

DECEMBER 5-11, 2021

# SUNDAY POST

HERE . NOW



# THE FADING GLOW

**P**  
3,4 COVER STORY



Anchor-comedian Puspak Ranjan Rout, a household name in Odisha for his TV shows 'Ajab Gajab', 'Sata Kahuchi CCTV' and 'Public Masti', loves to spend time with plants on his balcony garden



### Gym Rat

I take best care of my health to look good before the camera. Be it a Sunday or any other day of the week, I never skip my workout session. Moreover, I work a little harder on Sundays if I am not working.

### Super Chef

I give my wife and mom a break from cooking on non-working Sundays. I love to don chef's apron and cook my son's favourite chicken latpat and fish masala fry for others.

### Son's Playmate

My favourite pastime includes playing indoor games with my son Lokesh and taking him to a park in the evening. I do this to help him grow interest in extracurricular activities.

### Love For Literature

Reading literature not only builds optimism, it also helps me overcome stress. On Sundays, I go for repeated reading of novels like *Asanta Mana*, *Drusta Prajapati* and *Mokhya*.

### Channeling Inner Gardener

I spend a lot of time with my plants on holidays. Apart from watering, I do little other things for their proper growth. Nothing brings me more peace than that.



With family

## WhatsApp This Week

Only on **Sunday POST!**

Send in your most interesting WhatsApp messages and memes received to: [features.orissapost@gmail.com](mailto:features.orissapost@gmail.com) And we will publish the best ones

#### THE BEST MEMES OF THIS ISSUE

- My humor is beyond your understanding. Isn't that funny.
- I'm fresh, but global warming made me very hot.
- Don't kiss me near your house. Love is blind but the neighbors are not.
- Women spend more time wondering what men are thinking than men spend thinking.



## INSPIRATIONAL TALES

Dear Sir, Last week's cover story *Beacons of Hope* gave a message to the people suffering from HIV infection. Being an HIV +ve is perhaps one of the most difficult experiences one goes through in life. After reading the piece, I realised that it is not the end of the world for a person if he or she tests HIV +ve. There is always a life after that as survivors like Prabhasini Pradhan, Jiban Krushna Mohanty and Sonia have proved in their lives. However, in the case of Sonia, it is shocking to learn that doctors, who should be the prime motivators, were reluctant to treat her. Their attitude is not just shameful; it is an insult to a great profession.

KISHORE SAMANTRAY, PARADIP

## LETTERS



### A WORD FOR READERS

**Sunday POST** is serving a platter of delectable fare every week, or so we hope. We want readers to interact with us. Please send in your opinions, queries, comments and contributions to [features.orissapost@gmail.com](mailto:features.orissapost@gmail.com) B-15, Industrial Estate, Rasulgarh, Bhubaneswar - 751010, Orissa. Phone (0674) 2549982, 2549948

# The Fading Glow

Maharaja Krushna Chandra Gajapati Narayan Deo had started patronising horn craft in 1892 while Utkal Gourav Madhusudan Das kept the momentum on by setting up Orissa Art Ware, a large factory, in 1898 to promote indigenously made artefacts across the country. However, the craze for horn work has witnessed a steady decline in recent years



RASHMI REKHA DAS, OP

*The specimens of Orissa Art that were shown to us in silver and gold, ivory and horn are in every way excellent, graceful and original design – The Statesman, March 2, 1901*

Articles made from animal horns and bones — peacocks perching on tree branches, flying birds or a couple on a country boat, cranes, lobsters and many others — for home decoration had once given a unique identity to Odisha and showcased the dexterity of craftsmen across the globe. It was an industry of sorts and had created livelihood opportunities for hundreds of families. However, the craze for horn work, an exquisite art form, has witnessed a decline in recent years. So much so, that there are only 13 horn craft artisans — three in Cuttack and 10 in Paralakhemundi of Gajapati district — are left in Odisha. With a steady fall in demand for items made from horns, and the surviving artisans searching for greener pastures, **Sunday POST** takes a close look at the emergence, growth and imminent death of the industry.

**History**

It is for nothing that Maharaja Krushna Chandra Gajapati Narayan Deo of Paralakhemundi is considered one of the creators of Modern Odisha. Horn craft, among several of the welfare activities he had undertaken, is believed to have been introduced during his reign in 1892. Though the craft was there earlier, it was the Maharaja who encouraged many artisans to take up horn works as their family profession and helped them grow in every possible way. He had set up a workshop and employed many artisans to make combs and other decorative pieces. After Maharaja's initiation, Utkal Gaurav Madhusudan Das, another great son of Odisha, kept

the momentum going. He set up Orissa Art Wares in 1898 to promote the sales of horn crafts across the country. Skilled workers who used to work with gold, brass, wood and silver filigree were asked to give shapes to horn, bone and ivory. Madhu Babu introduced a new work culture and taught the workers to produce articles keeping the modern taste of the people in mind. Articles made from horn were exported to Calcutta, Bombay and many other cities and were highly appreciated. So much so, that national English dailies like The Statesman in one of its articles March 2, 1901 wrote — The specimens of Orissa Art that were shown to us in silver and gold, ivory and horn are in every way excellent, graceful and original design. The demand for horn works was so high that as many as 200 families in Cuttack took it up as their profession.

Soon, the city became a hub of horn and bone products. Madhusudan Singha Shilpa, a man-

ufacturing unit named after Madhu Babu, exported its products to other states. The factory is still in operation. One of the distinguished features of this unit is that only the bones and horns of animals, who suffer natural deaths, are used here. Earlier hundreds of families of Thoriasahi, Ranihaat and Manglabag were engaged in this industry. Despite being appreciated by people around the globe, today the industry and the artisans are leading a life of penury.



Purna Chandra Behera





The Legacy

Purna Chandra Behera, after his father's death, has been overseeing the business of Madhusudan Singha Shilpa, the only workshop in Odisha that supplies horn works throughout the state. It was his father who set up the industry after being influenced by Madhu Babu. "My father used to work in Utkal Tannery which was set up by Madhu Babu. After the closure of Utkal Tannery, he launched the Madhusudan Singha Shilpa. Though my grandfather was into the making of horn crafts, it was my father who brought the craft to limelight. Over the years, due to scarcity of raw materials, many artisans have changed their profession. There was a time when about 200 families of Thoriasahi, Ranihaat and Manglabag were in the business. Now, the number has been reduced to only three," says Behera.

Detailing about raw materials, he informs, "Earlier about two quintals of horns were brought to the factory every day which has come down to two quintals a month which I procure from Nandankanan Zoological Park. My father used to get horns from Vizianagaram, Dhenkanal and Nayagarh. Getting raw materials has become difficult these days as buffalo horns are mostly being exported out of India. The cost too has increased. Earlier we paid Rs 60 per kilo-

gram which has now shot up to Rs 280. Also, not everyone can take up horn carving without having a license as possessing horns is a punishable offence. There are several instances when artisans were arrested for keeping horns. As a result, it becomes difficult to get raw materials easily which affects the volume of production."

Behera learnt the skill from his grandfather and father Kalandi Behera. But he knew that it would be difficult for him to survive in future if he solely relied on it for his sustenance. So, he preferred to do a government job instead of taking the family business forward. Behera retired as a sales tax officer in 2010. However, he kept assisting his father in his free hours. "My father kept himself away from the profession after my retirement. So, I took forward the legacy whole-heartedly. Though the demand for the horn crafts has not decreased completely, many artisans, on being assured of government jobs, have shifted to West Bengal. As many as 32 artisans from Parlakhemundi and Cuttack have settled in Kolkata. Now

whereas Parlakhemundi has 10," he says. Behera adds: "Utkalika is the only government agency which promotes horn crafts by purchasing products from local artisans and sells them in its outlet. When my father was alive, we used to get orders from agencies in Vizag, Delhi and Bombay. Now, it is limited to Assam only. My father, who was honoured by the President of India, had launched a co-operative society for the wellbeing of artisans. Due to lack of patronage from the government, the society faced closure. Artisans working under me like Ashok Behera, Braja Kishore Maharana and Balamram Behera have carved a niche in the field but they need government support to carry on."

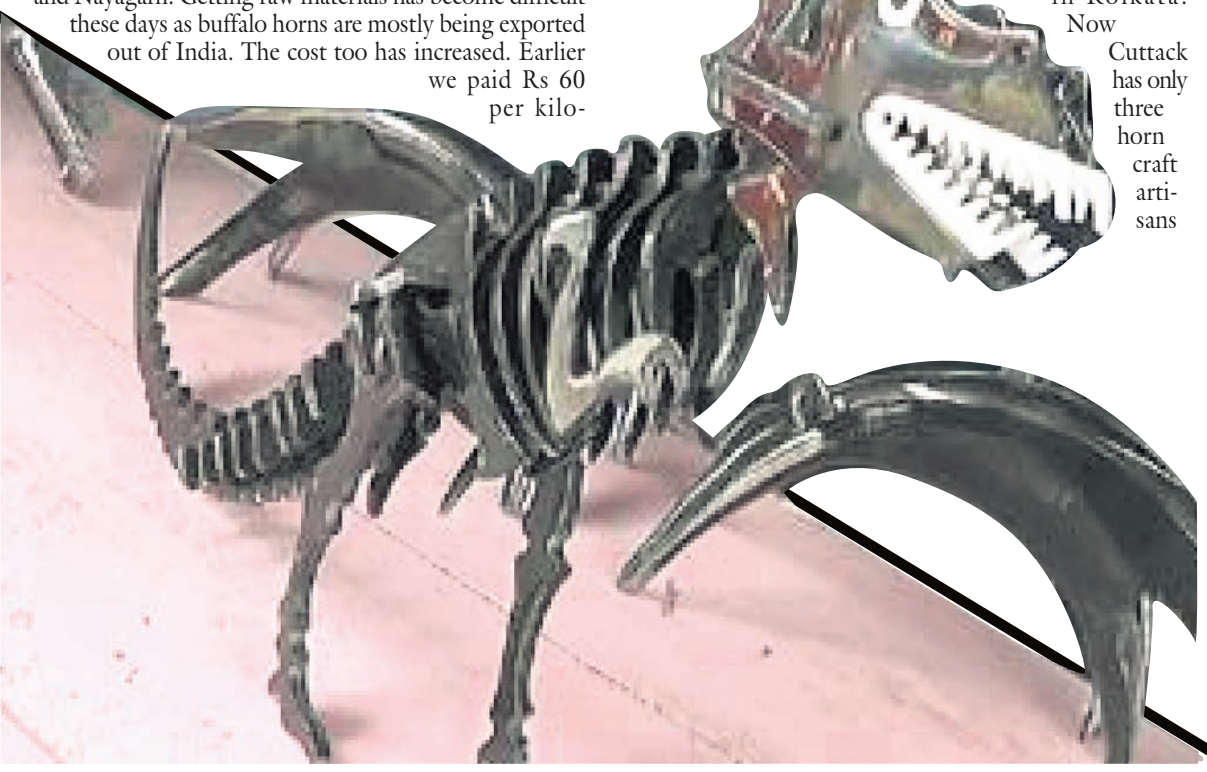
The Death Knell

Purna's son Abhisek Behera, who works in the corporate sector, says, "We (my siblings) are not interested in carrying forward the legacy of our forefathers because we have seen their struggle for survival. My grandfather who was into horn craft making couldn't educate all his children. So we decided not to venture into this profession. That apart, in those days people had a craze for horn crafts which is missing now due to availability of other substitutes. People now love buying cheaper plastic variants than horn crafts. Besides, the government's attitude towards the artisans is also not very favourable. Last but not the least, we failed to reach the target consumers due lack of marketing. It's not a profitable business at all. No one can survive by depending on it."

Preserving the traditional crafts is a big challenge. At a time when reaching out to the consumers through e-Commerce is a trend, it is high time the government came forward to revive a dying form of craft.



Abhisek Behera



*Betrayal. The very word conjures up a sinister world of apprehension. There are circumstances beyond our control that elicit inexplicable actions. To be able to overcome such situations is, indeed, a mark of strength, but we are human and therefore may err in judgement.*

JAYSHREE MISRA TRIPATHI

“Ma, what is love? I mean, how can you know that you’re in love, really, truly, in LOVE?”

What? I don’t mean to come across in such a vague fashion, but reading two pages of my student’s work, plagiarised from a well-known author on my reading list, is enough to make me totally disoriented. And upset.

“Ma, you never listen to me”. I put my pen down and turn towards her. I hug her tight, my firstborn, my only born. I love the young minx. Tread softly now, very softly, I chide myself.

“Tell me, Ma, how can you be absolutely sure?” I feel the old familiar prick behind my eyelids, a sunken feeling in my gut. What do I tell you, darling daughter? You are only seventeen.

Is love... walking hand in hand, across desert plains, mountain tracks, uneven paths, or watching an unbelievable sunrise, cuddled up in bed? Is it sipping coffee on the verandah, as dusk steals softly upon the city, enticing you both with its spell-binding mystery, drawing you even closer together with its magic? Or is it just knowing the other for whom she or he is? Does love bring hugs of tenderness with reassurances or simply, just “I love you” hugs? Is it the sharing of sorrows, the abandonment of awkward barriers, the ability to face misfortune, secure in the knowledge of being truly in ‘synch’ with your beloved, that your actions, even if they are questioned, do not evoke anger? Is love facing the world together, always together? What is the matter with me? I have always distrusted unanswered questions. Why does the stream flow on? Is love dreaming of going on a cruise down the Nile, watching the Taj by moonlight or attending the Cannes Film Festival with a major script to your credit? Or is it a trip to Konark, to marvel at the esoteric beauty of the erotic sculptures frozen in time? Real and imaginary trips interwoven with your dreams? Going through parenthood, balancing orange peels on your stomach at the dead of night when you just can’t sleep? Of the feeling of gracious wonder at God’s benevolence, in granting you both this wondrous creation, a life. Yours to nurture and cherish.

“Ma, what is the matter with you? I only want to know how you felt, I’m confused...” Juhi sighs, biting on her lower lip like her father used to.

# Daughter

Her father, my love, my lost love, once a husband, once a friend. Juhi is too young to understand. And it hurts too much, even now.

“You never take me seriously Ma, she shouts impatiently. You never really loved father, did you?” She accuses me beligerently.

I feel an uncanny sense of injustice. I have no quick and ready answer to give her. I am aghast at her vehemence. Her wild accusing eyes resemble mine all those years ago. I shall never know for sure. Strips of script flash through my mind. The shadow of an imminent or actual affair and the eternal triangle – he and I and my once dearest friend from school, Sita.

Lovely Sita, fair of face and body like sin. Voice so mellow. She was a charmer and she knew it. I can still see his face, glowing, his eyes concentrated fiercely on hers while they debated an issue. No one else around seemed to matter. No one else’s opinions seemed to matter either. Sita, once my best friend, then a Jezebel. Me, furious, rejected, feeling small at being denied my existence, for choosing to be a good wife and mother and being spurned for this very choice. The laughter died in my heart. My eyes showed strength, though, as no one could tell that I was battling the inescapable, inevitable fact of one man’s cold infamy. No, I did not rave or rant. Nor did I throw things about. I did not pack my bags and leave. I stopped talking to him. Then skirmishes at the border broke out and he was called up. I did not say goodbye. Just watched him leave with immense grief. I had not spoken to him for three months. Ever since that afternoon. It had seemed innocent enough but there are some things a woman just senses. Call it intuition or premonition, whatever you may. I had come home early and there they both were in animated suspense, marveling at each other, no doubt, oblivious to me, Juhi, the world.

He stared at me. That look cut deep and I felt so small. But I smiled at them both and trotted upstairs, like a good mother, a good wife, clutching Juhi to my heart. And from then on, I became the inscrutable mask. Long suffering wife indeed. I would show them all when I had decided on what to do. In my own time. In my own way. But we are marionettes in the Master Plan. And I was no exception. Soap opera comic strips. Yes, my life flashes past me like that, with an irregular “run-on-line”.

A telegram came one morning, just like the twist in the tale of a Bollywood movie. And I was made accountable. No, I did not start wearing white. I had never dressed to please people. I was all of twenty-five, with a three-year-old baby girl, no job. I did not cry. There were no tears to shed. Going back to college, sending Juhi to school, working... one thing followed another. It was not easy. I felt I had had a limb amputated. And all the regrets didn’t help either. Sita came once. To say sorry, I suppose, but I chose not to speak to her, just stared at her impassively. I could not cry. God knows I tried, but the tears would not fall.

Fourteen years later, my heart is broken all over again.

“You never loved him”, she says. I did. With all my heart. Juhi, it is so hard to explain. You’ll know. You’ll just know, if it’s right, if he’s the one, you’ll see. And I give her a tight hug and kiss her cheek. She smiles.

Phew. That was a close one. Now be a dear, make me a cup of tea. I have pile of papers to grade by tomorrow. I walk back to my table. What IS Love? How much



A representational image

love can one endure? I go back to scratching out another student’s plagiarised paragraph.

(THE FICTION IS SET IN 1990s.  
THE WRITER HAS BEEN  
A CONSULTANT, EDUCATOR AND EXAMINER IN  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE)



# Tara opens up about working with Ahan, Tiger



Tara Sutaria is eagerly awaiting the release of her highly-anticipated movie *Tadap*. The film is special as it marks the debut of Ahan Shetty, son of action star Suniel Shetty, in Hindi film industry.

She recently opened up about working with Tiger Shroff and Ahan. She said, "It was great working with both of them and it's a strange coincidence that both Ahan and Tiger started their journey with Nadiadwala Grandson Entertainment. Ahan and I got to know each other before we started shooting. We did workshops and rehearsals together. And we have a few similarities in our personalities. So I think it was easy to get along with each other."

"Talking about Tiger, I have mentioned this before also that among all my co-stars, I am closest to him since I did my first film with him and he is also the first friend I made in the industry. So the bond that I share with him will always be special," she added.

*Tadap* is produced by Sajid Nadiadwala, co-produced by Fox Star Studios, directed by Milan Luthria and written by Rajat Arora, it was released December 3, 2021. AGENCIES

# Fans in awe of Sara's latest gesture



Sara Ali Khan has won the Internet with her latest gesture. The actress, who had stepped out for promotions of her upcoming film *Atrangi Re*, was crowded with fans at the venue. A video of Sara leaving after the event has surfaced online where the actress is seen schooling her guard and asking for the paparazzo who was pushed down by her security team. The actress also expressed worry and told the other photographers, "Unko sorry bolna please. Thank you". Fans of Sara Ali Khan are in awe of her kind gesture.

Aanand L Rai directed *Atrangi Re* featuring Sara Ali Khan as the leading lady. Speaking about the actress, the filmmaker said, "I wanted a girl who goes all out in real life, too, and someone who could hide her nervousness with her confidence. I saw that in Sara. She's one of the finest among the young breed of actors. She has the guts, and even if she falters, she will come up with something else very soon. Woh bohot khul kar hasti hai, aur bohot kam logon ko aisa aata hai. She is like a cracker in the film. I wanted that kind of energy for the character of Rinku."

Post *Atrangi Re*, a news portal had exclusively reported that Sara Ali Khan will reunite with Rai for his next production venture titled *Nakhrewali*. The actress will be seen essaying the titular role in this movie. AGENCIES

# Tapi plays baddie in Mahabahu



POST NEWS NETWORK

Odia actor Tapi Mishra, who impressed the viewers with his performance in movies like *Dekha Hela Prema Hela*, *Indrajal*, *Maa Samaleswari* and *Dil Re Achhi Tori Na*, will be seen playing antagonist in *Mahabahu*, a movie based on superstitions and Jagannath culture.

Tapi is quite optimistic about getting a good response from the viewers. On the other hand, a source close to the production house reveals that the actor has been roped in as there is an acute shortage of actors who can match up to yesteryear icons like Dukhiram Swain, Bijoy Mohanty and Hara Patnaik in negative roles. Industry's long wait to get a good actor in a villainous role might end after the release, it adds.

Actor Sritam Das will don director's hat while Akash Das Nayak and Poonam Mishra play lead roles in the film which is being made under RR Events banner. Besides, Ushashi Mishra, Papi Santuka, Rabi Mishra and Harihara Mohapatra will be seen in pivotal roles.

Sritam who had earlier directed movies like *Tu Tha Mu Jauchi Rasi*, *Divana Heli Tori Pain*, *Rangila Bobu* and *Jhia Ta Alaga Prakar* also plays a cameo in the movie.

While the film has been produced by Ramesh Barik, Sharanabinda has written the dialogues and Prem Anand has scored the music.

# Ananya's dream comes true

Ananya Panday is currently on a roll with some interesting upcoming films in her kitty. Having shared screen space with Hollywood star Will Smith in her debut film, *Student Of The Year 2*, Ananya feels she's living a dream after she recently worked with Mike Tyson in her next.

Ananya is a part of Puri Jagganadh's multilingual film *Liger* co-starring Vijay Deverakonda in the lead role. The film has a special cameo of the legendary boxer and the actress is super thrilled to have shared screen space with him. Ananya just recently resumed the film's second schedule with the crew members in Los Angeles, USA.

The team has been sharing pictures and videos from the set with their fans on social media and their followers just cannot have enough of them.

Meanwhile, on the work front, apart from *Liger*, Ananya will be seen next in Shakun Batra's yet-to-be-titled movie with Siddhant Chaturvedi and Deepika Padukone. She also has Arjun Varaiab Singh's *Kho Gaye Hum Kahan* with Siddhant and Gourav Adarsh.



# Tom Jones- A Classic



reader through his innate goodness and abilities, developing prudence by the time the book ends

Fielding with his brilliant rhetoric and meticulousness weaves a series of incidents into a tightly knit whole, and manipulates the plot to its destination in epic style. “The work is a continual piece of propaganda for goodness, honour and discretion but he also holds that human nature is mixed and virtue is capable of indiscretion. Fielding underrated chastity as a moral virtue but he was realistic in recognising that among the young it need not be the only virtue.” The novel has also been criticised for its crassness or moral lowness though the charge has faded with time. To view his book as a picture of trivial life without ideals or goals is to miss the whole point of his work. What Fielding intended was a picture of “the plain simple workings of honest nature” drawn from “the authentic doomsday book of nature”. However to counter this criticism he elevates the style and dignity of his work and ultimately the craft of fiction. His erudition, his familiarity and frequent allusions and references to the great classics of his time is awe inspiring

In the end it is not the moral tone of his work or the brilliant fusion of his elements that can account for its fame and giving pleasure to its intelligent

readers but the sheer vitality and exuberance. Clearly Fielding enjoyed the telling of his tale. He invokes fame “Come bright love of fame....Do thou teach me not only to foresee but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future praise. Comfort me by a solemn assurance that when the little parlour in which I sit at this instant shall be reduced to a worse furnished box, I shall be read with honour by those who never knew nor saw me and whom I shall neither know nor see”. Certainly Time herself has fulfilled his aspirations and Fielding will forever stand out as one of the pioneers of the accomplished novel.



SUDHA DEVI NAYAK

The English novel takes rise from its disparate origins to its significant development in the eighteenth century, when a certain demand arose among English readers, a desire to read about everyday events that shaped the lives of their fictional characters. The novel found a wider audience as a product of middle class ideals, sensibilities and attitudes centered on commoners’ lives. While the novel came into its own in the 19th century with Dickens, Austen, Eliot, Bronte sisters who are so widely read today, the novel emerged as a force in the writing and publishing horizon of the eighteenth century with writers like Henry Fielding in his novel Tom Jones published in 1749. Tom Jones is a classic English novel that captures the spirit of its age and whose famous characters have come to represent Augustan society in all its loquacious, turbulent, rambunctious, comic variety. It is called a picaresque novel, a popular 18th century genre, the word having its origin in the Spanish word ‘rogue’ where a series of interconnected episodes and different social types reveal the foibles and hypocrisies of society.

This 900 page satiric and ironic vision of everyday English life is filled with numerous chapters, a teeming cast of misfits and scoundrels with its roguish but loveable protagonist Tom Jones, a foundling making his way in the world with a host of suitable and unsuitable characters he chances to meet. Tom Jones intimately connected with the contemporary audience- “writing to the moment” a picaresque tale of adventures of Tom, a high spirited youngster of fierce temper and unrestrained sexuality who pursues love through London in scandalous and hilarious adventures. Each of Tom Jones’s 18 books opens with an introductory chapter explaining the epic theory of the novel, literary opinions on good writing, plagiarism and the professional critic in the literary world. For Coleridge, this long novel was with Oedipus Rex and The Alchemist, one of the three most perfect plots ever planned.

Fielding in his dedication of the novel to his benefactor and mentor, “To the Honourable George Lyttleton, ESQ, One of the Lord’s Commissioners of the Treasury” who appears as the good Squire Allworthy states “I declare that to recommend goodness and innocence hath been my sincere endeavour in this history” and “that virtue and innocence can scarce ever be injured but by indiscretion.”

Tom is a foundling raised in the ideal country estate of Squire Allworthy in a privileged atmosphere with two flawed tutors, a brutal cleric Thwackum and a dry philosopher Square. The enmity of his scheming half brother Bilfil combined with Tom’s imprudence and indiscretion causes him to be expelled from Allworthy’s establishment. Meanwhile he also finds true love in Sophia whose drunken and vulgar father and arrogant semi learned aunt refuse to allow her to marry a foundling of uncertain parentage. So Tom thus exiled takes to the road to join the army to defend the constitutional monarchy against the Jacobite uprising. Tom picks up a sidekick Partridge a man full of Latin ejaculations and prejudices who adds a distinct comic value to the novel Tom meets a number of compelling characters from abusive soldiers to crafty innkeepers and a misanthrope recluse. The book is full

of Toms adventures and sexcapades as well as a quest for his love Sophia who escapes to London from her tyrannical family in search of Tom.

Tom is finally revealed to be of noble birth and after purging himself of licentiousness is restored to Sophia who in her beauty and virtue was modelled on the Author’s beloved wife Charlotte. Tom Jones is an earthy story for the road with a blind eye to folly and an ambiguous presentation of vice which suited the morality of the middle class. Fielding defends a liberal attitude that valued natural goodness though tempered by unavoidable experience. The narrative absolves him of his immoderacy and does not invite the reader to point a finger at him in condemnation. Tom wins over his



# Sonali

PHOTO: CHANDAN