized that my tenure of house surgeonship would end very soon. Out of forty new graduates, only three were employed by the government. There were no new jobs in sight. I, therefore, in spite of my strong opposition to private practice, looked for a place to open a practice. I visited several places in many remote areas of the State. One of these places was in Kujanga, near the present port of Paradeep. It and had remote, isolated. communication, the same as in all rural areas. It took a day to reach Paradeep from Cuttack. When I arrived I found nothing except poor villagers, fishermen and farmers, but plenty of fish which I love. That was one of the places I seriously considered to practice.

After visiting the Paradeep area, I went home to ask Bapa for some financial help to open the practice. While I was at home, our next door neighbor, Maguni Patra, came to see me. There

was something wrong with the eye of one of his bullocks. He insisted I must do something for his prized bullock because I was a doctor. I told him that I would not know what was wrong with his bullock's eye and I was not a doctor for animals. He was not satisfied and begged me to take a look. To please him, and my father, I saw his bullock. The eye was swollen and watering. He opened the eye of his bullock for me. I just saw a red eye and could do nothing, so I just instructed him to apply warm saline compresses three times a day.

This incident completely discouraged and demoralized me to practice in India where people did not know the difference between a doctor for human and a doctor for animal. It left no doubt in my mind that private practice or government job in India was not for me. I became more determined to come to the USA, and have had no regrets.

Deynton, Ohio



ODISSI DANCE & PATNAIK SISTERS

Sneha P. Mohanty

Recently Indian classical dance in multi-cultural and international festivals and Odissi dance have become synonymous in greater San Diego area, thanks to Patnaik Sisters, Laboni, Shibani, and Shalini. The three sisters are from the northern San Diego suburb of Encinitas, California and have been learning and dancing Odissi, the ancient and traditional classical dance form of Orissa, for last five years. They are the daughters of Purna and Gopa Patnaik.

Laboni, 16, Shibani, 13, Shalini, 12, had started learning dance since they were five years old, first Bharata Natyam, and then switching to Odissi about five years ago. Laboni completed her Arangatrum, the very first in San Diego, in January 1992 after undergoing seven years of learning and one summer of rigorous fine tuning with her Guru Dr. Vasanthi Shenoy's Guru in The sisters' Odissi training is from Madras. Nandita Behera of Los Angeles, Guru Gangadhar Pradhan of Orissa Dance Academy, Bhubaneswar, and lately from Manoranjan Pradhan at Encinitas, who has been visiting for a vear from Bhubaneswar as an instructor of Odissi for the Center for World Music, San Diego. Their daily dance practice lasts typically for one and half hour in weekday and three hours in weekend, divided equally between exercises and items. To date they have learned many dance pieces which form the backbone of Odissi, namely, Mangala Charans set to different slokas, Pallavis set to different ragas, Batu, Mokshya and Abhinayas based on lyrics of Jaya Deva and other mediaeval Oriya poets, with music composed by late Pandit Bhubaneswar Misra, and sung by distinguished team of musicians such as Ghanashyam Panda and Bbhubaneswari Mishra.

The Patnaik sisters have been visiting Orissa alternate years, to be in touch with the Gurus, the latest music, choreography, and learning about other intricate details. This also gives them a chance to continue learning the beautiful Odissi vocal music, which is a must for any dancer. The summer visits enables them to achieve the perfection and mastery of this highly lyrical and rhythmic dance style.

For the last ten years, they have been dancing American and Indian audiences throughout the country under the auspice of different societies, communities, organizations. They were chosen to represent India in the "Nations of San Diego", an international dance festival organized by the San Diego Area Dance Alliance in 1994 and again in 1995. Presented for four consecutive sold out nights to main stream audiences in San Diego. this event created considerable interest and appreciation for Odissi dance. Of the ten multi cultural groups that participated in the festival, San Diego's main news paper, San Diego Union Tribune, chose only Odissi picture of Patnaik sisters first for their preview, and then another Odissi picture again for their review of the festival, a real treat for the Indian/Odissi group.

Their other recent performances have been at San Diego State University, California State University, San Marcos Dance Festival, Multi cultural Heritage Day celebrations of the Marine Base at Camp Pendleton, and San Diego, Mingei International Museum, College Music Society Convention, California Counselors Association, Palm Springs, etc. They were the only group invited to dance Mangala Charan at the inaugural function of the KPBS Copley Telecommunication Center, the latest 7 million dollar TV studio of the San Diego Public Broadcasting Corporation, and broadcasted live by the PBS channel. In last year's Dance Competition organized by the Indian community in San Diego, where 25 different Indian Dance groups participated, the Patnaik sisters were judged Number one in all classical dance categories! Whether it is Republic Day celebration by F.I.A, or Diwali celebration by the Hindu Shrimandir, or Janmastami at ISKCON Temple, or India day at Self Realization Fellowship (SRF), or Vedanta Society, or Kali Puja, the Patnaik sisters have never failed to charm the audience. They have been reported many times in the local TV and newspapers like San Diego Union Tribune, Indian Journal Los Angeles, and India West San Francisco and many other local papers. Last summer as the sisters and their mother were practising their dance with Manoranjan on

Pakhawaj in the garage, a CBS News truck on the way to another assignment stopped by to explore the fascinating drum beats and the foot beats in perfect harmony. Well, by the evening the whole of San Diego knew what Odissi is and did see a sample of the students at work.

The sisters have now achieved the unique distinction of representing Odissi Dance, as a premier Indian Classical Dance style, so much so that they are now invited to perform Odissi to represent India in many multi cultural functions in Southern California. Typically they get invited once a month for Odissi performance.

The sisters have the unique privilege of performing privately for Pandit Ravi Shankar on many occasions, who has been their family friend for many years, and now is their neighbor. George Harrison has been in the audience at one time, who was visibly moved by the sisters performance and charmed by the lyrical style of Odissi.

The Patnaik sisters have been dancing at OSA annual conventions since Toronto convention in 1986. In the last Silver Jubilee convention, the sisters presented a half hour long dance drama "Sri Krishna Balya Leela", that they had learnt at Orissa Dance Academy with choreography and music specially composed and recorded at Bhubaneswar.

Apart from dancing, the Patnaik sisters learn Hindustani vocal music, and were students

of the late Shubho Shankar. During their visit to Orissa they learn Odissi vocal music. All of them are advanced students of western classical violin (Suzuki style). Shibani, in addition learns Hindustani style violin and Shalini learns Sitar. Laboni is a junior at San Dieguito High School. Besides various academic honors, she was recently elected as the Treasurer of the school ASB. Shibani is a eighth grader at Diegueno Junior High and is very active in many school activities. Shalini is a sixth grader at Olivenhain Pioneer Elementary and an all rounder in her school. One of her essays in her class was so much appreciated that it was reported in the local press, as representing the smart ideas of young American kids.

Now that the concept of melting pot is long dead and the idea of cultural pluralism is well accepted in the society, the sisters are getting more requests than they can handle from various school districts and individual schools for performance and demonstration. Since all of them cannot take time off from school for day time performances, they take turns. One magnet school of performing arts has invited the sisters for two consecutive years to teach and demo three classes of Indian music in one week; vocal, instrumental, and dance.

Sneha Mohanty lives in Huntington Beach with her husband Dr. Nirode Mohanty and her daughter Lisa. She knows the Patnaik Sisters since their birth and has seen them grow as their "Dolly Apa".



YOUTH CORNER: SECOND GENERATION ODISSI ARTISTS FROM CANADA

Pramod Patanaik

Odissi is the classical dance form of Orissa. It is part of our culture and heritage. In the recent years, there has been an increasing popularity of Odissi in USA and Canada primarily due to the dedicated efforts of many pioneering artists and establishment of numerous dance schools promoting Odissi dance. Chitralekha Patnaik is one of the foremost exponents of Odissi dance and the founder of Chitralekha Dance Academy established some 15 years ago. The Chitralekha Dance Academy is the premier cultural institution in Canada and is devoted to imparting training in Odissi dance. It is an extension of the Orissa Dance Academy, Bhubaneswar, Orissa. The Academy strives and follows the legendary Gurus of Odissi dance and music; Guru Pankaj Charan Das, Padmabhusan Kelu Charan Mohapatra, Guru Gangadhar Pradhan and the list is extensive.

Contituity of the culture depends not only on the promoters but also on the progeny who take the interest, dedication and addiction to promote it for the next generation. To its credit, the Academy has produced three extremely talented young Odissi dancers of the second generation, Miss Ellora Patnaik, Miss Sarba Das and Mr. Debraj Patnaik.

Under the guidance of her mother, Chitralekha Patnaik, Ellora Patnaik began her dance training at the age of seven. She has intensively studied under the leading gurus of the Odissi style in Orissa, including advanced work in expressive dance-acting (abhinaya) with the famous dancer Padmasri

Sanjukta Panigrahi. Ellora has performed extensively in North America. She is an instructor at the Chitralekha Academy. Recent credits include performances for the World Hunger Project and the Folk Arts Council at Ontario Place in Toronto. Canada. Parallel to her dancing career, she has also been nurturing her love for theater and auditioned successfully for The American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She is the first Indian to successfully enter the American Academy.

Miss. Sarba Das, daughter of Santosh and Sulekha Das of New Jersey is one of the leading dancers in Odissi at the Chitralekha Dance Academy. Trained by Chitralekha, she has widely performed in USA and Canada. She is a teaching instructor at the Chitralekha Dance Academy. A year ago, she performed at the Lincoln Center in New York. Currently, she is a Junior at Yale majoring on Film studies. This year, she will be visiting the University of Paris for further studies in French Films.

Devraj, a very young and upcoming artist is the first male Odissi dancer in North America. He has been trained by his mother, Chitralekha and Guru Gangadhar Pradhan. Devraj plays a leading role at the Chitralekha Dance Academy as a teaching instructor. He is not only a creative dancer, but also a fine instrumentalist. He is an excellent exponent of both Tabla and Pakhawaj. Devraj has received the scholarship from the Shastri Foundation, University of Calgary for further studies in his percussion instruments.



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ତଃ ପ୍ରତିଭାରାୟ

ତତେ ଖୋଇରି ସୂଆଁ, ମାଣ୍ଡିଆ, କାଙ୍ ମୂଇଁ ଖାଇଲି ଘାସ ପତର ହେଲି ତତେ ପେଇଲି ସାଗୁର, ଲାଣା, ସାପୁଙ୍ଗ ଝୋଲା ପାରାଖ (ନାଳ)ପାଣି ମୁଁ ପିଇଲି ବରଷା ମାସ ରତୁ ବେରତୁ କରେ ସୂଆଁ ମାଣିଆ ଡଙ୍ଗର ଯାଏ ଚଳି ଧାଂତୀ ଦେହ ଡେକ୍ରୀ ହୋଇଯାଏ ପିରି (ଘାସ) ଛିଡେଇ ଭାରିଯା ହୁଏ ଛାଡ୍ରି ଭୋକ, ଅଭାବ, ମରଣ ପଥ ସାଥୀ ଅଚଣା ଦେଶେ ଜିଓ ଯାଉଛି ଭଡି ହାଟ ଫେରଡି ଭରା କୁରଲି (ଟୋକେଇ) ମୂଇଁ ଡଙ୍ଗର ଭରି କାଙ୍ଗୁ, କାନ୍ଦୁଲ ସୂଆଁ ଫେରି ଆସିବି-'ଡୁମା' ହେଲେ ବି, ଅଁ ଅଁ (ସଡାନ) ପାଇଁ ଡୁବୁକ୍ତଙ୍ଗ (ମାଟି ମାଆ) ହୋଇ ।

କୀବନୁ ମରଣ ଯାଏ ଏଇ ଗୀତଟି ଆତ୍ସା ଭିତରେ ଗାଇ ଚାଲିଛି ବୁଦେଇ । ଛାତିରେ ଛାତିଏ ଅଭିମାନ ଲଂସି (ଛାଡପତ୍ର) ଦେଇଥିବା ମୁଣ୍ଡଷ ବାଘ ବିନ୍ଧୁ ପାଇଁ, ଛାତି ଉତ୍ତରା ମା'ର ଶରଧା ଜେଲ ରୋଗୃଥବା ପୃଅ ଶୃକ୍ରା କିର୍ସାନୀ ପାଇଁ ।

ଡୋକରୀ ରାରିଯା ମୁଣୁଷ୍ (ସ୍ୱାମୀ) ପାଇଁ ଶୂନ୍ୟ କୁର୍ଲି-ଉତୁଡା ଜଙ୍ଗର୍ । ମାତ୍ର ଡୋକ୍ରୀ ମା ତା'ର ପିଲା ପାଇଁ ହାଟ ଫେରଡି ରରା କୁରଲି, ଶରଧାରେ, ଉତ୍କୁଳ ମୁତୁଳ । ତାଟି ମେଲା, ବୁଦେଇର ଡୋକରୀ ଦରମଲା ଦେହ ରୂଇଁରେ ପଡିଛି । ମେଲା ଦୁଆର ଦେଇ ଦିଶୁଛି ନିରାଟିଆ ଖରାରେ ସୁନାରୀ ଗଛର ଡାହିଏ ଡାହିଏ ପେଛି ପେଛି ହଳଦୀ ରଙ୍ଗର ଫୁଲ ଦୋକି ଖେଳୁଛି । ନିପାଣିଆ ମାଳୁଆ ମାଟିର ନିରାଟିଆ ରତ୍ତରେ ଗଛ ଡାହିରେ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିଯାଏ କାହା ଶରଧାରେ ହଳଦି ମାଠି ମୁଠି ହୋଇ ?

ଗଛ ଗଞି ହେଉଛି ଯତ୍ତ୍ୱ (ମା), ଡାଳ ପତର ତା'ର ପିଲାଛୁଆ । ଜନ୍ମକାଳରେ ଡାଳ ପତର ନାଲି ନାଲି ହାତଗୋଡ ଜାକି ମା'ର ଦିହକୁ ଜାବୁଡି ଧରିଥାତି ଶରଧାରେ ନୂଆ ଦୁନିଆଁକୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ନଥିବା ଭୟରେ । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ମା'ଠୁ ରସ ଟାଣି ଡାଳ ପତର ହାତ ଗୋଡ ମେଲି ବଡ ହୁଅତି । ଯେତେ ଯେତେ ବଡ ହୁଅତି, ସେତେ ଦୁରେଇ ଯାଆତି ମା'ଠୁ ନିକଟେଇ ଯାଆତି ଆକାଶକୁ । ଆକାଶ ଦିଗକୁ ମୁଁହ-ମାକୁ ପଛ । ମା'ର ଡୋକ୍ରୀ ଗଣି ତେବେ ବି ଭୂଇଁରୁ ରସ ଟାଣି, ବକ୍ତି ଡାଳ ପତରକୁ ଦିଏ, ପୂଲ ଫଳକୁ ଦେଖି ଛାଡି ଫୁଲାଏ ଆନନ୍ଦରେ, ସତ୍ତୋଷରେ । ମା'ର ଗଣିକୁ ଡାଳ ପତର ରସ ଯୋଗଏନି କେବେ । ମା' ଅମ୍ତର ରସ ଜାଳିଦିଏ, ଛୁଆ ମୁହଁରେ ଭୂଇଁରୁ ଅଲଗା ହୋଇ ମରି ଶୋଇବାଯାଏ ।

ତେବେ ବି ଡାଳ ପଡର ପିଲା ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ମା' ନିଜଠୁ ଅଲଗା କରେକି ?

ପିଲାଛୁଆ ଯେତେ ଭଚ୍ଚା ହୁଅନ୍ତି, ମା' ସେତେ ଡୋକ୍ରୀ ହୁଏ । ମୂଳ ମୋଟ, ଅଗସରୁ, ପେଟରୁ ଖେଷି ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ରସ ପେଇ । ତେବେ ବି ତା'ର କ୍ଷୀଣ, ଡେକ୍ରୀ ଛାତି ଅଗିଲା ଡାହି ପତର ଫୁଲ ଫଳକୁ ମୁକୃଟ ଭଳି ମୁଷେଇ ମା' ଗଛ ଆକାଶ ସାଥିରେ

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ଦୁଃଖ ନାହିଁ । ସ୍ୱାମୀକୁ ସନ୍ତାନ ମଣି - ସନ୍ତାନକୁ ସମ୍ପଦ ମଣି ଆମର ଜୀବନ କଟିଯାଏ । ତେବେ କ'ଣ ବଣ୍ଡା ସେଲାନିର ଯୌବନ କଟିଯାଏ ଫାଙ୍କା ? ତା ପାଇଁ କ'ଣ ପେଟରେ ଭୋକ ହିଁ ସବୁ - ଦେହର ଡାକ ଡାକୁ ଅଥିର କରେନି କେବେ ? ଆଠ ବରଷର ସ୍ୱାମୀକୁ ନେଇ କୋଡିଏ ବରଷର ଯୁବତୀ ସ୍ତୀ ରାତି କାଟିଦିଏ ଧୋ ବାୟା ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ? ବାଳକ ସ୍ୱାମୀକୁ ଆଦରରେ ଥାପୁଡେଇ ଶୋଇ ପକାଏ । ନିଜର କାମନା, ବାସନା କୁ ବି କ'ଣ ଶେଇପକାଏ ବଣ୍ଡା ନାରୀ ? ସେଇଟା ବଣ୍ଡା ଘରର ଗୁମର - ଥାଉ ସେ କଥା ।

ତେବେ ବୟୁଣୀ ମା ହେଲେ କେହି ପଚାରେନି - ''ଏ କାହାର ପିଲା ? ତୋର ଆଠ ବର୍ଷର ସ୍ୱାମୀର ନାଁ ଆଉ କାହାର ?'' ବିବାହିତା ସ୍ତୀ ଯେଉଁ ପିଲା ଜନ୍ନ କରିବ ସେ ପ୍ରଥା ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ସ୍ୱାମୀର ହେବାର କଥା । ତେଣୁ ବଣା ପାହାଡରେ ବାର ବର୍ଷର ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବାପ ହୁଏ । ଅଥଚ 'ଅବୈଧ' ବା 'ଅନାଥ' ପିଲା କେହି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ବଣା ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଜୁଆନ ହେବା ବେଳକୁ କାହାକୁ ମାରି ଚଉଦବର୍ଷ ଜେଲ୍ ଯାଏ ନଚ଼େର୍ ନିଜେ ମରେ । ସ୍ୱାମୀ ମରିଗଲେ ବୟୁଣୀ ଆଉ ଥରେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବାଛି ନେବାରେ ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ମାତ୍ର ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଜେଲ୍ଗଲେ ଯଦି ସ୍ତୀକୁ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଟା କରେଇ ଯାଇ ଥିବ ତେବେ ସ୍ତୀତ'ର ବାଟ ଚାହିଁ ବସିଥିବ ଚଉଦବର୍ଷ । ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଜେଲ୍ରୁ ଲେଉଟିବା ବେଳକୁ ସ୍ତୀର ବୟସ ଅନ୍ଦାତରେ ଚାଳିଶ ପାଖାପାଖି । ସ୍ତୀ ବୁଡ଼ୀ ! ଜେଲ ଫେରଡା ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଇଛାକଲେ ଚାଳରୁ ପିରିଘାସ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଟାଣି ଆଣି ମୂରବିଙ୍କୁ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ରଖ୍ ସ୍ତୀ ସାମ୍ନାରେ ଘାସ ଛିଡେଇ ଦେଲେ ପ୍ରଥା ଅନୁସାରେ ଛାଡପତ୍ର ଗୃହୀତ ହୋଇଯାଏ । ତା'ପରେ ବୟୁଣୀ ଏକା ! ମାତ୍ର ଛାଡପତ୍ର ଏତେ ନାହିଁ । ଜେଲ୍ ଫେରଡା ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଦରବୁଡୀ ସ୍ତୀକୁ ରଖି ଜୀବନ କାଟିଦିଏ । ମାତ୍ର ବଣାପୁରୁଷ କରେ କଣ ? ଖାଲି ସଲ୍ପ ମଦ, ମାଣିଆ ମଦ, ଆୟପଶଷ ମଦପିଏ, ମାତାଲ ହୁଏ, ମଣିଷ ମାରେ-ମରେ । ସ୍ତୀ ସମ୍ମଲିଥାଏ ତା'ର ସଂସାର- ସମ୍ପରି, ଜମି, ପାହାଡ ଗୋରୁଗାଇ, ପିଲାଛୁଆ, ଦେବତା ପ୍ରଥା ପର୍ବ ପର୍ବାଣୀ ସବୁକୁ ।

ବଣା ପୁରୁଷ କାମ କରେ ତା ମହିଁରେ । ବଣୁଣୀ ପାହାଡ ଟାଳିପାରେ-ଗଛ ହାଣି ଶୁଆଇଦିଏ । ଚାଷ କରେ । ମାଛଧରେ । ଖାଲି ଶିକାର କରେନି, ମଣିଷ ମାରେନି । ସ୍ୱାମୀକୁ ପୁଅକୁ ବୁଝାଉଥାଏ ।-''ମଣିଷ ମାରନି, ଅସ ଧରନି । ସୁଖରେ ରହ । ଶାଭିରେ ରହ ।''ମାତ୍ର ତା କଥା ଶୁଣେ କିଏ ? ତା'ରି ଆଖ୍ ସାମ୍ନାରେ ପୂଅ ଧାଂଡା ହୁଏ । ଧାଂଡା ହେଲେ ସେ ମଣିଷ ମାରି ଜେଲ୍ଯାଏ, ନଚ଼େତ୍ ତୀର ଖାଇ ମରେ । ବୟୁଣୀ ଗାଲ ରାମ୍ପୁଡ଼ି ଗାଲରୁ ରକ୍ତ ବୁହାଇ କାହେ । ଜେଲରୁ ପୁଅ ଫେରିବ ବୋଲି ଚାହିଁ ରହିଥାଏ ଚଉଦବରଷ । ବାପର-ସ୍ୱାମୀର-ପୂଅର ମରଣ ଦେଖିବା ନଚେତ୍ ଜେଲ ଫେରଡା ବାଟକୁ ଚାହିଁ ବାହିଁ ବୟସ ଗଡେଇବା ବୟୁଣୀର ରାଗ୍ୟ ଲିଖନ । ତେବେ ବି ବୟୁଣୀ ଦୁଃଖରେ ପାଗଳୀ ହୁଏନି- ଜୀବନ ହାରି ଦିଏନିସା ପର୍ବପର୍ବାଣୀକୁ ଏଡେଇ ଦିଏନି-ପ୍ରଥା ରାଙ୍ଗେ । ଆପଣାର ରକ୍ତ ଜାକି ବଂଚେଇ ରଖିଛି ବୟୁଣୀ କେତେ ହଜାର ବର୍ଷର ଆଦିମ ସଂଷ୍କୃତିକୁ । ମାତ୍ର ବଂଚେଇ ରଖି ପାରେନି ବୟାର ଉଗ୍ର ସ୍ରରାବ କବଳରୁ ନିଜର ପୂଅକୁ, ସ୍ୱାମୀକୁ । ଏଡିକି ତ ସବୁ ବୟୁଣୀଙ୍କର ଦୁଃଖ-ମୋର ବି ! ଦୁଃଖ ଓ ସରାପ ମୋ ଛାଡିରେ ସରି ସରି ମାଳି ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଛଡି । ମୋର ଦୁଃଖକୁ ମୁଁ ରଲ ପାଏ-କାରଣ ମୁଁ ଭଲପାଏ ମୋର ମାଟିକୁ-ମୋର ସରାନକୁ-ମୋର ସଂଷ୍କୃତିକୁ । ପୂରୁଷ କ'ଣ ବା ଜାଣେ ନିଳ ସରାନ ଆଉ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ବିଷୟରେ ? ସେ ଡ ଖାଲି ଜାଣେ ଭଂଗା ରୂତା, ମରା ହଣା, ହିଂସା ପ୍ରତିଶୋଧ । ପାଞ୍ଚ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରୁ ବଣା ପୁରୁଷ ନିକ ଶରୀରରେ ପାଞ୍ଚଟି ଅସ ଶସ ଖଂଜି ବୁଲିବ । ଏଇଟା ପୁଥା । ବୟୁଣୀ ହାତରେ ଜନ୍ମକାଳରୁ ଦାଆ-ସୂଡାକଣା । ସେ ଫସଲ ଉପୁଜେଇବ-ଲେଙ୍ଗଟି ବୁଣି ବୟାଜାଡିକୁ ସଂଷ୍କୃତି ସମ୍ପନ୍ନ କରିବ, ଲୁଗା ପିହେଇବ ।

ଅଥଚ ପ୍ରଥା ଅନୁସାରେ ବଶୁଣୀ ପବିତ୍ର ଛାନ, ପୂଜା ସରଂଜାମ ଛୁଇଁବନି, ସେ ଗାଁର ମୁଖିଆ ହୋଇ ପାରିବନି । ସେ ଘର ରିଡରେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ଉପରେ ଚ୍ଉଦ ପା-ଗାଁ ପଂଚାତି ସାମ୍ନାରେ ସେ ମୁକ ସେ ସଂଷ୍ଟୃତିର ରକ୍ଷାକର୍ଭୀ ମାତ୍ର ସେ ନେଡୃତ୍ୱ ଦେଇ ପାରିବନି । ଥରେ ମତେ ମୋ ଗାଁର ନାଇକ (ମୁଖିଆ) କରି ଦେଖ-ପ୍ରଥମେ ମୁଁ ବଣା ପୂରୁଷକୁ କରିବି ନିରସ । ବଣା ପାହାଡରୁ ହିଂସା ଆଉ ରକ୍ତ ପାଡକୁ ଉଚ୍ଛେଦ କରିବି । କାରଣ ମୁଁ ମଣିଷ ଜାତିର ଜନନୀ - ମୁଁ ଅମୃତ ଦାୟିନୀ ଆଦିଶକ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ମରଣ ଚାହେଁନି-ଜୀବନ ଚାହେଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଜୀବନ ବଦଳରେ ହଜାର ହଜାର ବର୍ଷର ଆଦିମାନବର ଆଦିରୂମି ଏଇ ବଣା ପାହାଡର ଆଦିମ ସଂଷ୍ଟୃତିକୁ ବଂଚେଇ ରଖିବାକୁ ମୁଁ କାତର ନୁହେଁ ।

 $\sigma\sigma\sigma$

405A Souvents

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ଉତ୍କଳର ନୌବାଣିକ୍ୟ

ପଠାଣି ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାତରେ ଉତ୍କଳୀୟଗଣ ଏକ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ସଭ୍ୟତାତି । ଏହି ଜାତିର ବୌଦ୍ଧକ, ସାମରିକ ଓ ବୈଷୟିକ ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ଯ୍ୟ କତିହାସ ପ୍ଷାରେ ସ୍ୱାଷ୍ଣୀୟରରେ ଲିପିବକ ହୋଇଅଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରାଷୀ ରାଜ୍ୟର ଭୌଗୋଳିକ ସୀମା ସାଧାରଣ ଭାବରେ ଗଙ୍ଗାନଦୀଠାରୁ ଗୋଦାବରୀକୂଳ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବହୁକାଳଯାବତ ପରିବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିଲା । ଦିଗ୍ବିଜୟୀ ସମ୍ରାଚମାନଙ୍କ ରାଜତ୍ୱ କାଳରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କଳିଙ୍ଗ, ଉତ୍କଳ ଅଥବା କୋଶଳର ସୀମା ସାମୟିକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ ହୋଉଥିଲେ ହେଁ ଏହି ଡିନିଗୋଟି ରାଜନୈତିକ ବିଭାଗ ବା ଦ୍ୱିକଳିଙ୍ଗର ଲୋକମାନେ ଯେ ଯଶସ୍ୱୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଜାତି ଥିଲେ, ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହର ଅବକାଶ ରହେ ନାହିଁ । ଅତୀତରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗରାଜ୍ୟର ସୁଦୀର୍ଘ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଉପକୂଳରେ ବହୁ ବନ୍ଦର ଥିବାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ମିଳେ ଏବଂ ଏହିଠାରୁ ସାଧବ ପୂଅମାନେ ସୁଦୂର ଦରିଆପାରି ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କରେ ନୌ-ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ କରି ଏହି ଦେଶକୁ ଧନଶାଳୀ କରିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସେହି ଦୂର ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂଷ୍କୃତି, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ଶିଳ୍ପ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀୟ ପ୍ରଚାର କରିଥିଲେ । ଖ୍ରୀ.ପୂ. ତୃତୀୟ ଶତାଳୀ ବେଳକୁ ଅଶୋକ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ଆଶୋକଙ୍କ କଳିଙ୍ଗ-ପୂଦ୍ଧ ପୃଥ୍ବୀର ସାମରିକ ଇତିହାସରେ ଅନ୍ଦମ । ଏତେବେଳକୁ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଅଧିବାସୀ ବାଣିଜ୍ୟକ ଜାତି ହିସାବରେ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ଏବଂ ଶକ୍ତିଶାଳୀ ହୋଇ ସାରିଥିଲେ । ବୌଦ୍ଧଜଜାତକଥା, ବୃହତକଥା, ଚାଣକ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଅର୍ଥ ଶାସରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ନୌବାଣିଜ୍ୟ ବିଷୟରେ ସୂଚନା ରହିଅଛି । ଭାରତ ବାହାରେ ସିଂହଳ, ବୃହ୍ଦବେଶ, ମାଲୟ ଶ୍ୟାମ, କାୟୋଜ, ଜାରା, ସୂମାଦ୍ରା, ବୋର୍ଣ୍ଣିଓ, ବାଲି ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଦେଶ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଆମର ନୌବାଣିଜ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଚଳିତ ଥିଲା । ମହାକବି କାଳିଦାସ କଳିଙ୍ଗରାଜାଙ୍କୁ 'ମହୋଦଧିପତି' Land of the Sea ବୋଲି କହିଛନ୍ତି । ଆଧୁନିକ ବଙ୍ଗପସାଗରରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ବୋଇତମାଳା ବହୁକାଳ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆଧିପତ୍ୟ ବିଷାର କରିଥିବାରୁ ଏହା ''କଳିଙ୍ଗ ସାଗର'' Kalinga Sea ନାମରେ ଖାତ ଥିଲା ।

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ରୋମ ଏବଂ ଗ୍ରୀସ ଦେଶ ସହିତ କଳିଙ୍ଗବାସୀ ନୌବାଣିତ୍ୟ କରୁଥିଲେ । କଳିଙ୍ଗ ପ୍ରହୃତ ସୌଖୀନ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଗ୍ରୀସ-ରୋମ ସାମ୍ରାତ୍ୟରେ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆଦର ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲା । ଐତିହାସିକମାନେ ଭୂଖୋଦନ କରି ତମଲୁକ, ଶିଶୁପାଳ ଗଡ଼ ଓ ମୟୂରଭଞ୍ଜ ବାମନଘାଟିରୁ ରୋମ ଦେଶର ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ ମୁଦ୍ରା ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । ଦଣ୍ଡୀଙ୍କ ଦଶକୁମାର ଚରିତରେ ଗ୍ରୀକ୍ମାନେ ତାମ୍ରଲିପ୍ତ ବନ୍ଦରକୁ ଆସିଥିବାର୍ ପ୍ରମାଣ ରହିଛି ।

ଆମର ବନ୍ଦରମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ତାମୁଲିପ୍ତ, ପାଲୁର-ଦନ୍ତପୂର, ପିଥୁଷ, ଚେଳିତାକେ ପ୍ରକୃତି ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାବ୍ଦରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ଟଲେମି ପାଲୁର ବନ୍ଦର ବିଷୟରେ ଲେଖ୍ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଚୈନ୍ୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ତରାଧ୍ୟୟନ ସୂଦ୍ର'ରୁ ପିଥୁଷ ବନ୍ଦରର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା ମିଳିଥାଏ । ହୁଏନସା ଚେଳିତାଳେ ବନ୍ଦର ବିଷୟ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରି ଅଛନ୍ତି । ୧ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଅଧିବାସୀ ବ୍ରହ୍ମଦେଶରେ ବହୁକାଳ ନୌବାଣିତ୍ୟ କରି ସେଠାରେ ବସତିସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସେଠାରେ ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ତୀବନରେ ସୁପରିଚିତ ହୋଇ ପାରିଥିଲେ । ଐତିହାସିକ ଡଃ. ନିହାରରଞ୍ଜନ ରାୟ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ :

"The ancient named attributed to old prome is Srikshetra, so often mentioned in the Mon Records as Sikset or Srikset, and by the Chinese pilgrims as Si-li-cha-ta- lo: and Srikshetra is the holy land or Puri on the ancient Kalinga Coast +++ The old name of pegu is Ussa which but a form of orda or Orissa. It is difficult to disbelieve that pagu colonized from Orissa or was once dominated by a people who migrated from Orissa"

ନୌବାଣିତ୍ୟର ଆରାଧା ଦେବୀ ଭାବରେ ଦେବୀ ତାରା ସୂପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧା । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସର୍ବାଞ୍ଚଳରେ ତାରା ଦେବୀ ପୂଜିତ ହେଉଅଛନ୍ତି । ଏଥିରୁ ଏହି ଜାତିର ନୌ-ବାଣିତ୍ୟର ଐତିହ୍ୟ ଅନୁମାନ କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ଆମ ସମାଜରେ ନୌବାଣିତ୍ୟର ସ୍କୃତି ବହନ କରି ଯେଉଁ କେତୋଟି ପର୍ବ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଲୋକପ୍ରିୟ, ତାହା ହେଲା କାର୍ଭିକ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀର ଡଙ୍ଗାଭସାଣ, ଭାଦ୍ରବମାସରେ ଖୁଦୂରୁକୁଣୀ ଏବଂ ଦୀପାବଳୀ ରାଦ୍ରିରେ ବୋଇଡ ଚିତ୍ରରେ କଂସାବାସନ ପୂଚ୍ଚା । ଏହି ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ବିରୁପାକ୍ଷ କରଳର ଆଲୋଚନା ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ ।

105A Souvenor

"ମାର୍ଗଶିରଠାରୁ ଚୈତ୍ର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟତ କେତେମାସ ଉଉର ପୂର୍ବଦିଗରୁ ବାୟୁ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହୁଏ । ଏହି ବାୟୁର ସହାୟତାରେ ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ନାବିକ ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ପୂର୍ବ ବା ଦକ୍ଷିଣ-ପଣ୍ଟିମ ଦିଗକୁ ବାଣିତ୍ୟ-ତରୀ ମେଲି ଦେବା ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ । କାର୍ଭିକ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମାର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୂଷ ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ଚଳଯାତ୍ରା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଶଞ୍ଜ ବୋଲି ଞିରୀକୃତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ବଣିକ କାର୍ଭିକ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀ ଦିନ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୁଷରୁ ସ୍ନାନ କରି ଉତ୍କଳ ତାତ ପାନର ବିନିମୟରେ ଚାଭା ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଅଞ୍ଚଳରୁ ଯେଉଁ ଗୁଆ ଆମଦାନୀ କରେ, ସେହି ପାନ ଓ ଗୁଆ ଶୂଦ୍ଧମନରେ ଗଙ୍ଗାମାତାଙ୍କୁ ସମର୍ପଣ କରି ଧର୍ମର ବ୍ୱାହି ଦେଇ ବାଣିତ୍ୟତରୀ ମେଲି ଦେଉଥିଲା ଏବଂ ତରୀ ପୃଷରେ ଭାସି ଭାସି ତୀରଦେଶରୁ କ୍ରମେ ଅନ୍ତର ହେଲାବେଳେ ସମବେତ ଆତ୍ମୀୟ ସ୍ୱତ୍ତନଙ୍କୁ ବିଦାୟକାଳୀନ ଇଙ୍ଗିତବାଣୀ ଶୁଣାଉଥିଲା— 'ଆ କା ମା ରେଃ' ଅର୍ଥାତ ଆଷାତ୍ରଠାରୁ କାର୍ଭିକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପେରିବି, ଭୟ କରନା । ଆଡି ଉତ୍କଳରେ କଦଳୀ ଗଛର ବକଳ ବା ବାହୁଙ୍ଗାରେ ପାନ ଓ ଗୁଆ ରଖି କାର୍ଭିକ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀଦିନ 'ଆ, କା,ମା,ଭେଃ' ଗୁଆ ପାନ ଦେଇ, ଗୁଆ ପାନଯାକ ତୋର, ଧର୍ମ ଯାକ ମୋର'— ଏହି କଥା କହି ସେହି ଡଙ୍ଗାକୁ ଉସାଇ ଦେବା ଏକ ଚିରାଚ୍ରିତ ପ୍ରଥା । କଳିଙ୍ଗର ନୈବାଣିତ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ନବୀନ କୁମାର ସାହୁ ଆଲୋଚ୍ନା କରି କହିଛତି— ବ୍ରହ୍ମଦେଶର ପରିମଖଣ୍ଡ ଉତ୍କଳ ଏବଂ ଦକ୍ଷିଣାଞ୍ଚଳ ତୈଲଙ୍ଗ ନାମରେ ପରିଚିତ ଥିଲା । ଏ ନାମମାନ ଯେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଓ କଳିଙ୍ଗ (ଦ୍ରିକଳିଙ୍ଗ) ରାତ୍ୟର ପରିଚାୟକ, ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ ''

ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ତୃତୀୟ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ତାମୁଲିପ୍ତି ବନ୍ଦରଠାରୁ ରାଜକୁମାର ମହେତ୍ର ଓ ରାଜକୁମାରୀ ସଂଘମିତ୍ରା ବୋଧ୍ଶାଖା ସହିତ ସିଂହଳକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ପୂନଷ୍ଟ ଏଇ ବନ୍ଦରଠାରୁ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ୟୟ ତୃତୀୟ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗରାଜ ଗୁହଶିବଙ୍କ ବୃହିତ। ହେମମାଳା ଓ ଜାମାତା ଦରକୁମାର କଳିଙ୍ଗରେ ପୂଜିତ ବୃଦ୍ଧଦେବଙ୍କ ଦନ୍ତକୁ ନେଇ ସିଂହଳରେ ପଞ୍ଚଥିଲେ । ଚୀନ୍ ଦେଶ ସହିତ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ନୌ-ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଅତିଶୟ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ । ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ୟୟ ଚତୁର୍ଥ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଚୀନ ପରିତ୍ରାଜକ ଫାଇୟାନ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ତାମୁଲିପ୍ତି ବନ୍ଦରଠାରୁ ସିଂହଳକୁ ଯାଇ ସେଠାରୁ କଳିଙ୍କ ଜାହାଜରେ ଜାରା ବାଟଦେଇ ସ୍ୱଦେଶକୁ ଫେରିଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଟାଙ୍କ ରାଜତ୍ୱ କାଳରେ ଚୀନ ଦେଶର ଲୋକ ଜାରାକୁ ହୋଲିଙ୍ଗ ବୋଳି କହୁଥିଲେ । ଏହା କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଶବ୍ଦର ଚୀନ୍ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ । କଳିଙ୍ଗର ଲୋକମାନେ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଜାରାରେ ଉପନିବେଶ ଛାପନ କରିଥିଲେ ସମୁଦ୍ର ପଥରେ । କଳିଙ୍ଗ ସହିତ ଚୀନ୍ରର ସମ୍ପର୍କ କେବଳ ବ୍ୟବସାୟଗତ ନଥିଲା, ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟ ଥିଲା ଧର୍ମଗତ, ଚୀନ୍ରରେ ବୌଦ୍ଧଧର୍ମ ପ୍ରସାର ଦିଗରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କଳିଙ୍ଗର ଅବଦାନ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ଥିଲା ବୋଲି ଜଣାଯାଉଛି । ଅଧାପକ ଜଗନାଥ ପଟ୍ଟମୟକଙ୍କ ଆଲୋଚନା ଏହିପରି— " ବୌଦ୍ଧରିୟୁ ପ୍ରଞ୍କା କପିସାଠାରେ ଜନ୍ମଗ୍ରହଣ କରି ଉଉର ଭାରତରେ ଅଠରବର୍ଷ ଶିୟାଲାର କରିବାପରେ (ଉଡା ବା ଓଡ଼ିଶା) ଉଚ୍ଚାର ଜନୈକ ରାଜାଙ୍କର ଆଧାମିକ ଯୋଗ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରରେ ଯୋଗ ଶିୟା କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ବର୍ଣନା କରିଥିବା ଶିୟା କେନ୍ଦ୍ରଟି ରକ୍ଷମିରି ବୋଲି ଐତହାସିକମାନେ କହି ଅଛନ୍ତି । ସେହିପରି ସିଲିଭିଆନ ଲେଭି ଏପିଗ୍ରାଫିଆ ଇଞ୍ଜିକାର ପଞ୍ଚଦଶ ରାଗରେ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି ଯେ ପ୍ରଞ୍କା ଅଠର ବର୍ଷକାଳ ନାଇନ୍ଦା ସମତେ ଭାରତର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଛାନରେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କରି ଉଚ୍ଚା (ଓଡ଼ିଶା) ରାଜାଙ୍କର ଏକ ମଠରେ ଯୋଗ ଓ ଦର୍ଶନ ଶିୟା କରିଥିଲେ । ଏହା ଭୌମକର ରାଜତ୍ୱରେ ଉନ୍ନେଷ ହୋଇଥିବା ରକ୍ୱଗିରି ବୋଲି ଜଣାଯାଏ ।

ପୂନ୍ୟ, ସିଲିଭିଆନ ଲେଭି ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି- ଏହି ପ୍ରଞ୍ଜା ଭାତରବର୍ଷରୁ ଚୀନ ଦେଶକୁ ଯାଇ ୭୮୮ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାବ୍ଦରେ ସତ୍ ପରିମିତା ସୂତ୍ର ଓ ମହାଯାନ ବୋଧ୍ର ଅନୁବାଦ କରିଥିଲେ । ଚୀନ ଗଲାବେଳେ ସେ ଉଚ୍ଚା ବା ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ରାଚ୍ଚା ଶୂଭକର ଉନ୍ନଇସିଂହଙ୍କର ସମ୍ମାନର ସ୍ନାରକୀଭାବେ ବୌଦ୍ଧଗ୍ରନ୍ଥ ଗଣ୍ଡବ୍ୟୁହ ଚୀନ ସମ୍ରାଟ ଟୋଟସଙ୍ଗକୁ ୭୯୫ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାବ୍ଦରେ ଉପହାର ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ ।

ମୋଟ ଉପରେ ବାଣିତ୍ୟ ସୂତ୍ରରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗଭୂମି ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟ ଓ ପାଣ୍ଟାତ୍ୟ ଭୂଖଣ୍ଡ ସହିତ ବହୁକାଳ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ନିବିଡଭାବରେ ସଂପ୍ରକ ରହିଥିଲା । ଏହି ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ରାଖାଲଦାସ ବାନାର୍ଜୀଙ୍କର ଅଭିମତ ଅଧିକ ପ୍ରଶିଧାନ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ।

"The people of Kalinga who have proved to be the pioneer Colonists of India, Indonesia and Ocenia, are probably the very same people whom the modern barbarians of the Pacific and Indian regard with are awd wonder as people from the sky who civilized them, taught tham the nudiments of Culture"

105A Souventr 🕨

ଉତ୍କଳ ଉପକୂଳରେ ବନ୍ଦର

''ଉତ୍କଳର ନୌବାଣିଙ୍ଗ'' ପ୍ରବହରେ ଐତିହାସିକ ବିରୁପାକ୍ଷ କର ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟୀୟ ପ୍ରଥମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଲିଖିତ ତୋଲେମିଙ୍କ ରୂ-ଚିତ୍ରରେ ଥିବା ଉତ୍କଳ ଉପକୂଳର ବନ୍ଦର ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ତୋଲେମିଙ୍କ ନାମିତ ବନ୍ଦର ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଖ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ କର ଠିକ ଭାବରେ ବୁଝିପାରିନାହାନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ଆଲୋଚକମାନେ ସିହାନ୍ତ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ କିଲିକା କୂଳରେ କୁହୁଡ଼ି ନିକଟରେ ଥିବା ଗ୍ରାମ ନିମିନାଗଇନାତା ହ ଟଲେମିଙ୍କ ବଶିତ ନନି-ଗଇନାର ପ୍ରକୃତ ହାନ । ଆଜି ନିମିନା ଓ ଗଇନାଡା ଦୁଇଟି ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ ଗ୍ରାମ । ଏଠାରେଥିବା ବାଲିଆ ଓ ଅମରାବାଲି ଗ୍ରାମ ଯଥାକ୍ରମେ ବାଲିଦ୍ୱୀପ ଓ ଅମରାବତୀ (ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ଭାରତ) ସହ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ସୂଚନା ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥାଏ । ନବମ ଓ ଦଶମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ଆରବ ଓ ପାରସିକ ନାବିକମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଉପକୂଳରେ ଯେଉଁ ନୁବିନ ନାମକ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ବନ୍ଦରର ସୂଚନା ଦିଅନ୍ତି, ଯେଉଁଠାରୁ କି ସରନ୍ ଦ୍ୱୀପ ବା ସୁବର୍ଣ ଦ୍ୱୀପକୁ ବୋଇତ ଯାତାୟାତ କରୁଥିଲା । ତାହା ଏହି ନିମିନା ହୋଇଥିବା ସମ୍ଭାବନା ସବୁଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ।

ସେ ବୃଷିରୁ ବିଚାର କଲେ ଏହି ବହର ବୋଧହୁଏ ପ୍ରଥମ ଶତାହୀରୁ ଏକାଦଶ ଶତାହୀ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟକ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକାରୀ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଟଲେମିଙ୍କ କଟିକଦ୍ଦିମ କଟକ ହୋଇ ନପାରେ । କାରଣ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ୟୟ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଶତାହୀରେ କଟକ ନଗରର ଅଞିତ୍ୱ ନଥିଲା । ପୁରୀତିଲ୍ଲାର କାକଟପୁର କଟିକଦ୍ଦମ ବୋଲି ନିଃସହେରେ କହୁଯାଇପାରେ । ଏହା ନିକଟରେ କାଦୁଆନଦୀ (କଦ୍ଦମ) ଏବେ ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରବାହିତ । ଏଠାରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ବହରର ଅନେକ ସଙ୍କତ ଏବେ ମଧ୍ୟ ରହିଛି । ସେହିପରି ଟଲେମୀଙ୍କ ଚିହ୍ନିତ 'କନାଗର' କୋଣାର୍କ ବୋଲି କହାଯାଇଛି । କୋଣାର୍କର ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଉଉର-ପୂର୍ବକୁ ଦେବୀ ନଦୀର ମୂହାଣ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରହିଥିବା ନଗର'ହିଁ ପ୍ରକୃତରେ ଅତୀତର କୋଶନଗର, କାଳକ୍ରମେ କୋଣ ଶହଟି ଲୋପ ପାଇ ଆଜି 'ନଗର' ଶହି ରହିଯାଇଛି । ଏହା ନିକଟରେ ଥିବା ଗ୍ରାମ ବାଲିପାଟନାଲା, ଦର୍ଷିଶପାନଟାଲା ଓ ବିରୁଡିପାନଟାଲା ଇତ୍ୟାଦି କାରା, ବାଲି, ମାଲୟ ଦ୍ୱୀପ ସହ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଓ ନଦୀପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଏ । ବୋଧହୁଏ ଏହି ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ରାଷାରେ 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହର ଅଥି ତୀର ବା କୂଳ । ଏହା ସମୁଦ୍ର ଓ ନଦୀପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଏ । ବୋଧହୁଏ ଏହି ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଏକଦା ମାଲୟରାଷା ବ୍ୟବହାର କରୁଥିବା ନାବିକମାନେ ବସତି ଛାପନ କରିଥିବାରୁ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହର ବ୍ୟବହାର ହୋଇଛି । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହର ବ୍ୟବହାର ହୋଇଛି । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହର ଆଜି ପାନଟାଲାରେ ପରିଶତ ହୋଇଛି । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହ ଆଜି ପାନଟାଲାରେ ପରିଶତ ହୋଇଛି । ବାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହ ଆଜି ପାନଟାଲାରେ ପରିଶତ ହୋଇଛି । ବାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେଇ' ଶହ ଆଜି ପାନଟାଲାରେ ପରିଶତ ହୋଇଛି । ବାଳକ୍ରମେ ଏହି 'ପାନଟେର' ଶହ ଆଜି ପାନଟାଲାରେ ପରିଶତ ହୋଇଛି । ସହନ୍ତରେ ତିଳେମାନ୍ତ ସହେହ ନାହିଁ । 'କୋଶ' ଶହତି ଟଲେମିଙ୍କ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନାରେ ମୂଳ ବହରର ନାମ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କେତେକ ନଦୀ ଓ ଡ଼ିଲିକାହ୍ରଦ ନିକଟରେ ଏହି 'କୋଶ' ଯୁକ୍ତ ଛାନର ନାମ ରହିଛି । ଯତା - କଟିକୋଶ, ସାରସକୋଶ, କାଣାସ (କେଶଶ୍ରୀ) । ଟଲେମିଙ୍କ ରାଷାରେ ସେଦିନର 'ମାନଦା' ଆଜିର ମହାନଦୀ ବା ଦେବୀନଦୀ । ଲେଖକଙ୍କ ମତରେ ଦେବୀନଦୀ ବୋରଥୁଏ ମହାନଦୀର ପ୍ରଧାନ ଧାର ଥିଲା ଏବଂ ଏହି ନଦୀର ମୁହାଣ ନିକଟରେ ବର୍ଣମାନ ରହିଥିବା ଗ୍ରାମ ମରିଡ଼ିପର, ଧାନୁହର, ବେଲାରୀ ପୁର୍ଡି ପ୍ରଧାନ ବହର ଥିଲା ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ରାଜାମାନେ ଏହି ନଦୀବନ୍ଦରମାନଙ୍କରେ ବହିଃଶ୍ୱତୁକୁ ନଦୀ ମୂହାଣବାଟେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରାଇ ନଦେବାପାଇଁ ସାମନ୍ତ ରାଜାମାନଙ୍କୁ ରଖାଇଥିଲେ । ସେମାନେ ହେଲେ ଗୋଲରା, ମରିଚିପୁର, ହରିଶପୁର, ବିଷ୍କୁନପୂର, କୁଜଙ୍ଗ, ପାରାଦେଇପୁର, ଆଳି, କନିକା, ଏହି ଆଠଗୋଟି ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ ଓଡରୀଷ୍ଟ୍ର କୁହାଯାଉଥିଲା । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ସୂଦୃକ ଗଡ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରି ସାମନ୍ତରାଜାମାନେ ଦେଶରକ୍ଷାର ଭାର ବହନ କରିଥିଲେ । ସେମାନେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ରାଜାଙ୍କଠାରୁ 'ମୂହାଣ ଚୌକିଆ' ଜାଗିର ପାଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ଏମାନଙ୍କର ଉପାଧ୍ ଥିଲା 'ମୂହାଣ କିୟୀର'।

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନଦୀ କୂଳର ନୌବାଣିକ୍ୟ :

ପ୍ରାଚ଼ୀନନଦୀ ନୌବାଣିତ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଏକଦା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଖ୍ୟାତି ହୋଇଥିଲା । ପ୍ରାଚ଼ୀନଦୀର ଐତିହାସିକ ବିଭବ ''ଗ୍ରଛରେ ଡାକ୍ତର ରାଧାଚ଼ରଣ ପଷ୍ଟା କେତେକ ଚମକାର କଥାର ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ କରିଅଛନ୍ତି । ଖାରବେଳଙ୍କ ହାତୀଗୁମ୍ଫା ଶିକାଲେଖ ଅନୁସାରେ ଖ୍ରୀ-ପୂ ୧୭୮ ଅଦ୍ଦରେ ପ୍ରାଚ଼ୀନଦୀ ଖୋଦନ କରାଯାଇଥିଲା । ଗ୍ରୀକ୍ଲେଖକ ଟଲମି ଡାଙ୍କର ପୃଥିବୀ ଭୂଗୋଳ ଗ୍ରଛ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାଦ୍ଦରେ ଏହି ଗ୍ରଛରେ କୋଣାର୍କ ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଏକ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ବନ୍ଦର ବିଷୟରେ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ରହିଛି । ତାହା ହେଲେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାଦ୍ଦବେଳକୁ

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ପ୍ରାଚୀନୀଦ ଓ ତାହାର ପ୍ରଧାନ ଶାଖାନଦୀ ଚିତ୍ରୋତ୍ପଳା ନଦୀରେ ବୋଇତବାଣିଙ୍ଗ ହେଉଥିଲା । ପ୍ରାଚୀନନଦୀ ତୀରରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ବୋଇତ ବାଣିଙ୍ଗର ଅନେକ ସଙ୍କେତ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ । ଚଉରାଶୀ ଗ୍ରାମକୁ ଲାଗି ପ୍ରାଚୀନଦୀ କୂଳରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବୋଇତ ଡିହ' ରହିଛି । ତୁଳସୀ ପୂର ଓ ଚଉରାଶୀର ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଗରେ ଲଳିତା ଓ ପ୍ରାଚୀନଦୀ ମଧ୍ୟରେ 'ବନ୍ଦରେଶ୍ୱର ମହାଦେବ ମନ୍ଦିର' ରହିଛି । ବନ୍ଦର ଥିବାରୁ ମହାଦେବଙ୍କ ନାମ ଏପରି ହୋଇଅଛି । କାକଟପୂର ଥାନାର ଏକାଧିକ ଛାନରେ 'ବୋଇତଡ଼ିହ' ବୋଇତ କୁଦ' ଏବଂ ଜାହାଜପଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରଭୃତି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳିଥାଏ । ପୂନଣ୍ଟ ଏହି ଥାନାର 'ଯୋଗ' ଯୁକ୍ତି ଓ ଅଞ୍ଚରଙ୍ଗ ଗ୍ରାମରେ ଥିବା ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ମନ୍ଦିର ନିକଟରେ ଏପରି ବୋଇତ କୁଦ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଦେଖାଯାଏ । ଚିତ୍ରାପ୍ଳା ନଦୀର ଛାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବୋଇତ କୁଦମାନ ରହିଅଛି । ଏହି ଡିଦ୍ରୋପ୍ଳା ନଦୀରବାଟେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନଦୀ ମଧ୍ୟଦେଇ ଆସୁଥିବା କୋଣାର୍କ ମନ୍ଦିରପାଇଁ ବିଶାଳ ପ୍ରଞ୍ଚର ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ପରିବହନ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଚିତ୍ରାପ୍ଳାର ଛାନୀୟ ନାମ ପଥରବୁହା ନଦୀ ।

ନୌବାଣିକ୍ୟର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାଞ୍ଜ- ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ବନ୍ଦର

ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଉପକୃକରେ ଅନେକ ବନ୍ଦର ଥିଲା । ତମଲ୍କଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ଚିଲିକା ମୁହାଣ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ତେବେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର, ପିପିଲି, ଚୂଡାମଣି, ଧାମରା ଏବଂ କଟକ ଜିଲ୍ଲାର ଚାନ୍ଦବାଲି, ପଟାମୁଷାଇ, ହସୁଆ ପୁର୍ଡି ପୁଧାନ ବନ୍ଦରଥିଲା । ପର୍ତ୍ତଗୀତମାନେ ୧୫୧୪ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାବ୍ଦରେ ମାନ୍ଦ୍ରାଜରୁ ବିଡାଡିଡ ହୋଇ ପିପିଲିଠାର ବାଣିଜ୍ୟକୋଠି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଥିଲେ । ପରେ ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ସେହିଠାରେ ୧୬୩୪ ଖ୍ରୀଷାଜରେ ବାଶିତ୍ୟକୋଠି ହାପନ କଲେ । ଏମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଫରାସୀ, ଦିନାମାର ଏବଂ ଓଲହାତମାନ ମଧ୍ୟ ବାଶିତ୍ୟ କରିବା ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରକୁ ଆକୃଷ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ବିଦେଶୀ ବଣିକମାନଙ୍କ ନାମାନୁସାରେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରର କେତେକ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ଏବେ ଫରାସୀ ଡିଙ୍ଗା, ଦିନାମାର ଡିଙ୍ଗା ଓ ଓଲନ୍ଦାକ ସାହି ଭାବରେ ପରିଚିତ । ବୂଜାବଳଙ୍ଗ ନଦୀତୀରରେ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଯାହାକୁ ପରମିଟ ପଡ଼ିଆ କୁହାଯାଉଛି । ତାହା ଥିଲା ପର୍ରୁଗୀଜମାନଙ୍କର ବାଶିଜ୍ୟକୋଠି । ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟୀୟ ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରୁ ଉନବିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟାର୍ଦ୍ଧ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ବନ୍ଦର ସାରା ଭାରତରେ ପରିଚିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଏହି ବନ୍ଦରର ଐତିହ୍ୟ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଆଲୋକପାତ କରି କୁହାଯାଇଛି ଯେ ୧୬୩୩ ମସିହା କୁନ ମାସରେ କାର୍ଟରାଇଟ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଇଂଲିସ୍ ଫ୍ୟାକ୍ଟରୀ ଛାପନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଡକ୍ସର ଗେବ୍ରିଏଲ ବ୍ରାଉଟନ ମୋଗଲ ସମ୍ରାଟଙ୍କ କନ୍ୟାକୁ ଚିକିହା କରି ରୋଗମୁକ୍ତ କରିଥିବାରୁ ତାହାର ପାରିଶ୍ରମିକ ସ୍ୱରୂପ ଇଷ୍ଟଇଶିଆ କ୍ଞାନୀ ଡରଫରୁ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଏକ କାରଖାନା ବସାଇବାରେ ଅନୁମତି ବା ଫରମାନ ପାଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ 'ହୋପ୍ୱେଲ' ନାମକ କାହାକରେ ଡଃ ବ୍ରାଉଟନ ୧୬୪୨ ମସିହାରେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ପହଞ୍ଚଲ । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଓଲହାକ, ଡେନିସ୍ ଓ ଫ୍ରେଞ୍ଚମାନେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ବାଣିତ୍ୟ କାରବାରରୁ ଓହରିଗଲେ ଏବଂ ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ୧୭୩୧ ସାଲ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଏକଚାଟିଆ ବାଣିତ୍ୟ କରବାର କରିଥିଲେ । ଇଂରେଜ ବଣିକମାନେ ବଳରାମଗଡ଼ିରେ ଏକ ଲୁଗାକଳ ବସାଇଲେ । ୧୭୪୮ ମସିହାରେ ମରହଟାମାନେ ବଳରାମଗଡିରେ ଥିବା ଇଂରେଜମାନଙ୍କ ଲୁଗାକଳକୁ ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ୧୮୦୩ ସାଲରେ ଇଂରେଜମାନେ ହେଲେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରର ଶାସକ । ୧୮୩୧ ମସିହାରେ ଏକ ପ୍ରଳୟକାରୀ ଘୂର୍ଣିବାତ୍ୟାରେ ବଳରାମଗଡିର ଲୁଗାକଳଟି ଧ୍ୱଂସ ହୋଇଗଲା । ୧୮୩୨ ମସିହାରେ ଇଷ୍ଟଇଷ୍ଟିଆ କମ୍ପାନୀର କାରଖାନାଗୁଡ଼ିକ ବନ୍ଦ କରି ଦିଆଗଲା । ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ବନ୍ଦର ସେତେବେଳେ ବିଦେଶକୁ ଚାଉଳ, ଲୁଣ, ତନ୍ତଲୁଗା ଓ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରଙ୍ଗର କାର୍ପାସ ବସ୍ତ ଓ ଟସରଲୁଗା ପଠାଉଥିଲା । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ନଦୀମୁହାଣ ପୋଡି ହୋଇ ନୌବାଶିତ୍ୟର ସ୍ତି ଛପିଗଲା ।

୧୫୬୩ ଖ୍ରୀଷାଦ୍ଦରେ ସିଜର ଫେଡରିକ ନାମକ ଜଣେ ବିଦେଶୀ ବାଣିତ୍ୟ କରୁଥିବା ବେଳେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ବନ୍ଦର ସଂପର୍କରେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ ଯେ ବୃତାବଳଙ୍ଗ ନଦୀର ମୂହାଣ ନିକଟରେ ତାହାତ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଦେଶରେ କୈନ୍ଦିକ ଶତି ଦୂର୍ବକ ହୋଇଗଲା ଏବଂ ସମୁଦ୍ରବକ୍ଷରେ ବିଦେଶୀତଳଦସ୍ୟୁଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ଯୋଗୁ ଏ ଦେଶର ବାଣିତ୍ୟବିଭବ ଲୋପ ପାଇଗଲା । ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେତୁ ନଦୀମୂହାଣ ପୋତି ହୋଇ ବନ୍ଦରର ଅନୁପଯୋଗୀ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଲା । ଉନ୍ଦିଂଶ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀରେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ବନ୍ଦର ସଂପର୍କରେ ବ୍ୟାସକବି ଫକୀର ମୋହନ ଚମତ୍ହାର ବିବରଣୀ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରି ଯାଇଅଛତି— 'ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ତିଲ୍ଲାରେ ନଅଲକ୍ଷ ଲୁଣ ପ୍ରୋଭାନ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଏଥି ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ନିଜ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ଜିଲାର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ସକାଶେ ଦେଜଲକ୍ଷ ମହଣ, ନିଜ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର

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ଏବଂ ଉଦ୍ରଖ ଗୋଲାରେ ଗୋଲାଜାତ କରାଯାଇ ବାକି ସାତେ ସାତଲକ୍ଷ ମହଣ ଲୁଣ ବଇଦେଶର ବ୍ୟବହାର ନିମନ୍ତେ ଗଜାନଦୀ ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଉପକୂଳଷ ସାଲିକା ନାମକ ଗୋଲାକୁ ଚାଲାଣ ଦିଆଯାଏ । ଅଡଙ୍ଗ ଗୋଲାରୁ ସାଲିକା ଗୋଲାକୁ ଲୁଣ ଚାଲାଣ ନେବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ପ୍ରାୟ ତିନିଶତ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରୀ ଜାହାଜ ନିଯୁକ୍ତଥିଲା । ଦୁଇ ଡୁଲିଆ ବଡ ଜାହାଜ ନାମ ଗୋରାପ, ଏକ ଡାଲିଆ ସାନ ଜାହାଜର ନାମ ଶ୍ଳୋପା । ଖଷ୍ଟେ ଖଷ୍ଟେ ଗୋରାପ ଆଠବଶ ହଜାର ମହଣ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମାଲ ବୋଝାଇ ନିଏ । ଖଣ୍ଟିଏ ଖଣ୍ଟିଏ ଜାହାଜ ଚଳାଇବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ଦଶ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ଜଣ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ଥିଲେ । ଜାହାଜ ଚାଳକର ଉପାଧି ମାଝି । ତାହାର ରକ୍ଷାକରୀ ଡଷ୍ଟେଲ, ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ କର୍ମଚାରୀଙ୍କ ଉପାଧି ଖଲାସୀ । ଯଦି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଜାହାଜରେ ୧୫ଜଣ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ଧରାଯାଏ । ତେବେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସଂଖ୍ୟା ପ୍ରାୟ ସାତେ ଚାରିଜହାର । ଏହା ଛଡା ଜାହାଜ ନିର୍ମାଣକାରୀ ବତେଇ, କମାର, କଳାପିଠିଆ ସମୟେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ନିବାସୀ ।

ତାହାତର ଅଧିକାରୀ ମହାତନମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରୀ । କେବଳ ଲବଣ ବହିବାରେ ତାହାତସବୁ ଯେ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ଥିଲା ତାହା ନୁହେଁ । ସେ ସମୟରେ କି ଅନ୍ତର୍ବାଶିତ୍ୟ, କି ବହିବାଶିତ୍ୟ ସମଷ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରବାସୀଙ୍କ ହଷରେ ଥିଲା । ବାଣିତ୍ୟ ଉପଲକ୍ଷେ ବାଲେଶ୍ୱର ତାହାତସବୁ ଗୋପାଳପୁର, ବିଶାଖାପାଟନା, ମାନ୍ଧାତ, ରେଙ୍ଗୁନ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦ୍ୱୀପକୁ ଯାତାୟାତ କରୁଥିଲା ।

ଗ୍ରାମ୍ୟ ଗୀତରେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନୌବାଣିକ୍ୟର ସୂଡି :

ଦୀର୍ଘକାଳର ପରାଧୀନତା ଏବଂ ଅର୍ଥନୈତିକ ଦୂର୍ଗତି ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଗତି କରି ଜାତୀୟଜୀବନ ମ୍ରିୟମାଣ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଲା । ସାତ ସମୁଦ୍ରରେ ବୋଇଡ ରସାଇ ସାଧବପୂଅ ଯେ ଏ ଦେଶକୁ ଐଶ୍ୱଯ୍ୟଶାଳୀ କରିଥିଲେ, ତାହା ଆଜି ଲୋକକଥାରେ ସୀମିତ ରହିଅଛି । ରୁବନେଶ୍ୱରର ବୋଇତାଳ ମନ୍ଦିର, ଜଗନାଥଙ୍କ ମନ୍ଦିରରେ ବୋଇତଚିତ୍ର ଏବଂ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ବ୍ରତକଥାରେ ବୋଇତଯାଦ୍ରାର କାହାଶୀ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନୌବାଣିଙ୍କୟର ସୂଚନା ଦେଇଥାଏ । କୌଣସି କଥା ନାପସନ୍ଦ ହେଲେ ପ୍ରେତ୍ୟେକ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ପାଟିରୁ ଜଗଟିଏ ବାହାରି ଆସେ । -''ଏଇ କଥାକୁ, ନାଆପେଲିଦେଲି କଳିକତାକୁ'' ବେଳେ ବେଳେ କେଉଁ ଦୁଃଖିନୀ ଝିଅଟିଏ ମନକୁ ବୁଝାଇବା ପାଇଁ କହିଦିଏ —'ନଇ ପହଁରଇ ମୀନ, ଦଦରା ଡଙ୍ଗାରେ କେ ଦେଲା ଚିହ୍ନ, ବାପଘରେ ଗଲା ଦିନ ।' ସେକାଳର ପାଲଟଣା ଜାହାଜରେ ବାଣିଙ୍ୟ କାରବାର ଚାଲିଥିଲା । ପ୍ରବଳ ସାମୁଦ୍ରିକ ଝଡ-ଝଞାର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହୋଇ ସାଧବପୂଏ ନାନା ବିପଦର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଦୂରବିଦେଶରେ ଦୀର୍ଘଦିନ ରହିଥିବା କୌଣସି ସାଧବର ନବପରିଶୀତା ବଧୂ ହୁଏତ ଜାଗର ଜାଳି ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛି ସ୍ୱାମୀର ଫେରଡା ବାଟକୁ । ସେହି ସମୟରେ ତାର ହୃଦୟର ମାମିକ ଅରିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ କରୁଣ ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରକଟିତ ହୋଇଛି ଏହି ଗୀତଟିରେ—

''ଡେଙ୍ଗା ତାଳଗନ୍ଧୁ ତ ଖାଇଲେ ବାଦୁଡି ବୋଇତୁ ସାତରାଇ ନଇଲେ ବାହୁଡି ବାପଘରେ ଝିଅ ହୋ ରହିଲା କରମ ଆଦରି ।''

ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନୌବାଣିଙ୍ଗ ଯୁଗରେ ସାଧବ ପୂଅ ଏପରି ଆରିଚ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ଐଣ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଅଧିକାରୀ ହେଉଥିଲେ ଯେ ସେମାନେ ରାଚ୍ଚାପୂଅ, ମନ୍ତ୍ରୀପୂଅ ଏବଂ ସେନାପତି ପୂଅମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବନ୍ଧୁତା କରିବାକୁ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ଲୋକ କାହାଣୀରେ ସାଧବପୂଅ ଘରର କଥା ଅଧିକ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କରାଯାଇଥାଏ । ଅନେକ ବ୍ରତକଥାରେ ସାଧବାଣୀର ବ୍ରତପାରଣା ବିଶୟ ଆଲୋଚିତ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ପଲ୍ଲୀଗୀତରେ ସାଧବ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କର ସମୃଦ୍ଧି ଜୀବନର ଚିତ୍ର ଏହିପରି ଚିତ୍ରଣ କରାଯାଇଛି । ସାଧବପିଲାମାନେ ସୂନାକୁଲେଇରେ ସୁନାଚାନ୍ଦ ଘେନି ଖେକୁଥିଲେ । ସାଧବ ବୋହୂମାନେ ବୋଇତ ବନ୍ଦାଇବା ଲାଗି ନଦୀ ବା ସମୁଦ୍ରକୂଳକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପରଦାପ୍ରଥା ପଚଳନ ନଥିଲା । ଯାବତୀୟ ଓଷା ବ୍ରତଆଦି ସେମାନେ ପାଳନ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଏବେ କାଛ କବାଟରେ ବୋଇତ ଆଦି ଚିତ୍ର ରଚନା ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଚିତ୍ରକଳା ପରିପାଟୀର ସ୍ଲାରକ ହୋଇ ରହିଅଛି । ବିଦେଶରୁ ମୂଲ୍ୟବାନ ରହ, କଳାମେଘୀ ପାଟ, ମେଘଡୟରୁ ଶାତୀ ପ୍ରତ୍ୱତି ଆଣିବାପାଇଁ ସେମାନେ ସ୍ୱାମୀମାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ଅଳି କରୁଥିଲେ । ସାଧବ ବୋହ୍ର ଉଚ୍ଚାକାତ୍ୟା ନିମ୍ନ ପଦରେ ପ୍ରତିଫଳିତ ହୋଇଅଛି ।

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ଶ୍ୱଶର ହୋଇବେ ଗାଁ ରାଜନ ଲୋ

ଶାଶ୍ର ହୋଇଥିବ ରାଣୀ

ଛ ଦେକଶ୍ୱର ଛଅସାଆନ୍ତେ ଲୋ

ବ୍ରଅ ଯାଆ ସାଆରାଣୀ ।

ମୋ ଗିରଷ୍ଟ ହେବ କନକ ରାଜନ

ମୁଁ ହେବି ପାଟରାଣୀ,

ପଅ ବେଇଥିବି ରାଜକୁମାର ଲୋ

ପୋଥ ଧରି ଗୀତ ଗାଇବ

ଦ୍ୱାରେ ଲଗାଇବି ସୁନା ଟଭା ଗଛ

ନରି ଧରି ଫୁଲ ତୋକିବ ।

ବିବାହ ବୟସ ହେଲେ ଅଭିଆଡି ଝିଅମାନେ ସୁକୁମାର ସୁଦର୍ଶନ ବର କଳ୍ପନା କରି ଆମୋଦିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଥଟା କରି ସାଗର ସେପାରି ରାଜ୍ୟର ବର ହାତରେ ଛନ୍ଦି ଦିଆଯିବ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇଛି ।——

''ମାଭସୀ ଘରକୁ ଯେ ଝିଆରିଗଲା ରୁଷି

ବାଛି ବର ଦେବୁଲୋ ମାଉସୀ

ଚାଇମାଳେ ପଶି ।

ଅଛି ଅଛି ବର ଝିଅ ନବ ଡ୍ୱୀପେ ଘର

କିସ ବାହୁନିବି ଲୋ ଝିଆରୀ ତା'ର ଗୋଡଟି ଗୋବର ।

ସେକାଳରେ ଯନ୍ତଚାଳିତ ଜାହାଜ ଉଭାବିତ ହୋଇ ନଥିଲା । ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଅନୁକୂଳ ପାଗ ଦେଖି ପାଲଟଣା ଜାହାଜରେ ସାଧବ ପୂଏ ଯାଉଥିଲେ ସମୁଦ୍ରବକ୍ଷରେ ସୂଦୂର ରାଜ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ନିରାପଦରେ ଫେରି ଆସିବାପାଇଁ ପଲ୍ଲୀବଧୂର ଆକୁଳ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଗ୍ରାମ୍ୟ ଗୀତରେ ଏହିପରି----

ବାୟା ଚ୍ଚେଇର ଅଗଡାଳେ ବସା

ବାଆ କଲେ ଛିଡି ଯେ ପଡ଼ିବ

ଠାକୁର ଭରସା ହୋ ।

ଠାକୁର ଉରସାରେ ତ ବୋଇତ ଚାଲେ ଏକା

ସାତ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଆର ପାରି ହୋ

କରିବ କଣାବିକା ହୋ ।

ଦୀର୍ଘ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଯାତ୍ରା କାଳରେ ସାଧବର ବିପଦକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ସାଧବାଣୀ ବ୍ରଡ ଓଷା ପାକୁଥାଏ ; ଠାକୁରାଣୀଙ୍କୁ ପୂଜା ମନାସୁଥାଏ । ସମୁଦ୍ରର ଝଡ ବତାସରେ ସାଧବର ବିପର୍ଯ୍ୟୟ ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ କଳ୍ପନା କରି ସେ ବିକଳ ହୋଇ ଉଠୁଥାଏ । ପଲ୍ଲୀଗୀଡିରେ ସେହି ଭାବନାର ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଏହିପରି----

OSA Souvent -

ସାଧବାଶୀ ପୂଜଇ କାଳୀ ଖୟେଶ୍ୱରୀ

ସିମିଳି ଦ୍ୱୀପଁ ବୋଇତ ହୋ

ଆସିବଣି ଫେରି ।

ଲଙ୍କା ଦ୍ୱୀପେ ଅଝାଲ ଛିଷ୍ଠି ସେ

ବାଉଳା ବଡାସ

ଅମାମ ବରିଆରେ ମୋ ସାଧବ

ଅଣଶ୍ଚାସ ହୋ ।

ରମଣୀମଣି ଲୟା କୃଞ୍ଚ ଭେରାବାଳ

ସ୍ୱମରି କାନ୍ଦେ ସାଧବ ହୋ

ଅକାତ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ଜଳ ହୋ ।

ଏ ଦେଶର ସାଧବପୂଅ ଫେରି ଆସିଲାବେଳେ କୌଣସି ବିଦେଶୀ ସାଧବପୂଅ ସହିତ ମିତ୍ରତା ହୁଏ ; ଏହି ସୟହକୁ ଘନିଷ କରିବାପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଏଠାରେ ବୈବାହିକ ବନ୍ଧନରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ଦିଆଯାଏ । ଏହିପରି କୌଣସି ବିଦେଶୀପ୍ରତି ବାଗ୍ଦରା ଝିଅ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ କଟାକ୍ଷ କରି କୁହାଯାଇଥାଏ ।

ବୋଇତ ମେଲିଛି ହୋ ହାତୀ ଦ୍ୱୀପ ତଳେ

ରଉଣୀ ରୂଷିଛି ଗୟିରୀ ଉହାଳରେ ।

ନରୂଷ ନରୂଷ ଭଭଶୀ ଆଣିଅଛି ବର

ସଳଖସୁନ୍ଦର ଭେଷାଯେ କାଉଁରୀ ବେଶେ ଘର ହୋ ।

ପ୍ରାଚ଼ୀନ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଜଳଯାତ୍ରାର ବିବରଣ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି । କବି ଉପେନ୍ଦ୍ର ରଞ୍ଜ ଲାବଶ୍ୟବତୀ କାବ୍ୟର ସପ୍ତଦଶ୍ର ଛାନ୍ଦରେ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି :

ବୋଇଡ ଲାଗିଲା ଯାଇ ସିଂହଳ ଦ୍ୱୀପରେ

ସାଧବ ଯୁବତୀମାନେ ଅତି ପ୍ରମୋଦରେ

ଗଲେ ବହିତ୍ର ବନ୍ଦାଇ

ଅର୍ଘ୍ୟଥାଳି ମାନ କରେ ହୁକ ହୁଳି ଦେଇ ।

କବି ଦୀନକୃଷ ଦାସ ''ପ୍ରୟାବସିନ୍ଧୁ କାବ୍ୟରେ ଲେଖିଛତି :

ସୂଚନ ଲୋକ ଯେ ଅଟଇ ନାବ ।

କେବେ ହେଁ ନକେରେ ଅପ୍ରୀତି ଭାବ ॥

ଅସାର କଥା ନପାଞ୍ଚର ମନେ।

ବହି ନେଇ କରେ ଲକ୍ଷଯୋଜନନେ ॥

କୂଳରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରଇ ଆଣି।

ବଡ ଲୋକ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ଏ ରାବେ ଜାଣି ।'' ॥

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବହୁ ବ୍ରତ କଥାରେ ଚଳଯାତ୍ରାର ବିବରଣୀ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣାଚ୍ୟ ରୂପେ ସ୍କରଣ କରାଯାଇଥାଏ । ସତ୍ୟ ନାରାୟଣ ବ୍ରତ ଏହିପରି ଏକ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ବ୍ରତ କଥା । ଏବେ ଏହାକୁ ପାଲା କଥାରେ ମିଶାଇ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି । ଏଥିରେ ସୌଦାଗରମାନଙ୍କର ବାଣିତ୍ୟକଥା କୁହାଯାଇଛି ସମୁଦ୍ର ବକ୍ଷରେ ସୌଦାଗର ତୀବନ ସଙ୍କଟର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହେଲାବେଳେ ଏଣେ ସାଧବାଣୀ ଲୀଳାବତୀ ଏବଂ ସାଧବକନ୍ୟା କଳାବତୀ ବ୍ରତପୂଜା କରିବାରୁ ବୋଇତ ସହିତ ସାଧବର ତୀବନ ରକ୍ଷା ହୋଇ ଯାଇଛି ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଲୋକକଥାରେ ସାଧ୍ୟବର କଳଯାତ୍ରା :

ମୌଖିକ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସଂସାରରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୃକୀମା' କାହାଣୀ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ଏବଂ ସମ୍ବୃଦ୍ଧ । ଏହି କାହାଣୀ ଗୁଡ଼ିକରେ ରାଚାପୂଅ, ମନ୍ତାପୂଅ, କଟୁଆଳପୂଅ ସହିତ ସାଧବପୂଅ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏକ ପ୍ରଧାନ ଚରିତ୍ର । ବହୁ ଲୋକକଥାରେ କେବଳ ସାଧବଘରର କଥାହିଁ କହୁଯାଇଥାଏ । ତହିଁରୁ ପ୍ରମାଶିତ ହେଉଛି ଯେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସାମାଜିକ ଜୀବନରେ ବଣିକ ସାଧବଘରର ଅଶେଷ ପ୍ରଭାବ ଓ ପ୍ରତିପରି ରହିଥିଲା । ବୋଲେହୁଁଟି ଗଞ୍ଚରେ ଏକ ଅସହାୟା ସାଧବାଶୀର ଚରିତ୍ର ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆକର୍ଷଣୀୟ । ସାଧବର ଅନୁପଞ୍ଚିତରେ ରାଚାପୂଅ ସାଧବାଶୀକୁ ଅପହରଣ କରିନେବାର ଚିତ୍ର ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ହୃଦ୍ୟବିଦାରକ ହୋଇଅଛି । 'କୁହୁକ ମଣ୍ଡଳ ଚ୍ତେଇ କଥା' ଏବଂ 'ସୌଦାଗର ଚାରିପୂଅ କଥା'ରୁ ଆମ୍ୟେମାନେ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ ନୌବାଶିତ୍ୟର ସୂଚନା ପାଇଥାଉ । ଅଧିକାଂଶ ଲୋକ କାହାଣୀରେ ସାଧବ ପୂଅର ଜଳଯାତ୍ରା ବିଷୟ ବର୍ଣିତ ହୋଇଥାଏ ।

ସପ୍ତଦଶ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାଦ ବେଳକୁ ପାଣିପାଗର ଅଭାବନୀୟ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେତୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସୁନାବ୍ୟ ନଦୀ ବନ୍ଦର ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ପୋଡି ହୋଇଗଲା । ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ସରକାର ଅଭାବରେ ନୌବାଣିଙ୍ଗକୁ ଉପଯୁକ୍ତ ସୂରକ୍ଷା ମିଳିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଜଳଦସ୍ୟୁମାନଙ୍କ ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଆମର ବାଣିଙ୍ଗଅବନ୍ତିର ଅନ୍ୟତମ କାରଣ ବୋଲି ଜଣାଯାଏ । ଆମ ବନ୍ଦରରୁ ପ୍ରଚୁର ଲୁଣ ରସ୍ତାନୀ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଇଂରେଜ ସରକାର ୧୮୬୧ ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟାଦ୍ଦରେ ଆଇନ ପ୍ରଣୟନ କରି ଲୁଣମରା ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେଲେ । କାଳକ୍ରମେ ବନ୍ଦର ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଅକାମୀ ହୋଇଗଲା । ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ପ୍ରତ୍କିତ ଏକ ଜଗରେ କୁହାଯାଇଛି :

''ଯିଏ ଲୁଣମାରୂଛି ତା'ର ଗାଞିରେ କନା,

ଯିଏ ଲୁଣ ବିକୁଛି ତା'ର କାନରେ ସୁନା ।'

ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଦିନେ ଲୁଣ ମାରି ବାହାରକୁ ରପ୍ତାନି କରି ସମୃଦ୍ଧିଶଳୀ ହେଉଥିଲେ, ସେମାନେ ଦାରୁଣ ବିପର୍ଯ୍ୟୟର ସମ୍ମୂଖୀନ ହେଲେ । ପୂନଶ୍ଚ ବନ୍ଦରର କାରବାର ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଯିବାରୁ ସାଧବଜାତି ଶେଷକୁ କୃଷି ଉପରେ ନିର୍ଭର କରି ଜୀବିକା ନିର୍ବାହ କରିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ତେଣ କର୍ମିଆଦରି କୃଷିଜୀବୀ ଆଉ ଏକ ଜଗ ବୋଲିଥାଏ । :

> ବନ୍ଦର କଉତି ପନ୍ଦରଦିନ କଲିକତା କଉତି ମାସେ, ହିଡ଼ରୁ କାଟି ପହିଲେ ନଦିକୁ ତାକୁ ଖାଇବୁ ବରଷେ ।

ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ 'ସର୍ବନାଶ ହେଲା' ଅର୍ଥରେ ଏବେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଲୋକମୁଖରେ କୁହାଯାଇଥାଏ 'ଜାହାଚ୍ଚ ଫାଟିଗଲା' । କୌଣସି ପରିବାରରେ ସମ୍ବୃଦ୍ଧିର ସୂଚନା ମିଳିଲେ କୁହାଯାଏ- 'ଜାହାଚ୍ଚ ଲାଗିଛି' ଏକଦା ନୌବହର ଜାତି ଭାବରେ ପରିଚିତ ସମ୍ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଉତ୍କଳୀୟମାନଙ୍କର ଆଉ ସେ ଅବଣା ନାହିଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ଲୋକ କଥା, ଲୋକଗାତ, ବ୍ରତ କଥା, ଶିଳ୍ପ, ଗ୍ରାପତ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ଗ୍ରାନେ ବୋଇତକୁଦ ପରି ପ୍ରାଟ଼ୀନ ସଙ୍କେତରୁ ଏ ଜାତି ଯେ ଦିନେ ସମ୍ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଓ ଦୁଃସାହସୀ ବେପାରୀ ଜାତି ଥିଲା ଏବଂ ସମୁଦ୍ର ବକ୍ଷରେ ଏକାଧିବକ୍ଷ ବିଷ୍ତାର କରିଥିଲା, ତାହା କେବଳ ଦୁଃଖଦ ସ୍କୃତି ହୋଇ ରହିଅଛି ।

ଅବସର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ଅଧ୍ୟୟ କେନ୍ଦୁଝର କମାଜଣ କନିକାରୋତ, କଟକ-୮, ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ଥିତି

ଶାନିବାସ ମିଶ୍ର 🗷

ତି ଗୃହୟର ଅନ୍ସେ ବହୁତେ କିଛି ନା କିଛି ଘର କରଣା ଜିନିଷ ଥାଏ, ସେଥି ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଏପରି ଏକ ଜିନିଷ ଥାଏ ପେଉଁଟିକି ଘରର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଲୋକର ନିଡାଡ ଆବଶ୍ୟକୀୟତା ବସ୍ତୁ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଜିନିଷଟି ପେତେ ଛୋଟ ବା ବଡ଼ ହେଉ ତାହାର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଧାରଣ କରିବା ଦରକାର ନହିଁ। କିନ୍କୁ ଏହା ସମସଙ୍କର ନିଡାଡ ଦରକାରୀ । ଏହାର କ୍ଷଣିକ ଅନୁପସିତି ଘରେ ଥିବା ସମସ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଆଲୋଚନାର ବିଷୟବସ୍ତୁ ହୁଏ ।

ମୁଁ ଏପରି ଏକ ଜିନିଷର ଅବତାରଣା କରିବାକୁ ଯାଉଛି ଯାହାକି ଆମ ଘରେ ଏତେ ଓଡଃପ୍ରୋତଃ ଭାବେ ଜଡ଼ିତ ସେ ଏହାର କ୍ଷଣିକ ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ବିବ୍ରତ ଓ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କରିପକାଏ । ଜିନିଷଟି ନିତାକ୍ତ ଛୋଟ । ଅଛି ଅନେକ ଦିନରୁ, ମୋର ନନା ବୋଉ ଏହାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି କର୍ତ୍ତା ।

ଏହାର ଲୟା ଦେଡ଼ଫୁଟ, ଚଉଡ଼ା ଏକ ଫୁଟ, ଉଚ୍ଚତା ପାଞ୍ଚ ଇଞ୍ଚ । ଏହା ଗମ୍ଭାରୀ କାଠରେ ତିଆରି । ନାମ ଏହାର ''ପାନବାକ୍କ'' । ଏହା ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଡାଲାରେ ପାନ, ତିନି ଗ୍ରରିଟି ଡ଼ବାରେ ଗୁଆ, ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ମସଲା, ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୁଆ କାତି, ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଥାଏ । ଜିନିଷରନାମରୁ ବୂଝି ପାରୁଥିବେ ଏହା କେତେ ଦରକାରୀ । କାରଣ ଆମ ଘରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ସମସ୍ତେ ପାନ ଖାଆନ୍ତି । ସେଥିରେ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଗୁହିଦା ଅନୁପୀୟୀ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାରର ମସଲା, ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ପ୍ରଭୃତି ରହିଛି । ଘରକୁ ତ ଅନେକ ଅତିଥି ଅଭ୍ୟାଗତ ଆସନ୍ତି । ସେତେବେଳେ ଡାକ ପଡେ ଅମୁକ ଆସିଲେଣି ପାନ ଦିଅ । ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ଖୋଜା ପଡ଼େ ପାନ ବାକୁ କାହିଁ ? କାରଣ ତାହା ସେତେବେଳେ ଯାଇ ଅନ୍ୟ କେଉଁ ଜଣଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଥାଏ । ତାହାର କିଏ ସଦବ୍ୟବହାର କରିକେଉଁଠାରେ ରଖିଥାଏ । ତାକୁ ଖୋଜି ବାହାର କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ତତଃ ୨/୩ମିନିଟ ଲାଗେ । ସେଥିରେ ତାଲା ନଥାଏ କିମ୍ଭ କାହାକୁ ଏହାର ସତ୍ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିବାରେ ବାରଣ ନଥାଏ l ଘରତ ଗ୍ରଷାଘର, ଗ୍ରଷ ଜମିରୁ ଯେଉଁ ଲୋକମାନେ ଆସତ୍ତି କିଥା ଘରେ ପେଉଁମାନେ ସାମୟିକ କାମ କରିବାକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ ବିନା ଦ୍ୱିଧାରେ ସେଥିରୁ ପାନ ଖାଆନ୍ତି । ସେଥିଲାଗି ମୂଲ୍ୟ ଦେବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ନାହିଁ । କେହି କେବେ ବାରଣ ମଧ୍ୟ କରେ ନାହିଁ । ଏହାର ମୂଲ୍ୟ କେବଳ ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ।

ଏହା ଏକ ନିର୍ଜୀବ ପଦାର୍ଥ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏହାର ଚଳନ ଶକ୍ତି ଅଛି । କେତେବେଳେ ପାନ ବାକୁକୁ ଦାଞ୍ଚରେ ଦେଖିବତ କେତେବେଳେ ରୋଷେଇ ଘର ପାଖରେ ଦେଖିବ । ତା ପାଖକୁ ବହୁତ କମ୍ ଲୋକ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । କିନ୍କୁ ସେ ସମୟଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ପେଝା ପେଝାର ଗ୍ରହିଦା ମୁତାବକ ଆସେ ।

ଏହି ବାକ୍ସ ଆମ ଘର ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ସଂପଦ, ପ୍ରଥମ କଥା, ଏହି ବାକୁରୁ ମୋର କେଜେ ବାପା ପାନ ଖାଇଥିଲେ ଓ ନନା ବୋଉ ପାନ ଖାଉଛନ୍ତି, ଆଜକୁ ୪୦ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା । ଆମ ଛଅ ଭାଇ ଓ ଦୁଇ ଭଉଣୀ ପାନ ଖାଇବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କଲା ଦିନରୁ ଆଜି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଖାଇଆସୁଛୁ । ଇଏତ ଗଲା ଆମଘର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସବୁଦିନିଆ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିବା କଥା। ଏହା ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଆମ ଛଅ ଭାଇ ଓ ଦୁଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କ ବିଭାଘରରେ, ମୋର ଦୁଇଝିଅଙ୍କ ବିଭାଘରରେ, ମୋର ସାନ ଭାଇର ଝିଅ ବିଭାଘରରେ ଓ ତିନି ପୁଅଙ୍କ ବ୍ରତୋପନୟନ ବେଳେ ବହୁ ନିମନ୍ଦିତ ବନ୍ଧୁବାନ୍ଧବ, ଭଦ୍ୱବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଓ ଭଦ୍ର ମହିଳାଙ୍କୁ ପାନ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଦେଇ ବିଶେଷ ଆପ୍ୟାୟିତ କରିଛି । କେତେ ସେ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ପାନ ଦେଇଛି ତାହାର ହିସାବ ନାହିଁ, ରଖିବା ବି ସଂଭବ ନୁହେଁ। ସେହି ସବୁ ନିମିତ୍ତ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କରେ ସେ ସଦା ଚଂଚଳ ଓ ଉନ୍କୃକ୍ତ । ତାହାର ଇଛା ପେପରି କଶାପଡେ କିଏ କେତେ ପାରୁଛ ମୋ ଠାରୁ ପାନ ଖଂଡେ ଖଂଡେ ଖାଇପାଅ, ତାର କି ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଉପରୋକ୍ତ ନିମତ୍ତ୍ୟ ବାଦେ ଆଉ ଅନେକ ଛୋଟ ମୋଟ କେତେ ଯେ କାମ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଏଘରେ ହୋଇଛି ତାହାର ହିସାବ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ଦୁ ପାନବାକୁ କାହାକୁ ପାନଖଞ୍ଚେ ଦେବାରେ କେବେ କୁଶାବୋଧ କରିନାହିଁ ।

ଏହା ପାନବାକ୍ସର କେତେକ ଐତିହାସିକ ଘଟଣା ଅଛି, ତାହା ହେଉଛି ବିଭାଘରର ଉସ୍ପବଦିନ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଏହା ଘୋଡ଼ା କାମ କରେ । ମୋର ଏକମାତ୍ର ପିଉସୀନାନୀ ପେକି ମୃତ, ସେ ଏହି ପାନବାକ୍ସ ଉପରେ ବସି ଏହାକୁ ଘୋଡ଼ା କରି ଘରେ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ଥିବା ବ'ଧୁ ବା'ଧବଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ମାଛବିଳ୍ରୀ କରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ସେତେବେଳେ ଏହା ଏତେ ଆମୋଦକର ବସ୍ତୁ ହୁଏ ତାହା କେବଳ ଦେଖିଲାଲୋକ ଜାଣିଥିବେ ।

ଦାପାବଳୀ ରାତିରେ ଘରେ ବାଣଫୁଟା ସରିଲା ପରେ ବୋଇତ ବନ୍ଦାଣ କରାଯାଏ । ଆମର ଏହି ପାନ ବାକୁ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସମସ୍ତ ଜିନିଷ ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆଜକୁ ୪୦ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ନିରବହିନ ଭାବରେ ସାନ ପାଇ ଆସୁଅଛି । ବିଦେଶରୁ ସାଧବ ପୁଅମାନେ ଧନରହ ଆଣୁଥିଲେ । ସେଥିରେ ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ନଥାଏ । ଥାଏ କଳହ ଏବଂ ଶତୁତା । କିନ୍କୁ ପାନବାକ୍ସ ସେଦିନ ବିଦେଶରୁ ଯାହା ଧରି ଆସେ ତାହା ଆସନ୍ତା ଗୋଟିଏ ବର୍ଷ ପାଇଁ ଅମୃତ ପ୍ରେମର ସଂଭାର ।

କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମା ଦିନ ପ୍ରତିବର୍ଷ ଏହି ପାନବାକ୍ସରୁ ପାନ ଭଂଗା ହୋଇ ପରିବାରରେ ସମୟଙ୍କ ନାମରେ ପାନ ଆମ ବାଡ଼ି ପୁଞ୍ଜରଣାରେ ''ଆକା ମା ଭୈଇ..'' କହି ପାନ ପକାଯାଏ । ଏହାର ପ୍ରତି ବଦଳରେ ବିଗତ ବର୍ଷର ଅର୍ଜିତ ପାପରୁ ସମସ୍ତେ ମୁକ୍ତି କାମନା କରନ୍ତି । ପାନ ବାକ୍ସର ସ୍ନେହର ଏକ ନିବର୍ଶନ ନଦେଲେ ଲେଖକ ସେହି ବାକ୍ଶକ୍ତି ରହିତ ନିର୍ଜୀବ ପଦାର୍ଥ ପ୍ରତି ଅବମାନନା କରୁଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ଭାବୁଛନ୍ତି ।

ମୁଁ ଆଗରୁ କହିଛି ସେ ଆମେ ଛଅ ଭାଇ ଓ ଦୁଇଇଉଣୀ । ପାନ ଖାଇବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ଏହି ପାନ ବାକ୍ସରୁ କରିଛୁ । ଏହି ଛଅ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରୁ କଣେ ପୃଥିଗର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ଗୋଲାର୍ଦ୍ଧରେ (ଆମେରିକା) ରହୁଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଥାଇ କଲେକ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ଶେଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପେତେବେଳେ ଛୁଟାରେ ଘରକୁ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ଏହି ପାନ ବାକ୍ସରୁ ପ୍ରତୁର ପାନ ଖାଆନ୍ତି । ଏବେ ସେ ପେତେବେଳେ ଆମେରିକାରୁ ବୁଇବର୍ଷ ବା ତିନିବର୍ଷରେ ଘରକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି, ସେତେବେଳେ ଦେଖିବ ଏହି ପାନ ବାକ୍ସର କି ଆନନ୍ଦ । ଯେଉଁ କେତେ ଦିନ ଭାଇ ରହେ ଘରେ, ଏଥିରୁ ଏତେ ପାନ ଖାଏ ପେ ଆମେରିକାରୁ ଆସିଥିଲା ବେଳେ ତାର ପେଉଁ ଦାନ୍ତ ହସାଦନ୍ତ ପରି ସଫା ବିଶୁଥାଏ, ଘରୁ ଆମେରିକା ଯିବା ସମୟରେ ତାର ବାନ୍ତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ସୁଦର ନାଲି ରଂଗର ଆବରଣ ପଡ଼ିପାଏ । କଲିକତାରେ ତାକୁ ଦନ୍ତ ସଫା କରିଯିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ । ଏଥିରୁ କାଣୁଥିବେ ପାନବାକ୍ସ ଡାକୁ କିୟା ସେ ପାନ ବାକ୍ସକୁ ଏବେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଭୂଲି ପାରି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଭୁଲି ହେବ କିପରି, ସେ ପରା ଆବାଲ୍ୟରୁ ସମସଙ୍କୁ ତାର ଅକୁଷ୍ଠିତ ସ୍ନେହରେ ବାନ୍ଧି ରଖିଛି ।

ଉପସିତ ବାକ୍ସରେ ଏକ ଇଞ୍ଚ ବହଳରେ ଚୁନ ଲାଗିଛି । ସବୁ ସମୟରେ ଏଥିରେ ଅଧାଡବା ଯାଏ ଗୁଆ, ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ପାନ ବାକ୍ସ ଭିତରେ ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ଦୈବାତ ଗୁଆ, ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ପେତେବେଳେ ଡବାରୁ ସରିଯାଏ ସେତେବେଳେ ତାର ସଦବ୍ୟବହାର ହୁଏ । ମଝିରେ ମଝିରେ ମୋର ବୋଉ ଏକୁ ସଫା କରିବସେ । ସଫା କରୁଥାଏ ଓ ତାହା ସହ -''ବାଡ଼ିପୋଷା ସବୁ ବେଳେ ପାନ ଖାଇଦେଇ କେହି ସଫୀ କରିବେ ନାହିଁ । ମୁଁ ଖାଲି ସବୁବେଳେ ଏକୁ ସଫା କରୁଥିବି । ଆଉ ଏଣିକି ଯଦି କେହି ଏଥିରୁ ପାନ ଖାଇବ ଫେରେ ବେଖିବ '' ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । କିଲ୍ଲ ଏହାର ଏବେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମଧ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ଏହା ଦେହରେ ସେହିପରି ଚୁନ ଲାଗିଥାଏ ଓ ଅଧାବହଳର ଗୁଆ, ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ବାକ୍ସ ଭିତରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବାର ଦେଖିବାକୁ ମିଳେ। ଏହାର କାରଣ ସେ ପରା ସମସଙ୍କର । ଆମେ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀମାନେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ପାନ ଖାଇବା ଅଭ୍ୟସ କଲ୍ଲ ସେତେବେଳେ ନନା, ବୋଉଙ୍କୁ ବହୁତ ତରି ପାନ ଖାଉଥିଲ । ପାନ ଖାଉଥିବା ପୋଗୁଁ ଆମେ ବହୁତ ଗାଳି ଶୁଣିଛୁ । କିନ୍କୁ ଆପଣ ଆଶୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେବେ ଆମ ପାଇଁ ପାନ ବାକୁ କେବେ କାର୍ପଶ୍ୟବୋଧ କରିନାହିଁ । ସେ କହିଛି ପିଲେ ତମେ ଲୁଚି ଲୁଚି ଆସି ମୋଠାରୁ ପାନ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଖାଇ ଯାଅ । କି ଅମାୟିକ ହୃବୟ ତାର । ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ଏଥିରୁ ପାନ ନେଉଥିବାବେଳେ ବୋଉ ହାବୁଡ଼ରେ ପଡୁ । ସେତେବେଳେ ଏହାର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ

ବଡ଼ ହୃଦୟ ବିଦାରକ । କଣେ ଆଦର ଓ ସ୍ନେହରେ ପାନ ଦେଉଥିଲା ବେଳେ ଆଉ କଶକର ଭର୍ଛନା । ମୁଁ ଭାବିପାରୁ ନାହିଁ ଆମର ସେହି ଆଦରର ପାନବାକ୍ସ ସେତେବେଳେ କଣ ଭାବୁଥିବ । ସେ କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି କାହାକୁ କହେ ନାହିଁକି ତାର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ କାହାପ୍ରତି କିଛି ଅବହେଳା କରେନାହିଁ ।

ପାନବାକ୍ସ ସମସଙ୍କୁ ତାର ଶକ୍ତି ମୁଡାବକ ଆପ୍ୟାୟିତ କରିବାରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ । ତେବେ ଯୁଗର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ସହିତ ଏହାର କିଛିଟା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହୋଇଛି । ଆଗେ ଗୁଆ ଗୁଣ୍ଡି ପାନ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଜିନିଷର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ବହୁତ ଶସ୍ତା ଥିଲା, ତେଣୁ ସେ ପାନ ଦେଲାବେଳେ ସେଥିରେ ସେ ନାନା ପ୍ରକାରର ମସଲା ଦେଉଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଜିନିଷର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପୋଗେ ସେଥିରୁ ଅନେକଟା କମିଯାଇଛି । ଆଗେ ସେ ପେଉଁ ମହାସମାରୋହରେ ପାନ ସମସଙ୍କୁ ପରିବେଷଣ କରୁଥିଲା ଏବେ ସେପରି ଦେଇ ପାରୁ ନଥିବାରୁ ତାର ମନରେ କଣ କଷ୍ଟ ହେଉନଥିବ ?

ପେଉଁ ପାନବାକ୍ସ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କର ଏତେ ବରକାରୀ ଓ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସେ ଏତେ ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ବେଇଛି ତାର ପ୍ରତିବଦନରେ ସେ ପାଇଛି କଣ ?ତୂନ ଉପରେ ତୂନ ଲେସା ଓ ତା ଭିତରେ ନାନା ପ୍ରକାରର ଆବର୍ଜନା । କିନ୍କୁ ଆପଣମାନେ ବାହାରକୁ ତାକୁ ଯେତେ ଅପରିଷ୍ଟାର ବେଖିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାର ଅନ୍ତର ସଦା ନିର୍ମନ ଓ ସ୍ୱକ୍ସ ।

କେହି କେହି ପାଠକ ବୋଧେ ଭାବି ପାରଡି ଏପରି ଏକ ନିର୍ଜୀବ ପଦାର୍ଥ ପ୍ରତି ଲେଖକଙ୍କର ଏତେ ବରଦ କାହିଁକି ? ଏହାର ଉତ୍ତର ବଡ଼ ସହକ । ଲେଖକଙ୍କୁ ଆସି ୫ ୩ବର୍ଷ ବୟସ ହେଲାଣି । ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ୨ ୫ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରୁ ଏହି ବାକ୍ସରୁ ପାନ ଖାଇ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି । ଆଜକୁ ଦାର୍ଘ ୨ ୮ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ଏହି ବାକ୍ସ ସହ ପରିବୟ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଏହାର ରଂଗ, ଡ଼ଂଗ, ଆକାର, ପ୍ରକାର, ଆଦର ଓ ସ୍ନେହ ସହ ବିଶେଷ ଭାବରେ ପରିଚିତ । ଏହା ପଛରେ ଘରର ଆଭିକାତ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ବପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ଏ ବଂଶର ସମସ୍ତ ସ୍ଥୃତି ନିହିତ ଅଛି । ତେଣୁ ଲେଖକ ଏହାକୁ ଘରର ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ସଂପଦ ବୋଲି କହିଲେ ବୋଧେ ଅତ୍ୟୁକ୍ତି ହେବନାହିଁ ।

(ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ମିଶ୍ର ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ରେ ଅବସାନ କରୁଥିବା ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ସୁଧାଂଶୁ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କ ବଡ଼ଭାଇ ଏବଂ ଆଠଗଡ଼ର ସୁନାମଧନ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟବସାୟୀ ଓ ଧର୍ମ ପରାୟଣ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି)

ଆଈର ସ୍ଥୃତିରେ

ସଂଗୀତା ରଥ 🗷

ଲାରାମ୍ ଘଡ଼ି ଉପରେ ମୋର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ନଥିଲା ବୋଲି, ମୁଁ ଆଈକୁ କହିଦେଇଥାଏ ପରୀକ୍ଷା ବେଳେ ଭୋର ୪ଟାରେ ଜାକିଦେବାକୁ । କୁନୁରୀ, କୁନୁରୀ କହି ସେ ମୋତେ ଉଠାଇ ଦିଏ । ବାପା, ମା ମୋର ନାମ ଦେଇଥିଲେ କୁନୁ, କିନ୍କୁ ଆଈ ଗେହ୍ଲରେ ଡାକୁଥିଲା କୁନୁରୀ, ଆହାଃ କି ମଧୁର ଡାକ ସେ ! ଖରାଛୁଟି ହେଲେ ଅକା, ଆଈ ପାଖକୁ ଯିବି ବୋଲି ବାପା, ମାକୁ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ କରିଦିଏ । ହୁଟି ସାରା ସାଇକେଲ ଚଡ଼ି, ଅକାଙ୍କ ସହ ବକାର ବୁଲି, ଦୋଳି ଖେଳି, ଆଈର ହାତ ତିଆରି ମାଲପୁଆ ଖାଇ ଖୁସି ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ସମୟ କଟି ଯାଉଥିଲା ।

ଅଜାଙ୍କର ଇହଧାମ ପରେ ଆଈ ମୋର ବହୁତ ଏକୁଟିଆ ହୋଇପାଇଥିଲା । ତେଷ୍ଟା କରିଥିଲି ବୁନିଆରେ ସବୁ ଖୁସି ଆଣି ତାକୁ ପୁଣିଥରେ ସୁଖା କରିବାକୁ, କିନ୍କୁ ଆଈର ମନବଳ ଓ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଆଗରେ ମୁଁ ହାରିଯାଇଥିଲି । ଅଜାଙ୍କ ବିନା ଜୀବନ ବିତାଇବାକୁ ସେ ଆରୟ କରିବେଇଥିଲା ।

ବାପାଙ୍କର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଟ୍ରାନସ୍ଫର ପରେ ଆଈ ମଝିରେ ମଝିରେ ଆସି ଆମ ପାଖରେ ରୁହେ । ଯିଏ ଆମ ଘରକୁ ଆସୁଥିଲେ ଆଈ ତାର ସ୍ନେହର ପଣତରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ବାନ୍ଧି ରଖୁଥିଲା । ଅନ୍ୟର ଖୁସିରେ ଖୁସି ଓ ବୁଃଖରେ ସେ ବୁଃଖୀ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଅନ୍ୟକୁ ଖୁଆଇବାରେ ତାର କି ଆନଦ ! ଖରାବେଳେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଖୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଥିବେ । ଆଈ ପିଠା ତିଆରିରେ ଲାଗିଥିବ । ନିକେତ କିଛି ଖାଇପାରେନି ତାର ହାର୍ଟ ପ୍ରୋବ୍ୱକେମ୍ ପାଇଁ, କିଲୁ ଅନ୍ୟମାନେ ଖାଇଲେ ତାର ପେଟପୁରି ଯାଏ । ବାଇଗଣ ଗୋଟେ ପୋଡ଼ି ମୁଡ଼ିରେ ଗୋଳେଇଦେଇ ଆଈ ପେତେବେଳେ ଖାଇଗକୁ ଦିଏ, ତାହା ପାଟିକୁ ଅମୃତ ପରି ଲାଗେ । ଛୋଟ ବେଳୁ ଗୋଡ଼ ଘସି ଘସି ଆଈ ମୋର ଗୋଟେ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରିଦେଇଥିଲା । ଥକ୍କାହୋଇ ବାଶୀବିହାରରୁ ଫେରି ଆଈପାଖରେ ଖୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ସେ ମୋର ମନକଥା କାଣିଯାଏ । ତାର ନରମ ପତଳା ହାଡ ମୋ ଗୋଡ଼ ଉପରେ ରଖିଦେଲେ ଆପେ ଆପେ ସବୁ ପୀଡ଼ା ଗ୍ଲିପାଏ । ଆମ ସମସଙ୍କ ସହ ଏମିତି ଖୁସି ଆନଦରେ ଆଈର ଦିନ କଟିଯାଉଥିଲା ।

ଦିନ ଆସିଲା ଆଈର କୁନୁରୀ ଯିବ ଶାଶୁଘର । ଏକା ଜିଦ୍ ସେ ପାଟଲୁଗା ପିନ୍ଧିବ । ମା ତା ପାଇଁ ବଢ଼ିଆ ପାଟଲୁଗା ଆଣିଦେଲା । କି ଆନନ୍ଦ ତାର ମାନୁକୁ ନାତୁଣୀ କୋଇଁ ରୂପେ ପାଇ । ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ମୋର ବି ମାନୁଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ଈର୍ଷ୍ୟା ହେଉଥିଲା କାରଣ ଆଈ ତାଙ୍କୁ ମୋଠୁ ବେଶି ଉଲ ପାଉଥିଲା ବେଲି । ଆମର ପେତେବେଳେ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବାର ହେଲା ମାନୁ ପଗ୍ୱରିଲେ ''ଆଈ, ଆରଥର ଆମେରିକାରୁ ଆସିଲାବେଳେ ତୁମପାଇଁ କଣ ନେଇ ଆସିବୁ । ଆଈ କହିଲା- ଗୋଟେ କଥାକୁଉ କଞ୍ଜେଇ ଆଣିବ । ଗଲ ତିନିମାସ ତଳେ ମାନୁ ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ଆଈ ଏଥର ତୁମପାଇଁ ଗୋଟେ କଞ୍ଜେଇ ନେଇକି ଯିବୁ । ମୁଁ ବି ଭାବୁଥିଲି ଆଈ କେତେ ଖୁସିହବ ତା କୁନୁରୀର ଛୁଆକୁ ବେଖି ।

ହେଲେ ମୋର ସେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନରେହିଁ ରହିଗଲା । ଗଲା ଜାନୁୟାରୀ ମାସ ୧ ୧ ତାରିଖରେ ବାପା ଫୋନ କରି କହିଲେ, ଆଈ ଏ ବୁନିଆରେ ନାହିଁ । ଏଇ ମିଛମାୟା ସଂସାରର ରଂଗମଂତରୁ ଅଭିନୟ ସାରି ସେ ବିଦାୟ ନେଇଛି । ତେବେ ଆଈ କଶ ସତରେ ତାର କଣ୍ଟେଇକୁ ବେଖିପାରିବନି...... । ହଁ ସେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଦେଖିବ । ସେଦିନ ସେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗପୁରୀରୁ ପକ୍ଷୀରାଜ ଘୋଡ଼ାରେ ଚଡ଼ି ଓହ୍ଲାଇ ଆସିବ ତା କୁନୁରୀର ଛୁଆକୁ ଆଶାର୍ବାଦ ଦେବାପାଇଁ । କେହି ନ ବେଖି ପାରିଲେବି ସେ ଜୀଅନ୍ତା କଞ୍ଚେଇ ଜାଣିବ ତାର କିଏ ଅତି ପ୍ରିୟ ଆସି ତାକୁ ଚୁମା ଦେଇଗଲେ ।

ଆଈ ! ତାକ୍ତର କହିଲେ ତୋର ହୃତପିଞ୍ଚଟା ବହୁତ ବୁର୍ବଳ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ପେ ତୁ ବଶବର୍ଷ ଆଗରୁ ଏ କଗତରୁ ଗ୍ୱଲିଯାଇସାରନ୍ତୁଣି । କିନ୍କୁ ଡାକ୍ତର ଜାଣିନଥିଲେ ତୋପରି ବିଶାଳ, ଦମ୍ମ ଉଦାର ହୃଦ୍ୟ ଆଉ କାହାର ନହିଁ । ଜାବନର ସବୁଦୁଃଖ ସେ ହୃଦ୍ୟରେ ଲୁଚେଇ ରଖି ସମସଙ୍କୁ ଖୁସିଦେଇ ତୁ ଗ୍ୱଲିଗଲୁ । ଏଥର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ଗଲେ ତୋ କୁନୁରୀ ତୋତେ ବହୁତ ଖୋଜିବ । ତୁ ଆଜି ଆମପାଖରେ ନାହୁଁ । ହେଲେ ତୋର ସ୍ଥୁତିକୁ ସ୍ମରଣ କରି ଆମେ ତୋତେ ମନେ ରଖିଥିବୁ । ତୁ ଏବେ ଅଜାଙ୍କ ସହ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗପୁରୀରେ ଖୁସିରେ ରହ । ତୋର ଆତ୍ମା ଶାଡି ପାଉ । ଏତିକି ପୁର୍ଭ ଚକାତୋଳାଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ମୋର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ।

ଟକ୍ଷା, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ.

ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି

ନାରାୟଣ ରଥ 🗷

ବକ୍ଷୁ ମୋବନ ମହାନ୍ତି'' ଜନ୍ମଲାଭର ପାଂଚଦିନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କୁଆଡ଼େ ସବୁବେଳେ ଶୋଇ ରହିଥିଲେ ବୋଲି, ଜେଜେବାପା ସ୍ନେହରେ ନାମକରଣ କରିଥିଲେ ''ରକ୍ଷୁ ମୋଦନ'' । ମାତ୍ର କଲେଜ ଯିବା ପରଠାରୁ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ଦୀର୍ଘ ନାମଟିକୁ ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ କରିଦେଇ ଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ସେଇଦିନ ଠାରୁ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ସାଂଗସାଥି ଓ ସହକମାମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଥିଲେ ''ସି.ଏମ୍.ମହାନ୍ତି । ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତରେ ''ସି.ଏମ୍'' । ସି.ଏମ୍. ଇଂଜିନିୟରିଂ ପାଶ୍ କଲାପରେ ପି.ଡଚ୍ଲୁ.ଡିରେ ଆସିଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟ ଇଂଜିନିୟର ଆକାରରେ ଗ୍ୱକିରୀ ଆରୟ କରି ସୂପରିଟେ୫େୟ ଇଂଜିନିୟର ପଦକୁ ଉଠିଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ସବୁ ବେଳେ ତାଂକ ମନରେ ଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ । ରାଜନୀତିରେ ଗୋଟିଏ କ୍ୟାରିୟର କରିବା ପାଇଁ, ଏବଂ କୌଣସି ଗୋଟିଏ ରାଜ୍ୟ କିୟା ଲୋକସଭାର ସଦସ୍ୟ ହେବାପାଇଁ । ହେଲେ ସମୟର ଅଭାବ ତଥା ଦୁଇଝିଅଙ୍କର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥାରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରହି ତାହା ଶୀଘୁ ସଂଭବ ହୋଇ ପାରିନଥିଲା । ଅବକାଶ ନେବାର ଠିକ୍ ଗ୍ରରିବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସି.ଏମ୍. ମନସ୍ତ କଲେ ପେ ସେ ଏଇଥର ତାଂକ ଜୀବନ ଯାତ୍ରାର ପଥ ବବଳାଇବେ ଏବଂ ନିଜ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟସାଧନ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରତେଷ୍ଟା କରିବେ । ଏପରି ବିଗ୍ୱର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସେ ରାଜ୍ୟସଭାର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ହେବା ନିମନ୍ତେ 'ଗୁକିରୀରୁ ଇସଫା ଦେଇ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସି.ାମ୍. ସିନା ଗୁକିରୀରୁ ଇସଫା ବେଲେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ସାଧନ ନିମନ୍ତେ, ମାତ୍ର ରାଜନୀତି ପଥଟା ସେତେ ସରଳ ଏବଂ ସହଜ ନୁହେଁ, ପୁନଶ୍ଚ ରାଜ୍ୟ ସଭାର ସଦସ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ହେବା ନିମନ୍ତେ । ଜିଲ୍ଲା କିୟା ଅଂଚଳ ସରୀୟ ରାଜନୀତିଟା ସୁବିଧା ହୋଇପାରେ ମାତ୍ର ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ସରୀୟ ରାଜନୀତି ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ପ୍ରତିପୋଗୀ ଏବଂ ତା ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅଧିକାଂଶ ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ସମସ୍ତକାଳ ସେଇ ବ୍ୟବସାୟ (ରାଜନୀତି) କରି ଚଳି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ତାହା ମଧ୍ୟରୁ ଅନେକ ବେକାର । ତେବେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଟଂକା, ପଇସା, ଗୁଲିଚଳନ ସରଜ୍ଞାମର ଅଭାବ ହେବାର ଶୁଣାଯାଇ ନାହିଁ । ତେବେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା କରି ସଫଳତା ଲାଭ କରିବା ପାଇଁ କେବଳ ସେ ରାଜନୀତି ଦରକାର ତାହାନୁହେଁ, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ଏବଂ ଅଥି ଆୟୋଜନର ନିହାତି ଆବଶ୍ୟକ । ରାଜନୀତି ଏବଂ ଅର୍ଥନୀତିର ଗୂଡ଼ ସଂବନ୍ଧ ତାହା ଅନେକ କାଳରୁ ଚଳି ଆସିଅଛି । ପୂନ୍ରର୍ବାର ସଫଳ ରାଜନୀତିକ ନିମନ୍ତେ ଅରୀଛନୀୟ ବହୃତା ଦେବାର ସକ୍ଷମତା ହିଁ ଦରକାର । ସେଉଁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଏକାଧାରରେ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରପତ୍ର ବ୍ୟବସାୟ ଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି କେନ୍ଦ୍ରୀୟ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଗାଟ୍ ବିବରଣୀ ମଧ୍ୟ ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟାନ କରିପାରିବ ତାର ସେତିକି ସଫଳତା ହେବ । ପି.ଡଚ୍ଲୁ.ଡି ଇଂଜିନିୟର ହେବାଠାରୁ ସି.ଏମ୍. ଅନେକ ପରିମାଣରେ ବକ୍ତା ବିଷୟରେ ସୀମିତ ହୋଇପାଇଥିଲେ । ସକାଳଠାରୁ ସଂଧ୍ୟା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମାଟି, ଗୋଡ଼ି, ଟୁକ ।

ଇଂଜିନିୟରିଂ ତଥା ଖାପ ପତ୍ର ପରିଗ୍ୱଳନା କରୁଁ କରୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜ ଗ୍ରାମର ଖବର ମଧ୍ୟ ରଖି ପାଚୁନଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ପେହେତୁ ସେ ତାଂକ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟପଥର ଯାତ୍ରୀ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ତାହା କୌଣସି ପ୍ରକାରରେ ସାଧନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ଏଥି ପାଇଁ ସେମଧ୍ୟ ଅନେକ ଉତ୍ચାହ ପାଉଥିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଟିର ସହଯୋଗୀ ଓ ଗ୍ରମଗ୍ରମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରୁ । ଭାଷଣ ଦେଲେ ଯେ ଲୋକ ହେବେ ସେ ପାଇଁ ସେମାନେ ଗ୍ୟାରେଣ୍ଟି ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ଭାଷଣ ଶୁଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଲୋକମାନେ ସେମିତି ଆସିବେ ନାହିଁ, ତାଙ୍କୁ ବସ୍ କରି ଆଣିବା ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରାଯିବ ଏବଂ ଖାଇବା, ପିଇବା, ତୀର୍ଥ ଯାତ୍ରୀ ଇତ୍ୟାଦିର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ବହନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ, ପୁଣି ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଅନେକ ସରଖାମ ଲୋଡ଼ା, ଲାଉଡ଼୍ ସ୍ଥିକର, ରିକ୍କା, ପୋଷ୍ଟର, ଆଧୁନିକ ହିନ୍ଦିଗୀତ, ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ସେ ସବୁ ଯେପରି ରାଜନୀତିର ଏକ ଅବିକ୍ଟେବ୍ୟ ଅଂଗ, ଏବଂ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଅଥିର ଅନେକ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା, ଖାଲି ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଥିଲେ ଚଳିବ ନାହିଁ, ଅର୍ଥ ସାଧନର ଉପପୋଗୀତା ମଧ୍ୟ ଦରକାର । ତାର ଅର୍ଥ ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ସି. ଏମ୍. ତାଙ୍କ ପି.ଡବ୍ଲୁ.ଡି କ୍ୟାରିୟରରେ ବିଶେଷ ସକ୍ଷମ ହୋଇନଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ଯାହା ଉପୁରୀ କରି ଟଂକା କମେଇଥିଲେ ତାହା ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଇଝିଅଙ୍କ ପୌତୁକ ରେ ଲାଗିଲା । ସି.ଏମ୍. ଗୁକିରୀରୁ ଇସଫା ଦେବାପୂର୍ବରୁ ଏ ପ୍ରତି ବିଶେଷ ଗଭୀର ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଦେଇନଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ବୋଧହୁଏ ସେ ଇସ୍ତଫୀ ପତ୍ର ଦେଇନଥାନ୍ତେ । ହେଲେ ପକେଇଲା ଛେପ ଢ଼ୋକି ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ତେଣୁ ତାଂକୁ କୌଣସି ମତେ ରାଜ୍ୟସଭାକୁ ନିର୍ବାଚିତ ହେବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ଯାହାଦ୍ୱାର। ସେ କେବଳ ନିଜର ଅଥାଭାବ ଦୂର କରିବେ ଡାହା ନୁହେଁ, ତାଙ୍କ ଦୁଇ ଜାମାତାଙ୍କର ଆର୍ଥିକ ଭାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଲାଘବ କରିପାରିବେ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ଯେ କେବଳ ଜାତିର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଚିନ୍ତା କରୁଥିଲେ ତାହା ନୁହେଁ, ସେ ବହୁତ ଦୂରଦର୍ଶୀ ଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ । ତେବେ ହଠାତ୍ଦ କରି ଅର୍ଥାଗମ ହେବ କେଉଁଠାରୁ ?

ହଠାତ୍ କରି ଚିକ୍ତା ସାଗରରେ ଭାସୁଥିବା ସି.ଏମ୍. ବାବୁଙ୍କୁ କୂଳ ମିଳିଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ମାଉସୀ ପୁଅ ଭାଇ ଅତ୍ୟାଧିକ ଦାସ, ପେ କି ଆମେରିକାର ବାସିନ୍ଦା, ତାଙ୍କୁ ଅନେକ ଥର ଆମେରିକା ଭ୍ରମଣ ପାଇଁ ଆମନ୍ସଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ସମୟ ଅଭାବରୁ ଆମନ୍ସଣ ରକ୍ଷାକରି ପାରିନଥିଲେ । ଏଇଟା ତାଂକୁ ବିଶେଷ ସୁଯୋଗ ଭଳି ଲାଗିଲା । ଯଦି ସେ ଆମେରିକା ଯାଇ ପ୍ରକାରାନ୍ତରେ ତାଂକୁ ବୁଝାଇ କୌଣସି ଅର୍ଥ ଆୟତ୍ତ କରିପାରତେ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପ୍ରସ୍ୱରଟା ସୁରୁଖୁରରେ ଗ୍ୱଲିପାରତା ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କ କରିଆରେ ଯଦି ଆମେରିକାର ଆଉ କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କୁ ହୃଦ୍ଦରେଧ କରାଇ କିଛି ଆର୍ଥିକ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଆୟୋଜନ କରିପାରତେ ତାହା ନିର୍ବାଚନର ସଫଳତା ପାଇଁ ଭଲ ହୁଅନ୍ତା । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟରେ ସେ ସେଉଁ

ସଭା ସଂବୋଧନର ସମୟ ପାଇଁ ଆହୁରି ଦୁଇପଣ୍ଟା ବାକି ଅଛି । ସି.ଏମ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜ ହୃତପିଞ୍ଚର ଶବ୍ଦ ଶୁଣି ପାରୁଥିଲେ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ତାହା ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ବକୃତା ଦେଉଥିବା ଭୟରୁ ନୁହେଁ କିମ୍ଭା ଅନ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ବଳର ଗୁଣ୍ଡା ଟୋକାମାନେ ଯେ ଟେକା ଫିଙ୍ଗି ତାଙ୍କ ରାଜନୈତିକ ମହାସଭାରେ ଗୋଳମାଳ ଆରୟ କରିବେ ସେ ଭୟରୁ ନୁହେଁ । ତାଙ୍କର ଭୟ ଆସ୍ତ୍ରଥଲା କେବଳ ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାମାନଙ୍କ କୋପଦୃଷ୍ଟି ବିଷୟ ଭାବି, ଯେଉଁମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସଂଗକୁ ନେଇ ସେ ସଭାରେ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରିବେ । ସେ ସଭାକୁ ଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସମୟ ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାମାନଙ୍କୁ କ୍ଷମା ମାଗି ନେବା ପାଇଁ ମନୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ଦୁର୍ଗା, ଚଣ୍ଡୀ, ମଂଗଳା, ରଘୁନାଥ ଯାହାଙ୍କୁ 🕆 ତାଂକର ମନେ ପତ୍ରୁଥିଲା, ତାଙ୍କୁ ସେ ମନେ ମନେ ମୁଞ୍ଜିଆ ମାରୁଥିଲେ, ଥରେ ନୁହେଁ, ଅନେକ ଥର । ବରପଦା ବାସେଳୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ବାରିପଦାର ସୁଳେଇ ବେବୀ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ଯଦି ତାଂକର ନିର୍ବାଚନରେ ସଫଳତା ମିଳେ, ତାଙ୍କ ଭତ୍ତାର କିଛି ଅଂଶରେ ଗାଁ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ମଂଦିର ମରାମତି କରିଦେବା ପାଇଁ ମାନସିକ କରୁଥିଲେ । ତେବେ ତାଂକ ବୋଷ ଏବଂ ତୁଟିର ମାର୍ଜନା ନିମନ୍ତେ ସେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଥିଲେ । ବ୍ୟବସାୟ ରେ ସି.ଏମ୍. ଇଂଜିନିୟର ଥିଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଓକିଲ ନଥିଲେ, ତେବେ ବି ମନେ ମନେ ଓକିଲ ଭଳି ନ୍ୟାୟଧୀଶ ଶିବ ଏବଂ ବୁର୍ଗାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ନିଜ ପାପରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ପାଇବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ଅଳି କରୁଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ତର୍କ ବାଢୁଥିଲେ । ''ଜୟଦେବ'' ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କ ଗୋପନୀୟ ରତିକ୍ରୀଡ଼ା ରଚନା କରି ମଧ୍ୟ କ୍ଷମାପାଇଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ମୁଁ ତ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଚକ୍ଷୁ ମୋଦନ ମହାନ୍ତି, ଏ ସମୟରେ ମା ମୋତେ ଯଦି କ୍ଷମା ନକରି ମୋର ଭାଷଣର ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଯଦି ମନରେ ରଖନ୍ତି, ମୁଁ ବା ଛାର କଣ କରିପାରିବି । ମା ମୋତେ ତୁମେ ରଖିଲେ ରଖ, ଖସାଇଲେ ଖସାଅ । ମୁଁ ତୁମ ପ୍ରସଂଗରୁ ମୋର ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପୁଗ୍ୱର ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିବି ।'' ଏତେ ପୁଜାର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଏବଂ ମନସାପନା ପରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ରକ୍ଷୁମୋଦନ ମହାନ୍ତି ଶାନ୍ତି ପାଉନଥିଲେ । ମାନବ ଜୀବନରେ ଦୁର୍ପୋଗ ଆସେ, ମାତ୍ର ପେତେବେଳେ ସେ ଦୁର୍ଯୋଗର ପ୍ରତିକାର କିୟା ତା ପାଇଁ ସାକ୍ତ୍ରନା ମିଳେ ନାହିଁ, ଶେଷରେ ସେ ସେଇ ଦୂର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଗକୁ ସମର୍ଥନ କରି ଜୀବନ ଅତିବାହିତ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିଥାଏ । ତାହା ହୋଇଥିଲା ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ ପକ୍ଷରେ । ଶେଷରେ ସେ ମନସ କଲେ ପେ ଆଉ ଦୁର୍ଣ୍ଣିନ୍ତାରେ ସମୟ ନକାଟି ଯାହା କରିବା କଥା କରିବେ । ସେ ଶିବ, ପାର୍ବତୀଙ୍କ ପ୍ରସଂଗ ତାଙ୍କ ବନ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କରିବେ । ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାଙ୍କ ଉଦାହରଣ ଦେଲେ ଲୋକମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ କଥା ମୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ନେବେ ଏବଂ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଚିନ୍ତାଶୀଳ ବୋଲି ଭାବିବେ । ସି.ଏମ୍ଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଅନ୍ୟ ଚିନ୍ତା ମଧ୍ୟ ଛୁଉଁ ଥିଲା । ସେ ସିନା ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାଙ୍କ ଅବସ୍ଥିତି ସଂବନ୍ଧରେ ଭାବୁଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସେମାନେ ଯେ ମନୁଷ୍ୟର ସବୁକଥା ଶୁଣୁଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ଭାବୃଛନ୍ତି ତେବେ ତାହାର କେହି ପ୍ରମାଣ ଦେଇ ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ ତେଣୁ ସେ ନିର୍ବିକାର ଚିଉରେ ତାଙ୍କ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବେ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାଡି ତାଙ୍କ ଆମ୍ଭ ସତେତନତାର ଚୂଡ଼ାନ୍ତରେ ପହଂଚିଥିଲେ । ଆଉ ଅଧାଘଣ୍ଟା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ତାଂକ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଆକାଶରେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଉଦୟ ହେବ କିମ୍ଭ ମେଘ

ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହେବ । ଏଇ ପ୍ରଥମ ଆହ୍ୱାନ ହେବ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀତ୍ୱର ବିଶେଷ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ଦେହରେ ଖଦଡ଼ କୁର୍ତ୍ତାଟିକୁ ଯହରେ ପିଣିଲେ ଏବଂ ତା ଉପରେ ଖଦଡ଼ ଚଦରଟିଏ ମଧ୍ୟ ।

ବାରବାଟୀ ପଡ଼ିଆରେ ପାଦ ପଡ଼ିଲା ଭଳି ସାନ ନାହିଁ । ରାଜ୍ୟ ସଭା ସଦସ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ ବକୃତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ କମା ଏବଂ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଛେଦ ପାଇଁ ସ୍ଥାନ ମିଳୁନାହିଁ । ଘନ ଘନ କରତାଳି ଧ୍ୱନିରେ ଆକାଶ କଂପି ଉଠୁଛି ''ବଂଧୁଗଣ, ଭାଇ ଭଉଣା ଏବଂ ପିଲାମାନେ ! ଆମେ ମାନେ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଏମିଡି ପରିସ୍ଥିତିରେ ପଦାର୍ପଣ କରିଛେଁ ପେଉଁଠି ଆମ ଦେଶ ଏବଂ ଆମ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଅଧିକାରମୟ । ଆମେ ଯେଉଁ ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମ୍ମୁଖାନ ହୋଇଛୁଁ ତାହା ୧୫ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ନଥିଲା, ଦଶବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ନଥିଲା । ଏବେ ପାଶ୍ରାତ୍ୟ ସଭ୍ୟତା ଏବଂ ହିପି ମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଭାବରୁ ଆମର ଅଧିକାଂଶ ଯୁବକମାନେ ମାଦକ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ସେବନ କରି ତୁଗ୍-ଆଡ଼ିସନ୍ କୁ ବରଣ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏହା ସତ୍ୟ, ଆମ ଦେଶରେ ଘ୍ରକରୀ କମ୍, ଅନେକ କଲେଜ ଉତ୍ତୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଯୁବକମାନେ ବେକାର, ତାହାର ସମାଧାନ ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ସେଇ ନୈରାଶ୍ୟକୁ ନେଇ ଲୋକ ଗଂଜା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ କ୍ଷତିକାରକ ମାଦକ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ସେବନ କରି ସେଇ ଜୀବନ କୁ ନଷ୍ଟ କରିଦେବେ । ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ, ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟାଧିକ ଜୀବନ ନଷ୍ଟ କରିଛି । ଏଡସ୍ ରୋଗ ବ୍ୟାପିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଛି ଏବଂ ମାନବ ଜୀବନକୁ ଆହତ ଓ ଗତିଭୃଷ୍ଟ କରାଇଛି । ହେ ମୋର ପୁତ୍ର ପୁତ୍ରୀ ଗଣ ମା' ବାପା ଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ ଗ୍ରହିଁ ସେ ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟରୁ ନିଜକୁ ମୁକ୍ତ କର । କାରଣ ତୁମେ ମାନେ ହିଁ ଦେଶର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ । ଏଇ ଗତ କେତେମାସ ଧରି ମୁଁ ପୃଥିବୀର ଉନ୍ଧତତମ ଦେଶ ଆମେରିକା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟଟନ କରି ଆସିଲି । ଆଜି ଆମର ଯୁବକମାନେ ପେଉଁ ଅବସାରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ୧୦ବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବେ ଆମେରିକାରେ ନଥିଲା । ସେଇ ମାଦକ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ (ଡୁଗ୍) ରୁ ଆସିଲା ଏଡ଼ସ୍, ବାର୍ଥ ଡ଼ିଫେକ୍କୁ ଏବଂ ତତ୍ ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ହିଂସ୍ରତା (ଭାଉଲେନ୍ସ) ଏବଂ ସାମାଜିକ ବିପତ୍ତି । ମୂଁ ଗ୍ରହେଁନି ପେ ସେ ସାମାଜିକ ବିପତ୍ତି ଆମ ଦେଶକୁ ଗ୍ରାସ କରୁ । ପୌବନ ଏମିତି ଅବସ୍ଥା, ତାହା ମାନବକୁ ସବୂ ଭୁଲାଇ ଦିଏ । ପେଉଁ ସମୟରେ ମାନବ ଭାବେ ଯେ ସେ ମରଣ ହାନ । ହେଲେ ଏ ସମୟରେ ଆର୍ଥିକ ଦୂରବସ୍କା ଏବଂ ଶିକ୍ଷା ପରର ବେକାରୀଟା କେମିତି ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଆଣେ ଏବଂ ସେଥିରେ ଝାସ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଯୁବକମାନେ । କିଏ ମଦ ପିଏତ କିଏ ଡୁଗ୍ ଖୋନେ କିମ୍ଭ କିଏ ହାଞ୍ଜିଆ ପିଏ । ଶେଷରେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଲୋକ କିନାର। ନପାଏ ସେ ନ**ଷ୍ଟମୁଖା** ହୋଇ ସାରିଥାଏ ଏବଂ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଅନେକ ବିଳୟ ଘଟିଥାଏ । ମାଦକ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ (ଡ୍ରଗ) ସେ କେବଳ ନିକକୁ ନଷ୍ଟ କରେ ତାହାନୁହେଁ ତାହା ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ବଂଶଧରଙ୍କର ମଧ୍ୟ କ୍ଷତି ଘଟାଇଥାଏ । ବାର୍ଥ ଡିଫେକୁର ଏକ କାରଣ ହେଉଛି ଡୁଗ୍ । ମୁଁ ନିଜେ ସ୍ୱରଷ୍ଟରେ ଦେଖି କରି ଆସିଲି ଶହ ଶହ କେମ୍ପା, କୂଜା, ବାର୍ଥ ଡିଫେକ୍କରେ

ଏପ୍ରକାର ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟାକୁ ନେଇ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଦେଶକୁ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରିପାରିବେ । ତେବେ ଆତ୍ମବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଟା ପେ କେବଳ ସବୁ ତାହାନୁହେଁ, ତୀହା ସହିତ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟାକୁ ପ୍ରସଂଗକ୍ରମେ ସଂବୋଧନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ଯାହା କିଛି ଅଂଶରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ହୋଇଥିବ ଏବଂ ଯାହା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସେ ନିଜର ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନ କରିପାରିବେ । ଆମେରିକାରେ ଧୂମପାନ ନିଷିଦ୍ଧ ହେଉଛି କାରଣ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ କ୍ୟାନସର୍ ହେଉଛି ବୋଲି, ତାହା ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଏବଂ ଭାରତ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରଯୁଜ୍ୟ ତେବେ ସିଗ୍ରେଟ, ବିଡ଼ି ପାନଖାଇବା ନିଷିଦ୍ଧ କରିବା ଏକାନ୍ତ ଅସମ୍ଭବ । ତେଣୁ ଏଠାକାର ଯୁକ୍ତିତର୍କ ସେଠାରେ ପ୍ରଚଳ ହେବ ନାହିଁ । ତେଣ୍ର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏପରି ଏକ ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟା ଉପରେ ସଂବୋଧନ କରିବାକୁ ହେବ ଯାହା ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ମନକୁ ପାଇବ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଭାବିତ କରିପାରିବ । ତାହା ପାଇଁ ଯଦି କୌଣସି ଠାକୁର, ଦେବତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରସଂଗ ଅଣାଯାଇପାରେ, ବେଦ, ପୁରାଣର ଉଦାହରଣ ଦିଆଯାଇ ପାରେ, ତାହା ଆହୁରି ଉତ୍କୃଷ୍କତର ହେବ । ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାଙ୍କ କଥା କହିଲେ ଆଜିକାଲି ବିପୁବ ଗୁଲିଛି । ଦେଶ ବରଂ ଚୁଲିକୁ ଯାଉ, ରାମ ଏବଂ ମହମ୍ମଦଙ୍କ ଘର କେଉଁଠି ଥିଲା ତାକୁ ନେଇ ଲୋକମାନେ ପ୍ରାଣଦେବା ପାଇଁ କୁଣ୍ଠା କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି । ଆଜି କାଲି ସବୁ ପୁରାଣ ଉପରେ ଶହ ଶହ ଟେଲିଭିଜନ ସିରକ୍ ହେଉଛି । ସବୁ ପୁରୁଣ ଭାଗବତ, ରାମାୟଣ ଆଧୂନିକ ଧୂନିରେ ରେକର୍ଡ଼ ହୋଇଗଲଣି ଏପରିକି ପଦ ପଡ଼ୁନଥିବା ଅନୁଷ୍ଟୂପ୍ ଛଦ ରଚିତ, ଗୀତା, ଉପନିଷଦକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ସଂଗୀତ ପ୍ରହେଳିକାରେ ପକେଇ ଗାଁର ଯାତ୍ରା ଟୋକାମାନେ ଗାଇଲେଣି । ଜଗନାଥଙ୍କର ଆଜିକାଲି ଅନେକ କଳେବର । ପ୍ଲାଞ୍ଜିକ ଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ସୋଲ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସବୁଥିରେ ସେ କଳେବର ଧାରଣ କରି ବିଙ୍ଗ୍ର ହେଉଛି । ପୁଣି ମୋଡୁଲାର କଳେବରରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଯାହାଦ୍ୱାରା ସେ ବିଦେଶକୁ ରପ୍ତାନୀ ହୋଇପାରିବେ । ଶ୍ରାକୃଷ୍ଣଙ୍କ ବିଶ୍ୱରୂପ ତଳକୁ ''ହୂର।'' ଅଞ୍ଚରଓୟାରର ଛବି । ଯେମିତି ଜଣାପଡୁଛି ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଠ ବିଶ୍ୱରୂପ ବେଳେ ''ହୁର।'' ଅଞ୍ଚରଓୟାର ପିଦ୍ଧିଥିଲେ । ଭାରତରେ ଏକ ରକମ ଧର୍ମ ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଉପରେ ନୂତନ ବିପ୍ଲବ ଆରୟ ହୋଇଛି । ତେଣୁ କୌଣସି ପ୍ରକାରରେ ଠାକୁର ଦେବତାଙ୍କୁ ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟକୁ ଟାଣିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ, ଏବଂ ସେ ସେହିପରି ଏକ ସମସ୍ୟା ଅନୁସଂଧାନରେ ଥିଲେ । ଏମିତି ହଠାତ ବିନେ ଟେଲିଭିଜନ୍ ବେଖୁଁ ବେଖୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ -ଆଖିରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା ଆଣ୍ଟି-ଆବରସନିଷ୍ଟମାନଙ୍କ ବିପ୍ଳବ । ତାହା ସହିତ ପ୍ରୋଚଏସ୍ ବାଲାଙ୍କର ଯୁକ୍ତି । ପ୍ରୋତଏସ୍ ବାଲାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଆବରସନଟା ବାର୍ଥ ଡିଫେକ୍ଲୁ, ଜେନେଟିକ୍ ଡିଫେକୁ ଉଣା କରିପାରେ । ତାହା ସମୟଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଭଲ । ଏସମୟ ଯୁକ୍ତି ବାଦକୁ ନେଇ ଅନେକ ଆରେଷ୍ଟ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ଜଣେ ଦୁଇଜଣ ଡାକ୍ତର ମଧ୍ୟ ମଡ଼ିର ହୋଇଗଲେଣି । ଏହା ଆମେରିକାର ଏକ ଡଦାନୀନ୍ତନ ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟା । ସି.ଏମ୍. ପେମିତି ଏକ ଭାରତୀୟ ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟାକୁ ଧରି ପାରିଥିଲେ । ଭାରତୀୟ ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟାର ବିପ୍ଲବୀ ସ୍ୱତ୍ରଧର ଆକାରରେ ସେ ତାଂକ ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କରି ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ସାଧନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୃତ ଥିଲେ ରକ୍ଷୁମୋଦନ ମହାନ୍ତି । ବଂଧୁ ମାନଙ୍କ ଆର୍ଥିକ ଅନୁକଂପା ଏବଂ ନୂତନ

ବିକାଧାରାରେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ ହୋଇ ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ଭାରତ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରିଥିଲେ ଏକ ନୂତନ ରାଜନୀତିୟ ଆକାରରେ। ସି.ଏମ୍. ଙ୍କର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନର ବିବରଣା ତଥା ମାକିନ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ଅର୍ଜିତ ନୂତନ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ବିଷୟରେ ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ ବିବରଣୀ ସୂରମା ରଂଜନ ପଚ୍ଚନାୟକଙ୍କ ''ଉହଳ ପତ୍ରିକା'' ରେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସପ୍ତାହେ ଧରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରକାର ଭାବରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ପେ ମାକିନ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ନଗରୀ ଯଥା ନ୍ୟୁୟର୍କ, ଚିକାଗୋ, ନ୍ୟୁବର୍ଗ, ସିନ୍ସିନାଟିରେ ପଦାର୍ପଣ କରି ସେଠାକାର ଭାରତୀୟ ବାସିଦା (ଚିହ୍ନା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାର) ତତ୍କାଳୀନ ଭାରତୀୟ ସମସ୍ୟା (ରାଜ୍ୟସଭା ସଦସ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ହେବା ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ) ବିଷୟରେ ଅବଗତ କରିଥିଲେ ସେ ବିଷୟ ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ରରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା । ତାହା ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଭାରତୀୟ (ତାଙ୍କ ଚିହ୍ନା ପରିଚୟ) ମାନେ କିପରି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର କ୍ରମ ବିକାଶ ନିମତ୍ତେ (ନତ୍ନ ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟ ଇଣ୍ଡିଆନ୍ ଅବକାଶ ବିନୋଦନ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ନିମନ୍ତେ ଜମି ଆୟତ୍ତ କରିବା) ମୁକ୍ତ ହସରେ ଦାନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ସମଥି ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସ୍ୱନାମଧନ୍ୟ ଇଂଜିନିୟର (ସେ ନିଜେ) ପେ ମାକିନ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଞ୍ଜୁର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରାଜନୈତିକ ସମସ୍ୟାର ଅନୁଧ୍ୟାନ କରି (ଟି.ଭି ଦେଖିକରି) ଏକ ନୃତନ ସଂସ୍କାରକର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣ ନେଇି ଭାରତ (ତାଙ୍କ ଗାଁ)କୁ ଫେରିଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା । ପ୍ରକାଶ ଥାଉକି ସି.ଏମ୍. ଏକ ନୂତନ ଚକ୍ଷମା ମଧ୍ୟ ଲଗାଇଥିଲେ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ରାଜ୍ୟ ସଭାର ସବସ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ଥିଲେ ।

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ବାରବାଟୀ ପଡ଼ିଆରେ ସି.ଏମ୍.ଙ୍କ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଆହ୍ୱାନ ବିଷୟଟା ଗତ ଦୁଇମାସ ଧରି ସହରର ଗଳି କଂଦିରେ ବିଜ୍ଞାପନା ଆକାରରେ ଜଶାଇ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି । ବସ୍ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି ହୋଇ ଶହ ଶହ ସଂଖ୍ୟାର ଲୋକ ସଭା ପ୍ରୀଗଣରେ ପହଞ୍ଚୁଅଛନ୍ତି । ତା ମଧ୍ୟରୁ କେତେଭାଗ ହେଲେ ଗାଁ ଟାଉଟର, କେତେ ଦେଖଣା ହାରି, ଯେଉଁମାନଙ୍କୁ ଜଳଖିଆ ଏବଂ ଚଳଚିତ୍ର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ବିଆଯାଇ ଅଣାଯାଇଛି । ଆଉ ବାକି ହେଲେ ଗାଁର କନସାଧାରଣ, ପେଉଁମାନଙ୍କୁ ସଭା ସାଙ୍ଗ ପରେ କଗନାଥ ବର୍ଶନ ଲାଗି ପୁରୀଯିବା ପାଇଁ ସଙ୍କତି ପ୍ରବାନ କରି ଅଣାଯାଇଛି । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଏ ସମୟ ସରଂଜାମ ପାଇଁ ସି.ଏମ୍ ମହାନ୍ତି ନିର୍ବାଚନ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀରୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ପାଇଥିଲେ । ସଭା ପ୍ରାଂଗଣରେ ଜନସମୁଦ୍ର ବେଶ୍ ବଢ଼ି ଗୁଲିଥିଲା, ଏବଂ ସେଇ ଜନ ସମୁଦ୍ରକୁ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେଉଥିଲେ ରାଜ୍ୟସଭାର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ପାଇଁ ସେ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ଅଞ୍କତା ଉପରେ ଆଲୋକ ପାତ କରି ତାଙ୍କ ବିପ୍ଲବୀ ମତବାଦକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ତଥା ଭାରତର ନୂତନ ନିର୍ମାଣରେ ନିୟୋଜନ କରିବା ଉପରେ କିପରି ଏକ ମର୍ମାନ୍ତକା ଭାଷଣ ଦେବେ ତାହା ଥିଲା ତାଙ୍କର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ । ତତ୍ ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ସେ ରାଜନୈତିକ ରଂଗଭୂମା ମଧ୍ୟକୁ ବିଜୁବାବୁ ଏବଂ ଜାନକାବାବୁଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଲଂପ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବେ ।

ଅ'ଚଳରୁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ହେଉଛଡି ସେ ଅ'ଚଳରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ନସି' ହୋମ ଏବଂ Retirement Village ଖୋଲିବାପାଇଁ ଦଳେ ବିଦେଶୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କମି ଖୋକୁଛଡ଼ି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର Political Support ମଧ୍ୟ ଦରକାର ଏବଂ ସେ ବିଷୟରେ ତାଂକ ଛଡ଼ା କିଏ ଅଧିକ ବୃଝି ପାରିବ । ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗୀମାନେ ସେତେ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞ ନେତା ହୁଅନ୍ତ ପଛେ ଏ ବୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ସି.ଏମ୍. ଥିଲେ ଅନେକ ପରିମାଣରେ କେନ୍ଦ୍ରୀୟ ସଭାର ସବସ୍ୟ ନିମନ୍ତେ ଉପଯୋଗୀ । ପୁନଶ୍ଚ ହଠାତ୍ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗୀତା ମଧ୍ୟକୁ ଠେଲି ହେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସେ ଯଦି କିଛିଦିନ ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଯାଇ, ସେ ସମସର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରି ପାରତ୍ତେ, ତାହା ତାଙ୍କୁ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ ଭାବରେ କୃତକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତା । ପୂଣି ବିଦେଶ ଯାତ୍ରାଟା ତାଙ୍କ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣଟାକୁ ସଂପ୍ରସାରିତ କରିବାରେ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତା । ଆଜିକାଲି ଦେଶ, ଦେଶ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବ୍ୟବଧାନ ଟା କମ୍, ତେଣୁ ସେଇ ପୁରାତନ ଗ୍ରାମ୍ୟ ରାଜନୀତି, ଆଳୁ, ଗୁଉଳ, ବଡ଼ିର ଅଭାବ, ବନ୍ୟା, ବାଲେଶ୍ୱରରେ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ମୁସଲମାନ ଧୟାଧସ୍ତି କୁ ଧରି ରାଜନୀତି କଲେ ଚଳିବନାହିଁ । ରାଜନୀତିଟା କେବଳ ଦେଶନୀତି ନୁହେଁ, ଅନ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରୀୟ ନୀତି ମଧ୍ୟ । ତେଣୁ ଆମେରିକା ଭ୍ରମଣ ଯେ ତାଂକ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତାକୁ ସଂପ୍ରସାରଣ କରିବ ସେଥିରେ ତାଂକର ତିଳେମାତ୍ର ସଂଦେହ ନଥିଲା । ଏ ସମସକୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟରଖି ସି.ଏମ୍ ନିଷ୍କ୍ରିତି ନେଲେ ଯେ ସେ ଦୁଇମାସ ପାଇଁ ଆମେରିକା ଭ୍ରମଣରେ ଯିବେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଏୟାର ଇଣ୍ଡିଆ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦୁଇମାସିଆ ଟୂର ନିମନ୍ତେ ରିହାତି ଟିକେଟ ବେଉଥିଲା । ମାଉସୀ ପୂଅ ଭାଇ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କ ଆସିବା କଥା ନେଇ ଖୁସି ଥିଲେ। ଆମେରିକା ଯାତ୍ରା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସି.ଏମ୍. ତାଙ୍କ ବନ୍ଧୁ, ଦୈନିକ ''ଉହଳ ପତ୍ରିକା''ର ସଂପାଦକ ସୁରମାରଂକନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ଆମେରିକା ଯାତ୍ରା ସଂବନ୍ଧୀୟ ଏକ ସଂକ୍ରିପ୍ତ ବିବରଣୀ ତଥା ଫଟୋଗ୍ରାଫ ଟିଏ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାକୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିଥିଲେ। ଯଥା ସମୟରେ ତାହା ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଲା ମଧ୍ୟ " ରାଜ୍ୟସଭା ସଦସ୍ୟ-ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ ମାର୍କିନ୍ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଯାତ୍ରା" ଏହା ଥିଲା ତୀକ ରାଜନୀତିର ପାରମ୍ଭିକ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ । ସି.ଏମ. ଆମେରିକା ଭ୍ରମଣରେ ଯାତ୍ରା କଲେ ।

ସେଦିନ ସଂଧ୍ୟାରେ ଅତ୍ୟଧିକ ସମ୍ପଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବିଶେଷ ପାର୍ଟିର ଆୟୋଜନ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ଭୂମ ଭୋଜନ ପରେ ଆଲୋଚନାଟା ବେଶ୍ ଜମି ଉଠିଥିଲା ବିଶେଷ କରି ତଃ ଆକ୍ଷେପ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କର ଆଲୋଚନା ପ୍ରସଂଗରେ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ଆକ୍ଷେପ କବୁଙ୍କ ବାଗ୍ନୀତା ସଂପନ୍ନ ଯୁକ୍ତିବାଦ ଶୁଣି ଖୁବ୍ ପ୍ରୀତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ବିଶେଷତଃ ତାଂକର ଦେଶପ୍ରୀତି (ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର) ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରାକୁ ଶୁଣି । ଆକ୍ଷେପ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କର ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହିବାର ଅନେକ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲାଣି । ତେବେ ବି ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ରାଜନୀତି ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରାକୁ ଯେ ବଳୟ ରଖିଛନ୍ତି ତାହା ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଲୋକପାଇଁ ସଂଭବ ନୁହେଁ । ସେ ବୋଧହୁଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶାରେ ଥିଲେ ସେଠାରେ "ବରପୁତ୍ର" ଉପାଧାଯୋଗ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ପାରିଥାନ୍ତେ । ଆକ୍ଷେପ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସି.ଏମ୍. ଙ୍କର ହୃଦୟ ଭୂଗା ପ୍ରଶଂସାରେ ଉଛୁଳି ପକ୍ତୁଥିଲା । ମାତ୍ର, ସେ ତ ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହୁନାହାଡି, ସେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ଓଡ଼ିଶାର

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ଦୈନ୍ୟଦିନ ବାସିଦା, ତେଶୁ ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ଆଲୋଚନା ସିନା ଆମେରିକାରେ ସୁବିଧା ଏବଂ ବିଜ୍ରୀ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପାଇଁ ତାହା ଚଳିବ ନାହିଁ । ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପାଇଁ କିଛି ବୈଦେଶିକ ନୃତନତା ଦରକାର । ସେ ମୃଦ ଗୁଉଳିଆ ବଳାରର ହରିମହାରାଜଙ୍କ ଘର ପଛରେ ବରଂ ହୋଇଥାଉ ତେବେ ତା ଉପରେ ଯଦି ଜିନି ଓାଲ୍କର ରେଜ୍ ର ଛାପ ମରାଥିବ ତେବେ ତାର କାଟତି ଅଲଗା । ତେଣୁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏଠାରୁ କିଛି ବିଦେଶୀ ଆଇତିଆ ଆମଦାନୀ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ଏବଂ ତତ୍ ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ଅର୍ଥର ସହଯୋଗୀତା ମଧ୍ୟ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ମହାନ୍ତି ସଂଗଠିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ତାଙ୍କ ରାଜନୈତିକ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କଲେ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ସେ ସଂବାଦ ଅନେକଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ନୃତନ ନଥିଲା । ସି.ଏମ୍ଙ୍କର ମାଉସୀ ପୁଅ ଅତ୍ୟଧିକ ଦାସ ଏ ବିଷୟରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଭାବରେ ଅନେକ ଦିନ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସମସ୍ତ୍ରଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିଥିଲେ । ସେ ସି.ଏମ୍ଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏକପୁକାର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ Election Campaign ଆରୟ କରି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସି.ଏମ୍ଙ୍କର ନିର୍ବାଚନ ବିଜୟ ପେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରୟୋଜନୀୟ ହେବ ସେଥିରେ କାହାରି ସଂଦେହ କରିବାର ନଥିଲା । ପେଉଁମାନେ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ସଂଦେହ କରୁଥିଲେ, ସେମାନେ ମୁହଁ ମୁଲଝାରେ କିଛି କହିବା ପାଇଁ ନାରାଜ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଶେଷରେ ସାବ୍ୟସ ହେଲା ପେ ସି.ଏମ୍.ଙ୍କର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ମହାନ୍ତ ଏବଂ ଦେଶବାସୀଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ହିତକର ତେଣୁ ସେ ଯାହାର ସାମଥ୍ୟ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଆଗ୍ରହ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଥିଲେ ।

ଏହା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସି.ଏମ୍. ଙ୍କର ଆମେରିକା ଆସିବା ମାସେରୁ ଉପର ହୋଇପାଇଥିଲା । ଟେଲିଭିଜନ ରୁ ଆମେରିକାର ରାଜନୀତି ଏବଂ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସାମାଜିକ ନୀତି ଓ ବିକୃତି ଉପରେ ଅନେକ ଦୂରଦଶୀତା, ସି,ଏମ୍ଙ୍କର, ଆସିପାଇଥିଲା । ଧୂମ୍ରପାନ ନିଷିଧ, ଏବରସନ୍, ଗତ୍ନ କଣ୍ଲୋଲ୍ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଆଲୋଚନା ବିଷୟରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଅନେକ ଦଖଲ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆସିଯାଇଥିଲା । ସେ ଆମେରିକାର ରାଜନୀତି ଏବଂ ସାମାଜିକ ସଂସ୍କାର ବିଷୟରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନେକ ଆଲୋଚନା ଏବଂ talk show ଶୁଣିଥିଲେ । ମାତ୍ର ସମସ୍ତ ଭିତରେ ସେ ଖୋକୁଥିଲେ ଏକ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରାର ଛାୟା ଯାହା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସେ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ନିର୍ବାଚନର ସଫଳତା ନିମନ୍ତେ ପ୍ରବିତ୍ତାଇ ପାରିବେ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଭାରତ ଏବଂ ଆମେରିକାର ରାଜନୀତି ଏବଂ ସାମାଜିକ ନାଡି ଅଲଗା, ତେବେ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ମେଳିକ ବିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଅଲଗା ହୋଇ ନପାରେ । ନିଯୁର୍କରେ ରହନ୍ତୁ ବା ନିମାପଡ଼ାରେ ରହନ୍ତୁ ମାନବ ଜୀବନର ମୌଳିକ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ପ୍ରାୟ ସମାନ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ଏବଂ ପାରିପାର୍ଶ୍ୱିକ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରାକୁ ନେଇ ଅନେକ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ଅଲଗା ହୋଇପାରେ । ସେ ସମସକୁ ବାଦ ଦେଲେ ଯେମିତି ତାଂକୁ ଜଣାପଡୁଥିଲା ପେ ଆମେରିକାର ସାମାଜିକ ସମସ୍ୟାକୁ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଭାରତୀୟ ପୁଟ ଲଗାଇଲେ ତାହା ମଧ୍ୟ ଭାରତର ସମସ୍ୟା ହୋଇଯିବ ଏବଂ ତାର ସମାଧାନ ପାଇଁ ରାଜନୀତି ଲୋଡ଼ା ଏବଂ ସେ ସେଇ ସମାଧାନର ରାସା ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖାଇ ପାରିବେ । ସି.ଏମ୍. ଙ୍କ ମନରେ ପ୍ରବଳ ଆତ୍ମ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଆସୁଥିଲା । ପେଉଁ ସି.ଏମ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନରେ ୧୦-୧୫ କଶଙ୍କ ଛଡ଼ା ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ କଥା କହିବାକୁ ଦ୍ୱିଧା କରୁଥିଲେ, ସେ ପେମିତି

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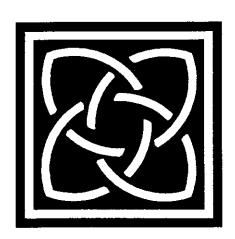
ପାଡ଼ିତ ପିଲାମନଙ୍କୁ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ବା ଦୋଷ କଶ ? ଦୋଷ, ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ସେବନକାରୀ ବାପା, ମାଙ୍କର । ତୁମେ ଭାବନାହିଁ ଯେ ଏହା କେବଳ ପାଶ୍ରାତ୍ୟ ସଭ୍ୟତାରେ ସଂଭବ । ସେମିତି ଆମର ଥିଲା ଆଗେ 'ପୂଷ୍ତକ ଯାନ' ଆଜି ତାହା ନୂତନ ସଭ୍ୟତାରେ ''ଉଡାଜାହାଜ'' ସେପରି ପୁରାଣ କୁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟକରେ ତ୍ରଗ୍ ପେ ବାର୍ଥ ଡିଫେକ୍ଲ କରାଇଥାଏ ଗହା ସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ଉଦାହରଣ ଆମ ଦେବା ଦେବୀମାନଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟାନ୍ତରୁ ମିଳେ । ଆମେମାନେ ପେଉଁ ଶିବଙ୍କୁ ବିଶେଷ ପୂଜା କରୁଁ ସେ ଶିବ ଧ୍ୟାନ କରୁଥିଲେ, କୈଳାସ ପର୍ବତରେ । ହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭୋଳାନାଥ କହିବାର ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟ ହେଲା ପେ ସେ ଗଂକା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ମାଦକ ଦୃବ୍ୟ ସେବନ କରୁଥିବାରୁ ତାଙ୍କର ମତିଭ୍ରମ ଘଟୁଥିଲା । ସଂକ୍ଷିପ୍ତରେ ସେ ମାଦକ ଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିର୍ଭର କରୁଥିଲେ । କେବଳ ତାହା ନୁହେଁ ତାଙ୍କର ଏ ନିଶାଭ୍ୟାସ ତାଂକ ପୁତ୍ରମାନଙ୍କର ବାର୍ଥ-ଡିଫେକୁ ଆଣିଥିଲା । କାର୍ତ୍ତାକେୟଙ୍କର ଛଅଟି ମୁଖ, ସ୍ୱରିଟି ହାତ ଏହା ବାର୍ଥ ଡିଫେକୁ ନୁହେଁ ତ କଣ, ଗଣେଶଙ୍କ ହସାମୁଖ ଟ୍ରାନ୍ସପ୍ଲାୟ କରାଯାଇ ଲଗାଯାଇଛି, ବାକୀ ତାଙ୍କ ଅଂଗ, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ଏବଂ ସାଧାରଣ ସ୍ୱାସ୍ୟାକୁ ବେଖରୁ ସେଥିରୁ କଣ ଜଣାଯିବ ଯେ ଗଣେଶ ଏକ ସ୍ୱାସ୍ୟବାନ ଶିଶୁଥିଲେ ବୋଲି । ଏ ପାଇଁ ଶିବ ଦାୟୀ ନୁହେଁ ତ ଆଉ କିଏ ଦାୟୀ ହେବ । ଆମ ଦେଶରେ ସେମିତି ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ବିକଳାଙ୍ଗ ପିଲା ହେଲେଣି । ତାହାର କାରଣ ଡୁଗ୍ ଅର୍ଥାତ ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ । ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଅନୁରୋଧ ସେଇ ନିଶାଦ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଶର ବିକାଶ ନିମନ୍ତେ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ନିଅନ୍କୁ । ଏ ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କାରଣ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ଗୁକିରୀ ଛାଡ଼ି ମୋର ଜ୍ୟବନ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ

ସେବାରେ ଜଳାଂଜଳି ଦେବାକୁ ସ୍ୱହେଁ । ଆପଶମାନଙ୍କ ଶୁଇ କାମନା ଏଟଂ ଭୋଟନେଇ ମୁଁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସରଜାରକୁ ସଚେତନ କରିବାକୁ ସ୍ୱହେଁ.....'' । ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ଘନ ଘନ କରତାଳି ଧ୍ୱନି ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସି.ଏମ୍ଙ୍କୁ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ନେବା ପାଇଁ ସମୟ ମିଳୁନଥିଲା । ସେଇ କରତାଳି ଧ୍ୱନିରୁ ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ନିର୍ବାଚନର ମୂଲ୍ୟାଙ୍କନ କରୁଥିଲେ ।

$$\mathbf{x}$$
 \mathbf{x} \mathbf{x}

ପରଦିନ ଭୋର ତାଙ୍କ ସହକର୍ମୀ ଆକାଶ ପଣ୍ଡାଙ୍କ ଡାକରେ ତାଙ୍କ ନିଦ ଭାଂଗିଲା । ଆକାଶପଣ୍ଡାଙ୍କ ହାତରୁ ''ଉହଳ ପତ୍ତିକା''ଟିକୁ ନେଇ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ନିମାଳିତ ରକ୍ଷୁରେ ସି.ଏମ୍. ସମସ ଖବର ପ୍ରତି ରକ୍ଷୁପାତ କଲେ। ସେଥିରେ ପ୍ରଥମପୃଷ୍ଠାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ବିରାଟ ଫଟୋ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା ଏବଂ ତା ସହିତ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଅକ୍ଷରରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା ନିର୍ବାଚନ ମହାସଭାର ବିବରଣା ''ରାଜ୍ୟସଭା ସଦସ୍ୟ-ପ୍ରାର୍ଥୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ରକ୍ଷୁମୋବନ ମହାବିଙ୍କର ଅସାଧାରଣ ଉଦ୍ଦୀପନା''।

ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ନିଦ୍ରାମୁକ୍ତ ସି.ଏମ୍. ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରି ପାରୁନଥିଲେ ସେ ଖବରକୁ। ଅବଶ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ବିବରଣୀ କୁ ନେଇ ନୁହେଁ। ତାଙ୍କ ନିଜ ନାମର ରୂପାନ୍ତରକୁ ବେଖି। ସେ ଭାବୁଥିଲେ ଯେପରି ସେ ପୂର୍ବଜନ୍ମ ଲାଭ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଅବଶ୍ୟ '' ଚକ୍ଷୁମୋଦନ ମହାନ୍ତି'' ଆକାର ରେ ନୁହେଁ ''ଶ୍ରୀ ଚକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ମୋଚନ ମହାନ୍ତି'' ଆକାର ରେ ।



ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତି

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ୍ 🗷

ବିନ ଥିଲା ଅଗଷ୍ଟ ମାସର ତୃତୀୟ ଶନିବାର । ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାଜ ତରଫରୁ ସ୍ୱାଧାନତା ଦିବସ ପାଳନ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା ବାଲ୍ଟିମୋରରେ । ପେହେତୁ ଆମେ ସେତେବେଳେ ବାଲ୍ଟିମୋର୍ରେ ନୂଆ ହୋଇ ଆସିଥାଉଁ, ଭାରତୀୟ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଜଣାଶୁଣା କରିବାର ଆଗ୍ରହ ନେଇ ଓ ବିଶେଷ କରି ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କର ମନୋରଂଜନ ପାଇଁ ସବୁକାମ ଛାଡ଼ି ହତ୍ପକିନସ୍ ପ୍ଲାଜା ଯିବାକୁ ସିରକଲୁ । ଯଦିଓ ଆମେ ଟିକେ ଡେରିରେ ପହଥିଲୁ ଓ କେତେକ ଭଲ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ମିସ୍ କଲୁ ବୋଲି ମନଦୁଃଖ କରୁଥିଲ୍ଲ, ପହଂଚି ଦେଖିଲ୍ଲ କିଛି ଆରୟ ହୋଇନି । ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାଜରେ ସଭାପତି ଯିଏ ଥିଲେ, ଘୋଷଣା କରି କଣାଇଲେ ପେ ଆଉ ଅଧଘଣ୍ଟାଏ ପରେ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ଆରଂଭ ହେବ । ସେ ଅଧଘଣ୍ଟାଏ କାଳ କଣ କରିବୁ ସିର କରୁ କରୁ ମହେଶ ସିର କଲେ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଦୋସା ଖୁଆଇବେ । ମୁଁ କିନ୍ଦୁ ଟିକେ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଥିଲି ଓ ସ୍ତିର କଲି ହପ୍ରକିନସ୍ ପ୍ରାଜା ପାଖରେ ଟିକେ ନିରୋଳାରେ କିଛି ସମୟ ବସିବି । ଏମିତି ସ୍ଥିର କରି ପାର୍କ ସ୍ଥିତ ଏକ ଚେୟାରରେ ବସିବାକୁ ଯାଉଛିତ ହଠାତ୍ ସେ ଚେୟାର ଉପରେ ବସି ଏକ ପୁଞ୍ଚକର ପୃଷ୍ଠ। ଓଲଟାଉଥିବା ମହିଳା ଜଣଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ଚମକି ପଡ଼ିଲି । ନିଜ ଆଖିକୁ ବି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ । ପିନିକୁ ସେ ଏମିଡି ଭାବେ ଏ ବିଦେଶରେ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରିପାରିବି ଭାବି ପାରୁ ନଥିଲି । ସିଏ ବି ମତେ ଦେଖି କାବା ହୋଇ ମୋ ମୁହଁକୁ ବକ୍ ବକ୍ କରି ଗୁହିଁ ରହିଥିଲା । କିଛି ସମୟ ପରେ ପ୍ରକୃତିୟ ହୋଇ ତା ପାଖରେ ଯାଇ ବସି ''ପିନି'' ବୋଲି ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ପାଟିରେ ଚିହାର କଲିଯେ ନିଜ ସ୍ୱରକୁ ନିଜେବି ବିଶ୍ମେଷଣ କରି ପାରୁ ନଥିଲି । ପାଖ ବେୟାରରେ ବସିଥିବା ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଉଦ୍ରବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଜଣକ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଆମ ଆଡ଼େ ଗ୍ରହିଁଲେ । ପିନି କହିଲା ''ବିନୁଅପା, ମୁଁ ତମକୁ ବେଖୁଛି ତ ? ତମ ଉପରେ ସେତେ ଅଭିମାନ କମାଟ ବାଂଧି ରହିଥିଲା, ଏ ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ଭିତରେ ତମ ସହିତ କୌଣସି ସଂପର୍କ ନରଖି ଆପେ ଆପେ ପାଣି ହୋଇ ବହିଯାଇଛି । କେତେ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ କରୁଥିଲି ପେ ତମ ସହିତ ପେଉଁଠି ବି ଦେଖା ହେଉ, କେବେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରିବିନି । କିନ୍ଦୁ ସେ ସବୁ ବିଫଳ ହେଲା । ଏବେ ମୁଁ ତମ ପାଖରେ ପୁଣି ସେ ପ୍ରଗଳ୍ଭା ପିନି ହୋଇଯିବାକୁ ଗୁହୁଁଛି । କେତେ ଯେ କଥା ମୋର ବାକି ଅଛି, କେମିତି ଆରଂଭ କରିବି କୁହ ?'' ପିନିକୁ ମୁଁ କହିଲି, ''ସତରେ, ତତେ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରି ମୁଁ ଏତେ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଛି ପେ, ମୋ ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ କାମର ରେଜେଲ୍ଲ ମିଳିଲେ ଯେତିକି ଖୁସି ହୁଏ, ତାଠୁ ବଳି । ଯା ହେଉ,

ଏତେ ଦିନ ପରେ ଆମେ ପୂଣି ପରସ୍ତରକୁ ଭେଟି ପାରିଲେ। ମୋ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ମହେଶ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ବୋସା ଖୁଆଉଛଡି ଓ ବୋକାନ ସବୂ ବୁଲାଇ ଦେଖାଉଛନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ବି ତ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେବାକୁ ତେରି ଅଛି । ତୁ କିଛି କଥା ଆରଂଭ କର । ଏ ବାଲ୍ଟିମୋରରେ କେବେଠାରୁ ଅଛୁ ? କଣ କରୁଛୁ ? ଆଉ ପ୍ରବୀର ଆସିଛି କି ନା ? ପ୍ରବୀର କଥା କହି ପିନି ଆଡ଼େ ଗ୍ରହିଲି ଉତ୍ତର ଅଭିପ୍ରାୟରେ । କିନ୍ଦୁ ପିନି ନୀରବ । ହୁଏତ କିଛି କହିବାକୁ ଗୁହୁଁଛି, କିନ୍ତୁ କିଛି ଅନ୍ତବିଦନା ତାର ଭାଷାକୁ ବାନ୍ଧି ରଖିବାକୁ ଟେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛି । ନୀରିକ୍ଷଣ କରି ଦେଖିଲି ପିନିର ବେଶଭୂଷାରୁ ବିବାହିତ ଭଳି ଜଣାପଡୁନି । ଅବଶ୍ୟ, ଆମେରିକାରେ ବିବାହିତା ଆଉ ଅବିବାହିତା ବୋଲି କାହା ବେଶଭୂଷାକୁ ଦେଖି ଜାଣିବା କଷ୍ଟ । ଇଏତ ଆମ ଭାରତ ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ସିଭାରେ ବହଳେ ସିନ୍ଦୂର ଲଗାଇ, କପାଳରେ ଲାଲ ଟିପା ପିନ୍ଧି ଓ ହାତରେ ମେଂଗ୍ୟଏ ଚୁଡ଼ି ପିନ୍ଧି ରୁଣୁଝୁଣୁ କରି ନିଜକୁ ବିବାହିତ ବୋଲି ଦୁନିଆ ନିକଟରେ ପରିଚୟ ଦେବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ତେଣୁ ଯଦିଓ ପିନିର ବେଶଭୂଖା ନେଇ ମୋର ସଂଦେହକୁ ସତ୍ୟ ରୂପେ ଚିନ୍ତା କରିବା ଅସଂଗତ ଥିଲା, ତଥାପି ତା ଚେହେରାଟା ମୁଁ ଯେମିତି ପଢ଼ି ପାରୁଥିଲି । କିଛି ଅଘଟଣର ଆଶଙ୍କା କରି ପିନିକୁ କହିଲି, ''ପିନି, ପ୍ରବୀର ବିଷୟରେ ପଗ୍ରରି ତତେ ମୁଁ କଣ ଦୁଃଖ ଦେଇଛି କି ? ସେମିତି କିଛି ଖରାପ ଘଟଣା ତମମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଘଟିନି ତ ? ଯାହାପାଇଁ ତୋ ମୁହଁ ଉପରେ ହଠାତ ଏମିତି ଦୁଃଖର ବାଦଲ ଛାଇ ହୋଇଗଲା ।''

ପିନି କହିଲା, ''ତା ନୁହେଁ ବିନୁଅପା । ତମକୁ ତ ମୋର ଅନେକ କଥା କହିବାର ଅଛି । ତେବେ ପ୍ରବୀର ବିଷୟରେ ଯାହା ପଗ୍ୱରିଲ, ଏଡିକି କେବଳ କହିବି ଯେ, ମୁଁ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଅବିବାହିତ । ପ୍ରବୀରର ବାହାଘର ହୋଇଛି । କିନ୍ଦୁ ମୋ ସହିତ ନୁହେଁ ।''

ସିଏ ଆହୁରି କିଛି କହିବାକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲା ତ ଏହି ସମୟରେ ମହେଶ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆସି ପହଂଚିଗଲେ । ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ବି ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେବାକୁ ଯାଉଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ପିନିକୁ ମହେଶଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ କରାଇବେଲି । ତାପରେ ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ବେଖିବାର ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରହିଲ୍ଲ । ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ ପରେ ବି ପିନି ସହିତ ଭଲଭାବେ ମନ ଖୋଲି କଥା ହୋଇପାରିଲିନି । କାରଣ, ମହେଶଙ୍କ ଉପସ୍ଥିତିରେ ତାର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ କାବନର ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କରି ପିନିକୁ ଦୁଃଖ ଦେବାକୁ ମୁଁ ସ୍ୱହୁଁନଥିଲି । କେବଳ ତାର ପ୍ରଫେସନାଲ୍ ଜାବନ ବିଷୟରେ ଏତିକି ଜାଣିଲି ପେ ସିଏ ଏବେ ଏପାଖ ଯୁନିଭରସିଟିରେ କେମିଷ୍ଟା ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟରେ ଆସିଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟ ପ୍ରଫେସର ଅଛି । କାମ ବହୁତ ।

ସେମିଷ୍ଟାର ପ୍ରତି ଦୂଇ ଦୁଇଟା କୋର୍ସ ପଢ଼ାଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼ୁଛି ଓ ତା ଉପରେ ପୁଣି ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ କାମ । ତା ସହିତ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଗ୍ରାଣ୍ଟ ଲେଖି ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ପାଇଁ ଅର୍ଥ ବି ଆଣିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ଯାହାବି ହେଉ ଆମେରିକା ଜୀବନ ଇଏ । ଯନ୍ତୁଗୁଳିତ ଜୀବନ । ତଥାପି ସେ ଜୀବନରେ କେମିତି ଏକ ଆନଦ ଥାଏ । ନିଜକୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ କାମ ସହିତ ଜଡ଼ାଇ ରଖିବାର ଆନନ୍ଦ ଏକ ଅଲଗା ପ୍ରକାରର ଆନଦ । ମୋର ବି ତ ସେଇ ଜୀବନ । ତଥାପି ସବୁ ସମୟରେ । ମୁଁ ଗ୍ରହେଁ, ମୋ ପାଖରେ ଅଧିକ କିଛି କାମ ଥାଉ, ଯିଏ କି ମତେ ବ୍ୟସ କରି ରଖିବ, ସଜାଗ କରି ରଖିବ । ପିନି ବି ମୋ ପୁକୃତିର ପିଲା । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ହୁଏତ, ମୋର କୁନିୟର ହେଲେ ବି, ତାର ମୋର ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ଏତେଟା ବଡ଼ିଯାଇଥିଲା କଲେଜ ଜୀବନରେ । ଏବେ ଯେ ସିଏ ଡାର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟସ୍କଳରେ ପହଂଚି ପାରିଛି, ଜାଣି ଖୁସିଲାଗିଲା । ତଥାପି ତାର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଜୀବନ ଯେ ଦୁଃଖପ୍ରଶି, ତାହା ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରୁଥିଲି । ପ୍ରଦାର ଓ ପିନି ଭିତରେ ଯେ ଏକ ବହୁତ ବଡ଼ ଭୂଲ ବୁଝାମଣା ହୋଇଯାଇଛି, ତାହାବି ମୁଁ ଜାଣିପାରୁଥିଲି । ହେଲେ ସେବିନ ତ ଆଉ ସମୟ ନଥିଲା । ପିନିକୁ ମୋର ଟେଲିଫୋନ ନୟର ଓ ଘର ଏବଂ ଅଫିସ ଠିକଣା ଦେଇ ସେଦିନ ମୁଁ ବିଦାୟ ନେଲି । ଆସନ୍ତା ଶନିବାର ଦିନ ତାକୁ ମୋ ଘରକୁ ଆସିବାକୁ ନିମନ୍ଦ୍ରଣ କରି ଫେରିଲି ।

ଗୋଟିଏ ସପ୍ତାହ ପରେ ପିନିକୁ ପୁଣି ମୋ ଘରେ ବେଖିଲି । ମହେଶ ନଥିଲେ । ଗୋଟିଏ କନଫରେନସ୍ରେ ପୋଗ ବେବାକୁ ଚିକାଗୋ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ସେଇଟା ଗୋଟିଏ ଭଲ ସମୟ ଥିଲା ପିନି ପାଖରେ ବିଗତ ସାତ/ଆଠ ବର୍ଷର ଅକୁହା କାହାଣୀ ମେଲାଇଦେବାକୁ ଓ ତା ପାଖରୁ ତା ବିଷୟରେ ବହୂତ କିଛି ଜାଣିବାକୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଦିନ ପିନି ବିଷୟରେ ଯାହା ଜାଶିଲି, ହୁଏତ ନ ଜାଣିଥିଲେ ଭଲ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା । ପ୍ରବାରକୁ ମୁଁ ସୁନାଭାଇ ବୋଲି କହୁଥିଲି । ସିଏ ଥିଲା ମୋର ସାନଭାଇ ଭଳି । କିନ୍କୁ ତା ଭଳି ଏତେ ଭଲ ପିଲା ଜଣେ ଯେ ପିନିର ଅନାବିଳ ପ୍ରେମକୁ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟାନ କରି, ପିନି ସହିତ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିଥିବା ଏକ ସୁମଧୂର ଓ ସୂଦୃଢ଼ ସଂପର୍କକୁ ଭୂଲି, ଏମିତି ହୋଇପାରିବ, ମୋର ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉନଥିଲା । ପ୍ରବୀର ଓ ପିନିର ସଂପର୍କ ଗଢ଼ାହେବା ଦିନଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ମୁକୁଳିତ ହେଲା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ସେ ସଂପର୍କର ସାକ୍ଷୀ ଥିଲି । ସେ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କ ସଂପର୍କ ସହିତ ମୋର ସଂପର୍କ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣନା କଲେ ହୁଏତ ଦୁଇଦୁଇଟା ପୁଞ୍ଚକ ହେବ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସଂକ୍ଷେପରେ ଏତିକି କହିବି ପେ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସଂପର୍କ ଥିଲା ବହୁତ ସୁଦର, ମଧୁର ଓ ସୁଦୃଢ଼ । ଦୁଇଜଣ ଯାକ ବହୁତ ବୁଦ୍ଧିମାନ ଥିଲେ ଓ ନାନା ପ୍ରତିଭାର ଅଧିକାରୀ ମଧ୍ୟ । ପ୍ରବୀରକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଛି ବୋଲି ପିନି ମୋ ନିକଟରେ ଯେମିତି ଭାବେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଥିଲା ଏବେ ଭାବିଲେବି ହସ ଲାଗେ । ଛାତ୍ର ଜୀବନରୁ ପ୍ରେମ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ପାଠପଢ଼ାରେ ଡୋଗୀ ବାନ୍ଧିବା ସପକ୍ଷରେ ମୁଁ କେବେ ନଥିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରବୀର ଓ ପିନିର ପ୍ରେମ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପରସ୍ତରର ଉଜ୍ଜଳ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉହ ଥିଲା । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ କେବେ କେବେ ଟିକେ ଟିକେ କଥା ନେଇ ଭୂଲ ବୁଝାମଣା ହେଲେ ସେମାନେ ମୋ ପାଖକୁ ଆସୁଥିଲେ ଓ ବହୁତ ସନ୍ନାନର ସହିତ ମୋର ବିଗ୍ୱରକୁ ମାନି ନେଉଥିଲେ । ଯାହା ବି ହେଉ, ପିନି ସହିତ

ମୋର ଏମ୍.ଏସ୍.ସି ଶେଷବର୍ଷ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସଂପର୍କ ଥିଲା । କିନ୍କୁ ଏମ୍.ଏସ୍.ସି ପରେ ପିନି ଖଡ଼ଗପୁର ଆଇ. ଆଇ.ଟି.ରେ ଏମ୍. ଟେକ୍ କରିବାକୁ ଗ୍ଲିଯାଇଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ମାଡ୍ରୀସ ଆଇ.ଆଇ.ଟିରେ ପି.ଏଚ୍.ଡ଼ିରେ ଜଏନ୍ କରିଥିଲି ଓ ମୋର ବାହାଘର ବି ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଖାଲିତ ବାହାଘର ନୁହେଁ, ଗୋଟିଏ ସନ୍ତାନର ଜନନ୍ତୀ ବି ହୋଇସାରିଥିଲି । ତେଶୁ ଏତେ କାମ ଭିତରେ ପିନି ସହିତ ଚିଠିର ପେଉଁ ଆଦାନ ପ୍ରଦାନ ଥିଲା ତାହା ବି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଆଉ ତାପରେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ସାତବର୍ଷ ପରେ ହିଁ ତା ସହିତ ଦେଖା । ପିନିଠାରୁ ଯାହା ଜାଣିଲି, ତାର ସାରମର୍ମ ହେଲା ଏଇଭଳି ।

ପିନି ଯେତେବେଳେ ଖଡ଼ଗପୂରରେ ଏମ୍.ଟେକ୍ କରୁଥିଲା, ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରେମ ଅତୁଟ ଥିଲା । ଚିଠି ପତ୍ରର ଆବାନ ପ୍ରବାନ ବି ଠିକ୍ ଭାବେ ସ୍ୱଲିଥିଲା । ପ୍ରବୀରର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଚିଠିରେ ସେମିତି ଅନାବିଳ ପ୍ରେମର ଶବ୍ଦମାନେ ପିନି ମନରେ ପୂଲକ ସଂସ୍ତର କରୁଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ଦୁ ଧାରେ ଧାରେ ତାର ବ୍ୟତିକ୍ରମ ଆରୟ ହେଲା । ପ୍ରବୀରର ଚିଠି ଲେଖିବାର ବ୍ୟବଧାନ କ୍ରମଶଃ ବଢ଼ି ବଢ଼ି ଗଲା, କିନ୍ଦୁ ଚିଠିର ଭାଷାରେ ସେମିତି କିଛି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ନଥିଲା । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ତାହାହିଁ ବଦଳିଗଲା । ପ୍ରବୀରର ନିୟମିତ ଭାବେ ଆସୁଥିବା ଗ୍ରରି ଗ୍ରରି ପୃଷ୍ଠାର ଚିଠିମାନେ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ କମି କମି ସ୍ତରି ଧାଡ଼ିରେ ହିଁ ରହିଗଲା । ଶେଷରେ ସେ ସ୍ତରିଧାଡ଼ି ବି ଆଉ ରହିଲାନି । ଶଂକାକୁଳ ହୋଇ ପିନି ଯେତେ ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଲେ ବି କୌଣସି ଉତ୍ତର ପାଇଲାନି । ଶେଷରେ ସିଏ ସିରକଲା ଏମ୍. ଟେକ୍ ସାରି ସିଏ ବି ଆମେରିକା ଯିବ । ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟବଶତଃ ତାକୁ ବି ସେ ଯୁନିଭରସିଟିରେ ପି.ଏଚ୍.ଡି ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମରେ ଆଡ଼ମିଶନ୍ ମିଳିଗଲା, ପେଉଁ ଯୁନିଭରସିଟିରେ ପ୍ରବାର ପି.ଏଚ୍.ଡି କରୁଥିଲା । ପିନି ଆମେରିକାରେ ପହଂଚିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କେବଳ ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଥିଲା ଓ ଦିନ ଗଣୁଥିଲା ପ୍ରବୀର ସହିତ ସଂପର୍କର ପୁନଃ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା କରିବାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖି ଦେଖି । ଆମେରିକାରେ ପହଂଚି ସେ କିଛି ଦିନ ଯୁନିଭରସିଟିର ଆଡ଼ମିନିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଟିଭ କାମ ରେ ହିଁ ବ୍ୟୟ ରହିଗଲା । ପ୍ରବୀରକୁ ଭେଟିବ ବୋଲି ବି ଭେଟି ପାରି ନଥିଲା । ଏମିତି କିନ୍କୁ ଦିନେ ପିନି ସହିତ ପ୍ରବାରର ଭେଟ ହେଲା । ସେଦିନ ପ୍ରବୀର ତାର ନାରୀବଂଧୂ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ସହିତ ଏସିଆନ୍ ଲଞ୍ଚ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମରେ ଲଂଚ ଖାଇଗକୁ ଆସିଥିଲା । ପିନିକୁ ଦେଖିଲା । କିଛି ବିସ୍ମିତ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । କେବଳ ସ୍ମିତ ହସି ପିନିକୁ ଅଭିବାବନ କରିଥିଲା ପେମିତି ଜଣେ ସହପାଠା ଆଉ ଜଣେ ସହପାଠୀକୁ ଭେଟି ଅଭିବାଦନ କରେ । କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ସହିତ ପରିଚୟର ଆଦାନପ୍ରଦାନ ବି କରାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା । ବିସ୍ମୟ ବିମୃତ୍ର ପିନି କିଛି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିପାରୁନଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ସତ୍ୟହିଁ ତ ସତ୍ୟ । ଅତଏବ ସତ୍ୟକୁ ସ୍ୱାକାର କରି ସିଏ ଶେଷରେ ପ୍ରବୀର ଓ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ସହିତ ଲଂଚରେ ପୋଗବାନ କଲା ଓ ଫର୍ମାଲିଟି ରଖି କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ବି ଗ୍ଲୁ ରଖିଥିଲା । ସେଦିନ କିନ୍କୁ ପ୍ରବୀରର ବ୍ୟବହାରରେ ତାର ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଚ୍ୟୁତ ହେଲେବି ସିଏ ମନକୁ ସାନ୍ତ୍ୱନା ଦେଉଥିଲା, ହୁଏତ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ପ୍ରବୀରର ଖାଲି ବଂଧୂ ହୋଇଥାଇପାରେ । ପିନି ତ ପ୍ରବୀରର ଜୀବନ । ପିନିକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ପ୍ରବୀର

କଶ ଏତେ ସହକରେ ନିଜର ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ହରାଇପାରେ? ଏମିତି ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା, ପ୍ରବୀର ଯେମିତି ପିନିକ୍ ଚିଡ଼ାଇବା ପାଇଁ ହୁଏତ ନାଟକ କରୁଛି । ତାପରେ ନିଶ୍ବୟ ସିଏ ପୁଣି ପିନି ପାଖକୁ ଆସିବ । କିନ୍କୁ ତାର ଏ ଭ୍ରମ ଦୂର ହେଲା ଯେତେବେଳେ ତାର ରୁମ୍ ମେଟ ସ୍ୱାତୀ ଖବର ଦେଲା ଯେ ପ୍ରବୀର ଓ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ବାହାହେବାକୁ ସିର କରୁଛନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ଦୁ ପ୍ରବୀରର ବାପା ମା ଏ ବିଷୟରେ ରାଜି ନୁହଁନ୍ତି ।ଯଦିଓ ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଝିଅ ବୋଲି ଗଙ୍କର ଅତି ବେଶୀ ଗ୍ଳାନି ନାହିଁ, କିନ୍କୁ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିକ୍ ପେ ପ୍ରବୀରଠାରୁ ତିନିବର୍ଷ ବଡ଼ ଓ ଆଗରୁ ବିବାହିତ; ଏ ବିଷୟ ଜାଣିବା ପରେ ପ୍ରବୀର ମା'ଙ୍କର ହୃବରୋଗ ପ୍ରଥମ କରି ଆରୟ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ପ୍ରବୀର ତା ବାପା ମାଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇ ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଛି । କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ବି ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଛି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରି ଲେଖିଛି ସେ ସେମାନେ ପେମିତି ଗ୍ୱହାନ୍ତି, କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ନିକକୁ ସେହିଭଳି ଗଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଆପ୍ରାଣ ତେଷ୍ଟା କରିବ ଓ ଏକ ସୂନାବୋହୂ ରୂପେ ନିଜକୁ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ କରିବ । ସ୍ୱାତୀ ଆହୁରି ବି କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା, କିନ୍କୁ ପିନି ମୁଞ୍ଚରେ କିଛି ପଶୁ ନଥିଲା । ପିନି ବହୁତ ବାର ଗ୍ୱହିଛି ପ୍ରବୀର ସହିତ ଟିକେ ନିରୋଳାରେ ମିଶନ୍ତା ଓ ତାର ହଜାର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ଗୃହାନ୍ତା । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ସୂଯୋଗ ତାକୁ କେବେ ମିଳିନି । କାରଣ ପ୍ରବୀର ଓ କ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ଏକା ରୁମରେ ରୁମ୍ମେଟ ହୋଇ ରହିଛନ୍ତି । ଇଏ ସିନା ଭାରତୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ବାହାରେ, ଏମିତିକି ନିଜର ପରମ ପୁରୁଷକୁ ନିରୋଳାରେ ପାଇଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଚୁମାଟିଏ ଦେଇଦେବାକୁ ଗୁହିଁଲେ ଭିତରେ କିଏ ଯେମିତି ପୁତିବାଦ କରି ଉଠେ ଏଇଟା ଭୁଲ୍, ଏଇଟା ଭୁଲ୍ କହି । କିନୁ ଏଇଟାତ ଆମେରିକା । ଏଠି ପୁଅଝିଅ ସମସେ ସମାନ । ସମସଙ୍କର ସମାନଭାବେ ଓ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନ ଭାବେ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଅଧିକାର । ତେଣୁ ବାହାଘର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ପୁଅ ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କର ଏକତ୍ର ରହଣାଙ୍କୁ ଏଠାରେ ସମାଲୋଚନା କରାଯାଏନି । ପିନି ସମୟଙ୍କର ସମାନତା ଓ ସ୍ୱାଧାନତାକୁ ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରେ । କିଲ୍ଲ ଏତେ ଦିନ ଧରି ନାରୀ ପୁରୁଷର ସଂପର୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ନିକ ସଂସ୍କୃତିରୁ ସିଏ ଯାହା ଶିଖି ଆସିଛି ଓ ପେଉଁ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ସମ୍ମାନ କରିଆସିଛି, ସେ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ସିଏ ଭୂଲିବାକୁ ଗ୍ରହେଁନି । ଅତଏବ ପିନି ନିଜର ଅଧିକାର ଜମାଇବାକୁ ତେଷ୍ଟା ବି କଲାନି । ତାର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କେବଳ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାତୀ ହୋଇ ତାଭିତରେ ହିଁ ରହିଗଲା । ବେଳେ ବେଳେ କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ସାରା ତକିଆ ଭିଳାଇ ବେଇ ଭାବିଛି ପୁଣି ଭାରତ ଫେରିଯିବ । ଏ ପରଦେଶରେ ନିଜ ପ୍ରେମର ପରିହାସ ସିଏ ସହିପାରିବନି । ନିଜର ପରମ ପୁରୁଷକୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ନାରୀର ବାହୁବନ୍ଧନରେ ଦେଖି ବଂଚି ରହିବାଠାରୁ ହୁଏତ ତାର ମରିଯିବା ଭଲ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ଦୁଃଖ, ସବୁ ଲୁହ ଓ ସବୁ ଅନୁଶୋଚନା ପରେ ପିନି ତା ହୃଦୟ ଭିତରର ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଭାବେ ଖୋକିପାଇଛି, ତା ଭିତରେ କିଏ ଯେମିତି ବୃଢ଼ ନିଷ୍ପରି ନେବାର ଅଭିନବ ଶକ୍ତି ସଂସ୍ୱରିତ କରୁଛି । ତାକୁ ସାନ୍ତ୍ୱନା ଓ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇଗ୍ୱଲିଛି । ପିନି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସେ ଅବସାବରୁ ନିଜ ମନକୁ ମୁକୁଳାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କଲା ଓ ନିଜକୁ ନିକ କୋର୍ସ କାମ ଓ ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ କାମ ସହିତ ମିଶାଇ ହେଲା । ତା ଭିତରେ ପ୍ରକାରର ବାହାଘର ବି ଦେଖିଲା ଓ ଦୁଇବର୍ଷ ପରେ ପ୍ରକାର ସନ୍ତାନର ଜନ୍ମ ଉତ୍ସବ ବି । ପିନି ଅନେକ କାଦିଛି । କାଦି କାଦି ଶେଷରେ ତା ଲୁହ ସବୁ ଶୁଖି ଯାଇଛି । ଶେଷରେ ସେ ଦୃଢ଼ ନିଷ୍ପତ୍ତି ନେଇ ନିଜର ସମସ ସମୟ ନିକ ଗବେଷଣାରେ ଉହର୍ଗ କରି ଦେଇଛି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ତ ତାର ପି.ଏଚ.ଡ଼ି ସରୁ ସରୁ ତାକୁ ସଂଗେ ସଂଗେ ବହୁତ ଗ୍ୱକିରୀ ଅଫର ମିଲିଯାଇଥିଲା । ସିଏ କିନ୍କୁ ଗୁହୁଁଥିଲା ପ୍ରବୀରଠାରୁ ବହୁତ ଦୂରରେ ରହିବ ଓ ସ୍ଥିର କଲା ପୂର। ଆମେରିକାର ପୂର୍ବକୁ ହିଁ ଗୁଲି ଆସିବ । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ୟ କେତେ ଭଲ ଯୁନିଭରସିଟିର ଅଫର ଥିଲେ ବି ସିଏ ବାଲ୍ଟିମୋରରେ ହିଁ ଜଏନ୍ କରିଥିଲା । ପ୍ରବୀର ଏବେ କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆରେ ନିଜର ପରିବାର ସହିତ ସୁଖରେ ଅଛି । ପିନି ସହିତ ତାର ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ତ ବି କେବେ ନିରୋଳାରେ ସାକ୍ଷାତ ହୋଇନାହିଁ । ନିଜର ମନର ଭାବକୁ ପ୍ରକାର ଆଗେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାର ଅନ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ଉପାୟ ନପାଇ ତାକୁ ଚିଠି ପଠାଇବାର ଅଭିପ୍ରାୟରେ କେତେ ଯେ ଚିଠି ସିଏ ଲେଖି ରଖିଛି, ଗଣିନି ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । କିନ୍କୁ କୌଣସି ଚିଠି ପଠାଇନି । କାରଣ ଭଲଭାବେ ସିଏ ଜାଣିଛି ପେ ଏ ବିଷୟ କ୍ଲିଷ୍ଟିନ୍ ଜାଣିଲେ ପ୍ରବୀରର ହସଖୁସିର ପରିବାରରେ ଅଶାନ୍ତି ଆସିପିବ । ଅତଏବ ପିନିର ସଂସାର ଏବେ କେବଳ ତାର କାମ, ତାର ଗବେଷଣା ଓ ତାର ଟିଚିଙ୍ଗ୍ । ନିରୋଳା ସମୟ କେବେ ମିଳିଲେ ସିଏ ପ୍ରବୀରର ପୁରୁଣା ଚିଠି ପଢ଼େ । ନିଜେ ଲେଖିଥିବା ଅଭିଯୋଗର ଚିଠି ପଡ଼ି ନିଜେ ହସେ, କାନ୍ଦେ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ।

ପିନିର କଥା ଶୁଣି ମୋ ଅଜାଶତରେ ମୋ ଆଖିରେ ସେବିନ ଲୁହ କକାଇ ଆସିଥିଲା । ପିନି ଭଳି ଏତେ ଭଲ ଝିଅର ଜୀବନ ବି ଏମିଡି ଅଭିଶପ୍ତ ହୋଇଯିବ; ମୁଁ ଭାବି ପାରୁନଥିଲି । କିନ୍କୁ ଭାବନା ଓ ସତ୍ୟ ଭିତରେ ବହୁତ ଫରକ । ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବୁଥିଲି; ପ୍ରବୀର ସହିତ କେବେ ଦେଖା ହୁଅନ୍ତା ଯଦି, ତା କାନ ଧରି ପଗ୍ୱରନ୍ତି, ପିନି ପ୍ରତି ଏମିଡି ବିଶ୍ୱାସଘାତକତା ସିଏ କାହିଁକି କଲା ?

ସେ ଦିନ ପରେ ପିନି ଆମଘରକୁ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ମାସରେ ୨/୩ ଥର ନିୟମିତ ଭାବେ ଆସେ । ମୋ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଖେଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ପାର୍କ ନିଏ । ମହେଶ ବି ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପୋଗ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଖେଳି ଖେଳି ସିଏ ସେମିତି ପ୍ରଗଳ୍ଭା କିଶୋରୀ ପରି ଖିଲ୍ ଖିଲ୍ ହୋଇ ହସିଉଠେ, ଯେମିତି ହସୁଥିଲା କଲେକରେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ମନେ ହୁଏ, ଇଏ ଯେମିତି ସେଦିନର ସେଇ କଅଁଳ ଛନ୍ ଛନ୍ କିଶୋରୀ ପିନି । କିନ୍ଦୁ ତାର ସେଇ ହସ ହସ ଆଖି ଦୁଇଟି ଭିତରେ କେଉଁ ଅନ୍ତରାଳରେ ଯେ ଲୁହ ବିନ୍ଦୁ କେତେଟା ଡ଼ଳ ଢ଼ଳ ହେଉଥାଏ, ତାହା ମୋ ବୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବାବ ଯାଏନି । ସେ ଲୁହ ପୁଣି ଶୁଖିଯାଏ ଓ ତା ଭିତରେ ଜନ୍ମନିଏ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ପିନି; ଦୃଢ଼ ନିଷ୍କରି ନେଇ ସିଏ ପୁଣି ସକାଗ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଓ ଆମ ଘର ଭିତରେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଯାଏ ତାର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱର ଭୂମିକା । ବୁବୁ ଓ ମିତାକୁ ତା ଗବେଷଣାର ସମସ ବିଷୟ ବୁଝାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟାକରେ, ମହେଶଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପେତେ ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀର ରାଜନୀତି ନେଇ ଯୁକ୍ତି କରେ ଓ ମୋ ସହିତ ରୋଷେଇ ଘରେ ଆସି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସୂତ୍ର ବାହାର କରି ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ଖାଦ୍ୟପଦାର୍ଥର ତିଆରି ନେଇ ତାର ଗବେଷଣା ଆରୟ କରିଦିଏ ।

ମେରୀଲାଣ, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ

ସ୍ଥିତିରୁ ପୃଷ୍ଠାଟିଏ

ଶୁଭଶ୍ରୀ ଦାସ 🗷

କୌତ୍ୟୁଭକୁ କ୍ରାଇତ୍ୱରେ ଶୁଆଇ ବେଇ ଆସିଲି ମୁଁ । ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ସତେପେମିତି ସାରା ପୃଥିବାଟା ଘୁମେଇ ପଡ଼ିଛି ହାଲିଆ ହୋଇ । ବାର୍ଘଶ୍ୱାସ ନେଇ ସୋଫୀ ଉପରେ ଆଉଜି ହୋଇ ବସିପଡ଼ିଲି । ଦଲକାଏ ଥିଞାପବନ ପଶିଆସିଲା ଝରକାଦେଇ । ଆଖି ଦୁଇଟା ବୁଜି ବୁଜି ଆସୁଛି ନୀରବରେ.......।

ମୃହୁର୍ତ୍ତଳ ଭିତରେ ସାତଦରିଆ ତେର ନଈ ପାରିହୋଇ କେମିତି ପେ ମୁଁ ମୋର ସେଇ ଛୋଟିଆ ଗାଁଟି ଭିତରେ ପହଁତି ଗଲି କାଣିନି-ଗୋଧୂଳିର ଅସ୍ତଞ୍ଜତା ଭିତରେ ଖୁବ୍ ସ୍ପଞ୍ଜ ଭାବରେ ଦିଶୁଥିଲା ମତେ ସବୁକିଛି। ଓଲଟି ଗ୍ୱଲିଥିଲା ପୃଞ୍ଜାପରେ ପୃଞ୍ଜ। ମୋ ଅଡୀତର - ସେସବୁ ମୋର ଅଡି ନିକର-ଅତି ଆପଶାର......।

କାହିଁ କେତେ ଉପରେ ଚଡ଼େଇଟି ଭଳି ଉଡ଼ିଯାଉଥିବା ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜକୁ ଗୁହିଁ ଗାଁର ସେ ଅଂକା ବଂକା କଗ୍ୱ ରାସାରେ ଧୂଳି ଧୂସରିତ ହୋଇ, ଖୁବ୍ ଜୋରରେ ପାଟି କରି କରି ଛୋଟ ଛୋଟ ପିଲା କେତୋଟି ବୌଡ଼ି ଗ୍ରଲିଥିଲେ । ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ କୌତୂହଳ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଜୀବନ୍ତ ଆଖି ପିଛା କରୁଥିଲା ନିର୍ଜୀବ ବିମାନଟିକୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଆଖି ଆଢୁଆଳକୁ ଯିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । ଛୋଟ ଫୁକ୍ଟିର ତଳକୁଞ୍ଚକୁ ଟାଣି ପାଟିରେ ପୁରାଇ ଗ୍ରେବାଉ ଗ୍ରେବାଉ ମନେ ପକାଉଥିଲି ମା'ର ସେ ଗୀତକୁ ''ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜ, ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜ ତଳକୁ ଖସିଆ, ସୀମାକୁ ମୋର ବସାଇ କୋଳେ ଆକାଶେ ଉଡ଼ିଯା'' । ଅନ୍ୟମନୟ ଭାବେ ମିନିକୁ ହଲାଇ ଦେଇ କହିଲି-''ଜାଣିଛୁ ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ବୟ ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜରେ ବସିବି ବଡ଼ ହେଲେ, ଆମେରିକା ଯିବି।'' ''ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜ ଆଉ ଆମେରିକା,'' ଦୁଇଟା ଯାକ ମଧ୍ୟ ପରିପୁରକ ଥିଲା ଆମ ପିଲାଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ । କେତେ କଣ କଥା ସ୍ୱଲିଥିଲା ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜକୁ ନେଇ ସମସଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ- ମୋ କଥା ଶୁଣି ଅଟକି ଗଲା ସବୁ । ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ମିଳ ଆଖି ଘୁରି ଆସିଲା ମୋ ଆଡ଼କୁ । ହେଲେ କୌଣସି ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିନଥିଲ ମତେ-ପରମୂହୁର୍ତ୍ତରେ ବୁଝିଯାଇଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ ମନକୁ ମନ - ''କେଜାଶି ହୋଇପାରେ, ସୀମା ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ହେଉଛି । ତା ମା ବାପା ବି ସହରରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ସେ ବସିପାରେ ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜରେ'' ସହଜ ସରଳ ସମାଧାନ କରି ନେଉ ନେଉ ରଂଜନ କହୁଥିଲା ତୁ ଏଇପଟେ ଗଲବେଳେ ଉହାଲେ ବିଠି ଗୋଟିଏ ପଠାଇଦେବୁ ସେ ଆମେ ଜାଣିପାରିବୁ ତୁ ଯାଉଛୁ ବୋଲି, ଭାରି ମଜାଲାଗିବ ।'' ଟିକିଏ ଗଂଭୀର ଭାବେ କହିଲି - ଆଛା ଠିକ୍ ଅଛି । ତମେ ମାନେ ସବୁ ପେମିତି ଏଇଠି ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଥିବ, ମୁକ୍ତ ହଲାଇ ସମ୍ପତି ଜଣାଇଥିଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ । ହଠାତ୍ ବିନି ଚିହାର କରି ଉଠିଲା । ''ଆରେ, ଆମ ବୋଉକୁ ତେଶେ ନେଇ ଯିବେଶି...., ବୋହୁଗ୍ୱେରି ଖେଳର ଅଧାରୁ ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜ ପଛେ ପଛେ ଗୁଲି ଆସିଥିବା ଦଳଟାଯାକ

ପିଲା ଆଖିପିଛୁଳାକେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଦ୍ଧାନ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ ହଠାତ୍ -

ମନେ ପଡୁଥିଲା-ଏବେ ଦିନେ କୌସୁଇକୁ ଖୁଆଇ ଦେଉ ଦେଉ ନିକ ଅକଶାତରେ ତାକୁ କହୁଥିଲି '' ତୁ ବହୁତ ବହୁତ ଖାଇଦେଲେ ଶିଘ୍ର ବଡ଼ ହୋଇଯିବୁ । ବଡ଼ ହେଲେ ଭଲ ପାଠ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ବଡ଼ମଣିଷ ହେବୁ । ଆମେରିକା ଯିବୁ । ଏଇଠି ହିଁ ଅଟକି ଯାଇଥିଲି ମନକୁ ମନ-ଏଇ ଗପ ମୋ ଲାଗି ଥିଲା ଜେକେ ଜେନେମାଙ୍କର, ସେ ଗପ ସେମିତି ମନେଅଛି ହେଲେ ସେ ଗପର କିଛି ମାନେ ନାହଁ ମୋ ପୁଅ ଲାଗି ଆକି, ଏଇତସେଦିନ ଝରକା ପାଖରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ବହୁତ ତଳେ ଯାଉଥିବା ଉଡ଼ାଳାହାକକୁ ଦେଖଉଥିଲି ତାକୁ ହାତବଢ଼ାଇ - ପଛରୁ ଦୀପେନ୍ ହସିଉଠିଥିଲେ ସଶବ୍ଦରେ, କୌସୁଇକୁ ଗ୍ୱହିଁ କହୁଥିଲେ ''ଦେଖ ତୋ ମା'ର ଏବେ ବି ଉଡ଼ାଳାହାକ ଦେଖିବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ଯାଇନି । କାହିଁକି କେଜାଣି ଖରାପ ଲାଗିନଥିଲା ମୋତେ ଏ ପରିହାସ ଆଦ୍ରୌ ସ୍ଥତିର ସେଇ କେତୋଟି ଧାଡ଼ି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ହୋଇସାରିଥିଲା କେବେଠାରୁ ।

ପୁଣିଥରେ ଫେରିଗଲି ସେଇ ଦୂରନ୍ତ ଗାଁ ଭିତରକୁ ମୋର, ପେଉଁଠି ସାଇଡି ହୋଇ ରହିଛି ମୋ ବାଲ୍ୟ, କୈଶୋରର ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥୁଡି ସଚ-

ଖରାଦିନେ ଛାଉଲେଉଟିବା ବେଳଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ ମୋର ପୁସ୍ତୁତି ରାତି ଲାଗି । ସେବ ମା' ଦୁଆରଟା ଓଳାଇଦେଇ ଯିବାପରେ ଛୋଟ ଢାଳରେ ପାଣି ଆଣି ଛିଞ୍ଚିବା ଆରଂଭ କରେ ମୁଁ । ଓଦାମାଟିରେ ସେ ଭିଜା ବାସ୍ନାଟା ଜେଜାଣି କାହିକି ଛୋଟବେଳୁ ହିଁ ଭାରିଭଲ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ମତେ। ଦୁଆର କଡ଼ର ଛୋଟ ବଗିସ୍ତରେ ମଲ୍ଲୀବୃଦା ୨-୩ଟି, ୨-୪ଟା ରଂଗଣୀ ଗଛ ଆଉ ମଝିରେ ଛୋଟ ଚଉରା ଝଙ୍କାଳିଆ ତୁଳସୀଗଛଟିଏ । ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ଫେରି ମଲ୍ଲୀ ଆଉ ରଂଗଣୀ ଗଛରେ ପାଣିଦେବା ମୋର ନିତି ଦିନିଆ କାମ । ସଂଧ୍ୟାହେଲେ ବଡ଼ ସପଟାକୁ ଟାଣି ଟାଣି ଆଣି ଦୁଆର ମଝିରେ ପକାଇ ଗଡ଼ିପଡ଼େ ମୁଁ । ଶୋଇ ଶୋଇ ଉପରକୁ ଗ୍ୱହିଁ କେତେବେଳେ ତାରାଗଣେ ତ କେବେ କେବେ ସ୍କଲୁଥିବା ତାରାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଗ୍ରହିଛି ସେ ଅବୁଝା ଆଖିରେ । ରାଡିର ଗାଢ଼ କଳା ରଂଗ ଭିତରେ ମଲ୍ଲୀଫୁଲର ସଫେବ ରଂଗଟା ଭିତରେ ହିଲଯାଉ ଯାଉ ପୋଗ ଦିଅନ୍ତି କେଳେ, ଜେଜେମା, ଠାକୁମା- ମୋ ସହିତ । ଖୋଲା ହୁଏ କେଳେମାଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀ ପେଡ଼ି -ବୁଡ଼ୀ ଅସୁରୁଣୀ, ରାଜାରାଣୀ, ପରୀ ରାଇଜ, ସାହାଡ଼ା ସୁଦରୀ ଠାରୁ ଆରୟ କରି ଟୀକା ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ରନ୍ଦ୍ର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ- ସେ ହାଲିଆ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ଶୁଣେ, ଧର୍ମପଦ, ବାଜି ରାଉତ, ଉଦାମ ସିଂହ ସହ ତାଙ୍କ ଅଂଗେ ଲିଭେଇଥିବା ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ସ୍ୱାଧାନତା ସଂଗ୍ରାମର କାହାଣୀ ସତୁ। ଗପ ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି ଘୁମେଇ ପଡ଼ିଲେ - ଆହେ ନୀଳ ଶଇଲ...,

ଅଖିଳ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡ ପଡି..., ଗୀଡ ଭିତରେ ନିଦ ହୋଇପାଏ ମତେ - ହେଲେ କାହାଣୀ ପେଡ଼ିର ସେଇ ଅସରତ୍ତି କାହାଣୀ ଭିତରେ ଖୁବ୍ ଚତୁରତାର ସହ ଅ, ଆ,- A, B, C, D ଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି (a+b)² ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆଦାୟ କରିନେଇଥିଲେ ମୋ ଠାରୁ-ଜାଣି ପାରିନଥିଲି ମୁଁ । କେବେ କେବେ କୌତ୍ସୁଇକୁ ଗୀଡଗାଇ ଶୁଆଇ ଦେବି ଭାବି ଚେଷ୍ଟାକରେ ପିଲାଦିନେ ଶୁଣିଥିବା ସେ ଗୀଡ ଗୁଡ଼ିକରୁ କେଉଁଟା ଅଧାପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମନେପଡ଼େ ଡ କାହାର ଆରମ୍ଭରୁ ହିଁ ଅଟକି ଯାଏ । କେତେ ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ଭକନ କେକେ ବାଧ୍ୟକରି ମୁଖସ୍ତ କରେଇଥିଲେ, ସେଇ କେତୋଟିକୁ ଏପଟ ସେପଟ କରି ଗାଏ ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ । ଦୀପେନ୍ ଥଙ୍ଗ କରନ୍ତି ''କଣ ସେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ କ୍ୟାସେଟ ସବୁବେଳେ ଲଗାଉଛ । ମୋ ପୁଅ ବଡ଼ ବୋର ହେଉଥିବ ।''

କୌସୁଭ କାନ୍ଦରେ ସ୍ୱହିଁଲି ମୁଁ । ନିଦ ଅଧାରୁ ଉଠିପଡ଼ି ସ୍ୱହିଁଛି ଅଧାକ୍ଷୀର ବୋଡଲଟାକୁ ମୁହଁରେ ଦେଲି ତାର । ଟିକିଏ ସମୟ ଭିତରେ ଶୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲା ସେ ପୁଣି । ସ୍ୱହିଁଲି ତାକୁ ଆଉ ଥରେ । କେତେ ଶାତ ଆଉ ସରନ ଲାଗୁଛି ତାର ସେ ମୁହଁଟି, ଶିଶୁ ହିଁ ଭଗବାନ୍ଙ୍କର ସର୍ବଶ୍ରେଷ ସୃଷ୍ଟି, ଅସ୍ୱାକାର କରିହୁଏନା । ମୁହଁଟା ତାର ଏକଦମ୍ ନୂଆ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ମତେ । ବେଶି ବେଶି ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଇଛା ହେଉଥିଲା - ହଠାତ୍ Cam cordar ଟାକୁ ନେଇ ସେମିଡି ସେଇ Crib ସହ Record କରିନେଲି ସେ ସମୟଟାକୁ ।

ଥର୍ନାଫ୍ଲାସରୁ ଗ୍'ଟା କପ୍ରେ ପୁରାଇ ସଜା ଡ଼ି ହୋଇ ବସିଲି ମୁଁ । ଗ୍ କପ୍ରରୁ ସର୍ପିଳ ଗତିରେ ଧୂଆଁ ଉଠୁନଥିଲେ ବି ବେଶ ଗରମ ଥିଲା, ଓଠରେ ଲଗାଇଲି କପ୍ଟିକ୍ ।

ଦୀପେନ୍**ଙ୍କ ଇଛା ଅନୁପା**ୟୀ କୋସ୍ତୁଭର ପିଲାଦିନର ଅନେକ ସମୟ ରେକଡିଂ କରି ରଖାଯାଉଛି । ତା ହସ, କାନ୍ଦ, ଖାଇବା, ବସିବା, ଉଠିବା ସବୁକିଛି ତାଉପରେ ପୁଣି ଡାଇରୀରେ ଟିପାଯାଇ ରଖାହେଉଛି ସେ କେଉଁଦିନ ପେଟୋଉଛି, ଆଶୋଉଛି, ବସୂଛି, ଠିଆହେଉଛି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ସେ ବଡ଼ ହେଲେ ବହୁତ ଖୁସିହେବ ଏସବୁ ବେଖିଲେ ଆଉ କାଣିଲେ । ସତେତ-ଭାରି ଖୁସିଲାଗେ ନିଜର ପିଲାଦିନ କଥା ଶୁଣିବାକୁ । ଜାଣିବାକୁ । ମୋ ପିଲାବେଳେ କାମକୋଡାର ତ ଦୂରର କଥା କେବେକେମିଡି ବାଇସ୍କୋପ ବାଲା ଗାଁକୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ ବି ଦେଖିବାର ସୁପୋଗ ମିଳେନି-ହେଲେ ଏଇ ସରୁ କଳା ଟେପ୍ଟିର ମେମୋରି ଠାରୁ ବି ଆହୁରି ସୂକ୍ଷ୍କ, ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ୱଣ ଆଉ ସତେଜ ଥିଲା ଜେଜେମାଙ୍କର ମନେରଖିବାର ଶକ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ କହିବା ଅନୁଯାୟୀ ରଥ ଯାତ୍ରା ଦିନ ଠାକୁରେ ଆସି ରଥରେ ବସିଲେଣିବୋଲି କେଳୁ ଦେଖିଆସି କହୁଥିଲା, ସେତିକି ବେଳେ ବାବୁ କଟକରୁ ଫେରି କହିଲା ତୋ ଜନ୍ମ କଥା, କାର୍ତ୍ତିକ ପୁନିଅଁକୁ ଦି' ଦିନ ବାକିଅଛି । ଚଉରାରେ ମୁରୁଯ ପକାଉଥିଲି, ଦେଖିଲାବେଳକୁ ତୁ ଆଶେଇ ଆଶ୍ଚେଇ ଆସି ଅବିର ଡବାଟାଯାକ ଢାଳିଦେଲୁ ଚଉରା ଉପରେ । କମ୍ ଗାଳି ଖାଇଲୁନି ସେଦିନ, ହେଲେ ଆଶ୍ଚୋଡନଥିଲୁ ଏତେଦିନ ଧରି ବୋଲି ଯେଉଁ ପାପ ଛୁଉଁଥିଲା ଗୁଲିଯାଇଥିଲା ଏକାଥରକେ । ଚଇତ ପୁନେଇଁରେ ଠାକୁରାଣୀଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ଘୋଡ଼ାନାଚ ହୁଏ. ଗାଁ ରାଞାଦେଇ

ଯାଉଥିବା ସେଇ ରଂଗବେରଂଗର କାଠଘୋଡ଼ାକୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ତତେ ଏତେ ଭଲ ଲାଗିଲା ଯେ ହଠାତ୍ ତୁ ଠୁକ୍ ଠୁକ୍ ହୋଇ ତା ପଛେ ପଛେ ସ୍ୱଲିବାକୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଥିଲୁ ସେଦିନ...। ମୋ ଭଳି ଦିନ ବାର ଲେଖି ମନେ ରଖିନଥିଲା ହେଲେ ପେତେ ଟିକିନିଖି ଭାବରେ ସେ ମନେରଖିଥିଲା ସେସବୁ ଭାବିଲେ ଆଷ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗେ ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ, ମନଟା ଖୁସି ଆଉ ଗର୍ବରେ ଫୁଲିଉଠେ-ସେ ଏକ ଅଲଗା ପ୍ରକାର ଆନନ୍ଦ-କୌସ୍ଥଭ ବଡ଼ ହେଲେ ରେକର୍ଡିଂ ହୋଇଥିବା କ୍ୟାସେଟ ସବୁ ଟ.ଭି. ର ପରଦା ଉପରେ ବେଖିଲାବେଳେ ହୁଏତ କହିପାରେ-'ବାବା ମା, ରେକର୍ଡିଂ କରିଥିଲେ ଏସବୁ,'' ହେଲେ ମୋ ଭାବିବାରେ 'ମୋ ଜେଜେମୀ, ମୋ କଥା ଏତେ ନିଖୁଣ ଭାବରେ ମନେରଖିଥିଲେ ଏତେ ଦିନ ଧରି ଏତେ ସଷ୍ଟଭାବରେ,-ଏଇଠି ହିଁ ଭିନତା-ଯନ୍ସ ଆଉ ମଣିଷ ଭିତରେ...।

ଅସ୍ପୃଷ୍ଟ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଏବେ ବି ମନେପତେ-ଭାରି ଅବୁଝା ଥିଲି ମୁଁ ପିଲାବେଳେ, ହେଲେ ବହୁତ ଗେହ୍ଲା ଥିଲି ଘର ଭିତରେ । ଟିକିଏ ଅଝଟ ହେଲେ ବି ମୁହଁ ଫୁଲାଇଲେ ମୋ ଲାଗି ଘରର ସମୟ ଗାଳି ଶୁଣୁଥିଲେ ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ । ପିଲାଟା କଥା କେହି ଆଗ ବୁଝୁ ନାହାଁନ୍ତି ବୋଲି । ଉପରେ ଗୁଣୁ ଗୁଣୁ ହେଲେ ବି ସାଂଗେ ସାଂଗେ ପୂରଣ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା ମୋ ଅଳି ଅର୍ଦ୍ଦଳି । ହେଲେ ଥରଟାଏ ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହ ଗଡ଼ିଲେ ଲିନ୍ଦିଆସୁଥିଲା- ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ସାଧା ଆଉ ରଂଗ ବେରଂଗର ପଣତ କାନି, ଆଉ ଜେଜେଙ୍କ କାନ୍ଧରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ମୋର ଅତି ପ୍ରିୟ ନାଲି ଗାମୁଛାଟା ! ଆଉ କୌସ୍ତୁଭ ଏଇଠି ହାରିଯାଏ ଗାଉଁଲି ମା' ପାଖରେ ଆମେରିକା ସିଟିଜେନ୍ ପୂଅଟି ମୋର । ଆଖିରୁ ଲୁହର ଧାର ଗଡ଼ି ଆସୁଥିଲେ ବି ମାର ଜିନ୍ସ ପ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟ ଆଉ ଟି-ସାର୍ଟରେ ପଣତ କାନିର ସେ ମହାଇଁ ଏ ସ୍ପର୍ଶ ମିଳିପାରେନି ଡାକୁ । ଅତିବେଶିରେ ୱାସ୍କୁକଥ୍ କି ପେପର ଟାଉକ୍ରେ ମୋ ଜେଜେମା'ଙ୍କ ଭାଷାରେ ''ପୋଡି'' ଗୁଡିକୁ ପୋଛିନିଏ ମୁଁ । ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ତୁଳନା କରି ବସେ ତାର ଏ ସମୟକୁ ମୂଁ ବଢ଼ିଆସି ଥିବା ସମୟ ଆଉ ଶୈଳାସହ । କେତେ ତଫୀତ୍ !! ଆକାଶ-ପାତାଳ ପରି କେଉଁଟା ଭଲ ସ୍ଥିର କରିପାରେନି !! କେକେଙ୍କ ପିଠିରେ ଲାଉ ହୋଇ କିୟା କାନ୍ଧରେେ ବସି ଖରାଦିନେ ତୋଟା ଭିତରକୁ ବୁଲିପିବା ନା ଷ୍ଟ୍ରୋଲରେ ଆରାମରେ ବେଲୁ ବାନ୍ଧି ଶୋଇରହି ମା-ବାପାଙ୍କ ସହ ଓ୍ୱାର୍କ ଯିବା, ବଜାର ଯିବା ? ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ପୁରୁଣା ରାଲେ ଫ୍ରେମରେ ଚଉଡ଼ା ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ଛୋଟ ଗାମୁଛା ଉପରେ ବସି ବୁଲି ଯିବାବେଳେ ଅଧାବାଟରେ ଗୋଡ଼ ଝିମ୍ ଝିମ୍ ହୋଇଗଲେ ପାଖ ଗୁଡ଼ିଆ ଦୋକାନ ଆଗରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ଅଧାଇଂଗା ବେଞ୍ଚ ଉପରେ ବସି ଜିଲାପି ଖାଇବାପାଇଁ ଅଳି କରିବା ନାଁ ଗଡି ମମିଙ୍କ ସହ କାର୍ରେ ଗଲାବେଳ ଦାମିକିଆ କାର ସିଟ୍ରେ ସୂରକ୍ଷା ବେଲୁ ଲଗାଇ ପଛକୁ ମୁହଁ କରି ରାଜକୀୟ ଠାଣିରେ ବସି ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ଲାଗିଥିବା ଇଂଲିଶ୍ ମ୍ୟୁଜିକ୍ ସହ ନିଜ ଚିନ୍ତାକୁ ଯୋଡ଼ିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟ ହେବା ? କେଉଁଟା ଭଲ ଡାହାଲେ ? ଜନ୍ମ ଦିନର ଶୁଭ ଅବସରରେ ସକାଳୁ ଗାଧୋଇ ଚନ୍ଦନଟିପା ଲଗାଇ, ଠାକୁର ଘରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡିଆ ମାରି ଭୋଗଲଗାଇ, ମା ଙ୍କ ସହ ମଂବିରରେ ସୀପ ଜଳାଇବା- ନାଁ- ଦୋକାନରୁ ଆସିଥିବା ବିରାଟ ବଡ଼ ସୂସର୍ଜିତ କେକ୍ କାଟି ଜନ୍ନଦିନର ପବିତ୍ରତାକୁ

ମନେପକାଇ ଜଳୁଥିବା ମହମବତୀକୁ ଫୁଙ୍କି ଲିଭାଇବା ? ଭାବିଲେ କେବଳ ଭାବନାର ବୁଡ଼ିଆଣି ଜାଲ ଭିତରେ ଛନ୍ଦି ହୋଇଯାଏ ମୁଁ । ବୃଝ୍ୟପାରେନି କିଛି, ଏସବୁ ଦିନେ ଅବାସବ ଅପହଞ୍ଚ ଥିଲା ମୋ ଲାଗି । ସ୍ୱପ୍ତର ଇଲାକା ଥିଲା ମୋ ପାଇଁ ହେଲେ ସେସବୁ ହାଡପାଖରେ ଲାଗୁଛି ହୁଏଡ, ସେମିତି ଭଲଥିଲା-କଳ୍ପନା କଳ୍ପନାରେ ରହିଲେ ହିଁ ଉପଭୋଗ କରିହୁଏ । ବହି କଥା ବହିରେ ହିଁ ରହିଲେ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ । ଏଇତ- ସେଦିନ ଏମ୍ପାଆର୍ ଷ୍ଟେଟ ବିଲ୍ଡିଂ ତ ନୁହେଁ ୧୦୨ ମହଲା କୋଠା, ଯାହାକୁ ଗୃହିଁ ଆଖି ଉପରକୁ କରିଦେଇଥିଲୁ ସେଦିନ ତା ଉପରକୁ ଯାଇ ଦେଖିଲା । ବେଳେ ଏତେ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ମନେ ହୋଇନଥିଲା ପେତେ ବହିରୁ ପଢ଼ି ଲାଗିଥିଲା ବିନେ । ହ୍ନାଇଟ୍ ହାଉସ୍ କହିଲେ ବିନେ ପାଟି ଅଠା ଅଠା ହୋଇପାଉଥିଲା ଆଉ କିଛି ଭାବି ହେଉନଥିଲା ଆଗକୁ ପଛକୁ । ହେଲେ ସେଦିନ ହାଇଟ ହାଉସ୍ କଡ଼ ଦେଇ ଯିବାବେଳେ କହୁଥିଲି ''ଭାରି ହାଲିଆ ଲାଗିଲାଣି, ଆଉ କେବେ ଆସିଲେ ହୁଅନ୍ତାନି ? ହଁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ସେଇ ଉଡ଼ାଜାହାଜରେ ଆସିବା ଦିନ ଅତୀତର ସୁତିଟା ଚହଲି ଯାଇଥିଲା ଅଜଶାତରେ । ଅନ୍ୟମନୟ ଭାବେ ତଳକୁ ଗୁହିଁ କିଛି ଖୋଜିବାର ଚେଞ୍ଜା କରୁଥିଲି...ଦୁଇଟୋପା ଲୁହ କେବଳ ଗଡି ଆସିଥିଲା ଆଖିରୁ ସେସବୁକୁ ଓବାକରି । ଝାପ୍ସା ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା ସ୍ଥୁତିର ସେ ପୃଷ୍ଟାଟା । ସାନଭଉଣୀ ଚିଠିରେ ପଗ୍ରରିଥିଲା ''ଏରୋଫ୍ଲେନ୍ରେ ଗଲାବେଳେ ତତେ ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ଲାଗିଥିବନାଁ ''ହିଁ' ଲେଖିପାରିନଥିଲି । କାରଣ ମୁଁ ଜାଣିପାରୁନଥିଲି-ସେଦିନ ହରିଆକୁ ଖୋସାମତ କରି ଶଗଡ଼ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ସ୍କୁଲରୁ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ସହ ଘର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆସିବାରେ, ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ସହ ସାଇଜେଲ, ରିକ୍ଲାରେ

ଯିବାବେଳେ ଆଉ ବାପା, ମାଙ୍କ ସହ ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ଯିବାଠାରୁ ଏରୋଫ୍ଲେକ୍ରେ ଯିବାରେ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ୱତା ଥିଲା ବୋଲି ।

ବର୍ଷଟିଏ ବିଡିଗଲାଣି ଯା ଭିତରେ । ପୋଷ୍ଟ ବକ୍ଷ୍ମ ଆଉ ଟେଲିଫୋନର କିଛି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଭିତରେ ଯେଡିକି ଯୋଗାଯୋଗ ନଚେଡ ଏତେବଡ଼ ପୃଥିବୀଟା ମାଡ୍ର ଡିନିକଶଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ରହିଯାଏ । ସବୁଦିନ-ଉଇକ୍ଏଣ୍ଡରେ ବେଳେବେଳେ କିଛି ନୂଆ ନୁଆ ମୁହଁ, ବାହାରେ ଗାଡ଼ି ରହିଲେ କି ପାଟି ଶୁଭିଲେ, ଘରକୁ କିଏ ଆସିଲେ ଭାତି ଖୁସିରେ ଝରକା ପରଦା ଆଡ଼େଇ ଗୁହିଁବାରେ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନାହିଁ । କାହା ଘରେ ହଠାତ୍ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଆଶ୍ଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରାଇଦେଇ ଖୁସିହେବାର କଟକଶା ଏଦେଶରେ । ଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କଣାଇବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ ଉଭ୍ୟଙ୍କ ସମୟ ଆଉ ସୁବିଧାକୁ ଆଖିଆଗରେ ରଖି । ''ବୁଃଖିତ, ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ''ଏଇ ଦୁଇଟିଯାକ ଶବ୍ଦ ସେମିତି ପ୍ରୟୋଜନ ନହେଲେ ବ୍ୟବହାର ହେଉନଥିବା ପରିବେଶରୁ ଆସି ଟିକିଏ କଥାରେ ଏଦୁଇଟା ଶବ୍ଦ ବ୍ୟବହାର କଲାବେଳେ କେମିତି କେମିତି ସଂକୋଚ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ପ୍ରଥମେ, ହେଲେ ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି ଆଜିକାଲି ।

କଶ ଏମିତି ଭାବୃଛ ? ଦି'ଥର କଲିଂବେଲ ମାରିବାପରେ ବାଧ୍ୟହୋଇ ଗ୍ୱବି ଖୋଲି ଆସିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିଲା ? ଚମକି ଉଠି ଗ୍ୱହିଁଲି ମୁଁ-ସାମନ୍ତର ଉପେବ୍- ଡୁପ୍ଲିକେଟ୍ ଗ୍ୱବିଟା ଥାଏ ଉଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସବୁବେଳେ, ଭାବନାର ଖିଅ ମୋର ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା, ଅନ୍ୟମନ୍ଦୟ ଭାବରେ ଉଠି ପଡୁ ପଡୁ କହିଲି... Sorry....।

ନିଉନ୍ଦର୍ଶୀ, ଯୂ.ଏସ୍.ଏ.

FOR SALE

Large residential lot (8 Katki gunths) in Bhubaneswar in an excellent location, within one mile from Kalinga Hospital. If interested please call (606) 623-7146

ସର୍ବଂ ସହା

ସ୍ନେହ ମହାନ୍ତି 🗷

ନନୀ ସେ ପଲ୍ଲବିତ, ବୃକ୍ଷସମ ସର୍ବଂ ସହା ଅନନ୍ତ ଉଦାର ଅଳାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଛି ସେ ପେ, ଜୀବନର ସଉରଭ କାହି ତୋଳିଛି ମନ୍ଦିର ଏକ, ମୁଖେ ତାର ବିଲ୍ଲୋଳର ହାସ ଜୟଟିକା ପିନ୍ଧି ଦିନେ, ଫେରିବ ସେ ବିଜୟୀ ତା ଶିଶୁ ।।

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାସିନୀ ଏକ ବ୍ରଡ ତାର, ତା ପ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରତିମା ଦେହେ ନ ଲାଗୁ କଣ୍ଟକ ପବିତ୍ର ହେଉ ତା ପଥ, ମନ୍ଦାକିନୀ ଝରୁ ତା ଶରୀରେ ଜନନୀ ପରାଣୁ ବହୁ, ଶତଧାର ରୁଧିର ତା ମଂଗଳ ମନାସି ଶରବିଦ୍ଧ ଭାଷ୍ମସମ, ବିଷାଦର ଯେତେ ଶର ହେଉ ତା ପ୍ରତୀକ ।।

କରାକୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଦେହ ତାର, ଆଭରଣ ନାହିଁ ଆଉ ପତର ସମ୍ଭାର ଶାଖାହୀନ, ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ, ତେର ସହ ଶୁଷ୍କ କାଷ୍ଟ ଖଞ୍ଜେ । ଦିନେ ଯଦି ଫେରିବ ସେ, କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଦେହେ ଅବସର ପାଇଁ ଦୀର୍ଘଶ୍ୱାସ ମାରିବ ସେ, କାଷ୍ଟ ଦେହେ, ମୋର ଏଇ ପ୍ରଣୀତ ଆସନ । ।

ହଞ୍ଚିଙ୍ଗଟନ୍ ବିବ୍, କାଲି ଫର୍ଶିୟା

ଫୁଲ

ଦୁର୍ଗେଶ ନବିନୀ ମହାନ୍ତି 🗷

4

ିଠ ଯେପରି ସବୁ ଭୁଲି ଯିବାକୁ ହୁଏ ଫୁଲର ବାସ୍ନା ଆଉ ବର୍ଷା ପଡ଼ିଥିବା ମାଟିର ଗନ୍ଧ । ଆଉ ଶୀତ ଦିନର ଅଳସ ଅପରାହ୍ନ ।

ମନଟାକୁ ପେତେ ବୁଝେଇଲେବି ବୁଝେ ନାହିଁ ଖାଲି ଝୁରି ହୁଏ ଶୁଂଘିବାକୁ ଫୁଲର ବାସ୍ନା ଆଉ ଭିଜା ମାଟିର ଗନ୍ଧ ।

ଏତେ ବୂରେ ରହିଲେ ବି ମନଟା ସେଇ ପିଲାଳିଆ ଆଉ ପିଲା ବିନର ସ୍ଥୁତି ଭିତରେ ଗୁଡ଼େଇ ତୁଡ଼େଇ ହୋଇ ଫେରିଆସେ ବାସବ ଜଗତକୁ ।

ଭାବି ବସେ କେବେ ସେ ଦିନ ଆସିବ ଫେରିବାକୁ ଗାଁ ମାଟି ଆଉ ଶୁଂଘିବାକୁ ରଜନୀଗନ୍ଧା ମଲ୍ଲୀର ବାସ୍ନା ।

ସେଦିନ ଶୁଂଘିଲି ସେବତାର ବାସ୍ନା ସୁପର ମାର୍କେଟରେ । କାହିଁ କିଛିତ ନାହିଁ ବାସ୍ନା ଏ ସେବତାରେ ? ଫୁଲ ବେଖାଯାଏ ସୁଦର ଓ ସତେଜ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ ମଧୁର ବାସ୍ନା' ସବୁ ଯେମିତି ବେଖା ସୁଦର କଖାରୁ ବଡ଼ି ।

ମନ ଖାଲି ଝୁରି ବସେ ରଜନୀଗିଧାର ବାସ୍ନା ଆଉ ରାପ୍ତର ମଲ୍ଲୀପାଇଁ କିନ୍କୁ ଏତେ ଫୁଲ ଥିଲେବି କାହିଁ କେହିତ ନୁହନ୍ତି ରଜନୀଗିଧା ଭଳି ?

ମନକୁ ବୁଝାଏ ବେଳେ ବେଳେ କେମିତି ରଜନୀଗନ୍ଧାର ବାସ୍ନା କ୍ଲିଅର ଲେକ୍ ସିଟିରେ ।

ହିଉଷନ, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ.

ଚିଠି

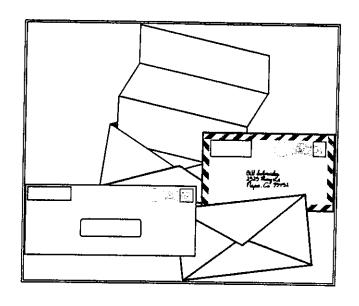
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଦୀପ୍ତି ଦାସ 🗷

ିରିଲା ଚିଠି ତୁ ଟିକିଏ କାଗକ କାହୁଁ ଆସି କାହିଁ ରହି ଅଳପ ଭାଷାରେ ଆଶା ନିରାଶାର କଥା ଯାଉ ତୁହି କହି।

କିଏ ଲେଖିଦିଏ ହସି ପଦେ କଥା କିଏ ଲେଖେ କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି, କିଏ ବା ବଖାଣେ ଜୀବନ ଡାହାର ଜଂଜାନେ ଯାଇଛି ବାନ୍ଧି।

ଅଭିମାନ କରି ଲେଖେ କିଏ ପୁଣି ରାଗରୋଷେ ହୋଇ ଖପା, ଆଦରେ ଜିଏ ଲେଖି, ବାଟ ଗ୍ୱହେଁ ଆସୁଥିବେ ଆଜି ବାପା।

ସେନେହ, ମମତା ହୃଦୟ କାହାଣୀ କିଏ ଗାଇଯାଏ ପୁଣି, ଆଶାର କୁସୁମ ବିକଶିତ ହୁଏ ତୋ ପାଖରୁ ପଦେ ଶୁଣି।



ମରମ ବେଦନା, ଅକୁହା ବାରତା ତୋ ବୁକୁରେ ହୁଏ ଲେଖା, ସାଥୀ ସୋଦରରେ ଭାବ ଦିଆନିଆ କରିପାରୁ ତୁହି ଏକା।

ଟିକି କାଗକର ଚିଠିଟିଏ ତୁ ଲୋ ସବୁରି ମନର ଆଶା, ଆପଦେ ବୁଝାଉ, ସୁଖରେ ମକାଉ ପାଟିରେ ନ ଥାଉ ଭାଷା।

କାଲେଶ୍ୱର, ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ଗ୍ରାଞ୍ଚ କ୍ୟାନିୟନ

ମନୋରମା ମହାପାତ୍ର 🗷

ଅନ୍ତର ଅନ୍ତରୀକ୍ଷେ ଅମ୍ରାନ ନକ୍ଷତ୍ତ, କାହା ଆଲୋକରେ ଅଭିସ୍ମାତ୍ ? ଅଥବା ପ୍ରତିବିୟିତ, ବିଭୁବତ୍ତ ମୋ ତୃତୀୟ ନେତ୍ର ଜାଣେ ନାହିଁ..... ଅବା ଖସେ ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ଖୋଳପା ଛିନ୍ନ କରି ଛଳନାର ଗାଡୁ । ନିମିଷକ ପାଇଁ ଅବା ଝଲକାଏ ସତ୍ୟ ବିଶିଯାଏ ଅବା ମନ୍ଦ୍ରବଳେ କିଏ ମୋ ଆଗରେ ଖୋଲିଦିଏ ଆକାଂକ୍ଷିତ ଅବରୁଦ୍ଧ ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣର ପାତ୍ର । ମୋ ଅନ୍ଧ ନୟନୁ ଅନ୍ଧକାର କିରିଦିଏ ଦୂର ଭାସିଆସେ ଅନେଷାର ସୁର ଅଥିବ ମୋ ପୁରୁଣା ନୟନେ ମୁଁ ବେଖଇ ଅନାବିଳ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମଧୁର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟ ଲହର । ବିପୁଳା ବସୁଧା ସୁଧା ଅପହୃତ କରେ ମୋର ଯୁଗ ଯୁଗ କମିଥିବା ଯୁଧା ମୋ ଆଗରେ ରଜତ ତୁହିନ ସ୍ନାତ ପରିବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ବିସାର୍ଶ୍ୱ ଉବାର ସମ୍ମୁଖେ ମୋ ଗ୍ରା**ଞ୍ଜ କ୍ୟାନିୟନ-ସାଧନା ଗହ୍ନର** । ବିହ୍ମଳିତ ମୋ ଚେତନା ସୌଦର୍ଯ୍ୟର ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ସମାହାର ଧ୍ୟାନରତ ଧୂର୍ଜଟୀ ଜଟା ନିସ୍ଥତ ଗଙ୍ଗୋତ୍ରୀର ଧାର

ଅନ୍ୟ ନାମେ-କଳ କଳ ପୁଲକିତ ସ୍ଫନ୍ଦିତ ଶରୀର ।

ଆରଣ୍ୟକ ଆମନ୍ଦ୍ରଣେ

ତୁଷାରର ସଂଭାଷଣେ ସର୍ବକ୍ଷଣ ମୁଁ ଶୁଣେ ଧୃନିର ଝଙ୍କାର ଆଚୟିତେ କାନ ତେରି ଶୁଣେ ମୋ ମାଆ ଭାରତର ସ୍ୱକ୍ଲ ଅନ୍ତଃସ୍ୱର ପ୍ରୀତିଭର। ପବିତୃ ଓଁକାର । ପଶ୍ଚିମର ବିଗ୍ବଳୟେ ପୂର୍ବର ପ୍ରାବୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲୋଟେ ଅନନ୍ତର ପ୍ରସାରିତ ପଟ୍ଟେ ବ୍ୟବଧାନ ଘୁଁ ଚିପାଏ ଚିରନ୍ତନ ଆତ୍ମା ମୋର ଉତ୍ବକେଳିତ ହୁଏ ମାଟି ମାଆ ଘଟେ । ପୃଥିବୀ ଛାତିରେ ମଥା ତୋଳି ଉଦ୍ଭା ଏଥି ତପୋରତ ନିର୍ଲିପ୍ତ ବହୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବହୁ ଧର୍ମ, ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ମିଳିତ ସଂଭାର ଶିଳାରୁପୀ ମହାନୁ ଆଧାର ନବ କଳେବର ଗ୍ରା**ଞ୍ଚ** କ୍ୟାନିୟନ-ଗଭୀର, ଗମ୍ପାର ମହିମ୍ନ ଏ ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ଯ୍ୟାର ପାବେ, ବିନମ୍ର ପ୍ରଣମେ । ପୁକୃତି ବି କଥା କହେ ଶୁଣେ ମୁଁ ବିସ୍ଥୃୟେ ଗୁଡୁତମ ତଥ୍ୟ କହେ-ମୌନ ସଂଭାଷଣ ଗୁରୁ ସମ ଗ୍ରାঞ୍ଚ କ୍ୟାନିୟକ୍ । ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟ ଆଉ ପାଶ୍ରାତ୍ୟର ଘନୀଭୂତ ଦିବ୍ୟ ସମୟ ବ୍ରହ୍ମାଣ୍ଡଟ। ବ୍ରହ୍ମମୟ-ପୃଥ୍ୱୀର ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଘୁଁ ବି ଘୁଁ ବି ଯାଏ । ବିଶ୍ୱରୂପ ବର୍ଶନର ହୁଏ ଡ ବା ଏକାବଶ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟଟେ ଇଏ ।

ଅନ୍ନେଷଣ କଳ୍ପନାମଯ୍ବ ଦାଶ 🛎

ତାବ୍ଦୀର ରାଜକନ୍ୟା, ହାତେ ଧରି ବରଣର ମାଳା ସାଥେ ନାହିଁ ଅଂଗ ରକ୍ଷା-ସଖୀ, ଅବା ବାସ ବାସୀ ମେଳା ।୧ ।

ଓହ୍ମାଇଛି ରାଜଦାଞ୍ଚେ ବରିବାକୁ ମନ ଲାଖି ବର ପିତା ମାତା ତୁଲେ ମୁହିଁ ଆୟୋଜିଛି ଏଇ ସ୍ୱୟୟର ।୨ । ବିଦ୍ୟା ବୃଦ୍ଧି ବଇଭବ ବପୁ ଆଉ ବିବେକର ପୃଣ୍ଡି, ଏତେ କଥା ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ରଖି କରିନି ମୁଁ କିଛି ଗୋଟେ ପଣ**ା**ମ । ଜଣା ଥିବ ମୁହଁ ଦେଖି ମନଟିକୁ ପଢ଼ିବାର ବିଦ୍ୟା ଏପରି ବିଦ୍ୱାନ୍ ଏକ ଖୋକୁଛି ମୁଁ କନ୍ୟା ସ୍ୱୟଂସିଦ୍ଧା ।୪ । ହାତେ ନାହିଁ ସମୟ ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖି ହେବାକୁ ବିଭୋର ନିଦ୍ରାଟିଆ ଜହୁରାତେ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ହୋଇବେ ହା<mark>କର ।୫</mark> । ଖଣ୍ଡାଧରି ବାରହାତ ପକ୍ଷୀରାଜ ଘୋଡ଼ାରୁ ଓହ୍ଲାଇ ରାଜାର ଏକ କୁମର ସେ ନେବ ବୋଲି ବୁକୁରେ ଜଡ଼ାଇ ।୬ । ଏ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀ ଶେଷ ଭାଗେ-ନୁହଁ ମୁହିଁ ଅୟସ ନଳିନୀ ଶିକ୍ଷାଦୀକ୍ଷା ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଚଉହଦେ ମୁହିଁ ପେ ବଦିନୀ ।୭ । କନ୍ଦପରେ ଜାତକର୍ମ, କର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧ ଆଉ ବିଦ୍ୟାରୟେ ବିବାହ ବି ସେଇପରି ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ଆବଶ୍ୟକ କର୍ମ । 🗀 ସ୍ୱୟଂବରା ତେଣୁ ମୁହିଁ ଖୋକେ ଏକ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ମନୋହର ସୁରକ୍ଷା ଓ ସନ୍ନାନ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ଜୀବନରେ ଯିଏ ନେବେ ମୋର ।୯ । ଜ୍ଞାନ ବା ବିଜ୍ଞାନ କୁହ କେଉଁଥିରେ ଉଣା ନୁହଁ ମୁହିଁ ଦେଖିଲେ ସବୁ ଦିଗରୁ ଉଣା ବରଂ ପଡ଼ୁଥିବେ ସେହି ।୧୦। କନ୍କଗତ ମୋ ପ୍ରତିଭା, ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମବିତ୍ତା ଚେତନା ସେତକ ଉପପୁକ୍ତ ସ୍ୱାମାଙ୍କର ସଂଯୋଗେ ସେ ହେବ ବିକଶିତ ।୧ ୧ । ବାନ ଅବା ଯଉତୁକ ଶବ୍ଦ ମୋର ନାହିଁ ଅଭିଧାନେ ଭରିବେବି ପୁର ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାତି ରତି କଉତୁକ ଦାନେ ।୧ ୨ । ତାଙ୍କ ସେବା ମନରକ୍ଷା ହେବମୋର ପ୍ରଥମ ତପସ୍ୟା ତିଳକ କରିବି ମୁହିଁ କପାଳେ ମୋ ତାଙ୍କର ସମସ୍ୟା ।୧୩ ।

କର୍ମ କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ଫେରିବି ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କ ପରି ହୋଇ ଅବସନ୍ତ ରସାଣିତ ପଦେ କଥା, ସେତେବେଳେ ଭରିଦେବ ମନ ।୧୪ । ଆଷ୍ଟେଭିଡ଼ି ଅଣ୍ଟାରେ ମୋ ପଣତକୁ ଲାଗିବି କାମରେ ସରାଗ ଟିକିଏ ଲାଗି ସ୍ୱର୍ଗ ରଚି ତାଂକରି ଧାମରେ ।୧୫ । ଅନୁଷଣ ଖୋକୁଥିବି ଅକଠୋର ଦୁଇପଦ ଭାଷା, ଅବଶ୍ୟ ତା ଥିବ କେବେ ଅଭିମାନ ଆଉ ରାଗ ରକ୍ଷା ।୧୬ । କିନ୍କୁ ଯଦି ଅବିରାମ ପରିଶ୍ରମେ ଦିନ ରାତି ସରେ, କେମିତି ଗୋ ଅଛ' 'ବୋଲି ପଗୁରିବା ଥାଉ କାହିଁ ଦୂରେ ।୧୭ । ଅସୀମ ସମାଲୋଚନା ପଦେ ପଦେ କେବଳ ତିକ୍ତତା, ନରକଠୁ ନାରକୀୟ ଯେତକ ବିରକ୍ତି ଆଉ ଯେତେ କଟୁ କଥା ।୧୮ । ତିଳେ ନାହିଁ ବୁଝାମଣା ସବୁବେଳେ ଖାଲି ଅଭିଯୋଗ ଜୀବନର ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦିଗରେ ରହିବ ବା କାହୁଁ ଯୋଗା ଯୋଗ ।୧୯ । ଥମ୍ ଥମ୍ ମୁହଁ ସତେ ସାପ ଏକ ଉଠାଉଛି ଫଣା ଅଥଳ ପାତାଳୁ ଅବା ଶୁଭୁଥିବ ମରଣର ବୀଣା ।୨୦ । ପେତେ ଉଷ୍ପ ମୋ' ଆବେଗ, ସେତ କାହିଁ ରହିଯିବ ଦୂରେ ପ୍ରୀତି ରତି କୋମଳତା ଅଂକୁରିବା ଆଗୁଁ ଯଦି ମରେ ।୨ ୧ । ଟିକି ଟିକି ଛିଣ୍ଡାଇବି ଦଳିଦେବି ଏ ବରଣ ମାଳ, ନଷ୍ଟ କିନ୍ଦୁ କରିବିନି କୁମାରୀତ୍ୱ ମୋର ଶତଦଳ ।୨ ୨ । ଅୟାପରି ଫେରିଯାଇ ପୂଣି ମୁଁ କରିବି ଡପସ୍ୟା ମାରିବି ବା ବରିବି ଭାଷ୍ମଙ୍କୁ ବେଖାଯିବ ସେତ ପଛ କଥା ।୨୩। ଅଗଣିତ କୁମାରୀଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତିନିଧି ରୂପେ ଉଦ୍ଭା ମୁହିଁ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭାଷା ଫୁଟେ ରକ୍ତେ ମୋର ଟକ ଟକ ହୋଇ । ୨୪ । ଏ ଯୁଗର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ କନ୍ୟାର ଆତ୍ମ କଥା କରୁଛି ବଖାଣ, ଅକାରଣ ନୋହୁ ସତେ ଆଜିର ଏ ବର ଅନେଷଣ । ୨୫ ।

ମିଳିଆ ପଲିସ୍, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ

ଅବିନାଶୀ

ଝାନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ 🗷

ନ୍ଦଇରି ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ସେଇ ରୂପା କହ୍ନ ନୀଳ ଆକାଶର ସେ ତୃପ୍ତିର ଅବସାଦ ନାହିଁ ପୁଣି ତାର ଲୁଚ କାଳି ଖେଳ।

ଆଚରିତ ହେଉଥିଲି ମୁହିଁ ଦେଖି ତାର ସେ ଦିବ୍ୟ ରୂପକୁ ଏ କଠୋର ସମୟର ଦାଉ ଛୁଇଁନି ତା କୋମଳ ଅଂଗକୁ ।

କୁଆଁ କୁଆଁ ରାବ ତେଇ ସେବେ ପଡ଼ିଲି ମୋ ମାଆର ଗର୍ଭରୁ ସ୍ୱାଗତମ୍ କରିଥିଲା ଥାଇ ଏଇ ଜହ୍ନ ନୀଳ ଆକାଶରୁ ।

ଖନି ଖନି କଥା କହି ଶିଖି ଜାଣିଲି ମୁଁ ଗ୍ୱଲି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଆନଦରେ ଫୁଲି ଉଠୁଥିଲା ଦେଖି ଜହ୍ନ ବଢ଼ନ୍ତା ଶିଶୁରେ ।

ଭଲ ମନ୍ଦ ଭୂଲ୍ ଠିକ ନେଇ କେତେ କଥା ଶିଶି ମୁଁ ପାରିଲି ସ୍ରଷ୍ଟାଙ୍କର ମଧୁର ସୃଷ୍ଟି କୁ ମନେ ମନେ ଗବେଷଣା କଲି ।

ବିତାଇଲି କେତେ ଧୁନି ଖେଳ ଏଇ ମାଟି ମାଆର କୋଳରେ ବେଖି କହ୍ନ ହସି ଗଢୁଥିଲା ଶିଶୁଟିକୁ କିଶୋରୀ ରୂପରେ ।

ଅଗ୍ନିକୁ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ରଖି ପେବେ ବରିନେଲି ସଂସାରର ପଥ ଏଇ ଜହ୍ନ ଥିଲା ସେଠି ରହି ବିବାହର ନୀରବ ଦର୍ଶକ। ଖିଲି ଖିଲି ହସୁଥିଲା ଦେଖି ବଧିରୂପୀ କଅଁଳ ଶିଶୁକୁ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ଜାଳି ଦେଉଥିଲା ସେ ଦିନର ନବ ଦଂପରିଙ୍କୁ ।

ଗର୍ବରେ ପୁଲକିତ ସେବେ ମାତୃରୂପା ଶିଶୁଟିର ମନ ବିଛୁରିତ କିରଣେ ସେ କହ୍ନ ବେଇଥିଲା ତା ଅଭିନଦନ ।

ଦେଖୁଅଛି ଦେଖୁଥିବ ଜହ ସଂସାରୀର ସବୁ ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖ ସାକ୍ଷୀ ହୋଇ ରହିଥିବ ସିଏ କେବେ ହେଲେ ନହେଇ ବିମୁଖ ।

ଜାଜଲ୍ୟମାନ ଆଭା ନେଇ ସଦା ଏଇ ଜହ୍ନ ଥିବ ଆକାଶରେ ସନ୍ମାନିତ କରିବାର ପାଇଁ ସେ ଶିଶୁକୁ ତା ପକ୍ନ କେଶରେ ।

ଆଦ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଶିଶୁର ଜୀବନୀ ଦେଖୁଅଛି ଆକାଶରେ ରହି ହସି ହସି ବିଦାୟ ଦେବ ସେ ପେତେବେଳେ ଜନୁଥିବ ଜୁଇ ।

ଏଇ ଜହ୍ନ ରହି ଆସିଅ**ଛି** ରହିଥିବ ଏଇ ରୂପ ନେଇ ସ୍ୱାଗତମ୍ କରି ଆସୁଥିବ ଶିଶୁଟିକୁ ଜରୁ ଜରୁ ପାଇଁ ।

ସମୟର ସ୍ରୋତ ବହି ଗ୍ୱଲେ କରେ ନାହିଁ କାହାକୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷା ଅବିନାଶୀ କହ୍ନ କିନ୍କୁ ଥିବ ସତେ ଅବା କାହାକୁ ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷା ।

ଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ତୁମକୁ

ଶାନ୍ତି ଲତା ମିଶ୍ର 🗷

ମ ସଂସାରର ବେଳାଭୂମି ପରେ, ଆସିଛି ମୁଁ ଲେଖିବାକୁ

କିଛି ଅଭିଯୋଗ ମୋର । ମୁଁ କାଣେ ସମୟର ଢ଼େଉ, ଧୋଇ ଦେବ ଦିନେ, ତୁମ ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଲେଖାଥିବା ମୋର ସତ୍ୟାସତ୍ୟ ସବୁ ।। ପିତୃତ୍ୱର ଦାବୀ କରି, ଆସିଥିଲି ଦିନେ, ସେ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେଲ ନାହିଁ ମତେ ।। ଭାବିଲି ହୁଏତ ସନ୍ତାନ ବୟଳ ତୁମେ, ସୁସନ୍ତାନ ଭାବି ସମପିଲି, ତୁମ ପାଶେ ମୋ ନିଜକୁ, ଦେଲ ନାହିଁ ତାର ଅଧିକାର 🔢 ଭାବିଲି ଘୃଣା କର ହୁଏତ, ଜାଗତିକ ବନ୍ଧନର ସଂପର୍କକୁ ତୁମେ, ତେଣୁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ବୋଲି ବଡ଼ାଇଲି ହାତ, ସୁଖେ ଦୁଃଖେ ପରସ୍କର କରି ସମର୍ପିତ,

ଅଧିକାର କରିନେବା ଜଗତେ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଟତ୍ୱ, କିଲ୍ଲ ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱର ସେ ମର୍ଯ୍ୟାଦା ଦେଲ ନାହିଁ କେବେ ।। ସଖା, ସହୋଦର, ଆମ୍ବୀୟ ସବୁ ଭାବି, ନିରାଶ ହେଲା ପରେ.... ଆଜି ଆସିଛି ପଗ୍ରରିବାକୁ, କି ସଂପର୍କ ମୋ ସହିତ ତମର ? କି ବୋଲି ଡାକିବି ତୁମକୁ, କି ଦେବ ମତେ ତୁମେ, ତୁମର ପରିଚୟ । ଏ ବିଶ୍ୱ ଯଦି ତୁମ କ୍ରୀଡ଼ା ଘର ସାଂସାରିକ ଅର୍ଥେ ମୁଁ ତେବେ କଣ ? ମୁଁ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ସ୍ବହେଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ପରିଚୟ !! ଅନେକ ଦେଇଛ ଅନେକଙ୍କୁ ବୋଲି ଶୁଣିଛି ଅନେକ, 🛚 । ସେହି ଦାବୀ ନେଇ ଆଜି କରେ ଅନୁରୋଧ, ମୋ ପୁଶ୍ୱର ଥିଲେ କିଛି ସମ୍ଭାବ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବାକୁ ଥରେ ମୋତେ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବାକୁ ଟିକେ କଷ୍ଟ କରିପାର 🔢

ରଚେଷର, ମିନେୟୋଟା, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ,

ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଭାରତ

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ କୁନ୍ତଳା କୁମାରୀ ମିଶ୍ର 🗷

ବିଗତ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ମୋ ଆଜି ସଫଳ ହୋଇଛି ଜନୁମାଟି ମା' ମୋର ଆନଦେ ହସୁଛି । ସୁନାର ଭାରତ ଏଇ ଦେଶ ଅଟେ ମୋର ଯା କୋଳରେ ଜନ୍ମିଛତ୍ତି କେତେ ପୂଣ୍ୟନର । ପେଉଁ ଦେଶର ପ୍ରାଚେରୀ ତୁଷାର ମଣ୍ଡିତ ସେହି ହିମାଳୟଠାରୁ କୁମାରୀକା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବିଦେଶୀ ଶାସକ ହାତୁ ତାହାକୁ ମୁକୁଳି କେତେ କେତେ ନରନାରୀ ଦେଲେ ପ୍ରାଣବଳି । ଆମ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଆଉ ସୁଖ ଶାନ୍ତି ଲାଗି କେତେ ଯେ ମହାତ୍ମା ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ସର୍ବତ୍ୟାଗୀ । ତାଂକରି ଆଶିଷେ ଆଜି ସମତାର ମୂଲ୍ୟ ଭେଦାଭେଦ ନାହିଁ କିଛି ସର୍ବେ ସମତୁଲ । ନାହିଁ ଅମାର, ଫକୀର ନାହିଁ ଉଚ୍ଚ ନୀଚ୍ଚ ନାହିଁ କିଛି ଘୃଣ୍ୟ କର୍ମ, ନାହିଁ କିଛି ବାଛ । ଅପ୍ଲଶ୍ୟତା ଦୂରକରି ସବୁରି ସେବାରେ ମନୋ ନିବେଶ କରିବା ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ସାଦରେ । ଗୁରୁକନେ ଭକ୍ତିଭାବ, ଲଘୁନନେ ସ୍ନେହ ସଦା ସହାୟ ହୋଇବେ ପୁରୁ ବୟାମୟ । ଆମ ଦେଶର ଜନକ 'ଅମର ବାପୁଙ୍ଗ' ତାଙ୍କରି ଆଦର୍ଶ ଆଖି ଆଗେ ରଖି ଆଜି । ଆସ ନତଶିରେ ପ୍ରଣମିବା ବାରୟାର ସେହି ଶକ୍ତି ଆମକୁ ହେ ଦିଅକୁ ଈଶ୍ୱର । ସ୍ନେହ ମମତାରେ ଭରି ଦିଅକୁ ଏ ପ୍ରାଣ ସେହି ସର୍ବ ଶକ୍ତିମାନ, ସେହି ଯେ ମହାନ । ସଦା ମୋ ଦେଶ ପତାକା ଉଚ୍ଚେ ଉତ୍କୁ ଥାଉ ତା ପାଇଁକି ମୋ ଜୀବନ ଗଲେ ପଛେ ଯାଉ ।

> ହେଇ। ଗୋହିର। ସାହି, ପୁରୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ବନ୍ଧନ

ଉର୍ମିଳା ବାସ 🗷

คู้

ଏକ ଅଧାର ଉର୍ମି

ମଥା ପିଟେ ସାଗର ବେଳାରେ ।

ମୁଁ ଏକ ଝଡ଼ର ପକ୍ଷୀ

ହତାଶାରେ ଡ଼େଶା ପିଟି ମରେ ।

ମନ ହୁଏ ଲଘିଂଯିବି

ବେଳାଭୂମି ବାଲୁକା ପ୍ରାନ୍ତର ।

ଅତିକ୍ରମି ଯିବି ଦୂରେ

ଗିରି, ବନ, ନଦୀ, ପାରାବାର ।

ବୃଥା ଏଥି ସହିବାର

ଅସରନ୍ତି ଜୀବନ ଯାଡନା ।

ସତେ ଅବା ଜୀବନର

ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ନାମ ହିଁ ଯନ୍ଦ୍ରଣା ।

ଆପଣାର ଜନମଣି ଯା' ଲାଗି

ଯା' ସହିଲି କଷଣ ।

ନିଜକୁ ନିଃଶେଷ କରି

କେତେମତେ କଲି ମୁଁ ଯତନ,



ଜୀବନ ସାୟାହ୍ନେ ଆଜି

ଅନୁଭବେ ସବୁ ଅକାରଣ,

ମାୟାର ଶିକୁଳି ସେତ

ମିଥ୍ୟା ଏକ ମୋହର ବନ୍ଧନ ।

ମୁକ୍ତି ଗ୍ୱହେଁ ପଥ ଖୋଜେ

କିଏ ଦେବ ପଥର ସଂଧାନ ?

ଭାଷ୍ମ ଶରଶଯ୍ୟା ସମ

ଏଡ ମୋର ନିଜସ୍ୱ ବହନା

ଅବରୁଦ୍ଧ କାରାଗାରେ ବନ୍ଦୀମନ

ନିଷ୍ଫଳ ଆକ୍ରୋଶେ

ତ୍ରିଶଙ୍କୁ ସମାନ ଝୁଲେ

ମଧ୍ୟ ପଥେ ନିଃସଂଗ ଆକାଶୋ

କୁବନେଶ୍ୱର, ଓଡ଼ିଶା

ସକାଳ ଦୀପ

ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନାୟକ 🗷

ରେ ସବୁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଯାଇଚି ତୁଟି, ତୁମ ଉପରୁ ଗୋଟାଏ ନିର୍ଜନ ସରାଇ'ର ବିକଳା'ଗ କାହର ରଂଗରେ ।

> ମୋର ଲୋଭ ଆଉ ମାୟା ଯାଇଛି ଝରି ଫୁଲ ପରି ଗୋଟାଏ ବୈଶାଖର ଦୀର୍ଘ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସରେ ।

କଳେ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ ତୁମ ପ୍ରତାରଣାର ରୁଦ୍ରରେ ଅହରହ ବହିଯାଏ, ଝାଳ ହୋଇ ତୁମ ଯୁଗଳ କୁଚ ମଧ୍ୟରେ । ଆଉ ମିଶିଯାଏ ଦୀପାବଳୀର ''ସକାଳ ଦୀପ ଶୂନ୍ୟତା' ରେ''।

ମେଭିଲାଣ, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ

ଧଉଳିର ପରେ

କବିତା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ 🗷

ଜନାର ଛାୟା ତଳେ ଧଉଳିର ଶୋଭା ଦିଶେ, କେଡ଼େ ସୁଦର ବସି ମୁଁ ଭାବୃଥିଲି,

ଏହାରି ତଳେ ଦିନେ, ରକ୍ତ ନଦୀ ବହିଥିଲା, ଏଇ କଳିଙ୍ଗର । ସହସ୍ର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୀର, ଦେଇଥିଲେ, ଆତ୍ମବଳୀ, ନିଜ ଦେଶ ପାଇଁ, କିବା ସୁଖ ମିଳିଥିଲା, ମହାରାଜ ଅଶୋକଙ୍କୁ ଏ ସବୁଥି ପାଇଁ ।

ହଠାତ୍ ଶୁଭିଲା କାନେ,

ଖଞ୍ଚା ତରବାରୀର ଝଣତ୍କାର

ବହୁ କୋଳାହଳ ମଧ୍ୟେ

ରହି ରହି ଶୁଭୂଛି ଚିହାର

ଗୁହିଁ ଦେଖିଲି ଦୂରେ

ସେଇ ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ,

ଦିଶେ ସେଇ ରଣଭୂମି,

କେହି ନମାନେ କାରେ ।

ସହସା ଥମିଲା

ସ୍ତରିଆଡ ହେଲା ଶୂନ୍ ଶାନ୍

ସାମ୍ନାକୁ ଗୁହିଁ ଦେଖେ,

ସୌମ୍ୟ ଏକ ରୂପ ବଣ୍ଡାୟମାନ ।

ହାତରେ କମଞ୍ଚଳୁ

ମୟକ ମୁଞ୍ଚିତ

ବୁଦ୍ଧଂ ଶରଣଂ ଗଢ଼ାମି,

ମୁଖେ ଉଚ୍ଚାରିତ ।

କପତର ଡାକେ ମୋର

ତଦ୍ରା ଭଂଗିଗଲା

ଗୁହିଁ ଦେଖିଲି, ନଥିଲେ କେହି ପାଶେ

ମୁଁ ଥିଲି ଏକଲା ।

ଏକା ବସିଥିଲି ବୁଦ୍ଧଙ୍କର ସେଇ,

ଧଳା ପ୍ରସର ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିର ପାଶେ,

- -

ଘନ ଅଧାରେ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିଟି ଛଡ଼ା

ସେଠି ଆଉ କିଛି ନ ଦିଶେ ।

ଜାଣେନି ମୁଁ ଏତେ ରାତିରେ,

କେମିତି ଆସିଲି ଏଠିକି,

'ଧଉଳିର ପରେ' ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଉଇଁଛି,

କିରଣ ପଡ଼ିତି ଛିଡ଼ିକି ।

ନିଯୁନ୍ତର୍ଶୀ, ଯୁ.ଏସ୍.ଏ.

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A TRIP TO ORISSA

Lalu Mansinha

During December 1994 I visited Orissa and many places in India. A recant of the trip, may be of interest to the ORNET community and JOSA readers. I am a member of SEEDS. The community development aspect is essentially a report for SEEDS, but should be of interest to others.

Part A: Cuttack and Orissa and India in December 1994

Part B: 'Delhi Has Declared the Plane to be Safe'

Part C: Report to SEEDS (Sustainable Economic & Educational Development Society)

PART A: Cuttack and Orissa and India in December 1994

I am revisiting the countryside where I was born, where I grew up. Yet I feel I am an alien traveler, from another land, another civilization. Everything looks vaguely familiar, but not familiar enough. I recognize a street, a corner, few buildings, a few neighborhoods in Cuttack, but I can no longer find my way around. It is not just the passage of time, of advancing years and the weakening of memory. Cuttack has become another city. The Cuttack of my youth had vast open spaces. All the spaces are gone. The Cuttack of my youth has vanished.

There are parts of Cuttack that defy description as a city. At best it is an overgrown village with narrow winding streets, open sewers, the stench of decay. The tragedy is that all the new urban growth within the last two decades mimics the old Cuttack, with new narrow winding streets, new open sewers, but with the same stench of decaying biological waste. I am told that there is a master plan. If there is one, it must be very flexible. The pressure of a growing population, currently thought to be 500,000, has outstripped any official plan. The teeming population, all upwardly mobile in a continuing economic boom, demands services at all income These services, primarily working out of minimum squarefootage retail stores, are the new structures lining both sides of all major streets. New pan shops, tea shops, clothing stalls, stationary stores jostle for space.

And yet somethings have remained the same. The rickshawpuller who used to take me to school still sits at the same spot, waiting for a passenger. He has not changed in appearance; he looks the same as he looked 40 years ago. He is still poor, still leases the rickshaw. I asked why in 40 years he has been unable to own his rickshaw. There is a wry smile; he has a drinking problem. He drank his profits away. There is no accumulated wealth. There is no capital to invest.

The rickshawpuller and I have an old unspoken agreement. Whenever I come to Cuttack, he will be my rickshaw for the first day, staying with me the whole day. My side of the agreement is that I compensate him appropriately. It is not difficult to be generous when one thinks in dollars and spends in rupees. This time I feel guilty. contributing to his alcoholism. I am also sad. The economic boom in India, the upward migration of tens of millions from poverty to middle class, has passed this Oriya rickshawpuller by. More than forty years of backbreaking labor, with no unemployment insurance, no health plan, no pension plan. The past is not much to recount; there no future to look forward to.

This Oriya rickshawpuller is not an isolated case. What ails him is what ails Orissa. Looking at Cuttack and Bhubaneswar one would be misled about the prosperity of Orissa. The economic boom in India of recent years has barely touched Orissa. Orissa lags behind other states in virtually all economic indicators. The reasons are many. It is traditional to point the finger at outside interests, lay the blame on external agencies. The cause must be within ourselves. There is no tradition of saving for investment. There is a long tradition of eating well (and nowadays drinking too). Virtually the entire saving of a middle class family is spent on a daughter's wedding. The wealth of the Oriya community is constantly dissipated; there is no determined concentration for eventual investment.

In India as a whole there is an atmosphere. The ambiance is much like what I imagine the United States was like in the mid nineteenth century. A young country, confident of its destiny, proud of its different way of life, went through a convulsion of invention and creativeness that would affect the world for a century and more. That was the country of Lincoln, of Edison, of Ford, of McCormic, of the Wright brothers. That burst of creativeness has not yet happened in India; but the pride, the confidence and the belief that India will be the 'Tiger of Asia',

within a very short time, is there. Once A sense of secure stability is achieved, the convulsion of inventiveness may happen.

India is an young country, barely fifty years ago it took control of its own destiny. The pride simply oozes out in conversations with mid-level bureaucrats, with young businessmen. continuing newspaper reports of technological achievements, and the ongoing economic boom, has nurtured this sense of national destiny. There is no longer the anxious hankering to obtain foreign goods; Indian manufactured goods are now of excellent quality. There is the story of how Tata designed and manufactured small trucks beat out Toyota and Mazda trucks in the Indian market. There is the story of the Indian designed supercomputers; of polar rocket launch vehicles, of nuclear submarines. Even the ISRO spy scandal is something to be proud of:-the foreign countries feel that the Indian design of the cryogenic rocket engine is worth stealing. Booming agricultural and industrial production and new investments are the pride of Kerala, Tamilnadu, West Bengal, Maharastra, Gujerat, Punjab. Sadly, in virtually all economic indices Orissa lags.

There has been progress in Orissa. The phone system has improved considerably. Virtually every locality in Orissa is now connected by phone. Public telephones (called STD-ISD-PCO; I do not understand why the signs do not simply say 'Phone') are available all over. I am told that the credit for the telephonisation of Orissa goes to a Oriya federal cabinet minister, Mr. Gomango.(I was also told that credit for the extensive train links in Orissa go to another cabinet minister, Mr. Lenka.). It is now much easier to contact people and get things done. I could not have met Mr. Bharat Agarwal (AVBKA) without the widespread phone links (See Part C).

A warning note: while the phone technology works, the people running the system have not changed. Phone numbers are changed without any prior notice. Phones go out of order, or the speech quality deteriorates at random. Inquiries to Directory Assistance usually returned wrong information. I was repeatedly told that world famous Guru Kelu Charan Mahapatra has no phone. Of course he does have a phone; I got the number through my sister. But by and large the phone system works, and works well.

The second factor in increasing efficiency in Orissa is the easy availability of 'taxis'. For about US \$15 or less one can have a taxi for a day. The drivers usually know the localities in Cuttack and Bhubaneswar and even with the vaguest of addresses, one can usually go to one's destination. I have

comeback with a great respect and admiration of Oriya drivers in navigating through the narrow and narrower streets of Cuttack and the perpetually wrong way bicycles, scooters, cars, trucks, bulls, pedestrians, dogs of city streets and highways. So skillful were the drivers that to me appeared as if the car was an extension of the driver's entity. The driver always appeared to know the exact position of the boundaries of the car, maneuvering around various animate and inanimate objects with millimeter precision. So many times each day I was certain a collision would occur, an accident would take place; but I was wrong time and again.

There are many new types of cars on Indian roads. Some quite fancy looking. But my admiration is reserved for the venerable, diesel powered Ambassador. A crudely put together car by any standard. Virtually no effort has been spent in making the car elegant. Exposed nuts and bolts show the absence of sophistication in design. But I will not sneer again at the Ambassador car. It must be one of the worlds toughest vehicles. We went over some of the worst roads in India with no broken axles, springs, shocks etc. The economics of the car is also amazing. It costs Rs300,000 new. After 10 years of usage (I was told that the mileage was not important), the car can be sold for Rs150,000. Ten years of use for roughly US \$5000.!!

The newly rich are quite visible in Orissa and in India. There is vast amount of disposable discretionary income, and they are using the income for the good things of life. The huge and growing middle class is the primary engine pushing the economic boom and is also the prime factor threatening life and the way of life. The smelly and dirty diesel fumes in most cities and on major highways are now a major cause of persistent throat and lung problems. India always had biological contamination in food and water. Thanks to the success of the Indian chemical industry, the level of herbicides and pesticides in Indian foodstuffs is now the highest in the world.

But my horror was triggered by an article by Menaka Gandhi on the widespread use of an human drug to force milk flow in cows. In humans the drug is used for rapid uterine contractions to induce labor. In milk cows an injection of the drug into the muscles forces the cow to unload the milk for seven minutes. A calf is not necessary to 'persuade' milk flow. For large (and small) dairies there is no longer a necessity to house and feed and raise a calf just for milk production. I could not believe that the illiterate 'gauda's of Orissa could be sophisticated enough to inject a cow with a banned and illegal substance. But

on inquiries in Cuttack, I found that this illegal drug is being used all over the place. Residuals of the injected drug remain in the cow and proceed into the milk. The long term effect of this drug on human population is unknown. I was conscious of this new pharmaceutical contaminant every time I sipped tea, coffee, and everytime I enjoyed a 'rosogolla'.

The literate are conscious of the high level of biological, chemical and pharmaceutical contamination in foodstuffs. There is this fatalistic feeling that there is nothing one can do. Several times I was given this black humor, a humor of desperation: 'The good thing about the high pollution levels in Orissa (India) is that if we can survive here, we can survive anywhere'. The people are hardy, but not hardy enough. There is the inevitable increase in deaths from cancer. Virtually unknown during my youth, cancer is now not uncommon.

The economic boom in the country has had cultural fallouts. Television and VCR are commonplace, and many watch foreign TV broadcasts from satellites. The fascination with television has resulted in decline of going to the movies; many old movie houses have shut down. There has been a decrease in readership of newspapers and magazines. I could see a decline in the number of English language magazines. Back in 1987 a number of good magazines were available. At present the only readable magazines are India Today and the Reader's Digest. The promising magazines of a decade ago are gone.

I visited my Alma Mater, IIT Khargpur. I was told that the social camaraderie of the students in the evenings, with ping pong, carrom or just plain conversation have vanished. Everyone is glued to the TV screen.

There is a superficial dislike of American culture and disparaging remarks about the decadence of the American way of life. And yet there is no escaping the fact that Indians are doing in 50 years what the British could not in 300 years -- the westernisation of India and Indian society. The current government policy of the free market economy and the privatization of just about everything are a result of direct US influence on Indian thinking. The fondness of the urban middle class youth for noodles, of pizza, of chinese food, for blue jeans, for Ray-Ban glasses, directly mimic whatever is the trend in North America. The TV soap Santa Barbara is India's window to life in America.

Part B: 'Delhi has Declared the Plane to be Safe'

My experiences with Indian Airlines on December 5, 1994. Most of you have traveled from Delhi to Bhubaneswar, via Varanasi. Normally the trip takes about 2 hours or so. I took 27 hours. We took off from Delhi 'on time', i.e. half hour late. Our spanking new Indian Airlines Airbus 320 developed some minor engine problems at Varanasi. The captain saw some blackness in the jet exhaust of the left engine. We were told that it meant that a tiny amount of oil was leaking into the exhaust. The captain decided that the problem was serious enough. We were informed that we will be bused to a hotel. I rate passengers demanded that Indian Airlines send a relief plane. We were only 1 hour from Delhi. And it is not that IA did not have enough planes. A news report the previous day said that IA had too many planes and was trying to a sell off a few to East-West Airlines.

I was taken aback by the anger of many of the passengers at a technical problem, probably beyond the control of the airline. No, I was told, these people (the IA officials) will do nothing unless actually threatened. Just look at him (referring to the senior IA official at Varanasi). We shout at him. He does not care. He hears shouting from angry passengers all the time. He will go home and sleep. He will not phone Delhi for a replacement plane.

As expected, the IA official in Benares ignored the request for another plane and bused the passengers into a hotel. Among the passengers was a lone, sick old lady. She was on the plane with the expectation that she would be in Bhubaneswar within a few hours. I saw several concerned passengers looking after her. The IA officials were of course not there to look after her.

We were told to wait. IA would inform the passengers when to go to the airport next day. Most waited around the hotel. I got up early and asked the hotel when can we reasonably expect to return to the airport. The hotel clerk has had experience with IA before. He said don't expect to leave before 2 PM. I and a friend went onto see the temples, the Ganges, and the city. The IA officials did not informed anyone of the time of departure. Those who waited the whole day at the hotel were furious with IA. The young German tourist said he did not mind the difficulties of travel in India. But he could have seen Varanasi if only the IA officials had told him nothing

would happen before 3 PM.

We were bused back in the afternoon at about 3 PM, after assurances that the problem with the engine was fixed. On arrival at the airport we found the A320 Airbus on the runway. The captain was still testing the engines. Now we could see blackness in the exhaust of both the engines. Clearly the plane was not ready to takeoff. After several hours of wait we were told that we should be prepared to be bused back to the hotel for another overnight stay. At this point a very angry group of passengers surrounded the IA official and demanded that he find a plane to take all of us to Bhubaneswar.

The official disappeared for about ten minutes, came back and informed us that we should prepare for takeoff. He told us 'Delhi has declared the plane safe'. Now the irate group of passengers were even more angry. They wanted to go to Bhubaneswar, but not in an unsafe plane. The captain was brought out to the waiting room and tried to reassure the passengers. He said his life was on the line too. He would not consent to fly a plane that was not airworthy. He provided no explanation as to why the same problem in one engine did not allow a takeoff the evening before, but now that it is present in both the engines, it is suddenly OK now.

The IA official now brushed aside all fears of the passengers regarding the airworthiness of the plane. He now talked tough, and basically told us to get on that plane or stay behind. He gave us no alternative. There were others like me, on a very tight schedule. I thought of staying yet another night in Varanasi and trying to get a ticket next day. I decided to take my chances and get on the plane. The young German traveler said this was his second vacation in India. He was certainly not coming again, to spend most of his vacation at Indian airports. The tired travel wary passengers said their prayers and got on the plane. Normally I am an atheist. Even I said my silent prayers. For good measure I also asked the lady next to me to pray for the plane also.

Alas, our tribulations were not over. After we were all seated in the plane the captain said that the weather report from Bhubaneswar showed that the weather conditions at that airport was below minimum standard. We sat in the plane for another 45 minutes. The captain then said that he has obtained the latest weather report. Conditions were still bad, but he had decided to takeoff, hoping that the condition will improve. Nobody could figure out what was the weather condition in Bhubaneswar at the beginning of December, in the evening, that had the captain worried. The irate German passenger by

my side said that Bhubaneswar must be having a freak snow storm.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening as we approached Bhubaneswar. I looked out, checking for whatever had worried the captain. Visibility was good. There was no rain, no fog, and of course no snow. It was a perfect winter evening. During our enforced stay at Varanasi the Indian Airlines office in Bhubaneswar had got tired of inquiries about the delayed flight and had simply stopped answering the phones. My friend came to the airport when he heard the plane and figured that this must be the delayed flight from Delhi.

As always, there is a silver lining. The forced stay in Varanasi allowed me to meet and talk with some of the passengers. I discovered a friend from Montreal who has had a dream of starting a factory in Orissa. After many trips to India and Orissa, arranging financing, getting permission etc., the factory still has not started. This, he said, was his last trip, the last effort. If things do not work out, he will give up his dream.

I met a Chinese steel engineer, on his tenth or so trip to Paradip. He missed an important meeting involving the joint Indian-Chinese steel plant. I told him that it must be the will of the gods, to make us stay in the Holy City. He laughed and said that actually Indian Airlines has improved a lot last year. In fact he was surprised that we left Delhi on time. I was puzzled; I told him we left Delhi about 30 minutes late. That my friend, is on time for this airline, he said.

The service in the air (on IA) and at the airports were of course not up to international standards. But there was a general listlessness about every action, every movement. The airports all looked frayed, worn out, in need of maintenance, repair, modernization, a washing, a coat of paint. The employees needed motivation and discipline. Sad that Indian pilots can fly the Airbus, but the ground crew cannot keep the buildings neat and tidy. Everything is there. All that is needed is a little dedication, a sense of duty. That little something seemed to be missing.

And then I landed at Calcutta. I could not believe it. A modern functioning efficient airport. With the spanking new surroundings, even the normally moribund IA employees were smiling. Virtually on my last day in India, I found an urban landscape in India that appears to function. The airport sits close to the modern Calcutta suburb of Salt Lake City. Yes! India can run a modern urban center, complete with services. But that is not all.

Calcutta, with its teeming poor, so many of whom live on the sidewalks, has one of the lowest street crime rates in the world. This was so unbelievable that I asked a news professional. She said it was true. Calcutta had a high rate of political crime, but a very low rate of petty random street crime. Perhaps our culture, with its long tradition of gentility, is showing through. So we can all rejoice in the good statistic.

Part C: Report to SEEDS (Sustainable Economic & Educational Development Society)

One of the aims of the trip to Orissa in December 1994 was to visit the SEEDS project in Kalahandi. Originally I was hoping that Priyadarsan Patra, I and Mike Powell would be able to travel together. However each one had different travel plans and it was not possible to coordinate the travel. As it turned out, Mike and I did not get to Kalahandi. I see that Priyadarsan and Umakanta made it.

I would like to report to you about (1) Two meetings with Mr. Bharat Agarwal of ABVKA; (2) A visit to a Rotary Village Corps project at Andheisahi-Gopinathpur and Satyabhamapur, near Cuttack; (3) Meetings with senior Orissa Government officials concerning a large scale reforestation/ aforestation project in the Talcher - Anugul area, using the flyash fertilizer developed by Dr. Mike Powell; (4) Meeting with Mr. S.K. Mohanty of Association for Social Reconstructive Activities (ASRA) of Pithapur, Cuttack.

1. Prior to the departure I had obtained the telephone number of Mr. Agarwal from Priyadarsan. I phoned that number and was told that he was in Berhampur; I was also told that he would be in Cuttack in a few days and was given a phone number and the time and day he would available.

I phoned him at about 10 PM on December 9. Since I did not know my way around in Cuttack, he volunteered to come and meet me right away. He brought along a local worker, Mr. Binoy Bhuyan. We had a wide ranging discussions, lasting over an hour. We fixed up details of the visit with Mike Powell for December 31. Mr. Agarwal said he will come to Swosti Hotel in Bhubaneswar on December 30 evening to meet Mike and me., and then travel with us next morning. He was going to make all arrangements for food and lodging on the way, even though I told him that through my contacts I could He was extremely make arrangements myself. solicitous about our meals, inquiring about special requirements etc.

As it turned out, we had to cancel the trip because a meeting was scheduled with Mr. Pyarimohan Mahapatra, IAS, on the 31st, regarding the flyash project. However Mr.Agarwal did come and meet Mike Powell me on December 30. After a few minutes it turned out that he had been having a severe migraine attack for the past few days. We were definitely impressed with his dedication to the cause. He looked so ill and so much in pain that Mike gave him some Tylenol, to give him some relief.

I had particularly wanted Mike Powell and Bharat Agarwal to meet, basically to educate him (Mike) on our Kalahandi project. When the Flyash project gets funded, the project would pay all costs in transporting the fertilizer to the forestation site, and would bear the cost of planting. However, for the seedlings to thrive, it is very important that the local villagers look after and guard the seedlings until trees could be harvested for their common benefit. After talking to Mr. Agarwal, I felt that our ongoing SEEDS project has already started the creation of a community spirit in the 100 or so villages in our project area. Thus my expectation is that the seedlings will be looked after. As I write this (in January 1995), my expectation is that large scale funding will be forthcoming from Canada. We should know in a few months.

2. Rotary Project in Andheisahi - Gopinathpur - Satyabhamapur

This is a service project of the Rotary Village Corps., run by the Cuttack Mid-Town Rotary Club (There are three different Rotary Clubs in Cuttack). I came to know of this project when I was describing to my uncle, Mr. Durgamadhab Behura, our Kalahandi project. Mr. Behura retired as Director of Agriculture, Orissa, 27 years ago. Today at 84 he is mentally and physically active and is a prime mover in the Rotary project. Rupee for rupee this must be one of the most cost effective community projects in Orissa, probably in India. Every rupee donated to the project is actually spent in the village. The Rotary Club absorbs all administrative costs.

The three villages are located about 45 minutes away by car from Cuttack city. We visited only one village, because of shortage of time. We saw trees planted and flourishing; we saw a pre-school with kids singing away; we saw a pond with fish stock. The fish will provide good cash return when sold in the local market. We saw piles of straw for fodder and roofing. We talked to villagers that happened to be around. They were full of praise for the project

and wanted more. It was impressive.

Rotary provides ideas and expertise and the cost of materials. Rotary also persuades local officials to provide certain facilities like, road, school, electricity and so on. For construction, planting etc. the villagers provide the labor.

Mr. Behura, Mike Powell and I spent the better part of a day at the village. I am describing my impressions from memory; it is possible that I have missed certain of the accomplishments. Ours was a surprise visit; yet we saw activity around us. We talked to whoever was around in the village. So what we saw is real, not a well rehearsed show.

To provide drinking water, they have sunk 12 hand operated tube-wells. We saw several in use. To provide irrigation they have sunk one large diameter diesel powered tube-well. The villagers have built a pump house and irrigation channels of brick and concrete. The bricks are locally made. We saw one brick pile oven which had just been fired. We were told that the new bricks are for the veterinary hospital.

The success in agriculture has been dramatic. With improved stock and instructions in usage of compost and fertilizers, the paddy yield has been doubled. New quality seedlings has led to a variety of high yield vegetables for family use and marketing. The villagers have been given advice on what trees to plant in the backyard. We saw a small garden patch with mango, banana, papaya, bamboo, chakunda trees, all flourishing and now about 40-50 fts tall. The whole idea is that each family, with a small plot of land can be self sufficient in basic needs such as fuel, fodder and fruits and vegetables.

With Rotary funding the villagers started building a high school. Each year they have added one new room to the school. They have already reached Class 7 and are planning to go to Standard 12 (+2). The salaries of the teachers are being met from Rotary and government funds. We saw the school, but on that day there were no classes.

The villagers have also built an one room preschool. I saw about 20 happy kindergarten level children, singing away. I had a brief chat with the lady teacher. The same school house is used for vocational instructions such as tailoring, for health information such as birth control.

What remains to be done here? The villagers told me that they badly need a 'veterinary hospital'. All the hospital is a two tiny rooms with a roof. The foundation has been dug, some stones and bricks are lying around. The project has run out of funds. Estimated cost for completion is Rs100,000. = US \$3000.

The villagers said that the single irrigation pump does not reach all the land and they need a second tube-well and pump. Estimated cost Rs150,000. = US\$5000.

Mike Powell was sufficiently impressed that he would be willing to provided for aforestation project for this area. We talked to the villagers and they would be willing to look after the trees once planted.

My question to SEEDS: Can we help this ongoing, successful community project? Certainly we will be given credit for the help they receive. Certainly we can bask in the existing success, while contributing a small amount.

3. The Flyash Fertilizer Project: This is the brainchild of Dr. Mike Powell. Brief Introduction: Indian coal has a very high level of non-combustibles, about 45%. Thus for every load of coal that comes to a thermal power plant, half a load has to disposed of. With all the projected thermal power plants, it is estimated that by 2000 AD, Orissa has to find ways to dispose of 100 million tons annually.

The flyash being fresh out of the furnace, is highly reactive. Among other things it contains heavy metals and uranium. The concentration of radio elements in Indian coal is 10 to 20 times the world average. So the flyash should not simply be dumped. The toxic elements will enter the river and ground water system.

The metals and element that are toxic at high concentrations are necessary for plant growth, in trace amounts. Most old forests have an efficient reuse cycle for the trace elements. If this cycle is broken, then plant growth is retarded or ceases altogether. In the Amazon rain forest the decaying leaves and trees allow the trace elements to leach into the ground, to be reabsorbed by the growing trees. When trees are taken away or burnt, this recycle chain is broken. The forest does not grow. In fact nothing grows on cleared forest land in the Amazon basin because of the absence of trace elements.

The same considerations apply to Orissa forests. There has been continuous depletion of trace elements. Dr. Powell plans to make a fertilizer by mixing flyash and any available organic sludge (from ditches, ponds, lakes) or compost (from water hyacinth) and use as a forestry fertilizer for aforestation and reforestation. Thus in one step we would have accomplished two things: disposal of the flyash and addition of fertilizers to the forest. I have been told that at present no fertilizer is used in reforestation projects.

Dr. Subashis Tripathy of the Pollution Control Board in Bhubaneswar and I met Mr. Pyarimohan Mahapatra and other senior officials of the Govt. Of Orissa during the first week of December. A second meeting took place on December 31, this time with Mike Powell being present.

Those of you who heard him at the July 1994 OSA Convention may recall that Dr. Powell's test plantations in Orissa show growth rates at least double that of control plants. The Govt. Of Orissa wants a large-scale-test in the Talcher-Anugul area, and is providing funding for this part. The federal Department of Science and Technology in Delhi is also involved, as are other provinces. Substantial funding is expected from Canada, but has not yet been finalized. When that comes through, Mike assures me that our Kalahandi project will be a part of this, as well as the Rotary Village Corps project mentioned above.

4. Association for Social Reconstructive Activities (ASRA), Cuttack. I had a visit from Mr. S.K. Mohanty, Secretary General. I have a copy of their 93-94 annual report. Mr. Mohanty told me of their old age home in the Jagatsinghpur-Balikuda area. With children moving away for jobs elsewhere, many old people are now destitute and helpless. This group runs an old age home, with 25 inmates. I heard a number of touching accounts of ill, starving and abandoned old men and women being brought into the old age home. With longer life span, and with children moving away from the villages, care of the elderly is now a major social concern.

ASRA has set up a family welfare center at Baharana, with 1 lady doctor and 25 Health Workers, covering 41 target villages.

I first heard of ASRA when I was describing the Kalahandi project to my brother-in- law, Mr. Lalit Mohan Nanda. He said he belongs to ASRA and

arranged the meeting with Mr. Mohanty. I would have liked to visit the various ASRA projects, but there was not enough time.

My Recommendations: In the past we, who live in comfort in North America, hid behind the excuse that we do not have any trustworthy organization to send money to. We now see that there are many good, active organizations that need our support. I recommend that we continue our support of those groups who already have major projects underway. We avoid all groups that siphon off significant amounts of the donated funds for personal profit (I met a few of these types also). So (1) We continue the funding of AVBKA project in Kalahandi (2) We should support specific parts of the Rotary Village Corps. Project. (3) Explore the possibility of support for ASRA projects.

Epilogue: This is the last of a three part report. Since this is a travelogue, I should list other places visited and other tasks done. I saw prehistoric cave paintings (somewhere between 5000 and 100,000 years old) near Bhopal; the Buddhist stupas at Sanchi; the temples at Khajuraho. I presented an invited paper at the annual meeting of the Indian Geophysical Union at Hyderabad, and a colloquium at the Indian Institute of Technology, Khargpur. Topics that I covered:(i) measuring minute changes in the gravity field of the earth with a superconducting gravimeter; (ii) a new method of spectral analysis of time series; (iii) studies on triggering of earthquakes. I include all this simply to round out my image, so that you, dear reader, may perceive me also as a serious scientist, studying the earth, not just a wanderer, a transient.

If you have read this far, I thank you for your time and patience.



HIKING THE CHILKOOT TRAIL

Debendra Kumar Das

INTRODUCTION

In August of 1992, I had the opportunity to hike the famous gold-rush trail of the 1890 era with a group of Boy Scouts. During this ten-day trip, I maintained a journal, making entries every night. This story has been reconstructed from my journal entries, describing our unique experience during that memorable travel.

The Chilkoot trail is a 33-mile long trail which begins at Dyea, Alaska, and ends at Bennett, British Columbia, crossing the US-Canada border at Chilkoot Pass (Figure 1).

Our group consisted of eleven Boy Scouts, from Troop 92 of the Midnight Sun Boy Scout Council of Fairbanks, Alaska, and four adults, including myself. The trip was planned as a father-and-son hiking trip. In the group, we had Bob Hawkins and his two sons Aaron and Devin; Bruce Putnam, and his two sons Andy and John; Dan Bissel, and his nephew Mark; our son, Sunit, and me, plus five other scouts whose dads couldn't join us. In the troop, the older boys were Aaron, Andy, and Rhett who were already 13, and Sunit, who was just one month shy of his 13th birthday. The younger group, comprising of the other seven boys, ranged in age from 9 to 11.

The year 1992 was the 50th anniversary of the Alcan (Alaska-Canada) highway. To commemorate this anniversary, an international iamboree of boy scouts designated as "Hands Across the Border" from Alaska, Yukon Territory. British Columbia, Northwest Territory, and Alberta, had been planned the year before. The celebration was to be held at Congdon Creek campground in Yukon Territory, Canada. Our troop had many planning meetings for this trip and the boys looked forward to participating in this jamboree. It had also been discussed that while attending this jamboree, we should hike the Chilkoot Trail which is located near the site of the jamboree. This hike would expose the boys to the famous, historic trip by stampeders to the Klondike goldfields in 1897-98. During the Klondike Gold Rush, twenty to thirty thousand goldseekers followed the Chilkoot Trail, the gateway into the Yukon. In those days the trail was wild, rough, and full of hardships intensified by the rigors of Arctic winters.

The troop went on two training trips before starting down the Chilkoot Trail. The first one was a 15-mile overnight camping trip to Granite Tors, near Fairbanks. This trail involved some steady climbing in a hilly terrain. Unfortunately, I missed this first training session, but I did make the second one with ease, an eight-mile day hike on flat lands. Later I would discover how I was misled by that success. Hiking along the Chilkoot Trail was more difficult and strenuous, and I wished that I had gone through the first training session to build up endurance. Overall these practice sessions were valuable in getting everybody organized and ready to go by the end of July, 1992.

DAY-BY-DAY JOURNAL LOG

August 1. 1992: We left Fairbanks at 9:00AM in three vehicles and stopped at a riverside for a nice lunch near Tok, 206 miles from Fairbanks on the Alcan highway. We crossed into Canada at 4:40PM. Just before reaching the Congdon Creek campground in Yukon territory, we saw two grizzly bears foraging in an open field on the left side of the highway. It appeared to me that they were a mother and a full-grown cub. This would perhaps be the last summer the cub will spend with its mother before living on its own in the wild

On our way we saw a nice government center in a log building at Tetlin Junction where beautiful stuffed Alaskan animals were on display. We also stopped at Burwash Landing and visited an old church used by natives many decades ago. That first night we camped at Congdon Creek campground where, a week later, the international Yukon jamboree would take place. The campground is situated on the shore of Kluane Lake. It was a windy day, and standing at the shore that evening, in the long daylight hours of Yukon, I could see huge waves created by wind, resembling those in oceans.

August 2, 1992: We broke camp at Congdon Creek and left the campground at 10:30 AM. The first stop was the Visitors Bureau of Haines Junction where we saw a

beautiful slide show for 30 minutes about Kluane National Park. Then we headed out to Whitehorse, the capital of Yukon Territory, and arrived there in the late afternoon. We selected the park on the bank of the Yukon River with the historical Klondike River Boat on display nearby to have lunch and rest for a while.

It was a nice Sunday afternoon and soon a group of about a hundred people came marching, nicely dressed and singing religious songs. They were a group of Christian families, gathered around a pedestal in the center of the park. Soon there was music and preaching followed by a community gathering with refreshments. We were welcomed to join them and share the refreshments. The sky was clear and blue, the sunshine was bright, and a cool breeze blew over the Yukon river into the park. In the late afternoon we left Whitehorse and drove to Skagway, Alaska, crossing the border again, and camped at the Hanosek Park for the night.

August 3, 1992: This was the day we would begin our hike. The morning was spent packing our food, clothing, sleeping bags, tents, stoves, fuel, first aid boxes, etc., into our backpacks in the campground, and we left Skagway for Dyea where the trail begins on the bank of the Taiya River. We left our vehicles in care of Dan Bissel's sister's family who would take them back to Skagway, and wait (barring any emergency message from park rangers) for our return via train after the completion of the hike. At the trailhead, we formed into a single line. At age 45, I was the oldest of the group, and decided to stay at the end of the line so that I didn't have to rush when the other adults and older boys started hiking at a faster pace. The younger boys were carrying about 25 pounds in their backpacks and the older ones, including my son, Sunit, were carrying about 30 pounds each. I was carrying about 40 pounds in my backpack and three other adults, Bob, Bruce, and Dan, were carrying about 50 pounds each. Just as we were starting the hike at the trailhead, I heard the loud screaming by all the boys, "Bear!" and I looked up and saw a black bear running into the I think the loud noise of eleven bushes. boisterous youths was more than what the bear could tolerate. It gave me a funny feeling that as long as we have the loud voices of our energetic boyscouts, we may be safe in this bear country after all.

lt was an overcast day, with temperatures in the low sixties. The first half mile was a steep climb, as if to convince the faint at heart to quit before it was too late. The trail was wet and the tree roots on the trail were slippery. At one point while we were hiking on the side of a hill, Sunit stepped on a rotting root on a slope. He slipped, fell, and cartwheeled down the hill. Fortunately, before falling too far down, he quickly grabbed on to a branch. I came running from the back of the file with my heart pounding until I saw him pull himself up holding a branch. Amazingly, the backpack still remained tight and erect on his back. We were all relieved that he wasn't injured.

The uphill climb continued for a while and when we came to the top of the hill, we rested. I started feeling some pain in my right knee which was due to my lack of participation in the practice runs. At that time, I began to wonder if I would be able to complete hiking this trail since the first mile of this trail had been so hard. The idea of turning back to Dyea and waiting for the troop to join me at Congdon Creek campground crossed my mind. But I decided to hang on. Fortunately, the trail flattened out for the next three miles and we hiked through the beautiful Pacific Northwest Coastal rain forest of Alaska. There was some climbing again before Finnegan's Point about 5 miles into the trail. During this climb one of our scouts Rhett Skelton fell and sprained his ankle. Bruce Putnam, one of the adults, pulled out a bandage from his first aid box and wrapped it around Rhett's ankle. We crossed many streams along the way and although the water looked very attractive due to the heat and sweat, we either boiled or treated the stream water with iodine pills to destroy giardia before drinking. After taking a late lunch break we continued our hiking. We reached Canyon City campground at 8:45PM. It was raining when we started pitching our tent.

Since there was no garbage disposal permitted anywhere on this trail, we had to pack out everything we packed in, including our trash. Our meals were freeze-dried food packets to keep everything simple and light. All we had to do was add hot water to the content of the packets and they were ready to be eaten. At every campground along the trail, there were small cabins set up by the U.S. Parks Service and Canadian Parks Service as warm-up shelters, but

they could not be used for overnight stay. Toilets were provided at all campgrounds. We covered 7.8 miles on the first day of our hike. As I crawled into my sleeping bag after making my journal entry, I was exhausted but elated with the natural beauty of mountains, forests, and streams I saw. I soon fell asleep to the sound of rain drops falling on our tent.

August 4, 1992: Today we didn't start down the trail until noon. It took all morning to dry our tent, ground cloth, sleeping pads, clothes and some backpack items that were wet due to the incessant rain last night. We began the hike with the trail uphill for about a mile and a half, ascending about 500 feet (Figure 2), flattening thereafter. On the trail we met some father and son groups from Alberta. One of the dads, the apparent group leader, was carrying an oversize backpack. Bruce, inquired, out of curiosity, how much weight he was carrying in that backpack. The answer was 70 pounds! He was sweating profusely and looked tired. Because of our lighter load, we soon overtook them and continued our hike towards the midpoint between Canyon City and Sheep Camp, our destination for that night. After hiking about three miles, we stopped for lunch near a beautiful stream, a little way beyond Pleasant Camp.

Lunch was the usual freeze-dried food in packets. Several group members carried, in the backpacks, small camping stoves that were lighted up to boil stream water to be added to the ready-to-eat food. The lunch was generally supplemented by trail mix, dried fruits and an ample intake of water to prevent dehydration. After lunch, Dan Bissel, a veteran of three Chilkoot hikes --he grew up in Skagway and did the first one at age 12-- felt that he didn't need the rest and led a group of seven to eight boys ahead. The rest of us hung around the stream for a while, exploring the vicinity, then resumed our journey toward the next campground. After hiking for about a mile, we heard some bells ringing and soon came across a group of ladies who appeared to be in their fifties. We stopped and chatted with them for a while, especially asking them about the bells. They were wearing them around their waists as noise-makers to avoid an encounter with bears. Because both black and grizzly bears inhabit the areas along the trail, knowledge and awareness about protection from bears are extremely essential. These women, school teachers from Washington state, said that they all had a lifelong desire to hike the Chilkoot Trail. I admired them for their determination to take up this arduous hike. After agreeing to see them at the next campsite that evening, we departed and continued our hike into Sheep Camp and arrived at the campground around 5:00 PM. This was a leisurely hike of about 5.2 miles. While we were pitching our tents, a woman ranger came in and advised us not to cook near the tent site because a bear had been seen at the campsite two to three days earlier. We were also advised to hang our foods high on a tree branch, far away from our tents.

I was getting tired of the freeze-dried food. Dan had a few hot dogs left from last night that he wanted to share with me, as preserving them in the backpack for another day was not possible. After nearly two days of freeze-dried foods, those hot dogs tasted quite delicious. My left hip joint had been bothering me all day. Therefore, I took one prescription strength Ibuprofen pill that Bruce Putnam was carrying with him. He used them to nourish his inflamed knee that he hurt during the practice hike to Granite Tors. Those pills were huge, and soon after Bruce and I started joking that we were both popping horse pills. After supper, we all headed into the warm-up cabin. In the lantern light, our boys and we had a nice talk with some teachers from other hikers, including the Washington. I was feeling tired, and headed back towards my tent to make the journal entry and retire. Before falling asleep, I began thinking that the next day we would cross over the famous Chilkoot Pass. When I got up in the morning, I heard that our boys had been offered a lot of canned foods from the teachers who wanted to lighten up their backpacks. However, the boys did not opt to carry those foods and instead left them in the warm-up cabin for other hikers.

August 5, 1992: Today was the big day for our troop. We started out early from Sheep Camp with excitement and great expectations about climbing the 3,739 foot Chilkoot Pass summit, and then crossing over to Canada (Figure 2). From Sheep Camp we started an uphill climb steadily for about three miles, periodically stopping on the way to rest, until we reached a point where stampeders used to weigh their load called the Scales. By that time, we had hiked out of the treeline, and the climate had become sub-arctic with the vegetation limited to lichen, mosses and occasional dwarf shrubs. The

sky was overcast, and a constant wind had a chilling effect as we continued to climb with the heavy backpacks.

From the Scales, it is almost a 45 degree climb, known as the "Golden Stairs," on large rocks and boulders. Bob Hawkins, a former marathon runner and the most seasoned sportsman in our group, led the assault. He advised everybody that there should be no stopping on the way and that we should regroup at the summit. As usual, I staved at the back of the file to avoid hurrying with the faster climbers. This part of the hike was intimidating to me. While climbing from boulder to boulder with the 40 pound backpack, I was afraid that I might tilt backwards from the weight of the backpack, fall, and roll down the rocks, resulting in serious injury. But, with determination, I continued my climb from rock to rock while praying to Lord Baladeviju of my birth place, Kendrapara, India, that I wouldn't slip. I was climbing slowly, following the orange colored poles placed in between rocks by U.S. Park Rangers as markers. I could see the group ahead of me at various elevations on the Golden Stairs. Sunit was way ahead of me, but gradually fell behind the group as I approached him from the back. When we came closer, I found out why he had slowed down. A pin on his backpack had broken, making one shoulder strap ineffective. I was amazed that he could still climb with that dangling imblanced backpack. Later on that day, he would replace the broken pin in the strap with a nail and carry the backpack with ease the rest of the trip. Clouds rolled in suddenly, and Sunit and I were soon cut off from the rest of the troop. As I looked up, all I could see were clouds, and the visibility was reduced so much that we were unable to see beyond 30 feet along the slope.

Sunit and I continued our upward journey. Having him nearby erased some of my fear and worries; his carefree and fearless attitude relaxed me, so that I could climb more efficiently and didn't worry too much about the height. We soon reached a flat area at the top of the first cliff where we rested for a while. Many abandoned artifacts were scattered all along the slope. The stampeders of almost a century before, left behind ruins of tramway towers, rusty steel ropes and plates, rotted leather goods, and broken pieces of weathered wood used in making gears. We could see the second small summit a little bit ahead of us.

After a steep climb, both Sunit and I finally reached the top of the Chilkoot Pass summit, and joined with the rest of the members of our group. High wind, an overcast sky, and fog surrounded us, and there were snow fields everywhere. We melted some snow for our lunch, using the camp stove. A big old raven came and sat near us on the snow field. With the fog surrounding us, sitting at the top of Summit, and the raven as the only living creature near us. it gave me a mystical feeling. While eating the lunch there, I tried to imagine how difficult the journey must have been for the nearly twenty to thirty thousand people who came during the Klondike gold rush of 1897-98, especially for many who perished in the harsh winter. Their quest exemplified human endeavor determination against adversity.

After lunch, we headed towards Happy Camp, aptly named after the arduous task of climbing over the Chilkoot Pass. The Canadian side of the trail was better maintained than the U.S. side. We saw a Canadian Park Service helicopter trying to land near their service cabin just beyond the Pass. Approaching the site twice, it failed to land and had to turn back, due to inclement weather. We descended into glacier-scoured landscapes, and often walked on snow fields. We hiked on rocks on the edge of Crater Lake, and finally reached the alpine valleys where shrubs, low growing willows, and some small trees survived on thin alpine soil. In the afternoon, clouds rolled in, and it started to drizzle. The wind, rain, and low temperatures made our hiking difficult. Yet we couldn't stop because the area was prone to avalanches. On July 2, 1987, an avalanche buried a 650 foot section of the trail near Crater Lake to a depth of 33 feet. Therefore, we pushed on to Happy Camp.

We finally arrived at the camp around 7:00 P.M. As we were pitching our tents, a man came running up requesting help for a hiker who had succumbed to hypothermia about a quarter of a mile before the campground. Some of our boys and adults ran back to provide first aid. Hypothermia occurs when the deep body, or core, temperature drops due to excessive loss of body heat. Chilkoot's wet, cold, and windy conditions, especially between Sheep Camp and Happy Camp, can lead to hypothermia. The victim was a young woman from Germany who was hiking wearing shorts, which, combined with the rain, cold, and windy conditions, plus

exhaustion, had made her mildly hypothermic. By the time we arrived at the site where some hikers had assembled, she had been dried and was inside a sleeping bag, and somebody was warming water for her to drink. Her shivering soon reduced. Fortunately, she was just at the beginning stages of hypothermia. After bundling up with several layers of warm clothing, she slowly walked, with assistance, to the warm-up shelter at the Happy Camp site. After our ready-to-eat freeze-dried supper, the big boys, Sunit, Aaron, Andy, and Rhett, went to the warm-up cabin to talk to other hikers. The night before, the boys had befriended a group of three young ladies, one from Brazil, one from Sweden, and one from Washington state. They were graduate students from a university in Washington state. The two foreign students had planned to hike the Chilkoot Trail with their American friend, before they returned to their home countries at the end of that summer. Sitting near the wood stove in the cabin, our boys joked and laughed with those ladies, sharing all the funny happenings along the trail. The ladies were also delighted by the innocence and the excitement of these teenage boys, and shared some candy and other high calorie foods with them. With a feeling of joy, I watched the whole group having a good time, then headed back to my tent to pop in my Ibuprofen pill, and make my journal entry. It was still drizzling, and I was so tired that I fell asleep as soon as I hit my sleeping bag. I didn't even know when the boys came back to sleep, but I was amazed at their stamina. They still had enough energy left to socialize that evening, even after climbing through the Chilkoot Pass. We had hiked for about 10 hours that day, including all the stops, covering a distance of 7.5 miles.

August 6, 1992: We started the final leg of our journey, which was a twelve and a half mile hike from Happy Camp to Bennett, where the trail ends on the shore of Bennett Lake. It would have been nice to spend one more day on the trail at Lindeman City, in between Happy Camp and Bennett, but our Boy Scout troop had to be at the Congdon Creek campground to join in the opening ceremonies of the Yukon jamboree by 7:30PM on August 7, 1992. Therefore, we had to push on. Initially, the trail avoids the steep bank of a lake by winding up the side of a mountain. We had to go up and down on rocks and boulders, making the hiking very difficult. Along the way, we

crossed many glacial streams and saw an old broken boat left over from the gold rush days. As we descended, we dropped out of the alpine tundra and entered into a boreal forest of British Columbia. After hiking for about five and a half miles, we arrived at Lindeman City, located on the bank of Bare Loon Lake, around 1:00PM. We took our lunch break there and explored the We found artifacts and historic ruins everywhere; lichen-covered woods for tramway parts, wagons, boats, horse shoes, horse bones, log structures, boots, bullets, tent canvas, rusty wires, poles, and cookware. I suppose the subarctic climate helped preserve the relics in relatively good condition. There were eleven marked graves at this campground, with a poem by Robert Service displayed nearby on an interpretive sign board. The poem described the hardships and harshness of the Yukon, and the endurance of those who came seeking for Klondike gold.

There were some pretty, sandy beaches on the lake shores near the warm-up cabin, and a small tent city for Canadian Park employees. One of the tent houses had a nice display of historic photographs, and here one could collect a certificate from the Canadian Park Service that said "Congratulations for challenging the Chilkoot Trail."

An easy hike led from Lindeman City to Bennett on fairly level ground. As we came closer to Bennett, the climate became drier in the boreal forest zone of Canada. This forest was not as dense as the coastal rain forest of Alaska, where the trail began. During the last several miles of the trail, we hiked through forest consisting of alpine fir, pine, spruce, cottonwood, and aspen trees. Towards the end, the trail became sandy. A bright sun came out that afternoon, our first truly sunny day since we had begun our hike on August 3.

Finally we saw Bennett Lake, and arrived at the campground at the south side of the lake around 6:00PM. Mountains surrounded the east and west sides of the clear blue lake. A cool breeze was blowing over the snow that remained on top of the mountains, in the direction of our campsite. We pitched our tents right on the beach of Bennett Lake. This was where the historic gold rush journey over the land had ended. From here, the stampeders finally took to the water in boats, rafts, and scows to reach the mighty Yukon river, and float down to the Klondike gold fields in Dawson.

Following the footsteps of those hardy gold seekers, two of our Boy Scouts, Aaron and Devin jumped into the frigid water of the lake for a quick dip. Even in early August, I don't think that the lake water was warmer than 50°F.

There were a few other hikers at the campsite, but I sensed that our group members were in no mood to socialize. After supper, everybody was quiet that evening, perhaps reminiscing over the unique, exhilarating experience of the past four days that we would cherish for a lifetime. I watched everybody crawling quietly into their tents fairly early, and I fell asleep, recreating in my mind's eye the sunset that I had witnessed that evening on the shore of Bennett Lake.

August 7, 1992: We woke up around 6:00 A.M. and after a quick warm oatmeal breakfast, started packing our camping gear neatly for transportation by train. Then we visited a grave site nearby of railroad workers who had died long ago while building the White Pass-Yukon Railroad. We started from Bennett at 8:00 A.M. by a small train called Track Motorcar, like a ride in an amusement park. There were two tiny passenger compartments carrying about 25 hikers, a small engine and an open buggy at the end carrying our backpacks. In our compartment was another father from Calgary, Canada, who also hiked the Chilkoot Trail with his son. He spoke highly about Banff National Park and advised us to hike through that park someday.

A twelve-and-a-half mile journey took us to Fraser Station, British Colombia, the first place to find a dumpster to dispose of the garbage each of us had accumulated for several days from day one of our hike. We completed the Canadian Customs formalities at Fraser Station and connected to the White Pass-Yukon narrow gauge train to Skagway, Alaska. On the way we crossed over the White Pass and Dead Horse Gulch, where more than 3000 pack animals died during the gold rush while carrying loads on rocky terrain in the hands of anxious gold prospectors.

We arrived in Skagway at 12:30 P.M. After a long-awaited refreshing shower at the Hanosek Park campground, we drove into the town for lunch. Not having had a good meal for several days, the boys unanimously decided on pizza. After a continuous diet of freeze-dried foods for many days, the pizza at the Northern Light Pizza Place tasted better than ever before,

and I recall everybody had more than they normally ate. Then we filled up the gas tanks of our vehicles and drove towards Whitehorse on the Klondike Highway. We passed U.S. Customs at Clifton, and headed toward White Pass. It was raining heavily all afternoon, and clouds were covering many sections of high mountain passes, resulting in very poor visibility on the Klondike Highway. There were some beautiful waterfalls along the highway. Whitehorse, we joined with the Alaska Highway and drove north toward Kluane Lake. Since our troop was eager to join in the opening ceremonies of the international jamboree, we did not stop much on the way. We made it to the Congdon Creek Campground at 9:00 P.M. and pitched our tents in the rain. We had missed most of the opening ceremonies, but had the opportunity to join in the camp site's hosting and campfire. We had a chance to get to know our neighbors, and our boys began discussing informal badge and patch swapping with scouts of other troops. At 11:00 P.M. we all retired to our tents.

August 8, 1992: It was still raining when we got up around 7:00 A.M., but the surrounding spruce trees were partially shielding our tents from the rain. We had a delicious pancake breakfast, and afterwards we all went around the campground meeting other boy scouts and scout leaders. In order to qualify for the Hands Across the Border badge at the Alcan Highway Jamboree '92, we had meet fifteen to fellow scouts/venturers/leaders from other districts and collect their signatures, addresses, and hobbies on a form. Each member of our troop exchanged this information with other scouts and qualified for the jamboree badge. In the process, I met Canadian scout leaders from Yukon Territory, British Colombia, Manitoba; also Alaskan scouts from Ketchikan, Anchorage, Wasilla, Palmer and Fairbanks. There were many hikes scheduled in the jamboree program between August 7-9: Soldier's Summit hike, Sheep Mountain hike, Alsek River hike, Slim's River hike, Kathline Lake hike, Congdon Creek hike, Auriol Trail hike, and a nature walk. This area is a hiker's paradise. However, after completing the Chilkoot Trail, the day before, our troop was in no mood to undertake another When my Jamboree '92 badge requirements were met, I decided to take a nature walk along the Congdon Creek Trail where I met Jim Fell, the leader of the whole jamboree

program at the campsite. He had come all the way from Manitoba to organize this program strictly as a volunteer. He has been a miner by profession for many years. We walked together leisurely along the trail for quite sometime exchanging information about Orissa from where I came, and Manitoba, Canada from where he came. I learned about the deep underground mining in which Jim was involved, and he gained some background on the climate, geography and mineral resources of Orissa from me. It was truly an international exchange of friendship, though in a small way at a remote corner of the world.

We returned to the campsite to finish supper and join in the Alaska Highway Celebration that was scheduled to start at 7:30 P.M. All scouts and leaders from the U.S. and Canadian troops present at Congdon Creek assembled on that evening to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the completion of the Alaska Highway, which had been constructed rapidly during the Second World War against insurmountable adversity and hardship. The ribbon cutting ceremony that took place 50 years ago to open the Alaska Highway was reenacted at the campsite by U.S. and Canadian scouts and leaders. It was a new experience for us to see the scouting outfits of Canadian participants; especially, the capes worn by Canadian scout leaders with numerous badges on them, appeared impressive to me. The ribbon-cutting ceremony was followed by short, humorous skits presented by each troop. To cap off this important day, a huge jamboree campfire was lit and the scouts sat around the fire exchanging badges, patches, pins, hats, and above all, establishing friendships. The jamboree campfire ended at Returning to our campsite, we 10:00PM. observed some quiet time and the light was out around 11:00 P.M.

August 9, 1992: All fine things must come to an end. This was the day that concluded our memorable travel of the past nine days, a treasured experience of the summer of 1992. We broke camp in the morning after breakfast and cleaned up the campsite. Everybody piled up their camping gears into the vehicles-- no longer taking care. Now that the trip was over, all the packs, sleeping bags, and tents would be retired until next season. We went around the campsites to bid farewell to other troops, who were also packing their items into vehicles. I made one last trip to the shore of Kluane Lake where the

sun was high above the horizon. The rain of the last two days had disappeared, and it was a beautiful sunny day. I swung by Jim Fell's campsite to say goodbye and invited him to visit Fairbanks someday, and he reciprocated by inviting our troop to Manitoba. He said that he was planning to visit a mining site nearby, that afternoon, and head back to Manitoba the next morning, a long haul.

We left Congdon Creek around noon, and started our homeward journey. I had most of the boys in my station wagon, because they wanted to hear Sunit's rock and roll tapes. It was fun for me to listen to the excited voices of these boys as they talked about their adventures during this trip. From time to time, the boys switched their positions from vehicle to vehicle to break boredom. We arrived in Fairbanks that evening around 9:00 P.M. After sleeping on the ground for nine days, they thought that the bed at home was a heavenly blessing.

CONCLUSION

I will recommend it to all moms and dads and their sons and daughters. If a sedentary person like me in my mid-forties can do it, so could anybody. But we also learned that the trail is long, difficult and strenuous. Therefore, I recommend practice sessions to avoid being as sore as I was, and one must come prepared with a careful trip plan and well equipped with camping gear and Ibuprofen. Should I do it again? If somebody had asked me this question the day after our Chilkoot trip, my answer would have been no. But those aches and pains of joints, fatigue, and the intimidating climb of the Golden Stairs have faded from my memory and the lure of adventure on the Chilkoot Trail is strong. I hope to do it again.

On many long, winter evenings in this north country, when I feel cabin fever and dream about the long beautiful summers in these high latitudes, I open up our family album, and look at many photographs we took along the Chilkoot Trail. Some photos are almost comical and trigger laughter, like the picture of us flat on our backs during a rest stop on the trail. The famous poet Robert Service summed up his sentiments about this land long ago in his writing "Spell of the Yukon."

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995

There's a land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know...
Maybe; but there's some as would trade it.
For no land on earth - and I am one.
The period 1907 98 will mark to

The period 1997-98 will mark the 100th anniversary of the Klondike Gold Rush.

The Canadian and U.S. National Parks Service are gearing up for great celebrations along the trail. Let the summer of 1997 or 98 be the summer of adventure for you on the Chilkoot Trail.

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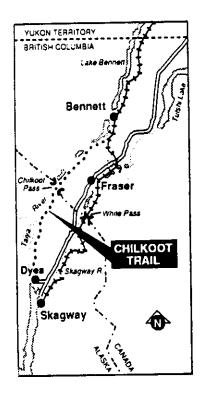
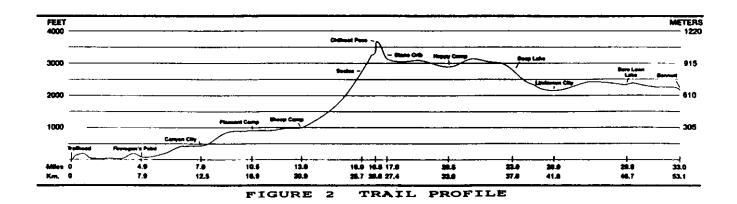


FIGURE 1 GENERAL MAP



OH, TO BE IN INDIA

Bidhu Mohanty

The huge 747 jet that had flown me from New York taxied slowly and stopped. I looked through the window at the dim lights in the airport buildings outside and smiled. I felt light and buoyant, did not feel tired at all even after almost 24 hours of tiring and depressing journey that I undertook because of a very sad event in my life - the loss of one of the dearest friends of mine, my father. My father had left for India a few weeks earlier.

I stepped out with my carry-on suitcase - not exactly a light one. I looked around and saw people who looked darker than they were because of my eyes having gotten used to lighter skin at the place I have been living for many years. The walls and the hallway looked dim and dirty - certainly they were not as clean as I would have liked them to be. It felt quite warm and humid - the air inside the buildings smelt pungent and musty. I did not mind that - I was in Bombay - I was in India.

Oh, to be in India! What a wonderful feeling it has always been whenever I have On that early July morning visited India. suddenly peace and happiness returned to my heart and for a moment I escaped from my depressed feelings. I was elated, I was excited and my spirits were up. I was in India - I was home. The pace at which the things were moving at the airport terminal seemed rather very slow a cruel thought did cross my mind 'everything is so slow here!' It was understandable - I was in a hurry to get out and stand under the summer sky and feel the warmth of the air. In fact, I took much less time here than I would take in New York on my way back to USA to go through the official formalities.

Outside the sky was dark, there was no sign of any stars - only a blanket of cloud. I took a deep breath and filled my lungs with fresh, warm and moist air, and almost let out a cry. There were people - plenty of them, and lots of noise. Nobody seemed to know exactly about the bus that would go to Santa Cruz, the domestic airport. I chose to go by bus instead of taxi because I wanted to ride the bus. People volunteered with varied information regarding

time, fare and bus stop. I was sure that they were all not sure of their own information though their voice did not lack any confidence. I felt very much at home. The dimly lit passenger lounge at the Santa Cruz airport did not depress me at all. What else do you expect at 4 o'clock morning? I reasoned with myself. There were quite a few passengers like me visiting India from abroad - I named them 'the summer birds'. I did not feel like socializing. I did not have time for that. Neither did I want to think of the reason for my travel. I wanted to board the plane to Calcutta as soon as possible - I would be continuing on my journey to Puri after spending a couple of days there. I sat alone and let my imagination fly in making plans in my mind numerous plans for the next six weeks I was going to spend there - holding and rolling each of those for a few moments in my mind to extract maximum excitement as if it was a drop of wine on my tongue.

The ride in the taxi, that looked tinier than it really was at Calcutta, was both exciting and romantic. I enjoyed every bit of the noise, the hustle and bustle in the street, the smell of the roadside open restaurants frying in the morning snacks and, of course, the crowd that, for some inexplicable reason always prevented the passengers from getting out of the bus while itself trying to get in. The sight of the naked children running across the road, a casual laborer carrying a heavy bag on his back, and a half clad woman taking a dip in a not so clean roadside pond did not make me feel guilty. Was I selfish, self serving and callous? No, I was not. Everything seemed to be moving at its own pace in a peaceful way. They were enjoying their lives in their own way, let me enjoy my visit - a very short one compared to what I would like it to be, in my own way. I was in India, I was home - it was all that mattered.

One of my co-passengers in the train from Calcutta to Puri unzipped a small handbag and took the lid off a stainless steel container. I stole a quick glance at the contents. The sight of small brownish puri, potato curry, pickle and dark brown halwa in a train would make anybody hungry. Some people looked at my

baggage and whispered among themselves. In spite of my deliberate attempt to conceal the origin of my travel by removing airline tags, they could guess by looking at the security clearance tags that were stuck on the sides of my suitcases. "From America?" - somebody asked me. In the past, I have observed that people react in two ways - some shrink back and halt all communication out of awe, I suppose, when they know that you live in USA, others open a floodgate of questions about USA. Frankly I did not want any of that happen - I was in a mood to talk about India only. But that was not to be. I answered questions slowly and haltingly, and interjected with a few questions of mine about India in an attempt to veer the discussion away from USA. It was not my evening - I soon realized, but I started enjoying the conversation, the most important thing was that I was talking to them - the people I know so well. I enjoyed the English language spoken with different accents. It was no challenge whatsoever to get the correct meaning of their questions or comments often spoken in wrong English. Who the hell cares - it is not their mother tongue neither is it mine. There were genuine concern, curiosity and conviction in those queries and comments. Talk was often interrupted by very affectionate offer of tea, coffee, sweets and other food. I reluctantly declined all which prompted a comment that perhaps I was no more used to Indian food. Nothing can be farther from the truth - I thought, and then explained that I was not quite sure of the effect of the water would have on me in the first week of visit. At once everybody agreed and they all cited examples of 'bad' water in different parts of the country and dissuaded each other from offering me food. I missed the pampering thereafter, but the discussion turned into a livelier one. I soon found myself indulged in my favorite pastime pulling their legs and having an innocent laugh at their cost. As time wore on, things quieted down and I lapsed into complete silence and deep thought - a very pleasant thought about the place I was visiting.

If the effect of the sight, at the daybreak, of huge lush green trees moved fast in opposite direction to that of the train was immense on me, that of the vast paddy fields filled with muddy water puddles in early rainy season at the early stage of cultivation was magical. I jumped out of my sleeper berth and

tried to get a good view of the scene through the dusty windowpanes. I saw the raised edge of the farm land plots moving sometimes towards the train and sometimes away from it, the telephone line running almost parallel to the train track with the wire playing a game of going up near the poles and down between the poles. The birds had congregated over the poles and the wire without any pattern. Villages passed by with smoke curling out of the thatched roof of some houses - the rain clad long green banana leaves swaying to and fro in the early morning gale. The picture was complete with some farmers already in the process of cultivating the land and some walking toward their land with the wooden plough slung across their shoulders and the oxen treading leisurely in front. I looked at the left corner of the window and saw a herd of cows and goats grazing on a piece of land adjacent to a large pond that wore a garland of banana and bamboo plants on its raised bank and was almost filled with leaves and flowers of red and white lilies. What a heavenly sight! - I mused, and held the scene still in my heart and before my eves by slowly moving my head from one corner of the window to the other as the train moved. I knew I was looking at those blissful scenes outside with a smile glued to my lips and without any movement of the heart in my chest. I had sunk into a state of profound happiness completely oblivious of my surroundings.

I woke up with a start from my daydreams I had lapsed into in the lull of the movement of the train. No sooner had I turned my head than I saw the cause of my start. From nowhere agents of the Jagannath Temple System from Puri had materialized inside the compartment soliciting with passengers. Was I interested in a grand offering to Lord Jagannath? No. Was I interested in staying in a clean and cheap place? No. Oh, then where will you stay? That shook me up. I spoke clearly in his language - that was my language too - that I lived in Puri. He produced a very friendly smile exposing all his betel leaf stained teeth and said "Why did not you say so from the start?" and then loudly transmitted a message to the other agents that I was an Oriya who lived in Puri, which, if properly decoded, meant that it was not worth wasting their time on me. I was showering kudos on myself for guessing the correct interpretation so quickly when I was struck by one word, Puri, my destination. Oh, I

must not be very far from the place. I glanced outside and immediately confirmed, for, the enclosed structures built for the cultivation of betel leaves was a sure sign that I would be arriving there within an hour. For sometime I had been looking at the landscape without really seeing it. The narrow tail trees drew my attention - coconuts and palms. Villages, towns and their vicinities were filled with those. The experience of standing under the thatched roof of a house in a stormy day with coconut trees humbled by gusty winds to bend to almost horizontal position is unforgettable. I had had the fortune of experiencing that many times in my life. I looked at those trees with my eyes filled with tears of happiness, emotion and nostalgia.

Small temples partly hidden by bushes and trees became common sights thereafter. Golden sandy patches appeared more frequently in the landscape. No doubt Puri was nearing fast. Very soon I would be with my bereaved

family. The warmth and love I experienced at Calcutta with my relatives and friends were so reassuring that I had managed to push the agony to the bottom of my heart. The natural, deep and spontaneous care and affection were so overwhelming! I got up and started making preparations to alight the train. Time had come to face it - soon I would arrive at home and would not see my father then or ever. The train steamed into the station.

They were all there - my mother, sister, brother-in-law, wife, son - all were there. I looked at them, saw them. The warmth in their glistening eyes was so inviting! The love on their faces was so strengthening. I searched my heart - yes - the sadness, the pain and the grief were there and would be there for the rest of my life. But I had others to lean on. And there was plenty of love. I felt every ounce of it. I was with my family. I was home. I was in India. They all shared my pain and they cared.

Virginia Beach, VA.





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A PAGE FROM A MOTHER'S DIARY: SEE KUNIA RUN

Chandra Misra

I should have seen it coming. First about nine and half months, he began grabbing on to anything that appeared stable and hoisting himself up until he was on equal footing with the rest of us. About a month later, his only mode of transportation was vertical, with a vice-like grasp of his Papa or my two index fingers. Then, it happened: One afternoon a friend's daughter was supporting him by the overall straps as he tottered around the family room coffee table. All of a sudden Sunita let go, and my live was changed forever. My Kunia was walking.

Initially, I reacted as if the world peace had been declared on my front lawn. Where is the video camera I bought recently to capture these moments? Should I call my daughter first or my son who always ask me about him been walking.

For the first few days, I tested him at least a few times an hour to make sure he hadn't forgotten his new skill. "Kunia, do you want to play with your Teddy? You can, if you walk over here to me." Or, "Do you want to see this picture book? Then come walking here to grab it." Kunia was elated with all these attention, but I had hell to pay a week later when all the old off-limits items became off-limits once again Well meaning friends told me repeatedly: "Now you will see what he will do with his two little legs." I was leaning toward believing that his new skill was 100 percent adorable until today, when my friend's words began to ring true.

I went to a department store, in search of more safety locks to place on drawers to which Kunia can reach easily. Now a days I have started putting him in the actual body of the shopping cart, (He had given up sitting in the front kid carrier part weeks ago when he realized the neat stuff in the stores was far more easily reached from the rear of the shopping cart.) Within two minutes he screams and demand to be set free when ever I do so. I talked to myself "No problem." "Now that he can walk, I will just set him down and he will keep up with me."

That was my first big mistake. The moment I placed his 25 pound frame on terra firma, he realized the world was his oyster, and this particular K mart store was his pearl. First he zeroed in on any child under the age of three and set out in hot pursuit, Next it was the lipsticks and nailpolish in the cosmetic department.

My second big mistake was allowing Kunia to walk without holding on to my hands. Although I attempted to keep a serious eye on him, stopping to check the price of a goods meant losing 10 toddler-sized paces and having to fish him out of the discount-cosmetics bin. Or how about the time I collaborated on choosing a print for our living room wall, only to find Kunu had come within inches of being run over by a preschooler who had been given permission to push his mother's cart?

There is no sight more precious than watching my son teeter on chubby legs, his arms stretched out, airplane-like, to balance his shaky gait. But there is none more cherished at the end of a long day than watching him climb into my lap, settle in and shake his head "No" emphatically when anyone mentions a word "walk."

Conquering the world can be hard work, especially when your parents and the rest of the tall people in the universe position things as if they are meant to trip you up. For me, his mother, one of the most difficult parts of this walking process is watching the bewilderment on baby's face as he stumbles for the tenth time in a given day. Kunu is basically no-hold-barred child, and it takes a great deal to make him stop trying something he wants to achieve. Today I saw him land on the icy driveway with a resounding thud, and I suddenly wished he would allow himself to be cuddled and comforted. Instead, he wiped the wounded look off his face and wobbled away, to slide in search of some treasure.

I imagine I will feel the same way 15 years from now when he gets behind the wheel of a car, or even four years from now when he straddles a bicycles seat. But at the end of this all-encompassing first year, the year of the Love Affair That will Never End, it's shattering to realize that although his father and I are probably nice to have around, Kunu can get where he is going on his own.

And today, as I watch him attempt to scale a flight of stairs in an upright position, I think of how many times I ached for him to have some independence to give me a little time to read the magazine or talk to my friend on telephone. That time is now, I realize, and I hold out my fingers, hoping he will grasp on to them just one more time.

Kunia (Sanjay Prayag) is now four years old and likes to put together puzzles, and make houses with building blocks.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Pradip K. Swain, MD

As the world changes, so does our language. In fact one can almost pinpoint an era in time by the meanings of words.

For example, COKE was a cold drink, GRASS was mowed (with a hand mower of course!), POT was something you cooked in. Those were the days when AIDES were helpers in schools and hospitals, ROCK MUSIC was a grandma's lullaby on her rocking chair.

Those were the days when CLOSETS were for clothes not for "Coming out of", BUGS and RABBITS had legs, instead of wheels of a Volkswagen. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeane and having a meaningful relationship meant getting well with our cousins.

Back then, no one ever dreamed of eating anything that was mostly FIBER, the word CHOLESTEROL was found only in Chemistry books and our association with McDONALD'S was an old farmer of that name and an "ee-eye-ee-eye oh".

Remember when time-sharing meant togetherness - not computers or condominiums, a CHIP meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hard-ware, and software was not even a word! MOON WALK was something that courting couples like to do and ROCKET SCIENTISTS made fireworks! SPACESHIPS were seen only in comics and the closest thing we had to a "guided missile" was a schoolboy's spit ball. OFFICE COPIER consisted of a supply of carbon paper and the only BEEPER we knew was a motorist who kept blowing his horn. HOSTILE TAKE OVERS weren't that uncommon, as when you big brother borrowed your bicycle.

Those were times when Room mates were always of the same sex and even though we had "Coed Dormitories." we got married first and then lived together. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered but we were surely before the sex change; we made do with what we had. And we

are the last generation that is so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

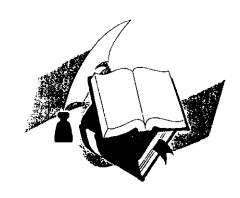
MADE IN JAPAN meant junk, and shoddy merchandise and the term MAKING OUT referred to how you did on your exam. Only in a geography book would we find BIKINI. Pizza and Instant Coffee were unheard of.

We were born before radar, credit cards, laser beams and ball point pens; before panty hose, dishwasher, electric dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes; we were born before televisions, penicillin, baby shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, Frisbees and the PILL.

We were born before house-husbands, gay rights, computer marriages; we were before day-care centers, group therapy, nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, CD players, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings and ponytails.

Yes, times have changed, worlds have changed and generation has changed. But we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today!

But we have survived! What better reason to celebrate?



THE QUEEN OF BHUBANESWAR: A SHORT STORY

Prasanna K. Pati

It was 1983 that Minneapolis was experiencing an extremely hot summer. It was almost like the hot summers of Orissa, that beautiful state on the Bay of Bengal in India, where Dr. Sonjee came from. He had been a very busy psychiatrist in Minneapolis for almost twenty-five years. Today, he was restless, perhaps due to the heat, or more perhaps, due to homesickness, loneliness and maybe, psychological burn-out resulting from intense involvement with mental patients on a daily basis. His mind frequently would wander to his childhood days in a small and colorful town in Orissa. He would daydream about a stroll on the beach at Puri or having a quiet weekend at Gopalpur-on-Sea. At times, a fleeting memory of a departed boyhood friend would haunt his mind and his heart would cry out in pain.

He had two more patient appointments and after that, he went on a long walk inside the beautiful campus of the University of Minnesota, which was not too far from his office on Como Avenue.

On his return home, Dr. Sonjee quickly went through his mail and was pleasantly surprised to have a letter from his nephew, Ajit, in Bhubaneswar. Ajit had invited Dr. Sonjee to stay in Bhubaneswar for several days during his upcoming trip to India.

Bhubaneswar is the new capital of Orissa, but the city's history goes back to perhaps twenty-five hundred years. The city is dominated by the great temple of Lord Shiva, the Lingaraj Temple, completed in the eleventh century AD. Just a few miles from the city is Jain rock cave complex dating back to the second century BC. Also nearby is the River Daya. Legend has it that it became a river of blood after the great battle won by the invading Emperor Ashoka against the army of Orissa. Nearby is the Dhauli complex with the Emperor's rock edicts. It was from here that Ashoka set out on his mission of spreading Buddhism.

How can Dr. Sonjee decline a visit to Bhubaneswar? From the sizzling hot summer of Minneapolis, Bhubaneswar appeared to be an ideal place to stay for a few days. He thought, during his stay there, he would visit the Lingaraj Temple daily, offer prayers to Lord Shiva just like his fore-fathers had done. He would revisit the jewels of temples: the

Rajarani and the Mukteswar. In Khandagiri and Udayagiri, he would listen to the voices coming out of these great architectural masterpieces.

It was December 1983 when Dr. Sonjee arrived at Bhubaneswar. Ajit and his family were there to meet him at the airport. Dr. Sonjee was momentarily overwhelmed with the genuine warmth and joy that pervaded the scene. Ajit, as usual, was beaming with smiles. Soon thereafter, Ajit escorted his uncle to the Kalinga Ashok, a fairly modern hotel in Gautam Nagar.

Dr. Sonjee planned his days well: visits to temples, the caves and occasionally, simply wandering around in Bhubaneswar, transporting himself in his fantasies to those years in when the city boasted of some thousand temples. He even pictured himself as an ascetic going from one temple to another, chanting prayers to Lord Shiva.

Ajit suggested one evening that they go to the Pushpanjali, the elegant restaurant in the Oberoi. This was not an unwelcome break from Dr. Sonjee's fascination with what Bhubaneswar was. Dr. Sonjee liked the decor of the restaurant, with large paintings on the walls of the great temples of Orissa, soft classical music and aroma of freshly cooked foods. Food was ordered, Dr. Sonjee preferring South Indian delicacies, such as Upama and Masala Dosha. It was a very pleasant atmosphere, good food and light talk with his nephew. Dr. Sonjee could hardly think of Minneapolis.

All of a sudden, the restaurant door opened and there was a babble of voices; excited voices and in walked a stunningly beautiful lady followed by at least two dozens of persons of both sexes. Dr. Sonjee almost mumbled to himself, "Most beautiful eyes, long dark silken hair, elegantly dressed in a blue Sambalpuri silk sari with silver borders, a hint of seductiveness and a faint smile on her face." He looked at Ajit, who seemed to be lost for the moment, transfixed to this almost royal entrance. It must have been a few moments before Ajit came to

his senses. He simply said, "Uncle, I am sorry, I was in a kind of fog. I was taken aback by that royal entrance, and with a dramatic voice, he added, "She is the Queen of Bhubaneswar."

For the moment. Ajit and Dr. Sonjee tried vainly to ignore the domineering royal presence and busied themselves in finishing the delectable South Indian dishes. After a few minutes, it was almost simultaneously that Ajit and Dr. Sonjee glanced at the Queen, who was presiding over her Court. There was an aura of excitement in the restaurant.

Ajit slowly resumed his introduction of the Queen. He said, "Uncle, she represents the Bhubaneswar constituency in the Parliament at New Delhi. She is not just a politician, she is the undisputed Queen of Bhubaneswar. She even claims she is a descendant of the Gajapati Royal family of Orissa. Politically, she is close to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. You recall the Parliamentary elections in 1971. Just prior to it, the Prime Minister had sent the Indian Army to liberate Bangladesh from the clutches of the Pakistani military establishment. Her party won a thumping majority in Parliament. Yes, uncle, the Queen was elected to Parliament in that election."

Dr. Sonjee became impatient and interrupted Ajit, "What is so unique about it?". Again, Ajit took his time, glanced at the Queen and added, "She is a feminist. She is the leading voice for the women of India in Parliament. She even represented the women of India in the International Congress of Women in Mexico City."

Dr. Sonjee was still unimpressed. Ajit knew his uncle was getting impatient. He added, "I am simply trying to put myself together. It is not an easy story to tell." Ajit got up from his chair, agitated and anxious and with a quick look at the Queen, returned to his chair and resumed, "Actually, her real name is Sunanda. She was born in a small village near Bhubaneswar, raised in a middle-class family and graduated from the Women's' College of Bhubaneswar. Then, she was married around 1967."

Again, Ajit seemed preoccupied and almost with misty eyes, slowly said, "Uncle, she almost became a victim of murder, a statistic in the dowry deaths of Orissa. She was almost murdered by her husband and parents-in-law because she had not brought enough money and a scooter into the marriage."

Ajit had a far away look, misty eyed and Dr. Sonjee was stunned. He had left India many years back, knew that dowry deaths were on the increase in India and Orissa was no exception. Dr. Sonjee broke the silence and suggested "I suppose the plot to murder her misfired. She divorced her husband and joined politics."

Ajit stated, "Uncle, your presumption is quite correct. She got out of the marriage and joined the Congress Party of Indira Gandhi. She had this immense charisma and beauty. She can cast a spell over the audience. Mind you, the voters in India have common sense. They admire her for her dedication to the cause of women and for

bringing them from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. If she were in America, I would bet she would be in the Senate of your country.

Ajit looked at the Queen and proceeded, "Sunanda's parents couldn't produce the money and other items promised as dowry at the time of the marriage. Sunanda was subjected to daily put-downs, tauntings, teasings and harassment, which gradually escalated to veiled threats. In this joint family, there were her husband, parents-in-law and Meena, a sixteen year old sister-in-law. Sunanda had known about young brides being burnt to death. She lived in terror. She managed to smuggle letters to her parents via Meena, informing them of the threats and the imminent danger she was facing."

Dr. Sonjee interjected, "I suppose, finally, she was able to escape from that oppressive and threatening situation with her parents' help."

Ajit responded, "Not quite, you know, running away from a husband does not happen in India. She resigned herself to fate."

Ajit remained silent for a while, again looked at the Queen still presiding over the group and engaged in animated discussion.

He proceeded, "I distinctly remember the day. It was June 10, 1968. It was a very hot summer day, an inferno. The monsoon had not yet broken. It was about eleven in the morning. I was in my office in Sahid Nagar. Suddenly, I was jolted from my office work with shoutings and wailings coming from the street nearby. Initially, I rejected the idea of getting up and investigating it. I thought it must be another of those countless street demonstrations which plague today's India, but there was something strange about this noise. There were no slogans

as is usual with political demonstrations. It was like a mass wailing, like a thousand voices crying to the heavens. It was like the roar of the ocean. I came out and proceeded towards the crowd. It was not very far from the Hotel Meghdoot. As soon as I reached the crowd, I asked the first person as to what had happened. This man mumbled something like, "They have burnt their daughter-in-law to death." I proceeded with the jostling, milling crowd towards the house. There were intermittent threats from the crowd, 'Maro, Maro', that is, inciting the mob to kill the murderers of the innocent woman. Just a few feet from me, I saw my friend, Misra, a Police Officer, who was trying to control the crowd. I fought through the crowd, grabbed him by his hands and asked him anxiously about what had happened. Misra shook my hands and said, "A female has died accidentally in the house fire, but the mob believes differently." Misra charged furiously towards the house and I fell in back with the mob proceeding menacingly towards the house".

Dr. Sonjee interjected, "Was the mob on the verge of rioting? Was the mood like that in the Watts riots of Los Angeles in 1965?"

Ajit again looked at the Queen at the other corner of the restaurant listening to her followers, occasionally smiling. Just above her on the wall was a painting of the great Sun temple of Konarak.

Ajit finally responded, "No, uncle, the riots in Los Angeles was an acute culmination of the anger and despair of your African-Americans in that city. This mob, in contrast, was in a religious frenzy, a mass hysteria, out to punish the murderers of the innocent bride. You know, the Goddess Kali descends to the earth once a year to cleanse it of evils. The mob began chanting to Goddess Kali in unison during its menacing march towards that house. I became a part of that crowd, which was now proceeding in waves, occasionally shouting, 'Maro, Maro'. Finally, the crowd reached the house. It had been surrounded by hundreds of Police. Smoke was coming out of the house and it was barricaded. The crowd stopped, continued to chant to Goddess Kali, but didn't try to storm the barricades. Occasionally, threats were shouted against the parents-in-law and the husband. The crowd had made a judgment that it was a dowry murder. It must have been an hour when a police officer stood up on his jeep and made an announcement that the charred body of a female

had been found and it was an accidental fire and not a dowry murder. Then, he paused as if to calm the crowd and added dramatically, "The body appeared to be that of Meena and not the bride. The crowd was stunned to silence, shocked because it had already assumed that the bride was the victim of dowry murder."

Dr. Sonjee interjected, "It was just an accidental fire."

Ajit responded slowly "Uncle, it is a confusing story. My friend, Misra and the detectives had interrogated the parents-in-law and the husband of the Queen. That evening I went to my friend's house to get the facts. As far as I could piece it together from what my friend told me, the accused burnt the wrong victim, their own daughter and sister. It would appear that Meena didn't approve of the teasings, tauntings and threats from her parents and brother towards her sister-in-law. Remember, she was only sixteen, a very idealistic school girl. She had developed a close relationship with her sister-in-law, Sunanda. She kept her ayes and ears open. She overheard, with horror, the details of the diabolical plot outlined by her own mother to her father and brother late one night. Obviously, they had assumed that Meena was deep asleep in her room. Let me put myself in her place for a moment. First, she might have thought it was a nightmare. Then, the plot unfolded and she heard it with bated breath. The day was set for the morning of June 10, 1968. The plot was crude, simple, grotesque and not unlike some Jewish victims thrown alive to the crematoria at the Auschwitz Nazi death camp in Poland during World War II. Obviously, Sunanda would be cooking in the kitchen and her parents-in-law and her husband would surprise her in the kitchen. The men would suddenly jump on her like a tiger does to a deer, hold her tight and the mother-in-law would swiftly dowse her with kerosene and light a match, setting her on fire.

Dr. Sonjee interrupted Ajit, "Don't you think you are imagining too much, Ajit? Ajit simply said, "Uncle, much of this has come from the confessions made by the guilty. Let me go on. On that fateful morning, Meena must have approached her sister-in-law to cook in her place. She must have cleverly arranged for Sunanda to get out of the house on some pretext. She must have borrowed her sister-in-law's sari and started the usual chores in the kitchen. She must have thought that as soon as her brother

and father would overpower her, she would dramatically take off her sari from her face and confront them with their murderous intent. Obviously, she was a fraction of a second too late. You know, a murderer is so blinded with the act of crime that the victim becomes, for a moment, faceless. Now you know what happened and how the Queen had cheated death."

Dr. Sonjee was stunned and speechless. When he got his senses back, he looked around. The restaurant was still full of people, bright lights, elegantly dressed diners, talking and laughing in that beautiful restaurant. Dr. Sonjee looked at the walls. With large paintings of the great temples of Orissa: Jagannath, Lingaraj and Konarak. Almost like a mechanical toy, he proceeded towards the table where the Queen was, to greet her, but the Queen and her entourage had departed.

He returned to his chair and asked Ajit, "What happened to Sunanda's husband and parents-in-law?" Ajit said, "They were found guilty of homicide and sentenced to life. They are now serving this sentence in the Central Jail at Cuttack."

Being a psychiatrist, Dr. Sonjee, of course, wanted to know how they were coping

with the immense tragedy. Ajit said, "Uncle, occasionally, I follow through with them via my contacts with officers in the jail. All three of them maintain that the dead body was that of Sunanda. They think the Queen is an impostor."

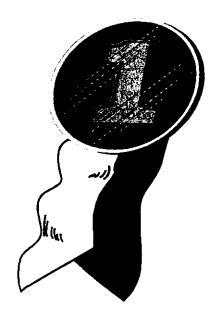
Dr. Sonjee asked, "How do they account for the fact that Meena is no more?" Ajit became visibly agitated, almost holding his tears back. After he composed himself, he said, "They believe that Meena is in some ashram in Haridwar and that she has become a Sannyasin."

After a pause, Dr. Sonjee then asked about the mother-in-law who had apparently masterminded the entire plot. Ajit reported that she would frequently retire to a corner in her jail cell and wail, "Oh, Lord Jagannath, what crimes have I committed to deserve such harsh punishment?" Dr. Sonjee responded, "You mean she still does not get it, how strange."

As they were ready to leave, Dr. Sonjee put his arm around Ajit's shoulders and affectionately asked him, "I have two questions: are you sure you are not making up this whole thing and if it is true, why are you so emotional about it?"

Ajit laughingly responded, "Uncle, let me reserve that story for your next trip to Bhubaneswar."

Dr. Prasanna K. Pati is a retired psychiatrist who lives in Salem, Oregon. He played the role of Dr. Sonjee in Hollywood's Best Movie (1976), "One Flew Over the Cúckoo's Nest," which was filmed in the hospital in Oregon, where Dr. Pati worked as a psychiatrist. Dr. Pati dedicates this story to Dr. Biresh and Elaine Mahanti of Sarasota, Florida.



PURPOSE OF LIFE

Jogesh Panda

Years in the protective laps of my parents
Bring back sweet memories of Thee (O! Lord!).
Through stories, my pious father used to preach
That the highest goal of life is
What Dhruba and Prahalad achieved.
My workaholic mother used to silently imply
We are Thy employees on earth, O! Divine Employer!
And must endeavor to excel in whatever we do.

But then came a dark cloud of separation When I fell prey to earthly temptations. Becoming an obedient servant of my senses I dared to do things that are forbidden.

O! How I remember those painful years When Thy thought forsook me.

My mind was restless day and night
To unravel the enigma of life.
I have asked myself a million times
Is the purpose of life 'lust and gold'?
Or is it name and fame or all of the above?
In the meantime came a rude awakening
When the merciless time devoured my father.
Then again I asked, 'or is it to die?'.

At last Thou sent me a knower of the Truth.

O! how thankful I am, my heavenly Father
To find my Guru, Thy true embodiment.
For no more will I have to wander
In the cruel sand dunes of my life.
By finding my Guru, I have found the oasis
Sitting in his lap, I will quench my thirst.
The only purpose of life indeed, as my Master says
Is to live forever in the company of Thee.

Jogesh is a disciple of His Holiness the Great Premavatar Sri Paramahansa Yogananda. He lives in Minneapolis with his wife Smriti and daughter Suman.



BIRTHDAY

Rabindranath Tagore (Translated by J.P. Das from Bengali)

I looked at me amid the gatherings of strange identities In my life laced with many birthdays.

The new year once carried me
On the chest of a bottomless sea
With ample delirium of its waves
From one direction to another, yet another
One empty blueness over empty blueness
Denying the existence of its banks.

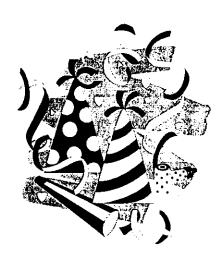
I saw the picture of the not-so-strange world, the other day-As creation appears in its first rays

The future submerged in water
Is searching itself
Everyday, looking at the sunrise.

As I gazed at the mystery of existence
Across the curtain of waves
I thought
The shroud of my life isn't open yet-The complete me is still hiding, unknown.

On a new birthday after new birthdays
The lines that have been drawn by the artist's pen
Haven't revealed the final identity of the picture.

I simply feel
A great flooding of the unmanifest everywhere
Surging around the days and nights.



LEFT-BEHIND

Surya Nayak

I saw my roses, fading; Twilight stole the colors.

Now I put my dreams in the coffin, to bury amidst a handful of rust.

Nothing is left but a fruitless fire, that burns my empty heart to dust.

Struck by the storm of hatred my summer is blown off.
All alone and sad, I watch and wait to see, if the end is near; where a trembling leaf is left behind in the corridor of your life.

Surya Nayak is not only a widely known poet but also a lyrist. He writes both in Oriya and English. He has published eight books of poems and four audio cassettes of songs. Even though some of his poems have earned him International Awards from London and America, but he gets a nostalgic feeling when his poetry are published in Indian Journal and in OSA's Journal and Newsletter.

TO MY CHILDHOOD

Chandana Mishra, MD

The days of my childhood are a thing of past now, but the memories are not dead, like smoldering ashes rekindled by gusts of nostalgia. To think of my thoughts then - O how simple they were and the fulfillment of them O how it mattered to me. But now I have come to terms with both success and failure alike. The green pastures of life, no longer visible to the naked eye but the memories, hidden in the tiny cells of the brain pull at some sensitive chords now and again. To leave behind the house of fantasy. and the garden of imagination, only a blur of colors vanishing slowly, like the setting sun, leaving behind only the afterglow, to console in the hours of darkness. O God, I am lost without the cloak of childhood please guide me to some place, I know not where.

Evanston, IL

REALITY

Nirupama Kar Mohapatra

I wanted

to live in a dreamland, to touch the rainbow, to talk to the moon, and to smile with the spring flowers.

I also wanted

unreciprocated love, undying passion, unlimited romance, and unending excitement.

I needed

a cup of sweet hot tea, two strong arms around me, a passionate kiss, and soft whispers of endearments.

I received

presents with preconditions, promises without fulfillment, loneliness with long silence, and rejection with reasons.

I now have

faded dreams, slowly dying passion, but a clear understanding, of reality of life.

Dr. Mohapatra is a research scientist at UNC, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.



AN UNFORGETTABLE SMILE

Pramila Rath Chetty

Polly Klaas smiles, ah! So sweetly!
Her lovely, oval face lights up,
And those sky-blue, dove's eyes twinkle merrily,
Considering the ways of the world,
And this Great Nation's greater ills,
The 'Nation' that provides 'safety vests',
For a multitude of vicious criminals as our guests.

And so our twelve year old Angel sparkles,
At the justice system that protects her killer on his way to the court,
'cause a mob may be out,
A grieving mother, a desolate father, or a sweetheart,
Shoot, spate, or spit at?

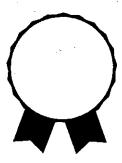
So darling Polly Klaas keeps on smiling,
For her family, friends, and shattered dreams,
And she dazzles at the law,
The attorney as well, who staunchly harbors the flaw,
Strong defense for the monster who first confesses,
Then recants and pleads 'not guilty',

Aware that if all else fails,
He can yet be proven innocent
Due to 'birth defect', 'alcohol', 'abuse', or 'insanity.'

If that too, fails and he is sent to jail, Make sure the viper counts his days there still, Of his second, third, fourth, or fifth parole,

(For good behavior!),
To walk free on the street once more,
And to stalk yet another party's slumber,
And, yes, to feel the thrill
of kidnapping and killing Polly's pal.

Please note: The above poem has slightly been altered from the original version which has received. The EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD recently from the National Library of Poetry, Maryland (1994).



FAMILY

Smriti R. Panda

Friendship of the purest kind Sharing with an unselfish mind Whenever we are in the need In family we find a friend indeed.

Aspiration is what we must possess While searching for our success Of our dreams, we get a view The family helps us make them true.

Memories, whether good or bad Prepare us for the journey ahead Whether the family is far or near The time spent together is far or near.

Integrity, as innocent can be is a reflection of the family
At times of testing, needed the most One without has nothing to boast.

Love is unconditional in a family Like that of a flower to a honey bee It is something like magic penny Hold it tight and you won't have any.

Yearning for the continuation
From generation to generation
We pass on these values without a doubt
This is what family is all about.

Smriti lives in St. Paul with her husband Jogesh and daughter Suman.



OOPS

Pracheta R. Sahu

Aspiring for a change displacing the hometown From the farthest East to the West unusually profound

Behaving precisely hypothetical which some do and some do not Beginning all afresh from the basics to the matrix

> Encountering the tides reconciling the waves Experiencing all confines the cross-cultural myths

Compromising the preferences per the mandatory gauge
Fuffilling the accomplishments as presumably raze

Precisely landing into a rugged cave Tranquil and courteous a precarious cage

Hearing a clamor from behind that solemnly alarmed Realizing thus I whispered: "Oops! Am I following someone else's destiny?"

Pracheta R. Sahu is presently residing at Tranquility, NJ. He is a regular contributor to OSA Journal.



OH, AMERICA, I LOVE YOU!

Padmaja Dash

ଦେଖାହେଲେ "Hi", ଯିବାବେଳେ "Bye",

Listen, "Honey", "Sweetheart", "You know why?".
ଦେଖାହେଲେ "Miss you", "Love you", and "Kiss you",
ଉଲପାଇଲେ "Hug you", "Love you", ନ ପାଇଲେ "Kick you".
ସବୁବେଳେ "Thank you" তা'ପରେ "Nice of you",
"Sweet of you", ନୃହେଁ ତ "How mean of you?".
ଛିଙ୍କିଲେ କିଏ "Bless you", ହସିଲେ କିଏ "Like you",
କିଛୁବିକର "Sorry" କୃହ guy will sure excuse you.
Snoring କଲେ "Divorce you" and "Million dollar sue you",
"Oh darn!", "Shoot you", "Now I'll bet you".
ତମେ ନିଶୁଯୁ କହିବ ମୋତେ "I really tell you".

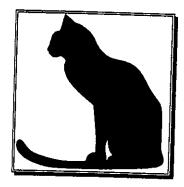
"You fool, stop now, or I will beat you".

"OK dear, see you, "I'll not bore you".

Life is very hard here, yes, dear!

Still, America, I love you!.

San Diego, CA



APPEALS

An Appeal by Board of Trustees, Ravenshaw College Development Trust

Dear Friends,

This is an Appeal to you, an Appeal to help Ravenshaw College regain its lost splendour.

Ravenshaw College which is the premier Educational institution of Orissa is one of the oldest and most renowned Colleges of the country. Established after the great famine of Orissa, in 1868 it functioned initially in the Ravenshaw Collegeiate school and shifted to the present imposing campus in 1921. During its life of more than a century this Institution has not only nurtured innumerable talents in the State, many of whom have acquired national and international fame, but also has shown undisputed leadership in promoting the cultural life of the State and upholding its intellectual traditions. Ravenshaw has shaped the life of the people of Orissa, for its alumni have guided the destiny of the State during the last more than 100 years in the Educational, Cultural, Social, Economic, Political and Administrative spheres. It is indeed difficult to think of a person, be he a Politician, an Educationist, a Lawyer, a Scientist, a Bureaucrat, a Technologist, a Businessman who has not been a student of this College. Like "All road leads to London", Ravenshaw was the destination of all students till a few years back. Imbued with patriotism, ideal and energy the restless souls had made this College a vibrant citadel of diverse hues. Whether it was the movement for the formation of a separate State of Orissa or the freedom struggle of the country or the movement for starting the first University of the State it was this College which was the fulcrum of all activities. The Orissa Legislative Assembly used the hallowed Ravenshaw College Hall for its sessions since the formation of the State of Orissa in 1936, till the capital was shifted to Bhubaneswar. This glorious Hall which witnessed the debates of several proud sons of Orissa is now in a state of collapse. The Kanika library which was the biggest library in

the State with rare collections gives a ghostly and emaciated look.

Over a period of time the College grew in size and strength and apart from becoming the main Institution of study of Post Graduation Courses till the Utkal University started functioning in the new campus at Bhubaneswar in the early 60's, managed several other Institutions like the I.A.S. coaching centre, a branch of the Indira Gandhi National Open University, a Morning college and the +2 classes. The strength of students has now swelled to an un-wieldy 8000 with about 3000 women students, while the building was designed to accommodate about a thousand to fifteen hundred students.

The imposing structure of the College was a matter of pride not only for the Ravenshavians but also for the people of Cuttack and Orissa. As you will be reading this Appeal, those who were Ravenshavians may be feeling nostalgic of your walks in the long corridors, Lectures/debates in the C.L.T. and the P.L.T., rummaging through books and periodicals in the Kanika library, meetings in the college Hall and the un-ending gossips in the College lawns and Tennis Courts. But have you seen this massive structure in the recent past? Due to lack of maintenance the buildings carry tell-tale marks of disintegration and as has been mentioned earlier the hallowed precincts of the College Hall and Library Buildings are threatened with demolition as they have been declared unsafe by the State P.W.D. The roofs are cracking, the walls are peeling off and the doors and windows are falling apart. A Ravenshavian with some sensitivity will shed drops of tear at the plight of the College.

With students bursting in seams, basic facilities like common rooms, recreation rooms, canteen, sick-room and toilets are virtually non-existent. Hostel facilities are inadequate and appalling. A hundred fifty seat Ladies Hostel for three thousand girl students is a typical example of this malady. Ravenshaw which had a hoary past seems to be inexorably heading to future gloom and if due care is not taken, to an inevitable doom.

It is gratifying to note that the wailing of Ravenshaw has touched the inner chord of many and some have initiated some concrete steps with the objective or restoring the glory of this College. Some Ex-Ravenshavians had a gettogether in May, 1994 and amongst many things that were discussed it was decided to constitute a Trust Fund for the purpose of generating resources to take up the Developmental activities. Accordingly a Trust titled "Ravenshaw College Development Trust" was registered in July, 1994. You will be happy to know that the Government have given their approval to the constitution of this Trust. The Trust became formally operational with effect form 14.12.1994.

Some of us had a meeting with the chief Secretary of the State and then with the Chief Minister and the Government have promised to earmark Rs. 1 crore for taking up the repairs of the College which are in progress.

For improving and providing additional facilities the Trust has prepared a list of projects with rough estimates. These projects include an auditorium for 1500 students, 2 Hostels, a Guest House, a Canteen and a Computer Centre. Requirement of funds for taking up these projects is roughly Rs. 10 crores. It is in this context that your help is needed as the Government may not be able to provide this fund in near future. We plan to raise this resource through contribution/donation from individual members, Institutions, Foundations, Corporate Bodies, Industrial Houses and others who are committed to the cause of promoting excellence in Education. The preceeding paragraphs in which an effort has been made to describe the present plight of the College will, we are sure, touch your inner-most feelings and inspire you at the same time to come to the aid of the institution which should again figure as a centre of excellence in the Country. This Appeal is not only addressed to you, you will also have to act as our Ambassador to transmit the message to others.

Now the time has come for you to respond to the call of your Alma Mater and for the Philanthrophists and well-wishers of the college to help us in this noble venture. Let us join hands for the revival of the College. Now for all of us a forum is available in the shape of this Trust to

carry on the task of restoring the glory of the Ravenshaw College. We are sure you will ungrudgingly participate in this historic effort. Your contributions / donations may be sent to the "Ravenshaw College Development Trust" in the shape of Draft or Cheque. Donations in the shape of cash will also be received with proper receipts. An Account bearing No. S.B. 745 has been opened in the Indian OverSeas Bank. College Square, Cuttack - 753 003. Exemption under Section 80 G of the I.T. Act. 1961 has been obtained vide order No. JUDI /93/80G/94-95/31977 dated 18.1.95 of the Commissioner of Income Tax Orissa. The accounts of the Trust will be audited once in a year and will be published in Newspapers briefly and in the annual report of the Trust. If individuals, Institutions, Corporate houses and others wish to take up a project and desire that the project should be named after them (individually / jointly) such requests will be considered with due care and attention. They will also be associated with the planning of the project and its implementation.

Friends, please come forward and extend your helping hand.
Board of Trustees,

Ravenshaw College Development Trust Ravenshaw College Cuttack - 753 003, Orissa, India Tel: + 91(671) 610060

An Appeal by Surya Kanta Das

Dear friends:

Many of you are outstanding in your fields as great scientists, eminent physicians, surgeons, heart-surgeons, specialists, space scientists, geophysicists, mathematicians, professors and engineers. Oriyas will be proud to know about your achievements, and success in USA and in Canada. University students in Orissa will be inspired by reading about success stories concerning each one of you.

I am a columnist of Oriya newspaper "PRAGATIVADI" which is published from Bhubaneswar. Its editor is Pradymna Bal, a

former M.P., and related to famous and immortal poet Nanda Kishor Bal.

I want to highlight achievements of outstanding Oriyas (men and women) for whom Orissa is proud. I need some details and descriptions. Your own story is what I need. May I request you to help me to write a series of Oriya articles under the title: "ODISSAR GOURAV: AJIRA AMERICARE."

I will be deeply grateful to you if material concerning achievements of your own, your wife, and your children are sent to me to my address: Surya Kanta Das, A-175 Sahid Nagar, Bhubaneswar 751007, Orissa.

Personally I am proud of the achievements and unique success of Oriyas in America. Even your school-going children have achieved high and rare distinctions. I want to publicize this through our newspaper and let the readers know of renowned Oriyas presently living in America.

" DHANYABAD" Greetings and best regard.

Surya Kanta Das is a retired professor of Commerce, Utkal University, Orissa.

An Appeal by Binayak Mohanty

Dear OSA members:

During my last trip to Orissa in February 1995, I was introduced to one young unemployed engineer, Mr. Chittaranjan Rath, by my brother. Mr.Rath was saved from imminent death last year after being treated for his kidney failure. He had undergone kidney transplantation in Madras Medical Care & Health Center, followed by intensive post-surgery medicare treatments. His poor family has gone out of way to save their only son and has lost every asset in this whole devastating event for last one and half year. To date, they still are struggling hard to provide the medicare (Rs. 10,000/month) to save their son from the cruelty of death. In this whole process, Mr. Rath's family has been completely devastated.

After meeting with me, their family has reinstated some hope to save their son's life by appealing generous help from OSA members. In the mean time I have discussed this issue with the president (Dr. S.K. Dash), the vice president (Mrs. G. Pattanaik), the editor (Dr. A.K. Dash), and other active members of OSA. I was fully encouraged by all these OSA members and office bearers to have a fund raiser for Mr. Chittaranjan Rath and adopt his family in the worst days of their lives. We are trying to raise (about \$15,000 to \$20,000) through generous help of OSA members for this good cause. Any amount of charitable contribution will be a great help to save the life of a young and bright oriya engineer. Please send your contribution to Dr. S.K. Dash, OSA president with a memo "Chittaranjan Rath Rescue Fund." If you have any question, please direct it to OSA office bearers. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Binayak Mohanty 245 W. Big Springs Road #D Riverside, CA 92507 Tel: 909-274-0801

"Chittaranjan Rath Rescue Fund"		
Name:		
Address:		
Contribution:\$		
(Checks payable to OSA)		

Tear and attach this portion with your contribution and mail it to Dr. S.K. Dash, OSA President, 4925 Interlachen Ct., Edina, MN 55436.

An Appeal by Ritha Devi

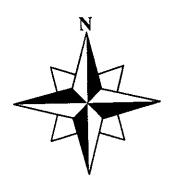
This is an appeal for contribution towards the preservation of the Devadasi tradition of Odissi Dance, as taught by my Guru, Sri Pankaj Charan Das, who is a direct descendant of the Devadasis, and remains now the last living Guru this tradition. He is in his later 70s, and in poor health. His son, Sharat Kumar Das, along with some of his devoted students, including myself, is trying his utmost to preserve this tradition of dance, by collecting funds towards the establishment of a Foundation in his name, so that deserving students can be taught this tradition, and video-tapes can be made of what little he can dance now, and also the dance of his senior disciples like me. I may mention here that, last December, the Sangeet Natak Akademi at Delhi, video-taped the "Panchakanya" solo dance-dramas, from his tradition, which only I am dancing now, all five of them, and some other solo dances, all danced by me. These dances are not in the National archives. However, there are many other beautiful dances, both traditional as well as those choreographed by my Guru, which are just now

languishing in oblivion, with no proper exponent. So, funds are being collected for the dual purpose of transmission and preservation of these rare dances.

If you will kindly publish this appeal, along with this letter, in the souvenir to be brought out on the occasion of the OSA Convention, I shall be deeply grateful. Anyone wishing to contribute his or her share towards the preservation of this beautiful and ancient tradition, may send the cheque, made out in the name of Guru Sri Pankaj Charan Odissi Research Foundation, to me at the following address:

Ritha Devi 330 East 85th Street, Apt. C New York, NY 10028

and I shall send that person a receipt for it, and send the cheque to the Foundation address in Bhubaneswar. I hope the Oriya community will contribute generously towards the preservation of this tradition, that is such an integral part of Oriya culture.



ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICA CHAPTER NEWS

NEW JERSEY CHAPTER:

Cultural Programs:

Over 100 people gathered in the Radha-Krishna Temple Auditorium in, Allentown, last October 22, to celebrate the Kumar Uschab! Professor Rekha Mohanty, a scholar in Oriya Literature was the Guest of Honor. A large number of children participated in an Art Project that was conducted by Artist Anuradha Das. The evening function included a well organized cultural program. The highlights of that evening were Bhajans, Geet and Ghazal presentation by eminent singer Mrs. Sumitra Dash. Sulogna, Purnima, Rolli, Ruloi, Rashmi, Anita, Srilata and Anjali presented Odissi, Bharat Natyam, Kathak and Sambalpuri folk dances. Mrs. Kabita Pattnaik entertained with her melodious Bhajans and light Oriya songs. Children awards were given by Prof. Jiten Mohanty.

Puja:

Families with their many friends got together at the residence of Dr. Santosh and Sulekha Das in Randolph to observe the 'Ganesh Puja' on September 10 conducted by Sri Shastriji of Hanuman Temple in the area. A special 'Havan' was conducted on the make shift Mandap at the back lawn. After a splendid Lunch (Prasad) an hour of Bhajans were rendered committed to Sri Ganesh.

The Saraswati Puja was celebrated last February 5 in the house of Dr. Mohan Rao and Bharati Kintala which was well attended. The children were involved to arrange all Puja essentials and participated in the devotional songs. Dr. Akhileswar Patel conducted the Puja.

A New Cassette "Shyam Teri Bansi":

Mrs. Kabita Pattnaik who is well known in our community as a singer, lyricist and composer has made four audio cassettes which were released in India recently. In one of them she has sung Kabir Bhajans under the direction of the celebrated musician Pandit Girish Kumar. In others she composed and directed some of her own lyrics which were sung by herself and other eminent singers; Debasis Mohapatra, Lopika Mishra and Anjali Mishra in Orissa.

Children's Achievement:

Sarthak Das of Randolph has been awarded a fellowship program for two years by the Echoing Green Foundation of US. This foundation supports individuals and organizations with technical assistance and financial resources to help create new public service initiatives. Sarthak has initiated a project - 'Asha' - a Day Care learning and counseling center for children of Bombay Prostitutes. He will recently graduate from Harvard University and is the on of Dr. Santosh and Sulekha Das of Randolph, NJ.

Ananya Dash is a junior in the University of Pennsylvania is currently spending her year abroad, an Honors program designee, in the University of London, England. She has been named a Dean's Scholar and accepted to John Marshall Pre-Law Honors Society. She has been inducted to Golden Key National Honors Society and is a member of Gamma-Sigma- Alpha Honors Fraternity. She is the daughter of Sumitra and Dr. Sarat Dash of Sparta, NJ.

Sukanti Sahoo New Jersey

NORTHWEST CHAPTER:

Our year has started off with the excitement of a wedding. The marriage ceremony of Nihar Nanda and Sushree took place in January. We are very happy for the newly wed couple and we are also very happy to have Sushree as part of our community.

Our congratulations to Asish Dash (Chimpoo). He has graduated form High School. Although Chimpoo is formally graduating from high school, he has not been a stranger to the University of Minnesota. For the last two years he has been attending the University of Minnesota as part of the Post Secondary Program. This is a program which allows students to attend the University as a full time student while still in high school. We are all very happy for him and wish him the very best life has to offer. Mr. Tapan Padhi has also just

graduated. He has completed work on his Masters in Computer Science from North Dakota State University, Fargo. He has also moved to Lincoln, Nebraska on his new job.

We also have some bittersweet news from this chapter. A heartfelt congratulations to Dharmaraju Kotini and his family on his new job. Raju babu, along with his wife Kusuma, daughter Pavitra and son Paavan are moving to Richmond Virginia. We are very happy for them on their success, but at the same time we hate to see them go. They will be greatly missed. Our loss is Virginia's gain.

This summer, we are fortunate to have some visitors from India. Dr. Srinivas Sahu (Ex-Vice Chancellor of Utkal University) and his wife are visiting their son, Amitabha Sahu and family this summer. We hope they have an enjoyable trip.

Smriti Panda St. Paul, Minnesota.

WASHINGTON CHAPTER:

Official:

The following office bearers for 1994-1996 were elected by the members of this chapter. Executive committee of this chapter thanks Raghu Das, Prafulla Misra and Shankershan Acharya for conducting this election. Executive committee also appointed a committee to develop the by-laws for this association.

Sudip Patnaik President
Ira Patnaik Secretary
Alpana (Reena) Das Treasurer

Cultural

This chapter performed a group dance, jointly choreographed by Anu Biswal and Mun Mun Patnaik at the Republic Day celebration organized by the Indian Cultural Coordination Committee on January 22nd at J.F.K. High School, Silver Spring, MD. Our sincere thanks to all the organizers and the performers. We also wish to convey our appreciation to NIA and Suresh Kodolikars, who have hosted a dinner to honor the dancer.

Saraswati Puja was celebrated on Sunday, February 11 at Sligo Community Center, Spring Field, MD.

The Odissi guru, Sri Manoranjan Mohapatra, a guest of Chitra Krishnamurty's "Nrutyalaya" taught few basics of the intricate dance to the interested members of this chapter. Due to its great success and popularity the executive committee has invited him to conduct a summer dance school. Washington chapter is also pleased to bring to its members a video of the odissi exercises demonstrated by Guru Manoranjan Mohapatra.

The annual picnic along with the "RAJA PARBA" celebration, venue (Lake Fair Fax Park) and date (June 17) have been finalized by this chapter. The coordinator for this very exciting event is Sushanta Mohanty.

Youth Related:

"Learning with Fun Activity" for the children of this chapter is gaining tremendous momentum. A registration form for the participants has been distributed to all its members via the Washington Sambad (Issue #2). The three activities planned for this summer are:

- 1. Dark room secrets (6/24/95)
- 2. Trip to the Smithsonian (7/15/95)
- 3. Art clinic (7/22/95)

Children of this chapter also organized a food drive for the homeless on May 21, 1995.

Sudip Patnaik, Maryland.

CHICAGO CHAPTER:

Our congratulations to Mrs. Sujata Patnaik who has been elected as the Vice-President of OSA for 1995 - 97 term. She is a very active member of Chicago Chapter and coordinates cultural activities for youths in a very enthusiastic way. She has demonstrated her leadership skill by involving our youths in numerous cultural programs starting from OSA Convention, Chicago. Her dedication for Oriya Society, support for our culture and above all her emphasis on the participation of youths in OSA activities are exemplary.

Our felicitations to three newly wed couples - Shivaji Kumar and Vani, Sarada Samantaray and Nibedita, and Satchi Panda and Baishali. A welcome reception has been arranged by the local chapter. In addition to these new couples we also welcome a new addition to our community - Sudhanshu Panigrahi.

Some of our members are quite busy in preparation for our upcoming OSA convention cultural program in Minneapolis. Kids of Chicago chapter are preparing a humorous dance drama "Patent Medicine".

Gyana R. Patnaik Chicago, IL.

SOUTHERN CHAPTER NEWS:

The presence of LORD JAGANNATH in Nashville temple has attracted all the Oriyas around this area to get together for Ratha-Jatra and other religious ceremonies for past two years. Southern chapter members are fortunate to be a part of these celebrations which are so unique for people of Orissa.

Congratulations

Congratulations are in order for Deepika (daughter of Mahendra and Kabita Misra) and Supriya (daughter of Panchanana and Sashi Satpathy) graduating from High School in flying colors. Deepika bagged the valedictorian honor from her school. She also received Georgia

Governor's Award and Emery Presidential Scholarship.

Supriya graduated from one of the prestigious magnet schools of Nashville and joining Oxford Emery in Fall.

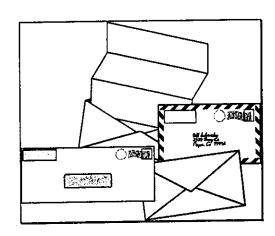
Meena (daughter of Amiya and Sara Mohanty) received her Law degree from Temple University. She also received Harley Sarabech Award for activities with young people in Philadelphia city schools.

Likun (daughter of Digamber and Joytsna Mishra) received her Bachelor degree in Engineering (Construction Management) from Georgia Tech University. Her brother Anup has returned to U.S.A after finishing his one year assignement in Hungary.

Susmita (daughter of Radhakanta and Gita Mishra) received her Medical degree and will be specializing in Gastroenterology. Her young sister, Sushri, also graduated and will be joining medical school in Fali.

Rica (daughter of late Promode and Runu Pattnaik) has received "outstanding clinical work" award in her optometrist curriculum.

Prajesh N. Dash, Spring City, TN.



OBITUARY

Minaketan Behara, Professor Emeritus of Mathematics and Statistics at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada died of pneumonia on Sunday, May 28, 95. At the time of his death he was fifty-seven.

After receiving his doctorate in Germany, Minaketan Babu came to Canada to start his teaching career. He took an early retirement in 1991. His main research interest was Information Theory and its applications. In addition to research, he had a passion for bringing research workers together by organizing conferences and being instrumental in publication of the journal "Selecta Statistica Canadiana". As an ultimate expression of his strong drive, he formed the Gauss Institute in 1989, which is now affiliated with the University of Campinas in Brazil.

During 1964-65, I met Dr. Behara in Waterloo, Ontario, where he was teaching at that time. Our personal contact probably influenced him to move from Waterloo to McMaster, where I am working for last thiryone years. His early education being at Ravenshaw College, he enjoyed telling stories during his student days. Above all, I remember his young looking face, his infectious smile and an exuberance displaying his advanturous spirit.

We pray for his soul to be in peace.

Sri Gopal Mohanty

Journal of the Orissa Society of Americas, July 1995



NEWS BRIEF ON JAGANNATH SOCIETY OF AMERICAS

Bhagabat Chandra Sahu

Three years have passed since we installed Lord Jagannath, Lord Balabhadra, Devi Subhadra, and Maha Sudarsan at Sri Ganesh Temple in Nashville, TN in April of 1992. Since then, significant progress has been made in the propagation of Jagannath philosophy in North America. Jagannath Society of Americas was established in 1992 with the objective of propagating Jagannath philosophy in the continental USA and the western hemisphere. I believe that we have made some impact, even if quite small, on North America in this regard. J.S.A. has several hundred members including Oriyas, Non-Oriyas, and people from all over USA and Canada.

We have published a yearly journal *Neela Chakra* with contributions from distinguished authors. We have just published one bhajan book, *Neelachala Madhuri*, which is to be distributed to all Oriya and Non-Oriya devotees.

We have celebrated RATHA YATRA, BAHUDA YATRA, SNANA PURNIMA, and anniversaries according to Vedic rituals. Also as an objective of J.S.A., we have invited distinguished scholars from Orissa such as: Professor Hrudananda Ray, Professor Kahnu C. Mishra, Professor Shantanu Acharya, and Mr. Kahnu C. Lenkha, ex-minister of Railways of the Government of Indian.

Another important facet of Jagannath philosophy is Odissi dance (Traditionally performed by Devadasis) and Oriya bhajans which we are promoting by inviting the pioneers in this field. In the past we have invited Ms. Sunanda Patnaik, members of the Chitralekha Dance Academy, Ms. Oopalie Operajita, Ms. Ritha Devi, Madhabika Nayak, and others to give their traditional performances before Lord Jagannath. This year we have invited two distinguished

speakers from India: Shri Ranganath Mishra, Honorable ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India and Shri Jivanananda Pani, ex-Director of Cultural Affairs of the Government of Orissa to speak during the oncoming car festival. We have two outstanding Odissi dancers, Gita Mahalik and Manoranjan Pradhan, to grace the auditorium.

Our goal is to promote Jagannath philosophy which is the very nucleus of Oriya culture in the Western Hemisphere. It is a colossal task, but nothing is impossible with the grace of Lord Jagannath. We hope to install Lord Jagannath in every major city of the USA and Canada. We need to have a temple exclusively for the Holy Trinity in the pattern of Puri Temple. Govardhan Dham has been one of the best of the four pilgrimages of India and has been an integral part of the Hindu religion for centuries. Other religions such as Buddhism and Jainism have also been nurtured here. Devotees of the beliefs such as Islam and Christianity have also had important connection with Srikshetra Puri.

We need to be proud of our linkage with Jagannath Dham Puri and Lord Jagannath, the master of the universe. He embraces all who embrace him, and He looks after all who look to Him.

"Let Lord Jagannath appear in our visions."

Athens, AL May 30, 1995.



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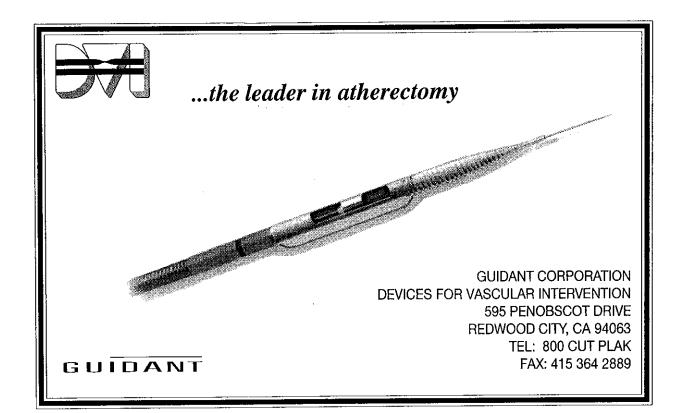
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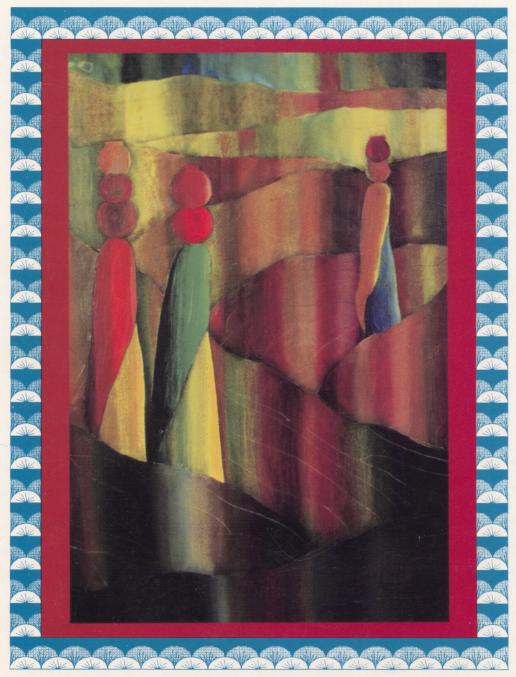
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