ଭୂଗୋଳ ପାତ୍ର ପଛନଥୋଉ ତୋର ନୋଟି
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Dear friends,

we have dedicated the spring issue of Utkarsa towards celebrating the birth centenary of Jnanpith award winning Odia poet and storyteller Sachidananda Routray (1916-2004). The response was overwhelming. We received quite a number of creative and critical writings on the works of the celebrated poet. Thank you for your response!

Routray was a visionary. He defined a literary ear with a realistic depiction of the lives of the people in the village. Every great writer feels the pulse of his time and is sensitive to the impending threats to a culture from forces within and with out. Like Gunter Grass in Tin Drums (1959), Gabriel Garcia Marquez in One Hundred Years of Solitude (1967) or Chinua Achebe in Things Fall Apart (1958) Routray has captured the rural ethos caught in the ambiguity of competing ideologies that blur the lines of right and wrong.

He was witness to the ruthless colonial era; his child hero Baji Rout the martyr, stands for the spirit of defiance to the oppressive colonial regime. Postcolonial India however was not a utopia of his dreams—a place where the most ordinary disenfranchised individual has his voice heard and wishes fulfilled. He is equally critical of the depravity in man and has searched for a just moral ground. He is alarmed by the village defaced by its petty quibbles and its irreverence to core values of love and fellow feeling. He could feel the unstoppable strides of the urban and its allure for the rural folks who thronged in big cities for livelihood. The hints of the ugly slums, migrant
laborers in makeshift sacks, the aging professional single woman transplanted in the city are inseparable part of the modern lore. He told their stories in prose and verse often direct and bereft of traditional embellishments. The span of his narrative pulsating with the clash of the rural and the modern closely resembles the tales of celebrated film maker Satyajeet Ray’s Apu trilogy.

Kanak Hota
Editor
English Section
Chicago
ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ

ଦିଗିତକ ସଂଖ୍ୟା - ୫୬

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ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ : VOLUME - 56 : MARCH - 2016

ଆବେଷ

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ମହାକବ ଅବର୍ଗ - ଅସୂର 

ଗୃହାଳି...!

-ଖୁବ

ଆଧାର ଓତ୍ୟା... ଆଧ ଓତ୍ୟା...!!

ପର୍ତ୍ତକ ଦୁର୍ଗା ଦୁର୍ଗ

ସେମୀ

ଓତ୍ୟା ଓତ୍ୟ

prasantabhunya@gmail.com

+୬ ବବ ୬୯୭ ୩୬୦ ୩୪୦
ଦୁଃଖନ୍ତକ୍ଷେତ୍ରକୁ
ତୁକୋ ତେତୁକୁ ତେତୁକୁ ତେତୁକୁ...!
ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ ଜ୍ଞାନ
ଆତ୍ମିକ ସେ ସ୍ମରଣ୍ୟ ୁେୂ ର୍ତ୍ତ

Sachidananda Raoutray
Memorable Moments with family...!!!
Memorable Moments with family...!!!

Sachidananda Raoutray
ମାର୍ଚ୍ଷରେ ଆହେ ଦିବସ ।

Memorable Moments...!!!

London

Harvard

Sachidananda Raoutray

Memorable Moments...!!!
ଉତ୍କର୍ଷମାନ୍ଦ୍ୟ

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ରିକ୍ରାଉନୀ

ଡ଼ାୟା ପାଇଁ – ୧୦୯ ଶେଷ ୨୦୧୬

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ଏଠି ౠଳିପାଳ ସାହିତ୍ୟର

ରାଉତରାୟ

(୧୩ ଇଜିବାବାଦ ଏବଂ ପରୁ ଡି ନେଚୁବାନ୍ଟ୍ରାଇଜେୟ)

ଡ଼ସରା

ରାଜ୍ୟ ଅଜିବାବାଦ ପରୁକୁନ୍ତିବେଲ୍ୟୁ...!!!
ଛରେ ଅପପରର ପରିଚୟ ପତ୍ର

କିତଚିତରୁ ପୁଣି କାଚିତ୍ରା କରି କାକି କରା ବଳା କାଙ୍କୁ?
ପୁଣି କାକିତରୁ କାଙ୍କୁ ପୁଣି କାକି କରି କରି କରା
କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କରା 
କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କରା

 Baltic Times

ପୁଣି କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କରା

ପୁଣି କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କାଙ୍କୁ କରା

~ ଏକୁ ପରିଚୟ ପତ୍ର ଝୁକୁଲ ଏଛକୋଇ ବୁକୁ

(ବେବହାବରେ - ୨୪-୦୧-୨୦୩) (ପରିଚୟ ପରିଚୟ ଝୁକୁଲ ଝୁକୁ ପ୍ରକୋଷ୍ଟ ପ୍ରକୋଷ୍ଟ)
ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରାଉତରାୟ

| ସମୟ | ଵର୍ଷ 1957 ସମୟକୁ ଶ୍ରେଷ୍ଠ ବାଙ୍ଗପ୍ରମଦାଚ ମାନବମାନ୍ତର ଭାବରେ ଜନମହୋତେ ଇହାକୁ ଭାକୁପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ । 'ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ', 'ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ', 'ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ', 'ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ' ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦର ଜନମହୋତେ ମାନବମାନ୍ତର ଭାବରେ ଇହାକୁ ଭାକୁପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ । ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବରେ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ । ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ।


dhidasananda sarthdanand

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ପ୍ରସ୍ତାବରେ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ରେକୁ ଗାଗିଦାନନ୍ଦ ।
ଗାଳିକାର୍ତ୍ର ଶ୍ରେଣିକ ମିତି ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ ରୂ ପାନରୁ ନୂତନ ଶାେତ ସମ୍ପକଚମରର ରାଉତର ନୂତନ ସପାଇରି ମକମାଟିର ମେଖଳିଙ୍କ ଜୀବନକୁ କରିଛନ୍ତି ଏକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମଗାଳାପେ ଭିମରାହୀ ପରତ୍ରିକ ନିଧନଜନି ପ୍ରତିମା ଯୁଦ୍ଧକୃରକ ମତେୁ ଗୁରାଉତରାୟ।

ତାଙ୍କର ପଂକ୍ତିର ସ୍ଵାଦମର ହିନ୍ଦି ଓ ବଳିଦାନର କବି ସ୍ଵାଧୀନତା ସେୟର ଆମନ୍ଦାଳନ ଧେଚକୁ ଇଂରାଜୀ ସର୍ଚ୍ଚିର ଭାବମର ରୂ ପଜାତୀ ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥର ଅଭାସ ଦୁଇଥର ମହଉଛନ୍ତି।

ଏକ କମେଜର ରାଉତର ଜୀବନ ସର୍ଚ୍ଚି (ପ୍ରମୟାଗମର 2004 କବିତା ଛାତ୍ର ପଲ୍ଲୀଶ୍ରୀ ମନଇ ପତ୍ରିକାମର ଆମଲାଚନା କବିତା 1943 ଗଳ୍ପ ଭାଗମନଇ) ଦଙ୍ଗବିଧବସ୍ତ ପ୍ରାଥେିକ ଗଭଚଯନ୍ତ୍ରୋକୁ କଳାତ୍ମକ ଅମନକ ମଲାକଙ୍କୁ ଏହି ସେୃଦ୍ଧ ମର ଡିହଠୁ କବିତାଟି ଏକ ଜୋଶୁୋ ଭାମବ ଇମଳି ଓଟି ମରମଭନସାରୁ କମହ ଫୁଟି ଭଙ୍ଗା ଏକ 15 ନାୟକ ଭିନ୍ନ ସଙ୍କଳନ ଯିଏ କାବ୍ୟ ଜୀବନର କବିଙ୍କର ମନଇ ତାଙ୍କ ମହାଇଛି।

"କବିତା ଫ୍ରେଂଡ" ଦୂରର ଅପରାଧିକ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାଇବାଦୀ - ଗର୍ବ ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ ଓଟି ମରମଭନସା, ଜୀବନର ନିଜ ମଠେ କବିତା କହିବାରୁ ଶିକ୍ଷାଲାଭରୁ ଜମେ ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ସାେୟବାଦୀ - ଗର୍ବ ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ ଓଟି ମରମଭନସା.
ମହାଇଥିବାଂଲମଦଶ ଛାତ୍ରୀର ତାଙ୍କର ଚିରଅେର ପଂକ୍ତିେ 'ଭାତ' କବିତା 'ବଡ଼ ମଭାକ ବାବୁ! 
ବଡ଼ ମଭାକ ଆଜି ଖାଇବାକୁ ଦିଅ ଭାତ;
ହାରି ପାଉୁ ଗଣ୍ଡାକ ପାଇୁମିରା ପାତିବୁ ହାତ?
ପୀଡ଼ିତ ଆତ୍ମା ଗଜି ଉଠି ଶୁେ ତାଁରେ 'ବିପୁଳ ବାେୀ।

ସର୍ଚ୍ଚ୍ରାଉତରା୯ଙ୍କ ଦ୍ଵାରା ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ୩୧ ଖଣ୍ଡ ପୁସ୍ତକ ଯଥା ଖଣ୍ଡକାବୟ, କବିତା, ଗଳ୍ପ, ଉପନ୍ୟାସ, ସୋମଲାଚନା, ଆମଲାଚନା, ଏବଂ ଆତ୍ମଚରିତ ମଦଶବାସିଙ୍କୁ ମଭଟି ମଦିଛନ୍ତି ମସଗୁଡ଼ିକ ମହଲା:

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କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨
କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨
କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨
କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨
କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨
କବିତା କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨

କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ଗଳ୍ପ

ତାତିତ ତଜୟୟ
ତଜୟ ତଜୟ
ତାତିତ ତଜୟ
ତାତିତ ତଜୟ
ତାତିତ ତଜୟ
ତାତିତ ତଜୟ

ଉଦାହ୍ରଣ ଓ ସ୍ପଶାଳା ଗଳ୍ପ
ଉଦାହ୍ରଣ ଓ ସ୍ପଶାଳା ଗଳ୍ପ
ଉଦାହ୍ରଣ ଓ ସ୍ପଶାଳା ଗଳ୍ପ
ଉଦାହ୍ରଣ ଓ ସ୍ପଶାଳା ଗଳ୍ପ
ତମଳ ୋଟି ଉପମର ଆକାଶ ସାଗର ତଳର ମଢଉ ୋଛୋଚନୋ

ଆଧୁନିକ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ମକମତାଟି ଦିଗାୟା,

ଘାତରାବ ଓ ରାମଜହାନିକ ବନାେ ସମ୍ମାନେ ହିତରାମିତ

ଆତ୍ମଚରିତ ଉର୍ତ୍ରକକ୍ଷ (ପ୍ରଥମ ଭାଗ) ଆତ୍ମଚରିତ ଦିଗନ୍ତ ପତ୍ରିକାର ସମ୍ମାନ ସମ୍ମାନନୀୟ ଡକଟମରଟ 

କବିତା - ୧୯୬୨ 

ଉଇକିପିଡ଼ିଆରୁ ଉଇକିପିଡ଼ିଆରୁ
ଶତପଥିକ ରାଜକୁ ବିମଶର୍ତଃ ଦପ୍ପାକ:

ନିତ୍ୱର ମଚତନା

ହିତ କବିରାଣ୍ଡ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଶ୍ରୀ ମନ୍ତତିଶାନ୍ତି ରାଜକୁ ଏହି ବଗଚୁ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ରାଜକୁ ଏହି କବିରାଣ୍ଡ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ଶ୍ରୀ ମନ୍ତତିଶାନ୍ତି ରାଜକୁ ଏହି କବିରାଣ୍ଡ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ରାଜକୁ ଏହି କବିରାଣ୍ଡ ହିନ୍ଦୁ ରାଜକୁ

ମଚତନା ରାଉତରାଆୟ ସଂସଦ ମତ ସର୍ଚ୍ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦ ସାଂପ୍ରର୍ତ୍ିକ ନବ୍ୟୁଗ ରାଉତରାଆୟଙ୍କ ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ ନବ କବି, ଗାୟୁରାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜକୁ ଏହି ଗାୟୁରାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜକୁ ଏହି ଗାୟୁରାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜକୁ ଏହି ଗାୟୁରାଣ୍ଡ ରାଜକୁ

ମବୈପ୍ଲବିକ ମଚତନା ଅବିସ୍ମରେୀୟ ବାର୍ତ୍ଚାବହ ଶତପଥି

(ମବୈପ୍ଲବିକ ମଚତନା ଅବିସ୍ମରେୀୟ ବାର୍ତ୍ଚାବହ ଶତପଥି)
ରାଉତରାଙ୍କର ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସଭାର ଭାବରୁ ଅଛି ରାମ ସମ୍ମତକ ଏହା ମଚଷ୍ଟାକୁ ଖୁବ ସ୍ଥାନପାଇଥିଲା ହୁଏ ଅଂଶର ସ୍ଥାପତ୍ୟ ବୁଝାଯାଁଏ ଜବାରର ଏହାର ଆମଗିଯାଇ ବଦ୍ଧେୂଳ ସୁତରାଂ କହାକୁ ମସଥିମର ନିଯୁକ୍ତ। ମେୟ କର ମବଟ୍ରାଣ୍ଡ ଡକହିମେ ମସଭିଜେ ମେଖା ପରି। ସୁବିଧା ଏ। ଆଗମର ଗିରିଚେୟ କବିତାର ସଭିଜମ ର ନୁମହୀ ଥିଲା ୧୯୩୩ ବହି ବଜାଇବାକୁ ବକ୍ଷମର ଭାର୍ମର ବାମଜିତ୍ୟ୍କ୍ରାଣ ପ୍ରାୟ କିଛି ଆମଲାଚନାର ସମନ୍ଦହ ରିଭେ ଟ୍ଯସନ ଇତିହାସର ଶୁଭାକାଂକ୍ଷୀ। ସ୍ୱପନ ମେଖା ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଅନ୍ୟ ்ଯମଥଷ୍ଟ ମବୈପଲବିକ ଣୌ ହିମେ କରିଥିମେ ସମାଟି ସର୍ଚ୍ି ବିଭୀର୍ିକାେୟ අଧେନ୍ଦାର ଜାଇରୁନ୍ଥାଇିଂ ଏହା କରିଥିମେ ସମାଟି ଶାସନକର୍ତ୍ଥାଓମନ ଜାଇରୁନ୍ଥାଇିଂ।
ଏହା ଦିନକମର ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଉଠିନାହିଁଁ ରସିଆର ଊନବିଂଶ ଶତକର ଅତ୍ୟାଚାର୍ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଚ ଇତିହାସ ପାଠ ନକମେ ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ଗେ ଆମନ୍ଦାଳନର ପ୍ରାୟସୂତ୍ର ମଖାଜି ବାହାର କରିବ ଦୁଷ୍କର ଯୁଗଯୁଗ ଶତାବ୍ଦି ଶତାବ୍ଦି ଧରି ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରୀ ରାଜଶକ୍ତିର ପଦମେଶେ ତଥା ଧନିକତନ୍ତ୍ରର ଶକୁନିବତ ରକ୍ତମଶାର୍େର ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟା ହିଁବମଲ ସଭିଜିମ ର ଗଭଚଦାତ୍ରୀ ଜନନୀ ଯୁଗଯୁଗ ଧରି ସାଇବରିଆର ଇରୁପ୍ରାନ୍ତମର ମକାଟିମକାଟି ରାଜବନ୍ଦୀଙ୍କର କରୁେ କ୍ରନ୍ଦନ ଓ ଦୀଘଚଶ୍ଵାସ, ଫାଶକାଠମର ମଦାଦୁ୍ଭୋନ ଶତଶିବ ମଦଶ୍ପରିୟ ସାହିବରଙ୍କର ���ୂର୍ଙ୍କର ଉର୍ମରକ୍ତ ମରାତର ଲାଭ ପରବାହ ଭିତମର ବମଲ ସଭିଜିମ ର ଜନମ।

ଅତ୍ୟାଚାରିତ ନିଯଚୟାତିତ ���ଋର୍ୀମର ପ୍ରାୟସୂତ୍ର ଏହି ବମଲ ସଭିଜିମ ର ଶ୍ଵାଶତ ଆତ୍ମା ପରୁୁଷ, ମଦାମସ୍ତାମୟାଭସ୍କ ଏବଂ ଗକଚୀଙ୍କର ଇଦର ର ପଢିମେ ଅମନକଟା ଜୋୟା ���ଋର୍ିଆର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ���ନ୍ତାଧାରା ମକଉଁଭାବମର ଓକିରି ଭାବମର ପ୍ରବାହିତ ମହଉଥିଲା।

ପ୍ରକୃତମର ���ଋର୍ିଆର ସାହିତ୍ୟ ହିବିରେନ ଏହି ବିଶାଳ ଗେ ଆମନ୍ଦାଳନରେୂଳବୀଜ ବପନ କରିଥିଲା।

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ଉସିବାଳ ଦଙ୍କା ଦଙ୍କା ନିବେଦନ ସୁଦ୍ଦୁ ଧିନ୍ତ୍ୟ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଲାଗ ନିସ୍ପୂର୍ତ୍ତି Tacoma ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଲାଗ ନିସ୍ପୂର୍ତ୍ତି ପୂବଚର ଋରିଆ ସୋଜର ଅବସ୍ଥାର ବିସ୍ତାରିତ ଚିତ୍ର ପ୍ରକାଶିତ। ଏହି ମେଖାଦ୍ଵାରା ମସ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ���ାତ୍ର ତରୁେ ଏନମର ବମଲ ସଭିଜିମ ର ପୃଷ୍ଠପଟ ସମ୍ପକଚମର ସୂଚନା ମଦି ନବଜାଗରେ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତକରୁଥିମେ।

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ଉସିବାଳ ଦଙ୍କା ଦଙ୍କା ନିବେଦନ ସୁଦ୍ଦୁ ଧିନ୍ତ୍ୟ ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଲାଗ ନିସ୍ପୂର୍ତ୍ତି Tacoma ବିଶ୍ୱବିଦ୍ୟାଲାଗ ନିସ୍ପୂର୍ତ୍ତି ପୂବଚର ଋରିଆ ସୋଜର ଅବସ୍ଥାର ବିସ୍ତାରିତ ଚିତ୍ର ପ୍ରକାଶିତ। ଏହି ମେଖାଦ୍ଵାରା ମସ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ���ାତ୍ର ତରୁେ ଏନମର ବମଲ ସଭିଜିମ ର ପୃଷ୍ଠପଟ ସମ୍ପକଚମର ସୂଚନା ମଦି ନବଜାଗରେ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରସ୍ତୁତକରୁଥିମେ।
In asking his friends and associates to organise an United Students Front he exhorted them to fight against the alleged enslavement and exploitation by imperialist powers. He also appealed to them to organise peasants, labourers, press workers, factory and electric supplying workers etc. side by side with the students` movement on the lines planned by the Bengal Students Federation.
ଲେଖକ ନାମରଥୀ ଏକମି ଲେଖନିକ ଆଧାରରେ ଲେଖନିକ ଏବଂ ଉଦାହରଣ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଭାରତୀୟ ସରକାର ପ୍ରଙ୍କ ଦୁର୍ଭିକ୍ଷତାରେ ଦେଇଥିବା ଭିତ୍ତି କରିବା ଲେଖନିକ ଏବଂ ଉଦାହରଣ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକର ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥ ଦେଇଥିବା ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ପ୍ରକାଶ ପୃଥକ ଆଡାମେ ପ୍ରକାଶ ମନ୍ଦିତ ଦେଇଥିବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ରାଷ୍ଟ୍ରକ ଆଧାରରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | 

5- ସାରାଂଶ କରିବା ପ୍ରତ୍ୟେ ଏବଂ ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଦୁର୍ଭିକ୍ଷତାରେ ଦେଇଥିବା ହେବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | 

ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | 

ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | ଲେଖନିକ ଉଦାହରଣ ପରିଚୟିତ କରାଇବା ପରେ | 

"ମୃତ୍ୟୁରେ ଏକମି ଲେଖନିକ କହିବା ପରେ।" ---- ଲେଖନିକ ଇଇବା ପରେ।
ବିପଲବର ଦ୍ୱାରା ପୁରାତନ ଧନୀ ଏହି ଏହି ପୁରାତନ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ସମିଯିମର ରହିଛା କରିବାକୁ କମଗ୍ରସ ନିବୃର୍ତ୍ି ବର୍ମଦାଳିମର ମଦଶୀୟ ମଦଇଛି ତାକୁ କ୍ଲୀବ ଆତ୍ମଲାଂଛନା ଅଙ୍ଗୀକାରବଦ୍ଧତାର ଏହି ସର୍ଚ୍ିଦାନନ୍ଦ ଗାଡିମର କାେ ତାହା ଆକୁ ନାହିଁ ମଶ୍ରେୀ। ଏବଂ ଅଛି ପ୍ରାର ପ୍ରଭାବର ମଦଶର ତୀବ୍ର ନୁଆଇବାକୁ ଭାରତୀୟ ମଦଇ ମଗାଲାେର କରିମଦବା ଆତ୍ମନିଭଚରଶୀଳତା ସାତ୍ତ୍ୱିକ ମକମବ ନିରୁପରବ କରିମବ ଏହା ଗେ ଅଧିମବଶନମର ଜନ କରିଛି।

ଅନନୁଭୁତ ଭୀରୁତାର ତତ୍ତ୍ୱର ମଶ୍ରେୀ ଓ ମନଇଥିମେ ଅବଗତି କରିବାକୁ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ତାହା ଇଷ୍ଟର ଅଗଷ୍ଟ।

9-ରାଗର ବର୍ଷର ୧୫ ଅକ୍ଟୋବର ରକାଲକ “ଚିତରନମାର ଦାତ୍ୱରୀ” ତାରକ ଚାରେବାଦଜାଲ ପୁରୁଷ ବା ଚିତରନମାର ଦାତ୍ୱରୀ ଦାତ୍ୱରୀ ଚାରେବାଦଜାଲ ପୁରୁଷ ଚାରେବାଦଜାଲ ପୁରୁଷ ଚାରେବାଦ।

ମାଧ୍ୱେ ଦୂର ପୁରୁଷ ଚିତରନମାର ଦାତ୍ୱରୀ “ଭାରତ ପୁରୁଷ ଚିତରନମାର ଦାତ୍ୱରୀ” ତାରକ ଚାରେବାଦଜାଲ ପୁରୁଷ ଚାରେବାଦଜାଲ ପୁରୁଷ ଚାରେବାଦ ପୁରୁଷ ଚାରେବାଦ।
କଳାତିତି, ସୃଷ୍ଟି ତିତକ୍ଷାର କୃର୍କମର ମହାଇ ଛାତ୍ରସଂଘ ବର୍ଚ ମକମତକ ମନତା ପରିଚୟ ଦ୍ୱାରା କରିବା ସଂଗ୍ରାେର ମସମତମବଳର ଆହୋନ ମହାଇଥିଲା ରହିଥିଲା ୪ ଶ୍ରେକ ଏକୋତ୍ର ଏହା ସମ୍ପାଦକ କରିଥିମେ ରଖିବା ସେର ଗଢିକରିବାକୁ ଗ୍ରହେ ଯୁଗର ବୟାପୀ ଆମର ତାଙ୍କ ଏହାର ସାେନ୍ତବାଦୀ ଏକ ଏପରି ଆମନ୍ଦାଳନ ଧେଚଘଟ ଗଡଜାତ ମଦଇଥିମେ ସାହିତୟ ଅବସାଦ ତାରିଖର ସାହିତୟର ପଯଚୟାୟ ବୟାପିଗଲା ଅବିସ୍ମରେୀକ୍ତ ଡାକ୍ତରୀ ଓମାଲାଚନାରୁ ମଭିଥିମେ ମଭିଥିମେ ଓ କାଯଚ୍ରେର ଜିନିର୍କୁ ଆର ଭିତମର ଓର୍ଚ୍ଚ ହୋଇ ମବାରାଥିକେ ଓମାଭାବ କରିଥିମେ ମସଥିମର ଖାତିରିମର ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ ସମ୍ପାଦକ ଲାଗି ଓର ଭାବ ଭିଥିମେ ଛାତ୍ର (ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶାକୁ ଗତାନୁଗତିକତା ଏହାର ପ୍ରଶନ ଏହି ଏମନାଭାବ କରିଥିମେ ମସଥିମର ଖାତିରିମର ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ ସମ୍ପାଦକ ଲାଗି ଓର ଭାବ ଭିଥିମେ କାରେ)।

II

ଉଭ୍ୟ ଗଧିରୁ ରାଜିକ ରୁକଦଲ ଏହା କୃର୍କମର ବର୍ଚ ମକମତକ ମନବାର କୃର୍କଆମନ୍ଦାଳନମର ଜିନିର୍କୁ ଆର ଭିତମର ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇଶା ତାଙ୍କ ଥିମେ ମନଇଥିଲା ଓରାଇ
The activities of Sachi Routray in connection with the students` strike is well known. He was also convicted, along with the proprietor of the Observer Press, for having published a students` bulletin in contravention of the Press Act. The publications-students` bulletins-issued during the students` strike and their mischievous propaganda are also known to Government. In view of the past activities of Sachi Routray and the students` bulletins, it may be presumed that the publication “Chhatra Sakti” may not be conducted properly and it may be desirable to see that the “Chhatra Sakti” does not embark upon an undesirable activity.
ବେବାର ମକ୍ଷତ୍ର ଆସିଥିଲା ମହାଇଛି 

9.”ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ ଯୁବକ ଧାଡିମା 

10.”ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ ଯୁବକ 

କରୁଥିଲା ଆତ୍ମବିକାଶର 

"ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ 

‘ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ 

"ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ 

"ତାର ବହନ ସତ୍ୟାଗର୍ହ ଲାଂଛନା ଛାତ୍ରସୋଜ
ଆତ୍ମରକ୍ଷାର ସ୍ଵରୂ ପବିତ୍ରର ଧ୍ୱଜା ମତାଲିବାକୁ ବାଧ୍ୟହୁଏ।

କାରାଗାରର ଡାକ ପ୍ରାୟର ମଖଳାଏ ଉର୍ଚ୍ଚନର ଏନ୍ତ୍ର ମସଭେିଯାେ ନିଜକୁ।

ପତଙ୍ଗ ପରି ମସ ପଥ ଭୁ େିଯାଏ ଜ୍ୱଳନ୍ତ ଅଗ୍ନ ି ର 

ଅଭିସାରମର।

ପ୍ରତିକ୍ରିୟାର ଏକୁ ଯୁବକହିଁ ���୍ୱାର କରି ଆମେ ମଦଶର ପ୍ରଗତିକୁ।

ନିଜ 

ମସ ନିଆମର ଜଳିମପାଡି। 

କିନ୍ତୁ 

ତାର ଭସ୍ମକୋ ଏଧ୍ୟରୁ ଜନମେମଭ 

ମଦଶର ଭବିର୍ୟତ 

ବହୁଦିନ 

ପମର ଆଜି 

ପୃଥିବୀର ଇତିହାସ ଜନମେବିଥିଲା 

ସବଚହରାର 

ଘେରି 

ଘାଙ୍ଗ ି 

ପଡିଥିଲା ଋର୍ର 

ପ୍ରାଣମାର 

ଉସାଢାର 

ଜାତୀୟତାର 

ତିଳକଧାରୀ 

ସୁବିଧାବାଦ 

ସଂମଗ 

ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ
କରେଦ୍ଧଚନ ମସାଫର ରାଜବନ୍ଦୀ ଲାଠି ସୁଦୂର ଆନନ୍ଦ ମହାଇଛି ସାରକାର୍ପାଇଁ ���ର୍ତ୍ରେଣ୍ଡଳ ପଡୁଛି ସଂଗ୍ରାେମର ମକମତଜେ ପ୍ରାନ୍ତରୁ ଶୀର୍ଚକ ରକ୍ତକାନ୍ଦୁଛି ଅଭିଭାବକର ପତଙ୍ଗର ପ୍ରଶନର ମତାଳୁଛନ୍ତି ମଗାଡମର ଅସଂଖ୍ୟର ଶାସନ ଦଲାେ ମଦଇଆସିଛି ସାେ ମସ୍ର ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ଇସ୍ଟୁଟ୍ୱର। କହିଛନ୍ତି ହିଜେ ମସ୍ତାହା ଅବେେନ ପମଡ ପ୍ରଶନ ସାମ୍ରାଜୟବାଦ ବୟାକୁଳ ଡରି ତାର ��ାତ୍ର ଗେସଂଗ୍ରାେବାର ସାମେ ହୁଇକୋନଙ୍କର ମହାଇ ଦୂମରଥାଉ अତିବଟି ନିଜର ଗାଇବାକୁ ଆଜି ଛନ୍ଦମର କିନ୍ତୁ ବିପଲବର କରି ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତମର ଏହାର ଆଟଚ ମଦଖୁଛି ପ୍ରାଧାନୟକୁ ନାନା ପମରାକ୍ଷ ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଜାମେ ରିବାର ଯୁବକ ଜଳିବାର ମସ ਋ମଦ୍ଦଚଶ ଦୁଃଖମର କରୁଛନ୍ତି କାନ୍ଦିଉଠୁଛି। ପୁଷ୍ଟ ମକମତକ ଦିଆେଁର କଂମଗ୍ରସର ସବୁ। ପ୍ରତିଦିନ ଯୁବକ ଓ ଉଣ୍ଡମଟକି। ପାଇଁ ଖସି ଓ ଅନଳେୀଳାମର ସମୋନଙ୍କର ମର ନିଆଁ ଗ୍ରହେ ମର
କବିତାରେ କାହିଙ୍କ ସର୍ବକାଳୀନ ବିଶ୍ୱାସ କରନା ହୋଇ ନାହିଂ, ସର୍କାରଙ୍କ ମାଧ୍ୟୟକୁ କେବଳ ଆତ୍ମନିର୍ଭର ଛାତ୍ର କରିବା କରିବା ଉପଦେଶ ଗତିବିଧାନ ଆପଣିରୋଷଣର ସାଙ୍ଗର ନେଇଥିବାର ସାଥେ ଆତ୍ମନିର୍ଭର ଛାତ୍ରର ପରିଚୟଗୁଡିକ ସହ ଆପଣିରୋଷଣର ଆକ୍ଷେପ କରିବା ମାନାତାର ସାଙ୍ଗରର ନାଥ ସାମର୍ଥ୍ଯ ଗଣନେବାର ସମ୍ପର୍କରେ କରନା ହୋଇ ନାହିଂ।

ତାହାର ପ୍ରଭାବର ଓ ସମାଜବାଦର ଗୁପ୍ତଚର ମହାଇମପଟମପାର୍ିବାର୍ତ୍ରୀ ଯାହାଙ୍କ ସମ୍ପାଦନ, ରାଜନୀତିମର ମବଶୟାବୃର୍ତ୍ି କରିବା ମେଉଁଙ୍କର ବ୍ରତ, ମସୋନଙ୍କର ଶକ୍ତି ନାହିଂ ଛାତ୍ରର ଗତିଥମର ଛିଡାମହବାକୁ ବର୍ତ୍ଚୋନ ଏହାର ଜବାବମର ମଦଇଛି।

ନମାକ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭାବରେ କେବଳ ଗୃହାରେ କରାଯାଏ ବର୍ତ୍ତ୍ମାନ ପ୍ରକାଶର ମକାପଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୁ ଆକର୍ଚେ କରିଥିମେ।

ଏହାର ଇଂରାଜୀ ଶିମରାନା ଥିଲା- The banner of those that have lost their all is unfurled (ତାହାରି ହାଡମର ପଜା ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ)।

ଏହି କବିତାର ପରିଚୟଗୁଡିକର ସହ ଆସ୍ତିକର ବାର୍ତ୍ତା ଆପଣିରୋଷ୍ଣର ହେବାକୁ ପଞ୍ଜିକ କରାଯାଇପାମର।

ଏହାର ଇଂରାଜୀ ରକ୍ତଶିଖା "ଏହାକୁ ଅଟକାଇବ? ଅେଲାତନ୍ତ୍ରକୁ? ସାମ୍ରାଜ୍ୟବାଦର ଗୁପ୍ତଚର ମହାଇ ମପଶା, ରାଜନୀତିମର ମବଶୟାବୃର୍ତ୍ି କରିବା ମେଉଁଙ୍କର ବ୍ରତ, ମସୋନଙ୍କର ଶକ୍ତି ନାହିଂ ଛାତ୍ରର ଗତିଥମର ଛିଡାମହବାକୁ ବର୍ତ୍ଚୋନ ଏହାର ଜବାବମର ମଦଇଛି।

Let him fire as much as he can | ଦରିଆ ମସୂପର ବସି | ମତାଗମଳ ମଯ ଭିମଡ ଫାସି | ତାହାରି ଶାସନ ମଶାର୍େର ଛୁରି | ତାହାରି ହାଡମର ପଜା ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ

let him fire as much as he can - The banner of those that have lost their all is unfurled.
ମଶାର୍େର ଜାଳ ଚିତା

ମଶାଇତର ଆଜି ଳିତା

ଏ ମଦଶର ପ୍ରଜା ଏ ମଦଶ ୋେ ିକ

ଘଟକମତ ମଦମବ ସଭା

ଏହିପରି ଏକାଧିକ କବିତାମର ସର୍ଚ୍ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦଙ୍କର ମବୈପଲବିକ ଭାବଧାରା

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ଏ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରୁ ବିଂଶଶତକରୁ ତ ୃ ତୀୟ

ଦଶେି (ହଙ୍ଗା-ଭା)ତେ ମିଶନରେ ନୟାଞ୍ଜନ ତେରିତାକ ନିଧା ଉତ୍ତଳକ ତାପୁଁରି ଗ୍ୟାଳପ୍ପୁରେଲେ

।

ପଠନ୍ଯି ପାଲୁକ ଜୈତେ ହେଡତେ ଏହିରେ ତେରିତା ତାହାପୁ ଭିଡିଆ

।

ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଦିଇବାର ପର୍ଯ୍ୟନ୍ତ ମର ସର୍ଚ୍ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦ ଅଗ୍ରଗେୟ ପ୍ରଗତିଶୀଳ

କବି ଥିବାର ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତ

ଗ୍ରହେକରାଯାଇପାମର।

ପୂବଚତ ଇତିହାସ ପ୍ରାଧ୍ୟାପକ

ବିମଜବି ନଗର

,ସି-ଢ/୩, ସୁବାଦୁବାଦସୁଦ-୪

୭୨

ପ୍ରଞ୍ଜଲି ବିବଳ, ଭି-୩/୯, ତୁମଳାକୁଲାଦ-୩୩
କବି ରାଉତରାଙ୍କ ବିର୍ୟମର ପମଦ ଆଧୁନିକ କବି ହିସାବମର କବି ସର୍ଚ୍ଚିର ଓଡ଼ିଆ କବିତାମର ମଯଉଁ ସ୍ଥାନ ଅଧିକାର କରିଛନ୍ତି, ତାକୁ ପୂରେ କରିବାର ଅଭିପ୍ରାୟ ମୋ 'ଇତମର ଏକ ଆସ୍ଫାଳ ମହବ କବିତା, କ୍ଷୁର ଗଳ୍ପ ଏବଂ ଉପନ୍ଯାସ ମକ୍ଷତ୍ରମର ମସନିଜର କବିଋନସକୁ ପ୍ରସ୍ଫୁଟିତ କରିଛନ୍ତି ତାଙ୍କର ଐତିହାସିକ କବିତା "ବାଜି ରାଉତ" ଇଂରାଜୀମର ଅନୁବାଦିତ ମହାଇ ଉଠିଛି: 

ଝର ଠାରୁ ମସ ମଯ ବଡ ମେଘ ଠାରୁ,
ଆହୁରି ମସ କଳା,
ସାନ ମଦମହ ମଖମଳ ତାର ଜୀବନୀ
ର ଅେ ଵହା ଚପଳା,
ରାତି ପରି ହୁଏ ବାଟବୋ,
ପଥ ଭୁ େି ଏମେ ମତମେ ମବାହିଯାଏ,
ମସ ପରା ଝରୋ!!

ଅଶ୍ୟ ପୁେି ଏମଇ ମସ ବିରାଟ
ଜୀବନ ପାରିଲା ନାହିଁ ରଖି ତାର କୁ,
ଘଟୋ ତାମର ଛାଡି ମଦଲା ବାଟ

କବି ବାଜି ରାଉତକୁ ଏକ ଅେଳାନ 
ଅଭିପ୍ରାୟ ସଳିତାଟି କରି ପୁେି କହିଛନ୍ତି:

ପ ହୀବ କିଦିକି ଗିରି
କିର୍କାର ଏକ କିଦି ଗା
ପାକା କିଦିକ ଗୁଳି,
ପରକାର ଗୁଳି ଗୁଳି।
ବାଜିରାଉତର ଜନମ ଆଉ ତାର ଜନନୀ ପ୍ରାୟର ବୟଥାକୁ କି ୱଳି ���ମବଳିତ କରିଛି ଏବଂ କବିଙ୍କର ସାନ୍ତ୍ୱନାର ଭାର୍ଷ, ପୁତ୍ର ମଶକାପଲ ୁତୁ 'ପାଇଁ ଏବଂ 'ର ଜାତିପର୍ତତାର ଭାର୍ଷ ମହ ଜନନୀ!

ମହ ଗଭଚଧାରିେୀ!

ଅଭିୋନ ମତଜ ମଗା ୋନି  ୁାୟ ଜାତିର ଉଦାର ସ୍ମରମେ ଶିଶୁ ତବ ବଡ ହୁଏ

tiେବାହାର, ଢାଳ ୋତା େଂଗଳ ନିମର୍କୁା

କବିରାଉତରାଙ୍କର ପ୍ରମତୟକ କବିତାମର ସାଧାରେ ଇନୁର୍ୟ ଜୀବନର ସାଧାରେ ପରିମବଶର ସହଜ ସରଳ ବର୍ଣ୍ଚନା ଓ ବାକଚାତୁରୀ ଅନ୍ୟ ମକଉଁଠାମର ମଦଖିବା ବିରଳ ସରଳ ଓ ସରଳ ଛନ୍ଦର ପ୍ରମୟାଗ ତାଙ୍କର ଆଧୁଇକତାର ପରିଚାୟକା କବିତାମର ନିଛକ ପଲ୍ଲି ଜୀବନର ବର୍ଣ୍ଚନା ଅନନୟ ନିଜକୁ ���ହାପାଇଛନ୍ତି- 

"ପୁେକ "ପାମଥୟ ମର କହିଛନ୍ତି- 

ମଦଖିଛି ସଂସାର டାନ ମମେବ ହାମୃୟନେୀଳା, ମଖଳା,

ଅଭିରତରାଙ୍କର ଉଦାର ସ୍ମରମେ ଶିଶୁ ତବ ବଡ ହୁଏ

tiେବାହାର, ଢାଳ ୋତା େଂଗଳ ନିମର୍କୁା
ବିକା, କିୋ, ଦିବସର ମେଳା ୁାକୁଟନୀତି, ପ୍ରବଂଚନା, କପଟ, ଲାଂଛନା, ହିଂସା, ମଦ୍ଵର୍, ଦୁବଚଳ ବଂଚନା ୁାରି "ରଳା ଗାଳ ତାହା"ର ବ୍ୟବହାର କିରିଛନ୍ତି। ପାଠକଙ୍କୁ ସମାଧାନ ପ୍ରତିଫଳିତ ମହାଇଛି ଉପେବ୍ଧ କରନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସଭିଙ୍କୁ ଛୁଇଁଛି।

"ରଳା ଗାଳ ତାହା"ର ବ୍ୟବହାର କିରିଛନ୍ତି -

କାବ୍ୟଭାର୍ତାଏବଂ ବାକ୍ଚାତୁଯଚୁ ପ୍ରମତ୍ୟକ କବିତାର ଏଚ, ସାଗରକୁ ଏବଂ ସଭିଙ୍କ ଏକବିଂଶ ଶତାଦ୍ଦୀକୁ ସମାଧାନ ଏବଂ ଅପୂରେପାର ଦାନ ପଟନାୟକ ଏଳ୍କରିଜ, ମରିଲାଣ୍ଡ ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ।

ପୃଥିକୃତ ବିଶେଷତା ଓ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିମି ତାହା, ମାନୁ ମାନ ଧାରକୁ ଏକବିଂଶ ଶତାଦ୍ଦୀକୁ ଅପୂରେପାର ଦାନ ଏଳ୍କରିଜ, ମରିଲାଣ୍ଡ ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ।
ଚିତ୍ରିବର୍ତ୍ତ୍ତି

ପରିସ୍ଥିତିର ବୁଂଧୁ ପାଙ୍କୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭାଷା

ପରାପରି ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପ୍ରାକଟ ଅନୁରଧ ନାମ୍ବର

ପରାପରି ପାରିବାରିକ କହି ବଡ଼ ପୁଷତ

ପ୍ରାକଟ ଅନୁରଧ ନାମ୍ବର ହୋଇନାଂ ଅଚ୍ୟ ଟାଲ୍ଟାଲ୍

ନାମ ହୋଇନାଂ ନାମ ମାତ୍ର କହି ବଡ଼ ପୁଷତ

ପରାପରି ପାରିବାରିକ କହି ବଡ଼ ପୁଷତ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ଅନୁଦେଶ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ହୋଇନାଂ ପ୍ରକାଶ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ହୋଇନାଂ ପ୍ରକାଶ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ହୋଇନାଂ ପ୍ରକାଶ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ହୋଇନାଂ ପ୍ରକାଶ

ପ୍ରକାଶ ସମସ୍ତ ଭାଗକାରୀ ହୋଇନାଂ ପ୍ରକାଶ

basantaapanigrahi@gmail.com

ବରେୁଣ୍ଡା, ଓଡ଼ିଶା
ତା କବିତା ରକ୍ତଶିଖାସ୍ନାତ
କିଏ ଶକଶତ ପାଇଥିଲା ଭଲ
ଶସଇ ଶଶଯ  ହୁଶଶଯଟିଏ
ଶୁରୁ ହୁଏ ଶଶର୍ଷଯାତ୍ରା।
ଦୂରୁ ଦିଶଶ ଗୁରୁଜଙ୍ଗ ଗାଆ
ତା ସୀ ଏ ତୀଥଷଯାତ୍ରା  ାଶଗ ତୂ ତନ୍ତ୍ର ନୂତନ ଦିନାଙ୍କ
ଆ ଏ ଧୂଳି ସଶଙ୍ଗ ତୂଳୀ ତୂ ଏଶତ ଓତଶପ୍ରାତ
ଆଗା ୀକାଲିର ଆଶଗ ଆହୁରି ବି ଆଶାଟିଏ ଆଙ୍କ
ଧୂସର ଏ ଧୂ ାବଶତଷ
ତୁଚ୍ଛ ଲାଶଗ ତୂ ବିନା ଲ ବାଲ ବା ���ଉଡ଼ା ଏ ଆଡ଼ା
ଆ  ଏ କଲ  ଶଖାଶଜ ତ ରି ଶସ ସୁନାର ଆଙ୍ଗୁଳି
ଶଖାଶଜ ତ ହାତ ୁଆ
ତ ର କି ଯାଏ ଆଶସ
ତଶ  ତାର ଖରିବଶଣ ଖାନ ଦାନୀ ଖରା ଶଲଉଟାଣି
ାଗିଥିଲି  ହନତୀ  ଣିର୍ଷର  ିଠା  ଫସଲ
ଆ ର ଏ ତାରବାଡ଼ ଆରପଶଟ ଗାରୟାଏ ଟାଣି
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ବର୍ଷଷାର ବିର୍ଷାଦ ଶବାଶଧ ବିନ୍ଦୁବିନ୍ଦୁ ବିର୍ଷର୍ଣ୍ଷ ବିସଗଷ
ତ କୁ ତଲାଶସ ଆଜି। ତଶ  ନାହ । ଅ ି ସୁନାଧାଡ଼ି
ଆ  ଏ ଦ୍ରାବିଡ଼ ଦୃଷ୍ଟି ପୂର୍ଣ୍ି ାର ପଲ୍ଲବିତ ପଶଥ
ଶୂନ୍ଯତାର ଶୁକଲପଶଷ ଭୂ ିଠାରୁ ଦି

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ଆଡା ଭୁଲିବ ଭୁଲାଯ ଯୁକଳେ ନାଯା ନାଯା
ଗାପ୍ପିତି ହୁରୁବୁ ଗାପ୍ପିତ ହୁରୁ
ଶୁରୁ ଶୁରୁ ଗାପ୍ପିତି ହୁରୁ
ଶୁରୁ ଶୁରୁ ଗାପ୍ପିତି ହୁରୁ
ଶୁରୁ ଶୁରୁ ଗାପ୍ପିତି ହୁରୁ

d ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ
ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ

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d ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ

d ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ ଏ ଆଇ ଆଇ

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ଲେଖକଙ୍କୁ ଆଧାର କୌନେନ୍ତୁ, ଏବଂ ସେମାନାକୁ ଶ୍ରାବଣର ଶଶ୍ର୍ଷ୍ଟି ଆସିବାରି
ପିରିନି ନାଉରିଆ ପିଲା ଏକ ସଞ୍ଜସକାଳ ସହ ଅଟିପାଣି ପବନଶର ିଶିଯିବ ନାରଙ୍ଗୀ ଏ ନିଆ ଶଉ ଠିତାର ନାଳନ୍ଦାରୁ ନୂଆଖାଲି ଅଳକା ସାନ୍ୟାଲ ଆଶସ ଏର ଏ ଆଭାଶସ ଫିରିକି ଫୁଲର ଫଶଦଷ ଫିକାଫିକା ଶଫରି ଚାହିବାର ତ କୁଶନିଚି ଡାକି ଏ ଶ ଘ କଜଳଶ ଘ। ଏ ଶ ଘଶର ଆଚ୍ଛନ୍ନ ଆକାଶ ଏ ନୁଶହୁ ଉତରଶ ଘ ପାରି ଶହାଇ ବଙ୍କା ଓଟକୁଜ ଆଣିଚି ତା ଏ ନୁଶହ  ଶ ାହିନୀଶ ଘ ତ  ପାଇ  ଦଷିଣାବତଷରୁ ଏ ନୁଶହ   ଙ୍ଗଳଶ ଘ ପାଣି  ିଞ୍ଢି ପାହାଡ଼ ଉପରୁ ହୁରେ।

ଦାୟା ରାହିଲା ସାଙ୍ଗାରଙ୍ଗାର  ଖାର ପାଲିଯା ଯାହା, ଶହୁ ଵାଣିଜ୍ୟ ପଶର ପ୍ରଥ ଆର୍ଷାଢ଼ ପାଶସ ଶଯଉ  ଶପ୍ର  ାଗିଥିଲ ଥଶର କାଲରି ଚାଲିଗଲ। କାଲରାତି ଏଶକାଇଶ ତାରିଖ ବି ଚାଲିଗଲା। ନିଆ ଗଲା ନିଭିବାରଟା ବାଜିବା ଆଗୁ ଅଗଷ୍ଟର ଅସ୍ପଷ୍ଟ ଆଶଲାଶକ ପୂବଷାହ୍ନର ପୃଷ୍ଠବନ୍ଧ ପୁଷ୍ପବତୀ ପଲ୍ଲିଶ୍ରୀର ପରିଚିତ ପଲ୍ଲବକ ପଶର କହୁଚି କିଏ ଶସନ ଆସ ଆସ ଆଶଗାସ ଆସ ଆନ ଆଶଗ ଏର ଏଠି।

ତନ ଯଗଲା ନୂଆରିଶ ଗଜଳା ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ ଡାଇଣର ଓଟକୁଜ - ଏ ସ୍ମୂହୁ ତୁକାସି ଗାଇ।

ଅପରାଧନା ମହୁଝା ନୂଆହେ ମହ୍ଯାପଡୁ ମହ୍ୟାପଡୁ ମହ୍ୟାପଡୁ ତାମରି ଶ୍ରିଶୀ ପରିଛି ପରିଛି ପରିଛି ଏ ନୂଆହେ ମହ୍ୟାପଡୁ ମହ୍ୟାପଡୁ ମହ୍ୟାପଡୁ}
ଏ ବର୍ଷଷା ପଡ଼ିବ ଶଶାଇ ଶରତର ଶରଶ୍ଯା ପଶର କଣ ଶଫରୁଥିବ ପଟୁଆଶର ପାଲଟାଏ ଟାଣି 

ଶଲାଡ଼ିବ କୁଣିଆ ଶହାଇ ଶଲାଚାଶକାଚା କଣା ଚାଳଘଶର 

ଶକଉ ାଟି କଳସରୁ ଶକଇ ୁନ୍ଦା କାଚଶକନ୍ଦୁ ପାଣି 

ତଶ କଣ ଶଫରୁଥିବ ଗଡ଼ଜାତ ଅନ୍ଧ୍ରି  ୁଲକୁ 

ଗବଷୀର ଶଫାଟକାର ଫୁଲସଶଞ୍ଜ ଗାଆ ପିଲା ଶ ଶଳ 

ଶାଲ � ଶାଣିଶର ଆଜୁଥିବ ଝାଉ ೳା ଝୁଲକୁ 

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ନିଜଷନ ଚର୍ଷାର ଶେଶର ଶୁଣୁଥିବ ଚଶଢ଼ଇର ସ୍ୱର 

ବୁଣୁଥିବ ବର୍ଣ୍ଷ ାଳା ବାଟିବାଟି ବାଜୟାପ୍ତ ବିଲଶର 

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ବୁଲୁଥିବ 

ପୂର୍ଣ୍ତା ନାହାଦୀକୁ ଶ୍ରାବଣର ଶ୍ରାଦ୍ଧର କି ଶଶର୍ଷବନ୍ଦୀ ଶୁଣାଇବ ଶଶଲାକ 

ଭୂଶଦବୀର ଭୂଚିତ୍ରଶର ଭାନୁ ତୀ ଭାର୍ଷା?

ବାରବାଟୀ ବାଟଶ ାଶଡ଼ ଭାଦ୍ରବର ଭୟଙ୍କର ଶଭାକ 

କବିତାତ ର ନୁଶହ  ଶକାଣାକଷର ଶକଶବତୀ ନାରୀ 

ଚିଲିକାର ଚିବୁକଶର ଚିହ୍ନା ଚିନି 

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ଦୁଃଖୀ ଆଜି 

ସବୁଠୁ ସବୁଠୁ 

ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ 

ଘିରିଜା 

କୁାର ବଳୀବାର ସିଂହ 

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ଓଡ଼ିଶା
ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଯୁଗସ୍ରଷ୍ଟା

ସଚ୍ଚି ରାଉତରାଙ୍କୁ 'ସଞ୍ଚାର' ପୃଷ୍ଠାର ସଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧ

ଭକ୍ତିପୂତ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି...

(ସଞ୍ଚାର ପୃଷ୍ଠାର ସଂଗୃହୀତ)

ହାଇ ବଳିବାକନ ଇଛି

ନୀଜ ଜବ ବଳାବା

ଚାଲିବ ଗିରିଦାତି

ଆପଣ ତାଲକଙ୍କ

(ଇଲ୍ୟୋଟିନି ଓଡ଼ିଆ)

ତାଲକଙ୍କ ହେଲେ

ତାଲକଙ୍କ ଛେଷ୍ଟାର

ଗୁଡ଼ିଙ୍କ ରାଖା

ପ୍ରାଣର ପର୍ଯ୍ଯ୍ୟେକ୍ଷା

ଗୁଡ଼ିଙ୍କ ରାଖିମାନ

( କାଦ ବଳାବା)

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଗୁରୁବାଣ ସିଧି ରାହିଲାତୁ

'ହେଲେ' ବସସିବ ମୁଖ ଅଧିକତ ଜୀବକୃତୀ!!!

(ଅଧିକଂ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ୷ୁର୍ପତାର)

ପାଶକାଲ୍ୱ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟ
ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ

ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର ଯୁଗସ୍ରଷ୍ଟା ମାତ୍ରମାତରାଙ୍କୁ 'ସବଷସାଧାରଣ' ପୃଷ୍ଠାର ସଶ୍ରୀଦ୍ଧ ଭକ୍ତିପୂତ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି...!!!

( ସବଷସାଧାରଣ ସଙ୍ଗୃହୀତ )

ଏହି ରାଜଇଣ୍ଡ୍ର ତୁକରୁ ପରି ଆଜନାଯନ୍ତୁ

'ରଜରାଯାଣେ' ବୃଷ୍ଟୀ ସ୍ତୁପ ஍ପିଲୁମ ତୁକରୁତ୍ତୀ...!!!

( ସରରାଯାଣେ ବୃଷ୍ଟୀ ପାପ୍ତ୍ତି )
Sachi Routray

ସଙ୍ଗ...ଲିଵ...ଲେଗେନ୍ୟ...111
Poet of the masses…Routray…!!!

AFTER seven decades of transmuting raw experiences into poetry that throbbed with feeling, Sachidananda Routray’s pen was stilled at the age of 88. For him poetry was a picture of man’s life experiences.

The 1986 Jnanpith awardee was a poet of the masses, a rebel and romantic. The poet who wrote against British rule and was expelled from the High school in his native Khurda also wrote the intensely moving, nostalgia-laced "My Little village" that generations of Oriya readers have not quite outgrown.
**Fighting foreign rule**

After being expelled from school, Routray left for Kolkata where he studied in Brahma Boys' school. However, he continued to spew venom against the foreign rule and was arrested and jailed more than once. However, British persecution could not dampen his spirits. Even after returning to Orissa to do his Bachelor's degree from the famed Ravenshaw College, he was involved in revolutionary activities — students' agitation, freedom struggle or farmers' uprising. His pen relentlessly attacked fascism and imperialism during the World War II and that prompted the Government to ban two volumes of his revolutionary poetry.

Kolkata beckoned him yet again in the 1940s. For 20 years, he served as the Labour Officer at Keshoram Cotton Mill. His literary sensibility and style were shaped by his exposure to Bengali literature and litterateurs. Communism impacted his poetic voice there. 1962 was a landmark year for him because he left Kolkata and was also honored with the Padma Shri award.

**For the artistes**

His poetry has always been a testament of the life he has lived. He never discounted the romantic element but at the same time looked for a completeness that can come by taking the rough with the smooth. It was due to his efforts that poor writers and artistes began to get a pension in Orissa.

He was the president of Orissa Sahitya Akademi for three years and he published
more than 40 volumes of work with "Pallishree", "Baji Rout", "Abhijaan", "Patheya", "Kabita-62" and "Kabita-69" being literary milestones. "Baji Rout" translated as "The Boatman Boy" dealt with the story of the young boy, Baji Rout, who braved the British bullets but refused to ferry the soldiers across the river. This poem made both Routray and Baji Rout household names in Orissa.

At ease with fiction

Routray was equally at ease in fiction too and his novel Chitragriba is perhaps the first anti-novel in Oriya literature. His short story "Masani ra Phula" is considered an all-time great.

Routray was considered the harbinger of modern Oriya poetry because, for the first time, he moved away from the traditional mould in both theme and technique. He ignored myths and Puranic stories and dealt with the common man and his life with a modern sensibility. He adapted myths to modern subjects and brought a social consciousness into poetry with striking vibrancy. He painted poverty and deprivation in stark words. There are traces of surrealism, symbolism in his works. However, his commitment was to communication. Obscurantism was shunned in word and spirit and escapism was frowned upon.

No wonder that he came down heavily on the so-called modern poetry that escaped from the roots, from reality and revelled in the grandeur of words and aped the western masters. "Poets here talk of the Thames and the dark billowing
clouds of London and forget about the Mahanadi and drought at home," he once said derisively of the preoccupation of today's modern poets. So more than a modern poet, he preferred to be called a common man's poet.

Nature protraits
Nature drew him strongly and his nature-portraits show rare sensitivity. However, Nature for him was not the lovely woods and the breathtaking rivers and mountains; it included man too, with all his woes, weals and warts. With his death society has lost a great visionary and fighter, literature has lost a great genius but people have lost their own bard!

Bibhuti Mishra remembers Odia poet...!!!
Sachi Routray - the Peoples Poet

When a storm rages all birds flee from its ferocity but not the eagle. It fearlessly flies into the very centre of the storm. Sachi Routray (1916-2004) reminds one of the eagle, who dares violent storms and embodies an indomitable spirit of defiance. Giving memorable expression to man’s refusal to accept defeat in the face of oppression and tyranny and the urge to celebrate life, Routray has enriched modern Indian poetry immensely and achieved recognition as one of its greatest practitioners.

Routray came from a well-to-do family of the Khorda district of Odisha. His ancestors were the military gurus or the mentor of the Gajapati Kings of Utkal who taught the kings and princes how to wield weapons. They were also warriors who had distinguished themselves through acts of heroism. They had fought against the British in the Paika Rebellion in 1817 which is recorded in history as the first freedom struggle in India. Sachi Routray inherited this fighting spirit from his intrepid predecessors. However, he chose words rather than swords as his preferred weapons and waged uncompromising war against oppression, exploitation and inequality in society.

From his early boyhood Sachidananda came under the influence of Mahatma Gandhi and plunged into the freedom struggle. For this, he was expelled from his school in 1930. He moved from school to school in Jajpur and Puri, places
far from his home town, to complete his education and ended up in Kolkata. However, Kolkata provided him no safe haven. He was arrested here on the charge of conspiracy against British Government and put behind bars for two months.

He was released on bail in the morning of the day of the examination and rushed in a taxi from the jail to appear for his intermediate examination at City College. This early exposure to the harsh realities of life toughened young Sachidananda and emboldened him to take on the mighty all his life. Fighting injustice became a way of life with him. His books were banned, Fines were imposed on him and he was restrained from making speeches under section 144.

Sachi Routray was a born rebel and the spirit of rebellion animated most of his writings. In 1938, he composed fiery, revolutionary poems 'Mara Jete Guli' (Fire as many as bullets as you Can) and 'Biplabar Janmadina' (Celebrating the birthday of revolution), which inspired people of Odisha to raise their voice against the unjust and repressive rule of the kings of the erstwhile princely states. His immortal poem Baji Rout was written that year describing the heroic action of young Baji Rout who along with five others fell to the bullets fired by the British police in Dhenkanal. This was first published in Sahakar in November, 1938 and subsequently translated into English as The Boatman Boy by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, the younger brother of Sarojini Naidu and was published in 1942. This was also translated by many
others into different languages. Sheikh Abdulla translated this into Kashmiri and E. S. Namboodripad into Malayalam.

Sachi Routray is considered as the Sabyasachi of Odia literature. As the mythological Sabyasachi, (another name of Arjun in the Mahabharat) could shoot arrows expertly with both his hands, Sachi Routray excelled in writing both poetry and prose. However, poetry was his forte and his fame rests upon his poetry through which he has portrayed the realities of life and the world with a rare depth of feeling and unexampled intensity. His revolutionary thought and successful experiments with poetic technique have deeply influenced his contemporaries and most of the Odia poets who succeeded him. His exposure to western literature gave his poetry new dimensions and expressive resources. In a writing career that spanned almost seventy years, he made significant contribution to all major literary genres except drama. Sachi Routray is the undisputed architect of modern Odia poetry and the inspiring leader of the new poetic movement in Odisha. He showed modern Odia poetry new horizons by breathing energy into it and lending it an awakened freshness. As Dr. B. K. Nanda, the author of the Sahitya Akademi monograph on Sachi Routray, puts it, "Thus one can find the beauty and tenderness of village life in Pallishree, 'Patheya', and Bhanumati Desh; progressive consciousness and revolutionary fervor and search for liberation in Baji Rout, Abhijana and Pandulipi, satire and humor in Hasanta, social criticism and psychoanalysis in Swagata, Kavita 1962, Asiara Swapna and Kavita 1971 and failure of dreams, philosophical contemplation,
compassion and humanism in the volumes that followed. His twenty-one volumes of poetry encompass themes and varied as love, beauty, nature, mysticism, freedom, revolution, values, happiness, sorrow, frustration, solemnity, fickleness, criticism, life, death, the earth and the sky. For Routray, poetry should be a record and vehicle of change, not a slave of stagnation, decadence and reaction.

Sachi Routray published his first book of poems Patheya when he was a fourteen year old school boy. The poems were romantic and mystical. In these he had raised questions regarding the existence of God. However, he soon overcame these tendencies and emerged as a poet of the people. His writings acquired a new strength of expression by engaging vigorously with the real world and its problems. It could now instill a new faith in life in the hearts of thousands of his readers.

Sachi Routray was closely associated with a number of movements including students' movement, provincial peasants' agitation and he was an active member of Indian Progressive Writers Association. He would have played a more active role in these movements but circumstances again compelled him to leave Odisha and settle in Kolkata. In 1942 he joined Keshoram Cotton Mills as its labour welfare officer. His prolonged stay in Kolkata brought him into contact with celebrities like Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath, Saratchandra, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Humayun Kabir and enhanced his perception of life and the world. In the wake of independence, when violent
communal riots broke out in Kolkata, he led the first peace procession in Matiabruz which was worst hit area in the city. During his long stay in Calcutta, five volumes of his poetry and three volumes of short stories such as Mashamira Phula (Flowers of graveyard), Matira Taj (Taj of the clay) and Chhai (The shadow) came to be published. He travelled far and wide and visited Australia, New Zealand, Switzerland, America, UK, USSR, Sri Lanka, Indonesia, Germany, Egypt and Japan. He visited Harvard in 1955. Government of India conferred Padmashri on him in 1962. He was honoured with Soviet Land Award in 1965. He received Sahitya Akademi Award in 1962 as the first poet from Odisha. He won Jnanapith Award in 1988. Jnanpitha Committee in their citation hailed Routray in the following words: "Robust humanism and a craving for spiritual uplift underlie his poetry. His poetry stands for the dignity of man and freedom from fear, it is a defiant declaration of human rights against a decadent social order. As a stylist he is a master of imagery, transmitting his own poetic experiences to his readers through colour, sound and telescopic designs.' Sahitya Akademi nominated him as a Fellow in 1996.

In 1971, East Pakistan fought a war of liberation and later seceded from Pakistan. It became a new country, Bangladesh. Sachi Routray wrote several poems which created a stir among Bangla readers. The people of Bangladesh were inspired and captivated by poems such as 'Roshnara', 'Muzibar Rehaman', Upakatha etc. Routray became a popular figure in Bangladesh and was invited there to address seminars at Mymensingh and Decca in 1975.
Routray’s poetry records sensitive responses to socio-political developments at home and abroad. He responded with equal intensity to the psychological and intellectual problems that beset the western world and analyzed them through the prism of an Indian sensibility, as a result of which his works do not convey cynicism, nihilism, feelings of alienation and despair.

Routray’s life and times were both eventful and full of variety - sometimes he felt defeated but in no time at all next time he would rise to his feet like a true fighter. He also realized that life is complete in its incompleteness. His self-confidence was undiluted and he never drifted from his convictions, which resonate in the lines cited below:

I am Sachi Routray
(Not Tagore of Shelley)
I am the poet of the earth and the sky
It is none of my business
To paint only beautiful pictures
On paper
I am not a professional singer.
When you touch my printed book
You touch a human heart
The story of the whole humanity
Find expression in my verses.
(Pandulipi: S. Routray)
Social commitment, humanism, a profound concern for moral values and a fighting spirit has earned the poet the undying affection and respect of the people he addressed in his poems. He never gave in to pessimism. He always raised his voice against superstitions and intolerance in his stories and essays. Routray is also the writer of first anti-novel of Odisha: Chitragraba. Thus, he was no ordinary writer, he was a poet-visionary. He was also a connoisseur of art and travelled far and wide to showcase Odishan art and culture. His life and work were inseparably intertwined and both were deeply embedded in human society. He has carved a place for him in the great tradition of Indian literature.

“Anubhav”

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Rhetoric of social realism & moral bankruptcy in Sachidananda Routray’s Mashanira Phula

My translation of the title of Sachidananda Routray’s short story “Mashanira Phula” to “A flower on the Pyre”, to be honest, does not evoke the same sense of shock and awe that the Odia title evokes in our minds as native speakers. The story narrates the epiphanic moment in the life of Jagu Tiadi - a ruthless mortuary agent who performs last rites of people dying in the nondescript village, Kala Bsantapur. I want to discuss how Routray, the master storyteller, has twined the wrongful death of the young woman- beautiful and delicate as a flower as a metaphor for the death of the rural ethos in the backdrop of extreme poverty and dehumanization that his central character, Jagu Tiadi personifies. A village traditionally symbolizes innocence and simplicity, which is terribly missing from the fabric of Kala Basantapur. The name Kala Basantpur (Kala meaning death and Basantapur is village of spring) resonates with a deep hint of irony; the moniker stands for a place of untimely death – death in spring. It does not evoke the romanticized notion of a village cuddled by palm trees and a chain of blue mountains - where young women sing and dance in celebrating the bounty of a great harvest in spring. It’s an inescapable dungeon and there is no sense of reprieve from the eternal trap.
Jagu Tiadi, the central character of *Masanira Phula* presides over a universe that is bleak, dark and somber. A master of the burial of the dead, Tiadi is an insensitive mercenary; he manipulates people grieving over the death of dear ones for his dues. His dues range from a few rupees, a sack of paddy or a tiny gold or silver ornament - a nose ring or studs from the ear of the deceased if she is a female. Tiadi is a humble Brahmin; he tills his meager land for his subsistence and the little cash and bits of valuables he collects from the bodies of the dead supplement his income. Despicable he may be, but for the God fearing Hindus, his service is essential for completing the last rites for their kin folks who succumb to old age, disease or childbirth. A remorseless scavenger in the time of epidemics like cholera and small pox, Tiadi grabs whatever little he can from the people who seek his service. Blithe and perfunctory, Tiadi, personifies the image of the agent of death: “Jagu Tiadi, dark and sturdy like a piece of sculpted granite, carries the dead body to the cremation place with no emotion; the white strand of the sacred thread glisten on this bare back. He leads the last journey of the dead chanting stridently “Ram’s name is the truth and the only truth.”

During the entire first part of the story, Jagu Tiadi is an insufferable character. After each burial or cremation, he takes purification dip in the village pond, listens to the thousand names of the lord, beats the dhol at the place community gathers for evening prayers and enjoys puffs of ganja. Death never incites in him the colossal sense of loss nor does it instill in him any kind of disorientation as bodies reduce to piles of ash before his eyes. Routray goes into chilling details in his narration of the ruthless process Tiadi adopts in completing the cremation.
The minute naturalistic details of his action at the cremation ground are revolting. He handles the dead bodies with irreverence. “He pokes the carcass on the fire with a heavy piece of wood if it does not burn. He can cremate a new born like pushing a bundle of flesh into flame; he stokes limbs like dead meat. He tosses frays, runs through, and pulls up and down with hurried strokes to let the carcass turn to ashes”. More sickening are the elaborate details of his tearing a stud from the earlobe of a dead woman as pale green blood douses her cheeks. The tale is macabre and chilling; it whips what the Sanskrit rhetoric terms “Vivaschha Rasa”, the dark sentiment of the morbid. Routray has subverted the exalted myth of the learned Brahmin in the persona of Jagu Tiadi who in no ways is better than the lowly placed Chamara, traditionally ascribed the role of the keeper of the crematory.

Jagu Tiadi the remorseless Brahmin-the dealer of the dead, however will rise from this pathetic numbness in the burial ground itself. He stumbles upon a face-an immaculate lifeless face of a young woman like a delicate flower (phula) that stirs empathy, fellow feeling and an overwhelming sense of guilt that the reader is surprised to see in him in the second part of the story.

Villagers of Kala Basantapur solicit his service to cremate Jatiam’s young daughter-in-law who dies from an attempt to terminate her pregnancy—a pregnancy she has carried outside of wedlock, therefore illicit, -morally outrageous and unacceptable in the village. This is the most ideal situation for Tiadi to bargain a better deal for the risky cremation he must perform hurriedly.
before police shows up for investigation. Impoverished Jatiama, the mother-in-law, who cannot afford his asking fees, offers him the choice to collect the nose ring from the young woman’s nose at the pyre. He proceeds to the damp burial ground without ever looking at the face of the fallen woman he would consign to fire momentarily.

Between the hurried mechanical steps of the last rites, Tiadi however chances upon glancing at the still fresh, compact and beautiful face of the young woman. “Cold wind ruffled strands of dark curl over her plum round face.

For him she emits the grace of the sleepy full moon as bits of dark cloud waft over her bright face.” The quiet poignant lifeless face moves Tiadi’s heart with a colossal jolt. For a moment he is disoriented and reflects upon the senseless, unjust treatment the young woman has received in her life. Beneath his tough exterior he mourns for the abrupt end of every hope, dream and desire she might have. He dithers. His behavior surprises the villagers who want to bring the case to a hasty closure. He hides his remorse and denies pulling out the gold stud from her face. For the first time Tiadi respects a lifeless human body and lits the pyre without causing further indignity to her. To hide his pain he declares to the fellow villagers that jewelry from the sinner is a bad omen and therefore cannot be taken home.

Had it been a sentimental narrative, the melodramatic end would suffice the writer’s intent to show Jagu Tiadi’s transformation as the logical conclusion. But, Routray’s story has layers of meaning besides chronicling Jagu Tiadi’s life.
He sears the reader’s conscience with a haunting image – the face of the dead young woman—a symbolic presentation of the rapidly disappearing trace of innocence from rural life. It mirrors the sorry state of affairs in an ordinary village that stands for the collective identity of the rural. It depicts abject poverty and the corrosive effect that poverty can have on human beings. Besides poverty and depravation, Kala Basantapur is rife with sinister evil. It is a rotten place where wants lurk and Jatiama’s nameless beautiful young daughter-in-law, abandoned by her husband gets molested and bears a child outside of wedlock. She is killed or is forced to kill herself to cover up the forbidden act.

The timid and callous villagers are deceitful; they understand the repercussions of a police inquiry of the case as culpable homicide. In the process of stigmatizing the deceased and the hapless Jatiama, her guardian, the village overlooks to identify the partner in her sin. The blame is entirely placed on the victim for her transgression.

*Mashanira Phula* is a cautionary tale of the disintegration of the rural ethos. It hints at the ceaseless exodus of rural folks to urban centers as the only hope of reprieve from the endless cycle of poverty in the village. The dead young woman’s husband after marriage leaves for Calcutta in search of some low paying menial job and never comes back to her for three years -leaving her vulnerable to preying eyes of men in the village. The namesake matriarch Jatiama -her safe keeper is old and emaciated.
The story is an elegy written on the beautiful vulnerable dead young woman and the dying village Kala Basantapur. The stench of burnt human flesh, the litter of ash with remains of human bones, nails and hair on a damp cremation ground read sinister and otherworldly. Routray deromanticizes the rural, makes its depravity visible and like a prophet hints at the impending doom on the village - often called the soul of India.

*Mashanira Phula* was published in *Aarati* in 1940. The time is colonial India at its fag end –a time of socio political turmoil – a time of frantic quest of freedom from the colonial master and feudal rulers. A young modern nation swept with Gadhian ideology was incubating inside an ancient civilization. Routray, then a young sensitive writer has observed with anxiety the collective fall of Kala Basantapur, the village unfazed by the sweeping changes outside. In the story however, the only hope of reprieve comes from the awakening in ruthless Jagu Tiadi and the tiny spark of humanity that he exhibits at the burial ground. The purveyor of the dead transforms to an agent of life and his penitence bears the seeds of hope that may regenerate a just moral ground in the village.

*Kanak Hota*
Sachi Routray: The Poet of Man

In the history of Odia Poetry the assertion of life, man and being is in itself a rare experience considering the long tradition of religious surrender to God in view of man’s helplessness against the not so life-friendly conditions obtaining in the Odia speaking territory. “There, but for the grace of God go I” was the essential value in most Odia poetry till Bhima Bhoi wrote: “Let my life rot in hell, may the world be redeemed” to make a Christ - like assertion that he is capable of shouldering the sins of man. Bhima Bhoi showed the soul strength of man. Sachi Routray at the first flush of youth, in 1932, perhaps realized that man is not a mere suffering animal, sinful and powerless to carve out his own destiny in a life-system wasted by poverty, social discord and psycho-moral chaos. In his early poetry, before the first volume Patheya, Routray celebrates man. He writes in ‘Manaba’ – (Man) human life is not a journey to the crematorium, rather man is poised to conquer heaven.

The creature of earth in blazing expedition
Marches triumphant to conquer heaven.
The lion gates of heaven today quake in fear
at the kicks of man the animal spirit is in tears.
His brows shine with the paint of glory
O’ Man! Victor of heaven! Million salutations.

This probably marks the beginning of the idea that man is not a plaything of
heaven, rather he is a powerful agent of new energy capable of challenging God. In the same vein in another early poem ‘Matira Patanga’ (Insect of the Earth) Routray writes:

I grow in strength on the heat of earth is excited every limb of mine

Every limb of mine is excited ever
Cruel hunger
Hal given my tongue all consuming hope
I am the insect of the earth.

Life is nursed and nurtured by the earth which is always agitated by the hunger of hope. Routray pits human hope against the traditional divine grace. At the same time the poet is longing for human freedom from hunger. This hunger makes him surrender to astral authorities imagined by our traditional poets and philosophers. But Routray seeks human freedom from the pain and misery of mortal existence not by impalpable grace but by man’s realization of his inner strength on this earth and soil which is the theatre of his operations. In another early poem ‘Ratri’ (Night) the poet visualizes man’s resurgent energy to light up the torch of freedom from all divisive forces and distracting ideologies. Man will rise, he hopes, like Bhairaba - a defiant energy to make and break. The murky night of torture, pain and chains will recede and vanish by man who is now awake.

In his first volume of poems – Patheya – the simmering embers of a poetic quest for man’s freedom from hunger and pain glows into a rebellions concern for man. His sense of his age, although he was just emerging from adolescence to youth,
shows sparks of maturity. He feels with growing symbiosis the extortion, torture and exploitation of man by men of a ruthless mindset and how the weak and the have-nots languish in choiceless misery:

Watching the eternal ways of the world
My voice has lost its songs
My tears have wiped off the smiles
As flowers fade in the storm of dew.

But this sense of his times has given him a sort of romantic agony of making adversity a sweetener to a new confidence to search for joy in sorrow. Pain becomes for him the harbinger of strength and he makes his tears the pearls of smiles. He asks the primal question: Is man destined to suffer and die? Like Tennyson’s “Theirs not to reason why / theirs but to do and die” Routray asks: Is man created to end his life in this dusty earth? Life is the greatest gift of the Maker, will it just end in the fire of death? Then,

Wasted is the gift of God
Fades it in the cremation fire
The immortal life of Man?

Routray doesn't accept the futility of life. The pain and poverty which reduce man to dusty death must be combated with man’s will power and man should be awake to the realities of social atrocities. Man should not be cowed down by sorrow rather he should make sorrow as Shakespeare would have it “Sweet are the uses of adversity”. Routray makes the misery of life not an end in itself but as a means to attain divinity. Sorrow and separation in love will ultimately mingle to attain the love of god.
Shedding tears in your flower garden
I make love-garland as I am the gardener of pain.

With this conviction he moves ahead to fight human misery and to celebrate life. In Abhijana the poet takes to another level his early convictions. He shuns the imaginative Romances and stories of love and turns to the ugly reality of the squalor, horror of the lives of people and champions their cause. In this phase of his poetic life he wrote Abjijana, Raktasikha, Abhignana and Pandupili which are treated as the leftwing progressivism. His association with Bhagabati Charan Panigrahi, Biswanath Pasayat, Ananta Patnaik and especially the Nabajuga Sahitya Samsad has termed him as a communist. But at the same time he also wrote Purnima and Pallishree where the romantic elements find their best expression. But viewing all these volumes together including Baji Rout one notices the same love of man. He is moved by pain, true, but he is also conscious of the small joys of youth and the seasonal festivities of village life. Poems like ‘Jamidaranka Sandha’ ‘Rangoon Jatri’ contrasted with ‘Chhota Mora Goanti’ or ‘Pahili Raja’ bring out the totality of life in the rural context. The poet by using a regular meter may suggest a lyrical view of life full of festivities and familiar reality in its natural setting but the poet does not deviate from his basic devotion to life and man’s defiance of pain to claim his share of joy. His diction, imagery and stanza form and rhythms varying between Bangalashree and the Bhagabata – Mahabharata rhythms enliven Odia traditions and the gifts of nature but at the same time the poet underscores how man tries to make a virtue of necessity and defies the clouds of fate with draughts of laughter. Routray’s leftwing writing is
not a conversion of a romantic, it is in my view another aspect of human reality which experience revealed to him in Calcutta where he lived for a longtime. But while at Cuttack as a member of the Nabayuga Sahita Samsad, the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution was a recent historical memory. Many poets both in India and abroad felt that communism is the alternative paradigm to the so called benevolent kingship or the kingdom of God. Routray’s early conviction that sorrow should be transformed into laughter naturally found a demonstrable channel in the communist movement but Routray’s attraction was not to the ideology: it was an outlet to his obsession with the misery of man.

Revolt is another way of transforming man’s misery into an assertion of life; another way of expressing man’s right to live without his physical and psychical persona being exploited by inhumanity perpetrated by the rich and powerful. In Abhijana the poet resolves to move along normal life shunning all imaginative discourse:

Leaving aside imagination
move I shall in the normal course of life.
None has sung the song of man
none has heard his song
leaving man you all do
scrutiny of his form.

(Shramika Kabi)
Routray may be fondly accused of romanticizing the poor victims as for instance, in the poem ‘Sarbahara’ he invokes them to rise and revolt: But there is nothing in the imagery to suggest that the ground situation calls for any struggle:

In the world today going on brother

The ugly noise of strife

Man’s life is stung by

The poison of destruction

Well, written in 1938 the reference was perhaps to the Spanish civil war and the rise of Hitler and his war machine but the Bangalashree meter, nor the vocabulary creates any sense of horror. The Freedom Movement of India, the repression of the British being the contemporary experience ought to have goaded the poet to create a new dietion and rhythm with concrete imagery. However his concern for man is obvious. He incites man to brave bullets and March forward. There are references to the agitations in the Princely states and the people’s movement. The downtrodden should now rise up to face repression and claim his legitimate freedom. In Rakta Sikha too we notice the same inspiring marching song rhythms and words of anger:

The dance of exploitation is there

Man’s life has turned into a fair

Seeing all this ye blood-brigade

Raise your flag red.

(Sarbaharara Ude Nisan)
Yes, there is anger to show his concern for the down-trodden but the imagery is more abstract and generic. The concrete situation is neither indicated nor focused on. In Baji Rout, a much acclaimed poem too the death by British bullets of a boatman boy refusing to ferry the soldiers has not received the due righteous indignation or rebellious temper, rather the heroization of the sacrifice and the romanticizing of a gruesome murder create a mythic atmosphere. But this is not to take anything away from the poet’s heartfelt pain at the suffering of innocent people. Routray’s poetic obsession with man in the thirties, in the wake of world events and the atrocities in his contemporary Odisha, however, raise his love of man to greater heights.

Pandulipi, published in 1947, the year India attained political freedom, marks a change in the poet’s vocabulary, versification and imagistic novelty which must be lauded as a turning point in the poet’s career. It also had an impact on Odia poetry and the Odia literary consciousness. The volume begins with a quote from Mayakovsky, the Russian rebel poet. At the same time in a longish preface the poet advocates the Wordsworthian precept that poetic language ought to be the language of men as they really use it. He also adds that poetry is a speaking voice. Speech rhythm and common vocabulary make poetry more real and lifelike. No quarrels. This change marks a kind of modernity, if not in the ideological mindset of the common man, his culture and worldview, at least in the verbal content and sound system. This was a timely change coinciding with the spread of education and impact of ideas imported through English and Bengali languages. But in Pandulipi the poet does not dare to use Verse Libre which he
discusses. Yet a change in the simplicity of diction and directness of address is noticeable:

Walking along the highways of the world the wayfarer I am

The pain that struck my heart bordering on human insult

I’ve given words to that only voiced the common facts.

Haven’t created an illusory net with deceitful language.

(The Tomb of Poetry (Pandulipi))

The poetic epicenter is man and his pain and now Routray uses common speech to emphasize that only. But as in Abjijana, Raktasikha and Abhignana Pandulipi too is mostly descriptive, prescriptive and abstract. The Mayakovsky quote at the beginning and the imagery of defiance and revolt notwithstanding the Pandulipi poems present to the reader an observer from a safe distance, not an involved protagonist like Mayakovsky. In poem after poem the poet appears to be far removed from the field of strife. All pieces in Dhusara are expressions of pious wishes and angry invocations where anger seems to have been tempered by a search for metaphors. For instance let us take a poem – Barta (Message):

Messenger has come from lion gates of the century

bringing a message of future where possibilities of life are alive

where there are no walls or fields.

Rise O’ human child

Rise O’ human god

Rise to uphold worldly lore.
And this worldly lore is revenge. One is tempted to ask revenge for what, against whom? A message for suffering man ought to be like, Mayakovsky’s,

Men of the future  
Who are you?  
I must know. Please!

Here am I,  
All bruises and aches  
Pain-scorched ....

To you of my great soul I bequeath the orchard. (To All and Every Thing)

Or  
Beat the squares with tramp of rebels!  
Higher, ranges of haughty heads!  
We’ll wash the world with a second deluge  
Now’s the hour whose coming it dreads.

(Our March)

Of course Mayakovsky was perhaps a contemporary inspiration in Routray’s Calcutta, contextualized as rebellion against the British. But Routray is no Mayakovsky. Yet to be fair to the poet one must admit, in Odia poetry Routray rekindled the damp embers of Brajanath Badajena in a language, simple, direct and authentic. In his ‘Hey More Niraparadha Desha’ (O’ My Innocent State) he recollects his pain and anger for his people and vows to nurse their wounds:
O’ Utkal! Pitiful Utkal!

I have pardoned all with humility.

Consoled myself saying. “This is the symptom of poverty
sanctity is sick, worn, crippled, infertile.”
Indebted to this ancient uncouth ways
to destroy its tents at the feet of want
tying my fiery quiver
on the bull’s neck I am again Arjuna.

Pandulipi is a not a manifesto, nor a resolution to wage war against atrocities. It is a statement of a poet’s concern for man and his choiceless suffering. Sachi Routray makes it clear in his preface to the 1947 edition:

Disaffection for the past and revolt against the past is the basic issue in the auspicious restructuring of the future. From that perspective although this is the theme of progressive literature, it is not the only subject.

(Complete Works I, P. 660)

This is Sachi Routray’s modernity. To focus on the present sense of the age and protesting against the inhumanity of man is also modern awareness. In the context of Odia poetry progressivism was definitely a modern way of looking at immediate reality and Routray has done that much to the delight of culturally aware Odia readers. His ‘Pratima Nayak’ stands out as a new woman with her feet on the ground, her sad memories suppressed she faces the world with a khaki
smile. Those who believe that this poem was inspired by Jibanananda Das’s Banalata Sen are perhaps off the track. Pratima is the new Odia woman who despite a turbulent past and a turmoiled present as well as a war torn world she braves a smile: “Pratima Nayak laughs; on her lips a signpost of dreams.” The human being is now on his own, he finds his identity beyond his crippling inheritance and beyond the disquieting present. The Odia too is now poised on the steps of possibilities.

In Swagata (Soliloquy) Routray seems to have changed his poetic credo shifting somewhat away from the progressive ideas. He is not now a self-immersed ideology chained bard. He redefines poetry as “I am the poet of the earth soil and man”. Poetry is self-discovery. Man is a composite entity containing men and their shades of deeds, history and hopes. In other words the poet now is free as a vast entity. In soliloquy (3) he writes “Let’s go to see in the glass of many dead events, in the reflection of many moments. Man may be alone but he contains human memory of ignominy and glory. Routray now grows into a vast persona although in his somnambulistic meanderings. He is still to find his identity as a man containing multitudes.

When ‘Poems 1962’ appeared it had an immediate effect on the elitist readers not only because of the change in theme, tone, imagery and versification but also for the long 197 page ‘back face’ discussing mainly the New critical cannons of the Eliotese critics. The New Poetry mainly projected poetry as a self-contained whole and resisted biographical, criticism, psychoanalysis and the romantic
theories. I don’t wish to take my paper away from Sachi Routray’s own poetry to his borrowed ideas and discursive interpretations which the 1962 volume should have better avoided. The 55 poems of Poems 1962 however are thematically disparate and stylistically different. The theme is no more defined by his preoccupation with man and his freedom from exploitation. The influence of traditional Odia poetry on his form, metrics and metaphors which was gradually receding up to Pandulipi, in this volume has been, in the absence of a better word, abandoned. The versification is nearer to speech rhythm and the metaphors are comparatively less complex. Images have been culled from different climes and the poet’s ability to suggest more than the words warrant seems to be peaking to new heights. The poet now is conscious of his being, the limitations of gadgets and the vast inscrutable archetypes of Nature and reality:

Can my small camera ever
Capture the vast spirituality of the ocean?
Yet we take pictures, record sounds
on celluloid tapes, recorders
the hero-heroines of our short stories
at the turning points of small events –
We try to match them up, take measurements
make the eternal momentary.
(Samudrika)

It is now clear, the messianic hero, the indomitable human is shrunk to insignificance. Man can at best be the hero of a short story his epic dimensions are
now gone. Even nature is less divine, the seasons are routine visitors, months just fragmented time. But the poet changing the metaphorical signpost creates the same charm with simple, familiar images. In poems like ‘Eka Utirna Shrabana’, ‘Dristi’ and ‘Nritya Ante’ Routray crafts the old magic without using classical or romantic diction:

In the eyes of fables whom I saw in metaphors
In the metro junctions of dazzling dreams
If she appears once only on my life’s alter
Piercing large crowds, pushing the rush of reality
Filling my hungry eyes for the final time
I wish to see with her the whole world.

(Dristi)

The meter has changed, the metaphors have changed but also has changed the dynamics of attitude. Yet love of the human being has not changed. His concern for man has now changed into love, not mythically ordained but spiritually refined through familiar reality. Matsyagandha which I consider to be an enigmatic yet attractive lyric of graceful love, we meet a fisher-woman almost as a nymph. She sells fish, which is an obvious sex symbol, with simply a smile. She is more like an Abhisarika than a fisher woman for her eyes are only an inscrutable question:

Her fish eyes are only a questionnaire
a multi coloured stair of questions.
Similarly Bhagnanayaka (The Broken Hero) celebrate man’s mortality and suffering as if life’s ordinariness is its true enchantment. All men die, man is a dying animal but he is great because the images of life are colourful in their variety. Love and fear are interchangeable components of living and therefore man to quote T.S. Eliot is “an infinitely gentle and infinitely suffering thing.” Poems 1962 in one sense deviates from the growth trajectory of Routray into a self-conscious self-immersion but in another sense takes Odia rhythms, imagery and intuitive perceptions of life to unfamiliar heights as well as depths. Akash (Sky) and Nianre Chaliba (Fire Walk) are cases in point.

I had thrown a fistful of sky into your face
I thought you would dream, be absentminded
Or sitting in darkness you’ll draw lines on earth

x x x x x x

But alas! alas! What has happened?
On your heart’s plain paper not a line fell,
Your numbness continued as before,
The sky faded,
Alas! Spring has vanished.

uneven merit is marked with a sense of withdrawal from reality. The poet has seen the world of myths, mysteries, strikes, revolts, suppression, extortion, love and its mixed blessings: in the last phase, denied of light, he closes his wings of imagination and withdraws from his surroundings. He loses hope in the institutions of the country: the freedom which he sought so dearly is now the freedom to loot and destroy. The political class, like the tyrannical rulers and zamindars, merely loot and hoodwink the people in the name of democracy. In his ‘Naikula’ (River side) he finally fears the once beloved ever smiling river will now “eat away our house, property and even me.”

The sense of his age of his early years contrasted with his now reality is no different. The torture of the kings and foreign masters has been substituted by the rich and powerful. Rape, murder, extortion continue in a different form. The poet’s pen is no more capable of changing the insolence and predatory instincts of the human animal. Man cannot or will not make the world his home. The poet is held hostage by time ‘Samayara Panabandi’. He therefore tries to return poetically to his youthful rebellion as a last resort, but the old fire is now extinguished. The poet loses hope in man. His faith in democracy, constitutional sanctity and administration is shaken. Poems like ‘Rath Atakichhi’ and ‘Chhaya Patuara’ are the expressions of his frustration and loss of faith in man’s innate divinity. The world of man is an ocean of sorrow and he floats in it for survival. May be this is the only message he can give his own soul. In sheer self-flagellating despair he turns to the symbol of divine power - Jagannath - to save man. But he knows this to be a self-consolatory last resort for the helpless poet. God cannot pardon man’s vile destructive deeds like war, bloodshed and hate:
He who sells religion for his greed

No pardon, no pardon.

No god will ever pardon

Can ever redeem.

(Maulabada : Fundamentalism)

Sphering around his lightless eyes he sees the world of man as a self-indulgent pandemonium. No divine energy can ever redeem man. No second coming of God is ever possible. Man alone can redeem himself. He asks in plain and direct terms: What do you want, the dove of peace or the vulture of war? His faith in man continues to goad him till the last breath to extol his soul force:

Man is always man, not a slave

Of capitalism and commerce

He builds a universe every moment.

(Ekata)

Routray is a poet of man. He is frustrated and pained at his fall from grace but never loses faith in his capacity to rise again as a soul purged of induced sins. The long seventy years of this great poet is a journey through man’s folly, helpless suffering as well as his shenanigans. Routray could not change man to a soul of peace put he sang for man and his redemption. The poet is no more but the man he loved and fought for is alive in his poetry.

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Village as Place and Paradox:
Reading Sachi Rautroy

Satchidananda Rautroy (1916-2004), known in the literary world as Sachi Rautroy, is one of the pioneers of modern Odia literature. His uniqueness lies in his futuristic poetry and revolutionary passion, sustained by a tender alarm, a loving conviction in humanity and an insightful trust in the heartening potential of literature in making a new civilization. Rautroy’s corpus of writings is vast and his literary activities are wide-ranging; thus he is known as the architect of a new age in the historiography of Odia literature. A poet, critic, novelist, story-teller and progressive intellectual, he was hugely influenced by the French Symbolists. On his birth centenary, this paper is a tribute to him, attempting an interpretation of some of his poems where village life plays a vital role in discovering the place and paradox of human life, while answering to the age-old existential questions of life.

Odia poetry has a prosperous legacy which is centuries old, starting with its earliest form in the Charyapada, the Buddhist poetry from the 7th to 10th centuries. Since Sarala Das penned the Odia Mahabharat in the 15th century, Odia poetry has evolved to newer forms and movements. The 16th century saw the Odia Bhagabata by Jagannath Das and the other poets of Bhakti movement. In the medieval period, Upendra Bhanja wrote in a language that was inclined to the Sanskrit poetics, and the form was Reetikabya. Towards the later part of the
nineteenth century, Radhanath Ray, the national poet of Odisha, and Bhima Bhoi, the saint poet, wrote the poetry of protest for the subaltern. In the first part of the 20th century, patriotic poetry was written by the Satyabadi group of poets, the pioneer being Gopabandhu Das, the freedom fighter and litterateur. Then, a group of romantic poets, known as the Sabujas, came to the forefront. The ultimate modern period in Odia poetry came post independence, towards the 1950’s, with a sea change in the approach to poetry, along with the shifting socio-cultural scenario in post-colonial India, with the influence of Western modernism. Sachidananda Routray, known as Sachi Routray, is considered to be the pioneer of modernism in Odia poetry, writing poetry of transition from Postcoloniality to the winds of Globalization in the social order. His poetry has registered that impact with poems like Baji Rout and Pandulipi, which were hailed as milestones of progressive Odia poetry. In the 1950s, he rejected Marxism and took to Modernism. In his anthology ‘Kabita 1962’, he has written a postscript where he talks of Modernism as a literary movement allied to Existentialism, Absurdism, Surrealism and Symbolism. In 1960, Odia poet Guru Prasad Mohanty wrote his long poem Kalapurusha, which was inspired by T S Eliot’s ‘Waste Land’. This modernist approach to poetry was called Prayogabad in Odisha, and was experimented upon by poets like Ramakanta Rath, Sitakanta Mohapatra, Saubhagya Kumar Mishra and Kamalakanta Lenka. Sachi Rautroy started with his Marxist poetry, moved to the Sabuja poetry and then to the Prayogabad tradition, excelling in all three movements of Odia poetry.

Sachindananda Rautroy was born on 13 May 1916 at Gurujang in the district of
Khurda, Odisha. His father, Prasanna Kumar Rautroy was a leading lawyer, a well-known political figure, and Congress leader of Khurda. Rautroy was adopted by his great uncle, Sadananda Rautroy, as the latter had no male child. Mukta Devi was his real mother, but he was brought up by his great aunt Hemavati, the wife of Sadananda. Sachidananda’s grandfather, Madhusudhan Rautroy, was the Dewan of the huge state of Boudh. That someone coming from this elitist background, could write the poetry of Nature, village being his narrative, and rural hinterland being his locale, as he embarked upon writing poetry of village and dealing with themes as diverse as nature & subalternity, is phenomenal. Rautroy is one of the few poets to portray mystical states of existence and his poems hold similarities with the Buddhist and the Yogic scriptures. He subscribed to the idea of education of Man by Nature. In this he was to some extent influenced by Rousseau, Wordsworth, Jibanananda and Tagore. He says in his finest poem on Nature and life, Pallishri, that inclination towards Nature may teach one more of existence, of the sacred and the profane, than all the scriptures can.

It is a Herculean task to categorize Rautroy as a poet on a specific theme, as he has changed his direction more than once as a poet. He started his poetic career as a romantic poet, writing about love’s magnificence and the beauty of country life. His second phase was that of a pragmatist, a progressive individual, displaying avant-gardism, a satirist, a modernist; and in his final stage, he became a poet with a complete vision, looking at humanity with prudence and wisdom. Juvenile romantic yearning, divine longing, conventional optimism, nationalistic dedication, artistic escapism, love of country life, dedication to the
cause of the subaltern, anxieties of modern life, issues of nationality, nationalism and nationhood, and an imaginative zeal, while he was well-versed with humanistic thoughts—these were the prominent features of his poetry.

A thorough understanding of his work, vis-à-vis the centre-margin perspective as explained by Postcolonialism, the dichotomy of the centre and the subaltern, will need an interpretation through tools like association, comparison, correspondence, isomorphism metaphor, resemblance, morphological homology, iconicity—the tools closely associated with analogy. Ecocriticism can be the theoretical tool to understand the narrative of the village in his writings. Ecocriticism differs from other critical discourses in the sense that it is not just an abstract academic exercise where some accepted methods of criticism are applied to the interpretation of a text and evaluative opinions are formed. It is the exigent and demanding participation of the author and the critic with the subject that creates its distinction scrupulously. In fact, it is a form of Cultural Criticism. It is not an objective structure of criticism, which we can interestingly call ‘The Linguistic Turn’ (Literature, Ecology, Ethics) that heavily depends on widening the linguistic resources of a given language, and of Odia language in this case. Ecocriticism has the potential to save criticism from the edge of an ideological passion. It brings a coherent judgment to literary criticism. I do not suggest that there is no philosophy or political belief implicated in environmental writing; rather, by approving an absolutely argumentative and ideological position, ecocriticism will undeniably fall short to record the complications and pressures of the current ecological panorama. Rautroy’s ecological concern was beyond any political or ideological
stand point, immersed in the books and brooks, thus above any one-dimensional approach via the theoretical tools.

Narrative of the village life is an interesting attribute of the poetry of Rautroy. His poetry touched upon issues like ecological balance, environment, village economy and sustainable growth. He is a poet who paints the spirit of human evolution. Freedom of the heart and soul plays a distinct role in his narrative. Adoration of Mother Earth in Pallishri, revolutionary thoughts in Abhijan and Baji Raut, and social realism in Pandulipi bring about his unique approach to literature. The distinctive idiom, experience and trends of Rautroy’s writings may make one marvel, if his writings could be paralleled with Tagore’s aesthetics, Jibanananda’s village narrative, Eliot’s sense of history, Nazrul’s triumph of youth, Shelley’s sensuousness, Coleridge’s sublime, eternal time and Mallarme’s use of the language of power. The arrangement of his poems can have two implicit sections—we have the issue based poems that introduce morphology, folk impact, village life as the designation of innocence, with poems like Patheya(Pathway), Pandulipi(Manuscript) and Kavita. Next, serious, focused writing, which is the transition of the first phase, maintaining a chronological progression of time, providing material for the reader’s imagination to work, with poems like Abhiyan (Expedition), Raktashikha (Flames of Blood) and Pallishri (The Rural Beauty). For Rautroy, like Coleridge, “through time, time is conquered”.(Kessler, 77 ) Like Coleridge, Rautroy did move forth and backward in time, maintaining equilibrium between time present and time past.
Sachi Routray’s narrative of the village is concerned with village as a phenomenon, presented not in seclusion, but in an assorted milieu of narratology—a mirror of real countryside, transformation and revolution as modes of progress, as an epitome and interrogator, and as recollection which is a mode of redemption for the poet. His soul-searching narrative of life is concerned with the life of man, approached holistically, projecting him as a trendsetter of poetic taste. Routray’s tone is futuristic, when he writes:

“Poetry is no longer capable of expressing the whole of human life in the manner of an epic… There was a time, however, when an epic could express the… genius of a nation and the national character. But the age of epic is over. Poetry shall not take a turn towards ‘Romanticism’ either, at least in the present century. It is clearly visible. The movement is, obviously, towards classicism…. What is the mission and ambition of new classicism? Even if it is not possible to express life as a complete whole, new classicism aims at symbolizing the ‘whole’ within a small fragment of the same life.” (Kavita, SRG, 179)

His village is located on the periphery, but still it vestiges the centre of the periphery, successfully undermining the perception of a city-centre, and dislodging the centre-periphery question of identity politics. Thus, I read Rautroy’s centre-periphery equation of the village from the following points of view:

Village life as a seminal understanding of the existential issues, the ethnographic literature emanating thereof.

Village as an underdone object, interpreted as a reminiscence, nostalgic
resurgence, or representation of subjugation, where, sometimes “one man assaults another.”

Village as the nation, the Rajya and Nadu, where Rautroy is the representative to negotiate between national politics and rural development, using his pen as the sword.

Village as shelter and exile -- a place of idyllic tranquility for the Pantheist.

Village as foundation of rebellion--a place where hegemonic authority is challenged.

Village as the native soil.

Village in conflict with modernity—though it is not necessarily anti-modern or inevitably anti-tradition.

Rautroy’s first publication Patheya (1932) was an anthology of passionate and mystical lyrics. Patheya, literally means a journey, it signifies necessities of the intellect towards the literary voyage of the poet. At that time, Rautroy was still a student of Khurda High School; he was under the influence of the contemporary school of thought in the literary circle of Odisha, the Sabuja(green)group, which is more akin to the Romantic period in literary thought. The young poet with his heart full of energy and dreams, geared up his ‘patheya’, the way, the literary sojourn, for a potential literary career. This collection is predominated by themes like his romantic thoughts, devotional feelings, and concern for the subaltern. In a romantic stopover, he sings of the dawn in the month of ‘Faguna’, the Spring season. Dawn is compared to a maiden, the metaphor is powerful and heart rendering:
She has come
From a distant land of dreams
Smiling like a young girl.
O’Dawn
At whose ears
You whisper the words of youth
Playing on your slow and silent lyre?
My young poetic heart awakens
Hearing the immortal song of youth.
(Patheya, 37, Sachi Rautroy Granthavali, Part 1, 156)

In every literature, woman has been treated as an object to be subjugated, devoted, restricted, restrained and controlled. The Earth is described in feminine vocabulary, and this graphic language is composite and loaded with ambivalence. Nature is rendered as prolific, fostering and caring, which is stereotypically motherly, sexualized, to be owned by the other gender; and untamed, mysterious, and perilous, to be tamed, if at all. If interpreted vis-à-vis the ecofeminist theory, this multifaceted illustration of woman and Nature as concurrently fascinating, fostering, and perilous, warrants the patriarchal authority and oppression of Nature all through the past. Within this masculinist dialogue, nature-woman is created as worthy of being possessed and cultivated by the more balanced and enlightened gender, that is, the male. Rautroy’s approach to this woman-nature-man dichotomy is different in the sense that his poetry is a kind of social movement that considers the repression of women and nature as interrelated, as compared to Francoise d’Eaubonne, who established the
Ecology-Feminism-Center in Paris in 1972, and in 1974 first used the term ‘ecofeminism’. She connected green degradation and women’s deprivation with a patriarchal way of life, and thought that a community structure depending on feminism can check the annihilation of human beings and planet earth. Rautroy also understood the doctrine of absolute egalitarianism and the abolition of subjugation of any gender. His feminism pointed towards solidarity. One can associate the mainstream nationalistic rhetoric of the nation as mother in his poetry. This makes the feminine vocabulary of Rautroy’s earth vision more intensely village based.

Here, it is tempting to compare Rautroy with Jibananda. Rautroy’s poem Banalata Sen has been inspired by Jibanananda’s poem Alaka Sanyal, Rautroy’s book Pandulipi borrows its title from Jibanananda’s Dhusara Pandulipi. Jibanananda’s ecofeminism, to a large extent, finds its parallel in Rautroy’s woman-nature association, prominently in these lines:

I know, yet I know

A woman’s heart –love-a child-a home-these are not everything.

Not wealth, npr fame, our creature comforts

There is some other perilous wonder

Which frolics

In our very blood.

(Jibanananda Daser Kavya Samagra, 122)
In Song 3 of Patheya the poet sings of the magnificence of God and His love for the poet, using sensuous romantic imagery:

The Writings
In the waters

Of the muddy pond of life
Your love-lotus blooms
When I wander hither and thither
Straying from the right path of life
Out of love you come
To embrace me smilingly.

(‘Song 3’, Patheya, SRG, Part I, 135)

These lines remind one of Gerard Manley Hopkins’ poem, Pied Beauty:

Glory be to God for dappled things –
For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
...All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

(Gerard Manley Hopkins, ‘Pied Beauty’)
In some of the songs of Patheya the poet vaguely laments the predicament of the helpless man, and abuse of the weak and the poor in a society where power structure is so very dissimilar, like in the song I of Patheya he writes:

I have seen
The strong oppressing the weak
And the weak shedding tears,
I have heard the cry of distress
When one man assaults another.
(SRG, Part I, 115)

One finds an echo of these lines in Tagore’s ‘Pathey’, where he writes,

Pratikar hin shaktiraparadhe
bicharer bani nirabe nibhrite kande.

Between the romanticized principles and the callous economic reality of contemporary India, for Rautroy, there is still a very habitable world, momentous and vivacious, the Odia village. The village hearkens the Odia soil, it conveys a strong logic of fitting in the pan Indian developmental approaches and illustrates a rootedness. It counters with an extraordinary propinquity to its hinterland. In the country, no two villages are similar by nature. Setting, backgrounds and character of the villages vary. Developmental issues and rural management are other factors of concern for change. Pastoral lands, nationalised highways, woodyterrains, elegantbrooks and building of dams, all add to the way a village
 contours itself—and Rautroy’s ideal village is a combination of all of these.

His next poetic work of significance was *Purnima*, a poetic drama based on the mythological love of Shiva and Parvati, while conveying the timeless union between man and woman. It was published in 1933 by Sabuja Saitya Samiti when he was seventeen years old. Love and passion once again dominate the theme of this volume, and it symbolizes the definitive aspirations of human life through three distinctive stages—in the first stage man is solitary, and his life is imperfect. In the second phase, he is married to a woman, leading *grihastha* life, and in the third stage, which signifies the culmination of man-woman relationship, they generate in the progeny, the next generation, to continue their stream of life. One cannot but remember Shakespeare’s poem, *All the World is a Stage* while reading this poem, and marvel at the maturity of a boy of seventeen.

Rautroy’s *Pallishri* (1942), a collection of poems depicting rural Odisha, uses the narrative of the village in its finest form. Spreading over a period of eight years, the poems focus diverse features of village life in Odisha. The title of the collection, *Pallishri* literally means the splendor of a village. The thirteen poems of the collection are 'Chhota Mora Gaanti' (My Little Village) 'Palli-Sakala' (Morning in the little Village), 'Palli-Sanja' (Evening in the little Village), 'Bapa Bapa Pakaila Huri' (Father! O Father! He Shouted), 'Zamindaranka Sandha' (The Zamindar’s Bull), 'Pahili Raja' (The First Day of the Raja Festival), 'Maluni' (The Flower Maid), 'Rangoon Jatri' (The Traveler to Rangoon), 'Shiva Puja' (The Worship of Lord Shiva), 'Mu Ta Bharatha Nahak Jhua' (I am the Daughter of Bhartha Nahak),
'Grama Sabha' (The Meeting of the Village), 'Bhuta Chhada' (Exorcising the Ghost) and 'Grama Smashana' (The Cremation Ground of the Village). The poems marvelously demarcate Rautroy’s little village and its idyllic magnetism. Rautroy has imagined the narrative of the village with a novel implication and distinctiveness. Though the genres and themes are completely different from each other, Rautroy’s Pallishri reminds one of Palli Samaj by Sarat Chandra, which is a cynical observation on the idyllic village life, where the villagers are portrayed as innocent, noble creatures, who are uncontaminated by civic vices, living a protected life in complete oblivion of human weaknesses like passion or jealousy.

The lyric poem Chhota Mora Gaanti is the poet’s romantic assertion of love for his little native village and the nostalgia it brings:

I like my little village
Full of beauty and charm
Though no book of geography
Bears its name.
It’s my heaven on east…
these will burn
my funeral pyre.
(Pallishri, SRG, Part I, 397)

William Wordsworth’s poem ‘Solitary Reaper’ has the similar tone:
Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!  
Reaping and singing by herself;  
Stop here, or gently pass!  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain;  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.  
(William Wordsworth, ‘Solitary Reaper’)

Like Wordsworth, Sachi Rautroy uses space and Nature as a spiritual concepts, and pantheism provides the undertone to his narratology, which is analogous to the Wordsworthian secondary imagination. Rautroy was called the ‘Poet of Man’. To Wordsworth also, the language of poetry is the language of the common man, of real life. For both, poetry touches all living things and delights and inspires the living beings. Only when a poet’s emotions are “recollected in tranquility” can he distance himself from the real incident and compose a sublime poem, as Wordsworth feels. This poetic distance can make the “spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings” possible. Rautroy pays homage to his native village for being a source of his poetic inspiration, and for making him a poet, making recollection and a nonchalant lyrical and romantic detachment his tone and tenure:
Poetic inspiration I drew
From my village stream,
I beheld her images of beauty,
She flooded my heart of stone
With waves of dreams.
Into the stony heart of mine.

(Pallishri, SRG, 398)

The poem ‘Palli-Sanja’ gives a lively picture of the evening in a village—farmers way home with cartloads of ripe corn from the fields, and the villagers who assemble around a fire to warm up a winter evening. The dark night slowly creeps in, with the smell of vegetation, home and hearth, with flora and fauna at their best. In some homes little ovens are lit and the smoke from the kitchens reminds one of the Journey of the Magiby Eliot. The picturesque version of the misery and poverty of the villagers narrated in the poem is possible only from the poet of man. In a life of scarcity, dispossession and misery, the villagers still have a longing for the occasional pleasures and amusement. One can watch with wonder the passion of the village youth as they perform an opera in the Akhada-Ghar (Club Room). Odishan culture is prosperous with Jatra, Pala, Dandanata, Dasakathia and other such theatrical performances, which find ample references in the poems of Rautroy.

Religion plays a major role in rural life. The Poet writes about the Grama Devati (the village goddess/local deity) whose temple stands at the entrance of the village. She is hailed as the harbinger of power, peace and poise for the
poverty-stricken villages:

I bow down a hundred times
At her feet,
She is the savior
Of this little village.
If you take shelter
At her feet,
You’ll receive her blessings.

(Pallishri, SRG, 410)

The poems of Pallishri are not simply romantic, there is an evolution from romanticism to realism. The idyllic charisma of the simple village scenes saturates each poem with pastoral tranquility. Usage of varied rhyme schemes in the poems, effective use of personification as a figure of speech, give a unique charm to the poems. Flora and fauna— including the village cremation ground — each object connotes a life in the craftsmanship of Sachi Rautroy. In the poetry of Rautroy, in general, the existential questions about the binaries of life act as the rich substance, and the means of exploring the universal truths:

Let us now discover ourselves
In the mirror of dead events
In the manifold images of scattered moments
In the dim kerosene lampposts of the city
Or in the underground tunnels with no opening
Or in the desolate lanes,
Come along (my fellow sleepwalkers)
Let us discover ourselves
On the same old broken corridor
On the deserted staircase.

(Swagat, SRG, 311)

Sachi Rautroy, the poet of Nature, gradually becomes to the poet of Man. His poetry deals with issues such as overpopulation, the welfare of men and women, gender, nutrition, education, income-generating activities and division of labour in general, peace and prosperity for the village, and for the planet earth. Sachi Rautroy seems to subscribe to the idea of the Chipko movement, whose slogan is “ecology is permanent economy”. It was one of the first environmentalist movements in India, though the movement materialized much after Rautroy. In his essay, Literature and Ecology: An Experiment in Ecoriticism, William Rueckett defines ecocriticism as the function of ecology and ecological theories in the study of literature, because “ecology (as a science, as a discipline, as the basis for a human vision) has the greatest relevance to the present and future of the world”. (Literature and Ecology 107). Ecocriticism shows how the flora and fauna must coexist in diverse ways, as the environmental question has become an integral part of our reality now more than ever. William Rueckert calls this concept as literary ecology. “The conceptual and practical problem is to find the grounds upon which two communities—the human; the natural—can coexist, cooperate, and flourish in the biosphere.” (Literature and Ecology 107)
Rautroy’s constant interaction with the reader, the use of the local dialects, and the poetic narration through story-telling are the elements of an oral tradition, that he uses in his poetic medium most efficiently. What, exactly, then is the narrative of the Indian village, according to Sachi Rautroy? It is the idyllic superlatives that conjure up the village as an organic society, a place of synchronization and togetherness, with a poignant bonding and a sense of shelter for the susceptible, a place of permanence and of virtue with the temple and the banyan tree as the centre places for the village flock, though sometimes it can just be a romantic myth. The gender, economy and caste issues are reflected even in the fairy tale of an organic community, the village. Sometimes it is a broken community, where the individual is persuaded to adopt orthodoxy. Rautroy’s poems are not pastoral romantic poems, rather through literature he attempts to fix the fissures of the rural community life. His poems cannot be placed under any homogeneous group, but their main endeavor is, by working through nostalgia, ethnographic citations, and apt usage of stylistic dialects eulogizing Nature — aiming at the centre-periphery equation. In his poetry, rituals, ceremonies, community-gathering events, the village economy and sustainable growth are centrally positioned in the form of insightful monologues. And more imperative than all of these, is the fact that as a reviewer time-place continuum of the village narrative, counter-mythologizing space and territory, Rautroy accomplishes what he wants to, through poetry. It is the land and her people—the place and the paradox foregrounded in his poetry—that leads the reader to re-think about land, territory, belonging and nationhood..
Rautroy’s constant interaction with the reader, the use of the local dialects, and the poetic narration through story-telling are the elements of an oral tradition, that he uses in his poetic medium most efficiently. What, exactly, then is the narrative of the Indian village, according to Sachi Rautroy? It is the idyllic superlatives that conjure up the village as an organic society, a place of synchronization and togetherness, with a poignant bonding and a sense of shelter for the susceptible, a place of permanence and of virtue with the temple and the banyan tree as the centre places for the village flock, though sometimes it can just be a romantic myth. The gender, economy and caste issues are reflected even in the fairy tale of an organic community, the village. Sometimes it is a broken community, where the individual is persuaded to adopt orthodoxy. Rautroy’s poems are not pastoral romantic poems, rather through literature he attempts to fix the fissures of the rural community life. His poems cannot be placed under any homogeneous group, but their main endeavor is, by working through nostalgia, ethnographic citations, and apt usage of stylistic dialects eulogizing Nature — aiming at the centre-periphery equation. In his poetry, rituals, ceremonies, community-gathering events, the village economy and sustainable growth are centrally positioned in the form of insightful monologues. And more imperative than all of these, is the fact that as a reviewer time-place continuum of the village narrative, counter-mythologizing space and territory, Rautroy accomplishes what he wants to, through poetry. It is the land and her people—the place and the paradox foregrounded in his poetry—that leads the reader to re-think about land, territory, belonging and nationhood.
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Tagore’s Pathay


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Our Beautiful Village

Silence of the night and bustle of the day are both charming
Despite the apparent duality existing be it dark or shining
Each day is a new beginning at the end of each night
Brings new hopes and aspirations to set our path right
Reminds us every day the exuberance of life
Inspires us to stay away from any strife
Unfolds inherent tranquility with beautiful manifold colors
By sharing with Nature constantly conversing in delightful whispers
Rows of palm trees surround the cool pond and leaves move in gentle breeze
Reflections in the water front present unique scenery greeting us with prize

This poem is written following
the inspiration of the famous poem of one of the greatest Odia Poets

Sachi Routray,

“ଆଛ ରିକୀୟ ଓଡ଼ିଆ େ ୋଜ
ଉତ୍କର୍ଷ
ସଂଖ୍ୟା – ୫୬
୨୦୧୬ ମାର୍ଚ୍ଛ

ଓର୍ଭାଜ୍ୟନାଥ ମିଶରା
Germantown,
Maryland, USA
My Aja

Sachidanand Rautroy

Dr. Sachidanand Rautroy is my grandfather, and I am given the privilege of revealing a little bit about him and his life. The first memory I have of my grandfather is a game he would play with my sister, my cousins, and I. He was well into his 60s and always wore a simple white banyan and lungi. He looked frail to us even at that time, but it was all a ruse to trick us! The game was that he would make a fist, and we children had to break it. Despite his age, not one of us was ever able to beat him at that game. I think it was an example of how he lived—simply and honestly with a lot of hidden strength.

I knew him as a legend before I really knew him as a person. I had been told about his poetry, his awards, and his small but important part in the Indian liberation movement from the British. The first memories I have about him lived up to expectations. He was a curmudgeon—opinionated and dominating, as only someone with great ambition or great talent can possess. He would berate me endlessly for my lack of career goals, and my response to him was that I was 10 years old and did not have to know what I wanted to do. I think it was difficult for him to understand that, as he had been driven internally by the passion of a writer and poet since probably before he could remember. His earliest writings dated back to when he was only eleven years old. In fact some of his landmark poetry collections were published when he was in his teens and twenties. His first poetry collection “Patheya” was published in 1932 when he was a mere teenager.
He was the original "self-made man" and a true artist in every sense of the word. As actions speak louder than words, I knew about his imprisonments, his bold defiance of the British, and his unwavering belief of India as an independent country which ultimately shaped his career. The truly revolutionary collection "Baji Rout" came out in 1943 when my Aja was only twenty-seven year's old. It was so radical and Anti-British that the book was banned and he was imprisoned.

The most important picture I remember seeing on my visits to India every few years was my grandfather sitting next to Gandhi. My own grandfather! True, Gandhi was talking to someone else in the picture, looking in the opposite direction, and may or may not have known that my grandfather was sitting next to him, but it is the most indelible image I have of him and one I think he wanted us all to remember. At heart he believed in equality in just about everything, and that picture, sitting right next to the great Guru, symbolized this. He was known as the "Poet of the People," and much of his poetry told the plight of the men and women of the working classes. Without saying it outright and before it was even an acknowledged issue, he believed strongly in women's rights. All of his children and grandchildren, girls and boys alike, were expected to be educated and have successful careers. Of course as he was more of the "idea man," and the day to day accomplishment of these lofty goals he left to my ever-patient grandmother.

Among all of his medical problems, I imagine that his loss of sight must have been the most difficult. His connections with the outside world and his own ability to write were curtailed. He had numerous students/disciples who would come in the
evenings and read to him, but I would guess that was a poor substitute for actually being able to pick up a pen and paper to write, criticize, applaud, and do what he had done his whole life. In this he was without parallel as he wielded his pen for more than seven decades. Towards the end of his life he was essentially blind, but unlike someone born blind at a young age, he did not have the coping mechanisms or skills to compensate for his visual deficiency. Luckily in India we take care of our elderly. After my grandmother who was his true anchor in every sense of the word passed away in 1999, his eldest son and especially his daughter-in-law took care of him to the end. Isolated from the usual cues of time and day passing, his constant question was, "What time is it?" So my aunt and uncle bought him a clock which said what time it was every time he hit the button on top. On one family visit, my aunts were especially concerned, wondering who was this strange woman talking to him in his bedroom.

One of the last memories I have of my grandfather is when he took us to a park where he had planted a sapling of the “Bodhi Tree”. This was an original cutting of the tree under which Gautam Buddha had achieved enlightenment. My Aja had been given a sapling by the Mayor of Bodh Gaya and that bloomed into a beautiful tree at the park in Cuttack. My civic-minding grandfather never thought to keep this tree for himself at our house, but he immediately donated it to the city of Cuttack and planted it in a public park. About twenty years after this event, he took my sister and me back to this park. The tree was doing fine, but was covered with weeds and clearly untended. A sad memento to the greatness it deserved. My grandfather got out of the rickshaw, and blind as a bat and stiff with arthritis,
he used his cane to climb the four-foot fence and started pulling out weeds with his own hands.

This is how I remember my grandfather Sachidanand Rautroy. He was a rebel, a revolutionary, and most of all he was a man with a vision, to which he would make any sacrifice. I miss him and wish I could have had more time with him, but maybe I know him better than I think through the influences he left through his family and his writings.

Dr. Preeti Rout

Washington D.C.

The author of this piece Dr. Preeti Rout is a Nephrologist based in the Washington DC area. Sochi Rautroy was proud of all his nine grandchildren. Preeti is number three among them. Sachi Rautroy was proud of all his nine grandchildren. She is the daughter of Ravi and Chitra Rout of Canton, Michigan.
Dear All,

Namaste…!

This our centennial edition of UTKARSA for the legend Sachi Routray.

Please let us know any errata in the issue so that we correct and edit the digital version.

Your constructive comments are always welcome and yes,

Please let us know few words about the current issue.

Thank You All

For sharing your write ups for the Sachi Routray centennial edition without whose help this edition would not be possible.

We are indebted to all contributors and friends for their timely cooperation.

My heartfelt gratitude goes to Shri Harsha Routray and Chitra Routray who rendered ample data for the edition…!

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