



Journal / 2000

IF PATIENTS ONLY KNEW...

# heir Bladder Control Problems Can Be Treated

Consumers need help from health professionals to "break the silence" about bladder control problems.

Bladder control problems are more common than many healthcare providers realize. Despite the disruptions they cause in people's lives, fewer than half of all men and women with bladder control problems discuss their problem with a health professional.

Among women who are incontinent every day, fewer than half ever visit a doctor because they think there is nothing that can be done about it. <sup>23</sup> In addition, many people—especially women—are too embarrassed to tell their physician. <sup>23</sup> In fact, three out of every 10 women with bladder control problems have never talked to anyone about it. <sup>4</sup>

#### Affects More Than 17 Million People

The result is that while more than 17 million people have the symptoms of "overactive bladder" (including frequency, urgency, and urge incontinence), many of them go untreated. The majority are women.<sup>2</sup>

Though bladder control problems are one of the main causes of institutionalization in the elderly, they are not just a problem for the elderly. Approximately 10 to 30% of women and 1.5 to 5% of men between 15 and 64 years of age are affected.

#### Impacts Quality of Life

Overactive bladder has a tremendous impact on a person's quality of life, causing life disruptions day and night. Fear of "accidents" and embarrassment can lead to social isolation, depression, and a decreased quality of life. 5.6.7

Believing nothing can be done, many try to cope by making lifestyle adjustments, limiting their fluid intake, and wearing disposable pads or adult diapers.

#### "Breaking the Silence"

Bladder control problems can be effectively treated. An effective prevention program could reduce the number of new cases of bladder control problems in women by approximately 50,000 cases annually.<sup>1</sup>

The first step is to help patients feel more at ease discussing this problem and to seek treatment. Patients need to know they should discuss any of the following symptoms with you:

- ☐ sudden, strong urges to use the bathroom
- ☐ losing urine and having "accidents" when unable to reach the bathroom quickly
- ☐ needing to urinate 8 or more times in a 24 hour period.

#### **Useful Resources**

Let's Talk About Bladder Control for Women

National Kidney and Urologic Diseases Information Clearinghouse (NKUDIC) 1-800-891-5388

The Simon Foundation for Continence P.O. Box 835, Wilmette, IL 60091 1-800-23-SIMON

National Association for Continence P.O. Box 8306 Spartanburg, SC 29305-8306 1-800-BLADDER

Bladder Control Problems Can Be Treated Pharmacia and Upjohn Company

1-800-669-1054





Dorothy L. Smith, Pharm.D. President, Consumer Health Information Corporation, McLean, VA. Adjunct Associate Professor of Community and Family Medicine, Georgetown University.

Sponsored as an educational grant through Pharmacia & Upjohn Company.

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4. NIH News Release, January 10, 1997. 5. Arch. Fam. Med. 1997; 6:114-119. 6. J. Am. Geriatr. Soc. 1990; 38:265-272.

7. Kobelt-Nguyen G et al. 1997. In press.



# **JOURNAL**

OF THE

# ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS

**SOUVENIR** 



Thirty-First Annual Convention of the Orissa Society of the Americas June 30 -July 3, 2000

Nashville, Tennessee



M. M. RAJENDRAN GOVERNOR OF ORISSA RAJ BHAVAN BHUBANESWAR-751008

## MESSAGE

I am happy to know that "Orissa Society of Americas" is celebrating its 31<sup>st</sup> Annual Convention in the City of Nashville, T.N., U.S.A from 30<sup>th</sup> June to 3<sup>rd</sup> of July, 2000. The Annual Magazine is also being published this year to mark the occasion.

The State is slowly recovering from the ravages of the super cyclone that hit nearly half the State in October, 1999. The process of rehabilitation has commenced and will continue for quite some more time. I trust members of the society will play their part in this rehabilitation work of the people of the State where they hail from.

I wish the convention all success.

25 - 04-2000

(M.M.Rajendran)

ନବୀନ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ <sup>ମୁଖ୍ୟମୟୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା</sup>



Ra
<del>ଭ</del> ୁକନେଶ୍ୱର
(F)

#### ବ୍ୟଞ୍ଜା

ଆମେଭିକାଛିତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରମାୟର କାଷିକ ପଞ୍ଜିଲମ ଆସର। ନାହରେ ଅନୁଷିତ ହେଉଥିବା ଲାଣି ମୁଁ ଅତୀତ ଆନ୍ତହିତ । ମହାବାତ୍ୟା ପରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ବର୍ଷମନ ଏକ ପୁସେମୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଇ ଗଡ଼ି ଉତ୍କୁଅଛି । ବାଦ୍ୟାଞ୍ଚନର ପୁମ୍ନନିର୍ମାଣ ଓ ପ୍ରନର୍ବାସଜନିତ କ୍ୟାଷ୍ଟମ ଯୋଗୁ ଏହି ସଭିନନୀରେ ଯୋଉଦେବ। ମୋ ପଞ୍ଚର ପମ୍ବ୍ରସର ହେଉନାହିଁ । ଏହିପାର ମୁଁ ହୁଛିତ ।

ଆମେରିଭାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ତିର୍ଲିନ୍ନ ଶେନ୍ତରେ ପ୍ରତିଶିଟ ହୋଇଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଶା ପାଇଁ ଗର୍ଟ ଓ ଗୌଗକର ବିଷୟ । ଓଡ଼ିଶାୟ ମମୃଷ୍ଟ ନନା ଓ ସଂଷ୍କୃତିର ପ୍ରଚାର ଓ ପ୍ରସାର ଦିଉରେ ଆମେରିଲାୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାନ ପ୍ରଷଂସନୀୟ ଉଦୀମ ଉରିଆସିଅଛି । ଆରାମୀ ଦିନରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାନ୍ତ ଏହି ଉଦ୍ୟମ ଅନ୍ୟାତ୍ତର ରକ୍ଷିକ ହୋରି ମୋର ଆରା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱସ ।

ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନୟ ସମତ ସମସ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ହାଣିକ ଶୁରେଛା ହଣାଇଛି ଓ ବାର୍ଷିକ ସନ୍ଧିନନୀୟ ସଫଳତା କାୟକା କଲୁଛି ।

( कक्ष धक्राप्रस्



# JOURNAL OF THE ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS SOUVENIR, 2000

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Lalu Mansinha London Canada Kula Misra Knoxville Tennessee

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#### **Front Cover**

On the cover this year is Kalashree Ellora Patnaik. The Kalashree Award was presented by the Orissa Society of America as a recognition of Ellora's contribution to Oriya culture in the United States and Canada through her many performances of Odissi Dance and Dance-Dramas. She now has starring roles in films being produced in India. Talent runs in the family. Ellora's mother, Chitralekha, is also a past winner of the Kalashree Award, in 1992. And Devraj Patnaik is an outstanding Odissi dancer in his own right.

Ellora learnt Odissi dance first from her mother, Chitralekha Patnaik, and then from leading gurus like Gangadhar Pradhan, Sanjukta Panigrahi and Kelucharan Mohapatra. She trained in acting at New York's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She acted in several plays including The Country Wife, The Heidi Chronicles, The Sea Gull and in an acclaimed role, that of Catherine in Standing On My Knees. Mira Nair happened to be in Toronto when Ellora was playing the lead at Tarragon Theatre in Girish Karnad's Naga Mandala. The play had a successful run with eleven shows over a two week period. Nair saw the play and guickly signed Ellora for her next film.

Ellora was away on a film shoot in India and was unable to receive the 1999 Kalashree Award in person. She wishes to extend her thanks to everyone:

Jai Jagannath!!
To the Orissa Society of America:

Receiving the Kalashree award last year at the Toronto convention was wonderful surprise for me. I wish I could have been there to tell you all how much it means to me. The continuous support and blessings from you all is an inspiration to me and my art. It is a constant reminder for me, that this is just the beginning and I promise to continue to do my duty and keep my humility as an artist.

Once again I thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

Love, Ellora'

## Cover Design by Neeta Mishra

In addition to being a graphic designer, Neeta plays the sitar, sings well. She is a Management student. She lives in Toronto with husband Tarun Tripathy and 4 year old son, Nimitt. Tarun is a Software engineer, builds NFS servers, has pending US patents. He is a Sangeet Visharad in Tabla, plays multiple instruments and is interested in poetry, writing and art.

#### **Back Cover**

A painting by Oriya arist Upendra Maharathi (1908 – 1981). Shri Maharathi, like Mayadhar Mansinha, hailed from the Chilika Lake region. It is extraordinary that two sons of Orissa, one destined to be an artist, the other a poet, were born in the same region of Orissa at about the same time. Upendra Maharathi and Mayadhar Mansinha are in fact related. Maharathi and Mansinha both went to Patna (then the capital of the British India Province of Bihar and Orissa) to study. Maharathi stayed on in Patna and became known as an artistt of repute. His paintings are on exhibit at the National Gallery of Modern Art in New Delhi. A portfolio of prints have also been published by the National Gallery.

The painting title is Two Adivasi Girls, 1950, Watercolour on paper.

#### Acknowledgements

The Editors wish to thank those authors who submitted their articles electronically. The software Odiphon has made processing Oriya text easy and efficient. We thank Debashish Ratha of Sonepur Orissa for developing the package, and, making it freely available. Satya Dash, Biswa Patnaik and Sabita Panigrahi in Toronto volunteered to type Odia with Odiphon. Neeta Mishra and Tarun Tripathy, offered their help before I could request. Pallavi Sodhi is a wizard with line drawings. Her work decorate many of the pages. We have other reasons to thank Pallavi. She was responsible for all the decorations at OSA'99@toronto.

# We Salute

Bagmi Das

We salute the people who watched who worked who cleaned

> We salute the people who saved who cared who witnessed

We salute the people who gave who felt who prayed

> We salute the people who lived who helped and who perished in the Orissa Super Cyclone

May God bless all

Bagmi Das, 7th Grade, daughter of Naresh and Bigyani Das of Columbia, Maryland.

# Soul

## Samar Misra

It is one's *aharma* to try to succeed in life. This will become one's great *karma* in his afterlife.

When one achieves *Moksha*. He will also achieve *Brahmana Neguna*.

As Christians believe Heaven is the place of joy. We Hindus believe we feel joy by not being reincarnated.

If we always deeply look down into our *Atman* or soul, Then we can know how to guide our lives perfectly.

Samar Misra, age-15, Grade-10, son of: Devi and Sarojini Misra, Huntsville, Alabama. "I like the subject math and like to learn different languages. My hobbies are listening to Hindi music, watching Hindi movies, and mixing with nice people. I don't know what my ambition is, but I like the field of a little biology along w/ lots of electronics and computer related things".

## A JOURNEY WITHIN IMAGINATION

As the cool breeze breath on my neck While I stood outside I knew a journey was going to begin After the full moon's tide

The apricot sun came up at dawn As I started a journey unknown I knew this was going to be Mysterious, solo, and alone

I did not know if this journey was through a large city Or through a mere hole of a mouse Whether it was through a savanna Or through a poor monk's house

All I saw was dazzling colors In all different shapes Animals of all kinds >From cougars to apes

I saw the clouds overhead Were looking down with pride And the rainbows Were stretching far and wide

At the end of all the rainbows Were pots of wealth and gold Leprechauns were everywhere Dancing in their threadbare clothes

Wherever I would look I saw happiness all around me Whether if it is in a child Or in a small bare tree

There had never been any fighting In this world I was in Not a drop of blood had been dropped Every face had a grin Pratik Dash

Then I noticed the sizzling red ball Started to go to sleep and disappear into the nearby lake I heard the wolves how! I knew I found my journey's last and final gate

I woke up from my dream with astonishment Realizing it was all through imagination Then I warmly smiled For I had looked at the world my way through my meditation

## BARUN

The twinkling eyes
The quick smile
The welcoming approach
and the walking style

The babbling talk
The mischivous look
The busybody work
and the reading of a book

The waving good-bye
The quick wet kiss
the soft embrace
Oh how do I miss!

That is 'Barun'
The cute little boy
I am his 'Aie'' and he is my
bundle of joy

Nirupama Kar Mohapatra, Apex NC

## Life

#### Nanu Das

#### What is Life?

Life is a play with a colorful cast of characters,

We are born and enticed into our roles,

Laughter and sadness are just melodies, playing harmoniously in our ever-expanding horizons,

The essence of life remains mystical in its origins, but eventually becomes glaring in our eyes,

It is pure and smooth like a trickling stream, emptying into a dry riverbed,

We live sometimes; taking life for granted, when actually, each day is worth a lifetime,

Life is like the 4 seasons, always consistently changing back an forth,

Its many paths streak through our nimble minds, but ultimately it is our decision to take the best-suited one,

Each breath we take, and seconds we live are priceless, and a luxury we can only enjoy once,

Living life to the fullest, doesn't mean living long, it means successfully accomplishing our numerous goals,

Once our part in the play known as "life," ends, the ever-flowing cycle continues,

It is an evolution, which keeps on rebuilding,

In the play known as "Life," bodies come and go, but the soul lives on.

Nanu (Satya Bikram) Das, is 13 years old, and lives in San Jose, California with his parents, Ram and Jayantika Das.

## MY VISIT TO INDIA

Abinash K. Joshi

The last time I went to India was June 6, 1998. First, we to went to Los Angeles, California. Then, we stopped by Japan. After that, we were at Calcutta. Finally, we were at Bhubaneshwar, Orissa. We stayed at Dwaraka Hotel. It was a huge hotel. They served an American breakfast.

First, we settled and ate only yogurt with rice. After we stayed a few days at the hotel, we stayed at my dad's home. I met my cousins and some new cousins, too. Actually, I met one new cousin since the last time I went to India. Her name was Mama. I do not know her real name. I have about thirty cousins on my dad's side of the family. I have about seven cousins on my mom's side of the family.

Later on during my visit in India, I ate some sweets, eggs, and some other Indian foods. I got very sick about every two weeks. The foods that I ate came right back out. The foods were very tasty, but not right for my body. I am the one who always became sick most of the time.

My family and I visited a lot of places. First, we visited Puri. We visited right after *Ratha Yatra*, so it was kind of odd. My family and I went inside and kind of explored because I haven't been there in a long time. There were monkeys everywhere. When my mother tried to open a pack of cookies, almost all the monkeys came to her. She got scared and threw the whole pack around. I have to admit it was hilarious when I saw her.

I got a lot of souvenirs from India. We got statues of some gods and pictures, too. We also got a *dubi-tabla* set. I think it was very exciting and I am looking forward to go to India again.

[Abinash is the son of Akshya and Arati Joshi of Nashville, Tennessee]

## Life's Quest

Let your love play upon my voice And rest on my silence

Let it pass through my heart And rain into all my movements

Let your love like stars
Shine in the darkness of my sleep

And dawn in my awakening. Let me burn in the flame of your desire.

At last let me carry your love In my life as a harp does its music

Chandra Misra

## Lovesongs

In my heart I had songs to sing, but None with whom to share them So I sang my songs to myself Which was a very lonely solo.

One fine summer afternoon You broke through the wall And sang back to me. With you I started singing Believing to sing forever

As the crisp fall days of September entered
You had others to sing with
Leaving me stand alone
An awesome silence came by
Making all my songs only memories

The silence within was deep and thick Until cool spring of March came Making me hear the echo of my love songs
Singing back to me from deep within The rhythm of the creation came alive Returning your songs ever lasting.



ତାଲି ଦାଶ

ପୁରୁଣା ବରଷ ଗଲା ଛାଡି ତୃଷା ବସିଲା ଓଡିଆ ପଢି ॥ଘୋଷା॥

ନୁଆ ବରଷ ଆସିଲା ଚାଲି ତୃଷାକୁ କାନ୍ଧେ ବସେଇ ଚାଲିଲେ ଡାଡି ମାମା ଡାର୍ଲି ସଙ୍ଗେ ଗଲେ ବାଣ ଦେଖି ଆହା କି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଆତସବାଜି!!! ॥ ୧॥

ଆଗରୁ ବିଆଁ ରାଣୀ ଘୋଷୁଥିଲେ Barney, Teletubbies, Theodor, J Looney Tooney ଏବେ ଆସିଲେ ଛବିଳ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧର ଅରଣା ମହିଷ ଓ ତୁ ତୁ କୁକୃର ମୁହିଁ!!! ॥ ୨॥

ପୂରୁଣା ବରଷ ଗଲା ଛାଡି .....

ଖରା ଛୁଟିର ଆମୋଦ ଥିଲା ପିକିନିକି, ବାର୍ବେକ୍ୟୁ, ଓ କେମ୍ଫି ବୁଲି ଏବେ ସବୁ ପରିଶତ ହେଲା ବଣଭୋଜି, ପୋଡପିଠା, ତମ୍ବୁ, ଓ କାଠଚୁଲି ॥୩॥

ପୁରୁଣା ବରଷ ଗଲା ଛାଡି .....

ସବୁ ବଦଳିଲା, ହେଲେ ସୁଗୁଣ ଗୋଟିଏ ରହିଗଲା ଗାତ ଗଭୀର ଖୋଳି ଚିଆଁ ଗମନେ ଯେବେ ନିଦା କୋଳେ ସର୍ବଦା ବୃଢା ଆଙ୍କୃତି ତାଙ୍କ ପାଟିର ଗହୀରେ ॥ଧା

ପୂରୁଣା ବରଷ ଗଲା ଛାଡି .....

ଦଶ ବର୍ଷ ବୟୟା ତାର୍ଲି ଦାଶ ଟରୋଖୋରେ ଷଷ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ପଢ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି । ୪' ଗୀତଟି ତାଙ୍କ ସାତ ବର୍ଷ ବୟୟା କନିଷା ଭଗୀନି ତୃଷା ଦାଶଙ୍କ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକଳାପ ଓ ପିତା ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶଙ୍କ ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂଷ୍ଟୃତି ପ୍ରତି ଆକୃଷ୍ଟ ହେବାର ଲଷଣକୁ ଦେଖିକି ଲେଖାଯାଇଛି । ତାର୍ଲି ଦାଶଙ୍କ ମାତା ହେଲେ ଅପର୍ଷା ଦାଶ । ୪ କବିତାଟି ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଷ ହେବାରେ ଟରୋଖୋ ଛିତ<sup>ି</sup> ବିଶ୍ୱ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକଙ୍କ ଅଶେଷ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ତାର୍ଲି କୃତଞ୍ଜତା ଅର୍ପଣ କରୁଅଛନ୍ତି । ତାର୍ଲି ଦାଶଙ୍କ



# Thanks you for your

# Support







## ଭାବନା

ଶଶଧର ମହାପାତ୍ ମେରିଲ୍ୟାୟ

ସକାଳ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ନରମ ରଶିୂରେ ତମେ କେଉଁଠି ଲୁଚିଥାଅ କେଜାଣି ଅଳସ ଭାଙ୍ଚି ହଠାତ୍ ଚାଲିଆସ ଓ କାନରେ ଚୁପି ଚୁପି କହିଯାଅ -'ଭଲପାଅ' ବୋଲି \*\*\*\*\*\* ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ହୁତୃହୃତୃ ହୋଇ ଜଳୁଥିବା ନିଆଁ ପେଣ୍ଟଳାରେ ତମେ କେଉଁଠି ଲୁଚିଥାଅ କେଜାଣି ଲାଲଲାଲ ଆଖି କରି ହିଂସ ହୋଇ ମାଡିଆସ ଓ ତମତମ ହୋଇ ଚିଜାର କରି କହିଯାଅ -'ଆଇ ହେଟ୍ ୟୁ' 'ଆଇ ହେଟ୍ ୟୁ' \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* ଅନ୍ତିମ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର ରଶି ଲିଭିଗଲାପରେ ବିଜନ ବେଳାରେ, ସମୂଦର ବେଳାଭୂମିପରେ ମୁଁ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଆକାଶକୁ ଚାହିଁଥିଲାବେଳେ ତମେ କେଉଁଠି ଲୁଚିଥାଅ କେଜାଣି ପକ୍ଷୀଟିଏ ଭଳି ଡେଣା ମେଲେଇ ଉଡିଆସ ଓ ଲାଜକୁଳା ଝିଅଟିଏ ଭଳି ସରମି ଯାଇ କହିଯାଅ -'ହନି ଆଇ ଲଭ୍ୟୁ ' 'ସୁଇଟ୍ ହାର୍ଟ, ଆଇ ଲଭ୍ ୟୁ ' \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* ନିଃଶବ ରାତିର ଘନ ଅନ୍ଧକାରରେ ମୁଁ ବିଳି ବିଳେଏ ହେଇ ଥରେ କଡ ମୋଡିଲେ ତମେ ହଠାତ୍ ଚେଇଁ ଉଠା ଓ ମୋତେ କୁଣ୍ଠାଇ ପକାଇ ବାହାନା କରି କୁହ -ହେ, ଶୁଣୁଛ, ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ ଚକୋର ଚକୋରୀ ଆଦାମ୍ଆଉ ଇଭ୍ ଆଉ ତୁମେ ବହୁତ ପେମ କର ବୋଲି \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*

ଏ ସବୁ ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ, ଆଉ ବି ଜାଣେନା ଏ ସବୁ ମୁ ବୁଝେ, ଆଉ ବି ବୁଝେନା ଏ ସବୁ ତମର ଛଳନା ବିନା କଣ ହେଇପାରେ ?

# ଏ ଚିଟାଉ

*ବିଷଣ୍ୟା ମିଶ୍* ସେୡଲୁଇସ୍, ମିସୋରୀ

ଏ ଚିଟାଉ ଲେଖୁଛି ମୁଁ ତୁମରି ପାଇଁକି, ଖାଲି ତୁମରି ପାଇଁକି ।

ଲାଗେ ବଡ ବଡ ଏକା ଏକା ଅମାନିଆଁ ପାଣପଷୀ ହୁଏ ଛଟପଟ ଭୁଲିତହୁଲାଣି ସେଇ ଉତିବାକୁ ଫରଫର ହୋଇ ପଞ୍ଚରୀରେ ରହି ରହି । ଏଇ ସୁବର୍ଣ ପଞ୍ଚୁରୀ ସତେଜି ବନ୍ଧନ! ନ ପାରଇ ଉଠି ଆଉ ଆକାଶ ସୋପାନ । ଦୂରେ, କାହିଁ କେତେ ଦୂରେ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆକାଶର ନୀଳ ନୀଳିମାକୁ ଟପି ଅନନ୍ତ ଆଲୋକେ ଲୋଟଣି ଖେଳୁଛ ତୁମେ । ଯାଆନ୍ତି କି ଉଡି ପାଖକୁ ତୁମରି ଉତି ପାରୁନି ତ ତେଣା ମେଲି ଖାଲି ହୁଏ ଛଟପଟ । କେତେବେଳେ ବେଳ କରି ଆସନ୍ତ କି ଅବତରି ଉଚ୍ଚ ଆକାଶରୁ ଯାଆନ୍ତ କି ଉଡି ଟିକେ ଏଇ ପଥେ ଯେ ପଥେ ମୁଁ ବନ୍ଦିନୀ ସୁବର୍ଣ ପଞ୍ଚୁରୀ ମଧ୍ୟେ ମୋର ନିଜ ଦୁଇ ହାତେ । ଆଉ କି ଲେଖିବି ?

ତୁମେ ତ ଜାଣ ସବୁ ଯଥାମାନ୍ୟ ଦେଇ ମୁଁ ରହୁଛି ।ଇତି ।



ଅପରାହ୍ନେ, କିଏ ତୁମେ ଭରି ଦିଅ ଉତ୍ସ ଆଲୋକର ? କୋଳି ନିଅ ହୁଦେ ତୁମ, ହୁଦ ମମ ହୁଏ ଥରଥର ?? ମ୍ଦୁ ମ୍ଦୁ ବାଣି କହି ଭର ଜାହିଁ ଶୀତଳ ପଲେପ ହାତେ ତବ ହାତ ନୈଇ କର କାହିଁ ମଧୁର ଆଳାପ ? କିଏ ପୂମେ ହେ 'ଆନନ୍ଦ' କାହିଁ ପାଇଁ କର ଆପଣାର ? ହଜିଥିବା ବଂଚିବାର ରାହା ମମ, ଖୋଜିବାରେ ବଦ୍ଧ ପରିକର ?? ଆୟତ ଚୟୁରେ ଭରି ମଧୁର କଲ୍ସନା ବିଷ୍ଟରିତ ମୋ' ଆଖିରେ ଭରି ଦିଅ ଅସୀମ କାମନା କହିବାର ଶକ୍ତି ଥାଇ ମୃକ ମୃହିଁ ଦେଖି ମଧ୍ୟ ଦେଖି ତ ପାରେନା ଶୁଣି ତୁମ ଆଶାର ଜାହାଣୀ ତଥାପି ବି ଆଶାଦୀପ ଜାଳି ମୁଁ ପାରେନା । କୁହ ସଖା, କୁହ ଥରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମୋ' (ତୁମ ସ୍ପର) ଶୁଣିବାରେ କୁହ ଖାଲି 'ଭଲ ପାଅ' ବୋଲି ଭୁଲିଯାଏ ମୋ' ଅତୀତ (ଆସ, ଆଜି ଭୁଲିପିବା) ଭୁଲିଯାଏ ଏ ପୃଥିବୀ ଭୁଲିବିନି ତୁମ ସୂର ଖାଲି ।

> ସୁଲୋଚନା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ (ଫିଲାଡେଲଫିଆ)

## SMILE

#### Surya Nayak

You will leave your smile behind Somewhere on the way, Going back to India..

The moon will change its course My eyes fixed on the mid-ocean...

The forest recedes, Tree stretches its hand to sky.

Every thing will remain unknown: The unruly wind will blow away Your hair and my dreams.

The Far-East will be quite now.

There will be tears in my eyes and heart, And Your lips will stop smiling for me.

Surya Nayak has published 15 books as of to date. He has received "Best Poet Award" from London Magazine of Poets for his book "Emotions". He was also honored by American Poetry Association for his book "Feelings of Two hearts". This year he has published, "Swogata Sanglapa(Oriya)", "Now & Then", "Love & Bye". His up-comming book "NIRABATA (Oriya)" is in press, to be released in August 2000.



President Mr. Anadi Naik 16625 Bahner Ci, Mt.Airy, MD 21771 (\*) 410-442-2539 acnaik@aul.com

Vice President
Ms. Kanan K. Mishra
5-27 Morning Glory
Ct.
Columbia, MD 210-4
-2-410-997-7256
kkmnhra+pnno.com

Secretary - Treasurer
Dr. Bijoy M. Misra
9 Channey St. # 12,
Cambridge, MA
02138
\$\Delta 617-864-5121,
\text{Bmissa@ fas.harvard.edu}\$

Editar of OSA Newsletter Ms. Smriti R. Panda 7599 Kingsbridge Canton, MI 48187 \$\Phi\$734-207-7936 spanda@amd.umich.edu

#### A Letter From the President

Once again we, the Oriyas of North America, are meeting in Nashville at our annual convention. This is a time for all of us to meet with our old friends and to get to know some new ones. Our friends in Nashville have done a splendid job in making arrangements so that every one present in the convention feels at home. They deserve a big hand.

The past year has been a very difficult year for the Oriyas everywhere because of the super cyclone of October 29. Our members were no exception. Yet the Oriya community of North America took the cyclone as a challenge and swung to action. Not only through OSA but through International Organizations such as CARE and the Red Cross and AmeriCare our members sent money and materials to help the affected people. Volunteers and health professionals took time off from their jobs and went to interiors of Kujanga, Jagatsinnghpur, Kendrapara and Erasama. Their presence in those areas was god-sent to give the people hope and money. Many different projects have been taken up, such as providing people with diesel pumps for irrigation; milk cows and goats to produce income. Shelters, schools and houses are being built by our members so that people in the cyclone affected areas can find jobs.

The needs are many and what we have been doing is a drop in the bucket. A lot more needs to be done. Today, because of our involvement, a lot more people in Orissa know about OSA than they ever did. Our efforts to help Orissa continues and it would be needed for years to come. OSA as an organization has become stronger because of the hard work its members have done. The chapters have taken their commitments to their respective communities seriously. The situation has propelled everyone involved to work diligently.

One thing that we have lacked seriously is making new members. Because of the explosion in the information technology a lot of Oriya faces have appeared in North America. We have tried to make them feel at home but have not made them our official members yet. I hope our efforts would continue in this regard.

In a personal way, from Toronto to Nashville has been an eventful year for me. I have come to know a lot more Oriya names, have done more early morning telephone calls in Oriya than I wanted to, and managed to work through conflicting opinions in an organization of people who share a common goal. Through all this I have tried to do my job the best I could.

I take this opportunity to thank each and every member of our community for giving me this opportunity to serve them as the president of their organization.

With regards.

Anadi Naik

## A Poet's Lament for a Poet

Radhamohan Gadanayak and Mayadhar Mansinha were close friends for many years. Both were poets and writers of repute. When my father passed away in 1973 Shri Gadanayak wrote a poem, a lament of one poet for another. Unfortunately my father the poet is not around to write a poem at the death of Shri Radhamohan Gadanayak this year, 2000. But the poem of Gadanayak for Mansinha, is a remembrance for both.

Lalu Mansinha

# କବିବଂଧ୍ ମାନସିଂହ ତୁମେ ଆଜି ନାହଁ

ରାଧାମୋହନ ଗଡନାୟକ

ପୀତିତ ମୁଁ ଶଯ୍ୟାଗତ ରହିଥିଲି ସୁଦୂର ମୋ ପଳ୍ଲୀ ନିବାସରେ ଅକସ୍କାତ

ପାଇଲି ସଂବାଦ, କବିବଂଧୁ ମାନସିଂହ ତୁମେ ଆଜି ନାହଁ, ଅଞ୍ଜତରେ ନିଭୁତରେ ଏ ମାଟିରୁ ନେଇଚ ବିଦାୟ ।

କୁମାର ପୁର୍ଣ୍ଣିମା ରାତି ହେଇ ହସ ହସ ଯାର ଚଂଦ୍ୱିକାରେ ଉଛୁଳଇ ସାରା ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହରଷର ଉଦ୍ବେଳ ଜୁଆରେ, ଆଦିଙ୍ଗତ ଭରି ଦେଇ ତାର ବୁକେ ଝଡ ବର୍ଷା ଅନ୍ଧକାର ରୁଦ୍ ବିଭୀଷିକା ପ୍ରକୃତି କି ତାର ବୁକେ ତୁମ ପାଇଁ ରଚିଥିଲା ମୃତ୍ୟୁର ଭୁମିକା ! ସଳାଳକୁ ତୁମେ ଆଉ ନାହ୍ୟ, ଅଜ୍ଞାତରେ ନିଭ୍ତରେ ୪ ମାଟିରୁ ନେଇଚ ବିଦାୟ !

ବିପୁବର କବି ଥିଲ. ଅଦ୍ଭୁତ ଚିନ୍ତାର ନାୟକ ଦୁନିଆ ଯାକର ସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖୁଥିଲ. ରକ୍ତର ରଂଜନ ଦେଇ ଜୀବନର ଶବଳିତ ଚିତ୍ର ଲେଖୁଥିଲ. ଆଦିରୁ ଅନାଦି ପୁଣି ସୁରାରୁ ପୀୟୃଷ ରପାୟିତ କର୍ଥିଲ ମୋ ଦେଶର ହେ କାବ୍ୟପୂର୍ଷ ।

ମୋ ଦେଶର ମାଟି ପାଇଁ ଜଳବାୟୁ, ବିଲ ବନ ପାଇଁ ମାୟାଧର କେତେ ତୁମ ମାୟା, କୁସୁମିତ କାବ୍ୟ କବିତାରେ ପଲୁବିତ କଥାରେ ଚିଂତାରେ ଦେଉଥିଲ ସଂପୀତିର, ଆସକ୍ତିର ଛାୟା । ଦେଶର ମଣିଷ ମୋର ସଂଷ୍କୃତିର, କଳାର ପ୍ରଦୀକ କେଉଁ ପରି ହେଉଅଛି କଳଂକର ତନ୍ୟୁ ପଥିକ ; ହେ ମରମୀ, ହେ ଦରଦୀ କେତେ ତୁମ ବ୍ୟଥା. ତା' ର କଲ୍ୟାଣ ପାଇଁ ଢାଳୁଥିଲ ସଜଳ ମମତା ।

ଅକୃତଙ୍କ ଦେଶ ମୋର ଅକୃତଙ୍କ ଜାତି ଦେଇ ନାହିଁ ତୁମ ହାତେ ତୁମର ଯା ନ୍ୟାୟ ପୁରସ୍କାର, ବରଂ ଦିନରାତି ଉଚ୍ଚ ସ୍ତରେ ତୋଳିଅଛି କୃତ୍ୟାର ଝଂକାର ।

ଭଗ୍ନମନା ମାନସିଂହ, ଅବଶେଷେ ଅଭିମାନ କରି ଚାଲି ଜାଇ ଅଛ ତୁମେ ପ୍ରାଣେ ପ୍ରାଣେ ଶୋକ ଅଶୁଭରି ।

ସତ କରି ଖ ବନ୍ଧୁ ମୋ ଦେଶର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭ କବି. ଭୁଲି କି ପାରିବ ତୁମେ ଆର ପୁରେ ମୋ ଦେଶ ମାତିବାଣୀ ମହାନଦୀ ଚିଲିକାର ଛବି?

# କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ସ୍କୁରଣେ

## ଶ୍ରୀ ଜ୍ଞାନରଞ୍ଚନ ଦାଶ

ଓଡ଼ଶାର ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ଛନ୍ଦକବି ଏବଂ ଗାଥା-କବିତା ରଚନାରେ ଅଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ, ଶ୍ରୀମାନ୍ ରାଧାମୋହନ ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ଏହିବର୍ଷ ୨୦୦୦ ମସୀହା ଫେବୃୟାରୀ ମାସରେ ଇହଧାମ ତ୍ୟାଗ କଲେ । ଦୀର୍ଘ ୭୦ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାକୁ ନୁତନ ଶୈଳୀ, ଛନ୍ଦ, ଏବଂ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟମୟ ଶବ୍ଦ ସଂଯୋଜନାରେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଓଡ଼ଶାର ସାହିତ୍ୟପ୍ରେମୀ ତାଙ୍କର ବିୟୋଗରେ ମର୍ମାହତ ହେଲେ । ସମସ୍ତେ ଗୋଟିଏ କଥା କହିଲେ, "ଆଉ ଏଭଳି ଜଣେ କବି ଓଡ଼ଶାରେ କେବେ ଜନ୍ ହେବେ?" ।

କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ଅନୁଗୁଳ ପାଖ ଗାଁ କଲ୍ୟାପାଳରେ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ହାଇ୍ୟୁଲରେ ପଢ଼ଲା ବେଳୁ ତାଙ୍କର କବିପ୍ରତିଭାବିକ ଶିତ ହେବା ଆରମ୍ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲା । ଠାକୁର ମହିର ଆଗରେ କନିଅର ଫୁଲ ଗଛ ଦେଖି କବି ଗାଇ ଉଠିଲେ:

ହେମ- ଗୋର ତନୁଟି ଡ଼ଳ ଡ଼ଳ ଉଷା - ଶିଶିର-ସ୍ନାହାନେ ଛଳ ଛଳ, ତାର ହୃଦୟେ ଅଛ କି ଅଭିଳାଷ ? ଉଭା ଦେଉଳ ଦୁଆରେ ବାର ମାସ ।

ପ୍ରକତି ବର୍ତ୍ତନା କବି ଲେଖନୀରେ ବହୁଥାନ ଅଧିକାର କରିଛି । "ମାଟି" କବିତାରେ ସେ ଲେଖିଲେ:

ସ୍ତଞ୍ଜର ନିକଟେ ତେବେ ଯେ ଚ୍ୟହିଁଲେ ଯାହା । ଚକ୍ଷୁର ପଲକପାତେ ସେ ପାଇଲେ ତାହା । ତୁମେ କିନ୍ତୁ ମୌନମୟୀ ଆଗୋ ମାଟି, ସେତେବେଳେ କାହିଁ ପଦଟିଏ ଉଚ୍ଚାରିଲ ନାହିଁ ? ଏଡ଼ଦେଇ ସୁବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସୁଯୋଗ ମାଗିନେଲ ନାହିଁ କିଛି ସଂଭ୍ରମ ସଂଭୋଗ । ସବୁରି ଚରଣପ୍ରାନ୍ତେ ପାରିନେଲ ମଳିନ ଆସନ ନ କରି କାତର ଅକିଞ୍ଚନ ।

ବସନ୍ତକୁ ସଖୀ ରପେ ଆହ୍ୱାନ କରି କବି ଗାଇଲେ:

ବିଶ୍ୱମୋହିନୀ, ତୁମେ ବସନ୍ତ-ପରୀ ଗୋ, ନିଃସ୍ ଜୀବନ ମମ ଦିଅ ଆଜି ଭରି ଗୋ । ଦିଅ ତବ ଆଶ୍ଳେଷ, ଦିଅ ତବ ପରଶ, କବି-ଜୀବନ ୪ ମମ ହେଉ ନବ ସରସ । କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱାତବ୍ୟ ଥିଲା ଗାଥା କବିତା, ଅର୍ଥାତ କବି ତା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସେ କାହାଣୀ ବର୍ତ୍ତନା କରୁଥିଲେ । ଉନବିଂଶ ଶତା ଦୀର ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟାର୍ଦ୍ଧରେ ଓଡ଼ଶାରେ ଭୟଙ୍କର ନ'ଅଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଭିଷ ସମୟ ର ଗୋଟିଏ କରୁଣ କାହାଣୀ ଥିଲା ବାର ବର୍ଷ ବୟସ ବାଳକ ସନା ତନର । ଦ୍ୱାର ଦ୍ୱାର ବୁଲି ଖାଇବାକୁ ମାଗି ଯେତେବେଳେ ସନାତନ ତା ଗାଁକୁ ଫେରୁଥାଏ, ବାଟରେ ହାଲିଆ ହୋଇ ସେ ଶୋଇ ପ ଡ଼ିଛି ଗଛମୁଳେ, ଚିରନିଦ୍ରାରେ ।

କବିଙ୍କର କବିତା "ମରି ନାହିଁ ସେ ତ ମରଣଜୟୀ" ରେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ସନାତନର ପରିଚୟ:

କଟକ ଜିଲାର ଅଜଣା ସେ କେଉଁ ପଲ୍ଲୀ କଣେ କେବଳ ଜଣେ, ବାର ବରଷର କେବଳ ଭିକାରୀ ବାଳକ ଟିଏ ମରଣର ଦାଉ ଜୟ କରିଥିଲା ମରତ ଦିହେ ତା ଗୀତ ଆଜି ଆକାଶେ ବତାସେ ପ୍ରତି ନିଶ୍ୱାସେ ଉଠୁଚି ବାଜି ।

ସନାତନ ସେତେବେଳେ ଗଛତଳେ ଚିର୍ନିଦ୍ରା ଯାଇଛି, କବି ଗା ଇ ଉଠିଛନ୍ତି ଏକ କରୁଣ ରାଗ:

କଅଁଳ ପବନ ଚା୍ହୁଁ ଚା୍ହୁଁ ଆହା ନୟନେ ତାର କାହୁଁ କାହୁଁ ନିଦ ଭରିଗଲା ସତେ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ବେଳ ଖସିଗଲା - ଖରା ମଉଳିଲା - ଆଉ ତ କାହିଁ ସନାତନ ତହୁଁ ଉଠିଲା ନାହିଁ ବିଷାଡ଼ ଦେଇ ଚାଉଳଟିମାନ ଭାତଟିମାନ କାଆ କାଆ ରାବି କୁଆ ଉଠାଇଲେ ଭୋଜିର ତାନ ।

ପିଲାଦିନେ ଏହି କବିତା ପଢ଼ିଲା ବେଳେ ସନାତନର କାହାଣୀ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଆଖିଆଗରେ ଦିଶିଯାଉଥିଲା । ଗଡ଼ନାୟକଙ୍କ କବିତ ାର ଭାଷା ସରଳ, ସାବଲୀଳ । ପଢ଼ିଲେ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ । ଛନ୍ଦ ଏବଂ ଶ ଦପ୍ୟୋଗ ଅତି ଚମକାର ।

ଶହୀଦ ଉଦ୍ଦାମ ସିଂହ ଜାଲିଆନାଓ୍ୱାଲାବାଗ୍ ହତ୍ୟାକାୟର ପୁରେ ରାଧା ଜେନେରାଲ୍ ଡାୟାର୍ ଙ୍କୁ ଇଂଲୟର ପାର୍ଲାମେଣ୍ଡ ଭବନରେ

ଗୁଳି ମାରି ହତ୍ୟା କରି ଫାଶୀଖୁଣ୍ଠକୁ ଯିବା ଅବସରରେ ନିଜ କାହା ଣୀ ଗାଇ ଉଠିଛି କବିଙ୍କର "ଉଦ୍ଦାମ ସି"" କବିତାରେ:

ଜନ୍ନଦା ମୋର ଭାରତଭୁଇଁର ବହୁ ଦୁରେ ସାଥୀ ବହୁ ଦୁରେ ବନ୍ଦୀ ମୁଁ ଆଜି ଉଦ୍ଘାମ ସିଂ ଏଇ ଲଞ୍ଜନ କାରାପୁରେ ସୟୁଖେ ମୋର ଫାସୀ କାଠ ଶିଖ-ସନ୍ତାନ ଶୁଣାଉଚ ମୁହିଁ ଜନୁମାଟିର ଜୟପାଠ ।

ସେହିଭଳି ୟାରାବାଡା କାରାବାସରେ ଗାନ୍ଧିଜୀ ବନ୍ଦୀ ଥିବା ସ ମୟରେ କବିଗୁରୁ ରବୀନ୍ଦ୍ରନାଥ ଠାକୁର ତାଙ୍କୁ ସାକ୍ଷାତ କରିବାକୁ ଯା ଇଛନ୍ତି । କବି ଲେଖିଲେ କବିତା "ୟାରାବାଡା କାରାବାସେ" ରେ:

"ଜୀବନେ ତୁମର କାରାବରଣ ତ ହୋଇପାରେ ନାହିଁ ଦୁଃଖ ଗଭୀର ବିଷାଦେ ଗାଛିଜୀ, କିଆଁ ମଳିନ ଦିଶୁଚ ମୁଖ ? ପୂରୁବର ତବ ସ୍ୱାୟ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ ତ, ଶରୀର ହୋଇଛ ଖିନ ନୟନେ ଆନନ ଦେଖା ଯାଉଅଛ ନିଞ୍ଜେ ନିମଳିନ ଜୀବନର ପଥେ ପଥେ ଆଜି ମୋର ବୟସ ଗଲାଣି ଛୁଇଁ ସୁୟ ସତେଜ ଉତ୍ଫୁଲୁ ତ ତଥାପି ରହିଛ ମୁହିଁ । " ୟାରାବାଡା-କାରାବାସେ କବି ରବୀନ୍ତ୍ର ସାକ୍ଷାତ ଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲେ ଧୀର ଭାଷେ ।

ଓଡ଼ଶାର ଘୋର ବନ୍ୟା ସଂକଟ ବେଳେ ଉତ୍କଳମଣି ଗୋପବନ୍ଧୁ ନିଜର ଅସୁଞ୍ଚ ପୁଅକୁ ଛାଡ଼ ଜନସେବା କରିବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ପା ଅଦିନ ପରେ ଫେରି ଆସି ଦେଖନ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କ ପୁଅ ସଂସାର ଛାଡ଼ ଚାଲିଯ ।ଇଛ । କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ଏହି ଘଟଣାକୁ ରୁପ ଦେଲେ କବିତା "ବିଶ୍ ଜୀବନ ପଥେ" ରେ:

ବିଶ୍ୱଦରଦୀ ପାଷାଣ-କଠୋର ଧୈୟ୍ୟ-ସାଧନା-ଭରେ ମରମତଳର ଉଦ୍ଗତ ଲୁହ ଚାପିନେଲେ ମରମରେ କରୁଣଅଧରେ ସ୍ମିତ ବିକଶାଇ ଭାଷିଲେ ନବୀନ ଭାବ "ଲୁହ ପୋଛ ଏବେ ଦେଖିନିଅ ସଖୀ । ଅଭିନବ ଏଇ ଲାଭ । ଗୋଟିଏ ପୁତ୍ର ଦେଇ ହୃଦୟେ ମୋହର ଶତ ପୁତ୍ର ମୁଁ କୁଢ଼ାଇ ଆଣିଛ ଏଇ ।"

ଏହି ଲେଖକ ପିଲାଦିନେ କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକଙ୍କୁ ଅନେକବାର ସା ୟାତ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଥିଲା । ନିଜ ଲେଖିଥିବା କେତେକ ବ ହି ଆମକୁ ସେ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ତନ୍କଧ୍ୟରୁ "ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀର କାବ୍ୟ" ଏବଂ "ମେଘଦୂତ" ବିଶେଷ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ୍ୟ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ । ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀର କାବ୍ୟ ରେ କବି ପୃଥିବୀର ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀଙ୍କ କାହାଣୀକୁ ନେଇ କବିତା ଲେ ଖିଛନ୍ତି, ଯଥା: ବଉଳା ଗାଈ, ଜଟାୟୁ, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରଦେହେ ଶଶାର ଛବି, ଇ ତ୍ୟାଦି ।

ମେପଦୂତ ମହାକବି କାଳିଦାସଙ୍କ ଅନବଦ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଅନେକ ଲେଖକ ମେପଦୂତର ଅନୁବାଦ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ଥିରୁ କବିବର ରାଧାନାଥ ରାୟଙ୍କ ଅନୁବାଦ ସର୍ବବିଦିତ । ମାତ୍ର କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ୧୯୩୧ ମସୀହାରେ ମେପଦୂତର ଅନୁବାଦ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି ଶେଷ କରିଥିଲେ । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ଏହା ଏକ ଉଚ୍ଚକୋ ଟୀର ୟାନ ଅଧିକାର କରିପାରିଛ । ନିମ୍ନରେ କାଳିଦାସଙ୍କ ମୂଳ ସଂସ୍କୃତ ରଚନାର ପ୍ରଥମ ଦୁଇ ପଦ ଉଦ୍ଧୃତ କରି ପରେ ପରେ କବି ଗଡ଼ ନାୟକଙ୍କ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅନୁବାଦରୁ ପାଠକେ ଲକ୍ଷ କରିବେ ତାଙ୍କ ଛ ଦ ଏବଂ ଶଦ୍ଦ ସଂସୋଜନାର ସୋହ୍ୟୀ ।

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କଞିତ୍ କାନ୍ତା ବିରହଗୁରୁଣା ସ୍ୱାଧିକାରାତ୍ ପ୍ରମତ୍ତଃ ଶାପେନାୟଂ ଗମିତ ମହିମା ବର୍ଷଭୋଗ୍ୟେଣ ଭର୍ରୁଃ ଯକ୍ଷୟକ୍ରେ ଜନକତନୟା ସ୍ନାନପୁଣ୍ୟୋଦକେଷୁ ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧଛାୟା ତରୁଷୁ ବସତିଂ ରାମଗିର୍ଯ୍ୟାଶ୍ରମେଷୁ ।

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ତସ୍କିନ୍ଦ୍ରୌ କତିଚିଦବଳା ବିପ୍ରଯୁକ୍ଷ ସ କାମୀ ନୀତ୍ୱା ମାସାନ୍ କନକବଳୟ ଭ୍ରଂଶ ରିକ୍ତ ପ୍ରକୋଷ୍ଷ ଆଷାଡ଼ସ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଥମଦିବସେ ମେଘମାଶ୍ଲିଷ୍ଟ ସାନୁଂ ବପକୀତା ପରିଣତଗଜ ପ୍ରେଣଣୀୟଂ ଦଦର୍ଶ ।

କବି ଗଡନାୟକ:

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ଲକ୍ଷହର। ସେ ଯକ୍ଷଯୁବକ ବରଷକ ଲାଗି ପ୍ରଭୁର ଶାପେ ଗତ ଗୌରବ ହତବୈଭବ ମୁଗ୍ଧ ବଧୂର ବିରହ-ତାପେ । ବାସ କଲା ଆସି ବେଦନା ଭରେ ରାମଗିରିବନ-ଆଶ୍ରମରେ-ଜନକ ସୁତାର ସ୍ନାହାନେ ସହିଁ ପୁଣ୍ୟଜନ, ନମେରୁ ତରୁର ଛାୟାରେ ସଦା ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧ ତଳ ।

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ଗିରିବନବାସେ ବିରହ-ପରାସେ କେତେ ମାସ ତହିଁ ଯାନ୍ତେ ଚାଲି, ଖସିଗଲା ତାର ହେମ-କଙ୍କଣ ମଣିବନ୍ଧନ ଦିଶିଲା ଖାଲି । ଆଷାଢ଼ ମାସର ପ୍ରଥମ ଦିବସେ ଦେଖିଲା ତାହାର ନୟନ ଆଗେ, ନବ ଜଳଧର ଜଡ ରହିଅଛି ରୈଳସାନୁର ବକ୍ଷଭାଗେ । ମଉ ଗଜ କି ବପ୍ରକୋଳେ କେଳି କରୁଅଛି ହର୍ଷଭୋଳେ ?

ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ କବିତାରେ ଭାବ-ସମ୍ପଦ ସହିତ ଛନ୍ଦବିନ୍ୟାସର ବି ଶେଷତ୍ୱ ଲକ୍ଷ କରିବାର କଥା । ତାଙ୍କ କବିପ୍ରାଣ ସର୍ବଦା ଚଳଚଞ୍ଚଳ ହୋଇ କଞ୍ଜନା ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ବୁଲୁଥାଏ । "କବି ହେବା ଲାଗି ବାସନା େ ମାର" କବିତାରେ କବି ଳେଖିଲେ:

କବି ହେବାପାଇଁ ବାସନା ମୋର ପ୍ରବଳ ଭାରି ରେ ପ୍ରବଳ ଭାରି, ନୀଳ ଆକାଶର ପକ୍ଷୀଟି ସମ ଉଡ଼ ବୁଲୁଥାଏ ଏ ମୋର ମନ, ଦୁନିଆ ପାରି ରେ ଦରିଆ ପାରି ।

ଆଜି କବି ଗଡ଼ନାୟକ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ମାତ୍ର ତାଙ୍କର ଅମର କବିତ ।ବଳୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଉଜଳ ଜ୍ୟୋତିଷ୍କ ଭଳି ରହିଥିବ । ତାଙ୍କ କବିତା "ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହେ ତୁମେ ସେତେବେଳେ କିଆଁ ଆସ ?" ଆଜି ମନେପଡ଼େ:

ଧରଣୀର ବୁକେ ଫଗୁଣର ଯେବେ ଅରୁଣ ପରଶ ଲାଗି ନବ ଦିବସର ଦୀୟ ରଭସ ଧୀରେ ଉଠୁଥାଏ ଜାଗି; ରୁକ୍ଷର ଦେହେ ସୁଷମା ଉକୁଟେ, ପତରେ ପତରେ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଉଠେ, ଲାଗେ ଉଚ୍ଛଳ ରାସ; ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହେ ତୁମେ ସେତେବେଳେ କିଆଁ ଆସ ?

ମାନ୍ୟବର କବି ଶ୍ରୀ ରାଧାମୋହନ ଗଡ଼ନାୟକଙ୍କ ଅମର ଆ ମାର ସଦ୍ଗତି କାମନା କରି ଆମେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବିନମ୍ର ପ୍ରଣାମ ଜଣାଉ ଛୁ ।

Mr. Jnana Ranjan Dash lives in San Jose, California. He is a senior executive at the software company Oracle Corporation.



# ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ, ମୋ ମନର ଅଲିଭା ସୁତି

ଚନ୍ଦା ମିଶ

କବି ରଧାମୋହନ ଗତନାୟକଙ୍କ କବିତା ଆମ ୟୁଲ ପାଠ୍ୟ କମରେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭୁକ୍ତ ଥିଲା । ତେଣୁ ଛାତୀ ଜୀବନରୁ ମନରେ ଉତଫୁଲ ତଥା ଶିହରଣ ସ୍ତିଃ କର୍ଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ ଲେଖା ସହିତ ମୋର ପରିଚୟ ଥିଲା । ୧୯୬୬ ମସିହାରେ ମୁଁ ମୋର ବତ ଭୀଣୋଇ ଲେଖକ କୃ<del>ଞ</del>ବିହାରୀ ଦାଶଙ୍କ ଘରେ ରହି ୟଲ ଗଲି! ସେଇଠି ମୋର କବିଙ୍କ ସହ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସଂପର୍କ ଆରମ୍ ହେଲା । ଜଟକ ଆସିଲେ କବି ମୋ ନାନୀ ଘରେ ୬/୩ ଦିନ ଏକ କାଳିନ ରହଥିଲେ । ମୋ ଭୀଣୋଇଙ୍କ ସାଂଗେ ତାଙ୍କର ବହୃତ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା ହେବାର ମୋର ମନେ ଅଛି। ତାଙ୍କର ମେଳାପୀ ଓ ମିଶାଣ ଗୁଣ ଯୋଗୁ ଆମଘରେ ସମସୱେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲେ । ଆମ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ସିଏ ବାପା ବୋଲି ତାକୁ ଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଭାଇ ବୋଲି ତାକୁ ଥିଲି । ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଆସିଲେ ସମୟେ ତାଙ୍କ କବିତା ଶୁଣିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକାଠି ହେବାର ମନେ ପତେ । ମୋର କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଖି ଥାଏ ତାଙ୍କ କାନ୍ଧ ତଳେ ଗୁଞ୍ଜି ହୋଇଥିବା ଓଡିଆ ପତିକାତକ ଓ ହାତରେ ଥିବା କେନ୍ଦ୍ରପତ ବନ୍ଧା ରସଗୋଲା ହାୟି ଉପରେ । ମୋ ହାତକୁ ପତିକାତକ ଓ ରସୋଗୋଲା ହାଞିଟି ବଢଉ ବଢଉ କହ୍ଛି ' ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ସବୁ ଖାଇଯିବୁନି ମୋଟି ହୋଇଗଲେ ଆମକୁ ତୋ ପାଇଁ ବର ବାଛିବାକୁ ବଡକଷ୍ଟ ହେବ । ପତିକାର ପ୍ୟା ଗୁଡିକ ଓଲଟଉ ଓଲଟଉ ମୁଁ ରୋଷେଇ ଘରଜୁ ଯାଇ ଚାହା କେଟିଲଟି ଚୁଲି ଉପରେ ବସାଏ । ଚାହା ଆଉ ସିଗାରେଟ ସବୁବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଁହରେ ଲାଗି ଥିବାର ମୋର ମନେ ପଢ଼ୁଛି 📗

ତାଙ୍କ ଦେଖିଲେ ମୋର ମନରେ ସେତେବେଳେ ଉଦବେଗ ଯେତିକି ସଂକୋଚବି ସେତିକି ହେଉଥିଲା! ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଭାରି ରାଗି ଥିଲେ । ଆମେ ସଂବଲପୁରି ଶାଢିଛଡା ଆଉ କୌଣସି ଲୁଗା ପିଛିବାକୁ ସିଏ ପସହ କରୁନଥିଲେ । ବାର ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ଝିଅ ମାନେ ଶାଢୀ ପିଛିବା ତାଙ୍କ ମତରେ ଠିକ ଥିଲା । ଯୁକ୍ତି ତର୍କରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇବା କାଠିକର ପାଠ ଥିବାରୁ ମୋ ନାନୀ ମତେ ସିଏ ଆସି ତାଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଥିଲା ବେଳେ ଶାଢି ପିଛିବାକୁ ତାଗିଦା କରୁ ଥିଲା । ଆମ ସ୍କୁଲରେ ମୋ ସାଂଗମାନେ ସମୟେ ଫକ୍ ପିନ୍ଧୁଥିଲେ । ମତେ ଶାଢୀ ପିଛିବା ଦେଖି ସମୟେ ଗାଉଁଲିଆ ବୋଲି ଚିତେଇବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ଘରୁ ଲୁଚି ଦିନେ ଶାଢୀରୁ ଫକ୍ଜୁ ବଦଳେଇ ମୁଁମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଝରଣା ( ନାଟ୍ୟକାର ମନୋଜ ବାବୃଙ୍କ ଝିଅ )ଘରକୁ ଯାଇଥାଏ । ତାଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଆଚାର ଖାଇଲା ବେଳେ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଚପଲ ଧଡ ଧଡ କରି ହାତରେ ସିଗାରେଟ ଧରି ପଶିଆସିବାର ଦେଖି ମୋର ହାଲୁକ ଶୁଖିଗଲା । କାହାକୁ ନକହି କଲେଜ ଛକରୁ ପୁରୀର ମାଙ୍କତ ପରି ତିଆଁ ମାରି ଆସି ନାନୀ ଘରେ ଘରେ ମୁଁ ହାଜର । ମତେ ଧଇଁ ସଇଁ ଦେଖି ନାନୀ ଭାବିଲା ମୁଁ ବୋଧେ ଆସୁଥିବା ଖେଳ ପାଇଁ ତିଆଁ ମାରିବା ଅଭ୍ୟାସ କରୁଛି । ବଡ ପାଟିରେ ରୋଷେଇ ଘରୁ ନାନୀ ଡାକ ପକେଇଲା ଆଲୋ ଚନ୍ଦୁ ଯୋରରେ ଡେଏଁନା ଛୋଟୀ ହୋଇଯିବୁ । ସେଦିନ ରାତିରେ ଖାଇଲା ବେଳେ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ କହିଲେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବିଲକୃଲ ତୋପରି ମୁଁହ ପିଲାଟିକୁ ମନୋଜ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ଘରେ ଆଜି ଦେଖିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ମତେ ଦେଖି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା କୁହଡିରେ ଲୁଚିଗଲା ପରି ସେ ପିଲାଟି କୁଆତେ ଲୁଚିଗଲା । ସିଏ ଆମ ଘର ଚନ୍ଦମା ଚନ୍ଦୁତ ନୁହଁ । ମୋ ମୁଁହ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଡରରେ ଶ୍ୱେତା ପଡିଗଲାଣି । ମୁଁ କାହିବା ଆଗରୁ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ରୁମାଲଟି ମତେ

ବଢେଇ ଦେଇ କହିଲେ ତୋର ଯାହା ପିନ୍ଧିବାର ଇଛା ତାହା ପିନ୍ଧ, ମତେ ଏତେ ତରିବାର କଣ ଦରକାର । ସେଇ ଦିନଠୁ ମୁଁ ଯାଣିଲି ତାଙ୍କ ହୃଦ୍ୟ ଆମ ବାଡି ଆଡ ନଡିଆ ଗଛର ନଡିଆ ପରି । ଉପରେ ଟାଣ କିନ୍ତୁ ଭିତର ନରମ ଆଉ ମିଠା ।

ଧୂଳି ମାଟିର କବି ରାଧାମୋହ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ଜୀବନ ଭିନୁ ଥିଲା । ସେ ଏକ ସରଳ ଓ ନିରାତମୂର ଜୀବନ ସାପନ କରୁଥିଲେ । ବେଶ ପୋଷାକ ରେ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ସଫା ଖଦଡ ଧୋତୀ, କମିଜ ଓ ଚଦର ହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ଚଳି ଯାଉଥିଲା । ସେ ତାଙ୍କ ଗାଁ କଲୟାପାଳକୁ ବହୁତ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲେ । ପିଲା ଦିନରୁ ସିଏ ତାଙ୍କ ଗାଁର ମାଟି,ପାଣି, ପବନ, ବିଲ,ଆମ୍ବତୋଟା ଓ ଲିଙ୍ଗରା ନଦୀକୁ ନେଇ ଅନେକ କବିତା ଲେଖିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ଗାଁର ବିଲାତି ବାଇଗଣ ସବୁଠୁ ବଡ ଓ ସ୍ୱାଦିଷ ବୋଲି ସିଏ ଯୁକ୍ତି କରିବାକୁ ପଛଉ ନଥିଲେ । ଥରେ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ବର୍ମପୁରରୁ କଟକ ଆସିବବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମତେ ମିଳିଥିଲା । ଚାହା କ୍ପଟି ମୋ ହାତରୁ ନଉ ନଉ ମତେ ସିଏ ପଚାରିଲେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ତୋର ଟେନ୍ବା ବସ କୋଉଥିରେ ଯିବାକୁ ଇଛା । ଆଗ ପଛ ନ ବିଚାରି ମୁଁ ଚଅଳ ଓ ପିଲାଳିଆ ଅଭ୍ୟାସରେ କହିଲି ତୁମେ ଏତେ ବତ କବି, ମୁଁ ତୁମ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ବତ କଳା ଆମ୍ବାସାତ୍ର ଗାତିରେ ବସି ଯିବି ବୋଲି ଭାବିଛି । ମୁଁ ଭାବିବାରେ କବି ମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ କବିତାର ଯାଦୂ ରେ ସବୁ କାମ କ୍ଷଣକରେ କରି ପାରନ୍ତି । ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ହସି କହିଲେ ତୁ ୯ଟା ବେଳକୁ ତିଆରି ହୋଇ ଯିବୁ । ତା ପର ଦିନ ସତକୁ ସତ କଳା ଗାଡିତିଏ ଆମ ଦୁଆର ମୁଁହରେ ଆସି ହାଜର । ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ପଞ୍ଚାୟତ ବିଭାଗର କହି ତାଙ୍କ ଗାଡିରେ ମୋର ଯିବାର ବନ୍ଦୋବୟ ଡାଇରେକ୍ସରଙ୍କ କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ପଥମଥର ଗାଡିରେ ବସିବା ଅନୁଭୃତି ଏବେବି ମୋ ଆଖିଆଗରେ ଅଭୁଲା ହୋଇ ନାଚିଉଠୁଛି ।କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଗାଡିଟିର ଆୟୋଜନ ପାଇଁ ମୋ ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇଙ୍କୁ କଣ କରିବାକୁ ପଡିଥିବ ତା କେବଳ ପଶ୍ଚ ହୋଇ ମୋ ମନରେ ରହିଗଲା ।

ମୋ ବାହାଘର ବେଳେ ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଆସି ମତେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଭଲ ସମ୍ବଲପୁରୀ ଶାଢୀ ଓ ତାଙ୍କ ଲିଖିତ ଖଞ୍ଜେ ଓଡିଆ ବହି ଦେଇଥିଲେ । କଲେଜରେ ପଢିବା ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରବଳ ଇଛା ଥିଲେବି ଘରର ପରିଛିତି ନେଇ ମତେ ପଢା ଛାଡିବାକୁ ପଦିଲା । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ମୋ ମନଟି ଶୁଖି ପାଇ ଥାଏ । ଏକୁଟିଆ ଦେଖି ମତେ ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ କହିଲେ କଲେଜ ନଯାଇପାରିଲୁ ବୋଲି ଏତେ କାନ୍ତୁଛୁ କାହିଁକି ? ଖାଲି କଣ ଡିଗ୍ରି ହେଲେ ହବ, ଭଲ ଭଲ ବହି ପଢି ତୋ ମନକୁ ଶିଷିତ କର ତାହେଲେ ତୁ ପ୍ରକୃତ ଶିଷ୍ୟା ପାଇବୁ । ତାଙ୍କ କଥାରେ ମନକୁ ଭୁଲାଇ ଶାଢୀଟିକୁ ବାରଂବାର ଓଲଟେଇଲି । ଶାଢୀଟି ମୋ ମନକୁ ଭାରି ପାଇଥିଲା । ମୋ ବାପା ପୁରୁଣା କାଳିଆ ଲୋକ ଥିଲେ । ମୋ ବୋଉ ନଥିବାରୁ ମତେ ସୁନା ଗହଣା ମୁଞ୍ଚରୁ ଗୋତ ଯାଏଁ ତାଙ୍କ ସଷ୍ୟ ଅନୁସାରେ ସବୁ ଦେଇ ଥିଲେ । ନାନୀ ଓ ଭାଉଜ ମାନେ ସମୟେ ସୁନା ମୁଦି ଆଉ କାନ ଫୁଲରେ ମୋ ସରୁଆ ଆଙ୍କୁଠି ଓ ପତଳା କାନ ଫଳିକୁ ଉତି କରିଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସମୟେ ଭାବିଥିଲେ ଗହଣା ପତ ଦେଖି ମୋ ଶାଶୁ ଘରେ କେହି କିଛି କହିବେନି ଆଣିନି ବୋଲି

। ପରେ ମୁଁ ବାକ୍ତ ଖୋଲିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଦେଖିଲି ବାହାର ପିନ୍ଧା ଖାଢି ଯମ। ଦୁଇଟି ଟ୍ରଙ୍ଗରେ । ଗଡନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଦେଇଥିବା ଶାଢିଟିକୁ ମୁଁ ବହୁତ ଥର ପିନ୍ଧି ସୁଧାଂଶୁଙ୍କ ସାଂଗେ ବାହାରକୁ ବୁଲି ଯାଏ । ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବୁଥାଏ ମୋ ମନ ଯାଣି ଯେମିତି ସିଏ ଶାଢୀ ଖଣ୍ଡକ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କିଣି ଥିଲେ ।

ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇଙ୍କ କଥା ମନରେ ରଖି ମୁଁ ସବୁବେଳେ ବହି ପତ୍ର ପଢାପଢି କରୁଥାଏ। ମୋ ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ କଲେଜ ପଢାର ସ୍ୱପୃବି ସଫଳ ହେଲା । ବି.ଏ ପାଶ୍ କଲା ପରେ ଭାବୁଥିଲି ଚିଠି ଖଞ୍ଜେ ଲେଖି କହିବି ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ମୁଁ ବି.ଏ ପାଶ୍ କଲି ବୋଲି । ସେତେବେଳେ ଆଉ ପଢିବା ପରେ ଲେଖିବି ବୋଲି ହେଳାରେ ରହିଗଲି । କିଛିଦିନ ପରେ ଆମେ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଲୁ । ଏଠି ମୁଁ ପୁଣି ପଢା ଆରଂଭ କଲି । ମୋର ବୋଉ ବାପା ନଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଓଡିଶା ଯିବା ବେଶୀ ଯାଉ ନଥିଲି । ବେଳେବେଳେ ମୋ ନାନୀଠୁ ବା ପୁତୁରା ମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ ତାଙ୍କ ବିଷୟ ଜାଣୁଥିଲି । ତାଙ୍କ ଦେହ ଖରାପ ହେବା ଶୁଣି ଚିଠି ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ଦେବି ଦେବି ବୋଲି ଭାବି ରହିଗଲି। ମୋର ନସିଂ ପରୀଷ୍ୟା ସରିଲା ପରେ ଖୁସିରେ ଲେଖିବି ବୋଲି ଭାବି ହେଳାରେ ରହିଗଲି । ହଠାତ ଦିନେ ଇ ମେଲ୍ ଖୋଲି ପଢିଲା ବେଳକୁ ଦେଖିଲି ଶଣୀ ଭାଇନା ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି 'ରାଧାମୋହନ ଗଡନାୟକ ଆଉ ନାହାନ୍ତି '

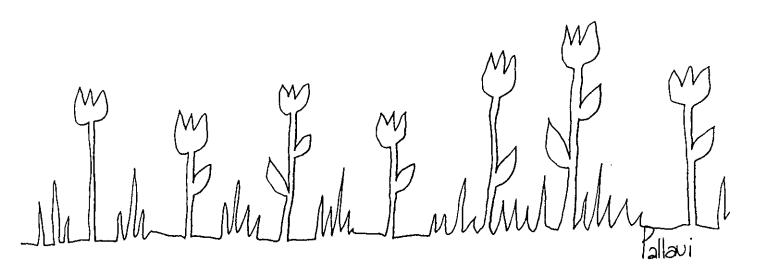
ସାରାଦିନ ମନଟା ଓଲେଇ ଗାଈ ପରି ଆଉଟୁ ପାଉଟୁ ହେଲା ।

ମନରେ କଷ୍ଟ ହେଲା କାହିଁକି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଚିଠି ଖଣ୍ଡେ ସମୟରେ ଲେଖିଲିନି । ବିଦେଶରେ ରହିବା ଯୋଗୁ ଆମ ମାନଙ୍କର ସୁଖ ଦଃଖ ଭିନ୍ନ ।ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଇଛା ଥିଲେବି କିଛି କାମ କରି ହୁଏନି । ଆକାଶକୁ ଚାହିଁ ତାଙ୍କର ଅମର ଆତ୍ମାର ସଦ୍ଗତି ପାଇଁ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଭିକଟରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କଲି । ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଓଡିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଆକାଶରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଧ୍ରୁବ ତାରା ପରି ରହିବେ । ମୁଁ ପଢିଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ କବିତାର ଝଲକରେ ଦୁଇ ପଦ ମନେ ପତି

> ପୀୟୃଷ ସମାନ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପାବନ ପୂଣ୍ୟ ଜୀବନ ତୁମରି ବିଶ୍ୱ ଭୂବନ ଧନ୍ୟ ହୁଅଇ ଅନ୍ତର ତଳେ ସୁମରି

ଓଡିଆ ଭାଷା, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ଛନ୍ଦମୟ ଜୀବନ ବୋଧଥିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୋ ଗତନାୟକ ଭାଇ ଅମର ହୋଇ ରହିବେ ।ସେ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ମରଣଯ୍ୟୟୀ । ତାଙ୍କରି ଲେଖାରୁ ମୋର ମନେ ପତେ ଏଇ ପଦେ 'ଯାଇଁ ଯାଇଁ କେହି କହିଲା ସିଆତେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟକରି କିଏସେ ଗୋଟାଏ ଯାଇଛି ମରି' ଆକାଶ ବତାସ କାନେ କାନେ ତାର ଉଠିଲା କହି, ମରି ନାହିଁ ସେ ତ ମରଣ ଯୟୀ"।

Chandra Misra lives in North Wales, Pennsylvania and is a frequent contributer to this Journal. In this issue there are two poems by Chandra.





## ସବିତା ପାଣିଗାହୀ

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ମାନବେ ପୀତି

ଆହା ଅମୃତ ସମାନ

ସମ୍ନର୍ଜେ ଝରୁ ସୁଖଶାନ୍ତିର କିରଣ

ସାର୍ଥକ ହେଉ ପ୍ଭୁ ମାନବ ଜୀବନ

Ю

Sabita and Gagan Panigrahi live and work in Toronto, with son Suman and daughter Ineka.

# ଆମ୍ୟମୀଷା

ମଧୁସ୍ଥିତା ଆଚାର୍ଯ୍ୟ

ଅନ୍ତହୀନ ଆତ୍ମସମୀଷାର ତରଙ୍ଗୟିତ ଢେଉ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଆବେଗମୟ, ତନ୍ଦ୍ରାଛନ୍ନ ଜୀବନର ଆଢୁଆଳରେ ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ମନର ପରିସୀମା ଭିତରେ ତୋ ରୂପ ସାଇତି ରଖିଛି ଏମନ ଆଇନାରେ ।

ସବୁଠାରୁ ପ୍ରାଣମୟ, ଅଲୋକିକ ତୋର ସତ୍ତା ସ୍ନେହ, ସୋହାର୍ଦ୍ୟ, ଆଉ ତତେ ନେଇ ଗଢି ଉଠିଥିବା ମୋର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ମୀନାର ବିରାଟ ନୁହେଁ, ସୟାଷ୍ଟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ବି ନୁହେଁ ହେଲେ ନିହାତି କମନୀୟ, ଅତି ଶୋଇନୀୟ, ଲାଲ୍ କୃଷ୍ଟବୃତାର ସମ୍ଭାର ।

କାତ୍ରଶାତ୍ତ ମନର ନିଭୃତ କୋଠରୀରେ ତଥାପି ଅଷତ ଅଛି ତୋ ଶେଷ ନିର୍ଯ୍ୟାସ. ତୋର ସୁଗଛ ହେ ପଦୃଗଛା- ତୁ ଯେ ଅନିହିତା ତୋ ଅୟିତ୍ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ପୀତିର କବିତା ।

ସେତେ ଆୟ୍ଖଳନ, ସେତେ ସବୁ ୟର୍ଦ୍ଧା ନିମିଖେକେ ମଉଳେ ଅନୁଭବି ତୋର ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧ ସତ୍ତା । ତଥାପି- ସେଇ ସୁଗଛିତ ମାଟିର ବାସ୍ନାକୁ ଭୁଲାଇ ଦେବାପାଇଁ, ଆହୁରି ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିବା ପାଇଁ-ଚାଲୁଥିଲା, ଚାଲୁଅଛି, ଚାଲୁଥିବ-ଅନବରତ ପଚେଷ୍ଟ । କିନ୍ତୁ™ ମାନସପଟରୁ ପୋଛି କି ହେବ ଶାନ୍ତି, ମୈତ୍ରୀ, ପ୍ରୀତିର ସନ୍ଦେଶ ନେଇ ଗଢି ଉଠିଥିବା ତୋର ଅମ୍ମାନ ସ୍କୃତିକୁ? ଆତ୍ମା କି ତାକିବ ବିର ପରିଚିତ ନୀତିନିୟମରୁ ନିଜକୁ ମୁକ୍ତ କରିବାକୁ?

(ତୋର) ସଭ୍ୟତା, ସଂୟୃତି, ସମୟ ପାର୍ୟରିକତା ଯାହାକୁ ନେଇ ଆଜିର ଏ ଆମ୍ସମୀଖା ଧରି କଣ ରଖିପାରିବି ଅନନ୍ତ କାଳ ଲାଗି? ପୃଥିବୀର ଏକ ଭିନ୍ନ କୋଣରେ କୁନି କୁନି ଶିଶୁଙ୍କ ଦରୋଟି ଭାଷାରେ? ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ବଂଶଜଙ୍କ ଦୀୟ ହୁଦ୍ୟରେ?

ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଇଚ୍ଛା ନାହିଁ ହୋଇ କ୍ଷତ୍ୟୁତ ମନେ ମୋର ଜାଗିଅଛି ତୋ ପଦେ ବିଲୀନ ହେବାର ଅଭୂତ ଆବେଗ ! ଭିନ୍ନ ଏକ ପରିବେଶେ, ଭିନ୍ନ ଏକ ଦୁନିଆଁରେ ମୌନ ଥିଲେ ଥାଉ ଚଷ୍ଟ, ମୌନ ଥିଲେ ଥାଉ ଓଷ୍ଟ, ହୃଦେ ମୋ ଅଷତ ରହୁ ତୋ ନାମ ଅମୃତ ।

Madhusmita Acharya has published poems and articles in Oriya magazines and past issues of OSA Journal. She has been a regular feature-presenter of All India Radio and Orissa Doordarshan. She lives in Toronto with her husband, Ashok and daughters, Pratyasha and Prateechi.

# ଅନୁନୟ

#### ଝୀନୁ ଛୋଟରାୟ

ରଥର ସାରଥୀ ଆହେ। ଶୁଣିବକି ଅନୁନୟ ମୋର ବାହିବକି ରଥ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ବେଶୀ ବାଟ ନାହିଁ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟઘଳ ।

ପଥିକର କାତର ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଦୁରାବୟା ବୁଲି ଦେଖ ଥରେ ଶରୀରକୁ କି ଯନ୍ତଣା ମୋର ପଥିରିଆ ଖଦତ ରାୟାରେ ।

ସୀମିତ ୪' ଜୀବନର ଯାତା ଲାଗିବନି ତେରି ଲଫିବାକୁ ହୁଅ ନାହିଁ ବୃଥା ତରବର ପତିବନି ବେଶୀ ବାହିବାକୁ ।

ଲୋଭେଇଲ ଚମତ୍କାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଦେଖେଇବ ମଣିଷ ଘଟରେ କଥା ଦେଲ ଭାବ ସ୍ନେହ ପ୍ରୀତି ସମ୍ଭବ ଏ ନର ଶରୀରରେ ।

ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ୍ ବେଗେ ଧାବମାନ ରଥ ଟଣା ପୁଣି ସଂସାର ରଜୁରେ ପାରୁ ନାହିଁ ଦେଖି ତବ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଅନ୍ଧ ମୃହିଁ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ପରଳେ ।

କୃତଞ୍ଜତ। ଝରଇ ଅବଶ୍ୟ ତବ ଦଉ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସଂସାରେ ଶିକ୍ଷା, ଶ୍ରୀୟା ରକ୍ତର ପିତୁଳା ପୂର୍ଣି ସ୍ନେହୀ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପରିବାରେ ।

ଅହର୍ନିଶି କିନ୍ତୁ ଅଭିମାନ ପତିଗଲି ବୋଧେ ପ୍ରଲୋଭନେ ଅସୁମାରୀ ଦେଇଅଛ ସତ (ମନଭ୍ରି) ଉପଭୋଗ କରିଲିନି ଦିନେ । କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ ଧାବମାନ ସଦା ଦିନ ଆସି ରାତି ଯାଏ ଚାଲି ଚାହିଁ ଦେଖେ ଅବଶ ଶରୀରେ ଯାଉଅଛି ପଥ ସରି ସରି ।

କଅଁଳିଆ ସକାଳ ସୁରୁଜ ବିଦାନିଏ ରହ୍ଜିମ ଆଭାରେ ଜୀବନର ମାପକାଠି ସମ କ୍ଷୀଣ କରେ ପ୍ତିଟି କ୍ଷଣରେ ।

ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ବୟସର ଦାଉ ଛୁଇଁଲାଣି ଏଇ ଶରୀରରେ ଶଙ୍କା ବୋଧେ ମନର ଯୋଜନା ରହିପିବ ମନ ତାଲିକାରେ ।

ଧୀର ବେଗେ ଟାଣିବକି ରଥ ମନଭରି ଦେଖିବି ବିଶ୍ୱକୁ ପ୍ରାଣଭରି କରିବି ମୁଁ ୟର୍ଶ ଉପଲବ୍ଧି କରିବି ସୂଞ୍ଜିକୁ ।

ଶିଳ୍ପୀ, ଶ୍ରୀୟା ଉପଭୋଗ କରେ ହୃଦଭରି ନିଞ୍ଜିନ୍ତ ମନରେ ସୁଖେ ଦୁଃଖେ ଉପସ୍ଥିତ ରହେ ସଦା ମୁହିଁ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପରିବାରେ ।

କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରୁ ଉପଶମ ହେଲେ ବିଳମ୍ବରେ ପଥ ଅତିକ୍ମ ସମପିଁବି ଅନ୍ୟର ସେବାରେ ତବ ଦଉ ଏ' ଶରୀର ମମ ।

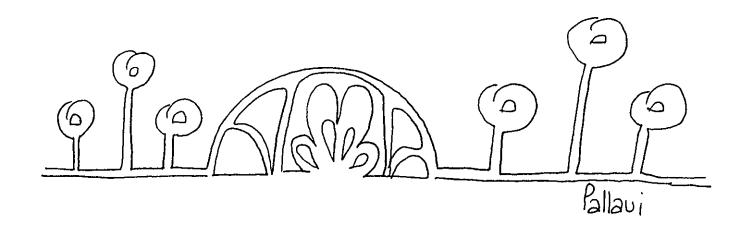
କରିଦେବି ଯୋଜନା ସମ୍ପନ୍ନ ରହିବନି ଶୋଚନା ମନରେ ଭାବିବନି ଠକି ସତେ ଦେଲି ବସି ତବ ଅପୂର୍ବ ରଥରେ ।

# ସ୍ୱାଗତିକା

କଲ୍କା ମୟୀ ଦାଶ ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ , ମିନେସୋଟା

ଅଙ୍ଗନେ ଆମ ଫୁଟାଇ ଦେଲଗୋ ଚମ୍ପା ଚାମେଲୀ ଫୁଲ ମୁଲକ ସାରା ସେ ପୁଲକ ଭରିଲ ସିଏତ ଅମୂଲ ମୂଲ ।୧। ମିନିଆପଲିସ୍ ମାଟିରେ ସତେକି ଝରିଲ ଅଳକା ନନ୍ଦା ଅନ୍ଧକାରରେ ଦିଗ ମହକାଇ ପୂତିଲ ରଜନୀ ଗନ୍ଧା ।୨। ଛନ୍ଦ ମୟୀ ଗୋ' ଛାନ୍ଦେ ତୁମର ପାଣ ଉଛ୍କାସ ଭରା ମହାରେ ତୁମ ପୁରି ପୁରି ଯାଏ ଆଜାଶ ବତାସ ଧରା ।୩। ରାଗିଣୀ ତୁମର ପୂର୍ଣିମା ରାତେ ଚନ୍ଦକା ଦିଏ ଢାଳି ଅମାବାସ୍ୟାର ଗଗନେ ତୁମେତ ଧୁବ ତାରାଟି ଭଳି ।୪ା ଶୁଖିଲା ବୃଷ ପଲବୀ ଉଠେ ତୃମ ଝଙ୍କାର ଶୁଣି ଧୂସର ମରୁର ବୁଁକେ ବହିଯାଏ କଳ କଳ ମହାକିନୀ ।୫। ସାଧନା ପୁଲରେ ସୀଦ୍ଧିପଦେ ଗୋ ଅଞଳି ଦିଅ ଭରି ବିଭୂଦଉ ឋ କଳାର ବିକାଶ ଯାଅଗୋ ଯାଅଗୋ କରି ।୬। ଲଳିତ କଣ୍ଡୁ ଲହରୀ ଖେଳାଇ ଦିଅ ପୂଜା ତରପଣ ପରମ ତୃତ୍ତି ଲଭିବେ ସେ ସୁରେ ଜନତା ଜନାର୍ଦ୍ଦନ ।୭। ସତ୍ସଙ୍ଗ ମିଳଇ ଜୀବନେ କରିଥିଲେ ବହୁ ପ୍ରା ସଂଯୋଗେ ତୁମ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତା ଆଗୋ ଆମେ ହୋଇଗଲୁ ଧନ୍ୟ ।୮।

ଆମ ସହରକୁ ନୁଆ ଆସିଥିବା କେତେ ଜଣ ତରୁଣ ଶିଷୀ କଂ ଉଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ४ କବିତାଟି ଉର୍ମୁଗୀକୃତ । ଏମାନେ ହେଲେ ଆମର ସୁପରିଚିତା କଳାଶିଷ୍ଟୀ, ଉଭୟ ଶାୱୀୟ ଏବଂ ସୁଗମ ସଂଗୀତରେ ପାରଦର୍ଶିଣୀ ଶ୍ରୀମତି ସଂଜୁକ୍ତା ମିଶ୍ର, ତାଙ୍କର ସାନ ଭଉଣୀ ସୁଗାୟିକା ଶ୍ରୀମତି ଦୀପାନୃତ ନନ୍ଦ । ଏମାନଙ୍କର ସାନଭାଇ ତବଲା ବାଦକ ବାପୁନା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟତମ ଶୀଷ୍ଟୀ ବଂଶୀ ବାଦକ ଶ୍ରୀଯୁକ୍ତ ପ୍ରମୋଦ ମହାପାତ୍



# ସହି କ୍ଷଣେ ଅନୁଚିତ୍ତା

ମନୋଜ ପଞ୍ଜା, ଟ୍ୟା, ମିଚିଗାନ୍

ଆକୁମାରୀ ହିମାଚଳ ମଧ୍ୟେ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଗୌରବ ଗାଥା ଗାଏ ଯା'ର ପୂତ ଓଡ଼ୁ ଭାଷା (୧)

ଉତ୍କଳ, କୋଶଳ ଅବା କଳିଙ୍ଗ, କଙ୍ଗେଦ ଅବୀବୀନ ଆମେ ତା'ର ଦୃଓ ଦାୟାଦ (୨)

ଉନ୍ତିର ପୃଷଭୂମି ନଭ୍ଷୁମ୍ଭୀ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଇତିହାସ ଦିଏ ସଦା ଅଫୁରନ୍ତ ସାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ (୩)

ବଙ୍ଗ ଦେଶୁଁ ବିୟରି ଆନ୍ଧ୍ ସୀମା ଯାଏଁ ବିୟୀର୍ଣ ସାଗର ପୂର୍ବେ ତଟ ଦେଶ ଧୂଏ (୪)

ପତିଚୀ, ଦକ୍ଷିଣ ପାର୍ଶ୍ବେ ଶୋଭେ ଗିରିରାଜି ବିନଦ ପହରୀ ଯେନ୍ହେ ରହିଛନ୍ତି ସାଜି (୫)

ଭୀମକାନ୍ତ ନଦୀ ବନ ହରିତ ପାଞର ମଣିକୃତ ଚିତ୍ତିତ 'ବା ନୀଳାଦି କନ୍ଦର (୬)

ପୂଶ୍ୟ ଧାମ, ବୃହାବନ ମେଖଳା ବେଷିତ ବୀରାଙ୍ଗନା, ମନୋମୟୀ ଶିଞିନୀ ନିକ୍ଶିତ (୭)

ପ୍ର, ପୁନ୍ନାଗ, ପନସ, ଦୁମ ନାରୀକେଳ ଉତ୍ଫୁଲ୍ ସବୁଜିମା ବିଭବେ ପୁଷଳ (୮)

ସମଲେଇ, ଚୟିକା, ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚିକା, ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ବିରଜାଇ, ସାରଳା ମା ସଙ୍କଟ ତାରିଣୀ (୯)

ନୀଳଚକ୍ରେ ଉତେ ସେହି ଉତ୍କର୍ଣ କେତନ ଶାନ୍ତି, ପ୍ରୀତି, ମୈତ୍ରୀ ଲାଗି ମନନ ଚିନ୍ତନ (୧୦)

ଜଗତର ନାଥ ଆମ ଚକାଡୋଳା ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଶରଧା, ଭକତି ଭରେ ନୂଆଁଏ ମୁଁ ମାଥ (୧୧)

ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍କିକ ଭାବାବେଶେ ବିହ୍କଳ ଜନତା ପୁରୁଷ, ପ୍ରକୃତି ଭେଦି ଲବ୍ସେ ବ୍ରହ୍ମସତ୍ତା (୧୨)

ଭାବ ଭକ୍ତ ପଞ୍ଚସଖା, ବୌଧ୍ଧ ଜୈନ ମୁନି ଧର୍ମ ସାର ପ୍ଚାରିଲେ ଜନ ମନ ଜାଣି (୧୩)

ଖାରବେଳ, କପିଳେନ ଆଦି ଯୋଧ୍ଧା ମହାରଥୀ ବାଳକ ଧରମା, ବାଜି, ନିଭୀକ ବିବେକୀ (୧୪) ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ସଙ୍ଗ୍ରମର ଯଗ୍ୟ ବେଦୀ ତଳେ କେତେ ଯେ ବିପ୍ଲବୀ ପୁଣି ପାଣବଳି ଦେଲେ (୧୫)

ଜନନୀ ଗୋ ଜନ୍ମଭୂମି ବୀର ପ୍ରସବିନୀ ଲାସ୍ୟମୟା, ହାସ୍ୟମୟା ପବିତ୍ ପାବନୀ (୧୬)

ଇପ୍ସିତ ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ ତିଳକେ ସୀମନ୍ତ ରୁଧ୍ଧିମନ୍ତ ସମୟର ଗତି ପଥେ ଅପାର ଅନନ୍ତ (୧୭)

ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ, ସାହିତ୍ୟ ତଥା ଚାରୁକଳା ଅଭିଯାନ ନୃତ୍ୟ, ଗୀତ ମେଧା ଶକ୍ତି ବଳେ ବଳୀୟାନ (୧୮)

ପ୍ରକୀର୍ତ୍ତିତ, ସମୁନୃତ ଆମେ ଯୋଗଜନ୍ମା ଜାତି ନାହିଁ କାହିଁ ପାଇଁ ଆଉ ବକ୍ଷେ ଅବା ଭୀତି (୧୯)

ଗ୍ଁ୍ାନ, ଶିଲ୍କ , ବିଗ୍ଁ୍ାନର ଦିଖ୍-ଦର୍ଶନ ପ୍ରବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଅଗଗତି ପଥେ ତା'ର, ଦୀୟା ଚିର୍ତ୍ତନ (୨୦)

ଭିନୃତା ଭିତରେ ପୁଣି ସମଝିର କୃତି ଆମେ କି ଭୁଲିବା ସେହି ପରିପୃଷ୍ଟ ସ୍ମୃତି (୨୧)

ସବୁରି ହୃଦେ'ଛନ୍ତି ନିରୁପାଧି, ନିରାକାର କେ ପୁଣି ବାଛିବାକୁ ପର ବାପଣାର (୨୨)

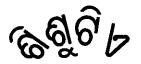
ମାତୃଭୁମି, ମାତୃଭାଷା ଆମ୍ଭ ଜାତିର ପ୍ରତୀକ ଏକ ଥିଲୁ, ଏକ ଅଛୁଁ, ଏକ ଥିବୁ ଏ ତ ଆମ ଟେକ (୨୩)

ଏକତ୍ୱର ଶୋର୍ଯ୍ୟେ ଆମ ଶୋଣିତର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ସମୂଧ୍ଧ ସ୍ୱଦେଶ ଆମ ଏକମାତ୍ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି (୨୪)

ହୁଳହୁଳି ଶଙ୍ଖଧ୍ୱନି ବାଜେ ପୁଣି ବିଜୟର ଭେରୀ ସୁନିଷିତ ସମ୍ଭାଷଣେ କିମା ଆଉ ଡେରି (୨୫)

ସତ୍ୟ, ଧର୍ମ ଶାନ୍ତି ପ୍ରେମେ ପ୍ରବୃଧ୍ଧ ସତତ ସର୍ବେ ନିଜ ପଛେ ଯିବା ଉକ୍ତ ମଲେ ଭାତ (୨୬)

ଶୁଭ ଲଗ୍ନେ. ଶୁଭ ତିଥେ ଏ ମଙ୍ଗଳ ଭାବନା କରୁଣାମୟଙ୍କ ଚରଣେ ବିନୀତ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା (୨୭)



#### ପରାଶର ମିଶ

ତା କୁଆଁ କୁଆଁ ଡାକରେ ଏତେ ହସ, ଏତେ କାନ୍ଦ, ଏତେ ଅଭିଯୋଗ ଆଉ ଅଭିମାନ ଯେ କୁନି କୁନି ପାଦ ଗୋଇଠାରେ ପୃଥିବୀ, ଆକାଶ, ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର, ତାରାଙ୍ଗର ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲା ଜରାୟୁର ଅନ୍ଧାର କୋଠରୀରୁ ଏଇତ ତେଇଁ ପତିଲାରେ ଆଲୋକକୁ, ଶବ୍ଦର ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟକୁ

ଶିଶୁଟିଏ: ଆନନ୍ଦମୟ ଶିଶୁଟିଏ ନିରୀହ, ନିଟୋଳ, ସ୍ୱଚ୍ଛ, ନଗ୍ନ, ଆଉ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସତେ ସେମିତି ବିପୁଳ କୃତଞ୍ଜତାରେ ନିଜ ଦୈାରାମ୍ୟ ଦେଖେଇବାକୁ!

> କୁଆଁ କୁଆଁ ଡାକରେ ତ ଜୀବନ ଅରମ୍ ହୁଏ ବଢିପାଏ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ସୀମାରେଖା ବାପା ତୋର ଶିଷିତ, ସଂସତ ଓ ଗବିଁତ ମା ଖାଲି ହସୁଥାଏ ଦଶମାସ ଓଜନ ସହିବାର ଅହଂଜାରରେ ଅଜା, ଆଈ, ମଉସା, ମାଉସୀ, ମାମୁଁ, ମାଇଁଙ୍କର ଅଜବ ଆୟର୍ଦ୍ଧୀ ଓ ଉନ୍ନାଦନା ପବନରେ ପବନରେ ଟେକି ନେଉଥାନ୍ତି କୋଳରେ କାଖରେ ତୋ କୁନି କୁନି ହାତ ଗୋଡର ଦୋରାମ୍ୟ ଦେଖେଇ ତୋ ରାଗ ରୁଷା, ଅଝଟ, ଅଭିମାନ, ଉତୁରା ହସ କାନ୍ଦକୁ ସାଉଁଟି ସାଉଁଟି କହୁଥାନ୍ତି ତୋ କୁଆତେ ଦର୍ପୀ ଓ ବଳୀୟାନ!

ଏକୃତିଶାଳରୁ ଅବା ତାଞ୍ଜରଖାନା ପ୍ରସ୍ତି ଘରୁ କୋଳେଇ ନେଇ ଆସିଲେ ନିଜ ଘରକୁ ତୁ ବନିଯାଉ ସମୟଙ୍କ ଆଖି, ଦେହ, ହୃଦୟ, ମନ ଓ ପ୍ରାଣର ଧନ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ କ୍ରମାନ୍ୟରେ ହୋମ, ଯଞ୍ଜ, ଶନିଷ୍ଟର ପୂଜା ଧୂପ, ଦୀପ, ପୁରୋହିତ, ନାହାକ ଦଷିଶାରେ ତୋର ଅଭିଷେକ ଉତ୍ସବ ତୋର ଏକୋଇଶିଆ, ତୋର ବର୍ଷିକିଆ ଜନ୍ମଦିନ!

> ବାବୁରେ, ମା'ରେ ବଷହେଲୁ ଏଥର ଲଟକାଇ ଦେଲେ ବାପା, ମା, ଅଜା, ଆଈ, ବନ୍ଧୁ, ବାନ୍ଧବୀ ମାନେ ଅଲୋିକିକ ବୃଷଶାଖାର ଦୋଳାୟମାନ ପରମ୍ପରାରେ ତୋ ବଂଶ ଇତିହାସ ବୁଦ୍ଧି, ବିଦ୍ୟା, ବିକ୍ରମରେ, ତୋ ରୂପ ଓ ଗୁଣରେ ତାକ୍ତର ହେବୁ ନା ଇଞିନିୟର

ଆଇଏସ ଅଫିସର ହେବୁ ନା କମ୍ୟୁଟର ପ୍ରୋଗାମର ନାଚ ଶିଖିବୁ ନା ଗୀତ ଗାଇବୁ ପାଠ ପଢିବୁ ପୁଣି ମଧୁବାବୁ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଲଢିବୁ କି ଅଭୁତ, ଉଚ୍ଛାସମୟ ଦାବୀ ସମୟଙ୍କର ତୋ ନିକଟରେ?

କାହାକୁ ବା କି ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ଦେବୁ କୁନି କୁନି ହାତୀ, ଘୋଡାର ଖେଳନାରେ ତ ତୋର ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ନିଆଁ, ପାଣି, ଫୁଲ, କଣ୍ଠ ସତେ ସେମିତି ତୋର ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ନାନ୍ତରର ସାଥୀ ଭଙ୍ଗ ରୁଜା, ହସ, କାନ୍ଦ, ଫିଙ୍ଗ ଫୋପଡାରେ

ତୋ ରଣସଜା: ତୋ ଜିଦ୍, ତୋ ରାଗ ରୁଷା, ଅଭିଯୋଗ ଓ ଅଭିମାନ!

ଯିଏ ସହିଲା ତୋ ନିରୀହ ଦୋରାମ୍ୟ ଧୈର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ହସି ଖୁସି ତୋତେ ଆପଣାର କଲା ତୋ ଅଝଟ ଭାଷା ବୁଝି ତୋତେ କୋଳ କଲା, କାଖେଇଲା ତୋ ହାତ ଧରି ବଜାର ବୁଲାଇଲା ଜହ୍ନମାମୁଁ, ତାରାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖାଇ ତୋ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଖେଳିଲା, ବୁଲିଲା ତୁ ଗୋଟାପଣ ତାର ହେଇଗଲୁ ବାଛ, ବିଚାର, ଭେଦଭାବ, ଜାତି ଅଜାତି ପାପ ପୁଣ୍ୟର ବିଚାରରୁ ବହୁ ଦୂରରେ!

ଧନ ମୋର, ଖୁଣ ଚିକିଏ ସମୟର ହାତ ନ ଧରି ରହି ଯା ଏଇଠି ଏଇମିତି ଶଶୁଟିଏ ହୋଇ ବୟସ ବଢିଲେ ତୋ ନିଷ୍ପପ ଆଖି ଦେଖିପାରିବନି ସହି ପାରିବନି ଏତେ ଦୁଃଖ, ଏତେ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ଚାରିଆତେ ତ ଭୀଷଣ ଦୁର୍ଗତି, ଅନ୍ୟାୟ, ଅନୀତି ଧର୍ଷଣ, ଲୁଷନ, ବୋମା ବିଷ୍କେରଣ, ଅପକର୍ମ, ଷଡପନ୍ତ୍ର, ହୀନ ଚକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହିଂସା, ଦ୍ୱେଷ, ପରଚଳୀ, ପରନିନ୍ଦା, ଛଳନା ଆଉ ପ୍ତାରଣା!

> କାହାକୁ କାହାକୁ ତୁ କି ଭାଷାରେ ବୁଝାଇବୁ କେମିତି ବା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆଣିବୁ କେତେ ଜଣଙ୍କୁ ପଥ ଦେଖେଇବୁ ଅସତ୍ୟରୁ ସତ୍ୟକୁ, ଅଛାରରୁ ଆଲୋକକୁ, ପାପରୁ ପୁଣ୍ୟକୁ ତୁ ବରଂ ବ୍ୟାପି ଯା ଏଇମିତି ଶିଶୁଟିଏ ହୋଇ ସବୁ ମଣିଷର ଚିତ୍ତା ଓ ଚେତନାକୁ ନିଜ ଜ୍ୟୋତିରେ ଦୀୟମାନ ହୋଇ ରୁପାନ୍ତରିତ କରିଦେ ପୃଥିବୀର ପ୍ରତିଟି ମଣିଷକୁ ତୋ ଭଳିଆ ନିରୀହ, ନିଷ୍ପପ, କୋମଳ, କମନୀୟ, ସହଜ, ସରସ ସୃଛ ଆଉ ସୁନ୍ଦର କରି ॥

Parasar Misra lives in Toronto, Canada

# କୋଇଲି

କୋଈଲିରେ କାହିଁ କି ରାବିଲୁ ମନରେ ଆଶା ଭରିଦେଲୁ

> ଶରୀରରେ ଥିଲା ଅଳସତା ଲିଭି ଆସୁଥିଲା ଦୀପଶିଖା

ସଳିତାକୁ କାହିଁକି ତେଜିଲୁ ମନରେ ଆଶା ଭରିଦେଲୁ

> ବିରାଜିଥିଲା ବିଜନତା ଶୁଖିଥିଲା ପତ୍ର ଓଠ ଫିକା

ସେ ଓଠରେ ଆଣି ରଂଗ ଦେଲୁ ମନରେ ଆଶା ଭରିଦେଲୁ

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#### Ahimsa or Random Acts of Kindness

Sukanya B. Senapati

ne day, a few years ago, I was discussing the concept of "Ahimsa" in my Third World Women Writers class. We were reading Gita Mehta's A River Sutra and we came to a passage where a Jain mendicant gently dusts the place he is about to sit on with his muslin cloth. My students couldn't figure out what the mendicant was doing. They asked me a million questions "Was this a representation of the blighted caste system of India?" "Was he a neat freak?" "Was he so vain he was concerned about ruining his clothes?" "Was he not a man of God?" "How could he be so vain?" The questions continued and after patiently answering all their questions, I tried to explain the concept of Ahimsa to my class. This was a challenge for me as teacher of Women's Studies courses. Although a literature course, it was funded by the Women's Studies department whose mission is to allow for the voicing of silenced, marginalized, and disenfranchised voices.

I saw my job as making my students see the validity of ideas that were totally unfamiliar and alien to them.

I had a Latina student who loved verbalizing her ideas in class. She was not a particularly good writer because she had severe writing problems, but she had great ideas and thought in unusual ways. Participating in class was her only hope of passing the class and she loved clarifying her ideas through confrontations, arguments and dialogues. Usually, after a few arguments, she would see the point I was making; however, on this particular day, I could not get through to her. I vociferously tried to explain that the mendicant was showing utter reverence for all life and was just taking precautions not to inadvertently kill any small, powerless creatures. She refused to buy into the concept of "Ahimsa" and thought it was utterly ridiculous on the part of the Jain mendicant to dust his sitting space. She vehemently stressed that it was silly to worry about inadvertently sitting on and killing small creatures. She laughed hysterically and said it was the most ridiculous and insane idea she had ever come across. I was very disappointed by her response, especially because she came from an impoverished background and having grown up in the Bronx, she was particularly attuned to the living conditions of the disenfranchised. Additionally, she was a selfmade woman who was putting herself through college, without any assistance from anyone. I had earlier marveled at her refusal to make excuses for herself or accept government aid. So, I was taken aback by her response, more soever, because she had been very receptive to new ideas.

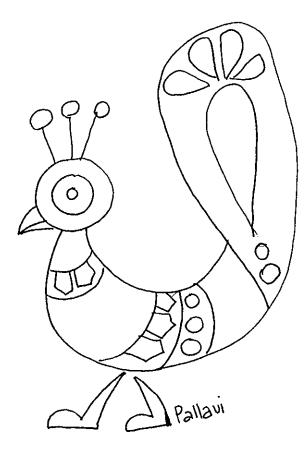
As a native of India, I found myself in a defensive position and tried in vain to explain that it was not such an insane idea after all. I thought she was suffering from what psychologists call "cognitive dissonance" which occurs when people confronted with totally new concepts dismiss them without examining them, because they create chaos in their

so-called ordered universe. Since the new ideas cannot fit into their ordered universe people often reject the new ideas to maintain their sense of order. So I tried to move her beyond the "cognitive dissonance" phase. Furthermore, I was determined about explaining the concept to her, because part of the aim of feminist course is to get away from the hierarchical model of thinking and the dominationsubordination model of relationships. I tried to look at things from her perspective and tried rationally to explain the concept without engaging in the traditional domination (teacher) subordination (student) model. So in utter frustration she said: "There is this road I take where caterpillars fall on my head when I walk to class, so I take a different route, (I don't expect the trees to be razed) so you can say I am practicing Ahimsa, but if a bug sat on me, I will slap it dead as soon as it sat on me. Bugs have rights, but if they interfere with my rights in any way I will kill them." I asked, "What would you do if you were not in a position to kill them -i.e. what if it was a huge monster and you couldn't kill it what would you do?" She replied: "Well, I wouldn't have a choice then, will I." I ended the class thinking that at least I had I had made palpable the notion and problems of hierarchical thinking and limiting people's choices. However, 1 realized I had gone nowhere with her and this was a battle I had lost. I had a burning suspicion that my students were utterly convinced that I was not only different looking and different from them, but that I was utterly mad. They weren't being offensive, they just couldn't grasp the idea of *Ahimsa* and I was disheartened.

I was reminded of this incident the other day when I was visiting a friend of mine. I do not want to make her uncomfortable so I will call her  $M \bowtie M$  ( and I hope she recognizes herself in this piece, because I do want her to recognize herself). We were sitting outside, enjoying a cool evening, early this summer when the mosquitoes got to us and we started slapping ourselves silly. I hadn't been bitten as yet because I was wearing long sleeved clothing; however, she had been bitten a few times and was urging us to go inside. I was throughly enjoying the open sky and did not want to go inside. She finally saw what was irritating her a - a little black bug. I yelled, "Kill it kill it." She just flicked it with her finger - it was more like dusting it off gently with her fingers. I asked her why didn't you kill it? " She replied, "It is outside, why should I kill it?" At that moment it dawned on me what Ahimsa was. - it is restraining from using heavy-handed measurers to squash out minor annoyances and irritations. My friend M & M knew intuitively and practiced what I knew intellectually only as a concept. I then realized I had failed to transfer the concept of Ahimsa to my students, because I did not practice it consistently and ritually in my daily life and hence had failed to make the concept real for my students. But then I rationalized that at least I was able to observe and recognize the practice of *Ahimsa* and hence there was perhaps the chance in the future, that I would be able to convey the notion of *Ahimsa* the next time I had an opportunity. I would like to present a sequel to car bumper stickers that

read: Do random acts of kindness. Do random acts of kindness, if you can't, observe and appreciate random acts of kindness.

Sukanya Senapati is Assistant Professor of English at Abraham Baldwin Agricultural College, a two year college of the University of Georgia System. She is married to Kiron Senapati and has a daughter, Gitanjali. Currently she is on a Fulbright-Hayes Fellowship to Egypt and Israel.



# ପ୍ରଣମ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ଭାଗବତ ଚରଣ ଦାଶ: ଏକ ଉଦାର ମାନବବାଦୀ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ

ରାଜେନ୍ଦ ନାରାୟଣ ଦାସ (ଜର୍ମାନୀ)

ପ୍ରଣମ୍ୟ ପୁରୁଷ ଭାଗବତ ଚରଣ ଦାଶ ଓଡିଶା ମେଡିକାଲ ସର୍ଭିସ୍ରେ ସୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ମ୍ୟାଲେରିଆ ଓ କଳାତ୍ୱର ପ୍ରପୀଡିଡ ବିଷମକଟକ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ହୋଇଥିଲା ଓ ସେ ମାସିକ ମାତ୍ର ଟ୬୮/- ବେତନ ଡଆଉଥିଲେ । ଦରିଦ୍ର ଇ ଆଦିବାସୀ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଘରୋଇ ଚିକିତ୍ସା ସେବା କରି ସେ କୋଁଣସି ପାପ୍ୟ ଗହଣ କରୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ଲୋକଙ୍କ ସେବା ଓ

ରୋଗର ଲୋକଙ୍କ ରଯା କରିବା ପାଇଁ ନିଜକ ଉସ୍ତର୍ଗ କରିଦେଉଥିଲେ । ବିଷ୍ମକଟକ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ଦଇବର୍ଷ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସମୟଙ୍କର ଶବ୍ଧା ଭାତନ ହେଲେ । ଅଧିକ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କରିବାକୁ ତାଙ୍କର ସବବେଳେ ଆଗହ ଥିଲା - କିନ୍ତୁ ଅର୍ଥାଭାବ ପତିବନ୍ଧକ ଥିଲା । ତେଣ ସେ ୧୯୪୪ ମସିହା ଏପିଲ ମାସରେ ଯଦ୍ଧ ବିଭାଗରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ । ଏହିଠାରେ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ନିଷାଯୁକ୍ତ ଚିକିତ୍ସା, ଦଷତା,



ନିୟମାଣୁବରିତା, ସାଧୁତା ଓ ତ୍ୟାଗ ସମୟଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଉଚ୍ଚ ପଶଂସିତ ହେଲା । ୧୯୪୫ ମସିହାରେ ମହାଯୁଦ୍ଧ ଶେଷ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଓଡିଶା ସରକାର ତାଙ୍କୁ ଫେରିଆସି ତାଙ୍କ ପୂର୍ବ ଚାକିରିରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବାକୁ ଲେଖିଲେ । ୧୯୪୭ ମସିହାରେ ସେ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ଆସିଲେ ଓ ଏକ ଗମନାଗମନହୀନ ସେଠାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ହୁଏ । ସେଠାରେ ସେ ତିନିବର୍ଷ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରିବା ପରେ କଲିକତାକୁ ଏମ୍.ବି.ବି.ଏସ୍. ପଢିବା ପାଇଁ ଗଲେ । ମାତ ଦଇ ବଷ;ର ପରେ ସେଠାରେ ଛାତ ଧର୍ମଘଟ ହେବାରୁ ବିଶ୍ରବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟ ମେଡିକାଳ କଲେଜକୁ ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେଲେ । ତେଣୁ ସେ କଟକ ଫେରିଆସି ନୃତନ କରି ପତିଷିତ କଟକ ମେଡିକାଲ କଲେଜରେ ନାମ ଲେଖାଇଥିଲେ । ୧୯୮୪ ମସିହାରେ କୃତିତୃର ସହିତ ଉତ୍ତୀର୍ଣ ହୋଇ ବେଖ୍ ଗାଜୁଏଟ ଗୋଲତ୍ ମେଡାଲ ଓ ଭେଷଜ ବିଜ୍ଞାନରେ ଅନସି ଲାଭ କଲେ । ଏହାପରେ ସେ ଏକ ସବ୍ଡିଭିଜନାଲ୍ ହୁସ୍ପିଟାଲରେ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ହେଲେ ଓ ପାଅ ବଷ;ର ଚାକିରି କରି ତାଙ୍କର ଭାଇଭଉଣୀମାଣଙ୍କ ପଢାଇଲେ । ସେ ୧୯୮୪ ମସିହାରେ ବିବାହ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରମଙ୍କ ନାଖ ଆଦରମଣି ଦାସ । ପରେ ସେ ତାଙ୍କର ଭାଇଭଉଣୀମାଣଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ବିବାଏ କରାଇଦେଲେ ।

ତଥାପି ଆହୁରି ଅଗୁଗତି କରିବାର ଆକାଂଷା ବଳବତୀ ରହିଥିଲା । ସାଧନାରେ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣଛେଦ ପଡିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଇଂଲଞ୍ଜ ଯାଇ ସ୍ନାତକୋତ୍ତର ଶିଷାଲାଭ କରିବାକୁ ସେ ଆଗୁହୀ ହେଲେ । ୧୯୫୯ ମସିହାରେ ସମୁଦ ପଥରେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ୧୯ ଦିନ ପରେ ଯାଇ ଲଞ୍ଜନ୍ରେ ପହଞିଲେ । ଓଡିଶା ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ମାତ୍ର ଆଥ ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କା ରଣ ନେଇଥିଲେ । ଏଡିନ୍ବରା ଓ ଲଞ୍ଜରେ ସେ ମଡିସିନୃରେ ପୋଷ୍ଟ ଗ୍ରାଜୁଏଟ୍ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଲାଭ କଲେ ଓ ୧୯୬୨ ମସିହାରେ ଇଂଲଞ୍ଜର ସ୍ୱାୟ୍ୟ ସେବା ଚାକିରିରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ । ସାଉଥଓ୍ୱେଲସ୍ ଓ ଓ୍ୱାରଙ୍ଗଟନ୍ ଠାରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରି ଜେରିଆଟ୍ରିକ୍ ମେଡିସିନ୍ର ୟେସିଆଲିଷ୍ଟ ଭାବରେ ସାଲଫୋର୍ଡ ହେଲଥ ଅଥରିଟିରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଲେ ।

> ୧୯୮୫ ମସିହାରେ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ଚାକିରରୁ ଅବସର ଗହଣ କଲେ ଓ ମାଞ୍ଚେଷ୍ଟରଠାରେ ୟାୟୀ ଭାବରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାନ କଲେ । ସିଦ୍ଧିର ଏତେ ଉଚ୍ଚରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଜଣେ ଉଚ୍ଚକୋଟୀର ଚୋକିସାବିତ ହେଲେ ସତ, ମାତ ନିଜ ପାଇଁ ସେ ଯେତିକି ଚିନ୍ତିତ ନ ଥିଲେ ଅନ୍ୟମାଣଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଅଧିକ ଚିନ୍ତିତ ଥିଲେ । ନିଜର ସାଧଧ୍ୟ ମତେ ଅନ୍ୟକ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରଥିଲେ ବିଲାତରେ ଅବୟାନ କରଥିବା ଭାରତୀୟମାନଙ୍କ ମଧଧ୍ୟରେ ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାପନ ପାଇଁ ସେ

ସଂଷ୍କୃତିକ ଅନୁଷାନ ଗଢିଲେ ଓ ଜଣେ ସହାନ୍ୟଭବପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଭାବେ ଖ୍ୟାତି ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲେ ।

#### ଭାରତୀୟ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଓ ବୟୟମାନଙ୍କମାନଙ୍କର କଲ୍ୟାଣ ଯୋଜନା:

ଜଣେ ସୃ୍ୟଂ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ହେଲେ ଆଉ ଜଣେ ବୃଦ୍ଧର ଅସହାୟତା ଇ ଯନ୍ତଣାକୁ ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଅନୁଭବ କରେ । ବିଶେଷତଃ ପାଷ୍ଟତ୍ୟ ସମାଜ ବ୍ୟବୟାରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧଓ ବୃଦ୍ଧାମାନେ ପରିବାରରେ ଅଲୋଡା ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତି । ସେମାନେ ଅସହାୟ ଭାବରେ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଜୀବନଯାପନ କରନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ କରୁଣ ହୋଇଯାଏ ଓ ଅନେକ ଲୋକ ନିଜକୁ ଅଲୋଡା ଭାବି ଆମୂହତ୍ୟା ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ କରନ୍ତି । ପୃତ, କନ୍ୟା ଓ ପରିବାରଠାର ସଲଗା ରହିବାକୁ ପଡେ । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ୬୫ ବର୍ଷ ବୟସରେ ଅବସର ନେଲେ । ଅବସର ଗହଣ ପୂର୍ବର ସେ ମାଞ୍ଚେଞ୍ର ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ରହଥିବା ପାୟ ୪୫ ହଜାର ପେନ୍ସନ୍ଭୋଗୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ସଂପର୍କ ସ୍ଥାନ କଲେ । କେବଳ ମାଞ୍ଚେଝରରେ ରହଥିବା ୨୨୫ ଜଣଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟ୍ୟରେ ୭୦ ଜଣ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ସଂପୂର୍ଣ ଏକାକୀ ଓ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଜୀବନ କଟାଉଥିଲେ । ପତିଦିନ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାରେ ଓ ସପ୍ତାହ ଶେଷରେ ସେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖକ ଯାଇ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଏକାକୀ ଓ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଦେଖି ସେ ମର୍ମାହତ ହେଲେ । ସେମାନେ ମଧ୍ୟ । ଭାଷା, ସଂକୃତି, ଧର୍ମ ଓ ଖାଦ୍ୟଗତ ଭିନୃତା ଯୋଗଁ ୟାନୀୟ ଦିବାକେନ୍ଦକ ଯାଇପାରୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ପାଷ୍ଟତ୍ୟ ସମାଜରେ ଅବସ୍ଥାଣ କର୍ଥିବା ଆମର ପାର୍ୟରିକ ଭାରତୀୟ ସମାଜ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା । ବହୁସଙ୍ଖ୍ୟାରେ ଗଜରାଟର

ଯାଇ ମାଞ୍ଚେଞ୍ଚରରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟରେ ପୁରୁଷ ଓ ଅଧିକ ସଞ୍ଜ୍ୟକ ନାରୀ ଇଂରାଜୀ କହି ପାରୁ ନ ଥିଲେ । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ବିଶ୍ୱସୁଷ ସମୟରେ ବ୍ରିଟେନ୍ରେ ଭୁଷୁଡି ପଡିଥିବା ଅର୍ଥନୀତି ଓ ଶିକ୍ତର ପୁନଃ ନିର୍ମାଣ ପାଇଁ ୧୯୪୦ ରୁ ୧୯୫୦ ମସିହା ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟରେ ଏହି ଲୋକମାନେ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ୧୯୬୦ ରୁ ୧୯୭୦ ମସିହା ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟରେ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ବହୁସହସ ସଞ୍ୟାରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିମାନେ ଆଫ୍ରିକାରୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ଏହି ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ମାନସିକ ଓ ଶାରିରୀକ ଜୀବନର ଶୁଶୁଷା ପାଇଁ ମାଞ୍ଚେଞ୍ଚରରେ କୌଣସି ନିଦ୍ଧିଷ୍ଟ ୟାନ ନ ଥିଲା ।

ଏହିସବୁ କାରଣରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦିବାଅବସର ବିନୋଦନ କେନ୍ଦ ୟାପନ କରି ଏହି ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ପକାର ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ଷ୍ଟଦନ ଯୋଗାଇ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ଚିନ୍ତା କଲେ । ଏପରି ଏକ ସଂକଲ ନେଇ ପଥମେ କେତେଜଣ ଅବସରପାୟ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କୁ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ନେଇ ମାଞ୍ଚେଝରର ଗାନ୍ଧି ହୂଲ୍ରେ ପାଞ୍ଚରୁ ଆଠଜଣ ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ବୃଦ୍ଧଙ୍କୁ ନେଇ ଅପରାହୁରେ କିଛି ସମୟ କଟାଇଲେ । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ସାମାଜିକ ସେବା ସଂସ୍ଥା, ଲୋକାଲ୍ର ଅଥରିଟି ଓ ହେଲଥ ଅଥରିଟି ଠାରୁ ଜୈାଣସି ସହଯୋଗ ବା ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ମିଳିଲା ନାହିଁ । ପାୟ ଚାରିବର୍ଷ ଅତିବାହିତ ହୋଇଗଲା । ବାରମ୍ବାର ଲୋକାଲ୍ ଅଥରିଟି ଓ ହେଲଥ ଅଥରିଟିକୁ ନୋବେଦନ କରି କରୋ ଅବଶେଷରେ ସେ ସେମାଣଙ୍କୁ ରାଜି କରାଇପାରିଲେ ଓ ୧୯୭୭ ମସିଘାରେ ସେ କିଛି ଆର୍ଥିକ ଅନୁଦାନ ପାଇପାରିଲେ । "ଏଜେଡ୍ ଲଞ୍ଜ" ଠାରୁ ୭ ହଜାର ପାଉଣ୍ଡ ଓ ସିଟି କାଉନସିଲରୁ ୧୦ ହଜାର ପାଉଞ୍ଚ ପାଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ମିନିବସ୍ କିଣିଲେ । ଏହା ପଳରେ ସଂଗଠନଟି ଉନ୍ତି ଲାଭ କଲା ଓ ସିଟି କାଉନ୍ସିଲ ଜଣେ କୋଅର୍ଡିନେଟରଙ୍କୁ ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ଦେଲେ । ପରେ ପରେ ଚାରୋଟି ମିନିବସ୍ର ବ୍ୟବଥା କରାଗଲା । ବହୁସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧମାଣେ ଆସିବାରୁ ଗାନ୍ଧିହଲ୍ରେ ୟାନର ଅଭାବ ହେଲା । ତେଣୁ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ନ୍ୟାସନାଲ୍ ଲଟେରୀ ଚାରିଟିଜ ବୋଡିକୁ ୧୯୯୬ ମସିହାରେ ଦରଖାୟ ଦେଲେ ଓ ଏହି ସଂୟା ଗୋଟିଏ ନ୍ତନ ଗୃହ ଜିଣିବା ପାଇଁ ୩୩୬,୨୫୦ ପାଉଣ୍ଡ ଦେଲେ । ଫଳରେ ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିବା ଏକ ନସିଂହୋମ୍କୁ କୟ କରାଯାଇ ତାହାର ପୁନଃନିମାଣ କରାଗଲା ଓ ଏହି ଗୃହକୁ ୧୯୯୮ ମସିହା ଅଗଷ ପହିଲା ତାରିଖରେ ବିଟେନର ହେଲଥ ସେକେଟାରୀ ମାନ୍ୟବର ଫାଙ୍କ ଡବ୍ସନ୍ଙ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଉଦ୍ଘାଟନ କରାଗଲା । ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଏହି କେନ୍ଦ ସ୍ୟାହ୍ରେ ଚାଲୁଅଛି । ଏହାର ସଭ୍ୟସଂଖ୍ୟା ୩୧୫ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି । ଦୈନିକ ଉପୟାନ ୮୦ ରୂ ୧୨୦ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ହେଉଅଛି । ଏହି କେନ୍ଦ ମଧ୍ୟ୍ୟାହୁ ଭୋଜନର ବ୍ୟବୟା ମଧ୍ୟ କରିଅଛି । ତା' ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ମନୋରଞନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଟେଲିଭିଜନ୍, ଭିଡିଓ, ସନ୍ତରଣ, ଭାଷାଶିକ୍ଷା, ବ୍ୟାୟାମ, ହ୍ୟକର୍ମ, ପାଠାଗାର, ପତି ଗୁରୁବାର ଦିନ ଯୋଗ୍ୟ ତାକ୍ତରଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା ସ୍ୱାୟ୍ୟ ବିଷୟରେ ଭାଷଣ, ଶାରିରୀକ ଅକର୍ମଣ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଫିଜିଓଥେରାପି, ବୟୟମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱାସ୍ଥ୍ୟ-ସୁର୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଇତ୍ୟାଦିର ବ୍ୟବୟା ହୋଇଅଛି । ତାକ୍ତର ଭାଗବତ ଦାସ ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠନର ଅଧ୍ଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ । ପରିଚାଳନା କମିଟିରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ୧୫ ଜଣ ସଦସ୍ୟ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ସୁପରିଚାଳନା ପାଇଁ କେତେଜଣ କର୍ମଚାରୀ ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି କେନ୍ଦର କମୋନତି ହେଉଅଛି । ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଓ ଏକାକୀ ବ୍ରମାଣେ ଜୀବନର ଦୁଃଖ ଉ ଗ୍ଲାନିରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ପାଇ ଏକ ନତନ ଜୀବନର ସାବୃନା-ୟର୍ଶ ଅନୃଭବ କରୁଅଛନ୍ତି । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପୃନର୍ବାର ଆବେଦନ କମେ ନ୍ୟାସନାଲ୍ ଲଟେରୀ ଚାରିଟିଜ୍ ବୋଡି ଆହୁରି ୩୩୯.୧୨୬ ପାଉଞ୍ଚ ପଦାନ କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ଏହି ଟଙ୍କାରେ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୃହ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରାଯାଉଛି । ଭାରତୀୟ ବୟୟମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏହି ଗୃହ "କମ୍ୟୁନିଟି ହେଲ୍ଥ ରିସୋର୍ସ ସେଣ୍ଟର" ହେବ । ପୁନଷ୍ଟ ଏହି କେନ୍ଦ୍ରର ପାର୍ଶ୍ୱବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଜମିକୁ କିଣି ସେଠାରେ ବାରତୀୟ ବୟୟମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଆବାସ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରାଯିବାର ଯୋଜନା ହୋଇଅଛି । ଉତି ମଧ୍ୟ-ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଜମି କିଣା ସରିଛି । ଏଠାରେ ୩୭ଟି ଫ୍ରାଟ ନିର୍ମାଣ ପାଇଁ ସିଟି କାଉନ୍ସିଲ୍, ସୋସିଆଲ ସର୍ଭିସ୍, ସିଟି ହାଉସିଂ ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଚାଲିଛି । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ନିଜେ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗୀକୃତ ଭାବରେ ଯେପରି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ସେହିପରି ଅନ୍ୟ ସଦସ୍ୟମାଣେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଦର୍ଶରେ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ ହୋଇ ମଧ୍ୟ୍ୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଅବସର ଗ୍ରହଣ ପରେ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ନିଜ ନିମନ୍ତେ ଆଉ ବନ୍ଦୀ ନ ହୋଇ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କର କଳ୍ୟାଣ ପାଇଁ ଆପଣାକୁ ମୁକ୍ତି କରି ନିଜେ ମଧ୍ୟ୍ୟ ଅପାର ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଭ କରୁଅଛନ୍ତି

#### ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ସଦସ୍ୟଃ

ତାକ୍ତର ଭାଗବତ ଚରଣ ଦାସ ବହୁ ଅନୁଷାନ ସହିତ ସଂପୃକ୍ତ । ମାଞ୍ଚେଷ୍ଟର କାଉନସିଲ ଅଫ୍ କମ୍ୟୁନିଟି ରିଲେଶନ୍ର ଏକଜିକ୍ୟୁଟିଭ କମିଟି, ଏଜକନସନ୍, ଭଲ୍ୟୁଝାରି ଆକ୍**ଶନ୍, ପୋଗେସ୍ ଟ**ଞ୍ଜ ଏଲ୍ଡରସ୍ ଫୋରମ୍, କ୍ୟାରିଅର୍ ସେଝର, ହେଲ୍ଥ ଆକ୍ଶନ ଜୋନ, ହେଲ୍ଦି ସିଟି ଇନିସଏିଟିଭ୍ ଇୟିପେୟେଟ୍ କ୍ୟାକଟ୍ ୟୁନିଟ୍, ମାଞ୍ଚେଝର କାଉନ୍ସିଲ ଅଫ୍ ଭଲ୍ୟୁୟାରି ସର୍ଭିସେସ, କମ୍ୟନିଟି ଅକାଉୟାଂସି ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ନାଣା ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନରେ ସେ ସମ୍ମନଜନକ ସଦସ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରୁଅଛନ୍ତି । ଏତେଗୁଡିଏ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠନରେ ସଂପ୍ରକ୍ତ ଥାଇ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ସେ କେବେ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ଅନୁଭବ କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । କର୍ମ ହିଁ ଯେପରି ତାନ;କ ଜୀବନର ତପସ୍ୟା । ଫଳ ପତି ଆକାଖ୍ୟା ନାହିଁ; ଜିନ୍ତୁ ଫଳ ମିଳୁଛି । ପାଇବାର କିଛି ଅଭିଳାଷ ନାହିଁ, ଅନ୍ୟର ସେବାରେ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କର ଆନନ୍ଦ । ଅଗଣିତ ଭାରତୀୟ ତଥା ବିଦେଶୀଙ୍କ ତୃଦୟସିଂହାସନରେ ସେ ଆସୀନ । ଓଡିଶାରେ ଥିଲାବେଳେ ତାଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱକୁ କେହି ବୁଝିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ସରକାରଙ୍କ ମନୋବୃତ୍ତି ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କ ପତି ପତିକୂଳ ହେଲା । ଫଳରେ ସେ ବିଦେଶ ଯାଇ ଆପଣାକୁ ପତିଷିତ କରିପାରିଲେ । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ଓଡିଶା ଓ ଭାରତର ଗାୈରବ ହୋଇ ରହିଲେ ।

#### ମର୍ଯ୍ୟାଦା ଓ ପୁରୟାରଃ

ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ମର୍ଯ୍ୟାଦାର ମଣିଷ । କୈାଣସି ପୁରୟାରର ସେ ଆଶାୟୀ ନିହନ୍ତି । ତଥାପି ତାଙ୍କୁ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠନ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପୁରସ୍କୃତ କରାଯାଇଛି । ୧୯୪୪ ମସିହ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ମସରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ତଙ୍କର ସମଜ ସେବ ପାଇଁ ହୁଇଟିବ୍ରେଡ୍ ନ୍ୟଶନାଲ ଭଲ୍ୟୁଣ୍ଟରୀ ଆଞ୍ଚାର୍ଡ ପ୍ରଦନ କରଥଯାଇଛି । ଚଳିତ ବର୍ଷ ଜାନୁଆରୀ ମାସ ୨୪,୨୫, ଓ ୨୬ ତାରିଖରେ ନୂଆଦିଲ୍ଲୀଠାରେଠନୁଷିତ ବିଦେଶରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ଭାରତୀୟମାନଙ୍କ ଉନବିଂଶତମ ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ (NRI welfare Society of Indians)ରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ 'ହିନ୍ଦ୍ ରତନ' (Hind Ratan) ଉପାଧି ପ୍ରଦାନ କରାଯାଇଛି । ଏପରି ଉପଧି ପାଇବାରେ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ବିଦେଶରେ ବସବାସ କରୁଥିବା ପ୍ରଥମ ଓଡିଆ । କଥାରେ ଅଛି 'ଉପାଧି ଏକ ବ୍ୟାଧି'; ମାତ୍ର ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଉପାଧି ନିଜେ ହିଁ ଗୌରବାନ୍ଦିତ । ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ନାଟ୍ୟକାର ମନୋରଞ୍ଚନ ଦାସଙ୍କ ଭାଷାରେ -- 'କୃତିର ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ

ସର୍ଦଦା ସଥାଥି । କୃତି ପୁରୟାରକୁ ଅପେଷା କରେ ନାହିଁ । ପୁରୟାର ବା ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ କୃତିକୁ ଅପେଷା କରିଥାଏ ।' ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ କର୍ମଯୋଗୀ, କର୍ମଯଞ୍ଜରେ ତଙ୍କ ଆନନ୍ଦ । ନିଜକୁ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗ କରି ଅନ୍ୟର ସେବାରେ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କ ଆତ୍ମାର ସର୍ବାଧିକ ଉଲ୍ଲାସ । ତେବେ ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତିକ ସମ୍ମନ ମିଳିଛି । ତାହା ତାଙ୍କର ସମ୍ମନ ନୁହେଁ; ଓଡିଶାର ସମ୍ମନ, ଭାରତର ସମ୍ମନ । ସମ୍ପତି ସେ ବିଦେଶୀ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ହେ;ନ ଭାରତର ସାଂସ୍କୃତିକ ଆତ୍ମାର ଏକ ଜୀବନ୍ତ ପ୍ରତିନିଧି । ତେଣୁ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ଭରତର ରତ୍ -- 'ହିନ୍ଦ୍ ରତନ୍' ।

#### ପାରିବାରିକ ଛିତିରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତୃର ମହିମାମୟ ଦିଗ:

ଓଡିଶାର ଏହି ଯୋଗଜନ୍ମ, କର୍ମତପସ୍ୱୀ ଭାଗବତ ଚରଣ ଦାସ । ଓଡିଶାର ବାଗଲପୁର ଗାମରେ ଜନୁ । ସାମରିକ ବାହିନୀରେ ଜନୈକ ଚିକିତ୍ସକ ଭାବରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଓ ଓଡିଶାର ଅଗମ୍ୟ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଚିକିତ୍ସକ ବଏଆବରେ ଲୋକସେବା ସହିତ ଆପଣାର ଆର୍ଥନୀତିକ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ପରିବାରରେ ସେ ବହନ କରନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେ ନିଜର ସନ୍ତାନ ସଦ୍ଶ ଭାବନ୍ତି । ପତ୍ନୀ ଆଦରମଣି ମଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ସ୍ୱାମୀଙ୍କ ଆଦର୍ଶରେ ଅନୁପାଣିତା । ଉଭୟେ ନିଜ ନିଜକୁ ପରିବାର ଭିତରେ ଓ ବାହାରରେ ବାଝି ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ସବୁବେଳେ ପଚୁର ଶଦ୍ଧା ପାଇଛନ୍ତି । ସ୍ଫତି ପରିବାର ବଦଳି ପାଇଛି । ସଂସାରୀମାନେ ପରିବାରକୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗହୁର ଭଳି ମନେ କରଛନ୍ତି । ସେଇ ଗାଢଟି ତାଙ୍କର ସଂସାର ଓ ତାହାରି ଭିତରେ ସେମାନେ କଣ୍ଡଳୀ ମାଡି ରହିଯାଉଛନ୍ତି । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ସ୍ୱୀ, ପୁଅ ଓ ଝିଅ ସବୁକିଛି । ପରିବାରବୋଧ କମିଯାଉଛି । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ସାନଭାଇ ଚିନ୍ତାନାୟକ ଚିଉର୍ଞନ ଦାସ କହ୍ଛି -- ''ହୃଦୟ-ଅଭିଧାନର ଏକ ଅଥିୟର୍ଚ ପରିବାର ନାମକ ଶବ୍ଦଟି ସତେ ଅବା ଅନ୍ୟ କୌଣସି ପୟୋଜନ ଦ୍ୱାରା ପରିଚାଳିତ ହୋଇ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗର୍ତ୍ତର ଦୁରାମତା ପାଖରେ ଆସି ପହୁଞ୍ଚି ଗଲାଣି ।" କିନ୍ତୁ ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ପରିବାର କହିଲେ ଗୋଟାଏ ଅନ୍ଧାରୁଆ ଗର୍ଭ ନୁହେଁ । ସ ପରିବାରକୁ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପରିବାର ରୂପେ ସମ୍ପସାରିତ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ସେଉଁଠି ରହନ୍ତି ସେଠାରେ ସ ସମସଙ୍କୁ ଆପଣାର ପରିବାରର ସଦସ୍ୟ ମନେ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର ଭାଇଭଉଣୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ପଢାଇଛନ୍ତି ଓ ସ୍ୱେହ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଚିତ୍ତରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାସଙ୍କ ଭାଷାରେ -- "ମୋର ବଡଭାଇ ଆମକ୍ ପାଠ ପଢାଇଛନ୍ତି, ବତ ହୋଇ ଆମେ ନିଜ ନିଜ ସକାଶେ ବାଟପରି ବାଟଟିଏ ପାଇବୁ ବୋଲି ସିଏ ତଥାକଥିତ ନିଜର ସୁଖକୁ ପଛରେ ପଜାଇ ଆମମାନଙ୍କ କଥା ଆଗ ଭାବିଛନ୍ତି ଅବଂ ତଥାପି ଆମେ ତାଣ'କରି କଥା ମାଣିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ଧ୍ୟ ବୋଲି କଦାପି ବାଟ ଓଗାଳି ବସି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଭାଉଜବୋଉ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଲା, ଭାଲଙ୍କର ନିଜର ପିଲା ହେଲେ -- ତଥାପି

ନିଜର ଛୁଆମାନଙ୍କ ସାମନାରେ ଆମେ ଭାଇମାନେହିଁ ତାଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସଦା ଆଗ ବୋଲି କୈତେ ଗୈାରବର ସହିତ ଘୋଷଣା କରିଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରୁ ଏକାନ୍ତ ଅକୃତ୍ୱିମ ଭାବରେ ବାହାରୁଥିବାନ୍ତେହି କଥାଗୁଡିକ ଶୁଣିବା ସମୟରେ ନିଜର ମିଞ୍ଜ ତାଙ୍କର ଗୋଡ ତଳେ ଯାଇ ଯେ ଖାଲି ଲାଗିଯାଉରହିଲା, ତା' ନୁହେଁ, ପରିବାର କହିଲେ ଯେ ଗୋଟାଏ ଅକାନ୍ତ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପ୍ରଣୋଦିତ ଗାତକୁ ନବୁଝାଇ ବହୁତଃ ଏକ ସଦା ସଂପ୍ରସାରଣଷମ ବୋଧକୁ ବୁଝାଏ, ସେହି ସତ୍ୟାନୁଭବଟି ଜୀବନାଗ୍ରହର ଏକ ଅଂଶରେ ହିଁ ପରିଣତ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିଲା । ଏହି ହେଉଛି ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱର ମହିମା । "

ମାଞ୍ଜେଷରରେ ସେ ସମ୍ପତି ଅବସ୍ଥିତ । ତାଙ୍କର ପତ୍ନୀ ଆଦରମଣି, ପୁତ୍ର ଓ ପୁତ୍ରବଧୂମାଣେ ସାଥିରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର ଜ୍ୟୋଷପୁତ୍ର ଇଂରାଜୀ ବିଭାଗର ଅଧ୍ୟାପକ ଓ କନିଷ ଲଞ୍ଜନର ଏକ ମେତିକାଲ କଲେଜ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ୍ରେ ଅଧ୍ୟ୍ୟାପନା ସହିତ ଚିକିତ୍ସାରତ । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁ ଦୀର୍ଘ ୧୫ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରୁ ଅବସର ନେଇ ସାରିଲେଣି, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ନିରଳସ କର୍ମଯୋଗୀ । ମାନବ-ସେବା ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ସ୍ୱଧ୍ୟ । ସେଥିର୍ୟ ସେ ଅବସର ନେଇ ନାହାନ୍ତି, ବରଂ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଶକ୍ତି ପ୍ରୟୋଗ କରି ମାନବ-ସେବା ଓ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପରିବାର ଗଠନରେ ବୃତୀ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । ଗୁୟୁଚି ମୂଷାର ଭୂମିକା ନେଇ ମାଣବିକତାର ସେତୁବନ୍ଧ ବାଣ-ଧୁଛନ୍ତି । ଅହଂକାର ନୁହେଁ ପ୍ରେମ ଓ ମମତାରେ ଆଗେଇ ଚାଳିଛନ୍ତି । ମଣିଷର ଦୁଃଖ ଦୂର କରିପାରିଲେ ଆନନ୍ଧ ପାଉଛନ୍ତି ।

#### ଉପସଂହାର:

ଉଚ୍ଚାଭିଳାଷୀ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ସାଧନା ବ୍ୟର୍ଥ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ସେ ପାହାଚ ପରେ ପାହାଚ ଆରୋହଣ କରି ଚାଲେ ଓ ନିଜ ସିଦ୍ଧିର ଶୀର୍ଷିୟାନରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟାକୁଳ ହୁଏ । ଏପରି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ଲଷ ମହତ୍, ତେଣୁ ଉପାୟ ଆପେ ଆପେ ଆସିଯାଏ । ଯେକୌଣସି ପ୍ରତିକୂଳ ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ଆସିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ୍ୟ ସେ କର୍ମତ୍ୟାଗ କରେ ନାହିଁ । କର୍ମ-ସନ୍ୟାସ ତାର ଜୀବନର ବୃତ ହୁଏ । ଭାଗବତ ବାବୁଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ଓ ଜୀବନ ହେଉଛି ଏହାର ଜୁଳନ୍ତ ଉଦାହରଣ ।

ତକ୍ତର ଭାଗବତ ଚରଣ ଦାସ ଏକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ନୁହନ୍ତି -- ଏକ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ । ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ନୁହେଁ ଓ ଏହି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଭଗବତ୍-ଆଲୋକରେ ଆଲୋକିତ । ସେ ମାନବ ସେବାରେ ଭାଗବତବୋଧ ଲାଭ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଓ ଅନ୍ତରର ଶ୍ୱୁଦ୍ଧାକୁ ତିଳ ତିଳ ବାଣ୍ଟି ଦେଇ ପ୍ରକୃତରେ ଜଣେ ଜ୍ଞାନବନ୍ତ ପୁରୁଷ ହୋଇଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି ଜ୍ଞାନ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଶରୁ ବିଦେଶ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପ୍ରସାରିତ କରିଦେଇଛି ।

Rajendra Narayan Das lives in Germany.

# Our Heritage, Our Culture

Manoj Panda

Jagata sarasae Bhaarata kamala taa madhyae keshara punya Nilaachala; thibi jahin muhin Bhaarata bakhshya rae manibi mun achhi aapanaa kakshya rae; Bhaaratara sabu shilaa shaalagraama sabu graama taara Nilaachala dhaama.

Thus Punyaatmaa Gopabandhu portrayed the sanctity and richness of Orissa in these immortal letters. Each word of this composition vibrates with the warmth and brims with the heart felt love for the motherland. The name "Utkala" is etymologically derived from excellence or "utkarsha" in artistic "kalaa" endeavor. The people from Orissa are known for the magnanimity of their heart by preaching and practicing the maxim of universal brotherhood all over the world by the blessings of the Lord of the Universe or Lord Jagannath.

Awashed gently by the great expanse of Bay of Bengal, dotted with gurgling streams, serene mountains, bustling greenery, wavy valleys, fertile plains and criss-crossed with numerous rivers, the land of Orissa has unfolded her majestic panorama through her equally great children far and wide. The saga of Kalinga has secured a memorable niche in the historical pantheon for her heroic and prosperous past. Be it in martial conquest or it in artistic glory or in literary eloquence, the Oriyas of past and present have rendered profusely to enliven our culture.

When the sprawling Magadha empire was expanding, Kalinga was the only kingdom to defy in dignity. Later king Ashoka vanquished them at a great cost, but Kalingans conquered his heart and that became his last war which transformed him from "Chandashoka" to "Dharmashoka" as he devoted rest of his life propagating the tenets of Buddhism and dedicating himself for the upliftment of humanity. And that was the impetus the Kalingans could deliver to transform people by virtue of their love for their motherland.

Numerous temples dotted all over Orissa bears the mute testimony to the elegant craftsmanship of Orissan . The famous Sun temple at Konark built by Langula Narasimhadeva, the awesome Jagannath temple at Puri built by Chodagangadev and the jewel in the crown of the temple city, Lingaraj temple constructed by Yayati Keshari present the graceful creativity. Treasure-filled ships of the Oriya merchants used to sail to the distant islands of Java, Sumatra and Bali to bring back fortune and at the same time disseminating our greatness all over. These were the great legacy of which every Oriya will be proud of.

The pages of history are filled with the reigns of valiant monarchs who ruled over Orissa to take it to newer heights in evry field. Following the decline of the Maurya empire Kalinga came under the rule of Khaaravela of Chedi dynasty who was also named as Shilaaditya. He excavated spectacular caves at Khandagiri and Udayagiri hills with lots of exquisite works of stone masonry. Among them Raanigumphaa and Manchapuri are famous. Then came the Gupta rule in Orissa for a short period of time which influenced the then art and architecture to a great extent. The accounts of Hiuen-Tsang during the period of Kushaana king Kanishka delineates in

great detail about the prevailing social and political situation at that time. He had a great praise for the famous Buddhist monasteries of Pushpagiri, Lalitagiri and Ratnagiri. Then came the dynasty of Sailodbhavas the worshippers of Lord Brahma, where Dharmaraja, Madhavaraja, Dharmaraja -II and Madhyamaraja-III followed by the Bhauma-karas. According to historians, in the Sarala Das, the author of Oriya Mahabharata, mentions about them. In this dynasty six female members ruled over Orissa. This indicates how the women of the then Orissa occupied a respectable position in the society.

The Somavamsis took over Orissa from them. The great Lingaraj temple and Rajarani temple was built in this period by Yayati keshari. In its trail, in the time of imperial Gangas the great Chodagangadeva who was a great warrior himself constructed the famous Jagannath temple. In this dynasty, Narasimhadeva-I was a great king who is credited with building the great Konarka temple. The story of Dharmapada, the 12 year wonder, who could accomplish the difficult task of finishing the steeple the ultimate work before the inauguration of the temple and sacrificed his life in Chandrabhaaga to keep in tact the prestige of 1200 craftsman will go down in the history as the embodiment of selfless action of Oriya spirit.

Then came the Suryavamsis with their great scion Kapilendradeva who expanded Orissa to a greater extent. He was followed by Purushottamadeva who was a great warrior himself, stretched his empire more. The popular legend of Kanchi-Kaveri is associated with him. As we know that the then king of Kaanchi refused to give his beautiful daughter Padmavati in marriage to Purushottamadeva as he was doing Chhera Pahanra during Ratha Yatra in front of Lord Jagannath which king of Kanchi considered a work of Chaandaala. Purushottamadeva marched towards Kanchi to defeat him, but he was defeated. Second time with the help of Lord Jagannatha and Balaraama who rode on black and white horses respectively helped him to win the war. There is also a story of Maanika Gauduni who fed butter milk to the tired Jagannath and Balaram brothers. When the victorious king was returning from Kaanchi he heard the story and established a village Maanikapaatanaa in honor of her.

Prataparudradeva ruled Orissa after his father. Even though he went on conquest in his beginning part of the reign, later he was influenced by the great Vaishnavite Sri Chaitanya and devoted himself to a lot of religious activities. The great devotees of Sri Chaitanya of Orissa known as Pancha Sakhaas: Jagannath Dasa, Balarama Dasa, Achyutananda Dasa, Ananta Dasa and Yasovanta Dasa spread the Vaishnavism to the nook and corner of Orissa. According to many historians this activities took his focus away from kingly duties and eventually led to the down fall of his dynasty.

Govinda Vidyadhara was a traitor in the history of Orissa who was a general in Prataaparudradeva 's army who manipulated his ways to become the king. After him his dynasty continued for few years, then it was taken over by Mukunda

Harichandana better known as Mukundadeva. He was an able administrator and great king. The Muslim general Kalapahara serving under the king Sulaiman Karrani, invaded during his reign and some traitors worked against him to defeat him. Kalapahara destroyed the part of Jagannath temple and tried to take away the Images of the deities which were recovered later. Mukundadeva was the last Hindu king of Orissa.

After this Orissa was ruled by Afghans and Mughals. The disintegration of Mughal empire established Maratha rule in Orissa. Presently the Anglo-British conflict started. The Maratha misrule saw Orissa in disarray frought with economic disaster and commercial decline. The British rule in Orissa commenced with the grant of Dewani of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to Lord Clive by the Mughal emperor Shah Alam II. After that the various British supremos ruled over Orissa. The great Paika rebellion of Khurda germinated in Khurda when Jai Rajguru, the first martyr of Orissa agaist the British, the main adviser of minor Raja of Khurda, revolted against foreign rule. The irregular revenue services of the British enraged the Paikas who rebelled against British under Bakshi Jagabandhu. Although it was suppressed, it was the first Oriya revolution against alien British.

The resistance to British rule manifested in different places after that. Among them was Chakra Bisoi who united the people of Dasapalla, Khondamal, Ghumusar etc. to fight against British. He was followed by Chakhi Khuntia who was a Panda in Puri temple who was also religious Guru of Jhaansi Raani Laxmi Bai ,played a significant rule in Sepoy mutiny the first unified Indian resistance against British rule. Another great revolutionary was Bira Surendra Sai who led a valiant fight against British. The boy Baaji Rout also deserves mention in this regard as a great patriotic martyr.

Then came 1866. The disastrous Na 'anka Durbhikhya. This crushed the economic backbone of Orissa. The paucity of rain, heavy export, unemployment problem, lack of irrigation, poverty of the people, defective trade system, lack of communication and education can be considered to be responsible for this.

As the British ruled longer they tried to implement their system to run it better. The introduction of English education was one of them. The firstuniversity to be established by British in India was Calcutta university by Wood's dispatch

which helped in the spread of English education to a great deal. When Ravenshaw College was founded in 1868, it opened up easy avenues for the Oriyas to get English education. And it acted as a catalyst to quicken the awakening of national consciousness among the then elitist Oriyas.

In this socio-political uprising there are some wellknown Oriyas took leading role. They were Chandra Moham Maharana, Ganapati Das, Mani Mohapatra, Gopala Chandra Praharaj, Gopabandhu Dash, Radhanath Ray, Madhusudan Das, Abhiram Bhanja, Nanda Kishore Bal, Gouri Shankara Ray, Ramsankar Ray, Pyari Mohan Acharya etc. These people spearheaded the movement to give Oriya language a true identity as well as inspiring national consciousness. The weekly news papers like Utkala Deepikaa and Sambada Vihika helped achieving this aim to a great deal. Many socio-cultural associations like Utkala Hitaishini Shabhaa, Ganjam Nisha Nishadhini etc. were formed to tackle socio-cultural and political problems. The witty lawyer from Satyabhamapur Madhusudan Das played a great role in giving Orissa statehood. The establishment of Satyabadi School by Gopabandhu Das and participation of Acharya Harihara Dash, Pandit Nilakantha Dash, Pandit Godavarisha Mishra and Pandit Krupasindhu Mishra in teaching helped imparting true education.

When the all of India was rallying under Gandhi to fight against British, Orissa never took a back seat. In 1920 thirty five delegates from Orissa attended the Nagpur Congress. The non-cooperation and non-violent movement started in Orissa. A great concerted effort of great many Oriyas was rewarded with the creation of separate Orissa state on April 1, 1936. The people of Orissa state followed Gandhi and joined whole heartedly in the struggle for freedom until India got independence.

We have come a long way since then. we have inherited the great strength, talent and virtues of our fore fathers. We are proud of ourselves and have pledged to do things which will kindle our spirit to elevate our achievements to dizzy height. The great Lord Jagannath always inspire us to be bound by the universal brotherhood and tread the path of truth, non-violence and peace. We have to build our great character to move ahead and provide leadership to all others. Rising above the communalism, and other diverting elements we have to be united to forge ahead as a team. Every individual effort is note worthy in this regard. Each one of us is responsible for this. May be in the state or outside the state or the country, it is our great heritage which beckons to us to do great and be great. And we are confident we deserve it and we can attain it as the successors of a great nation.

Manoj Panda lives in Detroit. He is a frequent contributor on ORNET discussions on culture.

# NEW PERSPECTIVES ON JAYADEVA AND SRI GITA GOVINDA

Subas Pani

Saint Poet Jayadeva, author of the immortal *Gita Govinda*, was born at Kenduli<sup>1</sup>, a settlement of Brahmins (*Brahamana Sasana*), a few kilometers to the southeast of Bhubaneshwar and in the region of Puri, the seat of Lord Jagannatha<sup>2</sup>. Located in the sacred Prachi Valley, Kenduli village lies on the ancient route to Puri<sup>3</sup>. Jayadeva lived in the 11<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> Century. It is known definitely that he composed the *Gita Govinda* at Puri as an offering to Lord Jagannatha, the presiding deity of *Srimandira*. In all probability, he composed this in the first half of the 12<sup>th</sup> Century<sup>5</sup>.

Gita Govinda is not an ordinary poetical work. It is essentially a lyric drama — a composition meant to be sung or performed. It is quite likely that the original composition was performed for the first time in the precincts of the temple of Lord Jagannatha on some special occasion, such as the dedication of the temple or the coronation of Kamarnava as heir apparent to Choda Ganga Deva<sup>6</sup>.

The significance of this great composition can be best appreciated in the backdrop of the historical, social, cultural and religious scenario of Orissa during the life and times of Jayadeva. No comprehensive study has been attempted so far in discovering Jayadeva and *Gita Govinda* in the context of the heritage of Orissa that provided the necessary impetus and input for the composition of this masterpiece.

Looking back at the history of Orissa, one can identify three periods of empirical glory and high watermarks of social, cultural and religious renaissance. The first, which occurred in the beginning of the first millennium, was marked by the brief but golden rule of emperor Kharavela. The empire of Orissa extended to the far western corner of India and to the deep south. Culturally, it was a period of vibrant activities in the fields of plastic and performing arts dance, music and theater. Kharavela recovered the sacred lina from the Nanda kings, possibly a reference to some relic captured by Ashoka during the great Kalinga war. The second phase of the glorious achievements of Orissa is marked by the reign of emperor Ananthavarman Choda Ganga Deva of the Eastern Ganga dynasty. During the 11th-12th Century, his empire extended from the Ganga on the north to the Godavari on the south. In the third phase of Orissa's empirical glory, Kapilendra Deva pushed the boundary of the state further, right up to the river Kaveri in deep south.

King Ananthavarman Choda Ganga Deva was a contemporary of Jayadeva and could even have been of the same age. The significance of the reign of Choda Ganga Deva in the history of Orissa has not been fully appreciated by the scholars who have studied Gita Govinda or Jayadeva, nor has it been discussed at length in trying to understand and appreciate the socio-cultural religious milieu in which the poet was able to compose this epic.

The ancestors of Choda Ganga Deva had ruled over the Kalinga tract consisting of the southern portion of present-day Orissa and the adjacent areas of Andhra desa, had their capital at Kalinganagara, in the modern Srikakulam district.

They were worshippers of Gokanneshvara in the Mahendra Hills, very close to Parlakhimundi in the district of Gajapati in southern Orissa. Later they also constructed the temple of Madhukeswara at Mukhalingam, close to Kalinganagara7. Aboriginal tribes constituted a substantial part of the Ganga army and inhabited much of the Kalinga area. The Gangas were also patrons of music and performing arts, and Srikurmam, close to Kalinganagara, well known for the Vaisnava Temple of Sri Kurmanatha, was a great center of cultural and religious activities with a large congregation of saints, scholars, dancers and musicians. Late Sri Satya Nnarayana Rajaguru, who was an expert in Oriya and Telugu epigraphy and a great scholar in the history of Orissa, its language, literature and culture, refers to the Sani Sampradaya, a community of dancers, musicians and performing artistes who lived in Srikurmam<sup>8</sup>.

Choda Ganga Deva, who conquered Orissa, unified the different regions of the state and consolidated the empire by bringing the western, central-coastal and southern parts of the state under the fold of one stable empire. Choda Ganga's reign itself lasted almost 70 years and was most unique and unusual in the annals of Orissa's history and even otherwise rare anywhere else in contemporary India. This was also the time when the Oriya language was coming to its own with the Oriya script taking a definite shape and the language getting its distinct identity. One can definitely say that the reign of Choda Ganga Deva established the identity of the modern Oriya nation. It also marked the assimilation of the Eastern Gangas into the mainstream of Oriya culture and heritage. In fact, Choda Ganga Deva, for all purpose, became an Oriya. He also shifted his capital to Varanasi Kataka, the present city of Cuttack, around 11129 and this remained Orissa's capital until it was shifted to Bhubaneshwar in 1958.

However, whereas the political capital of the state was established at Cuttack, the religious, cultural and spiritual nerve center of the empire shifted to Puri. Choda Ganga Deva constructed the magnificent temple of Lord Jagannatha at Puri<sup>10</sup>. He completed only the main tower, or *deul*, and the audience hall, or jagmohana<sup>11</sup>. Kailash Chandra Dash has done a detailed analysis of the various aspects of this important event and has tried to resolve some of the apparently contradictory evidence 12. He has, however, not referred to the very important literary evidence found in Vaishnava Lilamrita, which clears the confusion. It states in unambiguous terms that during his old age Choda Ganga Deva built this grand monument at considerable cost. Having decided to nominate Kamarnava as his successor, he organized a grand festival on the occasion of the twin functions of the dedication of the temple and the coronation of Kamarnava as Yuvaraja, the heir apparent. On this occasion, he brought soil from Godavari bank to make mridangas. He provided dancers and maharis. Sankirtan was performed and the temple precincts came alive with the dance of devadasis. The lilas of Hari were performed through dance dramas; these dances were called rahasa nritya. Obviously, the latter is a reference to rasa Illa of Radha, Krishna and Gopis as presented in Sri Gita Govinda, which was the subject of such performances<sup>13</sup>.

The tallest among the magnificent temples of Orissa14, the sanctum of the Puri temple (Srimandira) has on its walls exquisite sculptures of the Orissan style. For a long time these were covered by a thick coat of plaster. Recent removal of the plaster by the Archaeological Survey of India has revealed the rich sculptural embellishments of the temple walls. This has brought out an extremely important dimension of the profound religious and cultural change, which occurred in Choda Ganga's time. There are Vishnu images incorporating all the twenty-four shapes — a variation in the position of the hands holding the conch, the discuss, the mace and the lotus. According to Chaule, the Superintending Archaeologist who was in charge of the de-plastering work, the Srimandira at Puri is one of the very few temples of India where we find a complete set of the twenty-four forms of the four-armed Vishnu15. The other major series is a depiction of the dasavatara, the ten incarnations of Vishnu. These are identical with the incarnations given in Jayadeva's Gita Govinda and are in the same sequence. The ninth avatara, Budha, is represented as Gautama Buddha in the traditional meditative position. The sculptural embellishments of the deul also include a number of pieces covering the episodes in Krishna's lila. The three parswadevatas on the southern, western and northern sides are Tribikrama, Nrisingha and Baraha.

These sculptures, revealed to scholars only during the last decade, provide significant confirmation of one of the most dramatic changes in the socio-cultural-religious scenario of Orissa and of the temple of Jagannatha, and this aspect has not been fully appreciated by the scholars of Jayadeva and *Gita Govinda* so far.

In my own studies over the last twenty years and close association with the temple of Jagannatha, I find that the two most significant events of the reign of Choda Ganga Deva are the construction of the Puri temple and the composition of Gita Govinda by Jayadeva. The construction of the new temple marks the Krishnaisation of Jagannatha. He is transformed from Nila Madhava to Jagannatha-Krishna. It also marks the transformation of Krishna, the avatara, into Jagannatha-Krishna, the avatari, the creator of avataras. Jayadeva was the first to propound this in such lucid terms in Gita Govinda in the first invocatory song that is famous as the Dasavatara. "Dasakritikrit Krishnaya tubhyam namahi" — "O creator of ten incarnations, I salute thee!"

At the superficial level, the temple itself was a triumphant glorification of the Vaishnava faith. The temple of Jagannatha, patronized by one of the greatest emperors of India at that time, became the focal point of the Hindu faith as the Muslim invaders from across the borders were making rapid inroads into various parts of the country. At a deeper level, there was a complete transformation of the socioreligious-cultural milieu. Contrary to popular belief of scholars for a long time, Anangabhima Deva was not the first Oriya emperor to declare that he was a *rauta* — a servant of Lord Jagannatha<sup>16</sup>. We are grateful to N. Mukunda Rao who discovered epigraphical evidence to prove beyond doubt that

it was the great emperor Ananthavarman Choda Ganga Deva who first declared himself to be the *rauta* of Lord Jagannatha<sup>17</sup>. This submission of the temporal authority to the spiritual, religious and divine authority is unique in the annals of Indian history. It has an indirect parallel in the cataclysmic events of *Kalinga* war that took place almost a millennium before and in the reunciation of the path of violence by Ashoka and his adoption of the path of *Dharma*.

Choda Ganga's total surrender before Lord Jagannatha completely transformed the history of Orissa in more ways than one. Jagannatha not only became the Lord of the physical tract of earth known as Orissa, He became the Lord of the hearts and souls of the Oriya people. Orissa was transformed into the Land of Jagannatha — Jagannatha desa. In fact, thereafter, the legitimacy of the Oriya king depended on the sanction of Jagannatha. The presiding temple of the Puri temple Himself lives like an emperor, ensconced with elder brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra on the bejeweled throne, the Ratna Simhasana. The daily rituals, festivals and ceremonies of Jagannatha have all the trappings of an emperor living in royal glory.

While the external symbolism of royalty became evident in every dimension of Jagannatha's life style, a completely new tradition was established in His relationship with His devotees. Sometimes this is rather loosely called the Cult of Jagannatha. More appropriately this can be called Jagannatha Consciousness or Jagannatha Chetana<sup>18</sup>. This consciousness is a consciousness made up of simple, spontaneous surrender before the supreme savior, Lord Jagannatha. This redefines the essential philosophy of Krishna as propounded in Srimad Bhagabat Gita. In the Gita itself, it is Arjuna who is given the mantra of surrender — "Sarbadharman parityajya mamekam saranam braja - aham twam sarbapapebhya mokhayisyami ma sucha." 19

This too is surrender. The surrender of Arjuna prompted by his sakha, Sri Krishna, is a surrender essentially of the gyana-misra-bhakti type. — knowledge tinged by devotion. This is not the surrender of the seeker of Jagannatha. This is rather the surrender of the Gopis of Gita spontaneous, completely bereft of any expectation and without any blemish of doubt or hesitation. Its essential character is love, anuraga, and it is raganuga bhakti, devotion immersed and submerged in love. It is simple — like the surrender of the sabari -- the tribal woman offering berries to Sri Rama after tasting each one for its sweetness. It is like the surrender of the kubja — the hunch-backed flower gatherer hugging Krishna and pleading with him for amorous dalliance without any shame. In this surrender there is no barrier, no obstacle whatsoever between the devotee and the Lord. The bond of love between the human and the divine is one of total identification Jagannatha is the Lord who has himself taken the unique shape of one who beckons to come near him, to become one with him. This is the great transformation from the God bound by rituals and sastras to a close relation, an atmiya, who is addressed as the Dark Darling, Kalia Dhana<sup>20</sup>.

In fact, the transformation itself is most dramatically captured in *Gita Govinda*. The first invocatory song encapsulates the ten *avataras* in succinct stanzas of immense lyrical beauty. This is a prayer to the ten incarnations and a glorifi-

cation of the Lord of the world, Jagadisha<sup>21</sup>. In the second invocatory song, the first stanza refers to Vishnu — Srita kamala kucha mandala — but immediately transforms him into Krishna — kalita lalita baamala<sup>22</sup>. The second stanza continues to glorify him as the dispeller of the darkness of existence, but most of the following stanzas focus more on the lilas of Krishna. The second song of Gita Govinda, in a way, encapsulates the Krishnaisation of Jagannatha, which was taking place externally through the embellishments of the great temple of Puri and by the replacement of Nila Madhava by Jagannatha-Krishna as the presiding deity of the Srimandira.

The most beautiful and effective representation of the great transformation of the emperor into a *rauta* and the philosophy and faith that this event symbolized can be found in the *Gita Govinda*. Radha's love in *Geeta Govinda* is the perfect parallel of the surrender of Choda Ganga Deva to Lord Jagannatha. Her love for Krishna is spontaneous, complete, without any reservation. In Jyadeva's *Gita Govinda*, the relationship between the devotee and the divine reaches its climax in the immortal line "*Dehi padapallava mudaram?*3." Lord Krishna surrenders before Radha in a dramatic reversal of role. In the Jagnnatha consciousness, the devotee is supreme. Simple surrender, unalloyed by any desire, is the highest form of devotion.

The deeper significance of the declaration of Choda Ganga Deva as a *rauta* of Jagannatha can thus be appreciated in the context of the new consciousness, which overwhelmed the life and time of Jayadeva. The true meaning of *Gita Govinda* can be fully understood in the context of the new socio-religious-cultural ethos of the life and time of Choda Ganga Deva.

On the cultural front a major transformation was taking place in parallel. As mentioned earlier, Srikurmam was the center of cultural activities — music, dance and drama and a large community of dancers, composers and performers had congregated there enjoying the patronage of the Kalinga kings. The tradition of devadasis, or temple dancers, was also prevalent. According to Odradesha Rajavanshavali, Ekajata Kamadeva set up a separate colony for such devadasis and other artistes at Puri. The settlement survives even today as Chudanga Sahla. Late Sri Satya Narayana Rajaguru has dealt with the migration of the Sani Sampradaya, essentially a community of dancer-musicians to Puri. While the tradition of devadasis was already known in Orissa, as evident from the inscription of the Brahmeswara temple<sup>25</sup>, it has not been introduced yet in the Puri temple. The construction of the new temple and the installation of Jagannatha-Krishna as the presiding deity also mark the formal introduction of the devadasi system in the shrine26.

It was primarily for this purpose that a group of the *Sani Sampradaya* shifted to Puri, especially as the royal patronage also shifted its focus to Puri. In fact, Puri fast developed as a great center of music, dance and theatrical performances.

It is in this context that we can fully appreciate the musical mode of *Gita Govinda* and its theme. The well established tradition of dedicating *devadasis* in Srikurmam was also followed in the Puri temple. It had its greatest moment when Padmavati, daughter of Devasharma, a southern Brahmin, was offered to Lord Jagannatha in fulfillment of a prom-

ise made by her parents<sup>27</sup>. The daughter was, in fact, born to the childless couple due to the grace of Lord Jagannatha and Devasharma had promised that, if the child was a girl, he would offer her to serve Lord Jagannatha. Jayadeva at that time resided as a young mendicant at Puri and spent his time singing hymns to the glory of the Lord. Lord Jagannatha desired through the dreams of the high priest (*bada panda*) of the temple and Devasharma that the girl be offered to Jayadeva in marriage. This would amount to compliance with the promise made by Devasharma and would also please the Lord. After initial hesitation, Jayadeva accepted Padmavati as his wife.

Padmavati was an accomplished dancer-musician<sup>28</sup> and together the couple created the immortal *Gita Govinda*. Jayadeva composed the songs and Padmavati danced and performed each piece before Lord Jagannatha.

There is more to the legendary account well established for centuries and recorded in detail in hageological literature several centuries ago<sup>29</sup>. Of the several dimensions of Gita Govinda, the musical content is perhaps the most unique. That it embodies a strong southern influence in it, there is no doubt. Even in the early 19th Century, William Jones was clear about only one fact after extensive research. The true musical mode of Gita Govinda was of 'Kalinga' origin<sup>30</sup>. The Kalinga style had been well established at Srikurmam and had been transported to Puri by the Sani Sampradaya. Padmavati was no doubt deeply impressed in this tradition and, during the composition of Gita Govinda, Puri was already reverberating to its beats. Orissa already had its own musical tradition, identified as Odra-Magadhi by Bharata<sup>31</sup>. Absorbing the strong influence of the Kalinga style, Odra-Magadhi was transformed into Odissi, a distinct musical mode of which Gita Govinda is the living embodiment. Late Satya Narayana Rajaguru refers to the various ragas and talas used in Gita Govinda, which find place in the musical treatise Sangeeta Parilata written by Ahobala, a Kalinga musician in the court of a Reddy king ruling part of southern Orissa in the 15th Century<sup>32</sup>. Sri Rajaguru also offers a hypothesis on the basis of interpretation of epigraphical evidence that in all probability Jayadeva himself had spent some years at Srikurmam with the Sani Sampradaya. He was probably the musical teacher of Vengamma, a dancer-musician whose daughter Medamma Devi had offered a perpetual lamp to Kritibasa, the presiding deity of the Lingaraja temple. The lady respectfully refers to Jayadeva as Sadhu Pradhana and Kurmapataka Prabara. Obviously, Jayadeva was held in high esteem by the Sani Sampradaya of Srikurmam and had acquired the stature of a saint by that time<sup>33</sup>. What is important for us to note here is that Jayadeva's intimate relationship with the community of musicians-dancers and their appreciation of his genius and stature. The close association was further cemented by the bond of marriage to Padmavati who herself was perhaps the most accomplished temple dancer at that time and certainly the most favored of Lord Jagannatha.

The unique musical style of *Gita Govinda*, the *Odissi* style, acquired almost instant popularity because of its association with the Puri temple and because of its wonderful exposition by Padmavati through the exquisite songs of Jayadeva. The *Odissi* music and dance style also evolved as the

compositions were performed in the Puri temple and elsewhere.

The dance form became very popular and flourished in the following period. The long-term effect can be seen in the profusion of sculptures in the walls of the Natamandapa the dancing half - in the Konarka temple. Sculptures depicting dancers, musicians and musical instruments can be found in Orissa since the beginning of the first millennium in the Khandagiri and Udaygiri caves. In the middle of the millennium, one finds beautiful dancers in the Parsurameshwar temple, including Shiva and Ganesha in dancing postures. However, if one compares these with the sculptures of the Konarka temple, the transformation is discernible even to the common viewer. It is almost a complete metamorphosis. The classical tribhanga and chauka of Odissi dance is very much in evidence in the latter. The Konarka sculptures are a virtual lexicon of Odissi dance. The transformation is the result of the revolutionary changes triggered in the reign of Choda Ganga Deva, the strong southern influence, and the composition and performance of Gita Govinda.

As for as the musical mode of Gita Govinda and its essential Southern character, this has been very clearly reaffirmed in the well-known epigraphical evidence of the Puri temple — King Praparudra Deva's famous inscription at the Jaya Bijaya Dwara of Srimandira<sup>34</sup>. One of the most important evidence of the close link of Jayadeva with Lord Jagannatha is the Gita Govinda seva — a service or privilege and a ritual. Lord Jagannatha is fond of the Gita Govinda and he listens to the sweet recitation and performance of Gita Govinda every night before He retires to rest. The inscription enjoins that the devadasis will learn and perform only Gita Govinda and nothing else. What is important is also that the edict speaks of the way it is to be sung and specifically speaks of the "Telingi Samprada" — a reference to the Sani sampradaya, which no doubt originally performed this during Jayadeva's lifetime and with which both he and Padmavati were closely linked as explained earlier. Telengi Sampradaya refers to the originally Telugu-speaking group who migrated from Srikurmam. In fact, the need for the edict arose because of attempts in some quarters to introduce non-Odissi style into the singing and performance of Gita Govinda<sup>35</sup>. It is the close link of the temple with Jayadeva, the dear devotee of the Dark Darling, and the sanction of the Supreme Lord of the Oriya nation, Lord Jagannatha, that not only preserved the purity of Gita Govinda tradition but, more importantly, helped the survival and flowering of the Odissi style of music, dance and drama.

Late Pandit Sadasiva Ratha Sharma<sup>36</sup> has brought another dimension of the intimate relationship between Jayadeva and the temple. Jayadeva was given the honor of daily seva and he was an *angila sevaka*, a servitor of the temple who has the privilege of physical proximity to the Lord, the privilege of touching the Lord's body. With detailed evidence and very cogent arguments, Ratha Sharma has established that this service was allowed only to the natives of Orissa and no one else<sup>37</sup>. Even the greatest of great saints, such as Shankaracharya, Ramanuja, and Sri Chaitanya, have not been allowed to cross that hallowed invisible barrier to enjoy this privilege. The special privilege of Jayadeva and the great importance of *Gita Govinda* in the Puri temple are also

evident from the special silken cloth called *Gita Govinda Khandua*. This traditional Orissan textile of tie-and-dye-make with the words of Gita Govinda — "Kansarirapi Sansara basana abaddha shrunkhalam" — is used to drape the Lord in the badhsinhara vesha everyday. The integration of Gita Govinda with the temple ritual is thus total and very intimate.

Jayadeva, like all major saints, had his own matha at Puri. This is called the Dasavatara matha<sup>38</sup>, a clear indication of the great importance of the new concept of avataras and avatari established through the Gita Govinda. Interestingly, the matha is located next to the Gundicha temple — the birthplace of Lord Jagannatha and the place where the Krishnaisation of the presiding deity of the Puri temple actually took place. In all probability, Jayadeva was a witness to the whole process and could have been an active participant. During Jayadeva's lifetime, the estuary of river Malini passed by the site and Jayadeva's residence was situated at the sangam — the holy place where the sea is on one side and the sacred Indradymna tank on the other. The very sands of the ground - Saradha Bali - literally, sands of love - are the holiest of the holy and epitomize pure devotion and love for the Lord. As the Lord made his sojourn to his abode in the newly constructed grand temple, his dear devotee Jayadeva was not left behind. Jayadeva and Padmavati enjoyed the rarest of rare privilege of singing and dancing before the bejeweled throne everyday.

Scholars of Puri temple are familiar with the faith represented by the triad of presiding deities in the Puri temple. The famous sculpture at Puri temple and at Konarka indicates the integration of Saiva, Sakta, and Vaishnava faiths with the triad. Bhubaneshwar, the earlier capital of Orissa, was a great center of Saiva faith as also of Sakti cult. Puri has also its share of old Shiva and Shakti temples, more ancient than the main Puri temple. The Prachi Valley, one of the richest treasure houses of archaeological wealth in the country, also has numerous Shiva temples and the famous temple of Mangala at Kakatpur, which has an important role in the nava kalevara festival of Lord Jagannatha. The early manifestations of Vaishnava form at Puri are in the shape of Nrishimha at the smaller shrine inside *Srimandira* and at the *Yagya*n Nrishimha next to Indradymna tank near Gundicha temple. Jayadeva's own village, Kenduli, interestingly has an ancient Nrishimha temple and Shakti in the shape of Ambika and a Shiva linga in the open<sup>39</sup>. Thus, Jayadeva comes from a hinterland of he Puri temple, which can be called a cradle of the syncretic faith that Jagannatha represents. The entire Prachi Valley is later saturated with Madhava worship with plenty of temples and sculptures of Madhava.

The village itself was famous for the Orissan handloom silk sarees of tie-and-dye-style. It became famous as *Kenduli pheta*. The weaving tradition in the village is now extinct, but the nomenclature reminds us of the rich artistic heritage of Kenduli, which survives in the numerous sculptures found at Kenduli and the surrounding villages.

The location of a branch of Trimaly *Matha* at Kenduli is also significant. The main *matha* is at Puri. The branch was perhaps established at Kenduli on account of the sanctity acquired by the village as the native place of Jayadeva and the Southern links already mentioned earlier.

Another dimension of the strong Southern influence on the religious and cultural milieu of Puri during this period was through the great Saint Ramanuja. He was the initiator of the Vaishnava faith. It is generally believed that the temple of Laxmi inside the Srimandira was constructed at his behest and that he was responsible for introducing many of the rites and rituals of the temple, including the elaborate food offerings. Jayadeva was deeply influenced by the preaching of Ramanuja. It is interesting to note that, according to legends, when Ramanuja tried to change some of the basic character in the worship of Lord Jagannatha, there was strong resentment and he was overnight transported to Srikurmam. This account indirectly hints at the fact that, in spite of royal patronage, even a saint of the stature of Ramanuja could not cross the Laxman rekha, as it were, when it meant compromising the basic tenets of the native traditions of worship of Lord Jagannatha<sup>40</sup>. This is in sharp contrast to the angila seva — the intimate worship — granted to and enjoyed by Jayadeva. At the same time, on another plane, the legendary accounts still speak of the close links of Srikurmam with the Puri temple and the cross currents of religious and cultural traditions flowing between the two great centers of Vaishnava faith.

Another aspect of the Southern influence can be found in the rites, rituals and arrangements in the Puri temple. The author had the opportunity to visit the major temples of South India, particularly Tirupathi and Srirangam. In the Tirupathi temple complex, the main shrine in Thirumala Hills was constructed some hundred odd years before the Puri temple<sup>41</sup>. The temple complex a Thirumala Hills, as also at Tirupathi, particularly of Padmavati and Govindaraja temple together, have marked similarities with the Puri temple. The system of elaborate food offering, the importance of tulsi, the sacred basil, and the presence of Bhudevi and Sridevi along with main dieties, dasavatara images, are some of the interesting commonalties. In all likelihood, these have influenced the Puri temple. The presence of Bhudevi and Sridevi on the ratna simhasana at Puri is in all likelihood of Chola origin. Choda Ganga Deva's mother being a Chola princess<sup>42</sup>, such an influence is well understood. There is even a Bedi Hanumana at Thirumala Hills as at Puri, but it is difficult to say which one predates the other. Either way, the strong Southern link of Puri is only reinforced. The huge temple complex of Srirangam dedicated to Ranganatha also has elaborate food offerings. Sri Ramanuja had established the entire arrangements in this major Vaishnava shrine in the south and later visited Puri. There are even similarities in the various food items offered in the two temples. The other most important component of the rites and rituals, of course, was the integration of music and dance as an integral part of the temple worship. It is clear that detailed research and study will reveal many interesting links between Puri and Orissa of Jayadeva's time and the Southern socio-religiouscultural milieu of that time.

At the same time, Jayadeva's unique Oriya heritage is apparent notably in the dasavatara sequence and list. In the Hatirambaba matha and later structures, just outside the Thirumala Hill temple complex, the dasavatara sculptures include Hayagriva, not Buddha, as an avatara. The strong Buddhist traditions of Orissa are well known, but the South-

ern *Vaishnava* shrines were obviously bereft of the same. The unique Orissan art tradition assimilates Buddha into the *Vaishnava* pantheon. There is also an interesting painting on the walls of the outer hall of the Laxmi temple at Puri depicting *Buddha Vijaya*. This is a reference to the triumph of Brahminism over Buddhism, credited mainly to Shankaracharya who visited Puri and established one of the four original shrines — the Bhogabardhana *pitha* at Puri. The Shankaracharya of the *pitha* has certain privileges in the rituals of the Puri temple even today.

There is another interesting link of Shankaracharya with Puri. He is popularly credited with the authorship of the famous hymn to Jagannatha with the refrain "Jagannathaswamv navanapathagami bhaba tu me<sup>43</sup>." This is an astapadi like all the songs in the Gita Govinda and is perhaps the most quintessential indicator of the Krishnaisation of Jagannatha. It not only totally identifies Jagannatha with Krishna but also mentions Radha very specifically — "Rasanandi Radha sarasa bapuralingana sukho, Sri Jagannathaswamy nayanapathagami bhaba tu me." If indeed Shankaracharya composed this song, then this would be the first use of the appellation Jagannatha. Scholars have, however, not given any serious attention to this aspect so far and have primarily concentrated on epigraphical evidence for this purpose. Krishna worship really blossomed in the South and traveled to Orissa from there. It is relevant to point out that the istadevata of Shankaracharya in his village is none other than Krishna. At Alladi, the birthplace of Shankaracharya, the main temple has an image of Devi, but just outside this complex is the temple of Krishna. It is by chance that the author could visit this temple. Scholars are already familiar with the immortal hymns, such as Bhaja Govindam, a prayer to Govinda. Thus, it is quite likely that the first seed of Krishnaisation of Purushottama at Puri could well have been sown by the great saint. The Alwar saints and their devotional songs had a strong influence during those times. The temple of Alarnath to the south of Puri is, in fact, an indirect evidence of the influence the Alwar saints. This is where the Lord is worshipped with food offerings during the fortnight of anasara, a period of ritual convalescence after snana jatra, when the presiding deities are given no cooked food but only fruits, berries, roots and herbs. This is one more dimension of the strong Southern link with and influence on Puri and Jagannatha.

Another interesting evidence of the strong Southern link is provided by late Sri Bimal Kishore Mishra. "The genealogical record of Kamakoti Peetha of Kanchi (known as *Punya Sloka Manjari*) mentions that Jayadeva was one of the renowned companions of Sri Chandrasekhara Saraswati, the 47th occupier of the seat (1097-1165 AD), in his pilgrimage tours." Sri Mishra fixes the period of this tour as 1150-1160 AD. This further confirms the contention that during that period Jayadeva was an elderly person and renowned as a religious teacher throughout India. This is consistent with the Lingaraja Temple inscription describing Jayadeva as *Sadhu Pradhana* in 1162 AD. Also relevant is the fact that Puri was one of the four Shankaracharya *pithas* and, through this contact or visits to Puri, Kanchi Shankaracharya would have learnt about Jayadeva and *Gita Govinda*.

In spite of extensive studies and research, there is no consensus among scholars on the exact date and builder of the temple complex of Lord Jagannatha. In this connection a very interesting hypothesis has been considered by Kailash Chandra Dash<sup>44</sup>. He postulates that the original temple where Purusottama-Jagannatha was worshipped could have been near the Gundicha temple. As indicated by him, there is substantial evidence pointing in this direction, though it cannot be conclusively confirmed. The present author tends to agree with this hypothesis as there is no doubt that at least the new images of the trinity were most certainly built in this region of Puri, the Gundicha area. Some other traditions also support this. The log which was found floating on the sea had to be close to the sea and a river. The Gundicha area itself was next to a river, which is now dead and covered by sand. If the sacred Daru was pulled ashore, it must have been brought inland through the estuary. It is significant that Jayadeva lived close to this site in his Dasavatara matha. That the sea was very close to this site is evident from the Bengali Bhaktamala referring to the famous legend of the composition of the words "Dehi padapallava mudaram." Vaishnava poet Krishna Dash mentions that Jayadeva put down his pothi (palm leaf manuscript) and went to the seashore to take his bath. He indicates the distance as one mile, almost the exact distance from the present Dasavatara matha to the sea as the crow flies<sup>45</sup>. The entire area was obviously open during Jayadeva's time.

It is quite possible that from his saintly abode Jayadeva could see both the sea and the sacred platform in which the new deity was being made and the new temple being constructed on the Blue Hills. Jayadeva was naturally a witness to the ineffable beauty of the moon rising from the sea in all its pristine glory. The Puri beach, because of the natural curve, offers this unique site of both the sun and the moon rising from the sea. This would explain the most exquisite description of Kenduli as his birthplace through a smile linking the moon and the sea — "Kinduvilva samudra sambhaba rohini ramanena"."

There is a well-established tradition that Kamarnava, the eldest son of Choda Ganga Deva, did not touch food until he heard the sacred *Gita Govinda*. One has to consider in this context the fact that he was coronated as crown prince in the Puri temple, even though Varanasi Kataka (modernday Cuttack) was the new capital of the Ganga empire. Choda Ganga Deva in all likelihood had constructed this grand monument as the greatest *Vaishnava* shrine of India and won the hearts of the Oriya people by declaring himself as a rauta (deputy) of Lord Jagannatha. In all probability, Kamarnava was closely associated with the construction of

this grand monument and was deeply influenced by Jayadeva's *Gita Govinda*, which was so dear to Lord Jagannatha. The fact that Gita Govinda was held in the highest esteem by the crown prince may give a hint at the fact that the composition itself might have been performed during his coronation in the Puri temple.

That Padmavati belonged to the sani sampradaya is also indicated by the use of the word nachuni (temple dancer) by Madhava Pattanayaka while referring to her dances of the pieces of Gita Govinda before Lord Jagannatha.

The importance of *Dasavatara* in this milieu can be clearly assessed from the fact that by the early part of twelfth Century Puri had already acquired fame as *Dasavtara kshetra*. It is referred to as such in the *Utkala Khanda* of *Skanda Purana*<sup>47</sup>.

The presiding deity was also known as *Jagadisha* in addition to the popular name *Purusottama*. The former appellation has been used a number of times in the *Utkala Khanda*.

In conclusion it can be said that a true appreciation of Jayadeva and Gita Govinda is not possible without a clear idea of the social, cultural and religious milieu of the land of Jayadeva — Orissa — during that period. The period in Orissa's history was an exciting time. The unification and consolidation of the Oriya-speaking nation took place under the leadership of Emperor Choda Ganga Deva. Poet Jayadeva was his contemporary. Jayadeva was a witness to the momentous times that marked the growth of the distinct identity of the Oriya nation, the transformation of Orissa into the Land of Jagannatha, the redefining of the notion of kingship (the temporal monarch becoming a rauta or servitor of the divine), the construction of the grand temple of Jagannatha and its consecrations, the coronation of a young prince as heir apparent, the strong Southern influence flooding Orissa and Puri in particular, the migration of the community of dancers to Puri from Srikurmam, the introduction of the Devadasi system into the Puri temple, the evolution of the Odissi dance and music from Odra Magadhi, the Krishnaisation of the presiding deity of Purusottama Kshetra, the visit of Ramanuja and the influence of Sri Vaishnava sect on the emperor and the people of Orissa, and above all the birth of a new consciousness that Jagannatha represented — the triumph of simple surrender over every other form of worship. Jayadeva, who himself was an integral part of a major participant in the events as they occurred during the glorious years of the golden period of Orissa's history, no doubt was deeply influenced by these happenings but perhaps equally significantly influenced them in his lifetime.

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#### Who Will Save Orissa?

Purna C. Mohanty, Santa Clara, CA

#### Introduction:

In early 90's, when an engineering graduate left India for US for higher education, it was dubbed as "Brain Drain" for the country. Most of these graduates settled in USA/Canada and never served directly in their motherland. With the emergence of Internet and the need for hi-tech professionals in USA since mid-90s, the scenario has changed dramatically. The Indian population in USA/Canada has multiplied several times since then. And the result is that India has benefited both financially and intellectually from the service of Indians abroad. The successful Indians in USA are giving back to India in whatever way they can. So India, no longer, calls this trend in migration as "Brain Drain", instead it is termed as "Brain Trust". When in need, the Non-Resident Indians are there to rescue India with their financial and intellectual muscles.

#### Orissa's Need:

Let us talk, by examples, on how Indians abroad are contributing to the growth of their motherland. The Foundation For Excellence (FFE) is a non-profit organization, founded in 1994 and headquartered in Santa Clara, CA by Dr. Prabhu Goel, a successful entrepreneur with philanthropic ideals. The objective of the Foundation is to enable meaningful transformation in the lives of bright students in India, who are unable to continue their education due to financial hardships. This transformation is accomplished by providing financial assistance, as well as mentoring and guidance, to the deserving students selected for such assistance. Between 1994 and 1999 the Foundation For Excellence has funded more than 800 students. The Foundation bears the expenses of these financially challenged bright students in India from Class 8 onwards. Another business tycoon of Silicon Valley, Kanwal Rekhi, has committed \$5million to FFE. He likes to support girl students. Why only girl students? Because Rekhi believes that if you educate a girl, you educate the entire family. And finally, Venkatesh Shukla, a well-known entrepreneur in e-community in Bay Area, leads the FFE. In spite of his busy schedules, he finds time to preside the meetings every second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. So in this sacred endeavor for India, what is Orissa's share? Believe it or not, only one student is supported from Orissa. Why is it so low? It is because FFE does not find volunteers from Orissa to come forward and identify the financially challenged brilliant students in the state. Most students are from Karnataka, Maharastra, Tamilnadu, Andhra Pradesh and Gujarat. So why cannot we have volunteers from Orissa in FFE? The reason is simple. Orissa does not have a critical mass yet in USA to carry forward all these activities as compared to our neighboring state, Andhra Pradesh.

History tells us that if India has ever leapfrogged in a field, it is because of Indians abroad. Mahatma Gandhi initiated his experiment with truth and freedom movement abroad. Sam Pitroda, who brought transformation in tele-

communication sector in India, is also a NRI. Now Sam and some like-minded NRIs have started a movement in USA for India's brighter future. It is called "Action India". For more details, please visit http://www.actionindia.org. Sam's India-related articles regularly appear in SiliconIndia, www.siliconindia.com, which provides renewed energy and motivation for NRIs every month to work for India.

The Orissans in USA have made name and fame either in their corporate world or in their areas of research. But how many of us have made a name in hi-tech business? In my knowledge, none. But we need at least a couple of heavy-weights to bring transformation in the lives of other NROs and Resident Orissans, and thus bring change in Orissa. We don't have many role models in our community. The reason is again very simple. We don't have a critical mass yet in this adopted land to produce role models for the future generation. I am confident that with the inflow a large number of Orissans in the last 5-7 years, the role models in our community will emerge in the next few years.

The organizations like Orissa Society of Americas (OSA), Sustainable Education and Economic Development Society (SEEDS), Orissa Information Technology Society (OITS), Orissa-Sevaks with IDRF in Bay Area, are working harder than ever towards the development of Orissa. But there is a need for more Orissans getting involved in these organizations to make them stronger. It is amazing that OITS, which was conceptualized from the first ever Industrial Symposium for Orissa in Houston back in 1997, by NROs is playing a key role in the area of IT awareness in the state. OITS has been organizing a 3-day conference, "International Conference on Information Technology", with real international participation during mid-December every year since 1997. But what is alarming for most of these organizations is that the same set of people works in one organization year after year and they tend to monopolize the activities of the organization. And most of the time, it becomes a nightmare to maintain the quality of these organizations, if these dedicated people give up because of some preoccupation.

Our philanthropic ideals will save Orissa. Orissa's future depends on our thought and action. Let me give you an example. During siliconindia conference in October 1999 at Santa Clara, CA, I had approached an influential technologist of Bay Area to sponsor an event in the International Conference on IT at Bhubaneswar. He is from Maharastra and is working on a number of ventures here in US and also in India. He clearly said that he would support this, if it were in Maharastra state. He does not have any interest in Bhubaneswar. He continued, "You need to approach the entrepreneurs from Orissa to support this. He gave me one Oriya name in Bay area and other names are from West Bengal and Bihar." This acted as a catalyst to strength my conviction that if Orissa needs to develop, she will do so because of us, Orissans. Nobody else will really bother for Orissa.

So all these indicate that Orissa does not have an adequate "Brain Trust" abroad to help her get back on track of prosperity. Now given so many things to be done to bring Orissa out of being a backward state, we need to re-think and re-prioritize our priorities as NROs for the bright future of the state. I always tend to feel that whenever there is more than one item on your plate to do for Orissa, we should choose the one, which has a catalytic effect and benefits the masses, not a few individuals.

# Action Item 1: We need more Orissans abroad to achieve the critical mass.

Let us discuss on how to grow our community here. There are two ways that I can think of. First, one can come to USA directly on H1B visa. If he/she remains committed to his/her employer, the employer can process the permanent residency for him/her. All of us need to do a conscious effort to bring Orissans to US/Canada on H1B visa. Also, we need to do, is a conscious effort to pass on the resumes of Orissans in our known circles/companies. Please note that, given the small number of engineering colleges in Orissa as compared to southern Indian states, our engineers, in an average, are more competent than their counterparts in other states. Also, the admission is made through Joint Entrance Examination, where the brightest of the bright minds only get through. Another observation that I have come across is that neither the Sambalpur University nor UCE, Burla/REC, Rourkela is not well known abroad as compared to even Pune University. It is not that our students are not as competent as the students of Pune University. The truth is that a very few graduates come out of the state and work for hi-tech industries. So most of the universities and colleges of Orissa are not well known in USA. And it is our duty to put in a few good words for hiring purposes, whenever necessary, for our universities/colleges.

Secondly, one can come to US/Canada as a student. Given the vibrant economy of USA, funds are available in US Schools for graduate studies. It is easier than ever to get a Teaching/ Research Assistantship for graduate level education. In order to achieve this, we need to pass on the information to engineering/science colleges in Orissa on a regular basis. Now let us go to Action Item 2 and discuss it further.

#### Action Item 2: Visit Colleges, when you visit Orissa.

Whenever we visit Orissa, we should find sometime to talk to the students of engineering/science colleges. Remember, when you visit a Government college, it is important that you meet the students. Because it is my observation that the authorities of government colleges have minimal interest in bringing name and fame to their college. Most of the time, they are least bothered about your visit. It is certainly a piece

of welcome news that many private engineering colleges have come up in the state. One of such colleges is Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology (KIIT) at Patia, Bhubaneswar. They offer ITI, Diploma and Degree level engineering. If you happen to be at Cuttack or Bhubaneswar, please give them a call and introduce yourself, they will do the rest. It is because the future revenue of the college depends on the quality of students during both entry and exit. Another such college is National Institute of Science and Technology (NIST) located in the suburbs of Berhampur. NIST is established by NROs from USA and is one of the successful ventures of NROs back home. In case you happen to be in the area, please contact NIST. During my last visit home back in January 1999 for 2 weeks, I had visited both KIIT and NIST. Actually, you might feel inconvenient to visit them during your tight schedule back home, but at the end of the day, you would feel good that you did.

If we can set aside a little time from our busy schedules every week and work on Action Item 1 & 2 above, it will certainly have a catalytic effect for the better inside our homeland and abroad.

#### Action Item 3: Participate in Indo-American Activities.

We need to participate in Indo-American Activities as cultural/social ambassadors from Orissa. For example, each major city in USA/Canada celebrates "The Festival of India" during August 14-16 every year. Whether we want it or not, we need to be a part of it in order to publicize Orissa. Neither the Government of Orissa nor the resident Orissans can perform this task. During August 15-16 of 1999, the Orissans of Silicon Valley had put up a stall, "The Taste of Orissa", at "The Festival of India" in Fremont, CA. The volunteers raised funds for a tribal school in Kalahandi district in Orissa by selling food items. Believe it or not, most visitors to the stall never heard of the Indian state, Orissa. When we said Orissa, somebody in the crowd understood it as Mauritious. Is it not a shame for all Orissans here? But most visitors liked Orissan food so much that they are and drank multiples times in our booth and insisted that there is a need for an Oriya-style restaurant in Bay Area.

#### Conclusion:

There are many other miscellaneous ways that we can contribute to the growth of Orissa as NROs. If we set aside a few hours every week for Orissa-related work, Orissa will certainly be a forward state in future and at the same time, we will be happy that we have contributed our share towards the betterment of our motherland. So the bottom line is that Orissans abroad have a definitive role to play in the development of the state.

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# EFFECTS OF MICROCREDIT INSTITUTIONS: AN ANALYSIS IN ORISSA

#### Mira Panda

The purpose of this paper is to analyse the effects of micro-credit institutions in third world countries. Most businesses in these countries are made up of micro-enterprises with one to four workers, usually run and operated by family members. Though many of these firms have had good initiatives for success, they have faltered because of lack of capital. In most countries, national banks are usually providers of good credit to new entrepreneurs. In third world countries, however, due to strong political factors, such banks have had very little if any capital to loan to local businesses. Hence, firms tend to go insolvent during its most volatile time, within their first year of operations. Micro-credit institutions were established to help producers strengthen their businesses by providing funding for increased raw materials, equipment, education, etc. Depending on the firm and its needs, such assistance allows micro-enterprises to have a higher capacity for growth than that of existing large enterprises.

This paper will discuss how micro-credit institutions can be effective in expanding the economies of very poor countries. Though such institutions are very beneficial to the poor, there are many concerns that must be looked at closely as they develop so that they do not go into insolvency. For instance, loaning to one firm and not to others could lead to monopolisation. Likewise, most micro-credit institutions do not have the financial viability to have policing personnel to ensure the repayment of loans. Therefore, the need to find trustworthy recipients of such loans is imperative.

Geographically, the example of how the state of Orissa, India could use such a credit institution will be examined in this study. Orissa was chosen because of its ideal location, not only to supply produced products domestically, but internationally as well. Although, Orissa has high demand for the textiles that they are renowned to produce, due to lack of capital and a poor national banking system, many businesses are unable to expand. How Orissa could increase both production and profits as well as better living standards will be seen as a result of a micro-credit institution's help.

#### The First Micro-Credit Institution

The first Micro-credit institution, the Grameen Bank, was founded in Bangladesh by an economics professor named Muhammad Yunus. Professor Yunus realised the need for such a service after walking home from the university in Bangladesh one day and encountering a street vendor. The vendor, an old woman, was complaining that she did not have enough money to expand her business. She was able to sell all the goods that she produced, but her profits did not enable her to purchase a larger quantity of raw materials or equipment to increase output. The woman could not charge a higher price for her goods, since consumers were not willing to pay such a price. Nevertheless, her profits only allowed her to purchase the same quantity of raw materials, while the rest was used for sustainable living. After sympathising with the vendor, Professor Yunas realised that many microenterprises couldn't expand because of the lack of monetary credentials that national banks are not willing to provide to such firms because of their small size and scepticism of repayment. To remedy this situation, he opened the first micro-credit institution, the Grameen Bank. The success of the Grameen Bank has been confirmed in many studies including one that concluded, "microcredit programs are an effective policy instrument for reducing poverty among those poor people with the requisite skills to become self-employed." As a result of the Grameen Bank's success, other institutions like the Grameen Bank have evolved in other countries worldwide.

#### How Are Micro-Credit Institutions Formed?

Prior to the formation of micro-credit institutions, many donors were interested in helping micro-entrepreneurs and farmers that needed financial assistance. Unfortunately, attempts to help these groups were not all that effective, since the money was donated and not lent, allowing these recipients

to treat the money as a gift rather than an initiative to improve production and efficiency within their business. Due to the rare opportunity of getting large sums of money all at once, most poor producers used this money to purchase anything and everything that they dreamed of having, but not to expand their business.

When micro-credit institutions were formed, donors decided to subsidise what they initially would have used for donating purposes, instead for unpaid loans that borrowers cannot repay. For instance, if a borrower takes out Rs.500 and cannot repay it, the donor would repay the loan so that the micro-credit bank incurs no losses. Generally, all the micro-credit institution does is to take the money that donors are willing to give to help the poor and lend it out with high interest rates. The threat of a loan with high interest rates forces most recipients to repay the loan in a short period of time, allowing losses incurred to be very minimal. These strict policies of repayment also encourage borrowers to use the money more effectively than they would otherwise. The financial risks that donors are willing to make are called *direct subsidies*."

Just as micro-credit institutions need money for unpaid loans, they also need financial assistance to keep the bank up and running. Though administrative costs and capital are significantly less than that of typical commercial banks, there are still donors that subsidise needed expenses through *indirect subsidies*. Indirect subsidies may also include training, education, health and nutrition seminars, etc. to the borrowers. Indirect subsidies to the borrowers are usually non-financial.<sup>III</sup>

#### Why Does Orissa Need a Micro-credit Institution?

Orissa, located at the very centre-east of India is the third poorest state in human poverty next to Rajasthan and Bihar. It is located in a very good area for exporting as it is

surrounded by Nepal and Bangladesh and is very close to the Oriental countries in the eastern part of Asia. The surface area of the province is 155.70 (000 square kilometres) with a population (000) of 31.660, a density of 203, and a literacy rate of 49.09% as of 1991. Most enterprises consist of micro. There is also a small fraction of small and medium but barely any large.

Orissa is famous for its textiles and handicrafts, which are produced labour-intensively through micro enterprises. Unfortunately, as the state has tried to become more capital-intensive in such productions, the lack of electricity has forced many businesses to use the old-fashioned handloom as the main equipment for producing textiles and other small apparatus for other goods. There is a high demand from other states and neighbouring countries for Orissa's textiles such as the "pipili" design (small mirrors designed on fabric) and the "Sombulpuri" design (unique designs woven in fabric).

Because of poor technology, production has not been able to increase as highly as needed to meet the demand. In order to produce more of these delicate products, good machinery with ample electricity supply would be required to increase production. However many micro enterprises, make very little profit on the goods that they produce and sell. Most firms end up using part of their profits to purchase more raw materials to continue production and use the rest for sustainable living. Micro-credit institutions would be beneficial in this state because many firms would have the opportunity to purchase the necessities required to increase production and output as their comparative advantage has demand that exceeds supply.

# How Could Orissa benefit With an Increased Supply of Goods?

Once there is an increase in the supply of goods that have a high demand, demand will finally start to be met. Producers will sell more of the goods that they produce and make higher profits, allowing them to quickly pay back the loans that they received from the micro-credit institution. The end result of the loan would enable the firm to produce a significantly higher quantity of output than without the loan. As all firms start to produce higher quantities of the highly demanded goods, demand will drop since many people will get the goods that they want. The industry equilibrium price will drop, increasing consumer surplus and allowing people with lower incomes to buy the product.

An example of how this works is as follows. Assume there are five firms that are categorised as micro enterprises that produce the "pipili" textile. With the equipment that they currently have, each firm is able to produce ten meters of fabric per day, but the demand is for twenty meters from each firm. Their variable costs (costs of raw materials, wages, etc.) are Rs.100 per ten meters. Their selling price of the fabric is Rs.300 allowing each firm to make a profit of Rs.200 per day. Unfortunately, half of the profits would have to be used the next day to purchase more of the raw materials for production and wages have to be distributed, leaving barely anything for expanding the firm. Currently, even though demand is twice as high as the supply, the maximum price consumers are willing to pay is the Rs.300 per day's production of the "pipili"

fabric. At this stage, there isn't any opportunity for firms to expand and increase production.

Since the producer could only produce a limited output, suppose a micro-credit institution evolves and lends each of the five firms Rs.2000, the cost for new equipment. As a result, production increases from ten to 30 meters of fabric per day. Variable costs would also increase from Rs.100 to Rs.250 a day as more raw material would be needed on a daily basis, but now that production is more capital-intensive, a savings of wages would be evident since workers are able to produce more cloth in less time. The result allows firms to earn revenue of Rs.900 a day, leaving a total profit of Rs.650. During this time, most firms are able to pay back the loan that they received from the micro-credit institution.

Once producers have a chance to improve production with the borrowed money, which is usually a week or two later in receipt of the financial assistance, these firms are now producing ten meters in excess of demand of only 20. Earlier, when the firms started producing three times more than initially, most people interested in purchasing the fabric did buy more than they demanded, due to the uncertainty of permanent high supply. Later, when consumers found that the supply was continuously high, they went back to their original quantity of demand, which was 20 meters. As a result of the change in demand, supply will begin to exceed demand, causing the industry price of the fabric to decrease overall to Rs.200 per ten meters of the fabric, increasing consumer surplus. This would be very beneficial to those members of society who could not afford the fabric prior to the industry price drop. The producers' profits would decrease to Rs.350 per day as producer surplus decreases, but this is still more than three times higher than prior to receiving financial assistance from the micro-credit institution. Both consumers and producers benefit from the micro-credit institution in this case.

This suggests how micro-enterprises could expand production with the help of a micro-credit institution with given variable and fixed costs, elasticity of demand, supply, and price. Differences in results will occur, as there are varying figures in costs, supply, and demand.

#### Which Firms Should Get Help from Micro-Credit Institutions?

It is vital that micro-credit institutions pick the right firms to help. There are many detrimental effects that could occur otherwise. For instance, the institution should not help firms that produce goods that cater to higher income people. After all, if such goods are only attractive to the rich, they must be fairly expensive items, which only well established producers could manufacture. Most of these firms are not micro, but instead small or medium, as many workers are usually required for such production. Examples of firms include, gold/silver jewellery making, automobile manufacturing, etc.

Another concern micro-credit institutions should take into account is the competition of firms within a given industry. If there is an industry where firms compete with each other to get all the market demand, helping some firms and not others within the industry causes a barrier of entry for new firms in the long-run. As well, this forces existing firms to exit as those firms who get the financial assistance from the

bank can easily produce goods cheaper and therefore charge a lower price for them.

In the short-run however, before competitors go out of business, they could provide the needed supply to accommodate the excess demand to those consumers that cannot purchase the good for a cheaper price from the producer who obtained the financial assistance. After all, producers often have a hard time meeting the supply with the demand in the early stage of innovation of the firm. Eventually, as producers pay back the loans that they received from the bank and gain some profitability as they sell more for less, supply could increase to meet demand.

The end result leads to a monopoly in the industry and hurts the economy more than it confers, as the monopolist has pricing control. If the demand for the good is fairly inelastic, producers could charge a significantly higher price, but could only charge a slightly higher price if the good is fairly elastic.

Using the previous example of the textiles industry in Orissa, assume that only one of the five firms gets financial assistance of Rs.2000, leaving the other four to use the current technology. In this situation, four of the five firms could only produce a maximum of ten meters of cloth a day, while one firm can produce thirty meters of cloth. The demand for the textile is still twenty meters a day from each firm. Variable costs are still Rs.100 for every ten meters produced from those four firms. While that one firm would have lower variable costs as seen in the previous example with the new equipment to Rs.250 for every 30 meters produced. Again, costs savings are of wages due to more capital-intensive work allowing workers to produce more textiles using less time.

The result indicates that in the beginning of such a scenario, the four firms would continue producing and selling the ten meters of cloth a day, but that the firm who could produce more would sell all thirty meters of cloth, since demand always exceeds supply. Conclusively, the four firms could only make a profit of Rs.200 a day, while that one firm makes Rs.650.

Consequently in the long-run, as that one firm pays back the micro-credit institution for the loan, the excess profit over the other firms would allow that one firm to innovate even further and purchase more of the better equipment to produce 100 meters of cloth a day. In the beginning, this producer could charge a slightly lower price than its competitors, so that all the supply could be sold. Eventually, the firm would produce all the supply forcing the four other firms to exit the industry and would cause a barrier of entry to interested firms.

Ultimately once these four firms exit the industry, the monopolist could then charge a higher price for the textiles since there is no price competition. This monopoly power is very detrimental to the economy. Not only are the four other firms forced out of business, but consumers may be forced to pay a higher price for the good in the long-run as well.

Because of the potential risks of industries catering to the rich and forming monopolies for instance, micro-credit institutions have to look carefully at the whole industry that they are helping rather than just individual firms. They have to look at the overall industry's technologies as well as the mar-

ket conditions such as elasticity of supply, demand, and prices that consumers are willing to pay for the goods produced.

#### Why Indian Banks Cannot Help Micro-Enterprises?

Like most third world countries, politics are often the major cause of economic instability. In Orissa there are many micro-enterprises because of the lack of capital investment from banks to such firms. Unfortunately, local banks in India collect income taxes on behalf of the government. Since bank deposits are the only proof readily available to the government for all income earned through micro-enterprises, many businesses choose not to deposit money. Because most micro-enterprises are made up of family members, businesses are usually run from households and there are few workers. By contrast, small, medium, and large enterprises have a larger quantity of workers and therefore may require the business to run outside the household in a store or factory. As there is obvious proof that small, medium, and large enterprises exist through the infrastructure that the businesses are run from, the government can easily audit them to make sure that all income earned is declared. Because micro-enterprises do not have such proof of business information, the government may have a hard time determining how many employees work at the firm, the quantity of goods that are produced, and the profits that are earned in a fiscal year. Hence, it is very difficult to audit micro-enterprises. If the employees of a microenterprise deposited money into the bank however, the government could collect income taxes if the money has not already been declared. Perhaps a fine would be charged for trying to cheat the government. Most micro-enterprises earn very little profit; yet, they still have to pay taxes. Thus, many firms choose not to place their money in bank accounts and instead keep their money at home. As a result, most of the population ends up keeping its money at home, and so small quantity of small, medium, and large enterprises make up most of the clientele for these banks. V

As the structure of the banking system does not account for many of the micro-enterprise firms that actually exist in Orissa, getting loans for them would be virtually impossible. Most banks like to help the people that make up their clientele. Therefore, when large enterprises are in financial trouble, getting a loan from the national bank is not very hard. Unfortunately, micro-enterprises have no where to run when such a problem exists.

#### How are Loans Given To Micro-Enterprises?

There are many methods that micro-credit institutions use to give out loans to individuals, but forming a "peer-pressure" group is the most common way. Peers, who are all interested in getting loans, usually form into groups of two to five. Such peers usually assure the bank that if one of their peers fail to repay the loan, the rest of them will be responsible for repayment of the loan on that person's behalf. This process allows minimal policing from the micro-credit institution. For instance, if five people who owned textile mills in the city of Puri in Orissa were interested in expanding their businesses, they could go to the micro-credit institution as a group asking for a loan. Most likely, these five members would get the loan as the bank would be assured that if one of the members did not repay the loan, the other four members

could be forced to repay the loan on that member's behalf. Rather than the bank policing the deadbeat member to repay the loan, the four other members will do so instead. Due to the prevalence of such strategies, 97-98% of the time, loans are repaid to banks.<sup>vii</sup>

On odd occasions, peers may get together and run off with the money that they borrowed, without repaying it. However, this very seldom happens, as most micro-credit institutions usually lend out only ten to twenty American dollars to groups of people. Converted to rupees, this amount is not worth to steal and run away with since it is not sufficient to buy something luxurious, but instead just a little monetary help in expanding a business. Groups who do this however, would have to remember that if they ever wanted to borrow money from such a bank again, they would never get the loan, due to their dishonesty. Likewise, if bank officials were to find some borrowers who never repaid their loans, they could heckle them until it is paid.

#### Could Micro-enterprises Repay the Loans?

After the establishment of the Grameen Bank, many studies were conducted to find the optimum method of lending out money so that there are no losses made due to bad loans. Conclusions suggested that most of the money lent from micro-credit institutions was repaid within a week or two due to the high interest rates (between 17-20% per annum) attached to outstanding loans. Consequently, many microenterprises found it crucial to repay the loan as quickly as possible in order to minimise the amount of money they owe. Many micro firms have good plans about how the loaned money can be effectively used, usually borrowing money to purchase better equipment for production, higher quantity of raw materials, good electricity, etc. These firms then maximise their production until marginal revenue equals marginal costs, increasing the firm's normal output. Once the extra supply is sold, it is typically the priority of the producer to give profits earned back to the micro-credit institution for repayment of the loan.

Though some firms have dissolved when loans were given to them, failures usually occur at the same rate as for large firms. When large firms actually fail, it is on larger scale then micro firms, where loans are very small. As a result, banks make bigger risks when they loan money to large enterprises, because if there is a loss, the chances of repayment for such a large quantity of money is very minimal.

#### Conclusion

Micro-credit institutions can play a very big role in helping the economies of poor countries. As the majority of the businesses in third world countries are of micro-enterprises, the growth potential of such firms is much greater than that of large enterprises. In the case of Orissa, if the whole textile industry were to get financial assistance from a micro-credit institution, the industry could improve its machinery from the typical handloom to a more technical one. Capital-intensive machinery allows more output to be produced in a shorter period of time, causing variable costs to decrease, as less labour is needed for production. As evident earlier, not only do producers benefit from micro-credit institutions, but consumers do as well. If there is a surplus supply over demand of a good, the industry price of the good will drop, allowing consumer surplus to increase.

Though micro-credit institutions are beneficial to society as a whole, careful analysis of the industries within the country must be taken into account. Helping one firm and not others in a given competitive industry can lead to monopolisation and monopolised prices. This is the opposite effect of what micro-credit institutions want, but may occur if all firms are not helped equally.

Over the years it has been determined those microenterprises use financial loans as efficiently as large enterprises. With such efficiency, employment, literacy, and other imperative factors have improved. Though such banks are not the sole solution to all the poverty problems of third world countries, they are indeed a great start in helping those who want a better life.

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Mira Panda lives in Toronto, Canada and attends the University of Toronto

# Feeling at Home

David Steere

My friends occasionally ask me what it's like to be in a cross-cultural marriage.

I'm unsure exactly how to answer their question because it is rarely an issue. There have been only a few times when I felt I was in a special situation — one being when I walked into the temple for the Car festival last summer. I thought I knew what to expect as I had been married for a couple of years and been to the temple a few times in the past. I remembered my experiences there to be generally quiet, meditative times of prayer sometimes followed by a vegetarian meal. My mother-in-law had explained to me that this particular holiday marked the day when Jagganath was placed in a "car" and driven around the neighborhood to present himself to his community.

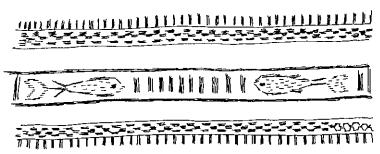
We arrived a bit early and I wandered outside the temple to observe the car, which would be used for the ceremony: a large, brightly painted homemade wooden vehicle roughly 10 feet tall with huge wheels. Upon entering the temple, I took my shoes off and sat down to the side of the crowded room. My wife motioned for me to sit up in the front, which I did. One of the organizers of the festival then stood up and announced there would be an auction for the privilege of carrying the wooden images of Jagganath and his siblings to the car. The bidding started at \$102 and I looked around, surprised that an auction was taking place during a religious ceremony. It felt odd that this privilege had not been determined before the beginning of the festival. When my motherin-law motioned to my wife to bid \$102, I was shocked because I had no idea that we would be participating in the festival. The auctioneer tried to get people to bid more, but no one else did and we won. Moments later, the entire room was chanting while my wife and I carried Jagganath's sister, swinging her back and forth as per custom, to the car. Unprepared for what was happening, I felt somewhat disconnected as we made our way to the cart.

You would think that there would be more surprises to a Westerner marrying into an Oriya family, but there have been surprisingly few. I fit in very well with my wife's family. Like most men, I have no problem sitting around in sweatpants while watching sports with my wife's father and brothers. Even though I'm from New England and a fan of sports teams from that region, I have grown to like the local teams from the Philadelphia area. I play virtually every sport with my wife's ten- year old brother from table tennis to soccer. I'm trying to get him interested in the intricacies of Scrabble, my slightly eccentric passion, yet find it extremely difficult to compete with the infinite distractions a ten year old boy has today. When visiting my in-laws, I am frequently given my own peaceful time to read, watch movies, workout, or nap and I can eat whatever I want in their house.

Naturally, every family has quirks. When everyone is together, my new family has a habit of all talking noisily at the same time. My mother-in-law sometimes starts to engage me in conversation at the pivotal moment of whatever drama I happen to be watching at the time on television. More disconcerting is her burgeoning interest in sports, particularly basketball, which would now give her unlimited topics of conversation through which to engage me. My wife generally encourages me to talk to her mother as much as possible-except on the phone when she sometimes cuts me off in mid sentence and tells me to hang up because she wants to talk to her mother. My father-in-law talks far less, restricting himself to wry comments about his children and wife while reading the paper.

Although I have heard of the difficulties that crosscultural marriages can bring, I have felt little stress. I'm not very religious, but even if I were a successful transition into someone else's family is more a function of personality and values than a belief in a certain mythology. Since everyone in my wife's family is open, I can always be myself and that seems to be most important

David Steere is the husband of Seema Misra and the son-in law of Sudhansu and Chandra Misra. He works in New York City for the National Audubon Society.



# The Birth of a New Superpower

Anirudha Sahoo San Jose, CA.

It is the hot summer month of June 2060 in the beautiful city of Bhubaneswar. There is a big crowd standing outside of this state of the art Kalinga Hospital, some fifteen miles from the downtown. Journalists, political stalwarts, children, women, all are standing in the scorching heat to know how their favorite leader, their beloved friend, their Father of the state is doing. Reporters from all over the world are already there, the news is already there in the Internet, one can get a real-time update on the report from hand-held palm computer. Significant portion of every newspaper, magazine and net-zine is devoted to this man's life history, his dynamic leadership, his courage, his vision and above all, his determination to bring his own country to this unanimously accepted state of a super-power. Superpower, not in terms of artillery, space programs, nuclear capability, but in terms of economy, political stability, human rights, living condition, literacy and education.

Yes, he is none other than Viplab Sahoo from the remote village of Mahanga. Little did anyone know that this short, lanky, simple and soft-spoken person would one day become such a magnanimous and flamboyant leader of India, to bring forth this colossal sweep of changes and reforms and ultimately prove to the world that India is a superpower. He was not an exceptional child in any way. He hailed from a middle-class family; his father had struggled financially to provide quality education to him. His father could have made a fortune by resorting to all those dishonest and illegal ways of making money from his job like so many of his corrupt colleagues. But who says he did not? What could be a better fortune than having a son like Viplab? Yes, all those corrupt colleagues thought they made a fortune, but they never had a peace of mind, always scared of the law, children getting out of control with access to easy money. Thanks to Viplab, they have some peace of mind after surrendering their amassed wealth, their children have some decent, though low paying job.

Everybody could sense that the end has come. But still everybody is praying for his life. Inside the hospital, all his loved ones have congregated to be there with him in his last moment. Suddenly, he opens his eyes, roves them around probably to have a look at all the loved ones. He slowly puts his arms around his daughter and son. Tears roll down his eyes. Then he closes his eyes again. Everybody thinks he went back to coma again. But a great man like him can hardly lie idle in coma. He is, in fact, going over all the bright and gloomy days of the past. It is all playing in his mind like a movie, only it is not a movie it is a part and partial of his life.

Although he was not a very bright student, he could compensate his mediocrity by his hard work, perseverance and determination. That was good enough for him to get admission into one of the top engineering institution. After that it was all so easy. But unlike so many of his friends, he never traded education for money. So he wanted to go to the US to do higher studies. Then only did he take up a job. By then there were so many Indian organizations that were

working tirelessly to pay back to their motherland in some way or another. Like many other Indians he also wanted to give something back to his motherland, though he was not sure what or how. There were charity organizations for orphanages, for battered women, for poor children in India. But he did not want to participate in any of them, because he knew that helping those organizations though a nice gesture would not solve the real problem. He knew that poverty, population, corruption, low morality and illiteracy were at the root of all these problems. So he wanted contribute to an organization which targeted at those root causes, but could not find one. So he wanted to found one. He knew quite a few friends who would directly or indirectly help him drive this idea. It was not an easy task. Initially it was only him and two other close friends of him, who were involved in this grassroots organization which was later named as Rekindle India

It all started by Viplab bringing some friends together who were genuinely concerned about the development of India. They knew that to have a better India, they have to tackle poverty, illiteracy, corruption and low moral. But the task was a gigantic one, because these problems formed a vicious cycle of interdependency. So the first job was to raise a lot of money and spend the money effectively to eradicate those evils. With so many Indians in the top 20 to 30 percent of rich people in the US, it was not that difficult a task. There were many who would want to donate big money, but were not too comfortable with the existing organizations due to various reasons. So the onus was on Viplab and his friends to go and present these people their strategy of tackling the problem. The plan in a nutshell was like the following: Rekindle India would have three primary wings. One to focus on public awareness and advertisement, another one to focus on policy making and protecting its members from those abundantly rich rogues who were almost fully responsible for the sorrow state of affairs in India at the time. And the third wing was somewhat academic in nature, but proved to be quite effective later on. It was to collect any academic and industrial research that could help achieve Rekindle India its goal.

The advertisement wing was headed by Ravikiran an MBA from University of Pennsylvania. It ran full-fledged campaign in the TV channels, newspapers and magazines explaining people why and how population should be controlled, why living a life of dignity with less comfort and less money is so much better than leading a pompous and hollow corrupted life. It called upon the people of India to raise the individual morality and integrity, to prevent corruption at the individual level at any cost. It explained why literacy is so important in a democratic country. It preached about self-reliance, hard work, and respect for each other. The advertisements were of two categories, the graphics and languages for urban literate people were eye-catching yet very appealing, whereas the advertisement for rustic people were in very simple terms and laid out the future benefits of

education, population control and fight against corruption. There were regular workshops to deliver the message face to face to a congregation.

The job of the second wing was the most challenging one. It was a very difficult job to uncover those deep-rooted corrupted people and encouraging others not to promote corruption by participating on the giving side of the process. The leader of this wing was Sarthak who himself was a corrupted top official. But Viplab knew that Sarthak was basically a man of principle and was a victim of the corrupt system. In few years after coming in contact with Viplab, Sarthak transformed back to a man of high morality and fighting corruption in every sphere of life. With his leadership, the task of this team became much easier. The first step was to identify those sparse top officials who still held high integrity and were honest. Many cases of corruption were uncovered with the help of these people. It was not easy in the beginning. There were threats from this coterie of corrupt and immoral people, there were attempts to intimidate the members and so on. But thanks to some honest top police officials and other law enforcement officers, it did not hinder the effort that much. The first breakthrough was the toughest one. When a top official was exposed with his scam of misappropriating money and taking large sum of bribe. He was caught red-handed by the undercover sting operation by this team with strong support from the police and intelligent department. There was enough evidence to press charges against him. Getting him convicted was no easy task either. Some more threats, many attempts to sway the judge's decision for him by bribing. But thanks to the tireless effort of this group, he was convicted and sentenced to jail. The news was all over places. Viplab knew that this was the beginning. Conviction of such an influential person sent out waves of fear among others. Now people could start to see the difference. Then the subsequent operations were relatively easy. Some even came forward to accept their guilt of dishonesty in exchange for acquittal. These operations also collected a lot of money that was confiscated as a result.

The third wing was headed by Sarvodaya a PhD from Columbia University in Economics. This team's job was to look at any academic study or solution which might have researched into a similar model. They found quite a few research results by economists and political scientists who studied theoretical model of societies, although much smaller in size than India, which were plagued by similar problems and how they could recover from the problem. One such study was a PhD dissertation from University of Chicago which had a solution for such a problem. The solution was a common sense: Increase literacy level, lower population and elevate the standard of living of people and of course, have a rock solid legal system in place. The study took a community of twenty thousand people and it took the community a good two years to eradicate the problem to a minimal level. Although the model could not be extended as such, to be applied to a country like India, it was clear that it would take few decades of hard work and effective campaign to see any noticeable changes to India. But there was hope.

In ten years people started to see the real difference. Life has become so much easier. People had respect for each other. Day-to-day transactions were more straightforward; value of human life had increased dramatically. In the villages people were aware of the advantages of being educated, of having less number of children and of self-reliance. In the next election, everybody wanted Viplab to contest for the Chief Minister. But he declined, he would rather concentrate on improving the situation as a social worker than becoming an office bearer and carry overhead of maintaining protocols, forcibly staying in the capital for most of the time etc. Viplab spent a lot of time in the rural areas educating people about his strategy, he traveled between the US and Orissa to coordinate efforts from the US to that in Orissa. But the next Chief minister was an honest young man who had a clear vision for the improvement of the state. He envisioned Orissa as the next Information Technology hub of the country and thus brought a huge economic growth for the state. Now with the people on its side and with many officials being honest, it was much easier to achieve the goal. In a matter of five years Bhubaneswar became home to some ten big computer firms, giving rise to increase in employment and better economy for the state. Neighboring states took notice of the unprecedented improvement of this backward state of Orissa. They invited Viplab to hold workshops and seminars as to how to implement a similar scheme in their state. In a matter of years, there were local chapters of Rekindle India in almost every state of India. And there were zealous workers making every effort to speed up the process. He was also invited by the central government to implement a scheme that would show similar results at the national level. It spread even faster than epidemic all across the country. Everybody was enthusiastic about it. Viplab had become a familiar name in every nook and corner of the nation.

It is almost forty years since Rekindle India was formed. One would be proud of the state of affairs in India today. It is as if the Indians have retained the morality, unity and enthusiasm that they had during their struggle for freedom way back in 1940's, except that they are also as modern as any other South Asian country. They have recognized their own potential, they have controlled the population growth, they have a booming economy, 98% of the population is literate, corruption is at a all time low, people are happy, India does not make headlines in the western countries because of poverty or natural calamity, but because of its scientific innovations, economic power and its rich heritage. Viplab feels his life has been a fruitful one, although he could not spend as much time as he wanted to with his family. But again this country has been nothing other than a family to him and he has spent most of his time with this big Family.

Suddenly, there was a beep in the instrument measuring heartbeat of Viplab, the waveforms suddenly became flat and there was a loud outcry in the room. The doctor declared that he is no more. But how can a great man like Viplab die? He will always remain in the mind and soul of the people of India as the father of modern India. It is only you and me who die at the end, because you and I will not be remembered possibly beyond our third generation. But for Viplab he will be remembered for all generations to come. His departure only marked the beginning of a new era in India, an era of prosperity and jubilation.

# The Power of Deliberations: Madhusudan Das as a Legislator

Ashok Acharya

"In order that Orissa may rise in the estimation of the civilized world, in order that Orissa may march abreast of the other provinces of India, it is absolutely necessary to adopt and realize the full significance of the word Oriyas for Orissa."

Madhusudan Das

"When history is written as it ought to be written," C L R James in his classic work The Black Jacobins writes, "it is the moderation and long patience of the masses at which men will wonder, not their ferocity." James' work chronicles the San Domingo slave revolt in the Caribbean that is written with an intensity very few can match. Not just James, but many other students of history have wondered what accounts for the length of passivity of the masses in the face of social upheavals and political challenges. There are no general historical explanations to illuminate such phenomena. But all agree that forces of change, if and when they come and which resolutely shake the masses off their inertia, are eventually wrought by the braver few. Human history is replete with many instances of such brave leadership that helped galvanize the masses: If Toussaint L'ouverture, James' hero of the Haitian revolution, is one instance among many, the leadership of Madhusudan Das, to unite the Oriya-speaking tracts during British colonialism in India is another.

For all his efforts, Utkala Gouraba Madhusudan Das never lived to see the creation of the separate state of Orissa on April 1st, 1936. Madhu babu, as he was fondly called, passed away on February 4th, 1934 at the age of 86, having bequeathed a rich legacy of pride in Oriva nationalism and trail-blazing contributions to the cause of amalgamating the various Oriya-speaking tracts that now comprises Orissa. There are numerous accounts of his contributions to Oriya nationalism written both in English and Oriya. What is missing, however, from most accounts is a fair assessment of his role as a legislator. In what follows I will focus on some of the snippets drawn from his illustrious career as a legislator in the Council of Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and the Council of Lieutenant Governor of Bihar and Orissa. Before I set out to do that, however, a few words about his achievements are in order.

#### Contributions

Born on April 28th, 1848 at Satyabhamapur in the district of Cuttack, Madhusudan Das has many firsts to his credit. He was the first Oriya graduate having passed his B. A. from Calcutta University in 1870, the first Oriya M. A. [1873], the first Oriya advocate [1878], and again the first Oriya to visit London, the seat of colonial power, to apprise the English of the problems facing Oriyas. To all these firsts, let us add and grant, Madhu babu the distinction of being the first Oriya nationalist. Although some form of crude and latent nationalist consciousness of Oriyas prefigured Madhu babu's activism, the forms such consciousness assumed were at best sporadic, random, and patchy in nature and addressed issues of either the distinctness and preservation of the Oriya language or the amalgamation of Sambalpur with

Orissa. Madhu babu sought to give an organizational character to Oriya nationalism. By joining hands with Gouri Shankar Roy, the founding editor of 'Utkala Dipika', he started off by activating the Orissa Association in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century and along with many others was instrumental later in conceiving, forming, and leading the Utkal Union Conference. Between 1903 and 1920, the years he led the Utkala Union Conference—later known as the Utkala Sammilani—Oriya nationalism took a definite and concrete shape.

Forged to offer a common platform to all Oriyas, the Utkala Union Conference for many years lent a combined voice to the social, economic, and cultural aspirations of Oriyas. The broad platform that the Utkala Union Conference provided by bringing into its fold people of all walks of life, including the heads of the feudatory states, who were all bound on a cultural and non-political agenda, certainly went a long way in striking deep roots of Oriya nationalism. It's easy, on hindsight, to belittle the significance of such an association because of what some contemporary critics of Oriya nationalism would claim as 'compromises' with 'forces of feudalism.' But such criticisms do not acknowledge how difficult it was at that time to forge any common platform of Oriyas, especially when the vivisected state was administered by three separate administrations—the Bengal Presidency looking after the Orissa Division comprising Balasore, Cuttack, and Puri districts, the Madras Presidency controlling Ganjam and Koraput, and the Central Provinces governing Sambalpur and adjoining tracts. And besides, most feudatory chiefs had strong sympathies for the Oriya movement.

Madhu babu was a liberal constitutionalist. In nationalist parlance, he belonged to the moderate wing of the Indian nationalist struggle. For someone belonging to his kind of ideological disposition and for having maintained an arm's length from the Indian National Congress for most of his life, it is near impossible to be accorded a hero's status at the all-India level. On the other hand, Madhu babu's biographer noted Oriya litterateur, Surendra Mohanty believes had the former persisted in his association with the Congress he could have well become the Congress President. But for Madhu babu the Oriya cause proved dearer than the pan-Indian cause. It is no travesty of fact too—any serious historian of Orissa will acknowledge this—that joining the nationalist struggle meant delaying the cause of uniting Oriyas specially when one was up against fighting well-entrenched anti-Oriya lobbies within Congress who were prompt in dismissing the plank of the Oriya unity as yet another divide-andrule ploy employed by the British. By the time Mahatma Gandhi lent a sympathetic ear to the linguistic and political aspirations of Oriyas, Madhu babu had reached a point of no return.

A man far ahead of his times, Madhu babu also had grand visions of an industrialized Orissa. At the turn of the 20th century, he was already propagating and popularizing the concept of cottage industries among rural artisans. He set up the Orissa Art Wares, which boosted the traditional filigree works among others. He also established the famous Utkal Tannery—a shoe factory known for its exemplary quality control. Since 1884 he had been petitioning and making up a case for expansion of railways, provision of industrial, medical, and nursing training facilities, reviving old historic ports, and planning for agriculture especially by reining in modern means of irrigation. To all these add his dearest cause—expansion and development of education in Orissa.

As a representative of Oriyas in the Council of Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and the Council of Lieutenant Governor of Bihar and Orissa where he also served as Minister of Local Self-Government, Madhu babu's participation in legislative discussions between 14th March 1896 and 9th March 1923 lends depth, variety, richness, and volume. In his legislative deliberations Madhu babu displays an uncanny penchant to be drawn into any discussion and swing it to touch upon the status of Orissa's welfare. Like a true lawyer his rhetoric on the floor of the assembly donned qualities of analytical rigor, logic, and persuasion and yet at the same breath his engagement of the Oriya cause was deeply emotional, unwavering, and uncompromising. His speeches almost give an impression of someone who had promised to dedicate the rest of his life the role and tasks of a committed, honorary advocate for his homeland. Any impartial reader will be able to detect in his speeches traces of à la Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India and the latter's quintessential, wordy parliamentary style.

#### Wit and Wisdom

"Do you know, Mr. Das," the snobbish well-heeled British Dyarchy Minister in an informal tête-à-tête with Madhu babu in the European Club in Patna testily asked, "the sun never sets in the British Empire?" It was obvious to Madhu babu that the obdurate Minister was determined to remind him of his subordinate position. Undeterred by the motives, Madhu babu's retort to this trite cliché was no less damaging. He snapped, "Yes, I know, because the sun even does not trust the British in darkness!"

In an exchange in the Imperial Council with the Commerce Member, Mr. Clark, Madhusudan Das reveals his knack of hitting back adroitly especially when his Oriya pride is wounded. Referring to Orissa Association's objections regarding certain forms of trading practices that would be encouraged following the passage of the Indian Companies Bill, Mr. Clark, is reported to have observed:

But society is not yet perfect even in the Arcadian groves of Orissa, where there are rogues probably and swindlers who are able to rob the ignorant with impunity and are a far greater impediment to industrial progress.

Madhusudan Das was greatly pained to hear such uncharitable references made to Orissa and her people. Needless to add he detested this attitude and personalized the humiliation. Like a lion hurt, he waited for the opportune moment to repay Mr. Clark's compliments. Months later, while making a case for improved funding for education and sanitation in Bihar and Orissa, M. S. Das responded:

No doubt there are rogue elephants in the jungles of Orissa. If the Hon'ble Member ever visits those Arcadian groves on a sporting excursion, he may find his life in danger from these rogue elephants, but the contents of his pockets will be safer than they would be in Piccadilly Circus.

#### The Rule of Reason

Notwithstanding his barbs at Her Majesty's officers, Madhu babu was, as has been noted before, a liberal constitutionalist, a moderate who believed in gradual reforms through British legislative institutions. Swaraj could also be achieved by piecemeal approach and without shunning the existing institutions and opportunities. Clad in this conviction, it was hard for him to understand why it was only the rebel who contributed to the society especially when there was so much room within the existing framework to contribute.

Responding to a resolution in 1921 on measures against the non-cooperation movement, Madhu babu reasoned, "We have decided that we must work out *swaraj* within this Council Chamber." He went on to argue,

Is not the Council Chamber the place where the first and greatest politician in India, Dadabhoy Naoroji, said that the battle of India should be fought? Is not the Council Chamber the place where men like Gokhale, of revered memory, said that we must play our part and make every effort to obtain the freedom of India?

Loyalty to, and trust in, the colonial dispensation of justice, some historians have pointed out in the case of Madhusudan Das, had a tactical value. Madhusudan first wanted the Oriya-speaking tracts to amalgamate and brought under one administration and this he judged could best be achieved without antagonizing the colonial authorities. Somewhat steadfastly impatient in his approach toward this goal, he was loath to trust the outcomes of a postcolonial arrangement.

In almost all budget debates, Madhu babu belabored the needs of Orissa. So much so, he thought that a disadvantaged province such as Orissa should be the beneficiary of preferential treatment. Reacting to the Bengal Financial Statement for 1909-10 on 5<sup>th</sup> April 1909, where he discerned disproportionate educational allotments made to Bengal at the expense of Orissa and Bihar, he remarked:

(W)e have reason to hope that whatever reasons might have guided the Bengal Government in the past in the allotment of funds to advance education in the three provinces under that Government, the 'most eloquent and the most clamorous should be first attended to' (which is the rule some parents go by) will not be the rule of Your Honour's Government...Of the three provinces under this Government, Orissa has been under British rule during the shortest period. She is the youngest and the poorest child, yet Orissa has made progressive contributions to income under Land revenue. The people of Orissa think that their claims ought to have preferential attention. But the Budget allotments point the other way.

But preferential treatment ought not to be extended in a paternalistic fashion. Madhu babu complained bitterly about Orissa's non-representation in important decision-making forums. "I may also remind the Council," he protested, "that all Acts that have been passed in this Council with regard to Orissa have been passed without anybody representing Orissa on this Council."

Madhu babu was fond of using anecdotes to get across his points. While discussing the amendment motion on the Orissa Tenancy Bill, 1911 he was making up a suitable case for the ignorant tenant vis-à-vis the zamindar:

A man who had never learnt to read and write saw people use glasses, and supposed them to be learned. He went to a spectacles shop. He was asked to try pair after pair, but nothing suited him, as, on looking through the glasses, he saw that printed letters were to him as meaningless as they were before. Then the shopkeeper asked him, 'do you know how to read?' The man replied, 'why should I come for glasses if I knew how to read?' So we think that, as soon as we pass a law beneficial to the tenant, he will know how to use his rights. But that is far from being the fact.

And yet he believed that the tenants' situation necessitated legal remedies to operate in a non-exploitative relationship with the *zamindars*. But he refused to get locked into land reforms per se. Lending a Malthusian insight, Madhusudan Das could foresee the resultant pressure on scarce resources such as land by a population that was on the increase. He visualized quite correctly that people would need to fall back on other, mainly non-agricultural, occupations. "Land does not grow," he contended. He therefore thought, "a portion of the population—the rural population—must be drafted to other occupations of life—industries and other occupations."

The power of Madhusudan Das' contributions to Orissa, contained in his myriad reflections, deliberations, and associational activities is irrefutable. To realize his dreams of a prosperous Orissa, however, a re-dedication of *Oriyas for Orissa* is highly imperative.

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Ashok Acharya is a Fellow at the Munk Centre for International Studies, University of Toronto. He is also the past Editor of Journal of the Orissa Society of the Americas, 1999. He lives in Toronto with wife Madhusmita and daughters, Pratyasha and Prateechi.





#### FROM THE BIG RIVER TO KIAWAH RIVER

Ghanashyam Mishra

" Alex Kishor and Noah Kumar, did not I tell you to put on your swim suits to go the beach? You are surely old enough to get ready yourself". I heard my daughter Seema shouting at my twin 6-year old grandsons. I tried to suppress my laughter. Seema uses our grand sons' middle names only when she wants to make it crystal clear that mom is not happy. I did not say anything. I did not want to aggravate the situation. Our daughter has a lot of concerns and doubts regarding our abilities on how to raise her children. She thinks grand parents like us simply spoil their grand children. Seema made a big fuss when I told her it was wrong to give time-out punishment to our little 3-year old Natalie. If I remind her that we did not punish her at all when she was Natalie's age, I would surely get an hour of lecture on child psychology and the future consequences of not disciplining children at an early age.

"We do not want to go to beach Mom, we will go fishing with Grandpa", both Alex and Noah replied in unison. "Grandpa, make sure to apply musquito repellant. I do not want you to get bitten by insects and trouble me afterwards." She sounded like my mother when I was six years old. I nodded and headed downstairs to pickup my fishing bucket, shrimp bet and the cast net.

Alex and Noah love to go fishing with me ever since they were little toddlers. When they were three years old, they play throwing cast net standing on the living room sofa. "Throw cast net like Grandpa does", one will shout and the twin brother would pretend catching a lot of fish. Without any further introduction, I can proudly say that Alex and Noah are my best fishing buddles.

We drive to my favorite fishing spot along the Kiwah River, a tidal creek close to our home in the low country of South Carolina. I mix the bottom mud with the fishmeal and scatter it around the tall grass around the Willet Pond inlet to Kiwah River. Willet Pond is a huge 700 plus acre marshland with a couple of large islands. The islands are the nesting grounds for thousands of birds. There are Pelicans, Blue Herons, Snowy Egrets, White Herons, and dozens of varieties of southern birds. Several alligators, three to six feet in length make their home in this brackish water pond. In summer months, the marsh lands teams with life. Fish, shrimps, and crabs form the food chain for the alligators and the hundreds of species of birds. The sunrise is gorgeous and the sunset is simply magnificent over the meandering Kiawah River. To me the sight and smell of the swamp is enchanting and intoxicating.

I start throwing my seven-foot cast net. I can toss the net with its five pounds of lead sinkers in a gentle swing from my left to right. The net opens up as a 12-ft diameter circle. Shrimps and little fish jump out as the net hit the glistening surface of the Willet pond with a gentle "whoosh". Alex and Noah start shouting; "There are a lot of shrimps, Grandpa". I pull up the net. There are 25-30 medium size shrimps, couple of Mullets and a dozen of baby Croakers making a lot of noise. "You are the best fisherman in the world Grandpa,

how did you learn to throw the cast net so neatly", Noah asks. "My dad, your great grand father in India taught me cast net throwing when I was a little boy. My dad used to take me fishing to the Big River (Mahanadi) in the state of Orissa", I reply. "Would you take us to fish in the Big River, Grandpa"? I hear their pleading voice. I assure them I will take them to my village when they grow up. Alex and Noah are always eager to know about their grandpa's childhood and grandpa's little village some far away part of the world. "Watch out for the stingers when you grab the fish, boys", I warn them. I throw the shrimps in the bucket; Alex and Noah toss the little fish back in the pond. I get ready to cast again. In less than an hour, we catch half a bucket of shrimps and two big flounders. My grand sons are happy. They take a walk to the inlet side of the Kiwah River with my wife, where a lot of children and adults are crabbing.

I am very satisfied with my day's catch. I take a can of coke and rest my back against a huge Live Oak. Some of these oaks have been here for almost thousand years, protecting the hurricane battered coastal barrier islands. The soothing gentle breeze from across the Ocean Course laden with salt vapor closes my eyelids. My subconscious mind floats across from the shores of the Atlantic to the shores of the Indian Ocean.

I am in my little village in the low country (Talamal) of Orissa, with a cast net in my hand ready to throw in to the Mahanadi River. The clear blue water is glistening in the midday Sun. Chunks of white clouds are floating across the otherwise pale blue sky. A flock of white herons rose in unison, stretched their necks and flapping their wings in a garland like formation around the neck of Mother Nature. 1 leave my cast net at the edge of the water and walk up the muddy bank. I look at the vast expanse of the paddy fields extending to the silhouette of a tree line. They are, unmistakably, coconut trees. I look at the various shades of green and golden waves on the paddy fields. As the paddy crop ripens, the color of the stock changes from green to gold, red or purple, depending upon the type of paddy. The farmers get ready to harvest. A narrow raised path serpentines towards the village. Both edges of the path (dirt road) are protected by hedges of Kia cactus, with long green, prickly leaves. The hedges are very dense. Once in the mid-forties, a royal Bengal tiger strayed from the mangrove forest of the Mahanadi delta and hid in the Kia bushes. The villagers were terrorized, the tiger attacked several people and our school was closed. Ultimately, the police superintendent of Kujang killed the tiger. The path leading to the village is narrow with two parallel ruts created by the oxen-cart wheels. There are hoof marks of cows, buffaloes, goats and sheep. I hear intermittent cow bells and soothing melodies of a flute drifting across from the meadows at the edge of the village. Most likely, a buffalo herdsman is riding on a buffalo back and blowing gently in to a home made bamboo flute.

Mahanadi River is the lifeblood of my village. During the monsoons, the mighty Mahanadi becomes a three miles wide

stretch of muddy swirling Amazonian ferocity. The 40 feet plus roaring rapids uproot huge trees, flood thousands of villages, destroy crops and sweep away cattle and human beings. Mother Nature makes a mockery of insignificant man made dykes and shows who is the real master of this land. Then abruptly, the rains stop, water recedes towards mid stream exposing mile wide white sand bed. A deep layer of silt and mud covers the agricultural land between the banks and the dykes. A layer of silt is very important to the growth of lush vegetation and rich crops for the farmers. Autumn and winter echo the beauties and the gifts of Mother River. Mahanadi provides abundance of fresh water for irrigation and abundance of fish for the villagers.

My little village has 35 mud walled thatched roofed homes surrounded by hundreds of coconut trees, mango groves and thirty foot tall bamboo bushes. There are banana, papaya and guava trees closer to homes. Half of the villagers are Brahmins and the other half are Khandayats or Karans. Irrespective of their castes, all are farmers and fishermen. Many are sharecroppers, who pay half of their harvests to a landlord living in the city. Life is very harsh in my village. There are no roads, no electricity or running water. The villagers have to treck barefoot 12 miles to the nearest bus stop to go to Cuttack, the capital city of Orissa. The journey takes an entire day by foot and bus. The nearest hospital is at Cuttack.

Almost all of my village people work long hours to grow paddy, lentils and vegetables. A pair of Oxen pulls ploughs. The young children take the herd of cows, sheep and goats to the common pasture grounds at the edge of the village and return them back to sheds in the evening. In Winter, the cattle hooves raise a cloud of dust to obscure the setting sun; in the Summer, the hot parched Earth breathes out unbearable suffocating heated air; and during the Monsoon season, the deeply eroded and rutted village path becomes a muddy stinking quagmire. The never ending chorus of bull frogs and crickets fill up the sky, and the lightening bugs liven up the pitch dark nights. Swarming mosquitoes and flies make life miserable for the cattle and the human beings. On the brighter side, paddy seeds sowed in the summer, germinates to spread a deep green carpet all the way to the distant horizon. As the rains subside in October, the sky turns blue again. Autumn brings occasional showers. The rice paddy blossoms. Wild flowers bloom every where. The bees, butterflies and dragon flies return. Very colorful yellow birds (Haladi Basant), green birds (BhadBhadlia), and the black birds (Kajalpati) play hide ans seek among the full blossom of the cucumber and gourd flowers (Jahni, Kakudi and Kakharu phula). Young girls sing and dance in the moonlit nights asking the Moon God for wealthy and handsome husbands.

Many young people leave my village to find a job as a gardener, cook or a jute-mill worker in faraway Calcutta. Invariably, their young brides are left behind to be tortured by the in-laws. The young brides left behind lead a very miserable life. They cook, clean, wash dishes, massage the feet of the elders and eat the left over. Many of the village women come to me to write a letter to their husbands or sons. I am one of the three boys in the village attending the middle school and can write an address in the English language. My reward could be a ripe papaya, a dozen of mangoes or guavas, on rare occasions, a one Anna coin (one sixteenth of a Rupee). I dunk my handle pen with a nib in an inkpot to pen down the joys, sorrows and sufferings of the lonely hearts as best as I can. By the time I come to the end of the letter, I hear only their sobs and the noise of wiping tears from their eyes with the pallu of their saris. For a tenyear-old boy, it is hard for me to fathom the depth of their sorrows and sufferings. They can only hope to see their loved ones during Durga Puja or the summer (Raja) holidays.

I take glance towards my village. For centuries my ancestors have lived and died in this village. The big Banyon Tree in the village meadow survived many droughts and cyclones. My village people can not walk away from their environment, the illness, hunger and the lack of amenities of the modern civilization. But they are good farmers. They are good fishermen. And most of all they have unending love and concern for their fellow villagers. Mother Mahanadi blesses them.

"Grandpa, wake up, you missed all the fun. Noah knocked down the crab bucket and all the crabs were running at him". I heard Alex's voice. I opened my eyes. Looked like I dozed off for a few minutes. As we were driving back with our day's catch of shrimps and flounders, I overheard from the back seat. "Grandma, Grandpa has promised us to take to his village in Orissa to catch a big fish from the Big River. Won't you come with us?" "Surely Noah," my wife replied. "We all will go together when you are little bit older and can throw the cast net like your grandpa".

Ghanashyam Mishra is a Senior Engineer at the U.S. Department of Energy, Savannah River Plant. He and his wife live in Kiawah Island, South Carolina. This non-fiction article reflects some of his child hood memories at his remote village half a century ago in the Mahanadi Delta.

### Learn Oriya in Seven Days

Niranjan Mishra

It was a mild summer. It was the best time for me to relax and do something that I cherished for a long time. Last time I visited Orissa, and went to my village, I searched for all our old books. White ants ate away most of our old collections. Whatever I could save and salvage, I collected. My return journey to Canada was not very comfortable.

"See, my Dad is becoming crazy", said my fifteen year old son Bobby (Banambara), pointing out to one Samsonite suitcase full of old Oriya books and weighing just thirty kilograms.

In my usual way, I didn't listen to any comments. These are the old magazines of the past: old editions of "Sankha", "Sahakaara", "Aasantaa Kaali" and "Jeevana Ranga" where some of my poems and short stories were published, (it was lost from my memory); the collection of poems by Padma Charan Patnaik in his book "Padma Pakhuda" (the lotus-petal); and a 1917 edition of "Atma Jeevana Charita", the autobiography of Vyasa Kabi Fakir Mohan Senapati that carried the handwritten signature of my grand father were my souvenirs. I collected all these, as much I could, with a thought that these books, the language called Oriya I loved most, would be with me in my new home in Canada, with me and my family for ever, for generations to come.

Madhu Soodan's verse was on my desk "Matrubhumi, matrubhasa ubhaye janani....." (I consider my motherland and mother tongue as my mother). I felt nostalgic, looking back to the past, to my school days, when our Head Pandit, a great Sanskrit scholar, a priest and vernacular teacher, would appreciate my Oriya essays and my writings in the school journal, would comment,

" You will be a great literary scholar one day. You will keep up the good name of our land and language."

"I will be Madhu Babu one day" I resolutely said to myself.

"I will study well, I will ride a black horse, and then....", my memory failed to recollect the old saying about Utkala Gaurava Madhusoodan Das.

With passage of time, my love for literature died, things that attracted me more were a money making career, degree that keeps you ahead of others, a rat race in a modern world where only the fittest can survive. The ideology and visionary dreams of a teen-aged student in the Mallikashpur proposed high school were very short lived.

And I recalled all these, thoughts of "bou" [my mother], with no knowledge of English and coming to Canada for a four-months stay, came to my mind. She is sick, she needs constant care and attention, she would no doubt feel homesick after being in Canada for a week. We sponsored her as a visitor, with a six months visa and a four months return ticket. My greatest concern was her communication skill, and something about her strictly vegetarian foods bothered me too. We all agreed to manage with vegetarian food at home.

I implored Bobby "Would you learn Oriya, at least how to speak and understand. Imagine how "Jijamaa" (grand mother) will feel, if you speak to her in Oriya".

"I will try Dad" he said. "but no guarantee that I can make it".

"There aren't many resources, But I can have something for you " I said.

"I will try to spend one month in summer to make a CD, with multimedia, that can teach Oriya in Seven Days".

"You are a dream merchant" interrupted my wife. "and you can't do anything.

"How can one learn Oriya in Seven Days?", she threw cold water on my proposal, and I knew, it is not the first time she did. I am used to it. We just completed our twenty-fifth

marriage anniversary. These words didn't bother me. In fact, I have told her numerous plans, and all my plans become dreams.

"It is better to be a dream merchant, than not to dream at all", I thought to myself. I took a resolve to make the CD, "Learn Oriya in Seven Days". I have so many Oriya friends who would market all the CD's. I thought I may donate the proceeds to the Orissa Society of Americas in an effort to establish a Centre for Oriya Studies in North America. May be one after another I will compose advanced versions, may be I will be in the CD market. Probably after my retirement, this will be my hobby, my business. "True to the letters of the verse: matrubhumu mtarubhasea ubhaya janani... I will be able to serve my mother tongue", I thought.

I cancelled all my summer sports. I decided not go for camping. The whole family revolted against such an endeavour, particularly when winter is long and summer is so short in Northern Ontario.

"My Dad is crazy and will spoil our fun in summer", Bobby was complaining once and again. Bobby was very unhappy, "Dad is still working on that CD. Who on earth will use his CD"?, he would murmur to himself, feeling unhappy that he can't access Internet to chat with his friends by the only Pentium PC we have at home.

It took me two months of hard work. "Learn Oriya in Seven Days" was completed. The CD company did an excellent script with voice modulation, art work and basic statements for spoken Oriya.

My mother's visit was nearing. I was getting excited and worried at the same time. There is no other Oriya family in this small town. My wife will be at work during the day. How much company we could give to her? My daughter would have no vacation to come home except for the week ends. She knows "khandiaa Oriya", but my mother enjoys her saying so, and would correct her at every step. I would ask Bobby to work on the CD. He spends much time on Internet, sending email to friends and downloading all kinds of games.

"Bobbby! When are you going to try on the CD? When are you going to Learn Oriya?"

I would be asking him as many times I could.

He used to avoid it, "Just a moment" he says. and the moment is never over.

Mother is to arrive next day. We planned to go to Toronto airport to pick her up.

It is better to go early morning, and the flight is in the afternoon.

"Bobby' I said. "at least learn little bit of Oriya and say

something that "Jijamaa" would love to hear". I gave the CD to him and asked him to have practice with the first module. He tried, only for ten to twenty minutes and came back.

"Dad" he said, " you know, Oriya is a very difficult language, particularly for a North American like me without exposure to Indian languages and culture. See English and French have taken all my time, it is useless to learn one more language at this stage. I am too old for it".

"I learnt English when I was ten, I learnt French only after coming to Canada and I was thirty-two. Why can't you learn Oriya now? Besides, this CD is designed to learn Oriya in Seven Days.?

"Dad! it is no use now. I am old too. I have many plans in life. Learning French was your priority, but learning Oriya is not of my priority", he said. in an impolite manner.

"Do it at least for your "Jijamaa"". I said.

"I feel sorry for "Jijamaa", Dad!" Bobby replied" she will be like a tamed animal at our home in Canada.

"Besides, she is old, she will be gone back to "your village" and "your country house Why should I waste my time for her?"

"There are so many translation techniques, you and "mum" can translate my words", he said.

I felt depressed, embarrassed, and had no words. Bobby says, at fifteen he is old, he thinks my mother's visit is so short-lived, he knows she is destined to have her remaining days in my village, he knows that my mother would love to be amidst "maanika nani, bulaa maa, and Bikalaa dadi" in our village. That's her world, that's her dream, that's her wish. I realized, Bobby was with me visiting my village and broken down thatched house and meeting my villagers, but not being able to communicate. He still has his memories of those days.

And, here we are confronted with realities of life, sandwiched between two worlds. A world of the present, where reminisces of a distant past slowly fade away, only to appear in dreams, and I get up, the realities of life appear very different. Bobby didn't have his childhood in my village, Bobby didn't go to the village school, where, we sat on the floor with a palm leaf mat and were spanked by Guruji for our mistakes and childish pranks,

Bobby didn't dream of being an Oriya poet or a novelist or a man of literature in Oriya. Bobby has a dream, to establish himself in North America, and he will put efforts to make his dream come true. He wouldn't be dream merchant like his father (Dad).

Mother is on her way to visit her grand-son called Bobby whom, as a baby, she massaged mustard oil and turmeric blend

(Haldi) every morning. Bobby wouldn't remember her massage, Childhood memories probably don't last long. Many things have changed in our life, this is one of those.

May be I should have Bobby learn Oriya when he was a child

May be I should have visited Orissa and my mother more frequently to develop stronger ties with my mother, my culture, my language, and my native home.

I probably waited too long that one day I will have money, I will have a big house, I will have a seven-passenger van to travel comfortably, and then, I will sponsor my eighty-year old mother to come to Canada and see how happy we are here. I don't know what is called happiness. I have searched for true happiness and still the search continues.

I held the CD, put into the computer and it read he first verse: "Matrubhumi matrubhasa ubhaye jnani...". And there was a map of Orissa and pictures of the glorious sons of the land, there were pictures of Kula Bruddha Madhu Babu, Bhakta Kabi Madhhhusoodan Rao, Kabibara Radhanath Roy, Utkala mani Gopabandhu Das, Vyasa Kabi Fakir Mohan and ....

I paid my humble "pranam" to the land, to the great sons of the soil. I felt I was attending "Utkala Sammilanee" and trying to promote Oriya as a language and Orissa as a state. I am now trying to promote it. I am disappointed. My frustration was this, my hi-tech invention in "quick fix and fast food" culture in North America couldn't bring results. "Learn Oriya in Seven Days" CD may be just another gift to my son Bobby (and many other Bobbies in North America) that will be thrown into the trash can. There are many exciting games available in CD's and who would use mine? I am still a dream merchant.

I bent down to the Bhakta Kabi, and said, "Oriya is not only a language, it is my mother tongue. How can I save it and carry it on to the next generation in North America?".

There was no reply. The CD was running the next file:

" MOTHER in Oriya is called BOU or MAA".

FATHER in Oriya is addressed as BAPAA or NANAA".

And, there appeared the pictures of a mother holding a baby and a father seating on the floor and teaching Oriya lessons to his son. It seemed to me as if "bou", my mother is holding my young sister and "bapa", my father was teaching me the first "abanakshara" in Oriya. It was from "barna bodha", by Bhakta Kabi Madhusoodan Rao," kataka nagara

dhabala tagara...". My parents had no "American Dream", they didn't have "Great Expectations". I had. Mr. "Pip" had too.

And, "Learn Oriya in Seven Days", is probably one such.

Niranjan Misra is an active member of the Indian community in Sudbury, Canada

#### TRAIN TO HARDWAR

Prasanna K. Pati

In the summer of 1977, South Florida was experiencing abnormally hot weather. I had a busy psychiatric practice in Sarasota. Additionally, I had the responsibility for the psychiatric treatment of the mentally ill prisoners of the local jail. One of these patients, a forty-year old male, had committed suicide. Another patient, a female of twenty-six and mother of two small children, had managed to escape and her whereabouts, even after ten days of her disappearance, were unknown. Both of these patients were under my care. Perhaps, I was suffering from burn-out. Having come from a poverty-stricken background in India, I had this immense hunger for success and the need to be recognized as a good psychiatrist. I was depressed. I knew I was not functioning too well in my work. I had a few sessions of therapy and counseling. The outcome of these sessions was a recommendation by therapist that I should go on a vacation to

In November that year I left for India. My trips to India usually consist of family visits, visits with friends, and trips to museums and places where I grew up in Orissa. I needed to revisit those places and sights, to remember my friends who have passed away. Of course, I very much enjoyed the culture of Orissa. My trip to Orissa was coming to an end. I was spending my last week in Sambalpur where I grew up. As I recall, it was around nine in the evening. I was getting ready to retire in my room in the Tribeni Hotel, when there was a knock on the door. I had had a very busy day and I was a bit annoyed at this late call, but I realized that I was in India. I opened the door for a middle-aged male, probably in his fifties, who had his hands folded and said, "Namaskar." I returned his greetings, but failed to recognize him. I said, "Please come in, but I am sorry, I do not recall you." The stranger laughed and said, "Dr. Sonjee, it has been almost thirty years since I saw you I am Krishna. I was about a year junior to you in high school." In a flash, I recognized him — a serious student, a philosopher of a kind, a nonconformist who liked to argue and who was in our school days a close friend of mine. I hugged him and I was then speechless. I could only say, "I am very glad to see you again after so many years." There was a moment of discomfort and tension. He was quiet. I asked if I could help. Krishna stood up, paced the room, and proceeded to tell me the following,

"Dr. Sonjee, I am sorry to intrude on your time and vacation. Please forgive me. I have been ruminating whether to come and talk with you or not. Only this evening, I decided I should. You know, we make friends or enemies in our lives. Most of the friends pass from memory, but some do not. In my case, you are one of my friends who lives within me. You remember, we spent many hours together walking after school. After high school, we parted company. Perhaps you do not realize that I felt deeply when I came to know that you had decided to stay in America. I thought, here was another of my dear friends who deserted his own

country, who became untrue to Mother India, who became seduced by the Almighty Dollar and forgot his people. I was getting a bit defensive and angry at this lecture and said, "Krishna, I am tired. Please come to the point. I do not wish to argue with you about my staying in America." Krishna smiled and said, "You Americans are so impatient. Let me resume. You see, my pain at the fact of your staying in America was due to my long friendship with you. I thought, a precious phase of my life, that is, my friendship with you, was going to die. However, I was wrong. If it had died, I would not be here today."

Krishna proceeded, "Just before you departed for America, I had joined the Orissa Police Service. Currently, I am the District Superintendent of Police of Bolangir District." At this point Krishna got up from the chair and complained that he was getting light-headed. I offered him a glass of water. He seemed to feel better and resumed. "You see, my wife passed away two years ago. My only daughter, Sunanda, is happily married. I am doing well in my job. Though I am 51, I have no desire to get remarried." Then he exploded with laughter and stated, "I am too old to be remarried, though I have had offers." I was getting impatient at this long-winded story. I could not control myself. "It is getting late. Please come to the point." I did not think this produced any effect. He took his time and then proceeded, "Dr. Sonjee, you know our Hindu concept of Vanaprastha, being an ascetic. I am thinking of severing all my attachments and departing permanently to Hardwar, to go there and meditate about life. As you are a psychiatrist, I thought I would come and consult with you. I asked him incredulously, "Do you mean that you will give up your job, family, friends, relatives and depart permanently to the Himalayas to be an ascetic with no assets and no income, and to be resigned to the life of a beggar?' He simply said, "Precisely so. I have meditated about this for many years. I have studied all our Hindu scriptures. Do you have an opinion on my pan? That is why I am here today."

I asked myself, should I care? Here was an old friend of mine who wanted to be totally detached and pursue knowledge in the holy city of Hardwar. I hadn't see him in many many years. Let him go. However, there was something else. During long walks in my hometown in America, I myself would sometime daydream about *Vanaprastha*. After all, life was not that easy in Sarasota. I became curious.

I asked, "Krishna, you said you have studied the scriptures of Hinduism. As I understand, Vanaprastha literally means a 'forest dweller', that is, withdrawal and, finally, making oneself a hermit in the forest near a village. You might be referring to being a sannyasi, a wandering Holy Man, when you talk about going to Hardwar. Why Hardwar? Why not go to Bodh Gaya where the great Buddha received Enlightenment? Why not go to Sarnath, where He gave his first sermon?" I was getting carried away with my fantasies of being a Holy Man. Krishna was all attention.

After a pause, he said, "Dr. Sonjee, why Hardwar I am not sure, but I will come to that later. Am I going astray? Am I thinking of *Vanaprastha* as a way of escape? Am I reacting to the loss of a very loving and devoted wife? Do I have some deep psychological problem? You see, I am confused. There is something in me emerging that tells me to do it. As a psychiatrist, you might have an understanding of what I am going through."

I said, "You remember our festivals of Sambalpur, specifically the car festival and the festival of new rice and the memorable *Sital Sasthi*, the marriage ceremony of *Shiva* and *Parvati*. I too daydream of being a wandering Holy Man in India even if I am a psychiatrist in America. However, I do not have the courage and the motivation to take such a leap. No, I do not think you are confused. You are following the tradition of our forefathers of several centuries back. But, are you sure in your mind that you are emotionally ready to be detached? Krishna walked to the window, looked down on that empty seat outside. It was close to midnight. He sat down on his chair and said, "It has not been an easy decision. It is a step into the unknown. After all, life is transitory."

Krishna got up and said good-bye. I held his hands and wished him well. I walked out to the street with him. It was quiet, past midnight. There was hardly any activity. Krishna said he was just going to walk home, no more than a mile. I asked him which day he was leaving for Hardwar. He simply said, "Day after tomorrow." I felt a sadness, something difficult to describe, also an admiration for a childhood friend who was walking into the unknown in search of truth and wisdom in the foothills of the Himalayas. Also, I felt a touch of envy.

I turned up at the Sambalpur train station to say a final good-bye to Krishna. Surprisingly, an immense crowd had assembled in the train station. My nephew, who had accompanied me, made way for us through the crowd. I heard people shouting in unison, "Swami Krishna Ki Jai", meaning victory to Swami Krishna. Krishna had not arrived. The vast crowd was waiting for him patiently. I heard some music and a band playing an old Indian movie song. I looked over my shoulder and saw a jeep with half-a-dozen people and Krishna standing in a saffron robe with hands folded, smiling and greeting people. The jeep was moving slowly. The procession ended and Krishna was escorted to a decorated stage on the platform to give a speech.

Krishna stood and, with folded hands, addressed the crowd. He said, "A few months after my wife died, I had a dream in which Lord *Shiva* was calling me to take this step to go to Hardwar where our *Mother Ganga* touches the plains. I will meditate be an ascetic. I am being reborn to lead a new life. This train journey will take me to Hardwar, and beyond that I do not know."

The crowd again shouted, "Long Live Swamiji." The whistle blew and the train was ready to start. At that point, Krishna looked at me in the crowd and came running and held my hands. We exchanged no words. We were just two friends, one shortly returning to a comfortable life in America and the other going to be a hermit.

A few days later, I returned to America. Gradually, the episode faded. I knew that it was not rare, even for well-placed Hindus, to follow the path of my friend, Krishna.

It was around Christmas of 1994 that an international meeting of psychiatrists was being held in Delhi. Certainly, December is a pleasant time of the year in Sarasota, Florida, but I decided to attend this meeting and experience the culture and enjoy the sounds and sights of Delhi. It began to dawn on me that I might even pay a visit to Hardwar to see Krishna. I thought he must have returned home within a matter of days after the initial spell of Hardwar had faded away. I recalled that one of his brothers was still in Sambalpur and decided to write to him to find out Krishna's address at Hardwar. Amazingly, I received a prompt response from his brother, who wrote that he was living in a hermitage in Mayapur, a small town south of Hardwar. He did not provide any further detail.

I decided that I would go and look for Krishna and learn from him about his search for wisdom and truth. I visualized Krishna as a Holy Man immersed in meditation on the bank of the Ganges or in some abandoned temple. I had this sense of vicarious fantasy that it was not Krishna but that I was, instead of being a psychiatrist in Sarasota, Florida, a Holy Man wandering around Hardwar, totally devoid of any attachment and desire.

At the end of my stay in Delhi, I made plans to take a trip to Hardwar. I took an early morning bus and was at Hardwar around four that afternoon. I checked into a hotel and decided to search for Krishna next morning.

I was up early and determined, like any Hindu, to first visit the *Hari-ka-charan* bathing *gha*t where the footmark of Vishnu is imprinted on a stone slab in the upper wall of the *ghat*. Here was one of the most sacred spots of pilgrimage for Hindus and it would be a sublime experience to visit this spot as many of my forefathers had done.

I was there early in the morning and visited the *gha*t and the nearby temple and the entrance to the Ganges. There were many devotees even at the early hours of the morning and I was experiencing something that I had always wished to do.

I took a taxi to Mayapur and asked the driver if he knew of any nearby hermitages. He took me to the main market in Mayapur and pointed toward the foothills. I could see ruined buildings and temples at a distance. He departed and I was left alone. A crowd gathered around me. Many volunteered to help for a small amount of reward. I asked one of the older men if he knew of anyone from Orissa. He did not know such a person but volunteered to accompany me. He told me that he was a graduate with a major in History and that he was eking out a living by helping foreign tourists. We walked up the trail to the foothills. Occasionally, we encountered ruined and abandoned temples and Buddhist monasteries. My guide, Raghuvir, informed me that Hsuan Tsang, the Chinese Buddhist pilgrim, had visited this area in the 7th century. I was struck by the great natural beauty of the area, with the Ganges below, the temples and the hills. On the trail to our left were the ruins of an old fort. Raghuvir could not throw any light on the history of it. However, he gave me a background on history of Hardwar and descriptions of the Kumbh Festival held here every 12th year.

We stopped at a snack shop on the trail to rest, eat, and ask people about Krishna. Raghuvir was well known to the people there. He questioned them about someone coming from Orissa some 17 years ago. They conversed in Hindi and Raghuvir was nice enough to translate it to me. I began to think that I was out of mind, looking for a long lost friend in or near Hardwar after some 17 years and an encounter with him at Sambalpur. Here I was a psychiatrist in Florida on a mysterious adventure. I was in a prayerful mood surrounded by places so sacred to Hindus. I had always wondered in America if I was a Hindu only on the surface, a fake with no real convictions. At this point, I was interrupted by Raghuvir, who said, "Dr. Sonjee, Lord Shiva will help you in this search. My friends here tell me that an Oriya came here many many years ago. They do not know his name. They think that he lives in one of the Buddhist ruins." We proceeded on a trail and ascended the hills. I had a beautiful view of the Ganges coming down to the plains near Hardwar.

It must have been close towards evening when we arrived at the ruins. On the right side of the trail about forty feet below, there appeared to be a statue of Buddha. I wished to go down to look at it, but Raghuvir warned me not to go down the trail. We were still going up. In the distance, I saw several caves or ruins, perhaps temples. There was no evidence of human activity. I was not sure that any human being would be able to survive around here. Raghuvir, always encouraging, said, "We will find your friend."

The sun was setting and the sky was a myriad of colors. I could see the Ganges below. Finally, we were descending into a valley. I saw more ruins and, in the distance, I saw some people. There were many more ruins. I saw caves carved out of rocks. We were now quite close to those ruins. My heart pounded. I was getting anxious. Raghuvir seemed to feel it and said reassuringly, "We will find your friend, Krishna." I was amazed at the optimism of the people of India. I knew that having been in America for so many years I had lost that sense. Finally, I thought we were close to the ruins, caves and hills carved out of gigantic rocks.

However, there were no signs of human beings. I was getting impatient when, suddenly, a person in saffron robe came out of one of the caves. Raghuvir quickly approached him and asked him in Hindi, "Sir, Dr. Sonjee here has come from America to find a friend from Orissa who might be around here. He came in 1977. His friend's name is Krishna." The man burst into a laugh and said, "You mean, this Dr. Sonjee is looking for a friend who left for the Himalayas in 1977." At this point, I introduced myself thus, "I am a psychiatrist in America. My friend, Krishna, came to see me in 1977 in Orissa before he left for Vanaprastha at Hardwar. I happened to be in Delhi and wanted to look him up." At this he laughed again and said, "How can you be a psychiatrist? You are a bit crazy yourself, looking for a friend after 17 years in the foothills near Hardwar? It is like looking for a needle in a haystack." At this remark, I laughed and said, "You are right. I am a bit crazy. You see, I myself had wanted to be a Holy Man. At least, I have had such fantasies of being a hermit at Hardwar. This is why I am here. I want to find out how my friend, Krishna, has been doing and what knowledge and wisdom he has gained." The man in saffron robe smiled sweetly and said, "I do not think anyone from Orissa lives around here. I have heard that a former police officer from Orissa lives in an abandoned Buddhist temple with caves around it. I wish you luck." With that he came over, shook my hands, laughed, and said, "This is a crazy world."

Raghuvir and I followed his vague directions on a trail. The scene was wildly beautiful. It was getting dark. We arrived at a cluster of ruins and there were some lamps. Finally, we were approaching a cave and saw a man in saffron robe in a dimly lit cave. Raghuvir again gave the purpose of my visit and asked if anyone by the name of Krishna was living around there. The man burst out laughing and shook his head and asked me, "Your friend Krishna lives in a cave over there. He is a friend of mine. You see, I too was a high ranking Police Officer in Madras before I came here around 1982."

I could not help but ask him, "Have you found Wisdom and Truth? Are you enlightened?" He laughed and simply said, "You ask Krishna those questions."

Raghuvir and I followed the directions and soon we are at the cave. Just after we arrived at the cave, I saw man darting from the inside of the cave with a big smile and outstretched hands coming towards me, with words, "Dr. Soniee, I was expecting you. I knew you would come one of these days. When we said good-bye at the Sambalpur train station some 17 years ago, I had the feeling that I was going on Vanaprastha, but that it could be you." He invited both of us inside the cave lit only with a kerosene lantern. He had us sit down on a mat. He invited us to stay overnight as his guests. Raghuvir remained silent throughout our conversation. We talked about our old boyhood days in Sambalpur. Both of us were very very happy to see each other. I assumed that I would stay here at least three days before returning to Delhi to catch my flight to New York. It was wonderful to be with a Holy Man in a cave near Hardwar, especially when the Holy Man was a boyhood friend. I noticed that the cave was not quite enclosed and there was an opening on the back wall. Perhaps, the entire cave was about fifty square feet. There were blankets piled up on the floor. Luckily, I had brought a sort of overnight bag with me.

There was a lull in the conversation and Krishna announced that dinner would be served soon. At that point, he rang a bell. A person emerged from the back opening. For a moment I had difficulty in seeing the person clearly. It was so dim. Suddenly, light shone on the face and chest and what I saw struck me like lighting. It was a very beautiful young woman, probably in her late thirties, of perhaps Chinese or Japanese origin. I was thunder-struck. I looked at Krishna as if imploring him to enlighten me on this presence. Krishna's face was inscrutable. I looked at Raghuvir as if he could tell me something about this lady. After what appeared to be a long interval, Krishna broke into a smile and said, "Let me introduce you to my wife, Akiko. She is from Kyoto, Japan. She came here about 10 years back to meditate. She is a devout Buddhist."

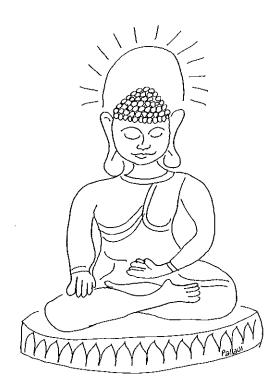
I was speechless. I looked at her fine features. She stood there like a statue, very beautiful, cropped hair, saffron robe. I looked at my friend, Krishna, who had that enigmatic smile. It was too much for me.

Finally, I was able to mutter, "Krishna, you are married to her? You mean, you are a Holy Man, a hermit, and also a married man?"

Krishna, at that point only, asked his wife to sit beside him. After what seemed to be an eternity to me, both of them started laughing and they laughed and laughed, rolling on the damp floor of the ancient cave as if they would laugh their heads off. Raghuvir and I sat stunned.

At that point, I stood up and signaled to Raghuvir that we should leave. Only then, Krishna came back to his senses, stood up and gave me a warm hug and said, "Life has such unexpected and strange twists for both you and me."

Prasanna Pati is a regular contributor to the Journal



### ଓଡ଼ିଆ Digital Documentation Development Resources

#### Satya Ranjan Dash

In this article a survey is made of the various resources available for producing @@2l documents in a digital form. The attempt broadly follows a chronological order, although not in a strict sense. The article is expected to be more of a general guide rather than a rigorous documentation.

#### Other Indian Languages:

As a preamble, however, it would be interesting to state a brief overview of the resources available for other vernacular Indian languages. The development of resources of non-Odia Indian languages has advanced quite a bit over the last few years. The effort has been largely regional, although Sanskrit resources have been developed by various international groups. Just as the economic development of Odisha lags behind other Indian states, so also has been the development of linguistic resources. Of late there has been a discernible accelerating momentum of linguistic resource development.

#### **Resource Types:**

In the context of digital production of vernacular documents there are two resources required -- fonts and word processors. Auxiliary linguistic tools such as digital dictionary, thesaurus, etc, would aid the creation of richer and quicker documentation, but by themselves these cannot directly enable documentation creation.

We will now review these different resources together in their historical context.

#### **DIGITAL FONT RESOURCES:**

Although, the earliest known attempt towards a 30°21 font was way back in the early nineties, availability of a useful and popular font has been a phenomenon of the last calendar year.

#### **Earliest Attempt:**

The first known attempt towards development of a GOUI font was made at the University of Western Ontario by Sabita Panigrahi. While the attempt is laudable, unfortunately, this font has received almost no attention. There is a logical reason behind this, which as with most software tool failures in the computer industry is simple -- usability. These fonts were developed using *Metafont* for the *LaTeX* word processor. *LaTeX* is a word processor in vogue among the exotic Unix based community. Unfortunately for the literary folk, for that matter anyone who is not a computer scientist, using *LaTeX* can be the most intimidating thing.

In addition to the usability angle this development was also flawed in the sense the font repertoire was

never completed to a usable extent. This font is not widely available at any public domain nor is likely to be required, considering the wide availability of other systems presently available. The author does not even recommend this font for use by anyone other than who is interested in the LaTeX documentation processing system, or is compelled due to lack of availability of a PC, especially now that many intuitive and freindly systems are available.

It may be noted, however, that the diffculty in using this font is in the supporting system itself (LaTeX), not the font *per se* other than a incomplete set.

#### ବିଜୟ Font:

The next font, which has found wide use, is the ବିଜୟ commercial font. As a matter of fact the last few OSA souvenir used this font. This font is for PC and Macintosh systems. ବିଜୟ is a good font, developed by Vijaya Patel, and it is available at a very cheap price from the creator's web site at "http://home.flash.net/ ~patelvk/Oriya.html". Mr. Patel has developed several Indian language for popular use. Documents generated on ବିଜୟ can be processed by any of the standard word processors such as MS Word.

#### ସରଳ Font:

ସରଳ font is the result of a pan-Indian governmental effort to develop electronic word processor for Indian languages by the Centre for Development of Advanced Computing at Pune. This font is for PC and Macintosh systems. One of the results was the ସରଳ font. This font is freely downloadable for the CDAC "http://www.cdac.org.in/html/gist at web. site /aistform.htm". The navigational links to eventually reach the font executable "fontori.exe", however is cumbersome and unusually elongated. Additional sites are pointed out in the section under "Word Processors". It may be a personal opinion, but nonetheless the general conclusion seems to be that ସରଳ font is a very aesthetically pleasing font, with rounded well-shaped ଅଷରs. The largest circulated daily newspaper 2°910 uses it.

#### ଆକୃତି Font:

ଆକୃତି font is the fruit of development of a commercial word processor system for by akruti at "http://www.akruti.com/products/". This font is also well shaped and has been popularised by its use in the staple ଓଡ଼ିଆ daily -- ସମାଜ. This font is freely downloadable from the ସମାଜ web site "http://www.thesamaja.com/cgi-thesamaja/index.pl".

#### Maan Font:

The man font is the result of a commendable ongoing individual effort by Sushant Dash of Bangalore. The results are good. However, it appears that the fonts do not yet form the complete ଓଡ଼ିଆ character set.

As we can see there are many free (and commercial) 60 fonts available. It is also quite likely that several have been missed in this article. It is hoped as more and more information is available this article can form a permanent part of the souvenir, albeit, in a concise form. Also recognising that most people preparing 60 documents are bi-lingual typing on a English keyboard, many of these fonts are being customized to be convenient to work with a English phonetic character map. However, the advent of font language editing tools has made this requirement redundant to font design itself (more under OdiPhon).

In spite of this there are several directions for font development which require a concerted and conscious effort from designers. Some of these are:

- It appears that all font sets are missing one or other ଓଡ଼ିଆ characters. This could be attributed to the font development work itself being carried out by non-Odias, viz. ସରଳ and ବିଜୟ., or in some cases the work is as yet finished.
- 2. None of the fonts have been based on a UniCode font system reducing font, and hence document, portability across computer platforms could be a future problem. It may be noted that Sushant Dash (developer of Maan font) is making a bold attempt in developing a Unicoded font.
- 3. Further, although basic document creation through the standard font is possible now, rich text creation through the use of different font faces, sizes, and nature (italic, bold, etc.) has not been developed yet. It is the author's hope that the next edition of this article will find a richer font repertoire.

#### **DIGITAL WORD PROCESSORS:**

It is the authors contention there are literally hundreds of word processors for various languages all over the world. Many of these are free. Most of these can be adapted for 39 language processing. Even in India there have been several word processors developed (in India) for multi-lingual word processing. Three of these are reviewed here, purely for the sake of completion.

#### The iLeap Package

This is a commercial package developed for multilingual word processing by CDAC, Pune. This package is popular across all vernacular groups in India. User experience has been reportedly good. It is actually a series of software with different level of complexity targeted at different class of users. More information is available at "http://www.cdac.org.in/html/gist/gistform.htm".

#### The Akruti Package

For the North American audience, which is the target audience for this article, one of the primary requirements has been the phonetic similarity of the 60% character map to its equivalent English transliteration. The **Akruti** package makes claim to this capability. This claim has not been verified by the author, due to the commercial nature of this software.

#### The OdiPhon Package

A free phonetic ଓଡ଼ିଆ software package has been made by Debasish Ratha of Sonepur. This magnificent package is knows as OdiPhon and is freely downloadable from "http://odisa.hypermart.net/ odiphon/odiphon.html". This package is very freinally to use. OdiPhon is front end text entry editor based on the ସରଳ font. What it essentially does is it remodifies the original ସରଳ font character map to a more intuitiive interface. But what is interesting about this package (apart from being free) is that the simple character remapping innovation may be employed on any other ଓଡ଼ିଆ font as well. It is the authors hope that this package will evolve to a much more powerful word processor. This idea frees the font designer from mapping issues to concentrate on the font design itself

While phonetic character maps are very useful in a temporal sense, any of the standard packages such as MS Word are quite capable of generating ଓଡ଼ିଆ documents. The difficult part is converting from ଓଡ଼ିଆ text to digital ଓଡ଼ିଆ through intutitive character maps. The beauty of **OdiPhon**, as well as **iLeap** and **Akruti**, etc., is in this critical step. In adddtion, sooner or later, these word processors should posses the capability to move documents from one JXPA font to another.

#### **WYSWIG LaTeX Packages**

As was mentioned the first font development was based on the LaTex typesetting system. It was also concluded that this font has never been popular because of its LaTeX heritage, which makes it difficult to be used by the common man. It may be reasonable to conclude that this repulsion arises because LaTeX is not a WYSWIG editor. Recognizing this lacung an attempt has been made to produce a WYSWIG La-TeX interface for multi-lingual word processing. A couple of years ago effort was o in this direction but currently the author cannot find any reference to this. Whether this has been abandoned or renamed is impossible to tell at the current juncture. But considering the superior quality of the LaTex typesetting system one hopes that such a system will be available in the near future.

#### **DIGITAL AUXILIARY RESOURCES:**

As the availability of fonts and word processors becomes more common, what would be important is the need for resources such as a ও তি আ dictionary, thesaurus, and bilingual ও তি আ-English dictionaries. It is with pleasure the author announces that one such site is already up and running containing about 2000 words. The site is located at "http:// lightning.prohosting.com/ ~shabda/" and developed by the author. It is expected that the full complement of @40000 words would be there in the site by the end of 2000. English-ও তি আ capability and multi-media graphic enrichment are the next options. For example, if a user searches for a ROGING there is the same a link to a

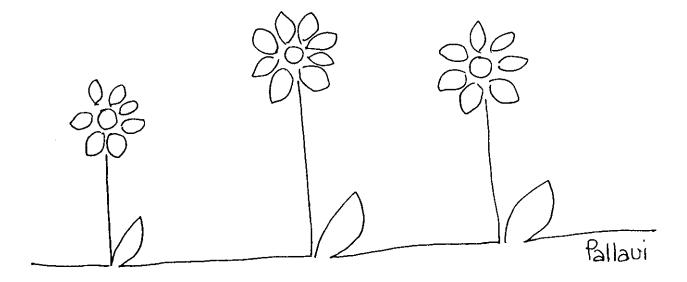
clickable drawing of the tree should be presented.

#### Conclusion

In conclusion it appears that the state of availability of digital resources for document preparation is rapidly developing both at a individual and commercial level. In a short while it is reasonable to expect that tools for literary creativity will not be a barrier. The barrier, if any, will be the desire to create 60% documentation.

If the desire spawns then word processors developed around the world could easily adapted by any novice software developer.

Satya Ranjan Dash lives in Toronto with his wife, Aparna and two daughters, Darly and Trusha and works as a software developer at IBM's Toronto Lab.



# Odissi and Post-Modern Dance Seeing "I" to "I"

Laria Meenakshi Saunders

Radha wanders in the forest in search of her Beloved Krishna. It is springtime, the flowers are blooming and their sweet essence brings back the intoxication of Krishna's love. The beauty she sees around her does not console her longing heart rather it pierces her mood, like a thorn in her side. She searches the forest with no avail and cannot bear to be separated from Him any longer. Her sakhi or female friend hears Radha' 5 sorrows and tells her that Lord Krishna is not far away. The sakhi shows her the way and once Radha spots the distant form of her Lord she runs towards Him with great anticipation. As she approaches she sees Krishna dancing affectionately with many gopis or milkmaids. Radha is utterly shocked by this vision and turns back with a heart full of despair.

When Nandita gave me the role of Radha, a purely expressional part, I flinched, knowing that we had not yet worked on abhinaya (facial expression) and that I would be performing this for an all Oriyan (from Orissa) audience. At the beginning of the quarter it was very challenging for me to embody the emotions Radha was feeling. In conjunction and contrast with my class in Odissi dance I was taking Nina Martin's post-modern choreography class, "Meaning and Emotion." In this class, I was being asked to eliminate from my movement all facial expression and gesture. Post-modern choreographers are not dependent on musical compositions and steer away from the proscenium stage and modern techniques and dance codes. A common language of movement based on life situations and collective rituals as well as speaking dancers are characteristic of post-modern choreographers such as Simone Forti, Steve Paxton, Yvonne Rainer, Trisha Brown, David Gordon and Deborah Hay.

At the beginning of the quarter it took me a while to find the place where Odissi and post-modern dance technique did not contradict each other. I became intrigued by these two approaches and during class allowed myself to witness how emotion manifests and becomes meaningful within two seemingly opposite styles of dance. I realized that my intention is not to display emotion or meaning when I do Radha but to become transparent and surrendered yet acutely aware without the interference of my mind. We were discussing in Nina's class that it is impossible to not manifest emotion and meaning. The human being is inherently a walking vehicle of emotion, meaning and personality and that there is no need to conjure this up in performance. This is strikingly apparent when Nandita does abhinaya. Her being exudes emotion and meaning to such and extent that she barely has to move her body and the spectator is awestruck. Rene Daumal, in his book entitled, Rasa says, "For the Hindu, the expression of the personality has no artistic value at all, that the beautiful is the evocative power of truth." I realized that the gestures and facial expression in Indian dance do not create the mood but accentuate the energy or bhava already existent. Therefore, when the attention is not on the emotion or personality but

on just 'being,' the truth of the self reveals itself and meaning and emotion displays itself without our working at it.

This coincides with and Indian philosophy I was partly brought up on called Advaita Vedanta (non-duality). One of the greatest masters of this philosophy, Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi of Arunachala says,

"The path of knowledge is only to dive inwards with the mind, not uttering the word 'l,' and to question whence, as 'l,' it rises. To meditate 'This is not l' or 'That l am' may be an aid, but how can it form the inquiry? When the mind, inwardly inquiring, 'Who am l'? attains the heart, something of itself manifests as 'l-l,' so that the individual 'l' must bow in shame. Thought manifesting, it is not 'l' by nature but perfection, and this is the Self"

"Something of itself manifests," or the greater "I" is given form and herein lies the principle of both dance forms. I then remembered that the performances that had the most meaningful impact upon my audience were the ones when the "I" the personality felt the least involved. It seemed as if "I" was being danced by a greater "I" and that only a small portion of my everyday consciousness was participating.

After I performed Odissi dance I asked an audience member, an advanced hatha yoga student who I had no acquaintance with, to write down his comments so I could reflect on them for my dance classes. He said,

"Dance is one way for the soul to express its deepest passions and emotion, and fly. The emotions you manifest throughout the dance clearly show your passion for the dance. At times it seemed like there was more then just you, you were the soul of men and women. The movements, facial expressions, flow and grace, lifted me up. I felt like I was dancing with you, in you. In so many ways your dance is yoga. The ability to reach that conscious state, samadhi, and pass it on, this is what I think yoga is."

This process, I realized, was a result of getting my mind out of the way and just allowing the movement and energy to carry me through. At times, I completely blank out on what comes next and very often I find myself improvising rather than allowing my mind to engage and dismember me from this thought free state. Post-modern dance embarks on this approach with its unique and free structure and some choreographers such as Deborah Hay believe that dance is devotional and a means, like meditation, to become more conscious.

By the end of the quarter I had found that the emotions I needed to access in my part as Radha were easily accessible and that the facial expression and gestures served to only enhance the sentiment without detracting from the meaning. Nandita is pleased with the outcome and although I know I am only scratching the surface of what I can achieve

in abhinaya, I feel that by understanding the process which creates a successful performance I am laying a foundation that will help relieve fixture challenges.

# EXPERIENCE AT THIRD PARLIAMENT OF WORLD RELIGIONS CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, DECEMBER, 1999

#### Bhagabat Sahu

The third Parliament of the World Religions was held in Capetown, South Africa from 1st of December through the 8th of December, 1999. The first Parliament of the World Religions was held in Chicago, USA in 1893. The first World Parliament of Religions, as you may know, was attended by Swami Vivekananda, the Indian monk who "stole the show" according to leading newspapers in the USA. He electrified the whole world with his illuminating speeches and opened the floodgates for the spread of Hinduism or better called Sanatan Dharma in the western world. He popularized the concept of "Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam", (the whole world is one family) on the principle for which present day world parliament of religions is founded.

Capetown, a historical colonial city nestled against Table Mountain and overlooking Atlantic Ocean, is indeed a melting pot of cultures, traditions and religions. It is indeed a town of rainbow race. It is close to Goodhope where Atlantic Ocean and Indian Ocean merge and where first settlers from Europe arrived about five hundred years ago.

In this Parliament, about 7,000 people from 70 nations participated. There were about 246 presentations, seminars and symposia. USA and India were represented very well in this Parliament. Besides our presentations on "Jagannath Philosophy, an epitome of cultural synthesis" my wife Puspalakshmi and myself actively participated in several presentations and symposia. We did have a wonderful experience and had a chance to meet prominent religious leaders of the world including Dalai Lama. The Buddhist monk had a tremendous impact on Capetownians. I will share with you some of our experiences in brief.

The opening day was highlighted by a march of over 10,000 people to accommodate the International AIDS Day. There was a display of handmade quilts bearing the name of victims in South Africa. In the evening, the Parliament was formally inaugurated by a spectacular opening ceremony being blessed by leaders of prominent Parliament religions. The chairs of the Parliament struck the huge Japanese "Taiko" drum at the center stage and called the Parliament into session.

Some of the symposia that we attended were memorable. In the Earth Charter, prominent leaders like the Very Reverend James Parks Morton, Director of Interfaith Center of New York, Dr. Karan Singh, Chair of the Board of Temple of Understanding, Dada Vaswani, Head of Sadhu Vaswani Mission, Rabbi Awraham Soetendrop, President of the Hope Foundation, discussed the potential of the Earth Charter to serve as an ethical common ground to promote and sustain Earth community. There was another discussion the same day on global ethic. Father Hans Kiing led the discussion. The previous day there was quite an interesting symposium on "the world movement for non violence" which was chaired by the young dynamic leader from New York, Bawa Jain, Di-

rector of Interfaith Center of New York, United Nations and international affairs. The participants which included prominent leaders like Nobel laureate Maha Ghosananda from Cambodia, Dr. Karan Singh, Dr. L. M. Singhvi, Dada Vaswani, Reverend Morton, Ela Gandhi (granddaughter of Mahatma Gandhi) and many others advocated non violence as prescribed by Mahatma Gandhi and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Religions welfare, ethnic cleansing, violence at home and school, violence in the TV and news media were all denounced. Incidentally, on the last day, President Nelson Mandela was awarded Gandhi-King Award for his independence movement and fight against "apartheid" in South Africa. The award was presented by Dr. Karan Singh.

One of the things which I remember very clearly was the comment made by Rabbi Soetendrop - "you can take away everything from a person like his belongings, home, wealth, country, but not what he stands for - the faith or religious belief".

There were several plenary sessions and three important sessions were given by Dada Vaswani, Dr. Karan Singh, and Swami Chidanandaji. I had an opportunity to introduce Dr. Karan Singh in the plenary session.

Dada Vaswani, a very effective orator, kept the audience spellbound with his ten practical suggestions of life which almost sounded like ten commandments.

- Grow in the awareness of God's presence.
- Silence (meditation, prayer, introspection).
- Attitude positive, pleasant.
- Impossible for man is possible for God.
- Develop a sense of humor.
- Never lose your temper.
- Never criticize others.
- Keep on shooting brief prayers from time to time.
- You are only an instrument God is the doer.
- Help others. Religion of man is service.

In another session, Swami Chidanandaji Saraswati talked about "peace for us, peace for world". Unless there is peace in us, there could not be peace for the world. I WANT PEACE. If you take out I and want from this sentence, there would be left only peace. What it means if you take out Ego and Desire, there would be Peace of mind or "Shanti". He gave three practical suggestions: 1) meditation, 2) no reaction; 3) introspection, for attaining peace or mind in daily life.

In another session, Mr. B. K. Modi from Delhi, president of V.H.P. emphasized on "One God" concept. He encouraged to have: a) tolerance; b) dialogue; c) cooperation; d) federation; and e) trust. He suggested further that there would be a federation of religions to oversee the practice of different religions. Swami Dayanada Saraswathi spoke against conversion and outlined a few measures how forced conver-

sion can be stopped. According to him, conversion was a form of violence. Discussions were made on what kind of steps were being taken in India and elsewhere to prevent conversion.

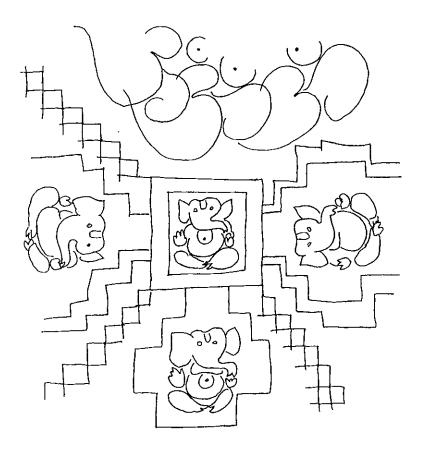
Dr. Karan Singh, the Chairman of the Temple of Understanding, from New Delhi, spoke on interfaith harmony in the next millennium. As always, he spoke very eloquently. Some of the excerpts from his speech are -- "Impelled by signs and technology, all aspects of life on our planet are, for better or worse, undergoing a process of globalization. The great religions of the world have assumed global dimensions. Religion has always been a major factor in the growth of human civilization but on the other hand it also has been terribly negative. Fundamentalism and bigotry have perpetrated to the communities and nations in the name of religion with a devastating effect. The task of interfaith dialogue has become very important because around the world a number of fundamentalist and fanatic religious groups have emerged with good intention of using violence to subvert constitutionally established regimens and terrorize the whole population. This will be a major hurdle towards building a sane and harmonious global society in the century that is about to begin. Together we should derive inspiration from the Rig-Veda who proclaimed thousands of years ago - " The truth is one, the wise call it by many names, Ekam Sat Vipra Bahudha Vadanti."

He further suggested that inter religious values should be built into the educational system. He further suggested that the universal values inherent in all the great religious systems of the world need to be clearly articulated in terms of contemporary consciousness and the compulsions of the global society. He elaborated on the concept of *Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam*. Fanning the glowing spark of potential divinity within each person irrespective of race or religion, sex or nationality into the blazing fire of spiritual realization is, indeed, the true role of the great religions of human kind. He pleaded the audience to have a place to work for bearing the universal principles of love, harmony and mutual understanding and avoid all types of fundamentalism."

We enjoyed the Parliament thoroughly. We liked it so much that we even didn't spare time to have a safari and see the wildlife in Africa. We didn't miss either India or USA, being in a cosmopolitan town. The people in the Parliament, as well as in South Africa, were very friendly, cordial and hospitable. My wife said she enjoyed every minute of it and she won't miss the next parliament of religions in 2004.

Let me conclude by an excerpt from the global ethic preamble, "There will be no peace among the nations without peace among the religions and no peace among the religions without dialogue." Father Has Kling.

Dr. Bhagabat Sahu lives in Athens, Alabama



# Ratha Jaatraa

Mamata Misra

What happened? Sulekha is puzzled. In less than a minute, something strange has happened. Something she doesn't understand. Not yet. It will take her many more years. The understanding will come slowly, little by little.

Sulekha likes Puri. She can sit by the ocean for hours, just watching its magnificent blue body and listening to its song. How come this song never bores her? She usually gets bored with other songs after a while.

Another thing Sulekha likes about Puri is Lord Jagannath, the funny looking Lord with no hands and huge round eyes that look right at you no matter where you stand. It is pretty clear to Sulekha that the Lord doesn't do anything. He has no hands. But people keep on asking him to do stuff for them and keep on blaming him for doing something wrong or not doing something right. It doesn't make sense to Sulekha. Those round eyes can see anything! Everything! It is so clear. He can't close those eyes. He has no eyelids. They are wide open all the time. And still foolish people go on complaining. Can't you see this? Why don't you do something about this? Sulekha gets impatient with their foolishness. Look, man, he sees, only sees, he can't do. Sulekha says silently. She doesn't say it out loud. Who would listen to a child? Who would take a girl seriously?

July of 1965. Sulekha was standing on the Bada Daanda of Puri in the middle of the biggest crowd ever. She had just figured out why they call a crowd a 'jana samudra,' an ocean of people. She had felt the waves of that ocean. Momentous waves of people moving fast to touch the chariot rope and then receding only to disappear under other approaching waves. Just like the waves she had watched at the beach. Racing to hug the beach one after another.

Not too far from Sulekha was Lord Jagannath's chariot with the Lord sitting in it. Funny Lord, who lets people treat him like one of their dolls. Like Sulekha played house with her dolls a few years ago, folks play house with this Lord. In their play, Lord Jagannath feels hot as summer approaches. He takes baths in sandalwood paste everyday. To cool down, he takes boat rides in the lake in the evenings. When it gets even hotter, one day he just keeps on bathing bucket after bucket after bucket. And just like Mother would say "I told you so," he gets a fever. The doctor comes to check his fever; puts him on a special diet; gives him medicine. After several days, he gets better. To celebrate his recovery, he dresses up in his best, gets into his charlot, and goes with his brother and sister to visit his aunt a few miles away. It is not clear to Sulekha who has more fun, adults pretending to be kids, or the Lord pretending to be a doll? It didn't matter, she, for sure, was having fun. She was in the crowd pulling away the Lord's chariot, well, at least trying to. She even managed to touch the rope, feel it. She had never seen or felt a rope that thick.

She couldn't believe that her parents would let her do that. Having so much fun! Out on the street! Being part of this huge crowd! Sulekha's mother had been so protective lately! Sulekha usually had to think hard for days how she could persuade her mother to let her go to a friend's house. Mother was so cross with her when she had some fun flying a kite just for a minute next door on Preeti's terrace with Preeti and Raghu Bhai, Preeti's cousin brother who was visiting from their village. Mother probably never flew a kite when she was a kid. She didn't know how much fun it could be. If the kite could talk, Sulekha would ask what it looked like from up there. Mother didn't want her to play with Raghu Bhai, the kind boy who let her hold his kite spool for a minute, when she asked him politely. The list of things Sulekha is not supposed to do is so long! Longer than Mother's hair! And the list of things she is allowed to do seems so short.

And Mother had said yes to her idea of coming to Ratha Jaatraa. She had said yes to going near the chariot. It was awesome. It was divine. Sulekha was ecstatic. But in a minute everything has changed. Her happiness has disappeared. Stolen? What remains feels like a vacuum. In that vacuum a few questions are floating aimlessly. What just happened? Why?

Her parents had planned this trip for weeks. Immunizations were taken. Private transportation was arranged. She was thankful about that when she saw buses and trains on the way, with people perched on their tops, people hanging from railings on doors and windows. Her parents had reserved a viewing spot in a building on Bada Daanda. Experienced people were consulted. A resident of Puri was chosen as an escort. Everyone was warned about the force of the crowd. Do not let go of a family member's hand, not even for a moment. The crowd's force is more than you can imagine. More than that of flood water. They were all told. You may get separated from your family. You may get lost. You may get run over. Sulekha was prepared for all that. She knew what to do if she would get separated from the family. The microphones were yelling names and descriptions of lost people, telling their families where to find them. None of this had happened to Sulekha. When she finally landed on the ground after a few seconds that had seemed much longer, her mother was still in the vicinity.

Sulekha isn't lost. She has not been pushed to the ground or run over by the crowd. She has felt the power of the crowd in a different way, for which she was not prepared. What happened? How? Why? Was it an accident? It doesn't make sense to her logical mind. When everyone is headed for the rope, the pressure from the crowd should come in a horizontal direction. What kind of pressure would lift her off the ground vertically? And those hands? If they were trying to reach and grab the rope, wasn't the area they reached a little higher? The area between her buttocks and thighs is burning. Her mouth feels dry. How shocking and unexpected it was! To be lifted off the ground like that! To be held up by a few hands under her thighs! How many fingers did she feel? It happened so fast! Did she scream or did she freeze? She can't recall. Even though it happened just now. She recalls

desperately trying to reach down with her legs, to feel the ground, and not being able to. And didn't she hear a sort of a laugh from behind? If those fingers were really trying to hold the chariot rope, they couldn't be where they were. No way! It must have been deliberate. But why?

"Sulee, are you OK?" Sulekha hears her mother's concerned voice. She feels her heart hammering on her chest. The vacuum in her chest is gone. There is now a heavy rock in its place. "Yes Mother, I'm OK, but this crowd, I got crushed!" Sulekha doesn't know what to say. Some words find their way out somehow from her dry mouth. She avoids eye contact with her mother. She isn't sure why. Does her mother know what happened? Did she see what Sulekha couldn't see? Sulekha doesn't want to know. Besides, she doesn't know how to talk about such things, things about her private parts, even with her mother. And what if her own eyes betray her and start flushing tears? And everyone making a fuss? She is not a baby. Sulekha can't talk about it. She will deal with it alone, later.

And after they return home, would mother's list of forbidden things get even longer? Like the hair of women in fairy tales? All the way to their feet? Mother can explain many things well. But when it comes to certain unspeakable things, her face turns red. She says the minimum possible. Like when Sulekha got her first period. She had so many questions in her mind. But all Mother had said in her loving and reassuring voice was, "It happens to all the girls. Don't be afraid. Don't worry. It's OK." But what exactly happens and why? Sulekha did not have the chance to ask. Mother had quickly moved on to explain the practical matters, the "shoulds and should nots". Sulekha knows by now that a girl's life is defined by "shoulds and should nots", not by "whys and hows". One who can juggle the "shoulds and should nots" without dropping a single one even once, is put on a pedestal, praised. She becomes the honor of the family. But the one who drops one accidentally, is made fun of, judged. Sulekha has always tried hard to keep her "shoulds and should nots" under control. But has she succeeded? Whenever the "whys and hows and ifs and whens" have bugged her she has carefully shelved them in her mind to deal with them alone, later, when she can. Someday, she hopes, she can find her book of answers, somewhere, in some dreamland.

Sulekha hasn't told anyone what Uncle Sonu had once done, a long time ago. Uncle Sonu is her mother's cousin. When Sulekha was about six, she had gone to his house for a visit with Mother. Mother was talking to her aunt in the other room. Uncle Sonu who was around 18 then, was reading an English newspaper. "Hey Sulee, come here and let's see if you know the English alphabet," he had called. Sulekha had gone with a mixture of shyness and pride. "What letter is this one?" Uncle Sonu had asked pointing to an 'e' and Sulekha had answered correctly. Uncle Sonu had asked about a few more letters, drawing her closer to him, putting her almost on his lap. He had held the newspaper wide in front of both of them. He would point to a letter with his right hand. But what was he doing with his left hand? It had slipped into her panties and one of his fingers was trying to dig into the area where Sulekha pees. How weird? How disgusting! Sulekha

had felt very uncomfortable and confused. She had wiggled sideways, trying to push his hand away with her legs. But she hadn't said a word. She didn't know how to tell an older uncle to stop. Older people tell younger people to do things and younger people have to listen. That was the rule. Pretending ignorance, Sulekha had stopped naming the letters. She had freed herself from his grip at the earliest opportunity, when he turned the page. Since that day she had found excuses not to go near Uncle Sonu. But Sulekha had not told Mother. Would Mother have believed? May be, may be not. She didn't want to take that chance. She didn't want anyone to think that she was making up ugly stories about Uncle Sonu. And if Mother believed her, wouldn't it make her sad? What else would she do other than telling Sulekha to stay away from Uncle Sonu? Sulekha could do that herself without being told.

Sulekha's mother probably doesn't have a clue that little girls don't like going near Grandpa Boordha. Mother probably thinks that Grandpa Boordha is a nice guy who likes little children. Grandpa Boordha has this thing about greeting little girls in a certain way. Sitting on his chair, he calls you, makes you stand next to him, puts his arm around you and tries to make conversation. Slowly his hand moves up towards your chest area squeezing you hard again and again. Sulekha didn't like that pressure in his hand for some reason. It seemed unnecessary. When her friend Preeti told her that Grandpa Boordha was an old jerk who liked pressing developing breasts of young girls, Sulekha had not believed her first. But just to be on the safe side, she had avoided Grandpa Boordha, even though she hadn't developed breasts yet. Later, she noticed that she was not the only girl who avoided Grandpa Boordha. Sulekha's cousin sisters were just as eager to get away from his sight.

And then there was that time when Sulekha was waiting for her school bus that never came. After standing on the road for almost 30 minutes she started walking back home through the empty alley. She had felt uncomfortable about the stranger who was watching her for a while. As she started walking, the stranger had come near her showing concern about her missing the bus. He had a bicycle. Sulekha had run away from him before he could offer to take her to school in his bike. She had run as fast as she could and was gasping when she reached home. When Mother asked her what happened she had told her about the bus not coming, about the stranger whose intentions were not clear. But she hadn't told Mother that the guy had come too close to her and had even kissed her on the cheek. Sulekha had not found words to tell all that. May be she should not have answered the stranger at all. May be she should have run before he came close. Sulekha wasn't sure if she had handled her "shoulds and should nots" right. Before Mother could ask more questions, she had rushed to the bathroom, washed her face, scrubbing her cheek hard, until it turned red. How disgusting a man's kiss can be. Yuk! How hot it felt! It almost burned her left cheek.

And now, how can she tell Mother that the area around her private parts is burning? That she thinks that someone (or was it more than one person?) may have deliberately lifted her off the ground and tried to put his fingers through her bottom through her clothes? That it is unlikely for this to have happened accidentally, just by the force of the crowd? So she says, "I am tired. Can we go home?" It must have been an accident. She tries to tell herself. Why on earth would anyone want to do this deliberately? What could the purpose be? Besides, how can anyone do anything so absurd standing on the holy grounds of Bada Daanda of Puri next to the Lord's chariot on the holy day of Ratha Jaatraa? Sulekha doesn't want to think about it anymore. Is her skin broken? She wants to go home and wash herself. She can probably find some ointment in the medicine cabinet to put where it is burning.

Sulekha's own body is a mystery to her. It will take her a few more years to unravel that mystery. And years later, long after she has forgotten this incident, Sulekha will jump for no particular reason when her husband gently touches her in a certain place in a certain way. It will take her years to understand this reflex. It will take her many more years to talk to her perplexed husband about it. It will take Sulekha many years to remember this incident and relate it to other things in her life, and in the lives of others. It will take her many more years to know that all those things she didn't like but couldn't tell anyone, have a name, called sexual abuse.

Many years later Sulekha will learn that there is a continuum of violence in which girl children are born, raised, live, and die. Murder, suicide, and rape occupy one extreme end of this continuum. But milder physical, emotional, and sexual abuse such as pushing, name calling, and touching also fall on the same continuum and are experienced by almost every girl or woman, in her home, on her street, at her work, causing enough damage. It will take Sulekha many years to understand that violence against women, whether extreme or mild, occurs due to deep-seated, internalized, social attitudes toward women, which both men and women carry. At that time, she will understand what Uncle Sonu, Grandpa Boordha, the stranger on her street, the molesters on Bada Daanda, and the rapists and bride killers in newspapers all have in common. They have no respect for girls as human beings, with feelings, intelligence, opinions, and rights. She will understand that men do this because they can and can get away with it. Society does not restrain them. "Boys will be boys," is accepted as a given, something that can't be helped. According to the rules of society, it is the girls who must be restrained, kept within closed doors at a safe distance from the "boys," and be taught their "shoulds and should nots" so that they will not shame their families. Sulekha will then know that this is what some call the "male advantage." All this understanding will come to Sulekha much later. At that time, Sulekha will confront and question those social attitudes. She will not accept them as female disadvantage. She will not give up on boys as being inherently wild and insensitive. She will not give up on girls as being passive and burdensome. If the world's women are kept locked in their homes to be protected from the jungle out there, and the world's men are raised to believe that their masculinity depends on creating that jungle, how will the human race ever come out of this vicious circle and realize its potential? Sulekha will not give up on humanity.

A much older Sulekha of a later time will search into the scriptures for insight into who this Lord Jagannath really is. She will learn that the Lord is an uninvolved witness, a permanent pervading presence. In that large presence things occur driven by the laws of Nature. The Lord doesn't take an active part in those occurrences. She will learn that people are not separate from the Lord; but because of ignorance, they feel far removed, small, insecure, insignificant. They act wild, foolish. Not knowing their internal power and human potential, they try to sneak or grab power from outside, sometimes stealing it from others, making others weaker, so that they themselves can feel a little more powerful, important. Sulekha will learn a lot, about herself, about the Lord, about the crowd that has crushed her. But what her simple mind understands today by just looking at Lord Jagannath is not that different from what she will learn later by studying Vedanta. The Lord sees everything, knows everything, and doesn't do anything. Sulekha will not ask or blame Lord Jagannath, who has no hands, who has left the doing up to the collective hands of the ocean of people. Those hands have free will, the power to choose. Those hands may play childish games. They may help themselves or others who aren't really different from them. Or they may hurt themselves or others not knowing who they really are. Sulekha will try to remember to exercise her free will, to use her hands, to help, not to hurt. The Lord will be watching, unaffected while people praise or blame him. Sulekha will try to remember that silent message when she hears praise or blame. All this will happen much later.

But now, Sulekha tries to dismiss what just happened as an accident, even though her rational mind cannot accept it. She probably won't come to Ratha Jaatraa again. She will avoid crowds just like she has avoided Uncle Sonu, Grandpa Boordha, and strangers in the street. She would stay home more and spend more time on her school work. She has to show Father how serious she is about college. She will do anything in her power to prevent an early marriage. Marriage right after high school! What a scary thought! Unknown, abrupt, like premature death. So Sulekha tries to think of something better. The chariot has crossed her, pulled by the ocean of people. The crowd has thinned. So has the noise. Sulekha can hear the ocean again. The blue ocean. The ocean is singing, the same song, a fearless song, a song with depth, a song of freedom.

Mamata Misra is a community volunteer. Her work includes adult literacy, community education, peer counseling, teen dating violence prevention, and legal advocacy. She lives in Austin, Texas. She volunteers at SafePlace: Domestic Violence and Sexual Assault Survival Center and Saheli, an all-volunteer organization that helps Asian families. Saheli can be reached by phone at (512)703-8745 or by e-mail at saheli@usa.net.

# Jagannath Temple Puri, Orissa

**Built:** King Choda Ganga Dev 1112-1148 AD

Height: 214 Feet 8 Inches

Sun Pillar

at Entrance: Height- 33 Feet 8 Inches

Base- 7 Feet 9 Inches Square

Temple Has Two Concrete Walls and Four Gates Each in Outer and Inner Walls

Outer Wall-Megha-nada Pachir (Wall)- Width- 665 Feet x 640 Feet

Height- 20 to 24 Feet

Inner Wall-Kuruma Bedha (Premises)- 420 feet x 315 Feet

**Outer Wall Gates** 

East-Singha Dwara (Lion) – Purba Dwara West-Byaghra Dwara (Tiger) - Paschim Dwara South-Aswa Dwara (Horse) - Dakhin Dwara North-

Hasti Dwara (Elephant) Uttara Dwara

Steps-22 Steps lead from the main entrance gate to

the inner wall of the temple.

Kitchen-King Divya Singh Dev 1690-1713 AD

200 Kitchens

400 Supakars (Cooks) work daily

Irrespective of social status, people eat Bhoga together for which it is named The Maha Prasad.

# RATHA JATRA

Prasanta Raj, MD,Ohio Ashok Parida, Chicago

Jagannath, or Lord of the Universe, becomes accessible to all human beings by coming out of his alter once every year to be cared for by the common people. Ratha Jatra is one of His manifestations in festival form where people from all caste, creed and religions are not only allowed to see and pray together, but are also allowed to even touch and participate in pulling His chariot from the main temple to Gundicha Ghar.

In the midsummer, the proxy images of the Lord go for a ceremonial evening boat ride in Narendra pond for 21 days. In June, on the full moon, (Snana Purnima) the deities are brought outside to Snana Bedi where the public views the bath ceremony. Following the ceremony, the Lord gets sick and stays in seclusion (Anasara) for 15 days. The descendants of Viswavasu (hunter tribe) called the Daita Patis, take care of Him by giving medicine, massage, and feeding both uncooked and cooked food, first tasted by them. Every 12-14 years, when new images are made (known as the Nava Kalevar), they perform all Karmas including Cremation and Sradha. These are some of the acts, which prove that He is the God for all classes of people.

Ratha Jatra is celebrated as soon as He recovers from illness (the deities are repainted) and steps outside of the temple to take a journey to Gundicha Ghar in decorated chariots. Maharaja of Puri performs the ceremonial sweeping of the chariots with the golden broom before the Lord arrives.

Lord Balabhadra's chariot leads the way while Lord Jagannath's chariot follows at the end, protecting Sister Subhadra's chariot, which is in the middle. The chariots are made annually with strict ancient specifications. They are as follows:

Lord Balabhadra's chariot: Tala Dwaja- Height of 22 cubits with 16 wheels

Sister Subhadra's chariot: Deva Dolana- Height of 21 cubits with 14 wheels

and Lord Jagannath's chariot: Nandi Ghosha- Height of 23 cubits with 18 wheels

Approximately one million of the devotees attend the festival every year in order to pull the chariot. However, there are approximately 4,200 professional chariot pullers (Kala Bethia) who enjoy rent-free land from the temple for their service. Chariots roll on Bada Danda, or the Grand Avenue, for 3 km, which lead to Gundicha Ghar (the Queen's temple).

The most favored identity of Gundicha is the idea of her being the queen of King Indra Dyumna, whose extreme concern for the carpenter (Vishwakarma), and untimely opening of the temple door, might attribute to the legend behind the incomplete images. Some historians believe that Jara Himself carved the deities. Gundicha is the wife of tribal Jara, who worshiped Him in such love and devotion that the Lord makes yearly visits to her house

(temple). Gundicha is derived from the word Gudisa. The word Gudi is a tribal word, meaning temple.

Lord Jagannath, along with his brother and sister, greeted Gundicha Ghar upon arrival. He is worshiped and cared for by simplistic, but utmost tender loving care during his stay. Daily rituals are conducted by direct descendants of the tribal Jara. Madan Mohan, a sweet prepared with coconut and baked cheesecake and mango kernal are important offerings during Puja. Brahmin priests remain in periphery and satisfy themselves by merely offering sweets to the proxy images of the Lord.

During the first 5 days in Gundicha Ghar, Rasha or Krishna Lila is performed. Sri Chaitanya did not find favor in the main temple, but the court priest Basudeva Sarba Bhauma permitted him to have free indulgence in his cult in Gundicha Ghar. Chitanya, with his disciples, used to clean the Gundicha temple with hundreds of pots of water, and brooms until the last tiny speck of dust was removed. They also performed His sanskirtana. To Chaitanya, Gundicha Ghar was Brindavan, which was dearer to Krishna than Dwaraka or Kuru Khetra. Chaitanya's Gundicha Marjana, or cleaning, is observed on the 7th, 8th, and 9th day of the Lord's sojourn. On

the 8<sup>th</sup> day, in the night after Bada Singhar Vesa and the nocturnal offerings of the lamps, the servitors get busy in preparation for the return festival the next morning.

On the morning of the 9<sup>th</sup> day, Sodasa Upachar Puja, or the Lord's 16 Upacharas (favorite offerings), are offered. As soon as this is over, the Pahandi, or the procession, begins in the usual way. Maharaja of Puri again performs the ceremonial sweeping before the Lord ascends to the chariot. Again, the Bahuda Jatra (Return Car Festival) begins with pomp and ceremony until they reach the destination of the main temple.

This is a brief narration of Ratha Jatra as known to common people in general. However, to understand the philosophy behind Ratha Jatra, one must understand one's own self. The Supreme Lord Jagannath (the soul), is the driver of this car, symbolized as the body. The gross body is the movable Nandi Ghosha. This gross body is also His, for without the presence of the driver the engine cannot function. To conjugate the engine, the will of the Lord, Gyana Rupa Sarathi (Buddhi)-intellect must be there. Mind is the physical element for center termed as Laqua, or rope. The senses are the wild horses attached to this body chariot. The objects that one enjoys are the various paths for walking of the horses. Unless these four coordinate with one another: the soul, the senses, the mind and the intellect, the desire for work and enjoyment will not be possible on this earth.

Our gross body, being represented by Balaram, is always run by Subhadra (the subtle knowledge body). She is

the driver of this body engine, and Lord Jagannath is the Causal body (the controller). At the same time, He himself is Brahma in the form of Bamana. The subtle knowledge body, at the direction of the causal body, propels the gross body. That means Balaram works at the instigation of Subhadra, who in turn functions due to the very presence of Lord Jagannath. This tendency of Balaram for ceaseless work, this constant movement of the gross body is Ratha Yatra. Lord Jagannath dwells in this chariot as Bamana. His chariot moves in Bada Danda (the Broadest Highway). This Bada Danda is the Susumna. It is otherwise called the Brahmapatha that lies inside the backbone of every human being. Before the car festival, very many beautiful shops, like shady thoughts, display their commodities and charms sitting freely on the broad highway. The chariots can not move until the shops are removed, and the road is made free from all encumbrances. Likewise the Susumna nerve should be cleared of Ida and Pingala by keeping the backbone straight and clear. There are 6 chakras inside the backbone namely: Muladhara, Swadhisthana, Manipura, Anahata, Bishudha and Agyana. The clearing of the Ida and Pingala from these charkas is achieved through virtue of some Yogic practice.

The chariot of Lord Jagannath halts at certain places on its journey. The chariot of Lord Jagannath travels from the South to the North in order to reach Gundicha Mandir. There are 49 types of air, known as Vayus, inside the human body. Human beings perform different functions due to disparity in the character of these Vayus.

Taking the analogy of a map, the top is always considered North. The upper part of the human body is the North and the lower portion is the South. The Vayu in the upper part is called Samana, the Vayu in the lower part is called Apana. Downward movement of the Vayu gives rise to lust, anger and greed. Every human being is required to pull this Vayu or Prana (Lord's direction) from south to north through some Yogic technique. That's why there is so much emphasis given to control of breath in every meditation technique. When the Susmna (Brahmapatha) opens up, the Lord's chariot travels freely and halts at Mausi Ma mandir- actually it is Manasi Ma (Kutastha). Sahasra is the final destination, the highest point in the upward journey. When one arrives there, the mind, the intellect, and the ego all come to merge with one another. This is done to such a degree that the differentiation becomes impossible, and the regime of the Lord begins filling life full of eternal joy and divine enjoyment. The Bada Danda is full of Saradha Bali (sand particles of love). The chariot must drag over the Saradha Bali to reach Gundicha Mandir on the North. Likewise, the mind which is the rope of Lord Jagannath within us, should be dragged with great love so that He travels up and up until we see the Bamana in the Sahasra. That is the stage of super consciousness. The stage at which one realizes his own self. This is the stage that all yogis aspire for; the ultimate salvation. This frees the soul from the bondage of the vicious cycle of life and death. That's why the popular sanskrit verse goes like: Rathe Tu Bamana Drustwa Punarjanma Na Vidyate.

> Prasanta Raj, MD,Ohio Ashok Parida, Chicago

#### **GLOSSARY**

Anahata Anasara

Apana Agyana

Bada Danda Bada Singhar Vesa Bahuda Jatra Balaram Bishudha Brahma Brahma Brindayan

Cremation

**Daital Patis** 

Chakra in the backbone
Time when the Jagannath gets sick and stays in
seclusion
Air in the lower part of the body
Chakra in the backbone

The Broadest Highway Dress in Grand form Return Car Festival Balabhadra Chakra in the backbone Soul

Path of Liberation Heavenly Garden

Karma

Descendants of the Hunter Tribe assigned for the Lord's rituals

**Deva Dolana** Dwaraka

Devi Subhadra's Chariot Krishna's Kingdom

Gyana Rupa Sarathi **Gundicha Marjana** 

Cleaning in Gundicha Temple

**Gundicha Ghar** 

Temple of Gundicha where the Lord visits yearly

via the car festival

**Gundicha Rani** 

Queen of King Indra Dyumna, wife of tribal Jara

Jagannath

Lord of the Universe

The will of the Lord

Kala Bethia Krishna Lilia Kuru Khetra

Profession chariot pullers Creation of Krishna

Battle Filed of Maha Bharata

Lagua

Rope

Madan Mohan

A Sweet prepared with coconut, baked cheesecake

and mango kernal Chakra in the backbone Chakra in the backbone

Manipura Muladhara

Lord Jagannath's Chariot

Nandi Ghosha Nava Kalevar

New deities of the gods/ New Body

Pahandi

Procession/ Steps from the temple to Ratha

Rasha Ratha Jatra Ratha Yatra Dance and Music Chariot Festival

The constant movement of the gross body

Sahasra

Hundreds

Samana Air in the upper part of the body Sankritana

Lord Krishna's continuous song and dance

Saradha Bali Sand particles of love

Snana Bedi Where the public views the bath ceremony **Snana Purnima** Full moon in June when the Lord Bathes

Sodasa Upachar Puja Sradha **Swadhisthana** 

Worship with 16 offerings Rituals in relatives' deaths Chakra in the backbone

Tala Dhwaja

Lord Balabhadra's Chariot

**Upacharas** 

Offerings

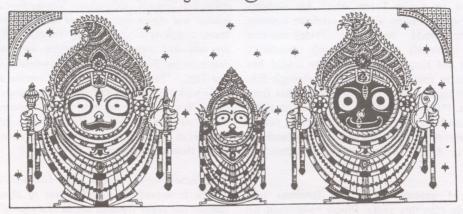
**Vayus** 

Types of air located in the human body



# JAGANNATH SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS

P.O. BOX No. 210939 NASHVILLE, TN - 37221 Phone - (615)356-7207 Email - JagSocAm@aol.com



ଇ୍ଣ୍ରଃ ସବ୍ରଭାନାଂ ହୃଦେଶ୍ୟେକ୍ଟିନ ତିଷ୍ଠତି ଭାମୟନ୍ ସବ୍ରଭାନ ଯନ୍ତାର୍ଡାନ ମାୟ୍ୟା

JSA adopted three villages in Orissa affected by last cyclone. JSA will construct one building in each village for community use. We also have a plan to adopt more villages in future. JSA helped two schools in Orissa affected by the last cyclone.

JSA producing a CD with Sri Jagannath Bhajans for our devotees. The funds from the sale of CD will be utilized for the benefits of victims in Orissa, affected by the last cyclone.

JSA have direct contact with Sri Jagannath temple, Puri Orissa. JSA invites guest speakers from Orissa every year to spread Jagannath consciousness in North America.

We celebrate Ratha Yatra every year in Nashviile TN. JSA publishes Ratha Yatra souvenir, prayer book and calendar every year. If you want your name added to the mailing list, please contact JSA.

Our thanks to JSA members for their continuos support. Please support JSA generously to continue our activities. Your financial and moral support is very important to JSA.

You may contribute any of the following funds by identifying it in your check.

- 1. JSA general fund
- 2. Fund for New Ratha for Lord Sri Jagannath
- 3. Orissa cyclone fund
- 4. Special Puja (birthday, marriage anniversary, shraddha or any other occasion)

May Lord Jagannath bless you with peace and prosperity.

# Om Sri Jagannath Swami Nayana Pathagami Bhabatu Me

President P Satpathy (615)859-5326 Vice President Smriti Bardhan (615)662-3553 Secretary Prajesh dash (615)790-4099

Treasurer Manoj Senapati (615)356-2945 Editor Ashok Mishra (216)721-8021 Ex-Chairman B.C. Sahu (256) 233-4247 Ex-President R.K.Mishra (615) 591-4365

## DIWALI AND DIVERSITY AT MARTHA PRIYA'S SCHOOL

Martha Priya (age 5) attends kindergarten at Pillow Elementary school in Austin Texas, which has students from all over the world. Pillow wants to celebrate customs from around the world during its Friday-morning Assemblies, and it already does a great job celebrating African American and Hispanic cultures. The school has about 450 students in grades pre-kindergarten through 5th, including about 20 students from India or with families from India. Last winter, Pillow Assemblies celebrated *Diwali* by asking a mom from India to sing traditional *Diwali* songs, and this year Pillow Assemblies had an India Independence Day celebration in August (Martha Priya participated in this).

There were 11 students (and their families) who volunteered to help plan this year's *Diwali* celebration on Friday, Nov. 19. Unfortunately, we didn't have much time to plan the program (one day) and rehearse (two days). Our student volunteers included one child from pre-kindergarten (Prianka), seven from kindergarten (Akshatha, Manimala, Martha Priya, Sneh, Sumaka, Teja, and Vishnu, two from 2nd grade (Neha and Vamsi), and one from 5th grade (Jagdish). We tried to keep the production simple, but obviously we had lots of work to do and didn't get much sleep.

#### THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED:

Sumana (one of the moms) was the narrator and read the story of Diwali while 10 students acted out various parts of the Diwali festival on stage. Sumana explained that "Diwali is the most important festival in India and is celebrated by people of all religions and beliefs in October or November. Diwali means "row of lights" and is all about filling the darkness with light. It is celebrated with candles and fireworks and stories and gifts, but it really stands for the light inside ourselves that we need to share with the rest of the world.

"In south India, Diwali signifies the victory of Prince Krishna over the evil demon Narakasura, who is associated with darkness and ignorance. This victory over darkness is celebrated by lighting rows and rows of lamps and bursting lots of firecrackers.

"In north India, Diwali signifies the day when Prince Rama became king of Ayodhya after winning the epic war with Ravana, the ten-headed demon king of Lanka. After the war, all the cities and towns in the kingdom were lit up with thousands of lights to welcome the new King Rama and his Queen Sita home after the long war."

Then Neha (2nd grade) performed a beautiful dance in *Bharath Natayam* tradition to describe the story of Prince Rama.

After this, the narrator and children described the traditional festival celebration. "On the first day of Diwali, houses and stores are decorated with garlands of mango leaves and flowers" (Jagdish and Vamsi). "Floors of houses are decorated with rangolis, which are intricate designs drawn on the floor with colorful powders" (Sneh, Sumaka, and Teja). "People wake up before sunrise and take ritual baths with fragrant oils and sandalwood soaps" (Vishnu) "to purify themselves for the celebration. Everyone dresses up in fine new clothes and jewelry" (Manimala) "and prayers are held in temples and houses" (all the students bowed and folded their hands reverently for namaste).

"The second day of Diwali is when Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, is worshipped by all. Lots of diyas (oil lamps), candles and paper lanterns are lit and placed in and around houses and shops" (all 10 students walked up and placed battery-operated candles in a row at the front of the stage).

"On the third day, people dress in new clothes and visit with their friends and relatives, exchange gifts and sweets (holiday snacks), and greet each other" (the 10 students exchanged gifts and greeted each other, saying "Happy Diwali! Happy Diwali!"). "The day ends with fireworks and firecrackers that last most of the night".

Then Priyanka (pre-kindergarten) sang this *Diwali* song in Hindi with help from her mom:

Diwali aayee Diwali aayee Khusion ki bahar layee Dhum dharak dhum Dhum dharak dhum Chakri bom hawai Insey bachna bhai

Patakey bajey dhum dhum dhum Nachey gaey hum aur tum Ghar ghar deep jalengey Aeygi mithai

While Prianka was singing, the 10 other students carried diyas (brown cups with candles and real fire) and added them to the row of candles at the front of the stage. Before the song ended, most of the students in the audience were singing the words "Diwali aayee, Diwali aayee" along with Prianka and her mom.

Then the auditorium lights went out and all you could see were the candles on the stage and the glow of the students behind them. It was a beautiful sight to see!!!

Sue Burek, Martha Priya's mom

# LETTER TO A CHILD: THE KANCHI-KAVERI LEGEND

#### Srikanta Mishra

In most Oriya homes, you will find a pattachitra (silk-screen painting) showing two horsemen in black and white and a woman holding a pot on her head. This is the story of Lord Jagannath and Balabhadra and the milkmaid Manika. It is about how the king of Puri, Purushottam Dev, got to marry Padmavati, the princess of Kanchi.

Purushottam Dev was not only the king of Puri, he was also the most important *sevaka* (servant) of Lord Jagannath. During the *Ratha Yatra* festival, it was the King's duty to sweep the floor of the *ratha* (chariot) with a golden broom before the deities could come into the *ratha*.

Many other kings thought this was a strange thing for the king of Puri to do, even though Purushottam Dev was well known for his brayery.

So, when Purushottam Dev sent a messenger to the king of Kanchi asking for the hand of the beautiful princess Padmavati, he was stunned by the reply. "Never shall my daughter marry a man who is nothing but an ordinary sweeper", was the message from the king of Kanchi.

This was not only an insult to the king of Puri, but also to Lord Jagannath and the people of Orissa. Purushottam Dev declared war against the king of Kanchi. A long battle took place along the banks of the river Kaveri, but ultimately the army of Kanchi proved too strong.

The defeated and dejected Purushottam Dev returned to Puri, and went to the Jagannath Temple to ask for the Lord's help. "How will I take revenge against the man who called me an ordinary sweeper and thus insulted you too?", prayed the King.

Many days went by, and then one night, Lord Jagannath appeared in the dreams of the King. "Purushottam Dev", said the Lord, "you must not lose heart. Lead your army to Kanchi one more time. I will help you win this war."

When the King woke up, he called his ministers and told them about the dream. Everyone was very excited and the army started its preparations.

In the meantime, Lord Jagannath and his elder brother Balabhadra dressed up as two soldiers and started riding towards the kingdom of Kanchi. Lord Jagannath (the dark one) was on a white horse and Lord Balabhadra (the fair one) was on a black horse.

It was a hot day, and pretty soon the two horsemen became thirsty and tired. As they were wondering what to do, they saw a milkmaid approaching.

She said "I am Manika, and you look like two thirsty soldiers. Would you like some fresh buttermilk to drink?" "We'd love it!" cried Jagannath and Balabhadra, and had a long drink of buttermilk.

Then Manika said, "What about my money?" Jagannath and Balabhadra looked at each other helplessly for some time, until Jagannath had a bright idea.

"We don't have any money," he said, "but we will give you a ring. Show it to the king of Puri who will come by shortly. We are his soldiers, and he'll pay you whatever we owe."

So Lord Jagannath took off a beautiful ring filled with precious stones from his finger and gave it Manika. Before she could say anything else, the two brothers rode away on their horses.

Manika waited and waited until the huge army of the king of Puri came by. She stopped one soldier after another and told her story. Everyone thought she was crazy, until one soldier saw the beautiful ring, and immediately took Manika to the King.

Purushottam Dev recognized the ring from Lord Jagannath and told Manika "You are very fortunate to have seen the Lord with your own eyes. From now on your village will be known as Manika Patana so that people will remember what you did today."

The King called his soldiers and told them how Lord Jagannath and Balabhadra had gone ahead to help them in their battle. The soldiers sensed victory, and continued their march forward until they met the army from Kanchi.

Once again, a long battle took place between the two armies, and this time the king of Puri was victorious. The king of Kanchi surrendered along with the beautiful princess Padmavati.

As he claimed victory, Purushottam Dev turned to his minister and said, "Find a suitable sweeper and get him married to Padmavati. Only then can I extract my revenge from the king of Kanchi".

Everyone returned to Puri. Padmavati, who had to stay with the Minister, was very sad at the thought of marrying a sweeper, but the clever Minister assured her not to worry.

After a few months, it was time for the *Ratha Yatra*. As usual, Purushottam Dev started sweeping the chariots with his golden broom to prepare for the arrival of the deities.

While the King was busy, the Minister quietly approached the chariot with Padmavati behind him. He asked her to put a garland of flowers around the King's neck and choose him as her husband.

Purushottam Dev was furious. "What is the meaning of all this? Didn't I ask you to find a sweeper for her?" shouted the angry king.

"But that is exactly what I have done, your Majesty," replied the clever Minister. "The only sweeper suitable for a princess is one of royal blood, and that is you."

Purushottam Dev had to agree, and that is how he finally got married to Padmavati.

Like many legends, this one is based partly on fact and partly on fiction.

Orissa did have a king called Purushottam Dev almost five hundred years ago. He fought some wars against the king of Karnata, Salva Narasimha, whose capital was Kanchi. The tradition of the king of Puri sweeping the chariots during the Ratha Yatra is believed to have started around Purushottam Dev's time. There is also a village named Manika Patana along the southern coast of Orissa. Beyond that, we do not know what else is true of this beautiful legend. I hope you enjoyed it, though!

There are many such interesting stories about Lord Jagannath and the people of Orissa. I look forward to sharing with more of these in the days, months and years to come.

#### 

Srikanta Mishra, an engineer who also dabbles in risk analysis, lives in Austin, TX. His hobby is to continue learning about Orissa and India so that he can teach his children more about our heritage.

### MILLENNIUM COMPLIANCE

Ishwar Prasad Pati

Whenever I look at a calendar now, I get a palpitation in my heart. Not that I am anticipating the end of the world on a certain date. The calendar sends me into jitters because it reads 2000. Gone are the familiar numerals beginning with 19\_, which had become a part of my life from birth like my mother. The annual change by one digit (or two) was hardly perceptible, a new toothbrush replacing the old as it were. But there was a continuity in feeling because of the homely 19.

Not so with 2000. The look, the sound of it is so very different from 1999, so cataclysmic that I feel as if I have been thrown at the mercy of a strange stepmother. So when I look at the calendar, I want to cry. I want my mother back. But whenever I try to share such feelings with others, they only laugh. They cannot understand my being sentimental about a mere calendar year.

I know it is inevitable that, like a spent year, a millennium also spends itself sooner or later. Time waits for no man, not for any millennium. I realize I have to let go of my old acquaintances one by one, including the old millennium. We have to march forward, never looking back.

But where is the new millennium? Where is it hidden from view? I expected to see a sea-change in my surroundings as soon as we entered 200. The magical 2000, I thought, would bring in a new order completely replacing the old. Like the numerals 1999 were swept away by a stroke of the printing press, everything old would suddenly disappear and new, shinning objects rise in their place. Perhaps my existence on earth would also be transformed. From a haggard and flabby skin, my appearance would be streamlined like the steel on a robot.

After all, it was a quantum leap from one millennium to another. How many had been fortunate to see the dawn of a new millennium? Not all those who died before 31st December, 1999. Their tombstones would read plainly 1911-1998 or even 1898-1981. But my tombstone would proclaim 1948-2048 (subject to change without notice). Ah, that would mean spanning a whole era in time. In fact, I pinched myself on January 1, 2000 to make sure I was carried over to properly be in the new millennium.

I am still looking for the new millennium, not on the calendar where it has announced its existence, but in the life around me. The same smoking trucks ply on the road with the same urchins running behind it in their tattered clothes. The politicians repeat their stale speeches pregnant with stillborn promises, while the voters trudge miles to be denied their vote by gun-welding Mafia. Corruption refuses to even the time of day, what to talk of passage of time from one millennium to another; anytime is corruption time.

I look up to the sky. The sun has not changed its direction or stopped, though it is a bit hotter due to global warming. The trees are as green as they were in 1999, though there are less of them on earth. Man also has not altered his habits of rising, eating, rushing, working and more rushing, though there are more of them now on earth. In short, there is no visible transition from 1999 to 2000, except on calendars and, of course, on those greatly hyped Y2K compliant computers.

I look back at the calendar of 2000 and my heart again misses a beat, out of habit. Then it resumes beating as it has done non-stop from my birth. I try to busy myself in my unchanged schedule, including a hug for my mother.

Ishwar Prasad Pati is the Regional Manager, State Bank of India, Region II Zonal Office, Sambalpur.

# DON'T QUIT

#### Rama B. Mishra

When things go wrong as they sometimes will, When the road you're trudging seems all uphill, When the funds are low, and the debts are high, And you have to sigh, Rest if you must, BUT DON'T YOU QUIT!

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit...
It's when things go wrong,
THAT YOU MUST NOT QUIT!

\*

### CHICKEN NIRVANA

#### Sashi Satpathy

Gentle members of the Orissa Society of the Americas will be delighted and will applaud to hear that I am no longer the male chauvinist pig I used to be. Years of incessant admonitions and male-bashing by the lady members of the community, including my wife, has changed my attitudes and my life forever.

Consider, for example, cooking. It was only about a year ago that I did not how to cook even the simplest of things. In recognition of my culinary aptitude quite early on, my mother used to say, "Aita haathare khada sijhibani!" My repeated offers to demonstrate to her that this was not true and I could, in fact, cook the "khada" quite well was repeatedly rejected as an argument without merit.

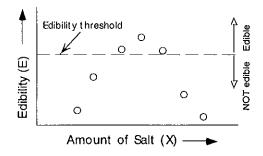
When I finished my high school and to Cuttack for my study, I thought I had escaped my mother's sayings. Until, of course, I got married, when through the strange laws of nature that defies human understanding, I found my wife having the same old saying in her repertoire, and the *khada* saying thus returned to my life with a vengeance. Hopefully, my recent culinary accomplishments of the highest standard, or at least the attempt at it, will put an end to the *khada* saying, banishing it forever from my life.

Last weekend I set out to do the impossible, a feat never

accomplished by any member of the Satpathy family for the last seventy-five generations. To produce a chicken dish and surprise my wife. Honestly, only two generations ago, Grandpa Satpathy would have no clue concerning how the kitchen in his house looked like, or even where it was located in the house (no kidding!), let alone dreaming of doing any cooking himself. Such a monumental achievement on my part, of course, required intricate planning. A recipe had to be acquired from a recipe book, ingredients had to be understood, recognized on the supermarket shelf, and purchased. One had to figure out the setting of the stove that would produce the medium low heat that the recipe might call for, etc.

"Well begun is half done", they say, and off I went to the library in search of a chicken recipe. Settling quickly on a dish called "Chicken Nirvana,", I bought all the necessary ingredients and returned home.

Unfortunately, although the recipe book had specified the exact procedure, when it came to the crucial part concerning the amount of salt, it merely said, "Add salt to taste." And therein lay my troubles! Not knowing this crucial step, I decided to adopt a Newton-Raphson procedure to determine the amount of salt needed, reckoning that the edibility of a dish probably followed a universal curve something like the following.



[The figure describes the variation of edibility of the chicken curry (E) with the amount of salt used in the cooking (X). The unusually small range of X, for which the curry is edible, is the precise reason for the grief suffered by the narrator, leading him to recite Kabisurya's poetry.]

What is plotted here is how the edibility (E) of the chicken curry depends on the amount of salt (X) added to the curry. Unfortunately, the curve rises above the edibility threshold only for a very brief range of the salt amount. With a very good precision in a very narrow range and that would be the right amount of salt. I decided that a Newton-Raphson method was appropriate, being a believer that every problem can be solved if you can break into a number of steps in a computer algorithm.

The Newton-Raphson procedure is, of course an efficient method to find the zero of a function and can be adapted to find the maximum of a function. For our purpose, the algorithm translates into something like this:

- Add a guess amount of salt and determine the value of the edibility function by eating a piece of chicken.
- (2) Increase salt by a small amount delta (Δ) and determine the edibility function.
- (3) Extrapolate to determine the correct salt amount.
- (4) This is the new guess amount.
- (5) Proceed to (1) and iterate.

Of course, care has to be taken to converge to the solution, before all chicken is finished by repeated evaluation of point (1) in the iteration process, but, otherwise, quite a simple procedure.

With utmost care, I started by adding 1/8th spoon of salt and took the value of 1/16th spoon for delta, but on the first insertion iteration itself, the Newton-Raphson procedure bounced. Only after having added the full five spoons of salt indicated by the algorithm, did I realize that the method had bumped, moving the trial point a mile to the right of the desired solution!! The Newton-Raphson scheme dutifully indicated that full two spoons of salt now needed to be removed.

Now, after five thousand years of human civilization, the moon has been reached, the atom bomb has been made, and Adi-Kandha has figured out how to finish his Ph.D., but no one has ever figured out how to remove the darn salt from the chicken dish.

However, wait a minute, I thought the solution was simple. Since you cannot remove the salt, just add some water for the desired effect! After congratulating myself for the sharpness of my brain, I joyfully resumed the Newton-Raphson procedure, and after several times of underestimating and over estimating the salt amount, my solution finally converged!

In my excitement to converge, however, I had forgotten to notice that my chicken dish was looking more and more like a soup with a ton of water! For some mysterious reason, Morarji Desai's name kept coming to my mind. I considered renaming the dish to "Soup de Morarji" instead of "Chicken Nirvana." But, somehow it did not sound too relishing to have just boiled rice and Soup de Morarji for dinner.

As my Khadeswari and I drove to the "Chee Chee" Chinese restaurant in search of some dinner that evening, I could not help wondering about the predicament that the modern civilization had brought upon me.

Time and again I was reminded of that timeless piece of poetry from the writing of the famous *Oriya* poet Kabisurya Baladeva Ratha:

"Alakatha Draba Nayane Bolee,

Rasaala Gahala Shaakhaare Khelee,

Kabal Karun Thaa Kalee Kaapa,

Kaaka Ki Kareeba Panchamaalaapa?

Jagate Kebala,

Jane Haseebe Ehu Tanhu Phala."

[Dr. Sashi Satpathy is a Professor of Physics at the University of Missouri, Columbia, MO 65211]

# **AGING**

#### Shrimant Mishra, Nashville

What it means to be me.

No more trips to Khandagiri,

No more ogling at the other Indian children at Nashville *Diwali*,

No more asking for playing cards as we land in Germany,

What it means to be me at twenty-three.

What it means to be me at twenty-four.

Residency knocking like a hammer at every corner,

Memories of *Bapa* on the veranda fading as if from an old tape recorder,

And of *Aja* having afternoon cha like a daily order,

All falling away as if from a life former.

What it means to at twenty-five. Hoping to live in Chicago's lakeside, Hittin' club scenes that sport India Night, All night partying under the flicker of candlelight, What was *Oriya* in me now trying to hide.

What it means to be me at twenty-six.

Hoping that marriage won't make me sick,

And that Gujurati-Oriya won't be a hard mix,

And that what I learned about Hinduism has not departed so quick,

As I move forth to maturity as time slowly ticks.

What it means to be me at twenty-seven. Watching the kids play ball till half-past seven, Taking them to temple to learn about *Jagannath's* heaven Hoping that it won't be an unlearned lesson, As they follow my footsteps as the third generation.

What it means to be me at twenty-eight. Go back to Sarankul and Baripada and repatriate, In the hopes that I may bring service and aid, With the dual perspective that I have gained.

What it means to be me at twenty-nine. Hoping that I've finally found that fine line, Of *Oriya* and American that can leave you burdened or let you shine, Dreams that age has brought wisdom as it does character to fine wine, Hoping that satisfaction will finally be mine.

Molding, moving, releasing is me.

And heritage and battles are my destiny,
And forgetting and ignoring are my enemies,
Restless climbing toward an apex I cannot see,
When God and family alike will whisper *Om Shanti*.

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### Subhashish Dash

Subhashish Dash, a young, vibrant and active Ornet member, passed away on February 29, 2000 near Santa Clara Railway Station in California at the age of 24. Subhashish was a man of many thoughts, ideas and vision. He was studying in South Carolina and finished his MS in Computer Science during july 1999, and was working for a internet start-up after he moved to CA during October, 1999. Subhashish is survived by his elder brother Debashish (in Chennai) and parents Prof. Kailash Dash and Prathibha Dash (in Bhubaneshwar).

Subhashish was born on 10th May 1975 in the temple city of Bhubaneshar. His father Dr Kailash Dash, Professor in Chemistry, Utkal University was a follower of Sri Aurobindo philosophy. Subhashish got his education from the Aurobindo Integral School in Pondicherry. He joined the University of South Carolina and moved to Columbia during July, 1997. He had worked there as a teaching assistant for the course "Introduction to Algorithmic Design II". He became a member of Ornet probably during February 1998. His hobbies include watching movies and participating in various discussions. He could watch movies all day long. He was always serious about whatever he did.

On Ornet, Subhashish was very active in discussions related to literature, origin of Oriya language, Kargil War, jokes and poetry. He had shared with us information about Bangladesh war, and Annie Besant. On March 19, 1998 he shared with us a mysterious story about the coffin of Amen-Ra and Titanic. On April 21, 1998 he shared a joke in the form of a poem that compares death and tax with lost data in computers under the title "Haiku Error Messages". He was fascinated by the life and achievements of great people and had researched about them. He had writen an article on "Latest supercomputer developments in India" on Apr 23, 1998. He had interest in many different topics and was researching them. He had shared many of his findings with the Ornet community. On July 16, 1998, he had forwarded three famous phrases under the title "Food for Thought":

- " Live so that when your children think of fairness and integrity, They think of you."
  H. Jackson Brown Jr.
- " The only difference between a Good Day And a Bad Day is your attitude!"

Dennis S. Brown

" And forget not that the earth delights to feel your bare feet And the winds long to play with your hair."

Kahlil Gibran

During February 1999 when there was hot debate going on between many Ornet members on the origin of Oriya language and the life of the Adivasi people, Subhashish was one of the active participant. Subhashish was also one of the petitioner of the letter sent by Dr Bijoy Mishra to the chief-minister Janaki Ballabha Pattanaik after the Anjana Mishra case during January 1999. Subhashish's death is a great loss to the Ornet community. We shall remember and miss him as an enthusiastic thinker with refreshing ideas and thoughts, and as an energetic active Ornet member.

Contributed by Bigyani Das, Columbia, MD with help and information from Devi Prasad Misra, Virginia.

### Advice From A Father: Gouranga Charan Parida

Ashok Parida

The following article is an excerpt from the souvenir published on the eve of Mr. Gouranga Charan Parida's demise on 2/22/2000. Mr. Parida was an eminent arbitration lawyer, a developer, an educationist, a philanthropist and a Kriya Yogi. Often he was called Rajarshi Janak of Modern Age. In the midst of helping the villagers of Srichandanpur after the SuperCyclone, he got struck with a massive brain stroke and passed away in Kalinga Hospital, Bhubaneswar.

im high. Shoot for the stars, if you don't get there, at least you will land up on the moon. These are some of the words my Dad used to tell me right from my childhood. He truly believed, we human beings are the gift of God are miracles in progress. If human beings can imagine it and deeply believe in it with true faith and conviction, he can achieve it. He proved this theory to its every word in his own life time. When everyone of his friends and colleagues

would laugh at a project that it would not be possible, he would take up that project to challenge them and make it possible. The man had an unparalleled self-confidence and commitment. He knew all along that with the God given equipment he is blessed with, if he possess the proper self-image, with some principles of success he could have any life style he chooses to have.

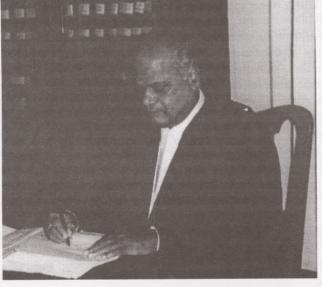
After a brief training as an airforce pilot in Deheradun, he returned to Orissa and studied in Revenshaw college in Cuttack. Inorder to protect the fa-

milily landed properties he practiced law at Puri bar and soon realized the scanty income as a lawyer would not quench his thrust for a higher life style and opted for construction development projects. In 1968, when he was in deep financial trouble, with the advise of Dr. H. K. Mahatab, the then chief minister of Orissa, he visited Swami Hariharananda Giri of Yogada Ashram at Swargadwar, Puri who taught him Kriya Yoga. The techniques of Kriya Yoga taught him how to contemplate, concentrate and think straight. This was a turning point in his life, where he began to realize that he has been blessed with a unique machinery- the brain! Tapping the unlimited resource of this brainpower could be the key to his financial freedom. Just like every father wants his kids to be wealthy and successful, he argued with himself, why should we the children of the all mighty God be poor and miserable? In the process of disciplining himself he discovered some fundamental secrets of Hindu culture and religion. The man who was a complete atheist and used to redicule my mother's three hours of worship in the morning changed completely around. Getting up four in the morning, doing meditation for an hour he would read Bhagbat Gita and Upanishads. I was a teen age kid then, if in a curiosity I would ask, he made me memorize some of the Sanskrit verses and told me these are the valuable wealth that one should possess throughout the lifetime. He figured, the secrets to dynamic living is buried in our scriptures. The proper interpretation is what is

missing. Being an intellectual he did not want to follow the Hindu traditions blindly. To please my mom he would allow the ritualistic work in our house by regular priests, at the same time to quench his intellectual thrust he would get the metaphorical meanings from Swami Hariharananda or Swami Shankarananda. I was so fortunate to be part of it while growing up, now I have tremendous respect for our culture and traditions.

Proper nourishment of the brain is very important which helps us make decisions in life that determines the degree of our success. He found Kriya Yoga to be the best technique

for harnessing this brainpower. The power- very seldom people understand its importance or even know how to utilize its full potential. It is the region where logic resides and the subconscious mind operates from. If we analyze meticulously it is the logic and reason from our head that order us to change to have a better future or a happier life. Somehow we sit back, relax and steadfastly refuse to move an inch. It is the fear that prevents us from overcoming the inertia. It is the lack of discipline that becomes an insurmountable impediment to our growth. The well thought out option of our new direction for our future are slain by our own highly developed sense of unworthiness which holds us captive in our perception of reality. Our lack of faith in our ability to succeed imprisons us in the perimeter of business as usual. He had analyzed this all along, and knew very well that the present education system in India will not provide the basic ingredients for success. He made me read the work of Swami Vivekananda, Paramahansa Yogananda and at the age 19 he



sent me away to the United States for higher education. He never had the any selfish desire that his son should stick around with him to help him in any way. He rather encouraged me to think of other destitute people and help them who have not gotten the opportunity like I did. His letters to me would contain the saying of Paramahansa Yogananda:

We cannot live happily by spiritual sustenance alone, nor by material prosperity done. It is only by HAVING AMBITION and crowning that ambition with the idea of SERV-ICE TO OTHERS, either by HELPING THEM INDIVIDUALLY or by working for SOME GREAT CAUSE, that you find spiritual reason for making money for yourself and others. To help others to help themselves also spiritualizes ambition. An Almighty Power has linked us all together. Whenever you help others, you are helping yourself.

It is one of his theories in the Principles of Success that one should help others achieve what they want which in turn will get you what you want. This is pretty much countercultural at the present day thinking in our country. However, he said, in the field of human motivation, in the field of success and failure, in the field of winning there are certain laws they work all the time whether you believe in it or not. Without looking for rewards or results he relentlessly helped others, mostly villagers who he felt were the needlest amongst all. In November of 1999 right after he returned from his North India tour when he saw the devastation caused by the killer cyclone without any delay he went to the villages and started distributing food and money from whatever savings he had. And also came up with the plan for building strong and economically viable housing project. Thus was born the Prachi Philanthropic Society. He had this huge dream to bring Prachi civilization to the lime light which was considered the Ganges of Orissa during the time of Harsabardhana. He was proud of where he came from and took great pleasure in helping the individuals in dryer need. I remember this as a child, when some poor villagers come to Puri with litigation, he pleads for them free, feeds them in our house and sends them back to the village with money so they can afford the bus fare. That time he himself was not doing so well financially. When my mom made fun of his law practice he would tell her, that poor fellow is worse off than we are, we are like god to him just like Lord Jagannath is to us!

Success in his measure was not just financial freedom. It was simultaneous development of professional, social, physical, mental and spiritual. Dynamic living according to him was the kind of life which is filled with joy and happiness all the time. The life which is free of fear and free of worries, continually in the process of accomplishing worthwhile goals. He was truly living to his words. Despite all the family problems, he was allways in a cheerful mood. His famous example was the waves in the ocean. Life is like an ocean; if one has to swim in it, must do so through the waves because they are not going to go away. One must overcome the fear of social humiliation or personal defeat in order to face those mountain like waves. Logic alone will not able to prepare us to face those struggles of life. It is the emotion or the strong conviction of the heart that propels us to act in such circumstances. It is the heart which is responsible for providing nourishment to vital parts of our physical body is also responsible for pumping passion and emotion into the outlined region of our profound decision and convictions. It is the heart where the little voice is in command which feels our imagination as we create our vision as to what lies in the future ahead. It is the message from the heart that God whispers to us if we only listen what He can see for us about the mountains we can climb, the lives we can affect, the history we can create, the misery and forgiveness we can spread.

My dad's famous line was, use your head when you deal with yourself, but use your heart when you deal with others. I have never seen a man with so much love and passion. Yet he was strong and rigid like a mountain from outside.

He had told me repeatedly, you must be proud of who you are and where you come from. Without proper understanding of your identity you will not be able to prosper in your life. Proper self image is very vital to any individual's progress. History is not to be read and memorize the past events. It is to admire the heroes and be proud of their accomplishments. That joy of pride and self confidence propels us to act in a heroic manner. One time when he visited the United States, he inspired the Oriyas with his thought provoking speech at one of the OSA conventions reminding them that they are no different than the Saadhaba Puas of the Kalinga who used to leave home for months together on trade and commerce to Java & Sumatra. It is just history repeating itself. He always told me the Oriyas are very unique people, given the chance and proper guidance and encouragement they will excell in any walk of life. Unfortunately they have been suppressed for a long time with lack of proper identity and no body is doing anything about it. He was a bit frustrated that the present government of India was not introducing the moral values and teachings in the school curriculum which is available in our Hindu scriptures. He used to tell me that the school or college education will only help you make a living whereas our Vedic teachings will help you become a real human being. A country should build ideal human beings and they in turn will build the nation. That's why when he saw the school project of Swami Shankarananda Giri, he helped him whole heartedly. The Prabhujee English Medium School in VSS Nagar, Bhubaneswar was the proud product of that effort

Although he was an exponent advocate on positive thinking, he asserted the fact that positive thinking will not always work without a proper self-image. He told me time and again there is not an extra terrestrial being called God will pour fortune on you if you don't get off your comfort zone and make a worthwhile endeavor to acquire some knowledge and achieve your goals. The endeavor, the goals, the knowledge etc., etc., all starts with YOU. Not anybody else, but YOU, the man in the mirror. If you notice the man in the mirror, you will notice that the man in the mirror is the direct opposite of what you are. Metaphorically speaking, your right hand is the left hand of the man in the mirror and so on and so forth. So in order to become the man in the mirror, you will have to change a 180 degrees. Everyone knows what one has to change. Practically everything if one is seriously introspective. Because what you have done and known and believed has got you to be where you are, and If you do not like that then you need to change to become a

better you. In this context the following short verse is quite appropriate which was his favorite:

When you get what you want in your struggle for self And the world makes you king for a day, Just go to the mirror and look at yourself And see what that man has to say.

For it isn't your father or mother or wife Whose judgement upon you must pass. The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life Is the one staring back from the glass.

You may be like Amitabh Bachan and chisel a plum And think you're a wonderful guy. But the man in the glass says you're only a bum If you can't look him straight in the eye.

He's the fellow to please-never mind all the rest, For he's with you clear to the end. And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test If the man in the glass is your friend.

You may fool the whole world down the pathway of years And get pats on the back as you pass. But your final reward will be heartache and tears If you've cheated the man in the glass.

True to the lines, if you don't love your self, how can you love others? If you don't respect your self, how can you respect others? He had taught me self-love, positive affirmation and autosuggestion, the fundamental building blocks for true success. Success according to him was not a destination; it was a journey of realizing the worthwhile dreams. He

was the greatest dreamer I have ever come across. He never stopped dreaming till his last breath, nor did he ever stopped acting till to the last day.

He was truly my teacher, my mentor, my guru and my God.

Ashok Parida, Chicago

## In The Memory Of My Heavenly Father

#### Padmini Khuntia

The day of 02-22-2000 was a very memorable day for my family. We lost our beloved father Sri Gouranga charan Parida. The Pun bar association lost a great lawyer, his dear mother land village Srichandanpur lost her worthy son. Prabhujee English Medium school of Swami Shankarananda Baba, Sudha maa and their associates lost their greatest guide; a true friend and a super brain as a legal adviser. It is a very difficult task to highlight a man with so much talent, compassion and wisdom.

Many of my childhood memories are flashing away in front of my eyes when I think of the great heavenly soul, I called my baba. In the beginning of his law career the most interesting thing I will never forget, how he used to ask my mother for money for his clients, especially for the clients from his village. After watching the episode for few times out of curiosity, I asked my dad, how would you pay your own bill if you do not charge the clients for your service? My dad gave me a big smile and said, God helps those who feel for the poor and needy. These people am so poor no one would take their case, if I don't help them as a friend, they would probably end up on the street and lose everything they have. When we go to village, his village people treat him like he was their savior.

According to my dad, richness is not only acquisition of material wealth but also one should be simultaneously rich with body, mind and spirit. Helping others is a virtue, one must thrive for it. Right before the super cydone hit Orissa on Oct. 29,1999 my dad just had his first stroke one week before that. Doctors strictly advised him not to go through any kind of stress. Knowing my father from my childhood, when he came to know the magnitude of devastation that the cyclone has brought to his village, near Astaranga and Kakatpur, nothing could keep him away. Despite of his illness with the help of Shankarbaba and his associates he took off for his village with food, blankets polythene bags etc. I heard my father gave shelter to 300 people in his own village home provided 2 meals every day for many days. There was no government help and no other organizational help went to our village prior to him. He went to villages with boats to distribute food, blankets and money. Money was distributed to the extent of 100 rupees to 500 rupees per household. He worked tirelessly for many days, stayed in the village for many days without paying too much attention to his own health. My mother was very worried about his health. My father had a strong desire to make his village an ideal village with cyclone proof housing, road side trees and gardens and teaching his village people a vedantic life style, which once existed in India long time back.

It was always his dream to help others, whom no one else were able to help. As an aggressive practicing lawyer in Puri bar for 45 years he knew very well, it was extremely important to be honest and as well as knowledgeable to save people from civil litigations. His expertise in civil law caught the eyes of Birla Industries, whom he represented in many of

their land litigation in proper Puri and out side Orissa. The famous Toshali Sand Resort in the suburb of Puri was possible due to his foresight and creative thinking. When the owners of the resort were looking for a quiet place, it was my father, who suggested them the place. As well as he was involved in making the deal possible. It was his tme desire to bring Puri to the lime light for tourists. After words, he advised his Gum Swami Hariharanandagiri to purchase the land in a much cheaper rate compared to the market value to develop the ashram. He was a visionary, a dreamer.

The famous Odissi dancer and instructor Guru Gangadhar Pradhan came in close contact with my father. My father was a true admirer of Odissi dance and culture. He was invited to many of his events during Konark festival at Konark Puri, as a guest speaker.

Besides his benevolent selfless life style he also believed in spiritual upliftment, and practised kriya yoga daily until his last day. He took initiation from his spiritual master Swami Hariharananda Giri of Puri, Karar ashram. He delivered a speech in a Oriya convention at Saginaw Ml. in the year 1985, and charmed many people with its essence. In the process of spiritual pursuit, he met his best friend and son like gum Shankaranananda baba of Bhubaneswar ashram. Both of them shared similar vision and resourcefulness. With their efforts and perseverance Prabhujee english medium school at VSS Nagar of Bhubaneswar was created. It is one of the most dynamic school system I have come across in my life. The students those who attend the school are taught how to do CPR at the age of 12 and lot more besides their curriculum. During the super cyclone the students were involved heavily to distribute relief with their teachers. Each student had to plant 3 to 4 plants and made sure they remain alive, to get better grades. As we all know we lost many trees during super cyclone. The school was my dad's pride and joy. He visited the school very frequently and guided the school staff in many different ways. He was introduced to everyone as the father of the organization.

On the evening of Feb.21 2000, ! talked to my father at Puri. It was Monday morning in India. That day he seemed extremely happy and his voice was joyful. He told me all about his future plans for his village. He asked me if we can help him in any way. Then he mentioned he had decided to donate majority of his properties to the poor people of his village; and had started a philanthropic organization called PRACHI PHILANTHROPHIC. One time he was a class one

contractor, and had the knowledge how to build houses in the most cost-effective way. We always supported his ideas whole-heartedly. In our eyes he was our mentor. Before I hung up the phone, he asked me to promise him that I would try my best to see that his desire to help mankind must be maintained. His desire was that his own house at PURI should be nothing but a spiritual center for many divine souls. Purl is one of the CHATURDHAMS. The saying goes, no matter how many DHAMS one goes, if one does not visit Puri DHAM, the seat of Lord Jagannath, one's pilgrimage is not complete. For a while I felt like Baba is sharing his last phone conversation with me. I found that very odd. To make him happy I answered him, absolutely and honestly I would do anything to see him happy. Surprisingly, the same evening after a very tiring day, my mom had gone to the other side of the house for just few minutes and when she came back, she found my father lying unconscious in front of the temple inside our home. The place is considered to be the most auspicious place in our entire house. My mother had been worshiping Lord Rama at the same spot for last 48 years of their married life. When we received the phone call about my father's stroke he was already taken to the Kalinga hospital at Bhubaneswar. I went numb. My husband and my brother both tried to convince me not to worry and that baba was a survivor, he would make it. The same night I had the most shocking dream. I saw in my dream my father lying covered with a white sheet and them were people chanting slokas like the one we chant when some one dies. The English version of that mantra is that, no one can kill the soul, no one can bum the soul, the soul is immortal and then I was getting upset with those people, saying them to please chant the MAHAMRUTUNJAYA MANTRA. No one was paying any attention to what I said and they were just going on and on. Then I saw my father's face telling me not to worry and that he was no longer alive, his body was there but he was not there. I saw him smiling and telling me that when one is in deep meditation one can see anyone one wishes. It was such a disturbing dream and I woke up, it was I2:39 in the midnight. My father was still alive at that time in India. Next day morning around 11:30 a.m. Chicago time, the phone call came and we have lost my father forever. Shankarbaba was sitting next to him, his hand was on his hand when his soul left his mortal body for heavenly journey. According to Shankarbaba that was the most memorable experience in his life.

Shankarbaba who is also a renowned astrologer noted in his article that, my father was born Tuesday at 9:15p.m. is exactly the same time he expired on Tuesday 9:15pm. and the planetary positions were also the same, which indicated he was a great Rajashree of Yogajanma Purusha. In the world of pilgrimage we are just transit passengers. Our destination is to merge with almighty one day.

We are here temporarily to perform certain duties and would be going back to where we came from. All our actions are left here as memories. As the famous saying goes, we all are gifts of God and what we make out of our life is our gift to God.

My father definitely has a good resume for his next assignment.

Padmini Timi Khuntia is the 2<sup>nd</sup> daughter of Late G.C. Parida. She lives with her husband Kamal Khuntia and daughter Lora in Mokena, IL. Both of them own and manage their automotive repair business for last 15 years in the south suburb of Chicago. Their goal is to follow their father's footsteps.

# **Eulogy to a Dear Friend "Ranu Misra"**

#### Dharitri Misra

Dr. Ranu Misra (nee: Ranu Rath) passed away on February 26<sup>th</sup>, 2000, in New Delhi following a stroke. Most of our Oriya friends here, who were associated with the Ravenshaw College in the 1960s, are perhaps familiar with Ranu's name. She had a brilliant academic carrier, and a very striking personality. Later, in the late 1980's and early 1990's, Ranu's name became a familiar household name in many rural areas of Orissa due to her untiring, selfless work as the honorary Secretary of the Orissa Red Cross Association, and then, as the Chairwoman of the State Women's Organization. She not only devoted all her time but also her whole heart to these causes, rarely seen among people of our generation. During her tenure, she introduced many innovative programs to help the destitute and battered women in Orissa, and was always an unfailing force behind many an undertakings of the Orissa branch of the Red Cross.

God had endowed Ranu with many virtues, grace, charm, an uncanny sense of empathy and above all a sharp mind, but withheld the gift of good health from her - without which the rest seemmeaningless to most of us. Ranu suffered from debilitating painful episodes of bone related ailment for more than fifteen years; yet took her ill health in a stride, never losing sight of her responsibilities and goals. Ever cheerful and optimistic, she always looked forward to her day of full recovery. She commented on many contemporary social and political issues in India through her writings - in the form of simple short stories and poems - which were published in many magazines and have been translated to several languages.

Below are two of Ranu's poems, published in her first book of verses called "Ripples" (a copy of which she presented to me in 1996). The first poem *Shattered Dreams* reflects Ranu's heartfelt agony for the unfortunate young brides, who suffer torturous and premature death in the hands of a degenerated society that has become callous to numerous such episodes on a daily basis. This delicate and touching poem is a testament to Ranu's passionate efforts for eradicating "dowry deaths" in Orissa. The second one *From My Hospital Bed* was written when Ranu was hospitalized for an extended period in a Calcutta hospital for knee operations and other related complications. In the midst of such misery, her optimism and faith in God astounded me. I am presenting these two poems of my dear friend here - because I think they will touch many a hearts as they have touched mine every time I read them.

#### **Shattered Dreams**

Ranu Misra

The boat leaves the shore, loaded with gold and silver with the mast flying high bejeweled... bedecked with flowers she looks gorgeous and dreamy eyed...

Slowly the anchor loosens bond with the land weakens... send-off is so warm and emotional amidst chanting of mantras for her safe journey the boat leaves with grandiose plans...

Midstream the boat rocks from side to side the tide is high the wind is turbulent cyclonic weather follows. She wonders... how come the weather report was so good when she left the shore?

Finally it overturns floats away upside down torn mast... all gold and silver sink to the bottom all fineries and flowers swept away, broken pieces swim in the water.

Does not this happen every other day to every dreamy-eyed girl who first becomes a bride and then a corpse in quick succession?

### From My Hospital Bed

#### Ranu Misra

Looking at the sky day in and day out
While lying still on my bed...
I marvel at Your creativity
While the canvas changes every moment!
The clouds, stars, moons and the sun fill me
With a rare sense of pride and dignity.
You desire...that is why
The wings of the birds flutter before my eyes
The flowers bloom in myriad hues
My hair is blown away by the morning breeze.
Today I intensely feel my closeness to You
Because you want me to feel this way...isn't that so?

I am your creation
What a reassuring thought!
You envelop me on all sides
Without You I am less than naught!
While life is ebbing out of every cell
I don't think either of heaven or hell
I know I have a single destination
It is You and You and You alone!

My Lord, I sleep, breathe and dream of You For me between Life and Death There's little difference For me just one thing matters for which I wait The specific instant of time, the exact moment When I will be free from this cage of bone and flesh Ennobled by Your love, uplifted by Your compassion I shall merge in You and have eternal peace.

# ମୋ ଦୁନିଆ

ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶ

ମୋ କୁନି ଆଖିରେ ଦୁନିଆ ଛଦ୍କ ବେଶ ଚାହିଁ ଥରେ କର ମୋର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ ॥ଯୋଷ॥

> ଏ ଧରଣୀରେ ରହିବେ ନାହିଁ ଦୁଃଖୀ-ରଙ୍କୀ ରୋଗ ବୈରାଗ ନ ରହିବ ଜାହାରି ନ ଥିବ ଧନର ଅଭାବ ଭିଜାରୀ ଜେହି ନ ରହିବ ।

ସରବେ ରହିବେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମନେ ବିହଙ୍ଗ ପରି ମୁକୁତ ମଣିଷ କେହି ନ ଜାଣିବେ ଛନ୍ଦ କପଟ ସଭିଏଁ କହିବେ ସତ ॥୧॥

ମୋ କୁନି ଆଖିରେ ଦୁନିଆ ଛଦ୍ମ ବେଶ ଚାହିଁ ଥରେ କର ମୋର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ ॥ଘୋଷ॥

> ତର ଭୟ କିଛି ନ ଆସିବ ଆମ୍ଭ ମନେ ନ ଥିବ ଝଡ ତୋଫାନ ଶଶକ ପରାଏ ଆମେ ଡେଇଁବୁ ଧରାରେ ଭୂମିକମ୍ପ ହେବ ଛିନ୍ନ ।

ଅହିଂସା ହେବ ଧରମ ଆମରି ପର ସେବା କରମ ଆମର ନିର୍ମଳ ହୃଦୟେ ଆମେ ରହିବୁ ସଂସାରେ ନ ଥିବେ ତ କେହି ଶତୁ ॥୨॥

ମୋ କୁନି ଆଖିରେ ଦୁନିଆ ଛଦ୍କ ବେଶ ଚାହିଁ ଥରେ କର ମୋର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ ॥ଘୋଷ॥

> ପାଶେ ଆସ ମୋର ଭାଇ-ଭଉଣୀ ସଭିଏଁ ଗାଅ ଗୀତ ରାଗିଣୀ ଆନନ୍ଦ ମନେ ଆଜି ଆସ ନାଚିବା ଧରି ସଭିଙ୍କର ହାତ ।

ହିଂସା ଦ୍ୱେଶ ନ ଥିବ କାହା ମନେ କାହାରି ନ ହେବ ଅପମାନ ମାତୃଭୂମି ଓ ମାତୃଭାଷା ର ସୁରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ କରିବୁ ଆମେ ପଣ ॥୩॥

ମୋ କୁନି ଆଖିରେ ଦୁନିଆ ଛଦ୍କ ବେଶ ଚାହିଁ ଥରେ କର ମୋର ଦୁନିଆରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ ॥ଘୋଷ॥

ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ, ତାଙ୍କ ପୂନୀ ଅପର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଓ ଦୁଇ ପୁତ୍ରୀ ତାର୍ଲି ଓ ତୃଷାଙ୍କ ସହ ଟରୋଖୋରେ ବାସ କରନ୍ତି । ४ କବିତାଟି ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଆକାରରେ ଟରୋଖୋର ୧୯୯୯ ଜୁମାର ଉତ୍ସବରେ ତାର୍ଲି ଦାଶ ପେଶ କରିଥିଲେ । ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନଙ୍କର ସଉକ ହେଲା ଭ୍ରମଣ, ବିଶେଷକରି ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ବନ୍ୟଜନ୍ତୁ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ।

# ପଥ ପାତ୍ତେ

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ସୀମା ମିଶ୍

ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକାର ଚାଦରରେ ଘୋଡାଇଣ ଆସୁମାରୀ ଅଶ୍ରୁର ଆସର ଛାୟାଛିନ୍ନ ଗୋଧୂଳି ଓ ସୁନାଢଳା ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟ ଢେଉରେ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଭିଜାଇଛି ଏଇ ମୋର ଷତାକ୍ତ ଆତ୍ମାକୁ ଖୋଜିବି' ପାଇଚି ଷଣେ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣମୟ କେଉଁ ଦିଗନ୍ତରେ ।

ଥିତିହୀନ ପ୍ରାଣ ମୋର ଜର୍ଜରିତ ଲୁହ ଓ ଲୁହରେ ଆଦିଗନ୍ତ ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ ଆବେଗର କେଇସୂତା କାକର କଣିକା ବାରବାର ସିକ୍ତ କରେ ରୁଧିରାକ୍ତ ମୋ ଚଲାପଥକୁ ଅନେକ ଆଷାଢ ଦେହେ ଫାଲ୍ଗୁନର ଫୁଲ ବୁଣିବାକୁ ।

ଅବିନାଶୀ କାଳ ଦେହେ ଲେଖି କିଛି ରକ୍ତିମ ସ୍ୱାକ୍ଷର ଅଜେୟ ମୁଁ ଯାତ୍ରା ପଥେ ପାଛ ମୁହିଁ ଚିର ସମୋହିତ

ଝଡର କବିତା ତଳୁ ତୋଳିନିଏ କେଇଧାର ଅମୃତର ଧାରା ସାଉଁଟିଚି ଆଶା କିଛି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନୋଚ୍ଛଳ ଅୟୃତ ଅୟୃତ ।

> ଅଶୋକ ନଗର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର -୭୫୧୦୦୯

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# ମଙ୍ଗଳ ନିଦାନ

ସୁମିତା ପାଢ଼ୀ

ରାତି ପରେ ଦିନ ଦିନ ପରେ ରାତି ଅଟଇ ଏ ଦୂନିଆର ଚିରନ୍ତନ ରୀତି ନଥିଲେ ଅମାବାସ୍ୟା ରାତ୍ରିର ଘୋର ଅନ୍ଧକାର କିଏବା କରିବ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣମୀ ଉଜନୀର ସତ୍କାର ନବାଧିଲେ ନିଦାଘର ଦାରୁଣ କଷାଘାତ କିଏବା କରିବ ରୁତୁରାଜ ବସନ୍ତର ସ୍ୱାଗତ ବିଶାଳ ଆକଶ ବୁକେ ତାରକା ଫୁଟେ ଉଚ ପର୍ବତ ଶିଖରେ ତୁଷାର ପ୍ରକଟେ ଅନନ୍ତ ସାଗର ମଧ୍ୟେ ଲହରି ଖେଳେ କାକ ପିକ ରାବୁ ଥାଆନ୍ତି ଶତ ବିହଙ୍କ ମେଳେ ବିରାଜିଛ ତୁମେ ଆଲୋକିତ ଧରା ବ୍ୟରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିଛ ତୁମେ ଗଭିର ଗହୁର କନ୍ଦରେ କ୍ଦରେ ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଲୀଳା ଖେଳା ଚଳେ ତୁମରି ଇଙ୍କିତେ ଦୁମରି ଶରଣେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଘଟେ ଅମୃତର ପଥେ

Sumitra Padhi lives in Burlington, Ontario, Canada with husband Hara and children Shovita and Pinak. She is an active and enthusiastic member of the Oriya and Indian community.

ଏ ଉତ୍ତରା ଦାସ

# ସମ୍ପର୍କ ର ଅବସାନ - ଆରମ୍ ହେବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ

ମୁଁ ତ ଶୋଇଥିଲି - ବେଶ ଭଲଥିଲି ମୋ ଦୁନିଆରେ ତୁ କିଆଁ ସେହରେ ଉଠାଇଦେଲୁ ମୋତେ ଦେଖେଇବାକୁ ତୋ ଦୁନିଆର ରୂପ ରଙ୍ଗ ସବୁ ? ନିରିମାଖି, ନିଦରୁ ଉଠିଲି ତେଇଁ - ତୋ ଦୁନିଆ ଦେଖିବି ବୋଲି । ମୁଁ ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ଯେମିତି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ମୋ ଦୁନିଆର ତୁ କହିଲୁ ସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ମୋର ସତ କରିଦେବୁ ବୋଲି ॥

ପତିଶୃତିରେ ତୋର ଉତ୍ଫୁଲ୍ଲିତ ହୋଇଗଲି ମୋତେ ଦେଶ ଦେଶ ବୁଲାଇଲୁ - ପ୍ରୀତିର ନଗର ତୋଳିଲୁ ତୋର ସେ ପ୍ରୀତି ଆଗହରେ - ଚୁପ୍ଚାପ୍ ମୁଁ ସବୁକିଛି ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ତା ଭିତରେ ଦେଖୁଥିଲି ତତେହିଁ ବେଶୀ ତୁ ହିଁ ତ ଆପଣାର ଲାଗୁଥିଲୁ ସବୁଠାରୁ ବେଶୀ ॥

ତୋ ଦୁନିଆର କୋଳାହଳ ଓ ଜାକଜମକରେ ସବୁକିଛି ତ ଥିଲା - କିନ୍ତୁ ନଥିଲା ସ୍ନେହ, ମମତା ଓ ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ସମୟେ ଧାଇଁଥିଲେ କେବେ ଧରା ନଦେବା ଏକ ମରୀଚିକା ପଛରେ ସବୁକିଛି ଏକ ମାୟାଜାଲ ପରି ଲାଗିଲା ଅଣନିଃଶ୍ୱାସୀ ହେଲି ମୁଁ ତୋ ଦୁନିଆରେ ॥

ତୋତେ ମୁଁ ଯେତେ ବି ଅନୁରୋଧ କଲି ଫେରେଇ ନେବାକୁ ମୋତେ ମୋ ଦୁନିଆକୁ - ତୁ ଜମା ଶୁଣିଲୁନି - ମନ ଉଣା କଲୁ ...... ତୁ ବୁଝିପାରିଲୁନି - କେମିତି ବା ମୁଁ ତୋତେ ବୁଝେଇଥା'ନ୍ତି ଜୀବନ ଅତିଷ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି ଏଠି, ଶ୍ୱାସରୁଷ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି ମୁଁ ତୋ ଦୁନିଆରେ ?

Uttara Dash (1969 – 1999) used to live with her husband Binay in the Bay Area (California) until 1998, when she moved to Bangalore. Her favourite hobby was writing poems. Several of her poems have been published in previous issues of the Journal. This is one of her last poems.

# **ବବେକଚୂଡାମଣି**

଼ (ଶଙ୍କର /ଚ ାର୍ଯ୍ୟକୃତ)

ସଂୟୃତରୁ ଓଡିଆ ପଦ୍ୟାନୁବାଦ (ଆଦ୍ୟ ବିଂଶ ଶ୍ଳୋକ)

(ଭାଗବତ ସ୍ରରରେ)

ଅନୁବାଦ: ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମିଶ କାଳେ ମଣିଷ ଜନ୍ ପାଇ ।

ସବୁରି ବେଦର ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ । ତୁମର ନାହିଁ ଆଦି ଅନ୍ତ ॥ ବେଦାନ୍ତ ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ ଗୋଚର । ପୁମେ ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଅଗୋଚର ॥ ଜଗତ ରକ୍ଷଣେ ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ । ଜ୍ଞାନର୍ପୀ ପରମାନନ୍ତ ॥ ନମଇ ଗୁରୁ ତୋ' ଚରଣେ । ବିନୟ ଭାବେ ଭକ୍ତ ଭଣେ । ୧ ।

ଦୁଲ୍ଭ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜନମ । ପୁରୁଷପଣ ନିଷକାମ ॥ ସତ୍କମେଁ ବିପ୍ ଲାଗିଥାଏ । ବୈଦିକ ଧର୍ମେ ମନ ଯାଏ ॥ ଜ୍ଞାନକଷଣେ ବିବେଚନେ । ଆମ୍ାନୁଭବ ସ୍ତେତନେ ॥ ବୁହ୍ଭାବେ ଯା' ଲୟ ଥିର । ଶେଷ ବୋଲନ୍ତି ମତି ଧୀର ॥ ଏପରି ସିଦ୍ଧ ଆଚରଣ । ସହସ୍ର ପୁଣ୍ୟର କାରଣ ॥ କୋଟି ଜନ୍ମର ପୁଣ୍ୟ ବଳେ । ମୁକ୍ତି ମିଳଇ ମହୀ ତଳେ । ୨ ।

ଏବେ ଜହୁଛ ଶୁଣ ମନେ । ବିଚାର ଭାବ ସାବଧାନେ ॥ ମନୁଷ୍ୟରୂପ ଦେହଧାରୀ । ଦେବତା ତା'ର କୃପାକାରୀ ॥ ମୁକ୍ତି ନିମନ୍ତେ ଅଭିଳାଷ । ଦେବ ନିକଟେ କରେ ଆଶ ॥ କେବଳ ଦେବ ହର୍ଷ ହେଲେ । ଉଉମ ଗୁରୁ ମିଳେ ବୋଲେ ॥ ଦେବାନୁଗ୍ରହ ନ ସାଧିଲେ । ବିଫଳ ବାଞ୍ଚା ଜନ୍ମ ତୂଲେ ॥ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ମୁକ୍ତି ଗୁରୁବାଣୀ । ସମୟ ପୁଣ୍ୟର କରଣୀ । ୩ ।

ପୁରୁଷ ଦେହେ ବସି ଥାଇ ॥ ବେଦ ଦର୍ଶନ ପାରଙ୍ଗମ । ଆମୁଚେତନେ ମତିଭୂମ ॥ ମୃକ୍ତି ଭାବନା ନ ଭାଳଇ । ସ୍ଭାବେ ଅସତ୍ୟ ଚିନ୍ତଇ ॥ କାଳ ପ୍ରଭାବେ ନାରଖାର ॥ ଆପଣାକୃତେ ଘାତ ହୋଇ । ମୃତକ ପ୍ରାୟେ ବଞ୍ଚିଥାଇ । ୪ ।

ମୂଡ ସେ' ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଅଟଇ । ଜୀବନ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ନ ଜାଣଇ ॥ ବ୍ୟର୍ଥ ପୁରୁଷପଣ ତା'ର । କି ବା କହିବା ତା' ବିଚାର ॥ ଅଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଖୋଜୁଥାଏ । ଘୁରି ଘୂର୍ଣନେ ପାଣ ଯାଏ । ୫ ।

ବହୁ ଶାୟ ଯେ' ବୋଲିଯାଏ । ବହୁ ଦେବେ ଯା' ଭକ୍ତି ଥାଏ ॥ କର୍ମ କୁଶଳେ ଲାଗିଥାଏ । ଦେବ ଭଜନେ ମାତିଥାଏ ॥ ବିଫଳ କମିସବୁତା'ର । ଆମ୍ବୋଧ ହିଁ ଏକା ସାର ॥ ମୁକ୍ତି ନ ଲଭେ କମି ହେତୁ । ଐକ୍ୟ ଭାବନା ଜଗସେତୁ ॥ ମୁକ୍ତି ସାଧନା ଗତ୍ୟନ୍ତରେ । ନ ମିଳେ ବୃହ ଶତାନ୍ତରେ । ୬ ।

ଶ୍ରତି ବୋଲଇ ଭଲେ ଶୁଣ । ଅମରତ୍ର ଭାବ ଜାଣ ॥ କର୍ମକୁଶଳେ ଲିୟ ରହି । ବିଭ ବିଷୟ ଚାପ ସହି ॥ ମୁକ୍ତି ନ ମିଳେ ଏ' ସଂସାରେ । କଷଣ ଖାଲି ପାରାବାରେ । ୭ ।

ବିଦୁଷ ହୃଦ ଭଲେ ଜାଣେ । ବାହ୍ୟସୁଖର ଆଚରଣେ ॥ ହୋନ ଥାଏ ସଦା କାଳେ । ସନ୍ୟାସଯୋଗ ମନେ ଭାଳେ ॥ ଉତ୍ତମ ଗୁରୁ ସଂନିଯୋଗେ । ସନ୍ତୋପଦେଶ ଉପଯୋଗେ ॥ ସତ୍ୟ ସମାଜେ ଦୃଞ୍ଚି ରଖେ । ଜୀବ ବିତାଏ ମହା ସୁଖେ । ୮ ।

ଯୋଗେ ସଂଯୋଗେ ଏକନିଷ । ସମଦର୍ଶନ ମତିଶେଷ ॥ ସଂସାର ସାଗରୁ ଉଉରି । ଆମ୍ାକୁ ଆମ୍ବାରୁ ଉଦ୍ଧରି ।। ଭବ ବନ୍ଦନ ମୃକ୍ତି ଲାଗି । ସମୟ କର୍ମ ପରିତ୍ୟାଗୀ ॥ ଆମାନୁଭବେ ସଦାରତ । ଧୀର ପଞ୍ଚିତ ଉପଛିତ । ୯, ୧୦ ।

କର୍ମାଚରଣେ ଚିଉସୁଦ୍ଧି । ନୁହଁଇ ବୁ ଉପଲବ୍ଧ ॥ ସହସ୍ର କୋଟି କର୍ମ କଲେ । ବୃତଊୃନ ଜାଣିଲେ ॥ ସ୍ୱଭାବେ ରଜୁ ପରା ହୋଇ । ଭ୍ମରେ ସର୍ପ ହିଁ ଦିଶଇ ॥ ଜ୍ଞାନ ତର୍ଭ ବିଚାର ସିଦ୍ଧ । ବିନାଶେ ସର୍ପ ଭୟ ଖେଦ । ୧୧, ୧୨।

ସାଧୁ ବିଚାର ସତ୍ୟ ଭାବ । ନିଙ୍ଗୟ ଦୃଦ୍ଧି ମନୋଭାବ ॥ ତୃଛା କର୍ମରେ କର ସୋଭ । ମୁନି ସଙ୍ଗତେ ଆପେ ଲଭ ॥ ସହସ୍ର ତୀର୍ଥେ ସ୍ନାନ କରି । ଦାନ ତର୍ପଣ ପୁଣ୍ୟାଚରି ॥ ଶତ ବାର ବା ପ୍ରାଣାୟାମ । ବୂଥା ଏ' ସମୟ ଉଦ୍ୟମ । ୧୩ ।

ପେ' ଜନ ଯେପରି ହୂଅଇ ।
ସେପରି ଫଳ ପ୍ରାପତଇ ।।
ବୃହ୍ବିଦ୍ୟାର ଫଳ ସିଦ୍ଧି ।
ସୁଭିଷୁ ଜଗତର ବିଧି ॥
ଦେଶ କାଳ ବା ପରିମାଣ ।
ପୃଥିବୀ ଆକାଶ ଅୟନ ॥
ଉପାୟ ବହୁ ସର୍ବ ବିଧି ।
କେବଳ ସୁଆଶେ ସୁସିଦ୍ଧି । ୧୪ ।

ଉତ୍ତମ ବିଚାରେ ଜିଙ୍କାସୁ । ଗୁରୁ ସଂଯୋଗ ଅଭିଳାଷୁ ॥ ଆମ୍ଚେତନ ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣେ । ରହଇ ଗୁରୁ ସନ୍ନିଧାନେ ॥ ଗୁରୁ ଅଟନ୍ତି ଦୟାସିନ୍ଧୁ । ତତ୍ତ୍ୱ ଦର୍ଶନେ ପିୟବନ୍ତ୍ର । ୧୫ ।

ଶାୟେ ଯାହାର ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଥିବ ।
ମେଧାବୀ ପୁରୁଷ ହୋଇବ ।।
ଜ୍ଞାନ ବିଜ୍ଞାନେ ନିରନ୍ତର ।
ଭାବନା ସର୍ବତ୍ର ଅକ୍ଷର ॥
ବୃହ୍ବିଦ୍ୟାରେ ବିଚଷଣ ।
ଏ' ଅଟେ ମକ୍ତିର ଲଷଣ । ୧୬ ।

ପ୍ରକୃତି ଭାବ ଯା'ର ଥାଇ । ସଂସାରେ ଅନୁରକ୍ତି ନାହିଁ ॥ ଶାନ୍ତ ସୁଧୀର ଆଚରଣ । ଶମ ତାପସ ଆଦି ଗୁଣ ॥ ସେ' ମୁକ୍ତିକାମୀ ସମଦକ୍ଷ । ବ୍ୟ ଜିଙ୍କାସା ଏକ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ । ୧୭ । ସାଧନା ଚାରି ପ୍ରକାରେଣ । ଯୋଗ ତହିଁର ପ୍ରକରଣ ॥ ସତ୍ୟ ଅସତ୍ୟ ନିରୂପଣ । ପ୍ରଥମେ ତାହାର ପ୍ରମାଣ ॥ ବିବେକ ବୟୁର ସନ୍ଧାନ । ସତ୍ୟ ସନ୍ଧାନେ ସଦା ଧ୍ୟାନ॥ ନିତ୍ୟ ଅନିତ୍ୟ ଗୁଣ ଜାଣ । କର୍ମଫଳ ବିରାଗ ପୁଣ ॥ ଶମ ଦମ ଷଡ ସଞ୍ଛି । ମୁମୁୟୁତ୍ୱ ହିଁ ଜୀବ ଗତି । ୧୮, ୧୯ ।

ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଅଟଇ ଏକ ସତ୍ୟ । ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ସମୟ ଅସତ୍ୟ ॥ ବୃଦ୍ଧ ସତ୍ୟ ଜଗତ ମିଥ୍ୟା । ରଷି ମୁନିଙ୍କ ଆଦ୍ୟ ପନ୍ତା । ୨୦ ।

\*\*\*\*\*\*

Dr Bijoy M Misra is a physicist and teaches at Harvard University. He is associated with the Department of Sanskrit and Indian Studies and keeps interest in Sanskrit literature. The full Oriya translation of Vivekacudamani is being published as a book.

ବିପିନବିହାରୀ ଦଳାଇ ବଳଗୟି, ପୁରୀ

ଚିଠି

ଚିଠି ତ' ଏମିତି କେତେ ଲେଖିଚି ଚିରିବି, ତମେ ଯା ଭାବିନ ମତେ ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଭବିଚି ।

ରାତି ତ ବିତିଚି କେତେ, ପଢି ପଢି ଚିଠି, ଚିଠି ବିନା ଏ ସଂସାରେ କେ ଅଛି କେଉଁଠି ।

ଲେଖରେ ଯା କହିହୁଏ ଦେଖାରେ ହୁଏନି, ଦେଖାରେ କହିବା କଥା ଉଚାରି ହୁଏନି ।

ଦୃଶ୍ୟରୁ ଦୂରେଇଗଲେ ଲେଖାହୁଏ ଚିଠି, ଚିଠିଟିଏ ଆସିବା ଘ' ମନଥାଏ ସେଠି ॥

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### Oriyas

Bipash Puhan Samal

Oriya people are loving and caring, You always find them to be selfless and sharing.

Modest they are to the very core, Preventing most of them to really soar.

Affectionate, warm and hospitable they always are, Love to be home and hate to go far.

Once they leave their warm nest, Hardwork , sincerity and perseverence gives them no rest.

Oriyas love to eat a lot of food, Money they spend on it real good.

Dalma, Besara, jahni posto or manghsha curry, For unexpected guests they can cook in a hurry.

They like getting together and discussing, Relatives, common friends, in-laws are the subjects they keep focussing.

Selfless and innocent they mostly are, Bowing at any elder and saying "Saar Namaskaar".

Bipash Puhan Samal lives in Birmingham, Alabama.

#### STROBE LIGHT

Manisha Samal Moorpark, California

As you walk by the old, wooden premise.

Your ear catches a clip of a song,

So fast, like lightning

Flashing through dark ominous clouds.

And you suddenly stop,

And stand there,

listening to that song,

You had once heard before.

As you listen,

you start re-living those special moments,

That you can remember so distinctively,

Like vibrant iridescent pictures

flashing through your mind.

Those special times.

The times you laughed so hard,

That you had warm streaming tears sliding down your face.

The times you felt so happy,

That you felt you had the whole world placed in your hands.

That song brings back the sweet memories,

The moments, your heart cherishes.

And you start to smile,

A wide grin,

so bright like the moon reflecting through a glass panel,

And remember that

Every song has a picture of life,

Full of unforgetful memories.

Manisha Samal is from Moor Park, California

### THE PROWLER

Babru Samal

Lioness, with

Longing in her eyes

Looked at me

Lust, spilling over

Like lava, hot, humid and humming with life.

Lioness, with dreams

Lingering on her moist lips, whispered

Let us play the cannibal game

Losing ourselves in the lost world of

Lovers lane

Look for no goal,

Lessons or pros or cons

Leave the world of din and bustle behind

Let us lie there

Like the lawn grass

Looking at the stars in the sky

Let us make love

Like there is no tomorrow.

Babru Samal is the past Secretary/Treasurer of OOSA He lives in Moor Ppark, California

### The Present

Minnie Praharaj

Each day brings something special, Some joy or souvenir, It might be gone tomorrow So savor it while it's here. Enjoy the "little things", The happiness that life brings. Count on honest friends, Forgive their mistakes Because truth always triumphs. Put yesterday behind you, It's gone and won't come back, And we cannot see ahead Far down tomorrow's track. Enjoy each moment That comes just for today -The sweet song of a child, The morning sun's first ray, A living presence of God is installed in a temple, A handful of offering with love makes you humble. Life is such a precious thing, Be thankful to God for everything. Remember ... Today is a Gift, That's why they call it "The Present".

Minnie Praharaj lives in Huntsville, Alabama

### FORCE OF FORTITUDE

It is the force;
Force of fortitude in its potency,
As sorrows and gloom change;
Drawn into a joyous resiliency.
As its essence grows,
Staggering steps taken when one is lonesome;
Turns into a bouncing stride;
Leaping in a vibrant celebration.

The fears that stalk,
Gathered in a web that does alarm,
In a way start to disappear;
With patience shining its charm.
The strength to achieve,
And the strength to face failure;
Are all drawn by courage,
The courage to effectively endure.
The desire to leap across;
Mountains of pain that storms,
Does very well come from a force,
A force that always stays firm.

Tanuja Tripathy Mahwah, New Jersey

#### A GRACEFUL PATH

It gracefully draws its way Through myriad paths; That shapes it anew. It sparkles in an array Marveling at its own being, As it leaves its abode, Alighting on its journey.

It hums its tune,
Staying firm and unshaken.
As it moves through rocky margins
Gleefully accepting drops of rain.
As it comes across flowers;
It helps them to bloom,
And dances with them
Singing its tune.

It is the way of a' lovely stream'
That shapes its myriad waysLike the flow of life
And like the current of time.
It rolls on and on
Until it reaches its abode.
To get entwined with virtues
That bloom like roses in the garden of life.

Tanuja Tripathy Mahwah, New Jersey

### Gazing

As the sun sleeps, The moon shines amidst stars, "Twinkling" to each other, In a sort of binary lang. Yes, no, yes, no, yes, no...! A mother lies on an old mat, Which crackles when she moves. Gazing up at the night, Through the hole in the roof. Her hunger has stopped, but, Her heart thumps in fear. In her arms, her baby sleeps. Stars twinkling in his dreams. Childishly delightful! Like fireflies! He had tried to catch a few, Running in the night, all over, His shabby little slum. But all he caught was a fever, Hotter than the sun that sleeps. No hope, no money, nothing. Just an endless wait, a little prayer. Constant gazing up at the sky! Stars "twinkle" on, As if deciding the little boy's fate.

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# DRAUPADI'S SARI

Arjun Purohit

You looked for me with longing eyes
With vision clouded with thousand scars
You called me barely with a whisper
So nobody knows your love for me
You draped yourself with layers of dust
Heavy with honour and pride

I knocked your door in darkest night But your fear didn't let me in I revealed myself in the golden morn You were too dazed to note My song got lost among the din Of grinds of mundane routine

Now come my beloved without cover Yeilding the grip of Draupadi's sari Sari of false honour and pride Heavy with memory of innocence lost Sari braided with false trinkets Jingling notes of faded charm

Follow the call of my pining flute
Waltzing as a river to the sea
Lay on my breast as wave on the ocean
With sweet abandon and glee
And we will dance the cosmic dance
Wild with soma and bliss

Arjun Purohit lives in Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

# THE END OF THE WORLD

Snigdha Mishra

#### CATACLYSM

Shrieking, the wind ripped across the land clawing trees from the bosom of the earth.

Wailing in torment like souls of the damned as it laid waste everything in its brutal path.

Raging, it plucked a child from her grandpa's arms.

It seemed the end of the world had come.

In the depths of darkness, in the sheeting rain the muezzin's desperate prayers rang from his tower.

Frantic voices sobbed bhajans in vain.

A thousand pleas for mercy went unanswered as the malevolent wind screamed and drowned it all.

It seemed the end of the world had come.

Waves growled and thundered restlessly.

Towering walls of water reared their heads
snarling as they hulked, foamy maws agape.

Racing inexorably toward the naked shores.

Sucking, gulping, swallowing, devouring.

It seemed the end of the world had come.

#### **AFTERMATH**

Stick figure planted knee deep in mud.

Scarecrow? No - a woman, standing sodden sari clinging to gaunt bones blank eyes staring through matted hair.

"I did'nt think the sun would rise again.

I thought the end of the world had come."

"Nothing to eat or drink for days.

No one left that I recognize.

Everything gone, all swept away.

The waves - they drowned my baby's cries as they snatched him from my breast.

Tell me Lord - Why am I alive?"

Still waters reflect the sullen sky
hiding corpses in every flooded field.

Tens of thousands lost forever.

Whole villages vanished without a trace.

No rhyme nor reason for this destruction.

It seems the end of the world is near.



Snigdha Mishra is a resident of Austin, Texas. She is a financial analyst turned full-time mom, and performs and teaches Hindustani classical vocal music. Snigdha also gardens and writes poetry in her spare time.

This poem was written in the wake of the super-cyclone which struck Orissa on October 29, 1999, causing immense damage to life and property.

# AN EVALUATION OF UNNAYAN'S PROGRAMMES AND VILLAGERS' RESPONSES IN THAILO

Michelle Munk

#### 1. Introduction

I came to India from Canada to participate in a Cultural Exchange Programme in the Nilgiris, Tamil Nadu, which I completed in mid-January, 2000. Through Internet correspondence, I learned about Unnayan, and I began to work for this organisation on March 14. To assist Unnayan in the implementation of some of their cyclone-relief projects, I conducted a brief survey in Thailo, one of the villages in which Unnayan is working. On the morning of March 15, I accompanied Mr. Sudarsan Das and Mr. Beura to Thailo. We first looked at the bund being built under Unnayan's Food For Work Programme, and also at the three Lift Irrigation Projects set up by Unnayan to irrigate rice paddies. After some meetings with the villagers, Mr. Sudarsan Das and Mr. Beura returned to Bhubaneswar, and I stayed in the village to conduct the survey on behalf of Unnayan. The villagers received me very warmly, and they took excellent care of me and made sure that I was comfortable during the course of my stay.

#### 2. Methodology

Mr. Sudarsan Das identified a number of topics he wanted to learn about from the villagers. Together, we devised a list of questions to be asked of the villagers concerning four areas:

- The Pani Panchayat Programme
- ii. The Food For Work Programme

iii. Women's Position in the Village and the Community Nursery Programme iv. Suggestions for Future Income-Generation Projects In addition to these areas, I included some questions pertaining to the villagers' perceptions of social problems in the village and their solutions, and also of the general needs of the villagers.

Due to my lack of ability to speak Oriya and unfamiliarity with the village, the interviews were translated and facilitated by Pradeeptha, who works on behalf of Unnayan in that region. In the course of two days (March 15-16, 2000), we conducted five interviews.

On the first day, we interviewed three young women in the afternoon, and then a large group of men in the evening. On the second day, we interviewed a large group of women in the morning, and then in the evening, we interviewed two women from a Brahmin family and then a couple and their son from a Scheduled Caste family. Of these five interviews, the two that involved large groups were conducted outdoors, and consequently there was no restriction on who participated. The interviewees came and went freely during the course of these interviews; some were only present for a part of the interview, or only responded to certain questions. The other three interviews were conducted indoors, with specific people. In addition to these five interviews, on the morning of March 17, a man approached me independently, and I interviewed him as well. This last interview was the only one conducted without a translator.

Limitations

A number of factors may have influenced the findings of this survey. First, I was unable to communicate directly with the people I interviewed, due to the language barrier. The translation of my questions and of the respondents' answers may limit the accuracy of the findings. Furthermore, my lack of familiarity with the village customs and culture may also have limited the results.

Second, I was somewhat limited by time. A longer period of time would have allowed for a more comprehensive survey of the village, interviewing more villagers, and generally gaining a better understanding of life in Thailo.

Third, in four of the interviews, there were a large number of people observing the process, which may have influenced the responses given. In two cases, I requested members of the "audience" to leave to try to achieve more honesty in the responses.

Fourth, people's responses may have been influenced by the fact that I am a foreigner, and unknown to them. They may have felt shy in my presence, or they may have felt compelled to give certain answers for various reasons.

#### 3. General Impressions

Before coming to Orissa, I had never personally seen an area affected by a natural disaster. I expected utter devastation, starvation, and hopelessness from people who had lost their families, friends, homes, crops and dreams. As we approached Thailo, I noticed that many trees were fallen by the side of the road. Not only thin palms, but enormous trees lay on their sides, exposing their networks of roots to the hot sun. We passed memories of houses, foundations with perhaps a few walls. But, somewhat to my surprise, we also passed villages bustling with life, people eating breakfast and doing their morning chores, and green paddles ready for harvest.

We drove into Thailo. My first impression was how normal it seemed. There were houses standing, there were trees. Villagers went about their business. A shop sold biscuits and beedies and nail polish. Women led their cattle out to graze, men stood around smoking, children played on the roads with old rubber tires. There appeared to be few indications that four months ago this village, and in fact the entire region, had witnessed the wrath of Mother Nature at its fiercest.

As I was shown around the village, I began to see evidence of the recent trauma. There were trees standing, but not many, compared to the number that were on the ground. There were houses in various stages of reconstruction. The concrete houses were externally unaffected by the storm, but inside, the television sets, refrigerators, mixers and fans sat idle; electricity had still not been restored after four months.

I was struck by the range of wealth in the village. While some villagers had motorbikes and large houses and held

government jobs, others lived in mud houses and worked as labourers in the fields. I was also impressed by the level of nutrition of the villagers. Every meal I ate, including one in a poorer family's house, consisted of a good variety of vegetables, and the rice served was healthy brown rice. A number of homes had kitchen gardens, supplying fresh vegetables. No one was starving - from what I could tell, everyone had enough food to eat and a home to live in. Although many people were reportedly unemployed, everyone I talked to owned some amount of land, and I suppose this provided enough income to provide for the family. From what I could see, most of the pieces had already been picked up, except for a few roofs of houses. People did not seem to be "just scraping by"; many could afford "luxuries" like packaged foods, nail-polish and ready-made cigarettes. In many ways, it seemed like Life As Usual for the village of Thailo. I felt this especially after visiting a nearby village in which only members of the Scheduled Caste live. There, people were noticeably malnourished. Many were sick, some in visible ways. Their clothing was torn and dishevelled. It is difficult to say, however, how these villagers had been living before the cyclone. Overall, though, I saw the truth of the reports I had read that those with the least to lose lost the most.

Thailo itself seemed like a nice enough village, except I could sense a considerable amount of social disharmony. There did not seem to be the fellow-feeling I expected in a small village. Some people spoke of corruption in the village, and I could sense some general tension between the villagers.

#### 4. Findings

In general, people seemed quite happy to help me with my research, and they were, for the most part, forthcoming with their replies. The men always had a great deal to say, but many of the women were quite shy and reserved with their responses.

#### i. The Pani Panchavat

Currently, the village of Thailo has three Pani Panchayats, one to manage each of the three Lift Irrigation Pumps (LIP) that Unnayan has installed, with memberships ranging from fifteen to twenty-three members. Each group has a President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer, and the groups meet every fifteen days.

In general, almost everyone was aware of and supportive of the Pani Panchayat programme, saying that it is a profitable opportunity that will help the village to develop. All those who were interviewed felt that irrigation pumps were necessary for their crops. Even if their crops failed in the rainy season, the pumps would ensure that they would not fail in the summer season. The cost of the Lift Irrigation Pumps was approximately 42,000 Rs each, including diesel and the revolving fund. The villagers expected this to be paid back within ten years. After this period, they did not anticipate any problem managing the LIP independently of Unnayan. When asked to estimate the comparative benefit of the LIPs, one villager said that before the pumps were installed, the yield was approximately three quintals per acre. He expected this quantity to increase to approximately fifteen quintals per acre with the addition of the pumps.

People interviewed felt that the Pani Panchayats were strong groups, with good co-operation between the members. It was said that the members are motivated to work together because they are directly benefiting. One respondent said, however, that some members are not attending the meetings, and some are not paying their fees on time. Furthermore, even when the attendance at a meeting was good, the point was made that not everyone participated actively in the discussion and decision-making. In fact, in the fifteenmember Pani Panchayat, apparently only two to three people actively participate.

At present, many villagers do not have land adjacent to any of the pumps, and so they are not benefiting directly from this programme. Consequently, some people felt that there should be more LIPs put in. One villager suggested that three or four more pumps are urgently needed. Furthermore, the pumps only benefit the village in the dry season, and not year-round. Some people anticipated certain future problems; currently, there is trust in the president, but in the future, mismanagement could destabilise the groups. Also, the strong interest and motivation of the Pani Panchayat members at these early stages may diminish over time.

Several years ago, some village members put a proposal to their MLA to have the government install a Lift Irrigation Pump. The government installed the pump, without any discussion with the villagers. They set stipulations on the use of the pump that at least three acres were to be cultivated in the irrigated land, which they would measure. They only installed one pump, which resulted in quarrel, since only a few farmers benefited. Furthermore, there was no one designated to manage the pump. By contrast, under Unnayan, there have been Pani Panchayats formed, and so there are people who feel responsible for maintaining the LIPs.

The main problem with the Government pump (OLIC) was that it ran on electricity, not on diesel like the current pumps. Consequently, when there was a power cut, the irrigation stopped. Furthermore, the motor in the electric pump apparently broke down from time to time, whereas the motor of the diesel pump is more reliable. Currently, the government pump is defunct, since there has been no power to the village since the super-cyclone in November.

In general, people seemed to be pleased with Unnayan's Lift Irrigation Projects, especially as compared to the Government's failed project.

#### ii. Food For Work programme

Unnayan has recently implemented a Food For Work programme in Thailo. According to this programme, villagers are working to build a bund to protect their land from flooding during the rainy season. For every day they work, they receive 10 Rs and 3 kg rice.

Everyone interviewed was enthusiastic about the Food For Work programme, saying that unemployed villagers are benefiting by earning their livelihood, while at the same time helping the village since the bund they are building will protect their land from waterlogging. Furthermore, apparently the village has been requesting a bund from the government for the past ten to twenty years, but it was never constructed; the villagers were happy that Unnayan gave its sup-

port so readily. A high turnout was anticipated: some people expected that as many as 80% of adult men would participate in this programme.

One person suggested that the bund would be stronger if the bund were made of concrete. Another person said that, while it is a good project, less than 15% of the land owned by the villagers will benefit, so the project should be extended. He said that the river embankment should be extended 4-5 km under Food For Work.

# iii. Women's Position and the Community Nursery Programme

In Thailo, very few of the women have an independent income. In fact, only one of approximately twenty women l met in Thailo worked, and she was a labourer. Many women perceived this lack of income to be a problem. In response to this problem, Unnayan has introduced the idea of a community nursery to the Women's Group. The super-cyclone in November uprooted many trees in the affected regions; the effects of removal of trees are well known, including lack of shade in a harsh climate, topsoil erosion, desertification, loss of income for fruit-bearing trees, loss of firewood, etc. Consequently, Unnayan has suggested that the women of Thailo should begin the job of re-foresting the affected region through a community nursery programme. The programme has not yet begun, but the plan is to grow seedlings of indigenous trees on a plot of land owned by one of the villagers, and then sell these seedlings at the market. This programme will provide the double benefit of providing the women of Thailo with an independent income, as well as providing the villagers in the cyclone-affected areas with the seedlings necessary for re-foresting their land. Overall, they expect that the programme will increase the standard of living in the village.

In general, people seemed enthusiastic about the community nursery programme. They did not anticipate that the Women's Group would have any problems managing this project. They requested Unnayan to help them with provision of seeds and assistance in marketing. One person stressed the importance of the Women's Group members having detailed information about the agricultural process, and also of using high standard insecticides and pesticides. Some people were concerned that they may have problems of theft, cows may damage the seedlings, or the Group may face money problems.

#### iv. Suggestions for Future Income-Generation Projects

Only one person had ideas for future income-generation projects. He suggested three possible projects:

#### 1. Waste land cultivation.

Apparently, there are about 20-30 acres of government land around the village that are not being used. This land is available for cultivation by social organisations and by the landless, but currently no one is using it.

#### 2. Fishing, aquaculture.

The villager suggested further developing these areas, selling fish instead of simply using it for personal use.

# 3. Weekly market. The villager complained that there is no market in the village to serve its five thousand inhabitants. The vil-

lagers must walk six km to the nearest market. Consequently, he suggested that there should be a weekly market in Thailo itself, which would benefit the 100-200 people who would be directly involved in buying and selling.

#### 4. Milk Society. (my suggestion)

The women of a nearby village (which I visited) have independently set up a milk society. Twice daily, the village women collect the milk from their cows, and take it to the society office. There the milk is tested and measured, and then sent away for processing. They benefit considerably because they pool their milk and work together. I think that such a project might be feasible in Thailo as well.

#### v. Social Problems

I asked all of the people whom I interviewed to describe the social problems in their village, and any possible solutions they could think of.

#### a) Women

Almost everyone mentioned "women's problems" as being prominent social problems in the village. There were a number of concerns identified. Specifically, dowry was considered to be a serious problem. I heard that there had been at least one recent dowry death in the village, where the bride was murdered for what was considered to be an insufficient dowry. One honest person told me that, while he opposed that his sister should have to provide a dowry to her husband, he had wanted one for himself. One woman said that women are more responsible than men are for eradicating the dowry problem. She pointed out that most commonly, it is the mother-in-law and sister-in-law who demand the dowry. She emphasised the importance of individuals taking personal responsibility through self-study in order to eliminate the dowry problem.

Second, due to the "social barrier," women are restricted from leaving their homes. Consequently, women are unable to go out of the village for higher studies or for work, and are confined to being housewives. This problem is related to the wider social problem of eve-teasing; in order to protect their daughters from being teased on the roads and in the market, many parents forbid them from going out. Some women said that there was no opportunity for work, no selfhelp system for providing work and a means for earning money. Also, some women complained that men often occupied the seats reserved for women on the buses. Some women were even prevented from joining the Women's Group. Although a number of women I spoke with had completed some level of higher study (many had Bachelor or even Master's degrees), they all did only domestic work. Some women called this purdah a form of torture. Related to this problem, it is considered to be the woman's "duty" to do all the housework, and the men never assist in any way. (incidentally, only one of the women I spoke with had a particular skill - tailoring - however, she did not earn any money by tailoring).

Third, some people interviewed said that there is a problem of verbal and physical abuse of women in the village.

Fourth, partly because women have no independent income, most women said that they did not participate in decision-making regarding either their land or their homes.

In general, they had no voice against men. Only a few women said that they participate equally in the discussion of family matters.

Fifth, one person mentioned the problem of divorce, pointing out that divorcées do not receive any support from their husband's family or from their own family.

Finally, some people interviewed said that when women do work, for example as labourers, they receive less pay for equal work compared to their male counterparts.

Generally, to address these problems, people suggested that there should be an increase in social consciousness. Some women said that the women's group should stage rallies, protest against atrocities, and speak to individual families about particular problems. Some people spoke about the need for more education to increase social consciousness, and one person specified that there needs to be education geared specifically at teaching about women's rights and status.

#### b) Caste problems

Everyone interviewed mentioned problems associated with caste, in some form or another. Many mentioned that because of social custom, members of the Scheduled Caste (SC) could not enter the temple, even at festival times. Some said that Scheduled Caste people were not permitted into the homes of higher caste people, and could not eat with them. Some said that society does not recognise them or want to educate them. One person said that political corruption was preventing SCs from taking their reserved government jobs, and that the government is not implementing its anti-caste laws. One person said that the lower caste is not motivated to address the problem.

Some people felt that the caste problem was getting better over time. One person said that SC youth should be educated about their rights and their status.

A few of the higher caste people I spoke with felt that the caste restriction system should continue. One person felt that, as Brahmins, they should not have to do physical labour. Another (highly educated) person mentioned that SCs have a criminal nature, and that abolishing castes would result in a law and order problem. Some people felt that caste should continue because it is tradition.

#### c) Unemployment

Many people mentioned unemployment as an important problem in the village. In particular, the educated villagers could not find suitable jobs, such as government jobs. One person said that the main problem was youth unemployment. As a result of this unemployment, some villagers were turning to alcohol and ganja, creating further social problems. The lack of employment opportunities for women has already been mentioned.

#### d) Lack of a village committee

One villager mentioned that a significant problem was the lack of a recognised village committee. According to him, such a committee would have a number of important functions, such as:

- Implementing projects
- Deciding where the LIPs should go

- Delineating the parameters of the Food For Work Programme
- Receiving aid organisations
- Identifying and addressing social problems
- Guiding Unnayan's interventions and helping it work more smoothly and efficiently

#### e) Other social problems in the village

- Here is a list of some other problems people mentioned:
   \* High population (but this is improving)
- Political corruption
- Politicians work for their own benefit, not in the interest of villagers
- Political leaders bribe villagers for their votes
- Insufficient income: difficult to meet the needs of the family
- Poor education level
- One villager lamented the lack of English fluency in the village. He said that if people spoke English, they would be able to get office jobs.
- The same villager said that the local school has five classes, yet it has only three (poor quality) teachers and one room, making it an unsuitable learning environment.

#### vi. General Needs

The villagers identified a number of areas in which they need external assistance, for example from Unnayan.

#### a) Afforestation

One villager suggested that there should be an afforestation project under the Food For Work programme, to help to compensate for the destruction of trees caused by the super-cyclone.

#### b) Health Care

A number of villagers complained that the nearest health care facility was seven km away, which they felt was unacceptable. They wanted a primary health centre or a hospital in the village itself.

#### c) Transportation system

Many villagers spoke about the poor road condition. Furthermore, because there are no buses nearby, many people refused to send their daughters to college.

#### d) School repair

The super-cyclone in November partially destroyed the local school. Consequently, the students could only attend classes from 7am to 10am each day. The villagers wanted their school to be repaired so that a normal class schedule could resume and children could complete their curricula.

#### e) Adult education

A number of uneducated women requested an adult education programme. Apparently, they used to have a Total Literacy Campaign project in the village, but they lost it due to political differences in the village.

#### f) Communication system

Some people commented on the need for a communication system to the village.

One person mentioned that there should be holistic development in the village. He felt that development must include every aspect of society, including health care, education, shelter, employment, etc.

In general, most people I interviewed seemed pleased with Unnayan's current work in the village. However, a considerable number of people were not benefiting from Unnayan's projects. Their land was not irrigated by Unnayan's pumps, their land would not be protected by the bund, and their women were working as labourers and so could not be involved in the community nursery. Some people mentioned some resentment towards Unnayan as a result of this perception of unfair treatment. One person told me that despite Unnayan's good intentions, it was largely working with corrupt villagers, and was consequently not working in the best interest of the village as a whole.

#### 5. Suggestions

As I do not have a significant amount of experience in rural development in general or in post-trauma Orissan rural development in particular, I do not feel qualified to give a comprehensive analysis or recommendations regarding Unnayan's work in Thailo. The following are just a few ideas that have occurred to me as a result of my experiences and discussions in the village.

#### i. Modifying the Pani Panchayat model

As I understand it, the Pani Panchayat concept was developed based on the Self-Help Group model, a popular concept in the rural development/NGO circuit in India. According to this model, each group, consisting of ten to twenty members, has one president, one secretary, and one treasurer. In my opinion, a critical downfall of many development programmes is the disempowerment implicit in a vertical, hierarchical structure. Everyone who is not the President is "below" the President. One of the Pani Panchayat members mentioned that within the group of fifteen, only two or three people actively participate in discussion. In my opinion, this low participation rate is extremely problematic. In fact, it challenges the very concept of "self-help," and rather, it constructs an oligarchic situation where the minor-As a consequence, the nonity rules the majority. participating members do not feel ownership and responsibility for the group as a whole.

I would suggest modifying this model. While I understand that a single treasurer is necessary for maintaining the bank account, I feel that the positions of President and Secretary can be eliminated. In their place, I think that there should be a Rotating Facilitator and Rapporteur, who change every meeting or every two meetings so that everyone is required to fill these positions. The Facilitator would have the responsibility of ensuring that every person speaks on every issue. The members would sit in a circle to communicate mutual respect and to facilitate discussion. The Facilitator would be responsible for eliciting responses and opinions from all the members, and for maintaining a non-judgmental,

respectful and "safe" atmosphere where all members feel comfortable sharing their ideas. If a conflict arises, the Facilitator would ensure that dialogue continues and that the conflict is resolved peacefully and to everyone's benefit, as far as this is possible. If there is a decision to be made, the Facilitator should try to achieve consensus among the members. There would need to be a brief training session for the group on effective facilitation. The Rapporteur would have the role of taking the minutes of the meeting, and providing a brief summary either at the end of the meeting, or at the beginning of the following meeting. I believe that these changes would allow every voice to be heard, and would empower every member of the group to feel that the group belongs to them and they to the group.

#### ii. Solar-Powered Lift Irrigation Pumps

The current diesel-powered pumps are working very well. However, since they run on diesel, they require a constant input of fuel, and consequently a dependence on external sources for supplying that fuel. The operation of these pumps is also subject to fluctuations in diesel prices, which may not necessarily correspond to the crop value. Moreover, the combustion of diesel, based on a fossil fuel, is intrinsically unsustainable. Fossil fuels are a non-renewable resource, and furthermore, their combustion contributes to the Greenhouse Effect and Global Warming. Ironically, many have postulated that it is a result of Global Warming that there has been such an increase in natural disasters, such as the super-cyclone that devastated the crops in the first place. Finally, diesel is not a local resource; consequently the price of diesel reflects not only its market value, but also the cost of transportation.

By contrast, Orissa has been blessed with an abundant power source, which has hardly been tapped into or even considered. It is a local, renewable and sustainable resource: solar power. Furthermore, it does not require a constant financial input, as does diesel; rather, an initial investment is made, and the sun keeps on shining for free. I am certainly no expert on the actual operation of photo-voltaic cells, and so I can not say for sure whether this would be a viable option in this context. I think that the best option would be to install a solar-powered pump with a diesel-generator as a back-up system, and also for night-time use if the solar power proves to be insufficient. In any case, the pump is to be used in the summer season, when there is no shortage of sunlight. In addition, I have heard that the Indian Government assists considerably with funding for Alternative Energy systems.

I am not saying that a solar pump system must be used; I am simply suggesting that it would be worthwhile investigating this possibility for future pumps. A solar-powered pump uses a local, renewable energy source and does not require constant financial input.

#### iii. Village Committee

One of the people I interviewed emphasised the importance of a Village Committee. I documented his description of such a Committee above (see section 4.v.d). Currently, there is a lack of fellow-feeling and trust among the villagers; people are suspicious of each other, and there is a tangible

tension which I became aware of even though I was only there for a short visit. I think that a Village Committee would help to provide the strength and stability that is lacking in Thailo. A Village Committee would respond to the needs of the villagers, and would be responsible for helping the village overcome crises. It would provide a space for airing complaints and for dealing with conflicts. It would create an organisational structure for the village, and would represent the village to the outside world, to the Government and to NGOs. I think that such a Committee would greatly improve the associations between the villagers of Thailo.

#### iv. Life Education Programme

Many villagers mentioned the need for an increase in social consciousness to address the various village problems; I think that some of these problems could be addressed by education. I do not mean academic, school education; rather specific education geared at teaching children about their rights and empowering them to be confident, critical future citizens. Many villagers were aware that they were suffering from some form of injustice from the government or from their fellow villagers (or even from their family members); however, they were not empowered to take positive action to address these problems. I doubt they were aware of the facilities which exist to support them in their claims of rights abuse. An education programme focused on empowering and inspiring tomorrow's citizens would help to increase social consciousness and mobilise people for positive change. I can be contacted for further suggestions in this area if it is considered to be worthwhile.

#### iv. Is rice best?

The current crop, rice, requires a high level of irrigation. I have a very limited knowledge of agriculture, but I wonder whether there might be a different crop, perhaps one that is more indigenous to the area, which would consequently require less water. Indigenous crops are also generally stronger and more resistant to pests and disease than imported crops. I know that in some hot areas, farmers are growing indigenous varieties of millet, such as ragi. Incidentally, ragi is also more nutritious than rice. In any case, it might be worth investigating whether alternative crops might be feasible.

#### v. Skills Training for Women

A number of the women I spoke with said that one of the main reasons they have so little power in the home is that they do not have an independent source of income. Hopefully, the proposed Community Nursery will help provide some income, and consequently some independence. In addition, I think that many of the women would benefit from an Adult Education Programme, which could offer literacy programmes for those who are interested, as well as skills training in areas which would be helpful for the village women. For example, there could be tailoring classes, handicrafts production, soap-making, candle-making, incense-making, etc.; in effect, any skill which women could do at home for a minimal expense, and which would provide additional income. This income would benefit the women involved, but also their families as a whole. Furthermore, engaging in personal skill development would provide a break from the women's monotonous household routine, and provide a different form of stimulation. If the women would be interested, developing skills together as a community could ultimately lead to some form of cottage industry in the village.

#### 6. Conclusions

My visit to Thailo was an extremely interesting and eye-opening experience. I learned about some of the old challenges faced by a particular rural village in Orissa, as well as some of the new challenges posed by the advent of the super-cyclone. I learned about the specific hardships faced by women and by members of the scheduled caste, in addition to the general problems faced by all villagers. I was impressed by the level of motivation I witnessed; people seemed keen to participate in Unnavan's programmes, and they seemed enthusiastic, in general, to identify their concerns and to work towards improving the situation. Of all the people I spoke with, only one exhibited a defeatist, fatalistic attitude that nothing could be done. For the most part, based on what they told me, the villagers were eager to work towards a better future for themselves, their families, and the village as a whole. I hope that Unnayan can help to facilitate their progress in a sustainable, democratic, comprehensive, and effective way.

I was born and raised in Toronto, Canada, and I graduated in 1999 from McMaster University with a Bachelor of Arts and Science. I went to India as a participant in a cultural exchange programme, through which I worked with a rural development organization in the Nilgiris, Tamil Nadu for four months. After my placement, I travelled for four months around India, and en route I visited a number of NGOs. I hope to be a teacher for children with special needs and behavioural problems in the future. I have worked with NGOs in Canada on various social problems, focusing primarily on waste issues, women's issues and the challenges posed by multinational corporations. I only wish that everyone everywhere could have opportunities to realize their dreams that I have had, and I wish that all may be happy and healthy and live in peace.

in solidarity,. michelle munk

# CYCLONE RELIEF ADMINISTRATION MY VIEW OF HAPPENINGS FROM JAJPUR DISTRICT

Subrat Sahoo, IAS

When asked by anyone to put forth my experiences of the relief work in the aftermath of the cyclone, I frankly do not know where to begin, at the beginning or towards the end. Because by the time I became seized of the matter, the great cyclone was already over.

October 28<sup>th</sup> and 29<sup>th</sup>, 1999. Black days for the people of central coastal Orissa. Some called it the great cyclone, or the great tempest, others the typhoon the likes of which Orissa had never seen before. By the time the media stepped in, the name Super-Cyclone had stuck.

Even in Dhamtari, a district in Madhya Pradesh of which I am the Collector and District Magistrate, and which shares a border with Nawrangpur district of Orissa, we felt the fringe precipitation and atmospheric effects of the cyclonic depression which had its eye passing over central coastal Orissa... about 600 kilometres away!

The government of Orissa was hard pressed to deal with the situation arising out of the snapping of communications, telecom --- the state was incommunicado for 11 days and the then Chief Minister Mr Giridhar Gamang himself for 3 days ---, road and rail networks, and sent out SOS messages to Delhi and other neighbouring states. The states having Congress-led governments responded to the Congress President Mrs Sonia Gandhi's appeal to rush help to beleaguered Orissa, a manoeuvre possibly keeping in mind the state assembly elections due in early March 2000. Problems were worse confounded by the fact that the state had just reshuffled the bureaucracy and most collectors had not joined their districts on the day the cyclone struck. And could not join till a few days after that.

The country was swift in responding to the SOS of the state government. Help poured in from all corners of India. There was something even from outside the country. Aid took all sorts of forms and shapes: raw rice, parboiled rice, puffed rice, flattened rice, wheat flour, blankets, bed-sheets, polythene, tarpaulins, bamboo-poles, clothes old and new, utensils, medicines, bandages, even teams of doctors, technicians, relief workers, scavengers, foresters, administrators, and a whole lot of NGOs, and above all, cash, i.e., monetary help.

Madhya Pradesh "adopted" the district of Jajpur. I was deputed by the government of Madhya Pradesh on a 45 day-mission to co-ordinate relief and rehabilitation works in Jajpur district. Mr. R. Balakrishnan was the Collector there when I arrived in Jajpur in the evening of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November.

In the head lights of the car, the night view on the national highway and its approach roads resembled the sets straight out of a horror show. Trees, gnarled and twisted, totally bereft of leaves, often crowding the road. Embankments fully damaged or breached. Approach roads washed away. WBM roads converted into something akin to rutted

cart-tracks. Telephone poles and transmission towers twisted out of shape. Power transmission lines hanging loose, touching the ground at most places. And darkness. Even in the middle of the townships en-route where electricity was an assured commodity earlier, one passed through an eerie stillness. No life. As if people were still deep in mourning for their lost near and dear ones or wondering about property ravaged beyond comprehension. A life changed forever. And a state of shock. Even after four weeks.

The streets were not exactly devoid of people. The liveliness of the daily bustle was missing. There was a difference in the way they went about their work. A difference that cannot be explained. It has to be seen to be understood.

There was an enormous amount of damage, true, but Jajpur district wasn't exactly totally devastated, as I found out during the course of my travels in the district later. Ersema, the block made famous by national and international media coverage, was hit hardest by the cyclone; it is in Jagatsinghpur district. But the way things were reported in the national media, it was as if all of Puri, Kendrapara and Jagatsinghpur, and most parts of Mayurbhanj, Balasore, Bhadrak, laipur, Cuttack, and Khurda districts, including the capital Bhubaneswar, were totally devastated. There were no authentic reports from or on behalf of the state administration. It was as if the districts had been left to fend for themselves. Transport routes stayed inoperable for two weeks and vehicular traffic and trains were obstructed by fallen trees and swirling waters flooding the highways and tracks. Telephone lines were down for three weeks. Even the famed police wireless network, the so-called communications backbone of the state, stayed out of order for four days after the cyclone struck: its towers housing the aerial-masts had collapsed, and servicing personnel simply could not physically reach the sites for immediate repairs. All India Radio and Doordarshan transmitters in the affected coastal areas went off air for about ten days: their masts too had collapsed in the tearing winds. Power transmission pylons too were twisted and wires snapped all over the grid. Most of the interior areas, which otherwise had an assured supply of electricity earlier, went without any power or more than a month. Roofs of houses had been blown off, thatch and broken tiles and asbestos sheets strewn in places where there was not even a single house visible on the horizon. A couple of mercilessly battered scooters too lay on some dusty interior road: God alone knows which unfortunate owner the gale lifted it from. Thousands of trees lay uprooted or twisted or broken; the area would take 30-40 years to get newly planted saplings in this season to that size! Provided of course that they would be permitted by people and cattle to survive till then.

What the cyclone did not complete, human blundering did. Engineers keeping a watch over reservoirs holding water stored from the previous monsoon, when lashed by heavy rains and buffeted by high velocity winds towards the close of the fateful day, feared damage to the barrage or dam and, with no communication possible with their headquarters or even the nearest senior administrative officer competent to take the appropriate decision, decided to open the gates and sluices discharging huge quantities of water into the rivers. They did it in the best interests of the dam, but it inundated low lying areas in Bhadrak and breached canal embankments in laipur leading to further chaos in the area. Flooding, both by high waves --- some reports put their height at 18 feet in the coast --- and excessive release of reservoir waters, also resulted in salinisation of arable soils and in sand pervading the agricultural fields. Standing kharif crops were ravaged, the season's vegetable crop was nearly completely wiped out, the poultry and fish population dwindled significantly. People wanted food, desperately. Result? Non-availability of essential food-grains and consumables, a windfall for hoarders, escalation of prices of food items, and a more than 100% inflation in the local market economy. There was looting of food at some places, from godowns and laden transport trucks. Near Bhadrak, some police personnel could be seen removing sacks of potatoes from a truck; they too had to feed their hungry families. It so happened that even those stranded on the roads and rail routes had to go hungry because no wayside 'dhaba', restaurant or hotel could provide them food fit for human consumption! Vegetables were not available in the local markets for almost a month after that. Prices started reducing more than a month and a half after the cyclone struck, but still did not come back to the old levels. People were afraid to eat fish and chicken for quite some time, fearing infection or contamination of flesh.

Total quantification of damage state-wide? Various "informed" guesstimates put it anywhere between 30, 000 crore and 60,000 crore rupees, although one wonders how and on what basis these experts could monetise, and that too so "accurately", the cyclone effects of damage.

Relief works started in Jajpur district on a war footing only after day three. Media complaints poured in almost from day one. First they said, there was no relief, then they said there was not enough of it. The standard bashing of the government and district administration was there; not enough men, not enough materials, not moving fast enough. Most of the officials had fled their headquarters on the day after the cyclone, out of fear for the safety of their families living elsewhere. There was no one to respond. Save perhaps only the Superintendent of Police and precious few other officers like the Project Officer, DRDA. The District Magistrate had not joined. In any case, telecommunication was all down. There was no one to talk to. There was nowhere they could themselves go, physically. The main canal road leading to the town from Sathipur on the national highway was breached in two places, yawning gaps about a hundred metres long. The village roads were mostly breached or under water. The official vehicles were of no immediate use. Four days later, by the time they made some of the roads motorable, the media was screaming for blood. Apathy,

callousness, carelessness, political interference --- such were the words used on the front pages. The media pointed out that in remote places (among examples, villages of Ersema was mentioned) even after seven days the people are waiting for the district administration to provide food and essential relief, and they published colour photographs of people with outstretched arms stranded on a mound with water on all sides! The effect on the outside world was, predictably, electrifying. Readers were horrified at the "collapse" of the administration, and the failure of the officers to do their bounden duty. That was even what I too had believed before I set foot in Jajpur.

The picture from what I gathered there is that of the other side. I have a word to say here: the Collector can only do so much....the scale is staggering. The number of affected people in the state was of the order of 1.2 crores, most of it in the extremely densely populated coastal belt. In Jajpur district itself the numbers would range around 6-8 lakhs. The total population of the district is around 16 lakhs. To attend to that kind of populace, the kind of logistics required is mind-boggling. It takes time to reach out. Eighteen army helicopters flying relief-dropping sorties will still take time to cover all affected villages at a very subsistence-level; there cannot be sufficient drops of food materials for all stranded people from the air. Boats are limited in their carrying and transportation capacities; there is always a conflicting demand on it to either reach food and medicines or to bring stranded people to safety. Physically a cent percent coverage by boat or chopper is impossible. I am not justifying anything. The only sure way of coverage of areas is through supplies by road, but that takes time. If you consider it, it is very easy for a media reporter to hire a boat, take a cameraman, and sail across flooded fields to a village thirty kilometres from the district headquarters and say that no relief has reached there after seven days; the district administration has, by compulsion, to proceed serially from the first approachable village towards the last. Any officer would be lynched if he tried to provide relief materials by road or by boat direct to the last village bypassing the preceding ones. In any case to transport food and other materials of urgent necessity, the administration would have to first repair the roads and bridges; that not only takes time but also involves, very obviously, a serial movement of convoys from the headquarters area to the interior countryside. In practical terms, a classic case of easier said than done.

The Madhya Pradesh government sent across several teams to Orissa for immediate action. Forty scavengers camped for a month to clear the corpses of humans and cattle. The stench was still there after a month, mostly carcasses of cattle half buried under mud and sand. Things were bad enough with local villagers not rendering any kind of help in digging out bodies; they said, it is not our job, the government has to do it. When asked by us, do you also want government help in lifting the body of your deceased grandfather, there was no response. So much for attitudes! There was also a large contingent of home guards (civil defence) from Raipur which lent the physical hand to relief efforts in Jajpur district.

A team of doctors also stayed on hand for a fortnight to check for outbreak of epidemics. Fortunately there was

none. But there were several complaints that the local doctors have converted this tragedy into a brisk business for their private nursing homes and clinics. And their work was being done by medical and paramedical teams from outside the state. There were veterinary teams too keeping an eye out for cattle diseases and other epidemics.

A group of foresters led by the Conservator of Forests, Raipur, also camped for a fortnight, evaluating requirements for poles, bamboo, etc., likely for the reconstruction of rural houses as well as for plantation purposes. Technical personnel from the departments of public health engineering, lift irrigation, rural engineering and general relief administration were despatched to Jajpur to render necessary expertise and About fifty trucks of rice and flattened rice (chuda/poha), ten trucks of medicines and clothes and blankets made their way from the Chhattisgarh region of Madhya Pradesh to Jajpur. Mr. M. Raut, Collector Raipur, was coordinating activities and movement of material from Madhya Pradesh, while Mr. Satyanand Mishra, Principal Secretary, government of M.P. was liaisoning at the state level between the two governments. Oriya officers serving in M.P. were chosen as it was felt that they would be able to establish a rapport with the local people in Jajpur without any delay.

One aspect of the problem could not be addressed at all --- the salinisation of the soils. I had occasion to visit lchhapali village on the border of Jajpur and Keonjhar districts. It was a once thriving village of about 600, settled prosperously on the banks of a river. Now it appears barren and lifeless. All the fields were irrigated locally from a concrete stop dam across the river. The stop dam has been washed clean of its concrete foundations; when I saw it, there was nothing to even indicate that a stop dam once existed there. The bridge on the main road, which had been inaugurated only the previous year, had collapsed in the middle under sheer pressure. The flood waters in their wake carried along two-thirds of the houses, and almost all of the poultry and crops. Where the waters have receded, the agricultural land is visibly no longer arable. Sand has cast its tracks all over the fields. It will take years of effort to make those particular fields yield agricultural produce again. As for desalinisation... who knows when it will be done! And, equally importantly, just how!

The government of M.P. also provided a cash grant of about rupees seven and half crores for relief and rehabilitation work to be undertaken in Jajpur district only. The money was debited to the Orissa Chief Minister's Relief Fund, to be subsequently transferred to the Collector, Jajpur, for works. Interestingly, while the Madhya Pradesh government out of concern for the affected people of Orissa asked all its employees to donate a day's salary towards relief and rehabilitation in Jajpur, the Orissa government never even made such an appeal; instead of looking inwards for additional sources of relief funding, it merely chose to approach various state governments for aid and help. It could have easily mobilised ten crores that way. Then red tape and tales of corruption intervened to derail certain relief measures. While the state secretariat released only one crore (again out of money which was not theirs in the first place) to the Collector Jajpur till the end of December 1999, a polythene purchase scam erupted in the state capital at about the same time; a quick succession of events saw the change of the Chief Minister and several top officials associated with relief work and management. The use and distribution of polythene sheets for roofing by the homeless was brought to a grinding halt. Likewise, Bhubaneswar's Kalinga Stadium, the site of the storing of relief materials from all over the country, was a beehive of activity, true, but the rate at which materials were being received, unloaded from trucks, accounted for, and finally despatched to the required destination (often in the same truck in which they had arrived) led even the most liberal of observers to doubt the veracity of the state government's claims regarding speed and efficiency of aid-management. The loudest complaints there were of the truck drivers who, having driven all the way from Delhi and elsewhere with full loads for Orissa, were asked to wait for three to four days before their trucks could be unloaded.

Last but not the least it was undoubtedly a question of bad, quite bad, media management. The media had a field day in reporting what it liked, with no one in the upper echelons even issuing a denial on wrong reports or even contesting claims about corruption and embezzlement charges. Mr. Chandrababu Naidu had prepared for the worst in his state were the cyclone to strike there, but when it veered northwards towards Orissa, he promptly sent his officials to the districts of southern Orissa for immediate relief work; they were there with men, materials and equipment the day after the storm, at a time when Bhubaneswar was reeling under the shock of it all, blissfully cut-off from everyone else. To the people of Ganjam and adjacent areas he became a hero overnight. An officer in the state capital admitted in private that, despite satellite and other warnings of the cyclone approaching landfall north of Puri, it never entered the minds of most senior officials in Bhubaneswar that the capital could be badly hit by gale-force winds --they took no precautions; it was as if the multi-storeyed building of the Secretariat was located in another corner of the state. The Andhra Pradesh Chief Minister converted a problem into a media opportunity; the Orissa government failed even the basics of it.

In Jajpur, the district administration had opened free kitchens for the cyclone affected people, about one in almost every single village. About 1.6 lakh people were taking at least one meal there everyday, for more than a month. The kitchens were run with the help of volunteers, NGO groups, and panchayat representatives, the food being rice or flattened rice with dal and a nominal amount of vegetables. As the number kept growing marginally everyday, the Collector one day decided to stop the free kitchens. It was only breeding a lot of touts, and a whole lot of villagers were getting accustomed to their daily dole of bread without working for it. People were not turning up for labour-oriented works even when they were being called to work in lieu of wages, under the various rehabilitation and reconstruction works being undertaken by the district administration. So when the free kitchen system was finally closed down all over the district on December 6th, there was a political hue and cry over it. They said that the Collector was being insensitive to the immediate needs of the people. But he stuck to his guns. He also took a decision to revamp the public distribution system on this pretext. Orders were issued to terminate the services of all contractors and middlemen who failed to supply the required quantity of food materials by the stipulated date and time at the anointed village; the system was then handed over to local panchayat representatives for themselves to run as per requirements of the local village population.

It was collectively decided that out of the funds being made available by the M.P. government, the first priority of reconstruction would be the schools and dispensaries partially or fully damaged by the cyclone. Only, this time they would be rebuilt as school-cum-cyclone shelters. 75 primary schools, 20 high schools, 2 dispensaries, and a cyclone relief shelter at Jajpur district headquarters, among other things, were envisaged to be built before the onset of rains in June 2000. Also proposed to be rejuvenated were all the lift irrigation points in the district on a priority basis so that before the start of the summer months the farmers could get down to working in the fields with assured irrigation. Similarly all the hand pumps and tube wells all over the district were also to be brought back to working order within two months.

One thing was sure. In the absence of a well-defined relief and rehabilitation policy by the state government in the aftermath of the cyclone, much of the relief goods and materials were hijacked. Not all reached the populace it was intended for. There was no criteria to segregate the worst affected persons, those who had lost their all, from those who still had a roof over their heads, from those who were at best marginally affected. In the absence of that fundamental bottom line for distribution of relief, the food, the rice bags, the blankets and polythene sheets, the cash compensations went uniformly to all people in the area. Thus the village and the development block were pre-determined as scheduled recipients of aid, and not the individual affected person/s as such. All the people of the area thereby qualified for receiving government doles, thus inviting local friction and political trouble and also spreading the administrative apparatus too thin on the ground; this cost them their efficiency in terms of targeted distribution of scarce relief commodities and invited media flak. The distribution of blankets and polythene sheets carried on at its own typical pace well into the month of March, with people still complaining in April that they are yet to receive anything by way of assistance from the state government.

NGOs sprouted like weeds, all wanting to cash in on a golden opportunity, to earn both fame and money, and not necessarily in that order. Some worked genuinely for the public cause, some were in the fray to settle a few scores with the local administration, others wanted to join the bandwagon to launder money. And then there were all kinds of weird complainants with weird suggestions. A lady health worker in a village we visited dumped the ten-odd utensils she had been given by relief workers in front of the Collector's car saying that their sizes did not tally with her daily requirements and hence they should be replaced immediately. One stout young man complained to me that the 'cyclone-administration' had pushed him into beggary, so he was protesting by asking for alms outside the Collector's office. Another came up with a solution to the problem of international aid to Jajpur district: he submitted an application the Collector requesting that he be married off to Chelsea: after all how could the President of USA refuse to help his 'jamai raja's' native district? Someone said, there are three harvests in Jajpur: kharif, rabi and relief! Perhaps he is right...

And, oh yes, local representatives took exception to the fact that the word "adopted" was being used to describe Jajpur district in the context of aid from Madhya Pradesh. They wanted to know whether it meant that the M.P. government would provide for all their needs in the coming years. If not, then they better stop using the word. Accordingly the nomenclature got modified into "assistance". And they certainly did not want the old clothes donated from elsewhere. Nothing "second-hand", they said. So much for pride. The clothes stayed undistributed in the godowns. And in the series of administrative reshuffles, the Collector of Jajpur was transferred on the eve of the new millennium, the day I also left the district to return to Dhamtari. The new Collector did not join for more than a fortnight; his transfer was cancelled by the government. His replacement joined in late January. By that time relief work in Jajpur had gone for a toss, and funds had stopped moving.

I had occasion to go there once again in the first week of April this year to find out the progress of reconstruction works in Jajpur. The new Collector Mr. Das was taking stock of the progress of reconstruction works, which had mostly been funded by assistance from the Madhya Pradesh government. Reconstruction work had taken off the ground, but in most cases had been stymied by lack of timely release of funds. Only one crore had been released till December 1999, but liabilities incurred after that had stayed liabilities till the first week of April 2000. The red tape intervened to prevent the flow of funds from the state headquarters to the district, even though the moneys involved were not that of the parent state. Of about 7.5 crores sent as relief collection from Madhya Pradesh, the third instalment of 3.77 crores was released in one go from Bhubaneswar in the second week of April but only after some direct tête-à-tête with officials in the Secretariat.

Wherever work had not started, for example, in several of the proposed schools-cum-relief shelters, they have not yet — even after three months of sanction. The quarrels stem from, at best, the changed MLA's perceptions (after the assembly elections) of which village is to have its school reconstructed or, at worst, which contractor is to be favoured for the said work. The local district administration is apparently having its hands full trying to reconcile changed political scenarios. Fortunately, despite the liabilities and financial difficulties, all the lift irrigation points and hand pumps and tube wells in the district had been fully repaired and were brought back to working order by mid-April.

One incident was also reported in Jajpur district in which local goondas asked the assistant engineer in charge of the school reconstruction to cough up 'commission money'; he refused to do so, and was subsequently beaten up in the night and the windows of his house damaged. The food and civil supplies department, responsible for timely supply of goods specially to rural areas, and faced with a sudden glut of food grains and other commodities in the garb of aid, is

also operating under pressure from unscrupulous elements. The public distribution system for the people below poverty line is delivering the goods at its own pace. The government sponsored Mid-Day Meal scheme for primary school children has restarted everywhere else except in Jajpur district only: the teachers in Jajpur who were supposed to implement the scheme are on strike since April 1999 protesting only against this scheme. Even after one full year no solution to this impasse has been found.

As for the people, now nearly six months after they lost everything, several families are still groping for their daily bread. They still recall the horrors of the fatal night last October, when they watched helplessly family members being washed away. It is now permanently etched in their minds how they survived --- atop trees, on roofs, on floating garbage, and by sheer luck. One middle-aged lady told me about her persisting nightmares since then on swirling waters and floating corpses. Food, tarpaulins, blankets are now available, although the purchasing power of the lesser sections of rural society has greatly been reduced. Kachha personal houses have almost all been fully rebuilt. Schools are under repair or reconstruction, pending which they are being held under tents or in the courtyards of the larger houses. The orphaned children and the destitute women are still in

some government-run Children's Centre or a NGO-run Women's Home, but the question about their fate remains unanswered: for how long? Efforts are on to get the destitute women organised into self help groups, finance them under some governmental anti-poverty scheme, and provide them with a source of income. Offers abound to get the children adopted but the fears persist about their getting exploited or sold. One strange but not entirely unexpected development has taken place: there has crystallised a psychological bonding between the orphaned children and the destitute women or widows, the inmates of these Centres, based on the obviously common state of affairs. Going by observations in April, the social economy of the area will slowly but surely limp back to normal, but one thing is certain, the scars will take a long time to heal.

People keep saying that this was not the end of the world. They explain that although houses, buildings and other manmade structures collapsed, the temples where Gods are being worshipped did not suffer any damage. Had any one of them fallen, or had their mast-flag tied itself up in knots, it would have signalled the end of the world. That is mythology. This cyclone was not. But it is now legend. No one is likely to forget it in a hurry.

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Subrat Sahoo, <sub>IAS</sub> Collector Dhamtari (M.P.) subrats@123india.com



# MY WORK EXPERIENCE IN VILLAGES OF ORISSA AFTER THE SUPER CYCLONE

Joyasree (Ranu) Mahanti

When I arrived in Bhubaneswar on November 22, 1999, I was overwhelmed with the situation, feeling helpless, desperate, and not sure of my mission and the purpose of coming to Orissa. I sincerely wanted to do something but did not know what that something was. Many times, I wished I had a magic wand which could change everything back, and pray for a miracle though inside me I knew the truth. I realized that the past had been completely wiped out with the tides of the Super Cyclone and I just had to confront the present like everybody else. Every morning, I used to get up and hope that God would show me a path to do something for the people of the affected villages.

In the beginning, I was very much involved in the relief distribution with the staff of Basundhara in different cyclone affected villages. The responsibility of relief distribution gave me immense pain. While distributing, the thought always used to come to me "it's an accident of birth, my parents, my children, my relatives, or my friends would have been in the line for collecting the relief materials". After a few weeks, I decided to get involved in a permanent rehabilitation program for the people rather than just distributing food and clothes. One particular letter, which was written to Saila Behera, the Secretary of Basundhara for help drew my attention. We decided to visit that village, Patna in Dhinkia Gram Panchayat, Ersoma Block, and Jagatsinghpur District. The situation was really bad and the villagers had lost practically everything. Not knowing how to help them, I asked one of the villagers "How can we help you?". The answer was " We don't need food or clothes, and we don't want you to build our houses, we just want you to provide us shallow tube wells which will help us in our Dalua farming." Though, I did not have any idea about shallow tube wells or Dalua farming, I very much liked the idea, which I thought, was perfect for long term help. The Shallow Tube Well project started from there. It took me some time to learn about the shallow tube wells and farming. In this process, I met many wonderful local people who helped us in this project. We found a local plumber and a supplier who made this project easier. Injtially, we started the project with 25 tube wells and 11 motors. Basundhara has received financial support from inside and outside the country for this project. As of today, it has expanded to 87 tube wells and has provided water to many villages. I got involved in another project which finances the widowed mothers who lost their husbands in the cyclone to start small trades for their livelihood. A few dollars [10 chickens for Rs 700.00) can rehabilitate a woman for the rest of her life. This is an ongoing project, which Basundhara is monitoring. The Michigan chapter (through OSA) gave \$5000 for the Shallow Tube Well project, the Washington chapter gave \$2500 for the drinking water project in Niali,

and the Chicago chapter gave \$3000 cash specifically for buying blankets and other necessary items for the relief work. In addition, several individuals also have made generous contributions towards different projects (for example, providing boats and nets to several fisherman families). Receipts and other documents have been sent to the places where the funds came from. Your concern and generosity have made a big difference in the life of Oriya people who were crippled in the cyclone. I had a beautiful experience working with Angela Garcia-Estrada from Spain during my stay in Basundhara. She and her friends from Spain and several NRIs from U.S.A. funded the project "Reconstruction of Houses and Schools". Every year Angela spends 3-4 months in Basundhara. I admire her love and commitment for the children and people of Orissa.

I can't express my feelings in simple words. Photos, slides, or my personal stories will never do justice to the feelings that I have experienced during my last visit. I have established a special bond with those villages and the people there. I am looking forward to going back in December to those villages and work along with Basundhara in different projects (sanitary system, education, and a small-scale industry for the women of those villages, and cooperative farming). Towards the end of my stay it was like a miracle to see the green paddy fields, green patches in the middle of the barren land, and smile on the faces of those farmers. It was worth my staying and not running away from the vast problem that I was thinking of in the beginning. I am very thankful to God and many people for giving me strength and encouragement for sticking to my mission in spite of all the struggle one goes through to achieve a goal.

During my three months stay in Orissa, I realized how ignorant I was about my own state in every aspect.

I had forgotten Orissa's history and geography, our culture, and the need of our people. During my last twentyseven years, although I have visited Orissa many times, I was always interested in my own friends and relatives, and family interest. I never paid much attention to the life or the need of the villagers. I was too busy to watch the moon through the leaves of Mango trees in a full moon night, watch the shadow of the elegant branches of the Krushnachuda tree in our pond, and enjoy the smell of the flowers in our garden, that I had missed by living in this country. I would get immersed in my past memories which I had left twenty-seven years back in each and every corner of the village. Now everything has not only been displaced but also shattered by the cyclone and all my precious little memories have been lost under the broken branches of my favorite trees and under the bricks of our house. The whole nature has been destroyed by the cyclone and one can see distinctly the ugly

patches of poverty everywhere. I used to break down often like a little child for my own loss. Then I looked around and saw the villagers have lost everything; their homes, their dear ones, and all their belongings; not just their memories, which were stored in those thatched houses for many generations. To them, the present is everything and they are only concerned with what they will eat now, so that they can have enough strength to collect food for the next meal. First time, I realized, memories are luxuries for only a few of us, the privileged ones. Everybody can't afford to have these memories. I admire the attitude and tolerance of human beings. Under these circumstances, loosing most or all the family members, loosing five daughters and not knowing where they vanished in a fraction of a minute, loosing all the sons after eighty years of motherhood, with that frail body and confused mind, somehow they stand up and keep moving as if tomorrow everything will be OK.

Orissa has numerous problems. Truly, it does not matter how one helps Orissa. Any sort of help can be very useful and indeed is needed. It will be nice if the Government and all of us can work together but I do not see that happening soon. Somehow, we have lost faith in the Government. Hopefully, the new ministry will close the gap and will help us to build trust. There is no point any more in being critical of the Government or Administrators or people of our own state Now it is time to do something either in a small or a big way, individually or jointly.

Of course, the simplest way to help Orissa is to help people financially. One can provide funds for different projects through organizations one trusts and feels comfortable with their work. One should not expect that 100% of the fund would be utilized properly. It is indeed very difficult to work in India. There are many hidden costs that one does not foresee. There may also be some mismanagement of the fund when the projects require the involvement of many people. When I was working in Orissa, I worked very hard to make sure that every penny had been used properly. How-

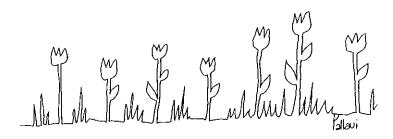
ever, in the future I may not have that much time and energy to work the same way as I did. One should be satisfied if at least 80% of the fund goes to peoples' cause.

I was talking to a friend of mine from Andhra and found that most of them (NRIs) adopted a village there. We can follow the same route. Just imagine, how many villages we can improve and what a great achievement that will be.

One can also work at the grass roots level. This requires much more time and deep personal involvement. I am very thankful to God because of the opportunity to work for two to three months in Orissa every year. For this, one has to find out an established organization in Orissa and work with that organization. First, you have to spend some time to know the organization and develop mutual trust. Particularly, if you are a woman, you need a secure and safe environment to work. Once you are satisfied and have established a trust with the organization then you work and don't worry about what people think of the organization. After all, it is your interest and you sincerely want to do something for the people. If you are going for a visit, please give a few days or weeks to work in a village or in a town through some good organization or with a friend who is doing same type of work. There are many people who are giving their help and service to the people in Orissa. One just has to simply look for them.

It is now time for us not to be critical or suspicious about each other's work. Our generation is reaching a stage when we can afford to spend a little time or a few dollars for the improvement of our people and our state. Our younger generation with their two incomes can spare a few dollars for the same cause. In spite of all our personal achievements, success, and happiness, doing for others is a completely different experience and reward, that cannot be expressed in simple language or on a piece of paper. It can only be felt and will make one very humble and realize that it is worth living in this beautiful world.

Ranu Mahanti lives in East Lansing, Michigan. She visits Orissa frequently to work on community projects.



### **Our Cyclone Relief Efforts**

Udaya N. and Ira R. Dash

News of the supercyclone that hit Orissa October end 1999 caused us great concern since we have family and homes near the coast of Puri and Cuttack districts. Of course, we could not get in touch with relatives by telephone, fax or email. So, like everyone else with dear ones in Orissa, we watched TV news, and got updates from OSA web page, including vivid photographs of the devastation, casualties and deaths. and coloured maps of the areas affected - clicking on a flashing dot each time we opened the site ensured that another donation would be sent to help the relief efforts. We read about the tremendous sea surge that swept miles inland washing out everything in its path - animals and people on top of thatched roofs - corpses and carcasses floating everywhere.

Finally after nine days of agonising, we were relieved to get an email from a relative in Bhubaneswar that all of our family members were safe Our two story Cuttack home had three feet of water on the ground floor, but family members were all huddled on the second floor. There was no electricity or telephone for more than a month. It must have been a terrifying experience.

The first telephone contact was about a week later from Udaya's grandniece in Purl. She said that she could not recognize our village most of the trees, and homes made of mud walls and thatched roofs were gone. Fortunately, the High School and Clinic buildings, which we had sponsored much earlier, provided shelter for weeks. Two people in our village of Rench Shasan died, and half of the "Bauri (Harijan) basti" was completely demolished. India Abroad, and Samaj, sent by a friend, gave us more pictures and articles.

We were deeply saddened hearing that the massive aid by the International community, India Government and other states of India, was being stockpiled in Cuttack stadium, and not being distributed to the afflicted people. We heard that several people were profiting from the items sent. OSA's fundraising program apparently was sending money to the Chief Ministers Fund. We wanted to help our village and surrounding areas directly since we were not sure if the aid would reach them.

We do not have many Oriyas in southwest Florida. Fortunately, Mr. Krishan Jain of Naples had worked in Orissa some 40 years ago, before he came to the U.S. He was quite distressed by the calamity and was anxious to help, through

his connections in the Naples Rotary Club. At a dinner in our home, with just a few friends, including Kris and Sudha Jain, we all pledged to raise as much as possible, since the local Club promised to match the Rinds, and that total would be matched by the National (International Rotary. We attended a luncheon meeting of the club, and described the details of the cyclone damage. We also got in touch with the Rotary Club in Bhubaneswar and requested them to handle the money. By the time we approached the National Rotary, some other clubs had also requested matching Rinds, so only \$10,000.00 of our donations realized at least \$40,000.00 for the Bhubaneswar Rotary. We had raised \$27,000. The balance was given to the American Red Cross. Some of the Rinds were raised from the Mens Club of Bonita Springs, the Unitarian Universalist Church and the India Association of Fort Myers.

We were still not sure how much of these Rinds would be utilized for the benefit of our villagers. So we started a new foundation in our village, Rench Shasan, to help the survivors in that area. In the 1960's, we had created a tax-exempt organization called Winding Brook Charities Association, Inc. Funds were used to build the school and Medical clinic in Rench. The new "Udayashree Foundation" has a board of directors comprising four grandchildren of my deceased brother, Ghanashyam Dash. They will manage the foundation, with contributions made from Winding Brook Charities. Villagers have already received assistance in the form of clothing, food and medications, and financial help for rebuilding their homes.

Since most of the trees were destroyed in the cyclone, we asked an organization called "Trees For Life" based in Wichita, KS to extend help. It's President, Mr. Halbir Mathur recently visited our village and held a tree-planting seminar, distributing seedlings, along with instructions regarding their care. Mr. Paresh Nayak, an agent for Trees for Life in Bhubaneswar, will be supervising the program.

The damage done by the supercyclone is so enormous that help will be needed for at least five or more years. We will continue our efforts to help the victims, and we believe that all Oriyas in this country will leave no stone unturned to help the poor victims. Pray to Lord Jagannath for His personal guidance of the rehabilitation efforts.

Udaya N. and Ira R. Dash live in Bonita Springs FL

#### Reminiscences of Relief Work

Manmohan Choudhury

My father Gopabandhu Choudhuri was a junior magistrate in the service of British Government. In 1920 there was a devastating flood in an abjectly impoverished area in our part of the Country, Orissa. Father was sent there by the Government to provide relief to the affected people. He was appalled by the suffering of the people and the utter inadequacy of the relief provided by the Government. In his report to the higher authorities he described the real situation without mincing words. The higher ups asked him to tone down the report. They wanted to discount the gravity of the situation. Father refused to comply, resigned his job in 1921 and joined the freedom movement under the leadership of Gandhi.

At that time I was barely six years old and that is how I was pitch-forked in to the whirlpool of the gandhian movement of succour to the afflicted and nonviolent struggle. My own first foray into relief work was in 1933 when a heavy flood in another river near our home caused great damage. I joined a relief party of freedom fighters and went to work in the villages. We went out in the morning to prepare lists of those who needed help. We found that upper caste people generally declined to admit that they needed help. Father's experience in 1920 was that gratis help had to be camouflaged as a loan and a bond taken from the concerned person that he would have to repay the loan on time or face penalties.

This was an expression of status consciousness in the caste hierarchy, but it prevented the misappropriation off relief materials by the upper caste people who wielded power over the others. There was also a spirit of helping others and sharing and at times of natural calamities or other crises the upper castes and the landlords would consider it their duty to stand by the people of their villages and do something to help them.

Swami Vivekananda, Gandhi, Ramana Maharshi, Salbaba and others had inspired people to go out and serve the people in need selflessly without any expectation of returns. Their only gain was the spiritual enrichment of their lives they got out of the experience. There are scores of organizations in India engaged in serving the poor and the needy. Some of them are religious bodies with ordained monks as members and activists and others that are not so. The Ramakrishna Mission, the Bharat Sevashram Sangha and the Divine Life Society are examples of bodies in the first category. The second category consisting of laymen includes bodies like the Jamnalal Bajaj Trust, Gujrat Sankat Nivaran Samiti, includes practically hundreds of bodies, most of them drawing inspiration from Gandhi.

But the spread of the capitalist ethos has brought into the field another type of servants of the people. They consider themselves to be professionals like lawyers doctors etc. If a lawyer charges a fat fee for helping a client with advice, why should not an NGO do so for helping people to form a cooperative and manage it? If the villagers cannot pay a fat fee then some funding agency can do so. There is no question of selfless service or identifying themselves with the poor and living like them.

This change began with the growth of a class of people who were products of the capitalist system and the capitalist style of government that had not changed even after the imperial rules had left. This consisted of contractors, traders, government employees etc. This class did not feet any compassion for the suffering people and would misappropriate relief materials without any compunction.

I have been associated with almost all relief operations in Orissa since my first experience with work. I have watched with horror the growth of this heartless selfish mentality. On one occasion some twenty years ago, bulgar wheat and powder milk supplied by the UNICEF for starving children were fed to the cattle of the officials and the milk sold in the market. In 1971 there was a devastating cyclone close to the area that was hit this time. The Central government sent 50 million rupees or so as aid for the affected people. Three fourths of the money was grabbed by the employees in the state secretariat who posed as victims of the cyclone. When the rest arrived in the areas for distribution as food grains government servants and other well-heeled persons stood in the queues with the really afflicted people with the plea that the help has come for everybody and they had the right to a share in it!

A crisis brings out the best and the worst in the people and the latest supercyclone in Orissa has been no exception. Millions of dollars worth of relief materials donated by indigenous and foreign agencies to the State Government were stolen by bureaucrats including topmost officials with the connivance of ministers. A few of the trucks in convoys carrying relief material reached the affected villages. Most of them ended up in the wholesale market at Cuttack. The goods were sold in the market. The relief materials that reached the villages were taken over by the influential and powerful sections in them. They were most often cadres of political parties. Of course most of the materials went into their own storerooms. The needy villagers, constituting 90 percent of the population, got barely 10 percent of the stuff.

A businessmen's association sent a consignment of costly blankets. Some foreign donors sent clothes. These, though commonplace by western standards, were not usable by the poor people of the affected villages. The blankets and clothes were sold by the officials who handled them. As would be expected, the sale proceeds were not used to buy a larger number of cheaper blankets so that a larger number of people would be benefited and clothes suitable for the villagers. No. The money was stolen by the officials.

But it is a matter for great satisfaction that the traditional community spirit and the spirit of sharing still survives among the common people in the villages. The virus of capitalist culture has not yet degraded them. There were uncounted cases of poor villagers sharing their food with hungry neighbours without caring for from where the next meal will come from. There was the case of the schoolboys

who were going to school and had no food in the morning. They had to be ferried across a rivulet. When they were offered some food by some relief workers in they boat they insisted o sharing the food with all. Villagers whose houses were not destroyed shared their accommodation with homeless neighbours without caring for the inconvenience caused to their own families. Such things gladden the heart and boost one's faith in human beings. It is on this that a world order can be built free from unemployment, poverty, exploitation and wars. After the relief activities are over the Sarvodaya workers have decided to have permanent centres in the areas in which they are working now and bend their energies to the building up of strong, self-reliant, contented and active communities that would be pillars of a new social order in India and, ultimately, of the world.

The house building and repair and farming programmes have been tailored to encourage the spirit of sharing. The farmer's families in a village or a hamlet had agreed cultivate the land for the winter paddy crop collectively and to take the landless labourers of their community with them. The crop is to be shared equally with the landless families for this season. The landowners would not claim the customary share they do from sharecroppers.

In house repair and building groups of five to ten, the minimum number of hands necessary to work on a dwelling, have been formed. These groups build or repair the homes of each of its members in turn. Daily wages of thirty rupees per head are paid to them in cash or kind. This encourages the community spirit and the habit of physical labour.

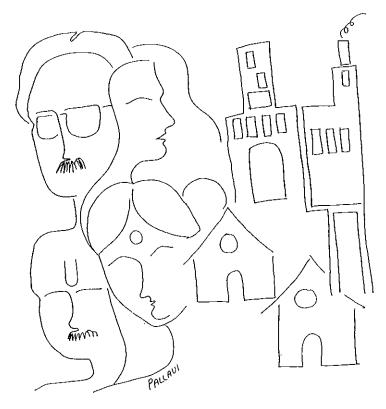
We are encouraging the villagers to take up programmes of providing full employment with a living wage to every ablebodies man and woman in the village for 300 days in the year. Some villages have accepted the idea not on faith, but after threadbare discussions and no hold barred criticism. Some villages have resolved to encourage village industries and buy village products by boycotting factory products that compete with them. It has been decided to introduce three industries into these villages as a first step, rope making from coconut fibre, soap making and making incense sticks. The spinning wheel and the loom will be introduced later on.

The cyclone-hit villages have been encouraged to tread this path on the basis of experience of normal villages elsewhere. It has been estimated that full employment for every able-bodied villager in agriculture and village industries would immediately raise the real income of a village at least four fold. No other system or programme can do this. Only the economics of Gandhi, of his spinning wheel, can perform this miracle.

Village councils, consisting of all adults, have been formed in the villages, which have agreed to work with us. These take decisions by consensus and take full responsibility for their villages, all problems, rights and duties.

These are only a rough sketch of the plans we have for the village, which we expect to persuade the village communities to make their own and execute.

Manmohan Choudhury is an octogenarian social worker. He lives in Cuttack



### **OPTIMIZING IRA DISTRIBUTIONS**

Arun K. Misra

One of the most important financial decisions that many individuals will have to make in the coming years one that few people actually have planned for. It is a decision that will have a critical impact not only on their financial security but also on the financial well-being of their children and grandchildren. It is a decision that may seem simple at first, but is really quite complex. In fact, many accountants, stockbrokers, attorneys, and financial advisors are unaware of the importance and complexity of this decision.

The decision is how to structure the distributions from their "traditional" IRAs (Roth IRAs have different distribution rules) to meet their retirement needs and to maximize their family's wealth.

Individuals must make three important and complicated decisions for their IRA distributions. First, they must decide when to begin distributions; second, they must name beneficiaries to the account; finally, they must choose a life expectancy calculation method.

The Internal Revenue Service requires individuals to begin taking distributions from their IRAs by April 1 of the calendar year following the year in which they turn 70½ (the Required Beginning Date). Withdrawals can begin before 70½, but there may be a 10% penalty on distributions before the age of 59½.

Naming a beneficiary to an IRA is important, firstly because the IRA assets are distributed directly to the named beneficiaries on the account after the death of the IRA owner. Selection of a beneficiary for an IRA is also equally important because it impacts the minimum distributions that the IRA owner must take each year while alive.

Once the Required Beginning Date arrives, the IRS requires IRA owners to take minimum withdrawals each year from their accounts. This minimum withdrawal — called the Minimum Required Distribution (MRD) — is calculated by dividing the amount in the IRA by the applicable life expectancy. If a beneficiary is named to an IRA, then the owner may use a joint life expectancy — with some restrictions — to calculate the MRDs. By naming a beneficiary to the IRA, then, the owner can reduce the amount of MRDs, allowing more money to remain in the IRA to compound tax-deferred. Naming a beneficiary to the IRA may also allow the beneficiary to continue receiving the MRDs after the owner's death, based on the beneficiary's life expectancy.

Many people also do not realize that assets in their IRAs will be included in their taxable estates when they die. Rather than deplete the IRA assets to pay the applicable estate taxes, they may want to use other, non-retirement assets to pay the taxes. A qualified financial advisor can illustrate creative and tax-efficient ways to use life insurance and other investment products to pay these taxes.

#### Summary

The foregoing material only begins to describe the complexity of planning IRA distributions. The choices that are made may result in very different financial results for individuals and their families. The wrong choices may mean financial disaster; the right choices may mean financial security for generations.

**Disclaimer**: This article is intended for information purposes only and is NOT intended to constitute tax or legal advice. For information on your specific situation, please consult your personal tax or legal advisor.

Dr. Arun Misra is an insurance and investment consultant in Atlanta.

Tel: 404/299-2677; E-mail: <misrausa@yahoo.com>

## ORISSA BIOTECHNOLOGY PROJECT-AN OPPORTUNITY FOR DEVELOPMENT

Amiya R. Nayak

We are developing a non-resident-Oriya sponsored and resident-Oriya supported Orissa Biotech Project (OBP) in Bhubaneswar, Orissa. The OBP is interested in establishing biotech related non-profit and for-profit organization. The proposed organizations are in the process of registration in Orissa and USA. The OBP is exploring the basic infrastructural support from the Orissa state government and softmoney based financial grants from various national and international agencies and private industry sectors. The objectives of the OBP is to help the state and its people, regional research centers, educational institutions, healthcare centers, private industry and public sectors in the development, promotion and use of biotech in human and veterinary healthcare, agriculture, food and nutrition, environment and life sciences research and development.

The biotech project is being developed through a NRO/NRI scheme from the United States. The OBP would develop a collaborative consortium by bringing in people and organizations interested in biotechnological developments in the state of Orissa. Two not-for-profit organizations are planned to be developed - the Biotechnology Institute of Orissa (BIO) and the Biotech Society of Orissa (BSO). Presently, these are although virtual organizations, has a temporary office in Bhubaneswar in IRC Village area, with a contact point in St. Louis, Missouri in the USA. The BIO will be a consultative and entrepreneurial institute with philanthropic, networking and biotechnology business consultancy activities. The BSO will be a multi-disciplinary society to support organizational, academic, knowledge, research, educational and membership participation activities. BSO's primary organizational activities will be networking, organizing meetings, conferences and workshops and biotech news letter publishing. The BSO's membership structure will be state-wide, national and international with a focus on member activities for and in the state of Orissa. The BIO has already developed plans for new biotech projects in Orissa related to academic and business ventures and involved in discussions with potential institutions to help and collaborate in the development of medical and agricultural biotechnology and public health programs. The OBP has communicated promotional articles related to the status of bioscience and biotechnology activities and future opportunities in Orissa. The OBP is also in discussions with various organizations for fund-raising to

support its programs and projects and to establish a Biotech Foundation in support of research, academic, scholarship and fellowship activities. The BIO/BSO/BF will develop collaborative interactions with institutions such as the International Center for Applied Biotechnology and Policy Studies (Utkal University), Kalinga Hospital Group, KIIT, OSA and other organizations in the state.

A separate for-profit biotech-venture (Biotech Company of Orissa-BCO) is also under development that will explore technology and business collaborations with Indian and international biotech-based companies. The BCO would partially fund its non-profit partners such as BIO, BSO and BF in developmental projects. The biotech firm will be involved in research and product development, marketing and technology transfer into and out of Orissa. The company plans to introduce new biotech products in medical and agricultural market segments.

Biotechnology is a high-tech and important area of activity in industry and academic sectors. Some local area centers such as the RMRC-ICMR, RRL-CSIR, Life Sciences Institute, Post Graduate Departments of Zoology and Botany (Utkal University) and the new Biotech Center (UU) are involved in biotechnology related science research programs. As of yet no industrial activities have been developed in the biotech sectors. The development of a biotech program in Orissa and use of biotechnologies can help the state in economic development in education, research, product, industry, export and business sectors. Orissa can greatly benefit from the use of sustainable biotechnology to improve the needs in pharmaceuticals, agriculture, veterinary, food, aquaculture and environment sectors.

The idea behind the Orissa Biotech Project is also to develop a link between Orissa and the global biotech community and to develop a functional mechanism and a new system for biotechnology transfer for the economic development in Orissa. The collaborative partners hope to help the state of Orissa through these biotech-ventures in support of biotechnological developmental work. The Orissa Biotech Project under development is an opportunity and an invitation for collaboration for the promotion and development of biotechnology in and for Orissa.

Dr. Amiya R. Nayak is a Bio-Technology and Business Development Consultant, originally from Orissa and based in the USA. He has worked in various organizations in academia, international institutions and industry and interested in helping in biotech development in Orissa. He has written on biotech in India, international lifesciences/biotech industries, and most recently published two articles (Journals of the OSA 1999 Souvenir and Millenium 2000 Publication on Developmental Topics published by S. Tiwari) related to biotech development opportunities in Orissa. He is the founder and managing member of the Orissa Biotech Project that plans to support the programs of BIO, BSO, BF and BCO.

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ଡକଟର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ

କିଛିଦିନ ପୂର୍ବେ ସେଉଁ ଭୂମିକୁ ୱର୍ଣ କରିବା ମାତ୍ରେ ରାଜେଶର ଶରୀରରେ ଅପୂର୍ବ ଶିହରଣ ସୃଞ୍ଜି ହୋଇଥିଲା, ଏ ଭିତରେ ସେ ମାଦକତା ଉଭାଇ ଗଲାଣି । ପ୍ରତିଦିନର ସେଇ ଚିରାଚରିତ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟାବଳୀ, ଟୁନି ପାଇଁ ବରପର ଦେଖା, ଟୁନିକୁ ଦେଖିଆସୁଥିବା ଅତିଥିବର୍ଗଙ୍କ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚୀ, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଚିଠାର ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣ, ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ତୃଦ୍ଧକରାଇବାର ସମୟ ପ୍ରକାର ଅଭିନୟ କରିକରି ରାଜେଶ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ । ଛୋଟଥିବା ବେଳେ ବାହାଘର ଶବ୍ଦସହିତ ପେମିତି ଅଫୁରନ୍ତ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଓ ମହୋତ୍ସବର ସଂପୋଗ ରହିଥିବା ତାର ମନେହୋଇଥିଲା, ଏବେ ନିଜେ ସେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଲିପ୍ତ ରହି, ବାହାଘରର ବ୍ୟବସାୟିକ ରୂପ ଦେଖିଦେଖି ସେ ଜ୍ଲାନ୍ତ । ମନହେଉଥିଲା, ଆଉ ସେଉଁ ତିନିସ୍ତ ହୁହି ରହିଛି, ତାକୁ ପୂରଣ ନ କରି ଫେରିଯାନ୍ତା ଆମେରିକା, ତାର କର୍ମୟଳୀକ ।

ସକାଳର ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଉଇଁବାକୁ ଏବେବି ସମୟ ହୋଇନାହିଁ । ରାତିରେ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟକରି ବି ପ୍ରବଳ ଗରମରେ ଶୋଇପାରିନଥିଲା ରାଜେଶ । ସହଜେତ ମନଭିତରେ ରାଗ, ପୁଣି ମା' ସହିତ ଟିକେ ମନୋମାଳିନ୍ୟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ମା'ର ଏକାଜିଦ୍, ଟୁନିପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁ ପ୍ରୟାବ ସବୁଅଛି, ସେଥିରୁ ରାଜେଶ ଯଥାଖୀଣ୍ର କୋଣସିଟି ଛିରକରୁ । ରାଜେଶର ଫେରିବାପୂର୍ବରୁ ଟୁନିର ବାହାଘର ହୋଇଯିବା ଉଚିତ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଦେଖୁଦେଖୁ ରାଜେଶ ମୁଞ୍କୁ ପିଉ ଚଢିଗଲା । ଇଏ ବାହାଘର ନା ବ୍ୟବସାୟ? ଖାଲି ତ ନଗଦ ଟଙ୍କ । ନୁହେଁ, ଟିଭି, ଫ୍ରିକ୍, ଭିସିଆର୍ ଓ ଗାତି ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ପୁଣି ବରଘର ରୋଷଣୀ ଓ ଭୋଜି ପାଇଁ ବି କନ୍ୟାଘରକୁ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ କରିବାକୁ ପତିବ । ଏ କଥାର ପ୍ରତିବାଦ କରିବା ମାତ୍ରେହିଁ ମା ରାଗିଗଲା----

"ଆଉକଣ ଭଉଣୀକୁ ବୁଢୀକରିବୁ? ତୁ ତ ଆମେରିକାରେ ରହିଲୁ । ରବିକୁ ବି ବମ୍ବେରୁ ବର୍ଷରେ ଥରେ ଆସିବାକୁ କଷ୍ଟହେଉଛି । ଏ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ପୁଣି ନେବ କିଏ? ବାପାଙ୍କର କଣ ବୟସ ଅଛି ଯେ ବୁଲାବୁଲି କରି ବାହାଘର ଯୋଗାତ କରିବେ । ତୁ ଫେରିଗଲେ ଏ କାମକରିବ କିଏ? ଆଜି ନ ହେଲେ କାଲି, ସେଉଁଦିନ ହେଲେବି ତ ଦେବାନେବାକୁ ପତିବ । ଦେଲେ କଣ ସରିଯାଏଛି? ଝିଅକୁ ଦେବି, ପୁଅ ବାହାକରି ପୁଣି ଘରକୁ ଆଣିବି । ତୋ ବାହାଘର ହେଲେ କେତେକଣ ମିଳିବ ।"

ବୋଉର ଶେଷବାକ୍ୟଟାହିଁ ରାଜେଶକୁ ରଗାଇଦେଲା । ବୋଉ ତା ହେଲେ ତାକୁବି ବିକି ଧନଅର୍ଜନ କରିବାର ଚିନ୍ତା ମନରେ ବାଛିଛି । ଇଛାହେଉଥିଲା କହିଦିଅଞା, "ମା, ମୋ ବାହାଘରରେ କୋଟିଟଙ୍କାର ବୋହୁ ପାଇବୁ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ବୟୁବାଦୀ ଲୋଭ ତୁ ଭୁଲିଯା ।" ଏ କଥା ଭାବିବା ମାତ୍ରେ ମମତାର ଶାନ୍ତ, ସୁନ୍ଦର ମୁହଁଟା ତା ଆଖିଆଗରେ ଝଲସି ଉଠିଲା ଓ ସେ ମା ସହିତ ଅଧିକ ଯୁକ୍ତିକରିବା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା ।

ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଉଠିବା ନ ଦେଖି ରାଜେଶ ପୁଣି ଶୋଇପତିଲା । ସକାଳର ଥୟାପବନ ବାଜି ରାଜେଶକୁ ଗାଢଜୋରରେ ନିଦଲାଗିଗଲା । ଦିନ ଦଶଟାରୁ ଅଧିକ ହେଲାଣି । ସାନମାମୁଁ ଆଉଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ବୋଉ ସକାଳୁ ମନେପକାଇଦେଲା ସାନମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଇ ଏ ନୂଆ ପ୍ରୟାବଟି ବିଷୟରେ ବୁଝାବୁଝି କରିବାକୁ । ରାଜେଶବି ଖୁସିହେଲା ଯେ ସାନମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ଘରକୁ ଯିବା ବାଟରେ ନିଜର ପୁରୁଣା କଲେଜ ଯାଇ ଟିକେ ବଲିଆସିବ ।

ପ୍ରଥମେ ରାଜେଶ କଲେଜ ଗଲା । କଲେଜରେ ପହଞ୍ଚୁ ପହଞ୍ଚୁ ସାଢେବାରଟା । ଗେଟ୍ ଖୋଲି ଭିତରକୁ ପଶୁପଶୁ ଦେଖାହେଲା ଗଣେଶ; ତାଙ୍କ ତିପାର୍ଟମେୟର ପିଅନ ।

--କଣ ରାଜେଶବାବୁ, ଆମକଥା କେମିତି ମନେ ପଡିଲା? ମୁଁତ ଭାବିଥିଲି ଆପଣ ବିଦେଶରେ ରହି ଆମ ଦେଶଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ କଥା ଭୁଲିଯାଇଥିବେ ।

--ନାଇଁ. ଗଣେଶ, ହାତୀ ବନୟରେ ଥିଲେବି ରାଜାର । ଆମେ ଓଡିଆ ଲୋକ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗକୁ ଗଲେବି ସେଇ ଓଡିଆପୁଅ, ଉପର ଚାକଚକ୍ୟ ସିନା ବଦଳିବ, ହେଲେ ଭିତରଟା କଣ ଏତେ ସହଜେ ବଦଳିଯିବ? ହଉ, ଏବେ କଲେଜ ଖବର କଣ କୁହ । ବିଶେଷକରି ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ କଥା । ସାର୍ କେମିତି ଅଛନ୍ତି?

--ସାର୍ ତ ପନ୍ଦରଦିନରୁ ଅଧିକହେବ କଲେଜ ଆସିନାହାନ୍ତି ।

--ବାହାଘର ସମୟତ, ବ୍ୟୟଥିବେ ବୋଧହୁଏ ।

ଏତିକି ସିନା କହିଲା ରାଜେଶ, ହେଲେ ମନଟା ତାର ମରିଗଲା । ତାର ଭରସାଥିଲା କେବଳ ଦାମ ସାରଙ୍କ ଉପରେ, ଯାହାଙ୍କ ସହିତ ତା ମନଭିତରର ଦୃନ୍ଦସବୁ ଆଲୋଚନାକରି ସେ ହାଲୁକା ଅନୁଭବ କରିଥାନ୍ତା । ଛଅବର୍ଷତଳେ ସେ ଏ କଲେଜରେ ଅୟାୟୀଭାବେ ଏକବର୍ଷପାଇଁ ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ପାଇଥିଲା । ବାଣୀବିହାରରେ ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନରେ ପଥମଶେଣୀରେ ପଥମ ହୋଇମଧ୍ୟ ତାକୁ ଅନ୍ୟକୌଣସି ନିଯୁକ୍ତି ନ ମିଳିବାରୁ ସେ ଏ କଲେଜର ଜଣେ ମହିଳା ଅଧ୍ୟାପିକାଙ୍କ ମାଟରନିଟିଲିଭ୍ ସମୟରେ ଜଏନ୍ କରିଥିଲା । ପଥମେ ଯେବେ ନିଜ ତିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ ଅଫିସ୍ରରେ ପଶିଥିଲା, ସେତେବେଳେ ଗଳାରେ ତୂଳସୀମାଳା ଓ ମଥାରେ ତିଳକ ପିଛିଥିବା ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ତାକୁ ବଡ ହସମାତିଥିଲା । ଏମିତି ଅଭୃତ ବେଶହୋଇ କେହିପୃଣି କଲେଜରେ ପଢାନ୍ତି? ପିଲାମାନେ ତାଙ୍କଠୁ କିଛି ଶିଖୁଥିବେନା ତାଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ହୁସୁଥିବେ? ମନକୁ ନିୟନ୍ତଣ କରିବାକୁ ଇଛାକରି ମଧ୍ୟ ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କର ପଶୟ ଚନ୍ଦାମୁୟରେ ଥିବା ତିଳକରେଖା ତାର ଦୃଷିଆକର୍ଷଣ କରୁଥିଲା ଓ ହ୍ସ ନିୟନ୍ତଣ କରିବାର ଶତଚେଖ ସଭେବି ତାର ମୁହଁରେ ଏକ ଅଭୃତ ହସର ବିକୃତରୂପ ପକାଶିତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ରାଜେଶର ମନୋଭାବ ବୋଧହୁଏ ଦାମସାର୍ ପଢିପାରିଥିଲେ, ବସିଥିବା ଚେୟାର୍ରୁ ଉଠିପତି ରାଜେଶ ପାଖକୁ ଆସିଲେ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତ, ସହଜ ଭାବେ ନିଜର ପରିଚୟ ଦେଇ ରାଜେଶକୁ ସ୍ୱାଗତ କରିଥିଲେ ।

ତା ପରଠାରୁ ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ସହ ରାଜେଶର ପ୍ତିଦିନ ଦେଖା । ରାଜେଶଠାରୁ ତାର ଏ ଅୟାୟୀ ଚାକିରୀ ଓ ବର୍ଷକ ପରେ ପୁଣି ବେକାର ହୋଇରହିବାର ଫ୍ରଞ୍ଜେସନ୍ କାହାଣୀ ଶୁଣି ଦାମସାର୍ ତାକୁ ନାନା ସ୍ପ୍ନଦେଖାଇଥିଲେ । "ସବୁଦିନ ସମାନ ନ ଥାଏ ରାଜେଶ, ଆଜି ଚାକିରୀ ନାହିଁ, କାଲି ହେବ । ତମେ ଅନ୍ୟସବୁ ସୁଯୋଗ ବିଷୟରେବି ଚିନ୍ତାକର । ତମର କ୍ୟାରିଅର୍ ଭଲଅଛି, ବାହାରଦେଶକୁ ଯାଇ ଉଚ୍ଚତିଗ୍ରିହାସଲକରିବା ବିଷୟରେ ବି ଚିନ୍ତାକର । ତମର ଏ ଚାକିରିଟି ଅନ୍ତତଃ ବର୍ଷକପାଇଁ ଅଛି । ତମେ ସେ ଛିତିର ସୁଯୋଗନେଇ ଉଚ୍ଚାଭିଳାଷ ରଖି ଭାବିବା ଉଚିତ ।"

ଏତେସବୁ ଉଚ୍ଚ ପରିକ୍ଷନା ରାଜେଶ ମନରେ କେବେ ପଶିପାରିନଥିଲା । ତାପରେ ତାର ଯେଉଁ ମଧ୍ୟବିଷ୍ଠପରିବାରର ଜୀବନ, ସେଠି ସ୍ନାତକୋଷର ପାଠପରେ କୌଣସି ଗୋଟିଏ ସରକାରୀ କଲେଜରେ ବାକିରୀ ପାଲପିବାହିଁ ତା ପାଇଁ ସବୁଠାରୁ ଉଚ୍ଚସ୍ପପ୍ନ ଥିଲା । ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଭେଟହେବା ପେମିତି ତା ପାଇଁ ଇଶ୍ୱରଙ୍କର ଆୟୋଜନଥିଲା । ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ଭାଷାରେ କଣଥିଲା କେଜାଣି, ହଠାତ୍ ରାଜେଶ ମନରେ ବି ଉଚ୍ଚ ଅଭିଳାଷ, ନୂଆନ୍ଆ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ବିଦେଶ ଯାଇ ପିଏଟ୍ଡି କରିବାର ଇଛା ସବୁ ବଳବତ୍ତର ହୋଇଉଠିଲା । "ରାଜେଶ, ତମର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟପଦି ଆକାଶର ସୀମାକୁ ଛୁଇଁବ, ତେବେ ସିନା ତମେ ଉତାଜାହାଜ, ସେଟ୍ଲାଇଟ୍, ରାତାର୍ କଥା ଚିନ୍ତାକରିପାରିବ; କିନ୍ତୁ ଯଦି ତମର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କେବଳ ଆମ କଟକ ସହର, ଟାଙ୍ଗ ଗାଁ, ଓଡିଶା ରାଇଜ ଭିତରେ ସୀମିତ ରହିବେ, ତମେ ତ ନିତିଦିନର ଦାନାପାଣି ଓ ଦୁର୍ନୀତି ସହିତ ଲଢିବା, ଦୁର୍ନୀତି ଭିତରେ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଆୟୋଜନରେ ଦିନ ବିତାଇବ, ସେଠି ଆଉ ଅଭିଳାଷ କାହିଁ? ଜୀବନ କାହିଁ?"

ଏତେସ୍ୱପ୍ନ, ଏତେ ଉଚ୍ଚଆଶା, ତା ମନରେ କେହି କେବେ ଭରିପାରିନଥିଲେ । ଏମିତିକି ସ୍ନାତକୋତ୍ତର ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନର ଅଧ୍ୟାପକମାନେହିଁ ଉଚ୍ଚଶିଷା ବଦଳରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଓ ଭାରତର ଆତମିନିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଟିଭ୍ ଚାକିରୀ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି କରିବା ଶ୍ରେୟୟର ବୋଲି ମତ ଦେଉଥିଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦାମସାର୍, ଯାହାଙ୍କ ଚେହେରା ଦେଖି ତାକୁ ହସମାଡିଥିଲା, ଯାହାଙ୍କ ବେକର ତୁଳସୀମାଳା ଦେଖି ତାର କୌପୀନ୍ପିଦ୍ଧା ସାଧୁବାବାଙ୍କ କଥା ମନେପଡିଥିଲା, ତାଙ୍କର ବୁଦ୍ଧିର ପ୍ରଖରତା ଓ ଦୁରଦର୍ଶିତା ପାଖରେ ରାଜେଶର ମନ ସ୍ୱତଃ ନଇଁପଡୁଥିଲା ।

କଲେଜରେ ବର୍ଷଟିଏ କାମ କରିବାପରେ ରାଜେଶ ଆମେରିକା ଆସିଥିଲା । ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ଚିହ୍ନାଜଣା ବମ୍ବେର ବନ୍ଧୁଜଣେ ରାଜେଶକୁ ସମସ୍ତପ୍ରକାର ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରିଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ରାଜେଶ ରଣୀ । ଆଜି କଲେଜରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ନପାଇ ରାଜେଶର ମନ ଖରାପ ହୋଇଗଲା ।

ତାପରେ ଏକସପ୍ତାହ ଏମିଡିସେମିଡି କଟିଗଲା । ବୋଉ ଖାଲି ରାଜେଶ ପଛେପଛେ ଲାଗିଛି ।

"ଆରେ, ଦେଖିଲା ଭଳି ଆଉ ଦୁଇଟି ସଫ୍ତାହ କେମିତି ଚାଲିଯିବ, କେଉଁଠିହେଲେ ଠିକ୍କର । ସାନମାମୁଁର ପ୍ରୟାବରେ ହେଲେ ରାଜିହୋ, ସେମାନେତ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ତୁଳନାରେ କମ୍ ଦାବି କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଟୁନିକୁ ପଚିଶବର୍ଷ ପୁରିବ, ଆଉ କଣ ସିଏ ବୃଜୀ ହବ?"

ବୋଉର ବକୃତ। ଶୁଣିଶୁଣି ରାଜେଶ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ । ସାନମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ପ୍ରୟାବଟା ମନ୍ଦନୁହେଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ ବିରାଟ ଏକ ଚିଠା; ସେ ଚିଠାକୁ ଦେଖିଲେ ରାଜେଶର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବୁଲାଉଛି । ଗ୍ରାଜୁଏଟ୍ ଆସିଷ୍ଟୟସିପ୍, ଆମେରିକାନ୍ ଡଲାର୍କୁ କେତେକଷରେ ସେ ସାଇତି ରଖିଛି, ଆମେରିକାର ସବ ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟଠାରୁ ନିଜକୁ ଦୂରରେ ରଖିଆସିଛି, ସେ ସବୁ ସଞ୍ଛିତ ଅର୍ଥର ଏ ପ୍ରକାର ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ଭାବିଲେ ତା ମୁଞ୍ଚରେ ତୀବୁ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ସୃଷ୍ଟିହେଉଛି । ବାପା ହୃତ୍ରୋଗୀ, ରାଜେଶର ବଡପାଟି ଖୁଣି ଅରେ ସେ ଏମିତି ଥରିଲେ ସେ ବଡପାଟି କରିବାକୁବି ଭୟ । ରବିଭାଇ ଓ ଭାଉଜ ଦୁଇଦିନପରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବେ, ଟୁନିର ବାହାଘର ଠିକ୍ହୋଇଯିବା ଉଚିତ୍ । ତିନିତିନିଟା ପ୍ରୟାବ ସବୁ ଏମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ କିଛି ଜବାବ ନପାଇ ଚଢାଯୋତୁକ ପାଇ ଅନ୍ୟଯାଗାରେ ନିର୍ବନ୍ଧ କରିସାରିଲେଣି । କିନ୍ତୁ ରାଜେଶ ଯୁଦ୍ଧକରୁଛି, ନିଜ ବିବେକ ସହିତ । ପେଉଁ ଯୋତୁକ ପଥାକୁ ସେ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ପୃଣାକରିଆସିଛି, ସେଉଁ ପ୍ରଥା ବିରୁଦ୍ଧରେ ସାରଗର୍ଭକ ଭାଷଣମାନ ଦେଇ ସେ କେତେ ବକ୍ଟତାମାନ ଜିତିଛି, ପ୍ରବନ୍ଧ ଲେଖି ପୁରଷ୍ଠାର ପାଇଛି, ସେଥିରେ କଣ ସେ ହାରିଯିବ? କେତେଦିନ ସେ ଏମିତି ଯୁଦ୍ଧକରି ଚାଲିଥିବ? ଟୁନି ବାହାଘରପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟୟରହି ସେ ପୁରୀ ଯାଇପାରିନି କି ମମତାକୁ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଦେଖାକରିପାରିନି । ବିଚାରୀ କଣ ଭାବୁଥିବ କେଜାଣି? ହୁଏତ ରାଜେଶ ଉପରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହରାଇ ସାରିବଣି ।

ମନ ଭଲ ନ ଲାଗିବାରୁ ସାନମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଇ ବୁଝାବୁଝି କରିବ ବୋଲି ବୋଉକୁ କହି ରାଜେଶ ଘରୁ ବାହାରିଲା । କଲେଜ ବାଟ ଦେଇ ସାଇକେଲରେ ଯାଉଯାଉ କଲେଜ ଯାଇ ଦାମସାର୍ ଆସିଛନ୍ତିକି ନା ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଇଛାହେଲା । ରାଜେଶର ଭାଗ୍ୟଭଲ, ଦାମସାର୍ ଥିଲେ । ଏବେ ଖାଲି ଖାତାଦେଖା କାମ, ପରୀକ୍ଷା ସରିଲାଣି । ରାଜେଶକୁ ଦେଖି ଦାମସାର୍ ବହୁତ୍ ଖୁସିହେଲେ ।

--- ଭଲକଲ ରାଜେଶ, ଆସିଲ । ଗଣେଶ ତମ ଆସିବା ଖବର ଦେଲା ଯେ, ମନଟା ଭାରି ଖରାପ ଲାଗିଲା । ଭାବିଲି ହୁଏତ ତମେ ଆମେରିକା ଫେରିଯିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ତମ ସହ ଦେଖାହେବକି ନାହିଁ । ଆଉ, ତମ ଖବର ସବୁ କୁହ, କଣ ଥେସିସ୍ କାମ ସରିଲାଣି କି ନାହିଁ?

ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ସ୍ର ଓ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତାର ଢଙ୍ଗ ସେମିତି ଏକାଭଳି ଥିଲା; କିନ୍ତୁ ଚେହେରାରେ ଅନେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ । ଏ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହୁଏତ ବୟସଜନିତ କି ଅନ୍ୟକେଉଁ କାରଣଜନିତ, ବୁଝିବାପାଇଁ ମନରେ କୌତୁହଳ ଜାତ ହେଲେ ବି ନିଜକୁ ସଂସତ କରି ଉତ୍ତରଦେଲା ରାଜେଶ୍,

----ଥେସିସ୍ କାମ ସରିଯାଇଛି, କିନ୍ତୁ ଭିସା ଗୟଗୋଳ ପାଇଁ ଏ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଥେସିସ୍ ସବ୍ମିଟ୍ କରିନି । ଏଠୁ ଗଲାପରେ ସବ୍ମିଟ୍ କରିବି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସାର୍, ଆପଣତ ପୁରା ବଦଳି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି, ବହୁତ କାମପତୁଛି ବୋଧହୁଏ?

----ହଁ, ରାଜେଶ, ୪ ସବୁକୃତ କାମ କହିହେବନି, ବେକାରକାମ କୁହ । ଛାଡ, ସେକଥା ଆଲୋଚନା କରି କାହିଁକି ଆଉ ସମୟ ନଷ୍ଟକରିବା । ତମେ ବରଂ ଆମକୁ ଟିକେ ତମ ଆମେରିକା ଅଭିଞ୍ଜତା, ସେଠିକାର ପାଠପଢା ବିଷୟ, ତମର ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ କୁହ, ପା ଫଳରେ ଆମେ କିଛି ଜ୍ଞାନ ଲାଭକରିବ ।

ଦାମସାର୍ ସେମିତିଲୋକ । ତାଙ୍କର ସବୁବେଳେ ନୂଆନୂଆ ବିଷୟ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧରେ ଆଗ୍ରହ । ଅନ୍ୟଦେଶ, ଅନ୍ୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଅନ୍ୟ ଧର୍ମକୁ ସେ କେବେ ସମାଲୋଚନା କି ଘୃଣା କରନ୍ତିନି, ବରଂ କହନ୍ତି, "ଦେଖ ରାଜେଶ, ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ମନ ବି ଆମମାନଙ୍କ ମନ ଭଳି, ଆମେ ଆମ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ, ଆମ ଧର୍ମକୁ ନେଇ ଗର୍ବକରନ୍ତି; ସେମାନେ ବି ତାଙ୍କ ଧର୍ମ, ତାଙ୍କ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ନେଇ ଗର୍ବକରନ୍ତି; କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଜଧର୍ମ, ନିଜସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ନେଇ ଗର୍ବକରିବା ଓ ଅନ୍ୟଧର୍ମ, ଅନ୍ୟସଂସ୍କୃତିକୁ ଘୃଣାକରିବା ଭିତରେ ପାର୍ଯକ୍ୟ ରହିଛି । ନିଜର ଉନ୍ନତି ପାଇଁ ଚିନ୍ତାକରିବା ଓ କର୍ମକରିବା ଆମର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ୟର ଅମଙ୍ଗଳ ଚିନ୍ତାକରିବା ଓ ଅନ୍ୟର ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟକୁ ନଷ୍ଟକରିବାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା କଣ?"

ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କୁ ଅଧଯଣ୍ଟଏ ଆମେରିକା, ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚ ଓ ସେଠିକାର ଶିକ୍ଷାପ୍ରଣାଳୀ ବିଷୟରେ ବିବରଣୀ ଦେଇସାରିବାପରେ ସାର୍ ପିଅନ୍କୁ ଡକାଇଁଲେ ଓ କିଛି ଜଳଖିଆ କ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟିନ୍ରୁ ଆଣିବାକୁ ବରାଦକଲେ । ନାହିଁ କରିବାକୁ ଇଛାକରି ବି ରାଜେଶ ନାହିଁକରିପାରିଲାନି ।

ଏଇ ଅବସରରେ ରାଜେଶ କଥାର ମୋଡ ବଦଳାଇ ନିଜ ଭଉଣୀର ବିବାହ ବିଷୟ ଓ ଯୋଁତୁକ ଚିଠା ବିଷୟରେ ଆଲୋଚନା କଲା ଓ ଓଡିଶାର ଯୁବକମାନଙ୍କର ମର୍ଯ୍ୟାଦା ଏତେ ନିମ୍ନୟରକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲାଣି ବୋଲି ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟଦେଲା ।

ପିଅନ ଆସି ଦୁଇକପ୍ ଚାହା ଓ ସିଙ୍ଗତା ଦୁଇପ୍ଟୋଟ୍ ରଖିଦେଇଗଲା । ଏତେ ଗରମରେ ଚାହାପିଇବା କଥାଟା ଭାବିବାମାତେ ରାଜେଶକୁ ବତଆଞ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗିଲା ଓ ସେ ଫିକ୍କରି ହସିଦେଲା । ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ମୁଖମଞ୍ଚଳ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ବତଗମ୍ବୀର ହୋଇଆସିଲାଣି । ରାଜେଶର ଓତିଆଯୁବକ ମାନଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ଆଷେପଟା ହୁଏତ ତାର ଅହଙ୍କାର ବୋଲି ଧରିନେଲେ କି କଣ? କିନ୍ତୁ ହଠାତ୍ ସାର୍ଙ୍କମୂହଁରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଆସିଲା ଓ ସ୍ୱିତହସି ସେ କହିଲେ,

--- ବୃଝିଲ ରାଜେଶ, ବହୁଦିନ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୁଁ କେବଳ ତାହାହିଁ କରୁଥିଲି, ସମୟଙ୍କୁ ସମାଲୋଚନା, ସମୟଙ୍କ ବିରୁଷରେ ଅଭିଯୋଗ; ରାଜନୀତିଜ୍ଞମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭକରି ଘରେ ମୋର ବାପା, ବୋଉଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେ ନିଉଛତା କାହାଉପରେ ଅଭିଯୋଗ କରିବାଟା ମୁଁ ଉଚିତ ମନେକରୁନି । କାହିଁକି ଜାଣ? ଖାଲି ଅଭିଯୋଗ କଲେ ଫଳଟା ଭଲହୁଏନି । କାରଣ, ଯାହା ବିରୁଷରେ ଅଭିଯୋଗ କରିବ, ସିଏ ଆହୁରୀ ଉତ୍ଷିୟ ହେବ ଓ ନିଜକୁ ଦୋଷମୁକ୍ତ ପ୍ରମାଣକରିବା ପାଇଁ ଆହୁରୀ ବିପରୀତଧର୍ମୀ କାମକରିବ ।

----ତାମାନେ, ଅନ୍ୟାୟ ଦେଖୁଥିବେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ସମାଲୋଚନା କି ଅଭିଯୋଗ କରିବେନି । ଏ କିଭଳି ସମୃବ ସାର୍?

ରାଜେଶ ପତିବାଦକଲା ।

----ହ୍ଁ ରାଜେଶ, ଅଭିଯୋଗ ନୁହେଁ, ଉଦ୍ଯୋଗ ହିଁ ସଫଳତା ଦେଇପାଇବ । ଏଇ ଦେଖ, ସାତବର୍ଷ ପୂର୍ବେ ପଦାର୍ଥବିଜ୍ଞାନର ଜଣେ ଅତି ମେଧାବୀ ଛାତ୍ର, ଅନର୍ସର ଶେଷ ପରୀଷାପତ୍ରର ପୂର୍ବଦିନ ନିଜ ଜେଜେମାର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସମ୍ବାଦ ପାଇ ଘରକୁଗଲା । ତା ପରଦିନ କିନ୍ତୁ ପରୀଷା ଦେବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ଯେଭଳି ମାନସିକ ଛିତିରେ ସେ ପରୀଷା ଦେଲା, ସେଥିରେ ପାସ୍କରିବା ସମୃବନୁହେଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମ ଶିଷାବିଭାଗରେ ଏ ସବୁ ପାଇଁ କିଛି ନିୟମ ନାହିଁ । ତାର ଫଳାଫଳ ସ୍ୱରୂପ ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନକୁ ହୁଏତ ଫେଲ୍ ହେବାକୁ ପଡିଥାନ୍ତା । ପିଲାଟି ବେଳୁ ବାପଛେଉଣ୍ଡ ଓ ପୁଣି ଜେଜେମାକୁ ହରାଇ ତାର ଯେଉଁ ମାନସିକ ଛିତି ଥିଲା, ସେଥିରେ ଶିଷାବିଭାଗକୁ ହରାର ଆବେଦନ କରିଥିଲେ ବି କିଛି ହୋଇନଥାନ୍ତା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦେଖ, ହଜାର ଟଙ୍କର କରାମତି, ଅନର୍ସ ପ୍ରଶ୍ୱପତ୍ରର ସମୀଷକଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଟିକେ ବୃଝିବାକୁ ପଡିଲା, ଆଉ ତାପରେ କାମ ଠିକ୍ ।

----ସାର୍, ଆପଣ ଜଣେ ଶିଷକ ହୋଇ ଏ ସବୁର ସପକ୍ଷରେ କହୁଛନ୍ତି?

----ଶିଷକତା କରୁଛି ବୋଲି ତ ସେ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱ ମୋର ବୋଲି ଭାବୁଛି । ଅନ୍ୟ ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କରେ ୪ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚଳୁ ଆଡ଼ିମିନିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଟିଭ୍ ଚାର୍ଜ କୁହାଯାଉଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମଦେଶରେ ଚାର୍ଜ ନାଁ କହିଲେ ସାଧାରଣ ଲୋକ ଭୟପାଇଯିବେ । ହଜାରଟଙ୍କା ଅନସିପତ୍ରର ସମୀଷକ ନେଲେ ପଦିଓ, ନୈତିକତା ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ମନୋରଞ୍ଚନକୁ ଆଉଥରେ ନୂଆପ୍ରଶ୍ମପତ୍ରରେ ପରୀଷା ଦେବାକୁ ପତିଲା । କିଛି ଅନ୍ୟାୟ କରଗଲା କି? ନା । ବରଂ ମନୋରଞ୍ଚନ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଫେଲ୍ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ମେଧାବୀଛାତ୍ରର ଜୀବନ ନଷ୍ଟହୋଇଯାଇଥାନ୍ତା । ଗୋଟିଏ ବିଧବା ମା ସମ୍ବଳହୀନ ହୋଇରହିଥାନ୍ତା । ଆଜି ସେ ମନୋରଞ୍ଚନ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କର ଏକ ପଦୟ ଅପିସର୍, କେବଳ ସୁପ୍ରରେ ରହିଥାନ୍ତା ।

----ଅବଶ୍ୟ ସେ କଥା ଠିକ୍ ସାର୍, ଜିନ୍ତୁ ଲାଞ୍ଚଦେଇ ଜଣେ ଛାତକ ପାସକରାଇବା ମୁଁ ଠିକ ଭାବିପାରୁନି ।

ି --- ତାର କାରଣ ହେଲା ତମେ କେବଳ ନିଜର ରୁଚି-ଅରୁଚି, ନିଜର ଆଦର୍ଶ, ମତ ଉପରେ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କୁ ମାପୁଛ । କେବେଥରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ରୁଚି, ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ବିଷୟରେ ଭାବିଛ କି? ଏଇ ଦେଖ, ତମ ଭଉଣୀର ବିବାହ । ଯୋତୁକ ଏ ଦେଶର ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଏକ ଅଂଶ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି, ଯଦିଓ ବିବାହଭଳି ଏକ ପବିତ ଉତ୍ସବରେ ଯୋତୁକ ଏକ କଳଙ୍କ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଇଟା ତମ ଓ ମୋ ଭଳି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କଳଙ୍କ ହୋଇପାରେ, ସମୟଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ । ତମ ଭଉଣୀର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ବିବାହ, ତମ ମାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା କନ୍ୟାଦାନ, ତମ ଭଉଣୀକୁ ବିବାହ କରିବାକୁ ଇଛାକରୁଥିବା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ଏକ ସୁହର ଓ ସର୍ବଗୁଣସନ୍ଧନା ପତ୍ନୀ, ସେ ପାତ୍ରଟିର ବାପା, ମା ଇତ୍ୟାଦିଙ୍କର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ସମକ୍ଷ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଏବଂ ହୁଏତ ଯୋତୁକ । ଏତେସବୁ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ସହିତ ନିଜର ଆଦର୍ଶ ଓ ରୁଚିକୁ ମିଶାଇବାର କିଣଣିଥି ଉପାୟ ତମେ ଚିଣ୍ଡାକରିଛ କି?

ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆହୁରୀ ଅନେକକିଛି ଆଲୋଚନା କରି ସାନମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିବାବେଳକୁ ଦିନ ଚାରିଟା ବାଜିଲାଣି । ମାମୁଁ, ମାଇଁ ବଜାର ଯାଇଥିଲେ, ତେଣୁ ରାଜେଶକୁ ଅପେଷା କରିବାକୁ ପଡିଲା । ଯେମିତି ହେଉ ଟୁନିର ବାହାଘର ପାଇଁ ଶୀଘୁ କିଛିଗୋଟାଏ ନିଷ୍ଟରି ନେବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ମାମୁଁ, ମାଇଁ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାବେଳକୁ ଫେରିଲେ । ମାଇଁଙ୍କଠାରୁ ଆଉ ଦୁଇଟି ପ୍ରୟାବ ବିଷୟରେ ବୁଝାବୁଝି କରି ଓ ମାମୁଁଙ୍କ ଘରେ ରାତଭୋଜନ ଶେଷକରି ସେଦିନ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲା ରାଜେଶ ।

ସକାଳୁ ସେମିତି ଝାପ୍ସା ନିଦ ହୋଇଛି ରାଜେଶକୁ, ଟୁନି ଓ ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗନିନାର କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ପତିଲା କାନରେ ---

"କଣ ହେଲା ଟୁନି, ରାଜୁଭାଇ କାଲି କିଛି ଠିକ୍ କରି ଆସିଲା ନା କଣ?"

"ନା ନିନା, ରାଜୁଭାଇ ସେମିତି ଅତିବସିଛି, ସେଥିରେ ସିଏ କିଛି ଠିକ୍ କରିବବୋଲି ମୁଁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରୁନି । ଏମିତି ଆଦର୍ଶପିଲା ତାକୁ ମିଳିବ କେଉଁଠୁ କହ? ତାପରେ ମୁଁତ ସେମିତି କିଛି ଅପୂର୍ବସୁନ୍ଦରୀ କି ପରୀକନ୍ୟା ହୋଇନି ଯେ ମତେ କିଏ ଆସି ମାଗଣା ମାଗଣା ବାହାହେବ?"

ନା ! ରାଜେଶ ଆଉ ଶୁଣିପାରିଲାନି । ଟୁନିକୁ ପଚିଶ ବର୍ଷ ପୁରିବ । ସତରେ ତ, ସିଏ କେବେ ଟୁନିର ଇଛା-ଅନିଛା ବିଷୟରେ ଭାବିନି; ଯଦିଓ ଭାଇ ହିସାବରେ ଏମିତି ମୁହାଁମୁହିଁ ଏସବୁ କଥା ସିଏ ଟୁନି ସହିତ ଆଲୋଚନା କରିପାରିବନି; ତଥାପି ନିନା କି ମିତା ଭାଉଜଙ୍କ ଜରିଆରେ ବୁଝିପାରିଥାନ୍ତା ତ ! ନା ! ଆଉ ନୁହେଁ । ଯେଉଁ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଦୁଇଟାରେ ପାଦ୍ରମାନେ ଭଲ ଜଣାପତୁଛନ୍ତି, ଯଦିଓ ବାପା, ମାଙ୍କର ଯୋତୁକ ଲୋଭ ବିଷୟରେ ପତିବାଦ କରୁନାହାନ୍ତି, ସେଥିରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଠିକ୍ କରିବ ଆଜି ସେମିର୍ତି ହେଲେ ।

---କିରେ ରାଜୁ, ତୁ ସବୁଦିନ ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ଏତେ କଣ ଶୋଉଛୁ ଖାଲି? ଦିନ ଦଶଟା ବାଜିଲାଣି । ତତେ କିଏ ଦେଖାକରିବାକୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି, ଜଲଦି ଉଠ୍ ।

ମା'ର ତାକରେ ନିଦଭାଙ୍ଗିଲା । "ସତରେ ତ । ମାଇଁ ଗତ୍ । ଦଶଟା ବାଜିଲାଣି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏତେ ସକାଳୁ କିଏ ଦେଖାକରିବାକୁ ଆସିଲାଣି? ହୁଏତ କିଏ ୟୁଲ୍ କି କଲେଜର ସାଙ୍ଗ ଖବରପାଇ ଆସିଥିବ ।" ଦେହରେ ପାଇଜାମାଟା ଗଳାଇ ଜଲଦି ଜଲଦି ଦାନ୍ତଘଷି ରାଜେଶ ବୈଠକ ଘରକୁ ଗଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଏ ତ କୈାଣସି ସାଙ୍ଗ ନୁହଁନ୍ତି । ବୈଠକଘରେ ଜଣେ ଅପରିଚିତ ଯୁବକଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ଆଷ୍ଟର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେଲା ।

-ନମୟାର ରାଜୁବାବୁ । ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଏତେ ସକାଳୁ ଆସି ତିଷ୍ଟର୍ବ କଲି । -ନା, ଠିକ୍ ଅଛି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆପଣ ?

ୁମ୍ମ ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ , ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାସ୍ । କାଲି ରାତିରେ ସୁଦାମମାମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଖବର ଦେଲେ । ମୁଁ ସିକନ୍ଦରାବାଦରେ ରହେ । ଛୁଟିନେଇ ଆସିଥିଲି ।

--ଆଛା, ଆଛା, ଆପଣ ତାହେଲେ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କରେ ଚାକିରୀ କରନ୍ତି । କାଲି ସାର୍ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ କହୁଥିଲେ ।

ଏତିକି କହି ରାଜେଶ ପ୍ରଶ୍ଳିକ ଦୃଷିରେ ଚାହିଁଲା, ଯାହାର ଅର୍ଥ "ଏଠି କଣ କାମ ଅଛି?"

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବୁଝିବା ଭଳି ମନୋରଞନ ଉତ୍ତରଦେଲେ "ଆପଣ କିଛି ଖରାପ ଭାବିବେନି । ବାପା ତ ନାହାନ୍ତି, ମା ଏକା, ଏ ସବୁ କିଏ କରିବ? ବାହାଘର ବିଷୟ ଠିକ୍କରିବା ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ସିକନ୍ଦରାବାଦରୁ ଆସିଥିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଫେଉଁସବୁ ପ୍ରୟାବ ଆସିଛି, ପଥମେ ସେମାନେ ଝିଅ ବିଷୟରେ କହିବା କିଝିଅ ଦେଖା କରାଇବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ କଣକଣ ଦେଇ ମତେ କିଣିପାରିବେ, ସେ ସବୁର ତାଲିକା ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ଆମ ଗାଁର ମାଟିଘରକୁ ଦ୍ୱିତଳ ପ୍ରାସାଦ କରାଇଦେବାଠୁ ଅରମ୍ଭକରି ଭୂବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ କୋଠା ଓ ମାରୁତିକାର୍ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେସବୁ ତ ମୁଁ ଚାହୁଁନି । ମୁଁ ଚାହୁଁଛି ଏକ ଜୀବନସାଥୀ । ମୁଁ ଭାବେ ସେ ଯେଉଁ ଅଭିଭାବକମାନେ ପ୍ରାବୁର୍ଯ୍ୟକୁ କନ୍ୟାଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଗୁରୁତ୍ ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି, ସେଠି ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ ଗଢିବା ମୋ ଆଦର୍ଶର ବିପରୀତଧ୍ୟର୍ମୀ । ଆପଣ ସଦି କିଛି ମନେନକରନ୍ତି ଓ ମତେ ଅପୋଗ୍ୟ ନ ଭାବନ୍ତି, ତେବେ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭଉଣୀ ଟୁନି ପାଇଁ ମୋ ପୟାବଟି ବିଚାରକୁ ଆଣନ୍ତୁ ।"

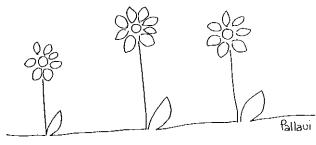
ମନୋରଞନ ଏକାଦମ୍ରେ ଏତିକ କହି ଚୁପ୍ହେଲେ । ରାଜେଶର ଆଷ୍ଟର୍ଯ୍ୟର ସୀମା ନାହିଁ । ମନଭିତରେ ଆନଦର ଢେଉ, କିନ୍ତୁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ହେଉନାହିଁ । ତାପରେ ତାର ଭଉଣୀକୁ ନ ଦେଖି, ନ ଜାଣି ହଠାତ୍ ବିବାହ ପ୍ରୟାବ ରଖିବା ପଛରେ ଅନ୍ୟକିଛି କାରଣ ନାହିଁତ ? ସେମିତି ବି ବହୁତ କେଶ୍ ବିଷୟରେ ଶୁଣିଛି ରାଜେଶ । ହେଲେବି ମନୋରଞନ ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କ ଭଣଜା । ତେଣୁ ତାକୁ ସେତେଟା ଅବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିବାର କିଛି କାରଣ ନାହିଁ ।

ରାଜେଶର ମନକୁ ପଢିନେଲାଭଳି ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ କହିଲେ, "ଆପଣ ହୁଏତ ଭାବୁଥିବେ ମୁଁ ପାଗଳ କି କଣ । ଝିଅ ନଦେଖି, ଝିଅ ବିଷୟରେ ନଜାଣି ଏମିତି ପ୍ରୟୁବ କେମିତି ରଖିଲି । ମୁ ଆଉ ସେମିତି ମହାପୁରୁଷ ନୁହେଁ । ମୁଁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭଉଣୀକୁ ଆଗରୁ ଦେଖିଥିଲି । ମାମୁଁ ମତେ ଚିହ୍ନାଇଦେଇଥିଲେ । ତାପରେ ମାମୁଁ ବି ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଓ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପରିବାର ବିଷୟରେ ବେଳେବେଳେ କହନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ମୋର କିଛି ଅଧିକ ଜାଣିବାର ନାହିଁ । ହେଲେ ମୋ ବିଷୟରେ ଓ ଆମ ପରିବାର ବିଷୟରେ ଆପଣ ହୁଏତ ଜାଣିନଥିବେ । ଆମ ପରିବାରରେ ମୁଁ ଆଉ ମୋ ମା । ବାପା ପାଇମେରୀ ୟୁଲରେ ମାଷର ଥିଲେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ମୁଁ ଛୋଟଥିବା ସମୟରେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ହରାଇଛି । ଜେଜେମା ଥିଲା, ସିଏବି ଆମକୁ ଛାଡି ଚାଲିଗଲା ସାତବର୍ଷତଳେ । ଦାଦା, ଖୁଡ଼ୀ ଅଛନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନେ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପର । ଉପରକୁ ସ୍ନେହ ଦେଖାଇହୁଅନ୍ତି, କିନ୍ତୁ ଭିତରେ ବହୁତ କପଟ । ଆମେ ସେ ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପରତାଠାରୁ ଦୂରରେ ରହିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛୁ । ବାହାଘରପରେ ମୁଁ ମା'କୁ ବି ମୋ ସାଥିରେ ନେଇ ସିକନ୍ଦରାବାଦ ଚାଲିଯିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଛି ।"

ମନୋର୍ଞନର ଅମାୟିକ ଓ ସରଳ ବ୍ୟବହାର ରାଜେଶକୁ ବହୁତ ଭଲଲାଗିଲା । କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଛଳରେ ସେମାନେ ଆଇନ୍ଷାଇନ୍ ଥିଓରୀ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବି ଅତିକ୍ମ କରିଗଲେ । ରାଜେଶ ମନୋର୍ଞନ ଭିତରେ ଏକ ସମକ୍ଷ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଆବିଷ୍ୟାର କଲା । ମନୋର୍ଞନ ଓ ରାଜେଶର କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ରାଜେଶର ମା, ବାପା ଦୁହେଁ କବାଟ ସେପଟେ ରହି ଶୁଣୁଥିଲେ । ରାଜେଶର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିପଡିବାମାତ୍ରେ ଭିତରକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ମୁହଁରେ ସେ କେତେ ତୃତ୍ତି ଓ ପ୍ରସନ୍ତାର ଢେଉ ଖେଳୁଥିଲା, ତାହା ରାଜେଶକୁ ଅଛପା ରହିଲାନି ।

ଆଉ ଟୁନି । ତାର ଆଉ କଣ ଦରକାର ? ମନୋରଞ୍ଜନ ଶିଷିତ, ଉପାର୍ଜନୟମ ଓ ଏକ ଆଦର୍ଶ ଯୁବକ । ଦେଖିବାକୁ ବି କିଛି ଅସୁନ୍ଦର ନୁହେଁ । ଏ ସବୁ କେମିତି ସମ୍ବହେଲା? ରାଜେଶର କଳ୍ପନା, ଟୁନିର ଇଛା ଓ ବାପା, ବୋଉଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନକୁ ରୂପଦେଇ, ସମ୍ପର୍କ ୟାପନ କରିବାପାଇଁ ଏ ପେଉଁ ଆଗନ୍ତୁକ ଯୁବକଜଣକ ଉପଛିତ, ସେ କଣ ଇଶ୍ୱର ପ୍ରେରିତ? ସେ ଇଶ୍ୱର କିଏ? ରାଜେଶର ଭାବନାରେ ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱର, "ରାଜେଶ, ଅଭିଯୋଗ ନୁହେଁ, ଉଦ୍ଯୋଗ ହିଁ ସଫଳତା ଦେଇପାରିବ ।" ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କର ଉଦ୍ଯୋଗର ସଫଳତା ଏଇ ଯୁବକ ମନୋରଞ୍ଚନ । ଦାମସାର୍ଙ୍କର ପ୍ରତି ଅସୀମ ଭବ୍ତିରେ ରାଜେଶର ହୃଦୟ ପରିପୂର୍ଣ ହୋଇଆସିଲା ।

ଡକ୍ଟର ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ୍ କଲମ୍ବିଆ, ମେରୀଲାଞ୍ଜ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଞ୍ଜ ଆମେରିକା



### ଯେ ଦେଶେ ଯାଇ ସେ ଫଳ ଖାଇ

ରମ୍ୟରଚନା- *ନନ୍ଦିତା ବେହେଗା* 

ଆମେରିକା ଜୀବନର ରଥଚକ ଭିତରେ ପେଷି ହୋଇ ଗଲାବେଳେ ପିଲାଦିନେ ଶୁଣିଥିବା ଜେଜେମାର ବୋଲି କେଇ ଧାଡି ମନ ପଡିଯାଏ । ତା ଭିତର ଗୋଟିଏ ମୋର ବେଦର ଗାର ହୋଇ ରହିଥିଲା ।

ପେ ଦେଶେ ଯାଇ ସେ ପଳ ଖାଇ /

କାମ କରି କରି ଦିନେ ଦିନେ ଥକି ପଡିଲା ବେଳେ ଭାବେ ଆହା କାହିଁ ଗଲା ମୋର କିଶୋରୀ ଜୀବନର ସୁନେଲୀ ସମ୍ମ । କେତେ କଣ ଭାବି ନ ଥିଲି ଶୈଳବାଳା ମହିଳା କଲେଜର ଭଙ୍ଗ ପାଚେରୀ ଉପରେ ବସିବସି, କେମିଡିଟିକେ ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇ ଆମେରିକା ଗଲେ Princess Diana ପରିହାତଖଣ୍ଡୀ ଜାମାଖଣ୍ଡେ ପିହି ତାପରେ ଆଠ ଇଞ୍ଚ ହାଇ ହିଲ୍ ଚଟିଟିଏ ମଡେଇ ସେଠିକା ରାଜରାୟା ଉପରେ ଟିକେ ଠକ୍ ଠକ୍ ହୋଇ ମଡେଲ୍ ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ ଚାଲିଗଲେ ଏ ଜୀବନଟା ସାର୍ଥକ ହୋଇଯିବ ।

ନ୍ଆ କରି ଏଠାରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲା ପରେ ସପ୍ଟା ଏକେବାରେ ସତ୍ୟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ମନେକରି ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ମନ ମୋର କୁୟେମୋଟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ତା ପରେପରେ ହାଇହିଲ୍ ପିଛି ଦୁଇଚାରିଥର ଗୋତ ମକଚି ହେଲାପରେ ଚେତା ପଶିଲା । ଭାଗ୍ୟଟି ପୁଣି ଏମିତି ଯେ ଛୋଟେଇ ଛୋଟେଇ ଚାଲିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ରହା ନାହିଁ । ସକାଳୁ ଉଠି କାମକୁ ଯାଅ । ତା ପରେ ପରେ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ୟୁଲରୁ ଆଣ ଛାଡ । ବଜାର ସଉଦା କର ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଗୋଟିକ ପରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଥାକ ଥାକ ହୋଇ ସଜତା ହୋଇ ରହିଛି । ଆମର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରର ବାଣୀବିହାର student special ବସ୍ ବାଦାମବାଡିରୁ ବାଣୀବିହାର ପାହାଳ, ଫୁଲନଖରା ଛକ ଧାଇଁଲା ପରି ଏଠୁ ଆସି ସେଠିକୁ ଧାଅଁ, ପୁଣି ସେଠୁ ଆସି ଏଠିକୁ ଧାଅଁ । ଖାଇବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ତର ସହ ନାହିଁ । ବୋଉ ମୋର ତେଣେ ଗାଁ ସାରା କହିବୁଲେ ଝିଅ ମୋର ରାଜରାଣୀ ଜୋଗଭୋଗ କରୁଛି ସିଏ କଣ ପାଦରେ ଚାଲେ ଆମେରିକା ଦେଶରେ ଗାଡି ଘୋଡା ଚଲେଇ ବୁଲୁଛି । ଆହା ମୋର ଗସେରି ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ ବୁହା ଦେଖିଲେ ବୋଉର ମୋର ହାଲୁକ ଶୁଖିଯିବ । ତାର ଅଲିଅଳ ଝିଅର ଜୀବନ ଆମ ଗାଁ ତାଇଭର ଅଲିହା ଠାରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ହୀନ । ହେଲେ ଏ ସବୁକଥା ବୋଉ ବା ଜାହିଁ ଜାଣିବ । ମୋ ମନ କଥା ମୁଁ ମନରେ ମାରି ରହିଥାଏ । ହେଲେ ଠାକର ସହିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ପଞ୍ଚମ ଥର ପାଇଁ ହାଇହିଲ୍ରେ ଗୋଡ ମୋଡି ହୋଇ ଆଉ ଉଠି ପାରିଲି ନାହିଁ । ଗଲି ଶେଷରେ physical therapy କରିବା ପାଇଁ । ଆଉ ବା ଚାରା କଣ ଥିଲା । ଗୋଡ ବଳା ଗୟିରୁ ଅସହ୍ୟ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ହେଲାବେଳେ ପିଲାଦିନର ତାଇନା ଠାଣି କାହିଁ କେଉଁଆତେ ଶନ୍ୟରେ ମିଳେଇ ଗଲା । ବିକଳ ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ସେଠି ପହ୍ଞୂଲି । Therapist ମୋର ମନର ବେଦନା ଖୁବ୍ ଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେଇ ଶୁଣିଲା ଗୋଡର ମଣ୍ଡ ଯାଏଁ ଚାହିଁଦେଲା । କହିଲା honey ଏଥର ହାଇହିଲ୍ ଛାଡି ଟେନିସ୍ ଜୋତା ପିଛ । ମୋ ତନ୍ପାତଳୀ ପାଦପଦ୍ ପୁଣି ସେ ଗୋଦତ ଯୋତା ପିଛିବ ସେଇ ଚିନ୍ତାରେ ମୁଁ ଝାଉଁଳି ପତିଥାଏ । ସେତିକି ନୁହେଁ ଦିନାକେତେ ମତେ ସେଠାକୁ ଯାଇ କିଛି ଘସାମୋଡା ଖାଇବାକୁ ହେବ । ଯା ହଉ ମୁଁ ଟିକେ ନିଃଶାସ ମାରିଲି । କାହିଁ କେଉଁ ଯୁଗରେ ଘସାମୋଡା ଦେଖିଥିଲି । ପିଲାଦିନେ ଜେଜେଙ୍କ ଗୋଡହାତ ଘୋଳାବିନ୍ଧା ହେଲେ ବଚନୀ ପୋଇଲି ଆମର ତହତହ ସୋରିଷ ତେଲରେ ରସୁଣ ଫୁଟାଇ ମାଲିସ୍ କରିଦିଏ l ଥରେ ଦିଥର ମୁଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଗୋଡ ଦେଖେଇ ଘସାମୋଡା ଖାଇଛି । ସିଏ କାହିଁ ମହେଞ୍ଜେଦାରୋ ହରପ୍ପା ବେଳର କଥା । ଏଠି ପୁଣି ଗୋରୀଙ୍କ ହାତରୁ ଘସାଆଉଁସା ଖାଇବି ତା ପୃଣି ଭାଗ୍ୟ କଥା ନୁହେଁ ଆଉ କଣା ତରତର ହୋଇ ଛୋଟେଇ ଛୋଟେଇ ସେଠି ଯାଇ ପହ୍ଞ ଗଲି । ଅନେକ କିସମର କେମ୍ୟା କୁଜା କାହାର ଅଣ୍ଟା ଧରିଛି ତ କାହାର କାନ୍ଧ ବିନ୍ଧୁଛି । କିଏ ବେକରେ ଓସାରିଆ ପଟି ପିନ୍ଦି ଆସିଛି । ମୁଁ ମୋର ଆଖି ବୃଜି ଗୋଡ ଲମ୍ବେଇ ବସି ପଡିଲି । ସ୍ୱାମୀ କହ୍ଥଲେ ଏମାନେ କୁଆଡେ ବହୁତ ପାଠଶାଠ ପଢି ଏ ଘସାମୋଡା ବିଦ୍ୟା ହାସଲ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ମାଉସୀମାନେ cream ଡବାଟିଏ ଲେଖାଧରି ଘସା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲେ । ସେଦିନର ମୂଳ topic ଥିଲା ପୋଷା ବିଲେଇର ସନ୍ । ଜଣେ କହୁଥାଏ ତା ବିଲେଇଟି ଏମିତି ସୁହର ଯେ ତା ରୁମ ଏପରି ଚିକ୍କଣ ଯେ ଶେଷରେ ରେଶମୀ ସତା ମଧ୍ୟ ହାର ମାନିବ । ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ କହୁଥାଏ ତାର ବିଲେଇଟି ଏମିତି ମଧୁର କଣରେ ବୋବାଏ ଯେ ନ ଗୁଣିଲେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରିହେବନି । ତ୍ତୀୟ ମାଉସୀତି କହିଲା ତା ବିଲେଇ ପାଇଁ ସେ ଏପରି ସ୍ୟୁ blanket ଟିଏ ବୁଣିଛି ଯେ ସେଥିରେ ସୁନା ଜରିଦିଆ ଫୁଲ ପତିଛି । ଏ ମାଉସୀମାଙ୍କ ବିଲେଇ ଗପ ଶୁଣୁ ଶୁଣୁ ମୋ ଗୋଡର ଯନ୍ଧଣା କଥା ଭୁଲିଯାଇଥିଲି । ଭାବିଲି ଆହା ଏ ଦେଶର ବିଲେଇତ ତଅପୋଇ ଠାରୁ ବି ବେଶୀ ଯନ ପାଉଛନ୍ତି । ପିଲାଦିନେ ଖୁଦୂରୁକୁଣୀ ଓଷାର ଗୀତ ଦୂଇଧାତି ମନେପଡିଲା -

> କେ ବୋଲେ ଚନ୍ଦନ ଲେପୂଛି କେ ବୋଲେ ଦୋଳି ପଞ୍ଚାଉଛି କେ ବୋଲେ ଭାଲୁଅଛି ଗୁଆ ବାହୁଣୀ ଦଣ୍ଡେ ହୁଅ ଠିଆ

ସତରେ ତଅପୋଇର ସାତଭାଉଜଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଯତ୍ନରେ ଏ ମାଉସୀମାନେ ବଳିଗଲେ । ଜଦି ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଚାହଁ ତ ଆମେରିକାରେ ବିଲେଇ ଜନ୍ମ ପାଇବା କଥା । ମୋ ଘଷାମୋତା ତେଣେ ଚୁଲିକୁ ଯାଉ । ମୋତେ ଯୋତାଟିଏ ପିଛେଇ ଦେଇ ନେଇ treadmill ଉପରେ ଠିଆ କରିଦେଲେ । ମୋର ଆଉ ଉପାୟ ନ ଥିଲା ଦି ପାଖକୁ ଚାହିଁଲି ସମୟଙ୍କର ସମଦଶା କାନରେ ଠିପିଟିଏ ଲେଖା ଲଗେଇ ଦେଇ ସମୟେ ସଁ ସଁ ହୋଇ exercise କରିବାରେ ବ୍ୟୟ । ମନମୋର ଉମା ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ । ହଠାତ୍ ସାମନାରେ ନଜର ପତିଲା କାଚକବାଟର ଆରପାଖେ ସୁନ୍ଦର swimming pool ଟିଏ ଅନେକ ଗୁଡିଏ ପାକଲା ବୁଢୀ ମୋ ଜେଜେମା ବୟସର ବିକିନି ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଲେଖା ପିଛି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି swimming କରିବା ପାଇଁ।

ଆହା ଏ ଦୃଷ୍ୟ ତ କେତେ ମନୋରମ । ପ୍ରାୟ ତିରିଶ ପାଖାପାଖି ଜେଜେମା ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଗୋଟିଏ କି ଦୁଇଟି ଜେଜେ ବାପା ହଂସ ଭିତରେ ବକ ଯଥା । ଗୀତର ତାଳେତାଳେ ଏମାନଙ୍କ ନୃତ୍ୟ ନିହାତି ଦେଖିବା କଥା । ଏମାନଙ୍କ ଠାଣି ଓ ଭଙ୍ଗ୍ୟ ଅନୁଧ୍ୟାନ କଲେ ପୃଥିବୀର ସେ କୈ।ଶସି ନୃତ୍ୟଗୁରୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ହାର ମାନିଯିବ । ମନେ ମନେ ଭାବୁଥାଏ ପିଲାଦିନେ ସୁଲ୍ରେ ଶରୀର ରଷା ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟାୟାମର କେତେ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ପତି ମଧ୍ୟ କେବେ ସେ ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୟାନ ଦେଇନି । ଏ ଜେଜେମା ମାନେ ଏ ଭଳି ପାକଲା ବୟସରେ କାହିଁ ସକାଳଟାରୁ ଉଠି ଏଠି ଆସି ନାଟ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ସମାନଙ୍କର ଗୋଟିଏ instructor ଆଗରେ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ଗୀତର ତାଳେତାଳେ ହାତଗୋଡ ହଲାଉଥାଏ ।ତାକୁ ଦେଖି ବୃଦ୍ଧାଗଣ ପାଣପଣେ ଚେଷା କରୁଥାନ୍ତି ସେପରି ନୃତ୍ୟ କରିବାକୁ । ଧନ୍ୟ କହିବ ଏମାନଙ୍କ ଟାଣ ।

ଲଷକଲି ସବୁ ବୃଦ୍ଧାପୁଡିକ ଏକ ପ୍ରକାରର ଗୋଲଗାଲ ଦେଖିବାକୁ । ଏମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ଆମ ଗାଁ ବୃଦ୍ଧୀମାନଙ୍କ କଥା ମନେପଡିଲା । ସେଠି ଆମଗାଁରେ କେହି ଜଣେ ହେଲେ ସୁୟସବଳ ନ ଥିଲେ । ସବୁ ବୃଦ୍ଧୀଗୁଡିକ ନହକା କଣି ବାଡିଖଞ୍ଜିଏ ଲେଖାଧରି ଗାଁ ସାରା ବୁଲିଆସିବେ । କଥାକହିବେ ସେ ମୁନିଆ ତୀର ପରି ହୃଦକୁ ବିଛିଯିବ । ମୋରମନେ ଅଛି ବାହାଘର, ଶୁଛିଘର ଏ ସବୁଥିରେ ଏମାନଙ୍କ ପରାକ୍ରମ କହିଲେ ନ ଚଳେ । ବୋଉ ମୋର ସବୁଦିନେ ଏମାନଙ୍କୁ ତରିମରି ଥାଏ । କେବେ କେମିଡିବୋଉଖୁଡି ମିଶି ହସଗୋଳ କରୁଥିବାବେଳେ ଏମିଡି ବୃଦ୍ଧା ପ୍ରବେଶ କଲେ ହାତେଲମ୍ବ ଓଢଣା ଟାଣିଦେଇ ମୂଷା ଗାତରେ ପଶିଲାପରି ଚୁଲିମୂଳେ ବସି କାଠଟାକୁ ଚୁଲି ଭିତରକୁ ଠେଲିଦେଉଥିବେ । ବୋଉର ଏ ଡରାଣିଆ ପଣ ଦେଖି ମୁଁ କେତେ ସେ ନହସିଛି । ବୋଉ ରାଗିକରି କହେ କେତେ ଉତିଆଣି ହେଉଛୁ ଏମିଡି ଶାଶୁଖଞ୍ଜେ ପାଇଗଲେ ଏ ଅଞ୍ଜିରି ଗୁଣ ଛାଡିଯିବସେ । ହେଲେ ଆମେରିକାରେ ଆସି ବସା ବାହିଲା ପରେ ବୋଉକୁ ଲେଖିଲି ବୋଉଲୋ ଏଠି କେହି ନାହାନ୍ତି ବଡିସକାଳ ବୋଲି ପକେଇବାକ

"ଆଲୋ ସାନବୋହୁ ଶୋଇଛୁ କେମିତି ବେଳ ଗତିଗଲାଣି ସହଳ ସହଳ ପକାଇ ଯାଆଲୋ ଧାନ କେୟାକର ବେଣୀ"

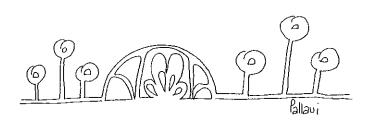
ଛାତ ମନ ପୁଣି ଶ୍ୱିଦ୍ଧାରେ ଭରିଗଲା ଏଠିକାର ଜେଜେମା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି । କେତେ ସଚେତନ ଏମାନେ । ଏମିତି କସରତ କରୁଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ସିଧାସଳଖ ଚାଲୁଛନ୍ତି । ହେଲେ ମୋ ଜେଜେମାଟା ଖାଲି ଗୋଟିଏ କଣରେ ମାଳି ଜପିଜପି ଶେଷକୁ ପିଠି ବଙ୍କା ହୋଇପାଇଥିଲା । ମୁଁ ଯଦି ଆଗରୁ ଟିକେ ଜାଣିଥାନ୍ତି ତାକୁ ନିଷ୍ଟେ ଟିକେ ଶିଖେଇଥାନ୍ତି । ଏଇ ବୃଦ୍ଧାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖି ମୁଁ ମୋ ନିଜ କଥା ଭାବୁଥାଏ

'ତଳ ବରତା ଖସୁଛି ଉପର ବରତା ହସୁଛି ମଝି ବରତା ଥାଇ ବୋଲୁଛି ମୋ ଦିନକାଳ ଆସ୍ଥ<sup>ିନ</sup>

ଆଜିଠଉଁ ତ ଗୋଡହାତ ଧରି treadmill କୁ ଆଶ୍ରାକଲିଣି । ଶେଷଜୀବନଟା ଏଇମିତି ବୋଧେ swimming pool ରେ ନୃତ୍ୟ କରି କରି ହନୁମାନ ଚାଳିଶା ଗାଇଗାଇ ସିଧାସଳଖ ପୂର୍ଗକୁ ମୁହାଁଇବି । ଏ ବୃଦ୍ଧାମାନେ ହେଲେ ମୋର ପରମ ଗୁରୁ । ବେଳେବେଳେ ଟିକିଏ କଥାରେ ମୁହାଁ ଶୁଖିଗଲେ ସ୍ୱାମୀ କହନ୍ତି ଇଏ କଣ ତମ ମୟ୍ତସାହି ଗାଁ ହୋଇଛି କି ସେ ନାକକାନ୍ଦଣା ଛାଡ ବାଘପିରି ମାଡିଚାଲ । ଏ ଭିତରେ ମୋ ଥେରାପି କାମ ସରିଗଲାଣି । କ୍ଲାନ୍ତ ହୋଇ ବାହାରିଗଲି ଟିକେ ଜେଜେମା ମାନଙ୍କ ହାଲଚାଲ ବୁଝିବା ପାଇଁ । ଇତି ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସେମାନେ ତାଙ୍କର ବିକିନି ଛାଡି ରୋବ୍ ଟିଏ ପିଛି ଗୋଟିଏ ଗଛତଳେ ବସି ଆନନ୍ଦମନରେ ସିଗାରେଟ୍ ଖାଉଛନ୍ତି । ମନଟା ମୋର ଆମ୍ବିଳା ହୋଇଗଲା । ଆହା ଏତେ ଆଦର ସନ୍ ସହ କସରତ ପରେ ଇଏ ପୁଣି କଅଣା ଭାବୁଥିଲି ଜଣ ଫଟାଇ କହିବି । ହେ ମହୀୟସୀ ଗଣ । ମୁରଲୀ ଫୁଙ୍ଙ୍କ ବନ୍ଦ କର । କଲିଜାଟା ତେଣେ ପୋତିଜଳି ଛାରଖାର ହୋଇପିବଣି । ମୋର ସମୟ ଶୁଣା ଓ ଭନ୍ତିକୁ ଶେଷରେ ଧୂଆଁ ପୁଙ୍କି ଉତେଇଦେଲ ।

ଛାତ । ଦଦରା ଗୋତକୁ ଘୋଷାଡି ଘୋଷାଡି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲି । ମନଟା ମରିଯାଇଥିଲା । ରାତି ଦଶଟାରେ ପୁଅକୁ ଶୁଆଇଦେଇ ବୋଉକୁ ଗୋଟେ ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଲି । ବୋଉଲୋ ତୁ କହିଥିଲୁ ଜେଜେମା କଥା ମନେରଖିଥିବୁ । ତାର ଗୋଟେ କଥା ଅଙ୍ଗେ ଅଙ୍ଗେ ନିଭଉଛି । ଯେ ଦେଶେ ଯାଇ ସେ ଫଳ ଖାଇ । ତାକୁ କହିବୁ ତା କଥା ମନେ ପକଉଛି ଆଉ ସେଇ ଫଳ ଖାଉଛି ଲୋ । ବୋଉ ଆମେରିକା ଫଳ ଭାରି ସୁଆଦିଆ ।

Nandita Behera is a talented Odissi dancer and teacher, living in California.



## From Crushing Faith to Heavy Lorry: The Historical Evolution of "Juggernaut"

Anjan Mishra

ach year at the temple of Lord Jagannath in Puri, → Orissa, India, Hindu devotees drag their god's Lidol uphill on a heavy car, push the vehicle until it gains sufficient momentum to roll on its own, and finally throw their frail bodies under the massive wheels as an ultimate sacrifice to the lord (Oxford English Dictionary). From my parents' accounts of what their lives were like back in Orissa, I know a fair amount about this dramatic ceremony without ever having witnessed it. Though the anecdotes have been interesting, my recent visit to the lagannath temple was what really showed me how intensely spiritual the religious community is there. While sages fasted and meditated outside the entrance, the congregations within huddled around the deity's image and filled the building with their chanting of the lord's name. As the echoes of their hymns enveloped me, I could not help but think that even their most extreme rituals embodied nothing less than uncorrupted idealism and a tremendous sense of selflessness.

Unfortunately, the Western world neither pronounces the Lord Jagannath's name correctly nor uses the coinage juggernaut with the original positive connotation. Ever since a fourteenth century friar provided "the first European account of the Juggernaut festival, and its attendant immolations," the word's meaning has greatly broadened (Oxford English Dictionary). Although the heavy car's resemblance to a truck has led some British merchants to fairly describe "a very large lorry" as a juggernaut, the term's meaning has evolved negatively for the most part (Chambers English Dictionary 773). The Oxford English Dictionary's description of a juggernaut as "an institution, practice, or notion to which persons blindly devote themselves, or are ruthlessly sacrificed" is representative of how the colonial attitudes and policies of the British Empire specifically influenced transformations of the meaning. Upon seeing several saints sacrificing their lives to Jagannath, a British officer might have disgustedly disdained the festival as a ruthless practice of the natives. By 1825, imperialism had expanded England's notion of superiority to the point that a British journal characterized the annual ceremony as an "excess of fanaticism" [Oxford English Dictionary]. Scholars later paralleled this type of blind faith to the collective submission of citizens to oppressive states.

Juggernaut thus acquired political implication in the same way that the meaning of leviathan, another word of Asian origin, widened to depict not a huge reptile but a monstrous government. The comparable developments of these two unrelated words demonstrate a striking similarity in English language patterns: Eastern terms tend to take on negative connotations in the West. Perhaps the perversions that we see in the words' meanings result from looking at the East through an eye that lacks cultural relativism. Though I am quite familiar with the origin of the word juggernaut, even I usually attach a negative connotation when I hear someone use it. For example, when journalists chose juggernaut to describe the brutal Tiananmen Square Massacre in 1989, I naturally assumed that the reporters were criticizing the hard-line Beijing regime. Although my interpretation of what people mean when they say juggernaut is not necessarily the same as what the word means to me, I find myself accepting the Western definitions because I seldom use or hear the word in an Eastern context. When I look at the word juggernaut, I still think that I see the image of a beloved deity but I hear that it's actually the representation of a vicious oppressor. Maybe I need to get my eyes checked.

#### Works Cited

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### A Message for Parents

#### An Anonymous Youth

For the last five years, I have had parents who whine at me and tell me to write an article. When I don't, they look at me as the lowest form on earth and they always seem to bring it up later. Well, for one, just because I don't write doesn't mean I don't appreciate my culture. I am very proud of who I am and the land in which I came from. There is one problem I find, though. In these days it's not about pride as a whole, it's who can show off the best.

"My son went to Stanford." or "My son went to Harvard Medical School.". Don't get me wrong, I am a fairly smart guy and make pretty good grades, but it has come to only that. (Please realize that this is directed more toward the parents, than anyone else.). It seems as if people judge you (the parent) on how well your kid did. It's sort of like a scale. I give, for all good intents and purposes, one here you can judge by.

- 1. Your son/daughter is literally a "dropout." They can only muster a G.P.A of 3.4. They have no hope of entering a prestigious university and want to go into an aesthetic field. "Film" or "Music" is their goal, because they seem to like it more and can do it pretty well. They do not take Odissi dance.
- 2. Your son/daughter is halfway decent. They have a G.P.A. of 3.5, which barely passes and are constantly on the Internet. The chances of getting into an Ivy League are rather low. They have managed to work a great deal with cars, or do something worthwhile in a mechanical field. Yet you (the parent) think it is ridiculous. He/she wants to become an auto-shop owner. They do not take violin.
- 3. Your son/daughter is at "borderline" level. They have a G.P.A. of 3.7, which is really O.K. They love to read and that is what they always what they are seen doing. Books are the safe-haven for them, yet in all around activities they perform pretty well. Ivy leagues maybe in vision. There are other activities, like athletics, that they excel in. The focus, though, is on being a writer. They are not regular temple-goers.
- 4. Your son/daughter is at "good" level. They have a G.P.A. of 3.85, which is pretty good. They excel in many activities, scouting, band, etc. In school, the performance is ok, but they do try most of time. Ivy Leagues seem in site. He/she wants to do business or law, jobs that don't assure money. They don't wear the thread.
- 5. Congratulations! Your son/daughter is at "genius" level. They have a G.P.A. of 4.0. They excel in everything. Being wonderful at Odissi dance, sports, in addition to being incredibly smart. Ivy Leagues are at the doorstep. The aspiration is to be a doctor or an engineer and to be active members of Indian activities. They are now a qualified Ubermensch.

This is just a scale, folks. That way it is easier to judge who is who. Now we know where are pride is. Regardless, though, please realize all kids try hard. They want it as bad as you do, even more. Try to help your kids the next time, instead

of criticizing them for what they get. I know they don't do it all the time, but the drive is still there, they just have not put the keys in the ignition. Perhaps one day, we can all be 5<sup>th</sup> tiers, but understand we don't have to be.

## The Joys of Being an Oriya in the United States

Jeeta Mahapatra

My name is Jeeta Mahapatra. I've lived in the United States my entire life. I feel that the opportunities in America are endless, therefore I am very thankful to my parents for moving to the United States 20 years ago. They made the long trip from India, not aware of what would be expected from them, nor certain of what they were going to do. They left the people they loved and all the things they were used to, which must have been very difficult.

My name is uniquely Indian, different from everyone else's at my school. Everytime I say my name, I know I will have to repeat it over and over again, yet my Amrican friends with common Anglo names often wish they had my name, because it makes me stand out and everyone pays attention. I think it would be easier though, if I had a last name that wasn't as complicated as Mahapatra, but that belongs to my grandfather.

Parents that are born in the U.S. and the parents born outside the U.S. are different. I think our parents expect more from us and they expect us to perform better. They have their reasons, though. They know that that we would have a better life if we were raised in the United States, which I agree with. But with the opportunity for success comes the challenge to excel in competition. Because of being an Indian or of

any other race besides American, and because we live in the United States, I guess we have to do better than just average in everything we do (not only in our grades) to get the respect we deserve.

People aren't discriminated against only because of their race. Most of the problems occur because of a few people who think they are better than others and because of people who don't treat people equally. By exceling at school, in one's job at work, we can teach these people a lesson. Being Indian has not been a problem for me at school.

When we compare the religious festivals between both countries, India seems to have more events celebrated mainly for children. This shows how much they value their children, and look out for their well being. In the United States there are separate schools for different religious denominations. If a group of people believe that males and females shouldn't mix during school, then there are schools for only girls or for only boys.

I feel privileged to be an American citizen, but then again, I respect my Indian heritage. As I said before, the endless opportunities here make me proud to live and grow up in a country like this.

leeta Mahapatra is in 8th grade and lives in Vincennes, IN.

## STONES IN A STREAM

#### Pratik Dash

One day, millions of years ago As springtime turned the world green A boy and his dad took a long quiet walk And stooped by the side of a stream

The day was clear and bright, and cool And nobody else was around The whoosh of the water hurrying by Was the morning's only sound

The boy and his the dad sat still on the grass And in silence enjoyed the day (Of course back then no one knew how to talk So there wasn't a lot to say)

They turned and looked at the blue of the sky And the white of some dinosaur bones Until their eyes fell on some sticks And a few scattered stones

The dad gazed down and let out a grunt And he moved from his resting place With a curious finger he touched a stone And a different look crossed his face

He turned to the stream and his eyes seemed to say That he wanted to try something more And then the dad did a strange new thing That no one had done before

The dad bent over and picked up a stone And threw it into the stream Then his eyes grew wide as a circle formed Where the stone pierced the waters gleam

The boy and his dad stood perfectly still As they watched the circle grow Bigger and bigger till it disappeared Into the dirt brown banks below The dad made a sound-it was not quite a bark And not a hoot of joy He bent down and picked another stone And he handed it to the boy

The boy took the stone and turned toward the stream He wanted to try it too And as his dad watched the boy raised his arm And as he let out a cry he threw

His head pulled back as he heard the splash And then the circle grew wide The boy and the dad looked at each other And they felt something new inside

There weren't yet words to describe what they felt Still somehow the two of them knew That in the world there were special things That a boy and a dad could do

All afternoon by the banks of the stream Stones skittered and plopped and skimmed One after another boom and kerplunk As the bright sun slowly dimmed

Flat stones and round ones, as on and on They continued father and son Till a silver moon came up in the sky And finally their throwing was done

They both were happy and tired As they quietly stood at rest Then slowly the dad wrapped his arms around the boy And pulled him close to his chest

The boy curled his arms around the dad's neck And they were both safe and glad And that hug became the very first hug Between a boy and his dad

### THE TREASURE IN THE DARKNESS

Sandeep Kar

The moment the light is gone, I am left in the darkness alone. Is darkness the realty of life? Why does the path to immortality appear dark to me, and illuminated to Swamiji?

Does darkness portray realty?
Does it imply purity?
Is it the end to a fierce struggle?
Or is it a transition?
Does it inspire to trigger off a struggle, struggle for the rejuvenating light?
Does it give the light its charm, as it readily beautifies the cosmic star light, ending their day long struggle?

Does it drive the agony off the heart? then, why do people weep in the dark? In the darkest corner of heart reigns the envy.
Which soon will envelope the peace, suffocating it to death, like a blanket, which deprives the fire off from the nourishing air.

Struggling out of darkness is the ultimate aim.
Is darkness so insane?
Why do people prefer to hide their deeds in the dark, fearing the tragedies of limelight?

Sandeep Kar wrote this poem when he was a Class XII student in a Bhubaneswar High School,

#### TIME

#### Sandeep Kar

Time moves fast, at an unceasing pace. The passage of time, brings in its wake, all manner of changes.

The child grows into a youth, and the youth into an old man. One generation yields place to another, but time has no time to bother.

Social, political, economic systems, and ideologies change, There is the world to witness, the tyranny of Idi Amin, and the diplomatic policies of Churchill.

Empires rise and fall, nations thrive and dwindle, the stars may stop their twinkle, but time is never wrinkled. Time moves on unabated, bringing forth ceaseless changes.

Time is like a consuming fire, which can destroy all monuments of glare, burning all cobwebs, it prepares the ground, for the renovation of ideas.

None can rejuvenate the past into the present, only it can be possible in time's absence, It is the mightiest of the mighty.

Isn't it foolish to compare the pace of time with the pace of human mind?

Sandeep Kar wrote this poem when he was a Class XII student in a Bhubaneswar High School.

# Growing Up in America and Its

## Cross Cultural Impact

Smita Mahapatra, 9th grade, Vincennes, IN

In the United States of America, I am known as Smita Mahapatra. The name Mahapatra comes from the state of Orissa in India. The official language of Orissa is Oriya, which, even though English is my first language, I am privileged to understand. Growing up in America as an Indian has many advantages.

Being an Indian, I see many values instilled in us by our culture, people, and parents. Our parents keep up with their jobs, take care of our elders, and in addition to all this, help us receive the best education possible. They set a very high standard for us as children to achieve when we raise our children.

In our culture, many holy days are celebrated on different occasions, but most are for the children. Every day of the week, something different is done to express our gratitude to God. By doing this, not only do we motivate ourselves to please God as well as our parents, but we also create activities to save ourselves from boredom. As in America, we have holidays in our Indian culture that prove to be just as enjoyable as Christmas and Easter. One such holiday is Kumara Purnima, celebrated on the last full moon day in October. On this occasion, the day is spent with family and at play. It is a time for socialization as well as fun. Also, it helps bring the adults and children together, as children show their respect for their parents and traditionally receive "blessing" money.

Among our parents and elders, there seems to be a common misconception that to "survive" in the United States, we have to go the extra mile to prove ourselves. Though this may be true to an extent, I believe that we do not need to prove ourselves to be accepted. should like you for your true self and not for being someone you are attempting to be. In Indian values, education comes before anything else. Our homework must be done before we are allowed to go anywhere. Also, our grades have to incredibly high. To us, this seems harsh and unfair. However, we have to realize how much it must have taken our parents to even be allowed to come to the United States. Our parents have come from a place where the standards of education are much higher than here. We also have to understand that they are looking out for our future because they want a better life for us, or they feel their move to the U.S. was pointless. Many Indians immigrate to the United States just so their children can have a better education and lead a more productive life.

In conclusion, we are the most fortunate children to grow up and live in the United States. Nothing we could do or say would thank our parents for being so unselfish when they were willing to leave family, friends, and their first home to provide a better life for us.

Smita Mahapatra is in 9th grade and lives in Vincennes, IN

# Crashing Through The 1900 Crashing Through The 1900s

Sukanya Misra

Fourteen years are bound to generate many memories. Often a great deal of these memories cluster together in one place; perhaps one's favorite tree house, perhaps the house of one's childhood. A countless number of my fondest memories formed in the house that I grew up in. Some reminiscences sadden me, others cheer, a few provoke intense hilarity, but all signify a period of my life that has ceased to exist, never to be retrieved again.

One incident that I doubt has occurred to anyone else is when my maternal unit drove into the house. You see, some people exercise extreme observational skills and pay attention to every single little detail. My mother, to put it frankly, does not. Long ago, when I attended 4th grade, she justified my liberal use of that statement. My little sister and my "mum" (as I called her in a feeble attempt to be British) dropped me off at school one day. They saw me go to my classroom, then headed home.

As my mom was about to park in the garage, her foot hit the accelerator instead of the brake. Her '85 Toyota Camry zoomed through the garage. brakes screeched as she endeavored to avoid collision with the wall. But her efforts were futile; she could not change her path. The car gained momentum and literally flew into the dining room, mutilating the furniture. The automobile was a flery demon, racing to destroy as much of our little house as possible. Her tempestuous ride ceased, interrupted by the kitchen wall, but the damage had been done. "Mommy," my little sister began, her small mouth agape and her eyes wide with curiosity, "why did you break the house?"

Luckily, my father had yet to rise from his dainty slumbering. Had he been awake, he would have been sitting at the dining room table. The last I saw of the dining table, a vase was imbedded in one of the legs like a sword through flesh, and the other legs had scattered throughout the kitchen. The sound of the impact did not wake him, because my dad could never be termed a light sleeper. When he woke up, he just laughed and said, "This is something all my friends need to know about!"

The car retained not a single scratch; talk about a strong car! I should write an advertisement for Toyota. My mom, with her faith in automobiles shaken, remained in a daze for days. She kept on repeating, "I can't believe I did that!" I did not believe it either, until I saw the state of ruin the house was in.

The house really sustained the most damage. Until the construction workers came and patched our house up, we had an enormous hole gaping in our wall, as though the house yawned to all passers-by, "Come, come, look inside. Look at the people who live here, and laugh at them." The rank fumes of burnt rubber suffused the air, smelling like when you accidentally scorch polyester with a scalding iron. And my bike! I bought a beautiful, shiny bike two weeks before my mom drove through the wall. Prior to this incident, I kept my bike stationed right in front of her car. Subsequent to this event, I had no bike. I can completely sympathize with the raven in Edgar Allan Poe's poem when "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore'."

My mom still gets teased about this happening. We gave her grief for about a year, and whenever my dad's friends stopped by, they would ask, "What havoc have you been wreaking upon the world, Tornado Tapasi?" [My mother's name is Tapasi). She drives well and had an impeccable driving record before this incident, but I'll be glad when I have my own license. I have another bike now, and it almost fills the void left when my old bike was wrecked. I actually have something of a bicycle history- eight bikes in this life, more in former lives- but that story can wait for another day. In the meantime, make sure that this anecdote doesn't give your mother any ideas.

Sukanya just turned fifteen. She lives in San Antonio, TX with her parents, Lalatendu and Tapasi Misra. This article was written for a freshman English class project in September 1999.

## MY TRIP TO CHILIKA AND GOPALPUR

Ananya Mishra

During our last trip to India, I went to Chilika with Bapa, Mama, Aja and Aai. I was excited because Bapa told me that Chilika was India's biggest lake. As soon as we got there, we went on a boatride on Chilika Lake. The boat we were on was small. There were only enough seats for seven people including the car driver and the boat driver. Water was splashing everywhere! It felt like an ocean, because there were HUGE waves! There was a lot of spray, so we had to cover our heads with towels. It felt cold and exciting!

We stopped at Kalijai island. It was very windy! I petted a brown goat with black socks and a black face. I was fascinated by the temple and the people. The people were dressed colorfully and were attending poojas. The temple was black and had a lot of stairs. My family climbed the stairs to the very top! I could see the whole island from the top of

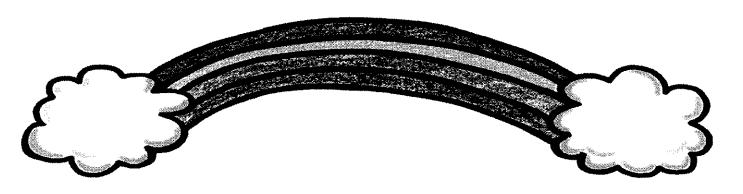
the temple. I could also see miles of water surrounding it.

The ride back was wild! The waves were really, really, HUGE. We saw lots of migrating birds of different kinds. Bapa told me that they were from Siberia. Bapa and Mama took lots of photographs. We also saw a shrimping and fishing boat. There was a fisherman with big blue nets in the boat. We finally got back to our hotel. I was wet and cold.

From there, we went to Gopalpur Beach. I made a sandcastle and tasted sea water. The water was VERY salty! Then, I collected shells. I tried to catch a sand crab, but it was too fast. After that, we watched the sunset. The sun looked like a pretty orange ball sinking into the sea. The next day, we went back to Bhubaneshwar. Of all the things that we did, I liked the boatride the best because I had never gone on a boat.

Ananya, daughter of Snigdha and Srikanta Mishra, attends the 2nd Grade Talented and Gifted (TAG) program at Pond Springs Elementary in Austin, TX. She loves to read and write, and is also taking Hindustani Classical Music and Bharatanatyam lessons.





## **MY SCHOOL**

Daveraj Praharaj

My school's name is Jones Valley Elementary, Which is in the beautiful scenery of a Valley.

My school has a very pretty building, We learn social studies, math, science and reading.

Our lovely teacher is Mrs. Patty Moy; She gives us lots of knowledge everyday.

We go to the computer lab, and learn about the Internet; Our library has lots of books which I have access to get.

We have PE classes, and have lots of games to play; Our music teacher teaches us lots of songs that I enjoy.

We like to build a little habitat behind our school; Our Principal works very hard, and keeps everything cool.

Daveraj Praharaj is a Second grade student at the Jones Valley Elementary School of Huntsville, AL and is the son of Dr.Sarat Chandra and Minnie Praharaj.

### FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN

RED LITTLE ROSE PRETTY AS CAN BE!

> BLUE LITTLE VIOLET PLAYING WITH THE BEE

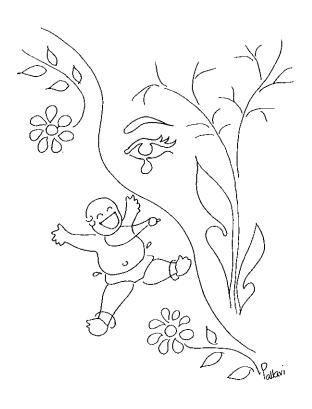
YELLOW LITTLE SUNFLOWER LOOKING AT THE SUN

> PURPLE LITTLE TULIP HAVING A LOT OF FUN

FLOWERS
IN THE GARDEN
SMILING AT ME

I SMILE BACK AT THEM BUT FEAR THE BEE

Mrunali Das, 2nd Grade, daughter of Naresh and Bigyani Das of Columbia, Maryland



## Overnight at the Montgomery Mall

Sanjay Prayag Misra

"Okay boys, time to go," said my mom. Well that was what she said that one day. This is the story.

One day my mom, my best friend Reece, and I went to the Montgomery mall. It was 15 minutes to closing time when Mom said it was time to go home. Reece and I didn't hear her or anything until we finally heard the loudspeaker say 5 minutes until closing time. We looked around, but we could not see my mom. We dashed to the nearest store, but there were no employees in it. We sprinted to the nearest door. It was locked. We were locked in the Montgomery mall.

Mom had figured this out too. She thought we were right behind her the whole time until she got to the car and asked us to put the shopping bags in the trunk. She called the police once she got home. She also called Reece's parents to inform with them what had happened.

"What will we do?" asked my older brother, Bob. "What if the police don't find them?" "Relax, they're smart kids. If there is one place you have to be locked in it's the mall. It has almost everything you need to live," added my older sister Seema.

"Still, the police are sure to find them," said my dad hopefully.

Meanwhile. Reece and I were still in the mall.

"What do we do now?" asked Reece.

"I have an idea. The mall is like a big house, right? How about we take care of ourselves until someone comes to take us home," I said.

"You're talking crazy," said Reece.

"It's crazy talk to say there is no security guard here, now come on, let's do this," I explained.

Mom had found out the police would search the mall in the morning to find us. She told my family and Reece's family the news.

"What if they're not in the mall?" asked Bob.

The rest of the family just stared at him not too happily.

"It's only 7:30 and I'm not tired yet. Let's eat dinner," I said.

"How about we eat at Cosmos's Pizza," said Reece.

"That's fine with me," I said.

We ate pizza, pasta, and drank PEPSI for dinner.

"I'll go get a watch from Stawbridge's. I'll meet you at the Disney Store," said Reece. I decided to go to KB Toys. There was a giant amount of insulters on sale. Just then I heard a noise. It was the noise of burglars. I dashed to the Disney Store quickly, but quietly. When I saw Reece I motioned him into the Disney Store with my finger up to my lips.

"What's wrong?" whispered Reece.

"Burglars are in the mall," I whispered back.

"It's 9:00. How do we get them out of hear?" asked Reece.

"I've got a plan," I told Reece with a happy feeling surging around me.

My plan was to hide all the insulters that were on sale around the mall while the burglars were planning what stores to rob first. Also at this time we got some car oil

from Sears Auto Center. We dumped some of it down every escalator so all the escalators were very slippery. The last thing we did was get 10 white sheets and used a black marker to make them each sheet looked like a ghost. We had a remote control that could control several insulters at once.

The burglars decided to go rob J.C. Penny. Wrong turn! Reece turned on his side of the insulters with his remote control. The insulters did their job well. The burglars turned around and hustled the other way to Macy's. Try the other way! I turned on my side of the insulters with my remote control. They scared the living daylight out of the burglars. One said, "You're the ultimate, greasy, slimy, loser." The burglars had no place to go without hearing an insult. They tried to climb up every escalator. They slipped on each escalator thanks to the car oil.

"Now how do we get on the second floor?" asked one burglar.

"We take the stairs genius," said the other burglar.

They went to the area where the stairs were. When the burglars got there, they saw 10 white sheets, but from the way they really saw it the burglars saw 10 ghosts. They sprinted out the doors as fast as they could out the mall doors.

"We did it," said Reece.

"We sure did. Now let's clean up," I said.

We finished by midnight and decided it was time to hit the sack. We brushed our teeth and changed into our pajamas. We slept in the beds at Sears. We fell in a deep sleep very quickly.

We woke up at 7:00 in the morning, just in time to check that everything looked normal. It was a Sunday and the mall opened at 11:00 am. We brushed our teeth and changed into our day clothes and went to Electric Boutique to play computer games. At 10:30 we stopped and turned the computers off. When we saw some employees go into their stores we hid in the bathroom until 11:00.bWe peeked out and saw five policemen, my parents, Reece's parents, my brother and sister, and Reece's sister, Claire, and his dog, Topaz all looking for us on the first floor. We ran down the stairs from the second floor right to our families.

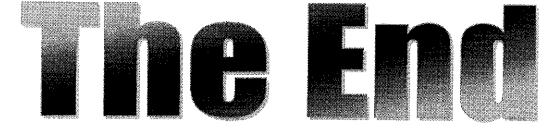
"We're so glad you're all right," my mom said.

"We will never get lost like that again," Reece and I exclaimed.

"If you do get lost again, please get lost together," said Reece's mom.

I hoped the same thing, and I'm sure Reece did too.

Well, that is the whole story. I hope that never happens to me again.



Sanjay Prayag Misra lives in North Wales, a suburb of Philadelphia with parents Chandra and Sudhansu Misra

#### MY TRIP TO INDIA

Sonia Chakrabarty

I was at my friend Savannah's house. It was her birthday and we were having a party. My other friends Cami and Morgan were there, also. We all played on the computer in Savannah's room. Savannah said she wished she could see the place where I was born, but she never believed it would come true. I clicked a button on the computer and we traveled through the lines.

We bumped onto the ground, hard. We were out of the line but very confused. Savannah, Morgan and Cami said, "Where are we?" I said, "It's my Aee and Aja." The girls said, "Who is that?" I said, "My grandma and grandpa." My friends asked where my grandparents lived and I said, "We are in India". They all began to scream. Just then, my Aja and Aee said, "Why are you here, and where are your parents?" I introduced my friends and told them what had happened. "Are the computers in the U.S. magic?", my grandparents asked.

We sat at my grandparents table and ate yogurt mixed with rice and salt. We drank water and my friends were surprised that we had to boil it first. I said, "If we don't boil it, we might get sick." After we ate, I met my cousin Ruchi. She was my favorite cousin. She was dressed just like we do in the U.S. Ruchi let us borrow a few dresses, because it was usually warm in India. We all played a game where we threw the dice and moved spaces. Savannah, Cami and Morgan thought it was like the games we play in America, but the rules were different. I reminded Ruchi of my

visit long ago. We used to play Superwoman. We were very lucky to have candy to use to pretend we got our powers back. We read from a magazine to get our powers back, also.

We were all getting tired so we watched television. I forgot that the language was different. I only knew a few words that my mom and dad had taught me, so we watched the pictures and made up words. When we saw Ruchi laugh, we laughed also. Ruchi's parents drove us in their car to my dad, s family. We told them how we had traveled to India and they were very happy to see us. My dad's mom was mad that she didn't get to see her son. I saw a bug and I said, "What bug is this?" Ruchi screamed, "A scorpion!" I said, "Uh oh, their bite hurts." We all ran down the stairs to tell my uncle to kill the scorpion. Bada Bapa, which means Dad's big brother, and Kaka, his little brother, have a computer in their room. We all went in to E-mail my parents in the U.S.A. and told them what had happened. They scolded me but were very happy to hear from me. We clicked forward and suddenly were bouncing into the den at my parents house. My mom and dad were surprised and excited to see us. My mom was happy to see her sister, which is Ruchi's mom.

All of my family drove us back to Savannah's party. We told them all about our time in India. We had a sleep over at Savannah's house. That night Savannah said, "I'm not going to ever make a wish again, but it was fun."

Sonia Chakrabarty, the daughter of Drs. Satya and Sangita Chakrabarty, is a 1<sup>st</sup> Grade student at Northeast Elementary School, Cookville, TN.

## The Greatest Move of All-Time By Sanjay R. Misra

John and Ivan are best friends. They both loved Lego and wanted to be the best Lego builders ever. They played together all the time. You would mostly find them in the building room building trees, buildings, forts, etc.

One day John finished the Lego mummy he had been working on for three days. His bratty little sister Amanda came into the building room, but quickly ran out again. "Mummy! King Butt came back to life from the mersuam" screamed Amanda. "I'm Mommy not Mummy, and it's Tut not Butt, and you went to the museum not mersuam" John's mom replied. The day before Ivan's brother Rick and his sister Anita took Ivan, John, Amanda, and Bobby (John and Ivan's good friend) to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Ivan's brother and sister are both older than 25 so they could all go without any parents. They all live in New York. Amanda loved the mummies.

Ivan came over just then. "Hey John. If we make the best castle we could win a free trip to Legoland. Want to?" asked Ivan. "You bet I do. I love Legoland. Let's do it" replied John quite fast. So they started building. They finished their first castle, but Amanda complained she needed a piece from it and broke it. "Why did you do that?" asked John. She just laughed. They finished their second castle

after the first one broke. Bobby came over and admired the castle, but when he wanted to shoot the canons, he accidentally broke the castle. "I'm sorry," said Bobby. "It's okay Bobby," said Ivan. The third castle they made did not get ruined at all. They entered it in the contest.

Three weeks later there was good news and bad news. The good news was that John and Ivan won the trip to Legoland and Amanda didn't have to go with them. It was their choice. The bad news was that Ivan was moving before the trip. "You only live four houses away," said John. "I know," said Ivan.

The day before Ivan was moving John came over. "What should we make as our last masterpiece together?" asked Ivan. "Let's turn your old house into Central Park made out of Legos." replied John. "Okay" agreed Ivan. Indeed it was their greatest masterpiece ever. They filled up every room with something. Then they took it apart. John said bye then went home.

The next day Ivan came over. "I thought you were moving?" said John looking puzzled. "I did. Next door. Now we are next door neighbors. This must be the greatest move of all-time," said Ivan. "I agree buddy, I agree." said John looking very happy.



Sanjay Prayag Misra is 11 years old and lives in North Wales, Pennsylvania with his parents, Sudhansu and Chandra Misra. This page was typeset by Sanjay.

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#### ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS FINANCIAL STATEMENT July 1, 1999- June 30,2000

Checking Account		Investment Ac	count
Beginning Balance	\$ 2,557.94	Beginning Balance	\$ 38,258.71
Income	19,721.00	Additions	12,457.18
Interest	38.10	Interest	1,866.61
Total	22,317.04		
Expenses	11,633.00		
Balance	10,684.04	Balance	52,582.50

Income		
Donations	12,451.00	
Life Membership	1,100.00	
Annual membership	1,578.00	
Toronto Convention levy	1,500.00	
Toronto Convention repayment	2,000.00	
Toronto Convention surplus	1,092.00	
Total	19,721.00	
10141	15,721.00	
Expenses		
Toronto Convention travel	335.00	
Toronto Convention remuneration	250.00	
Toronto Convention plaques	788.19	
Subrina Biswal Award	1,000.00	
Contribution to Basundhara	1,206.00	
Contribution to SEEDS	911.00	
Contribution to Jagruti	200.00	
Postage	80.85	
Orissa Center mailing	328.68	
OSA journal printing/mailing (2)	794.43	
OSA website hosting	179.85	
OSA website 1997-1999	24.00	
OSA website registration	35.00	
Advance to Nashville Convention	2,000.00	
Cyclone Exhibit, CD, video	500.00	
Contribution to Pandita Nilakantha	2,000.00	
Smruti Samiti	,	
Contribution to Institute of Orissan	1,000.00	
Culture	, 	
Total	11,633.00	

Financial Statement for 30th OSA Convention, Toronto	
(in Canadian Dollars, 1 US \$ = .  Income	1.45 Canadian \$)
Registration	\$17,633.00
Food (adult)	15,693.00
Food (children)	1,645.00
Advertisement	4,850.00
Sales( T Shirts, bags)	1,141.00
Food coupons	500.00
Total	41,462.00
Expenses	
School/venue	3,263.00
Hotel/hospitality	3,225.00
Cultural Function	3,063.00
Postage, mailing	616.00
Registration, stationerty	2,003.00
Youth Program	2,034.00
Tshirts	2,756.00
Souvenir and addressbook	5,100.00
Bus rental	344.00
Food	15,490.00
Miscellaneous	291.00
Total	38,185.00
Surplus	2 277 00
50% surplus	3,277.00
30 /0 aurpius	Canadian\$ 1,638.00
	1,000.00
Transfer to US at 1.5 Canadian \$= 1 US \$	
Total transfer	US\$1.092.00

The accounts have not been audited. The full audited accounts with additional information from the OSA Chapters will appear in the next year's Journal of the Orissa Society of the Americas.

Respectfully submitted, Bijoy Misra Secretary/Treasurer. Orissa Society of the Americas.

#### Orissa Cyclone Relief Fund:

Inc	ome:	Expense	s:
Collection	\$ 251,714.00	Disbursement	156,484.70
Interest	702.26	Bank charges	82.00
		Bad checks	161.00
		Postage	606.32
Total	252,416.26	Total	157,334.02
Balance:	95,082.24		

## List of Contributors contributing \$1000 or more to Orissa Cyclone Relief Fund:

Prafulla K & Sangeeta Nayak,	VA
Uniplus Consultants,	VA
Sadhana & Ranga Rao	PA
Minati & Manaranjan	PA
Pattanayak	
Nitin Doshi	MI
Ramesh & Anjali Misra	MI
Hemant & Swarna Senapati	MI
Anup & Parul Sud	MI
Regional Cardiology Associates	MI
Trillium Digital Systems	CA
Karyasabai & Mallika Mathur	ND
Darpan Gokharu	NJ
Ralph & Polly Victor	CA
Joseph & Yvonne Sresta	TX
Marie & Vijay Garadia	TX
Raj N Mohapatra	MO
Shyamala & Srinivasan Rao	TX
Dallas Foundation	TX
Putnam Investments	MA
Sukant & Susan Tripathy	MA
Kaul Family Foundation	NY
Hughes Network Systems	MD
Santanu & Sunita Sarkar	CA
India Society of Worcester	MA
Ravi Sundar	MA
Kiran Consultants	IL
N. R. Reddy	IL
Leverent Consultanta	ΙL
Kerala Association of Illinois	IL
St Thomas Theological	IL
Seminary	
Chinmaya Samiti of Greater	MI
Flint	
National University of Singapur	Singapur
National Council of Asian Indian	MD
Associations	
-	

Disbursements	
Sarvodaya Relief Committee	22,000.00
Ramakrishna Mission	12,000.00
Samaja Relief Fund	5,000.00
Kalinga Hospital	5,253.00
Basundhara	7,500.00
SEEDS	40,000.00
Maindipur Yuvaka Sangha	1,800.00
Onsite Relief by Bijoy Misra	500.00
National Fishermen's Association	2,500.00
THRIVE	4,500.00
SOPORTE, Bhadrak	2,000.00
SRDO, Jajpur	2,000.00
Bijaya, Bhubaneswar	3,000.00
Ramadevi Mahila Silpodyaga	3,000.00
Sangathana, Tarpur	
Konarka Natya Mandap	2,000.00
Lok Sevak Yuva Mandal	10,000.00
Brighton Rotary Service Foundation	10,000.00
Rotary Club of Berhampur	2,300.00
Utkala Sarvodaya Mandala	2,000.00
Gandhian Institute of Technical	5,000.00
Advancement (GITA), Garadpur	
Social Awareness Institution (SAI)	3,000.00
Marshaghai	
Development Alternatives through	2,000.00
Research and Innovative Action	
(DARIA), Astaranga	
Disbursement by Anadi Naik	3,000.00
Nivedita Ashram, Kujanga	1,000.00
Odiani, Satasankha	2,000.00
Asha Nayakam Seva Sangha,	2,250.00
Benjarapur	
Reimbursement to S. Khandai for	881.70
work in Nuangan and Dhandia	
Total	156,484.70

## BASUNDHARA

wishes to thank our well-wishers and supporters and patrons in OSA for their untiring moral and financial support over the years since 1995.

You have made a difference in our existence and continuation of service to our community.

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Fax: 671-603 178

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## SAHAYA

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## Cyclone Relief Efforts in Orissa: OSA Contributions

Anadi Naik, President and Bijoy Misra, Secretary

#### The October Cyclone

Many areas in the world have been the victims of the intense weather, but few parallel the events that happened in Orissa in October, 1999. Two massive cyclones hit the Orissa coast spaced in just two weeks. The events have been traumatic and demoralising for Orissa. The first cyclone on October 17 and 18, 1999, inundated the areas of Gopalpur, Brahmapur, Chhatrapur and Ganjam with more than 150 miles of wind and torrential rain. When the relief was being mobilized and some normalcy being restored, came the supercyclone of Friday, October 29, 1999, which beat all records. The winds went beyond 250 miles an hour, the sky went all dark, there was frightening lightning with incessant rains. Finally the coastal embankment gave in to tidal waves submerging hundreds of square miles in sea water and drowning thousands of people. Most trees in Bhubaneswar, Kakatapur, Astaranga, Jagatsinghpur, Kujanga, Paradip, Kendrapara, Salepur, Jajpur and Bhadrak were uprooted. Eighty perecent of the aniamls in the area were washed away. In the worst affected area of Ersama Panchayat Samiti, half the population was dead or missing. Some small children survived stuck to uprooted trees or by holding on to the poles. All harvest was lost and low isolated areas were swept completely clean. Devastation of this magnitude is a rare occurrence. The loss of life and property is estimated at five billion US dollars.

#### Orissa Cyclone Relief Fund and Field Work

We came to know of the cyclone through radio reports and phone calls. Phone lines to the area were disconnected and it was difficult to ascertain the exact damage. OSA Orissa Cyclone Relief Fund was established on Sunday, October 31, 1999. Sri Jnan Ranjan Dash and Smt JayasreeMahanti were among the first overseas volunteers who participated in the relief work in Orissa. Sri Dash worked through the relief operations organized by the daily newspaper "Samaja" and Smt Mahanti worked through Basundhara, an organization supporting orphans and destitute women. Sri Brajendra Misra from the Kalinga Hospital group flew to Orissa with medical supplies and clothes. Kalinga Hospital was of immense service in providing medical care to the traumatized victims immediately following the cyclone. Sri Manaranjan Pattanayak was instrumental in coordinating supplies on behalf of the Hospital. Sri Lalatendu(Lalu) Mansinha and Sri Somdutt Behura of SEEDS left for Orissa by the end of November and planned out a strategy for providing ground water for drinking and irrigation. Their efforts and diligence have paid off in creating a long term relief to selected areas.

All Chapters of OSA and many volunteers participated in fundraising and a decision was made to channelize immediate relief efforts through four organizations: Sarvodaya Relief Committee, headed by Sri Manmohan Choudhury;

Ramakrishna Mission, headed by Swami Sibeswarananda in Bhubaneswar; Samaja Relief Fund, headed by Mrs Manorama Mahapatra; and Basundhara, headed by Smt Saila Behera. Funds were also channelized through organizations like SEEDS and Kalinga Hospital, who were active in the field. About \$65,000.00 were distributed for immediate relief. Food, blankets and plastic sheets were distributed to the victims in the affected areas. Sarvodaya Relief Committee did work in the interior Ersama and Astaranga area with the help of Utkal Navajivan Mandal, Kasturba Gandhi National Memorial Trust, Rastriya Swayamsevak Sangh, Ananad Marg and young volunteers from the local colleges. They cremated hundreds of dead bodies and disinfected wells and ponds in the area. They also ran free kitchens serving meals to people. The monks of Ramakrishna Mission were active in counseling people and repairing houses. They also ran kitchens and distributed food. The volunteers from Basundhara rescued more than a hundred orphans and provided shelter for them in their premises. They also helped in cleaning wells and cremating the dead. Samaja relief organization helped in distributing food and is currently engaged in constructing a cyclone shelter in Kujanga area.

Hundreds of volunteer organizations from all over India and the world participated in the relief work. All provinces of India assisted in the relief efforts. Almost all international humanitarian organizations converged on site to participate in relief work in this unprecedented calamity. The help from organizations like CARE, Red Cross and OxFam was substantial. The religious organizations from the Sikh community, Anand Marg and Satya Sai group encamped themselves in the affected area for continued work. The neighborly help and assistance from the people of Andhra Pradesh, specially the Chief Minister Sri Chandrababu Naidu were timely and life-saving. Help from the states of Delhi and Maharastra was very useful. The early help from Indian Army in cleaning roads and help restore electricity and communications was also commendable.

#### Rehabilitation Plans and Efforts

The Orissa Government machinery was unprepared to handle the events of this magnitude. Relief materials were left at train stations and government warehouses, and could not reach the affected areas. There were cases of looting and difficult law and order situation. The ineffectiveness of the leadership and the lethargy of bureacracy were evident in most of the news reports and on-site communications. A few particular officials went out of their way and participated in direct relief work. The separate political parties governing the federal and state administration made the matter worse. On the positive side, there were hundreds of nongovernmental organizations that burst into action to take the slack off the government in many areas. These NGO programs are funded by the government as well as national and interna-

tional agencies. At the same time, a number of NGOs did not prove the mettle.

OSA Secretary Sri Misra, Past President Sri Sitakantha Dash and Sri Sura Prasad Rath from Louisiana visited Orissa in December and participated in the relief work. Sri Misra visited most of the devastated areas and eventually arranged a workshop on December 28, 1999, at Xavier Institute of Management of all nongovernmental organizations that have been active in the field. A cyclone rehabilitation plan was chalked out through this workshop. Alternate income generation, community health care and empowerment through literacy were three major tasks that were prioritized by consensus. A similar workshop was also held by Past President Sri Digambar Misra at Utkal University.

Proposals were solicited and partnership grants of about \$60,000.00 have been awarded to deserving organizations for work in areas of agriculture, dairy, tree plantation, medical care and trade restoration. Active work in the field is continuing. More international help is on its way. Spring rice (Tai Chung crop) harvest has been very good and summer vegetables have shown up in the market. The banana and papaya trees have grown back. Some of the palm, date and coconut trees have shown new vitality and are having new leaves. A plan to plant ten million coconut saplings by a national service organization is under way.

#### Housing and Reconstruction

Housing is a major issue for the cyclone victims and OSA has channelized \$30,000.00 towards the construction of housing by various groups. President Sri Naik visited the cyclone affected areas in May, 2000, to oversee various activities. There is a government scheme to build 30,000 houses for all needy people. However the scheme is nonfunctional and corruption-ridden and not much is done. Villagers seem to prefer bamboo, straw and mud houses for comfort and low maintenance. They would appreciate a high platform "pindi" for shelter in each village that can be used in case of flood. Sarvodaya Relief Committee has taken leadership low cost housing at about Rs10,000 (\$225.00) for a 10ftx15ft residence. Funds to support these efforts and other housing efforts for the cyclone victims are being despatched from OSA. Construction of pucca housing and cyclone shelters are also being undertaken through individual efforts. Most of the housing efforts are blocked by poor road conditions. Massive road repairs are needed.

Barring the misery, the supercyclone has brought out the best in people in many ways. People in every village and hamlet showed unusual courage and compassion. Tales of bravery to save lives and animals were many and telling. Families forgot their caste and religion bias and cooked and slept in temples and mosques. People shared food and commodities with the neighbors freely and unhesitatingly. Everybody made a sense of belonging and everyone worked towards the common cause of rescue and survival. Such spirit needs to be stoked to rebuild Orissa.

#### Acknowledgements

Orissa Society of the Americas would like to thank all donors who have helped in providing relief to the cyclone affected people of Orissa. All donor names to date have

been published the OSA at web page http://www.orissasociety.org. A full list of recipients of the Fund is published in this journal in association with the OSA financial statement. Full information from all OSA chapters have not been consolidated at the press time. A comprehensive report on all funding will be posted at the OSA website shortly and will be disseminated through the OSA newsletter. We would particularly like to thank the following individuals for their assistance in fundraising efforts: Prashant Dash, Rajashree Purohit, Anjali Misra, Asima Patnaik, Rajiv Subudhi, Debasmita Misra, Nigam Rath, Ramnarayan Mahapatra, Naren Sahoo, Budhinath Padhy, Kanan Mishra, Birendra Mishra, Lalatendu Misra, Suranjan Panigrahi, Sartish Jena, Amiya Patnaik and Sreekanta Nayak. We are specially thankful to M.G.Asher of Singapur for mobilizing the community in Singapur.

Besides OSA and its Chapters, several other organizations have been active in the US to support the relief efforts in Orissa. Among them, Association for India's Development (AID), India Development and Relief Fund (IDRF), Jagannath Society of the Americas (JSA) and the OSA's sister organization Sustainable Economic and Educational Develpoment Society (SEEDS) have done excellent work in fundraising and despatching relief. 3SA is in the process of adopting three villages to help them recostruct. Many other temple and church organizations have risen to the occasion and have despatched food, clothes and medicine to the affected areas. Mrs S. Tripathy, the Consul General of India in New York, was particularly helpful in negotiating the airlift of relief materials by Air-India for timely delivery. The Government of the United States did send relief funding to people of Orissa. Efforts of Senator Paul Sarbanes, Congressman Gary Ackerman and Congressman Albert Wynn are gratefully acknowledged for the humanitarian help.

#### **Future Work**

The rehabilitation of Orissa is just beginning. trauma and the psychological impact on the people would need counselling and many years of constant assistance. The housing projects and the village reconstruction would need support and onsite volunteer work. While the eradication of child labor has been a priority for United Nations International Children's Education Fund (UNICEF), caring of orphans and widows continues to be a social task. The reconstruction of coastal embankment through natural growth would take a few years, but would need strong governmental oversight and vigilant volunteer action to curb any dangerous erosion. The roads and the communication system in the area would take many years to rebuild and the economic condition of the people would not stabilize at least for the next five years. These years will take to rebuild the schools, to reengage people in their trades and to train women to be able to make a living such that they heal from the trauma and participate in the life's work. While the natural phenomenon of floods and cyclones cannot be prevented, we believe that the impact can be minimized through proper planning. Preventing erosion at the coastline and building high shelters in villages must be given highest priority. OSA will continue to help the areas with active fundraising to accomplish these

and other tasks and it is our request to all to support our efforts in bringing people back to life.

Please do not hesitate to call any of us if you have any question with this report or wish to know more about the OSA efforts. We may note that the relief fund is managed with no overhead and all administrative expenses are handled by personal funds. All travels relating to relief operations

are undertaken by individuals in their private capacity and no reimbursement is offered. Sri Anadi Naik can be reached at (410)442-2539 or by email at acnaik@orissasociety.org. Sri Bijoy Misra can be reached at (617)864-5121 or by email at bmisra@orissasociety.org.

Let us pray that our efforts provide the desired relief and help reconstruct the land!



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## Sadhana

#### An Organization for Cultural Development

India is a state of Art And Culture. Its rich Cultural heritage, Art and Sculpture has been a source of attraction worldwide and therefore has established a special position of liking in the minds of people all over the world. The art & culture of different regions of the state has also attracted the art loving millions of the world community. Likewise various classical artistes of this state have charmed millions and millions of art lovers of different parts of the world, by their artistic performances and earned high reputations. Few such famous artistes who have name and fame in the field are Pandit Jasraj, Pandit Ravi Shankar, Pandit Bhimsen Joshi, Guru Kelu Charan Mohapatra and so on. But now the present generation youth have braced the pop music and dance forgetting their own culture and cultural heritage. Indian mass medias have been exhibiting the pop culture in a big way. If the young generation is not seriously keen enough to safeguard the cultural heritage of India, it is not far off that pop music and dance will throttle the Indian music & dance, and it may bring an end to the Indian classical music, dance system.

In this hour of crisis, to save the Indian classical music and dance a group of young artists formed an organization called "Sadhana" on 25th November 1997. "Sadhana" the very word stands for enriching one's own standard in any art of form. The sole aim of "Sadhana" is to take care of Indian Classical music & dance, bring about allround improvement/development of artists so that the future generation artists will get immense inspiration for its up keeping.

#### AIMS / OBJECTIVES OF "SADHANA"

- 1. To protect and propagate the Indian Classical music & dance in Indian soil and bring about its publicity in the entire world for mass popularity.
- To provide a forum to the young budding artists of Indian classical dance & music to exhibit their performances.
- 3. To create a competitive spirit in the future generation artists to increase their enthusiasm.
- 4. To invite artists of state and National repute to exhibit their expertise for exchange of cultural thoughts.
- 5. To felicitate senior and superior artists in addition to encouraging young one's.
- To arrange seminars/work shops to bring about improvements in publicity of Indian Classical music and dance.

For more information, please contact

Dr Gagan Panigrahi
117 Fontainbleau Dr
North York, Toronto OR
M2M 1P1, Ontario
Canada
Phone – 416- 223-2756

Bansidhar Kundu Noorpur Rd At/P.O. Balasore Orissa, 756002, India  To help young artists for higher education and training in their respective fields.
 And finally to protect classical Dance and Music from its imminent erosion / fallout.

#### ACHIEVEMENTS OF LAST TWO YEARS

"Sadhana" has been appreciated by many art-loving friends by arranging many such programmes in the last two years as per its aim of agenda.

- "Sadhana" has provided platform to 20 such artists to perform their skill individually by arranging five musical meets within last two years.
- Arranged two district level competitions to encourage young and upcoming artists.
- Five State/National level artists were invited to perform their art in last two years.
- Training was provided to more than 50 young artists for propagation and publicity of Indian Classical dance / music by arranging two workshops.
- "Sadhana" has felicitated, through cultural evenings, 25 senior and young artists for their attachment, affection and dedication for Indian Classical music and dance.

#### AN APPEAL

"Sadhana" has definitely earned a place in the hearts of art lovers through its activities of last 2 years. Behind its success, there is the hidden blessing of many. All its members are B.Music holder artists. Their performances are highly compatible, decent and rich in Indian Classical music. We have all our ability to run the show with "Sadhana" excepting "Sadhan" i.e. means. With the funds constraint, it is also difficult to survive. We therefore appeal, the art lovers of the world, specially brothers and sisters who are staying away, and have love and affection for Indian classical music and dance to donate generously to translate the dreams of "Sadhana: into action. We promise we will keep up our commitment as per our aims and objectives. Your generous donations are great prices for us. We shall keep up our commitment and endeavor for restoration and reconstruction of depleted Indian art and culture.

Jay Hind

Charulata Mishra AT- Tridhara O.T. Road P.O./Dist Balasore 756001, Orissa, India Phone- 011916782363716

<u>or</u>

### AN APPEAL TO HELP NIVEDITA ORPHANAGE

#### Debendra Kumar Das

#### INTRODUCTION

Nivedita Orphanage is a part of the Lutheran Mahila Samity (LMS) which began in 1979 in Kujanga area of coastal Orissa. LMS is located in the village of Patalipank and it began as an organization dedicated to social services with special attention for the development of women. It is a registered non-profit philanthropic organization complying with the regulations of the Government of India.

#### **OBJECTIVE**

As you all are aware, cyclone, flood and draught frequently ravage the coastal districts of Orissa. Therefore, LMS began with their service in the early 80's to provide food, clothing and medicine to the needy people after such natural calamities. With their success in maximizing the amount of help to the needy folks, with a minimal overhead expenditure, LMS gradually began to expand its scope. For the past several years, they have undertaken the rehabilitation of the following groups as their main objective.

- orphans
- women with no family support
- elderly people without financial resources

#### **SERVICES**

With these goals in mind, LMS has worked vigorously for about two decades procuring funds from domestic and overseas sources to build up the infrastructure to provide:

- shelter for orphans, destitute women and aged persons
- · adequate food, clothing and health care for them
- primary level education for children
- meaningful vocational training for self-sufficiency

In 1998, I was fortunate to be invited to visit the LMS facility. What I saw there was a very well organized institution that could serve as a model for all segments of Orissa. I observed a very successful organization: an orphanage with numerous children, old age home and home for destitute women, a poultry farm, a cattle farm, vocational training center in making coir handicrafts and well-maintained vegetable and flower gardens.

#### **DEVASTATION BY THE CYCLONE**

When the "super-cyclone" of October 1999 hit Orissa, the LMS, being only 7 kms from the Bay of Bengal suffered severe damages.

the orphanage, destitute home and old age home were destroyed

- the Vocational Training Center with its machinery and furniture were damaged
- the income generating projects: poultry farm and cattle farm were destroyed
- The vegetable gardens, crops and the plantation in the premises of the LMS were destroyed
- the children and other residents lost their clothing, study materials, personal belongings, utensils and furniture etc.

#### **URGENT NEED**

The LMS is now going through a desperate period, needing a great deal of financial, material and moral support. The President of the organization wrote to me that the help from the Central and the State government has been meager and irregular.

In addition to sending periodic financial support to LMS, I have contacted a local church in our area to send their financial contributions plus clothing and other amenities to them. I earnestly appeal to all our members of the Orissa Society of Americas to contribute generously, whatever your personal financial status permits, to LMS at this critical moment. Furthermore, you can help the future of LMS by contacting philanthropic organizations in your local area and line them up with LMS for a long-term solution for their needs.

Please send your contribution to

"Lutheran Mahila Samity" at the address:

Attn: Miss Pramila Tripathy, President

Vill/P.O: Patalipank, Via: Kujanga

Dist: Kendrapapra, Orissa 754141 INDIA

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me at the following address: Department of Mechanical Engineering, University of Alaska, Fairbanks, AK 99775, Ph: 907-474-6094, e-mail: ffdkd@uaf.edu. You may also contact the President, Miss Tripathy directly for further details on their organization. In your future visit to Orissa, if time permits, I urge you to visit LMS. I am sure you will be pleased with their operation. During my visit I was heartened to see how dedicated individuals at LMS are helping a segment of our society that is vulnerable and has no lobbying power.

Thank you for your consideration to lessen the burden of the hardship fallen on our people in Orissa

#### The Orissa Foundation

Devi P. Misra and Sarojini Misra

Orissa is a land of pristine beauty with flowing rivers and a serene coastline.

Even though full of rich minerals and even though as an Industry- attraction base Orissa occupies a relatively higher position amongst the Indian states it still is one of the poorest states with very little coherent infrastructure for development of industry, education, health care, and agriculture even after fifty years of independence.

Orissa as a weak, helpless and poverty- stricken state was painstakingly exposed in the aftermath of the devastating cyclone of October 29<sup>th</sup> 1999. The infrastructure for organizing anything in any direction was poorly lacking. The morale of the people was at an abysmal low level. In the middle class and above there is diffuse, generalized, and widespread corruption with no free will to help somebody in need or distress.

#### THE ORISSA FOUNDATION

#### CONCEPT:

Based on the premise that not all people are corrupt there are always in any society well meaning people who try to help a cause or a dream in the community they live in. The idea is to identify such devoted people, who are in their own way working for betterment of Orissa in their field.

The other premise is that if so called "well placed" middle or higher class people in Orissa or abroad sacrificed just 1 % of their physical, moral, and financial well being to further different aspects of Orissan life, the state will bloom out of the present doldrums.

Conceptualized in 1994, but formed in 1997, the Orissa Foundation is established to help many different organizations in Orissa, which endeavor in areas of education, culture, health care, etc. It is a nonprofit organization. The contributions to the Foundation are totally tax-exempt for the specific year. The individual contribution to the Foundation will be sent to the specifically desired institution in Orissa as assigned or wished by the contributor himself.

#### THE PROIECTS:

 ORISSA DANCE ACADEMY: Under tutelage of Guru Gangadhar Pradhan in Konark and Bhubaneswar this institution is fervently trying to upkeep the heritage and traditional teachings in Odissi dance style. It is also

- trying to perpetuate other varieties of regional dances of Orissa.
- BASUNDHARA: The foundation wishes to focus on social issues through helping this Institution. It is not just an orphanage for children, widow and elderly anymore. It is now involved in efficient adoption of children inside and outside India. In addition, it is also taking up rural projects of rehabilitating family and children in Orissa where in Mrs. Ranu Mahanti, Mrs. Sulekha Das, and Mrs. Anu Biswal are helping selflessly.
- SAHAYA: The foundation wishes to develop a comprehensive program towards dealing with mental disability in Orissa. Any suggestion is welcome.
- INSTITUTE OF ORISSAN CULTURE: Under auspices of many learned professors, this institute is publishing authoritative, analytical books on Orissa's religious heritage, archeological findings with historical significance. The foundation continues to fund and support their research activities.
- RAVENSHAW COLLEGIATE SCHOOL: Damaged heavily recently by the cyclone, the foundation has undertaken rebuilding the computer program and the library at the school.
- SEEDS: Spearheaded by many of our younger colleagues inspired by Dr. Lalu Mansinha. 'SEEDS' has been activating many grass root and far reaching projects in many rural areas of Orissa. The foundation will give an annual support starting this year.
- ROTARY EYE HOSPITAL IN DHENKANAL: The Orissa Foundation will raise consciousness amongst U.S. based Rotarians to raise funds to build an eye hospital at Dhenkanal as a satellite branch of JM Pierce memorial Rotary eye Hospital, at Bidanasi, Cuttack. The funds raised by ROTARY in USA will be matched by the Orissa Foundation.

#### HOW CAN YOU HELP ORISSA?

The Orissa Foundation is not soliciting any contribution from individual people. On the other hand, if any-body wishes to carry on a project of their own in Orissa, however small it may be and wishes to contribute to the Orissa Foundation towards that project the contribution will be treated as totally tax-exempt and will be channeled to the institution of their choice.

Saroiini and Devi P. Misra live in Huntsville, Alabama

## CONGRATULATIONS ORISSA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS

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## PRESIDENTS of the ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Gauri Das	1970	Boston, Massachusetts
Bhabagrahi Misra	1971	Hartford, Connecticut
Gauri Das	1973	Boston, Massachusetts
Amiya Patnaik	1975	Riverdale, New Jersey
Promode Patnaik	1978	Birmingham, Alabama
Ladukesh Pattnaik	1981	Detroit, Michigan
Rabi Patnaik	1983	Randolph Town, Maryland
Saroj Bchera	1985	San Jose, California
Asoka Das	1987	Toronto, Canada
Amiya Mohanty	1989	Richmond, Kentucky
Digambar Mishra	1991	Birmingham, Alabama
Sita Kantha Dash	1993	Minneapolis, Minnesota
Hemant Senapati	1995	Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
Gopa Patnaik	1997	Olivenhain, California
Anadi Naik	1999	Mount Airy, Maryland

### VENUES OF OSA ANNUAL CONVENTION

1970	Hartford, Connecticut
1971	Hartford, Connecticut
1972	Riverdale, NewJersey
1973	Riverdale, NewJersey
1974	College Park, Maryland
1975	Riverdale, NewJersey
1976	Toronto, Ontario, Canada
1977	Riverdale, NewJersey
1978	Wheaton, Maryland
1979	New Brunswick, NewJersey
1980	Detroit, Michigan
1981	Chicago, Illinois
1982	Minneapolis, Minnesota
1983	Bowie, Maryland
1984	Glassboro, NewJersey
1985	Kent, Ohio
1986	Toronto, Ontario, Canada
1987	Stanford, California
1988	Saginaw, Michigan
1989	Nashville, Tennessee
1990	Washington, D.C.
1991	Chicago, Illinois
1992	Atlanta, Georgia
1993	Troy, Michigan
1994	Pomona, New Jersey
1995	Minneapolis, Minnesota
1996	Washington, D. C.
1997	Houston, Texas
1998	Monterrey, California
1999	Toronto, Ontario, Canada
2000	Nashville, Tennessee

#### **EDITORS**

The names of the publications of the Orissa Society of America have undergone changes. Starting in 1986, the Orissa Society of America publishes an annual Special Souvenir Issue, which also carried the Membership Directory, Now the Directory is being published as a separate volume.

Origan Conjety Nover Hill-1-	1071 1072	Gauri C. Das
Orissa Society News Utkala Samachara	19/1 - 19/3	Gauri C. Das
OSA Newsletter Utkala Samachara	1074 1075	D 1 I/ D 1
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OSA Newsletter Utkala Samachara		Jnana Ranjan Dash
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OSA Newsletter		Jnana Ranjan Dash
Lipika	<del></del>	Deba Prasad Mohapatra
Special Souvenir Issue	1986	Lalu Mansinha, Saradindu Misra, ManaRanjan Pattanayak
Journal of the Orissa Society of	1986	Lalu Mansinha, Saradindu Misra
America		
Special Souvenir Issue	1987	Lalu Mansinha, Saradindu Misra
		Mana Ranjan Pattanayak
Journal of the Orissa Society of	1988	Saradindu Misra, Lalu Mansinha
America		Sabita Panigrahi
Special Souvenir Issue	1988	Lalu Mansinha, Gagan Panigrahi
		Sabita Panigrahi
Journal of the Orissa Society of	1988	Lalu Mansinha, Saradindu Misra
America		
Special Souvenir Issue	1989	Lalu Mansinha, Gagan Panigrahi
		Sabita Panigrahi
Journal of the Orissa Society of	1989	Digambar Mishra, Sura P. Rath
America	1000	
Journal of the Orissa Society of	1990	Digambar Mishra, Sura P. Rath
America	1000	
Special Souvenir Issue	1990	Digambar Mishra, Sura Prasad Rath, Sudip Patnaik
Journal of Orissa Society of America	1991	Digambar Mishra
Special Souvenir Issue	1991	Digambar Mishra
Journal of Orissa Society of America	1991-93	Kula Misra
Special Souvenir Issue	1992	Kula C. Misra, Minati Biswal
Special Souvenir Issue	1993	Kula C. Misra
Orissa Society of Americas Journal	1993-95	Alekha K. Dash
Special Silver JubileeSouvenir Issue	1994	Lalu Mansinha, Mana R. Pattanayak, SriGopal
		Mohanty, Netiti Prasad Bohidar, Satya Mohapatra
Orissa Society of America Journal	1995-97	Puma Patnaik
Special Souvenir Issue	1996	Binod Naik, Susmita Patnaik
Orissa Society of America Journal	1997-99	Gyana R. Patnaik
Special Souvenir Issue	1997	Srikanta Mishra
Special Souvenir Issue	1998	Jnana R. Dash
Orissa Society of America Journal	1999-2001	Smriti Panda
Special Souvenir Issue	1999	Ashok Acharya
Special Souvenir Issue	2000	Lalu Mansinha, Kula Misra

## WORKING WITH HOPE CanOSA, SEEDS and UNNAYAN

Sudarsan Das, Dr. Prabhu Lenka, Debdutt Behura, Deba Lenka, Rashmi Mohanty, and Pradipta Nayak in Bhubaneswar with editorial support from Lalu Mansinha in Canada and Somdutt Behura in the US.

The super cyclone in Orissa in October 1999, the one unheard of in the living memory, the worst of natural calamities that humanity has ever experienced in this region, had left behind heartrending stories of the survivors of unprecedented destruction and devastation. The devastation was so total that it broke the heart of every listener.

This story narrates the moving tale of the villagers in Ersema where ravages of the cyclone were felt in its most horrendous color. It also speaks of the attempt of a few Oriya from North America who in their vain attempt to understand and mitigate the untold sufferings of the people, was realizing too soon how the fruit of rapid development that India seemed to have registered in the recent past had not touched the list in this remote hamlets of Orissa. It seems as though time has stopped ticking for them for ages. At the same time it raises hope, a hope to arise above our immediate selfish interest, and look back. Have we done enough? Can we express our solidarity with the suffering thousands in their time of grief and destitution? The most appalling of stories came from the most tragic of tongues - a young girl who is the lone survivor in a family of seventeen, a recently wed wife who refuses to believe that not only has she lost everybody in her husband's family but also her own husband, a young couple who lost everyone of their 12 members including their 6 months old child, an old woman, a middle aged man, all lone survivors of the worst tragedy.

The story was almost the same everywhere, be it in Thailo, Kadhanga, Pokhariapada, Kurunia, Talakusuma, Chandanpur, Asarana (Jagatsinghpur), Juang, Galadari, or Tikarpada (Puri). There are many other places that were similarly affected. However, we are restricting our discussion to what Unnayan as a NGO tried to achieve in whatever small scale it could with the help of visiting members from SEEDS and CanOSA, and funds from SEEDS, CanOSA and AlD.

#### The Real Story:

It is not that Orissa was experiencing the cyclone for the first time. The cyclone is a regular feature in the weather map of coastal Orissa. But the October'99 super cyclone was quite different. The wind blew at a ferocious velocity of 250-260 km/hr compounded by incessant heavy rain lasting as long as 36 hours. To add to rain and wind massive tidal waves from the turbulent sea flooded and submerged hundreds of villages on the shoreline, killing thousands.

The cyclone devastated 15,420 villages affecting over 12.65 million people in 12 districts of the state. The districts affected worst were Jagatsinghpur, Cuttack, Puri, kendrapara and Balasore. The devastation left thousand people dead (official 9808, unofficial close to 20,000) and millions homeless. According to official estimation 15, 79,582 homes got damaged, left a million cattle killed and winter crop over the entire coastal belt got destroyed completely. The vegetation cover in the entire coastal belt got ripped as millions of trees fell down by the ferocious wind.

The delta region and the cities of Cuttack and Bhubaneswar, including the Government of Orissa were cut-off from the rest of the country and the other devastated areas as well. With tens of thousands of massive old trees blocking the roads, delivering relief and rescue work was made impossible. The affected people helplessly looked for the relief for days together, with hunger and misery.

#### With a Difference....

Responding to the call for help innumerable organizations and individuals from within the country and abroad came forward to extend the helping hand to the people in distress. Groups and individuals provided essential services, particularly when the entire government machinery was paralyzed; without them the situation would have led to further disaster. Like many others, the overseas Oriyas belonging to Sustainable Economic and Education Development society (SEEDS), (US, Canada, Australia) and Orissa Society of Canada (CanOSA) came forward help and rehabilitate the cyclone victims. The representatives of these two organisations Dr. Lalu Mansingh and Somdutt Behura came and worked with an Orissa based NGO called UNNAYAN, headed by Sudarsan Das.

The question of the best way of intervention in tragedy mitigation was discussed Mansingh-Behura-Das and others for a few days. The team already had seen in their visits to the affected areas of massive giveaways had made the people lazy and complacent to the extent that begging had become an acceptable practice among the once proud villagers. Within just a few weeks children were running and begging for alms with outstretched hands, when any vehicle passed by. Upset by these observations the team opted for rehabilitation work with emphasis on rapid income generation so as to put the people back to a normal upright life. The team comprising of Dr. Lalu Mansingh (CanOSA and SEEDS) from Canada, Somdutt Behura (SEEDS USA), Rasmi Mohanty and Pradeepta

Nayak from UNNAYAN in Bhubaneswar, Sudarsan Das from CSD, KIIT (Center of Social Development, Kalinga Institute of Industrial Technology), in Bhubaneswar, and Dr. Prabhu Lenka, Deba Lenka and Dr. Debdutt Behura from OUAT(Orissa University of Agriculture and Technology), Bhubaneswar, visited many places/villages identifying and assessing the needs. Unlike any other NGO or Govt. projects, the team decided to take up sustainable projects to provide food and long term economic security to the cyclone victims.

#### For the People.... By the People

The basic philosophy of UNNAYAN for community projects is participation by the people. Right from planning up to implementation, UNNAYAN invites and requires participation. With the built up experience of UNNAYAN, the team selected project ideas proposed by the people themselves. The role of the implementing agency is simply that of a facilitator.

#### Pani Panchayats - A Great Leaf in Livelihood Restoration

Restoration of livelihood was the greatest need in the aftermath of the cyclone. With winter crop totally damaged, long-term food requirements could not be guaranteed by any relief operation. This prompted the team and the villagers to select irrigation projects. While promotion of agriculture on a suitable and commercial basis was the broad and long-term objective, the immediate objective of the project was to provide food security to the people by raising an extra summer crop by providing water. Micro Lift Irrigation Projects (MLIPs) were set up in villages. A group of 10-20 farmers formed a Pani Panchayat a farmers' cooperative. The irrigation area of each MLIP project was 10-12 acres. The project cost of MLIP was Rs. 50,000. Each group of farmers signed an agreement with UNNAYAN for implementing, managing, and maintaining the MLIPs. The Pani Panchayats undertook the work of installing the Lift Points.. There are three MLIPs installed in Juanga and Galadari villages in Niali block, two in Tikarpada in Kakatpur block, three in Thailo, Kurunia and Dendua in Balikuda block, two in Kadhanga in Katara block, one in Talakusuma, and two river lifts in Pokhariapada in Ershema block. Owing largely to tireless effort made by each members of the team, all fourteen MLIPs got installed by early February 2000. With some revolving funds and other inputs in terms of seeds, fertilisers' etc. from UNNAYAN, the Pani Panchayats took up summer paddy crop, or vegetable cultivation. Summer paddy (Dalua with emphasis on Lalata variety) was undertaken in more than 120 acres, 4-5 acres of land came under vegetable cultivation, mostly in Thailo and Kadhanga villages where villagers preferred chilly and saru cultivation. In addition, Kadhanga, and Tikarpada were recognized as SEED villages by the government of Orissa where the paddy was bought as seedstock by the government at a higher than the market price. And to the astonishment of everyone the yield was so high that the farmers found it difficult to store their

produce. A real success story for UNNAYAN and CanOSA and SEEDS.

#### The Largest Embankment

With the aim of providing immediate food security to the cyclone victims UNNAYAN undertook some "food for work projects" in Pokhadiapara in Ershema and Thailo, Kurunia and Dendua in Balikuda. It should be noted again that these projects were identified by the people of the target villages with long terms objectives of safeguarding the Kharif crops from water logging and flooding. Under this programme three important embankments were constructed i.e. Sanabila Ghai Bandha in Thailo consisting of a three and half kilometer embankment, Dendual Gheri Bandha consisting of a three kilometer embankment, and Pokhariapada Ghai Bandha consisting of a six and half kilometer embankment. The Pokhariapada Ghai Bandha can be viewed as the longest embankment ever constructed by any agency government or non-government in the aftermath of cyclone. Hundreds of people, mainly the beneficiaries of the project, donated their labour against 3 kg rice and Rs. 10 per man-day. The co-operation, enthusiasm and sincerity of the people in this programme indicate the need and demand of these embankments for which the local people have been demanding from the government authority for quite a long time.

#### **Restoring Vegetation:**

Restoration of the vegetation after the severe damage caused by the cyclone became a top priority. Women self help groups were formed who have established two nurseries in Thailo and Kuronia, and 6000 seedlings have been raised. The saplings from this nursery will be carried to other target villages and planted.

#### A roof above the head:

With help from AID (Association for India Development, USA), UNNAYAN helped 55 houses with asphalt sheets for temporary shelters in. Kaduapada, a village in Jagatsinghpur district, with another 75 shelters being planned.

#### Restoration of Historical Place:

The Kanyashram (a home for girls) run by Kasturba Gandhi Memorial Trust at Satyabhamapur, the birthplace of Madhubabu, has been badly damaged by the super cyclone. The Ashram needed immediate restoration. With support from Vishnu Mandir of Toronto, UNNAYAN has undertaken restoration of damage buildings and structures, building of new buildings, and help in plans to make the Kanyashram self-sustaining of the ashram.

#### Plans Ahead:

UNNAYAN looks forward to rehabilitation through active participation by the people, and eliminate the

dependency of the people on charity. The following are our plans for the near future:

- Commercial cropping in all Pani Panchayat areas.
- More Micro lift irrigation projects in cyclone hit villages.
- · Income generating activities i.e. Diary, Goatary, marketable crafts by women Self-Help Group (SHG). Ten SHG have been promoted in the cyclone affected areas.
- 18 more embankment projects under food for work programmes.
- Herbal plantation in the area affected by Saline water.

#### Working with Hope....

No single organisation can repair the damage and rehabilitate the people in the cyclone devastated Orissa. Only a sustained combined efforts from all corners can be effective. We have been fortunate to have been able to work in a SEEDS-CanOSA-UNNAYAN team that has provide very cost effective long term rehabilitation in the cyclone areas. The true benefits will be felt for years to come.

#### Acknowledgements

The SEEDS-CanOSA-UNNAYAN projects to help in the long term rehabilitation of the cyclone victims in Orissa was made possible through the generous and timely support of individuals and organisations.

SEEDS thanks ICC Houston, in particular Joe Shrestha, for the donation of \$10,000. Anonymous donors in Houston provided another \$10,000. Rajashree Purohit collected \$20,000 for SEEDS. SEEDS recognises AID, and Prasad Subramaniyam, for arranging \$10,000.

Sketch by Anshuman Bansal.



#### Cyclone Relief Effort in Canada

Lalu Mansinha

On October 17, 1999 a cyclone hit southern Orissa. It received scant notice in Canada/US media. On October 29, 1999 a second powerful cyclone struck Orissa in the mid-section, including the large cities of Bhubaneswar (pop. 500,000), the seat of the State Govt., and Cuttack (pop. 1,000,000). Initial reports said that all phone and radio contact with the State Govt. was lost in the night of October 29, giving an idea of the severity of the storm, but making it difficult to obtain reliable information.

By Monday, November 1, it was clear to Oriyas in US and Canada that this was no ordinary storm and the following email was posted on the three email networks that I am a member of, ORNET, CanOSA and SEEDS...

Friends:

A disaster of unimaginable magnitude has hit Orissa. We have to do something.

Following Purna Mohanty's suggestion,
Kalinga Hospital will do whatever necessary
to facilitate relief efforts. ManaRanjan
and Minati Pattanayak will be contacting
Pharmaceutical Companies for donations of
medicines. There is particular danger of
cholera and typhoid epidemics. A list off
the top of my head
Vaccines for cholera and typhoid
Antibiotics of all types
Malaria pills
Bags of electrolytes for treatment of
severe diarrhea

If you know physicians in your area, or Drug company reps, please approach and collect both funds and medicines.

Manaranjan has agreed to coordinate on the in the NewYork-New Jersey-Washington area. If you are going to Orissa shortly, and you can take medicines as personal baggage please contact ManaRanjan (215-493-8770) on the East Coast or Purna Mohanty on the West Coast (408 496 0113 OR PAGE AT 1-888-374-3158.)
Let us all discuss ways in which we can help.
Lalu Mansinha

What followed was days of intense discussion on the three e-nets. ORNET connects Oriyas all over the world, but concentrated primarily in US and Canada; CanOSA stands for Orissa Society of Canada and its email net; SEEDS connects a handful of members of Sustainable Education and Economic Development Society. In the days, weeks and months the three enets carried discussions on fundraising, collecting and shipping medical and relief supplies.

Among Indian emigrant communities in North America, Oriyas constitute on of the smallest groups. It is the email nets that made the whole continent feel as a small, coherent community. In Canada, CanOSA was started decades ago when Oriyas in the Toronto-Montreal area got together to raise funds to send for flood relief in Orissa. A few hundred dollars was raised. Mindful of this, Sushmita Behera (President of Orissa Society of Canada) set the initial target at \$1,000 on Nov 1. However, a pledge of \$1,000 was made even before an email announcement was broadcast. So the target on Nov 1 was optimistically revised up, to an unattainable figure, \$10,000. By 4PM Nov 2, the pledged amount was \$3,800, by 9PM \$4900. On Nov 3 \$6,100; Nov 5 \$12,500; Nov 11 \$17,000, ultimately crossing \$100,000 by end of January, 2000. This figure is an astonishing amount, considering that there are fewer than 100 Oriya families in Canada, compared to some 1300 in the US.

Sometime during second week of November discussions started as to the desirability of someone from Canada going directly to the cyclone hit area and help in the relief work. I volunteered, with diffidence and reluctance. On November 29 I left for Orissa with \$15,000 in bankdrafts; the feeling was that this was about the maximum we could achieve for cyclone relief. (For the record, not a penny of relief funds was used for any form of personal or travel expenses). In Bhubaneswar I met with Somdutt Behura of Houston, representing SEEDS. I represented both CanOSA and SEEDS. Somdutt and I met Sudarsan Das of UNNAYAN and chalked out plans for optimum utilisation of CanOSA and SEEDS relief funds.

The proper use of relief funds is a major concern of donors; the fact that persons from Canada and US would be directly delivering and overseeing the disbursement of funds increased the confidence of the donors. The original CanOSA Nov 1 target of \$10,000 total was exceeded by individuals. Dr. Rabi Kanungo of Montreal collected \$20,000. Dr. Niranjan Misra of Sudbury and Dr. Prakash Patnaik of Ottawa exceeded \$10,000 in donations in each city. Ideas for fundraising included concerts, selling of Oriya handicrafts, newspaper and media reports and so on.

What is heartening is that so many people, with no links to Orissa, gave so generously.

#### The Cyclone Relief Efforts by Kalinga Hospital, Bhubaneswar

Lalu Mansinha

Kalinga Hospital is the only private, modern hospital in Orissa. Only a few years in existence, it is still in the growth project phase. When the cyclone hit Bhubaneswar on October 29, virtually the entire city lost light, water phone services. Kalinga Hospital, with backup generators and water pumps, suffered only minor storm damage and continued to function normally. There was no interruption in patients services.

Those with brick and concrete homes survived the cyclone with lots of inconveniences, but with no major disaster. It was a different story for the bustee dwellers, with makeshift huts and shelters. The wind blew away the shelter, clothing, food supplies, in fact everything they possessed. Tens of thousands suffered from exposure, hunger and storm related ailments.

After the cyclone Kalinga Hospital medical teams visited the bustee areas, providing medical aid. Each team consisted of 3 to 5 doctors, 2 nurses, 1 pharmacist and attendants. The first four days they moved around Bhubaneswar. After that, as roads opened up, they moved to Kakatpur and Astarang areas. For a few days after the storm the medical teams treated mostly storm-related injuries. Later the team was treating lots of fever cases, due to continuously drenched. The teams saw some diarrhea, but no cholera.

The Kalinga Hospital teams continued to travel to the cyclone hit areas operating for two months, treating thousands of people.



Pencil sketch by Anshuman Bansal.

## **O**diPhon

A phonetic text processor of Odia developed by Debashish Ratha of Sonepur. Most of the Odia poems and articles in this Journal has been typeset by persons with no experience.

OdiPhon is fast, simple and efficient. Odia typing can be as fast as English text.

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- Internetରୁ ବିନା ମୂଲ୍ୟରେ ଉପଲବୃ

(http://odisa.hypermart.net/odiphon/odiphon.html)



## http://lightning.prohosting.com/~shabda Serving Oriya Community Worldwide

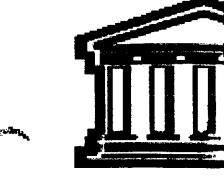
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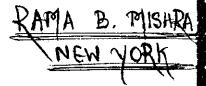
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## **OBSOLETE**

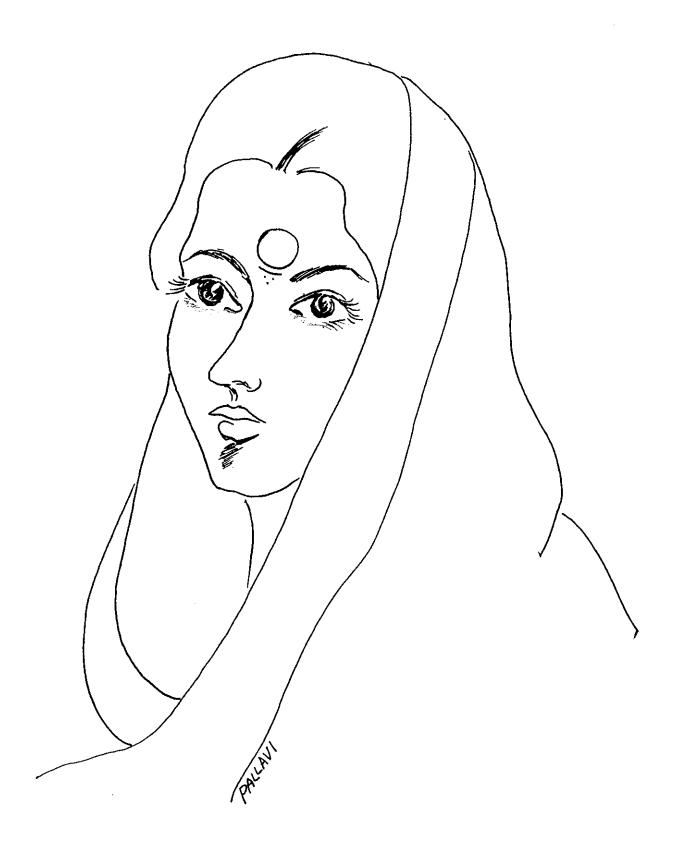
I never could admit defeat, But now it's clear — I'm obsolete. When I hear someone say "dot com," I don't know where they're coming from. A mystery that I still don't get, Is what and where is the Internet? When Larry said he had a mouse, I said, "Well, fumigate the house!" Am I the only living female, Who doesn't understand E-mail? I always vote and pay my taxes But I'm not sure just what a fax is. Nor do I quite know what it means, When people go to church in jeans. It doesn't matter what we wear, The main thing is that we are there, Sometimes, I must tell myself, "You're old. You belong on the shelf!" But really, that's not hard to bear -I'm obsolete, and I don't care!

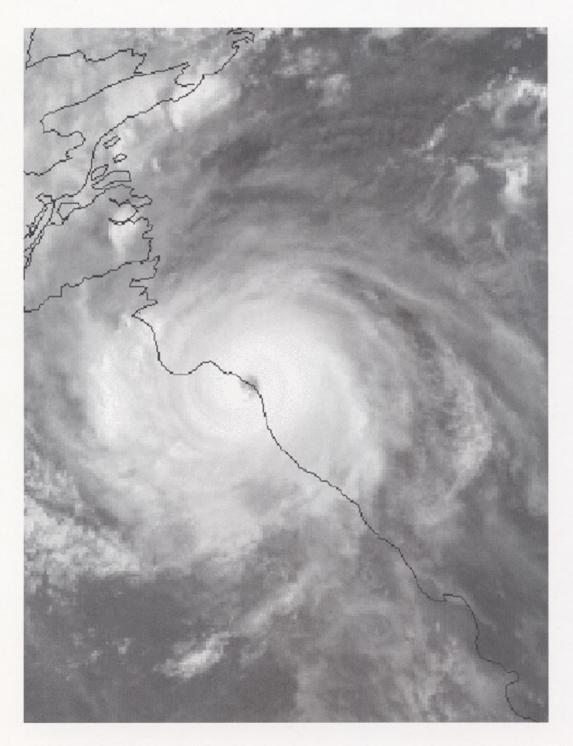






## Notes





Tropical cyclone '058', now known as the Supercyclone' is seen at landfall on the Orissa coast in this Meteosat photo taken on October 29, 1999 at 15:00UTC (18:30IST). The cyclone is at 20.7N latitude and 85.9E long,, and is moving in the  $330^{\circ}$  (NW) direction at 7 mph. Wind gusts of 160mph (250kmph) were reported.

