

UTKARSA

NEWSLETTER OF THE ODISHA SOCIETY OF THE AMERICAS

PHAILIN IMPACT

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Volume 48 – December 2013

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UTKARSA

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Hocking Hills, Ohio

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Sikhanda Satpathy
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ଅଭୟଂ ସତ୍ତ୍ଵସଂଶୁଦ୍ଧିର୍ଜ୍ଞାନଯୋଗ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥିତିଃ
ଦାନଂ ଦମଶ୍ଚ ଯଜ୍ଞଶ୍ଚ ସ୍ଵାଧ୍ୟାୟସ୍ତପ ଆର୍ଜନମ୍ । ୧ ।
ଅହିଂସା ସତ୍ୟମକ୍ରୋଧସ୍ତ୍ୟାଗଃ ଶାନ୍ତିରପୈଶୁନମ୍
ଦୟାଭୃତେଷ୍ଠ ଲୋଲୁପ୍ସଂ ମାର୍ଦ୍ଦବଂ ହୃରତାପଳମ୍ । ୨ ।
ତେଜଃ କ୍ଷମା ଧୃତିଃ ଶୌଚମଦ୍ରୋହୋ ନୀତିମାନିତା
ଭବନ୍ତି ସମ୍ପଦଂ ଦୈବୀମଭିଜାତସ୍ୟ ଭାରତ । ୩ ।

(ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭଗବଦ୍ଗୀତା - ଷୋଡଶୋଧ୍ୟାୟଃ)

ନିର୍ଭୀକତା, ଚିତ୍ତଶୁଦ୍ଧି, ଆତ୍ମଜ୍ଞାନରେ ଓ କର୍ମ ଯୋଗରେ ନିଷ୍ଠା, ଦାନ,
ବାହ୍ୟକ୍ରିୟା ସଂଯମ, ଯଜ୍ଞ, ଜପ ଓ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରପାଠ, ତପସ୍ୟା, ସରଳତା,
ଅହିଂସା, ସତ୍ୟ, ଅକ୍ରୋଧ, ତ୍ୟାଗ, ଶାନ୍ତି, ପରନିନ୍ଦା ବର୍ଜନ,
ଜୀବଦୟା, ଲୋଭହୀନତା, ମୃଦୁତା, କୁକର୍ମରେ ଲଜ୍ୟା, ଅତଞ୍ଜଳତା,
ତେଜସ୍ଵିତା, କ୍ଷମା, ଧୃତି, ଶୌଚ, ଅନଭିମାନ - ହେ ଭାରତ,
ଦୈବୀସମ୍ପଦ ଅଭିମୁଖରେ ଜାତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କଠାରେ ଏହି ସବୁ ଗୁଣ
ଦେଖାଯାଏ ।

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ସଂପାଦକୀୟ



ଦୁଇ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଓ “ଓସା”ର ବିକଳ

ନିକଟରେ ଜଣେ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ସହ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରିବା ଅବସରରେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଆଗାମୀ କନ୍ଭେନ୍ସନ୍ ପାଇଁ ଗାଏ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ୍ କରିବାକୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କଲି । ବନ୍ଧୁ ଜଣଙ୍କ ଓସା ସଦସ୍ୟ ନୁହନ୍ତି । ତେଣୁ ଗାଏ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ୍ କରିବାର ଦୁଇଟି ଲାଭଜନକ ସମ୍ଭାବନା ବିଷୟରେ ଅବଗତ କରାଇ କହିଲି - ଗାଏ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସଦସ୍ୟତା ରେ ଏକଶତ ଡଲାରର ରିହାତି, ଗାଏ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ୍ କଲେ ସୁପର୍ ଆର୍ଲି ବାର୍ଡ୍ ଡିସକାଉଣ୍ଟ - ଏମିତି ଡବଲ୍ ଧମାକା ଜୀବନରେ କେବେ କେମିତି ମିଳେ । ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କୁ ଆଖି ବନ୍ଦ କରି ଗାଏ ଡିସେମ୍ବର ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ୍ କରିଦେବା ଉଚିତ୍ ହେବ ବୋଲି କହିଲି ।

ବନ୍ଧୁଜଣଙ୍କ ତାହାଲ୍ୟଭରା ହସଟିଏ ହସିଦେଇ କହିଲେ - “ଆପଣ ଭଲ ଭାବେ ଜାଣନ୍ତି ମୁଁ ଓସାକୁ ପସନ୍ଦ କରେ ନାହିଁ । ଯାହା କହିଲେ ମାନିବି ପଛେ ମୋତେ ଓସା ବିଷୟରେ କି କନ୍ଭେନ୍ସନ୍ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି କୁହନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ ।”

ମୁଁ କହିଲି - “ଆଜ୍ଞା, ଆପଣ ବି ଭଲ ଭାବେ ଜାଣନ୍ତି ଯେ ମୁଁ କନ୍ଭେନ୍ସନ୍ ଛଡା ଆଉ କିଛି କହିବି ନାହିଁ । ଜଣେ ଭଲ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଭାବରେ ଏଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅନୁରୋଧ ତ ରକ୍ଷା କରନ୍ତୁ ।”

ବନ୍ଧୁ କନ୍ତୁ ଶୁଣିବାକୁ ନାରାଜ । ସେ କହିଲେ - “ଆପଣ କଣ ପାଉଛନ୍ତି ସେ ଓସାରୁ ? ଏତେ ସମୟ ଦେବେ, ଏତେ ପରିଶ୍ରମ କରିବେ । ଖାଲି ଚିକେ ନାଁ ପାଇଁ ? ଆପଣ ଯଦି ବୁଦ୍ଧିମାନ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତେ, ତା ଭିତରେ ପଶନ୍ତେନ । ଆରାମରେ ଘରେ ଖାଇ ପିଇ ପରିବାରଙ୍କ ସହ ସମୟ କଟାନ୍ତୁ । ତା ଛଡା ଆପଣ ବୋଧେ ଜାଣିନାହାନ୍ତି, ଓସାର ଇମେଜ୍ ବହୁତ୍ ଖରାପ । ସେଥିରେ ପସିଲେ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ବି ଇମେଜ୍ ଖରାପ ହୋଇଯିବ ।”

ମୁଁ ବନ୍ଧୁଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ ଏକ ବେଦନାସିକ୍ତ ଆଖିରେ ଚାହିଁଲି । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ନୁହେଁ ଯେ ସେ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ୍ କଲେନି । ଏଇଥିପାଇଁ ଯେ ଅଜ୍ଞତାକୁ ନିଜର ଭାଲ କରି ସେ ନିଜକୁ ନିଜେ ଧୋଖା ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ସଂସ୍ଥା ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ନଜାଣି କେବଳ ବାହ୍ୟ ଅନୁମାନ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ନିଜର ଯୁକ୍ତିକୁ ଦୃଢ଼ କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିବା - ଅହଂ ବ୍ୟତୀତ ଆଉ କଣ ହୋଇପାରେ । ସେ ଜଣେ ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ବନ୍ଧୁ ହୋଇ



ନଥିଲେ ହୁଏତ ପାଖରେ ବସାଇ ଏ ଗପ ଶୁଣାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ଯେ ଗପଟି ଦୈନିକ ସମ୍ବାଦପତ୍ର “ସମ୍ବାଦ”ରେ ପଢ଼ିଥିଲି । ଗପର ସାରକଥା ହେଲା -

ଜଣେ ଭଦ୍ରଲୋକ ଅବିବାହିତ ଥିଲେ । ସେ କାହିଁକି ଅବିବାହିତ ଅଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ତାଙ୍କ ବନ୍ଧୁବାନ୍ଧବ ଓ ସାଇପଡ଼ିଶାଙ୍କ ମନରେ ସର୍ବଦା କୌତୁହଳ ଥାଏ । ତାଙ୍କୁ ଯେତେ ଯିଏ କାରଣ ପଚାରିଲେ ବି ସେ ଭଉଁସ ଦେଇନଥାନ୍ତି । ଭଦ୍ରଲୋକ ବୁଢ଼ା ହେଲେ । ମୃତ୍ୟୁର କିଛି ଦିନ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ସେ ଶଯ୍ୟାଶାୟୀ ଥିବା ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଜଣେ ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ଲୋକ ପଚାରିଲେ - ଆଜ୍ଞା ଏବେ କହି ଦିଅନ୍ତୁ ଆପଣ ବାହା ନହବା ପଛରେ କାରଣ କଣ ? ମନକୁ ପୁରାପୁରା ବୋଧ ମୁକ୍ତ କରି ଦୁନିଆରୁ ବିଦାୟ ନେବେ । ବୃଦ୍ଧ କହିଲେ - ମୁଁ ବାହାଘର ବିପକ୍ଷରେ ନୁହେଁ । କେବଳ ଯାହା ଏକ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଖୋଜୁଥିଲି ଯେ ସମସ୍ତ ଦୋଷ ଦୁର୍ବଳତାରୁ ମୁକ୍ତ । ଏମିତି ଖୋଜୁ ଖୋଜୁ ବୟସ ଅତିକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଗଲା ଏବଂ ମୁଁ ଅବିବାହିତ ରହିଗଲି । ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ପଚାରିଲେ - ଭାରତ ବର୍ଷରେ ଏତେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ, ଅଧର ଆପଣଙ୍କୁ ଜଣେ ବି ଦୋଷଶୂନ୍ୟ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ମିଳିଲେନ ? ବୃଦ୍ଧଙ୍କ ଆଖିରେ ଚିକ୍‌ଏ ପାଣି ଜମି ଆସିଲା । ସେ କହିଲେ - ପାଇଥିଲି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ଯାଗାରେ ହେଲାନାହିଁ । ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ପଚାରିଲେ - କାହିଁକି ହେଲାନାହିଁ ? ବୃଦ୍ଧ କହିଲେ - ସେ ମହିଳା ବି ଜଣେ ନଖୁଣ ପୁରୁଷକୁ ବାହା ହେବା ଲାଗି ଖୋଜୁଥିଲେ ।

ସଂସ୍ଥାରେ ଦୋଷ ଦୁର୍ବଳତା ନଥାଏ । ହଁ, କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କ ଶୈଳୀରେ ଯଦି କିଛି ଭୁଲ୍ ରହିଥାଏ ତେବେ ତାକୁ କଥାବାଞ୍ଚା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସୁଧାରିବାର ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରାଯାଇପାରେ । ଦୂରରେ ରହି ସବୁ କଥାରେ ଦୋଷ ଦୁର୍ବଳତା ଦେଖିଲେ କୌଣସି ସମସ୍ୟାର ସମାଧାନ ହୁଏନା । ନିକଟରେ ଅରବିନ୍ଦ କେଜରିଓଲ୍ ଠିକ୍ ସେଇଆ କଲେ । ସିଷ୍ଟମ୍ ଭିତରକୁ ଆସି ସିଷ୍ଟମ୍‌କୁ ହିଁ ସୁଧାରିହୁଏ । ତାଛଡ଼ା କାମକଲ୍ ଲୋକର ହିଁ ଭୁଲ୍ ହେବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଥାଏ ।

ଯେଉଁମାନେ ଓସାରୁ କଣ ମିଳେ ବୋଲି ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରନ୍ତି, ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ଅନୁରୋଧ ଯେ, ସେମାନେ ଏ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଶ୍ରୀ ଦିନନାଥ ପାଠୀଙ୍କ ଅଭିଭାଷଣ ପଢନ୍ତୁ । ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବେ ରୁଝିପାରିବେ । ମିଳିବାକୁ କେବଳ ଡଲର ରେ ମପାଯାଏନା । ସାତ ସମୁଦ୍ର ତେର ନଇ ତେଇଁ ପରିଚୟ ବିହୀନ ଏକ ଅଜଣା ଦେଶରେ ଭିତ ଭିତରେ ହଜିଗଲା ବେଳେ “ଓସା” ହିଁ ଅସ୍ଥିତାର ଆଲୋକ ଦେଇଛି, ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାଚୀରୁ ମୁକ୍ତକରି ପରିଚୟର ଆଶ୍ୱାସନା ଦେଇଛି । ନିଃସ୍ୱାର୍ଥପର ଆନ୍ତରିକତା ଦେଇଛି, ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱ ଦେଇଛି । ଅସୀମ ଆପଣାର ଭାବ ଦେଇଛି । ଆମେରିକାର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ସହରରେ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଜଣେ ବନ୍ଧୁ ପାଇଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ବାସ୍ନା ପାଇଛି - କେବଳ “ଓସା” ପାଇଁ ଏହା ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇଛି । ଏ ସବୁକୁ ନେଇ ଦୀର୍ଘଜୀବନ ଚାଲିଥିବ । ଏଭଳି ଏକ ସଂସ୍ଥାର ପରିକଳ୍ପନା କରିଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଓ ମୋର ବଂଶଧର ଓସାର ଫାଉଣ୍ଡେସନ୍ ମେମ୍ବରଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ସର୍ବଦେବ ରଣୀ ରହିବୁ । ଡିସ୍କାଉଣ୍ଟ କୁପନ୍‌କୁ ଯଦି ମିଳିବା କୁହାଯାଏ ତେବେ ଆମେ ବଡ଼ ହୋଇନେ ବୋଲି ଭାବିବାକୁ ହେବ ।

ଓସାର ବିକଳ ନାହିଁ । ଆଉ କିଛି ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଇତିହାସରେ “ଆମେରିକାର ଓଡ଼ିଆ” ବିଷୟରେ ଏକ ନୂତନ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟ ଲେଖାଯିବ, ସେତେବେଳେ ଲେଖକ ସାମ୍ନାରେ କେବଳ ଓସାହିଁ



ଆସିବ । ଆମେ ଆଜି ଯାହା କରୁଛେ, ତାର ପ୍ରତିଫଳନ ଇତିହାସରେ ରହିବ । ଆମର ଉତ୍ତରପୁରୁଷ ମାନେ ତାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବେ ଓ ଆମ ବିଷୟରେ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା କରିବେ ।

ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ ପ୍ରାଚୀ ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କ ମନରେ ଆସିଥିବା ପ୍ରଶ୍ନକୁ ବିଚାରକୁ ନେବେ । ଦ୍ଵିତୀୟ ପିଢ଼ୀର ପିଲାଟିଏ ଯଦି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଅସ୍ମିତାକୁ ନେଇ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରେ, ତେବେ ତାହା ସମାଜ କଲ୍ୟାଣର ସମୟ ବୋଲି ଭାବିବାକୁ ହେବ । ପ୍ରାଚୀ ମିଶ୍ର - ଆମ ଆସନ୍ତା ସମୟର ଅନ୍ତଃସ୍ଵର । ଏ ବିଷୟରେ ଚିନ୍ତା କଲବେଳେ ଭାବିବାକୁ ହେବ ଯେ ପ୍ରାଚୀ ମିଶ୍ର ନୁହେଁ - ଆମ ନଜ ପୁଅ କ ଝିଅ କ ଆମର କଏ ବଂଶଜ ଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନେଇ ଆମ ସାମ୍ନାରେ ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇଛି । ଆମକୁ ଜବାବ୍ ଦେବାକୁହିଁ ହେବ । ଏ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନକୁ ନେଇ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବାକୁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଭାବେ ମୁଁ ପଚାରିବୁ ଅଧିକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିଥିଲି । ଅନୁରୋଧ ରକ୍ଷା କରିଥିବାରୁ ସୁଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଦାସ ଓ ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋପାଳ ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ୍ ।

ଶହେ ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ବି ଫକୀର ମୋହନଙ୍କ ଗପ “ରାଣ୍ଡିପୁଅ ଅନନ୍ତା” ସମାଜସେବା କରିବାପାଇଁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ଦେଇଥାଏ । ପାଠ ନପଢ଼ି ବି ଅନନ୍ତା ବନ୍ୟାର ପ୍ରକୋପରୁ ଗାଁ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ବଞ୍ଚେଇବା ଦରକାର ବୋଲି ବୁଝି ପାରିଥିଲୁ । ବିନା ସର୍ତ୍ତରେ ସେ ନଜର ପ୍ରାଣ ଦେଇଥିଲୁ । ଆମେ ପଚାରିବୁ ତଲ୍ଲର ଦେବାପାଇଁ “ବଲିଭଦ୍ର ସଂଗୀତ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା”ର ବାହାନା ଖୋଜୁଛେ !

ଗଲ୍ ଦୁଇଟି ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ସ୍କୁଲ ପିଲାମାନେ ଉତ୍କର୍ଷରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଲେଖା ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବାପାଇଁ ଲେଖା ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରକାଶ ହେଲାପରେ ନଜର ଲେଖା ଓ ଫଟୋ ଦେଖି ଖୁସି ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ପାଠକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନୁରୋଧ କରିବି ସେମାନେ ନଜ ନଜ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଦାୟିତ୍ଵ ନେଇ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଉତ୍ସାହିତ କରନ୍ତୁ ଓ ଲେଖିବାକୁ କୁହନ୍ତୁ । ଡେପୁଟି ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ଏ ଦାୟିତ୍ଵ ନେଇ ଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶୁଭେନ୍ଦୁ ଦାସଙ୍କୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଉଛି ।

ଏଥରର ପ୍ରଚ୍ଛଦ ଗଳ୍ପ ଭାବରେ “ଫାଇଲିନ୍” କୁ ନେଇ ମୋର ଅନୁରୋଧ କ୍ରମେ ଲେଖିଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଶ୍ରୀ ଲଲୁ ମାନସିଂହ, ଶ୍ରୀ ଲଲିତେନ୍ଦୁ ମହାନ୍ତି, ଶ୍ରୀ ନିଶିକାନ୍ତ ସାହୁ ଓ ନିହାରିକା ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଜ୍ଞାପନ କରୁଛି ।

ଏ ସଂଖ୍ୟାର ସମସ୍ତ ଲେଖକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆନ୍ତରିକ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ । ପାଠକ ମାନଙ୍କର ସହୃଦୟତା ଦେଖାଇ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଲେଖାକୁ ପଢ଼ିବେ ବୋଲି ଆଶା ରଖୁଛି ।

ନୂଆବର୍ଷ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ମଙ୍ଗଳମୟ ହେଉ । ପ୍ରଭୁ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ସୁଖରେ ରଖନ୍ତୁ ।

ସତ୍ୟ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ



Tapan Padhi *President OSA*



Dear Members,

A successful year of 2013 for OSA has come to an end. We have provided updates from time to time on OSA activities. Recently we concluded OSA higher education and career opportunities open house in Odisha. A report has been published in this issue. In 2013, many of us believed that we had one of the best annual conventions in Chicago in OSA history. We are planning for another memorable annual convention in Columbus, Ohio in 2014. Global Odisha Conference in 2015 will be planned to present how Odisha has become a land of opportunity in India and at the same time keeping Odisha's traditional values.

Since the beginning of our non-profit Organization, our esteemed members have contributed immensely either organizationally or on a personal basis to the benefits of people in need, for right causes through various charitable activities from time to time. The strong support of our members in helping Phailin victims speaks a volume on that. Our goal at OSA has been focused and consistent: to provide a platform for our community members to facilitate upkeep of our cultural and social values, our traditions and helping the membership in need one step at a time. For last few years, we have grown our membership base; we have followed a disciplined approach: building on strong volunteering experience, seeking out new growth opportunities by bringing in new members and forming new chapters and prudently organizing annual conventions and OSA activities.

I am glad to report that we are forming a new chapter in Denver with fifteen new life members.

Today, OSA is a brand name, a global leader amongst rapidly growing Odia community organizations around the world and is well recognized in USA, Canada and Odisha. I know very well that we have miles to go. Our membership is maturing and community is growing with new immigrants. Our children as second generation immigrants are coming forward to take leadership roles in OSA and we realize that we need to focus on strengthening our ties with our youth members here more by helping and volunteering to solve issues at home first. We will continue the effort.

With a recent successful completion of OSA higher education open house in Odisha and fund raising effort for Phailin victims, we remain confident that our successful track record, proven strength of volunteer base, good financial position and focus on selfless services will continue to deliver results for our members in 2014 and beyond.

On behalf of the executive committee and Board of Governors, I would like to thank all of our chapter leaders, benefactors, patrons and members for their inspired contribution and volunteering effort over the past year and for helping us continue to build a strong foundation for the road ahead.

Thank you for your trust and confidence in OSA.



Sikhanda Satpathy *Vice-President OSA*



The last quarter was dominated by Phailin for many of us in OSA. Many came forward with fund raising ideas and concerns, and the members responded with donations that enabled OSA and its chapters to contribute in the neighborhood of \$60k to CMRF. By no means, it is a substantial amount considering the enormity of damage. However, it does go a long way in showing that OSA stands with its brethren in their days of calamity. The funds will be remitted to CMRF with a request for infrastructural use. Directed funding through CMRF is neither a common practice, nor is an assured outcome. Hopefully, our discussion with Odisha Government results in a directed project execution.

I applaud the leadership role that many OSA members demonstrated by serving in Phailin committees, making personal appeals and after all, donating for this worthy cause. A commendable effort was undertaken by Niharika Mohanty of California, who roped in various dance organizations in California for a Phailin fund raising event. The OSA treasurer deserves thanks for diligently managing the fund collection and issuing individual receipts, perhaps a first-time in OSA. I take this opportunity to thank all other organizations such as SEEDS and Oriya Sevaks, who have independently carried out fund raising effort for the Phailin victims.

The OSA faces a multitude of situations that necessitate solicitation of funds. Many members have raised the issue of donors' fatigue and the effort required to raise funds repeatedly. A proposal initiated by Washington DC Chapter President, Prakash Sahu is under consideration by the BOG to institute a onetime fund raising campaign in November-December time frame, and carry out limited campaign only if a calamitous situation arises. Upside is a constant building up of funds in years when no emergencies arise and a singular fund raising event. The down side is the concern that folks may not donate without an imminent crisis. All opinions and suggestions are welcome as the BOG discusses this issue.

While few other issues took back stage during the last quarter due to Phailin efforts, the convention team marched forward with planning and executing its action plan. A wonderful venue was finalized. The guest list and a panel of entertainers from Odisha are being put together. With many new elements planned to be introduced this time, the convention is shaping up to be a very exciting event this year. Take advantage of the early registration and mark your calendar.

An organization is what its members make it. I have come across quite a few committed members over the past few months – helping our efforts on Phailin, OSA Higher Education meeting in Bhubaneswar, convention, chapter election, Odissi-Champu-Chhanda initiatives, etc. As we march forward together, we need your continued support. So, please get involved, share your ideas and help execute them.

May the New Year bring many excitements in your life, and strengthen our society.



Sabita Panigrahi

Secretary OSA



Dear Friends,

In October, Phailin struck Odisha, washing away thousands of houses and knocking out power and communications. Along with blocking many roads and ruining thousands of hectares of crops, it also did extensive damage to infrastructure. While timely evacuation kept fatality numbers low, it will take years to mitigate the damage it has done to the local economy and its people. Living in North America, when we hear this type of news, we feel helpless for our motherland. We all wanted to help, whether it was personally or as a group. OSA initiated the fund raising effort just one day after the disaster. Some volunteers and BOG members along with executives evaluated options and recommended how the fund raising effort would be done and how the funds would be distributed. BOG finalized and approved the decision to distribute the funds to CM relief fund only. We genuinely thank all the volunteers for carrying out the fund raising effort and for appealing to our members passionately to donate funds. We also thank everyone who donated to this cause.

I enjoyed being able to connect with the members through personal phone calls for fund-raising. I realized that although email is convenient, it sometimes takes away from the personal connection. With the convenience of email, we have stopped using phone calls to communicate. Many members appreciated the phone calls. It is very important for communication to be two-way. Because of this, I am encouraged to connect with members through the phone along with email from now on. I would also like to encourage all members to contact me if they have any questions.

As you may know, we conduct the monthly BOG meeting among chapter presidents and OSA executives every second Sunday. We post the minutes of the meeting in OSAnet. I have also included here the past two meeting minutes. Please let us know if you have any questions or concerns you want shared. We will add them to our agenda. I hope that each and every one of you stays actively involved in our OSA family's activities and helps us grow as a community.

[October](#)

[November](#)



Prashanta Ranabijuli

Treasurer OSA



Dear Friends,

I wish you, your family and friends a Happy and Prosperous 2014!

OSA is entering into 2014 in a stronger financial footing than ever, thanks to increased membership, income from the convention, and prudent management of expenses. OSA's finances improved year over year, in the backdrop of several successful fund raising campaigns. This would not have been possible without continued support from OSA members. Thank you!

The below figure is indicative of the overall financial health of the organization.

Cash Balance as of 12/25/2013 \$228,988.93 *

Cash Balance as of 12/31/2012 \$127,322.25

Net increase \$101,666.68

* Includes receipts of about \$43K minus the initial disbursement of \$10K to CMRF for Phailin Relief.

Phailin Relief Fund status

I want to thank all the donors for their generous contribution. Till date OSA has raised about **\$49K** (about **\$43K** has been received and **\$6K** on the way) for Phailin relief. Many thanks to the fund-raising team, volunteers, event organizers, each and every one of you who spent countless hours, participating in the fund raising effort and motivating people to donate.

Wide variety of contributions was received – ranging from \$10 to over \$1000, from all over North America. In total there were **270** donations at an average of more than **\$150** per donation, so special thanks to the large donors.

Donor names and chapter wise contribution view can be found in the Phailin Fund update email from me on OSANet. Email receipts for individual donations were sent out on 12/23/2013. Receipts for donations received after this day will be emailed as and when the donations are received. If you do not receive your receipt please contact me immediately.

As agreed in the October BOG meeting, a check of \$10K was sent to CMRF immediately after the disaster. A copy of the receipt issued by CMRF was shared in OSANet on 11/18/2013. It can also be found in Odisha Government's portal

<http://www.odisha.gov.in/portal/flood/Donors%20list%20for%20Cyclone-2013.pdf> (line 699).

The remaining amount in Phailin Relief Fund will be disbursed very soon.

Current Financial Status:

Following are balances in different OSA accounts as of 12/25/2013.

Checking #1 ending with 618: \$186,119.31

Checking #2 ending with 824: \$22,803.48 *



PayPal account: \$20,066.14 **

Note:

* The entire amount reflects the donation checks received for Phailin Relief fund.

** The entire amount reflects the donations received for Phailin Relief fund.

A quarterly (Oct 13 – Dec 13) income and expense statement will be sent to OSANet in the first week of 2014.

Membership

There have been quite a few new OSA members since September 2013. Please join me in welcoming them to OSA.

Niraj Rath, TX – LM

Nick Rath, TX – LM

Bimal & Minati Rath, TX – LM

Tusar & Loveleen Swami, TX – LM

Manas & Prachee Behera, TX – LM

KP & Babita Mohanty, TX – LM

Pranab & Namrata Das, TX – LM

Sonali Badi, TX – LM

Ashok Rath, TX – LM

Amar & Shibani Senapati, NJ – LM

Parmeshwar & Sai Jyothi Meegada, NJ – LM

Satish & Gayatri Sahoo, MA – 5yr

Somnath & Nisha Roy, OH – LM

Sunayan & Debasmita Mohanty, TX – LM

Anjali & Rabindra Behera, IA – Upgrade from 5yr to LM

Once again I wish you all the best in 2014. Let's all work together to make OSA a stronger organization in the coming years.

512-917-4715 (Mobile)

ranabijuli@gmail.com



Odisha Higher Education and Career Opportunities Open House, a report

DR. SAILENDRA NARAYAN TRIPATHY

SENIOR READER

BJB COLLEGE, BHUBANESWAR



OSA conducted Odisha Higher Education Open House convention on 14th Dec 2013 at Bhubaneswar College of Engineering. More than 287 students and faculties from various institutes of Odisha attended the program.

Dr Ajit Kumar Tripathy, in his inaugural speech praised the OSA initiative in bringing together the highly qualified and experienced members of OSA with the students and faculties from Odisha. He expressed that this will go a long way in creating awareness among the faculty and students present at the session on opportunities in USA for higher study, research, employment and self employment.



Prof (Dr)Sanghamitra Mohanty, Vice Chancellor, North Odisha University explained with several examples the collaborative scope, opportunities provided by government for higher study, research, selection of subjects keeping the future prospects in mind. A large number of students and faculty asked several questions.

Mr Tapan Padhi, President OSA presided over the function. He welcomed the students and faculties and clarified the myth of “Brain Drain”. He suggested how the knowledge and skill gained in advanced countries like USA ultimately helps our own people and home state. He compared with Chinese students and their large presence in graduate schools in USA and how China’s growth has been helped by US educated engineers, economists and scientists.





Prof (Dr) Omkar Nath Mohanty , Ex Vice chancellor of Technical University(BPUT), spoke in detail the status of research and innovation in higher technical studies. He described present government policy to encourage the above. Large number of students and faculty members participated in the discussion.

Dr L.N.Bhuyan, Distinguished professor described in detail the various partnership opportunities, collaboration in higher studies and student exchange programmes. The discussion followed by a very interesting question, answer session.

Dr Asutosh Dutta, in his speech explained the several opportunities available for higher studies, research. With examples he explained the way by which students and faculty can enrich their research skills and innovation in their areas of interest. Besides the above he explained the benefits of exchange for gaining knowledge and increasing the employment potential.

Dr Bigyani Das explained the way by which our student and faculty can meet the international standards in education. She emphasised on social development and value based education. A large number of participants involved in the discussion and got their doubts cleared.

Shri Hari Arjun Patro and Dr Sitakanta Dash spoke on the self employment opportunity available outside India particularly in USA. Their discussion was based on their practical experience of running large corporations. Through question and answer they clarified the international business scenario with practical examples.





Dr Ranjita Mishra in her elaborate speech explained the medical study, collaboration, research and accountability in medical profession. She explained with examples as to how to maintain good health and healthy habits. A large number of students, faculty got their doubts clarified through discussions.

Dr Radhakanta Mishra spoke about the way by which a student can get in to the proper exposure to international expectations and standards for entry to higher studies and research. Dr Geeta Mishra threw light about the minimum requirement of health care. She explained with examples the food habits and hygiene for sound health.

There was an interactive session with Dr.Ranjita Mishra and Dr.Ashutosh Dutta, who answered the questions from student participants who came from different colleges and Business schools. In the evening, Mahari Dance, based on Lord Jagannath culture was presented by Mrs Suhag Nalini Das, and five other artists dressed in traditional Mahari costumes. With combination of colourful light, sound, the audience enjoyed the cultural programme .This was organised by Mahari Foundation. Ms Barnali Hota of ZEE TV fame sang many melodious songs. Child artist Master Lohitakshya performed in the program.

Social Activist Padmashri Tulasi Munda was felicitated on behalf of OSA for lifetime achievement Award by OSA President Mr. Tapan Padhi with a cheque of Rs 1 Lakh.

Mr Tapan Padhi thanked all speakers, students, faculty, audience, coordinators, performers of cultural program, the artists and representatives of electronics and print media.

Agenda	Speaker
Registration	All
Guest Invitation & Inaugural	Mr. Ashok Rath, Coordinator, OSA HE Career Open house
Opening Song - Bande Utkal Janani	Ms. Anindita Das
Welcome Address	Mr Tapan Padhi <i>OSA President, TX</i>
Address by Chief Guest	Mr Ajit K Tripathy <i>Ex Chief Secretary, Govt of Odisha</i>
Technical education and Collaboration in USA	Dr. L N Bhuyan, Distinguished Professor (Past President, OSA) <i>University of California, Riverside, CA</i>
Higher Study/ Collaboration/Partnership Opportunities	Dr Ashutosh Dutta, Ph D, Columbia University (Past Vice President, OSA)
Collaboration of OSA and Odisha in education development, social development and adding value to education in Odisha	Dr. Bigyani Das, Past President, OSA
Collaborative Scope and Opportunity	<i>Dr Sanghamitra Mohanty, V.C. North Odisha Univ, Baripada</i>
Career Opportunities in USA, Entrepreneurship in USA, Discussion	Mr Hari Arjun Patro, CEO, National Systems, Texas, USA Dr Sitakantha Dash, CEO, UAS Labs, MN
Lunch Break	
Under Graduate, Graduate Admissions & Collaborative Research Opportunities at West Virginia University	Dr. Ranjita Misra, Professor and Director, Public Health Practice [MPH] Program, WVU, Virginia
Status of research and innovation in higher studies, Discussion	Dr Omkar Mohanty, Professor, IIT, Ex Vice Chancellor, BPUT
Looking beyond the horizon - higher education	Dr Radhakanta Mishra, Ph D, USA Dr Geeta Mishra, MD, USA
Moderated Open QA Session, Opportunity for next step. with participants	Dr. Ashutosh Dutta, Dr Ranjita Misra <i>OSA HE Program Members</i>
Presentation of OSA lifetime achievement award memento to Mrs Tulsi Munda	Mr Tapan Padhi, President, OSA Mr Susant Satpathy, Past Treasurer, OSA Mr. Sitakantha Dash, Sponsor, Lifetime Award
Cultural Program, Traditional Mahari Dance, Devotional Song, Modern Dance	Mrs. Ruli, Mahari Foundation Ms Barnali Hota Master Lohitakshya Patnaik
Award Ceremony , Vote of Thanks	Mr Tapan Padhi, President, OSA



*Bande Utkala
Janani
Charu-Hasamayi
Charu-Bhasamayi
Janani! Janani!
Janani!*

*I adore Thee, O! Mother Uktal!
How loving are thy smile and voice!
O! Mother! Mother! Mother!*

A Conversation Starter

Prachi Mishra

When Katakabi Laxmikanta Mohapatra penned the words to Odisha's state anthem, it's highly improbable that he could have foreseen Odias singing them loudly from two oceans over. It's even more improbable that he could have predicted that, like his poem, Odias would convene all over the Americas to celebrate all things Odia.

However, *bhandumane*, it's time for us to face the truth – celebrating Odia culture for three days is not enough to preserve and sustain Odia culture. Our culture is dying a not-so-slow death.

I understand the high level of hubris and irony involved with accusing my parents' generation of not taking enough action to preserve Odia culture as I write in English in an OSA Souvenir Journal. It's easy to dismiss an individual who didn't have to cross two Oceans, establish a family and a career in a new country, while also navigating through which cultural compromises were worth making.

The Odisha my parents, Aunties, and Uncles left years ago has changed. Go visit Bhubaneswar, Puri and Cuttack or any other place in Odisha, and they are unrecognizable to the wistful accounts of Odisha I've heard described. Each city has newly-paved roads, new shops and landmarks. And I've heard all the nostalgia about *ghara-khaiba*, but don't expect to get any in Odisha today. Healthy Odia staples like *dalma*, *poe tarkari*, *enduri*

I understand the high level of hubris and irony involved with accusing my parents' generation of not taking enough action to preserve Odia culture as I write in English in an OSA Souvenir Journal. It's easy to dismiss an individual who didn't have to cross two Oceans, establish a family and a career in a new country, while also navigating through which cultural compromises were worth making.

pittha, and *besara* are now only served in restaurants like "Dalema." Family friends and relatives will insist on serving you *singhada*, *chhole* and *aloo dum* from the guy on the corner. And it's alright if the kids don't know Odia; all of your relatives want to practice their English and hear your family's American accent. Whether or not you approve, Odisha has "progressed." And since it was a conscious decision to



immigrate to a new country, NRIs can't blame anyone.

The state of things here in the Americas is not much better. Unfortunately, even with the best intentions we lose sight, or choose to ignore, of what is actually going on. Despite the fact we've been growing in numbers – I've seen the OSA directory get fatter every year – we have not been able to leave any sort of mark in North American culture or, even more frustratingly, within our own youth community.

Just as an example, every single time I've run into a desi in the last 5 years -- in the Midwest, out East, or out West -- after five minutes of chit chat, we inevitably get to the (never-politically correct) "What Kind of Brown are You?" game. After nodding my head to their answers of "Gujju," "Mallu," "Punjabi," or what not, it's my turn to tell them about my family's origins:

Me: I'm Odia

Desi: What? You're what?

Me: Odia, like from Odisha? We have the dance, Odissi? Puri-Jagannath? We're right next to West Bengal...

Desi: Yeah, never heard of it. You're the first of *that* I've ever met.

When you look at Indian diaspora in Western culture, it blows me away we have zero footprint. Punjabi culture more or less defines Indian identity as we know it today. When first meeting me, non-desis assume we have *saag-paneer* for dinner, exclusively listen to Daler Mendhi, and that all my kurtas will have a matching *Patiala* bottoms. *Bhangra* competitions are some of the most competitive on the national collegiate level. Gujaratis have championed *dandia-raas* similarly, and to top it off because Gujarati Samaj schools, every Gujarati kid can read, write and speak Gujarati. Everyone in the US knows about Tagore because Bengalis won't let you forget he won a Nobel and don't even get started on the amount of *Bharatnatyam* Americans have been exposed to already.

I understand an Odia ballad about Jagannath isn't exactly "pop" music, but I think the problem lies here within. As Odias, we have counted our culture as not interesting, cool, or worth enough to even try pushing ourselves as a people. We do not take enough pride to value our culture to be as or more interesting/cool/worthy than other desi culture. My generation has not been forced to value our Odia culture to be an integral part of our identity.

Ask an Odia youth*, the following questions (answers included at the end of the article):

1. Where is *Dhauri* and what is the significance surrounding the site?
2. Who is Jatin Das?
3. What are two main mineral exports?
4. What are Odisha's two main cash crops?
5. What is *goti-pua*?

Chances are that there are very few Uncles and Aunties who know the answers to all five, let alone first generation Odias. Not only are families not engaging in discussion topics like those but, as a people, we have no infrastructure to support those who wish to start these conversations.

Sure, every weekend or two there are Odia "parties" all around the US. A couple of uncles have an *ikat*



or *Pashapalli kurta* on, one auntie will wear an Odia *Pashapalli salwar kurta*, and the kids are just happy to get a break from SAT testing prep. If it's a puja, the kids might get quizzed on "What animal is the vehicle of Ganesha?" but nothing too specific. We'll know enough to be "good Indians" who can test out of the Hinduism section of our high school "World Religions" curriculum. But aside from these learnings, which are quite marginal, where is the culture? Where is *our* culture?

I have a friend who one-eighth Italian on her dad's side. Our senior year of high school, she spent 3-4 hours a week on ancestry.com looking up various things about her family's lineage. She planned a senior trip to the South of Italy with goals to learn about Italy firsthand and to try and meet 2nd cousin she discovered. When she got back from her trip, she told me about how exciting it was to trace her roots, learn about her culture, pick up a little Italian and meet her relatives. After telling me about how she navigated through the city to meet her cousin, she turned to me and said, "Aren't you lucky that all you have to do is go to India and your entire family is there! It's so accessible."

Accessibility is at the root of the problem. Odia parties, get-togethers, even OSAs, do nothing to make our culture more accessible when the food is not Odia, parents speak in English, and people choose not to wear traditional Odia clothing. Parents often don't bring their kids along to the mandir either, so the cultural value of our religion is also lost.

Accessibility is at the root of the problem. Odia parties, get-togethers, even OSAs, do nothing to make our culture more accessible when the food is not Odia, parents speak in English, and people choose not to wear traditional Odia clothing. Parents often don't bring their kids along to the *mandir* either, so the cultural value of our religion is also lost. What makes this all the more frustrating is the fact that we cannot just go back to Odisha and discover our culture the way my friend so easily did. Things in Odisha are changing on such a rapid trajectory; we cannot rely on just going back to the "motherland."

So what are we to do? For starters, we follow the 12-step method and acknowledge we are facing a cultural vacuum. Secondly, we need to adopt Obama's "Yes, we can" attitude; we need to believe we can change the situation and take pride in, educate about and preserve our culture. We are armed with best weapons to fight this battle - our parents and grandparents. The Odisha that exists in the minds of the Uncles and Aunties who immigrated to North America between 1965- 1990 is the truest version of Odisha that exists today. If you ever forget, think about your last trip to Odisha, and between your relatives and you, who felt more Western? These Uncles and Aunties (my parents included) will always think of Odisha in the most nostalgic, starry-eyed way. Do not devalue your nostalgia. No one else knows or remembers *that* Odisha. No one else will fight for it.

However, nostalgia alone is not enough. Preservation requires pride and education on a multi-generational level that will take time, effort, and a change in attitude. There are going to be many ways to go about it, some that are more effective than what I will propose, so please take these suggestions simply as a jumping off point.



Aunties and Uncles:

- Speaking to your kids in Odia: Teach your kids Odia the same way we learn Spanish in school. Start with speaking only in Odia at home. If that seems too drastic, start speaking in only Odia at dinner, or in the car, or on the phone, and work your way up to speaking Odia at all three. Translate your favorite Akshya Mohanty songs or bhajans; if it's truly a favorite song of yours, the kids will have heard it before and will be able to keep up. This is how we learn Spanish, French, German and Chinese in school, so why would it not work at home?
- Cook Odia food: We all love *pakhala* but who still makes homemade *dahi*? What about *chhena poda*? If you're health conscious, make *ghanta*, *dhalma*, *Illici macha*, or *mohura*. Don't have the recipe? Suck up your pride and call your mom or *mausi*, even that one auntie, or any one who still makes it. How are we supposed to pass down recipes to our own children if you don't have them yourself?
- Get the "youth" involved: Do you really think we're going to start coming to the *mandir* on our own volition? Most kids my age opt more for the Buddhist route, "more spiritual than religious," so if you want us to celebrate all the holidays – not just fun ones that have become accepted by the West (*Holi* and the "Festival of Lights," *Dewaali*, obviously) – then you might actually need to bring us to *mandir*. Why do we hate coming with you? We don't understand any of the Sanskrit, find the sitting and singing boring, and there's always way too much "politics" going on. So bring us for something simple, maybe just a Jagannath Puja, explain as much as you can, and have us hand out the *prasad*. When *Ratha Yatra* comes around, have us paint the *Ratha* or help chop vegetables. At the end of the day, Hinduism is a lifestyle, not just a religion, so make us see it that way.
- Educate us: Teach us something about Odisha, and not just what you learned in school, something that we can talk about intelligently to our peers. Some suggestions:
 - What is Odisha's biggest cash crop?
 - Who is the current Chief Minister, and can he speak Odia well?
 - Puri-Jagannath is considered one of the Four what?
 - What's Odisha's literacy rate?
 - Why is "*Utkal*" synonymous with Odisha?
 - Who are the famous writers from Odisha?
 - Did we have any famous patriots fighting for independence from the British?
 - Was *rassa-golla* created in Odisha or is it *mishti* (Bengali). And what/where is *Pahala*?

Make sure your kids not only know the answers but that they understand the significance behind each. We spend time everyday talking about what's going on in the world in terms of sports, politics, celebrities, even Odia community gossip about what that one Auntie's son and daughter are doing. If we have time for all that, we should be able to devote five minutes at dinner other every night to ensure kids today know a little something about our roots and what is going in Odisha today.

Odia Youth

Learn Odia: Knowing Odia comes in so handy! The number of times I was in a public space (early on at school, the dorms in college, my office, the bus, etc.) and wanted/needed privacy, Odia worked out beautifully. And in case you're wondering, my vocabulary is pretty limited, but when you're desperate, you'll manage to make it work.



Learn how to cook: So you can make damn good cup of Ramen and are a pro-salad assembler already. Well, fortunately/unfortunately people assume we know how to cook Indian food because we're Indian. The good news, Odia food is inherently healthy (plenty of veggies, lots of fish, and a fair share of dairy) -- it's just a matter of committing to it. Ask your mom for a spice pack and within an hour you will have over 20 spices in your hands. You'll only need 4 of them on the daily, and the cooking doesn't take that long. Start with something easy like *santula*, a vegetable *bhaja*, *aloo bharta*, or even the generic *chole*. Bad news, it probably won't taste as good as your mom's cooking the first time. But the good news, if it's really terrible, Ramen only takes 3 minutes to cook.

Ask questions and get involved: Learn something about Odisha and India in general. Spend 15 minutes on Wikipedia, or talk to your parents and grandparents. It looks terrible when we know less about our own culture than people who have seen a documentary on the Discovery channel or have a cousin who went to Assam. Learn about the cultural and economic ties Odisha historically had with Bali (yup, it's called *Bali Jatra* for a reason), the *Kalinga* style of architecture you'll find all over the state, or find out who Sudarshan Pattnaik is and check out his portfolio of work.

In terms of education, this is all just a start, but we need to place value on doing this. I believe the reason why many in my generation of second-generation immigrants are apathetic towards cultural things because we were never exposed to anything in a good light. We saw bickering, bitterness, hypocrisy and narrow-minded attitudes. We saw our families and communities face the same problems but never saw any fresh, new approaches. We knew even if we did participate and offer our own suggestions, we would never be treated as adults, let alone as equals, since we'd get written off as "*pilamane*."

Additionally, older generations need to shift their methods of preserving Odia culture. Only when the "*pilamane*" know what our culture is, will we understand how much it is worth preserving.

Additionally, older generations need to shift their methods of preserving Odia culture. Only when the "*pilamane*" know what our culture is, will we understand how much it is worth preserving. Instead, the go-to strategy employed thus far by the majority has been the stern command of "find a nice Odia boy/girl." On behalf of every Odia youth, please stop. This will do nothing for you, me, or to help preserve what is left of our culture. If an Odia boy doesn't speak Odia, hates Odia food and in general doesn't care about being Odia, I'm better off finding someone who has a slight interest in my Odia-ness *regardless of his ethnicity*.

At this point, you might be thinking, "Who is this self-righteous *jhia*? Why does she think she can speak to me like this? Why does she care anyway?" Honestly, there's no good answer. My parents forced *Bhaina* and me to learn and speak Odia at a young age. They made us sit through Vedanta Society lectures, *Hindustani* and *Carnatic* musical concerts, and even took us on a 'historical tour' of the *Prachi Nauee* when I was just three years old. We went to Odissi performances, heard *Mama* sing *bhajans* every weekend, and were forced to eat *chhencheda*. I remember complaining loudly about all the things I didn't want to do or sleeping through the others, but my parents were persistent. Year after year, they exposed us to more things uniquely Indian and uniquely Odia.

To some degree my parents got lucky – *Bhaina* and I were either bored enough or complacent enough to start paying attention. We started enjoying the Indian classical music concerts they were taking us to and wanted to learn the technique behind the perfect *podho pittha*. We started to understand why our



parents had tried so relentlessly, so tirelessly to expose us to Odia and broader Indian culture; there was something of value in our culture and they were proud to able to share that value with us.

Among the kids of our generation, who were brought up in the US or Canada, *Bhaina* and I are a surprisingly rare breed. And if you're skeptical about the value of our up-bringing, but let me share one insight that only a first generation Odia can. One of the best feelings on trips to India is going to Bhubaneswar. I love knowing that when I visit Odisha, I can hold my in Odia, from the *chaha* and *pakudi* sessions I'll be ushered into to getting lost on the street. The best feeling is not feeling like an American tourist like I will when I'm in any other part of India.

My intention is to raise awareness and to start conversations (especially since the community at large does not engage in wider conversations unless it involves someone running for OSA office). I know there are families like mine out there - who are proudly more "Odia" than their counterparts in Odisha. But for those who are Odia in name and nationality only, this should be your call to action.

I might only be an "Odia youth," who was brought up on firsthand accounts of Odisha, but if I can care enough to write up a multipage article in the OSA Journal, the least you can do is start a conversation about whether or not our culture is surviving and what we can do to save it. Because unlike Kantakabi, I *can* imagine a future where there are people singing the Odia anthem at the 120th OSA Convention but only if we act now. *Bhandumane*, the future is in our hands.

Footnotes:

*Odia youth definition: a broad, ambiguous term to describe anyone who is of Odia descent but did not immigrate to the US on their own. While 'youth' typically refers to children and young adults, within the Odia community, relationships are defined generationally and are socially-enforced. This results in a 40 year old with kids still being referred to as "Odia youth."

Answers to the five question to ask your Odia Youth

1. *Located on the outskirts (south east) of Bhubaneswar, Dhauli is known as the place where Emperor Ashoka became disillusioned by war and turned to Buddhism. Today, still exists a stupa Ashoka built next to the Daya river, which is said to have turned red from all the blood and lives lost in battle.*
2. *Famous Odia Painter and is also the father of actress Nandita Das*
3. *Iron Ore and Bauxite*
4. *Cashews and Jute*
5. *One form of Odissi – Pt Kelucharan Mohapatra trained as a gotipua dancer in his youth.*

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ODIA MATTERS: A CONVERSATION REJOINDER

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Identity is irrevocably intertwined with culture. Knowing one's culture means having an identity.

Having an identity ensures preservation. This seems simple enough, or so I thought. Not so for the Odia community. Identity is a very complex issue in this context. There are no cut and dried answers to the problem of an Odia identity. It goes deeper than just the issues of knowing, or not knowing what Odia culture is. It's become an epidemic of denial and ignorance, where even after 77 years of political presence and linguistic recognition; Odias continue to live in anonymity. I don't claim to have answers, but my assumptions are based on what I have experienced as an Odia. Maybe the only ones who can give answers are those generations of parents who let their identity disappear. Ms. Prachi Mishra's "A Conversation Starter" made an interesting read. It really felt good to know someone in the younger generation cared and that like-minded people still exist. I applaud her boldness. She clearly has a bone to pick with those who came to the U.S. and should have set the tone for inculcating a sense of Odia pride in their children. Though parents play a pivotal role in ensuring traditions continue, there is no guarantee that they will unless the environment is conducive for continuity. What is of greater importance is having a cultural identity, with or without the trappings of tradition. If I am writing this, it's because my parents have done something right when they were raising me out of Odisha. It's because Odia matters.

Each generation of Odias who came to the U.S. from the 1960s carried with them a way of life and memories they grew up with. They held fast to some traditions and let go others, hoping their children will do the same. A lot of changes took place on the superficial level, but one thing never really changed: attitude. An attitude towards one's own culture and fellow Odias that leaves me, a 2nd generation expatriate perplexed. Anywhere Odias go whether it's within India, or other parts of the world, the attitude is always the same. I always thought Odias in the U.S. were above this behavior given that freedom of expression is the law here. But it seems I am wrong. No matter where, it's as if there is a silent consensus and an unsaid agreement within the community to efface oneself as much as possible. Today, even though large numbers of Odias have started moving out of Odisha, they still remain obscure because they prefer to assimilate rather than stand out as a culturally distinct community. Or rather, protect themselves from being regarded as 'strangers'. Is it a wonder then, Odias have no visibility, nationally or globally?

There is just one contention: Our parents' generation was raised in a traditional Odia culture. So they have first-hand experience of what growing up Odia is. If knowing our own culture will make us proud of being who we are and help prevent our culture from dying, then people born and raised in Odisha should be the proudest people and thereby, have a solid identity. Those remaining in Odisha live and breathe their culture, so for them it is more of taking everything for granted. In spite of their traditional upbringing, they chose to ape some other culture and tradition. But expatriate Odias fail miserably



because, they are the ones who abandon, or conceal their identities as soon as they move out of Odisha. Why do Odia people not own up to their identity and become the ambassadors of their own culture? If people born and raised in Odisha don't feel the pride, then who will? These questions beg answers. What about people like me who have neither grown up in Odisha nor in the U.S., but in different places of the world and have been exposed to different cultures? The only point of connection to my roots is my parents. Perhaps, belonging to a particular caste or community, or village are other connections. There are no concrete answers. I guess those who go through such experiences have to deal with it in their own way. I, too, have arrived at a solution that best suits my situation. Though it may sound peculiar, being thoroughly grounded in Odia culture is desirable, but not really necessary. **Preserving one's culture should not become a burden.** Even if there is one point of connection to our heritage and culture, we will meander through paths to reconnect, and feel proud of what and who we are. I have come to the conclusion that, living as far removed as we are from our culture, if we even acknowledge our origins, we will succeed in preserving and prolonging our culture and traditions. How each family does it is entirely their choice and prerogative. Our children will understand and emulate. Have we come to a point, where Odia people are completely disconnected? Honestly, I don't think so. I am proof of that and so are my children, and the many others who think and feel in a similar way. I take hope from my experiences growing up Odia outside Odisha.

I would like to say few words in defense of writing in English and reassure Ms. Mishra. There is nothing wrong in writing about Odia issues in English. If this is how we can reach a wider audience, why not? Expressing oneself just becomes easier and more forceful if one communicates in a language one is most comfortable in. Maybe this will not sit well with many Odia speaking people, because I am talking about loyalty towards Odia culture yet not using the language to do so, but I hate to sound like a hypocrite. I am very comfortable with English. There are many people like me who are brought up outside of Odisha, and the lingua franca of people in a similar situation demands that we converse in a language that is comprehensible to most. In this case we all know that English is, whether we like it not. Speaking and writing in another tongue does not come in the way of one's loyalty towards one's own language.

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My understanding is that Ms. Mishra is referring in general to Odias living in the U.S. Their attitude sounds all too familiar. But I am referring to a pan-Odia diaspora. It has been a long but simmering question in my mind as well. What's there not to be proud of, and identify with your own community? When I look at Odisha, its culture and traditions, there is hardly a culture that can rival ours. Every aspect of Odia culture be it art, architecture, literature, music, dance, commercial and military achievements, maritime activities, folk and tribal art, textiles and jewelry, are examples of cultural excellence. The cuisine of Odisha dates back thousands of years, and has a tradition of cooking that has remained unbroken for the past 2000 years. The entire eastern region in India has been heavily influenced by the cuisine of the Puri Temple. So, why the hesitancy? Is it because there is too much pettiness and jealousy, or rivalry among members of a family and society that leaves people with a distaste for their own kind, or the hardships of eking out a living is so high that all else is left by the wayside? Is our culture so



tarnished that no one should know? I have lived in other parts of India, and believe me, negative behavior is very much a part and parcel of other communities as well. Going by this argument, there are ills in the Indian society so repugnant that one should abandon the Indian identity altogether. Are there not equally, or more disgusting indulgences in today's world? The list is endless when it comes to negative human behavior. This also applies to many societies in the world. So this rules out as being a reason to avoid identifying as Odias. I have met some of the kindest and most generous hearted Odia people in my lifetime, and nothing is going to make me think there is a lack of goodness in our community. Post-colonial mentality still exists till date in many ways. The British have long gone, but pretensions to aristocracy and class discrimination goes hand in hand with caste-ism. I think elders of a family most probably feel a sense of pride when their children can rattle off in English when they couldn't. It elevates their status in front of all and sundry. In a society where, being wealthy and educated is the privilege of a few, being able to speak in English is something to crow about. Trying to project oneself as being above the mundane populace by having one's children speaking and behaving as un-Odia as possible is a feather in the cap for many. But at the same time, holding on to certain age-old traditions is important because it defines who you are, what family you come from, what caste or community you belong to, etc. The toll it takes living such a hypocritical life leads to confusion and alienation. What comes in the way of a truly united Odia front is the ability/inability to speak English, the chasm between the well off and the not-so, and caste barriers, which define social behavior.

This gives pause for thought, and a lot of soul searching to find answers. After reading up the history of Odisha and having discussions with my parents and elders, I got a better insight into Odia behavior. I strongly feel much of the attitude and state of the Odia psyche lies in its history. They suffer from what I feel is a collective conscious of a perceived sense of inferiority. The repercussions of Odisha's turbulent past are felt even today especially in terms of having an identity. The last four hundred years have been especially trying for the Odia people. Looking at the political history of Odisha, it doesn't come too much as a surprise. With the advent of Mughal and Maratha rule from the 16th century, there commenced major disruption of lives. Dismembered during the colonial rule, its people were torn between two political power houses: the Bengal Presidency and the Madras Presidency. The land was divided and its people, scattered. Politically, Odias didn't have a center. And when there is an absence of a center, things fall apart. As a community Odias were linguistically over-ridden and culturally ignored, with fatal consequences. The legacy of being perceived as an inferior community continues to persist in the minds of the people because the regional administrations did what the British did to the Indian people: (1) divide and rule, (2) denigrate your own culture in favor of a so called higher and sophisticated culture. In spite of being a former political giant, an economic success story, and a cultural power house themselves, Odias learned to hate themselves and who they are. Our food was unsophisticated, our habits and customs were backward, and our language a poor imitation of Bengali. The movement underway in the early 20th century to wipe out Odia language by the intelligentsia of the erstwhile Bengal Presidency and the subsequent backlash is a watershed moment in the history of Odisha. Although it firmly established the Odia language on the linguistic map of India, it hardly did anything to change the deep rooted feeling of embarrassment of being an Odia. Even now, I find that Odia people are more willing to speak and identify with Bengalis rather their own. It has come to a point where we are taken for granted, identified rather as an extension

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of the Bengali community. Sometime ago, my sister wrote an article entitled, “*Shri Jagannath Anubhuti*”(Dharitri 9th August 2011, BBSR), about her experience in the Puri temple. She found it disconcerting that the *pandas* spoke in Bengali and couldn’t understand why. I too had a similar experience in the temple and in the *Bada Daanda* market place.

Another reason is the grinding poverty of the region that only supplemented to this feeling of inferiority. Natural calamities and the apathy of successive rulers in the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, towards its development had left the land in tatters. The poverty of Odisha is not only intolerable but unacceptable. For people forced to leave their homes in search of a livelihood, it is also heartbreaking. So by removing themselves physically from a state of poverty, they also distance themselves from unceasing despair. There by, disassociating from a culture that gave nothing but pain.

All actions of reprobation, intentional, or otherwise most probably stem from these circumstances.

Another thing I have noticed is the Odia’s morbid fear of the question, “Where are you from?” Or like Ms. Mishra has mentioned “what kind of brown are you?” There is much hesitation to answer this question. I never quite understood why it was so, until I met other Odias who told me about their own experiences. Most of them complain of another Odia’s eagerness to avoid rather than commune with a fellow Odia outside Odisha. The Odia brain goes into an overdrive trying to give an answer. Yes, I have actually heard Odias make these statements:

“What if they don’t know, and say, never heard of it, no idea...” or

“I think it is safer to hide my identity then they will not treat me like a stranger...” or

“If I say my culture is similar to so and so culture, I will be accepted...”

There are 7.3 billion people in this world; not every tribe, community or nationality is known, but they exist. I won’t know anything about my neighbors until I get to know them, or they tell. Doesn’t mean they don’t exist. It’s precisely because people don’t know that they ask. Our job is to tell them. Believe it or not, they listen. Is the embarrassment because you don’t know your own culture, or you didn’t care to know when your parents were trying so hard to teach you Odia customs and traditions? This is the perfect cue to dig up and find out about one’s heritage. Trust me; the thrill of rediscovering your own roots is an amazing adventure. Let us not assume the worst of ourselves, let us not assume people expect us to be only from particularly well known communities. What do we stand to lose? When we talk about ourselves, we will be letting the people know we exist. Over time, we will be known. It’s better late than never. It is time to face your own identity. I have a circle of non-Odia friends; when I talk about Odisha and its culture, they listen. And they are amazed. Like W.B. Yeats elucidates in his famous poem about the return of Christ, Odias will have a “Second Coming”.

With reference to a statement by Ms. Mishra about the perception among Odia youth that Odia culture is “not cool”. I get it. I was in your youthful shoes not so long ago, but I’d like to ask the Odia youth, what and how much do they know about their own culture to be judge, jury and executioner. The fabric that makes up the Odia culture and heritage is woven over a period of more than three thousand years. The warp and weft of each thread has been tested time and time again as Odisha went through triumphs and tragedies, glories and calamities. That is why, like a punching sand-bag, in spite of being ignored, abandoned, repudiated, knocked down and trampled upon; it comes right back up. Odisha is a survival



story. And that for me is very “cool”! It doesn’t have the glamor and glitz surrounding it to make it pop and appeal to a younger generation. But then, cool is a relative term subject to change as fast as one blinks an eye. Think about it: “Cool” is what appeals to all that gives instant gratification. What you find “cool” today will be “so uncool” and “so yesterday” the next instant. But if you really care to find out what is “cool” about Odia culture, you will find it in the excellence of its art and architecture, science and engineering behind the construction of temples, Pathani Samanta, textiles and handicrafts, the beauty and sensuousness of Odissi and the robust movements of Mayurbhanj Chhau, navigation and trade, the science of ancient cooking methods, the palm leaf manuscripts and much more. Odia culture is beyond “cool”, it is fascinating. If you try, even if it is out of curiosity, you will know more about Odisha and its treasures than you can imagine. If you care to find out you will be in the know. Don’t write Odisha off; you will be surprised. Read *Imaging Odisha*. Pick up any book on tourism in Odisha. Learn the art of Saora painting and *patta chitra*. Write a science report/project on ancient cooking methods of the Puri Temple, or the biggest tiger reserve in Asia at *Nandan Kanan Zoo* where Project Tiger was the most successful and present it in school. In 2008, there were 44 tigers at the reserve. Out of that, 4 were white tigers (I actually counted them all when I went there in 2008). A visit to the Chilika Lake rewards one with a glimpse of hundreds of Irrawady dolphins and thousands of tiny scarlet crabs carpeting the shores. Who says you can’t be cool and Odia at the same time? Try fusing *daskathia* to the beat of western music. Recycle old-fashioned Odia into ethnic chic. You too can be a “cool” and trendy Odia in a silk Sambalpuri prom dress and *tarakasi* jewelry. Transform boring store-bought *kurtis* and *kurtas* into hip tops and tunics, and pair them with jeggings or designer jeans and a *katki* or *bomkai* scarf. Recycle old or discarded *pipli chandwas* into satchels, cute vests and jackets and wear them over skirts or bermudas. Turn small *dhokra* metal-work pieces into pendants, bracelets and earrings. Make a statement! Think it is outrageous; fashion is outrageous. If you can pull it off, it becomes a craze and that’s “cool” for you! The possibilities are endless. What matters is how you present yourself as to who you are: your ethnic and cultural identity is what contributes to your self-identity.

Then what is the Odia identity--knowing the language, practicing traditions and customs? Is it absolutely necessary to know our culture and language in order to be proud of ourselves? If this is the case then, native Odias are the biggest offenders. They not only disregard the culture and traditions they are born into, but also forsake it when they leave Odisha. What if we don’t do a few, or more of these community identifying actions, does it mean we are not Odias? For **Non-Resident-Odias**, the culture one encounters on a daily basis is that of the host community. One’s mother tongue is spoken only at home. Our **NRO** parents may have enforced Odia traditions at home, but children also pick up on the host culture, thereby losing a genuine Odia sensibility. Probably, we have stopped thinking in Odia because English, Hindi or some other language has replaced Odia, at least in our minds. We don’t follow many of the customs, maybe because we don’t have the time or inclination; does it mean we are slowly becoming less of an Odia? I don’t think so. I personally feel if you accept who you are, irrespective of what and how many traditions or customs you follow, you are still an Odia. I have noticed most Odias struggling with an identity crisis have two separate identities: one that they project to the world outside (read non-Odia, pan-Indian, or Indo-American) and the other that they practice in their homes, or with our own kind. There has to be a merging of these two separate identities in order to feel a sense of pride and loyalty towards one’s own culture and community. It

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doesn't matter if one belongs to the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd generations of NROs.

In my opinion, we can succeed in making a “footprint” only if we take the first step to acknowledge ourselves as an Odia with roots in Odisha, even if we don't know the language properly, or are not acquainted with our culture first hand. We can't pretend to be someone we are not. We may try to hide our identity from others; can we hide our identity from ourselves? In fact, in a country like the U.S., belonging to different ethnic communities and talking about it, is encouraged. Why not take advantage of this generous situation and talk about your roots and build an identity? On the flip side, we can cry ourselves blue in the face and deny our identity, but the truth is, will the community you are trying to so desperately to identify with, accept you as their own? We all know that covert racism is practiced in this country as well. Secondly, Odias have to get out of their comfort zones, if they want people to know who they are. Our parents have always pushed us to go on the beaten path; rarely encouraged to pursue dreams that aren't necessarily becoming a doctor, an engineer, an academician/educationist, or government employees. So the result is that we hardly have any compelling public figures. Sports, entertainment and mass-media are the biggest platforms for public recognition. How many Odias have made it to these platforms--Nandita Das, Sona Mohapatra, Sniti Mishra, Bibhu Mohapatra, anyone else?

The world is changing, and changing at a dizzying pace. Old customs and ways of life are being challenged at every step of the way. What we actually have to do is teach true values, and what makes things meaningful within the context of our culture. Culture is more meaningful for children when it is related to everyday life. Every culture has its own unique way of doing so. So do Odias--in the form of personal experiences, stories, festivals and ceremonies. Our grandparents and parents have narrated things that are good and bad for us and given us pointers to make good choices.

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We also have to reinvent ourselves with the times like the rest of the world does. This is the new reality. **Visibility** and **voice** are the key words here. And these are the two things Odias don't do. We just don't make a noise. How many people know that Chaitanya Mahaprabhu is an Odia? Or Adikavi Sarala Das of the 15th century was the first poet in India to trans-create the *Mahabharata* into Odia language? Or Pathani Samanta is a mathematician and astrologer par excellence, or that Subhas Chandra Bose was born and brought up in Cuttack? It's not because we don't know (come on people, we are brought up in Odia households), it's just that most don't care. It's because of this silence our heritage is slowly, but surely being appropriated. Starting from our cuisine (! don't even get me started on this issue!) to customs, we are losing everything! Have you forgotten the Kavi Jayadev issue? The need of the moment is to help each other gain that visibility and find that lost voice. I feel, in today's world television and social media are the best means to help build a new identity for the Odias.

Another thing that struck me was that we, NROs may have a story to tell about our connection to our language and culture. I am sure most have essayed a labyrinthine journey to be where they are now. And in the process of our struggles and triumphs, somewhere along the line, we have lost touch with our roots. Perhaps, keeping pace with the challenges of migrating to a new country, managing to survive without a family support system, juggling family and occupation, adjusting to a new culture and redefining oneself in terms of the contemporary techno speed has taken a toll of what is meaningful.



I, too have a story to tell. The trajectory of my journey to being and acknowledging my Odia-ness is fraught with irony and complacency. It is a story where I travelled the internal roads to rediscover my rich heritage. Growing up, identity wasn't really a concern; I am born and brought up in an Odia family. That makes me an Odia. Where's the doubt in that? When asked where I'm from, my answer would always be—Odisha. I didn't think twice about it. But later on, what really bothered me, surprisingly not here, but in India where I grew up, was why nobody knew anything about Odias, Odisha and its culture. I agonized over this. Surely everyone does social studies, and Odisha is a politically and geographically locatable state. I mean, I know where Meghalaya is, how come anyone hardly knows Odisha? I would be insistently identified with being anyone but Odia, even though I would be very vocal about my identity. It's kind of ironical when I am told I am not a "pure" Odia because I don't know Bengali. This sounded so ridiculous to me. And I wondered why. These are some of the things that drove me to question and study the social, cultural and political history of Odisha. This is what made me delve deeper into my heritage.

My father came to the U.S. in the late 1960s to do his post graduate studies, and we followed a few years later. While learning English, I also continued to imbibe my language and customs because of my parents. After some years we went back when my father got a job offer in India. We relocated to another part of India where the process of learning yet another language became mandatory and any access to Odia language and culture outside home was impossible. Again, it was my parents who continued to carry on with our traditions at home. So I grew up speaking our language, celebrating some of our festivals, and eating authentic Odia foods, but I didn't learn to read and write Odia in spite of my mother bringing *Barnabodha* books from Odisha. I was reluctant to learn because I was already learning two more Indian languages and Sanskrit. I felt I possessed sufficient knowledge of Odia to get me by when I went to Odisha, or to converse with my relatives. There wasn't any feeling of love for the language. It was just a mode of communication. The only time I felt the need was when I wanted to have written communication with my grandmother. This need drove me to learn Odia, but it was left unfinished when she passed away. Odia customs and traditions were a part of growing up, and taken for granted. They were there. So what? I was a teenager then, and the significance of such things didn't mean much. But oddly enough, this lack of interest didn't take away from me a feeling of being Odia. My parents inculcated and imbibed in my siblings and me an unbreakable pride in being Odia. They did it in a way that was subtle and as a way of life for us as a family. My mother, in her own quiet way was determined to make us understand our identity. She would speak only Odia and patiently explain our customs and traditions. Some we accepted, others we vowed we would not as soon as we became independent. But as time wore on, we found ourselves doing what our parents taught us, following a similar path, though at times it would be a watered down version.

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In spite of this kind of upbringing, something was still missing. It was like a food preparation that had all the ingredients, but lacked one special ingredient to bring it all together. Every summer, or Deepawali vacation we would go to Odisha during my teen years and young adulthood, I would feel tongue-tied when talking to my relatives and acquaintances. I always felt, I didn't belong and it bothered me. I



couldn't talk with the typical inflection in my voice, the typical *thia-thaani*, the typical behavior that sets apart an Odia raised in Odisha and others. I felt like an outsider. I just couldn't imbibe the Odia sensibility. Later on I realized this feeling was natural and really didn't matter so long one felt one had an identity.

But all this weren't an excuse for not learning Odia. I made a choice: when I was younger and now when I am an adult. I came back to the U.S. at the turn of the century. I relearned my mother tongue because I wanted to, and I chose the mediums dearest to my heart: art and literature. I wanted to connect to my culture through these pathways. In the course of my forays into Indian literature, I discovered that I didn't know anything about the literature of Odisha. I have always been fascinated with art and architecture, society and cultures of India, and the world, but I had bypassed Odia literature. And when I did explore, it opened up a whole new world for me. Whatever my parents taught me as a youngster came back in amazing clarity. I remember listening to the Bhikari Bal's devotionals, stories my mother read from *Bhagabata Purana*, *Lakhmi Purana*, *the Daaddhaktaa Bhakti*, and my father reciting *slokas* for *Ganesh puja*, *Saraswati puja*, poems from the Panchsakhas, and talking about the unparalleled rhyming and alliterative meters in the poems of Kavi Samrat Upendra Bhanja. On lazy summer evenings in Odisha, I remember gathering every weekend with friends, neighbors and relatives to sing *bhajans*. These experiences were stored in the shelves of my subconscious. Shelved. At least, until I started looking for a topic to do research on. And so the Odia books that I had forgotten came out and took center stage on my table. I retaught myself to read and write Odia. The more I read, the deeper my fascination grew.

But I took a different approach teaching my kids about Odia culture. I don't live a traditional Odia way of life and I don't expect them to either, but I tell them stories of my growing up years which included my visits to *Mamu ghara* and *Saanta's* place, of going with my uncles and aunts to Bali Jatra, of watching *chaandi meddhas* and *baagha naachas*, of eating guavas and raw mangoes straight off the trees, of eating *aunalaa*(amla) and *khattaa koli achaar*, of spending time with my grandmother, of putting *jhoti* during *Sudasa brata* and *Manabasa Gurubaar osa*, of decorating the *tulasi chauhunra with muruja* during *Kartika maasa* and eating *habisa dalma*, of chasing monkeys off roof tops, of exploring ancestral villages and old temples, of catching tiny shrimp with my bare hands after a flood, of participating in festivals and ceremonies. These stories lead to discussions on social, religious, historical and geographical insights into our culture. I reinforce traditions by doing whatever I can when we do very selective Odia festivals at home (I don't do festivals just for the sake of doing it, or because tradition demands it; only festivals that includes them, which they can relate to). So they have learned more about Odisha in this way alone. I tell them that there are always two sides to a coin and acceptance of both sides is what life is all about. What matters is that they are taught to choose the right path. Yudhisthira was the epitome of Truth, but his weakness for gambling destroyed his family. Duryodhana was pure evil, but he was a true friend to Karna. If there is a wealth of culture and traditions, then there is also small-mindedness and gut-wrenching poverty in Odisha. I have come to a point with them where they want to know more about Odisha and go there whenever possible. In short, they want to know more about their roots and because they feel a sense of belonging and that they also have a distinct identity. This, for me is huge victory. I am now in the process of teaching them how to read and write in Odia. I can proudly say, even though I didn't grow up in Odisha, I took the knowledge imparted to me in my formative years and brought it to fruition even though it took me a while to do so. Do I know every single Odia custom and tradition, the answer is NO, but I make it a point to find out and do it if necessary. Do I cook Odia food every single day, the answer is again NO, but I can whip up an authentic Odia meal--savory, sweet and everything in between, anytime. My point here is just because you didn't learn Odia language, cuisine and traditions earlier doesn't mean you can't do it now. The least you can do is try. To parents living here, ALWAYS talk about your culture and heritage to your children. This way,



even if it feels like they're not listening, they will grow up with a sense of belonging somewhere, that they too have a place they can relate to, and not be confused.

Old traditions continue with the addition of new ones and merge. This is what keeps a culture on the roll. For Odias, this process has continued through the years for the past 3000+ years. Are we still practicing customs that are thousands of years old? Most likely not, or maybe improvised versions. Like I mentioned in reply to a Cal netter's lament about the slow erosion of Odia culture in response to the news that Odia is going to be considered a classical language: I quote myself, "I guess nothing can stop the winds of change, be it something as superficial as preferring fast food over healthy Odia food, or ignoring your own culture because it seems '*maphsalia*'. Fast food has become a boon and bane of the 'insta' generation... Think of it as the common cold; it **will** run its course before it's done..."

Let the sacrifices of people like Utkalamani Gopabandhu Das, Maharaja Krushna Chandra Gajapati, Pandit Nilakantha Das, Madhusudan Das, Fakir Mohan Senapati, Gangadhar Meher, Radhanath Ray, Bhuvananda Das, Basudeba Sudhaladeba, A. P. Patro, and public supporters, who have done so much to build an Odia identity, not go in vain. Let us support people like Prasanna Kumar Dash (Editor of *Imaging Odisha*), and the researchers who are currently proving Odia a classical language by spreading our culture. I strongly feel we have to take another look at our rich cultural heritage, take a good long hard look at ourselves, and redefine ourselves as a community. **Our culture is second to none, and neither is it an imitation or offshoot of another culture.** Once all Odias accept this, they will have an identity they can be proud of. This is the only way we can let the world know that we are as culturally distinct as any other community in the world.

Why do I care? My identity matters. Odia and Odisha matters. My parents told me, "**No matter how far you go, always remember who you are.**" This is a legacy I have passed on to my children. I do whatever I can to preserve my culture and tradition because **I am proud of who I am and what community I belong to.** I am confident our culture will endure because there are people like me who care. Ask yourselves this question: Would Odia culture have existed for more than three millennia if there wasn't anything deep or profound about it? Its people have silently endured and continued to go about their lives in spite of countless political and personal tragedies, and have managed to keep alive art, customs and traditions. Surely, this kind of resilience says something about the people who care and keep our culture alive for so long.

On the other hand, I can only feel sorry for those Odias who, in their ignorance, don't realize what a rich cultural tradition they come from, and what a profound heritage they are letting go off, because they think they are inferior to everyone else.

Nothing is really lost; all that is needed is a realization and an acceptance of who you are.

Fremont, CA
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Talking point: Odisha: her language and culture

Sri Gopal Mohanty



Bravo, Prachi Mishra for bringing this issue as a talking point. By challenging the Odia expatriates for their tokenism in preserving culture of Odisha, she as a young adult might have touched their raw nerves. Or has she? She surmises: Are they in a denial mode? Prachi is pained but not exasperated, rather has shown signs of confidence and hope and proposed concrete suggestions to parents, kids and young adults

We do think about it and talk about it among ourselves, not to the extent Prachi probably would like to see.

Let me tell my story. I moved to Delhi in 1951 and somehow was cozily sheltered in the Odia community. Yet my outside world would question me: Where am I from? The answer 'Orissa' did not ring the bell. Why, what was there from the State that would identify her? Perhaps Lord Jagannatha. In 1951 Republic Day parade, Delhi Oriya Samaj – a socio-cultural organization – had a Ratha Jatra float. In Inter-University Youth Festival at Talkatora Garden, Orissa team received first prize for their group song in 1954 and 1955. Yes, the impact – hardly noticeable. But something happened at Talkatora Garden. Eminent Hungarian indologist and art critic Charles Fabri saw a dance form from Orissa (today's *Odissi* with least sophistication) and was highly impressed by its pristine form and graceful beauty and recognized it to be definitely distinct from other dance forms - a small step then to put today's Odisha in a big picture.

At the capital city of India, I always felt awkward with a lack of identity. Of course I was an Indian and of course I have a place of birth and I had my parents. But then – my *Odisha/Odia* like *Gujju* or *Punjabi*, where is it? It was the same story when I came to NA. It became worse since I was now in real minority. I was alone. My only Odia connection was the letter correspondence. After a long year when I started speaking Odia, my tongue did not turn properly. My choice was: either I assimilate or go to hell. Then, where are '*tuhima utkala bhumi*', '*pakhALA- sAga-badichura*' or '*chitau- saruchakuLi-pithA*', '*jAtrA-pAlA*' – the essential ingredients of my identity? I felt like an orphan. I was tormented like Prachi.

In 1960, I had a miraculous opportunity to attend Indrani Rahman's dance recital in Montreal. She was superb. To me, she ignited a light within me and brought back my identity as soon as she performed Odissi with Odia music in the second half. Tears rolled down my cheeks. I could have hugged her thousand times for this gift.

The light she passed on to me was an awakening call to think of promoting and propagating Odissi in NA. That was a turning point in my life. Now I do not have to get assimilated nor do I have to go to hell.

Let me state a Gandhiji's quote: I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the cultures of all the lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any.



I believe expatriates from Odisha have similar sentiments in varying degrees. Otherwise with their small number spread over the entire continent, their achievements which are by far extremely impressive in their effort to preserve their culture would not have been possible in comparison with other linguistic groups from India. In order to appreciate their aspiration and contribution, one may read Socio-Cultural Activities of Indians in the book, "My Life and Experience in America, the Land of Milk and Honey: Memoirs of Forty Years" by Krushna Mohan Das, a founding member of OSANY (today OSA NY/NJ Chapter).

Yet I feel Prachi's point of view on tokenism. To make some sense about it is to realize Odisha's socio-economic history. Odisha has been very poor and in fact if the State is ever known to outsiders it is so for its abject poverty. Those intended to have an upward mobility have to move away to urban areas and avoid their rural counterparts who are considered to be downtrodden and way below in social ladder. Thus the rural people got stigmatized and denigrated. But paradoxically the real culture of Odisha has been very carefully preserved and nurtured by those folks in the interior parts of the State. Thus stigma for such cultural expressions has persisted all along until later when the identity realization became a necessity by a large number of persons moving upwards for improving their self image and confidence. I recall at a *pakhAla* party at our place in 1971, a few asked us to supply spoons to them. It is changing though.

We can not be like *Gujjus*, *Punjabis* or *Bangalis*. They started earlier in time and their history is different. We are moving upward in reducing the degree of tokenism. At least that is my experience. There are more families today who speak Odia at home and whose children are good in speaking. They keep in touch with Odisha. So you see their own observations in writings and on stage.

Let's be persistent.

I am not condescending. Prachi's concern and suggestions are well taken. She may think of forming a network of young adults. She may be helped by Chapters. This group may collect data on several parameters indicating the nature of promotion and propagation, such as what language is used among the family members (of course both partners have to be Odia), how many Odia activities do they attend etc.

OSA and its Chapters may be proactive in creating programmes even in a pool party or at any other gathering to follow Prachi's suggestions: ***Let's learn on Odisha.***

There is a projection on survival of languages in the evolutionary process. The prediction is Odia will disappear. I am not so sure. Odia is older than many other Indian languages (*PrAchIna bhASA*). It has survived so long and who knows what's next.

Emeritus Professor
Department of Mathematics and Statistics
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

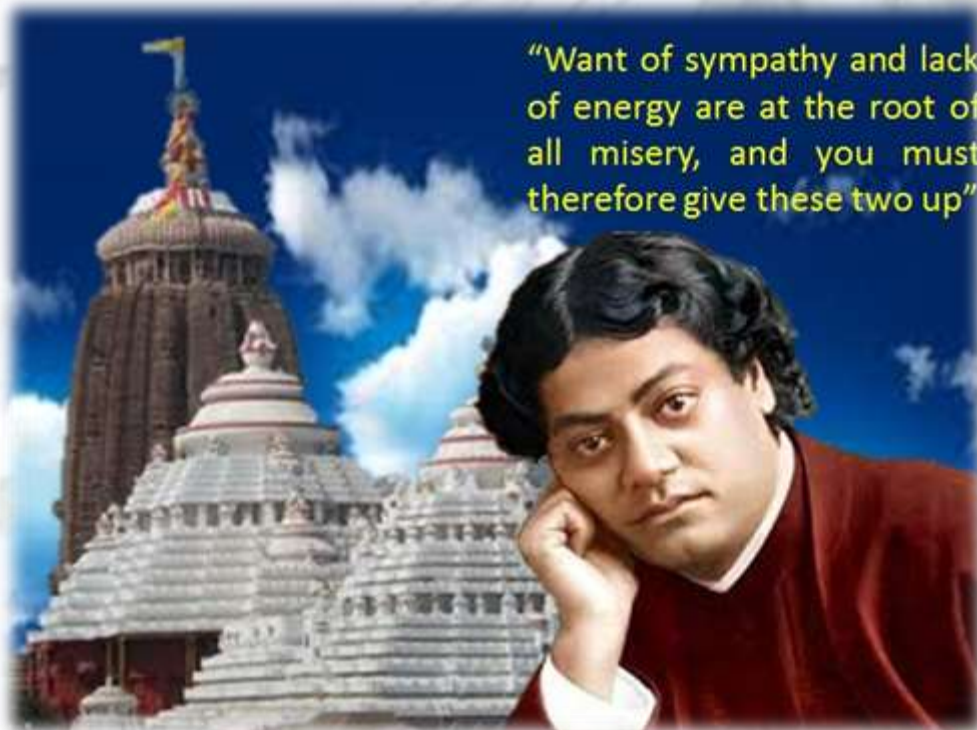
There are more families today who speak Odia at home and whose children are good in speaking. They keep in touch with Odisha. So you see their own observations in writings and on stage.



Swami Vivekananda Library – Empowering Rural Education

Prabhu Prasad Sahoo

During my last visit to my home town Puri, I also paid a visit to my friend's village in Beleswarapatana. His name is Pramod Kumar Biswal and a very good childhood friend of mine. Seeing him after long time my happiness knew no bound. His village is situated 10 km away from Puri on the marine drive to Konark. The beauty of this village cannot be explained until someone sees it. On the bank of the river NuaNai the village is also having a deer sanctuary opposite to it. Being at such a scenic location the village attracts lot of tourists every year. So obviously you can imagine the bread and butter of this village is tourism along with farming and business. So from the early age, the children here are guided to choose among one of these professions. Then Pramod took me to the community center which is at the heart of the village where the youths were busy in playing cards that time and elder people were busy in discussing on several issues in the village. Since I knew quite a number of elders there, I went to convey my respect. It was probably Lord Jagannath's wish to create this coincidence the elder people were discussing on those youths who were busy in wasting their time in playing cards and not bothering about their futures.



There are a lot of students who choose not to pursue their education beyond high school. Whoever is going to college, they just do it to have a certificate. And some more students who wants to do the job in

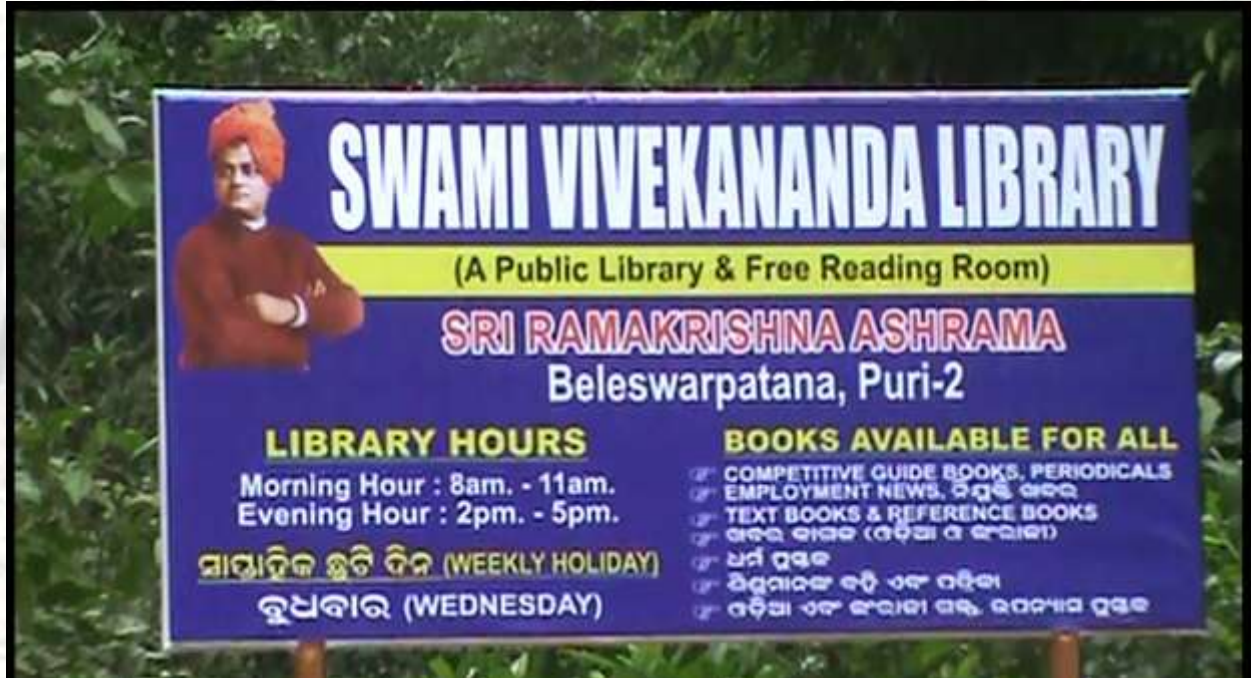


private or public sector, they do not know how to prepare and eventually end up with low profile jobs even though they have the talent.

This was enough for me and Pramod to take the decision to open a library. And coincidentally Pramod is well educated in this area. After achieving his Graduation in Economics, he obtained his Masters in Library Science. He is also having ten years of experience in working as a librarian in several organisations. With the support from some intellectual people and enthusiastic volunteers we opened this library on 29th September 2013 in Ramakrishna Ashram at Beleswarpatana. Please check out our inauguration video in the youtube link https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y1sCZxn_t1I .Being at such a strategic location , the library is now successful in attracting students from ten nearby villages which also covers 15 schools and 3 colleges. The library is well equipped with electricity, water, bookshelves and study tables.



The library is also offering free reading room facility which is now being occupied by 20 readers in the morning session and 35 readers in the afternoon session. This has a huge collection of books (numbering 563) from different sections such as Text book, Dictionary, Novel and Short Story, Children, Philosophy, Science and Technology etc. Its periodical section includes 3 Oriya papers (Samaj, Dharitri, Sambad), Times of India, Odia Nijukti Khabar, Employment News, monthly magazines like Katha, Sucharita , Paurusha, Niyati , Janhamamu, Sishu Raija and 10 others.



Library is also providing good amount of magazines and books to support the readers who are preparing for the competitive examinations. This section includes Junior Science Refresher, Competition Success Review, Wisdom, Reader Digest and examination guides for Railway, Income-tax, Sub-Inspector, Postal, Lower Division Clerk and Upper Division Clerks etc.

But this is not the end of the road for this library; we are also planning to take it beyond by introducing activities such as Basic Computer Education, Spoken English, Career Guidance and Story Telling. Where others will be held in Library, the story telling is decided to be held at a designated place in the middle of the village where mothers can easily attend with their kids (4yr-5yr). This is mainly focus on character building activities.

We have chosen many communication media to broadcast about daily activities in library. This includes distributing leaflets through local newspapers, advertising in newspaper, local cable television, sign boards and internet. You may find the details about our library by visiting us at www.aamalibrary.org and also you can follow us in the Facebook.



With the support from several well educated personality from nearby villages and a pool of volunteers (5girls and 3 boys), we are now happily managing the library under the direct supervision of Pramod Kumar Biswal.

We are hoping to have this facility in other parts of our state Odisha and we will extend our help by sharing our knowledge and expertise. By the grace of Lord Jagannath and valuable suggestions from you, we are hoping to make our service better.

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Let's Learn Odia: The Journey Continues

Kuku Das



“I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the culture of all the lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any.” –**Mahatma Gandhi**

Many times my friends have asked me about the benefits of kids learning Odia as their mother, or, in some case father tongue. They have argued that there is no need to confuse a child with too many languages as they are not going to use it in this country any way. Some of them also brought some logic with their thoughts such as learning Chinese or Spanish or Japanese is more beneficiary because the kids might use it here or have to go there for jobs in the future. If you are living in California, then learning Spanish will be more obvious! So why go through the hassle of learning another language? Again, I've tons of respect for my friends'opinions. They have the rights to entrust their belief on their children. The only belief I have is that, one fine day they will wake up and understand the value of knowing your own culture, hence your own language. Somewhere I've heard that you can change everything that you have but you can't change your parents. I have applied the same concept when it comes to my mother tongue. I always feel that it is worth to promote and propagate our beautiful language and culture and pass it to our next generation to let them know their root and identity.

“Chala Ame Odia Sikhiba” is a program which runs very successfully in the Bay Area, California since the year 2000. I was very excited when OSA established a similar project “Let's Learn Odia” in the year 2010 and I got the privilege to lead this program. While running for the OSA Vice President (2011-2013), I enthusiastically kept propagating Odia for our next generation as a priority in my vision. My goal was to start the program at each chapter level. Soon I realized it'll take many steps to reach that goal. But with keeping all my dreams intact, I brought a proposal to BOG to start an Odia speech/debate competition at chapter level during the local events. It was well approved by the BOG members and at the end, everybody came to a conclusion there is no harm in trying. My considerate teammates also agreed to release a nominal amount of \$50.00 to each chapter/location to conduct this competition. I must thank them for their continuous support and encouragement throughout to make these events possible. Many chapter Presidents and volunteers had shown a great interest of conducting the competition during their Ganesh Puja event. The responses were amazing. Following are few inspiring messages that I had received after the competition at chapter level, which has made me even more determined about my mission.

1. “We had wonderful Ganesh puja on 19th. Everybody enjoyed the odia competition. It was interesting. I have the Video. I gave \$5 each to all participants. They all tried their best. It was so much fun. 9 kids were there. I spent \$45 .Thank you”.

2. “Odia speech contest was a great success today. Nine kids participated and they all tried to express themselves all in odia...topic was “Mo Jeebanara Sarbasrestha Anubhuti”.

Everybody loved the concept. There were some grandparents from India... all of them were quite



emotional when they told me how much they loved it.

On behalf of our chapter...my heartiest thanks to you for such a wonderful effort.

We will distribute the prize money and certificates during the Kumar Poornima celebration.

I will send detail information later... just could not wait to inform you all about your great effort.

As they all said.. WE NEED TO KEEP IT UP!"

3."Here is the report of our Oriya Debate competition held on 22nd Sep '12:

The competition was concluded in great success. As I mentioned to you before, we had four participants. Each participant was well prepared and deliberated very nicely.

Even though we judged each participant based on their vocabulary, confidence and fluency, we declared each participant as a winner.

It was a very nice experience. I'll publish photos and video to spread this in our Oriya Community so we will have more participants next year".

4."Nothing is impossible; especially when parents are determined, children are willing to cooperate and community leaders are focused on achieving cultural heights in every attempt. This is what we experienced on September 22nd, after OSA NY/NY Ganesh Puja celebration. 11 participants and audience achieved remarkable success in holding first Odia Speech Contest after an elaborate worship of God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Sri Ganesh".

After receiving all these encouraging words, I must admit that my dream was flying high, my spirit was up! With that I had requested my teammates and the BOG for their permission to conduct the Champu Chhanda and Odissi competition also at the chapter level during Saraswati Puja or during the similar major chapter event. The CCO is an initiative from Mrs. Lata Mishra and has been successful during the convention. Now our goal was to bring this noble cause to chapter level to make it more effective. In this process children get to learn and practice these traditional songs way before the competition at convention. Both Odia speech contest and CCO contest helps to build a good chapter/national relationship. These competitions become a bridge to keep the relation between OSA National and the chapter members. And also, as OSA Regional Drama Festival is playing a vital role in preserving our language/culture, recent addition of children's dram to it is an icing on the cake. It's heartening to know that more and more children are interested to participate in the drama which ultimately is a unique way of propagating our language. Last but not least the Speech and vocabulary competition among the children at the OSA convention 2013 at Chicago was big success.

Audiences were mesmerized by listening to the speeches given by kids born and brought up over here. Their eloquence, use of Odia vocabulary was simply amazing and praise worthy. This noble attempt was acknowledged by many attendees including the eminent Odia writer, the Jnanapitha award winner Dr. Pratibha Ray. The awards were sponsored by Dr. Bhagabat and Puspalakshmi Sahu. With OSA executives persistent effort now Dr. Sahu has generously agreed to sponsor both CCO and Odia Speech/Vocabulary competition in the future OSA conventions. During 2011-2013, initially, we were constrained because of funds. But with the provision in constitution which frees up 25% of membership, with convention surpluses and other



fundraisers, OSA national can help sustain programs such as Regional Drama Festival, CCO and Odia Speech competition at chapter level. The recent upgrade of OSA sponsorship to the Drama Festival group is a boost to the organizers. Hope similarly the OSA will continue conducting the new tradition of chapter level speech and CCO competition during the Ganesh Puja/Saraswati Puja or any major chapter events.

With all my heart, I would like to request all the dedicated parents and community leaders to devote few minutes to help our children learn this beautiful language. They are the true torch bearer of our culture. Let them know their cultural root and true identity. They will thank you one day and you will have a sense of joy of the job well-done!

***Kuku Das has created the curriculum for a program called “Chala Aame Odia Sikhiba” and passionately devotes her time to propagate Odia language and culture. She lives with her family in Santa Clara, California. She is excited to learn about the 2014 convention theme “Odia Identity” or Odia Asmitaa” and would like to dedicate this article to the upcoming OSA convention 2014 at Ohio and wish the organizers all the best for a successful event. She could be reached at kukudas@hotmail.com**



How do I know the world?

Rohan Ray



The rich think of the world as a wonderful place with good citizens. The poor however think of the world as a place of torture, or a land of misery. But how do you think of the world? Are you the rich? Are you the poor? Or are you the average? There are many ways that I think of the world. I think of the world in general as a place to learn, and a place that is still developing and getting better in some parts of the world. I'm an average person, and I know the feelings of both the rich and the poor.

There are a couple ways I know the world. Some of the ways I think of the world are, as a place to learn and a place that is still developing and growing in many ways. I think of the world as a place to learn because people have been sent to earth for a reason. I also think that reason is to learn from your mistakes in your past lives, and correct them in your current life. Another thing I think is that god and your own souls have paired you up with people and challenges that you won't be able to conquer with your current abilities. Because of this you will have to learn more abilities to conquer your challenges. I also think the world is growing and developing in many different ways. For example there are still many countries on earth that are developing. This means that every day they are growing and getting a stronger army, or economy. Even the living things on earth are growing and developing, such as animals and plants which are still evolving today as they were many millions of years ago. These are some ways how I know the world, and its purpose.

I conclude that people think of the world in different ways, some loving it, some hating it, and some trying to change it to become perfect. However much you like it or hate it, you are on the earth for a reason and your job is to find what that reason is, and complete it. Also, whether you are the rich or the poor, there will always be happy or sad times in your life.

6th Grade at Baker Middle School, Troy, MI



The Haunted Car

Adeep Das



The world has many superstitions. Ghosts, Zombies, Vampires, and more. But, ghosts are one superstition that is very true. I live in a town where plenty of Ghost stories go round. I know because I saw one in the fall of 2012 and I have an interesting incident. During that day, my little brother and I were playing catch with a football in the front yard. We even tried throwing over the shed.

Suddenly, I heard a weird noise; I looked around and was nothing. I thought it might have been the wind and started walking past a car. I remembered seeing that car parked down the road from my friend's house.

But, this time I saw a man in the car; the man was not the owner and he looked very transparent. He was right there, but I could see right through him. Also, the man looked like a train engineer. He had a reddish- brown beard that was connected to his mustache and beard (which was also reddish brown). He also had blue eyes. After we saw him we ran in the house crying that there is a ghost in that car, there is a ghost in that car. We showed our mom but she couldn't see it because it was going down a hill at a very fast speed. We went to tell the owner, but he already knew and he was going after the car. One hour later a tow truck, ambulances, and a couple of police cars arrived. I told all the police men that I saw a ghost in the car, but nobody believed me. Everyone said that the brakes gave out, but I know that is not what really happened. It is so stupid that everybody can come up with a reasonable answer, but when I asked my dad to look at brakes, he said that they were perfectly fine. Nothing gave out. This told me that something is going on in that car. A couple weeks later, I was watching TV; an unnamed car came right through the wall and then left. I sat there, frozen for a few seconds, which felt a lot more than a few seconds. Then I got up and started yelling "Dad, Mom, Dad..." I was nearly scared to death. Now when I think about it, I feel like something happen to the car and somebody is trying to send a message to me.

Then after few days I found that the car got sold, so I was thinking I will never see the spirit again. The scary thing about this incident was that I know the truth and for some reason I am the only one always seeing that man. I have a few things that happen to me, and these event may sound crazy but I assure you it's true and that car is out there somewhere right now with that sprit.

Even if I go to different places, I always see incident happening. Weird right!

6th grade at Power Upper elementary School, Farmington Hills, MI



MONDEI NATAK MAHOTSAV

A SMALL GLIMPSE ON SOUTH WESTERN PART OF ODISHA

Bibhu Mohanty



This is about the celebration of harvest festival along with drama competition in Mondei (Dist. Nabarangpur, Odisha). Nabarangpur is situated in the South Western part of Odisha. It is bordering to Bastar District of Chhattisgarh State. Its population is dominated by tribal communities like Bhatra, Gond, Amanatya, Paraja and Kondhs. Along with those communities other categories of people belonging to different religions also inhabit here. The District is rich in agriculture and Maize is cultivated as the major cash crop. After harvesting of all crops, MONDEI festival is usually celebrated by the locales. The term Mondei has been derived from the word Mondri which means small market.

Nabarangpur District administration celebrate every year its annual cultural program in the name of MONDEI with much fanfare. It is the most popular programme of the District. The aim of Mondei is to search all hidden talents of the district and provide them a platform to perform. Before the final celebration of mondei, a series of competitions takes place in the field of art and culture. NATAK MAHOTSAV, competition of short plays is one of them. Drama troupes from 10 Blocks and 2 urban local bodies take part in the competition. Time slot for each participant is one hour. It's a week long program and widely accepted by the audiences.



(In the third evening our Papadahandi block presented a drama "BAPA")



The District Administration of Nabarangpur has initiated an effort to promote this festival, and have placed its identity on a State as well as a National Level. On the first week of November each year, a festival is organized with association of Culture Department, Government of Odisha, at the District Headquarters. Tribal dances from the interior belt of the Nabarangpur district are displayed to the invitees from different parts of the nation. Also, cultural exchange takes place between the artists of different regions.

R. K. Colony, Nabarangpur, Odisha



Food for Every Mood

Sanjna Pradhan



The Indian culture consists of many different foods and treats. Being such a populated country there is no specific food that can be narrowed down to the national food. A few of the top foods are Samosas, Aloo Paratha, Shahi Paneer, and Rasgulla. These are only a few of the many.

Utkarsa December 2013

India

Political

India, also known as the Republic of India, may only be one-third the size of the U.S.A., but it has the second-largest population in the entire world. The country is very diverse with many different languages and religions. Four of the Indian cultures were founded in the country itself, Buddhism, Hinduism, Jainism, and Sikhism. India is also known as a secular state.



[Contents](#)



Social

There are many different holidays in India that everyone celebrates with each other. With so many holidays, it wouldn't be possible to list them all, so listed are a couple of the many. Diwali is a festival celebrated mid-fall on the darkest day of that month. Diwali being the festival of lights is meant to brighten up the dark sky and rid of the evil and darkness in everybody. In spring, Holi, also known as the festival of color, is celebrated marking the first crop of the year. Everyone sprays each other with colors enjoying this joyous time of year.

As families and friends get together, they enjoy many foods and dishes, according to where they are from and share their happiness and sorrows as they forget their worries. Most celebrations and festivals consist of consuming sweets. Sweets are always a must-have at any celebration.



Economic

Having so many mouths to feed, food is an important aspect of India's culture. With farming being a large part of the economy, many citizens farm on their own land. Some of the basic crops are wheat, barley, maize, and mainly, rice. India is the top producer of rice. In the past few years, India has only been producing more and more rice and in the next couple years is expected to grow a record-breaking amount of rice.



Many individual farmers will set up vegetable or fruit stands along the sides of the street and sell it for their own money. Crops such as tea, coffee, and rubber bring in a lot of revenue for the country through exchange with foreign countries.



Religion and Philosophy

Cows are said to be a “sacred” animal in India. Indians believe the cow is holy because they provide us with so many materials we use, such as dairy products. Many years ago, cows would be given to brahmins, who were important people, as a gift. So now it is believed that killing a cow is like killing a brahmin, which would be considered a sin. So most people in India would not kill a cow to eat its meat.

Depending on where in India someone is from, they eat certain types of foods. Mostly people from the north eat meat, but don't eat pork, but there are others who would eat pork as well. There are also people from certain religions who believe it isn't religiously moral to consume meats. All across India, most people don't eat meat.



Art, Literature, and Language

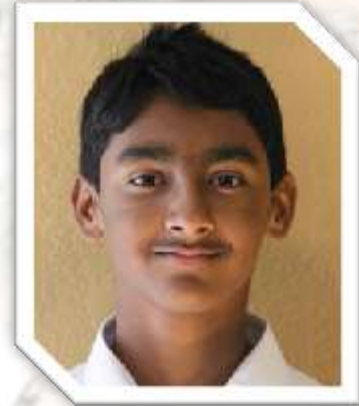


India's literature dates way back and all languages in India are based off the oldest language of the country, Sanskrit. The country revolves around many religious texts. The world's longest poem is an Indian poem called, *Mahabharata*, meaning big India. Dance is an important aspect of India's culture. There are seven Indian classical dances, each originating from different states around the country. As religion relates to what type of food you eat, so does language. There are several languages and each language comes from different states, just like dances. There are many different dishes that come from certain languages. But there are also multiple dishes that are similar throughout the entire country of India. These similarities and differences are what bring this diverse country together.



The Chicago Game

Shivank Nayak



Chicago is a city of buildings. Now, when one hears the word “city,” it’s usually assumed that the city in question will, in fact, contain buildings, as well as roads, cars and other objects that make a city something other than a large conglomeration of people. But Chicago is a city of *buildings*. It is a city where streets are defined as places between buildings, where buildings reach for the sky like they’ve got something to prove and where a newcomer feels an inexplicable sense of relief when they learn to recognize the pattern of buildings that leads to the building they know as home. Yes, as a visitor to Chicago, the first thing that struck me was the preponderance of buildings. All right, so I’d been looking at an area located near an airport, which are not known for their picturesque rural landscapes, but as far as first impressions go I think it wasn’t much more flawed than the next.

But I hadn’t come to Chicago to gawk at the buildings, or to see picturesque rural landscapes, or to try the pizza (which is delicious). I had come to play a game. A sport, if you will, a competition of knowledge. It was called Quizbowl, and to this day I feel it’s great fun. Essentially, it boils down to answering questions about history, science, literature, mythology, and current events, by pressing a button on a buzzer in order to score points. Now, the reason I and my three teammates, (who you can think of as C, A, R, with me as S- is it bad that I’ve noticed we spell out both a Disney movie and a Disney villain? Yes? Okay), ah, the reason my three teammates and I were in Chicago was that the National Academic Quizbowl Tournament for middle school was happening at the Hyatt Hotel. Now, we’d only started Quizbowl a few months back, and so we had been to just a few competitions. They’d been fun, but they hadn’t really prepared us for something of this scale. As we walked into the hotel, which had a giant cylindrical elevator in the middle and what looked like a wedding party going down the escalator,

we stopped and stared at all the people in our age group who were presumably here to compete. Some of them had *uniforms*. We’d always just worn our usual hoodies. We weren’t prepared to deal with *uniforms*, and I felt a sinking feeling that may or may not have been due to the elevator I was in at the time. In any case, we straightaway gulped down some liquid courage (Sprite), and while the soda bubbles still fizzed in our hearts, we set out to do battle with the vast and arrayed host.



It began with a series of practices, skirmishes between teams to get ready for the



true test that was yet to come. We were confused and thrown off balance at first, because the format of the games was unfamiliar; the questions shorter and games timed, rather than simply running to twenty questions. After muddling our way through a few matches, we began to get the hang of it. Our heart rates rose, our ears keen to hear the questions, searching for clues that we knew to identify the answer. This monarch? Now we knew what they were asking for. Russian-sounding names? Start listening for familiar clues about notable czars. The question drew closer to the end and we strained to hear something that would be conclusive, to pick the answer from the choices we could think of. And then, when we heard that this ruler forced people to shave their beards, all buzzed at the famous eccentricity. “Peter the Great!” the person with the best reflexes called, and rejoiced in the points and the bonus questions the triumph had brought. With each correct answer the war cry of “Nice!” went up from my teammates. So it went, and we allowed ourselves to get caught up in the games. Eventually, practice was over, and we filed back up the escalators and through the elevators and into our rooms.

And then came the actual competition, and we got nervous all over again.

We knew, now, the way the questions would go. We knew how to play and what to say and we felt the wish to win. But we had come a long, long way and there were *so many people*. Surely they’d be too good. We couldn’t be sure we could beat the teams we had in practice; what if they’d been holding back? Arguing ourselves into a panic, we exchanged encouragements and advice, entered the first game, and braced ourselves. This would be the true contest, the biggest we’d ever participated in, our one chance to really go up against teams from all around the country. We were, I believe, as ready as could be expected, and we set out with the thought that at least winning one game would be nice. The moderator looked up, the clock started, and the tournament began.

It was, fortunately, totally awesome. We went up against a range of people, some of which we, let’s say easily crushed and some of which we “narrowly” lost to, clearly because of bad luck or something equally excusable. Okay, we lost some and we won some. But every game was a burst of adrenaline that was better than a slice of cake and Halloween candy, and as the games rolled by we became more comfortable with the entire event. C dominated history like he’d witnessed the rise and fall of countless countries, R took literature by storm, and A’s pretty much encyclopedic knowledge of science came in great handy. I was myself fairly miscellaneous, though any myth question I pounced upon and tore into like a bag of chips. In the end, we got third place, and we were both surprised and happy, apologizing for our individual mistakes and congratulating each other on particularly good buzzes. We headed out to the airport in a daze of joy and a kind of tired satisfaction. It was an important experience for all of us. I would say that this event, in my life, has determined a hobby that has brought me glee and knowledge, and even friendship. Chicago, indeed, is a city whose buildings are only the surface of such happenings.

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The Walls of Friendship

Parneeta Mahapatra



When friends argue,
The walls of their friendship break.
Things that should've been secret,
Spill out in the open like wildfire.
They go around person to person,
And cause them to turn backs.
The harm is done,
The friends are broken plates.

The words cannot be pulled back,
Never in time.
Peace cannot be made between them.
Trusting is now a fear.

But broken bones can be set,
And deep wounds can be healed.

Maybe an a few years,
They'll meet and forgive,
They'll see and forget,
They'll carry on and live.

Grade 8
Chattanooga Schools for Liberal Arts
Chattanooga, TN



Houston Ratha Jatra Systems – An Experimental Observation

Raghu Dass



The first weekend of October brought a cool spell to Greater Houston this year. It was a breath of fresh air agog with fall festivities in temples: an auspicious beginning of Sharad Navaratri, Mahalaya and Durgapuja. Gandhiji's birthday and a wait for Nobel Prize announcements from Sweden coincide with the time. Odias are not far behind in Houston. This is a great time to be part of Annual Dasahara/Deepavali Mela in Skeeter Stadium show-casing diversity to celebrate Ram's return to Ayodhya. Odias are taking major interest in Ram Lila this year. Dramatist Gopal is busy recruiting Asura characters from Odias to be part of Ravana Sena including kids in Ram's Banara Sena.

This time of the year, students across the country pick up their scientific testable questions in elementary schools to middle schools to hone their STEM skills on scientific processes. President Obama's education initiative is to improve the science and math education in the US. The senators and congressmen fail their duty to reach a solution to bury their differences. They prove to be ineffective due to an ongoing federal Govt shutdown at Washington DC. But they do not want their students fail in science and math. This discomfiture is itself a testable question on goal of democracy – a quantifiable political dependent variable. Observations remain a great tool to our senses in our environment.

In physical sciences, we test and observe the results in a phenomenon. In spiritual world, the result is not quantifiable as more than seven billion independent variables excluding other sentient beings have their independent perceptions of the reality. There is a lack of a standard in spiritual domains unlike physical instruments. Experience remains the tool to understand and experience spiritualism. The field of spiritualism pervades our subconscious state of our beings and well connected with our experience through senses. It may bring consciousness home in our devotion to Lord of Universe, a powerful spiritual symbol with a global vision. He may have the unseen power to unite our subconscious minds to glorify Him. We move and act like god particles during Ratha Jatra through His immeasurable force or juggernaut.

This year my interest is in the original Houston Ratha being short-listed to show case Odia identity in the Ram Lila parade. It has been a phenomenal journey to celebrate Lord Jagannatha's best pastime, Ratha Jatra in Houston. Every year Houstonians look forward to this vedic parampara with religious fervor far away from Jagannath Puri. For me it is very special. I visit Ratha Jatras around the world including my first US Ratha Jatra in Nashville in 1992 organized by an Odia initiative. Austin Rath Jatra kick-started Houston Ratha Jatra. I remember working together with Odia culture enthusiasts. It was a defining period in 2008 when Houstonians gathered together in the newly constructed India House venue to see a piece of Odia Culture amidst the bejeweled eyes of budding Odissi dancers. In fact, first Houston Ratha Jatra inaugurated 6-million dollar India House Facility. People came to know about the energetic Odias for the first time marshalling the jatris with single-minded devotion to Lord of the Universe. All were



united. It was a marvelous feat. Chakadola led Odisha Culture in Houston.

Every year new volunteers and groups become part of this glorious tradition. It was a great observation to see temples were as eager as Houstonians to offer service during Ratha Jatra. Odias are passionate about their culture to flourish in a foreign land. A few great Houstonians became integral part of the annual festival. Every year they came eagerly to offer service forgetting their origin to be part of a universal culture with global vision. Houston Rath Jatra became a melting pot of cultures. It has become very popular. People want to glorify Him.



An Odia devotee envisioned Lord Jagannatha in her innovative way. She convinced her husband to construct a Chardham temple to have place of pilgrimage in one place for many. To their surprise, another two Ratha Jatras added to the original one comfortably. For me, it is a great blessing to see Ratha Jatras are observed on different days to get Lord's bounty of blessings and popularizing Odia Culture. I knew that it was not easy to pack Odias together during the formative years. Now I see Odias are charged up with good spirit and devotion with tan-man-dhan to contribute to this great cause. Now-a-days, I enjoy observing the evolution of body, mind and spirit in this unique community development endeavor.

Youth add to the energy and our kids are having their fair share of cultural exposure. Odias are not holed up in their cocoon any longer. Odia culture is in full display. Wrinkles in human emotions surface in community work. Positive

understanding, gregariousness and fellow feeling spark friendship and make our journey lighter. Two heads are better than one. I marvel at the human potentialities and possibilities. Jaya Jagannath!

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Cover Story

Three Odisha Cyclones: A Personal Account

Phailin 2013, The Odisha Supercyclone 1999, The Cyclone of October 14, 1942

Lalu Mansinha



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In a narrow strip of land, between the ocean and the south end of Chilika Lake, is a village named Nandala. These days one can reach Nandala from the National Highway NH5, past Balugaon, turning onto Malud Road. Prior to the sixties one could reach Nandala only by bullock cart over a dirt track in the summer, or by boat when the lake level was too high, and the track was under water. On reaching Nandala, you can go north along the sandy field tracks, and about two kilometers from Nandala, near the lake, you will see a large flat open field, with no crops. The field is surrounded by thorny *kia* (also known as *kewda*; and *Pandanus*) bushes. On closer look, you will see that there is something incongruous about this field; there is a meter high *tulasi chowra*, on the north side of the field, towards the lake. Normally a *tulasi chowra* would be in front of a home, or in a courtyard, not in the middle of nowhere. But there are no houses nearby. On looking around, you see faint traces on the ground, which on closer inspection turn out to be outlines of walls and homes. With a little further exploration you can make out that this was once a long village. If you closed your eyes you would imagine lots of life in a bustling village. The *tulasi chowra* marked the center and front of the village homes. I know Nandala because this is my ancestral village, the village of my father, the poet Mayadhar Mansinha.

Bapa had left Nandala as a teenager, to get an education, and then employment, but he never really left Nandala. Wherever Bapa was posted, every summer we all went to *gan* (village). Each trip was like a major expedition, involving a mountain of luggage (water in a *surai* to drink on the 24hr journey, meals, bedding for evryone), travelling by bus, train, bullock cart and/or boat. By modern standards Nandala of that time would have been held up as an example of extreme rural poverty. But as children we loved Nandala, playing on sand, eating the fabulous fish, shrimp, *tampda* (dried salted prawns), *sukhua* (dried salted fish) and of course the tastiest crabs in the world. *Lanka Amba* (cashew) trees grew in profusion and we used to eat the ripe fruit. If you have not tasted Nandala cashew roasted in the shell on sand in a pot, still warm off the pot, then you have not tasted cashew at all. At night we slept in the houses with mud walls and thatched roofs, lulled by the sighing of wind blowing through the *jhaun* (casaurina) forests, and the roar of the distant ocean waves, just 2km away.



In 1942, Bapa was the Headmaster of Athgarh High School. We lived in a house on a hill; on one side we could see the house of the Dewan, and on the other side the palace of the Raja of Athgarh. I was 5 years then. I remember one storm, with several days of wind and rain, and of wet banana leaves, palm leaves and mango trees swaying in the garden. Days later word came that this very same storm had wiped out Nandala. Nandala was gone, blown away by the wind and washed away by the salt water. I heard many times - *luni pani asila - sabu bhasi gala* -- the salt water came and everything floated away. The tulasi chowra in the field is the only structure that remains of the Nandala of 1942.

Over the years the great flood would crop up repeatedly in family conversations, and when we visited Nandala. Bu I have no memory of how many people were lost, and how many nearby villages were also lost. My considered opinion is that Nandala was washed away by the Cyclone of October 1942. Apart from the lives lost, this cyclone led directly into the Bengal Famine of 1943, which resulted in the deaths of some 3 million people.

I had a brush with another Chilika storm, heard as stories from Bapa and Bou, but I have no memory of it. I am guessing that it was in 1940 or 1941. We were proceeding from Rambha to Nandala by boat, when a sudden violent storm came up. The boat was tossed around by the winds and waves, and the boatmen could barely control the vessel. Bapa and Bou were certain that the end had come. They begged the boatmen to save the baby boy somehow and take him to Nandala. That baby was me. Luckily, we all survived.

The Cyclone of 1942 October 14

The storm that destroyed Nandala in 1942 was the Bengal cyclone of October 14, 1942. The cyclone made landfall in Midnapur-Contai region of Bengal Province, which at that time included both West Bengal and Bangladesh. The initial death toll was estimated to be 11,000, just from Midnapore and Contai. In Odisha the cyclone caused severe damage in Balasore District, and in Mayurbhanj, Puri, Nandala Cuttack and Ganjam Districts. Information on the 1942 Bengal Cyclone is sketchy; wind gusts of 240 kmh (140mph). The cyclone continued to wreak havoc on eastern Bengal also and the final fatality estimates go as high as 75,000.

In 1942 the most destructive war in human history was raging. Humans were killing humans with the most efficient killing weapons ever designed, resulting in the deaths of some 75 million people by 1945. The once mighty British Empire was reeling from repeated defeats inflicted by Japan. Japan had driven out the British, Dutch and French and was in control of Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and Burma, most of coastal China, and India was next. The Indian Ocean was dominated by Japanese naval and air forces. The British in India were fearful of a very real threat of a Japanese attack on eastern India. Wartime rumours abounded, including a rumour of a Japanese landing at Berhampur. Any news that might help the Japanese invasion, including weather related news, was censored and was not allowed to be printed or broadcast. In this background the death of 11,000 people on October 14, 1942 was hardly noticed by the world. News that a cyclone had occurred on October 14, and had caused massive destruction and loss of life was excruciatingly slow to get out. Humanitarian relief help was too little and too late. In fact the first official statement about the cyclone of October 14 was issued by the Government of Bengal on November 2! A detailed reports, together with appeals for international help, were printed in The Times of London on January of 1943, some two and half months after cyclone.



Tropical Cyclone Formation Regions

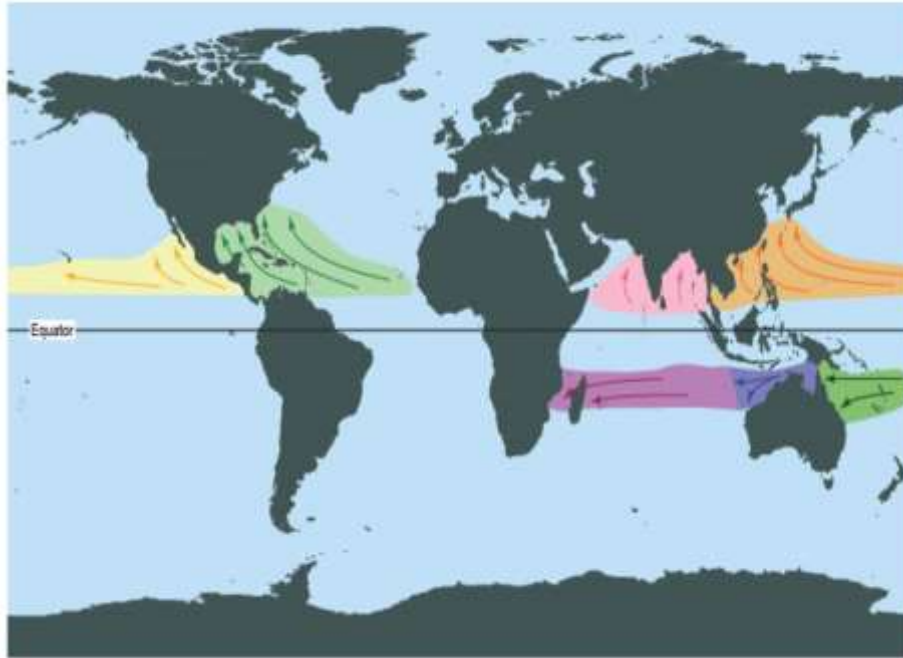


Fig. 1. Locations of the Tropical Cyclone formation 'basins'. There are seven basins, shown above in different colors. The two basins of importance to India are the Northern Indian Ocean (in pink), monitored by the Indian Meteorological Department (IMD) and the North West Pacific Ocean (in dark yellow), monitored by the Japan Meteorological Agency.

The massive assault on Midnapur and Contai was because of the proximity of the landfall. There is no doubt that neighbouring Baleswar would have suffered equally. We also know of the destruction in Ganjam, Puri and other coastal districts. Yet there is no mention of Odisha (Orissa) in any of the published reports. In a paper by P. Chittibabu et. al (2004) we find the following description "Very severe cyclone hits Balasore district. Mayurbhanj, Puri, Cuttack, Puri and Ganjam districts were also affected". "Exhaustive effects of damage contained in 12 files of the Revenue Commissioner".

Apart from the World War, a major factor of slow reaction to the cyclone was that all the common hi-tech tools in use today to track, study and model cyclones had not yet been invented, developed, or unknown in India. That much of the technology in use today did not exist at that time, needs some emphasis, particularly for those who cannot imagine life without cellphone, computers, the web and TV. In Nandala, as in all coastal villages, there was no telephone, no electricity, no radio. TV, BW and Color, was yet to be invented, or had not yet reached India. There was of course no satellite tracking of the cyclone. Rockets capable of launching satellites were yet to be designed. The first large rocket, the V2 rocket weapon, would be launched by Germany in 1944 against Britain. Man made satellites, to be launched by huge rockets, yet to be designed in the future, were in the realm of science fiction. The first spacecraft, the Sputnik I, was yet to be launched by Soviet Union in 1958. So there was no space tracking of the cyclone. Our first space view of the spiral storms, rotating anticlockwise had to wait until 1961.



Cyclone Structure and Formation

Ranging upward to 15km, and extending horizontally to about 500km, a cyclone is a gigantic engine that allows the oceans to cool off by transporting the heat to the upper atmosphere, and in the process deliver vast quantities of rain to the land. From space a cyclone on Earth is a beautiful white spiral cartwheel, with a eye in the center. Of course on the ground the buffeting winds and the rain, and the storm surge make the cyclone an ogre to fear, not an object of beauty.

To understand the deaths and destruction caused by Tropical Cyclones, we have to understand a little bit about the formation and structure. The cyclones (and typhoons and hurricanes) form over seven ocean basins, within a very narrow latitude band. No cyclones form between 5⁰N and 5⁰S of the equator, The World Meteorological Organisation has assigned the responsibility for monitoring each basin to specific organisations. The Indian Meteorological Department (IMD) monitors the Northern Indian Ocean, shown in pink in the figure below. The North West Pacific Ocean basin, shown in dark yellow, is the responsibility of the Japan Meteorological Agency (JMA). As we shall see, Cyclone Phailin was first detected by JMA as a small depression in the western Pacific, before it crossed over to the Andaman Sea and then monitored by IMD. Earlier, the first warning of the Odisha Supercyclone of 1999 came from the Joint Typhoon Warning Center (JTWC) at Hawaii, run by the US Navy.

The warm ocean waters evaporate and heat up the air, causing moisture laden warm air to rise. The rising air lowers (or depresses) the barometric pressure, hence the term *tropical depression*. Clouds form as the rising moisture laden air cools. Cooler air from the surrounding area, which are at a slightly higher pressure, blow in towards the low pressure region. Anything that moves on the Earth experiences a small deflecting force caused by the rotation of the Earth. When we walk, drive or fly, each of us is subjected to the same deflecting force, called the Coriolis Force.. But the force is so slight that none of us actually feel the force. Even though the deflection is small, a surface wind blowing over a long distance will curve to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern hemisphere.

With the warm ocean feeding more energy, the system gets bigger and the wind velocity increases. The India Meteorological Department (IMD) classifies storm severity by the maximum wind velocity (Table I). As the storm becomes more powerful, with increasing wind velocity, the Tropical Depression progresses to Deep Depression. When the wind velocity reaches 74mph, we have a Cyclonic Storm. Later on in this article, we will see, from satellite infrared photos, the progression of cyclone Phailin from a Depression to a Super cyclone, and then onto dispersal over India.

Table I: India Meteorological Department Storm Classification

<i>Category</i>	<i>Abbrev.</i>	<i>mph</i>	<i>km/h</i>
Depression	D	<37	<59
Deep Depression	DD	38-43	61-69
Cyclonic Storm	CS	44-62	70-100
Severe Cyclonic Storm	SCS	63-82	102-131
Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	VSCS	83-148	133-239

The wind blows in spiral paths towards and around the calm, roughly circular center of the cyclone, called the *Eye*, bounded by the *Eyewall*. The strongest wind velocity in a cyclone is in the eyewall, but in the eye, normally 20 to 30 miles wide, it is relatively calm. The eye is the warmest part of the storm. The eyewall is a wall of thunderclouds. The eyewall has the most rain and the strongest winds of the storm, gusting up to 225 mph in severe storms. The smaller the eye, the stronger the winds. The winds spiral in



a counterclockwise direction into the storm's low-pressure center. In addition to rotating with wind speeds of at least 75 mph, a hurricane travels relatively slowly across the ocean or land, usually at about 20 to 25 mph.

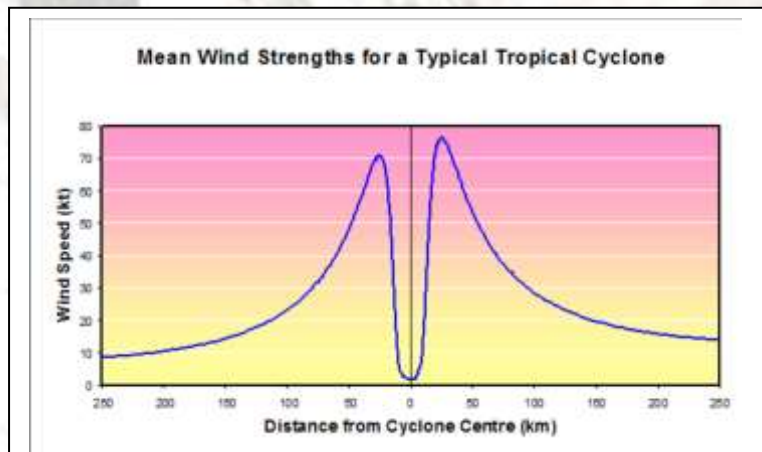


Fig. 2. The center of a cyclone, in the eye, the wind speed is low. Just a short distance away, inside the eyewall, maximum wind speeds are recorded.
<http://www.bom.gov.au/cyclone/about/intensity.shtml>

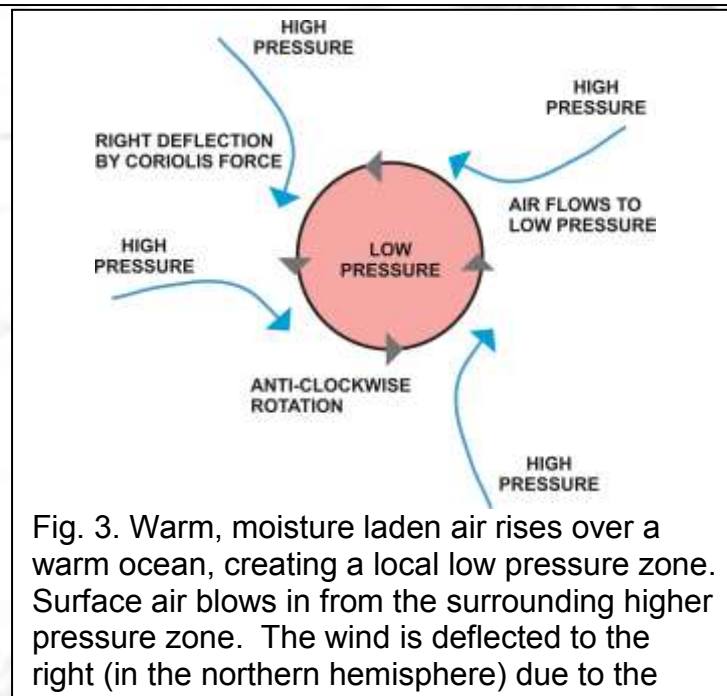


Fig. 3. Warm, moisture laden air rises over a warm ocean, creating a local low pressure zone. Surface air blows in from the surrounding higher pressure zone. The wind is deflected to the right (in the northern hemisphere) due to the

The spiral arms, extending from the eyewall, are known as 'rain bands'. There is usually heavy rain fall, in the eyewall as well as in the rainbands. There are also thunderstorms associated. The maximum wind speed, upto 350kmh, and maximum rain, is in the eyewall. Within the eye it is calm, with very low air pressure, and very low wind velocity. The entire system drifts at a low speed, about 10kmh, towards land. The arrows in each of the seven cyclone basins show the average drift direction.

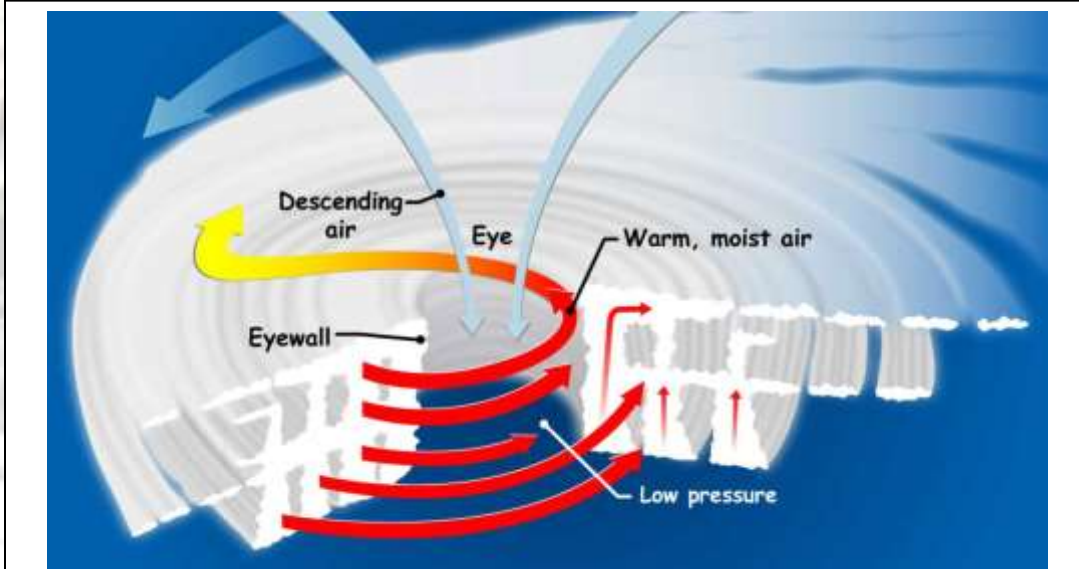


Fig. 4. The Eye at the center may extend upwards to 15km, and the cyclone may be 1500km in diameter. Moisture laden warm air (shown in red) blows in an anticlockwise direction (in the Northern Hemisphere), rising upwards. The cooled air (shown in blue) returns mostly at the periphery, but also in the eye. There is heavy rain and thunderstorms in the rain bands (shown in white). The maximum wind speed and maximum rain is in the eyewall.

While most of the destruction caused by a cyclone is by the wind and rains, the maximum deaths are due to the storm surge. A storm surge is caused by the piling up of water just ahead of the eye on the land side. If the cyclone hits land at high tide, then the combined heights of high tide and storm surge can increase the destructive effects.



Fig. 5. A Storm Surge is a rise in water level on the land side of a cyclone eye. As the cyclone approaches land, the storm surge gets higher. Higher water level at high tide increases the effect of the storm surge in coastal areas

Several factors determine the destructiveness of a cyclone: (1) Height of storm surge; (2) Maximum sustained wind speed; (3) Amount of rainfall; (4) Horizontal drift rate; (4) Size of eye. We will discuss these factors later, in connection with the Odisha Super cyclone of 1999.

Major Cyclones

Table II. Deadliest Cyclones.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_natural_disasters_by_death_toll

Rank ♦	Death toll ♦	Event ♦	Location ♦	Date ♦
1.	500,000	1970 Bhola cyclone	East Pakistan (now Bangladesh)	November 13, 1970
2.	300,000 ^[11]	1839 India Cyclone	India	November 25, 1839
2.	300,000 ^[12]	1737 Calcutta cyclone	India	October 7, 1737
4.	229,000	Super Typhoon Nina—contributed to Banqiao Dam failure	China	August 7, 1975
5.	200,000 ^[13]	Great Backerganj Cyclone of 1876	India (now Bangladesh)	October 30, 1876
6.	150,000 (30,000 to 300,000) ^[14]	1881 Haiphong Typhoon	Vietnam	October 8, 1881
7.	138,866	1991 Bangladesh cyclone	Bangladesh	April 29, 1991
8.	138,366	Cyclone Nargis	Myanmar	May 2, 2008
9.	100,000 ^[15]	1882 Bombay cyclone	India	1882
10.	80,000 ^[16]	1874 Bengal cyclone	India	October, 1874



Table III. Major Cylcones

.Place of landfall	Date of landfall	Maximum sustained winds (kmph) - estimated on the basis of satellite imageries
Chittagong	13 November, 1970	224
Chirala, Andhra Pradesh	19 November, 1977	260
Rameshwaram	24 November 1978	204
Sriharikota	14 November, 1984	213
Bangla Desh	30 November, 1988	213
Kavali, Andhra Pradesh	9 November, 1989	235
Machlipatnam, AP	9 May ,1990	235
Chittagong	29 April, 1991	235
Teknaf (Myanmar)	2 May, 1994	204
Teknaf	19 May, 1997	235
Paradip, Orissa	29 October, 1999	260
89.8 ⁰ E, Bangladesh	15 November, 2007	220
16.0 ⁰ N, Myanmar	02 May, 2008	200

Odisha Cyclones

The list of major Odisha cyclones (Very Severe Cyclonic Storm and above) is from the IMD web page. Lest we think 12 storms is not too many, the complete list of Odisha cyclones given in Chittibabu *et al* (see reference below) covers 11 pages and mentions 128 cyclones. The IMD was formed in 1875. Prior to this year the list of cyclones can be considered as incomplete. Of the 12 major Odisha storms listed in the table below, 5 (40%) are considered supercyclones.

Using statistical techniques Chittibabu *et. al.* conclude that the return period of a 1999 type supercyclone is about 50 years, i.e. such an event is likely to occur once every 50 years. During the 19th century there were 72 flooding event associated with cyclones, and 56 flooding events in the 20th century. There is no statistical evidence that frequency or number of cyclones has increased in recent times. Chittibabu *et. al.* conclude that the impact of cyclones has increased because of increase of population and increase of coastal infrastructure.

The frequency of cyclones hits on coastal districts of Odisha is given below. Balasore, Puri and Ganjam districts appear to attract more cyclones.

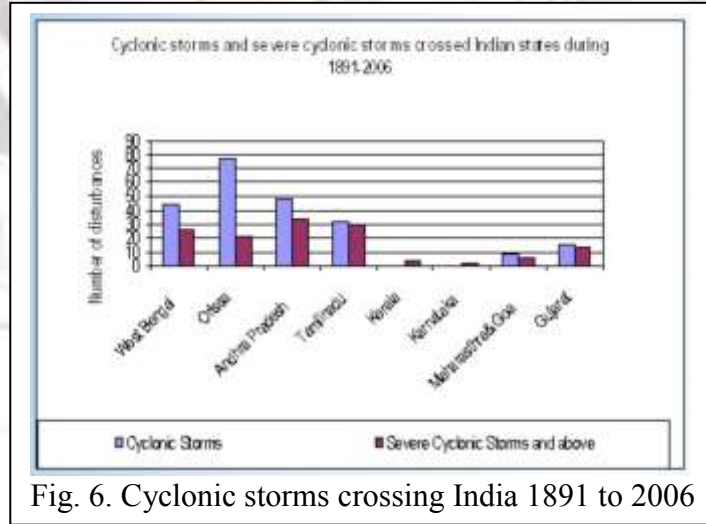


Fig. 6. Cyclonic storms crossing India 1891 to 2006

Fig. 7. Cyclone landfall in coastal districts of Odisha from 1877 to 2000.
From Chittibabu et. al. (2004)

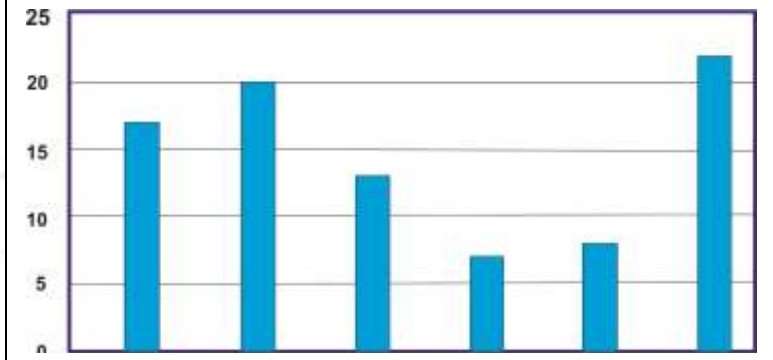




Table IV. Major Odisha Cyclones from 1737 to 2000. From the Odisha State Disaster Management Authority (OSDMA),
<http://www.osdma.org/ViewDetails.aspx?vchglinkid=GL002&vchplinkid=PL005>

Sl.No.	Date/Year	Category of Cyclone	Landfall and loss
1.	7-12 October, 1737	Super Cyclone	Crossed West Bengal Coast over Sunderbans
2.	31 October, 1831	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed Orissa Coast near Balasore, Loss of life-50,000
3.	2-5 October, 1864	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed West Bengal Coast near Contai
4.	1-2 November, 1864	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed Andhra Pradesh near Machilipatnam
5.	22 September, 1885	Super Cyclone	Crossed Orissa Coast at False Point, Loss of life- 5000
6.	14-16 October, 1942	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed West Bengal Coast near Contai
7.	8-11 October, 1967	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed Orissa Coast between Puri and Paradeep
8.	26-30 October, 1971	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed Orissa Coast near Paradeep, Loss of life- 10,000
9.	14-20 November, 1977	Super Cyclone	Crossed Andhra Coast near Nizampatnam
10.	4-11 May, 1990	Super Cyclone	Crossed Andhra Coast about 40 Km S-W of Machilipatnam
11.	5-6 November, 1996	Very Severe Cyclonic Storm	Crossed Andhra Coast near Kakinada

The reader is referred to the recent paper as a authoritative resource on Odisha cyclones 1737 to 2000:

P. Chittibabu, S.K. Dube, J.B. MacNabb, T.S. Murty, A.D. Rao, U.C. Mohanty and P.C. Sinha

Mitigation of Flooding and Cyclone Hazard in Orissa, India

Natural Hazards 31: 455-485, 2004.

At the time of publication S.K. Dube, A.D. Rao, U.C. Mohanty, and P.C. Sinha were at the Indian Institute of Technology, Delhi. P. Chittibabu, J. B. MacNabb and T.S. Murty were with W.F. Baird & Associates, Ottawa, Canada. A major part of the study was supported by a grant from the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA).



The Odisha Super Cyclone of 1999

Every once in a while an exceptionally brutal calamity makes a mark on the people, the society, in culture and literature. The 1999 Odisha Supercyclone was such a 'game changer'. One lasting effect of this cyclon has been that the World Meteorological Organisation (WMO) decided in 2000 to start naming cyclones in the North Indian Ocean. Eight countries submit names to form a list from which cyclones are named in sequence. The eight countries are Bangladesh, India, Maldives, Myanmar, Oman, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Thailand. In 2004 the first cyclone in the North Indian Ocean was named *Onil*.

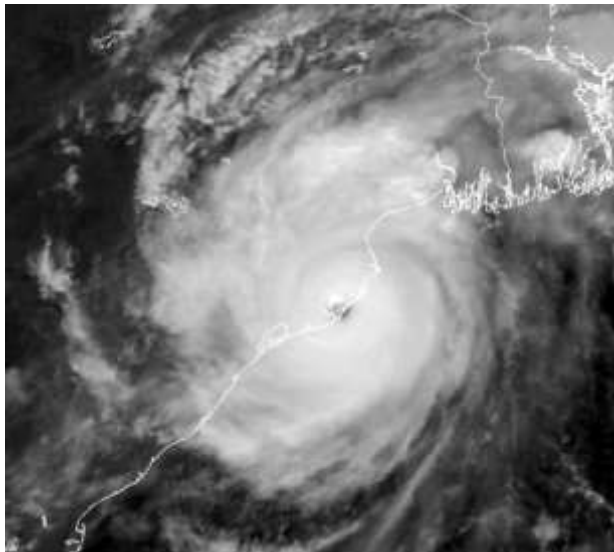


Fig. 8. Landfall of the Odisha Supercyclone on October 29, 1999 at 0600UTC.

Wikipedia http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Cyclone_05B.jpg



Fig. 9. Track of the 1999 Odisha Supercyclone. The dots are at 6 hr intervals, 4 dots per day. The color of the dots shows progression from Tropical Depression to Supercyclone as the storm gained strength. The stalling of the storm about 50 km inland, and then slowly drifting back caused the massive destruction inflicted by the storm.

Category	Wind speeds
Five	≥70 m/s, ≥137 knots ≥157 mph, ≥252 km/h
Four	58–70 m/s, 113–136 knots 130–156 mph, 209–251 km/h
Three	50–58 m/s, 96–112 knots 111–129 mph, 178–208 km/h
Two	43–49 m/s, 83–85 knots 96–110 mph, 154–177 km/h
One	33–42 m/s, 64–82 knots 74–95 mph, 119–153 km/h
Additional classifications	
Tropical storm	18–32 m/s, 35–63 knots 39–73 mph, 63–118 km/h
Tropical depression	<17 m/s, <34 knots <38 mph, <62 km/h

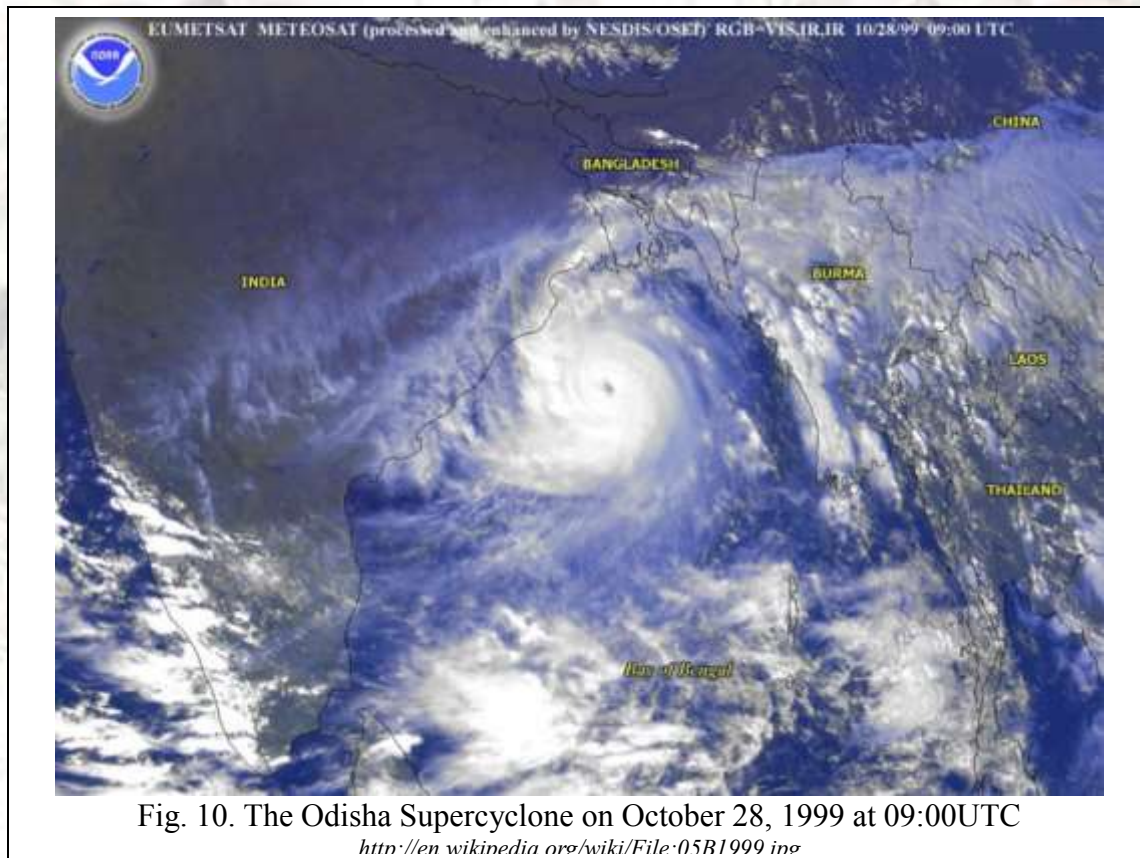
This cyclone was originally named (numbered) as Tropical Depression 05B on October 25, 1999 by the IMD. As it gained energy, it was renamed Tropical Storm 05B on October 26; Cyclone 05B on October 27. This cyclone was the first to be named a Super Cyclonic Storm in the North Indian Ocean; and is now commonly referred as the Odisha Supercyclone of 1999.



On October 28, the cyclone had windspeeds of 300kph (185 mph), equivalent to a Category 5 hurricane. It hit the Odisha coast near Bhubaneswar on October 29, and stalled about 30 miles (50km). The storm surge along the coast was 8meters (26ft). The 1999 Annual Tropical Cyclone Report (ATCR) by the US Naval Observatory, calls Tropical Cyclone (TC) 05B was one of the most significant tropical cyclones on record to affect India, and the worst since 1971. TC 05B made landfall near Bhubaneswar, India on October 29 around 0500 UTC, with maximum winds of 155 mph. This same region was hit by cyclone TC 04B just two weeks earlier as a 140 mph tropical cyclone. TC 05B developed from a disturbance that originated in the South China Sea and tracked through the Gulf of Thailand and across the Malay peninsula before developing in the Andaman Sea. The Joint Typhoon Warning Center (JTWC) of the US Navy issued an TCFA (Tropical Cyclone Formation Alert) for this South China Sea disturbance on October 23 0200 UTC. The disturbance didn't develop and the TCFA was cancelled.

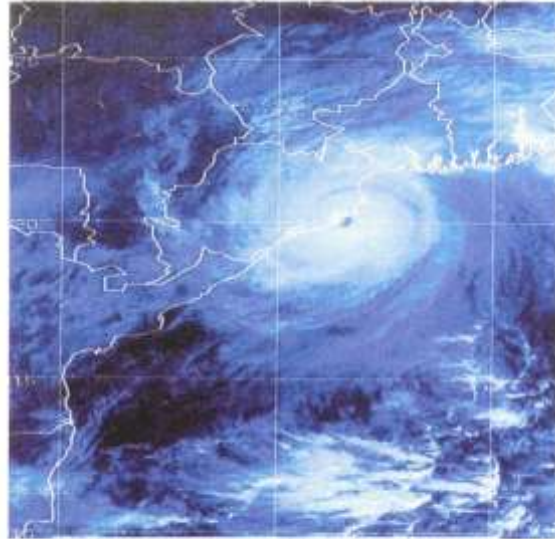
Subsequently, JTWC monitored this weak disturbance as it moved into the Andaman Sea, where the convection began to consolidate. A second TCFA was issued on October 25, 1930UTC and the first warning was issued on October 26 0300UTC as the disturbance developed into a 40 mph cyclone. TC 05B tracked northwestward and intensified across the Bay of Bengal. The intensification was at a greater than climatological rate, peaking on October 28, 1800UTC at 160 mph intensity. TC 05B made landfall 11 hours later as a 180 mph system about 45 m south-southeast of Cuttack and 40 m southeast of Bhubaneswar. Subsequently, TC 05B maintained 115 mph intensity for 12 hours as it dumped torrential rains and battered the coastal areas, then slowly turned southward and moved back over the Bay of Bengal as a 45 mph tropical cyclone. TC 05B continued to drift southward and dissipate over water. JTWC issued the 13th and final warning on November 20 1030UTC. A total of 1.711 million hectares of crops have been affected. The number of livestock to have perished is 406,000."

The slow drift of the cyclone, and the stall 50km inland is a key factor in the amount of rain dumped on the land in the eyewall. The high winds in the eyewall had a longer time to wreak havoc. But the heavy loss of life was to the high storm surge that inundated coastal settlements and washed away and drowned. When the water level subsided, thousands of corpses and dead animals littered countryside. All trees were shorn bare of leaves, and all birds had vanished, either killed or blown away. With so many dead people and animals, one would have expected hordes of vultures to descend. There were no vultures.



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.



Satellite picture (29 Oct., 0930 IST)
of 1999 Orissa Super Cyclone

Fig. 11.

IMD <http://www.imd.gov.in/section/nhac/dynamic/faq/FAQP.htm>

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.

Cyclone Phailin 2013

The Supercyclone of 1999 showed the paralysis of the government machinery to cope with a major disaster. By the time Cyclone hit Odisha in 2013, we saw Odisha State and federal government officials fully prepared. The cyclone was tracked in the Bay of Bengal as soon as it was declared a cyclone, and official preparations were in full swing. About a million people on the coast, in the landfall zone were evacuated. Immediately after landfall, on October 12 evening, aid trucks started rolling towards Gopalpur.

The largest cyclone to hit India was the Odisha Supercyclone, 1999. The second largest is Phailin in 2013. Both the cyclones hit Odisha. Whereas the 1999 Supercyclone caused anywhere from 15,000 to 50,000 deaths, there were very few casualties during Phailin.



Fig 12. Phailin formed in the Gulf of Thailand on October 4, crossed over to the Andaman Sea on October 6, and became a cyclone and name d Phailin on October 9. The landfall was at Gopalpur at 1600UTC on October 12. Phailin dissipated on October 14. The points show the location of the storm at 6-hour intervals. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Phailin_2013_track.png

Saffir-Simpson hurricane wind scale

Category	Wind speeds
Five	≥70 m/s, ≥137 knots
	≥157 mph, ≥252 km/h
Four	58–70 m/s, 113–136 knots
	130–156 mph, 209–251 km/h
Three	50–58 m/s, 96–112 knots
	111–129 mph, 178–208 km/h
Two	43–49 m/s, 83–95 knots
	96–110 mph, 154–177 km/h
One	33–42 m/s, 64–82 knots
	74–95 mph, 119–153 km/h
Additional classifications	
Tropical storm	18–32 m/s, 35–63 knots
	39–73 mph, 63–118 km/h
Tropical depression	<17 m/s, <34 knots
	<38 mph, <62 km/h

The technology available in 2013 to track and predict the cyclone are much improved than those available in 1999. Certainly the Satellite technology is more advanced.



Fig. 13. Phailin Tracks with date and time

http://tropic.ssec.wisc.edu/storm_archive/2013/storms/tracks/02B.track.gif

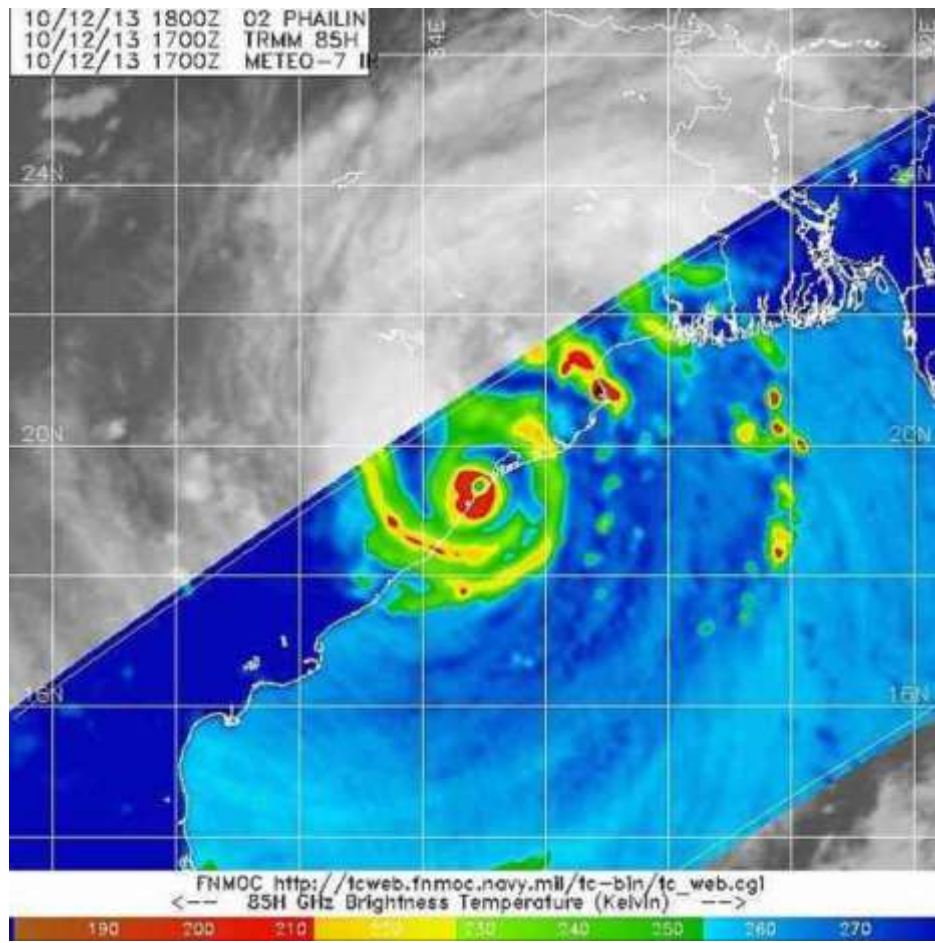


Fig. 14. Meteosat 7: Cyclone Phailin at landfall at Gopalpur on 2013 10

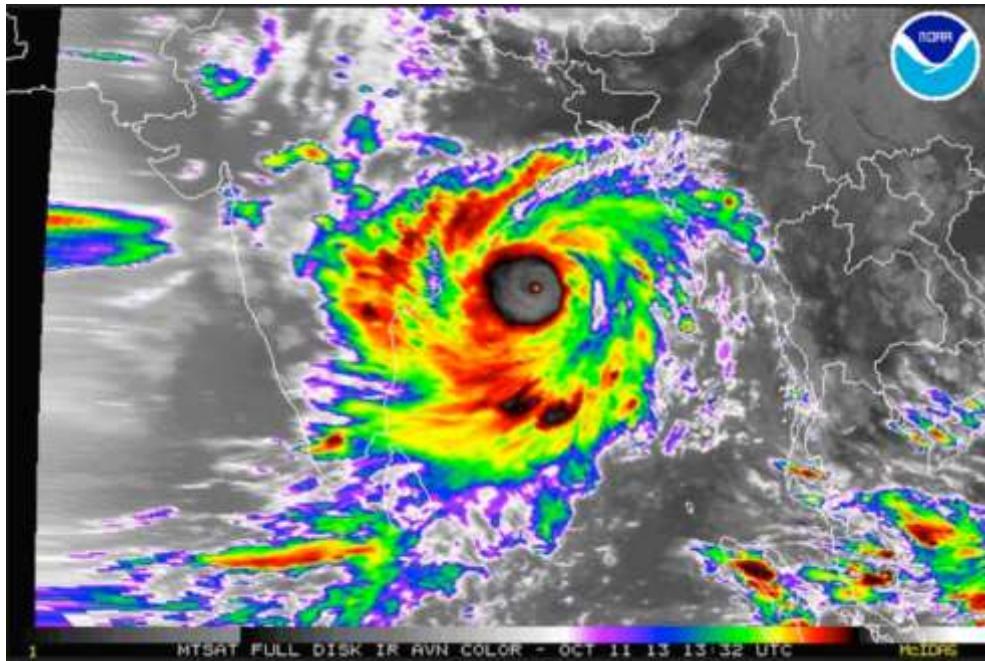


Fig. 15. Meteosat IR image of Phailin on 2013 10 11 13:32 From NOAA

There are a huge number of satellite images available for Phailin. We use the Infra Red images from the ISRO geostationary satellite Kalpana-1 to look at 16 images in sequence, showing the birth and dispersal of Phailin from 2013 October 1 to October 14. If we focus on the area east of the Malay peninsula, in the western part of the Gulf of Thailand, over October 1 to 3 we do not see any major cloud formation. Phailin formed as a Tropical Depression in the Gulf of Thailand on October 4, crossed over to the Andaman Sea on October 6, and became a cyclone and named Phailin on October 9. The landfall was at Gopalpur at 1600UTC on October 12. Phailin dissipated on October 14.

Experiencing Phailin

I left Bhubaneswar just before landfall, on October 12. To convey the atmosphere and immediacy of Phailin, I reproduce here an email that I sent just after getting off the plane in Delhi.

I have been in Bhubaneswar over the last few weeks, and was witness to the first reports of a major storm nucleating, and have lived through the daily increasing severity and fearsomeness of the storm. For the last week Bhubaneswar and Cuttack have had unseasonal heavy showers, some local flooding. So the news of another wind and rainy storm was not absorbed.

On Oct 11, the day before landfall, it finally sunk in that this is for real, and that Oct 12, 6pm the storm will hit the Odish--Andhra coast. Panic set in. People started buying up candles, matches, flashlights, food, gasoline etc. Potato prices rose from Rs12/kilo in the morning to Rs70/kilo at night, if you could find any. Block long lines of cars, scooters and motorbikes at all gas station. It was hours of waiting in the hot sun, only to be told when you reached the pump that there was no more gasoline. Then one tried later, or at the next gas station. By Friday evening all perishable foods, eggs, milk etc were gone. One NRO realised on Friday evening he needed toilet paper, but every roll in BBSR was gone.



There were sporadic showers throughout the day in BBSR on Friday. Each time we thought, "this is Phailin", but then the rain stopped, the wind died, and we waited for the real storm. There were power failures off and on on Friday. After a while you learnt to live with it, accumulating emails to send out when the internet came alive, and before the next outage.

Many of the government pronouncements were impressive, but as a sceptic, I felt that the news announcements were stance of the upcoming elections. But regardless of my scepticism, I recognise that all levels of the government are far better prepared than they were for the supercyclone in 1999. But as I read reports of the lakhs being evacuated from low lying coastal areas, I know that there would be inadequate food, water, sleeping space sanitary facilities. So lives are being saved, but the suffering is continuing and real. Many are reluctant to leave, because of the fear of looting, and loss of what little worldly wealth they have.

Last night, Friday Oct 11 night, and Sarurday Oct 12 early morning, the wind picked up and there was heavy rain. Right outside my window are cocunut trees, and a large number broadleaf trees. The splatter of rain drops is a musical backdrop. I woke at night with the noise of the rain and the wind, and some thunder. Then the power went, at about 2am. Phailin, I thought. But the eye has not made landfall yet. In the morning, when we drove around BBSR, we saw many tree branches broken, and a few trees uprooted. The broken branches seemed concentrated in areas, indicating that the windspeed was quite variable, high in some areas. And Phailin had not made landfall yet.

The power returned on Sat morning for 30 secs, went out again for hours, and then went on and off intermittently. On long enough to have some breakfast.

I do not want to paint a grim picture of Bhubaneswar on Saturday morning. This is Asthami, traffuc on major roads were flowing, but much less than normal. Some stores were open, but very few people. The gas station panic seems to have died down, as there were no lineups, and we saw gasoline tankers refilling the empty gas storage tanks. I heard of one report of 'No milk' at a store, but milk packets at higher price being sold in the black market down the street.

My village is Nandala, at the south end of Chilika lake, not far from Gopalpur, the expected landfall point. I was under the impression that the village was evacuated. But on Saturday, Oct 12, My sister, ashen faced, told me that our relatives were still in the village. I was horrified. They were probably 50 km from Gopalpur, and only six hours from landfall time of the eye of the cyclone. Nandala is a few kilometers from both the sea and Chilika., and about a meter above Chilika level The wind and rain would be severe enough now to make it impossible to evacuate.

The cellphone was still working, They had delayed the moving out in order to safeguard their belongings. I told my sister to tell them of horizontal sheets of rain at 250kmh will blow all thatched/tin/asbestos roof away And then a wall of water will descend and push down the walls. A short time later my sister told me that they had moved to higher ground, to stay with a relative. Back to problems of surviving in Bhubaneswar. My brother in law calculated that we would have two days of water in our house tank system. Without power, our inverter would last only two hours. So conservation measures were put in place, with minimum use of water and power. With intermittent power, we did not know which power outage was going to be THE ONE. A friend's father was ill, but at home, and had to have a machine by his bedside. In his case everything in his house was switchedoff, conserving all power for the medical machine. There was uncertainty as to what to do with a prolonged power outage.



My brother and I had scheduled to go to Delhi, long before Phailin was born, on Air India flight to Delhi at 2pm on Oct 12, now known to be six hours before landfall, So we were prepared for flight cancellation and postponed departure, possibly for days. Even as we kept track of Phailin, we also were checking our flight out to Delhi. When we reached the new BBSR airport (the old airport now looks so classy, compared to the warehouse look of the new one), we found that airconditioning was switched off. With no ventilation, we were hot and sweaty. All flights were cancelled, except for two AI. Our flight was still on. We checked in, even as the various airlines and airport officials questioned the checking in of passengers without certainty that the plane will arrive.

We waited. Our flight arrived. We boarded the plane the old fashioned way, by first getting on a delapidated bus, and then getting off the bus and climbing the high open staircase. Normally it was just the challenge of climbing the stairs, now became another challenge of doing so in driving, almost horizontal rain. Soon we raced down the runway, and as the plane became airborne, we were buffeted by winds and the plane shook. Was it my fears, or, was it real? I felt the pilot struggling to gain altitude, and felt that the plane was not climbing fast enough. We passed through several air pockets, with the plane, still too close to the ground, appear to fall, and shake and vibrate. Several times that few minutes I regretted not having cancelled my flight. Soon the flight became smooth, the sky brightened as we gained altitude. There was low angle bright sun falling on the outer fringes of Phailin related clouds and haze. The pilot announced that as soon as our plane left, Bhubaneswar Airport was shut down. I have reached Delhi, I do not experience elation at having escaped from a calamity, but a sense of shame and regret at not having stayed behind to share in the pain of my family and the million other residents of coastal Odisha.

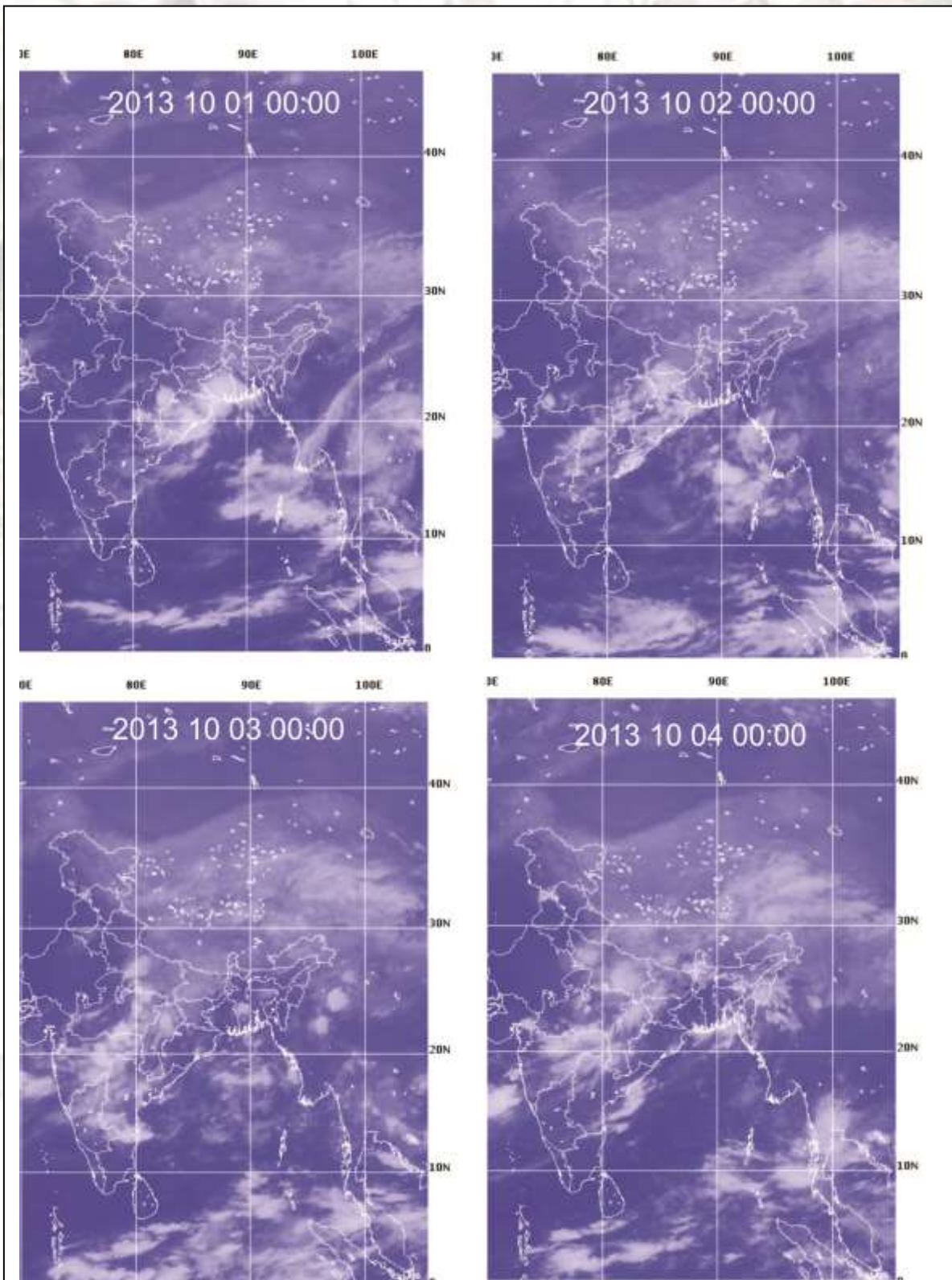


Fig. 16. Enhanced infrared images by the ISRO geostationary Satellite Kalpana-1, showing the development of Cyclone Phailin from October 1. Each photo is marked with UTC date and time in the format yyyy mm dd hh nn.

The first view of the future Phailin is on October 4, over the Malay Peninsula, just east of Andaman Sea.

From IMD Archives at http://202.54.31.45/archive/ENHANCED_IMAGES/ENHANCED_IR/

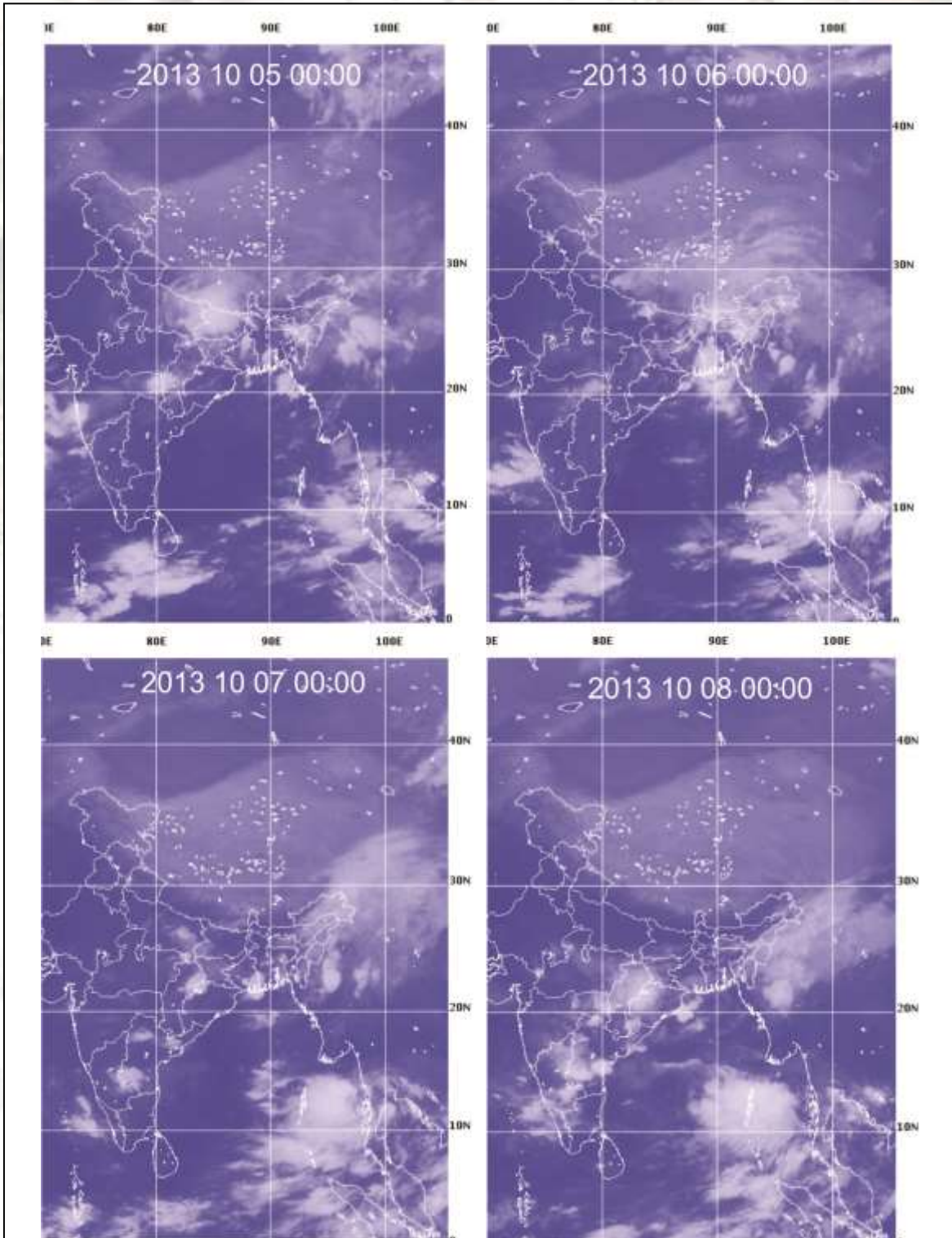


Fig. 17.Enhanced infrared images by the ISRO geostationary Satellite Kalpana-1, showing the development of Cyclone Phailin from October 1. Each photo is marked with UTC date and time in the format yyyy mm dd hh nn.

Views of the future Phailin is on October 5 to 8, now intensifying over the Andaman Sea.

From IMD Archives at http://202.54.31.45/archive/ENHANCED_IMAGES/ENHANCED_IR/

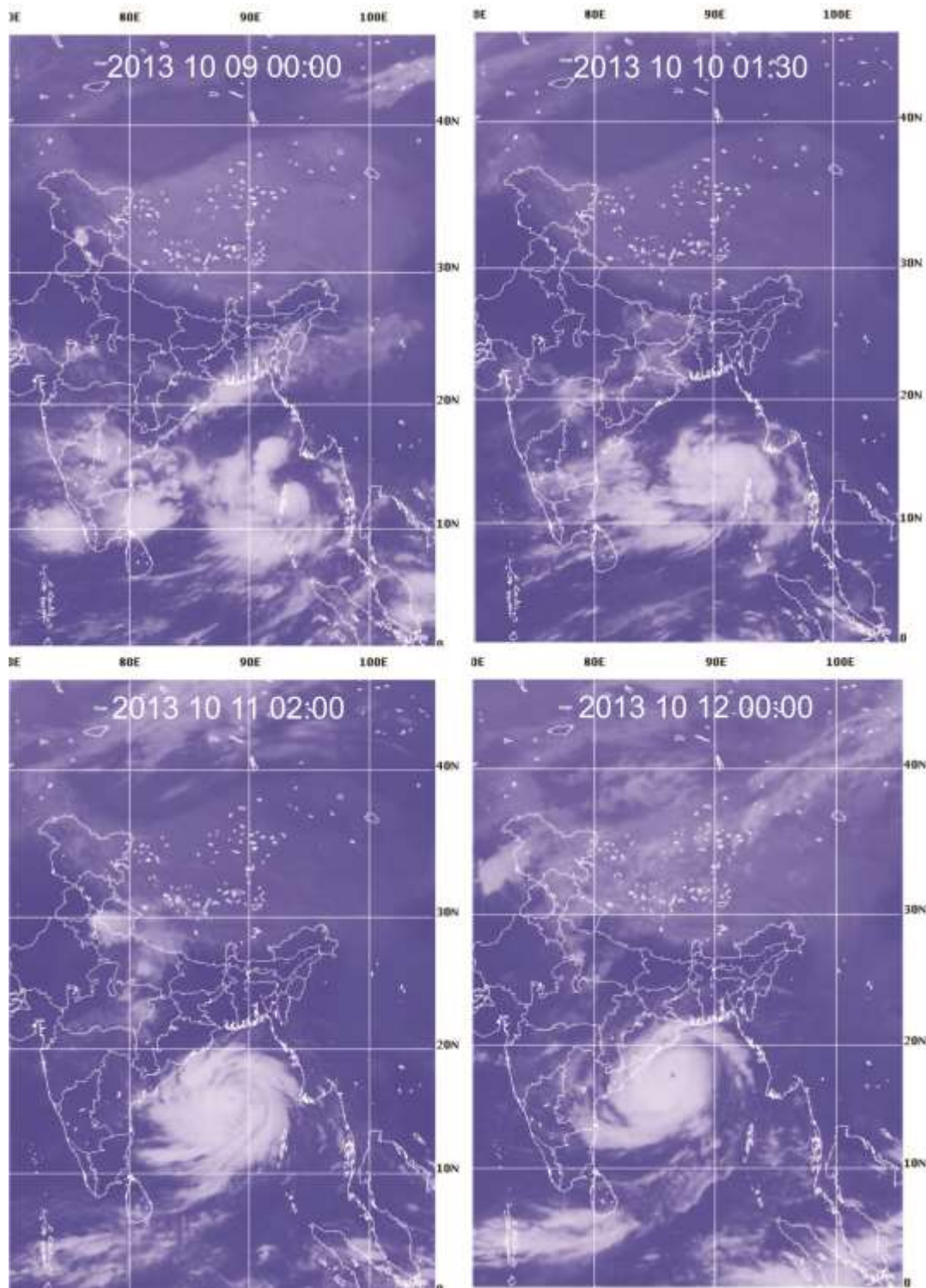


Fig. 18. Enhanced infrared images by the ISRO geostationary Satellite Kalpana-1, showing the development of Cyclone Phailin from October 1. Each photo is marked with UTC date and time in the format yyyy mm dd hh nn. The tropical depression is recognised as a cyclone and named Phailin on October 9. The westward movement of Phailin changes northwestward and Andhra and Odisha prepare a possible landfall.

From IMD Archives at http://202.54.31.45/archive/ENHANCED_IMAGES/ENHANCED_IR/

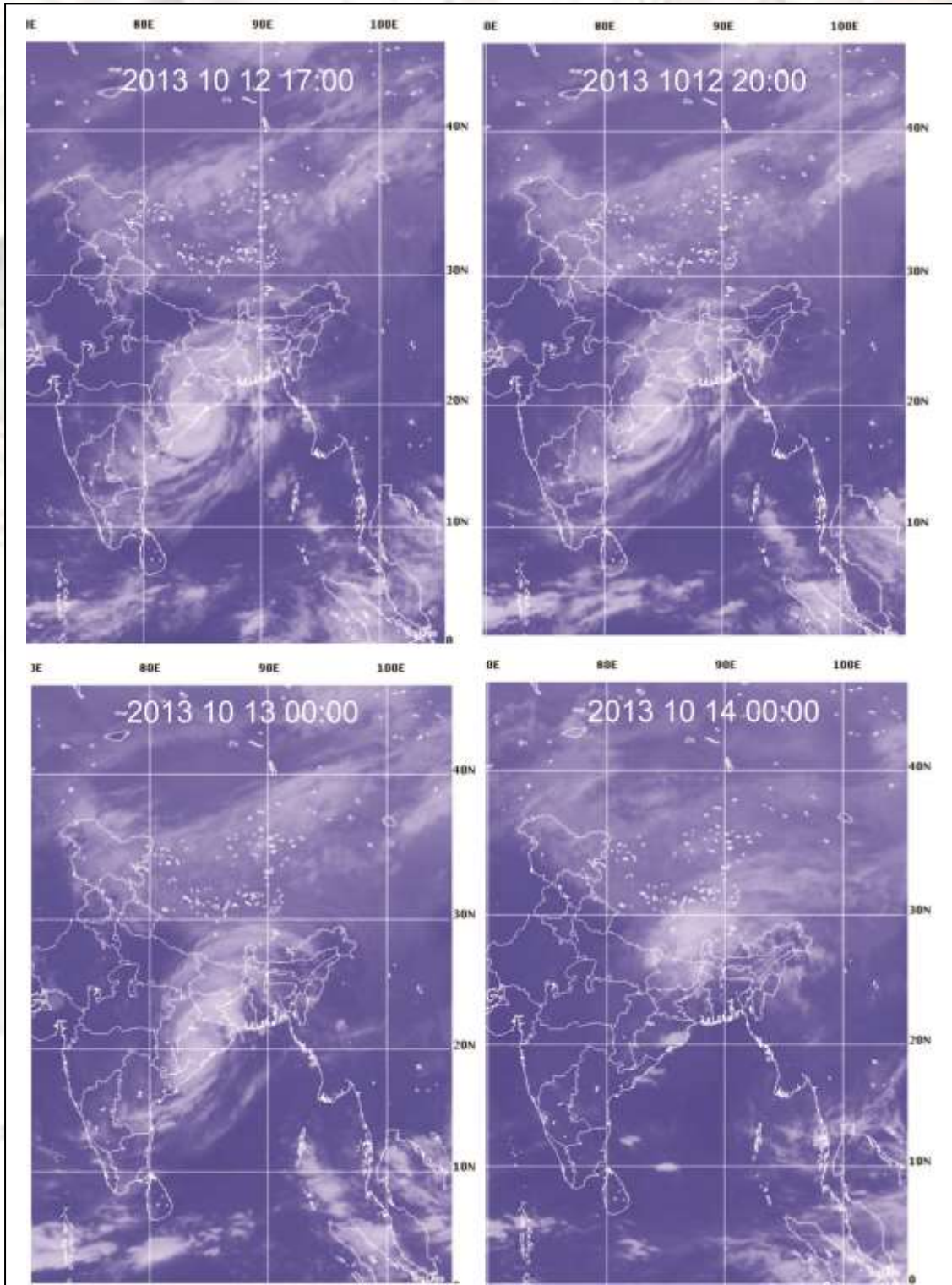


Fig. 19. Enhanced infrared images by the ISRO geostationary Satellite Kalpana-1, showing the development of Cyclone Phailin from October 1. Each photo is marked with UTC date and time in the format yyyy mm dd hh nn. Landfall is on October 12 evening at Gopalpur. By October 13 Phailin weakened considerably and dispersed over North Bihar and Nepal. From IMD Archives at http://202.54.31.45/archive/ENHANCED_IMAGES/ENHANCED_IR/



End Note

We started this note with a description of the destruction of old Nandala. It is fitting that we end with a look at modern Nandala. With Nandala washed away, the village decided to rebuild on slightly higher ground, and slightly farther from the lake. The site of the old Nandala is still referred to as *puruna gan* - Old Village. One reason Nandala was destroyed was because thatched roofs are so easily blown away, and mud walls are so easily washed away. In the old days, during the rainy season the only way to reach Nandala was by boat. Now a all weather road links Nandala. The isolation of the old days is gone. Whereas it used to take us 24 hrs to reach Nandala by bus, trains, bullock cart or boat, nowadays one can reach Bhubanesawr in 4 hours by taxi or bus. In the new Nandala there are now many masonry houses. Electric power, cellphone service, television and internet are all in the village. All this goes on to show the resilience of spirit, of being able to recover and be reborn from the most serious of calamities. Perhaps there is lesson in optimism for the future for all of us.

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Fundraising for Phailin Relief in Odisha

Niharika Mohanty

When a calamity happens in the world in which many lives are lost, it catches the world's attention. However, when lives are saved, even though there may be great devastation to hundreds of thousands homes and to crop, it goes unnoticed by most of the people around the world.



On October 12th, Odisha faced its second major cyclone within 15 years. The



1999 Super Cyclone in Odisha killed approximately 10,000 people, while in the recent Cyclone Phailin, varying reports give different numbers for the death toll, but it certainly is less than 50, due to one of the largest evacuation efforts in India's history by the government. Yet, 100,000s returned back from relief centers to find that they were homeless as their homes were washed away along with 800,000 hectares of crops. Meanwhile, only days passed when the Philippines was hit with the Super Typhoon Haiyan on November 4th, and the enormity of the disaster including loss of close to 6000 people leaving 11 million homeless completely overshadowed what happened in Odisha and obviously attracted world attention and money pouring in from countries including the US to provide as much immediate help. Fundraising efforts have been happening in various ways all around.

Since the disaster in Odisha has in fact been devastating, it has been significant for Odias to take leadership in fundraising. Many organizations have been raising funds to help in the relief and restoration post Phailin.



When Cyclone Phailin neared Odisha, my two children, Maya and Akash, watched carefully with fear of what was going to happen in the hours to come. They heard landfall would affect both Odisha (where their maternal grandparents were from) and Andhra Pradesh (where their paternal grandparents were from), and they heard of the grand evacuation of lakhs of people to save their lives. Yet, as they watched reports, their fear increased as they saw images of the wind and rain and heard the sound in the relief centers.

When Maya and Akash found out about the actual devastation, they were moved by the whole situation to want to help in fundraising efforts and quickly decided to make a flyer to give in their school and to the neighbors to raise funds. After I researched some of the more recognizable organizations that were collecting funds, I came upon Oxfam who were working with local organizations, like Unnayan, that my father has been involved with, and thought that would be a good choice for the children to donate their collections to. It worried me that while these kids were so enthusiastic to raise funds that they would be met with disappointment since most people would be donating for Haiyan relief and may not donate for this also. However, once Maya and Akash educated people about Phailin's affects, many more were ready to donate 10s, 20s and 30s. Perhaps, it was even more effective when two children went door to door mentioning about their grandparents coming from the two states that have been hit by the cyclone and would have been different had I seeked donations. Yet, what came to be obvious was that once people were made aware of what happened, they were ready to donate.



I was inspired by my own children and thought about what I may best be able to do to help. I am a professional Odissi dancer and director of Guru Shradha, dedicated to carrying on the dance tradition of legendary Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra and have been part of many successful Indian classical dance fundraisers for different causes. Through the years, I have also gotten to know many of the Indian classical dancers/dance teachers well in the Bay Area in California. It made logical sense to go ahead and do an Indian classical dance program dedicated to raising funds for Cyclone Phailin relief and restoration. After sending out an email in mid Nov to several dancers/dance teachers in the Bay Area, I was amazed to see the overwhelming enthusiastic response of so many groups and individuals to participate in this fundraiser which led me to increase the duration of the program from 3 hours to 4. Yuva Bharati, a local organization promoting Indian classical dance, also readily agreed to copresent this beautiful offering to help those in Odisha who were homeless and suffering. Closer to the event, Nita Ganapathi, a very kind and generous Odia, offered to sell her paintings to raise more funds for the cause. I decided to have the funds sent to Odisha's Chief Minister's Fund through OSA (Odisha Society of the Americas) for this program.



The actual event on December 14th, 2013 went off extremely well resulting in over \$5K raised before expenses have been deducted. The dance touched the hearts of so many in the audience! GopiLalita Kodikal wrote in an email:

It was a programme par excellence. Right from the very 1st item till the last it was a continuous display of Dance in the highest caliber EACH dance form. EACH, I repeat EACH performer executing her best in abhinaya, footwork, facial expressions & grandeur. It was Perfection Personified! I have no words to describe it any more. It was Satyam , Shivam Sundaram Simply DIVINE!

It was wonderful to have 15 groups/soloists perform with over 50 dancers on stage that afternoon representing 5 of the Indian classical dance styles Odissi, Bharatanatyam, Kuchipudi, Kathak, and Mohiniattam! The program attracted an audience primarily of Indians, mostly nonOdias to come and watch the visual dance feast while contributing to a significant cause.

While Odias in North America are the obvious choice to approach while fundraising for this particular situation, it is really necessary for us to go beyond our own community to raise funds since so many are out there who are ready to contribute only once they are aware of the situation. Besides doing our own fundraising drive, we also attended IASF Dandia dance fundraiser for their own project work for Phailin relief which attracted a significant number of Odias as well as many nonOdias, and was an extremely successful fundraising effort. I also heard from Sushant Satpathy of his work with Chinmaya Mission to raise funds in Chicago area.



Most importantly, if we all try our very best to raise funds in different ways, perhaps individually we are only putting a drop into the ocean of required funds for relief and restoration in Odisha, while collectively we can make much more of an impact !

115 Aster Road, San Carlos, CA 94070



Raising Funds for Phailin

Lalatendu Mohanty



When President Tapan Babu asked me to lead this effort I had my apprehensions due to delay in soliciting for support while Philippines cyclone had already overshadowed phailin. But I accepted his request because I believed in the cause [/'kɔ:z/ n - a "movement" can often mean both the principle and the people and the organization taken together to promote a particular viewpoint or course of action], and also believed that people in general are ready to help if there is a genuine cause.

We had a core team of four members but many volunteers came forward to support us. The team had the same apprehension as mine and we decided to focus on our members with a reasonable target. We also wanted to communicate with a coherent voice as to why we are raising the fund and how we are going to disburse this. All of us made numerous personal calls not just for the support but to hear their side of the opinion. All of us together spend above 100 hours personal conversations with fellow Odias. Each interaction, just say this for now, an eye opening experience.

Many are appreciative but whole heartedly came forward to support. Some did not agree the way we are planning to disburse this fund but believed in our conviction and went ahead to support. Many had already contributed thru various other international organizations but still agreed to provide us token of support, even some of them have rounded up their local Indian organizations to contribute towards the relief. To our surprise, nobody had any major concerns about this effort but just few genuine difference of opinions. Not to highlight this but many of us didn't even know about this effort from OSA and couple never really heard of Phailin.

Overall, it was good team effort, many lessons learned, and all felt the experience was necessary and worthwhile. In this internet age, where we are caught up in the demands of our professions, in addition to communicate via email, twitter and facebook, it is sometimes essential to have a personal contact. This defines us as an individual and why we have built this society. I wish we could reach out to members during many of their major life milestones rather than just needs like this.

As of now we have raised around forty five thousand dollars. As BOG decided to send this money to CMRF, some of our volunteers were directly engaged with CM office and local authorities to disburse the fund to a project that will benefit a larger section of the effected community and recognize OSA member's effort. Our President in his recent visit to Odisha, was supposed to meet the folks from CMRF and speed-up the effort. You will be hearing from him soon.

One thing I realized that raising funds is the easier part than disbursing it in a best possible way. Fact is, we all are passionate people, very much attached to our roots and ready to extend our support in a moment notice. It is absolutely normal for us to have our own apprehensions on any efforts like this (due to certain past experiences). However, things seem to have changed a lot for better in odisha and we should never pre-judge the recent efforts of Government of Odisha. We came across some of the influential high ranking officers who are genuinely very positive to our ideas and suggestions. While we expect them to match our expectations, they have a genuine reason to expect the same from us.

There are a lot of challenges and pressure on Phailin Fund Raising Team, OSA Executive Team and BOG to make this right.

(Lalatendu Mohanty with support from Sunil Sabat, Gagan Panigrahi & Dhirendr Kar)



Special Report

Phailin behind the lens

Nishikanta Sahoo



[Phailin losses 'exceed' Orissa plan outlay of Rs 21,467 crore.](#)

[India has evacuated over half a million people as Cyclone Phailin makes landfall](#)



(Evacuees get down from a truck at a relief camp near Berhampur, India, on Oct. 12)

[12 million people affected by a cyclone and subsequent floods](#)

Cyclone and the floods had together damaged over 300,000 homes in 16,487 villages in Orissa.

[Phailin's effect on education: Rs 300 crore needed to fix campus damages in Odisha](#)



Outer View Of Sports Council



Inside View Of Sports Council

(Severely damaged Multipurpose Indoor Hall of Berhampur University, Odisha, India)



Odisha lost 26 lakh trees after cyclone Phailin





Phailin and Climate Change, Connecting the Dots



Super Cyclone Phailin caused huge damage to power infrastructure in Odisha and parts of northern Andhra: Power Ministry



(A mangled electrical transmission tower is pictured after Cyclone Phailin made landfall in Berhampur)



7,500 telephone towers have been damaged



(A man walks toward a damaged cellular phone tower in Berhampur on India's Bay of Bengal coast on October 13. [Source: cnn.com])



India Cyclone Ruins 15% of Odisha Rice Area



(Heavy rains in the aftermath of Cyclone Phailin triggered floods in Balasore, Mayurbhanja, Odisha)



Severity of Super Cyclone Phailin



(A man stands next to overturned trucks on a highway after Cyclone Phailin hit Girisola town in Ganjam district in the eastern Indian state of Orissa October 13, 2013.)



*(Just imagine the strength that **Phailin** had. This tree had strong roots at least, still got ripped off.)*



Another tree damage





Damage to Govt. infrastructures

A fisherman walks inside a damaged port building on Monday after Cyclone Phailin hit Gopalpur village in Ganjam district. [Source: Reuters]







Trail of destruction: A house destroyed by cyclone Phailin at Gopalpur





An Indian man walks near his damaged house after returning to the cyclone hit village of Podampeta on the Bay of Bengal coast in Ganjam district, Orissa





A truck is seen submerged in the water after Cyclone Phailin hit Brahmapur, Ganjam district Odisha on October 13, 2013. India's strongest storm in 14 years left a trail of destruction along the country's east coast on Sunday, but little loss of life was reported after close to a million people took refuge in shelters.





Disaster in the form of Phailin Cyclone in Odisha, India





Damaged Structure



Phailin-Fallout





Phailin damage in Berhampur





A motorcyclist rides past fallen traffic signal poles during Cyclone Phailin at a road crossing in Berhampur, India





A flooded temple after Phailin cyclone at Jajpur in Odisha.





Phailin-damage



[Cyclone Phailin causes severe damage to slums in Bhubaneswar](#)





A cyclone-damaged petrol station is pictured in Berhampur, about 180 kilometers south from the eastern Indian city of Bhubaneswar, on October 13, 2013.



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Interview

An Interview with Birendra Jena

Arun Das Memorial Kalashree Award winner for 2013



[Birendra Jena is the Arun Das Memorial Kalashree Award winner for 2013, an award given by OSA in the field of contribution towards performing art. He is an actor par excellence. Even with a small role, he creates impact in the heart of the audience. He is a writer too. His first collection of plays 'dura pahaDa O anyanya naTaka' released this year. A discussion with Birendra Babu for Utkarsa readers.]

Utkarsa : Congratulations for receiving the Arun Das Memorial Kalashree Award' for 2013. How did you feel when you got the news ?



BJ : Thank you. My first reaction was one of disbelief. I am aware that many distinguished Odia personalities of North America are recipients of this coveted award. So when I heard this news, I could not believe it! I had never thought that I would ever be considered for this award, let alone be selected. It was a very humbling experience. I am very thankful to OSA for giving me this award.

U : What does it mean to you as an artist, to receive such an award ? Does it impact the artist inside you or the person outside ?

BJ : An award is the recognition of someone's accomplishments and I consider this award to be the recognition of the artistic ability intrinsic in me and has provided a sense of fulfillment to the artiste inside me .

U : When did you discover the actor inside you ? In your childhood days did you participate in plays ?

BJ : I have been very much interested in theatres since early childhood. When I was about ten years old, I had started a club called "Chandrabhanu Club " in our village with the children of the same age group and I had translated a play from Hindi to stage the play. I also had a role in that play. That was my first acting experience.





U : Do you like to watch plays ?

BJ : Yes, I very much do. Watching a play has been a learning experience for me. I very keenly watch the movement, dialogue delivery, facial expression etc. of the actors on the stage so that I could do the same. I also notice the flaws in some actors and try not to repeat them myself.

U: During Regional Drama Festival in Columbus, Ohio, I saw a small performance in some other team's play. I heard that the original artist did not show up, they needed your help to be filled in. But that character (a thief) was the best role in the festival – audience say. I still feel the goose bumps. How do you manage to bring the character so lively in you ? In such a short notice ? Is there a formula you follow or it is your born quality ?

BJ: Thank you for the complements. It was a very interesting experience. Mr. Niranjana Mishra, who was my teacher in REC Rourkela called me before the RDF and asked me to do a role for CanOSA team's play . He dictated me the dialogue over the phone and we did not even have any time for rehearsal. I reached the venue, got the makeup and went to the stage to perform. I am glad that everything worked out well.



(Birendra with wife Kalyani)

When I am assigned a role in a play, I go through the script and try to visualize the character that I am going to portray. Then I go to the rehearsals and start acting. Of course, the Directors help me to improvise my acting skills.

U: Other than an actor, you are a play writer. You have a collection of plays 'dura pahaDa O anyanya naTaka' released recently. Every actor cannot be a play writer. How did you develop this skill ?

BJ : I do not know. I had never written any original play before writing "Emiti bi hue". I remember, it was a Sunday morning in February, 2010. We needed a play for the Toronto Drama Festival. I sat down and started writing it with a rough sketch of the plot. It was done by the late evening. A new playwright was born!

While watching a play, movie or show, I keenly observe the flow of the story and this has helped in developing the plot. Moreover, I had translated some Hindi and Bengali plays before. That and reading of plays must have helped me in writing dialogues.



U : Which area you personally like ? Acting or Writing ?

BJ : I have been an actor all my life. The play writing came much later. But I have started liking it. So at this point, I like both. Only acting is easier. Writing a play is more challenging and takes much more time and effort.

U : While developing a script, how do you develop your characters ? Writing comes spontaneous or you create a plot first, then add characters, then write dialogues. What is the process of your writing a complete play ?

BJ : When I think of plot, I also assign main characters to it. Then I add dialogues to those characters as the script progresses. More supporting roles are added as the script develops . While writing the play I make several additions and subtractions of the scenes and characters. Even I create several endings before deciding on the final one.

U : According to you what is a good play ?

BJ : I think a good play should have a good story that flows naturally and keeps the audience engaged and entertained.



U: Can a play inspire/change the social value ? Society ?

BJ : Yes. A play is a very powerful medium. In addition to providing good entertainment, a play can also leave a very strong message with the audience which can linger in audience's mind for a long time. If the message calls for a change in social value or in the society, it can happen. I remember during my college days, there was a movie on the plight of cotton textile workers in Mumbai due to the introduction of synthetic fabric. Some of my friends were so moved by it that they had decided to shun



any cloth made out of synthetic fabric. I am not sure if they were successful in keeping that resolve when flooded with synthetic fabric, but the movie did influence them to make that resolution.

Plays and movies have been very effectively used to bring social and political changes. The examples of these are the emergence of DMK party in Tamilnadu in the sixties and Telugu Desam party in Andhra Pradesh in the eighties.

U : In the play 'durapahaDa', you have portrayed the Diaspora life of a family brilliantly. Particularly the dilemma of a father of a teenaged girl. To prove the life in US is better (or simpler) than in Odisha, you showed the bribery. Basically you showed the both the sides of the coin in both part of the world. Is this based on a real story ?

BJ :No. The story of "DurapAhADa" is a fiction, not based on any true story. Any resemblance to an actual story is coincidental. Most Odia/Indian parents have experienced the cultural shock while raising their teenage children in North America and some of them have toyed with thought of raising their children in their native place without realizing the fact that the Indian society has also changed with time due to several extraneous factors. It is no longer the society of their own teenage years! At the same time, extent of bribery and corruption have increased many fold. The depiction of all these in the play makes it appear like a true story.

U : If it is imaginary, are you happy with the ending ?

BJ : Yes, I thought that to be the most logical ending. I have heard from people that the ending was too abrupt. But I did not see any reason to prolong the story any further.

U: Who is your best play writer in Odia language ?

BJ : I think it would be Mr.Manoranjan Das. There have been many great playwrights in Odisha- -Gopal Chotray, Pranabandhu Kar, Bijay Misra, Basant Mohapatra. I somehow liked Manoranjan babu's plays the best.

U : I am sure during your childhood days 'play/drama' were the main medium of entertainment. Now there are TV, Film, Internet etc. Still there is a small group of people who like to watch play/drama. What is your comment on this change in entertainment industry ? What are we gaining and what are we loosing ?

BJ :With the advancement of technology, the mass entertainment has gone through a revolutionary change in past few years. During my childhood days we had limited access to entertainment through watching occasional plays, jatra party performances and a trip to a nearby city to watch a movie and listening to radio. Now, there is an abundance of entertainment material, one can watch a recently released movie in one's home in any corner of the world without even going to a movie theatre. Anyone can create and post a video in the you tube and become an instant success all over the world! Multiple TV channels broadcast entertainment programs 24 hours a day. I think this abundance has resulted in the deterioration of quality and decency.

In spite of the above, I still notice that people still love to watch a play. I see periodical reports in Odia newspapers regarding staging of plays in Bhubaneswar by amateur artists. Plays are major attractions

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U : Regional Drama Festival – a great idea. During last GBM, people did not vote in its favor. What is the reason ?

BJ: Yes, It is a great idea. But unfortunately, many OSA members are not yet sold on that idea. Therefore, a motion in the last GBM to recognize it as an OSA event in the constitution failed. That means more work needs to be done to convince OSA members of this fairly new concept. It is gradually gaining some momentum as evident from the RDF activities in some areas.

U: Recently OSA increased its grant. In Austin RDF, 30 plus kids from Dallas performed in a play. That means people (children too) like to participate. Where is the gap then ? Is it leadership issue ? Are we not taking enough steps to make it popularize across North America ?

BJ : Yes, it is very encouraging. There have been RDF activities all around North America, even the children are participating. But these activities are confined to limited areas. It needs to expand which needs initiatives from local members. They have to come forward to organize and participate in the RDF. Once that happens, there will be more support for the RDF. Of course, there are several other hurdles. Finance was one of the hurdles particularly for the OSA Chapters with sparsely populated members. This was alleviated to some extent by increasing the grant amount and the OSA leadership must be commended for that. There are also other issues. The small chapters think that they do not have adequate resources to host the RDFs whereas the big chapter consider hosting RDFs to be additional burden on them as they already organize multiple events in a year.

Credit for bring RDF up to this stage must go to the pioneering efforts by Mr. Sandip Dasverma, Dr. SriGopal Mohanty and Dr. Brajendra Panda. Their relentless efforts have resulted in sprouting of drama festivals in many places. But the effort at the local level is very much essential even to keep the RDFs alive in various regions. It is not an easy task. From personal experience I know that even staging a drama is very difficult. I am very much optimistic that in spite of these hurdles, the RDF will thrive and be a popular event all across North America.



U: Pramode Patnaik Regional Drama Festival during the OSA convention is an attraction. In last convention, other than couple of entries, quality was not maintained. I know there is good drama teams did not participate in Convention. People had high expectation, after watching the plays they were disappointed. How to make sure that the best teams are included in the convention ?

BJ :During last Chicago Convention, seven teams had participated in the Pramode Patnaik Memorial Drama competition. Other than Ohio Chapter, which participated for the first time, other teams were veteran of the competitions. I was not able to watch all the plays. But some of the teams presented excellent plays.

U: You are 2013 Kalashree Award winner and hosting 2014 convention. People are expecting a lot from drama, just on your name. Any plan or strategy you are going to adopt to bring best teams from the chapters ?

BJ : I will be trying my level best to have participation by more teams in the competition. I will be requesting the chapter presidents to send their drama teams. I hope to see a very good turnout this time with high quality plays. At our chapter level, there is a fair amount of pressure on us to present our best performance particularly because we are the host chapter. We have started the preparation and hope to do well.



U : Second generation Odias – they cannot understand the drama you do during RDF. Do you have any thought process to include them ? Would you consider them to do a play in English with your Odia drama teams ?

BJ : In my opinion, the RDFs should be aimed at promoting our language, culture and heritage. Therefore, the plays should be presented in Odia and staging plays in English will defeat that purpose. However, in some specific cases second generation Odias may be allowed to stage plays in English if they wish to convey their experience of growing up in this continent and their perspective on our language, culture and heritage.

U: Thank you for giving an interview to Utkarsa. Any advice for actors who have never acted but want to act in local plays?

BJ: Thank you very much for giving me an opportunity to share my thoughts. My advice to them is just drop their inhibitions and come forward to stage a drama. I have seen it happen twice in our area. Back in 2010, when we started preparing to stage a play in Columbus area, only few of us had previous stage experience. But some new comers came forward to give a try and the rest is history! Their performance has earned our drama team a very good reputation. The second one is the effort by the Dayton group. They presented a play for the first time during last Kumar Purnima. None of them had any previous stage experience. I very much commend their effort.

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CHAPTER REPORTS

California
Chigao
Grand Canyon
Maryland-Virginia
Michigan
Minnesota/North West
New England
New York-New Jersey
Ohio
Ozark (Central)
Pacific Northwest
South East
Southern
South West
Washington DC
Canada



MICHIGAN

Swati Mishra's report

After the summer vacation, with the fall approaching, everything seems dull and boring. The chilling wind hardly allows the kids to stay out door for long. With activities of the summer vacation still looming in their minds, it becomes difficult for them to enter the regime of school or college. That is when the frenzy of Kumar Purnima preparations, with its chaotic practice sessions and the fun filled get-togethers make their weekends colorful.

This year too, in September, we had our customary preparations for Kumar Purnima. Kids put in their best effort, practiced hard, without neglecting their studies and classes. Moms also kept busy driving



their kids from one practice center to the other, shopping for their outfits, and most importantly, practicing for their own performances, as well.

Finally, the most awaited day, 26th October 2013, arrived. The executive committee as well as the volunteers seemed nervous in the morning and prayed for the event to run smoothly.

The event started with a welcome address by the chapter president, Mrs. Punyatoya Sarangi. Prayers were offered to the Lord Jagannath, Balabhadra and Subhadra, the supreme deities of Odias, and blessings sought, before beginning the performances.



The stage was magnificently decorated by Mr Tarakeshwar Pradhan, which set the festive mood for Kumar Purnima. Continuing with the tradition of the previous years, the first cultural program depicted various rituals of Kumar Purnima, starting from the worship of the holy basil plant to the worship of the full moon. The song, Kuanra Punei janha Lo, reverberating in the hall, kindled the spirit of Kumar Purnima. Kids of all age, from 6 months to the teens, participated in this program led by our senior members Mrs. Pushpa Naik and Mrs. Krishna Senapati. Parents of the members, who were on their visit to the USA, were also invited to the stage during the programs to make them feel at home.



The next program was performed by the “Chanel girls”, Tanisha Parikh, Shreya Mishra, Aanchal Acharya, and Shobhna Sahoo. The girls danced to the tune of Manhattan from the movie, English Vinglish. They did a fantastic job and looked very gorgeous.



It was followed by a delightful performance by the Tiny Tots. These tiny tots, Tanvi Mishra, Siona Pattanaik, Disita Tripathy, Swati and Shreya Sahu had always shown interest in dancing by mimicking the steps of adults during their practice sessions. So the moms decided to see their little ones on the stage. These first timers enjoyed performing on the Odia nursery rhymes like "chaka chaka bhaunri", "Asa re asa bani



jodika” and “Itikili Mitikili”.Their giggles filled us with joy.



The next program was by the Michigan Bindaaz Kids , Advay Das, Eesha Ray and Arnav Subudhi, who danced on a medley of Ollywood and Bollywood songs. The star like perfection with which these little boys and girls were dancing, took everyone by surprise.



After these dance programs, there was a duet song performance by Mr Sunil Pattanaik and Mrs Sangeeta Pradhan, who sang a beautiful old classic. It reaffirmed old is really gold.



The song was followed by a beautiful semi-classical dance show. The girls looked splendid in their pink attire. The perfection of their moves reflected the effort the girls had put in practicing. The participants were Prachi mahapatra, Rishika Satapathy and Bhuvi Mayank.



After the girls, was the turn of the boys. This time, the boys danced on the Odia songs. It was a highly entertaining performance by Adeep Das, Aditya Pradhan, Chirag Mishra, Rohan Ray and Saheb



Panda. This group has been dancing together for the last four to five Kumar Purnimas. Feels great to see them grow each year.



The boys were followed by the Sajda girls dancing to a Bollywood remix in Kathak style. Both the talented girls, Sanjana Pradhan and Selina Mohanty, danced very gracefully. It was truly a variation from the Bollywood dances.



Next, was the turn of MI ladies, Soma Sahu and Rudrakshi Basantia. Their motto was, "Stop worrying in your busy life and aaja zara jhumle with us". They literally made everybody dance on their seats.



Mr Manoj Acharya and Mr Sunil Pattanaik came forward to the stage with their treasure of Odia songs. They sang beautiful songs like “Bhasa megha, muje bhasi...”





Again, it was the ladies' turn to show their talent. The participants were Pushpita Bhuyan, Ranjita Das, Swati Mishra, Krushna Panda, Seema Raut, Sangita Pradhan, Bhumika Maharana, Pooja Acharya.

On this occasion of Kumarpurnima, they portrayed through their dance the journey of a young woman's life from a carefree teenager, to a young adult and finally a married woman. It was a very interesting performance with a twist at the end, which was dramatic.



Next was the turn of Masti Medley, a modern BollyJazz/BollyPop style dance medley. The Masti girls, who are always ready to experiment with any type of dance, showed their energy and talent by dancing on various songs like, Jiya Jiya Re and Badtameez Dil. It was an appreciable performance. The Masti girls were Akanksha Pattanaik, Anwasha Sarangi, Ishani Misra, Riya Raut, Roshni Misra, Sanjana Sahoo, Sia Pradhan.



The Masti Medley was followed by an Odia dance based on "jaa re bhasi hasi jaa". Ananya Kar, Sonali Mohanty, Swaraj Tripathy, Om Mahapatra graced the stage with their breath taking performance. Each and every element of the dance was outstanding, from the props to their expressions.



“Dance Beat” was the next item of the show. The brother and sister Khushi Samal and Ronak Samal did an outstanding performance. They danced in a hip hop style, which was choreographed by themselves, They indeed showed their outstanding talents to the audience.





There was an address by the convener of OSA convention 2014 Mr Satya Pattanaik. It was a great pleasure to have him as a guest. He addressed about the OSA convention and invited the people of MI to be a part of the convention. People were overwhelmed by his address.

The last program of the cultural evening was the talent show case by the MI men. They danced to the tune of an Odia Sambalpuri song. The participants were Mr Sunil Pattanaik, Mr Ratimukta Satapathy, Mr Manoj Acharya and Mr Debashish Acharya.



There was huge round of applause at the end of the cultural programs. There was a nice speech by Mrs Swapnalata Mishra, who talked about the participation on the different generation and their spirit in participation.

The kids were invited to the stage for the "Meghna Memorial Participation trophy". The trophies were given by Dr Shishir Senapati, who is a senior member of our community. It was so nice to see the smile on the kids' face, on receiving the trophies. It really means a lot to them.

The volunteers were then invited to the stage. They were given a small token of appreciation by the Chapter President, which was followed by the "Vote of thanks" by the chapter secretary Swati Mishra. The hall was filled with cheers and whistles at the end of the spirit filled program. The chit chats, giggles became faint as the people left the hall heading towards the dining room for an authentic Odia dinner.



NYNJ

Sanat Pattanaik's report

Jai Jagannath!

This year, Kumar Purnami 2013 celebrations of OSA New York New Jersey Chapter were held on Saturday, October 26, 2013 with lots of fun fare. The programs began at 2.30 PM and continued for over six hours till 9.00 PM in the evening. Close to 100 (one hundred) participants mostly children presented their artistic skill and talents to a huge gathering of more than 300 guests. This year's guest presence surpassed the attendance of all previous functions of the NY NJ Chapter. Like previous years, this year also we had guests from neighboring states New York, Long Island, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

This year's Kumarotsav 2013 was held at the same venue at Monroe Middle School in Monroe Township as previous year. The venue has been unanimously preferred for second consecutive year, because of its state of the art theatre with latest light and sound technologies which provided high-class light and sound entertainment effect and enhanced its glamour and glitz and captured the audience's interest and spirits for long.



The programs began at 2.30 PM with guests streaming in many small groups of families, friends, relatives and neighbors by the scheduled time. The functions began with Children's Science and Arts Exhibition, where about twenty one children from 8 to 15 years presented variety of projects with themes ranging from general science, arts, drawings, paintings and poetry. It was amazing to see small kids presenting their projects on general science themes ranging from physics, chemistry to electronics



and computer science. There were science projects of verities i.e. Playdoughs, Fire on Milk, Support for Vision –a presentation on community support by two young brothers in Odisha. Two projects on Robotics related technologies were extraordinary and mesmerized the audiences with the skill and intelligence of the kids who operated the robots.



There were also projects on drawings, arts and beautiful paintings on Indian cultural themes by small kids. One painting depicting an Indian village bride by a small girl of eleven years kept the attention of many visitors glued to it for long. There were also several electronic based Lego and Robot Games presented by few children. The skill with which they were able to maneuver their toys and games kept the audiences mesmerized and they



were all appreciative of their talents and control over their playing machines. All the exhibits were on display for about two hours and both the children, their parents and the guests enjoyed themselves fully. Every exhibit of the event where kids presented projects from their academics and hobby areas exceeded each visitor's imagination and the children were excited all through as they presented their talents by explaining each visitor on their project. This Children's Science and Arts Exhibition had been organized for the third consecutive year in succession during Kumar Purnami celebrations of NY-NJ Chapter.



The cultural function for the evening began at 4.30 PM in the theater, with the senior most guest of the evening Smt. Pratibha Pattanaik lighting the auspicious lamp of celebrations. At the outset, the guests stood up for a moment with silence in memory of the loss of life and property due

to devastating cyclone recently on the east coast of India. "Cyclone Phailin" had a severe land fall on the east coast of Odisha and Andhra Pradesh and had severely damaged life and property on the east coast of India. Adding to the cyclonic devastation, massive flooding resulting from incessant rain for the entire week thereafter devastated entire Odisha and affected the entire coastal belt and northern of Odisha. The OSA NY NJ Chapter President Prabhat Mohapatra presented Annual Report of the Chapter highlighting activities and achievements of the Chapter in last two years under current Executive leadership. He also presented financial highlights of the Chapter. Phailin Relief fund raising drive was launched with presentation on "Odisha after Phailin" and Dr. Sukanta Mohapatra requesting all guests to contribute for the cause generously.



The stream of cultural events was rolled out by the MC (Master of Celebrations) Ms. Lisa Pradhan at 5.00 PM with recitations of



Champu, Chhanda and Odissi (CCO) by groups of small children directed by Ms. Riti Mohanty. New York and New Jersey Chapter has been spearheading the promotion and propagation of Champu, Chhanda and Odissi in North America under guidance of Smt. Lata Mishra and have made significant impact in the community. The mastery with which the children recited the classics and songs proved the popularity, which CCO have achieved amongst our younger generations.

The next item of the evening was presentation of series of Odissi dances by young artists. The dances ranged from Mangalacharan, Sthayee, Kalavati Pallabi to Manava Uddhara from the epics of Shree Jayadeba. The talents and skill with which the young artists presented various forms of dance mesmerized the audience. These teams of odissi dancers have been star performers of our community, as they have regularly perform odissi in public events across New York and New Jersey area and this year have won competitions and have brought glory to odissi and its dance forms. Then we had a mesmerizing presentation of tabla plays by small children. The kids played tabla under dramatic presentation of a Mughal darbar and the skill and high energy of the small kids in playing tabla mesmerized the audience for the entire duration of the show. The children got standing ovation at the end of their presentation. Then the most colorful event of the evening - dance drama "Little Krishna" was presented by small children groups. This dance drama depicted many interesting and enlightening manifestations from the childhood of Lord Sri



Krishna. The maturity with which the children performed various characters under fusion of evergreen folk songs and bhajans kept the audiences tapping their feet and cheering the kids with applause all through.

In between each cultural program, we had presentation of melodious songs from Odiya films on Karaoke by many local Odiya talents. To top them all were famous artist duo Siddharth and Lara Mohanty whose name circuit through every cultural gathering of odiyas in New York and New Jersey area. Popular odiya duets by Amar Senapati - Priyabrata Tripathy and Siddhartha - Lara Mohanty from 1980s Odiya movies kept the audience dancing on their feet and entertaining all through the evening.





During the second half, a musical medley "100 years of Bollywood Cinema" presented by children with ever green songs from Bollywood cinema ranging from old classics of 1940s till the latest hits of 2013 with their foot tapping music entertained the audiences all through. Many guests went nostalgic and danced to the tune to the repeated cheers and applaud across the theater. The musical extravaganza was followed by a melo-drama "Real Odias of NYNJ", a comic rendition of glimpses on the lives of children growing up in America as Odias with multi-culturalism as blessings. The young adults of the NYNJ Chapter presented this drama posing real life events, which touched many hearts and gave a food for thought for

many parents who have left their motherland to make their livings here and bringing up their children in a different culture across seven seas here in America.

The closing ceremony was the signature event of the evening; "Narkare Chahala"- a satirical Drama. It was a comic enact of the people "who matter" from different districts and profession

of modern Odisha skillfully presenting, protecting and boasting of their profession and livelihood in society, by which even "Jama Raj" got panic. The comedy drama was written, directed and acted by Lalatendu Mohanty. Other artists in the drama were Prabhat Mohapatra as "Jama Raj", Krishna as "Chitragupta" and Dillip, Bijay and Lalatendu representing various other characters of Odias. The entire drama was highly entertaining with hilarious comedies and punches from daily life all through. Audiences; both young and adult alike thoroughly enjoyed the show with huge laughter and clapping frequently all through the drama.



This being end of the second of two years tenure of current Executive Team of the NYNJ Chapter, an



election commission had been formed and all Chapter members had been communicated two months earlier for submitting their nominations to elect a new Team. Based on nominations received, the commission comprising of Mr. Akhilesh Patel, Mr. Durga Madhav Mishra and Mr. Pitambar Sarangi declared Mr. Amar Senapati as to have won. On their invitation, Mr. Amar Senapati presented his Executive Team members for next two years as follows:



Mr. Amar Senapati - President,
Mr. Subhasis Tripathy - Vice President,
Mr. Sudhendu Das - Secretary,
Ms. Rima Mishra - Cultural Secretary,
and
Ms. Suman Kothari as Treasurer.

The lights and sounds of all cultural performances and programs of the evening were conceived and directed by young and talented Mr. Tirthankar Das, the New Jersey based master technologist and odia film producer. The entire program of the evening could

not have been so vibrant, musical and colorful without his professional guidance and technical support.

We also take this opportunity to thank all event coordinators, volunteers and specially thank all young volunteers who have dedicated many long hours during last over two months in preparation of the event and also have put endless efforts in making the program great success.

Our sincere gratitude to all of you for being with us all through this evening by your presence and applauding and encouraging the participants and enhancing their interest and spirit throughout their performances bringing cheers to the evening.



The tenure of the current Executive Team will be completing on December 31, 2013. The team expresses its sincere gratitude to all members of OSA New York and New Jersey Chapter, friends, associates who have been with us together for last two years, actively participated in every Chapter event during this period and also in special events like musical concerts and cultural evenings organized for artists from Odisha and supported all community

and Chapter activities. The Team also expresses its deep indebtedness to all friends, well-wishers and donors who overwhelmingly have supported us during community services and fund raising activities. Especially, the solidarity shown in donating generously for OSA's Cyclone Phailin Relief Fund Raising drive, which has put our Chapter our NYNJ Chapter in the forefront at national level.





Again many Thanks to all our volunteers, coordinators, members and well-wishers for all your time, support, love and cheers which all together made our journey to this Kumar Purnami – "Kumarotsav 2013" very enriching, exciting and fun-filled.

God Bless all!

OSA NY-NJ Team (2012-13)

Prabhat Mohapatra, President
Sanghamitra Pati, Vice President
Sanat Pattanaik, Secretary
Suman Kothari, Treasurer
Seema Senapati, Cultural Secretary





Washington DC

Prakash Sahoo's report

It was great to witness the hard work and practice come to life on stage so strikingly in color, sound, grace and rhythm (the less we say about the auditorium lights the better!). It is time to regain our breath.

We sincerely appreciate the effort, talent, and commitment that went in to showcase the programs. We thank our KP coordinators Sushmita, Nirlipta and Snigdha for their attention to detail working in collaboration with the leads to finalize the schedule. The cultural event would not have been possible without the help from our back stage volunteers namely: Shivasis Hota, Sudhir Raju, Balakrishna Dixit & Kaushik Mohanty. We started late by fifty minutes, thanks to the Capital Beltway traffic. Thanks to Anup for braving the traffic to help us. Once we got started things moved smoothly. There were terrific performances displayed which captivated audience attention.



Pictures are worth more than a thousand words. Thanks to Babru bhai for capturing the KP 2013 event as they unfolded located at:

<http://www.babru.com/kpurnima13/> There is music in the background. The lightning was not optimal and hence a lot of photos did not come out good.



We let our daughters observe chanda puja along with their friends in our community, which we hope they will cherish with fondness - In fact they will remember Sukanti Apa for this! Food was enjoyed by one and all, with Urmila Apa and many volunteers at the helm we were good on this department. Kids were happy to get a

trophy and a certificate for participation in KP 2013 from Chabi Apa.

It was a honor to have Guru Meera Das (from Cuttack) and Guru Jayanti Paine Ganguly (from Herndon) perform together on stage for everyone to admire. The spirit of Kalinga was all over the place. We thank the Voice of Kalinga singers to regale us till the very end with their vocal talent. People eating outside the auditorium had their ears trained on the live songs.

Thanks to our sponsors for their generous contributions for upgrading the music system (which went a long way to enhance our drama, song and talks using the wireless microphones that we acquired) and for contributions towards the Lucky Draw Raffle. They are:

1. Sangeeta and Prafulla Nayak
2. Pinky and Sujit Das
3. Krishna Behera
4. Rosy and Raja Panigrahi
5. Bijaylaxmi and Pratap Dash
6. Deepa and Devanand Das





7. Priti and Kaushik Mohanty
8. Subhra and Kirtan Sahu
9. Madhabi and Upendra Das
10. Swati and Bijay Satpathy
11. Manaswini and Prakash Sahu

If you attended the KP 2013 (or a past event) and forgot to contribute, kindly mail us a check payable to 'OSA DC' to our treasurer:

Mr Bijay Satpathy
42009 Ural DR, Stoneridge, VA 20105

Please plan and prepare for the following OSA National sponsored events (we will provide details as we firm up...):

1. Odia Speech (for Kids)
2. Chanda, Champu, Odissi (for Kids)
3. Regional Drama Festival (Adults & Kids)

We look forward to meeting you next year. Best wishes and Regards,
OSA Washington DC Chapter Office Bearers
[email:osadc1@gmail.com](mailto:osadc1@gmail.com)





CANOSA

Sudeshna Patnaik's report

Under the banner of Canada Odisha Society of the Americas headed by President Alok Patnaik, Kumar Utsav was celebrated on November 24 at the premises of Port Credit Secondary School in Mississauga. As every year there was participation from many young & talented Odias settled in Canada.



("Kumar punai jahna go phula baula beni" Choreographed by Madhusmita Gharai and Sangeeta Senapati)

The curtains of the Kumar Utsav opened with Kumar Purnami dance (Kumar punai jahna go phula baula beni) choreographed by Madhusmita Gharai and Sangeeta Senapati. This was followed by Balakrushna Lila –Odissi dance choreographed by Chitra Lekha Dance Academy. The most cheered and applauded event was when young boys danced to the song "jahaku mu ete bhala pauchi" and the very colourful Kalinga Fashion Show both choreographed by Rashmi Das. It is always amazing to watch how some of the CANOSA kids can speak mythological Odia without any tinge of the Canadian accent. Yes, as always there was the Childrens drama "Odissa Ra Jhalak" choreographed by Sumitra Padhi and Nibedita Pattnaik. The evening also was a spectator to Bharat Natyam dance choreographed by Anuradha Jaganathan , Jai Ho by Sipra Das and Upbeat Fever, musical remix by Priya Basa. The evening was complete with a drama "Sei Pachas" directed by Niyati Mohanty.



(Kalinga Fashion Show Choreographed by Rashmi Das)

The main contributors behind the success of this show were Sudeshna Patnaik, Abani Pattnaik, Ashish Patnaik, Arun Patra, Rashmi Das, Nibedita Pattanaik, Niyati Mohanty, Debasmita Sahoo, Rajesh Nayak, Swapna Patro, Srimanta Mohanty, Nilamani Nayak and Surya Sarangi.



("Jaha ku muin bhala pauchi sea nila sadhi pindhichi .." Choreographed by Rashmi Das)

The world around us is always busy with work, home and everything else between and beyond that however some of the members of CANOSA took some time off and worked together and put a spectacular evening celebrating the Odisha people and its rich culture.



CALIFORNIA

The California Odia Labor day weekend retreat 2013 - Santa Barbara Jnana Ranjan Dash's report

The idyllic and beautiful Santa Barbara saw a mini-Odisha tdurig the labor day weekend. The venue was the UC Santa Barbara Student housing and all families from north, south and Arizona stayed next to each other in a village like set-up. The 2013 California Odia Retreat was a very memorable event. One has to experience as words can hardly do justice.



The (then annual) Odia picnic started way back in 1977, the first one at Lake Tahoe saw 9 families attend. From then, we have seen this event repeat every year during the 1980s and 1990s (attendees exceeding 50-60 families) at locations like Sequoia National Park, Yosemite Park, Cambria, Pismo Beach, etc. Families from northern and southern California get together over 3 days of fun and outdoor activities. Our kids grew up with this tradition. Now many of them are married and have their own kids. Hence this year, for the first time, the baton was passed on to the next generation.

Our own Babu (Prasanna Mohanty, son of Deb Ranjan and Mamata Mohanty, Fremont) was the



vigorous Captain, ably assisted by Pragati & Arati Misro (daughters of Sarat & Biju Misro, Cupertino), Meera Mohanty Agarwal (daughter of Deb Ranjan & Mamata Mohanty, Fremont), Mukta Mohapatra (daughter of Deba & Kasturi Mohapatra, Long Beach), Atasi Gantayat Reina (daughter of Akhil & Bijoya Gantayat, Fremont), Sarina Behera (daughter of Kirtan & Mamta Behera, Rancho Palos Verdes), Niharika Mohanty (daughter of Sri Gopal & Shanti Mohanty, Hamilton, Canada), and others.



Rini (Niharika) recalled how back in 1982, she had attended the first picnic and danced Odissi. This time, it was her 9 year old daughter's turn to repeat the same performance. Our kids are way ahead in terms of new ideas and efficient execution. We saw that demonstrated. Let me briefly highlight the flow of events.

Friday - as families arrived at various hours (some traveling from as far away as Phoenix), everyone settled in their apartments (fully equipped kitchen and furnished). Evening saw some quick cooking and eating at the community center, followed by an evening of homage to recently departed Pandit Raghunath Panigrahi via his songs rendered by our own Sanu babu (Deba Ranjan Mohanty).



Saturday - After the early morning meditation and satsang, everyone was off to a hike in the Santa Barbara hills. Two energetic captains (Gautam and Sarita) lead the way. In parallel, a tennis clinic was going on for the kids and adults. Then we all gathered at the beautiful Goleta Beach for our lunch (catered by El Pollo Loco) and fun activities. Evening saw a wonderful children program and dinner (exotic items like sezchuan chicken, thai shrimps, and desi curry catered from a Bangaladeshi restaurant in LA). Little kids including Atasi's 1.5 year old son, showed off their talents in terms of playing violin, tabla, singing, piano, dancing, etc. After all that, a late night mehfil of songs and jokes lasted till after midnight. Asish Satpathy was excellent with tabla and Prasad Sastry sang many songs. Smita Das of Cerritos led a fun-filled antakshari where everyone had to join in.



Sunday - Early morning meditation & satsang was followed by Yoga taught by a local professional Yoga teacher. We again had beach side lunch (elaborate subway sandwiches, salad) and sports activities. You could see kids doing spoon race which also included old-timers like Anji Apa. Sports prizes were given out to the kids. Some folks went on a wine country tour. Some young parents took their kids to a swimming pool. Ladies walked on the beach for hours enjoying the great weather and scenery. The evening at the Goleta community center saw all ladies and kids dressed up with Indian outfits. Dinner (same Bangladeshi caterer) was followed by an adult entertainment program of songs and video clips, till 11pm.



Monday - time to head back home. A quickly-organized Ganesh puja in early morning set off the day. Then everyone started the journey home and looking forward to the next meet in 2015.

This year our second and third generation kids outnumbered the old-timers and rightly so. The old order changeth yielding place to new. We had a total headcount including children of 80. Four families who were at the very first picnic were here also (Sarat babu, Deb Ranjan babu, Gantayat Babu, and Kirtan Babu). Couple of first-time attendees were overwhelmed with the love and affection from all families. Kids had the best time.





Thanks to Babu, Meera, Atasi, Pragati, Mukta, Sarina, Rini, Bapi, Arati, et al. Thanks to Deba Mohapatra and his wife Kasturi for their tireless and self-less efforts in helping make this a success with amazing low cost!





OHIO

Arata Rout's report

The OSA Ohio chapter celebrated Kumar Purnima on October 26, 2013 at Cleveland , Ohio. It was a fun filled evening with a colorful cultural program. Odia families from many parts of Ohio mainly Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Canton, Youngstown and Cleveland had come to attend the event.



The Celebration started with Lakshmi Puja performed by all Odia ladies. After the Lakshmi Puja, chapter and convention issues were discussed. Mr. Arata Rout the President of OSA-Ohio chapter read a message from the President of national OSA urging people to become OSA member. Then Dr. Anil Patnaik, co-convenor of 2013 OSA convention, provided convention update with a power point presentation. The convention website was formally inaugurated by Mrs. Nandita Dash, the chairperson of the Convention committee. Mrs.Dash also was the first registrant for the convention.



The cultural program was inaugurated by Dr. Dasarathi Ram, a senior member of Ohio Odia community by lighting candle in front of Lord Jagannath.





The program was started by singing of the state song of Odisha, "Bande Utkala Janani". Children of the community, Somu Nayak and Subham Sahoo told us about the significance of Lakshmi Puja and Diya Swain and Rhea Sahoo told us about "Why we celebrate Kumar Purnima". This was followed by the traditional KumarPurnima song "Kuanar punei janha go phul boula beni" song by the ladies.



The children from Dayton-Cincinnati area (Isha and Anwasha Basa, Malini and Meinisa Narlanks and Aditya Patnaik) with Anil Patnaik sang the song "Ame Nuhen Gandhi na ame Gopabandhu".

There was an assortment of dances (both Indian and western) presented by the children. Their performances were superb.

Marisa Mohapatra and Diya Swain and performed kuchipudi and kathak dance respectively. Neha Sahu and Rhea Sahoo performed western dances. Sana Parija performed a Bollywood dance number and the Basa sisters (Isha and Anwasha) performed an Olywood dance.



The Olywood duet dance performed by the Mohapatra couple (Soumya Sarita and Asit) from Columbus was very tantalizing.



The Bollywood dance performed by Cleveland ladies (Shreela Parija, Madhu Mohapatra and Jhara Nayak) was also very entertaining. Both the dances were very appealing to the audience.



The highlight of the cultural program was presentation of three short plays by drama groups from Dayton, Columbus and Cleveland. For the Dayton group, it was their first attempt to stage a drama and they did a good job. Their play "Pakhala khiar



"Bigyana Charcha" was written by Utkal Nayak, directed by Utkal Nayak and Subhasis Rath and participants were : Debarchana Nayak, Manas Bhattacharya, Utkal Nayak, Dipali Patnaik, Kakoli Bhattacharya and Anil Patnaik. In spite of the audio problems they managed to do a good show. It looks like the drama fever is spreading to other centers of the state.



The play "Kua Chori" written by Rati Mishra was staged by the Columbus group. The actors in this play were: Asit Mohapatra, Arata Rout, Sambit Taripathy and Ram Patnaik. The play was well presented and appreciated by the audience.



The final play "C.D.C." was presented by Cleveland group which was written and directed by Basant Mohapatra and the actors were: Basant Mohapatra, Rabi Sahoo, Sanjeeb Nayak, Deepak Sahoo, Birendra Jena. and Mamuni Swain (background voice).



There were also songs sung by the talented singers. The audience were mesmerized by the enchanting voices of Anil Patnaik, Kakoli Bhattacharya, Arpita Basa, Hema Sahu and Poonam Rath. The singing continued well into the dinner time.

Mrs. Nandita Dash was the MC of the evening. The food catered by Saffron Patch of Cleveland.



This successful event was made possible due to the relentless effort made by our volunteers.



OZARK

News from Kentucky Amiya Mohanty's report

Bluegrass Indo- American Civic Society (BIACS) organized India Day celebration on October 5th, 2013, in Lexington, KY.



On this occasion there were several kinds of cultural performances and Indian food arranged by this community. Manglacharan (Odissi) was one of these performances, performed by Abhipsha and Anwesa Basa. Manglacharan was originally choreographed by Late Guru Kelucharan Mohapatra.

The program was held with the presence and guidance of Dr. Amiya Kumar Mohanty and his wife, Mrs. Saratakumari Mohanty of Richmond, KY.



The program was attended by a large group of Indian families, which gave the function an esteemed status and made it successful.



Forty Fifth OSA Convention Countdowns

Swadhin Pattanaik

Co-Convener, 45th OSA Convention

Forty Fifth OSA Convention will be held in Columbus from 3-6 July 2014. This is the second Convention hosted by Ohio chapter, last time it was held in Kent in the year 1985. Dr. Dasarathi Ram was the Convener. In these 29 years many new Odia families have been settled down in Ohio. A dedicated team of volunteers has been working relentlessly to make the convention memorable. Here is an update for our members.



Convention Venue :

Hotel : Hotel Sheraton at Capitol Square of downtown Columbus

(<http://www.sheratoncolumbuscapitolsquare.com/gallery>) is the hotel of the Convention. Convention seminars, dining, mehfil programs will be arranged in the hotel.

Auditorium : All the stage programs will be performed at the auditorium of Capitol Theatre

(<http://www.capa.com/venues/capitol-theatre>) which is less than 2 minute walk from the hotel.

Both are situated in a prime location of Columbus downtown.

Registration Process :

There are two ways you may register.

1. Use a Credit Card through website www.osa2014.org which uses secured PayPal processing.
2. Download and print the registration form from the website, fill it and send it with a check to the address mentioned in the form.

Please register as soon as possible to take advantage of early bird pricing.

Hotel Booking :

Convention has negotiated a discount price \$95 per night. You may book the hotel through convention website or calling hotel at (614) 365-4500 and asking to use 'OSA Convention' discount code.

Cutoff date to book the hotel in the discount price is 9th June 2014.

Food :

Our food committee is working hard to provide a hassle free dining experience. **Food coupon can be purchased through Convention website before 1st June 2014.**

Cultural Program Participation :

We encourage Chapter and member participation in cultural programs. Our cultural team will speak to Chapter Cultural representatives to discuss the opportunity. Members are requested to contact the cultural team through cultural@osa2014.org.

Invited Artists (subject to visa approval) :

Abhijeet Majumdar, the dynamic music director and singer:



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LKb7kGMpCus>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MFDtTvwL8IY>

Tapu Mishra, the most versatile female singer who has sang in most films:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uk3JRWX56Rw>

Bishnu Mohan Kabi, the rising star in the contemporary Odia music:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y mk12crojVY>

Sohini Mishra, become a household name in Odisha following her stupendous performance in Indian Idol 6:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1QcIX38zbgM>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=96A6LSY2was>

The singers will be accompanied by three musicians.

With the musicians, there will be the most popular comedian of Odisha Papu Pom Pom and his assistant.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z-ilfucdUiE>

Souvenir and Meghna Memorial :

Members can send their English/Odia write up to be published in the souvenir. Children can send their write up for Meghna Memorial. **Write up should be sent to souvenir@osa2014.org before 1st April 2014.**

Youth :

Forty Fifth convention encourage community youths to participate in a big way. They will be given opportunity to organize the programs suitable to them. We request our young adults to contact Convention Youth volunteers at youth@osa2014.org to know more.

Places to be seen around Convention site :

Red White and Boom – A historic Independence Day eve firework at 10.30PM on Thursday, July 3rd (<http://www.redwhiteandboom.org>).

COSI – Centre of Science and Industry, inspires the scientists, dreamers, and innovators of tomorrow. (A must see, walking distance from Convention site) (www.cosi.org)

Ohio State University (www.osu.edu)

Columbus Zoo and Aquarium (www.colszoo.org)

Zoombezi Bay (<http://www.zoombezibay.com>)

Columbus Park of Roses (<http://www.parkofroses.org>)

Easton Mall (<http://www.eastontowncenter.com>)

And many more.

Questions and Suggestions :

Convention is yours. We are here to facilitate it. We solicit suggestions from members to make the convention memorable. Questions and suggestions are to be sent to info@osa2014.org.

4893 Alston Grove Dr
Westerville, OH 43082



The Odisha Society of The Americas

45th Annual Convention, Columbus, Ohio, USA

July 3-6, 2014



Venue:

**Hotel Sheraton at Capitol Square
and Capitol Theatre, Columbus, Ohio, USA**

www.osa2014.org

OSA 2014 CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

ATTENDEE INFORMATION

Self :	Spouse :
Child 1 (age):	Child 2 (age):
Child 3 (age):	Child 4 (age):
Visiting Parents:	
Address:	City:
State:	Zip/Postal Code :
E-mail:	Phone and Alt Phone :

OSA MEMBERSHIP FEE (required for Non-members - choose one)

Life (Convention disc till 12/31/2013) : \$200	Family One Year : \$40	Student Family One Year : \$20
Five Year : \$100	Single One Year : \$20	Student Single One Year : \$10

CONVENTION REGISTRATION (this includes a mandatory \$15 OSA Fee) – Circle one

FAMILY :

Till 01/31/2014 : \$115	02/01-03/31/2014: \$135	04/01-06/30/2014: \$155	After 06/30/2014 : \$165
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INDIVIDUAL :

Till 03/31/2014: \$75	From 04/01/2014: \$90	STUDENT FAMILY/SINGLE SPECIAL : \$40
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DINING

	THU (3 rd Jul)	FRI (4 th Jul)	SAT (5 th Jul)	SUN (6 th Jul)
Adult: age 12 and up	\$15x	\$40x	\$40x	\$5x
Child : age 5-11	\$10x	\$20x	\$20x	\$5x

INDIVIDUAL DONATION (optional)

Invited Artist:\$	Cultural:\$	Seminar:\$	Youth Prog:\$	Award:\$
Souvenir:\$	Snack:\$	Exhibition:\$	Rathayatra:\$	Guest:\$

Total : OSA Membership() + Registration() + Dining() + Donation() = ()

Hotel should be booked through the following link. **Negotiated price is \$95 plus tax till 06/10/2014.**

<https://www.starwoodmeeting.com/StarGroupsWeb/booking/reservation?id=1310250762&key=4C817>

Or you can call 614-365-4500 and ask for 'OSA 2014 Convention' to get the discounted price

Please register ONLINE through www.osa2014.org or
 Please make your Total Amount payable by check to : **OSA Convention 2014**
 Complete Registration Form and Check should be mailed to :
Akshay Pradhan, 5885 Painted Leaf Drive, New Albany, OH 43054



ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବିଭାଗ

ପ୍ରଭାସ



ଅଭିଭାଷଣ

ଚିକାଗୋ ବାର୍ଷିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଶ୍ରୀ ଦିନନାଥ ପାଠୀଙ୍କ ଅଭିଭାଷଣ



ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣୀମାନେ,

ନମସ୍କାର !

ଦୀର୍ଘ ପଞ୍ଚତିରିଶି ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ପୃଥିବୀର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଦେଶ ଭ୍ରମଣ କରିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆମେରିକା ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଏଯାବତ୍ ଅପହଞ୍ଚିତ ଥିଲା । “ଓସା”ର ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରଣ ଏହି ଅଭାବବୋଧକୁ ଦୂରେଇ ଦେଲା । ଏଣୁ “ଓସା”ର ସମସ୍ତ କର୍ମକର୍ତାଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଉଛି । ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କଠାରେ, ବିଶେଷ କରି “ଓସା”ର ସଭାନେତ୍ରୀ ଅନୁପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣା ଦେବୀ ଓ ପ୍ରଫେସର ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ ମହୋଦୟଙ୍କ ପାଖରେ ମୁଁ କୃତଜ୍ଞ ଏ ଆମେରିକା ଭ୍ରମଣ ପାଇଁ । ଏଇ କିଛିଦିନ ରହଣି ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବହୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ହୃଦୟ, ମୁହଁ, ମନ ଓ ପ୍ରତିଭା ମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚିତ



ଘଟିବ, ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ବଢ଼ିବ, ସାମୟିକ ସଂପର୍କ ଦୀର୍ଘ ସ୍ନେହାନୁବନ୍ଧନରେ ପରିଣତ ହେବ । ଏହାହିଁ ଏହି ଭ୍ରମଣର ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଉପଲବ୍ଧ ହେବ ।

ଇତିହାସ, କିମ୍ବଦନ୍ତୀ ଓ ଜନସ୍ମୃତି କହେ ଆମେ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ବଡ଼ ସାହସୀ ଥିଲୁ । ବେପାର ବଣିଜ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଜାଭା, ସୁମାତ୍ରା, ବୋର୍ଣ୍ଣିଓ ଓ ବାଲି, ଲବଙ୍ଗ ଦ୍ୱୀପରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲୁ । ପହଞ୍ଚିବା ସହଜସାଧ୍ୟ ନଥିଲା । ଉତ୍ତାଳ ତରଙ୍ଗ ସାମୁଦ୍ରିକ ଝଡ଼, ବର୍ଷା, ତୋଫାନ ସହିତ ପ୍ରାଣମୁକ୍ତୀ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ୁଥିଲା । ଆମେ ଏ ସବୁକୁ ଭୃଷେପ କରୁନଥିଲୁ । ବେପାର ବଣିଜ ସହିତ ଭାବ ବିନିମୟ, ସ୍ନେହ ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟ ବଢ଼ିବା ସହିତ ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ପ୍ରସାର ଏସବୁ ଜଳଯାତ୍ରାର ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ପରିଣତି ଥିଲା । ଆମେ ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ଧନ ଦରବ ଆମ ଦେଶକୁ ବୋହି ଆଣୁଥିଲୁ । ଆମ ଦେଶ ଉନ୍ନତ ଥିଲା । ସେହି ଅର୍ଜିତ ଧନ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ପାଇଁ ବା ପରିବାର ପାଇଁ ଯେତିକି ନୁହେଁ, ଦେଶ ପାଇଁ ଜାତିପାଇଁ ତତୋପିକ ଇସ୍ତର୍ଗ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ମନ୍ଦିର, ବିହାର, ପ୍ରାସାଦ, ତୋରଣର ନିର୍ମାଣ ଓ ଜନପଦ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ଅଭିବୃଦ୍ଧିରେ ଅର୍ଥ ବ୍ୟୟିତ ହେଉଥିଲା । କବି, ଶିଳ୍ପୀ, ପଣ୍ଡିତ, ନର୍ତ୍ତକ ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ ଓ ସଂଗୀତଜ୍ଞଙ୍କ ଭଳି ସର୍ଜନପ୍ରାଣ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିମାନେ ଅଭିନୟିତ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଏ ସବୁ ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଏବେ ଚିତ୍ର, ଇତିହାସ ଓ ଉତ୍ସବର କଥାବସ୍ତୁ ।

ଏହି ଗୌରବାବହ କିମ୍ବଦନ୍ତୀକୁ ଓ ତାର ଅପାଶୋରା ସ୍ମୃତିକୁ ବାସ୍ତବ ରୂପ ଦେବାପାଇଁ ପ୍ରବାଦପୁରୁଷ ବିଜୁ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ପଚାଶ ବର୍ଷ ତଳେ ଏକ ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତିକ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ବାଲିଯାତ୍ରାର ଆୟୋଜନ କରିଥିଲେ । ଏ ଆୟୋଜନର ମୁଁ ଥିଲି ରୂପବିନ୍ୟାସୀ ବା ଭିଜୁଆଲାଭଜର । ଏହି ଉତ୍ସବ ଆୟୋଜନର ଗର୍ବବୋଧ, ବାଲିରେ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଅସ୍ଥିତା ଖୋଜିବାରେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଏବଂ ଆମ କଳା ଓ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ବାହକ ହେବାର ଅନୁଭବ ଅପୂର୍ବ ଓ ଅନନ୍ୟ । କେବଳ ବାଲିଦ୍ୱୀପ ନୁହେଁ, ପୃଥିବୀର ଯେଉଁ ଯେଉଁ ଦେଶକୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ତଥା ଭାରତବର୍ଷର ସଂସ୍କୃତିକ ପ୍ରତିନିଧି ଭାବେ ମୁଁ ଯାତ୍ରା କରିଛି ସୁଇଜରଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡ, ସ୍ୱିଡେନ୍, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ, ପୁରାତନ ସୋଭିଏଟ୍ ସଂଘ, ଚୀନ, ଜାପାନ, ମାଲୟେସିଆ, ମିଶର - ସବୁଠାରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କଳାର ଆଦର ମୋତେ ଅଭିଭୂତ କରିଛି । ସେଇ ସବୁ ଦେଶମାନଙ୍କର ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ଅନୁଭବ ମୋ ଜୀବନକୁ ସାର୍ଥକ କରିଦେଇଛି ।

ମୋର ମନେହୁଏ ମୁଁ ଓବାମାଙ୍କ ଆମେରିକା ତ ଆସିନି ବରଂ ଆସିଛି କଲମ୍ବସଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଗୋଟିଏ ନୂତନ ଆମେରିକାର ସମ୍ମାନରେ ଯେଉଁଠି ରେଡ୍ ଇଣ୍ଡିଆନ୍ମାନେ ନୁହନ୍ତି, କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଦେଶର ସାହସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନେ ପୁରୁଷେ ଦି ପୁରୁଷ ଧରି ବସବାସ କରି ରହିଛନ୍ତି । ମୋତେ ଏ ଦେଶ ନୂଆ ନୂଆ ଲାଗୁଛି । ଅଧିକ ପରମ୍ପୁହୁର୍ତ୍ତରେ ନୂଆ ମୁହଁ ଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଅତି ଆପଣାର ପୁରୁଣା ଚିହ୍ନାରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ ହୋଇଯାଉଛି । ଏକା ଭଳି ଚାଲିଚଳନ, କଥାଭାଷା, ଉତ୍ସବ ମଉତ୍ସବ ଏବଂ ସଂସ୍କୃତିକ ପରିଚର୍ଯ୍ୟା । ଏତେ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଲଢ଼ିଲା ପରେ ବି ଫରୁଆ ଭିତରେ କୁଙ୍କୁମର ଦାନା ଭଳି ଆମେରିକା ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଛୋଟିଆ କଳିଙ୍ଗ ଦେଶଟିଏ, ଓଡ଼ିଶାଟିଏ । ଏଣୁ ଏହି ଭ୍ରମଣର ଅନୁଭୂତି ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆତ୍ମିକ ଓ ନିଆରା ହୋଇ ମୋର ବଳକା ଜୀବନକୁ ଅନୁପ୍ରେରିତ କରୁଥିବ ।



ଏହା “ଓସା”ର ଧର୍ମପଦ ବାସ୍ତବିକ ସମାବେଶ । ଆନନ୍ଦମୁଖର ବେଳା । ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସମ୍ମିଳନୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନେକ କବି, ଲେଖକ, ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ, ବାଗ୍ମୀ, ନୃତ୍ୟଶିଳ୍ପୀ ଓ ସଂଗୀତଜ୍ଞ ଆଗରୁ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ଅନୁମାନ କରୁଛି ଜଣେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଚିତ୍ରକାର ବିଧିବଦ୍ଧ ଭାବରେ ନିମନ୍ତ୍ରିତ ହୋଇ ଆସିବା ଏକ ନୂଆ କଥା ନିଶ୍ଚୟ । ଆମେ ୧୯୯୪ ମସିହାରେ ଦଳେ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଶିଳ୍ପୀ ନ୍ୟୁଜର୍ସିଠାରେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠିତ ହୋଇଥିବା “ଓସା” ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବାପାଇଁ ଚିତ୍ର ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନୀଟିଏ ଯୋଗାଡ଼ କରିଥିଲୁ । ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନୀର ନାଁ ଥିଲା “ଓଢ଼ୀୟାନ୍” । ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶନୀ ପୁସ୍ତିକା ବି ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ହୋଇସାରିଥିଲା । କେଉଁ କାରଣରୁ ତାହା ସମ୍ଭବପର ହୋଇପାରିନଥିଲା ସେ କଥା ଆମେ ଜାଣି ନାହୁଁ । ଏହି ଶିଳ୍ପୀ ଦଳର ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ମୁଁ ନେଇଥିଲି । ଖୁସିର କଥା, ବିଳମ୍ବରେ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ମୋ ଚିତ୍ରକଳା ସହିତ “ଓସା” ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଛି ।

କଥାରେ ଅଛି “ଢିଙ୍କି ସ୍ୱର୍ଗକୁ ଗଲେ ବି ଧାନ କୁଟିବ” । ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଚିତ୍ରକାର, ଏଣୁ ମୁଁ ଯେଉଁଠିକି ଯାଏ ଚିତ୍ର ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ କାମ୍ପା ସଙ୍ଗରେ ଛାମ୍ପା ଭଳି ରହିଥାଏ । ଚିତ୍ରକଳା ଆମ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ଏକ ବଳିଷ୍ଠ ଅଙ୍ଗ ଓ ପ୍ରଭାବଶାଳୀ ମଧ୍ୟ । ଖୁସିର କଥା ପଟ୍ଟଚିତ୍ର ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା ଓସା ସମ୍ମିଳନୀର ଅନ୍ୟତମ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଭାବରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ପାଇଛି । ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଝୋଟିକୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ଦେଲେ ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ କଳାର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ବିଭବର ପୁଞ୍ଜୀକରଣ ହୋଇପାରିବ । ଏହା ମୂଳତଃ ନାରୀଭିତ୍ତିକ ଶିଳ୍ପକଳା ଓ ଏହାରି ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଆମେ ପ୍ରକୃତିର ଉପାସନା କରୁ, ଧରିତ୍ରୀକୁ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେଖାଉ ଓ ଆମ ଦେବାଦେବୀଙ୍କ ଆବାହନକୁ ସୁଗମ କରିଥାଉ । ଏଣୁ ମୋର ଆଶା କରିବା ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ ଯେ ଆଗାମୀ ଦିନରେ ଝୋଟି ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତା “ଓସା” କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ସ୍ଥାନ ପାଇବ ।

ଆମେ ସବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବୋଲି କାହାକୁ ନେଇ, କେଉଁ ଉପାଦାନକୁ ନେଇ ଗର୍ବ କରିବା ? କେଉଁ ବିଭବ, କେଉଁ ସ୍ମୃତି ବା କେଉଁ ବାସ୍ତବତା ଆମର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାବନାକୁ ରୁଚିମନ୍ତ କରି ଗଢ଼ିତୋଳିବ ? ମୁଁ ଏ କଥା ଭାବିଲାବେଳକୁ ମୋ ଆଗରେ ଦୁଇ ତିନୋଟି ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଦେଖାଦିଏ । ସେଗୁଡ଼ିକ ହେଲା ଭାଷା, ସାହିତ୍ୟ, ଚିତ୍ରକଳା, ରୁଚି, ଆଚାର ଓ ଭାବ ସଂପର୍କ । ଏସବୁ ବିଭବ ଗୁଡ଼ିକର ପରିମାର୍ଜନା ନହୋଇ ପାରିଲେ ମା ଓ ମାଟି ସହିତ ଆମର ଭାବଗତ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଧିରେଧିରେ ହୁଗୁଳା ହୋଇଯିବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଦେଖାଦେବ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ସ୍ଥୂଳ ଓ ବାସ୍ତବ material ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସବୁଆଡୁ ପ୍ରତିହତ ହେବ, ଆମ ପାଇଁ ଭାବଗତ non material ସମ୍ପର୍କ ହିଁ ଏକମାତ୍ର ଅବଲମ୍ବନ ହୋଇ ରହିଯିବ । ମୁଁ ଭାବେ “ଓସା”ର ପରିକଳ୍ପନା ଏହି ଭାବଗତ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଅନୁରଣନ ପାଇଁ ଏହାର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମ ଯେତିକି ବ୍ୟାପକ ଓ ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି ସମ୍ପନ୍ନ ହେବ, ଏହି ସମ୍ପର୍କ ସେତିକି ନିବିଡ଼ ଓ ଅର୍ଥପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହେବ । ଆପଣମାନେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ଚାରିଦଶନ୍ଧିରୁ ଉର୍ଧ୍ୱ ସମୟଧରି ଏଭଳି ଏକ ମହତ୍ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଏକାଠି ହୋଇ ପାରୁଛନ୍ତି, ଏହା ଆଶ୍ଚାସନାର କଥା । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ସମୟ, ସମ୍ମାନ ଓ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିସ୍ୱାର୍ଥ-ରହିତ ଇଚ୍ଛା ଯେ କେତେ କରି ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ତାହା ଆପଣମାନେ ନିଶ୍ଚୟଭାବେ ଅନୁଭବ କରୁଥିବେ ।

ବିଶ୍ୱାସନ, ବିପଶିଭିତ୍ତିକ ସମାଜ ଓ ଦୁର୍ଭଗତିରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ ହେଉଥିବା ମୂଲ୍ୟବୋଧ ଆମର ଭାବସମ୍ପର୍କକୁ ଦୋହଲାଇ ଦେବ । ଏହି ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମ ଓ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗକାତର (sensitive) । ମୁଁ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତା କହିଲେ ବସ୍ତୁତ୍ୱର କଥା ଭାବୁଛି ଏବଂ ଆମେରିକା ଭଳି ଏକ ପ୍ରମୁଖ ବିଶ୍ୱଶକ୍ତିର ଭୁଜବଳୟ ଭିତରେ ଆତଯାତ



ହୋଇ ଏହି ବସ୍ତୁତ୍ତୋର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତାକୁ କେତେ ଦୂର ନିଜ ଆଚରଣ ଓ ବିଚରଣରେ ଉପଲବ୍ଧ କରିହେବ ତାହା ଆପଣମାନେ ହିଁ ସ୍ଥିର କରିପାରିବେ । ଏ ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଗୁଣୀଜନଙ୍କୁ ଉପଦେଶ ବା ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେବା ମୋର ଧୃଷ୍ଟତା ହେବ ।

ନିଜ ପରିବାର, ପରିଜନ, ଗାଁ, ସହର ଓ ଦେଶଠାରୁ ଦୂରରେ ରହିଲେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ମୃତି ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କୁ ବେଳେବେଳେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କରିବ, ଏହା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସ୍ୱାଭାବିକ । ଏହି ସ୍ମୃତିର ବିମଳ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ହିଁ ଭାବଗତ ସମ୍ପର୍କ, ବସ୍ତୁତ୍ତୋର ସମ୍ପର୍କ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆପଣର ସମ୍ପର୍କ । ଏହି ସମ୍ପର୍କର ବାସ୍ତବ୍ୟତା ହୋଇଛି “ଓସା” । ମୋ ବିଚାରରେ “ଓସା” ଏକ ଭାବଭୂଷଣ ଏବଂ “ଓସା”ର ଏହି ସମାବେଶ ପ୍ରାଚ୍ୟ ମହୋଦଧିର ଏକ ଉଦ୍‌ବେଳିତ ପ୍ରକାଶ ତରଙ୍ଗ । ଏହି ଉତ୍ତାଳ ତରଙ୍ଗ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟକୁ ଉସେଇ ଆଣୁଛି । ଏବଂ ଏଥିରେ ଭାସି ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ଜୟଦେବ, ସାରଳା, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ, ଭୀମଭୋଇ, ସଚ୍ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦ, ମାୟାଧର, ରାଧାମୋହନ ଓ ଗୋପୀନାଥଙ୍କ ଭଳି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ମୁର୍ଦ୍ଧାଣ୍ୟ କବି, ଲେଖକ, କାଳିଚରଣ, କେଳୁଚରଣ, ସଞ୍ଜୁକ୍ତାଙ୍କ ଭଳି ନାଟ୍ୟକାର, ନର୍ତ୍ତକ ନର୍ତ୍ତକୀ, ମୁକ୍ତେଶ୍ୱର, ରାଜାରାଣୀ, କୋଣାର୍କ, ଖଣ୍ଡଗିରି, ଉଦୟଗିରି, ଜୈନକୀର୍ତ୍ତି, ଲଳିତଗିରି, ରତ୍ନଗିରି ବୌଦ୍ଧ ବିହାର ସ୍ତୂପ ଏବଂ ତା ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ମାଣିଆବନ୍ଧି, ବରପାଲି ଓ ବ୍ରହ୍ମପୁରର ବାନ୍ଧଣାଢ଼ି ଓ ଜଉପାଟ ଏବଂ କାରିଗରିର କାଳାତ୍ମକତା । କେତେ କଳ୍ପନାର ଯାଦୁ, କେତେ ଉତ୍କର୍ଷର ଅପୂର୍ବ ସମ୍ପଦ, କେତେ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ କେତେ ସ୍ମୃତି । ତାରି ଭିତରେ ପୁଣି ଜଳଜଳ ଦେଖାଯାଉଛି ଉତ୍କଳୀୟ ଜ୍ଞାନମିଶା ଭକ୍ତିର ଆବାହନ, ଶୂନ୍ୟବାଦର ଆୟୁହା - ମୋ ଜୀବନ ପଛେ ନକେଁ ପଡ଼ିଥାଉ, ଜଗତ ଉଦ୍ଧାର ହେଉର ମହନୀୟତା, ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଚେତନାର ଜାତି ଧର୍ମ ଭେଦଭାବ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ବିଶ୍ୱ ପ୍ରେକ୍ଷଣତା ।

ସମଗ୍ର ଓଡ଼ିଆପଣ ହିଁ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଧର୍ମ । ଏହି ସମ୍ପର୍କ ବିଶ୍ୱନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଏକାତ୍ମବୋଧର ଭାବ ହୋଇପାରେ ବା ମୋ ଭାବବଳୟ ଭିତରେ ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଆତଯାତ ହେଉଥିବା ଆମେରିକା, ଇଂଲଣ୍ଡ, କୁଏତ୍, ସୁରତ୍, ଯାଜପୁର, ଗଞ୍ଜାମ ବା କୋଟପାଡ଼ର ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଆତ୍ମିକ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ହୋଇପାରେ । “ଓସା” - ଭାବ ବିନିମୟର ବିଭିନ୍ନତା ଭିତରେ ଉଷା ବା ସକାଳର ଏକ ଉତ୍କଳ ସମ୍ଭାବନା, ଉତ୍କର୍ଷର ଅନୁରଣନ, ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ବା ଓଷା/ଓସା ଯାହା ଏକ ତପସ୍ୟାର ମାର୍ଗ ମଧ୍ୟ ହୋଇପାରେ ।

ଆପଣମାନେ ଭାରତ ଓ ଆମେରିକା ଭଳି ଦୁଇଟି ପ୍ରକାଶ ବିଶ୍ୱ ସଂସ୍କୃତିର ବାହକ / ସେଥିରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ବୈଦିକ, ଉପନିଷଦୀୟ, ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟଟି ଆଧୁନିକ ଓ ବିଷୟଚେତନାର ଦ୍ୟୋତକ, ଗୋଟିଏ ଜନ୍ମଗତ, ବଂଶଜ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟଟି କେବଳ ଆହାର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଏହି ଦୁଇଟି ମହାମାନବୀୟ ଚିନ୍ତାରୁ ଜନ୍ମ ନେଇଛି “ଓସା” । ମୁଁ ଓସାର ଅଭିବୃଦ୍ଧି ଓ ଦୀର୍ଘ ଜୀବନ କାମନା କରୁଛି । ସବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଇ ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ, ପାରିବାରିକ ଓ ସମଷ୍ଟିଗତ ମଙ୍ଗଳକାମନା କରୁଛି । ମା ଅନୁପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣା ଅନୁ ପରଷି ଦେଇ ମୋତେ “ଓସା”ର ପରିବାରଭୁକ୍ତ କରିଦେଇଥିବାରୁ ମୁଁ ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ମୋର କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜ୍ଞାପନ କରୁଛି ।

ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ, ପୁଣିଥରେ ନମସ୍କାର । ବନ୍ଦେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ ।

କାଳଜୟୀ କବିତା



ପ୍ରସିଦ୍ଧ ଓଡ଼ିଆ କବି ଓ ସାହିତ୍ୟକାର ରମାକାନ୍ତ ରଥ ଏମା ଡିସେମ୍ବର ୧୯୩୪ ମସିହାରେ ଜନ୍ମ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ସେ ୧୯୫୭ ରେ ଭାରତୀୟ ପ୍ରଶାସନିକ ସେବାରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇ ୧୯୯୨ ରେ ଅବସର ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ମୁଖ୍ୟ ସଚିବ ଥିଲେ । ପ୍ରଶାସନିକ କାମକାର୍ଯ୍ୟର ବୋଝ ତାଙ୍କ ଭିତରର ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ସ୍ରୋତ କୁ ବନ୍ଦ କରି ପାରି ନଥିଲା । ଏଇ ସମୟରେ ତାଙ୍କର ସାତଟି କବିତା ସଂକଳନ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଥିଲା - କେତେ ଦିନର (୧୯୬୨), ସନ୍ଦିଗ୍ଧ ମୃଗୟା (୧୯୭୧), ସପ୍ତମ ରତ୍ନ (୧୯୭୭), ସଚିତ୍ର ଅନ୍ଧାର (୧୯୮୨), ଶ୍ରୀରାଧା (୧୯୮୫) ଏବଂ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ କବିତା (୧୯୯୨) । ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ୧୯୭୮ ରେ କବିତା ସଂକଳନ ସପ୍ତମରତ୍ନ ପାଇଁ ରମାକାନ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ପୁରସ୍କୃତ କରିଥିଲେ । ୧୯୮୪ ରେ ସଚିତ୍ର ଅନ୍ଧାର ପାଇଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ସାରଳା ପୁରସ୍କାର ମିଳିଥିଲା । ଭାରତବର୍ଷର କାବ୍ୟ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଶ୍ରୀରାଧାର ସ୍ଥାନ ବହୁ ଭଜରେ । ୧୯୯୨ ମସିହାପାଇଁ ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ସମ୍ମାନ ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଥିବା ଏ କାବ୍ୟଗ୍ରନ୍ଥଟି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପାଠକଙ୍କର ଖୁବ୍ ପ୍ରିୟ, ତାଛଡା ଇଂରାଜୀ ଓ ଆଠଟି ଭାରତୀୟ ଭାଷାରେ ଅନୁଦିତ ହୋଇ ବିପୁଳ ପାଠକୀୟ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ଲାଭ କରିଛି ।

ଜନ୍ମରାତି

ରମାକାନ୍ତ ରଥ

ଯେତେକ ପଢ଼ିଆ ଜମି

ସବୁ ମିଶି ଗୋଟିଏ ସଫେଦ୍ ବିଛଣା ଚାନ୍ଦର
ଯାହାର ଶେଷ କାହିଁ, ଆରମ୍ଭ ବି କାହିଁ,
ଠିକ୍ ମୋର ଦେହ ପରି ।
ଆକାଶ ବି ପ୍ରାୟ ତୁମ ପରି ।

ବେଳେବେଳେ ମନେହୁଏ ମୁଁ ଆକାଶ
ପ୍ରଶସ୍ତ ଅଥଚ ଫାଙ୍କା, ଏବଂ ଦେଖୁଅଛି
ପୃଥିବୀ ଯେପରି
ତମେ ଠିକ୍ ସେହିପରି
ମେଲା କରିଅଛ ହାତମାନ
ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ଓହ୍ଲାଇଲେ
ସେହିଠାରେ ତମ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ ।

ଦୂରରୁ ଦିଶୁଛି ଜମି ଓ ଆକାଶ ମିଶିବାର ଭ୍ରମ
ତମେ ହେଲେ ଉଡ଼ିଆସ ପ୍ରବାସରୁ ହେ ମୋ ବିହଙ୍ଗମ
ମୁଁ ଏଠାରୁ ପାରିବିନି ଘୁଞ୍ଚି କାଳେ ଜନ୍ମ ବୁଝିଯିବ
କାଳେ ମୁଁ ଫେରିବା ବେଳେ
ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟାଲୋକେ ବାଟ ନଦିଶିବ ।



ଗୁରୁପ୍ରସାଦ ମହାନ୍ତି (୧୯୨୪-୨୦୦୪)

୧୯୫୦ ପର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଗୁରୁପ୍ରସାଦ ମହାନ୍ତି ଏକ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣତ ଉଦ୍ଧାରଣ । ତି ଏସ୍ ଏଲିଅଟ୍‌ଙ୍କ କବିତା ଶୈଳୀରେ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ ଗୁରୁପ୍ରସାଦଙ୍କ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ସମିତ ଥିଲା କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରତିଟି ସୃଷ୍ଟି ମୂଲ୍ୟବାନ । ୧୯୭୩ ରେ ତାଙ୍କର ବହୁଚର୍ଚ୍ଚିତ କବିତା ସଙ୍କଳନ ସମୁଦ୍ରସ୍ନାନକୁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହୋଇଥିଲା । ୧୯୯୦ରେ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ତାଙ୍କର ଭ୍ରମଣ ସାହିତ୍ୟ “ପାତାଳପୁରୀର ହାଲତାଲ” କୁ ପୁରସ୍କୃତ କରିଥିଲେ । ତାଙ୍କର କବିତା ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥ ହେଲା “ନୂତନ କବିତା” (୧୯୫୫), ସମୁଦ୍ରସ୍ନାନ (୧୯୭୦), ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଅଭିସାର (୧୯୮୮), ଗଳ୍ପ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥ ବିଧୁସ୍ତ କଳିକା, ଭ୍ରମଣ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଦୂର ସମାନ୍ତର ପାରେ ଓ ପାତାଳପୁରୀର ହାଲତାଲ ।

କାଳଜୟୀ କବିତା

ମାଣିକେଶ୍ୱରୀ

ଗୁରୁପ୍ରସାଦ ମହାନ୍ତି

ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ ତୋ ହାତତ ପଦ୍ମଫୁଲ ପରି
ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ ତୋ ଓଠତ ଫୁଲର ପାଖୁଡା
ସେ ଫୁଲ ପାଖୁଡା ଟାଣ ଲୁହାଠାରୁ
ସେ ଫୁଲ ପାଖୁଡା ଯଦି
ଲାଗେ କେବେ ଇସ୍ମତ ଦେହରେ
ଇସ୍ମତ ନରମ ହୋଇ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଯାଏ ।

ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ
ତୋ କଳା ଆଖିର ଜ୍ୟୋତି
ଝଡୁ ଝଡୁ ଝାଡ ଜଙ୍ଗଲରେ
ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ
ତୋ ଖୋସାର ଝାଡତଳୁ ଉଡିଯାଏ ହଳଦୀ ବସନ୍ତ
ତୋ ନଖର ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ ଶାଣ
ଟାଙ୍ଗି ଛୁରୀ କଟୁରି ଦାଢରେ
ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ
ତୋ କଳା ଆଖିର ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ମୋ
ଦେହର ସତ୍ତାରେ ।

ଉତ୍ତର ମେଘର ଜହ୍ନ
ତୋ ଆଖିର କଞ୍ଜଳରୁ ଅନ୍ଧାର ଜମାଟ ବାନ୍ଧୁ
ବାଟଘାଟ ଝାଡ ଜଙ୍ଗଲରେ
ଅନ୍ଧାର ଚିକ୍ଳଣ ହେଉ ଘାରି ମୋର ନଗ୍ନ ଚେତନାକୁ
ତୋ କଲ୍ୟାଣ ଆଶୀର୍ବାଦ ମୋର ବଢ଼ି ଛୁରୀ କଟୁରିକୁ
ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ କରୁ ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ କରୁ
ତୋ ଜିଭ ନଖର ଲାଲ୍ ଶାଣିତ ରକ୍ତରେ ।



ଉତ୍କଳ ଗୌରବ ମଧୁସୂଦନ ଦାସ କ୍ଷ ଉପରେ ଲିଖିତ ଆମ ପିଲାଦିନର କବିତା

ତୁମ ପରି ଛୋଟ ପିଲାଟିଏ

ଡ: ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମହାନ୍ତି

(ଡ: ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ମହାନ୍ତି ଜଣେ ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ଶିଶୁ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ ଥିଲେ । ସେ ଉତ୍କଳ ଇଂରାଜୀ ଓ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷାରେ ୩୦୦ ରୁ ଅଧିକ ଲେଖା ଲେଖି କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ଓ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ବହୁ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପାଇଥିଲେ ।)

ତୁମ ପରି ଛୋଟ ପିଲାଟିଏ

ଗାଆଁ ଚହାଳୀର ଚାଟ ସିଏ
ଚେହେରାଟି ତାର ଡଉଲ ଡଉଲ
ପାଠରେ ତାହାର ସରି କିଏ ?

ଛାଡ଼ି ଯାଇଥିଲା ଦିନେ ଝଡ଼ି
ବାହାରିଲା ସିଏ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ି
ବାଟେ ଯାଉଯାଉ ଖସିଗଲା ଗୋଡ଼
ମୁଁହୁ ମାଡ଼ି ତଳେ ଗଲା ପଡ଼ି ।

ଗୁରୁଜୀ ଦେଖିଲେ ଦେହ ତାର
ପାଣି କାଦୁଅ ରେ ସର ସର
ଡିଲେହେଁ ସେଥିକୁ ଖାତିରି ନକରି
ଆସିଛି ହୋଇ ସେ ତର ବର ।

ପଚାରିଲେ ଗୁରୁ ଏକି ହେଲା
ଏତେ ସରି ତୋତେ କିଏ କଲା
ପିଲାଟି କହିଲା ବେଗେ ଆସୁଆସୁ
କାଦୁଆରେ ଗୋଡ଼ ଖସିଗଲା ।





ହେଲା ଦଶହରା ଛୁଟି ବେଳ
ପିଲାଟି ସଭିଙ୍କି କଲା ମେଳ
ମାଟି ଗୋଡ଼ି ବାଲି ପକାଇ ସଭିଏଁ
ଗାଆଁ ମାଟି କଲେ ସମତୁଲ ।

ଏହା ଦେଖି ଲୋକେ ହେଲେ କାବା
ଡକାଇଲେ ଗୁରୁ ଚାଟସଭା
କହିଲେ ଏଭଳି ଭଲକାମ କଲେ
ନିଶ୍ଚେ ଆମେ ଦିନେ ବଡ଼ହେବା ।



ବଡ଼ ହେଲା ଦିନେ ସେହି ପିଲା
ମଧୁ ବାରିଷ୍ଠର ବୋଲାଇଲା
ଦେଶ ପାଇଁ କେତେ କାମ କରି ସିଏ
କାଳେ କାଳେ ଯଶ ରଖିଗଲା ।

କହିଲା ଜାତିର କାନେ କାନେ
ଉଠିବୁ ଆଉ ତୁ କେତେ ଦିନେ
ପୁରୁବ ଗୌରବ ପୁରୁବ ମହିମା
ପଡ଼ୁନାହିଁ କିରେ ତତେ ମନେ ?





ରାଣ୍ଡି ପୁଅ ଅନନ୍ତା

ଫକୀର ମୋହନ ସେନାପତି

ସୁବଳ ମହାକୁଡ଼ ଓରଫେ ସୁବଳ ସିଂହର ବାପ ଅମଳରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ମଇଁଷି ପଲ ଥିଲା । ମହାକୁଡ଼ ହରିଶପୁରର ବଣ ଭିତରେ ପଲରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ଥାଏ । ଘରକୁ ଆସେ ନାହିଁ । ଶୀତ, ବର୍ଷା, ଖରା ସବୁ ତା ପକ୍ଷରେ ସମାନ । ହେଲେ ବର୍ଷା ଦିନଟା ବଡ଼ ଆନନ୍ଦର ଦିନ । ତରା ଢେର ମିଳେ, ମଇଁଷିଗୁଡ଼ାକ ବଡ଼ ଦୂପିଆଳୀ ହୁଅନ୍ତି । ତାଳପତ୍ର ଟୋପରଟିଏ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଦେଇ ଚିତେ ଉଞ୍ଚା ବାଉଁଶ ଠେଙ୍ଗାଟିଏ କାନ୍ଧରେ ପକାଇ ଦିନଯାକ ମଇଁଷିଙ୍କ ପଛେ ପଛେ ଧାଇଁ ଥାଏ । କାହିଁ ଆଣ୍ଟୁଏ, କାହିଁ ଅଣ୍ଟେ ପାଣି, ଦେହ ଯାକ କାଦୁଏ ଲଟପଟ, ଏଟା ତାର ଭାରି ଆନନ୍ଦ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ର ଆଉ ଦିନେ ଘର ଦରକାର ନାହିଁ । ରନ୍ଧାବନ୍ଧା ଲାଗି ବର୍ଷା ଦିନେ ଗୋଟିଏ ପଲା ଦରକାର । କେତେଟା ଡାଳ ପୋତି ଦେଇ ତାହା ଉପରେ ବିଡ଼ାକାତେ ବେଶାଘାସ ପକାଇ ଦେଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ପଲା ତିଆରି କରେ । ପଲାଟା ନିହାତି ନୁଆଁଣ । ବସି ବସି ଭିତରକୁ ଯାଏ । ବସି ବସି ଭାତ ରାନ୍ଧେ । ଠିଆ ହେଲେ ପଲା ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ବାଜିବ । ପଲା ଚାରିପାଖେ ବାଡ଼ ନାହିଁ, କାରଣ ରାତିରେ ପଲା ଭିତରେ ଶୋଇଥିଲେ ବାହାରୁ ଯଦି କେନ୍ଦୁଆ ଆସି ମଇଁଷି ବାଛୁରୀ ଘେନିଯାଏ, ଦିଶିବ ନାହିଁ । ରାତିରେ ପଲା ଭିତରେ ଡେଙ୍ଗେ ଉଞ୍ଚା କଠୋଉ ଯୋଡ଼ାକ ମୁଣ୍ଡତଳେ ଦେଇ ଟୋପରଟାରେ ମୁହଁ ଢାଙ୍କି ଦିଏ । ମୁହଁଟାରେ ପାଣି ନ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ହେଲା । ତା ଚାରିପାଖେ ମଇଁଷି ଛୁଆଗୁଡ଼ିଙ୍କୁ ଗୋଡ଼ରେ ଦଉଡ଼ି ଲଗାଇ ଖଟାଇ ପକାଏ । ବର୍ଷା ହେଲେ ମଇଁଷି ଛୁଆର ମଇଳା ଓ ମୃତ ଧୋଇ ଆସି ପଲା ଭିତରେ ଲହଡ଼ି ଖେଳୁଥାଏ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ ତାରି ଉପରେ ଚେଙ୍ଗ ମାଛ ପରି ଲଟପଟ ହେଉଥାଏ । ମଇଁଷିଗୁଡ଼ା ବସା ଚାରି ପାଖେ ବଣ ଆଡ଼କୁ ମୁହଁ କରି ଶୋଇଥାନ୍ତି । ରାତି ତିନିପହର ସରିକି ମଇଁଷିଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଉଠି ବଣକୁ ଯାଆନ୍ତି । ତେତେବେଳୁ ମହାକୁଡ଼ ଜାଗ୍ରତ ଥାଏ । ପାଖରେ ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ, କାରଣ ତେତିକିବେଳେ ନେକଡ଼ିୟା ଆସି ବାଛୁରୀଟା ଘେନି ପଲାଘାରେ । ବଣ ଭିତରେ ମଇଁଷି ଗୋଟାଏ ନାକସିଟକା ଦେଲେ ବାଘ ଆସିଛି ବୋଲି ମହାକୁଡ଼ ଜାଣିପାରେ । ଆରେ ରେ ରେ କୁହାଟଟା ମାରିଦେଲେ ଯେତେ ବାଘ ହେଉ ଛାଡ଼ି ପଳାନ୍ତି । ବାଘ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ମହାକୁଡ଼ ଡାକ ବାରି ପାରନ୍ତି । ବଣରେ ଯିମିତି କୁକୁଡ଼ା ଗୁଡ଼ାକ କୁକୁ କୁକୁ କରିବେ ମଇଁଷିପଲ ବସାକୁ ନେଉଟି ଆସନ୍ତି । ତେତିକିବେଳେ ମହାକୁଡ଼ ଦୁହାଁଳୀ ମଇଁଷିଗୁଡ଼ାକୁ ଛନ୍ଦି ଦୁହିଁ ପକାଏ । ଦିନ ଘଡ଼ିକ ସରିକି ମହାକୁଡ଼ାଣୀ ଦେବକୀ କାଣ୍ଡିଆ କୁଣ୍ଡା ମିଶା ସେରେ ଚାଉଳର ଗୋଟିଏ ପୋତପିଠା, ପାଞ୍ଚ ସେର ଅକାଣ୍ଡିଆ



ବରଗଡ଼ା ଚାଉଳ ଆଉ ଧୂଆଁପତ୍ର ବିଡେ ଧରି ଗୋଠରେ ହାଜର । ମହାକୁଡ଼ର ଡେଇଁକି ମାତ୍ର ଦୈନିକ ଖାଦ୍ୟ । ସକାଳୁ ପିଠାଟି ଖାଇଦେଇ ସେରେ ନିରୁତା ମଇଁଷି ଦୁଧ ପିଇଦିଏ । ଦିନ ଦୁଇ ପହର ସରିକି ଅଢେଇସେର ଚାଉଳ ଟିକିଏ ଫୁଟାଫୁଟି କରିଦିଏ । ବଣରୁ ଯଦି କିଛି କାଙ୍କଡ଼ ଡଙ୍କ, ମଟକା, ଫୁଟଗୁଡ଼ୀ ମିଳିଥାଏ ତାକୁ ସେଇ ଚାଉଳରେ ପକାଇ ଦେଇ ଥାଏ । ତରକାରୀ ପାଇଁ ଶୋଚନା ନଥାଏ । ବଖତରେ ଅଢେଇସେର ଚାଉଳ, ଦୁଇସେର ନିରୁତା ମଇଁଷି ଦୁଧ ମୂଳ ଖାଦ୍ୟ । ବୋଇଲା -
 “ମଇଁଷି ମଣେ ନୁହା ଚଣାଖିଆ, ଘୁଷୁରୀ ମଣେ ଧାଇ ।”

ମହାକୁଡ଼ାଣୀ ଚାଉଳ ପିଠା ଡେଇଁକି ଦେଇ ଘରର ଦୁଃଖ ସୁଖ, ଗାଁର ହାଲଚାଲ, ବନ୍ଧୁ ବାନ୍ଧବ, ଖବରା ଖବର କହି ନିତି ଦୁଧ କଳସିଟି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ଘରକୁ ବାହୁଡ଼ି ଆସେ । ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମକାଳରେ ମହାକୁଡ଼କୁ କିଛି ହରବରରେ ପଡ଼ିବାକୁ ହୁଏ । ବଣରେ ନାହିଁ ପାଣି, ଏଣେ ମଇଁଷିଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଦୁଇପହର ଯାଏ ଜଳଜନ୍ତୁ ପରି କାଦୁଅ ପାଣିରେ ଡୁବିବେ, ନାକଟି ଖାଲି ଦିଶୁଥାଏ । କଣ କରିବେ ? ବଣରୁ ବାହାରି ପାଟକୁଳରେ ଆସି ପଡ଼ନ୍ତି । ସେଠାରେ ପାଣି ଆଉ ଚରାର ଅଭାବ ଥାଏ ନାହିଁ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଗୋଟାଏ ତାଳପତ୍ର ଛତା ପାଟ କୂଳରେ ପୋତି ଦେଇ ତାହାରି ଭିତରେ ରୋଷେଇବାସ କରେ ଓ ରାତିରେ କଠୋଉ ଯୋଡ଼ାକ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଦେଇ ତେଲଗୁଣି ପୋକ ପରି ମୋଡ଼ିମୋଡ଼ି ଶୁଏ । ଶୋଇବା ପାଖରେ ଦୁଇ ତିନି ଗଦା ମଇଁଷି ଗୋବର ଘଷିରେ ଧୂଆଁ ଜଳୁଥାଏ । ତେବେ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ପାଟ କୂଳରେ କାଳିଆ କାଳିଆ ତେଜା ଗୋଡ଼ିଆ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଏତେ ମଶା ଯେ ସମ୍ଭାଳି ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ କଣ କରେ କି ପାଟ ଭିତରୁ ହାଣ୍ଡିଏ ପଙ୍କ ଆଣି ଗୋଡ଼ ଆଙ୍ଗୁଠି ଠାରୁ ଅଣ୍ଟା ଯାଏ ଲେପି ଦେଇ ଶୋଇପଡ଼େ । ପିଠି ହାତ ପୋଡ଼ି ଉଠିଲେ ଚାପଡ଼ା ଚାପଡ଼ାକେ ଦୁଇ ତିନି ପୁଞ୍ଜା ମଶା ଦଳି ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଟିକିଏ ନିଦ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲେ, “ଆଲୋ ମାଳତୀ ! ଆଲୋ ଶୁକ୍ରୀ ! ଆଲୋ କାଳୀ ! “ କୁହାଟି ଦିଏ । ମଇଁଷି ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ମହାକୁଡ଼ କଥା ବୁଝନ୍ତି, ଦୂରରେ ଥିଲେ ପାଖକୁ ଆସନ୍ତି । ଓଲିଆ ମଇଁଷି ବେକରେ କାଠ ଘଣ୍ଟ ବନ୍ଧା ଥାଏ, ଫାଶ ଫନ୍ଦା ଡାଳୁଅ ବିଲରେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଧାଇଁଯାଇ ବାଡେଇ ଆଣେ ।

ମହାକୁଡ଼ାଣୀ ଆସି କହିଲେ,
 “କିରେ ମହାକୁଡ଼, ତୁ ଇମିତି ବସି ଭାବୁଛୁ କିଏ ? ଅଣ୍ଟା ବସି ଗଲାଣି ! ଓହୋ ! ଏ ଲାଗି ଗୋଟାଏ ଭାବନା ? ଯା ହେବାର ହେଲା । ଆରେ ମୋ ଭାଇ ଗୋଠରୁ, ବୃନ୍ଦା ବାରିକ ଗୋଠରୁ, ଦୁଧ କାଟ ଆଣି ଲଗାଇ ଦେବି ବେପାର । ବର୍ଷ ଦି ଟା ଭିତରେ ଯେ ପଲକୁ ସେ ପଲ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗଣି ନେ ।”

ବର୍ଷେ କଣ ହେଲା କି ଅଚାନକ କାହୁଁ ଠାକୁରାଣୀ ଆସି ପଲରେ ପଶିଗଲା । ଦିନ ଆଠଟା ଭିତରେ ଅଢେଇ ବୋଡ଼ିଆ ପଲଟା ଏକାବେଳେକେ ପଟାରୁଟ୍ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ର ତ ଅଣ୍ଟା ବସି ଗଲାଣି । ଗାଲରେ ହାତ ଦେଇ ବସିଥାଏ । ମହାକୁଡ଼ାଣୀ ଆସି କହିଲେ, “କିରେ ମହାକୁଡ଼, ତୁ ଇମିତି ବସି ଭାବୁଛୁ କିଏ ? ଅଣ୍ଟା ବସି ଗଲାଣି ! ଓହୋ ! ଏ ଲାଗି ଗୋଟାଏ ଭାବନା ? ଯା ହେବାର ହେଲା । ଆରେ ମୋ ଭାଇ ଗୋଠରୁ, ବୃନ୍ଦା ବାରିକ



ଗୋଠରୁ, ଦୁଧ କାଟ ଆଣି ଲଗାଇ ଦେବି ବେପାର । ବର୍ଷ ଦି ଟା ଭିତରେ ଯେ ପଲକୁ ସେ ପଲ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ଗଣି ନେ ।”

ମହାକୁଡ଼ କଣ କଲା କି ଠାକୁରାଣୀଦାଦବାହୁଡ଼ା ପିଲାପିଚିକା ଯେ ଦୁଇ ଚାରିଖଣ୍ଡ ଲାଙ୍ଗୁଡ଼ ଥିଲା, ବିକି ବାକି ପକାଇ ଜମିଦାରର ଚାରି ପଲରେ ସେଠ ହେଲା । ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ଚାକିରୀ ହେବାରୁ ମହାକୁଡ଼ାଣୀ ତ ବଡ଼ ଖୁସି । ଗାଁରେ ତାକୁ କେହି ସେଠାଣୀ ନ କହିଲେ ଭାରି କଳି କରେ, ମାଇକିନିଆ ହେଉ ମିଶିପି ହେଉ ବାଡ଼େଇବାକୁ ଧାଏଁ ।

ଶୀତଦିନିଆ ପୁଲିସ ସାହେବ ମକ୍ରାମପୁର ଫାଣ୍ଡି ତଦାରକ କରିବାକୁ ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ଫାଣ୍ଡି ପାଖ ଡୋରାରେ ଡେରା ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ଡେରା ପାଖକୁ ଅଧକ୍ରୋଶ ଦୂରରେ ପଟା ସରାଳି, କାଜ ମାଣିକ ଯୋଡ଼, ଜଳ ଫିଫି, ପାଣିହଂସ, ଚକ୍କୁଆ, ଦା ବେକିଆ, ବଗ ଚଢ଼େଇ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି । ସାହେବଙ୍କର ନଜର ଯିମିତି ପଡ଼ିଗଲା, ବନ୍ଧୁକ କାନ୍ଧରେ ପକାଇ ଶିକାରକୁ ବାହାରିଲେ । ପଛରେ ଚାରିଜଣ କନେଷ୍ଟବଳ, ଆଠ ଦଶ ଜଣ ଚୌକିଦାର ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ

**ସାହେବ ତ ମହାଖୁସି ।
ଗୋଡ଼ରୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡଯାଏ ତିନିଧର
ଅନାଇଲେ, ପଞ୍ଚହତା ମର୍ଦ୍ଦ
- ବାହୁ ଯୋଡ଼ାକ ଗୋଲ୍
ଗୋଲ୍ ମୋଟା ମୋଟା, ଦୁଇ
ହାତରେ ତେକା ପାଇବ
ନାହିଁ, ମୁଠୁଣିଏ ଚଉଡ଼ା
ଛାତି, ଚକା ମୁହଁ, ଚଉଡ଼ା
ନାକ, ଜଂଘ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ସଲଖ
ମୋଟା ମୋଟା ଶାଳଗଜା
ପରି । ସାହେବ ଭାରି
ଖୁସିହୋଇ ପଚାରିଲେ,
“ତୁମ୍ କୋନ୍ ହେ ?”**

ଲାଲ୍ କଳା ହଳଦିଆ ପାଗ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଗୁଡ଼େଇ ତିଡ଼େ ତିଡ଼େ ବାଉଁଶ ଠେଙ୍ଗା କାନ୍ଧରେ ପକାଇ ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ସାହେବ ପାଟକୁଳରେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଯିମିତି ବନ୍ଧୁକଟି ଦୁମ୍ କରି ଆବାଜ କଲେ ହଜାର ହଜାର ଚଢ଼େଇ ତ କେଁ କଟର କରି ଆକାଶରେ ଉଡ଼ି ଚକର ଦେଇ ଘୁରିଲେ । ବୋଧହୁଏ ସେମାନେ ତଳକୁ ଅନାଇ ବିଚାର କରୁଥିଲେ, “କାଲେ ଦେଖା ନାହିଁ, ଶୁଣା ନାହିଁ, ଆଜି ଏଟା କଣ ? ଏଟା ତ ଧଳା ମଣିଷ ପରି ଦିଶୁଛି, ଏଟା କଣ ?” ସେମାନେ ଆପଣା ଆପଣା ଭିତରେ ଯେଉଁ କଥା ଭାଷା ହେଉଥିଲେ ସେଇଟାକୁ କହୁଛୁ “କେଁ କଟର ।”

ଯୋଡ଼ାଏ କାଜ ଦେହରେ ଛିଟା ବାଜି ଡେଣା ଓ ଗୋଡ଼ ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲା । ହେଲେ କଣ ହେଲା ଠା ନପଡ଼ି ଖଣ୍ଡିଉଡ଼ା ଦେଇ ଯାଇ ପାଟ ମଝିରେ ଯାଇ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ଯାଉଛି କିଏ, ସାହେବ ତ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ମୁହଁକୁ ଅନାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଜଣା ଅଛି ପାଟ ମଝିଟା ତାଲେ ଗହୀର । ମଣିଷଖିଆ କୁମ୍ଭୀର ଯୋଡ଼ାଏ ଥିବାର ବି ଶୁଣା ଅଛି । କନେଷ୍ଟବଳ ମାନଙ୍କରତ ତ୍ରେସ୍ ଭିଜି ଯିବ । ଚଉକିଆ ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଗାଉଁଲିଆ, ପହଁରି ଜାଣନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ଅସଲ କଥା, କାହାରି ମନକୁ ଭରସା ଖଟୁ ନାହିଁ ଯେ ଯିବ ।

ସାହେବ ନହେଲେ ଯୋରିମନା କରିବ, ନୁହେଁ ଚାକିରି ଛଡ଼ାଇଦେବ । ଜାଣିଶୁଣି ଗୋମୁହାଁ କୁମ୍ଭୀର ମୁହଁକୁ କେ



ଯିବ ? ତେତିକିବେଳେ କଣ ହେଲାକି ଆତ୍ମମାନଙ୍କ ସେଠେ ପଲ୍ ତନଖ କରିବାକୁ ଯାଇ ସେଇଠି ପାରିଥି ଦେଖୁଥିଲେ । କୁହା ନାହିଁ, ବୋଲା ନାହିଁ କଅଣ ମନକୁ ଆସିଲା ଦୁତ ଦୁତ କରି ପାଣିରେ ପସିଗଲେ । ଦଣ୍ଡକ ଭିତରେ କାଜ ଦୁଇଟାକୁ ଆଣି ସାହେବ ଆଗରେ ଥୋଇଦେଲେ । ସାହେବ ତ ମହାଶୁସି । ଗୋଡ଼ରୁ ମୁଣ୍ଡଯାଏ ତିନିଧର ଅନାଇଲେ, ପଞ୍ଚହତା ମର୍ଦ୍ଦ - ବାହୁ ଯୋଡାକ ଗୋଲ୍ ଗୋଲ୍ ମୋଟା ମୋଟା, ଦୁଇ ହାତରେ ଚେକା ପାଇବ ନାହିଁ, ମୁଠୁଣିଏ ଚଉଡ଼ା ଛାତି, ଚକା ମୁହଁ, ଚଉଡ଼ା ନାକ, ଜଂଘ ଗୁଡାକ ସଳଖ ମୋଟା ମୋଟା ଶାଳଗଜା ପରି । ସାହେବ ଭାରି ଖୁସିହୋଇ ପଚାରିଲେ, “ତୁମ୍ କୋନ୍ ହେ ?” “ମଣିମା, ମୁଁ ଜମିଦାର ମଲର ସୁବଳ ସେଠ ।” ସାହେବ - “ତୁମ୍ କନେଷ୍ଟବଳ ନୌକରି କରେଗା ?” ସେଠିଏ ଟିକିଏ ଗୁମ୍ ମାରି ରହିଲେ । ଦଣ୍ଡକ ବାଦ କହିଲେ, “ମୁଁ ଘରଆଡେ ନ ବୁଝି କହିପାରୁ ନାହିଁ ।” ସାହେବ ବୁଝିପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଜମାଦାର ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ଜମାଦାର ଇଂରେଜ ପଦୁଆ ବୋଲି ଚୌକିଦାର ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଜଣା । ଆମ୍ବେମାନେ ଜାଣୁ ସେ ଫାଷ୍ଟବୁକ୍ ଖଣ୍ଡକ ବିଲକୁଲ ପଢ଼ିଥିଲେ, ଆଉ କାଗଜରେ ଇଂରେଜୀରେ ଦସ୍ତଖତ କରନ୍ତି । ସେ ମହାକୁତ କଥା ଇଂରେଜୀରେ ସାହେବଙ୍କୁ ବୁଝାଇଦେଲେ । “Sir, this guala Mahakur says he ask his wife, if she says, he will constable.” ସାହେବ ମନ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଟିକିଏ ହସିଲେ । ଅସଲ କଥାଟା ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଦି ମିନିଟ୍ ଡେରି ହେଲା । ପକେଟରୁ ନୋଟ୍ ବୁକ୍ ବାହାର କରି ଲେଖିଲେ “Subal Singh is fit to be a constable. He seems to be a clever man and knows how to show respect to the fair sex.” ହୁକୁମ ଦେଲେ, “ତୁମ୍ କାଲ୍ ଫଜର ଡେରା କା ପାଶ୍ ହାଜର୍ ହୋ ।”

ସୁବଳସିଂହ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧଳି । ସାହେବ ତ ଭାରି ଶିକାରପ୍ରିୟ । ଶିକାର ସରଞ୍ଜାମ ତାହା ଜିମା ଥାଏ । ସୁବଳସିଂହ ନଥିଲେ ସାହେବ ଶିକାରକୁ ବାହାରି ପାରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । ସୁବଳ ଉପରେ ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଅନୁଗ୍ରହ ଦେଖି ଭଲ ଭଲ ଲୋକମାନେ ତାହାର ଅନୁସରଣ କରିଥାନ୍ତି । ସେଥିରେ ତାହାର ଦରମା ମାସିକ ନଅ ଟଙ୍କା ଛଡ଼ା ଉପରି ଦି ଚାରି ପଇସା ବେଶ ରୋଜଗାର ହୁଏ । ହେଲେ ସବୁ ଦେବକୀ ହିସାବ କରି ନିଏ । କେବେ କାଲେ ସିଂହର ଟଙ୍କା ମଧ୍ୟେ ବେଜାୟ ଖରଚ ଧରା ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଦେବକୀ ଖପା ହୋଇ ଗାଳିଦିଏ । “କାଠଖିଆ, ତୁ ତ ଟଙ୍କା ଏଇରକମ ଉଡେଇବୁ, ପର ଘରେ ଗୋଲାମି କରୁଛୁ କିଆ ?” ଆଉ ଗୋଟାଏ କଥା, ମହାକୁତ ସିଂହ ହେଲାକୁ ଦେବକୀ ନାମ ହେଲା ସିଂହାଣୀ, ସେ ଆପେ ଗାଁଯାକ ଏହି ନାମ କହି ଆସିଲା । ସିଂହଙ୍କର ଦି ତିନି ବରଷ ଚାକିରି ବାଦେ ଥରେ ପୁଲିସ୍ ସାହେବ, ମେଜେଷ୍ଟର ସାହେବ ମିଶି ଡୋମପଡ଼ା ବଣକୁ ଶିକାର କରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ । ମେଜେଷ୍ଟର ସାହେବ ଗୋଟେ କେନ୍ଦୁଆକୁ ଯିମିତି ଗୁଳି କରିଛନ୍ତି, ହେଲା ଅଣ୍ଟାଗୁଳି, କେନ୍ଦୁଆଟା ଗୋଟାଏ ଝୁମ୍ପୁଡ଼ିଲଗା ଭିତରେ ପଶି ଗର୍ଜନ କରୁଥାଏ । ସାହେବ ସଙ୍ଗରେ ଶକଡ଼ା ବେଠିଆ, ଯୋଡ଼ାଏ ହାତୀ, ଘାଉଲା କେନ୍ଦୁଆ ପାଖକୁ ଯାଉଛି କିଏ ? ଘାଉଲା ବାଘ, ଧଇଲା ଯମ ଏକା କଥା । ପୁଲିସ୍ ସାହେବ ସୁବଳ ସିଂହ ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ସିଂହେ ଉଁ କି ତୁଁ ନ କରି ପଶିଲେ ବଣରେ । ସିଂହେ ସେଇ ମଇଁଷିମଣା ଠେଙ୍ଗା ଆଜିଯାଏ ଛାଡ଼ି ନାହାନ୍ତି । ବାଘ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଚାରି ପାହାର କଷିଦେଇ ଲାଞ୍ଜ ଧରି ଭିଡ଼ି ଭିଡ଼ି ଆଣି ମେଜେଷ୍ଟର ସାହେବଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ ଥୋଇଦେଲେ । ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ନଗଦ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ଟଙ୍କା ବକସିସ୍, ଆଉ ପନ୍ଦର ଟଙ୍କା ଦରମାର ଜମାଦାରୀ । ଏତେ ହେଲା ହଁ, ହେଲେ ସିଂହଙ୍କୁ କାଳ ସହିଲା ନାହିଁ । କାର୍ତ୍ତିକମାସିଆ ଛୁଟି ନେଇ



ଘରକୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି, କାହୁଁ ଗୋଟାଏ କାଳ-ଢୁର ଆସି ମାଡ଼ି ବସିଲା । ଜର ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ସନ୍ନିପାତ । ଦିନ ତିନିଟାରେ ଶେଷ ।

ଏଣେ ସିଂହାଣୀଙ୍କର ଦେହରେ ଯିମିତିକା ବଳ, ମନରେ ବି ସେହିପରି ସାହସ; ଘୋର ବିପଦରେ ପଡ଼ି ହଟିବାର ନୁହନ୍ତି । ସ୍ଵାମୀର ଶୁଦ୍ଧିକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସାରି ଆପଣା ବେଉସାରେ ଲାଗିଗଲେ । ସିଂହେ ସିଂହାଣୀ ରୂପରେ ଗୁଣରେ ସମାନ । ବିଧାତା ଯେମନ୍ତ ଗୋଟିଏ ଚକରେ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କୁ ଗଢ଼ିଛନ୍ତି; ତେବେ ସିଂହାଣୀ ଉଚ୍ଚାରେ ଅଧର୍ତ୍ତୋକେ ବେଶି ହେବେ । ନାହିତଳକୁ ଲୁଗା ପିନ୍ଧିଥିଲେ ପେଟଟି ଛ ନଉତିଆ ଧାନ ଉଷୁନା କଳା ହାଣ୍ଡି ପରି ବାହାରି ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ଅଳଙ୍କାରକୁ ବୋଧହୁଏ ବଡ଼ ଭଲ ପାଆନ୍ତି । ପ୍ରଥମେ ବିଧବା ଦିନ ଦେହରୁ ସବୁ ଅଳଙ୍କାର କାଢ଼ି ପକାଇଥିଲେ

ହାତଗଣ୍ଠି ଠାରୁ କହୁଣୀଯାଏ ଦୁଇହାତରେ ଲଗାଇଦେଲେ ଓଜନରେ ସୁନାଗୁଣା କାମୁଡ଼ି ଧରିଥାଏ । ଗୋତଲଗା ଟଙ୍କାମାଳ ଦୁଇ ହାତରେ ଦିପୁଞ୍ଜା ସିଂହାଣୀଙ୍କ ସାହସ ଉଣା ନିଚ୍ଛୁଟିଆରେ ଘର, ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ଚୋର ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ସମ୍ମାନ ପାଇ ସିନ୍ଧିକରି ତିନିଜଣ ଚୋର ସିଂହାଣୀ ଶୋଇଥିଲେ, ତାକୁ ତ ହାଉଳିଖାଇ । ଚୋର ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଚାରି ଚାରି ଯୋଡ଼ାଏ ଚୋର ତ ବସିଲା, ଗାଇ ପଘାରେ ଘର

ସିଂହେ ବିଯୋଗ ବେଳକୁ ପୁଅ ଅନନ୍ତର ହୋଇଥିଲା ଚାରି ବରଷ । ବୟସ ଟଳା ବେଳେ ପୁଅ ଟିଏ ହେବାରୁ କୋଟିନିଧି ପାଇଥିଲେ । ପୁଅଟିର ଆକାର ବାପ ମା ପରି, ସେହିପରି ଦେହର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ସଞ୍ଜବେଳେ କାମ ପାଇଟି ସାରି ପୁଅକୁ ଘଡ଼ିଏ କୋଡ଼ରେ ବସାଇ ଗେଲ କରନ୍ତି, ଗେଲ କଲାବେଳେ ଗୀତ ଗାଉଥାନ୍ତି -
“ହାତୀ ଝୁଲୁଥାଏ ଲସର ପସର କିଆକନ୍ଦା ଖାଇବାକୁ, ଅନନ୍ତୁ ଝୁଲୁଛି ଲସର ପସର ମାଆ ଦୁଧ ଖାଇବାକୁ ।

। ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ବାସିଦିନ ଫେର ଦଶବିଶାର ପିତଳବାହି ବଳା । ନାକରେ ତୋଳାଏ ଚେପଟା ବିଶାଳ ନାକକୁ ବେକରେ ଦଶ ଦଶ ଗଣ୍ଡା ନାହିଯାଏ ଲମ୍ବି ପଡ଼ିଥାଏ । ଗେଣ୍ଡାପରି ଛାପ ମୁଦି । ନୁହେଁ । ଗାଁ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଛୁଆଟାକୁ ଧରି ଏକୁଟିଆ ହାତରେ ଢେର ଟଙ୍କା; ଦିନେ ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତିଆ ଘର ଭିତରେ ପଶିଲେ । ଯିମିତି ମାଡ଼ି ବସିଛନ୍ତି ସେ ହାତଯୋଡ଼ାକ ଛିଞ୍ଚାଡ଼ି ଦେଲା ହାତ ଦୂରରେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ । ପକାଇଲେ; ଗୋଟାକୁ ମାଡ଼ି ମଝିଖୁମ୍ପରେ ଭିଡ଼ି

ବାନ୍ଧିଦେଲା । ସକାଳୁ ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ଦେଖି ଧାଇଁଲେ, ଏ ଚୋରଟା କିଏ ମ? ମଲା ମଲା ! ଏ ତ ଗାଁ ଚଉକିଆ ବାଉରୀ ଝପଟ ସିଂ । ସମସ୍ତେ ପରାମର୍ଶ କଲେ ଚୋରକୁ ଚଲାଣ ଦେବେ । ସିଂହାଣୀ କହିଲା, “ଆଜ୍ଞା, ମୁଁ ଚଲାଣ ଦେବି ।” ଦୁଇ ଗାଲରେ କଷି ଲଗାଇଲା ଦୁଇ ଚାପୁଡ଼ା । ଉଆଉଫଡ଼ା ପରି ଗାଲ ଫୁଲିଗଲା, ଚଉକିଆପୁଅ ପନ୍ଦର ଦିନ ଘରୁ ବାହାରି ନାହିଁ, ବିଛଣାରେ ପଡ଼ିଥିଲା । ସିଂହେ ବିଯୋଗ ବେଳକୁ ପୁଅ ଅନନ୍ତର ହୋଇଥିଲା ଚାରି ବରଷ । ବୟସ ଟଳା ବେଳେ ପୁଅ ଟିଏ ହେବାରୁ କୋଟିନିଧି ପାଇଥିଲେ । ପୁଅଟିର ଆକାର ବାପ ମା ପରି, ସେହିପରି ଦେହର ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ସଞ୍ଜବେଳେ କାମ ପାଇଟି ସାରି ପୁଅକୁ ଘଡ଼ିଏ କୋଡ଼ରେ ବସାଇ ଗେଲ କରନ୍ତି, ଗେଲ କଲାବେଳେ ଗୀତ ଗାଉଥାନ୍ତି -



“ହାତୀ ଝୁଲୁଥାଏ ଲସର ପସର କିଆକନ୍ଦା ଖାଇବାକୁ, ଅନନ୍ତୁ ଝୁଲୁଛି ଲସର ପସର ମାଆ ଦୁଧ ଖାଇବାକୁ ।
ଆକାଶେ ବୁଲୁଛି ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଉଦିଆରେ ସଙ୍ଗତେ ବହୁତ ତରା, ଅନନ୍ତୁ ଝୁଲୁଛି ମାଆକୋଳେ ବସି ଦୁଧ ସେ ଖାଇବ ପରା ।
ବାପତ ଯାଇଛି ମଇଁଷିଗୋଠକୁ ମାଆତ ଦୁହିବ ଗାଇ, ରାଜାଙ୍କ ଦୁଆରେ ପାଟ ହାତୀ ବନ୍ଦା ଅନନ୍ତୁ ଚଢ଼ିବ ଯାଇ ।”

ଏହିପରି ଗେଲ କରି ପୁଅକୁ ବସି ଝୁଲାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ହାତୁଣୀ କୋଳରେ ହାତୀପିଲାପରି ପିଲାଟି ଝୁଲିଲେ ବଡ଼ ମାନେ । ରୋଜି ବଡ଼ି ସକାଳୁ ଉଠି ପୁଅକୁ ତେଲ ହଳଦୀ ଚିକିଏ ମାଖି ଦେଇ କାଠ ପାନିଆରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ କୁଣ୍ଡେଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ସାନ ଜଟ ବାନ୍ଧିଦିଏ । ଘଡ଼ିଏଯାଏ ପୁଅ ମୁହଁକୁ ଚାହେଁ, ତା ବାଦ ଆପେ ଜିଭ କାମୁଡ଼ି ପକାଇ କୁହେ, “ମା ତାହାଣୀ ! ସୁନ୍ଦର ପୁଅଟିକୁ ମୁଁ ଚାହିଁଛି ।” ତାହା ବାଦେ ତୁଳସୀମୂଳରୁ ଚିକିଏ ମାଟି ଆଣି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଚିତା କରିଦିଏ । ଜଟ ଉପରେ ଚିକିଏ ଗୋବର ଲଗାଇ ଦିଏ । ତାହା ବାଦେ ପୁଅ ଉପରକୁ ଚିକିଏ ଛେପ ପକାଇ ଦିଏ । ଗାଁରେ କେତେ ରକମ ମାଇକିନିଆ ଅଛନ୍ତି, କାହା ନଜର କେମିତି ? ପୁଅକୁ ହାୟରା କରିଦେବେ । ଏହିଲାଗି ପୁଅ ବେକରେ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ଘୁଷୁରୀଥୋମଣୀ, ଗୋଟାଏ ତମ୍ବା ଡେଉଁରିଆ ଭିତରେ ମହାଦେବ ବେଲପତ୍ରୀ, ଦି କଡ଼ା କାଶୀକଉଡ଼ି, ଚାରିଟା ରୁପା ଡେଉଁରିଆ, ମୂଳମୂଳିକା ହାର କରି ପୁଅ ବେକରେ ଲଗାଇ ଦେଇଛି । ବାର ଲୋକର ନଜର କଟିଯିବ ବୋଲି ଆପଣା ଗୋଡ଼ରୁ ଚିକିଏ ଧୂଳି ନେଇ ପୁଅ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲଗାଇ ଦିଏ । ରାତିରେ ସେରେ ଚାଉଳରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ପୋଡ଼ ପିଠା କରି ରଖିଥାଏ, ସେଟି ପୁଅ ହାତରେ ଦେଇ ଦହି ମୁହଁଇ ବସେ । ତାହା ବାଦେ ପସରା ଉପରେ ଦୁଇ ତିନିଟା କଳସୀରେ ଚହ୍ଲା ପୁରାଇ ଗାଁକୁ ଦହି ବିକିଯାଏ । ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉପରେ ପସରାରେ ଦୁଇ ତିନି କଳସୀ ଦହି, ତାକୁ ନଧରି ଦୁଇ ବାହୁ ଝୁଲାଇ ଗୋହରୀ ଦାଣ୍ଡରେ ଚାଲିଯିବାବେଳେ ଲୋକମାନେ ଚାହିଁ ରହନ୍ତି । କୁହନ୍ତି, “ନନ୍ଦିଘୋଷ ରଥ ! “ ସିଂହାଣୀର ଢେର ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ନାମ; ଏକ- ଦେବକୀ ଗଉଡୁଣୀ, ଦୁଇ - ମହାକୁତାଣୀ, ତିନି - ତାତକା ଅସୁରୀ, ଚାରି-ନନ୍ଦିଘୋଷ ରଥ, ହେଲେ ସିଂହାଣୀର ଅଜଣାରେ ଲୋକମାନେ ଏହିସବୁ ନାମ ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ସିଂହାଣୀ ବୋଲି ଡାକିଲେ ସେ ବଡ଼ ଖୁସି ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଗାଁରେ କେତେଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ଥଟିଆଲା ମଣିଷ ତୁଚ୍ଛାଟାରେ- “ଏ ସିଂହାଣୀ ! ଦହି ଦେଇ ଯା” ବୋଲି ଡାକନ୍ତି । ଦହି କିଣିବାବେଳେ ତାକୁ ଦୁଇ ଚାରି ଥର ସିଂହାଣୀ ସିଂହାଣୀ କହିଲେ ସେ ବଡ଼ ଖୁସି ହୋଇ ଦୁଇ ଚାରି ସଢେଇ ଦହି ଲାଭ ବୋଲି ଢାଳିଦିଏ ।

ସୁବଳସିଂହ ବିଯୋଗବେଳେ ଅନନ୍ତର ଚାରିବରଷ ପୁରି ଯାଇଥିଲା । ଦିନ କିଛି କାହାରି ଲାଗି ବସି ରହେ ନାହିଁ । ଅନନ୍ତର ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ହେଲାଣି ଦଶବରଷ । ହେଲେ କଣ ହେଲା, ଲୋକେ ତାକୁ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ବରଷର ଭେଣ୍ଟିଆ ବୋଲି ଠଉରିବେ । ରୋଜି ସିଂହାଣୀ ଦହି ବିକି ଆସି ମୋଟା ବରଗଡ଼ା ଚାଉଳ ପାଞ୍ଚସେର ତୁଲୀରେ ବସାଇ ଦିଏ । ସୁବଳସିଂହର ଯେଉଁ ଫରମାସୀ ପିତଳ ବାସନଟା ଥିଲା, ସେଥିରେ ତିନିସେର ଅନ୍ଧାଜ କଡ଼ଫୁଟା ପେଜୁଆ ଅନ୍ନ ସେ ପିତଳରେ ଢାଳି ପୁଅ ପାଖରେ ପରଷି ଦିଏ ! ଅନନ୍ତର ତରକାରି ପତ୍ର ଲୋଡ଼ା ନାହିଁ, ହେଲେ ମା ମନ କେତେକେ ମାନେ । ଚୋପାମିଶା ବିରିଡ଼ାଲି କଂସାଏ, ନୋହିଲେ ଶାଗ ମାମଡ଼ି ସିଜାସିଜି କରି ପୁଅ ପାଖରେ କଂସାଏ ବସାଇ ଦିଏ । ଅନନ୍ତା ଭାତ ଖାଇ ସାରି ଡାଲି ତେତକ ପିଇଦିଏ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ପୁଅଲାଗି ଗୋଟିଏ ଗାଇ ବାନ୍ଧିଛି । ଦିନକୁ ଚାରି ସେର ଦୁଧ ଦିଏ । ଅନନ୍ତା ଭାତ ଖାଇସାରି ସେ କଞ୍ଚାଦୁଧତକ ପିଇଦିଏ ।



ଏବେ ସିଂହାଣୀ କିଛି ପୁଅଲାଗି ହରବରରେ ପଡିଲେଣି । ଅସହୁଣୀ ଲୋକଗୁଡ଼ା ଅନନ୍ତାକୁ ଦେଖି ପାରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ । କିଏ କହିଲା - “ମୋ ବାଡ଼ିରୁ କାକୁଡ଼ି ଖାଇଗଲା” । କିଏ କହିଲା - “ମକା ଭାଙ୍ଗି ନେଲା” “ଆମ୍ଭ, କର୍ମା, କୋଳି ଗଛରେ ଚଢ଼ି ଅନନ୍ତା ଖାଇଗଲା “ ବୋଲି ଗାଁ ଲୋକମାନେ ରୋଜି ସିଂହାଣୀ ପାଖରେ ଗୁହାରି କଲେ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ମନ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଗୁହାରିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଉପରେ ରାଗେ, ହେଲେ ପୁଅକୁ କିଛି କୁହେ ନାହିଁ । ଆଜିକାଲି ବି ସଞ୍ଜବେଳେ ଘଡ଼ିଏ ବସି ପୁଅକୁ ଗେଲ କରେ । ଶେଷରେ ସିଂହାଣୀ ବଡ଼ ଦିକଦାର ହୋଇ ଗାଁରୁ ଆସୁଛି, ବାଟରେ ଦେଖିଲା ବଉଳଗଛ ମୂଳରେ ପିଣ୍ଡିଟି ଉପରେ ବୈଷ୍ଣବ ମହାନ୍ତି ଅବଧାନେ ବେତ ଘେନି ଗାଁ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ାଉଛନ୍ତି । ମନରେ କଲା, “ଏହି ଚାଟଶାଳୀରେ ଅନ୍ତୁ କୁ ବସାଇଦେଲେ ପାଠ ବି ହେବ ଆଉ ଗାଁ ବି ବୁଲି ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ ।” ତହିଁ ଆରଦିନ ଅବଧାନ ପାଖରେ ଛାଡ଼ିଦେଇ କହିଲା, “ଅବଧାନେ, ଅନ୍ତୁକୁ ଟିକିଏ ଭଲକରି ପାଠ ପଢ଼ାଅ ।” ଅନ୍ତୁ ଭଲ ପିଲାଟି ପରି ଚାଟଶାଳୀରେ ବସିଗଲା । ସେ ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଅକଲା ମାକୁ ଡରେ, ଆଉ ମା କଥା

ଅବଧାନେ ଭୂଇଁରେ ଅ, ଆ ଖଡ଼ି ମତାଇବାକୁ କହିଦେଲେ ଉପରେ ବଉଳଗଛରେ ପାଟିଛି ଅନାଇ ଦେଖୁଥାଏ । ହୁପ୍ କରି ଚଢ଼ିଯାଇ କୋଳି ଲେଖିବାକୁ ବସିଯାଏ । ତାର ତା ତେନ୍ତୁଳି ଗଛକୁ ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ ଲାଙ୍ଗୁଡ଼ ଧରି ତଳେ ଚଢ଼ାରେ ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ ତା ସଙ୍ଗରେ କେତେଟା ଦିନ ଭିତରେ ହୋଇଗଲେଣି । ତା ଡରରେ ଗୋଡ଼ କାଢ଼ି ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଚାଟଶାଳୀରେ ଭାରି ଗୋଟାଏ ପିଲାକୁ ପେଲିଦେଲା, କାହାକୁ ଧକା ମାରିଲା, କାହା ଗୋଡ଼ ଧରି ଟାଣିଲା, କାହାକୁ କଚାଡ଼ି ଦେଲା - ଏହିପରି ଲାଗେ । ଆଉ ପିଲେ ତାହାକୁ ବାଡ଼େଇଲେ ତାର ଭାରି ଆନନ୍ଦ, ସେ କାହାରିକୁ ବାଡ଼ାଏ ନାହିଁ; ହେଲେ ତାକୁ ଡରରେ ବାଡ଼ଉଛି କିଏ ? ଅବଧାନେ ପହିଲେ ପହିଲେ ସିଂହାଣୀର ଡର, ଆଉ ସେ ଦହି ବିକିସାରି ବାହୁଡ଼ାବେଳେ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ କଂସାରେ ଯେ ଚାରି ସଢ଼େଇ ଚଲୁ ଭାଳି ଦେଇଯାଏ ତେତିକି ଲୋଭରେ ଅନ୍ତାକୁ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ମଣିଷ ଡର ଓ ଲୋଭରେ ଢେର କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରୁ ନିବୃତ୍ତ ହୁଏ । ଆଉ ସମ୍ଭାଳି ପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଧରିଲେ ବେତ । ପହିଲେ ଦି ପାହାର, ଚାରି ପାହାର, ଛଅ ପାହାର ପଟାପଟ୍ କରି ପିଟିଲେ । ହେଲେ ଅନ୍ତାର ସେପିକି ଅନେଇବାର ନାହିଁ । ଅବଧାନେ ପିଟିବାବେଳେ ବଉଳକୋଳିକୁ ଅନାଇଥାଏ, କେହି କେହି ଦିନ ହେଲେ

**ଅବଧାନେ ଭୂଇଁରେ ଅ, ଆ
ଲେଖୁଦେଲେ, ତା ଉପରେ ଖଡ଼ି
ମତାଇବାକୁ କହିଦେଲେ । ତଳେ
ହାତ ବୁଲିଛି, ହେଲେ ଉପରେ
ବଉଳଗଛରେ କେଉଁଠି କୋଳି
ଅଛି, କେଉଁଠି ପାଟିଛି ଅନାଇ
ଦେଖୁଥାଏ । ନଜର ପଡ଼ିଲେ
ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ ପରି ହୁପ୍ କରି ଚଢ଼ିଯାଇ
କୋଳି ଆଣି ପାଟିରେ ପକାଇ
ଲେଖୁବାକୁ ବସିଯାଏ । ତାର ଗଛ
ଚଢ଼ାରେ ଭାରି ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ।**

ଲେଖିଦେଲେ, ତା ଉପରେ
। ତଳେ ହାତ ଚାଲିଛି, ହେଲେ
କେଉଁଠି କୋଳି ଅଛି, କେଉଁଠି
ନଜର ପଡ଼ିଲେ ମାଙ୍କଡ଼ ପରି
ଆଣି ପାଟିରେ ପକାଇ
ଗଛ ଚଢ଼ାରେ ଭାରି ଅଭ୍ୟାସ ।
ଆସିଲେ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠିଯାଇ
କଚାଡ଼ି ମାରି ପକାଏ । ଗଛ
ପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ । ଏଣେ
ଅବଧାନେ ଅଧୟ
ଚାଟଶାଳୀରୁ ଆଉ ଟିକିଏ
ଟିକିଏ ଅବଧାନେ ପଛ କଲେ,
ଚହଲ ପଡ଼ିଯାଏ । କେଉଁ



ମାତ ଜାଗାଟା ଆଉଁଷିଦିଏ । ଆଉ ଚାଟଟୋକାଏ କହନ୍ତି, “ମହାଦେବର ବେଲପତ୍ରୀ ଉଣା, ଅନ୍ତର ମାତର ଉଣା ନାହିଁ ।” ଚାଟଟୋକାରେ ଏତେ ଯେ ମାତ ତା ମା ହେଲେ କିଛି ଜାଣିପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ଅନ୍ତା ସବୁ ଭୁଲିଯାଏ । ଚାଟଟୋକାରୁ ବାହାରିବା ବେଳେ ସେ ମାତ କଥା ତାର ମନେ ଥାଏ ନାହିଁ । ଏଇ ରକମ ଚାରିମାସ ଗଲା, ପାଞ୍ଚ ମାସ ବି ଗଲା, ଅନ୍ତା ଅ ଅକ୍ଷରଟା ଲେଖି ସାରି ଆ ମତାଉଛି । କେତେ ଖଣ୍ଡ ବେତ ଛିଡ଼ି ଗଲାଣି, ଅବଧାନେ ଆଉ ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ତାକୁ ବାହାରବି କରି ଦେଇ ପାରୁନାହାନ୍ତି, ଚଳୁ ମନ୍ଦାକ ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଯିବ ଯେ ! ଦିନେ ଅବଧାନେ ଆଉ ପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ବେତ ଫୋପାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ ଦି ଚାରିଖଣ୍ଡ ବିଛୁଆଡ଼ି ଛଡ଼ି ଆଣିଲେ- ଗୋଡ଼ରେ ହାତରେ ପିଠିରେ ଦଶ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ପାହାର କଷି ଦେଲେ । ସେହିଦିନ ଅନ୍ତାକୁ ଟିକିଏ ବାଧିଲା । ହେଲେ ଆଖିରୁ ପାଣି ପଡ଼ିନାହିଁ । ଚାଟଟୋକାଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ କହିଲା, “ଶଳା ମହାନ୍ତିକୁ ମୁଁ ଦେଖିବି ।” ତହିଁ ଆରଦିନ କଣ ହେଲାକି ଅନ୍ତା ଏକ ଧ୍ୟାନରେ ବସି ଅକ୍ଷର ମତାଉଛି, କାହାକୁ ଅନାଇବାକୁ ନାହିଁ । ଭାରି ଭଲ ପିଲାଟାଏ । ଅବଧାନେ ଟେରେଇ ଟେରେଇ ଦୁଇ ଚାରିଥର ତାକୁ ଅନେଇଲେଣି । ଭାରି ଖୁସି । ମନରେ କଲେ, “ଏଡ଼େ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଉପାୟ ଥିଲା- ହାୟ ! ହାୟ ! ଆଗରୁ କ’ଣ ନ କଲି ?”

ଦିନ ପହରକ
ପଦାଆଡ଼େ ତଲବ
“ଆରେ ! ନିଆଁ ଆଣ
ନୋଟା ଆଣ ରେ ।”
ଚାଟଟୋକା ଧାଇଁ ଯାଇ
ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ସବୁ
ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର
କଟା, ସଙ୍କୁଡ଼ି ଧୂଆ
କରନ୍ତି । ଯେତେ
ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ଗୋଡ଼
ଘଷିଲେ ପାଠ ଆସେ
କରି ମୋଡ଼ିଲେ -
ଲଗାଇଦେଇ ଦି କଳ ଭିଡ଼ିଲେ । ଫୁ କରି ଧୂଆଁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ କହିଲେ, “କି ବେ ମୁକୁମା । ଧୂଆଁ ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ ଯେ ?”

ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ଗୋଡ଼ଘଷା, ପାଲଟା ଲୁଗା କଟା,
ସଙ୍କୁଡ଼ି ଧୂଆ ବିଲକୁଲ କାମ ପିଲାମାନେ କରନ୍ତି
। ଯେତେ ଲୋକ ପୁଅ ହେଉ ପଛକେ
ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ଗୋଡ଼ ଘଷିବ । ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଗୋଡ଼
ଘଷିଲେ ପାଠ ଆସେ । ଅବଧାନେ ପିକାଟି
ଭଲ କରି ମୋଡ଼ିଲେ - ନିଆଁ ଖୁଣ୍ଟାରେ ପିକାଟି
ଲଗାଇଦେଇ ଦି କଳ ଭିଡ଼ିଲେ । ଫୁ କରି ଧୂଆଁ
ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ କହିଲେ, “କି ବେ ମୁକୁମା । ଧୂଆଁ
ଲାଗୁନାହିଁ ଯେ ?”

ସମୟରେ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ
ହେଲା । ତାକି ଦେଲେ,
ରେ, ଧୂଆଁପତ୍ର ଆଣ ରେ,
ପୁଞ୍ଜାଏ କି ଛ ଟା
ସବୁ ଠିକ କରିଦେଲେ ।
କାମ ପିଲାମାନେ କରନ୍ତି ।
ଗୋଡ଼ଘଷା, ପାଲଟା ଲୁଗା
ବିଲକୁଲ କାମ ପିଲାମାନେ
ଲୋକ ପୁଅ ହେଉ ପଛକେ
ଘଷିବ । ଗୁରୁଙ୍କ ଗୋଡ଼
। ଅବଧାନେ ପିକାଟି ଭଲ
ନିଆଁ ଖୁଣ୍ଟାରେ ପିକାଟି

ମୁକୁମା କହିଲା-ମୁଁ କଣ କରିବି ଅବଧାନେ ? ବାବା ତ କାଲି ହାଟରୁ ଏଇ ଧୂଆଁ ଆଣିଛି ।

ଅବଧାନେ-ବେ ବିନିଆ ! ତୋ ବାପ କଟକରୁ ଯେ ବାଲେଶ୍ଵରୀ ଧୂଆଁପତ୍ର ଆଣିଥିଲା, ତାକୁ ଆଉ ଆଣିଲୁ ନାହିଁ
ତ !



ବିନୋଦ - ମୁଁ କଣ କରିବି ଅବଧାନେ, ମା ତାକୁ ବିତା ବାନ୍ଧି ସିକା ଉପରେ ରଖି ଦେଇଛି; ମୋ ହାତ ପାଇଲା ନାହିଁ ।

ଅବଧାନେ-ଆଛା ତୁ ଗୋଟାଏ କାମ କରିବୁ । ତୋ ମା ଯେତେବେଳେ ଗାଧୋଇ ଯାଇଥିବ ତୁ ଗୋଟାଏ ବଡ଼ ପାଛିଆ ଉଗାଡ଼ି ପକାଇବୁ, ତା ଉପରେ ଚଢ଼ି ସିକାରୁ ଧୂଆଁପତ୍ର କାଢ଼ିବୁ । ସେଥିରୁ ଦୁଇ ଚାରି ଖଣ୍ଡ କାଢ଼ି ବିତା ବାନ୍ଧି ସିକାରେ ଥୋଇ ଦେବୁ । ଖବରଦାର ! ବେଶି ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ଆଣିବୁ ନାହିଁ । କାଲି ସକାଳେ ଯଦି ନ ଆଣିବୁ, ଅନାଇଥା ଏ ବେତକୁ ।

ଅବଧାନେ ଫେର ଥରେ ଅନ୍ତାକୁ ଅନାଇଲେ । ଅନ୍ତୁ ଧୀରେ ବସି ଖୁବ୍ ମନ ଦେଇ ଅକ୍ଷର ବୁଲାଇଛି । ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ଭାରି ଦୟା ହେଲା । କଅଁଳରେ କହିଲେ, “ରେ ବାପ ଅନ୍ତୁ ! ନେ ତ-ଗୁକୁଣାଟା ନେଇ ଗୁକୁଣେ ପାଣି ଆଣ ତ, ବହିର୍ଦେଶ ଯିବୁଁ ।” ଅନ୍ତୁ ଭଲ ପିଲାଟି ପରି ଗୁକୁଣା ଧରି ପୋଖରୀକୁ ଜଳ ଆଣିବାକୁ ଗଲା । ଅବଧାନେ ବସି ପିକା ଟାଣୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଅନ୍ତୁ ଆସେ ନାହିଁ-ବଡ଼ ମଠ କଲା । ଅବଧାନେ ଆଉ ସହି ପାରିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଦୁଇଥର ତିନିଥର ପୋଖରୀତୋଠା ଆଡ଼କୁ ଅନାଇଲେଣି । ସେଠାରୁ ଉଠି ପିକା ଭିଡ଼ି ଭିଡ଼ି ତୋଠା ଆଡ଼କୁ ଚାଲିଗଲେ । ଅନ୍ତୁ ଗୁକୁଣାଟି ଧରି ଆଡ଼ି ଉତ୍ତାପରେ ଲୁଚି ପଡ଼ି ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ ଅନାଇଥିଲା-ଆସୁଥିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଅବଧାନ ଉପରେ ଯେମିତି ନଜର ପଡ଼ିଛି, ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ପାଖକୁ ଚାଲି ଆସିଲା । ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ହାତକୁ ଗୁକୁଣାଟି ଏମିତି ବଢ଼ାଇ ଦେଲା, ଯେମିତି ଗୁକୁଣାର ପାଣିକୁ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ନଜର ନ ପଡ଼େ । ଅବଧାନେ ଡେବିରି ହାତ ପାଞ୍ଚାଆଙ୍ଗୁଳିରେ ଗୁକୁଣା ଫମଟି ଧରି ତାହା ଗହୀରରେ ପିକା ଭିଡ଼ି ଭିଡ଼ି ଗାଁ ଶେଷ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଗହୀର ବିଲକୁ ବହିର୍ଦେଶ ଗଲେ । ଅଧଘଣ୍ଟାଏ ହୋଇ ନାହିଁ, ଅବଧାନେତ ବିଲରୁ ଚାରି ଚାରି ହାତ ଚିଲା ମାରି ରଡ଼ି ଛାଡ଼ି ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ଲୋଟା କେଉଁଠି ପଡ଼ିଲାଣି । ଲୁଗା ଖଣ୍ଡ ପଡ଼ିଥାନ୍ତା, ହାତରେ ଜାବୁଡ଼ି ଧରିଛନ୍ତି, ହେଲେ ଅଧା ଲଙ୍ଗଳା, “ରେ ଅଳପାଇସା ରେ! ରେ ସର୍ବନାସିଆ ଅନ୍ତାରେ ! ମାରି ପକାଇଲା ରେ ।” ଯେମିତି ଚାଟଶାଳୀ ରେ ପଦୁଞ୍ଚିଗଲେ, ଧରିଲେ ବେତ - “କାହିଁ ଅନ୍ତା ?” ଆଉ ଅନ୍ତା ! ଅନ୍ତା ଅନ୍ତର୍ଦ୍ଧାନ ।

**ଅବଧାନେ ଫେର ଥରେ
ଅନ୍ତାକୁ ଅନାଇଲେ । ଅନ୍ତୁ
ଧୀରେ ବସି ଖୁବ୍ ମନ
ଦେଇ ଅକ୍ଷର ବୁଲାଇଛି ।
ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ଭାରି ଦୟା
ହେଲା । କଅଁଳରେ
କହିଲେ, “ରେ ବାପ ଅନ୍ତୁ
! ନେ ତ-ଗୁକୁଣାଟା ନେଇ
ଗୁକୁଣେ ପାଣି ଆଣ ତ,
ବହିର୍ଦେଶ ଯିବୁଁ ।”**

ଅବଧାନେ ଚାଟଶାଳୀର ଏ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ସେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଗଡ଼ାଗଡ଼ି କରୁଛନ୍ତି, ପାଣି ପାଣି ରଡ଼ି ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ପିଲା ଧାଇଁ ଯାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ରୋଷାଇଘର ମାଠିଆରୁ କଂସାଏ ପାଣି ଆଣି ଦେଲା । ସେହି ପାଣିରେ ହାତ ଧୋଇ ପକାଇ ଯେମିତି ଗୋଟାଏ କୁଳକୁଞ୍ଚା କରିଛନ୍ତି, କଂସାଖଣ୍ଡ ପାଞ୍ଚାହାତ ଦୂରକୁ ଫୋପାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ-“ବୋପା ଲୋ ! ମା ଲୋ !” ବୋଲି କହି ଗଢ଼ିଲେ । ଆଉ ରଡ଼ି କରି ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି, ଖାଲି ଗାଁ ଗାଁ ଗଢ଼ୁଛନ୍ତି । ମୁହଁ ଭାରି ଫୁଲିଗଲାଣି-



ଆଖିପତା ଫୁଲିଯାଇ ମାଡ଼ିପଡ଼ିଲାଣି - ଆଖିକୁ ଦିଶୁ ନାହିଁ । ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ଉଜାଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ିଲେ । “କଣ ହେଲା, କଣ ହେଲା” କହି ଦି ଚାରି ଜଣ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ ଧରି ପାଣିରେ ପକାଇଲେ । ସଞ୍ଜବେଳେ ସରିକି ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ ବଡ଼ ଶୀତ ଲାଗିଲା । ପାଣିରୁ ଛାଙ୍କି ଆଣି ପାଏ ଖସା ତେଲ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ଦେହଯାକ ଘଷିଲେ । ତେତେବେଳେ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ପାଟିରୁ କଥା ବାହାରିଲା । ହେଲେ ମୁହଁଟା ଆଟିକା ପରି ଫୁଲିଯାଇଛି । ଭଲ କରି କଥା କହି ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଅବଧାନେ ଜଣାଇଲେ, “ଭାରି ଭୋକ ।” ଆଉ ତ କିଛି ଖାଇ ପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ । ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ ଅଧସେରଟାଏ ଗରମ ଦୁଧ ଆଣି ଦେଲେ । ଭୋକେ ଭୋକେ କରି ତେତକ ପିଇ ଦେଇ ଅବଧାନେ ଟିକିଏ ସାଷ୍ଟମ ହୋଇ ବସିଲେ । ଥଣ୍ଡା ପଡ଼ିଗଲା-ଖସା ତେଲରେ ବାଇତଙ୍କ ବିଷ ହରେ ! ଅବଧାନେ ଟିକିଏ ସାଷ୍ଟମ ହେଲେଣି । ଗାଁ ର ସବୁ ଲୋକ ଜମା ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ପୁରୁଣା ପାଞ୍ଚ ଜଣ ଲୋକ ତନଖି କରିବାକୁ ବସିଗଲେ । “କଥା କଣ ? - କ’ଣ ଅବଧାନେ ଏପରି ହେଲେ ?” ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ଏବଂ ପାର୍ଶ୍ୱବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପ୍ରମାଣ ଏବଂ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ପୂର୍ବ ବ୍ୟବହାର ଆଲୋଚନା କରିବାରେ ସାଫ୍ ଜଣାଗଲା, ଏଟା ରାଣ୍ଡିପୁଅ ଅନନ୍ତର କାମ । ସାଫ୍ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଲା କି, ଅବଧାନେ ଯେ ବିଛୁଆଡ଼ି ଛତାରେ ପିଟିଥିଲେ, ତା ମନରେ ଥିଲା ରାଗ । ଆଜି ସକାଳେ ଯେମିତି ଅବଧାନେ ଚୁକୁଣାଏ ପାଣି ଆଣିବାକୁ କହିଲେ, ସେ ପୋଖରୀକୁ ଚୁକୁଣା ଘେନି ଯାଇ ଅଧଚୁକୁଣା ଅଠାଳିଆ କାଦ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି କଲା । ଲୋକେ ଦେଖିଛନ୍ତି, ପୋଖରୀ ଆଡ଼ ବଣ ଉପରେ ଯେ ବାଇତଙ୍କ ଲତା ମାଡ଼ିଛି ସେଥିରୁ ଦୁଇପୁଞ୍ଜା ଫଳ ଆଣି ଖପରାକାତି ଖଣ୍ଡକରେ ଆଁଶୁ ସବୁ ଚାଞ୍ଚିଛି । ଚୁକୁଣାରେ ଅଧେ ଆଁଶୁ ମିଶାଇ ଦେଇ ଆଉ ଗୁଡାଏ ପତ୍ର ଖଣ୍ଡରେ ପୋଟଳା କରି ଅଣ୍ଟିରେ ଖୋସିଥିଲା । ଅବଧାନେ ଯେମିତି ପଦା ଆଡ଼େ ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି, ତାଙ୍କ ରକ୍ଷାଘରେ ଯେଉଁ ପାଣି କୁମ୍ଭେ ଥିଲା ସେଥିରେ ତାହା ମିଶାଇ ଦେଇ ପଳାଇ ଯାଇଛି । ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ମନରେ ତ ଥିଲା ରାଗ । ବେତ ଧରି ଉଠି ପଡ଼ିଲେ, “ମୁଁ ଆଜି ରାଣ୍ଡି ପୁଅ ଅନ୍ତାକୁ ଦେଖିବି ।” ବାହାରିଲେ ଅନ୍ତା ଦୁଆରକୁ । ଗାଁ ଲୋକ ସମସ୍ତେ ମନା କରୁଛନ୍ତି-ରାଗବେଳେ ମଣିଷର ଥାନ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଥାଏ ନାହିଁ । ଖଣ୍ଡେ ବାଟରୁ ଡାକୁଛନ୍ତି, “ଲୋ ଦେବକୀ ଗଉଡୁଣି ! ଲୋ ଦେବକୀ ଗଉଡୁଣି ! ସେ ରାଣ୍ଡିପୁଅଅନ୍ତା ଅଳପାଇସିଆ କାହିଁ ।” ସିଂହାଣୀ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ସବୁ କଥା ଶୁଣିଲେଣି । ପୁଅକୁ ଘର ଭିତରେ ଲୁଚାଇ ଦେଇ ଦାଣ୍ଡ ପିଣ୍ଡାରେ ବସିଥିଲେ । ଅବଧାନ କଥା କାନରେ ଯେମିତି ପଡ଼ିଛି, ଘର ଭିତରୁ ବାହାର କଲେ ସେଇ ମଇଁଷିମଣା ଠେଙ୍ଗା । କୁହାଟଗାଏ ମାରି ଡାକିଦେଲେ, “ଆରେ ଅଳପାଇସିଆ ! ମାହାନ୍ତି ଗୋଲାମ ! ଡାକୁଣିଖିଆ, ନଇଶୁଆ ! ମୋ ଗିରସ୍ତ ଥିଲା ସାଇବର ଜମାଦାର-ମୁଁ ସିଂହାଣୀ-ମୋତେ କହିବୁ ଦେବକୀ ଗଉଡୁଣି ? ମୋ ପୁଅକୁ କହିବୁ ଅଳପାଇସିଆ ? କିରେ ତୋତେ କିସ ଲାଗିଲାଣି କି ? ରହ ତ ମାହାନ୍ତିଗୋକାକୁ ଦେଖେଁ ।” ସିଂହାଣୀ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଲୁଗା ନାହିଁ - ଡେଫେ ଡେଫେ କେତେକେରା କଞ୍ଚା ପାକଲା ବାଳ ଫର ଫର ଉଡ଼ିଛି । କାନ୍ଧରେ ଠେଙ୍ଗା । ସେହି ବିକଟାଳ ରଡ଼ି ଶୁଣି ଅବଧାନଙ୍କର ତ ପିଲୋହି ପାଣି ହେଲାଣି ! ସିଂହାଣୀର ଦେହବଳ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ ଭଲ ଜଣା । ଦିନେ କଣ ହେଲା କି ସକାଳଠାଳିଆ ସିଂହାଣୀ ଗାଁକୁ ନଇବନ୍ଧ ଉପର ବାଟେ ଦହି ବିକି ଯାଉଛି । ତେତିକିବେଳେ ବିନୋଦବିହାରୀ ମନ୍ଦିର ମାରଣା ଷଣ୍ଢା ବିନ୍ଧିବାକୁ ତଡ଼ି ଆସିଲା । ସିଂହାଣୀ ଗୁମ୍ କରି ଛିଡ଼ା ହୋଇଯାଇ ଧରିଲା ଷଣ୍ଢ ଶିଙ୍ଗ । ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉପରେ ପସରାରେ ତିନି ମାଠିଆ ଘୋଳ, ତାକୁ ଧରିବାକୁ ନାହିଁ । ଷଣ୍ଢ ଶିଙ୍ଗ ଧରି କଡେଇ କଡେଇ ବନ୍ଧଧାରକୁ ଘେନିଗଲା । ଯେମିତି ପେଲି ଦେଇ ଶିଙ୍ଗ ଛାଡ଼ି ଦେଇଛି ଷଣ୍ଢ ତ ପୁରୁଳି ପରି ଗଡ଼ି ଗଡ଼ି ଯାଇ ନଇ ଭିତରେ ପଡ଼ିଲା । ସେହିଦିନରୁ ଷଣ୍ଢ ଛୋଟା, ମାରଣା ପଣିଆ ଛାଡ଼ିଲାଣି । ଏଟା ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ଆଖି ଦେଖିବା କଥା । ଭୟରେ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କ ପଳାୟନ । ବାଘୁଣୀ ମୃଗକୁ ଗୋଡ଼ାଇଲେ ସେ ଯେମିତି ପଳାଏ,



ଅବଧାନେ ସେହିପରି ପଡ଼ି ଉଠି ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ଆଶୁ ଗଣ୍ଡି ଛିଡ଼ି ଝର ଝର ରକ୍ତ ବହୁଛି । ସିଂହାଣୀ କାନ୍ଧରେ ଠେଙ୍ଗା, ଭାଲୁକୁଣୀ ପରି ଅବଧାନ ପଛରେ ଧପ୍ ଧପ୍ କରି ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ଧାଇଁବା ବେଳେ ସେହି ବିଶାଳ ପେଟଟି ଦଲ୍ ଦଲ୍ ଶୁଭୁଛି । ହାତରେ ସେ ପିତଳବାହି ବଳା ଗୁଡ଼ାକ ପାଟବାଟଯାଏଁ ଝମ୍ ଝମ୍ ଶୁଭୁଛି । ସିଂହାଣୀଙ୍କର ସେହି ରଡ଼ିରେ ଗାଁ କମ୍ପି ଯାଉଛି । ଅବଧାନେ ଗାଁ ମଝିରେ କେଉଁଠି ଅନ୍ଧାରରେ ମିଶିଗଲେ । ସିଂହାଣୀ ଡାକିଦେଲା, “ଆରେ କାଠଖିଆ ମାହାନ୍ତି ଗୋଲାମ ! ମୋ ପୁଅକୁ କୁଆଡ଼େ ଲୁଚାଇଛୁ ଆଣି ଦେ । ଜାଣିଥା କାଲି ସକାଳେ ପିତଳବାହିରେ ତୋ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ରୁନା କରିବି ।” ହେଲେ ଅବଧାନଙ୍କୁ ତହିଁ ଆରଦିନ ସକାଳଠାରୁ କେହି କେବେ ସେ ଗାଁରେ ଆଉ ଦେଖିନାହିଁ ।

ଆହୁରି ବି ପାଞ୍ଚ ଛ ବରଷ ଗଲାଣି, ଅନ୍ଧା ଲାଗି ଗାଁ ର ଅନେକ ଲୋକ ଅସ୍ଥିର । ତାର ଆଉକିଛି ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର ନାହିଁ । ଖାଲି କାହାରି ବାଡ଼ିରେ ମକା, କାକୁଡ଼ି, କୋଳି, ଆମ୍ବ, ବେଲ କିଛି ରହିବ ନାହିଁ, ଆଉ ସୁନା ରୂପା ପଡ଼ିଥାଉ ଅନାଇବ ନାହିଁ । ହେଲେ ସେ ଯେପରି ଉତ୍ପାତିଆ, ସେହିପରି ବି ଭଲ ଲୋକ । ତାକୁ ରଗାଇଲେ ରକ୍ଷା ନାହିଁ । ସେ ଆଗେ ଦୁଷ୍ଟମନ୍ ଘରର ଖୁମ୍ ଆଉ କବାଟ ଭାଙ୍ଗେ । ମା ମନା କରିଛି କାହାରି ଦେହରେ ହାତ ଦିଏ ନାହିଁ ! ଏଣେ ସାକୁଲା ସାକୁଲି ଟେକା ଟେକି କରି ତାକୁ ଦି କଥା କୁହ, ତୁମ ଗୁହ କାହିଁବ । କାହାରି ବାଡ଼ି ହଣା ଯାଉଛି ଅନ୍ଧା ସେଠି ଦେଖୁଥିଲା-ତାକୁ ଯଦି କହିବ, “ବାପ ଅନ୍ଧ ! ତୁ ନ ହେଲେ କାହାର ଗାଁ ଚଳିବ ?” ଆଉ କିଛି କଥା ନାହିଁ, ଧଇଲା କୋଡ଼ି । ଚାରିଜଣ ମଣିଷ ଦିନକେ ଯାହା ପାରିବେ ନାହିଁ, ପହରକ ଭିତରେ ଫୁଟେ ଗହୀରରେ ବାଡ଼ିଟାକୁ ତାଡ଼ି ପକାଇବ । ମୂଲିଆ ମିଲୁନାହିଁ, କାହାର ଘର ଛପରବନ୍ଦି ହୋଇ ପାରିଲା ନାହିଁ, ଧଇଲା ଅନ୍ଧାକୁ-ସାକୁଲାସାକୁଲି କରି କହିଲେ, ଦିନେ ଲାଗୁ, ବି ଦିନ ଲାଗୁ, ସେ ଏକଲା ଗୋଟାଏ ଘର ଛାଇ ପକାଇବ । ରାମା ଭିଣାର ବାପ ମରି ଘରେ ପଡ଼ିଛି । ବାଡ଼ିରେ ମରିଛି ବୋଲି ତାକୁ କେହି ଉଠାଇବାକୁ ଆସିଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଅନ୍ଧ ରାତି ଛ ଘଡ଼ି ବେଳେ ଗାଁ ପାଖ ଦେଇ ଯାଉଥିଲା, ତାକୁ ସବୁ କହିଲା । ଆଉ କିଛି କଥା ନାହିଁ, ଏକଲା ହେଁସମିଶା କରି ମତାକୁ କାନ୍ଧେଇଲା । ଅନ୍ଧାର ରାତି । ସେହି ସମୟରେ ବି ଗାଁ ରେ ବାଡ଼ି ପଡ଼ିଛି । ଅଧକୋଣେ ଦୂରରେ ମତା ମଶାଣିରେ ମତାଟାକୁ ଫୋପାଡ଼ି ଦେଇ ନଇରେ ବୁଡ଼ିପଡ଼ି ବାହାରି ଅଇଲା । ଅନ୍ଧା ବାଘ, ଭାଲୁ, ଭୂତ, ପ୍ରେତ, ସାପ, ବେଙ୍ଗ କାହାକୁ ଡରେ ନାହିଁ । ଅନ୍ଧା ଲୋକଙ୍କ ବାଡ଼ିରୁ ଫଳକନ୍ଦ ଲୁଚିପାଟି ଖାଇବ; ହେଲେ ତାକୁ କିଛି ଖାଇବାକୁ ଯାତ, ରାଗି ଘରଦୁଆର ଭାଙ୍ଗିବ ।

ବିନ୍ଦିଆ ଚନ୍ଦ ଜଣେ ତନ୍ତୀ ମହାଜନ । ଆଠ ଦଶ ହଜାର ଗଣିଦେବା ଲୋକ । ଲୁଗା କାରବାର କରେ । ଗୋଟାଏ ବଡ଼ ଦୋକାନ ଘର ତିଆରି କରୁଛି । ଚାରିଆଡ଼େ ଖୁଣ୍ଟ ପଡ଼ି ଚଉକ ବୁଲି ଗଲାଣି । ମଝି ଖମ୍ବ ଯୋଡ଼ାକ ଅଠର ହାଡ଼ି । ଭାରୀ ମୋଟା ଶାଳଗଅଳ । ଦଶଜଣ ଲୋକ କଷାକଷି କରି ମଝି ଖମ୍ବ ଛିଡ଼ା କରି ପାରୁ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ଜଣେ ହସି ହସି କହିଲା, “ଆମେ ଏତେ ପାରୁନାହୁଁ, ରାଣ୍ଡିପୁଅ ଅନ୍ଧା ହେଲେ ଏକଲା ଖମ୍ବ ଯୋଡ଼ାକ ଉଠାଇ ଛିଡ଼ା କରି ଦିଅନ୍ତା ।” ଘଟଣା ଦେଖ, ତେତିକିବେଳେ ଅନ୍ଧା ଦାଣ୍ଡରେ ଯାଉଥିଲା । ବିନ୍ଦିଆ ତନ୍ତୀ ଡାକିଦେଲା; “ଆରେ ଅନ୍ଧା ! ଏ ଯୋଡ଼ାଏ ଖମ୍ବ ଉଠାଇ ଦେ, ତୋତେ ଦି ଟଙ୍କା ଖଜାଖିଆ ଦେବି ।” ଆଉ ଯାଏ କାହିଁ ? “ହଁ ରେ ଶଳା ତନ୍ତୀ ! ମୁଁ ତୋର ଗୋଲାମ ? ତୋର ମୂଲ ଲାଗିବି ?” ଧାଇଁଲା ମାରିବାକୁ । ତନ୍ତୀ ତ ଡରରେ କୁଆଡ଼େ ପଳାଇଲାଣି । ଦଶଜଣଲୋକ କୋଡ଼ିଏ ଦିନ କାମକରି ଯେତେ ଖମ୍ବ ପୋତି ଛିଡ଼ା



କରାଇଥିଲେ, ସବୁଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଘଣ୍ଟାକ ଭିତରେ ଉପାଡ଼ି ପକାଇଲା । ହେଲେ, ଜଣାଶୁଣା ଲୋକ ଅନ୍ତାଠାରୁ ଦେର କାମ କରାଇ ନିଅନ୍ତି । ରୋଜି ରୋଜି କାହାରି ହେଲେ କିଛି ପାଇଟି କରି ଦେଇ ଆସେ । ବିନିଆ ତନ୍ତୀ ଗାଁର ଭଲଲୋକ ପାଖରେ ଅନନ୍ତା ନାମରେ ଗୁହାରି କରି ଓଲଟା ଗାଳି ଶୁଣିଲା ।

ବିନୋଦରାଏପୁର ଭାର୍ଗବୀ ନଦୀର ଉତ୍ତର କୂଳରେ । ନଦୀ ଗର୍ଭ ଠାରୁ ଗାଁଟା ଅତି ଅଳ୍ପ ଉଞ୍ଚା । ବଢ଼ିପାଣିରୁ ଗାଁ ରକ୍ଷା ନିମନ୍ତେ ସରକାର ବାହାଦୂର ଗୋପାଳପୁର କଡ଼ିରୁ ରାମନଗର ଯାଏଁ ଅଠର ମାଇଲି ଲମ୍ବା କୋଡ଼ିଏ ହାତ ଓସାର ଦଶ ହାତ ଉଞ୍ଚା ଗୋଟାଏ କୂଳବନ୍ଧ ପକାଇଛନ୍ତି । ସେ ବନ୍ଧ ଯୋଗୁଁ ନଇକୂଳିଆ ଦେର ଗାଁ ଆଉ ବିଲବାଡ଼ି ରକ୍ଷା ପାଏ । ବିନୋଦରାଏପୁର ଗୋଟିଏ ବଡ଼ ଧନବନ୍ତ ଗାଁ । ଗାଁ ତଳେ କଳିମବିଲ ଦେର । ଗାଁରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଦୁଇଶ ଘର ବସ୍ତି । ସମସ୍ତେ ଥିଲା ଲୋକ । କେହି କାକୁ ଆଦୁର୍ଯ୍ୟା ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ । ସରକାରୀ ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ଅମଲା, ସ୍କୁଲ ମାଷ୍ଟର, କାରବାରିଆ, ମହାଜନ, କଲିକତିଆ ଚାକିରିଆ ଦେର ।

ଅଶିଶ ମାସ । ଦୁର୍ଗାପୂଜା ସମୟ । ବିଦେଶିଆ ସବୁ ଘରକୁ ଆସିଛନ୍ତି । ନାଚ ତାମସା, ଖିଆ ପିଆ ଦିନରାତି ଲାଗିଛି । ଗାଁଟା ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ଭାସୁଛି । ଫି ବର୍ଷ ଏହି ସମୟରେ ଗାଁଟାରେ ବଡ଼ ଜାରି ହୁଏ । ଷଷ୍ଠୀ ବଲବରଣ । ସକାଳିଆ ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଗରୁ ଖଣ୍ଡେ ମେଘ ଦେଖାଗଲା । ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଉଇଁ ମେଘରେ ଭୁବିଗଲେ । ମେଘଟା ଦେଖୁଁ ଦେଖୁଁ ଆକାଶଯାକ ଘୋଟିଗଲା । ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ପବନ । ବୁଢ଼ା ଗୋବିନ୍ଦ ପଶ୍ଚେ କହିଲେ, "ଆରେ ବାପା ! ତାକରୁଷି କହିଛନ୍ତି -

ହସି ପଶେ—ଉଇଁ ନ ଦିଶେ,
ବାପ ବୋଲେ ପୁତା, ନିଶ୍ଚେ ବରଷେ ।

ଆଜି ଜାଗ୍ରତ ଥାଅ, ନିଶ୍ଚେ ବରଷା ହେବ ।" ପଣ୍ଡାଙ୍କ ମୁହଁ କଥା ମୁହଁରେ ଅଛି—ଟପ୍ ଟପ୍ ଟପର୍ ଟପର୍ କରି ପକାଇଲା ପାଣି; ଯେ ବର୍ଷୁଛି ସେହି ବର୍ଷୁଛି । ଷଷ୍ଠୀ, ସପ୍ତମୀ, ଅଷ୍ଟମୀ, ନବମୀ ସଞ୍ଜ ହେଲା, ପାଣି ଛାଡ଼ିବାକୁ ନାହିଁ, ଯେଉଁଠିକା ମଣିଷ ସେଇଠି ବସିଛନ୍ତି । ଶଏବର୍ଷର

ବୁଢ଼ାମାନେ କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ଏପରି ବର୍ଷା କେବେ ଦେଖା ନ ଥିଲା । ଗାଁରୁ ପା ଭାଗ ଘରର କାନ୍ଥ ଧୂପ୍ ଧାପ୍ କରି ପଡ଼ି ଗଲାଣି, ଦିନରାତି ପାଣି ପବନ ଖାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଦଶରା ଦିନ ଯେମିତି ରାତିପାହିଛି "ଗାଁ ଗଲା, ଗାଁ ଗଲା, ଗାଁ ଗଲା" ଚହଳ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ଆଉ କଣ ଲୋକେ ଘରେ ରହିବେ? ପାଛିଆ କୋଡ଼ି ଘେନି ବନ୍ଧକୁ ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ବଡ଼ସାନ ବିଚାର ନାହିଁ । ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ପାଶ ଛୁଆଁ ଛୁଇଁ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ପାଛିଆ କୋଡ଼ି ଧରି ସମସ୍ତେ ବନ୍ଧ ଉପରେ ହାଜର । ନଇ ଦକ୍ଷିଣକୁଳକୁ ଅନାଇବାବେଳେ ଗୋଟା ସମୁଦ୍ର, ଆଉ କିଛି ନାହିଁ । ବଢ଼ି ପାଣି ବନ୍ଧ କାନେକାନ । ନଇ ଭିତରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ ହାତ ଉଚ୍ଚ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ଲହରୀ ଆସି ଝଲକେ ଝଲକେ ପାଣି ବନ୍ଧ ଟପି ପଡ଼ୁଛି । ଯେଉଁଠି ଝଲକେ ପାଣି ଟପି ପଡ଼ୁଛି, କେହି କାହାକୁ କହିବାକୁ ନାହିଁ—ଶଏ ବୋଝ ମାଟି ପଡ଼ିଯାଉଛି । ବନ୍ଧମୂଳଟା କୋରି

ଶଏବର୍ଷର ବୁଢ଼ାମାନେ କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ଏପରି ବର୍ଷା କେବେ ଦେଖା ନ ଥିଲା । ଗାଁରୁ ପା ଭାଗ ଘରର କାନ୍ଥ ଧୂପ୍ ଧାପ୍ କରି ପଡ଼ି ଗଲାଣି, ଦିନରାତି ପାଣି ପବନ ଖାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଦଶରା ଦିନ ଯେମିତି ରାତିପାହିଛି "ଗାଁ ଗଲା, ଗାଁ ଗଲା, ଗାଁ ଗଲା" ଚହଳ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା । ଆଉ କଣ ଲୋକେ ଘରେ ରହିବେ? ପାଛିଆ କୋଡ଼ି ଘେନି ବନ୍ଧକୁ ଧାଇଁଛନ୍ତି । ବଡ଼ସାନ ବିଚାର ନାହିଁ । ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ ପାଶ ଛୁଆଁ ଛୁଇଁ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି ।



ଗୋଟାଏ ଗୋଟାଏ ପୋଖରୀ କରି ପକାଇଲାଣି । ଆଉ ଏଣେ କଣ ହେଲାକି ଚାରିକୋଣ ତଳେ ରାମପୁର ମୁହାଣ ବାଟେ ପାଣି ବୁଡ଼ିଆସି ଗାଁ ମୂଳକୁ ଲାଗିଲାଣି । ଗାଁ ତଳ ଗହୀରଗୁଡ଼ାକ ସମୁଦ୍ର ପରି ଜଳମୟ । ବନ୍ଧର ପାଣି ନ ଟପିଲେ ବି ତଳ ପାଣି ଆସି ଗାଁକୁ ଭସାଇ ନେବ । ପାଣିଟା ଯେମିତି ହୁ ହୁ କରି ବହୁଛି ଗାଁ ଭିତରେ ପାଣି ପଶିଲା ବୋଲି !

ଘରେ ଆଉ ରକ୍ଷାବଦା କଣ ହେବ? ତୀର୍ଥାଗୁଡ଼ାକ ଘରୁ ବାହାରି ଆସି ଶଙ୍ଖ ହୁଲୁହୁଲି ପକାଉଛନ୍ତି । ଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ତୀର୍ଥା କଅଁଳା ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ କାଖେଇ ରଡ଼ି କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଶଙ୍ଖ, ହୁଲୁହୁଲି, ହରିବୋଲ, କାନ୍ଦଣାରେ ଗାଁ ଟା ଉଛୁଳି ପଡ଼ୁଛି । ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ତୁବେ ତୁବେ । ଗାଧୁଆ ତୁଠ ବାଟେ ଗାଁକୁ ପଶିଲା ପାଣି । ଦେଖୁ ଦେଖୁ ପାଞ୍ଚହାତ ଗହୀର ହେଇଗଲା । ଚଉଡ଼ାଟା ବି ବେଳକୁବେଳ ବଢ଼ି ଯାଉଛି । ପିତକାରୀ ମୁହଁରୁ ପାଣି ବାହାରିଲା ପରି ବେଗରେ ପାଣି ଗାଁକୁ ଧାଉଁଛି ।” ହରିବୋଲ, ହରିବୋଲ—ଗଲା, ଗଲା ।” ଆଉ କିଛି କଥା ନାହିଁ । ଉଛୁଣି ସମୁଦ୍ରରେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଯାକିଦେବ । ପାଣିସୁଅ ବନ୍ଦ ପାଇଁ ଶ କୁ ଶ ବୋଧ ମାଟି ପଡ଼ୁଛି; ମାତ୍ର ମୁଠାଏ ବି ରହୁନାହିଁ । ସୁଅ ଭସାଇ ନେଉଛି । ଏତେ ଯେ କାଣ୍ଡ—ଅନ୍ତର କାହିଁରେ ଚିନ୍ତା ନାହିଁ । ସକାଳୁ ଭିଜି ଭିଜି ଗାଁର ଚାରିପିଠ ବୁଲୁଛି । ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ବାଡ଼ିରୁ ଗଛମିଶା ମକା କାକୁଡ଼ି ଭାସି ଆସୁଛି, ତାହା ସବୁ କେବଳ ଅଣ୍ଟାରେ ପୂରାଉଛି । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଗାଧୁଆ ତୁଠ କଡ଼ିରେ ଭାରି ହୁରି ପଡ଼ିଲା, ତେତେବେଳେ ହସିହସି କଣ ହେଉଛି ମଜା ଦେଖିବା ପାଇଁ ଧାଇଁଲା । ଦେଖିଲାଯେ ଗାଁକୁ ଗୋଟାଏ ଭାରି ପାଣିସୁଅ ଧାଇଁଛି । ଶୁଣିଲାଯେ ଗାଁ ଭାସିଯିବ । ଭଲକରି ଅନାଇ ଧାଇଁଲା ଗାଁ ଭିତରକୁ । ବିନୋଦବିହାରୀ ଠାକୁର ସିଂହଦୁଆର କବାଟଟା ପାଞ୍ଚହାତ ଉଞ୍ଚା, ଚାରିହାତ ଚଉଡ଼ା । ତାକୁ କାଢ଼ିପକାଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡାଇ ଧାଇଁଛି । ଦାଣ୍ଡ ପାଖରେ ପାର୍ବତୀମାର ମେଲାରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଢେଙ୍କି ପଡ଼ିଛି ତାକୁ ଜଣା । ଢେଙ୍କି କାଢ଼ି କାଖେଇଲା । ମୁହାଣରେ କବାଟଟକୁ ଆଡ଼ କରି ଠିଆ କରି ଦେଇ ଢେଙ୍କିଟା ଠେକେଇ ଦେଲା । ଆଉ ପିଠି ଭିଡ଼ିଦେଇ କବାଟଟାକୁ ପେଲି ଧରିଲା । ତାହା ବାଦ ପାଟି କଲା, “ପକାଅ ମାଟି, ପକାଅ ମାଟି ।” କେବଳ ଡାକୁଛି, “ପକାଅ ମାଟି, ପକାଅ ମାଟି ।” କପାଟ ହୁଇ ପାଖରୁ ଶ’ ଶ’ ମାଟି ଝୁପ୍ ଝୁପ୍ ପଡ଼ୁଛି, ଅନ୍ତା ଛାତି ଯାଏଁ ମାଟି ହେଲାଣି, ଡାକୁଛି ଅନ୍ତା, ବେକ ପୋତି ଗଲାଣି, ସେଥିକି ତାର ନଜର ନାହିଁ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଓଠ କଡ଼ିରେ ମାଟି ପଡ଼ିଲା— ଦୁଇଧର ଡାକି ଦେଲା, “ହରିବୋଲ, ଦିଅ, ମାଟି ପକାଅ ।” ଆଉ ଅନ୍ତା ପାଟି ଶୁଭିଲା ନାହିଁ ।

ମାଟି ସେହିପରି ପଡ଼ୁଛି । ପାଣି ସୁଅଟା ବନ୍ଦ ହେଇଗଲା । ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ଭରସା ହେଲା, ଟିକିଏ ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସ ପକାଇଲେ । ତେତେବେଳେ ଖୋଜିଲେ “ଅନ୍ତା କାହିଁ ? ଆଉ ଅନ୍ତା ? ତା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଉପରେ ଦି ହାତ ମାଟି । ତାକ ପଡ଼ିଗଲା “ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ରାଣ୍ଡି ପୁଅ ଅନ୍ତା !” ପିଲା, ବୁଢ଼ା, ମାଇକିନିଆ, ମର୍ଦ୍ଦ ଗାଁର ହଜାର ହଜାର ଲୋକ ସମସ୍ତେ ହରିବୋଲ ଦେଉଛନ୍ତି, ସମସ୍ତେ କହୁଛନ୍ତି—“ ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ରାଣ୍ଡି ପୁଅ ଅନ୍ତା !” ଦଇବ ଯୋଗେ କଣ ହେଲା କି ବର୍ଷା ବନ୍ଦ । ନଇରୁ ଫୁଟେ ପାଣି ଖସି ପଡ଼ିଲାଣି । ଅନ୍ତା ମା ପିଣ୍ଡାରେ ବସିଥିଲା । ହୁରି ଆନନ୍ଦ ଶୁଣି କହିଲା, “କଣ ହେଲା ଦେଖେ? ପୁଅଟା ବି ଆସିଲା ନାହିଁ, ଡାକି ଆଣେ ।” ତା ସ୍ୱାମୀର ଠେଙ୍ଗା କାନ୍ଧରେ ପକାଇଲା । ଘର ଦୁଆରଟା କିଲି ଦେଇ ବାହାରିଲା । ଯେମିତି ଦାଣ୍ଡରେ ଯାଉଛି—ଶୁଣିଲା ଯେ ସମସ୍ତେ କହୁଛନ୍ତି



“ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ତା !” ସମସ୍ତେ ତା ଗୋଡ଼ତଳେ ପଡ଼ି କହୁଛନ୍ତି, “ଧନ୍ୟ ଧନ୍ୟ ତୋ ପୁଅ !” ସିହାଣୀ ସଳଖେ ସଳଖେ ତୁଠ କଟିକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା । ସବୁ ଶୁଣିଲା, କାହାକୁ କିଛି କହିଲା ନାହିଁ । ବନ୍ଧ ଚାରିପାଖ ବୁଲି ଦେଖିଲା । ବନ୍ଧ ମଝିକୁ ଅନାଇଛି, ଚାରିପାଖ ବୁଲୁଛି । ତୁଠ ମଝିକୁ ନଜର ଅଛି; ନଇ ଆଡ଼କୁ ପିଠି । ବନ୍ଧ ତଳେ ଯେ ଦଶହାତ ପାଣି ତାକୁ ତ ସେ କଥା ଅଜଣା । ଯେମିତି ନଇ ଆଡ଼କୁ ବୁଲି ଯାଇଛି, ଧପାସ୍ କରି ଗୋଟାଏ ଶବ୍ଦ ହେଲା । “ହାଁ କଣ ହେଲା “ କହି ଲୋକମାନେ ଦିଗା ଚାରିଟା ମଶାଲ ଆଲୁଅ ନଇକୁ ଦେଖାଇଲେ । କୁଳଠାରୁ ପାଞ୍ଚ ହାତ ଦୂରରେ ପାଣି ଭିତରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ଗାତରେ ମେଞ୍ଚାଏ ଫେଣ ଭଉଁରୀଟିଏ ବୁଲୁଛି, ଦଶ ହାତ ତଳକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ବଉଁଶ ବାଡ଼ି ଭାସି ଯାଉଛି ।

(ସୌଜନ୍ୟ : ଫକୀରମୋହନ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥାବଳୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର)



ଚିଠି

ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ

କାହିଁଥିଲ ତୁମେ ଦେବବୋଲି ଚିଠି

ଲେଖି ନିଜ ମନ କଥା,
ଚାହିଁ ଚାହିଁ ମୁଁ ଗୋ ହେଲିଣି ନିରାଶ,
ମନରେ ଆସଇ ବ୍ୟଥା ।

ପୁରୁଣା ଚିଠିକୁ ପଢ଼ି ପୁଣିଥରେ
ମେଣ୍ଟାଏ ମନର ତୃଷ୍ଣା,
ଅକ୍ଷର ତୁମର ମୁକ୍ତା ଭଳି ଦିଶେ
ମଧୁ ପରି ଲାଗେ ଭାଷା ।

ପଢ଼ୁ ପଢ଼ୁ ତୁମ ଚିଠି ବାରମ୍ବାର
ମନରେ ଆସଇ କୋହ,
ପ୍ଲାବିତ ଜାହ୍ନବୀ ସମ ବୋହିଯାଏ
କାତରେ ନୟନୁ ଲୁହ ।

ଭିଜି ଯାଏ କେବେ ଚିଠିର ଅକ୍ଷର
ପଢ଼ି ମୋର ଆଖି ଲୁହ,
ମିଶି ଯାଇଥିବା ଅକ୍ଷର ଭିତରୁ
ଦେଖେ ମୁଁ ତୁମର ମୁହଁ ।

ସେହି ମୁହଁ ଲାଗେ ଡାକୁଅଛି ମୋତେ
କରିବାକୁ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ,
ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଅବା ସତ୍ୟ ବାରି ନ ପାରି ଗୋ
ମନ ହୁଏ ଆଲୋଚନ ।

ବାତୁଳ ପରାୟ ପୁରୁଣା ଚିଠିକୁ
ରୁକୁ ପରେ ଚାପି ବସେ,
ତେବେ ଯାଇ ମୋତେ ନିମିଷେ ଲାଗଇ
ତୁମେ ଅଛ ମୋର ପାଶେ ।

୧୩୧ ଗୋଲ୍ଡିଙ୍ଗ୍ ଆଭେନିୟୁ
ଚରୋଣ୍ଡୋ, ଓଷ୍ଟ୍ରିଆ, କାନାଡା
ଏମ୍ୱଏମ୍, ୧୪୯୫



ମୃତ୍ୟୁ

ସୁଲୋଚନା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ଅପେକ୍ଷିତ ପ୍ରାଣ ମୋର ଖୋଜୁଛି ତୁମକୁ

ଦୁଖ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାର ଦିନ ଶେଷ କରିବାକୁ
ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ମନ କହେ କିଛି ଦିନ ରହିଯାଏ
ପୁଅ ହେବ ବାହା ପୁଣି ବୋହୂ ହାତ ପରଷାକୁ ।

ମଣିଷ ମନ ତ ଏକ କୁହୁକନୀ ନାରୀ
କେବେ ଅଛି କେବେ ନାହିଁ ଚଂଚଳା ତା ଗତି କାହିଁ
ଜାଣିବା ବେଳକୁ ଡେରୀ, ମନ ଖାଲି ଘାରି ପାରି
ରୁହିଲେ ସବୁ ତ କେବେ ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ପାଇ ।

ଅପା ଭାଇ ଗଲେ ରୁଲି ବାପା ବୋଉଙ୍କ ପଛେ
ମନ ହୁଏ ଶକ ଶକ ଜାଣିବାକୁ କେତେ
କେଉଁଠି ରହିଲେ ଏବେ ସରଗର ଦେଶେ
କେବେ ମତେ ନେବେ ସାଥେ ଅପେକ୍ଷାରେ ବସେ ।

ରଙ୍ଗ ହୀନ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହୀନ ହେ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଦେବତା
ତୁମର ଶୀତଳ ସ୍ପର୍ଶ ଆସେ ଯେବେ ଭବନାର ଦେଶେ
ଆଖି ବୁଜି ଦେଶେ ତୁମ କମନୀୟ ରୂପ
ଆଣି ଦିଅ ପ୍ରାଣେ ମୋର ଶାନ୍ତିର ପ୍ରଲେପ ।

ତୁମର ସୁନ୍ଦର ରୂପ କାନ୍ତ ଅନୁପମ
ଭବିଥିଲି ତୁମେ ଦାରୁ ନିଷ୍ଠୁର ନର୍ମମ
ବେଳ ଅବେଳ ତୁମେ ଦେଖ ନହିଁ କେବେ
ନେବ ତୁମେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ଯାଉ ଖେଳ ସରେ ଭବେ ।

ଭବିଲେ ରୁହିଲେ ଅବା ଗୋଡ଼ କରୁଡ଼ିଲେ
ଶୁଣ ନାହିଁ ତୁମେ କେବେ ରୁହ ନିର୍ବିକାର
କାନ୍ଦି କାନ୍ଦି ଫାଟି ପଡ଼େ ହୃଦୟ ମୋହର
କୁହ ମତେ ଖେଳ ଆଉ କେତେ ବା ଦିନର ।

ମନ ଭରି ପିଇଯିବି ମଦିରା ମୋ ସୁଖ ସପନର
ସାଙ୍ଗ ସାଥୀ ସ୍ନେହ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା ରାଗ ରୁଷା ଅଭିମାନ ଯେତେ
ତୁଛା ସବୁ ବୃଥା ମାନ ଲୀନ ହେବ ସେଇ ଦିନ
ଯେବେ ତୁମେ ହାତ ଧରି ନେବ କରି କୋଳାଗ୍ରତ ମତେ ।

ହସିବେ ମୋ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ପୁତ୍ର, ଭବନା ମୋ ଅବାନ୍ତର
ଅଳକ ଏ ସଂସାରରେ କିଏ କେବେ ରହିପାରେ
ରୁହିଲେ ବି ଖେଳା ସରେ ଜୀବନର ଶେଷ ଦ୍ୱାରେ
ଏ ଯାତ୍ରାର ଶେଷ ଦୁନିର୍ବାର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଦରବାରେ ।

ଏଲକ୍ରିଜ, ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ



ପ୍ରାପ୍ୟ

ସ୍ୱପ୍ନଲତା ମିଶ୍ର (ରଥ)

ନିଜ ସହ ବାରମ୍ବାର

ରୁକ୍ତି କରି ବି

ତୁମକୁ ମାଗି ପାରେନା କିଛି,

ମାଗନ୍ତି ବା କେମିତି

ତୁମ ଦର୍ଶନରେ ପୁରିଯାଏ

ମନ ଭିତରର

ସବୁ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାନ

ଏକ ଅଶୁଭ ଆଶ୍ୱାସନା

କ୍ଷଣିକେ ଭରିନିଏ

ସମସ୍ତ ଅନାଦୁତ ବିଷାଦ

ଅନାୟସେ ସଞ୍ଚରିଆସେ

ତୁମ ମୁହଁରେ ଝଟକୁଥିବା

ତୁମ ସ୍ମିତ ସ୍ମିତ ହସ,

ନମାଗି ବି

ଅଞ୍ଜଳରେ ଭରିଯାଏ

ଅନେକ କିଛି

କିଛି ଲୋଡ଼ିବା ପଣ

କିଛି ନିଜକୁ ବାଣ୍ଟିବାର ପଣ ।

କେବେ କେବେ ଭୟ ଲାଗେ

ଆଜିର ଏ ଅଯାଚିତ ଦାନ

କାଲିର ରଣ ସାଜି

ପିଠିର ବୋଧ ହୋଇ

ବସିଯାଏ ଯଦି !

ବିନତି ଏତିକି

ଲୋଡ଼ା ନାହିଁ ରଣ

ଲୋଡ଼ା ନାହିଁ ଦାନ

ଲୋଡ଼ା ଖାଲି ଯେତିକି ମୋ ପ୍ରାପ୍ୟ

ଯେତିକି ମୁଁ ପାଇବାର ଯୋଗ୍ୟ

ତୁମ ଆଶିଷର ମୋହର

ବସିଥିବା ଏକାନ୍ତ ନିଜର

ଗୋଟିଏ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ।

ମାଙ୍କୋମ୍ବୁ, ମିଡ଼ିଗାନ



ତାକିତ୍

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ



ଯଦିଓ ଅନୁଭା ଲାବୋରେଟୋରୀ ଭିତରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲା, ମନଟା କିନ୍ତୁ ସ୍ଥିର କରିପାରୁନଥିଲା । ବିଶେଷତଃ ମମିଙ୍କର ବାରମ୍ବାର ଫୋନ୍, ଏପ୍ରଲ୍ ରତ୍ନଦ ତାରିଖ ଦିନ ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ଆସୁଛନ୍ତି ସପରିବାର ସହିତ, ତେଣୁ ଅନୁଭା ଯେମିତି ହେଉ ଘରକୁ ଆସିବ । ପନ୍ଦର ତାରିଖ ଛୁଟି ଅଛି ତ? ଷୋହଳ ତାରିଖ ଗୋଟିଏ ଦିନ ଛୁଟି ନେଇ ଆସିଲେ, ଭଲହେବ ।

ଅନୁଭା ତ ଆଉ ଛୋଟପିଲା ହୋଇନି? ସିଏ କଲେଜର ଆସିଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଟ ପ୍ରଫେସର୍ । ତଥାପି ମମି ତାକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ଛୋଟପିଲା ଭଳି ତାକିତ୍ କରନ୍ତି; ""ରାତିରେ ବାହାରକୁ ଯିବୁନି, ପୁଅମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ବେଶି ମିଶିବୁନି, ବାହାର ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଖାଇବୁନି, ସମୟ ନ ମିଳିଲେ ବରଂ ଆଳୁ ବାଇଗଣ ରାଇସ୍ କୁକର୍ରେ ସିଝେଇ ଭର୍ତ୍ତା କରି ଖାଇଦେବୁ", ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ସବୁଠାରୁ ବିରକ୍ତିକର କଥାହେଲା ଯେ, କେବେ କେଉଁଠିକୁ ଅନୁଭା ଯିବ, ନଯିବ, ସେ ସବୁ ବି ମମି ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କଣ୍ଠୋଲ୍ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ଯଦିଓ ପ୍ରାୟ ତିନି ଘଣ୍ଟା ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଙ୍ଗ୍ ଦୂରତାରେ ସିଏ ରହୁଛି, ତଥାପି ଯିବ ତିନି ଘଣ୍ଟା, ଆସିବ ତିନି ଘଣ୍ଟା, ଛଅ ଘଣ୍ଟା ଏକାଏକା ଡ୍ରାଇଭିଙ୍ଗ୍ କରି ସମୟ ନଷ୍ଟ କରିବ, ଆଉ ଘରେ ଖାଲି ଏଇଟା ଖାଆ, ସେଇଟା ଖାଆ, ପୁଣି ଯଦି ଘରେ କେହି ଅତିଥି ଆସିଥିବେ ତ, ମମି, ପାପାଙ୍କର ସମୟ ନଥିବ, ଖାଲି ଏପଟ ସେପଟ ହୋଇ ଅନୁଭାର ଯାହା ସମୟ ବରବାଦ । ଆଜିବି ମମି ମୁତ୍ ଖରାପ କରିଦେଲେ ।

ଅନୁଭା ତା ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯୋଜନା କରିଛି ଦୁଇମାସ ଆଗରୁ, ସମସ୍ତେ ସାଙ୍ଗହୋଇ ଏବର୍ଷ ଏପ୍ରଲ୍ ପନ୍ଦର ତାରିଖ ସୋମବାର ଦିନ ମାରାଥନ୍ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଯିବେ । ତାର ଦୁଇଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଲିଜି ଓ ଏଲେନ୍ ମାରାଥନ୍ ରେ ଦୌଡ଼ିବେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଏନ୍ନୋରେଜମେଣ୍ଟ୍ କରିବା ସହିତ ସବୁ ସାଙ୍ଗ ମିଶି ତାପରେ ଡିନର୍ ଯିବେ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ।ହେଲେ ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲଙ୍କର ସେଇ ସପ୍ତାହରେ ହିଁ ଆଲବାନି ଆସିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛାହେଲା । ତାଙ୍କ ସାନଝିଅ ପାଇଁ କଲେଜ୍ ଦେଖିବେ ଓ ବହୁତ ଦିନପରେ ପୁରୁଣା ସାଙ୍ଗ ସହ ବି ମିଶିବେ । ଅନୁଭାକୁ ଏସବୁ ଭିତରକୁ ଟାଣିବା କଣ ଦରକାର ?

ବଡ଼ଅପା ଆରିଜୋନାରେ ରହେ । ତାକୁ କେହି ସହଜରେ ବାଧ୍ୟ କରିପାରିବେନି ଯେତେବେଳେ ଇଚ୍ଛା ସେତେବେଳେ ଘରକୁ ଆସିବାକୁ । ଭାଇ ବି ସେମିତି କଲା; କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆରେ ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା, ସେଇଠି ବି ଚାକିରି କଲା । ଅନୁଭା ହିଁ ଅନଲକି, ଘରପାଖରେ ପଢ଼ିଲା; ଚାକିରି ବି କଲା ବୋଷ୍ଟନରେ । ମମି, ପାପାଙ୍କର ତାରି ଉପରେ ଯେତେ କଟକଣା । ସବୁଠାରୁ ଖରାପ ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଯେ ଜନକୁ କେମିତି କହିବ ଯେ ମାରାଥନ୍ ନଯାଇ ସିଏ ଘରକୁ ଯିବ । ଜନ୍ ସହିତ ତାର ବର୍ଷକର ପରିଚୟ; ସେମାନେ ବିବାହ କରିବେ ବୋଲି ସ୍ଥିର



କରିଛନ୍ତି; ହେଲେ ଏକଥା ସିଏ ଘରେ କହିନି । ମମି ଶୁଣିଲେ ଗୋଟିଏ ଡ୍ରାମା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେବେ; ପାପାଙ୍କର ରକ୍ତଚାପ ବଢ଼ିଯିବ ଓ ମମିଙ୍କର ବହୁତ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସ୍ ହୋଇ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ବିନ୍ଧିବ । ଏସବୁ ଶୁଣି ଅନୁଭାବ ବି ମୁତ୍ ଖରାପ ହୋଇଯିବ ।

ଜନ୍ ଗଣିତ ବିଭାଗରେ ଆସୋସିଏଟ୍ ପ୍ରଫେସର୍ ଅଛି; ଗତବର୍ଷ ଟେନିଓର୍ ପାଇଗଲା । ଲାଷ୍ଟ ସେମିଷ୍ଟର ସେମାନେ ମିଶି ""ମାଧ୍ୟମେଟିକାଲ୍ ବାଇଓଲୋଜି"" କୋର୍ସ ପଢ଼ାଇଥିଲେ; ଛାତ୍ରଛାତ୍ରୀମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ କୋର୍ସଟିକୁ ବହୁତ ପସନ୍ଦ କରିଥିଲେ ଓ ଭଲ ଇଭାଲୁଏସନ୍ ଦେଇଥିଲେ । ସେଇ ମିଶାମିଶିରୁ ତାଙ୍କର ପରସ୍ପର ପ୍ରତି ଆକର୍ଷଣ ବଢ଼ିଛି । ହେଲେ ମମିଙ୍କର ଆଖି ଅଛି ସୁନିଲ୍ ଉପରେ । ସୁନିଲ୍ ବାପାଙ୍କର କଲେଜସାଙ୍ଗ ରମେଶ ଅଙ୍କଲଙ୍କ ପୁଅ । ଏବେ ଓ୍ଵାଲ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରିଟରେ କାମ କରୁଛି, ବହୁତ ରୋଜଗାର । ଛୋଟବେଳେ ଅନୁଭା ଓ ସୁନିଲ୍ ସବୁବେଳେ ସାଙ୍ଗ ହେଉଥିଲେ । ଏମିତିକି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ବେବି ଫଟୋ ବି ତାଙ୍କ ଘରର ଫ୍ୟାମିଲିରୁମରେ ଶୋଭାପାଉଛି । ସେତେବେଳେ ରମେଶ

ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ଆଲ୍ଫାନ୍ଦିରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ । ଏବେ ସେମାନେ ଟେକ୍ସାସରେ । ମମି ବେଳେବେଳେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ମନେ ପକାଇ ଗପନ୍ତି; କେମିତି ସିଏ ଓ ରମେଶ ଅଙ୍କଲଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସୁଧାଆଣ୍ଡି ଆଲ୍ଫାନ୍ଦିରେ ମଜା କରୁଥିଲେ । ପାପା ଓ ରମେଶ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ପି.ଏଚ୍.ଡି. କରୁଥିଲେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସମୟ ନଥିଲା । ମାମା ଓ ସୁଧା ଆଣ୍ଡି ମିଶି କେତେବେଳେ ଶାଢ଼ୀ ପିନ୍ଧି ତ କେତେବେଳେ ସାଲ୍ଫୋର୍ କମିଙ୍ଗ୍ ପିନ୍ଧି ଚାଲିଚାଲି ବଜାର ଯାଉଥିଲେ । ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଲର୍ ରେ ବସାଇ ସେମାନେ ପାର୍କକୁ ନେଉଥିଲେ ଓ ଭାରତୀୟ ଦୋକାନରୁ ସବୁ ପରିବାପତ୍ର, ମସଲା ଇତ୍ୟାଦି କିଣୁଥିଲେ । ସୁଧା ଆଣ୍ଡି ବହୁତ ଭଲ ରୋଷେଇ କରନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ହାତରକ୍ଷା ଟିକେନ୍ ତରକାରୀ, ମାଛଭଜା, ଫୁଲକୋବି ଭଜା ଯିଏ ଥରେ ଖାଇଛି, ମନରୁ କେବେ ଭୁଲିପାରିବନି । ଅନୁଭା ମନେ ଅଛି ସିଏ ସୁଧାଆଣ୍ଡିଙ୍କ ଘରେ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଟିକେନ୍ ତରକାରୀ ମାଗି ଖାଉଥିଲା । ସୁଧା ଆଣ୍ଡି ତାକୁ ଥକାରେ କହୁଥିଲେ, ""ତତେ ତ ମୁଁ ବୋହୂ କରିନେବି, ସବୁବେଳେ ଟିକେନ୍ ତରକାରୀ ଖୁଆଇବି ।"" ମମି ହସିହସି କହୁଥିଲେ, ""ହେଲେ ଜାଣିଥା ସୁଧା, ଯୌତୁକରେ ମୁଁ ତ କିଛି ଦେଇପାରିବିନି, କେବଳ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ଝିଅଟାକୁ ହିଁ ଦେବି ।""

ଅନୁଭା ଯେତେବେଳେ ଘରକୁ ଯାଏ, ମାମା ପଚାରନ୍ତି ସୁନିଲ୍ କଥା । ସିଏ ଫେସ୍ ବୁକରେ ଯାହା ପଢ଼ିଥାଏ, ତାହା କୁହେ । ସୁନିଲ୍ ଯେ ବଡ଼ କୁକ୍ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି ଓ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରାନ୍ଧଣା ସବୁର ଫଟୋ ଉଠାଇ ଫେସ୍ ବୁକ୍ ରେ ରଖୁଛି, ସେ କଥା ବି କହେ । ମାମା ଖୁସିହୁଅନ୍ତି । ଏବେ ଯଦି ଅନୁଭା ଜନ ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଉଠାଇବ ତ, ମମି ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ପ୍ରତିବାଦ କରିବେ । ଅନୁଭା ଯେତେବେଳେ ମାରାଥନ୍ ଯାଇପାରିବନି ବୋଲି ତା' ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କୁ ଜଣାଇଲା, ସମସ୍ତେ ମନଦୁଃଖ କଲେ । ""ତୁ ଯଦି ନୟିବୁ ଆଉ ମଜା କଣ?" - ତା ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ଏବେ ମାରାଥନ୍ ଯୋଜନା ଛାଡ଼ି

ଅନୁଭା ଯେତେବେଳେ ଘରକୁ ଯାଏ, ମାମା ପଚାରନ୍ତି ସୁନିଲ୍ କଥା । ସିଏ ଫେସ୍ ବୁକରେ ଯାହା ପଢ଼ିଥାଏ, ତାହା କୁହେ । ସୁନିଲ୍ ଯେ ବଡ଼ କୁକ୍ ହୋଇଗଲାଣି ଓ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ରାନ୍ଧଣା ସବୁର ଫଟୋ ଉଠାଇ ଫେସ୍ ବୁକ୍ ରେ ରଖୁଛି, ସେ କଥା ବି କହେ । ମାମା ଖୁସିହୁଅନ୍ତି । ଏବେ ଯଦି ଅନୁଭା ଜନ ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ ଉଠାଇବ ତ, ମମି ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ପ୍ରତିବାଦ କରିବେ ।



ଅନ୍ୟସବୁ ଯୋଜନା ରଖିଲେ । ଆଦିତି ତା' ଭଉଣୀପାଖକୁ ଟରୋଷ୍ଟୋ ଯିବାର ଯୋଜନାକଲା ଓ ମାଇକ୍ ତା' ଗାର୍ଲଫ୍ରେଣ୍ଡ୍ କୁ ଦେଖାକରିବାକୁ ପେନ ଷ୍ଟେର୍ ଯିବାକୁ ସ୍ଥିରକଲା ।

ଏପ୍ରିଲ୍ ପନ୍ଦର ତାରିଖ, ସୋମବାର । ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ରେ “ପାଟ୍ରିଅର୍ ଡେ” ପାଇଁ ସମସ୍ତ ସରକାରୀ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳୟ, ସ୍କୁଲ୍, କଲେଜ ସବୁ କଲେଜ ଛୁଟି । ମାରାଥନ୍ ରେ ଯୋଗଦେବା ପାଇଁ ଓ ମାରାଥନ୍ ଦେଖିବାପାଇଁ କେତେଲୋକ ସବୁ ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି; ହେଲେ ଅନୁଭା ଓଲଟା ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ରୁ ଆଲ୍ପାନ୍ ଆସିଛି । ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ କାଲିଠାରୁ ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି, ଅନୁଭା ବି ଗତକାଲି ପହଞ୍ଚିଥିଲା । ସକାଳୁ ଉଠିବାବେଳକୁ, ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଘରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଉଠିସାରିଲେଣି । ମମି ସକାଳୁ ଉଠି ପୁରି, ଆନୁଦମ୍ ଓ ସୁଜି କ୍ଷିରି କରିସାରିଲେଣି । ଏବେ ଆପେଲ କୁ ସାଇଜ୍ କରି କାଟୁଥାନ୍ତି । ପାପା ଓ ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ଚାହା ପିଉଥାନ୍ତି ଓ ଗପରେ ମଜିଯାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ କୁନମୁନ୍ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଉଠିନଥାଏ । ଲିଲିଆଣ୍ଟି ଗାଧୁଆଘରେ ଥାଆନ୍ତି ।

ଅନୁଭାକୁ ତଳକୁ ଆସିବାର ଦେଖି ପାପା ତାକୁ ଡାକିଲେ ଓ କହିଲେ, “ତୁ ଟିକେ କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ କୁ ନେଇ ବାଇଓଲୋଜି ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ୍ ଦେଖେଇଦେବୁ । ସେଠି ପ୍ରଫେସର୍ ମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ଯଦି ମିଶେଇଦବୁ ତ ଭଲ ।”

“ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ଯିବେନି?” - ଅନୁଭା ପଚାରିଲା ।

“ସିଏ ଟିକେ ପରେ ଯିବେ । ତାଙ୍କର ଉପରବେଳା କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ୍ ଟୁର୍ ପ୍ରୋଗ୍ରାମ୍ ଅଛି ଗୋଟାଏବେଳେ । ସେତେବେଳେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଟୁର୍ ରେ ଯିବେ ।”

“ଆଉ ତମେ?”

“ତାଙ୍କର ଟୁର୍ ସରିଗଲେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଯୁନିଭର୍ସିଟିରୁ ପିକ୍‌ଅପ୍ କରି ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଲେକ୍ ଜର୍ଜ୍ ଯାଇ ବୁଲିଆସିବା ।”

ଏଇ ସମୟରେ ଲିଲିଆଣ୍ଟି ତଳକୁ ଆସିଲେ । କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ କୁ ବି ଉଠେଇଦେଇଥିଲେ । କୁନ ମୁନ୍ କୁ ନ'ଚା ଡିରିଶ୍ ସୁଦ୍ଧା ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେବାକୁ କହି ଅନୁଭା ଗାଧୋଇବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା । କୁନ ମୁନ୍ କୁ ଦଶଟାବେଳେ ବାଇଓଲୋଜି ଡିପାର୍ଟମେଣ୍ଟ୍ ବୁଲାଇସାରି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲା ଅନୁଭା । ଘରେ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ ସାରି ବିଶ୍ରାମନେଲା । ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍, ଲିଲିଆଣ୍ଟି ଓ କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ ପରେ ଯୁନିଭର୍ସିଟି କ୍ୟାମ୍ପସ୍ ଟୁର୍ ରେ ଗଲେ । ମମି ସବୁ ପିକନିକ ପାଇଁ ଖାଦ୍ୟପଦାର୍ଥ ସଜାଡିବାକୁ ଲାଗିଲେ । ସମସ୍ତେ ତିନିଟାବେଳେ ଆଲ୍ପାନ୍‌ରୁ ବାହାରିଗଲେ ଲେକ୍ ଜର୍ଜ୍ ପିକ ନିକ ପାଇଁ । ଲେକ୍ ଜର୍ଜ୍ ଆଲ୍ପାନ୍‌ରୁ ଜମା ଘଣ୍ଟାକର ବାଟ । ଗାଡିରେ ଚାଲିଲା ଓଡିଆ ଗୀତ; ପାପା, ମମି, ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ଓ ଲିଲି ଆଣ୍ଟି ବହୁତ ଉପଭୋଗ କରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ବେଳେବେଳେ ପଦେପଦେ ଗାଇଦେଉଥାନ୍ତି । କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ତା' କାନରେ ହେଡ୍ ଫୋନ୍ ଲଗେଇ ଆଇଫୋନ୍ ରୁ ଗୀତ ଶୁଣୁଥାଏ ଓ ଅନୁଭା କିରଣ ଦେଶାଇଙ୍କର ଉପନ୍ୟାସ “ ଦି ଇନ୍‌ଡୁରିଟାନ୍ ଅଫ୍ ଲସ୍” ପଢୁଥାଏ ।



ଲେକ୍ ଜର୍ଜ ଆସିଗଲା । ଲେକ୍ କୁଳରେ ଏକ ଭଲ ପାର୍କିଙ୍ଗ୍ ପ୍ଲେସ୍ ଦେଖି ସେମାନେ ପାର୍କିଙ୍ଗ୍ ଓ ପିକ୍ ନିକ୍ ଜିନିଷ ସବୁ ଧରି ବାଲି ଉପରେ ବେଡ୍ ସିଟ୍ ପାରିଦେଇ ଆସ୍ଥାନ ଜମେଇ ବସିଗଲେ । ଅନୁଭା କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ କୁ ପଚାରିଲା, “ତୋର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ଲକ୍ଷ କଣ? ଡାକ୍ତରୀ ହେବୁ ?”

“ଜାଣିନି । ହେଲେ ଡାକ୍ତରୀ ପଢ଼ିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ଅଛି, ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କ ଡାକ୍ତର, ପେଡିଆଟ୍ରିକ୍ସ ।” – କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ କହିଲା ।

“ତାହେଲେ ତୁ ପ୍ରିମେଡ୍ କଲୁନି କାହିଁକି ?”

“ଆପ୍ନାଏ କରିଥିଲି, ହେଲେ ମିଳିଲାନି ।”

ଏମିତି କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରୁଛି ତ, ଭାଲେରିର ଫୋନ୍ ଆସିଲା । ଭାଲେରିର କଣ୍ଠ ଧରୁଥିଲା ।

“ସବୁ ଠିକ୍ ତ ଭାଲେରି ?” – ଅନୁଭା ପଚାରିଲା ।

“ଡୋଷ୍ଟ୍ ଯୁ ନୋ, ଦେୟାର୍ ଇଜ୍ ବମ୍ ବ୍ଲାଷ୍ଟ୍ ଇନ ମାରାଥନ୍ ।” – ଭାଲେରି କହିଲା ।

“ହ୍ଯା, ନୋ!” – ଅନୁଭା ଏକଦମ୍ ଚିକ୍କାରକଲା ।

“କଣହେଲା ?” – ପାପା ପଚାରିଲେ ।

“ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ମାରାଥନ୍ ରେ ବମ୍ ବ୍ଲାଷ୍ଟ୍ ହେଇଛି ।”

ପାପାଙ୍କୁ ଏତିକି କହି ପୁଣି ଭାଲେରି ସହିତ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କଲା ଅନୁଭା । ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କିଛି ଖବର ନାହିଁ । ଜନ୍ ତ ଲାବ ରେ କାମକରିବ ବୋଲି କହୁଥିଲା, ତେବେ ମାରାଥନ୍ ଅଳ୍ପ ସମୟ ପାଇଁ ଯିବାକୁ ବି ପ୍ଲାନ କରୁଥିଲା । ଭାଲେରିଠାରୁ ଜନ୍ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି ଖବର ମିଳିଲାନି । ଜନ୍ କୁ ଫୋନ୍ ଲଗେଇଲା ଅନୁଭା । କିଛି ଉତ୍ତର ନାହିଁ । ମନେମନେ ଭୟଭୀତ ହେଲା ଅନୁଭା । ତାର ଦେହ ଧରୁଥିଲା । “ହେ ଭଗବାନ୍, ଜନ୍ ଭଲରେ ଥାଉ ।”



କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ର ବି କିଛି ସାଙ୍ଗ ମାରାଧନ୍ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ସିଏ ବି ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଉଭୟ କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ଓ ଅନୁଭା ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କୁ ଫୋନ୍ ଲଗେଇବାରେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଥାଆନ୍ତି ।

“ଇଏ ସେଇ ଆଲ୍ କାଇଦାର କାମ ।” – ପାପା କହିଲେ ।

“ମଣିଷ ଏ ଦେଶରେ କେଉଁଠି ବି ଟିକେ ଶାନ୍ତିରେ ରହିପାରିବନି । ସବୁଠି ଏ ଟେରୋରିଷ୍ଟ୍, କ୍ରେଜିଲୋକ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି ।” – ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟଦେଲେ ।

“ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ଶତ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ, ଅନୁ ଆଲ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ତାଲିଆସିଛି, ନହେଲେ ତା ବସାଟା ତ ମାରାଧନ୍ ରୁଟ ରେ ଥିଲା ।” – ମମି ଠାକୁରଙ୍କୁ ହାତଜୋଡ଼ି ପ୍ରଣାମକଲେ ।

ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଅନୁଭା ଓ କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ପାଖ ଦୋକାନକୁ ଯାଇ ଟିଭିରୁ ନିଉଜ୍ ଦେଖୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଫୋନ୍ ରେ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କର ନମ୍ବର୍ ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ; ଜନ୍ ନମ୍ବର୍ ବି ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ । ଟିଭିରେ ପ୍ରସାରଣ ହେଉଥାଏ ମଣିଷମାନଙ୍କର ଚିକ୍କାର, ଆମ୍ବୁଲାନ୍ସ, ସାଇରନ୍, ପୋଲିସ୍ ବିବରଣୀ ଓ ଭସ୍ମୀଭୂତ ଗୃହ ଓ ଦୋକାନମାନଙ୍କର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ।

ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଅନୁଭା ଓ କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ପାଖ ଦୋକାନକୁ ଯାଇ ଟିଭିରୁ ନିଉଜ୍ ଦେଖୁଥାନ୍ତି । ଫୋନ୍ ରେ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କର ନମ୍ବର୍ ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ; ଜନ୍ ନମ୍ବର୍ ବି ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ । ଟିଭିରେ ପ୍ରସାରଣ ହେଉଥାଏ ମଣିଷମାନଙ୍କର ଚିକ୍କାର, ଆମ୍ବୁଲାନ୍ସ, ସାଇରନ୍, ପୋଲିସ୍ ବିବରଣୀ ଓ ଭସ୍ମୀଭୂତ ଗୃହ ଓ ଦୋକାନମାନଙ୍କର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ।

ଜନ୍ ନମ୍ବର୍ ତଥାପି ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ ।

ଲିଜି ଓ ଏଲେନ୍, ଯେଉଁ ଦୁଇଜଣଙ୍କର ମାରାଧନ୍ ରେ ଦୌଡ଼ିବାର ଥିଲା, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଫୋନ୍ ବି ଲାଗୁନଥାଏ ।

ଆଉ କେତେଜଣ ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କୁ ଫୋନ୍ ଲଗେଇଲା ଅନୁଭା । ସେମାନେ ସବୁ ଲାଗ୍ରେ କାମକରୁଥିଲେ; ପ୍ରୟୋଜାଲ୍ ସବମିଟ୍ କରିବାର ଧାର୍ଯ୍ୟଦିନ ପାଖେଇଆସୁଛି । ସେମାନେ ବାହ୍ୟଜଗତର କାହାଣୀ କିଛି ଜାଣନ୍ତିନି । ମାରାଧନ୍ ରେ ତାଙ୍କର କିଛି ଯା-ଆସ୍ ନାହିଁ । ସେମାନେ ଅନୁଭାକୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଲେ, କାରଣ ଘରକୁ ଫେରିବାବେଳକୁ ସତର୍କତା ଅବଲମ୍ବନ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ ।

ଜନ୍ ର କିଛି ସାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କୁ ଫୋନ୍ ଲଗେଇ ବିଫଳହେଲା ଅନୁଭା । ସେମାନେ ଫେରିଆସିଲେ ଦୋକାନରୁ । ସମସ୍ତେ ସ୍ଥିରକଲେ ଆଲ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ଫେରିଯିବେ । ବୋମା ଫୁଟାଇଥିବା ଆତତାୟୀମାନେ ନିଉଜ୍ ଆଡେ ଫେରାର୍ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିବାର ପ୍ରେଡ଼ିକ୍ସନ୍ ବି ଟିଭିରେ ଶୁଣାଯାଉଥିଲା । ଆଲ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ଫେରିବା ବାଟରେ ସେମାନେ ରେଡ଼ିଓ ଶୁଣିଶୁଣି ଆସିଲେ । ସେଇ ବମ୍ ବିସ୍ଫୋରଣ ବିଷୟରେ ଚର୍ଚ୍ଚା, କାହାର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ, କାହାର ଗୋଡ଼ ଚାଲିଯାଇଛି, କାହାର ହାତ କଟିଯାଇଛି, ଯେତେ ସବୁ ବିଭୟ ଦୃଶ୍ୟର ବିବରଣୀ ।



ପାପା ଓ ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ପୁଣି ଆଲ୍ଲାଉଦା ବିଷୟରେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଆରମ୍ଭ କରିଦେଲେ ।

“ଏ ମୁସଲମାନ ଗୋଷ୍ଠୀ ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀରେ ଆତଙ୍କ ଖେଳେଇଦେଲେଣି । ଇଏ କି ଧର୍ମ । ମଣିଷମାନଙ୍କୁ ନିଷ୍ଠୁରଭାବେ ମାରିବା କୋଉ ଧର୍ମର କଥା?” – ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ବଡ଼ ଦୁଃଖିତ ସ୍ଵରରେ କହିଲେ ।

“ସବୁଥିରେ ତ ରାଜନୀତି ଚାଲିଛି । ଯିଏ ଦୋଷକଲା, ତାକୁ ଦଣ୍ଡଦେବାରେ ବି ରାଜନୀତି । ଦେଖିଲ ତ କେମିତି “ଟର୍ଚର୍ ଇଲିଗାଲ୍” କହି ଓବାମା ସରକାର ବୁର୍ଗ୍ ର ନୀତିକୁ ପରିହାସରେ ଉଡେଇଦେଲା ? ଯଦି ଆତତାୟୀକୁ ତମେ ରସଗୋଲା ଆଉ କୋକାକୋଲା ଦେଇ କହିବ ଦୋଷ ସ୍ଵୀକାର କରିବାକୁ, ସିଏ କିଛି କହିବ ନା କଣ?” – ପାପା ନିଜ ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟଦେଲେ ।

“ତାହାତ ସତ । ହେଲେ କ୍ଷମତାର ଅପବ୍ୟବହାର ବି ହେଉଛି । ଏ ଆମେରିକା ଦେଶରେ ତ ଅଧାଲୋକ କ୍ରେଜି । ଦେଖିଲନି କେମିତି ପୁଅଟା ମା’କୁ ଗୁଲିକରି ମାରିଦେଲା ନିଉଟନ୍ ରେ ।” – ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ କହିଲେ ।

ଲିଲି ଆଣ୍ଟି ବେଶି କଥା କୁହନ୍ତିନି; କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁକଥା ଭଲଭାବେ ଶୁଣନ୍ତି ଓ ଜୋରଦାର ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଦିଅନ୍ତି । ସିଏ କହିଲେ, “ଆଜିକାଲି ସବୁଦେଶରେ ଏମିତି କଥା, ଦଙ୍ଗା, ଗୁଣ୍ଡାଗର୍ଦ୍ଧ ଚାରିଆଡେ ବ୍ୟାପିଗଲାଣି । ଭାରତ କଣ ପଛରେ ଅଛି ନା କଣ ? ଶୁଣିନ କି ଦିଲ୍ଲୀର ଗଣଧର୍ଷଣ ଖବର ?”

କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍ ର ସାଙ୍ଗ ଜଣେ ଏହି ସମୟରେ ଫୋନ କଲା । ସମସ୍ତେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେଲେ ଓ ରେଡିଓ ବି ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେଲେ ।

“କୁନ୍ ମୁନ୍, ଅଲିଶିଆର ବାପା ଲଷ୍ଟ୍ ହିଜ୍ ଲେର୍ । ଆମେମାନେ ହସ୍ତିଗାଲ୍ ରୁ କହୁଛୁ ।”

“ହ୍ଵାର୍, ନୋ, ଦ୍ୟାର୍ କ୍ୟାନୁ ହାପେନ୍ ॥”

“କଣ ହେଲା ।” – ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ ପଚାରିଲେ ।

“ସବୁଥିରେ ତ ରାଜନୀତି ଚାଲିଛି । ଯିଏ ଦୋଷକଲା, ତାକୁ ଦଣ୍ଡଦେବାରେ ବି ରାଜନୀତି । ଦେଖିଲ ତ କେମିତି “ଟର୍ଚର୍ ଇଲିଗାଲ୍” କହି ଓବାମା ସରକାର ବୁର୍ଗ୍ ର ନୀତିକୁ ପରିହାସରେ ଉଡେଇଦେଲା ? ଯଦି ଆତତାୟୀକୁ ତମେ ରସଗୋଲା ଆଉ କୋକାକୋଲା ଦେଇ କହିବ ଦୋଷ ସ୍ଵୀକାର କରିବାକୁ, ସିଏ କିଛି କହିବ ନା କଣ?” – ପାପା ନିଜ ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟଦେଲେ ।



“ଅଲିଶିଆର ବାପା ମିଷ୍ଟର୍ ଜାକ୍ସନ୍ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ ହିଜ୍ ଲେଗ୍ ।” – କୁନ ମୁନ ଠାରୁ ଏ ଖବର ଶୁଣି ସମସ୍ତେ ନୀରବ ହୋଇଗଲେ ।

ଘରକୁ ଫେରି ସମସ୍ତେ ଚିତ୍ତି ସାମନାରେ ବସି ସି.ଏନ୍.ଏନ୍. ଦେଖିଲେ । ଅନୁଭାବ ଆସନ୍ତାକାଳି ଫେରିବାର ଥିଲା । କିନ୍ତୁ, ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ଯେମିତି ଜଣାପଡୁଥିଲା, ଆତତାୟୀ ଧରାନହେବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସିଏ ଫେରିପାରିବନି । ରାତିରେ ଜନ୍ ର ଫୋନ୍ ଆସିଲା ।

“ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗର ମା’ କୋମାରେ ଅଛନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ଶକ୍ତ ଆଘାତ ହୋଇଛି । ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତରହି ମୁଁ ଫୋନ୍ କରିପାରିନଥିଲି ।” – ଜନ୍ କୈଫିୟତ୍ ଦେଲା ।

“ଥ୍ୟାଙ୍କ୍ ୟୁ ଜନ୍, ମୁଁ ବହୁତ ଚିନ୍ତିତ ଥିଲି ତମପାଇଁ ।”

“ମୁଁ କଲ୍ ଲଗ୍ ରୁ ଜାଣିଲି ।”

“ଆମ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ଭଲ ଅଛନ୍ତି ତ?”

“ୟୁ ନୋ ଅନୁଭା ତମ ମମିଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଗଲେ । ନହେଲେ କଣ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା, କିଏଜାଣେ । ସିଏ ଯଦି ତମକୁ ଆଲ୍ଲାଦି ତକାଇନଥାନ୍ତେ, ତେବେ ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମାରାଧନ୍ ଦେଖି ଯାଇଥାନ୍ତେ । ଆମର ଅବସ୍ଥା ବି ଏମିତି ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା କି କଣ? ମୋ ତରଫରୁ ତମ ମମିଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେବ ।”

“ମୁଁ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ନିକଟରେ ରଣୀ । ତମେ ଠିକ୍ ଅଛ । ହଉ, ନିଜର ଯଦି ନିଅ ଓ ତମ ସାଙ୍ଗକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କର, ଆମେ ପୁଣି ପରେ କଥାହେବା ।”

ଅନୁଭା ଜନ୍ ସହିତ କଥା ବନ୍ଦକରି ଚିତ୍ତି ଦେଖିଲା । ମମି ରାତ୍ରିଭୋଜନ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତିରେ ଲାଗିଗଲେ । ଲିଲି ଆଣ୍ଡି “ମ୍ୟାଙ୍ଗୋ କେକ୍” ତିଆରି କରିବାକୁ ଗଲେ ।

ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଦିନ ସକାଳେ ରାଜୁ ଅଙ୍କଲ୍ କାଲିଫର୍ଣ୍ଣିଆ ଫେରିଗଲେ ।

ମଙ୍ଗଳବାର ଗଲା, ବୁଧବାର ଗଲା, ଆତତାୟୀ ବିଷୟରେ ଏପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କିଛି ଖବର ମିଳୁନଥାଏ । ଅନୁଭା ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ଫେରିବାକୁ ଭାରୁଥିଲା, କିନ୍ତୁ ମମି ଛାଡିଲେନି । ଆତତାୟୀ ହୁଏତ ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ରେ ଥାଇପାରେ କି ପଳାଇ ଯାଇଥାଇପାରେ ସେ ନେଇ ବି ସନ୍ଦିହାନ ଥିଲେ ସମସ୍ତେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ସହରର ସମସ୍ତ ରାସ୍ତା ବନ୍ଦ କରାଯାଇଥାଏ, ଅତଏବ ପୋଲିସ୍ ଦୃଢବିଶ୍ୱାସ ରଖିଥାଏ ଯେ ଆତତାୟୀ ବୋଷ୍ଟନରେ ହିଁ ଅଛି । ବୋଷ୍ଟନର



ମେୟର୍କ ଓ ପୋଲିସର ମତାମତ ବାରମ୍ବାର ସଂପ୍ରସାରଣ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । ପ୍ରେସିଡେଣ୍ଟ ଓ ବାମା ଓ ଅନ୍ୟସବୁ ନେତାମାନଙ୍କର ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ବି ଖବରରେ ଆସୁଥାଏ । ଏପ୍ରିଲ ଅଠର ତାରିଖ ଗୁରୁବାର ରାତିରେ ସେମାନେ ଆତତାୟୀର ଫଟୋ ଚିତ୍ରି ଓ ଇଣ୍ଟର୍ନେଟ୍ରେ ଛାଡ଼ିଲେ । ଟାମଲୀନ୍ ସାର୍ନାଭ୍ ଓ ଝୋକାର୍ ସାର୍ନାଭ୍ ଦୁଇଭାଇ ମିଶି ଏ ବମ୍ ପ୍ଲାଣ୍ଟ କରିଥିଲେ । ଶୁକ୍ରବାର ଦିନ ସକାଳେ ଆତତାୟୀ ଟାମଲୀନ୍ ସାର୍ନାଭ୍ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଖବର ମିଳିଲା ଓ ଝୋକାର୍ ସାର୍ନାଭ୍ ଫେରାର୍ ଥିଲା । ଶୁକ୍ରବାର ରାତିରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ତଙ୍ଗା ଭିତରେ ଲୁଚିରହିଥିବା ସମୟରେ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରେଜ୍ କ୍ୟାମେରାର ଫଟୋ ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ସେମାନେ ଝୋକାର୍ ସାରନାଭ୍ ସମ୍ମାନ ପାଇଥିଲେ ଓ ସେ ଧରାପଡ଼ିଥିଲା ।

ଏ ଭିତରେ ଅନୁଭାର ବହୁତ ସାଙ୍ଗ ଫୋନ୍ କରିଥିଲେ ଓ ସମସ୍ତେ ଅନୁଭାର ମମିକୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ତାର ମମି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଦେବୀ ହୋଇଯାଇଥିଲେ । ମମିଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଅନୁଭା ଆଲ୍ପନି ଆସିଲା ଓ ଅନୁଭା ଆଲ୍ପନି ଆସିବାରୁ ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ବି ମାରାଧନ୍ ନୟାଇ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ନିୟୋଜିତ ରହିଲେ । ଜନ୍ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନୁଭା ନୟିବାରୁ ନିଜ ଲାବ୍ରେ କାମ କରୁଥିଲା ଓ ଗୋଟିଏ ରିସର୍ଚ୍ଚପେପର୍ ପ୍ରଥମ ଡ୍ରାଫ୍ଟ ଲେଖି ସମାପ୍ତ କରିଦେଇଥିଲା । ଯଦିଓ ଉପରବେଳା ତା ସାଙ୍ଗର ମା'ଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଖବରପାଇ ସେ ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ରହିଗଲା, ତେବେ ଅନୁଭାର ମମିଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଯେ ସେ ରକ୍ଷାପାଇଗଲା, ସେ ନେଇ କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜଣାଇବାକୁ ସେ ପ୍ରତିଧର ଫୋନ୍ ରେ କହୁଥିଲା ।

ଶନିବାର ଦିନ ଅପରାହ୍ଣ ଦୁଇଟାବେଳେ ଅନୁଭା ଘରୁ ଫେରିବାକୁ ଗାଡ଼ିରେ ସବୁ ସଜାଡ଼ି ରଖୁଥିଲା । ମମି ଦୁଇଦିନର ଖାଇବା ପାଇଁ ସକାଳୁ ରାନ୍ଧି ଚିଫ୍ଟନ୍ ରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତିକରି ବ୍ୟାଗ୍ ରେ ରଖୁଥିଲେ । ମମିଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ଅନୁଭାର ଭକ୍ତି ବହୁଥିଲା । ମାସକତଳର କ୍ଷୋଭ ତାର ଅନୁରକ୍ତିରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଏମିତି ଥରେ ମମି ତାକୁ ବହୁତଦିନ ତଳେ ଆକସ୍ମିକ ବିପଦରୁ ରଖିଥିଲେ । ଅନୁଭା ବଡ଼ହେଲେ ବି ମମି ତାକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ଜଗିଥାନ୍ତି । ହାଇସ୍କୁଲ୍ ସରିବାପରେ ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମିଶି ଏକ ବସ୍ ଭଡା କରି ଆଗ୍ଲାଣ୍ଟିକ୍ ସିଟି ଯିବାକୁ ଯୋଜନା କରିଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ମମି ଏମିତି ଯୋଜନା କଲେ ଯେ ଯେମିତି ଅନୁଭା ଯାଇପାରିବନି । ଅପା ଓ ବଡ଼ଭାଇକୁ ନେଇ ଠିକ୍ ସେହିଦିନ ସେ ମେକ୍ସିକୋର କାନୁନ୍ ସିଟିକୁ ଯିବାପାଇଁ ହୋଟେଲ୍, ପ୍ଲାନେଟ୍ ସବୁକିଛି ବୁକ୍ କରିଦେଲେ । କାନୁନ୍ ନୟାଇ କିଏ କଣ ଆଉ ଆଗ୍ଲାଣ୍ଟିକ୍ ସିଟି ଯିବନା କଣ ? ହେଲେ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କ ସହିତ ନୟାଇପାରୁଥିବାରୁ ଅନୁଭା ବହୁତ ରାଗିଥିଲା । ସେ ଟ୍ରିପ୍ ପରେ ତ ସେମାନେ କାନୁନ୍ ଯାଇପାରିଥାନ୍ତେ, ଠିକ୍ ସେଇ ଏକା ସମୟରେ କାହିଁକି ?

ମର

ମମିଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ଅନୁଭାର ଭକ୍ତି ବହୁଥିଲା । ମାସକତଳର କ୍ଷୋଭ ତାର ଅନୁରକ୍ତିରେ ପରିଣତ ହେଉଥିଲା । ଏମିତି ଥରେ ମମି ତାକୁ ବହୁତଦିନ ତଳେ ଆକସ୍ମିକ ବିପଦରୁ ରଖିଥିଲେ । ଅନୁଭା ବଡ଼ହେଲେ ବି ମମି ତାକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ଜଗିଥାନ୍ତି । ହାଇସ୍କୁଲ୍ ସରିବାପରେ ତାର ସାଙ୍ଗମାନେ ସମସ୍ତେ ମିଶି ଏକ ବସ୍ ଭଡା କରି ଆଗ୍ଲାଣ୍ଟିକ୍ ସିଟି ଯିବାକୁ ଯୋଜନା କରିଥିଲେ । ହେଲେ ମମି ଏମିତି ଯୋଜନା କଲେ ଯେ ଯେମିତି ଅନୁଭା ଯାଇପାରିବନି ।

ଅଓ



କାନ୍ଥୁନ୍ ରେ ରହି ଅନୁଭା ଖବର ପାଇଥିଲା ସେ ବସ୍ ଆକ୍ସିଡେଣ୍ଟ୍ ବିଷୟରେ । ତାର ସବୁ ସାଙ୍ଗମାନଙ୍କର ଅତି ବିପର୍ଯ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥା, କାହାର ହାତ ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ ତ କାହାର ଗୋଡ ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ । ଅନୁଭା ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ଧନ୍ୟବାଦ ଦେଇଥିଲା ତାକୁ ସେ ଆକ୍ସିଡେଣ୍ଟ୍ ରୁ ବଞ୍ଚାଇଥିବାରୁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଅପା ଓ ଭାଇ ମମିଙ୍କୁ ହିଁ ବହୁତ ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରୁଥିଲେ ।

ହେଲେ ଆଜି ଅନୁଭାର ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା, ତା' ମମି ହୁଏତ ତାପାଇଁ ଏକ ଦେବୀ । ମମି ତାକୁ ସବୁବେଳେ ତାକିତ୍ କରନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ସିଏ ରାଗେ, କାନ୍ଦେ ଓ ଅଭିମାନ କରେ । ତେବେ ସେ ବାରଣ ଓ ତାକିତ୍ ଫଳରେ ମମି ଯେ ତାକୁ ପରୋକ୍ଷରେ କେତେ ଏମିତି ସଙ୍କଟରୁ ରକ୍ଷା କରିଛନ୍ତି, ସେଇଟା ସେ ଅସ୍ୱୀକାର କରିପାରିବନି ।

ବୋଷ୍ଟନ୍ ଅଭିମୁଖେ ଘରୁ କାର୍ ଷ୍ଟାର୍ଟ କରିବା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମମିଙ୍କୁ ଜାବୁତି ଧରି ଏକ ଜୋରଦାର ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କଲା ଅନୁଭା ।

୪୫୨୫ ରଥରଫୋର୍ଡ ଷ୍ଟ୍ରେ
ଡେଟନ, ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ, ୨୧୦୩୭



ଘର

ତାପସ ରଞ୍ଜନ ସାହୁ



ଘର ଆଗରେ ଲତା ମାଡ଼ିଥାଏ ମଧୁମାଳତୀର । ଭାଳରେ ଭାଳରେ ଯେହ୍ନା

ଯେହ୍ନା ଫୁଲ । ଦୁଧ ଅଳତା ରଂଗର ମୁରୁଜ ବିଞ୍ଚି ହୋଇଥାଏ ଶାଗୁଆ କାନଭାସ୍ ଉପରେ । ସାମ୍ନାରେ ବଗିଚାଟିଏ । ଅନେକଗୁଡ଼ାଏ ଆଜେବାଜେ ଗଛରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତି । ଆଦୌ ଯୋଜନାବନ୍ଧ ନୁହେଁ । ଯତ୍ନର ବି ପ୍ରଚୁର ଅଭାବ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଯେତେସବୁ ଗଛଥିଲେ ସେ ବଗିଚାରେ ସେଥିରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗଛ ମୋ ମନକୁ ଛୁଇଁଗଲା । ଘର ଭିତରଟା ମୋ'ର ସେତେ ପସନ୍ଦ ହେଉ ନଥାଏ । ପୁରୁଣାକାଳିଆ ଡିଜାଇନ୍, ବଡ଼ ବଡ଼ ହଲ୍ ପରି ରୁମ୍ । ଡ୍ରଇଂରୁମ୍ ଛୋଟ ବାରଣ୍ଡାଟିଏ ବାହାରିଥାଏ ବାହାରକୁ; ବାଲ୍‌କୋନୀ ଭାବରେ କାମ ଚଳାଇବାପରି ବ୍ୟବହାର କରିହେବ ତାକୁ । ସେଇ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଏକ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ଦିଗକୁ ମୁହଁକରି ଚଉକରେ ବସିଲେ ଖୁବ୍ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଓ ପରିଷ୍କାର ଭାବରେ ଦେଖିହେବ ସେଇ ଗଛଟିକୁ । ମୋଟ ଉପରେ, ଗୋଟାଯାକ ଘରଟିରେ ସେଇ ଗଛଟି ହିଁ କରି ପାରିଲା ମୋତେ ଆକର୍ଷିତ, ଛୁଇଁ ପାରିଲା ହୃଦୟକୁ ।

ଦେଖିବାଭଳି ଗଛଟିଏ ଏକା । ଲୋଭ ଜନ୍ମିବ ଯେ କୌଣସି ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପିପାସୁ ଆତ୍ମାରେ । ଖୁବ୍ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଗଢ଼ଣ, ସୁସ୍ଥ ସବଳ କଳେବର ନେଇ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଶାଶ୍ୱତ ଆନନ୍ଦର ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ବିତରଣ କରୁଥାଏ ସେ ଅନବରତ ଭାବରେ । ସେ ଗଛସହ ମୋର ଅନେକ ଦିନର ସଂପର୍କ, ଅନେକ ଦିନର ପ୍ରେମ । ଶୀତୁଆ କାକରରେ ଭିଜି ଭିଜି ଥରୁଥିବା ଘାସର ଗାଳିଡ଼ା ଉପରେ ଝରା ଶେଫାଳିର ଚାଦର ଘୋଡ଼ାଇଦିଏ ସେ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ । ଶେଫାଳି ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ ଫୁଲ । ସୁଗନ୍ଧରେ ମାଦକୀୟ ଶକ୍ତି, ଶରୀରରେ କମନୀୟ ଯୌବନ ।

“ଘର” ଶବ୍ଦଟି ବି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର । କାନ୍ଥବାଡ଼ର ସମାହାର, ଆସବାବପତ୍ର ତ ଏହାର ବାହ୍ୟ ବିବରଣୀ । ଘର କହିଲେ ମୋ ମନରେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳରେ ଅନେକ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ସ୍ମୃତିରାଜିର ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ସେଟ୍ । ଘର ଭିତରର ଦୃଶ୍ୟ, ପରିବେଶ, ପଢ଼ୋଶୀମାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଭାବ, ସମସାମୟିକ ଘଟଣାବଳୀ - ଏସବୁ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଘର ନାମକ ସେଟ୍‌ର ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ଉପାଦାନ । ଘରଟିଏ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ତ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବେ ଏ ସମସ୍ତ । ଛାତି ଭିତରୁ କୋରି ହୋଇ ବାହାରି ଆସିବ ଦୀର୍ଘଶ୍ୱାସଟିଏ ।

“ଘର” ଶବ୍ଦଟି ବି ମୋ ପାଇଁ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର । କାନ୍ଥବାଡ଼ର ସମାହାର, ଆସବାବପତ୍ର ତ ଏହାର ବାହ୍ୟ ବିବରଣୀ । ଘର କହିଲେ ମୋ ମନରେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳରେ ଅନେକ ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ସ୍ମୃତିରାଜିର ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ସେଟ୍ ।



ପିଲାଦିନ ମନେ ପଡ଼ିଲେ ଆଖିରେ ନାଚିବ ପାଣିଓହଳା ପାହାଡ଼ । ତା ପାଦରେ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଟେକିବ ଅତୀତର ସେଇ ଘରଟି । ଘରକୁ ଘେରିଯିବେ ଶିବୁ, ମିଲି, ଲୁଲା, ରାକ୍ଷି, ଲୁନା, ମୁନା ଇତ୍ୟାଦିଙ୍କ ଘର । ବୟସ ଓହ୍ଲାଇଯିବ ପନ୍ଦରଟି ବର୍ଷକିଆ ପାହାଡ଼ । ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବେ ସ୍କୁଲ ଦିନ, ପିକ୍‌ନିକ୍, ଡ୍ରାମା, ଖେଳ ଗୋଟି ଗୋଟି ହୋଇ । ରତ୍ନ ସବୁ ଗଢ଼ି ଗଢ଼ି ଆସିବ ବସନ୍ତା ଆଖି ଆଗରେ ଫୁଟି ଉଠିବ କଦମ୍ବ ଫୁଲ ପରି ଗୋଲ୍ ମୁହଁଟିଏ । ଚିକ୍ ଚିକ୍ କରି ଉଠିବ କୁନି କୁନି ଓଠ ଫାଙ୍କରୁ ଚେନାଏ ହସ । “ଗୀତା” ନାମକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଡଉଲ ଡଉଲ ଝିଅଟି ମନେ ପକେଇଦେବ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟବୋଧର ସହଜାତ ପ୍ରବୃତ୍ତି । ସଞ୍ଜାହୀନ ଆକର୍ଷଣର ଶକ୍ତି ସେଦିନର ଆଣିଦେବ ତା ଗୋଲାପି ସ୍ଵେଚ୍ଛର ଉସ୍ମତା ଓ ବାସ୍ନା । ତା’ର ନିକଟବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ହେବାର ଯେତେସବୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା, ସେ ପଥରେ ଥିବା ବିଘ୍ନରାଜି ସହ ଯେତେସବୁ ଛୋଟବଡ଼ ସଂଗ୍ରାମ, ପ୍ରେମ ବୋଲି କହି ନ ହେଲେ ବି ତା ପ୍ରତି ଯେତେସବୁ ଆବେଗ, ଆସକ୍ତି ମନେପଡ଼ିବେ ପଛକୁ ପଛ । ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ପିଲାଦିନର ଖଟାମିଠା ଏ ସମସ୍ତ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତାକୁ ଛାଡ଼ି ଅନ୍ୟ ଯାଗାକୁ ଚାଲିଯିବାର ଦିନ । ଲୁହ ଜକେଇ ଆସୁଥିବା ଆଖିକୋଣକୁ ପୋଛୁ ପୋଛୁ ହାତ ହଲାଇ ଚିର ବିଦାୟ ନେବାର ଦିନ ।

ନୂଆ ନୂଆ କଲେଜ ଯିବା ଦିନ ସହ ଯୋଡ଼ି ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ରାମପୁରର ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଡ ପାଖ ସେଇ ଦୁଇ ମହଲା ଘରଟି । ନୂଆ ପର ଲାଗି ଆସୁଥିବା ହୃଦୟରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ପ୍ରଣୟର ପରଶ ଆଣିଦେଇଥିବା ସେଇ ଘର ପାଖରେ, ପ୍ରଥମ ପ୍ରେମର ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଆଣିଦେଇଥିବା ଶେଫାଳି ଗଛ ପାଖରେ ମୁଁ ଚିରରଣୀ । ପଢ଼ିଶା ଘର ଗୁଜୁରାଟୀ ଝିଅ “ମାୟା” ସହ ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ଦେଖାହୁଏ ପହିଲି ସକାଳର । ସେ ଯାଏ ଫୁଲତୋଳି ପାଖ ସ୍କୁଲ ବଗିଚାକୁ । ମୁଁ ଯାଏ ଗଉଡ଼ଘରୁ କ୍ଷୀର ଆଣିବାକୁ ସେଇବାଟଦେଇ ହାତରେ ଫୁଲଚାଞ୍ଚୁଡ଼ିଧରି ଅଳସ ସକାଳରେ ଲୋଭନୀୟା ଦିଶେ ସେ । ଅଜାଣତରେ ଧୀର ହୋଇଯାଆନ୍ତି ମୋର ପଦକ୍ଷେପ । ନିତିଦିନିଆ ଦେଖାଚାହାଁରେ ଆମେ ଦୁହେଁ ବାନ୍ଧି ହୋଇଗଲୁ କେଉଁଠି କେମିତି । ସେ ବନ୍ଧନର ଖିଅ ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ମୁଁ ପାଇଲିନି ସିନା, ହେଲେ ଲାଗିଲା ସତେ ଯେମିତି ଖାସ୍ ମୋରି ପାଇଁ ହିଁ ସେ ସବୁଦିନ ଆସେ, ଜାଣି ଜାଣି ଡେରି କରେ ଫୁଲ ତୋଳିବାରେ ମୁଁ ଫେରିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ, ଆଉ ଠିକ୍ ମୋରି ଆଗେ ଆଗେ ଫେରେ ଛନ୍ଦାୟିତ ପଦକ୍ଷେପର । ଆଉ କେବେ ବୋଧହୁଏ ମୋତେ ତାକେ ହାତ ନ ପାଉଥିବା ତାଳକୁ ନୁଆଁଇ ଆଣିବାକୁ ଅବା ଶେଫାଳି ଗଛର ତାଳସବୁକୁ ହଲାଇ ଦେବାକୁ ଖୁବ୍ ଜୋର୍ । ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦେଖେ, ସେ ଶୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ଫୁଲର ଶେଯରେ, ଝରାଇ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ସହସ୍ର ଶେଫାଳି ତା’ କୋମଳ ଅଙ୍ଗରେ ଅଙ୍ଗର । ଝରି ପଡୁଥିବା କାକରଭିଜା ଗଙ୍ଗଶିଉଳିର ବର୍ଷା ଉପହାର ଦିଅନ୍ତି ତାକୁ ଥରୁଥିବା ହୃଦୟରେ ! ସ୍ଵପ୍ନରେ ହିଁ ରହିଯାଏ ରାଧା !

ନୂଆ ନୂଆ କଲେଜ ଯିବା ଦିନ ସହ
 ଯୋଡ଼ି ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ରାମପୁରର
 ବସଷ୍ଟାଣ୍ଡ ପାଖ ସେଇ ଦୁଇ ମହଲା
 ଘରଟି । ନୂଆ ପର ଲାଗି ଆସୁଥିବା
 ହୃଦୟରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ପ୍ରଣୟର ପରଶ
 ଆଣିଦେଇଥିବା ସେଇ ଘର
 ପାଖରେ, ପ୍ରଥମ ପ୍ରେମର
 ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକର ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା
 ଆଣିଦେଇଥିବା ଶେଫାଳି ଗଛ
 ପାଖରେ ମୁଁ ଚିରରଣୀ ।



ଯୌବନସୁଲଭ ଦୁଃସାହସର ସାକ୍ଷୀ ସ୍ୱରୂପ ଏବେ ବି ଠିଆ ହୋଇଥିବ ଜୟପୁରର ରାଜପ୍ରାସାଦ ପାଖ ଘରଟି । ସେଠାରେ ରହଣି କ୍ଷଣସ୍ଥାୟୀ ହେଲେ ବି ମନେ ଅଛି ପାହାଡ଼ ଚଢ଼ାର ଦିନ, ଦୁର୍ଗମ ତଥା ଅଜ୍ଞାତ ସ୍ଥାନମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆଡ଼ଭେଞ୍ଚି ଟ୍ରିପରେ ଯିବାର ଦିନ । ମନେ ପଡ଼ୁଛି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଆସିଥିବା ସମଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟୀ ବନ୍ଧୁମାନଙ୍କ ମହଲ୍ । ପ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟ୍ ଟେକିଲେ ଆଶୁଯାଏ ପରିଷ୍କାର ଦିଶିବ ସେ କ୍ଷତ । ପାହାଡ଼ରୁ ପଡ଼ି ଗୋଡ଼ଭାଙ୍ଗି ଦୁଇମାସିଆ ବିଶ୍ରାମର କ୍ଷତ । ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ସଦ୍ୟ ପରିଚିତା ପଡୋଶୀଘର ମାଉସୀଙ୍କ ସ୍ନେହ, ତାଙ୍କ ଝିଅ “ରାଧା”ର ଆଦର, ସେବା ଓ ଯତ୍ନ । ନର୍ସରୀରୁ ଶେଫାଳି ଗଛଟିଏ ଆଣି ଉପହାର ଦେଇଥିଲି ତାକୁ । ଡାହାଣ ହାତରେ ରାଖିଟିଏ ବାନ୍ଧି ଦେଇଥିଲା ସିଏ ଅତି ସରାଗରେ । ଫେରିଲାବେଳେ ଲୁହ ଉକୁଟି ଆସିଥିଲା ତା ଆଖିରେ, ମୋ ଆଖିରେ ବି । ଏଇ ତ ଠିକ୍ ତା ପଛକୁ ମନେ ପଡ଼ି ଯାଉଛି ଅଭୁଳା ସ୍ମୃତିସମୂହର ସଂଗ୍ରହାଳୟ - ପି.ଜି. ବେଳର ହଷ୍ଟେଲ୍ ଜୀବନ । ଏତେ ବଡ଼ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ୍ରେ ନିଜର ବୋଲି ଜାହିର୍ କରିହେଲାଭଳି ଦଶଫୁଟ୍ରେ ଦଶଫୁଟ୍ରେ ଗୋଟିଏ ବୋଲି ତ ରୁମ୍ । ସେଇ ଛୋଟିଆ ଆବନ୍ଧ ସ୍ଥାନଟି ତ ଯୋଗାଇ ଦେଇଥିଲା ଅଯାଚିତ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତାର ଅଧିକାର । ଛୋଟିଆ ଖଟ ଉପରେ ଶୋଇରହି ଚାନ୍ଦର ଢାଙ୍କିଦେଲେ ତ ମିଳିଯାଉଥିଲା ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନର ଉଷ୍ମତା । ଟେବୁଲ୍ ଉପରକୁ ଗୋଡ଼ ଲମ୍ବାଇ ଚଉକିରେ ଆଉଜି ପଡ଼ିଲେ ତ ମୁଦି ହୋଇ ଆସୁଥିଲା ଆଖିପତା । ଭାବପ୍ରବଣତାର ଶିଖରକୁ ଚୁମି ଗଲାବେଳେ ଝରକା ସେପାଖର ଗୋଲାପ କଢ଼ି, ସିଗାରେଟ୍‌ର ଧୂଆଁ ତ ଛୁଉଁଥିଲା ବିରହର ଅନ୍ତରକୁ । ଏବେ ବି ତ ଲଚ୍ଚକିଥିବ ସେ କାନ୍ଥବାଡ଼, ଚଟାଣରେ ଉଦାସ ଆତ୍ମାର ପାଦଚିହ୍ନ ଏଠି ସେଠି ହାଲୁକା, ହାଲୁକା । ଚିହ୍ନ ଥିବ ଝାପ୍‌ସା ଝାପ୍‌ସା, ରାତି ରାତି ସଂଗ୍ରାମର ବହି ସହ, ଖାତା ସହ, ପ୍ରେମପତ୍ର, ପ୍ରେମିକାର ଫଟୋ ସହ । ଖୋଜି ବସିଲେ ତ ଅଟକିଯିବ ସମୟର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଲହରୀ । ଖେଳି ଉଠିବ ପବନରେ ହଲି ହଲି କଢ଼ିଟିଏ ଶେଫାଳିର । ଆସିବ ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ସଫେଦ୍ ପାଖୁଡ଼ାର ଅଙ୍ଗ ସହ ଲାଲ୍ ବୃକ୍ତ ପରି, ଧଳା ସାଲ୍‌ଫ୍ତାର୍ ଲାଲ୍ ଚୁନ୍ନୀର ମିଶ୍ରଣରେ “ଲଳିତା” । ମନେ ପଡ଼ିବ ଲାଇବ୍ରେରୀ, ଲେଡିଜ୍ ହଷ୍ଟେଲ୍, ପିକ୍‌ନିକ୍‌ର ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା, ରାଗ, ରୁଷା, ଅଭିମାନ, ଅନାବନା ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି, ରାଗପକା, ଭୁଲ୍ କ୍ଷମାର ଯେତେ ଯାହା ପର୍ବ । ମନେ ବି ପଡ଼ିବ କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ସାରାରାତି ଆଖି ଫୁଲିବାର ଦିନ, ଲଳିତାର ବିବାହ, ଭଗ୍ନ ପ୍ରତିଜ୍ଞାର ଦିନ । ଭଗ୍ନ ହୃଦୟରେ ଚିଠି ଚିରା, ଭଙ୍ଗାରୁଜା ବୋତଲ୍‌ସହ ସଂପର୍କର ସାକ୍ଷୀ ତ ଏକା ସେଇ ଚଉଦ ନମ୍ବର ରୁମ୍ !

ଏବେ ବି ତ ଲଚ୍ଚକିଥିବ ସେ କାନ୍ଥବାଡ଼,
 ଚଟାଣରେ ଉଦାସ ଆତ୍ମାର ପାଦଚିହ୍ନ
 ଏଠି ସେଠି ହାଲୁକା, ହାଲୁକା । ଚିହ୍ନ
 ଥିବ ଝାପ୍‌ସା ଝାପ୍‌ସା, ରାତି ରାତି
 ସଂଗ୍ରାମର ବହି ସହ, ଖାତା ସହ,
 ପ୍ରେମପତ୍ର, ପ୍ରେମିକାର ଫଟୋ ସହ ।
 ଖୋଜି ବସିଲେ ତ ଅଟକିଯିବ ସମୟର
 ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଲହରୀ । ଖେଳି ଉଠିବ
 ପବନରେ ହଲି ହଲି କଢ଼ିଟିଏ
 ଶେଫାଳିର । ଆସିବ ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ
 ସଫେଦ୍ ପାଖୁଡ଼ାର ଅଙ୍ଗ ସହ ଲାଲ୍
 ବୃକ୍ତ ପରି, ଧଳା ସାଲ୍‌ଫ୍ତାର୍ ଲାଲ୍
 ଚୁନ୍ନୀର ମିଶ୍ରଣରେ “ଲଳିତା” ।



ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ମନେହୁଏ ଯେତେସବୁ ଘରସହ ଗଢ଼ି ଉଠିଛି ସଂପର୍କ, ସବୁଠି ତ ରହିଯାଇଛି ହୃଦୟର କିଛି ଅଂଶ । ଝରକାଦେଇ ଦିଶୁଥିବା ଦୂର ପାହାଡ଼, ଅବା ନଇର ଦୃଶ୍ୟରେ ତ ଲାଗିଯାଇଛି ଜୀବନର କିଛି କିଛି ଭାଗ । ଲଳିତା ସହ ବିତିଥିବା ସମୟରେ ତ ଲାଗିଯାଇଛି ସରାଗର, ପୁଣି ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାର ଦାଗ । ବାଣ୍ଟି ତ ହୋଇଛି ନିଃଶ୍ୱାସର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଅନେକ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ, ଅନେକ ପାତ୍ରପାତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ ଗହଣରେ । ଯୋଡ଼ି ହୋଇଯାଇ ପାରନ୍ତାନ୍ତି ସେ ସମସ୍ତ ହୃଦୟର ଅଂଶ, ଜୀବନର ବିକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ! ମିଳି ଯାଆନ୍ତେନି ସମସ୍ତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ଭିନ୍ନ ଭିନ୍ନ ରାସ୍ତା ମାନଙ୍କର ଏକକ ମିଳନ ସ୍ଥଳୀରେ ! ସବୁ ଘରର ସମାହାରରେ ବନିଯାଆନ୍ତାନ୍ତି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଘରଟିଏ !

ଇଏକି ସେଇ ଘର ହେବ ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ? ମିଳି ଯିବେ କି ମୋତେ ଜଣ ଜଣ କରି ଆଖପାଖ ସାହି ପଢ଼ିଶାରେ, ଖୋଜୁଛି ଯା' ବର୍ଷ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ! ଟିକିଏ ଯତ୍ନରେ ତ ସାଜି ଉଠିବ ଛୋଟ ବଗିଚାଟି, ଟିକିଏ ଆଦରରେ ହସି ଉଠିବ ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ଭଳି ମାଡ଼ିଥିବା ମଧୁମାଳତୀର କୁଞ୍ଜ । ଆଜିଯାଏ ଯାହା ଯାହା ହରାଇଛି, କେବେ କେବେ ଘର ବା ସହର ଛାଡ଼ିବା ଯୋଗୁଁ, ଅବା କେବେ ନିଜର ଅସାବଧାନତା ଯୋଗୁଁ, ଆଉ କେବେ ହେବାକୁ ଦେବିନି ସେମିତି । ହଜିଥିବା ସବୁ ଜିନିଷ ଭିତରୁ ପ୍ରିୟ ଜିନିଷଟିଏ ମିଳି ତ ଯାଇଛି । ତାକୁ ନିଠେଇ ଦେଖି, ଅବା ଅନୁଭବ କରି କବି ପ୍ରାଣରେ ହୁଏତ ବଞ୍ଚାଯାଇପାରେ ବେଶ୍ କିଛିଦିନ ।

ଇଏକି ସେଇ ଘର ହେବ ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ? ମିଳି ଯିବେ କି ମୋତେ ଜଣ ଜଣ କରି ଆଖପାଖ ସାହି ପଢ଼ିଶାରେ, ଖୋଜୁଛି ଯା' ବର୍ଷ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ! ଟିକିଏ ଯତ୍ନରେ ତ ସାଜି ଉଠିବ ଛୋଟ ବଗିଚାଟି, ଟିକିଏ ଆଦରରେ ହସି ଉଠିବ ଜଙ୍ଗଲ ଭଳି ମାଡ଼ିଥିବା ମଧୁମାଳତୀର କୁଞ୍ଜ ।

ତା' କମନୀୟ ଯୌବନ ଭିତରେ ଖୋଜି ଖୋଜି ହୁଏତ ମିଳି ଯାଇପାରେ ହଜିଥିବା ସର୍ବଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଜିନିଷଟି, ଅତିମାନସ ସ୍ତରରେ !

୧୧୩୯୭ କୁସିକ୍ ଲେନ୍
 ଫ୍ରିସ୍ଟୋ, ଟେକ୍ସାସ୍ ୭୫୦୩୩
 ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଆମେରିକା



ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ ବିଶେଷ ଆଲୋଚନା

ସାମ୍ପ୍ରତିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଦିଗ୍‌ଦର୍ଶକ - ମନୋଜ ଦାସ

“ମନୋଜ ଦାସ ବୋଲିଲେ କଣ ? ଜଣେ ସମାଜ-ସମୀକ୍ଷକ ? ଜଣେ ମନୋବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ? ଅନ୍ୟର ହୃଦୟ ଚୋରାଇ ପଢ଼ି ନେଇପାରୁଥିବା ଜଣେ କୁଶଳୀ ନା ଜଣେ ଗଳ୍ପ ଲେଖକ ? ଏକ ଆରେକୁ ବଳି ତାଙ୍କ ଗଳ୍ପ ସବୁ ପଢ଼ିଲେ ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରେ ଯେ ସେ ଏ ସବୁର ଜଣେ ସମାହାର - ପୁଣି ଜଣେ ଅଦମ୍ୟ ଭାରତୀୟ ।” - ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ସାମ୍ପ୍ରତିକ ଏମ୍. ଭି. କାମାଥ ଥରେ “ଦି ଭଇକ୍” ପତ୍ରିକାରେ ଲେଖିଥିଲେ ।

ଆଧୁନିକ ଭାରତବର୍ଷର ଅପ୍ରତିଦ୍ୱନ୍ଦୀ ଗଳ୍ପଲେଖକ ଭାବେ ସ୍ୱୀକୃତ ମନୋଜ ଦାସଙ୍କର ଅନ୍ୟ ଏକ ପରିଚୟ ହେଲା, ସେ ଜଣେ ସୁଦକ୍ଷ ସ୍ତମ୍ଭକାର । ଓଡ଼ିଶାର ସମ୍ପାଦକ ପତ୍ର ମାନଙ୍କରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ସ୍ତମ୍ଭ ଲେଖିବାରେ ସେ ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ । ଜାତୀୟ ସ୍ତରରେ “ଗାଇମ୍‌ସ ଅଫ୍ ଇଣ୍ଡିଆ”, “ହିନ୍ଦୁସ୍ତାନ୍ ଗାଇମ୍‌ସ”, “ହିନ୍ଦୁ” ରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତମ୍ଭ ପାଠକ ମହଲରେ ଆଦୃତ ଲାଭ କରିଥିଲା ।

ଉପକୂଳବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଗୋଟିଏ ଗ୍ରାମରେ ୧୯୩୪ ମସିହାରେ ମନୋଜ ଦାସଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମ । କିଶୋର କାଳରୁ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଓ ସଂପାଦନାରେ ମନୋନିବେଶ । ବିପୁବୀ ଛାତ୍ରନେତା ଭାବେ ୧୯୫୫ରେ କାରାବରଣ । ୧୯୬୫ରେ ବାୟୁ ଆଫ୍ରେଏସିଆ ଛାତ୍ର ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଯୋଗଦାନ । ୧୯୫୦-୫୧, ୧୯୫୯-୬୩ ରେ “ଦିଗନ୍ତ” ର ସଂପାଦନା । ୧୯୫୯-୬୩ ରେ କଟକର ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟ ମହାବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପନା । ପରେ ପଣ୍ଡିଚେରୀର ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦ ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତିକ ଶିକ୍ଷାୟତନରେ ଇଂରାଜୀ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଅଧ୍ୟାପନା । ୧୯୮୫-୮୯ ରେ ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ଇଂରାଜୀ ମାସିକ “ଦି ହେରିଟେଜ୍”ର ସଂପାଦନା । ୧୯୭୨ ରେ ପ୍ରଥମ ଗାଳ୍ପିକ ଭାବରେ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ । ୧୯୮୦ ରେ ସାରଳା ପୁରସ୍କାର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ । ୨୦୦୧ ରେ “ପଦ୍ମଶ୍ରୀ” ଓ ସରସ୍ୱତୀ ସମ୍ମାନ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ । ୨୦୦୬ ରେ “ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ଫେଲୋ” ରେ ସମାନ୍ୱିତ ।

ପାଠକମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ “ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ” ତରଫରୁ ଏ ବିଶେଷ ପ୍ରାଞ୍ଜିକ ଉପହାର ।





କବିତା : ତୁମଗାଁ

ମାଟିର ପ୍ରଦୀପ ଯେବେ ଲିଭିଆସେ ଗହନ ରାତିରେ
କ୍ଷୀଣ କ୍ଷୀଣତର ହୋଇ ସବୁ ଯେହ୍ନେ ଲୁଚିଯାଏ ଧୀରେ
କେତେ କଥା ଭୁଲି ହୁଏ ସେହିଭଳି ତୁମଗାଁ ଛୁଇଁଲେ
ଭୁଲି ହୁଏ ଅକାତରେ ତୁମଗାଁ ନଇ ପାରି ହେଲେ ।

ସେଠାରେ ସାଗରସିକ୍ତ ଚାଈଁ ଚାଈଁ କାଉଁରୀ ପବନେ
ଯୋଜନ ଯୋଜନ ପଥ ଦୂରାଗତ ଜହ୍ନର ଝରଣା
ମାଇଲ୍ ମାଇଲ୍ ଧରି ବିଲଭୁଇଁ, ଅନ୍ୟ ଦିଗେ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ବାଲୁଚର
ରାତିର କପୋତ ଭଳି ତୁମଗାଁ ତା ଭିତରେ ଏକାକ୍ତ ସ୍ତମ୍ଭିତ,
ପ୍ରଥମ ଦେଖାରେ ମୋର ମନେହେଲା କେତେ ପରିଚିତ ।

ସେ କେତେ ଅନାଦି ଆଶା ମଶାଲରେ ତନୁ ଚହଟାଇ
ଘାସର ପହଡ଼ ପରେ ଫେଣା ଫେଣା ମଉଡ଼ ଫୁଟାଇ
ନିର୍ଜନ ରାସ୍ତାର ଛକେ ରକ୍ତାରଣ କୃଷ୍ଣଚୂଡ଼ା ଯେଉଁ
ହୁଏତ ସେ ହୃଦ କେତେ କରିଥିବ ମୃଦୁ ସଚକିତ
ତୁମଗାଁ ମନେହେଲା ସତେ ଅବା ଅତି ପରିଚିତ ।

ପଶ୍ଚିମର ଅରଣ୍ୟରେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନୀତ ଖୋଜି ନେଲାପରେ
ସେଠାକାର ଦିନକର ଅତି ସଜ ସଞ୍ଜର ଶରତେ
ଆକାଶର ସରୋବରେ ନୀଳକଇଁ କେତୋଟିକୁ ଚାହିଁ
ହଠାତ୍ ମୋ ମନେହେଲା, ତୁମଗାଁ ସତେ ଏକ ଭାସମାନ ତରୀ
ଅଥଚ ଯେଉଁଠୁ ଯାଏ, ସେଇଠାକୁ ଆସେ ପୁଣି ଫେରି ।

ଧୂସର ବାଲିର ପଥେ ଚାଲୁଚାଲୁ ମନେ ମୋ ହୋଇଛି
ସେ କେତେ ବିଗତ ସତ୍ତା କଥା କହେ ପ୍ରତିଟି ଅଶୃରେ
ଗୁଲ୍ଲୁଲତା, ଇଟାମାଟି, ବିଗଳିତ ବାଦଲର ଦେହେ
ସେ କେତେ ବଂଶାନୁକ୍ରମ ଆବେଗର ହିଲୋଳ ଅଂକିତ
ପ୍ରଥମ ଦେଖାରେ ମୋର ମନେହେଲା କେତେ ପରିଚିତ ।

ଗୋଲାପୀ ଭାଷାରେ ଆଉ ହରିତକୀ ଗୋଧୂଳୀର ତୀରେ
ଧୂସର କରବୀ ରଙ୍ଗୀ ଧୂଉ ଧୂଉ ଦିନ ଦି ପହରେ
ତିନିଗୋଟି ରାତ୍ରି ଆଉ ନୀଳ ନୀଳ ସଞ୍ଜର ଆସରେ,
ଆଶାୟତ୍ତେ ଇତିଗଲା କେତେବେଳେ ମୁଠିଏ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ
ଅଥଚ ଆଜି ବି ସିଏ ମନେହୁଏ କେତେ ପରିଚିତ ।



ପ୍ରଶ୍ନୋତ୍ତର :

ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ କଣ ? ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଏବଂ ଧର୍ମ ଭିତରେ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ବା କଣ ?

ଏକ ପ୍ରାଚୀନ କାହାଣୀ : ବଣକୁ ଲାଗି ଛୋଟିଆ ଗାଁ ଚିଏ । ସେ ଗାଁରେ ଥାଏ ଜଣେ କାଠୁରିଆ । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟହ ବଣକୁ ଯାଇ କିଛି ଶୁଖିଲା କାଠ ସଂଗ୍ରହ କରି ସେ ତାକୁ ନେଇ ଜନପଦରେ ବିକ୍ରୀ କରେ । ସେହି ଆୟରେ ତଳୁଥାଏ ତାର ଦୁଃଖୀ ସଂସାର ।

ଥରେ ଲାଗ ଲାଗ କେତେଦିନ ଧରି ବର୍ଷା ହୁଅନ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ଶୁଖିଲା କାଠ ମିଳିଲା ନାହିଁ । ଫଳରେ ଘରେ ରୋଷେଇ ବନ୍ଦ ହେବା ଭଳି ଅବସ୍ଥା ଉପୁଜିଲା । ହଠାତ୍ ତାର ମନେପଡ଼ିଲା, ଗାଁ ସୀମାନ୍ତବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ମନ୍ଦିରର ଦିଅଙ୍କ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି କାଠରେ ତିଆରି । ତାକୁ କଟାକଟିକରି ବିକ୍ରୀ କରାଯାଇପାରେ ।

ସେ ନିଶାନ୍ଧରେ ମନ୍ଦିର ଭିତରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କଲା । ମିଞ୍ଜିମିଞ୍ଜି ଦୀପ ଆଲୁଅରେ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତିର ସ୍ଥିତି ନିରୂପଣ କରି କୁରାଢ଼ି ଉଠାଇଲା । ହଠାତ୍ ଶୁଖିଲା ଏକ ଦୈବବାଣୀ : “ତୋର ପଇସାପତ୍ର ଦରକାର ତ ? ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟୋଦୟ ବେଳେ ନଦୀରେ ଭୁବଦେଇ ଜଳ ଭିତରେ ହାତମୁଠା କରିବୁ । ଉପରକୁ ଉଠି ହାତ ଖୋଲିବୁ । ଯାହା ପାଇବୁ ସେଥିରେ ତୋର ଦୁଃଖ କଷ୍ଟ ଦୂର ହେବ ।”

କାଠୁରିଆ କୁରୁଢ଼ି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାହାର କରି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଆସିଲା । ସକାଳେ ନଦୀରେ ପଶି ଯଥା ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ହାତମୁଠା କରି, ତାପରେ ହାତ ଖୋଲି, ଦେଖିଲାବେଳକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡିଏ ହୀରା । ସେ ଖଣ୍ଡିକ ନେଇ ସେ ଜଣେ ବ୍ୟବସାୟୀଙ୍କୁ ବିକ୍ରୟକରି ପ୍ରଚୁର ଅର୍ଥ ଲାଭକଲା । ସେଥିରେ କୋଠା ବନାଇଲା, ବ୍ୟବସାୟ କରି ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ହେଲା ।

କାଠୁରିଆର ପ୍ରତିବେଶୀ ଥିଲେ ଜଣେ ଦରିଦ୍ର ଶିକ୍ଷକ । ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ସହ କାଠୁରିଆର ସମୃଦ୍ଧିର ରହସ୍ୟ ସେ ଭଦ୍ରମହିଳା କୌଶଳକ୍ରମେ ତା ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଠୁ ବୁଝିନେଲେ । ସ୍ତ୍ରୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଲେ, “ତୁମେ ବି ଯାଇ କୁରୁଢ଼ି ଉଠାଇ ଦିଅଁକୁ ଧନକ ଦିଅ, ସୁଫଳ ମିଳବ ।”

ଶିକ୍ଷକ ରାଜିହେଉନଥିଲେ । କନ୍ୟ ଏକ ଦିଗରେ ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟର ତାତନା ଏବଂ ଅନ୍ୟ ଦିଗରେ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀର କ୍ରମାଗତ ପ୍ରଭେଚନା, ଏ ଉଭୟର ପ୍ରଭାବରେ ସେ ଅଗତ୍ୟା ମଧ୍ୟରାତ୍ରିରେ ଦିଅଁଙ୍କ ଆଗରେ କୁରୁଢ଼ିହସ୍ତେ ଉଭାହେଲେ ଏବଂ ହାତଗୋଡ଼ ଥରୁଥିବା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ କୁରୁଢ଼ି ଉଠାଇଲେ । କନ୍ୟ ସେତିକି । ମୂର୍ତ୍ତୀ ହୋଇ ସେ ତଳେ ପଡ଼ିଗଲେ । ସେହି ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଦେହରେ ଶୁଖିଲେ ସେ ଏହି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ : “ତୁ କଣ କେବେବି ଏ କାମଟି କରି ପାରିଥାନ୍ତୁ ? ତୋ ପ୍ରତିବେଶୀ ମୂଢ଼ । ଦେବମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ଉପରେ ଚୋର ବସାଇବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ତାକୁ ବାଧୁ ନଥାନ୍ତା । କନ୍ୟ ତୁ ଅପେକ୍ଷାକୃତ ସଚେତନ । ତୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ତୋତେ ଏହା କରିବାକୁ ଦେଇ ନଥାନ୍ତା । ତୁ ଦରିଦ୍ର ହୋଇପାରୁ, କନ୍ୟ ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟ ସଙ୍ଗେସଙ୍ଗେ ତୋର ବିଦ୍ୟାବୁଦ୍ଧି ରହିଛି । ଜାଣିରଖ, ଦାରିଦ୍ର୍ୟ ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ତୋର ଅନ୍ତର୍ପ୍ରଗତି ସମ୍ଭବ । ତୋ ପ୍ରତିବେଶୀ ଯେତେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ହେଲେବି ଚେତନାରେ ଦରିଦ୍ର ହୋଇ ରହିଛି ।”



ଗୀତାର ଅଷ୍ଟାଦଶ ଅଧ୍ୟାୟରେ ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ଉପରେ ବହୁତ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ ଦିଆଯାଇଛି । ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ଆଦରି ବରଂ ମରିବ, କନ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ୟର ଧର୍ମକୁ ଅନୁକରଣ କରିବା ଭୟାବହ ।

ଏହି ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମର ଅର୍ଥ ହୃଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କରିବାକୁ ହେଲେ ଆମକୁ ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ସଚେତନ ହେବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ଆମ ଜୀବନରେ ଯେତେ ଯାହା ଘଟୁଛି - ସୁଖ, ଦୁଃଖ, ଆମୋଦ, ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣା ଭିତରୁ ଆମେ ଯେତେ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଅର୍ଜନ କରୁଛୁ - ସେସବୁ ଆମକୁ ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଦିଗରେ, ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଅଜ୍ଞାନରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଦିବ୍ୟସତ୍ୟର ଉପଲବ୍ଧି ଦିଗରେ ଟିକଏ ଟିକଏ ଆଗେଇ ନେଇ ଚାଲୁଛି ।

କନ୍ୟ ଏହିଭଳି ପ୍ରଗତିର ମାତ୍ରା ଆମ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଚ୍ଚେତନା ଜାଣୁଥିଲେବି ମନ ବା ସ୍ମୃତି ସ୍ତରରେ ଆମେ ସେ ସଂପର୍କରେ ସାଧାରଣତଃ ଅବହିତ ନୋହୁଁ । ସେ ପ୍ରଗତି ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ମ ଧରି ଚାଲୁଛି । ଯେତିକି ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଅର୍ଜିତ ହୋଇଛି, ତାହାକୁ ହିଁ ଭିତ୍ତିକରି ପୁଣି ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ଆମ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଚ୍ଚେତନାର ବିକାଶ ହେବ ।

ଏ ଜନ୍ମରେ ମୋର ଆଗ୍ରହ, ରୁଚି, ଜିଜ୍ଞାସାବୋଧ, ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣ, ଅଭୀପ୍ସା, ଏସବୁକୁ ରୂପ ଦେଉଛି ସେହି ସଂଗୁପ୍ତ ପ୍ରଗତିର ମାତ୍ରା । ଯେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ମୋର ସେହି ଅନ୍ତର୍ଚ୍ଚେତନାର ଚାହୁଣିବାକୁ ସମ୍ମାନ ଦେଉଥିବି, ସେଥିରେ ଆହୁରି ଅଧିକ ପ୍ରଗତି ସାଧନା ହେଲଭଳି କାମ କରୁଥିବି, ସେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମୁଁ ମୋର ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ଅନୁସରଣ କରୁଛି । ସେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଆଶୁ ଆମୋଦ ପ୍ରମୋଦ ବା ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥସିଦ୍ଧିରୁ ମିଳୁଥିବା ସନ୍ତୋଷ ତୁଳନାରେ ବହୁ ଅଧିକ ଶାନ୍ତି ଓ ସନ୍ତୋଷ ମୋତେ ମିଳୁଥିବ । କନ୍ୟ ସାମୟିକ ଲୋଭ, କୁପ୍ରଭାବ ବା ଅହଂଗୁଳତ ହୋଇ ମୁଁ ଯଦି ମୋର ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମବିରୋଧୀ କାମ କରିବି, ତେବେ ମୋ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ କ୍ରମବିକାଶ ବାଧାପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହେବ; ଏପରିକି ମୋର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ପତନ ହୋଇପାରେ । ଯଦି ତାହା ହୁଏ, ତେବେ ବାହାରର ଯାବତୀୟ ପ୍ରଗତି ବା ସମୃଦ୍ଧିର କିଛି ମୂଲ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ ।

ଅର୍ଜୁନଙ୍କ ଭଳି ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱଚେତନାସମ୍ପନ୍ନ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ ସାମୟିକ ଭାବରେ ତାମସ୍ୱଭାବ ପ୍ରଭାବରେ ଆପଣାର ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ବିସ୍ମୃତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ।

ଧର୍ମର ବହୁବିଧ ଅର୍ଥ ରହିଛି । ପରମ୍ପରାଗତ ଧର୍ମାଚରଣ, ଦେବଦେବୀରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ-ଧର୍ମର ସାଧାରଣ ଅର୍ଥ । ସେ ଅର୍ଥରେ କେହି ହିନ୍ଦୁ, କେହି ବୌଦ୍ଧ, ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟିଆନ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ଧର୍ମ ଶବ୍ଦକୁ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଅର୍ଥରେ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରାଯାଏ । ସନ୍ତାନ ପୋଷଣ ପିତାମାତାଙ୍କ ଧର୍ମ, ପିତାମାତାଙ୍କ ପରିଶତ ବୟସରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ପୋଷଣ କରିବା ସନ୍ତାନର ଧର୍ମ । ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ହେଲେ ଜାତି ପାଇଁ, ଦେଶ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରାଣଦେବା ଦେଶପ୍ରେମୀର ଧର୍ମ ।

କନ୍ୟ ସର୍ବୋତ୍ତମ ଧର୍ମ - ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ । କୁହାଯାଏ, ଜଣେ ନିଜ ଜନପଦର ହିତାର୍ଥେ ପାରିବାରିକ ଧର୍ମ ବିସର୍ଜନ ଦେଇପାରେ । ଦେଶର ହିତାର୍ଥେ ଜନପଦର ଧର୍ମ ବିସର୍ଜନ ଦେଇପାରେ । ମାନବ ଜାତିର କଲ୍ୟାଣ ପାଇଁ



ଦେଶପ୍ରେମ ଧର୍ମ ପାଶୋରି ଦେଇପାରେ । କନ୍ଦୁ ନଜର ଆମ୍ଭର ନର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ମାନ୍ୟ କରିବା ନମନ୍ତେ ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ ଧର୍ମକୁ ବିସର୍ଜନ ଦେଇପାରେ ।

ତେବେ, ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ନରୂପଣ କରିବା ସହଜ ନୁହେଁ । ଅନେକ ସମୟରେ ସାମୟିକ ଆବେଗ, ଭ୍ରାବଗତ ଦୁର୍ବଳତା, ଅବଚେତନ ଆକର୍ଷଣ- ଏସବୁ ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ବୋଲି ମନେ ହୋଇପାରେ । ଶାନ୍ତ ସମାହିତ ଚିତ୍ତ ଏବଂ ଗଭୀର ଭଗବତ୍ ବିଶ୍ୱାସକୁ ଅବଲମ୍ବନ କରିବାଦ୍ୱାରା ହିଁ ଜଣେ ନଜର ସ୍ୱଧର୍ମ ଆବିଷ୍କାର କରିପାରେ ।

(ସୌଜନ୍ୟ: ଭାରତର ଐତିହ୍ୟ-ଶତେକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର)



ବିଶ୍ୱର :

ଆମ ଜ୍ଞାନର ପରିସୀମା

“What people call knowledge is the reasoned acceptance of false appearances. Wisdom looks behind the veil and sees. Reason divides, fixes details and contrasts them. Wisdom unifies, marries contrasts in a single harmony.”

“ମଣିଷ ଯାହାକୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ ବୋଲି କହେ, ତାହା ମିଥ୍ୟା ବାହ୍ୟ ରୂପର ଯୁକ୍ତି-ସମ୍ମତ ସ୍ୱୀକାର । ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ବାହ୍ୟ ରୂପ ଭେଦିକରି ଦେଖେ । ହେତୁବୋଧ ବିଭଜନ କରେ, ପୁଞ୍ଜାନୁପୁଞ୍ଜ ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣ କରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ବିଷୟ ନିହିତ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ନିରୂପଣ କରେ । ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ସବୁକଥାକୁ ଏକୀଭୂତ କରେ, ଏକ ଅଭିନ୍ନ ସଂହତିରେ ସବୁକୁ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତ କରେ ।”

ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦଙ୍କର ଏ ଉକ୍ତିର ତାତ୍ପର୍ଯ୍ୟର ବିଶ୍ୱର ସ୍ତୂଳ ଧ୍ୟାନ ଧାରଣାରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରାଯାଉ । ଏକଦା ମଣିଷ ଦେଖୁଥିଲା, ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠୁଛି । ପୁଣି ସେ ପଶ୍ଚିମରେ ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି । ନିଜ ଆଖିରେ ଦେଖୁଥିବା ଏହି ଦୃଶ୍ୟର ସତ୍ୟତାକୁ ତ ଅସ୍ୱୀକାର କରାଯାଇ ନ ପାରେ । ତେଣୁ ସେ ଧରିନେଇ ଥିଲା ଯେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ବାସ୍ତବିକ ଚଳମାନ, ପୃଥିବୀ ସ୍ଥିର । ସାଧାରଣ ଜ୍ଞାନର ମାପକାଠିରେ ଏହା ବେଶ୍ ଯୁକ୍ତିଯୁକ୍ତ ।

କିନ୍ତୁ ଏ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଭୁଲ୍ ପ୍ରମାଣିତ ହେଲା । ଜ୍ଞାନର ପରିସର ବୃଦ୍ଧିଲାଭ କରିବା ସଙ୍ଗେସଙ୍ଗେ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥିର ଏବଂ ପୃଥିବୀ ଚଳମାନ, ଏ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱ ନୂତନ ଯୁକ୍ତି ସାହାଯ୍ୟରେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପିତ ହେଲା ।

ଏ ଦୃଷ୍ଟାନ୍ତ ଦେବାର ହେତୁ, ଯାହାକୁ ଆମେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ବୋଲି କହୁ, ତାହା ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିର୍ଭରଯୋଗ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ । ଜ୍ଞାନ ବଦଳୁଥାଏ । ଆଜିର ଜ୍ଞାନ କାଲି ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ବିବେଚିତ ହୋଇପାରେ ।

ବୁଦ୍ଧି, ଯୁକ୍ତି, ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟର ଗ୍ରହଣଶୀଳତା, ଏହି ସବୁ ଉପରେ ନିର୍ଭରଶୀଳ ଜ୍ଞାନ । କିନ୍ତୁ, ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଆମେ ଦେଖିଛୁ, ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦ ଯାହାକୁ ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ବୋଲି କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ତାହା ଏ ସବୁ ମାଧ୍ୟମ ଉପରେ ନିର୍ଭରଶୀଳ ନୁହେଁ । ସ୍ତୂଳ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଦ୍ୱାରା ସ୍ତୂଳ ଜଗତର ଅନେକ କଥା ବୁଝିହୁଏ, ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସୂକ୍ଷ୍ମ ଜଗତର ରହସ୍ୟ ବୁଝିବା ନିମନ୍ତେ ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟଲବ୍ଧ, ଯୁକ୍ତିପ୍ରଧାନ ଜ୍ଞାନ ଆମକୁ ସାହାଯ୍ୟ କରି ପାରିବ ନାହିଁ ।

ଆମେ ସାଧାରଣତଃ ସ୍ଥାନ, କାଳ ଓ ପାତ୍ରର ସୀମା ଭିତରେହିଁ ଯେ କୌଣସି ବିଷୟକୁ ଜାଣିବାକୁ ବା ବୁଝିବାକୁ ପ୍ରୟାସ କରିଥାଉ । ଏ ସବୁ ସ୍ତୂଳ ମାଧ୍ୟମ । ଏ ସବୁ ଜରିଆରେ ଯାହା ସତ୍ୟ ବୋଲି ମନେହୁଏ, ତାହା ମୋଟରୁ ସତ୍ୟ ନ ହୋଇପାରେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ଘଟଣା ମନେ ପଡୁଛି । ଥରେ ଜଣେ ସମ୍ଭ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଯୁବକ ତାଙ୍କର କୌଣସି ଏକ ନ୍ୟାୟସଙ୍ଗତ ପ୍ରାପ୍ୟ ନିମନ୍ତେ କର୍ତ୍ତୃପକ୍ଷଙ୍କୁ ଚିଠି ଦେଇଥାନ୍ତି । ସମ୍ପୃକ୍ତ ବିଭାଗର ଆଳସ୍ୟ ଯୋଗୁଁ ତାଙ୍କୁ ତାଙ୍କ ପ୍ରାପ୍ୟ ମିଳିବାରେ ଅଧୌକ୍ତିକ ବିଳମ୍ବ ହେଉଥିଲା । ସେ ଠିକ୍ କଲେ, ନିଜେ ଯାଇ ବିଭାଗୀୟ



ମୁଖ୍ୟଙ୍କୁ ସାକ୍ଷାତ କରିବେ । ମୁଖ୍ୟ ହାକିମ ଜଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟହ ତାଙ୍କ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟାଳୟକୁ ଆସିଯାନ୍ତି ବୋଲି ସେ ଜାଣିଥିଲେ ।

ଯୁବକ ଯେତେବେଳେ ହାକିମଙ୍କ କୋଠରୀ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ, ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଆଖପାଖରେ କେହି ଦେଖା ପଡ଼ୁ ନ ଥାନ୍ତି । ଏପରିକି ହାକିମଙ୍କ କୋଠରୀ ଆଗରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଅର୍ଦଳି ମଧ୍ୟ ନଥିଲେ । ଯୁବକ ଏବଂ ହାକିମ ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ଚିହ୍ନିଥିଲେ ଏବଂ ପୂର୍ବରୁ କୌଣସି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନରେ ହାକିମ ଜଣକ ଯୁବକଙ୍କ ସହ ବେଶ୍ ପ୍ରୀତିପଦ ଆଚରଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ତେଣୁ ଯୁବକ କୋଠରୀ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ପଶି ହାକିମଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଆକର୍ଷଣ କଲାଭଳି କଣ୍ଠରେ ନମସ୍କାର ଜଣାଇଲେ । ହାକିମ ମୁହଁ ତୋଳି ତାଙ୍କୁ ଅନାଇଲେ, କିନ୍ତୁ ପ୍ରତିନମସ୍କାର କଲେ ନାହିଁ । ଯୁବକ ଠିଆ ହୋଇ ରହିଲେ, ହାକିମ ବସିବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ କହିଲେ ନାହିଁ ।

“ଆଜ୍ଞା, ମୋ ନିବେଦନ ପତ୍ର ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ପହଞ୍ଚି ଥିବାର ଓ ବିହିତ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ନିମନ୍ତେ ଆପଣ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ଦେଇଥିବାର ମୁଁ ଜାଣେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକାରୀ ହୋଇନାହିଁ ।” ଯୁବକ ନମ୍ର ଭାବରେ ଜଣାଇଲେ – ଯଦିଓ ବିରକ୍ତିରେ ତାଙ୍କ ମନ ସେତେବେଳକୁ ଉତ୍ତପ୍ତ । ହାକିମଙ୍କଠୁ ଏ ଭଳି ଅସୌଜନ୍ୟ ସେ କଦାପି ଆଶା କରି ନଥିଲେ ।

“କଣ କହିଲେ ?” ହାକିମ ଥରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡ଼େ ଅନେଇ ଦେଇ ପଚାରିଲେ ।

ଯୁବକ ତାଙ୍କ କଥାର ପୁନରାବୃତ୍ତି କଲେ । କିଛି ସମୟ ନୀରବରେ ବିତିଗଲା । ଯୁବକ ସେତେବେଳେ କ୍ରୋଧରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ଥରୁଥାନ୍ତି । ସେ ଏକ ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ବଂଶର ଦାୟାଦ । ତାଙ୍କ ସହ ଏମିତି ଆଚରଣ ରାଜା ମହାରାଜା ବି କରିବା କଥା ନୁହଁ ।

“ମୁଁ ତେବେ ଯାଏ ।” – ସେ ନିଜକୁ ସମ୍ଭାଳି କହିଲେ ।

“ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଇଚ୍ଛା ।” – କହିଲେ ହାକିମ ।

ଯୁବକ କୌଣସି ମତେ ଆତ୍ମ ସମ୍ବରଣ କରି ବାହାରି ଆସି ଫାଟକ ପାଖରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଛନ୍ତି, ହାକିମଙ୍କ ଅର୍ଦଳି ଦୌଡ଼ି ଆସି ଉକ୍ଷ୍ଣରେ ପଚାରିଲେ, “ବାବୁ ! ଆପଣ ତ ହାକିମଙ୍କ କୋଠରୀରୁ ବାହାରି ଆସିବାର ଦେଖିଲି । ସେ କଥାବାର୍ତ୍ତା କରୁଛନ୍ତି । “

“କଥା କହିବେ ନାହିଁ କାହିଁକି ? ମୁକ ପାଲଟି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି କି ?” ଯୁବକଙ୍କ କ୍ରୋଧ ଅର୍ଦଳ ଆଗରେହିଁ ପ୍ରକଟିତ ହେଲା ।

“ସେ କଥା ନୁହେଁ ଯେ, ଆଜି ସକାଳେ ତାଙ୍କର ଏକମାତ୍ର ପୁତ୍ର ସନ୍ତାନଟି ଗୁଲିଗଲା ତ ! ସେଇଥିପାଇଁ ...”



ସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ହୋଇ ଉଠିଲେ ଯୁବକ । ତା ପରେ ପ୍ରସ୍ଥାନ କଲେ ।

ଯଦି ଯୁବକର ସହ ଅର୍ଦଳର ସାକ୍ଷାତ୍ ହୋଇ ନଥାନ୍ତା, ତେବେ ହାକିମଟି ଗୋଟିଏ ଅମାର୍ଜିତ ଅହଙ୍କାରୀ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ବୋଲି ଧାରଣା ନେଇ ସେ ଫେରିଥାନ୍ତେ । ଏକ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ସ୍ଥାନ ଓ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ସମିତ କାଳ ଉପରେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟବସିତ ସେ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତା ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭୁଲ୍ । କାଳକୁ ବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ କରି ତହିଁ ଭିତରେ ସଂଗଠିତ ସବୁ ବ୍ୟାପାରର ପରିପ୍ରେକ୍ଷୀରେ ହାକିମଙ୍କ ଆଚରଣ ସଂପର୍କିତ ଜ୍ଞାନ ହେଲ୍ ଭିନ୍ନ ।

ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ସମଗ୍ରକୁ ନଜାଣିଲେ କୌଣସି ଅଂଶକୁ ଯଥାର୍ଥ ଭାବରେ ବୁଝିହେବ ନାହିଁ । ସମଗ୍ରକୁ ଜାଣିବାର ଶକ୍ତି ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରିୟ ସବୁର ନାହିଁ କି ମନର ମଧ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ । ଯେ କୌଣସି ପରିସ୍ଥିତି ବା ଅବସ୍ଥାକୁ ଖଣ୍ଡବିଖଣ୍ଡ କରି ଆମର ଯୁକ୍ତିପ୍ରଧାନ ମନ ଦେଖୁଥାଏ । ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା କନ୍ଦୁ ଭିନ୍ନ ମାର୍ଗରେ ଆହରିତ ସତ୍ୟ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଆମେ ଚେତନାରେ ସତ୍ୟ ସହିତ ଏକ ହୋଇ ଯାଇ ପାରିବୁ, କେବଳ ସେତେବେଳେ ଆମ ଜାଣିବାଟି ହେବ ନିର୍ଭୁଲ୍ ।

ଶ୍ରୀମା ଏହି କାରିକା ଉପରେ ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଦେବା ଅବସରରେ କହିଛନ୍ତି, “ଆମେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ କରୁ, ବୁଝିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁ, ବୁଝାଇବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁ, ଜାଣିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁ । କନ୍ଦୁ ଗୋଟିଏ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତର ସତ୍ୟ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଆମକୁ ଲକ୍ଷ ଲକ୍ଷ ଶବ୍ଦ ଏବଂ ଶହ ଶହ ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟାଠୁ ଅଧିକ ଶିକ୍ଷା ଦେଇପାରେ ।”

ଏହି ସତ୍ୟ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଅର୍ଜନ ହିଁ ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା । ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞାର ଆଲୋକରେ ଜୀବନର ଅର୍ଥ, ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଅର୍ଥ, ସବୁ କିଛି ବଦଳିଯାଏ । ସେ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା – ଅର୍ଜନର ମାର୍ଗ ? ଶ୍ରୀମାଙ୍କ ଉତ୍ତର : ନିଜ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଦେଶରେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼ିବ । ତାହାହିଁ ପ୍ରଥମ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ । ତାପରେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହେବ ନିଜ ଅନ୍ତଃସ୍ଵରୂପର ପ୍ରସାରଣ । ଏହା ମହାଜଗତ ଭଳି ବ୍ୟାପକତର ଏକ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଅର୍ଜନ । ଗଭୀର ଶାନ୍ତି ଓ ନୀରବତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଏ ଦିଗରେ ଅଭୀପ୍ତା ଓ ପ୍ରୟାସ ଅବ୍ୟାହତ ରଖିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ । ବହୁ ଦିନ ଲାଗିପାରେ, ଅପେକ୍ଷାକୃତ କମ୍ ସମୟରେ ବି ଏ ଦିଗରେ ସାଫଲ୍ୟ ସମ୍ଭବ । ଦିବ୍ୟକୃପାର ହସ୍ତକ୍ଷେପ ହେଲେ ଅଚରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଆବରଣ ଅପସରି ଯାଇପାରେ ।

(ସୌଜନ୍ୟ : ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ପ୍ରଦୀପିକା)



ଅଭିଭାଷଣ :

ସୃଜନ ଓ ସମ୍ମାନ

(ଜାନୁଆରି ୨୫, ୨୦୦୭ ରେ ଶ୍ରୀ ମନୋଜ ଦାସଙ୍କୁ କେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀ ତାଙ୍କର ସର୍ବୋଚ୍ଚ ସମ୍ମାନ “ଫେଲୋସିପ୍” ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିଥିଲେ ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ ଏକ ସୁଧୀ ସମାବେଶରେ । ସେଇ ସମାବେଶରେ ଦେଇଥିବା ଅଭିଭାଷଣ ।)

ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଏ ସମ୍ମାନ ଗ୍ରହଣ କଲାବେଳେ ସ୍ୱତଃ ଏ ଲେଖକ ମନରୁ ଯେଉଁ ଦୁନିର୍ଦ୍ଦାର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନଟି ଆସୁଛି, ତାହାହେଲା, ଏହା ତାର କେତେ ଦୂର ପ୍ରାପ୍ୟ? ଥରେ ଏକ ସମାବେଶରେ ଜେମ୍ସ ଜୋୟସ୍‌ଙ୍କ ପାଖକୁ ଉଠିଆସି ଜଣେ ଭଦ୍ରମହିଳା ବଡ଼ ନମ୍ର ଭାବରେ କହିଲେ, “ହେ ମୋର ପ୍ରିୟ ଲେଖକ, ତମେ ଯେଉଁ ହାତରେ “ୟୁଲିସେସ୍” ଲେଖିଛ, ସେ ହାତକୁ ମୁଁ ଥରୁଟିଏ ରୁମ୍ବନ ଦେଇପାରେ ?”

ଆହୁରି ନମ୍ର ଭାବରେ ଜୋୟସ୍ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲେ, “ମାତାମ୍, ହାତଟି ଯୋଗେ ମୁଁ ଅନ୍ୟାନ୍ୟ ଅନେକ କାମ ବି କରିଛି ।”

ଆପଣମାନେ ଏ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଟିର ଏକ ବିଶେଷ ଗୁଣ ଅଥବା ଦିଗ ପ୍ରତି ସମ୍ମାନ ଜ୍ଞାପନ କରୁଛନ୍ତି । ସମଗ୍ର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଟି ତାକୁ ଆତ୍ମସାତ୍ କରିନେବାର ଯୋଗ୍ୟ କି? ଏ ସମଗ୍ର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଭିତରେ ସୃଜନଶୀଳତା ବ୍ୟତୀତକେ ସୃଜନୀ-ପରିପନ୍ନୀ କେତେ ଆବେଗ, ଦୁଃଖିନ୍ତା ଓ ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱ-ରହିତ ଭାବନାର ସମାବେଶ ବି ତ ଏକ ବାସ୍ତବତା । ମୋ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ଆଭିନନ୍ଦନକାଠି ପାଠ କଲାବେଳେ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମୀର ସେକ୍ରେଟାରୀ ମହୋଦୟ ମୋ ଗଳ୍ପ ଉପରେ ସବିଶେଷ ଗୁରୁତ୍ୱ ଦେଲେ । କନ୍ଧ ଗତ ପ୍ରାୟ ବାର ବର୍ଷ ଧରି ମୁଁ ଗଳ୍ପ ଲେଖିନାହିଁ । ଯେଉଁ ନର୍ତ୍ତକ ପ୍ରେରଣା ମୋତେ ଗଳ୍ପ ଲେଖିବାକୁ ଉଦ୍‌ବୁଦ୍ଧ କରୁଥିଲା, ମୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ଦିନେ ସେ ଦୁର୍ଘଟି ଉଲ୍‌କା ଭଳି ତେତନାର ଆକାଶରେ ବିଲୀନ ହୋଇଗଲା । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଦେଖିନାହିଁ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ କାହାଣୀ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବନ କରିବା କାଠିକର ପାଠ ନୁହେଁ । ଜଣେ ସାଧାରଣ ପାଠକ ହୁଏତ ଅନୁପ୍ରାଣିତ କାହାଣୀ ଓ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବିତ କାହାଣୀ ଭିତରେ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଧରିପାରିବ ନାହିଁ । କନ୍ଧ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବନ ମୋର ସ୍ୱପର୍ମ ନୁହେଁ ।

ଥମାସ୍ ଏଡିସନଙ୍କର ଏକ ବକ୍ତବ୍ୟ ବହୁବାର ଉଚ୍ଚିତ ହେବାର ଶୁଣିଛି । ତାହା ହେଲା “Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety nine percent perspiration. Accordingly, a genius is often merely a talented person who had done all his home work.” ଥମାସ୍ ଏଡିସନ୍ ଯେଉଁ ଧରଣର ପ୍ରତିଭା କଥା କହୁଛନ୍ତି, ସେଥି ପ୍ରତି ମଧ୍ୟ ଉଚ୍ଚିତ ଆଂଶିକ ପ୍ରମୁଖ୍ୟ ହୋଇପାରେ - କନ୍ଧ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭାବରେ ନୁହେଁ । ସେ ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ଓ ବୈଷୟିକ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବନୀ ପ୍ରତିଭା କଥା କହୁଛନ୍ତି । ଏ ବିରଳ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟୀ ଉଦ୍‌ଭବକାଠି ନିଜ ଜୀବନକାଳରେ ଏକ ହଜାରରୁ ଊର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱ କୌଶଳ ପେଟେଷ୍ଟ କରିଥିଲେ । ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସୃଜନ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ କଥା ଜାଣେନା, କନ୍ଧ ପ୍ରେରଣା ବିନା ଏ ଲେଖକଟିର ଅବସ୍ଥା ଶ୍ରୀକୃଷ୍ଣ ବିହୀନ ଅର୍ଜୁନ ଭଳି ।



ଏ ସମ୍ମାନକୁ ସୃଜନ ପରମ୍ପରା ପ୍ରତି ସ୍ୱୀକୃତି ରୂପେ ମୁଁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରୁଛି । ଏହି ପରମ୍ପରା ମହାନ; ଆକଳନର ଅତୀତ ବୋଲି କୁହାଯାଇପାରେ । ଯେମିତି କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ରାତିକ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ଘାସଫୁଲର ବିକାଶର ପଟଭୂମିରେ ରହିଥାଏ ପ୍ରଚଣ୍ଡ ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର, ଆଦିଗନ୍ତ ଆକାଶ ଏବଂ ବାୟୁ ସଂରୂଳନର, କରୁଣାମୟ ବାରିଧାର ତଥା ରହସ୍ୟମୟ ମାଟିର ଅବଦାନ, ଏସବୁ ବିପୁଳ ଶକ୍ତିର ସମନ୍ୱୟ ବିନା ତାର ନମ୍ର ଆବିର୍ଭାବ ଅସମ୍ଭବ, ସେମିତି ଜଣେ ସଜା ସାହିତ୍ୟିକର ସୃଜନ ଯତ୍ନକ୍ଷିତ୍ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତାହା ପଛରେ ରହିଥାଏ ବିଶ୍ୱବ୍ୟାପୀ ଭାଷା ଓ ଭାବନା, ବୋଧଶକ୍ତି ଓ ଜ୍ଞାନର ପରମ୍ପରା । ମୋ ବୋଧଶକ୍ତିର ଭାଷା କାଳରେ କୌଣସି ଶିକ୍ଷକ ମୋତେ କହିଥିଲେ, ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଦୁଇ ଅର୍ଥ : ସ-ହିତ, ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଯାହା ହିତ ସାଧନ ନମନ୍ତେ ଉଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ; ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟରେ ଯାହା ଜୀବନ ସହିତରେ ଗତିକରେ । ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା କହୁଛି, ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଆଭିମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ଣ୍ଣୟ ନମନ୍ତେ ଏ ଦ୍ୱିଧାର ସଂଜ୍ଞା ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ । ଜୀବନ ବୋଲିଲେ ଖାଲି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ଓ ଅତୀତର ଜୀବନ ନୁହେଁ, ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର ଜୀବନ ମଧ୍ୟ । ଆମ ଚଳମାନ ଚେତନାର ପଶ୍ଚାତରେ ରହିଛି ବ୍ୟାପକ ଅବଚେତନ । ଏ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଆଜି କାହାରି ଦ୍ୱିମତ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସମ୍ମୁଖରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଯେ ଥାଇପାରେ ଚେତନାର ଅଦ୍ୟାବଧି ଅପ୍ରକଟ ବିଭୂତି, ସେ ସଂପର୍କରେ ଆମର ଧାରଣା ସୀମିତ । ଆମର ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟ, ସେଭଳି ଚେତନାର ଅପୂର୍ବ ଦ୍ୟୁତିମୟ ଆଭାସ ଆମେ ପାଉ ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦଙ୍କ “ସାବିତ୍ରୀ” ମହାକାବ୍ୟରେ । ଆପଣମାନଙ୍କର ଏହି ଶୁଭେଚ୍ଛା ସମାବେଶ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ସେହି ମହତ୍ତ୍ୱପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗୀକୃତ ବୋଲି ମୁଁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରୁଛି । ଏ ଲେଖକ ନମିତ୍ତ ମାତ୍ର ।

ସାମାଜିକ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ସମ୍ମାନର ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ତିନି ଧାରରେ ହେବାର ଦେଖାଯାଏ : ପୁରସ୍କାର, ଉପାଧି ଏବଂ ନର୍ମାଳ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ । ଏ ତିନି ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ଇତିହାସରେ ବିତମ୍ବନାର ଦୃଷ୍ଟାନ୍ତ କମ୍ ନୁହେଁ । ତୃତୀୟ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ରୋମାନ ସମ୍ରାଟ୍ ଇଲ୍‌ଗାବେଲ୍‌ସ୍ - ଯାହାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ ନାମ ଥିଲା ମାର୍କସ୍ ଅରେଲିଆସ୍ ଏଣ୍ଡୋନିଆସ୍ - ବେଶ୍ ମୌଳିକ ରୀତିରେ ମଜା ଉପଭୋଗ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଦେଶର ପ୍ରତିଭାବାନ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କୁ ଦରବାରରେ ଅଭ୍ୟର୍ଥନା କରିବା ଥିଲା ବିଧି । ସମ୍ରାଟ୍ ସେଭଳି ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଅଭ୍ୟର୍ଥନା ନାମରେ ଝୁଡ଼ିଝୁଡ଼ି ଗୋଲ୍‌ପ ଫୁଲରେ ପୋତି ପକାଇ ଶ୍ୱାସରୋଧ କରି ମାରି ପକାଇ ହାୟ ହାୟ କରୁଥିଲେ । ଆହୁରି ଅତୀତରେ, ଖ୍ରୀଷ୍ଟପୂର୍ବ ସପ୍ତମ ଶତାବ୍ଦୀର ଏଥେନ୍ସର ପ୍ରଖ୍ୟାତ ଆଇନ ପ୍ରଣୟନକାରୀ ଡ୍ରାଜୋଙ୍କୁ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନକାରୀମାନେ ଉପର୍ଯ୍ୟୁପରି ଗୋଟାଏ ପରେ ଗୋଟାଏ ପୋଷାକ ଏବଂ ଗୋଟି ପିନ୍ଧାଇ ସର୍ବସମ୍ମୁଖରେ ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚ ଉପରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନାବସାନ ଘଟାଇଥିଲେ । କୌଣସି କତା ଆଇନକାନୁନର ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ଆସିଲେ ଆମେ ତାକୁ ଡ୍ରାଜୋନଆନ ବୋଲି ଆଖ୍ୟା ଦେଇଥାଉ । ଡ୍ରାଜୋ ପ୍ରଣୀତ ବିଧାନ ଅନୁସାରେ ଜଣେ ଯଦି ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବଗିଚାରୁ ଚାଲିଗୋଟି ଫଳ ତୋଳିବାର ଅନୁମତି ପାଇଥିବା ସ୍ଥଳେ ପାଞ୍ଚଗୋଟି ତୋଳିବ, ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଅଭିଯୋଗ ତାର ବାହୁଯୁଗଳ ଛେଦନରେ ସମାପ୍ତ ହୋଇପାରେ ।

ଆଉ White Elephant ବ୍ୟାପାର ତ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଜଣା । ଥାଇଲଣ୍ଡର ରାଜା କୌଣସି ଅମାତ୍ୟ ବା ସାମନ୍ତ ଉପରେ ଦାଉ ସାଧିବାକୁ ମନସ୍ଥ କଲେ ତାକୁ ଗୋଟାଏ ଦୁର୍ଲ୍ଲଭ ଧଳାହାତୀ ଉପହାର ଦେଉଥିଲେ । ସେ ଜାତିର ହାତୀ କିଛି କାମର ନୁହେଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ସୌଖୀନ ହାତୀର ଲଳନ ପାଳନ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ବ୍ୟୟସାପେକ୍ଷ । ହାତୀର କିଭଳି ତତ୍ତ୍ୱ ନିଆଯାଇଛି, ଏହାର ତଦନ୍ତ ନମନ୍ତେ ମଧ୍ୟେ ମଧ୍ୟେ ଦରବାରରୁ ପ୍ରତିନିଧିତ୍ୱ ପ୍ରେରିତ ହେବେ ।



ସେମାନଙ୍କ ସେବା ପାଇଁ ଉପହାର ଗ୍ରହଣକୁ ବିପୁଳ ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ କରିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ । ଅଚରେ ସେ ସର୍ବସ୍ୱାତ୍ତ ହୋଇଯାଇଥାଏ ।

ପୁରସ୍କାର ହେଉ, ଉପାଧି ହେଉ, ଏସବୁ ସଂପର୍କରେ Merchant of Veniceରେ ସେକ୍ସପିଅରଙ୍କ ଚେତାବନୀ ହିଁ ରୂତାନ୍ତ ମନ୍ତବ୍ୟ :

Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity

O ! That estates, degrees and offices

Were not derived corruptly

And that clear honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !

ଏକଦା କୃତ୍ରିମ୍ ସକାଶେ ପୁରସ୍କାର ଥିଲା ପ୍ରତିକାମ୍ । ଅଲମ୍ପିକ୍ ଏବଂ ପାଇଥୁଆନ୍ ପ୍ରତିଯୋଗିତାର କୃତୀ ଖେଳାଳୀମାନଙ୍କୁ ପନ୍ଦରଟିଏ ଅଥବା ପନ୍ଦରମିତି ମୁକୁଟ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରାଯାଉଥିଲା । କାଳର ଉପହାସ, ଆଜି ଖେଳ କ୍ଷେତ୍ରରେ ଅର୍ଥର ବିଭୀଷିକାହିଁ ଅଧିକ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଆକର୍ଷଣ କରେ । ସମସ୍ତ ପ୍ରକାର ସମ୍ମାନ ସହ ଅର୍ଥର ସଂଯୋଗ ଜନମାନସରେ ଏଭଳି ପ୍ରଗାଢ଼ ଭାବରେ ମୁଦ୍ରିତ ଯେ ଏ ଲେଖକ ପାଇଁ ଫେଲୋସିପ୍ ଘୋଷଣା ପରେ ପରେ ସେ ଯେତେ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ ଭିତ୍ତିକ ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ପାଇଛି, ସେଥିରୁ ଏକ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖଯୋଗ୍ୟ ଅଂଶର ପ୍ରେରକମାନେ ମୁଁ ଏକ ମୋଟା ଅଙ୍କର ଅର୍ଥ ପାଇବା ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ବୋଲି ଧରିନେଇଛନ୍ତି । ମୋର ଜଣେ ବିଦଗ୍ଧ ପାଠିକା ମଧ୍ୟେ ମଧ୍ୟେ ପଣ୍ଡିତେରୀ ଆସିଲେ ମୁଁ ଗୋଟାଏ ପୁରୁଣା ସାଇକେଲ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରୁଥିବାର ଦେଖନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର ଭାରି ଇଚ୍ଛା, ସେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ କାର୍ତ୍ତିଏ କଣିଦେଇଥାନ୍ତେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ତାଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ସେଭଳି ଉପହାର ମୁଁ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିବି କି ନାହିଁ, ଗ୍ରହଣ କଲେ ବି ଡ୍ରାଇଭର ପୋଷିବା ଭଲ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା କରି ପାରିବି କି ନାହିଁ, ଏ ବିଷୟରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଉଠାଇଥିଲେ । ସେହି ଦୃଶ୍ୟମୂଳକ ସମୟରେ ସେମାନେ ପାଇଲେ ମୁଁ ଫେଲୋସିପ୍ ଭୂଷିତ ହେବାର ଶୁଭ ସମ୍ବାଦ । ମହିଳାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମେଶ ହେଲା, ଯେଉଁ ପରୁଣ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ମୁଦ୍ରା ମୋତେ ମିଳିବ, ସେଥିରୁ କାର୍ କଣିବା ପରେ ବାକି ଅର୍ଥତକ ଜମା କରିଦେଲେ ତା ସୁଧରୁ ଡ୍ରାଇଭର ଖର୍ଚ୍ଚ ତୁଲାଇବାରେ ଅସୁବିଧା ହେବ ନାହିଁ । କେଉଁ କାର୍ କଣିବି, କେଉଁ ଯୋଜନାରେ କେଉଁ ବ୍ୟାଙ୍କରେ ଉଦବୃତ୍ତ ଅର୍ଥ ଜମା ଦେବି, ସେହି ସବୁ ସେ ସବିସ୍ତାର ଜଣାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଉପଦେଶର ଉପସଂହାରରେ କହିଛନ୍ତି, ମୋତେ ଏତେ ଅର୍ଥ ମିଳିଛି, ଏକଥା ମୁଁ ମୋ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କୁ ଜଣେଇବା ଉଚିତ ହେବ ନାହିଁ । ଅର୍ଥର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନଥିବା ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ଉପସଂହାର-ନିହିତ ପରମର୍ଶ ଆପଣାଛାଏଁ ପାଳତ ହୋଇଯାଇଛି ।

ଈର୍ଲାଣ୍ଡୀ ଏକ ବିଚିତ୍ର ଭାଷା । Fellow ଶବ୍ଦ-ସଂପର୍କୀୟ ଏକ ସଙ୍କଟର ସାମ୍ନା କରିଥିଲି ପଞ୍ଚମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀରେ ଅଧ୍ୟୟନ ବେଳେ । ମୋର ଜଣେ ସମବୟସ୍କ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଏକାଦଶଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଜଣେ ବାଳକ this Fellow ବୋଲି ଡାହାଣ୍ୟସୂଚକ ଭଙ୍ଗୀରେ କହନ୍ତେ ସେ କାନ୍ଦୁଥାଏ । ସେଦିନ ଏକ ସାଧୁକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ କରିଥିଲି । କୌଣସି ବହିରେ ଲେଖକଙ୍କ ନାମ ତଳେ Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society ବୋଲି ପରିଚିତି ଲିପିବଦ୍ଧ ଥାଏ । ପିଲାଟିକୁ ତାହା



ଦେଖାଇ ବୁଝାଇଲି, Fellow ଶବ୍ଦର ଅର୍ଥ ମହତ୍ । ଗୋଟିଏ ଶବ୍ଦର କେଉଁ ଅର୍ଥ ଆମେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିବା ସେ ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା ଆମର । ପିଲଟି ମୁହଁରେ ହସ ଫୁଟିଥିଲା । ଆଜି ମୁଁ “ମହତ୍ ସଦସ୍ୟ” ଭାବରେ ଗୃହିତ ହେବା ପଛରେ ସେଦିନର ସେ ପୁଣ୍ୟର କଞ୍ଚିତ୍ ଭୂମିକା ଥିବ ପରା ।

ଥରେ ବ୍ରିଟିଶ୍ କାଉନ୍ସିଲର ମୁଖପତ୍ର Literature Alive ମୋତେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ କରିଥିଲେ, “ଆପଣ ଦୁଇ ଭାଷାରେ ଲେଖନ୍ତି, ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା କରନ୍ତି କେଉଁ ଭାଷାରେ ?” କହିପକାଇଥିଲି, “Perhaps in the language of silence”. ପରେ ଭାବିଲି, ଏହା ଗୋଟିଏ ଆତ୍ମକୀର୍ତ୍ତୀକ ଉତ୍ତର ହୋଇଗଲା । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଏ କଥା ଠିକ୍ ଯେ ସମସ୍ତ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉତ୍ସ ନରବତା । ତେବେ ଆମେ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତିପ୍ରବଣ ଜୀବ । ବସ୍ତୁତଃ ସମଗ୍ର ସୃଷ୍ଟିହିଁ ଏକ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି । ନରତ୍ତର ଗୁଲିଛି ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତିର ଆଦାନ ପ୍ରଦାନ ।

ସମସ୍ତ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉତ୍ସ ନରବତା, ଏକଥା କହିବାମାନେ ସ୍ୱତଃ ମନକୁ ଆସୁଛି ମହିତ୍ସା କବି ଗାନ୍ଧିଏଲ୍ ମିଷ୍ଟ୍ରାଲ୍ କା କଥା । ତାଙ୍କର ନିଃସଙ୍ଗ ଜୀବନ । ଥିଲେ ଶିକ୍ଷୟତ୍ରୀ । ଦିନେ ନିର୍ଜନ ଗହମ କ୍ଷେତ ଭିତର ଦେଇ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରୁ ଗୃହ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ କରୁଛନ୍ତି, ଦେଖିଲେ, କ୍ଷେତ କଡ଼ରେ ବସିପଡ଼ିଛି ଅତି କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଜଣେ ଗର୍ଭବତୀ ନାରୀ ଶ୍ରମିକ । ସେ ରାସ୍ତାରେ ଯାଉ ଯାଉ ଦୁଇଜଣ ଅଂସସ୍ମୃତ ପୁରୁଷ ତା ଆଡ଼େ ଅନାଇ ଗୋଟିଏ ଅଶ୍ୱିଳ ମନ୍ତ୍ରବ୍ୟ ଦେଇଦେଲେ ।

ସେହି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ଗାନ୍ଧିଏଲ୍ ଅନୁଭବ କଲେ ମାତୃଜାତିର ଅସହାୟତା । ବସାକୁ ଲେଉଟି ଆସି ସେହି ସଂଧ୍ୟାରେ ସେ ରଚନା କଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଥମ କବିତା । ସେ କବିତାଟିର ବିଷୟବସ୍ତୁ ହେଲା ମା ଓ ଶିଶୁ । ଲୁଚିନ ଆମେରିକାର ନୋବେଲ୍ ପୁରସ୍କାର ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ଏହି କବିଙ୍କର କବି-ପ୍ରତିଭା ସେଦିନର ସେହି ସଂଧ୍ୟା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ରହିଥିଲା କେଉଁ ଲୋକରେ? ଅବଶ୍ୟ ନରବତାର ଅଲୌକିକ ବିଭୂତି ଭିତରେ । ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ତୁଳ ଘଟଣା ନିମିତ୍ତ ମାତ୍ର ହୋଇ ସେହି ନରବତା ଭିତରୁ ଆବାହନ କଲା ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଧାରା ।

ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଏକାଡେମିର କର୍ତ୍ତୃପକ୍ଷକୁ ଏବଂ ଏ ସୌମ୍ୟ ସବାବେଶ ପ୍ରତି କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜଣାଇଛି ଦୁଇ କାରଣରୁ । ପ୍ରଥମତଃ ମୋତେ ଏ ଫେଲୋସିପ୍ ପ୍ରଦାନ ଆମ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ସିଦ୍ଧିହୀନ ପ୍ରତି ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ । ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟରେ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଭାବରେ ଏହା ଏକ ଚମତ୍କାର ଚେତାବନୀ । ଏକ ସମୟରେ ଖୁବ୍ ବେଶି ହେଲେ ମାତ୍ର ଏକୋଇଶି ଜଣ ମହତ୍ ସଦସ୍ୟ ରହିଥିବେ । ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ସଂପ୍ରତି ଅମୃତା ପ୍ରୀତମ୍ କମ୍ପା ମୋର ବନ୍ଧୁ ନିର୍ମଳ ବର୍ମା ପୃଥିବୀର ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚରୁ ବିଦାୟ ନେବା ଫଳରେ ସେ ମହତ୍ ବଳୟ ଭିତରକୁ ଏ ଲେଖକର ଆବାହନ ସମ୍ଭବ ହୋଇଛି । ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ପୁଣି ବଦଳିବ । ଏ ଲେଖକର ସ୍ଥାନ ନେବେ ଆଉ କେହି ।

ଆଜ୍ ହୁଁ ମେଁ ଯହାଁ କାଲ୍ କୋଇ ଓଁୟର୍ ଥା, ଯେ ଭି ଏକ୍ ଦୌର୍ ହେ, ଓଁ ଭି ଏକ୍ ଦୌର୍ ଥା !

(ସୌଜନ୍ୟ : ଜୀବନ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ଏବଂ ସ୍ମରଣିକା ସ୍ତବକ)



ଆଲାପ :

ଯାହା ମହାନ କଳ୍ପ ପ୍ରହେଳିକା ମୟ

(କବି ପ୍ରମୋଦ କୁମାର ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ ସହ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନୋତ୍ତର, “ନବରବି” ପତ୍ରିକାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ)

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆପଣ ଗଭୀର ଭାବରେ ଇଶ୍ଵର ବିଶ୍ଵାସୀ । ମୂଳରୁ ଆପଣ କଳ୍ପ ସାମ୍ୟବାଦୀ ଦର୍ଶନରେ ସମର୍ପିତ ଥିଲେ । ଏ ମଙ୍ଗଳାକାଂକ୍ଷୀ ମାର୍କସୀୟ ଦର୍ଶନ ହେଉଛି ଇଶ୍ଵର ବିରୋଧୀ । ଆପଣଙ୍କର ଇଶ୍ଵର ବିଶ୍ଵାସ ପାରମ୍ପରିକ ସହଜାତ ନା ପରେ ଏହାର ଉନ୍ନେଷ ଘଟିଛି ? କପରି ଏହା ସମ୍ଭବ ହେଲା ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଇଶ୍ଵର ବିଶ୍ଵାସ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ ସଚରତର ଏକ ଧର୍ମ ବିଶ୍ଵାସ, ଗତାନୁଗତିକ ଓ ଆନୁଷ୍ଠାନିକ ଧାରଣାକୁ ବୁଝାଇଥାଏ । ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଇଶ୍ଵର ଏକ ସର୍ବବ୍ୟାପୀ ଚେତନା । ସେ ସାର୍ବଭୌମ ମଧ୍ୟ । ପ୍ରୟୋଜନ ହେଲେ ସେ ଚେତନା ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ରୂପ ଧାରଣ କରିପାରେ । ଏହି ଚେତନା ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ରହିଥାଏ । କାହା ଭିତରେ ସୁପ୍ତ, କାହା ଭିତରେ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ ଜାଗରିତ । ଜନ୍ମ ଜନ୍ମାନ୍ତର ଧରି ପ୍ରତିଟି ମଣିଷର ଏକ ବିକାଶ ଗୁଲିଛି ସତ୍ୟ ଓ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଉଦ୍ଦେଶ୍ୟରେ । ସେହି ବିକାଶର ଅନିବାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନିୟମରେ ଆଜି ସେ ଚେତନା ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଭିତରେ ଜାଗରିତ ହୋଇପାରେ ତ ଆଉ କାହା ଭିତରେ ଆଗାମୀ କାଲି । କାହା ଭିତରେ ସେ ଜାଗରିତ ହେବା ନିମନ୍ତେ କେତୋଟି ଜନ୍ମ ବି ଲାଗିଯାଇପାରେ ।

ଯେ କୌଣସି ସଚେତନ ମଣିଷର ଜୀବନରେ ସମ୍ଭାନ ସ୍ଵହା ସ୍ଵତଃସ୍ଫୁର୍ତ୍ତ । ସେହି ସମ୍ଭାନ ଆମକୁ କେତେ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ପ୍ରତି ଆକର୍ଷିତ କରିପାରେ । ମୋ ଜୀବନରେ ସେହିପରି ସାମ୍ୟବାଦ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵ ପ୍ରତି ମୋର ଆଗ୍ରହ ତାର ଭୂମିକା ତୁଲାଇଛି । ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ତତ୍ତ୍ଵର ପଟଭୂମିରେ ସତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଚ୍ଛନ୍ନ ଭାବରେ ବା ଆଂଶିକ ଭାବରେ ରହିଥାଏ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆପଣ ଜଣେ ଶୁଭଚକ୍ର ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ସନ୍ନ୍ୟାସୀକବି । ସାଧାରଣ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତାର ପରମ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କଣ - ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦଙ୍କ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣରୁ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତାର ଆଲୋକରେ ଦେଖିଲେ ସାଧାରଣ ଓ ଅସାଧାରଣର ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ । ଦୁଃଖ ସମସ୍ତେ ସାଧାରଣ ନତୁବା ସମସ୍ତେ ଅସାଧାରଣ । ଶେଷ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତାର ଉପଲବ୍ଧି । ଏହା ସାର୍ବଜନୀନ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ସତ୍ୟ । ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦଙ୍କ ଆଲୋକରେ ଏ ସତ୍ୟର ଏକ ନୂତନ ରୂପ ପ୍ରତିଭୂତ ହୋଇଥାଏ । ଏହି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣତା ପୃଥିବୀ ବାହାରେ ନୁହେଁ, ପୃଥିବୀରେ ହିଁ ଉପଲବ୍ଧି ହେବ - ନିର୍ବାଣରେ ନୁହେଁ, ଜୀବନର ରୂପାନ୍ତରରେ ।

ହଁ, ଗୋଟାଏ ସଂଗୋପକ ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବ ସଦୟ ବିଚାରକୁ ଆଣିବେ । ମୁଁ “ସନ୍ନ୍ୟାସୀ” ନୁହେଁ, ନିହାତି ଇଚ୍ଛାହେଲେ ମୋତେ ସାଧକ କହିପାରନ୍ତି - ସେତକ ବି ନକହିଲେ ସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟି ହେବି । ବାସ୍ତବରେ ମୁଁ ଜଣେ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସୁ ମାତ୍ର ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆପଣଙ୍କର ଇଶ୍ଵର ଉପଲବ୍ଧି ହୋଇଛି କି ? ଏହାର ପ୍ରକାର ସ୍ଵରୂପ ବିଷୟରେ କିଛି କୁହନ୍ତୁ ।

ଉତ୍ତର : ବିଷମ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ । ଯଦି କହିବି ହୋଇଛି, ତେବେ ସେ ହୋଇଥିବାର ବିବରଣୀ ଦେବାକୁ ହେବ । ତାହା ସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ । ଯଦି କହିବି ହୋଇନାହିଁ, ତେବେ ତାହା ଇଶ୍ଵରଙ୍କ ପ୍ରତି ଅକୃତଜ୍ଞତା ହେବ । ଇଶ୍ଵର ଉପଲବ୍ଧି



ବୋଲିଲେ ଆପଣ ଯଦି ଭାରୁଥିବେ ମୁଁ ସର୍ବଭୂତେ ବାସୁଦେବଙ୍କୁ ଦେଖୁଛି କିମ୍ବା ମୋର ମୋକ୍ଷ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ହୋଇଛି, ତେବେ ମୋର ଉତ୍ତର ହେବ - ନା, ସେମିତି ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟରେ ମୁଁ ପହଞ୍ଚି ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଇଶ୍ଵର ଉପଲବ୍ଧିର ବହୁ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟାୟ ରହିଛି । କେତେ ପ୍ରକାରେ ସେ ଉପଲବ୍ଧିର ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣ ମୋତେ ଅଭିଭୂତ କରିଛି, ମୋ ଭିତରେ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରତିଶୃତିକୁ ସ୍ଥାୟୀତ୍ଵ ଦେଇଛି ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ମଣିଷର ଅନ୍ତଃ ଉତ୍ତରଣ ଯଦିବା ସମ୍ଭବ ହୁଏ ତାହାର ବାସ୍ତବ ରୂପ କିପରି ? ଚେତନାର ବିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେଲେ ମଣିଷର ଆଚରଣରେ କେଉଁପ୍ରକାର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ହେବ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ସେ ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ ଭବିଷ୍ୟବାଣୀ କରିହେବ ନାହିଁ । ତେବେ ପଶୁଠାରୁ ମଣିଷର ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ଯେତିକି, ତାହାଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଗୁଣଗତ ପାର୍ଥକ୍ୟ ପରିଲକ୍ଷିତ ହେବ ବୋଲି ମୋର ବିଶ୍ଵାସ । ଆମେ ଅଦ୍ୟାବଧି ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧ-ପଶୁ-ଚେତନାରେ ରହିଛୁ । ତଥାପି ଆମେ ପଶୁଠାରୁ କେତେ ପୃଥକ୍ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଚେତନାରୁ ପଶୁତ୍ଵ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଅପସରି ଯିବ, ସେତେବେଳେ ମଣିଷର ମୂଲ୍ୟବୋଧ ଓଲଟପାଲଟ ହୋଇଯିବ । ଦୁଃଖ ସହ ତୁଳନାତ୍ମକ ଭାବରେ ସୁଖବୋଧ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ହେବ ଜୀବନର ସଚେତନ ଅନୁଭୂତି । ସେତେବେଳେ ମିଥ୍ୟାର ବିପରୀତ ଭାବରେ ସତ୍ୟ ପ୍ରତିଭାତ ନହୋଇ ସତ୍ୟ ହିଁ ହେବ ମଣିଷର ଶ୍ଵାସପ୍ରଶ୍ଵାସ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ମୃତ୍ୟୁହୀନ ଜୀବନ ଦିନେ ସମ୍ଭବ - ଏଥିରେ ଆପଣ କାହିଁକି ବିଶ୍ଵାସ କରନ୍ତି ? ସେଭଳି ଜୀବନ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଭାବେ ବାର୍ଦ୍ଧକ୍ୟହୀନ ହେବକି ? ହୁଏତ ମୃତ୍ୟୁକୁ ଜଣେ ନିଜର ବୟୋବୃଦ୍ଧ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ତଥାପି-ସକ୍ରିୟ-ଚେତନାରେ ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରିପାରେ, କିନ୍ତୁ କ୍ରମସୟିଷ୍ଣୁ ସେ ଅତିକ୍ରମ କରିବା ସମ୍ଭବ କି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ବାସ୍ତବରେ ଜୀବନ ମୃତ୍ୟୁହୀନ । ଚେତନାର ବିନାଶ ନାହିଁ । ଆତ୍ମା ଅବିନଶ୍ଵର । ଏସବୁ ଅନୁଭବ ଜଣେ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ପଥର ଯାତ୍ରୀ ପାଇଁ ଅନିବାର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଏ ଅନୁଭବ ଉପଲବ୍ଧିରେ ପରିଣତ ହୁଏ, ସେତେବେଳେ ସେ ନିଜ ଆତ୍ମା ସହ ଅନ୍ତରଙ୍ଗ ହୋଇଯାରିଥାଏ ।

ବାକି ରହିଲା କଳେବର ପ୍ରସଙ୍ଗ । କଳେବର ବା ଯେଉଁସବୁ ଉପାଦାନରେ କଳେବର ସୃଷ୍ଟି, ସେସବୁ ଯେତେ ସ୍ଥୂଳ ହେଲେବି ସେ ସବୁ ଏକ ସର୍ବବ୍ୟାପ୍ତ ଚେତନାର ହିଁ ସ୍ଥୂଳରୂପ । ବସ୍ତୁ-ନିହିତ ଚେତନା ତାହାର ଯାଦୁ କରିଚାଲିଛି । ଦିନେ ଆପାତ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ନିର୍ଜୀବ ବସ୍ତୁ ଭିତରୁ ଚେତନା ତରୁଲତା ସମ୍ଭବ କଲା । ପୁଣି ଦିନେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କଲା ଚଳପ୍ରଚଳ ହେବା ଭଳି ଅଂସଖ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାଣୀ । ସର୍ବୋପରି ସୃଜିଲା ଚିନ୍ତା-ଶକ୍ତି ସଂପନ୍ନ ମଣିଷ । କଳେବରରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତରୁଲତା ତୁଳନାରେ ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀ ବହୁ ଅଧିକ ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ । ମଣିଷର କଳେବର ପଶୁପକ୍ଷୀଙ୍କ କଳେବର ତୁଳନାରେ ଆହୁରି ବହୁ ଅଧିକ ପରିମାଣରେ ନମନୀୟ, ଗତିଶୀଳ ଏବଂ ଚେତନାର ଆଜ୍ଞାବହ ।

ତଥାପି ଏହି ଚେତନାର ଦାବି ସହ କଳେବର ନିଜକୁ ଖାପ୍ ଖୁଆଇ ପାରେ ନାହିଁ । ଚେତନାଠାରୁ ଅଲଗା ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଆମେ ତାକୁ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ବୋଲି କହୁ । ଚେତନା ନୁଆ କଳେବରରେ ଆଶ୍ରୟ ନିଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଶ୍ରୀଅରବିନ୍ଦ ଏଭଳି ଏକ ଶକ୍ତିମାନ ଚେତନାର ସତ୍ୟ ପରିବେଷଣ କରୁଛନ୍ତି, ଯାହା କଳେବରକୁ ନିଜ ସହ ଏକୀଭୂତ କରି ନେଇ ପାରିବ । ସେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ କଳେବର ହେବ ମୃତ୍ୟୁହୀନ ।



ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ସାରସ୍ୱତ ସୃଜନରେ ତାମସିକତା ନିହିତ ଥାଏ କି ? ନା ଏହା ଏକ ପୂରାପୂରି ସାଞ୍ଜିକ ଓ ରାଜସିକ ? ବହୁ ଅନବଦ୍ୟ ସାରସ୍ୱତ ସ୍ରଷ୍ଟାଙ୍କର ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଗତ ଜୀବନରେ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ଥିବାର ଜଣାଯାଏ । କେହି ଅଫିସ ଖାଏ ତ କେହି ମଦ୍ୟପାନ କରେ । କେହି କେହି ବହୁ ନାରୀ ବଲ୍ଲଭ । ଅଯଥା ଯଗଲୋଭୀ । କେହି ଗର୍ବୀ, କୁଟୀଳ ଅଥବା କେବଳ ଦୋଷଦର୍ଶୀ । ସେମାନଙ୍କ ନିଜନିଜ ସୃଜନ ପାଇଁ ଏହା କଣ ଅପରିହାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ତାମସିକତାରୁ ସୃଜନ ସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ରାଜସିକ ଶକ୍ତିଚାଳିତ ଲେଖକ ତା ରଚନାରେ ତାମସିକତାର ଦାସ ହୋଇଯାଇପାରେ । ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଯେଉଁ ସବୁ ଗୁଣ ବା ଦୁର୍ଗୁଣ ତାମସିକତାର ପ୍ରମାଣ, ତାର ଜୟଗାନ କରିପାରେ । ନିର୍ଭରକରେ ଲେଖକର ଚେତନାଗତ ବିକାଶ ଉପରେ, ତାର ପ୍ରେରଣାର ସ୍ତର ଉପରେ ।

ସ୍ରଷ୍ଟା ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ପ୍ରେରଣାବଗତଃ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ । ସେ ଯେତେବେଳେ ସେ ପ୍ରେରଣାଠାରୁ ଅଲଗା, ସେତେବେଳେ ସେ ଏକ ସାଧାରଣ ମଣିଷ । ଅନ୍ୟମାନଙ୍କ ଭଳି ତାର ମଧ୍ୟ ସାଧାରଣ ଦୋଷ ଦୁର୍ବଳତା ଥାଇପାରେ । ଜଣେ ସଚେତନ ମଣିଷ ଯେମିତି ସୁଲେଖକ ନହୋଇପାରେ, ସେମିତି ଜଣେ ସୁଲେଖକ ବା ଶକ୍ତିମାନ ଲେଖକ ସଚେତନ ମଣିଷ ନ ହୋଇପାରେ । ପ୍ରେରଣା-ପ୍ରତିଭା ସହ ସଚେତନତାର ସମନ୍ୱୟ ଏକ ବିରଳ ବ୍ୟାପାର ।

ନା, କୌଣସି ଦୁର୍ଗୁଣ ବା ଦୁର୍ବଳତା ସୃଜନ ପାଇଁ ଅପରିହାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ହେବାର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନାହିଁ । ସେମାନେ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ପରିପ୍ରକାଶରେ ପ୍ରତିବନ୍ଧକ ହିଁ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ସାରସ୍ୱତ ଏପରିକି ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ସୃଜନ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରେମ ଏକ ଉତ୍ପ୍ରେରକ ଅଥବା ସଂଜୀବନୀ ବୋଲି ଆପଣ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରନ୍ତି କି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ପ୍ରେମ ଏକ ବ୍ୟାପାର - ଯାହାକୁ ମୁଁ କହିବି ଭୟଙ୍କର, ମହାନ, ପ୍ରହେଳିକାମୟ, ବିତମ୍ବନା ଏବଂ ଆହୁରି କିଛି ।

ଆପଣ ଶବ୍ଦଟି ମହତ୍ତର ଅର୍ଥରେ ହିଁ ବ୍ୟବହାର କରୁଛନ୍ତି - କହିବା ବାହୁଲ୍ୟ । ଲେଖକ - ଏବର ସୃଜନଶୀଳ ଲେଖକ କଥା କହୁଛି - ସେ ତାର ପ୍ରେରଣାକୁ ଭଲ ନପାଇଲେ ତାର ରୂପାୟନ କରିପାରିବ ନାହିଁ । ବୈଜ୍ଞାନିକ ତାର ସମ୍ମାନ ସ୍ୱହାର ପ୍ରେମରେ ନପଡିଲେ ପ୍ରକୃତିର ରହସ୍ୟ ଉନ୍ମୋଚନରେ ନିମଗ୍ନ ହେବନାହିଁ । ଅତଏବ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନିହିତ ତତ୍ତ୍ୱ ନିର୍ଭୁଲ୍ । ତେବେ ପ୍ରେମର ଯେମିତି ନିମ୍ନସ୍ତରୀୟ ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ରହିଛି ସେମିତି ଆହୁରି ବହୁଗୁଣ ମହତ୍ତର ପରିଚୟ ମଧ୍ୟ ରହିଛି ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଜଣେ ନିରବଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ଆତ୍ମ-ଶୁଦ୍ଧି ପ୍ରୟାସୀ ସାଧକ ନିଜର ସାଧନା ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ସକ୍ରିୟ ସମାଜ-ସଂସ୍କାରକ ହେବାରେ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ଅଛି କି ? ଦୃଷ୍ଟାନ୍ତ ସ୍ୱରୂପ, ଜଣେ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦଙ୍କ ଭୂମିକା ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିବାରେ କିଛି ଅସୁବିଧା ଅଛି କି ?



ଉତ୍ତର : ନା, କୌଣସି ଅସୁବିଧା ନାହିଁ । ସାଧକ-କର୍ମୀ ନୟତ ନୟତ ନଜ କର୍ମକୁ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କୁ ସମର୍ପଣ କରୁଥିବ - ତାଙ୍କଠୁ ପ୍ରେରଣା ପାଇ ସାମାଜିକ କର୍ମରେ ବ୍ୟାପୃତ ଥିବ । ତାହା ହେଲେ ସେ କର୍ମଯୋଗୀ । ନ ହେଲେ ସେ ଜଣେ କର୍ମୀ, ହୁଏତ ଖୁବ୍ ବିଖ୍ୟାତ କର୍ମନେତା । କର୍ମଯୋଗୀ ବା ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକ ଚେତନା ପ୍ରଣୋଦିତ କର୍ମୀ ଅହଂଶୂନ୍ୟ ହେବା ଆଶା କରାଯାଏ । ସହଜ ନୁହେଁ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଅବଶ୍ୟ ସମ୍ଭବ ଏବଂ ସ୍ଵାଗତଯୋଗ୍ୟ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଦୁଃଖରୁ ଉତ୍ତୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହେବାର ବାଟ କଣ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆତ୍ମ ସମର୍ପଣ - ଦିବ୍ୟଜନନୀ ପାଖରେ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆନନ୍ଦର ବାସ୍ତବ ସଂଜ୍ଞା କଣ ? ପ୍ରକୃତ ଅର୍ଥରେ ଜଣଙ୍କର ଆତ୍ମ ସ୍ଵାୟତ୍ତ ହୋଇପାରିବ କି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଯଦି ଆମେ ନରସକ୍ତ ଭାବରେ ଅନୁଧ୍ୟାନ କରିବା, ତେବେ ଦେଖିବା ସମସ୍ତ ନରନନ୍ଦର ହେତୁ ଆମର ଅହଂ, ଅହଂ-ପ୍ରସୂତ କାମନା, ବାସନା ଆସକ୍ତି । ଯେତେବେଳେ ଜଣେ ଅହଂ ବିମୁକ୍ତ ହେବ, ସେତେବେଳେ ତାର ସ୍ଥିତିର ଭିତ୍ତି ହେବ ଆନନ୍ଦ । ସମସ୍ତ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଓ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ହେବ ଆନନ୍ଦଲୋକର ଏକ ଏକ ଲହରୀ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : କାହା ଉପରେ ଆସ୍ଥା ରଖିବା ଉଚିତ୍ ? ଆମ ନୟନର ବାହାରେ ଥିବା ଅଚଳନୀୟ ଘଟଣାଗୁଡ଼ିକର ଆକର୍ଷିତା-ପ୍ରବାହ ଉପରେ ନା ନଜର କ୍ରମାଗତ ଉଦ୍ୟମ ନବିଷ୍ଟ ବିଫଳତା ପ୍ରାପ୍ତି ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ନଜର ଆସ୍ତ୍ର-ଉନ୍ମୁଖ-ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ସିଦ୍ଧି ଉପରେ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଅସବୁ ଭିତରୁ କାହା ଉପରେ ନୁହେଁ । ଏକମାତ୍ର ଦିବ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଜ୍ଞା ଓ ଦିବ୍ୟ କରୁଣା ଉପରେ ଆସ୍ଥା ରଖା ଯାଇପାରେ ।

ଏ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏକ ଆଭିମୁଖ୍ୟ ରହିଛି - ଆମର ସମସ୍ତ ଭୀଷଣ ଦୁଃଖାବହ ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ସତ୍ତ୍ୱେ ଆମେ ସେହି ଦିଗରେ ପ୍ରଧାବିତ । ଆମର ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ସହଯାତ୍ରୀ ସ୍ଵୟଂ ଭଗବାନ । ଆସ୍ଥା ରଖାଯାଇପାରେ ଏହି ସତ୍ୟ ଉପରେ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆପଣ ବୁଦ୍ଧିଜୀବି-ସନ୍ନ୍ୟାସୀ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ, ଜଣେ ଗଭୀର ମାନବବାଦୀ ସାରସ୍ଵତ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିତ୍ୱ । ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ କଣ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସବୁ ବିଶେଷଣକୁ ସକୃଷ୍ଟ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିପାରେ - କେବଳ “ସନ୍ନ୍ୟାସୀ” କୁ ଛାଡ଼ି । ମୋ ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟଠୁ ଭିନ୍ନ ନୁହେଁ । ଆମେ ସଭିଏ ସୁଖର ସନ୍ଧାନ କରିଥାଉ । କ୍ରମେ ହୃଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କରୁ ସତ୍ୟର ସନ୍ଧାନ ବିନା ସୁଖର ସନ୍ଧାନ ବ୍ୟର୍ଥ । ତେଣିକ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ ସତ୍ୟର ସନ୍ଧାନ । ସେଥିରେ କେହି ବ୍ୟର୍ଥ ହେବା ସମ୍ଭବ ନୁହେଁ । ସେ ସନ୍ଧାନରେ ଯାଇ ଜଣେ ଯଦି ହତାଶ ହୁଏ, ସେହି ହତାଶା ମଧ୍ୟ ଏକ ସୌଖର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ପରବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ପଦକ୍ଷେପ ନମନ୍ତେ ଆଧାର ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତାର ଆଉ କିଛି ଗୁଣ ଅର୍ଥ ଅଛି କି ? ଯେପରି ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ବାହାରେ ଦୃଶ୍ୟାନ୍ତରକୁ ବୁଝିବା, ଯାହା ଅଜ୍ଞାତ ଓ ଅପରିସୀମ ତାହା ସହିତ ସଂପର୍କିତ ହେବା; ସକଳପ୍ରକାର ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଗୁଣାବଳୀକୁ ଜୀବନର ଧାର



କରିବା, ନା ଏହାଠାରୁ ଆହୁରି କଛି ଅଧିକ ରହିଛି ? ଆମ୍ଭ-ଉପଲବ୍ଧିର କ୍ଷେତ୍ର ବାହାରେ ଆଉ କେଉଁ ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତାର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ଅଛି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତା ଏକ ଦିଗନ୍ତ । ଆପଣ ଯେତେ ଯେତେ ଆଗକୁ ଯିବେ ସେ ଦିଗନ୍ତ ଆହୁରି ଆଗକୁ ଯିବା ସକାଶେ ଆହ୍ୱାନ ଦେଉଥିବ ।

ଆପଣଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନିହିତ ଶିହରଣ ସବୁ ସତ୍ୟ । ଅଜ୍ଞାତ ଓ ଅପରିସୀମର ସନ୍ତାନ, ଏହା କଣ ଗୋଟାଏ ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ମାଲ୍ଲ ଖୁଣ୍ଟରେ ସମାପ୍ତ ହୋଇପାରେ ? ସେଥିପାଇଁ ଗୁରୁମାନେ କୁହନ୍ତି - ଆଗକୁ ଚାଲ, ଆଗକୁ ଚାଲ । ଯାହା ମିଳିବ, ତାର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତବାଣୀର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ନାହିଁ । ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେବାରେ ହିଁ ରହିଛି ଗତିର ସାର୍ଥକତା ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ମନୁଷ୍ୟର କର୍ମ ଉପରେ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ବା ଅଦୃଷ୍ଟର କଛି ପ୍ରଭାବ ଅଛି କି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : କର୍ମ ଉପରେ ଭାଗ୍ୟର, ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଉପରେ କର୍ମର-ଏହା ପରସ୍ପର ବିଜଡ଼ିତ ବ୍ୟାପାର । ଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ କର୍ମ ବଦଳାଇ ଦେଇପାରେ, ପୁଣି ଆଜିର କର୍ମ ଆଗାମୀକାଳିର ଭାଗ୍ୟ ନିୟନ୍ତ୍ରିତ କରିପାରେ । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ତରରେ ଏ ପ୍ରକ୍ରିୟା ସଦା ଅବ୍ୟାହତ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଆପଣ ନିର୍ବାଣ ବା ମୋକ୍ଷ ଉପରେ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରନ୍ତିକି ? ଆଉ ପୁନର୍ଜନ୍ମ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଏ ତିନୋଟି ଯାକ ଉପରେ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରେ । ମୋକ୍ଷ ବୋଲିଲେ ସମସ୍ତ ଆସକ୍ତିରୁ ମୁକ୍ତି । ଏହା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଯୋଗୀ ବା ସାଧକର ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ । ନିର୍ବାଣ ମୁଖ୍ୟତଃ ବୁଦ୍ଧ ଏବଂ ଶଙ୍କରଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଦର୍ଶିତ ମାର୍ଗ । ସେଥିରେ ମୁଁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରେ । ଯେଉଁମାନେ ସେ ମାର୍ଗ ଅନୁସରଣ କରିବେ, ସେମାନେ ନିର୍ବାଣ ଲଭିବେ । ଅର୍ଥାତ୍ ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ ବିଲୀନ ହେବେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହା ମୋର କାମ୍ୟ ନୁହେଁ । ନିର୍ବାଣ ପାଇଁ ଭଗବାନ ଏ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ସୁହୃଦାତ କରି ନ ଥିଲେ । ଏ ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏକ ଦିବ୍ୟ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ମୁଁ ବିଶ୍ୱାସୀ । ପୁନର୍ଜନ୍ମ ଅନିବାର୍ଯ୍ୟ । ଏହା ମୋର ଖାଲି ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ନୁହେଁ, ଏହା ମୋ ପାଇଁ ଗତ କାଳି ଓ ଆଗାମୀ କାଳି ପରି ସତ୍ୟ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ଜୀବନରେ ଦୁଃଖକୁ ସହ୍ୟ କରିବାର ବାସ୍ତବ ଉପାୟ ସବୁ କଣ ଅଛି ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ଭଗବାନଙ୍କଠାରେ ସମ୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଆତ୍ମ ସମର୍ପଣ । ଏହା ଅବାସ୍ତବ ନୁହେଁ । ବସ୍ତୁତଃ ନାନ୍ୟ ପଦ୍ମା ବିଦ୍ୟତେ ।

ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ : ନୂଆପାଢ଼ିର ଲେଖକ ଲେଖିକା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କର ବାର୍ତ୍ତା କଣ ?

ଉତ୍ତର : ସୁବୋଧ ବାଳକ ଭଳି ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସବୁ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଯଥାସାଧ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ତର ଦେଲି । ଏ ଗୋଟିକ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ନୁହେଁ, ଯଦିଓ ବୁଦ୍ଧିମାନ ଆପଣ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଭାବରେ ଉପସ୍ଥାପନ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଦେବାର ଅଧିକାର ମୁଁ ଅର୍ଜନ କରିନାହିଁ ।

(ସୌଜନ୍ୟ : ଜୀବନ ଜିଜ୍ଞାସା ଏବଂ ସ୍ମରଣିକା ପ୍ରବକ)