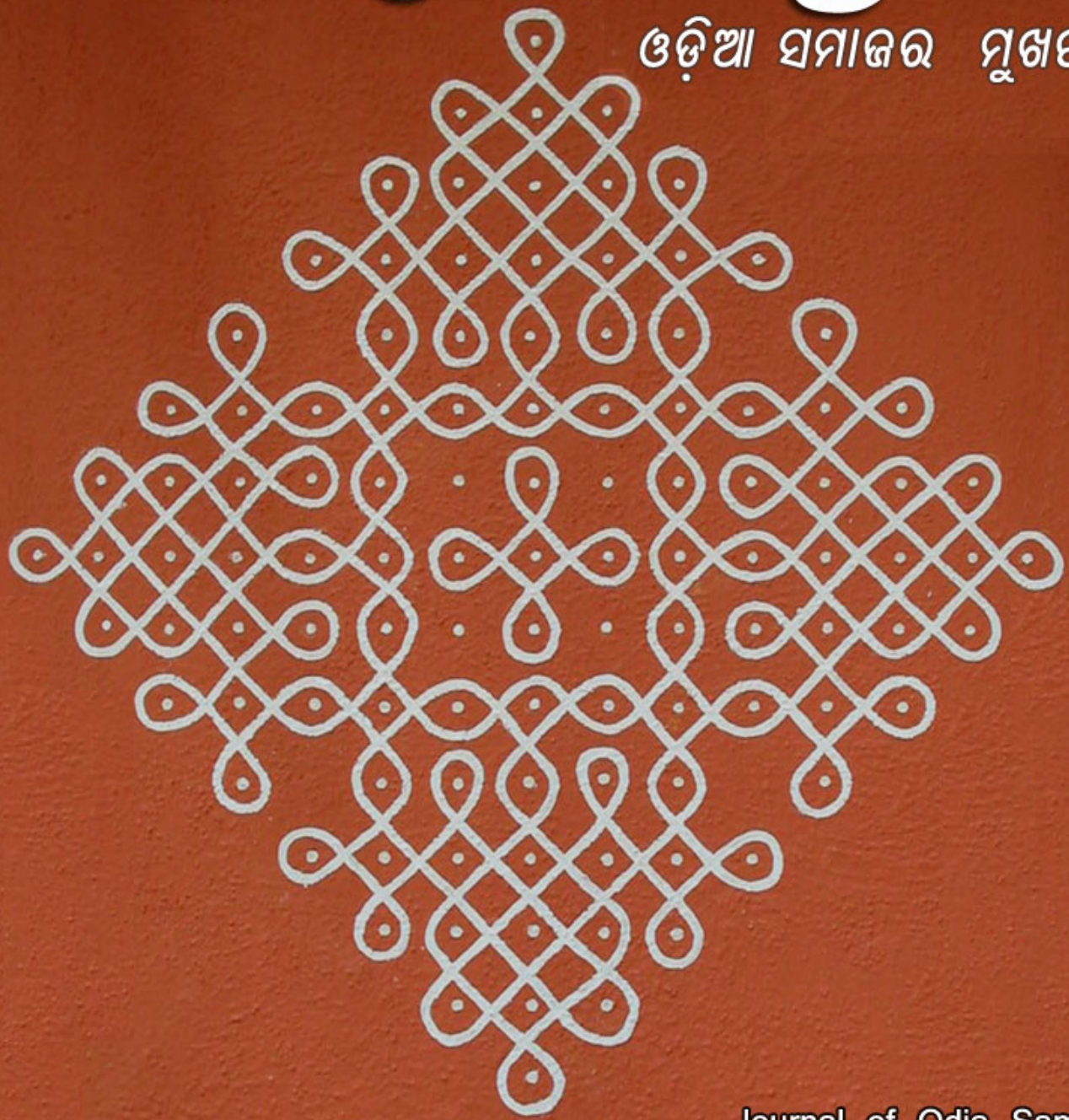
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ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର



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ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

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ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର



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ସଂପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀଙ୍କ ଲେଖନୀରୁ... *Editorial*

On the auspicious occasion of the 62nd Independence Day of India, August 15, we bring you yet another issue of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି. Independence or ସ୍ୱାଧୀନତା provides us with a sense of freedom, a sense that each person born on earth should feel and cherish. The French political philosopher, Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778) had said, "*Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains*." So, what is the significance of this independence or freedom?

Aristotle (384 B.C. – 322 B.C.) stated in his book on Politics, "*Hence it is evident that the state is a creation of nature and that man by nature is a political animal*". His definition of Political emerged from the Greek word "Politikos", which meant someone who is a member of "polis" or society. John Locke (1632 – 1704), the English philosopher, stated appropriately "*man is by nature a social animal with God-given rights*". Both Aristotle and John Locke used one key word, "animal" to describe man, however, both of them qualified the word with an adjective "social". Hence, Rousseau was correct by stating that man, as an animal, is born free, but the society puts the shackle on the man.

I have often mused over the thought of "freedom" and "chains". If man is indeed an animal, then how come man is able to put chains on other species of animals? Does society have anything to do with it? I never thought so. Do the God-given rights of man empower him to put the shackle on the animals? That does not seem rationale either. So, if anything distinguishes man from animal is his ability to THINK wisely and rationally. He is perhaps subjected to the chains when his God-given rights to think and act exceed the norms established by the *polis*. With all rights comes responsibility. Quite often man exercises the right but ignores the responsibilities that empower him with those rights within the societal norms. Hence, man becomes capable of creating *chaos*.

I have often been influenced by Rabindranath Tagore's (1861 – 1941) following verses from Geetanjali (1910):

> **Where the** mind is without fear **and the** head is held high
> **Where knowledge is free**
> **Where the world has not been broken up into fragments**
> **By narrow domestic walls**
> **Where** words come out **from the** depth of truth
> **Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection**
> **Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way**
> **Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit**
> **Where the mind is led forward by thee**
> **Into ever-widening thought and action**
> **Into that** heaven of freedom**, my Father, let my country awake.**

Through his poetry, Tagore gives us the clear message that "when mind is free", that is when we think freely, we could achieve the heaven on this earth. In other words, if we think freely, we express freely and without any fear of reprimand could we achieve this heaven.

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି was initiated with such an objective in mind. The whole idea was to create a generation of free thinkers who can express freely and thus lead our ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ in the direction of the "heaven of freedom" described by Tagore. The objective of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି as defined appropriately is, "ବିଶ୍ୱବ୍ୟାପୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆମାନଙ୍କ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଓ ବାର୍ତ୍ତାଳାପରେ ଅନ୍ତର୍ନିହିତ ଦୂରଦର୍ଶିତାକୁ ଏକ ଲିଖିତ ରୂପାୟନ ଦେବାର ଅଭୀପ୍ସା ନେଇ ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟିର ଜନ୍ମ".

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି has made consistent effort to accomplish this goal. This is the 6th year that ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି team has worked hard to bring those issues out for your reading. Let me quote a former editor of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି, Dr. Markandeswar Panda. Dr. Panda writes, "the aim of the publication of articles *in ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି* is not for the purpose of promoting an organization (say ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ) or carry the beacon of error-free ଓଡ଼ିଆ language. Instead, it is rather a soft-core approach to foster friendship, encourage new writers to polish their talents, and share their views through their prose and poetries." I always cherish these golden words. Yes, we need to develop the ability of free-thinking and free expression and lead the ସମାଜ in the direction of progress and development. That is the ମୂଳମନ୍ତ୍ର of this organization called ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ.

We often hear that ଓଡ଼ିଶା is amongst the poorest states of the Indian union. So should we do something to change this status? Hence, the vision of ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ, the organization, has been to see ଓଡ଼ିଶା as a developed state in India. This could only be achieved if we join together and create an environment of fellowship, transparency, accountability, mutual respect, professionalism, and develop self-esteem as an ଓଡ଼ିଆ. We have a new slate of leaders who have currently taken over the ସୁତ୍ର or reign of this organization. They are all working hard as a team to create a generation of free-thinking and freely-expressing individuals who can attempt to lead ଓଡ଼ିଶା towards a developed state. Of course, ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି and myodisa forum (groups.yahoo.com/myodisa) will always be media for such expressions to develop and achieve fruition.

We are presenting this issue with the sweat and diligence of the Editorial Board of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି, with the due support from our outgoing Chief Executive, Mr. Biswaranjan Jena and the incoming Chief Executive, Mr. Prashant Sahoo. Both of them have already established themselves as free-thinking and freely-expressing individuals. We are extremely saddened by the untimely demise of one of the greatest contemporary activist and promoter of freedom of expression, Mr. Laxman Mohanty. This issue begins with a tribute in form of an obituary to his lifelong dreams, message and achievements. I am sure you will also enjoy the articles that have been published by individuals across the generation. Especially, I would like to commend the articles by our children, our upcoming generation, for the excellence in thought, quality, and innovativeness in their thinking and expressing. After going through those articles, I am sure you will agree that ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି is close to meeting its purpose. In this issue, we have also included the achievement profiles of three of our ଓଡ଼ିଆ ବନ୍ଧୁs for bringing pride to their motherland ଓଡ଼ିଶା through their accomplishments.

Of course, we are always indebted to our patrons who have supported ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି through their contributions such as articles or simply by being an avid reader of this journal. Many of you were curious as to why the January 26, 2008 issue was never released. Due to unavoidable circumstances, we could not release the previous issue. I take responsibility for that and offer my sincere apologies to all our patrons. I also hope that this issue will fulfill the void that was left behind due to the non-release of the previous issue. As always, we solicit your suggestions, comments, support, and criticism to improve the quality of ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି and increase its durability. If you are sitting on the fence of expressing yourself, please cross over and without any fear in mind or heart send us your thoughts that we would be able to express through this journal for you.

Last but not the least, let me mention that this is my first attempt to write an Editorial. The least I have done is I have tried. I may kindly be excused for any unintended errors. Besides, despite our earnest efforts, I am sure there are many errors in this issue, which must have escaped our attention. We hope to correct these errors with your feedback in the near future.

I would like to end this Editorial with the excerpts from the beautiful thoughts of our 20th century ଓଡ଼ିଆ କବି ଶ୍ରୀ ରାମକୃଷ୍ଣ ନନ୍ଦ who has expressed the concept of freedom in a much meaningful way.

ସତ କହିବାକୁ କିଆଁ ଡରିବି
ସତ କହି ପଛେ ମଲେ ମରିବି
ମୋତେ ଏତିକି ଶିଖାଅ ସାଇଁ ହେ
ମୋର ଧନ ଜନ ଲୋଡା ନାହିଁ ହେ

ବିନମ୍ରତାର ସହିତ,



Debasmita Misra
August 15, 2008

ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜର ବିଦାୟୀ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀଙ୍କ କଲମରୁ ପଦେ



ବିଶ୍ୱରଞ୍ଜନ୍ ଜେନା

ମନୁଷ୍ୟର, ଜ୍ଞାନଲାଭଠାରୁ ବଳି ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ଲଭ୍ୟବସ୍ତୁ ଆଉ କିଛି ନାହିଁ । ଜ୍ଞାନ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଦିବ୍ୟଜ୍ଞାନ ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧୀୟ ଜ୍ଞାନଲାଭ ଯେ ନିଶ୍ଚିତଭାବେ ମହାନ, ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ । ମୁନିଋଷିମାନେ ଦିବ୍ୟଜ୍ଞାନ ବଳରେ ଚୀର ସାଶ୍ୱତ ସତ୍ୟକୁ ଜାଣିବାର ସୂତ୍ର ପାଇ ବେଦ, ଉପନିଷଦ ପରି ମହାନ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ରମାନ ହଜାର ହଜାର ବର୍ଷ ପୁର୍ବରୁ ରଚନା କରି ବିଶ୍ୱକୁ ଅମୁଲ୍ୟ ତଥ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରି ଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି ସବୁ ଜ୍ଞାନ, ଆମ ଦେଶରୁ ଉଦ୍ଭୃତ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ କାଳକ୍ରମେ ଆମେରିକା, ଇଉରୋପ୍ ଆଦି ପାଶ୍ଚ୍ୟାତ ଉନ୍ନତ ମହାଦେଶ ମାନଙ୍କରେ ଆଦୃତ ଓ ବିକାଶ ଲାଭ କରୁଛି । ତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଓଡିଆ ଭାଷାକୋଷ, ସଂସ୍କୃତି ଓ ଐତିହ୍ୟ ପାଣ୍ଡୁଲିପି ଯେ ସେଥିରୁ ଗୋଟିଏ, ଏହା କାହାକୁ ଅଜଣା? କିନ୍ତୁ ଏହି ସବୁ ଜ୍ଞାନକୁ ସଂଗଠିତ କରିବା ଏବଂ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ପିଢିକୁ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରିବା ସବୁଠୁ କଷ୍ଟସାଧ୍ୟ । ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ'ର ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟି ପ୍ରକାଶନ ଯେ ଏହି ଦିଗରେ ପ୍ରବାସୀ ଓଡିଆ ମାନଙ୍କର ଏକ ସଂଗଠିତ ଉଦ୍ୟମ, ତାହା ଏହାର ପାଠକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅଗୋଚର ନୁହେଁ ।

ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟିର ଦଶମ ସଙ୍କଳନ ପ୍ରକାଶନର ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ଦେଖି ମନେ ହେଉଛି ଓଡିଆ ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣୀ ମାନେ ଏହାର ଉପାଦେୟତା ହୃଦୟଙ୍ଗମ କରିପାରିଛନ୍ତି । ପୂର୍ବ ସଂସ୍କରଣର ପୁସ୍ତକ ପାଠ କରି ଓଡିଆ ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣୀ ମାନେ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଲାଭର ସମ୍ବାଦ ଚିଠି ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଆନନ୍ଦମୟ ଚିଠିଗୁଡିକ ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟି ପାଇଁ ଯେ ଅମୂଲ୍ୟ ରତ୍ନ ଓ ଏହାର ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀ'ଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ କେତେ ପ୍ରେରଣାଦାୟକ ତାହା ମୋ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଏଠାରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିବା ଅସମ୍ଭବ । ପରନ୍ତୁ, ପ୍ରତ୍ୟକ୍ଷ ଅନୁଭୂତିରୁ ଏହି କ୍ଷେତରେ କେତେକ ସଂଶୋଧିତ ପଣାଳୀ ଅନୁସୃତ ହେବା ସହିତ କେତେକ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ମଧ୍ୟ କରା ଯାଇଛି । ଏତଦ୍ୱାରା ଓଡିଆ'ଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସଚ୍ଚେତନା ଯେ କମଗତ ଭାବରେ ବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଉଛି, ଏହା ଜାଣି ମୁଁ ବହୁତ ଆନନ୍ଦିତ । ମୋର ଦୃଢ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ, ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏହି ନୂତନ ସଂସ୍କରଣଟି ପାଠକ-ପାଠିକା ମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସସମ୍ମାନରେ ଗୃହଣୀୟ ହେବ, ଏଥିରେ ସନ୍ଦେହ ନାହିଁ । ଏଥିପାଇଁ ମୁଁ ଆମର ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟି ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀ ଏବଂ ପାଠକ-ପାଠିକା ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଶୁଭ ଅଭିନନ୍ଦନ ଜଣାଉଛି ।

ବିଶ୍ୱରଞ୍ଜନ ଜେନା
ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀ, ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ

ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜର ଆଗାମୀ ମୁଖ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀଙ୍କ କଲମରୁ ପଦେ



ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ କୁମାର ସାହୁ

ଏକ ଆକାଶୋନ୍ମୁଖୀ ବିକଶିତ ଓଡିଶାର ପରିକଳ୍ପନାରେ ବିଭୋର - 'ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ' । ନିଜସ୍ୱ କଳା, ସାହିତ୍ୟ,ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଐତିହ୍ୟରେ ସମୃଦ୍ଧ ଓଡିଶାର ଜାତୀୟ ଆସ୍ମିତା, ତଥା ଏହାର ସାମାଜିକ, ଅର୍ଥନୈତିକ ଅଭିବୃଦ୍ଧି ପାଇଁ ନିରବଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ଉଦ୍ୟମରତ ଏକ ବିଶ୍ୱସ୍ତରୀୟ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ ଆମ - ' ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ ' ।

ଏହା ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଦୁଃଖ ଏବଂ ପରିତାପର ବିଷୟ ଯେ ଭାରତ ସରକାରଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଦତ୍ତ ତଥ୍ୟ ଅନୁଯାୟୀ, ଓଡିଶା ଏବେବି ଦେଶର ଦରିଦତମ ରାଜ୍ୟ । ତଥାପି ଅତୀତକୁ ବାଦ୍ ଦେଲେ, ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନକୁ ନେଇ, ଓଡିଆ ବୋଲି ଗର୍ବାନ୍ୱିତ ହେବା ପାଇଁ ଯେଉଁ ସବୁ ଯୁକ୍ତି ସମ୍ମତ ତଥ୍ୟନିଷ୍ଠ ବାହାନା ଗୁଡିକ ରହିଛି, ତାକୁ ଓଡିଶାର ଭୌଗଳିକ ସୀମା ସରହଦ ଡିଆଇଁ , ବିଶ୍ୱର ସମସ୍ତ ପାନ୍ତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚାଇବାର ବିକଳ୍ପ ପଛାର ମଧ୍ୟ ଆବଶ୍ୟକତା ରହିଛି । ଏ ମାଟିର ଅନେକ ପତିଭୂ ଅଦ୍ୟାବଧି ଅଲୋଚିତ । ବିଶ୍ୱମାନଚିତରେ ଓଡିଶାର ପରିଚୟ ଏକ ନିର୍ଭୀକ କର୍ମପ୍ରବଣ ଜାତିର ବୀର ପ୍ରସବିନୀ ମାଟି ରୂପେ ଚିହ୍ନା ପଡୁ ଏହା 'ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜର' ଲକ୍ଷ । ବିଶ୍ୱାୟନର ବିପଣୀବାଦ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ସମଗ୍ର ବିଶ୍ୱ ଏକ ବିଶ୍ୱଜନପଦରେ ରୂପାନ୍ତରିତ ହୋଇସାରିଲା ବେଳେ, ଓଡିଆ ଭାଷା , ତା'ର ଅସ୍ମିତା ବଜାୟ ରଖି ଏକ ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ପରିଚୟ ନିର୍ମାଣ କରିବାରେ ଆମେ ଅଙ୍ଗୀକାର ବଦ୍ଧ । ଏ ସମସ୍ତ ଗୁରୁ ଦାୟୀତ୍ୱ, 'ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ' ନିଃସର୍ତ୍ତରେ ମଥାନତଃ କରି ସ୍ୱୀକାର କରିଛି ତଥା କରିଚାଲିଥିବ ।

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏହି ସଂସ୍କରଣ , ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଓଡିଆଙ୍କୁ ଓଡିଶା ଓ ଓଡିଆ ଜାତି ପ୍ରତି ତାଙ୍କର ଦାୟୀତ୍ୱ ଏବଂ କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ସଂପର୍କରେ ସଚେତନ କରାଇବାରେ ତଥା ଓଡିଆ ଭାଷା ସାହିତ୍ୟର ସୁରକ୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ଜନସମାଜକୁ ଉଜାଗର କରାଇବାରେ ସହାୟକ ହେବ ବୋଲି ମୋର ଆଶା ତଥା ଅପେକ୍ଷା । ଜାତି , ଧର୍ମ, ବର୍ଣ୍ଣ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ଆମ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପରିଚୟ କେବଳ ଏକ ସ୍ୱାଭିମାନୀ ଓଡିଆ ଜାତି ହେଉ, ଏହାହିଁ ଆମର ଅଭିଳାଷ ଓ କାମନା । ଓଡିଶା ସମେତ ବିଶ୍ୱର ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେକ ଓଡିଆଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ନେତୃତ୍ୱ ଓ ଆତ୍ମପ୍ରତ୍ୟୟର ସଂସ୍ଥାପନ ପାଇଁ ଆମେ ଚିର ପ୍ରଚେଷ୍ଟାରତ । ପରିଶେଷରେ ଏହି ସଂସ୍କରଣର ଆବିର୍ଭାରେ ସହଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିବା ସମସ୍ତ ସୁଷ୍ଠା, ସଜ୍ଜନ, ସମଭାବାପନ୍ନ ଓ ସର୍ବପରି ସମସ୍ତ ଓଡିଆଙ୍କୁ ମୁଁ ସାଧୁବାଦ ଜଣାଉଛି ।

ପ୍ରଶାନ୍ତ କୁମାର ସାହୁ

(ମୁଖ୍ୟ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ନିର୍ବାହୀ , ଓଡିଆ ସମାଜ ଯୁକ୍ତରାଷ୍ଟ୍ର ଆମେରିକା)



A Tribute to Laxman Mohanty (1965 – 2008): A Visionary

His untimely demise - An irreversible loss to oDishA

By Debasmita Misra
Fairbanks, Alaska, USA

I could not believe my eyes when I came across the news posted by Debachandan Nayak in ORNET on August 13, 2008 about the untimely demise of a noble soul that oDishA was and will continue to be proud of. I am still in a state of shock and completely lost with my feelings. I knew Laxman as a fighter and a leader and hence it was unbelievable to read the news in Times of India and many other newspapers on August 13, 2008.

According to Prof. Abani Patra of SUNY Buffalo, "Laxman was my senior at Pilani by a couple of years and a mentor to many of us. Tremendously talented he was much admired and will be much missed. His list of accomplishments are many but singular was his ability to start new things and to do things that most others feared**." (*groups.yahoo.com/seedsnet, August 13, 2008*). Laxman was a close friend and I do agree with Abani that he was a** VISIONARY **and would not hesitate to start a venture that others would consider a considerable risk. His demise has definitely created a huge** VACUUM**.**

It has been often said that an elephant is worth the same even after passing away. I would like to provide this noble soul a tribute by exemplifying his philosophy, action and influence he had on many.

1.0 The Action

According to Prof. Chitta Baral of Arizona State University, "I met Laxman in 1987 just after I finished my B.Tech. He and his BITS Pilani colleagues (Sanjeev, GP and Suchitra) had a year or two back founded the first IT Company in Orissa, ORICOM**." (*http://www.orissalinks.com/archives/1390*). I had met with Laxman after they had successfully established ORICOM. During our discussions then, I realized that his attention was not on making profit but his intention was to develop educational infrastructure of oDishA. He had mentioned to me privately that for his dreams and goals, he needs funds. ORICOM was his means of generating such funds. After ORICOM, he went on to initiate the** Silicon Institute of Technology**, a successful model for technical education. Most recently, he was quite involved in a project called the** Future Focus Foundation**. This was his dream project to establish a school in oDishA with modern educational facilites and curriculum. Chitta Baral writes, "Recently Laxman was after a bigger vision of establishing good schools. The first of these schools, Future Bhubaneswar, is about to start. A preschool version of it, Future Feets, is up and running for a couple of years."**

Mr. S.C. Choudhury of Vizag, India comments, "I met Laxman Mohanty about 4 yrs ago along with his wife, Neharika, at my invitation, in Baisakh, the guest house of IMFA at

Bhubaneswar, where I was staying … Mr. Mohanty extensively explained work of Future Focus Foundation and his dream of making a Model School at Bhubaneswar and link it with a number of smaller schools at different district headquarters. He was planning that the income of Bhubaneswar school would take care of the expenses at the district schools, which will cater to the poorer classes. He was a protagonist of Future Focus Foundation. What struck me unusual was what he called joint ownership of the Bhubaneswar school by all members of Future Focus Foundation. But nobody would actually own it. It sounded utopian. He was associated with Silicon Engineering College as a promoter, which I visited. But it was being run on a professional entrepreneurial model. No contamination of idealism." (*groups.yahoo.com/myodisa, August 14, 2008*).

Laxman had initiated the concept of the Future Focus Foundation with the following Philosophy **-**
(*http://www.learningnet-india.org/lni/data/groups/orissa/3F/index.php*)

No dependence on charity, Cross-subsidization, Involve as many people possible and build linkage with the entire world, Use resources as they are available, Transparency and openness at all levels, Experimentation and exploration, Respect for all stakeholders, Professionalism, Building of self-sustainable and replicable entities

What strikes me as important in the concept is most of it was also the philosophy behind initiation (in 2001) of the oDiA samAja**, a society of oDiAs worldwide, and** oDishA bikAsha Initiative **(OBI), an initiative for sustainable development of oDishA. Let me also present the Mission, the Work Description, and the Resources Available, as defined by Laxman in the website of the Learning Network of India. Please note the implicit message in each of his definition or description from which there is much to learn, especially, his humility and selflessness of putting everyone else before him.**

Mission

3F intends to make a difference in the field of primary and secondary education through-

- **Establishing a network of rural and urban schools**
- **Coupling micro-industry with rural schools**
- **Reaching a large number of teachers through training, research and pedagogical aids**

Work Description

- **3F has already trained more than 150 school principals and 2000 teachers for various schools and in places like Mumbai, New Delhi, Dehradun, Pune, Bhubaneswar, Hyderabad, Muscat, Guwahati, Kolkata, Jaipur, Meerut, Jalandhar and Singapore.**
- **It has already started a pre-school, Future Feet, in Bhubaneswar**
- **Its main school, Future Bhubaneswar, will start functioning from 2007 in Bhubaneswar.**

Resources Available

The main resource of 3F is the network that it has built and the expertise of the people behind it.

A man filled with action passes away but also leaves behind his critical thoughts and recommendations in a book, co-authored with his wife Mrs. Neharika Vohra, entitled "ICT Strategies for Schools: A Guide for School Administrators**" published by SAGE that had gained immense popularity. He has also authored several books for children in oDishA. Educating oDiAs was his primary goal in life.**

2.0 The Philosophy/Mission

It is difficult to describe the Philosophy and the Mission of a man, so dedicated to his dreams and goals for a developed oDishA. However, it was my good fortune that I had captured some of it in his own words through a publication in Odiya Homepage (www.odiya.org), in a series called the Weekend Thoughts on April 7, 1995. His article was entitled, "My Dreams About Orissa**". Let me reproduce his message below –**

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This weekend's contribution is from Laxman Mohanty. You must have seen his repeated postings in the net during the last 3-4 days. In his article he has poured all his feelings and motivations. Laxman and his wife Neharika visited us during their USA trip last year. We had various discussion during their period of stay. I must say that these discussions were very productive and thought provocative. I could feel the urge inside Laxman to do something more from where he stood. He liked challenges and worked to succeed. In fact, I had been motivated by him to change something personally in my life. I am still continuing to do that. I am sure his article will be very interesting to each one of us and particularly to the enterprise lovers.

I must thank Gopal Mohapatra for reviewing the article and providing his valuable comments. So here we go....

Intro <<<<<

Laxman Mohanty needs no introduction. He is one of the partners in a computer firm in Bhubaneswar called ORICOM. After visiting all countries in the world he is planning to retire in Nayapalli (Bhubaneswar). I am presenting the few words he wrote about himself to me:

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As far as I am concerned, you know that I am a BE(Electronics) from BITS, Pilani. Did job for sometime in Delhi. Now in business for 8 years. By Orissa standard, quite successful. Now more involved in school computer education. Publishing a set of 7 books on computer for school students. Do you know- I am bringing out a small computer magazine (CAMPLINE) for school students? Students are really sending good articles. Just for your information- I studied in two good schools of the country- Ramakrishna Mission Vidyapith, Deoghar(Bihar) and Birla Public School, Pilani.
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I have excerpted the following from his ORNET posting:

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In Bhubaneswar I am bringing out a quarterly computer magazine for schools students. It is named CAMPLINE; CAMP is the acronym for Computer Awareness for More People. I collect articles from the students of various schools and then publish them after some editing. Currently it is a 8-pages magazine and is distributed free. I print around 1000 copies. My organisation bears the cost of publishing and distribution. I am quite pleased with the interest shown by the young students. You really have to see their articles in order to appreciate how smart our young friends are. As my current interest is in school computer education, any information on this topic will be also highly appreciable. For your information, I have prepared a set of 7 books on computers for school students of class IV to X. It will be out by end of April. I am sure it would be one of the good books available in our country.

...I have been always thinking to do something better and something for the state. To me, we have a lot of problems in Orissa. We cannot tackle everything, but we can always make a start. After a lot of thoughts I realized that education can be one line, which can make significant difference. But I am not for higher education as I think it is not for the mass. We need only a few good doctors/ engineers, but we need a lot of skilled workers and entrepreneurs. To be a good clerk, you need a good knowledge about word-processing than a MA degree. We have too much of underutilization of manpower. And believe me, we do not have too many unemployed people, rather we have more unemployable people. Can you believe that we always face the manpower problem? I have jobs, but not people. This means there is some fundamental problem. This can only be tackled if we can value add our existing primary education system.

My dream is like this. I would love to build a school-cum-development center. The center would develop and popularize new resource materials, training methodologies, etc. The attached school will be a kind of lab for testing the materials and methodologies. It can be a center for excellence too. The center by itself can be commercial in approach for its existence. But, it would render all kinds of free services to different schools in the state. Then, I would love to have a network of similar centers all over the state. The center can also run polytechnics, which will conduct short-term courses on job-oriented skills. This is a kind outline to which you people can add your suggestions.

If we have so much talents and good feelings for the state, why something cannot be done? May be we lack a little initiative. But, it's not tough to organize that. I would love to hear your comments. But, these are my honest feelings. It's really tough to express them in person, but e-mail takes care of that hesitation.....
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Article <<<<<

My Dreams About Orissa

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Though I never bothered to go for higher education after my BE (Electronics) from BITS, Pilani, I feel I had the best education possible in our country till then. I studied from class VI to X in Ramakrishna Mission Vidyapith, Deoghar, Bihar, did +2 in Birla Public School, Pilani and then completed my engineering in BITS, Pilani. All these institutes were residential and had students from other states. I studied Hindi as my second language and Bengali as third language in the school. Like you people, I grew up outside my state, took up a job in Delhi, but finally came back when I decided that we should better do something in Orissa. Starting an organization in Orissa from scratch was not easy. We had pulled up furniture from friend's house, were supported by the pension received by friend's mother, etc. I still remember how I felt when the chief librarian of Utkal University commented that we had no job and thus had entered into business.

But, by our tenacity we have grown into the biggest homegrown computer organization of the state. We are comparable to any other organization like ours in any part of the country. We have been quite instrumental in bringing in all kinds of new technology in Orissa. But, still we are like `Gaba gachha' in `marubhumi'. In the meanwhile, I have been trying to find out - what makes us the most backward state in the country. I have summed it up as a kind of cultural problem. I must have interviewed hundreds of students and come into contact with many more hundreds. We have a whole bunch of people who do not have any ambition, the will to do something in life. They are just content with being peons/clerks in the Secretariate, some govt. officer, or PO/IAS/engineer/doctor. It looks there are no other career alternatives. No body wants to be fashion photographer, fashion designer, textile designer, etc. Just think, if we have variety of people, how much the state can develop culturally and economically. I believe engineers or doctors can hardly make any money in comparison to film artists, photographers, sportsmen, etc.

Today, if Bengal can boast of Satyajit Ray, Mrinal Sen, Ravi Shanker, Uday Shanker, P C Sorcar, etc. it is because the people there have valued vocations other than engineering/ medical/ govt. jobs. I still remember how good I had felt when I learnt that Sanat Mishra is a good badminton player and is an Oriya too. Always people are proud of the person who is known widely. I believe Orissa needs these kind of icons other than Konark temple or Puri beach.

Orissa also is badly in need of entrepreneurs, who can commercially exploit its resources, create jobs and bring wealth into the state. Just setting up some huge plants/ factories will not bring in this culture. We need a cultural change where entrepreneurship is respected. Do you know that my friend, who is a partner in the business, was forced to join an adhoc Govt. job with a consolidated pay of Rs.2000/- p.m., because no parents were ready to give their daughters to businessmen? At that time, he was giving jobs to 10 odd people. If you do not mind- how many of us have ventured out of our secured jobs and started business in the land of entrepreneurship? What I want to hint is that we need to bring in some kind of the spirit of entrepreneurship among us. Today, if my organization is not able to grow - it is because I lack the ambition of becoming big, taking the risk and proving myself.

I believe all these changes can be brought in slowly if we can make our primary education meaningful. If a child can be encouraged to be what he/she is good at, rather than fulfilling the unfilled aspirations of his/her parents, we can have a whole lot of successful people. We should somehow aim at giving the proper guidance and provide the correct information. The new generation can bring in the change, but we have to be instrumental in making them to do so. We simply cannot pass on the baton without doing our share of the run. With these thoughts, I believe we can take up one problem at a time and try to make some changes. The first area can be primary education. For this, as I have put it already, we can start with a development centre and go forward from there. But, the first and foremost necessity is to gather a set of people who sincerely believe in this and can make some genuine efforts. I somehow do not believe in too much of discussion or planning. Take your first step, you will surely hit the road. You may not be able to do the smartest job, but surely you can achieve something that you very much wanted.

Hope I have been honest with my feelings. I apologize if I have sounded rude, improper or boastful. I would very much appreciate your comments/suggestions.

Review <<<<<

By: Gopal Mohapatra, Houston, Texas

The author has driven the point home that "You cannot swim unless you get your feet wet". He is right, when he says that most of us have a feeling of insecurity. Who wants to leave a high salary job here and go to work in Orissa? A very few in fact. Most of us want to stay here, have a good life, and help Orissa from here. But its also the "coming to America", that makes quite a few people think that they should do something for Orissa. Everything basically traces back to root or past. Staying here or going back is not a very simple decision; nevertheless, if we want to help, we can do so, no matter where we are. Entrepreneurship spirit is very much lacking in Orissa. We all know that. And as the author has pointed out, this is very much necessary for the development of Orissa. For those who want to stay here and help Orissa, the best bet will be to help in these kind of efforts.

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Development Cell so that some engineering students can be motivated. Later incubation centre can also be set up. Any help and partnership in this regard will be useful. If a lot of educational institutions work in this area, it can make some impact.

I will also take this opportunity to invite all of you to be part of Future Focus Foundation- a network of professionals to make a difference in school education. Pl. see www.f2foundation.org for more details.

We can have a lot of ideas. But the challenge is to translate them into actions.

Suggestions and comments welcome.
regards.. Laxman

Future Focus Foundation - www.f2foundation.org
My webpage - www.geocities.com/lxn_mon
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Mr. S.C. Choudhury of Vizag, India writes, "It is a sad day for all the idealist who want to do something for good of the common man. Sri Mohanty was an idealist who floundered on the hard rock of reality." He adds, "Perhaps Sri Mohanty could not align his idealism with reality. The cause of death of such a person would surely be a lesson to all similar minded person." (*groups.yahoo.com/myodisa, August 14, 2008*).

Dr. Sri Gopal Mohanty of Canada writes, "I remember visiting him and his wife Neharika at Xavier Institute … He was truly and emotionally devoted to improve Orissa through entrepreneurship and education. If I am correct, he thought he should move away from Orissa to fulfill his dream on Orissa's development." (*groups.yahoo.com/seedsnet, August 14, 2008*).

Dr. Dhanada Kanta Mishra, a social activist of oDishA expressed, "Laxman was a great person with wonderful dreams towards which he had taken a number of initiatives. The few interactions I had with him were always very positive. Its really sad to lose such a person in such an untimely manner." (*groups.yahoo.com/seedsnet, August 14, 2008*).

Mr. Nihar Beura writes, "May his Great Soul live in Peace. Many of us who know him know his contributions to the society over last 2 decades. I had been involved in couple of his initiatives in capacity of a guest and come to know how pragmatic he was, ALWAYS ACTIONFUL. He has written books, articles, pioneered in setting up college, school, company, conducted so many workshops..., again almost all centering on IT. He was visionary and Odisha lost a great son. His last reply to me was in Feb/March where he had

mentioned about being sidelined in the school project at BBSR. He was so actionful.....I do not know..how do I express and what I express about him.. We lost and we lost a lot..am speechless..” (https://lists.cs.columbia.edu/cucslists/private/ornet/2008-August/015805.html).

There are many more that have felt the pang of the untimely loss of Laxman and are yet to express their feelings. All I can think of right now is - ବନ୍ଧୁ ତୁମେ ଛାଡ଼ି ଚାଲିଗଲ, ବହୁ କିଛି ଅଧୁରା ରଖି?

May his noble soul rest in PEACE.

ଅନାମ କବିତା

ମନୁ ଦାଶ

ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ କରିବି ମକର
ପୂରୁବ ପଶ୍ଚିମ,
ଉତ୍ତର ଦକ୍ଷିଣ
ଘୁରି ଘୁରି ମୁଁ ଘାଇଲା ହେଲିଣି,
ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଖାଇଲାଣି ଚକ୍କର ।
ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ କରିବି ମକର ?

ଦୁନିଆଟା ସାରା ହାଉ ଜାଉ ଲୋକ
ମଣିଷ ମିଳୁଛି କାହିଁ ?
ନିଜ ଡଅଁରରେ ଆକ୍‌ତା ମାକ୍‌ତା
(ଆନେ) ଖୋଜିବାକୁ ବେଳ ନାହିଁ ।
ମିତ ବୋଲି ଯା'କୁ ଡାକିଲି ପ୍ରେମରେ
ସିଏତ ଦେଲାଣି ଟକ୍କର,
ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ କରିବି ମକର ?

ସୁରୁଯ ଉଇଁଲେ ପଣ୍ଡୁ କଉରବ
ଭୁଲୁଥିଲେ ରୋଷ ରାଗ,
ଦୁନିଆରେ ଆଜି ରୀତି ତ ଓଲଟା
ରକତ ମାଗଇ ଭାଗ ।
ରୁଚିର ସହରେ ଦଳ ଦଳ ଏବେ
ମୁଖା ପିନ୍ଧିଥିବା ଜୋକର,
ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ କରିବି ମକର ?

ନିଜ ଶବ ବୋହି ମଣିଷ ଜାତିଟା
ଖୋଜୁଛି ସରଗ ଶିଡି,
ଅଲାଜୁକ କାନ୍ଦେ କୁମ୍ଭୀର କାନ୍ଦଣା
ଝୁରେ ଦଉପଦୀ ଶାଢୀ ।
ଶରଧା ବାଲିରୁ ଶରଧା ହଜିଲେ
ରଜା ନୁହେଁ ଆଉ ଚାକର,
ମୁଁ କାହାକୁ କରିବି ମକର ?

ଚଉକି ଚଉକି ପାଗଳ ମଣିଷ
କଲବଲ ଜୀଏଁ ଜୀବନ,
ରାତି ପାହି ଯାଏ ତଥାପି ସକାଳ
ଲାଗେ ସତେ ସାତ ସପନ ।
ମକର ଚାଉଳ ନ ବାଣ୍ଟି ମନୁଆ
ବାଣ୍ଟିଦେ ହୃଦ ତୋହର,
(ସେ କଥା) କହିଲା ସୁନାମୀ ଲହର
ଆସ, କରିବି ତୁମକୁ ମକର
ନାହିଁ ଆଉ କାହିଁ ନିସ୍ତାର
ଆସ, କରିବି ତୁମକୁ ମକର ।

ସୌଜନ୍ୟ ଃ ଦୂରଦର୍ଶନ, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର

ଜି -୧୦
ଓରିଏଣ୍ଟ ପେପର ମିଲସ୍ ଅଫିସର୍ସ କଲୋନୀ
ଅମଲାଇ
ଶାହାଡୋଲ୍ କିଲ୍ଲା
ମଧ୍ୟ ପ୍ରଦେଶ - ୪୮୪୧୧୭

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ଆପଣ ପାଗଳ କି?



ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦାଶ

satyadashca@yahoo.ca
ମାର୍ଖମ୍, କାନାଡା

ସତ୍ୟ ରଞ୍ଜନ ଦୁରଦୃଷ୍ଟିର ଏକ ଚିରପରିଚିତ ଲେଖକ ଓ ସଂପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀର ଅନ୍ୟତମ ସଦସ୍ୟ । ଏହି ମଜାଳିଆ ଘଟଣାଟି ପିଲାଦିନର ଶୁଣିଥିବା ଏକ ମଜା କଥା ଉପରେ ଆଧାରିତ । ଯେହେତୁ ପ୍ରାତମିକ ମୂଳ ଧାରଣାଟି ଅନୁକରଣିତ ସେହେତୁ ଲେଖକ ତାଙ୍କର ବାଲ୍ୟକାଳର ସାଥୀମାନଙ୍କ ସ୍ମୃତି ପାଇଁ ଚିରକୃତଜ୍ଞିତ ।

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ ଯାଜପୁରର ଗୋବର୍ଦ୍ଧନ-ସାଗର ମାଧ୍ୟମିକ ସ୍କୁଲର ପଞ୍ଚମ ଶେଣୀର ଶିକ୍ଷକ । ସେ ଗଣିତ ପଢାନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଗୁଡିକ ଯେତେ ଜଟିଳ ସେତେକାଂଶ ତାଙ୍କ ଅଜାଣତରେ କୁଟିଳ । ତାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଯେତେ ବ୍ୟବଧାନ ସେତେ ମାତାରେ ଦୁହେଁ ଅସଂଯୁକ୍ତ । ଏହିପରି ଅସଂଲଗ୍ନ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ-ଉତ୍ତର ଯୋଡିରେ ଶିଷ୍ୟମାନେ ପାୟେ ଅଭ୍ୟସ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଯାଇଥାନ୍ତି । ଆଜି ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ ପଞ୍ଚମ ଶେଣୀର ଗଣିତ କ୍ଲାସ୍‌ରେ ଆବିର୍ଭୂତ ।

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ପିଲେ ଆଜି ଗୋଟିଏ ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ସୁନ୍ଦର ଗଣିତ ସମସ୍ୟା ଆମ ଆଗରେ ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ।

ବ୍ୟସ୍ତ ଥିବା ପିଲାମାନେ ଯିଏ ଯାହା କରୁଥିଲେ ଧିରେ ଧିରେ ଆଳସ୍ୟ ଓ କ୍ଲାନ୍ତି ସହିତ ଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କ ଆଡକୁ ନଜର ବୁଲାଇଲେ । ଯେପରି ଅନେକଙ୍କ ଆଖି କହୁଥିଲା "ହେ ଭଗବାନ ରକ୍ଷା କର, ପୁଣି ଥରେ ନୁହଁ ।"

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ଯିଏ ଏଇ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନର ଉତ୍ତର ସଳଖ ଓ ଶୀଘ୍ରତାରେ ଦେଇ ପାରିବ ସିଏ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ଭାବରେ ଏକ ବିଚକ୍ଷଣ ଶିଷ୍ୟ । ମୁଁ ତାହା'କୁ ଏକ ବଡିଆ ଇନାମ ଦେବି ।

ପିଲେ ଚୁପ୍, ଯେପରି ହରିଣ ମୋଟର ଆଲୁଅରେ କିଂକର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟମୂଢ ହୋଇଯାଏ ।

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ଶୁଣ । ମାନିନିଅ ମୋ ଗୋଡ ପାଖରେ ପୁଷ୍ପକ ବିମାନଟି ବିଶ୍ରାମରତ । ବିମାନଟି ପ୍ରଥମେ ଉତ୍ତର ଦିଗକୁ ୧୦ କି.ମି. ଉଡିଲା । ତା'ପରେ ପୂର୍ବକୁ ୧୦ କି.ମି. ଉଡିଲା । ତା'ପରେ ବିମାନଟି ଦକ୍ଷିଣକୁ ୧୦ କି.ମି. ଉଡିଲା । ବୁଝିଲ?

ବଳି ଦେଲାପୂର୍ବରୁ ଛେଳିର ଶାନ୍ତାବସ୍ଥା ଭଳି ସର୍ବାଧିକ ପିଲେ ନୀରବ । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ଗୋଟେ-ଦୁଇଟା ପିଲା ମୁଣ୍ଡ ସ୍ୱଭାବିକ ଭାବରେ ଟୁଙ୍ଗାରିଲେ ।

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: କହିଲ ପିଲେ ମୋର ବୟସ କେତେ?

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ ଅତି ଗାମ୍ଭୀର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଭାବରେ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟବେକ୍ଷଣ କଲେ । କୌଣସି ଶିଷ୍ୟର ଆଖି ତାଙ୍କ ଆଖିରେ ସଂଯୋଗ ହେଲା ନାହିଁ । ନତମସ୍ତକ, ନୀରବ ଶିଷ୍ୟ ସମୁଦ । ଦ୍ୱୀତିୟ ଥର ରେଡାର ଭଳି ତାଙ୍କ ମସ୍ତକ ସଂପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ କୋଠରୀରେ ଘୂର୍ଣ୍ଣନ କଲାବେଳେ କୌଣସି ଅଜଣା କାରଣରୁ ବାମ କୋଣରେ ଅଟକି ଗଲା ।

ଏକ ଶୀର୍ଣ୍ଣ ବାଳିକାଟି ଟିକେ ଇତସ୍ତତଃ ହେଉଥିଲା, ଯଦିଓ ଚକ୍ଷୁ ଚଟାଣ ଆଡେ ନିକ୍ଷେପ । ଅନାଦି ବାବୁଙ୍କ ଉତ୍କା ଟିକିଏ ପଶମିତ ହେବାର ଆଶଙ୍କା ଲାଭ କଲା । ବାଳିକାଟି ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଚକ୍ଷୁ ଉପରକୁ ଉଠାଇ ତାଙ୍କ ଆଡେ ନିକ୍ଷେପ କଲା । ଅନାଦି ବାବୁଙ୍କ ଆଶା ଏବେ କମବର୍ଦ୍ଧିଷ୍ଣୁ । ବାଳିକାଟି ଧୀରେ ହସ୍ତ ଉପରକୁ କଲା । ଅନାଦି ବାବୁଙ୍କ ହୃତ୍‌ପିଣ୍ଡର ଚଳନ ବେଗ କମିଆସିଲା ।

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ସାବାସ୍ ବନିତା । କ'ଣ ମୋତେ ଉତ୍ତରଟେ ମିଳିବ?
ବନିତା: ହଁ ସାର୍ ।
ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ତାହାଲେ କହିଲ ମୋର ବୟସ କେତେ?
ବନିତା: ସାର୍ ଖରାପ୍ ଭାବିବେନି ତ? କାଳେ ଭୁଲ୍ ହେଇଯିବ !

ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: (ଗାମ୍ଭୀର୍ଯ୍ୟ ସହିତ) ଖରାପ୍ କାହିଁ ଭାବିବି? ଉତ୍ତର ଦେବା ଶିଷ୍ୟର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ସଂଶୋଧନ କରିବା ଗୁରୁର କର୍ତ୍ତବ୍ୟ ।
ବନିତା: ସାର୍ ୪୨ ବର୍ଷ ।
ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: କିରେ ବନିତା ତୁ କେମିତି ଜାଣିଲୁ । ପିଲେମାନେ ସାବଧାନତାର ସହିତ ପର୍ଯବେକ୍ଷଣ କରୁଥାଅ ବନିତା କିପରି ବିଚକ୍ଷଣତାର ସହିତ ଏ ଜଟିଳ ପଶ୍ନର ସମାଧାନ କରିଅଛି । ତାଳି ଦୟାକରି !
ବନିତା: ସାର୍, କ'ଣ କି ।
ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ଜଲ୍‌ଦି କହ । ପିଲେ ଶୁଣୁଥାଅ, ଦେଖୁଥାଅ, ଆଉ ଯଦି ବୁଝି ନ ପାରିବ ତାହାହେଲେ ବନିତାର ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ନବ ।
ବନିତା: ସାର୍, କଥା କ'ଣ କି? ଆମ ଗାଁରେ ଆମର ଲାଲୁ କକେଇ ଅଛନ୍ତି ।
ଅନାଦି ବାବୁ: ହେଲା । ଯେ ଲାଲୁ କକେଇଙ୍କର ମୋ ବୟସ ସଙ୍ଗରେ କିସ ସଂପର୍କ?
ବନିତା: ତାଙ୍କୁ ଏକୋଇଶ ବର୍ଷ ଓ ଆମ ସାହିରେ ସମସ୍ତେ ତାଙ୍କୁ ଅର୍ଦ୍ଧପାଗଳ ବୋଲି କହନ୍ତି । ମୁଁ ତାଙ୍କର ବୟସ ଡବଲ କରିଦେଲି ଆପଣଙ୍କ ବ୍ୟାପାରରେ ।

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REPENTANCE

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When the dusk drew in
And the wolves howled;
Darkness deepened
And the wild dogs growled.

The moon shone its light
Through the branches in the graveyard;
Something tall was seen
Reckless as a pard.

Few steps he took
With the feet that were bare;
And walked on for the grave
Somewhere in a corner there.

He knelt before it
With a sudden despair;
With his eyes full of tears
At that grave he stared.

The tears rolled down
The unshaved skin;
Asking for forgiveness
From that silent tin.

'Forgive me', he said
'For the deed I have done';
'Forgive me', he cried
'For the misbehaviour I had shown'.

The North wind blew
Whispering to him;
Counting on his deeds
And blaming him.

He put a rose
Near his lover's bones;
'No value', said his destiny
'Everything is gone'.

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କେହି ଜଣେ ମାଦ୍‌ମୋଜାଇଲ୍

ଗୌତମ ପ୍ରିୟଦର୍ଶୀ

ଟୋଟାଲ୍ ମିଶି ଆଠଟା କଳାଜାଇ । ମୁହଁ ଉପରେ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଆଉ ବେକ ମୂଳରେ ତିନି । ସେଦିନ ତ ସମସ୍ତେ ଯାଇଥିଲେ ତା'କୁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ । ସତେକି କ୍ଲାସ୍‌ରୁମ୍‌ଟା ସେଦିନ ଗୋଟେ ଦର୍ଶନୀୟ ସ୍ଥାନ । ପାଠ ବି କୁଆଡେ ସେ ଭଲ ପଢୁଥିଲା । ମାନେ ବହୁତ ଭଲ । ପ୍ରଥମ କେତେଟା କ୍ଲାସ୍‌ଟେଷ୍ଟରେ ବି ପ୍ରଥମ, ଦ୍ୱିତୀୟ ଏମିତି . . . କେତେ ଥର ହୋଇଛି । ଏମିତିରେ ତ ଚେହେରାଟା ଏକ୍‌ଦମ୍ କାଚ, ତେଣୁ ତା' ପ୍ରେମିକ ଲିଷ୍ଟଟା ଅଟୋମେଟିକ୍ ଲମ୍ବା ଥିଲା । ସତ କହିବାକୁ ଗଲେ, ମୁଁ ତାକୁ କେବେବି ଭଲ ପାଇନଥିଲି, କି ସେମିତି କିଛି ଘଟିବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ବି ନଥିଲା । କାରଣ ସେ କବିତା ପଢୁନଥିଲା କି ଗପ ବି ବୁଝିପାରୁନଥିଲା । ତଥାପି ତଥାପି ... ସବୁ ପିଲାମାନେ କହୁଥିଲେ ସେ କୁଆଡେ ମୋର ଠିକ୍ ଯୋଡିଥିଲା, ମାନେ .. ସିଏ ଥିଲା ମୋର ମିସ୍ ପର୍‌ଫେକ୍ଟ୍ । କିନ୍ତୁ ସେଥିପ୍ରତି ଏଇ ଅନେଶତ ରାଣୀର ବାଯ୍ୟା ରାଜାର ଧ୍ୟାନ ନଥିଲା ।
ସମୟର ଗତି ସହିତ ତା'ର ସିଡ୍ୟୁଲ୍ ବି ଠିକ୍ ଥିଲା । ହଠାତ୍ ତା'ର କ'ଣ ହେଲା କେଜାଣି, ଭଲପାଇ ବସିଲା ମୋତେ । ଆଜି ବି ସେସବୁ ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ଦିନ ଆଉ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖିବାର ରାତିଗୁଡାକ ମୋ ପାଇଁ ରହସ୍ୟମୟ । କ'ଣ ଦେଖିଲା ସେ ମୋ ଠାରେ ? କାହିଁକି ଭଲ ପାଇଲା ମୋତେ . . . ଜିଦ୍ କରି ବସିଲା ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ନୀଡ ରଚିବାକୁ ? ଯାହାର ନାହିଁ କିଛି ଦୈର୍ଘ୍ୟ , ପ୍ରସ୍ଥ ... ଅବା କିଛି ନିଜସ୍ୱତା । ନିଜର ନିଶ୍ୱାସରେ ନିଜେ ହିଁ ଜଳେ ବରାବର ।

ଏଯାଏ ମୁଁ ତ ନିଜକୁ ଚିହ୍ନି ପାରିଲିନି, ତାକୁ କ'ଣ ଚିହ୍ନିବି ? ହା...ହା । ମୁଁ ତା'କୁ ଭଲପାଇଥିଲି କି ନା ଏଯାଏ ମୁଁ ଜାଣିନି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଜାଣିଛି .... ମୁଁ ତା'ର ଭଲପାଇବାଟାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲି । ଭଲ ପାଇବସିଥିଲା ତା'ର ରାଗରେ ନାଲି ପଡିଯାଉଥିବା ନାକ ଆଉ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖୁଥିବା ଆଖିମାନଙ୍କୁ । ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରୁଥିଲି ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ବସି କଟଉଥିବା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଆଉ ଗୋଟିଏ କୁର୍‌କୁରେ ପ୍ୟାକେଟରୁ ଖାଉଥିବା ଆଳୁଚିପ୍‌ସର ସମାହାରକୁ । ଧରିନେଇଥିଲି ଏଇଟା ହିଁ ପ୍ରେମ ଆଉ ସେ ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା ।

ଏମିତିରେ ସମୟଟା ଆଗେଇ ଚାଲିଲା ଆଉ ତା' ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ଆମର ଭଲପାଇବା ବି । ମୁଁ ଆଉ ସେ ମିଶି ଆମେ ହେଇ ଯାଇଥିଲୁ । ମୋତେ ଭଲ ପାଉ ପାଉ, ସେ ଭଲ ପାଇ ବସିଥିଲା ଏଇ ଶୁନ୍‌ଶାନ୍ ପ୍ରେମିକର ଠୋ ଫଟାସ କବିତା ଆଉ ଫାଙ୍କା ଗପର ଇସ୍ତାହାରମାନଙ୍କୁ । ମୁଁବି ... ମୁଁବି .. ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିନେଇଥିଲି ତା'ର ଜୀବନକୁ ଜିତିବାର ନିଶା ଆଉ ପାଠ ପଢିବାର ଆଗ୍ରହ । ପଢି ଚାଲିଲି ପାଠ, ଛାଡିଲିନି ବି ଲେଖା ଲେଖି ।

ଲାଗିଲା ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣାଙ୍ଗ ମଣିଷଟେ ହୋଇଗଲି । କ'ଣ ନାହିଁ ମୋ ପାଖରେ । ଚାକିରୀ ପାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଭଲ ପାଠର ସାର୍ଟିଫିକେଟ୍, ଜୀବନଟାକୁ ଜିଇଁବା ପାଇଁ ଭଲପାଉଥିବା ପ୍ରେମିକାର ହୃଦୟ, ସୁନାମ ଅର୍ଜନ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଲେଖାଲେଖି କରିବାର କୌଶଳ ।

ଏଇମିତି ଭଲ ପାଉଥିବା ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତମାନଙ୍କର ସନ୍ନିକ୍ଷଣରେ ମୁଁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିପାରିଥିଲି ବ୍ୟାୟାମ୍ (ଏକସରସାଇଜ୍) ଆଉ ଯୌନାବେଗ ଭିତରେ ଥିବା ଗୁଡତମ ସମ୍ପର୍କଟାକୁ । ଆକ୍‌ଚୁଆଲି .. ଏକସରସାଇଜ୍ କରିବା ସମୟ୍ ଆସିଲେ, ଦେହଟା ମାନ୍ଦାଳିଆ ଲାଗେ ... ତାଉ, ଆଜି କରିବିନି-ଅଳ୍ପ ସମୟ୍ ପାଇଁ କରି ବନ୍ଦ କରିଦେବି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଥରେ ଏଇ ଏକସରସାଇଜ୍ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଗଲେ ପୂର୍ବର ଅନିଚ୍ଛାଟା ଦୂର ହୋଇଯାଏ । ଅଟୋମେଟିକ୍ ବଳ ଆସେ । ଲାଗେ, ଆଜି ବହୁତ ସମୟ୍ ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ କରିବି । ଏକାଥରକେ ସଲମନ୍ ଖାନ୍ ଛାତି ଆଉ ସଂଯୁବାବାର ବାଇସେପ୍ ନେଇ ଆସିବି । କିନ୍ତୁ ଯୌନାବେଗଟା ଏକଦମ ଅଲଗା । ସବୁବେଳେ ଇଚ୍ଛାହୁଏ ସେ ଆସନ୍ତାକି ? ପାଖରେ ବସି, ଗାଲରେ ଗାଲ ଘଷି କଥା ହୁଅନ୍ତି । .... ଛାତିରେ ଛାତି ମିଶେଇ ଶୋଇପଡନ୍ତି । କିନ୍ତୁ ସବୁ ଠୋ ... ଥରେ ସେ ଆସିଗଲେ, ଥରେ ଓଠରେ ଓଠ ଲଗେଇ ଦେଲେ ସବୁ ଖତମ୍ । ଇଚ୍ଛା ସବୁ ମରିଯାଆନ୍ତି , ଆଗ୍ରହ ସବୁ ଲୁଚି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତା'ର ନାଲି ଟୁପ୍ ଟୁପ୍ ସିଫନ୍ ଚୁନୁରି ଅଥବା ମୋର ଜିନ୍‌ପ୍ୟାଣ୍ଟ୍‌ର ଫ୍ରଣ୍ଟ ସାଇଡ୍ ବାଁ ପକେଟ ଉହାଡରେ । ଧେତ୍ କ'ଣ ସବୁ ଲେଖି ପକାଉଛି । ଏଇଟା ତ ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା ବିଷୟ୍‌ରେ ଲେଖା ନୁହେଁ । ମୁଁ ତ ଏଠି ମୋ ଭାବନା ଆଉ ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଇସ୍ତାହାର କରିପକେଇଲି ।

ସରି ! ମୁଁ ଏବେ ପ୍ରେମିକା ବିଷୟ୍‌ରେ କହୁଛି । ବହୁତ ସୁନ୍ଦର, ବହୁତ ଭଲ ଝିଅ ଥିଲା ସେ । ତଥାପି ତା'ର ଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ବ୍ୟତିକ୍ରମ । ଆଉ ମୁଁ ବି ଖଣ୍ଡିଆ ଭୂତ ତା'ର ସମସ୍ତ ସତ୍ତା ଓ ଇୟତ୍ତାକୁ ଭଲପାଇଲା ଭଳି ତା'ର ସେଇ ବ୍ୟତିକ୍ରମଟାକୁ ବି ପସନ୍ଦ କରୁଥିଲି । ସେଇଟା ହେଲା, ସବୁ ସୁନ୍ଦରୀ ଝିଅଙ୍କ ଭଳି ତା'ର ନାକ ଅଗରେ ରାଗ ନଥିଲା ତଥାପି ଥରେ ରାଗି ଗଲେ ତା'ର ନାକ ଅଗଟା ରାଗରେ ଲାଲ ହୋଇଯାଉଥିଲା ।

ଏନିବ୍ରେ , ମୁଁ ବୋଧେ ତାକୁ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲି । ସେଥି ପାଇଁ ତା'ର ସବୁ ଭୁଲକୁ ନିଜର ଭୁଲ ଭାବି କ୍ଷମା କରିଦେଉଥିଲି । ଆଉ ବୋଧେ ସେଇଟା ହିଁ ଥିଲା ମୋର ସବୁଠାରୁ ବଡ ଭୁଲ୍ । ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ସେ ମୋତେ ... ମାନେ ମୋତେ ଲାଗିଲା, ସେ ମୋତେ ଆଭୋଏଡ୍ କରୁଛି । ମୋତେ ତ ସିଏ ଖରାପରୁ ଭଲ କରିଦେଲା, କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଜେ ଭଲରୁ .... । ଛାଡ ବୋଧେ ଏଇଟା ହିଁ ତାର ମୋ ପ୍ରତି ପ୍ରକୃତ ଭଲପାଇବାର ନିଦର୍ଶନ । ହା...ହା ।

ସତରେ, ବହୁତ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲା ସେ ମୋତେ । ଏବେବି ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଲାଗେ ତା'ର ଭଲ ପାଇବାର ଗଭୀରତା ମାପିବାକୁ ଗଲେ । ବାପ୍‌ରେ ବାପ୍ ପୁରା ପାଗଳ ଭାବେ ଭଲ ପାଉଥିଲା । ଥରେ ତ ମୋ ହାତଟାକୁ ଜବରଦସ୍ତ କାମୁଡିକି ରକ୍ତ ବାହାର କରିଦେଲା, ଖାଲି ଟିକେ ସିନ୍ଦୁର ଭାବେ ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ ମାରି ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ଭାବରେ ଅଧିକାରିଣୀ ହେବା ପାଇଁ । ତଥାପି, ବୁଝି ହୁଏନି କ'ଣ ସବୁ ହେଇଗଲା ଆମ ଭିତରେ । ଯେତିକି ଯେତିକି ମୁଁ ତା ପ୍ରତି ଅନୁରକ୍ତ ହେଲି ସମାନୁପାତରେ ସେ ବିରକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ଚାଲିଲା । ଅବଶ୍ୟ ମୁଁ ତାକୁ ଦୋଷ ଦେଇପାରୁନି , ତଥାପି ସେ ତ ସୁଯୋଗ ପାଇଲା ବୋଲି ମୋ କଲିଜାଟାକୁ ଛିଣ୍ଡେଇଆଣି ଚିପୁଡି ପକାଇଲା । କଣ ପାଇଲା କେଜାଣି ... ନିଜର ହାତରେ କାଠିକୁଟା ଦେଇ ଗଢିଥିବା ବସାଟିକୁ ନିଜେ ହିଁ ଖିନ୍‌ଭିନ୍ କରିଦେଲା । ସମ୍ପର୍କଟାକୁ ଦଉଡି ଭାବି କାଟିଦେଲା କି କାଗଜ

ଭାବି ଚିରିଦେଲା, ଅସରନ୍ତି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଆକାଶ ଦେଖେଇ ଅଫେରା ବାଟର ଯାତ୍ରୀ ହୋଇଗଲା । ସେ ଯାହା ହେଉ ଝିଅ ହିସାବରେ ସିଏ ଥିଲା ବହୁତ ଭଲ । ଭଲ ପ୍ରେମିକା ହିସାବରେ ବି ତା'ର କୌଣସି ଖୁଣ ନଥିଲା । ଆଜି ଯଦି ମୋ ନାଡି ମିନିଟ୍‌ରେ ବାସ୍ତରି ଥର ଥର ଧକ୍ ଧକ୍ କରୁଛି , ସତୁରିଟା ଧକ୍ ଧକ୍ ତ ତା'ରି ଅବଦାନ । ସେ ଆଜି ମୋ ପାଖରୁ ଦୂରେଇ ଯାଇଛି ସତ, କିନ୍ତୁ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ବାହାନାଟା ସିଏ ମୋତେ ଶିଖେଇ ଦେଇଛି । ଆଜି ମୋର ଭାବ ରାଇଜଟା ଶୁନ୍ ସତ, କିନ୍ତୁ ଏବେବି ସିଏ ମୋ ପ୍ରେମିକା ।

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ନୂଆବନ୍ଧ ସାହି , ନବରଙ୍ଗପୁର (ଓଡିଶା)

ସମୟ ଉବାଚ



ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାଣୀ ପଠାଣିଆ
କାନାଡା

ସମୟ କହେ ଥିରି ଥିରି
ହଜିଯା ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନର ନିଃଶବ୍ଦତାରେ
ଗଣନାର ବାହାରେ ଲେଖାର ଅପରିକ୍ରମାରେ
ନିଜ ପ୍ରତିବିମ୍ବ ନ ଦେଖି ଛାଇରେ
ଦର୍ପଣର ବିନା ଉପଯୋଗରେ !

ଅକର୍ମ ଯଦି ଲାଭ ଦିଏ ଜୀବନ ଦର୍ଶନରେ
କର୍ମପୋଥିକୁ ଜାଳିଦେ ଇତିହାସ ପୋଥିରେ
ନାମହୀନ ପରିଚୟହୀନ ସଂଜ୍ଞାହୀନ
ଅପରିଚୀତ ମାନବର ଜନ୍ମ ସୂଚୀରେ !

ତୁ ବିଲୀନ ହେଇଯା ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ
ତୋ ନୀରବତାରେ ତୋ ଜୀବନ୍ତତାରେ
ଅତୀତ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତର ମାୟାବୀ ମନ୍ତ୍ରଣା
ନିରର୍ଥ କରିଦେ ଜୀବନ ଚକ୍ରରେ !

ଚେତନର ଉପସ୍ଥିତି ଚୀର ଦିନର
ମନର କାଠି ଯଦି ଲେଖୁଛି ବିଭତ୍ସ କାହାଣୀ
ସେ ପାଠକରୁ ବିଶ୍ରାମ ନେଇ
ଭାବନା ଲହରୀକୁ ମିଶାଇଦେ ମହା ସମୁଦ୍ରରେ !

ଜୁଆର ଭଟ୍ଟାର ତାଡ଼ନା ଆଶାର ପ୍ରତିପଦ
ହୃଦୟ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାର ପ୍ରକୋପ
ସବୁକୁ ବନ୍ଦୀ କରି ନିଜ ମୁଷ୍ଠିରେ
ସଂକଳ୍ପ କରିନେ ମୁକ୍ତ ଆକାଶ ତଳେ
ଉଡାଇ ସମସ୍ତ ପ୍ରଭାବକୁ ଅଜଣା ଦିଗରେ !



From Mauritius to oDishA : In Quest of my Ancestry

(ମୋ ବିଗତ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଐତିହ୍ୟର ଅନ୍ୱେଷଣରେ)

Ramroop Jugurnauth
(ଶ୍ରୀ ରାମରୂପ ଜଗର୍ନାଥ)
ମରିଶସ୍

I became a member of the myodisa forum (groups.yahoo.com/myodisa) on August 27, 2007. I introduced myself to the forum that appeared on August 28, 2007 as follows:

> **Namaskar**
>
> **I am a Mauritian of Indian origin. My ancestors came to Mauritius more than 150 years ago.**
>
> **I made searches for my roots and I came to know that my ancestor came from Orissa. I also have in my possession some handwritten documents in an ancient Indian language. An Indian friend of mine forwarded it to the BHU (Language Dept). There they confirmed it to be an ancient Oriya.**
>
> **I therefore consider myself a cut-off branch from Oriya culture. I therefore wish to exchange views with Oriyas although I don't speak Oriya.**
>
> **My family name itself, Jugurnauth is infact Jagganath, and it suggest my oriyan origin.**
>
> **Thanking you. I hope to hear from you soon.**

I was immediately welcomed to the group by Mr. Vulcan Jena and Mr. Suvendu Samal who also expressed to view the ancient oDiA document that I had in my possession. Mr. Jena requested me to submit the scanned document for publication in Duradrusti.

Mr. Biswajit Mishra, another member of myodisa forum also welcomed me and wanted me to share a bit more on my Oriya lineage and the festivals we celebrate in Mauritius. In Mr. Mishra's own words, "There is an Oriya gentleman here in Toronto married to a lady from Mauritius. It would be really interesting to learn about your Oriya lineage, which we have never heard about. Please do share more of your background and the festivals you celebrate in Mauritius. I am just curious to know if there is still some Oriya festival live in Mauritius. That would be not only interesting to this group but also to many in Orissa."

Another member, Mr. Purna Mishra shared a quite interesting note, "A couple of years back there was a report in the local news paper back in Orissa. An Oriya lad after a fight with his parents left Orissa and some how landed up in Mauritius. That was some 150 or so year back. He wanted to come back to visit his folks and some how could not make it. He passed his story to his son who in turn *passed it on* to his son. The great grand son, who I believe was in his fifties *then*, contacted the Orissa government to trace back his village. All he remembered *then was* his great grand father went from a place called Ganjam. There were many Oriyas and Bengalis who migrated to Mauritius, East Africa, and Southern Pacific. Due to their smaller numbers they got intermarried and assimilated with the dominant group the people whose ancestors had migrated from Bhojpuri speaking areas (North Bihar and Eastern UP). I do not know how many of us know about the migration of Oriyas to Burma and their eventual assimilation with the Burmese people. These people are called "Orissi" and they are found in Burma, Bangladesh, and the adjoining areas. In fact U-Thant who used to be the Secretary General of UN was an Orissi from his father's side. I was in Indonesia (Sumatra) earlier this year. I was amazed at the people, their culture, behavior, local landscape, etc. with an amazing similarity with Orissa and her people. I hope others will send additional details on migration of Oriyas to Mauritius and other areas."

Mr. Harihar Behera, yet another member of the forum asked me if I was related to Sir Anerood Jugnauth to which I replied that his origin might be from Uttar Pradesh. After my reply, I received a warm message from Mr. Behera, "It is indeed exciting to reconnect to a brother after one and half century. We'll keep exchanging our views in the group."

Mr. Lalit Pattnaik mentioned next in his heartwarming welcome note, "Welcome and congratulations! Your entry has created a vibration and happiness amongst the 1000 odd members of My odisha all over the World. The feeling is of "Lost and Found" and the anxiety involved is in knowing what has happened in between. We are all eager to

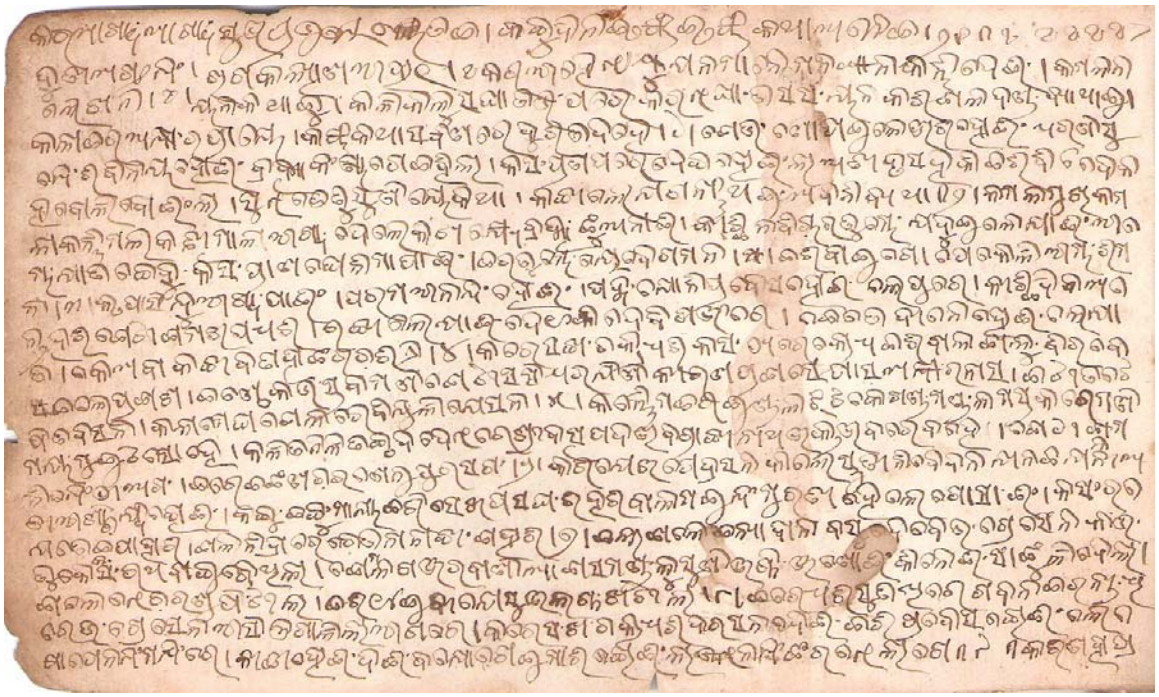
know from you, how our fellow brothers have spent their life in isolation from their heartland Kalinga. May God bless you in joining My odisha.

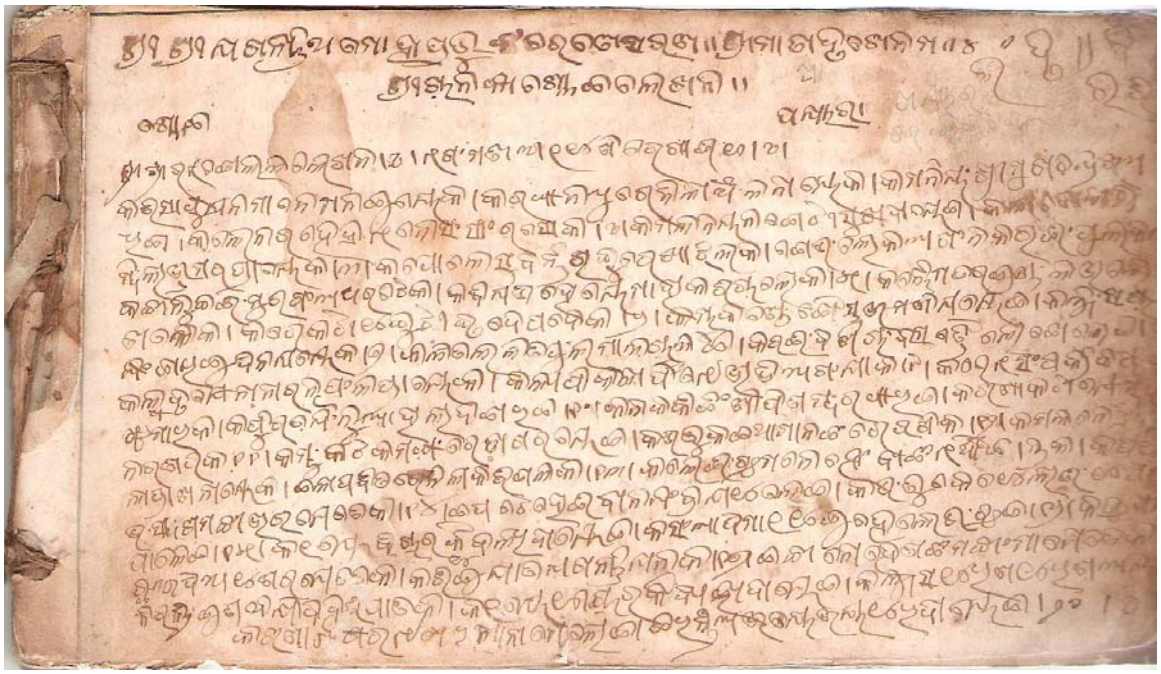
Welcomes apart, my mission in joining the myodisa forum was to establish contacts with my roots in oDishA and seek help from anyone who could put me in touch with my roots. I was a silent observer of the group discussions from August 30, 2007 onwards, right after I encountered a posting by Mr. Satya Dash, which read, "By the way 150 years ago from today was around 1850. That was an interesting period. Most of our best oDiA literature, "bisheshatah", the "kAbya"s were composed around that time. We have not seen Ramaroop bAbu's document. But what I suspect is it will be pretty much modern oDiA, discounting for the lack of influx of the hindi-oDiA words that crept up since independence. Let us see." I was a bit curious and did not know how to respond to such discussion in the forum.

On December 19, 2007, I finally decided to contact a few members, personally. Amongst them were Mr. Vulcan Jena and Mr. Debasmita Misra to whom I sent the scanned documents with the following note:

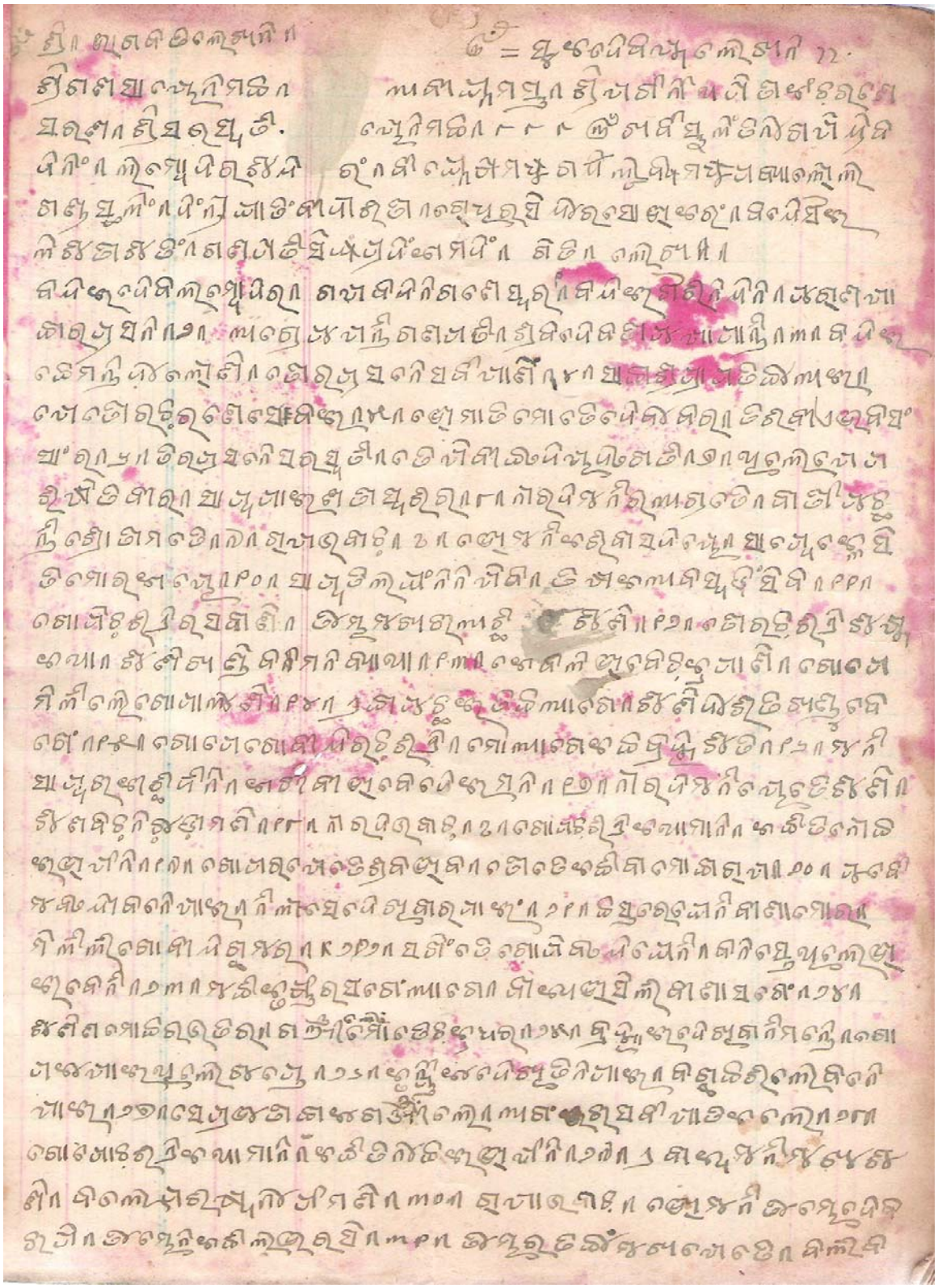
Dear All,

First of all I apologize for the long delay in my reply. It was deliberate. I explain.
I joined the group with some expectations, but I found myself quite at a loss with the passing of days and issues. You will agree that my background and upbringing far from the Orissa reality was the main cause. So I continued and read everyday the news and views of the group. I liked some and disliked some others. Some left me neutral. Finally I decided that time had come for me to take a decision: to continue or unsubscribe.
I have decided to stay.
This mail is addressed only to those who showed some interest in my origin and me. For you I am attaching a few pages of two documents, which my family has been able to preserve over time. This is the only living link between my family and our ancestral culture and I had some difficulty in convincing them to let you people see it.
I hope that you will now help me or direct me to the persons or proper authorities, who will help me in understanding about my ancestry.
I hope to get your expert advice on the (following) documents.






ଶ୍ରୀ ଗଣେଶାୟ ନମଃ
ଶ୍ରୀ ଜଗନ୍ନାଥାୟ ନମଃ
19.12.1928 By Jugguwnauth



After transmitting the above documents, I had several private communications with Mr. Debasmita Misra, which are revealed below:

Debasmita Misra wrote on December 20, 2007:

Mr. Jagurnauth,

Your ancestry is definitely from oDishA, that too from coastal belt of oDishA. However, it will be difficult for me to conclude the exact region from where your family has migrated. With your permission, I would like to upload the script files to myodisa FILES section. That way, all members of myodisa can review it and let you know whom to contact and what are the possible regions from where your ancestors migrated.

Could you please let me know if I could upload the files?

Ramroop Jugurnauth wrote on December 20, 2007:

Dear Misra ji,
I have no objection for the document to be uploaded to myodisa files.

I would be pleased of the inputs of all my brothers and sisters in the matter.

I may give you some additional information. I am the fifth generation from the original immigrant. Our ancestor came to Mauritius in 1870 as indentured labourer. He comes from probably Cuttack (Cuttock as stated in the document). I have carried out searches at the Mahatma Gandhi institute Immigration Archives in Mauritius.

I am attaching a copy of the Archives record (*appended*) for your reference. I am disclosing this document for the simple reason to help you people to get the exact details. You may decide whether it should be disclosed to others or not.

MAHATMA GANDHI INSTITUTE

IMMIGRATION ARCHIVES

Name of Immigrant JUGGURNOTH

Immigrant No 352036 Mark No mark

Photo No 142843.

Name of Father BUNDHOO

Name of ~~Mother~~ Next of kin: RAMOO

Age 25 YRS Sex MALE Caste BRAMIN.

Single or Married

Village Jajpore. Zillah CUTTACK.

Name of Employer or ~~Estate~~ Dr. District

Name of Ship ALUMGEER. Ship No 1193

Port of Origin

Left Depot Arrival 30.11.1870

Landed at Quarantine or Depot

Remarks: Occupation: Labourer

STATURE: 5ft 8'

Debasmita Misra wrote on December 21, 2007:

Dear Ramroop,

You are a descendant of Bandhoo (No surname) from Jajpur village of Cuttack district. Jajpur was a village in 1870 when your great-grandfather's father migrated. Today, Jajpur is a separate district (sub-province) in Orissa. There is a town called Jajpur, which is the district headquarter. If you are traveling to Orissa sometime, then I might be able to point you in the direction of the headquarter where you might be able to dig into your family archived records of ownership of land or employment records form the 1800's. Also, Orissa State Archives in Bhubaneswar might have records that you are trying to look for. You have to dig it yourself because these are not electronic records.

Thank you very much for sharing this information with me. You are from a Brahmin family. Hence, your search might be more painful. Without the knowledge of a surname it is difficult to dig into the past records. Is there any way you might be able to find out a surname? It will make your search really easy. It seems the British changed your names to Jugurnauth. There are no surnames in Orissa that closely resembles yours. A few surnames that could fit your family name and that goes with Bandhu (Bandhoo) would be Tripathy, Sarangi, Mohapatra, Panigrahi, or Satapathy. These are pure guesses on my part. But you might be surprised that one of these could be your ancestral surname.

Please let me know how else I could help you with. At this point, I am not going to make this document public because it contains sensitive information on your anscestry. However, with your permission, I might be able to share it later in Duradrusti, and appeal to people from Jajpur to dig into some information for you.

Ramroop Jugurnauth wrote on December 21, 2007:

Dear Misra ji,

I thank you again for your personal interest in my ancestral origin. You have well understood the reason for me not to have disclosed the archives records earlier. I leave the decision and timing for disclosure or otherwise in your hands.

There is no means for me to trace out my ancestral surname here in Mauritius. All information available is on the document. I also have a photo of the immigrant but it will not help at this stage.

The only info I had about Jajpore was from the link below:
JAJPUR, or JAJPORE

I have been to India twice and my latest visit was in May-June this year for the Kedarnath and Badrinath Yatra. I have not yet visited Orissa as I did not have relevant info about my roots. I hope to be there in my next visit. I shall be obliged for any personal help from your side to help me in my endeavour.

I have always felt proud of my Orissa origin and I wish to transmit same to my children. Your help and support are therefore paramount.

Besides contacting Mr. Debasmita Misra, I continued my quest by contacting other oDiAs. One of them, Mr. Ashis Senapati (a journalist) also put forth an appeal on my behalf (in *groups.yahoo.com/focusorissa*) for oDiAs to help me in getting connected with my origin and root. His appeal reads:

CIVIL SERVENT OF MAURITIUS SERCHING HIS ROOT IN ORISSA

A 47- year -old civil servant of Mauritius is in a mission to search his root in Jajpur district of Orissa after he discovered some rare Oriya language handwritten letters including some important documents and Oriya written slokhas in his house. Ramroop Jugurnauth, 47, works as a civil servant in the Human Resource cadre in the Ministry of Civil Service of Mauritius and lives with his wife and two daughters (*Photograph follows****) in Beau Bassin, in Mauritius.***



He discovered after gleaning through dusty papers in the Mahatma Gandhi immigration archive in Mauritius that his great-great grand – father came to Mauritius on 30.11.1870 from Jajpur in Orissa as an indentured labourer in a ship `Alumger' bearing no- 1193. "I

took keen interest from my childhood to gather information about my roots as my grand-father used to speak about his family," ***Jugurnauth told this paper in an online interview through email. To substantiate his claim, Jugurnauth has sent to this paper scanned copies of some handwritten papers in Oriya that he discovered from his house. He also sent the photograph of his family. This is not all. "I also carried out research at the Immigration Archives in Mauritius and found that my ancestors were Brahmin born," he said. "Two years back I and my family members visited India to see some important religious places. We visited Kedarnath, Badrinath, Rishikesh, New Delhi and other places. As ill luck would have it, we could not visit Orissa after one of my daughters fell ill. I will visit all the four important religious places (Char Dhams) including Puri soon. I have been frantically searching my root in Orissa for which I will also visit Orissa soon", added Jugurnauth.***

Talking about his family history he stated, "When slavery was abolished, the colonial masters of Mauritius, that is the British, had to find ways and means to sustain the development of the island for their own interests. So they had recourse to indentured labour from India, which was also their colony at that time. I would like to be able to trace back my roots and to know from where exactly my ancestor came and why not to establish links. My family name is in fact the name of my migrant ancestor. Most probably, my family name would have been different there. My great-great grandfather, Juggurnauth Immigrant No.352036 (this is how indentured workers were all identified), came to Mauritius as an indentured worker in 1870. "The copy of the archives record that I found in Mauritius shows that one of his sons, *Satta Bajee*, ***was the father of my grandfather*** *Shyamsoondur* ***and my father was*** *Parmeswar*,***" he said. Jugurnauth has two daughters Chitra and Kritika, aged 10 and 8 respectively. His family has Mauritian nationality. His wife, Kesha, is an Indian music teacher in secondary schools in Mauritius (****A picture of Ramroop and Kesha is appended****). She graduated in north Indian classical music from the University of Mauritius.***



My Appeal to all my fellow oDiAs

I am a Mauritian by nationality but I am an oDiA by heart. Although I have never visited oDishA, but my heart yearns for my ancestral lineage. I have often read many of you saying that "Once an oDiA, always an oDiA**". I feel exactly the same way. I am your long DETACHED brother as you have so correctly put in the myodisa forum. I have put forth all the evidences I have with me that points me towards my ancestral origin.** I NEED YOUR HELP**.**

I am sure my great-great grandfather Bandhoo Jugurnauth had left family members behind in Jajpore when he migrated to Mauritius. I am also sure that some of their

great-great grand children (my long lost cousins) are still living in the village from where my ancestors migrated. I would really love to meet with them. I am not sure how. But this is where I need your support and help. I earnestly request you all to help me in my quest from Mauritius to oDishA, in quest of my ancestry.

I recently came across a discussion in myodisa about a poem composed by William Cowper (20th century), "Alexander Selkirk's Solitude" (many thanks to Mr. Manoj Panda), where Mr. Panda had presented a few lines that described my feeling and yearn precisely. I borrow the few lines as presented in the forum and reproduce it below:

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage.

With the help of a friend, I present below a translation of the above lines from the potry entitled ନିର୍ବାସିତର ବିଳାପ of ଭକ୍ତକବୀ ମଧୁସୂଦନ ରାଓ in oDiA:

ଥାନ୍ତା ଯଦି ମୋର ବିହଙ୍ଗ ପକ୍ଷ
ଲଙ୍ଘି ଭୀଷଣ ଗରି ସମୁଦ୍ର ବକ୍ଷ
ଦେଖନ୍ତି ପୀୟୂ ଜନ ମୁଖ କମଳ
ହୁଅନ୍ତା ସନ୍ତାପିତ ପ୍ରାଣ ଶୀତଳ

~*~

ନୂତନ ଯୁଗ

ମୂଳଲେଖାଃ ଡଃ ହରିବଂଶରାୟ୍ ବଚ୍ଚନ୍



ଅନୁବାଦଃ ଦେବଜିତ ମିଶ୍ର
ଟରୋଣ୍ଟୋ, କାନାଡ଼ା

(ପୂର୍ବାଭାଷଃ ଆଜିକାର ମହାନାୟକ ଅମିତାଭ୍ ବଚ୍ଚନ୍, ସ୍ନାତକ ଉପରାନ୍ତେ, ଜୀବନର ଆଗକୁ କ'ଣ କରିବେ କିଛି ଭାବି ନ ପାରି, ହତାଶ ଭାବେ ନିଜର ସମସ୍ତ ସାହସ ସଞ୍ଚୟ୍ କରି, ଜୀବନର ପ୍ରଥମ ଥର ପାଇଁ ଉଚ୍ଚଗଳାରେ ତାଙ୍କ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ କୋହାତୁର ଭାବେ ପଚାରିଛନ୍ତି, "ଆମକୁ ଜନ୍ମ କାହିଁକି ଦେଇଥିଲ ?" ଡଃ ବଚ୍ଚନ୍ ପ୍ରଥମେ ଆଶ୍ଚର୍ଯ୍ୟଚକିତ ଆଉ ପରେ ସହାନୁଭୂତିର ସହ କେବଳ ତାଙ୍କୁ ନିରୀକ୍ଷଣ କରି ଚୁପ୍ ରହିଛନ୍ତି । ପରଦିନ ସକାଳେ କବିପ୍ରାଣ ପିତା ତାଙ୍କର ଆବେଗ ଓ ଉତ୍ତର ଏକ କବିତା ମାଧ୍ୟମରେ ଲେଖି ଅମିତାଭଙ୍କ ଶଯ୍ୟା ନିକଟରେ ରଖିଯାଇଛନ୍ତି । ଚାରି ଦଶନ୍ଧି ପୂର୍ବାଧି କବିତା ହୋଇଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଆଜିବି ତା'ର ପ୍ରାସଙ୍ଗିକତା ବଜାୟ୍ ରହିଛି ଓ ଚିରାଚଳିତ କାଳ ପାଇଁ ବୋଧେ ରହିଥିବ ।)

ଦୁନିଁଆ ଆଉ ଜୀବନର ସଂଘର୍ଷରେ ଆତଙ୍କିତ,
ଛୁଆ ଯେବେ ପଚାରିଛି ବାପକୁ କି ଅଧିକାର ନେଇ ସେ ତାକୁ ଜନ୍ମ ଦେଲେ,
ହତସ୍ତମ୍ଭ ପିତା କ'ଣ ବା ଜବାବ୍ ଦେବ, ଯଦି ନିଜେ ସେ ନ ଜାଣେ
କାହାର ଅଧିକାର ନେଇ ତା' ବାପା ଦେଇଥିଲେ ଜନ୍ମ ତାକୁ ।

ତା' ବାପା, ଜେଜେ ଆଉ ସମସ୍ତେଭି ଆସିଛନ୍ତି ଏ ଦୁନିଁଆକୁ
କଉ ଆବହମାନ କାଳରୁ କେହି ନ ପଚରା ହେଇ ... ...
ଦୁନିଁଆ ଆଉ ଜୀବନର ଝଡ଼ଝଞ୍ଝା
ଆଗରୁ ବି ଥିଲା,
ଏବେ ବି ଅଛି, ବୋଧେ ଟିକେ ବେଶୀ,
ଆଗକୁ ବି ରହିଥିବ, ବୋଧେ ଆହୁରି ବି ବେଶୀ ।

ନିଅ ଏ' ଆହ୍ୱାନ ତୁମେ ନୂଆଁ ପିଢ଼ୀ, ଆଉ ନୂତନ ଏକ ଯୁଗର ଆରମ୍ଭ କର,
ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ନିଜ ଛୁଆଙ୍କୁ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ପଚାରି, ତାଙ୍କୁ ଜନ୍ମ କର !

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

Sikkim Snapshots



Nitin Indurkhya
nitin_indurkhya@yahoo.com
Sydney, Australia

Phans

Phans fluttering in the breeze. This is my most enduring memory of Sikkim. Tibetan prayer flags that catch every whiff of airflow. Their width is quite small compared to their height, so they don't droop at all and you can easily read the sutras written on them (if you understand the Tibetan script!). Or you can close your eyes and allow the wind to read them to you. "Om Mani Pemi Hoon" is what it murmurs mostly as it passes over the flags. The flags are bunched quite close together -- if you stand in between two flagpoles, you can easily hear the chants from both the poles. The phans come in many colors but mainly they are white, especially around chortens (that honor someone who has passed on). 108 white phans fluttering in the crisp mountain air to remind the living of those who once were among them. Om Mani Pemi Hoon. Om Mani Pemi Hoon. I was affectionately taught these words by the beautiful Mingma Doma. "I am from the Bhutia tribe and Sikkim is our land", she explained proudly. Patiently, she also taught me how to write the words in Tibetan. The words have a meditative effect. Monks say them repeatedly and go into a trance. During one trip through the mountains on a road with dizzy hairpin bends, a fellow passenger who suffered from motion sickness kept himself together by murmuring this throughout the journey. The phans can be found at gompas and other important sites too. In the mountains they are visible from a distance and signal an important religious location. They also are used as trail markers, guiding the devotees through the hills to the gompas. The Tibetans are quite accepting of other religions. At Hanuman Tok -- a very Hindu temple maintained by the Indian Army on a hilltop with a superb view of both China and India -- one can find bright colorful phans. These are small square pieces of cloth, strung up like handkerchiefs on a clothesline. They represent prayers, petitions, and wishes of people. The wind takes them to the gods. Sitting near the phans is a very peaceful and relaxing experience. In both Sikkim and Tawang, I often rested beside them and many of my new friendships with Tibetans started there. For example, that is where I met Mingma-Doma. Kids enjoy being around phans and their laughter is an integral part of my "phan memories".

Children

Children are very visible in Sikkim. In the mornings I would see them walking to school; in the afternoons I would

come across them going home. Almost all students go on foot. In the mountains, this is not easy. Roads are winding and twisty and the steep slopes are not that easy to climb/descend. Still, all kids do it. They go in groups, talking and laughing. Young ones, old ones. Tiny tots stop and wave at passing cars. There are no adults accompanying them. A mother complained to me that her kids take forever to return home since they have so much fun along the way. Look at it from the kid's perspective: Here I am with my friends; we have great scenery, things to play, and all the food and water we need and no bothersome adults. What is the hurry to get home?

Often, while on the road, we would give kids a ride home if they happened to be going our way. I enjoyed listening to them and hearing about their lives. The Kids were quite fearless. None of the "don't talk to strangers" or "don't go on the road" that is drilled into urban kids. They use their commonsense in accepting lifts and have good road judgment. Such a contrast to the spoilt kids at the IIT, where I
Currently happen to be based, who take a bus to their on-campus school a mere 15-20 minute walk on level terrain.

I'm told that education in Sikkim is a key initiative of the current chief minister, Dr. Pawan Kumar Chamling. He is quite an interesting character, who writes poetry books, composes and sings songs and appears to lead a rather unusual life. To encourage students to study, he literally bribes them. Huge sums of money are offered to those who finish Secondary school and even larger amounts to those who get through High school. These funds are offered as loans that are virtually interest-free, but everyone knows that the government has no intention of ever asking for them to be repaid (indeed several people declared that the CM would lose power if he even hinted at such an absurd idea!!). I spoke once to a headmaster who complained that there are too many goodies given to the students. Free books, free uniforms, free raincoats, free lunches, and bonus for graduation. As a result, the students are not at all keen to study and the main school activity is dating! Ah, children will be children everywhere!!

One school in Gangtok, TNA, has an beautiful location. I was told that its very Sikkimese and they try to maintain and teach the traditional culture. I had an entertaining time talking to one TNA student when she visited her relatives in Rabangla and she was just like any other teenaged girl (i.e. more interested in boys,
Her acne problem and how she can become like Priyanka Chopra, her favorite Bollywood star of the moment!). Students do have the choice to study the local languages. Lepcha even has it own script. Bhutia uses the Tibetan script and Nepali simply borrows the Devanagari script. All warning signs in sensitive military areas are in these languages as well as in English and this provided me with an opportunity to learn the scripts!!

Some schools have very attractive uniforms. I liked very much the "bokhu", a brown school dress worn by girls. It is modeled on traditional Tibetan attire and the girls look very fashionable and chic. Of course, many are not used to

walking with the sarong-style wrap around their waist and so you can often see jeans underneath (insurance in case the bokhu gets undone!). Girls grow up quickly in the mountains -- many carry themselves with a confidence and maturity lacking in even much older urban women.

Women

Both in the Tawang area as well as in Sikkim, many Tibetan women welcomed me into their homes; showed me how to make Thupa (Tibetan noodles); took me on short walks to show me exotic flowers; introduced me to their children; sang songs with me; had deep discussions with me about life and dreams and possibilities.

Mountain women are extremely independent. Urban women could learn quite a few things from them about how to live life to the fullest. While life is not "easy" in these remote regions, the women glow with good health and happiness. A very active outdoor life is probably the cause. One woman explained to me that when they become pregnant they actually become even more active. "It helps with the delivery later on", she explained. "Most deliveries are at home and we don't need to be cut open like the women in the plains". I wonder if I should explain this to the next pregnant woman I meet on a Sydney bus!! After birth, there are no childcare services, no "day care" to leave the child while they work. The women simply tie (yes, tie!) the child to their back and go about their business. Imagine! Nine months carrying the child in front, then several years of carrying the child on their back. I never saw an unhappy bubba. Why should they be? They know where Mum is, right in front! With both hands free, Mum will go about her work – washing clothes, cutting grass, fetching goods, chatting with friends -- while the little fella looks on. The tots look very cute. Arms and legs spread out. Peering over Mum's shoulder at whatever she might be doing and always at peace. They are tied by a long piece of cotton cloth. Two knots are all that are necessary to keep bubba attached to Mum.

Sikkim being home to the Lepchas, Bhutias as well as the Nepalis, is an interesting blend of cultures. For the Tibetans, wearing a Pangdin, a hand-woven apron, is a symbol of a married woman; among the nepalis, married women wear a pote', a green or red necklace. Sikkim married women wear whichever one of these they fancy (some even use both!). Unmarried mountain women are extremely confident and outgoing. Even if they flirt with you, there is never any doubt as to who is in control. The confidence is tempered with a softness and gentleness that is often, alas, missing in urban women (who think confidence implies aggression and rudeness). I found the Tibetan women lot of fun to meet. They reminded me a lot of my Brazilian women friends who have the same mix of confidence and sensitivity. While many Tibetan marriages are "arranged", women are adept at making sure their marriage is arranged with the person they want. Many men gave me hilarious accounts of how they were selected by their wives.

Traveling in the mountains, I would often see attractive women sitting by the side. Remember these are mountain

roads in remote areas. "What are these women doing? How did they get here?" I would wonder. Yes, you guessed it; the world's oldest profession is very much active here!! "Jaan Chuni" (I'll go with you), they will sing out if you slow down your car. The first time I thought she needed a lift. "Where are you going? I'm going to Jorethang", I said innocently. "Oh, I can go there too", she replied archly, "Or anywhere else you want to go". Hmmm. It's a bit bizarre to see such attractive women doing such business on remote mountain roads. I didn't have a chance to delve into their life stories. My reply was often "goela" (I'm going!) and they remained behind among the wild flowers that carpet the Himalayan mountain slopes at that time of the year.

Flowers and Birds

I was in Sikkim in the end of March. The mountains were full of flowers! I enjoy wild flowers. The profusion of colors and smells and butterflies and bees makes for a journey full of surprises at every turn. I managed to learn many of the Nepali names of the flowers that I liked. My favorite was Elani, a small delicate purple flower that is quite common in the Himalayas. In Sikkim they are quite proud of the Lali Guras, a red flower that is quite striking. Phaleto is another red flower that blooms in bunch. A tree full of Phaletos in full bloom is an amazing experience. The Kopila flower looks similar to Rhododendron and is quite common in Sikkim.
Its called Sunakhari in Nepali. The cotton tree, Shimal, is common in many parts of the state and make pleasant viewing.

The Himalayas are full of orchids. These mountain orchids are quite different from their siblings in the plains. Never had I seen orchids like these either in Tipi or in Singapore. Like the mountain women, these are bold and saucy and vibrant. I particularly liked one that I was told is called "Koirala". Its personality reminded me a bit of the public persona of the actress Manisha Koirala. Perhaps it's named after her. Near Rongli I visited a most delightful cactus nursery. The owner was a wonderful man who got great pleasure from the excited raptures of the visitors.
A
Cactus is not just full of thorns but also has delicate flowers intricately arranged between the thorns. Never in my life have I seen such a variety all in one place. In another nursery, owned by Dr. Chamling's second wife, the gardener was a genius with plants. He taught me a lot of nepali names of the many orchids (most of which, alas, I have now forgotten).

Still, my favorites were the wild flowers. Besides the Elani, I liked Dunmarra, which is a white flower like the Elani and also profuse are the Dungri, tiny white
and purple flowers that attract bees and butterflies. Sometimes we would round a bend and I would go WOW -- the slope would be a thick carpet of dungri.

Every day in Sikkim I used to be woken up by an amiable Jureli, a tiny bird with a black crest on the head. Tap, tap, tap, it would knock on the windowpane with it beak. At 5:30am. The day begins early in the mountains. Taking an early morning stroll, I would go past huge flocks of birds in excited discussion as

they planned and plotted the day's activities.

Rivers

Going to Sikkim by road from India, one travels besides the river Teesta. Its a very narrow mountain river and flows quite powerfully. Great for whitewater rafting!

Indeed organized rafting trips are popular with tourists and are a great way to experience the river. Eventually the Teesta empties into the mighty Bramhaputra river. Here in Sikkim it tumbled down southwards, as I headed up northwards. The road hugs one slope and the Teesta is always in view, just a few hundred feet down. The gorge in which it flows is spectacular. Steep sides covered with trees. Some places there are landslides (Sikkim has borne some of the worst deforestation excesses in the Himalayas). The water breaks into a milky froth as it rushes over rocks and boulders.

A memorable tributary of the Teesta is the Rangit river. The meeting of waters where the Rangit empties into the Teesta is called the Triveni (Tri=3, which sounds a bit strange since its actually two rivers meeting, but perhaps it refers to the 3 tongues of water that are joined at that point!). Coming up from India, the triveni is the visitor's first glimpse of Sikkim. After that, the road continues besides the Teesta and one can see Sikkim on the other side. When one enters Sikkim at Rangpo, the river changes personality. It is much wilder, more "free". There are beautiful suspension bridges that span it. Its worth it to get to the middle of one of these bridges and soak in the "sight-and-sound" show -- an audio-visual extravaganza that can be found only at that moment and place. The Teesta water was cold even in March-end. There is some sediment, but mostly organic. I'm told that the algae add a wonderful turquoise color to the water after the monsoon season.

The Teesta is fed by many streams and rivulets. They tumble down the steep mountain sides crashing into the main stream. These points are called "Khola". The point at the top where the stream starts its downward descent is called "Joda". So, for instance, there is Pagla-Joda and Pagla-Khola. In the monsoons, there are many landslides and huge boulders come rolling down to the kholas. Road traffic can get disrupted for days. Some of the Kholas are beautiful waterfalls. I particularly liked Kalikhola falls (near Rongli). It is a quiet place known only to locals. This waterfall is very pretty, like silver lace. And the energies are simply marvelous.

The Rangit river was my favorite part of the river system in Sikkim. The water is extremely clear. There is a minor road that winds alongside it. While the water looks very inviting and the rocks over which it flows look harmless, it is not an easy river to dip into. For one thing, the rocky bottom is extremely slippery. Secondly, the force of the water is quite tricky. It ebbs and flows and swirls from different directions. Making adjustments to stay balanced is difficult. Moreover, the water is quite cold (coming straight from the Himalayan heights).

The rivers are mined! For stones. This is big business during the dry season (before the monsoons, when I was there). Trucks would simply go down to

the river, load up with stones and drive off!! I asked one truckie if they had to pay anyone for this and he gave me a puzzled look. Pay for what? Some load up the stones as is. Others work on them right there, pulverizing them and breaking them into required sizes. Tents are set up in the riverbed. People (mostly women) sit down with hammer and chisel and tap away all day. They don't have any protective gloves. No goggles for their eyes. Small stone particles fly around as they pound the stones. I saw some women with only one eye. No surprises how that might have happened! There are sieves for sorting the crushed stones into various grades. Trucks come from time to time and load up with the stuff and go (to India whose construction industry is the biggest consumer of this stuff). Not satisfied with stripping the riverbed of rocks that come down naturally, in some places the cliffs are being cut systematically for stones. The Gods gave us the majestic Himalayas; the Indians would prefer to cut them down to dutifully build their houses and roads the way their British overlords did!

Kanchendzonga

The majestic Kanchendzonga peak. It dominates the small state of Sikkim. On a clear day it can be seen from most parts of the state, even in the south. The iconic
picture of Kanchendzonga is actually taken from Darjeeling in West Bengal, just south of the Rangit river. On hazy days, one can still feel it presence. I could always tell in which direction it was. The Brits called it "Kanchenjunga". It is the third-highest peak in the world and, for me, the most interesting. Like other major peaks that nestle among other high mountains, Kanchendzonga is surrounded by several
giants. Supposedly there are five 8k+ meter peaks among them (the name Kanchen Dzonga translates as "five treasures of the snow") and the mountain is sacred for
the Sikkim Tibetans. Peak ascents are no longer permitted from the Indian side.

The entire massif rises straight from the plain and the main peak is very visible. Some of the shorter peaks are extremely beautiful. There are other peaks nearby but they don't get in the way. The mountain has a benign majestic presence. It looks down on you courteously. "Welcome to my home", it seems to say, "I hope you are comfortable". My initial plan was to hike to the High-Altitude Base Camp (at 15.2k feet, its about as high as Nathu-La. The mountain towers a further 13k feet). In the end, quite rightly, I spent my time "getting acquainted" with its surroundings. There will be time to get up close and cuddly a bit later when we are more familiar with each other!! This is no ordinary mountain. It invokes feelings of respect and awe (but no fear). I think Sikkimese are very fortunate to be able to live their lives under its benevolent gaze.

The mountain itself is in the north-west of the state. On the Nepali border. In March-end, its not very cold (maybe around zero celsius!) and although there is snow and ice, if you dress sensibly and are experienced with cold-weather high-altitude travel, it can be a very pleasant experience to walk up to the base camp. Most things (including warm clothes) can be rented. There are several less

strenuous options in the Kanjendzonga National Park. My next trip to Sikkim will be solely to experience the mountain more closely. On this trip, I was focused more on the eastern mountains, at Sikkim's border with China.

China

Although Sikkim is politically a part of India (and is probably the only north-eastern state that is pleased to be so!), the presence of China is stronger. Many names have a chinese flavour and the Chinese border is quite near. From many parts one can easily see the Himalayan peaks that are in Chinese Tibet. One of the
most memorable trips I made was to the Nathu-La pass at the Sikkim/China border. The road starts from Gangtok and winds it way upwards though spectacular scenery. They say this is one of the highest motorable roads in the world. Nathu-La is at over 14k feet. By the time you get there, the landscape is tundra-like. The air is thin and there is heavy snow everywhere, peaks tower above and it feels like a dream. There is no man's land at Nathu-La. Just a barbed wire fence that separates the two countries. The road goes all the way up to the fence, then continues on the other side to Lhasa. My driver said that both countries are negotiating opening up the border at this point. The economic possibilities are mind-boggling and lots of people in the region are getting very excited about it. When I got to the border, it was snowing rather heavily. An Indian Army officer gave me an
"oxygen drink" and I chatted with him about life at Nathu-La. There was a chinese soldier on the other side and we shook hands and exchanged smiles of goodwill. He
spoke no English or Hindi and I wondered how they could put such a monolingual soldier at the border. Some chinese tourists appeared on the other side. Three very
lively girls carrying a HUGE bag of Coors Beer cans. Clearly they intended to have a good time at Nathu-La. Now why didn't I think of this? We shook hands, then decided it wasn't enough and hugged each other over the barbed wire. They passed us cans of Coors. We had a little party in the snow. The barbed wire fence did not exist. Lots of photos, laughter, smiles, good feelings. They spoke no English but
understood my limited Chinese and were delighted to hear that their hometown, Chengdu, is one of my favorite chinese cities.

On the way to Nathu-La, there are some spectacular mountain lakes. Blobs of black in the white landscape. The lake of Tsongmo is as far as tourists are usually allowed and it is very commercial. Yak rides. Photos with "natives". Useless trinkets on sale. Gloves and hats for Indian tourists, many of who are seeing snow for the first time in their lives!! The other lakes are in sensitive military areas so we couldn't stay as long as I'd have liked. At one place we passed a firing range. Indian soldiers engaged in target practice.

The weather in the mountains can change very quickly. One moment we were in bright sunny weather; the very next we were enveloped by a thick cloud full of snow
and ice. 3pm in the afternoon became 3am at night. Zero visibility even with

fog lights. Drivers on this route know every twist and turn. They have to. My driver, for instance, admitted that he was driving by instinct and guessing where the road might be!! Just as suddenly, the cloud passed and we could see Gangtok basking in
sunshine below us.

Conclusion

The name "Sikkim" is derived from "Sukkhim" which means "Paradise". Its not difficult to understand why the region was given this name! I am extremely fortunate to have had an opportunity to spend so much time there!!

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ମା'ର ମନ



ଜ୍ୟୋସ୍ନା ରାଉତ ମହନ୍ତି
୩ ଆର-୧-୩,କଳ୍ପନାପ୍ଲାଟ୍ , ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର - ୧୪

ସମ୍ପର୍କକୁ ଖୋଜୁ ଖୋଜୁ ଜୀବନ ସରିଯାଏ । ଅନେକ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ମୁଁହ ଖୁବ୍ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ , ଯାହା ସବୁବେଳେ ମଣିଷର ଆୟତ୍ତରେ ଥାଏ । ଆଉ କିଛି ସମ୍ପର୍କକୁ କିଛି ମଣିଷ ଗୋଟୋଉ ଗୋଟୋଉ ହାତ ପାଆନ୍ତାରୁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଖସିଯାଏ ।

ମା' ନ ହେବାର ଦୁଃଖ ଠାରୁ ମା' ହୋଇ ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ପାଖରେ ପାଉ ନଥିବାର ଦୁଃଖ ଡେର୍ ଗୁଣ ଅଧିକ । ଏକଥା ତୁଏତ ଭବିଷ୍ୟତରେ ତୁ ଅନୁଭବ କରିବୁ । ଆମେରିକା ଯିବା ପରେ ତୁ ତୋର ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ହରାଇ ଦେଇଛୁ । ଅତିତ ତୋ ପାଇଁ କେବଳ ଶୂନ୍ୟ । ନା' ଅଛି ସ୍ମୃତି ନା ଅଛି ସମ୍ବେଦନା ନା ଅଛି ସମ୍ପର୍କ । ଆମେରିକା ଯିବା ପାଇଁ କିଏ ତୋତେ କହିଥିଲା ? ଅଭାବର ପାଚେରୀ ଡେଇଁ ସବୁବେଳେ ମୁଁ ତୋର ଅଭାବ ପୁରଣ କରୁଥିଲି, ଯଦିବା ପ୍ରାଚୁର୍ଯ୍ୟର ସାଞ୍ଜୁ ପିନ୍ଧାଇ ପାରୁ ନଥିଲି । ମୁଁ କ'ଣ ଜାଣି ନଥିଲି ଆମେରିକା ରୁ ଡଲାର୍ ଆସିଲେ ଓଡିଶାର ଅଭାବୀ ମଣିଷର ଭାଗ୍ୟରେ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନ ଘଟିବ ? କିନ୍ତୁ ସେ ସୌଭାଗ୍ୟକୁ ପାଇବା କଥା ମୁଁ କେବେ ବି ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ରେ ସୁଧା ଭାବି ନଥିଲି ।

ଯେଉଁ ମା'ର ହାତ ଧରି ତୁ ଅଗ୍ରସର ହେଉଥିଲୁ ହଠାତ୍ ହାତଟା ଖସାଇ ଦେଲୁ କିପରି ? କାହା ପ୍ରରୋଚନାରେ ଏସବୁ କରିଲୁ ? ଭାରତରେ ରହି ତୁ ଅର୍ଜୁଥିବା ଧନର ଏକ ପଇସାରେ ଯେ ଆମେ ଭାଗେଦାର ହେବୁ ନାହିଁ ବୋଲି ତୁ ଏକଥା ଭଲ ଭାବେ ଜାଣିଥିଲୁ । ତେବେ ତୋର ଅଭାବର ମାପକାଠି ହଠାତ୍ ଲମ୍ବିଗଲା କିପରି ?

ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଯେଉଁ ପ୍ରିୟ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ୱ ହଜି ଯାଇଛି ସେ' ତ ଯାଇଛି । ଯେଉଁ ବୁଢା ଜେଜେ, ଆଈ , ମାଉସୀ , ପିଉସୀ , ଦାଦା, ଖୁଡୀ , ପ୍ରିୟ ପରିଜନ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପ୍ରେମ ତୋ ମନକୁ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳିତ କରୁନାହିଁ କିପରି ?

ପିଲା ଥିଲା ବେଳେ ତୋତେ ଝାଡା କି ଜ୍ୱର ହେଲେ ନିର୍ମାଲ୍ୟ ପାଟିରେ ପକାଇ ଜେଜେ ତୋର ସାରା ରାତି ଉପାସରେ ଶୁଅନ୍ତି । ତାଙ୍କ ପେଟ ଉପରେ ପଡି ତୁ ଦିନଦିନ ଆରାମରେ ରହୁଥିଲୁ । ସେ ଏବେ ବି ସେସବୁ ସ୍ମୃତିର ବାସ୍ନାରେ ବିଭୋରିତ ହେଉଛନ୍ତି । ଏବେ ବି ତୋ ମଳର ଗନ୍ଧ ତୋ ପ୍ରିୟ ସମ୍ପର୍କୀୟମାନଙ୍କ ନାକରେ ବାଜି ଯାଉଛି । ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସମୟରେ ଦୁର୍ଘଟଣାର ସ୍ଥାନ ଏବେ ବି ଇତିହାସର ପୃଷ୍ଠା ହୋଇ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ଗୀତା ଭାଗବତ ପରି ମନେ ଦେଉଛି ।

ତେବେ ତୁ ସେ ବିଦେଶ ମାଟିରେ କେଉଁ ବାସ୍ନାରେ ବିଭୋରିତ ହୋଇଗଲୁ ଯେ ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କୁ ବିସ୍ମରଣ କରିଦେଲୁ ? କାହିଁ ମୋ ଜାଣିବାରେ ତୋ' ମସ୍ତିସ୍କରେ ସେମିତି କିଛି ଆଘାତ ଘଟିନାହିଁ ଯେଉଁଥିରେ ତୋର ଅତୀତ ହଜି ଜାଇଛି । ଯଦି ନୁହେଁ ତେବେ ତୁ ପ୍ରଥମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ପାଠକୁ ଭୁଲି

ଭଲ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାନାଟିଏ କେବେ ବି ହୋଇ ପାରିବୁ ନାହିଁ । ନିଶ୍ଚୟ କିଛି ଭୁଲ୍ ହିଁ ରହିବ । ଯାହା ତୋ ଅଜାଣତେ କିମ୍ବା ତୋତେ ଗୋଲାମ କରି ପାଳୁଥିବା ବିଦେଶୀ ଲୋକମାନଙ୍କର ଅଜ୍ଞତା ।

ତୁ ଜାଣିଛୁ , ବସନ୍ତ ଆସିଲେ କୋଇଲି ମୋ ବାଡିପଟ ଛାଡୁନାହିଁ । ସେ କହୁଛି ମୁଁ ଏତେ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସ୍ୱରରୁ ପୁଣି ସ୍ୱର କର୍କଶ ହେବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ରାବୁଛି, ତଥାପି ତୋର ପୁଅ ମୋ ସାଙ୍ଗରେ ରାବୁ ନାହିଁ କାହିଁକି ? ଶୀତ କହୁଛି ଏତେ ଶୀତରେ ବି ତୋ ପୁଅର ଫୁଙ୍ଗୁଳା ଦେହ ନାହିଁ କି ତାର ସର୍ଦ୍ଦି , କାଶର ଚମକ ତୁମକୁ ଆଘାତ ଦେଉନାହିଁ କାହିଁକି ? ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମର ଟାଇଁ ଟାଇଁ ଖରା ତୋର ଖାଲି ମୁଣ୍ଡକୁ ଖୋଜି ବୁଲୁଛି । ଘରେ ଏ. ସି. ଅଛି, ଘର ଉପରେ ପାଣିଟାଙ୍କି ଅଥଚ ତୋ ପୁଅ ନା ପାଣି ଖର୍ଚ କରୁଛି , ନା ଥଣ୍ଡା ପବନରେ ନିଦ୍ରାଳୁ ପୁଅର ଆଖିକୁ ନିଦ ଆସୁଛି । ବର୍ଷା ପାଇଁ ଦେହରେ ଲାଗୁ ନଥିବା ବର୍ଷାତି ଖଞ୍ଜି ହୋଇଛି ଘର କାନ୍ଥରେ । ଘୋର ବର୍ଷା, ଝଡରାତି ଖାଁ ଖାଁ ଲାଗୁଛି । ସତେ ଯେମିତି ତୁ କେଉଁଠି ଓଦା ହୋଇଯିବୁ, ବର୍ଷା ଛାଡିବା ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଅପେକ୍ଷା କରି ପୁଣି ପ୍ରକୃତିସ୍ଥ ହୋଇ ଯାଉଛି ମନ । ତୁ ଏଠି ମୋ ପାଖରେ ନାହୁଁ ବୋଲି କହି ହସି ଉଠୁଛି ଓଠ ।

ବଡ ବିଚିତ୍ର ଅନୁଭବର ଆଉ କିଛି ଜୀବନ । ସବୁବେଳେ ଗୋଟେ ଖାଲି ପଣିଆ ଘାରି ଘାରି ଚାଲିଛି । ଭଲ ଖାଇବାର ସ୍ୱାଦ, ବାହାରେ ବୁଲିବାର ଇଚ୍ଛା, ସିନେମା, ବଜାର, ନାଚଗୀତ, ପ୍ରାକୃତିକ ସୌନ୍ଦର୍ଯ୍ୟ , ଦେହର କଷ୍ଟ ଓ ଅନେକ ରୋଗ ଦୁଃଖ ସବୁ ଯେମିତି ଖାଲି ଖାଲି ଲାଗୁଛି । କିଛି ଯେମିତି ଦେହ ଓ ମନକୁ ଲାଗୁନି କି କାଟୁନି । କେତେ କଥା ସବୁ ଜଳଜଳ ହୋଇ ଦିଶୁଛି । ସବୁବେଳେ ଭାରାକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଅନ୍ୟମନସ୍କ ଜୀବନଟିଏ ବଞ୍ଚିବାକୁ ବା ହେଉଛି ମୁଁ । ବଡ ବାଧୁଛି ପାଖପଡିଶାଙ୍କ ତାଚ୍ଛଲ୍ୟ "କେତେ ବର୍ଷ ହେଲା ତୋ ପୁଅ ଆସିନି ? ଦେଖ୍ ମୋ ପୁଅ ତ ମୋ ପାଖରେ; କିଏ କହୁଛି ତୋର ତ 'ଡଲାର' ଆସୁଛି । ଆଉ କିଏ କହୁଛି ପୁଅ ପୁଅ କାହିଁକି ହେଉଛି, ପାଗିଳୀଟେ ତୁ । "

ସବୁ ନୂଆ ଜିନିଷର ଅନୁଭବ କିଛି ଅଲଗା ଥାଏ, ଏକଥା ମୁଁ ଜାଣିଛି । କିଛି ନୂଆ ମୁହଁ ଏବଂ ନୂଆ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ତୋତେ ଆମୋଦିତ କରୁଥିବ । ଘଷରା ହୋଇଥିବା ଜାଗା, ପୁରୁଣା କାମ, ପୁରୁଣା ଲୁଗା ବେଳେବେଳେ ଭାରି ବିରକ୍ତ ଲାଗେ । ଆଉ ଏମିତି କିଛି ପୁରୁଣା ଜିନିଷ ଯେପରି ନିଜ ଘର, ଝାଳୁଆ ବିଛଣା ନିଜକୁ ହିଁ ବାସେ ।

ଏତେ ସବୁ ଆଶଙ୍କା ଭିତରେ ନିଜେ ନିଜକୁ ଖୋଜି ପାଏନି । ଆଉ ଯେତେବେଳେ ଖୋଜିପାଏ ସେତେବେଳେ ପୋଡାଧୁଆଁର ଗନ୍ଧ ତୋ ନାକ ପାଖରେ ନପହଞ୍ଚୁ ବୋଲି ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ ଆତ୍ମା ଘୁରିବୁଲେ । ତୁ କାଳେ ଭାରସାମ୍ୟ ହରାଇ ଖୋଜି ବସିବୁ ତୋର ଆତ୍ମାରୁ ବିଚ୍ୟୁତ ହୋଇଥିବା ଆଉ ଗୋଟେ ଆତ୍ମାକୁ । ସେତେବେଳେ ମୋର ପଣତକାନି ହିଁ ନଥିବ ତୋର ସେଇ ରକ୍ତ ଜୁଡୁବୁଡୁ ଆତ୍ମାକୁ ପୋଛିଦେବାକୁ ।

ମୁଁ ଏବେ ବହୁତ ଖୁସି ବାବା । ମୁଁ ଆଣ୍ଠୁ ମାଡି ଦେଇଛି । ବେଳେ ବେଳେ ଇଶ୍ୱରଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଛି ନେହେଲେ ତୋର ଶୈଶବର ସ୍ମୃତିରେ ଆଉଟୁ ପାଉଟୁ ହୋଇ ହଜି ଯାଇଥିବା ସମୟକୁ ଖୋଜୁଛି । ଏଇ ହେଉଛି ମୋ ଯୁଦ୍ଧର ଜୟଯାତ୍ରା ।

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ଏଇ ଡଗର



ଶ୍ରୀ ରମାକାନ୍ତ ମିଶ୍ର

ଏଇ ଡଗର ଦେଇ ଆଗରୁ, କେତେ ଲୋକ ଯାଇ ଥିବେ,
କେତେ ଲୋକ ଯାଉଛନ୍ତି, କେତେ ଲୋକ ଯିବେ -
ତା'ର ହିସାବ ମୋ ପାଖରେ ନାହିଁ,
ହିସାବ ରଖିବାକୁ କେବେ ବି ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରିନି ।
ଯାଉଥିବା ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଭାବନା ଭିନ୍ନ,
ଜୀବନ ଭିନ୍ନ, ଭାଷା ଭିନ୍ନ, କର୍ମ ଭିନ୍ନ, ଧର୍ମ ଭିନ୍ନ,
ସବୁ ଭିନ୍ନତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବି ସମସ୍ତଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ଡଗର ସମାନ
ଏଇ ଡଗର ଦେଇ ଯାଇଥିବେ -
ନେତା, ଅଭିନେତା, ସାଧାରଣ ଜନତା,
ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତି, ଆଉ ସର୍ବହରାର ଦଳ,
ଏଇ ଡଗର କିନ୍ତୁ କାହା ପାଇଁ କରିନି କନ୍ଦଳ ।
ଡଗର ସମାନ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆଉ ସବୁ ଭିନ୍ନ,
ଏହାହିଁ ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କର ମହାନ ଅବଦାନ ।
ଡଗର ସମାନ ଥିଲେ ବି ଜୀବନ ଭିନ୍ନ,
କାରଣ ଭିନ୍ନତା ହିଁ ମଣିଷ ଜୀବନ,
ପରସ୍ପର ମଧ୍ୟେ କେବେ ତାହା ହେବ ନାହିଁ ସମାନ,
ଏହାହିଁ ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କର ବିଚିତ୍ର ବିଧାନ ।
ନର ଦେହେ ନାରାୟଣ, ନର ଦେହେ ନରହନ୍ତା,
ନର ଦେହେ ସାଧୁତା, ନରଦେହେ ସର୍ବକଥା ।
ଏଇ ଡଗର ଦେଇ କେହି ହୋଇ ଥିବେ -
ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ ଶିଳ୍ପପତି ବା ପ୍ରଧାନମନ୍ତ୍ରୀ,
ଏଇ ଡଗରରେ ଏବେବି ବୁଲୁଥିବେ -
କେତେ ଭିକାରୀର ଦଳ ଆଉ ଅନେକ ଯନ୍ତ୍ରୀ ।
ବୁଝି ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ସୃଷ୍ଟିକର୍ତ୍ତାଙ୍କର ବିଚିତ୍ର ଖେଳ
ସବୁ ଥାଇ ଏକା କିଛିରେ ବି ହୁଏ ନାହିଁ ମେଳ,
ଏହାହିଁ ଜୀବନ ଆଉ ଜୀବନର ଡଗର,
ଚାଲୁଥିଲେ, ଚାଲୁଛନ୍ତି, ଚାଲୁଥିବେ, ନର-ନାରୀ ଦଳ ।
ରଖି ନାହିଁ କେହିବି ଖବର, ରଖିପାରିବ ନାହିଁ ମଧ୍ୟ,
ବିଧାତାଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ଅଛି ସୁପର୍ କମ୍ପ୍ୟୁଟର,
ଲଗ୍‌ଅନ କରି ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦିଷ୍ଟ ବ୍ୟକ୍ତିଙ୍କର -
ବତାଇ ଦେଇ ପାରିବେ ସେ ଡଗର ।
ବିଚିତ୍ର ସେ ପ୍ରଭୁ, ବିଚିତ୍ର ସେ କମ୍ପ୍ୟୁଟର,
ଲୀଳାମୟଙ୍କର ବିଚିତ୍ର ସେ ଖେଳ ।
ତେବେ ଏହି ଡଗର ଦେଇ ଯିବାକୁ ହିଁ ହେବ,
ଏଇ ଡଗର ରେ ପାରି କରିଛ -
ବାଲ୍ୟ, କୈଶୋର, ଯୌବନ, ବୃଦ୍ଧ ଜୀବନ,
ଏଇ ଡଗର ଦେଇ ଦିନେ ଚାଲି ଯିବ -
ସଭିଙ୍କର ନିଥର ଦେହ ସ୍ପନ୍ଦନହୀନ,
ରହିଥିବ ଖାଲି ରାମନାମ ସତ୍ୟହେଁ ର ଜୟଗାନ ।

ଦେଶ ବିଦେଶରେ ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କ କୃତି

ବନ୍ଧୁଗଣ,

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି ର ଏହି ସଙ୍କଳନରୁ ଆରମ୍ଭ କରି, ପତ୍ୟେକ ସଙ୍କଳନରେ ଆମେ କିଛି ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଇ ଓ ଭଉଣି ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଆପଣଙ୍କ ସହିତ ପରିଚୟ କରାଇବୁ, ଯେଉଁ ମାନେକି ତାଙ୍କ ଜୀବନରେ କିଛି କୃତି ଅର୍ଜନ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଓଡ଼ିଶାକୁ ଗର୍ବିତ କରାଇଛନ୍ତି । ସେହିପରି କୃତକାର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପ୍ରାପ୍ତ କରିଥିବା ତିନିଜଣଙ୍କ ବିଷୟରେ ଚାଲନ୍ତୁ କିଛିଟା ପରିଚିତ ହେବା ।

ସମ୍ପାଦକ ମଣ୍ଡଳୀ

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methods to provide solutions to a variety of spatially based challenges. 'Basically we develop software applications that address the problems businesses find in their industry that are spatially based,' says Clive Thomas, chief operations officer for the Institute of Information Technology. 'Distance and space is a critical factor to be able to route vehicles efficiently, and we support those challenges.' (cf. Houston Business Journal).

As a child, even while counting the stars at night, Surya Sahoo always had a technical aptitude. 'We have seen quite difficult times in our early married days', says his wife Kabita Sahoo. However, if you read the Houston Business Journal of November 16-22, 2007 (see following picture), you will be proud to see a simple smiley face of this individual who has been honored for being a champion entrepreneur in the Business World.



Week of November 16–22, 2007 Houston Business Journal houston.bizjournals.com 9B

FAST TECH 50

Fast, 'fat-trimming' services for companies key strategy of IIT

BY NICOLE BRADFORD
HOUSTON BUSINESS JOURNAL

Even as a child counting the stars at night in a small village in India, Surya Sahoo always had a technical nature.

"Logistics is my passion," says Sahoo, CEO of the Institute of Information Technology Inc., a Fast Tech 50 Enterprise Champion company for 2007. "I'm a technical person. I like to work on a computer, and I'm not so much into selling and making money and then going away. I want to see my passion become fruitful."

Sahoo

And he has. The company, which has increased its employees by 40 percent in the past 12 months, has developed products for the transportation industry and the public safety sector using a combination of the latest technology and logistics innovations. There are, however, challenges that the company will always face.

"In the technology sector, there is always significant competition due to ever-evolving advances," says Sahoo, "and a small company like IIT will always be challenged in the area of market penetration."

Over time, Sahoo says, the company has learned, sometimes the hard way, not to rely on a single large customer but to diversify its products and grow a large customer base. Sahoo also has a unique view of business and making money.

"Our goal is not, 'Make money,' " he explains. "Our first priority is, 'I want to see how I can save the client money.' If they save money, then money will come to me."

2007 FASTTECH 50
Enterprise Champion
Surya Sahoo, Institute of Information Technology Inc.

For public safety and delivery clients, that means faster response times, reduced staff and fuel costs.

"There are a lot of companies that can track a vehicle, but what else can we bring?" he says. "For one thing, the solution time has to be faster. That was our niche. The key for us that is uniquely different is how fast you can give a solution and the quality of that solution."

Before setting out on his own, Sahoo obtained much of his knowledge about transportation logistics while working for Federal Express.

"I would visit a lot of the sites and figure out what they need and exactly where there was a potential for savings," he says. "It's not rocket science. It's bringing savings to customers."

The company chiefly targets big companies and large cities.

"Our plans are to listen to our customers needs and improve our products based on those needs," Sahoo says. "In addition, we will continue to provide better customer service and invest more on research and development to strengthen our position in the market." ■

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Surya's business acumen and his leadership have been recognized consistently through awards such as,

1. Fast Tech 50 Award in 2003
2. Who's Who in the Heritage Registry in 2004-2005
3. Franz Edelman Finalist Award in 2004

4. Fast Tech 50 Award in 2004
5. Enterprise Champion Award from Fast Tech 50 in 2007

Faring from a simple oDiA family, Surya has reached a point in his career, where he has made everyone proud. Despite his achievements and accomplishments, he is a person with immense humility and generosity. He has increased his employees by 40% over the last year by expanding his operations. He is being considered now as a leading businessperson of Houston.

According to Greg Barr, a Houston area free-lance writer, "*Surya Sahoo's software company helps big corporations become more efficient and profitable. After a year of stratospheric growth that saw annual revenue leap more than 500 percent, Sahoo is trying to work the same magic on his own company, the* Institute of Information Technology.

To do that, Sahoo, CEO of The Woodlands-based IIT, is taking advantage of a rapidly emerging market in operations research. Operations research uses analytical methods, mathematical algorithms and large amounts of computing power to help companies create efficiencies in "time and space" applications such as re-routing delivery trucks or even commercial aircraft.

Using geographic information systems software, IIT takes into account myriad variables on the ground -- even local bylaws in cities that affect traffic flow – to create intricate predictions and analyze degrees of risk that outstrip typical off-the shelf software or spreadsheet applications.

Sahoo began a career in chemical engineering after graduating from NIT Rourkela, Orissa, India but eventually shifted to civil engineering and operations research-related jobs in the United States, including a stint at Environmental Systems Research Institute, one of the largest GIS software companies. While working at FedEx in Memphis, Tenn., in the 1990s, Sahoo developed software models to help the courier service giant determine the most efficient locations for new distribution centers.

"I had experience on both sides of the equation," says Sahoo, who in 1999 was invited by executives with Houston's Waste Management Inc. to discuss how GIS could help the huge trash-hauling corporation.

"They offered me a consulting job right then," he says.

Sahoo eventually left FedEx to form IIT, immediately landing a GIS-based crime analysis software contract with the Memphis Police Department. But with such a potentially lucrative client on his hands in the form of Waste Management, Sahoo decided to relocate to Houston with his 10 employees in 2000.
The move paid off.

Starting out with 19 other companies bidding on the Waste Management deal, IIT survived the cut to three finalists. The company eventually won the contract after developing a truck routing system that could be accessed on any computer through a Web-based system rather than traditional desktop software.

With the large Waste Management deal under its belt, and other clients on board ranging from the Hartford, Conn., police and fire departments to the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport, Sahoo is looking to tighten up his own operations after more than doubling his payroll from 10 to 25 employees.

IIT, which maintains a sales office in Memphis, opened a seven-person software research and sales office in Boston in 2001. After bringing in revenue of $273,000 in 2001, IIT saw a nearly four-fold increase to $820,000 to reach No. 5 on the Houston Business Journal's Fast Tech 50 list in 2002. In 2003, revenue soared to $5.3 million after the Waste Management contract kicked in, moving the company up to No. 3 on the Fast Tech ladder."

Sri Bansidhar Sahoo (Retd. Asst. Engineer) and Smt. Kumudini Sahoo are the proud parents of Dr. Surya Sahoo. Sri Sankar Sahu (Retd. Reader in Physics) and Smt. Pravasini Sahu (Retd. Asst. Teacher) of Bargarh, oDishA are the proud parents-in-law of Dr. Sahoo.

Such achievements should be an encouragement for all oDiAs. It is said that behind every successful person, there is an equally successful spouse. Kabita Sahoo has been the pillar of Surya Sahoo's success. According to Kabita, Surya has been the most caring husband and father, despite his overly busy schedule. Surya and Kabita are the inspiration in the heart of any aspiring entrepreneur.

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Dr. Bibhudutta Rout
Assistant Professor (Scientist)
University of North Texas,
Denton, TX, USA

Dr. Bibhudutta Rout, Assistant Professor of University of North Texas (age 37) is the recipient of the prestigious Ralph E. Powe Junior Faculty Award **in 2008. This award was received by only 30 faculty members in their early career who were selected from amongst nominations that are received from 119 Universities of USA.**

Dr. Bibhudutta Rout is the son of Mr. Utttam K.Rout & Mrs. Kanaka Manjari Rout of BDA Colony, Chandrashekarpur, Bhubaneswar & Son-in-Law of Mr. Biswanath Khuntia & Mrs. Geeta Khuntia of Chattra Bazar, Cuttack.

In 2002 he had also won the Young Scientist Chandra Sekhar Award **from Mr. Naveen Patnaik, Chief Minister of oDishA. In 1999 he won the** Young Scientist Award **from the Orissa State Science Academy of India. He has also won the** Best Poster Presentation Award **in 1997 during the Annual Solid State Physics Symposium, Cochin, India that was sponsored by the Department of Atomic Energy.**

Dr. Rout is currently an Assistant Professor (Scientist), University of North Texas, Denton. Prior to this appointment, he was a Post-doctoral fellow from January 2001-2003 in the School of Physics, University of Melbourne, Australia. He was also a Visiting Scientist (March-June, 1996 & June-August, 1997) in the department of Physics, State University of New York at Albany, Albany, USA. He has also served as a Pre-doctoral Research Fellow (1993-94), Doctoral Research Fellow (1994-98) & Senior Research Fellow (1998-2000) in the Institute of Physics, Bhubaneswar, India.

He has earned Doctor of Philosophy in Physics (2001) and Master of Philosophy in Advanced Physics (1994) from the Institute of Physics, Bhubaneswar, India. He earned his Masters of Science in Physics (1992) from the Utkal University, Bhubaneswar, India.

Dr. Rout's research expertise includes Accelerator Physics, Ion beam micro-probe technology and applications, Thin film growth, Ion implantation, Ion beam lithography, Ion beam analysis and Ultra-High Vacuum techniques. He is the member

of The International Society for Optical Engineering (SPIE) and has more than 45 peer-reviewed research publications to his credit.

Dr. Rout definitely makes oDishA proud through his accomplishments. More information on his accomplishments may be found at http://www.phys.unt.edu/faculty/Rout.htm

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He has been acknowledged in WHO's document "Developing Pharmacy Practice: A Focus on Patient Care: Hand Book-2006**". He is the resource person for training retail and hospital pharmacists on various aspects of drug store management and various aspects of rational drug use. He was invited to become one of the resources to provide training of medical store officers of Chhatisgarh, Madhya Pradesh and Delhi (national level program) under training of trainers program. He has been advocating the use of WHO strategy in drug selection as part of promoting RDU and improving access to medicines through media and educational programmes.**

He is Vice President **of community pharmacy division of IPA and resource for training community pharmacists. He was one of the team members for development of training module in Good Pharmacy Practice and training of retail pharmacist under a WHO/Drugs Controller General (India) assisted program. He received extensive training on Clinical Pharmacy at St. George's Medical School Hospital, London, with support from International Pharmaceutical Federation.**

He was one of the main architects for developing off campus PG Diploma program in Promoting Rational Drug Use; and Good Pharmacy Practice and Drug Store Management, currently offered through directorate of distance education. He was one of the authors for writing texts of these programs. He is a co-author of textbook "Pharmacy Practice and Pathophysiology**". He is the principal author of "**Physical Pharmacy Practical Text**".**

He has completed Antimicrobial Use project funded by International NGO, Health Action International, Asia Pacific, as Principal Investigator. He has supervised the Indian Council of Medical Research Fellowship on Project "Bioavailability Enhancement of Albendazole for Effective Treatment of Parenteral Stages of Human and Veterinary Helminthiases." He was co-investigator in a UGC and an ICMR funded research project. He has rich experience of organizing training programs for pharmacy teachers and professionals (20 programs).

He is an Associate member of International Society of Drug Bulletins **(ISDB). He has 151 articles and papers (including popular articles in News Paper) to his credit. He has been contributing a column "Know Your Medicine" in The New Indian Express's fortnightly supplement,** *Health***. He is one of the reviewers for Indian Journal of Pharmaceutical Education and Research and other peer reviewed journals.**

He has successfully guided two candidates for Ph. D. degree and several students for M. Pharm. He has visited countries like Australia, Singapore, Switzerland and UK.

He is associated with various universities as examiner from degree programs to doctoral programs in Pharmacy. He is member of Board of Studies of Pharmacy and Academic Council of Annamalai University. He is also a member of Board of Studies of Pharmacy of Rajiv Gandhi University of Health Sciences, Karnataka and Academic Advisory Council of IEC College of Engineering and Technology, Noida.

Prof. Mohanta was born in a village, named Talakunda located around 25 Kms from Baripada, district town of Mayurbhanj, on January 12, 1959. Father (Late) Chakradhar Mohanta was a primary school teacher and mother Srimati Sabitri Mohanta was a social worker. He studied the early school education up to fifth class in the village primary school where father was one of the teachers. During the centenary celebration of Mahatma Gandhi's Birthday, he stood second in the block level competition of speech among the primary school children and was awarded Rs. 10/- as the prize. It was seemed to be reasonably big amount in those days. He shifted to Baripada MKC High school to join sixth class (grade) and pursued study staying at uncle's house (Bada Bapa). Bada Bapa was Late Saharai Mohanta working as Laboratory Assistant in Physics Honors section of M.P.C. College and was known for his talent and knowledge in physics and mathematics. He was a great motivator for Prof. Mohanta. Besides his Bada Bapa, two of his seventh grade teachers, Sri Parameswar Mohanta and Sri Laxman Sir had also great influence on his academic life and early accomplishments.

During his eighth class study, Government of India introduced a scheme called National Rural Talent Search Scheme (NRTS) and two students of each block were selected through a competitive examination based on seventh class curriculum for scholarship. Prof. Mohanta stood first in Khunta I block and was awarded a scholarship of Rs. 1000/- per year for matriculation study. During that time he used to dream of becoming a mathematician or a professor in mathematics. But perhaps his destiny had something different in store for him.

After completing matriculation in first class, he joined MPC College, Baripada, to do his Intermediate in Science. He was selected for merit scholarship scheme too. During the study he stayed in College hostel and richly benefited from Bada Bapa's training in physics and mathematics. He successfully completed the course securing very good marks and aspired for an engineering program. Fortunately or unfortunately, he could not succeed in getting a seat in engineering as there were only two engineering colleges those days with limited number of seats. So he had to continue his B. Sc. with mathematics honors in MPC College. His teachers were very happy because until that

time no one used to join math stream with such high marks in I.Sc. During his honors selection, the teachers asked him twice to confirm whether he really chose math.

In the mean time an offer from Government of Orissa came for B. Pharm. study outside Orissa. He was deputed by the Government of Orissa to study B. Pharm. at Jadavpur University, Calcutta. At that time there was no college in Orissa offering B. Pharm. program. He was paid stipend by the government. This was the beginning of a different career. During his six years study till completion of Master of Pharmacy, he could learn Bengali to an extent that one finds difficult distinguishing whether he is a Bengali or an Oriya.

Though there were opportunities to join Drugs Control Organization, considered to be most lucrative job, he decided to join teaching because of his passion. After a brief period at Berhampur Pharmacy College, and VL College of Pharmacy, Raichur, he joined Annamalai University as Lecturer in late 1985. With time and based on performance, he has been elevated to the level of Professor under career development scheme.

He has been married to Reena Mohanta since 1986 and has been blessed with two children: one son and one daughter. Mrs. Mohanta works in a small school as principal and supports him in his professional career by shouldering most of the family responsibility. Prof. Mohanta owes all his accomplishments to his wife. He says, "It is 90% of her contribution and 10% of my perspiration". His son is enrolled in Engineering (Computer Science) and daughter is in 5th standard.

ଓଡିଆ ଶୀତ ସକାଳ

ଅମିତ୍ କୁମାର ମିଶ୍ର
ଗୌହାଟି, ଆସାମ୍

ଗଲା ହେମନ୍ତ ଆସିଲା ଶୀତ, ଶୀତ ପସରା କାଡି;
କାକର ବିନ୍ଦୁ ସଜାଇ କେତେ, କୁହୁଡି ଧୁଆଁ ଛାଡି ।୧।
ଋତୁରେ ସିନା ବସନ୍ତ ବଡ, ମାସରେ ମାଗୁଷିର;
ଧାନକଟାରେ ହସଇ ଖଳା, ମରାଳେ ହସେ ସର ।୨।
ସେଇ ଶୀତୁଆ ସକାଳେ ଦିନେ, ଶୁଣ ଦେଖିଲି ଯାହା;
ଗୁଲୁଗୁଲିଆ ସୁରୁଜ ରେଣୁ, ବହେ ଶୀତୁଆ ବା' ।୩।
ଟୁପୁଟୁପିଆ ଶିଶିର ବିନ୍ଦୁ, ଘାଷ ଗାଲିଚା ସାରା;
ଜେଜେ' ମା'କୁ ଉଷୁମ ଦିଏ, ପୁଷୁମାସିଆ ଖରା ।୪।
ଆମ ଶାଇର ଜଗୁଆଳି ଯେ', ରଙ୍ଗି କୁକୁର ତା ନାଁ;
ଆର ସପ୍ତାରେ ବେଇଚି ସିଏ, ତିନୋଟି କୁନି ଛୁଆ ।୫।
ସେ ତିନି ଛୁଆ ମାରନ୍ତି ଡିଆଁ, ହୁଅନ୍ତି ପେଲା ପେଲି;
ଲୁଚକାଳି ବା ଚୋର ପୁଲିସି, କେ ଯାଣେ କିଷ ଖେଳି ।୬।
କେ ଯାଣି କେତେ ରାତିରୁ ଉଠି, ଗାଧୋଇ ସାରି ବୋଉ;
ତା ଘଣ୍ଟି-ଶଙ୍ଖ ଶବଦ ଶୁଭେ, ସକାଳ ହଉ ହଉ ।୭।
ଲିପା ପୋଛାକୁ ସାରିକି ଏବେ, ଧୋଇ ବସିଛି ଘର;
ତେବେ ସରିକି ମନେ ପଡିଲା, କାଲି ଯେ ଗୁରୁବାର ।୮।
ମାଗୁଷିରିଆ ଗୁରୁବାର ସେ, ଲଖମିଙ୍କର ପୂଜା;
ଖିରି ଖେଚାଡି ଦହି ପାଚେଡି, ଭୋଗ ଭିତରେ ରଜା ।୯।
ସେଇ ସମୟେ କୋଇଲି ଏକ, କୋଉଠି ଥିଲା ସତେ;
ଖନା ପାଟିରେ କ'ଣ ଗୁଡେ, ଗାଳି ଦେଲା ସେ ମତେ ।୧୦।
ସେ ପାଟି ଶୁଣି ଡାମେରା କାଉ, ଆସିଲେ କାହୁଁ ଉଡି;
କା'କା' କରି ଥରାଇ ମହି, କୋଇଲି ଦେଲେ ତଡି ।୧୧।
କୁଣ୍ଢାଖିଆ ଓ ଘରଚଟିଆ, ଆସିଲେ କରି ଧାଡି;
କିଚିରି ମିଚିରି କରିଲେ କଳି, ଡାଳକୁ ଡାଳ ଉଡି ।୧୨।
ଘର ପୋଟିକୋ ଉପରେ ପୁଷି, ଖରାରେ ଥିଲା ପଡି;
କଳି ଶୁଣିକି ବେକ ଭାଙ୍ଗିକି, ଦେଖିଲା ଆଖି କାଡି ।୧୩।

ଆଖିରେ ତାର ଅମାପ ନିଦ, କି କାମ ଥିଲା କାଲି;
ବିକାର ଛାଡି ପଡିଲା ଶୋଇ, ପଛକୁ ବେକ ବୁଲି ।୧୪।
ସେଇ ବେଳରେ ଗଳି ମୁଣ୍ଡରେ, ଆସେ କଦଳି ବାଲି;
ଆର ଗଳି ରେ ଯୋଗି ଗୋଟିଏ, ଚାଲଇ ଗିତ ବୋଲି ।୧୫।
ସେପଟ ଘର ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପାଟି, ଶୁଣି ଚମକି ଗଲି;
କି ହେଲା ବୋଲି ଛାତରୁ ଉଣ୍ଡି, ବେକ ଟେକି ଦେଖିଲି ।୧୬।
ବାବୁଙ୍କ ପାଖେ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଛି, କରମା ମାଛ ବାଲା;
କାଲି ବିକିବା ମାଛରୁ ବୋଧେ, ଗୋଟିଏ ପଚା ଥିଲା ।୧୭।
ସାଇକଲରେ ପରିବା ବାଲା, ଆସଇ ଡାକ ମାରି;
ବନ୍ଧାକୋବି କୁ ଫୁଲକୋବି ଯେ, ଦଶଟଙ୍କାକୁ ଚାରି ।୧୮।
ଶୀତ ସକାଳ ଦୁରୁଶ ଦେଖି, ଆସିଲି ହାଇ ମାରି;
ସକାଳ ଭିତରେ କହିଲ ଦେଖି, କେ' ହେବ ଯାର ଶରି ?୧୯।
ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଯେ ଏ ସବୁ ଚିଜ, କାହାରି ନାହିଁ ତର;
ବଖାଣିବାକୁ ଭାଷା ଯେ' ଦେଲେ, ନମଇ ସେଇ ହର ।୨୦।

Monkey Land

Part 1: The monkey god



Devidutta Biswabharati
devidutta_05@yahoo.ca

Once upon a time in Monkey Land, a new monkey came. He said that is parents were astromonkeys in Monkey Land and that there ship crashed in Tiger Ville. So he was born in Tiger Ville. He came back but his parents stayed.

The other monkeys did not believe him because that was the story of the monkey god, but they gave him a small tree to live in.

The kid monkeys threw rocks at him or splashed water at him. They also talked behind his back. One day when lightning hit his tree, no one gave him a place to stay, even though it was raining. He mysteriously left after that.

The next day a giant monkey came. It was the monkey god! Everyone gasped. Then the monkey god spoke, “I came here as monkey and saw that no one was nice - not a single one of you; So, from now on, no more Monkey Land!” Everyone asked for a second chance, so they got one more chance. (continued on Page 67)

ଶ୍ରାଦ୍ଧବାର୍ଷିକୀ

ବିଶ୍ୱବଂଧୁ ମହାପାତ୍ର

ବହ୍ମପୁରରୁ ଚିଠି ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି ମାଉସୀ, ମୁନାର ଶ୍ରାଦ୍ଧବାର୍ଷିକୀରେ ଯୋଗ ଦେବାକୁ । ବର୍ଷେ ପୂର୍ବରୁ ମୁଁ ଏମିତି ଖଣ୍ଡେ ଚିଠି ପାଇଥିଲି ମାଉସୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ । ଯେତେବେଳେ ମୁଁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ଗୁହୁଁଥିଲି କ୍ୟାଲେଣ୍ଡର ଆଡେ- ଗୀଷ୍ମାବକାଶ ଆଉ କେତେ ଦିନ ଅଛି ଜାଣିବାକୁ ।

କଥାଥିଲା- ମୁନା ଓ ମୁଁ ଗୀଷ୍ମାବକାଶ ବିତେଇବାକୁ ଡେରାଡୁନ୍ ଯିବୁ ବୋଲି । ଏକ ଅନାଗତ ସମ୍ଭାବନାରେ ପୁଲକିତ ହୋଇ ଉଠୁଥିଲା ମନ ମୋର । ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା, ଏଇ କେତେଦିନ ପୃଥିବୀ ତା'ର ବେଗ ବଢାଇ ଦୁଅନ୍ତା ତ ଶୀଘ୍ର ବିତିଯାଆନ୍ତା ଦିନ ସବୁ ...।

ସେଇ ଅବସରରେ ଚିଠି ଆସିଲା ମାଉସୀଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ - ମୁନାକୁ କ୍ୟାନ୍‌ସର୍ । ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ସହ ଯୁଝୁଛି ସେ, କଟକ ହସ୍ପିଟାଲ୍‌ରେ । ତୋତେ ଖୋଜୁଛି । ଚିଠି ପାଇ ଆସିବୁ, ଯେମିତି ହେଉ । ଏତେ ଶୀଘ୍ର ମାଉସୀଙ୍କ କଥାକୁ ସତ ଭାବେ ଗହ୍ରଣ କରି ପାରୁନଥିଲି । ଯେଉଁଥିପାଇଁ ଚିଠି ପାଇବା ମାତେ ମୁଁ ଧାଇଁ ଯାଇଥିଲି ମୋର ଅତି ଆପଣାର ମୁନା ପାଖକୁ । ତା ପାଖରେ ପହଂଚିବା ପରେ ସେ ବି ମୋତେ କହିଲା ଡାକ୍ତରମାନେ ମିଛ କହୁଛନ୍ତି ବୋଲି । ଯନ୍ତ୍ରଣାର କାଣିଗୁଏ ଚିହ୍ନ ତା ଠିଁ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପାଇନଥିଲି ମୁଁ । ବେଶ୍ ସହଜ ଭାବେ ସେ ଅଭିନୟ କରି ଚାଲିଥିଲା ମୋ' ଆଗରେ ।ମୋର ଲୁହ ଗଡେଇ କାନ୍ଦିବାକୁ ଇଚ୍ଛା ହେଉଥିଲା ସେତିକିବେଳେ । କୋଉ ମଣିଷ ଏମିତି ଡାହା ମିଛ କହିପାରେ ତା'ର ଆପଣାର ଲୋକ ପାଖରେ?... ନିଷ୍ଠୁର ସତ୍ୟଟିକୁ ଲୁଗୁଇବାକୁ ଯାଇ ଅଭିନୟ କରିପାରେ ସାବଲୀଳ ଭାବେ ?

ଶେଷରେ ମୁଁ ଯାହା ଆଶଙ୍କା କରୁଥିଲି, ସେଇଆ ହିଁ ହେଲା । ବିଚରା ଗୁଲିଗଲା ମୋତେ ଏକା କରିଦେଇ । ତା'ପରଠୁଁ ମୋତେ ଲାଗୁଛି - ଆସନ୍ତା କାଲିକୁ ନେଇ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଦେଖିବାଟା ଯେମିତି ମସ୍ତବଡ ଗୋଟେ ବୋକାମୀ । ଏମିତି ହେବା ଅର୍ଥ ନିଜ ଭିତରେ ଅବଶୋଷ ଗୁପିରଖି ମରିବାକୁ ପଡିପାରେ ଯେ କୌଣସି ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ।

କ୍ୟାଲେଣ୍ଡର୍‌କୁ ଗୁହିଁଲି । ଗୀଷ୍ମାବକାଶ ହେବାକୁ ଆହୁରି କିଛିଦିନ ବାକୀ । ଏଥର ଗୀଷ୍ମାବକାଶରେ ଡେରାଡୁନ୍‌କୁ ବୁଲିଯିବାର ଅଭୀ'ସା ଆଉ ମୋ' ଭିତରେ ନାହିଁ । କେବଳ ଭାବୁଛି, ଏମିତି ଏକ ଜାଗାକୁ ଏଥର ଯାଆନ୍ତି, ଯେମିତି ଆସନ୍ତାବର୍ଷ ଗୀଷ୍ମଛୁଟି ବେଳକୁ ପାଳିତ ହୁଅନ୍ତା ମୋ' ଶ୍ରାଦ୍ଧବାର୍ଷିକୀ ।

ଥପ୍ ଥପ୍ ହୋଇ ଦୁଇଟୋପା ଲୁହ ଖସି ପଡିଲା ମୋ ଆଖିରୁ । ବୋଧହୁଏ ମୁନା ପରି ନିଜ ଭିତରେ କିଛି ଅବଶୋଷ ନେଇ ନ ମରିବାର ଅବଶୋଷରେ ।

-ଶେଷ-

Live



Biswajit Mishra
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Enlightened say-
Night and Day come in juxtaposition.

Optimists say-
Day comes after Night.

Wise men say-
Deeds rather than Days matter.

I am an ordinary man-
Bereft of the astuteness of the astute;
I believe-
I live as long as I do;
Sometimes it is darkness after light;
But sometimes it is light after darkness;
I can not influence their arrival any way.

I know not-
If it is the Day or the Deed that makes my life;
To me they intermingle and overlap too;
Sometimes my Deeds make my days;
But other times again Days are all that I have.

But I prefer to believe,
For that is what I like to see-
That it is the Day that follows the Night;
That it is Blossom after the Fall;
For it does not matter in the sequence of things that flow in infinity-
Whatever comes before or after;
It is only the way I see them;

For I know not if there is an Ultimate designer of events;
But if there is one it is not for me to worry about his work;
And if there is none why worry about it either.

I believe-
I live
And Just live

The poem"Live" was written while I was in Eldoret,Kenya in memory of my cousins Debabrata (Debu) and Dharitri(Jolly) who died in a car accident in February 2005. Debu was a brilliant geologist. He was the president of the students union in Roorky. I liked him very much. His and his sister's sudden death caused tremondous amount of pain in me. This poem emerged in me during a night I could not sleep 2/3 days after Debu passed away and I wrote it down the next morning at my work. I read this poem over phone to Lily (my wife) and emailed to my brother to pass on to Debu's wife (Guddi).

Wherever I go I hear your voice



Devidtutta Biswabharati
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Wherever I go I hear your voice
Whatever I do I hear your voice

You tell me you are listening
You tell me you are watching

In the sky
Among the blazing stars

Wherever I go I hear your voice
Whatever I do I hear your voice

Devidutta is a grade 4 student in Corliss Public School in Malton, Mississauga, Canada. He wrote this poem in memory of his grandfather (Jeje) who passed away in November, 2007.

Devidutta's hobbies are Taekwondo,biking,video games and reading. Lately, he has started writing short poems, stories-sometimes with a tinge of abstractness. He loves to engage in school projects that require researching the web.

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ବିଭକ୍ତ ବିଭୀଷିକା

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ସେତେବେଳକୁ ସଞ୍ଜ ହୋଇ ନ ଥିଲା । ଅଥଚ ସଜ କଟା ମଣିଷର ରକ୍ତ ଉଛୁଳା ଶରୀର ପରି ତମାମ୍ମ ଆକାଶର ରଙ୍ଗ ନାଲି ଜରଜର ହୋଇ ଉଠିଥିଲା । ଛୋଟ ... ବିଲକୁଲ୍ ଛୋଟ ନିଆଁ ପିଣ୍ଡୁଳାଟେ ପାଲଟି ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଖସି ପଡୁଥିଲେ ତଳକୁ । ଥମ ଥମ ... ଛଳ ଛଳ । କାନ୍ଦୁରା ପିଲାଟିର ଲୁହ ଫଉଲା ଆଖିପରି ଲାଗୁଥିଲେ ବରୁଣ । କାନ୍ଦୁଥିଲେ ଯେମିତି, କେଉଁ ଏକ ଅବ୍ୟକ୍ତ ବେଦନାରେ ଫୁଲିଫୁଲି ।

ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌କୁ ବି କାନ୍ଦ ଲାଦୁଥିଲା । ତା'ଠାରୁ ବେଶି ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଭୟ । କେହି ଜଣେ କେଉଁଠି ଯେମିତି ଗୁମୁରି ଗୁମୁରି କାନ୍ଦି ଉଠୁଛି -- ତାକୁ ସେମିତି ହିଁ ଜଣା ପଡୁଥିଲା । ସବୁଠି ଗୋଟେ ତୁଷାର-ହିମ ଶୀତ କାଙ୍କୁରା ଜଡତା ଅଥୟ କରି ପକାଉଥିଲା ।

ସେ ପଟରେ ହିନ୍ଦୁସାହି । ଶହେ ହାତ ମାପିକ ଦୂରତାରେ ଦେବୀ ଦଶଭୂଜାଙ୍କର ମନ୍ଦିର । ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ, ଆଖି ଝଲସା । ସବୁଦିନ ପରି ଆଜି କିନ୍ତୁ ନ ଥିଲା ମନ୍ଦିରର ସେଇ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳତା, ଗମ୍ଭୀରତା । ଉପରେ ଉଡୁ ନ ଥିଲା ନାଲି ଚଉହାତୀ ଚାନ୍ଦ ଅଙ୍କା ପତାକା । ମନ୍ଦିରର ଚୂଡା ଭାଙ୍ଗି ତଳେ ଲୋଟୁଥିଲା, ଛିନ୍ନଭିନ୍ନ ହୋଇ । କେମିତି ଦିଶୁଥିଲା ବୀଭତ୍ସ ଓ ଭୟଙ୍କର । କବନ୍ଧ --- ମୁଣ୍ଡ ନ ଥିବା ଏକ ବିଶାଳ ମଣିଷର ଶରୀର ପରି ! ସେଇ ହିନ୍ଦୁସାହିରେ ଶାମାପଦର ଘର । ଶାମାପଦ ଓରଫ ଶାମା ତା'ର ସାଙ୍ଗ, ସହପାଠୀ ।

ଏପଟରେ ତାଙ୍କ ଘର, ମୁସଲିମ୍ ବସ୍ତି ! ପଠାଣ ସାହି ! ହିନ୍ଦୁ ସାହିର ଲୋକମାନେ ତାଙ୍କ ସାହିକୁ ତ ପଠାଣ ସାହି ବୋଲି କହନ୍ତି । ସେହିପରି ଶହେ ହାତ ସରିକି ଦୂରତାରେ ତାଙ୍କର ମସ୍‌ଜିଦ୍ । ଧଳା, ତୀକ୍ଷ ଓ ଆକାଶଛୁଆଁ । ସେଇଟା ବି ପୂର୍ବ ପରି ଆଉ ନିଖୁଣ ହୋଇ ରହିନାହିଁ । ମଝିରୁ ଦୁଇଖଣ୍ଡ ହୋଇ ଭାଙ୍ଗି ପଡିଛି । ଦିଶୁନାହିଁ ଆଲ୍ଲାଙ୍କ ଆସ୍ଥାନ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ନମାଜ୍ ପଢିବା ସ୍ଥାନ ।

ମନେପଡିଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌ର -- ସବୁଦିନ ଏଇଠାରେ, ମନ୍ଦିର ଓ ମସ୍‌ଜିଦ୍‌କୁ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତ କରୁଥିବା ପଡିଆରେ କେହ୍ନଳ ଖେଳନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ । ସେ ଓ ଶାମାପଦ । ମନ୍ଦିର-ମସଜିଦ୍‌ରୁ ଶେଷଧ୍ୱନି ବାହାରିବା ଯାଏ ଖେଳ ଚାଲେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର । ନିୟମିତ ବ୍ୟବଧାନରେ ମନ୍ଦିରରୁ ଶୁଭେ ସଞ୍ଜ ଆଳତିର ସଙ୍ଗୀତ ଓ ମସଜିଦ୍‌ରୁ ଭାଷି ଆସେ ଆହ୍ୱାନ୍ -- ଆଲ୍ଲା ଓ ଆକବର ... । ମନ୍ଦିର, ମସଜିଦ୍‌ର ସେଇ ଦିବ୍ୟ ପବିତ୍ରତାରେ ନିମଗ୍ନ ହୋଇ ଯାଉ ଯାଉ

ଶାମାପଦ ଶୁଣେ ତା' ମାଆର ଡାକ -- ସଞ୍ଜ ହେଲାଣି, ଏବେ ଘରକୁ ଆ' । ସକେହ୍ନ କରିମ୍ ବି ଶୁଣେ ତା' ଆବ୍ବାଜାନ୍‌ର ସ୍ୱର -- ଲୌଟ୍ ଆ' ବେଟା, ଶାମ୍ ହୋ ଗୟା ହେ । ଆସନ୍ତାକାଲିକୁ ପ୍ରତିଶ୍ରୁତି ଦେଇ ଘରକୁ ଫେରନ୍ତି ସେମାନେ ।

ଅଥଚ ଆଜି ... ସବୁ କିଛି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ । ଅପହ୍ନଜ ଇଲାକାର ପଷ୍ଠାପଟ ପରି ଦୃଶ୍ୟସବୁ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନିଳମ ଧୂମାୟିତ । ମଝିରେ କେବଳ ଏଇ ପଡିଆ, ଯାହା ସବୁଦିନ ଭଳି ଆଜି ବି ନିଜର ଲାଗୁଛି, ଖୁବ୍ ନିଜର ! ଅଚିହ୍ନା, ଅଜଣା ଶ୍ୱାସରୁଦ୍ଧକର ଲଭିଡ ଭିତରେ ନିହାତି ଆପଣାର ଲୋକଟିଏ ପରି ।

ପ୍ରକୃତିସ୍ଥ ହେଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ । ହିନ୍ଦୁସାହି ଆଡୁ ମେଘ ଗର୍ଜନ ଶବ୍ଦ କରି ମାଡି ଆସୁଥିଲା ଗୋଟିଏ ପୋଲିସ ଭ୍ୟାନ୍ । ଭୟରେ ଘୁଞ୍ଚିଯାଉଥିଲା ଏକ ଗଛ ଆଡୁଆଳକୁ ସେ । ମାତ୍ ତା'ର ବହୁପୂର୍ବରୁ ଆସି ଅଟକି ଗଲା ସେଇ ଗାଡି । ଖପ୍‌ଖାପ୍ ଈଁ ପଡିଲେ ଚାରି/ଆଠଟି ପୋଲିସ୍ ଲୋକ । ନଳୀ ବନ୍ଧୁକର ତୀକ୍ଷ୍ଣ ବାୟୋନେଟ୍‌ରେ ପ୍ରତିଫଳିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ଅସ୍ତସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟର କରୁଣ ଆଭା । ବ୍ୟୁହ ରଚନା କରିବା ପରି ତାକୁ ମଝିରେ ରଖି ଚାରିପଟୁ ଘେରି ଯାଇଥିଲେ ସେମାନେ । ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଆଖି ଜଳୁଥିଲା ରଡନିଆଁ ପରି ଦପ୍-ଦପ୍ । ସେଇ ନିର୍ନିମେଷ ରଡ ନିଆଁର ତାହାଣି ବିଦ୍ଧ କରୁଥିଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌କୁ । କିଛି ଗୋଟେ ଘଟିଯିବାର ଉପକ୍ରମ କ୍ରମଶଃ ଘନୀଭୂତ ହେଉଥିଲା ବୋଧହୁଏ ।

ନା -- କିଛି ବି ଘଟିଲା ନାହିଁ । ବନ୍ଧୁକଧାରୀ ପୋଲିସଙ୍କୁ ନିଜ ଭିତରେ ଧରି ଗାଡିଟା ନିମିଷକରେ ନିଷ୍କ୍ରାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଗଲା, ତା' ଆଖିରେ ଅଖଣ୍ଡ ଧୂଳି-ଧୂମ-ଘୂର୍ଣ୍ଣି ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି । ଏକୁଟିଆ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଥିଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ । ଚେତନା ଲୋପ ପାଇଯିବା ପରି ମନେ ହେଉଥିଲା ତା'ର । ଏଇ ସମୟରେ ଶୁଣିଲା, ଯେମିତି କେହି ଜଣେ ଡାକୁଛି ତାକୁ । ଖୁବ୍ ଧୀରେ, ଅତି ନିକଟରେ -- ଶେଖ୍ .. ଆ .. ଆ !

ଫେରି ଚାହିଁଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ । ତା' ଠାରୁ ଆଠଦଶ ହାତ ମାପିକ ବ୍ୟବଧାନରେ ଏକ ଗଛ ଉହାଡରେ ଛିଡା ହୋଇଥିଲା ଶାମାପଦ । ସେ ବି ଭୟରେ କାକୁସ୍ଥ । ପାଖକୁ ଗଲା ତା'ର । ଭୀତଗସ୍ତ ଆଖି ଦୁଇଟାକୁ ଚାହିଁ କହିଲା -- ତୁ ବି ଆସିଛୁ !

ଶାମାପଦ ଅଖିଲା -- ଡର ଲାଗୁଛି, ନା ।

ସତକୁସତ ଡର ଲାଗୁଥିଲା ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌କୁ । ନିଶୂତି ପହରର ଘଞ୍ଚ ତମିସ୍ରା ଯେମିତି କ୍ରମଶଃ ଘନୀଭୂତ ହେଉଥିଲା । ସେ ସବୁକୁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଲୁଚେଇ ରଖି ପଚାରିଲା -- ତୁ ମୋ ସହ ଖେଳିବୁ? ଶଙ୍କା, ସଙ୍କୋଚ, ଅନୁଯୋଗ ଆଉ ବିସ୍ମୟର ସ୍ୱର ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌ର କଣ୍ଠରେ ।

ଶାମାପଦ ବି ପଚାରିଲା ସେଇ ଏକା ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ । ଦୋହରାଇଲା ଶଙ୍କା, ସଙ୍କୋଚ-ବିସ୍ମୟର ପ୍ରଶ୍ନବାଚୀକୁ -- ତୁ ମୋ ସହ ଖେଳିବୁ?

ନୀରବତାର ଝଙ୍କାର ଝଙ୍କୁରିତ ହେଉଥିଲା ଦୁଇ କିଶୋରଙ୍କ ମନ ଭିତରେ । ସେଠାରେ ନ ଥିଲା ତିଳେ ବି ଅନୁଶୋଚନା, ଟିକେ ବି ଅହମିକାର ହୁଙ୍କାର । ବରଂ ସଂପ୍ରୀତିର ବିନ୍ଦୁ ବିନ୍ଦୁ ନିର୍ଯାସ ନିଗିଡି ପଡୁଥିଲା ଦୁଇ କିଶୋରଙ୍କ ଆଖିରୁ । ଅଥଚ କିଏ ଛଡେଇ ନେଇଥିଲା ସଂପ୍ରୀତିର ଏଇ ସରଳ ପ୍ରିତଶ୍ରୁତିକୁ ଦୁଇ ଅବୋଧ କିଶୋରଙ୍କ ଠାରୁ, ମଧ୍ୟାନ୍ତର ପନ୍ଦରଦିନ ବ୍ୟାପି, ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କଠାରୁ ପୃଥକ୍ କରି । ବୃଥା ଅହମିକା ବିଜଡିତ ମଣିଷ କ'ଣ ପାଏ ଚୁନିଚୁନି ତାରାଫୁଲଙ୍କ ଦୁନିଆରେ ଦଙ୍ଗା ବିଭୀଷିକାର ମୃତ୍ୟୁ-ଭୀତ ସ୍ଥବିରତା ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରି ?

ତୃତୀୟ୍ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଶାମା । ତୃତୀୟ୍ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଶେଖ୍ । ଦୁଇ ବସ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଏକ ପାରସ୍ପରିକ ଐକ ନିରବଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରବାହିତ ହେଉଥାଏ, ଅନ୍ତରର ସମସ୍ତ କଳୁଷ, ଦର୍ପ ଅହଙ୍କାରକୁ ପଛକୁ ଠେଲିଦେଇ । ଦଶଭୂଜା ମନ୍ଦିରର ମହୋତ୍ସବରେ ଯୋଗ ଦିଅନ୍ତି ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ ଓ ରହମନ୍‌ମାନେ ତ ରମଜାନ୍‌ର କାଷ୍ଠ ଉପବାସ ବତ ପାଇଁ ନୈବେଦ୍ୟ ବାଡନ୍ତି ଦାସ, ତିପାଠୀ, ମହାପାତ୍ରମାନେ । ବଉଳ ବସନ୍ତି ହାସିନା ହେମଲତା । ଅନ୍ତରର ସୁଖଦୁଃଖ ବାଣ୍ଟି ଗପୁଥାନ୍ତି ନରି ମଉସା ଓ ନାସିବ୍ ଚାଚା । ସେଇ ଗପରେ ଥାଏ ସୌହାର୍ଦ୍ଦ୍ୟ, ସେହି ଗପରେ ବି ଥାଏ ଭଲପାଇବା । ଅଥଚ ବେଳେବେଳେ ସେଇ ଗପ ହିଁ ଝଲସେଇ ଦିଏ ଝକମକିର ଝୁଲ, ଯାହା ନିମିଷକରେ ପୋଡି ଜାଳି ପାଉଁଶ କରିଦିଏ ଦୁଇ ବସ୍ତିର ବନ୍ଧୁତ୍ୱକୁ ।

ପନ୍ଦରଦିନ ତଳର କଥା ...

ଶାମାପଦ କହିଲା -- ଜାଣିଛୁ ଶେଖା, ଓସମା ବିନ ଲଡେନ ବୋଲି ଲୋକଟାଏ ଅଛି । ବାପା କହୁଥିଲେ ସେଇଟା କୁଆଡେ ଉଗ୍ରପନ୍ଥୀ, ଅମଣିଷ !

ନା ... ନା ଓସମା ଉଗ୍ରପନ୍ଥୀ ନୁହେଁ, ଟେରୋରିଷ୍ଟ୍ -- କହିଲା ଶେଖା -- ତୁ ଜାଣିନୁ, ମୋ ଭାଇଜାନ୍ କହୁଥିଲା, ସେ ସାଉଦୀ ଆରବର ଲୋକ ।

ଓସମା ଟେରୋରିଷ୍ଟ୍ ନା ଉଗ୍ରପନ୍ଥୀ !!!

ଦୁଇଶବ୍ଦ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଥିବା ଆଭିଧାନିକ ମେଳକ ସମ୍ଭବତଃ ଜଣା ନ ଥିଲା ଦୁଇ ତୃତୀୟ୍ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଛାତଙ୍କୁ । ଅଥଚ ତାହା ହିଁ ସୃଷ୍ଟିକଲା ବିବାଦର ବାଡବାଗ୍ନି । ପରସ୍ପର ପରସ୍ପରର ମତକୁ ଜାହିର କରିବା ଓ ବିଫଳ ହେବା କାରଣରୁ ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ ମୁଥଟିଏ ପକାଇଲା ଶାମାପଦ ମୁହଁକୁ । ନାକ ଫାଟି ଡବଡବ ଝରିଗଲା ରକ୍ତ । ପ୍ରତି ଆକ୍ରମଣ କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଶାମାପଦ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତ ହେବା ବେଳକୁ ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍ ହୋଇସାରିଥିଲା ଉଭାନ୍ ।

ଆମ ହିନ୍ଦୁକୁ ମାଡ, ପଠାଣଙ୍କର ଏତେ ବହପ ....!

ଘଟଣା ସଂପର୍କରେ ଶାମାପଦଠାରୁ ଶୁଣି ସାରିବା ପରେ ଗର୍ଜନ କରି ଉଠିଲା ଦଶଭୁଜା ମେମୋରିଆଲ ୟୁଥ୍ କ୍ଲବର ଜଣେ ଅଗ୍ରଣୀ ସଦସ୍ୟ । ତା' ସାଥିରେ ସ୍ୱର ମିଶେଇଲେ ଅନ୍ୟମାନେ -- ନା, ଯାକୁ ବରଦାସ୍ତ କରିବା ଅସମ୍ଭବ-ଅସମ୍ଭବ ।

ରାତିର ନିଃଶବ୍ଦ ପହରରେ ବୈଠକ ବସିଲା । ଚୁପ୍‌ଚାପ୍ ବୈଠକ ବସିଲା । ଚୁପ୍‌ଚାପ୍ ମଣ-ଏଣା ଚାଲିଲା । ଆକ୍ରମଣର ରଣକୌଶଳ ଗଡାଗଲା ।

ପତିଶୋଧର ପାକ୍-ସୂଚନା ସ୍ୱରୂପ ସେଇ ମନ୍ତ୍ରଣାର ଶିକାର ହେଲେ ନାସର୍ ଚାଚା । ଇଜିମାଇଲ ପୋଖରୀକୁ ଶୌଚ ପାଇଁ ଆସିଥିବାର ସୁଯୋଗ ନେଇ କେଇଟା ମେଞ୍ଚଡ କୁଦିପଡିଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ଉପରେ । ପର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତରେ ତାଙ୍କର କ୍ଷତବିକ୍ଷତ ଅଶୀତିପର ଶରୀର ପଡିରହିଲା ବସ୍ତିମଣ୍ଡ ମସ୍‌ଜିଦ୍ ପାଖରେ, ହାତଗୋଡ ଭାଙ୍ଗି, ନାକ ମୁହଁ ଫାଟି ।

ନିଆଁ ଲାଗିଗଲେ ମୁସ୍‌ଲିମ୍ ବସ୍ତିରେ । ଦୁଇ ଚାରିଟା କାଫେର୍ ଘାଏଲ ହୋଇ ବୁହା ହୋଇଗଲେ ଡାକ୍ତରଖାନା । ଲାଗିଗଲା ଦଙ୍ଗା । ଧର୍ମାନ୍ଧ ହିନ୍ଦୁର ଧାର୍ମିକ ବର୍ବରତାରେ ଛିନ୍ନଭିନ୍ନ ହୋଇ ଭାଙ୍ଗିପଡିଲା ମସ୍‌ଜିଦ୍‌ର ଉତୁଙ୍ଗ ଚୂଡା ତ ମୌଲବାଦି ମୁସ୍‌ଲିମ୍‌ମାନଙ୍କର ଶୈତାନୀ ଆକ୍ରମଣରେ ଦଶଭୂଜା ହେଲେ ଭୂତଳଶାୟୀ । ଦଙ୍ଗା ବିବିକ୍ତ ମଣିଷର ପାଶବିକତା ରାତିର ନିଶୂତି ପହରରେ ଭରି ଦେଇଥିଲା କେଜାଣି କେତେ କଣ୍ଠରେ ଆକୁଳ ଆର୍ତ୍ତବିଳାପ ।

ଧର୍ମ ନିର୍ବିଶେଷରେ ସେ ବିଳାପ ଭିନ୍ନତାର ହେତୁ ରଖିଥିଲା କି? କେଜାଣି ... ସମ୍ଭବତଃ ଏହି କଥାକୁ କେହି ଥରୁଟେ ବି ଆଣି ନ ଥିଲେ ମନକୁ ।

ପ୍ରଶାସନ ପକ୍ଷରୁ ଜାରି କରାଗଲା ଶହେ ଚଉରାଳିଶ ଧାରା ! କର୍ଫ୍ୟୁ-ରେଡ୍ ଆଲର୍ଟ !!

ଅବଶ୍ୟ ପକୋପ ଥମିଗଲାଣି । ହେଲେ ପରାଶ କମିନାହିଁ ।

ଶେଖା କହିଲା -- ତୁ ଘରକୁ ଯିବୁନି ଶାମା, ତୋ ମା ଡାକିବ ।

ନା'ରେ -- କହିଲା ଶାମା -- ମୋ ମା ଆଉ ନାହିଁ । ଏଇ ଦଙ୍ଗାରେ ତାକୁ ପଞ୍ଚାଏ ଘୋଷାରି ନେଇ ମାରିଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ବରଂ ତୁ ଫେରିଯା' -- ନ ହେଲେ ତୋ ଆବ୍‌ବା ତୋତେ ଖିଜି ଆସିବ ।

ମୋ ଆବ୍‌ବା ମୋତେ ଆଉ ଖୋଜିବାକୁ ଆସିବନିରେ ଶାମା । ସେ ବି ଏଇ ଦଙ୍ଗାରେ ...

ତା' ପାଟିରେ ଶାମାପଦର ହାତ । ତେଣୁ ଶେଷ ଶବ୍ଦତକ ଶୁଣାଗଲା ନାହିଁ ଶେଖ୍ କରିମ୍‌ର । କିନ୍ତୁ ଦୂରରୁ ଅସନ୍ତୁଷ୍ଟ ପକ୍ଷର ଭିତ୍ତିହୀନ ରେ-ରେକାର ପରି ତଥାପି ଶୁଭୁଥିଲା ପୋଲିସ ଭ୍ୟାନର ଶବ୍ଦ, ଆଈ ମା' କାହାଣୀର ବୁଢୀ ଅସୁରୁଣୀ ଗପ ଶୁଣି ବାଧ୍ୟ ଶିଶୁଟିଏ ପରି ପଶାସସନର କର୍ଫ୍ୟୁ କୋଳରେ ଘୁମେଇ ପଡିଥିବା ଭୀତତସ୍ତ ବସ୍ତି ଦୁଇଟାକୁ ପୁଣିଥରେ ଚିଆଁଇ ଦେବା ପାଇଁ ବୋଧହୁଏ !

Monkey Land

Part 2: The second chance

(continued from page 59)

This was their second chance. They knew they could not blow it. So they had to be nice to everyone.

One day a monkey came that wanted a place to stay. They quickly gave him a big tree and treated him nicely. He liked it so much, that he called all of his friends to stay.

Monkey Land was the most popular place for monkeys in the monkey colonies. It was so popular it attracted the most feared monkey bandit, the banana bandit. Everyone decided not to give him a place to stay, so he left.

The next day the monkey god came. The way he said that they didn't let the bandit stay made the monkeys think they blew it. They later found out that he was saying that they did the right thing because it was a matter of the monkey's life or death. They were even happier when the monkey god said that Monkey Land stays. They thought what else can happen? Well part 3 can. (continued on page 73)

Char Ujle

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Decades ago, when I started selling insurance, and asked one of my Indian tennis buddies, as to why he did not call me for his homeowners' insurance, when he closed on his house last week. The reply came, 'char-char ujle agaye', which means 'four white insurance agents came', sent by his realtor (also a white lady). He did not explain, but I understood that if a white agent comes to see an Indian client, the Indian agent has no chance of getting the business. This was from a friend with whom I used to play tennis almost every evening. What to expect from an unknown Indian prospect ?

This story has stuck in my mind for over 20 years now, and I have seen it being repeated time and again. Over 15 years ago, one of my good Indian friend and client, who allowed me numerous personal and business insurances for years, had remarked, 'no Indian agent can come to my office or home, but you are an exception'. I thanked him for this gesture, but it did not seem as compliment, rather a sad state of affairs. It never sunk in that I was a good, competent agent but made me to ponder over the fact, how an Indian agent is treated by an Indian client, with disdain, who would run to a white competition so easily, and probably did business with me out of pity on a fellow Indian.

There is also a joke in Indian insurance circles, that if one has to pick up a check of one hundred dollars from an Indian client, the agent has to go to the clients' home or office at least twice, the first time the client can not find his check book, and also has to take him to lunch for more than five or ten dollars one makes in commissions on the case, in the hope of getting more business in future. But if the same Indian client gives ten thousand dollars to a white agent, he will drive to the office of this white agent, and will politely stay in the line to deliver the funds to the agent's secretary. In early 1990s, I encountered numerous Indians running with stacks of money or checks, in the lobby, elevators, or the parking lot, rushing to drop off funds to their white brokers in the same building, I worked at in Buckhead.

Whenever you go for lunch with an Indian prospect/client, the agent will always have to pick up the tab, no matter, if you have made or will make any fees/commissions from the discussions/transactions you conduct. But bring a white co-worker agent with you to the meeting, and the same Indian client becomes so generous, and will insist to pay for all three of you. This is so funny to watch.

In the last 20 years or so I have come to the following situation again and again. When an Indian starts entrepreneurship,

opens a company, generally from his basement or the garage, I get a call to visit and discuss their insurance and investment needs. The guy will have no money to pay my fees, may not make it to better days, when I can expect to get paid for my time and work. An established agent (me included), will not come, as they are chasing bigger fish. I receive plenty of thanks, but no money. Talk is cheap always comes to mind then. I have to spend lots of time explaining what kind of insurance one needs, which ones can be avoided to begin with, where to get them at the lowest price, and the new business owner feels so happy and obliged, and impressed with my expertise and acumen to get him/her settled in the business with so little. I feel proud helping some poor fellow and holding his/her hand in the process. Many do not succeed
and I consider it philanthropy. Those who do, a few years later they rent an office outside their homes, and put their spouse or a family member to answer phones and do clerical job. My job then becomes to fill various tax, legal and insurance forms, spend hours, all free of cost. Few years later, the guy makes more money, the spouse goes back to look after the children at home, and he/she hires a pretty white lady to run the office. This is a signal for me to go away, as a white secretary really controls the Indian business owner. She brings her boyfriend, father, brother, sister as the new insurance agent, as she can not understand me, and does not like my services. She relates better with her white folks.
The Indian guy has to move to white neighborhood, be friends with white people and get business from them, as they control the system. I am shown the door. Like insurance agents, Indian brokers, accountants, office workers and attorneys are also replaced by their white counterparts in due course.
The owner of the business who used to call me 'uncle' and got numerous things done free, now does not return my phone calls. They will consider, at this stage, giving business to me as racism, nepotism supporting an Indian who might have questionable merits. Once you establish the insurance and investment plans for a company or an individual, as an agent, and get paid by commissions only, it takes years, even decades to make enough money for the time and energy you invest for the process, if they continue paying premiums and keep you as agent. Few agents, will contact a start up business but chase established companies, and steal your business and clients in seconds as Indian business owners fall for the company of whites so fast, and make them agents of record
and let them receive fees on the work you have done.
Many big, well established Indian owned companies of all kinds in town now have passed through these stages, dozens of them, through me, I well remember. I have tried to protest each such incident on the grounds of morality, decency and legality. I have lost every time. Can an Indian agent against such odds succeed in approaching a well established Indian business owner for their insurance and investment business? Impossible. Many of my larger Indian clients have asked me, 'why don't you have many white clients'? If a successful Indian avoids dealing with an Indian agent, will a

successful white guy bring his/her business to a Desi agent ? Never.

Many a times I have been asked by affluent Indians moving to town, to find them an attorney and an accountant, who must be whites, on the ground that Indians/Desis are not very professional, and they may divulge the information on their wealth to fellow Indians. I have had plenty of white friends in every profession, but once they get a foot in the door they bring their own friendly insurance agent, which becomes more acceptable to these affluent Indians than me, and I am out. I have lost numerous such prospects.

A white pretty teller girl, with a little twinkle in her eyes, or an invitation to the game of golf, at a bank can get an Indian's fifty thousand dollars in CDs with such an ease, I always wonder. But for an Indian broker or agent getting the same account will take ten visits, several years, and numerous lunches, in addition to donations to their Indian associations and temples.

Once an Indian is out of the boat and gets a car insurance from a white agent, for another five years he drives all his fellow Indians and family members to this white agent to establish a friendship, spending hours to cultivate the goodwill of this white American guy, for no financial gains. Once his insurance claim is denied, he will call me for help and promise me to bring all his friends to me, only after this disenchantment.

Similarly when I quote a premium, an average Indian will fume at the high cost, but if I send my white office secretary to collect a check, she will bring twice the amount, while I can not succeed bringing even half of that. What a misplaced generosity.

If I narrate my experiences from the real estate transactions and mortgage business, I will bruise many more egos and offend a host of more people. Thus I will save those for future.

This narrative is not to offend my friends, clients and fellow Indians, but to confirm and concede that majority of my clients in insurance, investments, real estate and mortgage have been people from Indian subcontinent. Their help and support has made me to receive numerous laurels and awards in my profession, and has put bread and butter on my table for over two decades, in a very consistent way. I still have some of my original clients of over 20 years, and still have plenty of support and help from the community. I have lived comfortably, raised and got my children educated well at the best schools, and have plenty of grandchildren to play with.

Finally, with plenty of thanks and appreciation to the community, I wish to point out that the journey I have taken, I wish were a little easier than it has been. But I have enjoyed it immensely, did fairly well and never regretted leaving academia in 1985.

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ପଥିକ

ରୁଦ୍ରପ୍ରତାପ

ଜୀବନର ପଶାପାଲିରେ
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ପଦଯାତ୍ରା

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA'S CONCEPT OF EDUCATION

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Education is the manifestation of the perfection already in man. Therefore the only duty of the education is to remove all obstructions from the way. True education is nothing but the development of faculty. It is not an accumulation of words. Rather it is a training of individuals to will rightly and effectively. Take the example of a mighty railway engine. The engine moves, turns and runs with no intelligence. But a tiny worm, which moves away from the rail-line to save its life instinctively or intuitively, is intelligent.

Education is neither book learning nor knowledge acquiring. It is the training by which the current and expression of will are brought under control as a result of which they become fruitful. Collection of facts is not the essence of education. An educated man develops the power of concentration and detachment and then, with a perfect instrument collects facts at will.

It is not at all necessary to put a huge amount of information into the child's brain. It is very harmful. We must have life-building, man-making, character-forming assimilation of ideas. Formation of character, increase in the strength of mind, expansion of the intellect and development of one's ability to stand on one's own legs- are the essential objectives of true education.

"Vedanta says that within man is all knowledge- even in a boy it is so- and it requires only an awakening and that much is the work of a teacher. If only we do so much for the boys that they may learn to apply their hands, legs, ears, eyes and finally everything will become easy". A true teacher is he who can convert himself as it were into a thousand persons at a moment's notice. The true teacher is he who can immediately come down to the level of the student and transfer his soul to the student's soul and see through the student's eyes and hear through the student's ears and understand through his mind.

Swami Vivekananda has laid stress on a close personal contact between the teacher and the taught. One should live from his very boyhood with one whose character is like a blazing fire and should have before him a living example of the highest teaching.

Swami Vivekananda has also emphasized on the need of religion-based education. According to Swamiji secular knowledge will come from spiritual knowledge. If however an educationist particularly in India will try to impart only secular knowledge, he will fail miserably, as secular knowledge without religion will never have a hold on Indian populace. Swamiji therefore pleaded for religion-centered education as the most effective, useful and fruitful education

system to be implemented all over the world and particularly in the Indian sub-continent. By religion, he didn't mean religious fundamentalism or religious fanaticism.

As regards women's education Swamiji emphatically stated, "Educate your women first and leave them to themselves; then they will tell you what reforms are necessary for them". Female education is to be spread with religion at its center. Religious training, the formation of character and observance of the vow of celibacy-should be allowed to. Swami Vivekananda was not opposed to the technical and vocational education. As a visionary he knew that the world would change and the pattern of education would also undergo a change. But as the greatest benefactor and well-wisher of mankind, he insisted on the continuation of the eternal human values and a system of education that would preserve these values.

Monkey Land

Part 3: The bandit returns

(continued from page 67)

The monkeys of Monkey Land thought that they would live happily ever after, but something just had to happen.

Monkey Land was getting popular by the minute. So many monkeys came they had to get more trees. Monkey Land was getting larger and larger.

Suddenly monkeys started complaining that someone stole their bananas and left. Soon there was no one left except a few monkeys and the monkey who owned Monkey Land. They decided to find out who did it.

The robbery stopped until another monkey came. The other monkeys said the new monkey was the banana thief, but the new monkey said he was not.

The next night, everyone except two monkeys were awake, the sleeping monkeys were the new monkey and another monkey. The monkeys that were awake checked every tree and saw a monkey that they thought was helping them, stealing bananas. The monkey removed a mask and revealed the infamous banana bandit. Suddenly the monkey god came. He said the bandit will live in his dungeon from now on. The bandit turned and tried to run but the monkey god took him and flew away now they really lived happily ever after until part 4. (continued on page 87)

PR: An Island of Enchantment

Biswaranjan Jena

Many people wonder about PuertRico. The true meaning can be described as Puerto + Rico i.e. Port of Rich as the merchants / pirates in 18^{t} century used this island as a hub for business of the stolen gold etc. Now PuertoRico is an Island belongs to US that was captured from the big US –Spanish war in 1937. Although it is a US territory but not a state , people of PR voted to stay out of US constitution but same time like to enjoys same freedom as an US citizen, hence it is considered a nation within a nation. And the funniest part is if a US citizen lives in PR he can't vote for US presidents but if a Puerto Rican lives in US he can execute his voting rights. PR's total area can be described as 7 hours journey from East to West & 5 hours from North to South. PRs has many world famous beverage, the most famous of all are Bacardi &Captain Morgan's Rum. Here are brief insights of the various regions of PR …..

San Juan , Area Metro : The capital of PR. No matter how many times you visit the old city, it is never the same. Old San Juan, an ancient walled city in PR, consists of tiny houses and towering forts, is recognized around the world as the place that travelers should not miss. The mortar and pestle of history has shaped it into something unique. Keeping an old city old is a difficult task, but keeping it young is not. The US National Park Services carefully keeps the castles looking much as they did centuries ago when Spanish soldiers walked their ramparts. New San Juan is actually a conglomerate of named neighborhoods that blend seamlessly into adjacent cities – home to more then a million people.

Area North: The San Juan Metroplex is the most visited area of the north, but many interesting attractions flank Highway-2 & Expressway 22 as they dart along the Atlantic coast towards Portal Del Sol. The major attraction of north of PR is the Arecibo observatory , the world's largest radio telescope; Rio Camuye Cave Park, which gaze into one of the world's largest underground river cave systems. Arecibo's lighthouse provides a glimpse of the pirate's cave and ship, visits to Taino village & PR's history. Taino is oldest native civilization of PR, just like American's native Indians.

Area South: Once you are out of the metropolitan San Juan, the trip to south, i.e. Ponce is a breeze. Driving through highway 52 with a broad view of the mountains is a life time experience. Also the paranomic view of the Caribbean Sea with its backdrop of gold and green mountains is superb. The city is a mix of museums & historic houses. Ponce Art Museum, The Serralles Castle, La Cruceta Del Vigia and the Indigenous Tribal Ceremonial Centre are top attractions. Also it is hard to miss the Thermal springs in Coamo as well. The Cautino Museum in Guayama is an interesting stop for seeing the butterflies at Reserva Natural Mariposario Las Limas. Besides the LaGuancha sea beach is a major hot spot of all kind of beach & night life activities.

Area East: The rain forest, the Caribbean National Forest better known as El Yunque, an ecological treasure, is one of PR's top attractions and it is certainly the most visible landmark in the island's east. The cloud–capped peaks can be seen from virtually everywhere, nearby is the exotic town of Loiza, world famous Luquillo beach with its popular food kiosks is an opportunity to fill two vacations. The only horse racing track "Hipodromo Camerero" in Canovanas is a busy boost to the tourist. Then comes the Fajardo at the extreme east is a gateway to the Vieques and Culebra and all the array of tiny Caribbean Islands like Virgin Island at St. Martin, St. Thomas etc. Also the Florescent bay of Fajardo & the Seven Seas beach is a major attraction you never want to miss.

Area West : In the west part of the island, Porta del Sol is known that Christopher Columbus first set eyes on during his second voyage to the "New World" in 1493, although there is no historical evidence that Columbus actually set foot on land here or anywhere in what is now PR. What's certain is that his shipmate Juan Ponce de Leon did disembark in the west and began exploration in the area near Guainica before settling in the north, founding Caparra and becoming Governor of the island in 1509. West side's beaches at Mayaguyez, Rincon & Boqueron are considered as haven for surfing, sunning, hiking, sightseeing, dining and living etc.

Vieques & Culebra: These are called Islands of the Island. Visitors often grab a 30 minutes ferry or a 10 minutes plane from Fajardo to disembark in Vieques or Culebra or St. Thomas. Vieques is considered US Navy's eye on the Caribbean due to its naval base. The magnificent transparent Flamenco Beach at Culebra and Bioluminescent bay at Vieques are one of the worlds most tranquil and intriguing destinations.



Port View

Some of the beautiful pictures of the Islands describing above are below. While these pictures gives us a first impression of being a drawing but actually taken by the amateur photographer B.Jena himself.



Highway View



CaparraHeights



Mountain View



Lagunacha Beach, Ponce



Luqillo Beach



Culebra Beach



Rincon Beach



Sanjuan From a different Angle



Vieques View



San Juan Fort



Old San Juan Pathway



SanJuan Baseball Stadium



Ponce Museum



Ponce Capital



Old Fire Station, Ponce



Old SanJuan

ତୋ କଥା ମୋ ମନେ ପଡେ

ଶ୍ରୀନିବାସ ନାୟକ, ହାଇଦ୍ରାବାଦ

କାଳିଆରେ ...
ମନେ ମୋ ଅଛି ତୋହର ପିଲାଦିନ କଥା
ରାଧାରାଣୀ ଗୋପ ଗୋପି ସୁଦାମାର କଥା । ॥୧॥

ଗୋପପୁରୁ ଚାଲିଗଲୁ ବଡଦାଣ୍ଡ ଦେଖି
ଭଲ ପାଇବା ସବୁରି ରଖିଦେଇ ବାକି ! ॥୨॥

ଭୁଲିଗଲୁ ଗୋପସାଥି ଭାଇବନ୍ଧୁ ସଙ୍ଗ
ଆଉ କିଏ ଏଇଠିରେ ହୋଇବ ତୋ ସାଙ୍ଗ ? ॥୩॥

ଭୁଲିଲୁ କଦମ୍ବ ବନ ଗୋପ ଗାଇଗୋଠ
ବାବାଜି ସାଜିଲୁ ଏଠି ଶ୍ରୀମନ୍ଦିର-ମଠ । ॥୪॥

ଶୋଷ ମେଣ୍ଟିଲାନି କି ତୋ ଅମାନିଆ-ଖରାବେଳେ
ଜମୁନା କୂଳ ଲେଉଟା ରାଧାର କଳସୀ ଜଳେ ? ॥୫॥

ଗୋପପୁର ସର ଲବଣୀ କି ହୋଇଲା ଅରୁଚି;
ଷାଠିଏ ପଉଟି ପାଇଁ ଯେ ମନ ତୋ ଝୁରୁଛି ! ॥୬॥

ସଞ୍ଜହେଲେ ମା' କୋଳେ ଯାଉଥିଲୁ ଶୋଇ
ମନ ମାରି ଶୋଉଛୁ କାହିଁକି ପହଡ ପକାଇ ? ॥୭॥

କେତେ ନାଟ କରୁଛୁରେ ନପାରେ ମୁଁ ବୁଝି
ମନେ ଖାଲି ଘାଣ୍ଟି ହୁଏ ତୋ କଥା ମୁଁ ଭାବି । ॥୮॥

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

Paradigm Shift-7 : My First Experience

Biswaranjan Jena

This story is my real life travel experience on my first Air Travel outside India. It is a life time experience that I will always cherish and share with others, when people have problem in shifting their paradigm in a changing environment.

The episode starts with my joy and anxiety to have a first air travel experience as well as of having gotten a passport to use. I was scheduled for a professional tour to one of the well knows region of West-African country, i.e., Accra in Ghana. My anxiety makes the tour more personal then professional. Before my scheduled date of departure, I had to go through 3 days company training on how to adjust with changing environments as well as culture in the name of "Paradigm Shift". But hands on training are nothing in comparison to a real life experience. Knowing fully that I'm a first timer on Air-Travel, my travel division scheduled my travel with an experienced travel colleague, who was on his way to Johannesburg, South Africa. Hence we were traveling from Bombay to Nairobi together on a Kenya Airways Flight. After finishing preliminary formalities of baggage checking etc., we were on a Security and Custom checking line, where we had to wait in a long queue. When my turn came, I proceed with my documents, passport etc., for clearance. After few questions, the Immigration official seemed hesitant to give me the clearance. He asked me if I've an Income Tax clearance. After the verification of my documents, he asked me if I've taken Yellow fever vaccines, I said, "Yes", and handed over the document. After knowing that I was well prepared with all my documents, he whispered in a lower voice that he can't stamp it because the vaccine taken was less then 15 days. "Sorry, I did know that and my company never told me so" – I replied back in a shocking tone. Realizing my weakness, he referred to me to another Immigration Official standing near by, who was fully watching the discussion between the two of us. Then the official took me to a corner and asked me to pay him Rs. 1000/- , so that he can stamp it by himself. I did not know what to do. So I asked how he can do that, if it is illegal to travel with a vaccine that was taken less then 15days prior to travel. Then how can he do an illegal act by allowing me to board the plane? Knowing my innocence he tried to convince me to give him the asked amount and not to worry about anything, otherwise I can't travel. Knowing the situation at hand and not to miss the plane, I checked my wallet but could not find more then Rs 555/- , hence requested him if he can wait until my colleague finished his stuff. By that time my colleague had finished his clearance and was approaching towards me to know what's going on. After my explanation, he realized what's going on and refused to give me money, rather he told me to call our Travel Department. After hearing our discussion the Immigration Officials realized that I'm not alone and

situation could be out of hand, hence he asked me to hand over the money, whatever I had. Doing so, I completed the first hurdle of my travel, even though disobeying my colleague's indication for not doing that. Completing rest of the formalities we entered entered the Jumbo Jet. In the plane, one had to learn first how to buckle up, which was eventually taught by my colleague. For that I'm still grateful to him as it encourages me helping other first timers, every time I travel thereafter.

Inside the plane an Air Hostess with a small packet of milk-chocolates (now a days you can see such hospitality rarely). Seeing many variety of chocolates for the first time, I could not resist, hence asked if it is for sale. She gave me a smile and shook her head realizing that I was a first timer. Taking the advantages of free stuff, I asked if I can take more then one or so. She could not control her smile and replied back "choose whichever you like most sir". Well after finishing my collection of chocolates, I looked back to my colleague discovering him with a strange face, and I asked whether it is wrong to do so? My colleague murmured (sarcastically), "take as much as you want, company paid for it". Feeling reassured by my friend, I took everything for granted. After all these formalities of safety and emergency demonstration of flight attendants etc., the flight resumed its journey to Nairobi, Kenya. After a while everything got to normalcy and the beverage and dinner bell rang. The flight attendance asked if I would like to have something to drink. "Wine / rum / or whisky, Sir?" "Wine please!"- A quick answer came from me considering the fact that wine would be lightest of all. But a similar quick response from the other end caught me off guard…"Red / White, Sir?" Didn't know what to answer as I was thinking Wine is Wine, what it has to do with Red or White? I politely replied, "Red would be OK". But from the wired smile in the face of the attendant seemed like she was enjoying my first time travel as well, hunt me with a question, " What do you like to have in dinner , Sir, Veg / Non-veg ?". I quickly responded "Veg Please" before she could finish. After that her special wired and charming smile left me guessing, if I said something wrong, which I later discovered that, Red wine goes with Red meat and White wine goes with white meat or so. Having two packs of wine, I felt nothing has happened, hence asked for another two, which I was handed over by the same air hostess attached with a wide open free smile that added food for thought to my brain.

After few minutes, dinner was served. Eagerly opening the packet I discovered egg, fish, bread, butter, salad etc. Hence pressed the calling button without any delay on my seat & waited for the response. "How can I help you sir?" – came a voice. Meantime let me tell you, the four pack of wine had already started their magic. I replied back, this is not a Veg dinner, but she insisted that this is "Veg Dinner Sir". Realizing that I'm looking for no egg, no fish meal, she said "you mean Indian Veg Sir". I affirmed "Yes, Yes" as my stomach was already hunting for food. But a sad voice came, "Sorry sir, you have not ordered special dinner". Realizing my own mistake and considering my stomach's condition, I asked if I can have plate full of bread and butter please. No need to mention

that at that time I was a vegetarian, besides the salad contains some leafs that was unknown to me. Having six pieces of bread & butter, I felt a little relaxed and went straight to hibernation.

But the story does not end there, every air traveler must know his travel itinerary, so was I, along with the time zone he/she is crossing, where I failed. Due to lack of all these knowledge I could adjust my watch although I was been told in my company training and paid a handsome price for that. Since it was in the back of my mind that I had only one stoppage before I reached my destination, Accra, Ghana. But there was some announcement in the mean time " *This is going to be a hopping flight via Lagos, Nigeria due to African Cup (football) of Nations , in order to pick up some Nigerian Football Players (at that time the African Cup of Nations Football tournament was going on and the host country was both Ghana & Nigeria)* ". I failed to realize that due to the effect of wine, therefore, when the plane arrived at Lagos airport, I suddenly woke up and saw that almost 90% people were leaving. So I did it too. Since the stop over was for 15 minutes only, which was far away from my knowledge, I came out from the cabin as if I reached my destination and headed to the baggage claim area. After waiting for more then an hour I could not see my baggage, hence asked for help. As a result a Nigerian Air Port Security personal asked me for my Air Ticket and after looking at it he literally shouted at me and said why the hell I got down from the plane? Could not understand what's going on as I did not know yet that I'm in Lagos, Nigeria, and not in Accra, Ghana. His shouting made me realize the situation and took away all my magical moments of wine. Then he directly talked over the walky-talky to the head of the Airport Authority, who eventually ordered him to take me to his office. After reaching there, the very first thing I was being asked was to submit the passport. As I did not know the reason, I hesitated at first as my travel department had warned me, "I can loose everything but not the passport". Then the Chief asked me if it is my first time. Guess what could have been my answer? By that time I was literally in a crying situation. The chief realizing the situation tried to relax me and explain to me as to what I need to do. Still not seeing me relaxed he ordered his assistant to bring some juice and plain -Sandwiches for me, as I've already told everything in the meantime. After having some food as well as assurance, I felt somewhat relaxed. Then I must say, it was his great kindness due to which he arranged a Transit Ticket (although I paid for it, it was really difficult to get a ticket when a continent's football tournament is in progress) on the plane where the Cameroon National Football team was traveling.

Since I could not reach Accra, Ghana on scheduled time, my receiving client has reported to my Indian office that I was missing as the Kenya Airway is unable to trace a missing passenger because I never checked out at the Lagos Airport. Hence a red alert was issued to Accra Airport Authority. But after 2-3 hours when I reached Accra along with the Cameroon Team, few Security personals were already assigned for me. It ended by my logging in of an incident report to the authorities and they did the necessary action in sending

me to my guest house assigned by the client because it was already middle of the night. But one thing I must say, it was a lesson learned in a hard way but it did give me a pleasure to meet the whole Cameroon Team and share my stories with them. Besides, I must say, I had a wonderful time at Acrra, Ghana from personal as well as professional life's experience, which gave me an insight about African music, culture, heritage and environment etc. This eventually helped my paradigm shifting and generated an interest in the flavor on African Desert Music. The only price that I paid in return was, most of my six months survival was through cheese pizza or self cooked odia dishes such as "Pakhala-Aluchatani" (*one really needs to be in such a situation to realize the importance of such simple odia dishes*) because I never liked their food for unknown reasons. Aren't these amazing experiences? Hope, readers have enjoyed their travels with my real life story? If so, more of these will appear in subsequent issues of duradrusti.

(To be continued)…

ଗୀତାଞ୍ଜଳୀ



√ Shrimati Krishna Mohanty
Cuttack, Orissa

(୯)

ଆନନ୍ଦର ଏଇ ସାଗରରୁ,
ଆସିଛି ରେ ଆଜି ବନ୍ୟା ।
କାତ ଧରି ଆଜି ବସରେ ସର୍ବେ,
ଟାଣ ରେ ସର୍ବେ ଟାଣ ।
ବୋଝ ଯେତେ ବୋଝାଇ କରି,
କରିବି ରେ ପାରି ଦୁଃଖର ତରୀ,
ଡେଉ ର ଉପରେ ଧରିବି ପାତି,
ଯଦି ଯାଉ ଯିବ ପ୍ରାଣ ।

ଆନନ୍ଦର ଏଇ ସାଗର ରୁ
ଆସିଛି ଯେ ଆଜି ବନ୍ୟା

କେ ଡାକେରେ ପଛରୁ ମୋର,
କେ କରେ ରେ ମନା,
ଭୟ୍‌ର କଥା କେ କହେ ଆଜି
ଭୟ୍ ଅଛି ସବୁ ଜଣା ।

କେଉଁ ପାପ, କେଉଁ ଗହ୍ନର ଦୋଷେ,
ସୁଖର ଡଙ୍ଗା ରେ ରହିବି ବସି,
ପାଲର ରସି ଧରିବି କସି,
ଚାଲିବି ଗାଇ ଗାନ
ଆନନ୍ଦର ଏଇ ସାଗର ତୀରୁ ଆଜିଛି ରେ
ଆଜି ବନ୍ୟା

(୧୦)

ତୁମରି ସୁନାରଠାଳାରେ ସାଜିବି ଆଜି
ଦୁଃଖର ଅଶ୍ରୁଧାର
ଜନନୀ ଗୋ ! ଗୁଛିବି ତୁମଇ
ଗଳାର ମୁକ୍ତାହାର ॥
ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ପାଦର ପାଖେ
ମାଳା ହୋଇ ଜଡାଇ ଅଛି
ତୁମରି ବୁକେ ଶୋଭା ପାଇବ ମୋର
ଦୁଃଖର ଅଳଙ୍କାର ॥
ଧନ, ଧାନ୍ୟ ତୁମରି ଧନ,
କି କରିବ ତା କୁହ !
ଦବାକୁ ଯଦି ଚାହୁଁଛ ଦିଅ ମତେ,
ନବାକୁ ଚାହଁ ତ ନିଅ ॥
ଦୁଃଖ ମୋର ଘର ର ଚିଜ,
ଖାଣ୍ଟି ରତନ ତୁ ତ ମା ଚିହ୍ନୁ,
ତୋ'ରି ପ୍ରସାଦ ଦେଇ ତାକୁ ତ କ'ଣ ମା,
ଏ ମୋର ଅହଙ୍କାର ॥

(୧୧)

ଆମେ ବାନ୍ଧିଛୁ କାମର ଗୁଚ୍ଛ
ଆମେ ବାନ୍ଧିଛୁ ଶେଫାଳି ମାଳା,
ନବୀନ ଧାନର ମଞ୍ଜରୀ ଦେଇ,
ସଜାଇ ଆଣିଛୁ ଡାଲା ॥

ଆସ ଗୋ ! ଶାରଦ ଲକ୍ଷୀ ତୁମରି
ଶୁଭ୍ର ମେଘର ରଥେ ।
ଆସ ନିର୍ମଳ ନୀଳ - ପଥେ,
ଆସ ଧୌତ ଶ୍ୟାମଳ, ଜ୍ୟୋତି ଝଲମଲ,
ବନ - ଗିରି - ପରବତେ ।
ଆସ, ମୁକୁଟ ପିନ୍ଧି ଶ୍ୱେତ ଶତଦଳ
ଶୀତଳ - ଶିଶିର - ତଳା ।

ଝରା ମାଳତୀର ଫୁଲେ,
ଆସନ ବିଛାଇ ନିଭୃତ କୁଞ୍ଜେ
ଭରା ଗଙ୍ଗାର କୂଳେ ।
ଫେରିଛି, ମରାଳ ଡେଣା ପାତିବାରେ,
ତୁମର ଚରଣମୂଳେ ॥

ଗୁଞ୍ଜର ତାନ ତୋଳି ଗୋ ତୁମରି,
ସୁମାର ବୀଣାର ତାରେ,
ମୁଦୁ ମଧୁ ଝଙ୍କାରେ,
ହସଭରା ସୁର ଝରିଯେ ପଡିବ,
କ୍ଷଣିକ ଅଶ୍ରୁଧାରେ ।

ରହି ରହି ଯେଉଁ ପରଶମଣି
ଝଲକେ ଅଳକ କୋଣେ,
ପଲକର ପାଇଁ, ସକରୁଣ କରି
ବୁଲାଅ, ବୁଲାଅ ମନେ
ସୁନା ହୋଇଯିବ ସକଳ ଭାବନା
ଅନ୍ଧାର ହେବ ଅଲୋକ ।

(୧୨)

ଲାଗିଛି ଅମଳ ଧବଳ ପାଲେ,
ମନ୍ଦ ମଧୂର ହାଓ୍ୱା,
ଦେଖିନାହିଁ କେବେ ଦେଖିନାହିଁ,
ଏପରି ତରଣୀ ବାହିବା ।

କେଉଁ ସାଗର ର ପାରିରୁ ଆଣଇ
କେଉଁ ସୁଦୂରର ଧନ,
ଭାସିବାକୁ ଚାହେଁ ମନ ।
ପିଙ୍ଗିବାକୁ ଚାହେଁ ଏହି ନଈକୂଳେ
ସବୁ ଚାହିଁବା, ସବୁ ପାଇବା ।

ପଛରେ ଝରୁଛି ଝରଝର ଜଳ
ଗୁରଗୁରି ହୋଇ ଡାକେ,
ମୁଖେ ଆସିପଡେ ଅରୁଣ କିରଣ
ଛିନ୍ନ ମେଘର ଫାଙ୍କେ,
ଆଗୋ କାଣ୍ଡାରୀ, କେ ଗୋ ତୁମେ
କାର ହସକାନ୍ଦର ଧନ ।
ଭାବିମରେ ମୋର ମନ
କେଉଁ ସୁରେ ଆଜି ବାନ୍ଧିବ ଯନ୍ତ୍ର
କେଉଁ ମନ୍ତ୍ର ହବ ଗାଇବା ।

(୧୩)

ମୋର ନୟନଭୁଲା ଆସିଲେ

ମୁଁ କି ହେରିଲି ହୃଦୟସ୍ଥଳେ ।
ଗଙ୍ଗଶିଉଳିର ତଳେ, ପାଶେ,
ଝରା ଫୁଲର ପାଶେରାଶେ,
ଶିଶିର ଭିଜା ଘାସେ ଘାସେ ।
ଅରୁଣରଙ୍ଗୀ ଚରଣ ପାତେ,
ନୟନ ଭୁଲା ଆସିଲେ ।

ଆଲୋକ - ଛାୟାର ଅଞ୍ଚଳଖଣ୍ଡି
ଲୁଟି ପଡଇ ବନେ ବନେ
ଫୁଲଗୁଡି ଏଇମୁଖ ଚାହିଁ
କି କଥା କହେ ମନେ ମନେ ।
ତୁମକୁ ଆମେ କରିବୁ ବରଣ ।
ମୁଖ ଆବରଣ କର ହରଣ ।
ଏଇ ଟିକ ଏଇ ମେଘାବରଣ
ଦୁଇ ହାତ ଦେଇ ପକାଅ ଠେଲି
ନୟନ ଭୁଲା ଆସିଲେ ।
ବନଦେବୀର ଦ୍ୱାରେ ଦ୍ୱାରେ
ଶୁଣେ ଗଭୀର ଶଙ୍ଖଧ୍ୱନି,
ଆକାଶ-ବୀଣାର ତାରେ ତାରେ
ଜାଗେ ତୁମରି ଆଗମନୀ,
କେଉଁଠି ସୁନାର ନୁପୁର ବାଜେ,
ବୁଝୁଛି ମୋହରି ହିୟାର ମଧ୍ୟେ
ସକଳଭାବେ ସକଳ କାମେ,
ପାଷାଣ-ଗଳା ସୁଧା ଢାଳ
ନୟନଭୁଲା ଆସିଲ ॥

(୧୪)

ଜନନୀ, ତୁମରି କରୁଣ ଚରଣ ଗୋଟି
ହେରିଲି ଆଜିଏ ଅରୁଣ କିରଣ ରୂପି,
ଜନନୀ ତୁମରି ମରଣ - ହରଣ ବାଣୀ
ନୀରବ ଗଗନେ ଭରି ଉଠେ ଚୁପି ଚୁପି ।

ତୁମକୁ ନମୁଛି ସକଳ ଭୂବନ ମଧେ,
ତୁମକୁ ନମେ ହେ ସକଳ ଜୀବନ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟେ,
ତନୁ, ମନ ଧନ କରେ ନିବେଦନ ଆଜି
ଭକ୍ତି ପାବନ ତୁମରି ପୂଜାର ଧୂପେ,
ଜନନୀ ତୁମରି କରୁଣ ଚରଣ ଗୋଟି
ହେରିଲି ଆଜି ଏ ଅରୁଣ କିରଣ ରୂଦେ ॥

(୧୫)

ଜଗତ ଭରି ଉଦାର ସୁରେ,
ଆନନ୍ଦଗାନ ବାଜେ,
ସେ ଗାନ କେବେ ଗଭୀର ରବେ
ବାଜିବ ହିୟା ମଧ୍ୟେ,
ବତାସ, ଜଳ, ଆକାଶ (ଆଲୋ) ଜ୍ୟୋତି,
ସବୁରି କୁ ମୁଁ ପାଇବି ଭଲ,
ହୃଦୟ ସଭା ଭରିଯେ ସର୍ବେ
ବସିବେ ନନା ସାଜେ ॥

ନୟନ ଦୁଇ ମେଲାଇ କେବେ,
ପରାଣ ହବ ଖୁସି
ଯେଉଁ ପଥରେ ଚାଲିମୁଁ ଯିବି
ସବୁରି ମନ ତୋଷି,
ରହିଛ ତୁମେ ଏକଥା କେବେ
ଜୀବନ ମଧ୍ୟେ ସହଜ ହବ
ନିଜର କରି ତୁମରି ନାମ
ଧ୍ୱନିବ ସବୁ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟେ ॥

(୧୬)

ମେଘର ପରେ ମେଘ ଜମିଛି
ଅନ୍ଧାର କରି ଆସେ,
ମତେ କାଇଁକି ବସାଇ ରଖ
ଏକା ଦୁଆର ପାଶେ ।

କାମର ଦିନେ ନାନା କାର୍ଯ୍ୟେ
ପାଏ ମୁଁ ନାନା ଲୋକଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟେ,
ଆଜି ମୁଁ ଯେ ବସିଛି ଆସି
ତୁମରି ଆଶ୍ୱାସେ ॥
ମତେ କାହିଁକି ବସାଇ ରଖ
ଏକା ଦୁଆର ପାଶେ ।

ତୁମେ ଯଦି ଦେଖା ନଦିଅ
କରି ମୋତେଯେ ହେଳା,
କିପରି କୁହ କଟିବ ମୋର
ଏଇ ବାଦଲ - ବେଳା ।
ଦୂରର ପାନେ ଖୋଲି ମୁଁ ଆଖି
କେବଳ ମୁଁ ଯେ ଅନାଇଁ ଥାଏ
ପରାଣ ମୋର କାନ୍ଦି ବୁଲଇ
ଦୁରନ୍ତ ବତାସେ ।
ମତେ କାହିଁକି ବସାଇ ରଖ
ଏକା ଦୁଆର ପାଶେ ॥

(୧୭)

କାହିଁ ଆଲୋକ, କେଉଁଠି ଅଛ ଆଲୋକ
ବିରହନଳେ ଜଳାରେ ତାକୁ ଜାଳ,
ରହିଛି ଦୀପ ନାଇଁଛି ଶିଖା
ଏଇକି ଭାଲେ ଥିଲାରେ ଲେଖା,
ଏହାର ଠାରୁ ମରଣ ରେ ଯେ ଭଲ
ବିରହାନଳେ ପ୍ରଦୀପଟିକୁ ଜାଳ ।

ବେଦନାହୂତୀ ଗାଉଛି ଆରେ ପ୍ରାଣ,
ତୁମରି ଲାଗି ଯାଗିଛି ଭଗବାନ ।
ନିଶିଥେ ଘନ ଅନ୍ଧକାରେ
ଡାକନ୍ତି ତତେ ପ୍ରେମାଭିସାରେ
ଦୁଃଖ ଦେଇ ରଖନ୍ତି ତୋର ମାନ
ତୁମରି ଲାଗି ଯାଗିଛି ଭଗବାନ ।

ଗଗନତଳ ଯାଇଛି ମେଘେ ଭରି
ବାଦଲଜଳ ପଡୁଛି ଝରି ଝରି,
ଏ ଘୋର ରାତେ କିସରଲାଗି
ପରାଣ ମମ ସହସା ଜାଗି,
ଏପରି କାଇଁ କରୁଛି ମରି ମରି,
ବାଦଲଜଳ ପଡୁଛି ଝରି ଝରି,
ବିଜୁଳି (ସୁଦୁ) ଖାଲି କ୍ଷଣିକ ଆଭା ହାଣେ,
ନିବିଡ ତର ତିମିର ଚକ୍ଷେ ଆଣେ ।
ଜାଣିନି କାହିଁ ଅନେକ ଦୂରେ,
ବାଜିଲା ଗାନ ଗଭୀର ସୁରେ ।
ସକଳ ପ୍ରାଣ ଟାଣୁଛି ପଥ ପାନେ,
ନିବିଡତର ତିମିର ଚକ୍ଷେ ଆଣେ ।
କାହିଁରେ ଆଲୋକ କାହିଁ ଆରେ ଆଲୋକ
ବିରହାନଳେ ଜଳାରେ ତାକୁ ଜାଳ,
ଡାକୁଛି ମେଘ ଗର୍ଜୁଛି ହାଓ୍ୱା,
ସମୟ ଗଲା ହବନି ଯିବା,
ନିବିଡ ନିଶା ନିକଷଘନ କଳା,
ପରାଣ ଦେଇ ପ୍ରେମର ଦୀପ ଜଳା ।

(୧୮)

ଆଜି ଶାବଣ - ଘନ - ଗହନ - ମୋହେ
ଗୋପନ ତବ ଚରଣ ଚାଳି,
ନିଶାର ପରି ନୀରବ ଆହେ,
ସବୁରି ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ଆସିଲେ ଏଡି,
ପ୍ରଭାତ ଆଜି ମୁଦିଛି ଆଖି
ବତାସ ବୃଥା ଯାଇଛି ଡାକି,
ନିଲଜ ନୀଳ ଆକାଶ ଡାଙ୍କି,
ନିର୍ବିଡ ମେଘ କେ ଦେଲା ମେଲି ॥

କୂଜନହୀନ କାନନଭୂମି
ଦୁଆର ... (ଶେଷ ...)

Monkey Land

Part 4: Pleading for help

(continued from page 73)

The monkeys in Monkey Land started to leave. Soon there was a monkey named Rico and the owner of Monkey Land. Then the monkey god came. He asked what was wrong. The owner said that no one came to Monkey Land anymore. Rico asked the monkey god for help because they really needed it. The monkey god said yes but he had one condition. They had to find his lost monkey doll.

They both thought for days. It could be anywhere. Then it hit them, the doll is probably where the monkey god was born. They had to go to Tiger Ville but how? It was simple. Rico was an astromonkey and they had a space ship for astromonkeys in Monkey Land.

They searched everywhere; even in the tough tiger zone where even tigers were afraid to go to, because the toughest, meanest, tigers lived there. Surprisingly they found it there after searching for 3 months and 23 days. It had the initials P.M for Parl Munk, the monkey god's name. They returned it to the monkey god who was waiting for them in Monkey Land. Suddenly monkeys started to come. The monkey god had used his super powers. Monkey Land became the most popular again. They lived happily ever after.

The End

ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ସତ୍ୟ ଭାଇଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ନାନାବାଯ୍ୟା ଗୀତ

(ସେକା ବାଇଗଣ କଥା)



ବିଶ୍ୱ ରଞ୍ଜନ୍ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ୍
biswa@writeme.com
ଟୋରୋଣ୍ଟୋ, କାନାଡା

ସୋମବାର, ସେପ୍ଟେମ୍ବର୍ ମାସ ୩୦ ତାରିଖ ୨୦୦୨, ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟାବେଳ । ଆମକୁ ଅପ୍ରତ୍ୟାଶିତ ତାଙ୍କ ଘରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଯିବାର ଦେଖି, ସତ୍ୟଭାଇ କୁରୁଳି ଉଠି କହନ୍ତି, "ବିଶ୍ୱ ପାଇଁ ଆଜି ଗୋଟେ ସିସିଲିଆନ୍ ବାଇଗଣ ପୋଡା ହବ ନା ।" ଆଉ ତାପରେ ଆରମ୍ଭ ହୋଇଯାଏ ବାଇଗଣ ପୋଡାର ସାଡମ୍ବର ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତି । ବର୍ତ୍ତୁଳ ବାଇଗଣ ଉପରେ ସତ୍ୟ ଭାଇ ସସ୍ନେହେ ସୋରିଷ ତେଲ ମାଖୁ ମାଖୁ ମନେ ପଡେ ତାଙ୍କର ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ହାଟରେ ବାଇଗଣ କିଣାର ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ମୃତି, ଖାଲି ତ କଣ୍ଠ ଥରି ଉଠେନି, ଭରା ଭରା ଆଖିରେ ସତେ ଅବା ଭାସି ଉଠେ କୈଶୋରର କେତେ ସବୁ ଆବେଗଭରା ଗାଥା ।

ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ହାଟସ୍ଥଳ
ବାଇଗଣ ବର୍ତ୍ତୁଳ
ଧରା ସିନା ସମତଳ
କଂପୁଅଛି ବୁକୁତଳ
ଦେଖି ତ ମନ ବିକଳ
ନୟନ ବି ଝଲମଲ
ଭୋକିଲା ଏ' ଶାର୍ଦ୍ଦୁଳ
ଦୋଦୁଲ୍ୟମାନ ଏ' ଯେ' ବେଳ
ଜାଣେନା ମନ ଚପଳ
ସତ୍ୟ ଅବା ଇନ୍ଦ୍ରଜାଲ

-- 0 --

Report on inauguration of Primary Education Project (PEP) at Sarata village in Mayurbhanj District

Biswaranjan Jena

On January 23, 2008, the day of Netaji Jayanti , Mr. Biswaranjan Jena , CE of OdiSA/myodisa along with the Chief Guest , Mr. Bhajahari Jena , an honorary & renowned retired primary school teacher arrived at the spot at around 11:45AM. They were also accompanied by two other gentlemen, Mr. B.K. Jena (Father of B.Jena) and Mr. Siva Biswal (Advocate friend of B.Jena from Nilagiri).

The guests were given a warm welcome by the students of Sarata Primary School, children and the Head Master (Mr. Pratap Chandra Tarari) of the school. After a brief informal discussion in the headmaster's office about the general economic conditions and the education issues of the locality, the team was led to the venue of the meeting accompanied by few other dignitaries-amongst them Mr. Sanatta Kumar Karana (Manager, Gramya Bank, Sarata) and Mr. Masiha Mahanta (The hardworking farmer of Sarata who benefited most from the just concluded oDishA bikAsha Initiative (OBI)/oDiA samAja sponsored Agriculture project).

PEP Inauguration Ceremony

The meeting commenced at about 1 P.M. with Mr. Ajit Kumar Patra, head master of Sarat High school in the chair. Upon the request of the chair, Mr. Baidya Singh provided the details to the audience in their local language as well as oDiA. Starting with a brief introduction of the guests, Mr. Singh spoke the projects – Primary Education Project (PEP) and Water Development Project (WDP). Thereafter, Mr. Biswaranjan Jena was requested to inaugurate the proposed educational project that he did at around 1:30PM, following which, Mr. Patra provided a brief account of the proposed activities under the project.

Mr. Jena, then, addressed the gathering. He introduced oDiA samAja and Myodisa to the audience and briefly apprised them of the objectives and activities of the organizations. He spoke about the recently oDishA bikAsha Initiative (OBI)/oDiA samAja supported Agriculture project with PeFSSED and Mr. Baidya Singh including his recent visit to the site at Mulsingh near Soro. Mr. Jena shared his primary school days with the audience. He also informed them about the interest of the Non-resident oDiAs and especially those who have supported the current projects in development of oDishA. At the end he thanked the project partners and and all well-wishers of these projects. and all well-wishers of these projects. the people present on behalf of OdiSA/Myodisa and all well-wishers of these projects.

Thereafter Mr. Bhajahari Jena was invited to speak. He spoke about Primary education, about Sarata, about Kaptipada, and how it played a major role in support of Bagha Jatin etc. He mentioned how Kaptipada/Sarata has a links to our History/Purana. Also talked about Netaji and his dedication on bringing all Foreign Indian Troops together during the Independence struggle and compared with OdiSA/Myodisa commenting that it was encouraging to see our foreign oDiA brothers & sisters were getting together and working towards oDishA's development. After his speech Mr. Patra (the chair), provided a brief speech to the audience on how to take advantage of this project and what Sarat's children etc could achieve. At the end the check distribution ceremony was completed and the meeting was over around 3:30PM.

After the meeting, Mr. Biswaranjan Jena briefed the Media representatives from the Sambad and the Samaja and answered their queries regarding the projects, about the organizations, goal, objectives, about its members project cost etc. A lunch was arranged by Mr. Baidya Singh. During the informal discussions Mr. Jena was amazed at the enthusiasm the project had generated in the local people- especially the direct involvement of oDiA samAja/ Myodisa.

Water Development Project (WDP)

Mr. Jena used the opportunity to discuss the Water Development Project with Mr. Sannatta babu (Bank Manager) on WDP on the following lines:

The estimated budget is around Rs 150,000. Out of which Rs. 50000 subsidies will be provided by the Dept. of Agriculture. oDiA samAja and the bank will fund the balance. Baidya will nominate the beneficiaries and the bank will do their investigation and make sure the beneficiaries have at least 2-3 acres of land to invest. There will be no question of joint beneficiary or so. Once, the bank is satisfied, they will do the necessary agreement with the beneficiaries and provide the loan. An aggregate amount Rs 70000 will be provided by bank as a loan to the different beneficiaries, with each beneficiary executing an agreement with the bank to pay back. OdiSA/Myodisa will provide the balance of Rs. 30,000. Further, OdiSa/Myodisa will release this amount only after the bank provides OdiSa/Myodisa with a clearance certification. Besides, the beneficiaries must also provide OdiSA/Myodisa with evidence that Dept. of Agriculture has funded the same as well. Initially according to Baidya, there can be two bore well projects within the estimated Rs 30,000. Mr. Jena and oDiA samAja/Myodisa appreciates the bank manager for the interest taken in the project and for providing the financial modalities of the WDP project.

Expense Report of PEP

Expense Details for the PEP & WDP Projects							
Type	**Amount (INR)**	**Amount (INR)**	**Evidence**	**Descriptions**		**Amount (INR)**	**Amount (US) @ 36.66**
PEP	15480	0	Yes	Phase One Due			
Banner	1000	0	Yes	For the Inaguration			
Receipt	1500	0	Yes	Org. Contribution Receipt			
RentalCar	1000	0	Yes	Balasore to Sarat & back			
Baidya	2300	0	Yes	Pandal , Mike Arrangements , Food , Board etc.			
Doc.Xerox Copy	100	0	No	Copied for the Press / Baidya etc.	**Type**		
Press	1000	0	No	Contact , Meeting, Fax , Print , Email etc.	**Total Received**	**36660**	**$1,000.00**
Misc.	1000	0	No	Chief Guest Treatment + Others	**Total Expenses**	**23380**	**$637.75**
					Total Balance	**13280**	**$362.25**
SportItem	*0*	*2000*	*Yes*	*(Not to be included in the expense)*			
Total	**23380**	**2000**			**Cash In Hand**	**13280**	

Photographs



PEP- Host, Baidya Singah Addressing





PEP – OdiSA CE Biswaranjan .Jena Addressing





PEP – Chief Guest, Bhajahari Jena Addressing










EKLAVYA SIKHYA YAJANA
Organised by - SRADS .Sarat. Mbj .
Sponsored by- My Odisa/Odia Samaja .





Visit to the OBI Funded Agriculture Project Site

CE of oDisA/Myodisa alongwith Mr. Baidya Sing visited the cultivated fields of Mr. Mashiha Mahanta who, as mentioned above, was one of the beneficiaries of the OBI funded, PeFSSED Agriculture project. During this field visit, seeing the happiness of Mr. Mahanta inexplicably moved Mr. Jena. The entire team of visitors was marveled by Mr. Mahanta's hard work on the rocky and supposedly infertile "pAhADi jami". The success manifested in the farm of Mr. Mahanta not only generated immense satisfaction of having been a partner in this developmental project, but also reinforced the confidence in oDiA samAja to further support such people who were ready to work hard and do something to improve their lot.








Livelihood - *a prerequisite for Life*

Hippu Salk Kristle Nathan
Secretary, PeFSSED

This happened with one of my ex-colleagues. He was on a one-day Bangalore trip for personal reason and was not with sufficient money in his account for any emergency need. I volunteered him my ATM card. He returned from Bangalore and returned me the card with a thanking note. But the card was not used even once. I told that perhaps I did not deserve a "thank" as my card was not used for any purpose. He said, "No, the card has solved its purpose; it provided me with the required financial security, which kept me tension-free throughout the journey."

A roof makes one to enjoy rain, a blanket makes one to enjoy winter, a secure berth makes one enjoy train journey. In similar lines a secure livelihood makes one enjoy life.

The present initiative by oDishA bikAsha Initiative (OBI) with Peoples Foundation for Scientific Socio Economic Development (PeFSSED, www.pefssed.org) is an effort with regard to secure the livelihood of villagers of two tribal villages Digi and Bagicha of Mulising gram panchayat of Soro block of Balasore district. The objective is to expand of livelihood options and self-empower the Adivasis by developing a mini-scale cottage farm for manufacturing, distribution, and marketing *Khali* (*Khali* are the dishes made up of out of Sal leaves, these bio degradable use and throw sal-made-dish is extensively used in the party, marriage and gatherings).

The first phase of funding is yet to reach the work station because of a delay at PeFSSED-end in updating the status-quo of the seed distribution project OBI had initiated in the last cycle. However, PeFSSED, from its contingency fund has procured a machine and networked with the people for purchase of the leaves. Activity wise, we are in the process of preparing the space for installing of machines, collection of leaves and arranging the labor force for the purpose. As soon as the fund reaches the PeFSSED_Balasore account, the project will start in a full-fledged manner with four machines and forty households being involved in the process.

We are hopeful that the initiative will turn out to be a purposeful or industrious undertaking in the coming days. The proposal that was reviewed and funded by OBI is appended.

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ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜର ମୁଖପତ୍ର

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମାଜ ପୃଷ୍ଠପୋଷକତାରେ କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକୃତ

An oDishA bikasha Initiative (OBI)-PeFFSED Joint Venture

Peoples Foundation for Scientific Socio Economic Development (PeFSSED)

Estd : Dec 10, 2001
Regn No. Society : 1689/2002
Trust [Mumbai] : FF25581

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Development is Freedom

Walking miles to win smiles…

1 Background

1.1 Geographical Location

Mulishing Gram Panchayat is in the Soro Block of Balasore district. It has a population of five thousand (approx). The panchayat has nineteen villages, namely, Ambagadia Sahi, Bagicha, Bartana, Digi, Jena Sahi, Isan Mundali, Khuntatada Sahi, Kuchiakoili Mangeswarpur, Mathasahi, Mohalick Sahi, Mulising, Patana, Putagadia, Sankhasahi, Sasan, Srirampur, Tala Sahi, Thala, and Ullaskharagpur.

Caste and community wise, the Mulising population is a mixed lot. The two hamlet villages of Digi and Bagicha are inhabited by Scheduled Tribes (ST) where as Ambagadia Sahi, Jena Sahi, Matha Sahi, and Mohalick Sahi are inhabited by Scheduled Castes (SC).

The present project focuses on the two two tribal villages, Digi and Bagicha. Digi & Bagicha are located in the northwest & south side of Mulishing Gram Panchayat respectively.

Digi gets its name from the pond beside which the tribes have been settled. There are just ten families and the population is sixtysix. During rainy season, the pond Digi overflows and sinks the connecting road, for which it gets separated from the mainland of Mulishing area.

The village of Bagicha is situated at the bank of Chikidi river which is 200 meter away from the main land. The population of Bagicha is approximately three hundred, and the average family size is more than seven. There is ample unused land in and around of the village. There is no direct road connection to this village, and people move through fields.

1.2 Historical Background

Digi & Bagicha are inhabited by Khola and Santal tribes. These communities migrated from Mayurbhanj district and settled in Mulishing area almost fifty to hundred years back. Initially, these tribal used to hunt in the forest and at times they involve themselves in gang rubbery. The situation has changed now. These Adivasis are working as daily laborers.

1.3 Process of Marginalization

The Adivasis of Digi and Bagicha are socially exploited and economically deprived and politically marginalized.

Adivasis are considered lowest in the social ladder. The feeling of casteism is still persisting in the minds of higher caste people. Adivasis are treated as secondclass citizens. They are not allowed to participate in any social gathering and celebrations. They are asked to do low quality jobs against a little wage.

The Adivasi community constitutes less than 10% of the total population. There is no political representation of the community in panchayat. The leader of the panchayat belongs to the mainland. There is no political incentive for the local leaders to pay attention to these voiceless people.

Adibasis of Digi and Bagicha live on daily wages. Economically, they are the most backward community of the area. Marginalization by higher community and the stepfatherly attitude of Govt. has forced the Adivasis to lead a miserable life.

1.4 Livelihood

The Adivasis in this localities lack the basic amenities of a sustainable livelihood. Almost all of them fall in the category of below poverty line (BPL). They work primarily as seasonal laborers. As they don't posses any cultivable land, Adivasis get engagements in the fields only in sowing and harvesting month. Rest of the months, they hunt the animals and birds in the nearby jungles, or sit their hand crossed. During the off season they even do not get two square meals a day. At times, they have to beg to survive. They beg during festivals, or in the market day of SORO, which sits once in a week.

1.5 Education

The literacy rate in the villages of Digi and Bagicha are abysmally low. In Digi, only 5 out of 67 touched school and in Bagicha 18 out of 237 own that privilege.

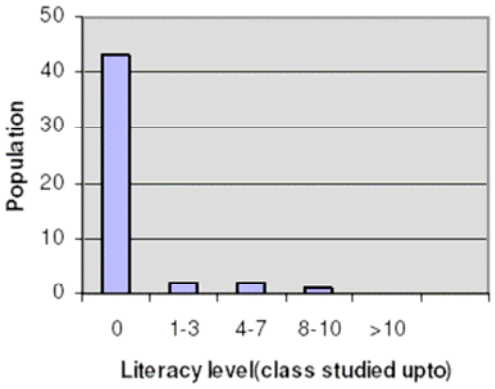


Fig. 1 Education profile of *Digi*

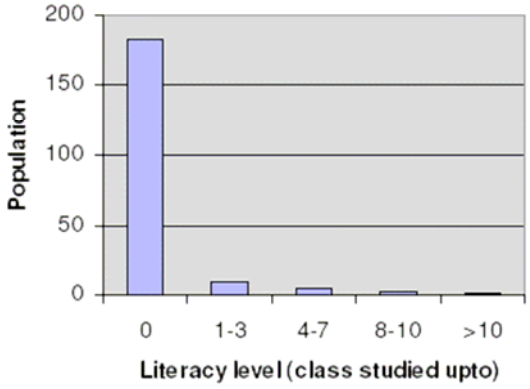


Fig. 2 Education profile of *Bagicha*

1.6 Plight of People

The motivation behind this project centers round the plight of all sections of Adivasis.

Old – Old Adivasis suffer from old age sickness, but they are deprived of medical aids. Only five to six oldies in the entire village of Digi and Bagicha avails the old age pensions. Others though applied; government is yet to respond positively.There are families which are entirely dependent on the old age pensions.

Youth The youth of the area is illiterate. They are seasonal laborers. Few are rickshaw puller. Most of the time of the year they sit idle, or spend their times playing cards. They spend most of their earning in gambling and drinking.

Women – The girls get married early and become the mother of 34 children at the age of 18 to 20. They are deprived of education, health and hygiene. They have less decision power in family than their male counterparts and in some cases they are subject of domestic violence. It is high time for them to form selfhelpgroups and look for some source of livelihood.

Men – With no land or no education to their credit, the men folks do not have any sustainable livelihood option. Stark poverty leads to them exploited by the privileged. They indulge themselves in robbery and
petty criminal activities to meet their hunger. Lack of social education is highly reflected through their drinking habits and violence in domestic life.

Moreover, to design any employment opportunity programme for this village, one needs to take into account the low education level of people. The present proposal to initiate a KHALI (explained in section 2) industry fits to their low education level.

1.7 PeFSSED's presence in the same Community

PeFSSED has already built a rapport with the Adivasis community through education programme. In Digi, a school room "Digi Chatasali" was constructed in July, 2005. The community came forward and worked for the construction of building without wages. Now their kids are learning the A, B, and C of education at the chatasali.



Figure 1. The "chatasali" sign board



Figure 2. Project manager Mr Jogendra with the kids, the class teacher is also seen

2 Vision

Expansion of Livelihood Options and Self Empowerment of Adivasis

3 Mission

To enhance the standard of living of Adivasis of Digi and Bagicha village of Mulising area, by facilitating expansion of livelihood options for the men, women and the young.

4 Objectives

- To develop a miniscale cottage farm that will strategize the manufacture, distribution, and marketing the Khali (Khali are the dishes made up of out of Sal leaves, these bio degradable use and throw salmade-dish is extensively used in the party, marriage and gatherings). This project has high potential to provide gainful employment to the people
    1. To provide yeararound engagement to the men, women and the youth.
    2. To make the Adivasis financially stable and socially acceptable.
    3. To put a check on the exploitation of the Adivasis by the privileged.
    4. To prevent the Adivasis indulging themselves into the petty criminal activities
    5. To assist the tribal in availing all governmental tribal welfare schemes and programmes.
    6. To promote health, education and environment awareness among villagers.
    7. To integrate them into the mainstream socio economic life of Mulisingh area.

5 Beneficiary

The community of Digi and Bagicha village of Mulising area

6 Strategy

- **Door to Door Survey** – The exact condition of the families of these three villages of Digi, Bagicha and Mathasahi will be assessed through door to door survey. The socio, economic, education profile, so generated, will provide the necessary "food for thought" to strategize the project.
- **Systematic, sustainable and profitable use of natural resource** – Sal leaves are available in plenty in the jungle, which is within 10km distance from the villages. Some of the leaves are being used by the local adivasis, but the rest are wasted. Through the "sal dish making cottage industry", PeFSSED will use these sal leaves, and can generate opportunities.
- **Labor intensive employment** –The Adivasis sit idle most of the time . An idle mind is devil's workshop. Through this alternative livelihood project PeFSSED will generate labor intensive livelihood options for the Adivasis. This sal dish making venture would provide employment opportunities at different stages;
    a. collection of sal leaves
    b. stitching
    c. pressing to plates
    d. packing
    e. marketing

Men, and youth can be engaged in the activities of a, c and e; whereas women can be engaged in b and d.

- **Development of saving attitude** – The employed youth, men and women will be encouraged to save a portion of their daily earning for financial security. Our attempt would be letting them realize the value of saving a portion of their daily earning, which they mostly waste in boozing and gambling.
- **Campaigns and Camps** – The pilot survey of the community reveals an urgent need of education and health awareness campaigns for the villagers. The workshop that we will conduct will be based on the promotion of health, hygiene, and family planning programme and the prevention of domestic violence, and drinking habits.
- **Liaison with Government** – The community will be made familiar with the available government schemes and policies on 'tribal development'. Also, they will be made completely aware of their rights and responsibilities in the society.

7 Duration of the project

This is an ongoing project. External assistance is only required in the initial stage of infrastructure development and procurement of pressing machines.

8 Activities

8.1 Phase I: Creating the Foundation

- Baseline survey of the villages (geographical location of Digi and Bagicha, the socio economic profile of the village

community)

- Study the availability of Sal leaves
- Study the market potential
- Perform the cost -benefit analysis of a plate making cottage industry
- Linking the villagers with local bank
- Inviting quotation for pressing machines
- Building a house to install the procured pressing machines
- Appointing a supervisor for the project
- Design a payment scheduling for the people who got engaged.

8.2 Phase II: Collection of leaves

- Rapport building with the adivasis in the vicinity of jungle for the collection of Sal leaves
- Sorting out the logistics of transportation of sal leaves from jungle to the dish making workstation
- Engaging men and youth in the collection activities

8.3 Phase III: Preparation of plates

- Procurement and installation of machines
- Stitching of leaves through women
- Scheduling the machine operation time
- Maintenance of records of man - hour inputted by men and women at the workstation

8.4 Phase IV: Packaging and marketing

- Engagement of women in packaging the plates
- Sorting out the logistics of transportation of packaged plates from jungle to the market points
- Engaging men and youth in the marketing activities

8.5 Phase V: Follow up

- Regular monitoring and evaluation of the project
- Conducting the camps and campaigns on health, education and other social issues
- Generating funds for purchasing new machines, and diversifying the project to different location

9 Personnel Structure

Staff requirement for the successful implementation of this project is as follows:

Sl. No.	Staff designation	No. of staff	Responsibilities to be undertaken
1	Project Manager	1	Overall monitoring and evaluation of the activities carried out, managing the collection of leaves, preparation and marketing of the plates
2	Assistant Project Manager	1	For record keeping, and assist the project manager in collection of leaves and marketing
3	Project Associate (Helper)	1	maintenance of the machine and workstation

In addition to the aforementioned staff, PeFSSED volunteers would assist and supervise the activities conducted in the project. Also, PeFSSED's Director-Projects will coordinate and supervise the activities conducted in the project.

10 Cost Benefit Analysis

Staff requirement for the successful implementation of this project is as follows:

Case Study: Digi village

Number of People engaged/machine: **10**

Number of machine: **5**

Cost-Revenue calculation for one machine

Revenue

Production per day/person: **1000**

Total production per day: 1000*10 = **10000**

Total production per month: 10000*30 = **300000**

Price of each *Khali* plate: **0.205** (20.50 piase)

Revenue per month: 300000*0.205 = **Rs. 61500.00** ---A

Labor Cost

Daily wage to each labor: **Rs. 50.00**

Payment to all Laborers for 30 days: 10*50*30 = **Rs. 15000.00** ---B

Raw Material Cost

Cost of leaves per plate (i.e. for two pieces at both sides): **0.12**

Monthly cost of leaves: **300000 * 0.12 = Rs 36000.00** ---C

Transport Cost

Raw material transport per trip cost: **Rs 500.00**

Monthly raw-material transportation cost [3 trips]: 500*3 = **Rs 1500.00**

Transport cost of plates to market per trip: **Rs 350.00**

Monthly transportation to market cost [3 trips]: 350*3 = **Rs 1050.00**

Total 1500 + 1050 = Rs 2550.00 ---D

Infrastructure Cost

Monthly Electricity cost per machine (for 10 hr of daily run): **Rs. 300.00**

House maintenance monthly expenditure (the premise which houses the machines) on the head of each machine: Rs. 750.00/5 = **Rs. 150.00**

Total 300 + 150 = Rs 450.00 ---E

Packaging Cost

Cost of each bag (which will carry 500 plates): **Rs. 3.00**

Monthly expenditure on bags (for 300000 plates): 3.00*(300000/500) = Rs. **1800.00.** Cost per kg of Polythene (to insert between plates and pack them into bundles of 100): **Rs. 70.00**

Monthly requirement of polythene (for 300000 plates): **5kg**

Total monthly cost of polyethylene: **Rs. 350.00**

Total 1800 + 350 = Rs 2150.00 ---F

Machine Maintenance Cost

Monthly maintenance cost per machine: **Rs 100.00** ---G

Personnel Cost

Monthly remuneration of Project Manager: **Rs 1800**

Monthly remuneration of Assistant Project Manager: **Rs 1200**

Monthly remuneration of Project Associate: **Rs 500**
Total 1800+1200+500=Rs 3500.00 ---H
Administrative Cost
Monthly Documentation with stationary (Pad, Pen, Paper, Register, floppy): **Rs 350.00**
Traveling (for Personnel): **Rs 200.00**
Communication (phone, cyber café use, website maintenance) **Rs 200.00**
Total 350+200+200=Rs 750.00 ---I
Total Monthly expenditure: B+C+D+E+F+G+H+I = **Rs 60450.00** ---J
Monthly saving: A – J = 61500 – 60450 = **Rs. 1050.00**

For 5 machines monthly saving: 5*1050 = Rs 5250.00

11 Budget

Details of the recurring and the non – recurring costs involved are as follows.

(A) Non-Recurring and Recurring Expenditure

Sl No	Item	Description	Cost (Rs.)
1	Baseline Survey	For need assessment, Activity of 3 man-days 100 Rs per day	300.00# ~ 0.00
2	Space/House	In this the local people will be involved for free labour. The approximate material cost and food cost (which will be provided during the construction work). A building will be constructed at Bagicha: 7000 (for installing 4 machines) A building will be constructed at Digi: 3000 (for installing 1 machine) [Details of the construction expenditure will be provided on demand]	10000.00* ~ 0.00 (pl read note)
3	Electricity infrastructure	Wiring (to the government): 900 Tube light (3): 180*3 = 540.00 Electric board (6): 1*80 + 5*40 = 280.00 Wire: 100m (1 coil) = 450.00 Fan (2): 550*2 = 1100.00	3270.00
4	Signboard	Two signboards for two centres	800.00
5	Procurement of machines	Machine required for Village Digi (with 11 families, 13 male adults) = 1 Machine required for Village Bagicha (with 45 families, 59 male adults) = 4 Total machines = 5	22500.00
6	Inventory for first ten days	Raw material for 7 days would cost 8400.	8400.00
	Marketing Survey	Traveling and building network at different level	1200.00

	First 7 days costs	Packaging for first 7 days: 525.00 Personnel cost for first 7 days: 840.00 ~ 850.00 Labour cost for first 7 days: 2450.00 Transportation for first 7 days: 595.00 ~ 600.00 Machine maintenance 7 days: 84.00 ~ 85.00 Infrastructure (electricity and house maintenance) for first 7 days: 375+190 = 565.00 ~ 570.00 Office Exp Initial 500/- Recurring for first 7 days 190 500+190 = 690.00 ~ 700.00	5780.00
6	Documentation, monitoring and evaluation	Evaluation will happen twice a year and monitoring in regular intervals. This will include the process of documentation, photocopy	1500.00
7	Communication	Over phone or internet	2000.00
	Total		**45450.00**

(B) Contingency Fund

Approximately 10% of [A] = Rs 5000.00*

Note: # This is already spent.

* These funds will be generated by PeFSSED's own central contingency funds. The items under such funds are (A).2, and (B) – which makes it 10000.00 + 5000.00 = Rs 15000.00 ……(C)

Total Budget for the Project [A+C] = Rs. 60450.00

Funds Sought = **Rs. 45450.00**

12 Monitoring and Evaluation

In order to ensure the proper implementation of the project for which external funding has been granted, there is a need for a mechanism for auditing. The same would be done by the twin processes of monitoring and evaluation.

A committee comprising of four members will be formed out of which 2 would be ordinary PeFSSED members, one member representing the funding organization and one member representing the government to check out the legitimacy and validity of the project.

Monitoring and evaluation parameters –

Quantitative and Qualitative:

- Benefit cost ratio in the gestation period and after the gestation period
- Quantity of Sal leaves made dish made vis-a-vis quantity of dish sold
- Quality of dish produced
- The performance improvement of the machine operators, development of competence of women
- Improvement in living conditions of Tribal, impact on education, health and hygiene and general community environment.

Our Cover Page

The artwork used in the cover page design is painted by Mrs. Sunita Krishnamurthy of Bangalore. Her contribution is greatly appreciated.

Acknowledgments

We would like to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation to all without whose efforts the current edition of our electronic journal, ଦୂରଦୃଷ୍ଟି would not have been possible.

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