DuraDrusti
Journal of Odia Samaja
Volume 5, Issue 2, August 2007

OdiSA
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ
One Team - One Dream

duradrusti.org



# ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟି

## ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ପଞ୍ଚମ ବର୍ଷ, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ସଂଖ୍ୟା; ଶକାବ୍ଦ ୧୯୨୯, ଶ୍ରାବଣ ମାସ

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

## ବିଷୟ ସୂଚୀ - Table of Contents


| Title | Author | Page |
|---|---|---|
| ସଂପାଦକୀୟ | ମାର୍କଣ୍ଡେଶ୍ୱର ପଣ୍ଡା | 3 |
| ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀଙ୍କ କଲମରୁ | Biswaranjan Jena | 5 |
| To My Fellow Citizens | Anwisha Mishra | 6 |
| କାଉଁଛି ଆଜି ସାହିତ୍ୟ | ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପାକଜ ଦଳେଇ | 7 |
| ବର୍ଷା | ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପାକଜ ଦଳେଇ | 8 |
| ମାତୃପ୍ରଣିପାତ | ଶ୍ରୀ ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମିଶ୍ର | 8 |
| Remembering Dr. Bikram Das | Shrimati Chandra Misra | 9 |
| British Conspiracy and Banishment of God King Gajapati Dibya Singh Dev III | Late Prof. Dr. Bikram Das | 11 |
| Man, Nature & God | Mrs. Ashoka Harichandan | 15 |
| ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ | ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ପ୍ରସାଦ ଦାସ | 16 |
| ଅଠର ବରଷ ପରେ | ଆରତୀ ନନ୍ଦ ପତି | 17 |
| ମୋ ଓସା କାହାଣୀ | ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ | 18 |
| ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ର ଅଭିନବ ଖାଦ୍ୟ | ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶ | 21 |
| Evolution of Odia & the Language | Biswaranjan Jena | 25 |
| ଆକାଶର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ | ମନୋଜ୍ ପଣ୍ଡା | 26 |
| A Note on Hydrogen Fuel Cells | Sambit Misra | 28 |
| ଅପେକ୍ଷା | ବିଜୟଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ନନ୍ଦ | 29 |
| Sri Jaya Dev'S unique contribution to Buddhism | Subhas Chandra Pattanayak | 30 |
| ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ଉବାଚ | ଅଭୟ ନାୟକ | 32 |
| POSCO in Orissa - A Case ... | Saswat Pattanayak | 33 |
| Paradigm Shift-6 ... | Biswaranjan Jena | 42 |
| ଅନାମିକା କବିତା | ରାମକିଶୋର ଶର୍ମା | 43 |
| କଥା ଏକ ବିକଳାଙ୍ଗର | ପରାଶର ମିଶ୍ର | 44 |
| OdiSA OBI Report | Hippu Salk Kristle Nathan | 45 |
| ମାଟି ମା' | ଶ୍ରୀନିବାସ ନାୟକ | 52 |
| ସଜନୀ ଗୋ! | ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ | 53 |
| ନନ୍ଦିଘୋଷ ରଥ | ଶିଭାଙ୍ଗୀ ମିଶ୍ର | 54 |
| Budget Airline for Orissa | Prasanna Kumar Mishra | 55 |
| ସେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା | ରାନୁ ମହାରଣା | 56 |
| ଜୀବନ | ଇନ୍ଦିରା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ | 57 |
| ତୁମରି ପାଇଁ | ଅମିତ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର | 58 |
| Among the Monpas | Nitin Indurkhya | 60 |
| ଗୀତାଞ୍ଜଳୀ | √Shrimati Krishna Mohanty | 66 |
| ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପିର ଚମତ୍କାରିତା | ବିଶ୍ୱ ରଞ୍ଜନ୍ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ୍ | 68 |

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

Duradrusti Editorial Board:


**Abhaya Nayak**
Sydney, Australia
email: abhaya.nayak@gmail.com


**Bikash Panda**, Coordinator
Martinez, California, USA
email: bikash@bikash.com
tel: (925) 639-9148


**Biswa Ranjan Patnaik**
Toronto, Canada
email: biswa@writeme.com
tel: (647) 406-8857


**Biswaranjan Jena**
San Juan, Puerto Rico, USA
email: biswaranjan_jena@yahoo.com
tel: (787) 707-7568


**Chinmaya Nayak**
Mumbai, India
email: chinmaya.nayak@gmail.com
tel: 09985077343


**Markandeswar Panda**
San Antonio, Texas, USA
email: markandeswar@yahoo.com
tel: (210) 699-1037

Contact Email: contact@duradrusti.org

## ସଂପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀଙ୍କ ଲେଖନୀରୁ...

Welcome to the latest issue of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି. This time the Editorial may not have much to say about Oriya literature or Oriya culture, though I may provide some clues to the existing definitions of 'literature' and 'culture' in general.

I was reading a book titled, 'Reflections on Literature and Culture' by Hannah Arendt, Edited by Susannah Young-Ah Gottlieb (Stanford University Press, 2007). The publishers state that this is the first time Hannah Arnedt's writings on literature and culture have been made available in a single volume. In this book of 360 pages, the Chapter 24 titled 'Culture and Politics' caught my attention. Before going into what she has to say on this topic, let me provide a brief introduction about her.

According to her biographers, Hannah Arnedt is often called a political philosopher, a term she always refused to accept. Hannah was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1906 as the only child of secular Jew parents. In 1922-23, she began her studies in classics and Christian theology at the University of Berlin, and then in 1924 entered Marburg University. At Marburg she studied philosophy with the philosopher Martin Heidegger, and later she moved to Heidelberg to study with Karl Jaspers, the existentialist philosopher, and a friend of Heidegger. She remained close to Jaspers throughout her life, although the influence of Heidegger's phenomenology was to prove the greater in its lasting influence upon her work. In 1933, fearing Nazi persecution, Hannah fled to Paris, where she subsequently met and became friend with both Walter Benjamin and Raymond Aron. After the outbreak of war, and following detention in a camp as an 'enemy

alien', she and her husband Blücher fled to the USA in 1941. Later she became an American citizen. She died on December 4, 1975. Germany had issued a postage stamp in her honor. There is a street in Berlin named after her; so is also an asteroid.

Getting back to the Chapter 24 of this book, I would quote the first paragraph in whole so that the readers of Duradrusti may tickle their brains to find their own definitions for Oriya 'culture' on a parallel path.

Whatever it may be that we take to be culture, it is no longer something that we take for granted without question, or with gratitude. The word itself has become cause for discomfort, not only among intellectuals but also among those who create the objects that, taken as a whole, constitute culture. Culture relates to objects and is a phenomenon of the world, and pleasure relates to people and is a phenomenon of the world. I have no idea whether or not it is part of human nature to be a worldly or a world-making being. There are world-less people, just as there are world-less individuals; and human life requires a world only insofar as it needs a home on earth for the duration of its presence. To be sure, every world serves those living in it as an earthly home, but that does not mean that every kind of human making-oneself-at-home amounts to world-making.

Discussing about literature does not have to be a serious debate on all the strange words, their appropriate uses, or intricately woven sentences in the writings of prose and poetry. When Franz Kafka, a German speaking Jew from Prague died (in the summer of 1924) at the young age of forty-one, only a very small number of readers were familiar with his work. His fame rose slowly, and at a steady rate in the last 83 years. This is interesting, because Kafka, unlike other modern authors, wrote in simple and clear language. Reading his book is like listening to everyday speech from a friend who loves to speak. His simple German prose has been termed as communication in its purest form. He had no favorite words forcing the reader to look into a dictionary or debate with others for knowing the meanings; and he avoided syntactic constructions. A common reader of his books translated into the English may find the literature fascinating, but for the reader who can read those in German is a different sort of magical enchantment of the literature. That is what we call literature. I am not saying that is exclusive to the German, French, or Greek literature; it is for literature in general. One cannot get the feeling from their translations into the English or vice versa. Literature is the expression of a human mind in language and is molded by culture.

A clever or well-read reader may like to have an example of how culture shapes the language. To an avid linguist who can mechanically translate one language to another may do it well without conveying the feelings. It is like the mountain and tree paintings from different cultures. For example, look at some painting with a hill surrounded by trees from different countries from India, Japan, China, or Africa. Since you are a person who knows the world you will immediately recognize the associated cultures associated with the pictures. With careful observation you may even identify whether the painting is done by a Japanese or an Indian artist. However, a person who is unaware of the world would find them nearly identical, or with only small variations in style and presentation. After all, why should a lifeless hill look different when surrounded by the trees of a certain region? The answer to this question is a clue to the more important question on how a people of certain cultures can be identified from their traits.

Preserving a language is associated with the heart, and not with the mechanical habits acquired by us from our adopted behaviors.

In essence, a person can offer a thousand reasons as to why they lost their language and culture, and arguing how beneficial such loss is to their personal development; but they will someday realize that their vanity is an uncomfortable bubble created by the void of losing their very roots. A certain language may become unnecessary as its commercial value declines with time. But the literature associated with that particular language will not die as it will be integrated into the people who have roots in that culture where it prospered for centuries. According to a linguist (Edward Shapir, 1884-1939) who worked both at the University of Chicago and the Yale University, there are just five languages that have had an overwhelming significance as carriers of culture. These are: classical Chinese, Sanskrit, Arabic, Greek, and Latin. Since large cultures are aggregations of smaller cultures, like an ocean made by drops of water, I would hazard a guess that the languages of India essentially aggregated into Sanskrit, and Oriya must have contributed its share in the process. Whether we can contribute to the future of Oriya language and Oriya culture depends upon our desire and continued efforts. It is my sincere hope that the continuing efforts of dUradruSTi will strive towards that goal with the help from her future Editors, Editorial board members, writers, and readers. I sincerely thank the Editorial Board for giving me another opportunity to write an Editorial.

With regards,

Markandeswar Panda
San Antonio, TX

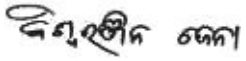
# Messages from CE, oDiA samAja

## Biswaranjan Jena

Human beings have explored into different areas and accumulated knowledge over the centuries. During this pursuit, future has played an important role in that mortals have sought to know what lies ahead in life. The wise and the optimists have realized that every difficult moment of life brings another opportunity, while the ignorant and pessimists have seen difficulties in every opportunity and continue to fight life's course. Time is the greatest teacher that bestows wisdom through the experiences of life. Making the best use of the indications that life provides is considered wise, though there is always the danger of over-assessing or underestimating one's abilities.

During its life-journey, OdiSA (oDiA samAja) had an opportunity to create a new world, better known as *Duradrusti, Odia-Samajara Mukha patra* Its periodical harmonic pulse touches every Odia heart around the world and reminds them the significance of *Odiatwa* in their lives. The steadfast belief in this concept along with the helping hands from many has made *Duradrusti*'s life easier. Each life that *Duradrusti* lives brings into being a new destination, and each of us etches towards a new horizon with revised visions of growth and development. In this context the best way to measure *Duradrusti* is through feedback in order to understand the importance of contributions both for the "Duradrusti" team as well as each individual effort.

Once again I must salute members of the *Duradrusti team* for their efforts, and request all to give a big hand on its timely release.



**Biswaranjan Jena**
**CE, Odia Samaja**

# TO MY FELLOW CITIZENS...

[This poem was submitted by the Poetess to The President of India
Dr A. P. J. Abdul Kalam on his birthday, October 2005]

**ANWISHA MISHRA**
KENDRIYA VIDYALAYA,
I.I.T. KHARAGPUR CAMPUS

To have a great mentality
Do not choose the path of strife,
Follow these rules that are very helpful
If you really want to live a happy life.

Thinking is very good
But ill thinking is bad,
It can lead to a sorrowful life
And make your mind be sad.

Dedication and concentration
Can lead to high thinking,
If you want to reach your aims and goals
Do no irrelevant talking.

Neither waste you time
Nor be much emotional,
Always learn from your mistakes
And be very devotional.

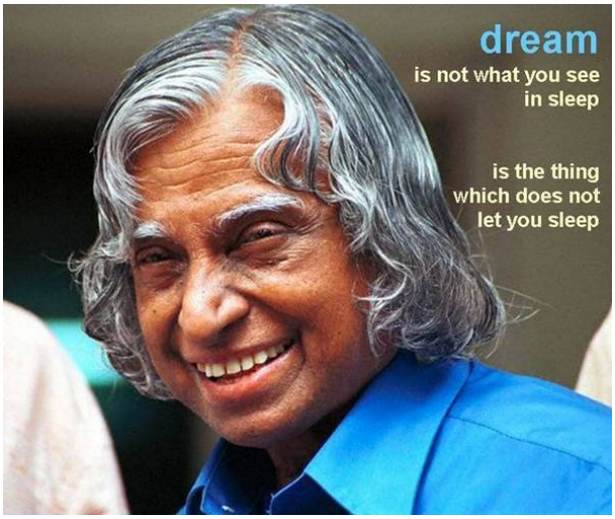
Live a highly disciplined life
And do your work cordially,
Keep your health as good as possible
Give up shyness immediately.

Have no anxiety or excitation
Always be honest and sincere,
Enrich your morality
And don't infringe in other's matter.

Keep yourself cool all the time
Like the centre of a deep pond,
Accept nothing without a reason
And always maintain a perfect bond.

Respect all the people
While not seeing their position,
For this attitude always
Leads to a social recognition.
Do your work as best as possible
Immerse all time in the work you find,
Don't allow coming any ugly thinking.
In your happy state of mind.
Don't be very clever
But be more and more intelligent,
Do not find the mistakes of others
But be innocent, smart and confident.

Read aloud this poem again and again
And always be very brave,
The lines in this poem are very helpful
To help you till your grave.



# କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ଆଜି ସାହିତ୍ୟ

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପାକନ ଦଳେଇ
ଭଦ୍ରକ, ଓଡିଶା

ଦେଶ ମୋ' ଓଡିଆ ଜାତି ମୋ ଓଡିଆ
ଓଡିଆ ମୋହର ଭାଷା ।
ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଓଡିଆ ମୁଁ କହି ଜାଣେ ନାହିଁ
କଥା କହେ ମିଶା ମିଶା ।୧।
ସାହିତ୍ୟ ନାଁ ରେ ଚାଲିଛି ତ ଏଠି
ଅପସଂସ୍କୃତି ଅପଭ୍ରଂଶ ।
ଉତ୍କଳ ଜନନୀ ବିଳପି ଉଠୁଛି
ଦେଖି ତାର ବନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ବେଶ ।୨।
ଶାଣିତ ଖଡ୍ଗଠୁ କେତେ ଯେ ଦୁର୍ବଳ
ଆଜି ଲେଖନୀ ମୁନର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ।
ମାତୃଭୂମି ମାତୃ- ଭାଷା ପାଇଁ ଏଠି
ବଳୁ ନାହିଁ କା'ର ମତି ।୩।
ପର ମୁଖାପେକ୍ଷୀ ପାଶାତ୍ୟ ଉନ୍ମୁଖୀ
ଯହିଁ ଫୁଟେନି ଅନ୍ତର ବ୍ୟଥା ।
ଗୀତା ତଳେ ଏଠି ଜଳୁଅଛି ଖାଲି
ସାହିତ୍ୟର ପୂର୍ବ ଚିତା ।୪।
ହଜି ଗଲାଣି ତା ପୂରୁବ କୀରତ୍ତି
ରୂପ ଅଳଙ୍କାର ମାନ ।
ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସାଧନା ଚାଲିଛି ପାଟିରେ
କିଏ ଦିଅନ୍ତି କେତେ ସ୍ଲୋଗାନ ।୫।
ସ୍ୱର, ଲୟ ତାଳ ହେଲାଣି ବେତାଳ
ନାହିଁ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ, ବିଭା, ଜ୍ୟୋତି ।
ଇରାକ୍‌ରେ ଯଦି ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଶେଷ
ଓଡିଶାରୁ ତାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି ।୬।
କବିବର ଅବା ହେଉ ଗଙ୍ଗାଧର
"ପ୍ରଣୟ ବଲ୍ଲରୀ" ପ୍ରୀତି ।
ବର୍ଣ୍ଣବୋଧ ଆଜି ଗଲାଣି ବଦଳି
ସବୁ ଅକ୍ଷର ଗଲାଣି ହଜି ।୭।
ସାହିତ୍ୟ ରଥୀଙ୍କ ସ୍ତୁତି ଚାରିବାକୁ ଏଠି
ଧରେନା ଲେଖନୀ କେହି ।
ନଗ୍ନ ଚଳଚିତ୍ର ଫଟୋ ପତ୍ର ପାଇଁ
ଖାଲି ଛାପାଲୋ ନୂଆ ବହି ।୮।
ପୋଥି ଓ ପୁରାଣ ମାରିଲାଣି ଛତି
ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଚାଲେ ରାଜନୀତି ।
ଝର କଲମରୁ ଝରୁ ନାହିଁ ଝର
ଆଜି କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ଓଡିଆ ମାଟି ।୯।
ପୁରୁଣା ଲେଖାକୁ ଓଲଟାଏ କିଏ
କରିଗଲାଣି କେତେ କପି ।
ରାତା ରାତି ଖାଲି କବି ହେବା ପାଇଁ
ସର୍ବେ ରହିଛନ୍ତି ଟାକି ।୧୦।
ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ଆଜି ହଜିଛି ସାଧନା
ଫୁଟେନି ଜୀବନ ଅର୍ଥ ।
କ୍ଲୀବତ୍ୱ ଘେରିଛି ମାୟାର ମୋହରେ
କାନ୍ଦୁଛି ଆଜି ସାହିତ୍ୟ ।୧୧ ।

# ବର୍ଷା

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପାକନ ଦଳେଇ
ଭଦ୍ରକ, ଓଡିଶା

ବାହାରେ ବର୍ଷୁଛି ବର୍ଷା
ଭିତରେ ବି ବର୍ଷା
ଦେହରେ ବର୍ଷୁଛି ବର୍ଷା
ମନରେ ବି ବର୍ଷା ।
ଭିଜି ଯାଏ ଦେହ ଏଠି
ଭିଜି ଯାଏ ମନ
ଦେହ ମନ ଯଉବନ
ଜଡେଇ, ସଢେଇ
ଏଠି ଭିଜି ଯାଏ ସମଗ୍ର ଜୀବନ ।

ଉଲ୍ଲସି ଉଠୁଛି ଏଠି ଆକାଶଠୁ ମାଟି
ଋତୁମୂରା ଦିନ ପୁଣି
ଋତୁମୂରା ରାତି ।
ଓଦା, ଓଦା ରେ ସର ଦେହ ଆଉ ମନ
ବାରମ୍ବାର ଛୁଉଁଅଛି
ବର୍ଷାର ସେ ଶୀତଳ କଂପନ ।
ବାହାରେ ବର୍ଷୁଛି ବର୍ଷା
ଭିତରେ ବି ବର୍ଷା
ଦେହରେ ବର୍ଷୁଛି ବର୍ଷା, ମନରେ ବି ବର୍ଷା ।

ବର୍ଷା ଛୁଇଁ ଯାଉଛି
କୃଷକର ଲଙ୍ଗଳା ଛାତି
ନଦୀ ସମୁଦ୍ର, ଉତ୍ତାଳ ଗୀରିଶୃଙ୍ଗ
ବଦଳି ଯାଉଛି ବଂଧ୍ୟା ଏଠି
ଯେମତ୍ ବର୍ଷାରେ
ଧୋଇ ଯାଉଛି
ଜୀବନର ସବୁତକ ପାପରାଶି ।

ବର୍ଷାରୁ ବାସୁଛି ଏକ
ନୂଆଁ, ନୂଆଁଭାବ
ଗଜେଇ ଉଠୁଛି ଆଜି ତରୁଲତା
ଗଜଉଛି ଜୀବନର ସ୍ୱଭାବ ।

# ମାତୃପ୍ରଣିପାତ

ବିଜୟମୋହନ ମଶ୍ର
bmisra@fas.harvard.edu
Lincoln, Massachusetts

ସଂସାରର ଆଦିମୂଳେ ମା' ତୁ ଗାୟତ୍ରୀ,
ଏ' ସୃଷ୍ଟି ବିଜ୍ଞାଣୀର ତୁ ହେଲୁ ବିଧାତ୍ରୀ ।
ଶବ୍ଦରୂପେ ସ୍ୱରରୂପେ ତୁ ବାଣୀ ସରସ୍ୱତୀ,
ପୃଥିବୀ ରକ୍ଷଣଭାଳେ ତୁ ମା' ଭଗବତୀ ॥

ଅନ୍ନମୟୀ ସ୍ୱର୍ଣ୍ଣମୟୀ ତୁ ମୋ' ମା' ଧରିତ୍ରୀ,
ଦୟାମୟୀ କଳାମୟୀ ତୁ ମା' ଜନ୍ମଦାତ୍ରୀ ।
ରୂପଗୁଣ ବିଦ୍ୟାଶିକ୍ଷା ତୋହରି କ୍ଷଣ,
ବଳ ସୌଷ୍ଠବ ବୁଦ୍ଧି ତୋହର ନିଦାନ ॥

ଜୀବନ ତଙ୍ଗରେ ତୁହି ଅଟୁ ମୋର ସାହା,
ମୋ' ଜୀବନ ଲୋଡେ ଯାହା ଦେଇଥାଉ ତାହା ।
ସାବିତ୍ରୀ ତୁହି ମୋ' ଜୀବନେ ପଥର ସନ୍ଧାନ,
ଆଲୋକର ବତୀ ତୁହି ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ନିଶାଣ ॥

ସଭିଙ୍କୁ ପଚାରୁ ତୁହି ସଭିଙ୍କୁ ସମ୍ଭାଳୁ,
ସ୍ନେହ ସମ୍ଭାର ତୁହି ପରମ କୃପାଳୁ ।
ସାଥୀ ତୁହି, ସଙ୍ଗୀ ତୁହି, ଜୀବନ ସଙ୍ଗୀତ,
ଏ' ଜୀବନ ତୋର ମାତ, ତୋତେ ପ୍ରଣିପାତ ॥

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# Remembering Dr. Bikram Das

(FEB 13, 1921 - JUNE 24, 2007)



**Shrimati Chandra Misra**
chandra1100@yahoo.com
North Wales, Philadelphia

"What is my memory of Dr. Bikram Das? A well known writer, doctor and son of the late Pandit Nilakantha Das, who has given so much to Orissa and Oriya literature. I have met him a few times and each time for only a few hours. What can I write about him", I thought, when I got the call from the ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି Editorial Board to write something in memoriam. Then, as usual I gazed into my memory lane and remembered meeting him the very first time when I was only10 years old. That was when my eldest sister Nisha Nani (wife of the late author Dr. Kunja Behari Dash) took me with her to his house in Cuttack, to meet Basanta-nani (Dr. Bikram Das's wife).

While Nani was busy talking about some matrimonial proposal, I was sitting on a nearby chair looking at all the books they had in the tall bookcase. I was impressed seeing so many books in someone's house, which was really a novelty for me. I only saw books like that in the library. As a child I hardly got the opportunity to read any books other than the text books, due to our economic situation at home and the social constraints of our house. Being a girl I was not allowed to go to the library to borrow books, because it was a little too far. My father never bought any story books for me. Seeing so many books made me feel like an elephant in a banana garden! I could not decide which book to open, or which poem to read. They had books by Pandit Nilakantha, Radhanath Ray and Mansingh, as well as magazines like Jhankar, Asanta Kali! Oh, I was in a real dilemma. All of a sudden I saw Bikram babu walking in – He sat in a chair that was near me. I became a little timid thinking what he might say to me looking through some of the books. It was funny the way he looked at me and told my sister: "Bhauja, I never knew you have such a 'kuni' sister." I looked at him and started thinking that may be now I should just sit quietly, the way I was told by my sister while we were on our way to their house. However, nothing like that happened. He pulled a chair next to me and asked what kind of books I like to read. I was a little shy and said that I have not read much story books, but I have read aloud "all seven parts of Ramayana, eighteen parts of the Mahabharata, as also Bhagabata, to the older women in the evening most everyday. Looking at me he said: "Oh, reading all those Puranas are good, especially the 'Bundia, Chuda bhaja and Khai' the ladies bring for 'Bhoga' and share after the chapters are read every evening." I was surprised as to how he knew about that. Truth be told, I really used to read the chapters for the ladies while keeping my mind on the 'Bhoga,' which they shared at the end. Perhaps he did the same when he was a child! I never got to ask him about that but thought that may be he had some similar experience – Something so unique to me, but he was able to know it.

As time passed I came to the U.S.A with my family. We lived in Chicago; it was there that I first met Sumitra, his eldest daughter. Sumitra has become my friend ever since that meeting. Later, we moved to the suburban Philadelphia and visited each other on occasion. Her younger sister Shruti married my nephew and we became relatives.

Sumitra and I talk on the phone almost every week. We both love to talk. Like women have done for ages, we talk about our families back home, Oriya families here in North America, about our children and about our day to day life. She often talks fondly about her father.

Little did I imagine that some 30 years after I first met Bikram babu, we would see him at our house in Pennsylvania – That happened when he was visiting Canada and USA. As we were eating lunch he mentioned that he has read some of my poems and short stories that were published in the Journal of OSA. He complimented me and said that he always knew I had the spark to write given the opportunity and the environment. What a nice compliment for me, coming from such a great writer. We talked about books, life of Oriya women now living in North America and in Orissa, and about our children. He could admire that I had chosen nursing as a profession. Many Oriya educated men here look at me and say: “So you are a nurse! You must be giving aspirin and bed pan.” I did not want to have an argument and defend the nursing profession as practiced here. I always wanted to help people and chose to be a nurse on my own. I could have pursued anything that I wanted, since primarily I did my college studies here in USA. It was hard to explain about nursing in USA to our Oriya men, since hardly any Oriya women have gone to this profession in North America. I was really amazed at how much admiration he had for nurses and that he encouraged me by mentioning that I have done the right thing by becoming a nurse. Through our conversation I came to know that although he was a physician by profession, his first love was to write. Are you kind of like Dr. Zivago, I asked in a mischievous way, while mentioning that it is one of my favorite movies. Since he was my brother- in-law's friend, I jumped into that sweet relationship and felt easy about making a joke – He smiled in approval. Then it was time for them to leave. After that I met him a few more times when I visited Nani at Cuttack, which was not very often. Each time that I met him I came back with lot of energy and much good feelings.

Early in the morning a few months back Sumitra called and told me: "Chandra, Nana is sick and it is Cancer". As a nurse I knew the prognosis, since she told me the stage of the disease he was in. Suddenly I felt her pain. I knew that the next time I go to Orissa I may not see him. I covered my anxiety and told Sumitra that he will get the best treatment and whatever is God's wish will happen. I am glad that Sumitra hurriedly went to see her father at Orissa and was able to spend some time with him. Perhaps it is the best that one can do for the parents when they are ready to leave us.

Finally one evening I got the message from my husband that Sumitra had called to let us know that her father has passed away. Suddenly I felt an empty feeling mixed with sadness and wished I was there with her. I wished I talked to him more when I was visiting his place last year. I wanted to be near Sumitra just to be with her and share some memories of her dear "Nana," Dr. Bikram Das. However, life's grind has not allowed me to do many of the things that I love to do. So I dialed the phone and we talked. She seemed to be in acceptance and peaceful. May be, by saying "good bye" helped her to be in that state of acceptance. I have to find my way of saying "Bikram babu" my good bye.

With time we will accept everything and people will remain only in our memory. His greatness, encouragement will live in the legacy of his writing and with many students and people he came in contact with. The people of Orissa and the Oriya community of North America will cherish his memories. He will be missed by all of us.

# British Conspiracy and Banishment of God King Gajapati Dibya Singh Dev III



**Late Prof. Dr. Bikram Das, M.D., F.I.C.P. (1921 – 2007)**
Cuttack, Orissa

The British soldiers invaded Orissa from South in 1803. Their propaganda of good administration and promise of safeguarding the interest of Lord Jagannath and the tenants paved their smooth way to occupy Orissa.

But after occupation they defied their promise given to the God King Gajapati Mukunda Dev and began their tyrannical rule by forced taxation on the land of Jagirdars and Paiks (peasant soldiers).

Two Paik rebellions raised their head during the life time of God King Mukunda Dev. The uprisings were ruthlessly dealt by the powerful British Raj. King Mukunda Dev was imprisoned and his Khurda Jagannath Fort (Palace) was cannoned to dust, and his patriot warrior Rajguru Jaikhrushna was captured and hanged in public. The kingdom of Mukunda was confiscated. The great patriot king expired in British prison in 1827.

The heirs of Mukunda were made powerless and landless pensioners, serving as superintendents of the Jagannath temple, they were forced to remain in Puri under the eyes of British officers.

The grandson of Mukunda Gajapati Birakeshari Dev was very sick and childless. He adopted the son of the king of Khemudi of Ganjam and breathed his last when his adopted son Dibyasingh Dev III was only four years old. On his behalf, the mother queen took to the administration of the Temple.

On the ninth "Anka" of the rule when Dibyasingh was only 13 years old, the devastating Naanka Famine raised its head in British Orissa. About a crore of people died of hunger.

Neither the Govt. nor the Zamindars (mostly outsiders) took any action to prevent the famine by helping the farmers. They were only interested in exacting taxes from the people. The subordinate officers were all outsiders and completely unsympathetic towards the local people. They did not report about the plight of the people to higher authorities.

During the mischievous British rule, the lands of Orissa were mortgaged under the 'Sunset Law' at Calcutta and went to the hands of outsiders.

According to salt law people were barred from making salt from sea water, so the only industry of salt-making was banned.

The economy of the people was also shattered due to the change of currency from 'Kauri' to 'Rupee'.

Within 60 years of British rule, no development work was done in Orissa. There were no roads, irrigation canals, schools or education institutes for the local people.

The land was administered with the help of hostile officers of the neighboring states who exploited the people of Orissa. There was no way for the people to raise their voices even to attract the attention of central administration to their helplessness and misery.

People died like flies and many skeleton like hungry people fled to neighboring state to work as labourers for morsels of rice.

The young Dibysingh while growing to manhood began to realize the plight of the nation. His royal blood boiled against the British administration. But he had no way out to face the mighty British force.

Still, even without any power and estate in his possession his position was enviable as the god King or the first devotee of Lord Jagannath. He was respected by all feudal chiefs of the princely states.

Gajapati Dibyasingh tried stealthily to organize the old soldier clan. He started small training centers, i.e., Akhedas for Paika training. He also revived the old military festival of Durga Puja of 1st Ramachandra Dev, with play of weapons.

The officers of the British Govt. apprehended danger and tired to paint the Gajapati as an addict and a vile character.

In the words of the prominent archeologist and historian Dr. Satyanarayan Rajguru:- "Actually the twenty-one years old young Dibyasingh Dev was energetic, patriotic, religious and popular figure of Orissa. Even at that time the feudal chiefs were getting orders and permissive documents from Gajapati to be able to have services of Jagannath by supplying wood etc., for Rath Jatra and special worship of Lord by entering the temple by royal dress and personal procession."

The Gajapati as the representative of Lord Jagnnath was respected by the Hindu world. The local English officers were convinced that the power of Gajapati as existent on religious grounds. They tried to find out ways to counteract his religious image. The local officers made mischievous plans to lower the prestige of the Gajapati in the eyes of the people. They spread false rumors to blacken the character of the Gajapati and his family.

The English magistrate of Puri was terrified by the war-like Dashahara show, which reminded him of the two Paik revolution of the early period of British rule in 1804 and 1817. He was determined to destroy the popularity of the Gajapati.

Gajapati was painted as a hooligan and swindler of the fund of Jagannath temple. His 'Raja' title bestowed by British was confiscated using the plea of nepotism and maladministration.

A prepared petition in the name of some Sevaks of the temple was sent to the commissioner of Orissa division, to take over the temple administration from the hand of Gajapati as he was an addict and a misappropriator.

The then Commissioner Sir Ravenshaw smelt the foul conspiracy as he was sympathetic to Oriya people after the Naanka famine. He gave the order to punish the Sevaks for their disobedience to their master the Superintendent (Gajapati) of the temple.

But the local officers did not abstain from their vile plots. They vilified the king for the stampede of outside devotees during Govind dwadashi for which the temple administration was not prepared since the festival was not in Oriya almanac. Previously, the British officers wanted the Rath festival to be repeated to be viewed by the Governor General. But Dibyasingh refused the proposal. Since he was a representative sevak of the Hindu world, the Rath festival could not be repeated without his permission. This was taken as a disobedience to British Govt.

The local British officers finally concocted a case of murder of a Brahmin priest by the Gajapati, in order to put him in the prison as a criminal.

A priest named Shiva Das was appointed by the mother Queen to go to the palace daily to worship the deity Kanaka Durga.

British Police called Shiva Das to the police station to make a statement that he had illicit connections with the queen, and for that reason the king had threatened to take his life. The holy man was shocked and said the teen aged queen was like his daughter, so it was impossible for him to give such a statement. A statement was prepared and Shiva Das was asked to give his thumb impression. He clenched his fist. Thin bamboo plates were forced to his nail bed to open this fist but the fist did not open. The Afgan police constables went on torturing him to death, but he did not oblige.

After his death in the police station, his dead body was stealthily taken in the night, and thrown just outside the boundary wall of the palace. Next morning the dead body was openly collected by the police, but was later announced that the holyman gave dying declaration admitting their charges. The Gajapati was arrested along with four of his servants on a charge of murder. The people found out the real story, but were mortally terrorized to protest openly. However, the matter spread throughout the state by folk songs, which was later printed in a booket named 'Kacha'. The story of that British plot still exists as folklore, and has been collected by poets like Lokaratna Kunja Behari Dash.

After being arrested in fear of local revolt, the king was taken to a far away prison in Midnapur, under armed guards.

The murder case in the name of Dibyasingh and his four attendants was placed before the court of an English Session Judge at Cuttack Barabati fort. Even as a prisoner the God King was singing devotional songs composed by him dedicated to Jagannath. Some of these are still sung by the radio artists and other singers of Orissa.

In the said case, two Acessors (Juries) were appointed by the court. One was Biharilal Pundit (originally from Kashmir) and the other a Bengali gentleman. Both the juries unanimously opined the king as not guilty. But the English Judge conniving with the English Magistrate passed the judgment of guilty in 1878. The king and his four servants were ordered to be banished to the Andaman Jail for life imprisonment.

The only Oriya paper Utkal Dipika argued and appealed on behalf of the people to reconsider the judgment, citing the example of condonation in the case of the Raja of

Banki, who actually had killed two persons in daylight.

On an appeal to the High Court of Calcutta, two of the kings attendants were released, but the Gajapati and the other two attendants were deported to 'Kalapani' i.e., to the ferocious 'Andaman Islands' for life imprisonment. Andaman Jail was notorious for punishing the prisoners to death by various cruel methods, and then throwing the body to the shark-filled bay.

The Raja of Khemidi, the real father of Dibyasingh, deposited five thousand rupees for filing a relevance of the case to the highest court 'Privy Council' of England. But the Calcutta High Court dismissed the said petition and the Gajapati was deported to Andamans by Boat for rigorous life imprisonment.

In this heinous way, depriving the king of his power, the British Govt. wanted to take the administration of the Jagannath temple to its own hands from the hand of the Gajapati family. They declared that the Gajapati had died of Tuberculosis in the Andamans. They appointed a receiver for the administration of the temple.

The Queen Mother Surjyamani Pat Maha Dei vehemently opposed to the steps of the alien Govt. and filed the famous law suit in Calcutta High Court. The first Oriya lawyer Utkal Gaurab Madhusudan Das was given the charge by mother Queen to conduct the case. Madhusudan Das knew that the English and the other lawyers trained in a democratic country like England were not mean like the British soldier administrators of Orissa. The three lawyers engaged in the case were: 1. Mr. Evans (who previously fought for Dibyasingh in the murder case and was convinced that injustice was done to Dibyasingh), 2. Mr. Wadrus, Bar-at-Law, and 3. Gurudas Bannerjee, Bar-at-Law. Later these three lawyers joined the bench of the Hon'ble Calcutta High Court.

Based upon authentic and convincing facts supplied to those advocates by Madhusudan, the Advocates ably argued their points and won the historic case for the Gajapati clan. The High court accepted the infant son of Dibyasingh Mukund Dev III as the absolute owner of the Jagannath temple and appointed the Queen Mother to manage the temple affairs on behalf of the infant king.

Without that famous case the ownership and sanctity of the Hindu temple would have been lost for ever. Winning the case by staking all her personal jewels and properties, the mother Queen saved the glory, religious respect, the culture of Jagannath, and the religious image of God King.

This is one of the bright examples of nepotism of the British rulers. They used their unlimited power to torture the innocent patriots for achieving their end. To cover their guilt, they spread stories to get sympathy of the people.

After conquering Bengal, the Nabab Sirajudullah was painted as a ruthless villain and to commemorate the false allegation of Black Hole tragedy, the Halwel monument was erected at the center of the city of Calcutta, Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose broke that false legend by the agitation leading to the removal of that monument.

The English rulers have created many false records of such events, which have been printed in History books and still believed by many Indian Historians.

Dibyasingh Dev's story was a concocted one, depicting him as a criminal. The cellular jail of the Andamans has the list of the names of many patriots who languished in that jail.

But the names of the patriots of the two Paik rebellions of Orissa who were deported to Andamans, and the name Gajapati Dibyasingh Dev are not in the list.

The recorded black spot in the name of the Gajapati by the British rulers should be removed like the name of Black Hole tragedy.

To facilitate the takeover of the administration of Jagannath Temple, the British Govt. declared that the God-King expired in Andamans by suffering from T.B. But as the rumor goes, the king was left on the shores of an obscure dangerous island to be devoured by man-eaters. Fortunately, Dibyasingh found a fishing boat from Burma and escaped to that country. Later he came to Puri and stealthily met the mother Queen. As the atmosphere was not congenial to declare his identity, he left Puri as a sanyasi. It is told, later he came back to Puri and settled as a sanyasi in a hut on the seashore near the city, to expire incognito at an old age.
Jay Jagannath.

******

NOTE: The editorial board is aware of the conflict of this story with the one presented by Jagannath Prasad Das in his book "ଦେଶ କାଳ ପାତ୍ର" that comes with well-documented references. The story here may not be a factual statement on the history of Orissa, but is definitely a record of what Late Birkram Das believed to be the case.

# MAN, NATURE, AND GOD



**Mrs. Ashoka Harichandan**
ashoka992001@yahoo.ca
Montreal, Canada
January 1, 2005

We mourn the dead and shun the living
We fail to Love and be forgiving
We look to the future present slips us by
We hoard all our money and work with a sigh
When Nature kills we run to help
When we kill another who will help
In the name of justice we fight wars
Destroy Earth our only home for us
Wake up and smile and love one another
This moment God gave to be with each other
May All His Love light our way
May from His path we never stray

May Tsunami remind each and every one how every moment counts

# ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକ

# Woman



ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ପ୍ରସାଦ ଦାସ
prathampurush@gmail.com
New Delhi, India

ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଲୋକଟି ନିଜର ବାଳରେ
ପରିବାରର ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ
ଗୋଟିଏ ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ୱେଟର୍ ବୁଣିଲା

ନିଜର ପେଟକୁ କାଟି
ସେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦେଲା

ନିଜର ମୁହଁ ଓ ଛାତିକୁ ସେ ସମର୍ପି ଦେଲା
ହିଂସ୍ର ଦାନ୍ତ ଓ ନଖ ପାଖରେ

ନିଜର ଅଙ୍ଗ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟଙ୍ଗ ଅବୟବ ମାନଙ୍କୁ
ସେ ସ୍ୱେଚ୍ଛାରେ ଉତ୍ସର୍ଗ କରିଦେଲା
ଭଙ୍ଗା ରୁଜା ଘର ସଂସାରର ଅବଲମ୍ବ ପାଇଁ

ଏବଂ ଶେଷରେ କହିଲା
ସତରେ ମୁଁ ଅତି ଲଜ୍ଜିତ ଯେ
ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ଆଉ କିଛି ନାହିଁ

With her long dark hair
she knitted sweaters
for each one of her kin.

She fed everyone
of her family
from her own share,
going hungry herself.

She surrendered her face
and bosom to bear the assaults
of cruel hands and sharp nails.

She gave away
each limb of her body
to prop up her fragile home.

And said at last,
apologizing profusely,
that she was sorry
she had nothing more to offer.

NOTE: More on JP Das at http://www.hindu.com/mag/2007/03/04/stories/2007030400240500.htm

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# ଅଠର ବରଷ ପରେ

(ଏକ ସତ୍ୟ ଘଟଣା ଉପରେ କବିଙ୍କ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ)



ଆରତୀ ନନ୍ଦ ପତି
arati_pati2001@yahoo.com
Houston, Texas

ଅଧିକାର ମୋର ଛଡାଇ ନେଇଛ
ପିତା ବୋଲି ଡାକିବାରେ
ଦ୍ୱାରସ୍ଥ ଆଜି ମୁଁ ନିକିତି ଆଗରେ
ଅଠର ବରଷ ପରେ ।

ଅଠର ମାସର ଶିଶୁର ଡାକରେ
ନାଚି ଉଠେ ବାପା ପାଣ
ଜନମ କରତା ହୋଇବି ତୁମେ ହେ
ପଥର ଠାରୁ ପାଷାଣ ।

ମାତା ଗର୍ଭେ ଥାଇ ଶୁଣୁଥିଲି କେତେ
କବଚ କୁଣ୍ଡଳ କଥା
ଧରା ପୃଷ୍ଠେ ଆସି ବିନା ପରିଚୟେ
ହୁଏ କେତେ ହଟହଟା ।

ରୂପର ମୋହରେ ପଡିଯେ ସେଦିନ
ଛାଡି ଦେଲ ଘରଦ୍ୱାର
ଭୁଲିଗଲ ନିଜ ଜାତି ଗୋତ୍ର ଆଉ
ମାଲିକନା ସମ୍ପତ୍ତିର ।

ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ହିଁ ଏକମାତ୍ର ସାହା
ଥିଲା ମାଆର ବେତନ
ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ନିଦର୍ଶନ ଦେଇ
ନ କଲ ରେଜିଷ୍ଟ୍ରେସନ ।

ଫେରିଗଲ ପୁଣି ନିଜ ପିତୃଗୃହେ
ଧନର ମାଲିକ ନାମେ
ବାକି ରହିଗଲା ମୋ କୁଆଁ ଡାକରା
ନରମ ମାଆର ମର୍ମେ ।

ରୋଷଣି ସଜାଇ ଗଗନ କମ୍ପାଇ
ବର ସାଜି ଆଉଥରେ
ବ୍ରାହ୍ମଣ କୁଳରେ ବୈଦିକ ମତରେ
ବିଭା ହେଲ ସ୍ୱଜାତିରେ ।

ସ୍ୱକଳତ୍ର ଜାତ ତିନୋଟି କନ୍ୟାର
ତୁମେ ହେ ଜନକ ଆଜି
କିବା ଦୋଷ ମୋର ମୁଁ କନ୍ୟା ତୁମର
ତୁମ କୋଳୁ ଦେଲ ତେଜି ।

ଚିର ବସନ୍ତର ସୁମଧୁର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ
ଭାଙ୍ଗିଦେଲ ମୋ ମାଆର

ନିଦାଘ ଶ୍ରାବଣ ସର୍ବଦା ଝରଇ
ହୃଦୟର ହାହାକାର ।

ବର୍ଷ ପରେ ବର୍ଷ ଅଠର ବରଷେ
ଆଇନି ଆସିଛି ହାତେ
ପିତାର ମମତା ନ ହେଉ ପଛକେ
ପୈତୃକର ବାଜି ମୋତେ ।

# ମୋ ଓସା କାହାଣୀ

ବିଜ୍ଞାନୀ ଦାସ
bigyanidas@yahoo.com
ଡେଟନ୍, ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ

(୧)

କିଏ କହେ ମୋତେ ସୋନିଆ ଗାନ୍ଧୀ ତ
କେ କହେ କାଳିକା ମାତା
କିଏ କହେ ପୁଣି ଓସା ମହାରାଣୀ
ଓସାର ସର୍ବକରତା ।
ଓସା ସଭାପତି ଉପ ସଭାପତି
କୋଷାଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ, ସମ୍ପାଦକ
ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ କାମ ସତେ କି ମୋହର
ମୁଁ ଯେହ୍ନେ କାୟା ସଭିଙ୍କ ।
ହିସାବ କିତାବ, ଚିହ୍ନଟ ନମ୍ବର
ପାଇଁ 'ଛନ୍ତି କୋଷାଧ୍ୟକ୍ଷ
ଅନ୍ୟଥାରେ ଜଣେ ଡାକି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ
ଦିଅଇ କୋର୍ଟ ଧମକ ।
ମୁଖପତ୍ର ପ୍ରକାଶନୀ ଦାୟିତ୍ୱରେ
ରହିଛନ୍ତି ସମ୍ପାଦକ
ସଭାପତି 'ଛନ୍ତି ମୁଖପତ୍ର କାମ
କରିବାକୁ ତଦାରଖ ।
ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପାଇଁ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାଚକ
ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ସଭ୍ୟ କମିଟି
ସଚିବ ପଦର ଦାୟିତ୍ୱରେ ମୋର
କର୍ମ ମାତ୍ର ଦୁଇଗୋଟି ।
ସଭ୍ୟ ତାଲିକା ଥାଏ ସଦା ଓସା
ଗୃହପୃଷ୍ଠାର ମଧ୍ୟରେ
ଯିଏ ଯେବେ ଚାହେଁ ସଭ୍ୟ ତାଲିକା
ପାଇବ ସେ ଅବହେଳେ ।
ଓସା ସମ୍ବିଧାନ ପୁରୁଣା ନିୟମ
ଏ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଯୁଗର ମାପେ
କରିଲେ ବିଚାର କେବେକେବେ ପୁଣି
ବୁଝାମଣା ଯେ ନ ଖାପେ ।
ଜାନୁଆରୀ ମାସ ଷୋହ୍ଳ ତାରିଖ
ଦିନ ନଅଟା ବେଳରେ
ସଭ୍ୟଙ୍କ ଠିକଣା ସମର୍ପି ଥିଲି ମୁଁ
ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାଚକ କରେ ।
ଅପ୍ରେଲ୍ ମାସର ପାଞ୍ଚ ତାରିଖରେ
ଦେଇଥିଲି ଦରଖାସ୍ତ
ଭୋଟର୍ ତାଲିକା ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରୁ
ହୋଇଥିଲି ମୁହଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ।

(୨)

ପୁରୁଣା ମିତ୍ର ମୋ ଶତ୍ରୁ ସାଜିଗଲା
ଲେଖିଲା ଅଶ୍ଳୀଳ ଚିଠି
ଅନ୍ୟ ସବୁ ମିତ୍ର ସାଜିଲେ ଭଗାରୀ
ହୋଇଗଲେ ଏକଗୋଷ୍ଠୀ ।
ଚାହୁଁ ଚାହୁଁ ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀଟା ସତେ
ଓଲଟି ପଡିଲା ଅବା
ଗରିଲା ପଦରେ ବିଭୂଷିତ କରି
କିଏ ବଜାଇଲା ତୁମ୍ବା ।
ଭାଇ ବୋଲି ଭାବୁ ଥିଲି ମୁଁ ଯାହାଙ୍କୁ
ସାଜିଲେ ସେ ମୋ ଭଗାରି
ବନ୍ଧୁ ବୋଲି ଭାବୁ ଥିଲି ମୁଁ ଯାହାଙ୍କୁ
ସାଜିଗଲେ ସେ ବଇରୀ ।
ବୃଥା ଆରୋପରେ ମିଛ ସବୁ ଲେଖି
ସାମିଲ୍ କରି ମୋ ନାମ
ଲଗାଇଲେ କେଶ୍ ଓସା ନାମେ ଯେଣୁ
ବିଧାତା ହୋଇଲା ବାମ ।
ସୁନ୍ଦର ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ
ଗଢିବାର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ମୋର
କେଉଁ ଦୁଷ୍ଟଗ୍ରହ କାଳ ନଜରରେ
ହୋଇଗଲା ଛାରଖାର ।
କୋର୍ଟ, କଚେରି, ଓକିଲ, ଜଜ୍
ଏସବୁ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ନୂଆ
(ସାକ୍ଷ୍ୟ) ବୟାନ କାଗଜ ପାଇଲି ଯେଦିନ
ଦୁଃଖରେ ଥରିଲା ହିଆ ।
ଆମ ସମାଜର ସଭ୍ୟ ଏଇ ମାନେ
ଏତିକି ନିଷ୍ଠୁର ମତି
ଦୟା, କରୁଣା, ସେନେହ, ମମତା
ତିଳେ ନାହିଁ ତାଙ୍କ କତି ।

ସମାଜ ପାଇଁ ନାହିଁ ସନମାନ
ନାହିଁ ହିତାହିତ ଜ୍ଞାନ
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥ ଦେଶ ଜନ ହୋଇ ପୁଣି
ଇର୍ଷାରେ ହ୍ୱନ୍ତି ଅଜ୍ଞାନ ।
ଓକିଲ ମାନଙ୍କ କାମର ପାଉଣା
ଶୁଣି ହେଲା ବୁଦ୍ଧି ଭ୍ରମ
ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପାଇଁ ଏ ସବୁ ଖରଚ
କରିବା କି ପ୍ରୟୋଜନ ।

(୩)

ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ ଲକ୍ଷ୍ୟ ଯାହାର
ସ୍ନେହ, ବନ୍ଧୁତା, ସମ୍ମାନ
ମେରୀଲାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜ୍ୟ ସର୍କିଟ୍ କୋର୍ଟରେ
ହୋଇଲା ସେ ବିବସନ ।
ଓସା ନିର୍ବାଚନ ଜିତଇ ଯେ ଜନ
ସେ ହୁଏ ଓସା ସେବକ
ସେବା ପଦ ପାଇଁ କେ ଯାଏ କଚେରି
କୋଧେ ହରାଇ ବିବେକ ?
ଓସା ସମାଜର ସଭ୍ୟମାନେ ଯଦି
ନ ବୁଝିଲେ ଓସା ମାନ
ବୃଥା କଥା ନେଇ କୋର୍ଟ କେଶ୍ କରି
ଦେଲେ ଏତେ ଅପମାନ ।
ଓସା ସଭ୍ୟ ଯଦି ହୁଏ ଓସା ଦ୍ରୋହୀ
ତହିଁକୁ କାହାର ବଳ
ରକ୍ଷାକର୍ତ୍ତା ଯଦି ହୁଅଇ ଭକ୍ଷକ
କି ସମାଧାନ ତାହାର ?
ଆପଣା ସନ୍ତାନ ରୋଷ ବହି ଯଦି
ମା'କୁ କରେ ପ୍ରହାର
ଅଜାଗା ଘାଆ ସେ କି କରିବ ମାତା
ଅଶ୍ରୁପାତ ସିନା ସାର ।

ନିଜ ବନ୍ଧୁ ଯଦି ମନେ ବହି ଇର୍ଷା
ମିଶାଏ ବିଶ୍ୱାସେ ବିଷ
ନିଜ ସହୋଦର କରେ ଅବିଚାର
ମନେ ବହି ବୃଥା ରୋଷ ।
ଜଜ୍ ମହାଶୟ ତାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ମୁଖରେ
ଓସାର କି ଅବା ମୂଲ୍ୟ
ବୁଝିଲେନି ସେତ ଅଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଓସା
ନାହିଁ କିଛି ତାର ତୁଲ ।
ନୂଆ ନିର୍ବାଚନ କରାଇବା ପାଇଁ
ଶୁଣାଇଦେଲେ ବିଚାର
ଓସା ଓକିଲଙ୍କୁ ନ ପଚାରି ରାୟ
ଆଣିଲା ତାଙ୍କ ଓକିଲ ।

(୪)

ନୂଆ ନିର୍ବାଚନ ପାର୍ଥୀ ତାଲିକାରୁ
ଓହରି ଆସିଛି ମୁହିଁ
ନୂଆ ପାର୍ଥୀ ମାନେ ବଡ କର୍ମବୀର
ତାଙ୍କର ବିଜୟ ପାଇଁ ।
ସାମାନ୍ୟ ନାରୀ ମୁଁ ନୁହେଁ ମହାକାଳୀ
ନାହିଁ ମୋରେ ଦୈବୀଶକ୍ତି
ମନରେ ମୋ ଆଶା ସୁଦୃଢ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ
କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟରେ ସଦା ମତି ।
ଘୋର ଅମାରାତି ଯିବ ଅପସରି
ହସିବ ସୁନା ସୁରୁଜ
ଏଇ ମୋର ଆଶା, ଏଇ ମୋ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ
ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ରଙ୍ଗ ମୁରୁଜ ।
ପରିଚୟ ମୋର ଚକ୍ରଧର କନ୍ୟା
ଯଶୋବନ୍ତର ଭଗିନୀ
ନରେଶଙ୍କ ଜାୟା, ବାଗ୍ମୀ, ମୃଣାଳୀ ଓ
ଶାଶ୍ୱତୀଙ୍କର ଜନନୀ
ଶାନ୍ତି, ପ୍ରୀତୀ, ମୈତ୍ରୀ ବନ୍ଧୁତା ମୋ କାମ୍ୟ
ସୁଦୃଢ ଓସା ମୋ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ
ହସ, ଖୁସି, ସୁଖ, ଆନନ୍ଦ ବାଣ୍ଟିବି
ମୋ ଜୀବନ ଭୀଷ୍ମ ପଣ ।
ମୋ ଓସା କାହାଣୀ ଏଇଠାରୁ ବନ୍ଧୁ
ହୋଇଲା ପରିସମାପ୍ତ
ମୋତେ ଭୁଲି ଏବେ ନୂଆ ନିର୍ବାଚନେ
ବଳାଅ ତୁମର ଚିତ୍ତ ।
ଯେଉଁ ବୃଥାରୋପ ମୋ ନାମେ ଲଗାଇ
ମିଛେ ହୋଇଥିଲ ବାଇ
ଜ୍ଞାନ ଚକ୍ଷୁ ଖୋଲି କର ବିଶ୍ଳେଷଣ
ତୁମ ନିଜ ହିତ ପାଇଁ ।
ବିଜୁଳି କନ୍ୟା ମୁଁ ଆକାଶେ ଉଡିବି
ଡେଣା ମେଲି ନୀଳ ନଭେ
ବିଶାଳ ପୃଥିବୀ ଆବିଷ୍କାର ଅର୍ଥେ
ଜ୍ଞାନ ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣ ମାର୍ଗେ ।
ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଙ୍କ ଶ୍ରୀଚରଣ ତଳେ
ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା ଏତିକି ମୋର
ଦେଇ ଶୁଭାଶୀଷ ଓସାକୁ କରନ୍ତୁ
ଚିର ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ସୁନ୍ଦର ।

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ର ଅଭିନବ ଖାଦ୍ୟ



**ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶ**

**satyadashca@yahoo.ca**
**Toronto, Canada**

ମାର୍ଖାମ୍, ଟରୋଣ୍ଟୋ ପାର୍ଶ୍ୱବର୍ତ୍ତୀ ଏକ ଛୋଟ ସହର । ଅଧିକାଂଶ ଲୋକ ଟରୋଣ୍ଟୋରେ ହିଁ ତାଙ୍କ ଦୈନନ୍ଦିନ ଜୀବିକା ନିର୍ବାହ କରନ୍ତି ।

ନାଲି-ମାଟିଆ-ଧୂସର-ହଳଦିଆ-ନାରଙ୍ଗୀ, ଏହିଭଳି ଫଲ୍‌ର ଚିତ-ବିଚିତ ବୃକ୍ଷମାନଙ୍କର ରଙ୍ଗୀନ୍ ପତରେ ମାର୍ଖାମ୍‌ର ବାତାବରଣ ଫୁଟିଉଠୁଥିଲା । ଚିରପରିଚିତ ଅଭ୍ୟାସବଶତଃ ଗୁଣ୍ଡିଚିମୂଷାଗୁଡିକ ଓକ୍‌ନଟ୍ ପାଟିରେ ଧରି ତରବରରେ ତାଙ୍କ ନୀଡ ଅଭିମୁଖେ ଧାଉଁଥିଲେ -- ଲୁଚାଇବାପାଇଁ । ଯଥେଷ୍ଟ ପରିମାଣ ଖାଇବା ପଦାର୍ଥ ଲୁଚେଇଦେଲେ ଦୀର୍ଘ ୫ ମାସ ବ୍ୟାପୀ ଶୀତ ଋତୁରେ ଖାଦ୍ୟ ଅଭାବରୁ ବଞ୍ଚିତ ରହିବେ ।

Typical ଫଲ୍ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ । BMW 330i ମୋଟର ଗାଡିଟି କ୍ଷୀପ୍ର ଗତିରେ ଗତିସୀମାର ବହୁତ ଉର୍ଦ୍ଧ୍ୱରେ ହାଇୱେ ୭ ରେ ଛୁଟିଥିଲା । ପରିଚାଳକ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଭରପୁର ପ୍ରାୟ ଯୁବତୀ । ଭଙ୍ଗାରୁ ଜଣାପଡିବ ଯେ ସେ କୌଣସି ଜରୁରୀ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟରେ ଛୁଟିଛନ୍ତି ।

ଘୁଁ, ଘୁଁ, କୀଚ୍, କଁ, ଘମ୍ ... ଗର୍ଜନ ଏତେ ଜୋରରେ ଶୁଭିଲା ଯେ ଯଦି କେହି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି ଶବ୍ଦର ଉତ୍ସ ପାଖରେ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତେ ତାହାହେଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ବାକି ଜୀବନରେ ସେ ଅନ୍ୟ କୋଣସି ସ୍ୱର ଶବଣ କରିବାର ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟରୁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବରେ ବଞ୍ଚିତ ହୋଇଥାନ୍ତେ । ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟବଶତଃ ସେପରି କୋଣସି ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷଦର୍ଶୀ ମୌଜୁଦ୍ ନ ଥିଲେ ।

ରତି ମୋଟରଟିକୁ ଡାଉଭ୍‌ୱେରେ ଛିଡା କରିଦେଇ ଦୁଇ କୁଦାରେ ଆସି ଦୁଆର ମୁହଁରେ ହାଜିର । ଅନ୍ୟ ସମୟରେ ସେତିକି ବାଟ ମୋଟରରୁ ଦୁଇ ଖଣ୍ଡି ସଉଦା ବେଗ ଧରିକି ଆସିବାକୁ ରତିକୁ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାବୋଧ ତ ହୁଏ ତା ଛଡା ପରିଶ୍ରମ ଓ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତିରେ ସେ ଥକିପଡନ୍ତି । ସେ ପାହାଚ ଉପରକୁ ଦୌଡି ଆସିକି ତାର ସଦ୍ୟ ସ୍ନାନିତ, ତଉଲିଆ ଆବରିତ, ଅଭିଳାଷୀଙ୍କୁ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନ କରିଲେ । ସେ ଅଭୂତପୂର୍ବ ଖୁସିର କାରଣ ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଭଲ କରି ବୁଝିବାର ଆଦୌ ଅବକାଶ ନ ଥିଲା ବୋଲି ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଭଲ କିଣି ବୁଝିପାରୁଥିଲେ । ଅଭିଳାଷୀ କିନ୍ତୁ ଯେ କୌଣସି ପୁରୁଷଙ୍କ ଭଳି ସେ ଖୁସିର ଉତ୍ସ ରତିର ହଠାତ ଶୃଙ୍ଗାରର କାମନା ବୋଲି ସ୍ଥିର କରିସାରିଥିଲେ ।

ରତି ବି ଅଭିଳାଷୀଙ୍କ ସ୍ପର୍ଶ ଓ କାମନା ଅଭିବ୍ୟକ୍ତିରେ, ତାଙ୍କ ମୂଳ କାରଣ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇ, ନିଜକୁ ନିକ୍ଷେପ କଲେ । ଦୁଇଜଣ ସଙ୍ଗେ ସଙ୍ଗେ ବେଡ୍‌ରୁମ୍‌ରେ କୋଣସି ଆଦିମ ଓ ସହଜାତ ଶକ୍ତିରେ କବଳିତ ହୋଇ ପଶିଗଲେ । କିଛି ସମୟ କୁହାଟିକା ଓ ପାଶବିକ ଫୁତ୍କାରରେ କୋଠରୀଟି ପ୍ରଫୁଟିତ ହୋଇ ଉଠିଲା ।

*  *  *  *

ପ୍ରକୃତିରେ ବାତ୍ୟାର ସମାପ୍ତି ପରେ ଯେଉଁ ଅଗାଧ ଶାନ୍ତି ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠା ହୁଏ ସେହିପରି ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ବେଡ୍‌ରୁମ୍‌ରେ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ପରିବେଶ ବ୍ୟାପିଥିଲା ।

"ଜାଣିଚ କ'ଣ ?"
"କ'ଣ ! କହିଲେ ସିନା କିଏ ଜାଣିବ । କ'ଣ ପ୍ରମୋଶନ୍ ହେଲା ?"
"ହେଇନି, ହବ ଯେ ..."
"କିନ୍ତୁ ?"
"ମତେ କାଲି ରାତିଠୁଁ ତମଠୁ ଅଲଗା ରହିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ମୋର ତ ତମ କୋଳରେ ସବୁବେଳେ ବସିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମ ଘର-ଦ୍ୱାର ଓ ବ୍ୟବହାରିକ ଅର୍ଥର ଚାହିଦା ସେଇଆ ସବୁବେଳେ କରିବାକୁ ଦେଉନାହିଁ ।"
"ସେ ତ ଜଣାଶୁଣା କଥା । ତା' ଛଡା ତମେ ଯଦି ସବୁବେଳେ ମୋତେ ଆସିକି ତୁମ ପ୍ରେମଭରା ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନରେ କୁଣ୍ଢେଇ ବେଡରୁମକୁ ନେଇଯାଉଥିବ, ତାହାହେଲେ ତମର ଏ ଅଭିଳାଷୀ, ଅତି ନିକଟରେ ପବନ ଭଳିଆ କ୍ଷୀଣ ଓ ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ ହୋଇ ଜୀର୍ଣ୍ଣଶୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହେଇଯିବ । ତା' ଛଡା ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାର ଫଳ କେବେକେବେ ଅତି ମଧୁର ବି ହେଇପାରେ ।"
"ବାଃ, ବାଃ । କିଏ ପ୍ରେମରେ ଜର୍ଜରିତ ହେଇଥିଲା -- ତୁମେ ନାଁ ମୁଁ । ଛାଡ ସେ କଥା । ମୋତେ କାଲି ନର୍‌ୱେ ଯିବାକୁ ପଡିବ । ଦୁଇ ସପ୍ତାହ ପରେ ଫେରିବି ।"
"ଏକା ଯାଉଚ ନା କାହା ସଙ୍ଗରେ ।"
"ତମେ କ'ଣ ଭାବୁଚ ମୁଁ ଗୋଟେ ଟୋକାକୁ ଧରିକି ଯାଉଚି ବୋଲି । ନା ତାହାହେଇଥିଲେ ତମକୁ କହିକି ଯିବି କି ?"
"କିହୋ କଥାଟା ସଫା ସଫା କହୁନ । ଏମିତି ବୁଲେଇ ବାଙ୍କେଇକି କାହିଁକି କହୁଛ । ବିବାହପୂର୍ବ ଅଭିସାର ବେଳେ ସେହିପରି ବୁଲାଣିଆ କଥା ଖୁବ୍ ଉଭୟ ମନ ଓ ତନକୁ ଉତ୍ତେଜିତ କରୁଥାଏ । ଏଇକ୍ଷିଣା କିଞ୍ଚିତ୍ ମାତାରେ ଉତ୍ତ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରୁଛି ।"
"ଆହା କଥାଟା ଯାଇଁ ସେଇଠି । ତାହାହେଲେ ମୁଁ କିଛି ଦିନ ବାହାରେ ରହି ଘରକୁ ଫେରିଲେ ତ ତମର ପ୍ରେମସ୍ପର୍ଦ୍ଧାକୁ ବହୁତ ଗୁଣରେ ବଢେଇ ଦେବ । ପ୍ରତୀକ୍ଷାର ଫଳ ବଡ ମଧୁର, ନାଁ କ'ଣ ।"
"ହୁଁ... କିନ୍ତୁ ଫେରେ ବଙ୍କୋଉଚ କଥାଟିକି ।"

"ଏକୁଟିଆ ଯାଉଛି । କାମ ବିଶେଷ ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦୁଇ ସପ୍ତାହ ଲାଗିବ । ମୁଁ ଜାଣିନି ତମର ମନେ ଅଛି କି ନାହିଁ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଇଏ ଅଛି ପା ସେଇଠି ।"
"ଓ ତମର ସେ ସୁନ୍ଦରି ସଙ୍ଗିନୀଟି । ମାଳବିକା ?"
"ମାଳବିକା ନୁହଁ ବିପାଶା । ମୋନାଲିସା ଏଇ ତମରି କୋଳରେ ବସିଛି ।"
"ଦୁଇ ସପ୍ତାହ କେହି ବସିବନି ଯେ?"
"ମନେ ପକୋଉଥିବ । ଫେରିଲେ ପ୍ରଥମେ ... "
"ହୁଁ, ହୁଁ ହୁଁ ..."

*  *  *  *

ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ସକାଳୁ ଉଠି ଭିଡି ମୋଡି ହଉଥାନ୍ତି । ରାତିସାରା ଦୁଇଦୁଇଟି ତକିଆ କୁଣ୍ଢେଇ କୌଣସି ମତେ ଶୋଇପଡିଥିଲେ । ଫଲ୍ ଋତୁଟି ଅଭିଳାଷୀଙ୍କୁ ବଡିଆ ଲାଗେ । ପ୍ରଭାତର ଶୀତଳରେ ରତିଙ୍କୁ ସହିତ ରେଜେଇ ତଳେ primordial କ୍ରୀଡାରେ ଲୀପ୍ତ ହବାର ସୁଆଦ ଏବେ ବି ତାଙ୍କ ତନୁରେ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ।

ଆଳସ୍ୟଭରା ଡଙ୍ଗୀରେ ଉଠି ଝରକା ଖୋଲି ବାହାରକୁ ଚାହିଁଲେ । ବାହାରେ  ପତ୍ରଗୁଡିକ  ବିକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ ଭାବରେ ବିଛି ହୋଇ ପଡିଛି । ପବନଟି ପଶ୍ଚିମ ଦିଗରୁ ଟିକେ ଜୋର୍‌ରେ ବହୁଛି । ୧୦ ଦିନ ହେଲା ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରିଛନ୍ତି କେବେ ଗୋଟେ ସୁଯୋଗ ମିଳିଲେ ସେ ଯାଇକି ପତ୍ରସବୁ ଉଠେଇ କୃଷ୍ଣ ଆବର୍ଜନା ବ୍ୟାଗରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତିକରି ରାସ୍ତାକଡରେ ଛାଡିଦେଲେ ମୁନିସିପାଳିଟି ଆବର୍ଜନା ବିଭାଗ ଉଠାଇ ନେଇ ଚାଳିଯିବ । ତାହା ନ କଲେ ତାଙ୍କର ପୂରା ଖରାଦିନିଆ ପରିଶ୍ରମରେ ତାଙ୍କର ଯେଉଁ ଲନ୍‌ଟି କିରିକିରି ହସିଉଠିଥିଲା, ସେ ଆସନ୍ତା ବର୍ଷବେଳକୁ ଧ୍ୱଂସ ହୋଇଯିବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଶତକଡା ୧୦୦ ।

ଅଭିଳାଷୀଙ୍କୁ ତ ସବୁବେଳେ ଫଲ୍‌ର ମନୋରମ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ବଡିଆଲାଗେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଜି କାହିଁକି ମନଟି ତାଙ୍କର ବୈରାଗ୍ୟରେ ଭରି ଉଠିଛି । ଭାବୁଚନ୍ତି କ'ଣ ରତିଙ୍କର ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତି ଯୋଗୁଁ? ସାମନାରେ ଦୁଇଟି ଯୁବତୀ ପ୍ରଭାତ ଦୌଡାରେ ଧାଉଁଥିଲେ । ଅଭିଳାଷୀ କିଛି ସମୟ୍ ତାଙ୍କ ଅପସୃୟମାଣ ମୂର୍ତ୍ତି ପ୍ରତି ବିକଳ ଭାବରେ ଚାହିଁଥିଲେ । ମୁହଁ ଫେରାଇ ଆଣି ଦୀର୍ଘ ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ପତ୍ର ଉଠାଇବା ପାଇଁ ପୋଷାକ ପରିଧାନ କଲେ । ଭାବୁଥିଲେ "ଆଉ ଦୁଇଟି ଦିନ ତ ରହିଲା । ରତି ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବରେ ଫେରିଆସିବ । ରତିର ଇ-ମେଲ୍ ଆସିଛି ଯେ ସେ ସଦ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଭାତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚୁଚି । କିଛି ଚିନ୍ତା କରିବା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନାହିଁ ।"

ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଏଇଆ ଭାବୁଁ ଭାବୁଁ ପତ୍ର ସବୁ କେତେବେଳେ ଅନ୍ୟମନସ୍କ ଭାବରେ ଏକଜୁଟ କରିସାରିଲେଣି । ଖାଲି ଆବର୍ଜନା ବ୍ୟାଗରେ ଭର୍ତ୍ତିକରିବା କଥା । "ସେ ଟ୍ୟାକ୍ସିଧରି ଏଆରପୋର୍ଟରୁ ସିଧା ତାଙ୍କ ରେଜେଇ ଭିତରେ

ପହଞ୍ଚିବ ।'' ଅଚାନକ୍ ଏକ ଝଲକା ପବନ ଆସି ପତ୍ରଗୁଡିକ କିଛି ମାତ୍ରାରେ ବିକ୍ଷିପ୍ତ କରିଦେଲା । ଏକ ଅପୂର୍ବ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆମୋଦକ ଶିହରଣରେ ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଚହଲିଗଲେ ।

*  *  *  *

''ଜାଣିଚ ମୁଁ କେତେ ଜାଗା ବୁଲିଲି ?''
''ଆଚ୍ଛା ।''
''ଆଉ କେତେ ଜିନିଷ ଦେଖିଲି ?''
''ହୁଁ ।''
''ଆଉ ନାନା କିଷମର ଖାଇବା ଜିନିଷ ଚାଖିଲି ଓ ଦେଖିଲି । ହେଲେ ଗୋରୁ ମାଂସ ଜାତୀୟ ଖାଇବା ଜିନିଷରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ରହିଛି ।''
''ଆଚ୍ଛା ମୁଁ, ସୁଇଜର୍‌ଲ୍ୟାଣ୍ଡର ଏକ ଅତି ସୁନ୍ଦର ଗାମ ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍ ଜାଇଥିଲି । ଭାରି ସୁନ୍ଦର ସେ ଗାମ । ସେଇ ଗାଁ ପସିଦ୍ଧ ତାଙ୍କର ନିଜସ୍ୱ ନାନା ପକାର ଖାଇବା ପଦାର୍ଥ ପାଇଁ, ଯାହା ଅନ୍ୟ କୋଉଠି ମିଳିବା ଦୁର୍ଲଭ ।''
''ବଡିଆ କଥା । ମୁଁ ତ ଯାଇଥିଲେ ସବୁ ଜିନିଷ ଚାଖିଥାନ୍ତି ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ଠାରେ ।''
''ମୁଁ ଆଣିଛି କିଛି ତମ ପାଇଁ ।''
''କ'ଣ?''
''ହେଇଟ ଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ବେଡ୍ ଆଉ ଜାମ୍ ଥରେ ଖାଇକି ଦେଖ ! ତା'ପରେ ଜାଣିବ ସେ ଗାଁ ଲୋକେ କାହିଁକି ପସିଦ୍ଧ ଖାଇବା ଚିଜ ପାଇଁ ।''
କେବଳ ବେଡ୍‌ଟି କାଟି କାଟି ଅଭିଳାଷୀ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ଖାଇଚାଲିଲେ ।
''କେମିତି ଲାଗିଲା ।''
''ବଡିଆ ।''
''ଜାମ୍‌ଟା ଲଗେଇକି ଖାଇଥାନ୍ତ । ଆହୁରି ମଜା ପାଇଥାନ୍ତ ।''
''ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ର ପାଉଁରୁଟି ଏତେ ଉତ୍କୃଷ୍ଟ ଯେ ଜାମ୍‌ର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ମୋଟରୁ ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିଲିନି ।''
[ଟିକିଏ ରହିକି, ପାଉଁରୁଟିର ଶେଷ ଅଂଶଟିକୁ ଚାକୁଳେଇକି ଅଭିଳାଷୀ] ''ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ରୁ ଆଉ କ'ଣ ଆଣିଛ? ବାସ୍ତବିକ ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ର ଖାଇବା ଜିନିଷଗୁଡିକ ଅତି ଉତ୍ତମ ଖାଦ୍ୟ !''
''ଜାମ୍‌ଟା ଚାଖ?''
''ବେଡ୍ ତ ସରିଗଲା ଆଉ ଖାଇବି କ'ଣ? ବେଡ୍ କିଣିକି ଆଣିଲେ ଜାମ୍ ଖାଇବା । ତା' ଛଡା ଯଦି ଜାମ୍ ଖାଏ ତାହାହେଲେ ହୁଏତ ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ର ବିଖ୍ୟାତ ବେଡ୍‌ର ସୁଆଦ ପାଟିରୁ ଚାଲିଯିବ ।''
''ଅଭିଳାଷୀ?''
''ହୁଁ ।''
''ଗୋଟେ କଥା ।''

''କ'ଣ?''

''ଜାମ୍‌ଟା ତ ନର୍‌ବର୍ଗେନ୍‌ରୁ ଆଣିଛି । ହେଲେ ବ୍ରେଡ୍‌ଟା ...''

''କୁହ, କୁହ ।''

''ଜାମ୍ ଖାଲି କ'ଣ ଖାଇବ ସେଥିପାଇଁ ବ୍ରେଡ୍‌ଟା ମୁଁ ଏଆର୍‌ପୋର୍ଟରୁ ଆସିଲା ବେଳେ ରାସ୍ତାରୁ କିଣି ପକେଇଥିଲି ।''

''ତା ମାନେ ମୁଁ ଟରୋଣ୍ଟୋର ବ୍ରେଡ୍ ଖାଇକି ହୁଲସ୍ଥୁଲ ହଉଚି?''

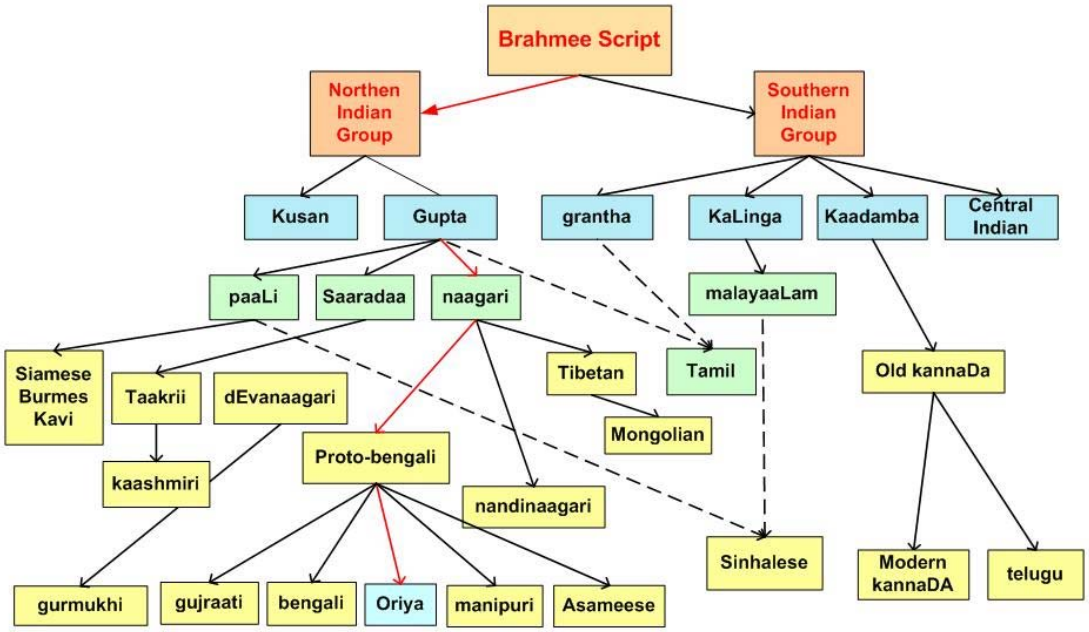
ଅଭିଳାଷୀଙ୍କର ଗୋଟେ ପୁରୁଣା ଅକ୍ଷୟ ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ ଗୀତ ମନେ ପଡିଲା:

ତୁ ଏଇ କୂଳର ହେଲୁ ନାଁ ସେଇ କୂଳର ହେଲୁ
ହଇରେ ବିଧାତା ତୁ ଏ କି କଲୁ ।

# Evolution of Odia & the Language

Biswaranjan Jena

The following scheme on the evolution of Odia as a language is based according to my understanding. It may not be 100% correct. Therefore, your feedback / input in this regard will be of great help. I am just trying to provide a figurative representation of "How Odia as well as the related Indian languages evolved over time"?




**Brahmee – Oriya Script link**

*Disclaimer : This is designed based on the understanding*

# ଆକାଶର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ



ମନୋଜ୍ ପଣ୍ଡା
pandamanoj@hotmail.com
**Detroit, Michigan**

ନୀଳାଭ  ଦିଗନ୍ତ
କେବେ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣେନ୍ଦୁର ଅରୁଣିମାରେ ଉଦ୍ଭାସିତ
ଅବା ସତେଜ, ପ୍ଲାବିତ, ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟସ୍ନାତ
ଆଉ କେବେ ନିସ୍ପ୍ରଭ, ନିସ୍ତେଜ, ନିଷ୍ପନ୍ଦ
ତଡିଲ୍ଲତା ଓ ମେଘ ମେଦୁରର ଚାପଲ୍ୟ
କେବେ କରେ କ୍ରୀଡନକର ଅଙ୍ଗୀକାର

ଶର୍ବରୀ ତଥା ଶାନ୍ତ, ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧ ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଓ ଉନ୍ମୁକ୍ତ
ଦିବସର ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳ ମଧ୍ୟରେ
କେବେ ଫୁଟି ଉଠେ ରଙ୍ଗ ବେରଙ୍ଗ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣାଳୀର ମନ୍ତ୍ରମୁଗ୍ଧ ପଟ୍ଟଚିତ୍ର
ଆଉ ତାହାହିଁ  ହୋଇ ଯାଏ ଭାବୁକ, ଦର୍ଶକ, ଗଣ୍ଡାଳିକା ମନର
ଏକ ପେନ୍ନାୟିତ ମଧୁପାତ୍ର ।

ଆହା  ଏପରି ଏକ ଆକାଶ ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ଚାଲିଥାଏ ଅହରହ ମଧୁଚନ୍ଦ୍ରିକାର ଶୋଭାଯାତ୍ରା
ତାହାର କିପରି ହେବ ନର୍ନିମେଷ ଯବନିକାପାତ ।
ଏକ ଭୀମକାନ୍ତ ଶିହରଣର ଝଲକ ଖେଳି ଯାଏ  ତାହାର ଅନୁଶୋଚନାରେ

କିନ୍ତୁ ବାସ୍ତବରେ ଆକଶର ଅବସ୍ଥିତି ତାହାର ଜନ୍ମର ପ୍ରତୀକ
ଯାହାର ହୋଇଛି  ସୃଷ୍ଟି, ତାହାର ତ ପ୍ରଳୟ ତ୍ରିବାର ସତ୍ୟ

ତେବେ ଏହି ଆକଶର କିପରି ହେବ ମୃତ୍ୟୁ?
ତା'ପରେ ରହିବ କଣ?
ଏକ ଶୂନ୍ୟ, ଶୂନ୍ୟ, ମହାଶୂନ୍ୟର ଅଭିପ୍ରେତ ଅବତାରଣା

ହେଲେ ଶୂନ୍ୟର ସଜ୍ଞା ଆକାଶର ସ୍ଥିତିରେ ଅଭିନିବେଶିତ
ଆଉ ଆକାଶର ଅବକାଶ କଦାଚିତ୍ ହୋଇ ପାରେନା ମନର ଜୀବନରେ

ସୁତରାଂ ଆକାଶର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ପାଇଁ, ମନର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ଅନିବାର୍ଯ୍ୟ
ଆଉ ଭାବନା ପ୍ରବାହର ସ୍ଥିରତ୍ୱରେ ମନର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ହୁଏ
ମନର ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ହିଁ ଆକାଶର ଶେଷତ୍ୱର ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟା ହୁଏ

ଏବଂ ସେହି ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ଏକ ଚିରନ୍ତନ ଜୀବନର ଅୟମାରମ୍ଭ ହୁଏ
ଯେଉଁଠି ସମ-ଅସମର ଲେଶ ମାତ୍ର ସତ୍ତା ନ ଥାଏ
କେବଳ ଏକ ମହାର୍ଘ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତିର ଦିବ୍ୟ ଅନୁଭବ
ଯାହାହିଁ ମନୁଷ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ଏକାନ୍ତ, ଅନ୍ତିମ କାମ୍ୟ ।

--------- o ---------

# A Note on Hydrogen Fuel Cells



**Sambit Misra***
Fairbanks, Alaska

Hydrogen fuel cells are possibly the cleanest form of energy. The fuel cells work exactly like batteries but are more efficient. They are environmentally safe and easy to make. Hydrogen is a flammable gas and oxygen supports burning. It is ironic since water, made of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen, puts out fire. Hydrogen besides being the most abundant element in the galaxy is also the lightest. As a gas it takes up much space but it can be condensed into a liquid form when it will take up 1/700 of the space it takes up as a gas. Sir William Grove of Wales, UK, is the "father of Fuel cells" and invented it in 1839. The hydrogen fuel cell is very much like a battery but more energy efficient and as long as hydrogen and oxygen are supplied it provides continuous power.

The fuel cell has no moving parts unlike normal motors. If it is used to power cars instead of gasoline then we will have fuel-efficient cars. Cars using gasoline leave behind unburned gasoline, carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide and oxides of nitrogen, which cause the smog, acid rain and even depletion of the ozone layer. Cars running on hydrogen fuel cells will produce water, which does not pollute the atmosphere. A fuel cell is a box with many cells, which contain an anode (negative charge), a bed of catalyst, surrounding the catalyst and a cathode (positive charge). Hydrogen enters from the anode side and oxygen from the cathode side and water is discharged from one side. An electrolyte contains positively and negatively charged molecules as ions and it allows the flow of electricity in the fuel cell. It is every naturalist's dream to run machines on hydrogen power.

The Hydrogen Fuel Cell

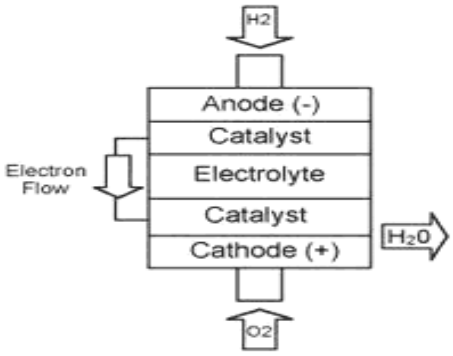



Figure 1:The Hydrogen Fuel Cell

Any country can produce hydrogen from water using wind, solar or hydroelectric energy. So no particular nation can have a monopoly on hydrogen fuel cells, Figure 1.

Most Americans have a passing concern about pollution in general, but there is growing interest in fuel cells. Brazil, Canada, Japan, India, many European countries and the US are working hard to bring in fuel cells. Getting energy using fuel cells is expensive today as expensive platinum metal is used as the catalyst and there is a significant cost involved in breaking water down to hydrogen and oxygen. In nature some enzymes produce hydrogen and scientists are studying these enzymes in order to understand how they do so. May be someday we can harness enzymes and use iron instead of platinum to break water at a low cost. There are many efforts to commercialize hydrogen fuel cells. Some cars, buses and fork lifts use fuel cells. Fuel cells for providing power to the home will soon be available in Japan.

* Sambit is a tenth grader from West Valley High School in Fairbanks, Alaska. He is the son of Debasmita and Nilima Misra, Life Members of oDiA samAja.

# ଅପେକ୍ଷା

ବିଜୟଲକ୍ଷ୍ମୀ ନନ୍ଦ
Pune, India

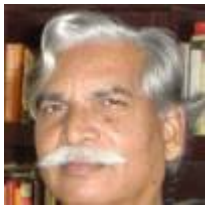
ମୋର କ୍ଷତବିକ୍ଷତ ମନ,
ରକ୍ତାକ୍ତ ହୃଦୟ,
ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ଆକାଂକ୍ଷା,
ଦିଗହୀନ ଆଶା ଓ
ପରାଜିତ ବୁଦ୍ଧିକୁ
ପଛରେ ପକାଇ ଚାଲି ଯାଇଛ ତୁମେ !

ପ୍ରେମର ମୃଦୁମଳୟ,
ସ୍ୱପ୍ନଭରା ରାତ୍ରି,
ରୋମାଞ୍ଚକ ମିଳନର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ,
ସୁଖଦ ସମ୍ଭାବନା,
ଶୀତଳ ସାହାରା,
ବୁଝିଲି ମୋର ଭାଗ୍ୟରେ ନାହିଁ !

ଫେରନ୍ତା ବାଟକୁ ତୁମର ଚାହିଁ ରହିଅଛି ତଥାପି,
ଯଦିଓ ତୁମେ ଯିବାପରଠୁ,
ଭାଗ୍ୟ ଅବା ଭଗବାନ,
କାହାରି ବି ସଙ୍ଗ ନାହିଁ ।

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# SRI JAYA DEV'S UNIQUE CONTRIBUTION TO BUDDHISM



Subhas Chandra Pattanayak
scpattanayak@dataone.in
Bhubaneswar, Orissa

When Orissa's most popular poet and proponent of Buddhism, Sri Jaya Deva, whose immortal literary contribution to Kama Vajrayana has been edited as Gita Govinda, and to whom the Bengalis mistake as a man from their soil (forgetting their own Jayadev who was decorated with the title Puyusavarsee)and to whom, like the Bengalis too, a section of the Oriyas also mistake as a Baishnav, equated Buddha with all other incarnations of Brahminical God 'Keshava' in his famous 'Dashaavataara stutee', the people of Orissa made it clear that there could be no difference between Buddha Dev and Lord Jagannatha. In this context, Sri Jaya Deva's contribution to continuation of Buddha's impact on Orissa is unique.

Buddha was threadbare opposed by the Brahmins with who hand-in-glove were the ruling warriors. The basic cause of this antagonism was Buddha's campaign against acts of inhumanity practiced by Brahmins on the sacrificial grounds.

Jaya Deva, the silent but steady promoter of the Kama Vajrayana branch of Buddhist philosophy, took a very tactful step to nose lead the Brahmins and the warriors to accept the Lordship of Buddha in the form He was known for.

He decided to sing glory to Keshava, the God who had vanquished the demon (one who desecrates the Sacrificial alter) called 'Keshi' and helped the Brahmins. Addressing this Keshava, he sang glory first to the Matsya incarnation of the same God describing that Lord Keshava had taken shape of a fish in order to save the Vedas from the demons. This naturally pleased the Brahmins.

Then he sang glory to the next incarnations of Keshava, viz. the Kachchapa, the Shukara, the Narahari, the Bamana, the Bhrugupati,and the Rama.

He attributed such characters to these incarnations as would please the Brahmins. Then he brought the incarnation of Haladhara, the expert user of plough. Philosophically the Brahmins were against the use of plough because it was symbolic of the strength of matriarchy. But they had to accept Haladhara as in the glory to him, their own revered Lord Keshava was praised.

Thereafter, in the most tactful manner, Jaya Deva made Buddha acceptable to the Brahmins. He lauded Buddha for His total opposition to killing of innocent animals in the sacrificial altars under the Vedic system and described Him as the most kind-hearted one who disapproved rituals of sacrifice because of the cruelty that carried. ("nindasi yajnavidher ahaha sruti-jatam / sadayahrdaya darsita pasughatam") and then he depicted the ultimate incarnation of Kalki, who was meant to extinguish the enhancers of anguish.
Thus, the eighth and the tenth incarnations were placed in the 'Dasavatara stutee' in order to supplement the scheme of Buddhism when the ninth stanza was made to make Buddha acceptable to the Brahmins as their Lord.

This aim achieved, the Oriya Tribe, who by that time was in deep anguish over transformation of his 'Buddha Jagannatha' to 'Vishnu Jagannatha',

immediately started projecting Jagannatha as the Lord Buddha. The image f Sri Jagannath replaced the image of Buddha on the Dashavatara plate at the entrance of Srimandira and elsewhere. Even as this depiction on the very body of Srimandira indicates oneness of Buddha Jagannatha, Oriya literature of post-Jaya Dev period also gives us ample proof of this.

Describing the reason of the Deity having no leg or hand, the 'Daru Brahma Gita' tells us, "Bauddha rupa heva jani / pada pani chhadile Gosain" (Knowing that He has to take a Bauddah shape, the legs and hands were discarded).

Refraining the King from worshipping Him as Vishnu, He declared that in the present era, He is Buddha. To take Him in any other form would smack of madness. ("Thakure Boile Raja hoilu ki bayi, Kali juge basibimun Buddha rupa hoi")-Deula Tola)

The Supreme Lord told to Achyuta that in the era of Kali, he would take birth as Buddha. ("Boile Achyuta tumbhe shuna ambha van i/ Kali yuge Buddha rupe prakashibu puni")-(Shunya samhita)

The great Sarala Das, in Sabha Parva of Mahabharata declared that Jagannatha is Buddha who has taken this shape to save people of the world from eclipse of sin.("Samsara janamku tariba nimante / Buddha rupare bije achha Jagannathe")

Thus, Sri Jaya Dev, the immortal proponent of the Sahajayana sect of Buddhism, reestablished Buddha Dev in the heart of the Oriya nation as Sri Jagannath and even compelled the Brahmins to accept Buddha as the Supreme Lord.

When the trick he played later bewildered the clever Brahmins, they resorted to a counter trick. Patronized by the King as they were, the State power also came to their aid through all the rural officers of the King. Sri Jaya Dev was either clandestinely killed or deported out. The total silence over his demise, if at all that was natural, in contemporary literature or literary annals of the then India, is a pointer to this possibility.

After his departure from his homeland, be it through homicide or deportation, agents of Brahminism started trumpeting that Sri Jaya Dev was a Hindu saint, a born Brahmin, and a Vaisnav by cult. And to prove this, they interpolated Jaya Dev's 'Astapadi' songs written in Sanskritised Oriya with stanzas in chaste Sanskrit and edited his work with these interpolated stanzas giving the compilation a Vashnavite title-'Geeta Govinda'.

Despite this, Jayadev's Astapadis continued to transmit the tenets of Kama Vajrayana as before by virtue of its ritual recitation in the inner chamber of Sri Buddha Jagannath.

Hence the anti-Buddhism factors used their strongest supporter Gajapati Purusottam Dev to stop recitation of the Astapadis in Srimandira.

A Brahmin poet Kavichandraraya Divakara Misra wrote an imitation styled as 'Abhinava Gita Govinda' attributing its authorship to Gajapati Purusottam Dev (vide Contribution of Orissa to Sanskrit Literature, preface page XC: Kedar Nath Mohapatra: Orissa Sahitya Academy, 1960) and then the said Gajapati promulgated this book in the temple discarding Jayadev's. Another powerful Brahmin poet Kavidindima Jivananda Acharya described this Purusottam Dev as the incarnation of Sri Jagannatha ( "xxx gajapatih purusottamo'bhullilavatara purusottama eva sakshat") Such tactics were used to convince general public that discarding of Jayadev's lyrics was divinely ordained.

But the people of Orissa rose in revolt against this and the Gajapati was compelled to withdraw his step. Jayadev's lyrics were restored in the Srimandira system; but with interpolations officially inserted.

People were misled to accept this new interpolation along with the earlier interpolations as authentic under wave of a publicity campaign cunningly schemed.

Under the scheme, the King declared that he had to withdraw his book and to restore Jayadev's with only a few stanzas from his own as per orders of Sri Jagannatha.

When people saw that the all-powerful King has withdrawn his own work in favour of Jayadev's, unbelievable under the order of the day as it was, they were inclined to believe the official version. Thus all interpolations earned public acceptance. And, inadvertently, the Vaisnavhood attributed to Sri Jayadev.

In fact, the anti-Buddhism elements who were determined to divert peoples' attention from Kama Vajrayan philosophized in Jayadev's Astapadis gt with this the greatest possible opportunity. In order to establish Vaisnav identity of the poet, they invented and spread innumerable legends on his life that has totally misled the world so far.

The Bengalis, knowing nothing of this Jaya Dev and the cult he belonged to in his lifetime, also manufactured legends in an attempt to misappropriate the poet for Bengal.

So reality has remained buried in respect of Sri Jaya Dev.

It is shocking that a new wave of endeavor to keep his Buddhist identity buried forever has started lashing the land of the poet under entrepreneurship of a new batch of agents of Brahmanism. And, this time, these agents being in powerful positions, the administrative machinery of the State has been pressed into their aid.

I have dealt with this unfortunate development in Orissa's only accredited online journal available at http://orissamatters.com/news/index.php/2005/05/17/kenduli-was-not-the-birthplace-of-jayadev/in and hence I refrain from repetition.

As "truth must prevail", I am sure, the truth-seekers must rise to the occasion and start looking at Sri Jaya Dev afresh from the pivotal point of 'Keshav' becoming Buddha in his 'Dashavatara Stutee'.

# ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ଉବାଚ

ଅଭୟ ନାୟକ
ସିଡ୍‌ନୀ, ଅଷ୍ଟ୍ରେଲିଆ

ଭାଇ ମୋ ଜଗା ବଳିଆ
ଘୋଡା ଚଢି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି କାଞ୍ଚି ଜୟ କରି
ଠାକୁର ରଜାର ମାନ ରଖି
ଓଡିଆ ଜାତିର ଡିଣ୍ଡିମ ପିଟି
ହଜାର ମଥାରୁ ସିନ୍ଦୁର ଦାଗ ଲୟ କରି ।

ବହୁତ ବୁଝେଇଲି ମୁଁ
ଏ କି ଫଏସଲା ଭାଇ?
ଜଗତର ନାଥ କି ଖାଲି ପୁରୀର ଠାକୁର?
କାଞ୍ଚିବାଲା ତ ପୁଣି ଆମର ଆଶ୍ରାରେ
ଦେବଲୋକ ଆମେ
ଏ ନର ମାୟାରେ ପଶିବା କି ଜରୁରି?

ଓଲୀ ଭଉଣୀଟା ମୁଁ କି ଜାଣେ?
କଳା ଧଳା ଘୋଡା ଚଢି ଛୁଟିଗଲେ ଭାଇ ମୋର
କାଞ୍ଚି ଜୟ କରି
ହଜାର ମାଆଙ୍କର କୋଳ ପୋଛି
ହଜାର ପିଲାଙ୍କର ଆଶା ଜାଳି
ଠାକୁର ଜାତିର ମାନ ଧର୍ମ କ୍ଷୟ କରି ।

# POSCO in Orissa - A Case of Global Masters against Local Preys



**Saswat Pattanayak**
saswatblog@gmail.com
Thursday, 05 July 2007

Pohang Steel Company (POSCO) operates two of the world's leading steel projects--the Pohang and Gwangyang works, and conducts business in over 60 countries around the globe.

Since last couple of years, POSCO has been setting goals for the economically backward and minerals-rich Orissa. If Vedanta promises the biggest university in the world, POSCO promises the largest steel plant, and the biggest foreign direct investment in history (Rs 51,000 crore). After signing a Memorandum of Understanding with POSCO, Orissa-a largely obscured cultural site for Hindu pilgrims, has now found the biggest reserved location on World Exploitation Map.

According to the MoU signed between the state government and the Korean corporate giant, POSCO will build a 3 million tonne capacity steel plant, blast furnace or Finex route, during the first phase in Paradeep, Orissa between 2007 and 2010, and will expand the final production volume to 12 million tons. The investment proposed is to the tune of US$12 billion, including an initial investment of US$ 3 billion during the first phase, making it the largest steel project to take place in India.

The Orissa government will in turn also grant POSCO mining lease rights for 30 years that will ensure a supply of 600 million tons of iron ore to POSCO, besides granting it permission to export another 400 million tons through its mining partner in the project, BHP Billiton of Australia.

The technical catch

Indian politics does not by itself reach heights of fraudulence. It is enriched by its nexus with international military powers, business houses and elite bureaucracy. In case of POSCO, it is a wise combination of three. South Korea's allegiance to American military-industrial complex is well-known. Indian central government preferring to conduct business worth billions with this camp tells quite a few things about changing preferences on national security issues. In addition, there is no business like selling off one's own lands. And ironically, this is the area where the national government of India has allowed for 100 percent foreign investment.

It primarily means that apart from the private properties that the rich landlord class of India has harbored, the vast land masses in forest and rural areas managed and cared for by the poor in a country that still "lives in villages" is always open for transactions. For the rich class in India, the Constitution provides for rights to their private

properties. For the poor, the same Constitution is used by the cunning ruling class to take away every human rights to the communal properties.

Communal properties, like human emotions, are supposed to be priceless. They are not owned, they are guarded. And those that safeguard the communal properties should logically be most loved and cared for. But in a society oppressed under individualistic norms, neither human values nor communal properties are taken care of in the interest of the humanity. Consequently, every bit of natural splendors is put on sale to the favored bidders of the class of privately propertied. It is the rich parasites of India who crave for not just the protection of their own properties but also for making good in dealing with communal properties that they historically have forced the poor to safeguard.

In the current neoliberal schemes of corporate expansions of profiteering sweatshop sectors, "investment" is the civilized term for feudal gains out of enslaved labors of landless guardians.

To the blind profiteers, it does not matter if the inhabitants refuse to part with their lands. It does not even matter if what they promise to the people in lieu of realizing their fast money-making opportunities is unkept. Not just the promises of compensations, but also promises of business goals themselves are kept aside as long as the loot is achieved in a shorter frame.

POSCO is yet another example of such fraud that satisfies the hunger of the government officials and business houses in the short run, and loses sight of the goals no sooner than the booty is collected in desired proportion.

POSCO has sought to ship 400 million tons of iron ore over a period of 30 years out of a captive iron ore mine capable of supplying 600 million tons of ore. And this unacceptable absurdity prevails even in the face of Indian Bureau of Mines estimates which depicts it as impractical proposition. India's iron ore reserves stand at 17,712.4 million tons, which include reserves of Hematite iron ore at 12,317.2 million tons and Magnetite iron ore at 5,395.2 million tons. The total production of iron ore in a fiscal year is around 120 million tones. Out of this, the indigenous consumption is about 60 million tones. The rest, which is used for purpose of exports is about 60 million tons.

It is extremely doubtful that a 30-year sustainability can be achieved out of such projected statistics for POSCO, even if one ignores the fact that local consumption of 200 million tones for 30 years is way shorter than the real market demands in the country today. At the same time, out of the uncommitted iron ore reserves of 2 billion tones that are estimated to be available in Orissa, 1.7 billion tones would be already consumed if the 36 MoUs signed with the Orissa Government are realized. The various MoUs account for 34 million tons of new steel capacity and eventually they will leave only 300 million tons for the POSCO project. Hence, even on the paper, such deals are blatantly shady. With 300 million tons availability, the state government has signed up to supply 600 million tons for POSCO.

POSCO is imagined to be exchanging 30 per cent of the 600 mt ore with iron ore of higher quality by exporting it. Interestingly enough, the company is not expected to be spending anything, since POSCO will not purchase iron ore from Orissa. POSCO has been given mining lease where it will take away iron ore by just paying royalty. Since the existing market rate for one tonne of iron ore ranges from Rs 2000 to Rs 26,000, and POSCO is supposed to take away additional 400 million tons of iron ore, the

company will be taking out of Orissa 1000 million tons of iron ore. Even at the manipulated figure of 600 mt (instead of 1000mt), POSCO is slated to take away iron ore worth more than Rs 10 lakh crore. At the minimum price (@ Rs 2000), POSCO will make Rs 1,20,000 crore, and after extraction costs, the net profit will be at least Rs 96,000 crore.

It's a quick-rich trumpet that merely blows about the capacity of 12 million tons per annum making the project not only the biggest in India but one of the biggest in the world. But before we embark upon realizing the 30-year dream of POSCO, we need to take into consideration the immediate needs of the millions of poor still languishing in Orissa.

Just as the blueprint for corporate success may be invalidated in view of statistical impossibilities, the promises for social upliftment are also as bogus as they come. Whereas even most mainstream media coverages acknowledge that at least 20,000 houses will have to be displaced, POSCO on its official website claims the following: "Interestingly, the topographic features like the soil and vegetation of Pohang (Korea) and Paradip (Orissa) are very comparable. The Pohang project was successfully able to rehabilitate 67,000 residents from the project site; this tremendous experience will be replicated in Orissa as well. The site near Paradip is sandy like Pohang, Korea. It also has stretches of forest like Pohang; the latest estimate says that about 2,000 people of 400 households have to be relocated from the site for the Orissa project whereas about 67,000 residents were rehabilitated for the project site in Pohang."

Drawing some grossly (and childishly) ambiguous parallels between Pohang and Paradip, the company lies through its tooth about the number of people going to be affected. First of all, households in the projected sites do not have nuclear families. Secondly, the number 400 is astoundingly rubbish. If the company can lay the foundation of lies on its purported victims, one can imagine the extent of manipulations it can resort to in order to maximize profits.

Even before the project has begun, many people have started fleeing from the area in search of livelihood. In a Times of India report headlined "Clashes over POSCO trigger migration in Orissa" , it is informed even by an organization which supports the plant that, "At least 500 people from the affected villages have migrated over three months either to other states such as Maharashtra, Andhra Pradesh and Punjab or to other districts in Orissa in search of livelihood." That, a company of such international stature even can afford to ignore the actual number of people who are going to be affected, tells quite much about the things yet to unfold.

And this is not even the beginning of the ordeal for the local poor. Some can of course migrate to other states once they know in advance that the land-grabbers are approaching. But the majority of potential victims are yet clueless. This is because, as of June of 2007, the Korean firm had acquired only 1,135 acres of land out of total 4,000 acres it requires for the project. So whose turn is it going to be next in both the plant site and the mining region? And what options are there for the people? To declare themselves as immigrants in their own lands or just displaced (to homelessness)?

What needs to be debated?

POSCO issue has generated lots of debates. On the face of it most engaged in the discussions are either heartily welcoming of it as a panacea, or are surprised by the manner it has been able to hoodwink the

people. Of course those that consider it to be a cure-all, have a stake in the culminated public perception that private capital is after all the way to go.

But what we need to deconstruct are the larger views held by those that oppose POSCO. Why a state government should purchase land for private concerns has surprised many. Bimal Jalan , a current Member of Parliament and formerly Governor of Reserve Bank of India says in an email response: "So far as land acquisition is concerned, it is not desirable for a state government to get directly involved in the purchase of land for a private company-unless there is an overwhelming public interest in doing so."

Such a view assumes, first that it is alright for the state to be a property pimp for private profiteers with certain conditions. Naturally such conditions keep changing based on who decides what is in the public interest. Ironically the most people who decide the "public interest" are the same bunch of state bureaucrats, and hence it is only a matter of their differential preferences over the company to which they intend to hand over the land, than any principled opposition against mass subjugation. Secondly, Jalan's comments are merely normative and they do not endorse a plan of action, something which none of the political parties are really doing anything about today in India.

The irony of POSCO crisis is that it has been boiled down into a moral concern. Either one is ethically opposed to it with a disdain, or looking forward to it as a magic potion. The reality is this crisis was long time coming and it must be utilized as a historical unfolding that requires critical attention. What is meant by this is that terms such as FDI, SEZ, etc., are merely coinages to grant legitimacy to the intent of the capitalists, than to acknowledge these as tools of the haves-class to wage war against the landless.

Shailesh Gandhi, leading RTI activist while vehemently opposing POSCO offers quite a few sound arguments: "The top priority of India must be provision of livelihood, and if any concessions have to be given, they should be linked to livelihood generation. Instead large businesses are being given great advantages, solely on the ground of large capital and the equity market is the major criterion of health of the economy after GDP." Here, the assumption is that India is indeed a socialist economy that needs to have its priorities straight to cater to the interest of the "livelihood generation".

One of the basic problems, then lies with the manner in which we perceive the Indian nation. Most liberal voices indeed still maintain the primary preposition that the state works for the people. Starting from such a hypothesis, they offer various solutions as regards to what subsequently then, the state should do in order to benefit the larger mass.

Absent from the entire equation of romanticized version of state patriotism is the real question of political economy. This is no hidden knowledge that after the departure of the British, the Indian state has consistently worked for the interest of the rich class that in its turn promoted the ruling elites. For more than four decades, the state served the interests of the propertied class in every way possible while etching out half-hearted five-year plans that remained largely devoid of sensible implementations. The stress on agrarian economy as a primary sector was also conducted to maintain the economic disparities, not to industrialize the needs of the people on their own lands. When the time came for state assistance to industrialize sectors, then domestic capitalist classes were given free hand to

choose and create industries on their own terms. As a result, the houses of Tatas, Birlas, Dalmiyas, Singhanias, Thappars, Ambanis etc increased their shares on public lands.

In the early 90's what transpired was nothing groundbreaking, and yet the era of liberalization or "free market" in India was hailed as though it was a break from the tradition. There were celebrations over the end of what one called the "license raj". Manmohan Singh was hailed as some architect of this new economy. And the non-Congress parties complimented Singh on this bold step that was perceived to be a break from Congress tradition.

The reality is Singh had merely continued the tradition of the ruling class interests of the country. The reason why even the BJP and its likes of right wing interests did not have much issues with liberalization was that they were in fact waiting for this to happen. Indeed, one might say that BJP was a creation of the liberalization process. It was only when the domestic capitalist classes of India decided to expand their business interests globally to earn profits in international currency, that the 'license raj' (which was so far maintained to strengthen the private business interest nationally) posed as a stumbling block.

And lo and behold! With the advent of MacMohan (pun intended!) policies, the private business concerns in India went up for celebrations; they were able to plant a bunch of bribe-seeking politicians (as colorfully illustrated by Tehelka, etc.) to do what they were best at doing: sell off the nationalized industries at dirt cheap prices to the capitalistic combines.

And they offered a sophisticated name to manipulate popular confidence in such hideous transactions: Disinvestment (and even established a ministry after such a name). Just as "Foreign Direct Investment" had become an accepted terminology, instead of calling it "Imperialistic Interests", likewise "Disinvestment" became legitimized which should have been termed "Loot-Raj" for that is exactly what was witnessed following such a political action.

The primary motive behind loot-raj was of course to strengthen the imperialistic interests. In the nicety of "swim together, sink together", the coalition of capitalistic class members was a necessity to fulfill the works they had set out to perform.

It would be extremely naïve at this point or any other to either be hopeful of the Indian state administration or their capitalistic partners, both at home and abroad, to either concede to popular demands or to look after the welfare of the people.

Indeed, it is stupid at the best, and reactionary at the worst to expect that things will change through requests, forums, petitions, and any sort of addressing to the India-POSCO combines. At the best they should be lauded for what they have set out to do, that is, carrying out the task of fulfilling their class interests.

Some friends of the progressive forces have raised the issue of "compensation for rehabilitation of displaced people". This is again unwarranted because by framing the phrase thus, we tend to really legitimize a few things: we end up assuming that people are truly displaced, that they are really in need of rehabilitation, and that higher compensation should prove useful.

This is an extremely dangerous approach that will merely work to pacify local agitation among people whereas the need is to organize workers movement world over. Private capital such as POSCO's always begins

from a gaining ground. That is to say, on the negotiation table, POSCO will always emerge the winner. There is no telling why they will be in a position to increase the compensation amount for people. Many political parties that are opposing POSCO, chiefly the left parties in India, are demanding higher compensations, than actually opposing the political system that has given rise to such a crisis. In response, POSCO with its massive funds has not only opened local offices in Kujang, it has also created an Oriya website to pacify the people and through its excellent public relations skills it has been able to partially convince the local people that its compensation package is the best.

Compensations are issues of consequences, not of cause. These are consequences within the capitalistic ruling terminology. Just as "charity" is. By such terms it is denoted that the rich can keep the poor pacified by throwing bread crumbs at them and getting rid of their own guilt (if any) or getting absolved of their crimes. A renowned Columbia University Professor of Economics and Law Jagdish Bhagwati suggests that:

"I would encourage the foreign multinationals to add to the benefits that their commercial activity must generally speaking bring to Orissa by also doing what is called Corporate Social Responsibility. It has now become a tradition for a couple of decades for the big firms to do something altruistic for the community in which they are situated. For example, building a playground, giving funds to local primary schools for supplies, aiding the destitute etc. Orissa authorities can surely suggest to the multinationals to do this, allowing them the choice of programs that they would like to support. Many of us individuals do the same, of course, and I call it ISR, Individual Social Responsibility. Thus, speaking for myself, I believe that my life's work as a Professor has been enormously helpful to the countless students I have trained. But I still do ISR, giving away large sums of money to the local church near Columbia University to support its program on helping the homeless rehabilitate themselves, and to organizations such as CRY in India."

Such pathological approach to social development has at its roots two assumptions: one, that everything is alright at the level of system status quo, meaning that it is not the political economic system that needs to be the issue, rather the trickling consequences that need to be taken care of, and two, those that are wronged need only to be rehabilitated with charity than be organized to take equal claims.

Of course any charity money such as "ISR" as described by Bhagwati are mere leftover funds and hence they are from the outset not meant to empower the dispossessed. And no empowerment deals with power issues where it is reduced to an economic dependence or slavery. Churches and NGOs do their great bit in caging peoples' aspirations to the basic minimum and such CSRs or ISRs are the primary factors encouraging such social mishaps.

POSCO has also heeded to calls from the elite intellectuals, the famous NRI propertied classes of professors and scientists in the Europe and the US, who stand to gain from an India modeled after the countries where they currently live and fantasize about capitalism as the solution. The Columbia professor in question should have only looked at the Bronx and Brooklyn poverty and Manhattan and Queens homelessness to offer solutions other than charity in the same city he "trains" countless students in.

The path of neoliberalism is strewn with surreptitious moves in action and words. In action, it aims to allow only a handful members of the rich class to dominate over

the mass of landless while colluding with their active collaborators drawn from the sections of people it would declare "upper middle class". In words, neoliberalism is depicted by fraudulent and cunning lexicon of comforting terms that are projected as unalterable normatives. Little wonder that words such as "charity" are associated with the rich class as a greatly generous act, and words such as beggary or stealing associated with the poor mass are denounced as lowly acts, without deconstructing that if not for formation of a class of charity actors, there would have been no scope for beggars and "thieves".

Instead of conscious efforts to study the genealogy of private properties that inevitably will, shall and should give rise to the crisis of capitalism where poor people are forced to choose between money in charities or jail terms, the sad and effete intellectuals that capitalism produces aplenty are concerned about solving the problems that POSCOs of the world face from the disgruntled masses.

Reuters provide its typical coverage on such an issue. In an article headlined, "Delays raise cost of POSCO's Orissa steel plant" , it sympathizes with the losses that POSCO has to bear due to people's unrest in the region. In the typical fashion characteristic of corporate media, the story interviews the POSCO bosses (in this case, POSCO-India's chairman and managing director Soungsik Cho), not the locals.

The displacement of more than 20,000 people does not become part of the headlines even in the most sensational of media reports. Even the fact that those workers who grow betel vines on state owned forest land would not be eligible for any financial package, does not raise enough eyebrows. Moreover the most necessary debate about financial packages themselves goes amiss from larger discourse.

Cultural Strategies of Class Society

Whereas the urban, upper class culture understands the language of success, achievement, media coverage, celebrity status, Americanization, globalization, or even nationalistic pride, there are uniquely guarded cultural traits among the indigenous peoples everywhere as well. The majority of people dwelling in the forest regions are intelligent, but illiterate, hardworking but unsuccessful, loyal but candidly honest as well. As a result, although they are able to carve out lives in the worst of weather, withstanding the natural onslaughts without regular assistance of the state, build their own homes without qualifying to receive bank loans, they are also almost usually straightforward in their dissent, vocal in protests and possessive when it comes to the rivers, and lands.

The corporate culture of urban India has similar socio-cultural backgrounds as that of their Korean counterparts. It is not surprising that the agony of combating conflicts raised by the lowbrow masses becomes equally intolerable to the capitalist fraternity. The crucial difference that lies between the poor and "backward" rural Orissa population, and the ambitious upper middle class Indians and Koreans is founded on economy, but is consolidated on cultural givens perpetuated by their respective class characters.

The problem would have perhaps been much less or perhaps grown more desirably complicated, had the have-nots class been deciding what would hold good for the haves-class. For example, if the victims of POSCO would have to prescribe what would be better for the development of the world, they could start with advocating for better irrigation projects, small scale village

cooperatives, and a ban on high-rises (to prevent unauthorized use of groundwater). There would always be shades of regressive and progressive thoughts when such idea would be entertained. Some villagers would indeed insist on reinforcing superstitions- even as most are merely based on the capitalist-sexist order of a propertied patriarchy.

However, the reality is the voices from the forests are choked by the mainstream media. With the media following their internal rules of thumb when it comes to define the legitimate sources for airing opinions (bureaucrats, business authorities), and they forming the larger framework for what is considered to be commonsense knowledge today, it is but natural that the struggle is entirely lopsided in favor of the educated opportunists.

In POSCO, it is still a 'Heads I Win, Tails You Lose' situation for the combine of ruling politicians, parasitical bureaucrats and the greedy capitalists. If the villagers don't cooperate, they will continue to face the wrath of the state. And now that they have displayed disdain against the local police who serve as custodian of capitalistic interests, the situation is merely going to be worse for the dissenting people. If they succeed at preventing the lands from being exploited, it is they and their family members who must endure the violence on their dignity for generations to come. And if they allow for the state to hoodwink them off their right to land, they will naturally be shoved to obscurity after some bundles of cash are thrown at them.

Those that advocate compensation theory for the displaced naturally assume that money holds greater value in society than human dignity. This is not entirely dramatic, since this holds true for many upper class people. But to conclude that the same notions of cut-throat competitiveness and zeal to walk upon corpses to climb power ladders are inherent with every villager is a dangerous presumption.

And in the maddening race to justify such presumptions as rules that can be generalized on behalf of the humanity, the first casualty/victim of inhuman greed often is the nature herself. Environmental concerns are relegated to backstage entirely by the same consciousness that denies Darwin and Global Warming. As a result, the long standing battle between the people out to protect their land, forest and river and the antagonized business class gets to the next level. Resorting to corruption of mind and morals, the rich class gets the various environmental boards to work for it.

No wonder, the State Pollution Control Board at Bhubaneswar even went ahead and gave clean chit to POSCO, much to the ire of the protesters. The protestors under the banner of a voluntary organization, Navnirmanamiti, had been vehemently opposing the issuance of a No Objection Certificate (NOC). "We are opposing the issuance of the NOC to POSCO by the State Pollution Control Board. We also want to know, on what basis the public hearing on the issue was held, as majority of the people who will be affected by the project were not present during the hearing," said Akshya Kumar, convener of a voluntary organization to the local media.

Rich get richer as poor state becomes poorer

Amidst the growing presence of POSCO, we must not lose focus of the great progress that people have been making in opposition to the global monster. Protests against POSCO have reached significant scales and it has rendered the state government entirely helpless. Not wanting to repeat the Kalinga Nagar massacres, the government has instead resorted to the trickery that modern

day democracies are famous for. Since the people could not be convinced to give up their lands, the Naveen Patnaik regime has offered 3500 acre of government land to POSCO just adjacent to the farm-lands of the threatened cultivators in a bid to compel them to sell away their rights to POSCO, else to face greater crisis. Bigger damages are inevitable since industrial wastes would not let the farmers live in peace in the same locality.

In a micro level study by Dr. M.Mishra, titled, "Health Cost of Industrial Pollution in Angul-Talcher Industrial Area in Orissa, India" , it was found that "economy forces change on the environment, which in turn reacts back forcing unforeseen changes on the economy", leading to people of Angul-Talcher sustaining a total health damage of Rs.1775.48 millions, per annum on an average.

Although the people bear the brunt of ecological disturbances, POSCO does not even pay its costs. POSCO plant won't have to worry about electricity or water, because it will be given the facilities by the state. It has already been authorized to produce electricity out of coal mines that it will be provided with; meaning it will not be paying for the coal. Even without a SEZ status, POSCO has been given enough leverages, also on the front of water. No estimates have been conducted as to the amount of water that will be utilized and of its source, in a drought-ridden state. Now that SEZ status is part of the MoU, naturally enough, POSCO will evade all the taxes even while exploiting the natural resources preserved so far by the population it aims to displace.

The Left front has opposed POSCO so far in as symbolic terms as they go. Only after the cat has spilled the milk, the tears have started flowing in. Prakash Karat said to The Hindu that, "We are not against FDI in the mining sector. But the country's mineral policy is faulty as it allows loot of our mineral wealth by foreign companies. Unless we challenge the country's mineral policy, we cannot fight the POSCO deal." So the official Left is not indeed opposed to Imperialism in practice, only that they want it in moderation. Such imbecile logic can only held in jest, not in contempt. The questions being asked in relation to POSCO are still industry-defined, not people-driven.

When it comes to people, questions are being asked related to the number of jobs that will be generated. As misleading the numbers can be, the neoliberal promoters always champion some or the other numerical value to put forward their advocacy. In this case, the talks of annual growth rates will come later perhaps, for now POSCO and Naveen Patnaik administration claim they will be providing direct jobs to 13,000 people, and 35,000 will get indirectly benefited. The quality of jobs are not discussed anywhere, for a state which is identified by its seasonal and disguised unemployment rates. Of course all these numbers include the daily wage laborers, the carpenters and tea-stall boys. Likewise another figure doing the rounds is how the state will gain Rs 22,500 crore in 30 years time and the central government making Rs 89,000 crores in that time period. This amounts to a total Rs 1,11,500 crores for 30 years. Of course this so-called net gain will entirely be used up in the process of granting of SEZ status to POSCO. And all this much ado for nothing is going to be in contrast to the Rs 10,00,000 crores worth of iron ore that Orissa will be giving away to POSCO, not to mention more than 6,000 acres of land, complimentary water, electricity, roads and railways.

Orissa is yet again getting prepared to be massively exploited. But that is just the beginning of the ordeal. What remains to be

seen is the extent to which imperialistic designs would continue to make inroads by either taking over, or giving cover to the domestic business partners in areas where the masses are likely to be perished under dual oppression.

## Paradigm Shift-6 ("Injecting Swabhimana into Odiatwa")

**Biswaranjan Jena**

Do you like to be treated as a second class citizen of your own country? No! Of course not, right? It is very disheartening as well as pathetic to see Odias and Odisa as a state being treated almost in a similar fashion in every aspect. Things are so bad that many Odias, ashamed of identifying themselves as an Odia or for that shake, avoid speaking odia in public. It is always true that individual "mAna" has always takes precedence over the "SwabhimANa" of Odias as a jATi. Hence many of us keep opting for quick fix solutions in order to move forward in life to be in pace with others. Many have accepted the first, some the later, but very few have adopted both and living a life of "Odiatwa". Some of us do cry foul on this regard but when it comes down to our own selves then we stay afoot. Taking advantage of our pathetic situations, both our states as well as the national political leaderships have exploited us in various ways. These include a range of denials, but not limited to the award of an institute of national status and all the way to the exploitation of Odisa's mineral reserves. Besides, even though a handful of us are aware of the situation and these exploitations, we keep our hand clasped together, considering our own self well being and hesitate to come forward against such nuisance.

If you look into the national & international arena, you will find many well established and reputed personalities among Odias, who have contributed and/or contributing immensely and have been making their marks as well. What we need is to bring all these great individuals together and let them flow with the direction of Odisa's cause and progress without hampering their own pursuit. If the great Jews could establish a Jewish state for the sake of motherland, if the great Germans can be united in the name of nationalism even after 50 years of separation, if Japanese could overcome the Hirosima catastrophe and dominance at the world stage, then why can't Odias do the same by restoring their self pride both in National and International level? In modern days, if individuals like Biju babu , Kelu babu , Manoj Dash , Sudarsan Pattnaik and many more can make the world known about Odias and their culture etc, then why should it be so difficult for us to carry that legacy forward with pride instead of letting it decayed over time and see others ruin our root, right in front of our eyes? If we don't prevent this happening today, then the days will be not far, when we will see Odisa being claimed by our neighbors. The history of Odisa is full of bravery about Odias and their expedition over many parts of the world. Hence, individually, Odias are no way lagging behind other communities in India, neither are they incapable nor do they lack guts to achieve a desired goal if they want to. Many say Odias are peace loving people, which I believe is true. But we must ask ourselves whether we should let this presumption rule over us and our future generation to come, or should we come out from this sweat marvel in order to stand up against injustice and show the world that there no way to ignore us anymore?

In order to avoid such calamities in the days to come and further exploitations of Odias as well as of Odisa, the first and foremost thing we need to do is to change our paradigm of thinking, and yes, make some personal sacrifices too. Odias have been evolving in various ways and I'm sure they will continue to do so in the coming days. Change is difficult but inseparable from progress. Many of us will resist the changes considering that it is not the right path or so, and hold onto it. But fortunately the process has already begun and set in motion by many of us in different forms, and it will continue to create our own experiences. What it needs most is a realization of these changes and shifting our own paradigm with a quicker adaptability in order to get the optimum utilization of it in every arena.

If Odias want to live a more fulfilled life, first they will have to realize their own potentials. For which, awareness is the best tool available and in today's information age it will not be difficult for us to bring this change rapidly. Awareness is the only methodology for this conciseness. Odias are awakening as their conscious awareness is expanding. None of us are perfect, but caring for creation takes new habits, new ways of thinking and subject to all acceptable changes in the modern society. Like the people of other language groups, Odias too are moving at an accelerated speed and our state of consciousness is transforming and transcending. But such paradigm shifting is not only to be felt but also need to be planted in the grass root level of the society for a better future of Odisa as well as the Odias.

# ଅନାମିକା କବିତା

ରାମକିଶୋର ଶର୍ମା
Rehabilitation Officer, VRC for Handicapped, Government of India
Unit 8, Bhubaneswar 12, Orissa

ରୋଷେଇ ଶାଳରୁ ରଣ ଭୂମି ଯାଏଁ
ଆଶାର କିରଣ ବିଚ୍ଛୁରିତ ହୁଏ ।
ହୀରୋସିମା ଯାଏ, ନାଗାସାକି ଯାଏ
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ପୃଷ୍ଠରୁ ସାଗରକୁ ଚାହେଁ –
ମନ ମୋ ଧାଇଁଛି ଶରୀର ବି ଯିବ
ଅଫୁଟା ଫୁଲତ ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ଫୁଟିବ ।
ହସି ହସାଇବି ହାରିକି ଜିତିବି
ପଥରରେ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟାଇ ପାରିବି ।
ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଧନୁର ସପ୍ତ ରଙ୍ଗକୁ
ତୁମ ଓଠରେ ମୁଁ ଝଲକାଇ ଦେବି ।
ଫିଙ୍ଗି ଦିଅ ଅସହାୟ ସାଜଟାକୁ
ଆଖିରେ ଲଗାଅ ଆଶା ଅଞ୍ଜନକୁ ।
ପଙ୍ଗୁ ନୁହେଁ ତୁମେ ମନରେ ପ୍ରାଣରେ
ଜଗତକୁ ଜିତ ମଧୁର ଭାଷାରେ ।

# କଥା ଏକ ବିକଳାଙ୍ଗର

( ହିନ୍ଦୀ ମୂଳରଚ଼ନା - ରାମ କିଶୋର ଶର୍ମା)



**Parasara Mishra**
parasara11@yahoo.ca
Toronto, Canada

ଏ' ସହରରୁ ସେ ସହର
ଏ' ପ୍ରଦେଶରୁ ସେ' ପ୍ରଦେଶ
ପ୍ରଦେଶର ରାଜଧାନୀରୁ ଦେଶର ରାଜଧାନୀ
ସବୁ ମହାନଗରୀର
ସବୁ ବଡ଼ବାବୁ, ହାକିମ, ମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ, ମୁଖ୍ୟମନ୍ତ୍ରୀଙ୍କ
ଦପ୍ତରରେ ଗୋଡ଼ଭାଙ୍ଗି, ମୁଣ୍ଡ ପୋତି, ହାତ ଯୋଡି
ଅଭିଯୋଗ, ଅଭିମାନ କରି କରି
ନିରାଶ, ହତୋତ୍ସାହ ମୁ ଅନ୍ଧକାର ଓ ଦୁଃଖର ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟରେ !

ବାପା, ମା, ଭାଇ, ଭଉଣୀ, ମଉଷା, ମାଉଷୀ, ଅଜା, ଆଇଙ୍କ
ସ୍ନେହ, ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା, ମମତା ନ ପାଇ
ବନ୍ଧୁ, ବାନ୍ଧବୀ, ଗୁରୁଜନଙ୍କ କଟୁକଥା ସହି ସହି
କରୁଛି ମୁଁ ମୋ ଜୀବନର ରକ୍ତନଦୀ ସନ୍ତରଣ
ଦୁଃଖ, ପୀଡ଼ା, କ୍ଲେଶ ଓ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାରେ ।

ଏ' ସମାଜର ମୂକ ଓ ବଧିର ମୁଁ
ନା କଥା କହିପାରେ ନା ମୁଁ ଶୁଣିପାରେ
ଭାଷା ଓ ଶବ୍ଦର ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟରେ ଗଢ଼ା
ଧ୍ୱନି ଓ ପ୍ରତିଧ୍ୱନିର କୋଳାହଳକୁ
ନୀରବତାର ଦୁନିଆରୁ ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ବୁଝିପାରେ
ମୋ ଦୁଃଖରେ, ମୋ ପୀଡ଼ା, ମୋ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାରେ
ମୁଖାପିନ୍ଧା ଏ' ସମାଜର
ଭଦ୍ରଲୋକଙ୍କ ଛଳନା, ପ୍ରତାରଣା ଓ କୁତ୍ସାରଟନାକୁ !

ମୂକ, ବଧିର, ଅନ୍ଧ କହି
ମୋତେ ଥଟ୍ଟା, ମଜା, ପରିହାସ କରୁଥିବା ଭଦ୍ରଲୋକ
କାମ, କ୍ରୋଧ, ଲୋଭର ଚ଼ଷୁରେ
ତମ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ତ ଦେଖୁଅଛି
ଧର୍ଷଣ, ଲୁଣ୍ଠନ, ଅନ୍ୟାୟ, ଅନୀତି
ଜାତି-ଧର୍ମ ନାମରେ ରାଜନୀତି, ହାଣ-କାଟ, ଅପକର୍ମ
ଆଖି ଥାଇ ତମେ ସବୁ ଯଦି ଅନ୍ଧ
ତମେ ବା କେମିତି ଦେଖିବ ମୋ ଅନ୍ଧାରର ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟରେ
ବିକଳାଙ୍ଗଙ୍କ ସ୍ନେହ, ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧା, ଅନୁକମ୍ପା ଓ ଆତ୍ମୀୟତାର
ଆଲୋକକୁ !

ତମ ଚ଼ିନ୍ତା ଓ ଚ଼େତନାରେ
ତମ ଜ୍ଞାନ, ଗରିମା, ତମ ଔଦ୍ଧତ୍ୟ, ତମ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱର
ଅହଙ୍କାରରେ
ତମେ ଯଦି ଈର୍ଷା କରିବ
ନଦୀର ଆଗକୁ ବଢ଼ିବାର ଉନ୍ମାଦନାକୁ
ଗଛରେ ଫୁଲ ଫୁଟିବାର କମନୀୟତାକୁ
ମୁକ୍ତ ଆକାଶରେ ପକ୍ଷୀର ଡେଣା ପିଟି ଉଡ଼ିବାର ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତାକୁ
ତେବେ ତମକୁ ଦୟା, କରୁଣା, ମମତାର ଭିକ ନ ମାଗି
ମୁଁ ବିକଳାଙ୍ଗଟିଏ
ଜୀବନ କାଟିବି ମୋର ଅନ୍ଧକାର, ନୀରବତାର ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟରେ !

◈ ◈ ◈

Parasara Mishra lives in Toronto with his wife, Rekha and daughter, Lipi and is actively involved with the oDiA community here in Canada.

# ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ ପୃଷ୍ଠପୋଷକତାରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକୃତ

# An oDishA bikasha Initiative (OBI)-PeFFSED Joint Venture
# PROJECT PROGRESS REPORT

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Title** | Updation on Sarat Vegetable and Cash Crop Farming [Year 3: 2006-07] | | |
| **Related Project** | Sarat Vegetable and Cash Crop Farming | | |
| **Report drafted by** | Hippu Salk Kristle Nathan | **Drafted on** | May 07, |
| **Report reviewed** | Chinmaya Nayak | **Reviewed** | May 07, |
| **Remarks** | This report may act both as a reference document for the supporting agency, and as a document to be published for general viewing | | |

- *Detailed description of the progress made so far –*

## 1 Overview

This report encapsulates the progress of Sarat Vegetable and Cash crop project undertaken by PeFSSED in the financial year 2006-07. For this financial year, the project has been funded by Orissa Bikas Initiative (OBI). OBI is an USA based organization working devotedly for the all round development of Orissa.

This project was started in the villages of Sarat area during 2004. Upon the feedback of PeFSSED member, Mr Baidyanatha Singh, we conducted a survey on socio-economic status of the people in the four villages, Dangadhia, Khukundu, Paterpada and Jambani of Sarat area of Kapatipada block of Mayurbhanj District. The 'diversification in agriculture' was identified as the primary and key means for their economic growth and sustainability. After taking the people into confidence, PeFSSED launched vegetable and cash crop farming project for the very same season of 2004-05.

A brief account of the progress made in the two prototyping year is given in this report. In the third year the project was kicked off with an external support from OBI. PeFSSED expanded the activity to three more villages based on the support from OBI and on the rapport and good-will already built in the area.

PeFSSED ensured full participation of the people and followed a methodology that made the monitoring and evaluation of the entire activity easy.

## 2 Progress in the prototyping phase (2004-05, 2005-06)

The project spanned across few groups in four villages in the first two years with impressive progress even without any external financial assistance. PeFSSED conducted a survey on the socio-economic status and livelihood pattern in the villages and motivated the farmers, on door-to-door basis, to join hands with PeFSSED's venture. Meetings with farmers were conducted in all the three villages separately. Decisions were made with regard to the kinds of

seeds to be distributed, the sowing timing and logistics of distribution. A group approach was followed with each group consisting 10 to 25 farmers. The group representatives, who acted as communication link between PeFSSED office and the groups, decided to meet every month to discuss the progress and to sort out the problems.

The strategy was to follow a self-sustainable model. The farmers would be given the seeds in the initial season, and they would have to return the equivalent/more amount of seeds so that the deficiency of seeds could be met in the next year to cover new groups in the same villages. That can make the project self-sustainable, and with external assistances the project can easily be expanded to nearby villages of the same area. Looking at the progress made by the villages, the government has extended a helping hand to the farmers' endeavor. The Integrated Tribal Development Authority (ITDA) under Joint Forest Management (JFM) has offered one sprinkler (Figure 2) set each to the villages of Dangadiha and Khukundu.



**Figure 1:** Niger cultivation in Dangadiha [Date: Nov 25, 2004]



**Figure 2:** Cauliflower and cabbage cultivation. Sprinklers given by ITDA are seen [Date: Nov 25, 2004]



**Figure 3:** Tomato cultivation in Khukundu [Date: Nov 26, 2004]

In these two years, the 'adverse condition in the weather' was a major bottleneck in achieving the target, we have set for ourselves. Yet, the hard working farmers, through their determined and consistent effort brought smiles to the field, and in turn to their families. The count of households from these four villages who got directly benefited from the project is listed in Table 1.

| Village Name | No of Household Benefited |
|---|---|
| Dangadhia | 88 |
| Khukundu | 18 |
| Paterpada | 15 |
| Jambuni | 18 |

Table 1: Benefited Household count

"Seed distribution" is a project of its first kind for PeFSSED. We sincerely hope the experiences with the villagers will go a long way in future.

## 3 Assistance from OBI

PeFSSED floated a proposal to OBI to assist the Sarat vegetable and cash crop project. OBI meticulously evaluated the project and agreed to fund for the project for the year 2006-07. The support reached at the right time in expanding the project to new groups, new villages. The project was financed in two phases first in Jun 2006 and second in Nov 2006.

## 4 Coverage and Distribution

Three efficient groups from three villages were benefited from this external assistance. 100kg of Mustard, 325kg of Niger and 60 kg of vegetables seeds were distributed. The three farmer groups (clubs) have 10, 12 and 32 members with no group having 2 members from same family, and that way total 54 families were benefited. Table 2 briefs the beneficiary groups and different seeds distributed.

**Table** The seed distributed to different groups in 2006-07

| Sl. No | Group Name | Num of Memebrs | Village Name | Type of seeds | Appx. amt |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | BIDU-CHANDAN FARMERS CLUB | 10 | RUGUDI, KALAMGADIA | Mustard | 25 kg |
| | | | | Niger | 50 kg |
| | | | | Vegetable | 20 kg |
| 2 | SIDO-KANHU FARMERS CLUB | 12 | RUGUDI, KALAMGADIA | Mustard | 25 kg |
| | | | | Niger | 75 kg |
| | | | | Vegetable | 15 kg |
| 3 | BIRBAGAN KRUSHAKA CLUB | 32 | RANIPKHURI | Mustard | 50 kg |
| | | | | Niger | 200 kg |
| | | | | Vegetable | 25 kg |

**Support and Result**

Mr Sarat Kumar Swain, who was part of PeFSSED as well as OBI facilitated the financial assistance. Mr Bdhiram Biswal, Director Projects of PeFSSED Balasore branch coordinated with the transfer of funds from PeFSSED Balasore bank account to Mr Baidyanath Singh, Director Operations of PeFSSED Balasore branch.



**Figure 4:** Niger cultivation at Sarat [Date: Oct 25, 2006]



**Figure 5:** Mr Budhiram Biswal from PeFSSED@Balasore on a visit to Sarat [Date: Oct 25, 2006]

Due to the remarkable effort by Mr Baidyanath Singh at Sarat the funds obtained from OBI was utilized to its fullest. And the result - *sprawling unused fields for years had beautiful yellow cover with Niger flowers*. This time the impact was not only limited to a successful harvest, but also resulted into two prong success of – i) Cooperative Seed bank Society and ii) Krushak Awareness Program.

## 5 Cooperative Seed bank Society

The present project is a part of the bigger target of a cooperative seed bank that has been envisioned for the entire district of Mayurbhanj. The bank will operate with the same strategy of a self-sustainable-

growth model that is followed from the beginning of the project. After each harvest, the extra seeds will be purchased back by the organization with a little higher price than the local market price. All these seeds will be conserved scientifically so that there would be enough seeds to benefit more farmers in the next monsoon. Farmers will also be relieved from the risk of storing the seeds during the off seasons.

Concepts of this *ravi cash crops* and *seed bank* need to be popularized through seminars, public meetings and awareness programs. The following section gives a brief account of the Krushak awareness camp that was organized this year.

## 6 Krushak Awareness Program - 2006

Krushak Awareness Program-2006 was organized at the Community space of Sarat area on 25th Oct 2006. The awareness program aimed to popularize the approach that is being adopted by PeFSSED in the last three years and to make the govt. and other important authorities aware of the aforementioned strategies. Moreover, the program motivated the farmers further by awarding the efficient groups with farming instruments.



**Figure 6:** Mr Baidyanath Sing giving a brief account of the progress [Date: Oct 25, 2006]



**Figure 7:** Hundreds of farmers who participated in the program [Date: Oct 25, 2006]

- The distinguished panel of guests attending this function included Chief Guest, Mr Jatish Ch Mohanty (Ex Principal Secretary, AP), Lalit Mohan Mohanty, AGM, Nalco, Baripada NABARD branch AGM, and officers from ITDA (Kaptipada), ADAO, (Udala), Lead Bank Manger (Baripada) and Horticulture Officer (Udala). PeFSSED Mumbai was represented by Project Associate Mr Badri Narayan and PeFSSED Balasore was represented by branch Director of Projects Mr Budhiram Biswal.



**Figure 6:** Mr Jatish Mohanty addressing the mass [Date: Oct 25, 2006]



**Figure 7:** Guests in the lush field [Date: Oct 25, 2006]

The chief guest Mr Jatish Mohanty shared his vast experiences of rural development administration of the neighboring state of Andhra Pradesh. The Lead bank manager committed a loan of Rs 50,000/- without any mortgage. The administration of NABARD promised for lift irrigation points. There were supports for the program from all around. Mr Baidyanatha Singh was praised for his commendable job.

## 7 Expenditure of the financial year (2006-07)

The following table briefs the utilization of the OBI funds under various activities.

| **Expenditure Head** | | **Amount in Rs** |
|---|---|---|
| **A. Seeds** | | |
| Niger (3.25 Quintals) | 3000.00 per Quintal | 9750.00 |
| Mustard (1 Quintal) | 3000.00 per Quintal | 3000.00 |
| Vegetable (60 kg) | 75.00 per kg | 4500.00 |
| Seeds transportation | | 650.00 |
| Seeds storage (sacks, bags) | | 300.00 |
| ***Sub total of A.*** | | **18200.00** |
| **B. Personnel** | | |
| Representative stipend (4 persons for 4 months [1 for group 1 & 2 and 2 for group 3 [Refer Table 2]) | Rs 300.00 per person per month | 4800.00 |
| Availing Consultancy Service of Agriculture Experts | | 2000.00 |
| ***Sub total of B.*** | | **6800.00** |
| **C. Conveyance** (filed tour, vehicle rent, travel of members for project work) | | 2500.00 |
| **D. Office Stationary** (register, loose paper etc) | | 500.00 |
| **E. Communication** (internet, phone bill) | | 2000.00 |
| **F. Documentation** (Photocopy, print outs, photographs) | | 1000.00 |

| | |
|---|---|
| ***Sub total of C.+ D.+ E.+ F.*** | **6000.00** |
| **G. Krushak Awareness Program – 2006** | |
| Stage, audio, arrangement of table, chair (tent house rent) | 2500.00 |
| Snacks | 1500.00 |
| Guest logistics | 1850.00 |
| ***Sub total G.*** | **5850.00*** |
| **Grand Total** | **36850.00** |

*actually approx Rs 8500/- was spent on KAP-2006, but the balance was taken from PeFSSED's contingency fund.

**Table 3.** Expenses of 2006-07

## 8 Difficulties faced and Lessons learnt

### 8.1 Gap in Communication

The implementation phase of the project was the last four calendar months of the year. Even the harvest spills over to the Jan-Feb of next year. November, December is the time when the crops are in full blown state. This way the project life cycle falls well inside one financial year, but not inside a calendar year. This point was not made clear to OBI by PeFSSED. Hence, there was an expectation from OBI of an intermediate report by PeFSSED in Sep 2006, as a prerequisite to the release of second phase of funding. This clarification was made afterwards.

### 8.2 Change in internal dynamics in PeFSSED

During this project cycle, Mr Baidyanath Singh got involved with a local organization named Pancha Palli Bikash (PPB). As per Baidya's information PPB was an old dying organization, and he was given the responsibility to revive the same. Hence, with immediate notice he took over as the in-charge of the said organization, and expressed his inability to give a full-fledged commitment to the project. This unexpected change in internal dynamics derailed the activity at Sarat for some days. But PeFSSED was keen on having the project in the proposed way. Hence, Baidya continued his association with PeFSSED as an associate member. And within a few days time, things restored to normal. Sincere thanks to OBI, (particularly Mr Satya Das) for its continual support and confidence with PeFSSED.

### 8.3 Late and slow updation

One major shortcoming in the project was very slow and late project progress updation to OBI. Because of lack of internet facility at Sarat workstation, the change in internal dynamics was partly responsible for this delay. But this delay was further amplified by documentation team at Mumbai. Due to this lackadaisical effort by the documentation team, this report could not be submitted in time to OBI be published in Jan-07 edition of Duradrusti, the journal of Odia Samaj. We regret for this and will rectify ourselves to avoid such situation in future.

## 10 Future

'Development is Freedom' – this is what PeFSSED philosophizes and professes. 'Freedom from hunger' is the first and foremost link in this 'chain' of 'development'. The Sarat Vegetable and Cash crop and farming project is an attempt in that direction.



**Figure 8:** The present and the future [Date Nov 25, 2004]

The above picture was captured more than two and half years before. Still we felt this picture holds the relevance that symbolizes the mission of development we had envisioned through our cash crop and vegetable farming project. A developing India will soon take the steps towards the status of a real developed nation with its lush green field embracing her cheerful children with their hands and minds free to play and study.

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# ମାଟି ମା'

ଶ୍ରୀନିବାସ ନାୟକ
ରାଜଭବନ ରୋଡ, ସୋମାଯିଗୁଡା, ହାଇଦ୍ରାବାଦ୍

ପାଦ ଦେଇଛି ତୋ'ରି କୋଳରେ
ଏ ଜନମ ପାଇଛି ଯେବେଠୁ,
ଆଖି ଖୋଲି ଦେଖିଛି ଯେବେଠୁ
ତୋ ଚଉତା ଶାଢୀ କାନି,
ଚାରି ଛଅ ପରସ୍ତ,
ତାକୁ ବୋଧେ ଚିହ୍ନିଛି ମୁଁ
ମୋ ଗାଁ ଘରର
ଅଗଣା ବୋଲି ।

ଗୁରୁଣ୍ଡି ଗୁରୁଣ୍ଡି
କେତେ ବାଟ ଯାଇଥିଲି
ଦାଣ୍ଡ ପିଣ୍ଡାର
ସର ସର ବାଲିକୁ ଏଡାଇ,
ଠୁକୁ ଠୁକୁ ଚାଲିରେ ମୋ
ଯାଇଛି ସେ କୁନି ପାଦ
କେତେ ଅବା
ଗାଁ ଦାଣ୍ଡ
ଧୂଳିକୁ ଉଡାଇ ।

ଏଇ ମୋ ଗାଁ ନଇଟୁଠ,
ତୋ ସେନେହ ମମତା ଝର
କେତେ ଯେ ସମୟ ମୁଁ
ବିତେଇନି କହ;
ନିଜକୁ ହଜାଇ
ସେଇ ତୋ' ର
ସରଧା ସୁଅରେ?
ମନେଅଛି ମୋ ଆଜି ବି
ଗାଁ ଦାଣ୍ଡର ସେଇ
ଲୁଚକାଳି ଖେଳ,
ବେଳବୁଡ
ସଂଜବେଳର ସେ
ଛୁଆଁ ଛୁଇଁ ଖେଳ,
ଧାଁ ଦଉଡର ବଜାର
ତୋ'ରି ଏ ନିଥର ଛାତିରେ ।

ତୋ'ରି ସବୁଜ ପନତ,
ଅଂଗେ ଅଂଗେ ମୋ ଦେଇଛି ଜୀବନ
ତୋ'ରି ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ବାସ୍ନା,
ହୃଦୟ ମୋ ଭରିଛି ପରାଣ
ଯା'ର ଅଂଗେ ଅଂଗେ ଲେଖା,
ମୋ'ରି ଏ ଜୀବନ ଅତୀତ
କେମିତି ଭୁଲିବି ତୋତେ?
ତୁ ପରା,
ମାଟି ମା' ମୋର

# ସଜନୀ ଗୋ!

ଗଗନ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ
g.panigrahi@rogers.com
ଟରଣ୍ଟୋ, କାନାଡା,
ତା ୨୫ ୨ ୨୦୦୭ ରିଖ

ସଜନୀ ଗୋ!
ଯେବେ ଦେଖେ ଅକସ୍ମାତେ
କମନୀୟ ଅପରୂପ ତବ,
ମନ ମଧ୍ୟେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୁଏ ତାର ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ,
କଂପିଯାଏ ମମ ଅବୟବ ।

ତୁମର ସେ ନୀଳ ଆଖି,
ମନ ମୋର ଯାଏ ଲାଖି,
ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ଭାଷାରେ ସତେ ଅବା
ଡାକେ ମୋହେ'ଆସ ଆଗୋ!
ମୁଁ ଯେ ତୁମର ସଖୀ ' ।

ତୁମର ସେ ଘନ ବାଦଲର କେଶ,
ନାନା ଢଙ୍ଗେ ତାହାର ବିନ୍ୟାସ,
ଲାଗେ ରେଶମୀ ବସନ ସଦୃଶ,
ଢାଙ୍କିଛି ମୁଁ ମୁହଁ ସେଥି,
ତେଜି ଉଷ୍ଣ ଶ୍ୱାସ ।

ଗୋଲାପ ବୃନ୍ତର ଅଧର,
କରେ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ ଅଧୀର,
ଚୁମ୍ବିଅଛି ମୁହିଁ ଶତବାର,
ରୂପନେଇ ମଧୁ ମକ୍ଷିକାର ।

ମସୃଣ ସେ ଜାନୁ ଯୁଗଳ,
ସଯତନେ ତବ ଗଭୀର ମୂଳେ,
ଖଞ୍ଚିଛି ଚଂପା ଓ ମଲ୍ଲିର ମାଳେ
ସାଥେ ତବ ସଘଂଚ କୃଷ୍ଣ କେଶ,
ବିତରଣ କରେ ସୁଗନ୍ଧ ସୁବାସ ।

ସଖୀ ! ନାସାଗ୍ର ତୁମ୍ଭର,
କେତକୀ ପୁଷ୍ପ ଆକାର,
ଚେଷ୍ଟିତ ମୁଁ ତା'ରେ ଦଂଶିବାର,
କାହିଁ କେତେ ଶତ ସହସ୍ର ବାର ।

ମୃଦୁ ହାସ୍ୟେ ଭୁଲତା ତୁମ୍ଭର,
ନୃତ୍ୟରତା ସତେକି ମୟୂର,
କଟାକ୍ଷ ବାଣରେ କରଇ ଆଘାତ,
ହୁଏ ମୋ ହୃଦୟ କ୍ଷତ ବିକ୍ଷତ ।

ମୁଖତବ ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମାର ଶଶୀ,
ଚକ୍ଷୁ ତହିଁ ଉଠଇ ଝଲସି
ମୁକ୍ତା ପ୍ରାୟ ପାଏ ସିଏ ଶୋଭା,
କରେ କେତେ ମନ ମୋର ଲୋଭା ।

ଗୌରବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନଗ୍ନ ନିତମ୍ବ ତୁମ୍ଭର,
ଚୁମ୍ବିଅଛି ମମ କଂପିତ ଅଧର,
ତେଜି ଉଷ୍ଣ ବାଷ୍ପ ଘନ ଘନ,
ବଢାଇ ହୃଦୟେ ସ୍ପନ୍ଦନ ।

ଝଲସେ ଯେହ୍ନେ ପ୍ରବାଳ,

ଶିହରଣେ କଂପାଇ ଗଣ୍ଡ ସ୍ଥଳ,
କରିଛି ମୋ ପ୍ରାଣ ଆକୁଳ ।

ସଖୀ, ନୁହେଁ କେବଳ ତବ ଅବୟବ,
ପାଗଳ ମୁଁ କରି ଅନୁଭବ,
ସ୍ୱର୍ଗ ସୁଖ ମୋ ପକ୍ଷେ ହୋଇଛି ସମ୍ଭବ,
ଆସି ମୁହିଁ ସଂସ୍ପର୍ଶରେ ତବ ।

ତୁମର ସେ କୋମଳ ହୃଦୟ,
ସିଞ୍ଚେ ଶୀତଳ ବାରୀ ଅହରହ, ମୁକ୍ତା ପ୍ରାୟ,
ଶୁଭ୍ର ପବିତ୍ର କମନୀୟ କାନ୍ତି,
ଜୀବନେ ମୋ ପରସିଛି ଅଶେଷ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତି ।

ସଜନୀ ଗୋ, ଯେତେ ଥାଉ ରୂପ ରେଖ,
କ୍ଷଣ ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ଦୈହିକ ସଂପର୍କ,
ନ ମିଳିଲେ ଏକ ପ୍ରାଣେ ଆର ପ୍ରାଣ ଟିକ,
ନ ମିଳିବ କେବେ ଦୁନିଆରେ ନୈସର୍ଗିକ ସୁଖ ।

♦♦♦♦♦

Walnut Creek, California



ନନ୍ଦିଘୋଷ ରଥ
Painting by Smt.Shivangi Mishra,

# Budget Airline for Orissa

PRASANNA KUMAR MISHRA, I.A.S.(Retd.)

After the telecom sector, the other sector which looks to me vibrant in India is the civil aviation sector. This is a sector where things have started happening. A city like Pune getting an international connection; cities like Bangalore and Hyderabad having regular flights for international destinations and private airlines from India flying abroad make one feel happy. Determination exhibited by promoters like Capt Gopinath has been commendable. Indians have started realizing the advantage of flying. Some promoters have been propelled by lofty idea that our people deserve to go places by air though cheap flights. India currently has three low cost airlines—Air Deccan, SpiceJet and GoAir. At least three more are expected to commence operation next year.

While more and more people are now flying and taking advantage of cheap flights, Orissa seems to be mostly out of the zone of revolution, which presently is churning the Indian sky. True, Bhubaneswar has been having a daily connection with Hyderabad in a service of Sahara Airlines and Air Deccan operates daily flight to and from Kolkata. Of late,however, the evening flight of Air Deccan has been suspended; but the morning flight continues. Indian Airlines operates daily flights from and to Mumbai and Delhi and also connects cities of Chennai and Hyderabad on some days of the week. Except the Air Deccan's schedule, no other timing is oriented towards convenience of the passengers resulting in waste of working hours both at Bhubaneswar as well as at the destination points. The fare structure is so high that it costs more for a return fare on Mumbai-Bhubaneswar route or on Delhi-Bhubaneswar route than a return fare on Mumbai-Dubai or Chennai-Singapore route. There is no air connectivity with any other town of Orissa.

There is reasonable amount of industrial or commercial activity at a number of places in the state at present and one could think of air connections to such places. We could consider places like (i) Jharsuguda,(ii)Rourkela,(iii) Barbil, (iv)Sukinda, and (v) Therubali. All these places have airstrips. Details may be relevant.

(i) Jharsuguda—surface—Tar macadam; 6300x150ft.

(ii) Rourkela---surface—Tar macadam; 4000x100ft.

(iii) Barbil-------surface—Kutcha; 3000x150ft

(iv) Sukinda-----surface---Tar macadam; 2925x130ft

(v) Therubali----surface---Tar macadam; 4000x200ft.

It has been reported recently that a group of US- based NRIs are planning to join the low cost airline boom in India. Mr. Umapathy Pinaghapani, who runs an IT consulting firm and food distribution chain in the USA, along with four other NRIs and some Indian partners have plans for a low cost airline to operate from Chennai. Their plan is to connect major metros of the country with major focus on cities in south India. The promoters are likely to seek the services of expatriate professionals to run the airline.

It is my hope that some enterprising non resident Oriyas who have proved their talent and have been successful in their profession

abroad would come forward to promote a low cost airline which would provide intra-state connectivity and also connect Bhubaneswar with places like Goa; Mumbai; Delhi; Kolkata; Bangalore and nearby cities like Vishakhapatnam, Raipur and Ranchi. The Orissa towns and the nearby cities mentioned above could be connected with appropriate aircraft having about twenty seats. The major cities have to be connected with bigger aircraft offering about eighty to hundred seats. A no-frill economical airline oriented towards serving the state would facilitate faster economic integration of the state and serve as a catalyst for faster growth of industry, tourism and trade. When the Indian skyline is increasingly having new players it is desirable that a state so rich in natural endowments also benefits from similar initiative. Who else one turns to other than the worthy children of the state living away from their place of birth for promoting this type of venture?

# ସେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା

ରାନୁ ମହାରଣା, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର

ରାନୁ ମହାରଣା ୧୯୬୮ ମସିହା ଫେବ୍ରୁୟାରୀ ୨୯ ତାରିଖରେ କଟକ ଜିଲାର ମିର୍ଜାରପୁର ଗ୍ରାମରେ ଜନ୍ମ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିଥିଲେ । ପିତା ମାତା ହେଲେ ସୁଧାକର ଓ ହେମଲତା ମହାରଣା । ଧରିଣୀ ବୁକୁରେ କୁନି କୁନି ପାଦରେ ଚାଲିବା ଆଗରୁ ପୋଲିଓରେ ଆକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୋଇ ସାରା ଜୀବନ ପାଇଁ ପଙ୍ଗୁ ହୋଇଗଲେ । କିନ୍ତୁ ମନରେ ସେ କେବେ ପଙ୍ଗୁ ହୋଇ ନାହାନ୍ତି । ସ୍ୱାମୀ ବିବେକାନନ୍ଦ ମେମୋରିଆଲ କଲେଜ୍, ଜଗତସିଂହପୁରରୁ ସ୍ନାତକ ଡିଗ୍ରୀରେ ସଫଳ ଭାବରେ ଉତ୍ତୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ୧୯୯୩ ମସିହାରୁ ଓଡିଶା ସରକାରଙ୍କ ଅଧିନରେ କୃଷି ଯନ୍ତ୍ରପାତି କାରଖାନା, ସତ୍ୟ ନଗର, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱରରେ (୨୫୦ ୧୬୬୦) ନିଯୁକ୍ତ ହୋଇଛନ୍ତି । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ ଯେ ମନ ମଜବୁତ କଲେ ପଙ୍ଗୁତ୍ୱ ମୁହଁ ଲୁଚାଇ ଯିବ ।

ସେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା
ବିନା ଓଠ ଖୋଲାରେ ।
ହାତ ତାର ହଲୁଥିଲା
ଆଖିପତା ନାଚୁଥିଲା ।
ସେ ତାଳରେ ତାଳ ଦେଇ ତା ମୁଖର ଭାବଭଙ୍ଗି
କ୍ଷଣ କ୍ଷଣ ବଦଳି ତ ଯାଉଥିଲା ।
ଓଠରେ ଓଠ ଖାଳି ପିଟି ହୋଇ ଯାଉଥିଲା ।
ଶବ୍ଦ ଖାଲି ଆ ··· ଉ ··· ଆସୁଥିଲା ।
ତଥାପି ସେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା ।
କିଛି କ୍ଷଣ ପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ହଜିଗଲି ।
ତା ଅସହାୟର ଧକ୍କା
ମୋ ବୁକୁରେ ପିଟି ହୋଇ ଯାଉଥିଲା ।

ମୁଁ କିଛି କହିବାକୁ ଚାହୁଁଥିଲି
ହେଲେ ମୋ ଓଠ ଆପେ ସିଇଁ ହୋଇଗଲା ।
ତା' ପରି ମୋ ହାତ ବି ହଲିଲା
ଆଖି ଓଠ ସେ ତାଳେ ନାଚିଲା ।
ମନରେ ମୋ ଝଡ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହେଲା ।
ତା'ର ମନ କଥା ଆପେ ସବୁ ବୁଝି ହୋଇଗଲା ।
ସେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା, ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଶୁଣୁଥିଲି
ସବୁ ଆଡେ ଶୁନ୍‌ସାନ୍
ସେ ହସୁଥିଲା, ମୁଁ ମଧ୍ୟ ହସୁଥିଲି ।
ମୁଁ ସବୁ ଶୁଣି ପାରୁଥିଲି - ସିଏ ଯାହା କହୁଥିଲା ।
ସେ ସତରେ କିଛି କହୁଥିଲା ।

# ଜୀବନ

## ଇନ୍ଦିରା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ

ଇନ୍ଦିରା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକଙ୍କ ଜନ୍ମ ୧୯୫୩ ମସିହା । ଓଡିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟରେ ସ୍ନାତକୋତ୍ତର ଶିକ୍ଷା ସମାପ୍ତ କରିବା ବେଳକୁ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣାରେ ମେରୁଦଣ୍ଡରେ ଆଘାତପ୍ରାପ୍ତ, ହୋଇଥିଲେ । ଏବଂ ତା'ପରେ **wheelchair**ରେ ଜୀବନଯାପନ । ୧୯୮୯ଠାରୁ ମସିହା ଠାରୁ ଭୁବେନେଶ୍ୱରସ୍ଥ ଭୀମବୋଇ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିହୀନ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିବାଧିତ ପିଲାମାନଙ୍କୁ ଶିକ୍ଷାଦାନରେ ଲିପ୍ତ । ପ୍ରକୃତିରେ ଜୀବନ ଓ ଜୀବନର ଅନୁଭୁତିକୁ ନିରଖି ଦେଖିବାରେ ଆଗ୍ରହୀ ।

ଜୀବନ ହେଉଛି ଏକ 'ସମଝୌତା' ନଈ,
ଯେହେତୁ --
ସାଲିସ ନକରି ଅଟକି ରହିଲେ,
ଭାଙ୍ଗିଗଲେ, ମଉଳି ଶୁଖିଲେ,
ସେ ହୁଏ ବିଫଳ, ହାରିବା ମଣିଷ
ପରାସ୍ତ ସୈନିକ ।

ଯଶ ଟୋପେ ପାଏ ନା, କି ପାଏନା
ପୌରୁଷ
ଚାରି ଆଡୁ ଝରି ପଡେ କରୁଣାର ବୃଷ୍ଟି
ବୁଣି ହୋଇଯାଏ,
ପ୍ରକୃତ ଆନ୍ତରିକତା ଥାଉ କି ନଥାଉ,
'ଆହ୍ୱାଃ', 'ଆହ୍ୱାଃ', 'ଚୁଃ', 'ଚୁଃ'ର
ଶୁଷ୍କ ଉଚ୍ଚାରଣ
ମଣିଷ ହୃଦୟକୁ ଦୁର୍ବଳରୁ ଅଧିକ ଦୁର୍ବଳ
କରେ ।
କି ଲୋଡା ଏ ଶୁଖିଲା 'ଆହ୍ୱା'ରୁ?

ତା'ଠାରୁ ଅଧିକ ଭଲ --
'ସମଝୌତା' ଆହୁଲାଟିଏ ହତିଆର କରି
ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିବା,
ଜୀବନ-ନଈରେ ।
ମଣିଷଟି ଯାହା ଚାହେଁ, ତାହାକୁ ପାଏ ନା
ଆଉ ଯାହା ପାଇଥାଏ,
ତାହାକୁ ସେ ଚାହିଁ ତ' ନ ଥାଏ ।
ତେଣୁ -
'ସମଝୌତା' ନଈର ପୁଳିନ ଦେଶରୁ
ଫୁଲ ଫଳ ମିଳୁ ଅବା
ମଲା ଥୁଣ୍ଟା ଗଛ,
ସବୁକୁ ଆଦରି ନେଇ, ବୁଝାମଣା କରି
ଆଗକୁ ଚାଲିବା ଭଲ
ଶାଖା ଉପଶାଖା ସବୁ ବିସ୍ତାରିତ କରି
ହେଉ ପଛେ କ୍ଷୀଣ ଅଙ୍ଗ,
ସମୟେ ସମୟେ --
ଜୀବନର ଶେଷଗତି ମହୋଦଧି ଯାତ୍ରା
ସେ ଅବଧି --
ଚରୈବତି ଚରୈବତି ଚାଲୁ ।

# ତୁମରି ପାଇଁ

ଅମିତ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର
s0348727@sms.ed.ac.uk

ରାତ୍ରି ପରେ ଆସେ ଉଷା  ଅବା ସଦ୍ୟସ୍ନାତା ଯୋଶା
ତା ରୂପର କହ୍ନ କାହିଁ ଅଛି ତୁଳନା
ପୀତେ ଲୋହିତେ ଶୋଭିତ  ଅଖଣ୍ଡ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସେ
ଖେଳି ଉଠେ ଦଶ ଦିଗୁ ଲକ୍ଷେ ଜୋଛନା
ଦଇବ କି ରୂପ ଭିଣିଲା
ଗର୍ଭ ଚିରି ଶିଶୁ ପରି ଭାନୁ ଉଇଁଲା ।  ।୧।

ପଦ୍ମ ପତରେ ଶିଶିର  ଢଳ ଢଳ ମନୋହର
ସତେ ଅବା ମର୍ତ୍ତ୍ୟପରେ ଜୀବ ଜୀବନ
ଦ୍ୱିଜକଣ୍ଠେ ହସି ଉଷା  କହେ ଏ ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ପରସା
ହୋଇଛି ଅପୂର୍ବ ଆଜି କୁହ କାରଣ?
ଦଣ୍ଡେ ଯିଏ ନ ଚାହିଁ ଗଲା
ସେ ମାନବ ସୁଖ ପାଇଁ ବିଧି ରଚିଲା ।  ।୨।

ଅରୁଣ ତରୁଣ ହୋଇ  କର ରେଣୁ ବରଷଇ
ସୃଷ୍ଟିର ସବୁ ସୃଷ୍ଟଙ୍କୁ ତପତାଇଲା
ସେ ବେଳେ ଦ୍ରୁମର ଛାଇ  ମୃଦୁ ସମୀର ବହଇ
ଶତ ପ୍ରସାଦ-ଐଶ୍ୱର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଛାର କରିଲା
ରୂପା ପ୍ରାୟ ସେ ଝଟକିଲା
କ୍ଷୀଣ ବାରିଧି ଯହିଁରେ ଖେଳା କରିଲା ।  ।୩।

ଢଳିଲାଣି ଦିବାକର  ଫେରୁଛନ୍ତି ଜୀବେ ଘର
କାକ-ପୀକ କୂଜନରେ ମହି ଗୁଞ୍ଜିଲା
ଶତ ରୂପ ପ୍ରତିକ୍ଷଣେ  ଅବା ଲକ୍ଷ ମୋତି ଦିନେ
ଆପଣା ବଦନ ଧରା ସଜାଇ ଦେଲା
ଯା' ପାଇଁ ଏ ଭଣ୍ଡାର ମେଲା

କିନ୍ତୁ ସେହି ନର ବାରେ ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ନ ଦେଲା! ।୪।

ଦିବାକର ଯା'ନ୍ତେ ଡୁବି ଆସେ ବିଭାବରୀ ଦେବୀ
କୋଣେ କୋଣେ ତିମିର ଯେ ପ୍ରବେଶ କଲା
ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ମୁକୁତା ପରି ଲକ୍ଷେ ତାରା ଗଲେ ଝରି
ଅବା ସୁନୀଳ ଚାନ୍ଦୁଆ ଶୋଭା ପାଇଲା
କେତେ ରୂପେ ଘନ ଆସିଲା,
ତା' ମଧ୍ୟେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା ଲୁଚି ସ୍ମିତ ହସିଲା । ।୫।

ଏପରି ଅନେକ ଶୋଭା ପ୍ରତିକ୍ଷଣେ ହୁଏ ଉଭା
ବଖାଣିବାକୁ ଭାଷା ନାହିଁ ଯାହାର
ସେ ରୂପକୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ବେଳ ନାହିଁ ଯେ ନର କୁ
ସତେ କେତେ ଦୀନ-ହୀନ ଭାଗ୍ୟ ତାହାର
ଭାବ-ଭୋଳେ ଲେଖିଲେ ହର
ଏ ସବୁର ଶୋଭା-ରସ ଅଧରେ ଧର । ।୬।

# Among the Monpas



Nitin Indurkhya
nitin_indurkhya@yahoo.com
Sydney, Australia

## The People

"Tashi Delek", I said brightly to my fellow passengers as I entered the Tata-sumo vehicle. A young bloke smiled cheerfully and replied very animatedly in the monpa language. I hastily stemmed the flow by explaining that beyond those 2 words, my mastery of the monpa language was pretty bad. Fortunately, he understood my Hindi and nodded understandingly. Later, when I was with the vivacious Kaysang and her friends, I implored "Teach me some other mompa words." "You already know the most important ones", said Kaysang with a smile. Still, they had a spirited discussion among themselves and when they failed to reach any kind of consensus on what words I should be taught, Kay simply shrugged her shoulders and poured more Ara (a rice-based home-brewed liquor that that is a lot like the Japanese Sake) into my cup. "Its better to drink Ara and Sin-Chang and sing Hindi film songs", she said cheerfully. The monpa people certainly know quite a few. When I went to an Ani Gompa (a nunnery) near Lhou, the sumo was packed with teenaged girls, many sitting on the roof, and they entertained us with classic hindi film songs from the 60's and 70's. At another time, when it was snowing/raining and I was huddled indoors with a family, we passed the time playing a game called "antyakshari" in which two teams compete by taking turns singing songs such the first letter of their song is the last letter of the opposing team's song.

The monpa people, the tribal owners of the lands in Tawang, are famous for their generosity and hospitality. I was greeted with smiles and love wherever I went. Some of my best memories are of the time I spent with Deepak Tasi, his sister Nema, and her one-year-old daughter Jeni. I also enjoyed meeting and chatting with Sri Tsreng and his brother Thu Tan Tsreng. Very educated and civilized, the monpas. However, literacy is low. "I haven't studied", confessed Sri ruefully, "and am illiterate". Thu Tan, however, goes to school. Nema dropped out of the education system after high school and never went to Uni. Deepak told me that he just couldn't be motivated and instead spent his time learning things that no classroom could ever teach him. They have a sister who is studying agricultural science in far-away Imphal. Most kids leave the area if they want to study more. Some go as far as Bangalore, in the south. Most go to Delhi or to Dehradun. Adults, who come as visitors, end up staying here longer than they plan. Gautam Kar came from Tezpur to help his sister after his brother-in-law had a accident. Six years later, he still hasn't left. Many come on

government assignments but remain even after they retire. I myself had some difficulty wrenching myself away from my "himalayan home". Its a seductive place and the local monpas have a lot to do with making it feel like heaven. When I said goodbye to Sri, he got a bit emotional. "Thank you for appreciating my home so much", he said, "Please come again. Me, I will remain here until I die. So you won't have any problems finding me when you return!!"

## Life and Death in Tawang

Although Tawang is part of India, it is more Tibetan than Indian. In fact, if local people didn't speak Hindi, which they do with a very cute accent, I might easily think I was in Tibet. The monpa people are the original royalty of Tibet and also the religious guardians. The border has little meaning for them as they cross it at will (and the armies on both sides understand fully who are the real inhabitants of the land). The first dalai lama was from Bomdila (another major settlement about 4 hours journey from Tawang). The sixth dalai lama was from Tawang and his birthplace is revered as Urgelling Gompa—a beautiful and peaceful monastery with wonderful energies. The current dalai lama fled from Tibet to India via Tawang. Many of the places he hid and rested are now recognized as holy places and there are monasteries and temples at these locations. I visited quite a few and the mind boggles to imagine a young Kundun hiding in these places, on the run from the chinese army. What must have been going through his head. All the more astonishing to see him now radiating peace and serenity and love for all living beings.

Until the 1962 indo-china war, Tawang was politically a part of Tibet and under chinese control. While the indian history books make a big fuss about "losing" a huge chunk of Kashmir to China in this war, they are quite silent of the territory they grabbed from the chinese in the north-east. Instead there is considerable hoo-haa about how the chinese almost entered the Assam valley but were beaten back by the brave indian army. The current border in this region is known as the McMahon line and is not recognized by China (just as India does not recognize the line of control in Kashmir). Signs of the 1962 conflict are everywhere. It is difficult to imagine so much blood spilt in such a beautiful place and is a forceful reminder of the senselessness of the war (or of any war!). Being in India, naturally its the Indian deaths that are honoured. For example, there is a huge shrine called Jaswant-garh where the legend has it that Jaswant Singh Rawat, Trilok Singh Negi and Gopal Singh Gusain fought the chinese army and delayed their advance into Assam. The hillsides are soaked with as much chinese blood as indian blood and one should remember that in the end its human blood that was spilt and that nationality is not really that important. Jaswant-garh is a very beautiful spot. One can see the massive snow fields of the mountains of choona-paar beyond which is China. A spectacular river flows in the valley below past a settlement called Jung. There are ruins of bunkers on the hillsides in which birds sing and flowers bloom. While the two outsiders, Indians and Chinese, fought and are remembered, the local monpas, caught in the conflict are not honoured and there is no account of their casualties.

In other parts there are temples that honour peace time deaths—soldiers who died in landslides while constructing roads, etc. It is striking to see these temples and read about these deaths. A life that began in the sub-tropical heat of southern india is snuffed abruptly in the himalayan heights of arunachal pradesh. As this person was coming to Tawang, did they imagine that they would die here? The monpa custom is to cut the dead into 108 pieces and then throw them into the river. This frees the soul and the body returns to land, broken down by the tumbling waters. The rivers near Tawang flow towards Bhutan; the rivers and streams near Bomdila flow down into the mighty Bramhaputra in Assam. The final journey out of the Tawang mountains is by these untamed rivers.

## Getting to Tawang

I went to Tawang by way of Tezpur, a delightful city in Assam and worth a stopover. I am fortunate to have many good friends there. One of them, Smriti, came to meet me at the bus station and we chatted with one of the many sumo operators. Typically in India, people selling you anything, be it a service or something, are milk and honey until you hand them the cash. Then its "do I know you?". While you are deciding whether to buy into their plan, they will do anything, tell any lie, to part you from your cash! We took our time and finally I bought a ticket for Tawang—a seat on a sumo which operates like a shared taxi. An entire convey of sumos starts off from Tezpur for Tawang (and places in between). There are many operators and travel agencies. Everything is outsourced. The operators make deals with drivers. Drivers make deals with sumo owners. Everyone gets a cut. The most important person is the driver. On the road, he is the one who will take care of you. So the general rule is to choose the driver carefully. It was my good fortune that I was treated very badly by the agency from which I purchased my ticket (Himalayan Tours, for those who must know these things!) and found myself transferred to another sumo. The driver of this sumo, Deepak Tasi, was brilliant behind the wheel and was to become a trusted friend. When I returned from Tawang, I chose to drive back with him as well. The journey from Tezpur to Tawang is about 13 hours. One starts at 5:30am and reaches the destination at 7pm or so. There are stopovers for lunch, tea and maybe a few dropoffs or pickups.

The trip to Tawang is worth it just for this journey. From the banks of the Bramhaputra in the Assam valley to the towering peaks in the Himalayas in one day is not something that one can often experience. The road goes over spectacular passes and winds through incredibly scenic valleys. My first impression of the road was that its a technological wonder and a marvellous feat of engineering. As we travelled the road, I discovered that its actually made manually and is built on ancient routes used by the locals for centuries. Monpa women patiently break down the boulders into gravel used on the roads. There are landslides, inevitable when the slopes are stripped of trees, that are cleared my entire families—even little children work. On their sweat and hard work is the road to Tawang built. There is a military checkpost at Bhalukpong, a small town with a frontier ambience, where one has to produce an "Inner Line Permit". Access to Arunachal Pradesh is

strictly controlled and everyone, even Indians, have to obtain a permit in advance. Then one travels beside the beautiful and scenic Kameng river (also known as Boroli river). In the village of Tipi there is a beautiful Orchidarium. The largest in South Asia, they trumpet. Tourists are easily drawn to superlatives!! The hills at this stage of the journey are soft and green. Women are dressed in sarees and we are still in India.

Travelling further north, we enter the breathtaking Tenga valley. Military presence is very strong here. Complete and self-contained communities with everything from places of worship to shopping malls. The river chatters and gurgles over rocks. The hills are clad in dense forests that show more colour—besides various shades of green, one can see shades of red and blue as well. The road is superb (military presence!). From the tenga valley we wind our way up to Se-La. Also known as "sela pass" or "sela top", the road winds upwards while incredible scenery unfolds at every turn and twist. On the way we go past Bomdi-La, a major settlement in the region. Tibetan prayer flags (known as "Phans") begin to flutter in the cool crisp air. More Tibetan people can be seen dressed in their traditional clothes. The vistas are still verdant and mountain tops are below the tree-line and completely wrapped in forests. Another interesting town in this sector is Dirang. It has hot springs. The final climb to Se-La seems endless. At every turn, I feel we must be at the top, but the road continues into the clouds.

At Sela, the scenery changes dramatically. There is a torii gate at the pass and beyond that are picture-perfect snow-capped Himalayan peaks. Its very windy at Sela. There is a small lake. In summer the area is carpeted with wild flowers, says Deepak. When I visited (March), there was a thick blanket of snow. The army ensures that the road is kept clear. From Sela pass, which is at about 14k feet, we descend into the himalayan valleys and drive past several rivers. These are fed by pretty streams that tumble down the mountains. Someone tells me that there are exactly 108 streams between Sela and Tawang. They are of different colours due to the dissolved minerals -- some are green, some blue, some black and some others are crystal clear. I tasted the waters of a clear stream and it had an amazing sweetness. There are lots of birds and flowers near the streams. The rivers are rocky and I can imagine that after the rains it would be fun to go whitewater rafting in them.

The township of Tawang is spread out on the slopes of a few mountains. I won't go over the tourist spots. Readers can google "Tawang" and read all about them. Its not a large town. Within a day you can get a good measure of what is where. There is a very heavy military presence. Slogans promoting literacy are everywhere and fun to read. I will have more to say about Tawang when I discuss the hiking possibilities in the region.

## Beyond Tawang

Heading out of Tawang towards the chinese border one enters extremely rugged and remote regions. There are several spectacular lakes here that make the trip worthwhile. Particularly memorable for me was Peng Teng Tso Lake (also known as "peti tso lake"). Surrounded by knee-deep snow, it is one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever

seen. We stayed there a while and I played my flute. The sounds were clear and sweet as if the flute were enjoying itself too. Along the way are huge ammunition depots of the Indian Army. Heavy security. Beyond P.T. Tso are a number of important landmarks—"number one point" is a spectacular monastery set in a cave halfway up the rockface of a large hill. This is the first place in the region where the present Dalai Lama hid during his flight from tibet in the 50's. We also explored "Satwal Singh Bunker" which is where Satwal Singh, an officer in the Indian Army at that time, hid the Dalai Lama for several days while the chinese were hunting for him (remember in those days, all this was chinese territory, so Satwal Singh was technically on enemy ground). I also appreciated Tsangeser Lake, now better known as "Madhuri Lake" after Madhuri Dixit. The region was the setting for the Bollywood film "Koyla"—the first and, so far, only film shot here. Its very entertaining and stars Madhuri Dixit, Shah Rukh Khan and Amrish Puri. As you can imagine, there was a lot of excitement with the film crew doing the shooting (it certainly resulted in a temporary employment boom in the region!) and many locations where the film was shot were promptly renamed in honour of the stars. One lake, for instance, is known as "Amrish Lake" because Amrish Puri used to wash his face there!! The deep snow doesn't discourage some plants. Supasang grows in abundance. Also, one can find Paitang which is burned during festivals and on special occasions. Its smoke has a wonderful fragrance. Bum-La is the frontier with China (at the moment). Its extremely beautiful. Its difficult to imagine that two countries fight in this area. This is heaven, people should be living in love and harmony here and leave the petty battles for political gains to others!

## Buddhist Traditions

I happened to be in Tawang during the end of the Lossar festival which celebrates the first month of the Buddhist calendar. The monpa people celebrate in style. Their traditions are very much a part of their daily life. Women are typically dressed in sinkas (a one-piece attire that resembles a knee-length dress). But more and more women prefer a galeh which is a bit like the Assamese mekhla that is wrapped round the waist. The main advantage is that its a bit more stylish and can be mixed and matched with other tops. Women do everything in their galeh or sinka.

I visited an Ani Gompa in Lhou on the last day of Lossar and it was a very spiritual experience. We lit incense sticks and put a khada (a piece of silk cloth) around the statue of a dalai lama. The lama (priest) gave me a rumma (a strip of cloth in which he has breathed a prayer for my wellbeing). I tied it round my neck. Like the brasilian tres-pedidos, one wears it until it disintegrates and then, instead of discarding it, one ties it around a water pipe or, better still, discards it in a clean stream or river.

Prayer flags, known as phans, are everywhere. They look very attractive and also their fluttering makes a very pleasant sound. They have sutras and mantras written on them. People put them up at important places. For example, walking to a monastery in the wilderness, one can find phans at critical sections of the path.

As one approaches gompas, there are series of prayer wheels. These, known as manis, are turned clockwise (seen from the top). Several reasons for this, but the most obvious one is that it allows one to read the mantra written on it. Monpa has no script of its own. People simply use what is known as the Tibetan script.

I visited quite a few gompas. These are in remote places and its usually a nice trek to get there. My favourite one in Tawang is the Ani Gompa. It snowed heavily the day I visited and the nuns were rather startled that anyone would make the trip in such weather. I was invited to sit down near a fire and given some nemak-chai (tibetan tea that is made of yak-butter or ghee, salt and milk). Typically, the cup is refilled thrice. The nemak-chai can feel quite heavy but its very good for digestion. In the main buddhist gompa in Tawang, I sat through an early morning prayer session. The prayer-hall had rows and rows of young kid-monks who weren't very attentive, as kids are wont to be. Still, the vibrations during the chanting were extremely powerful. Afterwards, the main lama invited me to light a chengma (a butter candle) and chanted a prayer for my wellbeing.

## Going Walkabout

The best way to experience a place is to walk around. The himalayas are no exception! In the tawang area, there are many villages (called basti). Its easy to go basti-hopping: spend an entire day walking from one basti to another. People in the bastis are very hospitable and finding a place to sleep is not a major issue. You would need a guide, however, who can speak the language and also knows the people and the paths.

My favourite basti on this trip was the village of Lhou. I had a wonderful time. While the region appears remote, there is cable/satellite TV and you can easily watch your favourite films on Z-cinema and Star-gold or catch the latest BBC news bulletin. There is also internet. Tawang has a cyber-cafe that tourists and backpackers use. Most people though prefer to spend time playing cards, or bingo, or gambling. Children like singing songs (old hindi songs are most popular!). Sex is a popular recreational activity— without much birth-control, as can be evidenced by the many teenaged mothers. People in bastis work quite hard. Labour-intensive farming, woodwork, etc take up a lot of time.

I enjoyed visiting the gompas. Some of them are quite far and a leisurely walk there and back can take up most of the day. The scenery on the way is always spectacular. Some of the gompas are accessed by walking through military areas. I found the guards very courteous and professional. A good illustration that tight security doesn't mean being rude. Reminds me of Israel where the situation is quite similar. Not once was I prevented from going anywhere I wanted to go.

There is a lot of ascending and descending in the walks. One needs to be prepared and also physically fit. Locals are quite used to it. One quickly learns about short cuts, long cuts and easy cuts. Short cuts are the shortest (time wise as well as distance wise) paths between two places. If you are not fit, they can be virtually impossible to use as some go straight up the steep mountain slopes. Long cuts are typically

the route taken by vehicles. Easy cuts are paths that are mostly level and are appropriate when you are walking with a heavy load (for example, fire wood). At this altitude, there is a lack of oxygen. Its best to let the body adjust before attempting challenging walks.

My favourite flower was yuddong-mento. Several red flowers bloom together in a bunch. The tree on which it blooms is leafless at this time of the year. Purple flowers were starting to carpet the mountain slopes. I can imagine what it would be like a few months later, say in June or July. I also enjoyed watching bird flocks. The imagination soars watching them swoop and wheel, making/dissolving patterns that we can interpret as we please.

## Conclusion

Being among the monpas was like being in heaven! I found the people to be hospitable and friendly. The mountain air was cool, crisp and clean. The water was sweet and tasty. Many places had strong vibrations and good energies. I look forward to going there again!!!

# ଗୀତାଞ୍ଜଳୀ



√ Shrimati Krishna Moahnty
Cuttack, Orissa

(୫)

ଅନ୍ତର ମମ ବିକଶିତ କର, ଅନ୍ତରତମ ହେ !
ନିର୍ମଳ କର ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ କର ସୁନ୍ଦର କର ହେ !
ଜାଗ୍ରତ କର, ଉଦ୍ୟତ କର, ନିର୍ଭୟ କର ହେ !
ମଙ୍ଗଳ କର, ନିରଳସ ନିଃସଂଶୟ କର ହେ !
ଅନ୍ତର ମମ ବିକଶିତ କର, ଅନ୍ତରତମ ହେ !

ଯୁକ୍ତ କର ହେ ସବୁରି ସଙ୍ଗେ,
ମୁକ୍ତ କର ହେ ବନ୍ଧ,
ସଞ୍ଚାର କର ସକଳ କର୍ମେ
ଶାନ୍ତ ତୁମରି ଛନ୍ଦ ।
ଚରଣ-ପଦ୍ମେ ମମ ଚିତ୍ତ ନିସ୍ପନ୍ଦିତ କର ହେ !
ନନ୍ଦିତ କର, ନନ୍ଦିତ କର, ନନ୍ଦିତ କର ହେ !
ଅନ୍ତର ମମ ବିକଶିତ କର, ଅନ୍ତରତମ ହେ !

(୬)

ପ୍ରେମେ, ପ୍ରାଣେ, ଗାନେ, ଗନ୍ଧେ, ଆଲୋକେ,
ପୁଲକେ
ପ୍ଲାବିତ କରି ନିଖିଳ ଦ୍ୟୁଲୋକ ଭୂଲୋକ,
ତୁମରି ଅମଳ ଅମୃତ ପଡୁଛି ଝରି ।
ଦିଗେ ଦିଗେ ଆଜି ଛିଡ଼ାଇ ସକଳ ବନ୍ଧ,
ମୁରତି ଧରି ଜାଗି ଉଠେ ଆଜି ଆନନ୍ଦ,
ଜୀବନ ଉଠିଲା ନିବିଡ଼ ସୁଧାରେ ଭରି ॥

ଚେତନା ମୋହରି କଲ୍ୟାଣ ରସ-ସରସେ ।
ଶତଦଳ ସମ ଫୁଟିଲା ପରମ ହରଷେ ।
ସବୁ ମଧୁ ତା'ର ତୁମରି ଚରଣ ଧରି,
ନୀରବ ଆଲୋକେ ଜାଗିଲା ହୃଦୟ-ଅରୁଣ କାନ୍ତି
ଅଳସ ଆଖିର ଆବରଣ ଗଲା ସରି ॥

(୭)

ତୁମେ ନବ ନବ ରସେ ଆସ ପ୍ରାଣେ,
ଆସ, ଗନ୍ଧ ବରଣେ, ଆସ ଗାନେ,
ଆସ ଅଙ୍ଗେ, ପୁଲକମୟ ପରଶେ,
ଆସ ଚିତ୍ତେ ଅମୃତମୟ ହରଷେ,
ଆସ ମୁଗ୍ଧ ମୁଦିତ ଦୁଇ ନୟନେ,
ତୁମେ ନବ ନବ ରସେ ଆମ ପ୍ରାଣେ ॥

ଆସ ନିର୍ମଳ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ କାନ୍ତ,
ଆସ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସ୍ନିଗ୍ଧ ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ ॥
ଆସ ଆସ ହେ, ବିଚିତ୍ର ବିଧାନେ,
ଆସ ଦୁଃଖେ, ସୁଖେ, ଆସ ମର୍ମେ ॥
ଆସ ନିତ୍ୟ ନିତ୍ୟ ସର୍ବ କର୍ମେ,
ଆସ ସକଳ କର୍ମ - ଅବସାନେ ।
ତୁମେ ନବ ନବ ରୂପେ ଆସ ପ୍ରାଣେ ॥

(୮)

ଆଜି ଧାନ୍ୟକ୍ଷେତ୍ରେ ରୌଦ୍ରଛାୟାରେ
ଲୁଚ୍‌କାଳି ଖେଳା,
ନୀଳ ଆକାଶେ କିଏ ଭସାଏ
ସାଦା ମେଘର ଭେଳା ॥
ଆଜି ଭ୍ରମର ଭୋଳେ ମଧୁ ଆଶେ,
ଘୁରି ବୁଲଇ ଆଲୋକେ ମତ୍ତେ,
ଆଜି କାହାର ପାଇଁ ନଦୀର ତୀରେ
ଚକା ଆଖିର ମେଳା ।
ଆରେ ଯିବିନି ଆଜି ଘରେ ରେ ଭାଇ,
ଯିବିନି ଆଜି ଘରେ,
ଆରେ ଆକାଶ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ସବୁକିଛି ମୁଁହି (ବାହାରକୁ)
ନେବି ରେ ଲୁଟି କରି ।
ଯେଣ୍ଟେ ଜୁଆରଜଳେ ଫେନିଳରାଶି,
ବତାସ ଆଜି ଉଠିଛି ହସି,
ଆଜ, ବିନା କାମରେ ବଜାଇ ବଂଶୀ
କାଟିବି ସକଳ ବେଳା ॥

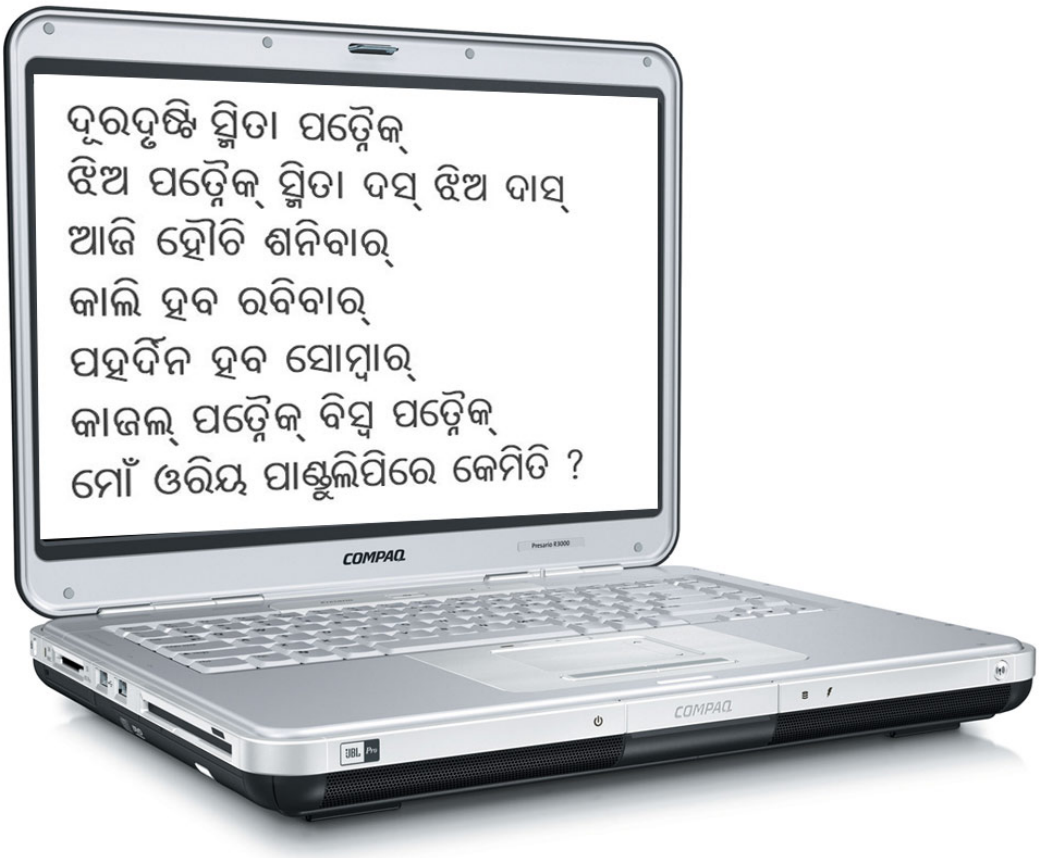
(କ୍ରମଶଃ)

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

# ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପିର ଚମତ୍କାରିତା

## The Magic of pANDulipi

ବିଶ୍ୱ ରଞ୍ଜନ୍ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ୍
biswa@writeme.com
ଟୋରୋଣ୍ଟୋ, କାନାଡା




One fine morning early in the wee hours, I turned on my monitor only to be zapped seeing this seemingly modern piece of poetry. My immediate reaction was "What the hell...? ପୁଣି ଗୋଟେ ଆଧୁନିକ କବିତା – କୁକୁର ଭୁକିଲା ନା ଆକାଶର ରଙ୍ଗ ଲାଲ୍" ...Oh my God, please have mercy!

It took a few moments for me to fully realize the magic of Biswajit Khandai's latest version

of ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି that I had recently installed on the machine, and I was talking to Smita about it just the night before. Although ମୋ ଅର୍ଧାଙ୍ଗିନୀ ଦିଲ୍ଲୀର ବିଲ୍ଲୀ ସ୍ମିତା speaks ଓଡିଆ fluently sans any accent, her Oriya reading/writing skill is like that of a three year old (no offence intended).

The night before she was asking "How does one type Oriya using ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି?" । I was sleepy, and I simply said rather irritatingly, "What is there! It's intuitively phonetic". That's all, and no hands-on intro on ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି, and that was enough for her to write what she wrote and wanted to know how it came out since she could not (obviously) read.

What can I say now, you tell me, except, "Not bad, not bad at all, in fact ଭାରି ବଢିଆ'' ।

ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି (pANDulipi) is currently being designed and developed by Biswajit Khandai. It uses state of the art Java Technology, and requires Java Runtime Enviroment (JRE) freely available from
the Sun Microsystems. As of writing, the program works well with the latest version of JRE i.e. 1.6.0.2. With Biswajit's kind permission we have extensively used this highly phonetic word processor in producing many beautiful pages of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି that you all love so much. Thank you, Biswajit, for this neat piece of code that spits out Oriya ଏତେ ସହଜରେ ।

[The author considers himself a recluse whose only pastime in life appears to be "ଦିନରେ ଟାଙ୍ଗିବା ଭାଟିରେ ମାଲ୍, ରାତିରେ ପଢିବା ଗୀତା ବାଇବ୍ଲ୍ ।" He is often seen hanging around in cyberspace with other like-minded
non-conformists whose only pride in life seems to be the speed with which they can shoot an email and/or type ଓଡିଆ —using anything they can lay their hands on including the latest ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି Oriya Word Processor.]



On this 60th Birth Day of The Replubic of India, Let Freedom Reign!